

1961

## 1961 Firebrand

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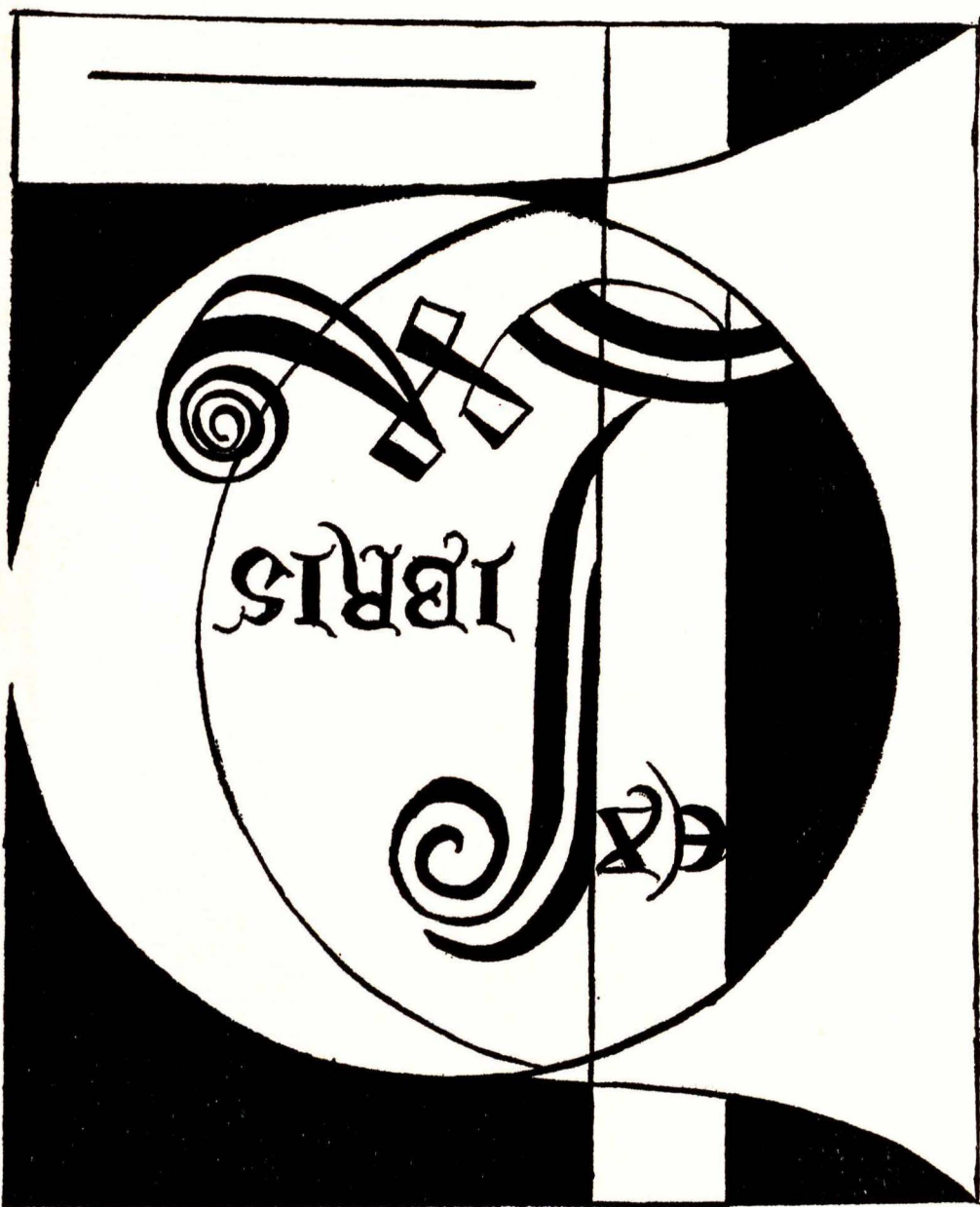
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# The Firebrand













# THE FIREBRAND

THE DOMINICAN COLLEGE OF SAN RAFAEL



MCMLXI



*In Grateful Memory*

*of*

**SISTER CATHERINE MARIE, O.P.**

*and*

**DR. CHARLES A. PAGE**



# ILLUSTRATIONS

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## THE FIREBRAND

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## EDITORIAL

**I**N MARCH the sycamore trees along Acacia Avenue take on a green splendor; the quince hedge along the Anne Hathaway path grows scarlet and suddenly we realize that this is our fourth and last spring as college students. On May 30 we will no longer be classified as students of Dominican College, but rather as alumnae. Lingered over coffee after dinner we grow sentimental, grow reminiscent over four years compact of experiences—of books and friends, of failures and successes—through which we have matured or were supposed to have matured into adult women, experiences which have given us an insight into the virtues and limitations of one another and of ourselves.

Now, in these last days, intensity becomes everything. As the semester draws to a close, with a kind of pang we notice the beauty of the campus. Under the pressure of time passing we are freshly conscious of the roses along the pathway to Guzman; we stop and look and fix in our memories the sunset fading behind Mount Tamalpais. In the fourth year our sensitivities grow sharper. We sense the oneness with the campus, with everything that has gone into the four years. The Humanities requirement, although we often complained against it as freshmen and sophomores, has taken; we begin to appreciate. We have

come to an awareness of the values in an El Greco painting or in a Mozart sonata; we have begun to appreciate the harmony and order in created works. We have come to appreciate the splendid singularity of one another. But, too, we begin to appreciate that classes and experiences shared together have given us common ties.

In October of 1957, as freshmen, nervous and proud that we had triumphed over our first college midterms, we received our shield and motto during the Shield Day ceremony in front of Benincasa. Our motto, "In Honor Bound," has come more and more to characterize our class. Endowed with capable leaders from the beginning, with a high set of values, we have striven towards unity of spirit, a unity which binds one to another and to the college itself. The shared experience of day-to-day concerns, the studies, the outside activities—college dances and games—have bound us with one another and the class to the spirit of the college and campus. The whole has been cemented by values and beliefs held in common.

Because Dominican is relatively small, our unity as a class has not been achieved at the expense of sacrificing our individuality. Our class is a class—notoriously — of individuals: "togetherness" has not suppressed the person. Each senior has retained her identifying character and personality traits and has been able to develop her particular talents in her major

field. Examination time finds a group of girls, huddled in a secluded part of the smoke-room, discussing the problems of the course, what they have learned, and what they might be asked in the examination. In these student-seminars, the individual personality of the girl manifests itself as she interprets, discusses and comes to a conclusion concerning a particular problem. She adds scope and depth not only to her own knowledge but also to that of those around her. There is here a sharpening of intellects, a strengthening of views, a tempering of dispositions—what Newman would have called an “enlarging of the mind.” The English major in the years’ time has gleaned much information concerning the problems of education; she has grown familiar with the “whole child” during the give-and-take of smoke-room conversation. And the science major has become aware of the relative importance of Peter the Great, of Frederick II, of the Abelard of the history majors. Together all can sing in harmony the rousing chorus of “Zulu Warrior” or of “Gaudeamus Igitur.” Thus we have maintained a uniformity in multiplicity, a requisite for beauty according to Santayana. Our unity as a class has been symbolized and rewarded in the Torch Cup. And our multiplicity receives its due in our individual endeavors.

Next September, the class of '61 will be of the past, pictures in the *Firebrand*. We have had our moment



as seniors and leaders of the student body. We will be graduated as individuals. Yet, we will remain "In Honor Bound"; in Honor Bound to one another, to the ideals of Dominican College of San Rafael, to the high values of a Catholic college. It is for this reason that four years ago we chose to come to a college that would develop our faith, ideals and values together with our intellects.

P.R., '61



GUZMAN HALL




CAMPUS CROSSROAD

# THE CLASS OF 1961



## JANE ADAM

 POSITIVE in her opinions, emphatic in speech, gregarious, and talkative, Jane—just by the law of averages—is bound occasionally to say the tactless wrong-headed thing; and just occasionally she does. When she does, her appearance saves her: she has that forthright, cheerful, no harm-intended look. And, as a matter of fact, Jane is much too intent to be subtle or devious. She has kept the same roommate for the four years of college; that in itself bespeaks one who is tolerant in the process of living, one who copes with the strains and rigors of the ordinary day. This year, plus the ordinary strains and rigors, Jane has had to cope with the irritations that come with adjusting to contact lenses. She has had, however, our ardent encouragement ever since the night when, not wearing them, she attempted to walk through the plate glass window of the smoking-room—and almost did.

Frequently, Jane likes to get away from it all; she likes just to get in a car and drive. Typically, she and a compatriot one lovely spring morning, not long ago, went for a short drive around Marin and ended up at the Russian River. She has, she says, a compulsion to travel.

Because of her gift for speech, a certain flair for organization, and a willing disposition, Jane is a natural for heading things in an official capacity: class representative, committees, the Troupers. There is much in Jane that forecasts the PTA president and the club woman of tomorrow.





JANE MARIE ADAM  
Santa Maria, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION  
MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Class Representative '60  
Executive Board '60  
Social Committee '59  
Irish Club '58

S.C.T.A. '60, '61  
Troupers '60, '61  
President '61  
Choral '58, '59, '60



CLAUDIA LEE ANTONGIOVANNI

Bakersfield, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

Class Secretary '61

*Firebrand* Business Staff '61

French Club '59, '60

Vice-President '59, '60

I.R.C. '60

Italian Club '58, '60

S.C.T.A. '60, '61

Vice-President '60


Troupers '60, '61

C.C.D. '59

Schola '59, '60

Choral '59, '60

## CLAUDIA ANTONGIOVANNI

LAUDIA would have, perhaps, been more at home in the California of pre-Gold Rush days—in the days of the Spanish rancheros, the dons, the senoritas, and the horse thieves. She has the warm graciousness and expansiveness of the old west. She moves with leisured grace; she is not easily disturbed; she is almost always ready to break into laughter. And, although Claudia is of Italian rather than Spanish extraction, there is in her a bit of the “manana.” She tends to put off the doing of those things that must get done. Ultimately, of course, they are done and quite competently too.

With her love of the west goes a great admiration for horses. The Arbuckle rodeo and the Santa Barbara Fiesta are the gala-events of the year. She would like nothing better, she says, than to own a golden El Dorado, a black stallion, and a companionable dog.

At home in the wide-open spaces, Claudia has found life at college somewhat confining and has had to content herself with raising turtles and goldfish—and with watching the Westerns on TV. Authorities have tried to persuade her to modulate her voice to the conditions of indoor living, but with no noticeable success. One is aware of her arrival on the scene and of her presence in the house. At high pitch, her voice penetrates the impenetrable.

Claudia's favorite color is purple—the color of the mesas and the western hills at twilight.

## JACQUELINE BASLEZ

JACQUELINE is that English major with the Parisian accent. Intense, bright-eyed and chic, she goes about independent and alert. Efficient in method and clear of mind, she cuts through heavy assignments in a language not her own and somehow manages numerous outside activities. Feeling that a French club ought to *parler Francais*, she accepted the burden of her convictions and under her capable and sprightly guidance the club has done just that.

Although her Parisian accent is a joy to hear, Jacqueline strives with characteristic determination to perfect her English. She works especially to acquire colloquial habits of speech and makes a hobby of jotting into her notebook any new bright bit of American slang to teach her friends "back home."

Alive with an *esprit Voltairien*, Jacqueline doesn't hesitate to express frankly her judicious and sensitive opinions of people and institutions and things. She criticizes honestly what she doesn't like, often with a touch of wry humor, but praises with warm enthusiasm things which please her. Well read and much travelled, Jacqueline has always a considered opinion, a wise word, a witty tale for the conversation—or a true story. Things do happen to her: there is, for example, the time in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, when she was taken for a spy and questioned by an FBI agent at 5:00 a.m. Not content with seeing all she has seen, Jacqueline yearns to visit the Far East and in her spare time is learning Japanese.





JACQUELINE GENEVIÈVE BASLEZ

Paris, France

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: LATIN

Transferred from Institut Saint Dominique, Nevilly, France '59

French Club '60, '61

President '61



SHARON ELIZABETH BELL  
Portland, Oregon

MAJOR: ENGLISH  
MINOR: HISTORY

*Meadowlark Staff '60*  
*Carillon Staff '59*  
*Irish Club '58, '59*  
*President '59*

*Choral '58*  
*Third Order '58, '59, '60*



## SHARON BELL

SHARON never walks when she can run. For her the straightest line is the shortest distance. Her day is a hustle-bustle of schedules followed to the last degree. All things must get done. Sharon is generous, thoughtful, and sincere. She is enthusiastic and interested in a diversity of things. Her fellow classmates have followed her interest in Notre Dame, letter by letter. Never has there been a cobweb in her mail box. Borden's coffee ice-cream cones, meatloaf, oranges and tea set Sharon on the bright path but beware those "wheat-thin" Fridays.

Tippy-toe Sharon believes in academic order. Will-power and organization make possible Sharon's busy life. She is one of the few seniors who can truthfully say she has never missed a college hour. Her athletic and folk-dancing abilities are, however, beyond comprehension. She has been referred to as the "hero of Hanify Hall"; she plunges through the Virginia Reel or chases a badminton bird with equally sound confusion.

Sharon thrills at the unusual and delights in the smallest of pleasures — brushing teeth, crunching apples, "whizzing" off letters; she can extract pleasure even out of a sixth blowout — and she once had six on her way home to Oregon.

But as the sun goes down, so also does Sharon. The day is over; it's time to rest. But next morning as dawn approaches the bounding flurry is Sharon scurrying off to the tolling of the Mass bell and another busy day.

## BARBARA CARCIONE

**L**IFE simply bubbles out of "Carce." When she laughs, all her four feet, eleven inches takes part, and the laugh itself no other living creature could imitate. When she talks, her whole person gets into the conversation. She waves her hands, does a little dance or injects a few oddly assorted Italian or Latin phrases for emphasis.

If Barbara could have her wish, she would make life a musical comedy in which she could sing from balconies and dance down the San Francisco streets. Realizing the futility of this wish, she confines her activity to dancing in her room and in the halls and bursting into the most unlikely songs at the most unlikely moments. To Barb music was written to be sung, to be played, to be danced to, occasionally to be studied, and best of all, to be listened to while day-dreaming.

Her impetuosity is a cause of constant concern to "Carce"; she often laments the fact that she just did not keep quiet. Yet, it is her spontaneity which has turned many tense moments into laughable situations.

What keeps Barbara bouncing along from day to day is a cause of constant speculation. Some contend that it is the gallons of coffee she consumes each day accompanied by dozens of cigarettes. Others suggest that she is part elf. But, only those who say that her vitality is a result of gaiety and native optimism joined with real determination are even close to being right.



BARBARA JO CARCIONE  
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION  
MINOR: MUSIC

Italian Club '58  
Music Club '58, '60, '61  
S.C.T.A. '60, '61  
Troupers '58, '59, '60, '61  
Treasurer '59, '60

Madrigal '58, '59, '60, '61  
Schola '58, '59, '60, '61  
Choral '58, '59



MARY ELISABETH DE CARLI  
Stockton, California


MAJOR: EDUCATION  
MINOR: SPANISH

Italian Club '57  
S.C.T.A. '61

Spanish Club '57, '58, '61  
Madrigal '61



## ELISABETH DE CARLI


 LISABETH possesses versatility of taste and talent without even a suggestion of frivolity. A quiet determination to excel gives leverage to her ambitions, whether it be to "ride with style," to speak Spanish with native fluency, or to play bridge with some degree of mastery. Not loquacious by nature, she nevertheless warms to a good discussion and voices opinions in a controversy.

As freshmen we were not a little awed by Liz—then one of the historically angry sophomores. But we who were privileged to be included in a sophomore tussle from time to time came to recognize Liz as one of the more turbulent members of society. In argument or debate she showed up as one of the more scholarly and wise. Liz left college at the end of her sophomore year vowing to return and graduate; we were glad to see her back—after a two-year "vacation"—as one of us.

Liz somewhere burned out her sophomore prankishness and a certain sophistication which even then distinguished her, coupled with understanding (having "been through it all" herself) makes her a blue-ribbon housemother at Edgehill. Erratic sophomores have yet to upset her equilibrium, and her good sense commands respect.

There is just one span of time, however, in which Liz is best handled with care. These are the minutes between her morning "resurrection" and the third cup of coffee. Then, Liz would prefer utter silence to a cheery, jarring "Good morning!"

## KATHLEEN CARLSON

GENTLE, indolent bend of the head characterizes Kathy—listening, weighing, with a comment only if she feels it will contribute, raising her eyebrows in quiet surprise or doubt; grinning shyly when teased. Profoundly sincere, Kathy laughs when she is really amused, and not before. A diligent chemist, there is nothing more disturbing to her than inexactitude, or people who mean not precisely what they say. Kathy is the “whole person”—the kind who wants to get the most out of every facet of college activity. She dives into fifty pages of Bacteriology without a shiver of distaste; she attacks each Chemistry experiment with eager intent; and with equal zest she whips up a wild disguise for a costume party or finishes up a dress for the Sophomore Informal.

Tenderhearted, Kathy cannot keep the tears from rolling when confronted with a pathetic scene in a movie. Though she mocks herself amusedly for being an easy prey for peddlers of melodrama, she confesses that she has not power to restrict her sympathy for those who deserve it.

One finds in Kathy an unaffected inclination to help out. While shrugging her shoulders and saying that she isn't the handiest with a paintbrush, she signs up for the decoration committee. Though shy in a crowd, the clown in Kathy comes out when a day-hop skit calls for a character. She is, on the whole, a serious person with the common sense not to take herself too seriously.





KATHLEEN JOSEPHINE CARLSON

San Rafael, California

MAJOR: BIOLOGY

MINOR: CHEMISTRY

Non-Residents Students'

Vice-President '61

Secretary-Treasurer '60

W.A.A. Board '59

Officials Manager '59

Science Club '58, '59, '60, '61

Secretary-Treasurer '61

Spanish Club '60

Choral '58



NANCY MARIE CIRIMELE

Vallejo, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: HISTORY

Class Vice-President '59

Italian Club '60

S.C.T.A. '60, '61

Spanish Club '58

Troupers '60, '61


Treasurer '61

Madrigal '60, '61

Choral '58, '59, '60, '61


Third Order '58

## NANCY CIRIMELE

FTER the initial sighing, groaning agony of changing her position from horizontal to vertical every morning, Nancy goes about her day delighting everyone with her mixture of chuckles, unsubtle humor, and plain Latin effusiveness. The very soul of sociability, Nancy is an advocate of beach picnics with singing, of bongo-playing sessions on the terrace, and—in short—of a liberal number of social hours. Her diminutive size hides an ever-present and amazing vitality. Characteristically, she throws an equal portion of energy and *joi-de-vivre* into every project she undertakes—even one so formidable as cooking a spaghetti dinner for thirty starving sophomores. This she brought off beautifully, announcing after steamy hours spent slicing carrots into a pan of cooking sauce that the huge operation was just “no trouble at all.” Nancy does like doing things her own idiosyncratic way; she doesn’t, she says, particularly like being bossed.

Nancy justifiably judges some of her own life experiences as being “weird,” but she recounts them with such expressive gestures and with such unassuming wit that her friends are glad that their “Chiquita” doesn’t lead a mundane life. Nancy will never fail to make friends with her warmth, humor, and natural vivacity; she is one of those rare people who can, with just a smile, put one on top of the world.

## DIANE CLECAK

 DIANE cries, "Hold it, kids. I've got it!" So, invariably she launches her explanation or solution to our latest dilemma. Occasionally, her "brain storms" evoke gales of laughter. More often, they are sound and practical. But in either case, "Cleek" is positive. She may not always be right but she is always convinced and yields only after vigorous debate.

Being of positive nature, Diane says what she thinks, but always with a wink or a companionable nudge to let you know that there is nothing malicious in her candid remarks. Di sees things straight or not at all. Her classic response to the most hysterically funny joke is a puzzled "I don't get it," and her ever-inquiring mind demands an explanation. Di hates not to know — hence her interest in any subject in which she feels deficient; hence her resolutions to "go to the symphony every Wednesday night" and to "do a lot of reading this vacation."

To Diane, the solution to the doubt or the unpleasant task is action. She often saves up all her bothersome tasks for one day and rejoices to "get them all out of the way." If she comes up against some chore that she just can't face, she has little trouble getting someone to do it for her because there are many indebted to her for a kindness. "Cleek" is dependable, capable, mature, and stable without being dull. Her sincerity, ability and sense of justice have won the respect of her comrades, and her generosity and warmth have won their affection.





DIANE MARIE CLECAK

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

Student Affairs Board President '61

Executive Board '60, '61

W.A.A. Board '59, '60

President '60

Basketball Manager '59

*Cavillon Staff '60*

*S.C.T.A. '60, '61*

*I.R.C. '60*

*Irish Club '58, '59*

*Choral '59*



JUDITH DOROTHY CORNELL

Wenatchee, Washington

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: ENGLISH

A.S.D.C. Vice-President '61  
 Executive Board '61  
 Student Affairs Board '61  
 Absence Committee '60  
 Social Committee '61  
*Carillon* Staff '59, '60  
 Editor '60  
 French Club '58


I.R.C. '58  
 Irish Club '58, '59, '60  
 Music Club '59, '60  
 Spanish Club '58  
 Troupers '60, '61  
 Schola '60, '61  
 Choral '59



FROM the astute mind filled (at appropriate hours of the week) with dates from medieval history, themes from operas, and lines from Shakespeare, Judy looks out at the world. She perceives, meditates, forms an opinion, and states her mind—all quite natural processes, only with Judy the results are usually strikingly singular. Her likes and dislikes crystallize with curious intensity: she is mad about player pianos, dogs, antique shops, Dixieland jazz, and the scent of gardenias (which actually makes her mouth water); but poker-faced people, cubism, mixers—emphatically, no.

More often than not, Judy's personal likes and dislikes are crowded out by the multitude of jobs she takes on for the betterment of Dominican's student body: it is, of course, typically unique, in Judy's fashion, that the Social Committee and the Drama Club should receive prime attention from a girl who swears to a fear of meeting people and making speeches. Possibly the discrepancy can be explained by Judy's confessed interest in the *genus* People. Her hobby, people-watching, is indulged in while on bus trips home to "Wenatchee the Apple Capital of the World," while walking about San Francisco, or strolling around campus. She is one of those who, to her friends' distress, draws parallels between the animals in the zoo and the members of the human race. She is likewise an admirer of the Charles Addams brand of humor. "Let's face it," she says, "my whole life is one big humorous experience." She is to be taken with a grain of salt.

## CATHERINE COUGHLIN

ATHERINE is a complex of sophistication, talent, austere grace, a bit of shyness, and a droll sense of humor. She is a girl exquisitely sensitive and alert to every new day, providing that she doesn't go back to sleep after the alarm sounds off. She pursues interests both classic and modern, both mature and youthful: she is equally thrilled by El Greco and *Winnie the Pooh*, by See's candy and Beethoven's Fifth symphony. Her tastes are definite and not altogether orthodox. The normal college girl's love for bridge and sun-bathing is supplemented by an inordinate attachment to rock 'n roll, which sends her into a state of snapping fingers, tapping feet, and a look of complete ecstasy while she follows "the beat." But, she can likewise grow ecstatic over the classic beauty of her Capezios (which she can be caught brushing with tender loving care). She claims that she does not like indiscriminately, that she respects the arts. Frequently, she lures her roommate into arguing over the subtle concerns of aesthetics.

Catherine's sensitivity, both to people and to her surroundings is common campus knowledge. She is not one to go to when one is obviously seeking sympathy, but she seems to know when a word of kindness is really needed, and then she finds the precise word. Her delight in the play of shadow on the wall or in a leaf of rare shape is most frequently expressed in paintings and sketches of charm and depth.



CATHERINE ANN COUGHLIN  
Auburn, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION  
MINOR: ART

Class Secretary '60  
*Firebrand* Staff '61  
Art Editor '61  
*Meadowlark* Staff '59, '60  
Art Editor '59, '60

Art Club '61  
S.C.T.A. '60, '61  
Spanish Club '58  
Troupers '60



MAUREEN MILLING COX

Pasadena, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: ENGLISH

*Carillon* Staff '59

Circulating Manager '59

Social Committee '60

Irish Club '58, '59, '60



## MAUREEN MILLING COX

**M**AUREEN is sincere, gentle, candid; her manner is at once direct and shy. There is nothing philosophical in her nature; nothing subtle or evasive in her speech; she says just what she thinks and believes.

Yet, Mo is not without a sincere exuberance. Excitement stirs her to jumping up and down and squealing with delight. Her voice is often heard above the crowd—especially during a fast bridge game or when an important phone call has been announced.

A ladylike romantic soul, Maureen is interested in everyday practical topics. On such matters as the education of children, fundamentals of Faith, and married life, she has definite views. Maureen, herself, is practical—so practical that she arranged to have all her major courses finished and out of the way by Christmas of her senior year; thus, allowing herself leisure to marry and to adjust to married life before commencement. Maureen's tastes are as direct as her character; she loves the Southern California beaches, a good game of bridge, a nap in the afternoon, and, before she transferred to the rank of the day students, she liked especially to wander about visiting her neighbors after curfew. Her life has had some difficulties: she finds it hard to spell in the conventional manner, has trouble avoiding colds, and actually dieting. Above all, she hates rushing. She is a joy to sit with during the lunch hour over an extra cup of tea.



## MARY LOU CUVA

MARY LOU is one of those "happy few" who will be feted on her 92nd birthday by her children and her children's children, while emulators of her success will beg to learn her secret, and mothers will scold their drowsing daughters with, "Look at grandma! She moves more in a minute than you do in an hour!" Mary Lou is one who will never grow old.

However four years of higher learning may have matured Mary Lou in knowledge and wisdom, they have not squelched volleys of alternate piping and peals of delight, nor made subtle the wide-eyed expression which seems to be exclaiming, "oh!", nor modified her bouncing gait. "Cueva" is indifferent to the reserve of sophisticated ways.

