

1962

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The Firebrand



An abstract geometric composition in black and white. It features several overlapping circles of different sizes. A large circle on the left contains the text 'EX' in its upper portion and 'IBRIS' in its lower portion. A horizontal line bisects the composition. A thick black vertical bar is positioned on the left side. A diagonal line runs from the upper left towards the center. At the bottom, there is a horizontal line and a trapezoidal shape that tapers towards the left. The entire design is enclosed within a rectangular frame.

EX

IBRIS

DOMINICAN COLLEGE ALUMNAE ASSN.

THE FIREBRAND

THE DOMINICAN COLLEGE OF SAN RAFAEL



MCMLXII

In partial recognition
and
deepest gratitude
to
SISTER M. NICHOLAS, O.P.

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THE FIREBRAND

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		{ Kathleen McInerney
<i>Assistant Editor</i>	Stephania Tenbrink
<i>Art Editor</i>	Carol Ingmanson
<i>Business Manager</i>	Anne Spieler

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Mary Hennessy	Anne Williams

The Senior Class

TYPISTS

Carla Abdallah	Marie Guerrero
Gloria Barengo	Janet Spielman
Johanna Ellis	Stephania Tenbrink
Carolyn Flaws	Gigi Vincenz



EDITORIAL

WHEN we were sophomores Mortimer Adler gave the Commencement Address to the seniors. I forget now, at this distance, his exact words, but the major point of his address was that Commencement is really a commencement, not a termination—that learning is a life process and that college does but lay the foundation. Now we are the seniors and more than ever the thought seems worth pondering.

For many of us, our formal education is finished; this cannot mean that our intellectual development is to cease. Surely, we do not now possess the sum of knowledge needed for a lifetime. We are graduating from a liberal arts college; if Newman is right the business of the college has been to “cultivate our minds,” and in so doing to give us what he calls “an enlarged view.” It will be our business as graduates to continue that cultivation of the intellect and to preserve that wide view while acquiring depth in our own pursuits.

There is a real danger that in the next few years we will become so engrossed in a home that a recipe for a berry pie will become a matter of prime importance. Or so involved in a classroom that we forget to look at the world in which we and the children are living. Or so enmeshed in a particular segment of higher learning that our focus shifts from a broad

to a narrow view. The "enlarged view" can easily be lost in the urgency of immediate needs. Trivial matters can loom as major dilemmas and the significant problems be brushed aside.

We can keep a larger view by enlarging our minds, by using our minds, by reading perhaps great works not yet studied, by rereading the great works we have studied, by finding others to read them with us. Reading *Don Quixote* a second time may prove arduous, but surely the reading would be its own reward; the delight in meeting Sancho Panza again, the experience of perceiving how Don Quixote himself has changed through the years would bring its own recompense. It would also help us gain a greater sense of perspective of the world around us, and we would therefore view our daily lives with a renewed sense of proportion.

It is particularly important for us today to be attuned to the implications of life around us. Our minds will grow by watching the changing world, by making ourselves alert, by making ourselves aware. There are many ways of keeping the intellect alive. Now it is primarily a matter of setting our wills to the task. As graduates of a Catholic liberal arts college it is our duty and honor to perfect our intellects so that God may build upon the natural—that one day He may lead us from knowledge to wisdom.

M. E. McC. '62

THE CLASS OF 1962

CARLA ABDALLAH

IF THE Boston Tea Party, Mahatma Ghandi's revolution or the Easter Rebellion were staged today, all of them could be sure of one more loyal supporter in the person of Carla Abdallah. She is truly a crusader for the rights of the underdog. In her own sphere of influence she will listen to all views and then quietly state her opinion. She will pay a compliment to a person in the midst of defamatory statements and thereby bring others back to their senses. This trait of supporting those who need her help shines forth from many facets of Carla's life.

She is a responsive listener to the problems of her friends. Willing to help disentangle seemingly impossible situations, Carla has often said "yes" to a plea without fully realizing the consequences. This has led to many humorous, if at times intricate, solutions.

In her chosen field of social work, Carla will be able to fully develop her ability to render aid where it is needed. Her assistance will be much desired because of her warmth toward others, her generosity of spirit, and her belief that the wonder of life always dominates over its sordid side.



CARLA ANNE ABDALLAH
Stockton, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY
MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Foreign Students Club '61
I.R.C. '62

Spanish Club '59, '60, '61, '62
Y.C.S. '60



LYDIA THERESA ABT

Novato, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

Firebrand Business Staff '62
French Club '59, '60, '61, '62
Irish Club '59

I.R.C. '60, '61, '62
Music Club '61, '62
S.C.T.A. '62

LYDIA ABT

LYDIA, even in the early hours of the day, manages a smile warm enough to defrost the coolest of receptions. And even more remarkable, according to those who know her best, is the consistency with which she maintains her cheerful, unruffled disposition through the exigencies of every day. Lydia is striking in appearance—stunning blond hair, fragile features—but it is not only her appearance one remembers; other qualities are more noticeable: an unassuming poise, a buoyant attitude toward life, a kind of exhilaration of spirit, and the wonderful quality of not taking herself too seriously. Any attempt to compliment her is met by a decided change of subject. Or more often, the compliment is turned around to the giver.

Lydia's head is always filled with enthusiasms and schemes of one sort or another. She is not one who, as a junior, could think of nothing she wanted to do. Her difficulty was in having too many possibilities. She has been in her own mind's eye an airline stewardess, member of the Peace Corps, nurse, receptionist, secretary, teacher, wife. Whatever Lydia decides upon, it is certain that she will continue to bring to those around her a little bit of the wistful dreamer so rarely found in a world bogged down with practicality.

CATHERINE ANDERSON

CATHY, "Skapoodle," Kate, Catherine, Katrina—any one of these will turn her from her place at the Pennafort piano, from behind the wheel of her Simca, or from the pen paused thoughtfully over an important letter or late paper. Her easy smile and bright eyes say "Cheer up! Don't make me sad" or "I said I would and I did it!"

Cathy possesses a greater than average drive which she applies intensely to whatever warrants her attention. Though strong, it is sporadic and has often been the cause for neglect in some fields. At times, however, this drive has been combined with such constancy that the result outweighs other shortcomings. And even if sometimes obscured, Cathy's virtues were always present—she is quietly religious, keenly perceptive, and artistically sensitive.

Cathy's goals for the future are set high, and, if in the outcome her achievements fall short, still her accomplishments will be far above the ordinary. During her college years Cathy has acquired an enthusiasm for life, for people, and for her work that has made this time invaluable to her further self-development. In fact, there is much in Cathy that has not yet come to realization, much that is potential. When her practical talents merge with her potential abilities, the world should notice.



CATHERINE ELIZABETH ANDERSON
San Dimas, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH
MINOR: HISTORY

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

Irish Club '59, '60



MARTHA JEAN ANTONGIOVANNI

Bakersfield, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: ART

W.A.A. Board '60, '61
President '61
Executive Board '61
Senior Class Secretary '62

French Club '59
Italian Club '60
Art Club '61, '62
S.C.T.A. '61, '62

MARTHA ANTONGIOVANNI

PUPPIES, people, beaches, Italian food, "table-hopping," coffee breaks, crazy hats, shopping at Mayfair—any or all of these will occasion a characteristic smile from Martha. Her personality is a fusion of smiles breaking into laughter, frowns breaking into smiles, words breaking into song, and steps breaking into dance. Martha's excitement about life emerges whenever she is in contact with nature—but especially in spring. Every bird or new flower or fresh breeze is welcomed as a signal for a time of happiness. Martha's childlike enthusiasm extends to many other objects: an inspiring piece of writing, a cheery song, a week end trip or a painting by Picasso or Matisse.

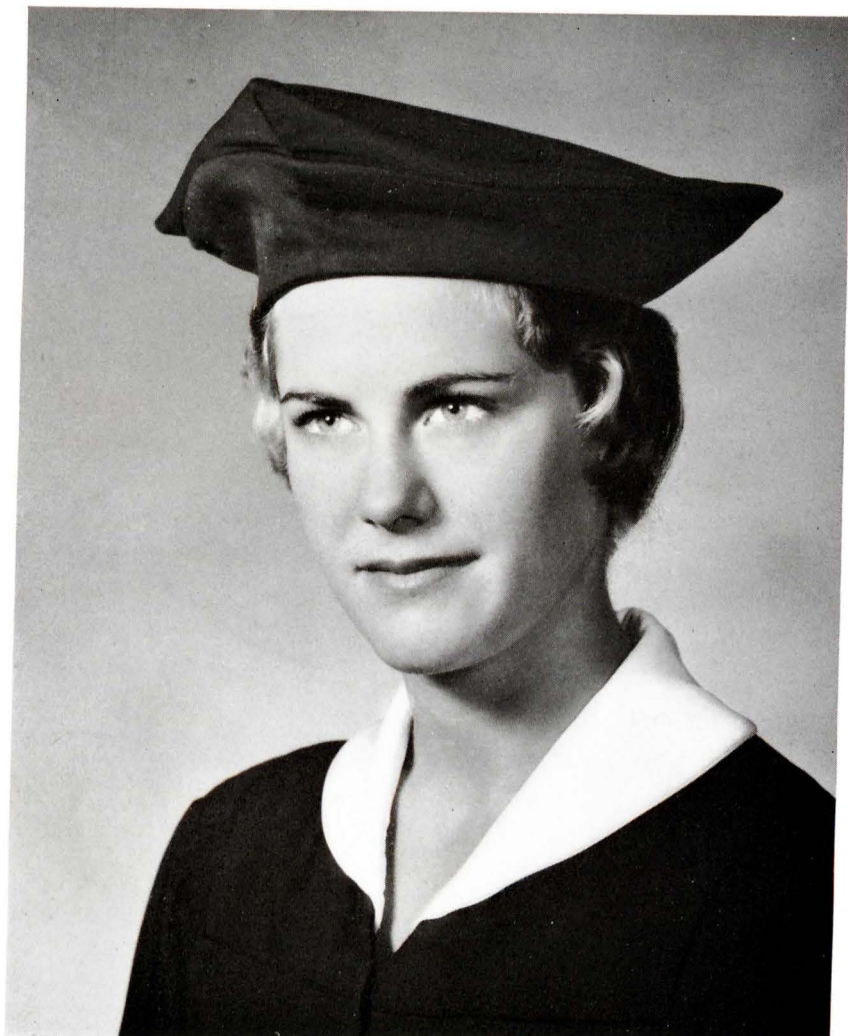
But vivacity, while her most obvious, is not her dominant quality. More than most, Martha is zealous in her determination to become a wise Christian woman. Her attitude toward the skeptic, while one of perplexity, is also one of pity. Christianity means most in its day-to-day sense; kindness, honesty and helpfulness are Martha's daily goals. Sincere concern for others, loyalty to her friends, fidelity to principle, enthusiasm for life—these are the qualities which combine to form the frowning, smiling, singing girl that is Martha Antongiovanni.

NANCY BACON

NANCY lives most truly within herself, away from the fetters of a society she considers meaningless. She is most at home with freedom and the wind: riding bareback, skiing, running with her Labrador, Suzie, swimming and sunning with a group of close friends. Whatever she loves and trusts must be real, meaningful, and honest. A large share of shyness and a touch of cynicism, added to her acute powers of discrimination, make it difficult for most to gain entrance to her private world. But she would be the first to laugh at the notion that she has the soul of a Romantic poet.

The characteristic intensity with which she approaches all learning and relationships makes her much loved and trusted as a rare friend. Those who have known her in college have ceased to be awed by her brusque change of moods, including a sometimes fearsome temper. She spends many hours studying and painting—hours more listening to jazz. In parties as in clothes, the keynote is casual, for she needs no ballroom to set off that elegance which belongs to her nature rather than to her dress.

Through Nanny, one sees the beauty of the whole world without superficiality. College, she says, has given her the courage to “face life squarely and never run.” “To live life to its fullest” is her goal. With love and determination as her method, Nanny can scarcely fail.



NANCY BACON
Canby, California

MAJOR: ART
MINOR: ENGLISH

Carillon Staff '60
Sports Editor '60
W.A.A. Board '60
Art Club '61, '62
Vice-President '61
President '61

French Club '59
I.R.C. '61
Irish Club '59
Spanish Club '59, '60



GLORIA JEAN BARENGO

Reno, Nevada

MAJOR: BIOLOGY

MINOR: CHEMISTRY

Student Affairs Board '61

Absence Committee Chairman '61

Fivebrand Staff '62

French Club '59, '61, '62

Science Club '61, '62

Music Club '59, '61

The Troupers '59

GLORIA BARENGO

GLORIA loves to listen and does so with attention. Her own rare remarks are made with an eye toward furthering the conversation at hand. She dismisses the irrelevant with a toss of her head, saying, "What has *that* got to do with it?"

A practical person, Gloria has a passion for neatness and organization. Her plans are never very far out of mind. Many times she breaks up a bridge game by leaving to accomplish those ever present "things to do."

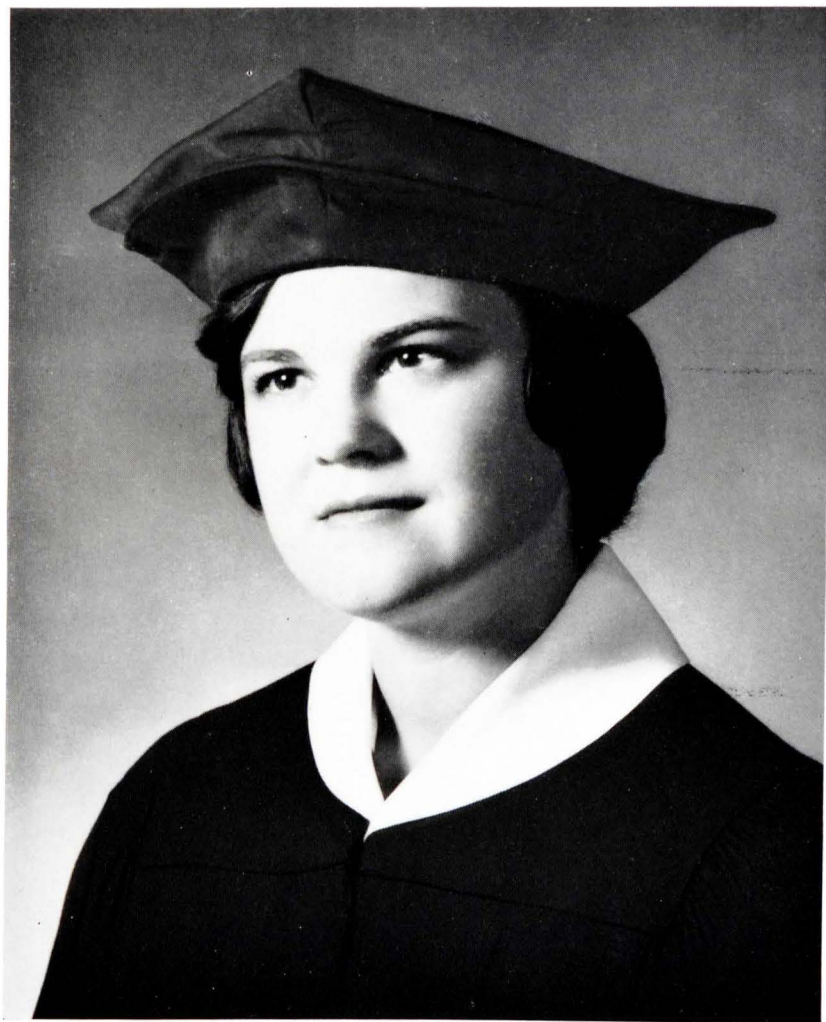
Gloria's tact and presence of mind can always be depended upon to save a situation which seems hopeless. Her depth is that of a person who realizes her own capabilities; she neither overextends nor under-rates them. Her learning is a continuous process, and she does not regret having taken the Humanities before devoting herself to science. On the contrary, she counts her favorite courses among the Liberal Arts. Her broadminded attitudes toward diverse people and situations are reflected by a wide range of interests including the Far East, Cézanne, Leonard Bernstein, and John O'Hara. For her, solitude is time for construction, not boredom. Perhaps that accounts for her richness of mind.

CATHERINE BENNETT

IT is characteristic of Cathy to shrink from praising herself, to turn the spotlight on another, to delight as sincerely in another's good fortune as in her own. She considers her main virtue that of being "a good listener." But when she quietly declares an opinion, her ideas are heeded and respected.

An unwarranted lack of confidence, which tends to self-effacement, and a kind of shyness are all but disappearing from her makeup. A summer spent in South America brought to the surface the real, outgoing Cathy, full of colorful stories to be related, her wonderfully large eyes dancing with laughter, memories, and the anticipation of returning there.

That she will one day go back to Peru has enhanced rather than detracted from her studies. In all ways, she is marked by "the right thing at the right time." Without being stuffy, she maintains a consistent, balanced perspective in the most chaotic surroundings. For all her sense of purpose, she is not aloof from the sometimes brainless escapades of her counterparts. She can become an actual part of another's feelings, no matter how they diverge from her own. However, she is too sensitive to tolerate intolerance, and too intelligent to appreciate the banal. It is likely that Cathy will always exercise her talents for others; that she needs no band or fanfare to herald her efforts is the mark of a superior person.



CATHERINE THERESA BENNETT

Sacramento, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: HISTORY

Carillon Staff '60

Assistant Editor '60

Meadowlark Exchange Editor '61

Firebrand Staff '61, '62

Assistant Editor '62

Irish Club '59

I.R.C. '59, '60, '61, '62

Music Club '60

Spanish Club '60



ANGELA MADELYN BOLOGNINI
Stockton, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION
MINOR: SPANISH

A.S.D.C. Social Chairman '62
Sophomore Class Treasurer '60
Junior Class President '61
Spanish Club '59

Italian Club '60
Vice-President '60
S.C.T.A. '60, '61, '62
Executive Board '62

ANGELA BOLOGNINI

THERE IS, in Angela's world, a continuous epidemic of good humor and good will. No one is immune to her infectious laughter. And no one can refuse her frequent and irresistible offer: "Let's go out to dinner!"

Creativity, determination, and selflessness are the motivating principles in this private sphere. As a student teacher, Angie could take scissors in one hand, construction paper in the other, and exhibit an ingenuity that would delight the senior class, as well as her kindergarten students. Her relentless drive, plus her ability to inspire the same in others, made Angie's term as class president perpetually active and unforgettably successful. She is the kind of leader who will place herself unobtrusively in the middle of her followers, roll up her sleeves, and be the first to start working, the last to stop.

Angie is a composite of complementary characteristics. Her practicality is mollified by emotional warmth. She is simultaneously organized and, in the case of the unforeseen or calamitous, extremely adaptable. Her honesty with others is always softened by kindness. And, her critical frankness is seasoned with her inimitable sense of humor.

MAUREEN BROWN

MAUREEN seems to have a boundless capacity for enjoyment. Her animated grove conversations are interrupted only by a vague feeling that the time would be better spent in the library reference room, her usual abode during the day. Even her most serious moods can always be broken by an apt expression or joke. Her vibrant laugh is inexcusably contagious and results in a chain reaction among her friends. Pizza, wild rides on the "Tilt-a-Whirl," parallel parking, "grasshoppers," and an habitually neat appearance all contribute to make up "Mo."

Despite a cheerful willingness to participate in any number of activities, Maureen has a sincere and conscientious approach toward responsibility. A gracious hostess, she has the facility of making her guests feel at ease whether it be at an educational function or a college mixer.

As a prospective teacher Maureen has already shown her skill. She plans her next day's work with an eye to the most practical and appealing approach. The next few years may find her teaching and perhaps in Europe, but it is certain that she will bring to each new adventure a warmth and judgment capable of meeting any situation.



MAUREEN JOAN BROWN

San Rafael, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: ENGLISH

Non-Resident Students
Secretary-Treasurer '61
Vice-President '62
Social Committee '62
Foreign Students Club '62

I.R.C. '60, '61, '62
Irish Club '60
Spanish Club '59, '60, '61, '62
S.C.T.A. '62



ANNE VICTORIA BURDICK
Pasadena, California

MAJOR: HISTORY
MINOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

Firebrand Business Staff '62
W.A.A. Board '61
Recording Secretary '61

I.R.C. '61, '62
President '62
Irish Club '58

ANNE BURDICK

ANNE's magnetism is that of a person quiet, secure, and deep. There is nothing shallow about her. Broadminded, she listens with full attention until the premise is complete and only then does she answer, thoughtfully and with the quiet force of logic. Anne thinks a problem through; she ponders head up. Decisions are made and, then, dexterously reshaped until the right mold is cast. She is her own most severe critic. Fundamentally earnest, she wants not to waste her talents—but there are pulls in many directions. She possesses that flexibility of mind and will that adapts easily to the sublime or the ridiculous. One moment sees her marshalling some project for the IRC, another meticulously putting together an art mosaic, and another answering the clear loud call for a “fourth for bridge.” But, though Anne is occasionally pulled, she is never led. On the contrary, she is influential. As president of the IRC in her senior year, her active interest in foreign affairs has been deeply stimulated and she in turn has noticeably stirred others. She need only say, “Let’s join the Peace Corps,” and the dubious begin to blush for their gray thoughts.

Despite Anne’s four years of active participation in college life, one feels that there are still many springs untapped, hidden resources which the next few years will challenge into action.

