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The Firebrand

Jane Beswick Ceds

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Dominican College of San
Rafael

Yearbook

THE FIREBRAND

THE DOMINICAN COLLEGE OF SAN RAFAEL

MCMXLVI

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DOMINICAN COLLEGE
SAN RAFAEL, CALIFORNIA

TO
SISTER MARY THOMAS, O.P.

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THE FIREBRAND

EDITOR OLIVE BIDDLE
ASSOCIATE EDITOR BEATA HAMBUECHEN
BUSINESS MANAGER LORRAINE BORBA
BUSINESS STAFF DOROTHY FRESE, YOLANDA CAVALLO
ART EDITOR VIRGINIA SHROEDER

CONTRIBUTORS

LEE HARTWELL	PATRICIA CONLAN
PEGGY MACCORMICK	MADelyn MEAGHER
MARNO PRINCE FREITAS	THERESE BURKE
YOLANDO CAVALLO	BEVERLY STOUT
MARILYN MYERS	CARITA FOWLER
BETTY LOU DALTON	MARY LOU FITTERER
NANCY HALE	GRACE POPE
HELEN SWEENEY	

ILLUSTRATORS

NANCY HALE	MAUREEN MANTLE
VIRGINIA SHROEDER	OLIVE BIDDLE

TYPISTS

LILLIAN BUTLER	PEGGY MACCORMICK
MADONNA LA TULIPPE	CARMEN PESQUIERA
MARY KELLEHER	
LOUISE HAGMAIER	LORETTA LEONARD
YOLANDA CAVALLO	CAROL PAGLIARULO

EDITORIAL

IN LAST YEAR'S *Firebrand* we traveled halfway around the world to China for our theme. This year we have decided to stay at home, to look at ourselves. When we started this book, we planned to define some aspects of American culture, or to determine what makes America American. As time went on, it became evident that this topic was a task for braver scholarship and greater endeavor than we could muster.

It is not only the modesty of youth that argues against an attempt to capture the spirit of America. Others more capable have tried, and have admitted the immensity and elusiveness of the theme. In the American epic, *John Brown's Body*, thus writes Stephen Vincent Benet:

"Where the great huntsman failed I set my sorry
And mortal snare for your immortal quarry.

.

Never the running stag, the gull at wing
The pure elixir, the American thing."

Without apologies, therefore, we shall present our fragments, flashes which suggest rather than encompass. We shall include merely some bits of American

history, some reflections and some sketches of towns we know and love.

An extreme of local pride is happily expressed in Chief Justice Oliver Ellsworth's words written in 1807:

"I have visited several countries and I like my own the best. I have been in all the states of the Union, and Connecticut is the best state. Windsor is the pleasantest town in the state of Connecticut, and I have the pleasantest place in the town of Windsor."

Less dogmatic, but equally enthusiastic, we do not limit ourselves to declaring one thing best, one place superior, but make an effort to present some bright glimpses of our land, especially of its West, symbol of hope to many seekers of elusive freedom.

O.B.'46

SENIORS

ANGELINA ANGELINI

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: FRENCH

Transferred from College of
Pacific, Stockton, 1943
Class Treasurer '46
Publicity Agent, W.A.A. '45

French Club
Spanish Club, Senior
Representative, '46
Charter Member of Art Society

ANGELINA ANGELINI

PICTURE a small group sitting and talking at any school party. Soon you will hear, "Now in a true communism that injustice would not take place." Immediately, heated discussions arise and soon everyone is pounding the table to prove her point. Angelina, the motivator, sits back with a pleased look, for one of her greatest enjoyments is to argue and arouse arguments on controversial subjects. She will take either side; it doesn't matter.

Angelina could well be a leader of revolutions. Her striking coloring, fiery brown eyes, her thick black hair and her ability to handle groups, all point in that direction. She is saved from such a violent life by a prevailing good nature, a cheerful pessimism and the inclination to laugh at herself.

Gifted with both musical and artistic ability, she has made art her major and uses her alto voice to good advantage in the Edge Hill harmony sessions.

BETHANY BECKMAN

MAJOR: MUSIC

MINOR: SPANISH

Music Club '42-'46
Program Chairman, Spanish Club,
'45, '46

Choral Society, '42, '43, '44, '45, '46
Schola Cantorum

BETHANY BECKMAN

BETHANY'S dominant ambition is to be an opera singer. To this ambition she suits (or tries to) her whole personality. Still, the irresponsible tempestuousness, the whimsicality of those who think they are great, is alien to her sincere and pleasant nature. She is moody, yes, but her anger is of quick passage. Soon she is dancing off again in her ballet slippers (these are one of her pet affectations in dress; others are her artistically draped shawls, and her fluffy blouses that show her white shoulders).

Bethany is lively. She arouses and enjoys arousing conflicting opinions about herself. Any expression of these opinions she receives either with a toss of her bright hair or a catlike smile. Amusement she registers by melodious laughter. Melody in short is a word that characterizes Bethany.

OLIVE ANN BIDDLE
To Graduate in August

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: HISTORY

Firebrand Editor
Gamma Sigma
Class Treasurer
I.R.C.

Art Staff, *Firebrand*, '45, '46
Assistant Editor, *Meadowlark*, '45, '46
Poetry Club
French Club

OLIVE BIDDLE

OLIVE is an odd complexity of outward restraint and inner romantic impulse, of wit and reserve, of conscience and rebellion (in words), of placidity and proud despair. The latter state of mind is brought about mainly by her many worries, the *Fire-brand* ranking foremost. With each new blow of ill destiny Olive expresses a calm desire to "end it all," in a sentence stripped of such superfluities as articles or prepositions. She never does of course, being innately hopeful. Her manner of speech is akin to her action. Olive is a witty girl. Her pithy remarks follow upon a knowingly supercilious look, but her originality does not express itself in biting sarcasm. She is kind, and a delightful companion, as any good conversationalist will be. She does not say much, but quality makes up for quantity, both in writing and speech. One of our best students and an active student body member, Olive plans a career of teaching (shortly and short if possible).

LORRAINE BORBA

MAJOR: SPANISH

MINOR: EDUCATION

Transferred from the University of
California
Business Manager *Firebrand*

Business Staff, *Meadowlark*
Spanish Club

LORRAINE BORBA

ONE of our fifth-year-since-Christmas students is Lorraine. These days we see her only a few times a week in Ethics. On first meeting her, one gets the impression that she is completely the serious-minded, retiring sort; but soon her lackadaisical walk gives her away. On further investigation, one finds that she is calm, neat, methodical. As business manager of *The Firebrand* she has displayed her talent for getting things done without fuss or fury.

Lorraine likes bowling, dancing, and any sort of social gathering. She surprises us every once in a while by doing such things as cutting her long black hair and appearing with short curls.

Truly a streak of the adventurer must run through Miss Borba. She loves to take a dare and, on occasion, surprises us with tales of her exploits at The University of California, where she studied before she came to our campus.

She has an enthusiasm about her major, Spanish, which carries to the teaching of it in San Rafael.

LILLIAN ELIZABETH BUTLER

MAJOR: SCIENCE

MINOR: HISTORY

President of Albertus Magnus, '46
Treasurer of Albertus Magnus Club, '45
I.R.C.

Choral
French Club
Meadowlark

LILLIAN BUTLER

AN EXPLOSIVE laugh and a determined stride generally herald the approach of Lillian Butler. Enter a figure in boyish clothes, and a face distinguished by long lashes. Definitely energetic is Lillian, although one might not always suspect that when one watches her on her pink crocheted bedspread consuming the latest novel. Her energy shows itself when she, with her helpfulness and generosity, settles to typing others' term papers, *Meadowlark* articles, or playing the organ for the armed forces on week-ends. Up on many subjects, Lillian may often be found discussing contemporary problems heartily, with all the quick heat of her race. She likes people, being more interested in personalities than facts. Though she is full of spirit in school affairs, her strong love of family has made her one of those rare souls who have almost never spent a week-end here.

KATHRYN CASSIDY

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: ENGLISH

Transferred from San Francisco
College for Women

House Mother of Benincasa, '45
Firebrand Business Staff, '45

KATHRYN CASSIDY

KAY closely resembles the Irish colleen one sees on travel folders. Keenly interested in her pupils, she is conscientious about her work. Since Christmas she has been teaching in San Francisco, yet she is by no means the proverbial school marm. She likes to sing in a crowd and talks quickly and frankly in a high soft voice. Among her prize possessions are her huge scrapbook and snapshots of her friends. When controversy rears its head Kathryn is quiet; she is a peacemaker and dislikes heated discussions. A conservative by nature, she can look at a question calmly and see both sides.

Kay always loves a joke, even when it is on herself. She herself tells anecdotes with an English accent which, however, soon slips into an Irish brogue.

MARIE-LOUISE CATTERMOLLE

To Graduate in August

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: ART

French Club
Spanish Club
Phi Beta Mu
Secretary of Red Cross Unit, '45, '46

W.A.A. Board, '44, '45
Secretary of W.A.A. Board, '45, '46
Secretary of Junior Class, '45, '46
Choral

MARIE LOUISE CATTERMOLE

MARIE LOUISE has bangs, dimples shown to her advantage when she smiles, and large liquid brown eyes. The latter, her most outstanding feature, are the first things one notices about her. In summer she acquires the most envied tan on campus. She loves to sew and weave and spends much of her time in these occupations, when she is not reading best sellers. She is lively and energetic; an active athlete, she water-skis and plays a fast game of tennis. She loves to go out and did so frequently before a pear-shaped diamond announced her engagement.

She is considered unconventional by those who know her. Certainly her striking straight hair shows her liking for the unusual. Though she appears tranquil to many, she is highstrung and sensitive, but not enough to keep her friends from teasing her about her driving, especially when she was learning. She seeks advice eagerly on all problems and before her mid-terms we hear her earnest entreaty "Say a prayer."

YOLANDA CAVALLO
To Graduate in August

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: SPANISH

Gamma Sigma
Spanish Club

Meadowlark Staff, '46
Business Staff, *Firebrand*, '46

YOLANDA CAVALLO

NEXT SEMESTER there will be an empty seat in the reference room and a strange quiet will settle over the library. Yolanda will be gone. She never disturbs anyone, although she loves to talk everywhere, sprinkling her animated conversation with bubbling laughter. Her humor is keen in appraisal yet never malicious. All in all we are completely overwhelmed by her unfailing energy. She flourishes on five hours sleep a night. She never appears to be working hard, yet she always has her work in on time. She has a well pressed look that even her daily bus trips from San Francisco fail to ruffle.

She is enthusiastic in her likes and dislikes. Her current love is skiing over which she will become lyrical if snow is even mentioned. Though gay and apparently carefree she takes life seriously. The troubles of others worry her as much as her own. Oddly enough she tends to be extremely critical of herself, thus adding humility to her other good qualities.

PATRICIA CLARK

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINORS: PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE

Vice-President, Freshman Class	Albertus Magnus Club
Chairman, War Bond and Stamp Sales, 1942-44	French Club
Secretary of the Student Body, 1943-44	Schola Cantorum
President of the W.A.A., 1944-45	Confraternity of the Most Blessed Sacrament
Executive Board, 1943-45	

PATRICIA CLARK

PATRICIA has a soft voice, glowing eyes and a love of ski sweaters. The latter often compensated for her native Hawaiian sunshine. She is usually doing something for someone else—lights for the stage productions, counselling at camp in summers, or arranging the altar for next morning's Mass. An excellent photographer, swimmer and tennis player, she also indulges in a less strenuous pastime: she accumulates things—snapshots, a grass skirt, unused cologne bottles, records of Hawaiian and cowboy music. She is active in school affairs, conscientious about all her duties, and charitable in speaking of others. Although she is outwardly calm she is inclined to be high strung and sensitive, but self-control makes her seem even-tempered. A keen, sympathetic listener, she can give accounts of interesting happenings, detail for detail. Above all, she has a fine sense of responsibility with which even her natural love of gaiety is never allowed to interfere.

ELEANOR CHRISTINE CLAUSEN

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: ENGLISH

Charter Member Art Society

Meadowlark Art Staff, '43

Firebrand Art Staff, '43

W. A. A. Board, '43, '44

Class Secretary, '44

Class President, '45

Spanish Club

I.R.C.

ELEANOR CHRISTINE CLAUSEN

THERE is a freshness about Chris that shows itself in widely different forms. For instance, we see her in the art room in a paint-splashed smock, a slip of apple blossom standing upright between her two dark brown pigtails, daubing big gobs of paint on her canvas with the joy of a true colorist. Yet again we see her acting as a charming hostess, dressed in the perfect taste we have come to expect of her. A good conversationalist, she puts a person at ease immediately with her quick whimsical sense of humor and her gift for saying the right thing at the right time.

As the result of a full and gracious home life, there is in Chris a set of high principles to which she adheres faithfully and to which she expects others to adhere. She has a balance and competence which have served her well in the difficult position of senior class president.

MARIE CONCANNON

To Graduate in August

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: ENGLISH

Spanish Club

Phi Beta Mu

Choral

Treasurer of Sophomore Class, '44, '45

Treasurer of Student Body, '45, '46

Executive Board, '45, '46

Vice-President of Red Cross, '45, '46

Social Committee, '43, '44

Drama Club

MARIE CONCANNON

MARIE is both friendly and sophisticated. She is tall and reserved; her eyes are cool with a distant look and are framed by arched brows. At times she assumes a cat-who-just-swallowed-the-canary look. She speaks softly in a well modulated voice, yet laughs heartily and fairly shakes with merriment over an amusing situation. She is usually placid and efficient, qualities valuable in her position of Student Body Treasurer.

Her most unusual possession is a pair of intricately carved wooden shoes from Burma. She likes planes and has a violent dislike of the song *Marie, the Dawn is Breaking*. Her friends love to tease her especially about her car which she describes as "rickety." Friendly and inclined to humor, she has a smile for all she meets yet a reticence which makes the smile all the more valuable.

MADELINE CYR

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: HISTORY

Vice-President of W.A.A., '45

Edge Hill House Mother, '45

President of Student Affairs Board, '46

Executive Board, '46

Spanish Club

I.R.C.

Choral

MADELINE CYR

THE FIRST question one wants to ask when one compares Madeline Cyr's appearance with her work is, "How does she do it?" The head of our Student Affairs Board, gentle and fragile looking, although, besides doing her school work and practice teaching, she takes charge of freshman library study, administers justice among the students, and takes part in many another extra-curricular activity, she never gives the impression of doing anything in a flighty way. Her eyes twinkle pleasantly when she finds time to sit back and laugh in the twenty-fifth hour of her day. Not only in her senior year has she suffered shortage of time; in her past semesters she has been House Mother and editor of *This Week*, as well as an active athlete. Still, her character is rather like that of Mary than Martha; she quietly works, but is never too busy to be kind.

