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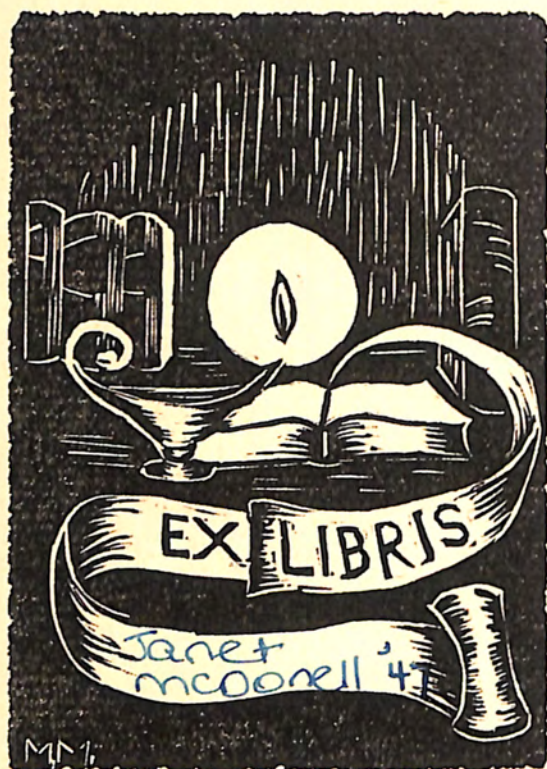
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# The Firebrand







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# THE FIREBRAND

THE DOMINICAN COLLEGE OF SAN RAFAEL

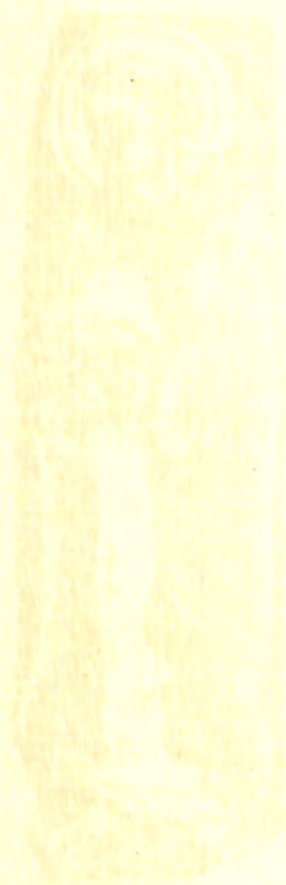


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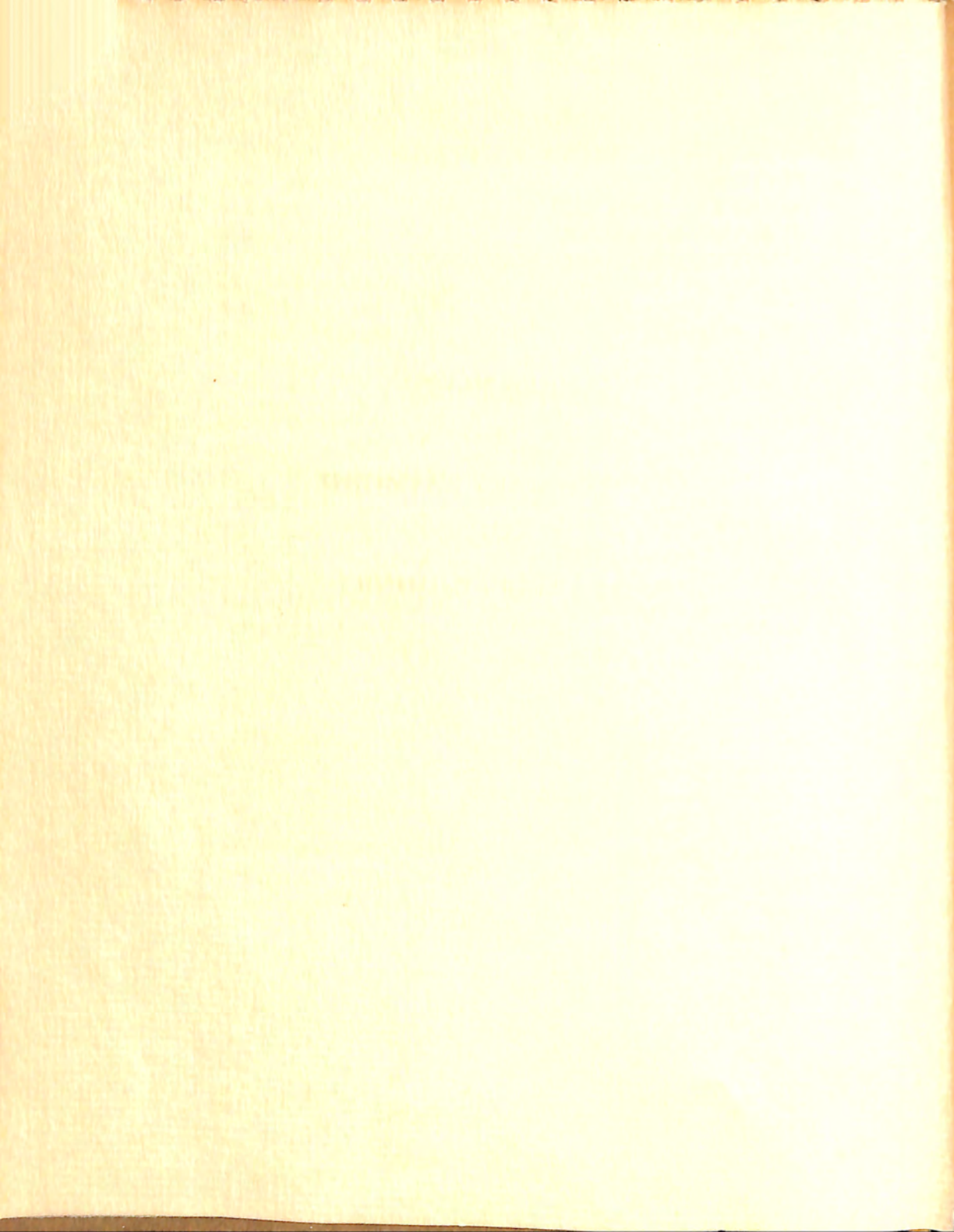
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IN LOVING MEMORY  
OF  
MOTHER MARY RAYMOND  
AND  
SISTER MARY DOMINIC



## THE FIREBRAND

EDITOR . . . . . BETTY BURNS  
ASSISTANT EDITOR . . . . . GLORIA BRAGG  
BUSINESS MANAGER . . . . . LOIS VIRGIL  
ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS  
MARY LOU BRADEN  
WINIFRED FELDER  
ART EDITOR . . . . . MAUREEN MANTLE

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BEATA HAMBUECHEN	ELEANOR NUNES
LEE HARTWELL	LENORA AZEVEDO
MARNO FREITAS	ALICE WHITE
SUZANNE CRANE	PADALO WHITE
LYLA BYLINKIN	MARY LARMON
JACQUELINE RICE	MARGARET BACKEBERG
HELEN ELDER	LOUISE GALLAGHER
MARY GRACE HAMILTON	

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## TYPISTS

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ALICE WHITE	MARNO PRINCE FREITAS
GLORIA BRAGG	LORRAINE MCGUIRE



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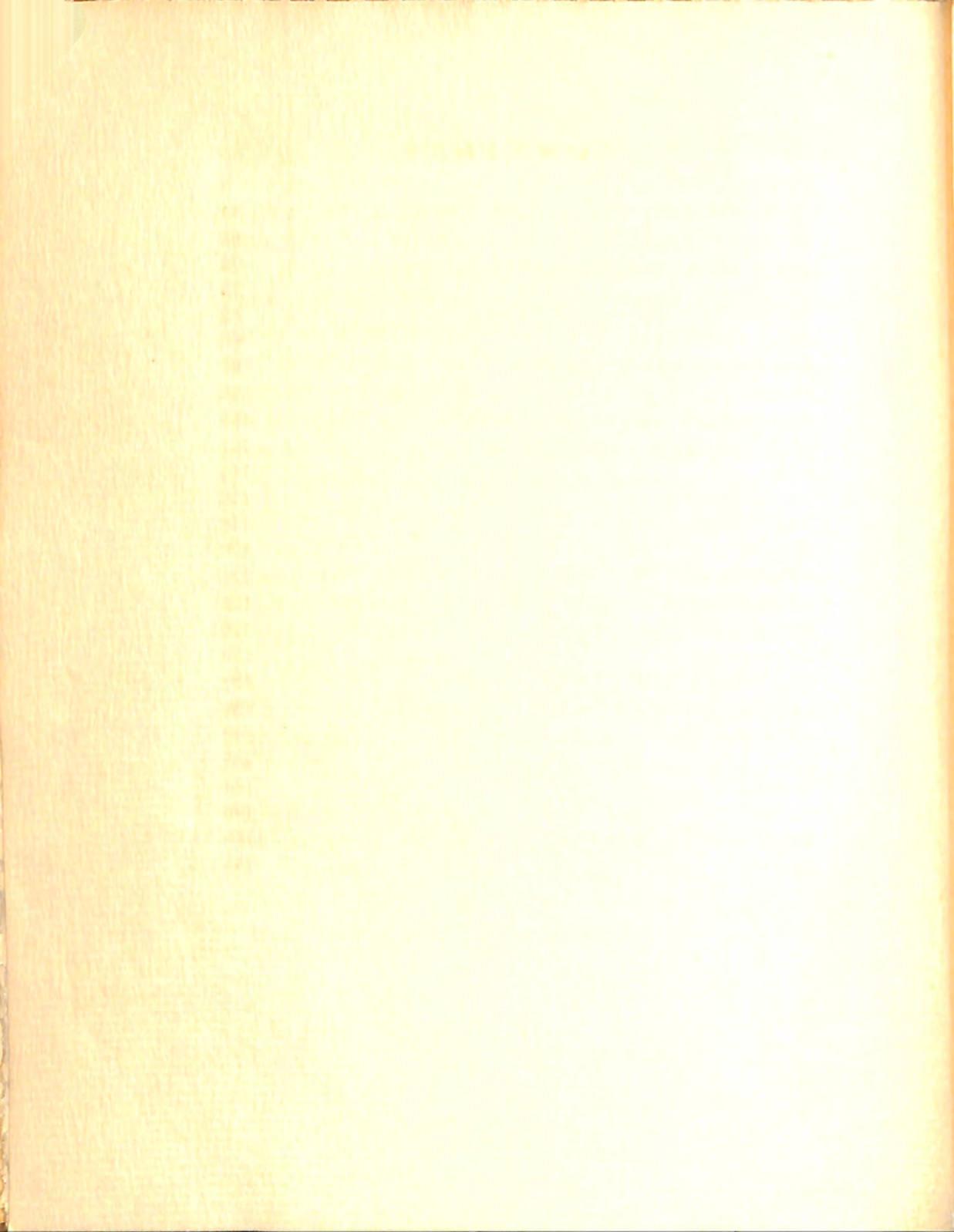
1902

1903

1904

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## EDITORIAL

IT is the lazy man who says that we are but drifting in a current beyond our control. "The government settles our affairs," the lazy man says, or "the munitions makers will have their way with a war," or "economic forces are too much for mere men." Let us not become a part of this cynicism; let us hold rather to the belief that man is the maker of history, not history the maker of man. Let us firmly believe that as a democratic nation we are the government and not "wards of the state." Surely our government is what we make it and, as it is now fashionable for political scientists to observe, we do get the government which we deserve. Let us not pity ourselves, crying aloud at wrongs we could correct—let us not drift with the thoughtless.

Politics have become discredited. We often look on the holders of office with disdain, and we leave political responsibility not to true representatives of us, but to the shrewd and the crafty.

Webster defines politics as an art, an art fraught with wisdom and dealing with the general welfare of the people. Have we consciously allowed the art to become debased? Have we knowingly shirked our responsibility of seeing to our own welfare and that

of our neighbor? Let us not start our adult life shirking responsibilities. Let us become thinking young women and, in consequence, active young women, striving to be seldom befuddled, not often deluded. We are rational beings; above and beyond that, we have been "made to the image and likeness of God." This is our generation and it is our privilege and duty to make it one of progress and purpose.

THE SENIORS





LENORA RITA AZEVEDO

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: SCIENCE

Spanish Club '40, '41, '42, '43  
Albertus Magnus '40, '41, '42, '43  
I.R.C.

C.S.T.A.  
Sodality '41, '42, '43  
President of Sodality '43

LEE is quiet and grave in appearance, until her face lights with a smile, more charming perhaps because it comes rarely. Nothing seems to bother her; she goes along, slow and unflurried. Her fellow students have always thought her wise; they trust her judgment.

She has two special enthusiasms, large Catholic families and the out-of-doors, and the beauty of the Dominican campus sends her into rhapsodies.

She hopes to travel some day after the War, and she wants most of all to go to Brazil, but she likes clean trains and aspires to streamliners. Buses she dislikes and bus stations she detests. She despises hypocrisy because she, herself, is so sincere and her loyalties so deep.



**MARGARET BACKEBERG**

**MAJOR: ENGLISH**

**MINOR: HISTORY**

**Transfer from Pasadena Junior College**



IF awareness and interest can be basic elements of character, those are the stuff of which Margaret's character is made. The awareness is not merely a passive realization of the world and people around her but an active searching into it and them, and her darting brown eyes make that keenness manifest to all. Her interest is not effusive and overwhelming nor is it wearily comprehensive. The production of soy beans doesn't receive (nor deserve, in her opinion,) as much of her attention as the character of Napoleon or Byron's *Childe Harold*, yet she enjoys *Agatha Christie* no less than Shakespeare, more perhaps, because the former does not entail an *explication de texte*.

She is opinionated and definite in her views, often to the point of obstinacy, albeit politely so. She is often brusque because she has a fear of being artificially "sweet," but her smile is none the less worthy of that saccharine adjective. She has the ability, as not many of us have, to be interesting without indulging in personalities, particularly her own.



**GLORIA KATHYRN BRAGG**

**MAJOR: EDUCATION**

**MINOR: ENGLISH**

**Transferred from Sacramento Junior College, Sacramento, California**

**Assistant Editor *Firebrand* '44  
I.R.C.**

**Dramatics Club  
Vice-President C.S.T.A. '43**

**G**LORIA is an idealist, unwilling to display her depth and understanding. The first impression of her is one of shyness, but a bit of detection reveals her uncommon amount of self-assurance and her happy faculty of reasoning things out to successful conclusions before she acts. She is quick to appraise and slow to criticize, possessed of the ability to see through people and keep her counsel. Fastidious in appearance and taste, she has the bandbox appearance which accompanies neatness. Punctual and decisive, she plans and proceeds deliberately to her end. Hers is a very warm smile, a very friendly manner. Although she is not given to setting aside the necessary for the cherished, she will at times forget the Education Department for the sake of a bit of poetical perusing and she loves to read a favorite poem in a soothing, rather hushed voice. She has a touch of sentimentality, just a little of the dreamer.





