

1947

1947 Firebrand

Dominican University of California Archives

Survey: Let us know how this paper benefits you.

Recommended Citation

Dominican University of California Archives, "1947 Firebrand" (1947). *Yearbooks 1940 - 1949*. 8.

<https://scholar.dominican.edu/yearbooks-1940-1949/8>

Disclaimer: It is the goal of the Dominican University of California Archives to serve as a research tool that is open and available to the public. As an institution established well over a century ago, there are materials throughout our collection that are no longer acceptable and not a reflection to the University's mission of social justice, dismantling racism, and promoting diversity.

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Dominican University of California Yearbooks at Dominican Scholar. It has been accepted for inclusion in Yearbooks 1940 - 1949 by an authorized administrator of Dominican Scholar. For more information, please contact michael.pujals@dominican.edu.

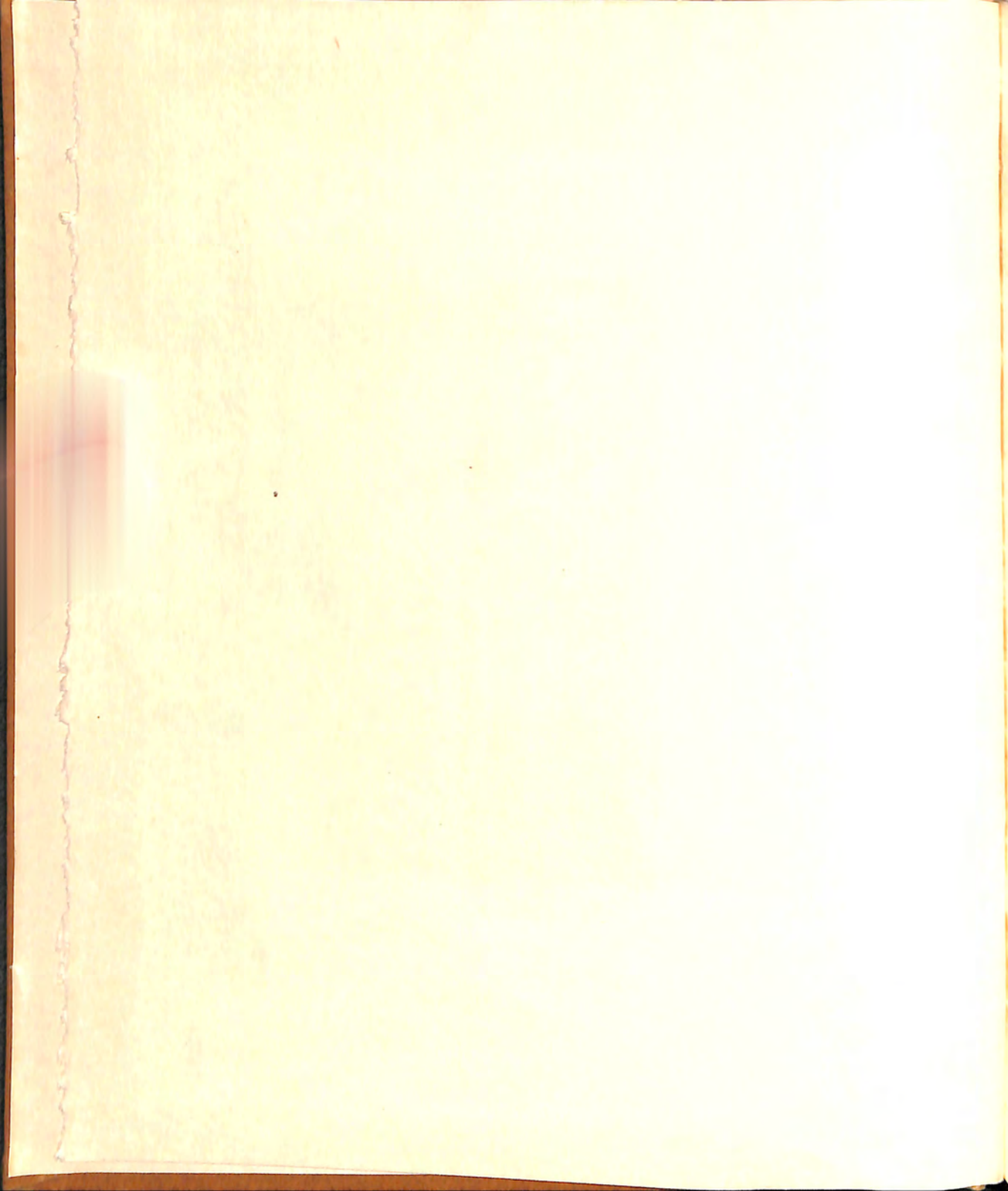
The Firebrand





Ex Libris





THE FIREBRAND

THE DOMINICAN COLLEGE OF SAN RAFAEL



MCMXLVII

THE LIBRARY

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



TO
SISTER MARY PATRICK, O.P.

ILLUSTRATIONS

Scholarship—Frances Haffen	Ex Libris
Junior Shield—Katherine Lennon	66
Sophomore Shield—Mary Helen Power	68
Freshman Shield—Helen Sweeney, Frances Garibaldi	74
Benincasa—Mary Didion	78
Edge Hill—Helen Sweeney, Marilyn Slakey	80
The Garden School—Frances Garibaldi, Helen Sweeney	83
Fanjeaux—Estelle Hillaly, Renee Mendez	85
Meadowlands—Marjorie Hansen, Frances Garibaldi	87
Shield Day—Mathilde Carpy	91
San Rafael—Helen Sweeney, Frances Garibaldi	93
San Francisco—Gloria O'Neill	113
Temple of Quetzalcoatl—Frances Garibaldi	121
Clubs—Renee Mendez	143
Yacht Harbor—Jane Webb	157
Christmas Carols—Constance Depler, Frances Garibaldi	161

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Editorial	9
Senior Sketches	11
The Juniors	66
The Sophomores	68
Youth	73
The Freshmen	74
Book World	76
Homer	77
Edge Hill	80
Fanjeaux	84
Meadowlands	88
Shield Day	90
San Rafael	93
Landmarks	98
The Hard-Hearted Female	102
"My San Francisco"	111
"The Arts, 1947"	114
Candlestick Tree	118
Temple of Quetzalcoatl	119
Crisis in Christendom	122
Message for David	127
Forest Meadows	129

Transcience	130
W. A. A.	131
Poetry Club	133
Popcorn Town	134
Modern Poetry	135
The Mural Room—Meadowlands	136
False Step	137
Impression of Piano Recital	138
Reaction to Concert	139
The Stilled Bell	140
Two at Twilight	141
A Child's Prayer	142
Le Salon Francais	144
Drama	147
Science Club	149
Music Club	150
Art Club	152
Gamma Sigma	153
International Relations Club	154
Spanish Club	154
Catholic Intercollegiate Council	155
Sociology Club	155
Diary of a Freshman	156

THE FIREBRAND

EDITOR PATRICIA CONLAN
BUSINESS MANAGER MARJORIE ROBELLO
BUSINESS STAFF MARGARET COLLINS,
MARY ELIZABETH SELLECK
ART EDITOR FRANCES GARIBALDI

CONTRIBUTORS

BARBARA ALEXANDER	ODETTE CADART-LOOMIS
ELEANOR BERNARDIS	MARGUERITE LUSSIER
RENE BROOKS	JANET McDONELL
ROSE CARBONE	MARILYN MYERS
MARY LOU FITTERER	MARGUERITE O'REILLY
KATHRYN FRANKS	GRACE POPE
PATRICIA FRANKS	MARY HELEN POWER
MARJORIE HANSEN	JULIETTE REPETTO
ALICE IRVINE	SHELAGH SCOVILLE
MARGARET LEONARD	A. BELTRAN IRWIN SHONE
HELEN SWEENEY	

TYPISTS

LOUISE HAGMAIER	MARGARET LEONARD
MARY HELEN POWER	

EDITORIAL

THE FIREBRAND, which first appeared in nineteen twenty-three, next year will celebrate its silver anniversary. During this quarter century it has come to represent a significant part of what makes the Dominican College of San Rafael: to each graduate "four compact books that hold within their brown covers the dignity and essence of our college."

In that first *Firebrand* the editorial said, in part, "We are calling our Year Book *The Firebrand*, not because we hope to set the world on fire with the burning brilliance of our writings, but because the flaming firebrand is a symbol of truth—burning truth which consumes all falsehood—and a peculiarly Dominican symbol. The Dominican Order all over the world, has for an emblem a dog, bearing a firebrand, and for its motto "Veritas". From this seal and motto, we have drawn our seal with its flaming firebrand and our motto, 'Veritas fax ardens'."

Neither do we, twenty-four years later, "hope to set the world on fire with the burning brilliance of our writings". We have not aimed so high, and yet our goal is almost equally difficult of attainment, for we have sought to capture an intangible—spirit.

The spirit of the college is many things to many people. To some it is Shield Day, or Christmas carol-

ling the last night of school, or hawthorne trees in bloom. To others it is the hourly chimed "Ave Maria", or walking to chapel on a star-lit morning, or the ever-changing view from Inspiration. To some it may even be the Humanities, or the atmosphere of the art room. But no one realizes better than we that the spirit of the college is not any of these, nor is it all of them. It is something more, something which, although it can never be set down on paper, we have hoped to approximate.

If you have attended the college and ever have asked yourself the question, "What makes Dominican Dominican?", we hope that in these pages you may find an answer which, at least in part, will satisfy you. If, on the other hand, you are something of a stranger to our college, it is our desire that through the medium of these pages you will come to know it and, with us, here to feel at home.

P. C.'48

SENIORS



MARY GERTRUDE BARNETT

MAJOR: FRENCH

MINOR: EDUCATION

Transfer from University of
Oregon

Freshman Advisor, '46

Executive Board, '46, '47

Social Chairman, '47

C. I. C.

French Club

Albertus Magnus Club

MARY GERTRUDE BARNETT

MARY B. is kind to everyone, and seems to bring out the best in others. Her mothering instinct makes her love her work with the little children in the Garden School. Her laugh defies description, but it is never unkind; frequently her laughter is directed at herself. During the past year she has been a charming hostess and has presided graciously over our social functions. Her seeming effortlessness belies the time and energy she spends in making each party a memorable occasion.

Taller than average, Mary B. makes no attempt to diminish her height; rather she accentuates it. Her clothes are always out of the ordinary, and she likes to wear suits with matching hats. Her face often assumes an expression of naïve bewilderment, but more often than not she is just sleepy; one visits her only in the daytime, for her lights are apt to be out any time after dark. Only a phone call from Connecticut will rouse her after nine.



MATHILDE CARPY

MAJOR: CHEMISTRY

MINOR: PHILOSOPHY

Secretary Student Affairs Board, '46
President Student Affairs Board, '47
Executive Board, '47

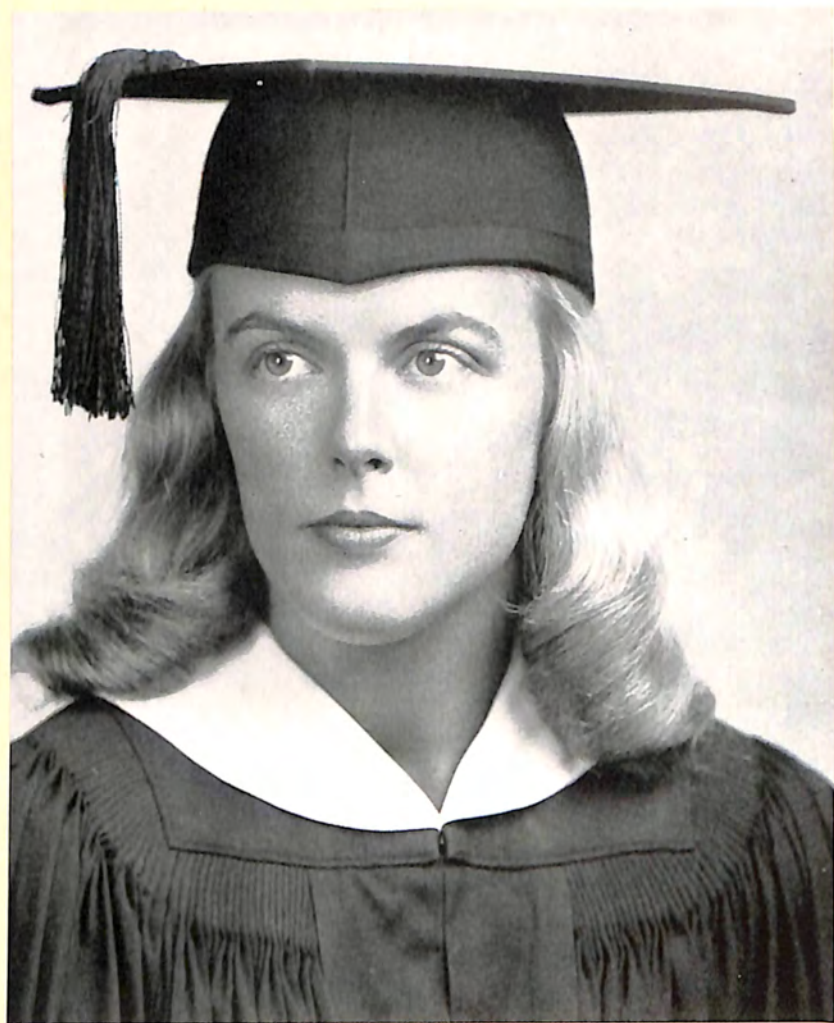
Secretary Albertus Magnus Club,
'45, '46
French Club
Gamma Sigma

MATHILDE CARPY

HER NAME, Mathilde, seems to suit her far better than the nick-name by which she is best known. As a little girl she insisted upon being called "Johnny Whistle Breeches", and it is from this childhood whim that her nick-name is derived.

There is in "Johnny" something of the artist, a great deal of the penetrating scientist and, most of all, an abundance of warm-hearted sincerity. No one who has appeared before her at a Student Affairs Board meeting could doubt that her interest in the college is a whole-hearted one. She has taken her many responsibilities seriously, but never has lost her teasing and subtle sense of humor.

Her interests are by no means confined to school activities, for she enjoys nothing more than a weekend at her home in Saint Helena, where she can ride horseback to her heart's content. Not satisfied with merely attaining a college degree, she looks forward to entering the medical profession, where her quiet determination and consistent capability will stand her in good stead.



BETTY ANNE COLLINS

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: EDUCATION

Vice-President Student Body, '47
Executive Board, '47
Student Affairs Board, '47

Art Club President, '47
Spanish Club

BETTY ANNE COLLINS

BETTY is tall, and her long blond hair frames a finely intelligent face. In summer-time she has the most envied tan on campus. Friendly, sometimes vivacious, she is inclined toward seriousness. She rarely gets excited about anything, unless it is a telephone call she has missed, but she hates to be kept waiting.

As a member of the Student Affairs Board, she has defended culprits and rationalized excuses for them, to the amusement, and sometimes despair, of her fellow board members. On campus she is usually to be found in the clay room at Anne Hathaway or in the art room, dressed in the casual clothes, preferably cotton dresses, which she chooses with discriminating taste. Week-ends find her attending the theatre in San Francisco, her favorite off-campus pastime.

On the first night of her Senior year she revealed her engagement in sorority house fashion, passing a five pound box of candy; on the wrapper of each piece her friends read the words "Betty and Mike."



MIRIAM ANNE DETERT

MAJOR: SCIENCE

MINOR: ART

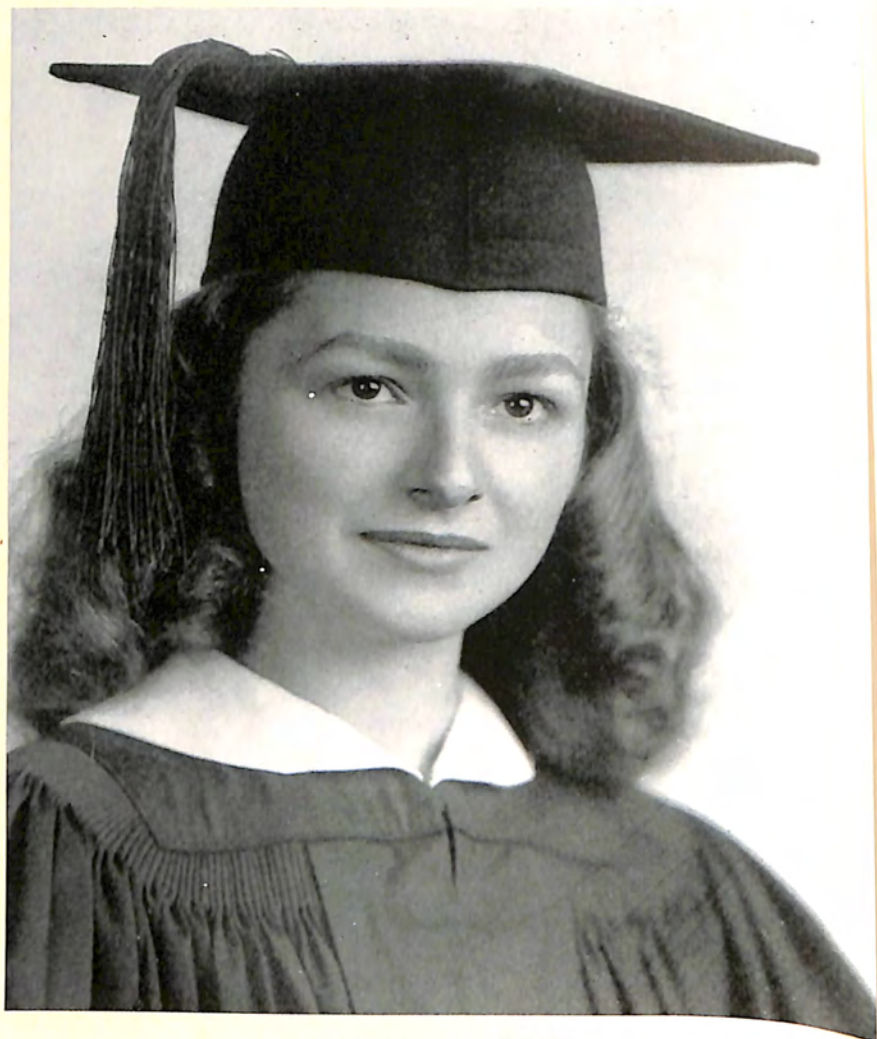
President Albertus Magnus Club, '47
French Club

Art Club

MIRIAM ANNE DETERT

TALL and blonde, Miriam is almost Nordic in appearance. Her uncluttered look suggests the laboratory in which she spends most of her time. She listens more than she speaks, rather because she is shy than from nothing to say. Her friends claim she has a subtle sense of humor, although she herself says she has none.