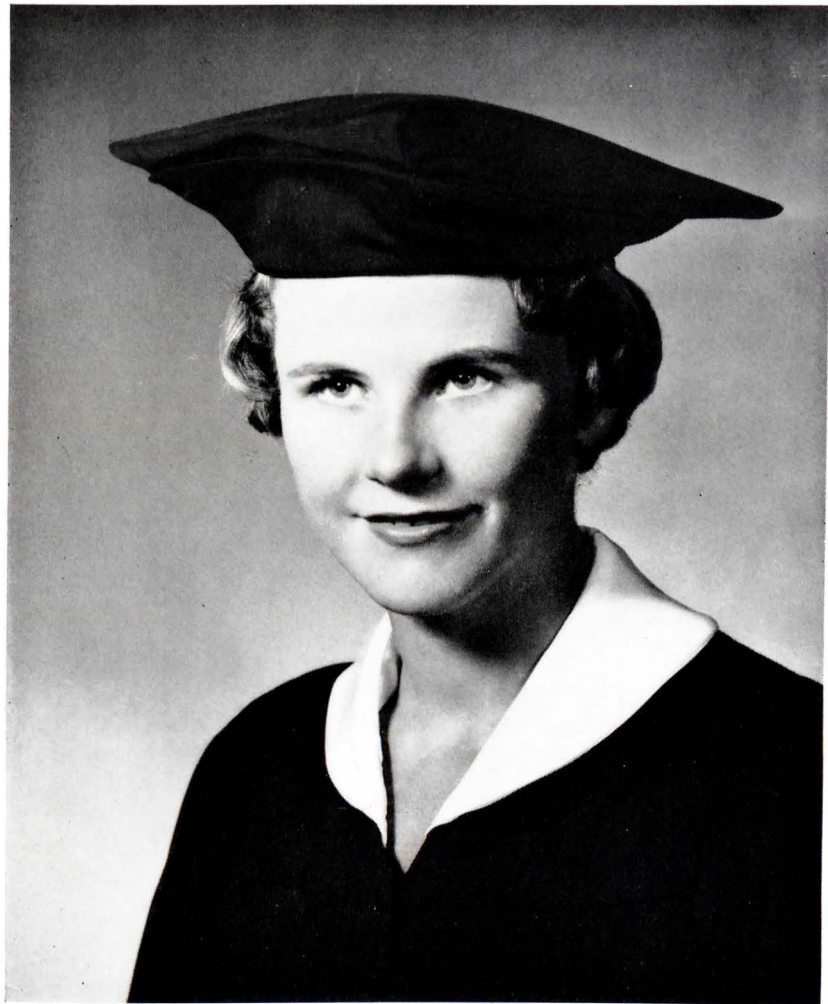
CAROL LYNNE CARLTON

TRIM and crisp, Lynne is a person of action. Her practicality is a ballast for the more outlandish schemes of her imaginative friends. She has a special knack of bringing one down to earth—sometimes with a jolt.

Although not exactly an extrovert, she is social-minded and prefers the company of friends in whose interests she is genuinely involved to an evening spent by herself. It is Lynne, an avid bridge player, to whom both novices and experts turn for a ruling from Goren.

Lynne's intellectual interests center around the present as an outgrowth of the past. The world today, the relations and interrelations of countries, international law, the Common Market are all subjects which quicken Lynne's thinking. In consequence, she is a well-informed, competent conversationalist.

Contradictory though it may seem, Lynne is also something of a daydreamer. Her habit of staring into space while humming a little tune (which she makes up from several of her latest favorites) is a source of constant amusement. Generous and even-tempered, Lynne is the first to laugh over her own absentmindedness—and she is absentminded!



CAROL LYNNE CARLTON
Redding, California

MAJOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE
MINOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

Transferred from University of Oregon '59
I.R.C. '61, '62



SUZANNE MARIE CARPENETI
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH
MINOR: HISTORY

Spanish Club '59, '60
Vice-President '60

Italian Club '60

SUZANNE CARPENETI

NOTHING about Suzanne shouts out. Innocent tenderness, silent dignity devoid of pride, an elusive union of gentle acquiescence with quiet power are only words in an always-inadequate vignette.

She can be explained by her constancy, not by expressions and anecdotes. The strength of her feeling and the warmth of her greeting never recede, nor do they overflow. Thus, her tranquility is an antidote, as beige is a relief from orange. The patient sweetness with which she loves all that is—just as it is—makes her the one approached with increasing confidence and ever-new delight. The powers and silences of her tongue are applied to ruffled feathers and topsy-turvy friends. By artless attention to others' comfort she holds sway over others' affections.

Try to rush her? It cannot be done. Panic? Never! She may never finish the sweater she's been knitting since September, but she loves it. And the night before a final she may fall asleep, book in hand, under the brightest of lights.

One such as she, content simply to be herself, is a wonder and a myth in the modern world. The ancients named such quiet strength *virtú*. To the medievals her spirit was "gentillesse." Shakespeare saw and wrote, though he was not aware, the portrait of Suzanne: "a gentle lady; When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name . . ."

ONE would be greatly mistaken in tagging Mary Michael as a blonde femme fatale with a Palm Springs tan and nonchalant air. Nor might one measure the quickness of her vitality and the scale of her values by the clubs she belongs to, what she talks about, or the wry near-drawl in which she often speaks. If such statistics were to be the measure of Mary, one should count the mileage she has driven for her friends, the hours she devotes to charity, the time she spends with things domestic. In gauging the admiration she receives from all who really know her, you have a true mirror of what she is.

The pleasure she receives she diffuses, so that everyone is caught up in the merriment of her reactions. A mechanical "something" which arrived part by part from an "admirer" sat rocking back and forth in the corner of the smokeroom. Day by day, it became more complex and less fathomable. By the very last installment the creature (a cardboard Yogi bear eating a bowl of cereal) belonged as much to us as to Mary. Admittedly, the affection was dubious.

There is an ocean of depth about her. To plumb once below the surface laughter and tossed-off shrug is to witness the boundless realms of her feeling. It is to become close to Mary in a world much more a part of her than that of Dominican.

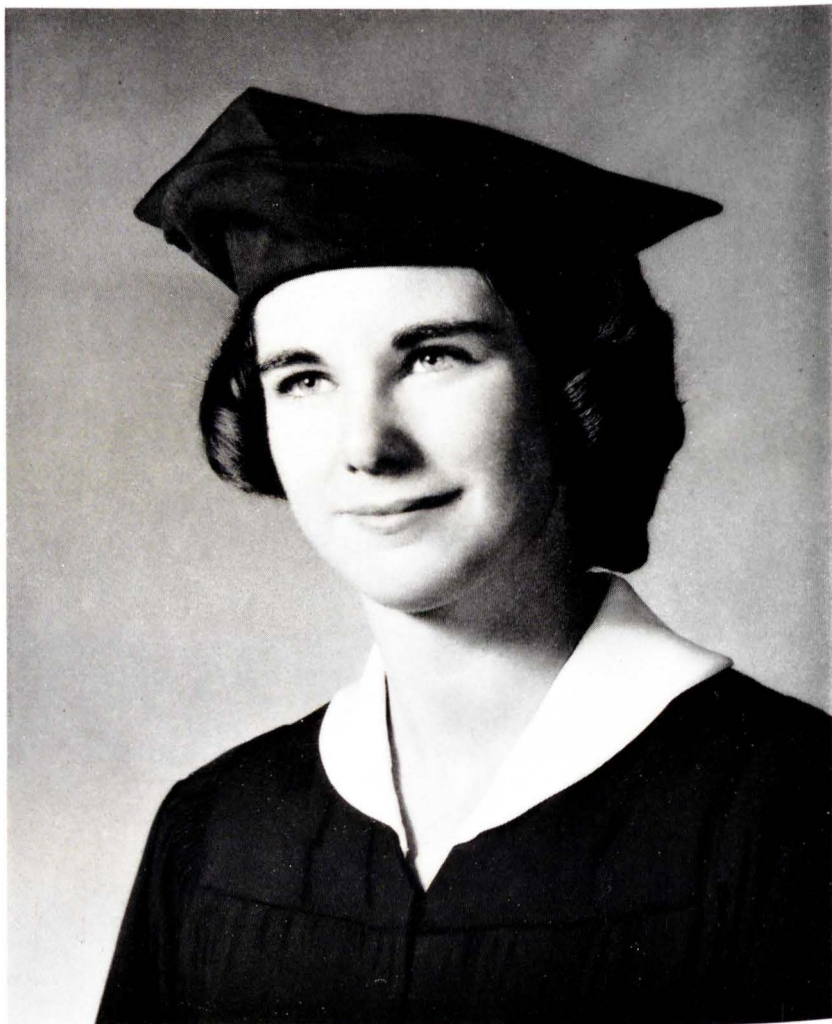


MARY MICHAEL CARSON
Portland, Oregon

MAJOR: HISTORY
MINOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

W.A.A. Board '61
French Club '59
Irish Club '59

The Troupers '60
I.R.C. '62



MAUREEN ANN COLEMAN

Hillsborough, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: EDUCATION

Firebrand Staff '62
I.R.C. '60, '61, '62
Irish Club '60

Music Club '62
S.C.T.A. '62
Publicity Chairman '62

MAUREEN COLEMAN

MAUREEN takes herself seriously and why not? She is determined to get a good deal out of life because she intends to put a good deal into it. Usually, she allots so much time to study, so much to class, so much to home, so much to amusement. But with the advent of spring and the baseball season, Maureen is apt to veer off schedule. Enthusiastically, she goes to bat for the Giants and tends to forego the less appealing commitments of college life for the road to Candlestick Park.

Maureen is vigorously, imperviously, indefatigably resolute. She does not look for argument, but unhesitatingly affirms that the Hippo is *the* place to eat each time dinner is to be had in the City, and is nowise curious about some murmuring in the back seat.

Her "confession" that she is too dependent upon others is apt to bring a surprise protest from those who do not know her well. On reflection, one sees that it is no lack of personal conviction or security that prompts such a confession, but rather a genuine desire to be with those with whom she feels compatible. There is in Maureen an element of the imponderable—something still unfathomed behind her enigmatic smile.

KATE DIEPENBROCK

KATE unwinds a story as if she were unraveling a knotted piece of string. Her penchant for long story-telling coupled with the everlasting strand of hair in her eyes and a small girlish frame belie Kate's spirit of maturity, independence, and self-confidence. Within Kate there is the happy harmony of youth and womanhood. Her inseparable attributes are familiar: the brusque tone of voice concealing a hint of humor; the detailed narration of a story rendered in "Kate-coined" phrases; the sharp perception and criticism of a situation; the unusual ability to hastily obliterate conversation when personally believed necessary.

A genuine interest in people attracts Kate to a throng of friends. A word is a promise and action is immediate. Kate has her own unalterable set of standards and she measures people accordingly. Her opinions are frank, levelheaded and generally unchangeable.

Because she has the ability to view any situation in full scope, Kate never makes a commitment until every detail has been thoroughly analyzed. Shyness may inhibit her in carrying out what she considers the proper thing to do; the consequent embarrassment may prove harrowing until she plots a way to escape the effect of her blunder. Loyalty to her family and devotion to her own upbringing engender Kate's unshakeable belief that the Diepenbrock way is the only way!



KATHERINE DUNDON DIEPENBROCK
Sacramento, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION
MINOR: ART

Co-Chairman Social Committee '62
Art Club '61, '62
French Club '59
I.R.C. '62

Irish Club '59, '60, '61
Italian Club '60
Spanish Club '59
S.C.T.A. '61, '62



MAUREEN ELIZABETH DOCKMAN

Brampton, Ontario

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: EDUCATION

Foreign Students Club '61

MAUREEN DOCKMAN

MAUREEN joined the class in our sophomore year, immediately after her graduation from high school in Toronto. She is a native of England who will probably end her travels in the U.S.A.

Maureen is a diminutive person who has two major methods of making her presence known. Her dress, most likely made by her own skilled hands, is quite often in her favorite color—magenta. Secondly, her conversations are uniquely her own. Maureen's opinions are definite and clear-cut. She mentions them casually, but defends them avidly. Her mind is not easily swayed.

Often what she says is quite surprising. She has confessed that she had no idea of who Benjamin Franklin was when she came here, and she refers to World War II as an "unusual experience." Maureen is, perhaps, most herself in writing; there her sensitivity to beauty and her respect for exactitude find expression.

Maureen has lived off campus during her college years and has been completely on her own. She has often teased the resident students about the "prohibitive restrictions" placed on them, but she is quite willing to admit that her own situation does have its disadvantages also.

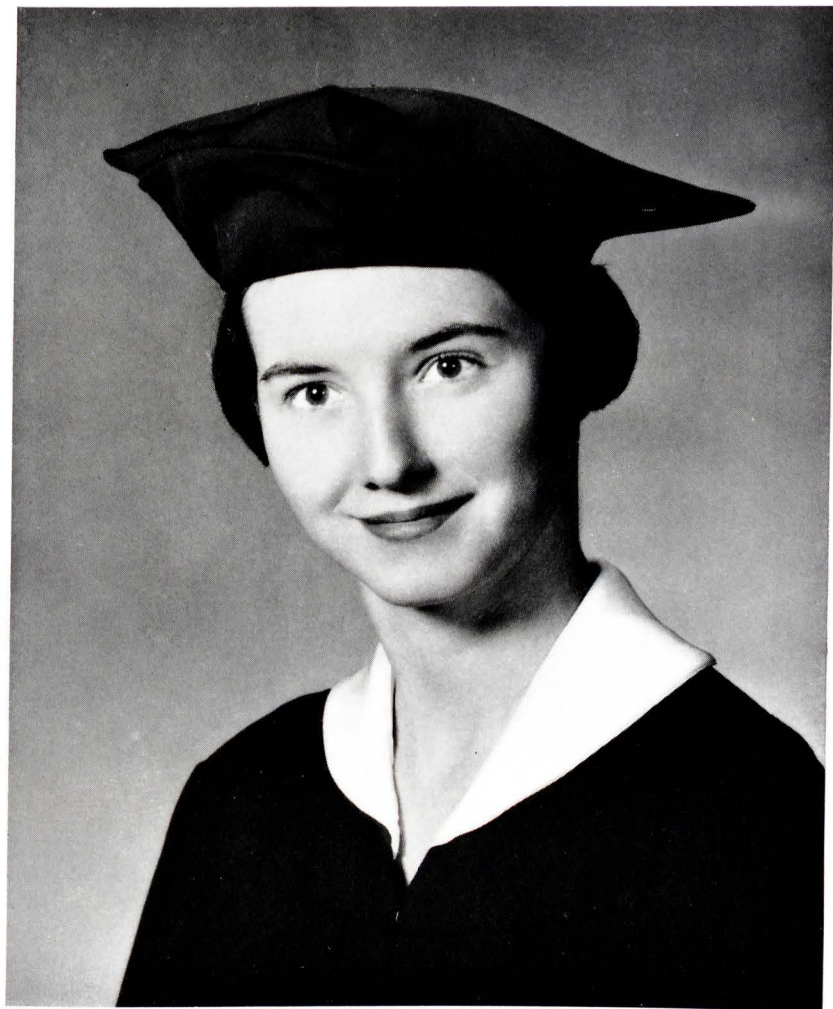
CLAIRE DOYLE

IN A CLASS of personalities which shoot like falling stars, Claire is a steadily moving planet in a fixed and encompassing orbit. She will be the axis of her life relationships among friends and associates and at the center of her family. Balance is the key to her thought, industry, and concerns.

Her spirit is strong and straight as the plaids she sports. And so she strode to graduation one semester early—through notebooks written in a flowing hand, through an English department whose steadiness was not unlike her own, and through summers of employment in a coroner's office.

In college, Claire graced her friends with an understanding ear, a treasured word, and stylish hair trims. Her stubborn will never succumbed to all-night cramming, though the hall would often echo the political arguments or gales of laughter from her room in the late, late hours.

It is significant that Claire's achievement as an excellent student, her warmth and grace as a woman, and her clarity and strength as an intelligent person are all qualities not envied. Instead, her unassuming humility places them in the respect and aspirations of others who, like Claire, would become the true and successful women of the modern world.



CLAIRE ELLEN DOYLE
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH
MINOR: HISTORY

Class Representative '59
Class President '60
Carillon Staff '62
I.R.C. '59

Irish Club '59, '60
Italian Club '60
W.A.A. Board '60



PATRICIA ANN DRULINER

Ukiah, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: FRENCH

Gamma Sigma

I.R.C. '59, '60, '61, '62

Vice-President '61

Chairman MUN Delegation '61

Madrigal '59

Music Club '59, '60, '61

Meadowlands House Chairman '59

PATRICIA DRULINER

PATTY can trace the rise of nationalism through the centuries, quoting verifying names and sources, but can't find her way across downtown Berkeley. Her vast aptitude for retaining knowledge and her searching imagination constitute an able student, yet her checkbook is perpetually in a hazardous state of balance.

Patty's total femininity blends happily its generous spirit with her fervent mind. The warmth of her temperament forbids any particle of the caustic to enter her voluble discourse, or even to skirt the confines of her thought. She rises above the petty. With commanding grace and airy elegance she addresses the Model United Nations or her own "friends in need" across the smoke-room table.

Patty's spirit is magnanimous. She enters any purpose with inexhaustible energy, be it studies, weekend plans, or simply socializing. So wholehearted are her endeavors that they may escape the bounds of discipline. The capacity to laugh at her human mistakes coupled with the sensitivity to earnestly seek their ultimate solution invites others to share in her humor and faith.

Persons and ideas do not bless Patty so much as she does them.

JOHANNA ELLIS

JOANNE is a girl singularly self-sufficient. She has always a "million things to do." And she doesn't start on time, so she hurries. One glimpses her rushing in a desperate attempt to get to class on time; or off to practice her figure-skating routines; or, perhaps just leaving on what she is wont to call a "pilgrimage to CMA."

She can occasionally stop to listen to good music—Debussy and Chopin are among her favorites. This Romantic note is not incongruous. As a matter of fact, beauty anywhere can hold her momentarily: the burning orange of a sunset, the crashing of the surf, or a simple white daisy. It is in harmony that she should find the subjective painting of the Impressionists very satisfying. Cézanne and Van Gogh are high in her esteem. And, on the side, Joanne does a little painting of her own.

Her real subject, however, is history which she finds fascinating in all its phases. She studies as swiftly as she does everything else; apparently her mind works rapidly, for her scholastic proficiency is above the ordinary. Joanne finds that college has given her a more genuine understanding of persons, places, and complexities of all sorts.



JOHANNA ELIZABETH ELLIS

Portland, Oregon

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

Fireband Staff '62
I.R.C. '59, '61, '62

Irish Club '59, '60, '61, '62
Music Club '61



BARBARA FITZSIMMONS
Orinda, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY
MINORS: PSYCHOLOGY, HISTORY

W.A.A. Board '61
Vice-President '61
Sophomore Representative '60

I.R.C. '59, '60
French Club '59
Irish Club '59, '60

BARBARA FITZSIMMONS

HAPPINESS is the tranquility of order." Barbara's is an ordered life. It is not one which regiments her own or infringes upon others' but one natural and free.

Barbara is a pleasant, open, sincere person whose presence is always welcomed. For an Irishman, she rarely displays her temper. Admirably, she conceals her feelings when it is expedient. Thus, few know this first-class worrier. Worry probably is the key to her accomplishments, for concern will not allow her to halt short of everyone's satisfaction. It may also spur some of Barb's rare and delightful whims such as that "urgent" call in the wee small hours to the wrong number!

She is practicality and planning from the word "go." Four years of college, one year of graduate study and a few "out in the world" have materialized into a wedding one month after graduation.

Barbara is alert and dedicated. She sympathizes so well with others as to nearly assume their anxieties, and always merits their loyal appreciation. She is serious but does not miss the humor of a human situation, for Barbara became engaged outside the walls of a psychiatric ward.

JOAN FRATI

HER imagination spins a cotton-candy world of fantastic stories; her intellect balances arguments for and against trans finite numbers. C. P. Snow would be delighted to find such a one as Joan, one who fully and charmingly inhabits both of the "two cultures." Joan was on hand to solve the San Francisco Archbishop's search for a "heavenly type" spectacular. One dark night, she assembled eight million well-chosen Catholics (including Jack Kennedy and Pat Brown) to form a line from St. Mary's Cathedral across the Golden Gate Bridge. Lighted candles in hand, they would pay tribute to the Pope as he sailed into the Bay. Thus illumined with the light of faith, the crowd waited; what came next? A single, twin-engined plane with a star on its side. And then . . .

In just such a way does the wit of Joan Frati impale the foibles of man like so many butterflies. And like its creator, the laughter is always kind. If the delightful subtleties of her conversation (and the range of her topics) sail over the heads of the less quick, her exuberance is infectious. What she likes she adopts, be it bran muffins, a teacher's laughable mannerisms, a book or a person.

It goes without saying that she abhors dullness. But then for one who can make a sermon on the sinister influence of mashed bananas, no subject is intrinsically dull.

