

1964

1964 Firebrand

Dominican University of California Archives

<https://doi.org/10.33015/dominican.edu/archives.1964.firebrand>

Survey: Let us know how this paper benefits you.

Recommended Citation

Dominican University of California Archives, "1964 Firebrand" (1964). *Yearbooks 1960 - 1969*. 1.

<https://doi.org/10.33015/dominican.edu/archives.1964.firebrand>

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

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Dominican University of California Yearbooks at Dominican Scholar. It has been accepted for inclusion in Yearbooks 1960 - 1969 by an authorized administrator of Dominican Scholar. For more information, please contact michael.pujals@dominican.edu.

The Firebrand









THE FIREBRAND

THE DOMINICAN COLLEGE OF SAN RAFAEL



MCMLXIV



In Grateful Memory
of
DR. WŁADYSŁAW SOKOŁOWSKI



CONTENTS

	PAGE
Editorial	9
Senior Sketches	14
Dr. Wladyslaw Sokolowski	165
The Greater Freedom	167
A Comprehensive View of English Literature	171
Confirmation	174
Not a Myth, But a Man	177
The Pond	180
Hope	181
White Thorn	182
Spring Is a Time for Hoping	183
Within the Senior Ring	185
We Have Been Friends Together	187

ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
Ex Libris — Merri Sue Demattos	Inside Cover
Tapestry — Magda Battha	8
The Dancer — Merri Sue Demattos	12
Freshman Shield — Barbara McCune	162
Finding of the Lamb — Sister M. Bernard, O.P.	164
Wheel — Merri Sue Demattos	167
Medieval Piper — Elizabeth Devereaux	170
Whippoorwills — Merri Sue Demattos	174
Climbing Rose — Barbara McCune	176
The Pond — Cecilia Lam	180
Cry in the Night — Sister M. Rachel, O.P.	182
Waiting — Ann Sieh	184
White Eucalyptus — Barbara McCune	186
Study in Line — Barbara McCune	189

THE FIREBRAND

<i>Editor</i>	Sharon Cross
<i>Assistant Editors</i>	{ Rita Beilharz Heeln O'Brien
<i>Art Editor</i>	Barbara McCune
<i>Business Manager</i>	Susan Eggers

STAFF

Patricia Lopker	Carolyn Sullivan
Carolyn MacKenzie	Maria Theisen
Helen Purcell	Anne Werts

CONTRIBUTORS

Sister M. Andrea, O.P.	Patricia Lopker
Ann Barry	Regina Lucas
Rita Beilharz	Sister M. Martin, O.P.
Mary Gayle Foley	Carolyn MacKenzie
Edith Livermore	Maria Theisen

TYPISTS

Sharelle Mayer	Elaine Sanguinetti
Mary Lu McGuire	Anne Werts



EDITORIAL

IN *The Heart of Man* the late English Dominican, Father Gerald Vann, surprisingly stated that the human heart is a hunger for the reality that is about us and beyond us. Often we have been told that truth is conformity to reality; often we have had the exhortation to "be realistic" thrown headlong at us from the Church, the State and society at large. The questioning, arguing, the doubting as to what reality is sometimes overwhelms, even dismays, for everywhere about us are contrasts and contradictions. In art, in literature, in music, in the people we meet we find the concrete expressions of reality—the reality "about us." To these the human heart reaches for understanding. We look at the explosives of Pollock, the commercial sobriety of Keane, the familiar solidity of Michelangelo; we read the jolting protests of James Baldwin, the shining peaceful gems of Haiku, the majestic grandeur of Milton; we hear the mathematical cacophony of electronic music, the sing-along rhythms of Joan Baez, the lyricism of a Beethoven pastoral symphony. In these, in more than these, we see constant contrast. And we see the need for contrast. For us, the young, the middle ground, the "via media"—which in this case is neutrality, not moderation—is often a flat and dusty road. We want to commit ourselves—and should. We should want to conquer even the minor mountains if not the major ones.

As we stand in the second half of the century it

benefits us to reflect upon the happenings of one year. It seems now as if all the events of history were refocused and relived in one short period. 1963–64 flashes through memory with meteoric impact, leaving searing and unerasable effects: the effects of loss, and the effects of gain. In Rome the “impossible” actuality of a world-watched modern Ecumenical Council came to be, inspired by the John who yearned only for “*pacem in terris*”—peace on earth. In America, land of the free, we saw the horrible re-visitation of the 1860’s in the restatement of injustice in civil rights. The year precipitated into events woven with bonds of blood, fear, and sorrow. We were “united” not only by geography and ideology, but by a common grief and pain in a tragedy of unbelievable wonder, in the reality of a November week never to be forgotten. These events seem more real now that they are past; they shall influence many of the decisions we make in the future. The spirit behind these events is the reality “beyond us” for which we stretch our understanding, seeking the reasons, the why’s. Only through the realities about us, through the realities beyond us can we perceive how many are the expressions of the one Truth, the Ultimate Reality, God Himself.

The intricate manifestations of truth we know now are woven with fear and sorrow. They are also woven with love and hope, and all are bound together in the fabric of ourselves. To this plain cloth we must add color when needed—this is the gain. Sometimes things must be torn from us, cuts made upon the

fabric—this is the loss. Always we must mend and repair as we go since there will never be time to stop and have our individual patterns redesigned. What we have gained, even somewhat reluctantly during this last year at college, what we have lost, will more than ever enable us to accept the varied expressions of the oneness of truth. Now may we realize that both emptiness and fullness—paradoxically—have the virtue of completeness and bring us ever closer to the satisfaction of that hunger of our human hearts.

S.C., '64



THE CLASS OF 1964

CAROL ACKERMAN

TO LOOK at Carol's 1920-ish coiffure and wide-eyed, pert, American good looks, one would never think that she had been a Continental *collégienne*; but so she was, for a semester, at the Sorbonne. Indeed, Carol has not the European temperament, but wide travels and cosmopolitan taste have excluded any provincial dullness from her life. Her sense of adventure leads her to welcome the new with eagerness: Egypt, the "youth-hostel" travel plan, and, finally, after her January graduation, a "career in the sky," as an airline hostess. A true contemporary individualist, Carol is filled with ideas about the woman's role in the present decades.

A look of suave sophistication and modernity conceals an inner Carol who has not quite come past shyness, not quite suppressed a love for prankish fun, not quite abandoned respect for the traditional. Though she appears aloof, Carol is tremendously excitable over the "fun things," and loves plays, exhibits, French books and records, and dancing, though non-Twist, parties. Furthermore, she would much rather accomplish tasks through a sense of duty than submit to force or outside pressure. Love of liberty is ennobled by the will to profit from her freedom.

If Carol should ever forsake her life aloft for a career on the ground, the Foreign Service, her first love, would acquire a true diplomat: poised, infinitely curious, and, of course, fluent in French.



CAROL LYNN ACKERMAN

Los Angeles, California

MAJOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

MINOR: FRENCH

Transferred from University of California, Berkeley '62

French Club '62, '63



MARY ANGELA ARGENTI
Redwood City, California

MAJOR: MUSIC
MINOR: ENGLISH

Carillon Staff '63
I.R.C. '61
Irish Club '62, '63
Music Club '63, '64
Vice-President '63, '64

Schola '61, '62, '63, '64
Social Committee '61
Spanish Club '61

MARY ARGENTI

SUZIE truly moves in a “rosy” aura: her cheeks glow when she wears her favorite pink suit, she treasures her abundance of pink-striped linen, and she views the world through glasses of a decidedly rosy tint, for Suzie is the sparkling-eyed optimist for whom the expectation of a happy ending is never soured by uncompromising reality.

Although laughter is the leitmotif of her life, varied sometimes by a pained “Oh, agony!” Suzie nevertheless turns to serious work in the “caverns” of Angelico with eagerness, fascinated by the intricacies of orchestration, harmony, and music history. Her flirtation with the music world has developed into a total commitment and her full soprano voice aptly expresses her moods: it serves her in happiness (which isn’t always ice cream) and frustration; it encompasses the moving Schubert or the mock-Wagnerian; it joins in an S.C.U. fight song or a lilt-ing duet—and is always distinctly apropos.

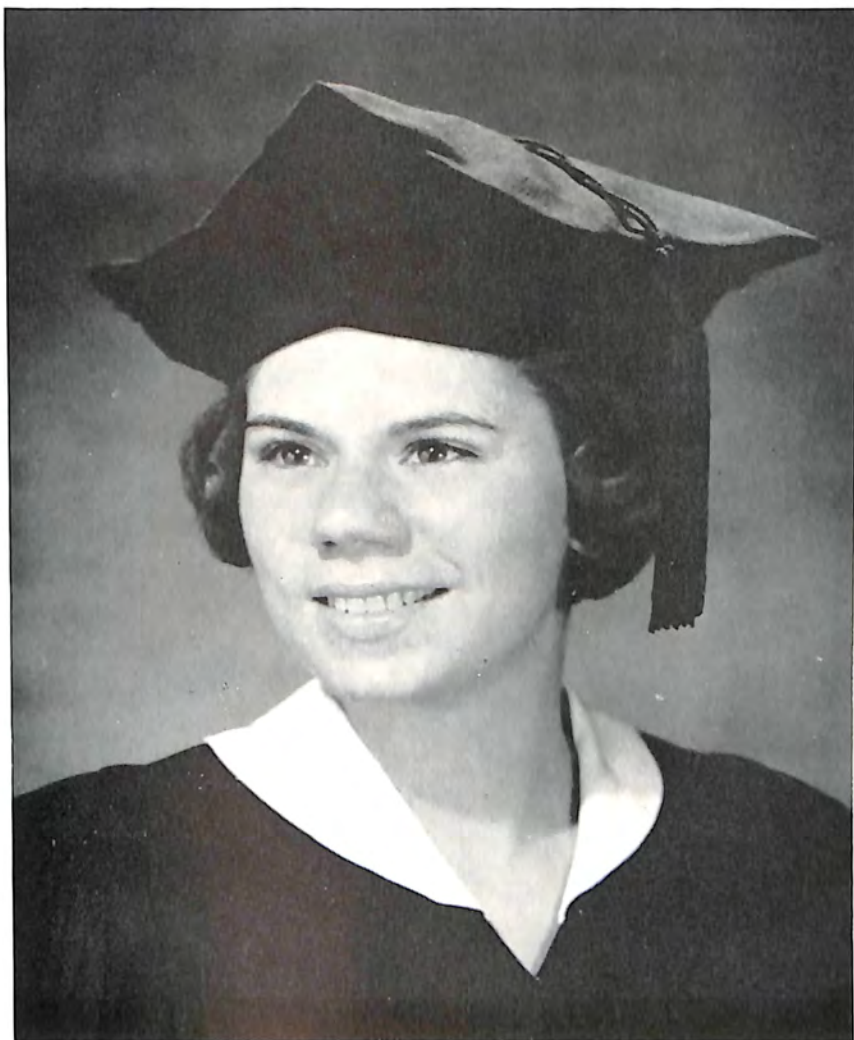
Suzie, singing, dancing, talking naturally, blooms in extra-campus activity. No matter where she goes, from Opera House to mixer, Suzie inevitably knows someone and deftly catches up common threads of interest with old acquaintances and new friends. This is a gift that she will use well in Florence when she continues her study there. Happily, Suzie is always in the mainstream of campus life: she is consistently cheerful as she “bops about” thoughtfully bringing idealism into everyone’s grasp.

PATRICIA ARNAUD

IN TRUE Gallic tradition Patricia's foremost consideration is her home and family. As "the boarder who is a day-hop at heart" Pat seldom fails to spend weekends and even weekdays in San Francisco or Corte Madera, shopping, cooking, or just relaxing. Daily she endeavors to bring an almost-like-home atmosphere to her North Wing room and so operates a "bottomless" flowered porcelain coffee-tea pot from which gallons of brew have poured during the last year. No one has a greater capacity for coffee consumption than Pat—after all it has carried her through a double minor in French and education, through a research project about the Russian proletariat, through countless French novels (or their English translations) and it deserves her loyalty.

Although Pat is a home-body, she is incurably addicted to travel and ready-to-go for an eleventh hour trip to the mail-box or for a revisitation of Paris. And several summers in Hawaii, besides increasing her taste for pineapple, have now turned her eyes toward the Orient. But organized and common-sensical Pat conscientiously finishes assignments in advance before planning trips and tours.

In fluent French, in matter-of-fact English, or in Jose Jimenez Spanglish, Pat is honest. She prefers *The Strugglers* to symphonies and says so. She strives to keep promises and even library fines are paid willingly. Never easily ruffled, Pat is a model of natural restraint and calm composure.

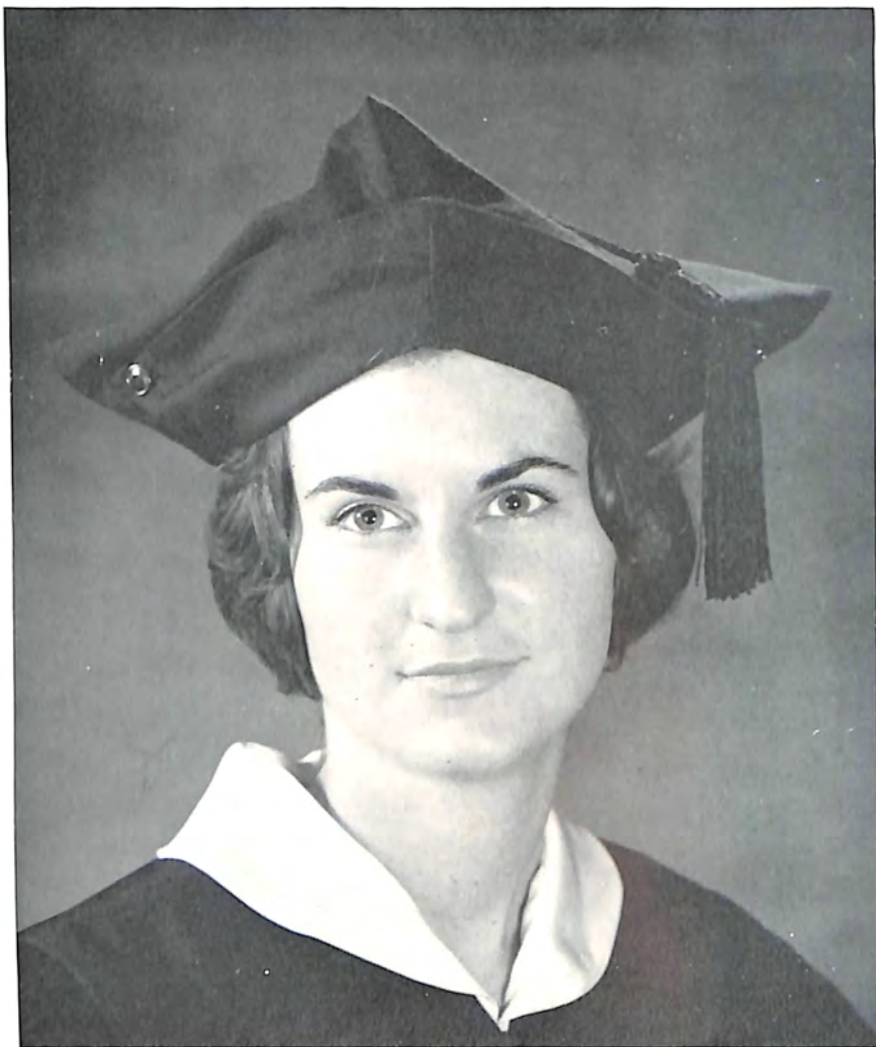


PATRICIA MARGUERITE ARNAUD
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: HISTORY
MINOR: FRENCH and EDUCATION

Choral '61, '62
French Club '61, '62, '63
Pi Delta Phi '63, '64

Schola '63
S.C.T.A. '62, '63, '64
Social Service '62



JOAN ANN BAROVETTO
Davis, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION
FIELD OF CONCENTRATION: EDUCATION

Class President '61
Italian Club '62, '63
President '63

Music Club '61, '62
S.C.F.A. '63, '64

JOAN BAROVETTO

JOANIE is always "on stage." A comic flair, fine sense of timing, and lack of inhibitions are all she needs to entertain. Joanie has endeared herself to countless Dominican dads with her annual rendition of "My Heart Belongs to Daddy," and few of her classmates will forget the freshman whose depiction of a certain advertisement overshadowed every witch at a Halloween party. Impersonations are her forte: she is a collegiate Carol Channing, Charleston included. Her British accent and mannerisms are as English as Big Ben, whose voice she can also emulate, yet her humor needs no props. She can appeal for class dues with the wistfulness of a hearthside Cinderella or the burlesqued pomposity of a Chairman of the Board. Her College Hour announcements are as unconventional in their delivery as they are effective: she rolls her eyes, contorts her face, bats her eyelashes, and another campus project is under way.

Joanie, however, never has to feign sophistication, for she possesses a suave ease of bearing, a graceful assurance of manner which mark her nonclowning appearances. The unmasked Joanie is deeply, almost painfully, conscientious, sometimes severe in her self-denunciations. Because of her sincerity and concern for others Joanie never clashes with her surroundings; she is never overbearing. Watching Joanie whirl through her days is rather like viewing a brass band: her presence is commanding, uplifting. With Joanie around, 76 trombones would be superfluous.

CLAIRE BARRETT

SOMETIMES breezy, sometimes intense, never in a hurry, yet forever in doubt about the time of day—Claire's personality flashes moods as mercurial as her sense of humor, yet she is rarely "moody" in the glowering sense. Her dislikes are vanquished with a reserved attitude and a sometimes caustic wit. The over-dramatized intensity of many a study hour has been levelled by Claire's repertoire of mimicry and monologue. Her sense of humor is dormant only when someone remarks upon the rich REDdish-gold of her hair.

She admits that she is easily bored by the daily routine of scholarly endeavor, and the abandonment of her history or education text is an almost reflex action when a bridge game or shopping trip is announced. Claire may be forgetful of assignments and class schedules occasionally, but never of the fact that, if not periodically straightened, her hair will curl. Claire is graceful, however, not just in her manner, but in the ease with which she coordinates her life as a "displaced" San Franciscan. The facile transition between the trench coated and loafered student and the Claire dressed for the Spinsters' Ball in the City is a study in "un-flurriedness."

Whether on tennis court or in Fanjeaux Lounge, Claire's presence is the embodiment of a good nature and sense of fun that assure the downfall of pessimism.



CLAIRE THERESA BARRETT

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: EDUCATION

Cavillon Staff '62
Irish Club '61, '62, '63
Meadowlark Staff '63

Music Club '61
Social Committee '63
S.C.F.A. '63, '64



RITA MARIE BEILHARZ

Los Gatos, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: FRENCH

Sophomore year: University of Seville

Woodrow Wilson Fellow

Gamma Sigma

Maxima cum laude

Firebrand Staff '61

Assistant Editor '61

Meadowlark Staff '63

Editor '63

Pi Delta Phi '64

Treasurer '61

Schola '63

Troupers '61

RITA BEILHARZ

SERENITY is her ultimate goal, an impracticable goal. Rita is an idealist, one whose ideals—of virtue, friendship, and learning—must be realized fully, personally, now. She seeks excellence with methodical intensity; she suffers. Sensitivity, diffidence, insight, and occasional mule-like stubbornness characterize all phases of her personality.

Never slip-shod, never apathetic, never satisfied with “good enough,” Rita possesses complete integrity as a person and as a scholar. She is a scholar; no one but Rita denies it. Disregard her racked “but I just don’t know anything”; by any objective standard she has attained rare depth, breadth, and love of knowledge.

That Rita rejoices in composing music and in following rainbows, cats, fugues, and W. B. Yeats is not surprising. Nor is it really startling that an intense spirit finds release in bounding mock-ballet or farce. Often her sense of fun expresses itself in polysyllabic almost-logic or in precise, preposterous aphorisms. (“African violets are insufferably smug!”)

Friendship shares ideas, joys, frustrations (ideals can be elusive), mutually savored jokes, catchwords. One of the most beautiful aspects of Rita’s friendship is that, in knowing her, it is impossible to avoid sharing her idealism, joining her in pursuit of the good—probably to the tune of some nonsensical song composed for the occasion.

DONNA BERTUCELLI

THE PATIENCE and care that Donna used to create two old-fashioned patchwork bedspreads last summer are matched by her congeniality and understanding. Though not a leader, Donna contributes to a group the stable perspective of one who finds happiness in the simple and undramatic. For example, Donna takes genuine pride in cleaning her room. Sewing, whether on satin or wool finds her humming contentedly, while the secretive hustling of laundry to be ironed for someone else is rewarded with delightful satisfaction at her surprise. An admiration for two-story houses, a desire for unusual stationery, a dislike for non-neat mosquitoes, combine in this over-all illusion of unruffled domesticity.

And then there are the Giants. As red joins white in a patchwork design, Donna's exuberant enthusiasm for The Team joins her less boisterous pursuits. She follows every game by radio, and broadcasts results with knee-slapping glee for victory, crying "Now wait a minute!" at dissenters. Likewise, a mischievous glint comes to her brown eyes as she discusses plans with other *paisani* for a dance or trip home to Stockton.

By uniting calmness and action, Donna puts to practice the theories of sociology. With Donna any outer indication of shy personal sensitiveness lies quietly hidden under a generosity that channels interest away from herself toward others "con amore."



