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1948 Firebrand

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The Firebrand



LUX TENEBRAS FIDIT



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THE FIREBRAND

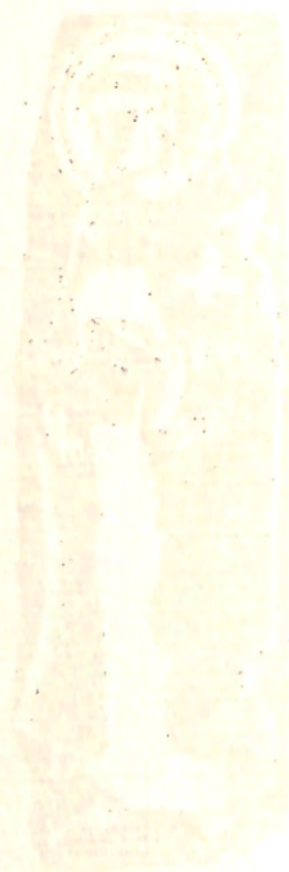
THE DOMINICAN COLLEGE OF SAN RAFAEL



MCMXLVIII

THE ELITE BRAND

THE ELITE BRAND OF THE ELITE



THE ELITE BRAND

TO
FATHER MEAGHER AND FATHER KELLY

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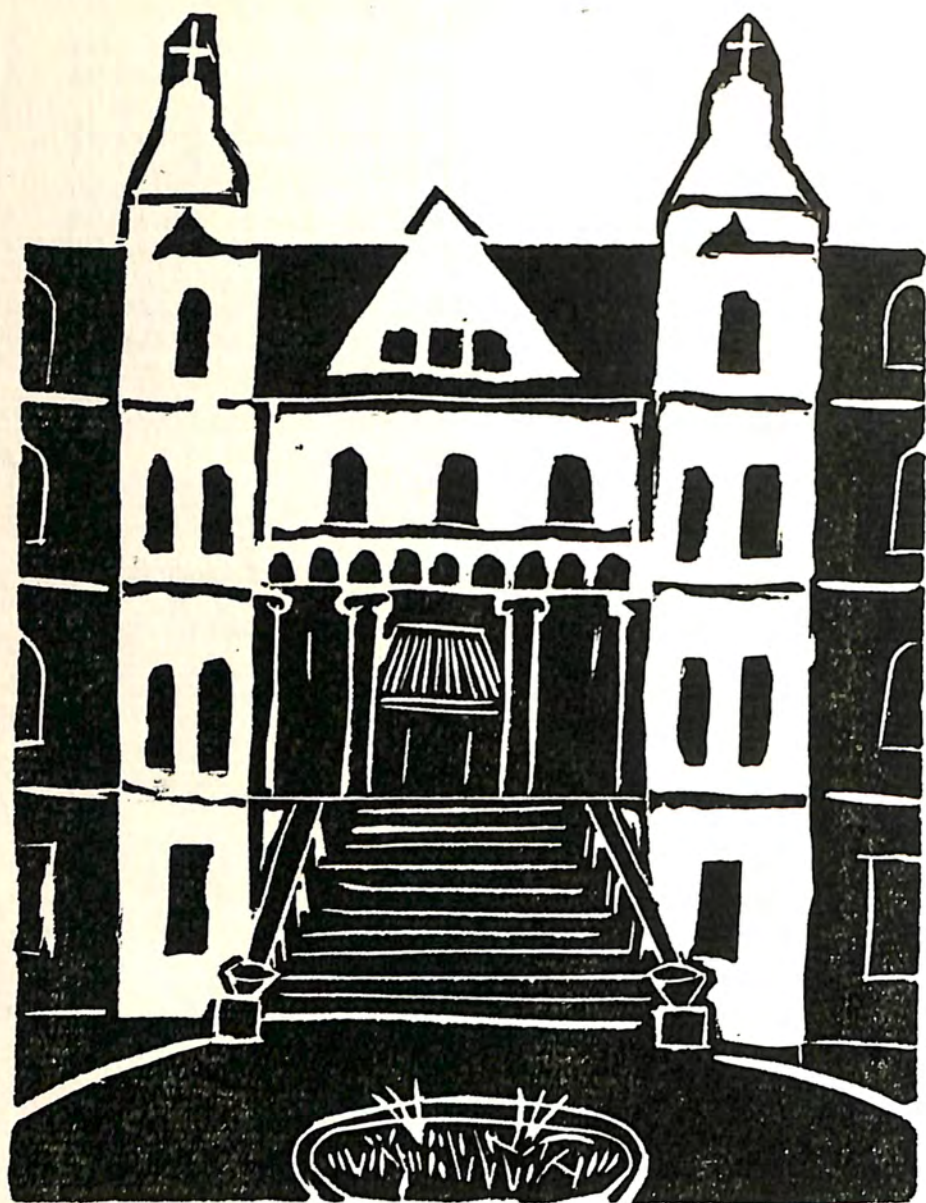
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THE FIREBRAND

EDITOR	MARGARET WISEMAN '49
ASSISTANT EDITOR	BARBARA ALEXANDER '48
	GRACE POPE '49
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BUSINESS STAFF	KATHRYN FRANKS '49
	PATRICIA FRANKS '50
	EVELYN MONTANI '49
	MARY HELEN POWER '48
	JOAN TOOHEG '51
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CARTOONIST	CONSTANCE DEPLAR '49
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EVELYN CHILVERS '51	ALICE IRVINE '50
PATRICIA CONLAN '48	MARGUERITE O'REILLY '50
KATHRYN FRANKS '49	SHELAGH SCOVILLE '50
PATRICIA FRANKS '49	A. IRWIN BELTRAN SHONE
ALICE KERCKOFF '49	ANON.



EDITORIAL

WITH THIS twenty-fifth issue of the *Firebrand*, a long look into the quarter-century just past leads to the conclusion that for so young an institution, the Dominican College of San Rafael has made remarkable strides. Opening in the fall of 1918, the campus consisted of Meadowlands, where the fifteen students lived and attended classes. Did they dream of the things to come, things that would make us a fairly large college? Perhaps. Perhaps not. Conversely, it is hard for us to think of such a small group making up a college, or of confining our 1948 activity to Meadowlands. We who take the many additions to the campus for granted would be surprised at the changes, both external and internal.

When the first classes began in 1918, they were held in the white room of Meadowlands. There was no library except in the southeast wing of the main convent, and it was not of much use to the student body because visitors were given priority over students, and besides, the book-cases were always locked. In the spring of 1920 the college purchased Edge Hill, the spacious estate which had been owned by Mrs. William Babcock. Also in the same year, the Chemistry building, "Albertus Magnus", was erected. In 1922, Angelico Hall was built for the benefit of the Music

department, including an auditorium and classrooms for general use. Fanjeaux came next, built in the French Provincial style, and equipped to house about ninety students. Then, in 1930 Guzman was erected to serve as the academic building. Another dream came true in 1935 when the college purchased the Buck estate for social center and dormitory, named for Saint Catherine of Sienna's family, Benincasa. In 1935, the novitiate which had formerly been in the main convent, was moved to Edge Hill and it was not until 1941 that this building was used as a residence hall again. Also in this same year, the chimes that ring from the main convent every hour were given to the college by Mr. Nathaniel T. Coulson of San Francisco. In 1945, the old garage adjoining the Buck estate which had formerly been used for costumes and the printing press was reconverted into a building for the lay faculty and offices for each member. In the fall of 1947, the students returned to find the new art building, San Marco, which had been needed for so long. From a mere uninteresting quonset hut there emerged an attractive, white stucco structure trimmed with blue. Inside are included painting, drawing, clay and lecture rooms. It is also equipped with lockers, cloak room and tea-making facilities. Another campus change not so welcome to the students was the removal of the beautiful eucalyptus trees which

stood in the Grove for so many years. They were so old that there was danger of their falling, and though they are gone now and missed, other trees will be planted to take their place.

As we look at these external changes we must not overlook the developments in student privilege. In the first years smoking was not permitted anywhere on campus; no college student could have a young gentleman escort her back to school; nor could she attend the movies at night; when two faculty members offered themselves as chaperones one evening, the Dean, almost heart-broken, exclaimed, "But our ideals!" She did, however, permit a group to go, properly chaperoned—first privilege!

Campus dances were almost unthought of; so were gentleman callers. Then tea dances began, followed by dinner dances for the seniors only. We have advanced. So many are our activities, social and academic, that we need a newspaper to record them. Last year the *Carillon* was started and continues with success, to the surprise and delight even of those who prophesied its doom.

Our college is growing, changing, becoming. Never for a moment does it halt in its progress toward higher achievements and aims. But the ideals upon which it was founded are unchanging. The seed of truth was planted by Saint Dominic, fostered by the men and

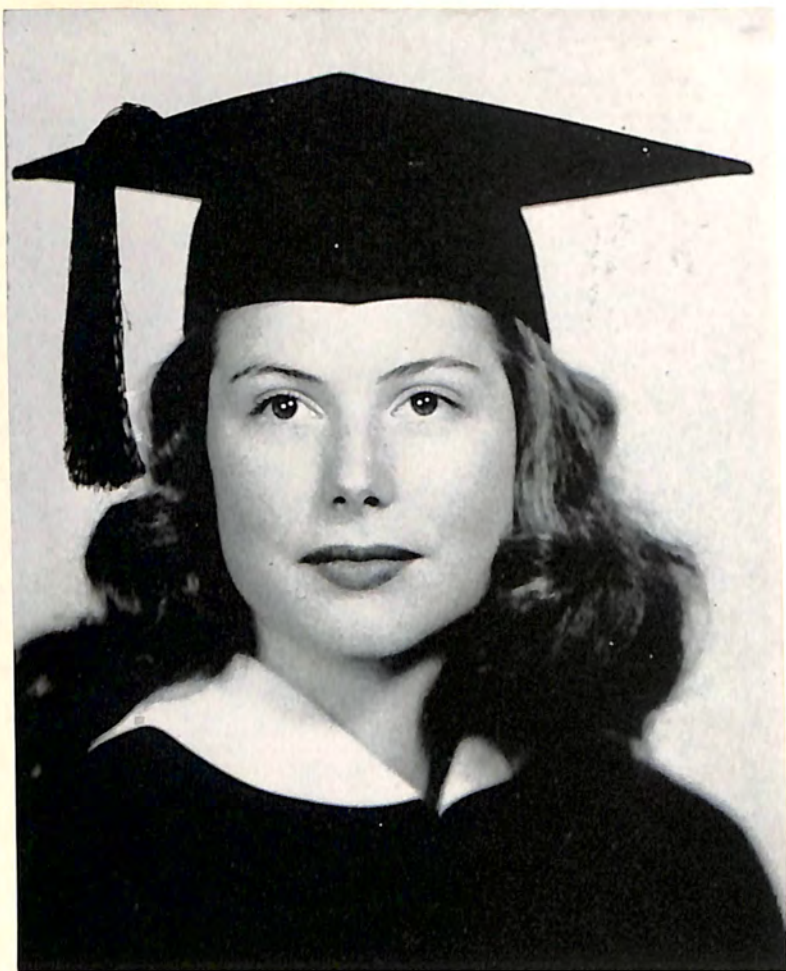
women in the religious order which he founded, and presented to us through these, his mediators. Never for a moment does this ideal waver.

The Seniors, who will be leaving us in a few days, will face the world with hopes and fears about the road that lies ahead. But more important yet, they will carry with them the standards which have been set up as their goal here. No one is perfect, but the ideals one carries can be. "Veritas," the motto of the Dominicans, which the Seniors have seen for four years on the Order's shield and which is inscribed on their rings, will not be left behind—confined to the campus. It can show in everything they do, everywhere they may go. Once again, we are not perfect—nowhere nearly perfect. But the standard of perfection, set up in the College in 1918, continues to be spread through each outgoing class into the world.

Dominic's child, carry on!

M. W. '49

SENIORS



BARBARA ANN ALEXANDER

VALLEJO, CALIFORNIA

MAJOR: SOCIAL ECONOMICS

MINOR: PHILOSOPHY

Vice-President Student Body, '47-'48

Firebrand Staff

Meadowlark Staff

French Club

Spanish Club

I.R.C.

Honor Society

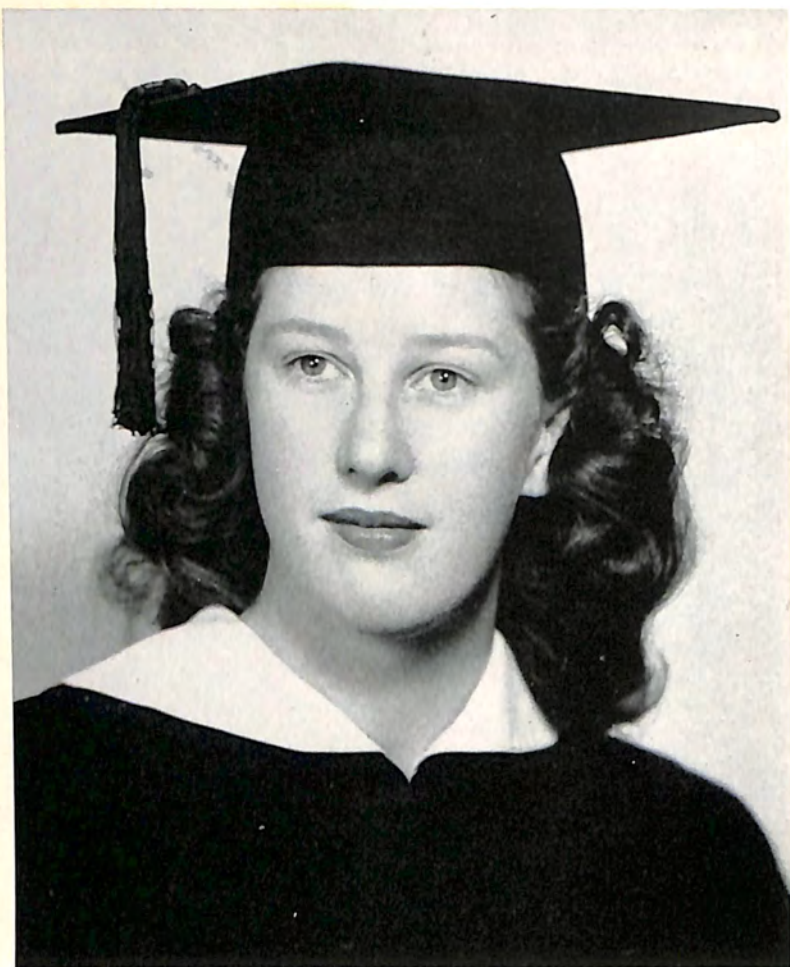
BARBARA ALEXANDER

SOMEONE HAS observed that if this were the eighteenth century, Barbara would suggest "the belle of the ball." Indeed there is demureness about her, but her rosy cheeks and dancing brown eyes, her healthy outdoor look have made others observe that she is the typical American girl. The demureness is further belied in a way she has of doing as she pleases. She will sit straight-backed, cross-legged, Indian fashion, reading hour upon hour as dinners and classes come and go. It is dangerous to tell her about an alluring book.