ELIZABETH JEAN DAWSON

MAJOR: FRENCH

MINOR: ENGLISH

French Club
Secretary of French Club, '44
Choral

Schola Cantorum
Pi Delta Phi
President of Pi Delta Phi, '45

JEAN DAWSON

JEAN has something of the nineteenth century about her. Her long, loosely curled hair and lady-like reserve do most to produce this impression, for Jean is ever the lady. Her voice is always well modulated and her conduct dignified.

Her tastes run to the romantic. She likes Elizabethan poetry, Chopin's music and Viennese waltzes. When studying she arranges a series of books on her bed and peruses them methodically.

Jean is easily bored by monotony and constantly combats it. She changes the arrangement of her dresser top every week. She acquires sudden interests and pursues them intensely until others take their place. Of perennial interest to her are the hills on spring days, for she is moved both by beauty and by new ideas. Impressionable, she is influenced by her Ethics class to weigh every judgment and usually to withhold it.

BRENDA DOYLE

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINORS: FRENCH AND PHILOSOPHY

President of Dominican Troopers,
'44, '45
Secretary of Pi Delta Phi

French Club
Social Chairman French Club, '45
Choral, '46

BRENDA DOYLE

BRENDA has short curly hair, large eyes and a wide sensitive mouth. Her appearance would be childlike but for the understanding of her gaze. She is small and sturdily built and walks with characteristic vigor; she almost never strolls.

In her free time, Brenda either reads (usually late into the night), or "escapes" in conversations, at the movies or to Corey's. Interested in almost any subject, she enjoys the Edge Hill sun room conversations, where she best reveals her passionate likes and dislikes.

In class her attitude changes and, though well informed, she seems reluctant to exhibit her knowledge.

An accomplished actress, Brenda has an intense feeling for the dramatic, both on and off the stage. When it is a matter of readers for Dr. Silva's Palm Sunday mysteries, Symposiums, recitations and the like, her clear diction and intelligent phrasing put her in demand.

Her hatred of snobbery and narrowness emphasizes her love of tolerance and her respect for the dignity of the human person.

MARTHA GERALDINE DOYLE

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: FRENCH

Schola Cantorum
President French Club, '44
W.A.A. Board, '42

Albertus Magnus Club, '42
Choral

MARTHA GERALDINE DOYLE

DELICATELY colored, Gerry reminds us of a last century cameo. Her honey blond hair and forget-me-not blue eyes would suggest a more placid temperament than hers. She is very high strung and expresses herself in short, quick movements. Gerry is always in a hurry and usually worrying about something unnecessarily, but it is her nature to concern herself with other people's problems. Usually she puts this concern into practice and is constantly doing something for someone else. She is active in the Schola where her clear soprano makes her one of the leaders. Her enthusiasms are definite and some quite odd. For instance she simply loathes vegetables. On the other hand she likes photographs and her room is full of them. She adores babies and is excited and happy over teaching them in the Convent grammar school.

VIRGINIA FORMICHI

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: HISTORY AND SPANISH

Vice-President Student Body, '46
 Executive Board, '46
 Student Affairs Board, '46
 W.A.A. Board, '44, '45
 President of Spanish Club, '46
 Social Chairman of Spanish Club, '45
 Phi Beta Mu

I.R.C.
 Schola Cantorum, '45
 Assistant Business Manager.
Firebrand, '45
 Business Manager *Meadowlark*, '45
 The Troupers

VIRGINIA FORMICHI

VIRGINIA is jovial and generous, but sensitive and thoughtful. Seldom immobile except when asleep, she unites a bubbling good humor and active school spirit with eagerness in class, a talent for organization and versatility in acting. One sometimes wonders whether Virginia has held every office in the school in the three years it has taken her to finish; but she still finds time for light reading; or shall we say the night makes time?

Virginia manages, by dint of noon-time naps, to be a lively night owl, though she reaches the zenith of her "cramming" ability in the early dawn.

Very friendly, she offers excellent proof that man is a social animal. Her deep voice belies by its quietness her often aroused excitement. The jump from social to sociology is not too great, and Virginia, after several changes in her major, has decided to specialize in this field.

DOROTHY FRESE

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: SPANISH

Spanish Club President, '45
Spanish Club Secretary, '44
Day Scholar President, '45
Art Club
Executive Board, '45

Meadowlark Art Staff
Choral, '42
Firebrand Art Staff, '45
Firebrand Business Staff, '46

DOROTHY FRESE

ALL and graceful, Dorothy is one of the best tailored girls in the college. Her very smart clothes are all home-made and hand woven. She spends most of her time in the weaving and art room where she amazes everyone with the rapidity of her work. Dorothy's considerate and quiet nature has made her a favorite among the boarders and day scholars who appointed her senior representative. She manages to be present at most school activities even though she must travel from her beloved home of Mill Valley. Dorothy has all the qualities of the ideal housewife from expert carpenter work to baking a three-tier chocolate cake.

Although she has lived a year in South America, she defends Marin County as "this other Eden!"

An Art major, Dorothy is impatient with anything that does not measure up to her aesthetic sense. Although she is often hypercritical, her optimistic nature will fill the art students she may some day teach with confidence and courage.

MURIEL FRIEDLANDER

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: HISTORY AND ENGLISH

Transferred from Rosary College
President Red Cross Chapter

I.R.C.
Economics Club

MURIEL FRIEDLANDER

WHEN you hear someone saying: "I beg your pardon" or "Don't be ridiculous" in a deep melodious voice, you may conclude that "Freddie" is present, without needing to look all the way up at her well-proportioned five feet eight and three-quarter inches. Usually on her way to or from getting something accomplished she will come upon you in long strides, and use both hands in trying to impress a point, especially should a hint of political discussion be in the air. She does not try to substitute words for facts. "Freddie" is well informed and reads voraciously, using her minors English and History for their cultural value. She chose her major, Sociology, because of her generous interest in people, especially children. This interest and her practical talent for organization were evident in her able handling of our Red Cross Chapter.

Outside of school, "Freddie's" engagement ring and bowling pin indicate her interests. Her excellent taste in clothes matches her distinguished appearance. Though she is impressive and distant at first sight, her generosity and kindness insure her popularity.

NANCY HALE

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: ENGLISH

Art Editor *Firebrand*, '45
Art Editor of *Meadowlark*, '44, '46
Meadowlark Staff
Firebrand Staff

W.A.A. Board
Art Society Charter Member
French Club

NANCY HALE

NANCY is cool and reserved, but her striking appearance assures her of recognition wherever she goes. She has dark hair worn casually, and deep, deep, blue eyes. She speaks softly, and walks with the grace of an Indian. Her favorite color, blue, she wears often and well. Her possessions are indicative of her artistic personality—several Chinese carved boxes, Cezanne prints and a very dilapidated Teddy-bear named Growley. She loves animals, especially dogs and horses, and is kind to bugs and spiders.

An Art major, she goes to Fisherman's Wharf, the San Rafael hills and Carmel on sketching trips. Art, to her, is a personal thing more than a mere academic exercise, for Nancy thrives on subjects which call for individual rather than group study. Speculative, she likes to ruminate on ideas and then emerge with her own opinions and conclusions.

She is usually calm, unless provoked. Sometimes sarcastic, she is nevertheless charitable by nature, speaking ill of no one, and she is unfailingly considerate of roommates.

ROSEMARY HALLEY

MAJOR: SCIENCE

MINOR: HISTORY

Albertus Magnus Club
I.R.C.

Albertus Magnus Treasurer, '46

Albertus Magnus President, '45
Spanish Club
Gamma Sigma

ROSEMARY HALLEY

ROSEMARY is usually found in the chemistry laboratory, garbed in a dilapidated lab coat, working quickly and efficiently on some experiment. She has a masculine directness and a love of precision. Her perpetual question, "What shall I do?" is usually solved by doing it.

Though extremely reserved with those she does not know, she is affectionate towards her friends. In her spare time she catches up on current events or reads innumerable science bulletins. She likes comfort and, paradoxically, fishing and hunting.

Rosemary has a clear mind and is commonly known as a "brain," but she is reluctant to express her ideas and opinions. Excitable and curious, she nevertheless makes no decisions until she has thought the matter out thoroughly. When she has reached a conclusion she is not afraid to be honest about it; Rosemary is in all things frank and sincere.

BEATA HAMBUECHEN

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: ENGLISH

Editor *Meadowlark*, '45, '46
Meadowlark Staff, '44
Assistant Editor, *Firebrand*, '46

I.R.C.
Poetry Club
French Club

BEATA HAMBUECHEN

BEATA, our most cosmopolitan member, has spent much of her short life in Switzerland, Germany and Italy. She has a gradually disappearing English accent, and is an expert skier, explaining her love of it by saying that "it makes one forget——."

Beata is actually gentle as a lamb, but she fancies herself a "rebel" and is never happier than when getting people organized into some wild scheme. She gallops to the most astounding, often unorthodox, conclusions in practically every field, sometimes on premises disallowed by those considered qualified. She is genuinely and intelligently interested in ideas, and she loves good books and pictures (enough to buy them in quantities)! She has utilized her gifts in writing by editing "The Meadowlark" and working on the "Firebrand."

Beata is sincere and direct; she is loyal to her friends; to her they are the salt of the earth, with no qualifications admitted. She is almost as positive about the few whom she excludes from her good graces, but she charitably refrains from giving reasons for her attitude.

To date, Beata's ambitions are academic and she aspires to higher degrees in her major—history.

CHARLOTTE LEE HARTWELL

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY

Class President, '42, '43
Editor of *Meadowlark*, '44
Editor of *Firebrand*, '45
Hood Cup, '44

French Club
Music Club
Gamma Sigma

LEE HARTWELL

THERE are people whose characters simply escape definition on paper. Lee, who graduated last August, is just such a person. Outwardly, her mannerisms are delightful. She does not walk but glides along on tip toe. She has a gentle voice, a clear laugh and sun-lit smile. She is neat, almost to the extreme. We couldn't step on her rugs on Saturdays after she had cleaned them. Although she always had her work well prepared and was editor of the '45 *Firebrand*, she seemed to have enough spare time on her hands to walk to Inspiration or to read for pleasure. A special favorite of hers is T. S. Eliot.

It is in the "inner" Lee, that we see her true depth of character. She is at once naive and penetrating; whence her torrents of questions in class. She combines Anglo-Saxon reserve with Celtic wit. Lee is romantic and poetic, yet far from being a dreamer she is competent and has a drive which accomplishes much. The poetry she writes best illustrates her combination of spiritual, intellectual and earthly qualities.

NOELLE HIGGINS

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: ENGLISH

Secretary of Student Affairs
Board, '45

Schola Cantorum
Choral
Spanish Club

NOELLE HIGGINS

NOELLE gives the sense of daintiness without fragility. She looks English but we mustn't say it because she is too Irish. When not in classes she may be found at the piano at Edge Hill, playing, in the fashion of the hour, Chopin or the *Warsaw Concerto*. She sings in a high clear soprano and enjoys harmonizing. She has an odd fancy for coffee-ets which she keeps stored in her pockets.

Never a procrastinator, Noelle believes in getting things done and over. She has a dry sense of humor and may be depended upon for a witty remark. This ability to laugh at the small irritations of life and to make others see the lighter side of a situation has brightened many a threatened period of dejection. She doesn't like conflicts and tries desperately to avoid political discussions, and although unobtrusive, one notices her absence when she leaves the room.

GERTRUDE HELEN JOHNSON

To Graduate in August

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: SOCIOLOGY

Transferred from University of Oregon
Spanish Club

Social Chairman, '46
Art Society

GERTRUDE HELEN JOHNSON

CURLY bangs seem to go with Trudy. At times she speaks in a high "little girl" voice using her beloved clichés. In personal appearance she is neat, always fresh and crisp looking. Trudy is by no means a social butterfly, although parties delight her. One merely has to look at her work as nurse's aide and her efficiency as social chairman to realize that she is fundamentally a serious person.

She has an appreciation of beauty and enjoys her art work, specializing in portraiture. In temperament she is changeable and, though quick to emotional outbursts, she is equally quick to see the humorous side of a situation. Her generosity and willingness to help others make her a true and sincere friend.

MARY KELLEHER

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: HISTORY

W.A.A. Board, '44, '45
Treasurer W.A.A., '46
Spanish Club
I.R.C.

Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament
Choral
Schola Cantorum

MARY KELLEHER

MARY KELLEHER is one of those people who are quiet by nature, but not because they have nothing to say. Reluctant to express herself, she usually but raises a quizzical eyebrow to indicate her opinion.

There is in her the iron will and firm temper that make a good teacher, as well as an inner animation and ability to become excited on issues important to her.

She unites a Celtic complexion and dreaminess with level-headed energy. Though she never appears hurried, she yet manages to get things done smoothly without letting the world know of her achievements. She has the ability to do things well and conscientiously and cheerfully too, we might add—always a smile for the little ones at the Tea Room.

SUSAN JANE KELLEY

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: ENGLISH

Spanish Club
Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament

Phi Beta Mu
Choral

SUSAN KELLEY

GUSTS of laughter betray the presence of Susan Jane. It is almost impossible to visualize her unanimated or silent, yet in her last years at college, Susan, still by no means retiring, has turned more to the pursuit of knowledge.

Her long blond hair, big blue eyes and baby face are a direct contrast to her individualistic sense of humor. With it, she has the ability to turn an awkward situation into a comedy. Her carefree attitude, however, covers a fundamentally serious outlook on life and a sympathy for others. She is frank to the point of bluntness and is a hater of hypocrisy. A sociology major, she plans to enter the field of rehabilitation.

Susan carries on a heavy correspondence and has a fine collection of stuffed animals. Her artistic nature shows itself in another hobby, weaving, and in her taste for clothes.

ANN GERALDINE KIERNAN

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: MUSIC

Transfer from San Francisco College
for Women

Choral
Music Club

GERALDINE KIERNAN

WALKING down the streets of San Rafael, Gerry is often greeted by throngs of her pupils with enthusiastic "Hello's," an evidence of her popularity as a teacher and of her friendly personality. She has dark hair and green eyes which alternately shine or assume an eager, quizzical expression. She enters into fun readily and helps to make fun for others. She loves to tease but never to the point of meanness, as she is quick to see others' feelings.

She is friendly, sincere, loyal and extremely generous, and her opinion is often sought, as it is always frank, yet never given unkindly or tactlessly. She has a strong sense of justice and in upholding her point she sometimes loses her temper. But she never prolongs an issue and easily forgets it.

She has a San Francisco intonation in her soft voice and her clear enunciation is enviable, moreover she has the gift of being able to say what she means.

Adaptable and poised, she can make herself as much at home eating hot dogs at Forest Meadows as drinking tea at the St. Francis.

