1955

1955 Firebrand

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The Firebrand

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THE FIREBRAND

THE DOMINICAN COLLEGE OF SAN RAFAEL

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To

Sister Catherine Marie, O.P.

Sister Mary Nicholas, O.P.

ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
Ex Libris — Ann Tobin	Inside Cover
Ruler — Ann Tobin	10
Senior Shield — Doris Grunberg	13
Singers — Sue Rowland	113
Junior Shield — Joan Tieman	114
Pennant and Dink — Sue Rowland	117
Sophomore Shield — Joan Tieman	118
Argyle Sock — Martha Miller	121
Freshman Shield — Ann Tobin	122
Beach Scene — Martha Miller	125
Waves — Ann Tobin	139
Trees — Ann Tobin	140
Christmas Carolers — Martha Miller	148
Lamp of Learning — Sue Rowland	154
Tub Bucket Band — Ann Tobin	163
Class Day Abstract — Ann Tobin	166

CONTENTS

	PAGE
<i>Firebrand</i> Staff	7
Editorial	8
Veritas Fax Ardens	11
Seniors	13
Senior Reflections	110
Junior Extravaganza	114
Sophomores	118
Freshmen	122
Sapphire Ring	126
Day-Hopping: Pro and Con	
Day Hop Dissertation	127
Two Homes to Grow In	128
A Lasting Symbol	130
Meadowlands	133
Memorandum	135
B is for Bolinas	136
Promise of Spring	140
And Can We?	144
The Queen Mother	145

For These, Our Neighbors	146
Candle Pilgrimage	149
Outline of a Portrait	150
Club Clippings	
International Relations Club	155
Music Club	155
Science Club	156
Foreign Students' Club	157
La Tertullia	157
Art Club	158
Italian Club	158
Fianna Og	159
Spring Symphony	160
Sport Shorts Illustrated	161
Biography of a Band	163
How to Win Class Day!	167
Winter Wand	170
Jennifer	171
Patrons	180

THE FIREBRAND

<i>Editor</i>	JACQUELINE ALTSTAETTER
<i>Associate Editors</i>	{ MARY GEMSCH HONORENE PHILLIPS
<i>Assistant Editors</i>	{ KATHERINE HAMILTON KATHLEEN RILLA
<i>Business Manager</i>	JOAN RILLA
<i>Business Staff</i>	{ MARY ANN MINENNA MARY O'NEIL IRENE TOGNOLI
<i>Art Editor</i>	ANN TOBIN
<i>Art Staff</i>	{ MARTHA MILLER SUSAN ROWLAND
<i>Cartoonist</i>	ANN TOBIN
<i>Typists</i>	{ SUSAN GORMAN CELINA HUNT ROSEMARY JOVICK KATHLEEN MEAGHER MARY O'DONNELL

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MARY JEANNE CORRIGAN	POETRY CLASS
IRENE DA SAN MARTINO	NANCY PHILIP
PAQUITA DEMETILLO	VALERIE PRIME
BLANID DOYLE	MARY RAGAN
SHIRLEY DOYLE	CATHERINE SHEA
PATRICIA FLITNER	JANET SILVA
JOANNE GEMSCH	SISTER MARY BONIFACE, O.P.
DORIS GRUNBERG	SISTER MARY LUCILLE, O.P.
MARY HOSINSKI	SISTER MARY NORBERT, O.P.
TERESITA KATIGBAK	LORRAINE VERNEY

EDITORIAL

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS should ring a bell in your memory. When you were small you probably saw Disney's movie of the shipwrecked hero on an island whose inhabitants were no taller than his longest finger. The fantasy was enchanting, the little people highly amusing — so clever, so pompous, for all their size, chattering an incomprehensible idiom. To prove his trustworthiness to the Lilliputians Gulliver heroically captured their enemy's fleet.

Later, perhaps, you delved further into Gulliver's adventures either for curiosity — or for class credit — and read that he also visited Brobdingnag where the people were dozens of feet taller than he; and where he was hard put to defend his principles in debate. No matter what you read you know that Jonathan Swift composed his work as a vicious satire, the humor and subtle ridicule achieved by reversal of scales — setting up normal relationships in an abnormal environment, or throwing things out of proportion to expose true proportion.

Let us look at our own scale. How big do we think we are? Gulliver's ups and downs suggest our education. We were on the bottom rung in first grade and reached a proud height at eighth grade, only to find

that our climb had left us at the base of a second level. We worked up through four high school years before achieving another pinnacle — and yet a third level, for freshmen in college are once again low men on the totem pole. This truth is not meant to take the starch out of mortar boards, but commencement does mean beginning and beginning connotes the recruit, the apprentice. Our scale has been reversed repeatedly.

Gulliver suggests two other points: first, he was as much a focus of attention as the natives were to him; second, he had to defend his principles and in conjunction with this prove his worth, great or small, to fellow human beings despite the disparity in stature.

To extend our analogy, at each academic advancement we are examined: what is our background? How representative are we? What can we do of worth? These questions will assault us repeatedly. The more distant in future the question, the easier seems the answer; the closer, the more immense. Will our answers be pompous chatter?

The motto of the Class of '55 tells us that "Nothing is great unless good." Through the theology courses we learn that our wills are directed to the good, that means towards attainment must be good, and that Christ is the fountain of good. By its demanding standard our Christian background will present problems

in our struggle for "greatness" by measuring our acts, and by calling upon us to defend these principles. Our Christian heritage will also provide the solution: one can achieve true greatness only when united with Christ, the giver of good. We must often measure our stature by asking "How big *are* we?"

VERITAS FAX ARDENS

In Memoriam

Sister M. Inez, O.P.; Sister M. Zita, O.P.

I

We have once seen how deep the hand of day
Wrought silent wisdom in her gentle face
And gave to her that simple, leisured grace
We knew so well. Each soft word she would say
Rang clear with strength, for in it lay
A core of faith. With stately, measured pace
She followed life's path; delicate as lace
Her hands left beauty in their tranquil way.

But now, we cannot hope to find her eyes,
Or feel their quiet warmth, like spring's first sun.
We cannot see her calm head slowly nod
In gracious greeting, other-worldly-wise
With knowledge to be gained only by one
Who has been schooled in patient love of God.

II

Her firm, quick step, her eyes, shadowed as night,
But filled with latent laughter, brave to greet
Each new-born day, and then see it complete
The circle of her faith. Her smile was bright
To us, who knew its warmth. Her love of right
Her valiant goodness never knew defeat.
Her staunch heart rose from suffering to meet
In death, not darkness, but unending light.

In years, there will be those who cannot know
Their patient guidance, given in the Name
Of Love. We pray in buoyant, carefree youth
That we, because of them, shall somewhat grow
In strength. Lord, give us grace to share the flame
They carried high — the burning torch of truth.

SISTER MARY NORBERT, O.P. '56

19

55

MARY ABRAHAMSEN

YOU would expect Mary to run herself ragged between classes, student body offices, and social activity. To the contrary she is usually full of renewed energy, ideas, and plans. She has an inherent knack for mathematical equations, a natural tendency for leadership and its responsibilities, and a definite verve for giving grand scale parties, regardless of the season.

Mary's personality is highlighted by such traits as her sincerity, momentary temper, righteousness, warm-heartedness. She is generally soft-spoken but does not hesitate to make herself heard if the situation demands her authority, advice or opinion.

Mary's "little" brothers and, in fact, all of her enormous clan are familiar topics of conversation. She loves to talk about everything and anything and often burns the midnight oil engrossed in a discussion.

We see her — head cocked to one side (concernment), a stubborn expression (determination), and hands that fly about when she talks (expressiveness).

I can't help if
she's a cousin!

MARY BERNADETTE ABRAHAMSEN

Burlingame, California

MAJOR: CHEMISTRY

MINOR: BIOLOGY, MATHEMATICS

Gamma Sigma
 Student Body Vice-President '55
 Student Body Treasurer '54
 Student Body Secretary '53
Carillon Staff '53
 Executive Board '53, '54, '55
 W.A.A. Board '54
 Student Affairs Board '55

Social Committee '52
 N.F.C.C.S. Regional Convention
 '52, '53, '54, '55
 Irish Club '52, '53, '54, '55
 Science Club '53, '54, '55
 Italian Club '55
 W.A.A. Show '53, '54

JACQUELINE AURORA ALTSTAETTER

Bakersfield, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

Gamma Sigma
Firebrand Editor '55
Meadowlark Staff '54
Carillon Staff '53
Class President '54
Class Vice-President '53

Spanish Club '52
Foreign Students Club '52, '53, '54, '55
English Club '53
I.R.C. '53
W.A.A. Show '52, '53, '54

JACQUELINE ALTSTAETTER

ALWAYS on the go — mentally and physically — Jackie's size belies her. Her feet tiptoe a dance step under the desk, her hands unconsciously play at a doodle while her mind is carefully organizing a paper. That she manages her schedule of the week's activities — class assignments, papers to write, dancers to rehearse, time for golf and for sessions with the tub bucket band, orderly notes, a list of letters to be answered, a few more pictures to be entered in her annual scrapbook — reveals her organization which carries through each project.

From two-egg time in the morning until her scheduled "lights-out" at eleven Jackie is busy. But never too busy for one more activity or one more conversation.

Her desire for perfection makes her a severe critic of her own work and a tireless reviser. Because she expects the same interest in others, she may seem to sensitive classmates overly critical; but Jackie's sensitivity registers more than it shows.

The Jackie-of-all-trades has an ambition to write. A style all her own, comical yet penetrating, she has taken one large step on her way — a lively interest in everyone and everything about her.

BARBARA BEDFORD

FAMILIAR to the student body was the sight and sound of our social chairman effusively promoting mixers, formals, rallies, and the like. Familiar to her classmates is Bobbie the charming and vivacious hostess of parties and Vallejo weekends, as well as a superb whipper-upper of tasty dinners. A tireless worker, Bobbie attacks a project with defined organization and sees it through to its completion. Sometimes her paper plans tend towards a superlative level ("really fabulous," "most tremendous") but only because she strives to produce the best. The actual results are always successful and on a practical level surely "the greatest." Bobbie is generous with her time and work, maybe to a fault, and finds it hard to see others neglect a job.

When not wrapped up in social committee events Bobbie enjoys working with the radio players, handling lights for stage shows, or practicing handwriting analysis.

BARBARA JEAN BEDFORD
Vallejo, California

MAJOR: BIOLOGY

MINOR: CHEMISTRY

Social Chairman '55

W.A.A. Board '53

Social Committee '54, '55

Radio Players '54, '55

Science Club '52, '53, '54, '55

Y.C.S. '52, '53

Madrigal '52, '53, '54

Choral '52

W.A.A. Show '53, '54

TERESA MARILYN BURICH
Sacramento, California

MAJOR: MUSIC

MINOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

Student Affairs Board '55
Social Committee '55
Class Treasurer '55
C.S.T.A. '54, '55
Spanish Club '52, '53

Music Club '52
Madrigal '54, '55
Choral '52, '53
W.A.A. Show '52, '53, '54

TERESA BURICH

IF YOU have a favor to ask of Teresa just tell her you hail from Venice, Italy. Tell her you used to repair the mosaics in Saint Mark's, or that you were the gondolier stationed at the Hotel Luna, and she will be eating out of your hand like the pigeons in the Square. Now you know that she is a traveler. For hours she can tell you of Rome, Assisi and more. As a true traveler and not a mere tourist, she was not spoiled but rather enriched by the experience. Observant of all the works of art she also had her eyes open when meeting the people of each country. Teresa still enjoys a trip to Santa Cruz during the summer, a skiing trip to the Sierras in the winter, and her future travel plans include a visit to Hawaii.

One cannot forget the sight of Teresa in December as she hobbled around with one leg in a cast. This, however, did not stop her organ practice preparatory to her recital. Teresa's knowledge and love of music will find application in her chosen career, teaching children, by setting simple rhymes to music which she has composed.

CAROLYN CIMA

TERM papers usually have a frightening effect on people. They are begun in a frenzy at the last moment. Not so with Carolyn. She tackles every assignment promptly, term papers and regular work, and gives it much serious thought. With a steady stream of work which lasts often after the hour her red night-capped head should have laid itself to sleep, she finishes the work before most of us have begun. And then offers to type for others!

Wasting a moment of the day is against Carolyn's very nature. While her voice blends with others at Assembly her hands are kept busy knitting and purling on a stole or busily turning the heel on an argyle sock. Though busyness personified, Carolyn always finds time to aid a friend whether it be with a history map or just a discussion. But woe to the one who challenges her opinion, for Carolyn possesses the flaring temper of warm Italy; however, though quick to come, it is just as quick to go.

Thus, we need no crystal ball to know that Carolyn with her calm, quiet patience will never have qualms about tackling any job. A dutiful daughter herself, her heart's most natural habitation will be found in the circle of love and kindness, a family.

CAROLYN ANN CIMA
Stockton, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINORS: POLITICAL SCIENCE, ENGLISH

Corresponding Secretary I.R.C. '53
I.R.C. '52, '53, '54
C.S.T.A. '54

Italian Club '55
Choral '51
W.A.A. Show '52

MARY JEANNE CORRIGAN
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: MUSIC

MINOR: EDUCATION

Gamma Sigma
H.O.O.D. Cup '53
Fanjeaux House Chairman '54
Class President '55
Class Secretary '52
Firebrand Staff '54
C.S.T.A. '54, '55

Choral '52, '53
Orchestra '52, '53, '54, '55
Music Club '52, '53, '54, '55, Treasurer '54
Irish Club '53, '54, '55
Y.C.S. '55
W.A.A. Show 52, '53, '54

MARY JEANNE CORRIGAN

MARY JEANNE is a wealth of surprises. To all appearances she is the serious student, reserved, rigorously pursuing music and education studies — to all of which her high scholastic achievement attests. She has underlying strata of force, patience, perseverance and tact, which qualities have served her well as capable president of our class.

She holds persistently to her “mind over matter” code often to the exasperation of her less patient friends and it takes some persuading to drag Mary Jeanne from her “must dos.” Because of her self-discipline she finds it difficult to understand lack of discipline in others yet amiably accepts people for what they are.

Once in a festive mood, however, she gives her imagination and nonchalant humor free reign by composing clever Class Day lyrics, comic dances or playing saxophone in the bucket band. Her ability to imitate a 45 record at 78 speed is still good to the last squeak. And she never misses a college dance.

Gracious, thoughtful, Mary Jeanne relaxes only when certain everyone else is enjoying herself. Typical of this are the seventy-five postcards she sends when on vacation.

CARROLL DANA

CARROLL'S intense and keen dark eyes winged by darker brows reveal her penetrating interest in the unusual. Her eyes and her mind are sensitive to beauty and ugliness alike and she has an inherent understanding of the moods of Mother Nature and her subjects. She is herself moody at times. It is not unusual to find her daydreaming in the halls, or mulling over her noon tea at the lounge. Although a composite of high ideals and romantic journeys into old books, Carroll is nevertheless realistic and always able to analyze her own motives and feelings. Her taste in music ranges from Dixieland to Bach, in literature from Damon Runyon to Milton, and in drama from shaggy dog stories to the contemporary stage.