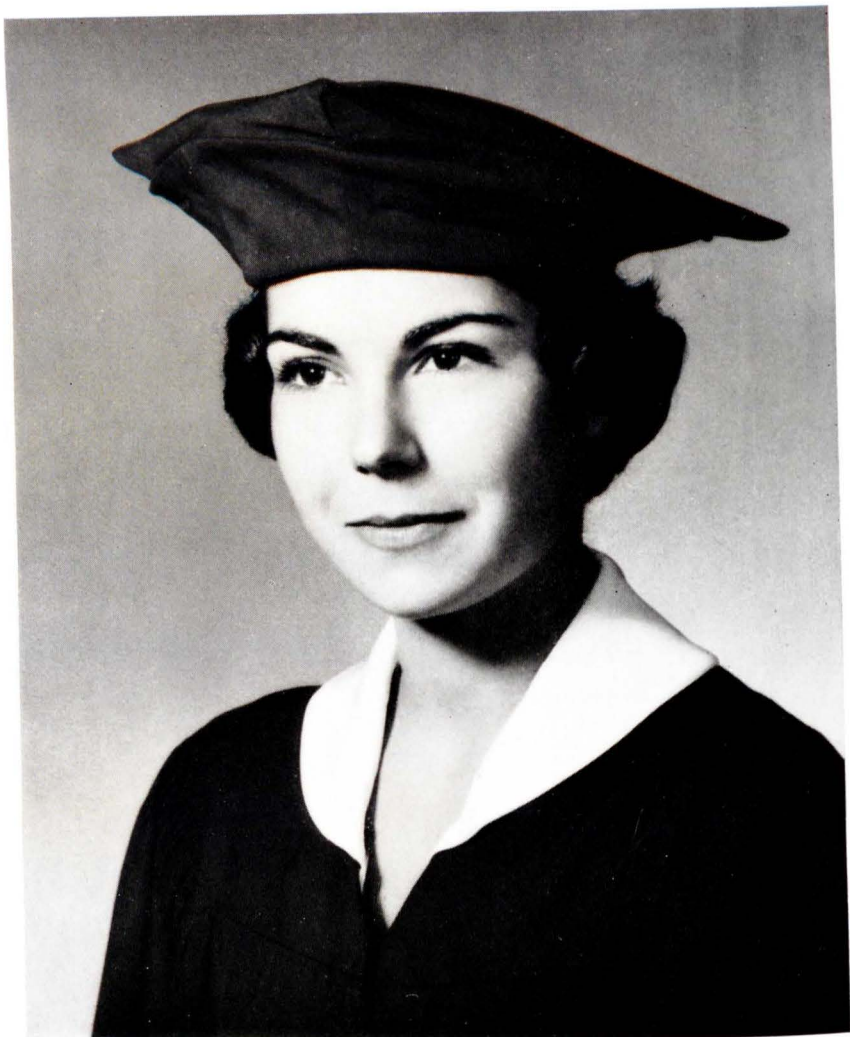


JOAN MARIE FRATI
Santa Rosa, California

MAJOR: MATHEMATICS
MINOR: ENGLISH

Gamma Sigma
Meadowlark Associate Editor '60
Assistant Editor '61
Carillon Staff '61

Firebrand Staff '62
I.R.C. '59, '60, '61
Music Club '61, '62



LILA RUTH FREEMAN
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION
MINOR: ART

Transferred from San Francisco City College '59

Art Club '62
Italian Club '60

Music Club '61

LILA FREEMAN

ONCE her shyness recedes, Lila plunges into the spirit of the moment with an amazing account of a great miscalculation or a onetime experience. With a flavored vocabulary her language barks in mimicry. Articulation is superb as she speeds her way through unique monologue.

Pride in her Jewish ancestry lends to her conclusions of what makes Bernstein great and to her curious delight in gefilte fish or cream cheese and lox. Of constant amazement to Lila is the common lack of ability to pronounce her name; "She called me Lilith," she exclaims in disbelief. Her week includes the usual problems stemming from conformity to a schedule, adherence to the speed limit, or a series of events that causes her to comment, "What a fool I was!" Seriousness is frowned upon; Lila can effectively refute a sober train of thought with a humorously illogical statement.

Lila is a sensitive person. Her nature is expressed in a warmth and tender concern for others. Outwardly gay, yet a person of intense introspection, her lack of presumption appears in her humble appraisal of her own abilities and in her hesitant presentation of an opinion. Her talents are many—extending from those of the artisan to those of the gourmet—and her wit and conversation present positive evidence of a fertile mind and a creative imagination.

MARGARET GERVASONI

SINCE she and her roommate of four years share the same first name, this small young woman answers to the titles of "Gerva" and "Gnome" to prevent confusion. She has a ready grin and an innate giggle. Still, like a true *Paisan*, her temper is quick, and once her mind is made up, so it remains. When she decides to do something one can consider it done.

Gerva enjoys people and gets along well with them. This explains her favorite extracurricular activities—bridge, talking, letter-writing, and, of course, serving at the ever-popular tea. True, the whole class engages in these pursuits, but Margaret's liking for people makes her especially successful in them. She values living on campus because she believes it has given her an insight into human nature, and thereby, an understanding of the world.

In spite of her varied social activities, Gerva manages to get most of her work done ahead of time so she can enjoy her weekends at home. Her propensities toward neatness and organization are responsible for this happy situation.

Margaret is definitely a lady. Her preference for feminine rather than tailored clothes; her dislike of beetles, bugs, snakes; her love of children and her favorite "sport" of dancing, all combine to indicate that she is a firm member of the weaker sex—and likes it!



MARGARET ANN GERVASONI

Petaluma, California

MAJOR: ECONOMICS

MINOR: EDUCATION

Class Treasurer '62

Italian Club '60

Spanish Club '59

Y.C.S. '60

S.C.T.A. '61, '62

Representative '61

Vice-President '62



CONSTANCE HOPE GIORDANO
San Rafael, California

MAJOR: FRENCH
MINOR: HISTORY

Class President '62
Social Committee '59, '60
Chairman '61

Art Club '61
French Club '59
Irish Club '59

CONSTANCE GIORDANO

CONNIE converses in three languages—English, French, and jargon. The first is for everyone, the second for fellow French scholars, and the third is reserved for those who have come to understand it.

Despite her day-hop status, Connie plays a vital role in campus life. The beginning of many a day finds the white Impala convertible gliding into the Pennafort parking lot. Connie is no passive joiner, but propels herself into the midst of any task she undertakes. As Social Chairman in her junior year and as senior class president she has displayed leadership abilities, dynamic selflessness, and personal magnetism.

Time for serious pursuits would seem to be limited, but an intensity of mind and a desire to know make every moment of Connie's studying count. She is a student of the world. Her scope of knowledge is not limited to one or two areas; she can converse with an intelligent and educated opinion on most vital matters. It was Connie who took History of Modern Art to broaden her understanding of the Fine Arts, and American Literature because of her interest in contemporary culture.

The future may well find Connie skiing the Olympic slalom course in some remote region of Siberia, or ascending some academic stage to accept her Ph.D. Both are within the scope of her capabilities.

MARIE GUERRERO

MARIE is outstanding in both the variety and value of her interests, and is able to converse on a wide number of subjects with quiet self-assurance. She possesses a mind "envy cannot but call fair" and lives in fear of being a mere dabbler in her fields of interest. A monomania for collecting books, many of which she plans to read at a later date, dominates her purchasing habits. Yet she is outstandingly well-read. Her favorite authors range from Yeats to Dostoyevsky. She also enjoys modern drama, music, and art. As an accomplished pianist she has performed in ensemble in Dominican concerts.

A feminine sense of precision and correctness pervades her actions and possessions. All of her actions are performed with an unobtrusive grace. She is sincere in conversations and intense in discussions. Although she is almost maddeningly analytic in her personal relations, she often appears reticent and withdrawn to strangers. As a French major she plans to continue her studies in France after graduation.



MARIE CONSUELO GUERRERO

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: FRENCH

MINORS: HISTORY AND ENGLISH

Carillon Staff '61

Drama Editor '61

Firebrand Staff '62

French Club '60, '61, '62

Music Club '59, '60, '61

I.R.C. '61, '62



LYNN DARLING HARRIMAN
Larkspur, California

MAJOR: SPEECH AND DRAMA
MINOR: ART

The Troupers '60, '61, '62
President '62
Vice-President '61

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

LYNN HARRIMAN

OUTWARDLY, Lynn is a small, blonde wisp. Inwardly, she is a creative giant mercilessly wielding her artistic power in all directions. Whether arranging the choreography for an interpretive dance, or soldering a stained glass window, Lynn inevitably exhibits her utter scorn of artistic mediocrity. She can be found in San Marco at odd hours, filling paper and canvas with her unique, gifted, uninhibited self. On the Angelico stage Lynn can make herself equally believable as the cat in a fairy tale, or as Joan of Arc. If all this creative energy were ever released at once, Lynn would surely be swept away by the power of her own productive storm.

An extrovert, Lynn is magnetically drawn by the word "group." She has devoted countless hours to recreation, senior citizens, and retarded children. These "jobs" are more like missions to Lynn, who is also an idealist.

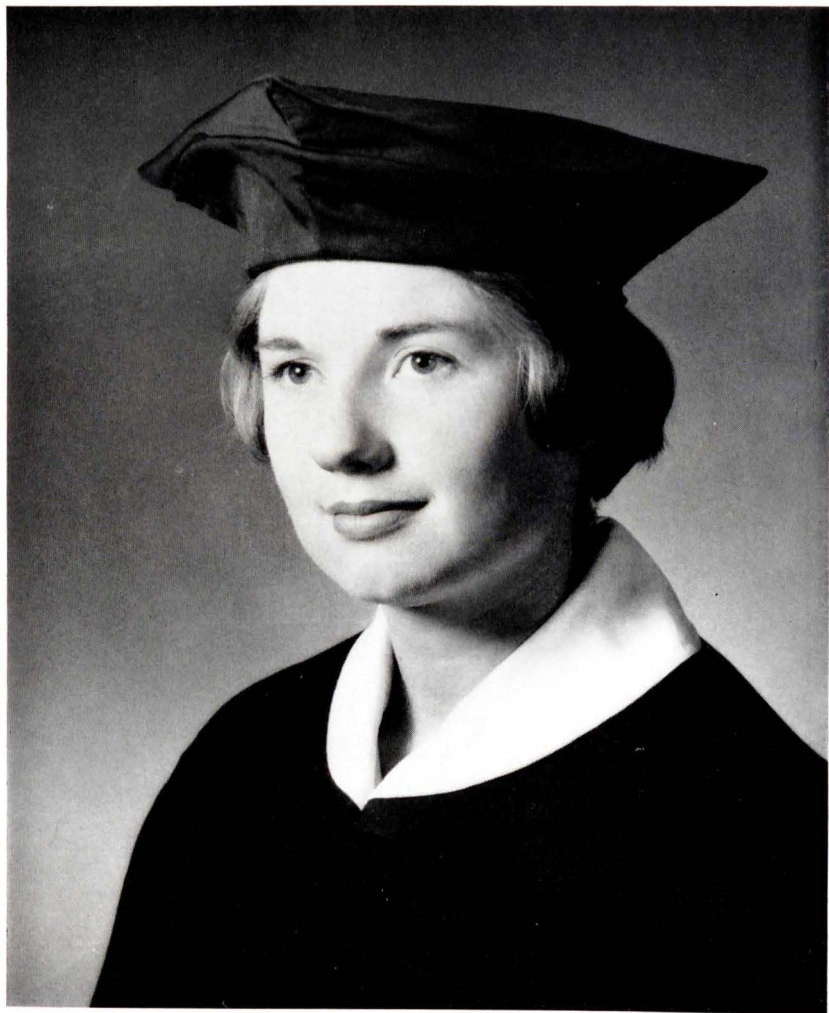
Concentration is difficult for Lynn—not because she lacks interest, but because she has a superabundance of it. She cannot remain long with one thing—she will miss something else. Often her ideas and images race so rapidly that her expressive powers can't keep up with them. An enthusiastic student, Lynn has made the whole, inexhaustible world her school.

MARY HENNESSY

NO ONE, even in the whole of Ireland, can produce more blarney with a straighter face than Mary Katherine Hennessy. Mary has manufactured more imaginative personages and bestowed more nicknames on men and beasts than Walt Disney himself. What's more, people always believe her! However, Mary can raze these fanciful structures as quickly as she assembles them, turn, and look life straight in the eye without blinking once. She is no escapist and no reformer. She is a contented realist, who finds beauty and diversion in people and things as they are—not as she would have them become.

Whimsically elusive, Mary appears to be playing hide and seek with the world. She will conceal herself in a room of strangers, and then assert herself among friends in a spontaneous one-man, one-act comedy, ranging from slapstick mimicry to sardonic subtleties.

The slightest spark of responsibility will set fire to Mary's conscientiousness, while larger duties, such as the *Carillon* or the Student Affairs Board will cause a blaze of concern. Mary will not accept a task unless she foresees its completion, and, at the same time, she seldom refuses. Everything she has, she is anxious to share. Mary is, in a word, a charitable institution.



MARY KATHERINE HENNESSY

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: EDUCATION

Student Affairs Board President '62

Carillon Staff '60

Editor '61

News Editor '60

Irish Club '59, '60, '61

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

Music Club '61

Spanish Club '59, '60

S.C.T.A. '60, '61, '62

The Troupers '59, '60, '61



EILEENMARIE HOLLOWAY

Vallejo, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Foreign Students Club '61

I.R.C. '62

Irish Club '59

Spanish Club '60, '61

Treasurer '60, '61

The Troupers '60

EILEENMARIE HOLLOWAY

CLASSIC beauty and poise envelop the warm down-to-earth personality of Eileenmarie. On first encounter she appears quiet, reserved, and aloof. Further insight reveals, on the contrary, a girl who has a sincere interest in people, and a sympathetic understanding of their needs and desires. Years of training in modeling and dance have undoubtedly contributed to her surface charm and composure while her natural kindheartedness and upbringing have determined her deep concern for others.

Eileenmarie is by no means totally serious. Her sense of humor, her sensitivity to the ridiculous, is equal to any situation. When the mood strikes, she abandons all gravity for practical jokes and melodious, if uncontrollable, laughter. The unpredictability of her humor tempers her earnestness and insures a variable element in her character.

Her common sense and her intelligent wise philosophy of life together with her humanitarian inclination will stand her in good stead in her envisioned role as a social worker. In any event, Eileen is by nature destined to spend her life lessening friction and pouring oil on troubled waters.

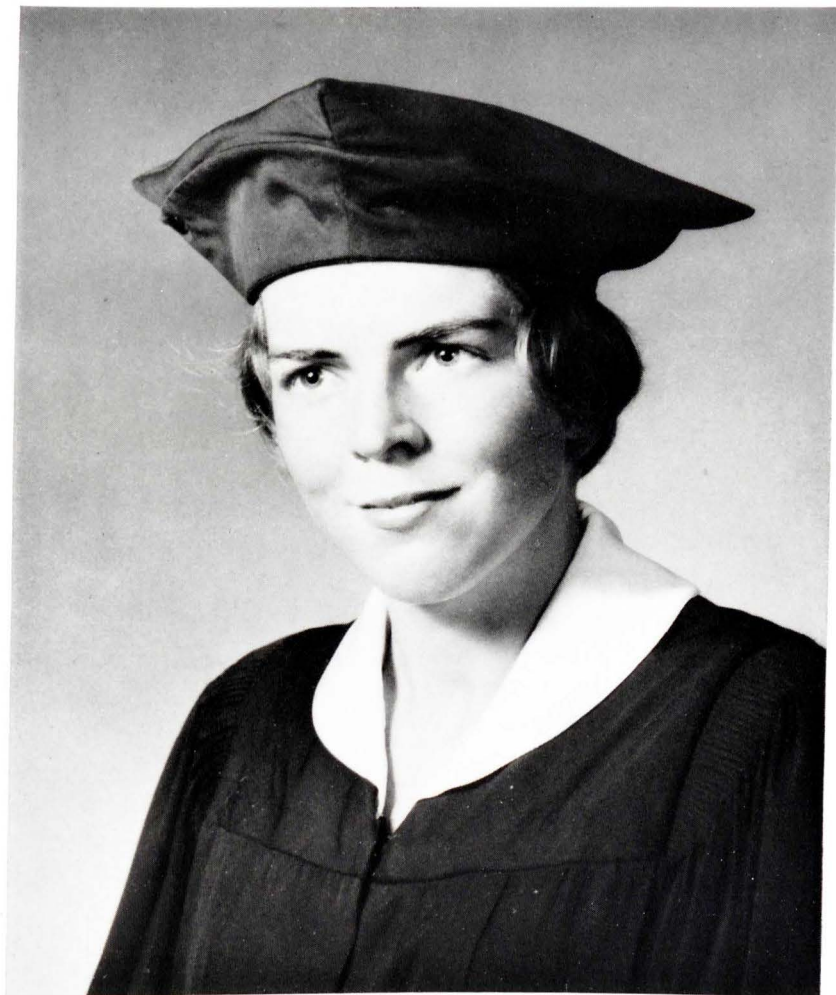
KRISTINA HORLIN

KRISTINA is very much the extrovert. She is quick to voice her ideas and opinions, and fervent, even fierce, in convincing others of their truth. Her preference is for conversation over study or even sleep, as many persons who have sat up with her until 3 a.m. will testify. Kristina's speech is clear and insistent, retaining scarcely a trace of its original British accent, which she denies its ever having had.

Her face and bearing are suffused with good health. Related to this are her favorite sports—skiing, tennis, skating, hiking, swimming, and camping. Since Kristina's best-liked activities are those of the outdoors, she is forced to admit that she has some difficulty keeping the indoors quite as tidy as it should be.

Besides the change in her accent, Kristina has been affected by several other American ways. She never refuses to go to a movie, she has learned to play bridge, and—a levi skirt hangs in her closet. Yet she remains very Swedish. Often her sentence begins, "Well, in Sweden we . . ." She has a pair of wooden shoes which she often wears.

Kristina has managed to become very much a part of her class and still retain her individuality to a remarkable degree—a worthy achievement in all respects.



KRISTINA HORLIN
Stockholm, Sweden

MAJOR: MATHEMATICS

Transferred from University of Stockholm, '60

Foreign Students Club '62

German Club '62



CAROL MARGARET INGMANSON
Menlo Park, California

MAJOR: ART
MINOR: ENGLISH

Carillon Business Staff '59
Business Manager '60
Meadowlark Staff '61
Assistant Art Editor '61
Firebrand Staff '62
Art Editor '62

The Troupers '59
French Club '59
Irish Club '59, '60
Art Club '61, '62
Co-President '62

CAROL strides the campus paths and Berkeley streets with the same certain sweep with which she strokes a canvas. You will be met by her earnest gaze and the unaffected grace of her smile. You will note her defined features upon a soft complexion and be as immediately impressed with the grandeur of a calm self-possession.

There is depth to be taken beneath these "still waters." Carol's subdued quietness occasions thoughtful self-reflection. Her outer dignity is vested in a lofty sense of feminine honor. An absence of display is but a veiling of her most profound affections. There is an ardent and delicate sensitivity draped in her attitude of ease—she is what Michelangelo did to marble.

Carol's timidity is blended with a vigorous self-will. Her frank opinions are not meant to impose, though her assertive manner may be often misinterpreted. She is a woman with a balanced checkbook!

Carol possesses a cheerfulness of temper compatible with serious thought and sensibility. Very simply, Carol loves a good time. The same unrestrained enthusiasm that resounds in her laughter swallows the yawning sun over the beach on which she lies. She is the quiet warmth and radiant brilliance of her favorite color, yellow.

MARGARET JOHNSON

MARG is a combination of tousled short brown hair, a lively gleam in her eye, and a gay, "Hi, kids!" Hers is a personality of love and honesty. This first attribute manifests itself in many of her conversations, both in those with children, and in those about children; these latter may relate the newest exploits of one of her little brothers at home or of one of her small charges in practice teaching. Her ambition is to have twelve children of her own, and she never passes a child on the street without saying "Hi" to him. She is usually rewarded either by a shy smile, an inquisitive stare, or a lengthy conversation on the demerits of a broken tricycle wheel.

Common sense is Margaret's mainstay; her prudent, unassuming attitudes are those valued in woman. She has a fund of homely advice varying from how to make jungle brew coffee to a sound but loving word to a depressed friend.

Since Margaret is one of those people who would rather be working on a collage for her kindergarteners than reading a description of how to do it, she sometimes finds studying wearisome. While this does discourage her, she will quickly comment with a tilt of her head, "Well, I guess that's the way God made me!" and head for the bridge table where a fourth is needed for a short game after dinner.



MARGARET CATHERINE JOHNSON
Ukiah, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION
MINOR: HISTORY

French Club '59
S.C.T.A. '61, '62
Vice-President '62

Irish Club '59, '60



LILLIAN JANET KING
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: ART
MINOR: HISTORY

Art Club '61, '62
Irish Club '59, '60

Spanish Club '59

JANET KING

FEMININITY, in the most becoming sense of the word, surrounds her. Unfailing warmth and kindness, a strict sense of propriety, faultless appearance and gracious poise combine to make Janet a true lady. But her gay laugh and ever-readiness for a hill party or a bridge hand testify to the fact that she is hardly the retiring type. One need only look at her bursting schedule of activities or listen to a regaling Sunday night account of her weekend's adventures to see a living example of the thesis that "blondes do have more fun."

Janet shares the overflowing vivacity of her being. She has the gifts of an Irishman and a storyteller—one with a slight San Francisco nasalism, to be sure. She is one of the few people who can spend a full half-hour relating a thirty-second joke and then be called upon to tell another. Though she is teased about her emphasis on "correctness," her store of information on good food, wines, and restaurants, the best crystal and china, and social graces is often called upon. There are times, however, when Janet is ill-at-ease and a certain shyness appears. It is then that she becomes reticent, speaking and acting with a withdrawn formality. Janet has lived in the center of things, and yet remained very much apart. One cannot know her without seeing the other worlds she inhabits, most notably the one including Gary.

PAULA LAGO

PAULA, our musical dayhop, might best be described as shy and ladylike. Yet this demure exterior conceals the most avid sports fan on campus. It is Paula who can reel off strings of batting averages for her favorite players. It is Paula who cannot bear to be far from a radio when the Giants are involved in their annual race for the pennant.

Paula's main interest, though, is music. She would like someday to be a college music teacher and choir director. Going to the symphony gives her great enjoyment, and she is one who can listen intelligently at the opera.