EILEEN KING

MAJOR: ECONOMICS

MINOR: ENGLISH

French Club
Phi Beta Mu
Student Affairs Board, '45, '46
Class Treasurer, '45

Class Secretary, '46
W.A.A. Board, '45, '46
Choral, '43

EILEEN KING

THERE is usually a twinkle in Eileen's eyes, and we seldom see an unpleasant expression on her face. She has a way of wrinkling up her nose when she laughs and loves to tell events which have befallen her. She is always busy with either her school work or social activities, and loves to see things neat and orderly. The envy of all of us is her fuzzy raincoat.

In temperament she is vivacious and straightforward. She is never afraid to give her opinion on a subject. She is clever with her hands and enjoys knitting and weaving. Contrary to the usual philosophy of students, she enjoys working out economic problems. Eileen is a good listener, courteous to others, and always dependable.

PHYLLIS LACEY

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: FRENCH

Transfer from University of Oregon Phi Beta Mu
Choral, '44, '45 I.R.C.
French Club

PHYLLIS LACEY

WE USUALLY see Phyllis dressed neatly in Peter Pan collars with cashmere sweaters and pearls, shaking her index finger at someone to emphasize her point. Her laugh is a true chuckle and it lights up her whole face. She has a talent for enjoying herself. To her, the best of times seem to involve her hobby, skiing, at Timberline Lodge, in her native state of Oregon. Then, too, she likes to sing at Benincasa, but is strangely shy if she thinks people are listening to her. She is studious when necessary, but always ready to "whip down-town" for refreshments. Extremely sociable, she likes to have people around with whom to laugh and chat. One especially likeable quality in her is her ability to laugh at jokes played upon her, and it is probably for that reason that her friends do like to tease her so. But easy-going in most matters, she believes in getting things done at the proper time.

LORETTA LEONARD, R.N.

MAJOR: SCIENCE

MINOR: SOCIOLOGY

Transfer from St. Joseph's Hospital, '45 Albertus Magnus, '45
French Club, '45 Vice-President, Albertus Magnus, '46

LORETTA LEONARD

RONNIE is the nurse in our class, and a very good one she is because of her even disposition, her cheerfulness, and sense of responsibility. Her neatly cropped curly black hair, the envy of others who put their locks up nightly, gives a clue to her character: everything is in place, quietly settled.

Her eyes, we have now concluded, are plaid, and warn us of the personality which, belied by her very quiet and restrained voice, may perhaps best be described as impish. Though she looks innocent, you may suspect her to be at the bottom of most practical jokes played at Edge Hill. In more serious matters, however, she works well, especially in her chosen field of science, and keeps up consistently with the latest medical items.

Though you may make her prematurely gray by your worries or ailments, Ronnie is a fine person to come to with them.

NATALIE MERLE LEWIS

MAJOR: FRENCH

MINOR: HISTORY

French Club
Spanish Club
I.R.C.

Executive Board, '44, '45, '46
Student Affairs Board, '45, '46..

Class Vice-President, '43, '44
Treasurer of Student Body, '44, '45
President of Student Body, '45, '46
Choral, '42, '43
Schola, '42, '43

NATALIE LEWIS

"THE MEETING will now come to order. The Secretary will read the minutes." Thus Natalie, our student body president, opens the bi-monthly meetings. Efficient and capable, she carries the responsibilities of her office with an air of sincerity. We find ourselves nodding agreement to even the sternest of measures as she presents them logically and convincingly.

Natalie is small, without appearing so, with expressive eyes. Calm and cheerful by nature, she is remarkably even-tempered. She speaks softly and carries the big stick of authority well hidden. A good listener, she is generally interested in what people have to say. She has a subtle sense of humor and the intriguing custom of raising her left eyebrow. In keeping with her sociability, Natalie likes music and dancing, and excels in athletics, especially basketball and horseback riding.

MARY LUIS

MAJOR: ECONOMICS

MINOR: SPANISH

Transferred from University of
Hawaii in 1943

Social Chairman Spanish Club, '45, '46

Phi Beta Mu
Choral, '44

MARY LUIS

MARY has a passion for vivid colors. In winter she wears several layers of the most brilliant sweaters on campus and even the rims of her glasses are red. The restlessness of her clothing extends also to her manner of talking. She expresses herself in wild gesticulations and inflections, waves her arms and seems to throw back her laugh with her head. Though they say that the outer man expresses the soul, this is not true of Mary. She is fairly calm and we know from experience that she is studious. One need only enter the reference room if one wishes to find her. Mary's major is Economics, her talent is cooking. When she leaves the reference room she likes to sleep, or go to the show. Another hobby, if one may call it that, is petting stray dogs, (incidentally, talk of animal vivisection agitates her) . Her antipathies are mainly symphonies and questions. Away from these disagreeables she is good humored and understanding.

JUNE LUKES

Transfer from San Francisco,
Junior College
Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament

Spanish Club, '44, '45
House Mother, Edge Hill, '45, '46

JUNE LUKES

JUNE appears, at first glance, free from all cares or serious thought, but her appearances are not to be trusted, for June, housemother at Edge Hill, is a competent and practical person—a trait reflected in her clothes. She dresses almost always in suits. Her room is neat, with a “picked up” look about it. She has a merry, frank laugh and the characteristic habit of waving her hands while she explains anything. She is always ready for an adventure, to try anything different. She is energetic, completely natural, loves to dance and is lively in school affairs. Her hobby is photography and there are few seniors who have not spent an evening in June’s room laughing at technicolor movies of themselves, for June is fully equipped to show the movies at any time. She has the projector, screen and rolls of film stored away for such evenings. Mechanical-minded she likes to work with engines or machines. We all remember the intricate contraption on her desk last year, which, upon close observation, turned out to be a desk lamp.

MARY McAVOY

MAJOR: ECONOMICS

MINOR: HISTORY

Phi Beta Mu
I.R.C.

Class President '45
Student Affairs Board '45

MARY McAVOY

MARY McAVOY, known as Scotty exclusively, has creamy white skin, large brown eyes and a preference for tailored, very simple clothes. She would seem brusque to a stranger but is actually friendly and has a never failing sense of humor. Though very taciturn about herself she carries on an amazing correspondence. If records were kept of mail received, Scotty would lead the school. Born and raised on the Atlantic Seaboard she has the Eastern custom of accenting first syllables, as *down*-town and *cig*-arette. She is serious about everything from study to play. Her talents tend especially toward the intellectual. Very rarely is her calm disturbed. Friends wonder if she is a true daughter of Erin since she spends so much of her time calming her more volatile companions. In the same vein she hates unfairness and likes the factual and logical; hence her major, Economics. Her friends find her loyal, reliable and thoughtful with just the slightest touch of stubbornness.

PEGGY McCORMICK

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: ENGLISH

Spanish Club

Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament

I.R.C.

Meadowlark Staff, '45

Class Treasurer, '42, '43

Class Secretary, '43, '44

Vice-President of Class, '45, '46

PEGGY McCORMICK

PEGGY may usually be found indulging in her favorite pastime—talking. With a “Wait until I tell you!” she is off on an account of some particularly humorous personal experience. The residents of Benincasa know the names of all of her pupils, their lives, hopes, and struggles. An excellent public speaker and debater, she is the champion of the underdog in the campus discussions. Unselfish and considerate herself, she is not afraid to stand up against injustice wherever she finds it. She is noted for her class and school spirit and will willingly work in any group project. Two facts about Peggy have become school legends. Indeed one of the most familiar sights on campus is her unique little car—“Kitty.” And, even better known is Peggy’s hatred of moths, which verges on hysteria when one flutters in her window. This dislike has earned for her the nickname of “Mothy.” She has recently taken to scholarly interests but does not overly indulge in them; she likes company too much for that pitfall. Generous and good natured, she has the talent of getting along with all.

BARBARA MACNAMARA

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: ENGLISH

French Club
Phi Beta Mu

Class Treasurer, '44
Class Vice-President, '45

BARBARA MACNAMARA

BARBARA, one can see from a few minutes observance, is quiet; she is often called "Macky-Mouse" for just this characteristic. She never says a word or makes a movement that can possibly be avoided. Her voice, clothes and laugh are quiet, yet she can be light-hearted. When necessity demands study she may be found hard at work in a secluded library corner. She has a clear mind, a liking for mathematics, and the ability to grasp the core of the situation. This talent coupled with a retentive mind eliminates for her much of the drudgery of study. Barbara has an even temper, which is seldom aroused. She takes a middle course on controversial subjects. To extremes she will answer "Now that's just silly." Still, underneath her quiet reticence, Macky is a rebel at heart. Unjust authority arouses her to the point of rebellion, but always in a quiet way.

PATRICIA MASON

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: ENGLISH

Transferred from Belmont
French Club
Freshmen Advisor, '44
Gamma Sigma
Schola

Fivebrand Staff, '45
Charter Member of Art Society
Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament
Firebrand Art Staff, '45

PATRICIA MASON

PATRICIA has the face of a cherub, short curly ash-blond hair and green-blue eyes. She has the quiet demeanor and gentleness which make a true lady. She is calm, controlled, poised. As a rule she is a devoted lover of peace. She always seems busy but in her few minutes of spare time she reads Art magazines. Unassuming, yet full of sparkle to her friends, she has a dry wit not often recognized by casual acquaintances. Extremely kind, she dislikes gossip, often upholding a person's character to the end. An art major, she loves sketching, the use of color, and the unexpected in her work. She has an air of wholesome spirituality which makes her sympathetic to those about her. Engaged through college she graduated at Christmas and joined the ranks of our married alumnae.

MARY JO MORKEN

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: HISTORY

French Club
I.R.C.
Art Staff *Firebrand*, '45

Senior Class Representative, '46
Head of House Regulations, '46
Student Affairs Board

MARY JO MORKEN

QUIET and sweet, but not exactly demure, is Mary Jo Morken. Of average height, slender, with a pug nose and a widow's peak, her attitude is one of "I'll worry about it tomorrow." Domestic and happy-go-lucky, she has in her an element of gentle femininity.

Mary Jo is an Education major; and, definitely against nursery schools, has decided she would like to teach the first grade. She undoubtedly will do it well, as she is calm and likes people, squinting as she observes them, often chuckling from within when she reaches her conclusions.

She plays the piano, likes to dance, and collects photographs. Honest and gracious, she is an unobtrusive and pleasing companion.

GLORIA PEGGS

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: ENGLISH

Meadowlands Housemother, '43
Executive Board, '45, '46
President I.R.C., '46
Secretary-Treasurer, I.R.C., '45

Spanish Club
Dominican Troupers
Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament
C.A.S.T.

GLORIA PEGGS

ONE of the few blonds in the senior class, Gloria has bright shiny hair, ice-blue eyes and a just-scrubbed look of freshness. She is aloof and impersonal—hard to know. She has a clear authoritative speaking voice used to good advantage on her high school pupils. As president of the I.R.C., she is well versed in current events and presents her views on situations forcefully; it is a brave person indeed who will not retract rash statements under her barrage of questions. Gloria hates to have time on her hands. Her hobby is collecting interesting bits of history to help little Johnny remember his dates and battles. She lets few things ruffle her serenity. Her handwriting is perhaps indicative of her character, firm and deliberate with unexpected twists.

MARCELA DEL PRADO

MAJOR: FRENCH

MINOR: ENGLISH

Spanish Club

French Club

MARCELA DEL PRADO

FROM sunny Mexico comes Marcela. She is petite with a small mobile face, olive complexion and dark bright eyes. Her voice, high and musical, scales a full octave as she speaks. Upon persuasion she will sing songs of her native land, accompanying herself with her guitar.

In her spare time Marcela reads Russian literature, takes long walks in the hills, or pursues her interest in psychological studies.

She is serious-minded about her studies, has a great sense of justice and proportion and a dislike of exaggeration. Yet true to her Latin temperament, she is intense, changeable and gay. A gleam appears in her eyes whenever a dance or social gathering approaches. This gleam became a radiance when, nearing the end of school at Christmas, she prepared to return to her beloved Mexico.

AGNES JEAN RATTO

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: ART

Canteen Chairman of Red Cross

I.R.C.
Spanish Club

AGNES JEAN RATTO

AGNES JEAN, better known as Sis, would be hard put to conceal her happy nature. Her green eyes shine or sparkle devilishly according to her mood. She has a husky voice and a totally infectious laugh. This laugh and her quick wit account for the merri-ment which usually surrounds her. One may recognize Sis by her bunny slippers, her deceptively non-chalant attitude and her habit of rubbing her fist over her eyes. When she is not practicing "manu-script," she drives into the "village" in "Little Beauty," her car. Though she is usually in a gay bantering mood her quick temper is aroused by dishonesty or insincerity; she herself is straightforward and loyal to friends and family. An apt conversationalist, she adjusts herself easily to the moods or ideas of the one to whom she speaks. This ability and her love of children serve her well in her practice teaching.

PATRICIA RAWLES

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY, HISTORY

Transferred from Stanford University
French Club

Music Club
Gamma Sigma

PATRICIA RAWLES

PLEASANT and steady, Patricia was among the less often heard than seen day scholars. Still, when there is something of importance to be said she is an eager conversationalist. She is diplomatic at all times and has developed great skill in diverting injurious conversation into better channels. Her face with its provocative dimples and calm grey eyes has a look of kindness. She chooses her friends with the same calm deliberation with which she faces all issues. The most recent of these issues was her marriage in July, when she graduated. Now she is engrossed in her domestic duties.

Besides these engaging activities she finds time to sail her boat "The Joy Ride" in the bay off Belvedere where she now makes her home. We learned of Pat's intelligence by her record at school; now report has it that she is using it to become an excellent housekeeper and cook.

VIRGINIA SHROEDER

MAJOR: SCIENCE

MINOR: HISTORY

Meadowlark Art Staff, '45, '46
Art Editor *Meadowlark*, '45
Firebrand Art Staff, '45
Art Editor *Firebrand*, '46

I.R.C.
Albertus Magnus Club
Spanish Club
Music Club

VIRGINIA SHROEDER

VIRGINIA'S main characteristic is friendliness, not the kind that bubbles all over those she meets, like a happy puppy, but an inner warmth. She is relaxed and loose-gaited, becoming excited only over things that please her a great deal.

In appearance, she is tall, and dresses conventionally and neatly. She nevertheless has a weakness for fuzzy mittens and unusual jewelry, such as a rhinestone choker she wears.

Most of her life is spent fluctuating between a science laboratory and an immense stack of magazines with which she conducts a lending library for Edge Hill.

A marked artistic talent suddenly revealed itself in her sophomore year. It began with the almost effortless making of attractive linoleum blocks, a boon to *Meadowlark* and *Firebrand*. In grace of design and neat execution they reveal imagination. Their simplicity, however, does not indicate Virginia's love of an ultra-feminine room, ruffles all over. Her roommates testify to her good nature and lack of an element of selfishness.