DONNA LEE BERTUCELLI

Stockton, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: EDUCATION

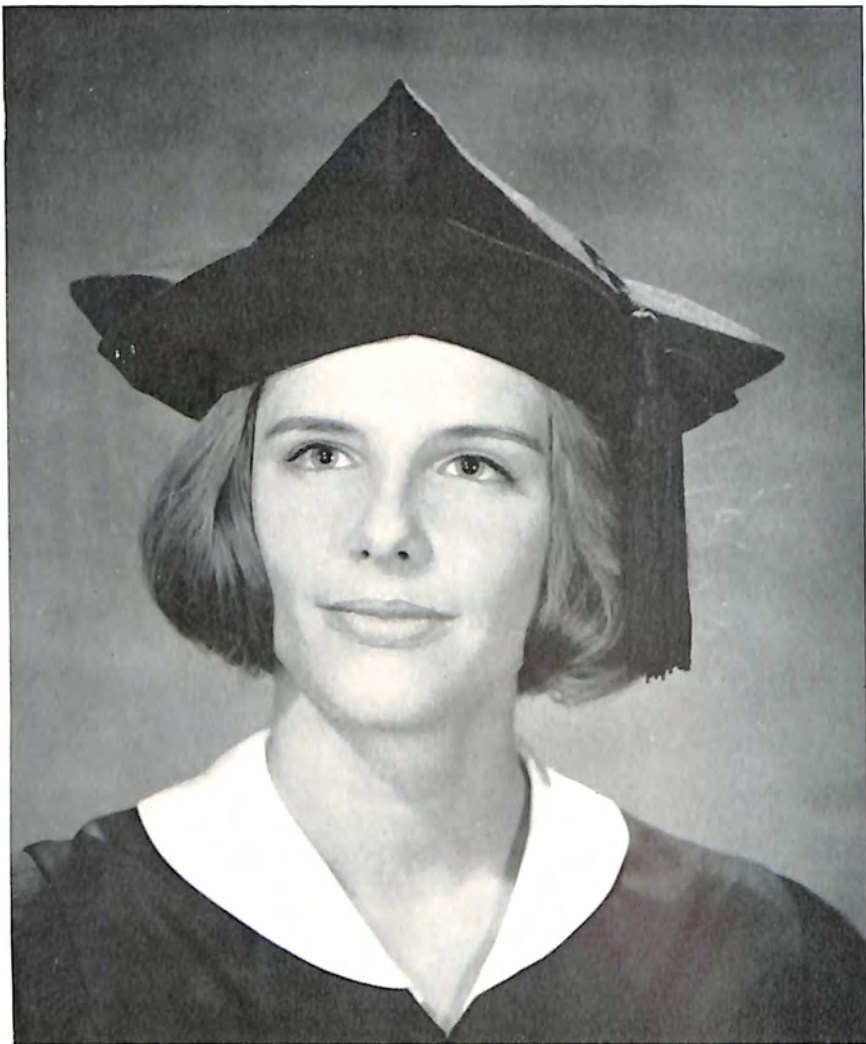
Transferred from Stockton College, Stockton '62

Italian Club '63

Madrigal '63

Music Club '63

Social Service '63



ELLEN STORY BOONE
Portland, Oregon

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION
FIELD OF CONCENTRATION: LITERATURE

Choral '61

Irish Club '61

ELLEN BOONE

FOR TORY all seasons are merry; all hours are gay. She whirls through her days as if on a merry-go-round, and her presence brings a tang like that of peppermint—fresh and delightful—to any group. Long-legged and lithe, she more often skips than walks; she frequently approaches coltishness. Appropriately, her smile dominates her features: it is brilliant, unaffected, and ever-ready. Laughter forms a part of the atmosphere in which Tory lives. Tory expects the unexpected, and with good reason, for her vivacity seems to invite surprises. If a trip to Europe was an adventure, a walk to the bookstore is at least a minor event. She always takes a giant step.

Not of a scholarly bent, Tory however possesses an inventiveness of mind that would qualify her for the role of fairy godmother. She has been known to “invent” the French language anew, with an accent and fluidity that would have deceived the French Academy: all of it, non-words, gestures, and inflection as Parisian as her native Portland.

She is intrigued by the gossamer brightness of F. Scott Fitzgerald’s “Golden Era,” yet is perceptive enough to see its darker undercurrents. So too, as a lover of good times and occasional flightiness, Tory is never so frivolous as to slight another, and her kindness is as spontaneous as her smile. Tory, briefly, is never blasé.

JUDITH BOSS

PASTELS and small stripes and whimsey reinforced by an illuminating smile seem in opposition to Judy's organized and hard-headed efficiency. Following the straightforward motto of "a lot in a little" Judy has proved the effectiveness of such policy by obtaining both diploma and credential in three and a half years while maintaining a droll, and slightly off-beat sense of humor. In despite of a classroom reserve, Judy has marched through the Grove, tri-color flag over her shoulder celebrating the glory of La Belle France; she has automobilized her way across the United States with Carolina Clare and she has tunefully plunked the lead instrument of the Gut Bucket Band. Her determination to "get things done thoroughly and well" shows as she studies on the front porch of her Grand Avenue home, voices her participation in campus government, or undauntedly carries through a project so daring as the "See San Francisco on a Dollar" scheme.

Judy ably garners an abundance of happiness from a minimum of expenditure; there is much satisfaction in a breakfast of French bread and cheese or in a re-reading of *Le Petit Prince*, but a quiet walk and picnic with her fiance bring the quietest and deepest content. In all things big and little, Judy's goodness is as freshly bright as her blond hair and as confidently unassumed as the religious sincerity her humor never contradicts but only enriches.

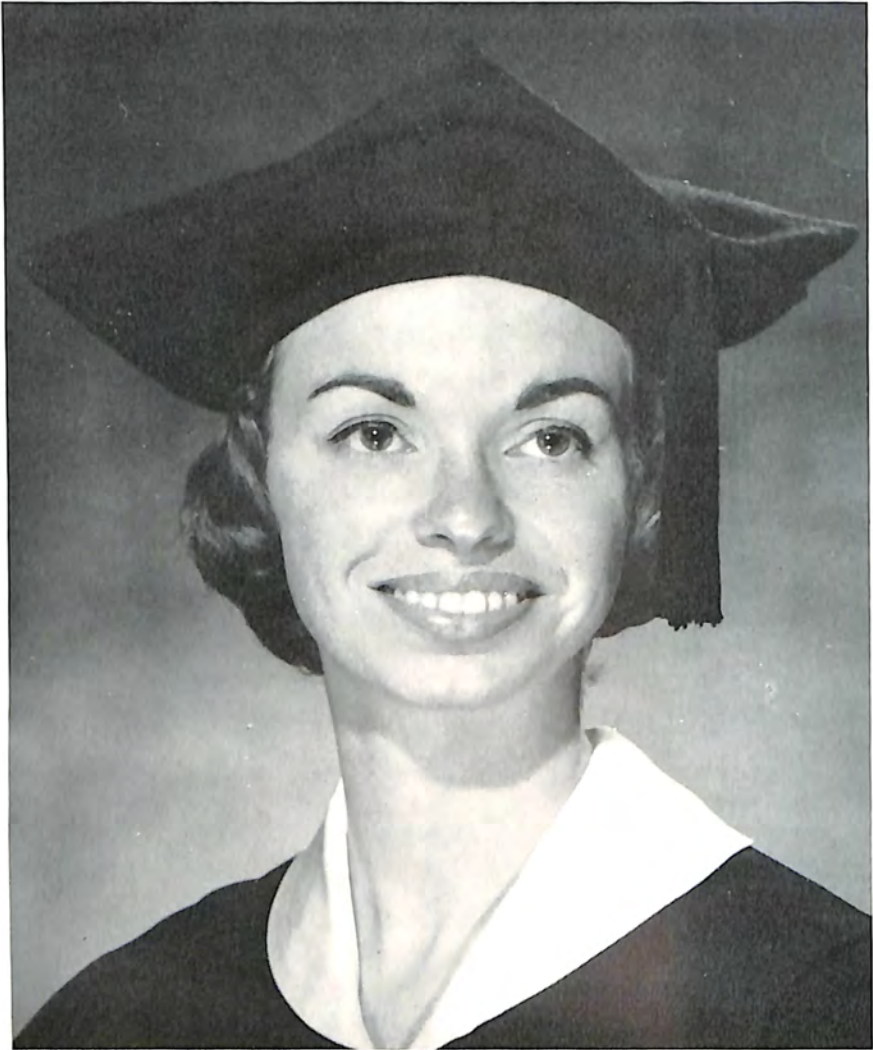


JUDITH MARIE BOSS
San Rafael, California

MAJOR: FRENCH
MINOR: EDUCATION

Gamma Sigma
Cum laude
Executive Board '63
Model U.N. '62

Pi Delta Phi '63, '64
Red Cross Chairman '62
Social Committee '61, '62, '63
Social Chairman '63



LINDA LEONE BRICHER

Eugene, Oregon

MAJOR: MUSIC

MINOR: FRENCH

French Club '61

Music Club '60, '62, '63, '61

LINDA BRICHER

STRAWBERRY blonde head bent over the keyboard, eyes scanning critically a Beethoven orchestral score, ear trained appraisingly to a recording of Glenn Gould playing Bach: Linda is electrically alert to all things musical. In the classroom, Linda's high-keyed presence creates a magnetism which, fortunately, she has always been able to communicate.

Musically, Linda apprehends the new in advance of her colleagues, many of whom have not yet caught up with Stravinsky. On the other hand, she has not yet overcome her fear of octaves. But Linda has the broad view. Never one to sing the "all work, no play" theme, she cherishes many non-musical interests: horseback riding, French novels, and an entertainment she fondly labels, "Dinner for Two."

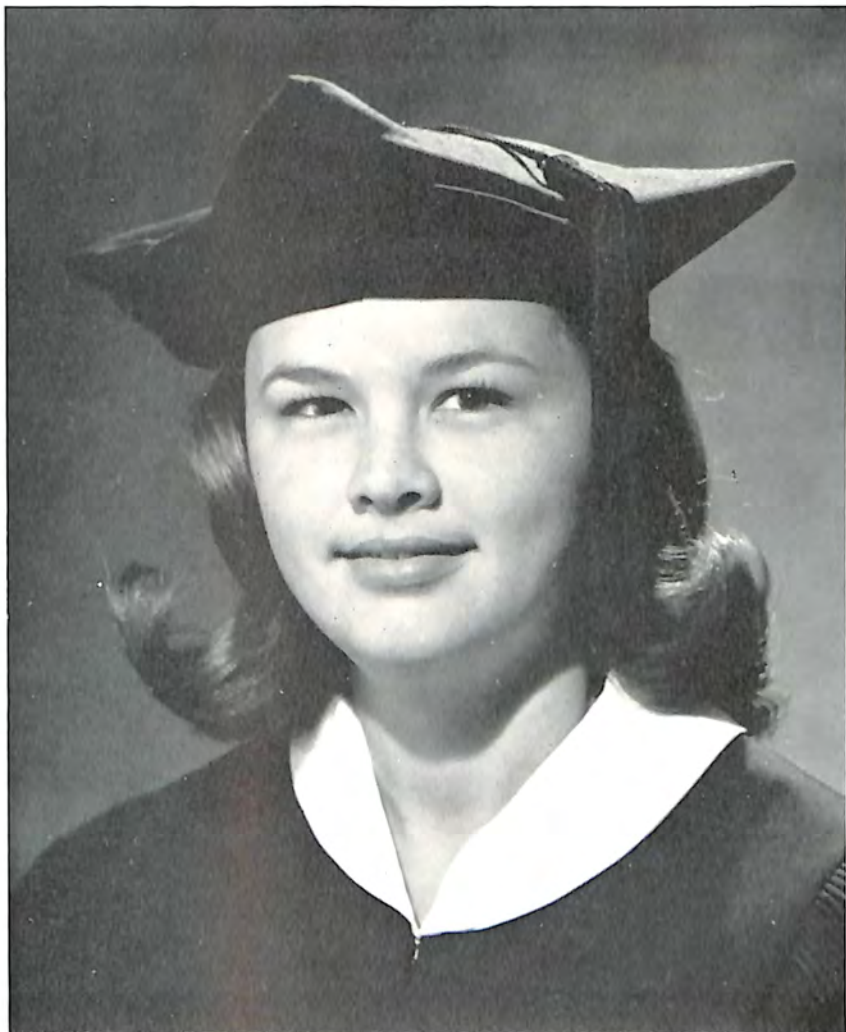
Linda is a personality with a positive charge. People who know her well praise her for her loyalty to principle, her liberality, level-headedness, industry and purpose. But there is indeed something electric about Linda. Moods are flashes, smiles are brilliant and transient illuminations of a high-tension world. Witty sallies are electric shocks; and there are endless undercurrents, crossing and colliding. When she is interested, Linda never gives less than her all. Perhaps the eyes have it: one always feels that Linda's flares of temper will produce visible, and tangible, sparks. Perhaps they would, if Linda did not make such an effort to be equable.

ANN CLARK

THE "ALOHA!" ringing down the Pennafort halls could come only from Annie. Tall, bronzed, coconut-hatted and muu-muued, she steps out of her rooms to display new Hawaiian decorations. Or, hair piled elegantly, Ann emerges in cocktail sheath for dinner in Caleruega. Always she is spontaneous. One arm around a friend, she asks permission to "tell ya something" about surfing at Waikiki, Ernie Heckshire's music, her beloved Giants or 49'ers, or Notre Dame, Indiana. A part of her belongs to everyone she meets. She responds to the painstaking note of a fifth-grader, to the timidity of an elderly gentleman secretly tickled by Annie's expansive personality, to the foreign student who wonders how an American girl could be so interested in China or Italy. A flood of tears accompanies a sad movie, the dreadful thought of a farewell, the memory of a friend's wedding; Annie is unreservedly and indiscriminately sympathetic.

"Mixed-up and crazy" Annie tolerates the mistakes of others. Whether it be a bus that leaves two hours early or a date that arrives two hours late, Annie knows how to overcome every obstacle with relative self-possession. She knits together; she never tears apart.

Success in life, as in the molding of a vase on the potter's wheel, takes strength, honesty, coaxing, a bit of rashness. Annie knows this. She once borrowed a dime from Father Blank.



ANN ESTELLE CLARK
Stockton, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION
FIELD OF CONCENTRATION: LITERATURE

Art Club '61
Cavillon Staff '61, '62
Executive Board '63, '64
Italian Club '61, '62, '63
Secretary '62
Music Club '61, '62, '63

S.C.T.A. '63
Social Committee '64
Social Chairman '64
W.A.A. Board '63
President '63



CATHERINE JEANNETTE CLARK

Alameda, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: EDUCATION

Transferred from College of Notre Dame, Belmont '61

Schola '63, '64
Third Order '63, '64
Troupers '62

Madrigal '62
Music Club '62
S.C.T.A. '63, '64

CATHERINE CLARK

PURSE in hand, red hood on head, Cathy launches into the day armed with plans, books, and a prayer. If Cathy appears absent-minded as she bobs her head and adjusts her glasses in a mid-morning greeting, she may be engrossed with the pattern and symbol of the immediate scene or a private appreciation of Chaucer's quiet clerk. Unexpectedly she may exclaim, "De Colores!" at the sight of a crisp burnt-red autumn leaf.

Slow to speak in common talk, Cathy is adept in theological or philosophical discussion. Insisting on approaching the listener through his own door, Cathy often finds herself, amusingly, exemplifying abstract ideas in an analogical triviality. "Details" are Cathy's cross and crown; she loves the simple repetition and variation of Gregorian chant, the plain, uncluttered symbolism of the new liturgical movement; she loves the homey comfort of "peasanty things," but loathes the disconnected and meaningless detail.

Achieving responsibility, for Cathy, is like "fixing the holes in a leaky squirt gun." When dismayed by the non-essential, Cathy mutters "Blast it!" With a wry grin she hangs on in pursuit of truth. Cathy has the ability to laugh last, though late, and to laugh at her own naïveté. Plans, books, and prayer conceal a private pleasure in all things great and small, whatsoever they be, God's creatures. Cathy is a Christian epicure.

LYNDA CLARK

WHEN THINKING of Lynda, one is tempted to endow her with the Scout virtues; for she is loyal, trustworthy, friendly, helpful, courteous, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean, and reverent—well, almost always reverent. Indeed, she is periodically dubbed with the hated quality of “wholesomeness.” She is not, however, particularly reverent about Scouts, and spent a memorably short stay among the Brownies. And those who categorize her as a barefoot tomboy who would be contented sitting the rest of her life out by the river, chewing on a straw and whistling a Hank Williams tune, neglect Lynda the student, Lynda the humanitarian, and Lynda the poised young lady of fashion.

Lynda's charm is a lasting charm. She is adaptable to most temperaments, at ease in most situations, competent at most tasks. She has an easy femininity, so genuine that it must be called *womanliness*. Her rich, low voice pleases the ear as her smile delights the eye and the heart.

As Lynda's lovely “grandmother-knitted” sweaters and vogueish evening clothes complement her taste, so do her womanly graces aid her in her generous desires to help the less fortunate. She spent the summer growing wiser among emotionally disturbed children, and hopes to continue these missions of good will as a welfare worker. She remembers her experiences with much pleasure and satisfaction. But when you dine with Lynda, *don't bang the silverware!*



LYNDA ELIZABETH CLARK

Phoenix, Arizona

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: HISTORY

Transferred from University of California, Santa Barbara '61

A.S.D.C. Parliamentarian '64

Class President '63

Executive Board '63, '64

Irish Club '62, '63

I.R.C. '62, '63

Model U.N. '63

Social Service '62, '63



ELLEN MARY COSTELLO
Larkspur, California

MAJOR: HISTORY
MINOR: ART HISTORY

Art Club '62, '63, '64
French Club '62
I.R.C. '63

Irish Club '63
Social Committee '63
Social Service '63

ELLEN COSTELLO

ELLEN is at once a conscientious woman and a carefree school girl. She is a lady in the most enviable sense: she possesses femininity without affectation. As a model in a fashion show, as the hostess for a bridal shower, Ellen is the essence of elegance, an essence which allies with the silver strands streaking her dark hair. There is always a thoroughness in whatever Ellen sets out to do. In studying she ambitiously strives to perfect an art project or to trace the lineage of European monarchs; on her perpetual diet, she makes ample room for bubble gum, and spoonfuls of peanut butter or mustard. No one relishes "good times" water skiing at Lake Tahoe more than Ellen. She plunges into activity with gusto.

Her poise and confidence camouflage Ellen's main fault: self-criticism. To see her with those with whom she is comfortable and relaxed is, however, to see displayed her talent for impromptu slapstick—such as dancing a dead-pan Charleston in silver costume and shoes, that match the silver in her hair, she says.

When asking an opinion, Ellen expects frankness, and, in turn, her own to-the-point criticisms are usually things which need saying. "Emily" will respond to almost any statement with an "Are you serious?" and whether you are or not, she is interested in what is being said . . . unless it is a suggestion that she is not really Irish, but Italian.

SHARON CROSS

SHARON is blonde, gentle, clear-voiced, clear-eyed. As she strides across campus, scarfed head bowed and shoulders hunched against the wind, she possesses the pensive air of one whose reasoned determination to achieve order in her life mirrors an inner tranquility and maturity of character.

Sensitivity to sights, sounds, feelings, experiences, makes Sharon's attraction to beauty more fruitful than most. A former resident of Edgehill, Sharon never ascends the slope without a wistfully appreciative glance at the cedars and the hawthorn. Springtime acacia on the hillside, or the venerable old clock in the hallway, may inspire a poem, a charcoal drawing, a water-color greeting card for someone special, a well-performed dramatic role. She dislikes loud and jarring voices. Possibly her own voice is her most attractive characteristic: pleasant, slightly hesitant, high and girlishly emphatic when excited; given to humming or whistling, or simply to expressing a delightful personality with a quaintly Latinate vocabulary gradually submitting to the infiltration of Japanese. For the native San Franciscan's interest in the Orient has deepened in Sharon into a whole-souled appreciation of an ideally harmonious way of life.

Sharon has always been happily able to coordinate her dreams and her sensibilities with straight-backed, studious efficiency over a book or a ditto machine. She will probably achieve the perfect balance between the active and the contemplative life.



SHARON LESLIE CROSS

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: LATIN

Firebrand Staff '61
Editor '61
Art Club '61
Absence Committee '62
Madrigal '63

Social Service '62
Troupers '61, '62, '63, '64
Treasurer '63
Vice-President '61



LORETTA FRANCES DARR
Georgetown, California

MAJOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE
MINOR: HISTORY

Choral '61
I.R.C. '61, '62, 63, '61

Model U.N. '61
W.A.A. Board '62

LORETTA DARR

LORETTA is one of those unusual people who can spend her afternoons at the bridge table, her evenings in front of the television screen, special occasions at the Edinburgh Castle or the Red Garter and idle moments in chat or discussion, and still remain knowledgeable, alert, and up-to-date. Her intellect is adjusted to question, answer, and argument, and she does not let the newspaper, with its daily burden of current events, escape her glance. The weightiness of Russian literature or the quirks of Siamese cats occupy the rest of her free time. Her straightforward presentation of facts and opinions is an invaluable pre-final asset, and such occasions often find her the nucleus of a lively theology or history seminar in the smokeroom or the Grove, as in the past year they found her in the Edgehill kitchen.

On less crucial days, Loretta will be at the bridge table, counting points and slapping down cards with a certain frightening finality and a high, mirthless laugh which elicits groans from flustered partners—until they note the gleam in her brown eye. Skillful coaching on the fine points of Mr. Goren makes the greenest newcomer feel at ease.

I.R.C. meetings, M.U.N. conventions, impromptu debates on politics: these afford Loretta the opportunity to air her opinions diplomatically and to learn from the opinion of others. The Foreign Service may one day profit from her talents.

ELIZABETH DEVEREAUX

Liz is an adventurer in the true Romantic spirit. Brown hair falling freely, a jaunty scarf knotted loosely and flung over one shoulder, she exhibits characteristic flair. Sometimes flamboyant, often dilatory, Liz is a montage of the zealous movements, stirring colors, and ardent tonalities typical of her own canvases.

Conversationally animated or thoughtful by turns, Liz may rattle off Viennese slang while relating some "happening" of her hitchhiking tour through Europe; the next moment, elucidate with studied deliberation some obscure aspect of a Grimm's fairy tale. Her explorations are marked by a persistent, almost dogged determination; frequent use of the interrogative "why" makes sessions with Liz an exhilarating if often draining experience.

Both in art and life Liz relishes the role of discoverer, and with a lofty disregard for the conventional, she moves through a series of once-upon-a-time adventures crowned by an overnight sojourn at a Liechtenstein castle. A free spirit given to expressing herself unconventionally, Liz is a candle-burner who dresses up for convent mass on Sundays, wears hats regularly, and sings exultantly whatever the hour. Alive to the possibilities of the moment and possessed of an almost reckless exuberance, she has a natural capacity for spontaneous and whole-hearted response. For Liz every encounter is an engaging adventure full of the "challenge and excitement of the unknown."