MARY LOU BRADEN

MAJOR: SCIENCE

MINOR: PHILOSOPHY

President Student Affairs Board '44  
Student Affairs Board '43  
Assistant Business Manager  
*Firebrand* '44  
President of Confraternity of the  
Blessed Sacrament '43

Confraternity of the  
Blessed Sacrament '44  
Albertus Magnus Club '41, '42, '43, '44  
I.R.C.  
Choral '41, '42

MARY LOU is "the Englishman in our midst". She dwells oddly enough in a Senior house which could be called Clan I of the Irish daughters. Her sometimes aloof manner is jovially distinct in a sea of green enthusiasm. Perhaps this is the reason her sense of humor seems so individual. She cares little for the furbelows and is at times taken aback by the dilatory methods of her companions. She underestimates her own ability, yet would make an excellent straw boss. She is punctual and systematic, and intensely concerned with the order of things. Her serious bent, however, does not prevent her from alternating her more quiet moods with Herculean playfulness. Beneath her good humored acceptance lies constant searching and a power of sometimes unrealized analysis. We love her best for her naturalness.





MARGARET MARY BRENNAN

MAJOR: SCIENCE

MINOR: FRENCH

Vice-President Class '42  
Class President '43

Albertus Magnus Club  
French Club  
Pi Delta Phi



MARDI is the "little one" who lives in the sumptuous gold room at Benincasa. She is a feminine bit of humanity with her eye for clothes and her avid reading of love poetry, yet her working hours are spent amid a sombre collection of test tubes. She has the fine, dry wit with which God has blessed his Irish children. Fond of an odd assortment of jokes, she loves to relate them along with humorous instances of her past life. She delivers the pathetic ballad, *My Last Fifty Cents*, with a complete sincerity and the utmost pathos. Her way of drawing you into her conversation with ease and equality would become a duchess. Her mind is at once keen and well ordered. She has a love for the spiritual and the mystical, and an affection for the sentimental.



**BETTY BURNS**

**MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY, HISTORY**

**MINOR: ENGLISH**

*Firebrand* Staff '42, '43  
*Meadowlark* Staff '42, '43, '44  
Editor *Firebrand* '44  
President of the W.A.A. '43  
Executive Board '43  
Student Affairs Board '44

Confraternity of the  
Blessed Sacrament '43, '44  
President of I.R.C. '44  
Spanish Club  
Choral '41, '42  
Phi Beta Mu  
Gamma Sigma

BETTY's most obvious characteristics are amiability, generosity and energy. She is always willing, or makes one think she is willing, to take over another more or less impossible task, regardless of whatever enterprises she already may have under way. And this on principle; for some obscure reason, she thinks it is good for her to have too much to do! She is very intelligent, but definitely not a grind, and she is apparently indifferent to grades; she welcomes new information as food for thought and she thinks much about significant things. She is quite opinionated, but not disagreeable about it; in fact she is unconscious of the trait; others who are tenacious of their ideas amuse her rather inordinately. Betty's human relationships are a source of great happiness to her; she loves her home and her family and her friendships are lasting and loyal. She gives the impression of right orientation—moral and mental, of a wholesome mind and an upright heart.





**MARIANNA BURROWS**

**MAJOR: HOME ECONOMICS**

**MINOR: SCIENCE**

**Transferred from Yakima Junior College, Yakima, Washington**

**Vice-President Class '44**

**Vice-President W.A.A. '43**

**Albertus Magnus Club  
Spanish Club**

YAK is a study in contradiction. She strides about the campus with the gait of a football hero, earnestly discussing her latest weaving accomplishments or sits knitting on one of her pastel sweaters while she discusses her last skiing trip in Yosemite. She is generous to a fault and any attempt at reciprocation meets with determined indignation. She is a born comedienne, rocking the grove with laughter at most unexpected moments, and she is also the speaker from the floor who rails with impatience at any signs of complacency. She is the first to bring the sensational news flash to the grove, but she herself is the last to believe one. She is intensely interested in reading and cannot resist the invitations of any book club. She is everybody's friend, even to the little newsboy who delivers his papers along Palm Avenue.



LYLA BYLINKIN

MAJOR: MUSIC

MINOR: EDUCATION

Music Club '41, '42, '43, '44  
President of Gamma Sigma '44

Gamma Sigma '43  
Spanish Club  
Choral



SERIOUS minded, exceptionally gifted, and full of class interest is Lyla. She is both vigorous and vital. She responds to a request quickly and enthusiastically and takes a joy in doing all things well.

It is extraordinary to find such dispatch and responsibility in an artist, but Lyla is a musician who has room for interests other than music, although hours of patient practice must be put into her demanding major. She attacks the problem of understanding music with fine intelligence, then she goes about mastering the technique of playing the piece in the light of that understanding. Her concert was a tribute to her fine musicianship as well as to her instruction.

To hear her talk of her social life or family history is an evening's entertainment, for her conversation is full of Russian festivities, customs and anecdotes. She has an indisputably feminine giggle, quick bright eyes, and a brisk determined walk.



CONSTANCE COLEMAN

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: ENGLISH

Transfer from College of Notre Dame, Belmont

I.R.C.

CONNIE suggests a Latin beauty. Her eyes are large and dark and she wears her thick brown hair drawn smoothly over her ears. She likes vivid reds and blues with white, clothes of a non-collegiate elegance, yet she is a quiet person, conscientious and studious. She has a keen sense of responsibility and a passionate desire to do her best. Her most endearing ways are her gentleness and her kindness in the little things. The least attempt made to please her, the smallest favor, is met with a degree of appreciation that distinguishes her from the casual.





PATRICIA CRIBBIN

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: BUSINESS

Class Treasurer '41  
Class President '42  
Treasurer Student Body '43  
President Student Body '44  
W.A.A. Board '43

Executive Board '43, '44  
*Firebrand* Staff '43  
French Club  
Phi Beta Mu '43, '44

I N her four years, Pat has had more responsibility than anyone else on the campus, but never has a grumble or a word of complaint passed her lips. Many a night she has sat up, poring over the treasurer's books, but when she finished the juggling they balanced perfectly. Under her able guidance the Student Body has operated efficiently, despite the crowding of events caused by the accelerated program. Her spirit has been a model for all of us, and she has received loyal support, for she has stood for what we have desired in student representation.

She has never been too preoccupied to oblige the passerby with a twinkly smile and her throaty chuckle is easily provoked. Her companions have discovered that the time to indulge in idle chatter with her is definitely after breakfast. She is a typical soldier when it comes to arising, but once she has partaken of a little nourishment the world again assumes its rosy glow. She likes people, so naturally they like her.





TERESA DALESSI

MAJOR: SPANISH

MINOR: HISTORY

Spanish Club '41, '42, '43, '44  
Sigma Delta Phi '44  
Gamma Sigma '43, '44



TERESA has a fawn-like, demure personality; and is at times uncompromisingly retiring and reticent, but occasionally her hidden spirit springs out and surprises us, especially when her passion for justice has been aroused. In general, however, she is dignified and decorous and her sense of humor is a quiet one.

Teresa transferred from Marin Junior College in her Freshman year and since then has been a scholastic credit to us. She is sincere in all her work, is willing to help others and is warmly appreciative when helped. Her real charm lies in her simplicity and her sincerity.



ALICE PHELAN DOYLE

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: ENGLISH

Transferred from San Francisco College for Women, San Francisco, Calif.

Confraternity of the  
Blessed Sacrament '43  
Secretary of Confraternity of the  
Blessed Sacrament '44

Drama Club  
I.R.C.  
Schola Cantorum  
Secretary of C.S.T.A. '43

A LICE is a sincere enthusiast. Anyone's good fortune elates her, for there isn't an iota of selfishness in her makeup. Because her interest in others is so sincere one feels happy in confiding in her. She has a good memory for poetry and quotes it frequently while consoling some disheartened friend.

She is made up of contrasts; often she seems the most cheerful and casual person on the campus but more often still she is concerned with profound thought. Even in her profundity there is contrast. She acts in surges, first ecstatically exuberant, then quiet and pondering.

She is truly religious and her faith supports her in every crisis. Since she has been six years old she has wanted to be the Blessed Mother in a Nativity Play. The role was given to her last Christmas, and with great beauty and deepest reverence she carried the part of our Lady in the Coventry Pageant of the Shearmen and the Taylors.





PATRICIA CLAIRE DURHAM

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: ENGLISH

Transfer from Marin Junior College

C.S.T.A.

President of Day Scholars

THERE is about Pat a Pixie quality. Her brows are arched and her round eyes turn up at the corners. Her face is perpetually serene but she has, too, a glowing, vital look.

Her manner is a bit nonchalant and she has more than a little of the sophisticate in her make-up. She seldom hurries and never seems flustered as to the way things are to be done. She is level headed.

She is hospitable and obliging. She lives just across the street from Meadowlands and it is a familiar sight to see her leaving the campus, her pockets bulging with the letters the girls have asked her to mail at the corner post-box.



**WINIFRED FELDER**

**MAJOR: EDUCATION**

**MINOR: ENGLISH**

Executive Board '41  
Social Committee '44  
*Firebrand Staff '44*

Choral '41, '42  
French Club '41  
Spanish Club '42



WINNIE's name means "peacemaker," but that title is quite often offset by her love of argument. With an "Isn't it horrible?" she charges with certainty, and not undogmatically, into the latest social problems. The dependent child and the irresponsible mother, for instance, are two pet topics for fiery harangue; justice and equity are the touchstones of her arguments. She is ever up in arms for the belittled, ever aroused for the neglected, ever explanatory towards the culprit's transgressions. Her smile is sweet, and her heart is kind, and she has an innate graciousness which makes no deed too small for her attention.

She has a gay and sophisticated worldly side, too, always aware of the latest mode and the most glamorous restaurant. We think of San Franciscans as among the best dressed women in the world and of Winnie as one of the best dressed San Franciscans.



MARY ANN FRANEY

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Secretary Student Body '42  
Freshman Advisor '43  
Vice-President Student Body '44  
Executive Board '42, '43, '44  
W. A. A. Board '41, '42, '43  
Student Affairs Board '44

I.R.C.  
C.S.T.A.  
Choral  
Schola Cantorum  
Albertus Magnus Club  
Spanish Club

WITH the tenderest of intentions we may call Mary Ann, "old reliable." Hers is the laugh that answers to our slightest excuse for a joke. Hers is the hand that wields the skillet on any picnic weekend. She has an infectious chuckle, which may be counted on in the stormiest predicament. Hers is the advice so often acted on. Hers is the shoulder we use to cry on.

She is quick to see distress, and certain in her sympathy and help. She is a wise judge of character. At first glance it would seem she saw only the good in people, but later investigation indicates that she just overlooks their faults. Capable and practical, she can lend herself with infinite enthusiasm to any work she has to do.

In her studies she has the perseverance that brings success. She especially likes science and physical education. Best of all, she enjoys teaching because she loves little children.





**MARNO PRINCE FREITAS**

**MAJOR: ENGLISH**

**MINOR: HISTORY**

**Gamma Sigma '43, '44**

M ARNO has four children, but a standing wonder on the campus is her very young loveliness. She has red hair and its proper accompaniment, a transparent white skin and freckles. Hers are captivating.

A very gifted student, she distressed the faculty by getting married at the end of her sophomore year. Last January she returned to college. Every morning she takes three of her four children to school. David, the fat-stomached three-year-old (we know them all from Marno's articles in the *Meadowlark*), stays with his grandmother, while his mother studies at college. She is working for a Secondary Credential.

She can rarely be persuaded to talk of herself, preferring to discuss politics, history or literature. Although she argues with fire, she is never dogmatic but willing to change her opinions if they are proved wrong.

She has great poise, and an engaging sense of humor, and she has excellent taste.



**LOUISE GALLAGHER**

**MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY**

**MINOR: ENGLISH**

Spanish Club  
Phi Beta Mu  
Music Club '43

Gamma Sigma  
Secretary-Treasurer Gamma Sigma '43  
Sigma Delta Pi



LOUISE is energetic and cheerful. She speaks eagerly and quickly both in class discussions or when recounting her latest social activity. Her movements are brisk, full of competence and independence and when she argues there is assurance and certainty in her manner.

Her mind is always alert. Her store of knowledge and her extensive vocabulary are very often the source of amazement to her classmates. She is truly interested in Sociology and is ever willing to discourse on it at length in or out of class. One of our most intelligent students, we feel she is bound to succeed both because of her knowledge and because she knows how to get things done with forethought and purpose.



GABRIELLE ANNE HALL

MAJOR: ECONOMICS

MINOR: SOCIOLOGY

Class President '44  
Class Vice-President '43  
Schola  
Choral

Madrigal Club  
I.R.C.  
Phi Beta Mu

GAY is our collegienne, the first to know the latest fad or the newest fashion. She is a procrastinator, but somehow, somehow her work generally gets done and on time. No plan is ever started by her without consulting the whole class. She has made her classmates "twenty-seven strong" by weaving together class opinion and class action. This she has done by her charming manner which makes her easy to talk to and pleasant to meet. She has a taste for personnel work and would make a gracious receptionist. Her droll sense of humor is never absent. A quick beat of her hand on the brow usually indicates that she has turned a joke on herself. Class president after residence of but a year speaks strongly for her personality.





**FRANCES LANINI**

**MAJOR: EDUCATION**

**MINOR: HOME ECONOMICS**

Class Secretary '42  
Social Committee '43  
Social Chairman '44

Executive Board '44  
Spanish Club  
President C.S.T.A. '43

FRANNIE could sit demurely on the molding in the chapel and blend perfectly with the decorative appointments. But, the energetic little figure of our imaginary angel could never reside there quietly for two seconds.

One needs only to glimpse her hands to realize that she excels in the practical arts—sewing, weaving, and cooking. Frannie is very decided and attacks whatever she meets with deftness and definiteness. Her girlish appearance deceives chance acquaintances who seldom expect the mature workings of her active mind. “A stitch in time,” quotes Frannie to apathetic Benincasa associates, and the proverb sums up nicely an integral part of her personality, her perfection in details. She is Emily Post’s conception of the gracious hostess, and she has ably illuminated this quality as Social Chairman during her Senior year.