She is a sensitive, warm person, very aware of her responsibilities to others. Her promises are thoughtfully made and conscientiously kept. Paula is a "just woman" in this respect, and she expects her associates to be equally meticulous in meeting their obligations to herself and to others.

Her family receives a good part of her attention, and it is a pleasure for her to do something special, or even ordinary, for any one of them. Much of her time is spent with them for she realizes that during the greater part of her later life she will be away from them. In this charity toward others lies Paula's wisdom.



PAULA MARIE LAGO
San Anselmo, California

MAJOR: MUSIC EDUCATION
MINOR: EDUCATION

Non-Resident Students
Secretary-Treasurer '60
Madrigal '59, '60, '61

Music Club '59, '60, '61, '62
Vice-President '61
President '62
S.C.T.A. '60, '61, '62



EARLENE JOAN LEIF
Kentfield, California

MAJOR: HISTORY
MINOR: EDUCATION

Transferred from the University of California '61

EARLENE LEIF

EARLENE eludes pat characterization. She is deep blue against pale yellow, black orchids against wistaria, a Proust against a Salinger novel. She characterizes herself as an intellectual coffee pot—ideas bubble up, but they are apt to evaporate. Actually this analysis is an example of Earlene's tendency to speak in hyperbole. For she has made good use of her ideas as her fine scholastic record testifies. Earlene has a true, abiding interest in the academic. Concepts are her meat; discussion her drink. In any conversation Earlene streaks straight to the essential. Thus her intuitive mind is her chief intellectual characteristic.

Integrity is her personality trait. Often people discover what is suitable to their personality only through trial and error, but Earlene inherently knows what is her type of endeavor. This quality gives her an aspect of self-confidence and quiet composure among many of her not-so-certain college friends.

The light that is one side of Earlene is delightfully intermingled with her serious interests. For no matter how weighty the subject, Earlene's unusual and witty turns of phrase keep her friends happy and gentle-footed in every discussion and project.

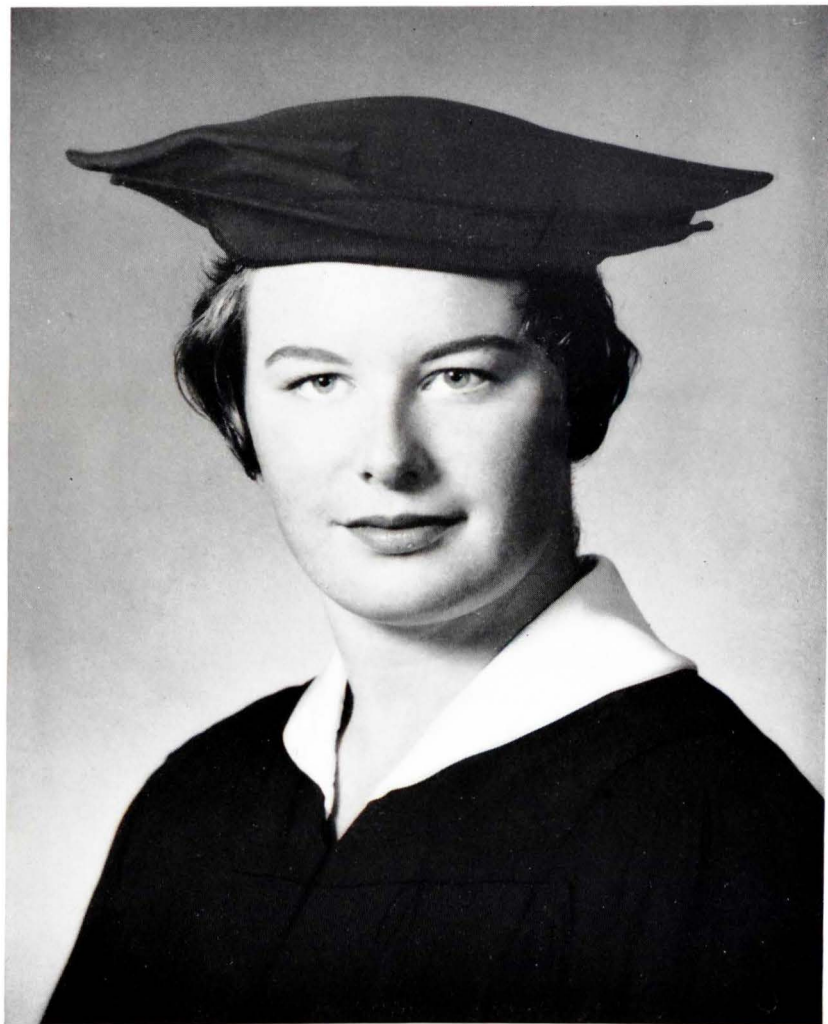
Earlene will walk through her home and teaching career with a sophisticated charm, giving much to those who have the fortune to discover her.

SARA MARR

SALLY and sunshine go together. Her joy in outdoor activity finds an outlet in her consistent participation in class teams and in her numerous endeavors at organizing a horseback-riding class. Two summers as a camp counselor have given her the opportunity to combine her special pleasures: sports, and work with children.

Even-tempered, though red-haired, Sally sometimes allows people to take advantage of her good nature. No matter how it may inconvenience her, she is always willing to do a favor for anyone. Her quiet thoughtfulness belies a sharp sense of humor; a funny situation often draws forth infectious laughter that is stifled only with the greatest difficulty. College life has taught her not to be so easily swayed by the opinions of others while still respecting them. If she disagrees, she does so quietly yet with conviction. Her reserve vanishes when with those she knows well; many have been surprised by her vivacious conversation in a relaxed atmosphere.

Sensitive to the beauty of nature, Sally delights in trying to capture its varying moods on canvas. Combining business with pleasure, she is often found working on posters for campus organizations. Diverse though her activities may be, Sally always returns to art. It exasperates and consoles her at one and the same time and may yet prove to be her dominant field.



SARA STEWART MARR

Mill Valley, California

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: EDUCATION

Meadowlark Staff '61

Art Editor '61

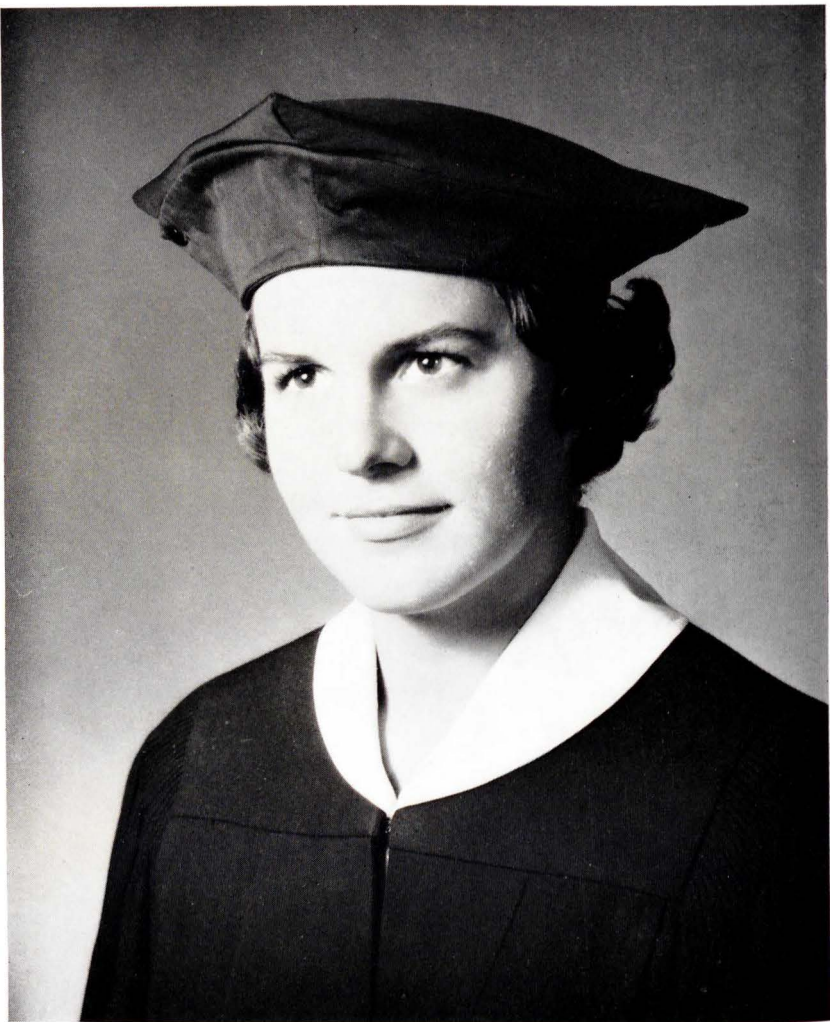
W.A.A. Board '61

Art Club '61, '62

Spanish Club '59, '60, '61, '62

S.C.T.A. '61

The Troupers '60



CATHERINE ELOISE MARX

Honolulu, Hawaii

MAJOR: ECONOMICS

MINOR: HISTORY

Foreign Students Club '61

Community Service '60, '61

CATHERINE MARX

EVERYTHING Cathy says, feels, or does ends with an exclamation point. In any group, there is Marxie, hands waving, the weight of the world knitted into her brow, a ferocity in her: "Listen! I'm really serious!" and an intense concentration on what others think about any subject from economics to world affairs, from current social life to Wall Street.

Cathy hotfoots her chaotic way from one major dilemma to another with good humor and mile-a-minute dissertations, to the entertainment of everyone around her. If she is now a hoydenish, brown-skinned surfrider, the next hour may find her an impeccably groomed, well-versed woman of Montgomery Street, or of the I. Magnin cosmetic department.

That she slaughters the Queen's English with an occasional "Hey, you creeps!" is scarcely believable when she begins to talk of things "seriously." And here there is no mistaking the determined Cathy. Let one tread softly who would enter her deepest thoughts or step on anything she cares for. They face "Marxiness," a weapon which charms, disarms, and wins over Super-Rats before they are conscious of doing battle.

Cathy has long dreamed of a business career, and she must, for a time at least, test her ambitions. But her greatest gift lies in the love of people—not corporations and computers. If we have laughed at her antics, we have respected her person still more.

SANDRA MEAGHER

GREGARIOUS and frank, Sandy is equally attuned to life's gaiety and its seriousness. Her humor consists as much in her wry facial expressions as it does in her brief, pointed remarks. A responsible, competent leader, she is often called upon to exercise her organizational abilities. Neither a worrier nor an overly carefree person, Sandy is a good listener who readily shares the problems of others. Her advice is helpful, not only for its good sense, but also because she never allows one to take problems too seriously.

Good jazz, coffee, red in all its varying shades, and a passion for neatness typify her. Perhaps this latter characteristic accounts for her chronic two minutes' tardiness, despite her resolutions to be on time for every appointment.

Sandy's love of the Spanish language, culture, and customs has been accentuated by a summer spent in Mexico. Her favorite greeting is a bright "buenos dias" or "que tal" accompanied by gestures reflective of her mood for the day.



SANDRA ANN MEAGHER
San Anselmo, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY
MINOR: SPANISH

Non-Resident Students
President '62
I.R.C. '61

Spanish Club '61, '62
President '61



ELIZABETH JOSEPHINE MILLER

San Diego, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Transferred from Barry College '60

S.C.T.A. '61, '62

BETTY JO MILLER

A TOTAL lack of pretension mixed with a critical self-analysis are attributes which may be used to describe Betty Jo. Impatient and critical with herself, she is equally impatient with those who have an exaggerated opinion of their own capabilities.

Betty cherishes the mid-western Falls of her native Flint and professes a love of the winter atmosphere of snow and skating, lakes and fireplaces. Still, Betty prefers the quiet life. She devotes her leisure time to listening to music, taking long drives, or settling down with an absorbing book—be it a novel by Emily Bronte or something as charming as *Winnie-the-Pooh*. This inclination toward the serene may partially explain her fear of airplanes, snakes, and crawling things.

Although Betty Jo has a penchant for quietude, she still places high value on human contacts. Betty has a deep social concern. During her visits to such places as Nassau, New York, and the Dominican Republic she was not impressed so much by the scenic beauty of these cities, as by the poverty of many of the inhabitants.

Betty has diverse interests. She is a paradox between indecision and a compulsive dynamism. Fortunately the dynamism is selfless, for her ambitions include meeting many new individuals. What is perhaps most impressive: her ambitions are accompanied by a concern for the betterment of the world.

MARY ELLEN MULLAN

MULLAN—her Christian name sometimes obscured in the rush of college days—contains a wealth in natural resources. With a flair for capricious humor, an unusual gift for music, a kindness and generosity of spirit cultivated by few, Mary Ellen is a combination of sometimes conflicting inclinations.

Sidestepping down the hall, shoulders level with her ears, and arms flung in exaggerated movement, Mullan is on the scene. Doors may be surreptitiously removed from their hinges; fire extinguishers may mysteriously explode; one may find vacuum cleaners, boulders or a curious specimen of wildlife in one's room. Mary Ellen immediately perceives any incongruity or any potentially amusing situation. Her mimetic art reduces the scene to ridiculous spectacle.

Beneath the clowning and laughter there is in Mary Ellen a person of deep sensitivity and compelling determination. At times moody, frequently impulsive, she readily regrets an outburst of temper or the obvious effect of rash behavior. Never malicious, but sometimes misunderstood, Mullan is wounded when she thinks she has hurt another.

Though she is gregarious by nature, her aspirations and musical gifts often demand departure from the crowd and concentrated moments of study and practice. Her loyalty to her violin and her earnest desire to refine her talent foretell inevitable success.



MARY ELLEN MULLAN

Palo Alto, California

MAJOR: MUSIC

MINOR: HISTORY

Irish Club '59, '61, '62

Italian Club '60

Music Club '59, '60, '61, '62

Spanish Club '59

Madrigal '59, '60, '61, '62

Schola '60, '61, '62



MARY ESTHER McCARTHY
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH
MINOR: EDUCATION

Class Vice-President '61
Meadowlark Assistant Editor '61
Firebrand Editor '62
Irish Club '59, '60

French Club '59
I.R.C. '60, '61
S.C.T.A. '61, '62

RESPONSIBILITY will always tag after Mary Esther because she will always be its conscientious master. With neat white collar and discerning brown eyes, Mary Esther is as competent as she looks. She has an elastic persistency that can be stretched to the completion of any task, minute or majestic. She has a mind of her own, and is generally outspoken—but she also knows when not to speak out. An advocate of self-criticism and self-improvement, Mary Esther will sigh at the end of an active day: “I should do something constructive!” Always poised for an emergency, she is never overturned by any major vicissitude. She may, however, be temporarily shaken by an argument arising from Father Blank’s ethics class or by a controversy over an Ingmar Bergman movie.

Mary Esther seems to collect the problems of others. She always succeeds in being a good listener, and for her, a secret learned is a secret kept. Her prudent objectivity makes her simultaneously compassionate and detached.

If Mary Esther had her way, the world would be stripped of superficialities, non-essentials, detours. She worries just enough to bring the work to conclusion. She studies hard and relaxes hard—for there is in Mary Esther a proper balance of the gay and the earnest.

KATHLEEN MCINERNEY

A COMMANDING air, analytic mind, and flair for the unexpected—these belong to Kathleen with the distinctness that marks her as a rare individual. Her appearance on the scene produces an immediate electricity; her presence cannot be ignored. Conversation brightens, for her wit and rhetoric are challenging as well as stimulating. She loathes superficiality; her penetration carries her to causes, to relationships, and often to surprising analogies.

Kathy lives at high tension in a world that tends to be black and white. The sound of paint being peeled off a pencil is as upsetting to her as the sinking feeling which accompanies the moment of silence during which a professor hands out an exam. Her inveterate habit of making elaborate plans is balanced by a tendency toward procrastination. Intense dislikes, especially pettiness, are subject to scathing ridicule. More often, however, her eye for detail, and fascination with people result in broad humor, for she has a growing realization of the worth of the natural and the value of the simple virtues.

Gallons of coffee, song fests, hill parties, dry leaves, and soft rain on the rooftop are also a part of her (as is the "affliction" of trying to get up for an 8:15 class). Whatever she takes upon herself she does with that competence and polish which tempts one to speculate on her future achievements.



KATHLEEN ROSE McINERNEY

Oakland, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Gamma Sigma

A.S.D.C. Parliamentarian '62

N.F.C.C.S. Senior Delegate '61

Executive Board '61, '62

Class Vice-President '59

Mademoiselle Magazine College Board '61, '62

Meadowlark Staff '60, '61

Associate Editor '60

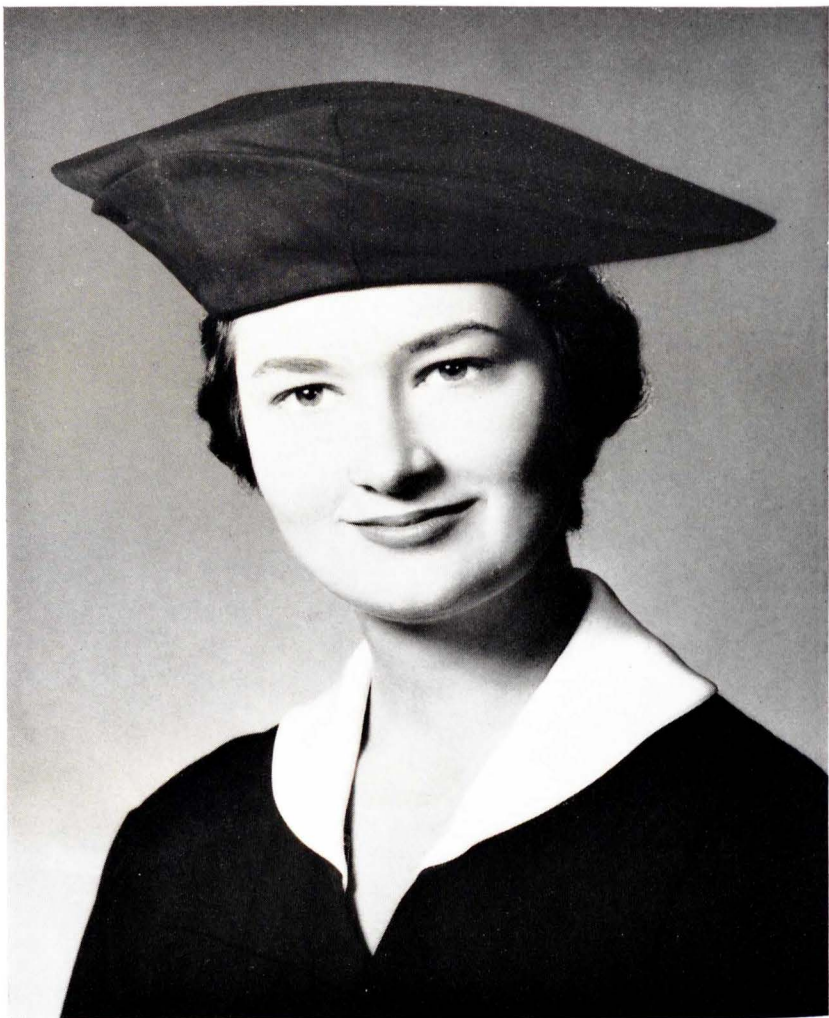
Editor '61

Firebrand Staff '62

Associate Editor '62

I.R.C. '59, '60, '61, '62

Irish Club '59, '60, '61



KATHARINE LOUISE McKENZIE
Tillamook, Oregon

MAJOR: HISTORY
MINOR: EDUCATION

Student Affairs Board '61
Social Committee '61, '62

Carillon Staff '61
Art Editor '61

KATHARINE McKENZIE

KATHARINE will never be sidetracked from the *via media*. Her common sense is too efficient a guide for that. A vitamin addict, a circumspect driver, an advocate of eight nightly hours of sleep—Katharine is a living demonstration of prudent insight and foresight. She is always self-sufficient, consistent, predictable.

But Katharine is never listless. If she doesn't find life pleasurable, she makes it so. Abstractions, to Katharine, are either black or white. Her ideas, opinions, and principles never reveal a shading of uncertainty or fluctuation. The concrete, to Katharine, is vividly colored. She is constantly diverted by nature, and never prejudiced against human improvements or additions to it.

Katharine is multi-spirited. Her domestic bent finds fruition in handknit bulky sweaters, or in home-cooked apple pie. An appetite for adventure will lure her to the top of Mount Tamalpais, or down to the level of the sea. A creative urge will prompt her to draw caricatures of her roommates, or reproduce an aria from *Lucia di Lammermoor*.

Whatever Katharine appears to be, she is. She believes in self-perfection, but abhors hypocrisy or affectation in its place. She would never try to deceive herself—and would never want to deceive others.

JOANNE NOMELLINI

THE CLASS of '62 will eternally associate the word "neatness" with the name Joanne. Even after a long day of student teaching, "Jo" will emerge looking as if she herself has been encased by one of the many plastic bags hanging in her closet.

Joanne's neat exterior mirrors perfectly an ordered interior. Her even-tempered disposition is phenomenal. In the midst of irreparable disaster, she will wrinkle her nose, shrug her shoulders, and anticipate immediate improvement. Excelling in charity as well as in optimism, Joanne always thinks the best of people, until the very worst is shown. And, even then, she displays a wealth of compassion and tolerance. Her time and energy are never hoarded—a fact which accounts for the many class and club offices she has held. Unusual, indeed, is her ability to perform a favor and make it seem like a privilege.

Joanne is one of the world's rare individuals whose laudable qualities are virtues and whose faults are mere idiosyncrasies. Yet mixed with her goodness of heart and nature, there is a glint of mischievousness in her dark eyes that never hides itself very well.