Bridge-playing is her forte, and the pastime she most enjoys. She also knits well, likes to swim, and has taken part in most school sports. A firm believer in "haste makes waste", she doesn't really procrastinate; she is merely deliberate. She is seldom outwardly disturbed; only a few things bother her, noisy roommates among them. Reserved but not taciturn, she is a person one would like to know better.



MARY JEANETTE DIDION

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: ART

Transfer from Sacramento College
Class Treasurer, '47

Phi Beta Mu
Art Club

MARY JEANETTE DIDION

WHEN Mary smiles her eyes smile too, and even the glints in her lovely long hair seem to dance with pleasure. She is an essentially happy person, with a gift for being sincerely friendly in her own quiet way. Her Benincasa housemates will always remember her readiness to make hot chocolate on cold nights, and the real pleasure she seemed to take in doing the dishes afterwards.

She loves to engage in long philosophical arguments, preferably over a companionable hot fudge sundae or, better still, two hot fudge sundaes; to the amazement of her friends, she never gains an ounce. Mary has a streak of originality which, in cold weather, expresses itself in the wearing of brightly colored ear-muffs; the result has been not only pretty but also practical.



MARY HELEN FOLGER

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: EDUCATION

Transfer from College of
Notre Dame, Belmont
Art Club

Music Club
Spanish Club
I. R. C.

MARY HELEN FOLGER

"BUT IT'S basic, deah!" This phrase is Mary's theme, and it always means that an endless repertoire of stories and mimicries is about to provide entertainment for the evening. Her wit and her talent for conversation make her the center of every social gathering at Edge Hill, where she lives because it is her favorite campus building. Mary will talk on everything at these gatherings, from the latest concerts to the evils of riding the Greyhounds. Her loud plaid bathrobe, a prized possession, in addition to her gaiety, gives brightness and color to the smoking room.

Mary's appearance is that of the typical college girl of fashion magazines, and the majority of her clothes are on the casual side. Her favorite color, blue, matches her large eyes. Her coiffures vary like her moods. Just when we had accustomed ourselves to her perfectly straight locks, she appeared with a transforming fluff, yet in her appearance she is still the typical college girl. Sincere in all she does, Mary feels deeply, and without being pious, is truly religious.



FRANCESCA GARIBALDI

MAJOR: ART

MINORS: DRAMA, EDUCATION

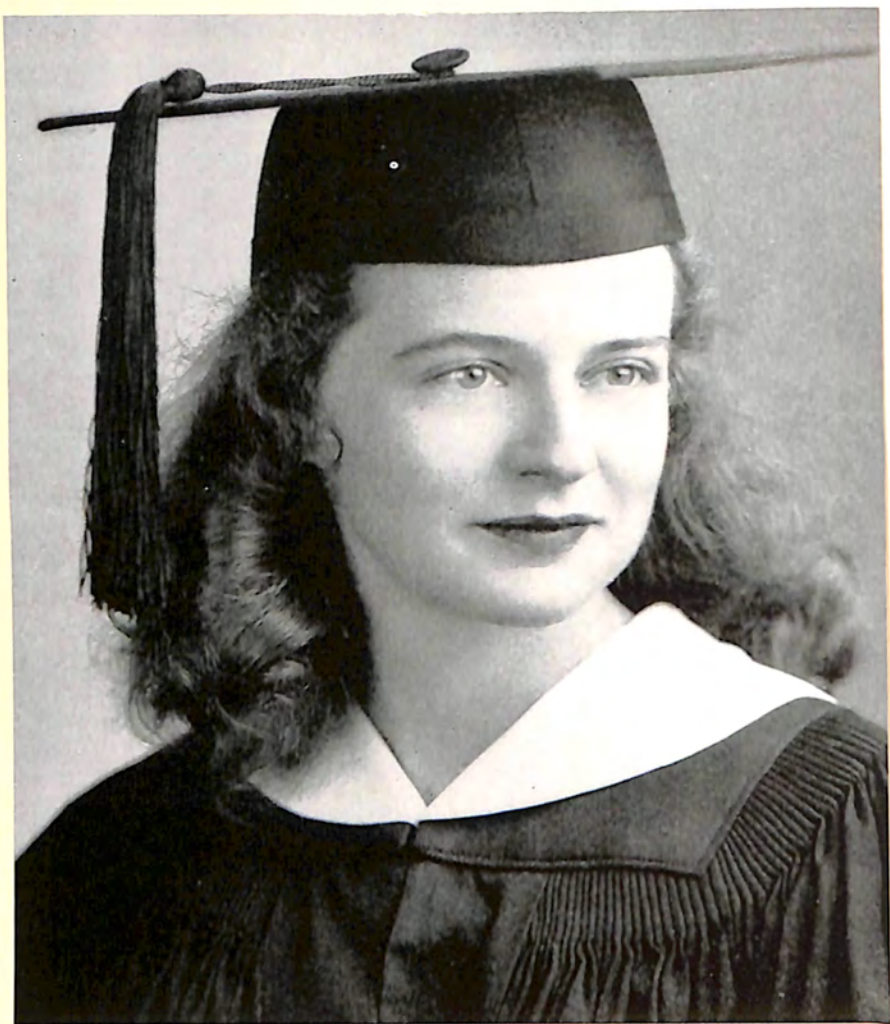
Secretary Student Affairs Board, '47
Firebrand Art Editor, '47
W. A. A. Board, '45, '46, '47
Meadowlark Staff, '46
Dominican Troupers
Schola

Albertus Magnus Club
Art Club
French Club
Music Club
Red Cross
C. I. C.

FRANCESCA GARIBALDI

FRANCES'S full activities did not begin in her freshman year, although she scored a success in the Shield Day play as nurse to the princess who was doomed to be eaten by a dragon. Her first tremendous enthusiasm was over the giant radish she grew in her third term botany garden; she sent it special delivery to her father, who recommended that she major in farming instead of art. Nevertheless she did major in art, and now she paints prize pictures instead of growing prize radishes.

Her four college years have been full of ups and downs, but her large blue eyes survey everything and everyone with the same calm penetration that apparently gives her power in portrait painting and in any dramatic role she carries; she has had leading parts in most of the school dramas. It is characteristic of her that she has done her best work in her last years. She is given to coming late, but works hard once she has arrived.



PHYLLIS GEARY

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: SOCIOLOGY

**Transfer from Stephens College
President I. R. C.**

**Executive Board, '47
Social Committee**

PHYLLIS GEARY

HER figure is willowy, her face delicate and finely cut; her hair is golden, and her eyes are sparkling gray. She has a gift for conversation, her topics ranging from the personal interests of her companions to current affairs, on which she is always well-informed. As President of the I. R. C. in her Senior year she used this gift well, as she listened carefully to all the opinions expressed, but never wavered in her own. She guides a discussion skillfully.

Phyllis loves to travel and has already seen much of her native country. On a smaller scale, she is always eager for a trip downtown. Her objective in these jaunts is usually a cup of coffee, for which she has a remarkable capacity.



FRANCES EVELYN HAFEN

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: HISTORY

President Student Body, '47
Executive Board, '47
Student Affairs Board, '47
C. I. C. Representative, '47
Albertus Magnus Club

Art Club
Spanish Club
Red Cross
I. R. C.

FRANCES EVELYN HAFFEN

THROUGHOUT the past year Frances never seems to have forgotten her promise to fulfill to the best of her ability the duties of the office of President of the Student Body. Her sense of humor, which her companions say provides "a laugh a minute", carries her over many a difficulty, although with her new responsibilities she has acquired a new seriousness. Utterly selfless with regard to anything which is for the betterment of the college, she has given generously of her time, effort, and abilities. In athletics, where spirit counts for so much, this is seen. She is an expert swimmer and has had an enthusiastic part in every swimming meet. She has starred on hockey field and basketball court as well. If not engaged actively in a game, she is always on hand as a most interested spectator.

Her work in art, her major, is definitely a labor of love; she thoroughly enjoys the long hours spent in the clay and art rooms. Not the least of her talents is her ability to be in at least three places at once and all the while maintain a graceful equilibrium.



LOUISE FRANCES HAGMAIER

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: EDUCATION

Transfer from University of
California
Ensemble, '46

I. R. C.
Spanish Cub
Music Club

LOUISE FRANCES HAGMAIER

ONE afternoon as Louise was driving her car past number one Acacia Avenue, a little boy almost fell off his scooter trying to catch her eye. "Hello, Miss Hagmaier", he called. He was one of the scholars in Louise's first grade. Obviously her pleasant smile and her kindness had quite won him.

Louise is shy, but she has a way with her, and one who does not know her is surprised at the list of her activities. She swims, plays the piano, reads short stories, and likes to explore new places, but she does not like rainy weather. She likes to join with people in doing things, especially kind things, but although she often takes the lead in these matters she is never ostentatious. Her discouragements never last long, for she is by nature optimistic. Her friends say of her that she is as sincere as she is kind.



ODETTE CADART-LOOMIS

MAJOR: FRENCH

MINOR: HISTORY

Transfer from University of Paris
Advisor French Club, '47

I. R. C.

ODETTE CADART-LOOMIS

ODETTE is distinctly a personality. Her native intelligence and her character have been deepened and strengthened by her rich experience and by the sufferings she has endured. She lived in Paris during the German occupation and took an active part in aiding her countrymen at the risk of her mother's captivity and her own life.

She has given much to the campus of her own personal charm and of her power as a student-teacher. As a student, her work is bewilderingly successful. She says of herself that her philosophy is "do as I please" and yet she is a remarkably well-disciplined person. There is nothing passive about her; she is positive in her likes and dislikes. She wears Parisian fashions with a flair, and her favorite colors are deep reds and blues. Concerts, the opera, and travelling satisfy her desire for the rhythm of existence. Stupid people and disorder annoy her. She is amused by American jokes, and her own sense of humor has many twists to it. She is as sparkling as the province of Champagne from which she comes.



MARGUERITE LUSSIER

MAJOR: ART

MINORS: ENGLISH, DRAMA

President Dominican Troupers, '47
President Poetry Club, '47

Spanish Club

MARGUERITE LUSSIER

DARK, wavy hair, vivid green eyes, an erect carriage, and a walk which leaves no realization of movement—that is one's first impression of Marguerite. Life with her is never monotonous, her moods so vary; she changes from storm to sunshine in a moment. We are sure that custom will not "stale her infinite variety". She is intense about everything in which she is interested. She draws and weaves and paints, and writes verse sparked with her own tempestuous personality. In our dramatic productions she has won distinction, and she crowned our first Poetry Festival with her beautiful reading. Recently she introduced her fiancé to the campus.

Like most Californians, she swims and rides, but her favorite sport is tennis. She likes to read; she loves parties. In olden days she would have been the belle of five counties.



MATILDA McCULLOUGH

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: SPANISH

Transfer from College of Notre
Dame, Belmont
President Spanish Club, '47
Class Vice-President, '47
Treasurer, W. A. A., '47

W. A. A. Board
Student Affairs Board, '47
Vice-President I. R. C., '47
Dominican Troupers

MATILDA McCULLOUGH

MATILDA'S name seems incongruous, for there is nothing Matilda-ish about her. She is Tillie to most of her friends, and there is a legend that she once blushed when asked if her name was "really Matilda". Tall and slender, she has a fair, well-scrubbed look. She has a charming smile, but her really distinctive feature is her widow's peak, darkly pointed against a very white brow.

Her room does not seem an index to her. It is austere bare; she has the allotted college furnishings and no more. The only note of color is made by the row of books across her desk. The books include Spanish texts and Spanish novels, history texts and historical novels. She likes history because she is interested in people, Spanish perhaps because she has in her a strain of Basque. Her memory serves her not only in her history classes, but it helps to make smooth her social paths, for she has the royal gift of always remembering names and faces. Quite naturally she is well-liked; freshmen and sophomores are as attached to her as are the juniors and seniors.



JANET MATHILDA McDONELL

To Graduate in August

MAJOR: FRENCH

MINORS: ART, SCIENCE

Vice-President Art Club, '47
Albertus Magnus

French Club

JANET MATHILDA McDONELL

THE yellows and especially the pale pinks Janet loves to wear are indicative of her personality. She definitely is not a pale pink person, but she loves opposites. One's first thought about her is that she is alive; one sees it in the curl of her hair, the look of her eye, and her long stride, although she can move with a softly feminine grace.

She has a keen intellect and distinguished herself in her Senior year by using it remarkably well. She plays golf and likes to read. She prides herself on the logic by which she makes other people change their minds; her friends call it plain persuasion. Her intellect, as might be inferred, is never boring. One happy effect of it is her rare ability to laugh at all her roommate's jokes.



RENEE MENDEZ

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: MUSIC

Transfer from Sacramento College

Benincasa House Mother, '47

W. A. A. Board, '46, '47

Phi Beta Mu

Dominican Troupers

Schola

Music Club

Madrigal

French Club

Red Cross

RENEE MENDEZ

RENEE first became famous as Inez Escapada in the nineteen forty-five Shield Day play, *Murder in a Nunnery*. We still can hear her say, "It was such a preety little bomb" and "Who you think put the knife in the old lady?" It was Inez who led the marauding children down the drain.

In reply to the question "Does she actually lead people into mischief?" someone remarked, "Well, I don't think she would be far behind." It is this suggestion of mischief about her that makes her so attractive. Her mobile face and flashing eyes are expressive of her personality; she loves to tease. She likes to talk and people like to talk to her. She is easily amused and the source of much amusement to others. She has a more serious side too; few, if any, of us ever will forget her sincere and beautiful solo in the *Mysteries of the Rosary*. An active participant in numerous school activities, it is small wonder that she has been knitting on the same sweater for two years.



MARILYN MARIE MYERS

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: EDUCATION

Firebrand Staff, '47

Student Affairs Board, '46

Spanish Club

MARILYN MARIE MYERS

BECAUSE of her curly copper colored hair, Marilyn is almost always called "Rusty". Unlike most people of her coloring, she can wear various shades of pink and purple; perhaps this is significant of her unusual personality. She has a rare sweetness and a piquant charm which reflects itself in her writing. She can see in a scene or a situation the subtly humorous points that most people miss, but delight in finding. The right word always seems to come to her; she can make light and sparkling what most of us make heavy.

Her disposition is generous. One sees this in her school spirit, in the kindness with which she gives her time and talents. She is always willing to type, to contribute articles to *Meadowlark* and *Firebrand*, and to rewrite them at the whims of editors. Her famous car, the "President" with its four horns, pleases her most because she can use it for others. She is a good driver and swims as well as she drives.

She loves beauty and hates dullness. Very dear to her is the charm of Marin County, especially San Anselmo. She finds it hard to reconcile herself to the changes which she fears will dull and deaden its poetic, if unpractical, loveliness.



GLORIA MARIE O'NEILL

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: EDUCATION

Class Secretary, '47
Red Cross

French Club
Art Club

GLORIA MARIE O'NEILL

GLORIA is a person one tries to be more like. She is always kind to both big and little and has a subtle wit one thinks about. In a business capacity she is reserved and poised, but she has a pleasant sort of way with her that makes everyone tell her everything. Her nickname "Go" is an enigma; she is always unhurried, although her precision is that of a robot jet plane. Her ambling pace puts one at ease. It is significant of her disposition: she always has time for her friends, and a desire to be with them. This way of not hurrying keeps her in constant touch with the things that go on around her and allows her to miss none of the undercurrents.

From her shy way of speaking, one would never guess that she is fascinated by the exotic. This is revealed in the richness of line and color in her art work. Unhurried, gentle, one who knows her marks a slumbering intensity that makes her as interesting as she is likeable.