“Miss Lanini,” to the children under her guidance, has displayed her future possibility of being an excellent teacher. However, she plans to change her school marm status very shortly to one of home making.



**ROSEMARIE MACHADO**

**MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY**

**MINOR: ENGLISH**

**Class Treasurer '43**  
**President of the Confraternity of**  
**Blessed Sacrament '44**

**Phi Beta Mu**  
**I.R.C.**



ROSEMARIE comes from the heart of the Sacramento Valley. She has the natural sweetness and the dignity that come from a childhood near orchards and fields but, she has also an urban sophistication, a sense of the right thing to say and do. Her room has the restful quality of order and good taste. It is always clean and airy even on the sultriest day. One likes to go into it because it is so pleasant and because Rosemarie's sympathetic personality shines there. Her laugh is genuine and her large brown eyes and wide smile convey her Mediterranean warmth to friends and strangers alike. She loves literature and promises that her children will read all the classic English novels. She is sensitive to beauty of all kinds and she has moreover a shining spiritual radiance.



**LORRAINE McGUIRE**

**MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY**

**MINOR: BUSINESS**

**Transferred from San Francisco College for Women, San Francisco, Calif.**

**Class Secretary '43**  
**Social Committee '43**  
**Firebrand Staff '43**

**Executive Board '44**  
**Phi Beta Mu '43, '44**

AT EASE anywhere, that is Lorraine. Her merry outlook on life has seen many of the girls through difficult moments. Her genial companionship has made her a favorite, especially among the Sophomores, who consider themselves her little sister *en masse*. She came to us as a Junior from Lone Mountain and was one of us immediately.

She is always flying, hither and yon, constantly in the midst of whatever contributes to excitement about the campus. At every turn she has volunteered her services and has shouldered her responsibilities, bravely executing them without a murmur. She has been a comfort to the Student Body.





MARGARET ALICE MEADER

MAJOR: SCIENCE

MINOR: ENGLISH

R.N. Transfer from St. Joseph's College of Nursing  
Albertus Magnus '44

MARGE is small and dainty looking, yet she gives the impression of briskness and capability. When she comes into a sick room, her cheerful vivacity seems to bring a promise of quick recovery. She is always considerate of others but she will do what she thinks right regardless of what other people may say or think.

She loves being in the country where she can ride, or ski, or go on picnics and hikes. She is good company because of her pleasant humor and her gift for good talk.

She will never be a lonely person, for she has so many resources within herself. Her accomplishments are eminently feminine. She weaves and sketches and likes to make wood blocks and crepe flowers that look like paintings. One of her hobbies is collecting hand-painted teacups.



ELEANOR NUNES

MAJOR: SPANISH

MINOR: SCIENCE

W.A.A. Board '42, '43, '44  
Student Affairs Board '42, '43, '44  
Fanjeaux House Mother '44  
Confraternity of the  
Blessed Sacrament '43, '44

I.R.C.  
Albertus Magnus Club  
Spanish Club



ELEANOR NUNES is Fanjeaux's capable house-mother. She has carried largely the responsibility brought about by a war-time dining room. It is she who has shouldered the task of supervising the clearing and setting of tables—and she has created a wholesome fear and a fine order. She is at the same time very considerate and has good common sense. Her patience, her thoughtfulness, and her sense of humor attract people to her. She is neither easily shocked nor easily angered and because she is able to keep a secret she is the confidante of all. She loves good company and she is excellent at sports. Give her a basketball or a ballroom floor and she will be equally pleased.

What really exasperates her is an unacknowledged long distance call on the downstairs phone, or borrowing things without permission. She has done much for the morale of Fanjeaux and of the Senior Class.



**LOIS VIRGIL**

**MAJOR: EDUCATION**

**MINOR: MUSIC**

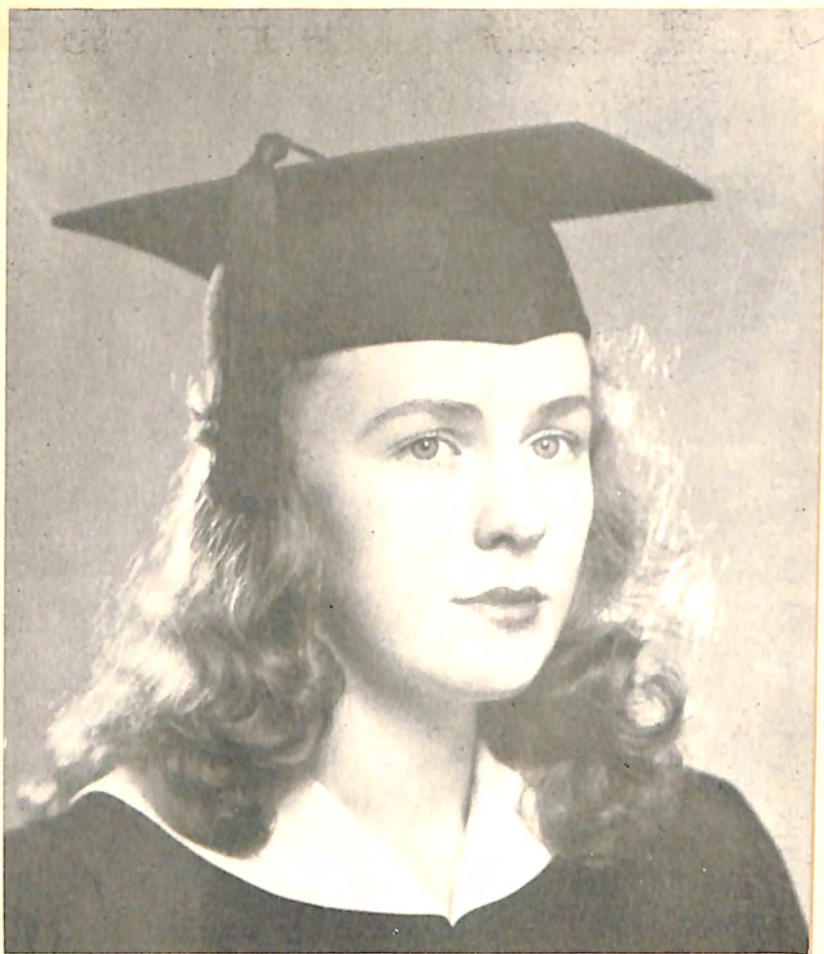
Student Affairs Board '41  
W.A.A. Board '41  
Business Manager *Meadowlark* '41  
Business Manager *Firebrand* '43  
Vice-President Gamma Sigma '43

French Club  
Mummers Club  
Music Club  
C.S.T.A.  
Choral

LOIS left College in her Junior year to do clerical work in Marinship, but she found books and music much more to her liking. And the College welcomed her back. It is a pleasure to look at her, she has such poise and such friendliness. Her precision, her persistency, and her business talents are a boon to her class. And when she teaches, she has a gracious self-assurance that makes little children believe she knows everything.

She has brought a lively curiosity and fine enthusiasms. One always sees her and her sister with their friends at the school concerts in Angelico. Her kindness and charity are of a comfortable order. When she waits an hour in Guzman Hall to take someone downtown, she never seems to be granting a favor, but rather to be glad of one's companionship.





ALICE EULALIA DUNNE WHITE

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: HISTORY

Editor *Meadowlark* '42  
Editor *Firebrand* '43  
*Meadowlark* Staff '43  
*Firebrand* Staff '44  
Executive Board '43

I.R.C.  
C.S.T.A.  
Spanish Club  
Choral '41, '42, '43

Alice is a delightful blend of the underrated feminine and of the intelligent. She appears most sympathetic with a life of ease, but when there is work to be done, be it the latest education quiz or a paper on post-war peace, she goes to the extreme of exacting labor. And, also in spite of this apparent languor, she is one of the College's most competent representatives and has had more than a just share of conventions in her four years.

One would never guess that her calm, self possession hides an unwonted amount of inner trembling. This hesitancy to trust her own ability is neutralized by a desire to attempt (with innumerable misgivings) whatever she has been asked to do. She is one sort of person who arrives at a conclusion the second a matter is broached, but, exasperates her companions with a "Well now, I don't know"—be it in answer to a request for a walk down town or a request to divulge her plans after graduation. She is equally competent with knitting needles or a history book. Generous with her time and possessions but not with her confidence, she hides behind a casual manner, the insecurity that faces every thinking college graduate, and Alice is a girl who thinks.



**PADALO WHITE**

**MAJOR: EDUCATION**

**MINOR: MUSIC**

**Transferred from San Diego State College, San Diego, California**

**Social Committee '44**

**W.A.A. Board '44**

**Choral '43, '44**

**Schola Cantorum**

**Music Club**

**Drama Club**

**I.R.C.**

**Confraternity of the**

**Blessed Sacrament '43**

**C.S.T.A.**

**Madrigal Club**



THE spicy connotation of her nickname, "Pepper," is a true characterization of Padalo. Her red locks also indicate the sparkle of our nightingale. Need we elaborate on the Gaelic heritage of this Irish colleen?

Pat swept into our class in her Junior year as a transfer from San Diego State College. Soon we realized that she had a beautiful voice as she graciously entertained the lonely souls on Saturday nights in Fanjeaux. Her spirit has served to enliven the whole class and she has guided and directed us in ballets and operettas of which we didn't believe ourselves capable.

She has had great success in her chosen field of teaching, due in great part to her intense interest in anything she undertakes and to her warm-hearted understanding of little children. She has a gift of convincing mimicry and she talks exceptionally well; had she lived in the day of Margaret Fuller, that conversationalist would never have risen to such unique fame.



**LOIS JANE WILLIAMS**

**MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY**

**MINOR: DRAMATICS**

**Transfer from College of Notre Dame, Belmont**

**Phi Beta Mu '43, '44  
Dramatics Club**

L ODY is a very straightforward person and expects this same quality in others. She has, moreover, a quiet liveliness and an ability to tell humorous tales in a peculiarly dry manner. In most things she is definite. Red socks and untidiness annoy her; people and the theater intrigue her. She has enjoyed taking part in several of the plays that have been given in the last two years and gives interesting interpretations of royalty. Psychology fascinates her and she amuses herself by trying to figure out people's motives for doing what they do.





MARGARET WRIGHT

MAJOR: ECONOMICS

MINOR: FRENCH

Transferred from Santa Rosa Junior College

Class Secretary '44  
Gamma Sigma  
Pi Beta Phi  
Schola Cantorum  
Choral

I.R.C.  
Drama Club  
Madrigal Club  
Phi Beta Mu  
French Club

MARGOT is a professor's and a photographer's dream. She has a mind which absorbs knowledge and keeps it. Her throaty voice would suit a panel paper as well as it does a Negro spiritual. She is sensitive and moody. She is reticent to admit her abilities or the possible success of her ideas, as intelligent people so often are. Her competence is widely recognized, however, for she is often called upon to take part in a forum or table discussion. She is practical, blessed with an unusual quantity of common sense; her budget is air tight and she always puts first things first. She is fond of satirizing her knowledge of the French language and parodies roll glibly from her tongue to the amusement of her classmates. A proud sensitivity indicates a fear of being misunderstood, but sincerity is to Margot a duty.

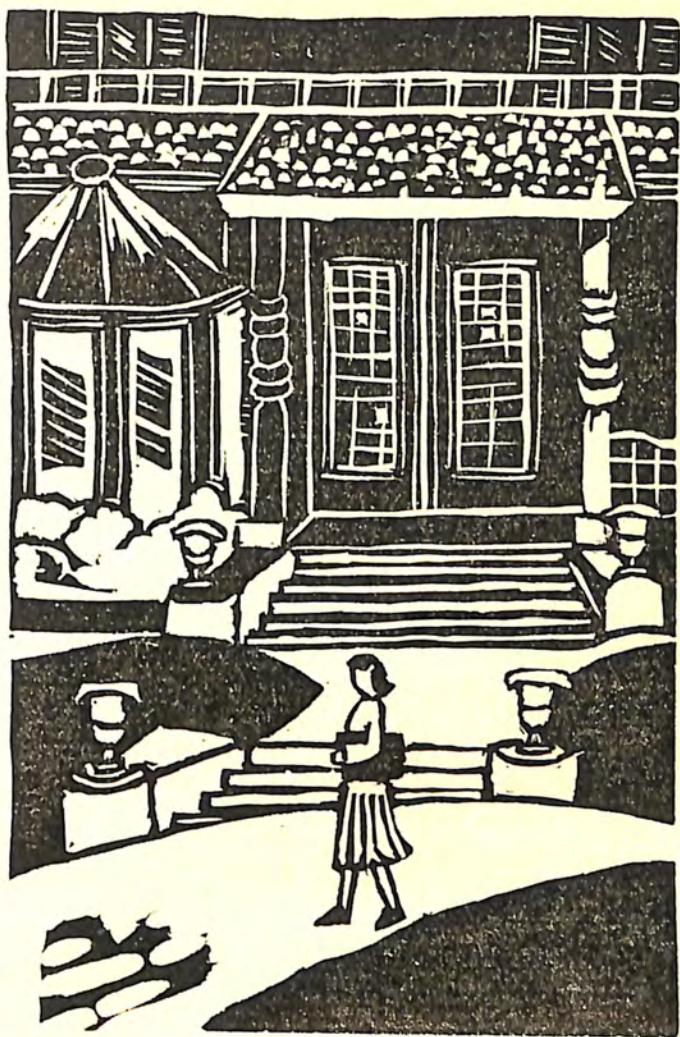
## BENINCASA

ON a Tuesday evening in early September, Benincasa opened its double paneled door to eleven wary Seniors. We cautiously dragged our luggage past the two great stone urns and up the four marble steps, across the gray wooden porch and into the somber, dimly lit hall. Was it going back we were, to the nineteenth century, we wondered, as we looked at the heavy, ornately carved high backed chairs in the vestibule.

We studied the rooming situation and pondered. One palatial bedroom was large enough for four bridge players, that is if they could concentrate on a game in the midst of such sumptuous appointments. The end chamber provided room to spare for three more of us and the remaining rooms, though spacious, sank into the mediocrity of housing but two. So with a "for better or worse attitude," we wrangled ourselves into our respective boudoirs and went to sleep under our frescoed ceilings.

After our eyes had been oriented to the luminosity of the color schemes and the luxury of the gold-embossed bathrooms, we settled down to live the quiet and simple lives of college girls in the atmosphere of a country mansion. Of course the bric-a-brac in the





drawing room and the Persian flavored grill work, the black wooden statue of the fingerless Cupid, and the elaborately carved peacock who was always falling from his perch had their effect.

