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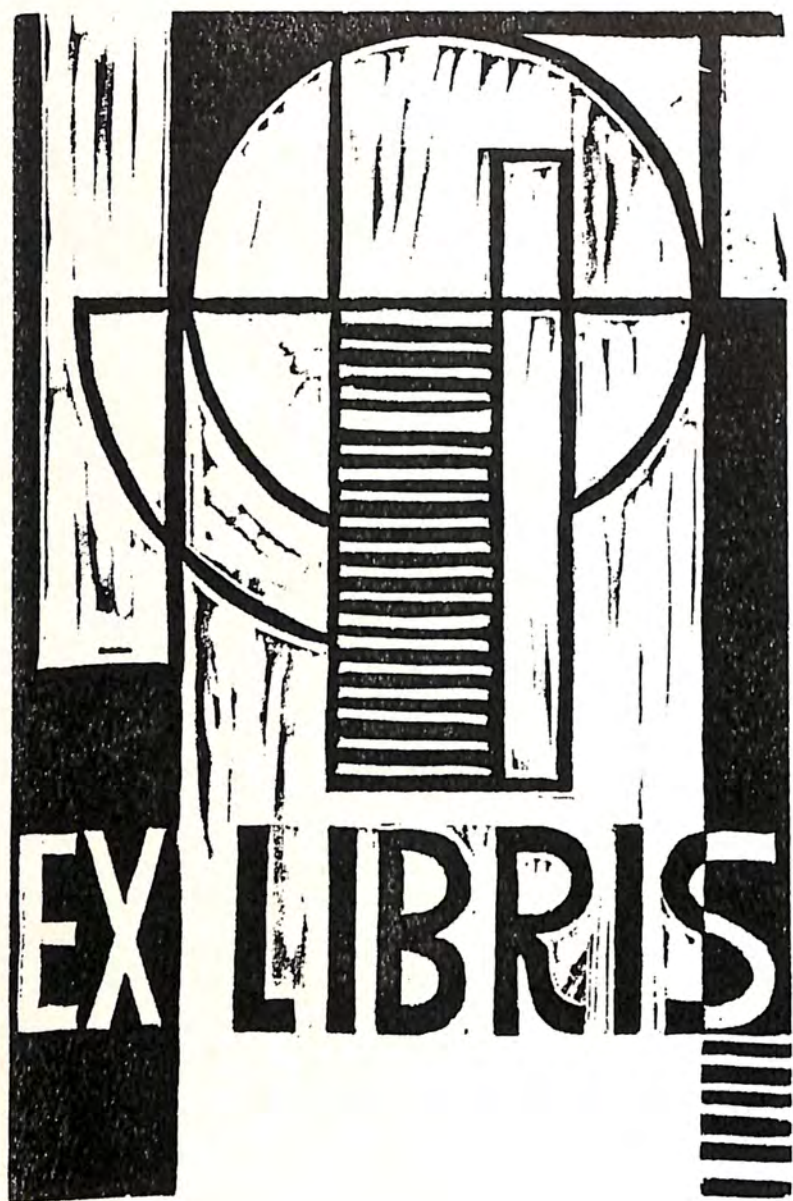
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The Firebrand





THE FIREBRAND

THE DOMINICAN COLLEGE OF SAN RAFAEL



MCMLVII



To
SISTER MARY STEPHEN, O.P.

THE FIREBRAND

<i>Editor</i>	MARY HOSINSKI
<i>Associate Editors</i>	{ MARYANN ODELL ANTONIA PARENTE
<i>Assistant Editors</i>	{ MARIE AHERN JOANN GEMSCH
<i>Business Manager</i>	GEORGIA STONE
<i>Business Staff</i>	{ MARILYN CANEPA KATHLEEN MEAGHER
<i>Art Editor</i>	ELOISE BECK
<i>Art Staff</i>	{ LEATRICE ANGEL SANDRA BATTLES KAREL FENNELL WILDA GRATONICK MARGO McDOWELL DELMA PECCORINI
<i>Cartoonists</i>	{ TERESA SANCHEZ SUSAN WISHEK

CONTRIBUTORS

GAIL BALFOUR	MYRA GRAY
MARY BRICHER	KATHLEEN KEARNS
CATHERINE COLLINS	JOAN LEIGHS
SUSAN COTTERELL	MARY O'DONNELL
DOLORES DINNEEN	SABINE DE PRUNELE
PATRICIA FLITNER	GEORGIA STONE
CAROLINE GISSLER	SARAH W. TAYLOR

CONTENTS

	PAGE
<i>Firebrand</i> Staff	4
Contents	5
Illustrations	7
Editorial	9
The Seniors	12
Mrs. Woodhead	100
The Last Class Night	103
Class of '58	108
The Sophomores	112
The Freshmen	115
All Is Calm, All Is Bright	121
Hasten, Jason, The Shortbread's Burning	126
The United Nations On Campus	127
Angelico Hall	129
Ball Point Pens	131
Blessed Be Dragons	135

CONTENTS (*Continued*)

	PAGE
The Average Day	136
Meister	145
San Marco	148
The Invasion	152
Too Frail For Tears	155
The Parson's Discussion of Marriage	156
This Is Paris!	163
Machiavelli	167
Patrons	171
In Appreciation	174

ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
Ex Libris—Ellen Emerson	Inside Cover
St. Dominic-Leatrice Angel	1
Editorial Cut—Delma Peccorini	8
Senior Shield—Eloise Beck	11
Edgehill—Eloise Beck	96
Undergraduates—Karel Fennell	107
Junior Shield—Ann Tobin	108
Pattern—Eloise Beck	111
Sophomore Shield—Marta Battha	112
Pattern—Eloise Beck	114
Freshmen Shield—Teresa Sanchez	115
On Campus Activities—Karel Fennell	119
On Campus—Eloise Beck	120
Madonna and Child—Delma Peccorini	124
Still Life—Wilda Gratonick	133
St. George—Eloise Beck	134
Flowers—Wilda Gratonick	144
Off Campus Activities—Margo McDowell	151
Off Campus—Eloise Beck	152
Marriage Debate—Sandra Battles	159
Notre Dame—Eloise Beck	164



EDITORIAL

NATURE provides for her own in the eternal battle of survival of the fittest. Only on infrequent occasions does one encounter glaring disparities in adaptation to environment — the stalwart oak caught in the storm; it cannot adjust itself sufficiently to the powerful currents of wind, and thus it easily splinters and falls in unbending defiance. Or perhaps a flash flood courses violently through a rocky mountain gully, only to have its waters swiftly subside, leaving plump trout to meet a cruel end in rapidly evaporating pools of water.

Adaptation, then, is a fundamental law for survival in Nature. Our human society also survives through adaptation, but on a far more complex scale. No one need remind college girls, especially those who are away from home for the first time, that personal adjustments are essential for creating a successful college career.

Physical adaptation plays a minor role; the human body is an extremely flexible entity and comfortably adapts to great extremes in physical environment. It is rather the adjustment of our frame of mind that is important, not only in our school career, but in the ensuing years. As freshmen we gained a new independence, and with the independence came corresponding responsibilities. Through sophomore, jun-

ior and senior years our responsibilities increased and we were expected to shoulder them in a way befitting our station. We realized that the human being, in body and soul, is created as an extremely malleable whole, if for no other reason than the express purpose of being able to deal satisfactorily with the successes and disappointments that constantly shape the pattern of our lives.

Unlike the slender palm or the mighty oak, we have a choice of action in crises; we can either adjust to the immediate exigency by regrouping our forces and rebounding from the temporary setback, or we can stiffen ourselves to the difficulty, refusing to bend with the force and reducing the possibility of a successful comeback and readjustment. How much easier to absorb than to defiantly resist. Resistance is a course of action often calculated to bring unnecessary disaster.

Flourishing today in the world are ideologies and principles whose ruthless advance offer us no course but resistance. In these matters staunch defiance is a requisite, and many have stood courageously against the tide of insidious oppression. But let us, in our daily existence, learn to adapt in wholesome Christian fashion to the buffets of fortune. The college world is a microcosm. We have learned to distinguish the essential from the non-essential; when to adjust and when to stand firm.

M. H. '57



THERESA ABRAHAMSEN

WHEN one thinks of Terry one immediately thinks also of her family, for in addition to being one of her favorite topics of conversation, they are overwhelming by their sheer size — almost anyone may turn out to be a cousin. In view of this it is not surprising that her main ambition is to get married, preferably to a Santa Clara alumnus, and raise a large family of her own.

Terry is recognizable on campus by her short ash blonde hair and omnipresent blue tweed coat. She is naturally quiet in personality, but she is well known to all students and is one of the few girls who takes the time to become personally acquainted with everyone. The first semester of her senior year was spent in Europe, and the experience has provided her with many stories which she enjoys relating to her classmates.

Despite her quiet demeanor, Terry is possessed of definite standards and ideals which she firmly upholds — in fact there is nothing she enjoys more than a friendly argument in which she is able to defend her beliefs.





THERESA VIRGINIA ABRAHAMSON
Burlingame, California

MAJOR: SOCIAL ECONOMICS

MINOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

Executive Board '56
Class Representative '56
Class President '54
Absence Committee '56
French Club '54

Irish Club '55, '56, '57
I.R.C. '55, '56, '57
Choral '55
W.A.A. Show '54, '55, '56



MARIE CELINE AHERN
San Francisco, California

MAJORS: SPANISH, EDUCATION

Gamma Sigma
H.O.O.D. Cup '55
Assistant *Firebrand* Editor '57
C.S.T.A. '56, '57
Spanish Club '54, '55, '56, '57
French Club '54
English Club '56

Irish Club '54
Music Club '55, '56, '57
Art Club '56
Foreign Students Club '55, '57
Choral '54, '55, '56
W.A.A. Show '54, '56

MARIE AHERN

SHE straggles casually into Ethics class, half an hour late, burdened with gross packages of mimeographed paper and various over-size textbooks. She finds a seat, opens a Spanish book and commences homework for the next class. It could be no one but Marie. Oblivious to time, abhorring haste, and continually having extra work to finish outside regular class assignments, she appears insensible to the rapid pace of school life.

Outside the classroom one wearies at the thought of the divergent interests she pursues. Truly gifted, she excels in whatever she attempts. An admiration for Spanish culture culminates in her ability to speak the language fluently and in her genuine talent in performing Spanish dances. A devastating sense of humor results in impersonations and facial contortions that would delight any audience. An appreciative love of music prompts improvising on any instrument from the uke to a grand piano. Marie's room reflects the divergence of talents, for under and on top of bed, dresser and desk is such an assortment of books, pictures, musical instruments, records and various odds and ends, that one wonders where she sleeps and works! Life would be exceedingly dull without Marie.



DAYLE ANTONGIOVANNI

ONE loves to watch Dayle talk, for modulated speech is accompanied by unconscious hand movements — an idiosyncrasy which, if set to music, would be a reasonable facsimile of hand movements in a hula sequence. Fastidiously neat in appearance, her well styled wardrobe is worn to its best advantage on her model height which she further enhances with erect carriage and careful grooming. Preciseness is almost a virtue with her; it is a quality that pervades every aspect of her life, whether it be in the care of personal belongings, selection of fare at meals, or the undertaking of any endeavor, from performing a science experiment to hemming a summer dress.

Deliberate and leisurely in her daily routine, she appears slow in grasping a question or a point of discussion. Responses to queries are slow and thoughtful; comments on discussion reflect clear thinking and insight. Excelling in academic activities, she finds refreshing diversions in sewing or an evening in town taken for the most part in dancing to the heavy beats of all varieties of rock and roll music. Hurry, rush, speed — all are foreign words to the leisurely pace Dayle follows. Organization, planning and a gradual accomplishment of duties leave practically no margin for error in any undertaking.





DAYLE ROSE ANTONGIOVANNI
Tracy, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: CHEMISTRY

Gamma Sigma

Class Treasurer '54

Class Secretary '56

Meadowlark Editor '56

Foreign Students Club '55, '56, '57

Italian Club '55

Science Club '56, '57

President '56

English Club '57

C.C.D. '55

W.A.A. Show '54, '55, '56



JANE ARCHER BAIRD
San Rafael, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: HISTORY

JANE ARCHER BAIRD

JANE BAIRD has the unique distinction of having been the youngest in her freshman class and of being the oldest senior. She left college as Jane Archer the second half of her junior year, married and now has four daughters, who, with her husband, make the center of her life. Last year she returned to college to work for an A.B., but her children share in her new adventure. She declares, for example, that she has the only seven-year-old in Marin who recognizes Chaucerian English when she hears it.

Her friends describe her home as beautiful, gracious in its hospitality. It is a pleasantly old-time home, for she reads aloud to her family, books that interest and enlighten. For variety, perhaps, she writes articles on social life in Marin for *The San Francisco Chronicle*.

A natural student, she has never had to be seriously concerned with grades; nevertheless she valiantly resisted the lure of a class in Dante, "Because I can't disgrace my children by failing my comprehensive examination."



ROSEMARY BARKER

IF THE COLLEGE of Heralds were asked to design a coat of arms for one Rosemary Barker, they might start with a shield composed of a shamrock resting over a fleur-de-lis. Not only would this denote the racial background, but it would emphasize the three facets of her character. Holding the device aloft there would be, on the left, a torn eared, bedraggled kitten; on the right, a perky-eared hound of no particular pedigree. Under the stem of the shamrock would run the legend, "Let Us Be Kind" with the implication that the onlooker who knew the subject would automatically add, sotto voce, "first and foremost to any animal that comes seeking succor."

In the topmost petal of the shamrock, a book pierced by a quill to exemplify both the love of reading and the desire to write for others' enjoyment. In the left leaf—a basketball, a bowling ball, and possibly a bicycle to show both the sport-sided facet of her character and the desire to travel through Europe by bicycle. It should be an old, high wheeled cycle showing her chronic lack of cash.

And finally, in the right segment, the clasped hands of friendship which she extends to all she meets.





ROSEMARY VIRGINIA BARKER
San Rafael, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: HISTORY

Radio Players '55

I.R.C. '56



BARBARA HART BASSETT
Portland, Oregon

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

Student Affairs Board '57
Meadowlark Staff '57
C.S.T.A. President '57
Community Service '55

Irish Club '54, '55, '56, '57
C.S.T.A. '56, '57
W.A.A. Show '56

BARBARA BASSETT

PRESENTING a crisply fastidious appearance in her campus garb of tailored skirts and soft cardigans, Barbara patterns her daily schedule and personal habits with as much care for detail as she spends on her neat attire. The formal attention she unconsciously lavishes on all things pertaining to herself is also carried over into initial encounters with strangers where she assumes a quiet, reserved attitude.

In the midst of friends of long standing the veneer of seeming aloofness disintegrates into a warmth and cordiality that invites a sharing of problems and produces subsequent advice. Barbara eagerly enters into the spirit of a jovial occasion and joins enthusiastically in the banter with her own subtle pleasantries.

As deeply ingrained as her sharp wit is the courtesy and dignity with which she moves away from moments not in keeping with her sense of propriety. Her opinions are readily voiced, even in the face of overwhelming opposition, for she is as emphatic in declaring her dislikes as in proclaiming her allegiances. Barbara's aplomb and predilection for order in all realms of her existence mark her as a mature woman and loyal friend.



ELOISE BECK

BECKY'S presence is arresting, even authoritative. Short hair ever so slightly touched with gray, and blue eyes, through which shine a determination born of practical experience and idealism, give her an air of wisdom and maturity which is not belied in the actuality. She is a GI whose years in the Navy are reflected in the trimness of her appearance and in her passion for the precise and the efficient. Efficiency has been almost a necessity. Becky has managed to combine a heavy academic schedule with outside work—and still she has had time to participate in a major way in IRC, Art Club and *Firebrand* activities. She is an organizer and a leader, and often a counsellor. Her mature outlook on life in general and daily problems in particular has endeared her to many of her classmates.

Becky's sense of humor has perhaps also been born of necessity. She has innumerable stories of her entanglements with the gold braid of the Navy—entanglements which at their moment of occurrence must not have been so amusing. With a shrug of the shoulders and a quick smile she can reduce a seemingly catastrophic dilemma to scale.





ELOISE ELIZABETH BECK
Los Angeles, California
MAJOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE
MINOR: ART

Gamma Sigma
Firebrand Staff '57
Assistant Editor of *Meadowlark* '55

Art Club '57
President '57
I.R.C. '56, '57
President '56
Choral '54



SHIRLEY FRANCES BELTRAN
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: SPANISH

President of Non-Resident Students '57

C.S.T.A. '56

Spanish Club, '55, '56, '57

Music Club '57

I.R.C. '54, '55

Choral '54, '55, '56, '57

SHIRLEY BELTRAN

ANYONE traveling from assembly to lunch at Fanjeaux or Benincasa is sure to be greeted with a cheerful hello from Shirley as she sits on the sun drenched steps of the Lounge with the other Day Hops. Her pleasant smile and easy manner, combined with a business-like attitude, have been responsible for her successful direction of Day Hop participation in school activities. An apparently inexhaustible supply of energy has invaluable aided Shirley in leading three lives — that of a Day Hop, a student, and this year, a student teacher. Difficulties in commuting to and from San Francisco each day with extremely uncooperative bus schedules vanished with the arrival of her own car second semester.