CHARLOTTE VAUGHAN

MAJOR: SCIENCE

MINOR: MATHEMATICS

Albertus Magnus Club

Gamma Sigma

CHARLOTTE VAUGHAN

THERE is no mediocrity in Charlotte. Her characteristics are sharply defined and her whole attitude is clear cut. We might say there is nothing of the pastel in her. There is no place for pastels in her clothes. She prefers bright colors, violets, reds and brilliant greens. Her glossy purple raincoat fairly screams its contrast to the overcast skies. She has short, brown hair over which she keeps a constant worried watch, hacking it off violently whenever it approaches even medium length. Direct and outspoken, she adds life to any discussion. She is an incorrigible reader of mystery stories, averaging about two books a week. But she by no means confines herself to light books. In school she is an industrious worker; and her position in the honor society, as well as her graduation at an age well below average, points to her native intelligence.

MARIANE WALSH

MAJOR: ECONOMICS

MINOR: SPANISH

Treasurer of Spanish Club, '45, '46
Phi Beta Mu, '45

Spanish Club
I.R.C.

MARIANE WALSH

MARIANE moves in an aura of calm relaxation. She would generally rather smile and let things go by than be angry. Just as she bundles herself in coats and scarves, so does she wrap herself in a pleasant tolerance. She respects others' opinions and wants her own respected. Her voice indicates her character; it is a pleasing drawl, and she shows perturbation only by twisting a strand of her straight blond hair. She seldom moves far without her new car, which she keeps in original shininess always.

All this might indicate that Mariane lives in a world undisturbed by activity. This is not true. She is a steady worker at her major, Economics, and is among the few in our class who wish to continue their studies after graduation.

From her studious moods Mariane quickly switches to gaiety, her ready smile preluding one of her constant witticisms. She will often turn to music as one form of relaxation, playing *Our Waltz* on the piano with great feeling. Lately she has also begun to express herself in writing verse.

THE JUNIORS

WELL, WELL, class of '47; three years of collegiate scholasticism; three Rosary Sundays; three Shield Days; Father Meagher after two years with Father Kelly; biology, logic, French. Have they made any impression? Are we really three years worth of college? Are we just another class? Let's take a close look.

At the art circle first. What other art group has the new movement, dynamic thrust, that Betty, Joy, "Go" O'Neil, Helen Sweeney and Franny Haffen have? See, none. The same Kreisler and Mendelssohn are played by Eva Taverna, René Mendez, Patricia Rotchford, Marilyn Slakey and Merilee Fletcher as by all other music majors. Class politicians are just as devoted to the mechanics of management as their predecessors. Dagmar runs the machine; "Weezie," Janie and Olive oil it. Yvonne Rossi has done brilliantly with the Woman's Athletic Association. With the help of her W.A.A. board and the Student Body, the W.A.A. Show was vigorous and full of spirit.

Carmen Pesqueira and Marie Louise have kept things alive by becoming engaged. Matilde Carpy confuses things by being the only Science major in the class of '47 so far. Mary Barnett decided she

would be the class's only kindergarten teacher. Marguerite Lussier and Frances Garibaldi are our outstanding dramatists. Miriam Detert and Louise Hagmaier grace Edge Hill.

Mary Folger, Mano Rose, Jeanne Daily, Mary Didion, Tillie McCullough and Carol Pagliarulo enriched the class in September. Phyllis Geary joined us a little later in the year. In the meantime, Beata, Lillian and Virginia have passed on into the class of '46.

Kathy Simmons joined the Reference Room guild when she chose Sociology as a major; Nancy Crowell is a charter member by now. Janie Beswick helped to keep the morale up at Hamilton Field with her maintenance of our Red Cross unit there. There are "brains" in every class; Marie Taylor and Yolanda Cavallo fill this position in our class adequately.

Then is there no distinction of '47 from other D.C. classes? Do we play as much bridge; see as many movies; like the same hit songs? Now we know; after three years, college has become very real to us. We are engrained with its contours, advantages, Student Affairs Board. Classes mean more because they are leading to something. In one more year we hope we shall be returning for alumnae reunions to give an account to our Alma Mater of the things we have done.

MARILYN MYERS '47.

HELEN SWEENEY '47.

SOPHOMORES

WE'RE wise possibly, foolish probably, and gay definitely. We're Sophomores, the class of forty-eight, proud of our class, our school, and of the fact that we'll vote in the next presidential elections. As Sophomores we have left behind us the distinction of being the youngest class in the school; we're old timers now and are sometimes heard to utter the phrase, "When I was a Freshman" in slightly nostalgic tones. Fanjeaux is home to us. We glory in the thought of not having to leave the house for meals. We like being able to go to the smoke room for an after dinner game of bridge to round out our education. We've taken on responsibilities, too, since our residence in Fanjeaux. Just let the phone ring, and no matter how many Juniors are sitting around, it's always, "Sophomore—telephone," and we run to answer it, consoling ourselves with the fact that someday we too may raise our voices in authority. Our hands are heavy with the responsibility of cleaning the smoke room, making sure to do it well, and not to cause a minor riot when a Hershey wrapper decides to ignite in the basket.

Since the beginning of our second year in college, we've started to think more of the future; we wonder what we should major in. Some of us, take

Jeanne and Betty Lou for example, are majoring in practical home economics after this June. Others like Phyllis, Gerry, Henriette, Bonnie Marie, and Jean intend to spend their time concocting mixtures in test tubes. Margaret Brickley, Peggy, Mary Helen, and Barb have decided after much discussion to emulate Eli Culbertson as authorities at the card table. Hayde and Margie are eligible to go into the field of interior decorating. We're sure you'll agree, if you ever notice the many different ways they have discovered to arrange their room. Good Housekeeping has nothing on them. Near them is the literary corner where Joanne, Anne, Terry, and Barbara spend their spare time discussing the latest novels. Certainly one of them will find her vocation reviewing books. Maybe one of the books to be reviewed in the future will be by Patricia Conlan, Susan Hirsch or Jeanne Marie, if we are to judge by the short stories they slave over for English Eight. And as for music majors, we sophomores are not wanting. We definitely have talent, even if it tends toward the less classical, "I'm Going Back to Where I Come From" as rendered by Donna, Peggy, "Bobbie," and Janet, Jackie doing the honors at the piano. Beauty won't be neglected when it comes to vocations either. Just ask Ruthie, Ann Monahan, or Telie anything about make-up. Since their experience with war paint

in the WAA show, they feel that Elizabeth Arden has little on them.

Besides thinking of the rather serious future, we Sophomores are absorbed in the very interesting happenings of everyday life on the campus. We all have our outlets for enjoyment. Eileen, P.A., Betty, and Lil amuse themselves, and when necessary, save time by driving to classes. If anyone were to ask what Patsy O'Connell enjoyed, we would ask them to listen carefully in the upper hall at Fanjeaux about nine-thirty in the evening. Usually Ev's voice may be heard to call, "I'll get you a candy bar, Patsy." And other Sophomores such as Carmel, Carlota, Jeanne Herboth, and Mary spend what free time they have at plays and concerts in the city. There's one other way for us to amuse ourselves; to some it's the best way, and its medium was perfected by a certain A. G. Bell. It wouldn't be evening in Fanjeaux without the familiar call of "Micheline, telephone, 907," floating down the hall, or it wouldn't be the end of a weekend unless a group of girls were gathered in Liz and Nancy's room to talk over events while waiting for the watermelon in the tub to cool.

It must be difficult for the new members of our class, Joanne, Martha, and Noreen, to get used to our way of living, because the truth is, one day is seldom like the next. We Sophomores see to that. We noticed

how startled some of the day scholars seemed when they stayed with us during the retreat. Neither Katie, Carol, nor Margaret Collins could understand the unusual silence in our house.

Being a Sophomore is fun, interesting, and sometimes enervating. It means lots of work and if we can manage it, as we surely try, lots of fun. And whether we are like Barbara Atkinson who goes home on the bus every weekend, or like Juliette who stays and sighs about Stockton being so near and yet so far, we're glad we're at Dominican. We're glad we're the class of forty-eight.

PATRICIA CONLAN '48

· MADELYN MEAGHER '48

THE FRESHMEN

FOR THREE WEEKS now, Nicias had enjoyed peace and quiet in an immense house where he had fled after a family fight "to get away from it all." but today it seemed to him that he'd got into something worse! Such noise he'd never heard in his life, as some eighty pair of feet tramped eagerly up and down the halls and some eighty voices squealed and screamed excitedly. There were other sounds, too; sounds of muffled sobbing and fond farewells.

Since Nicias was a curious sort of a creature, he made it his business to find out all about these rude people who had disturbed his peace. It didn't take him long to do so, either. The very next day he overheard one of the Sisters saying, "This freshman class is the largest we've ever had here at Dominican. There are eighty-five in all, I believe."

But all he heard from the freshmen themselves was moans: "How *confused* I am!" and "I've been changed *again!*" Gradually, however, these moans took on a more normal tone. "How many week-ends have you taken so far?" and "I *didn't* get a cinch!"

My, what a conglomeration of girls there was! Nicias was interested in them all—from a purely curious motive, of course. There was Shirley from Chi-

cago; Carita from Texas; Gedney and Mary Jo from Nevada; Bernadette from Arizona; Chata from Mexico; Beverly from Honolulu; Frances and "Herby" from Portland; Ann, Fran, "Honey Gal" and Patty from Spokane; Colleen and Catherine from Tacoma, and Patricia and Mary Lou from other parts of Washington. There were those red heads, Joyce and Ellen; there were those blondes, Elaine, Joyce and Joan. Nicias was beginning to be glad that his peace had been disturbed!

One day he decided it would be a good idea to meet some of these girls, so he introduced himself to Barb Carmody and Mary Corbett. But they didn't seem too happy to see him, a fact which hurt Nicias to the quick—though he soon got over it. Later he learned that Mary swam on the same team with Ann Curtis.

Life was really getting exciting for our little friend! Once he'd got lost amidst the loving cups in Marie Rovere's room: "She must be a *whiz* at sports," he said to himself as he tried to find his way out. Then he'd been nearly trampled to death several times. On one occasion he got a little too close to Marilyn, Nathalie and Carita when they were practicing yells. Another time he'd ventured into the Green Room when Meadowlands was having its Christmas dance.

When the first semester grades came out, Nicias learned that Katherine Griffin was *the* "brain" of

the freshmen. He also made the acquaintance of several new girls: Jackie, Madelyn, Betty, Rosalie, JoAnn, Janice and Sonja.

By this time he had learned to associate certain things with certain people: Jackie Burner and Jane Clare with phone calls; Theresa O'Donnell with mystery stories; "Pachie" and Patricia McIntosh with sketching tours; June and Sonja with the piano in the Green Room; Patricia Faulkner and Kathryn Franks with promptness; Lenore with dieting; B. J. Hamilton with nightly exercises; JoAnn Kalfsbeck and Rose Ann with thoughtfulness; Grace with leadership; Paulette and Peggy without light cuts; Mickey with the saying, "What a panic"; Patty Lennon with short black hair; Veronica with "the voice"; "Bones," Sue and Dolores with bangs; Kay Sutthoff with nightly "good nights" to all her friends; Elly Lane with the name "Lucy." He also associated certain of the girls with certain people: Gloria and Bob; JoAnn and Chris; Ardeen and Dick; B.J. and Page; Marg and Bob; Ginny and Buddy; Patricia and Charlie; Jackie and Vin; Sylvia and Dave.

Our little friend was gratified time and again to meet Ann Andrews, Alice Tobin, Jane Anderson, Mary Lou and Margaret returning from operas and concerts because he had *such* an admiration for the finer things of life!

Nicias got excited along with everyone else when B.J. got engaged; Marcia got that bee-yoo-ti-ful orchid; Margo got her car; and Alice and Marilyn got bids to the Santa Clara prom.

He enjoyed the belated housewarming, too. Along with the guests he inspected each room minutely. Betty and Margo's was just like a lovely Spring flower garden. Audray had certainly arranged the curtains cleverly and Chata had chosen like an artist the bedspreads in their room. The enormous red balloon in Bunny and Sylvia's room thoroughly awed him.

When Marguerite Houghland moved down from Edge Hill he was very pleased and wished that Mary Jo Crosby, the other freshman at Edge Hill, and Peggy, Colleen and Katie, the freshmen at Fanjeaux, could do likewise. Then if the day scholars, Evelyn, Patricia, Dolores and Barbara could only move in, everything would be "hunky dory!"

At the end of the year, Nicias was absolutely convinced that the girls who had disturbed his peace and quiet were definitely an "all-round" group. They had brains and brawn; culture and talent; humor and looks. What more could you ask for? In fact, he regretted it very much when May 29 rolled around. Peace and quiet were boring now. Things would never be the same.

For the benefit of you who have been wondering

just who this Nicias is, we'll explain that he is a little
tan mouse about three inches long, whom all of the
freshmen have either seen in person or heard about
indirectly.

MARY LOU FITTERER
GRACE POPE
CARITA FOWLER

WIND . . . THE WOMAN

The wind muttered in the yew-trees,
Clutched, aimlessly, the dark stiff branches,
Lost its way and lay sullen.

Wind glides through the grove
Among the ragged eucalyptus,
Snarling the light bark-peels,
Twisting the oily leaves
On their vertical axes.

The wind is an old woman
Who has forgotten why she came
Into the room, who straightens the lamp-shade
Trying to remember.

O.B.

THE LOST STATES

THE American pioneers and frontiersmen have been characterized by disapproving preachers of the time as hard headed, hard drinking, rough and stubborn individuals. Many of them were, but a few men rose above the general level of illiteracy and unimportance by their intelligence or speculative daring. If these few had had their way, there might have been more than forty-eight states in the Union. Their attempts to organize definite states on the frontier of the late 1700's were manifestations of the enthusiasm for enterprise, the desire for growth and expansion that mark young America. Brave attempts they were, but because of opposition, first from England, then from individual free colonies, only the names of Transylvania, Franklin, or Nashborough remain to remind us of the "lost states." They were not romantic enterprises on a large scale like the later, still not quite understood conspiracy of Aaron Burr to set up a Western Empire. They were merely attempts to get away from British restriction of westward expansion or the inequalities imposed by colonial authorities. The Watauga settlement in Tennessee, nucleus of the most extensive movement into the Mississippi Valley during the Revolutionary period, is an illustration of the point.

The first large group of settlers was led into the region by John Sevier and James Robertson in 1770, and the population increased greatly in the next five years because of the frontier policy of North Carolina—an example of what made “the lawless, narrow-minded, and utterly unpolished set” of the early frontiersmen move to greener pastures. The North Carolina statesmen attempted to stunt representation of the more democratic “Westerners” in the state assemblies by permitting the new counties only two representatives, while the earlier ones got five. Furthermore, troubles were aggravated by questions of land-ownership, for individual landlords as well as provinces, claimed taxes. Bad accounting, injustice, and the great distance to any courts of law (necessary in those days when one offense that came up twice in a year was the biting off of an ear in a quarrel; the source not mentioning whether man and wife were parties,) led to mob revolt and the withdrawal of large numbers of settlers from North Carolina to Watauga, where they set up a compact of government.