Mary Lou attracts the gay and the merry, and is most unhappy confronted with a victim of melancholia. If a jocular remark fails to do its work, she will of force flee to a less-oppressive atmosphere. Yet "Cueva" herself can be caught looking distractedly thoughtful and is sometimes heard to murmur that she worries too much.

Mary Lou is not one to covet secret joys. Each elation is too wonderful not to be shared immediately. The nightly phone call can hardly be called a novelty, but Mary Lou careens to the phone on the first half-ring. An hour later she will soar out and perhaps an hour's ebullition later Mary Lou will say, "I really must go finish my Spanish!"



MARY LOUISE CUVA  
Monterey, California  
MAJOR: EDUCATION  
MINOR: SPANISH

Italian Club '58  
S.C.T.A. '60, '61

Spanish Club '61  
Choral '58, '61



NADINE JUDITH DATA

San Rafael, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: SOCIOLOGY

*Firebrand* Business Staff '61

Art Club '61


Music Club '58, '59, '61

S.C.T.A. '60, '61

Spanish Club '58

Choral '58

## NADINE DATA

 ADINE is deceiving. A mildly roguish face belies one who is feminine even to the way she consults her watch. She quips with the impish smile and self-conscious blush of a child, and her favorite after-evening treat is still ice cream. "We've got to have a sundae!"

Nadine is forever crying, "Help!" But she needs no one to tell her what to do. She has an indefatigable compulsion for putting a thing in its proper place—an enviable asset at least four times a year, come midterms and finals.

As one might expect, Nadine is signally "neat." Simple, "uncluttered" lines are her taste in dress. Nadine's femininity rests in womanly decorum rather than in the taste for "gingerbread."

With perhaps as much will to develop a genuine appreciation as actual love of the arts themselves, Nadine frequents the theatre, concert, and art museums. Already well-traveled, the recollection of places seen only makes her impatient to complete the picture. It is not of sheer jest that Nadine says she intends to make the grand tour. She plans to make a practical start by teaching in Mexico City.

What belongs not so much to the woman as the child in Nadine is the lively desire to miss nothing. No notice required, Nadine is always ready to go. And for humor playfully decisive but refreshingly free from any ambition to be devastating, more pleasant company is not to be found.



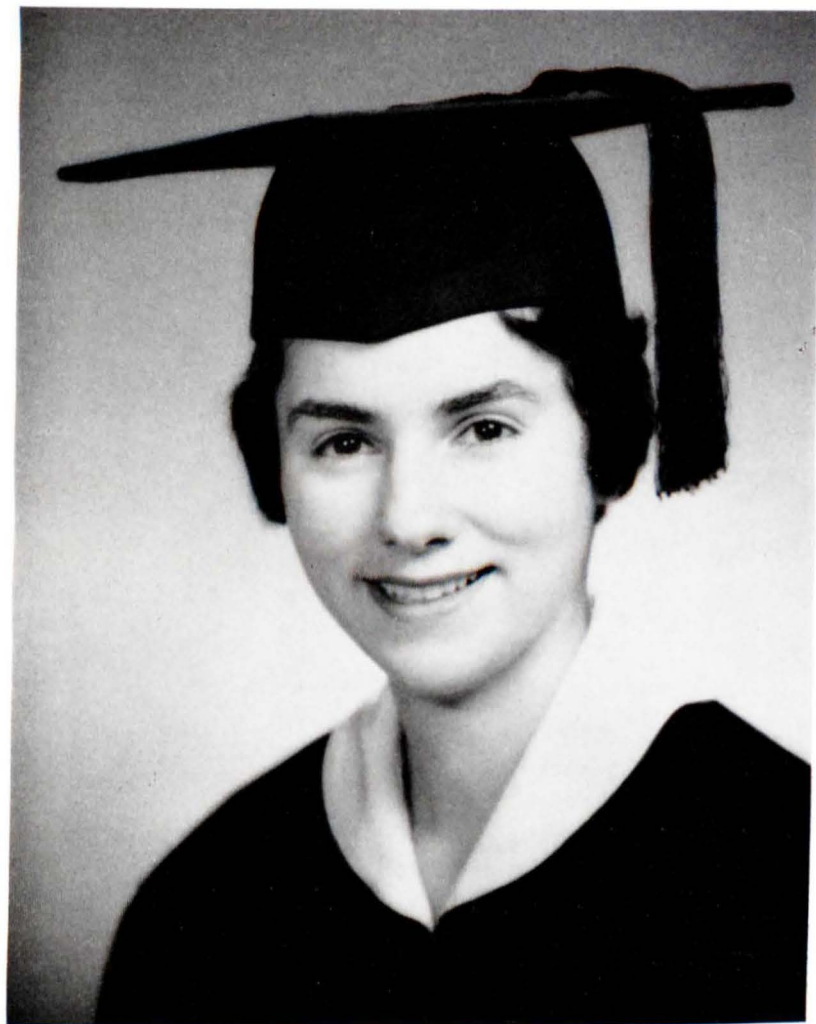
## VICTORIA DELLA SANTA

**B**ECAUSE of her unusual combination of repressed tomboyishness and sophistication, Vicky is customarily reserved. She has her moments of clowning, however, complete with her own special gestures and expressions. When she smiles she reminds her listeners of a mischievous little boy, awaiting the reaction to his latest prank. Her moments of sophistication are not far behind, however, when every trace of tomboyishness is carefully tucked away in the farthest corner of her dresser drawer. She is then ready for a date to the City, smartly dressed in the newest style.

Huge deep-set eyes, a slight build, and a soft spoken manner characterize Vicky as she goes about her daily routine. Her duties as the Pennafort house chairman and president of S.C.T.A., her driving demands on herself in the academic field leave Vicky little free time in which to enjoy the mood music of George Shearing, to trade anecdotes with her friends, or to laugh over her unique embarrassing situations among which the 1960 Junior Prom holds the unchallenged spotlight.

Sometimes a victim of nervousness, Vicky has been known to "worry herself sick" over the examination. Once the ordeal is over, however, she can look back on her classes with enjoyment and satisfaction, for Vicky never does anything half-heartedly. Her life is a wholehearted attempt after perfection.





VICTORIA LOUISE DELLA SANTA

Fairfield, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: ENGLISH

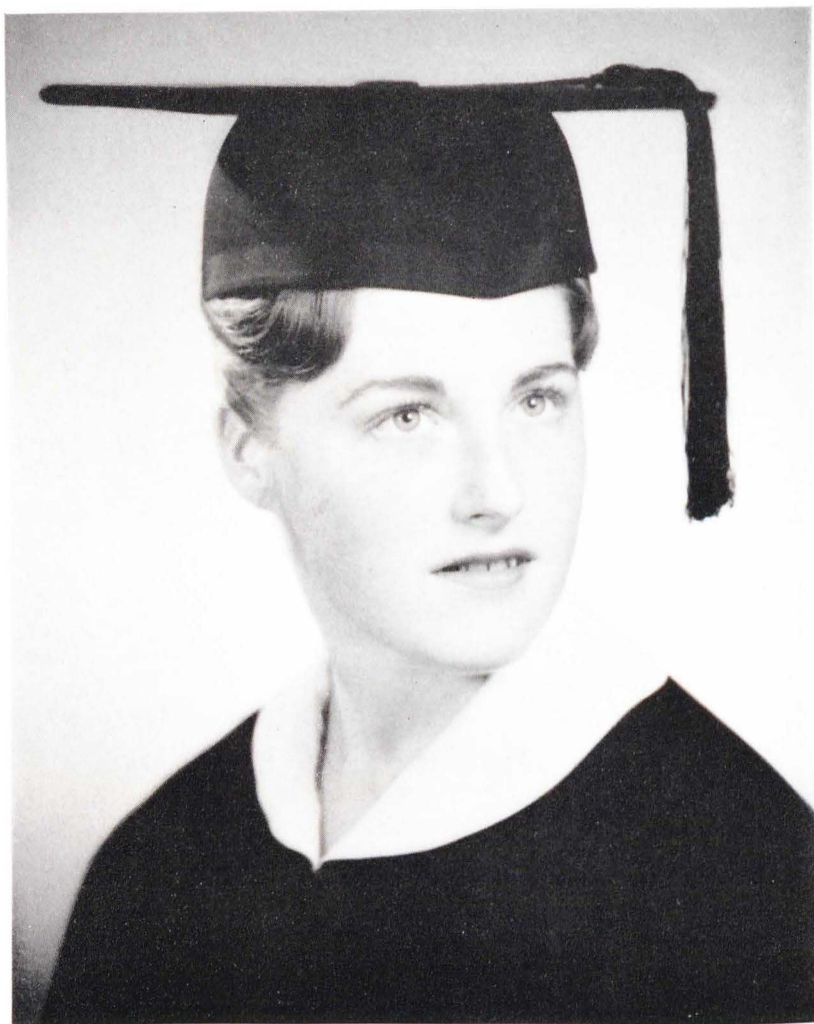
House Chairman '61

S.C.T.A. '60, '61

President '61

Spanish Club '58

Choral '58, '59



ANN THERESA DEVLIN

Burlingame, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: ECONOMICS

Freshman Class Advisor '60

Class President '59

Class Representative '58

Executive Board '58, '60

Nominating Board '58, '59, '60

Social Committee '60, '61

W.A.A. Board '59

Softball Manager '59


*Carillon* Staff '59

Assistant Editor '59

Troupers '60


Symposium '59

## ANN DEVLIN

 ANN DEVLIN possesses all the qualities of a lady and yet has a little-girl appearance: long pony-tail, petite stature, and often, even, an ice-cream cone in hand. Ann's outlook on life is simple and direct. Her sincere belief in the goodness of people displays itself in her kindness and understanding and in her inability to fathom meanness and hostility in others. Ann likes people singly or in groups; group activities especially attract her, particularly spur-of-the-moment trips to Bolinas or a picnic to Samuel Taylor Park. And on pleasant spring evenings she is usually the first to suggest a walk after dinner.

If there were no clocks continually ticking off minutes, Ann would be completely content. Of course, deadlines and appointments would have to go likewise. Dev, often teased about her tardiness, prefers to take things as they come rather than get caught up in hustle-bustle. She is one of the rare ones who appreciate and relish a peacefully quiet week end and, in fact, lives in fear as Friday approaches that her roommate or some other will think up some exciting project. When not dusting her collection of "nickie nacks," or typing for the education department, Dev is intently studying either psychology or econ while her friends intrigue to draw her away. But Ann is a girl of concentration and purpose. With her high standard of values, easygoing personality and wonderful quiet courage, Ann merits the respect accorded her.

## ETHYLANNE DIDION

LTHOUGH Ethylanne bears the names of two equally distinguished female ancestors, she prefers to be simply called "Lan." Hers is a personality of many facets. Few know that in the late hours her reserve recedes and she's more than willing to show you the newest rock-n-roll steps learned from one of her six younger brothers and sisters, discuss the relative worth of an English literary figure, or trade compliments or insults with anyone in sight. Lan's unorthodox study habits are somewhat hard on roommates (when faced with three finals on the same day, she has been known to sleep and study in two-hour shifts throughout the night); yet, her easygoing disposition tends to make up the difference. When confronted with unjust criticism, her usual reaction is a meek "O.K." although she may be heard to mumble "What a poobah!" when safely out of earshot. She prides herself on being able to "cope" successfully with people and life.

Determined to be "liberally educated," Lan industriously reads ancient and modern best-sellers; scans each week the *New York Times*, keeps alert on current affairs; attends foreign movies, and diverts herself occasionally with a NAACP rally or a Japanese bon festival. Having come to college to increase her cultural background and her capacity to appreciate life's better things, she intends after graduation to take a good position with the federal government so that she will be able to get some of the better things which she has learned to appreciate.





ETHYLANNE DIDION

Sacramento, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: HISTORY

Transferred from Sacramento City

College '59

Gamma Sigma

*Firebrand Staff* '61

Associate Editor '61

French Club '60, '61

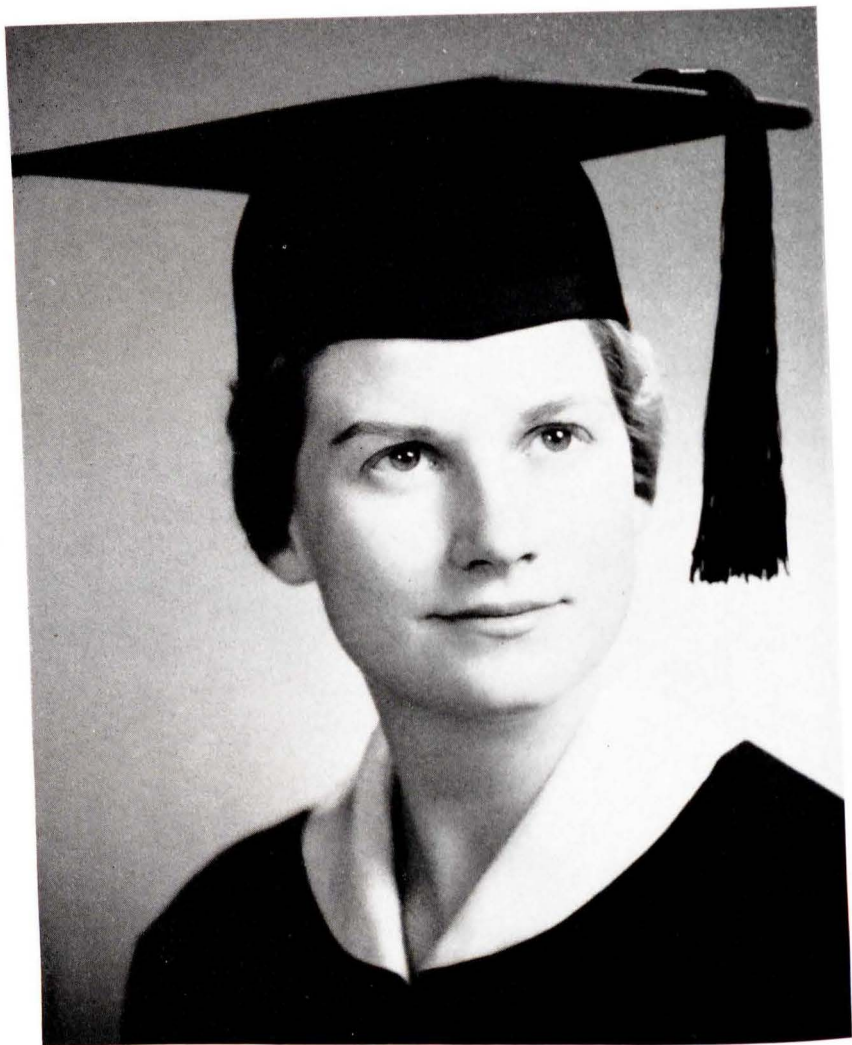
I.R.C. '60

Music Club '60, '61

Science Club '61

Orchestra '60, '61





JEANNETTE MARIE DUPOUY

Reno, Nevada

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: ENGLISH

Art Club '58, '61

Secretary-Treasurer '61

French Club '58, '59


Music Club '59, '61

Troupers '59, '60, '61

Publicity Chairman '60

Choral '58, '59, '60

## JEANNETTE DUPOUY

ANVASSES, brushes, paint-smattered smocks are the necessities of Jeannette's artistic life. For her, art is more than a major; it is a conscious search for beauty—many faced and elusive. This search takes Jeannette to the repertoire theatres of San Francisco, the galleries of the Palace of the Legion of Honor, the art theatres of Berkeley, to all the out-of-the-way corners of the campus and finally to the sunlit rooms of San Marco. Literature, music, especially progressive jazz and Flamenco guitars, and drama also stimulate the aesthetic in Jeannette.

She is a lover of people, especially people who laugh. Jeannette maintains that even though smiles and laughs may cause lines when she is older, she would rather be happy with wrinkles, than have beauty with sadness. Perhaps this accounts for the whimsical in Jeannette. She loves the spur-of-the-moment activity and when enjoying herself, she spontaneously lets loose with her unique melodious laughter which makes those around her happy. Straightforward and direct, Jeannette tries not to judge people on first impressions for she believes that such judgments can be foolish and unjust. Hers is a "live and let live" philosophy.

A dreamer, Jeannette can also be alone in a crowd. She admits that her imagination has allowed her to travel to the four corners of the earth and so accounts for her getting lost in downtown San Rafael.

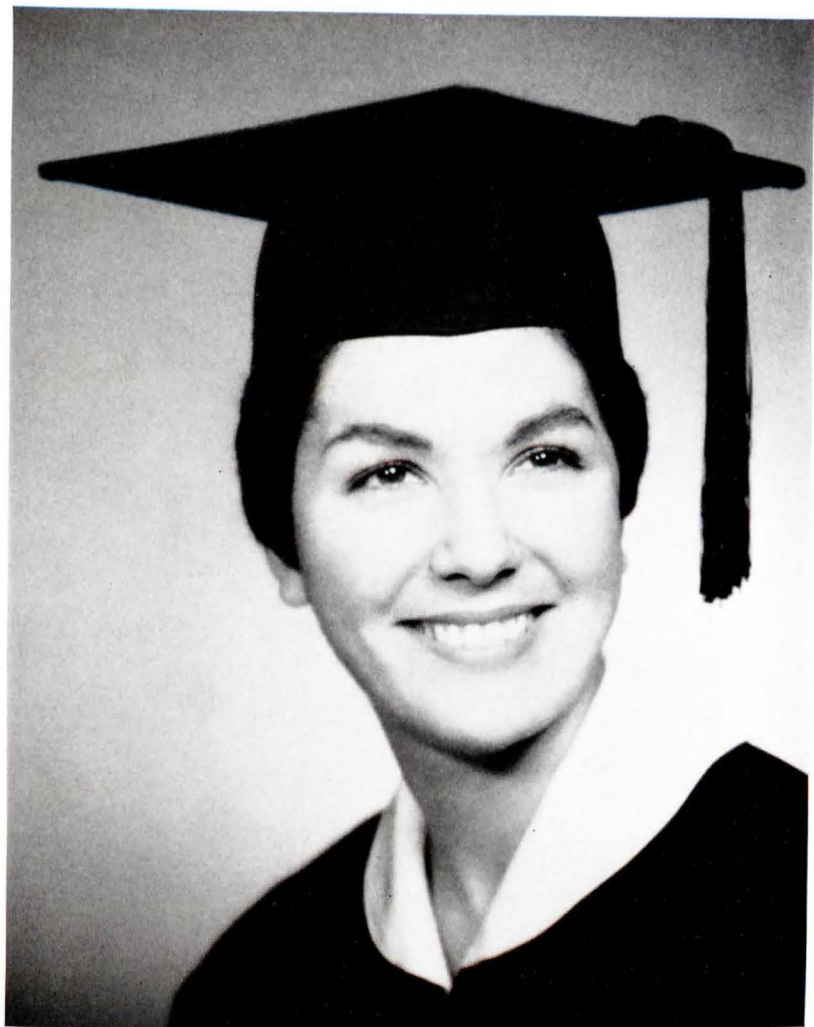
## BERNADETTE ESTEVES

**B**ERNIE's life, like her appearance, is characterized by one dominant quality—neatness. For her there are no wasted moments, no unkept appointments, or carelessly done assignments, just as there are no wrinkles in her collar, or smudges on her shoes. Every facet of her ways speaks of efficiency, organization, and care.

Her gift for getting things done enables Bernie to crowd her life full of wonderful times which she faithfully records in scrapbooks and pictures. Her camera flashes at class games, "coffee klatches," and birthday parties and is as much a part of a good time as is her rich voice which valiantly and solitarily carries the alto part when the group begins to sing.

No matter how busy her schedule may be, Bernie always finds time to be thoughtful. Pass her in the hall and you can be sure of a smile. Have a birthday and you will surely receive a card from Bernie. Encounter some bad luck and she will be the first to offer sympathy. Do something well and Bernie is certain to go out of her way to congratulate you.

Bernie aims for perfection and when frustrated by minor failures, she tends to become silent and discouraged. But, because her life is one of action, she is sure to embark on another activity, the success of which brings Bernie bouncing back with all her enthusiasm and energy still intact.



BERNADETTE ANN ESTEVES

Rodeo, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: ENGLISH

*Meadowlark* Staff '60

*Carillon* Staff '59

W.A.A. Board '61

Secretary '61

I.R.C. '58, '59

Music Club '58, '59, '60

S.C.T.A. '60, '61

Membership Chairman '61

Schola '60





PROVIDENCE ANN FRASSINELLO

Ukiah, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: ENGLISH

Transferred from San Francisco State College '58

A.S.D.C. Parliamentarian '60

Executive Board '60

Class President '60

W.A.A. Board

Recording Secretary '60


*Firebrand* Business Staff '61

## PROVIDENCE FRASSINELLO

PROVI's love for life would be hard to match. She scoots about the campus on slim legs, finding good times in every activity and spreading an infectious, jaunty happiness as easily as other people spread colds. Because Provi seems by nature to be supercharged with energy, her friends were aghast when she started taking metabolism pills to pep her up. Where would this lead? Luckily, she stopped just short of outright jittering, and launched unflagging into a rigorous semester of student teaching with relatively little "lesson-plan fatigue."

Provi invests some of her store of energy in earnestly trying new activities, the most recent being her interest in literature in general and poetry in particular. Those who wondered when she changed her minor from P.E. to English were further surprised when she started turning out poetry which encompasses in subject matter the philosophy, art, and music classes in which she indulges. Her tastes in reading stretch from Virginia Woolf to A. A. Milne; if she has a favorite author, it is Wordsworth. Further illustrative of Provi's love for the new and the intellectual is her fascination with the glasses she acquired recently. Their charm, according to Provi, lies in the fact that one automatically looks more studious, and therefore will actually study more when wearing them. By these standards, Provi is now a *bona fide* member of the intellectual elite, for she sports the biggest, blackest pair of rims in the class.

## SARAH JANE FRONTERA

ARAH JANE is a girl to look at twice. A first glance sees a black-haired fashion plate; a second glance reveals a person of warm dignity and charm. Sarah Jane is a preëminently sociable creature; she is, in fact, continually in conversation; she keeps the dialogue flowing whether in talk with herself, with members of an education panel or student counsel group, or in deep discussion with the son of the famous Mr. Stevenson. She can, however, listen as well as talk. There is no girl more likeable than Sarah Jane; only her midnight visitations made when one is just falling off to sleep have caused even her best of friends to wish her back in her own room fast asleep. On the whole, her sociability helps to account for her many friends; there is also her thoughtfulness, her ability to gage a need and to fill it—doing it as if it were the thing at the moment she most wanted to do.

If Sarah Jane has a major flaw it is her tardiness; she admits a compulsion to procrastinate, a need to organize beyond the hour of action, to put off and off the actual doing of the thing. Fortunately, she has an equally strong compulsion to do things well, to succeed. Thus two minutes before the deadline, S.J. is still typing her more-than-adequate term paper, thus her consistent night-owl studying. It is probably true that the girl for whom the crowd is usually waiting is Sarah Jane, but there is probably no other girl for whom the crowd would rather wait.





SARAH JANE FRONTERA

Monterey, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: ENGLISH

Student Affairs Board '60  
Class Vice-President '60, '61  
*Firebrand* Business Staff '61  
I.R.C. '58, '59  
Italian Club '58

Music Club '59, '60, '61  
S.C.T.A. '60, '61  
Spanish Club '58  
Troupers '60, '61





SONJA KATHRYN GUSTAFSON

Fort Sheridan, Illinois

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Student Affairs Board '61

House Regulations Chairman '61

Irish Club '58, '59

S.C.T.A. '60, '61

Secretary-Treasurer '60

Spanish Club '58

Social Service Committee '58

Choral '59, '60


## SONJA GUSTAFSON

**I**F SONJA could learn to say “no” once in a while when asked to do a favor, her life would be less complicated. But, then, that wouldn’t be Sonja. And what would become of all those who depended on her for advice or to fix the lights, make the coffee, pick up the doughnuts, drive them to the City or baby-sit with their puppy? Or if Sonja always waited to be asked to help out, she might find herself less burdened.

A minor in P.E., Sonja is inevitably sports minded. Her favorite indoor-outdoor, all-season sport is socializing, which she enjoys most over a cup of coffee. Sonja loves people, puppies, and the Army football team which she constantly dreads will be defeated by Notre Dame. As a result of her long-time rivalry with the Subject B examination, she has also developed a deep appreciation and respect for the Spanish language which she feels will be a lasting reminder of her college life.

In the midst of chaos and confusion, Sonja seems a figure of unshakable calm. This is not because she is detached, nor because she is a solver of all problems, but because for some reason, her mere arrival on the scene of crisis promises help, encouragement, and above all, a clear thought or two. Possibly, an explanation of Sonja’s wonderful stability is found in the fact that she is essentially a realist, seeing things as they are with remarkable objectivity tempered by a sense of humor and tolerance.

## VERA HOUK

SK Vera what she thinks and she'll tell you, like it or not. She reasons: "Do you, or don't you want my opinion? You do? Well, then, here it is!" Vera's directness and humor cut the disproportionate down to size. Her talking speed gains momentum as she plows through a barricade of metaphysical distinctions straight to the point. Her capacity for clear thinking makes "V's" advice especially valued. "Obvious!" you say, after she has moved the mountain blocking your view. Vera is a little less fearless and positive when it comes to making decisions for herself. Several friends must accompany, encourage and assure her when she goes to buy material for a sewing project or make an "expensive" purchase.

Cutting clean edges, as she does, with a scientific mind—quick, precise, rational—Vera yet generates a very individual warmth and candor. "V" remains close to the family she waved a merry good-bye to six years ago, when she set out adventurously for the opportunités of the "great West." After Christmas vacations at home, Vera glows with good will for at least six weeks, and swears that nothing would make her happier than to see the entire state of Wisconsin moved to the California border.

Vera's fond preoccupation is fiancé Tom, to whom she is writing every waking moment. Week ends are dedicated to Tom. Vera has seen everything in San Francisco worth seeing twice—once B.T. (that is, before Tom), and once unforgettably.