An enthusiastic behind-the-scenes worker, Shirley contributes her share to any project — this, in addition to presiding over non-resident student meetings and participating in Spanish Club activities. Her continual optimism and fun-loving nature evoke jovial responses from all with whom she comes in contact. Many have also found her to be a sympathetic listener, one who reassures with friendly understanding. A delightfully carefree manner characterized by frequent laughter is an unconscious camouflage for the many projects she is always in the process of completing.



MARY BRICHER

MARY is adept at every subtle social art employed by Perle Mesta or Elsa Maxwell—but by instinct. Sparkling eyes, ruddy cheeks, and an open smile invite acquaintance. A natural ease and skill in conversation draw the shyest into the circle where she is as expert a listener as a conversationalist. Through sheer intuitive perception she pinpoints the crux of a critical situation, yet she can relish in their entirety accounts of a roommate's weekend particulars. The first evokes a rigid practicality and logic in ascertaining a reasonable solution of the immediate predicament. The second provokes peals of laughter and breathless ejaculations of "How horrible!"

For all her social virtuosity Mary insists that she is a confirmed homebody. Anyone venturing into Edgehill's living room on a dreary overcast day could easily confirm this assertion, for inevitably ensconced in a deep-wing chair will be Mary—intent on a novel or making Christmas pajamas for the numerous members of her immediate family. But one is just as likely to encounter her amidst rehearsals for Madrigals or practicing for her senior concert, completing last minute packing for football weekends at Stanford, or setting off on one of her innumerable babysitting assignments.





MARY CAROLINE BRICHER
Cottage Grove, Oregon

MAJOR: MUSIC

MINOR: ENGLISH

Gamma Sigma
Firebrand Staff '56
Carillon Staff '55
Music Club '54, '55, '56, '57
President '57
French Club '54

I.R.C. '54, '56, '57
Foreign Students Club '55, '56, '57
Madrigal '54, '55, '56, '57
Choral '54, '55, '56, '57
W.A.A. Show '54, '55, '56



MARILYN JEAN CANEPA
Mill Valley, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

Firebrand Staff '57
Carillon Staff '55
Radio Players '55
C.S.T.A. '57
Spanish Club '54

Y.C.S. '54
Italian Club '55, '56, '57
Vice-President '55
W.A.A. Show '55

MARILYN CANEPA

COME on downtown for a cup of coffee. I'll treat you!" How can you resist such enthusiastic pleading? Whisked off in her tiny Fiat, you complete the jaunt downtown in record time, trailing behind pint sized clouds of dust. Chatter over coffee cups naturally turns to reminiscences of Italian adventures or tales of her energetic fourth grade charges in practice teaching. One never tires of her episodic narrative of a school year in Perugia.

Impelled by an innate restlessness, Marilyn continually revises plans for returning to "sunny Italy." Her resigned comment, "I have Italy on the brain!" ranks as a masterpiece of understatement. Wanderlust propensities are by no means restricted to her ancestral home, for her inquisitive nature yearns after world travel.

Animated conversation and a chic appearance underscore her Italian beauty. One is easily caught up in her fervor of perpetual excitement and delights in helping to demolish daily crises involving a new part for the Fiat, an unexpected history test, or the seemingly impossible task of matching a new pair of shoes to the bridesmaid's dress she will wear in a weekend wedding. All this constitutes the sparkling vivacity that is Marilyn.



AURORA COJUANGCO

IN AURORA Western forwardness and dynamisms combine harmoniously with Eastern serenity and self-containment. Expressive of our Western ways are her charming unaffectedness and fun-loving nature; it is not unusual for her to punctuate a conversation with shrieks of delight or to impart a hearty pinch on the arm of the person seated next to her at the show. In stark contrast to this uninhibitedness are the social occasions when her natural dignity and reserve reflect the restraining influence of her Oriental ancestry.

Rory's natural beauty and impeccable taste create a striking effect; an impression that is complimented by her delicate grace and faultless manners. A day's shopping in San Francisco is one of her favorite excursions since at such times she may indulge a consummate weakness for high fashion in clothes and shoes — to say nothing of additions to a sizeable record collection and supplies of candies and pastries to last a week! Between a large family and a host of admirers in both the United States and the Philippines, half the stack of senior mail each day consists of letters for Rory. Variegated tastes and an engaging personality have made Rory at home in all situations and locales.





AURORA MURPHY COJUANGCO

Quezon City, Philippines

MAJOR: ECONOMICS

MINOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

Class Treasurer '57

Spanish Club '54, '55, '56, '57

Foreign Students Club '54, '55, '56, '57

I.R.C. '56, '57

Secretary '57

Choral '54, '55

W.A.A. Show '56



SHANDRA ANN CURTOLA

Vallejo, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

Class President '56

C.S.T.A. '56, '57

Italian Club '55, '56

Secretary-Treasurer '55

Choral '54, '55

W.A.A. Show '54, '55, '56

SHANDRA CURTOLA

FROM anyone else the serious face and announcement, "I'm checking rooms this weekend—you have two checks" would be taken at face value, but from Shandra you just as seriously reply, "Oh yes, thank you, Shan." Exuding a natural charm and care-free demeanor, her short figure and smiling eyes prompt only memories of whimsical occasions when her spontaneous imitations and improvised parodies of dance steps made an evening scheduled for homework vanish into lost hours.

Able to adapt to any circumstance, Shan fits into a diversity of groups, but in joining the company of the moment she remains yet almost intangibly apart. This slight reticence serves as a clue to a second side of her makeup. One can find her, caught momentarily off guard, earnestly gazing into space, unconcerned with the reality of the here and now. Lost in her own thoughts, the independent air disappears to reveal something of the dependent and perhaps unsure aspect of Shandra who is pondering her specific place in the plan of life. But this period of questioning comes infrequently and lasts but a moment—then her innate lightheartedness and good nature return.



BEVERLY DAVIES

A CONSIDERABLE portion of the musical strains wafting from Angelico during the school year can be credited to Bev. Many a school day, and even on a few holidays, she participates in choral practices, madrigal rehearsals, and long practice sessions for piano concerts. Combined with her schedule of music courses, Bev's campus activities center mostly in the musical realm, but she adroitly manages to join in all class functions. She is by no means limited to musical endeavors; class volleyball teams find an enthusiastic member in Bev, who is always willing to stay for late practice sessions.

Quick to respond to immediate needs, Bev can always be counted on to step in and help, whatever the situation. One tends to overlook her because of a quiet manner and inclination toward being a listener. But once an idea is formulated and actual plans laid down, Bev is among the first to volunteer her services to the project at hand. Her musical abilities, athletic prowess, and good natured attitude have done much to keep the busy schedule and activities of a senior class smoothly functioning.





BEVERLEY JOAN DAVIES

Corte Madera, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: MUSIC

I.R.C. '54, '55

Treasurer '54

Spanish Club '54, '55

Music Club '57

Choral '54, '55, '56, '57

Madrigal '57



DOREEN MARSH DORWARD
Kentfield, California
MAJOR: EDUCATION
MINOR: HISTORY

DOREEN DORWARD

DOREEN leads a double life. Commuting daily from Kentfield, she divides her time between rearing a family and the completion of a college career. One can hardly miss her when she arrives on campus, for her red convertible and flashing smile just attract attention. With books under arm and inevitably swinging a shoulder bag, her destination in Guzman is sure to be the education department where she attends classes and gathers information to aid her in a full schedule of practice teaching.

She has a habit of quickly cocking her head to catch a question or comment in conversation. What surprises one most of all are the husky, low pitched tones of her voice—they seem incongruous with her small stature and “cute” appearance. Possessing a wry sense of humor, she always sees the bright side of a situation. And her own reaction to funny stories, which consists of a deep throated laugh, initiates equal degrees of levity among the immediate group. One would never realize from her gay outward appearance and manner just how busy a schedule and life she maintains.



PATRICIA FLITNER

NO SUBTLETIES, no devious ways, no overtones—Patricia is as forthright as the rugged individualism characteristic of her Wyoming home. Hers is a western charm, for she is everywhere relaxed and at ease, and yet always master of the situation. She is proof that ease and determination are not incompatible. Her loyalties to people, ideals, and places are definite and staunch. Despite this distinct western flavor, her interests are neither local nor narrow. An intense interest involving everything about her has resulted in travels throughout the United States, Canada, and a particularly satisfying experience in a trip to Europe as a Girl Scout representative. These sojourns have deepened her understanding and interest in people of all nationalities, and in particular have stimulated her appreciation of native folk customs and hand crafts. This serious, avid interest in all about her is indeed central to her character.

Patricia's unselfish generosity to College and classmates has been wholehearted and constant these four years; so too has her sharp, straightforward sense of humor and a wholesome love of fun. Yet for all the matter of factness that one associates with her, there is something of the dreamer in her green eyes.





PATRICIA ANN FLITNER

Greybull, Wyoming

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: EDUCATION

Student Affairs Board President '57
 Executive Board '55, '57
 Class Representative '55
 N.E.C.C.S. Junior Delegate '56
Carillon Staff '55
 House Chairman '54
 C.S.T.A. '56, '57
 Irish Club '54

I.R.C. '55, '56
 Secretary '55
 Music Club '54
 Italian Club '55
 English Club '56, '57
 Choral '54, '55
 Madrigal '54, '55, '56
 W.A.A. Show '54, '55, '56



LAILA MARY GABRIEL
Petaluma, California

MAJOR: MUSIC

MINOR: FRENCH

Gamma Sigma
Foreign Students Club '54, '55, '56, '57
President '57
Vice-President '56
Music Club '54, '55, '56, '57
President '56
Symphony Forum Representative '55

Spanish Club '54
Italian Club '55, '56
I.R.C. '57
Choral '54, '55, '56, '57
Madrigal '57
Orchestra '54, '55, '56, '57
W.A.A. Show '54, '55, '56

LILY GABRIEL

MUSIC BOOKS in arm, Lily makes a familiar figure as she comes up the gravel path from Angelico. As finely constructed as the classical compositions she renders, her delicate build and dark, naturally wavy hair frame classical features. Expressive brown eyes and a warm melodious voice easily betray her moods which vary from high pitched excitement over a proposed practical joke to quiet mental concentration as she seeks to impart the appropriate mood and feeling of a particular piece of music, for it is through her nimble fingers that she has come to sensitively communicate to audiences the thrill of great music. Yet she is not so seriously involved with the classics that she cannot set an informal gathering on its ear with an exaggerated interpretation of Lib-erace.

Extremely active on campus, she gives all of her spare time to helping out—whether it be serving as musical director and accompanist for a campus show, or lending her energies to the busy schedule of the Foreign Students Club. Originally from the Philippines, she has an intrinsic understanding of how to help foreign visitors adjust to campus life. Her deep seated sensitivity and a pronounced musical talent should make an easy entrée into the musical career she desires to follow.



JOANN GEMSCH

MOST LIKELY you'll find her in some remote corner deep in thought. Perhaps she is rediscovering an old truth through knowledge rather than belief; then again she may be seeking the remote causes of human action. This is Joann in the world of her own. However, it is not a difficult task to induce her back to reality; a good discussion serves to draw her in as a lively participant. At such times Joann's sympathy and sincerity shine forth.

Her apparent shyness dominates a first impression of Joann, but upon further acquaintance she is found to be a most amiable, and often a most animated companion. When she emerges from her cocoon of thoughts and entertains her surprised audience with dramatic interpretations of famous people or incidents, the potential Barrymore in her makeup emerges and all traces of the original Joann disappear for the moment.

Her numerous capabilities in drama, philosophy, and writing equip her for a career in one of many fields.





JOANN CAROLYN GEMSCH
Sacramento, California

MAJORS: EDUCATION, PHILOSOPHY

Assistant *Firebrand* Editor '57
Carillon Staff '55
Class Vice-President '56

House Chairman '56
Radio Players '56, '57
Italian Club '55



CHARLA JANE GRIEF
Corte Madera, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: SPEECH

Radio Players '56, '57
The Troupers '54, '55
C.S.T.A. '57

I.R.C. '55, '56
Irish Club '57
Art Club '57

CHARLA GRIEF

SHE IS EASILY recognized in the Grove, outside classrooms, and along campus paths by her tailored jackets and pleated skirts. Short cropped, tightly curled blonde hair outlines a faintly freckled face. A fleeting smile plays elusively across her lips; and blue eyes contain a perpetual twinkle.

Charla's first love is drama—and classmates find it difficult to distinguish between her world of make believe and that of reality. Each day gives rise to a new accent, now Southern belle, later Cockney English. Campus radio and drama groups provide a perfect outlet for her dramatic tendencies. Off campus this year she has used extra curricular time to serve as accompanist for a professional singer.

She is thoroughly independent in her outward appearance and one sometimes recognizes her self professed sophistication and blasé nonchalance as a veneer meant to conceal touches of uncertainty and dubiosity. The varigated tangents of Charla's college career have made her one of the more interesting personalities in her class.



MARY HOSINSKI

MARY is the exception to the rule. Her personality is a harmonious interweaving of contradictions. At once practical and sentimentally romantic, she can organize any group well, taking its every aspect into consideration and making the most of her materials. Her attitude is casual in one respect, as reflected in off hand remarks and easy self confidence, but in another respect she is intense, determined to accomplish the latest project in a certain way and within definite time limits.

Mary enjoys both intellectual and physical challenges—she is equally adept in sports and in her own special writing talent. This same young woman, who engages in intelligent conversations with professors, business men or people of any profession, also entertains small children by the hour—holding them spellbound with stories and games. Mary takes special delight in a San Francisco jaunt, which includes definite enterprises—a hairdo, an exotic new restaurant, Marlon Brando movies, and fitting friends with latest hat styles in well known shops. On campus she is known as a student officer, an ardent UCLA supporter and a crossword puzzle fiend. Possessing both extreme tactfulness and the ability to “take the bull by the horns,” Mary is certain to reach the heights of all her endeavors.





MARY LOUISE HOSINSKI
South Pasadena, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: EDUCATION

Mother Mary Raymond Scholarship

Gamma Sigma

Executive Board '56

Community Service '55

N.E.C.C.S. Senior Delegate '56

N.E.C.C.S. Junior Delegate '55

Firebrand Editor '57

Carillon Editor '56

Carillon Staff '55

Senior Class President '57

Class Treasurer '55

The Troupers '54

C.S.T.A. '56, '57

English Club '56, '57

Music Club '55, '56

Italian Club '55

Spanish Club '54, '56



JOAN BERNADINE LEIGHS
San Rafael, California

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: EDUCATION

The Troupers '54
Dance Club '56

Art Club '56, '57
Secretary-Treasurer '56

JOAN LEIGHS

JOAN commands attention. She is the stark individual, the unusual, the familiar uninhibited soul. Ramrod straight in posture, she moves dramatically in lengthy, deliberate strides. Her thick blond hair, of exceptional length is drawn back tightly from a seriously contemplative face, and her variations on a simple pony tail have intrigued classmates for four years. A vigorous physical composition is made more striking by unconventional garb. Influenced by artistic bents involving art, dance and creative writing, her imagination is reflected in large geometric earrings of all descriptions which she has made herself, or in clothes combinations that show an individual who disdains the dictates of fashion.

She tends to be reticent in large gatherings, but in small friendly groups one encounters the full force of Joan's personality, for she states her philosophy with firmness and sincerity. Her viewpoints are unusual, and because they are different, one is challenged to stimulating discussion on unthought-of slants to accepted theories. As lavish in her open-hearted munificence as she is endowed with all the earmarks of an artistic temperament, Joan has often voluntarily supplied her friends with the necessary aid for extrication from dire predicaments.



JANE MALONEY

SEASONS mean almost nothing to Jane—as far as clothes are concerned. She indulges all year round in a weakness for full, stiffly starched cotton skirts, whatever the weather or temperature. Jane's senior year proved to be an extra busy one, for she finished her college requirements in December, took on a job downtown at Macy's switchboard, used up mornings in practice teaching, and became engaged. But with a swish of petticoats, her petite figure sailed past classmates outside of Guzman as she kept up with each of her varied projects.