This, however, did not end their troubles. The land had been looked upon as part of North Carolina and when that state ceded it to the Confederacy no attempts were made either to accept or govern the Tennessee Valley. The Cherokee Indians, now no

longer held off by bribery, attacked, and as a defense measure, the settlers called a convention, decided to form a separate state, and elected Sevier governor. A constitution was adopted, based on that of North Carolina, and the state was named Franklin. It was short lived; Congress ignored its overtures for admission, and the zeal for independence weakened when the tax-collectors came around. Furthermore, Sevier, before accepting his post, had been trying to promote a colony at Muscle Shoals. Not abandoning his ambition with his new enterprise he tried to influence the Georgia authorities to go on an expedition against the Indians. Factional quarrels were aroused, and Sevier alienated many of his followers. The final result of all this was the end of Franklin (incorporated into Tennessee) and of Sevier's career. He went to the extreme frontier with several "lawless bandits" and sank to the level of the bushwhacker. Later, however, tradition honored him as a hero.

The settlements in Kentucky were much more hazardous proceedings than any other previous westward movement, being the first really isolated attempts in the midst of the wilderness. The Kentucky territory was not at the edge of the older colonies, but an "island," cut off from "civilization." The migrants themselves seemed equally isolated; each little band had its own leaders and motives. Their

ambitions on the largest scale were for a while realized in Henderson's state of Transylvania. Henderson, fired by noble speculative dreams, had organized the Transylvania Company for the exploitation of lands he had obtained by illegal treaty with the Kentucky Indians. He had thus "purchased" much of Kentucky and Virginia, and employed Daniel Boone to mark the trail. The journey was difficult; there were such minor troubles as those recorded in the diary of one of the emigrants, William Calk, "I turned my hors to drive before me and he got scard ran away threw down the saddel bags and broke three of our powdu goards and abram's beast Burst open a walet of corn and lost a good deal and made a turrabel flustration amonst the reast of the horses . . ." In addition several settlers were "killed and sculped" by the Indians. Notwithstanding, Henderson and his band arrived at Boonsborough and there the government and commercial enterprises of the settlers were organized. A legislature met in a dignified manner outside the fort under an elm tree, and good laws, such as game preservation, and religious tolerance were enacted. Opposition was at once aroused. Virginia refused recognition of the settlement, the Continental Congress, fearing Virginia's wrath, did the same, and refused to seat a Transylvanian delegate. Furthermore, many settlers headed

by Harrod were unwilling to pay the company's prices on the land.

In 1776, Virginia organized Kentucky County, and the Transylvania Company was unable to maintain its claim to the legality of its treaty with the Indians against both Virginia and Congress. The whole scheme collapsed, and Henderson was compensated for the loss of "his" land by grants in the Cumberland Valley. In 1780 he and Robertson, an erstwhile rival of Sevier's in Watauga, founded Nashville in North Carolina, another one of those group movements in which land speculation was united with a desire for independence.

These were only a few of the abortive attempts to found individual states and settlements in the west. They are of interest in themselves as adventurous stories, but seen against the background of history they take on a new significance. They were private enterprises of a sort not common before, not community-sponsored as in Greek history, not outgrowths of imperialism as in Roman. They were really a part of the individualism of the Renaissance that replaced the quasi-collectivism of the Middle Ages, not movements of whole peoples as the barbarian invasions, but seizures of opportunities open to the ever-present speculative adventurer.

B.H.'46

FIVE TOWNS

SAN ANSELMO

SAN ANSELMO is a little town much like any other little town. It has neon signs, small-minded people, and "characters," and I've heard people say it has quiet charm besides a zest for life. The charm must come from the trees, especially the elms that line the boulevard which brings you in from Ross. The zest might be heard aloud at a Town Council meeting, every time a new dog ordinance is proposed and the City Hall is packed with provincial orators; and of course when a fire alarm sounds and everyone goes out to see the blaze. San Anselmo has the best fire department of any sixth class city in the state.

The main street is San Anselmo Avenue, which is winding because it once used to be a cow path. Its curves and the abandon of town drivers make no end of congestion. Not exactly careless, these drivers consider double parking their citizen right, and it is not uncommon for huge delivery trucks to line up four in a row.

For about three blocks San Anselmo Avenue parallels a creek which cascades right through the town. Three people have stumbled to their death in its

waters, but, since it has a run of trout in the spring time, the stream probably won't be taken out.

The town is visibly growing. A man has built a factory for canning *Crêpes Suzettes* (across the street from the library) and is quietly making a fortune. There is no exclusive residential section unless it's Upper Crescent Road; that's where all the swimming pools and stables are. Red Hill could hardly be called a residential section, for it has no houses on it except at its base, but it is interesting. It rises straight out of the juncture of Sir Francis Drake Boulevard and Red Hill Avenue and is shaped just like a rounded pyramid. Its zig-zag scars recall a pretty legend: years ago a vain, rich man cut the road up its northwest side, so that when he died his funeral procession could wind to his last resting place at the peak; but the hill stands within the town limits, where burial is prohibited. Easter services are held there now, except when it rains, and then most denominations move into the Baptist church nearby.

San Anselmo was incorporated in 1906, after expanding from a farm land to a small settlement built around St. Anselm's church and school. About that time, film producers were shooting movies in what is now Sun Valley, San Rafael, and kept a studio in San Anselmo. That was before Hollywood became the film capital, so you can see how narrowly we missed

a celluloid atmosphere. When the magnates decided against Marin in favor of Hollywood (it was the weather, I think) they dismantled everything but one building that is still in use. It looks just like a barn and is down in the old mattress part of San Anselmo, but the interior is right out of Hollywood and a skilled technician there converts film into technicolor and sends it back to Hollywood.

I might run on and on with small bits of information such as that of the children waiting at the Bakery at eleven in the morning for free "cripples," malformed, non-salable doughnuts (in case you've never waited for them) ; or the little candy shop that had candy right through the war; or the man with the beard that drives the red leathered Cord; but such details must be resisted, although they have their part in making the atmosphere of the town.

It is hard now to accept the truth that some day all the valley towns of San Anselmo, Ross, Kentfield, Larkspur, and Corte Madera will have populated themselves with no plan of organization, perhaps with the madness and ugliness that the East Bay has achieved. All the country charm sacrificed to dull little stores, the curves taken out of the streets, and the trees from the middle of the road; residential sections invaded by apartments, and trees and hills cleared away for business frontage! Although the

utmost skill in perception and keen driving is needed to take San Anselmo Avenue, I should hate to have it straightened even if it were possible.

Very few celebrities stay in San Anselmo, since the hotel is small and just across the street from the Cat and Dog Hospital. There aren't any Theatre-Restaurants either, or Ice Rinks, or Opera Houses, but I love its quiet charm and zest for life if only because I live there.

MARILYN MYERS '47.

CITY TWILIGHT

The sky hangs low tonight
Thick grey-black clouds like
Windswept city dust
Are racing madly o'er the
 roofs.

The sky is sick tonight
Through weaving wires and
 sooty stacks
I see it, pale.
And twilight but a yellow
 streak
Along the water's edge.

YOLANDO CAVALLO '46

BOLINAS

CLIFFS, sea, wind, and sky are its essence. The lighthouse that looks out over the high edge of the cliff, the several fundamental stores that mark the town below—the Curio-Post Office, the Colonial Shop, the saloon—are, as the philosopher would say, but accidentals. The spirit of Bolinas is in the elements. The one main street rises, like Aphrodite, from the sea, circles the three-sided hill in a U turn, and ends curiously and abruptly as it began, in the Bay. That is true, as anyone who has been there can tell you. And on winter nights at high tide and during the time of the equinox great waves rear high, and break with a resounding crash which sends the waters surging up the southwest arm of the main street.

At one end of the town, which concentrates itself along the northeast arm of the U, the Coast Guard stairs rise like a Jacob's ladder to the cliff above. There are but three other means of getting to the top of the cliff: two roads (only one of which most cars will dare) wind up, one from the east and the other from the west side of the hill, and a precarious trail full of ruts and sharp turnings, a trail that only goats, nuns, and some few Dominican students can take with any dexterity. From anywhere along the cliff one has

a full prospect of the whole region, but there is one spot in particular there where the two roads and the trail meet just midway between the Lighthouse and Long Sands, the College week-end cottage, where, over yellow mustard grass and blue lupine, one can look far out to where the Bay merges into the ocean and farther still to where the ocean becomes diluted with distance and the sky. Directly below, the water eddies in and out of the channel according to the tides; across the channel curves the long white sand spit from which the cottage of Long Sands takes its name. To the southeast, across the quiet lagoon, rise sinewy green hills that are deep shadowed at sunset. To the north of the town a good mile down the highway, set back among eucalyptus trees, stands the white-steepled country church, behind it a sunny graveyard where lizards play on the mossing tomb stones. It is a church placed for the convenience of the farmers, not of the town folk.

Below the cliff and to the southwest the Bay curves in the shape of a quarter moon, the white wave-edged shore line making little curves within the larger curve of the Bay. One can follow with one's eye the whole walk to the reef: first, the smooth sanded beach where the swimming is good and the waves steam in evenly and slowly, then further along where pebbles and sharp rocks strew the sands, where one picks one's way

through fragments of rafts and ships and curious shells, and where sometimes a dead seal blocks one's path; then the stretch where the horn of the moon would be, where the roar of the waves dies to a gentle, quiet lapping, and finally to the reef itself where the Bay meets the ocean with angry churnings and the waves fill the caves with great surgings and much spray and where the wind is violent. Sometimes from the top of the cliff when the day is very clear one can see directly across the Bay what might seem to be a field of daisies, but is San Francisco in the sun. In September flocks of wild geese and ducks fly over the cliff, and always there are pelicans and cranes fishing in the channel below. At evening to the west the sun drops inch by inch below the mesa.

Such is Bolinas; its essence is in the cliffs, the wind and the sea and the sky. Its quintessence, we might say, is in the Long Sands cottage, which sits just comfortably back from the edge of the cliff, where, when the sun has gone and the wind grows cold, there is always the warmth of a great fire and the laughter of friends.

S. M. N.

FAIRFAX

THE TOWN of Fairfax was begun not by the English or the Welsh as the name would suggest, but by a group of Italians who wanted to find a place where they could settle down peacefully together and become citizens of the new nation to which they had come. Slowly, but with much pride, this settlement has grown to be a town as American as apple pie or the Star Spangled Banner. Yet its citizens represent many peoples all preserving characteristic traits peculiar to their nations, but all connected with one another by living together, laughing together, and loving the same things.

The town skirts the highway. Its center is of course the main street, where all sorts of stores and businesses are to be found. The activities cluster around an Elementary School, St. Ritas, the Catholic Church, the Protestant Community Church, the bank and the City Hall. Each citizen in Fairfax takes a personal interest in all that goes on in the town, turns out for every meeting, votes at every election, works for improvements and conscientiously attends town festivities. Perhaps the best example of this is the annual Hallowe'en party held at the school. There one can see the whole population, school children, parents, and unattached elders.

In the summer Fairfax dresses up in its best colors for the vacationers who crowd to its country club for a swim, a game of tennis, or just to enjoy its restfulness. The townspeople are not resentful of these visitors, but remain slightly aloof and go on unassumingly about their usual business. On the contrary the restaurants, of which there are many, rejoice when the summer season rolls around, for their Italian proprietors like nothing better than to open their doors to outsiders and receive new praise for dishes cooked in the fashion of Italy, fit for royalty, and served in a hospitable family style. Places like "Deer Park Villa," "Rossi's," and "Buon Gusto," have become justly renowned for their wholesome delicacies.

Fairfax has a few wealthy and prominent members, a few perennial loafers, even its Rip Van Winkle; but the average citizen is a hard working small-town man with an interest in his family, his town, and his neighbor. Many are small farmers who labor by the sweat of their brow to raise their food, proud of this honest labor, and of their crops. Small neat farm houses spread on all sides of the business section, show best by their prosperous appearance the kind of people that care for them.

"No one ever starved in Fairfax." This statement the people delight to make. It testifies to their true neighborliness, which is also seen in the way they

greet each other. One cannot walk down the street without hearing such friendly words as "Hello Bill, how's your boy?" or "I hear you're having trouble at home; if there's anything I can do please let me know."

The townspeople, very loyal to one another, are no more quick to welcome new residents than summer visitors, but once accepted the mark of being a Fairfax citizen follows through life, and the friends one makes there are staunch always. Although near enough to San Francisco not to be isolated, Fairfax is far enough away to be countrified. It might shock a fashionably dressed San Francisco woman to see a housewife walking to the store wearing an old sweater and her husband's hat to keep the sun from her face. But living close to earth as they do, these people know the fundamentals of true living; they discard the superficialities and live as happy, contented citizens in a town which reflects their spirit and character.

PEGGY McCORMICK '46.

SAUSALITO

THROUGHOUT all Marin County, there is not a more fascinating city than Sausalito. Its Mediterranean atmosphere of climate and aspect make it fully as lovely as southern France and Italy; its plumbing makes it even more comfortable.

Anything written about Sausalito should appear in two volumes: what it once was, and what it has come to be. The delicate charm of hillside villas and house boats is easily snuffed out when a giant industry crowds in between them and introduces into their almost Bohemian population, twenty thousand turbulent, inland people. Anything may happen and probably will, but remember that Sausalito wasn't always as it is now.

It was once a main source of water supply for San Francisco. Springs abounded in Old Sausalito, or what is now Fort Baker, which lies practically under the Bay Bridge. Indians would cross the Golden Gate in canoes to obtain their needed water here. In an 1887 edition of the *Marin County Journal*, there is an interesting account of sailing ships anchored in the Bay to stock their barrels from the Sausalito springs before beginning their voyages.

New Sausalito fronts on Richardson Bay and first belonged to Captain Guillermo Antonio Richardson

by a land claim granted in 1835. After his death, his twenty thousand acre parcel of land soon passed into diverse hands. Its deep water frontage and level town site make it ideal for a harbor, and its climate and absence of marsh land made it a healthy place in which to live. The magnificent view of Oakland and the Bay's islands attracted many wealthy persons from San Francisco to Sausalito, mostly English people who wanted to retire from the vulgarity of a growing city.

By 1869 the growth of population, though not approaching San Francisco's by a vast difference, seemed to warrant a larger ferry system, so the Sausalito Land and Ferry Company was incorporated, starting with a small side wheel steamer and so few commuters that the captain would make sure to take roll before shoving off, because he said he could not afford to forget even one passenger.