She seems unruffled by the cares of life; so calm she is—except at the races, where, oblivious of all around her, she is carried out of herself if a favorite gains but half a neck.

She has a subtle sense of humor, but finds little to laugh at in an early morning class. She doodles through every lecture, but amazes us by her scholastic record. Very often, her end of a conversation will open with "Well, Father Meagher says", especially if the talk concerns philosophy. Barbara has beauty and brains.





MARTHA SUZANNE BERG

COQUILLE, OREGON

MAJOR: BIOLOGICAL SCIENCE

MINOR: ENGLISH

Transferred from the
University of Oregon

Treasurer Class, '47-'48
Albertus Magnus

MARTHA BERG

MARTHA came to us as a Sophomore from Coquille, a little town in Coos County, Oregon. She attended the University of Oregon where she lived in the Delta Gamma house. She is one of the unforgettable characters of the campus. We shall remember her long after, playing her own version of *White Christmas* winter and summer any hour of any day, or proudly sporting her prized possessions, a pair of wooden shoes she wore on the Oregon campus to keep her feet dry throughout the year. We shall also remember her departures, when she hastily thrusts into the hands of her remaining friends pots of thriving philodendron or ivy, bowls of turtles and goldfish for holiday care. Her comings too are notable. She forgets the day of arrival and once got here by mistake two days early.

She loves fun and mischief, but can concentrate well on chemistry and still better on bridge. Coming or going, on campus or off, she is always neatly attired. She especially likes clothes that have the New Look.





BEVERLY BORKHEIM

SAN RAFAEL, CALIFORNIA

MAJOR: CHEMISTRY

MINOR: MATHEMATICS

Transferred from
University of California

Albertus Magnus

BEVERLY BORKHEIM

♦♦ BEV, HAVE you finished your experiment already?" is a typical question, for Beverly never lets her work fall behind. But it cannot be said that "all work and no play has made her a dull girl," for she loves fun, and reserves as much enthusiasm for football games and dances as she puts into her school work, and she has great enjoyment in knitting and sewing. Even though her favorite expression is "That makes me bitter," we never take her bitterness too seriously, for she is a happy soul. Perhaps her contentment is due to her unselfishness. She always finds time to be kind, no matter how much of her own work she has to do. At first glance, one concludes that she is quiet and reserved, but not long afterwards, her inner sparkle comes to the surface in the form of two large dimples and a spontaneous laugh that first announces itself by little wrinkles at the corners of her eyes.





MARGARET DOROTHY COLLINS

SAN RAFAEL, CALIFORNIA

MAJOR: SPANISH

MINOR: EDUCATION

Vice-President Class, '44-'45
President Day Scholars,

Spanish Club

MARGARET COLLINS

AT A SAINT Patrick's day symposium, Margaret once read a paper on Irish fairy lore. By the time she had finished, everyone was believing in fairies. That's Margaret—Irish to the heart's core. She has an appreciation of humor, a generosity that comes from a kindness of the soul, and a strong sense of justice which she does not hesitate to show when defending what she believes to be right. Margee is neither aggressive nor reticent; she travels the merry path between, making friends along the way. She graciously accepts and fulfills any duties assigned to her and she carries her honors well. As president of the Day Scholars she has been particularly efficient and has strongly encouraged school spirit.

She loves to read O'Henry's short stories, but best of all, the poems of Edgar Allen Poe. A very special occasion will bring about her rendition of "The Same Old Shillalah," and any excuse will do her for rejoicing and merriment.





PATRICIA CONLAN

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: HISTORY

President Student Body, '47-'48
Student Affairs Board, '47-'48
Firebrand Editor, '47
Meadowlark Staff, '46

Honor Society
Spanish Club
I.R.C.

PATRICIA CONLAN

PATRICIA is full of surprises. The rich beauty of her red hair suggests some power within her, concealed under a quiet exterior. Because of this quiet, her gift of leadership should not, but sometimes does, surprise. She has a way of getting things done without any furor. She dominates, but never domineers; her rare sense of perspective enables her to accept people as they are and to view their faults in a kindly light. Few are quite aware of her humorous outlook and her keen sense of character. She has well kept her dramatic talent hidden, perhaps in the interest of scholastic work, but she always manages to contribute generously, whether it be to *Firebrand* or *Meadowlark*, to the success of social events, or a class victory in a hockey game.

She spends hours in the library erect at a table heaped with learned volumes, but in her own room, she loves to curl up in her red plaid robe with a book and an apple, now and again pausing to chuckle at her pet duck, "Mr. Scum de Bum". No artist could find a better subject for a capped and gowned college student than Patricia, for she has a look of fine intelligence, a look that she never betrays.





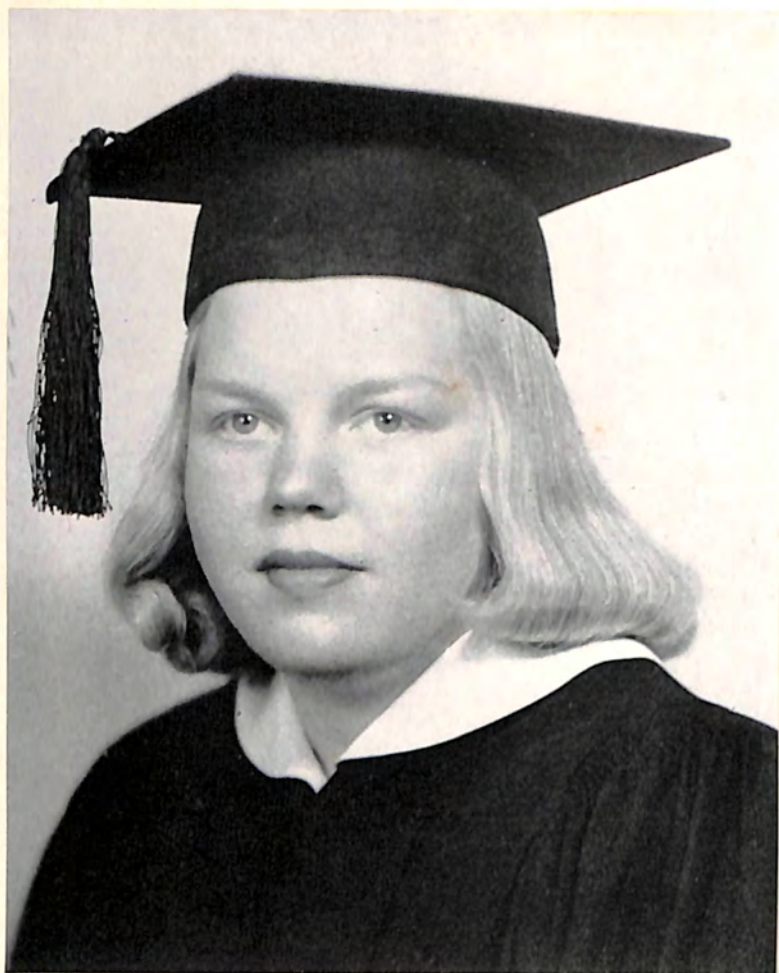
CAROL CONNELLY
MILL VALLEY, CALIFORNIA
MAJOR: SPANISH
MINOR: EDUCATION
Spanish Club

CAROL CONNELLY

THE NAME Carol, sweet and soft spoken, fits her perfectly. No one has ever seen her dashing, excited over a test, or trying to catch a bus to her home in Mill Valley. She moves unhurriedly, but her work is always done on time. She is industrious and has initiative. She likes to set about new paths. During her Junior year she taught at the Ursuline Convent in Santa Rosa, and at the same time attended classes at night and on Saturdays, so that she could return this year to graduate with her class.

Her reading shows her liking of the concise, and of practical and useful ideas. Each month without fail she catches up on the latest in *The Readers Digest*. You might describe Carol as having a smooth, uncluttered look. Her preference in clothes is for skirts and sweaters, or fresh, cool, cotton dresses.





CAROL CONNELLY
MILL VALLEY, CALIFORNIA
MAJOR: SPANISH
MINOR: EDUCATION
Spanish Club

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CORNELIA MARGARET COURTNEY

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

MAJOR: BIOLOGICAL SCIENCE

MINOR: ECONOMICS

I.R.C.

Sociology Club

CORNELIA COURTNEY

“LET ME take your temperature,” and with an eager glint in her eye, Connie goes for her thermometer to take care of the unwary girl who has complained of a headache. This pursuit of her profession is called forth only at odd moments, but that her heart is really in her work may be seen in her concentrated study of her science major.

Her interest in human kind does not stop with taking temperatures; she is interested in souls as well as bodies; always having her hand in Catholic youth movements and parish activities. Never a waster of time, she may be seen on campus riding her bicycle from Edge Hill to class. She likes sports and sport clothes. Off campus she likes to loaf in a buskin and a sailor sweater. The mere mention of the word “skiing” sends her into an ecstasy that leads to a display of her large collection of ski pictures. She likes to read poetry, especially Shakespeare, as a relaxation from her scientific endeavors.





HENRIETTE COZZA

SAN RAFAEL, CALIFORNIA

MAJOR: CHEMISTRY

MINOR: BIOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY

Class Vice-President
President Albertus Magnus '48
Secretary Albertus Magnus '47
Student Affairs Board, '47

W.A.A. Board, '46 '47 '48
Albertus Magnus Club
French Club
Music Club

HENRIETTE COZZA

ON ANY AFTERNOON one can find Henriette in the Grove, clad in her hideous, tattered, but beloved Lab. Coat, bitterly lamenting over some experiment that "for some reason blew up," or telling the world that she could go home at nine-twenty if it weren't for philosophy at three-fifteen, or perhaps audibly wondering if Father Meagher is taking the vitamin pills she gave him. Despite her varied worries, Henriette is full of fun, and her enjoyments are many. She loves poetry and is delighted if anyone asks her to recite Coleridge's *Rime of the Ancient Mariner*. She enjoys a good debate and talks with admirable ease on a variety of subjects. Henriette (and for goodness sakes don't spell it Henriett-A) represents the true college spirit, for she takes a genuine interest in all the campus activities. Especially good at golf and archery, last year twice a week she used to trudge faithfully over to the archery field, where she taught this graceful sport.





JOEANN DIEPENBROCK

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: SOCIAL ECONOMICS

**Transfer from Sacramento
Junior College**

**Schola
Sociology Club**

JOEANN DIEPENBROCK

FROM WHAT she calls "California's lovely capitol," comes Joeann. An e-end spelling vexes her, but she is not easily vexed. Living peacefully with three in the Gold Room of Benincasa is only one proof of her amiable disposition that is so soothing to others. She can bring anyone out of a blue mood with only a few of her clever remarks. She hates to go to bed and she loves company; she is always the last to go to bed at night, desperately pleading "Don't go" as her roommates drift away. As might be expected, one seldom sees her at breakfast.

Her sense of humor is wrapped in subtlety and her wit is never obvious. Fortunately her greatest talent is less hidden. She has a beautiful soprano voice, which has delighted us at weddings, operettas, or class nights, and in many an impromptu gathering.





SHEILA GRACE DOYLE
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA
MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION
MINOR: ART

Art Club
French Club

Schola

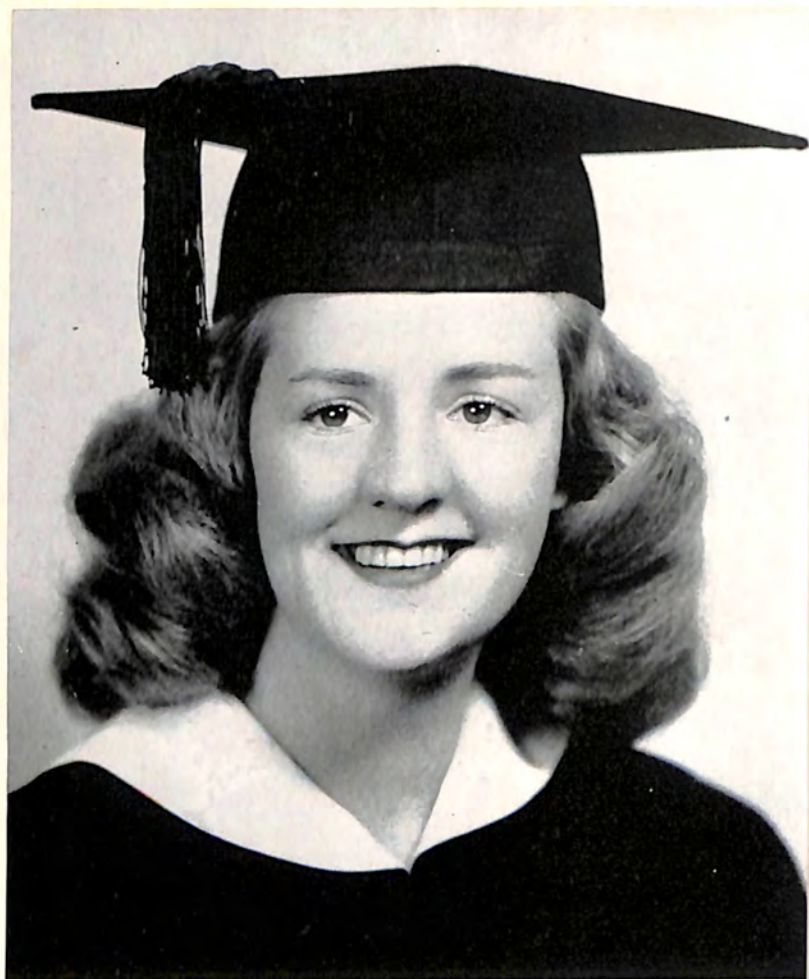
SHEILA DOYLE

SHEILA wears her shiny brown hair straight; her bangs are always the same length, and she prefers suits to any other clothes. She is a rabid football fan and enjoys taking part in every sport; she has no favorite. But do not think her masculine—she is femininity itself.

She is intolerant about intolerance and hates affectation. She is gracious in her manner and thoughtful of others, charitable in every way. She likes to take long rides in the country, and reading, especially in the way of fiction, so engrosses her that frequently she is not among those present. Her interests are many; people she enjoys even more than books. Her favorite pastime is talking on any and every subject, and, since her voice is deep and rich and she is very charming, she can always count on listeners. Her favorite expression is "Rise above it."

Her way of drawing shamrocks on the margins of her notes is significant. It is an overflowing of her passionate love of her Irish heritage and all things Irish.