Her gamin face, with its large blue eyes, became a familiar fixture during leisure moments in Benincasa or Edgehill where, likely as not, she would be in a new round of bridge, or just intriguing a group with stories gathered from rather extensive travel across the United States. She loves to talk and does so with an enthusiasm that never tires her audience. Other favorite activities include sailing and swimming. Balanced against this are loves for creative writing and a fascination for Greek. Taking each task perfectly in stride, the only indication of distress comes with a plaintive "Oh dear!"





JANE ELIZABETH MALONEY
San Rafael, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION
MINOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

Transferred from University of Arizona '56
Choral '57



SHEILA ANN MALONEY
Oakland, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: ART

Meadowlark Staff '56, '57
Community Service '55
C.S.T.A. '56, '57

Irish Club '55, '56, '57
Art Club '55, '56, '57
W.A.A. Show '54, '55

SHEILA MALONEY

IF YOU'RE with Sheila, you're sure to have a barrage of questions hurled at you! She immediately wants to know all the particulars—what you think about a new class assignment or where you stand on any subject from kangaroos to tuna salad. Sometimes the questions come so fast that there is no time for answers, and one realizes that this is part of knowing Sheila. Anxious to be up on all that befalls her fellow classmates, both scholastically and socially, hers is a sincere curiosity born of a desire to share her own experiences in the light of what others have to offer.

Her concern over the affairs of others and an intrinsic kindness tend to overshadow even the dimpled cheeks and clear blue eyes—two aspects of the little girl beauty that draws a person into a satisfying friendship with her. She has the virtue of being able to see things as they are, changing that which may be changed for the better, and accepting calmly that which cannot be changed. That over which she has the power to change she works at diligently.

Whether penning one of her numerous daily letters, talking friends into a show downtown, or entering wholeheartedly into the agenda of a class meeting, Sheila personifies intelligent curiosity and a vital interest in others.



KATHLEEN MEAGHER

HAVING recently acquired a partiality to parakeets, Kathy boarded a feathered guest in her room during the first semester. But between her roommate's allergy to birds and her next door neighbors' frantic attempts to teach the bird "Kathy likes Ike" in stolen moments during the weeks before the Presidential election, Kathy found it easier on her own, as well as the bird's nerves, to remove the parakeet to a more remote locale. This incident, with the many others she daily confronts, serves only to emphasize the fact that she takes all things in stride. She can remain completely unruffled at the prospect of being constantly half a step behind in Chemistry experiments—"The unknowns stay unknown," at least for a while, or until the ultimate sanctions fall.

The essence of relaxation, Kathy pursues a heavy schedule of classes, yet she can appear even more at ease while piecing and sewing a new dress or knitting a bulky cardigan; hers is definitely the domestic bent. Precise and neat, she is the proverbial whiz at getting things done at the last moment. Because Kathy is deceptively unobtrusive in performing required tasks, one often fails to realize the extent to which she has initiated and lent a hand in various activities.





KATHLEEN ELIZABETH MEAGHER

Portland, Oregon

MAJOR: BIOLOGY

MINORS: CHEMISTRY, ENGLISH

Gamma Sigma

Firebrand Staff '57

Associate Editor of *Meadowlark* '56

Carillon Staff '55

House Chairman '57

Absence Committee '57

Irish Club '54, '55

Science Club '55, '56, '57

President '57

C.C.D. '55

Madrigal '54, '55, '56

W.A.A. Show '54, '55, '56



MARY FRANCES MILLER

San Mateo, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: EDUCATION

Student Body Vice-President '57

Student Affairs Board '56, '57

Executive Board '57

Carillon Staff '55

House Chairman '56

Class President '54

C.S.T.A. '56, '57

Irish Club '54, '55, '56, '57

President '56

Choral '54, '55

W.A.A. Show '55, '56

MARY MILLER

A HAPPY, infectious grin is Mary's trademark. The eternal optimist, she finds it relatively easy to produce illuminating thoughts and simple remedies for ruffling predicaments. Exuding friendliness, she initiates a chorus of responses to her gay "helloes" in the halls of Guzman or in the huddled groups of smokers filling the Grove. Always ready to elaborate on recent humorous incidents involving classmates, she sets an atmosphere of levity crowned by her own peals of laughter at stories traded with her own.

Her easy humor is more than matched by a generous nature. People of all types are a real source of pleasure for her, and towards them she evinces a concern that, when necessary, culminates in sincere, unselfish aid. One never has to request her help; she is always there at the appropriate moment, lending a hand in the most strategic area. Business-like and definite in her approach to work, she makes expert regulation of the school year calendar of activities and carefully coordinates her allotment of time for personal study and social functions. Throughout our college career she has furnished the intangible unselfish element that is appreciated and aspired to by all her associates.



FRANCES NICHOLSON

MOCK HORROR and shock widened blue eyes combined with a gasping "No!" evaporate into waves of giggles as Frannie finds that she has put her foot in it again. A rather unique talent for unconsciously injecting an entertainingly lucid comment into the general proceedings comes in the fact that she is entirely unaware of the humor in her remark until the group she is with rocks with laughter. Realization then dawns and she joins in the fun. Housemates during four years have become accustomed to the scurrying of bare feet down dorm halls after lights are out, a slamming door and gales of high pitched giggles as Frannie makes nocturnal visits to classmates.

A carefree manner and readiness to enter the festivities of a party rise from a love of fun and knack for spontaneous entertainment. Frannie's pert independence is of a variety that makes her demands and her impatience pleasantly ignorable. A seemingly outward flightiness makes one half regard her as a junior member of the class, but when one least expects it, she can become serious and prove herself a clear thinking young woman.





MARY FRANCES NICHOLSON
Oakland, California
MAJOR: EDUCATION
MINOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

Social Committee '57
The Troupers '54
C.S.T.A. '56, '57

Choral '54
W.A.A. Show '54, '55, '56



FRANCES MARIE NOVAGLIA

San Rafael, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

Spanish Club '54, '55

I.R.C. '54, '55, '57

FRANCES NOVAGLIA

NEVER at a loss for words, Fran has a comment for the occasion and regales her friends with the latest neighborhood news. Throughout four years, she has kept fellow classmates aware of the minute and momentous doings of the "hamlet" of San Rafael. Her news items are generally prefaced with an outraged "I protest!" or a merry "Meaningful!" Though ordinarily endowed with a calm, unruffled and cheerful disposition, Fran is sometimes heard muttering "Down with School!" as she sprints to her 1:10 class after a busy morning student teaching and a hasty lunch.

During her four years of college, Fran has undergone some memorable experiences. There was the good Father who dared to call her Francesca; there was the fateful picnic dance, the soggy winter and the "grind and gallop" lunches that were the nucleus of dinner for Sammy, her twelve-pound "domestic Short-hair" cat.

Her ever present humor has formed one of the many underlying strands responsible for successful class endeavors during our college career.



MARYANN ODELL

BLUSTERING noisily into your room or capping a critique on school affairs with a humorous yet characteristically penetrating comment, Maryann leaves the chance acquaintance or observer standing in awe of her outspoken frankness. Yet as one establishes a closer friendship with her it becomes increasingly evident that the blatant exterior is just that—a well sustained front that ill conceals a keen intellect and strong attachment for people “who have something to offer.”

Effortlessly balancing her time between intellectual endeavors and social sorties, Maryann pursues with equal fervor an analysis of a favorite modern poet or an evening's bridge tournament in Edgehill's living room.

Scrupulously just in all matters, her theories and pronouncements on any question receive due consideration and substantial respect. Disdaining concern over trivial items, she distinguishes herself in conversations that spark clear thinking on controversial subjects. Extensive employment of a talent for constructive, fair criticism has engendered a consciousness among her classmates that somehow her personal esteem of an individual is important.





MARYANN ELIZABETH ODELL
Carmel, California
MAJOR: ENGLISH
MINOR: HISTORY

Associate Editor of *Firebrand* '57
Meadowlark Staff '56

English Club '56, '57
President '57
W.A.A. Show '57



ANTONIA MARIA PARENTE

Tiburon, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: ENGLISH

Student Affairs Board '57
 Associate Editor of *Firebrand* '57
 Class Vice-President '57
 Social Committee '56
 C.S.T.A. '56, '57
 Secretary '56
 Irish Club '54

Italian Club '55, '56, '57
 President '55
 English Club '56, '57
 C.C.D. '55
 Choral '54, '55
 W.A.A. Show '55, '56

ANTONIA PARENTE

A SOCIAL sensitivity and highly developed power of women's intuition serve Toni in dexterously handling any occasion. Quickly adapting to the factors of the immediate crisis, her secret of success lies in a positive approach, clearly stated and emphatically presented. One often wonders how she steers her way so calmly through periods when term papers, dance preparations, and book reports all fall due at once. Nothing material is worth undue amounts of worry.

An ardent exponent of brevity, her professors have been known to ask if her history exam were a telegram. Academic demands, however, run a poor second to time spent in perusals of historical novels, or weekends involving the entertainment of friends and relatives by the score. Classmates automatically associate with Toni the most satisfying and delicious aspects of Italian cuisine.

Charm and intelligence are often turned to creating intricate pranks and tricks on friends—the blame for which is seldom apportioned to her, because round blue eyes and an innocent face remove her immediately from suspicion. The devilish glints in her eyes fail to reveal the sincerity and thoughtfulness which is Toni.



DELMA PECCORINI

ON FIRST encounter Delma unfailingly presents a languid mien, perhaps a reflection of the sleepy tropical climate of her native El Salvador. But quiescent dark eyes and apparent passiveness belie a volatile Latin temperament and a fascination for practical jokes of the wildest nature. Her myriad imaginings are not confined to unique pranks, for her genuine creative talent finds ample outlet in artistic endeavors of every sort. In the true tradition of the artist, Delma gravitates between her projects in San Marco and her nook in Edgehill which is a welter of palettes, oil paints, linoleum blocks, enamel apparatus and sketches and oil paintings of every mood and manner.

A pleasant amiability rules her exciting existence, but never one to remain long in uninteresting surroundings, she finds escape in elaborate doodlings, informal siestas, or a well timed yawn and a comment, "How interesting!" Ironically, "interest" is the key to Delma's personality. Whether creating a new canvas, touring Disneyland, painting backdrops for Class Day, or arranging a picnic in Golden Gate Park, a consuming interest in the project at hand spurs her to perfect achievement of her goal.





DELMA PECCORINI
San Miguel, El Salvador

MAJOR: ART

Transferred from Assumption College,
El Salvador '54
Firebrand Staff '57
Foreign Students Club '55, '56, '57

Art Club '56, '57
Spanish Club '55, '56, '57
W.A.A. Show '56



JANET MARIE PERRY
San Francisco, California
MAJOR: EDUCATION
MINOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

C.S.T.A. '56, '57
Irish Club '54, '55, '56, '57

Italian Club '55

JANET PERRY

IF SHE HAD wished to do so, Janet, could have taken an option on the Edgehill kitchen this year. Save for time consumed by infrequent afternoon classes, mornings of practice teaching, and late afternoon jaunts downtown, Janet was a mainstay in the warm kitchen. Comfortably nestled in a pillowed corner of a wicker chair, with a fresh pot of coffee on the stove and lesson plans spread across the kitchen table, she passed time in developing elaborate outlines for lesson plans and in keeping a lively conversation going among the continually shifting group of visitors coming and going from classes.

On campus one easily recognizes her bouncy step, her trim appearance, and well scrubbed countenance. If she comes within range of a piano, it takes but little persuasion for her to launch into a repertoire of vigorously played favorite songs to which those present soon add their voices. A dynamo of almost nervous energy, Janet is a past master at injecting pungent quips into discussions. A demon at conversation, she is equally lavish in her generosity—there is little she will not be ready to do for her friends.



SABINE DE PRUNELE

WITH A HEARTY affirmation of "Thaz a goot idea!" and a moment of split second mental planning, Sabine swoops into the details of the latest endeavor. Friends are swept along in her overflowing, energetic enthusiasm. A paragon of health and energy, she never seems to tire, but rather, to perk along in smart double time. She effuses high spirits.

A Parisian in every respect, she never ceases to investigate the idiosyncracies of American ways. "Gee Whiz!" is a daily exclamation as each new facet of American college life unfolds for her. Many an evening has slipped away with stories concerning her home in France as well as her schooling and travel throughout the United States. Never at a loss for the appropriate anecdote, she unconsciously injects an added charm into the conversation with her precise French accent. A flare for mimicry results in elaborately dramatic imitations of professors. She is ready to venture anything.

A real student, her notebooks are filled with information taken down in fine, neat manuscript. High scholastic records culminated in the unique honor of being initiated into Gamma Sigma, even though she just entered the school this year.





SABINE MARY DE PRUNELE
Paris, France

MAJOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

Transferred from Carroll College,
Montana, '56
Gamma Sigma

Foreign Students Club '57
I.R.C. '57



MARY ANN ROGERS
Newcastle, California

MAJOR: SPANISH

MINOR: MATHEMATICS

Community Service '55, '56
Chairman '56
Spanish Club '56, '57

I.R.C. '57
Choral '54
Orchestra '54

MARY ANN ROGERS

A HIGH PITCHED and unique giggle, accompanied by the swish of a long, dark pony tail distinguish Mary Ann from the group. Other characteristics peculiar to her are a deep seated love for rhythm and blues, a habit of copying quotations from any and all sources, and tardiness for all but the most important engagements. She possesses a talent and appreciation for modern dance, and has directed much of the dancing for the student shows on campus. Her ambition, however, is rather in contrast to this, for she desires to make a career of teaching high school mathematics, her favorite subject.

She is romantic and emotional by admission. The beauties of nature, for instance, move her to hour long rhapsodies, often to the amusement of her more stoical friends. Yet, she can also be rational. One of her special likes is listening to people "who have something intelligent to say." From these she gains new outlooks and an appreciation for varying points of view. She is thus equipped with material with which to carry on a lively discussion at a later date.

Mary Ann is phenomenally slow to show anger or disapproval. She is, in consequence, easy to get along with; added qualities of generosity and kindness explain her many friends.



JOAN SANGUINETTI

AN ALOOF BEARING and a reserved patrician appearance can make strangers hesitate to approach Joan. The aloofness is not, however, deeply rooted. It disappears immediately into frivolous gaiety and waves of deep laughter when she relaxes with a group of friends. Unhurried and deliberate, she retains an unruffled composure through climaxes and catastrophes. Inclined always to keep within the limits of accepted manners and customs, her ladylike demeanor is disrupted only on infrequent occasions as when the prospect arises of having to participate in any variety of sports or when a large fuzzy moth approaches too closely.

Joan is always neatly attired in softly tailored, casual clothes; her neat grooming complements the feminine fastidiousness she personifies. She is extremely dependable, and possesses an unusual flair for organization. Such virtues have made her an invaluable member of the Radio Players and the social committee. Always quick to rise to the occasion, never perturbed, she meets all demands and emergencies with firmness and an appropriate determination to surmount the difficulty.





JOAN MARIE SANGUINETTI
Stockton, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: SPEECH

Student Body Parliamentarian '57
Social Committee '57
Meadowlark Staff '57
Class Treasurer '56
Class Secretary '57

Radio Players '55, '56, '57
French Club '54
Y.C.S. '54
Italian Club '55, '56
Irish Club '55



JANET FRANCES SCHNEIDER
Los Angeles, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: MUSIC

Student Body President '57
Student Body Treasurer '56
Student Affairs Board '57
Executive Board '54, '56, '57
Class Representative '54
Social Committee '55
Class Secretary '55

Radio Players '55, '56, '57
Music Club '54, '55, '56
Irish Club '54, '55, '56
English Club '56
Choral '54, '55, '56, '57
Madrigal '56, '57
W.A.A. Show '54, '55, '56

JANET SCHNEIDER

A KNACK for details and a thorough knowledge of schedules, activities, and traditions of both students and faculty makes Janet an infallible source of information on any phase of campus life. Perennially active in student government, she is never at a loss for time, although she participates in practice teaching, radio, sports, and madrigals. If she finds herself pressed for time it is usually because she deems it necessary to be present at important as well as less important social gatherings. Hers is a firm leadership, and if at times it appears authoritative, one realizes that this results from a determination to accomplish matters properly and within time limits geared with a safety margin.

Her tall, willowy figure can be glimpsed everywhere on campus during the day. At other times she will whiz past in her green station wagon, bent on the latest errand—or it could well be someone who has borrowed her car, for she is generous almost to a fault and nothing is too much to ask of her. Housemates always know when she is in, for melodious strains permeate the residence as she plays a good sized collection of records on her Hi-Fi. Busy every second, her position makes her a model of perpetual motion.