Sausalito, the "place of a little willow copse," is a composition of hills, sea, and woods so picturesque that it is irresistible to all comers. Homes cling to the steep, sharp hills and their gardens climb up to them as though reaching for support. At sundown the sun dances in the water near Coyote Point and Raccoon Straits, and the tide laps ever gently the rocks along the coast. The coast hills have been described as sculptured, so definite is their outline.

They rise bare of any vegetation except the grass, which is fascinating in its changing colors. No wonder Sausalito has become a home to so many people sensitive to beauty: poets, artists and writers. Jack London wrote many of his Sea Stories in the wooden structure called "The Little Gallery on the Sea," that still stands in Sausalito. Kathleen Norris grew up here and made the town the setting of her novel, *Saturday's Child*. Charles Nordhoff and James Hall, authors of *Hurricane* and *Mutiny on the Bounty*, lived and wrote here for a time. Cobb avenue is named after Irvin S. Cobb because he once had his residence there.

The Bay is the most important element of Sausalito's charm. House boats and shipyards dot the water front. One little shipyard turns out sardine smacks and another brand new yard builds collapsible sail boats and sends them to Los Angeles and the Great Lakes.

Sausalito is the home of many sea wandering vessels. One of the best is the *Wanderbird*, a two-masted schooner which in the past has matched its sails with the unbeaten sea many times, but now just houses its owners. Down near the Point is the massive *Pacific Queen*. A high masted ship, it was built in London in the seventeenth century. Why it is anchored permanently at Sausalito I don't know, but at the mo-

ment Warner Brothers Studio owns it and uses it for movie scenes.

Now Volume I ends and Volume II begins with a veil of smoke and banality brought by a blast of unorganized migrators lured not by any loveliness but by patriotic work and high pay. But then, anything can happen and some day soon the inland people may know as much about standing at a till and jibbing a tatline and ducking a boom as though they had been bred on the Bay and a sail boat. This accomplishment would make them rightful Sausalitans and return Sausalito to its Mediterranean character once more.

MARILYN MYERS '47.

SAN RAFAEL

FORTY or fifty thousand years before Christ there roamed on the Western coast of North America ferocious beasts, the lumbering mammoth, the snarling lion, the horned buffalo and others. And one of these creatures was man.

Was that before or after California had been a great lake, her mountains only islands in a desert sea? Had some of these aborigines seen these islands gradually rise until dry land and rivers emerged? Had they listened to the rumblings of the distant volcanoes whose lava filled up the Dead Rivers of California? Had they listened to the dropping of the seeds from which sprang the great trees of Calaveras and Mariposa? How did they get to California? Had they crawled across the Bering Straits and gradually crept southward following the sun, or had their thick skulls been able to conceive the idea of traversing a small channel of water on a plane propelled by wide slabs of wood? Who knows? At any rate, in 1579, the historian of Sir Francis Drake's memorable voyage found "huts along the bay with a fire in the middle of each and the people lying around it on rushes. The men were naked, but the women wore a deerskin around their shoulders and around their waists a covering of bullrushes."

These same people gazed through the mist mantling the Golden Gate at the Spanish caravel sent out to explore the Bay of San Francisco and they watched fearfully the approach of the bearded Franciscans.

Where are those twelve hundred and fifty Indians that the missionaries converted and cared for? They seem to have been absorbed into the soil around the Bay. The Mission Dolores still stands to bear witness to them in San Francisco and there is one other remnant of their history left in a few pear trees that still mark the site where the Mission San Rafael once stood.

In 1817, when Europe was trying to rebuild a devastated continent, two lone missionaries erected a building which was to be the cornerstone of a new city, a city of peace and a city of health, a city that was to know no great calamities, no great booms, no mushroom industrial growth, and no great fame, yet a city that has come to be known as one of the garden spots of the world, San Rafael.

The town was to mature quietly and gradually, with few growing pains. The first adobe house, that built by Don Timoteo Murphy, where John C. Fremont paced restlessly up and down in the Bear Flag days, has been wrecked and the court house stands on its site. The gold speculators who crossed the Bay in whaleboats hired by the Virginia and Baltimore

companies have long since disappeared; the people of fashion who brought a gala moment to San Rafael in the days of the horse and carriage, before the old hotel, now burned, grew shabby, have moved down the Peninsula, leaving memories of their brief flicker in many of the town's beautiful old English residences.

The Swiss and Italian immigrants who sought fertile pastures in the "Switzerland of America" are now but names. The Portuguese peasants who sought dairy lands on the graduated slopes that surround the valley are a long while dead, but memories of the Al-caldes and the Spanish longhorns, the turmoil of the Bear Flag days, and the fever of the Forty-niners still remain. Those Swiss and Italian and Spanish and Portuguese have left an indelible imprint upon the population and the character of San Rafael. They were the ones who built houses and barns of white pine among the wide spreading laurels and evergreen oaks. They were the ones who changed San Rafael from a steer community to a dairy center. It is their children that attend the schools of which San Rafael citizens boast. It is the children of San Francisco business men who have sought a healthful playground, that mingle with and marry those children of the Old World. They and their descendants are the people who have watched dirt roads give way to asphalt, wooden build-

ings change to concrete, horses succumb to the automobile, and the Great Bridge take the place of the white ferry boats that used to dot the Bay.

San Rafael has grown since that cold December day when the two missionaries began their labors in 1817, but it is no great metropolis. The war has greatly increased its population and its activities, because of its nearness to Hamilton Field, but it is still a city in which to play as well as work, a city where one can see green hills decked with blue lupin and orange poppies, a city where pear trees planted by Father Junipero Serra blossom in profusion, a city where orange and lemon trees grow in the gardens, a city where small farmers are friendly with bank presidents, a city which is still guarded by Mount Tamalpais that rises twenty-seven hundred feet above it. In its fertile soil are bedded the bones of Indians, English, Russians, Spanish, Swiss, Italian and Portuguese, and in the veins of its citizens flows the blood of those same peoples.

If the blood of all these peoples can merge and emerge so triumphantly as it has in this "City of Health," it must be possible for those same peoples who live next door to one another, or across the street

—even with the ocean or a channel running down the middle—to live as neighbors and in peace. It has happened here.

MARNO PRINCE FREITAS '44.

PEACE INTERLUDE

Sleep now in peace.
You need no longer look on death-fraught skies
For war, blight-laden, has a moment's end.
Now we can hear deep prayers of thanks,
A sonless mother's cry, or hungry babes,
But no more planes, or shattering guns.
On paths of brittle promises we rest,
Yet, bound to earth, we shrunken-minded men
Lay plans to rule the universe.
God sadly smiles . . . and lets us plan again.

VISION-BOUND

Lucifer, light-bearer, proud one,
You, from the great simplicity dashed,
Scattering sparks enkindled man;
Prometheus-fated, by you tied
On two-edged sword of right and wrong.
Pierced by your shadow-searing beam
The inner eye distended wide
Is set, and cannot turn its gaze.
Deprived of peace, we, vision-bound
Must struggle on.

B. H. '46.

THE SAN FRANCISCAN

TO ONE who has not stood high upon a wind-swept hill watching the stealthy fog blanket the rolling hills of Marin County, creep across the bay, and settle down over the city of St. Francis lying below in breath-taking panorama, or to one who has witnessed this sight but has not thrilled to it, the civic pride of a San Franciscan will be incomprehensible at best.

For a San Franciscan is, first and foremost, just that. He thinks of himself, for the most part, neither as an American nor as a Californian. His greatest pride is hearing applied to himself the words "San Francisco born and bred," rather than "native son."

But he is tolerant, this San Franciscan. He is tolerant of the San Franciscan by adoption—of those to whom the command "Go West" was a personal one, and who have found this city by the Golden Gate the pot of gold at the end of their own personal rainbow. He welcomes them to his city with characteristic hospitality—they have made their choice, and he feels it is a good one.

He has been known to tolerate corrupt city government, so-called backwardness and lack of progress, evil conditions of all possible types. But let him become sufficiently roused, and he will not rest until

the situation is remedied. As an individual, he will write letters to his newspaper, be it "San Francisco's Only Home-Owned Newspaper" or one of the other three. He will stir up his friends and acquaintances with 'phone calls, personal calls, and literature, and he will find out the opinions of his neighbors. As a group, he will insist in a loud and demanding voice that "Something must be done about this." And something is.

Tradition means much to him, more than progress and more than monetary gain. He will not sacrifice his beloved cable cars for buses. He gave a farewell party for the ferries which had so faithfully plied the bay for years, when they were forced into retirement by the long orange and silver spans. He prefers crowded sidewalks to giving up the gay flower-stands which blossom on the downtown corners.

There is music in his soul, the San Franciscan. The clanging greeting of the cable cars as they pass each other on the steep California Street hills, the mournful note of the fog-horns late at night, the Ferry Building noon whistle, the Sunday afternoon band concert in the park, the roar of the surf at the Ocean Beach—these and more are, to him, a San Francisco symphony.

There is poetry in his heart, the San Franciscan. Blossoming cherry trees reflected in the still pool in

the tea-garden in the park, the men's choir at Old St. Mary's on a Sunday morning, the sweetly solemn faces of the children who call Chinatown home, the greenness of Union Square in contrast to tall buildings rising on every side—each is a line in an "Ode to a City Fair."

There is laughter in his throat, the San Franciscan. The gay "Forty-niners" fiesta which preceded the Fair, the antics of Emperor Norton, the sea lions sunning themselves and cavorting on Seal Rocks, the excitement of a parade on Market Street—all these the San Franciscan can laugh at and more. For he can also laugh at himself.

He is friendly, the San Franciscan. He has been accused of being cold and indifferent, as has his city. He is difficult to know but worth knowing, as is his city. He is gay, sad, serious, light-hearted, reforming, tolerant, as is his city, the city called San Francisco.

PATRICIA CONLAN '48.

FOG

Fog shrouds the ugliness of city night,
Blots out the dreariness of cold, dead streets.
Grey mistiness obliterates that world from sight
Whose maddened day-heart moves with slower beats.

From the chaotic clash of crowded life,
Come to this silence that dulls, cures, and gives;
Leave all your bitterness, your mental strife,
Hate dies in loneliness, faith rests and lives.

TERESE BURKE '48

THE SAGUAROS OF SONORA

Have you seen the spined saguaros
populating the desert of Sonora?
lifting arms in supplication,
in perennial supplication,
for the lovely feel of water
in waterless Sonora?

Sated with the ardency of sun,
are these yearning for the touch
of moistening amorphous mist?
Fearing death by desiccation,
are these reaching for a cloud
nonexistent in the glaring blue?
Faint with heat and suffocation,
are these praying for the boon
of rarely-falling, bias rain?
Urged by thirst, do they see planets
miraged globules—gleaming dew?
A bowl of water is the moon?

Do you know the tall saguaros
sentinelling the desert of Sonora?
crooking arms in mute entreaty,
strange, dark arms in mute entreaty,
for the sliding wet of water
in waterless Sonora?

Though their pleas seem seldom heeded
in this land of noon calescent,
where the air is sweltering, sultry,
where the wind is parched and stifling,
through the cycling of the seasons,
sweet-pulped pears, with skin all slivers,
and blossoms yellow-pale they offer.
Do their prayers remain unanswered?

Would you meet these giant cacti
beautifying the desert of Sonora?
these pleaders, semi-human,
these poets, many-armed,
these worshippers of water
in waterless Sonora.

A. B. I. Shone

MOTHER CABRINI

WHEN she wanted to be a simple and obscure nun in some existing community, she was told by her Bishop to found a new missionary institute. When she longed to go to China, Pope Leo XIII pointed to America." So writes Monsignor Aristeo Simoni of Francesca Cabrini, who at Seattle, in 1909 took her oath of allegiance to the United States. A twentieth century saint, she was beatified November 13, 1938. "She will be," says Theodore Maynard in his biography of her, *Too Small a World*, "the first United States citizen to be canonized."

"A frail little nun," Pope Pius XI called her. In Mr. Maynard's book you can see a picture of her, clad in the habit of the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart, her order, whose founder, she used to say with the humility which is truth, was the Sacred Heart, its foundress the Blessed Virgin. One searches the simply-veiled face for the spirit that makes her story one of the sort Theodore Maynard says all Americans love, a story of glittering success, but of a success not achieved by the usual means. One would infer that her means were unusual from the picture. The face is regular enough, the forehead high and broad, the mouth straight and strong, the

eyes wide apart; arresting eyes, with the deep-seeing look of the mystic, for Francesca Cabrini was a mystic, although her life seemed to be one of astounding and almost continual activity.

She first became a religious in an orphanage known as the House of Providence, in Codogno, a little town in Lombardy. Her novitiate was one of peculiar difficulties, and she had the extraordinary experience of being appointed superior as soon as she made her vows, the other novices at the ceremony making their profession to her. From then on she was called Mother Cabrini. Her difficulties did not end with her new responsibility. At the end of three purgatorial years in which she trained the seven Sisters who were her first disciples, the Bishop of Lodi sent for her. "I know that you want to become a missionary," he told her. "I know of no missionary order of women. Why not found one yourself?" Her answer was, "I will look for a house."

Francesca found her house, and she and her seven Sisters had at last a convent of their own. Here she made the beginning of the new foundation, which eventually came to be known as the Institute of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart. The beginning of her great end, an apostolate in foreign lands, was the establishment of a house in Rome.

While Mother Cabrini was growing stronger and

more experienced in her work in Italy, the Italian emigrants in America were increasing in great numbers, but their dreams of a land of plenty in the New World had become a reality of black poverty, material and spiritual. "Here," writes one Italian from America, "we live like animals; one lives and dies without a priest, without teachers, without doctors." Because of this desolation of her own people Francesca Cabrini went not to China, but to America.

She crossed the Atlantic Ocean more than twenty times. She founded orphanages and schools and hospitals throughout the United States, for sorely suffering Italians; but the world, she said, was a ball that the Infant Jesus was holding out in His hand for the Missionary Sisters. There was need of Francesca in Central America and among the Spanish-speaking people of Argentina and the Portuguese-speaking people of Brazil; there she found the children of the rich often poorer than the children of the poor. To reach them she traveled through a hurricane that stormed up from the Caribbean Sea; she crossed the Andes on muleback; and she faced opposition open and covert worse than any raging of the sea. A letter written to her Sisters from Buenos Aires ends with the words, "Prayer, confidence and total abandonment to God will always be our arms. We are good for nothing . . . But I can do all things in Him who

strengthens me." And she was strengthened: every obstacle seemed to go down before her resolution, her native shrewdness and her faith. She had in her the essential qualities Father Petitot names as among those of the saints, charity, humility, patience, sweetness, austerity, independence, audacity and perseverance. In a confession made at the end of her life she could not accuse herself of disobedience, she said, for she had never been disobedient; because she was selfless and her ends were great she won always the support of those in authority.