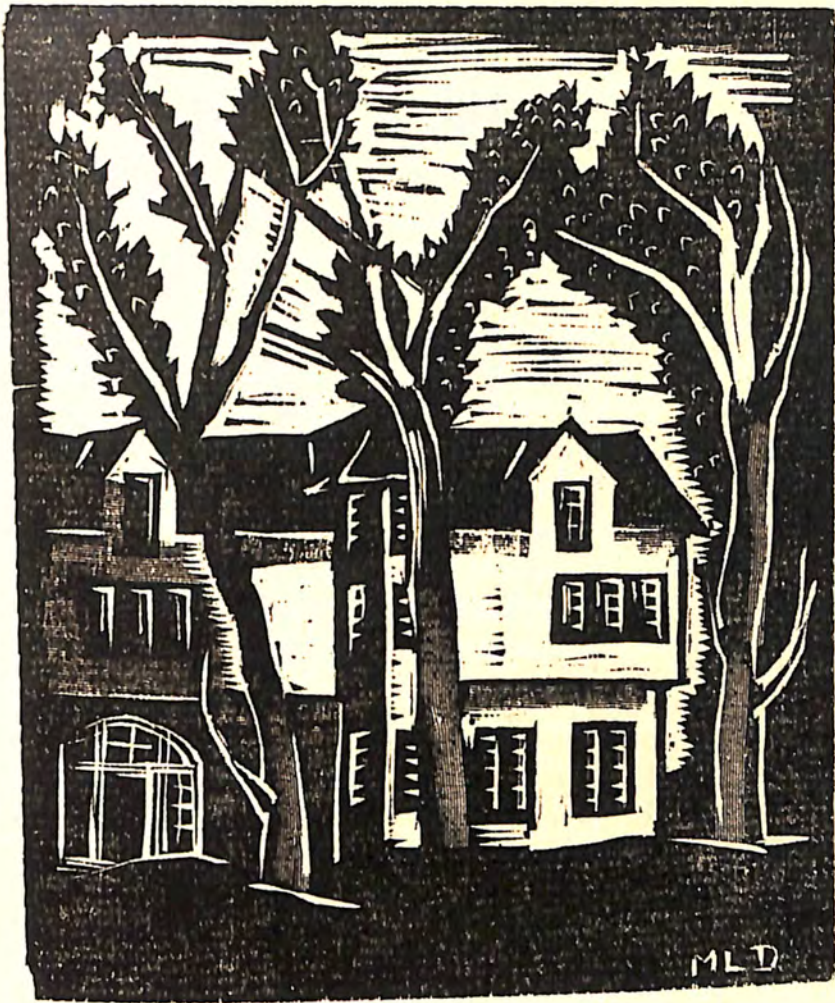
In January we began to serve afternoon tea for the benefit of the Senior class as a whole, whether it was to show the unfavored majority how we revelled in our luxurious surrounding or to entice all to share our Victorian habitat we don't know.

Among our guests at tea were some illustrious personages. Three Marinettes came one night in order to see how many of our brood they could attract into the service; another evening Dr. Horn arrived to give us a talk on his tour through Japan. Mrs. Swoboda spoke in Meadowlands on the Cadet Nursing course, but she talked to us about it first at a five o'clock tea in Benincasa.

The various clubs found a firelit living room preferable to a Guzman seminar room and so they trooped over to Benincasa for their conferences. The I. R. C. discussed current events there several times.

Evenings were far from all work and no play. Very often on rainy nights we sat before the fireplace, popping corn in a borrowed Meadowlands' popper, or, if energetic enough, crowded into the kitchen to make a stove and a pot do the work. Then we had our birth-







day parties, when we refreshed ourselves with chocolate cake and multi-flavored ice cream hidden in the kitchen until the festive moment. After the feast we would gather around the piano to sing the old favorites until study or sleep called us to our rooms.

During the preparation for class day the living room was, by turn, converted into a sewing room which we littered with crepe paper and cheesecloth or into a studio where we practiced the rudiments of the ballet or learned of the operatic possibilities of "Jack and Jill." How the old house, like the prudish Victorian aristocrat that she is, must have covered her ears at the frolic and the din.

To insure our happiness in Benincasa, we converted the pleasant morning room into an oratory. It was a perfect choice, for the early sun shines through the large windows on the south side, and at night the lights are low enough to suffuse the room with the dim glow which seems to befit a place of prayer. The ivory tinted statue of the Mother and Child stands as if made for the place, on a shelf of the mantelpiece. We placed kneeling benches in front of the shrine and there almost every night we would recite the rosary together for the safety of our friends and relatives overseas.

This has been our last year at College and Benin-

casa has contributed much toward making it a happy one. There we have learned to play and to work and to pray together, so that the old house has become the symbol of class unity.

BETTY BURNS, '44.



### "ARGUMENTUM AD IGNORANTIAM"

WE, the Senior Class, do not intend this epilogue to the preceding character sketches to be an apology; a few words of explanation, however, will not be amiss. We, ourselves, wrote the sketches, presumptuous as it may seem. We wrote them with the deepest sincerity, blinded neither by conceit nor over-indulgent fervor. These vignettes have offered us the first opportunity to express our impressions of each other and our mutual admiration. Some people, perhaps, would have had difficulty or even qualms of conscience in expressing themselves so frankly, but we found it natural to set forth the virtues of our Class. Although we are thus bound by an unusually strong tie of friendship, we have not overlooked the bits of human frailty that may be perceived in all mortals. If we seem to have made ourselves perfection

at its peak, we are but making use of poetic license.

Burns has said,

“O wad some power the giftie gie us

To see oursel's as others see us!”

We did not search for outside opinion; we only delved into our own souls. In days to come we feel that the paragon-like qualities portrayed in us will receive wide recognition, for we honestly feel that these sketches are fact, not fiction. To you, the unprejudiced reader, is left the decision—are we paragons or are we parodies?

CLASS OF '44.



## MEADOWLANDS

THE College this year has come to a quarter century mark. Twenty-five years ago Meadowlands first became a college house, and with that event was the beginning of college life here as we know it now.

Before this time there had been a few college students at San Rafael but they had no house apart from the Convent. In August, 1919, fifteen students began their college life at Meadowlands. The Green Room was used as a dining hall, the little library was reserved for study and for student body meetings that later overflowed into the White Room until the present assembly hall was built. Before the days of Guzman Hall, Sister Dominic lent to the College classrooms and offices in Angelico, but until Guzman came into being Meadowlands was still used for classes. According to their temperaments the faculty liked or disliked teaching in living rooms and before open fires.

Bit by bit the College grew from the nucleus of its first house, strengthened by its accreditations, expanding in campus, in buildings and in numbers; yet today, although it is neither the academic building nor the residence of the greater part of the students, we still regard Meadowlands as the center of college life, first, perhaps, because that is where we started





as freshmen, then, too, because the College as a whole meets daily there. There are held many of the teas, informal parties and the like, which make up our college social life.

The character of Meadowlands depends each year on the character of the girls who live there; yet it is impregnated with a personality which none of the successive groups of girls have been able materially to change.

There is, to begin with, a charm about the house which no modernized building could possess, an old-world loveliness in its rooms as well as its customs of living.

The Green Room, circular walls broken by French windows and decorated by the gay murals of a hunt, invites one to lounge and read the paper or the magazines that lie on its softly lit table; saffron curtains and firelight give it, on winter evenings, an air of warmth and coziness. The comfortable furniture and large old rug have come to mean for the girls a place where informality makes life pleasant.

Adjoining the Green Room is the entrance hall. Low-ceilinged, panelled with dark wood, the room has immeasurable dignity, heightened by its graceful flight of wide stairs, furniture perfectly placed so as not to destroy the effect of spaciousness, a few care-



fully selected pictures so hung that each has space of its own to dominate and enhance. There is always an inviting friendliness in this hallway, in the fireplace with its attendant embossed metal wood-chest, its bright dragon andirons, and in the cushioned window seats with their shelves of books above. The hall opens into the library, its wide table covered, as are the large arm chairs, with elaborately tooled leather. It is cluttered with books, magazines, papers of all sorts, and the books that line the walls seem to belong to the room, to lend to it their personality. Every object the room contains seems to have taken on an innate dignity: an old statue of Saint Theresa, faded and stained by sea water, is not here a relic of the Mexican coast but a weathered and treasured image of a saint who smiles at once vitally and benignly. The literary groups of the College work in this room surrounded by an indescribable feeling of good company.

Meadowlands' wide front porch, deserted during winter rain, comes into its own with spring. Sun worshippers gather there daily under a profusion of sweet-scented climbing roses, and lovers of beauty stand there to gaze across the lawn and the giant cedar of the gardens, to Mount Tamalpais, purple against the changing western sky.





The White Room is sedate, dainty — a drawing room. In it are held teas and club initiations. Impeccably neat, the White Room receives its name from the quaint furniture of white wicker matching the white piano and the white mantel.

Meadowlands' large kitchen is the mystery place of the house. Locked during the day, it is sometimes invaded on week-end nights by would-be confectioners, who turn out fudge or hot chocolate. From its storeroom come nuts to eat before the fire, oranges, and, on very special occasions, marmalade from the fruit of Saint Dominic's orange tree.

Meadowlands' personality comes from the loving care that is lavished upon it—care visible in the arrangement of the pictures on the wall that are just right for their position and color-scheme, visible in the arrangement of the furniture at once formal, nicely balanced and inviting, visible also in the original and lovely flower arrangements, seen all year around its rooms—a few iris sprays in spring on the massive dark wood table, or an angular branch of flowering quince, a spear of bark with red iris berries above a little statue in winter. We observe these things about the house with pride.

This is Meadowlands as it is today. What it will be like in the future we can not foretell. The past



twenty-five years have brought much growth, much cause to celebrate this anniversary with heartfelt rejoicing. There was a very quiet observance of the occasion by the alumnae in the autumn; there could hardly be very gay festivities because in this same year we have borne a deep loss, the deaths of Mother Raymond and Sister Dominic, those two dynamic beings to whom the College owes so much of what is best in its development and its ideals.

Moreover, these are grave days for college students everywhere. Under our gaiety there is always the realization that the life of our college, as of all other customs of the established order, hangs on the issue of the war. Perhaps we are more grateful for our accomplishment in the last quarter of the century because of this realization. And so, being grateful, we must see to it that we carry on ever more earnestly the traditions begun by those first fifteen students inspired by the ideals of Mother Raymond and Sister Dominic.

LEE HARTWELL, '46.

## MOTHER MARY RAYMOND O'CONNOR

### A PORTRAIT

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, when the college students first came to Meadowlands, Mother Raymond (then Sister Raymond, Prioress of San Rafael) took an intimate part in the life of the College. A superb example of G. K. Chesterton's remark, "The most poetical thing in life is not being sick," she could not cross the threshold of a room without filling it with her radiant and compelling personality. She gave always an impression of power and of life lived at its fullest. Her laughter was a thing to be loved and her freezing wrath a calamity to be avoided. She drew others after her, but she had also a tremendous driving force. It seemed impossible to believe that anything she wished done would not be accomplished.

Part of her power lay in her faith, a deep and child-like faith; the eternal realities were always before her. In her mind the religious vocation came first, after that San Rafael, and in San Rafael she spent almost the whole of the life that she so early consecrated to God.

Her parents were Thomas and Elizabeth Ryan O'Connor. Born in Alameda, California, at midnight, August the 14th, 1882, she always liked to think of



the Feast of the Assumption as her birthday. She was christened significantly Amy Bertrand. A little girl of twelve years she came to the lower school of the Dominican Sisters of San Rafael, and from that day until her death she was a center of attraction and of influence in the Convent. A mischief-loving and altogether irresistible little girl, at the time none too fond of study, she learned from every phase of the life about her. This gift of learning from life never left her. Later came the love of books, so great a source of strength to her when cares crowded thickest.

Her mother, Elizabeth Ryan, had been educated at the Dominican Convent, old Saint Catherine's, at Benicia. She was, all her life, a faithful Dominican alumna, devoted especially to Mother Louis (whom she knew first at Benicia) and to the older sisters. Amy O'Connor began her acquaintance with Mother Louis as a baby in a high chair, and from Sister Bertrand Henry, one of the most vital personalities of the convent at San Rafael, she was given her middle name. So devoted an alumna was Mrs. O'Connor that when she heard anyone say that Mother Raymond had made the Dominicans, she would exclaim with indignation, "Mother Raymond made the Dominicans! It was the Dominicans who made Mother Ray-



mond. They were a flourishing community before Mother Raymond was ever even thought of."

Amy O'Connor graduated in 1901 from the convent school at San Rafael. She was valedictorian, the subject of her valedictory, "Dreams." She returned for a post-graduate year, spent another year with her family and then entered the Convent.

In 1914 she was first made prioress of San Rafael. She held this office until Mother Louis' health declined, then she was made Vicaress General. For the last fifteen years of her life she was Mother General.

During the past decade, to the college students Mother Raymond was an important person, very remote. They saw her regularly in chapel, or prominent in the front row of Angelico Hall at their plays or concerts, and on rare occasions (always on class night, when she bestowed the honors) at assemblies of the student body. Freshmen would be thrilled once a year when they met her at a formal reception, the seniors, by a conversation with her just before they graduated. To the College as a whole she seemed rather overwhelming. They vaguely felt that she was, humanly speaking (as a member of the lay faculty once described her) "the source from which all blessings to the College flow."

Mother Raymond, with her predecessor, Mother

Louis, founded the College. During her regime Angelico Hall, Fanjeaux, and Guzman Hall were built, Meadowlands and Edge Hill purchased. She added the new wing to Meadowlands before Fanjeaux was built, and when Edge Hill was given over to the Novitiate, acquired Benincasa for the College campus. Everywhere one looks, one who knows can see Mother Raymond's influence, her spirit, her generous giving—from the books in the library and the prints on the walls of every College building, to the liturgically perfect altars of the main chapel and the spire on the new Novitiate House, Santa Sabina, where many of the college students have begun the religious life.

Without Mother Raymond the College accreditations would hardly have been attained, and without her scholarships scores of young girls would have lacked the privilege of a college education. All these good gifts flowed from the richness of her nature, her charm, her brain, her generosity, and her vision. The pity is, that to the end, the college students could not have known her better.