A realist and a romantic Carroll has also a flare for the dramatic. She is truly individual and enjoys her own eccentricities — tea at twelve and two, sentimental poetry and red-rimmed glasses. Other trademarks are her chignon, her loyal lunch-basket, and her pleasant irony. She is sincere and staunch in her beliefs and has no concern for trivialities or the commonplace.

CARROLL CLAYTON DANA

Corte Madera, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

College of Marin 1951-52

San Francisco State College 1952-1954

Transferred from San Francisco State College 1954

L.R.C. '55

PAQUITA CELEZ DEMETILLO
Cotabato, Philippine Islands

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: MATHEMATICS

Class Secretary '54

Spanish Club '52, '53, '54, '55

Program Director '54, Secretary '55

Foreign Students Club '52, '53, '54, '55

I.R.C. '52

W.A.A. Show '53, '54

PAQUITA DEMETILLO

A QUIZZICALLY arched brow and laughing eyes are the key to Paquita's personality. Always sparkling, her eyes belie reserved Filipina features. Paquita is a prankster ready to tease, and to plot escapades such as planting frightening dummies in dark rooms. No doubt she feels it is safer to be an instigator since she herself is timidly wary of the dark. But likeably enough, Paquita laughs heartiest at the joke that backfires on herself. In four years she has gathered many experiences. Her scrap-book includes snapshots of her first sight of snow; a tiny gold cup represents learning to ice skate despite fifteen falls! But while learning to beat us at our own games Paquita has delighted us with tales and customs of her home. Nothing short of breathtaking is the skill with which she balances three full wine glasses while dancing!

With her mathematical mind and courage to admonish an entire student body, Paquita early won the title "Prophet." Responsibilities can be entrusted to her for her uncomplaining nature allows no more protest than a smiling "oh dear!" followed by capable effort. Paquita makes the most of life . . . sometimes at the expense of homework when she will exclaim "Too late for tomorrow!"

MARGARET DORAN

MARG is one of the calmest members of our class. Big things do not upset her and even when small matters cause irritation her disapproval is indicated only by a stubborn silence. Her laughter is hard to detect too and you have to look closely for the sparkle in her eyes and the hesitant smile to be sure she is enjoying the story.

After dinner she is the first one at the bridge table in the Edgehill kitchen and if anyone should be absent-minded about the day they can always count on her date with John every Wednesday evening.

Marg has a quiet manner. Sitting at her desk in her pink-ruffled room to all appearances she is day-dreaming but actually she is studying diligently — punctuating her work with a deep sigh and an “oh dear.” She maintains that she spends more time worrying about assignments than actually doing something about them but we doubt this for her methodic, calm-paced study habits indicate a substantial drive while her planned future in the field of science as a lab technician is indicative of ambition.

MARGARET ANN DORAN
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: CHEMISTRY

MINOR: BIOLOGY

Class Treasurer '53
Science Club '53, '54, '55
Secretary '54, President '55

W.A.A. Show '53
Choral '52
Irish Club '53, '55

SHIRLEY HELENE DOYLE
Sacramento, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: ENGLISH

Transferred from Sacramento Junior College 1953

Meadowlark Staff '55
I.R.C. '54, '55

Irish Club '54, '55
C.S.T.A. '54, '55

SHIRLEY DOYLE

SHIRLEY is like a warm spring afternoon. She has a gentleness that suggests the soft pinks, saffrons, and azures of the early season. Her company is always refreshing. She does not say much in a group, preferring to listen intently; but when she does break into the conversation you can be sure it will be with a delightfully humorous episode that happened to her — although she begins seriously, pretending not to admit the joke is there.

Shirley is sensitive to beauty, music and literature and translates what she enjoys into poetry. Because of her sensitivity she has a wonderful unselfishness. It is typical to see Shirley offering her wholehearted endeavors to any project at any time. Typical also of her sharing nature is her daily correspondence.

PATRICIA FARBSTEIN

BLONDE, blue-eyed with the innocent face of an angel, our bubbly Pat is among the most friendly girls on campus. By the end of September she usually knows the incoming Freshmen better than their own classmates do.

Quick moving and quick to react, Pat possesses a special set of mannerisms which are recognized as part of "Farby" herself. Whether it is weekend plans or a trip downtown, everything must be settled right away, "Let's GO!" This vivaciousness and hurry to get things done has earmarked her active interest in all phases of college life.

Pat enjoys good music and good company. She loves to keep her friends amused either with an account of the day's happenings or perhaps by reading the newspaper aloud for those of us who are less well-informed on the current political scene. Her speech is colored by her rapid San Francisco accent.

Under her seeming brusqueness, Pat is a sensitive soul, loyal to her friends, mindful of others' feelings. One of the best-liked girls in the class, she is the happy combination of a sensitive head and a loving heart.

PATRICIA ANN FARBSTEIN

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

MINOR: PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Student Affairs Board '54

Irish Club '53, '54, '55

I.R.C. '54, '55

Italian Club '55

Y.C.S. '52, '53, '54

W.A.A. Show '52, '53

MARY REGINA GEMSCH
Sacramento, California

MAJOR: MUSIC

MINOR: ENGLISH

Firebrand Staff '55
Meadowlark Editor '54
Meadowlark Staff '53
Music Club '52, '53, '54, '55
President '54

Symphony Forum '53, '54
English Club '53
Choral '52, '53, '54, '55
Madrigal '52, '53, '54, '55
W.A.A. Show '53, '54

MARY GEMSCH

MARY is popularly known for her beautiful soprano voice in solo performances or rising above the assembly chorus. She is also distinguished by her dimpled smile and soft spoken speech when in a group. But Mary is like a Debussy prelude. Beneath her quiet manner close friends discover a delightful range of moods from the profoundly serious to sparkling hilarity (she is gayest at bedtime), with a wealth of sensitive understanding in between, exemplified by her long correspondence list answered by detailed letters.

Mary is a tireless worker. Despite excess units which she dispatches competently she lends energy to clubs, projects and publications. One year she was both Music Club president and *Meadowlark* editor.

Often we find her daydreaming or again pacing restlessly, both habits the result of her tour of Europe and yearning to return. In the meantime she treats herself to foreign foods or relaxes with a fast drive in her car, windows down. When in a minor mood she attacks the piano with vengeance.

With all the nuances of womanhood Mary can be as deliberate or coy as they come. We feel she needs only to find her center of gravity to achieve full serenity.

DORIS GRUNBERG

IF FIRST impressions were reliable you might very well think to yourself on meeting Doris, this young woman is independent, impenetrable, unpredictable and egotistical. But first impressions rarely disclose true worth. Further acquaintance will discover Doris' exuberant sense of humor even when everything is blackest, her appraising and logical mind, and her sense of duty when something seems worth while to her.

Doris has a many-sided disposition. Her moods are as changeable as her personality . . . scholar, tom-boy, creative artist and wit. She is so adaptable that she fits amazingly well into the role of student-affairs board president, a position which demands tact, initiative and common sense. Doris enjoys anything that is basically good fun and is always ready when the plot is thickest. One of her pet amusements is getting involved in complicated situations; being glib, she calmly manages to talk herself and others out of them.

Always herself, Doris is never impressed by pretense or superficiality. She is good company in any crowd and a loyal friend to anyone who will go beyond first impressions.

DORIS MAE GRUNBERG
Feather Falls, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINORS: POLITICAL SCIENCE, LATIN

Gamma Sigma	Bi-Regional Convention '54
Student Affairs Board President '55	College Information Board '54
Executive Board '55	Choral '52
Meadowlark Staff '53, '54	W.A.A. Show '52
I.R.C. Regional Chairman, N.E.C.C.S. '54	I.R.C. '54
N.E.C.C.S. Council '54

JOANNE ELEANOR HITE
Crockett, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: ENGLISH

Irish Club '52, '54, '55
Art Club '54
C.S.T.A. '54

Choral '52
W.A.A. Show '53, '54
Third Order '52, '53, '54

JOANNE HITE

PRACTICE teaching has put something of a cramp in her style this year, but Joanne is the type one finds up at all hours of the night, fortified with a cup of coffee and graham crackers, gabbing with other "night owls" or cramming for tomorrow's test. And this approach seems to work; she is the class' first graduate, having completed her Bachelor of Arts requirements in December, and her spring semester studies are directed towards attainment of a Master's degree in Education.

Joanne thrives on the mental gymnastics of argument and will propound some opposing viewpoint merely to stimulate interest in the discussion. She has a quick mind, reaching conclusions by way of a sort of intuitive insight, based on rapid associations — a complicated thought process impossible to most.

Sparkling brown eyes and an impish expression belie the serious side of Joanne's character. No one more thoroughly enjoys a good laugh or a silly prank, and her delighted giggle livens the whole atmosphere. A vital personality, she is always interesting in her determined individualism.

TERESITA KATIGBAK

TERRY, because of her insatiable inquisitiveness, can be delightfully gullible, swallowing whole any fantastic tale. She has an equal facility for exaggerating details, but this latter trait results innocently from her enthusiasm to share with others her experiences. Living is a delightful series of climaxes for Terry. Her trip to Europe or the latest movie (she sees them all), missing a class, boiling rice, planning a weekend, meeting a stranger — whatever the event, it is always introduced by “Do you know what happened?” (in a mock-serious tone suggesting the sky had collapsed).

Her chief hobby, if you will call it that, is buying new clothes, especially the latest in separates. Terry keeps in fashion with the latest Mambo records and she obligingly coaches all comers in the Mambo dance. She has a liking for bracelets, too, which jingle rhythmically on her wrist.

TERESITA DIMAYUGA KATIGBAK
Manila, Philippine Islands

MAJOR: ECONOMICS

MINOR: SPANISH

Transferred from Assumption College, Manila '53

Spanish Club '54, '55
Treasurer '54, '55

Foreign Students Club '54, '55
Italian Club '55

VIRGINIA ADAIR LEISHMAN
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

MINOR: EDUCATION

Student Body President '55
Student Affairs Board '55
Executive Board '55
N.F.C.C.S. Council '54, '55
Sodality Representative '54

C.S.T.A. '54, '55, Secretary-Treasurer '54
Y.C.S. '52, '53, '54, '55
Vice-President Regional Y.C.S. '54
W.A.A. Show '52, '53, '54

VIRGINIA LEISHMAN

GINGE'S manner is executive. She thinks logically, acts decisively, works efficiently. But that she is blunt and outspoken in her convictions is her best known trait and many have had to learn to respect her candor before appreciating her friendship. If you want judgment on plans or a new dress you can be sure of her guileless criticism. (But even when anticipated her directness is disarming.) Her genuine interest in people allows her to listen to problems yet withhold advice for she believes everyone can solve their own. Add to these traits self-confidence in her methods, and practice of delegating powers and you have a substantial leader.

Ginge almost forgets to turn off her business manner, until prospects of new acquaintances through meetings and always parties and trips bring out her relaxed social charm. A gracious hostess she has a remarkable memory for names, and space for the extra weekend guest. She likes to do things her own way whether it be nail polishing at the last frantic minute or working her way into a merchandising career. And when at a loss for words — "etc., etc."

CAROL LEONARDINI

OUTWARDLY Carol is typified by her unconcerned slowness and a somewhat cynical way of expressing herself. Her slowness is legendary and seems to worry everyone except herself, but things are eventually accomplished in good time so there is no need for hurry. For all her placidity, Carol is not slipshod but rather is thorough and neat in what she does. Her dress and general appearance are always fresh and attractive.

Carol's true warmth and interest in things is revealed especially when she talks about her home and the latest antics of her baby sister, Cathy. And when she returned as a senior after a year away at the University of California, Carol's school spirit was as strong as ever, contradicting her apparently casual approach.

If something is to be done in the class she gives of herself generously and follows through on what she has begun.

CAROL ANN MARIE LEONARDINI

Stockton, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: ART

House Chairman: Edgehill '55

Spanish Club '52

Irish Club '55

Choral '52

C.S.T.A. '55

Italian Club '55

W.A.A. Show '52, '53

JANE LAN HEONG LOW
Hilo, Hawaii

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

Foreign Students Club '52, '53, '54, '55	C.S.T.A. '54, '55
Secretary '54	Italian Club '55
Vice-President '55	W.A.A. Show '52, '53, '54

JANE LOW

REFRESHING as a trade wind is a visit to Janie's room. Though shared with three others of different nationalities the room bears subtle evidence of Janie's island home. The books concede a desk corner to the uke, the pennants and other souvenirs are framed with Hawaiian post cards or paper leis. This colorful atmosphere is complemented by the sunny disposition of our little *kamaina*. Janie is a refreshing breeze in a group harried and pressed with work and complaints. Wide-eyed, kindly smiling, in a soft voice Janie will generously volunteer her sympathies and aid. We usually fail to appreciate her soothing effect until she is gone. The only thing that ruffles Janie's disposition is injustice.

A natural homemaker she does everything from making jackets and formals to shaping delightful gifts out of available scraps. When she takes over the kitchen to prepare dinner everyone knows a masterpiece is in the making. Dancing the hula, chuckling over the fact that she loves red but wears mostly blue, sharing our sad and our happy times, Janie is a cherished friend.

DELIA MARCHETTI

EASY-GOING Dee is content to let things come as they may. Tomorrow is soon enough for most things, and rushing to do them today is frustrating in itself. But this lackadaisical approach does not result in inefficiency. When something must be done it is done quickly and with concentration. (She once composed two term papers in a single weekend and earned an A in each!)

In conversation Dee prefers to sit back and enjoy the discussion of others rather than listen to the sound of her own voice. The few contributions of her own are quiet and to the point, free of personal bias. And no one better appreciates the humor in a funny situation. The final punch line is often supplied by Dee herself.

But she is best understood against the background of her Italian family where her real interests and affections are centered. Anyone who has enjoyed the hospitality of her Stockton home senses the strong family bond. She herself is most animated when entertaining her friends with some amusing anecdote from home or perhaps when relating some fairy tale, in Italian, complete with gestures to aid in the translation.

DELIA LENORE MARCHETTI

Stockton, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: ENGLISH

Carillon Staff '53

Meadowlark Staff '54

C.S.F.A. '54, '55

Vice-President '54

President '55

Spanish Club '53

Secretary '53

Italian Club '55

W.A.A. Show '52, '53, '54

EILEEN PATRICIA MELLON

Kentfield, California

MAJOR: SOCIAL ECONOMICS

MINOR: ENGLISH

N.F.C.C.S. '54

Irish Club '52, '53, '54, '55

I.R.C. '54, '55

Choral '52

W.A.A. Show, '52, '54

EILEEN MELLON

THE SALT and pepper effect of Eileen's hair is incongruous when considering her own youthful appearance. And although she dislikes the thought of being prematurely gray, her hair provides an attractive frame for her dark blue eyes and piquant Irish face.