CAROL MARIA PAGLIARULO

MAJOR: ECONOMICS

MINOR: PHILOSOPHY

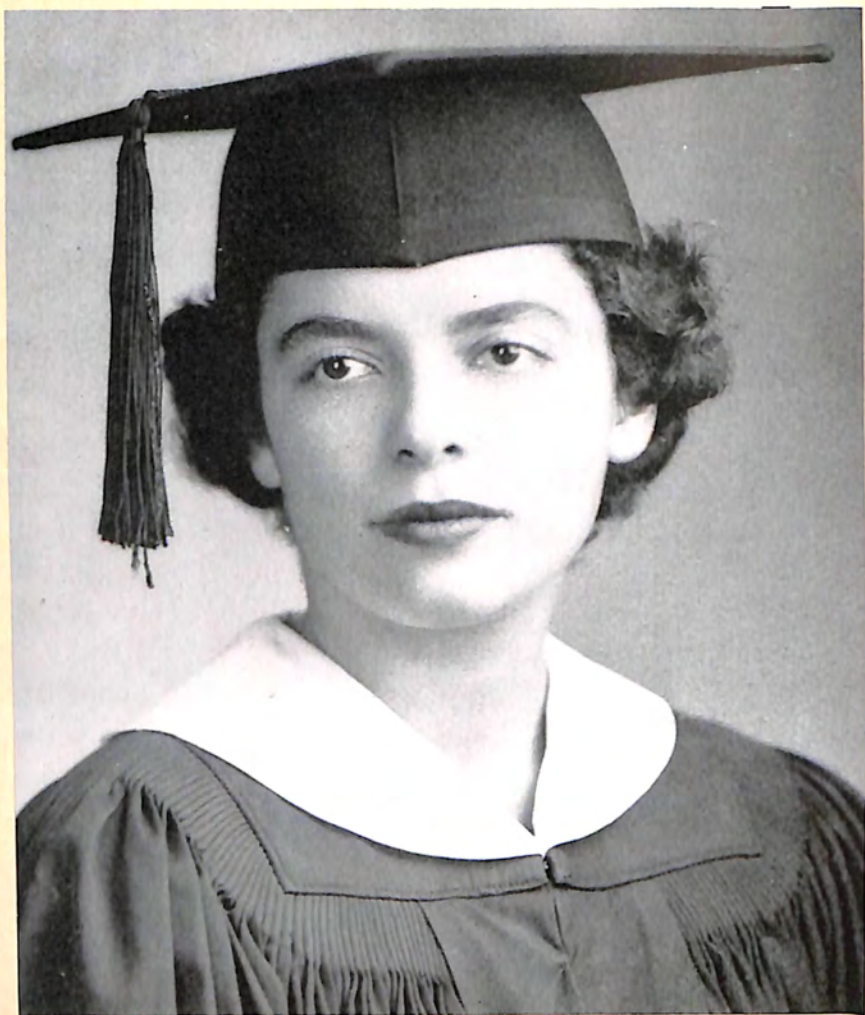
**Transfer from Notre Dame
College, Belmont**

**Phi Beta Mu
Red Cross**

CAROL MARIA PAGLIARULO

CAROL is tiny and quick, with soft brown eyes and short brown hair which bobs up and down as she hurries along. She has a large amount of energy for one so small, and likes to get everything she has to do done as soon as possible. Her moments of relaxation are often spent in a good argument, which she thoroughly enjoys, and in which she is particularly adept at proving her point; she does so with a quiet tact.

Those who do not know her well think she is reserved and studious, (perhaps because they see her most often in the Reference Room,) but always pleasant. She has a genuine liking for economics problems, which may explain her aversion to noise in general. Interested in foreign trade, at her graduation in December she was half inclined towards that as a career, undecided only because she thought she might use her talent for argument in law school.



MADELEINE ROSE

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: ENGLISH

Transfer from College of Notre
Dame, Belmont
Edge Hill House Mother, '47
President Phi Beta Mu, '47

I. R. C.
French Club
Art Club

MADELEINE ROSE

MANO'S face in repose suggests that of a dark-eyed cherub. She claims that her crisp, curly, black hair is her dearest detestation and she pampers it with a variety of good-looking hats. When she smiles her eyes twinkle, and one knows why she is among the leading spirits at Edge Hill. She throws herself unstintingly into anything that will make Edge Hill happier. She plays the ukelele and she delights in singing Hawaiian songs; nothing pleases her more than to sing with her companions in a chorus, deepened by her fine alto voice. She is a great entertainer; her sense of humor ranges from the telling of jokes that have stood the test of time to the playing of newly thought up practical pranks. No one is afraid to ask Mano to do a favor, and she will take the responsibility of carrying out any school program as long as she is given reasonable time. For her own pleasure she elects the movies, reads widely, and talks about cases in sociology. Like all the sociology majors, she spends no end of hours in the library, but even there her spirits never seem to be dampened.



YVONNE DOROTHEA ROSSI

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: ENGLISH

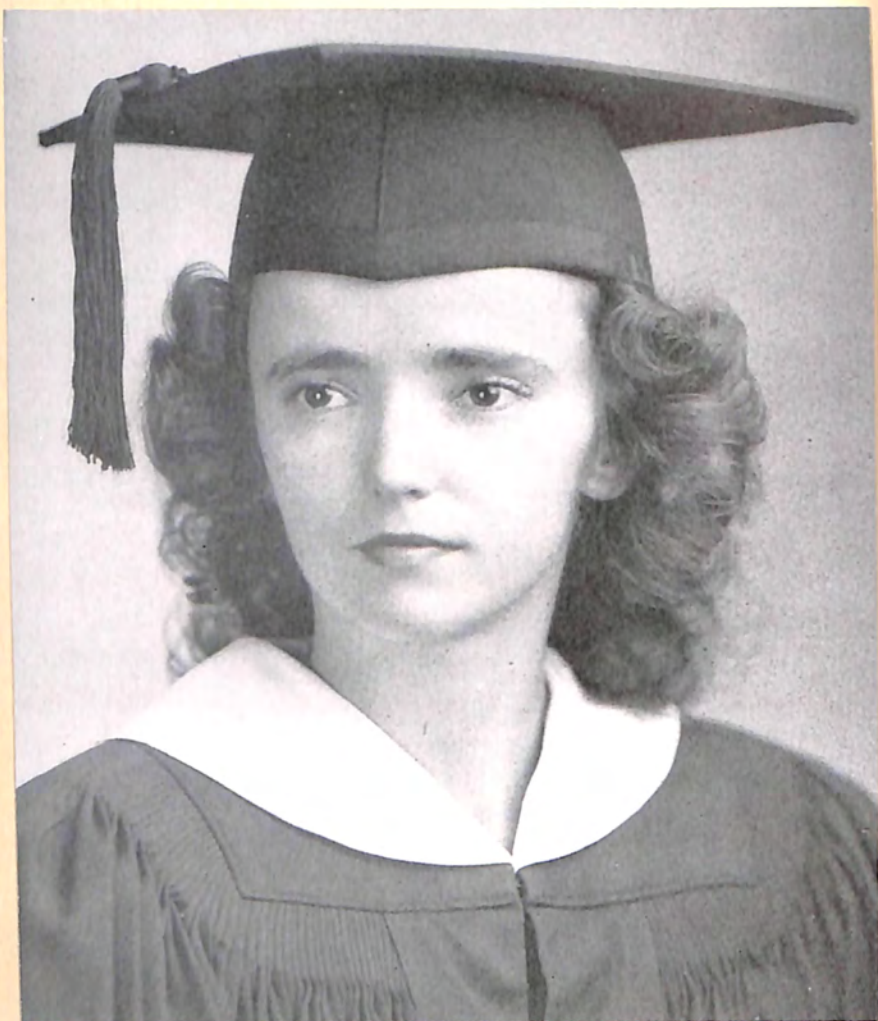
President W. A. A., '46
W. A. A. Board, '45, '46
Class President, '44
French Club

Gamma Sigma
Phi Beta Mu
Music Club

YVONNE DOROTHEA ROSSI

YVONNE has diverse interests and talents. The school knows her as a good athlete, and was proud of her leadership as President of the W. A. A. Only a few of her friends realize that she plays the piano beautifully, for although once compelled to perform at a Music Club, she prefers music for her private delight.

She is a dashing person, tall and commanding in appearance, yet gracious in her manner. She always seems to have time for a chat in the Grove or an afternoon jaunt downtown in her shining car. She manages a good balance of amusement and serious study, even while she assures us that she has so much to do she can never get it done. Week-ends find her enjoying the pleasures of San Francisco, or at Asti, her country home, where she often entertains her friends.



PATRICIA ROTCHFORD

MAJOR: MUSIC

MINOR: SPANISH

Program Chairman Spanish Club, '46, '47

Music Club

PATRICIA ROTCHFORD

SHE is sharply cut, but not angular, and her dark-slashed eyes look out keenly from under a broad brow, framed by crisp, curly hair. She doesn't miss a thing, and her hearing is as delicately keen as her sight; she plays the violin beautifully and the piano too. Her philosophy of life is admittedly to put off until tomorrow what she can do today, but apparently this doesn't hold when it comes to practice. One likes to think of her slender, poised figure as she plays intensely in the school orchestra.

She is high-strung; indeed, she seems taut as a violin string. She enjoys bridge more than most of her college duties, and she waits impatiently for the mail when the lucky first two or three crowd around the little table in the Fanjeaux living-room. She reads her letters with utter concentration, but after she has read them she becomes sociable again.



KATHERYNE MARGARET SIMMONS

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: PHILOSOPHY

Transfer from San Francisco

College for Women

Phi Beta Mu

Albertus Magnus Club

Spanish Club

Red Cross

Schola

Madrigal

KATHERYNE MARGARET SIMMONS

THERE is about Kathy an Alice-in-Wonderland quality, perhaps because of her long blond hair, or the whimsical expression which is often to be seen in her brown eyes. There is a good deal of seriousness beneath her usual gaiety and light-heartedness. She has markedly strong school spirit and gives herself generously in various campus activities.

She is always abreast of the times, even to the latest fashions and colors, although she herself looks almost old-fashioned. She likes to discover new ways of doing things and is quick to accomplish any task, domestic or academic. Her manner is always pleasant. She is lively in conversation and her wide-eyed appreciation, whether she gets the point or not, is sure to make the prosperity of any jest. She whistles beautifully and loves to visit.



MARILYN TERESA SLAKEY

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: PHILOSOPHY

**Class President, '47
Phi Beta Mu
Red Cross**

**Music Club
French Club**

MARILYN TERESA SLAKEY

MARILYN has been described as "just the right height, slender, attractive, and well-groomed." Her eyes are ever changing from green to blue. In clothes her preference is for suits and, while her favorite color is red, she wears all colors well. Quietly efficient, and thoughtful of others, she has made a fine Senior Class President. She makes friends easily and enjoys meeting new people, although she is usually a trifle reserved with strangers at first.

Her musical talent encompasses not only playing, which she does beautifully, and graciously when asked, but also keen and intellectual listening. Any attempt to "jazz" her beloved classical music is the one thing sure to arouse her anger. Marilyn is a well-balanced person. She reflects the happy family life of her home in Sacramento. Her favorite possession is Pandemonium, a pet panda given to her by her five brothers.



HELEN SAYRA SWEENEY

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: EDUCATION

Treasurer Student Affairs Board, '47
W. A. A. Board, '47
Junior Representative Spanish
Club, '46

Senior Representative Spanish
Club, '47
Art Cub
Schola
Red Cross

HELEN SAYRA SWEENEY

BUSY being busy, that is Helen. She does next week's assignments before they have been assigned and then wonders what to do next. One can't miss Helen, even when she is tearing her fastest: she wears bright plaid skirts and gay sweaters to match her cheerful Irish personality.

Burning with activity, she knows everything that goes on and usually her information is the "I was there" variety. She loves Republicanism with a zeal, and has new hope for the country now that the administration has changed. Her love for her school is as boundless as her energy; she headed the hockey team last fall, and has played on her class basketball team since she was a freshman. An art major, she seems to love art for art's sake; she takes special interest in doing wood blocks and splatter prints, as well as putting oils on canvas. For diversion, she visits art museums and hovers about any work which specially captivates her. She likes such movies as *Sister Kenny* and *Blue Skies*; gangsters and fast play have no appeal. She is cool about mishaps, excited over pleasures, and calm in distress. She is pleasant to everyone: friends and acquaintances, bus driver and milk man.



EVA TAVERNA

MAJOR: MUSIC

MINORS: HISTORY, EDUCATION

Transfer from Sacramento College
President Music Club, '47
I. R. C.

French Club
Orchestra

EVA TAVERNA

EVA is most at home in riding clothes, and happiest when riding her two thoroughbreds, Wikid Storm and Tank Corps. She wins blue ribbons consistently, and usually places first for jumping in horse shows. An easy person to know and talk to, she never seems to lose her temper, unless it is when some unfortunate person opines that horses are not intelligent; nothing is so certain to incur her wrath.

A sociable person and always appreciative of a good joke, at which she laughs heartily, she is nevertheless impatient at any noise when she is trying to concentrate. An excellent pianist, she has been during the past year an enthusiastic and capable President of the Music Club. She has found her practice teaching interesting and enjoyable. Apparently she has as much skill in managing children as horses.



MARIE VERONICA TAYLOR

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINORS: MATHEMATICS, EDUCATION

**President Day Students, '47
I. R. C.**

Gamma Sigma

MARIE VERONICA TAYLOR

MARIE'S most notable trait is her change of expression, without transition, from preternatural seriousness to a human, humorous smile. She concentrates when the business is serious but she can relax. The concentration is fruitful but one suspects that she does not take her splendid record too seriously. For her, classroom material serves merely as food for reflection. Marie often remarks her preference for mathematics because its conclusions are "certain". I might quote an eminent authority on that; he concedes that "there are indefinables... in applied mathematics; it might possibly be shown that Euclid's axioms are false."

Marie has competence, evident when she gives a report at an I.R.C. meeting or a welcoming address to new Honor Society members. Her immediate future is to be spent in an elementary classroom; one is gratefully certain that at least one group of children in this sad era will be excellently taught.



THE JUNIORS

NOW that we were juniors at last, it did not take us long to discover that being an upperclassman has its advantages. "Academic Order" took on a new meaning (sometimes); the freshmen were our little sisters, and we drew upon our experience to comfort them during initiation and first mid-terms; at last we had one whole ten-thirty a week, and on Sundays did not have to be in until ten.

Our junior year brought with it trials and tribulations, or majors and minors, too. Betty Haviside, Barbara Lynch, and Jane decided to devote themselves to art. Joeann, Eileen, Maria Theresa, Liz, and Patsy went off to the Garden School and, from what we hear, had more fun than the children. Martha, Bonnie, Henriette and Hayde chased elusive bacteria.

In lighter moments, Jackie and Peggy indulged in a bit of *I'm Going Back*, and Barbara Alexander and Marjorie campaigned for bigger and better bridge games. Jane Roth and Genevieve regaled Nilda with tales of life in the WAVE, while Marilyn and Connie took time out from their nursing duties to listen.

Upperclassmanship brought with it new responsibilities, too. Jeanne spent the year collecting dues, and Mary Helen came to be known as "the girl who makes all the announcements."

Supposedly the juniors are united, but little do the other classes know of the fierce controversy which has been raging within our ranks: which is the better house, Edge Hill or Fanjeaux? Becky, Juliette and Betty Mae staunchly defend Edge Hill, while Maggie, Tielie, and Ruth uphold the advantages of Fanjeaux. But Katie, Margaret, Sally, Betty, and Beverly claim they have the solution . . . they live at home.

JULIETTE REPETTO '48



THE SOPHOMORES

NICIAS was lonesome for a familiar face! The new inhabitants of Meadowlands were all nice girls, but it just didn't seem the same somehow. He had grown attached to the class of '49, so one day he decided to move to Fanjeaux where most of the class was now living; at least that's what he'd gleaned from scattered bits of conversation.

Upon reaching the massive gray dormitory, our little friend climbed up the vines and entered an open

window on the third floor. Not a familiar face was in sight yet. Had he been given a wrong lead? No, for in the very next room were Frances Roos and Marguerite Garnier. Of course, they didn't see him or else they would have screamed and carried on as did most girls when they caught a glimpse of him. It had always been a mystery to him why he had such an effect on members of the female species.

Having found that he had followed the right track to where his favorites now resided, Nicias established himself in a secluded corner on the third floor from which he scampered to all other parts of the building. He was doing just such scampering one night about six forty-five when he nearly was run down by the crowd headed by Lenore and Joan Kalfsbeck rushing to get a bridge table in the smoke room.

A few nights later he was privileged to be behind the living room curtains when the sophs had their first class meeting. Grace Pope, who was president for a second term, introduced the other officers: vice-president, Eleanor Bernardis; secretary, Marguerite Garnier; treasurer, Alice Kerckhoff; and representative to the Executive Board, Kathryn Franks. While the business at hand was being discussed, Nicias had a chance to give all of the girls the once over. He noted that many of his old friends were no longer there and

also that there were a number of new faces in the group: Eloise Cadinah from the Islands, Jeanette Frager, Joan Frawley, Ann Sheedy, Mary Smith, Joanie Hirschbuhl, Alice Clare Walton, and Margaret Leonard and Merilyn White, of whom Nicias didn't see much because they lived at Edge Hill along with Chata, and those musicians Jane Andersen, Ann Andrews, Sonia Francisco, Margaret Herbring, June Renton and Alice Tobin. He only wished that he could be two places at once.

About the second week of December lights burned brightly in Kathryn and Veronica's room until the wee hours of the morning while six or seven girls slaved madly to lay out the first issue of *The Carillon*. There was editor Kathryn helping assistant editor Mary Lou with the proofreading, while news editor Jackie Moody, feature editor Margaret Wiseman and fourth page editor Patricia Gleeson were arranging their pages.

From overheard conversations Nicias learned that the sophs were maintaining their prominence in sports. Jackie Burner, as chairman of the WAA volleyball committee, received the cup which the "forty-niners" won in that sport, to keep in her room, while Alice Kerckhoff, hockey captain, received the cup which her team won.

Time passed very quickly and soon the holiday season had arrived. The decorations of evergreen boughs with all the trimmings which Kay Sutthoff had brought for the room which she shared with Peggy Detert and Janice Tryon and the cute little lighted tree in Audrey Burnett and Jeanette Frager's room really helped to give him that Christmas spirit, but when everyone went home for a three-week vacation his spirits sank to a low ebb—life was exceedingly dull! At the end of the three weeks, however, the flurry and excitement more than made up for his past loneliness. He was sorry a few of the girls didn't return, but was glad to see Joan Bomer and Rose Ann Burger again, as well as to greet newcomer, Ann Rooney, who lived at Meadowlands. Although our little friend heard many strange tales of happenings during the holidays, Frances Smith's narration of her train trip topped them all.

As time passed, Nicias became hardened to many things, among them Bernadette and Gloria's nightly ritual and Margaret Wiseman and Nathalie's Tahitian Hut, which they concocted with the help of Marilyn Luchetti, Marie Rovere, and Eleanor Lane.