IRENE STATON

THE HURRIED click of high heeled shoes, the slam of a car door, and in her blue and white Ford Irene is rushing off again. Is it to practice teaching? It could well be a committee errand or one of a hundred divergent projects she might be performing for someone else. Irene's busy schedule results in part from a natural tendency to think in terms of other people. This quality, combined with an innate graciousness is responsible for her acknowledged status as a superb social hostess. With a definite flair for rising to the challenge of the moment, Irene ingeniously solves a sudden demand for startling new decorations, the planning involved in serving dinner at mixers, or an impromptu weekend activity. All is accomplished without noticeable effort.

Her sweet smile, the gaiety of her conversation, her limitless enthusiasm and her ability to plan and organize successful parties and mixers have gained for Dominican's social functions an undeniable prestige, and for Irene the reputation of a most gracious hostess. She is an engaging and admirable person; all that work with her enjoy the ease and vivacity with which she tackles any project.





IRENE CATHERINE STATON
Lodi, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Executive Board '57
Community Service '55
Social Committee '56
Chairman '57
Meadowlark Staff '56

C.S.T.A. '56, '57
Spanish Club '54
Irish Club '54, '55, '56, '57
Italian Club '55, '56, '57
Choral '54, '55



GEORGIA WINIFRED STONE
Fair Oaks, California

MAJOR: BIOLOGY

MINORS: CHEMISTRY, SPANISH

W.A.A. Vice-President '56
Executive Board '57
Class Representative '57
Community Service '55
Firebrand Staff '57
Italian Club '55

Spanish Club '55, '56, '57
President '56
Science Club '56, '57
Choral '54, '55
W.A.A. Board '56
W.A.A. Show '54, '55, '56, '57

GEORGIA STONE

A GRACEFUL dive into the pool, a scorching forehand drive on the tennis courts, and a deft spike of the volleyball in an intramural game mark Georgia as the true sportswoman. An ardent devotee of outdoor, and especially country life, she sports a year 'round tan and engages in a perpetual quest for fresh air.

As an avid spectator of nature's panorama she finds serene pleasure in a walk in the rain or excited jubilation in the appearance of quince blossoms outside Anne Hathaway—heralds of spring and eventually of her favorite season, summer. This keen interest in all aspects of nature carries over into the classroom where long hours pass with science experiments and biology dissections.

With her multi-faceted background Georgia possesses a highly catalytic power in any situation. A discussion can easily turn on her intense defense of a viewpoint or can dissolve into lighthearted hysteria as she skillfully mimics or satirizes the subject of conversation. Indeed, enthusiasm for every feature of her environment, tempered by a ready humor in any eventuality, make Georgia a sought after companion.



LODENA TINTORRI

AN INVESTIGATION of Lodena's favorite pastimes gives one to know that she is "modern" in her tastes. A strong attachment for Impressionistic paintings serves as a basis for her own experimenting in art. In musical appetites she indulges in a heavy diet of Progressive Jazz. Yet, contrary to the unconventional tendencies that might be expected with work in abstract art and hours spent in learning the complexities of jazz, she is surprisingly quiet, receptive, and observant. Lodena surveys a given situation, comes to a comprehensive understanding of the accompanying circumstances, and contributes a fitting remark—be it an observation revealing depth and acute awareness, or a typically deadpan comment fraught with subtle humor that catches one off guard.

Casual in manner and attire, Lodena merges harmoniously into any group or can disarmingly place one at ease. Classmates long ago ceased to be surprised by the incongruous meals brought from the delicatessen downtown. A clue to her affection for and deep interest in people is the pleasure she finds in teaching primary grades. Strong family ties and close friendships rise in great measure from a true benevolence toward others.





LODENA MAE TINTORRI
Vallejo, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: ART

Student Affairs Board '56
Carillon Editor '55
Class Vice-President '55

Italian Club '55, '56
Art Club '57



HELEN MAURETANIA TIRONIS
Oakland, California
MAJOR: EDUCATION
MINOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE

HELEN TIRONIS

ONE HEARS of people who radiate goodness. In Helen we have the reality. She has dark hair, dark eyes, and ruddy cheeks, with a smile that does not immediately vanish upon appearance, but lingers in the eyes. It is difficult to know whether generosity or order are the dominant virtues. Generosity is everywhere, but she has even to be generous in an orderly fashion. "Hurrying only brings disorder," she murmurs as she goes about the essential trivia of the day. Idleness has no part in her. There is no end of things to be done at an even pace.

Helen is in love with children and they with her. Her bright smile and calm patience wins them to her; she loves their simplicity and artlessness and derives more genuine enjoyment from their "shows and tells" than from the newest and most scintillating Broadway Show. Quite naturally her ambition is to teach. Even now in her spare moments she does catechetical work with the public school children. It seems fitting that her favorite sports should be angling and gardening.



WINIFRED TURNER

COLLEGIATE—that's Winnie; a typical Betty Coed. Her short cropped hair, superfluity of sports clothes, innumerable jokes dealing with everything from outrageous puns to shaggy dog stories, and a passion for using the latest expressions indicate an intolerance of the passé or "square." There have been few Sunday evenings when she has not been able to entertain her friends with picturesque accounts of weekends spent joining in "great" parties, skiing, or traveling to Carmel with "the crew." A rabid sports enthusiast, her own athletic proficiency manifests itself especially in skiing—a sport which has provided her with many hours of earnest planning as she works and re-works skiing itineraries, secures ski movies and organizes corresponding fashion shows.

Her interests are hardly confined to the sports world, for many organizations and departments on campus have experienced Winnie's membership. But social endeavors, from bridge to entertaining at parties are Winnie's tour de force. An extrovert of the highest degree, she seems to lavish attention on all with whom she associates and to give freely and ungrudgingly of her sympathies and aid to all who seek her out.





WINIFRED CECILIA TURNER
Seattle, Washington

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

W.A.A. President '56
Executive Board '56
Carillon Staff '55
Class Vice-President '54
C.S.T.A. '56, '57

Irish Club '54, '55, '56, '57
I.R.C. '56, '57
Y.C.S. '56, '57
Choral '54



LORRAINE MARIAN VERNEY
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: EDUCATION

MINOR: ENGLISH

Meadowlark Staff '56
Spanish Club '54
Music Club '54, '55, '57
German Club '56, '57

I.R.C. '54
Choral '54, '55, '56, '57
Madrigal '54, '55, '56, '57

LORRAINE VERNEY

A THOROUGHLY prejudiced advocate of life in San Francisco, Lorraine tried but once the noble experiment of renouncing "the crown jewel of the Pacific"; the separation lasted only a year and then she cheerfully swelled the ranks of daily commuters from San Francisco to San Rafael and became a charter member of the dayhops. With a sigh she will tell you that if she lived in San Rafael nine months of the year, she might miss "The Threepenny Opera," "Camino Real," "The Crucible," and the Sadler's Wells Ballet. Furthermore, how could she play and replay one or two selections from her beloved record collection—"Most Happy Fella" and "Die Kluge" perhaps—for two straight weeks without driving her roommate to distraction?

Lorraine's regard for Dominican is proven, however, by her daily trip over twenty miles of road rapidly undergoing a face lifting to the status of a four lane freeway. On campus her brisk pace is counterbalanced in the classroom where she cocks one ear to the lecture, but half concentrates on sketching race horses intermittently among her notes. Her only criticism of DC is that it is not in San Francisco!



MARGARET WALSH

SHE APPEARS reserved and quiet to those who do not know her well. And, in fact, Mike seems rarely to come out of herself until she accepts and is sure of acceptance. Possessed of a sharp wit, a keen intellect, and a talent for constructive conversation, she offers a great deal to the person who will take the time to become well acquainted with her.

Order is the keynote with Mike—she hates tardiness and untidiness; and yet she also hates the thought of wasting time. Her love for mathematics and poetry may be seen to stem from this love of order. She is creative by nature; she enjoys writing poetry and music, playing the piano, and taking part in various dramatic functions, all of which she does well. Order carries over to her appearance. She is always neatly dressed in conservative good taste. Outstanding features are her short blonde hair and beautiful hands, which she uses expressively.

The constant stream of letters and phone calls for Mike is legendary, and the complications produced by such a host of male admirers often prompts her to wail, "Oh, what am I going to do?" Somehow, these problems are not so easy of solution as those she encounters in Math. Thus far, however, she has not been at a loss for an answer.





MARGARET MARY WALSH
Vallejo, California

MAJORS: HISTORY, MATHEMATICS

MINOR: ENGLISH

Radio Players '55

I.R.C. '55, '56, '57

Vice-President '55

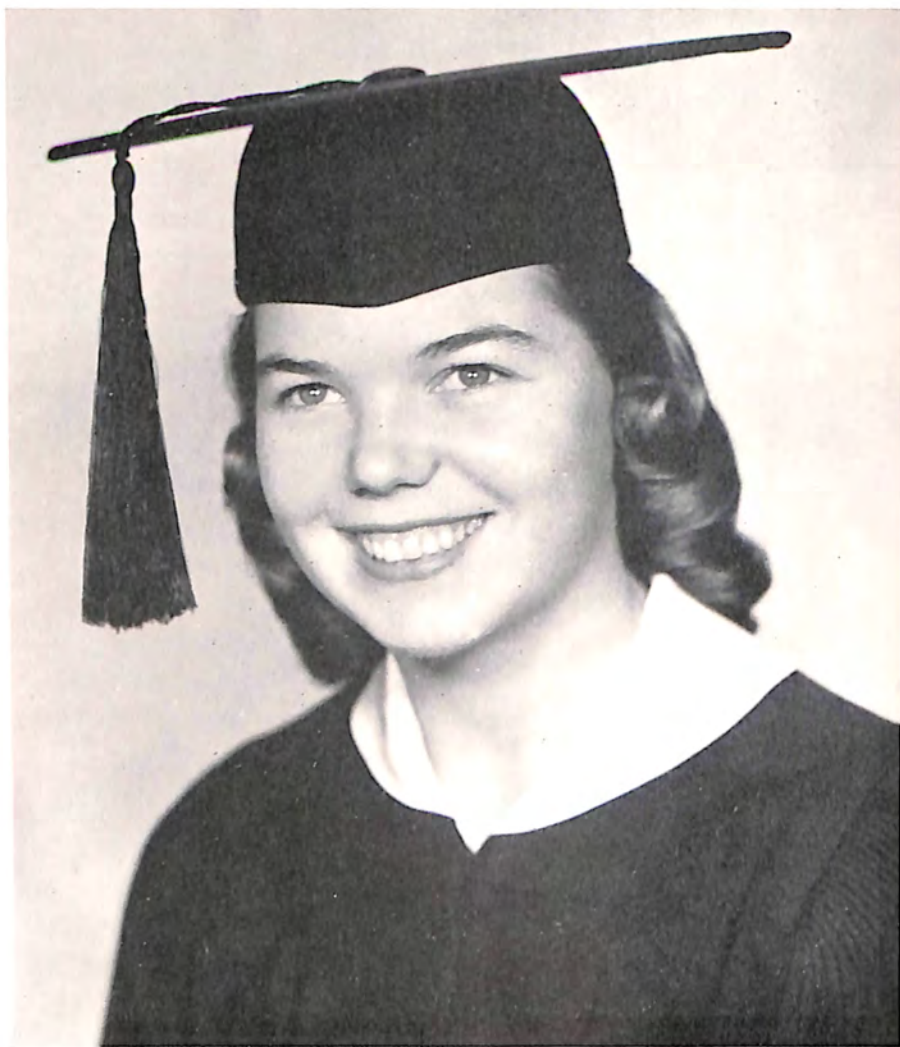
Italian Club '55

English Club '57

Foreign Students Club '57

Choral '54, '55, '57

W.A.A. Board '55



MARY KATHLEEN WILKINSON
Pomona, California

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: PHYSICAL EDUCATION

C.S.T.A. '56, '57

Irish Club '55, '56, '57

Foreign Students Club '57

Y.C.S. '54, '55

Choral '54, '55, '56

MARY KAY WILKINSON

MARY KAY begins her usual school day as she strides out of Edgehill with her jaunty carefree walk and departs for a morning of practice teaching, an activity which she finds especially satisfying. In outward appearance, she might seem to be a counterpart to her kindergarten charges, with her long blonde hair and upturned nose which are complemented by full skirts and crisp white blouses.

She is frank, outgoing, and apparently lacking in self-consciousness. The optimism which is one of her main virtues is not only a surface quality—she is able to employ it in the art of making others forget themselves and be happy. She takes a sincere interest in people and situations, and may always be counted upon to help when she is needed. She is sensitive, possessing qualities of understanding and sympathy which have won her many friends on the campus.

Among her principal likes she lists children—especially her nephew—dogs, and the beach; and ample evidence for these may be found in the pictures and figures which adorn her room.





CLASS OF 1957

ALWAYS before us has been our shield—the dove of peace circumscribed on the Chi Rho over a background of blue—and our motto: His Will Our Peace. From the novelty of frosh days to the sophisti-

cated status of the senior our shield has always been a part of the Dominican heritage. Our first Shield Day initiated us into that heritage and gave us that mark of class individuality; our shield was a visible emblem around which we shaped our special character. As freshmen we inaugurated the Valentine's Day party and annual fashion show, both becoming a part of every freshman's life. Newness and bright prospects were characteristic of our first year at D.C. Meadowlands, roommates, classes, big sisters, and social life all added up to a full year of many happy and hearty moments.

As sophomores we returned to a familiar campus and absorbed a host of new experiences. It is often said that when you realize how little you really know, it is a sign of wisdom. A gradual growth in wisdom was a characteristic of sophomore days. Still a fast paced class, we set to work with a will to complete our Humanities course which culminated in the Sophomore Symposium. We entered into more college activities and directed from our new home in Fanjeaux the successful Sophomore Informal and edited the columns of the *Carillon*. Our big sisters' graduation was an occasion marking the end of one era and the beginning of a responsibility now to be gladly accepted. We were upper classmen.

Being juniors meant much to every member of the

class. Personally, we had to choose the major that would help us each to develop into the type of individual we most wanted to become. As a class we took another step up the ladder of responsibility. We had little sisters to introduce to college life, found ourselves occupying two houses, promoted the Junior Prom and entered into Class Day enthusiastically once again—all this contributed to our spirit of class unity. The faculty expected more of us; we expected more of ourselves and though busier than ever before, we never bogged down, but kept steadily toward that goal of senior days.

With the informal ring ceremony in September we were full fledged seniors. Lower classmen on campus had a note of due respect in their cheerful hellos. Many cherished dreams were fulfilled for us this last year. Edgehill became our established domain and its cozy kitchen was the center of many activities—painting the new frosh shields, ironing out our Class Day particulars and just plain continuous talking over the coffee cups. We trekked to Benincasa for meals under the new Vassar plan and spent several winter evenings there practicing before Christmas for the traditional St. George play. Dominican traditions continued to become an important part of our lives and sharing them with others was our pleasure. Academic order for the first time was appreciated and first row in chapel was now rightfully ours. Student teachers

hustling off in the mornings made up the majority of our Edgehill and dayhop group, but the rest of the seniors were no less busy with their class schedules in Guzman.

The announcement of *Firebrand* picture appointments crystalized the realization that graduation was in sight. We planned our Senior Exclusive, inviting our parents to enjoy that last major college event with us. The Alumni Tea in honor of graduates and rehearsals for baccalaureate and graduation exercises made time vanish faster than ever. Looking back over the year, there are several events that will be remembered for a long time—the eerie Hallowe'en Party, Room Two's pre-election party, the presentation of Saint George and the Dragon for the Hillcrest School children, Father Curran's birthday party, retreat, St. Patrick's Day and Art in Action. Of course Graduation Day will be the climaxing highlight with its excitement and sense of fulfillment.

Each year has made us more a part of Dominican College. The more we gave of ourselves, the more we received from a heritage now dear to our hearts; a heritage which we have perhaps not yet fully understood.

M.B. '57

MRS. WOODHEAD

MRS. WOODHEAD'S sitting room at Benincasa is always open for an informal visit from one of her girls. After dinner visitors are sure to find her seated in a comfortable chair before the fireplace with a game of solitaire martialled before her on the quilt-topped card table. "Come on in!" she invites, "Sit down." Within seconds one is relaxing in the reserved formality and gracious atmosphere of another era. The cozy softness of the couch opposite her chair helps set the mood for an unhurried, but lively chat. Conversation can develop upon an infinite number of subjects, for the details of the room make conversational pauses impossible. Reflecting her busy and variegated life are mementos and souvenirs from extensive world travels—family photographs, carefully framed etchings of street scenes in Paris, figurines and candelabra from many countries, and tables laden with travel books and pictures representing numerous sojourns to Europe. Mrs. Woodhead is no less interesting or striking in appearance, for her erect bearing, beautifully styled gray hair and tastefully selected clothes directly compliment a stately, aristocratic, and dignified manner—characteristics of the manners and thought of another generation.