VERA ANN HOUK

Dousman, Wisconsin

MAJOR: BIOLOGY

MINOR: CHEMISTRY

German Club '58

I.R.C. '60

Model UN Delegate '60

Music Club '58, '59, '61

Secretary-Treasurer '59

Science Club '60, '61

President '61

Choral '58, '59





BARBARA LEE INFUSINO

San Rafael, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Art Club '61  
French Club '58  
Italian Club '58, '59

Music Club '58, '59, '60, '61  
S.C.T.A. '60, '61

## BARBARA INFUSINO

**T**HE scent of lavender, the touch of chiffon, the drum-roll of rain on the roof, these excite an intense and grateful response from Barbara. And though she succumbs to mood music, she is only occasionally the melancholy dreamer.

Her vitality, her love of the symphony of color, of dance and music find fullest satisfaction in the opera. Barbara speaks of "La Boheme" as affectionately as if it were her own sister.

When one asks Barbara about her week end, one gets a brief run-down not only on her own activities, but on those of the whole family. Barbara's first and deepest interests are inexplicably bound up with the family. "If Mother is having a dinner party, the whole family is expected to entertain." One imagines a real dilemma for Barbara would be a choice between last night of the opera season and a Saturday up the Russian River with the family.

The slightly romantic pull in Barbara has its counterpart in good business sense, and Saturday afternoons find her often lending a hand in her father's real estate business. But her good business sense suffers a relapse every time Barbara goes shopping. She returns upbraiding herself—but not too seriously—for foolish extravagances. Barbara is absolutely incorruptible when it comes to keeping a date—never has she been known to arrive late. At home, she is the gracious hostess, and the artist in Italian cuisine. She creates the kind of delicacies that haunt boarders' dreams when they have slept through dinner.

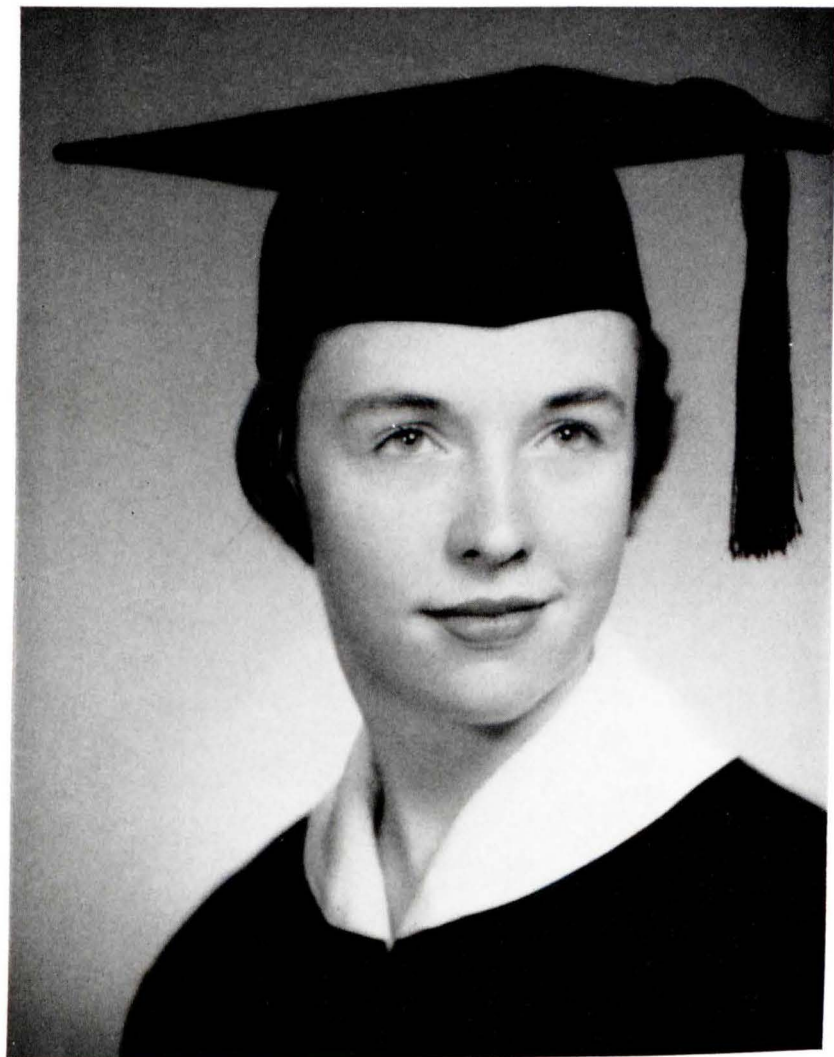
## HELEN KAPS

THE quintessence of Helen's personality is serenity. Not shyness, not introversion, but serenity—ability to think and act calmly in situations which drive her less serene friends to near-hysteria, and capacity to speak ever gently and intelligently, with an instinct for the least strenuous and most pleasant way of doing things.

In spite of Helen's insistence that she would like nothing better than to be a dynamic extrovert, she pursues the calm, ordered life—eschewing hurry and rush of any kind. In particular, she enjoys a leisurely, urbane dinner hour with stimulating but non-strenuous table-talk. Though she loves philosophical flights into the realm of being, the whimsical in Helen's personality flashes through her conversation in New Hampshire witticisms, ironic remarks *a propos* of teachers and curricula, and nose-crinkling laughter.

Helen has the travel bug—but *please*, let it be travel in comfort. Choo-chooing across the continent destined for the *Cours d'été* at Laval University in Quebec was all right. But ask Helen about the time she went camping in Yosemite. "It was terrible!"

This is not to say that "Len" lacks stamina. She has maintained an academic scholarship all through college—while taking "extras" and participating in orchestra, and French and Music Club. Yet there is still plenty of time to sew dresses with gentle feminine lines in infinite shades of green—the color of tranquility itself, and incidentally the color of Helen's eyes.



HELEN KAREN KAPS  
Sacramento, California

MAJOR: FRENCH  
MINOR: SPANISH AND HISTORY

Transferred from Sacramento City College '59

Gamma Sigma  
French Club '60, '61  
Vice-President '61  
Music Club '60, '61

S.C.T.A. '60, '61  
Orchestra '60, '61  
Science Club '61





THERESA ANNE KING

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Student Affairs Board '60

Absence Committee Chairman '60

*Meadowlark* Staff '60

Co-Business Manager '60

Irish Club '58

S.C.T.A. '60, '61

Spanish Club '58

C.C.D. Chairman '58

Schola '61

Choral '58, '59, '60

Third Order '58, '59, '60

**T**EDE sighs, "It's beautiful;" and for the most part we know exactly what this Irish twinkle-eyed character has in mind. But the fact is that there are two parts to Tede: Theresa is the sensitive, serious perceptive philosopher; Tede is the personality girl, true and loyal, ready to make and join the fun. "Hey, did you hear the latest scoop?" is undoubtedly Tede who, with some confusion, finally gets out the whole story. This Tede is a lover of action. On the other hand, Theresa is the lover of nature and the beauty around her. Walking along the Aptos beach, watching the sunset, studying a rose—these are her interests. To this serious Theresa, student teaching has been a major step. She loves children and has a definite way with her first- and third-graders. Although Theresa is highly organized in her school work, Tede's week-end plans are a total loss. Her friends are on pins and needles until ten o'clock Sunday night to hear the outcome of the series of last-minute decisions.

Tede has tiny feet and big purses. She lives in skirts and belts and loafers on campus, often sporting a personality hat "for security;" wears sheaths for the more-splendid occasion. She is an avid airplane fan who hates heights. She is forever twisting her hair and complaining about ticking clocks. Theresa looks ahead, while living very much in the present. She will be prepared for whatever life has in store—and for Tede, life's bound to have an abundance of the better gifts.

## FRANCES KRISHA

**F**RAN is a girl of variable and numerous talents but of one even disposition. She is a complex girl with her mind set on a complex goal—that of a research chemist. Her academic life is highly organized, as is proper and necessary. Already she is an assistant in the chemistry lab and instructs with clarity and patience the Freshmen through their perilous experiments. Fran herself is not, we hear, above exploding an occasional enterprise. More normally, however, she prefers to make things whole. She has a natural love of fixing up people as well as things; and not only a love but a talent for it. She can comfort a confused lower-classman when others have failed; mechanically-minded, she can mend the electric cord or stop the leak. In fact, whenever a helping hand is needed, Fran is there with the whistle, ladder, stop watch, rule book, or bell in hand. She has also moments of diversion. She loves pranks and photography, children, ringing the house bell, and satellite spying.

Her organization, perhaps, explains her steadiness of disposition. Though doing much, she never appears rushed. She has also a deep fund of inner reserve and faith. She is up each morning for early Mass; is calm even in the face of catastrophe; can manage a dry bit of humor when the world about her is in chaos. She is a girl independent but dependable—this despite the fact that her secret hobby is magic.



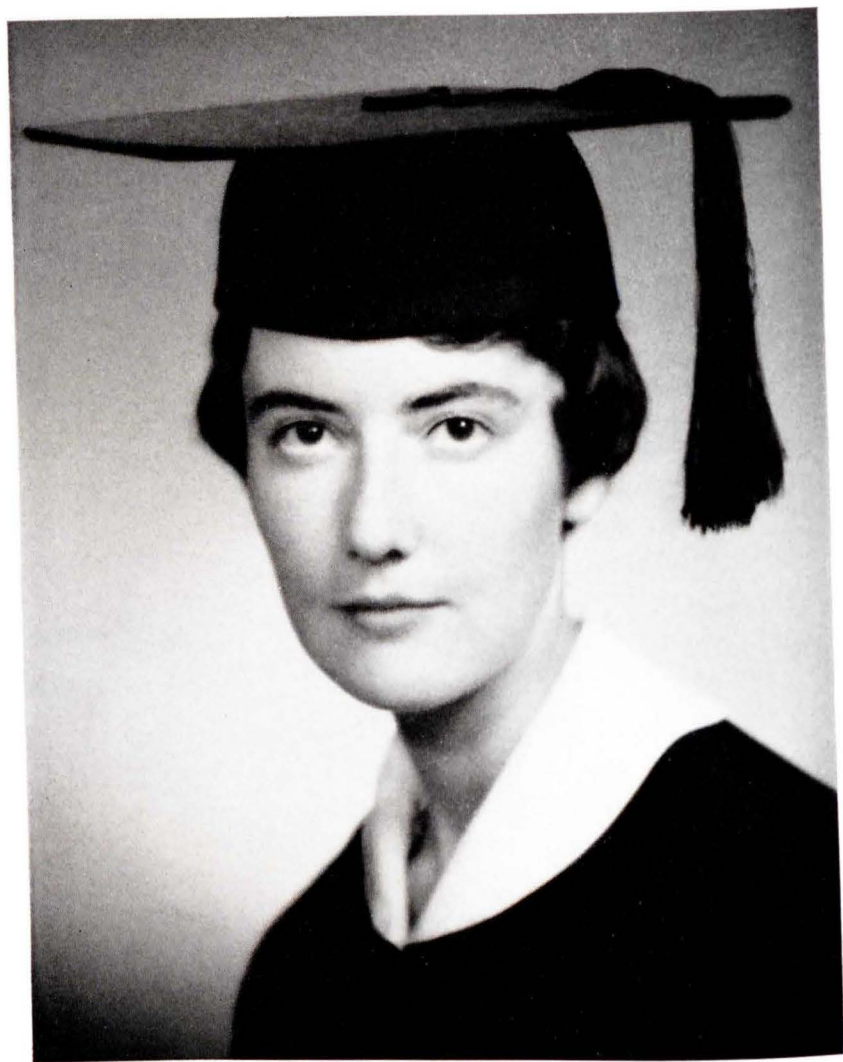
FRANCES MARIE KRISHA  
Vallejo, California

MAJOR: CHEMISTRY  
MINOR: MATHEMATICS

W.A.A. Board '60  
Vice-President '60  
Absence Committee '59

Science Club '58, '59, '60, '61  
C.C.D. '58





JANE MARIE LEDDEN  
Sacramento, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION  
MINOR: HISTORY

Transferred from Mt. Alverno College '59

Music Club '60, '61  
Secretary-Treasurer '61  
S.C.T.A. '60, '61


Schola '60, '61  
Choral '60, '61

## JANE LEDDEN

JANE is a person who strives so intently toward her goals that her endurance is often left far behind. Organization, complete and detailed, precedes all her activities, but the sheer volume of her obligations sometimes overwhelms her planning. But in the process of trying to accomplish what Jane has set out to do, she starts and finishes an astonishing amount—an amount which in the mind of a less ambitious person would have remained in the realm of ideas. Jane is ambitious not so much for herself as for what she can do for others.

Her concentration this year has been particularly in practice teaching; her music, however, has not been neglected. Gifted with a clear soprano voice, she participates in choral work, hoping to sing eventually in a large choir. She plays the organ, loves liturgical music, and often plays for parish Benediction—once progressed a considerable way before she was told that the priest hadn't come onto the altar yet. The incident is typical of Jane's eagerness to start. Music club meetings, attendance at opera and symphony all somehow get fitted into the schedule—with time left over for work in the Third Order of St. Francis. Add Janie's love for travel—especially to Canada—her enjoyment of swimming and hiking, her taste for fine needlework, good books, new recipes, and large family gatherings, and anyone will understand why Jane, as a working perfectionist, is always a little busier than most people.

## KATHLEEN LE FOR

N AMERICAN outdoor girl—Kathy. When she traveled across Europe it was on a bicycle. One has the impression when listening to Kathy knit tales of her travels that she is still pedaling through the winelands of Southern France.

Scarcely a day goes by that something doesn't remind her of a blue sky over Rome or an ear-piercing traffic entanglement in Paris. Statuesque, picturesquely athletic, Kathy stopped traffic in Heidelberg in a way not calculated to show off graceful co-ordination. What does one do when a bicycle gets stuck in a streetcar track—in the face of an on-rushing trolley. We thank our lucky stars Kathy is here to tell us!

Kathy isn't really quite back in the U.S.A. She can hardly conceal her pride when she introduces her roommate: "This is Jacqueline from PARIS!" If there is one thing Kathy likes almost as well as reminiscing, it is leisurely chit-chat over coffee-crunch at Blum's, followed by a shopping spree and perhaps a "good" show in the evening. Kathy, in fact, enjoys a taste of everything. Easygoing, she is the first to call for a cigarette break, easiest to pull into a bridge game. She seldom does by herself what she can do with another, whether it be taking a walk or reading the new *Vogue*. Kathy likes to please and will occasionally sacrifice her own opinion to that of another. If she has one real, first love it is skiing. Should anyone find a stray ski in a telephone booth, Kathy has mislaid hers. She can't remember which telephone booth she left it in.



KATHLEEN LE FOR  
Yakima, Washington

MAJOR: EDUCATION  
MINOR: ENGLISH

Transferred from Gonzaga University '59

French Club '60, '61  
I.R.C. '60

S.C.T.A. '60, '61





JUDITH ANN MAESTRETTI

Petaluma, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: ART

Art Club '61

Music Club '58, '61

S.C.T.A. '60, '61

Symposium '59

Choral '58, '59

## JUDITH MAESTRETTI

**I**F JUDY, one evening, were planning the week's project for her third-graders and a friend were to call with the suggestion that they fly over to Mexico City for a cup of coffee—and provided she really wanted to go—she would say “sure,” pack her scissors in her purse, tuck her construction paper under her arm, and meet him on the roof. Judy is the kind of girl who, while her date orders coffee *espresso* for two, will cut out the letters for her bulletin board; and while he is flagging the waitress for second cups, will pull out *The Portrait of an Artist* and read twenty-five more lines for aesthetics. This she does with a casual, nerveless poise, not seeming at all concerned whether she has her bulletin board ready for tomorrow, or James Joyce finished for aesthetics seminar in the afternoon.

Judy's brand of humor stems from critical judgment. She is sharp to see the incongruities of a situation, the absurdities and idiosyncrasies of people, and the loophole in an argument. Her perceptions she registers in an ironic, but by no means, sarcastic smile. Someone's account of a catastrophic *faux pas* immediately brings to mind one she made that even tops it, and this she relates with tears of laughter.

Beneath Judy's utterly relaxed demeanor stirs a restlessness. Judy is a perfectionist. She wants to be better than “middling”; and so she organizes, plans and replans, seeking the most efficient means to the end.

## MARGARET MALLEY

MARGI is a blond, blue-eyed personality who meets life with assurance and meets it head on. Here is the practical, logical individual who loves living: each of Margi's days is crammed bright with new discoveries. She loves people, talk and tweedy-type clothes. She is generous and thoughtful and, considering the hour at which she starts, remarkably efficient. Every project is completed although, perhaps, not completed until the last minute. History books have been read from cover to cover in a twenty-four-hour sitting before the final.

Margi is a true San Francisco enthusiast. "My City" she calls that "fabulous spot" where she spends a good part of her time. Within the City the Giants stand out as one of her intense and special concerns: her classmates prize autographed pictures of all the stars. Margi's interests vary from the intellectual to the quaint. They range from Sausalito to skiing, from popular records to the finer intricate and complex relations of the international situation, from Pennsylvania to the University of Hawaii where she once spent a summer under the alias of Sandra Sue.

Still trying to reconcile her love of life with her love of sleep, Margi thinks no hour before 9 a.m. a suitable hour for rising. Once up, however, there is no girl so mentally alert to the possibilities of the situation, so appreciative of the depths and heights, so ready to cope with life's richness.



MARGARET ANNE MALLEY

San Rafael, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE AND FRENCH

A.S.D.C. Parliamentarian '61

Executive Board '61

Class Treasurer '61

*Meadowlark* Staff '61

Business Manager '61

Art Club '61

French Club '58, '61

I.R.C. '58, '59, '60, '61

Model U.N. Delegate '59

Irish Club '58, '59

Troupers '58, '59, '60, '61





FRANCINE ANNE MASOTTI

Arcadia, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

French Club '58, '59

S.C.T.A. '60, '61

Troupers '59, '60, '61

Social Service Committee '58

Choral '58, '59, '60

Third Order '58, '59

## FRANCINE MASOTTI

**H**ALF Irish, half Italian, Fran sparkles when she has been up to something unusual. *Unusual* is perhaps a mild word to describe Fran's extra-curricular activities. No one else could have nibbled on Sister Joseph's cake when she wasn't looking and innocently say "Oh, was that yours?"

Fran's is a one-track mind; she is not easily distracted from tasks that confront her. Although she may not attack every work with wild enthusiasm, yet she is staunchly determined to finish what she has once started. Fran has a time for everything essential. Faithfully at 10:15 she wends her way downtown with her compatriots for her morning coffee and chatter at the Do-Nut Shop. This is a class Fran never cuts. In the evening hours she tackles assignments, she concentrates: only the appearance of some rare flying animal will disturb her at study. Then, she punctuates the occasion with an earnest downright scream which resounds through the halls. Nor is Fran amused by those who minimize the occasion.

When all pressing matters have been taken care of, Fran is ready for "play time." This can and has meant various things. As a sophomore it meant dismantling the bed of a friend during the midnight hours and distributing the parts in numerous hiding places of Fangeaux. But studies are never far from Fran's mind. She is particularly preoccupied just after examinations. At a service station during the last semester-break she was heard to request "A tankful of Ed. 100 please."

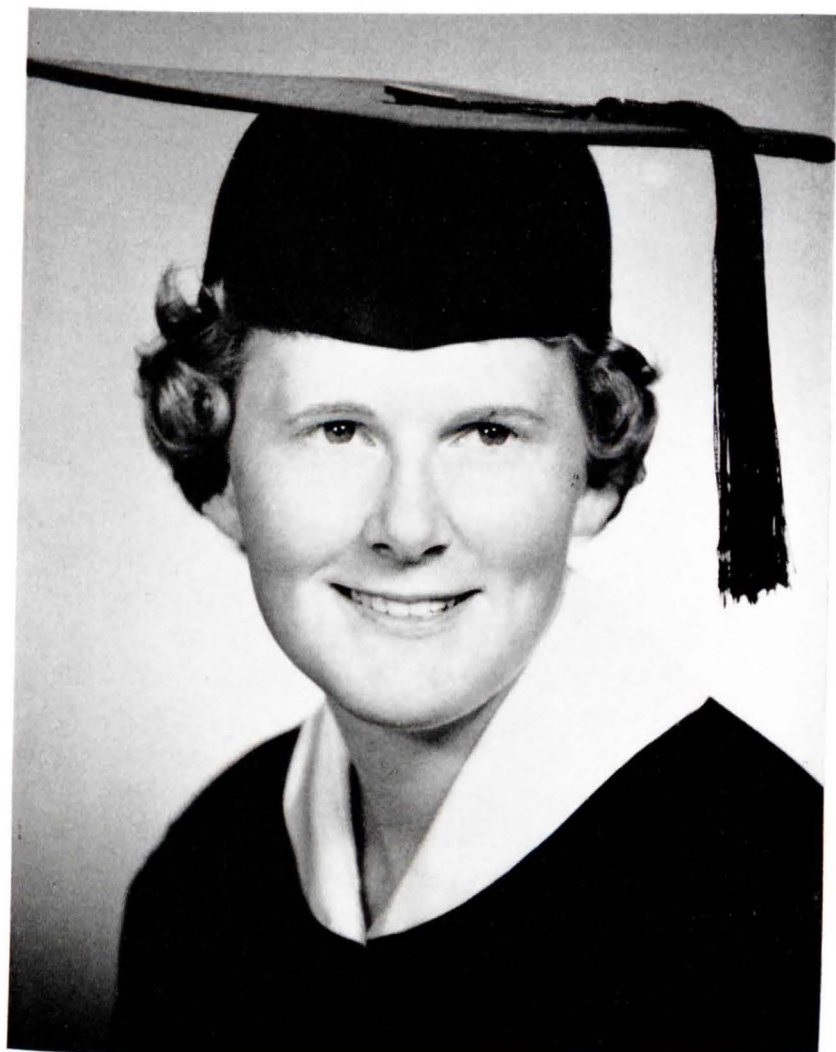
## JUDITH MURPHY

**T**AKE a girl with red hair. Curl the hair around a freckled Irish face and add a whimsical smile. Give her red cheeks and bruised shins from the slopes of Squaw Valley and a love of speed and excitement. Endow her with Irish luck, a kind heart, and you have Judy Murphy.

A girl of variable moods, Judy is alternately vibrant with excitement or quietly thoughtful. She bubbles in anticipation of a week end crammed with activities, but grows pensive at the possibility of a quiz or if she chances to glance ahead at a long-range assignment. Judy's depressions are seldom more than momentary for she has learned to meet each obstacle with action. And, too, she works well under the pressure of deadlines.

Judy loves Tahoe and water skiing and just lazily drifting about on a speedboat. She loves Squaw Valley, the Olympics, and entertaining. Her favorite phrase catches her life, "It's so exciting."

Occasionally nostalgic, Judy jots memos of good times in margins of her notebooks along with lines of plays and poems which strike her fancy. To Judy, much of her enjoyment of a good time lies in looking back on it, retelling it to friends, or writing it into a short story. Much of Judy's appreciation of people and experiences stems from her extreme sensitivity and her ability to see humor in the every day occurrence. Then, too, she is an optimist and an incurable idealist who is inclined to wear her glasses rose tinted.



JUDITH ANN MURPHY

Piedmont, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Social Committee '58, '59, '60

*Firebrand* Staff '61

Assistant Editor '61

*Meadowlark* Staff '60

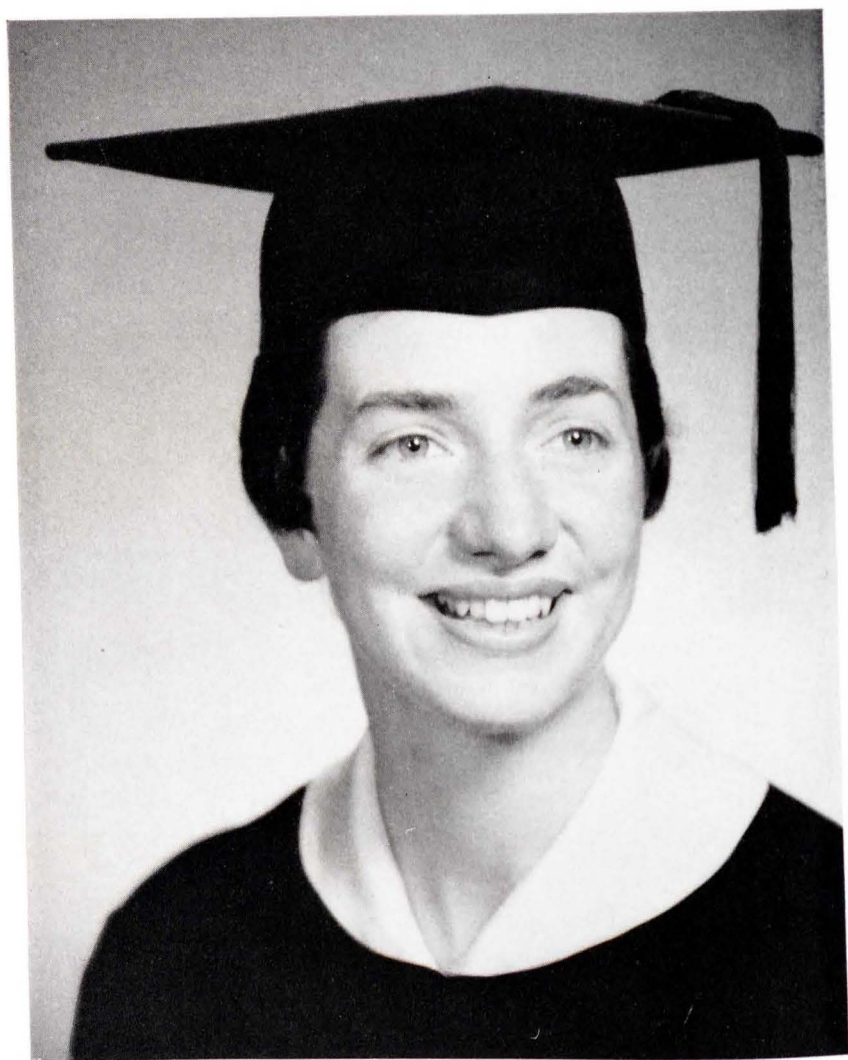
Business Manager '60

Social Service Chairman '59

Co-House Chairman '61

Irish Club '58, '59





JOAN ANN McDONALD

Vallejo, California

MAJOR: MUSIC

MINOR: HISTORY

A.S.D.C. President '61  
 A.S.D.C. Treasurer '60  
 N.F.C.C.S. Jr. Delegate '59  
 Student Affairs Board '61  
 Executive Board '60, '61  
*Carillon* Staff '59  
 Co-Business Manager '59  
 Irish Club '59, '60

Music Club '59, '60, '61  
 Spanish Club '58, '59  
 C.C.D. '59  
 Madrigal '60, '61  
 Schola '58, '59, '60, '61  
 Choral '58, '59, '60, '61  
 Third Order '58, '59  
 Senior Recital '61

## JOAN McDONALD

IT is almost certain that before Joan talked, she laughed. There must be very few people in the world who can be genuinely amused by such a variety of things as can Joan. The unexpected turn of events, the slip of the tongue, the social blunder, whether her own or another's, is sure to send Joan into bursts of inextinguishable laughter. Her appreciation of the all-encompassing humor of life is, however, neither indiscriminate nor shallow but is the reflection of a nimble mind, an even temperament, and a matured sense of values. This wonderfully well-balanced view of life makes Joan all the more sensitive to folly.