Her scope was international. From Italy she went to the Americas then back to Europe, to France and Spain; but although she is an international figure she is a saint who should be especially dear to the United States. The United States may be said to have a special claim on her. She became a citizen in Seattle; in Los Angeles she first celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of her Institute; she died in Chicago and her body rests in the chapel of the Mother Cabrini High School in New York; the orphanage that she founded at West Park in New York and where she had hoped to spend her last quiet days had always seemed to her, we are told, very near Paradise.

A very great woman was Blessed Francesca Cabrini. In her frail frame so often worn by sickness,

burned the fire of her love for the Sacred Heart, whose image she saw in humanity, especially in the weak, the sick and the poor no matter of what rank or race. Of very special interest is it to us that the best life of her, a vivid and sympathetic biography, is by Theodore Maynard who once taught literature here in our college, and who used to write poetry in the little house in our grove. This paper is but a sketch of a great woman who has been beatified. Her life should be read as it is portrayed in its fullness in Theodore Maynard's *Too Small a World*.

S.C.M.

THE LURE OF THE WEST

WHERE is the West, the fabulous place to which so many people journeyed for new opportunities and new life? Depending upon the various points of view, the term West has designated many places. The idea of the West, as considered in the history of the United States, first took shape in the minds of the people of Europe who immigrated to the New World. In reality it was they who first opened the western frontier.

Even in America the term West was a nebulous one, knowing few boundaries. It was the land beyond the sunset; it was synonymous with opportunity. To the settlers in the New England colonies the West was New York State. To the Virginians the West was the land over the mountains as far as the Mississippi. To the people of the great American desert it was the land beyond the Rockies.

The epic of the West in America is the story of the growth and development of the United States, a story made vibrant by the spirit of the people who sought the land beyond the sunset. There were many reasons for going West: social, economic, and political reasons. In the early days of our country when the colonists were suffering from the severe cold of winter, it was the trapper who journeyed into the

forests seeking furbearing animals whose pelts would bring a fancy price in the settlements. Back with him he also brought tales of the land beyond the mountains where lay rich fertile soil unexploited by man; there also, lay room for free and uninhibited growth. The stuffiness and increasing congestion of the colonies on the eastern slope urged man to settle in the country beyond the mountains, in the land of the Western Waters.

Quickly the migration began; the colonies were left behind to the less adventurous. First came the squatter, his meager belongings crowded on an old wagon. For him life was far from easy as he set out on the toilsome trail that led into the sunset. He had to blaze trails, urge his poking stock up the slopes, force the wagon with the family possessions over the rutty trails, and try to forage for food as he traveled. Once in the land of his choice the squatter had to clear the ground, plant his crops, and plan defenses that would ward off the attacks of weather, crop blight, and the hostile red man who saw the colonists' advance as a threat to his security.

Others on the seaboard watched the pioneer, his hardships and his successes. They looked about their cozy towns and noted the influx of refugees from the continents. They saw their towns bulging with immigrants who had been prompted to turn to the New

World because of potato famines and continental revolutions. The "old timers" vaguely resented the encroachment of the "newcomers," and following the example of the squatters who had earlier gone into the land of the Western Waters, they too, journeyed westward on trails now well worn.

So it was that the second migration over the mountains was that of the settlers who built more substantial shelters, who cultivated the land more thoroughly, and whose presence eventually urged the squatter to gather again his possessions, load his wagon, and trek ever towards the western horizon. The pioneers were the frontier openers, the settlers were the frontier cultivators.

Gradually the land to the east of the Mississippi was being populated, and crops of all sorts were planted. Great pressure was being put on the frontier by the multitude of migrants. More and more people were coming over the mountains seeking the opportunity which the expanses of the West offered. Happily the pressure of the frontier was removed when in 1803 the Louisiana territory was purchased from necessitous Napoleon and the country to the west of the Mississippi was opened to the pioneer and eventually to the settler. Plantations arose in the new country to the southwest and darkies could be heard singing the melodious verses of spirituals as they toiled in

the sunny cotton fields. America was beginning to feel her pulse beat, and her heart was singing. It was a new song, the chorus of which was to grow with the frontier.

The acquisition of the Louisiana territory settled forever the question of the free use of the Mississippi river, the main artery of inland transportation. The frontiersmen were uninhibited in their use of the waterway both for trade and further expansion. Flat-boats toiled up the river, laden with wares from foreign ports; they glided down the river stocked with the produce of the midwestern lands bound for the market in New Orleans.

While gaudy towns rose on the river banks, while revival meetings were held in gambling houses with roulette tables for pulpits, and while the land east of the river was developing a purely American way of living, the frontiersmen were still traveling west, using as the inland highway, the Mississippi and its tributaries. It was not uncommon in the early days of the Nineteenth Century to see seventy-foot rafts floating down the rivers. Often there might be seen upon these rafts a barn, a hay stack with cattle feeding about it, and a house complete, with granny sitting in the doorway rocking and knitting. The Mississippi and the Ohio brought to America her river songs and "Ole Man River" was a by-word to the westerners.

Shortly after the opening of the Louisiana territory an event occurred on the east coast which gave impetus to frontier expansion. In 1820 the banks failed and the property of thousands was swept away. People were destitute until they did as man had first done over seventy years before. They looked to the West, for surely there was opportunity, surely a land of such colossal size and richness would afford many prizes, and in the West could be found no impassable social barriers. To the ambitious, all was open.

The new cry of the migrants was "Try, try the new country, try the new resources, try the new life." Wealth and opportunity were open to all who would try. And so they journeyed to the land east of the Mississippi, driving the Indians from their path and planting crops of grain which were to become the gold lure of the Middle West.

There were further motives which developed in the growing United States for further expansion to the Rockies and ultimately the Pacific slopes. The South was land greedy for slave states so that it might keep its hold on a majority in the Senate. Texas cattle owners wanted land for grazing their longhorns, and so the epic of cowboys flowered in the West. To the Northwest the Oregon territory beckoned alluringly to trappers and fishermen. Then, perhaps most important of all, there came from California the growing

echo of Marshall's startling discovery—gold. Across the nation the electrifying cry was heard. City dweller, settler, farmer all heeded the call, "Find gold and find fortune, and do it quickly." The shout of "California, here we come" was raised again and again. By wagon trains the fortune hunters came, by railroad trains they came, too. Across the great desert, across the Rockies into the fertile western valleys. America was singing the song of the forty-niners and a riotous song it was.

There were few lures remaining to call people West as the nation grew after the Civil War. There was no need for land grabbing for slave or free states, there was no expansion of cotton lands in the South, because hiring negroes was expensive, there was no longer an urgent call to California for gold. The tide of Western migration was slowly receding.

People settled once again; villages, towns and cities grew. Wire fences bounded the once free range of the cattlemen, the Indian settled peacefully on the reservations and looked longingly at the broad expanse of land which had once been his. The West soon reached maturity and a dignified calm which it had not known for over a hundred years. Industries grew under the encouraging cry of "Manifest Destiny" and the pioneer put down his gun to pick up his tools. The Western frontier had closed with the gun-shot

opening of Oklahoma's territory.

Now the "lure of the West" is a nostalgic memory which causes the "old timers" to pause in their work and to dream of the days when the West was young, when the West meant to all a golden opportunity.

MADLYN MEAGHER '48.

REFRACTIONS*

Blinding like gold glanced from an ebon wing
Whose swift refractive shadow in the sun
Deceives with brilliance, these reflections sing,
Curvet and dazzle with invincible fun:
"They loved the little children. They were kind . . .
Yes, they did make us bow. If we forgot
They made us bow *three* times!" A twinkle lined
The clear, sweet, shining face. "And it was hot
With not much water. But we sang!" Her smile . . .
"Such jolly songs.—Some people died, and some
Would dig the graves, leaning to rest a while."
She told the sport they had. We laughed — laughed
and were dumb:
Till hours later with her presence gone
We stared into the horror she had known.

S.W.T.

*In December of 1945 at Dominican College, Sister Fredericka of the Maryknoll Order reported on her experiences in a concentration camp during the Japanese occupation of the Philippines.

FLIGHT JACKET

Night comes,
Silent with love,
Your heavy jacket of black,
Stars for insignia,
Moon for rank;

A rolled dark cloud,
Framing sky,
Is your turned-up collar of fur.

Reach down, night-flier,
Through time and space,
And take the world
In your soaring arms.

BEVERLY STOUT '49.

THE SEEING HEART

THE SCENE:

A small, unpretentious, but cheerful living room. It is simply furnished. At the left is a drop-leaf table, by it a door leading to the kitchen. At the right there are two doors, one leading to the hall outside and one to the other rooms of the apartment. Slightly left of center, back, there is a window. It is early evening and the room is semi-dark. A man in his late twenties is sitting in an armchair by the window. He is wearing dark glasses. The radio is playing softly.

ENTER:

Kay, through door right. She is a young woman in her early twenties, dressed in a tailored suit. Her arms are full of bundles, obviously groceries. She kicks the door closed behind her.

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Kay (smiling cheerfully) : Hello, Tom. Help me with these, will you? I'm really loaded down tonight.

Tom (not changing expression and remaining seated) : I might knock over some of the furniture. You can manage.

Kay (hesitating, then crossing to the table and putting down the bundles) . You mean the days of chivalry are over? (Lightly) .

(She crosses to him, bends down and kisses him. He does not move) .

Kay: How are you?

Tom: Just the same as I was this morning—and last night; and will be tomorrow morning and tomorrow night. Must you always ask how I am? (His tone is bitter) .

Kay (straightens up, looking suddenly tired and older. She draws a deep breath) : We're having steak for dinner. The butcher saved a T-bone for me. I was so glad he remembered.

(She crosses to the table, picks up the bundles and carries them into the kitchen. She speaks from there) .

Mr. Allen's secretary is leaving to be married, Tom. He offered me the job today—and a twenty-dollar a month raise. Isn't that exciting?

(She stands in the doorway looking at him) .

Tom (in a flat expressionless voice) : Congratulations! I'm glad you're such a success. (He pauses, then continues) : No doubt they feel sorry for you, having to support your husband—your blind husband. Next they'll probably be taking up a collection to buy me a guide dog. (He laughs; it is a hard sound) .

Kay: That's unfair, Tom. I've been assistant secretary for three years. I—I'd rather thought I was promoted because they knew I could do the job. You aren't very flattering.

Tom: I'm sorry, Kay. I know that isn't fair but—Oh, God, I'm so tired of sitting in this room all day every day, listening to the same news every hour on the hour, hearing them talk about another war when, for some of us, this one will never be over. I'm so sick and tired of thinking, Kay. Thinking of you going to work every day to support me. Thinking of when the doctors will let me get out and what I'll do when I can get out of here. Thinking of—how much better it would have been for both of us if I hadn't come back at all.

Kay (running across the room and kneeling beside him, her hands on his shoulders): Don't say that, Tom. (She shakes him slightly). Don't ever dare say that again. I've been living for the day when you would come home. That's all I've wanted and now I have it. I don't care if you are blind. You're still the same Tom I married, and I love you. I love going to work because when I come home you're here waiting for me. I love cooking meals for two again because I know you'll be sitting across the table from me. I'm happy, Tom, and I want you to be happy, too.

Tom (shaking his head): We can't just ignore the past years and pretend we're newlyweds again, Kay. Too much has happened that we can't do anything about.

Kay: Who said anything about ignoring the past few

years? Who wants to? According to medical reports, you're blind. All right, Tom, you can't see with your eyes. But you can see with your heart—if you'll try. You can taste, touch, smell, and hear. You don't need your eyes, Tom.

Tom: Kay, you're sweet. But it's no use. I can't see. I can feel the sun coming through the windows on my face, but I can't see the blue sky. I can eat a delicious dinner, but I can't see the colored pottery plates. I can hear the kids playing in the street outside, but I can't get out there and pass a football with them as I used to. It's just no use.

Kay (urgently) : Tom, remember when you were first on the paper, and you'd have trouble writing a story. You used to say "Sometimes I just can't think how to say a thing, Kay. But if I close my eyes I can see it all so clearly." Why can't you do that now, Tom?

Tom (wearily) : Now I can't open and close my eyes at will, Kay. There's nothing to see when I close my eyes because I can't see.

Kay: Tom, didn't Jack offer you an editorial job on the paper when you're ready?

Tom: Yes.

Kay: Are you going to take it?

Tom: It wouldn't be fair to Jack, Kay. He's trying to do a friend a favor. But he can't afford an editorial writer who won't be of any use to him.

Kay: Tom, you don't have to see with your eyes to write editorials. You know as much about what's going on in the world as anyone else, and understand it better. And I can help. You used to like to have me help with a story.

Tom: It's no use, Kay. I can't believe there's any place for a blind man in a seeing world.

Kay (getting up) : You mean you won't believe it.

(She crosses, goes through door to kitchen. Tom nervously drums his fingers on the arm of his chair. From the kitchen there are sounds of dinner preparations. Kay speaks, from the kitchen) : Milk or tea with dinner, Tom?

Tom (after a moment, sarcastically) : I'm not an invalid, Kay. I'll have coffee if you don't mind.

(He gets up and crosses the room slowly, feeling his way. There is nothing but static on the radio. He turns it off. On his way back to the chair he bumps into a table. The objects on it rattle) .

Tom: Damn!

(Kay comes to the door and watches for a moment. She sighs inaudibly, then returns to the kitchen. Tom settles himself in his chair and lights a cigarette. In a moment Kay reappears. She is holding a table-cloth which she unfolds and places on the table) .

Kay: I thought we'd use the lace cloth—after all, we should celebrate when we have a steak.

(She looks toward Tom. He is silent. She returns to the kitchen and comes back carrying a small vase which she places in the center of the table. In the other hand she carries two bunches of violets. She starts to put them in the vase, hesitates, and crosses to her husband).

Kay: Smell these, Tom. Aren't they wonderful?

(He is silent. She looks disappointed).

Kay: Don't they remind you of anything?

Tom: Sure, Kay, sure. They remind me of the night we met. So what?

Kay: I fell in love with you that night, Tom. I can remember every minute of it. Can't you?

Tom (unwillingly): Oh, I guess so. You—you had on a blue dress, Kay. You looked very beautiful, and I hadn't even brought you flowers.

Kay: And on the way to the party you stopped to get them. While I sat in the car waiting I said to myself, "If he buys a purple orchid I'll know he hasn't any imagination." But you bought violets and they were perfect. I knew I loved you at that moment, Tom.

Tom (half chuckling): I didn't tell you till after we were married that violets were all I could afford that night. That was when I was first on the paper, earning twenty dollars a week—twenty a week more than I'm earning now.

Kay: You do remember. (She smiles and goes on

softly) : And at the party we danced, Tom. Remember? We danced until three in the morning. We always did dance beautifully together.