Refreshingly idealistic in many of her views, Eileen likes to discuss things seriously because she has a genuine interest in the "whys" of life and wishes to have the correct viewpoint on everything. This receptiveness has often caused her to believe with charming naivete almost anything said with a straight face. And this same sincerity makes it apparently impossible to tell a tall tale of her own without laughing in the middle of it.

A warm person and a good companion at work or play, Eileen is a sensitive and sympathetic friend.

MARTHA MILLER

JUST two hundred more tallies, some lace favors and we'll be ready for a mixer tomorrow night; will you help us, Martha?" This is a familiar query to the left-handed artist of our class, but more often than not Martha pitches in with brushes, paint, ingenuity and precious time, without waiting for an invitation. She has a strong feeling for design and color and a facility that shows itself remarkably in almost every artistic medium. She designs and sews her own clothes.

Martha is even tempered. But, because of her apparently stoic approach to life and dry manner of speaking she is sometimes misunderstood. It takes time to recognize and understand her gentle teasing and her unelaborated common sense reasoning.

In a crowded room her desk is the tidiest — every article in its own place. Her daintiness pervades her dress — always neat, feminine, tasteful. It is the style of her hair that voices her personality. Some days she may wear it dancing freely on her shoulders, or other times curled in a bustleback.

MARTHA LORAIN MILLER
Benicia, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: ART

Art Club '52, '53, '55
Spanish Club '52

W.A.A. Show '53, '54
C.S.T.A. '55

MARY ANN MINENNA
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: ART

Irish Club '53, '54, '55
Art Club '54, '55
Italian Club '55
C.S.T.A. '54, '55

Fivebrand Staff '55
Choral '53, '55
W.A.A. Show '54

MARY ANN MINENNA

MARY ANN is our avid conversationalist. No matter what the hour, day or night, she has to tell us "something" and usually that "something" is the "funniest" or "most hysterical" thing that ever happened. How everything *can* happen to Mary Ann is beyond us, for she always seems to be in the process of relating it. But the fact of the matter is she finds keen enjoyment in every facet of day to day living and wants to share her interests. Speaking rapidly and emphatically, punctuating her tale with vigorous gestures, she quickly communicates her excitement. There are never awkward moments when we converse with our eager friend.

Her close cropped hair, the perennial tan, the predominant green and browns in her wardrobe reflect her outdoor interest. Mary Ann favors swimming and horseback riding. She also likes to cook and more than one Sunday night returned with treats for us all. She will do almost any favor you ask of her but is shy of directly asking favors for herself.

CAROLE MIRON

CAROLE'S reserve and unassuming manner reveal only a part of her, the inner calm and steadfastness. She approaches all situations with the same staunchness of outlook, for to her things are either black or white and there is no area of hesitation or indecision. Luckily these adamant qualities are more than balanced by Carole's understanding, sincerity, and thoughtfulness. To those who know her a hearty greeting, warm smile, and a joke in the form of her favorite impersonation, "Croaky," typify her charm. As a student teacher she is in her element for in this capacity her selflessness and affection show themselves to be basic assets.

The epitome of femininity, Carole always has a fresh, glowing, fragrant air. She has a way of adding just the right touch to her trim appearance. The perennial sweater and skirt combination she completes with either matching belt and shoes, flowers, or a pert scarf and pin. In a word, mix a Bostonian accent, gleaming eye, and heartfelt friendliness and you have Carole.

CAROLE ANN MIRON
Kentfield, California
MAJOR: EDUCATION
MINOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

C.S.T.A. '54, '55
Choral '52, '53

W.A.A. Show '54

ISABEL DE SAMPAIO MOREIRA
São Paulo, Brazil

MAJOR: SOCIAL ECONOMICS

Transferred from Colegio Rio Branco 1952

Spanish Club '53, '54, '55

Vice-President '55

Foreign Students Club '53, '54, '55

W.A.A. Show '53, '54

Troupers '54, '55

ISABEL MOREIRA

THE MUSTARD on a hot dog, the icing on a chocolate cake, the explosion in a fire cracker, the flavor of a foreign delicacy — so is Isa to our class. She is a contradiction of herself from one moment to the next — now a practical jokester, now a cosmopolitan sophisticate. However, do not expect to find the more vivacious qualities before noon, for she dislikes going to bed early (though she might if the alternative is a mixer). She types and studies best in the wee hours — and as far as getting up early — why were morning classes invented?

Isabel can turn any occasion into a musical; no time is unsuitable for a burst of song from her. We took advantage of this at every opportunity.

It takes a girl from Brazil with curiosity about another country to put us to shame. A vagabond tour complete with sleeping bags and cameras taught her far more than we settle for in geography lessons.

Two things distinguish Isabel from the typical college girl — her sometimes amusing accent and her pronounced dislike of American coffee.

JEAN MORRISON

JEAN has achieved a balanced method of living envied by many of her classmates. On the one hand she is serious, conscientious, and thorough in the responsibilities of practice-teacher, English minor, and president of the non-resident students. When she has work to do she goes straight to it . . . no hesitancy, no short-cuts. On the other hand she is lighthearted, gay, and carefree when work has been completed or put aside. It is then that her features glow with the charm that is hers, a piquant air that radiates joy and happiness.

Jean is distinguished by her blonde hair, twinkling smile, dimples, slightly turned-up nose, and the bright blue eyes that reflect the diamond on her left hand. Her day to day living follows a regulated pattern but Jean never gets bored, for she is fully aware of her place in life, her obligations and limitations, and her goal. Jean's self-assurance is a result of knowing what she is and not what she might like to think she is.

JEAN MORRISON
San Rafael, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: ENGLISH

Transferred from Marin Junior College 1953

Executive Board '55

Non-resident Students' President '55

C.S.T.A. '55

W.A.A. Show '54

ANN MARIE MULLIN

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: CHEMISTRY

MINORS: BIOLOGY, EDUCATION

Vice-President of Class '52

Y.C.S. '52, '54, '55

Music Club '53

Science Club '53, '54, '55

Carillon Staff '53

C.S.T.A. '55

W.A.A. Board '53, '54, '55

Vice-President '54

W.A.A. Show '53, '54

Italian Club '55

Irish Club '55

N.F.C.C.S. '55

ANN MARIE MULLIN

SOMETIMES Ann seems to be “still water”; her feelings run deep. Because of her bashful nature she would like everyone to believe what is found on the surface, but, she herself cannot remain calm when a current in affairs become dynamic. At such moments her strict sense of right and wrong comes to the top level to fight for justice.

We see Ann excelling in sports and enjoying the outdoors. We see her as organizer, student, cook, and happy-go-lucky personality. We hear her rollicking chuckle and laugh with her. At times we also meet Ann, the fault-finder, but we seldom see a submerged Ann. Sensitive to beauty and nature and personal opinion, Ann is very loving, feminine, and kindly.

Her mathematical mind has proven resourceful not only in lab work, but also in figuring out such problems as how many cups of coffee per person must be consumed to maintain the coffee machine!

MARIAN McENTIRE

JUST as intangible and mysterious as an Indian flute song is Marian to the other members of her class. She is ever ready to lend encouragement and support to many projects but in all her endeavors she retains an aloofness that is at once fascinating and individual.

Effortless is another descriptive word that suits her. Whether playing her assortment of flutes, singing a western ballad, writing a history exam, spending a memorable year at school in Europe, she performs all with a minimum of effort. Marian seems to have a vast store of knowledge behind her calm facade. She is a good conversationalist and can be depended upon to master any party situation.

Marian with her deep love of the speculative, if she chooses to utilize it, should benefit a wisdom-seeking world.

MARIAN McENTIRE
Berkeley, California
MAJOR: SOCIAL ECONOMICS
MINOR: HISTORY

Music Club '51, '52, '55
French Club '51, '52

Orchestra '51, '52, '55
W.A.A. Show '52

MAUREEN HELEN O'CONNOR
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

House Chairman, Benincasa '55

Irish Club '52, '53, '54, '55

C.S.T.A. '55

Y.C.S. '54

Tennis Club '53

Choral '52, '53

N.F.C.C.S. Regional Congress '54

W.A.A. Show '52, '53, '54

MAUREEN O'CONNOR

TRIM appearance, and relaxed poise give you the pleasing attractiveness of Maureen. But shoulder-length hair, the ends trained into a loose curl, the precise wave pointed just off center, suggests a quietly stubborn personality. True enough! Despite numerous assaults with scissors and vigorous arguments in behalf of the pixies cuts Maureen never allows more than an inch trimming. She also resists being rushed, often, we are sure, to tease the rest of us into a frantic state. With three exceptions Maureen is exasperatingly calm, allowing no more remark than "oh yes?" The exceptions, which evoke her loud, high-pitched yelps are phone calls from Jack, the mess left after a Benincasa party, and a surprise invitation to town.

Once Maureen sets her mind to a task she persists in her endeavors whether the work be tedious like Class Day programs, challenging like learning "Two Little Blackbirds" for piano, or absolutely necessary like frequent cat-naps. This apparent determination is not accomplished in dead seriousness. She has a dry sense of humor which is the source of much hilarity, especially when turned on her own eccentricities, such as singing popular songs. To coax this or any favor from her one need only set her talking about the Irish.

I can't find my glasses!

MARY O'NEILL

ONE meeting with Mary Bridget impresses you, two meetings convince you that she is an extraordinary girl, and by the third time you see her you are ready to wish yourself her lifetime friend. Mary has an abundance of well-wishers; just count her Christmas or Birthday cards sometime! She wins by accepting people for what they are worth without trying to reform them.

Her warm, expansive nature complementing a dry, seemingly naive humor tells us, even before we know her name, that Mary Bridget hails from the Emerald Isle. She is deeply religious and deeply Irish. It is even suspected that she sprays the autumn trees with green paint "just to keep things in their proper balance." It is because of her Old World faith (although she was born and raised in Canada) that she practices the Theological Virtues, most of all Charity. Her good will flows out to all impartially from social service aid, to that out-of-the-way jaunt for fun, or the emergency trips day or night.

MARY BRIDGET O'NEILL

Fresno, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

Irish Club '52, '53, '54, '55

Vice-President '54, '55

Firebrand Staff '55

Meadowlark Staff '54

Spanish Club '52, '53

Treasurer '53

C.S.T.A. '54, '55

W.A.A. Show '53, '54

Y.C.S. '53

N.F.C.C.S. Regional Congress '54

HONORENE DALE PHILLIPS
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: ENGLISH

Executive Board '54
Firebrand Staff '54, '55
 Class Treasurer '52
 N.F.C.C.S. Council '54
 Music Club '52, '53, '54, '55
 English Club '53
Meadowlark Staff '53, '54
 Irish Club '53, '55

Tennis Club '53
 Italian Club '55
 C.S.T.A. '54, '55
 Choral '52
 W.A.A. Show '52, '53, '54
 W.A.A. Board '53, '54
 Troupers '52

HONORENE PHILLIPS

HONORENE is like one of her own poems, imaginative, at moments displaying acute mature insight, at other times the simple hopefulness of youth, and always a sensitivity to moods both bright and shadowed. Hers is an intense personality and she will throw her whole self into being totally happy or totally sad with equal vigor. Because her scale of justice recognizes no lenient middle ground or passivity, she is easily roused to indignation. Rather than chance misunderstanding she is overly anxious to explain her motivations and decisions.

Her room, a bevy of ruffles and cuddley stuffed animals displays her love of color, cheerfulness — and accumulation of what her roommates call “junk.” She dearly loves to sleep in late, and to wear several layers of sweaters under her plaid coat, both of which practice teaching limited.

Honorene has much to give. An enthusiastic volunteer she offers to work on all committees from social service to song writing. She has lettered in sports by ably playing key positions on every team. She enjoys good music and it is her own peppy piano styling that gets every party off to a rousing start. We see her with these fruitful talents a potential source of enrichment to many lives.

JEAN POPE

A PILE of books, an old green blotter, black coffee — these are the trademark of the after-dinner Jean Pope. The evening is time for her studies and she pursues them with businesslike approach to class assignments, and the completion of her work is always her first consideration; there is plenty of time afterwards for play.

One of her outstanding traits is organization. Whether it involves plans for a trip or keeping track of her complicated budget, everything is planned meticulously so as to avoid any upsetting changes or surprises.

As a result of her travels in Europe and especially the Far East, Jean's tastes bear a cosmopolitan flavor. She adapts herself easily to any social situation and has a relaxed and pleasant manner. Friendly and quick to laugh, she is an accomplished hostess — any gathering at Jean's is sure of success and the list of parties given at her San Francisco home reads like a scrapbook of good times.

JEAN McCALLUM POPE
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: MUSIC

Gamma Sigma
Executive Board '55
Class Representative '55
Music Club '52, '53
I.R.C. '53, '54
Irish Club '54, '55

W.A.A. Board '54
Choral '52, '53, '55
Madrigal '52, '54
Orchestra '52
W.A.A. Show '53

MILDRED DOLORES RADONICH
Sacramento, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: ART

Class Secretary '55
Spanish Club '52
Art Club '52, '53, '54, '55

C.S.T.A. '54, '55
Choral '53, '54
W.A.A. Show '54

MILDRED RADONICH

YOU NEVER know exactly what Millie is thinking. Her keen blue gaze cuts right through you and her slight, close-lipped smile could indicate interest, disapproval, or appreciation. To her distress she may find herself laughing when she most wants to be serious. Millie enjoys practical jokes but will never take part in one, and recounts only the numerous dilemmas happening to herself . . . such as preparing for a formal dance only to learn it is informal, or running into cars in the strangest ways. But as she says, "Oh well, that's life!" She will listen obligingly to the problems of others but never burdens one (roommates excepted) with her own.

Millie dotes on clothes and her artistic sense tastefully governs her wardrobe. Her single hobby is playing the "Anniversary Song" on the piano. Seemingly never in a hurry she still manages to complete her work before starting one of her frequent weekend trips to the City or Sacramento.

MARY RAGAN

THE DAY that all the talents were being given out Mary held out both her hands. It hardly seems possible that any could have slipped through her fingers. Were she to develop any one of these success would be hers in that field.

For Mary life is a fascinating game in which friends play an important role. Due to her variety of interests, from a symphony concert to a jam session, a continental meal of snails to American ham and eggs, a fast-moving game of tennis to a leisurely ride in the country, she has something to offer to all personalities.

Because she is an animated conversationalist as well as a good listener to any and all our tales, and a companion on excursions, Mary makes friends easily.

Her manuscript, tidy notes, when she keeps them, fanaticism for new books are first notables of Mary — also her readiness to hitch a ride downtown by day or night, and her one gripe — “in four years why can’t people learn to spell ‘Ragan’.”

MARY ELIZABETH RAGAN

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

MINOR: ENGLISH

Class President '53

French Club '52

Irish Club '52, '54, '55

Y.C.S. '52

English Club '53

Italian Club '55

W.A.A. Board '52, '54

Meadowlark Staff '54

Press Board '52

W.A.A. Show '52, '54

SHIRLEY REDLEY
San Rafael, California
MAJOR: EDUCATION
MINOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

SHIRLEY REDLEY

SHIRLEY REDLEY'S pleasant and friendly smile reflects her inner disposition. She has always made it a point to look on the cheerful side of life and as a result is always ready to lift someone else's morale.