There are three parts to her personality which, though they might clash in a lesser person, come to harmony in Joan. She is the optimist, idealist, realist. Being of a personality dominated by a sense of humor, Joan is naturally optimistic. But above being an idle optimist, she is an effective idealist. Joan inspires others to responsibility, to generosity, to honor by her unassuming example, and by her unflinching faith in the perfectibility of human nature.

She is a realist too, in the best sense of the word. That is, she is intensely aware of the ways in which circumstances, personalities, and human nature so often change the "what should be" into the quite different "what is." Yet she does not allow this awareness of obstacles to the achievement of ideals dissuade her from the firm belief that one *is* what one *does*.

## JUDY O'BRIEN

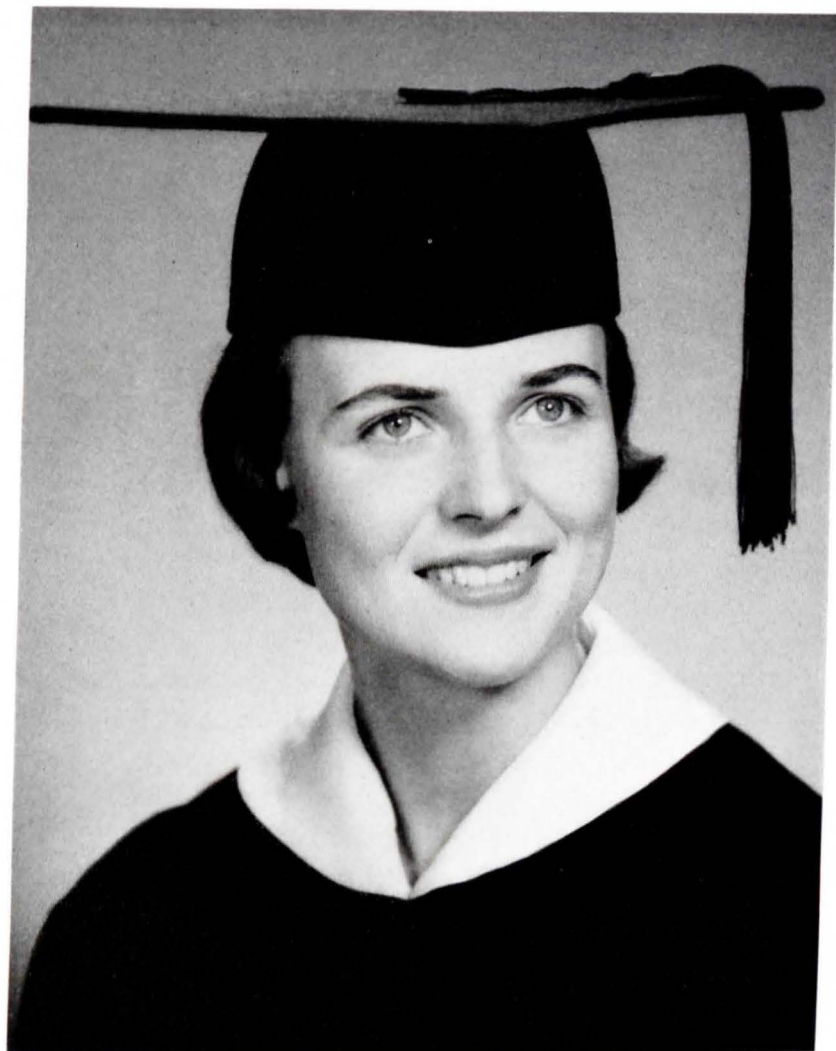


NE doesn't arrive at the heart of Judy's matter in an hour's conversation or in a week's acquaintance. One may know Judy for years and still be aware of a certain reserve which ever intrigues rather than embarrasses. Only Judy's intimates know her well.

There is about Judy an aura of refinement, heralded by distinctive, chiselled features. When she must, she can execute with finesse, and she rarely makes a comment that is not considered. Judy is meticulously chic in dress and discriminating in the election of her confidants.

Incorrigible is her anxiety to do only the "right" thing. Judy prolongs deliberation to the point of agony. Finally, she will trudge to her advisors. The ultimate decision, however, will be Judy's—though she may wander around for weeks with eyebrows suspended in question. Though Judy chafes a bit under "regulations," she is conscientiously law-abiding, and even served a term on the S.A.B.

One starts a little incredulously at Judy's protestation that she loves to "cook, sew and sweep." It is as if a child of five were to say he loved to follow the stock market. But amazingly enough, Judy's finespun femininity is the mistress of a wicked dive in swimming competition and Judy is an impressive horsewoman. Judy is consistently inconsistent, sometimes to the exasperation but more usually to the amusement of her friends. As regularly as spring follows winter, Judy is sure to plunge into a new major—and with all the enthusiasm of a week-old freshman.



JUDITH ANN O'BRIEN

San Rafael, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: ENGLISH

Student Affairs Board '60

W.A.A. Board '60

Swimming Manager '60

*Carillon* Staff '59

Co-Business Manager '59

I.R.C. '59

S.C.T.A. '60, '61

Troupers '60, '61

Choral '59, '61





JANE ELIZABETH OFARRELL

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: SPEECH

French Club '58, '59

Irish Club '58

Music Club '61

Troupers '59, '60, '61

President '60

Choral '58


## JANE O'FARRELL

SOMEHOW Jane—petite and feminine and poised—evokes the Dresden doll image; it is perhaps her laughing blue eyes, and the whimsical smile and a certain patterned movement in her gestures and actions. Too, her dusty brown hair twisted in a French roll gives a wispy effect to her doll-like features and her clothes, neat and elegant, are often-times blue. In actuality, Jane has none of the fragile Dresden-doll qualities. She is strong and practical; has firm convictions and the will to carry them out.

Much of Jane's college life has centered in and radiated out from the drama department. Her dramatic talent has procured her top roles in campus productions. Her clipped speech, her assurance and poise have made her the spokesman for many class and college activities. She is, in fact, an asset to any group. Her dramatic talents are not confined to theatre and platform but are a part of her everyday self; her flair for gesture, her love for the intense, tend to enliven her conversation and to magnify the ordinary into a major production.

She dislikes loud alarm clocks and noise at any time; otherwise her outlook on life is utterly positive. Small events and things give her heightened pleasure: she enjoys her free time; loves to go out to dinner; relishes to the full a cheese hot dog or a good bridge game. But she intends to spend her life doing good and giving pleasure to others. Next year will find her in Washington, D.C., doing graduate work for her future in working with the deaf.

## VIVIAN PODESTA

IVIAN takes life in her own easygoing stride. Her quiet almost somber manner and a humor, often tinged with overtones of sarcasm, far from revealing a pessimistic outlook, simply reflect an inner calm.

Although she is frequently heard to mumble "Oh, it makes me so mad!" few of her classmates take her mutterings seriously since in reality Vivian manages a laugh in the most trying of circumstances—as when she split her ski pants on the slopes of Dodge Ridge. And fortunately she maintains her unruffled composure even under the good-natured teasing of her friends.

"It is all a matter of organization," Vivian claims as invariably she switches off her light at 10:30 thoroughly prepared for the following day's academic activities. But, it is true that Vivian prefers to go around an obstacle rather than over it; she would prefer to evade the unpleasant if at all possible: there is, for example, the case of the high school geometry and the Subject A examination in college. When reality does inevitably catch up with her, she is prepared to meet it. At the moment Vivian, adept at all other sports, admits that swimming is an obstacle: the difficulties of the Australian crawl have assumed monstrous proportions. Give her golf, tennis, badminton, or any team sport. As a matter of fact, Vivian is essential in a class game. There we see the potential energy unleashed and in action. Ordinarily, Vivian is a person with deep reserves of energy under a calm and almost casual surface.



VIVIAN PODESTA

Stockton, California

MAJOR: PHYSICAL EDUCATION

MINOR: SPANISH

Transferred from Stockton College '59

*Firebrand* Business Staff '61  
Music Club '61

S.C.T.A. '60, '61  
Spanish Club '61





LUCY HOPKINS REID  
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

MAJOR: ENGLISH  
MINOR: BIOLOGY

Class Treasurer '60  
*Meadowlark* Staff '60, '61  
Co-Business Manager '61  
Circulating Manager '60

Irish Club '58  
Third Order '58, '59

## LUCY REID

**L**UCY HOPKINS REID is proud of the East—and it shows in her independent “Eastern” clothes—and inordinately proud of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in particular. Still, she loves the smell of oranges and freshly cut grass and rumor has it that one day Lucy and her red and white Freddy the Falcon might settle in California. Lucy is a girl of high intelligence and wide interests. She prefers to be competent in many fields than to excel in one. She is a dilettante of set purpose. She wants to appreciate life as a whole, in its many facets: thus her interest in biology, folklore, literature, music, aesthetics. She can find something to appreciate in almost anything. She can curl up in a corner, content with any piece of reading from Proust to William Saroyan to *Life* magazine. She can be as ecstatic over Mozart as Ella Fitzgerald, as pleased with peanut butter and Hi Ho crackers as with dinner at the Blue Fox. Her fads are as catholic as her tastes: the latest is bowling; in the spring it is sunbathing; in the fall, the World Series. “Beat ‘em Bucs” was the slogan this season and a transistor radio her constant companion. Whenever Lucy finds an unexpected free half hour she wanders to the library to browse through the journals and odd books—preferably books not assigned in any class.

When asked what she intends to do after graduation, she answers: “To be a lady.” One senses that Lucy’s concept of a lady is the high aristocratic concept—one that might complement Newman’s idea of the gentleman.

## HELEN REISCHMAN

THE ability to pin point the essential is twice-beautiful in Helen because it is in no way characterized by severity. On the one hand she is hardheaded, loving no illusions: on the other she is compassionate, understanding, and of tender loyalties.

Helen holds fast to her opinion—she well may, for she is generally right—and is unafraid of voicing it in group controversy. She is loathe to sound authoritarian in a smoke-room debate, but frequently her certain grasp impels her to clear up fuzzy thinking; at which time her words will echo in the murky room to her immediate embarrassment. But Helen is never heard to chant, "I told you so." She has the highest respect for one's right to err in peace.

Helen is a vigilant retainer of the positive point of view. Self-pity is unprofitable and a bore. Her power of impenetrable concentration borders on the phenomenal. With a book before her she is impervious to the distractions of a buzzing room.

Helen tenders an affection for children that is rich and sober, and possesses a depth of understanding, unmeasured by moodiness. Compassion runs out to the less endowed and underprivileged.

Endearingly unassuming, Helen walks off with honors, while one would never suspect she cares a bit. She chuckles deep down when ribbed about Bakersfield hayseeds, and unashamedly tells of the time she poured melted butter for the crab on her baked potato.



HELEN ELIZABETH REISCHMAN

Bakersfield, California

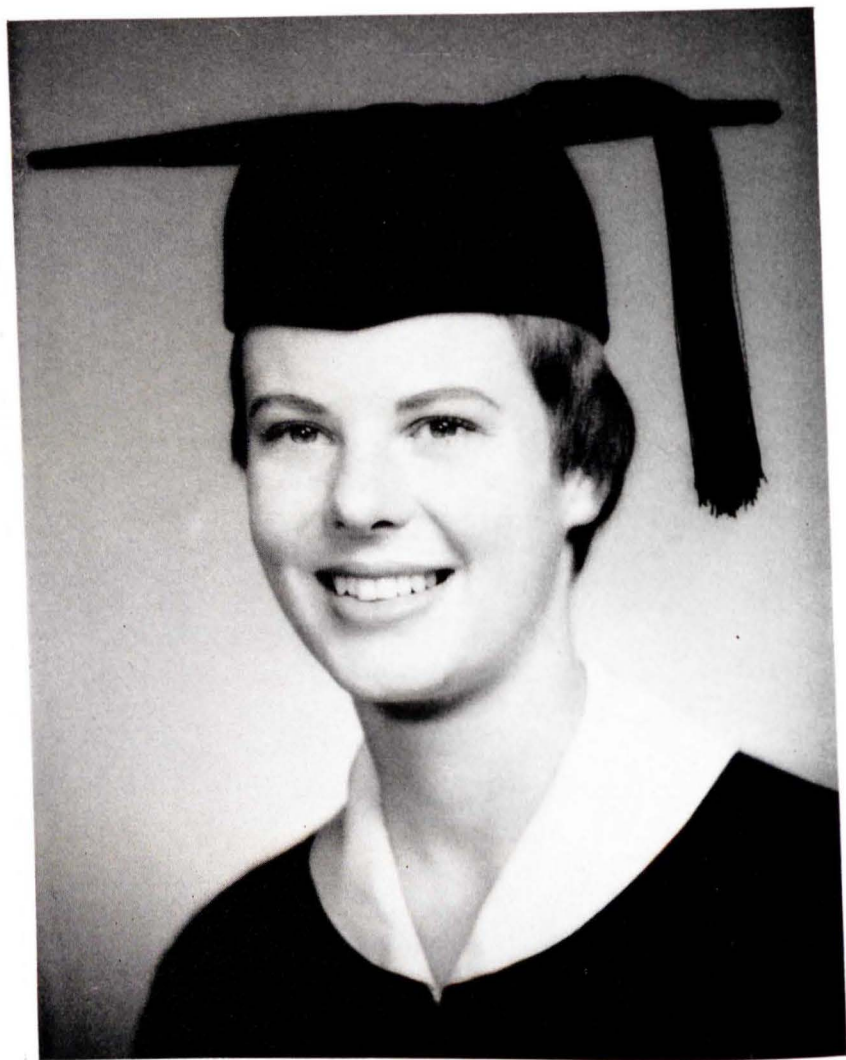
MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: SOCIOLOGY

Gamma Sigma  
N.F.C.C.S. Senior Delegate '60  
Executive Board '60, '61  
Class Representative '61  
*Firebrand* Business Manager '61  
*Meadowlark* Staff '59  
Associate Editor '59

Irish Club '58  
Music Club '59  
S.C.T.A. '60, '61  
Troupers '60, '61  
Schola '58, '59  
Choral '58  
C.C.D. '59





PATRICIA KATHLEEN RENNIE

Modesto, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: LATIN

Student Affairs Board '60

*Firebrand* Staff '61

Editor '61

*Meadowlark* Staff '60

Editor '60

*Carillon* Staff '59

News Editor '59

Business Manager '59

W.A.A. Board '60

Secretary '60

Irish Club '58

Music Club '58

Troupers '60, '61

Madrigal '60, '61

Schola '59

Choral '58, '59, '60

C.C.D. '58

Third Order '58, '59

PATRICIA RENNIE

Tish should live in a blue world, populated by cats and abundant in cheesecake, a world where beds would make themselves and rushing to meet deadlines would be unknown. Snakes would have to be banned, as would letter-writing, but add an architect, Peter, a built-in-bridge table complete with three agreeable partners, and a year's supply of white blouses, and Tish would be completely happy, happy in an exuberant way that is wholly her own.

Tish gives herself to all who will listen; invariably, she announces her presence with "the funniest thing happened." The narratives are made vivid by an abundance of theatrical gestures to emphasize the particularly ironic or embarrassing. The experiences are all actual but occasionally exaggerated just a "tad bit." But Tish has not a surfeit of leisure. Over the years her activities have expanded, like active gases, to fill the time allotted to them. Then, to her horror, they burst out of bounds and push her study time into the postmidnight and predawn hours.

Everyone changes between her freshman and senior years. The days when Tish short-sheeted every bed in Fanjeaux with two other industrious sophomores seems long ago. She has become charmingly slim, has cut the flowing locks of yesteryear, and become wise in Shakespeare and Chaucer, not to mention the Greek and Roman classics. But she has kept her wistfulness and her need of love, both to give and receive it.

## MARJORIE RILEY

MARGE is clearheaded and naturally competent. Impatient of red tape, of muddy thinkers, of frills, she gaily briskly cuts through to the essentials and acts. A humor and warmth accompany her competence; she is a leader who evokes sympathy and confidence. Her ladylike but orotund voice has been a profound asset in the roll of class president, commentator of fashion shows, master of ceremonies, and actress in DC dramatic productions. Off campus at the Red Garter her baritone voice frequently joins in the rousing songs and blends with the jubilant crowds.

Marge likewise excels in the academic. Though her approach appears casual, she organizes well and concentrates sufficiently on essay or poem or book to know and appreciate what is there. She genuinely enjoys an intellectual challenge and flourishes in lively debate. There are, however, indications that deep down she may be a sentimentalist and a romantic. She loves King Arthur and Lancelot romances and has a special fondness for the poetry of Phyllis McGinley. Marge is not over-inclined to anxiety; she worries just enough to bring herself to action and the task to completion. She takes failures and successes in her stride. When some long thought-out plan falls through or some cherished design goes up in smoke, Marge encompasses the whole with a shrug of the shoulders and "That's the story of my life, kids." She is seldom without plans, is never bored, and laughs at the adage that "Saturday night is the loneliest night of the year."



MARJORIE ANNE RILEY  
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH  
MINOR: EDUCATION

Transferred from San Francisco College for Women '59

Class President '61

*Firebrand* Staff '61

Associate Editor '61

S.C.T.A. '60, '61

Troupers '60, '61





CATHERINE ANN ROCHE

Sacramento, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: MUSIC

Gamma Sigma

French Club '58, '59


Music Club '58, '59, '60, '61

Publicity Chairman '61

Schola '58, '59, '60, '61

Orchestra '58, '59, '60, '61

## ANN ROCHE

NN is a girl of moods; when she is happy, she's very happy, but when she's sad, she's inconsolable. There are the times when things couldn't be better; then you'll find her singing a tune from schola as she walks along the hall or jumping in the air yipping with glee. These are the good times: when her 'cello teacher has complimented her on her playing ("and I hadn't even practiced"), when she foresees a free week end in which, forsaking her history books, she can indulge in science fiction thrillers, or when there is a hunting trip in the offing—for Ann, with all her love for the scholarly historians and her penchant for writing book-length term papers, is a lover of the great outdoors. In the fall, Ann enjoys accompanying her father on hunting trips; she holds a Master's Rating from the Division of Civilian Marksmanship which enables her to bring down the deer and the ducks; and she is adept at skinning rattlesnakes.

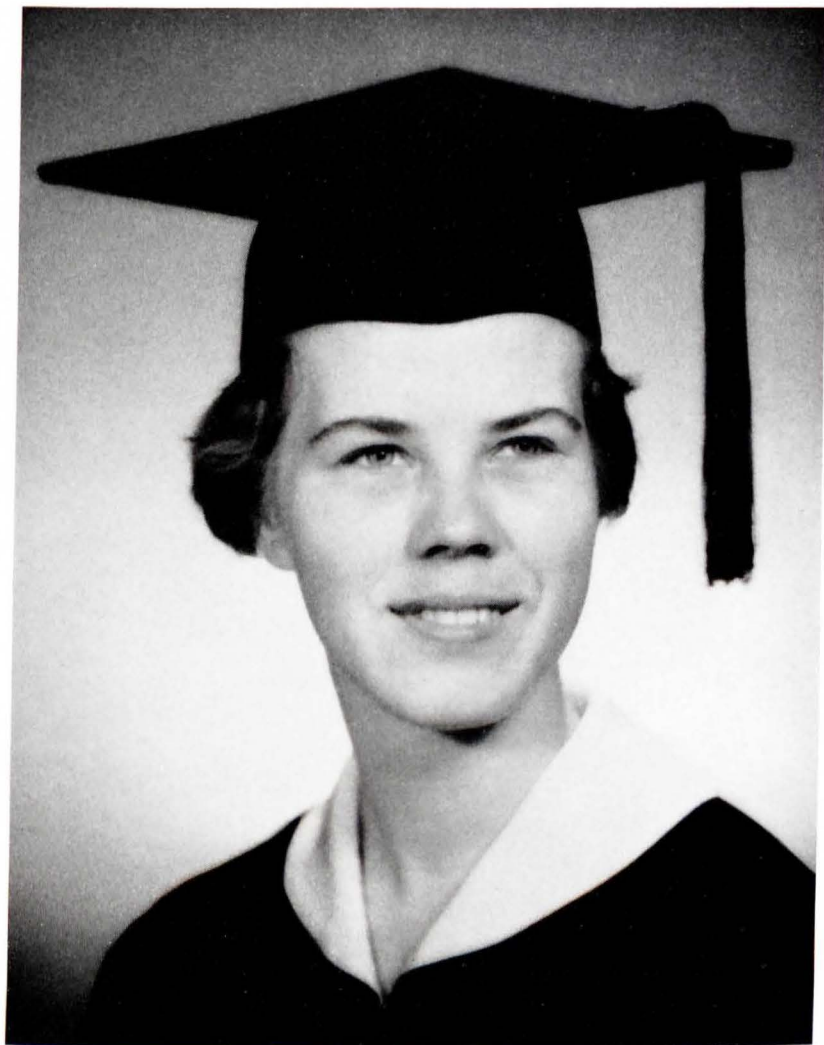
When Ann is in a blue mood it is usually because she is worried about making or having made some stupid blunder. Unreasonable or unfriendly people, sentimentality and trivia stir up a comment of "Bother!" from Ann. When really perturbed or angry, she simply explodes unless her friends, sensing the danger level, siphon the steam off gradually. Having said what is needed to be said, Ann turns to being happily happy again and saunters off to her history books or her 'cello or her punning friends.

## LUCI SCHWEDHELM

**L**UCI has stamina. Spend an evening with her when she wants to get things done; you'll understand why her native Germany has recovered so quickly from two wars. Luci doesn't approach work, she lunges at it. Desk drawers slam, papers shuffle, quick footsteps chug back and forth, the typewriter pounds, and seemingly minutes later, you hear, "Lights out in fifteen minutes!" Then, precisely fifteen minutes later, after one last minute consultation of her precious schedule book for the next day's plan of attack, the windows are flung open, the lights go out and soon she is talking *sotto voce* to herself in her sleep.

In the morning, she pounces on the alarm, rushes around getting organized, and whips out of the room to her student teaching assignment on a cloud of "Tigress" perfume. No one sees her again until she bursts in that afternoon, rhapsodizing because her class sang "America the Beautiful" with appropriate vigor or lamenting because someone referred to her as "the teenager who is helping our teacher."

Luci's moods are mercurial, but they all arise out of a personality that is unchangeably warm and unselfish. And there are the times when she delivers long, speculative soliloquies on the relative merits of the men in her life, or just stares into space. Luci's personality is centered around people; she helps them, laughs with, nags or questions them. Luci herself is never neutral, and never complacent.



LUCIA HELEN SCHWEDHELM

Stockton, California

MAJOR: MUSIC

MINOR: EDUCATION

A.S.D.C. Secretary '59

Executive Board '59

German Club '59

Secretary '59

Music Club '58, '59, '60, '61

Social Chairman '60

Publicity Chairman '59

S.C.T.A. '60, '61

Madrigal '61

Schola '58, '59, '60, '61

Choral '58, '59, '60

Orchestra '58, '59, '60, '61

Senior Recital '61





ROSEMARY ANN SILVESTRI  
Vallejo, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION  
MINOR: BIOLOGY

Absence Committee '59  
Music Club '58, '59, '60, '61  
Vice-President '60  
S.C.T.A. '60, '61

Science Club '59, '60, '61  
Social Service Committee '58  
Symphony Forum '60

## ROSEMARY SILVESTRI

**R**OSEMARY likes large crowds in small doses. Given a choice, she prefers a leisurely, quiet ride in the country with perhaps a picnic basket in the back seat. Yet in a crowded room, Rosemary appears most languid—certainly relaxed—with, however, her usual measure of reserve. Her voice itself, gentle and soothing, tranquilizes nervous friend and calms jittery “Final” nerves. Little would an innocent stranger suspect an extraordinarily alert mind in control, wheels turning untiringly—and the fact is, effortlessly. Yet Rosemary is conscientious and never cocksure. She is not, after all, as placid as a summer sky. Something, obviously, is on her mind when she begins nibbling at a tender thumb. Patient and willing to help her academically floundering classmates, she comes running to the despairing cry of “Rosie, help me.” With perseverance which often outlasts that of her sinking friend, now nodding sleepily, Rosemary resolves all difficulties, uncovers new ones, and resolves them too—wee into the night. No wonder she needs a mid-morning nap.

Week ends on campus hold no charm for Rosemary. Friday afternoons see her packing off to Vallejo and a change of pace and scenery. Friends tease her about her only ineptitude: she can’t seem to fit a week-end’s worth of clothes into one suitcase, but needs two large ones and a clothes bag. If Rosemary hasn’t penetrated the secret of compact packing, it can only be because it just isn’t that important.