ELIZABETH FRANCES DEVEREAUX

Long Beach, California

MAJOR: ART
MINOR: GERMAN

Junior Year: University of Vienna

Art Club '61
German Club '62
Music Club '61, '62

Schola '61, '62
Social Committee '61



WINNIE WAI-PING DOO

Hong Kong

MAJOR: ECONOMICS

MINOR: SOCIOLOGY

Choral '61
Foreign Students' Club '61, '62, '63, '64

Madrigal '63
Schola '63

WINNIE DOO

THE DOMINANT chord of Winnie's personality is one of Oriental serenity, frequently set into high relief by notes of Occidental animation. Her tranquillity is ruffled only by a lack of mail from home or by disorder in her surroundings. Since both are rare, Winnie moves through her days with enviable efficiency and confidence.

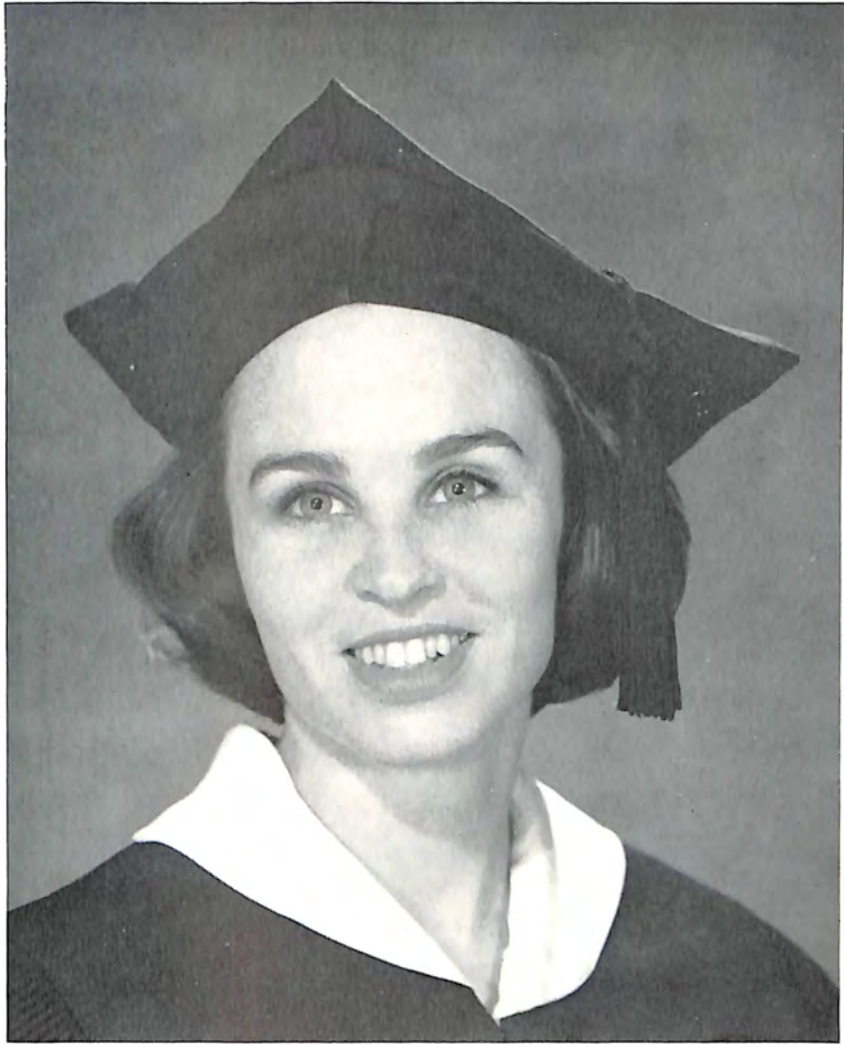
Winnie, slenderly elegant in silk *cheong sam* presents with dimpled smile the model of an international young woman. Widely travelled in the Orient and in the United States, she usefully incorporates her experience into the study of economics, foreign and domestic. Distance has never been an obstacle to Winnie while she maintains close ties with her family in Hong Kong. Although she has adapted to her new life in America, there is seldom any discord between the old and the new; both have become a part of Winnie who announced her engagement to Wilson at a Pennafort candle-lighting ceremony and presented her classmates with Chinese fortune cookies containing the joyful news. She relishes the traditional American hot dog, movies, and 49'er football games, yet she retains her ability to prepare magnificent Chinese dinners.

Chats in her native language with fellow students from China are supplemented by an easy command of English; a "What do you mean by that?" simply indicates that Winnie has added another bit of Americana to her varied vocabulary for her equally varied, rich life.

GAIL DOWNEY

GAIL shatters the “pseudo”—attitudes, affectations, egos that would themselves shatter a person with a less balanced sense of the fitness of things. With a quiet presence and a fierce intensity she wars on the assumed and contrived and is her own best argument against hypocrisy. Looking sufficiently waif-like to qualify for the cast of *Oliver!*, Gail is so firmly grounded in the “real world” that it is doubtful if her feet would leave the ground even if she were clutching a handful of balloons.

If living in the Castle of Otranto, Gail would tolerate neither walking statues nor clanking chains, and the secret passages would undoubtedly be re-decorated in sunny yellow. She is not anti-Romantic, but rather anti-sentimental, battling against the glorification of the undeserving, crusading against untruths and half-truths. Typically, Gail considers children neither cute nor bothersome, but maturing persons. Assured of her own integrity, she respects both that of children and of her contemporaries with a naturalness that is quickly reciprocated. In discussion, her ingenuous demeanor fades in the force of maturity as she gives her opinions with a clarity that suggests she has an outline—with appropriate historical references—before her. Gail is elusive, at once old and young, and the complex of her personality is for others to unravel. She will rarely aid in its untanglement.

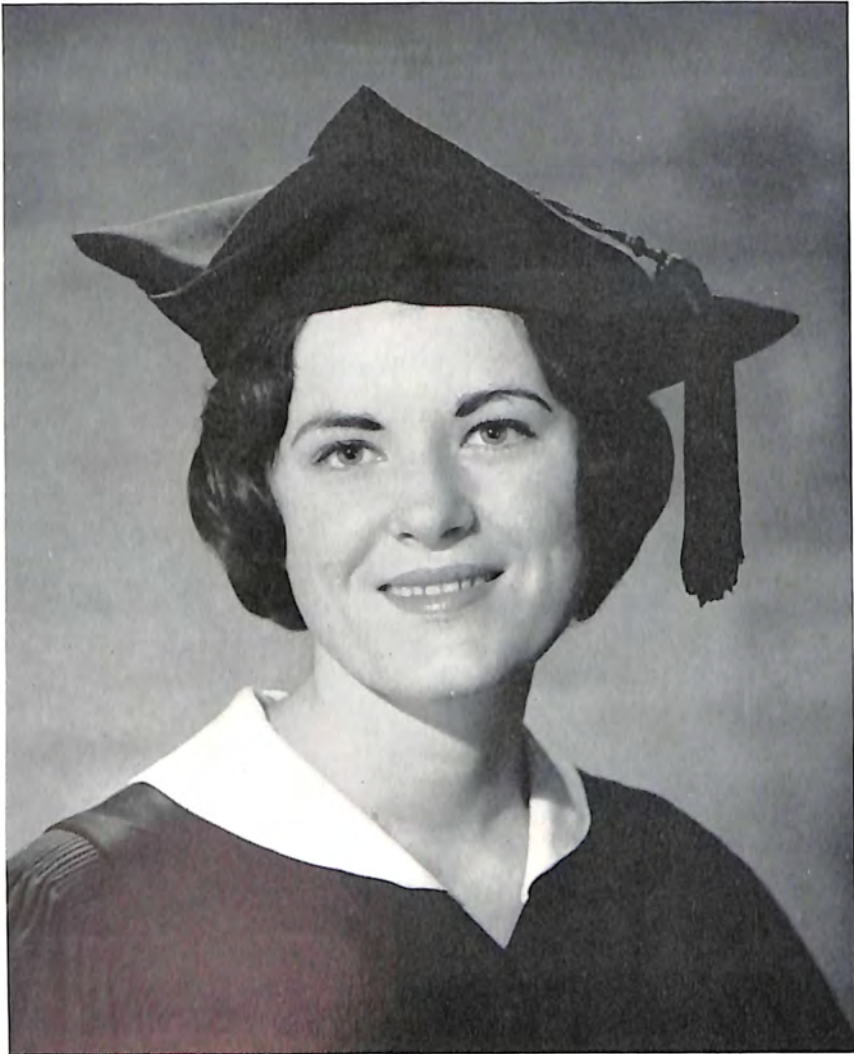


GAIL MARIE DOWNEY
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: HISTORY
MINOR: EDUCATION

Irish Club '63, '64
S.C.T.A. '63

Social Service '63



JOLEEN ANN DROBNICK
Littleton, Colorado

MAJOR: ENGLISH
MINOR: EDUCATION

Transferred from University of Colorado '62

Madrigal '63
Music Club '63

S.C.T.A. '63, '64
Social Service '63

JOLEEN DROBNICK

Jo seems to live life with scattered intensity. Feigning indifference, pushing problems aside with a brittle laugh or a flat, twanging, Colorado phrase, Jo betrays with a start of surprise, or a full-sailed dash toward the nearest source of excitement, her innate capacity to become involved. Whether she is cheering on "Emil Sicily" with unbridled shrieks at the turtle races, pouring over her Air Force Academy yearbook, or running between rooms with the latest "food for thought," Jo is effervescent and constantly reactive. Only in the before-breakfast hours do her blank expression and uncertain step give a distinct appearance of oblivion.

Jo has any number of feminine traits which impel her momentarily in certain directions. But these are ambiguous qualities. A part of Jo is "enfantine": she fears insects and busy streets, becomes moody over an empty mailbox, over soft yellow roses, enthusiastic on cable-cars, and gleeful with an ice-cream cone. But there is a deeper level of genuine womanliness. Jo collects poetry, even writes some for herself. She dislikes dependence, but fears to be lonely. She can pour out her heart to a friend, and the next minute, become the most patient of confidantes.

Jo will return to Dominican next year to work for her elementary credential. She is certain she will eventually teach. She is not quite decided about the interim.

VIRGINIA DRULINER

JINI is alive with enthusiastic ambition. She is independent, knowledgeable-about-many-things, self-assured, warm-hearted and witty—with an occasional dash of sarcasm. A political science major, she has no qualms whatever about argument on a national or local scale. Her political position she supports with concern, conviction and all the rhetorical colors. She argues her socio-economic theories as deftly as she sings out the dynamic tones of a new Mass, for whatever Jini's major, her avocation is music. Her musical "loves" encompass everything from Bach and Vivaldi to the Modern Jazz Quartet and the Beatles. Particularly ecstatic is her response to Schola; Mr. Ienni calls forth her flamboyant best.

Vibrantly authentic herself, Jini detects the least taint of phoniness in a situation or personality—and detecting it, she laughs it away. She herself is earnest about the essentials. Although non-class time is spent attending Schola practices, working at the Alemany Library circulation desk, or at Penny's during after-school hours, Jini is periodically seized with sudden fear that she *just may* turn out to be the eternal teenager, that her travel experience *just may* never stretch beyond the San Rafael-Ukiah route, that she *just may* have no accomplishments by middle age. Preposterous of course; Jini is one of us most likely to succeed. Only her inability to rise for an 8:15 class gives cause for concern.



VIRGINIA DRULINER
Ukiah, California

MAJOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE
MINOR: ENGLISH

I.R.C. '61, '62

Schola '61, '62, '63, '64



MARY SUSAN EGGERS
Sioux Falls, South Dakota

MAJOR: ENGLISH
MINOR: ART HISTORY

French Club '61
I.R.C. '61
Meadowlark Staff '63
Business Manager '63
W.A.A. Board '63

Class Vice-President '61
Absence Committee '63
Carillon Staff '62, '63
Firebrand Staff, '61
Business Manager '61

SUSAN EGGERS

HAPPINESS is a girl named Susie whose sunny disposition is aptly mirrored by her blonde hair, propensity for yellow clothes and comfortable smile.

Essentially a Christian young woman, Susie is motivated by a deep sense of charity. She is unpretentious about her own abilities. Her mind, quick at association, renders the most blasé things funny; her subtle and dry sense of humor can picture Dante at a mixer. She has a tendency for humorous experiences and a taste that encompasses everything from Lebanese pastry to Joe's hamburgers. She indulges her passion for journalism in the morning paper, but looks to Shakespeare's sonnets for bedtime relaxation.

Identified as the girl from South Dakota, Susie is dedicated to half seriously pointing out the merits of her native state in incongruous situations. Ultimately, her affection for South Dakota stems from her deep sense of family unity which she has fondly incorporated into her life at Dominican.

Susie is a quiet and effective influence who by her native affability and generosity attracts and activates. She patterns her life as well as her clothes on a quaint simplicity perhaps best reflected in a typical remark: "My idea of heaven is to be a taster in a Swiss cheese factory." A catalyst, Susie sparks the group to laughter and quietly superimposes on it her own consistent good humor.

REKA FEKETEKUTY

REKA wages a mock war with the world and specifically with American non-culture. With the fury and outraged indignation of a Valkyrie, she advances like a phalanx on the illogical, the frivolous, the inane. For Reka every encounter is a skirmish. Her scythe-like independence cuts a swath through rules and customs she considers inhibiting. A monolith in her opinions, she stands proudly and firmly without the superfluous buttressing of public support. Girded against banality with barbed irony, against dullness with acuity and learning, she defies conformity. Reka takes a perverse delight in striking a discordant note, and can quibble with the exasperating casuistry of a Jesuit-turned-heretic.

Impatient with pretense, she is alienated by the foibles of human behavior, and holds steadily to a self-chosen norm. Tangential to the campus and its involvements, she has forged a unique program of self-education. Her self-sufficiency is fortified by a cordon of interests that assures unassailability. The same uncompromising spirit that grapples with ideas responds unflinchingly to the rigors of nature, as when she passed a week in the wilds with a supply of apples and cheese.

In America Reka sees vitality, curiosity, and forthrightness. One might say she has found here many of her own qualities; but these remain only a part of a complex totality. She feels herself, and rightly so, a citizen of the world.



REKA FEKETEKUTY
Munich, Germany

MAJOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE
MINOR: ART HISTORY

Foreign Students' Club '61



KATHLEEN ANN FLANAGAN

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: MATHEMATICS

MINOR: LATIN

Class Treasurer '63

N.F.C.C.S. '63, '64

Regional Secretary '61

Senior Delegate '63

Executive Board '63, '64

House Regulations Chairman '61

Irish Club '61, '62

Meadowlark Staff '63, '64

S.C.T.A. '63

Social Committee '61

Student Affairs Board '61

Troupers '62

KATHLEEN FLANAGAN

THE TRANSLATION of symbols, Latin or mathematical, evidences Kathie's steady, rational approach to any kind of perplexity. Prepared with neatly annotated binder and plastic pencil bag, Kathie is ever-ready to recount the history of the Germanic people, calculate the value of lines and squares, or invent lesson units for education projects. Rational but afraid to rationalize, Kathie completes assignments promptly in order to check them off her mental list of things to be done, a habit resulting in a "don't worry" attitude. The noble Roman virtues of practicality and promptitude are aided by her alarm clock set fifteen minutes ahead. Seldom does taffy-haired Kathie find any situation over which she presides, including the typing of NFCCS stencils, "too much."

On the other side of the *sesterce*, Kathie is casually feminine whether clicking knitting needles, tapping well-manicured nails on the bridge table, or gabbing about weddings, dances and meetings. Giggles go unstifled when she converses with "Benedict," her bilingual, chartreuse parakeet and roommate of two years or as she wings her way across the bridge each Friday in her blue Thunderbird, seeking diversion from the week's sessions of parabolas and parallels. Hoping to pursue graduate study in mathematics, Kathie views her future in secondary teaching as a product of careful planning that can wisely incorporate any unforeseen alterations as benefits rather than as obstacles.

FRANCESCA GUHEEN

FRAN's decision to major in Art is characteristic of her attitude toward college in general. Art is both creative and enjoyable, besides having the fewest morning classes. But Fran is neither flippant nor cavalier in her schoolwork. In the past two years her ability at easel and drawing board has flowered; now she becomes as excited over a new abstract as she does at football games, and Fran's enthusiasm at games is legendary. If awards were given to spectators, Fran would surely be All-American. During the season she never misses a game (where she admits, she does cheer the coach more than the team) at her favorite Saint Ignatius High in San Francisco. Yet she is not always on the sidelines; she is a lively participant in the activities of the Irish Club, and on her family's waterskiing vacations to Clear Lake.

If Fran has ever spent a weekend on campus, neither she nor her classmates can mark the date. She is definitely a City-oriented individual and frequent mid-week excursions to San Francisco provide the contrast and perspective she deems necessary for her campus days.

Those days, filled as they are with good-natured witticism and laughter, are tempered by her love of good sportsmanship, a value reflected in her own honesty and sincerity. Her casual manner masks a tenacious hold on the values she has chosen. Significantly, these are the values of a lady, and even at rallies, Fran never forgets her role.



FRANCESCA ELISE GUHEEN

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: EDUCATION

Art Club '61
Irish Club '62, '63, '64
Secretary-Treasurer '62
President '63

Music Club '61
S.C.F.A. '63, '64
Social Committee '61, '62
Troupers '61



MARGARET JEAN HARLOW
Sacramento, California

MAJOR: HISTORY
MINOR: EDUCATION

Absence Committee '63
I.R.C. '62

Irish Club '62
S.C.T.A. '63, '64

MARGARET HARLOW

BLACK WAVY HAIR framing an apple-cheeked face casts Peggy as the light-hearted lass from the Ould Sod. Wit and charm added, she is one of that rare breed of people who appear perennially happy. She is not, of course, but Peggy is too selfless to impose her problems on others, and the face she turns to the world is a smiling one. Despite her languid appearance, Peggy is action personified, dedicating as much energy and vitality to her gleeful rooting at soccer games and to her waterskiing as to her schoolwork. Her career in the Education department has been marked by meticulous assignments and lesson plans completed days before the deadline.

A pre-collegiate jaunt through Europe gave Peg a love of contemporary European history and art: the time spent on "extra-curricular" reading in these subjects rivals her textbooks hours.

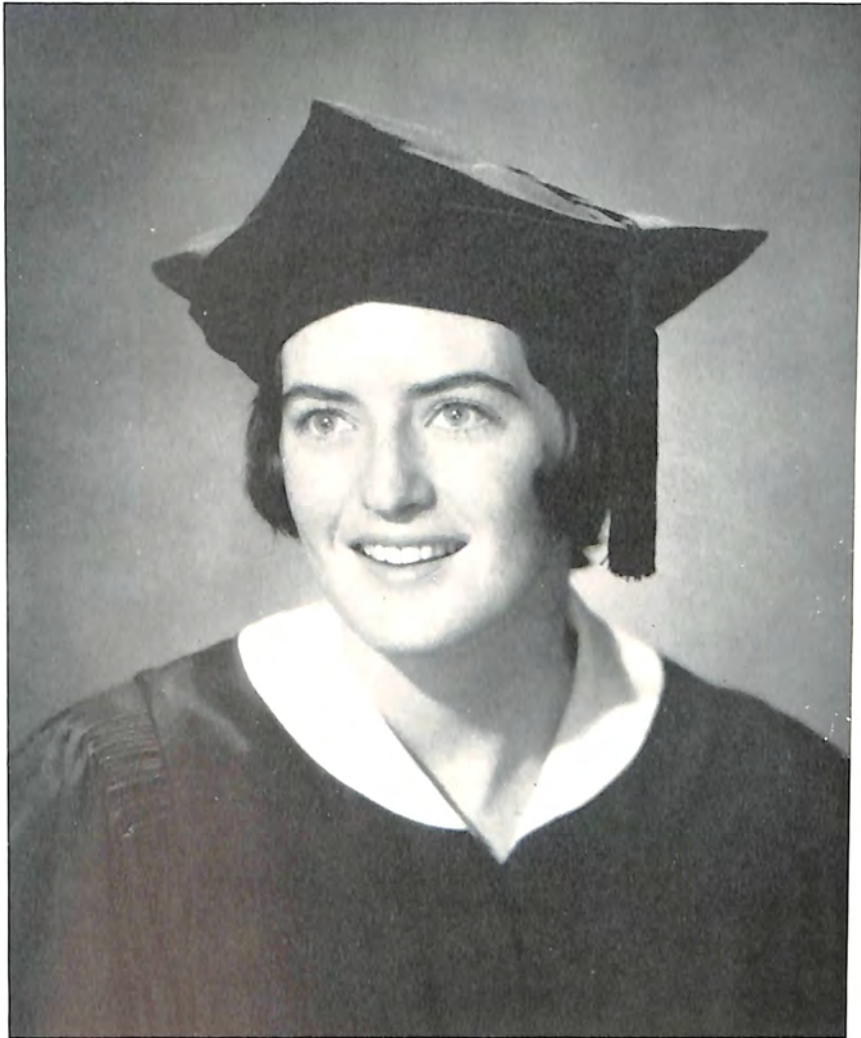
Peggy seems to be a composite of contradictions. Her wardrobe combines tailored wools and "floaty" chiffons. Although a Sacramento girl, she is intensely loyal to San Francisco and any move to abolish the cable cars would undoubtedly rouse her energies and temper to epic proportions. Just how a future "house in Maine" can be reconciled with this love of the City might puzzle these who don't know her, but Peggy has an answer for everything even if it's just, "Forget it for now." She may hate alarm clocks but she seldom ignores them; each day is too full of laughter and learning to be wasted.

ELISE HEAGERTY

LEE likes anything chocolate and anything fun. She cheers the Giants and slaloms down ski slopes with a verve matched only in her rejection of non-chocolate desserts. Typically, it was Lee who, as president of the Irish Club, originated the idea of auctioning "Irish" slaves at the Winter WAA-Bash.

It is doubtful if anyone has ever had to tell Lee to "put on a happy face," for gloom is as foreign to her as inactivity. Her freshly scrubbed looks, freckles, and burnished brown hair complement a campus madras or chic city look—the whole enhanced by a charm that immediately sets those around at ease. Sharing her roommate's love of Hawaii, she will reminisce endlessly about her trip there, not forgetting the beaches and palms, but stressing always the friends she made; Lee, in effect, re-annexed the Islands. Quick in her sympathies and candid in her advice, Lee's empathy draws people as surely as her frequently over-inventive schemes invite disaster. The staccato accents of her hyphen-peppered sentences make vocal the inventive mind of an Irish tease. Her handwriting, too, is a special Heagerty-code, with a cloissoné intricacy unrivaled by Dark Age medallions.