MARGARET EGAN

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

MAJOR: SOCIAL ECONOMICS

MINOR: PHYSICAL EDUCATION

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

Sociology Club

MARGARET EGAN

PEGGIE EGAN is the most vivacious senior in the class of '48, yet merely to say that she is an active and energetic person would not do her personality justice. At times her appearance and expressions might be misleading. Peggie, to the girls who know her, is a person of high spirit and colorful humor. Her moods vary; in the morning she seems uncheerful; but her playful disposition soon wins out, and as her humor changes, her gaiety leaps out openly, or her enthusiastic class spirit makes light of every obstacle in the way of her plans. New ideas pop into her head for extra curricular activities and they always take shape. She is forever at something to make gay times for her friends at college.

The role of St. George somehow caught her attitude toward life. She attacks her problems in the same way, square-chinned, unconquerable-eyed. That role also told us something of the way she plays basketball.

As housemother of Benincasa, she was a wonder. Her light touch was the secret of her success in getting the girls to follow the few regulations of the Senior house.





NILDA CONSUELO FRANCISCO

MANILA, PHILIPPINES

MAJOR: ECONOMICS

MINOR: ENGLISH

**Transfer from University of the
Philippines**

Sociology Club

NILDA FRANCISCO

OUT OF AN environment such as few of her classmates have known, Nilda came to college from her home, the turbulent Philippine Islands. Perhaps because of the turmoil her country has been in, she is interested in economics and is preparing herself to take a part in building the Philippines into a sturdy and independent nation. Extremely intelligent, she has no patience with people who are too slow, and she finds much amusement in the vagaries of human nature. Unathletic herself, she enjoys watching football games and cheering for her team in inter-class sports; at a party, she is not content with mere watching, for she loves to dance. She is an accomplished seamstress and takes pride in her own creations, which her fine, small-boned self wears so well.





ROSALIE ELIZABETH HAVISIDE

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Art Club

Spanish Club

BETTY HAVISIDE

TO BETTY, Shakespeare and his colleagues are something of the past—to be enjoyed in the classroom. In her leisure moments, she likes to read, especially historical novels, but she wants current best sellers only. Her clothes, so distinctive a part of her personality, are always of the latest vogue. Basking in the sun, that modern pastime, might be called her favorite sport; she likes to spend long hours acquiring a tan. Yet, of the moderns as she is, a cheerful, hardy, back-slapping “good-morning” before orange juice and coffee is hateful to her. There are seeming contradictions in her. Sophistication blends with simplicity; she is frank and sensitive. Her blue eyes, now soft and dreamy can sparkle and flash with anger in a just cause. Lovely eyes they are; together with her graceful hands they convey her thoughts.





JEANNE MARIE HERBOTH

SAN ANSELMO, CALIFORNIA

MAJOR: ECONOMICS

MINOR: ENGLISH

Treasurer Class, '46-'47

Representative Class, '47-'48

Honor Society

Spanish Club
Sociology Club

JEANNE HERBOTH

YOU ARE sure of an enthusiastic response if you tell Jeanne it is Wednesday, for this she claims is "separation day"—it separates the week! And the week-ends are the times when she can practice her favorite pastimes, dancing, football games, or a quiet afternoon at home with her cat, "Manselle." Although she rejoices in the coming of Wednesdays, the thought of it does not seem to distract her. She works hard all through the week, mostly at her chosen field of economics, for one of her chief desires is to use for the betterment of society this subject which so engrosses her. But neither week-end pastimes nor week-day studies throw her off balance. She has always leisure to do the necessary things in extra-curricular activities or in her varied responsibilities in class and student body offices. As house mother of Fanjeaux she satisfied her household well.





PATRICIA HILL

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

MAJOR: ELEMENTARY EDUCATION

MINOR: MUSIC

Transferred from Nazareth
College, Kentucky

PATRICIA HILL

TO DESCRIBE Patty after knowing her is to reverse completely what you would say on meeting her. On first sight, you might say that she was a sophisticate—a woman of the world. This is partly due to her exotic coloring, her dark hair and eyes contrasted with her white skin, and her husky voice, which she manipulates adroitly. Patty is, on the contrary, an affectionate girl with all the old-fashioned virtues. Her greatest interest is her large family, and the only time she is really depressed is during one of her periodic attacks of home-sickness. At all other times she is cheerful and is continually thinking of things to keep her roommates occupied. She also spends time thinking of things to keep her fourth graders busy, whom she teaches twice a week in Fairfax. She is utterly natural and spontaneous; naive, yet knowing.





MARGUERITE HELEN HIRSCHBUHL

PORTLAND, OREGON

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: ENGLISH

Transferred from University
of Oregon, '46

Social Chairman, '47-'48

Executive Board, '47-'48

W.A.A. Board
Art Club
Spanish Club
I.R.C.

MARGUERITE HIRSCHBUHL

MARGUERITE spends much of her time at school catching up on English novels and reading unusual books on interior decoration. She also devotes time to increasing her knowledge of her favorite artists, Paul Cezanne and Renoir. Boots and saddle symbolize an important part of her life, and in her room a picture of her horse, "Kriss," hangs conspicuously on the wall. "Kriss" and "Maggie" have appeared together in numerous horse shows and have taken many a prize. Her hobby is knitting argyle stockings for one of the men in her life, and a lucky man he is, for the stockings are expertly done.

Her position as social chairman of the student-body suits her perfectly. She has the charm, the gracious friendliness, and the self-sacrificing generosity such a post demands. She has put her best efforts into the making of successful dances this past year, and the College is grateful to her.





KATHERINE MARY LENNON

SAN RAFAEL, CALIFORNIA

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: EDUCATION

Vice-President Class, '45-'46
Red Cross Production Chairman
French Club

Spanish Club
Art Club

KATHERINE LENNON

OF JUST THE right height, twinkling green eyes, coal-black hair and freckles which she detests, Katie is above all a social "being." She delights in talking to everyone and people like to talk to her. Her merry laughter may be heard at any time, anywhere, even in the sacred reference room. Her interests and talents are many and most of them lie in the creative line. She loves good music, from popular to classical and has a magnificent record collection. She paints and sketches, and awes us with the clothes she designs. When not engaged in these activities, she does volunteer Red Cross work and loves shopping sprees in San Francisco. She has positive likes and dislikes and her code, which tends toward idealism, is mirrored in her daily life.





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JACQUELINE DE LORIMIER

PACIFIC GROVE, CALIFORNIA

MAJOR: MUSIC

MINOR: EDUCATION

Transferred from Salinas

Junior College, '45

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

Treasurer W.A.A. Board, '47-'48

Executive Board, '46-'47

Secretary Class, '47-'48

Spanish Club

Music Club

Madrigal

Schola

JACQUELINE DE LORIMIER

THE FIRST thing one notices about Jackie is her five feet, ten and one half inches. She is proud of it, too, and she wears the highest heels she can find. "That tall soul in the back row," Sister Francis Xavier once called her.

Her talents are various. In the line of music, she plays the piano with experienced fingers. Everyone will remember her rendition of *I'm Going Back to Where I Come From*, when besides beating the keys with gusto, she would give forth a lyric outburst that would inspire any hillbilly. Classical music is her forte. In athletics she is familiar with practically all games, volleyball, basketball, tennis, and hockey, just to mention a few. At present she is most inclined towards golf; her partner and instructor is her father. She has a large collection of tales gathered for the entertainment of her friends; they (the tales) range from the sublime to the ridiculous, but seldom get past the first stage. Like everyone, she has a serious side, as is shown in her sincere desire to improve her already fine piano playing.





BARBARA LYNCH
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA
MAJOR: ART
MINOR: PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Art Club

Spanish Club

BARBARA LYNCH

BOBBIE is Irish through and through and wants everyone to know it. Beneath her serene exterior, there is an aliveness well known to her friends and she will always greet you with a friendly smile and sparkling eyes. When things look dull, she has already found the path to the brighter side. In the Senior house, she is nick-named "The Big Sleep"—her friends are continually teasing her about her love of rest. Perhaps Bobbie is just smart, for, you see, she recently blossomed forth with a newly acquired diamond ring, given her by her fiancé, Dick. Could it be that what first attracted Dick to her was the energy she stores up from Monday to Friday to expend on the weekends? During the basketball season, however, she flew about the court in interclass games, dodging her guard successfully most of the time, and proved herself to be an indispensable member of the team.





LOUISE MADELINE MANSEAU

MARE ISLAND, CALIFORNIA

MAJOR: ECONOMICS

MINOR: HISTORY

Transferred from Trinity College,
Washington, D.C.
I.R.C.

LOUISE MANSEAU

A TRANSFER in her Senior year from Trinity College, Washington, Louise was well prepared by Navy life for adapting herself to the ways of a new school. Quiet in a large group, she seldom volunteers information about the places in which she has lived; alone with one or two friendly persons, her tongue loosens and she goes on vivaciously to talk about her varied experiences, or maybe the problem of her latest date.

Few things annoy her, although she claims that false reports of the Chamber of Commerce about California weather are continual irritations. The open windows and balcony doors of her room mates utterly dismayed her when she first arrived. A party or the prospect of any diversion excites her with pleasant anticipation, and we have never known her to be disappointed. She is an enthusiastic swimmer in warm weather, but she still knits, be the weather warm or cold. Her favorite color, red, goes well with her wavy brown hair and dark eyes. Worried eyes they sometimes are; but her pessimism seldom lasts long; her philosophical turn of mind, at its best in Ethics classes, soon wins out.





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MARE ISLAND, CALIFORNIA

MAJOR: ECONOMICS

MINOR: HISTORY

Transferred from Trinity College,
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MARY REBECCA McARDLE

YAKIMA, WASHINGTON

MAJOR: ECONOMICS

MINOR: PHILOSOPHY

Transferred from Central Washington
College of Education
President Class, '47-'48

I.R.C.
Sociology Club

MARY McARDLE

FROM YAKIMA, Washington, comes Mary Rebecca, who thinks Mary is "a grand old name" but is called Becky by all who know her. An economics major, she is intensely interested in the world about her and she enters with enthusiasm into open floor discussions. She is opinionated without being aggressive and argues with fiery spirit; yet her ideas are subject to change if proven wrong. She wears distinctive clothes which are indicative of her personality and attention is often called to her well-groomed page boy. Among her most acute grievances are "C's," which she considers an indifferent grade and the "apex of mediocrity." Becky is interested in music and one of her particular talents is playing the violin. She is indulgent, sincere, and has a deep appreciation for the little as well as the greater things in life. Her extensive vocabulary makes her an intriguing conversationalist and this plus her interest in politics makes her outstandingly active in the I.R.C. Her classmates see Becky as Washington's Representative to Congress in the not too distant future.





EILEEN MARY McDONOUGH

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: SPEECH

Transferred from College of
Holy Names, Oakland

C.I.C. Representative, '46-'47
Art Club

EILEEN McDONOUGH

A "STREAK of lightning" as she roars by in her Packard, a well-dressed girl with a better than average figure; an ardent bridge enthusiast; the "lilt of Irish laughter"—this in short is Eileen. She is one of the five seniors that live in Fanjeaux, and although she has a private room, she welcomes company. She is reserved, always pleasant, and very charitable. The phones at either Fanjeaux or Benincasa are constantly ringing for her, and she always has plans far in advance for week-ends. She has no trouble in finding time for dinner at Trader Vic's or the Saturday afternoon races at Bay Meadows. She loves to travel and accompanies her father to distant points any time she can. She spent most of last summer in Hawaii, and returned to the States with a beautiful tan and a complimentary blond streak in her hair. Her frequent, faraway smile is proof that her heart belongs to Waikiki Beach and the Royal Hawaiian Hotel.





PATRICIA MAUREEN O'CONNELL

CROCKETT, CALIFORNIA

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: SOCIAL ECONOMICS

Treasurer Class, '45-'46

Treasurer Student Body, '46-'47

Executive Board, '46-'47

Spanish Club

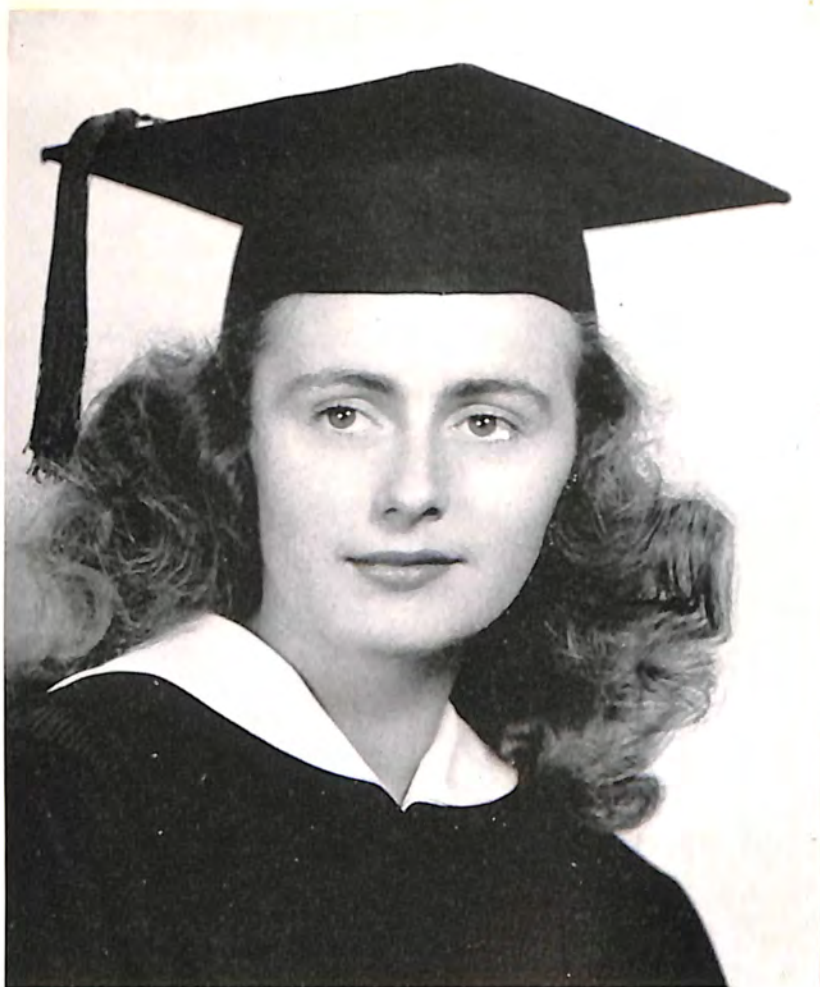
Sociology Club

PATRICIA O'CONNELL

PATRICIA O'CONNELL has an Irish prettiness and an expression of such softness and gentleness that one hardly guesses the emotions that seethe within her. She is extremely generous and will expend any amount of energy in helping others, but she is less energetic about herself. She prefers sleeping to eight o'clock classes and the cinema to four o'clock classes. Children are captivated by her charm and her patience. She has been a great success in the garden school.