JOANNE MARIE NOMEILLINI

Stockton, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: ART

Class Vice-President '62
Spanish Club '59
Italian Club '59

Art Club '61
S.C.T.A. '60, '61, '62
Secretary-Treasurer '61



MARY JOAN NOONAN
Fairfield, California

MAJOR: HISTORY
MINOR: ENGLISH

Student Affairs Board '62
Edgehill House Chairman '60
Pennafort House Co-Chairman '61
Carillon Business Staff '59

Irish Club '59, '60, '61, '62
Secretary-Treasurer '60
S.C.T.A. '61, '62
The Troupers '60

MARY NOONAN

MARY NOONAN has piercing blue eyes, a slightly brusque voice, and when she cocks her head and speaks her mind, people listen. She is forthright and charmingly—sometimes alarmingly—honest. What is uppermost in “Noon’s” mind is spoken. And her laugh is as forthright as her speech: it is a wonderfully individual contagious laugh that cuts a problem down to size. Despite an inherent seriousness and directness—or perhaps because of it—she has a congeniality that adapts itself to all types. If a newcomer appears on campus—student, sister or priest—Noon will approach them with a “Hello, I’m Mary Noonan” and with a “who-are-you?” kind of look. In approximately five minutes they will be deep in conversation, or sharing a joke together.

Noon likes people and activity. If you have any desire to know what births, deaths, or marriages have occurred to Dominican students or their families during the past four years, she is the one to ask. Her encyclopedic knowledge stems not from “busybodyness,” but from genuine interest.

Mary’s liking for people is accompanied by a deep sense of responsibility. She is rigorous with herself and rigorous in exacting the best from others. She is not sympathetic with the underminers of the common good. And, if she had any enemies, even they would be forced to admire her integrity.

LUCIA OLIVIERI

LUCIA is a giving person, the perennial volunteer for irksome tasks or a willing substitute for friends who just do not have the time. Her agreeable smile, sympathetic ear, and ready fund of conversation extend quietly and unpretentiously to all. "Luch" is gregarious, always ready to join a Friday night movie jaunt to the City or simply converse for hours on any handy topic. As a lover of music and laughter, of art, literature, and Italy, her colorful anecdotes range from the "comforts" of an Italian train ride to the hazards of experimentation with some of San Francisco's lesser known restaurants.

An interested student, Lucia has learned to work capably and steadily, thus leaving time for other pursuits, especially opera and symphony. Using both hands for emphasis, she says, "I hate to leave things until the last minute. I like to get them out of the way." Punctuality and order are her keynote. Her wide interests and respect for the opinions of other people, her practicality, generosity, and love of children mark her as a future teacher whose achievement will be the awakening of new ideas in her students.



LUCIA CATHERINE OLIVIERI

Linden, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: ENGLISH

Transferred from Stockton Junior College '60

Spanish Club '61

Italian Club '61, '62

Music Club '61, '62

Art Club '62

I.R.C. '61, '62

S.C.T.A. '62



PATRICIA IONE OTTOBONI
Cloverdale, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH
MINOR: HISTORY

Carillon Staff '62
Meadowlark Staff '61
French Club '59
I.R.C. '61

Italian Club '60
Music Club '61, '62
S.C.T.A. '62

PATRICIA OTTOBONI

PATRICIA has an open, frank appearance which reflects her prevailing habit of mind. A conversation with her is apt to be full of surprises as it fluctuates between the extremes of subtlety and bluntness. Although her remarks occasionally cause consternation, her laughter ordinarily softens such comments. She often deplores this tendency to speak out so readily. Still, "many true thinks are spoken in jest."

Although she values solitude, Pat also enjoys the company of others. People fascinate her and a desire to know them well shows itself in her friendliness. This interest is extended to world personalities and situations which results in her spending time in the library hovering over newspapers and periodicals as well as over her books. Her record for four years displays a stubborn persistence and self-discipline in academic endeavors.

Pat is a less serious person than she seems to be. Though she is at times preoccupied, or can become completely engrossed in a certain activity such as adjusting a camera lens for an hour on a Quebec rooftop to photograph a full moon, she laughs at herself in retrospect. Pat's high ideals coupled with her enthusiasm and perseverance will make her equally successful as a seasoned world traveler or as a small town high school English teacher.

PATRICIA PETRI

EVERYONE, and yet no one, knows Patti. Anyone who's ever heard "Chubby Checker" screaming down the hall, "Hey Dilly" in the grove, an Italian bus horn, or a loud yell and bare feet—as the West Wing's Linus, wrapped in her comforter, goes slapping down the hall to the phone—knows Patti. Anyone who's ever seen bright orange flashing away—but always away—from Guzman, knows Patti. Boundless of energy, generosity and kindness, Patti is too often mistaken for a whirling dervish when, in truth, she is possessed of the love, warmth, and deep values which lead those who know her first as the party-girl to admire her finally as a person of quiet, unfathomable depth. Yet, she rarely misses an opportunity for a hill party or just a chance to get away. Patti caters to none, listens only to those whose opinions she values. And so, her independence is too often mistaken for indifference.

Actually, Patti is serious, intent on following the important rather than the trivial. Because of her unselfishness of person, she possesses the priceless ability to be a friend. Few know what she is thinking, for she has too much regard for that which is dearest to her to reveal it to many people. One wishes most to see Patti settled comfortably with her own family, for she is, in every respect, one who must live in an aura of warmth and love.



PATRICIA MARIA PETRI
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: HISTORY
MINOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

Art Club '61, '62
Italian Club '60, '61

I.R.C. '61



LINDA MARIE POMETTA

Petaluma, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

I.R.C. '59, '60

Spanish Club '61

LINDA POMETTA

LINDA likes people who are themselves and such persons also like her, for this resident-turned-dayhop is very much herself. She finds much that is laughable in life, and therefore her most characteristic expression is a broad smile breaking into an exuberant laugh.

Because of her innate joviality, Linda keeps her friends smiling and happy, especially when they have problems. But her ability to laugh at almost anything is tempered by her common sense and sincerity.

Since Linda turned to day-hopping from Petaluma, Highway 101 has not been quite the same. However, as she herself will tell you, she rarely loses control, and never loses confidence in her driving. But as for her passengers, her well-worn phrase, "Don't get excited!" rings in their ears.

Linda's great love for children, her understanding of their needs and desires, and her patience with their frustrations will help to make her a competent and satisfied social worker. Here she will be able to make use of her optimistic outlook, her sincere approach, and her ability to make others cheerful and happy.

JULIA RILEY

RESTORING the White House sounds like something Judy Riley would think of. A person of formed taste and instinctive graciousness, she is continually busy with plans for changing the old order. Judy always finds herself in the midst of numerous and diversified projects which are matched and completed by her wide range of talents. She is the domestic woman and the urbane lady who bridges the gap between world and home with innate ease. Accomplishment, defined by her limitations, rather than perfection, is sought. She worries little, is confident in her own decisions and hastily vocalizes arguments in an attempt to proselytize for a favorite belief.

Judy's loyalties are quiet convictions—inventive and dependable. Her grey eyes shape a quick concern for a friend's trouble. If a promise has been made or a serious obligation is present, Judy will conveniently shuffle the demands of the day to accommodate personal responsibilities first. When she is excited the cause is likely another's good fortune, and Judy makes a celebration out of a small happiness. A hopeless romantic, she venerates Dante Alighieri, ponders Dylan Thomas' verse and considers solving Abe Lincoln's murder. Affectionate and warm, she is utterly feminine, but thoroughly anti-feminist. Judy believes that perhaps Susan B. Anthony did more harm than Eve.



JULIA MARIE RILEY
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH
MINOR: EDUCATION

A.S.D.C. President '62
Treasurer '61
Executive Board '61, '62
N.F.C.C.S. Junior Delegate '60
Class President '59

W.A.A. Board '60
Treasurer '60
Irish Club '59, '60, '61
The Troupers '59



ELIZABETH JOSEPHINE RODDY

Oakland, California

MAJOR: MUSIC

MINOR: EDUCATION

Madrigal '56, '57, '58

ELIZABETH RODDY

ELIZABETH has already left her mark on Dominican. Throughout her college career, which of necessity has been longer than the average, Liz has shown how a person with quiet efficient ways can get things done. Only by sheer courage and perseverance has she been able to teach forty elementary school piano students each year while also studying for her degree and teaching credential. Many would have crumbled under the strain, but Liz is too dedicated to reduce her load for personal reasons.

Liz abounds in creativity in areas other than in music, too. A talent for writing and a gift for savoring the "little things" of life pleased the *Meadowlark* readers when, in her article "Kite In The Sky," she described (with all the excitement of a first orbital flight) her daily Volkswagen trip across the Richmond Bridge.

Liz is more interested in listening to her companions than she is in talking about herself. Although her numerous teaching and student activities leave her little time for chats with her colleagues, her presence is keenly felt among them. Within class Liz goes to her work with an unusually strong discipline, a discipline founded on a powerful goal to be reached. When asked how she manages all her activities, she sums up her perspective of the world around her by saying, "If I don't think about it, I'm all right."

IF ANY single word can typify Andrea, it is “spontaneity.” Immediacy of reaction explains the spirit of her wit, her intellect, and her emotions. For her whole being is open to one who would read it, and her expression is unrestrained. She speaks in words, on canvas, and with a wild abandon of hands, eyebrows, and rubber-faced gestures. This, plus her uncanny ability to spot the incongruous and pinpoint the ludicrous, produces a half-mental, half-pantomimic humor.

That she reacts spontaneously and intensely to situations and people is obvious to anyone who has ever seen her bawl in a second-rate movie, weep over a nostalgic letter, or wrinkle her brow with a child-like frown over another’s misfortune. So great is her empathy with others that she will probably spend her wedding day consoling her dejected *ex beaux*.

But one must be wary of viewing her enthusiasm and impulsiveness with a sophisticated eye. Above all else, her incisively keen understanding cuts through the illusions and pretensions to the real, sometimes with disconcerting accuracy. The truth of this is revealed in the universality of her paintings.

The seeming duality of compassion versus realism resolves itself in Andrea’s personality like this: a rose is a rose, unless, that is, it is happier being a violet—in which case it is a violet—period!



ANDREA MARIE ROSALA
Eureka, California

MAJOR: ART
MINOR: HISTORY

Executive Board '61
Junior Class Representative '61
French Club '59

Irish Club '59, '60
Italian Club '60
Art Club '61, '62



MARY ELLEN RUDDEN
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH
MINOR: HISTORY

Freshman Advisor '61
Executive Board '61
Carillon Staff '60
Assistant Editor '60
Meadowlark Staff '61

Fivebrand Staff '62
Social Committee '60, '61
Irish Club '59, '60
Italian Club '60
I.R.C. '62

MARY RUDDEN

MARY is a people's person—a spectator in the Great Theater of the World. Guided by aloof observations, she makes succinct conclusions about the people around her. She is non-vocal on her own personality, but, by observing her method of choosing friends, one may decipher much about her character. Rudden is readily drawn to the bearer of an extraordinary sense of humor: her own is a match for Anyman's. She will immediately respect obvious intelligence tempered by humility; her fine mind recognizes and rejects superficiality. She appreciates kindness and finds sincerity the sole excusing factor for otherwise inexcusable wrongs. She sees her closest friends as possessing these qualities; they see her as the disconcerting wit whose penetrating satire teaches them to laugh constantly at their dearest foibles.

Rudden has a gallery of preferred people—contemporaries above and below her own age group: Prince Phillip, her much-admired Uncle Jim, and an inane group of statesmen, authors, and actors whose biographies are her forte. She will take walks, or listen to choir records, but a medium which involves contact with people will always take precedence.

She becomes attached to favorite people and memories. Left to her devices, Rudden would make her own little world—a happy breed of folk who would laugh all the time, first at themselves and then with others.

KARIN SAIS

KARIN'S integrity of expression is refreshing, for she sees things as they are and unhesitatingly distinguishes between black and white. Her occasional stormy moods never last long, and once the ridiculousness of a situation is presented to her, she is the first to laugh over it.

A naturally gregarious person, Karin studies as well as enjoys the people with whom she comes in contact. Confidences are neither sought nor repulsed, but, once accepted, are not broken. She loves good conversation and has been known to pursue elusive points until suddenly she realizes that the sun is rising. Class assignments, also, are frequently completed in the early morning hours. This does not mean that she has a particular hatred for sleep, but that there simply aren't enough hours in the day to accomplish all she intends. This constant race against time, coupled with her brand of perfectionism, tends to make Karin worry overmuch from time to time.

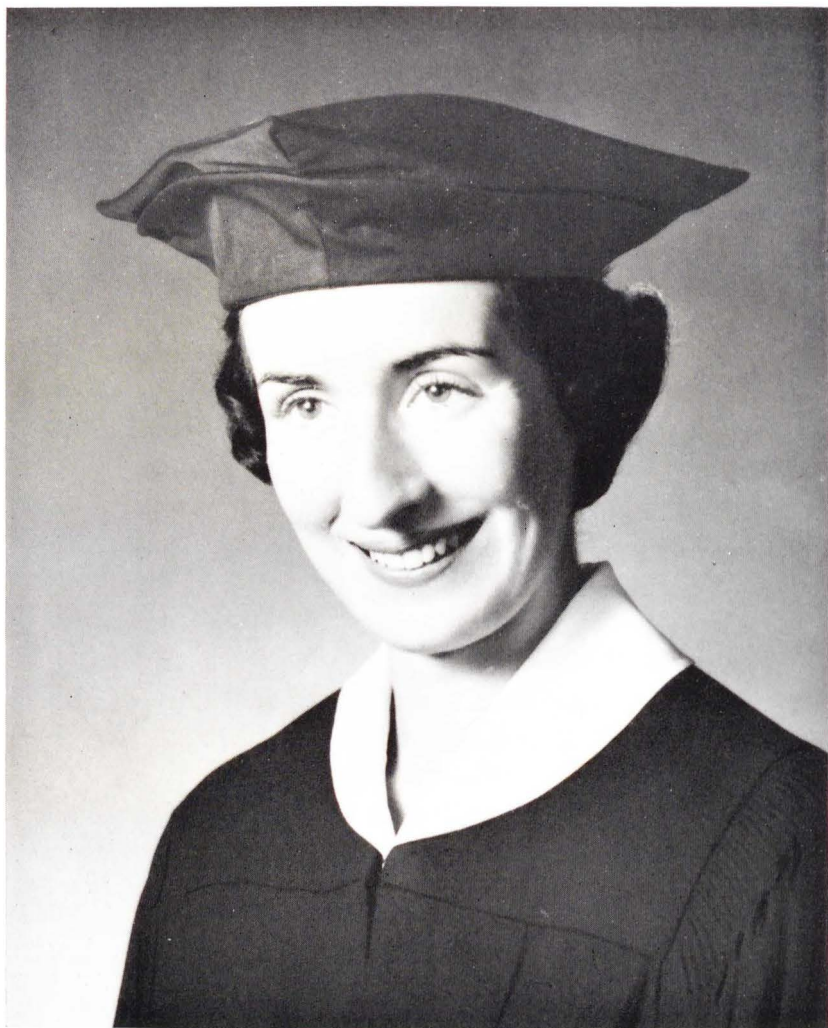
Her generosity, especially when it comes to her mother's cooking, is well known. She expects no more than she herself would give.

Karin's interest in the world at large is shown by the glint in her eyes when someone mentions a remote corner of the globe. The philosophic and the practical join together in her personality to form a mind searching and curious.



KARIN ANN SAÏS
El Cerrito, California

MAJOR: FRENCH
MINORS: POLITICAL SCIENCE AND HISTORY
French Club '60



FRANCES ANN SANGUINETTI

Stockton, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: ENGLISH

Transferred from Stockton College '60

Music Club '61

I.R.C. '61, '62

S.C.T.A. '61, '62

President '62

FRANCES SANGUINETTI

FRAN'S Italian temperament is amply offset by her well-developed sense of humor which extends first of all to herself. If there is any humor in a situation, Fran will find it. Many after-dinner smokeroom sessions have been filled with her anecdotes recounted in a somewhat monotone voice and accompanied by numerous gestures. Her opinions are expressed with a frankness which may lead to temporary misunderstandings. Her occasional quixotic flareups are tempered, however, by straightforwardness and honesty.

Her reserved appearance and somewhat abstracted expression are initially misleading, for as Fran herself concedes, one of her special faults is "looking as if I'm bored when I'm really not." Those who know her will readily testify that she is rarely bored. When Fran is at the bridge table, a small gleam in her eye approves a good hand, while a baleful glance warns her partner of the inevitable, "Well, I guess I'd better pass."

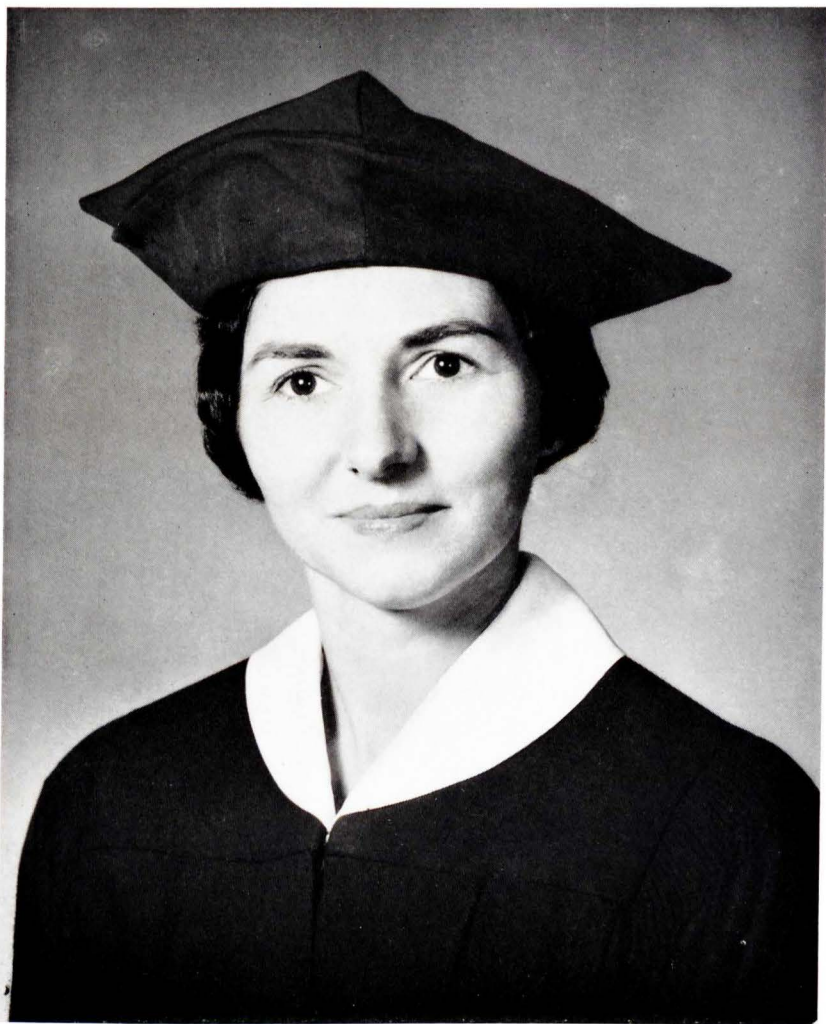
A conscientious worker, Fran studies systematically. Her appearance is impeccably neat whether she is rushing off to practice-teach or piling a dozen girls into her car for a Friday night movie. Fran distributes work and leisure with enviable balance, wrapping both in quiet humor.

JOSEPHINE SANTORO

UNDISGUISED vibrance and a gracious, kind interest in others characterize Jo. The possessor of an uncomplicated acceptance of life, Jo is equally insistent on others' common sense. Professing to dislike moody people, she still exhibits an interest and understanding of the problems and activities of all with whom she associates. This interest is manifested in many of Jo's favorite pastimes: her enjoyment in cooking for small groups of friends, in carrying on long phone conversations, in playing a few games of bowling, and academically, in her favorite course—psychology.

Jo is the possessor of a healthy restlessness: she has crossed the country four times, visiting such cities as Washington, D.C. and Quebec, but she will return to her native Michigan upon graduation. Jo is eager to meet new experiences, but among her most unusual she will recount the two years spent as a Navy Wave. Jo credits her years at Dominican with making her aware of how much she has yet to learn.

She possesses a true charity and sense of justice in her dealings with others and if she has a fault, it is being too critical of herself. One can best realize Jo's common sense and well-ordered view of life if one considers her example of a humorous experience: "living."



JOSEPHINE THERESA SANTORO

Wyandotte, Michigan

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Transferred from Sienna Heights, Adrian, Michigan '60

S.C.T.A. '61, '62



SUSAN ANNE SCHNEIDER
Spokane, Washington

MAJOR: ENGLISH
MINOR: HISTORY

Student Body Vice-President '62
Sophomore Class Secretary '60

The Troupers '60
Secretary '60
French Club '59

SUSAN SCHNEIDER

SERENITY and precision mask Susan's fine intelligence and wit. Her flashes of humor are as subtle as her tastes: Beethoven, Donne, and A. A. Milne. Susan's basic qualities of honesty and gentleness combine to produce an enviable diplomacy. Yet her native intelligence, governed by an affecting self-discipline, finds contradiction in an understandably feminine flaw: the inability to make up her mind and to stay with her original decision.

Susan claims that her organizing for the sake of organization is an idiosyncrasy. Perhaps she is underestimating the effect of this activity, for her sense of organization, or, better still, proportion, can be seen in her dedicated neatness, both in dress and belongings.