Mother Raymond was the first dean of the College. Afterwards, until Sister Thomas succeeded her in 1935, she was president. With devoted fidelity she attended student body meetings regularly for many years, always leaving a flame behind her, of shame,



or indignation, or enthusiastic pride. Before she became Mother General she sometimes taught Latin and Religion in the College. The older alumnae still remember her luminous teaching of Religion. Her Latin students may be still half convinced that Horace is a greater poet than Shakespeare; when she taught they were certain that, next to Religion, Latin is the greatest of all subjects and that ignorance in her classes burned to the bone. She either made students or sent them away in despair at their own shortcomings.

Often she was impatient with the selfishness and the weaknesses of her college girls. When a college-bred person wrote an unworthy letter or made bad mistakes of any kind she would exclaim, "What good is education!"

Mother Raymond's special fields were mathematics and science; she knew Latin and Greek and French and German. Italian and Spanish she learned in odd moments. She delighted in philosophy and the writings of the great mystics, especially Saint Thomas. No matter how busy she was she kept abreast with current events and even when pressed hard by administrative cares she found time for study and reading. A person who has never had a formal college education, never troubled to get a higher degree, and yet



has so mastered learning can be forgiven some scorn of those who betray their advantages.

Greater than her scorn of such betrayers was her enthusiastic appreciation of every fine thing in every Dominican student. In the last days of her mortal illness she was still vitally interested in all the doings of her College, still making plans for its future development.

A very great person, Mother Raymond, a valiant woman whose faith was equalled by her hope. She was "a sword of light that cleft the dark" for many.

Her works live after her, to those that love her (and their number makes long counting) a shadowy expression of what she herself was. "Surely man passeth as an image; yea and he is disquieted in vain," but a spirit like Mother Raymond's must live to quicken the generations.

S. C. M.

## SISTER DOMINIC

THE campus is not the same without Sister Dominic. Every day one misses her radiant and challenging vitality. The drama practices go on with competence and vigor and the results are excellent, but they do not have the old contagious insistency, and planning for them lacks awareness of international origins or international significance. If now we gave a Christmas play it would be a good and valuable and moving Christmas *Mystère*, but no one now would stir us all, even before rehearsals began, to a sense at once of high adventure and deep responsibility because we were presenting a play produced by the Catholic Action group of France.

The music department, also, is excellent this year, competently managed, with admirable student concerts. But one misses the preliminary bustle, the sense of importance, the distinguished friends of Sister Dominic who might have been there to hear a first performance of some piece of music that her curiosity or incessant study had discovered shortly before. And one misses a tear here and there in the eye of a performer who struggled for and achieved heights greater than she had thought her gifts capable of, yet achieved because Sister Dominic had insisted that

anything less would be a disgrace. One of Sister Dominic's associates has well said that this year a winged quality has gone.

This treating of the realms of the seeming impossible with authority and insistency is perhaps one of the things one misses most. Emerson's wagon hitched to a star puts in quotable phrase the everyday planning of such as Sister Dominic. She saw clearly her high objectives; she thought logically and fully to their fulfillment whether they were great Robin Hood pageants in Forest Meadows with rose garlanded ox carts, troops of horsemen, a cast of five hundred and the San Francisco symphony, or, even more difficult, ambitious music dramas, such as Claudel's *Book of Christopher Columbus*. And you will remember that until she was crossed or thwarted she forged ahead tirelessly and relentlessly, with gay spirit and starry eyes, coaxing this one, flattering that, commanding the other till the whole college, the whole community were aware of the project and its importance. Those who have looked over her notebooks of plans and outlines appreciate that months of patient toil and clear-headed planning had laid a firm foundation for such endeavors. And in this connection one remembers her frailty and her suffering during these last years.



I miss the glimpses of great music and great or interesting people I always had on visits with her, visits for which I might miss one or two classes or linger late into the night at Angelico, that fine building which itself came into being as a tribute of the devotion of friends and superiors. Her own great spirit, her sincere musicianship, and her capacity for affectionate regard drew admiration and response from people similarly endowed. The list of her distinguished friends was a long one, that of undistinguished ones much longer. Her friendship conferred distinction upon all to whom it was given; less than one's best was insufficient to call it forth or to merit it.

It is the passing of such eager interest in great and small, this continual call to the highest reaches, that makes the campus less alive, dull. Dull it is, too, without her gaiety, her quickness to laugh at absurdities, her own mistakes first of all. When a professional program turned out inferior this year, we could not laugh gaily at Sister Dominic as she laughed sheepishly in chagrin at having listened too trustingly to a well-known critic's ill-judged praise of the performers. This year's mistake was just a wasted evening. And undoubtedly never again will be made such rich financial mistakes as led to bringing to so small a col-

lege and so unmusical a town the unbelievably expensive but comparably distinguished Continental Wagnerian Singers for an evening of Wagner one would have to go to the pre-war Weimar to duplicate, or a Coolidge String Quartet for a summer of the repertory of Beethoven Quartets, with a series of concerts by one of the distinguished cellists of Italy on alternating Sundays. Pearls they were, but dear Sister Dominic's entire life was devoted to the broadcasting of pearls.

Others can write with more authority on her deep sense of her Vocation, followed so nobly, so gravely, so happily for years. None of us will forget her spiritual power.

I might end this remembrance of Sister Dominic with my earliest and my latest pictures of her. My first is of her in her teens, grittily taking the dare of her brother, a medical student, to go alone into a dissecting room and stay there for five minutes. My last is of a visit as we walked back and forth on the lower porch of the Mother House a week before she died when she told me many proud and affectionate stories of Mother Raymond and said that she herself "walked joyously toward death."

MARY GRACE HAMILTON.



## SISTER DOMINIC AS A TEACHER

As a teacher, Sister Dominic was uncompromising towards anything less than full understanding on the part of each student. She would insist that everyone be able to say, "I think, I hear, I feel," every time we played, sang, or wrote a bit of music. "It must come from here," she would say, pointing to her chest, "and from here," pointing to her head. Her uncompromising attitude towards imperfection was felt beyond the Music Department by the whole school, in our annual pageants, and it was just as strong towards the performance of the Chapel and the singing of the Student Body in Chapel. Every performance was to be an example for the girls to look back on. The pageants were to be near perfect examples of the coordination of the Muses, for Sister Dominic was a musician in the Greek sense of the word. Thus an erroneous grouping of courtiers or Greek maidens was as much a blemish in artistic display as a falling stage prop or a distraction from false harmonies in the music.

Sister Dominic's patience was unlimited, however, in explaining the essence of music. Her definitions, her carefully prepared lectures from Asiatic and Greek music to those on Medieval Chant were never delivered if she realized that there was still someone



in a class who lacked understanding of fundamental musical concepts, such as that of the horizontal and the vertical aspects of music. One hour, two or three, she might spend explaining such a concept. Her annoyance at a girl's not trying, or not trying to think with her, however, is as proverbial as her patience.

Extremely generous with her time, she would spend much of it discussing music, the Music Department, the girls, the problems of a girl in the Music Department or any other subject. Her perspective was so wide that you always felt either considerably calmer or irrepressibly stimulated after each. She had an inimitable manner of story-telling, the illustrations often from her own life.

Although she gave detailed assignments, she rarely checked on them, probably feeling that those who were interested would follow her suggestions for their own development. If a student would express a desire to find out more about a point that was brought up, she would engage in one of her favorite pastimes, compiling and tracing down references. Before the day was over, she would have knocked on the door of the girl's practice room, armed with ten or fifteen books, all marked with bookmarks, indicating references to the topic under question. This interest awakened in a fresh idea would more often than not be

followed with a spontaneous suggestion that the topic could well be worked out into an elaborate musical, literary or dramatic project and perhaps the project might be presented, she thought, to the Humanity students at tea.

Sister Dominic brooded over her students. She wanted them to be subjected only to the best of influences, and shielded them from any not so desirable.

I'll never forget her annoyance with one girl who wore long, bright red fingernails to a Harmony class where there were four of us playing the piano. Sister Dominic's witty discourse on fashions, which followed her annoyance, was effective; the girl never again wore bright red.

Her concern about her students would also be manifested when she was proud of them. She expected them to take on responsibility, but she would radiate pride (and perhaps surprise also) when they showed particular initiative and perseverance.

Sister Dominic was not interested primarily in developing technical excellence in students. Her interest lay rather in suggesting to classes, and to larger audience through their concerts, the variety and richness and power of beauty in music. Much that she attempted seemed too difficult, but nothing seemed trivial or trite or just pretty.

Warm-hearted and generous, she made all who knew her love her. Beneath her surface excitability, her explosions of wrath, her divine discontent, there was a great serenity, born of wide experience, of perfect assurance that what she wanted to do was the right thing to do.

Manuscripts which she left reveal her love of perfection. She seemed to lift herself above all the confusing details, the daily routine of checking practice, cleaning out her closets, ordering music, planning programs and having them printed. Her music was to bring a harmony into all life. Not only was she a great teacher, she was a great lady.

LYLA BYLINKIN, '44.



## PARICUTIN

Pushing up from mute amorphousness,  
Seething, rumbling, throbbing,  
Cleaving the roof of earth,  
You exploded into pattern, Volcano!  
In an unmapped valley of Michoacan,  
At the feet of Dionisio Pulido,  
A sower of maize turning furrows  
For seed of the February planting  
With ox and a wooden plough handmade  
In the wont of ancestral Tarascans.

Wildly, he beat at the smoke ascending  
Trying with a sombrero of straw  
To smother, to stifle your fiery birth.  
Screaming, he ran to the village church.  
"A devil of flame breathes in my cornfield,  
Bring *agua bendita*, Padre,  
Save my milpa, save my home!"

But you heeded, Beauteous Monster,  
Neither the prayers of the priest,  
Nor the peon's pleadings impassioned.  
Gorging from inception on igneous fare,  
Taller still and taller you have grown,

With hissings sonorous and thunderous cracklings  
Shaping your cone symmetrically,  
Like the systole and diastole of a vast pulse,  
Timing emanations rhythmically  
That shift by day from black to white  
Through a hundred nuances of gray.

Against the backdrop of night,  
Clouds of vapor hurled through your crater  
Spiral and billow, weirdly mauve,  
Frightening the timid, gregarious stars.  
Glowing orange boulders tossed to the air,  
Deepening the pallor of the moon,  
Bounce on your slopes and hurtle down.  
Across your rim, through the vents, leap flows  
Incandescent from primal, simmering stews  
Sliding to swell the lava river below.

Now you seem a titanic topped fir, illumined,  
Then a geyser jetting topaz copiously,  
An unlatched furnace liquefying steel,  
A crashing cascade of scarlet foam,  
A mighty upthruuster of mammoth skyrockets,  
Unloosing a rain of red-gold sparks.  
Shaking the huts of adobe, palm-thatched,







You roar a sultry, Mephistophelean laugh,  
Swallowing the pueblo and name of Parícutin.  
Your torrid breathings deleaf the pines,  
Sear their barks, blow on the encinas  
That twist and writhe in agony.  
The fertility of tropical sierras  
Is singed to a suicides' wood dantesque  
Where cinders fly like swallows  
Through the air, parched and stinging.  
A carpet of blackened ash is reaching  
Down toward Uruapan, lush yielder  
Of bananas, papayas and mangoes.

Is he who fashioned your flambeaux  
Stronger than Vulcan, the blacksmith,  
More potent than the lampboy's djinn?  
Did the author of the luminous bush,  
Brünnehilde's peak encurtained in flame,  
The radiant Red Sea pillar, sire you?

Dionisio Pulido, unlettered, perchance knows!  
A strange light gleams in his dusky eyes.  
Bereft of all, he refuses green acres proffered  
For unsure nearness to his cornfield transfigured.  
By day he sleeps; at night he leads gently  
The horses of tourists, who tip him *centavos*,

Curious to perceive close-up and dangerously  
You, his tenant unbidden, erupting volcano,  
Parícutin, Parícutin, Parícutin!

A. Beltrán Irwin Shone



## WORLD WARS—ANCIENT AND MODERN

HISTORY does not “repeat itself” and historical analogies are never complete, but they are instructive. Situations similar in some respects do occur from age to age and it is profitable to note them, with a view to the solution of current difficulties. Extensive reading in history leads to a conviction that there is nothing new under the sun; human types and patterns of action persist; even current “ideologies” which may seem novel, were an old story twenty-five centuries ago. It was not Hitler who uttered this cynicism: “It has always been the law that the weaker should be subject to the stronger; . . . calculations of interest have made you take up the cry of justice—a consideration which no one ever yet brought forward to hinder his ambition when he had a chance of gaining anything by might.” Thucydides put these words into the mouth of an Athenian envoy to Sparta, just before the outbreak of the Peloponnesian War (War II in the Greek ancient world). And how “modern” is Thucydides on treaties: “You imagine perhaps that the treaty which you have can be trusted; a treaty . . . would not delay our enemies a moment in attacking us, because the convention was forced upon them by disaster and was less honorable to them than to us.”



The ancient historian provides Hitler with an argument against Versailles!

And that word "democracy"! In the funeral oration of Pericles, reported or invented by Thucydides, we read: "The administration of Athens favors the many instead of the few . . . advancement in public life falls to a reputation for capacity; if a man is able to serve the state he is not hindered by the obscurity of his condition." This, despite Athenian slavery, Athenian women (slaves of a sort) and Athens' "compulsory allies"! The words recall certain fulsome editorials in praise of the "American System" by our superpatriots.

At the risk of straining an analogy, I shall recall that the two Greek "world" wars were, like their modern parallels, about a generation apart; that the approach to the second was from a treaty between Athens and Sparta designed to keep the peace, not forever as in the case of the League of 1919 A. D., but for thirty years; that nerve-racking crises preceded the outbreak of the ancient War II—crises at Potidaea and Corcyra—suggesting, however faintly, the Czechoslovakian and Polish crises of only yesterday. The ancient War II was also a struggle of the "have-nots" against the "haves," of totalitarian-oligarchic Sparta

against democratic Athens. And the whole Greek world became involved before the war ended.

Appeasers and Quislings are not new phenomena. In the Greco-Persian War (Greek War I) in which Athens bore the greater burden of the defense of Greece and suffered demolition, Greek cities "again and again sided with the Persians against Hellenes when their city or personal interests seemed to require it. Fifty thousand Greeks were said to have fought under the standard of the Persian general Mardonius at Plataea. One party at Athens stood ready to betray the city at the time of Marathon. . . . The exiled Alcibiades went to Sparta and gave counsel whereby his own city could be defeated—to be welcomed back to Athens a little later with little sign of resentment." And Laval, gloating over the profits of his recent infamy in betraying France, might echo Themistocles, the traitor's, words, "My sons, we would have been ruined, had it not been for our ruin!"