She does dislike to be kept waiting, and hates to be around ill-tempered people, perhaps because she is so jovial herself. When you are around Patsy you can be sure of having a good time. Her main weakness is fussy hats, and she is in her glory in the springtime when Easter bonnets are raging. Patsy will join the wedded ranks soon after graduation, for from the Christmas holidays, she came back with an engagement ring for us to see.





HAYDE OMICINI

EUREKA, CALIFORNIA

MAJOR: CHEMISTRY

MINOR: MATHEMATICS

Secretary Student Affairs Board, '47-'48

Vice-President of Red Cross

W.A.A. Board

Secretary W.A.A., '46-'47

French Club

Albertus Magnus

HAYDE OMICINI

IN SPITE OF her bounding energy and inimitable laugh, Hayde conceals her feelings with a cloak of indifference. She assumes a brave show of independence and efficiency, but it is so much a show that it only serves to arouse a protective feeling toward her in her friends. She is given to immersing herself in mathematics and chemistry, but she leads her class to frequent victories in almost any of the college sports. Her room at Edge Hill is filled to the brim with the gold and white of her pennants. A decorative scheme is further enhanced by an array of stuffed animals, dearly cherished possessions. During the winter she astonishes the habitués of the Grove by appearing in short skirt and flimsy sweater; she scorns to wear a coat. Her idiosyncrasy calls forth many remarks about the "frozen wastes of Eureka," her native town. Her ability to work math problems matches her "black and white" personality—things either are or are not with Hayde—no two ways about it, except when she is buying hats!





GERALDINE PARKER
SAN ANSELMO, CALIFORNIA
MAJOR: CHEMISTRY
MINOR: ENGLISH
Science Club

GERALDINE PARKER

FROM HER cheerful "good-morning" to her happy "See you tomorrow," one finds Jerry in a pleasant mood, quick to help, and always ready with an encouraging word of praise. Her favorite expression, "Oh really!" accurately describes her lively interest in all that is going on around her. Her long black hair is meticulously groomed as is everything about Jerry's tall, slender person. It isn't uncommon on a cold morning to find her wearing two or three sweaters under her lab coat, saying "Wouldn't a cup of coffee be nice?" Though many of her classmates saw little of her during her last year because of her numerous chemistry experiments, those who shared her extended hours in the laboratory found her keen wit and pleasing personality a precious addition to the chemistry coterie.





MARY HELEN POWER

VACAVILLE, CALIFORNIA

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: HISTORY

President W.A.A., '46-'47
Chairman Red Cross, '46-'47
Executive Board, '46-'47
W.A.A. Board, '47-'48
Firebrand Art Editor, '47-'48

Meadowlark Art Editor
Honor Society
Art Club
French Club
I.R.C.

MARY HELEN POWER

WHETHER she is playing a mean game of badminton, absorbed in a "problem" in art, or organizing a Red Cross project, everything Mary Helen undertakes is done with the same generosity and complete concentration. The long hours she spends in her favorite building, San Marco, do not prevent her devoting many extra hours to all school activities. Never content with doing only the minimum, she accomplishes twice as much as any one person, and in a quiet way—witness the rejuvenation of the Class Shields which hang in the dining room. She is seldom given to procrastination—except probably in the acquisition of history "pages." Mary Helen likes to wear tailored suits or paint-bedecked smocks, depending on the occasion. She relishes having people ask her where she is from, so she can pounce on them if they have never heard of Vacaville. Perhaps because her own sense of humor is never failing, she has little patience with anyone who is not possessed of one; her laughter is as infectious as it is ear-splitting.





RUTH RAWLINGS

NAMPA, IDAHO

MAJOR: GENERAL ECONOMICS

MINOR: MUSIC

Class President, '46-'47

Music Club

Schola

French Club

Sociology Club

RUTH RAWLINGS

HER FAVORITE pastimes are an odd couple: playing bridge and becoming intimate with San Francisco. The romantic lures her. One guesses it by her appearance, which is at once delicate and vivid: brown eyes, ivory skin, auburn hair with yellow lights in it. She is small and walks quickly; thinks quickly too when romance isn't in the way (one of her teachers chanced to remark). Her temper is quick, easy to flare up, but is short-lived. Her voice is soft; she hates loud voices, and loud radios, and waiting for her slow room-mate.

She likes Shakespeare, his plays and his poetry, and she has a talent for music. The piano is her instrument, but her special delight is the symphony. Her friends describe her as neat and very efficient, a well-organized person who believes that "everything happens for the best." Such a description promises well for the future, indicated by the ring she wears on the third finger of her left hand.





JULIETTE REPETTO

STOCKTON, CALIFORNIA

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: SPANISH

Editor Meadowlark, '47
Firebrand Staff, '46-'47
President I.R.C., '47-'48
W.A.A. Board, '45-'46

Vice-President Spanish Club, '47-'48
Secretary Spanish Club, '46-'47
Honor Society, '47-'48

JULIETTE REPETTO

VITALLY independent, Juliette can fight her own battles, but her general policy is to attend quietly to her business and keep out of other people's troubles. She frequently joins in the profound discussions of the Edge Hill smoking room. She has stores of information drawn from her field of history, so that her friends turn to her for a decision in any controversy that facts might settle. This confidence is but natural since Juliette has had much practice at I.R.C. meetings. Moreover, she has represented the I.R.C. at the University of San Francisco, University of California, and Stanford.

Her dignity and generally quiet behavior are occasionally surprised into a riotous game of "romps" that ends by leading everybody else into a state of laughing dishevelment. From such "romps" she goes back heartened for study. She holds an all round worthy scholastic record, although she spends much time helping a busy registrar. She seems to like to help people in every way she can. There is a tale that she once mercifully exercised a cooped-up cat, the accidental guest of a Sister who was nervous of cats.





MARJORIE ROBELLO

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: SOCIAL ECONOMICS

Firebrand Business Manager, '47
French Club

I.R.C.
Phi Beta Mu

MARJORIE ROBELLO

M R. G. K. CHESTERTON has said that there is a natural courtesy which is almost a virtue; this quality of graciousness Marjorie possesses. Her common sense makes her advice invaluable and all her friends submit their dilemmas to her for consideration. She loves to read and is proud of her growing library. She shines in the literary discussions that mingle with the haze over bridge tables in the Edge Hill smoking room. If it is possible for her to worry she does so over her sociology courses, but she is delighted with practice teaching and regales her friends with the activities of her little pupils. Margie is a social person with a rare talent for living with people and liking it. Her good taste, sensitivity and tact combined with her own peculiar warmth of character make her beloved by all her acquaintances. Look in her eyes and you will know it is true. Marjorie is "sympatica."





BONNIE MARIE ROBERTS

SAN RAFAEL, CALIFORNIA

MAJOR: CHEMISTRY

MINOR: ENGLISH

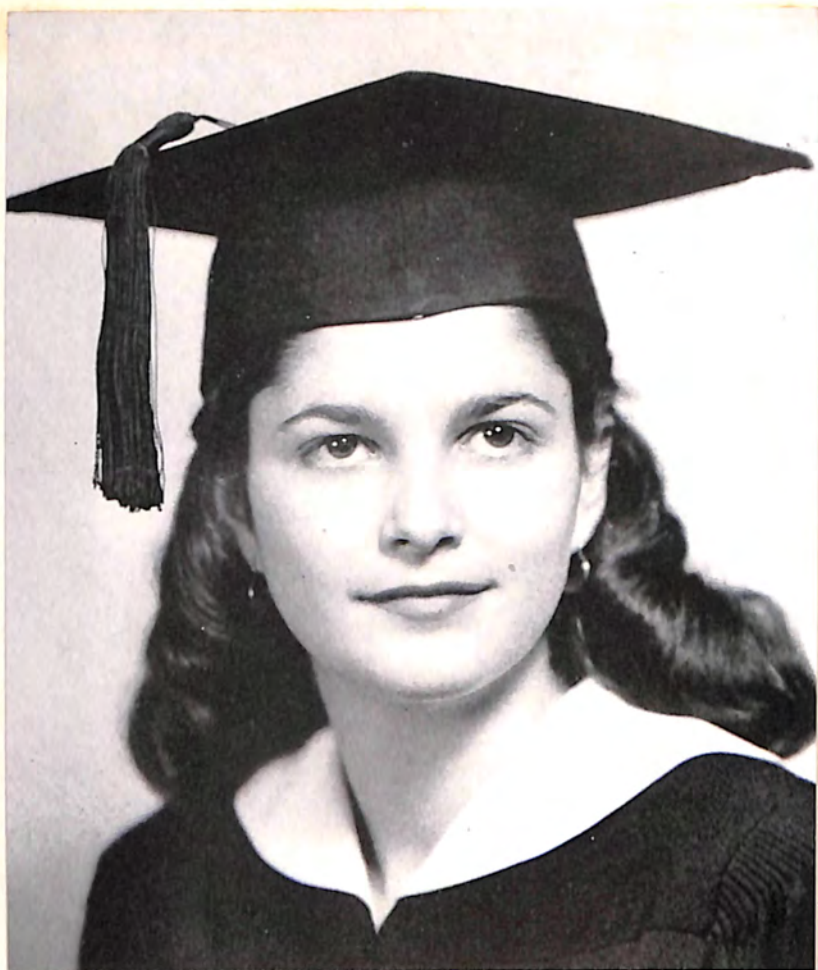
Spanish Club

Albertus Magnus

BONNIE MARIE ROBERTS

BONNIE MARIE has the true joy of living. People and things about her interest her alike. When she watches a basketball game, dances the latest steps, or when she gives herself to a chemistry experiment, one sees the same quality. Her reading varies from the absorbing of Shakespeare to a monthly survey of *The Reader's Digest*. She enjoys music and is an accomplished pianist herself. In contrast to her more scholastic attitudes is her fondness for a worn old Teddy bear and a liking for French heels—on shoes, of course. She has, too, her detestations, for example, people who are perpetually late for appointments, but unlike some of us who do the things we hate most in other people, she is never tardy and seldom absent from class or any other school or social activity. This virtue may be a result of or the cause of her calm and never ruffled disposition.





MARIA TERESA RUFFO

LA PAZ, LOWER CALIFORNIA, MEXICO

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: SPANISH

Transferred from Mary Mount College,
Los Angeles, '46

Spanish Club

MARIA TERESA RUFFO

IF ONE OF her friends here called her Maria Teresa, she would probably think she were being addressed by a stranger. We almost always call her M. T. or "Emmie."

She has the advantage of being the only girl in a family of four handsome boys, and she is the only member of the senior class who hails from the land of "mañana." Her home is the little town La Paz, in Lower California, a town full of charm and atmosphere, two qualities which M. T. has brought from there.

From her Latin blood comes her philosophy, "Never do today what you can put off until tomorrow." She laughs a lilting little laugh at her companions, while she rhumbas and tangoes to the tune of her favorite record, "Pecadora." She has been so long in American schools that she speaks English perfectly, and her favorite dance is the good old American fox-trot. But still she walks with an unhurried, old world grace. Her fine features, the velvet softness of her eyes, her beautiful skin give her a loveliness which is incomparable.





MARY ELISABETH SELLECK

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

MAJOR: EARLY CHILDHOOD EDUCATION

MINOR: HISTORY

Freshman Advisor, '46-'47

President Student Affairs Board, '47-'48

I.R.C.

Executive Board
Spanish Club

MARY ELISABETH SELLECK

MARY ELISABETH to the faculty, "Liz" to the girls. Her nickname suggests her personality. She can be easily approached and, like the saints, she always has time for her friends. Tales of woe and tales of happiness interest her alike; bewildered freshmen or confident seniors find equal welcome. Her interest in the welfare of others has been rewarded by the offices she has held while in college. In her Junior year, as freshman adviser, she made the new students feel at home and imparted to them her love of the College. The popularity she won as freshman adviser has not been lost as Chairman of the Students' Affairs Board. There one sees her sympathetic as well as just. "Let's warn them first, let's appeal to their better side" she will say of refractory students. And warned they are.

Her love for human nature goes beyond the college level to the little folk of the Garden School, where she spends the greater part of the day, and that gladly, for, as she says, "The babies say and do the cutest things."





SALLY ANN WALSH

SAN ANSELMO, CALIFORNIA

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: EDUCATION

Vice-President Class, '47-'48

I.R.C.

SALLY WALSH

SALLY is a delightful blend of the serious and intelligent, but ever gay, college girl. She is a typical Marin County citizen, for she can see "a little bit of heaven" in viewing the hills from the bridge approach. Out in the grove she laughs and chats with everyone; but in the library she settles down to all the books she can absorb in her favorite subject, history, about which she can always keep up an intelligent conversation. Just ask her what she thinks about Mr. Wallace! With her friends she is at ease, but among others she hides behind a casual manner. As a girl who hates boredom, she firmly believes in the old adage, "Variety is the spice of life." She is one to dislike artificiality and gossip, and will always do battle for her friends. Her smile is warm and sweet, turning into laughter whenever she hears a subtle joke. It was most likely her charm as well as her energy that made her so successful a business manager of *The Meadowlark*.





JANE ELIZABETH WEBB

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: ENGLISH

Transferred from Mary Mount
College, '46

President Art Club, '47-'48
Social Committee, '47-'48

JANE WEBB

JANIE has the unusual claim of being a triplet. There is a big contrast, however, between five foot, one inch Janie and her six-foot brothers, Jim and Jack. "Fly," her many loving friends call her, a nickname that comes perhaps from her smallness and her darting ways. Her intimates will remember her as "Fly," the girl with the refreshing wit and the elf-like ears. The school as a whole is most impressed by her artistic ability, anything from oils to posters is within her realm. San Marco's walls glow with the bold colors and the original designs that mark her work. Janie's painting has a style; so has Janie's self. Her hair always has the "new look."

We rely upon her to help advertise our school activities and her notices are never too late to help, even though "Wait for me" is her favorite expression, for she is consistently late. Time never bothers her, and not one of her male admirers can make her punctual. If she had her way, she'd spend ninety per cent of her time sailing along the southern California coast. That's our Janie!





MERILYN ROSE WHITE

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

MAJOR: SOCIAL ECONOMICS

MINOR: SCIENCE

Transferred from St. Joseph's
Home of Nursing
Albertus Magnus

I.R.C.
Sociology Club

MERILYN WHITE

AFTER SHE had completed her nurse's training, Marilyn came to college to work for the degree of B.A. Hence, to her ears come pleas for comfort for everything from a toe ache to a fear of cancer. She takes all in her stride and is generally very solicitous, though sometimes she becomes flippant and flings out, "Ask a nurse." But such flippancies are rare and directed only at those who deserve them. In case of real trouble, Marilyn is quick and generous with her help. She has contributed much to our well-being. Complete generosity makes her "a friend indeed."