Susan is the possessor of an impressive amount of common sense. Her efficiency and her aristocratic demean disguise the simplicity of a warm and genuine charity and an artist's sensitivity for even the most shifting light and shadow of experience. Perhaps one could best describe Susan by saying that she consistently retains a privacy and sense of honor which can only be attributed to the fact that Susan is, at all times, simply, a lady.

ANNE SPIELER

TO THINK of Anne is to think of happiness personified. With radiant personality and irresistible smile, she displays an infectious joy in being alive. A genuine concern for others impels compassionate understanding and eagerness to accommodate. Any problem or vexation, once in contact with Anne's sympathetic nature, is readily dissolved into the insignificant.

Those who know Anne well are constantly amazed at her ever-expanding interests: a simple daisy midst a field of clover, a burst of sunlight through foreboding clouds, a day on horseback sans exhaustion—all promote in Anne an individuality and awareness unfortunately not always appreciated by her contemporaries.

In the realm of intellect Anne's position is well defined. An inquiring mind coupled with natural ability place her in the category vaguely defined as "intellectual." Yet too, she finds pleasure in the practical and readily admits that her most valuable college experience was practice teaching. Through that mutual combination of giving and receiving she came to see and appreciate a new world viewed through children's eyes.

Anne's future is intimately tied up with a young man named Fred and a place called Washington, D.C.—her greatest wish being to have a family of all "styles." Wherever Anne is, her natural enthusiasm and spontaneity can be expected to brighten the world.



ANNE ELEANOR SPIELER

Hillsborough, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: HISTORY

Gamma Sigma

Firebrand Staff '62

Business Manager '62

Foreign Students Club '61

French Club '59, '60

I.R.C. '59, '60

President '60

Madrigal '59, '60, '61, '62

Music Club '59, '60, '61

Secretary-Treasurer '60

S.C.T.A. '61, '62

The Troupers '59, '60



JANET ELIZABETH SPIELMAN

Vallejo, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINORS: FRENCH, POLITICAL SCIENCE

Carillon Associate Editor '60

Firebrand Business Staff '62

Music Club '59

French Club '59, '60, '61

I.R.C. '61, '62

JANET SPIELMAN

JANET is thoughtful and quiet, interested in people yet not dependent upon them, for she knows well the value of solitude. Though a diligent student, she applies as much effort to pursuing her interests as she does to completing her assignments. Her logical, methodical way of thinking is particularly suited for the work of cutting through the chaff to the core of historical and political problems of the present day. Her mind is attuned both to the intricacies of international relations and to the occurrences of everyday life. Her observations and conversations are reflective of her mental acuteness, for the former are often tinged with sarcasm and the latter abound in dry wit.

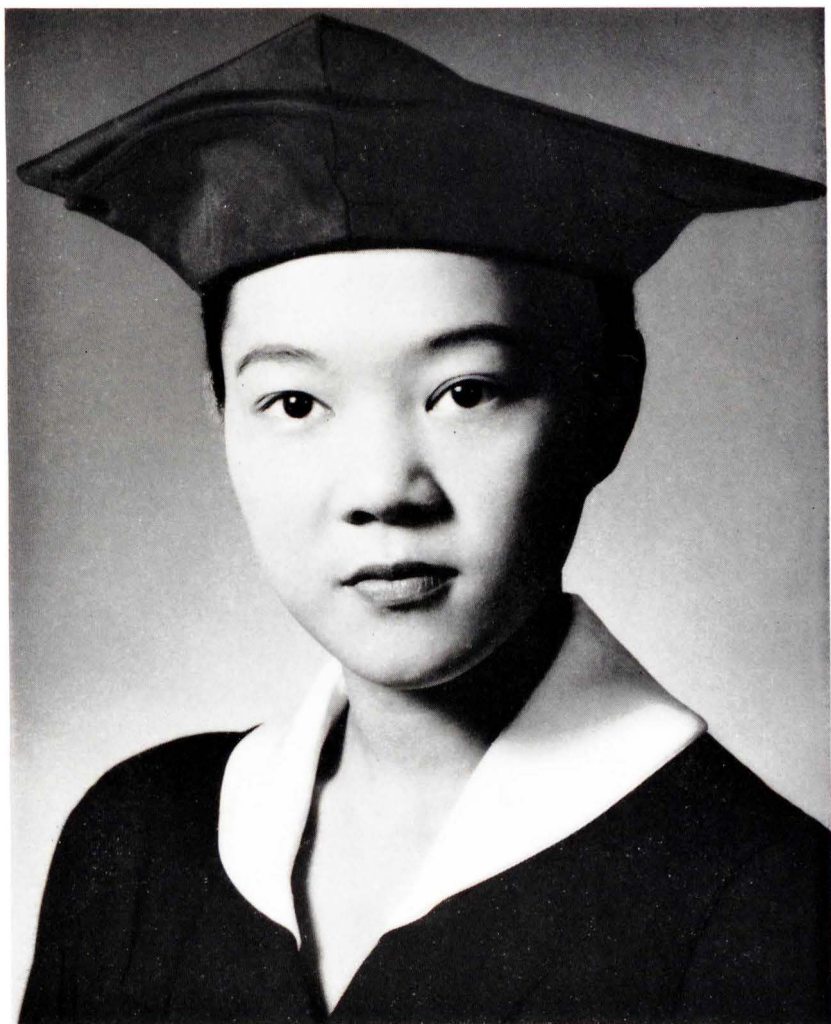
Janet works always with a purpose and thus tries to use her talents to the full. She finds relaxation in reading, conversing, and playing bridge. During these times she is able with her friendly manner to draw others out while saying little herself.

It is probable that Janet will never cease learning, for her active mind will not allow her to be satisfied with knowing the obvious. Only the best and highest objectives will suit her particular brand of perfection.

GLORIA astonishes. Whether figuring statistics, arguing the merits of a certain MUN policy, or writing philosophical poetry, she attacks each activity with the intense energy of one who has not one moment to lose. She has a passion for timesaving devices such as electric scissors and typewriter erasers. A born manager, she likes responsibility and brings a fertile imagination and perfectionist's eye to bear on the challenge it represents.

Mixed with the calculating mind of a lawyer is the instinctive charm and grace that is her Oriental heritage. Whether attending one of Dominican's major social functions or quietly caucusing in the corner of the MUN General Assembly, she is always competent to a superb degree. Her meticulous attention to detail shows itself in a variety of ways from elaborately worked out daily schedules (in which she often wastes more time than she saves) to surprising her friends with a delightful midnight delicacy. Who can forget her Fanjeaux "kitchen," her open house on Chinese New Year, her lifesavers, and her taxi service?

Intensely nationalistic, Gloria's learning has never been an end in itself, but rather a means of attaining a position in which she may help her country. The East and the West are not fused in her, for there are many Western attitudes which she cannot understand and some which she cannot accept. But as her understanding has grown, so will her tolerance.



GLORIA ANN SUN

San Mateo, California

MAJOR: ECONOMICS

MINOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

Carillon Staff '60

Business Manager '60

Foreign Students' Club '60, '61, '62

President '61

French Club '62

I.R.C. '59, '60, '61, '62

Secretary '59

Vice-President '60, '62

Chairman MUN Delegation '60, '62

Music Club '61, '62



STEPHANIA MARGARET TENBRINK

Hayward, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

Gamma Sigma
Carillon Staff '60
Firebrand Staff '62

Spanish Club '60, '61
Secretary '60, '61
Music Club '59, '60
I.R.C. '61

STEPHANIA TENBRINK

STEPHANIE's favorite occupations—listening to music, reading, napping, going home on week ends—mean that her classmates do not see as much of her as they would like. But she is sharp and observant, and, in spite of her semi-retirement, can say that she has learned to analyze people and their motives during her college years. Steph has her own type of humor composed of several parts of amusement at the whole human race in general, at you in particular. And she is candid about her amusement.

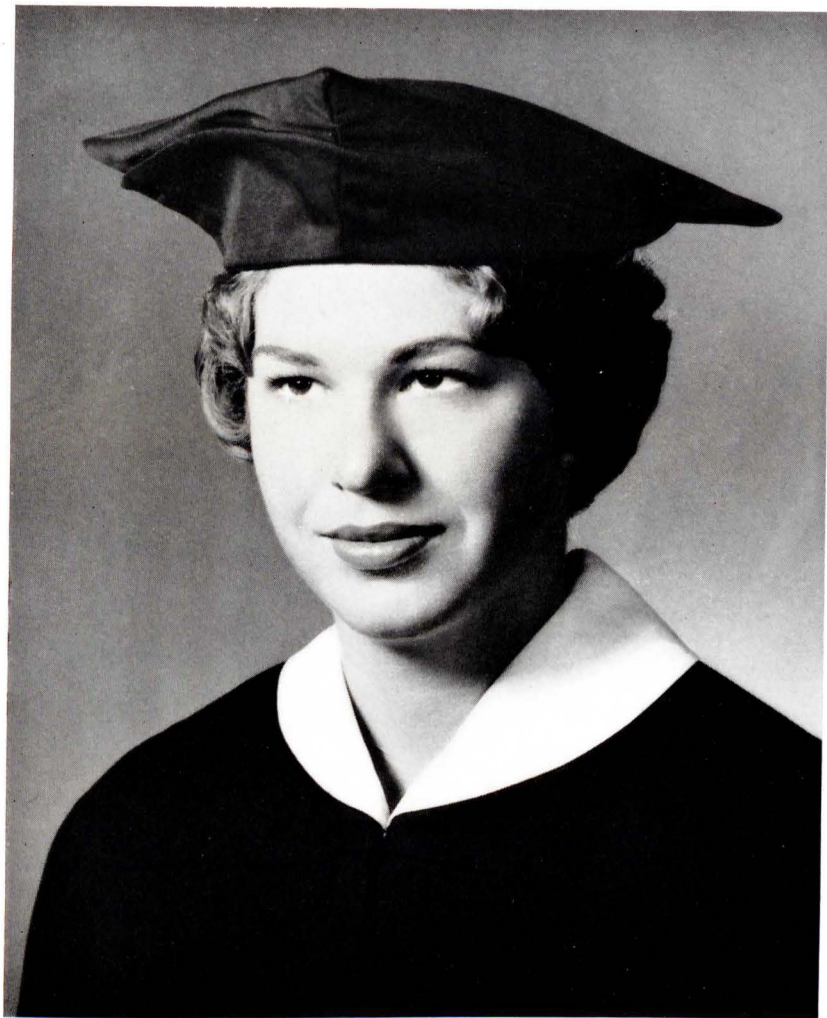
She does like people, though, and conversations with her keep a person on his toes. There are two primary reasons for this. Steph thinks clearly and rapidly. Therefore nothing escapes her notice and she catches the unthought remark with "Is that pertinent to the subject?" She may giggle as she says it, but she means it. The second reason for being precise, concise—she's in a hurry. No matter if the discussion is not complete, Stephanie must leave; she has a lot to get done. Always well-organized, she can complete a multitude of assorted tasks quickly and precisely without ostentation.

She is unreservedly exhilarated when a phone call brings with it the prospect of a special visitor. The rest of the time, although sensitively aware of her surroundings and associates, Stephanie prefers the quietude that comes from being inwardly happy.

DIANE's quips, ready laugh, and seeming empty-headedness are misleading, for she is seriously interested in the problems which face modern society, an interest which encompasses the world and shows itself in her analytic approach toward history as it affects the individual human being.

For her, pessimism solves nothing; it merely makes life miserable. The main thesis of her philosophy is that if the problem cannot be solved by action, banish it to the realm of laughter. The resultant humor is her own purposely confusing blend of realistic fancy and pointed satire.

An extrovert, Diane's fast thinking and immediate comeback have caused many who do not know her to stumble out of a room in a confused daze, their heads swimming, trying to remember what caused their distracted state. When she is in a humorous mood, it is impossible to carry on a coherent conversation with her, for she babbles ingenious nonsense with the rapid-fire speed of a machine gun. Her good-natured remarks cannot be ignored for long, and cause even the irritated to laugh and join the fun. Diane is proof of the adage that laughter is the best medicine.



DIANE ROSEMARY TOLOTTI

Reno, Nevada

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: HISTORY

French Club '59

I.R.C. '62



EMILIE MARIA TRIMBACH
Oakland, California

MAJOR: SPANISH
MINORS: FRENCH AND HISTORY

Gamma Sigma
Community Service Chairman '60

I.R.C. '59, '62
Spanish Club '62

EMILIE is predominantly a person of action; she must be doing something all the time. Yet her seeming nonchalance lead many to believe that she has no concern for what goes on about her. To the contrary, her wide range of interests encompasses Beethoven, Heine, De Gaulle, and Jiménez. Her industry in completing assignments gives her leisure time for hospital work, hostessing an almost constant stream of visitors to San Francisco, and remembering the thoughtful "little things" that mark her as a true friend. Her activity is always purposeful, which is a part of her maturity.

Emilie's humor is candid and open, occasionally subtle but never cynical, for her love of life and ultimate acceptance of its quirks leaves no room for melancholy. She possesses the enviable quality of being able to laugh at herself. Her upsets are intense but brief, and caused for the most part by injustice.

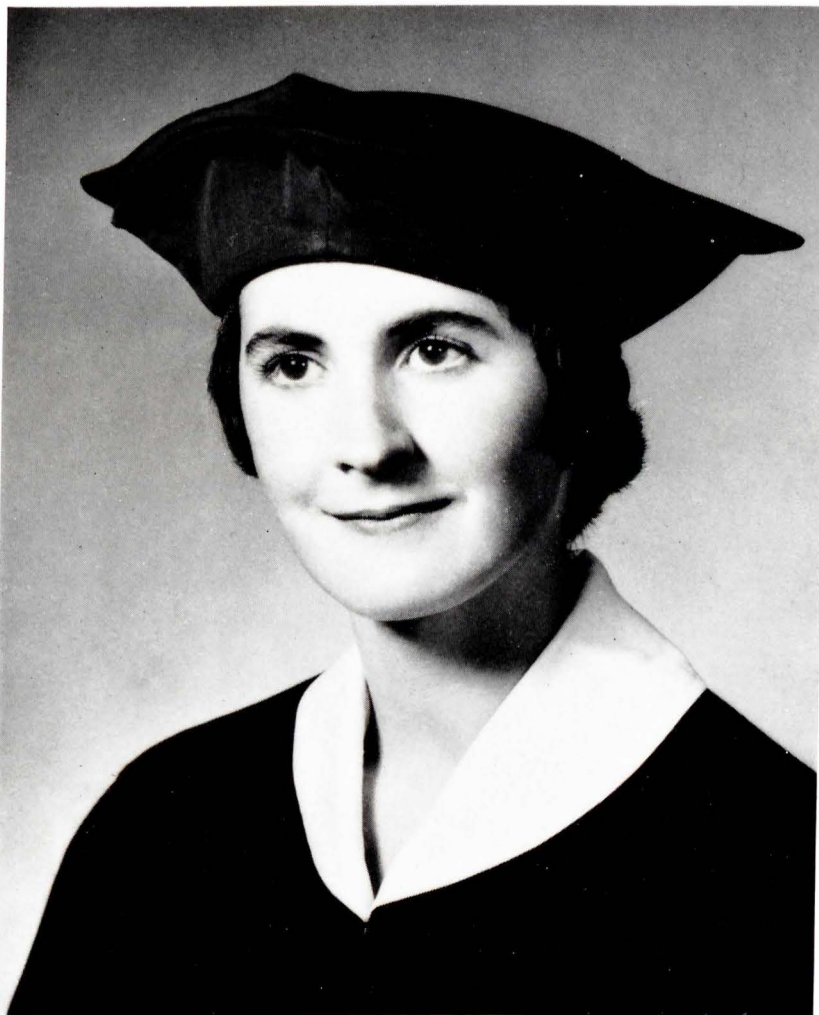
She is interested in people as individuals, but at the same time manages not to become too deeply involved in their problems. Her pleasant disposition and friendly greeting are such that they draw a response from even the sleepest at breakfast. Emilie's combination of Mexican emotion and German mind fuse in such a way as to produce a temperament at once happy, balanced, and rich.

VALERIE VAIO

ALTHOUGH she is a dayhop, Val is easy to find on campus; she is in the grove or in the library. Her neat appearance topped by her slightly tousled dark hair may seem paradoxical, but this is Val—careful and feminine, yet full of contagious eagerness and enthusiasm showing forth in her brown eyes and easy smile. Being adaptable, she fits into the current situation with unobtrusive skill. So it was that although Val did not transfer to Dominican until her junior year, almost immediately she seemed to belong.

In grove conversation or classroom dialogue Val maintains her own with quiet dignity and charm. She has a tendency to remain aloof from those she does not know well. But to others, Val presents a dynamic picture of life enjoyed to its fullest. If she has relished something, she will go on doing so by retelling the experience to others. She has an ability to relate ordinary events yet make them seem fantastic. This skill should enhance her teaching of children.

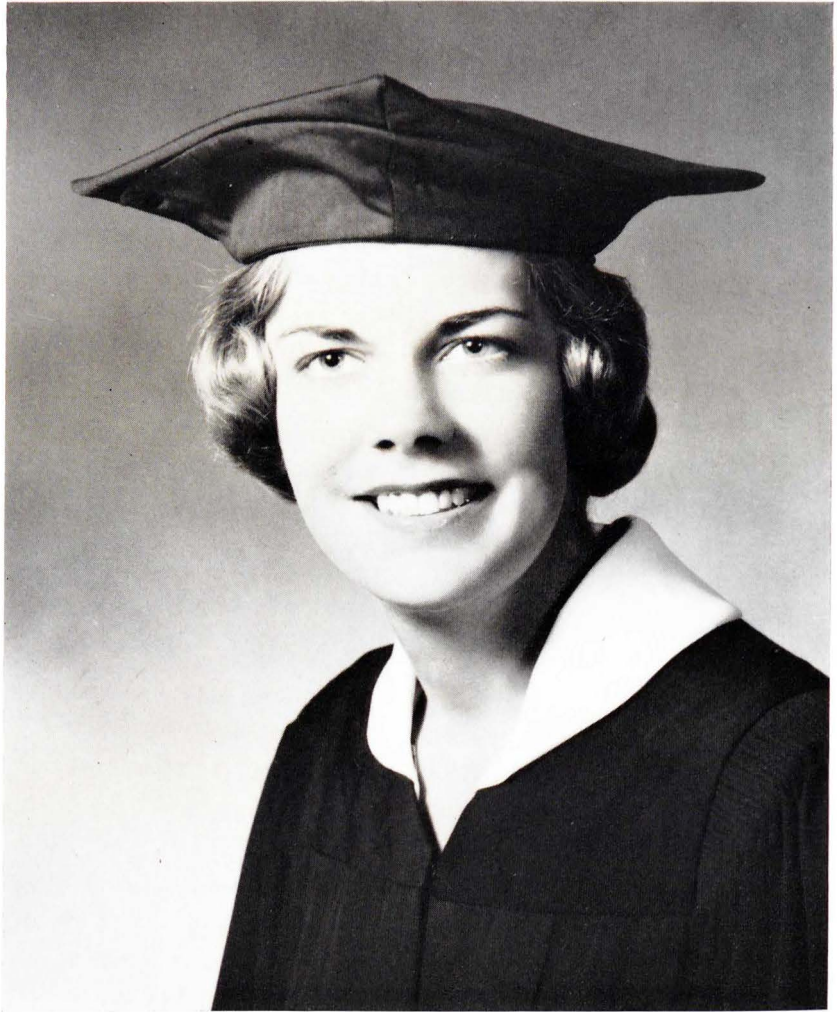
Val is a lover of all things San Franciscan. She takes delight in everything about “the City” and never misses an opportunity to be there. She can also appreciate the casual atmosphere of the Russian River where she spends many of her summers. Surely in the years to come Val will continue to be as adaptable whether her roles be teacher, traveler, wife, or mother.



VALERIE VAIO
San Rafael, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION
MINOR: ENGLISH

Transferred from College of Marin '60
Spanish Club '61, '62
S.C.T.A. '61, '62
Secretary-Treasurer '62



MARY VAN LAHR
Twentynine Palms, California

MAJOR: ART
MINOR: ENGLISH

Class Vice-President '60
Art Club '61, '62
Co-President '62

Irish Club '61

MARY VAN LAHR

CHANCES ARE, that if the entire Cossack army were to invade Pennafort, Mary, in the midst of the confusion, would rise from her afternoon nap, sleepily gaze down at the intruders, and yawn, "You might at least take your boots off!" An innate sense of decorum prompts inevitably the right approach to the extraordinary or the ordinary event.

Mary is a woman of many graces, carrying herself, in mien and in character, to enhance them all. Her studied casualness and effortless outlook are part of a quiet, well-fashioned plan. She changes what she can, accepts what she cannot change, and is wise enough to know the difference. It is an adequate comment on her personality that she shares only the best and brightest things with others.

If any, ballooned with pride and pretensions, sidle up to Mary's wit, they soon feel her nettles and are rocked by the explosion of their own egos. She will laugh *at* you if you are insensitive. She would much prefer to laugh *with* you. Should you fail to catch her satire, that is of little import. But none can overlook her constant good word, her vehement defense of the underdog.

Mary likes to see everything arranged in its proper perspective; certainly this is the special quality of her own life. If she is a bit hard to explain, perhaps it is because Mary is something of an ideal person.

GIGI VINCENZ

THE OUT-OF-DOORS is Gigi's domain. To hike in the mountains, and to ski are her happiest ventures. She is quietly optimistic and non-aggressive but determined in pursuing what she wants. Her objectives are well decided; Gigi never loses sight of her goal.