Though there were many exciting things happening all the time, Nicias still had ample leisure in which to ponder, think and wonder—whether Joyce

Reilly really liked Pep—why Marilyn Mullin didn't like the owner of the red convertible—if Frances Roos ever found out about Katherine Griffin's connection with Fifi's—how Paulette always managed to complete her assignments before anyone else did—if "Bones" ever got her pilot's license—if anyone could be as good hearted as Veronica—how many clippings of a certain team's basketball progress Pat Warner had collected—how Dolores found time to fit in school between trips to Palm Springs, Soda Springs, Yosemite and other points—why Bob gave Mary Jo *two* pictures of himself—how Joyce Fay could keep track of all those men she had on her dresser—whether Mary Corbett would ever return to Mexico—why Pat Faulkner wrote letters at two a.m.—why Evelyn Montani, Barbara Kirby and Patricia Jordan didn't come up to Fanjeaux once in a while—why Jackie Holht was such an early riser—when Ginny Monroe would finish knitting that black sweater—how Ardeen rated that black sedan—how Sonja and Ellen ever managed to work that antique sewing machine well enough to make the drapes and spreads for their room—how *all* those girls were able to pack themselves into Barbara Carmody's car—whether Honeygal would call *him* "Hoot-enanny" if she saw him.

Ah yes, life was a puzzle, but a most interesting one

—especially around the class of '49. Just ask Nicias, who, for the benefit of freshmen and new students who didn't make his acquaintance last year, is a little tan mouse about six inches long. Nicias thinks that class is the best group of girls anyone could find anywhere, and Nicias should know, don't you think?

MARY LOU FITTERER '49

YOUTH

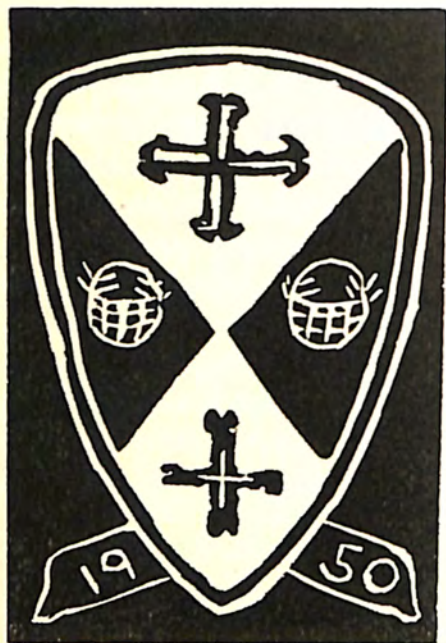
Hopefully you pick and choose.
You dream of Life's taste on your tongue.

Nose pressed flat against the pane
Of future's store, you stand.

When, with a small jingle of years
In your pocket,
You come forward with confidence,
The pink spun-sugar has melted,
It has run.

We who are going out, can turn and look
With helpless pity on the urchin, Youth,
Still looking, with longing, big-eyed,
Through the glass.

RENE BROOKS '50



THE FRESHMEN

MEADOWLANDS, with its kindly, wooden face holds a heart warm with memories . . .

A tall, wide fir (some insist it is a baby redwood) standing guard before the house . . . the slim fragrant eucalyptus and feathery poplars that frame our view of Tamalpais . . . quiet peace from the glow of the Sanctuary lamp in a twilight visit to the little chapel . . . cheerful warmth of a bright fire after Library . . .

toast and marmalade, movies, and clothes-chute escapades of a Friday night . . . Hallowe'en and a certain fire escape . . . sticky fingers and scary whispers from a surprise birthday party . . . constant California versus Portland debates . . . the homesick-aloneness of first nights . . . the don't's and do's, the stolen shoes, the laughs and jokes, the making friends with folks . . . initiation . . . the beating hearts and scared date-awaiting at freshman reception . . . blue slips and parental-wrath expectancy of first reports . . . the sense of belonging imparted by our first Shield Day . . . the sand, sea spray, and wonderful dinners at Bolinas . . . serene knowledge of having made a good choice in Patricia McLaughlin, Helen Grennan, Patricia Franks, and Jean Kelly, our class officers . . . seeing types—the stay-up-nighter's, the go-to-bed-earlier's, the calm all-the-time-studier's, and the I-don't-care-if-I-flunker's around final time . . . rosy cheeks and cold noses, candle wax, and warm hearts, a'caroling . . . the reservation scramble, the last minute packing and the "Be sure and write's" of pre-Christmas vacation . . . letting the home-phone ring on and on with subconscious Meadowlands philosophy that "someone will answer it" . . . the "why didn't you write's" and the "oh, dear, I forgot's"—the new faces and old of a new semester's beginning . . . the happy, free talk, the grove smokes,

and hanging out windows during our before-one-twenty-five "breather" . . . sloshing happily up to Fanjeaux in pouring "dew" on a dress-for-dinner night . . . the stocking-caps . . . the knee-length socks . . . Hawaiian hulas from island girls . . . the lazy spring feeling a quince blossom evokes . . . spring and Easter vacation . . . hollow expectancy of finals . . . abrupt and startling realization of the never-againness of Meadowlands freshman life . . . and the uncertain mixed emotion of the first year's end . . .

These memories may pull a familiar heart-string in old Meadowlanders, but they are ours. They go with Meadowlands nineteen forty-six, forty-seven as we know it, and present to Dominican a memory panorama of . . . The Freshmen.

RENE BROOKS '50

BOOK WORLD

I wandered into a new book,
And found beneath my casual look,
A land which stretched beyond the lined
Demarcations which now bind
The earth to me.
I walked a new strange world of mind
Completely free.

MARGUERITE O'REILLY '50

HOMER

HOMER knows many people well, but he has few friends. He accomplishes much, but he is seldom appreciated. Because his talents are unacclaimed, Homer is developing an inferiority complex.

In case you have not met Homer, he is Benincasa's ghost. He is really very congenial, as ghosts go, but the poor thing is saddened by the realization that the thirteen inhabitants of the old house have very little affection for him. When he came from Nowhere, in nineteen hundred and thirty-five, he chose to live in Benincasa, which the college had just purchased. For a few years the house was closed, except in the summer-time when the priests who taught in the summer school lived there. The house was very quiet in those days, and Homer longed for company, so he was overjoyed when he heard the news that Benincasa was to be used as a residence for college students. He whisked around gleefully, covering everything with dust and misplacing and cracking everything, to welcome the college girls in September.

His dismay was overwhelming when he heard the uncomplimentary remarks about the confusion he had caused. For a while he sulked in the clock in the living room, where he lives, but his natural curiosity



aroused his old spirit of playfulness soon again. He tried to win the love or friendship of the girls by playing little tricks on them, pondering for days over what they would think cute, funny, or helpful. Always he was greeted with a similar rebuke: a displeased look, a sigh of disgust, or an angry "Oh go away". Instead of giving up, he followed the old maxim to try and try again; he is still trying.

Some of his most recent tricks have been opening the front door when some slightly scarey person is in the living room; hiding the iron, first in a little box and then in a big box covered with newspapers, just when someone wants to use it; turning off the gas heat on cold days (he knows this annoys Dr. Foley, but he thinks a fire is so much cozier) ; and hiding the morning papers under a sofa pillow before the Early Bird has time to read them (he thinks college girls a little too old to read the funnies) . To make others realize he is around, Homer makes the phone ring, so that when someone answers it there is no one calling. He also hides the mail from some, and they really are beginning to believe in him.

Actually, everyone in Benincasa knows Homer exists, but few will admit it. Before the class of forty-seven leaves, however, Homer expects them all to appreciate him for what he is: a friendly, but mischievous spirit, who adds interest and excitement to life at Benincasa.

JANET McDONELL '47
HELEN SWEENEY '47



EDGE HILL

AT THE corner of the campus, where Magnolia meets Palm Avenue, stand the locked iron gates that guard the path to Edge Hill. Beyond the green lawn planted with hawthorns, holly trees, magnolias,

and deodars, can be seen the house, sheltered on all sides by trees and shrubbery. One passes through a small side gate and starts the slow winding climb along the gravel pathway that leads to the front door of Edge Hill.

The house seems to rise intimately out of the warm earth and green foliage which surround it. A feeling of tranquility comes over one at the full view of its exterior and this feeling is increased upon entering. The great front door swings open willingly at a gentle push, displaying a square hall panelled with San Domingo mahogany. The hall is dominated by the majestic staircase, at the first landing of which stands a large, old grandfather clock, ticking away the minutes and reminding the occupants of Edge Hill to hurry so they won't be late.

This year some changes have been made at Edge Hill. The dining room and the sun porch, where juniors and seniors used to smoke, have been converted into a nursery school. Here student teachers from the education department of the college apply the theory they have learned in their classes. The smoking room is now where the kitchen was. Almost every night after dinner the girls of Edge Hill can be found gathered there to smoke and talk about world affairs, national politics, and social conditions.

In spring the living room, hall and chapel are adorned with fruit blossoms and other spring flowers, while in winter, berries and pine cones tell one that now is the time to stay indoors and enjoy the fire burning brightly in the large fireplace.

Every night at ten o'clock can be heard the faint tinkle of the bell for Rosary, that calls from recreation or study to prayer. This is almost the only time a bell is heard in the house, since out of the twenty-nine Edge-Hillers only nine are lower classmen and it is not necessary to remind them so often that this, that, or the other thing has to be done.

Even on the week-ends Edge Hill is full of activity. Far-into-the-night smoke room discussions can be enjoyed without thought of early morning classes; the week's washing is done to the accompaniment of over-the-tub conversations; and for nourishment, the occupants of Edge Hill use their culinary talents in the making of fudge. One doesn't have much opportunity to be homesick in the midst of this sort of friendliness. The large, old house does not disappoint one who has noted with pleasure its welcoming exterior.

MARGARET LEONARD '49



FANJEAUX

FANJEAUX, a Dominican representation of a Norman castle, is the newest residence hall on the campus. It is the only house built explicitly for the college, and thus seems most typically a college residence. It has, of course, all the conveniences and, as a result of enlarged enrollment and wartime measures, a single scourge: it has but one, only one, telephone for some eighty girls. This matter is soon to be remedied.

The great advantage of Fanjeaux is the dining room. The sophomores appreciate this most: no more streaking up from Meadowlands, two blocks away, for breakfast; no more trudging out of the house in the rain after supper, unless one is moved by a desire to go to the library, concerts and such. The dining room runs the length of the southern exposure of the house. The long room is a pleasant one, its lamps hanging low from the ceiling and its walls hung with the bright shields of previous classes. Here all the students, with the exception of the seniors, meet three times a day, grumbling or gay as suits their mood. On special occasions the dining room is always appropriately decorated, and birthdays are celebrated with singing and be-candled cakes.



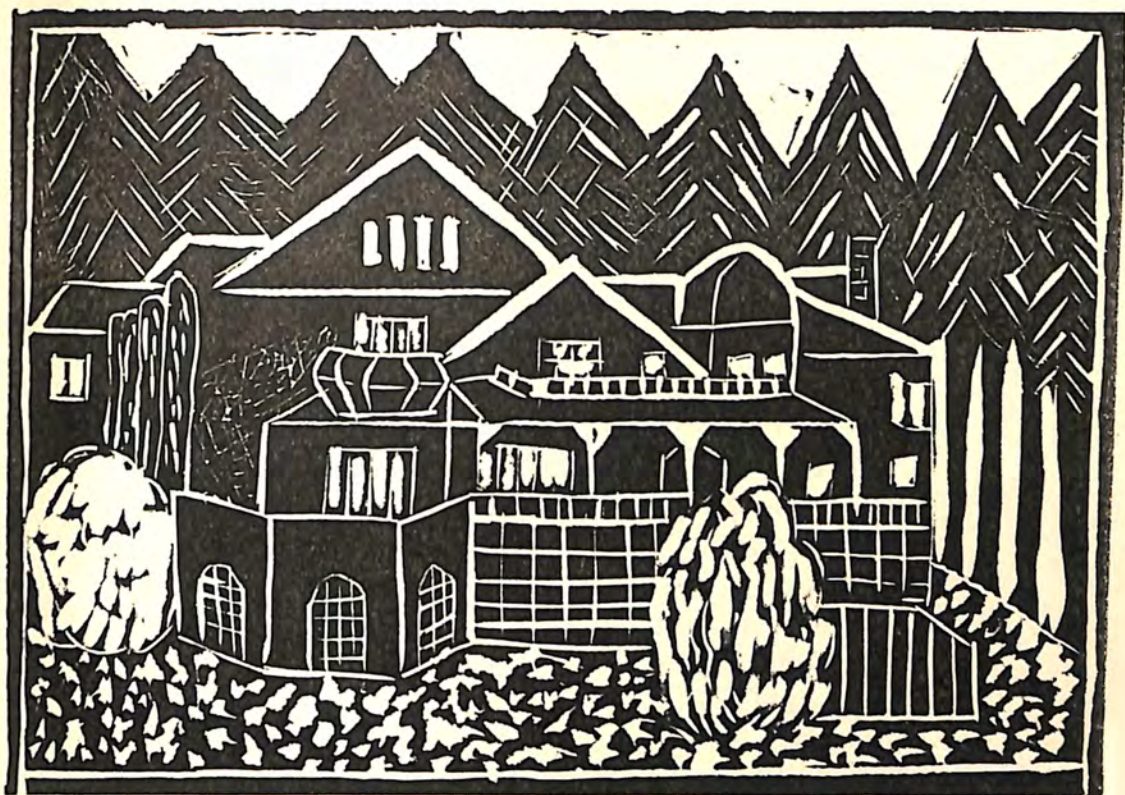
For those unfortunates who must brave the elements for the sake of nourishment, there is a long, inviting bench and an opportunity to toast one's toes before the fire in the living room. Here a cool green predominates, warmed by the gay prints and plaids covering the furniture. In warmer weather there is a

general exodus through the French doors into the cobbled court, where tea often is served on Sunday.

Upstairs is the smoke-room, to which the majority adjourn after dinner. The bridge tables are never unoccupied, and a few ardent foursomes often are to be found playing on the floor. For more reflective moments there is the chapel. Here we gather for Mass on Friday, Rosary nightly, and a novena now and then.

A thus far undecided Fanjeaux controversy is that concerning the respective advantages of living on the second or third floor: if on the second floor, you are sure to have exercising neighbors above you; if on the third floor, there is the extra flight of stairs to be considered. If you are fortunate enough to live in the corner room, just at the top of the stairs on the third floor, you will be cheered on the darkest day by looking out into a golden acacia tree. If you live on the other side of the house you can keep close track of everyone who walks to Inspiration, and occasionally you will see a deer on the dirt road which winds along the top of the hill.

Pay no attention to those who say our twisting, sharply turning driveway is a hazard; heed not those who claim Fanjeaux has not the personality of the other houses. To them we answer, with the pride of possession, that Fanjeaux has a charm all its own.



MEADOWLANDS

AS WE COME up the twisting drive on a warm September day, the doors of college life swing open to admit us. Before us a large brown house looms up, the house where we, as freshmen, will live. . . . Meadowlands. "Cold, only living quarters, too large"—that is what we think as we arrive. We do not see the gracious friendliness of the open door, inviting us to enter an intriguing home of a bygone age, as we apprehensively walk up the broad stairs.

It is cool inside and surprisingly different. The living room in dark wood and the sudden contrast of the white room make us wonder who built this house. The scarlet coats of the hunting scene are spied and, irresistibly, we are drawn into the green room to see if the scene runs completely around the wall. There is nothing to do but follow from its bright beginning, through the rigors and excitement of the chase, to its quick, almost terrible, end. Although there is the element of the horrible within the scene, yet it is pleasing in its color, action and truth. The fireplace inevitably comes to our notice, large, high-mantled, bringing friendly warmth when lighted. We realize at once how much an integral part of the room it is. Then we remember that each of the rooms we have

seen so far has a fireplace, but none like this one here in the green room.

The fascination of downstairs must be put out of our minds as we ascend the broad staircase, reminiscent of hoopskirts and gentle music. Stopping on the turn of the stairs, we survey the room below. In one sweep of the eye we see the high, strangely-shaped lamp at the foot of the stairs, the round redwood table decorated with flowers, the small desk near the double Dutch door. Then we find our bedrooms, filled with laughing people as we come into them, and we wonder which of these will be our roommates. The bustle of getting ready for dinner, trying to meet everyone at once, coming back from Fanjeaux to get ready for bed, and for the first time having a good look at our roommates is rather exhausting; sleep is welcome.

The strangeness of the campus and campus life wears off after a few days, and we realize what is ours. Meadowlands does not belong only to us, but to the whole school, for all of us meet daily in the assembly hall, where the warmly colored shields of the class windows remind us of deeds done and deeds to come.

MARGUERITE O'REILLY '50

SHIELD DAY

COLOR and movement, a sense of unity, the freshmen's thrill of pride in being received as full members of the student body, the older students' pride in receiving them: these things make Shield Day, these things and many more.

The Shield Day ceremony dates back to nineteen twenty-four. It is among the earliest of our traditions and our elders tell us that it will be among our precious memories when we have forgotten almost all of our history except the Battle of Hastings.

It comes on a Friday evening, and this one Friday all the school stays on campus with comparatively little lamentation. The event used to fall on the Friday nearest to Saint Raphael's Day; now it takes place on Hallowe'en. The final celebration begins at four of the afternoon of Shield Day. Preparations go on for weeks before.