(She puts a hand on his arm) : Tom, dance with me now.

Tom (his face again wearing a closed look) : Wouldn't that be a picture? A blind man trying to dance! (He laughs, bitterly) .

Kay: Tom, please! (Her voice is pleading) : Tom, I haven't danced in two years.

(She takes his hands and pulls him to his feet. Unwillingly he puts his arms around her. She is still holding the violets in her left hand. They take a few hesitating steps and bump into a chair) .

Tom: See, I told you. It can't be done.

Kay: Silly! In a nine by twelve living room, how could you help bumping into the furniture at least once?

(They continue dancing. He seems to gain more assurance) .

This is fun.

Tom (beginning to enjoy himself, much against his will) : You know, it reminds me of that other night—I mean the violets and dancing and all. You know, I can close my eyes and see you that night; you were beautiful.

Kay (wonderingly) : What did you say?

Tom: I said I can close my eyes and see

(He stops, and stands in the middle of the room looking at her).

Kay: You see! (tenderly).

Tom: (wonderingly) : Yes, I'm beginning to see.

Kay (smiles. Takes his arm, looking up at him) : I believe dinner is ready, darling.

(They walk toward the table).

PATRICIA CONLAN '48.

MOUNTAIN LAKE

Beneath the still infinity of blue
The water's shining morning face
Untroubled in the early quiet air
Images silent tapestry, the figured scene
Which cups it firm in hollowed mountain strength.
Greybeard austerity of spired rock
Frowning below the teasing patterns that the wind
Dances, laced in the white ballet-skirts of the clouds;
Young pines, stiff in sweet sobriety
Of whispered comments passed by silver tongues;
The dahlia richness of the brush, rust-red and gold
And yellow-green, clothing the climbing bleakness
of the slope

All these, and the invisible infinity of sky
Shimmer in the silver mirror of the lake.
Below the silent surface, what strange life
Lies motionless, held in the lucent depths
Of green gold-guled by shifting spears of light;
Unseen but to the peering eye, sickly weird
Dead branches, whitened stones, intertwining vines,
Things pallid, meaningless, a carcassed world.

Ancient of days, let now my morning soul
Image the richness of the fatherhood,
And in the hollow of thy mighty hand
Mirror thy varied unity. Oh cover spread
Upon the dim distortions of my soul,
Hide my dead ugliness by shining down
Fair image of the life in which I live.

LEE HARTWELL, AUGUST '45.

SEA FOAM

Sea foam covered white sails,
Sea waves thumped against our bow.
Lazy swells.
We sailed,
Rolling, swaying, drifting,
Clouds swaying with us.
What a perfect day to sail.

BEVERLY STOUT '49.

SURRENDER

To end this quarrel would admit defeat.
This I do wish my pride would let me do;
Then I could fling my anger at your feet
And let my caged-up self fly back to you.
Would you, then, give me a paternal smile,
Place a slow, patient hand upon my head?
If so, my heart could never stand that trial,
Red indignation would flare up instead.

Or, would your darkened, stormy eyes revert
To tenderness, and say you understand;
Or would your touch, like balm, relieve my hurt
If you should hold my head with your curved hand?
It is too much for pride to battle on;
My walls are down, all my defense is gone.

MARGUERITE LUSSIER '47

CAMPUS ACTIVITIES

CLUBS

CLUBS have waxed and waned this year.

Las Modernistas have met and made merry in the interest of Spanish culture, celebrating at Meadowlands with their usual color and gaiety. They are looking forward to a Pan-American Day in the late spring, and Professor Torres Rioseco has promised to lend it his support.

The IRC has met more regularly and consistently than any other club, even more so than the student body itself. Every other Tuesday finds all history majors and minors, as well as others interested, at Benincasa, where world affairs are discussed. Another peculiar feature of the club is the work that goes into each report: it must be well prepared to withstand the cross-examination of the president Gloria Peggs, and the widely ranging and exact information of our adviser. Though we may groan when called upon to join the discussion, most of us recognize the real contribution the IRC makes to our knowledge of current affairs.

The Science Club gave their usual dinner at Edge Hill, cooked it themselves, and enjoyed themselves

greatly through the whole evening. They sponsored a talk by Dr. Carroll on the atomic bomb, and are now planning several talks on current scientific interests. The height of the dinner-evening, we have heard, was the song by Henriette Cozza at the Club's initiation ceremony.

The Music Club has met regularly at least once a month in Miss Ray's studio in Angelico Hall. The students have played for their own pleasure, and that of any interested visitor. Maria Stoesser has generously come from Berkeley again this year and has once more stirred a group of very appreciative listeners. They have also had meetings preliminary to concerts in Angelico Hall to study and analyze the pieces to be played.

The Sociology Club has done things. They have helped to organize boy scout games, have visited asylums and have gone on various other expeditions and they have also had the pleasure of entertaining Miss Moriarti, a social worker in San Francisco, who talked to them at Benincasa about the care of dependent children.

THE HONOR SOCIETY

The whole school attended with legitimate pride the ceremony at which the new members were admitted to Gamma Sigma, the Honor Society of the College. The ceremony took place in the assembly hall at Meadowlands, Barbara Beall, the president, presiding. Olive Biddle, Yolanda Cavallo, Betty Lou Dalton, Rosemary Halley, Patricia Mason, and Yvonne Rossi were received amid the acclamations of the student body who have a whole-hearted pleasure in the scholastic achievement of their College.

Dr. Kurt Reinhardt, of Stanford University, was the guest speaker of the occasion. His subject was *The Humanism of Jacques Maritain*. After the ceremony he was entertained at dinner with the College faculty at Benincasa.

THE POETRY CLUB

CERTAIN people are said to be water diviners. They point to a spot and give the command "Dig." The command is obeyed and water clear and pure rills out of the ground.

It may be also that there are diviners of verse. Some one gives them a fragment of metrical composition and they say, "This is good! Now work on it." A word of suggestion, a change here and there, a tightening of expression and a composition that we are pleased to call poetry rills forth.

Such are the proceedings of Kate Rennie Archer, herself the author of several books of verse, who is conducting for the first time a poetry club in the College, partly for the pure fostering of any latent talent for verse and partly in preparation for the Poetry Festival to be held under the auspices of the College in May.

The vein of verse once discovered may eventually swell into a torrent. That is what we are hoping will happen. Hitherto our efforts have been scant, although we have always had at least a measure of poetic talent in the school; and although we have won no prizes we have had verse included in *First the Blade*, the California Intercollegiate Anthology of Verse. The Poetry Festival, which will be open to all high school and college students, should give an impetus to the writing of verse. Certainly it will stimulate interest in poetry whether we ourselves win any honor in it or not.

Yvor Winters of Stanford University will be the speaker of the day. To hear him is in itself an event.

IN THE ART DEPARTMENT

THE ACCOMPLISHMENT of the Art Department this year has far exceeded the hopes of the fledgling artists. First, in September, we had an exhibit of etchings and lithographs from the California Society of Etchers. In December this was followed by a "comprehensive exhibit" of the work of Angelina Angelini, Dorothy Frese, and Pat Mason Barrett, our three Art majors who graduated at Christmas. Angelina's oil paintings of Bolinas and of the arbor, and her purple and blue abstraction were noticed in particular, as were Dorothy Frese's Madonna and Child, her portrait of Bethany Beckman and her woven plaid material. Pat Mason's versatility was shown in her sculpture, weaving, and even tempera, but her clay figure of the mountain woman holding a dulcimer was praised most. Much admired, too, was the Saint Dominic on the holy water font that she made for Edge Hill.

In February Mr. Moya del Pino honored us by a show of his paintings that included portraits, a tempera panel from a mural, and some oils in varied techniques. Especially notable was the madonna after El Greco, which, in spite of the exaggeration in its expression, indicated that Miss Moya might have posed for her brother. Interesting, too, was the monk in

the mural, for which Mrs. Moya posed. The likeness to her, fascinating in its differences, could be seen by comparison with the two portraits of her, especially charming in their feminine loveliness.

In addition to lending us his paintings Mr. Moya talked to us in the gallery, about his study, his experience as a painter, and the different types of painting in the collection.

A fruitful activity of the Department, under the leadership of Dr. Catherine Rau, is the students' small part in the American Society for Aesthetics. Dr. Rau is a strongly active member of the San Francisco Bay Area Section of the Pacific Coast Division of the Society. Through her, two conferences have been held in the Meadowlands assembly and two informal meetings at Edge Hill. At the first conference, in October, papers were read by Manuel Olguin and Helmut Hungerland of the University of California and by Ralph Perry, Jr., and Sarah Wingate Taylor of the Dominican College; at the second conference, in March, papers were read by Alexander Nepote and Stephen Pepper of California, and by Ann O'Hanlon and Dr. Rau. The Art majors attended the conferences; they had the privilege of taking part in the discussion at the informal meetings, which were conducted by Mr. Hungerland.

New this year is the Art Society organized by the

senior Art majors. The first regular meetings were held at the homes of Mrs. O'Hanlon and Dorothy Frese. Activities have included sketching at Fisherman's Wharf, visits to the San Francisco museums and to the Martha Graham ballet. A show of the Society's painting and sculpture followed that of Mr. Moya in April.

After the Art Society's exhibit, the comprehensive show of Chris Clausen and Nancy Hale was hung in the gallery. The rich color of Chris' still-lives and landscapes excited much admiration and so did her "Head of a Man"; Nancy's mural of the science laboratory caused much animated comment.

In the art room proper the atmosphere has hummed with industry and ambitions. Chris Clausen and June Lukes plan for Crambrook Art School in the fall and Chris' struggles to complete her "Head of a Man" in time to send photographs of it to the Crambrook School have excited everyone. The class in advanced composition found time to paint portraits of Chata Rivera, to do tempera panels and etchings, and to paint still-lives on the side. On the walls have hung studies ranging in subject matter and style from Frances Garibaldi's conventional Madonna and Child to Frances Haffen's yellow and purple abstrac-

tion. We find that the year has been among the most fruitful that the Art Department has known.

NANCY HALE '46

IN THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC

BUT LET IT not be thought that the culture of the campus has been concentrated exclusively in the Art Department. Life in the School of Music has not been dull. What with Barbara Beall on the faculty to uphold our student tradition, what with a freshman class bursting with new enthusiasm, talent, and appreciation, with music majors journeying to operas, concerts, and ballets in San Francisco, and in our own Angelico Auditorium a series of fine musical events, the year has been inspiring.

The prime event in Angelico was the concert of Jakob Gimpel on February 17. The enthusiasm aroused by his concert has not yet subsided. One still hears in floating bits of conversation, "That *was* thrilling!"

A different sort of enthusiasm was that for the Madrigal Guild, a group of singers from around the Bay Area. Their songs were fresh and lovely, and the singers wore the gorgeous costumes of Elizabeth's day. It was indeed just such a concert as good Master Walton would have loved to hear.

The artists on our own campus have had ample opportunity to show their talents in programs for Saint Margaret's and Saint Patrick's Day in solos and duets and choral numbers. Bethany Beckman is getting ready for her senior recital and a two-piano recital is in preparation by the Ensemble Class in May.

Neva Sohl Brown seemed still to belong to us, when, as of old, she gave a two-piano recital with Barbara Beall in January, and in April Barbara pleased her audience by the very best recital she has yet given.

We are proud indeed to include Miss Joyzelle Ray among the artists on our own campus. Accompanied by Miss Leone Nesbit, also a member of our music faculty, she delighted us by the *Emperor Concerto*. To her students her playing was not only a delight but a stimulation.

Now we look forward to the highest point of our year. Palm Sunday we will give again Dr. Silva's oratorio, *The Mysteries of the Rosary*, which represents the fullness of music and religious motive in a rarely beautiful composition.

DRAMA

MURDER IN A NUNNERY, that clever play of Eric Shepherd, was the dramatic production which, under Hedwiga Reicher's able direction, ended our Shield Day celebrations in October. It was a satisfying success of mystery, laughter, and thrills that brought players and audience into a sympathetic oneness. The appreciation of the audience undoubtedly inspired the cast to their best acting, but the play itself was a good choice. Grace Pope as the Reverend Mother found a role that suited her natural gift for resourceful leadership and Brenda Doyle as the villainess had a chance to really act, but all the other parts were well done too.

The play was set and produced with at least an approach to the professional perfection that Miss Reicher demands. It was followed by some unprofessional efforts mostly directed by the students themselves: *St. George and the Dragon*, done with great spirit and funnier than ever, given after the Christmas dinner; in March, the comic scenes in Cavalcade Café, the spring performance of the W.A.A.

The year is to end with a medieval pageant the eighteenth of May. This tradition began in 1923 when the College gave its first performance of the miracle plays of *Adam and Eve*, *Noah and the Ark*,

and the Brome *Abraham and Isaac* set in a little world of tumblers and ballad singers and piemen, courtiers and religious, morris and maypole dancers. The audience was introduced to the mediaeval world by the procession of the pageant, everybody singing *Begone Dull Care* and *Sumer is Y-comen In*.

It was then decreed that this pageant should take place every four years, so that each student who remained to graduate could remember it as part of her college education. As a matter of fact only three times has the medieval pageant been given, but we hope to revive the tradition. As this book goes to press preparations for the fourth production are well under way. To the strong, simple plays of the old cycles will be added as an interlude the Oxfordshire *Saint George*, a different version from that given at Christmas. Miss Reicher's groups are having great fun while they are being educated in the plays of our Catholic forefathers. The cast seems to have been chosen with discrimination and the air is full of pleasant excitement over preliminary readings in the Dean's office and snatches of rehearsals in the white room and the assembly at Meadowlands. Miss Reicher has thrown herself into the production with her usual skill and vigor, and her cast seems to be responding with more than their usual vigor.

CAVALCADE CAFÉ

"CIRCUS? No, we had that four years ago. Showboat? No, we've had that before. Cafe? That's an idea. Something American. Cavalcade Café!"

Two months later, black letters on a silver background, announced to hundreds of guests streaming into the gym on the night of March 22, "Cavalcade Café."

The whole school was there in costumes that evoked the pageant of time in the evolution of the American dance. First came a syncopated Indian Dance and an Indian Love Call; then followed country folk dances, Virginia reels, the elegance of Southern Belles and Beaux, the Can-can to the gay strains of Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-aye, doughboys that went overseas and came back again, and finally the climax of the Ziegfeld girls, the flawless beauties of the campus.

The audience sympathetically joined in the songs in the good old Gay Nineties' fashion; mothers were duly appreciative, fathers sang, whistled and clapped, hissed the villain in the melodrama, bought flowers from the flower girls and were in ecstasy over their daughters.

Miss Mildred Wollett, the director and faculty advisor of the W.A.A. show, might well be proud of her students' efforts and the editors of the *Firebrand*

could not but be happy that the W.A.A. had chosen a theme so closely related to the matter of the year book.

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