Her occasional giddiness is only one facet of a harmonious, balanced character grounded on firm principles from which it is as impossible to sway her as it is to dampen her high spirits.



ELISE HEAGERTY
San Mateo, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION
FIELD OF CONCENTRATION: LITERATURE

Transferred from Seattle University '62

Irish Club '63, '64
President '64



MARIE DOLORES HEREDIA
Oakland, California

MAJOR: FRENCH
MINOR: SPANISH

Gamma Sigma
Cum laude
French Club '61, '62

Pi Delta Phi '62, '63, '64
President '64

MARIE HEREDIA

MARIE suggests the “femme fatale.” Breezy locks, ambling gait, and relaxed loafers cannot hide her gardenia-like beauty, discovered in all its exotic fragrance on the formal occasion. Every inch a “mademoiselle,” she’ll don white shorts and gold slippers to write a term paper. Scientifically, she performs a pedicuring operation; faithfully, she takes her bathroom scale home on weekends to check up on a never-ending diet.

Personifying the enigma of woman, she plans her hours, then follows the scheme in an outwardly chaotic fashion. Only Father Blank can force her to take time seriously. Terrified passengers puzzle Marie the driver, who sails along San Rafael’s 4th Street, legs crossed, a finger guiding the wheel. Oblivious to life’s small worries, she strolls through the days, absorbed contemplatively in beauty.

A passion for raspberry ice cream seems to belie the sophistication of modish knit suits, but Marie encompasses all within her thoughtful gaze. She ardently fears vampires but can find refuge in the profundity of Sartre or the urbanity of *Time*. Cosmopolitan in her Philippine-American-French heritage, Marie joins the delight of an ingénue with the discernment of a well-traveled aesthete. Whether singing to Edith Piaf or conquering conversational Japanese, she evidences the “mañana” ease with which she meets every day; philosophical wonder deepens the mystery of the woman, Marie.

JOANNE HICKEY

IN JOANNE'S consistent practice of Christian ideals there shines a harmonious purpose of self-fulfillment within the fulfillment of the whole. It is here that art is the mirror of life for Joanne, for music is a creation and a spiritual experience as well as a fulfillment of her special talents and technical skills. Joanne's masterful, keyboard-gripping posture, her unquenchable devotion to wrist-stiffening practice hours are part of a grandeur of spirit which encompasses a bountiful—some say "heroic"—generosity and thoughtfulness.

Not without its light side is Joanne's musical single-mindedness. A dramatic late entrance into Ethics class may provoke from Father Blank: "Well, I suppose you've been cranking up the piano again." If not, she has probably been arranging after-concert receptions or transportation for the College symphony-goers. When so teased, Joanne blushes. But a hand-clapping exclamation of "Oh joy and gladness!" will welcome a breakfast of blueberry pancakes, a bag of candy jelly squares, or the announcement of a Beethoven concert on the symphony playbill.

Joanne's lively historical sense draws her to pleasure-reading in the biographies of famous composers or in historical novels. Her capacities have been enriched by travel experience in Europe and America. She is like the music she plays: intense, sincere, dramatic. Beethoven, her favorite composer, adds the qualities of completion and balance which we also see in her.



JOANNE MARY HICKEY
Hillsborough, California

MAJOR: HISTORY
MINOR: MUSIC

Sophomore Year: University of California, Davis

Music Club '61, '63, '64
Social Representative '63
President '64

Science Club '61, '64
S.C.F.A. '61, '63, '64



HILARY ANNE JENKINS

San Leandro, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: ECONOMICS

Gamma Sigma
Magna cum laude
Choral '61
I.R.C. '61, '63, '64
President '61

Model U.N. '63, '61
Music Club '61
Social Service '61, '62, '63
W.A.A. Board '63

HILARY JENKINS

IMMERSED in controversy on a timely political topic, or dispensing comfort, encouragement, and scrupulously no-nonsense advice to less stable personalities, Hilary projects herself best in conversation. She seldom lacks an audience. Radiating vitality and good humor, Hilary presides over the coffee-house atmosphere of the North Wing smokeroom, where her enthusiasm usually draws a crowd of eager listeners.

Since Hilary has had time to experience the usual joys of girlhood, her strong likes and dislikes make her one of the more vocal on those topics which interest everyone: boys, fashions, sports, movie stars, card-playing, the mass media. Above all, however, she is an excellent story-teller; her experiences are related in full and fascinating detail.

To keep her powerful intellect and comprehensive understanding in tone, Hilary devours books, magazines, and newspapers at a rate which would exhaust most mentalities. She is one of the few people who can admit, with reason, to good study habits. But Hilary is forward-looking and outward-looking. Neither her books nor her personal problems merit her exclusive attention. Her sociological interests have led her to think in general patterns, in formulas and solution; she draws conclusions fast, and is ready for action. Generosity and healthy idealism have attracted her into humanitarian projects. She will, without doubt, do her part to change the world for the better.

SUE JENNETT

SUE may easily be found at 8 A.M., gulping a third cup of coffee; at noon, barrelling back in her yellow convertible from psychiatric case work in Ross; at 7 P.M., reading another novel; and at midnight, struggling with rollers while putting the finishing touches on an argument in psychology. Each day is purposeful, resounding with Sue's determined step from one victory to another. Clear-thinking, competitive, but even more devoted to principle, Sue is not content with mediocre accomplishments. She knows her potential, puts her goals in focus, and marches on, perhaps campaigning for Senator Margaret Chase Smith, enjoying life in the bargain.

Sue's deliberate air of independence, formidable flair for deadpan dramatics, and intolerance of regimentation, naïveté and artificiality, make one think she doesn't care. But it is because she *does* care that Sue makes such a judicious counsellor and provocative debater. She never sacrifices her convictions to expediency, she is never willing to float on the surface of a question, and she never pretends to be insensitive.

Characteristic of Sue is an extremely ruthless stare; glacial, brilliant blue eyes in sharp contrast to a face often deeply tanned from hours on the golf-course or the ski-slopes. But, never hostile, Sue enjoys as well as the next girl a jazz session with cheeseburgers and informal singing. And, to have time for all, she may even listen to sleep-teaching records with conscientious regularity.



SUSAN HELEN JENNETT

Oswego, Oregon

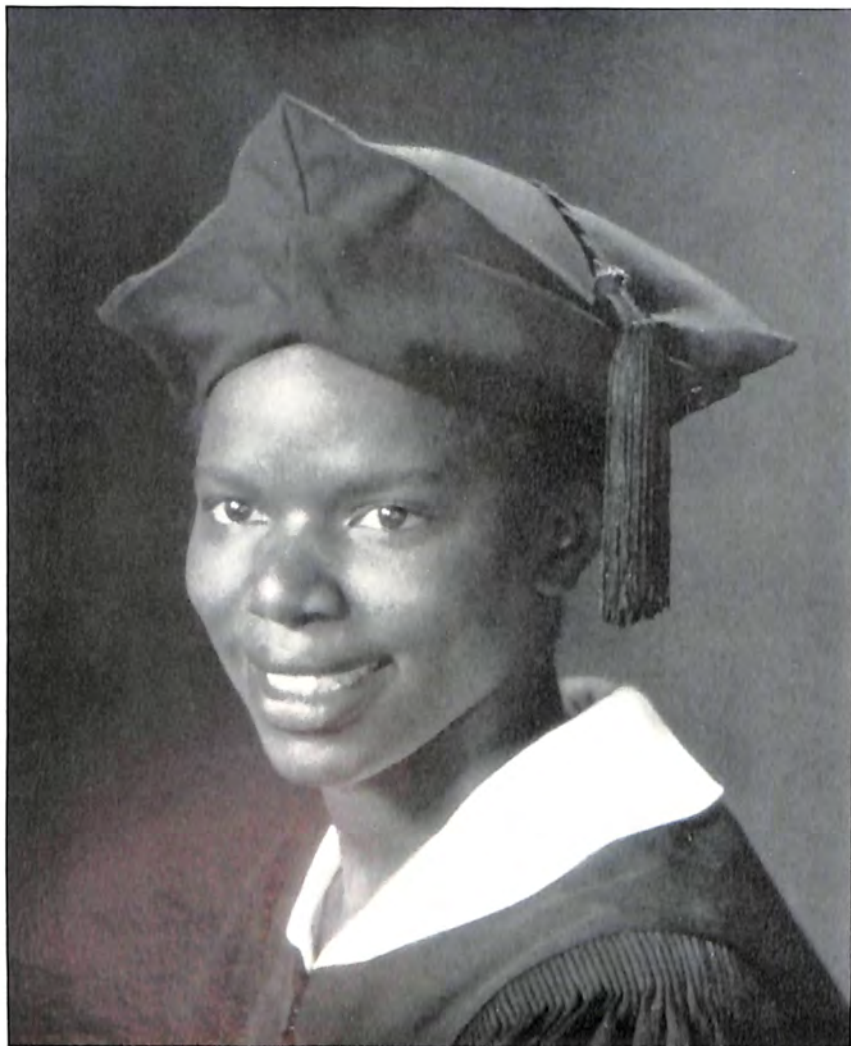
MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Sophomore Year: Gonzaga University

Gamma Sigma

Cum laude



MARY REGINA KATO

Kampala, Uganda

MAJOR: ECONOMICS

MINOR: SOCIOLOGY

Conviction Staff '63

Choral '61

Foreign Students' Club '61, '62, '63, '64

I.R.C. '61, '62

Schola '62

Third Order '61

REGINA KATO

REFRESHING candor and innate honesty reveal Regina's attitude toward life in general and toward Dominican in particular. Since fearful freshman days, Regina has become the campus' most unhesitant appraiser. In soft, rhythmic speech, seasoned with high laughter, she mimics back-counter scenes at Cale-ruega and classroom exchanges with Mr. Kim, or she reacts with a "My heavens!" to the latest news of the day.

Friendly and interested, Regina never spares, and in turn is not spared, from the good-natured teasing she relishes; yet she remains considerably sensitive to ruffled feelings. Regina seldom fails to show sincere appreciation for favors done her: a box of candy, or perhaps an illustrated calendar from Uganda are her concrete ways of saying "thank you."

Spirited independence and curiosity drive Regina to make sure her plans are carried to completion whether they concern a trip to Disneyland or Seattle, the exchange of a skirt by mail, or the choice of a government job after graduation. Rushing from Guzman to library to cafeteria to off-campus job, Regina manages to be, in her own words, "all over the area." She only slows down to avoid her greatest dread, a bounding neighborhood canine.

Finely skilled in needlecraft, the beautiful sweaters and gifts Regina creates symbolize the tightly woven generosity and friendship she will leave with us when she returns to East Africa.

PAULA KELLEY

PAULA speaks, thinks, and feels in superlatives. Any smokeroom companion is generously admitted into her world, where the best and worst of last weekend's Tahoe adventure or the latest of the night's ten phonecalls is vividly rediscovered in the telling. Living demands expression for Paula. Each perception must be conveyed, even before morning's first cup of coffee and throughout long hours of cigarettes and cokes in Fanjeaux.

Paula imagines with the exaggeration of El Greco. She concocts Prom publicity requiring two knights errant mounted on chargers to ride through the Grove. Animated by the pressure of a deadline, she plunges energetically into a new idea, accomplishing the work of hours in a few inspired minutes. Elatedly she unfolds a new interpretation of *Don Quixote* or *Phaedra*; heatedly she dives into a civil rights argument. Then, the intensity of the moment ends, and Paula runs to dress for a waiting date.

Reflecting the light and dark of her beloved Spain, Paula lives in extremes of emotion. Magnetic gaiety, as well as superb Spanish, causes native Spaniards to mistake her for a countryman. Occasionally she'll "flip her enchilada" and brood blackly over a seeming failure to the mournful songs of Barbara Streisand. Natural resilience sets Paula impatient to know at once all life's secrets; trust in the future promises her that they must all be as magnificent as Alcazar.

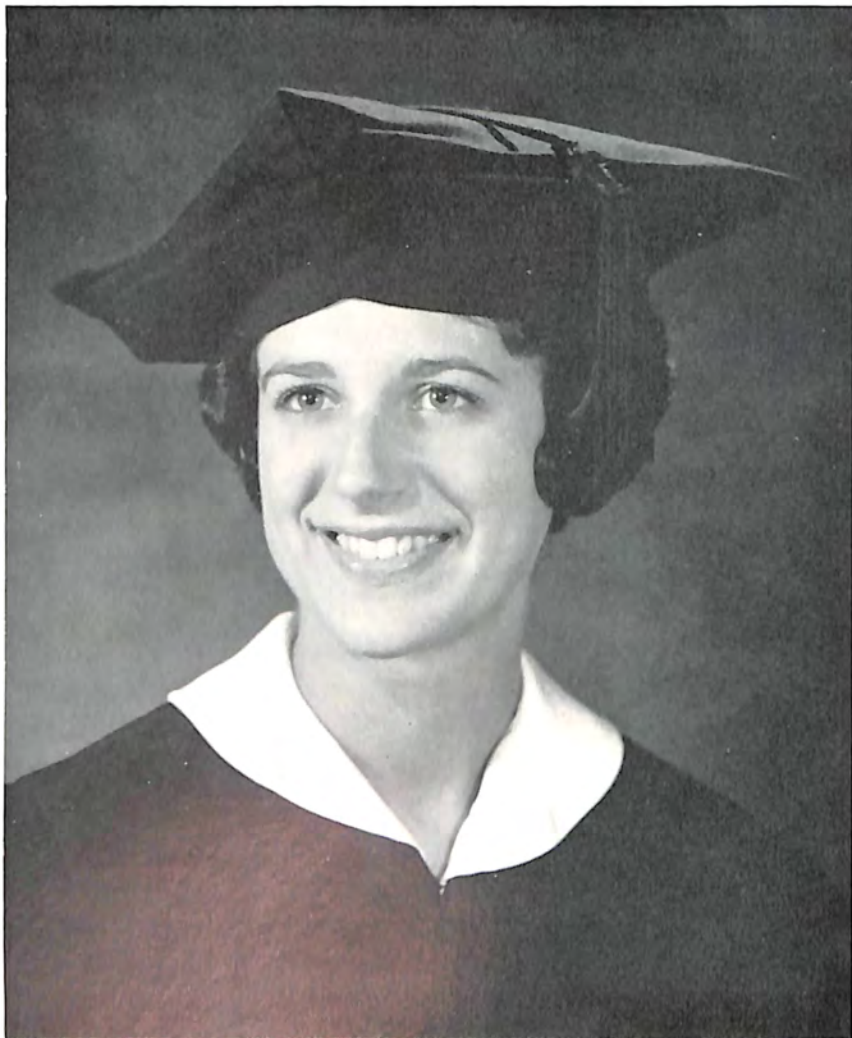


PAULA JEAN KELLEY
Sacramento, California

MAJOR: SPANISH
MINOR: FRENCH

Gamma Sigma
Cum laude
Class Secretary '62
Class Vice-President '63
French Club '63, '61

Pi Delta Phi '63
Spanish Club '61, '62
President '62
Spanish Honor Society '62



CAROL ANN KOSTA
San Rafael, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION
FIELD OF CONCENTRATION: EDUCATION

Madrigal '62, '63

CAROL KOSTA

FLAWLESS in her everyday appearance, Carol's theme is certainly precision. In dress, she is as tailored as red, white, and blue. In speech, she is strikingly to-the-point and devoid of exaggerated colloquialisms. In fact, her exactitude almost borders on the legendary when she seriously describes her "draftsmanlike dissection of pancakes at Eugene's."

Cautious and conservative, Carol does not precipitate herself into scatterbrained projects. She is, indeed, the "Civilized American" who can carefully type her senior thesis concerning high school drop-outs without breaking one fingernail. Likewise, she can determinedly follow Ralph Waldo Emerson's advice and commune with nature by beginning her spring tan early despite late afternoon classes. Unpreparedness is foreign to Carol: she is prompt, reliable, and neat.

An ingenuousness in Carol's casual formality often makes her unaware of her own laugh-tickling remarks; still she appreciates another's jokes even though a *trifle* belatedly. Carol is sensitive to small things and takes particular pleasure in pithy poems of Emily Dickinson, although Carol herself never falls into the "I'm nobody" category. Loving the elegance of long gloves, the mysteriousness of dark glasses—the lady-like cover-up for uncooperative contact lenses—Carol is the quintessence of decorum; she adds a colonial charm to modern-day propriety.

DOLORES LAMONT

ASWISHING toss of dark hair and the pale dancing of aquamarine eyes: enter Lita! Engaged in an irrepressible flow of Spanish teasing or flirting with the strings of her beribboned guitar, Lita blends a sheltered old-world courtesy with the unpredictability of the modern American schoolgirl. In flowered and fringed costume, Lita presides over a candlelit fiesta complete with her own delicious enchiladas; in sweater and skirt, sans cosmetics, Lita displays honesty and ingenuity in a fondness for raw meat, fascination with Kleenex, the apt invention of a tea-bag Christmas tree. Her love of small animals makes unrestrained her delights in watching the brightness of a ladybug, or in teaching an English-oriented parakeet to speak Spanish. However, zoological sympathy stops at snakes and tarantulas.

Anxious to exploit the possibilities of adventure, Lita is keenly observant in crowds and quick to discern the extraordinary individual in a mosaic of faces. There is a special excitement in those unbelievably complex telephone calls she places in fluent English, French, or Spanish—sometimes all three. Although dramatic daydreaming hazards study, it does not harm an imagination stimulated by pan-American and trans-Atlantic trips. She who makes a flight to London with a suitcase weighted with canned chili cannot be insouciant! Wherever Lita goes, however short her stay, she brings with her color, gaiety, and an unaffected courtesy—the heritage of generations.



DOLORES JOY LAMONT
Mexico D.F., Mexico

MAJOR: FRENCH
MINOR: SPANISH

Transferred from Trinity College, Washington, D.C. '63

Foreign Students' Club '61

Spanish Club '61
President '61



CAROL MARIE LEIF
Kentfield, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH
MINOR: EDUCATION

Transferred from College of Notre Dame, Belmont '61
Madrigal '62

CAROL LEIF

GREGARIOUS, questioning, generous and perhaps a bit cast in the romantic role, Carol challenges Thoreau's belief that one's best companion is solitude. Over coffee in the San Rafael Do-nut Shop, Carol gladly invites discussion of a recent article in *Harper's* or a favorite poem of Gerard Manly Hopkins. Her mature and serious common sense keeps her from being easily upset by inner conflicts or outer disagreements, and her leisurely speech conveys her own ideas without histrionics. A lover of rugged nature, Carol find that polished urbanity has no comparison with the roughness of things grand and so she likes the intensity of hot summers, the crashing of the surf on crowded beaches, and the mystery of Carmel fog.

Carol admits she will never be styled an observer of punctuality however she tries, and yet her tendency toward procrastination is balanced by a conscientious sense of duty. Refusing to scan the molehill-mountain view, she manages to carry the near-heroic burden of an English major with apparent ease, despite long-range assignments. Listing Literary Criticism as her favorite course, she analytically applies its principles to American novels and modern poetry as well as to Anglo-Saxon lyrics.

In literature—in oil paintings too, in the adventure of daytime jaunts through Marin, Carol searches sometimes unconsciously, for the irregular but vital beauty found only in “dappled things.”

PATRICIA LOPKER

PATRICIA exults in living and learning. Discovering the wild beauty in an oddly shaped branch or in a wind-dried thistle is as important to her as “feeling” the word-texture of *The Faerie Queene*. The aesthetic whimsy wrapped in that special gift “. . . for you” or the pleasure of spontaneous group sings cannot sound the depth of Pat’s personal integrity: she is one who puts the hypocrite to shame.

As poets, children, and, perhaps as Dorothy in *The Wizard of Oz*, Pat and her beloved “Ergdyne the earnest Rambler” loathe unnecessary hurry. Extra minutes spent pondering or exchanging thoughts with friends or faculty may make her the last one to class, but never the last one to understand. Quick to grasp the obscure meaning in Ibsen or Byron, in the symbolism of Isak Dineson, how often her philosophic explanations drop off to a half-finished but idea-prodding sentence! “Why?” underlies every conversation with Pat as her curiosity flowers in viewing ancient icons with relation to Kandinsky or in library-browsing backed by practical cogitation.

Movements harmonious to ocean rhythms and March winds grow from her love of modern dance. Her gestures almost touch the words she speaks as the joy of communication catches Pat up in the *living* theater. Always the “silent exhilaration of creative concentration” involves Patricia: acting at the potter’s wheel, reflecting with Thomas Merton, resounding as the bass notes of a seasoned guitar, the pure conviction of ultimate purpose.



PATRICIA LOUISE LOPKER
San Diego, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH-SPEECH
MINOR: ART

Fiveband Staff '61
Madrigal '61
Social Service '61

Troupers '61, '62, '63, '61
Vice-President '63



CAROLYN MARIE MACKENZIE
Vallejo, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH
MINOR: LATIN

Gamma Sigma
Maxima cum laude
Fivebrand Staff '61

Meadowlark Staff '62
Social Service '62
Troupers '61

CAROLYN MacKENZIE

CAROLYN's disciplined, contained amiability is deceiving, for she cares passionately, ponders deeply, wonders awesomely. Like the wonderful wizard Merlin, she too is a kind of inhibited extrovert who can dissociate herself from time present to be rapturously absorbed into centuries past by means of literature. She knows and understands the arcane power of words; she shares their alchemy with Virgil, Milton, and William Blake. Stubbornly independent in her literary judgments, Carolyn insists upon the greatness of the Romantic poets, suggesting that their adverse critics be rowed out to Sir-mione . . . and left.

Nearly absolute silence is required to hear Carolyn's probing questions and lucid explications prefaced by a sigh, pinpointed for accuracy by the circling motion of her hand. Only a perplexed little frown and the droodled interweavings of lines across pages of notebook paper betray the tension within her. But worry, even that concerning the fate of non-typists, can easily be dispelled by listening to Turk Murphy's revered dixieland jazz, or by humming "da-dee-dum" snatches of Gilbert and Sullivan as she masterfully transmutes skeins of colored wool into patterned afghans.