In the eight years she has resided at Dominican, Mrs. Woodhead has become for all the girls, and es-

pecially the upperclassmen, an essential part of campus life. Although she never loses the dignity which is noteworthy at first meeting, it soon becomes evident that she enters wholeheartedly into every campus activity. She enjoys nothing more than talking about any and all topics, ranging from experiences gathered on European travels to amusing anecdotes about faculty members. Always extremely aware of what is going on, she likes to interject her opinions, based on her extensive knowledge and expressive of her individual thought. If she is not expounding on current events, she may be found chatting about her ranching life, her recent trip to Mexico, her childhood in San Francisco, or the girls who have lived with her in previous years. She has the facility of painting situations in very dark colors in order to stimulate reactions; there are amusing tales when you are depressed, serious subjects when you are unduly frivolous—all delivered in a booming voice interspersed with a deep chuckle. It is certain that no story or range of subjects can top hers.

Her likes are many and varied—she has a fondness for polka dots (especially in dresses and umbrellas), red hats, historical novels, solitaire, Canasta (which she introduced in 1949), Scrabble, and cooking. She abhors poor grammar, gum chewing, rundown heels, pantry scavengers, ungraciousness, mixers, and early

rising—and she will not tolerate any except the latter two activities in her girls.

She patronizes local libraries for the latest books, and gives long verbal book reports under the pretext of recommendations—probably to keep the girls up to date on those things that they haven't got time to read for themselves. She enjoys outings with the girls to Corey's and King Cotton's in the afternoon; the theatre, dinners, and the movies in the evening.

One of her specialties in recent years has been the direction of the annual St. George Play. Throughout the year she refurbishes costumes, spends time in selecting a cast, and drives the girls for weeks toward perfect performances on the last night of the first semester. When asked, she will gladly contribute critical services to Class Day and other dramatic functions.

Dominican girls are truly "her" girls—she takes an intense and vital interest in each one of them, often helping in ways they never realize. She demands respect for them, and is patient and lenient, always striving to bring out the best in each student. She possesses the sometimes disconcerting quality of being able to see through people and situations at a glance.

Mrs. Woodhead does not ask you to like her, and it takes time to know and appreciate her. She is a rare person in whom the frequently lost arts of graciousness, conversation, sympathy, and understanding are

exemplified. In contrast to those who run with the crowd, she always stands on her own feet and makes her convictions known.

Illustrative of her philosophy and reflective of that which she aspires to instill in her girls is this exemplum narrated to the departing seniors each year at the midnight graduation buffet in Benincasa: "A fine piece of sculpture is first a rough piece of rock or marble. The sculptor must chip and chisel, cut and break, buff and polish, before it becomes a thing of beauty. We must suffer such treatment too, at the hands of God and man, before we may be considered works of art."

MARYANN ODELL '57

THE LAST CLASS NIGHT

AS HOUSELIGHTS dim, the turbulent sea of conversation surging through the audience ebbs into silence. But the audience's silent, almost serene anticipation of the last Class Day skit finds no counterpart in the agitated atmosphere behind the curtain. Heavy boot stomping and curt commands of Russian soldiers advancing down the main aisle draw the undivided attention of the audience and signal the prelude to the play. The tiny group of soldiers and peasants clamber onto the stage apron amidst sarcastic

comments about the days of the Czar and grumblings which terminate in the weary party's decision to refresh itself with sleep against the proscenium arch.

Standing tensely in the wings, you straighten imperceptibly as the haunting strains of "Anastasia" make their muffled way through the heavy curtain. Slowly, so slowly, the curtains part to reveal the splendorous court of the last Czar, assembled to celebrate Princess Anastasia's birthday. Ripples of applause swell from the audience in appreciation of the elaborate backdrop resplendent with imitation works of the great masters and the crest of the fierce double headed Russian eagle.

Fashionably attired court ladies stroll across the stage to an elegant buffet table laden with champagne, crystal goblets, warmly burning candles in ornate holders—all in subordinate roles to the tall tiers of the richly decorated birthday cake.

Within seconds your cue is given and without hesitation you enter this brilliant world of make believe to play your part in the drama. The magic element of pretend transforms weeks of intense preparation strewn with ruffled tempers and fantastic fabrication of props and costumes into a highly polished performance. The wonder of it all lies not in the be-medaled Czar, the demure Princess, the dramatic seer or the lively steps of the folk dancers tracing out the graceful patterns of the Korobushka. Rather, one

marvels at the energies funneled into this final Class Day—and one becomes acutely aware of the fact that it is the last time. As in the past three years, diversified talents and juxtaposition of temperaments have been carefully incorporated into this class activity.

As Anastasia's birthday party progresses, there is no thought of the seemingly insurmountable task the presentation evidenced a scant two weeks before. Forgotten are the sufferings of the occupants of Room 4 who retired each night amidst a welter of aromatic cans of paint and turpentine as they picked their way carefully over the backdrop sprawled across the floor of their room. Forgotten are aching fingertips doggedly typing out programs and applying wax seals to Anastasia's birthday invitations. Also forgotten are scavenger raids on prop rooms all over campus in search of an appropriate chair, length of curtain or costume accouterments.

Songs, dances, gifts for Anastasia and no one thinks twice about the bright garb and gems of the courtiers. No one could ever imagine that an ice blue ball gown was in reality an artfully draped sheet with an army of safety pins taking credit for its fashionable folds or that the fur hats of the choral had recently seen duty as coat cuffs.

The court chamberlain announces auspicious dignitaries and the courtroom fills. Bonin, captain of the palace guard, leads Anastasia in a graceful waltz and

one takes for granted the wholehearted enthusiasm with which each girl plays her part. Intent on fulfilling their roles to the best possible advantage for this sole yearly activity involving the entire class, each girl renders a sterling performance.

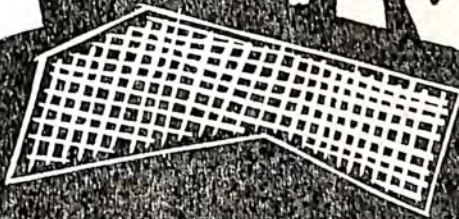
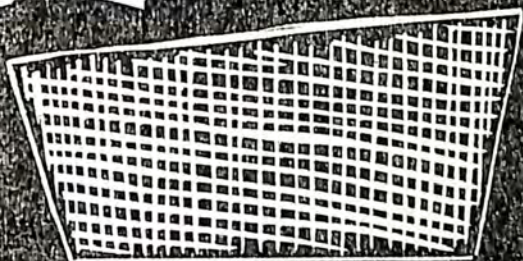
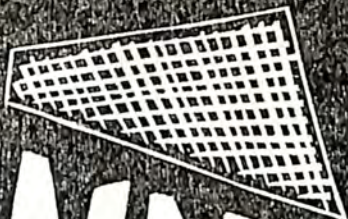
The sound slumbers of the soldiers and peasants are broken and they advance dazedly into the dream world of the rich court they have conjured up in their sleep. The climax comes with a fast paced finale and in your hearts you know you've done the story justice; your play is a success. Beneath the froth of gaiety and splendor you have hinted at the evil undercurrents that can and have eaten from within in this court which is destined soon to be overturned.

But the play is not yet done—the court chamberlain announces the Russian National Anthem. Audible gasps from the audience are silenced in the majestic, sorrowful strains of the hymn—"God, the All Terrible, Thou Who ordainest Thunder Thy clarion call and Lightning Thy sword . . . Give to us peace in our time, O Lord!"

Now the play is done. The ovation disintegrates into an excited babble of voices and the courtroom vanishes in the glare of reawakening houselights. No one has to say a word, for each actor on stage radiates with happy satisfaction. It was good; the class has done its job well. And that's all that matters.

M.H. '57

**ALUNDER
RADVATES**





CLASS OF '58

"Oh the Junior Class is something that is pretty neat
When it comes to work and play,
we really can't be beat
So it's Juniors, Juniors, Juniors always on the go . . .
That's what '58 will always show . . ."

YES, THE CLASS of '58 is always on the go at work: scholarship, student government, publications—and play: parties, dances, coffee-times. Follow us through our Caenesque column as we review our activity filled year . . .

SEPTEMBER STEP-SISTERS

September 1—we arrived, they arrived, millions of them—who? Why our little sisters, of course. All of a

sudden we became big sisters. Clare Hasenpusch was an attentive freshman advisor, guiding our sister class through their first semester of college life.

MAJOR-MINOR MIGRAINE

Reactions of "observing" teachers: "Oh, weren't the first graders darling . . . All the valentines they sent me!" "What little monsters!" . . . History majors were sure of 1066 while English lasses trilled "Whan that Aprille . . ." . . . At times, we thought Albertus Magnus' H₂S and Guzman's third floor formaldehyde would replace smog . . . Then there were the KTIM voices, the music from Angelico . . . And, then there were some with no major at all.

A.S.D.C. PERSONNEL

Participation in student government was sparked by leaders of our class . . . Barbara Scoles and Gail Balfour found NFCCS their area of interest . . . Barbara Albertazzi kept A.S.D.C. funds out of the red . . . W.A.A. programs in Hanify Hall claimed Janet Brennan and Barbara Spiering . . . Deadlines, headlines—Mary O'Donnell and Catherine Collins pored over copy . . . Iris Campodonico led the Italians while Ellie Harrington gave the auld sod a shout of "Erin Go Bragh" . . . Who shall keep our houses in order?—question answered by Nancy Nichols and Gail Maitre . . . table-checking, proctoring, S.A.B. found us scurrying from one activity to another.

HOUSE COMMUTERS

Class meeting—all Juniors come . . . and then a trekking from Benincasa to Fanjeaux . . . We were a class without a home although Class Prexy Patricia McDermott and our shield lived in Fanjeaux . . . Benincasa disputed the fact and St. Catherine of Alexandria's wheel rolled across Palm Avenue to St. Catherine (Benincasa) of Siena's home one day.

"VO DO" SMASH HIT

"Crazy words, crazy tune"—it was really the bee's knees on February 8 as we Charlestoned our way to another Class Day triumph . . . our gym entrance showed the influence of U.S. History complete with map, flag, Uncle Sam . . . and, oh, mustn't forget Abel . . . on to volleyball—"21" Ellie Harrington served, spiked and yelled the team to victory . . . NEVER such a birthday celebration.

POSIES FROM THE PROM

California Country Club . . . music 'till the wee hours . . . fun, dancing, parties . . . flowers . . . gay spring formals . . . Iris Campodonico chairmanned the BIG affair.

TALE O' THE JUNIORS

Tennis court champs—Ann Eriksen, Cherie Hefferman, and Barbara Scoles . . . Rings n' things—Myra (Gray) Murphy joined the wedded ranks while

Sheila Sullivan, Linda Fromhagen and Joanne Bacaglio planned THE day . . . Cherie Heffernan, Ann Eriksen, Barbara Scoles, Lydia Busch, and Gail Balfour became "steadies". . . Honors: Gamma Sigma initiated Karel Fennel, Janet Brennan, Imelda Gochangco, Sheila Sullivan, Mary O'Donnell and Catherine Collins.

And so you can see . . . the Juniors are really on the go and are looking forward to an exciting Senior Year.

GAIL BALFOUR '58

CATHERINE COLLINS '58





THE SOPHOMORES

SEPTEMBER 1956 and year two had begun. The new Sophomore class hung the green and gold shield above the Fanjeaux mantlepice and settled down to a second helping of humanities and sophomore subjects. Nor was the new life humdrum; Sophomores found a romance in the chateau-like home with gabled roofs and ivyed walls, with spiral staircases and cloistral halls, a home that smacked of medieval flavor. And at the center of the house in the windowed court watched the Virgin Alma Mater as she had watched—the loving Mother of the medieval university.

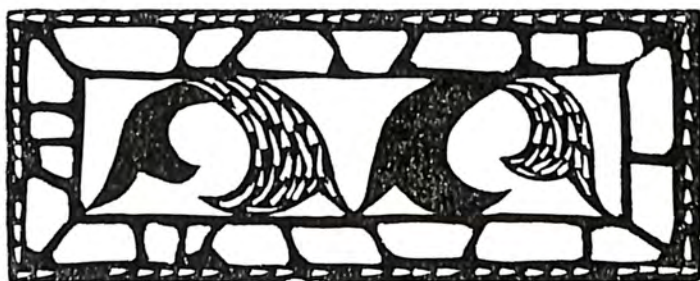
From the beginning they had called us "the quiet class" with a shrug of the shoulders and a lilt in the voice. Well, we were still "the quiet class" and now the statement carried a ring of finality. Oh yes, there was the first night, some occasional excitement, but always there was the return to what had earned us the title, "the quiet class."

What was it? Why "the quiet class?" We discussed it in the smoke room; no quiet here. We wondered in the dining room; hardly here. We laughed as we sang "Shall We Dance"; and they called us "the quiet class?" The question chafed; it almost seemed unfair. Were we too bookish? Some thought so. We sang "We're all here for college, but we're not here for knowledge"; it had a catchy tune and a rhyme, but in our hearts we knew that knowledge was exactly why we were here. We knew it and others knew it, and they respected us for our so-called bookishness.

But still the question, half-answered perhaps. We looked to our shield where others before had looked for guidance. And we saw a mirror—a quiet shield reflecting "the quiet class." Then we saw the gleaming of an answer to our question—our real question—not why we were the quiet class, but why we should be "the quiet class." On the wainscoted wall our answer hung in green and gold, quiet, silent, self-explanatory in the austere lines of the cross, in the breathless field of hope, in the wordless ecstasy of the crown. This

was the quietness reflected in us, and quietly we thrilled to the tranquility and serenity that surrounded the paradox of crown and cross.

CAROLINE GISSLER '59





THE FRESHMEN

"Golden slippers I'm guine wear
to climb de golden stairs."

NO ONE IS BORN with a silver spoon in his mouth or golden slippers on his feet; nevertheless we all must "climb stairs" to our goal which is heaven. Picture life as a staircase, with each rise a challenge in our life. Our graduation from high school marked the end of the flight of stairs of our childhood; the next flight is our adulthood beginning with our college career. Here the first step is our freshman year; whether it will be up or down depends entirely upon us, for this is a step we must take alone.

On August 31, 1956, we, the freshman class, put

our best foot forward on the first step of Meadowland's stairs, climbed them, and entered a new phase of our life. As a child dreads his first step, we were apprehensive about this one, not only because we had to take it alone into someplace foreign to us, but because we thought we were leaving behind us the security of our childhood and going out into the adult world with its responsibilities. We weren't wrong, but we didn't know how easy it would be with the help of Dominican. The minute we entered Meadowlands we felt that the spirit of the College was saying to us, "You are an adult now. Walk!" And so we did, into our collegiate life.

We were plagued by many questions: Who will be my roommate? How will I put the right name with the right face? Then we worried about classes—whether we had chosen the right ones; how we would ever get up on time. On this point our fears were groundless, for if our roommate's alarm clock didn't blast us out of bed, the clanging of the hand bell did. We were positive that we would never know all the things we were supposed to cover; most of us were afraid we would "flunk out" at midterm time. Soon our initial panic developed into a real interest and learning stopped being such a chore. We practically lived and breathed the Humanities, noting each column, vase, and bead and reel pattern we came across. Library study, which we expected to be a time-waster

and the curse of our evenings, turned for most of us into the best time and place to study, and we made many friends over "silent" library tables.

And the rules—we were told to read our handbook, to come to meetings on Mondays for orientation, on Wednesdays to hear the President, Sister Patrick, and on Thursdays to sing. In the handbook we read about Student Body Meetings, library study, and regulations ranging from date permissions to what we weren't allowed to wear in our rooms. At the meetings we learned about Dominican, its clubs and societies, its customs and songs, and its attitude toward us. We found that the motto of our school was "Truth," both to ourselves and others.