One of the great loves in her life is Edge Hill. As house mother she is always ready to sing the praises of "The best house on the campus" to the tune of *The Holly*. Her fondness for parties has made life at Edge Hill a merry one. Her fondness for merriment has gotten her into many a difficult situation from which she tries and often will extricate herself by her classic statement, "I can't see without my glasses."





JUNIOR YEAR for the '49ers; big sisters of the incoming freshmen; choosing majors and minors; officers Kathryn Franks, Marilyn Mullin, Margaret Wiseman, Frances Roos, and Grace Pope, in the usual order; student body treasurer, Eleanor Bernardis; Alice Kerchkoff, W.A.A. prexy; Katherine Griffin, Peggy Detert, Ardeen DeVincenzi, Marguerite Garnier, and Grace Pope joining the honor society; Mary Corbett directing the freshman water show; Bambi Harnett, the practical joker; Margaret Wiseman going mad with *The Firebrand*; Marilyn Luchetti fre-

quenting the local cinema during finals; Marie Røvere helping girls to keep their dates straight by selling calendars for a charitable cause; Joannie Hirschbuhl out to end rheumatic fever; Sis Olufs, the sweetest and prettiest girl you'd ever hope to meet; Rose Ann Burger featuring a terrific volleyball serve; Ann Sheedy weaving for fun and getting dividends; Patti Warner and Jackie Hohlt and their artistic posters and dance bids; Gloria McInerney sneaking in a trifle late each Sunday night; June Renton tuning up Fanjeaux by singing through the halls; the precious Chinese accents of Magdalen Shen and Irene Shaw; always friendly Barbara McGrath; Betty Burgren proving she's a day scholar by a year round tan; cooperative Genevieve Wilson; student affairs board representative Pat Jordan; Bones and bangs; Connie Depler bringing new life to the *Meadowlark* with her cartoons of typical campus life; piano artists Jane Andersen, Ann Andrews, and Alice Tobin; Joyce Reilly taking literary criticism so seriously; clever stories by Marian Attig; Evelyn Montani, a "little ball of fire"; Muriel Bradley still known in the finer circles as "Honeygal"; Joyce Fay with silky red hair and green perfume; attractive Barbara Kirby; happy, snappy Roberta Long; Eloise Cadhina outstanding as one of the shorter members of the '49er quartette; Eileen Kilgannon, both nurse and eager college student;

Joan Kalfsbeck, a girl everyone likes; Ann Boyd, chauffeuse of the day scholars; Sonja Yaksitch, one of the ten best dressed women at Dominican; Fran Smith, who has solved the science of cuts and grade points to her own satisfaction; Ginny Monroe, the blonde gentlemen prefer; merry, genial Marijeanne McClendon; regal, pale Claire Leonhard; *these* are the '49ers.

K. F. '49





|| WAS DAYREAMING—thinking of our Sophomore year. It was almost over and it seems as if all we have done was just done yesterday. I can still see: the Class of '50, arms filled with baggage, blankets and pet mice trudging up the stairs of their new home, Fanjeaux . . .

most of us still waking at 7:55 and making it to breakfast . . .

no one ever answering the telephone when "I know it's for me!"

the lines for *Jane Clay's Mother* never being learned . . . (it made a good comedy!)

the *Fall Fantasy* as the best dance ever . . .

us not being able to understand why no one could see that the falling leaves on the front of our bids spelled Fall Fantasy . . .

Christmas '47 and the unity of us all at Bernadette's party as the essence of College . . .

the first edition of this year's *Carillon*, with Kathleen and Rosario striving for perfection. (It's the dearest to the heart of the entire Staff) . . .

Jackie drawing cartoons to comply with the Depville manner . . .

Jean, Sue, Sally and Gloria Rae and Joan trying to get insurance for that '28 Buick. (It's just that the color of the limousine makes it look old!) . . .

Merge always behind stage pulling curtains and working like a Trojan . . .

Christine on programs as a living part of our college . . .

Lois, Ann Eastin and Shirlee and all the other knitters (Argyle's included) with complete wardrobes by now . . .

Nancy Walsh, Marilyn Christian and it seems as if they have been with us from the very beginning . . .

Bev and Claire moving into Fanjeaux; and how we

missed the other Sophomores who lived in the far-flung corners of the campus . . .

never getting enough of singing "In the Evenin' by the Moonlight" in the Grove or any other appropriate place . . .

how much we love all the girls from the Islands and their wonderful stories of their home . . .

Class Day and the trouble we had managing to get the entire class in the performance . . . (and our beautiful tree!) . . .

our basketball team and the many happy hours of fun and really hard work . . .

those blue cards they pass around after Mid-Terms, and how they just seem to keep comin' and comin' . . .

the Class of '50 boasting the best poets in the world . . . (*we* think) .

each of us remembering the rest of us for a long, long time . . . and as though we can never thank our Alma Mater enough for the spirit and companionship of a wonderful year.

A. I. '50



IT WAS an autumn-Dominican we saw that first day, Elm trees leafed with yellow, and brown and gardens fragrant with Marigolds and Calendulas. There was a warmth in the air but also a warmth in our hearts for college was here at last; and we were saying hello to Dominican.

This happiness continued with the first excitement of seeing our rooms and unpacking; of meeting the girls and exploring the campus. Later programs were planned and teachers met . . . the semester had begun. But the classes seemed so many, the assign-

ments heavy, the study was constant. There was so little time to know the girls and talk with them or walk with them, and a slow uneasiness developed . . . Then an angel whispered down to us and said, "Go sing!"

Such a faint whisper it was, and at first only light whistles and thin, little hums could be heard behind closed doors, taking up the hinted advice. It was as if a mighty orchestra was preparing to perform, each member practicing his solo quietly and waiting . . . Then we sang! and as never before Meadowlands smiled with a musical happiness. The whispered "Go sing!" had become a shouted "Let's sing!"

On key or off, fast or slow, dotted half notes were sent skyward. In the grove after library there was certain to be a group of Freshmen singing, "In the evening by the moonlight." The class rooms of Guzman often echoed with, "You are my turtle dove," and the paths on campus were resonant with, "I'm looking over a four-leaf clover." All three pianos in Meadowlands bobbled out tunes: "Heart and Soul," Stanford's and Santa Clara's rally songs, and the moron's melody. Then there were many nights when after hours, hamburgers were ordered and over hot chocolate and Corey's concoctions, we sang. Our Halloween party in the White Room started with gay, folk dancing and ended with the learning of many new tunes,

and that last week of finals! Without our singing, what tests would have been passed?

Through the medium of a song had come a oneness of mind, a relaxation and the feeling of true friendliness. Through the medium of a song we had learned to mix work with pleasure and make the Freshmen a strong unit.

An angel whispered down to us and said, "Go sing!"
May we whisper up and say, "Thank you!"

E. C. '51



MY FRENCH ACCENT

THERE IS an old expression which says, "It can't happen to me!" As far as I am concerned, there are two schools of thought on that subject. It could and did happen to me to my extreme embarrassment and chagrin. However, I was taught a very good lesson, one that won't be forgotten quickly.

This episode occurred some time in March of last semester. Two of my friends and I were having luncheon at the Grill Room in the St. Francis Hotel. Since mid-terms had ended on Friday, the day before, we were relieved and in good spirits. We were nearly finished with luncheon when Katie Chrones leaned over and whispered in my ear. I nodded but before I had time to speak, the head waiter approached our table and began to ask how our luncheon had been and could he be of any more assistance. In my best and thickest French accent I informed him that everything was perfect. At that, the man beamed from ear to ear and exclaimed, "Est-ce que vous parlez francais?" followed by a stream of French words which didn't mean a thing to me.

For a moment, I became panicky; when the waiter had stopped spouting I tried to look rather ashamed and explained that I had solemnly promised my parents in France that I would not speak French in

America because, after all, I had to learn American idioms and grammar and it would not improve my knowledge of vocabulary if I continually lapsed into my native tongue. He hesitatingly agreed with me but said that it was such a pity that he could not speak with one of his own countrymen in his own language.

At that moment Katie saw an old friend of her father's sitting at the table next to ours. She caught his eye and asked him to come over to our table. I could have fainted with relief! I assured myself that I had never had such a close call. When the waiter saw Mr. Snodgrass start over, he quickly said goodbye and left. I was very grateful to Katie for her diplomacy.

I thought Mr. Snodgrass was a very charming old man, but when my friend introduced me as "Madoiselle Scoville from Paris" I changed my mind. Mr. Snodgrass not only spoke one language, he spoke seven, including French. I was in for it again, only much worse this time. Katie was no longer my friend! He threw up his hands, shrugged as only the French will shrug and babbled out a tirade of sentences of which I understood not a word except for a little "n'est-ce pas" at the finish. Weakly I told him exactly what I told the head-waiter but this one was not so easy to convince. He sat down and started a stream of questions about my background: what part of France did I come from? Had I ever studied at the Sorbonne?

Had I ever met de Gaulle? Did I realize that I had a Borgia nose? And most important, how was the old Hotel de Majestique? I told Mr. Snodgrass that the old Hotel de Majestique had been razed to the ground by the Germans. (Actually, I learned later, it is one of the few buildings left completely unharmed in Paris.)

Finally, after an endless and pointless conversation, Mr. Snodgrass went back to his table where he was lunching with some of his friends. I could see him out of the corner of my eye talking to them; in a body, they all turned around and smiled. One of the gentlemen, who was the image of Sydney Greenstreet, in the movies, winked and exclaimed in an atrocious accent, "Et tray jolieee aussieeee!"

That ended an experience which I shall never forget. Thereafter I promised myself that my French accent was to be confined only to my friends and family. If I had kept to my promise I might have saved myself from further embarrassing incidents. But it is a very hard promise to keep. And every time I find myself yielding to temptation.

S. S. '50



SENIOR REMINISCENCES

FOUR YEARS, racing more quickly by than we could have believed; four years of shared laughter and heartaches, of Spring days and walking in the rain, of hours spent in the reference room . . . and in lazier pursuits; three commencements and then, suddenly, the realization that this last commencement will be ours.

Remembering smiles and faint glimmer of unshed tears are shared. Dinner in Fanjeaux again; the reading of the class will and prophecy; joining in the general laughter at the latter, but wondering all the while just what the years "out in the world" will bring; the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," and a few of our tears unashamedly allowed to spill over; the finality of the last Student Body meeting, and the unveiling of our window—the sudden satisfaction of its rich colors.

The expectancy-tinged bleakness of the last night in Benincasa: a few of the more ardent fiends settled at the bridge table, but the rest of us just relaxing, just remembering.

Shield Days—the first so exciting and impressive, with the feel of really belonging; the "good" feeling of the subsequent three.

Our first hockey season, and our last: the clicking of hockey sticks against elusive, white ball, and the

satisfaction of a firm hit; twilight—lengthening shadows and the fragrance of eucalyptus; and then, miracle of miracles, we proved ourselves not so ancient after all, and won the cup again!

Our Freshman search for “significance”—and our Senior realization that it is a never ending one—

Christmas carols sung in the rain until the perfect starlit night of this last year; how much dearer the familiar faces look in the flickering candle-light; and one Senior whispers to another, “Let’s come back for this, too”!

Coffee on Tuesday nights — the good black brew eagerly poured into six waiting cups; then, six simultaneous smiles of satisfaction!

We remember week-ends on campus and off: the stolen pleasures of washing all one’s sweaters or a walk to the falls, “good talk” after dinner in front of the fire, a leisurely trip down-town, all so much more enjoyed when there is a term paper we have stayed especially to write; the Friday afternoon excitement of going home, too: the mad rush to get ready after lunch, the long wait for the hour to arrive, with much surreptitious clock watching beforehand, the gay “Have a good time” and the final departure of the last taxi, leaving Guzman quite deserted in the afternoon sun.

Now and again we think of the library in all its

moods, and all of ours: sometimes grim determination to do all our assignments now; more often browsing in the fiction section, discovering that the most fascinating books are usually on the bottom shelves, and so plunking ourselves down then and there to investigate; looking for faculty member's pictures in the *Firebrands*; idly leafing over last Sunday's New York *Times*, all in spite of more pressing things to be done.

The gatherings in between classes in front of the bulletin board—sometimes for news, sometimes because the radiator is conveniently there;

The other-worldish atmosphere of the Fanjeaux court on a still, sunny day; the complete oblivion to the harsh reality of things we should be doing which it provokes in us;

Chapel hours—the quiet reflectiveness of Retreats; the sleepiness of the first moments at early morning Mass; the changing dossal, and our changing allegiance, as we prefer each color in turn; the solemn tone of the organ, which always makes us stand more erect, hold our heads a little higher, as, in cap and gown, we process slowly in.

We recall the appearances of the first, irresistible violets, white and deepest purple, in the Anne Hathaway garden; carefully plucked, as inconspicuously as possible; some to be pressed, some to be enclosed in

extra special letters, carrying a precious bit of our campus miles away;

The once-in-four years May Pageant; knights on horseback contributed to medieval authenticity, but it was more fun to be a hobby horse!

The absolute bliss of bed time, studying done with, or merely postponed, the covers turned back to reveal inviting white sheets and the feeling of warm contentment as we burrow into them, bidding our more studious room-mate a muffled "goodnight."