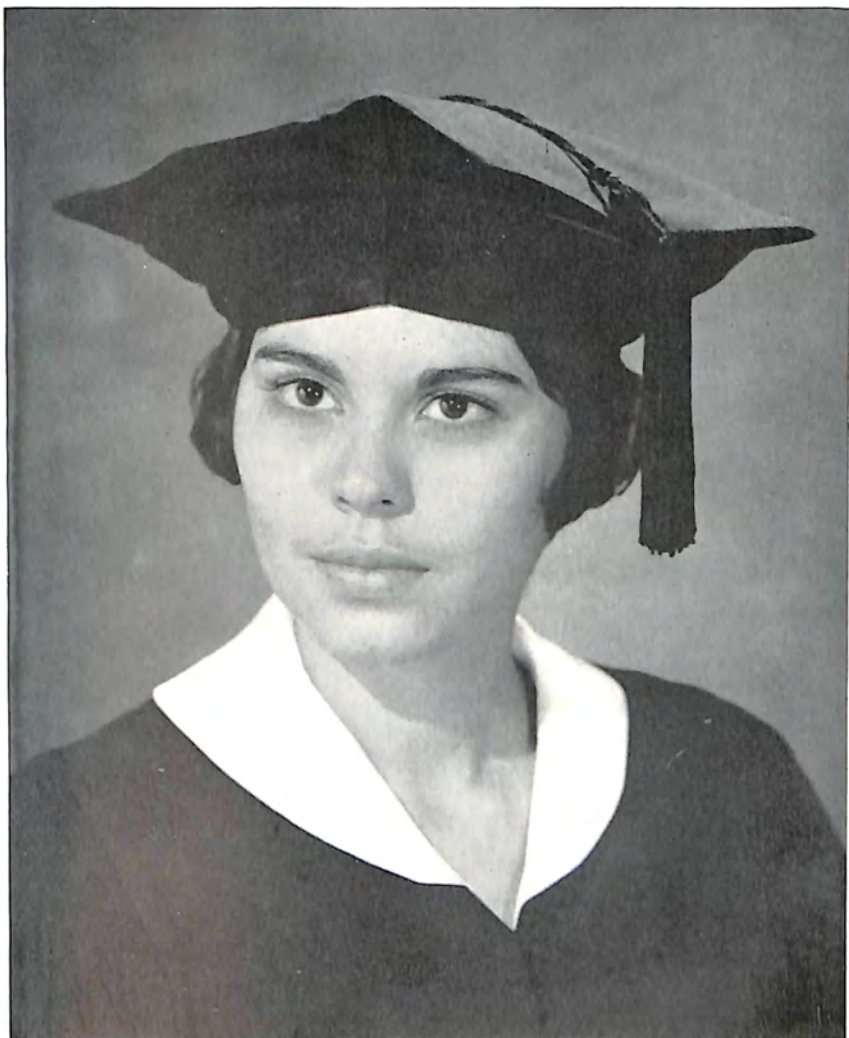
Carolyn observes closely and carefully. Never, never hasty, she is the persevering student of the ink-stained fingers, searching for the personal philosopher's stone of fulfillment in wisdom and knowledge.

ROSE MAESTAS

INTEGRITY is her touchstone. Her candor implies it; her idealism demands it; her sympathies endorse it; her values affirm it. Rose's life revolves around her chosen centers with the perfect, rhythmic equilibrium of a gyroscope. She seems to move to an inner harmony, and simply and naturally so. Her silences speak of an interior dialogue; her eyes possess a strangely moving poetic force.

Native to a region where legend and reality merge, Rose has an empathy with the visionary and poet; she, like her favorite Don Quixote, submerges herself in the pageant of life. However, she never relaxes her grip on reality; she has an affinity with the desert she so well knows: scornful of excess, wise in strange ways, inscrutably self-contained, secretly bountiful. She projects the color chord of that world: glowing reds, vibrant yellows, terra cotta. Her ideal home is of adobe, sparsely and simply furnished with the tile, polychrome Navajo rugs, and pottery of the Southwest.

There are qualities of the picaro in Rose; she has a disarming vivacity, a shrewd practicality, an undoubted flair for mimicry. Rose, transported to the world of Platero, would capture both the vital spark of the *genre* picture and the underlying poetry. Content but not complacent, Rose dismisses the artificial with refreshing indifference. A negation of the "feminine mystique," she has about her an aura of becoming. She is more than the sum of her parts.



ROSE MARIE MAESTAS
Española, New Mexico

MAJOR: SPANISH
MINOR: HISTORY

I.R.C. '63
Spanish Club '61, '62, '63, '64

Spanish Honor Society '63, '64



MARY KATHLEEN MALLEY
San Rafael, California

MAJOR: FRENCH
MINOR: HISTORY

Junior Year: Villa des Fougères, Fribourg, Switzerland

Class President '62

Choral '61

French Club '64

President '61

I.R.C. '61, '62

Model U.N. '61

MARY KATHLEEN MALLEY

ONCE THE initial obstacle of "which is which" is overcome, Mary K emerges from the Malley twinship as a distinct personality, unburdened by trite comparisons.

People are Mary K's recreation: knowing, understanding, and most of all, pleasing them. The majority of K's diversions involve swarms of people. Giant baseball, Santa Clara football share her enthusiasm; in them she can communicate with those who enjoy life at large. The characters in the works of her favorites, Faulkner, Salinger, Hemingway, provide another center of interest for K, the appreciator of people.

Needlessly insisting that her most annoying peccadillo is procrastination, K will initiate the necessary action when there is a job to be done, even if that job is acclaiming her class with a banner, "Class of '64 Who Could Ask for More," on the unfinished library. Mary K, leader and instigator, is the first to break classroom monotony by proposing an impromptu nature study directed toward relaxing the most dedicated scholar. As a junior, Mary K followed her instinct for adventure by joining the ranks of foreign students in Fribourg, Switzerland, to master French—and to ski.

K's most prominent asset is the Italian catch-all "simpatico," defying definition yet entailing sincerity, joviality, and constancy. Mary K may revel in crowds, but, with her "joie de vivre" will never be lost in one.

MARY TERESA MALLEY

MARY T's life revolves around excitement; she thrives on innovations directed at relieving the tedious routine of daily existence. Life for T could never be reduced to mere being. She specializes in every experience; even her year in Europe had a distinctly Malley-esque touch. The entire year she existed almost solely on ham sandwiches, the only food which she was sure she could order in both French *and* German.

She is a commuter in the most whirlwind sense, and the blue station wagon that was new when college began four years ago is today ample proof that the highways between the Malley homes in San Rafael and Tahoe have been well-traveled. Many a campus-mad classmate has been whisked to the haven on Welcome Lane where a sense of perspective is quickly restored. It has been theorized that if the Malley "bus" were not so fatigued, and the Atlantic no barrier, Mary T would leave for Europe again, and its inevitable ham sandwiches, at the drop of a ski. Where else, she asks, can one enjoy mulled wine on a ski lift?

Her sense of fun is contagious, and T lures others into participation of her complex practical jokes with the facility of a Svengali. Her participation in the furniture-moving escapades in Meadowlands was stealthy enough to endear her to Bekins.

Mary T meets challenges with the energy and assurance of one who has seldom been defeated, even by a crossword puzzle.



MARY TERESA MALLEY

San Rafael, California

MAJOR: FRENCH

MINOR: HISTORY

Junior Year: Villa des Fougères, Fribourg, Switzerland

Class Treasurer '62

Choral '61

French Club '64

I.R.C. '61, '62

Secretary '62

Model U.N. '61, '62



MICHAELE-ANN DOROTHY MANEY
Sacramento, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION
FIELD OF CONCENTRATION: EDUCATION

Conviction Staff '63
Italian Club '63
Music Club '62

S.C.T.A. '63, '64
Vice-President '61
Social Service '62, '63

MICHAELE-ANN MANEY

MIKE'S is a prismatic kind of temperament—not so much mercurial as many-sided. Before the mind's eye flashes the fun-loving Michaele-Ann who clowns up and down the North Wing halls or sits consuming half-a-dozen hot cross buns; the irate Michaele-Ann who rails with Celtic splendor against injustice and bullheadedness; the serious Michaele-Ann who applies herself assiduously to the current situation from which no degree of temptation can lure her.

No matter the combination and variations, the temperamental base, the basic Michaele-Ann, is seriously realistic, and devoted to being so. Sensitive herself, with occasional moments of self-doubt, she is especially understanding and thoughtful of others—and not just thoughtful for one or two, but for the whole of humanity. Michaele-Ann is constantly involved in one social service project after another. She is always willing to listen with patience and an open mind and heart to the people who come to her with troubles, trivial or grievous.

Michaele-Ann is an omnivorous and constant reader—reads everything, she says, from the Apocalypse to the label on a catsup bottle. She does not, however, read maps and is totally devoid of a sense of direction. It once took her an hour and a half to get from the Golden Gate to Union Square. For all that, one senses that her life will have direction; she is ultimately a funny, serious, crusading realist who will arrive.

MARY MARX

FOUR YEARS of college on the Mainland have not dampened Molly's approach to living. She embodies the sunny exuberance of her island home and her appreciation for the Hawaiian way of life is boundless. She is most at home in bright muu-muus, preferably red; shoes are the bane of her life. She freely admits that in winter much of her time is spent napping: no one awaits the end of a damp Marin County winter as impatiently as sun-loving Molly.

"Practical Molly," as her roommate of four years has named her, does not act with the impulsiveness characteristic of many of her peers. She is not the girl to stay up past a reasonable hour, and it is doubtful if she has ever eaten an unbalanced meal in her life. Not infrequently, her common sense is applied to considering just what activity would be the most fun for the greatest number of people, for "Malia Ekela-wina" personifies the friendliness and easy-going warmth that have made the 49th state famous.

An American Civ. major, Molly laments the fact that Polynesian lore is ignored in her courses. But with her proficiency in the hula and knowledge of Hawaiian history and culture, she is always ready to give a spur-of-the-moment performance or lecture to her less-informed classmates, yet her friends turn to her as one who tempers frank opinions with understanding and sensitivity.

Molly's future will include, she hopes, a home with lanai and hibiscus, six children, and the eternal sunshine of Kahuku.



MARY ETHELWYN MARN
Honolulu, Hawaii

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION
FIELD OF CONCENTRATION: LITERATURE

Transferred from Seattle University '62

Choral '64

Irish Club '64



SUZANNE ELIZABETH MATSINGER

San Rafael, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

Music Club '61
Spanish Club '62

Troupers '61, '63

SUZANNE MATSINGER

HER EYES are deep with compassionate understanding, warm with consideration and friendship—and brightly alert to the ridiculous. Sue is something of an iconoclast, shattering the conventional with selflessness and generosity; she has the vehement spirit of the Liberal sympathetic to realistic Freedom Riders, a zealotry that has led her into the Peace Corps.

There is a duality in Sue revealed in her choice of major and minor: most English majors are not noted for social conscience, but Sue is a Huntley-Brinkley fan who allows herself to be distracted by her literary heroes: Stephen Daedalus, Heathcliff, John Donne. Donne's unconventionality serves as inspiration for meditation or for some scheme such as a summer's trip to Mexico, translating Chaucer to the music of the Modern Jazz Quartet, or reciting *The Wasteland* to rhythm 'n blues. Major and minor merge in Sue's addiction to foreign movies, especially to "those terrific" movies of Ingmar Bergman which have aroused her interest in the aesthetics and technicalities of film making, a field Sue hopes to study as an art medium after her term with the Peace Corps.

Accepting her own non-idiosyncratic faults, Sue nevertheless admits to "trying desperately" to overcome the major ones. Actively, she resists mental and geographical boundaries and the "soul disintegration" that comes when one no longer practices the art of giving.

SHARELLE MAYER

SHARELLE is a connoisseur of essences. Her perceptive eye is as difficult to deceive as her camera's lens, and with both Sharelle focuses the searching gaze that marks her as a questor after the realities of life.

An ability to draw the elements of satire from all her relationships shows itself in a tendency toward understatement made with serious face, but with a glint in her blue eyes. Usually silent until an idea is formulated and ready for apt expression, Sharelle will throw out for debate, discussion or simple enjoyment a salient thought or impulsive reflection on any subject ranging from modern art in America to an historical theory of de Toqueville or Toynbee.

A nervousness often betrayed by the twisting and reassembling of her unusual Arabian ring is seldom seen in her cool approach to the golf tee. Golfing, Sharelle counts as her favorite sport, and tennis follows a close second. Beachcombing provides excellent opportunity for an introspective and reflective mind to create new ways of expressing the aesthetic integrity so often caught by her camera. "Production and progress" mark the pace she strikes on her way to the library or in her purposeful drive to the Do-nut shop at dawn before a final exam. An observer and commentator always, Sharelle draws upon a background of extensive reading and far-ranging travel experience for lively comparisons and incisive analyses, of which she is an acknowledged master.



SHARELLE ROSEANN MAYER
Atherton, California

MAJOR: HISTORY
MINOR: ART HISTORY

Transferred from University of New Mexico '62



ALLENE ELIZABETH MOSSMAN
Ventura, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION
FIELD OF CONCENTRATION: SOCIAL STUDIES

French Club '61
I.R.C. '61, '62, '63, '64

Music Club '62
Social Service '62, '63

ALLENE MOSSMAN

LIKE HER FAVORITE Alice in Wonderland, Li is keenly aware that she exists in an exciting, colorful world, but is often unsure which path to follow. And she sometimes appears wistful at having the tea party instead of croquet, and disappointed that enjoying both is impossible. For Li engineers the spanning of the gap between her real and potential selves with a program equal in complexity and magnitude to the Red Queen's shrubbery maze. She seeks herself, through art, through the collection of folklore, and through travel.

Li is undemanding in her friendships, possessing a wide range of interests to adapt to others' needs. She finds her sense of wonder sharpened by the people who, she claims, "happen to me all the time," as well as by the adventures of Alice. With her "the USA is my hometown" attitude bred of an Army life, her lack of prejudice, both people and adventures are sure to keep on "happening." Since high school she has been active in youth groups, and throughout her college years represented San Francisco and Marin Counties as a member of the State Youth Planning Committee. The weekends she has spent "in conference" at Asilomar are countless.

Her awareness of the dichotomy between the Li of today and the possible Li of tomorrow, enables her to rejoice in tension, in constantly striving after the ideal. One might guess, seeing her peer over her glasses' rims, with a Cheshire grin, that she realizes that the striving itself is a notable achievement.

MARY KATHERINE McAULIFFE

MARY K's clipped San Francisco speech, her smart tailored suits, and her air of deliberate, twice-calculated slowness melting into brisk efficiency on student-teaching days, mask one of the warmest personalities imaginable. People who measure Mary K by an occasional brusque remark overlook the real thoughtfulness and loyalty which she brings to her affections. Honesty and candor are so much a part of Mary K that she cannot help speaking out when she sees unjust or inconsiderate behavior; but she will brave the group's opinion to notice the good when it is there, make the outsider feel welcome, or simply "do the right thing." Conscientious, she strives consistently for perfection.

"Organization" is Mary K's method. Endless lists are made and each item carefully checked off. All textbooks are attacked twice; the first time she underlines in red, the second in blue. The "system" is all; even Nellybelle, Mary's green Chevrolet, is coaxed from home to school according to a definite plan of pleas, threats, and garage check-ups. Clear-minded Mary K will not vote until she has investigated; and she reads encyclopedias for pleasure. Deliberation, however, does not imply artificiality, for Mary K prefers naturalness, in people and in flowers.

Ultimately a San Franciscan, Mary K treasures a Chinatown jade pendant, attends operas and symphonies regularly, and will depart for "her city" at a moment's notice if there's no French bread in Caleruega.



MARY KATHERINE MCAULIFFE
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: HISTORY
MINOR: EDUCATION

Irish Club '60, '61, '62
Madrigal '62
Music Club '61, '62, '63

S.C.F.A. '62, '63
Student Affairs Board '62



PATRICIA MARGARET MCCARTHY

Los Angeles, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Absence Committee '61

Carillon Staff '62

Choral '61

I.R.C. '61

Italian Club '62, '63

Music Club '61, '62, '63

Social Service '62, '63

Third Order '63

PATRICIA McCARTHY

PATRICIA'S hesitancy of manner conceals an invincible will. A groping question, a half-hour of thought, and then her determination will start levelling obstacles and chalking out pathways through the wilderness. Thoughts often come too fast for expression; the result is a misleading slowness. But watch when her independence is threatened. Perhaps the knock of the cards on the table as she shuffles for solitaire indicates something of her resoluteness. Inevitably, she wins.

Patricia loves to observe even more than to participate; such observation has given her an amazing insight into character—not only into that of others, but also into her own. Often, she recognizes the need to “get away.” Escape is easy, for Pat loves music and books. Wednesday night finds her at the symphony; any night finds her reading, sometimes sitting solitary for hours. But, even in stories she retains her interest in human character; she demands real life and real people in her reading matter. No matter how late the hour she puts herself to sleep with a book.

A Southern California girl, Pat was jubilant after the Dodgers won the pennant; she is careful, however, not to jar the sensibilities of others on this point. Characteristically, her spontaneous comments are broken off and qualified with a hesitant, “I didn't mean it just that way.” And always, on occasions of hilarity, Pat laughs: a precipitous series of gasps and chuckles which none but herself would dare to perform.

BARBARA ANN McCUNE

BARBARA releases in oil and ink the vitality of her imagination. Masses and colors in her canvases, curves and whorls in her line drawings, project forth-right stability along with deeper delicacy and grace. For her, as for Nolde and Matisse, color has a glowing life of its own. Scarlet sweater over her shoulder, Barbara moves in bright color along the path to San Marco. Many of her distinctive clothes are the products of Barb's craftsmanship. In her room, arresting designs and intricate embroidery have put her stamp on the small objects she cherishes.

Boldness of conception and quiet care are united in Barb's character as well. Often shyly silent, Barb stands solidly, with folded arms. Though she refuses to force herself on others, she will offer matter-of-fact advice upon request.

Publicity posters pour forth from her desk in assembly-line fashion. Also in demand are her hair-styling talents and her "desk-drawer general store" of necessary items. So besieged, Barb might lift a quizzical right eyebrow, or explode with an annoyed, "Oh, pickles!" All requests will nevertheless be creatively fulfilled.

Action-loving, athletic Barb demands much of herself. But sensitivity and simplicity are her trademarks. Quietly, Barb will reminisce on a European tour. As quietly, she will put art work in order, and enjoy an hour at the Fanjeaux piano.



BARBARA ANN McCUNE
Vacaville, California

MAJOR: ART
MINOR: EDUCATION

Art Club '61, '61
Cavillon Staff '63
Choral '61
Firebrand Staff '61
Irish Club '62
Madrigal '63

Meadowlark Staff '63
Music Club '63
S.C.T.A. '63, '64
Social Service '63
Troupers '62, '63
W.A.A. Board '62



MARY LUCILLE MCGUIRE
Berkeley, California

MAJOR: HISTORY
MINOR: EDUCATION

Transferred from San Diego College for Women '61

Class Secretary '61
Pennafort House Chairman '61
I.R.C. '62, '63

Irish Club '62
Social Committee '61
Social Service '63

MARY LU McGUIRE

MARY LU perplexes! Disarming, candid and unassuming, she intentionally flaunts decorum and takes delight in the unconventional. It is within the realm of the everyday to find her at a mixer chatting amiably while perched atop a radiator or to hear the sound of her penetrating voice in the grove leading "Bye Bye Blackbird." Her good-humored boisterousness and clownish air obscure a deep sensitivity and deceptively give the impression of a seldom-serious, but lovable scatterbrain.

An amazing source of energy, she approaches everything with vocal enthusiasm, whether demonstrating her famous trek from Muir Woods to Stinson followed by a herd of cows, or just "letting off steam" in a nightly smokeroom session. This characteristic intensity evidences a more serious side in her strong sense of justice and loyalty, and it finds expression in vigorous jubilation or outraged indignation.

Mary Lu is known as a class "character" whose sincerity and credulity make her the perfect target for practical jokes. A casual remark of "that's where they grow telephone poles" will be received with simple acceptance only later followed by suspicion and finally laughter.

Her personality is a subtle combination of "is" and "seems." She possesses a substantial gravity, but is notorious for the frequent instigation of hilarity and a "devil-may-care" attitude which merited her *two* coals in her shoe on Saint Nicholas' feast day.

JOAN NOURSE

JOAN is refreshingly "on to things." Sympathetic with other people's distraught moments, she scorns any inclination toward catastrophe herself. Much in Joan is sane, sensible, and serene. At her always-crowded lunch table she extends a cordial welcome to "just one more"; her broad humor, based on a sense of the ridiculous only slightly cynical, leads naturally to a lively hour of conversation. When it is her turn to listen, she does so willingly, and with both ears.

Happily, however, Joan is not the resolutely practical sort. Her monstrous collection of art books and her haunting of the galleries give a fractional indication of her cultivation of the aesthetic. Overwhelming urges to travel, to change the color of her hair, or to do something great and humanitarian betray an instinctive fondness for action and adventure. A weekend may be spent with a Salinger novel or *The Origins of Oriental Civilization* read to the pungent scent of incense. In short, Joan is realistic enough to know that it makes good sense to be romantic!

Joan, who still considers West Point her real home, has learned during a "maravilloso" vacation in Mexico not only to avoid cockroaches and chili peppers but also to appreciate the idiosyncrasies of Mexican jazz. Eagerly responsive to challenge both intellectual and social, Joan is looking forward to teaching handicapped children with an enthusiasm characteristically warm and expansive.



JOAN PATRICIA NOURSE
Greenbrae, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION
FIELD OF CONCENTRATION: LITERATURE

Music Club '61

Spanish Club '61, '62

Social Service '62, '63

Troupers '61, '62, '63



HELEN PATRICIA O'BRIEN
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH
MINOR: ART HISTORY

Carillon Staff '61, '62, '63
Editor '62
Firebrand Staff '64
Assistant Editor '61
I.R.C. '61, '63

Irish Club '62, '63, '64
Meadowlark Staff '63
Assistant Editor '63
Model U.N. '63
Music Club '61

HELEN O'BRIEN

HALF-CHALLENGING, with a proud, demonstrative flip of her ash-blonde tresses, Helen styles herself "Irish and a San Franciscan." The original blithe spirit of the City, she knows San Francisco in more ways than it knows itself. She alone can refer to the "swift rise" of Coit Tower with the flair of a Howard Gilliam. With a sophistication tempered to include even herself, she stocks a connoisseur future with Waterford crystal, castles in Cornwall, and Skira monographs, then adds a few "fun things"—a tilting cat and an ivy-covered professor. To assure this tomorrow, she has a magic jade ring with a thousand wishes; there were fifteen hundred, but she has had the ring only two years and is being very careful.