## GERMAINE SLATTERY

**T**HOUGH Geri is anything but pretentious, she has a charm that *registers*. Whether she is crying her eyes out over a final she thinks she has muffed or bounding into the air in tight little circles (Spring has *sprung!*) she carries about her an air of "gentillesse" and an elusive, droll dignity. Her literary endeavors, painstakingly wrought, carry many of her qualities—the choice of words is sometimes startling, and always fresh in its context, the mood meditative, the thought deep, sincere, and eloquent—but perhaps unfinished; for Geri is forever being made aware that time is an ephemeral element, stopping for no girl, whether she be trying to dredge up ideas in a final or enjoying a leisurely breakfast while a forgotten class progresses relentlessly onward.

Geri seems to possess in her own way the essential qualities of a poet, for nothing of beauty or goodness escapes her notice and contemplation. Although she protests that she is on an emotional binge when she writes that she appreciates such little-noted pleasures as chats with the foreign students, warm eyes, and subtlety of expression à la Chaucer, people who know her, sense that she is finding all around her the characteristic which she appreciates most in people, a virtue she calls "humanity." Humanity to Geri denotes human nature at its best, with emphasis on its loving, intelligent, sensitive aspects. One feels that Geri's life will wind itself through a succession of situations which will enable her to culture this humanity both in others and in herself. (And she will perceive beauty at every point along the way.)



GERMAINE MARIE SLATTERY

Des Moines, Iowa

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: FRENCH

Class Secretary '58  
*Firebrand* Staff '61  
Assistant Editor '61  
*Meadowlark* Staff '60  
Associate Editor '60

W.A.A. Board '59  
Tennis Manager '59  
French Club '58, '59, '60, '61  
Secretary-Treasurer '58, '59  
President '60  
Music Club '61





PATRICIA ELIZABETH SLAYTON  
San Rafael, California

MAJOR: MUSIC EDUCATION  
MINOR: EDUCATION

Music Club '59, '60, '61

President '61

Social Chairman '60

S.C.T.A. '59, '60, '61

State Delegate '60, '61

State Credentials Committee '60

State T.E.P.S. Committee '61

Madrigal '59, '60, '61

Schola '60, '61

Choral '59, '60, '61

Senior Recital '61

PATRICIA SLAYTON


PATTY's eternal lament is "Ladies, I've got to get organized!" Her friends concur with mock gravity because Patty, it seems, will not be content with less than Herculean feats of organization. What Patty considers "all in a day's work" excites butterflies in less vigorous constitutions. But with characteristic stability of purpose she does not spread her talents too thinly and confines their exercise to her major-interest-fields of music and elementary education. Here she wields a leadership marked by the force of an indefatigable enthusiasm and imagination.

Patty does much of her planning between stations, or on her feet, as it were. Stalled by a hesitant lunch line on Friday, she turns the delay into an opportunity to mentally outline her agenda for Monday. But one never encounters the distracted eye in Patty. Poised securely in awareness of the moment, she dispatches her mind on quick reconnoiters of the coming hour, of tomorrow, or of the State Credentials meeting the next week.

Patty hums never so smoothly as when she is on the move. Her jalopy, EEfie, has been known to balk at the effort required to keep up with Patty. The show-down came when she cheerily loaded EEfie with an unlucky 13 girls. Now she says eleven is the limit, with an apologetic glance at EEfie.

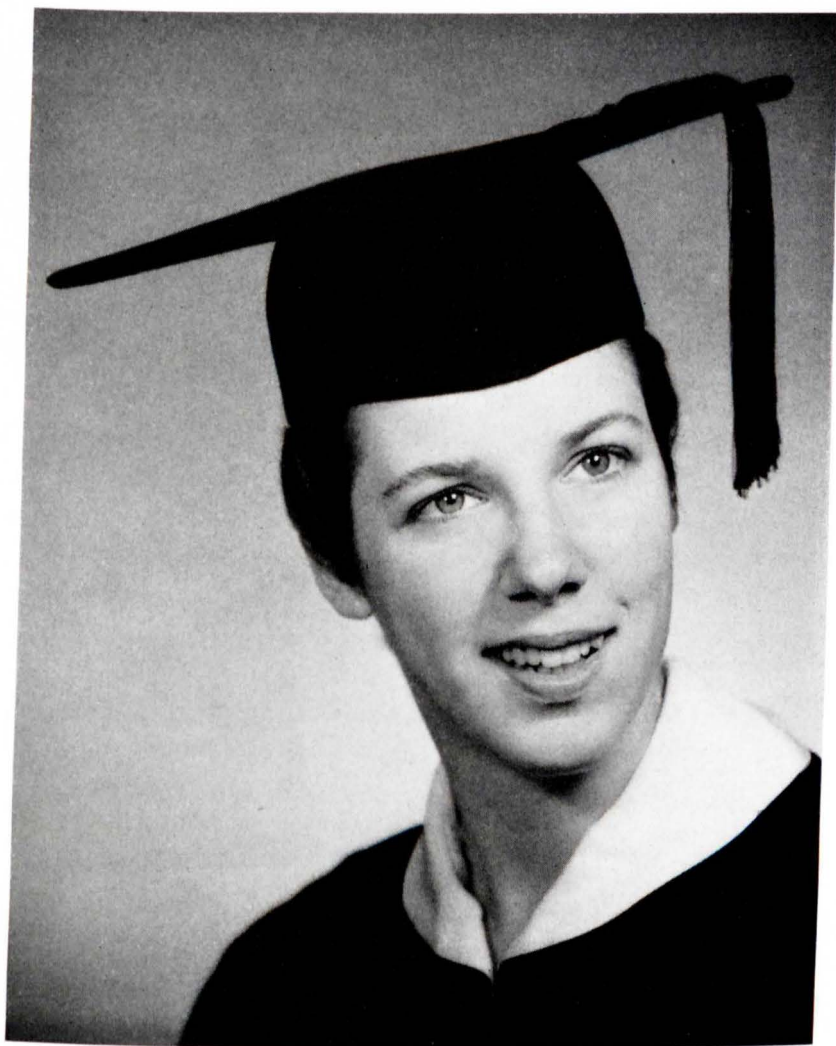
"While resting," Patty sews all her own clothes and plays hostess to campus fugitives over the week end.

## SHARON SMITH

MITTY verges on being an institution. Her name means something to every girl on campus: the Freshman recalls her warm smile and cordial, "Hi, keed' " in the Grove; the Sophomore or Junior sees "Smitty" charging pigeontoedly down the hockey field or getting things started at a mixer; the Senior thinks of Smitty" strumming the "gut bucket" or asking a mazelike question in theology class. But most of all, one thinks of her as a bringer of mirth and song. Any group she joins inevitably winds up singing or laughing or both.

What she enjoys most is a good laugh, even when the laugh is on "Smitty," which is often the case. It seems that her easygoing, outgoing personality and her essential naïveté make her a natural victim of the most hilarious circumstances. What "Smitty" likes least is having to say something which she thinks will hurt someone's feelings. When approaching such a task, "Smitty" explains her position in such a series of circular arguments and digressions that the hearer is too confused to be hurt.

"Smitty's" scholastic career has been a series of "sure A's," "Humpda's," and vanishing grade points. But, while her academic achievement may have fallen short of brilliance, she has performed so nobly in the other phases of college life that, in retrospect, any Senior would readily admit how very dull things might have been without the warmth and sparkle of a little touch of "Smitty" in our lives.



SHARON ANN SMITH

Burlingame, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Social Committee '58, '60, '61

W.A.A. Board '59

Volleyball Manager '59

Irish Club '58, '59

Italian Club '60

S.C.T.A. '60, '61

Spanish Club '58, '59

Troupers '58, '59

Choral '58, '59





MARGARET JEANNE SNYDER

Gustine, California

MAJOR: PHYSICAL EDUCATION

MINOR: BIOLOGY

W.A.A. Board '59, '60

Hockey Manager '59

Officials Manager '60

Absence Committee '59, '61

French Club '58

S.C.T.A. '60, '61

Social Service Committee '58

Orchestra '58, '59, '60

## JEANNE SNYDER

**T**HERE is a girl of many and varied activities, most of them leaning toward the strenuous. Most often, she may be seen—a small, solid, brown-haired girl—bustling about Hanify Hall, blowing her whistle with gusto and occasionally shouting “zowie” as she referees one of the more exciting basketball games. Or she may be observed on her family’s ranch in Gustine, glorying in the comfort of Levi’s and sweatshirt as she strides along the loose brown dirt under the walnut trees. Or watch her coming down the stairs ready for the Junior Prom—a brown-eyed doll wearing a flowing white dance dress set off by the silkiest of Kelly green hair bows.

Although she has a talent for sleeping soundly through the loudest of alarm clocks, promptness and order are near phobias with her. By singular concentration, she finishes assignments before they are due, for she has a fear of failing at anything—schoolwork in particular. In the time remaining, she plays a hot trumpet in the school orchestra, carries on a heartfelt correspondence with her young campers or hunts the hardy Dominican moth. Jeanne’s friends think that she would make a perfect doctor, for she enjoys advising friends on good health habits, is experimental and not squeamish, and loves money. Jeanne—with more sober wisdom—is set on being the most energetic of physical education teachers; and what, considering her kindness, her happy disposition, her love for children and sports, is more apt?

## LUISA STEIN

**R**OME, her native city, and Mill Valley, her new home, are oceans apart geographically, custom and languagewise. And yet it is hard to realize that it was just a short time ago that Luisa Stein came to the United States. Her warmth of personality and her friendliness have served as passports to our campus; her eagerness to know has imbued her with the customs, thoughts, and feelings of the American people. Although her accent and original pronunciation of words have brought pleasure to the ears of many, her proficient acquisition of our frequently irregular language has made us marvel. Many times her spontaneous exploding exclamations in class have caused her students to suppress an amused chuckle.

Whether Mrs. Stein discusses philosophy, Dante, or her unusually appealing daughter Caroline—for they all interest her deeply—she speaks with the animation of her Italian heritage. Animation not only characterizes her speech but everything she attempts. With ease and seeming nonchalance she has crammed her twenty-hour-hour day with classes, teaching, care of her home and family. And yet she has found the spare moments in which to translate Miss Taylor's *Samphire* into her native tongue. She moves with her gears in high, guided, no doubt, by the idea of "When in America, do as the Americans."

It has been a rewarding experience to have Mrs. Stein as one of us, and we shall remember her kindness, generosity and especially the gay smile with which she has often greeted us.



LUISA IMERONI STEIN  
Mill Valley, California

MAJOR: FRENCH  
MINOR: SPANISH





SUSAN ANN SYPHER  
Santa Rosa, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

Transferred from University of California '59

Art Club '61

German Club '60, '61

Foreign Students Club '61

I.R.C. '61


Music Club '61

Science Club '60

SUSIE presents a quiet, slightly reserved presence to the world, but her interesting conversation and consideration for others invite mere acquaintances to become fast friends. For the small effort spent, her friends are undoubtedly well rewarded for Susie is an engaging combination of the nonchalant and the conscientious, the teaser and the commiserator, the sociable and the independent. Her easygoing traits—the offhand manner of dealing with matters of great personal import, her relaxed attitude in class, and her oft-noted presence among the loungers in the grove—are contradicted by the restless vitality shown in her hair-twisting and pen-chewing during lectures, the eagerness with which she enters into conversations on world affairs or travel, and her serious intent to really put her college education to use after graduation.

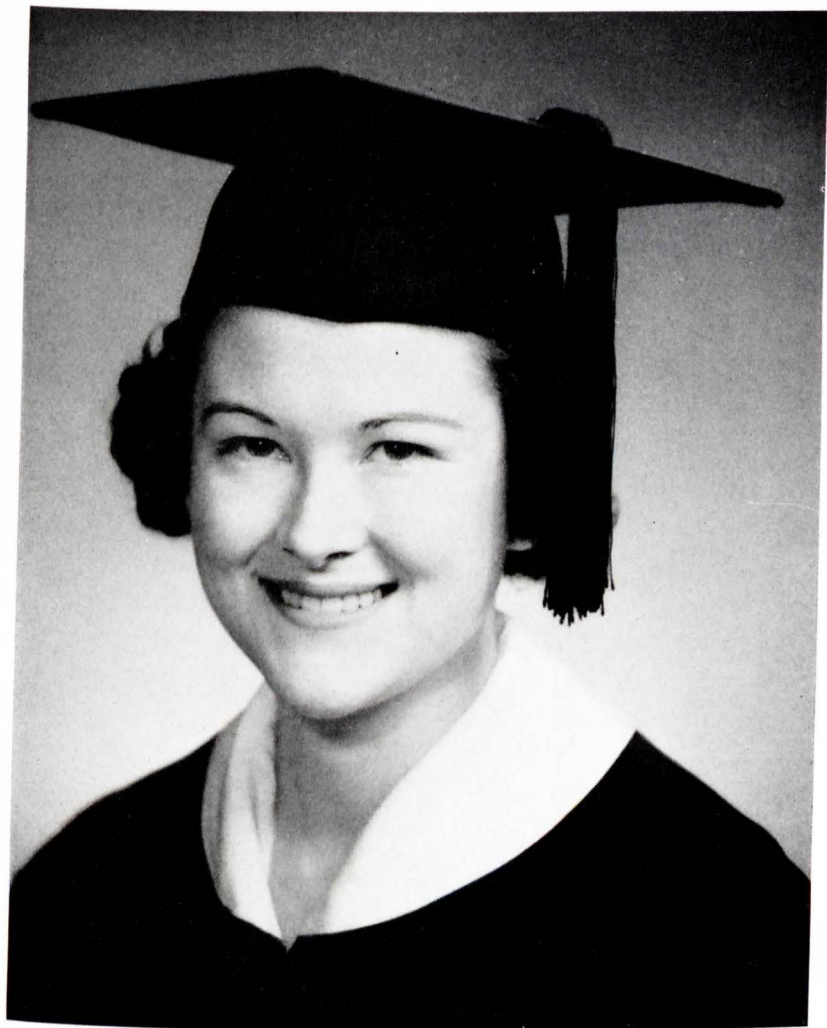
It is Sue's genuine interest in ideas and her concern for what various people think that draws her into conversations and which tends to vitalize the conversation as long as she is a part of it. She herself is widely read and traveled and has well-informed opinions in matters of history and current affairs, in music and in European art. She is at once independent in her own views and sympathetic with those whose views diverge. As her knowledge of a person deepens Susie gathers and files in her memory, with the retentive power of the proverbial elephant, data which she can employ in future teasing. Then she teases with such utter artistry and such telling effect, that her friends are necessarily driven to extreme measures.

## ANN THUSS

OME several years ago Ann came to California from Birmingham, Alabama, and something of the aura of the southern gentlewoman still drifts around her. She is very wise in the ways of etiquette, and knows just when to send announcements and thank-you notes, when to wear gloves, and on what date one should change from summer to fall accessories. Her nightly beauty routine, designed to keep wrinkles at a safe distance, is as much a part of her as her faint drawl.

Hospitality, in good southern tradition, is one of the primary virtues with Ann, whether she is welcoming a few friends in for bridge or entertaining several couples at dinner. Her family's large home, conveniently located in the Presidio, has been a week-end haven for scores of her classmates who find getting back to campus by curfew time next to impossible.

A certain hardness of temperament accompanies the ultrafeminine in Ann. She has a penchant for teasing, a mind that grasps the intricacies of philosophy and feline anatomy equally well, a constitution that can withstand late hours of study, and maturity of outlook that is exceptional. Yet, the feminine dominates. A piece of needlework is always in her hands while she chats with friends; she reads, in the main, novels which will give her interesting material for conversation and she attends first-aid and cooking school in order to increase her capacity for the domestic.



ANN NOBLE THUSS  
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: BIOLOGY  
MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Transferred from San Francisco City College '59

Music Club '61  
Science Club '60, '61

Troupers '60





MARY AGNES TOBIN

Piedmont, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: SOCIOLOGY

Foreign Students Club '60, '61

Irish Club '58, '59

Music Club '60, '61

S.C.T.A. '59, '60, '61

Membership Chairman '61

Spanish Club '58, '59

Choral '58, '59, '60, '61


## MARY TOBIN

**R**ESERVED and dignified, Mary's quietness is positively felt. She radiates an aura of friendly calm, graciousness and interest which draws people to her. She may listen first, but she is likewise eager to talk, to exchange "brainstorms," to iron out problems, or just to dream along about what might be fun to do. Obviously, Mary is truly interested in people. When she is planning a trip to the City or a week end at Santa Cruz, she makes one stipulation—that she can take a large group of people with her. At home in Piedmont Mary is equally hospitable. Here she becomes an efficient and expert cook, hostess and organizer.

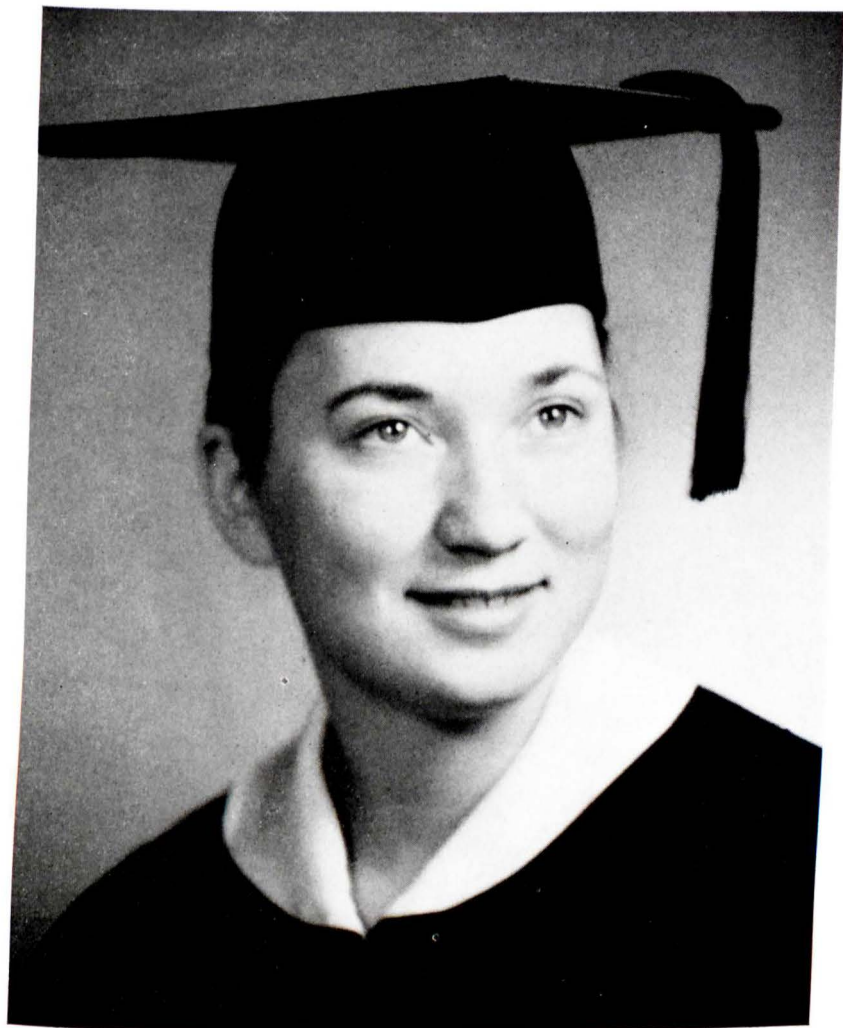
Tall and poised, Mary wears clothes with that enviable grace which makes her shorter comrades yearn for those extra inches. Whether dressed for an ordinary day at school or for a formal party, Mary is so much the picture of a lady that one is surprised to discover her love for "pop" music, "Mickey Mouser" shoes, and, horror of horrors, gum! Sports also get a lively response from Mary, whether it be tennis, golf, water skiing or just lazy sun-bathing.

Endowed with restraint and good sense, Mary is only occasionally brushed by pessimism which she can usually be coaxed to abandon and by impatience which melts away into action. She is eager to do—to fill her life with many different experiences and for this reason she makes an adventurous comrade, an interesting listener and a diligent student.

## LAURA TOGNAZZINI

ERE Laura a character in *Pilgrim's Progress*, her name would be Kindness, for kindness is at once her chief virtue and her most noticeable characteristic. A sincere fondness for all types of people is reflected in her good nature, rare for its intensity and omnipresence. Even the case histories which she finds in sociology and education textbooks engender in her a personal concern; and, in fact, she can't rest easily until each individual's problem has been worked out to her satisfaction. It follows, that Laura in day-to-day existence is a natural counselling and guidance center. She is the best of listeners. Entering fully into the spirit of the problem, Laura cries sympathetically over the bumpy parts, waxes enthusiastic at the appropriate moments, and supplies angry words where anger is due. Speaking comes harder than listening for her, for when she wants to give detailed accounts of her many and ardent ideas and opinions, the words seem to get stuck somewhere inside her and ultimately appear backwards and occasionally upside down, but accompanied by a high, pleasant laugh and such delightful, expressive gestures that one can't help but be charmed by the end result of her efforts. It takes the company of children to put Laura completely at her ease, and in the capacity of teacher she effectively communicates her ideas. It must also be said that her ideas flow with some ease in both Italian and Spanish. Of course, the brightness of her eyes, the two dimples, and the disarming smile aid communication.





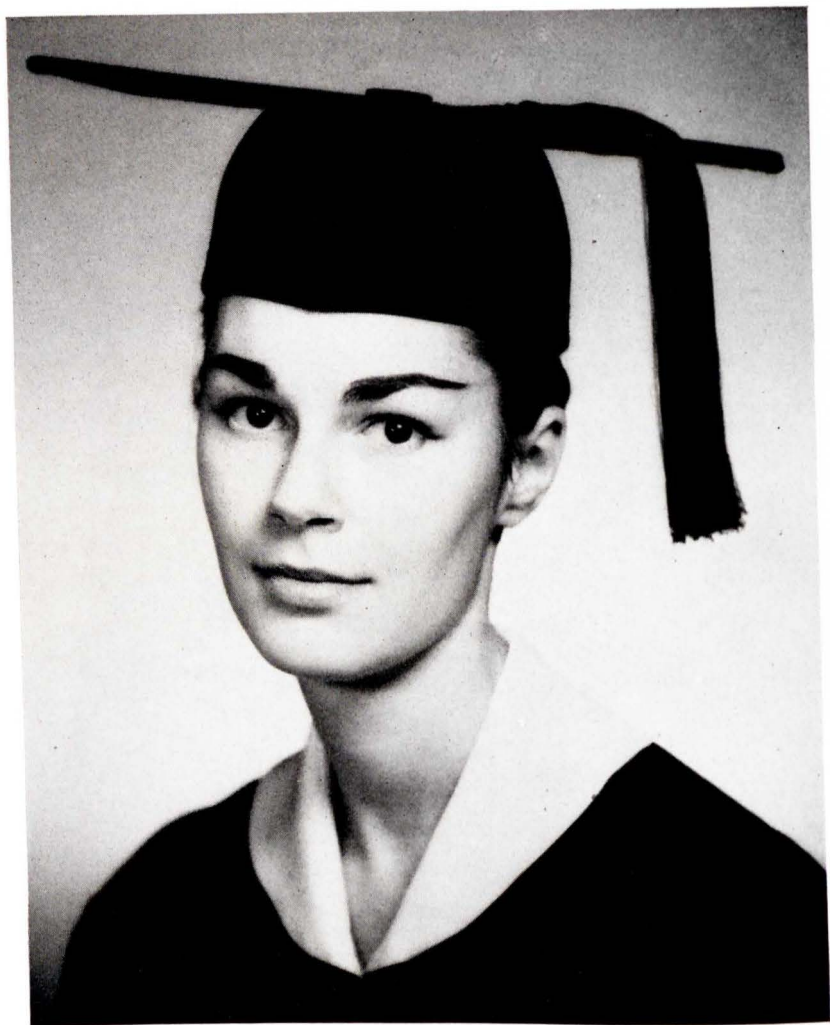
LAURA LEE FELICITA TOGNAZZINI  
Guadalupe, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION  
MINOR: SOCIOLOGY

Foreign Students Club '58, '59  
Italian Club '58  
Music Club '59, '60, '61

S.C.T.A. '60, '61  
Spanish Club '58, '59






JACQUELINE MARY VALADO  
Vallejo, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION  
MINOR: ART

Art Club '61  
S.C.T.A. '60, '61

Spanish Club '58  
Choral '59


## JACQUELINE VALADO

REATIVITY is the hallmark of Jackie's personality—creativity seasoned with a dash of non-conformist individuality and at the same time tempered with a quiet dignity which is apparent in her relations with her classmates and the children she teaches. Blessed with striking, classic features and abundance of beautiful black hair, she makes the most of these assets by wearing simple, understated clothes in clear, vibrant colors or in stark black.

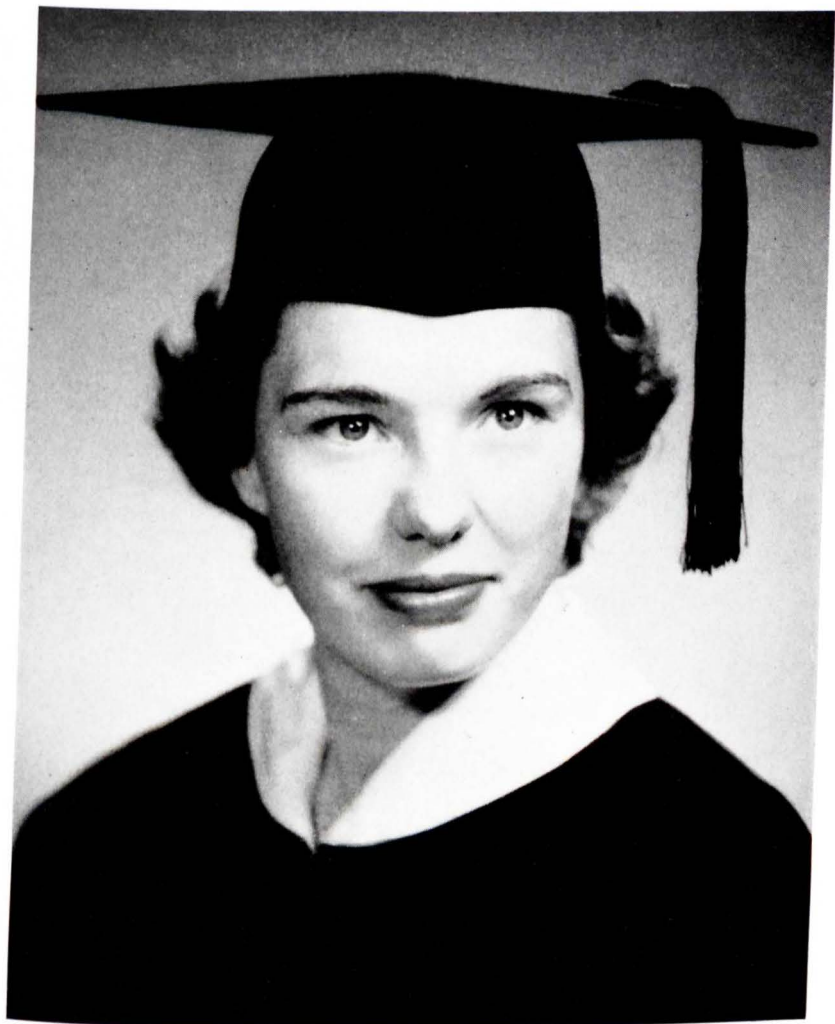
Her good taste undoubtedly comes in part from her training in art. When she isn't occupied with courses preparatory for her career as a primary teacher, she can be found at San Marco happily daubing in oils or water-colors, or perhaps making a mobile for her room as an artistic foil for the athletic equipment which her roommate considers the utmost in décor.