Her optimism has allowed her to lead two lives. To fill the roles of both housewife and student is no easy task, but one that demands vitality and drive. Shirley's determination to get her teaching credential has helped her to manage all of her duties, for whether she is preparing her lesson plans for daily practice teaching or puttering around her little cottage she is animated by her wish to accomplish something constructive.

JOAN RILLA

JOAN'S extracurricular, academic and athletic activities justify naming her a well-rounded college woman. In her four years here she has held class, club, and intercollegiate offices, upheld high scholastic standards, and given much of her time and energy to the college spirit. She is a leader who can follow the leader.

Generous, responsible and adaptable, Joan accomplishes things in an orderly and efficient manner.

However, she needs a stimulus, for if the challenge is not great enough she will not expend all of her energy. The concrete, not the abstract, appeals to her; sometimes this trait works against her for she is so direct and abrupt that she leaves no doubt as to her point of view. Always ready for a laugh she appreciates humor in others. Her own wit, however, edges on the caustic. Among her pet aversions are the color red, hospitals, and people who are not prompt. Pastimes include classical records, historical novels, and daily correspondence.

Ice blue eyes, a set expression, or warm blue eyes and a smile indicate her gruff or gay spirit.

JOAN FRANCES RILLA
Mill Valley, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

Gamma Sigma
Class Vice-President '52
Class President '52
N.E.C.C.S.
Junior Delegate '54
Senior Delegate '55

I.R.C. '54, '55
President '54
Choral '53, '54
Firebrand Business Manager '55

MARY KATHLEEN RILLA
Mill Valley, California

MAJOR: FRENCH

MINORS: SPEECH, POLITICAL SCIENCE

Gamma Sigma
Firebrand Staff '55
Class Vice-President '54

Radio Players '54, '55
I.R.C. '54, '55
Choral '52

KATHLEEN RILLA

KATHY may be the smallest in the class by a head's height (four-feet-eleven) but she is nevertheless the most lively by a super-charged atom of pep and vitality! She zips from classes to radio broadcasts and to numberless other projects with the ease of a jet through the sky, leaving in her wake an astonishing stream of products. Her accomplishment is due to her fuel — earnest willingness to assume any task; the spark — her irrepressible determination to finish well what she begins. A merry twinkle in her eyes, a sprightly caper on her toes, and Kathy is ready to concoct Class Day entrances, dances and charades, or to carry out official business. Despite this exuberance she is always unruffled and has the gift of being a good listener.

"Mademoiselle de Paris" is her favorite song; it is not unusual to hear Kathy's melodious voice humming, pattering French phrases or elaborating on that future trip to her "promised land." Even the Atlantic is not a wide enough hurdle to stop our petite mademoiselle.

JEANNE ROACH

SMILING Jeanne is one of the more versatile members of our class. She often entertains a whole group for hours at a time with impromptu monologues on any subject. Her tales are usually in one or several dialects, all expertly mimicked, each funnier than the last.

Drama, music, sports, cooking, fashions — practically anything of conversational interest is of interest to Jeanne. This positive attitude towards things has made her a leader in class and school activities throughout her four years on the campus.

Jeanne's main interest is people — their likes and dislikes, their personality, their customs. Through her participation in varied activities she develops this much more satisfactorily than in the more clinical confines of the classroom. No wonder she wishes she could "major in extra-curricular activities."

Coupled with this interest in people is a genuine tolerance. She has a quick mind, which sees and appreciates the humor of human weaknesses but never unkindly and never without leaving the impression that Jeanne is laughing most at the similarity between another's failings and her own.

JEANNE ELIZABETH ROACH
Lafayette, California

MAJOR: SOCIAL ECONOMICS

MINOR: SPEECH-DRAMA

Student Body Parliamentarian '55

Student Affairs Board '55

N.F.C.C.S. Regional Treasurer '54, '55

Social Committee '54

Irish Club '52, '53, '54, '55

Spanish Club '52, '53

Y.C.S. '52

N.F.C.C.S. '52, '53, '54, '55

Radio Players '54, '55

Troupers '54, '55

Carillon Staff '53

W.A.A. Show '52, '53, '54

Choral '52

JUDITH MAUREEN ROHNER

Petaluma, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

Radio Players '53
C.S.T.A. '55

Choral '52, '53
W.A.A. Show '54

JUDITH ROHNER

ANYTHING likeable appeals to Judy. She is happy with the simple things of life, with being well disposed towards all, and with fulfilling her obligations as a student. Everything is plausible to her if it seems predictable and practical. However, with all of her adaptability Judy hasn't a passive personality. Like everyone else she has her "quirks," and her finicky side. She shuns crowds, confusion and complexities.

Among her preferred pastimes are dancing, swimming, horseback-riding. She collects unusual earrings, blown glass objects and first day stamp covers. An adventuress at heart, Judy likes to travel and to sample rare and exotic foreign foods, although like all of us she must frequently confine her galavanting spirit to local trips.

SUSAN ROWLAND

EVERYTHING about Sue seems just a little different — her clothes, her small face with its large grey eyes, her expressions. Even her temperamental black Mercury is different — who else can drive it properly? To be able to start, it must be parked on an incline for the early morning downhill slalom on the Edgehill drive!

Sue's clothes are distinctive, too. Featuring the casual sport type, she favors woolen combinations, usually a tweed skirt and long-sleeved sweater, touched off with some piece of simple jewelry. In color she prefers tans and grays.

Quite intelligent, things come easily to her, and, not being overly interested in marks themselves, she is content occasionally to wring a coherent paper from a reluctant typewriter in short order, and spend the majority of the time at leisure. Sue is an asset to any conversation because she has her own ideas already well-formed and is not hesitant in expressing them. Yet she strives always to be objective, never trying to impose these ideas upon others. Actually somewhat shy, Sue is not easy to know, but she has a genuine warmth and honesty that endears her to her friends.

SUSAN MARY ROWLAND

Bayport, Minnesota

MAJOR: SOCIAL ECONOMICS

MINOR: ART

Executive Board '54
Class Representative '53
Freshman Advisor '54
Social Committee '52
Firebrand Staff '55
Meadowlark Staff '54

Art Club '52, '53, '54, '55
Irish Club '53, '54, '55
Italian Club '55
Choral '52
W.A.A. Show '52, '53, '54

MARGARET ANN SCHUNK

Fairfax, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

C.S.T.A. '54, '55

Community Service Committee '53, '54

W.A.A. Show '54

MARGARET SCHUNK

IN SPITE of her slight appearance Margaret is a dynamo. She is always rushing hither, thither and yon, either tripping between school and home for classes, flying off to practice teach, or dashing over to the air base to serve as a hostess at many parties and receptions. All this activity stems from dislike of confinement. Margaret has a gregarious personality. She likes to meet people, and to cheer them with her buoyant spirit. From scheduling daily lesson plans to arranging parties for the boys away from home she manifests her desire to work with and for others.

A veritable dilettante, Margaret daubs at anything creative . . . flower arranging, stencil painting, knitting, playing the piano, baking. She is not bored by the routine of everyday living, for she finds fresh delight in expending her energies and talents on those who interest her and are interested by her.

JANET SILVA

JANET is the critic in the senior class and like a critic she is independent in her thoughts and actions. If you are contemplating a Sunday afternoon opera Janet can give you her ideas on it as well as the names and thumb-nail sketches of the performers. The Thursday night symphony and the Saturday opera are regular items on her calendar. Music isn't Janet's only love. She is also greatly interested in the Spanish language and culture. From them she seems to have borrowed a Spanish custom, the *siesta*. She must have her sleep! Janet is quiet until her enthusiasm is aroused in one of her favorite fields.

Enjoyment is a word that well could describe Janet. She enjoys life. Petty things which may cause us to worry she stubbornly avoids. From the smallest event of the day . . . no one laughs heartier at your jokes or the funny papers . . . to the greatest . . . she has competent ability for handling clubs. Popular music, frequent shows, gab-sessions . . . Janet does not require the general run of distractions, but rather finds happiness in her self-sufficient pattern of life.

JANET ELLEN SILVA
Gustine, California

MAJOR: SPANISH

MINOR: MUSIC

Spanish Club '52, '53, '54, '55
President '54
Music Club '52, '53, '54, '55
President '55

Symphony Forum '54, '55
W.A.A. Show '54

JUDITH ALVINA SPREAD
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: ART

Transferred from San Francisco City College '53

Class Vice-President '55

Irish Club '53, '54, '55

C.S.T.A. '54, '55

Art Club '53, '54, '55

Choral '53

JUDITH SPREAD

JUDY has a certain gem-like precision. At all times she looks as if she has just stepped from the pages of a fashion magazine. That she seems the epitome of perfection is due partly to her tidiness, but also to her keen artistic sense. Her taste finds bold voice in the choice of combination of colors she wears. Because of her fair complexion and auburn hair she can wear soft pastels and loud singing colors equally well.

Because we are impressed by the order and color we see we look for the inner Judy and find a pleasing complement. Judy is capable of sharp repartee and she has a strong desire for the right. Although she appears demure and a bit indecisive she is actually strong-willed and determined in her views. She will do well artistically, orderly, and assuredly, whatever she undertakes.

BERNADETTE TEVES

A LOW chuckle welling up to a deep-throated roar sparked by a beaming smile! You have to be happy with Bernadette. Her infectious laughter rebounds through the house dispelling gray moods and worries. If not laughing she is singing for she has that knack for taking life as it comes, typical of the easy-going Island temperament. Shy at first among strangers, Bernadette's sociability soon overcomes her reserve; before long the pure sweet tones of her voice carrying Hawaiian melodies to the self-accompaniment of a ukulele are the core of the party. Bernadette's good humor and generous talent join forces when she plays "trombone" in the tin-bucket-band or treats the students and faculty to sharp imitations of themselves. These genial assets fail her only when awakened too early in the morning.

Sharp, too, is her athletic ability. Volleyball, basketball . . . every sport finds Bernadette prodding reluctant classmates along for extra team practice. This capacity for fun and sport is matched by Bernadette's capacity for friends. Seeing the best in everyone, coupled with the unselfish art of making people feel at home, no wonder Bernadette was twice elected club president by the foreign students; and is sought as a friend by all.

BERNADETTE PATRICIA TEVES

Hilo, Hawaii

MAJOR: PHYSICAL EDUCATION

MINOR: BIOLOGY

Social Committee '53

Foreign Students Club '52, '53, '54, '55

Vice-President '53

President '54, '55

C.S.T.A. '55

Choral '52, '53, '54

W.A.A. Show '52, '53, '54

Carillon Staff '53

ANN TOBIN
Santa Barbara, California

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: EDUCATION

Art Club '52, '53, '54, '55

President '55

Irish Club '52, '53, '54, '55

French Club '52

Firebrand Staff '55

Y.C.S. '53

W.A.A. Board '54

W.A.A. Show '52, '53, '54

N.F.C.C.S. Convention '52, '53, '54, '55

ANN TOBIN

ANN sets herself off from the rest of us. She wears an individual look — a hand-woven skirt, a silver-chained watch that hangs from her neck, a different hair cut, a way she has of talking with her hands, and the habit of wearing her class ring, as well as other rings, on the fourth finger — an individuality indicative of the artist; and that is what Ann is.

However, these differences in Ann's appearance are not affected. Individual though these traits may be they do not ruffle the sort of simplicity, exemplified in her admiration of the modern artists, Paul Klee and Roualt, and peaceableness, found in a secluder ranch of the future, that reigns in Ann. All these belong to Ann just as her tone of voice and the sparkle in her eye. Ann is completely herself and that means that her shyness, brought to light when you surprise her with a question or pay her an unexpected compliment, is not hidden — at least no better than her blush can be concealed by covering her face with her hands.

IRENE TOGNOLI

IF YOU see a blurred streak about five-feet-two topped with short brown hair, it isn't a whirlwind, it is Rennie. Rennie is like that atmospheric phenomenon in many ways . . . quick, eager, and determined to let nothing stand in her path. She tries hard to curb a torrid temper, but it is not easy to subdue her volatile spirit. Her personality lies in following out this integral spirit, and her enthusiasm bubbles forth in a unique way. Rennie is an effervescent glass of champagne when discussing social activities. She inquires about every facet of the evening and transmits her enthusiasm with quick hand gestures and "ohed!" brown eyes that sparkle with amazement and happiness.

Her first desire is to secure happiness for others with a resultant enjoyment for herself. We see this in her impromptu dances, songs, mimicries, and home-made pizza. Rennie gives of herself wholeheartedly to class and school projects, from W.A.A. shows to the C.C.D. Italian ancestry of which she is loudly proud, unfolds in her temperament. Rennie's candor is appreciated by those who realize that her primary philosophy is "better to be direct and sincere than to make a long, meaningless show of insincerity."

IRENE CHRISTINE TOGNOLI

South San Francisco, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

Class Treasurer '54

C.C.D. Representative '55

Y.C.S. '53

I.R.C. '53

C.S.T.A. '54, '55

Firebrand Staff '55

Italian Club '55

Irish Club '55

Choral '52, '53

W.A.A. Show '53, '54

CAROLYN WIECHERT
Live Oak, California
MAJOR: EDUCATION
MINOR: ART

Irish Club '55
Art Club '55

W.A.A. Show '52, '54
C.S.T.A. '55

CAROLYN WIECHERT

AT THE first glance you like Carolyn. Her calm personality, her soft voice, her conservative choice of color in dress, all of Carolyn makes you feel that you can learn to know her easily. She reminds you of someone you have known a long time, so there is no feeling of uneasiness with her.

A quiet, easy-going girl, she has a variety of interests. Interest in children influenced her to major in education, and love of art gave her a fruitful minor. At heart, though, she leans toward the out-of-doors, particularly ranch life. Carolyn, sitting tall in the saddle, a little pensive . . . this is one facet of her personality. But we seldom see this Carolyn at college, although it is reflected in the photographs in her room, in her straight posture, and occasionally in her conversation.

THELMA WHITE

THELMA is a woman of boundless ambition. Her time is never her own, as she is one of those behind-the-scenes workers who puts all of her energy into her work; hence we rarely see her on campus. After graduation she plans to go into the field of science research. In the meantime she is completing her education. How she manages we cannot see for after a full day of classes and lab she puts in eight hours nightly as a nurse!

Thelma has the virtues that accompany such ambition — reserve, patience, and generosity. Qualities which have endeared her to those who know her are her way of laughing at just the right moment and her willingness to explain chemical processes down to the last detail. Among other things she likes to cook — in her “spare time.”