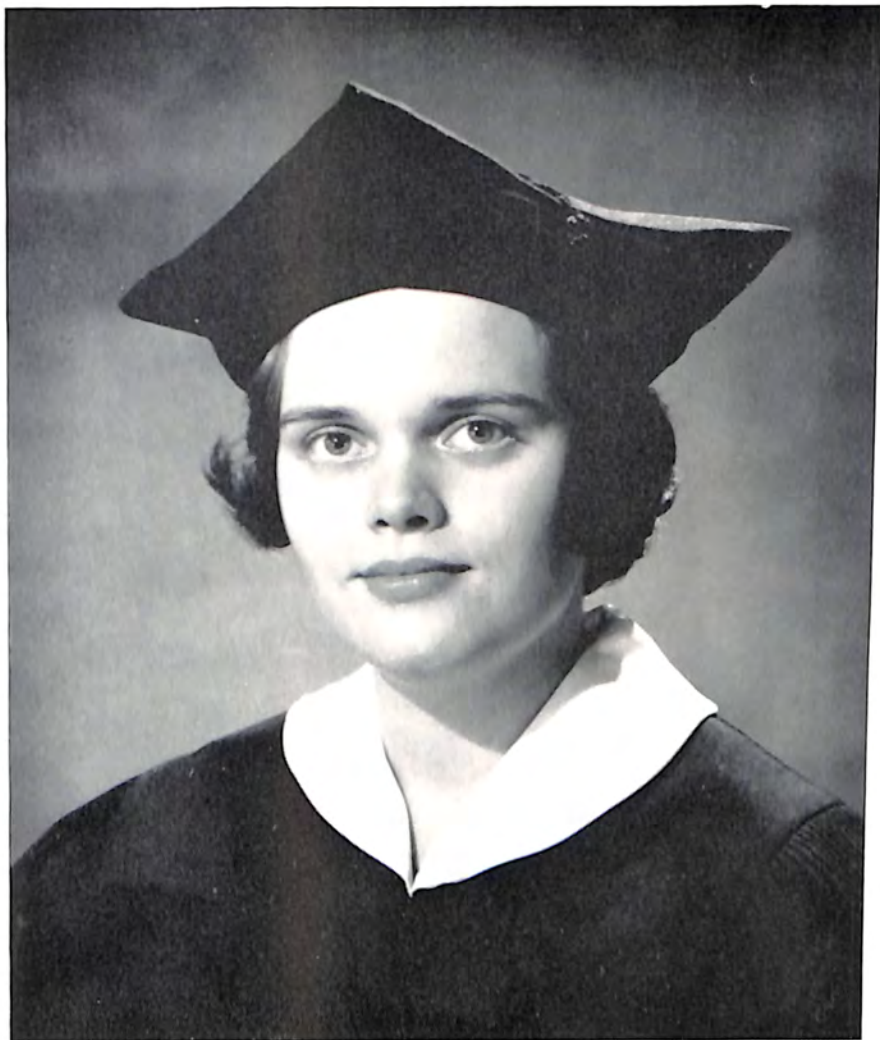
Impatient with reality, Helen expresses her vexation in curtly-phrased aphorisms, urbane flashes of wit. In her the Celtic element dominates. Poetry, historical research, odd bits of antiquarian lore, the hoaxing, erudite wit of the Gaels—this is essentially Helen. Verbally, she conjures up a world in which fabulous creatures still move: knights and dragons, banshees and incubus. There too are the sorrows of Deidre, the courage of Cuchulain. Yet she remains an aloof and puzzling figure. Member of a race whose melancholy is part merriment and whose merriment is deeply melancholic, Helen moves through the mist of a Celtic dawn to a Celtic twilight and back again to Celtic dawn, a solitary figure.

SHARON PETERSEN

I HAVE COME to spread cheer," announces Petie as she pops her head in the door some glum evening. Short of stature, firmly planted with arms akimbo, Petie moves with determination; she aims herself at the target and charges onward. Gleam in eye and fork in hand, she lunges at the ice cream and chocolate cake; or, with a blood-curdling yip, she glares belligerently as other drivers "get in her way," or as cut-ins lengthen the lunch line. Sweet serenity greets the comrade who is about to awaken her in the morning, but it is a raging lion that pounces, one moment later, upon the hardy unfortunate. The St. George play type-cast Petie, memorably, as the dragon with the parakeet squeak.

Petie's words race each other out, but her waving hands and rollings eyes convey infinitely more of her thoughts. Petie thinks, talks, and acts with journalistic concision. Her mind is logical and businesslike, her sentences abrupt and condensed, her chatter a grab-bag of realistic wisdom.

"Boise" is Petie's home town, and she loves to draw unfavorable contrasts between the simple life of Idaho and the bewildering complexity of crowded California. Even her car, "Betsy," couldn't take the California air, but was always breaking down when most needed. So "Betsy" is idle this year—which saves not-too-patient Petie a lot of fruitless highway frustration.



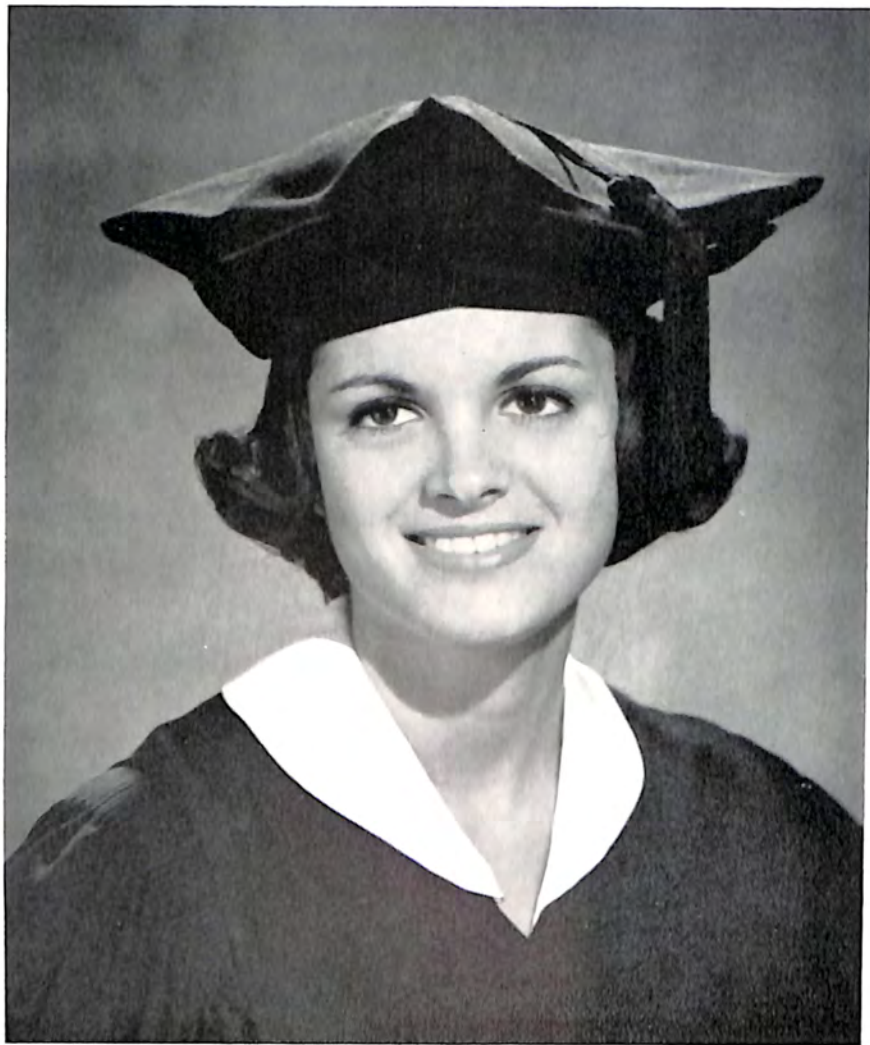
SHARON ANN PETERSEN
Sacramento, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH
MINOR: HISTORY

Transferred from Sacramento State College '61

Carillon Staff '62, '63
Editor '63
I.R.C. '62

Music Club '63
N.F.C.C.S. '64
Senior Delegate '61



MARY JANE POPIK

Arcadia, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: EDUCATION

Art Club '61
Italian Club '61, '62, '63

Social Committee '63
Social Service '63

MARY JANE POPIK

NO ONE looks at Jane just once, for her Italian beauty, her black hair and hazel eyes demand a second glance. Self-controlled and calm in comfortable corduroy "shift" or trim checked suit, Jane is the welcoming spirit of relaxed confidence as she moves through her well-planned day. As methodical about taking overnight permissions as she is about writing class reports *early*, Jane daily uncovers her inherent sense of resolution. She includes in her list of practical resolves the acquisition of cooking and sewing skills. As a result her lasagna is a personal triumph, her chicken cacciatore is a *pièce de résistance*; as a result, inter-group relation studies are gradually being supplanted by Butterick and Vogue.

Sometimes Jane attempts to untangle vexatious and complicated problems for herself or for those who ask help by applying the principles of psychology, at the same time trying to avoid saying the wrong thing at the wrong time. She vigorously analyzes the characters of *Tender Is the Night* and *David and Lisa*; she graciously "saves" terrified room guests from the attacks of moths. Interested in social work, Jane gladly travels to San Francisco each week to continue observational case work in the probation department.

Though her manner is unobtrusive, Jane's loyalties and her forethought always form a major part of her serious decisions: reliably, Jane does not vacillate.

JANET PORTER

JANET seldom worries about appearances, yet because of her congeniality she leaves a lasting impression. She rejoices in "happy people," and if those around her are not so after five minutes of Janet's smile and sense of humor, they are hopeless. Petite Janet has spent her college years living with a classmate's family, and she labels herself an "off-campus boarder." The arrangement suited her love of family life as well as her spirit of independence which was considerably enhanced by her parents' birthday gift: a red convertible.

For Janet time is a commodity to be shared with others. Her own projects can, and frequently are, set aside to "donate" a ride downtown or an opinion on an American Civ. thesis. She is periodically concerned about her lack of organization and her knack for getting sidetracked, but she always manages to accomplish not only what she set out to do at first, but also to draw up a lengthy Christmas card list, or to finish a collection of Hemingway short stories. She is a perfectionist who considers every detail before making a decision; consequently, plans for her marriage after graduation naturally take up much of her time. She has a Romantic's love of spring evenings, of walking in the rain, of dancing and firesides. The goals she has set for herself reflect a love of children: Janet is determined to get a teaching credential no matter how many correspondence courses she may have to take.



JANET MARIE PORTER
Vallejo, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION
FIELD OF CONCENTRATION: EDUCATION

S.C.T.A. '63



HELEN PURCELL
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH
MINOR: SPANISH

Gamma Sigma '63
Cum laude
A.S.D.C. Vice-President '61
Executive Board '64
Firebrand Staff '64
Fanjeaux House Chairman '62

I.R.C. '63
Model U.N. '63
Spanish Club '62
Student Affairs Board '61
W.A.A. Board '62, '63
Vice-President '63

HELEN PURCELL

HELEN is metaphysical tension between thought and feeling. Her Lebanese-Irish ancestry appears in rich warmth of manner and bemused spirit of contemplation. Surprised from reverie, Helen will grin guiltily, offer salami from the latest "Care" package from home, and return to a respectful, characteristically thorough meditation on the *Divine Comedy*. Her thoughts remain her private possessions, treasured for the fullness of experience they bring her.

Real love of learning and depth of insight lend assurance and the power of reason to Helen's opinion. Her lawyer's logic penetrates after-dinner discussions; desires for exactitude and order make her impatient with late-comers and frivolity. Relishing the intellectual, she echoes seventeenth century "felt thought," crying "I'm exhausted" after hours of rapt study. She means it, for Helen never naps: she rises bewildered from a coma-like trance.

Helen relaxes with the same absorption. Gladly, she enriches any impromptu song-fest with clear, true harmony; at ease, she meets teasing with tears of laughter. Eager to "take a break," she'll load her car with invited schoolmates and pursue the familiar Friday track to Gourmet Joe's. An observer, Helen reserves judgment on a book, a classmate, a gripe, until true perspective is attained; a participator, she fights to recover the basketball, executes the sonatina, charms the visitor, with engaging solicitude. Intellect and sensitivity blend in the vibrant drama of Helen.

ELIZABETH RICE

BETTE is a planner, although the occasional flurries of her life would seem to deny it. She is addicted to last-minute cramming, but such eleventh-hour sessions usually constitute parts of a well-planned schedule. Emphatic strokes with red pencil through the dates on her mural-sized calendar and Bette's days which include British and Italian films and well-thumbed European travel books. Long lists of numbers that resemble a "new math" problem enable her to count off the days remaining until important events like birthdays, vacations, and graduation.

Her red Volkswagen has provided Bette with a speedy escape from the pressures of a History major and many a trip to Sausalito or San Francisco has been a grateful respite from the strain of *1066, et al.* Bette is gifted with an animated imagination, and if this occasionally leads to over-dramatic descriptions of the events and people that crowd her days, it also results in bluebooks that match in invention the historical novels of a Robert Graves. When Bette returns from the Grand Tour her experiences will undoubtedly supply material for a "Minute by Minute Guide," and no Romanesque church or music festival will be excluded.

Just as Bette's outward appearance shows self-knowledge—for her wardrobe and hair style are essentially her own and no one else's—so does her very real concern over spiritual values and her development as a Christian woman.

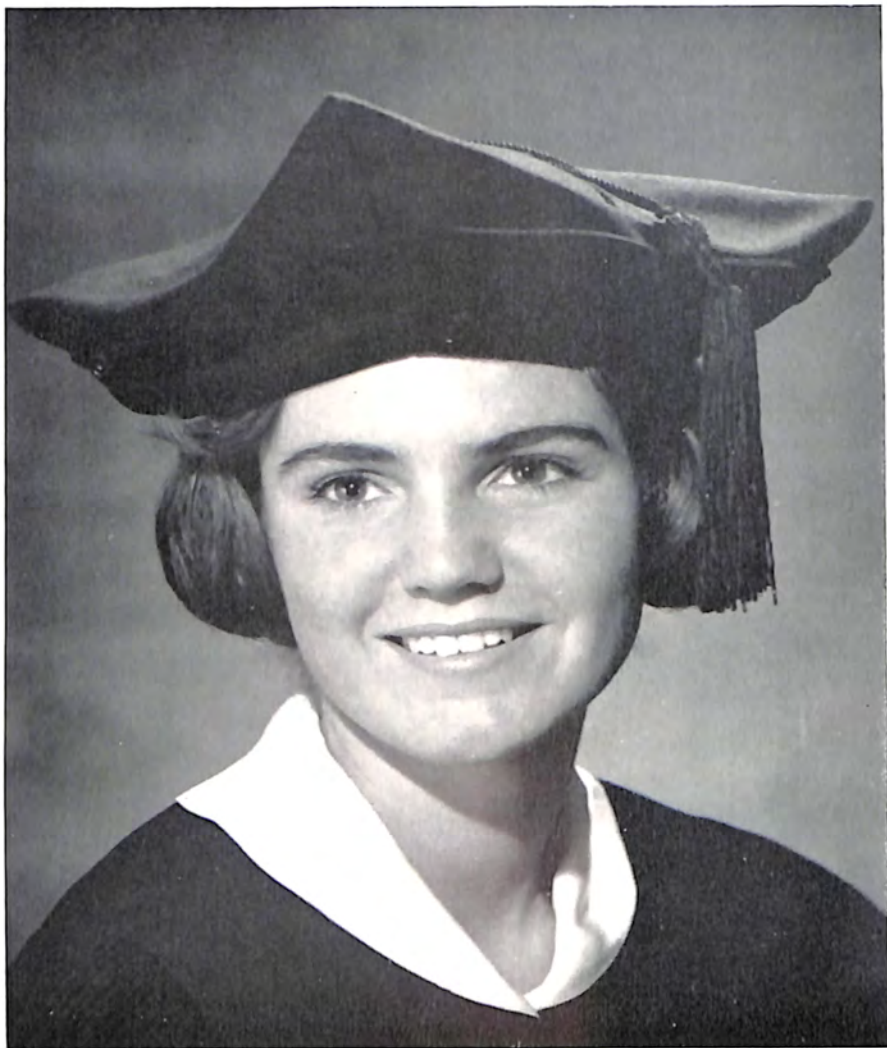


ELIZABETH ANN RICE
Pasadena, California

MAJOR: HISTORY
MINOR: EDUCATION

L.R.C. '61
Irish Club '62

Social Service '62



KATHLEEN ELIZABETH RILEY

San Rafael, California

MAJOR: PHYSICAL EDUCATION
MINOR: HISTORY

Choral '61
Irish Club '61

Schola '61
W.A.A. Board '63, '61

KATHLEEN RILEY

KATHLEEN RILEY, the sole P.E. major of her class is, above all, an individual, with definite opinions on topics running the gamut from Renaissance art to St. Laurent fashions. Her tall, classic figure and molded features are enhanced by the clean cut, controlled lines of pleats and sheaths, by the smoothness of sculpted hair styles, and by the evenness of a golden, almost year-round tan. Kathie balances her hours on the tennis court with leisurely reading in art or history and thus practices the ancient Greek principle of "sound mind in sound body." The theme of Kathie's classicism must be modified however, especially when she dashes by in blue denim or sits absorbed in the mistiness of Renoir or a polonaise of Chopin—and those hasty flashes of Irish temper do not always harmonize with the spirit of the athenaeum.

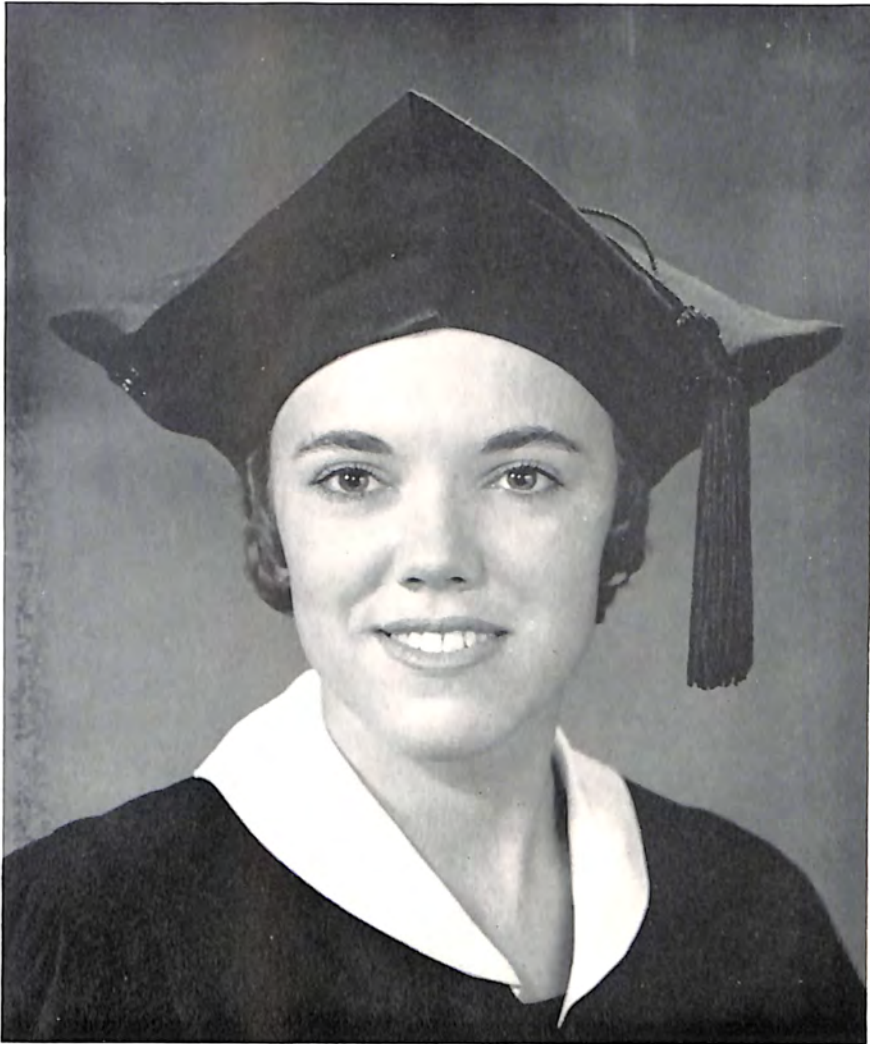
For Kathie the experience of working at Teton National Park one summer was a chance to appreciate the individual differences of an enjoyable variety of people. She consistently avoids pettiness and pretension in order that narrow-mindedness be cast into eternal darkness. Her own effortless proficiency in leadership and her managerial capabilities in sports inspire confidence in others although she never demands the leader's role and gladly serves as willing follower. Indeed, Kathleen Riley works and plays hard but with singular purpose: she strives for excellence.

JEANNE ROGERS

IT IS A gaily printed, "Lanzed" Jeanne who flutters through the North Wing with an assortment of unintentional bangs and clatters. Calling out "Hi ya's" she breezes from hall to smokeroom and once settled there finds easy access to the newspaper, absent-mindedly appropriates matches, pens, pencils later to be retrieved from her voluminous handbag. A whirlwind spins about her, but once the dust of dither has calmed, Jeanne relaxes and barely coaxed dramatizes with appropriate gestures her trip to Hawaii or latest Dr. Fisher class.

She combines qualities both childlike and mature: there is a wide-eyed wonderment as she asks, "Can you believe it?" and a sympathy in her voice as she dispenses comfort to the disconsolate. Still, afraid of that bogey, darkness, Jeannie will keep her lamp on all night when alone; then, in the bright daylight, will bellow with all the might of her five-foot-plus frame at her unruly P.E. class. She sports the daintiest of high heels, wears the fluffiest of fur collars, loves dinner-dancing dates; and loves too, her family's beautiful and peaceful dairy ranch in Nicasio.