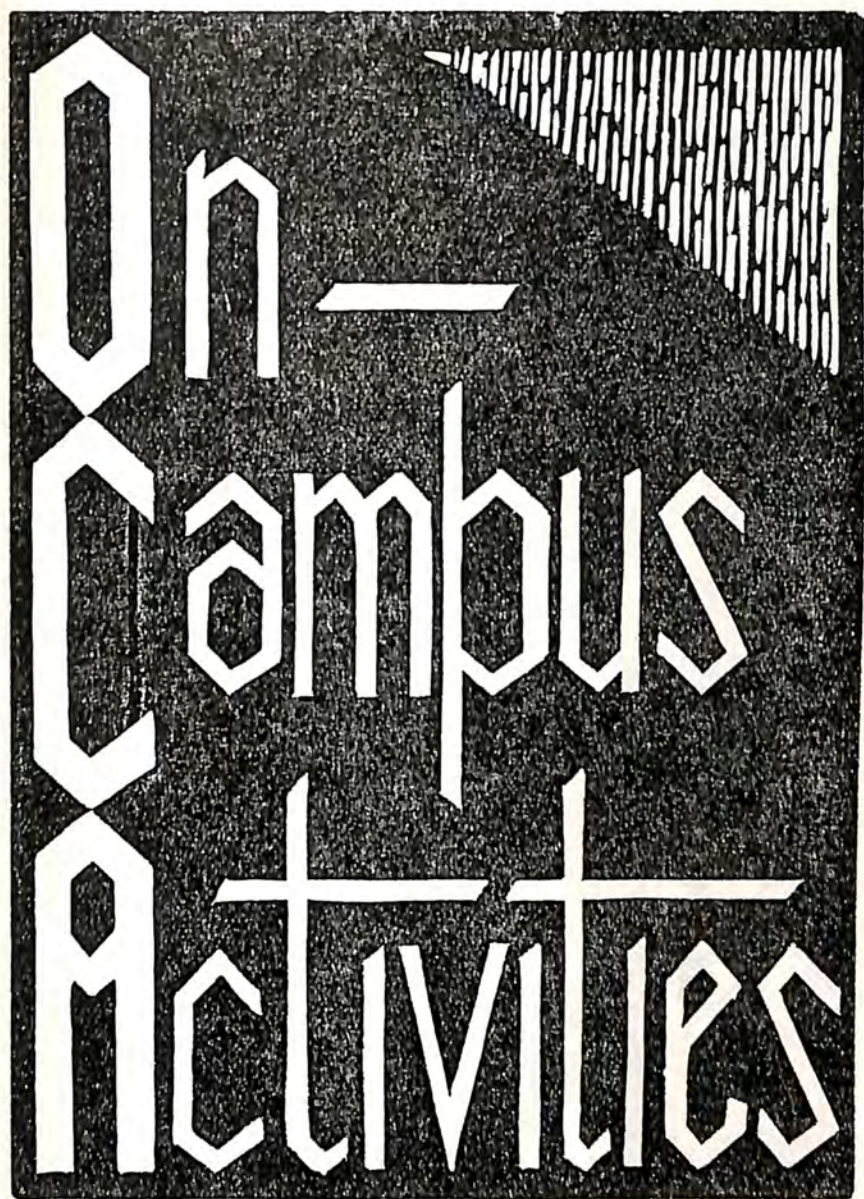
And the mixers—remember how scared we were? Whether we were pessimistic or optimistic we all had slight cases of nerves for the first few minutes. But all turned out well for those dances really were "mixers," and by adopting Dominican's friendly spirit we soon became acquainted with boys from Santa Clara, U.S.F., and St. Mary's.

Many little things, but special to us, will be remembered about our freshman year: singing in the dining room, the call "mail's here," the constantly ringing telephone, our cat D.C., weekends home, the Grove, Meister, expeditions to find food, the receptions we gave our friends' dates, parties after "lights out," morning Mass in Rosary Chapel, and our class

motto "Without Fear." Yes, we had fun during our freshman year; we made new friends, learned many things, and were on our own for probably the first time.

Now as we look back we realize that with real pleasure and almost unconsciously we have made our first step to adulthood, and with it we have gained confidence and the ability to take other, harder steps. So our first year at college is over; in it we have learned that the mottoes of the College and of our class will help us throughout our lives to take each new step with "Truth" and "Without Fear."

RACHEL SPIELER '60



On- Campus Activities



ALL IS CALM, ALL IS BRIGHT

CHRISTMAS is all calmness and peace. But the season's serenity touches everything, except college campuses. Dominican exudes intense activity as concentrated within a three block area are hundreds of girls with hundreds of things to get done, within two days of the beginning of Christmas vacation. Do they accomplish them? Who can judge from the unvarying degree of activity which marks those days bordering Christmas vacation?

The sharp click of typewriter keys and the dull thuds of space bars set residence halls vibrating into the small hours of the morning as sheaves of last minute term papers flow from overworked typewriters. In the throes of finals friends and roommates go into hibernation and conversation is limited to short, clipped sentences and expressive grunts and groans. With an eye already to next semester's classes, bartering of books becomes a brisk business. Excited brains are saturated with last minute cramming of information from stacks of books hastily checked out of the library. Frantic searches for lost class notes precipitate crises, but notes are always found and the worried owner crams some more for the last final. What can equal the commotion at the end of a semester?

The pattern is the same in every house on campus. A lavishly decorated Christmas tree in each living

room is the center of attention, as it spreads protective branches over multi-colored packages resplendent with gay ribbons and silver bells. As the last night approaches Christmas presents spill out from under the boughs of the brightly lit Christmas trees. Gifts from downtown, cards marked "Santa," wrapping paper with cheerful snowmen everywhere displaying their signs—"Do not open until . . ." "Has anyone got Scotch Tape?"

Roommates sit on top of bulging suitcases and on command lean hard as reluctant locks snap in place. Exclamations of relief as straining luggage registers thirty-nine pounds on the bathroom scales—and the weight isn't from books either! Airplane tickets rest temptingly in side crevices of dresser mirrors. Home has not been so close for four months.

The swish of taffetas, the elegance of sophisticated black velvets and the sparkle of flashing rhinestones add the final festive touch to the last night's dinner in Fanjeaux. Dinner music, softly glowing candles, and full course turkey dinners set the keynote for the evening. With dinner finished the excited diners move briskly into Fanjeaux's living room for the traditional St. George Play. The Seniors are hardly recognizable as they recreate the ancient drama—the growling, fire spewing green Dragon; the ugly, cock-eyed Giant; virtuous St. George—melodrama and comedy as Father Christmas cajoles, Doctor Iron-

heart prescribes and the dancers whirl in lively dance patterns.

But the evening has just started. There's hardly breathing space between activities. Playgoers vanish hurriedly up long flights of dorm stairs, only to reappear minutes later warmly bundled against the cold winter night. Standard equipment is wool scarves in bright plaids, fuzzy warm mittens, red and green songbook filled with favorite Christmas carols, and a long length of red candle. The queue of lights descends from Benincasa's spacious porch and serpentine down the driveway. Strains of "Silent Night" drift toward a star spangled sky as the carolers journey to the Main Convent, pass in front of Angelico, and wend up the sloping road to Santa Sabina where carols are echoed by white garbed novices in the peaceful patio of the novitiate.

Still the night is far from over—house parties quickly gain momentum as Santa Claus distributes the gaily decked packages among house members. Hot chocolate and trays of glazed doughnuts and heated coffeecake are appreciatively consumed. The smooth warmth of the cocoa and the blazing heat of a roaring fire in the fireplace have no sleep promoting success combatting the still rising excitement resulting from anticipation of tomorrow's journey home. Last minute packing, frantic stabs at cleaning the room, and spontaneous room parties suddenly evaporate as ex-



hausted merrymakers collapse into bed and drop immediately into heavy slumbers.

The pace is no less furious the following morning as heavy lidded, half awake students form neat black cap and gown rows in chapel. Breakfast is a mere for-

mality, for soon driveways and house porches are deluged with luggage, bulging cartons, clothesbags, hatboxes, and assorted stuffed animals. Close pressed cars block any movement in the circular driveways as they stand open-trunked to receive the vast quantities of luggage. Shrill voices call to one another, answer questions, say their goodbyes, and give directions for stowing of luggage. One by one the travelers' cars slip from the driveways onto the winding road to town and scatter to the four points of the compass.

Where has there been peace? When has there been order—the serenity and quiet exultation of Christmas-tide? By eleven a.m. it has finally come. With the departure of the last holiday packed car there is a sudden termination of all movement on campus. Now there are only the tall, black, winter-bare trees, aprons of green lawn, non-crunching white gravel pathways, empty benches in the grove, deserted rooms with doors ajar, unruffled shrubs and untrampled grass. The chimes atop Angelico echo against the silent landscape—"O come let us adore Him . . ." Now all is calm, all is bright.

MARY HOSINSKI '57

GAIL BALFOUR '58

HASTEN, JASON, THE SHORTBREAD'S
BURNING

I have only a little time, a little time to sit and watch
and listen
and feel
and give.

I have but a few moments left to read my books, collect the world's refuge and love.

I can only move quickly for the time is coming when
all movement will cease—momentum will not
hum.

I must blow on my paints—for soon there will be no
wind to dry them, or sun to illuminate them—

I must eat my cheese, swallow my wine—for they will
soon feed it to their animals.

I must sit and sing, of me, of mine—for their knife will
cut the song from my voice—soon—

They are coming and I am going—but with me, the
unborn of my kind will hasten—so then must I.

JOAN LEIGHS '57

THE UNITED NATIONS ON CAMPUS

M R. PRESIDENT, Ceylon demands a Roll Call Vote"—a feminine voice from the floor of the General Assembly demands an answer from fifty constituent members of the United Nations. The answers come—some are dignified and reserved, others bombastic, matter-of-fact, some hardly audible. A moment of silence ensues before the President announces the decision of the General Assembly. Then he hurries to the next item with speakers already crowding the aisle microphones. This is the General Assembly of the United Nations in action—or is it? Let us come down to the floor of the Assembly. The delegates go on with their discussion and reports—seriously, intently, with the weight of the world on capable shoulders. Most of these men and women are young and most American-looking. This is not the United Nations—it is the Model United Nations of the Great Pacific West. These young delegates are representatives of fifty colleges and universities of the West. During this annual gathering American college participants temporarily don the nationality of Englishmen, Arabians, Australians or Chinese, Norwegians or Russians. Ceylon's delegate, who demanded the roll-call vote, was only yesterday hurrying to history class at Dominican College, San Rafael, California, U.S.A. These young men and women have not given

up their citizenship, but they are doing their best to take on another.

These students are eager to learn. They do not hope to solve the problems of the world, but they want to learn how it is done and perhaps how it can be done better in the future. Their faith in the U.N. is unwavering, but it is an understanding, realistic faith. It is in faith such as this that the world's hope for peace lies. The key here is union through understanding. Each college delegation "becomes" a different country every year; there is no better way to understand a country than to "be" one of its people, and this is what each delegate works toward. Yet he will realize in these four days that he is never more an American than when he is uniting through common aims and understanding. He never realizes quite as fully as he does during these few days that his country is uniquely favored in this business of uniting peoples, customs, and ideals. "E Pluribus Unum" will mean more than it ever has to him. This young delegate to the Model United Nations, in the true spirit of his country and of the United Nations, is well on his way toward understanding a truly *United Nations*.

MARY O'DONNELL '58

ANGELICO HALL

ANGELICO'S quiet stately facade gives no hint of the not too quiet excitement that prevails within its interior. The steady chiming of the carillons establishes a regulated pulse for an otherwise dizzy beat; under this roof a diversity reigns that is unequalled any place on campus.

The third floor houses freshmen with all their bustle and excitement — both social and academic. Nuns occupy their quieter quarters, but are no less busy. During the day, the second floor sees continuous action as music students hurry to class room, practice rooms, studios, and the music library.

The main floor, because it encompasses the auditorium, is most familiar to all students; but only radio, music, and drama students know the intricacies of Angelico's less central parts. Back stage is alive with constant activity; an air of hushed excitement hovers about the radio studio; through Angelico's back door students hasten to choral, orchestra, and madrigal. On ordinary class days, Nicholas greets one with a friendly nod or a warm "Guten Tag." Whether it be a matter of moving a heavy microphone or of discovering a lost class day prop, Nicholas is always quietly at hand to assist students in their sudden dilemmas.

In contrast to the back stage activity, Angelico assumes a dignified, professional air during general

assemblies. The spacious stage is host to professional and student performers. This year saw the Radio Players' mature dramatization of *The Boy With A Cart* by Christopher Fry, and the Foreign Students' Show under Leila Gabriel's capable direction. Quieter, but no less notable, was the traditional St. Thomas Aquinas Honor Society Initiation and the Sophomore Symposium on "The Medici in the Arena of the Renaissance." In honor of Mother Justin's and Sister Patrick's feast days, the English Madrigal Singers faultlessly combined beauty of setting with polyphonic music. At the year's close, Annette Brophy performed in a graduate concert, and senior recitals were presented by Mary Bricher and Laila Gabriel. In early May, an Art in Action Day, Henri Gheon's newly translated play, *The Finding of the Cross*, was finely and impressively acted. Angelico's stage is clearly flexible. Perhaps its most inspiring event of the year is Rosary Sunday when the stage is turned into a sanctuary and Benediction is given. The most anticipated event of the year is, of course, Graduation which, though a solemn occasion, is filled with the joy of things accomplished—a joy shared by students, faculty, and parents. And this—the joy of things accomplished, is perhaps Angelico's finest satisfaction.

MARY BRICHER '57

PATRICIA FLITNER '57

BALL POINT PENS

SINCE the long-past days of cave men and Egyptian pharaohs, writing of some type, be it pictorial or alphabetic, has been one of man's most important methods of communication and record keeping. From crude pictures carved on walls of caves and the clay tablets and papyrus of Babylonia and Egypt, writing with pen and ink on onion skin, linen, rice or rag paper has emerged.

Although the type of writing and surface written upon have undergone great changes, pens have remained much the same. Various inks and stick, charcoal, quill, or fountain pens have been used, but until recently the writing implement has never been really satisfactory. Pens have always needed filling or new points, or have been characterized by an annoying scratch; but now modern science has come up with an instrument that supposedly solves all these problems—the ball point pen.

When enterprising manufacturers first offered these pens that never had to be filled, the public was skeptical. But, as their use became more wide-spread and the price became less prohibitive, the ball point pen became an object of great importance. Now advertising firms apparently spend countless sleepless nights dreaming up new ways to keep the public in-

terested in the ball point pen, and, what is more important, to keep people buying them.

Their approaches have been geared to the various classes of people whose occupations demand writing: the pen that writes under water so that deep sea divers can take notes on their findings; pens to match the colors in the new cars to intrigue the man next door who has a new automobile; pens approved by bankers and school officials to gain the patronage of forgers and students. On and on goes the list of added features: pens that write in blue, black, red and green for the artistic writer; retractable points for people who lose caps; and pens having two ink cartridges for bargain-hunting shoppers.

Another rather nice feature of the ball point pen, but one that is overlooked by the advertisers, is the fact that most models can be taken apart. People who formerly doodled, twiddled their thumbs, or bit their fingernails are now taking apart ball point pens to relieve nervous tension. This feature, existing mainly in pens which have replaceable ink supplies and retractable points, has its drawbacks. The mechanism is deceptively complex and by upsetting the spring or some other minor part of the pen, the whole thing can be ruined. What good is a pen that writes in four colors if the point will not retract?

By nature these pens are unpredictable and undependable. Students find that even the newest have an

instinct that prompts them to suddenly stop writing during an examination. Carefully planned answers are quickly forgotten as the writer surveys half-written words and smudged paper. The ink is practically indelible and anything the point touches acquires a dot of blue or red or black.

Despite the drawbacks of delicacy and unpredictability, ball point pens have become an important part of our modern lives. I only wish mine would write.

SUSAN COTTERELL '60





BLESSED BE DRAGONS

Blessed be dragons, the kind one met
years ago in a grassy vale,
with clanking jaws and a scaly tail,
and the monster down by the time sun set,
meek and prone to the champion's heel.

Decent old dragons whose breath of ire
scorched never more than a sweet wood fire,
whose glowering eyes glared ruby bright
and wings soared high as the village spire—
gallant, glamorous, jolly old fright!

Merrily, dragonish sport, though tall,
fed savory meat to a valiant spear;
toppled the worm like a mountain-fall,
while gaping shire-folk thronged to cheer
their hero dapper in coat of mail.

Then a fellow could spin a dragon-tale
through winter evenings with good brown ale,
and glow in content that the beast was sent
where dragons should go (how long ago)
to the watchman's echoing cheer, "All's Well!"

Sarah Wingate Taylor
in *Yankee*

THE AVERAGE DAY

SPLINTERS of sound pierced the warm air enveloping the knots of chaotic activity in the room. Gusts of rain sprayed noiselessly against the bank of windows—transparent boundaries that exiled a blustry, grey cloud patched sky from the cozy warmth and brightness of the classroom.

A towheaded boy disengaged himself from the nearest group.

"What is this word, Miss Peterson?" he queried.

His paint begrimed finger pointed to the word "disillusioned."

"That's exactly the way I feel, Ronnie. Sound it out and then look it up in the dictionary."

"Ah, gee, Miss Peterson!" he protested.

"Go on—!" she commanded.

Ronnie melted not-so-smoothly back into his group. A conveniently placed elbow nearly upset Sandra's paint project. Before recriminations developed to battle stages Mr. B called Ronnie to help him assemble the double orange crate base upon which a miniature oil field was scheduled to rise.