THELMA EILEEN WHITE

Sausalito, California

MAJOR: BIOLOGY

MINORS CHEMISTRY

Transferred from Portland University and Seattle University

Gamma Sigma

Science Club '54, '55

McEvoy Memorial Award '54

EDNA LOUISE ZUCHELLI

Manhattan Beach, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

Social Committee '55

Y.C.S. '52, '53, '54

Spanish Club

Publicity Manager '53

Music Club '53, '54, '55

Social Chairman '54

Foreign Students Club '52, '53, '54, '55

C.S.T.A. '54, '55

Board of Directors '54

State Representative '55

Italian Club '55

W.A.A. Show '52, '53, '54

EDNA ZUCHELLI

IF NINE out of ten people did not want school on Saturdays, Edna would be the tenth one who wanted it. If only two people out of two hundred liked red with pink, Edna would join the minority. It seems that Edna is a non-conformist, but she is more than that, Edna is an individualist.

She is totally unpredictable and her reactions always variant except on two points: her love of justice and her consideration of others. When either of these comes to the fore Edna is there to fight for them. She is noted as much for her unselfishness as her refreshing individuality.

Edna has a magic way of getting along with children and their reassuring environment brings out her hidden gentleness.

A happy future will inherit Edna, for she has many capabilities, among them "sticktoitvity" which will lead her far on the path to success.

SENIOR REFLECTIONS

YOUR new roommate was a thousand times more fun than you'd even hoped for and your teachers, though awe inspiring, weren't as terrifying as you'd feared. All of a sudden, out of the first hesitant introductions, you found yourself suddenly part of a group and that group was The Class of '55.

"The Class of '55, very much alive" — in fact, very much awake! After a day of frantic rushing from class room to classroom and, often as not, finding it was the wrong room, the gaiety of the grove rang across the tops of the deciduous redwoods with the evening football rally. Before the onslaught of mixers split our forces into two camps — green and gold vs. red and white — the eighty odd rooters came up forcibly behind their Coach, backing the favored team of the following weekend. Closing the evening with the "camp meeting," all move toward the upper floors of Meadowlands.

The next line should say, according to all healthful and correct college traditions, that the happy little cherubs snuggled down for a good night's rest. But the happy little cherubs had by no means out run their energy and the night was still young at ten-thirty. Lights out! Doors closed for the night! But where were they? Let each alumna of Meadowlands' halls

fill in the spaces for herself. To divulge the secrets of uncounted hours of merriment would be the height of infidelity to the mellowed walls and their, at times, unsufferable tenants.

The end of May, 1952 came and bundled the now studious sophomores off to their respective homes. The victorious class day, the term papers, the parties and dances, the campuses, the honors, the cinches, the Golden "Meaners" (and those who meant to and didn't make it), the unity of the class and that class to D.C. all whirled into the happy expectations of the following year.

And fall was here. Fanjeaux rang, Seventeen Twenty rang, and the humanities department suddenly found several science majors leaving its sphere of influence. The unity and spirit that had pervaded the green room now found itself enclosed in the blue room and top security proceeded to plan strategy for a repeat performance of the previous class day—C.I.C. succeeded again. Those units for junior standing added up and honors sailing the Andrea Dorea welcomed the Class of '54 into Gamma Sigma. The after-ten-thirty activities became a wee bit legalized with the added light cuts; seminars have to have their breathing spaces, you know. With a bit sadder note, May of 1953 said good-bye to some of our class mates, but the vast majority of the now joyously jolly juniors

looked forward to the rewards of an upper classman.

"That's the song that you will hear" floating through the autumn leaves of the cottonwoods. J-U-N-I-O-R-S off in a rush of confusion over "What am I going to major in? I *really* have to decide now!" But before too long you know that being a lab technician can be challenging and rewarding, a teacher can find the satisfaction of accomplishment and the warmth of childish hearts, a foreign service position can be exciting and broadening. Class day offers its laurels to the Class of '54 and wholehearted congratulations resound through the gym; the runner-up Class of '55 especially knows their joy for she has worn the shining crown twice and is still carrying her sports title before her. From the snowy slopes of the Sierras skiers return with their tales of spills and chills, spiders on the wall and evenings around the great lodge hearth — or stowed away in an icy garage. The Junior Prom found the Yacht Club filled from stem to stern, port to starboard; with another success, the Class of '55 prepared itself for seniority.

Seniors we'll be, and looking back on the three years behind us, it's sometimes hard to believe that seniors we are. The time has passed so quickly — as enjoyed and pleasurable time always does. Practice teachers with lesson plans, artists with their projects, history majors scanning the news for history in the

making, French majors pattering a line to bring *esprit de Paris* onto the campus; all show a bit of accomplishment, a gathering store of knowledge on which to base coming years. With every day, that bond which for three years has been growing stronger is beginning to become more pliable. It lengthens and each girl realizes that though each will soon be going her separate way, Dominican College has not only made them a part of itself, but a part of each other, united in the Class of '55. That unity which we have gained here has taught us to be, not isolated human beings, but part of whatever, wherever, we find ourselves. It is a bond that will hold us to the ideals we have come to love, and from now on will draw us not only to Dominican and the friends we have found here, but to those others throughout life who love and seek after the best in everything, everyone.

DORIS GRUNBERG '55

JUNIOR EXTRAVAGANZA

MUSIC softens, house lights dim, and the curtain rises on the Junior Extravaganza.

Cast of Characters — Members of the Class of 1956. The time span is from September, 1954 thru May, 1955.

Synopsis of Scenes — The action takes place in various spots throughout the Dominican College territory.

PART I

Act One

It is a warm night in September. A group of Juniors are gathered in front of Meadowlands singing; soon

the Freshmen emerge onto the long porch and answer in like musical vein . . . The lights dim and the scene changes to the Fanjeaux living room a few weeks later where many weird and comical looking people are seen: The Juniors are entertaining their Little Sisters at a costume party . . . Again the lights flash and the Junior Class is spotted in cap and gown in front of Benincasa; every Junior looks proudly on when the Freshman Class president receives her class shield. Their Little Sisters are now truly a part of the college and each Big Sister feels she has helped to make them so.

Act Two

The curtain rises on a sunny afternoon in October in Forest Meadows. The Junior Hockey team is on the field. The Senior Hockey team arrives and a hard-fought game is played, ending in a tie . . . With a few minor changes in characters the athletic scene changes to the gym. Once again the Maroon and Gold are in the limelight. This time they are vying with the Blue and Gold on the volleyball court. The Junior players barely succeed in besting their worthy foes the Sophomores.

Act Three

In this act a group of Juniors are first seen laughing and lounging on the beach at Bolinas Bay. Later the

same group gathers around the fireplace inside Long Sands Cottage seriously discussing pros and cons of contemporary novelists.

Act Four

The setting is one of the upper halls of Fanjeaux. The time is obviously near Christmas — holly decorates nearly every door. Juniors are seen stealing in and out of rooms carrying gifts and goodies — they are angels and each Junior has a secret angel . . . The lights suddenly become bright and the scene is altered to the Fanjeaux living room where Santa is distributing presents. Juniors emit syncopated cries from all directions, "So it was YOU!" Everyone has found their angel. Gaiety reigns as the curtain rings down on part one.

PART II

Act One

"Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" and Junior Retinue, ingeniously dressed, prance into the gymnasium to the tune of "Whistle While You Work" for the Class Day Volleyball Tournament. Later the stage is set for phase one of our Class Day skit, "The Verdict of Creaking Saddle"; amusing characters from the Old West entertain the audience with catchy lingo and songs.

Act Two

The scene is Angelico Hall. It is the night of the Sophomore Symposium. The audience becomes hushed as six Juniors cross the stage to be initiated to the scholastic honor society, Gamma Sigma. It is one of the more serious moments of our year and we are all justly proud of those among us who have attained the ranks of Gamma Sigma.

Act Three

For this grand finale act much preparation is needed. Finally the spotlight is focused on the Junior Prom. Bouffant dresses of bright hues are seen whirling to the time of gay music. Color dancing, color swirling, color is everywhere. The music becomes more intense and soars as the final curtain comes down on the Junior class presentation Junior Extravaganza.

ANN McCANN '56

SOPHOMORES

|| AM HAPPY to meet you. Welcome aboard the good ship *Sophia*. We of her crew graduate with reluctance from this noble craft that has proved so steady and patient this past fleeting year. I have been appointed by the powers that be, to meet you and be your guide as we reminisce together through passages crowded with memories of a year well spent and well proven.

Let us climb to the heart of the ship and on the bridge meet the officers that set our course. As skipper, we elected Terry Abrahamsen. Her able first officer was Lodina Tintorri acting as vice-president. Record-

er and navigator was Janet Schneider. The office of purser fell on the shoulders of Mary Hosinski. As representative of the whole fleet, Pat Flitner persevered in a responsible job — a job well done. Well might the banners fly in congratulations and true merit.

Follow me down the walk to the communications room and meet the crew that put out your *Carillon*. Though it cost them many hours from studies, etc., they felt that a highly rated paper was one of the best advertisements Dominican could have. In the fall, the staff sponsored through N.F.C.C.S. an inter-collegiate press conference. It was the first of its kind to be held in the Bay region. Again wave the banner to success!

If you listened in at the conference room you heard the Sophomore Class willing their fashion show and Valentine's Day Party to the Frosh. These lively institutions were initiated last year when we stood in that capacity and will become, we hope, standing traditions.

Follow me down this ladder, along the companion way, and through this door into the navigation room. Our huge map will show you the course plotted by officers and crew. The first major port was the land of Black Magic or, as the natives call it, *Magique Noire*. It was here in this land of confetti, candles, the comique and tragique, and music that we Sophomores

staged the ever popular dance — the Sophomore Informal. Our second port was the famous Bolinas Bay with its sunny skies, white beaches, and high cliffs. Here, the Sophomores went on shore duty with an air of abandon to enjoy three different week ends. We left the quiet waters of Bolinas to sail into uncharted seas. We gave out the details of our explorations by a radio party held for the entire school. This novel idea proved that we all have more fun when entertaining ourselves. We sailed deeper into Expanding Horizons during the Sophomore Symposium. We garnered our knowledge from the beginnings of history and applied its effects to our modern world — this age of history.

Having followed the red line of our course along the map we take leave of this room and wander down to the galley. We are attracted by the commotion and noise — and no wonder! Someone has left all the cabinet doors open, the ice box is empty and the vegetable drawer is barren. Everything is in the middle of the room and seemingly coming alive. Now don't worry. The world is not coming to an end. They are only the characters from the Class Day skit running through their songs again for old times sake.

As we wander back to the deck we remember with mixed feelings the girls who have held a great place in making our underclassman days. Big sisters they

were in truth and in spirit. To them we bid adieu with every good wish. May God keep them very close.

Now comes the time to depart from this craft and reach for further heights and those Expanding Horizons. As we walk down the gang plank many thoughts rush at us, but we know that united we will always stand: His Will, our Peace.

MARY BRICHER '57

FRESHMEN

THE bigger they come the harder they fall, and our "biggest ever" class fell for Dominican in a big way. From the very first day, the entire class seemed to adopt as their unwritten motto, cooperation. As filled-to-the-brim cars arrived early in September, present classmates shared bundles, making friends over piles of skirts and sweaters. Meadowlands, our gingerbread house-dorm, became quickly animated with the activity of its new occupants so full of curiosity. The sudden realization that residence in our new rooms was going to be a give-and-take proposi-

tion hit "roomies" as the first differences of opinion rose as to whose belongings would occupy which dresser or whose desk would go where.

The power of our multitude was a topic of discussion. When we met our Junior "big sisters" we marveled at our great number and many an only child suddenly became a twin to a fellow freshman in the care of our "big sisters." On our first march to the Fanjeaux dining room we forced the seniors to retreat to Benincasa where they have since taken their meals, because Fanjeaux could not hold us all!

During those first, fun-filled days, a serenade by U.S.F. freshmen caused excitement and encouraged friendship with these fellow recruits to the college routine. Another day, excited freshmen filled numberless seats on our first trip to Bolinas where we became acquainted with the college spirit as upper and lower classmen alike pitched in to make the picnic supper a success.

Soon after, on the 29th of October, came the solemn occasion of Shield Day when we began to reflect on standards and symbols so respected by those who knew them better than we. Would-be law breakers learned quickly to respect also our student government, for a representative number were called to face the Students' Affairs Board and learned that, at college, crime does not pay since we pay for our "crimes." Those

easily acquired fines soon became an item on our budgets.

We began counting the days far in advance for the long vacation at Christmas time. The traditional dinner and class parties topped off a night of carolling in the crisp darkness of the campus. Exhausted from finals, but exuberant over the promise of rest and fun, we parted from comrades and Meadowland, only to return weeks later with quantities to talk about, but not as refreshed as we should have been.

Soon after our return our energy and spirit were directed toward preparations for Class Day, when all of us worked together over paints and props. Our setting of the interior of an Egyptian tomb would not have been complete without our freshmen garbed as mummies who became "props" for the performance. After this excitement was over, we settled down to the more routine business of daily living. On our evenings at home we found, at any time, companionship with our friends in the gaiety of the living room, and a closer friendship with God in the serenity of the chapel. Weeks passed, punctuated by ten forty-fives, light cuts, and one o'clock permissions; and suddenly we were in the midst of finals again. Then there were only commencement exercises and our first year would be over.

Packing for the summer, we note that we have ac-

quired many things these last few months, many of
which can be felt if not seen.

To our possessions we've added a lot,
Some are boxable, some are not.

Almost intrinsic, nearly a part,
Locked in every mind and heart

We find those things we cannot pack.
Goodbye for now, but we'll be back.

GAIL BALFOUR '58

MYRA GRAY '58

SAPPHIRE RING

I needed a ring
A little thing
Round as the crown
Of a royal king,
But little to carry
Just one gem
Instead of a sparkling
Diadem.

I needed a ring
To hold for me
A promise
Big as eternity
An endless circle
To bind love round
To carry faith
Where it could be found.

I needed a ring
I found one too
With a single sapphire
Deep and blue,
And now I look
At my hand and see
My whole life ringed
With your love for me.

POETRY CLASS

DAY-HOPPING: PRO AND CON

DAY HOP DISSERTATION

While waiting to register on my first day of college I was confronted by a girl with the baffling question, "Are you a day hop?" When my bewilderment left me I realized she was asking if I was a day student, and I managed a faint "yes." Now some schools have day scholars while others have non-resident students, but never had I heard the expression "day hop." Little did I know how soon I would realize the appropriateness of the term.

Yes indeed, the life of a day hop is one of hurried breakfasts in order to catch the 7:35 or to meet Sue on the corner, and late dinners because you reached the bus depot just as the 4:55 pulled away. At times even Mother Nature seems to be against you as you tread your wet and weary footsteps to and from school with the colors from your sopping scarf running inartistically down your cashmere sweater. Such is life, you think, as your foot plunges into a knee-high puddle.

If you are fortunate enough to have a car, your transportation trials and tribulations are somewhat minimized, but there are still meetings, rehearsals, and general assemblies which must be attended either in the late afternoon or in the evening. These activities present the desperate day hop with numerous

problems concerning the family car, where and when to eat, and many other incidentals connected with her confused status of living.