Jeannie gives the appearance of being a little frivolous, a little flighty. True, she is easily lured into a bridge game and easily lured away—especially for a soda. True, she is easily put in a dither, but she is not easily depressed nor put off balance. There is a solidity and peace at her center.



JEANNE CATHERINE ROGERS
Nicasio, California

MAJOR: HISTORY
MINOR: EDUCATION

Transferred from San Diego College for Women '61
S.C.T.A. '63, '61



ELAINE FRANCES SANGUINETI

Stockton, California

MAJOR: MATHEMATICS

MINOR: CHEMISTRY

Class Secretary '63

Carillon Staff '61, '62

Assistant Editor '61

Italian Club '62, '63

Music Club '61, '62, '63, '64

Schola '63, '64

Science Club '62

S.C.T.A. '63, '64

Social Service '62, '63, '64

Student Affairs Board '63

ELAINE SANGUINETTI

ELAINE's joyousness recommends itself to a world immersed in its own troubles. Life for her is an expansion of mind and heart. The human race is her family; offering up her personal sorrows and anxieties, she meets it head-on with smiles, songs, and corporal works of mercy. Her kindness and givingness are so well known that her anonymous flower-donations seldom go undetected. The heart on her sleeve is so prominent that she received a symbolic one in velvet for Valentine's Day: a fluffy eyelet-ringed one, in pillow form, which she hugs occasionally.

Generally tolerant of natures less fortified than her own, Elaine will react with a nonplussed "well . . ." to trivial complaints. Her own exertions end in prodigious consequences: often in unsurpassable spaghetti dinners which may well be Elaine's major trademark around campus. Possessed of a fine soprano voice, Elaine fortunately does not restrict its use to the Schola. Music of all kinds thrills and delights her, and she is a regular symphony-goer. Although she approaches music more from an affective viewpoint, she possesses intellectual probity and has made her mark in the math and science departments.

Elaine's European tour last summer included unforgettable experiences, even a private Mass in Notre Dame. She, indeed, possesses the firm maturity and capacity to share, to enrich herself, to become the truly universal young woman.

SHIRLEY SARTORI

IN SHIRLEY's personality, simplicity and beauty go hand in hand. A red-gold autumn leaf gladdens her bureau; twenty-one red birthday roses accompany her home for the week-end. Her "special books" are read and re-read: *The Snow Goose*, *Haiku Poety*, *The Agony and the Ecstasy*; a treasured gold bracelet always dangles from her wrist. Impulsive enthusiasm impels Shirl toward the turtle races or a balloon-blowing contest, or inspires her with the classic remark on a dinner date: "Lettuce is such a congenial plant."

At times, Shirley's idealism transforms her environment into a special world where people's faults and limitations are non-existent. The gift of fantasy enables her to share thoughts with a child; and her high-pitched voice, which she lowers with patient exercises, is ideally adapted to expressing a wonder—almost a reverence—for people and things. Common sense warns Shirl to guard against being "too nice." But her greatest hope is to convert her ideals into reality; hence her friends listen to her talking seriously about how to become a good teacher, wife and mother, a "better me."

Though the appreciative openness and faintly old-fashioned air of Shirley grace a small party or a concert to perfection, her quiet hands are best at finishing small details. Her prettily covered shoe boxes are one practical result of her urge to beautify everything.



SHIRLEY ANN SARTORI

Petaluma, California

MAJOR: HISTORY
MINOR: EDUCATION

Carillon Staff '61, '62, '63
Business Manager '63
Italian Club '61, '62, '63
Music Club '61, '62, '63, '64

S.C.T.A. '62, '63, '64
President '64
Social Service '61, '62, '63



CAROLE ANN SERONELLO

Oakland, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: EDUCATION

Capillon Staff '63
Edgehill House Chairman '62, '63
Italian Club '63
Secretary-Treasurer '63
Meadowlark Staff '62

Music Club '61, '62
Schola '63
S.C.T.A. '61
Social Service '62, '63

CAROLE SERONELLO

WHERE CAROL is, laughter is: hers is a penetrating and childish laugh easily recognized in a crowded hall or cafeteria. The joyful Genovese spirit animates "Sare" as she joins a Ray Charles twist session in the North Wing, prepares "Betsy" for an outing, exchanges remarks with "the kids" over a cup of coffee, or launches into "Santa Lucia" on St. Patrick's Day. Contrariwise, her kind brown eyes can glow with the soothing warmth and gentleness which serve her so well in the classroom. Carole is fun-loving, but not fun-centered.

Devoted to the fine arts, Carole will marshal a group for the opera or symphony, pick out a Roualt poster as a friendly gift, or doze under the hair-dryer dreaming of Tschaikovsky and Michelangelo. The record-player may still be going as drowsy Carole is found curled fast asleep on the bed, a book in her hand.

"Insight!" exclaims Carole. And insight belongs uniquely to her. Insight into the feelings of others helps her to bring cheer to the old people at Terra Linda Home, satisfy a questioning child, or console a discouraged friend. Although she tends to take people and life too seriously at times, her finely developed sensibilities and tact reinforce positive values. Carole bears always with her an aura of Edgehill graciousness, which like dark wood and red wine is ever traditional and hospitable.

KATHLEEN STRAIN

THERE IS NO mistaking the impact of Katie's size, appearance, and personality. This is an elfish creature with a lightly freckled face, a generous supply of wit and good humor, and a bounding enthusiasm. Kate does literally bound through life. She is the irresistible force before which the most adamantly immovable object turns tail in despair. Katie covers ground, and manages to navigate with equal zest the trodden and untrodden ways.

Katie's tastes run to the energetic and the colorful. Take her dancing, water skiing; sally with her to the City for an afternoon of park-visiting and window-shopping. Rainy weather inhibits Kate, whose restless spirit devises attractive interruptions during study hours and turns to fidgeting of various kinds when circumscribed. Quiet moments may find her with a piece of sewing or a collection of *haiku*. But when the mood wears off, beware! She flips jello. Or she conducts an impromptu tea party in academic attire.

Above all, Katie is a firm believer in enlightened self-interest, in practicing and preaching self-reliance. Yet she seldom feels imposed on. Hence the Strain home has housed many a Dominican weekender; hence many a midnight has found Kate typing a friend's term paper. Any tolerance has limits. Don't "yes" Katie; appreciate humor with her. A twist of a phrase, an offside grin will tell you what she *really* thinks.



KATHLEEN ANN STRAIN

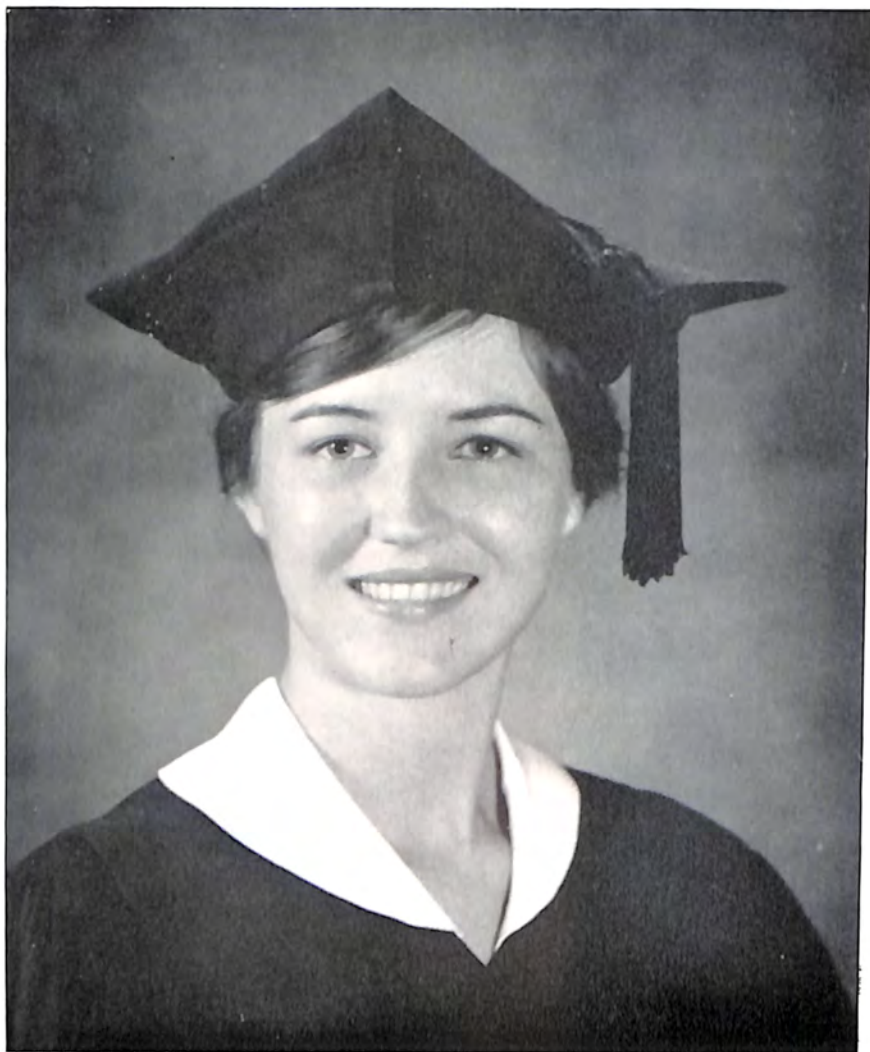
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

MINOR: HISTORY

A.S.D.C. Treasurer '63
Student Affairs Board President '64
Absence Committee '63

Music Club '63, '64
Social Committee '63
Social Service '63



KAREN SWANSON
Carmel, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION
FIELD OF CONCENTRATION: EDUCATION

French Club '61
I.R.C. '61, '62
Music Club '62
S.C.T.A. '61

Social Service '62, '63, '64
Chairman '63
Student Affairs Board '63

KAREN SWANSON

KAREN is genteel; ceremonious; cameo-like. A special aloofness and demure placidity enhance her soft, regular features. Like a cameo, she is never conspicuous, but always in good taste. Although not an extreme conservative, Karen likes everything "in line." She tends toward the old guard, where she can see a logical order of things, seeking the classical in art and dress. Nothing is more annoying to her than a picture hanging just slightly off-center, the pin on her dress at cross-purposes with her collar. A nicety of discrimination marks all she does; she goes about in colors co-ordinated and subdued. She prefers prime-rib dinners, theaters and dancing, informal parties—just dressy enough for Chanel No. 5. She reaches out instinctively for the unpretentious but elegant. Only in nature does she admire the spectacular: ocean sunsets, waterfalls in the forest, moonlight on water.

Karen's loveliness is no surface affair. It takes character to maintain fastidiousness of taste, to prefer the rational in an irrational society. Crystalline and alabaster in her reposeful equilibrium, Karen does not remain wrapped up in herself. She likes working with children, and can happily while away a rainy afternoon reading *Winnie the Pooh* or making paper collages with them. Karen is a Chopin waltz ordering herself into a Mozart minuet; she is cascading hair and blue lace; she is the subtlety and stillness of a cameo.

TINA THEISEN

TINA belongs to the fragile world of *ephemera*: a creature poised on the shadowy margins between reality and unreality. She believes in myth; she maintains staunchly that King Arthur will return; she discourses extensively on the distinction between good and bad dragons; she has chased mastodons up and down the halls of Pennafort. Constantly on the lookout for Hobbits, Tina has ranged the hills behind Dominican seeking their holes, and has been known to ask people to remove their shoes to ascertain whether they possess the requisite furry feet.

The mythologist-poet Robert Graves—"There is one story, and one story only"—best suits Tina's temperament; she is the English major with the philosophical habit of mind. Her perceptiveness infallibly pinpoints the illogical in an argument; her papers are carefully clear of *non sequiturs*. Incessantly in quest of perfection, Tina will sit up a-night huddled in a pink "stoa" quilt over the typewriter, murmuring "limn and polish, polish and limn." She is deathly afraid of dilettantism, but should resign herself to being a *good* dilettante; her command of many subjects is legion.

Tina's idea of humor is an air of complete credulity, a sidewise, bright, chirky smile, many tosses of the head, and an emphatic statement of an obvious absurdity, polished off with an exclamatory "Ha!" She deserves to be the personal friend of Hobbits, gremlins, and mastodons; they would like her.



MARIA CRISTINA THEISEN
Sacramento, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH
MINOR: PHILOSOPHY

Firebrand Staff '64
I.R.C. '62, '63
Meadowlark Staff '63

Spanish Club '62
Third Order '63



JANET CAROLE THOMAS
Novato, California

MAJOR: MATHEMATICS
MINOR: FRENCH

Transferred from College of Marin '62

JANET THOMAS

JANET has a long-fingered, head-tilting grace and a freshness of complexion which mark her at once as a person of distinction. Her bronze hair has earned her the name of "Rusty," and this fragile, poised young lady complements her looks with "cool" colors: blues, violets, and greens. Often a level gaze and a droll grin invite the beholder to stop and converse. Once drawn into conversation, Janet is feminine: she says just enough to stimulate her companion. Her delight in hearing the opinions of others forces her to use care to avoid being too easily swayed. The convictions which she does possess run deep; they are, in fact, unshakable.

A conscientious student, Janet nevertheless tries not to allow studies to encroach on her leisure, and feels particularly exhilarated on Friday afternoons. Although not athletic, "Rusty" enjoys a swim, a bicycle ride, a long hike. She reads for pleasure: predictably, she likes tales of domesticity; unpredictably, she likes adventure stories. Sewing and solitude bring comfort when days are trying. But in sunnier moments Janet "sits in" on intellectual conversations and indulges in girlish laughter.

Lest one forget that "Rusty's" gentility and poise do not exhaust her character, it should be noted that she is a mathematics major, and likes astronomy, physics, and abstruse mathematical puzzles. Let those who deride femininity reconcile these incontrovertible facts.

GEORGINA TOCALINO

GINA enlivens the group that she joins with a genuinely individual sound of mirth. This is a person who needs no great stimuli to be aware and to be pleased. Her shy, dark eyes take all in; her ears are never caught off guard; but she is reticent about her own affairs. When she does speak, she says something worthwhile and generally amusing, for just under Gina's surface lies a sizeable supply of verve and exuberance.

Exuberance and verve sometimes get Gina into scrapes. Things seem to happen to her. She is not above losing a contact lens in a rainstorm while watching a burning building, nor above falling from her pinto, nor pursuing a purse-snatcher down a lonely street. Excitement comes naturally to Gina; when she is not finding some exciting event to enjoy, she daydreams one. We often find her looking into space. In conversation, she comes alive: gestures and high-pitched exclamations punctuate her picturesque descriptions.

Application, dedication and trustworthiness are, however, the virtues of a quiet spirit; and Gina possesses them. Discouragements are felt deeply, hidden, and overcome. By the favored few who share it, Gina's friendship is treasured. Pleasant hours are spent recollecting experiences of yesterday with others, including all the sweet and sour of a Mexican summer, from which Gina returned battered but undaunted and happily reflective.



GEORGINA LOUISE TOCALINO

Novato, California

MAJOR: SPANISH

MINOR: EDUCATION

Choral '62

Spanish Club '63, '61

Secretary-Treasurer '61

Third Order '63



PATRICIA ANN WEEKS
San Rafael, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION
FIELD OF CONCENTRATION: LITERATURE

Meadowlark Staff '64

PATRICIA WEEKS

CONSTANT mobility and effervescent energy keep volatile Pat on the go. Her arrival is announced by a racing motor, a husky laugh, a jolly warble, and a dimple. There is nothing so distinctive of Pat as her restlessness. She never stays long in one place and rarely departs from it unaccompanied. Pat's nomadic bent is highly contagious, and her persuasive powers have been the ruin of many well-laid study plans. The "Weeks Tax Service" operates, at passenger risk, from dawn to dusk, available at a moment's notice. In endless quests for the new and different, Pat flits from one mad escapade to another. She has even flown a plane.

Beneath Pat's boisterousness, however, resides loyalty, warm-hearted liberality, and deep concern for others. Her cheerful cards and pleasant surprises have brightened many a friend's dark day. Her quick attunement to moods and feelings has saved countless perilous moments; her wit alternately exhilarates and drains.

Between organ-playing, novel-reading, weekend-hostessing, Coke-breaks, almost-weekly shoe purchases, "My friend Margaret," her poodle, Satchmo, plans for the next "notorious" Chinese New Year, and a sudden interest in rugby, Pat dissipates, gladdly, the greater part of her free time. Compensations? Limitless enthusiasm, perpetual motion, and an existence to which loneliness is as foreign as the aardvark.

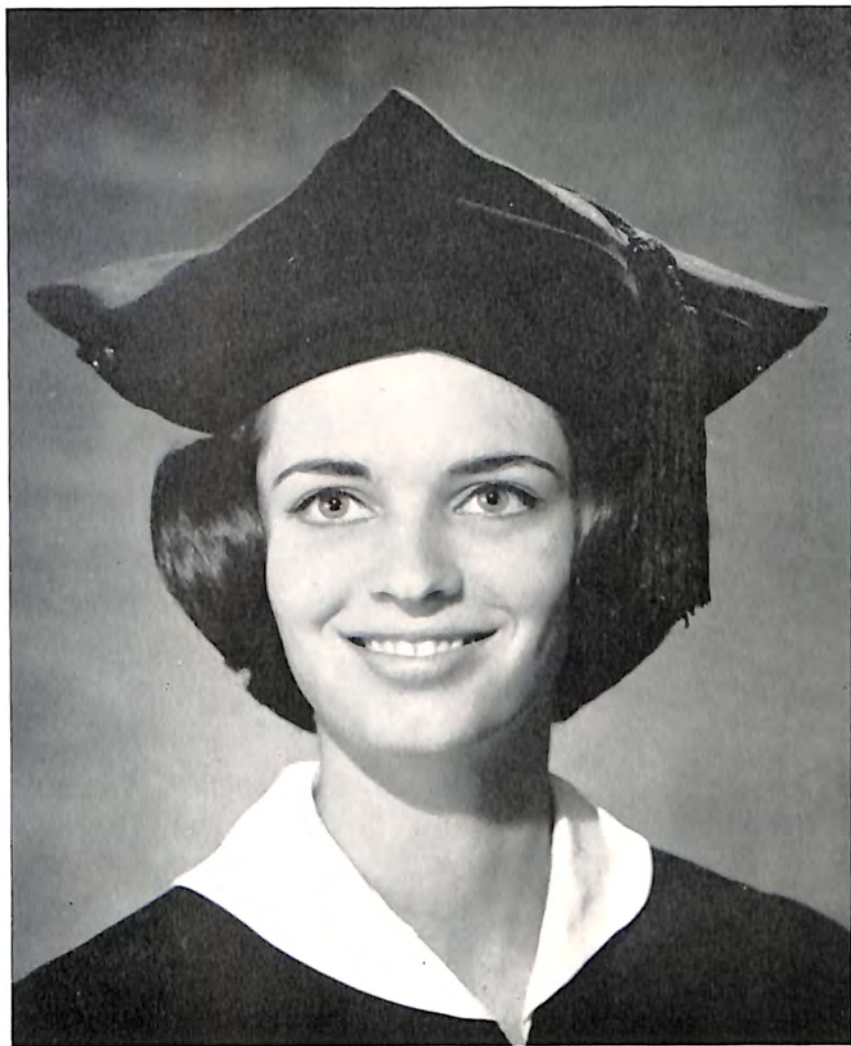
ANNE WERTS

ANNE is emphatically *Vogue*. She calls to mind the luxury of fine lingerie and fragrant bubble bath, but her meticulous grooming, enviable poise and dramatic “Keane-like” eyes belie a restless, independent and high spirit. Underlying a fragile quality is an iron will which defies the convention of feminine fickleness and propels her forward with determined efficiency. She is laconic: speaks, thinks, and acts with emphasis and rarely reverses a judgement. She dispatches with ease ordinarily tedious tasks and perseveres in such projects as her Senior thesis on Arthur Miller.

Gracious, responsive yet outspoken with friends, Anne becomes reticent when exposed to the unfamiliar and might often be thought aloof. In reality her reserve disguises deep but private thought and observation.

Her tastes range from the informality of capris and sandals to the elegance of green velvet, but Anne shatters the illusion of sophistication with a touch of ingénue that escapes in her personalized giggle and ability to prolong an ice cream cone. She focuses attention on Frank Sinatra or Trini Lopez in the sporadic but intense manner of a teen-ager and squeals, “It was just neat!” to describe a fabulous week-end in Oregon. An instigator, she inconspicuously incites others to mischief and occasionally collaborates.

Anne is a person who constantly surprises with the unexpected. She is hard to know, but worth knowing.