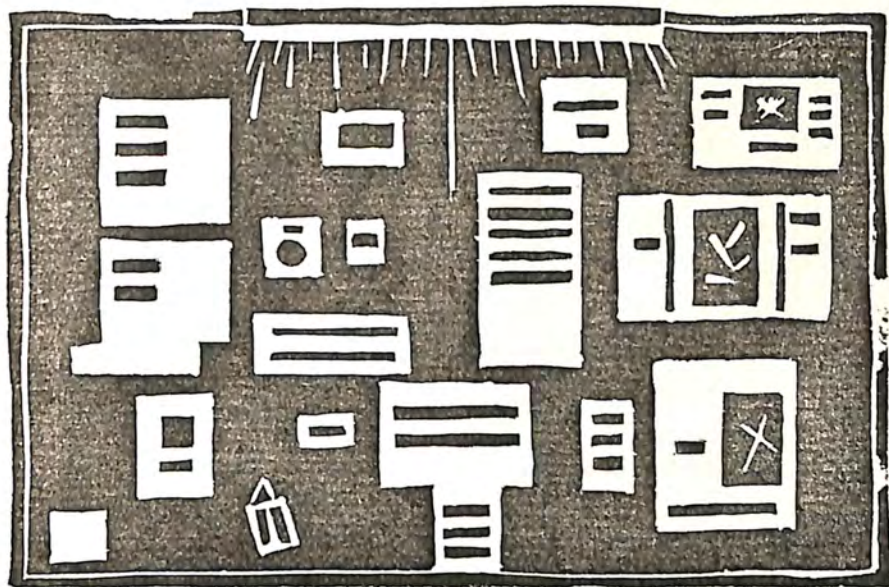
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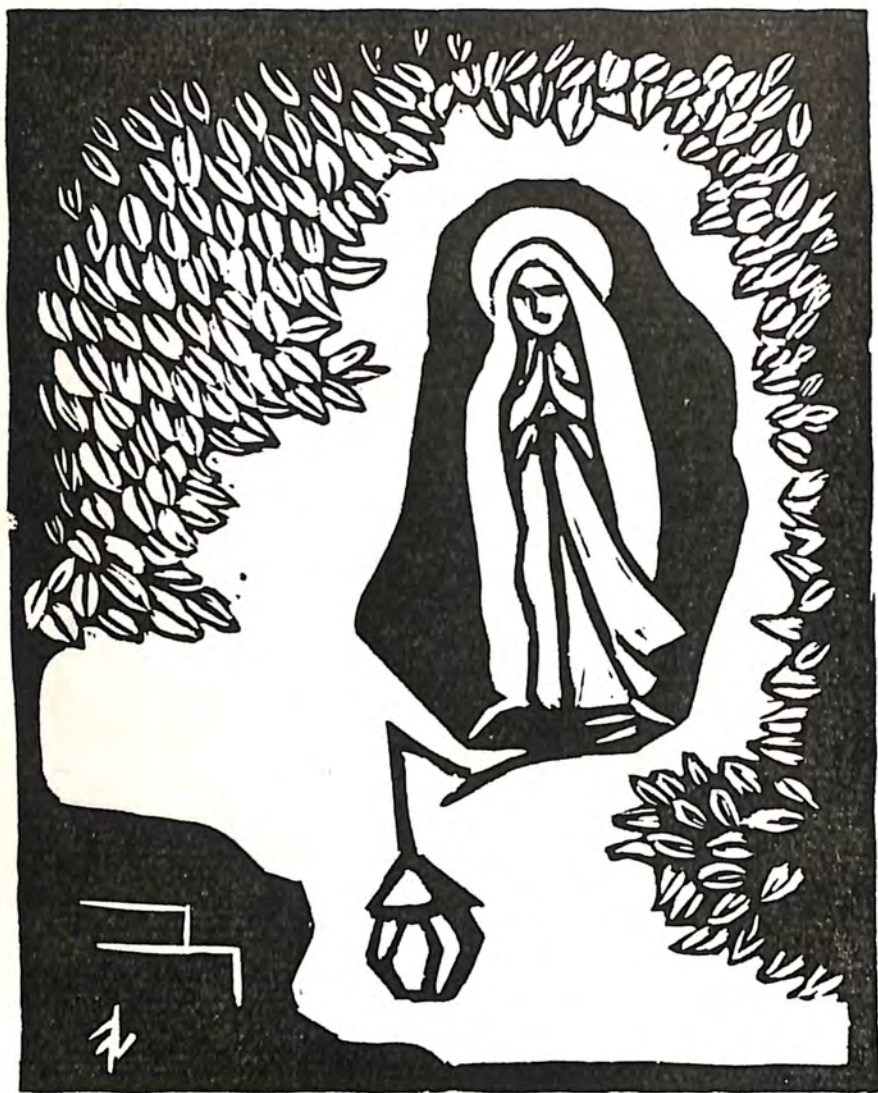
Interrupting one another, correcting small inaccuracies, we remember in unison. Dearer still are the little things we think no one else will remember, things we didn't mention, but which mean all the more to us.

And because we want to postpone the finality of packing as long as possible, we speak of the future, too: of what we are going to do and be, of the reunions we will have, and of "coming back" often. Only then do we begin to realize what commencement really implies, and that we can never really come back. Another class will have taken our place as "the Seniors"; there will be new faces; and we, wearing hats and stockings, will be distinguishable as visitors. We linger a little over this thought, then relinquish it a bit wistfully, for we would not be so selfish as to deny

our place to others. As we reluctantly prepare for all-important tomorrow, we have for those who come after us, who will make their memories too, but one wish—four years such as ours.

P. C. '48





THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

BECAUSE WE are not insensitive beings but mentally awake and nationally curious, we are aware of the state of affairs in this world to which we find ourselves heirs. Things are not going too well, it seems, at home today, in the here and now of our world, your world and mine. You and I have listened to plans that fail—dreams of peace which do not materialize. No doubt you too, have often half-voiced the opinion that it is useless to plan, to work, to give, and hope for a people who seem not to care whether they live or die—who turn and fight before realizing there may be other methods of settling a dispute.

There are some among us, no doubt, who nurture great ambitions and resolutions—who believe they may right some of these wrongs. We cannot say to these, "Stay, there is no need for you out there," because there is always need and use for ideals and hopes, if they are strongly backed by sturdy faith and a wealth of charity.

But if you are like most of us, you also feel the futility. You bump into world affairs now and again, observe that they have changed little since the last encounter—shrug, sigh and turn away. If you are like most of us, you feel the insecurity of our age. Men around us have grown uneasy as to their ability to run

the world. They no longer feel safe when they place affairs in the hands of politicians. They can no longer trust in promises. In fact, it is with genuine apprehension that they view the obvious maneuverings of nations too young for successful diplomacy. They turn away from this familiar shelter and seek another security.

How heartily history must chuckle—watching the predictable actions of men who fashion her. She must smile at their blind unawareness that they are forming this new creature from broken fragments and the paint they use may glow in the dark, but essentially the creation is the same.

The old ideal which men held sacred has fallen badly in the estimation of those who once acclaimed it. The mechanisms of governments which men had trusted, involve them now in intrigue, in diplomatic squabbles, in a restless peace. The leaders seem to be incapable of running things as smoothly as they once had promised.

Again men grope for an ideal—as they groped in the past. All peoples have fought and overturned tyrannies for their own dream of freedom. We, as Americans, have struggled to maintain that dream, through a war of rebellious freemen and through a war of rebellious slaves.

Now men think they have found it. The old ideal

did not suffice and so men looked for another security, another banner under which they could march, protected. This new ideal even has a name, all made to order, "The Brotherhood of Man." The term has universal appeal—the ideal it suggests is tremendous. But will it work, or will it fail as others have done before it?

Well, let's reflect, for a moment, on the reason behind the other failures. Let us use the American ideal as an example. Of what substance was it made, actually? Lincoln summed it up memorably when he declared it to be a government of the people, by the people and for the people. Now this sounds pretty wonderful. In what did its weakness lie? Why didn't it work?

As a matter of fact it did work—and for a long time. Actually, it is still working but the power of its slogan is not as great as it once was. Why? Well, for awhile the dream meant something to each American—it was a part of life—they made it work. Later men grew tired of it—perhaps familiarity bred its ugly offspring. In any case, the possession slipped away to men whose assurance convinced the original owners of their superior ability. But that was later. The important thing is, that it did work in part and that its incomplete fruition due, not to inadequacy on the part of the ideal itself, but because the men who fashioned

it—for whom it was created, forgot their individual, personal duty toward it. The American ideal is weakening because we have forgotten that ours is a government of, for and by the people. The ideals of many other countries have crumbled because the men for whom the ideal was formed have placed their responsibility in the hands of too few and have not been as personally concerned with the fulfillment as once they were.

The world suddenly awakened to the fact that things were running smooth no longer. Hastily and angrily they blamed the ideal—the men who ran it. The bubble had burst and they turned aside in disgust or in despair to find a new hope.

Now they believe they have found it. The Brotherhood of Man . . . will this one work? Why actually should it? There is, certainly, nothing wrong with this ideal—as there was nothing wrong with the old. Yet, like the old, it will not work unless men remember its place in the daily lives of each of them.

How does it fit into daily life? Well, as a government of, for and by the people meant conscientious voting on the second Tuesday after the first Monday in November—as other mottos and principles in other governments meant sacrificing personal desires for the good of the whole—so also does this principle have its meaning and responsibility for the individual.

The ideal for which we now strive is a great one, yet it will not work, will not fulfill its promise as the others did not, unless the big wheels of its machinery are started and continued by smaller and smaller wheels. We are the smaller wheels. The mechanism begins in us. From the pressure of our cogs are run other wheels until the whole great machine has started into motion.

Nations cannot be friendly in the family of the world until each individual, national family has settled its quarrels. These domestic squabbles will reach an endless deadlock unless the individual political and social groups which disagree are willing to be charitably tolerant of one another. How can these groups be tolerant until the people who form them know and practice charity in their own daily lives? And who are these people? They are you and I . . .

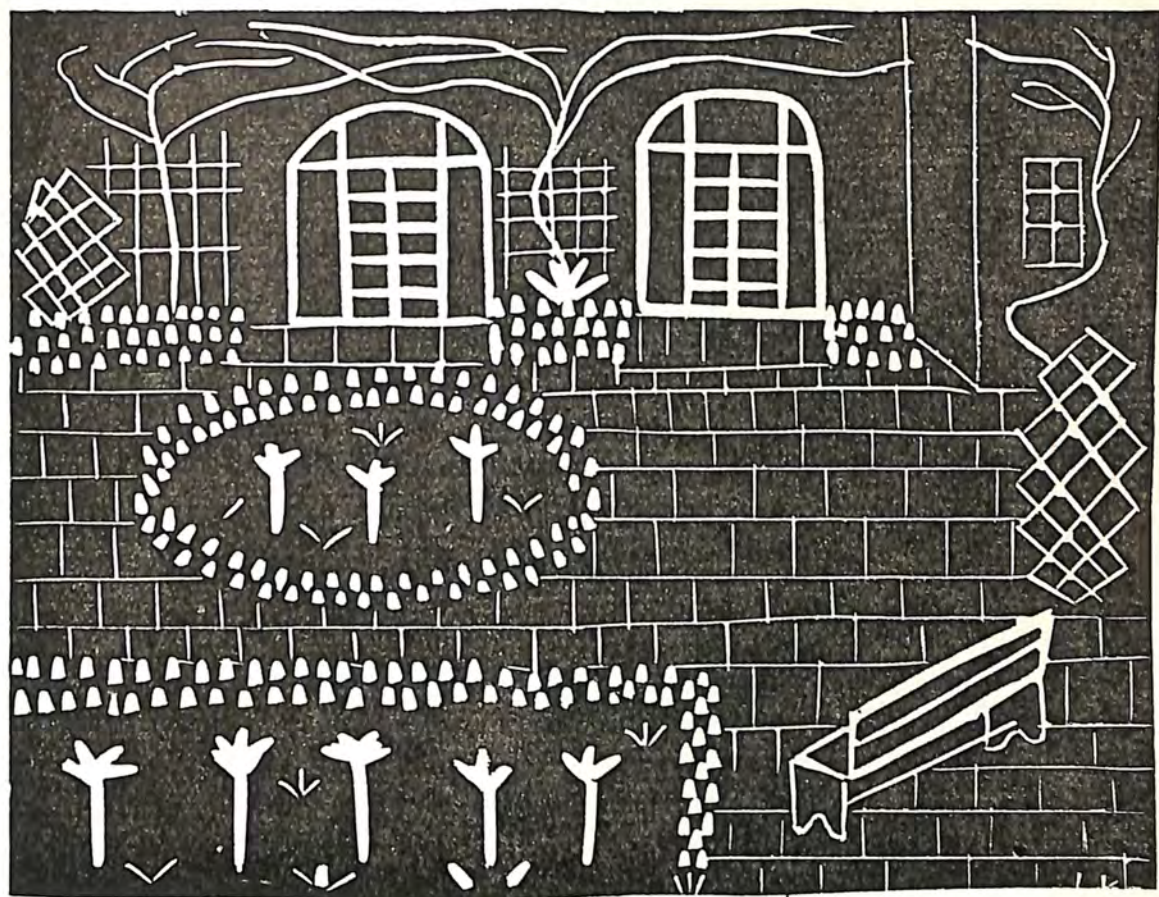
What does this mean to us? It means that our next-door neighbor or the person we rub shoulders with in a crowd has a right to his own opinion and a right to voice it . . . the negro girl in our old Alma Mater has a right to her seat there as much as we ever did . . . The "foreigner" is no more foreign than are we—inhabitants of the "melting pot" of the world . . . that ALL people, white or black, red or yellow, green or blue, bear strong resemblance to you, to me. They are human; their basic characteristics are the same

as ours—the mirror is our proof. Let us reflect for a moment on the possibilities which a revision of history could have brought—if white were in the position of the blacks—if the blacks were “crowned” and dominated the world’s checker board.

Yet it is hard to swallow this medicine, this antidote for our errors. But wait! Haven’t we forgotten something? Don’t we hold the solution in our own hands? Isn’t there a way toward peace, a plan for the Brotherhood of Man that is tried and true? For nineteen hundred years it has tolled its message down the centuries, loud upon occasion, softer at times, but always there, ringing . . . tolerance . . . love these, as I have loved you . . . your neighbor as yourself, for the love of God . . . peace . . . tolerance . . . “See how they love one another” was spoken of the early Christians —“how they love one another.” What has happened to this ideal?

The world waits, floundering for something to hold as secure and right. Instead of throwing a life-line, we Catholics find ourselves thrashing about in the current. We are missing a priceless opportunity for the Faith. Why? Do we callously stand, watching, while men drown—or could it be that we have lost sight of our Captain and no longer remember His instructions—His commands?

R. B. '50



BLUE DOOM

Our adventure is done.
We have come home
to our own haven,
this green, Franciscan bay.

Supine passengers,
we are close-tiered on the Honda Knot,
long cruiser
grey as fog, as smoke, as ash,
grey as bell-tongues tolling our glory.

Cleaving whitecaps,
whiter than scrapers that slit sky,
toward canopies of steel
curving downward,
our carrier pushes slowly, past the Farallones.

Gulls scream,
P-80's hum,
a welcoming dirge;
Friends and kinsfolk,
bereft of laughter,
stand on rain-touched piers
awaiting us.

We were stilled
that Sunday morning
in December,
as hibiscus bloomed;

When those strange, metallic swans,
color of moonlight,
flew out of Far East,
unbidden,
swooping upon our ships,
releasing aimed weapons,
that splintered sunlight to bits,
on our beautiful ships,
lodged safely
in a harbor called Pearl.

We have sailed
a long, long way
through time and space
from Waikiki glare
of blanched, shining sands,
from bluing-blue
over coral, of Oahu waters,
and the noise, flame, smoke,
the moaning, roaring, groaning,
of that anguish-full day of December.

Our youth was fragrant
as breath of pikake,
Life to us was sweeter
than ripe flesh of mangoes,
our blood was more scarlet
than flowering ponciana-tree,

When those huge, unfeathered birds,
color of moonlight,
blew out of Nippon,
unheralded,
plummeting on our ships,
dropping directed missiles,
that shattered security to shards,
on our beautiful ships,
sending them swiftly, unreturnably,
to oblivion,—to blue doom.