She walks with an air of independence, always in a hurry, seeing what she wants to see and believing only what she wants to believe. She tackles a task as though it were a final mission, whether it be ironing shirts, packing her suitcases, or designing contemporary cards. Her clothes are subdued elegance; Gigi has a tailored, finely assembled appearance. Characteristic of her wardrobe are plaids and tweeds—all in the Carmel vein.

Gigi is detached from much of her school surroundings, but the breezy aura she elicits is made concrete by her earnest careful conversation. She often punctuates her excitement with an "Are you kidding?" All things that she has a special affinity for are "Neat, just neat!" Sympathetic with the plans and thoughts of others, Gigi is open and frank in queries arising from personal puzzles. Her reaction to a professed interest of another is spontaneous; in her concern for another she can eagerly and entirely forget herself. Her's is a free spirit, a gentility expressed in her love for small children and animals.



GEORGIA LYNN VINCENZ

Salinas, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: ART

Transferred from San Jose State '61

S.C.T.A. '62

I.R.C. '61



MARILYN MARGARET WAGELE
San Rafael, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH
MINOR: FRENCH

French Club '60, '61

Music Club '59, '60, 61

MARILYN WAGELE

MARILYN appears reserved and quiet to those who do not know her well. Yet beneath this somewhat detached exterior lies a gamin-like sparkle tempered with wit and intelligence. Her petite figure crowned with red hair is deceiving if one expects quantity to determine quality. Her sense of humor alone disproves this equation.

Marilyn is very much an individual. Though hesitant to converse at large gatherings she is deliberate in her beliefs, and in the more congenial atmosphere of small friendly groups she readily contributes unique and penetrating observations. Majoring in English, she excels in that which she finds particularly enjoyable and stimulating, notably Shakespeare and Dante. She incorporates the best of that with which she comes in contact and inspires her friends to emulate her enthusiasm for the worthwhile.

Whether enjoying the more serious pursuits of art, music and studies, or reveling in the relaxed atmosphere of a quiet natural backdrop, Marilyn exhibits intelligence well qualified to lend maturity and kindness to all whom she meets. Perhaps more than anything Marilyn evidences an integrated personality.

WICK laughs and the whole world laughs with her. Occasionally the sparkling gaiety of her eyes betrays her when she is contemplating a devious deed. Usually it is not Wick's humor that draws others to laughter, but rather her reactions to humor. She pretends suspense and surprise to hear the climax of a favorite anecdote, even in the third or fourth telling. The delight is always the same.

Patty is a slow-moving, at times a preoccupied, observer. When she passes the smokeroom with a "Hi ya!" her talents in bridge are often sought. She plays with the air of a professional, yet lets her opponents feel that they have the mastery of the situation. This is Wick in all her relationships. She is confident of her own abilities, yet humility prevents her from demonstrating.

Academically Wick has performed admirably. Interests—horse-racing, baseball, tennis, movies, and Kennedy—remain secondary to her goal to excel scholastically. Yet, Patty enjoys camaraderie. Her method in a conversation is to conjure up a fantastic ending to the tale being rendered, and besiege the narrator to say that it happened just that way. Wick is singularly directed by principle. She sees only the good things and is youthfully innocent about anything contrary. But what Wick really sees and feels is never obvious, because her thoughts remain a personal possession.



PATRICIA ANN WICKHEM

Altadena, California

MAJOR: LATIN

MINOR: HISTORY

Gamma Sigma
Class Treasurer '61
Carillon Staff '59, '60
Firebrand Business Staff '62

Irish Club '59, '60, '61
President '60
Vice-President '61
W.A.A. Board '60, '61, '62
Secretary '62



ANNE ELIZABETH WILLCUTTS

Belvedere, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: HISTORY

Sophomore Class Secretary '60

Junior Class Secretary '61

Fireband Staff '62

Irish Club '59

French Club '59, '60

I.R.C. '60, '61, '62

Pennafort House Chairman '62

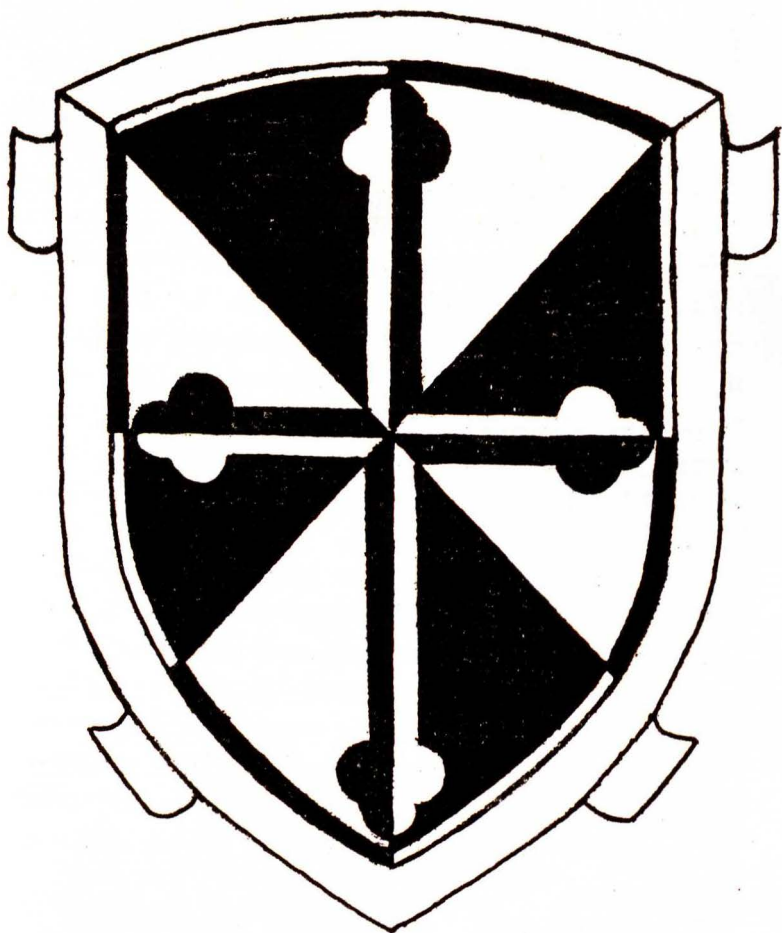
ANNE WILCUTTS

IN LOSING ANNE, Dominican loses a spright wit. Although reserved and retiring with strangers, she yet possesses the happy ability of adapting herself to diverse personalities. In the company of friends she dominates the scene with her charming sense of humor. Her wit is more engaging than satiric; however, any incongruity or pretense swiftly falls victim to it.

Throughout her college life Anne has been distinguished by high ideals in thought as well as in practice, for which she is sometimes teased but invariably respected. Although she will never alter her values merely to please, she is made of a "metal not so hard as flexible" and tends more toward moderation than to the extreme.

Anne's sense of loyalty for family and friends is intensive and enduring. She prefers to seek one's attributes while ignoring any fault and always is the first to rise emphatically to a person's defense. Yet for herself humility prevails. Being completely unpretentious and devoid of insincerity, she dislikes assumed intellectualism as well as affected ignorance, and seeks for herself a position in conformity with a realistic self-appraisal.

It must be stated, however, that since everyone is marred by some imperfection, so Anne retains a regrettable fondness for rock 'n roll.



Veritas



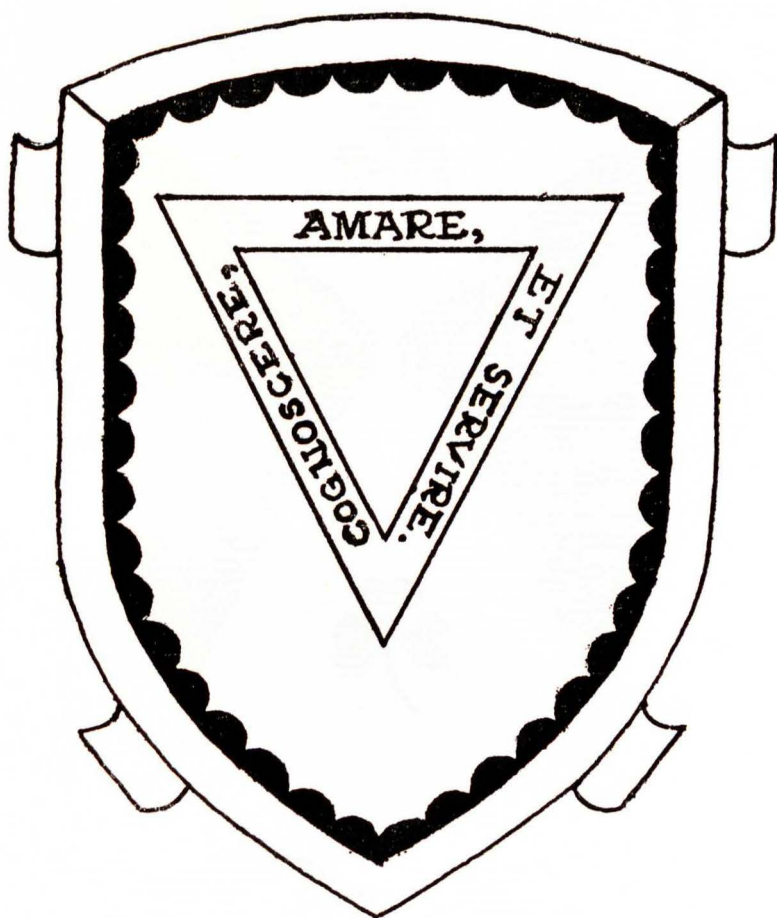
A.S.D.C. OFFICERS

Susan Schneider, *Vice-President*; Joanne White, *Secretary*; Julia Riley, *President*;
Mary Hennessy, *S.A.B. President*; Carolyn Silviera, *Treasurer*.

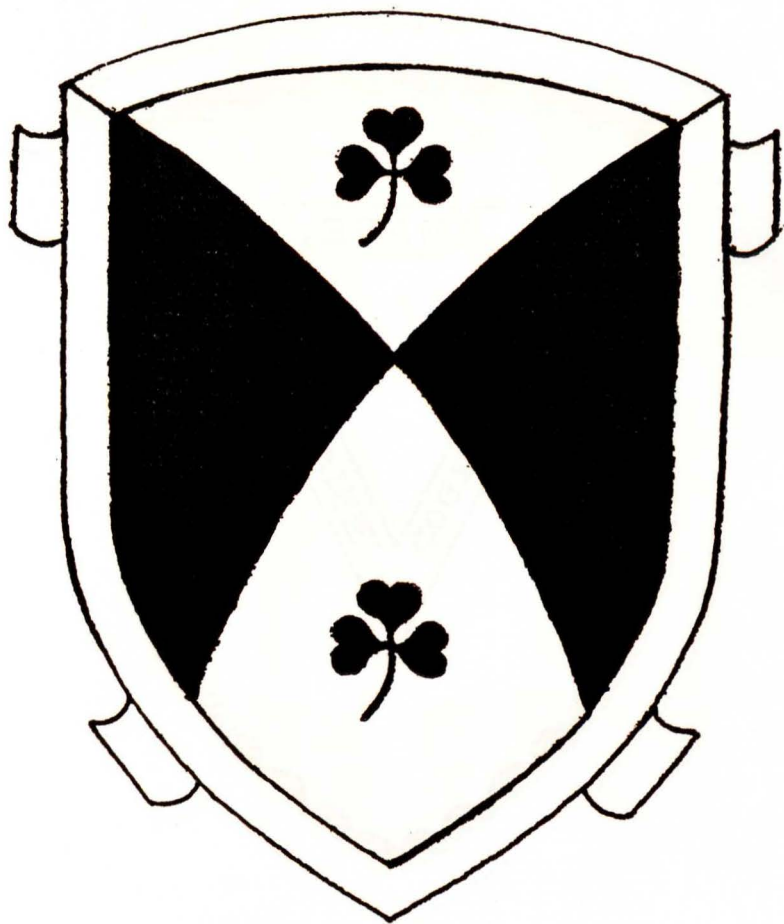


SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

Margaret Gervasoni, *Treasurer*; Martha Antongiovanni, *Secretary*;
Joanne Nomellini, *Vice-President*; Constance Giordano, *President*.



Cognoscere, Amare, et Servire



Fide atque Fiducia



JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

Lelia Robertson, *Secretary*; Barbara Walcom, *Vice-President*;
Loretta Del Missier, *Treasurer*; Rita Orlandini, *President*.

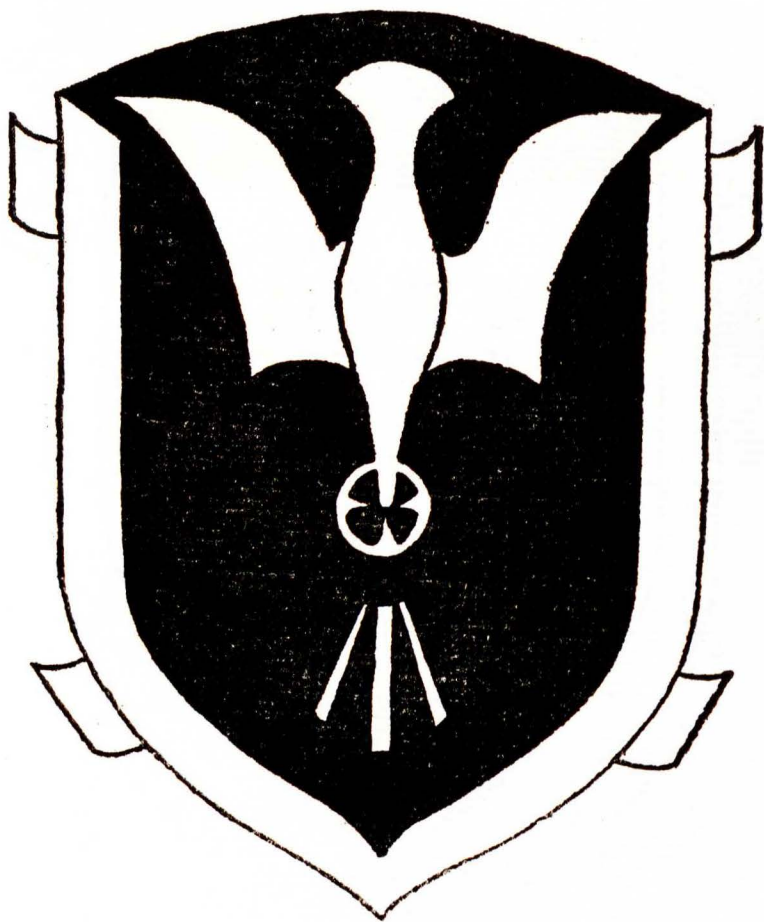


SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS

Mary T. Malley, *Treasurer*; Margaret Mackesy, *Vice-President*;
Paula Kelley, *Secretary*; Mary K. Malley, *President*.



In veritate vincere



Verité, Amour et Dieu



FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS

Celia Smith, *Treasurer*; Ann Petrich, *Secretary*; Elaine Ethier, *Vice-President*;
Patricia McCoy, *President*.



ANOTHER WORLD

EARLY ONE MORNING in June, 1961, I climbed aboard a streetcar bound for Market Street and points north in San Francisco. The fog was old and heavy from the night before; it was seven-thirty. The whole idea, which had been rather exciting at first, would have vaporized at that instant if someone had come up with a better suggestion for my mode of summer diversion. To make things darker, my sister had just graduated from college and was looking forward to an exciting summer session at Stanford. But, I shall not digress further in my recollections, lest I make this situation resemble, by my melodramatic bent, a seven-thirty horror scene from a Gothic novel.

Once on the streetcar, I entered into the oblivion of the "brown baggers"—an unbeatable experience. Once on the routine of a particular streetcar, one becomes part of a nodding clique of a diverse group of people thrown together by a coincidental time element. There is the little man who waits half of his early minutes on the streetcar "island" and the other half in the center of the tracks. He nods hello and goes back to his silent watch.

Promptly, the questioner arrives. She is about my mother's age and has a son in my year of college. She quizzes me: "Where do you go to college? Can you cook? Do you like boys with brown hair?" and by

the end of the summer discovers that I am the girl she has been looking for for her son. She is a secretary in a Montgomery Street office and, being a long-time member of the nodding clique, gives me some confidence as I board the streetcar and the heads of conductor, businessmen, secretaries, salespeople, daily shoppers, begin to bend in our direction.

The ride downtown is only about a half hour, but the first morning one always allows more time—you know how it is. Anyway, I felt like a character out of J. D. Salinger—ready to face life and crash the big world of fashion at I. Magnin and Company, San Francisco.

I. Magnin's is one of those places you have known all your life if you are a San Franciscan. It is, also, of course, well known across country and in Europe as a group of specialty shops concentrating on high quality and high fashion in the field of women's clothing. Often, people know it for its attractions such as the elegant powder room of silver and gold plate. But I was talking about I. Magnin and the San Franciscan. There is an unexplainable, exciting atmosphere about this place with its lofty white exterior and airy, skillfully designed interior. At any rate, this is not the experience of walking into I. Magnin, Los Angeles or I. Magnin, Seattle—this is I. Magnin, San Francisco; it is exciting, mysterious, unusual—like San Francisco herself.

Now I was going to be up at seven-thirty every workday morning to become part of this little world at Stockton and Geary Streets in San Francisco. Prepare now for the anti-climax; I was to be a stock girl. Well, in those days I was naive—and fortunately so, I add now; for had I known the hazards, I probably would have cowardly bowed out of the whole situation—among other things, I was not aware that sturdy feet are a stock girl's most valuable asset.

Well, after some schooling in how to be I. Magnin—nice to customers, how to learn I. Magnin dress regulations, etc., I received my three-month position—Third Floor dress stock (here please get very excited for me as the third floor consists in custom made and designer clothes). A pause is imminent for a brief autobiographical note. I love to sew. At least twice a day I envision myself seated next to Sybil Connelly sketching Irish linen shawls. I have seriously considered writing to Mlle. Chanel concerning the possibility of my becoming her apprentice; in my more lucid moments I discard such fancies and settle for persuading one of my friends to call me “Coco” and for pondering the possibility of revolutionizing current fashion by putting out a line of simple dresses of the 1930's length. This is the girl who walked on to the Third Floor that summer morning.

This floor is very beautiful. It consists in what is called the Baroque Room (Belgian Shoes) ; the Oval

Room (finer dresses and American designer dresses are shown here) ; the Custom Salon (European designer dresses and I. Magnin original designs are shown and fitted here) and, finally, the Fur Salon. The floor is a pink, sculptured carpet; the chandeliers are crystal; the walls are very high and white. A hostess desk is in the center of the entrance to the room and on each side of this are window cases which, at times, hold some of the loveliest concepts of dress design on the American market.

What follows now are the vignettes of people who summarize some of the high points of my summer in this center of design and fashion. I realize now that each person was in some way a discovery for me.

The stock ladies were, of course, the first with whom I came in contact. I must limit myself to one very vivacious, small, blonde Russian lady. She had lived in China for some years, but had been a resident of the United States for the past fifteen years. An amazing worker, she would put her head down and wade into her tasks; this could be disconcerting, however, as she was often oblivious of whom or what was falling in the wake of a rack she was moving or clothes she was lifting. She was an extraordinary cook as I personally experienced in the various Russian delicacies which she brought each day. She had a deep concern for other people. Mistakes were secret things: if I did something wrong, she would take me aside

and inform me that I was hanging all the dresses in the wrong places and the sales ladies were rather disconcerted. This image of a spritely, well-travelled, industrious little Russian lady is the first part of my diversified picture of inside I. Magnin's.

I came next to the veteran of the floor. It is easy to discover why she is the outstanding salesperson in the store; her wit is incomparable. She is very small, about sixty-five, and resembles a field mouse. She walks about the stockroom slowly and queenlike, selecting dresses for her choice customers and mumbling witticisms under her breath. One day, she stopped me as I was leaving the floor and asked, in her *basso profundo* voice, where I was going. I told her and she listened, stoney faced, as another woman commented, "You know Miss . . . gives forty lashes for delinquency in duty." "Thirty," she retorted, "I lessened it." My last memory of her, before all faces faded into the maze of preparations for the opera season, was on my twenty-first birthday. She discovered the event, came up to me in the middle of the floor and, oblivious of customers seated about, kissed me on both cheeks, proclaiming in her deep tones: "Now you are a man!"

The buyers were an interesting lot, but one is particularly memorable. This woman was about forty-five, with a southern accent, extremely chic, and had been with Magnin's for twenty-five years. One day

she called another summer girl and myself up to her office to discuss the I. Magnin training program for college girls with us. "This," she said, "is the most exciting, glamorous business in the world!" And when the fall lines started coming in and the designers started appearing, and this buyer was on the phone trying to get a New York dress for the next day, this fast-paced activity did seem to possess at least the potential for the "most exciting business in the world."

One day, the unpacking department was snowed under due to arriving fall items, and the extra stock people were sent down to help alleviate the difficulty. This was one of my most exciting days at Magnin's. I had always heard about the fascinating Seventh Avenue garment industry in New York and that day I saw great crates coming in from many of the huge fashion houses in the Seventh Avenue area.

The employees were working at top speed unpacking, ticketing, checking, steaming, and sending upstairs to the various floors for sale, a wealth of merchandise. In the middle of this hustling city of workers sat the manager—enclosed in a thirty-foot square—who was laden with the responsibilities and difficulties which inevitably arise in shipping. Everything moved so quickly and in my romantic mind, I could see an industry unfolding before my eyes. Here was the gamut of women's clothing—from Norell to

twenty-nine dollars—being handled with equal care and concern.