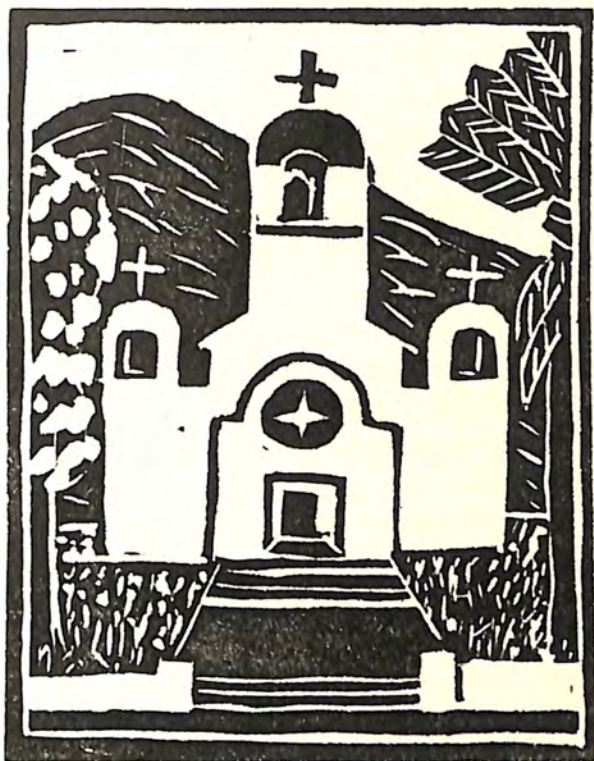
The high moment of the ceremony is the presentation to the freshmen of a shield that bears a device and motto carefully chosen by the senior class and set into the class colors of the year. The shield is made of wood, on which the device is painted by the art students, and at the Shield Day banquet, miniature shields mark each freshman's place. The president of



the class is presented with the great shield which she guards in her room and carries on state school occasions, but every freshman can place her tiny shield on her own door or in her room. Part of the pleasurable agony of the preparations is in the composition of class songs and practice of the Shield Day play, which is the first dramatic production of the year.

At four in the afternoon the freshmen, in impressive new caps and gowns, assemble in front of Benincasa. There they wait until the student body, in academic attire, march in a long train up the twisting road from Anne Hathaway to Benincasa, singing the class songs. Each class is distinguished by the leader who bears the class shield. The freshmen are welcomed and presented with their shield, which their newly elected class president accepts. Seniors, juniors, sophomores sing in turn their songs, and the freshmen, in great volume, reply. A serious address given by a faculty member adds to the solemnity and beauty of the occasion. Then the whole student body marches to the chapel for Benediction.

At the banquet which follows, the spirit of unison is heightened by the passing of the loving cup, and all the songs are sung again. There follows the excitement of the play. The freshmen are now an integral part of the student body.



SAN RAFAEL

PERHAPS to you, San Rafael is only 4th Street, and consists of just Borden's, the Greyhound Terminal, Joe's Taxi, Corey's, Albert's, El Camino Theater, and the Rafael Theater, known, perhaps not

affectionately, by another name. These are the everyday *shoppes* with which you deal. They fill your needs and you ask for nothing more. Yet a closer look into San Rafael's surroundings as an object of beauty and interest, even in a town whose buildings have no need for elevators, may prove fruitful.

Have you ever wandered over the hills beyond the Convent and lived the view that is there for you? Standing at one point you can look east over San Pablo Bay and the Marin Islands and Red Rock and, of course, north to the San Francisco Bay and the domains behind it. A few feet farther from this point and San Rafael itself crawls lazily at your feet. Or have you ever walked around the homes near the Convent (this is close to home—take the road behind the gym, the one over which the locust trees form a stained-glass cathedral arch) and noticed, just for instance, the huge lath greenhouse that nurses thousands and thousands of flame, yellow, white and pink tuberous begonias? Those beautiful flowers started as a hobby; now the owner's hobby is managing the *Call Bulletin*, and the flowers are the career.

Or have you paid particular attention to the new homes and gardens growing in Sun Valley or Picnic Valley near California Park? Not intriguing? California Park was once the site of a movie studio which

produced one or two pictures filmed there; something about horses and bad men. The studio contracted local talent and Edward I. Butler, now Judge of the Superior Court, took a judicial part in *The Unwritten Law*, one of the films. Henry Greer, Superintendent of Schools, also played a part in the trigger-fast-Black-Jack production. At that time, studios depended upon sunlight for their shots, and as camera work was slowed by cloudy days, the company thought it best to move to a more suitable climate than San Rafael's. But Hollywood almost happened here and, but for the weather in Marin, you might have gone down to the Brown Derby or the Copacoke Bar for your rocky road ice cream, instead of Borden's. All that is past now, but California Park (you go over it as you pass down the bridge coming into town from San Francisco), is the site planned for an outdoor theater by Mr. Blumenfeld, and movies will be shown where they once were made.

San Rafael has very little crime, perhaps because the first hangman's gallows in the state were once just about where Albert's is now. I don't know what happened to Gordon's Opera House with its "elegant and commodious auditorium"* but the Rafael Hotel burned down almost twenty years ago. The hotel was

**Marin County Journal*, October, 1887.

superior to any resort north of San Francisco. It was comparable in size and atmosphere, but not in Victorian elegance, to Berkeley's Claremont Hotel, and said not to be inferior to the Del Monte Lodge at Monterey or the Arcadia at Santa Monica although it followed their design in architecture. The hostelry itself was large, artistic, and surrounded by cottages, club houses, bowling greens and lawn-tennis courts; the grounds provided a magnificent grove of cypress, eucalyptus, and pine trees. It was built to provide a restful resort and caravansary, not for travelers, but for wealthy health-seekers, and was the scene of many gay parties, or so they tell me. Now, on those rare occasions when you walk to town, you sometimes pass through the grounds, which have been subdivided into the Rafael Gardens.

There are other dominions inside and around San Rafael: you may see the lovely homes on Locust Avenue; an industrial revolution going on along the highway; the shipyard on the canal; the sea-cliff dwellings that hang out over the water on the road to McNear's Point; the community around the brick factory that you'd be certain is right out of *How Green Was My Valley*; and China Camp that exudes Oriental mysticism and a promise of tong wars and opium dens, but really only offers shrimp for twenty cents a pound.

But you can't have missed the beauty in the eucalyptus and locust lined streets, or the sunny peace of the fall and spring afternoons. This beauty has attracted many people who could have lived anywhere, but chose San Rafael: the old families, the Dollars, the Colemans, the Freitas', the Donahues, the Fosters, people who came in the 1850's and who had stables, orchards, and tracts of land to go with their porticoed mansions, people like Jacob Albert who did so much for the town.

The same beauty attracted the Franciscans, who established a Mission here in December of 1817. Father O'Meara loves to tell how the site for the Mission was found, especially on Sundays that tingle with a new spring and when everyone feels well enough to found his own mission. He describes the sickness that beset the Indians clustered around the Mission in foggy San Francisco and the parties who set out to find a health resort across the Bay. Indians and monks paddled master canoes against the rip tides and landed in Richardson Bay. The lush sweetness of Ross Valley did not suit them, nor the richness of Fairfax, nor, I suppose, the marsh tang of Vallejo. All these they by-passed. But San Rafael; ah, there was a place where missionary and follower could thrive on sun and sky and peace and God. So, while the Indians became fat

and rosy-cheeked, the name for the Mission became "Mission of San Rafael, Arcangel." Its lands were extensive; orchards, cattle, horses and sheep were used to serve thousands. Now a tin sign marks its proximity; *it is the only unrestored mission in California.*

The beauty and peace of San Rafael are still attractive, bringing into the town such men as Admiral Chester Nimitz and Lieutenant Colonel Robinson, men who have seen the world and yet prefer San Rafael as a home. Admiral Nimitz has purchased property on the Bret Harte heights; both men have sent their daughters to the Dominican lower school.

This article by no means intends to give a graphic picture of San Rafael or its highlights. It only means to show that the town is interesting and stimulating. There are so many diversities you could find yourself and not even miss the time.

MARILYN MYERS '47

LANDMARKS

DO YOU remember the fairy stories you heard when you were very small? They all began with "Once upon a time", and immediately you were transported to a golden world where there were no everyday trifles and cares, where everyone was happy and good, and every event was fascinating. So we should

begin our tales with "Once upon a time at Dominican College", because these are tales about the times when our school was very young.

The first house on the college campus was Meadowlands. It had been the home of the De Youngs when San Rafael was a fashionable suburb (you can read about that time in Kathleen Norris' *Saturday's Child*). On an August evening, nineteen-eighteen, fifteen young women met there in the Green Room and, seated in the tall, ladder-back chairs, ate their first college dinner at the long green table, now in Benin-casa. The walls above the green panels were calcimined in a buff tint, very decorous as beseemed a convent college in its infancy, but Sister Thomas, Sister Catherine Marie, and Sister Patrick knew that underneath was a hidden treasure, so one day twenty years later they decided to investigate. Sister Patrick took a chisel and chipped away part of the plaster: there appeared a bright spot of color. The Sisters immediately ordered all the plaster removed, and there, encircling the walls of the room, was a fox hunt on a dewy May morning, painted in unfaded colors. Even today you can see that mural in which the ladies and gentlemen always ride and the fox is forever caught.

From the balcony right outside the green room you can see the small building in a grove of trees which the

De Young children used as a play house. The college girls were too old to use it as a play house, so for a long time it stood empty. Then Theodore Maynard, the poet and novelist, came here to teach and he used the little house as a retreat in which he wrote his poems and stories. When Mr. Maynard left, the house again fell into disuse, but was soon given to the staffs of the *Meadowlark* and *Firebrand*, who established within its walls a sacred literary domain. A shingle was hung out and the small building was named *Ye Think Shop*, but it was commonly known as *The Meadowlark House*. For many a day the grove rang out with the merry voices of the girls, and resounded with the talk at literary teas. But there came a day when the staff rooms were moved into Guzman and the Meadowlark House became the Post Office, a scene of daily joy or disappointment. If you should chance to wander that way some day you will still see a little letter box, the only remaining sign of the past, for the playhouse of the De Youngs is now known simply as "The Smoke House".

If you walk away from the Grove, down the banks of the stream and across the bridge, you come to a brown rustic building which shelters the chemistry classes. The chemistry building was completed in nineteen hundred and twenty, and in the final cere-

mony everyone in the college laid a brick in the floor of the front porch. From the science building you can walk down Acacia Avenue to the front of Angelico Hall and view the Spanish spruce tree, now grown so large, which was planted by the first graduating class in nineteen hundred and twenty-two.

It is a long walk from Angelico Hall to Edge Hill, but the Babcocks, who built Edge Hill, used to go up the avenue at a brisk trot in their horse-drawn carriage. The Babcocks were very fond of dogs and they kept twenty dachshunds at Edge Hill. Legend has it that each dog had his own room, and you still can see the brass bar in the front window which was built for their leashes. There is even a rumor that you may stumble over the graveyard where each dog has his own little tombstone.

As you walk down a shady path in the present, remember the days about a quarter of a century after the time when the only taxi in San Rafael was a one-horse shay, when the ladies all wore bustles and big hats, and when Marin County was the playground of the most fashionable people in the West. College girls still wore their gym bloomers below their knees and Dominican College had only one building and five seniors . . . once upon a time.

BARBARA ALEXANDER, '48

THE HARD-HEARTED FEMALE

CHARACTERS

Harry Blain—A middle-aged convalescent; his attitude is abrupt and he is known to be a card shark among his companions.

Michael Davidson—Just twenty-one; sunny disposition and a big heart.

Henry Kline—A young professor of history; he spends most of his time reading.

Thomas Dewey — Eighteen-year-old convalescent; he wants to die.

Isabell Scott—Nurse.

TIME

The year nineteen hundred and forty-five.

PLACE

A ward for amputees in a Veterans' hospital.

SETTING

A regular hospital ward, in which only the four beds facing the audience from upstage are occupied. Two beds on the left and two on the right are in readiness for newcomers. Beside each bed is a table with a water glass and several bottles on it. As the scene opens, the occupants of the first two beds are sitting up talking, the occupant of the third is reading, and

the fourth bed is in darkness. Harry Blain, the occupant of the first bed, is speaking.

Harry: Hey, Mike, how about a game, huh?

Mike: Ah gee, Harry, you took practically my last cent last night. I'm getting out of here pretty soon and I've gotta save up.

Harry: So what? (He shuffles the cards enticingly.) Besides, it's all in the cards, and you might win you know. Why I won a thousand bucks in a few weeks over there, and boy, oh boy, that ain't hay. Just think what you could buy with that, and I got it to lose too.

Mike: Trouble is Harry, I'm new at the game, and I don't want to take the chance.

Harry: What's that, son? I was new at it too when I started.

Henry: (Looking up from his book) New at it thirty years ago you mean, don't you old chap?

Harry: Shut up, Kline, you're ruining my good honest business. (He looks winningly at Mike.) Come on kid, just a few hands before we turn in. It's good for the brain, makes you think.

Henry: May I give you a word of advice, Michael? Cards are a definite hindrance to the mind. They not only hinder it, but they actually degrade it. Here, (he offers a large book) I have a wonderful history on the diplomatic affairs of the American people from the

Revolutionary War on. If you are very careful and promise not to crease the pages—I simply cannot tolerate creased pages—I'll lend it to you.

Mike: Thanks, Mr. Kline, ah . . . but . . . I was never too good at history and, well . . . ah . . .

Harry: Ya know, Prof, what I read in the noospaper the other day? It was about this professor, see? And he kept givin' his students homework, homework, and all the time more homework, see? He kept forcin' more and more on them all the time, see? Ya know what happened? One day they found him down by the crick (he looks menacingly at Henry) all in little tiny pieces. See?

Mike: Golly . . .

Henry: Well really, absurd. (He shrinks down in his blankets after a quick glance at Harry, and resumes his reading.)

Harry: You cut, Mike. (He picks up his cards.) Ya know, I really can't place no blame on them kids. I couldn't stand homework either. I always had a mind for the business world. Boy, I let 'em know too, and walked out of school and left 'em flat in the second grade.

Henry: (Looks up from his book.) I might be bold enough to add that, for once, your story is not hard to believe.

(As Harry is about to answer, a muffled groan is heard from the fourth bed.)

Harry: (Whispering) Hey Mike, what's wrong with the kid? He ain't said a word since we got here. I guess he's taking it kinda hard. Sure wish we could get him interested in some cards or somethin'.

Mike: (In a sad, slow voice) He wants to die.

(Kline puts down his book and looks at the huddled figure. He passes his hands across his eyes, leans back on the pillows, and stares at the ceiling, on his face the sad look of knowledge of what the boy is going through. The door on the left opens, and a stern looking middle-aged nurse comes in. She goes directly to Harry's bed and takes his pulse.)

Nurse: (With dry humor) What's the matter with you, Mr. Blain, lose at cards? You look like you're ready to be buried. And what about these pills? You should have been out of here ten days ago. You're using up the taxpayers' money and taking up space. Why, you should be out there now, running one of those night clubs, and keeping poor men's minds diverted from these times. Here, (she shoves a thermometer in his mouth) and keep still while you've got it in there.

Harry: (Muttering) Hard hearted female if I ever saw one.

(Nurse pays no attention and walks briskly around to Mike's bed. Mike's eyes follow her with a sheepish look. Nurse looks at him quizzically.)

Nurse: And what's the matter with you? Now what have you done? You look mighty sheepish to me, son. Let's have a look.

Mike: Nothing's wrong, honest, Miss Scott.

Nurse: Hm . . . we'll see. (Takes his pulse and temperature, and examines the bottles on his table.) Well, young man, I don't see that bottle of cod-liver oil. You don't by chance know where it is now, do you?

Mike: C-Cod-liver oil? No, sir, I mean, ma'am.

Nurse: Oh, is that so! Well then, what is this? (She pulls the bottle from under his pillow.) I've been here a mighty long time, son, and I know all the tricks. Now (in a stern voice) sit up and take it. (She puts a spoonful in his mouth, and puts her hand over his mouth until he swallows it.)

Harry: (With the thermometer still in his mouth) Female beast.

Henry: (Complacently) Heh, heh, a just recompense if I ever saw one. Cards and story telling, yes, indeed, a just recompense.

Nurse: (In a loud voice) And what is it you're muttering about, Mr. Kline? I hear tell that you're ruining your eyes reading all those history books, taking

your recreation inside instead of outdoors getting some exercise.

Henry: I'm inclined to disagree with you, my dear Miss Scott. One never ruins one's eyes doing what is right and . . .

Nurse: And I suppose you'll disagree with me that your bottle of cod-liver oil is also missing?

Henry: Not so hasty, my good woman. (He produces the bottle) You see, I followed the instructions quite rigidly, and it is empty. (He gives her a complacent smile.)

Nurse: Now aren't you the good boy! Just for that I have a surprise for you. (She goes out the door on the right.)

Harry: Apple polisher, that's what you are.

Henry: Elementary, my good fellow. I threw the stuff out of the window this morning. The result of a well-rounded education.

Nurse: (Coming back in) Here you are, Mr. Kline, a brand new bottle. Now sit up and take it like the good boy you are. (Gives it to him. He chokes and gurgles, and Mike and Harry laugh.) The next time you throw stuff out of the window, by the way, make sure you know where you are throwing it. That was the second change I had to make this morning.

Henry: (Sliding into his blankets) Oh, dear me . . .

Nurse: Now you boys turn out your lights. (She goes over and takes the thermometer from Harry's mouth) Hmph. I still think you should be out of here instead of babying yourself along: just an over-grown baby. (She turns off his light.) Now get to sleep.

Harry: (Mumbles) Heart of stone, that's what she has. (He turns over on his side.)

Nurse: And you two do the same. I'll go over and take care of Number Four.

Mike: (Catching her skirt) Oh, please, Miss Scott, leave him alone. He doesn't feel so good.

Harry: Yeah, leave him alone. Don't you go bossin' that kid around, you female, you.

Henry: (In a small voice) I'm afraid I have to agree, Miss Scott.

Nurse: (In a very stern voice) MR. Blain, MR. Davidson, MR. Kline . . . Who do you think you're talking to? Turn off those lights.

(Lights are turned quickly off. Nurse walks over to the fourth bed and turns on the bed lamp. The three men sit up in their beds and watch her. She goes to the end of the room, takes a bed screen, and puts it between the fourth bed and the others. The men in the other three beds lie down. The stage is now in complete darkness except for the lighted scene around the last bed.)