Although Jackie is confronted by the usual number of diversions (TV-watching, card-playing, and fishing among them) when there is studying on the agenda, she takes schoolwork seriously and achieves the ultimate in concentration by closing all doors, windows, and drapes before settling down with her books. When week ends arrive, Jackie takes part in sports as a fearless spectator of football games and speedboat races or enters actively into water skiing, swimming or bowling. People can remember only *one* week end that Jackie has ever spent at the college—and the fact that she was campused had a great deal to do with it.

## JUDITH VAN DERVORT

HEN asked where she is from, Boots (for that is the name she prefers) will hesitate, flash a mischievous grin, and name any one of thirty-nine states, Germany, Spain, Greece, Holland, Morocco, or you-name-it. She hails from all of them and has been at home everywhere. But if you catch her in a "straight" mood, she will name El Paso, where she barely had time to take a nap when the family had to move on. Judy calls herself, with a roguish tilt of the head, an "Army brat." The angular black sunglasses she wears, far from proclaiming "Here is a sophisticated woman," hide a freckle-faced and wide-eyed exterior that belies a veteran of two continents worth of observations and experience. Friends like best to make her recount, with Texan animation, ring week end at West Point, or how she met and dated the only male undergraduate at Bryn Mawr. Judy has a flair for vaudevillean comedy, an exhaustive store of jokes, and belongs to that vanishing race of dialectal mimics.

In the routine of day-to-day, Judy "rises above it." She laughs heartiest when obstacles loom, though not without pondering how the thing is to be licked after all. She has fewer low moments than most, and these she would rather keep to herself. Her invincible good cheer is born not only of native optimism, but of Dutch determination to dominate rather than be dominated by her moods, and the philosophy that happiness is where you make it.



JUDITH ANN VAN DERVORT

Columbus, Ohio

MAJOR: BIOLOGY

MINOR: PHYSICAL EDUCATION

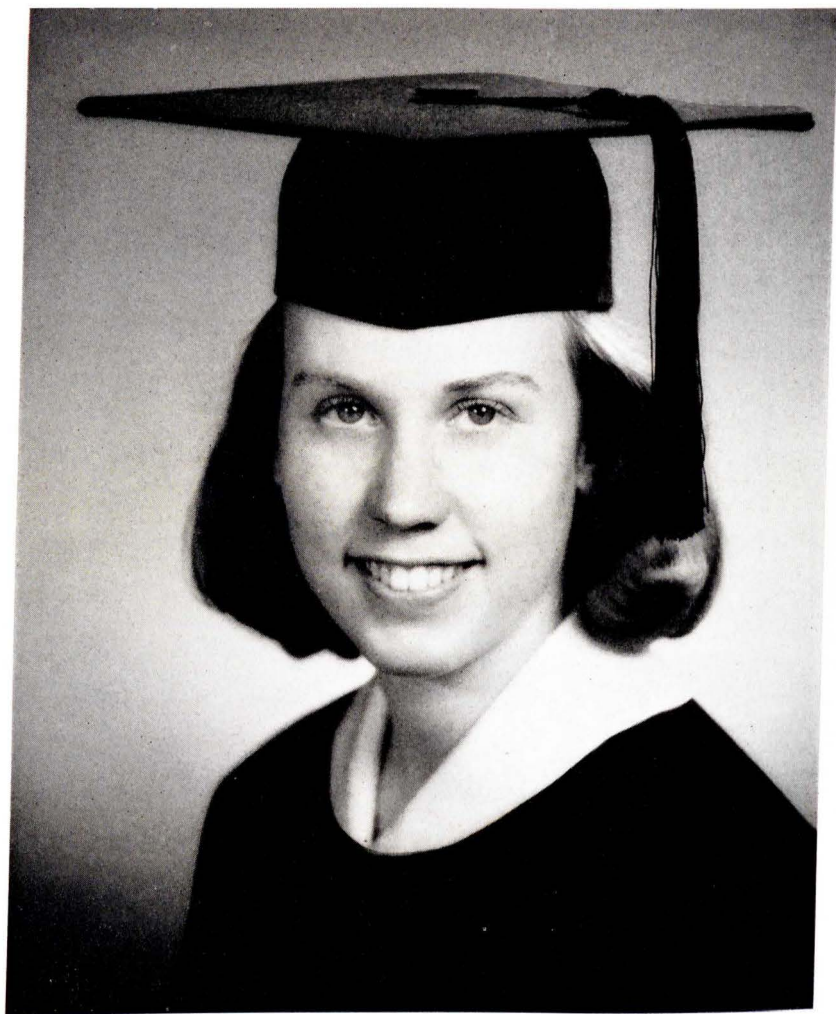
Transferred from Ohio State University '59

Non-Resident Students'

President '61

Science Club '60, '61





DONNA CLAUDINE WEST

Petaluma, California


MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: ART

Art Club '61  
Music Club '61  
Science Club '61  
S.C.T.A. '60, '61

Troupers '58, '59, '60, '61  
Madrigal '61  
Choral '58, '59, '60, '61


## DONNA WEST

ONNA is avant-garde; if there is anything new, different, extraordinary, Donna may well be the first to try it—that is if she did not initiate it. She likes striking out on her own for things she thinks worth-while; no dabbler, she admits that her predominant, and perhaps, saving virtue is persistence. Her drive and perseverance are occasionally given impetus by a somewhat volcanic red-haired temper. On the whole, however, Donna is most amiable of disposition: snakes and redheaded men are to be avoided; otherwise she is content to live and let live.

Notably outgoing, Donna doesn't even pretend to shyness. She teaches ballet and art with the same energy and effectiveness that characterized her work when she campaigned for Kennedy right up until every vote was in. When contemplation seems necessary, Donna takes long walks with sketchbook in hand, and returns in high spirits bearing delicately colored portraits of neighboring landscapes. Other quiet times find her in her room trying to find the perfect shade of lavender for a dress or coaxing her hair into the latest style. But even in the quietest of moods, she may be seized by a spur-of-the-moment desire to take a drive to Los Angeles for the week end or a jaunt over the scorching desert to Texas. In such moments nothing deters.

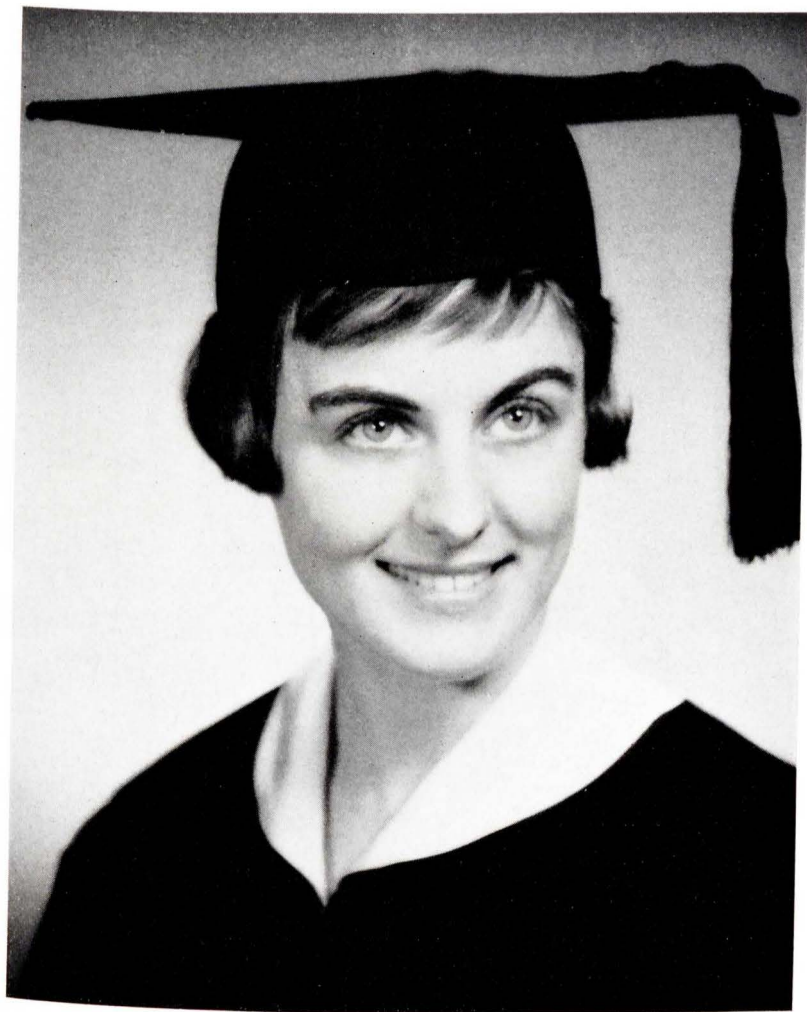
Donna's immediate problem is to reconcile somehow her inveterate tendency to be late with her deep-grooved compulsion to be always in advance.

## JEANNE WILSON

 WITH tongue-in-cheek and with some irony Jeanne insists that to be casual is the ultimate. "Don't be a schmaltz!" she pleads with earnest eyes. She herself wears blue denim tennis shoes and meets everyone and everything head on with "Hi gang!" Yet, there is nothing "casual," certainly, about the way she spends hours intent over a canvas until her painting has the "right feeling."

"Sweet is the remembrance of things past," and at the mention of the most negligible experience, aged and forgotten for at least three years, Jeanne closes her eyes and sighs, "That seems so l-o-n-g ago!" She fondly toys with the ghost of things past and confesses that her greatest fear, too, is only the bodiless dream unrealized. "Fear . . . that I'll never have time to do all the things I want to do." Symbolically, Jeanne floods her canvas with the blue of the sky.

Jeanne possesses modesty that refrains from prying inquiry, but she can't be divided from an insatiable interest in others. The result is a whisper—as if not to waken you—when she asks for a run-down of your week end. She settles back to absorb all the details with astonishingly blue eyes. Jeanne's own divulgations, in the same confidential whisper, of the latest incredible situation she has fallen into never fail to amuse. Jeanne herself doesn't know quite what to make of all her experiences. With unfeigned wonder she exclaims, "Some days it's like I started off the day with wedding punch!"



JEANNE ANNE WILSON  
Larkspur, California

MAJOR: ART  
MINOR: EDUCATION

Art Club 58, '61  
President '61

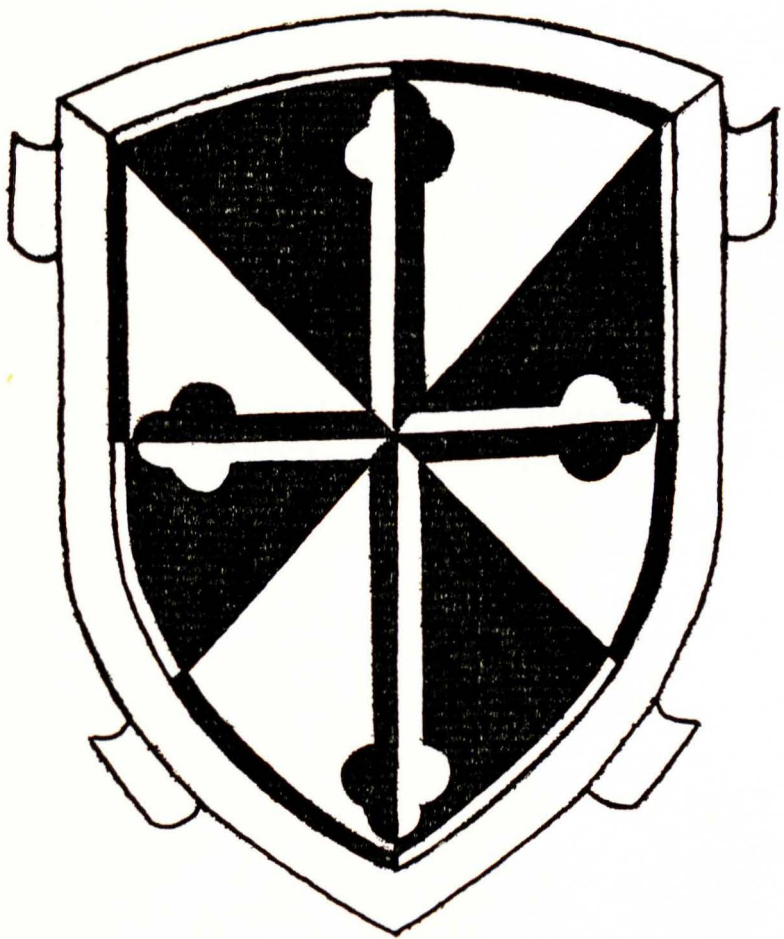
Music Club '61  
Troupers '61



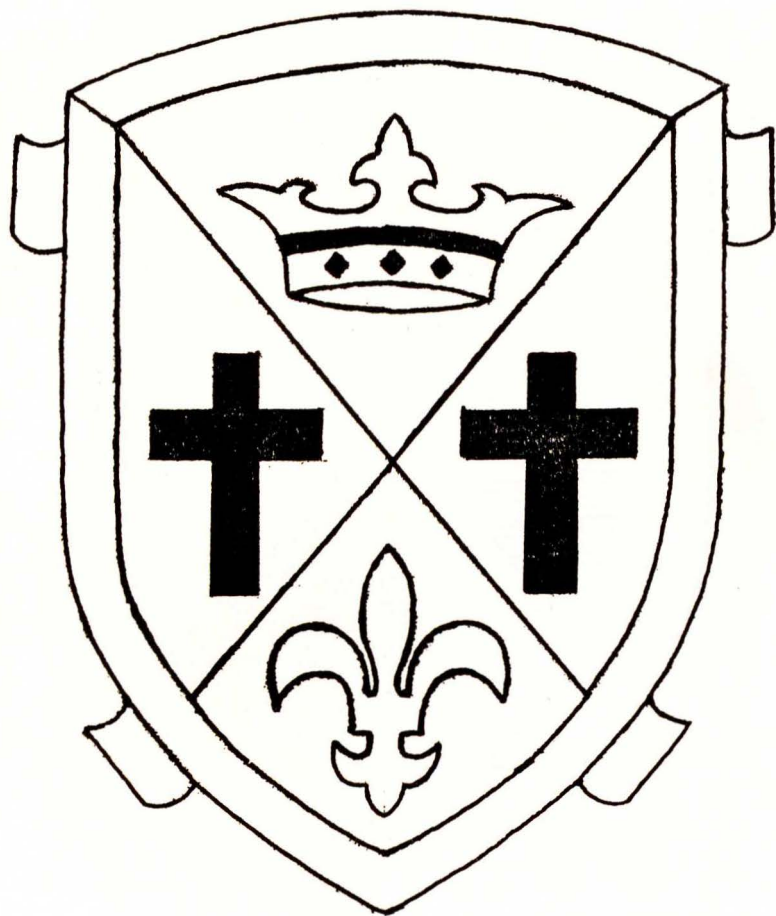


#### A.S.D.C. OFFICERS

Judith Cornell, *Vice-President*; Julia Riley, *Treasurer*; Joan McDonald, *President*;  
Diane Clecak, *S.A.B. President*; Hansi de Petra, *Secretary*.



Veritas



Ob Honorem Vincita



#### SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

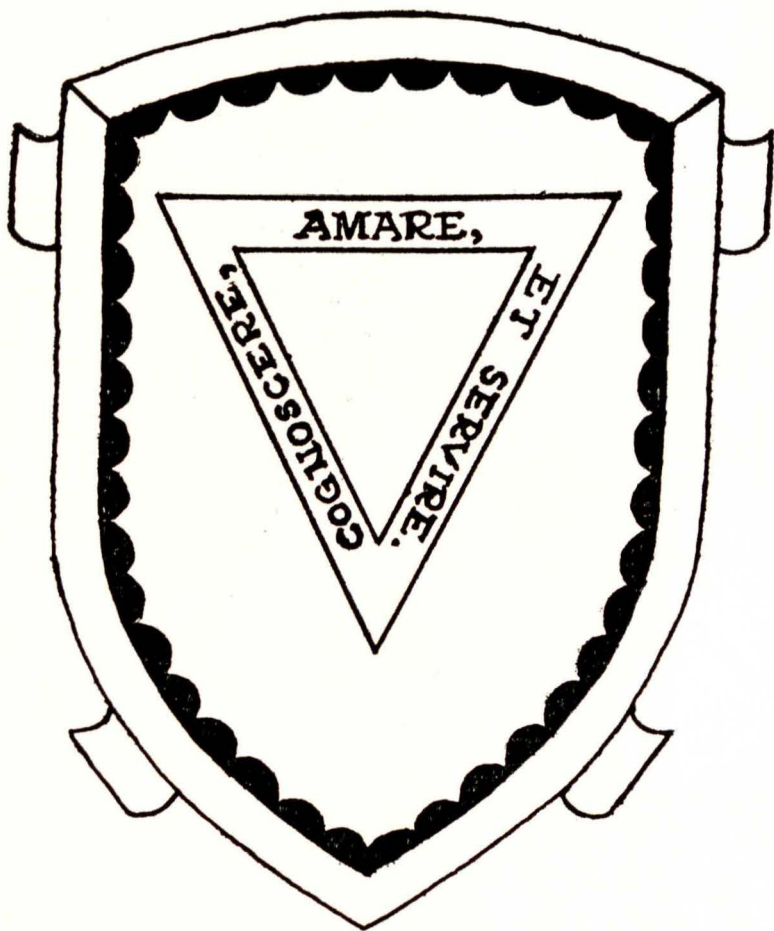
Claudia Antongiovanni, *Secretary*; Helen Reischman, *Representative*; Marge Riley, *President*; Margi Malley, *Treasurer*; Sarah Jane Frontera, *Vice-President*.



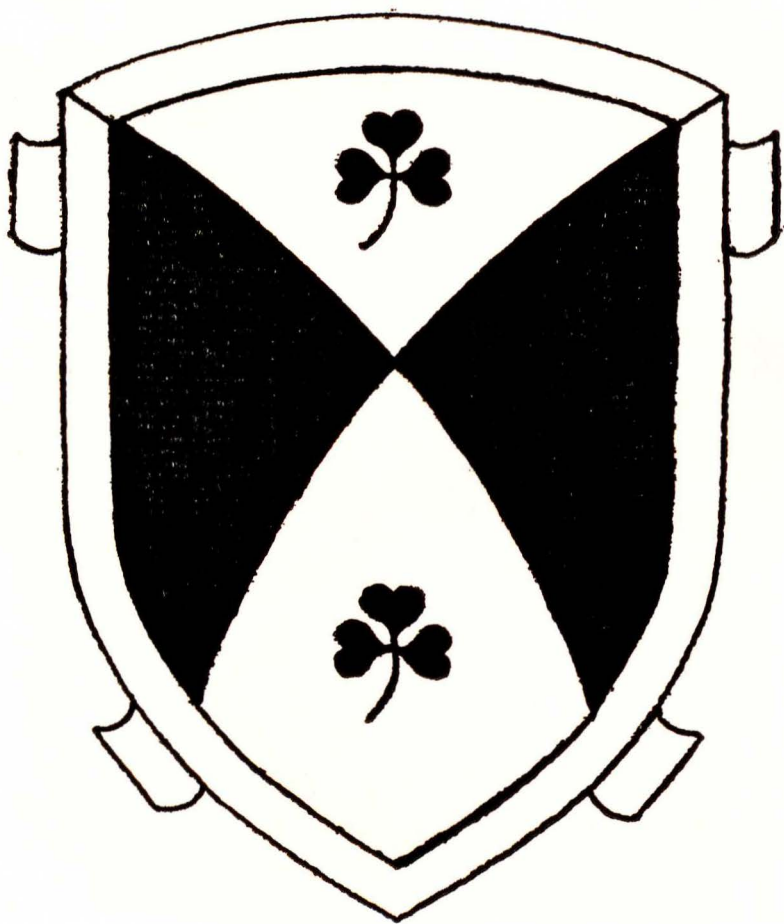


#### JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

Angie Bolognini, *President*; Ann Wilcutts, *Secretary*; Patricia Wickhem, *Treasurer*;  
Andrea Rosaia, *Representative*.



Cognoscere, Amare, et Servire



Fide atque Fiducia



#### SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS

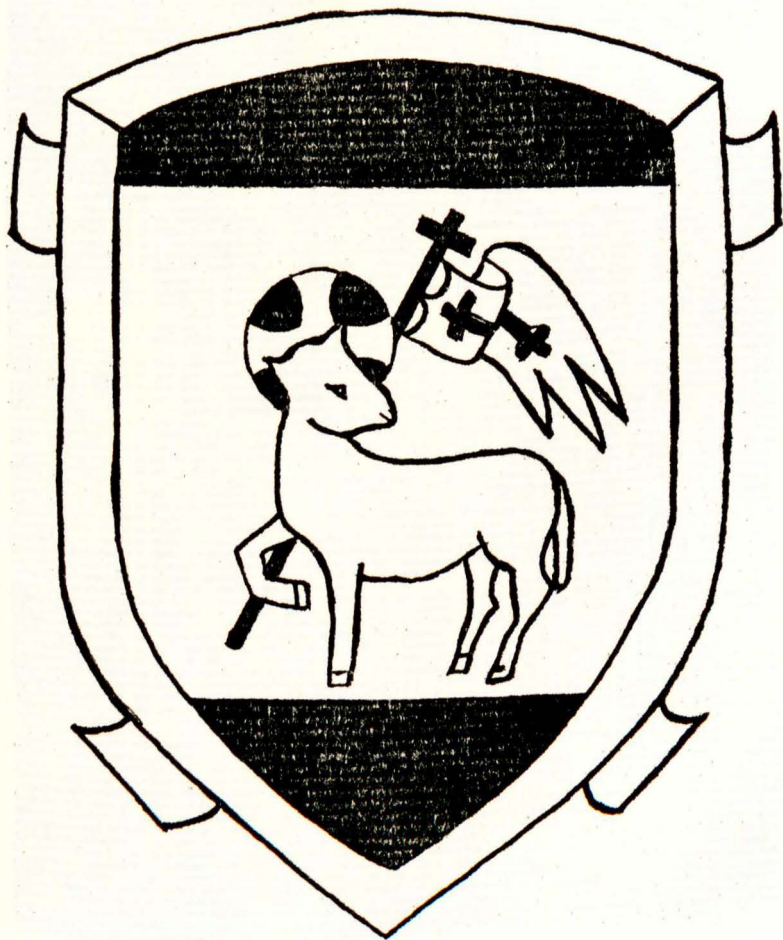
Ann Motroni, *Treasurer*; Linda Morbello, *Vice-President*; Anne Leahy, *President*;  
Ruth Ann Hoey, *Secretary*; Barbara Walcom, *Representative*.



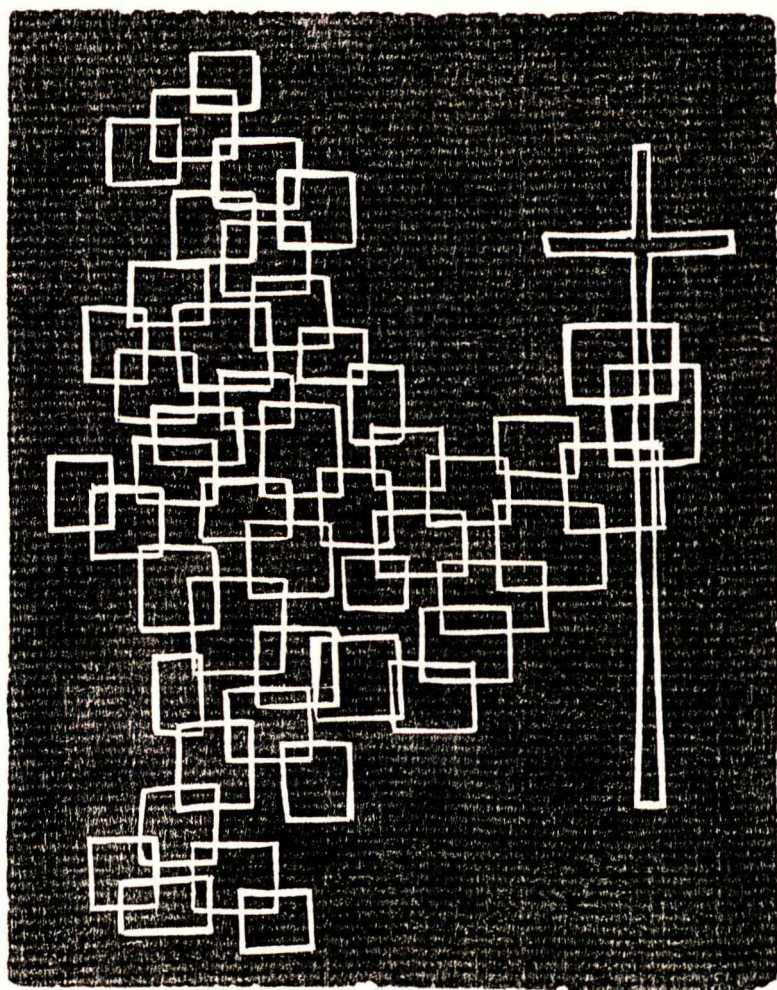


#### FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS

Catherine de Back, *President*; Daphne Craig, *Treasurer*; Gail Frazier, *Secretary*;  
Margaret Mackesy, *Vice-President*; Joanne White, *Representative, in absentia*



In veritate vincere





## "THE COURTESY OF CHRISTIAN BROTHERHOOD"

PEACE" is a word much tossed about these days. Everyone is crying for peace—in the world of politics, in nations as a whole, and in men's souls. The world is sick of dissension, of tension, of continual outbreaks of new catastrophies. The first half of the twentieth century has been marked by war, world-wide economic depression, mutual distrust between countries, and hostility of one sort or another in almost every field of human endeavor. There have been many attempts to compromise—the League of Nations, the United Nations, Summit meetings between leaders of world powers. The efforts of the men who have worked toward the achievement of peace have yet to be calculated. It is obvious that such efforts have not been enough. The world is still divided on central issues. Even the Christian world is fragmented. World unity demands Christian peace.