After a few weeks of school your parents no longer consider it unusual for you to arrive just as they are finishing dinner, or for you to call and say you won't be home until ten. Your frequent hops to and from school are soon taken for granted. Yes, no expression is more suitable for the non-resident student.

In spite of these hardships, however, there are advantages which compensate for the rigor of day hopping. The greatest of these is being able to be with your family and to share the duties and privileges of the home with your parents, brothers and sisters. Having a few quiet hours in the evening for study away from the hustle and bustle of school is another advantage; and the ready icebox is waiting to be raided! Day hopping for me!

JEAN MORRISON '55

TWO HOMES TO GROW IN

They told me people get homesick at college. That is why I chose to be a day hop at the end of last summer before I registered. Four months later, I was residing at one of the houses on campus! There are several reasons why I changed my mind; several reasons for deciding to come here as a resident in the first

place and several more reasons for wanting to remain.

First of all, it would be more convenient to live on campus, and I would have more time to work and participate in school activities. Secondly, after thinking and observing a bit, I decided it would be good for me to live away from home for a change and get used to being more on my own.

There are other reasons less concrete and more personal. There are the smiles at breakfast, the letters at lunch, and the stories at dinner. (Right now I hear the chimes ringing out the hour before dinner.) There are the ten-fifteen rosaries in the college chapels and the college Masses and Benedictions. Then there are always the girls down the hall dropping in now and then to chat, song fests in the grove, and the Sisters who peek in the door after you go to bed, to tell you good-night.

So many people you love here and so many people love you! I love school — not only going to it but being part of it as I am now. To be a part of it day and night, giving, receiving and sharing. This is almost as much of a home as that of my parents, only now I am growing up in a different sort of a way. Here, one continues to develop mentally, spiritually, and socially when the body has stopped growing. I felt this so much more when I came to live here, my second home.

NANCY PHILIP '58

A LASTING SYMBOL

PERHAPS the first time you noticed the dignified Dominican Shield it was on the letterhead addressed to you announcing your admission to Dominican College. Or maybe you visited the college campus and walked through the main doorway to Guzman Hall on your tour. As you looked about to take in all the scenery you must have noticed above the decorated entrance a distinctive heraldic shield.

The shield designed with a black and white lily cross displayed on a field of four black and four white triangles, serves not only the purpose of decoration. It is handsome, but moreover, it is a symbolic emblem of the Dominican Order, and it has been used for centuries. The college handbook explains that this insignia "typifies the victorious crusader united with Christ in charity, pursuing the Truth with unswerving rectitude and heroic fortitude."

If you are observant you may have recognized the angels bearing shields over the center archway in Guzman Hall. Upstairs in the library another shield is sculptured beneath the imposing niche of the observing statue of Saint Thomas Aquinas opposite the main door. On a bright afternoon the sunlight illuminates several other heraldic emblems carved and painted on the ceiling supports of the library. The

deep red and blue shield with two kettles surrounded by stars is the shield of the Guzman family. The fourteen carefully carved shields on the ceiling buttresses have various significations and have served as designs for the original class shields. As you passed down the silent halls of Guzman, did you see the polished bronze shields on the doorknobs? These emblems, often overlooked, are another detail of meaningful symbolism of the Dominican shield — the keyhole to learning.

As you continued your tour of the campus you probably remember the colorful array of numerous shields of various patterns and designs on the pillars and walls in the Fangeaux dining room. No doubt one of the students answered your question by explaining the tradition of our shields.

In 1924 the first Shield Day was celebrated. Many liberal arts colleges have somewhat similar ceremonies. Bryn Mawr has a traditional Lantern Night and Mills College students parade and sing with lighted candles around their lake to formally recognize the freshman class. Here, in keeping with the predominant medieval thought of Dominican philosophy the feudal shield was selected as the class symbol. A significant color for each of the four classes, purple, blue, red, green, serves as a background to the device, which represents the class motto. It is a Senior

Class privilege to select the motto for the incoming freshman class and consult an expert in heraldry for a design.

Today, the ceremony is most solemn and impressive, as the students, clad in caps and gowns, walk to the Benincasa gardens for the presentation of the new shield to the freshman class. The senior, junior and sophomore classes take their places in groups on the front lawn while eager freshmen march slowly up the gravel pathway to stand opposite them. Following the presentation of the new class shield and motto each class in turn sings its original class and shield songs. An address by a priest of the faculty concludes the program. Then each class president, bearing her shield leads her class in procession toward the Rosary Chapel for Benediction. The shields that decorate the Fanjeaux dining room are those left by graduated classes.

The shields and the mottos serve as guides for the students individually and in their work with classmates. "Sursum Corda — Lift Up Your Hearts" encourages each member of the present junior class; the sophomores follow "In His Will Our Peace"; "Truth and Valor Conquer" guides the freshman to accomplishment in scholastic and extra-curricular activities.

In a final tribute to their college the senior class unveils a stained glass window of their shield in the

Meadowlands assembly room the night before graduation. Each Dominican College graduate feels that in this way she has left a commemorative reminder of herself and her class to the heritage of the college, but a graduate can also take her class shield with her. The class ring, an amethyst in a square gold setting, is designed with the Dominican shield on the right side and that of the class on the left. The motto is engraved around the stone and continues to remind each student of her aim as a Catholic woman. This ring is a cherished possession; it is a lasting symbol of the Dominican cultural education.

K. H. '56

MEADOWLANDS

YEARS will fly by, but always there will be deeply rooted in my memory my first impression of Meadowlands, its wide porch, clinging ampelopsis, and sunny interior. Greeted first by the broad yawning friendliness of Meadowland's porch, I was reminded of the early days of the century, with Sunday

afternoons which meant "Tarzan" funnies, Grandma's potroast, German potato pancakes, and peppermint ice-cream, probably made on the side protrusion of our porch. A leisurely feeling still comes over me as I play a game of ping-pong or just sit and talk in the sun that pours over the porch every afternoon. The sun is broken into irregular playful patterns on the cool gray porch floor by the overhanging boughs of green ampelopsis that clings to every corner of Meadowlands. These leafy coverings not only enclose the house and its occupants with care, but also provide shelter for millions of little crawling, flying, and biting insects that plague the freshmen of Meadowlands with their unwanted companionship. The vines also creep into Meadowlands just as some of the warmth and vitality of varied girls and antiquated hominess seep out. Everything in Meadowlands has a special charm, from the large cushioned couches in the green room, through the sparkling individuality of dorm rooms, to the quiet stiffness of the candy-like enameled wickers in the pink-and-blue room. All these are Meadowlands.

REGINA BECKER '58

MEMORANDUM

Remember well this patterned maze —
of stormy days —
class plays —
coffee times —
Christmas chimes.
Life's contingent rhymes
of watching clocks —
washing socks —
dreaded midterm tests
when no one rests.
Memories filled like treasure chests
of birthday cakes and singing —
bells between the classes ringing —
dinner time congratulations —
happiness and great elations.
Together we stayed,
Together we prayed —
In college days,
In all our ways.

JOANN GEMSCH '57

B IS FOR BOLINAS

TURN to the right off the rutted dirt of the winding hill road, a little white light beckoning beside the open door, and once again you halt before the long, low beach house atop a crest of cliffs that fall away to a moody sea. Prospects of a lazy weekend at Long Sands lie comfortably before you as you hoist an overnight bag onto the veranda. A decision is called for — will it be one of the narrow beds in the crispy cold attic, an equally chilly bedroom fronting the veranda downstairs, or will it be a borrowed mattress close to the roaring fire in the living room? Thoughts of the icy cold linoleum against bare feet in the attic swing the choice to the living room.

Friday night first thoughts are towards what's for dinner. More than needed help comes from a starving crew and it's not long before the dining room table is laid for fourteen with steaming bowls of soup, platters of crunchy shrimp salad, dozens of hot rolls and then hot apple pie crowned with melting ice cream. After quickly dispatching the mountains of supper dishes, the weekenders settle down to a quiet evening before the fire. Bridge, Scrabble, the latest fiction novel, an industrious soul immersed in study — with each nook luxuriously banked with dozens of soft throw pillows, the loungers sprawl over the windowseats, couches, chairs, and the ample hearth.

The idea of bedtime settles gradually. But first for a short walk in the chill night to the cliff edge where in the distance the gaudy lights of San Francisco flow silently into a black, murmuring sea.

Delicate aromas of crisp bacon and coffee combine with the brilliance of the morning sun to break your deep sleep. A regal breakfast follows before you join an energetic group for a tramp down the winding road into the tiny town of Bolinas. Beach houses of all hues, window boxes of yellow daffodils and tulips at the post office, long, twisty licorice sticks in the general store, and the announcements on the community bulletin board occupy a lieisurely browsing down the short main street.

Saturday's a long day. If you roll up your pantslegs, carry your shoes in your hands, and don't mind the icy water lapping against your legs, you may wade across the inlet to the long gray sand bar and watch fountains of water spurt out of the sand as you walk over the clam beds. Or stay on the mainland, get out your walking shoes, and there's an energizing two-mile hike down the long strand of beach beneath the silent cliffs until you've rounded the distant rocky point where an even wilder shore now stretches before you — one crisscrossed with boulders, rocks, and deep shady pools.

Any of these activities is guaranteed to produce a

gargantuan appetite by lunchtime. Saturday afternoon slides quietly by with maybe a short nap before the warm fire in the living room. Dinner, a major project, climaxes in another mammoth feast. With dishes again out of the way, there is a second trek to the beach below where logs are dragged into position around a roaring bonfire. The ring of faces glows in the firelight and one is aware only of the darkness beyond, the pounding surf, and the cold glittering stars far above. Singing carries upward in the restless wind and as the blazing fire slowly ebbs into a red-hot bed of embers, marshmallows on the tips of long sticks blossom into golden puffs.

With Sunday morning comes the opportunity for a mile hike to St. Mary Magdalen's church for early morning Mass. Wild flowers bank the roadside and lush green fields stretch on every side as you pass the little white country school house and round a last bend to see the church situated on a gentle knoll, protected by a grove of tall trees. One small altar boy is dragging a long rope up and down to sound the booming bell in the steeple of the tiny church for the congregation . . . a congregation not much larger than the church.

A last, late breakfast at Long Sands after Mass, cars loaded with luggage and the little that remains of supplies, and the house well gone over with mop and dust

cloth conclude another satisfying weekend at Bolinas. We leave with extra sleep, extra poundage, and thoughts of how we're going to do a five-page report tonight for our 8:25 tomorrow morning. But don't worry about it now, there's still an hour's drive back to school.

MARY HOSINSKI '57

PROMISE OF SPRING

THE OLD man leaned back on the park bench and breathed sharply several times, his rough hand pressed hard to his heart. It was his first day out since the passing of winter rains, but he had never known the walk from home to be so long. Kathleen had complained that there was yet a bite in the air, and that it was good time for a seventy-eight year old man to give in to the chair and fire. But grabbing up his stout blackthorn stick from the hall corner, he had marched out into the chill air, Kathleen shouting harsh protests from the doorway. The old man withdrew his hand from his heart and began plucking fretfully at the worn braid on his coat sleeve. Thoughts of his daughter-in-law were upsetting even after thirty years.

Today he was waiting for spring and wasn't going to stir from the bench until it came. Spring held something for him that it held for no one else. Back in the old country his mother rested with the secret in her grave. As far back as he could remember, Paddy still heard her answer to any of his childish questions, full of problems and deep wonders:

"Faith, lad, 'tis not for me to tell. Wait till spring be comin' and then ye'll know for certain."

It was always "wait till spring," "spring will bring ye answer," "'tis spring's the time of end to weary waitin'."

Problems and worries increased, but still *his* spring didn't come. True, buds burst wide to show bright-hoarded treasures; hills shed brown-patched robes for brilliant emerald; birds formed tittering choirs on green sprigged branches. And the parish priest coming one night, his parents not home yet from market, stood stammering at the door, his eyes filled with tears. "Come, lad, to my house now. Your father — mother — the spring torrents from the hills washed away the bridge to home. Not a single lantern to light the blackness." The longed for, fairy magic spring was treacherous in her gift.

More springs, more wonders. A married man with one strong son who cost his mother's life. Then real anxieties as hunger made a new notch in Ireland's tightened belt, and potato crop failures were common as an old man's gout. Somehow Paddy held on — just till one more spring — and tried to teach his growing son to do the same.

Then one spring as he sat on the doorstep in the late afternoon sun, waiting for his grown boy to return from work, Paddy saw him coming up the road, a beauty of a girl on his arm. He stood up, greeted them. "This is Kathleen, Father . . ." "Your son and I are going to be married."

Paddy never liked the girl from the start; a girl who hated the old country as strongly as she hated

sickness and death; hated the old thatched cottage, the damp weather, the wind on the moors that echoed the strain of the melancholy Irish soul. Paddy's son had never believed in the "fairy tale" of the promise of spring; and though Paddy insisted for two or three years, it was the wife who finally drove them to America and California where she had relatives.

Things never got much better for them and money was scarce. They no longer even soothed the old man with promise of a visit home. Paddy stopped looking for spring in the dull eyes of his son, less in the ranting, shrill voice of his daughter-in-law. This morning he knew it was cold out, and winter had left him weaker than ever before. But when Kathleen started first thing at breakfast, "Fired again, Dennis! Lucky I was to be wed to you. A fine man you've turned out — and I who could have had the pick of the county!" Paddy went for his walking stick. Cheated again in his son, he set out alone once more in search of the secret, sure that his mother's words were no offer of empty promise:

"Sure lad, 'tis spring will come, and softly its winds will dry the tear in your eye, smooth the wrinkle on your forehead; its fragrance will melt the lump in your heart and all will be peace with ye at last."

The old man felt a warm spot on his hands and nodded from his dreaming to see the sun burning an

opening through the lumpy puffs of cloud. He reached out eagerly to take hold with both hands, determined not to be cheated again when there was so little time left. His breath started in short, quick gasps again as his fingers stretched hungrily in the air. A tiny bird mounted the brilliant sun-beamed pathway until it was a gilded speck atop the gold-showered acacia trees. Clouds melted away like fields of snow; the sun was a dazzling jewel set in blue moonstone. Paddy blinked at the park bathed in afternoon sunshine. The grass was not as green as home, but the springy carpet glowed with patches of daffodils, splinters from the gleaming jewel above. Tulip beds reflected hidden lights, splashing the lawn with a riot of colors.

Paddy pulled a half piece of morning toast from his vest pocket and coaxed a pigeon up onto his bench. It too, seemed golden-colored, as if the radiant sunbeams worked a Midas touch over all they passed. How many springs he had waited — this must be his! Never before had one come so silently, so brilliantly. The park was haloed in its golden light.

A flight of jets roared suddenly from behind a patch of melting clouds, thundering straight towards the bright jewel as if to burst it in their passing. Paddy waved his thornstick in the air, the tears starting to his eyes as the metal-winged eagles soared to crush his treasure. They passed, the jewel burned on and Pad-

dy sank back onto the bench. He lifted his face to the sun, breathed chokingly, and felt the sun's hot kiss. His face was damp with sweat. Then it came: the gentle wind that dried the smarting tears from his eyes, smoothed the lines on his forehead. And at last, the sweet and heavy fragrance from the acacia blossoms slowly drew away the pounding, frightening, heaving lump within his heart.