Nurse: (Softly) Thomas, Thomas . . . time to take your temperature. (She pulls down the blankets a bit, revealing a blonde, tousled head. She sits down in the chair beside the bed.) Now look here, son, it's been a good four weeks now, and never once have I shown you my iron hand, now, have I? (A muffled sound is heard from Tom) As a matter of fact, I've been most lenient, but now I think it's about time we got some things straightened out. To be frank, I think it's just about time that you were learning to walk again. You're needed, and badly, on the outside.

Tom: (In a bitter voice, raising his head a bit) Help? How can I be of any help, ever again?

Nurse: So that's what's bothering you now, is it? And all the time I thought you were really sick. You disappoint me, Thomas Dewey. (Very soberly she looks down at his upraised face.) You know your fellow companions over there, don't you? (She motions towards the other beds) Well, I don't like to give them too much credit, but all of them were worse off than you . . . much. But what's old Blain going to do? He's starting a night club for poor suckers. And what's young Mike going to do? He will be a big engineer in a few years. And Kline? He'll be teaching history again in a few months. And what about you? I, ah, hear you play the piano. Well, you still can. What's the matter

with you? Do you want to stay in this hole, month after month, just lying around, instead of being outside where the air is fresh and the sun warm? You could be out there getting inspiration for some composition, or something.

Tom: (Slowly sits up and looks at her) Compose?

Nurse: Of course. You should have been outside today, son, with most of the leaves turning yellow. August is the most beautiful month of the year, and you're missing it. How many pieces could you compose telling about the slow turn of the leaves from green to gold? An "Autumn Song," or something.

Tom: "Autumn Nocturne." (Gets up on his elbow.) You're right. I can almost hear it now without even seeing the trees . . . "Autumn Nocturne."

Nurse: (Sniffs and gets up) Where's that bottle of cod-liver oil? You're not getting out of it any longer. (She goes swiftly out of the right door.)

Tom: (Whispering) You know, fellows, she's not so bad.

Henry: (Heartily) Good boy.

Mike: Check.

Harry: (Chuckling) Hard hearted female.

MARGUERITE LUSSIER '47

"MY SAN FRANCISCO"

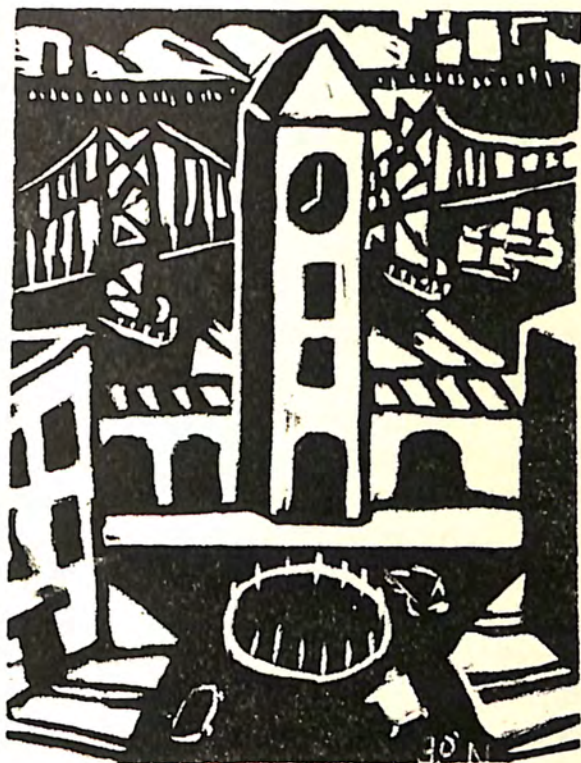
NO ONE who has ever crossed the bridge that spans the Golden Gate and seen across the blue waters of the bay the city of San Francisco rising on its twenty-nine hills will ever forget the sense of magic that superb view inspires. Familiarity does not dim this sensation, for this jeweled city has many facets. Seen through the fog that rolls in from the Pacific Ocean it has the shadowy charm of Camelot.

There is a bit of all the world in San Francisco. Chinatown, with its fantastic pagoda roofs, its dazzling show windows displaying rich brocades and beautiful rare jade, with its narrow streets and alleys echoing to the spiked heels of high school girls and the clomp of the wooden sandals worn by the ancient Chinese waiters with trays upon their heads, is a world in itself. Little Italy, clustered about the magnificent Church of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, boasts the finest restaurants in the world. To hear the fishermen singing "Santa Lucia" in the early morning as they put their boats out to sea, is ample compensation for rising in the invigorating chill of dawn. Coit Tower, the despair of artists, does not keep them from making their homes on the slope of Telegraph Hill, where they can watch the ever-changing panorama of the

busy waterfront. The charm of Old Spain remains in Mission Dolores, in the old Arguello home in the Presidio, now an officer's club. The music of Spain lives on in the names of San Francisco streets: Embarcadero, Portola Drive, Divisadero, Cabrillo, to mention but a few.

Downtown San Francisco is as modern in its buildings and crowded streets as any other world metropolis. Yet even there the flower stands are constant reminders that beauty as well as progress is a part of the San Franciscan's creed. Golden Gate Park, the third largest in the country and unquestionably the most beautiful (says the San Franciscan), is at its best when the cherry trees are in blossom and when the rhododendrons are in bloom. In its secluded beauty spots it is hard to realize that one is in the midst of a community teeming with life. And where but in San Francisco can be found a forest within a city?

Her history presents a pageant of colorful scenes. The tiny village of Yerba Buena, on the sandhills, the splendid years of the Spanish dons, the boom town of forty-nine, the sordid period of the "Sydney ducks", the days of the Vigilantes, the "Champagne days" before the fire, the first World's Fair, the prosperous years between two World Wars, the building of the bridges, the Fair on Treasure Island, the tremendous



activity of the war years—all these make a story no other American city can equal in color.

Gertrude Atherton calls it *My San Francisco*. The great charm of the city is that to all who know her she is "My San Francisco," this city of Saint Francis by the Golden Gate.

PATRICIA FRANKS '50

"THE ARTS, 1947"

OUR ELDERS tell us that we are living in a restless world, and the conservatives say that modern art is an unhappy reflection of this restlessness. Perhaps that is because they do not understand it.

We might seem to be in danger of stiffening into conservatism, because in our first two years of college we become steeped in the cultures of the Ancients and of the Middle Ages as we follow the course of the Humanities. Obviously such a danger must be averted. For this purpose our President, collaborating with Madame Rau, thought out the program of "The Arts, 1947," a program in which the artists were to be allowed to speak for themselves and then have matters resolved in a panel discussion.

As a result of this wise planning the college students have had the privilege of hearing lectures by the architect, Eric Mendelsohn, the sculptor, Jacques Schnier, the composer Darius Milhaud, and by critics of art, music, and literature, Douglas Mac Agy, Margaret Prall, Reverend John S. Kennedy, and Mark Schorer.

Since the lectures, all over the campus conversations have sprung up like autumn fires among those who bring nineteenth century expectations to twen-

tieth century art, and those who believe themselves competent to judge modern art or at least to appreciate it. The former are really more docile than the latter, for they admit that their expectations can not be satisfied and so, hope for a glimmer of understanding. The others are not willing to accept anything that conflicts with what they have already learned, but a third group, wiser than the others, know something of the new seethings and the new accomplishments and wish to correct, as far as possible, whatever may be short-sighted in their viewpoint.

Mr. Mendelsohn's suggestion that the buildings along the waterfronts in San Francisco be torn down, fired a faction of those who love their city as it is and have no mind to think with the great architect of architecture as a world concern; and still others leaped up, the supporters of the Romanesque and the Gothic styles that Mr. Mendelsohn says should no longer be. The profound changes of the present age, he maintains, have brought modern architecture to life, and this new birth has an important function in the new social life man is trying to start. No one of us can deny the beauty and fitness of Mr. Mendelsohn's Palestinian architecture as we see it in the photographs in our art gallery, but some of us still wish to cling to the beautiful designs that mean the best to us.

Both Mr. Schnier and Mr. Mac Agy are interpreters of the newest trends. To them modern art is the expression of the natural impulses of the artist, the term natural including the vagaries of dreams, the grotesque, and, according to nineteenth century expectations, the bizarre. According to Mr. Mac Agy, art must not grow out of rigid disciplines of governments and the conventional standards of the art schools. He drew the attention of the audience to the significant return of the totalitarians to neo-classic art; rigid discipline, he holds, cuts off individual flexibility and he insisted that art must be individual and sincere. The pictures that he showed seemed mostly ridiculous, but he focuses on one aspect of modern art, the grotesque and the bizarre, in order to do away with the old prejudices that must be shaken loose by violent methods.

Mr. Schnier's views pleased in general, especially those who frankly wish enlightenment; Mr. Mac Agy seemed more puzzling, and stirred up those who believe that they know.

Strangely enough Father Kennedy kindled the strongest fires of all. His criticism of modern drama showed too much sympathy for the great writings of the past. He ruthlessly opposed the hollowness, the moods of despair, the acceptance of false standards of

living that are mirrored in so many of the most popular plays on Broadway. His comments on the good acting and good staging did not seem to soothe. Many of the "modern" students had seen the plays and could not accept this devastating point of view. Those who still live by the old ideals were pleased.

Mr. Schorer talked on "Modern Fiction," a huge subject, which he limited almost entirely to a discussion of British novelists, men whose writings reflect the social dislocations of a world in which the old subject matter is dead, the new not yet born. This new literature, he pointed out, has lost much of what is good in the Victorian novel, so concerned with plot and morals and the relations of character to external circumstances.

Yet this literature so barren of plot and of idea, so concerned with the finesse of style, this tumbling out of "the stream of consciousness," this fiction that emphasizes the individual and plays with the new psychology that alters our understanding of character, has its gain. The modern novelists, Mr. Schorer reminded us, have not falsified; they have opened the naturalistic surface and revealed the depths of the human spirit. Their technique is not merely external, it is a deeply organic process that discovers the whole of modern consciousness. Modern fiction has had its

losses, but no more than life has. In it we find no illusions; it shows us what our fate is, what must happen to us before we can become the captains of our souls.

Those who like to read and think and analyze have talked much about Mr. Schorer's lecture. To many he was no clearer than Mr. Harris' or Mr. Perry's abstracts to the uninitiated in modern art; or than the movements of the fugue (to which he compared the play of ideas in *Point and Counterpoint*) to one ignorant of music.

What new flames may be kindled by Miss Prall and Darius Milhaud we do not yet know; but the thoughtful are aware that the program of The Arts has brought new concepts and given new understanding to those who reach out for them. S. C. M.

CANDLESTICK TREE

There's a candle-stick tree in my dream-drop land,
Grace-angled shoots of upthrust sprays
Reflect scarf-scarlet of gypsy band
In fire-cupped hollows of wheat-white sand.
Whirlpools of grains spin in facets till trays
Of green light build layers, reality-spanned.

I know I am here, but I dream I am free
In the scarlet-green land of the candle-stick tree.

MARJORIE HANSEN '50

TEMPLE OF QUETZALCOATL

From fragmentary wall of temple-ruins
project pinioned snake-heads, sculptured.

Since bluish, speared magueys
first defied rays
of zigzag blaze
on long lake-floor
of the valley known
as Anahuac,
serpents have coiled and sprung.

Darting quickly,
they reserve the right
to bite
lethally
only for moments of fright.

Hibernating,
they draw certainties
from root-kens
and the zones
under stones.

Twining slowly,
they relinquish, ring
by patterned ring,

the wrapping, thin
as onion skin,
of illusions.

Toltecs on quest
for beast
to deify,
passed by
puma, eagle, swan,
and chanced upon
the snake, unvicious
wise and beauteous.

But who would worship one that crawls?
Wings they borrowed to plant
on diamond-designed back
that from groundedness he might soar.

Then they could adore,
while many-bowed magueys
buckled under
when thunder
shook the hight plateau
at Teotihuacán,

Where now plumed serpents speak in stone
on standing facade of Quetzalcoatl.

A. BELTRAN IRWIN SHONE



CRISIS IN CHRISTENDOM

THE WORLD today has reached a crisis. Christ is a remote figure to most people; He stands in the shadow of two thousand years, and does not influence our lives. The lack of the truly Christian spirit has made almost every environment, whether it be school, office, factory, or home, incomplete and poor. Most people live as if there were no God. They seek worldly pleasures, trying to find happiness; they do not realize that real happiness comes from knowing and loving God. Paganism is settling on the world, clogging up the pores of humanity. Religion is looked upon as something to be ashamed of, or at least never to be mentioned. It is considered unethical to remind men how religious principles should affect their politics, their big business, and all other affairs of state. Everywhere worldly customs, principles, and institutions are flourishing, and they are so common and expected that most people do not even recognize them as vicious. Racial and national prejudices, hatred of enemies, selfishness, sensual pleasure are a few evidences of the lack of Christian charity in the world.

This shattered world can not be rebuilt through politics or diplomacy alone, but through the power of God and His Church. In the Psalms of David we read,

"Unless the Lord build the city, they labor in vain that build it". The last two Popes, Pius XI and Pius XII, have repeatedly sought to inspire the lay people of the Church to help in the task of winning back the world. They have pleaded for Catholics not only to live good lives, but more: to unite in a movement which would bring many souls to the Lord. This movement is Catholic Action, which is defined by Pope Pius XI as "the organized participation of the laity in the apostolate of the hierarchy". Pope Pius XII not only echoes the pleas of his predecessor for the Christianization of environments, but he also endeavors to make the peace-makers remember that there is a God, and that man was given certain natural rights by God.

Until the leaders realize that man is at the basis of all their problems, and until each peace-maker's idea of man harmonizes with that of his fellow leader, there will be no foundation for any real peace. The leaders also must feel that the control of the atomic bomb, the jurisdiction of certain advantageous lands, and so on, must be a secondary consideration to the protection of man in the enjoyment of his God-given natural rights. We, as children of God, should not sit back while so many of our brothers are suffering at the hands of insincere or incompetent peace-makers.

Christ died for all men without exception, and we should pray to Him to give us the peace-makers.

How similar this sounds to the theories expressed by Saint Augustine in the fifth century, and how analogous is the condition of the world at that time compared to now. The social dualism in Saint Augustine's time was a violent antithesis of two opposing orders: the kingdom of God and the kingdom of this world, Babylon; the present age and the future age; the imperial society of the past and the Christian society to come. Although these two worlds met and intermingled physically, there was no spiritual association between them. The Christians, while mingling with Babylon, had to recognize the external order of the earthly state which was to the advantage of both; yet there was no true bond of spiritual fellowship or common citizenship between the members of the two societies. In *The City of God* Saint Augustine warns the people of the fifth century, as Pope Pius XII cautions us fourteen centuries later, about a false peace: "The true peace, which is complete and eternal, Heaven's perfect peace, belongs, however, to the Christians only, now in prospect, then in possession . . . and, whereas there is now but an imperfect rest for the citizen of the worldly city, there will then be a perpetual unrest and continual disquiet. . . ."

Saint Augustine professed that every human society finds its structural principle in a common will, "a will to life, a will to enjoyment, and a will to peace". In *The City of God* Saint Augustine defines people as "a multitude of rational creatures associated in a common agreement as to the things which it loves". If one knows the objects loved, one knows the people and their society, because the moral life of the individual and the social life are the same.

Saint Augustine's sociology is based on the principles of the all importance of the will and the sovereignty of love. A striking simile was made by Augustine in showing the strength of love. He said that the power of love has the same importance in the spiritual world as the force of gravity possesses in the physical world: "As a man's love moves him, so must he go".

Saint Augustine also claims that all men desire happiness and all seek peace, but not all after one fashion. The only essential difference in the nature of peace and happiness is in his spiritual independence, because man has the power to choose his own good. The natural man, or man of the world, lives for himself and wishes only a material bliss and a temporal peace. On the other hand, the spiritual man lives for God and seeks a spiritual ecstasy and a lasting peace. Since there were two kinds of men with different ten-

dencies, "two loves built two cities—earthly, which is built up by love of self to the contempt of God, and the heavenly, which is built up by the love of God to the contempt of self".

During his thirty years of ecclesiastical life, Saint Augustine not only carried on a continual warfare against the evil forces from within and without the Church, but he also laid the foundation for much of the Church's political thought and attitude toward history. By analyzing the pleas of the Church today for the world to go back to God one can see that, although the words have been rearranged to suit the modern situation, the theory is the same, as that which was introduced by Saint Augustine in the fifth century. The answer then and now: ". . . for he looked for a city that has foundations, whose builder and maker is God".

ELEANOR BERNARDIS '49.

MESSAGE FOR DAVID

Thou hast seen Israel, David, my prophet,
And thy wisdom is God;
Nor do thy rejoicing people live against thee.
Thy love of them is God, and they
That have loved thee
Are one with God of the heavens.

Wilt thou walk toward Bethlehem,
My gentle shepherd, as a sheep-tender,
Going unto thy people,
Invisible,
Swathed in shepherd raiment;
To the darkened hills of thy youth,
To stir an ancient lyre,
Continuing in antiphonal
To Saul at Gilead,
Thy greatest sorrow remaining with Jonathan
At Gilboa?

Let free such grief and sing,
Sing to Jehovah,
To the vaulted firmament,
Prophesying!

Yet now thy prophecies are fulfilled,
Thou has found thy green pasture,
Even beyond the eternal firmaments,
Thy bell-toned harp remains
Unshattered,
Hanging above us,
Below crystalline spheres,
Far below the cloak of God.
Yet thy hand hath touched his cloak,
Plucked at his star-bridled feet,
The song of Israel still sounds
And thou hast blessed the long Judean slopes.