Today we hear the call for peace and unity among Christian people. Pope John XXIII, visible head of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, has called for a meeting of the bishops of the world for the first time since the Vatican Council in 1890 in order to discuss Church unity. Protestant sects, too, are concerned with the problem of unity and have held similar meetings on a smaller scale.



For generations the Christian Churches have been criticized with such cries as "You Christians! Where is your charity? All that is visible is your bickering, your ever-lasting quarrels and insults." Such accusations have their basis in fact. The love and peacefulness which marked the early Christian Church has not passed down with the Apostolic succession. With the Reformation the Church was torn asunder. There was strife within the Church, strife between Catholic and Protestant, and among the various Protestant sects. With the visit of Geoffrey Fisher, Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of the Church of England, to John XXIII an important step was taken toward the ending of such strife. The night before the visit, the Archbishop said, "I am in Rome neither to boast nor complain, but only to greet Pope John in the courtesy of Christian brotherhood." The long cold war between churches is passing. The present position of the Anglican Church seems to be that if there cannot be union, there can at least be moral unity—common condemnation of the evils which beset the times.

The momentous meeting of these two men has brought home in a graphic way the need of understanding between the Anglican and Catholic Churches. More and more an open-minded attitude is developing between the two denominations; once an attitude of magnanimity has been established, co-operation is sure to follow. Not only will the Catholics and the Anglicans be able to meet one another, but

the way will be paved for concord among all Christian Churches.

The Anglican Church is the church of the *via media*; today she seeks the middle way between the extremes of the modern world. The principle of compromise, the search for the middle way was one of the chief characteristics of the seventeenth-century Anglican Church. After the constant revolt against authority which began with Luther, the Anglicans passionately desired order. They advocated a return to the spirit of primitive Christianity, i.e., the peaceful spirit of unity and charity which pervaded the lives of the Apostles. They had a love of simplicity, moderation, toleration and quietness. In *The Compleat Angler*, that marvelous seventeenth-century handbook on fishing in which he also extolls the virtues of the Anglican, Izaak Walton says of angling:

No life, my honest Scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant, as the life of a well-governed Angler; for when the Lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on Cowslip-banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams, which we now see glide so quietly by us. Indeed my good Scholar, we may say of Angling, as Dr. Boteler said of Strawberries; *Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did: And so . . . God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than Angling.*

The delightful picture which he paints not only applies to angling but also to the Anglican Church of his day. The typical Anglicans of the seventeenth century were simple, gentle, reasonable men who ached for peace, harmony, and order and were thus tolerant (in a pleasant way) of those who disagreed with them. They were practical men who exercised moderation in all they did. They possessed a quietness, a peace of heart which was not passive but rather action joined with contemplation. It was their way of angling for souls.

In the past the lines of Catholic and Anglican have become entangled. The fishermen have argued many times and have become bitter antagonists. But they are beginning to realize that they are no longer angling in "silent silver streams" but in turbulent seas. The storms of the past have been of their own making; the clouds now hovering on the horizon are caused by a common enemy which threatens both of them. The fishermen can no longer afford to be at odds with one another; they must be at peace—at one—in order to counteract the powerful efforts of the third fisherman.

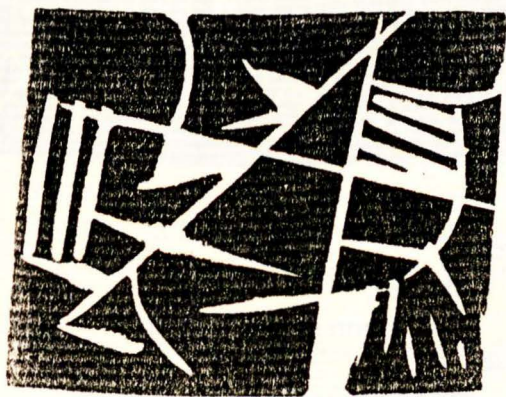
Angelicans and Catholics of the present day are beginning to see the great need of understanding. They grow tolerant of one another. Of course, toleration does not necessarily mean understanding, but certainly toleration is a preparation for understanding.



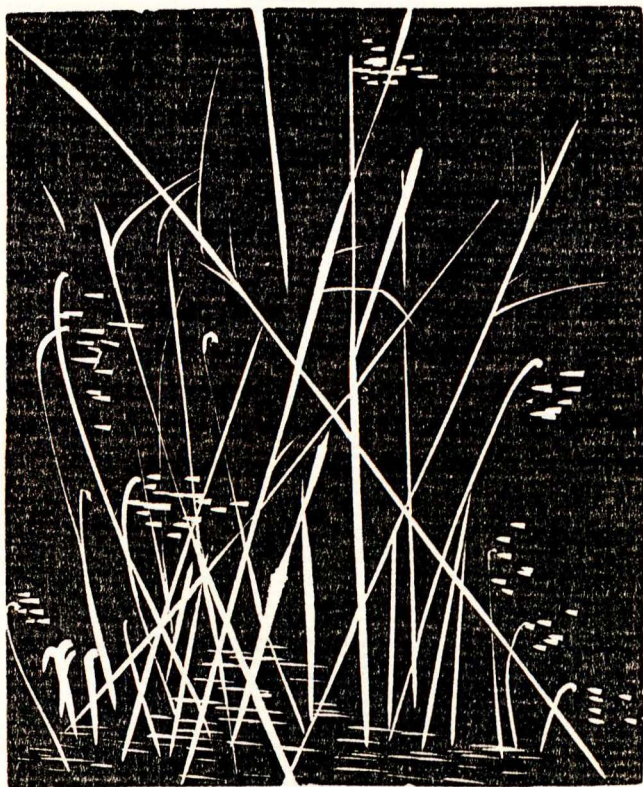
After four centuries there begins to be a little understanding. The bickering and dissension subside. With the Archbishop's visit to Rome an important step toward unity was taken. Idle speculation and talk have been turned into action. The silence of four hundred years has been broken, paving the way for future contacts between the Anglican Church and Rome. Full understanding, of course, can come only with time and patience, but it is coming.

It is more than likely that the next step toward peace and understanding will come from Rome. Preparations for the forthcoming Ecumenical Council continue to arouse excitement among serious seekers for peace. The Council's efforts demand the prayers of the serious Christian student.

CATHERINE BENNETT, '62







I laughed  
    with rain  
        upon my upturned face  
Because  
    my heart was free

PATRICIA LOPKER '64

## SAN FRANCISCO A VIEW

**T**HE MASSIVE STRUCTURE of vibrant red-orange steel looms high above an incoming freighter. The dark and weighted ship is gold with the sun's reflection. Spreading her wake across the surface she moves through the strait with an evening tide. For a moment she disappears behind the giant base of the Bridge's tower. And then, easily, she emerges, cutting through the salty water toward an escorting tug-boat and the San Francisco pier.

The ebbing tide changes as the sun sets. The red-gold water reverses its course and reappears under the Golden Gate Bridge, this time rushing towards the Farallon Islands. Above this constant movement, a strong bridge arches with graceful splendor across the Gate. This bridge is the symbol of San Francisco. Here is a meeting of land and sea at the continent's edge. This steel-webbed structure is a compliment to man and his powers. Her sky-reaching towers are a great outline against a crimson sunset.

Upon her deck moving traffic straggles North and South. A glint of light flashes brilliant from the windshield of a car. The sinking sun picks up reflections and the East Bay hills become a dazzle of blaze. The city, itself, becomes a flicker of lights in dulling shadows.

Early evening traffic dwindles. Endless red-and-

green signals clear the bumper-to-bumper chaos on Market Street. Red and blue neon signs glamor on inconspicuous restaurants and bars. Theaters open for the early movie. The city relaxes before the pageant of night.

A cold drift of fog settles over the coast. It wisps over Seal Rock and circles up Sutro Heights. It sneaks down the Richmond and Sunset districts and settles snugly about Lakeside. San Franciscans are home. Happy cooking smells seep out of ordinary houses, siamese-houses, and mingle with settling fog. The drudgery of work is ended for today. Only a few sprinkles of light remain in the looming office buildings of the financial district as janitors polish shiny desks and empty brimming wastebaskets.

San Francisco night life is as mysterious as the familiar veil of fog which surrounds her. Excitement and life is found in the tinkling wine glass at a formal dinner party. It is heard in the throaty laughter of voices jaunting down Broadway towards Enrico's Coffee House. It is sounded through the Opera House as the San Francisco Symphony blares Tchaikovsky's *Fifth* at the Opera House at the height of the winter season. It is echoed in the click-clack and sounding bell of the cablecar rushing down Hyde towards Fisherman's Wharf. It resounds in the lazy creaking of age-old piles bending with the rhythm of a dark tide along the docks of the Embarcadero.



It bellows deep in a foghorn carried across the dark bay waters.

Midnight brings a crescendo of drama. The city is alive with furious heartbeat. Wandering, restless people are enveloped in its mystery and beauty. And then, within two hours time, night rules once again . . .

A faint blue-pink glow of light gradually climbs over the East Bay hills and explodes on the Bay Area. The magic of night disappears. The city's pace begins. Great refrigerated vans block narrow streets in the wholesale produce district. Under awning-covered sheds, Italian voices fluctuate in the cold and damp air. Porters carry heavy crates of tomatoes and lettuce heads and fruits from the valleys of California. Grocers mingle through jammed sidewalk displays listening for the lowest bargain.

A few blocks away, Montgomery Street is alive with messenger boys, businessmen and shiny automobiles. This austere canyon of looming skyscrapers leaves no hint that it was once a boisterous and rowdy waterfront, San Francisco's doorstep to the world. Today the street's office structures are beehives, humming with finance and investment and industry.

Droves of noon-day shoppers meet on the corner of Stockton and Geary as signals change. Union Square is a rush, a motion of hustle and bustle. One glances at gleaming windows of furs and jewelry but



keeps on moving. Gumps on Post Street captures the international flavor with its display of jade. Quiet Maiden Lane is alive with Spring and daffodils. Pigeons and old San Franciscans rest lazily on benches, watching the nomadic crowds.

Fur-decked socialites gather in the blue-and-gold Mural Room of the St. Francis Hotel for lunch and fashion reviews. Native San Franciscans cram Lefty O'Doul's for a hot pastrami sandwich and the odds on the Johansson-Patterson fight. At the Olympic Club young executives enjoy a quick salt-water plunge and are once again refreshed and prepared for afternoon activities.

A sharp and shrill whistle sings through the air stopping high school scrimmage in the oval-shaped Kezar Stadium. Red-and-white dingy uniforms straggle towards a coach and another lecture. Tiny children stare at the squirming, squealing monkeys of San Francisco's Fleishhacker Zoo. Golden Gate Park is a holiday haven of band concerts and museums and playgrounds. Sprawling lawns and shady slopes stretch through the heart of the city towards the Pacific Ocean and the heavy, rolling breakers.

From the Sea Cliff heights white surf breaks on the ragged ruddy rocks of Marin County. The afternoon sun dazzles the blue and shimmering bay. A strange fog rolls through the Gate. It spills and swirls and envelops the Marina and old Pacific Heights mansions in an aura of shadows.

On Marin County and the Belvedere area the sun is still strong. Gentle winds touch the hulls of graceful sailboats in Belvedere's cove. The steel-blue water is alive with blue, white, and red hulls moving easily through a churning tide. White immaculate sails flow evenly.

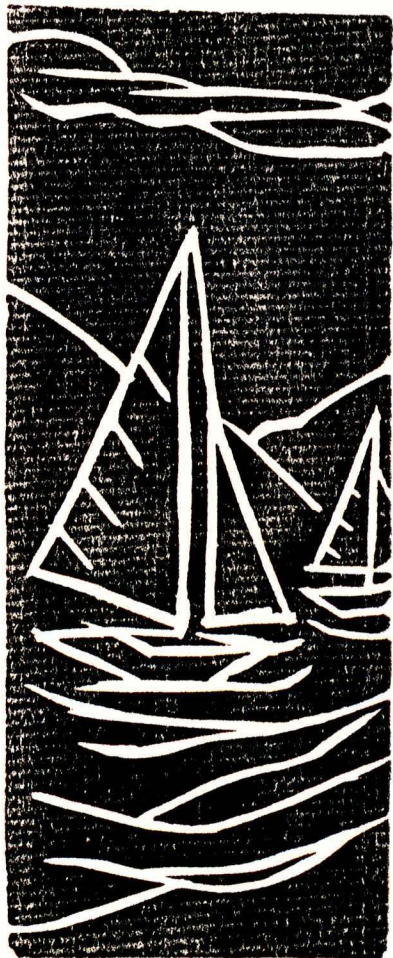
One hull moves out to meet the fog. Her tall mast tilts to a dizzy angle testing the skill of a sailor. Lapping waves and the whip of canvas intricately steer this gliding specimen. She moves swiftly, quietly, with a purpose.

The sneaking wispy vapor of fog wraps about orange-and-red steel. Swift, floating streams sift through strong cables like billowing smoke. The bright orange top of the north tower rises above the fog. It appears colossal, a structure detached from sea or land. Fog is tumbling and billowing, building itself into a solid mass of white. It moves slowly eastward towards a small blue hull and whipping canvas. The sailboat takes advantage of strong winds—it appears and disappears, tacking in and out of the fog mass. There is incongruity in the contrast of massive steel, nebulous vapors, and daring man.

San Francisco Bay is alive with destiny. Here is the end of a continent, spanned by a soaring structure. The Golden Gate Bridge is a symbol of magnitude and strength. It stands strong, representing the powers of man.

A sudden gleam of light through the fog vapors  
glows on a blaze of orange steel. It follows a speck  
of blue hull and white  
canvas turning intricately at the Gate's edge.  
Swiftly the small craft  
glides toward Belvedere.  
It moves in quiet and content, and suddenly vanishes in the evening shadows.

JUDITH MURPHY '61





## SISTER CATHERINE MARIE

**S**ISTER CATHERINE MARIE is dead. For those of us who knew her for so many years as chairman of the English Department, as professor of Dante and Chaucer, as critic and friend, it seems incredible that there were students on campus when she died who did not know her or who knew her as the little Sister who cultivated and made beautiful the rose path and the lavender and the azaleas in the Anne Hathaway garden—as that Sister who, when a student was tempted to pick a rose, would raise an admonitory finger and say, “But the beauty of the garden is for everyone.”

For the greater part of her life and, in fact, until six months before she died Sister Catherine Marie also cultivated the garden of ideas: the beauty of that garden, too, she believed was for everyone.

Sister was born in 1881 in Conewago, Pennsylvania, on the Feast of St. Francis. She was graduated with a B.A. degree from Notre Dame College, Baltimore, in 1900. She was one time fellow at Johns Hopkins University from which she received both her M.A. and Ph.D. degree at a time when a woman with a Ph.D. was a very rare woman indeed. She did much of her work under Professor Arthur Lovejoy and Professor James W. Bright, great Anglo-Saxon scholar, whose autographed picture hung for many



years in the English office. Something of her high ideal of scholarship and her love of integrity she owed to Professor Bright but, certainly, much, too, she owed to Sister Meletia at the College of Notre Dame, Baltimore, to whom she dedicated her dissertation published under the title: *The Georgic—A Contribution to the Study of the Vergilian Type of Didactic Poetry*; it remains today one of the few authoritative books on the Georgic.

Sister Catherine Marie came to San Rafael to the Dominican College in 1917. She taught English literature for two years as a secular before she entered the Convent in 1919. From the beginning she was an influence. Much that is best and most characteristic of the College stems from her and from her association with Mother M. Raymond and Sister Dominic and, of course, with our own Sister Thomas—with the great women who have been among us. It was Sister Catherine Marie who with Grace Branham determined the format of *Meadowlark* and *Firebrand*—Sister, herself, was moderator of the *Firebrand* for some thirty-two years. It was Sister Catherine Marie and Sister Dominic who inspired and Sister Catherine Marie who fostered and carried into being the tradition of the Saint George Play. It was she who with Sister Dominic and Mary Grace Hamilton organized and launched the Humanities Program twenty-four years ago. But, most significant: it was Sister Catherine Marie's high standard of excellence which set the

ideals and helped to mould the academic policies of the College. She stood for excellence in education before the phrase became a commonplace.

She was that rare combination of exact scholarship and deep humanity. She could not abide the pretentious, the half-truth, or the sketchy effort. Fearlessly and sometimes severely critical, she expected her students and her associates to measure-up both morally and intellectually. Woe to the student who questioned the gravity of St. Augustine's pear-tree theft. Sister had no patience with Catholics who claimed to cultivate the supernatural virtues and neglected the natural. But, if she was fearlessly critical it was because she herself cared so deeply for truth and for beauty.

She had a profound respect for exactitude; she liked things right. To the end, Sister was saddened if the singing of the College students was short of their best or if she heard that the College audience had not been strictly attentive to the lecturer. And those of us who were associated with the production of the *Firebrands* will remember the long evenings spent in the Meadowland's kitchen—the tea brewing and the hours passing as Sister read and reread a passage in order to catch the exact cadence or to determine the relative merits at a particular juncture of comma or semicolon. It was this concern for exactitude that carried to her students, that taught them to read and to distinguish—to hear the profundities of Dante and the ironies of Jane Austen.

She had, likewise, a sincere concern for Humanity. She worried as bitterly over a famine in India as over the rain shortage in California. She suffered over the world news in *Time* or *Newsweek*. She felt, also, a tender concern for the individual. Some students, she used to say, were like daisies: they opened up only in the sunlight of a little appreciation. Through the years Sister retained a vivid memory of individual students who had in any way excelled; she had an uncanny way of quoting the exact words of past students as if they had been in her class but yesterday; so it came about that Sister's later students came to hear the words of earlier worthies: Monie Rudkin, Deborah Pentz, Margaret Courtright, Helene Sturdevant, Ada Nisbet, Juliet Clark, Claire Graham, Alice Duffy, Betty Garland, Lois Smith, Jane Maltman—they formed a kind of privileged and seemingly immortal coterie, forever sitting around the seminar table in room five, forever saying the wise, the witty, and the pithy thing.

Sister Catherine Marie was deeply religious, but pious only in the old Vergilian sense. Her religion had no frills; her devotion was to the essentials; her saints were the great saints: Dominic and Thomas, her own St. Catherine, John of the Cross, Theresa of Avila, and the great angel Raphael. She liked God's words to St. Catherine as recorded in the *Dialogues*: "The religion of thy father Dominic is a delightful garden: broad, joyous, and fragrant." So, likewise,



she would say, "is the Dominican Order 'a delightful garden'—filled with splendid variety." We know now that she added to the excellence and the variety of the garden. She herself was part of the beauty of the garden.


She died at the age of eighty; she had lived a rich and full life. She lived long enough to affirm, to deny, and to laugh at the legends already growing up about her. She died on the twenty-fifth of March on the Feast of the Annunciation—the feast of the new dispensation, of the new life.

S.M.N.





## CHARLES A. PAGE

 DOMINICAN COLLEGE became strikingly poorer on March 20th, 1960, when Dr. Charles A. Page, professor of history and chairman of the history department, died after a lengthy illness. A native of Massachusetts, Dr. Page received his degree from Harvard. He then entered the Foreign Service specializing in Latin-American affairs. He served in a number of countries south of the border and also in France. In middle life, Dr. Page turned to the academic profession and took his Ph.D. at the University of California. After a year's teaching at Riverside, he came to Dominican, where he taught for four and a half years, towards the end heroically and with dedication battling his fatal disease.

Dr. Page's characteristic and outstanding qualities became clear to his friends during his last months, when we knew he was not going to live long and so did he. His interest in, and concern for, his courses and his responsibilities towards his students never flagged. On the contrary, they were heightened by his knowledge that he could not much longer fulfill what his conscience demanded. A week before he died he said to the writer of these lines, "I'm still fighting." He was a hero.

Aside from his scholarship and integrity in teaching, his students will remember these things: his unwavering friendship, his urbane gentility, his charming humor, his tender kindness, his constant awareness. The students and faculty of Dominican College will continue to miss him bitterly and to pray for his gentle Catholic soul.


## THE DOMINICAN COLLEGE LIBRARY — AN OVERDUE REVIEW

How . . . profitable for the independent mind, after the mere rudiments of education, to range through a library at random, taking down books as they meet him, and pursuing the trains of thought which his mother wit suggests!

Newman, *The Idea of a University*, No. 10

**T**HAT THE LIBRARY is the heart of any institution of higher learning is a maxim that is rarely denied. Here the freshmen find commentaries to help them bridge the chasm between the diction of Homer and their own grove-and-dorm jargon, the sophomores laboriously trace in their memory the complexities of Gothic vaulting, the juniors and seniors plumb the depths of the shelves containing books in their major fields, and the faculty come to order new books and to read professional journals and the newspapers. It forms the meeting place for the great minds of the past, the formative minds of the students, and the discerning minds of their teachers. Although some who patronize the library may find only dry-as-dust scholarship, those who expend even the least iota of effort will find authors whose styles are a delight and whose ideas are a challenge, and these will likely come to agree with Milton's observation that, "Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest

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efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them."

In a library, students are given a self-test in maturity—they can, with a certain amount of diligence, follow out any questions they may have in any field, and really make use of the books available, or they can do only the required reading for their courses, and come away unenriched by ideas of others who have considered the same problems, and recorded their observations for posterity. It is in extended research that one appreciates the selection of books which has been made by librarians and teachers, and it is then, too, that the surroundings of the library itself are found to contribute, in large or small measure, to the relative ease of the learning process.

The story of the Dominican College Library has been one of expansion and augmentation, both of the collection of books and of the room provided for them. Until 1930, the library was located in the community room of the main convent. The room in Guzman Hall in which the library is now housed was designed by Arnold Constable in an era when the aesthetic tone, the decor of a structure was considered of primary importance. Thus the room itself was designed to a pre-conceived architectural concept, and library functions were fitted into it. The bookshelves and study tables make it a library today, but

equipped with lectern and chairs, it would be completely suitable as a lecture hall; given an altar and pews, the atmosphere of a chapel would breathe itself into the decor. In its present capacity, the rich, burnished wood of floors and paneling, the softened yellow light of the ornate chandeliers, and the high, beamed ceiling promote the atmosphere of the private library—a warm, intimate air directly opposed to that projected by many modern libraries with their cold floods of fluorescent lighting and unadorned expanses of wall and ceiling. If one spends much time contemplating the ceiling in the Guzman library, he will find that the architect has not seen fit to leave such a wide expanse unornamented, and has carved on the ends of the ceiling beams the shields of ten of the early graduating classes of the college, and on the intersections of the beams the shields of the Dominican Order, of the various provinces, and of the Guzman family.

The statue of Saint Thomas Aquinas, patron saint of learning, and the manuscript cases in the center of the room are certainly the most familiar furnishings in the library, and though they are duly pointed out to visitors, students riveting their attention on more immediate scholarly pursuits rarely take note of them. The beautifully illuminated liturgical books, containing psalter, collects, graduale, and antiphonaries, were given to the College in 1929 by

Father Bede Jarrett, a great English Dominican who possessed what must have been a surfeit of the gift of humorous understatement. While giving a summer retreat at Dominican, Father Bede was sent on a tour of California through the kindness of Mother Raymond. He mentioned in a letter written after his return home that he would like to show his gratitude by donating a few books to the library. Shortly thereafter, a box of piano-crate dimensions arrived at Guzman, and proved to be, in fact, a few books, but extraordinarily rare books of tremendous beauty, religious significance, and historical value. They were illuminated by hand in the early 16th century by Dominican nuns of the convent of San Domenico in Lucca, Italy, and sold to Father Bede when the community was in financial need, following World War I. Resting today in their custom-made cases, covered to prevent their being faded by the sun, they pay silent tribute to an age when the pace of life was slower, when every book was the product of individual skill, an artistic achievement in itself.

The 16th century manuscripts are one of the few static features of the library, though. With the continuing expansion of the College, the library gained added shelf sections in 1943 and overflowed into the classroom that is now the reference room. Since then, with the accumulation of books building up the collection to a stature suitable for use by the Graduate



Division courses now held during regular sessions, the library has had to crowd the new books into the existing shelves. Expansion within the limits of Guzman is virtually impossible, for only the foundations directly under the library reading room are built to hold the dead weight of shelves filled with books. Dominican has seen borne out in its own library the statistical theory that the college library doubles in twenty years—the library has doubled its personnel and space to the point where it now houses 44,000 volumes. This expanding library, then, is the one which the class of 1961 has come to know, at times to a degree of near aversion.

One of the primary reasons that today's seniors are well acquainted with the library may be found in the now-defunct institution of compulsory library study. Although supervised study in the library for two nights out of a week had as its aim the improvement of concentration and general study habits among the freshmen, it tended to give a false conception of the library as a place where one squirmed under the eye of a patrolling Student Affairs Board member—where one felt like an inmate rather than a student and took daring, albeit childish measures to relieve monotony.