The pigeon pecked, undisturbed, at the crust held stiffly in the hand of an old man who found his promise — and peace.

SISTER M. BONIFACE, O.P. '55

AND CAN WE?

Tall, wood-hewn lances
You stand
With tree toes
Dug firmly in earth.

Seeming inflexible
But we learn,
O nature . . .

For even trees
Bend with the breeze.

H. P. '55.

THE QUEEN MOTHER

*Reflections on a photograph of Queen Mary
at the funeral of her son, King George VI of England*

She is the one who will not blanch or bend
Before the agony that mothers know
When their sons die. Her inner sight sees slow
Successions of tormenting scenes that wend
Through her pain-stricken mind. No thread
can mend
This rent, too deep, too wide for years to sew
Together edges split by grief's keen blow
So strong that no brave struggle can defend
The heart. The proud gaze looks beyond this day
To timelessness, when soul will know its rest,
When her hands, ever ruling, will have seen
The end of reign. Her stunned stare does not sway.
She reaches meaning far beyond this quest
And hears, "The King is dead. Long live the Queen."

SISTER MARY NORBERT, O.P. '56

FOR THESE OUR NEIGHBORS

THE Social Service Committee strives to exercise in a small way the Corporal Works of Mercy. The volunteer members of the committee start bright and early on Saturday mornings. One facet of their work is with the handicapped children of Marin County and 8:30 finds them down at the Red Cross Center in San Rafael to pick up a station wagon to take the children to their swimming lessons. From the center they drive to each child's home and take him to the Tamalpais High School. After the lesson comes the long return to each home and the dash to Fanjeaux for lunch.

The techniques used to exercise stiffened or twisted limbs are varied, and to watch the skill with which an instructor coaxes a child to kick in the water and strengthen his legs is fascinating. After watching the instructor work for an hour, one realizes the great help of physical therapy. Without it some of these children might never have walked.

These Saturday morning jaunts have another side to them too. Each child has a strong personality, and is helpful and mischievous by turn. After a few rides one is greeted by name and, together with the children, looks forward to going over the "Bump" in the road which to them is like a roller-coaster.

The Social Service Committee does other things too. They encourage college girls who fill the requirements to donate their blood to help shock and accident cases. A San Francisco child may be saved by this whole blood, or plasma may save a man's life in any part of the world. Often, without this blood, the injured might not have survived.

On Thanksgiving, classes vie with one another to fill baskets with donations of food and money. When each of the baskets is filled it is sent to some family. After a week or so a letter from a grateful mother will come, telling us of her pleasure at being able to give her fatherless family a Thanksgiving dinner with "all the trimmings."

The Social Service Committee volunteers receive for their time and work far more than they give — the shining eyes of the grateful children as you drop them off, a note of gratitude from a family, the knowledge that you have helped save someone's life — who could ask for more?

PATRICIA MCCREADY '56

CANDLE PILGRIMAGE

To the Love-Child
They wend their way
Like pilgrims of another age
Fired with wisdom of past sage
And lighted in flame-tipped file.

From the merry hearth log
They take fire and song
Burning fondly along
The winding path
That leads to Him.

And, as they move
Pinpointing sky with their love
It seems the Heaven-Choir
Joins in refrain
To hear that Baby Breath awake again.
H.P. '55.

ramshackle Ford. With her she brought her dogs. Her cats (Egypt, Tiger, Rasselas . . . a great many cats) she left at home. The dogs, always at least two, stayed in the car. Between classes she let them run. When she came to class she walked with a great dignified stride. She liked to make an entrance. The door would swing open a few seconds after two for our afternoon seminar. She would pause briefly, say 'Good afternoon, my dear and lovely children' (pronouncing it 'awfternoon'), move majestically to the desk, unload her briefcase, remove her coat and ask us what we had learned.

"She taught Socratically. It was not a cramming down of knowledge, it was a pulling out of. I don't think we were really a good class. She wanted us to think and this we resisted. She wanted our minds to become agile, to fit together and to penetrate. The English department then consisted of Sister Catherine Marie and Miss Hamilton. Sister Catherine Marie was our fount of pure learning. We learned from her our appreciation of true scholarship and our knowledge of the giants, Aeschylus, Chaucer, Dante, Spenser, Shakespeare. Miss Hamilton was our gadfly. We mostly studied poetry in her classes. Poetry and creative writing, which in our day consisted of the essay.

"What did we learn? I have a friend who says she learned two things from Hammy: to be specific, 'gen-

eralities prove nothing,' and to go to the sources. We learned to think a little. We learned that Herrick is a delight, John Donne a wonder and that Milton is not dull. These are not small things.

"We went often to her home, a kindness I didn't fully appreciate until the year I found myself a convenient weekend hostess for college girls. They, too, had to be back to school before the dishes were done. I offered it up for Hammy.

"She had then a house on a hillside in San Anselmo from where you could see the bay and San Francisco. It bulged with books, dogs, paintings, pottery, and sometimes a little girl, the daughter of a friend, named Mary, who called us the 'college children.' We read proofs, ate crab and French bread, drank wine and coffee, listened to records, wrote essays and talked endlessly. She shared, embellished and gave point to our college jokes, problems and feuds.

"She added a dimension to our lives that is not commonly found in convents . . . a valuable and necessary one for girls who should grow to be women."

Not only did Miss Hamilton give the girls she actually taught this "new dimension" but she left upon the college the stamp of her intellect as she left in Ann Hathaway garden something of her love of beauty and her sense of design. She helped to plant the wild azalea and the first rose trees, and it was she

who proposed the flowering quince that hedges the orchard from part of the garden proper.

Her interests and her teaching passed through a variety of phases in the twenty years she was with the college. One of those years she spent on leave of absence at the University of Oxford, a year when she was sorely missed. She brought back with her many things, among them the cap which she wore at Oxford and continued to wear in our academic processions. After Oxford she longed for "broader horizons," and from the beginnings of a Seven Arts Club she helped establish the Humanities as a definite part of the curriculum.

Almost the whole of her fine Humanities library we now have as her donation to the college. Indeed Miss Hamilton has been for us a true lamp of learning.

CATHERINE SHEA '56

CLUB CLIPPINGS

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB

I.R.C. provides an opportunity for one to become more versed in World Affairs. There is nothing like an informal gathering to discuss current issues. The International Relations Club not only functions on our campus but it also participates in inter-college and inter-regional conferences, and for the past three years has held the I.R.C. chairmanship for National Federation of Catholic College Students. This year's activity was climaxed in May when delegates represented Greece at the model United Nations held in San Francisco. The delegates took part in voting in the General Assembly and discussing pertinent international problems.

PATRICIA FLITNER '57

MUSIC CLUB

Those who attended Music Club meetings found something to delight every musical taste. They will not soon forget the performances of *The Marriage of Figaro* or *The Flying Dutchman*, for ushering at the San Francisco Opera was the first thing in store for members. The Music Club enjoyed receiving such seasoned artists as Franca Duval and Karl Ulrich Schnabel at private receptions following their con-

certs in Angelico. Talented young hopefuls also gave successful concerts and were interviewed by members who took pride in the debuts as though they were personal discoveries. The Salzburg Marionettes enchanted music lovers this fall with the antics of *Don Giovanni* and delightful *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. The college also supplied its own accomplished talent, for at meetings musicians performed for fellow members. In these ways the club broadened musical horizons by offering enriching opportunities and providing the satisfaction of sharing ones musical interests with others.

JANET SILVA '55

SCIENCE CLUB

The Science Club is one of the smallest groups on campus but it is at the same time one of the most active. Membership is restricted to the students who have chosen chemistry or biology as their major field of study, for the main activity of this club is taking field trips to various industrial and medical laboratories in the Bay area. The purpose of these excursions is to enable the girls to view practical applications of their studies and laboratory work. The members not only supplement their classes with this practical experience and investigation. Time and again these trips have proved most valuable aid in deciding future professions.

MARY ABRAHAMSEN '55

FOREIGN STUDENTS' CLUB

Four years ago the foreign students organized a club which at present is a fine model of a unit fulfilling its function both for its members and for the student body as well. When an idea is presented girls from a dozen different countries put their heads together and act on it under the able guidance of their officers. Before long, everything is in order and plans are carried out . . . for hikes, dinners, Bolinas weekends and rollicking mixers. As a result of their unselfish efforts, and the enjoyment members find in working together, guests and fellow students eagerly look forward to all their offerings — especially the yearly show exhibiting songs and dances in native traditions.

TERESITA KATIGBAK '55

LA TERTULLIA

Yearly manifestations of Spanish and Latin customs inspire students in the Spanish department and give the student body and guests colorful entertainment of cultural value. For example, "El Dia de la Raza" (Columbus Day) is commemorated; and at meetings one is transported to Mexico, Brazil, Barcelona, Madrid, Guatemala and San Salvador as girls speak about their native homes. Activity reaches a peak when the club celebrates Pan American Day.

Señors and *Señoritas* color Meadowlands with dances, songs, and speeches. The assembly room is covered with streamers springing from the huge *piñata* hanging from the ceiling. Following a Spanish comedy the room is prepared for dancing and the *piñata* is broken, spilling its candies all around.

PAQUITA DEMETILLO '55

ART CLUB

There are as many purposes for the Art Club as there are members. It satisfies for some the hunger for beauty, innate in everyone, and for others it stimulates creative potentialities. This is accomplished in several ways. Supervised discussions give an opportunity for all to ask questions and express their opinions. Field trips to the latest exhibits, movies and slides are also scheduled followed by more discussion. The club provides an opportunity for seeing and thinking in the universal language of art.

ANN TOBIN '55

ITALIAN CLUB

What was the latest and newest thing on campus this year excluding long socks, '55 cars and Freshmen in general? You can't miss! It was the Italian Club organized for the pleasure of all students inheriting a bit of paisano blood. The enthusiasm of the members was shown in the planning of a Columbus Day festival and an Italian dinner of well-liked spaghetti, French

bread and green salad. The spirit of their native country was further seen in the decorations and lively Italian songs. Another of the many events planned was the showing of colored slides of famous sights in Italy. Students of all nationalities (even Irishmen) were most welcome. The unity and ambition of all lovers of the "boot" will definitely insure successful years for this club.

IRENE DA SAN MARTINO '58

FIANNA OG

WHAT does the mention of an Irish Club bring to mind? Corn-beef and cabbage, shamrocks and mulligan stew? The members hope that Fianna Og does not represent this distorted conception of the Irish. They do hope it reminds one of the ballads of Thomas Moore, a people with a rich and distinct culture, and a country that has bred heroes from Cu Chullain to de Valera. With this purpose in view Irish literature is read and discussed at meetings and speakers tell of the music and history of Ireland. In March the club presents to the faculty and students the colorful Irish Fair.

America's culture is founded on contributions from all continents. Through study and appreciation of the heritage left by Irish ancestors Fianna Og enriches even more the culture of this country.

BLANID DOYLE '56

SPRING SYMPHONY

Wafting breezes, small
Butterflies —
Bits of sun rays, strung
Through the branches,
Falling on wisps
Of leaves.
Grapes climbing wildly
Up an arbor, and
Tiny gold fish swimming
Circles in a pond.
Pink buds seeking the
Sun, destined to soon
Unfold new beauty.
Tinkling bits of glass
Swinging in the wind,
Whispering a
Spring Symphony.

SHIRLEY DOYLE '55

SPORT SHORTS, ILLUSTRATED

Out of the West come thundering hoofbeats,
Clouds of dust,
Hearty heigh-ho broncos!

And the D.C. riders ride again.

Down from the surrounding hills they swarm to converge at last on the defenseless outpost of Sleepy Hollow Stables located deep in the heart of Sleepy Hollow Valley. Girls with wind-blown hair, girls with bright complexions, girls with flashing eyes . . . Dominican College girls, all . . . pull their horses to a halt in the nearly deserted courtyard. Contented sighs accompany sliding dismountings, testy stretches feel out the weary muscles, then hasty preparations are made to dash back to college for 6:05 Fanjeaux dinner. This is Dominican College's Women's Athletic Association on the trail!

With the advent of liquid sunshine comes the formal opening of the gym as the center of physical activities. Volleyball with emphasis on team work unite classmates in such a way as to foster Intramural games. "I've got it," "Make this serve good," "It's all yours," constitute a part of the phrases heard on court. Techniques, such as "spikes," "feeds," and "serves" are earnestly discussed and practiced. Intramural games are avidly attended by the students both for the pur-

pose of cheering and the purpose of studying the techniques of the players. In no other sport is there this delicate combination of spirited enjoyment and intense study. Always and ever relaxed enjoyment is tapered with skill.

Dominican College can boast of excellent volleyball players, who have more than held their own against the University of California, Stanford, San Jose and Belmont when representing her at various "Play Days." Other organized sports at Dominican College are basketball, baseball, table tennis, field hockey and the newest addition . . . Golf.

Flip through more pages of the catalogue and you'll catch a glimpse of the W.A.A. on the courts. Warm sunny days bring thoughts of "LOVE." "Love" — 15 — 30 — 40 — game, can be heard about the courts. The solid impact of ball and raquet resound professionally again and again. Flushed faces, sun-soaked bodies, swift reflexes, these are the characteristics of the W.A.A. tennis fans. Happy flushed faces — these are the characteristics of the W.A.A. These are the characteristics of healthy, happy girls.

NANI LEE '56

BIOGRAPHY OF A BAND

ALONG the Mississippi in the last century people like Jasbo Brown translated the syncopated tempo of their day into the rowdy acrobatics of the then new noise, jazz. Along Tin Pan Alley, and in the heads of Millers and Dorseys, variations of jazz produced popular swing music. Today there are progressive artists, or science fiction musicians, like Kentons, or Sauter and Finnegan. Following this cavalcade of pioneers with no less vigor (but doubtful artistry) came a sextet of Sophomorian cacophonists determined to add a newer noise to the traditional ranks.

"From the breeze in the trees" came sweet melodies. Well, our sextet gathered debris to shape orchestrally the Tub Bucket Society. The basic instrument is the tub bucket itself, an ingenious assemblage of a galvanized tub (bottom-up), a broom handle (notched at both extremities), and the string from a bow 'n' arrow set attached from the center of the tub to the top of the stick. When the string is held taut and plucked you have a bass fiddle; the tauter the string the higher the pitch. Also supplying rhythm is the wash board and hair brush combo.

The horn section is comprised of the sliding-curtain-rod-trombone, with funnel, the piano-leg-clothes-pin-sax, with funnel, and the short whistle trumpet,

with funnel. All capable of vocal range and excessive din. Lastly, the instrument without music for people without voices, the ukelele supplies the starting note (but rarely the concluding one) and limits the repertoire of the band to that of the ukelele player.