The "profit motive" was strong in the olden days: "One often feels that to the average Greek, he himself came first, his party second, his city third and after his city—nothing." Alas for Hellas! "His reason recognized the need of combining with others . . . but there was apt to be a wary eye open for personal pro-



fit" (Lavell, p. 188 f.). After the modern World War I, Hugenberg, chief director of Krupp's, the German manufacturing firm, was decorated by the Kaiser for distinguished service to Germany; he was at the time receiving from the British government, royalties on a patent for his hand grenade fuse which he had sold them; the hand grenade had killed thousands of Germans. Modern War I was hardly over when the steel interests, the shipbuilders and munitioneers in general began to plan another one." In Europe there is a huge subversive force—that lies behind the arming of nations: mines, smelters, armament works, holding companies and banks work to destroy what little hope of peace there is" (*Fortune Magazine*, March, 1934). An American agent of the munitioneers is accused of having, almost single handed, sabotaged the London Naval Disarmament Conference of 1927.

We are standing (we trust) on the brink of an aftermath of war; our age bears certain resemblances to the age of Plato. He was born in 427 B.C.; his early life spanned the dreadful period of the Peloponnesian War; he lived fifty years longer. "To think of them (Plato and Aristotle) as devising subtle and ingenious schemes of metaphysics, is to misunderstand them. They were men looking at a real world of which they were a part, considering what it was all about, where-



in it was failing and how it could arrive at peace." Plato was unhappier than we expect to be because his city, Athens, was defeated—ignominiously. And Sparta, intolerant and unstatesmanlike, held the hegemony of Greece. There was little hope for Hellas in the realm of fact, so Plato turned to fancy. He wrote the *Republic*; he did not imagine that such a state as he described was possible, but he argued that ideals are none the worse because they cannot be realized in fact; that his ideal state should be retained as a pattern. "Hellas was afflicted with a deadly ailment, wholly spiritual — *preoccupation with the wrong things*; it could only be healed by 'turning the eye of the soul to the light'"—to the mystical search for Truth.

Preoccupation with the wrong things is a malady not peculiar to Plato's age nor to his race; "it is always present and most virulent in times of shaken standards. Herbert Agar, in his *A Time for Greatness*, describes modern preoccupation with the wrong things: "the idea that our great culture—freedom and science and respect for the divine in man, Judaism and the Christian Church and the classic passion for clarity . . . is a by-product of economic progress, is the heresy that helped bring the Axis barbarity into the world. Implicit in the heresy is the thought that anything

that may be wrong with society can be cured by further economic progress . . . if a man's soul is sick, raise his income." We are happier in the issue of our war than Plato was in the issue of his war; and we can be more confident of having fought on the right side. We often hear a certain type of American wondering what we are fighting for. We should like to refer all such persons to Herbert Agar's definition of our war aims and those of our adversaries (the type of person referred to, often expresses the opinion that "we are all fighting for the same things anyway!"). Germany and Japan stand for Thucydides' doctrine quoted above: that the strong must enslave the weak—it is a law of life. "America, when she stands for anything, stands for the idea that respect for every man (based on our equality in God) and free government and economic well being can be spread across the world . . . the United States has become the shield and symbol of freedom. We have not yet deserved our responsibilities; . . . if we try to deny them, we shall lose our souls. . . . How much cruelty do we indulge toward our fellow citizens of color? How much bitterness . . . in the relations between labor and business in a country founded on the assumption that such bitterness is wicked?" The answer to such questions will determine whether America is doing what is necessary to save her soul.

S. M. S.



## "IN HIS WILL IS OUR PEACE"

WHAT is peace? That is what we are all fighting for and what thousands are dying for. It is for peace that Marines plow through ocean waters against enemy fire; it is for peace that bewhiskered, emaciated soldiers slough through infested jungles; it is for peace that youthful pilots start on death missions with cheerful smiles and brisk waves of the hand. But do they know what this intangible thing is for which they give up wives, sweethearts, friends and the right to clean beds, hot baths and cheerful family dinners? Do we know?

Perhaps one of the best definitions of peace is that given by St. Augustine: "Peace is the tranquility of order." It is not tranquility alone; peace adds to quietude the idea of "order" which implies a hierarchy in which each thing is in the proper place and fulfills its proper function. Plato had called this maintenance of order, justice, and said that it was a gift of God.

Since peace, then, would seem to be inseparable from justice and charity, it follows that it is conditioned upon a moral authority. That brings us to the idea that a moral authority is needed today and, more, to realize that man is not deliberately perverse,



he is confused; he does not know what is right. We cast out God from our schools; we barred Him from business; we ostracized Him from society and ignored Him in international relations. But right for man means acting in accordance with the Divine Will; holiness consists in compliance with it; peace will come from following it. It so happens, however, that since God made man free he can follow another will than his Creator's, his own, like the prodigal son, or the popular one, like Pilate. Unfortunately, we have been inclined to follow these latter two.

At the end of the last war, in our excitement over the brotherhood of man we almost entirely forgot the Fatherhood of God, and is it not fitting that the idea of brotherhood should have come from the representative of democracy? But man, because of selfishness, forgot brotherhood, and the chaos of a World War II followed shortly after World War I. Let's go back to God, and see what He can do.

After the treaty of Versailles, at the close of the "war to end all wars," the Holy Father said: "Peace was indeed signed between the belligerents, not in the hearts of men." Peace cannot be born of silenced guns and sheathed swords, but it can come from a justice rooted in the eternal law of God. As Pius XI said, "to create the atmosphere of lasting peace, neither

peace treaties nor the most solemn pacts, nor international meetings of conferences, nor even the most distinguished efforts of any statesman will be enough, unless in the first place there are recognized the sacred rights of natural and divine law." This moral basis has been too much neglected in the past and we are reaping the harvest of the neglect. A gun may end a war but it cannot create a peace. The first is dictated by the victors and the second, if it is to last, is accomplished by consultation with the vanquished. The difficulties to be encountered are tremendous but they are not necessarily insurmountable. History since the last World War has proven that peace cannot be maintained by one section of the world having and the other not having. So, to accomplish and maintain international order there must be recognized an authority for justice above, beyond, and outside any individual nation, the moral law of God.

The dire necessity for this moral basis for peace is shown by answering this question, "How can any treaties or pacts signed at the close of this war be enforced?" There are only two reasons for keeping any treaty or promise, because of either force or moral obligation. If force is used, it is might that makes right. If moral obligation, then the natural moral laws of justice and charity are recognized as



superior to the sovereignty of any nation or group of nations, and as binding each nation even when their application is unfavorable to it. It was undoubtedly awareness of this need that prompted President Roosevelt to say, "We are especially conscious of the Divine Power. It is seeming that at a time like this we should pray to Almighty God for His blessing on our Country and for the establishment of a just and permanent peace among the nations of the world."

Let us all join with him in that prayer!

MARNO PRINCE FREITAS, '44.



## PEACE

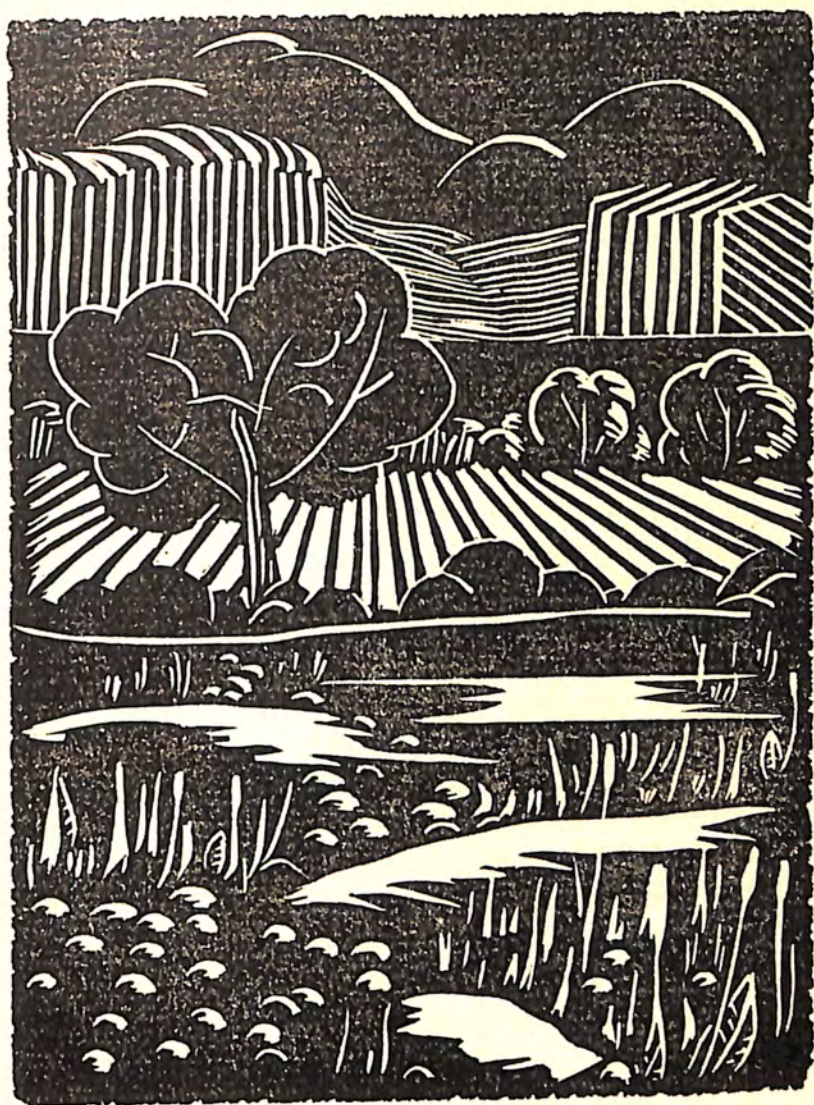
WE have come to a point in the war where we find ever more and more signs that, although this conflict may yet be a long one, a victorious peace for our cause should be the inevitable result. These thoughts of peace bring comfort and hope in anticipation, but they also bring a sense of the responsibility that will fall upon us, the college women in a reconstructed world. "What," we must some day ask, "can we do to avoid future wars, to guard against unwarranted complacency, to preserve the peace that is to come?"

First, let us ask, could this present conflagration have been avoided if isolated individuals had taken an active interest in the world's welfare instead of leaving the job of governing to a few? This question presents a challenge to us to try to learn just what did start this war, what started other wars, how the world gets into the condition of wars, whether we can prevent a recurrence. In other words, it challenges us to become better informed and, through knowing more facts, to think clearly and logically and perhaps help. Let us agree that if we had properly armed ourselves with the facts and causes of the First World War, we could have foreseen immediately the outbreak of the present war when Germany first

openly defied the Versailles Treaty by building up a militaristic state and by sending her troops into the Rhineland. The feverish re-armament of the European countries, the all-pervading fear, the futile attempts to maintain a peace, characteristic of 1914, were very present from the years 1935 to 1939 when Germany did finally invade Poland and plunge the world into the second great war of the century. This present war had essentially the same background as World War I. It follows, then, that had we known the facts of that war, pressure might possibly have been brought to bear to avoid this one. We learn such facts by reading, entering into discussion groups, joining informative organizations, forming and sharing sound opinions, opinions based upon facts, clearly thought out, and not upon wrought-up emotions.

Mere learning is useless, however, unless it is accompanied by action. As college graduates we shall be able to take our most effective action through our state in life. As potential wives and mothers, we shall have the supreme responsibility of rearing future world citizens, and, since there is no environment on earth stronger than that of the home, it is for us to make those homes small nuclei whence issue informed and right-thinking individuals. Other fields, too, offer splendid opportunity to mold a new, strong







world. The teacher in her classroom, the social worker, who deals with such delicate human relationships, the lawyer in her affiliations, the nurse, who comes to know all sorts of people, and even the average working girl in a daily round of duties, can exert far-reaching influences, provided they think clearly out of a background of well-understood facts. But facts are not enough; if we are to be a major force in maintaining a just and a lasting peace, we shall judge and classify facts by Christian standards. The interpretation gives the necessary emphasis. For this we must know the value of moral principles and be able to apply them practically. Just as in our learning political facts through reading, here, too, we can learn the moral principles through reading and discussion. The works of St. Augustine, St. Thomas, and Dante are great sources of Christian ethical matter. If we read them and then cement the ideals taken from that reading by wide discussion, we can be sure of real, practical understanding. We can then augment and strengthen our reading by listening more closely to sermons, and, as students, to the moral teachings of the classroom. It will become obvious that where there are no Christian standards, there is no great concern for morals, and without moral responsibility there can be no true peace.

The thoughts of the peace to come do bring a very great responsibility and yet, too, a very great challenge. Be sure that it will be the task of each of us to try to build the kind of world in which there will be no more devastating war, the kind of world in which all men may live in peace and concord with one another, fearing nothing but destructive complacency.

SUZANNE CRANE, '45.





## AN EASTER DAWN

HE turned his head with difficulty to the East. The downpour had ceased as suddenly and decisively as Burma rains are wont to do and already the sky was clear. It was a grayish purple morn and the stars were going out. Soon, the tropical sun would rise and misty vapor would hiss from the glossy leaves, sodden ground and his dark khaki. A palm leaf fell on his inert legs; he could neither feel nor see it but it made an odd swishing sound in the semi-darkness. He wondered how many others had fallen with the rain during the night; perhaps his outstretched legs were covered. He hadn't been able to hear those; the plop of the rain; the groans and the shrieks and the triumphant chatter of Japanese mingled with the crunch of steel on bone had drowned the sound they made. He could see now why they had not found him; that had puzzled him. He had stumbled into a small ditch almost deep enough for a grave and the lightning flashes could not reveal him. The sun would. Already the purple was fading into blue and the Eastern gray was becoming pink. It would be a glorious sunrise. The last one he remembered had been more subdued, more in harmony with the less intensely colored Carmel coast but no less beautiful. He could feel the salt



mist on his face and see again the golden disc coming up over the Monterey pines. It had brought shadows with it—much like the shadows that were sharpening now, shadows and light that had revealed the gray, jagged promontories down the beach and brightened the clean white sands around him. He was glad he had said goodbye there. It had been so clear and clean and calm. The sun was up now. Morning was here.

MARNO PRINCE FREITAS, '44.