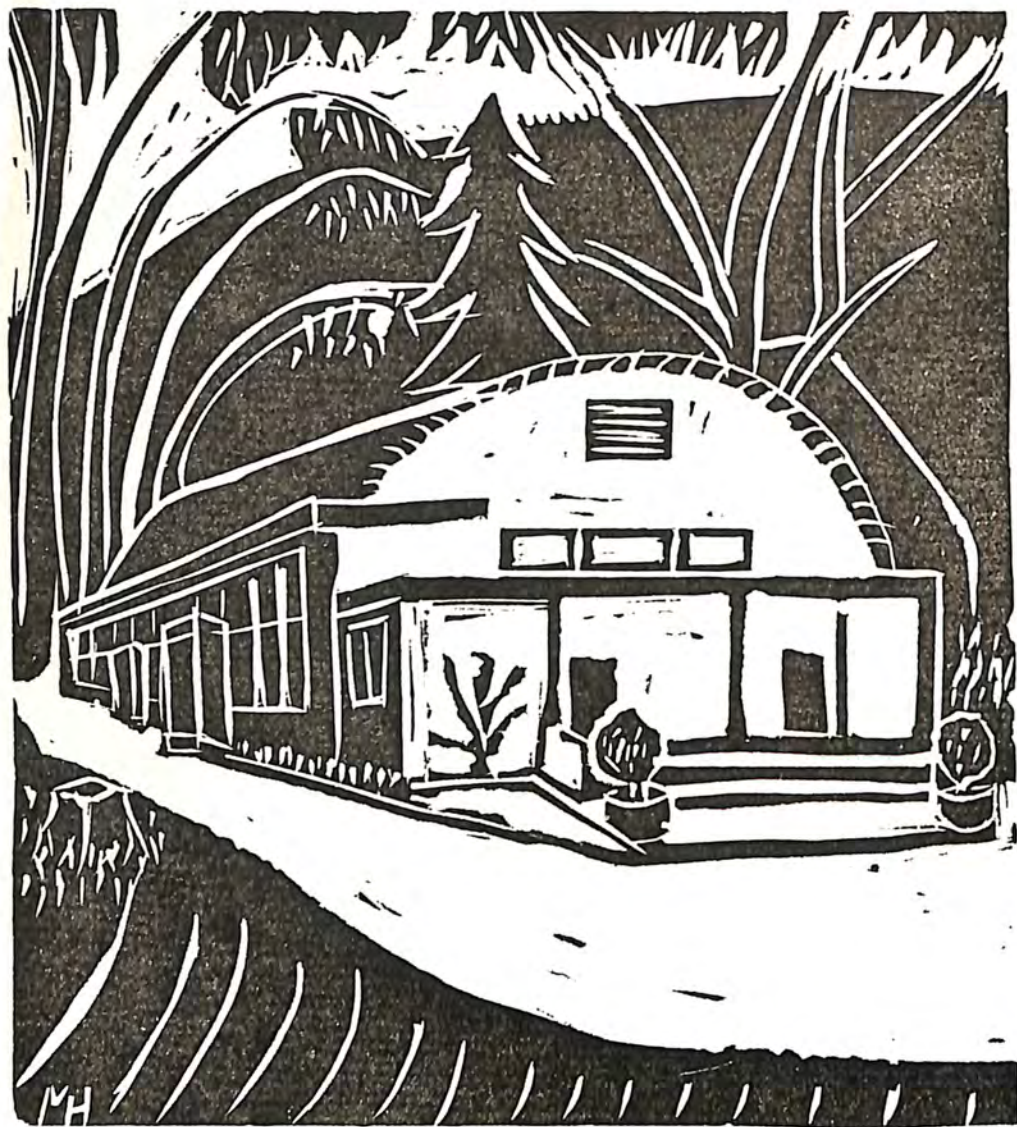
Now we know
we have been flung
from momentary pain
unbelievably sharp,
into fleshless peace,
into laughterless peace,
into endless peace,
by a conflict nicknamed war.

Parting whitecaps,
whiter than bones that bleach in sun,
under daises of steel,
blood-colored red,
our transport noses into the Golden Gate.

Horizontalled wayfarers,
we are close-berthed on the Honda Knot,
long cruiser,
grey as fog, as ash, as smoke,
grey as our drooping, torn banners of victory.

Our task is over,
we have come home,—
dropped anchor in port,—
in our cool, Franciscan bay.

A. BELTRAN IRWIN SHONE



THE ARTS, 1948

IN THE program of The Arts, 1948, the purpose of the College has been not merely to hold a series of lectures, but to present artists who can speak of their own work from their own personal point of view. Modern arts have been represented, rather than the departments of the College.

Robert Winston of the California College of Arts and Crafts gave us the special twist of his point of view about sculpture and showed us some of his own work in wood and bronze sculptural designs and in unique and flowingly lovely jewelry. He emphasized the necessity of breaking away from the old fashion of torturing material to fit a preconceived conventional design, to a rediscovery of the innate character of a given material, wood or bronze, gold, silver or stone. He is concerned with the elemental shapes in nature, and particularly with their tactile values. He believes that we must learn to see with our hands, and his own sculpture, he says, can be experienced only when it is touched, felt and realized as three dimensional, true to whatever material he has used. The metal of his jewelry flows into lines that seem to meet the inset stone, and the stones appear to be embraced by the metal of the stone as the shore is by the waters of the sea.

To illustrate further his delight in the common but so often lost aspects of nature, Mr. Winston showed a number of colored slides of little patches of water, of rock formations, of leaves or flowers and of a dragon fly: pictures of rare and exquisite beauty.

Roger Sessions, Professor of Music at the University of California, sketched his life in relation to his musical experiences. We followed him through inadequate schools of music, through inadequate methods of teaching to the perfect satisfaction of finding Ernest Bloch, who not only made Cleveland endurable, but revealed to him in ten minutes the real purpose of the composer. Mr. Sessions told us something of the experiences and emotions out of which his own music flowed and defended the novelty of his compositions by reminding us that when Beethoven first arose he shocked his audiences almost incredibly. As for the ideas behind his music, Mr. Sessions explained, a bar of music means just what the music says when played; the idea is the music, the music is the idea. The records that he played for us were rich and often dark in their emotion; apparently they were not the most startling of his compositions.

Donald Weeks, Chairman of the Department of English, Mills College captivated a great part of his audience, exasperated an equal number, but was, on the whole, vivid and challenging. His subject was *The*

Play of Words, his three main points, that the poet has a particular attitude towards words, that accent is what counts in poetry, and that poetry is an attitude towards experience.

He dwelt much on the pleasure in the use of words and on the child and the poet's delight in *Mother Goose* so important an influence from the point of view of vigorous and natural use of language and of accent. As an illustration of this fascination of accent he quoted the least known of Mother Goose rhymes,

When the rain raineth
And the goose winketh
Little wots the gosling
What the goose thinketh.

He remarked upon the passing of poets because of changing tastes and fashions, Longfellow, for example having gone, and Shakespeare, because of the difficulty of so much of his language, apparently dying, line by line. Descriptive poetry, because so overdone, has become boring. Mr. Weeks, himself, has no interest in writing description; he has been greatly influenced by folk poetry; people and animals charm him and he delights in the zoo. In a new vein he writes of the Giraffe, for example, and of what the birds said to Saint Francis after the saint had preached to them. Since he reads delightfully, Mr. Weeks did well by his poetry, which charmed his listeners. Ohs and Ahs of

approval sounded through the assembly hall. It was rather pleasant too, to hear Mr. Weeks observe that he was pleased by such and such of his own compositions and we were convinced that he could not have meant what some of us thought he said about Shakespeare, since some of his own poems are inspired by Shakespeare's songs.

Marguerite Wildenhain delighted the most captious. Her passionate devotion to her art could not but move us. After a brief sketch of the history of ceramics from the most primitive hand work to the huge developments of the modern factories and the courage necessary for the artist's survival in a mechanical world, she pictured for us the stages of the potter's development through unflagging patience and persistence, to final mastery. "In three years," she told us, "you may learn to make the different shapes you have in your head. After that comes the creative work, not the making new shapes because all shapes are as old as the world itself, but living shapes that have an expression, a tension, a life!"

In her words and in her work, so generously exhibited in San Marco, Mrs. Wildenhain could not but convince us how fine a thing it is to learn a craft, thereby to learn "to distinguish beauty from vulgarity," how magnificent a thing it is to master a craft and thereby "be set free from fears and conventions."

"But where," she concluded, "is the point where the craftsman develops to be a master? Not when he has learned all the techniques, not when he has mastered the material only, but when he is able to pour all his emotions, all his ideas, all his love of beauty, all his faith in a piece of simple matter and make it live and radiate all he has felt—then only does he master the elements.

"For it is not the airplane nor the submarine, nor the radio that master the elements—not the skill of technique, but the word of the poet, the dream of the artist, the thought of the philosopher, unrestrained by all the laws of matter, freer than a bird, lighter than the air, deeper than the ocean, quicker than light,—and without end!"

Following the evening on Ceramics came *A Survey of Mural Painting* by Anton Refregier of the California Labor School.

Mr. Refregier brought out the social aspect of the mural, stressing the fact that murals should be on public buildings, since this art is a public art. The painter must work not for himself, but for those who will see his work. The mural for a jail, for a children's ward in a hospital, for a post office on the San Francisco waterfront must be conceived largely from the point of view of those who, coming and going, will see his painting.

In a sketch of the development of mural art in this country, Mr. Refregier very modestly spoke of his own beginnings and of his own part in the movement. American murals, he believes, should really catch the spirit of America. Before the W.P.A. movement the art was merely decorative, an imitation of classic models. Since then painters have begun to reproduce what they see around them, to capture the soul of America.

On the walls of San Marco we have been able to see how well Mr. Refregier has been able to express his own belief.

As a conclusion to the whole series, a lively panel discussion followed Mr. Refregier's talk. Miss Taylor, Mrs. O'Hanlon and Mrs. Rau were the speakers on the panel; the students participated with so much enthusiasm that they carried their arguments out into the Grove and all over the campus. Thus ended with an end that is only a beginning, *The Arts*, 1948.

S.C.M.

TO A SONNET

To you, the bugbear of a student's life,
O'er which I've labored day and night in vain,
Until I'm almost sunk beneath the strain,
Oh, Sonnet! Stirrer-up of stress and strife
Let Italy and Shakespeare have the fame
Of making you the nuisance that you are.
So many things I'd rather do by far
Than have a sonnet published o'er my name.
Yet time will show your worth, I have been told,
As understanding follows callow youth,
And restless brain cells learn how to behave.
It may be that before I am too old,
I'll see the light, and be in very truth,
One day, Oh Sonnet, your devoted slave!

PATRICIA FRANKS '50

THE GROVE

There are no more trees along
The creek. One by one
They went, so that there is
Nothing left there where
The Eucalyptus grew
Tall and lithe.
They went, not gracefully
Like grass before the mower's
Scythe, but rudely
In the rough teeth, to the loud
Buzz of an electric saw.
Now not again the blue green
Leaves cool and pungent
In the summer heat, not again
The long, brown, tattered
Strips of bark torn off
By raw October wind. Never
Again from the window the lovely
Long white curve of beauty
Under the Spring moon.
They had grown too tall, they
Said; and some were rotten
At the core, and come some day
And they would fall and do some
Harm to building, or to professor

Walking from the bridge to class.
Woodmen topped them one by one,
Then sawed them at the base.
So maimed they fell with sickening
Thud. And when they'd hauled
Them up and chopped them into
Winter logs, they piled them
Neatly into stacks round behind
The freshman hall. Then lest some green
Be left or pungent scent of leaves
Upon the air, they burnt the myrtled
Banks. Now the ground is charred
And gray where once was cool
And shadowed green.
So is it dangerous in this world
To stand too tall, to grow too beautifully.

ANON.



MARCH AT SAN RAFAEL

Where white and pink petals
Snow grass,
Where spring rains drift
And winds pass,
Red buds on bough and vine-spray
Bring summer, day by slow day.

Where grains blow silken,
Tall, green,
Where wide fields fill
With hay sheen,
The growing warmth of each day
Says, "Summer's coming this way."

Where peach and cherry
Grow round,
Where woods and gardens
Resound
With young-bird calling, the sun
And soil say "Spring has begun."
KATE RENNIE ARCHER

THE POETRY CLUB—1948

“ARE WE ALL here?” The usual statement plunges us, we honored few, into excursions of word-color, movement, love, here at the Round Table of Poetry. Kate Rennie Archer has begun another Poetry Club meeting—not dry as some club meetings but living through vibrant words which catch us and focus our thoughts on paper. Mrs. Archer lends us part of her experiences to heap our meager store to treasure-heights from which to draw the best in us. Each word she speaks is meant for all of us and its fiery content sparks the waiting tinder in our minds. Each has a different flame—one, modern red; the next, fine, shimmering blue; another, the form of green; the last, the thinner yellow. Yet all are one—the leader, the listening workers, the room—the Green Room in Meadowlands—which blends itself with all our moods from joy to deepest pain. We have been depleted in ranks but not intensity. Our greatest loss is Sister Isabel, our former moderator, but Sister Martin has merged with us most admirably. We mourn our losses but, respecting gains, go on. Our movement forward can be seen by the selection of our work within these pages.

MARGUERITE O'REILLY '50

POEMS BY RENE BROOKS

POET

Eternal wonder, loosed upon the earth
Child like, unquenchable and wise—
This mother-race shall feel his barb-like mirth,
Have her heart-roots shaken by his sapient eyes.
Rampant, unharnessed, he will run foot-free
Through beauty's field to pluck the first wild fruits
To set earth-buried treasure up for all to see
To shout his terror of tall rain-caught buttes.

Watch and beware, oh mother-race for these
Who see deep wonder in wonder, these who cry
For all who weep, who feel the strength in trees
Who sing sad requiem for all who die . . . !
Beware! These chosen troubadours of song
Are loose with mustang-liberty
They hold steeled laughter, pierce the depths of
wrong
Their sight can shatter your complacency.

DEPENDENT

Without You

I am nothing, Lord,
a red-gold leaf
falling soft
into the dark,
one rain drop's fall
unnoticed
in the shower,
a lonely bird's
unheeded flight
on naked sky,
wild wind in mountains
where no man
may hear.

Without Your Hand

I falter and am lost,

Without Your Love

I fade and am no more.

POEMS BY MARJORIE HANSEN

PAUSE

It was not winter, still it was not spring,
but everything seemed paused, for one fleet moment,
only to rush on again
with swift, green pulsing.
Even a silhouetted bird, poised at the rim of blue,
stayed, seemed suspended, waited
before the final downward plunge.
I, too, held my breath.