Mr. "Bud" Kilpatrick's collection was shown at Magnin's as the first of a series of fall collections. He is a California designer whose first interest was dress-making, but who soon broadened into designing sportswear and who now contributes successfully to lines of high fashion carried in such places as the Third Floor of I. Magnin's. His clothes are wonderfully Californian in their bright colors and individual in unusual uses of plaids, for example in silk taffeta sailor dresses.

Mr. Kilpatrick was not the haughty designer one hears about; during his showings, he would help move a rack, smile kindly and patiently at everyone in the peak of activity, and seem to find this friendliness and consideration to be no effort at all. He enjoyed what he was doing and he was proud of his work—his pride was justified in the immediate response of orders which followed his showing.

There were three major models on the Third Floor. One was a native Scandinavian; one was a Californian; and one was from the East Coast. This last girl—she was about twenty-three—had graduated from an Eastern women's college, had modelled in New York, and was living in San Francisco, hoping to go into merchandising with I. Magnin's. She was really a very ideal person: beautiful—despite the ordinary, girlish

plight of freckles—and notably personable. She was known throughout the store, and general opinion held her to be “as lovely as she looks.”

One day she was describing her morning activity to me: she had an apartment about a block from the store and kitty corner from Magnin's; she told me of her crossing the slippery Union Square and one could picture, easily, this shock of red hair and enormous handbag crossing the otherwise fog-dull square at the eight o'clock hours. To anyone passing she might have been a justifiable premonition of the sun which invariably showed up at the end of the day.

I sometimes miss that sunshine and those windy San Francisco summer afternoons which pushed into evening as I made my way through the crush of tourists and shoppers to a southbound streetcar. Happily, I console myself, they are really a part of me just as are the experiences of the days of those afternoons.

JULIA RILEY '62



PROSE, POETRY AND PORTABILITY

S EVEN THOUSAND soft-covered books in four hundred square feet! The advent of the paperback has coaxed the shy, side-street bookstore out into the open—into the supermarket, the drug store, the corner newsstand. It has generated, for your sake, dear Reader, more books, more accessibility, more reading freedom. The paperback is a democratic dream come true—comparable to universal suffrage!

“Universal readage,” like many of our constitutional privileges, is often taken for granted. A few statistics will denote the impact of this publishing amendment. A four ninety-five best-seller is an exclusive aristocratic indulgence. But, when the same novel is made available for thirty-five cents, three hundred thousand proletariats invest in it. In Chicago alone, readers satisfy their literary hunger by feasting annually on eight million paperbacks. Garnished with attractive covers, these books are appealing to sight as well as to taste. Now, whether the purchaser is attracted by the printed cover or the printed page is debatable. But, the fact remains: he is attracted. He walks from his wash-wear, drip-dry, whisk-clean world into the bookstore to acquire some “instant reading.” The truth is, dear Reader, a book is no longer a durable investment. It is a consumable—something to be bought and enjoyed—like nylon stockings or frozen broccoli.

The paperback has been called the greatest invention in portability since the sandwich. Now, undoubtedly, this soft-shelled innovation has its advantages. But, may I suggest to you, the modern Reader (very timidly, I will admit), that it also has its shortcomings. Take, for example, a very impressive, compact publication called *The Portable Dante*. Any serious student of the Italian poet, who has attempted to carry this treasure of terza rima to English 150 for two semesters, and who has embellished its margins with irreplaceable commentaries, will sympathize with my complaint. He will have discovered (usually at final examination time) that Cantos III to XIII of the *Inferno* are missing—not to mention the annotations and illuminations added in his own hand. What a heartbreaking refutation of the adage: “Laws die, Books never!” I cannot deny the fact that a personal library ranging from Socrates to Steinbeck is effective. However, what a day of disillusionment dawns when the bookcase becomes a sad study in evanescence—the entire collection being transformed into well-thumbed waste-paper!

The idealists among you will say that my approach is too practical, my criticisms too banal. May I submit, then, one totally unrealistic objection. Have you ever sat, gently holding a paperback, wondering what its author would think of this contrivance produced by the age of convenience? Imagine Milton strolling

through the neighborhood shopping center and suddenly discovering his *Paradise Lost*! There it is, his whole lifetime—ambition, toil, accomplishment—perched on a rack, next to *Auntie Mame*, appraised at eighty-five cents.

On the other hand, perhaps literature's greatest contributors would thrill at such an encounter. Emerson said that "the virtue of books is to be readable." Therefore, dear Reader, the satisfaction of your literary thirst is the matter of importance. And, a paperback book is as readable as a cloth-bound one. The difference lies only in the container. For a paperback is a "long, intellectual drink in a Dixie cup." You can swallow what the author has to say, and throw the cup away.

SUSAN SCHNEIDER '62

SAD MELODY

The wind wails in the trees tonight
Sighing out its vagrant life;
It shudders through my window frame
Then returns from where it came.

It whistles as it whirls along,
But it is not a happy song;
Rather mournful, I would say,
Listening, while it moves away.

CATHERINE BENNETT '62

SAN MARCO

BRUSH handles rise out of turpentine cans like upside-down flowers, as if they must only bloom on canvas. Blobs of paint confused upon a palette stand and wait upon a hand which serves a soul. Canvases perch on stilts, lean against walls and lie upon their backs for the ceiling to view. Each one has been revered by a soul and rendered to its fellows.

There is spontaneity in the sweep of brushed color and in the discovery of a stone, heretofore unheeded. There is care towards the touch of clay to the potter's wheel and the delicate lifting of a silk screen.

Hands mold and stretch and pull; eyes squint and widen and pursue, carrying forward the mind's reflection. An active mind is awakened to the phenomena of the physical universe, be it the weaving of the campus paths or the mysteries beyond the stars of the Creator's canvas.

A painting cannot be memorized the night before an examination. A lecture cannot capture the wandering eye. A typewritten paper won't blend color. Creation springs from the experience of life.

Spirit cannot be stated; it can be known. It is known in San Marco because it is lived there. It is the welcome of full nature—the awareness of life. It is the intangible rendered tangible in the person, message and teaching of Anne Reis O'Hanlon. The following page is for her.



When snow falls—
A whisper?
One flake
Still?
Or grand blessing—
White!
Does it just fall?

When the wave breaks—
A deafened roar?
Its pebble
Missed?
Or struggle calmed—
Blue!
Does it just break?

When the ash drifts—
Dread hush?
What was first
Lost?
Or charred remains—
Grey.
Does it just drift

Perceive:
For the Creator's dust
Was first Presence.

CATHERINE ANDERSON '62

THE BEACH AT BODEGA BAY

THE LONG, lonely beach at Bodega Bay extends narrow and almost straight, with the ends turning outward, like the simple outline of a canoe. Most holiday people by-pass this quiet spot because swimming is forbidden in the pounding surf. Here on a Friday morning in early January we climbed a steep sand bank criss-crossed with twisting paths that wound between clumps of stringy beach grass. The seascape from this high grassy bank became a vibrant blend of ice-blue sky, surf-thunder and frothing blue-green surf.

The beach looks freshly scrubbed in the late morning after the tide goes out. The level sand is littered only by the feathery remains of a sea gull or an occasional tangled mass of kelp swarming with flies. At irregular intervals large indestructible logs furnish a backrest and grandstand view of the thundering swells that build up to project themselves toward the beach. The ocean withholds her little gifts from her deep treasure store here. No fluted pink shells, no sand-dollars, no, not even tiny jewel-toned pebbles glisten on the sand. The receding tide leaves a large expanse of beach looking like a vast caramel bar melting in the sun. The zig-zig pattern of someone's bare feet, tiny and frail as a birdtrack, relieves the smooth monotone of wet sand.

This rare winter's day was a special gift, wrapped in warm air and bound with docile winds. The noon-day January sun balanced midway between turbulent ocean and the zenith of sky, a sky that tried very hard to show blue through a dilution of fog. The sun was a pale lemon flashing an icy sheen over the ocean whenever a pause came in the rhythm of foaming waves.

Midway along the beach a lone Chinese fisherman in hipboots followed the receding tide and cast his line expertly out into the surf. With accuracy and cadence, he walked backwards at each step narrowly avoiding the onrushing gush of foaming salt water. He repeated this to-and-fro fishing technique for over an hour. He did not catch any fish. When the game of tag with the ocean was played out, he found a section of dry wind-sculptured beach, poked his fishing pole into the sand and sat down. He leaned back against the grassy bank and lit a cigaret. He stayed there a little while, a solitary figure, smoking and thinking his thoughts. As silently as he fished, so quietly he vanished from that spot where last I saw him smoking.

The noon hour brought siesta time for a swarm of sea gulls massed on the far end of the beach. Many were sleeping, heads tucked under their wings. From their doze suddenly they awoke to explode in disorderly flight, skimming in half circles toward the

safety of the air over the ocean. Then I saw that a man with a whirring movie camera had moved in. The camera's eye trailed after the soaring white birds, following their curved paths in the milk-blue sky. Black sea gull shadows skirted silently over the wet sand, while above, their snowy undersides banked and dipped. The insulted flock vanished into the mist before the intruder could rewind his camera.

Then a slender young man in a loose grey sweater came running up the beach. He might have been a pugilist doing his road work had not his three small companions destroyed that illusion. With him came three children, two boys in white tee-shirts and rolled-up jeans, and a pony-tailed little girl of four dressed likewise. She towed a small white dog on a rope. The man and children were barefooted and somewhere along the beach they seemed to have severed all worldly ties except the pleasant here and now. The man ran on steadily and the two boys almost kept up the pace. Halfway along the course, the race was cheerfully called off when the pony-tail on the little girl got tired of bouncing up and down. The three in the lead stopped their progress at her tiny call, and turned back, this time walking slowly. The boys, impatient of walking a straight line, ran down to the water's edge, waited there, poised and alert for the tide to roll in, then reversed helter-skelter in a nimble attempt to avoid the water that nipped at their heels.

Tiring of this sport too, the boys resumed walking beside their tall friend and little sister, she still holding the leash with the puppy gladly tripping beside her. Spotting one of the smooth logs placed here and there on the beach, the boys clambered up on the old tree trunk and dangled their sand-caked feet over the curved side. The little girl joined the boys on their perch. Meanwhile the young man, Pied Piper of this daring crew, came to impress me as a favorite uncle. Every child should have a special uncle. Such a friend has the strength and patience to share the holiday delights of children because he does not bear the constant burden. Standing for hours in a crushing crowd to view a parade, participating in a strenuous football game, or telling appropriate stories to eight-year-old pirates or ten-year-old spacemen, are tasks best left to uncles.

The uncle on the beach said something to the three pairs of blue jeans. In one motion they slid off the log, got behind it and began to roll it. When the log was at the water's edge, the uncle pushed it further out until it was half submerged in water. Uncle issued another command and his obedient little cohorts ran back and turned around. They turned in time to see the big wave lift the heavy log, bounce it lightly and deposit it firmly back on the beach. The children shrieked their delight, and the two boys pushed the log down into the water again. Little sis-

ter did not join the log-rolling, preferring to stand back and watch the fun with her excited little dog. The uncle continued time and again to give the log the final shove into the deeper water. A teen-aged German shepherd dog came out of nowhere and joined the game. He barked his suggestions to the log-rollers and got caught himself in the onrushing waves. But this game proved too sporty for him. He ran off, dripping.

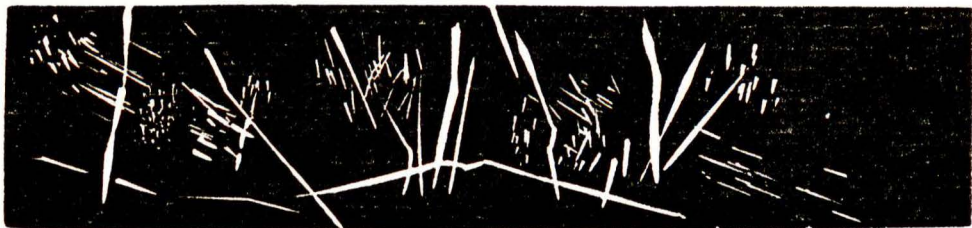
Once more the foursome resumed the walk in the direction from which they had come. In minutes they were small, fading figures in the distance. Eight rows of foot tracks pock-marked the moist dark sand, the only proof that they had been there running, playing and shouting on the now deserted beach.

The beach at Bodega Bay on a January afternoon is a friendly, lonely, silent, singing place.

SYLVIA BENN '63

A small crystal shield
frames a virile face. One
stately rose stands guard.

GLORIA BARENGO '62



UNDER WINGS

I have always lived beneath wings;
I am young and know nothing else.
Once I thrilled at the sight of blimps.
Now air is filled with screaming
Of jets, missiles, and roaring rockets of war.
Most times it holds a dull rumble above clouds.
I cannot take the time to notice every one;
The planes are there, and I live under them,
Yet once in a while I know what the deep sound
means.
They are there to protect me . . . but I am afraid.

JULIA LYONS '63

THE SUPER GREYHOUND

THE AMERICAN transport system is known the world over for its luxury, modernity and courtesy. Before I came to the United States, my aunt, an excellent saleswoman, provided me with a wealth of glib descriptions on the long distance bus—the Greyhound. The Greyhound bus, she wrote, was the most sumptuous mode of transportation in existence. It is completely air-conditioned; it is equipped with windows which spare one from the glare of sunlight, which enable one to look outside with ease and yet prevent the outsider from peering in. The seat is soft and can be adjusted to any level and there is a footrest which can also be adjusted for personal comfort.

In this respect, I told myself, reading her letter in the oscillating carriage of a British Railways train, America is definitely better than England. I tried to enumerate the virtues of British Railways; I could find none. I was sitting opposite an elderly British lady, slim, long and aristocratic in the fashion of an English umbrella. Under the pretence of reading *The Queen* she made a good deal of unnecessary movements with her hands for fear that I would fail to appreciate the large solitaire on her finger. The solitaire seemed to fill the whole carriage, and, try as I might, I could not divert my attention from it. I

could have gotten out of the situation by slipping into the cafeteria for a cup of tea; but even the tea on British Railways was preposterous. Outside, miles and miles of emerald grass dotted with indolent cows sped past. The scene spelt serenity, but had become boring to me watching for the past four hours. It was hardly surprising that travel in the United States held allurements.

I first made acquaintance with the Greyhound by a number of trips from San Francisco to Monterey. I was disappointed. The Greyhound depot in San Francisco reminded me of a poor man's airport; it was gaudy. The rows of people sitting in the lobby all wore a uniform expression of stupor. The four-hour journey to Monterey proved tiring, and on Sunday afternoons, the bus was filled to capacity with soldiers returning to Fort Ord. I had the alarming feeling that some inscrutable chance had drafted me into the U.S. Army. The Californian landscape stretched brown and bare, super highways curving their way along the sinuous hills. One got tired of passing town after town, each as anonymous as the other—car dealers cheek by jowl, all with gaily coloured flags; motels calling themselves the Capri, the Oasis, the Copacabana, each trying to outdo the other in tawdriness and exotic appeal; supermarkets; and perennially suntanned, bespectacled, sandled Californian people followed by little children who

seemed to my Oriental eyes, to have just stepped down from a comic book.

If my impression was not at first favorable, my weekly journey from San Rafael to San Francisco changed all this. I love to take this journey in the late afternoon when the sun is sinking into the ocean. The trip is never too long; it allows one to taste the tantalizing allure of a motor ride, when one's imagination flies with the speed of the machine; yet there is not enough time to enjoy the panorama to the full, thus assuring that the journey would be forever enjoyed. In the late afternoon the sea lies soft and dimpled; at one corner the sun strikes gold on it; the towers of San Francisco recede into the background, and the bridge, mighty and majestic, stands illuminated in twilight glory. I feel that this scene alone is a bonanza for coming to San Francisco.

Now after so many crossings, if the Golden Gate Bridge loses the exhilaration of novelty, it gains by the fondness one feels for an old friend. That long silver bus, too, loses some of the romantic veneer I had built around it. I still concede that the American bus is more comfortable than the British. But once in a while the Greyhound system provides a mode of transportation that is surprising.

Early in November I made several journeys from San Rafael to Berkeley to visit a newly arrived friend and to help her rehabilitate herself in the American

way of life. A matter-of-fact voice on the phone told me that there would be a bus leaving for Richmond at twelve o'clock. My friend and I started out at eleven-ten. We walked fast and when we got to the bus station we found that we had a half hour to spare. We decided to risk gulping down a sandwich and a Coke. At twelve o'clock no bus to Richmond was in sight. We wrapped up our remaining sandwich, went outside and asked a bus driver for our bus. "The bus to Richmond?" He pointed to two broken down station wagons parked across the railway track. We ran, fearful of missing our bus, and stood in front of the first station wagon, painted in a revolting shade of pink. "San Quentin?" The woman driver, her face a mask of powder and eyebrow pencil, asked blandly.

"No! Richmond."

"Oh, over there." She pointed to the second station wagon, in a nauseating shade of mauve. The jovial old man's face of the second driver wrinkled into a smile.

"What're you rushing for?" he asked. "I'm in no hurry to go."

Already two women were installed inside, occupying the front seats. They seemed to be regular passengers and were engaged in a conversation which women conduct on anything from haute couture to the office clerk. At sixty the grey-haired, plump

woman was as eloquent on ideal fashion as that straw-haired vamp sitting opposite her.

The older woman was contemplating buying a new coat, a grey one.

"Red is in fashion this year," the younger woman said.

"Yeah, but I think grey is so much more practical."

"Oh, you want a change sometimes—I saw a beauty at Millon's. Fifty-five dollars," her companion retorted.

"Hmm, too expensive, I've got forty-five." The prospective purchaser announced the monetary sum slowly and succulently.

My friend and I appeared automatically included in this conversation. If we did not actually join we were admitted into the coterie by friendly glances, as if to challenge our opinion.

Off we drove. The highway ran along brown hills, endlessly. My friend, slightly infected by the doctrines expounded to her by her Conference classes at Dominican declared:

"American highways are beautiful. Don't you feel the tension produced by the reiteration of those lines?" She pointed to the succession of railings at the side of the road.

We reached the Bayshore. The car manoeuvred itself easily in front of an imposing sign which read "The State Prison of San Quentin." We stared at it

in fascination. After a long silence my friend managed to comment, "I wouldn't like to live here. Rather creepy, don't you think?"

Only the driver got out. We watched him entering a small cafeteria. "Oh! Don't say we have to wait for him to finish lunch!" someone exclaimed.

In a few minutes our man came out carrying a bundle of newspapers. He had thoughtfully provided reading material for his passengers. His pleased smile furrowed his face into a network of creases, making it ripple like tide-washed sand.

"Here's the *San Quentin News*; I've got four, one for each." For the rest of the journey we sat in silence engrossed in reading the news—The warden is sponsoring a rehabilitation talk—The chief cook is returning after 32 years—Edith Morgan, impersonator, is coming to entertain the inmates . . .

Over the Richmond Bridge our car zoomed. The scene was an expanse of silver, with the bridge in a lighter and shinier shade than the sea. The steel of the bridge glinted till it pained the eyes. As the car dove and clambered its whimsical course, I had the feeling that our driver had a particular affinity for this part of the journey. He handled the car easily, caressing the wheel and whistling tunelessly, like a child tasting the joys of playland.

"You're in good form today, Zooby," the dyed-hair said to the driver. He snorted a pleased reply.

The bus arrived at Richmond and our driver helpfully showed us to the Berkeley bus. Surely this is the ultimate of courtesy on four wheels. My aunt, if she had exaggerated the other qualities of American transportation, had failed to mention its versatility.

MARIE CHAI '65

PEACEMAKER

The falcon fowl decamped the solid rock;
Rose with its sure, impressive wing outstretched,
Projecting patterns fateful far below;
And then, with eye upon futurity,
He cried: "Peace! Peace!"
And from his beak there fell
The branch of olive.

SUSAN SCHNEIDER '62



MEMORANDA

As you sweep up from Grand Avenue to Palm you think "Here I am again"—think this even before the turrets of Meadowlands rise up to greet you with memories of the freshman days. You remember friendly faces as you swing by what once was Benincasa. You turn into Fanjeaux: screeches of excitement and recognition mingle with slamming car doors, pounding feet on wooden stairs, and shrill laughter. You wonder if you were ever away.

* * * *

We wait silently outside Meadowlands. Through the brightly lit windows of the hunt room we catch sight of the dragon with flashing eyes moving ponderously toward St. George. At length the big Dutch door is flung open. Singing, we move on up the street. The air bites our noses and feet; candle drippings sting our hands. We approach Santa Sabina gate and pause halfway up the hill. Small flames dart in and out of the darkness, a kind of reflection of the stars with their steadfast promise of peace.

* * * *

Timid early morning sun slants through the Monterey cypress next to Anne Hathaway, and the damp branches surrender their moisture in clouds of steam. Students, intent upon reaching class, crunch and scatter the gravel underneath their hurrying feet. With quizzical look, one dives between the shrubbery of the garden and returns triumphantly with a small blossom. Curious is the effect of that first, poignant February daphne.

* * * *

The notice on Guzman's main bulletin board warned: "Seniors, file application for a degree by Thursday at four o'clock." I entered room two, bid the Registrar "Good afternoon," and scribbled my name in the proper blank. Another of those silly forms, I thought. As my pen reached the word "Major," I hesitated: with every stroke I felt the full

force of those “twenty-four upper-division units,” remembered both the rewarding satisfaction and the grueling discouragement. How could I ever have doubted that it was all worthwhile!

* * * *

Wednesday nights are special for they are devoted to the symphony. As the time approaches my anticipation mounts, slowly, like the rising swell of the first movement which carries me into a different world. Sometimes it is a world I already know and can luxuriate in its details. Other worlds are new and strange, a series of discoveries.

CATHERINE BENNETT '62



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