## THE INDEFINABLE

*I am He Who* is all things to all men.  
To one with heart by beauty moved to ache  
In wonder at the world's full loveliness  
I am the Maker; I create all things.  
He sees My light in glinting silver sheen  
That gathers shimmering on wind-shaken leaves,  
My work in patterns of bare branches, thrown  
On background of a fading winter sky;  
He sees in spring the sweetness of My thought,  
White clouds of blossoms and acacia's golden mist.  
To him who works with Nature's changing laws  
I am an ever-moving force, the Cause  
Of life and order, called Necessity.  
To all who need, I only am Fulfillment;  
To him who thirsts, the whisper of a spring;  
The slanting warmth of sun through forest trees  
To him who walks in coldness of the dawn.  
You long for me, as in a stranger's land  
At sight of barren rounded hills you yearn  
For wooded, soaring mountains of your home,  
As manhood hungers sometimes for the rest  
That childhood gave within a mother's arms.  
You search for Me? I am not hard to find.  
All things are Mine and in all things I am.

If faltering, your step should miss the path,  
Where can you fall, but to My guarding arms?  
No matter where you turn your heart in love,  
If you love well, you love that good in Me.

LEE HARTWELL, '46.





## SALLY

THE sun's rays had stayed behind the clouds all day, their brightness escaping only in a few places edging the puffs of white. Sally watched the dull sunset from a semi-prone position on her bed, the sofa pillows Mother had made, at her head, and *Vogue* carefully placed beneath her dirty saddles. No, they weren't really dirty, but had that yellow Spalding look which was considered casual. The house was very quiet. Oh, for some noise, the telephone, or even Marcia's incessant chatter about the yacht club and her father's cattle ranch. It was so quiet. Well, a letter home would take up some time before dinner and she could wrap up those chocolate bars she was sending to her younger sister. Jeannie loved to receive a package in the mail, no matter how little it contained.

Passing the mirror she surveyed the reflection; nice eyes, not almond-shaped like Marcia's, but, well, rather plain if you came right down to it. Mother had always said that she should wear blue. She was wearing a soft cashmere sweater now. It had pretty well depleted her self-made allowance, but, goodness knows, her roommate's drawers were full of cashmeres. Long hair of a rather nondescript color, light

brown with a blonde tinge in the front which she brushed into a pompadour. Marcia had told her to accentuate her natural streak with an upswept hairdo. Her mouth was petite; well, no, it was a common run-of-the-mill mouth. A full mouth would have been more to Sally's design, but that's how it goes, she thought. After all, it's character that counts. She turned and smoothed out the bedspread, put Marcia's *Vogue* in the stand and sat down at her desk.

The week-end hadn't been a total loss, she reflected. She had written a Psych. paper and washed her hair. Yes, she had done some laundry, too. But a week-end at the yacht club with Marcia and the others would have been ever so much more exciting. She could have gone, too, if she had been able to resist that cashmere. It wasn't easy making one's own way through college, as Sally was aware. Friday her black-haired roommate had pulled out her new hat; a small black felt with pink feathers on the front and a crisp full veil. "Well, how do you like it, Sal? But thirty-five dollars isn't bad at all for a Lilly Daché. It really doesn't pay to bother with the cheaper things." Sally's black velveteen had seen two winters and had been a four ninety-five Emporium special. Maybe next summer she could squeeze a Lilly Daché out of her earnings.



"Sundays are so depressing," Sally was writing to her parents. "There's simply nothing doing. I think I'll just die if something doesn't turn up for next week-end. Perhaps I'll hear from Bob. It's almost time for dinner, so I'll close. Thanks for the cookies, Love, Sal."

She heard the familiar click of heels, the door opened, and it was Marcia. "Back already? How was the club? Meet any exciting people? It must have been wonderful! Tell me all . . ." she stopped, for Marcia was on her bed crying. The lovely Lilly Daché was being crushed.

"Marcia! What's wrong?"

"This telegram . . . the Dean just gave it to me," Marcia sobbed. "Read it for yourself."

Sally unfolded the yellow paper: "Reno, January 20th. Have just filed for a divorce from your father. I love you, dear, and am sure we can make a suitable arrangement for being with you during part of your vacation. You are old enough to understand that it's for the best. Will see that your allowance is doubled. Love, Mother."

Sally was silent. There was nothing to say. She picked up the note which she had scrawled to her mother and father and added a postscript: "I've de-



cided to make a reservation for home next week-end,  
so get out your best chocolate cake recipe, Mother.  
Lot's of love to you both, Sal."

HELEN ELDER, '45.



## EXPECTANCY

Silence lies between us—vibrant stillness  
Filled with eagerness that preludes understanding.  
I would not have you speak, for words might snap  
The shining thread of thought that holds us in accord.  
So felt I when one summer morn I climbed  
A garden path up to a little hill;  
A fairy world I passed, where crystal drops  
Shimmered on every bud, each slender spear of grass.  
Softly I moved, lest careless step should break  
The breathless hush that seemed to hold the waiting  
    earth,  
Should shatter the deep stillness of expectancy.  
Longing, watching, straining towards the dawn.  
Enchanted moment this, of sweetest hope,  
Whose very briefness makes the sunlit world less dear.

LEE HARTWELL, '46.

## THE CLASSES





## THE JUNIORS

MEMORIES of: two ten-thirties during the week and the mad dash back to Fanjeaux in Joe's taxi after a double bill . . . a week-end trip to Santa Cruz in Carol Haber's car; Betty Jane's, Gerry's and Helen's sunburned cheeks as an aftermath . . . the four-forty dash to the smoke room every night with shouts of "dibs" ringing throughout the halls as eager beavers dive for places at the bridge table . . . Mary Helen Vierra's generosity with delightful morsels from home . . . an unforgettable hike in the hills, and poison oak—Maureen Mantle, Sue Crane and Genevieve Vaughan as victims . . . standing up on the indi-

rect bus from San Francisco and the ten-fifteen Sunday night privilege.

Memories of Class Day: Blue and gold rooters' caps; doughnuts at the half; Florence Gruppo giving her all in the Russian number; Marcella in an authentic Spanish dance; Jean Morse and Ethel Selvester as Oxford bicyclists (very dexterous, too); the box of chocolates for first honors.

Memories of: Betty Jane Cann's luncheon, and the surprising news at the St. Francis . . . the trip to Reedley for the wedding and bubbling details from Carol, Barby, Nell, and Rosalie . . . Patsy Cavanaugh's able handling of high finances as successor to Betty Jane as Student Body treasurer . . . Mary Giraudo's patience as post-mistress and her photographic memory of the return address and "it looked like a masculine hand, big and irregular" . . . a "Little Sister" party in Meadowlands . . . Betty Jane Smith's inexhaustible supply of crisp and charming cotton dresses . . . much talk of acceleration and the plans of Agnes, Jane, Lu, Barby, Neva and Bonnie to graduate in December.

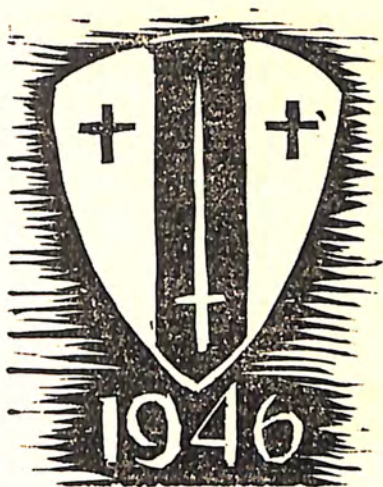
Memories of: Doris Krutmeyer's tea at the St. Francis and the announcement of her engagement . . . a Valentine party in Lu Mulvey's room, complete with a cake from class prexy's mama; cokes, apples, peanut butter and crackers, not to mention rare bits of orig-

inal verse . . . Janie Sedgwick's frequent dates during the week . . . the election of Rosalie Franey as next year's Student Body president . . . Bonnie Brownlie's bulletin board edged in ruffles of blue checked gingham and covered with jokes, pictures and divers dodads . . . spending a Saturday night with the seniors in Benincasa; fireside chats into the wee hours, and "gooey" chocolate cake.

Memories of work, memories of fun, memories of our junior year at Dominican!

HELEN ELDER, '45.





## SOPHOMORE DIARY

**S**EPT. 1. First day of school. Sophomores can't get used to just walking downstairs for breakfast; even ringing the bells and answering the phone can't take away that joy!

Sept. 9. Sophomores made Freshmen clean out the creek today; we had to do it last year; history repeats itself.

Sept. 9 Sophomores managed program in Forest Meadows; had such fun clearing up we almost missed Freshman skit in Meadowlands; glad we didn't though, as it was surely amusing.

Oct. 11. Freshmen played Seniors in hockey game

this afternoon. Sophomores waved pompons and cheered on Big Sisters. Reward—a party the Seniors gave us tonight in Benincasa; we sang, danced and visited; best time we've had in ages.

Oct. 16. Twelve Sophomores gave Peg McCormick a surprise birthday party at the Palace. Surprise was on the Sophomores when the headwaiter handed Moth a large package and out popped two baby chicks. Never a dull moment!

Oct. 27. Shield Day—solemnly watched Freshmen officially received into Student Body. Liked their new class song.

Nov. 1. Fall informal at Palace; stylish Sophomores danced to Henry Busse; Freddie looked beautiful in black.

Dec. 18. Christmas party in Fanjeaux tonight; Sophomores enjoyed watching Big Sisters in St. George play; went carolling in the rain and loved it; served doughnuts and coffee in Fanjeaux afterwards.

Dec. 19. Sophomores all worn out from singing in the grove last night; but not too tired to manage to say goodbye to everyone till "next year." No tears, but glistening smiles and many sincere, "I'll miss you birdies but have a Merry Christmas; I'll be thinking of you."

Jan. 8. Another day full of greetings; this time it's,

"Welcome back" and "Just think, now we're High Sophomores!"

Jan. 26. Went to Soph-Frosh basketball game; Natalie Lewis and Jean Ratto did some beautiful playing as forwards; Rosemary Halley made a clever guard.

Jan. 28. Class Day! Sophomores all dressed alike; showed wonderful spirit, along with a few tears when Senior Big Sisters sang their new song.

Class Day Skit was strictly original, with Fran Dearing, Peg Coughlan, and helpers taking manuscript honors.

Feb. 2. Heard Pat Clark giving pep talks to war stamp buyers; she's still doing a fine job as chairman.

Saw Florence Ryan remove five letters from her mail box today. Does anyone wonder from whom?

Feb. 6. Two Sophomore mattresses slid down laundry chute tonight, and battle royal followed for all.

Feb. 7. Six Sophomores cordially invited for a chat with the Dean at 11:45.

Feb. 7 and 8. Strained quiet on Fanjeaux's second floor.

Feb. 9. Saw Madeline Cyr working hard on *This Week*; she really does that paper justice and deserves credit.



Had the telephone room tonight and answered more than one call for Mary Frances Dunn.

Feb. 10. War Bond Rally in gym; Sophomores produced talent as well as stamp money. The two Peggies showed how the Tango should be done "a la Español."

Macky sang the Merchant Marine song; knew it, too!

Feb. 11. Relaxed tonight; sang in Fanjeaux sun room from seven till eight. Any disharmony was covered over, as usual, by Noelle's alto.

Feb. 13. Played basketball in gym today; Chris Clausen and Mary Kelleher are really good.

Feb. 14. Susan and Eileen held a Valentine party in Room 26 tonight. Food, fun, frolic! Well, until 8:30 anyway.

Feb. 22. Senior Cake Sale—Sophomores look a bit green tonight; well, the Seniors asked for support didn't they?

Feb. 24-5-6. Retreat! Inspired by Father Clark, we kept silence. Pat Mason and Brenda Doyle took advantage of the beautiful weather by reading in the hills during spare moments.

March 4. Poor Virginia Schroeder; Friday night at the Officers' Club and classes all day Saturday.

March 11. Had hilarious time at W.A.A. skating

party! Obviously Odie held the title of black champion not so long ago.

March 25. Sophomore trip to Bolinas. Great fun.

April 17. Last Sophomore-Senior party, but not at all the least. Ingenious Sophomores planned long boat trip for Big Sisters; left San Rafael at two, dinner at McNears about five. Usual spirit of fun and affection—always the way when we're with the Seniors.

April 23. A day to remember; those proud and happy Seniors receiving their degrees; the Sophomores not the least ashamed of the tears in their eyes; the hundreds of goodbyes ringing through the grove; and above all the wish of every Sophomore to every Senior, "All the luck and happiness in the world, we'll never forget you, Big Sister."

JACQUELINE RICE, '46.



## THE FRESHMEN

WE, the Freshmen, form a class containing groups as different as the rooms we live in. If the roof of Meadowlands were lifted, the house upstairs would look rather like a garden; the halls like long neat paths are bordered with a gay profusion of colored rooms. Dena's and Marilyn's with its cheerful pink reminds one of the rose garden; Vada's and Shirley's bright red and white chintz of a cherry orchard; Marie's and Rusty's with the quiet blue of forget-me-nots, which match Marie's eyes and contrast with Rusty's hair. Some of us, such as Frances and Teddy, like to decorate our rooms with photo-



graphs and banners; others, like Kay, confine themselves to a perfect simplicity.

At the close of a week-end one can see the Freshman class in its gayest and most varied mood. We come streaming back from all sides bringing new atmosphere and tall stories, unwilling to settle down to work and quiet. Our best audiences are those who have remained at school over the week-end. Dena and Nancy, from Arizona, often stay, counting the days till next vacation. Dena kept the time worked out to the very minute last fall till she would leave for home at Christmas.

Mary and Marie, from Redding, go home whenever a three-day vacation comes along. Kay, from Honolulu, makes a second home in San Francisco.

On Sunday night at eight we arrive at Meadowlands, groaning over the weight of our bags and trying to squeeze in as many visits as possible before the quiet bell. Eileen and Anna Marie, Sis, Carol, and Carmelita settle in Mike's room and tell of the latest happenings in the City, a recent good show, shopping, and a visit to Winkie at the Infirmary. Upstairs, Nancy, Marian, Gloria, and "Beautiful" Marie chat and run from room to room. In the hall, worrying over their latest dates and the terrible Math assignment, are Vada, Joy, Evangeline, Virginia, and Rita,

while P. K. stands looking on as she tries to think of ideas for a history paper due last month.

Ah, some more interesting arrivals: Mary, Marie Nielson, Gypsy, and Frannie, from the Santa Clara dance. Marie has not yet dyed her hair red, but one never can tell.

A trickle of water drops from the Green Room ceiling; the wind has veered again and is blowing the rain into Mary's and Jo's room, and the book, loaned to Mary by the head of the History Department, is lying in a limp mess.

Miriam is signing in late comers, but Anna Rose studies with concentration. Dagmar, Janet, and Betty, just back from San Francisco, and Lillian, who missed the early bus from Benicia—all fined! Throughout the house, at length, mythical quiet prevails. Gypsy, our house mother, appoints proctors who catch any poor hospitable souls harboring visitors.