Alone with creation, but this was ecstasy,
now all within me throbbed with quiet aching.
Pressing against damp earth, warmed by the young
 of grass,
my fingers tried to grasp,
nearly, but not quite,
the still, evasive secret of it all;
it was like reaching for a dream through sky.
Yet, there it was before me;
the dreary bleakness of bare winter's landscape,
was softened at the corners by warm spring.

The gaunt trees, jealous of their precious charges,
still wore a few thin mantles,
but here the bold young buds came peeping through;
even the waters were blue,
with singing of rains running through them,
with cool sky, pale, azured in reflection.

Yellow petals, in clumps of green,
fluttered valiantly out to crisp breeze,
encouraged by the thin song of early
bird-travellers.

Rose-glow of ending day diffused through
lonely coldness, a brilliant blush
before dim fall of night.

Then time stood still,
there was a pause, it was not winter,
and it was not spring;
there was a yearning, toward song or speech,
but what words hold the meaning
of half-Life, half-Death?

BRAVE ELEMENT

In black torrents of night,
hills of crashing roars
echo through gaping caverns of sky,
pressing it to filled confusion.

Free, wild, primeval,
winds whip, lashing reed-trees
to livid, bruise-blue welts.

No eternal music, but in the beat of death,
they pound fiercely,
in discordant whine of swinging scourges,
of dying scourges.

Rain, hard, cold, flings biting
into soft earth-mould,
it slices with sharpness of steel.
Not small, but large rain, drops in heavy sheets
a swirling mass, dark, till a splinter,
white, blinding, jags cutting through,
revealing in one light-flash the playground
of the elements. Here they may rend
with coarse and brutal savagery,
with unleashed fury.

When the searing outbreak of rage
has ceased its stir, its vibrant tumult,
I gently lay my emptied and wearied heart
in amongst the blue of washed grass.

Here is the core of the soul of life,
hard, cold with force-heat,
clean in piercing beauty.
Let it not be marred with soft things,
dream bubbles which refract rainbows
from stagnant mires, which break,
too late, when all is sucked under.

MYSTIC BIRTH

Christmas sparks clear-deep of night
In still star-throb of crystallised light
That finds twin home in new-born sight.

Christmas curls the fir's soft arm
In cradle-form, all snowy warm
And ice-flowered for a baby's charm.

Christmas shapes a windless song
From voiceless tears—the quiet long
Of Christ's first smile that righted wrong.

FOR THE LONE LAND

Give me low land washed by a northern sea,
An icy sea, steel-blue,
Merciless on grey-cold sand.

Let there be grass, long and coarse,
Along clay-duned shore,
Let there be brittle wind to sweep a dreary sky.
Give me bare, open moor, stretching to purple glow...
And . . . stillness.

Let me stand on a rocky point, exposed from its core,
Facing the world alone.
Here, in the desolation,
Here where it is still a part of the unknown beginning,
Inward longing becomes calmed,
I find affinity.

It must be caught with a smile, nor worldly-wise,
But simple, warm, sincere.

It must lean from a sky that is blue,
Where breeze-puffed clouds shadow shimmering
wheat,

And moss-red roofs;

It must drift up from flowerets in creviced walls,
From skiffs afloat on a lazy inlet,
From birds nested in hedgerows and soft, white lanes.

But these things are only pocketsfull to tuck away,
For the heart must wander to its lone land,
There to be filled with the singing joy
Of full love.

Ah, God, what surging it is that swells within me,
Rising to the overwhelming wave.

Give me this land;
Let me go there and rest!



NORTHERN HERITAGE

You have a heritage of
Northern beauty and color
That spins waters blue with rioting song.
The sea's in your blood,
The wind in your eye,
Wide waves darken your hair
With secrets of the deep,
And the north-star kissed your smile
When in angel-kept sleep.

The sea wild freedom brings,
The wind has songs to sing,
You can't escape birth's sea, it has no dams,
So when the waters move and stir,
Run with the torrents of music,
And listen, listen to the tales
The wind has to tell you.

SHANGHAI

City of all creeds,
City of all breeds,
Through thy narrow crowded alleys,
Packed with surge and throb of living,
Strewn with filth, with hanging signs,
With strange arrays of varied kinds,
 One wanders in a world unknown,
 But not alone.

Here and there eyes glimpse worn faces,
Lined with toil, from care grown hard,
Yet around all, underlying,
Passive peace pervades despair,
 You bow before unflinching courage,
 Fierce, undaunted urge to live.

Pass through marts of foreign commerce,
Life conglomerate, every type,
Cast quick glance in Bubbling Well,
Face the grey-stone Bund . . . and tell
 "Time and Man may alter customs,
 Surface ripples where men dwell."

In a sampan, on the Yangtze,
Calm and placid, yellowed mud,
Houseboats jostle, junks and barges,
Cargo litter, trash, floats by.

Yangtze is the city's heart-beat,
Holds its Life-tide low or high.

Jog along in open rickshaw,
Over dusty wheel-worn road,
See wet open fields outstretching,
Trousered village-child eat rice-food,
Life . . . in simple, and in complex
Shanghai.

DEATHLESS BIRTH

Slow dawns new sun to curve beginnings, round
And deep, in masséd hills, to spill life-light
That man-moulds formless space, with deathless sight
Enwrapped in mortal twine till birth's still sound
Unwinds it. Youth stares out and floats—not found
Is self, which shatters thinned glass case with tight
Death-love. Released, man swims with needless might
To focus land within self-measured bound.

Time-ravelled thread finds lined hands that seek
Embryo waters' tranquil peace. Dim eyes
Behold horizon-line of darkening knoll
Which fills age-wisdomed heart with music, weak,
Till sunk in earthless turbine roar that ties
A coffin knot to leave uncoiled—a soul.

WOUND

You caught me in your heart
A silly shy-wild helpless thing.
You barred the smile-forged cage
And bound
And branded me no longer free.
But now you seek for more wild wings,
Have you forgotten to let me go,
For time wears like a knife, you know
Into my wound.

POEMS BY SHELAGH SCOVILLE

MECHANIC AND LOVE

His love is cool as senescent night,
Measured as noyades of rolling stars
Ringing with nuance of cathedral chimes;
But mine is a nostrum in blossomed gardens,
A tree of yellow pears shining under the moon.

His love is obverted by wings and knowledge,
Whirling as golden spheres flying from sun;
He gives me only one hand
And the moon to him is a wheel.

STAR HEALING

He dwells on planes
Of strange dimension, under
Leagues of motionless blue,
On heathered moors,
Assuaged by clear wind, and
Rain calms his face.

Fog winds among hills;
His eyes magnify far
Stars,
While grief diminishes
To free the
Silent dulcimers of joy.

SHAPES OF TRUTH

In wine-clear toll
The bells of my youngness tone through
Forests of strangled trees and sliding sands,
To break into new worlds
In toll clear as wine.

And I am not dragged back until
Nettled branches call me;
And the forest closes over my head as
A league of silent water—
Languid between me and living.

BRIGHT SHALLOWS

I look on pedantry
Of stars
Fallen on the sea,
A plectrum of waves that
Strings glitterings into
The bright temerity of night.

Mourn for the unfathomed
Deep;
No glint of brilliance
Trembles there.

HORSES OF THE SOUL

They were paler than clouds and
diminished into a tall green forest under the peaks.
Dawn came and they appeared again,
fleeter than echoes, silently rearing and flinging up
hoofs to their strange God.

They tortured the meadow, their legs struck
deeply into short flowers, wrenching up roots,
severing stalks. They laughed in their silence,
spraying the sphere with clots of mud,
glinting in light of day; they turned over soil with
 anger,
They spun in circles until they reached troposphere
 and
returned raging that freedom was limited,
That they could not go beyond earth.

They loved forest and its depth of sparkled emeralds
embedded in trees; great green stones,
high-polished, gleaming in bark.
They skirted virtues in the heart of the meadow,
but they feared and hesitated on the brink of an
abstraction which forced even fog away—
the fleet-hoofed never stalked to the centre
of the field.

What lived there was rarely apparent
in material form.

Grass was cool in wind; mustard flowers deepened
in color with sun; sod was pure and
pebbles showed minute jewel-dust in clinging mud—
eyes of odd-weed looked sublimely at the
wild-hoofed and closed their lids.

The hunter and his hounds passed through
forest and meadow;
All he said on his homeward path was,

“Stranger they are than
oblique dreams,
the wild horses
pale among yellow flowers.”

POEM BY MARGUERITE O'REILLY

WEE BIT O' SCOTLAND

There's a wee bit o' Scotland
That comes to D. C.
Where the lights of the poets
Are gleaming.
She teaches us ways
To bring words to our days,
To tell all our thoughts
And day-dreaming.

Kate Archer sits here
At the circular table,
Old enough to be wise
Young enough to be able.

And those who pass by
Wink a sky-scoffing eye,
And whisper, the one to the other,
"They're the dreamers," they say,
And "Ah," she says, "Aye
We're the dreamers,
We build dreams together.

The dreamers that build-up
The bridges and sky-roads,
Gather the beauty that lives
Along by-roads,
We're the curse, and the blessing
Of culture."



THE W.A.A.

AFTER HAVING received their numerals, winged D's and blocks the honored sat back with wistful smiles, reminiscing of the many good times they had had over at Forest Meadows and in the Gym.

The first thing that came to mind was the swimming meet in September, which chairmanned by Mary Jo Corbett, marked the beginning of W.A.A. activities for the year of 1947-1948. The Sophomores succeeded in taking the victory for the meet, but did not conceal the fact that there were many excellent swimmers in the new Freshman class.

Later in September, the Freshmen splashed forth with "Neptunia," which gave them a chance to show to the school their good swimmers. The theme of the water show was Neptune's Kingdom and high-lighted Apollo and Clytie, Lotis the nymph, Apollo and Daphne, and Egeria. The changing of Egeria into a water fountain marked the finale of a praiseworthy effort.

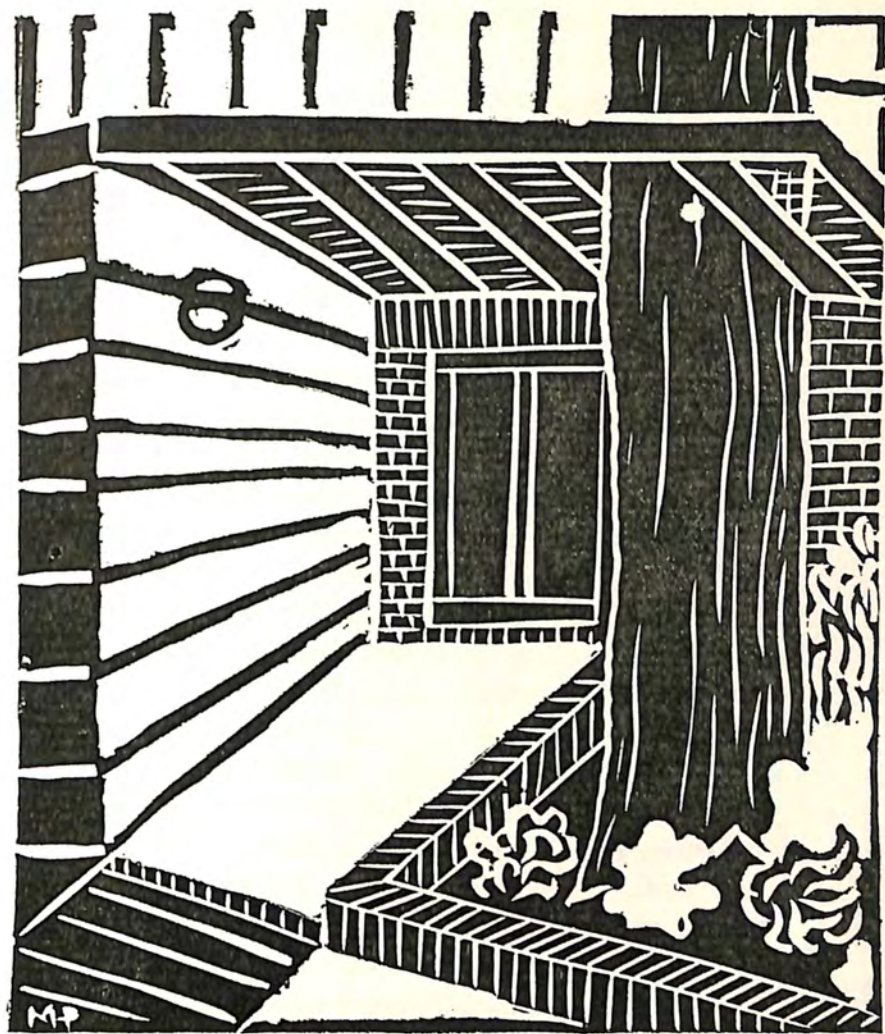
Nor can be forgotten the clashing of sticks heralding the hockey season, which was begun in October by Kathleen O'Leary, Hockey W.A.A. chairman. Such a cry arose from the spectators around the green when the Seniors uttered the victory cry, achieving supremacy over their under classmen.

Also the aroma of hamburgers and coffee drifts back as we remember our dinner at Forest Meadows with Marin Junior College players after we met them for a Playday. On that November day the girls played volleyball, badminton and tennis. They also took time out to meet their opponents and former coach.

On another sunny day in November, the racketeers journeyed to Mills College to play on their courts. After this was the volleyball season, chairmanned by Terry McAuliffe, and won by the Juniors who fought with both physique and heart until the victory was attained. Next, Rosario Von Warton, chairman of the basketball, brought down the baskets for the hoopsters to try their skill at this vigorous sport once again. Class Day was held at the end of the basketball season and was entered into enthusiastically by all the classes. The baseball season marked the end of W.A.A. athletic events.

Yes, it's fun to remember but reality is always present and once again we must look ahead to acquiring other trophies, other awards and other good times.

A. K. '49



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Women's Athletic Association, Dominican College

We wonder if the Mathew apt. behind blue pinie glasses
Will be airing that Irish witty wit in U.C.'s
sophomore classes! —

Seriously, I've enjoyed your company during
the past year, and have benefitted much
from your ready knowledge of the Faith.....
Keep it up!

Love,

Dolores Maria Irene Sagies of Benson
& O' Shea.



Dear Clara,
I wish
your's real
heart and I could
rattle on just
your's! I miss
your love!!
Just of love
The
Cathy
(H)

Rosemary '51"

'51" God Bless you
and keep you
always —
Love & prayers
Robin

When I look at you
I am smiling. Their
sure to be good
you are 2 good
2 be
4
10

4 ~~dog~~
10
Pall

Dear

Elina.

you are the worse
procrastinator I have ever
met but I love you baby. (hmm).

Seeing that you are satisfied I did NOT
steal your green checkered blouse & skirt I shall
wish you a happy summer (with those legs, I don't
know). Think of me & phone sometime.

Love 'n stuff
Ju. 7-95

Lenore
"Sweet"
in name
only.