Strange to say, the instruments came first; what to do with them next. The sextet realized they had a "find" under their beds and proceeded in greatest secrecy to choose appropriate music. They took their cue from the instruments themselves — for look! they were comprised of implements basic to a school girl's life. And so it should be with the music, they decided — work and play in a happy harmony.

The student of the New Sophomorian Tub Bucket Society Students' Conservatory Band fell on a school night in October of 1952 at a party for the entire student body. The sextet was apprehensive. Would their attempt succeed? Would the girls understand their noise? Their appearance was greeted with laughter — their exit with uproarious applause. The little ensemble performed again and again that year. They repeated the same original eight songs (due to the stubborn uke player) and again and again repeated their success.

The following year the Advanced Juniorian, Tub Bucket Society, S.C.B. ventured away from campus. Down at the Santa Clara "Ship," on stage before a

thousand fellows, and preceded on the variety program by a full-fledged dance band, they gave their eight spirited renditions, from "Five Foot Two" to "I'll See You in My Dreams" and brought the house down! This year the U.S.F. *Foghorn* bellowed enthusiastic acclaim for the Scintillating Seniorian, T.B.S.S.C.B.'s performance at their opening Smoker.

The original sextet is soon to disband, probably never to harmonize again. They've never quite understood wherein lay their success; certainly not in their musicianship (which they never boasted as the total effect is like the dissonance of a strangling cat); and not the variety of selection (which they never attained); nor in the performance (totally unrehearsed). But perhaps the key is in their vigorous rhythm, that lively, ambitious, vital tempo of youth.

The biography is incomplete from here; but it will go on forever, it is hoped, through the bequeathing of the Tub Bucket Band.

J. A. '55.

HOW TO WIN CLASS DAY!

WHAT is Class Day? How can I answer? Essentially it is the annual volley-ball playoff following which each class further competes for winning honors with an original twenty-minute musical skit. Class Day is also fun, nuisance, work, play, opportunity, headache, winning, losing — any of these suit. Whatever you choose to call it signifies what you do to make it.

Class Day is something different to every member of every class, every year. The ominous question, "What shall we do?" becomes the first vital concern. Yet, despite weeks of consternation, it is usually a last-minute idea that is seized, worked-over and presented — never, of course, as it was first conceived. It may be entirely redrafted between dress rehearsal and performance. Half bewildered, a freshman meets this situation for the first time, knowing little about "show business," reluctant to proffer a timid suggestion. Three or four months of college have elapsed but, not until the hectic days before Class Day does a freshman come to feel that she really knows her classmates. Then the individuals come to be denoted as workers or slackers, doers or talkers, willing or reluctant. It is the first united effort of the freshmen, as they assume responsibility, assert initiative, and unearth hidden

talents. In 1952 our freshmen fancies imagined a perfumerie with a tame skunk; this year '58 peered into a not-deserted pyramid.

Enthusiasm and rivalry reach such a climax that one dark night classmen undertook a marauding expedition to Fanjeaux to capture the standards of another class. The efforts were sincere, the outcome — dubious — ruined shoes and rasping throats for those who stood guard in the mud while the house-breakers lifted their plunder.

A second year, another plot, more people actively interested. Pre-game displays are always a highlight. A class may enter the gym under the guise of a sorority feting their lovely home-coming queen (whose distracting visage is perfectly immobile). Another class hoists an MG into the gym. We have witnessed a bullfight, been enchanted by Snow White and viewed a Catalina-type beach display of the roaring twenties. Firecrackers heralded a Chinese dragon and Humanities Classes have evoked the Trojan Horse or carried us into the Infernal abyss. Colored cold cream faces, stardust, robots, and antenna girls recall the coincidence in 1953 when two class skits turned heavenward and discovered shooting stars and the suave man in the moon. As sophomores we sought to attach fancy to Haley's Comet and attributed his banishment from sight to his crime of leaving the little Dipper in the

Milky Way. As our celestial court adjourned, the terrestrial-judges convened to lay sentence — VICTORY.

A third year and finding fresh ideas becomes more difficult. As Juniors we wished on a dream in a musty attic and evoked "ice cream soda, ice cream cone, cup cake and cotton candy," while schools of sea creatures won by presenting their legend of Neptune with colorful lobsters, clever sardines and a tyrannical octopus who found himself with a deflated ego.

A final Class Day, a final rush and problems, problems, many problems. No one quite caught the gist of our plot, though they knew it was good — had the authors' word for it! At last Class Day was on, over and — What about next year? That's a worry that doesn't concern Seniors. Aren't they lucky? Don't be deceived by their pretense. Once over for the last time the words "Class Day," leave that feeling described briefly as empty.

We have achieved the end of Class Day. To win? No, that is but a small part of it. Class Day success lies in cooperation. It involves late practices, early meetings, a few less trips to town. The bridge table is empty and knitters set aside their socks. Even ideas must be sacrificed, a good one for a better. Closets are ransacked for costumes — an opera coat, an old hat, and inevitably, a "cap'n'gown." Aspiring artists become nursemaids to programs; struggling musicians

realize that an eighth note just doesn't carry ten syllables; writers juggle words until they grow silly. The juke box favorites acquire novel connotations; athletes carry off a hard-earned tinfoil trophy; and illustrious directors reach a fitting professional climax folding chairs and sweeping floors. Such is cooperation, the key to "winning" fun and satisfaction. "Each takes a square according to the position he plays best, like chessmen in a riotous game of chess."

MARY JEANNE CORRIGAN '55

WINTER WAND

Raindrops splinter window clearness
Blurring vision. Clear-cut landscape
Blends to abstract color patterns.
Droplets dance to herald rainstorms,
Gaily moulding shabby rooms to
Light and cozy caves of warmth that
Shelter man from chill and darkness.

LORRAINE VERNEY '57

JENNIFER

THE noon bell rang for the last time that June, and the school corridors filled with girls in pastel cotton dresses and sprigs of daphne in their hair. Boys in white T-shirts and blue denims banged the empty lockers.

By the time I reached the door across from the attendance office Marion was already waiting. "Come on, slow poke. The others are already inside."

On the lawn the other girls were talking to a group of sophomore boys, "If you kids get there before us, save a place," Susan was saying with a laugh in her voice. You couldn't help liking Susan. Even if you didn't really know her you said, "Isn't she cute?" That's the way it was with me, too, even before I went around with her.

"Greetings, goddesses," Stu Marshall said to Marion and me. "How does it feel to be free again?"

"Great," we both agreed.

"Today's gonna be a scorcher!"

"It'll be perfect out at the lake, though."

Stu was telling about the trick he and Jeff had played on Miss Winchell, when I noticed Jennifer walking across the lawn by herself. Impulsively I tapped Susan on the shoulder, "Why don't we ask Jennifer to come along?"

"Why *should* we?" Susan's tone was mocking.

The others laughed, and Stu began to imitate Jennifer's walk, his head tilted to the side, just as her's was lately. He even had the smile down pat, a crooked smile, higher on the right side. Then he frowned the way Jennifer did when she didn't understand something. She had been having trouble with her school work lately. I laughed a little nervously and hoped Jennifer didn't see us. With my eyes lowered to the striped beach towel under my arm, I waited for someone to change the subject. It was funny the way it was between Jennifer and me now. Not the way it had been in grammar school. But in high school there were so many things to do, well, there just wasn't time for everyone. Besides, Jennifer had been absent so much this last semester. Headaches, I guessed. It wasn't that we weren't friends any more. Whenever we met in the halls we'd smile and say "hi." She must be gone by now, so I looked up. There she was walking down past the parking lot. Maybe she hadn't seen us after all.

"It's 12:15 already," Marion was saying. "We'd better get started."

Stu's car was the pale green chevie on the far end of the gravel parking lot. The five of us put our towels and suits in the back seat and climbed in. It isn't my car anyway, I thought. I'll call Jennifer during vaca-

tion and have her over for lunch. That will be better, anyway.

The sun was hot on the lake that afternoon and it felt good when we came in from swimming, with the water rolling in little droplets off our well-oiled arms and legs. I had forgotten about Jennifer until just about an hour before we left. A girl with a green and white bathing suit, just like the one Jennifer wore went running into the water. Swimming was one of the few sports Jennifer was allowed since her operation.

That night my shoulders burned against the sheets, and I couldn't sleep. I thought about Jennifer. I remembered how I clung to her during my first weeks as a new eighth grader. My first morning in class was on a Friday, and I wished Mother had let me wait till Monday to start. So much wouldn't have gone wrong. My purse was lost. Going without lunch wouldn't be so bad, but how was I going to get home? I certainly couldn't ask anyone for busfare, and by now someone had probably picked up the purse.

When the bell rang, the teacher called me to her desk, and asked where I was from and what school I had gone to. It was ten after twelve when I left the classroom, and I was startled to find a girl outside waiting for me.

"Hi. My name's Jennifer." She was a tall, thin girl

with short curly brown hair. "Are you going to the cafeteria for lunch."

"Yes—s . . . I mean I was going to, but I can't find my purse."

"They put things like that in the principal's office," Jennifer explained quietly. "You can ask for it there."

I cringed at the word principal, and she added, "I'll ask for it. What does it look like?"

"It's a small change purse," I told her as we walked down the hall. "Brown with a 50-cent piece in it."

We turned in at the door marked "Administration." The same lady was typing that had been there earlier this morning. Jennifer went up to the counter and asked, "Did someone turn in a purse this morning? A small brown one, with a 50-cent piece in it?"

The lady sighed wearily and got up from her chair, "Isn't this the second time this week you've lost something, young lady?" She pulled out the purse and looked inside it. "Here it is. It was just turned in ten minutes ago. You're very lucky to get it back. You'll have to learn to be more responsible."

Jennifer blushed. "Yes, I know."

We left the office quickly. Now she will never like me, I thought. "Gee, I'm awfully sorry I got you into trouble."

"Oh, Mrs. Duncan's not mad. She's really very nice. But we'd better hurry before the cafeteria closes."

By the end of the next week we were friends. Jennifer invited me to spend the weekend at her house.

It was just Jennifer, her father, and Aunt Hilda that lived in the small frame house near the park. Hilda, a tall woman with a shiny face, was in the kitchen paring apples when we came. An hour later when Mr. Zeigler came home he teased her about her grades. "Where are all those A's you used to bring home?" he said, pretending to be mad, but it was easy to tell he was pleased.

After a while my folks used to say I ought to be paying room and board for all the time I spent over at the Zeigler's.

Sometimes when we lay in her twin beds at night Jennifer would tell me about how nice the nurse had been to her when she was in the hospital, but it was mostly from her father and those who went to school with her in the sixth grade that I found out about the operation. Jennifer was not only the fastest runner in the class then, but always made good grades, the kids at school used to tell me. If there were a prank underfoot, Jennifer was in the middle of it, and if anyone got caught, it was Jennifer. She was always fun then, they said. When she complained of seeing double one day, everyone whispered that Jennifer was just making up an excuse so she could go home. Even the teacher was skeptical, but Jennifer was sent home that afternoon.

Jennifer laughed as she told me how two days later she found herself in a hospital bed reading comic books with a hand over one eye. She was to be operated on. A tumor was growing in her head.

Her father told me that the surgeon left an opening in the back of Jennifer's skull, right above her neck, so if particles from the tumor grew again he could get at them more easily.

A long convalescence followed her stay in the hospital. Then there were exercises at home, and X-Ray treatments with the hope that the remaining tumor cells might be killed. Jennifer returned to school again in the middle of the seventh grade. Jennifer couldn't play on the volley-ball team after that. She had to rest a lot.

For the two years I knew Jennifer, I had never known her to harbor a hatred for anything, even for the X-Rays that damaged precious glands inside her body. Nature had intended her body to be beautiful and graceful, but X-Rays had interfered. I had seen her grow gaunt and her steps became jerky. Adolescent years are very tender ones, and vanity is a fragile thing. I used to think that she must wake up some mornings, tired of keeping up her spirit, and wish that the operation and all that followed had never happened to her. Sometimes I wanted to say to her, "For heaven's sakes, Jennifer, show some bitterness

toward me, the doctors, or any of us more fortunate than you. Hate, complain, feel sorry for yourself, do anything but keep up this constant courage. You can't keep it up forever. . . ."

I finally fell asleep that night, but all during the summer Jennifer seemed to be in the back of my mind. I wanted to phone her but somehow I couldn't. Besides she's probably going around with a new group of friends, I tried to tell myself.

Toward the end of the summer when Susan and Stu were planning a party I suggested we invite Jennifer. There was a hint of annoyance in Susan's voice, "Look, she's a sweet kid, but suppose she gets one of her headaches. It wouldn't be fair to anyone. Even to her." After that I didn't mention it again.

I didn't see Jennifer that summer until one night when I was baby-sitting. I went to answer the doorbell and found Jennifer standing there. She had a paper bag in one hand and her light blue sleeveless dress made her arms look too long and thin. Maybe it was because I hadn't seen her in so long, but I noticed something different about her face, a very tired look. She was smiling — a crooked smile, but it was as if nothing had happened between us.

"Why Jennifer!"

"Surprise, I'm sitting next door. I thought I'd stop in and say hello."

"Let's go in the living room," I suggested. As we sat down the picture of that afternoon on the school lawn flashed through my mind. I wondered if she remembered.

But now there was none of the strangeness that stood between us at school. We began to talk about all the crazy things we had done together, and talking and laughing about them was like reliving them.

The paper bag she had brought in with her puzzled me. "What in the world have you got in there?" I asked as my eye fell on something soft and white inside.

"A shawl I'm working on for Aunt Hilda's birthday," she said pulling out a bit of it. "Her birthday is the day before mine, but I don't seem to be getting anywhere with it."

"Oh, you've got all sorts of time. That's not till the middle of September."

"Well, the thing is," she said very calmly, "that I'm going to the hospital again a week from today."

My fear grew in the silence that stood between us. "How long are you going to be there" I asked.

"About a week, maybe."

"Are you afraid?"

There was something in her face, a glow and a look I had never seen before, and she said very quietly, "No. Not too much. Everyone is always so nice to me."

Then she smiled. "You must promise to come see me."

"Yes. Yes, I promise." And I promised myself to go see her every day in the hospital, to send her all sorts of things, candy, letters, funny get-well cards, and maybe that toy panda in the window at Snyder's. Jennifer had always been such a good friend. Maybe this would make up for my neglecting her.

Jennifer started toward the door, "Don't forget to come see me, now."

"No, I won't." I found a smile, but within me my heart died a little.

Two days after the operation I phoned the Ziegler house, and Hilda answered. Jennifer was still unconscious. The next day I phoned again, but the answer was the same. After that I stopped phoning. School started again.

One day a month later I heard someone say that Jennifer had died the night before. At noon time Susan said it was better that she died, and Stu said that now she was at rest. It seemed the right thing to say, and I said so too.

That afternoon I didn't go to the creamery with Susan and Stu and the rest of the crowd. Even if they understood Jennifer better now, I knew she was my friend, and I wanted to be alone.

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