The psalms are truthful fountains,
Thy praise is as of highest seraphs.
Thou hast raised thy singing voice in prayer,
Thou hast heard His word
"Relinquish thy soul to Me,
Relinquish earthliness,
Come unto Me,
For I have loved Thee, My beloved,
My lamb, even still while
Thy feet were washed with blood.
My love made a covenant with thee."

SHELAGH SCOVILLE '50

FOREST MEADOWS

IN FOREST MEADOWS one finds the spirit of play and culture combined. No matter what the season, there is always something going on.

During the bright fall weather, green gym suits blend with the turf amid the swiftly moving hockey sticks, or are silhouetted with the archer's bow. There are always tennis enthusiasts (range: top to bottom) and a bridle path, fir-scented, to follow to the riding ring; here horse shows are given frequently. Or one can hike through the tanglewood and berry brambles of the wild, natural beauty that surrounds the meadows.

In the open-air theatre nearby many artistic endeavors have been presented, not only to the students, but to all who wish to attend. There are many memories woven around the stage: the delicate color and grace of the ballet, the vividness of the Spanish dancers, the Russian-smocked Don Cossacks, the quaint and picturesque charm of *Hansel and Gretel*.

The barbecue pit is the scene of picnic suppers, and dancing may follow on the tennis courts. With spring comes the mantle of pink-tipped daisies and the pageantry of the May Queen and her court: knights and ladies, jesters, friars, milkmaids, garland

girls and maypole dancers. And as the flaming sun
ties its last beam to the pink-blue windings of the pole,
the husky prayer of the Angelus softly sounds through
the cool trees with which it is a very part.

MARJORIE HANSEN '50

TRANSIENCE

My love is transient
As ephemerids;
It ceases with night
Until dawn.
No sounding seas,
Shadowed sands,
Or wind razzia
Sigh for me.

My love is a transient love . . .
A May fly,
Slender, delicate insect with long,
Membranous wings.

SHELAGH SCOVILLE '50

W. A. A.

GET on your mark, get set, go! Thus, amid the splashing of water and the cheering of onlookers, the annual autumn swimming meet launched another year of sports. Enthusiasm prevailed among all the classes. The sophomores, juniors, and seniors soon proved that their spirit had not grown lax during the summer months. Even the freshmen caught the spirit and, in spite of their still prevalent air of bewilderment, showed that they too were out to do or die and thus establish themselves as part of the student body. From time to time the cheering was subdued by laughter caused by the antics, such as the lighted candle race and the umbrella race going on in the pool. In spite of all obstacles placed in their way, the sophomores emerged as champions for the day.

As October rolled around and with it the prospect of a playday with Marin Junior College, all thoughts of interclass competition were put aside and teams representative of our best evolved. Hockey, tennis, badminton, archery, and ping-pong were the main events of the day and with the termination of the dinner in Forest Meadows we bade adieu to our newly found friends with promises of similar occasions to follow.

After this enjoyable event, interclass competition once again prevailed. Even on the spicier days the more vigorous of the girls could be seen racing to and fro on the hockey field. In spite of delays caused by heavy "California dew", the hockey season was completed in time for a short session of volleyball before the tension of finals and the forthcoming holidays became too great.

Once again, with the coming of the new year, the quiet and peace of the holidays was broken by gay "hellos", banging of books, and rippling laughter. Yes, the spring semester had begun. Basketball, likewise, began fast and furious. As the months rolled by, swimming, tennis, badminton, archery, horseback riding, baseball, and golf each held its own.

Under the able direction of Mrs. Morgan, the athletic department ventured into a new field. Instead of the usual fight, fight, fight, it was now kick, one, two, and the folk dancing classes were started. Amid the fragrance of flowers and the swirl of gay peasant skirts the first day of Spring was greeted with schottishes and polkas, jigs and reels—all to the melodious tunes of old. Indeed something gay, lively, and different!

And thus the curtain is drawn upon another year, well filled for future reminiscing.

MARY HELEN POWER '48

POETRY CLUB

MONDAY, five o'clock in the afternoon. The fire splutters on the hearth in the green room, then burns brightly. The sun shines in the bay window on the round walnut table. The Muses are astir. Six heads bend towards a ruddy-cheeked Scottish woman, her Highland green eyes darker by contrast with her shining white hair. "Listen to this," she says, and then she reads a stanza from one of the latest war poems. It is Kate Rennie Archer who is presiding over the Poetry Club, which has continued with even greater interest than that of last year. "Now, girls, remember this. You must have clear thought behind what you say, and your expression must be natural, not strained or old-fashioned. No 'tises, no inversions, no clichés. Now, what have you brought me this week?"

Forth come the manuscripts; Mrs. Archer listens. "This is good," she exclaims, as the first verses are read. "If you keep on you will go to town, you can publish. But now, let us see. Here's an inversion. Where was that spear of grass? How did it grow at this particular place? You must have an idea or a clear impression behind what you say. Now, everybody, think." And forthwith comes a revision.

"What do you think of this phrase, girls?" Someone

offers a criticism. Then out of the fog comes light. Mrs. Archer's enthusiasm, her poetic gift, her critical sense, the flame of her love for poetry kindles the slightest poetic spark in those who are fortunate enough, and faithful enough, to attend her sessions. That she has not used her powers in vain is evident from the fact that five poems written by members of the club were accepted for publication in the *National Anthology of College Poetry*. We are publishing a selection that pleases us especially from the best that has come out of the Poetry Club.

POPCORN TOWN

White-fluffed seed-clouds,
Dancing balls in a marble-veined sky!
Who would pass through the Janus-portal
And view the grease and salt
Of rutted streets;
Calliope and brass-buttoned monkey
Tooting a whistle-dance;
Or search for love in two hands
Movie-clasped?

MARJORIE HANSEN '50

MODERN POETRY

Shallow, blue-white as new-skimmed milk,
Of no lasting quality, nor rich full depth,
Touching on expression, surface feeling,
On some thin passing fancy of a thought;
It lasts no longer than the fleet
Fancy quickly spoken of.

You who have ever felt the pulsing throb
Of love, the hollow dragging depth of loss,
Who know the weight, the chilly clutch of fear
Hear now, the modern poet speak his piece.

"Sweep out," he cries in metre odd and vague,
"All strong but time-entarnished tunes of love,
Of hate and sorrow. Let them lie
Forgotten in their gutter of clichés.
Wipe out all rhyming prayers of pious men,
God, if He lives, can reign no longer here."

Yet, any child, unspoiled and innocent
Will catch rhymes shining, and investigate.
He'll dust them off, and then with new-aged eyes
Will hug the treasure, singing, to his breast.

RENE BROOKS '50

THE MURAL ROOM—MEADOWLANDS

This room, sun-softened
Has drunk deep living;
Its memories are unknown to us
Who are today.

The stirrup-cup,
The shadow of the red coat,
The jingled spur,
Are long gone. Now there remains
Only cobwebs of recollection
Caught on the walls,
Paint lit by the sun.

The mind is not stirred
By their intangible softness;
They are felt only as a wind is felt;
Their thought moves,
Then is gone, beyond the reach
Of ordinary things.

The walls cry without sound,
"Tally-ho!" . . . "Gone to ground!"
The dogs are no longer young,
The riders are of another time,
But the hunt gallops over the wall.

The sun is silent,
The hunt remains,
But the fox is gone,
And today hears nothing at all of yesterday!

MARGUERITE O'REILLY '50

FALSE STEP

Walking along streets
I see in front of me
A man who could be a king
By manner alone.

People stare and wonder as he passes.
Who is he,
This man with god-bearing of dignity,
Striding before the world?

I follow his steps
Like a moth,
Held by the flame of hidden personality.

Suddenly the spell ends,
The picture breaks.
By a mischance, mischievous as a trial
Sent by Puck,
He falls, and gone forever
Is the Picture of Perfection.

MARGUERITE O'REILLY '50

IMPRESSION OF PIANO RECITAL

Hands,
Swift, sure, strong,
Flying humming-birds over black and white
Blossoms.

Fingers tearing thunder from the keyboard,
Bring softest rain to ears instead of eyes.
Now flying, now stopping for inaudible breath,
Their wing-wheel carries beauty
Out to hungry worlds.

Here is the scent of the rose
Intangibly present.
Here is the over and the undertone
Of love, of its refrain.
Here from the magic of the artisan
The dreamer spins religion, and the dream
And mood of every time, and area.

Hands and man's memory.
Man and the song endowed by God.
Beauty and Man,
And God beyond them both,
Fingers easily broken,
Weaving for earth the everlasting song.

MARGUERITE O'REILLY '50

REACTION TO CONCERT

I feel the ache of a love that cannot be answered
For I stand on the brink of new life,
But I falter.
Am I afraid?
I would be transferred to other living
By this new life,
I would be treasured, would not be my own.

I cannot answer the sweet ache-filled summons.
I try, but cannot pass the open wall
Of my deficiency.

I fear the glory, the high call,
The wide broad rage of blood,
The passionate sacrifice!

One trumpet note brings the house
Crashing down.
Was blood spent there,
Up on the final height,
Where my dream broke to red?

This was a song deeper than other songs,
More full of power than could be played or sung.
MARGUERITE O'REILLY '50

THE STILLED BELL

I sleep on the battlefields,
Still as a broken bell;
Impulse to rise
And guard the dead
Is quelled.
Evermore is quelled,
For I am spirit-full
And bodyless,
And death prevails in stark silence
Over my blood-sodden
Homelands.

Now
The sound of peace-blown horns
Fills the silence
Of decadent civilizations,
Engulfs peoples,
Dispels grief,
Recalls the distant choirs
Over forgotten Nazareth.

But I sleep on the battlefields,
Still as a broken bell;
Yet I know about peace,
Without words.

SHELAGH SCOVILLE '50

TWO AT TWILIGHT

Under the sky of Tamin-yey,
In labyrinthine paths of almond-blossom,
Petals exulting in light dew;
It would seem that others exult
In the calm night.

They whose glossy heads are crowned
With crystal of moon-ray,
They whose hands entwine beneath
Almond-blossomed trees,
Estranged from past and future.

One bestows jade gifts upon the other.
Oriental stone keeps in its core
A green infinity, a trysting-place
For almond-eyes,
For visions of youth.

Even yet, silver oxen-bells are swayed
To the time of wind.
Dwarfed jasmine sprays its nightly scent
To blue atmosphere.
The perfume-sound is borne to the nostrils
Of those two whose hands
Entwine beneath
The blossomed trees,
Whose glossy heads glimmer
With light dew.

SHELAGH SCOVILLE '50

A CHILD'S PRAYER

For love of Thee I will be good,
And act each day, just as I should.
I will be kind and give to all,
My strength will be at God's least call.

I'll do just as my Father would.
I'll love each one, and as I should
I'll follow Him and never fall.

If God's great mercy only would
Grant me a love for Him that could
Keep me from evil, badness, know
My need, and guide me as I go!

God grant me grace, and make me good,
To love Thee as Thine own child should.

ALICE IRVINE '50



LE SALON FRANCAIS

Ceux qu'arrêtèrent les barrages
Sont revenus en plein midi
Morts de fatigue et fous de rage
Sont revenus en plein midi
Les femmes pliaient sous leur charge
Les hommes semblaient des maudits
Les femmes pliaient sous leur charge
Et pleurant les jouets perdus
Les enfants ouvraient des yeux larges
Et pleurant leurs jouets perdus
Les enfants voyaient sans comprendre
Leur horizon mal défendu
Les enfants voyaient sans comprendre
La mitrailleuse au carrefour
La grande épicerie en cendres

La guerre a passé de nouveau sur la France, laissant après elle son cortège d'horreurs, de désolations, de misères. Ces quelques vers d'un poème d'Aragon que je relisais sont bien impuissants à évoquer aux peuples d'Amérique ce que signifie une guerre moderne. Ces visions d'épouvante resteront à jamais gravées dans ma mémoire.

Et les tristes effets des batailles et des bombardements, les ruines sans nom, les villes entières rasées . . .

Pas une pierre debout sur des kilomètres et des kilomètres. . . . Et l'on voit tout à coup, sortir de dessous les ruines, surgir de dessous le sol, des êtres humains! Oui, des hommes, des femmes, des enfants vivent sous terre, dans des caves, froides, humides, noires, sous les ruines de ce qui fut autrefois leur home, dans ces villes-fantômes, où hurlent les chiens la nuit, où les vols noirs de corbeaux passant dans le ciel font songer aux champs de bataille.

Pensez aux orphelins—leur nombre est immense. Pensez à ceux qui n'ont plus de maison, qui n'ont plus de vêtements, qui tremblent, à demi-nus, le ventre vide, tout au long du long hiver. . . .

Lorsque nous organisâmes, en Octobre dernier, le "Salon Français", sur le campus du Collège Dominicain, nos buts étaient non seulement d'ordre littéraire et artistique, mais aussi d'ordre social et charitable. Etant en contact direct avec l'organisation "American relief for France", il m'a été facile d'obtenir l'adresse d'une institution parisienne d'aide et secours aux orphelins infirmes. J' ai eu des renseignements directs sur cette institution par une Française de San Francisco, à son retour de Paris, qui m'a raconté la belle oeuvre entreprise par les Frères de Saint Jean de Dieu qui ont charge de ces pauvres enfants sans foyer.

Monsieur Paul Verdier, dont la générosité est

connue de tous les San Franciscains, fit don à notre club de différents objets de valeur pour une loterie que nous organisâmes au profit de l'institution dont je viens de parler.

Nous récoltâmes une petite somme, qui vient d'être envoyée à L'Asile des Frères de Saint Jean de Dieu, à Paris. Notre club désire maintenant s'intéresser au parrainage de jeunes orphelins français.

Par l'intermédiaire de Monsieur Gassion, dont la cordialité et la bonne humeur bien françaises sont connues des membres du "Salon", adresses et renseignements concernant plusieurs jeunes orphelins (dont les parents sont morts dans les camps de concentration ou furent fusillés, victimes de leur patriotisme et de la barbarie nazie) viennent de nous parvenir. Et le prochain projet à l'ordre du jour du "Salon" est d'organiser une collecte de vêtements usagés et d'envoyer des colis à nos filleuls et filleules, pour que Pâques leur soit cette année ce qu'il était avant la guerre, le jour des friandises et des gâteries, qu'ils trouveront dans les paquets avec des vêtements et des chaussures, ce qui ne sera certes pas un luxe!

Mais le secours matériel ne va pas sans l'aide morale! Et nos marraines se réuniront pour écrire des lettres où elles mettront tout leur coeur, toute leur tendresse, grandes soeurs d'Amérique pour ces malheureux petits français qui souffrent la solitude et la misère.

A toutes, je dis grand merci, au nom de ces pauvres enfants, et au nom de la France.

Soyez sûres que notre Douce et Belle France sera toujours reconnaissante de ce geste généreux venant de nos bons amis d'Outre-Atlantique.

ODETTE CADART-LOOMIS '47

DRAMA

AFTER we gave *Murder in a Nunnery*, we thought we had finished the last word in clever plays and that we never would find anything equally good. But the nineteen forty-six Shield Day play and Christmas play could hold their own, even with *Murder in a Nunnery*. It takes three things to make the drama successful in the college year: well chosen plays, talented and well-trained actors, and a competent instructor. We have been fortunate in meeting all three requirements. In the first half-year the emphasis was entirely on plays, and in the second on musical productions.

Mrs. Angela Grebel Sullivan, who has succeeded Hedwiga Reicher as instructor in dramatic art, was fortunate to find a group of interested students, who were fortunate to have her as an instructor. So quietly did play practice go on, that the plays have come off before we knew it (and we hear it rumored that the reading of plays in class is most impressive). For the

plays themselves, the Shield Day play and the Christmas play have aroused universal applause. Both plays also aroused discussion. The first was more generally liked than the second, but the reactions to it were almost as interesting as the play itself.

On the surface there is so large an element of comedy in *Ladies in Retirement* that the tragic suffering of the main character, to many people, was lost. The situation is this: a woman of fierce maternal instincts loves her two half-witted sisters as "a tigress her two cubs", and for love of them she murders her employer, a woman who has been her best friend. The two half-witted sisters furnish the main comedy, and to many of the audience their comic acting swept away all the other issues. To others their comic scenes were as pathetic as amusing. To some it seemed amoral, and to others it seemed a fine criticism of life, a moving and ironic representation of the futility and the folly of sin.

Henri Gheon's *Christmas in the Village Square* was almost a shock to some of the audience who expected a traditional pink and blue Christmas play. A band of strolling gypsy players present the story of the Nativity realistically, but with moving tenderness. To the conservatives their realism seemed irreverent, but to those who laid aside their preconceived notions of

white winged angels and golden halos, their very simplicity was deeply sincere.

On Palm Sunday, the Troupers read in the *Mysteries of the Rosary*, and later in the semester the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, *Iolanthe*, was presented.

SCIENCE CLUB

DR. CARROLL went off to Japan. Everyone lamented, but our grief has been soothed by our new professors: Dr. Dodson of the Biology department, precise with the precision of a newly acquired Ph.D., and with no illusions as to spoon feeding, and Mr. Pillsbury, head of the Chemistry department, of the Peripatetic School, even of temperament, even in his assignments, even in his grades.

The Science Club has gone on, but not in unbroken tradition. The old custom of a dinner off campus was waived in favor of a formal initiation of new members in the Fanjeaux living room. Perhaps this is the beginning of a new tradition. Dr. Dodson gave a lecture on *Genetics and the Russian Controversy*; for weeks after, members of the club were still asking, "What happened to Vavilov?" Sister Thomas was impressed into giving a picture of the activities of the club in its very beginning. We were both amused and inspired by this account of our worthy forebears.

MUSIC CLUB

THE Music Club is not new this year; it has only begun with a new flourish. It has been reorganized to develop a stronger unity in the whole music department and to create a more intelligent appreciation of music.