The sophomore year was the era of papers—conference papers, literature papers, music papers, symposium papers—usually all due at the same time and all necessitating many an hour bent over the table fur-



tively eyeing all passers-by, making the supreme effort to really comprehend the spirit of *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres* before it was snatched up by the girl who had it reserved for the next hour. In upper-division years, getting to know the selection of books having to do with your major field, and checking them out before your fellow majors ransacked the shelves became truly an art. Now it was that you began to feel that smug but thrilling sense of recognition as you came across allusions to the classics read during the lower-division years, the ones you had vowed to forget the minute you walked out of the Sophomore Humanities final.

Possibly now too, came time for reading the magazine articles that had never seemed interesting before, and the wish for a glance at the *New York Times* to supplement "Peanuts" and "Dear Abby" in the local papers. Then, a flurry of frantic hunting for the books you wanted to look at before comprehensives and Graduate Records, a last stab at the commentaries before finals, and it's all over.

The more forgetful among us are most likely several dollars nearer the blessed state of poverty due to the inexorable multiplication of the five-cents-a-day fine for overdue books, and we may retain memories of waxing exasperated when the librarian didn't seem to understand that your paper was due the *very* next day, and that it was of life-and-death significance

that you have those magazines out over night. But it is also likely that you will remember just as strongly the autumn days when the gingko tree flashed gold through the windows on the balcony, or the warm days when you drowsed in the sunbeam that passed over your table in the late afternoon, and most significantly, the broadening of an ever-complaining intellect which you sensed as you read the thoughts of great men on great subjects.

Students who succeed the class of 1961 will be offered the beautiful atmosphere of a new library in which to pursue their reading interests. Such hoped-for facilities as lounges, student seminar rooms, and listening rooms for records and tapes are included in the plans. Combining, as do Pennafort and Cale-ruega, the warmth of natural woods with such modern features as acoustically prepared walls and floors, lighting specialized for reading, and a relaxing sense of space and natural illumination, the new library will further endow the students with the spirit that Dominican succeeds so well in conveying—the sense of being surrounded by natural beauty while learning the great truths; a pervading satisfaction of the aesthetic as well as the intellectual appetite.

ETHYLANNE DIDION '61





## POETRY IN MATHEMATICS

**P**OETRY IS CONCRETE, is complex, is charged with emotion, is rhythmic. In contrast, prose tends to the abstract, to the order of logic, and is directed primarily to the intellect. For all this, most people would classify a mathematical equation with prose.

Consideration of an equation will show that it may be called a type of poetry. The specimen chosen is  $x^2 + y^2 = 8$ . To a person who does not know the language of mathematics, this is only a meaningless succession of symbols. However, the same situation prevails when a person unfamiliar with the Cyrillic alphabet sees the manuscript of one of Pasternak's poems. All that is needed is an understanding of the language.

To one who knows the language of mathematics,  $x^2 + y^2 = 8$  represents only one thing, a circle. The ancient Greeks recognized the circle as the most perfect of geometric figures; so the equation above necessarily arouses a sense of beauty in the understanding reader. Since there are no  $x$  or  $y$  terms to the first power, it is quite obvious that the center of the circle is the point where  $x$  equals 0 and  $y$  equals 0. This means the figure is symmetrical about both axes and is all the more beautiful.

Yet, this emotion of pleasure is heightened by contrast with frustration, which is also prominent in the



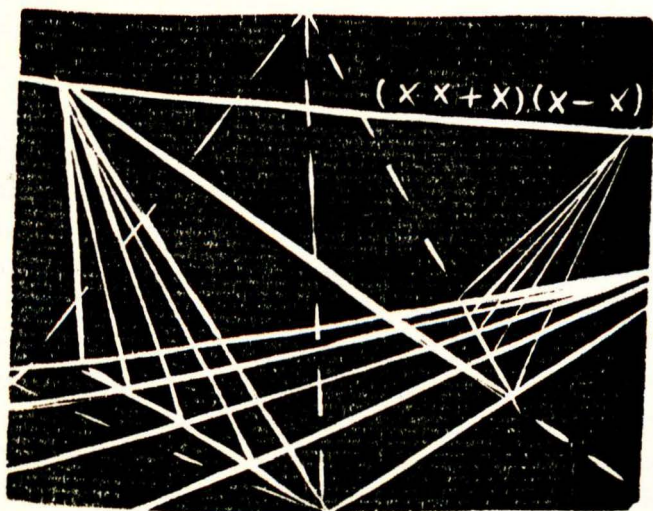
equation. The radius of this otherwise perfect figure is  $2\sqrt{2}$ . This number is twice the number discovered to be incommensurable by the Pythagoreans. The quality of incommensurability means that no matter what unit of measure one uses, the length of the radius can never be measured exactly. If the length is measured in tenths of a unit it lies between 2.8 and 2.9; if measured in hundredths, between 2.82 and 2.83; if measured in millionths, between 2.828428 and 2.828430. The measurement always approaches the length, but will never reach it. The Pythagoreans were very frustrated and upset by the discovery of this quality of  $\sqrt{2}$ . Because the radius of the circle is  $2\sqrt{2}$ , the radius can never be measured exactly, and the frustration is doubled. Of course, the equation may be changed to  $x^2 + y^2 = 16$ . The radius would then equal 4, but a poem is generally a better poem if it includes an element of contrast.

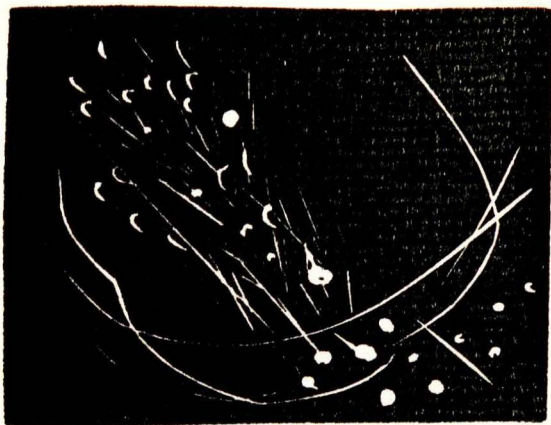
The equation is also a concretization of an abstraction. Anyone who has studied geometry knows that the figures considered are only abstractions, and perfect pictures of them cannot be constructed. Yet this equation is a picture in words of mathematics of a perfect circle. The equation states quite simply: for every value of  $x$  less than the absolute value of  $2\sqrt{2}$ , there is a value of  $y$  less than the absolute value of  $2\sqrt{2}$ , so that  $x^2 + y^2 = 8$ . What could be more concrete?

Finally, like the true classical poetry it is, the equation has meter. Stated in English, the equation resolves itself to  $x$  squared plus  $y$  squared is equal to eight. This line can be scanned, and thus, seen to be in dactylic trimeter with a masculine ending.

Now anyone can see that all that is necessary to see mathematical equations as poetry is a knowledge of the language, and this knowledge is necessary to the appreciation of poetry in any language.

JOAN FRATI, '62





## IL ETAIT UNE FOIS . . .

I HATE "TRUE STORIES." After all, you do not go tiger hunting, or shake hands every day with Sherlock Holmes or with King Norodom of Cambodia (or if you are a French girl, you do not come every day to California), and if ever you do, will you call that a true story? Not I; I would call it a fairy tale. My true story could have been every day to go from home to the Sorbonne, carrying piles of books under my arms, studying at the Saint Geneviève's Library or sharing my lunch with the sparrows of the "Jardin du Luxembourg" . . . if I had not come to the Dominican College. But a true story after a while grows



very monotonous and I would not give three lines to one. Instead, I shall tell you a fairy tale, the tale of my first months in the Dominican College two years ago.

After a fascinating three-day journey spent in the train, I arrived in California whose brown and sun-burnt hills announced the end of Summer. It was the second day of September, 1959. Two Sisters came to the Berkeley station to drive me to the Dominican College—my new home for two years. The Sisters welcomed me warmheartedly and, five minutes later, we were on our way to San Rafael. En route, we paid a short visit to the University of California; then, proceeding on our way, Sister P. spoke of the history of the College, its past, present, and hopes for the future; I learned that later in the afternoon I had an appointment to tape-record some French lessons for the French department; I was advised that the next day I should visit San Francisco—to admire, amongst other things, the sunset from Coit Tower. I think I was informed of the name of every important building we passed on our way, but, if a rhythmical sound effectively hit my ear, it did not move my understanding. Overwhelmed by so much information, by so many suggestions, by the frightening traffic of the highways, and trying to give meaning to the sounds I heard, I could only nod, say yes, accept everything.



We arrived for lunch, and I was left under the care of some faculty members come (as I did) before the beginning of school. On the table instead of the familiar bottle of "Bourgogne" I found a pitcher of milk; the salad dressing tasted sweet; jam was served with the meat (after two years I am still not used to it), and the cake was salted. No bread was served . . . and from the depth of my despair, the resolution of starving rather than mixing in such a way sweet and salt arose, when a stroll around the campus discovered to my eyes tasty and ripe figs, a small plum tree loaded with fruit and trees with the promise of orange blossoms.

Little by little, the secrets of college life were revealed to me and instead of the dry and almost purely intellectual life of a French girls' school, I learned that mixers and dinner parties and extra-curricula activities were going to be an integral part of my life. And it was soon verified. I had never imagined so many men around a girls' college campus: there were men on the faculty and staff, and men who come to visit their friends. The first mixer came; and I went because some "authorities" on the subject had sung to me:

You're going to the mixer, dear,

Before this night is o'er

And there you'll meet your future mate . . .

And if the last line was going a little beyond my

expectations, the mixer at least provided me with the opportunity of seeing a football game the following week end. I will not describe the game to you, the enthusiasm of the crowd, or the whole spectacle in general for you are better acquainted with it than I am. But imagine a football game without band, without cheerleaders—just the bare game and you will have football in France; and you will understand my own excitement at such a view.

Having cast only a hasty glance upon the booklet of the campus regulations, I soon had the opportunity of getting more intimately acquainted with the so-called S.A.B. organization. My eagerness to learn always more about California often called me outside the county; but then, one day I was kindly prayed to familiarize myself with the bounds of our lovely campus exclusively, for the period of a week.

There was much to learn about, much to confuse me. I wondered for a while if America had not a particularly large number of blind young boys and girls; I heard students talking of their last Saturday's blind-date. Eventually, the light struck and I came to understand this custom quite unknown in my country where parents ask information about their daughter's boy friend's ascendancy until the fourth generation before giving their consent for a date. But I had come to the United States intending to live with the Americans and to like them: accordingly, I got a

blind-date; I tried to eat cranberry sauce with turkey; I learned how to use pay phones and to call collect; I learned how to swim fearlessly among the sharks during a week end at Bolinas. I even consented to stand in line for lunch—hunger being the best disciplinarian.

But I do not even speak of my studies, which were however occupying the best part of my time. Shakespeare's sonnets appeared to me as utterly meaningless, unless I devoted three or four hours to each one; and the word *hierarchy*, after four months of attentive listening, suddenly appeared to me as the French word *hierarchie* (pronounced: e-air-arch-she). But these difficulties progressively disappeared, and I learned how to read the page instead of the word, understanding the general meaning if not the particular word.

This part of my life is coming to an end soon, much too soon, but I am going now to the discovery of France, my own country. It too, can be a fairyland for me if I am willing to open curious and receptive eyes upon the manners and traditions of my fellow-citizens. A new glance upon ancient ways will give them life and interest.

JACQUELINE BASLEZ '61



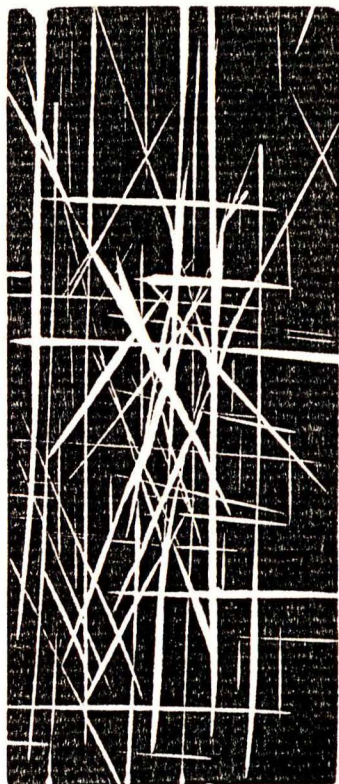


A THOUGHT FROM PROUST'S  
*TIME RECAPTURED*

Chapters, movements, stanzas  
Designate and organize  
The matrix of our greatest art;  
And each part is complete within itself,  
But yet relates to the entirety.  
And we, are we also composed  
Of stanzas, movements, chapters,  
And must one follow the other  
To complete the whole?  
If so, and each his own alone beholds,  
What privileged moments we alone await;  
And how exciting is the art within  
Each of us  
That grows as we grow,  
And contains the essence of our being.

PROVIDENCE FRASSINELLO '61





My heart  
writes words with  
ink of blood

My heart  
writes words with  
blood of love

My heart  
writes words  
not spoken

PATRICIA LOPKER '64

## DISILLUSIONED

I USED TO SAY, "I want to be a writer!" But that was an age ago—at least a year—when I was still scrambling after the glamorous specters that haunt young visionaries. Sometimes I pictured myself a second Sappho, filling the world with immortal lyric reverberations. Or, I fancied myself another Elizabeth Barrett Browning, sonneting a renowned—and personal—romance. Once or twice I saw myself as an epigrammatic eccentric, an Emily Dickenson. But most often I imagined myself inking pages with American manners in a way that would surpass Jane Austen.

That, however, is all in the past. I never squander a second now on futile fancies. It's fortunate, I think, to be disillusioned so early, before you chase too many phantoms and find yourself on the third floor when the whole haunted house collapses. That's what I always say to myself. Especially when I have been "commissioned" to write a paper. In fact, I think it was that very thing—writing papers—that effected my disillusionment.

You see, I've always met with such barriers when assigned a paper. The barriers kept growing higher and thicker, until finally I accepted this as providential discouragement, divine warning against the colorless, frozen realities of a literary career. Yester-

day, for instance, I went to the library to do reference work for my Renaissance paper. There were no reference books. They had all been checked out once—five weeks ago—and renewed in the meantime. Today I decided to attack the paper singlehandedly in my happy, yellow room. This is where I met the most unsurmountable, significant barrier of all. This is where I discovered I am not equipped to be a writer.

"Sally," I asked my convivial roommate, "have you seen my pencil?"

"Your what?"

"My yellow, number two lead pencil."

"The one that was on your desk, next to your blue Shakespeare book? No."

"Are you sure, Sally?"

"Well, give me time to think. Yesterday was Sunday, and they always have crossword puzzles in the paper on Sunday. I usually like to work them, and yesterday was no exception, because I spent about an hour in the smoke-room on the hardest puzzle I've ever tried to do, and—yes—I used your pencil!"

"Well, then, I'll look in the smoke-room."

"It isn't there."

"Why, Sally?"

"Well, just when I was trying to find a five-letter word for a Yucca-like plant, the phone rang, and it was for you, and—"

"A call for me?"

"Just a minute—and I used your pencil to write

you a note so I wouldn't forget, because you know how I am sometimes, and then I—yes, I did—I put the pencil in the pocket of the skirt I was wearing.”

“Which skirt?”

“The one I borrowed from you, because mine are at the cleaners.”

“Well, then, it must still be in the pocket.”

“Uh-uh.”

“I won't ask why not.”

“I'll tell you anyway. Because Jane came in to borrow your black coat so she'd look sophisticated when she went out, and I loaned her the pencil so she could write you a note—”

“My black coat!”

“She brought it back!”

“Sally, what happened to the two notes?”

“I thought you were looking for your pencil! Sometimes you really exasperate me. I rolled the two notes into your typewriter, so you'd be sure and find them.”

“My typewriter, Sally, is among the missing.”

“And the pencil? The pencil! Here it is in my skirt pocket! That's the skirt I was wearing when—where are you going?”

“To a dank, dark corner of the library—in my black coat—with my pencil—to write my paper.”

How can one write without the proper instruments? And, even if one has the essential tools, but lacks the desire, what is the use of trying? Believe me when I say: “I don't want to be a writer!”

SUSAN SCHNEIDER, '62



## AT THE SOUND OF THE BELL

NINE-THIRTY and all is well!" Bell in hand, looking only slightly anachronistic in muu-muu and hair-net, our Meadowlands version of the medieval crier parades down the hall to announce the end of study hours. She jangles the bell confidently, realizing that just this once a day her musical message will be appreciated. She is wearing a bright smile as she flattens herself against the wall to avoid being trampled by a sudden stampede of students. One half hour of leisure is short indeed. Down the stairs, three steps at a time, they come whooping to the Green Room and drop down Indian-style to the floor. The bell ringer, if she wishes, climbs contentedly back to the world of silence.

It's amazing what a transformation comes over Meadowlands at the stroke of 9:30. The bell is a magic wand transporting everyone to another world. Not that quiet hours are quiet here—by no means. But the tiptoes, the illegal whispers, and the suddenly checked bursts of laughter are a far cry from the wild abandon of those glorious thirty minutes. Shouts echo from one end of the overburdened house to the other. The piano rings out in a mad duet of "Chopsticks" or "Pink Elephants." Bedroom slippers skid down the corridors in rapid swishes. Girls unfortunate enough to receive telephone calls at that hour—

and the phone rings incessantly—are forced to shout above the bedlam. Even the chapel is an inadequate refuge.

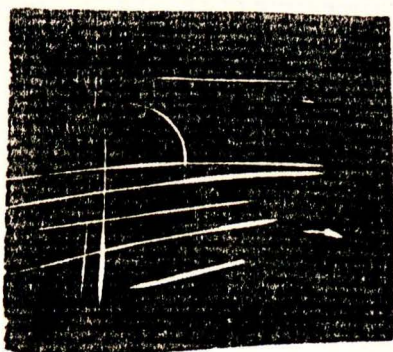
Most intriguing to the uninitiated is the transformation of the Green Room into a miniature Las Vegas. Foursomes materialize and dissolve in shifting eddies on the floor. Busy hands sort, stack and shuffle; piano tunes tinkle at the drop of a dummy. It's hard to recognize that God-fearing young student who answers so intelligently in Spanish class. Now she is speaking a much stranger jargon, spiced with unfamiliar words: "trick," "pass," "lead." These, of course, are the bridge mothers of tomorrow. So far in Meadowlands the wheat has not been separated from the chaff, however, for those who faithfully pore over the *Chronicle's* daily bridge lesson still condescend to associate with the mere dilettantes. It is only the non-players who are a group unto themselves.

The influence of the gambling spirit loosens everyone's inhibitions. Laughs are louder, friendship freer than at any other time of the day. Of course, the girl looking at her partner over the clubs and spades is not her real self, since half of her attention is concentrated on her hand. However, although sustained conversation is impossible, it seems to be perfectly possible to exchange comradely remarks over a game of bridge. Therefore, if the game is a college disease, it is also a levelling and socializing force!

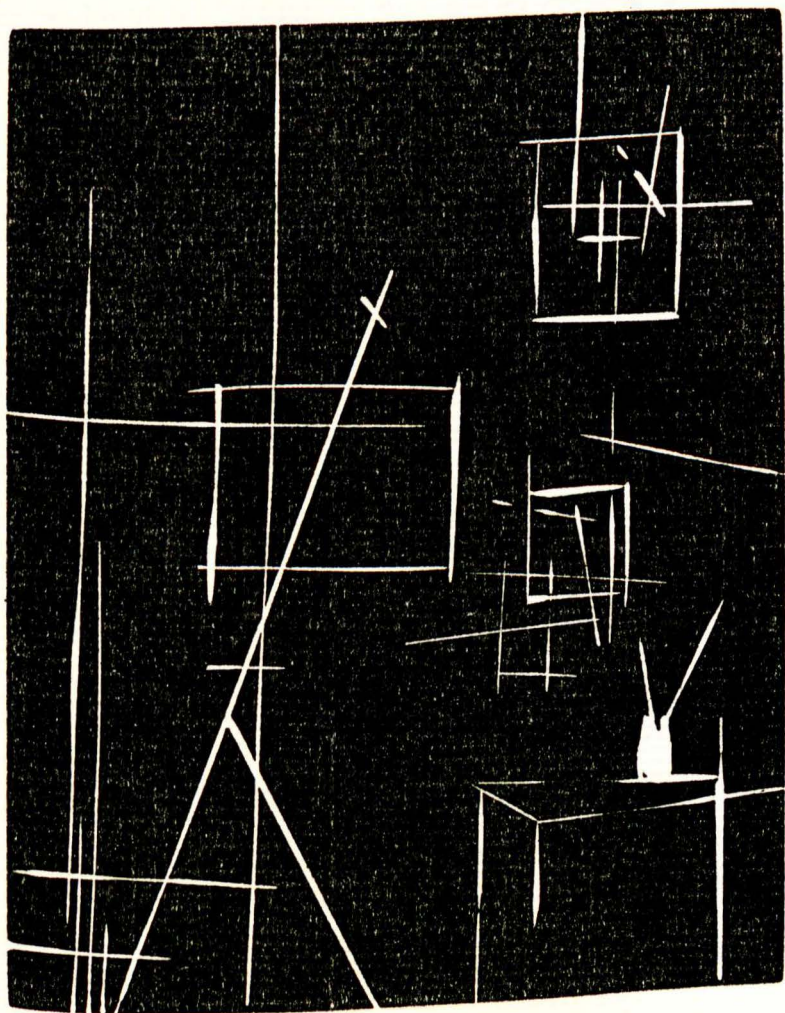
For a fleeting thirty minutes relaxation and release pervade the house. Books are completely forgotten. When companionship and merrymaking are such strong attractions, it's an exceptional student who can keep herself shut off in her room the whole period. The only tension in the air is the eagerness to cram everything into one precious half hour. In all other ways Meadowlands simply throws off her cares.

The clocks are unfeeling, however, and the hands creep steadily around the dial. As they rest on ten o'clock our bell ringer appears on the steps. This time she is apologetic; the bell can scarcely be heard. Spirits droop as study calls once more. After several reminders, cards are packed away, chairs are pushed into place, and the bedroom slippers shuffle reluctantly up the stairs. The bell ringer follows, her message hushed. The world of silence must prevail once again.

RITA BEILHARZ '64










## LONG SANDS

E BUILT our last fire tonight in the fireplace at Long Sands, and with it let our musings burn, even to the coals. Cheek to palm . . .

We are not exactly what we were. From sophomore days, when with our native logic we were incited to explore ideas of great minds and strove after virtù we came to discover something of ourselves in Bottom: "Let me play the lion too! I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale." We know we are better for our years at Dominican, and are grateful for that. We have acknowledged our perversity with Augustine in the fourth century, and with Swift thirteen hundred years later. With Aeneas we have carried old Anchises on our shoulders. And with Beowulf we have slain the Dragon. We *are* good, and in goodness is power.

We are women too, and it is our desire and privilege to beget goodness. We may laugh and say we'll trade nothing for the freedom we relish today. But we dream of a beautiful child, sweet as dew-annointed leaves; who will grow toward the Good as roots reach deep of thirst; who will feast on Peace and break his share with hungry little friends who would be grateful just for bread. We are happy: hopeful now because we feel his life within us taking form even as Idea. Just as there was first the Word, he will be born one day.

We remember too that life is more than a procession of rosy sunsets. There came a time when Falstaff heard, "I know thee not, old man," from his dear Prince Hal. Still we doubt not that when all is said and done we will be happy. The marvel of this adventure we are embarking on is precisely there: that to know and to love can neither surfeit nor exhaust us. In the book it is called our nature, and final cause. But it is a song too, that we know by heart.

At its most disheartening, we know with the certitude of Faith that life is like hunger to one assured of a good dinner at the end of the day.

... Morning chill was stealing upon us when someone rose to stir the dying coals. Turning away from the fire she whispered, "Last time for Long Sands," struggling visibly to retain her poise, like an amazed Juliet taking her *debut* curtain call, too scared yet to enjoy the thunder of applause. Where shall we be, who shall we be next year and the year after? In four Springs we have grown too fond, too accustomed. But they say we are ready now to go...

No more Long Sands for us. Long Sands isn't just anyplace after all. Were there not these soul-searching talks into the wee hours, had there not been the rib-aching, tear-streaming laughter around the big table after dinner perhaps we would be joking now as before. This is the place where Houyhnhnms abandon their books for clowning, where people suddenly

“discover” one another. Here every chair is warmed, and we are glad to sit on the floor just to be in the midst of the family.

This is an enchanted house, the door, the “magic door” of fairytale days. Oh wonderful confusion of old yearbooks with family albums, of sofa, lamp and chair—home. It seems the scattered shoes are shoes around a certain other hearth, in another house. (Mother was always after us to pick up our shoes.)

We’ll be back in years to come and look out from the dining room doorstep to the edge of the cliff and see, not the same little wicker chair pinned between ocean and sky, but some strange usurping shape—the latest bucket seat. The shoes kicked loose in the grass are not “tennies,” as we used to call them, but those plastic fabrications which Macy’s is currently advertising.

We have ventured to return. But can one *ever* come back? The tidal wave never rolls twice to the same line on the beach. And each year the eternal redwood is become something more than it was, though only by the breadth of a ring.

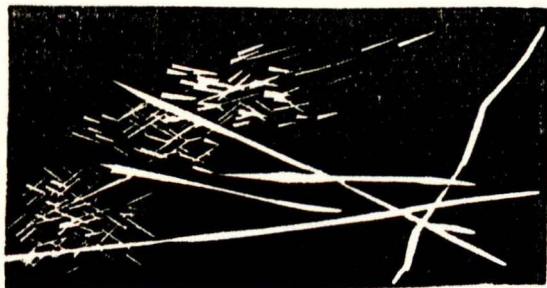
We close our eyes. There we are still, just arrived for the week end: unpinning the curtains, pounding dust out of cushions and bringing in fresh wood for the fire.

Yes, we will return one day, if two feet can take anyone back. But on the doorstep we will dream—and

dreaming find ourselves there at last, at the Long  
Sands we knew.

“Pat! Stop drowsing! The embers are cold. Come  
to bed!”

GERMAINE SLATTERY '61





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