Momentarily becalmed in the sea of activity and with excellent possibilities of no one straggling up for at least five minutes with the inevitable, "What do I do now, Miss Peterson?" the student teacher, for the first time that morning, relaxed against the unyield-

ing slats that composed the back of her chair. Islands of intense activity pulsed around her as industrious ten year olds busied themselves with the labored construction of oil trucks, pipe cleaner men, and refinery apparatus of every description. The snail paced black hands on the clock wended their imperceptible circular path past a quarter to twelve.

An uncontrollable smile played across Miss Peterson's lips as she mentally retraced the impossible happenings of the seemingly never ending morning. She had enough material for "Most Satisfying Experiences" and "Most Unsatisfying Experiences" to keep her supervisor in reading matter for a month. Perhaps she would choose the first episode of the morning—yes, that would qualify wonderfully for "Most Unsatisfying Experience."

Driving up to school a car length behind a caravan of speeding vehicles which included the Fire Chief's shiny red car and three wailing State Highway patrol cars, Miss Peterson was forced to press her way through milling groups of excitedly chattering children packed onto the front lawn and driveway of the school. Snatches of conversation rose from the shifting groups—"Fire Department . . . Will the school blow up?" Gaining entrance into the confused hubbub of the main office, she singled out her master teacher. Disbelief dissolved into disgusted resignation as he outlined the particulars of the situation.

"Some joker called in about five minutes ago and said there was a bomb planted somewhere in the school. It'll take the fire department half an hour to thoroughly search the premises," he explained.

"Then they have to stand outside until the all clear is given?" she asked mechanically.

" 'Fraid so. Find our class and keep them in order. No funny business," he directed.

"But it's going to rain!" she protested.

"Not for awhile, and besides, what's more important—a little rain or a bomb going off?"

"Bomb!" and she stomped out to find her charges.

Grouped in good order on the lawn were her rain-gear equipped fifth grade class. Instinctively she counted noses. Final tabulations gave a sum total of twenty-three excited ten-year-olds and one pink basinet containing one black and white guinea pig. Initial excitement developed into tedious waiting as the minutes dragged on. The long wait was punctuated more and more frequently by restless wiggles and energetic horseplay. Repeated questions of "How long, Miss Peterson?" and "Will the school blow up, Miss Peterson?" came on the half second. Miss Peterson's thoughts turned more and more on what she could say to the prankster who had conceived this diabolical scheme. It was already a forty-five minute wait outside the school building under this threatening sky. Remote though her chances were of ever

having an opportunity to give personal vent to her feelings, impatient thoughts crowded dangerously near an irritated climax of undisguised wrath when the Fire Chief emerged from the doorway and announced that the children could return to their classrooms.

"Miss Peterson, where's the airplane glue?"—Ronnie was back again.

"On the desk, Ronnie, on top of the spelling books," she answered.

Snatching the slender tube from atop the desk, Ronnie zigzagged back to help Mr. B with the oil field base, pausing half a second to peer into the pink bassinet with the occupant guinea-pig knee deep in cabbage leaves. Now in Ronnie there was another qualifier for "Most Satisfying Experience" and "Most Unsatisfying Experience." It had all started in the arithmetic lesson before recess.

"Ronnie, put problem number eleven on the board. Lynne, number twelve," Miss Peterson commanded.

Confidently Ronnie had sauntered to the board and quickly worked out his long division problem. After the problems had been duly copied and answered on the board, each child returned to orally explain the process involved. When Ronnie's turn came it took but a moment for his recitation. Unknowingly, he had erred.

"Now Ronnie, haven't you forgotten something in your answer?" Miss Peterson asked.

Serious contemplation of the chalked problem resulted in a negative answer.

"Ronnie, you've left a zero off the end of the answer, haven't you?" Going up to the board, she put the zero in place. Hoping to establish firmly in his mind the value of a correctly placed zero, she began, "If you had your choice between thirty dollars and three hundred dollars, which would you take?" she asked.

"Thirty dollars would be all right," he responded.

The surprising answer goaded Miss Peterson to use a variation of the "choice" tactic.

"Now Ronnie, look—if you could choose between a hundred pennies or ten dollars, wouldn't you take the ten dollars?" she continued.

"Oh, I don't know—" he paused and then added, "Money isn't everything."

Recovering from the unexpected reply, Miss Peterson commented, "You've got something there, Ronnie," and went on to the next problem.

A relaxing fifteen minutes for coffee during recess had been but a lull in the storm of things to come. An avalanche of gyrating forms streamed noisily into the room at the conclusion of the short recess period—

barely ahead of the rainstorm that finally broke. In the ensuing melee Sandra yanked the kickball from Ronnie. Almost faster than the eye could follow, potent blows were exchanged. Sandra was in tears and Ronnie left the scene of battle, head down and completely miserable, knowing that a full dress reprisal was in the offing. Taking one culprit at a time into the hall for oral chastisement, Miss Peterson appealed to Ronnie's dormant code of chivalry, advancing the possibility that he could seriously harm little girls when he hit them—since he was so much stronger than they were. Sandra was a defiant bundle of hostility, giving way on no point concerning the encounter.

Yet Ronnie had redeemed himself somewhat soon after this. With Mr. B out of the room, one rambunctious youngster took it upon herself to make life difficult for the student teacher. Presentation of plans for work on the oil derrick ground to a halt as the commotion generated by the young lady disrupted the entire class.

"Pat, since you can't work with the rest of the class, then just trot back to that chair in the corner," Miss Peterson directed.

There was no response save for a sardonic grin which registered "Make me" all over her face. Silence fell as the class watched to see the outcome.

"Pat, I asked you to take the chair in the corner. Get moving!" Miss Peterson reiterated.

The same challenging grin and refusal to move. A minute crept noiselessly by as the class and Miss Peterson waited. Help came from unexpected quarters.

"Come on, guys, let's get her!" Ronnie ordered as he rose in his seat and started toward the belligerent girl. His command was a signal setting into motion simultaneously all ten boys in the room. They abandoned their seats and started toward the now frightened girl. Hastily she retreated to the far corner of the room. The action had taken but a split second and was over before Miss Peterson could ask the boys to be seated.

With order restored and attention riveted on the layout for the oil well, a final episode in the fantastic morning unfolded. Smiling benevolently, Miss Peterson's supervisor, Mrs. Blackstone, stole quietly, but not quietly enough, in at the back of the room and seated herself on a bench at the back wall. Twenty-three craniums pivoted on swivel necks to ogle the visitor. Mrs. Blackstone's smile faded as a recently liberated black and white guinea pig brushed through her legs. Yet her composure returned when Lynne hastened to restore her pet to the pink bassinet. Mrs. Blackstone had remained long enough to speak with Mr. B when he returned, and to jot down various notes in her little black book.

"Will everyone please stop work now and clean up all papers and paint equipment. It's almost time for lunch." Miss Peterson circulated nonchalantly around the room, directing clean-up activities. Mr. B stood over the oil field base next to the window, completely engrossed in outlining strata on the side of an orange crate.

Rain hammered the asphalt topped patio outside the classroom—rainy day session that meant lunch-time indoors. With prospects of lunch near at hand, feverish activity filled the room until the entire class was assembled in neat rows of cleared off desks waiting for the signal to rush to the cabinets at the back of the room where their lunches were stored. Row by row they jostled their way to and from the rear of the room.

Miss Peterson gathered up her notebooks. "See you tomorrow, Mr. B," she called out as she passed her still intent master teacher. "Uh . . . yeah, ok. Good lesson today. See you tomorrow." He hadn't even looked up from the project.

A rising crescendo of sound trailed her out the door of the classroom and into the empty hall. Pushing her way through the heavy glass doors at the end of the corridor, she was met by a refreshing swatch of cooling raindrops against her face. Most satisfactory ex-

perience for this week? Just surviving this one day of
practice teaching!

M.H. '57



MEISTER

MEISTER'S is a woman's world. At least he shares the prevailing campus feeling of slight impatience toward gentlemen. Descendant of a breeding background about as impressive as his appearance, the 1956-1957 addition to Dominican's twenty-seven acre campus fast became a distinguished personality.

His distrust of men must be explained in view of understandable ignorance on the subject. Meister, perhaps so knighted by faculty members because of his obviously domineering looks, was a gift of a Senior when he was just four months old; that he deems any male visitors as out of his regular routine of duty is not surprising.

"An excellent watchdog, despite his first seemingly rude ways" was early the concensus of opinion among his numerous masters. After his weeks of training at a local and well-known training school, the opinion has been confirmed. Part lion, part antelope, part dog—the observations of teachers and students. The lion in him is an incident in itself. Soon after his first arrival and confinement to Meadowlands, which was designated as his base of operations, he took the opportunity to leap the fifteen feet from the Freshman hall's kitchen to the gravel drive below. The window had been too much of a temptation.

The antelope is seen in Meister's gait. When in

pursuit of a new adventure, or even on a disinterested walk across the lawns, he embodies a concentrated effort of every muscle—the resulting lope can cover a surprising amount of ground in the quietest manner.

But to many students missing pets from home, Meister is truly a dog—with all the “near-human” qualities they find in their own favorite animals. Just like many others of his kingdom, he has his idiosyncracies. There is the Knubby Knitted Afghan, or rather the remainder of it, which is always good diversion when he can’t find a friend in the vicinity. And despite the spot designated for him in the main entrance to the assembly hall, Meister has taken undisputed possession of certain pieces of furniture in the main living room of Meadowlands, and no one has had—to date—the courage to change him from the softest chair there to the hard bed of the wooden floor. Undisturbed, there he sleeps.

In his debut to the college grounds during Christmas vacation, he learned after five or six tries where he was and was not allowed. The chapel saw his visits during Masses and devotions; Sisters’ rooms were on his itinerary of short visits; but despite his trial and error method, he seems finally to have learned where he is not wanted.

One office on campus Meister soon found to be a sweet haven. By this time no visitor to Sister Patrick’s office of a morning is surprised to hear the soft pad-

ding and sharp clicks of Meister's paws as he lopes confidently across the linoleum of the outer office and into the spaciousness of the president's office. To her desk he travels unerringly to receive a pat on the head and a choice doggie bonbon brought from the recesses of the box in the bottom drawer of the president's desk.

A sign of really making the grade with Meister is whether or not he awards one with near violent wiggling, a process in which he curls himself to make head meet tail. The violence of the wiggling indicates the degree to which one's presence is desired.

Students must appreciate him for his intrinsic values. Meister's pug nose and flattened face make one hope he is a winner on other scores than looks; the first impression is most often—"Why, he's just plain ugly—but it's attractive on him!"

A cocked ear distinguishes the new master of our grounds; that, with his brown and cream coloring would make him a standout specimen in the canine kingdom; but when he starts snoring—loudly—others in the Freshman house begin to wonder from what kingdom that comes . . .

Meister's is a woman's world—and it looks as though Meister's rule will hold sway.

DOLORES DINNEEN '59

SAN MARCO

STUDENTS inevitably pause outside San Marco as they saunter to and from classes. If one takes the path from Benincasa towards the Grove, one glimpses through latticed windows the most recent exhibits in the gallery. But one can also travel from Fanjeaux to Guzman via the wooden bridge spanning the creek that separates San Marco and Anne Hathaway Cottage. Then one sees clearly through the spacious windows composing the northern corner of the building a capacious studio filled with easels, smocked artists, still life settings, and walls papered with sketches of every mood and medium. San Marco is a world of its own on campus. Perhaps the major asset of Dominican's art department is San Marco itself—a quonset shaped structure whose porches lead out to myriad vistas: an orchard; a chortling, tree lined stream; and gravel paths leading to gardens of all descriptions.

Yet, San Marco has been planned also as an integral part of Dominican's liberal arts program, for any student is welcome to enrich her understanding of a particular field of interest through use of the visual facilities in the building. Since the cubby-hole library houses not only excellent art books and prints, but also a sizable collection of slides, information from history, Spanish, or music classes can be augmented by visual materials.

Wandering through the gallery or slipping into one of the work rooms — be it ceramics, oil painting, or general design — one cannot help but be impressed by the fact that whether an art student be engaged in wire sculpture or stone mosaics, there is that surrounding quality of spaciousness. Certainly no germ of artistic creation and endeavor is conditioned by overcrowding. There is working room and then some.

Each area of the building is harmonious with the work it encompasses; clustered potters' wheels are arranged for maximum group participation and enjoyment; long tables in the work room invite you to spread out your equipment and create; comfortably placed easel and quantities of oil paints plus artificial as well as natural objects seen through the tiers of windows facilitate the planning and completion of a composition in oils or sketches in charcoal.

As lavish in available space as it is in work areas, San Marco provides ample wall areas for the exhibition of student projects. In the long corridor-like gallery changing panoramas of paintings, serigraphs, and weaving displays appear throughout the year. The exhibitions arouse much interest, not always because of the work itself, but because they draw attention to equally valid student work.

A world in itself? Yes, but because San Marco is set apart from the main buildings on campus, students find they are free to participate in projects in-

volving extra messy materials and noisy equipment without worry of disturbing other classes.

But most important of all, San Marco is so located that from its position in the midst of a natural setting of trees and shrubs of every kind, nature can be drawn from a window, and field trips need go but a few steps from the studio.

Many a student retains pleasant memories of hours gone all too soon while pursuing artistic bents within the confines of San Marco — whether the student has been a dedicated artist or merely a lover of art who found pleasure in dabbling in color, composition, beginning drawing, or ceramics. The sunlit realm of San Marco has contributed its significant share to the opening of unseeing eyes to the beauties of nature.

One visit to San Marco is a memorable event. Even more satisfying is the setting aside of a place in your class schedule for a course conducted in the art building — unimagined vistas open before your eyes.

JOAN LEIGHS '57

**OFF
CAMPUS
ACTIVITIES**



THE INVASION

SATURDAY in the city to a D.C. girl usually means early rising, quick transformation from campus garb of skirts and sweaters to dressy suits, fenagled transportation, and prospects of a bumper crop of blisters. "Here we go . . . sign out all . . . hurry up, slowpokes—" all familiar bellows heard preceding one of the usual unusual San Francisco adventures. All ten of us neatly stuffed into the faithful wagon, we chug off to our destination, mid-points unknown. Our continuous jabber abates slightly as we first sight the Golden Gate from the crest of the descending highway, and almost ceases as we view with mute awe the sunlit Bay.

Once in the vicinity of Union Square, we poll the delegation for choice of parking lots—the spiral staircase or the underground maze. The former chosen, we enter the tongue of driveway and immediately hear "Seventh floor; thank you." Up and away!

From Union Square we short cut through Maiden Lane, emerging to the tantalization of elusive waves of fragrance rising from myriad shapes, sizes and colors of terrestrial flora that banks the stumpy stands on each crowd filled corner. Having chosen our bright samples of flowers, some of us turn our attention to the fascination of Chinatown and slowly make our

way up Grant Avenue, where we wind in and out of Oriental shops, each resplendent with its own rich stock of imports.

Others in the group remain in the heart of the city to shop in a score of specialty shops, exclusive stores, and colorful department stores. A must is the side trip back to Maiden Lane for a visit to the pet shop—the puppies in the window are irresistible. Still others indulge in an afternoon matinee starring their favorite actor. One or two inevitably head for Civic Center for an afternoon's browsing in the most recent art exhibit at the museum.

The afternoon hours quickly evaporate into the dinner hour. A pre-arranged meeting place in the lobby of the St. Francis turns into a conference on where to have dinner. So many choices! Italian fare from Paolis' and Original Joe's is just as inviting as French cuisine in the Parisian atmosphere of Marguerite's. Should it be a trolley car ride to Fisherman's Wharf, or an excursion into Oriental delicacies as served at India House, Yamato Sukiyaki, or Cathay House? Perhaps the gracious atmosphere and food par excellence at Omar Khayams? The choice varies each trip—one wishes the entire circuit could be made in one evening!

Comfortably uncomfortable after the long dinner hour, our group straggles drowsily back to the parking lot, purchases in arms, and commences the drive

back to school. Conversation lapses into silence as the city slips behind in the darkness. The lights on the dashboard softly illuminate nine soundly sleeping shoppers.

GEORGIA STONE '57

TOO FRAIL FOR TEARS

Elfin laughter tinkles light,
Floats in casements still with night;
Fairy footfalls on the sill
Dance where changeling moonbeams spill.

Skins of shimmered rainbow hide
Azure tinted wings blown wide;
Laughter blends with crystallized sigh
That even gilded moonbeams die.

Singing winds in lilac play
Honey scented, luring fay;
Perfumed air bears tissue wings
Too frail for the "tears of things."