Under the direction of Miss Ray and Sister Francis Xavier, the following officers have been elected: Eva Taverna, President; Mary Lou Fitterer, Vice-President; Marjorie Hansen, Secretary; Carrie Jane Andersen and Alice Tobin, Publicity Agents; and Margaret Herbring, Ticket Agent. The ticket agent is very important; it is her duty to know all about the concerts and symphonies in San Francisco and to get tickets in time for the college music lovers to attend the best.

This privilege carries its own excitement, but not negligible is the pleasure of attending concerts on the campus, whether the artists be the students themselves or distinguished musicians. Not the least pleasure of the club's duties is the sponsoring of these guest artists, and their entertainment after the concerts. A casual meeting and mingling with the great makes fame seem less remote and perfection more tangible. Inspired by the concerts in Angelico and by their attendance at the symphonies, the students find

a greater pleasure in their own work, and they enjoy the efforts of their fellow artists at the bi-monthly meetings of the club.

The club meetings are held in the new recording library in Angelico Hall, a comfortable and stimulating room. The recording library deserves a note to itself, for in it are the facilities specially procured to give the students an opportunity to hear their voices as others hear them and to preserve them for posterity.

"Why, it doesn't sound like me at all!"

That is a common exclamation, for not only the music students who desire to record their singing or playing in order to watch their development, but anyone else who wishes can make a recording for her own amusement.

The recording machine is only one of the attractions to be found in the library. We all at some time or other feel morose, or we get so tired of school that we're ready to throw away all books, and one of the best antidotes for this is good music. If you never have tried listening to it for this purpose, you should. It is surprising how much it helps you to feel like smiling again. The Record Library has the finest music available; Tschaikowsky, Beethoven, Chopin, Brahms, Mozart. Only lovers of the morose would walk through four years of college heedless of such an invitation.

ART CLUB

THE Art Club's informal discussions have been so interesting this year that many lower classmen have attended, although membership in the club is limited to juniors and seniors who are majoring in art. The meetings have been held in the Edge Hill living room, around the big fireplace. Minutes and parliamentary procedure are dispensed with, and the discussion is open to all. Guests during the year have included Richard O'Hanlon, who demonstrated the techniques of sculptoring in wood and stone; Kate Rennie Archer, modern poet, who spoke about contemporary poetry; and George Harris, who discussed the modern trend in painting, using as examples his own canvasses.

In April, an art competition, in which the students could choose their own medium, was held. The club also raffled a hand-woven scarf, in order to buy art supplies for children in Italy.

The Art Club has proven itself more than just another campus club. It has provided an outlet for interests and activities which, although they stem from class work, are yet distinct from it. Now in its third year, it has the vigor of youth, and is planning great things for the future.

GAMMA SIGMA

THE "scholastic canonization" of the newly accepted members of Gamma Sigma, the college honor society, fittingly took place on the feast of Saint Thomas Aquinas, March the seventh. The new members, Barbara Alexander, Mathilde Carpy, Patricia Conlan, Odette Loomis, Mary Helen Power, and Juliette Repetto were greeted by Marie Taylor, the president of the society, who explained the meaning of Gamma Sigma to the students, who attended the ceremony in a body. The faculty and the officers of the college were present. Dr. James Hagerty, Dean of the Department of Philosophy at Saint Mary's College, addressed the assembly. He prefaced his address with congratulatory remarks, and then gave a sense of the personality of Saint Thomas.

The honor society represents the highest achievement in scholastic record and the approval of the faculty, who have judged that acceptance into Gamma Sigma should be marked as an event in which the whole college should have a part.

THE INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB

THE I.R.C., under the guidance of our moderator, has met once every two weeks in Benincasa. There the members discuss topics of current interest and try to come to some good practical conclusions.

In November we were represented at the regional conference of International Relations Clubs which was held at San Francisco State College, and during the past semester members have attended several interesting programs at the University of San Francisco which have been sponsored by the C.I.C.

SPANISH CLUB

AT the first meeting of *Las Modernistas*, forty-three new members were welcomed into the club. The purpose of the club is to interest students in Latin American culture and language, and to help the upper division students join the National Spanish Honor Society. There are three eligible candidates this year.

In coöperation with the C.I.C., the Spanish clubs of the Catholic colleges planned a Latin American program in the spring, and *Las Modernistas* sponsored a Pan American Day program to which all members of the C.I.C. were invited.

CATHOLIC INTERCOLLEGIATE COUNCIL

THE C.I.C. was reactivated this year. Its members are the Catholic colleges of the Bay Area, and its purpose is to promote closer collaboration among all the students of these colleges. To do this, the C.I.C. has sponsored joint meetings of the various campus clubs. Other activities have included a Communion Breakfast at the St. Francis Hotel, at which Father James Keller and Father James Lyons spoke; a special performance of *Henry V* for C.I.C. members; and the organization of a bridge club on each campus.

SOCIOLOGY CLUB

THE Sociology Club has had an active year. The members collected garments for the boys at St. Vincent's School, after Mrs. William Mock spoke of the activities of the Needlework Guild. Later guest speakers included Mr. C. J. Fitzharris, the sociologist of the adult authority at San Quentin; Miss Eileen O'Toole, who related some of her Red Cross experiences overseas; and Father O'Meara, speaking from his experience as a chaplain at San Quentin, spoke on the causes of crime. The club also went on field trips to St. Vincent's School for Boys and to the Convent of the Good Shepherd.

DIARY OF A FRESHMAN

September 2.

NOW dawns one of the memorable days of my life, my first day at college and my first look at my new home, Meadowlands. I stood speechless before this foreign building which so soon is to hold many memories of gay events and prankful hours. The older girls, I noted especially, were so friendly and helpful to those such as I who seem to spend their time in a state of constant bewilderment. Meadowlands is an ideal home for college students—three living rooms and each one with a piano! How I can manage to live under the same roof with ninety other freshmen and within the same four walls with two others is something I am looking forward to discovering. And now, dear diary, I will close, and with a shy nod to my new roommates, I will turn off the light and sink into the foamy whiteness of my bottom bunk, and sleep.

September 4.

Classes started today. They are quite different! After every class the throngs poured out into the popular area of land called the "Grove", which is a great center for the nerves quencher we call smoking; I go there purely for cokes.



September 7.

Eleven-thirty in the morning, and off for a launch ride around San Francisco Bay. Spirits high; here is California at its best. As a new student I was properly impressed. A salty view of the Golden Gate and a close glimpse of Alcatraz provided a thrilling topic for letters home the following week.

September 17-19.

Horrors! Frosh initiation. Three days of fun for upper classmen and anxiety for lowly freshmen. No one was spared and, in traditional manner, the "babies" of the campus learned the hard way the requirements of college life. Outlandish costumes varied at the whims of initiation officials. Fun, laughter, extra doses of bed-making and room-cleaning were prescribed duties for festivities which ended with a picnic in Forest Meadows.

September 22.

The time three o'clock, the scene again Forest Meadows, the occasion a picnic-dance. Baseball, archery and hamburgers were headline afternoon activities, while dancing on the tennis courts and robust singing around a picnic bonfire took the evening spotlight.

October 5.

The Freshman Reception and our first opportunity

to act as hostesses in our new home. Our guests were from Santa Clara, Saint Mary's, and the University of San Francisco. The green and white rooms were transformed into a perfect setting for dancing, and outside there was a shimmering San Rafael moon. A wonderful evening; even cleaning up was fun!

October 7.

Rosary Sunday. A living rosary in black and white, the entire college walked in procession reciting the Mysteries. At the Lourdes Grotto we sang the same beautiful "Ave Maria" which rings out each hour on the college chimes.

October 31.

Shield Day, one of the most impressive of my college life. Sophomore, Junior, and Senior classes in procession, singing class songs, carried out a long established tradition. On the lawn in front of Benincasa we received our shield. Dinner by candlelight, and a miniature shield for each freshman as a lasting reminder of the day.

November 15.

Mid-terms over at last, after a week of light-cuts and poring over worn notes. Now apprehension, wondering at just what minute the local postman in each home town will stick a D. C. envelope in the family mail box, thereby letting anxious parents in on the secrets of college grading systems.

November 26.

Rushed through classes, with many sly looks at the classroom clocks—thinking of the reception at Santa Clara in the evening. The usual bus breakdowns and wrinkled skirts the only casualties. A glimpse of their campus, a delicious dinner, and an evening of dancing; another enjoyable excursion in the past tense.

November 29.

The mirrored walls of the Fairmont Hotel's Gold Room reflected the latest evening fashions at our first formal ball of the year. Frequent flash bulb explosions added to the excitement of the evening.

December 13.

That warned-of week is here. Extra-cold weather, lights which refuse to work, and the distraction of radio-rendered carols; intense study, each night ending with everyone in a "state"; days checked off on worn calendars, train and plane schedules carefully noted, suitcases frantically packed between trips to Guzman for three hour finals. A week to remember!

December 18.

Finals in the past tense; vacation in the future. A wonderful Christmas dinner with the singing of carols and greetings, and miniature Santa Claus ices. The seniors presented the Saint George play in the living room. Then into the wintry night, each girl carrying



a lighted candle; the dearly familiar carols sung, and the neighbors coming out to listen.

January 12.

Christmas vacation already just a memory, but unpacked suitcases wait as roommates, separated for twenty-three long days, recount vacation excitement. Spotless rooms are an inspiration to "Keep them that way all year". Once again lights out at ten-thirty; we had almost forgotten!

February 8.

The sprinkling California "dew" didn't keep anyone away from the Sophomore Informal in the Colonial Room of the Hotel St. Francis. The evening ended with open houses.

February 14.

We were hostesses to the representatives of Red Cross college units this week-end. Workshops, general meetings, entertainment, and new friends made the week-end well worthwhile.

February 18.

The Smoky Mountain atmosphere of the auditorium at the University of San Francisco, and a Sadie Hawkins theme; plaid shirts and cotton dresses the attire. Marrying Sam did a rollicking good business. Wilted violets were next day souvenirs of an extra special dance.

February 20.

Retreat—three days of devotion and silence, reflection and renewal of good intentions; our Retreat Master, Father Joseph Munier, helpful and sincere.

March 7.

Boys from St. Mary's our guests, and Father Fulton presiding at the phonograph. *It Might As Well Be Spring* the theme of our dance at Meadowlands, and blossoms the proof of that season's safe arrival.

March 17.

"The luck of the Irish to you"; a day for the wearing of the green, and wishing a "Happy Feast Day" to our President. We sang Mass in the main chapel; this evening, a musical program in Angelico, and everyone humming *Danny Boy* for days after.

March 21.

The first day of spring, appropriate for our Folk Dance Festival; bright costumes, international dances, and gay music.

April 1.

Pre-vacation uproar again; suitcases dusted off and eagerly packed, and we're on our way home for Easter vacation.

April 7.

The Alumnae's Easter Monday Ball at the Mark Hopkins; some lucky person won a trip to Mexico.

April 8.

Classes again; term papers suddenly due, book report books still unread, and finals in the not too distant future.

May 20.

Second semester finals actually upon us; momentary panic, but there's the comforting thought that we survived the first ones.

May 27.

Class Day, and more college traditions seen for the first time. Tree planting and the unveiling of the class window in the Meadowlands assembly hall; the class will and prophecy read at dinner, and the last student body meeting of the year. The installation of new officers brings the year to its official close.

May 28.

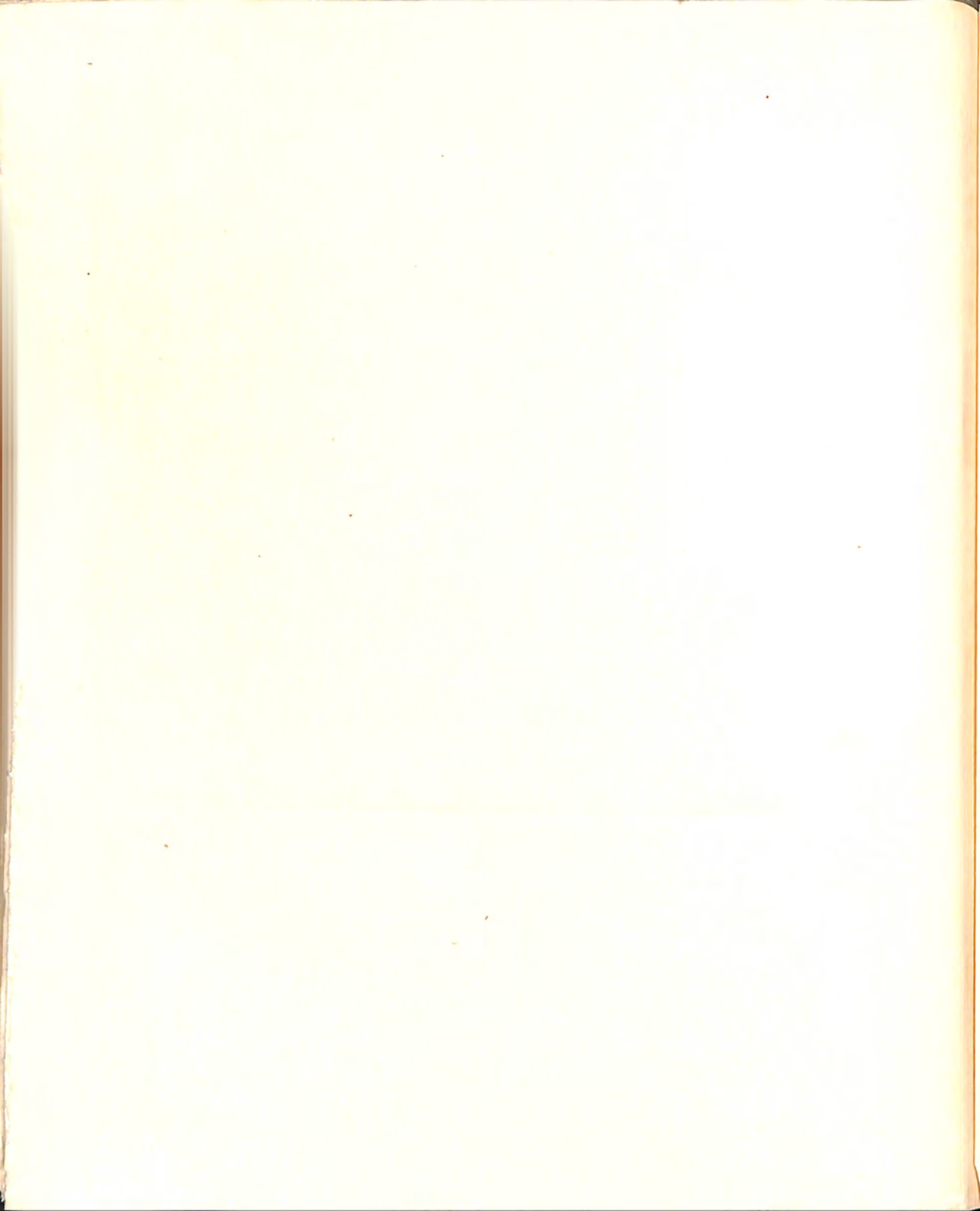
Mass and the Baccalaureate Address in the morning, and in the afternoon the Commencement ceremonies in the auditorium in Angelico. Sad to see the seniors leave, all of a sudden we realize our freshman year has ended. We are sophomores!

ROSE CARBONE '50.

PATRONS

Mr. and Mrs. Dwight M. Bliss, Hollister
Bordens Marin County Milk Company, San Rafael
Judge and Mrs. N. Charles Brusatori, San Rafael
Campion and Ward Pharmacy, San Rafael
Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Carpy, St. Helena
Chamber of Commerce, San Rafael
Judge and Mrs. Guy Ciocca, San Rafael
Coca-Cola Bottling Company, San Rafael
Kee Coleman, San Francisco
Mrs. John Collins, San Francisco
Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Leo Conlan, San Francisco
Corey's, San Rafael
Mr. and Mrs. William Crowell, San Francisco
Mr. Charles I. Daniels, San Rafael
Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Detert, Oakland
Mrs. Joseph Dias, San Rafael
Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Didion, Sacramento
Dr. and Mrs. Rafael G. Dufficy, Jr., San Rafael
Mr. and Mrs. Roy S. Folger, Palo Alto
Mr. and Mrs. Carlos Freitas, San Rafael
Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Garibaldi, Stockton
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Geary, San Francisco
James J. Gillick and Company, Berkeley
Mr. Joseph B. Haffen, San Mateo
Mr. and Mrs. George Hagmier, San Francisco
Dr. and Mrs. Joseph O. Hawkins, San Rafael

Herbert-Rohrer Jewelers, San Rafael
Dr. and Mrs. Frank H. Howard, San Rafael
San Rafael Independent, San Rafael
Joe's Taxi, San Rafael
Livingston Brothers, San Francisco
Lucas Valley Dairy, San Rafael
Dr. and Mrs. Earl F. Lussier, San Mateo
Marelli Brothers, San Rafael
Marin County Wholesale Produce Company, San Rafael
Dr. and Mrs. Homer E. Marston, San Rafael
Mrs. Francis McCullough, Hollister
Mrs. Hilda McDonell, Vallejo
Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Scott Myers, San Anselmo
William S. Nock, San Rafael
Mr. and Mrs. Paul A. O'Neill, San Francisco
Poehlmann Pharmacy, San Rafael
J. B. Rice and Company, San Rafael
Dr. and Mrs. L. A. Rose, San Jose
Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Rossi, San Francisco
Dr. and Mrs. R. L. Rotchford, Spokane
Royc's Department Store, San Rafael
Sommer and Kaufmann, San Francisco
Mr. and Mrs. Roger Slakey, Sacramento
Mrs. M. R. Taverna, Sacramento
Dr. and Mrs. John Taylor, San Rafael
Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Taylor, Novato
Dr. Walsh, San Rafael
Webb and Rogers, San Rafael
Women's Athletic Association, San Rafael



ADDENDUM

PATRONS

Davis Schonwasser, San Francisco
First National Bank, San Rafael
Golstein and Company, San Francisco