A scream! A mouse! Poor innocent creature, attracted by a little yellow box under a bed. He strolls forth but retreats with heart failure, the poor animal, almost as afraid as the inhabitants of the room he has profaned. The other day Mary locked food in the top drawer of her antique green chiffonier and could not get it open again and, for an entire



week, Mary, her friends, and the mouse sat hungrily by.

Perhaps Meadowlands comes most alive when tinkling rhythm pervades the house—Marilyn and Mary, for instance, playing the latest popular tunes, plus private arrangements. Such melodies are supposed to be played on the White Room piano, the baby grand in the entrance hall is reserved for pure classics, such as the two Marilyns and Mary can play. The piano is a source of great joy in Meadowlands. Marilyn Slakey once played a whole Sunday on the baby grand, from breakfast till lunch, from after lunch till tea time. Moreover, she has undertaken to teach Madonna, and Madonna practices with edifying fidelity.

We have groups who love the theater and opera, groups who like tea and talk and reading aloud by the Green Room fire. We have people who study because study must be or because they want to be able to hold up their end of a conversation. Others get really excited over Plato and the Greek plays. And we have our actors.

All together we stand, "a stout-hearted class," bringing gayety and noise, study and fun together under the venerable roof of Meadowlands.

BEATA HAMBUECHEN, '47.



## COLLEGE LIFE

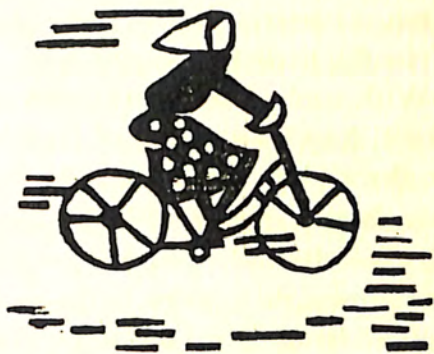
ONE of the comfortable things about dormitory life is dwelling with people your own age who are just awakening to contemporary problems. At Fanjeaux, for instance, many of us follow *Time* and read late books. A discussion will begin in one room on, say, the Russian question, or *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*. Exchange of opinion will become heated. Logic will be challenged, defended, re-challenged. Many will join the group and fresh opinions will be introduced. Perhaps an entire evening will pass before we know it and we will, at the end, say that we are being intellectual adolescents. But the discussions have been as friendly as they have been vigorous. We depart to our own rooms stimulated and refreshed and generally unconvinced. We have a feeling of relief because we have been arguing things out freely with our own logic, not preparing set problems in a set manner for a class.

Similar discussion groups in Meadowlands have concerned themselves this spring with Plato and the Greek dramatists as well as with current events.

And, in groups we have made excursions abroad: to the ballet, to the symphony and, quite regularly, to the museums, as well as to the Saint Francis and

the Palace for birthday parties, and to Bolinas for a week-end, or just to the hills for an afternoon's ramble.

It seems quite possible that in after years the warmth of these memories of friendship shared will be more fresh than more stately memories of grades and text books.



AS numerals, blocks and winged "D's" are tucked away at the close of the semester, so ends another year of activity for the Women's Athletic Association. In the pages of its history this year are found new items recalling extra-curricular activity on campus.

As usual the spirit of D. C. was first displayed on the hockey green. During three heated skirmishes there was an ever-present supply of doughnuts and more doughnuts between halves and a sideline interest in our friendly little bull dog, "Spot" from down the street. With such able players as Yvonne Rossi, M. L. O'Brien, Kay Kawanankoa and Mary Louise Cattermole, the Freshmen won the championship.

But the combined athletic abilities and special talents of each class showed to best advantage on Class Day. The championship basketball game played on that day resulted in another victory for the Freshmen.

Rita Strangio, tiny but fast on the court, Virginia Formichi, and P. K. Cocroft exhibited fine playing for the Freshmen; in the cheering section Eileen Sullivan led a very clean cut "axe" yell. The Juniors executed two clever card tricks; and during the half the Seniors, dressed as graduates, combined the Class Day activities with the theme of graduation, Pepper



White directing their farewell song; while the Sophomores are to be commended for their gay spirit and for Jackie Rice's skill in twirling a glittering baton. The skits presented by each class showed much originality and energy. "D. C. Goes G. I.," presented by the Senior class, won first place and "The Melting Pot of Nations," given by the Juniors came in second. The Junior class won the box of candy denoting first honors for the day. Between skits the audience took part in community singing of the accepted old favorites, "I've Been Working on the Railroad" and "Missouri Waltz," supplemented by "Marzi-Doats," which baffled but pleased the faculty.

The annual Red Cross drive was successfully sponsored by the W. A. A. in March. Lorraine McGuire's and Jane Weis's teams tied as winners in the drive and so both groups were guests of the W. A. A. at the El Camino Theatre. Another spring event was the skating party in the gym, which was a final highlight of the W. A. A. pages this year.

So endeth another chapter in the annals of the Women's Athletic Association.

HELEN ELDER, '45.

## MUSIC

THE Music Department is large and enthusiastic this year. Three formal concerts have been planned, the first a piano concert of Lyla Bylinkin, a requirement for music major that supplements the music comprehensive. Lyla's concert gave great pleasure. She brought to her playing both elegance and taste. From Bach to Debussy one felt the intentions of the composer come alive beneath her fingers. The Brahms number was particularly commended because of the maturity of understanding with which it was played.

The second concert was presented on the Feast of St. Thomas in honor of the President of the College. There were several numbers for two pianos, piano solos, two vocal solos, two madrigals and two selections by the Choral. The program was a great credit to the careful instruction and the sincere response of the students. Particular pleasure was expressed in the singing, the tones were so clear and so true. Two brilliant songs of Verdi were sung by Padalo White and Bethany Beckman, and there were songs by a madrigal choir, of very great charm, which we wish we might hear more often.

The last concert will be that of *The Fifteen Mys-*

*teries of the Rosary.* This presentation was planned long ago by Sister Dominic, and she and Dr. Silva held many discussions about it. This year, on Palm Sunday, it will be presented in her honor by the Choral of the College, with music composed by Dr. Silva.

There have been delightful informal concerts also, given in the living room of Meadowlands, one to honor the new Mother General, one to honor Father Meagher.

Miss Ray has given an interesting series of monthly concerts in her studio, for any students who are able to attend and one very pleasant concert for the whole Student Body.





## DRAMA

THE drama this year seemed to begin inconspicuously. Lady Gregory's *Dragon* was selected by the faculty because of its humor and its charm. Rehearsals were half over before several of the cast had read quite through the play. After the first preliminary reading it had been rumored that many of the cast did not understand the play. Miss Reicher cut and kept cutting until there was a melancholy fear that only a lifeless outline remained, but we have seldom seen on the campus a play that carried across to its audience so fully not only the original charm of the playwright, but a happiness felt by actors enjoying a beautiful play and responded to by an enthusiastic audience.

At Christmas the Coventry *Pageant of the Shearmen and the Taylors* was once more given with a freshness of interest from the enthusiasm of the actors and the zeal of the director, Miss Reicher. Especially beautiful were the Angel Gabriel and Our Lady and especially fine was Saint Joseph.

The *Saint George Play* at the Christmas party was directed and presented by the Seniors. It was particularly lively this year and greatly enjoyed by the college students and their guests.

The class day plays were delightful. The Seniors won the prize for originality, costume, and clever production; their play was given under Padalo White's direction. Mary Ann Franey was both winsome and amusing as an indifferent little rosebud that finally awakens to realize the loveliness of her life in "a sweet old English garden." "Philosophical, isn't it?" remarked Lois Williams as she ended her prologue, a reading of the play's fable. The charming costumes of birds and flowers, raindrops and butterflies, made by the Seniors, were presented by them to the property room of the College.

The skits for the W.A.A. were given up because an accelerated program must curtail activities somewhere. The interest of the school at the end was concentrated in preparation for *The Fifteen Mysteries of the Rosary*, to be given as the Palm Sunday concert.





## CLUBS

THE campus clubs have had some pleasant, interesting, and helpful developments in the past months.

The scientific and the social commingled while the members of Albertus Magnus chatted over the annual science dinner. Ethel Sylvester, the president, presided over the initiation ceremony at which Mrs. Jackson and Dr. and Mrs. Carroll were guests of honor. Dr. Carroll was host at another enjoyable evening devoted to the honor of science.

The Spanish and French clubs, Dr. Shone and Mademoiselle Galliot respectively, presiding, have had the traditional initiations in mysterious surroundings dim with candle light, everything carried out with formidable severity in contrast with the gaiety to follow. At these meetings the Spanish students seem to have at its full the Latin gift of enjoying life with dance and song and laughter. The French students, less noisy, but equally enthusiastic, take pleasure in song and conversation at their club. Three students have been invited to become members of the French Honor Society, Pi Delta Phi, Jeanne Dawson, Brenda Doyle, and Lee Hartwell.

The custom of language tables in the College dining room has been revived by both Spanish and



French clubs, and a new activity has been fostered by Señorita Maria Goya, the weekly publication of a Spanish newspaper, *La Gaceta de Guzman*.

Gamma Sigma, the Honor Society, at the suggestion of the president, Lyla Bylinken, has made a strong contribution to the standards of the College by inaugurating a coaching system. Every member is eligible to aid those who apply for help in the major or minor subjects of the girl solicited.

In the spring a tea was held for the entertainment of newly accepted members and for those who give promise of becoming future members.

In order better to acquaint themselves and their fellow students with the customs of other countries, the International Relations Club sponsored lectures on different nations. Monsignor James O'Dowd spoke about many things he learned on his recent trip to Mexico; interesting and amusing was Dr. Horn's narration of his experiences on a visit in Japan.

Phi Beta Mu, the Sociology Club, has had an interesting and rewarding year under the direction of the electors, Gay Hall, Lois Williams, and Margot Wright. The annual initiation was held early in September, and other meetings included a talk by Father Vincent Breen, a tea for the Marin Community of

Social Service Sisters, and an open meeting at which Monsignor Flanagan discussed the possibilities of social work as a career. Phi Beta has also helped other projects, as at Christmas time, when it jointly sponsored the drive for toys for underprivileged children.

The club looks forward to a period of increased usefulness to the campus and community as its membership grows and its purpose is more fully realized, for the Phi Beta Mu constitution defines the club's goal thus, "to help its members appreciate the privilege of serving those in need."

The members of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament were formally enrolled by Father Meagher in the Meadowlands Chapel and each member was given a silver medal representing Saint John resting on the breast of Christ. Father Meagher then spoke movingly. He spoke of the duties of the Confraternity and emphasized the fact that religion should be an integral part of one's life. During the year the Confraternity sponsored the showing of slides, accompanied by lectures on the life of Saint Thomas. Through the influence of the Confraternity rosaries have been made from beads and cord for the men in the armed forces and much love and enthusiasm have gone into the boxes the girls have filled for the Chaplains.



## CONTEMPORARY ART ON THE CAMPUS

PERHAPS because of the personal enthusiasm of our new art instructor, and, in consequence, of the interest of her classes, the art department of the College has had, this year, a great amount of vitality. The uninitiated of the campus have watched with interest the various productions, and the work as a whole of Mrs. O'Hanlon's classes. The linoleum blocks in the *Meadowlark* and the *Firebrand* have been numerous and good, the students' exhibitions in the gallery have shown originality and real accomplishment, and, most interesting of all, a mural is transforming the walls of the art room.

The art workroom is a fascinating place to the casual observer. Light and sunny with its large windows, it takes on an air of mingled industry and calm. Among a profusion of charcoal drawings, watercolors and oils, each with its characteristic pungent odor, one sees here and there a still-life arrangement of contrasting draperies or flowers or fruit. (A hungry student once inadvertently ate a whole arrangement, but that is not a common occurrence). The beginners in art have spent most of the time experimenting in the building of formal patterns through line and color. Their experiments are at-

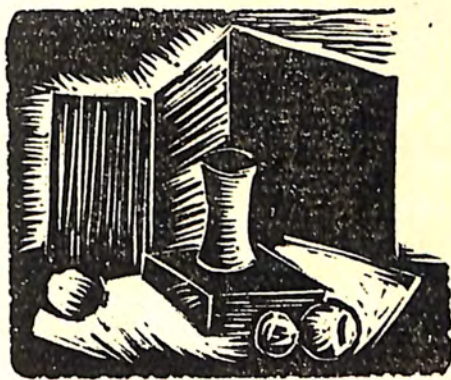


tested to by masses of watercolors in red and black. The variety in interpretation of a single subject is most interesting. Some of the students are exponents of expressionism, that is, painting what they see in a subject; others have been impressionistic, expressing what they feel about the same subject. In oil painting experiments also have shown a like divergence, as various students move in various directions. Some of the oils, Carol Haber's, for instance, have an emotional, lyrical quality; Maureen Mantle's are architectural, monumental in feeling; Nell Degnan, though a newcomer to the department and greatly under the influence of two Van Goghs which she examined closely in a San Francisco gallery, is preparing to paint all Yosemite in one fell swoop. Whatever their own characteristic style or trend, the painters may be seen at various points of the campus with palette and brush, trying to put on canvas artistic impressions.

The idea of producing murals is new to the College. As Mrs. O'Hanlon is an experienced muralist, her class in fresco was given permission to decorate the bare walls of the art room. Tempera was chosen as a medium and the mural was divided into three parts. The one to the right of the doorway, to be painted by Nancy Hale, expresses the outdoor life

of the College; students are working about a small printing press on a lawn. Trees surround them, and in the background are various buildings of the campus. The one to the left of the doorway, to be painted by Maureen Mantle, shows the religious side of college life: three girls with crucifix and lanterns lead the Stations of the Cross in the Chapel. The two parts are to be complete contrasts in feeling and color. One is to be done in subdued light, suggesting the indoor draped with a quietness; a lack of movement will intensify devotional feeling. The other is all brightness and motion, suggesting the natural activities of youth. The two are to be connected by an over-door design by Olivia Podmore, showing various symbols of activities in the School of Music.

LEE HARTWELL, '46.









## THE CROSS

With His father's tools He made it  
From branches of the olive tree  
That gave Him shade.  
With His dimpled hands He nailed it  
Fast together and securely  
The first thing that He made.  
With a joyful smile He gave it,  
Pleased with His fine carpentry  
To Mary, as she prayed.  
On His golden head He felt them  
Tears she would not let Him see—  
So He hid it while He played.

MARNO PRINCE FREITAS.

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