CAROLINE GISSLER '59

THE PARSON'S DISCUSSION OF MARRIAGE;
AN EPILOGUE TO THE
MARRIAGE DEBATE

THE MARRIAGE Cycle in the *Canterbury Tales* constitutes a drama within a drama, a tale composed of tales. The cycle may properly be called the marriage debate—an intermittent debate between certain of the pilgrims concerning mastery in marriage—is it for the husband or wife? Comments on the matter differ in accordance with the personal life, experience, and character of the speaker.

The cycle commences with the tale of Melibeus, as told by Chaucer himself, and concludes with the Franklin's Tale which offers a final compromise to the discussion. The tales which fall between these two in the cycle are those of the Nun's Priest, the Wife of Bath, the Clerk, and the Merchant; and there are other tales breaking into the cycle, thus keeping it from becoming a closed circle.

As we have said, the Franklin concludes the debate, but there is a further dissertation contributed by the Parson. He says:

Now comth how that a man sholde bere hym with his wif . . . in suffrance and reverence, as shewed Crist whan he made first womman. For he ne made hire nat of clayme to greet lordshipe. For ther as the womman hath the maistrie, she maketh to muche desray . . . God

ne made not womman of the foot of Adam, for she ne sholde not been holden to lowe; for she kan not patiently suffre. But God made womman of the ryb of Adam, for womman sholde be felawe unto man. Man sholde bere hym to his wyf in feith, in trouthe, and in love . . .

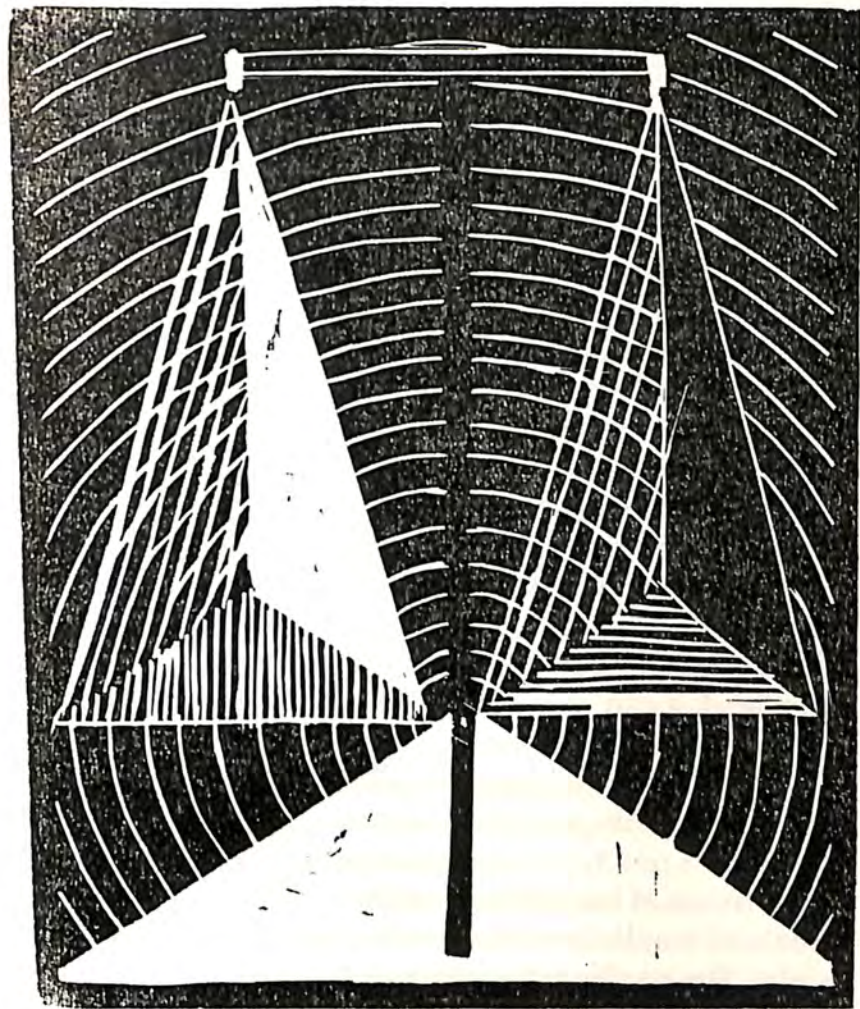
Now how that a womman sholde be subget to hire housbond . . . First, in obedience . . . she hath noon auctoritee to swere ne to bere witness withoute leve of hir housbonde . . . She sholde eek serven hym in alle honestee, and been attempree of hire array. Seint Herome seith that "wyves that been apparailled in silk and in precious purple ne mowe nat clothen hem in Hjesu Crist." . . . It is greet folye, a womman to have a fair array outwaurd and in herself be foul inward. A wyf sholde eek be mesurable in lookynge and in berynge and in lawghynge, and in discreet in alle hire wordes and hir dedes. And aboven alle worldly thyng she sholde loven hire housbonde with al hire herte, and to hym be trewe of hir body. So sholde an housbonde eek be to his wyf. For sith that al the body is the housbondes, so sholde hire herte been, or elles ther is betwixe hem two, as in that, no parfait mariage.

This Christian ideal is no doubt part of the cause for debate. The pilgrims share different opinions on courtly love, vice and the Christian ideal. One can follow the debate cycle and see oppositions as well as reinforcement to the Parson's concept of marriage.

The *Tale of Melibeus* opens the debate, and concerns a husband who actually needs the counsel of his wife, but seeks to retain sovereignty in his home, and refuses to listen to her. "If I governed me by thy coun-

cil, it should seem that I hadde yeve to thee over me maistrye." In time the husband sees the wisdom in his wife's words, and does as she advises him. She does not make an issue of her position, nor does she ask him to grant that she is the master. Rather, it is mutually recognized that in the situation at hand, she can be of avail to him. To my thinking, this exemplifies the need for mutual understanding, forbearance, and help in marriage. He who is able to assist the other is, by the very bond of marriage, obliged to do so. This seems to coincide with the Franklin's conclusion, which advocates mutual forbearance. Moreover, it places the woman at the side of her husband. He is not subservient to his wife, nor she to him. The wife has shown her sincerity by asking that her husband heed first the advice of God. She remains humble while advising him, and does not dictate to him. The husband has obeyed out of respect for his wise and prudent wife.

The *Nun's Priest's Tale* follows, both logically and textually in the cycle. The tale of the Monk has come between, but it is not concerned with the debate save that it casts numerous comments on the evils of feminine advice. This sets the mood for the *Nun's Priest's Tale*, which tells of the harm that comes to a noble husband from listening to the advice of his wife. This wife, however, does not grant her husband the respect that Prudence did, nor does her knowledge and



authority on the matter exceed that of her husband.

The teller of the tale is speaking from the position of one who has a woman dominating him; the Parson has said that wherever a woman has the mastery she causes much disorder. The Nun's Priest often leaves the scene of the chicken yard, leaves Chauntecleer and Pertelote, and speaks in his own voice:

Wommenes councils have been ful ofte colde:
Wommenes councils brought us first to wo,
And made Adam from Paradice to go.

He agrees here with the Parson that when a woman leaves the side of a man to be at his head, there is disorder. Woman was created from the rib of man, and thus has a place at his side. What the Nun's Priest does not allow is that it is the duty of the woman to grant help when her husband needs it, and that her advice may be a service. It is the place of the man to decide what part of her advice should be heeded, and to govern himself accordingly.

The Wife of Bath was gently refuted by the Parson. Her entire prologue, which speaks of conjugal coupling from a purely physical standpoint, is shown to be a confession of her attitude and life. The Parson says that such emphasis on the physical act of marriage is sinful. She asks for what purpose the act of marriage was created if not for pleasure, but the Parson retains his reply until he tells his tale, when he says, "The first is the intent to procreate children to the service

of God, for certainly that is the chief purpose of matrimony."

The Parson would not agree with the Wife that what a woman most desires is mastery such as she had in courtship. Rather he would say, a woman desires the respect she received in courtship. Even Pertelote, the little hen, has said that "We all desiren if it might bee, to haven housbondes hardy, wise, and free." Again, putting woman at the head of man disrupts the proper order.

The gentle Clerk tells his tale from authority rather than from knowledge. Griselda is an example of patience in adversity. She is tried by her husband throughout her marriage, and remains constant. The Clerk concludes with the comment that one could search through the world and not find a woman such as Griselda. The Parson would say that Griselda has not been given her proper place in marriage, but has been treated as though woman was created from the foot of man, rather than the rib. She has been properly humble and obedient to her husband, but he has not granted her reverence.

The unhappily married Merchant tells, from his own bitter experience, that there is indeed disorder when the woman is given mastery. He tells of a silly husband deceived by his young wife. The wife did not live as the Parson advises, granting faithfulness and chastity to her husband.

The *Franklin's Tale* ends the argument by asserting that mutual forbearance is the answer and key to marital happiness:

Love wol not been constreyned by maistrye.
Wan maistrye cometh, the god of love anon
Beteth his wynges and farwel, he is gone.

This seems to say once again that unless woman is granted her proper place of dignity, the marriage will not be a success, nor will it be if she goes higher than that position ordained for her.

The theme of the marriage debate gives the pilgrims an opportunity for dramatic interplay and gives a kind of unity to the tales. The tales emerge no longer as single stories gathered from a variety of sources, but as a series of stories dramatizing a variety of opinions.

Although the tales were not all virtuous and many of the pilgrims were not praiseworthy, Chaucer ends the discussion on a note of perfection. The circle has been completed; we have weighed the arguments and found the answer in the comment of the Franklin. The Parson's ideas on marriage came amongst those on many other subjects in his lengthy discussion, and although it is not included in the cycle, I see his dissertation on marriage as the epilogue to the drama of the marriage debate.

MYRA GRAY, ex '58



THIS IS PARIS!

PARIS! In every mind, this name evokes at once a set of gay and picturesque images. Paris is a little world in itself with its different peoples and land-

scapes; yet, these various peoples and places are not strange to one another, but intimately united in a friendly atmosphere, a tremendous activity, a pleasant balance between work and "joie de vivre."

Paris—it is "Paris-Presse, France-Soir, dernière édition!" shouted by the newspaper boy at the "métro" exit, the school-girl who bites the end of the long, warm bread when hopping along the boulevard, the retired postman dragging his lazy dog, the vehement policeman trying to cool off two taxi-drivers who are insulting each other in the middle of the street.

Paris is characterized by its thousands of sounds—the piercing sound of the fire-engine's siren, a remote clarion, the rough and colorful language of the "ménagères des Halles" at dawn, the grave sound of the churches' bells, the students' songs on the Boul' Mich', the whistling and the noise of the big railway stations, the roaring of the buses, the spiraling melody of the sparrows in the Luxembourg gardens, the joyous exclamation of two passers-by greeting each other on the sidewalk: "Tiens, c'est toi! Comment ça va?"

Paris is also a town gifted with beautiful sights and impressive monuments. On each side of her main street, the Seine, stand these great vestiges of a great Past: Notre-Dame; the Arc de Triomphe; the Conciergerie; the Panthéon; the Invalides. Everybody has become used to them and has forgotten them; it is only occasionally that an old University professor puts

on his glasses to read the hieroglyphics of the Obélisque or a group of young English girls with purple hats and straight uniforms lift their noses towards the steeple of the Sainte Chapelle.

Paris is also a well known center of refined culture. Since the thirteenth century, its University has attracted students from every corner of the globe, and once out of the big amphitheater, the noisy and mixed crowd flows into every street, giving much animation to the old Quartier Latin. Paris is even more alive by night: concerts; the dazzling Opera; the classical Comédie Française; or, if you like Jean-Louis Barrault—Marigny; and don't forget the Serge Lifar Ballet and tomorrow "Les Chansonniers!" One may go around Saint Germain des Prés and glance at these "blasé" groups, wearing tight black pants, high collared sweaters and long, untidy hair. Artists?—no, they are just existentialists! "C'est la vie!"

But "la Parisienne" ignores these barbarian practices and frequents the Faubourg Saint Honoré, rue de la Paix, or de Castiglione, the realm of Elegance. Here is the heart of fashionable Paris: Haute Couture; Parfums; Instituts de Beauté. Famous jewelers: Boucheron and Van Cleef. Distinguished guests at the Ritz . . . Lanvin, Houbigant, Chanel, Dior, Fath . . . all attractive names to every "coquette." Glittering windows offer elegant "Articles de Paris" in the

best traditions of French "chic" and taste which rank among the glories of Paris.

But apart from this fashionable aspect of Paris, there is also a tremendous activity in the realms of industry, commerce, transportation, and business. Around the city, huge factories manufacture part of what is necessary for Paris' five million inhabitants, with emphasis on furniture, processed food, and automobiles. The Seine is a marvelous navigable river, covered with barges carrying stones, coal, petroleum. A very dense network of roads and railways converges in Paris and two great airports make the city close to every world capital.

Paris is also a religious and political capital. Throughout history, Paris has played the leading part in French politics. Time and again, Paris has suffered sieges and invasions, revolt and war, but its dynamic and generous spirit has won and today Paris is a symbol of Unity and Patriotism; of Beauty and Harmony. Paris is indeed the heart of France!

SABINE DE PRUNELÉ '57

MACHIAVELLI

IN 1469, a son was born into the family of a struggling Florentine lawyer. Who could have foreseen that this child, Niccolo Machiavelli, was to become one of the world's great political analysts; and that one of his works was to have reverberations lasting to our own Twentieth Century?

At the age of twenty-nine, Niccolo obtained a minor secretarial position in the Florentine government. This was one month after the execution of the friar-politician, Savonarola. Machiavelli was in the course of time entrusted with diplomatic missions. In this political career, he was able to see what was going on "behind the scenes" throughout Italy and in other countries as well.

In 1512, Pope Julius II was instrumental in restoring the Medici to Florence. Machiavelli, always strongly anti-Medici, found himself jobless, hunted, and even tortured. He finally was exiled to a farm near Florence, where he spent the rest of his life pleading with the Medici and the Pope for reinstatement.

During this period, he turned to study and writing. In his political works, he wrote on what he had actually seen. One of these great works is *The Prince*. Written merely as a practical guide to politics (and incidentally, to serve as a plea to Lorenzo de Medici,

to whom it was dedicated), it eventually became a blueprint to power-politics.

The Italy of Machiavelli's time was torn by turmoil and dissension. Her jumbled city-states were rich plunder for invading French and German mercenaries. Machiavelli's dream was to see her once again united—a glorious revival of the Roman Republic. Although he preferred the republican form, he could see only one way by which to pull the warring city-states into a union. This was through a strong prince—a man powerful enough to achieve and to maintain this unity; an *amoral* prince—a man with complete indifference toward political morality.

Nothing was to stand in the prince's way. A prince must know how to be bad as well as good, and how to use this knowledge whenever the occasion arose. He should *seem* to have the good qualities of mercy, faith, integrity, humanity, and religion; but still know how and when to change to the opposite qualities. He should be feared more than loved; and to be miserly rather than liberal. His basic virtue was prudence—the kind of prudence that keeps vices from ruining his name. He should think only of war and its organization and discipline; contempt for this art is the main cause of the loss of states.

Machiavelli summarizes his thoughts when he says, "... in the actions of men, and especially of

princes, from which there is no appeal, *the end justifies the means.*"

The man whom he personally felt came closest to embodying actual *power* was Cesare Borgia, the Duke Valentine, whose plans were defeated by his early death. Next to him, Machiavelli saw Lorenzo de Medici, the Duke of Urbino, as the person most capable of rebuilding Florence. Ironically, *The Prince* was never acknowledged by Lorenzo—rather it was received indifferently, even slighted.

No matter what opinion we have about *The Prince*, we must admit its widespread force . . . Machiavelli's grammar of power has applied to subsequent ages as well as to the Sixteenth Century.

In Germany at the time of the Napoleonic Wars, Machiavelli was discovered by German intellectuals. One of these—Hegel, himself a powerful influence in shaping Karl Marx's thought, taught, that "the course of world history stands outside of virtue, blame, and justice."

Frederick the Great followed Machiavellian lines, as did Richelieu, Napoleon, Bismarck, Clemenceau, and Stalin. Mussolini, working in Machiavelli's image, wrote an introductory essay to *The Prince*. Hitler, who ranked Machiavelli as one of his greatest influences, supposedly kept a copy of *The Prince* at his bedside.

We realize today that his descriptions *were* and *are*

realities. There is always deceit and ruthlessness. Machiavelli faces us with the critical problem of how to maintain our democratic way of life, our Christian way of life, in a world dominated by sheer *power* politics.

Unfortunately, peoples, even Christian peoples, still do not *act* according to their convictions. Niccolo Machiavelli's then revolutionary work exposed the rulers and conditions of his time. The qualities of his Prince are still realities in our modern Machiavellian world.

KATHLEEN KEARNS '59

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Sincerely,

MARY HOSINSKI