ANNE ELIZABETH WERTS

Los Angeles, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION
FIELD OF CONCENTRATION: LITERATURE

Firebrand Staff '61
I.R.C. '61
Irish Club '61
Meadowlark Staff '64
Music Club '62

S.C.T.A. '63
Social Committee '61
W.A.A. Board '63
Treasurer '63



JOANNE PATRICIA WHITE

Mentlo Park, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: HISTORY

Gamma Sigma
Magna cum laude
A.S.D.C. President '61
Freshman Advisor '63
A.S.D.C. Secretary '62
Class Representative '61

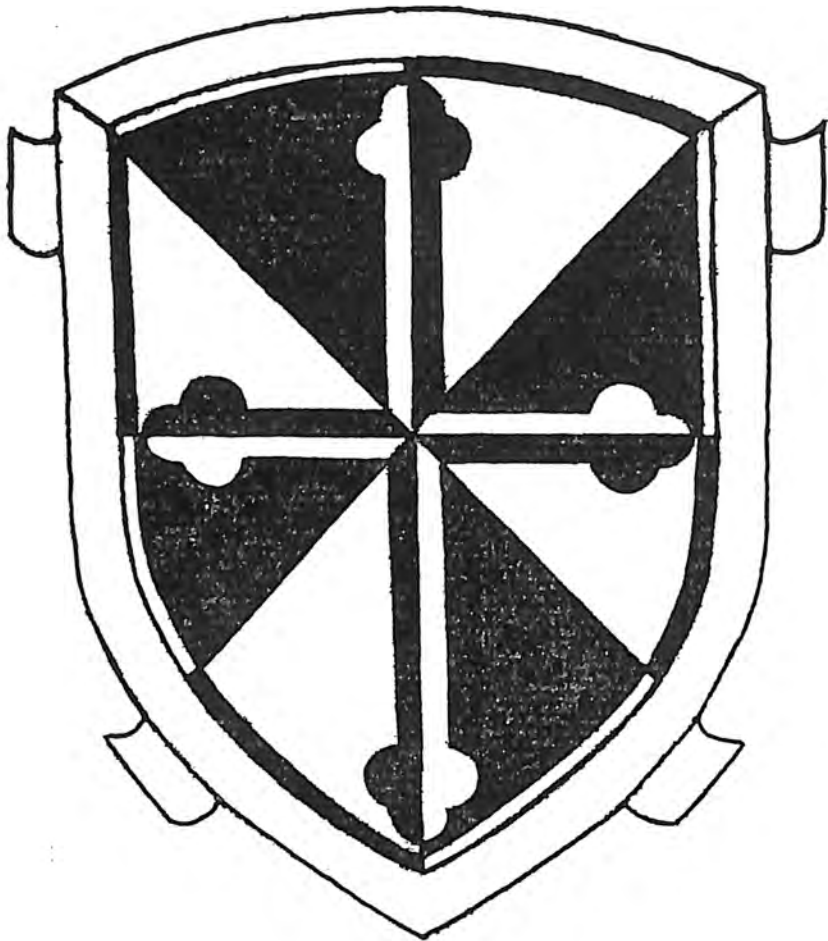
Executive Board '61, '62, '63, '64
I.R.C. '62, '63
Vice-President '63
Model U.N. '62, '63
Chairman '63
Student Affairs Board '63, '64

JOANNE WHITE

JOANNE, a study of the modern club woman, inevitably gravitates toward the group. Without machination or demagoguery she evokes *esprit de corps* and leads with a soft-spoken, personal approach. Constantly pressed for time, but adept at coordination, she integrates the academic with the purely social, expediently discussing Browning over a bridge game or planning a meeting in the midst of term paper research. She suggests constancy, reliability and perseverent idealism while pursuing her official duties—at the same time is notorious for singing loudly off-key at the Red Garter, or clandestinely kicking shoes under her bed to hasten a weekly room cleaning.

The calm, capable and comprehensive image she presents to the world at large obscures a major aspect of Joanne: the impersonator who evokes “shades” of Dante in the halls of Pennafort, the “leg-puller” who only belatedly betrays with a laugh, and the idealist who vehemently defends the honor code.

Sensitive to her surroundings, she accommodates herself with ease to the moods and needs of others and supplies just the right “pick-me-up” or “tone-me-down.” She is famous for her melancholy “I’m sorry,” but more often is the agent of humor and optimism. Her never-ending activities, always directed toward a selfless end, reflect the steadiness of an individual whose average is never mediocre because it so closely resembles everyday excellence.



Veritas



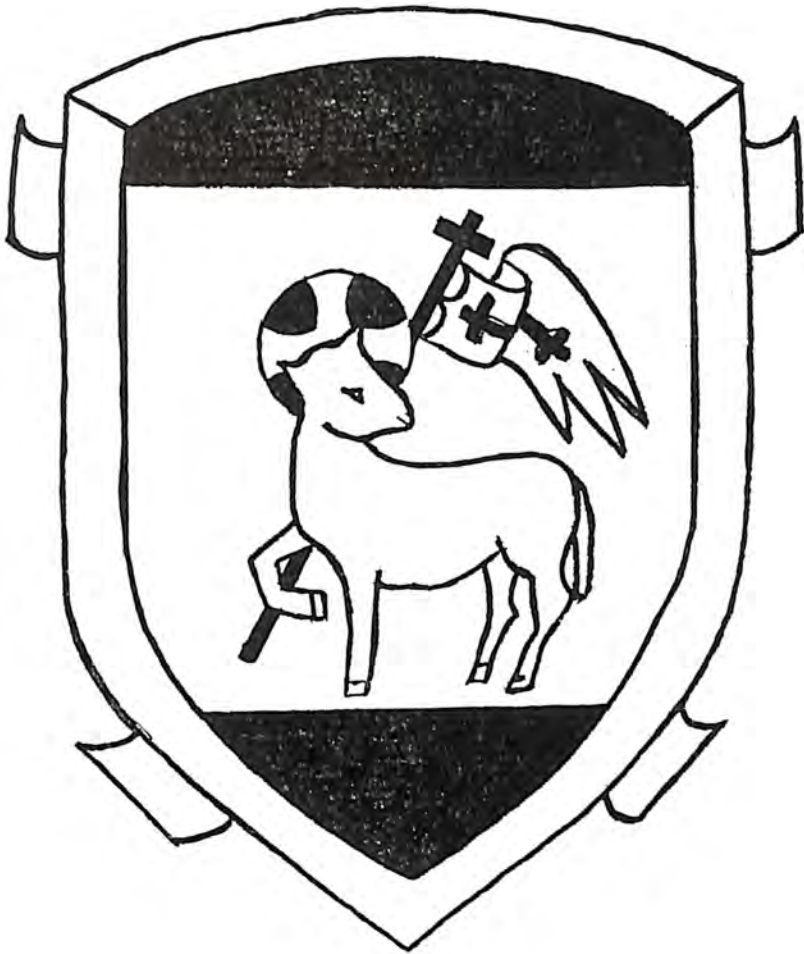
A.S.D.C. OFFICERS

Kathleen Johnson, *Treasurer*; Helen Purcell, *Vice-President*; Joanne White, *President*; Kathleen Strain, *Student Affairs Board President*; Mary Gayle Foley, *Secretary*.



SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

Gail Downey, *Treasurer*; Susan Eggers, *Secretary*; Mary Lu McGuire,
Vice-President; Joan Barosetto, *President*.



In veritate vincere



Verité, Amour et Dieu



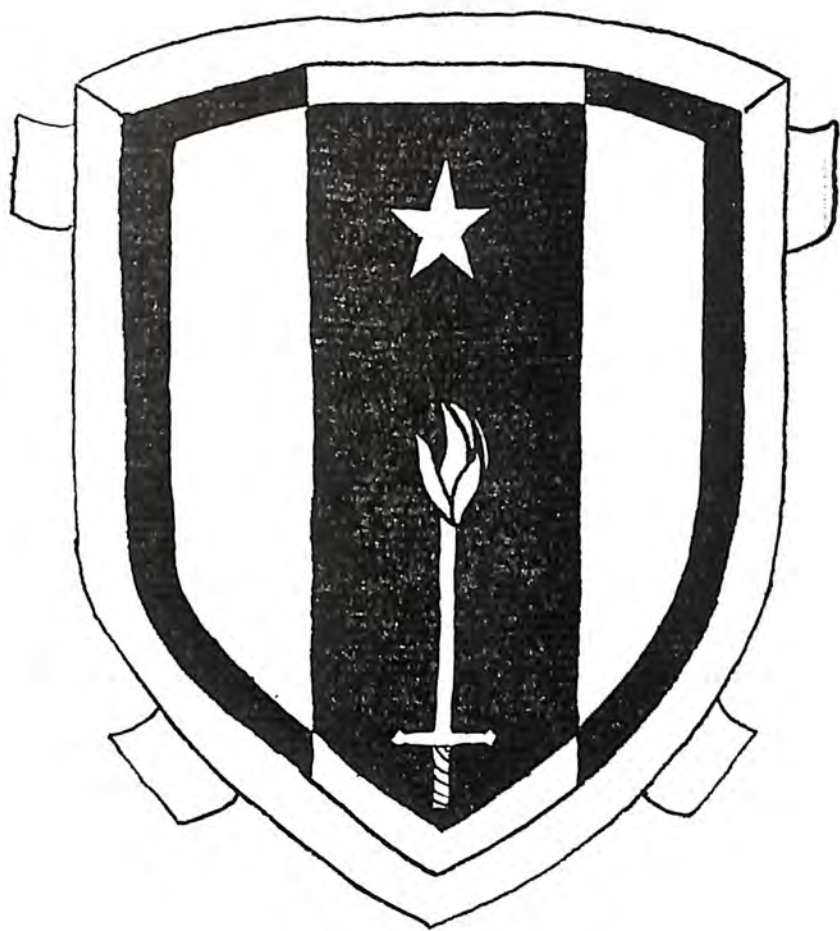
JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

Alrene Grialou, *Treasurer*; Margaret Cloherty, *Vice-President*; Angela Bonica, *Secretary*; Judith Smith, *President*.



SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS

Monica Boss, *President*; Christine Gallagher, *Vice-President*;
Nancy Ayling, *Secretary*; Catherine Quinn, *Treasurer*.



Sapientia et Veritas



Non Videri, Sed Esse



FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS

Heather Buchanan, *President*; Paula Cavanaugh, *Secretary*; Emily Kearney,
Vice-President; Katherine Sabini, *Treasurer*.



DR. WLADYSLAW SOKOLOWSKI

DOMINICAN COLLEGE was saddened and made poorer on November 13, 1963, by the death of Dr. Wladyslaw Sokolowski, Professor of Political Science and Chairman of the department. A native of Lwow, Poland, he received his doctorate in law and economics from the University of Lwow in 1915. After study in international law and political science, he entered foreign service. His list of appointments and the work he carried on testify to his ability: in New York City, 1919-1922; then to Washington, D.C., where his special work was assisting Polish immigrants to settle in the United States; then to Paris, where he was chief of his country's International Organizations at the League of Nations. In 1933 he returned to Washington, and then, in 1936, went back to Warsaw as Chief of the consular department. His appointment as Polish minister to Denmark was interfered with by World War II, which forced him, his wife, and their two sons to flee from Poland to Bulgaria and thence to the United States. In San Francisco he signed the United Nations Charter for the Polish government in exile. After writing and lecturing for a few years, he took up a teaching career, and came to Dominican College in 1948. Here he taught for fifteen years, until a few weeks before his death.

Dr. Sokolowski's personal qualities drew students to him and kept them his friends. His old-world charm was attractive; his gaiety and warmth were of the essence of his nature, which was deepened and not embittered by the sadness of his life: the death of his eldest son, the loss of his diplomatic career, the tragedy of his country. His concern for little things, for example, a sunny lecture room or the smart tricks of a friend's small Beagle, gave a humorous touch to a personality marked by culture and wide interests—a personality which made his students keenly aware of the world beyond the campus and of national and international problems. His interest in people and in the concerns of the College was a living thing. One felt it in his enthusiasm for his department, in his care for the foreign students—his special charge—and in the time he gave to the International Relations Club and the Model UN.

He died suddenly and quietly, having remarked to a friend the day before his death that he hoped to return in the Spring to Dominican College to teach Political Science 130 (Problems of World Politics) once again. His going has left a gap in the faculty. It is with deepest regret that we acknowledge the departure from our ranks of a stimulating scholar and teacher, a friend to the College and to each of us personally, and a fine Catholic gentleman.

SISTER M. MARTIN, O.P.



THE GREATER FREEDOM

NO, IT DOESN'T bore me. Has the question been asked before? Everybody asks: What is it that impresses a foreigner coming to America? Why, the fact that they do not treat you as a foreigner! This very statement presents enough substance to end these "pages of impressions on coming to America" right here. But you want explications!

On attending my first official ceremony in Angelico Hall, after my arrival from Germany in 1960, my thoughts were lost in the process which psychologists appropriately call association. Angelico—Angelicum, the Dominican House of Studies in Rome—Rome—Europe—Heart of Europe—Germany—Home... The

completion of the process of association was sacrificed to a kindly administered nudge of the elbow coming from my right-hand neighbor, together with a de Gaulle-like whisper: "Stand like a statue!" Again association—I remembered the tall statue of Frederick the Great back home in the market place—and stood like a Prussian grenadier. The sensation was fortified, as above and around me the sopranos stretched for "the rockets' red glare" and the basses thundered "through the night that our flag was still there."

But I, the foreigner, on first hearing the national anthem, gathered up the impressions. "The land of the free and the home of the brave" dismissed the old association; they made me search for the expression of this freedom. The search was successful. The song in Angelico is put into practice in Guzman: you may question Saint Anselm or support Descartes; you may judge, criticize, review or reject, love or fight opinions. You are not told what you have to think, as some people are! The message of the hymn lives at the Archbishop Alemany Library: you may come and go any time from dawn to dusk without showing an identification card which makes you an honorable member of the Always-Right Party; you may choose your books; you may even take them home. The song follows you to Caleruega, where you may accept the ice cream and leave the spinach to others.

Does it hardly seem correct to infer freedom from these small acts and objects? Consider that even though you are free to argue in class, your teacher's eyes will be enough of an indication that to leave class at 9:58 a.m. is not legal; you may choose your books, but you are not free to underline them; you may go to the newest movies, but you have to be back at Pennafort by midnight.

Let us focus. Many of the little "freedoms" encountered on first gathering impressions of America are the basis for the greater liberty: the freedom of the mind. What about the rules, regulations and restrictions (if you roll your "r's" like a foreigner this combination of words may sound like an imminent danger) which seem to take away freedom? They too have a purpose, a service: usually a service to others.

The expressions of freedom which struck me first extend further. First impressions do not remain stale; they either vanish or grow. Mine developed. I realize that all the freedom that might be possessed by an individual or a nation can be kept in custody for private use. Applied to America this would mean that the nation would have only to guard its borders, and the individual his façade. The development of my impressions showed that this is not so in the United States; America tries to share, and is free to give of its freedom.

To this it must be added that the material freedom can be taken away, but what cannot be destroyed is the freedom of the mind. It was this freedom which in the first century gave Saint Paul the fire to compose his greatest letters; it was the same freedom which in the twentieth century made the German Jesuit, Alfred Delp, write his magnanimous convictions about personal and universal liberty. Associations again: Saint Paul and the Church fought for freedom; Alfred Delp laid down his life for the freedom of a nation; America has an ideal: she desires to keep her freedom. Just as an ideal is kept by struggling for it, so America must "fight the good fight, it must finish its course,"—and it must keep its freedom.

SISTER M. ANDREA, O.P. '65
Dominican Sisters of Oakford
Province of Natal, South Africa



A COMPREHENSIVE VIEW OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

WHEN that April.

The Picts and the Scots, the original inhabitants and founders of the culture, living in monasteries near the Welsh border, pinned their folk tales and legends on their great kings and heroes, one of whom, Kneuptlh, pronounced Fr, devised the four stress alliterative pounding line, which he pounded and pounded with "w's."

The Old English period was one of great neuroses, as exemplified by the Concept of Evil in Beowulf, whom a dragon devoured up to the eyebrows. Shortly afterwards occurred 735—Death of Bede, Bede a sufferer from Elf-spear.

Demoralized by the loss of their leaders, the English allowed themselves to become Norman dominated. The Normans were a liberal ideological group who made such changes as that of the pronunciation of "fl" to "m."

The English language then vanished. For three centuries no one spoke. However, extremely quarrelsome comedies in which were depicted Biblical characters of the greatest imaginable irritability were enacted in church with much vigor and furious thrashing about from pew to pew, the people thus relieving the considerable frustration engendered in them by three hundred years of keeping absolute

silence while the nobility rattled on in French.

Then bringing rescue came Chaucer, father of the English literature, maker of the language fit to hear, nosy man living over the gate and watching everyone. Scholars are unresolved as to whether by his use of the word "cow" Chaucer meant "cow" or "door," but he assuredly understood the principles of antibiotics and the conjuring up of evil spirits. In May Chaucer composed sweet dream allegories, determinedly combatting the four-stress alliterative pounding line, which he considered vacuously adolescent. In the fall his spirits stiffened, and he scalded cooks, pouring boiling syrup down upon them from his home in the gate.

About and after Chaucer England skimmed over the Wars of the Roses, a period of internal distress and painful indigestion, and coasted into Elizabeth and up to Spenser, with his knights pricking on the plain and damsels whipping through the woods. Many persons have commented on a reaction to Spenser similar to that of the nervous reflex of lip curling at first sight of a plate of fresh lettuce.

Concerning Spenser's contemporary Shakespeare, it is incongruous to speak lightly, for Shakespeare himself did not speak lightly. His favorite vehicle was the ten syllable iambic pentameter blank verse line, nine syllables of which he accented.

Despite the influential Shakespeare's pragmatic ap-

proach to the new science as it might improve the lot of man, the aura of disintegrating orbits and the new scientists' hurling of themselves with knives and hatchets upon the Great Chain of Being was upsetting to sensitive persons. The Metaphysical School ("Metaphysical"—avoiding physics) rather withdrew, studied those objects which orbit within the mind, and foreran the Great Romantic Revolution, Subjectivism in Poetry. Concurrent with the later Metaphysicals was Milton, a cruel Greek scholar, whom Samuel Johnson called phoney, calling other persons vile Whigs. For Samuel Johnson was preceded by the major portion of the objective and rational eighteenth century as a whole. He thus took into consideration the "Geometrical" or "Squarely Built Couplets" of Pope and the refreshingly reasonable dislike of most of Swift.

Yet the forces of Pragmatism and the Objective Way of Life could hold off no longer with the mighty intrushing wave of the Great Romantic Revolution, which prevailed with Wordsworth and his chopping of spirits in the woods. True poetry became the perfect expression of the poet's internal vision or distress (See the Wars of the Roses. Human nature is everywhere the same). Shelley customarily laughed wildly at his father, and stout Keats mistakenly apportioned the discovery of the Pacific, with fortunate ignorance however, for Balboa is a slippery word

suggesting stout Crisco, while stout Cortez brings to mind a part of a sturdy tree.

In the later nineteenth century Subjectivism was fought back a bit by social crusaders, such as Tennyson, who cried "Row us out to Sirmione!" thus pushing a movement motif upon which the world of literature slid into the twentieth century and became entirely unintelligible.

Which Assyrian cult does Mr. Eliot have in mind? That is all we know on earth and all we need to know.

CAROLYN MACKENZIE '64



CONFIRMATION

W HIPPOORWILLS there were behind a veil
Of frozen needled branches; but the seed
Which I had strewn lay still upon the trail.

Their silent, restless songs belied a need
For warmth and food, but feathers could not move
Because they knew I stood beneath the tree.

Then, what am I, adulthood trying to prove
Maturity? What means it to have grown—
To lose the child's ability to love?

Knowledge taught; but I must not have known
The alien nature of the bark and earth,
Else fear of me the birds would not have shown.

I, once bendable as grass, must measure worth
Now by bars of steel inflexible,
By speed, without a reverence for birth.

Beneath a surfeit of material
And noise and entertainment, I must cry
For something more, a meaning tangible.

Childhood lost, perhaps. But even I
With child's simplicity can bend to kneel
On furrows motionless, while others fly.

I shall take, instead of polished steel,
A knotty stick, and with its gnarled might
Shall probe the earth, and let my fingers feel.

I need to fondle permanence, to sight
The roots and soil, the elements behind
Creation's stark diversity.—The right

To Earth is mine. Then I shall find
Free from fear, the Whippoorwill,—my kind.

EDITH PENNOYER LIVERMORE '67



NOT A MYTH, BUT A MAN

JOHAN FITZGERALD KENNEDY was not a god. *Kennedy the Myth* biographers write nonsense. He was a man who did the best with what he had. And he had much: the virtue of self-confidence, intelligence, a sense of proportion in evaluating, and a dual spirit of independence and community.

He was Irish and Catholic and the thirty-fifth president of the United States at the age of forty-five. People saw Irish defiance well directed in his refusal to tolerate indifference—Catholic principle in his faith in man's dignity—presidential acumen in his grasp of national and international affairs. He matched the America he led in youth and vitality. He was a scholar, an author, an eager sportsman. A father and husband, he was devoted to his two young children and to his talented wife, a gentle woman of quiet strength and refined taste.

John Kennedy had faith in God, in mankind, in himself. The individual merit of every man and the dignity of humanity were his firm convictions. While president, he judged human rights a worthy reason for commanding a re-evaluation of America's basic principles. He affirmed his trust in American people, their traditions, institutions, yet he was not blind to the matter of their unfinished business. The role of the American citizen, his privileges and duties,

needed precise definition to insure a constant and universal application. President Kennedy was the son of wealth but the father of the causes of all classes; this paternal bond caused him to insist upon the guarantee that all American rights and privileges be extended to all Americans. His administrative policy demanded united effort—a phalanx of men from fifty states to enact definite measures to improve the programs of civil rights, social and employment legislation, foreign affairs, and national defense and economics.

He entreated every American to realize his own personal stature of dignity and that of his fellowmen. President Kennedy set flame to the passivity of Americans when he cried: "Ask not what your country can do for you; ask what you can do for your country." He delivered this message to every American. He demanded some form of commitment from each person. He considered many world problems man-made and believed that man was able to solve them. He sounded a warning that "this is a dangerous and uncertain world . . . no one expects our lives to be easy—not in this decade, not in this century." Realistic analysis of the complex and ominous issues of the hour and courage in meeting their demands were the virtues of a leader, who required similar performance of his fellowmen. John F. Kennedy sought his duty as chief executive of a world power; he

served his country well, with fresh energy and dedication.

He interpreted human dignity as the soul of art and learning. He prized art as stimulus to the individual's realization of his potentialities through personal effort and individual treatment—and of paramount concern, as the keystone in a world structure “unafraid of grace and beauty.” A wise and affable host, the young president gathered at the White House men and women of all nationalities and races—persons distinguished in every field of human achievement. He pronounced his firm hope that meetings of such persons, united in the pursuit of truth, might effect the taking of the initial step on the road to world comradeship. He implanted in the American people a sense of responsibility and urgency in their mission to feed, realize and sustain this objective. “We must go forward to the new frontier,” he instructed them—the new frontier of understanding and peace among all nations—“that ancient vision of peace, goodwill toward all men.”

John Kennedy was a wise traveler on the journey of Everyman. He allied himself with worthy standards and championed right causes—human dignity, world peace, national initiative. Wisdom, determination, purpose and wit were his. He commanded the respect of world leaders. He influenced the men and institutions of his time for which he was praised

and condemned. Varying opinions of him existed and shall exist. But on November 22, 1963, all Americans were joined together by a mysterious bond, a tragedy which stunned the country and provoked disbelief, anger, sorrow. He was a symbol of vigor and energy. And yet a bullet—metal stuff—cut him from life. So people will come to realize that John F. Kennedy was not a myth, an immortal—only a man. But that man will haunt us. The eternal flame at Arlington demands that all men heed John Fitzgerald Kennedy—for he lit that torch, whose flame thirsts for eternal liberty and peace among all men.

MARY GAYLE FOLEY '66



THE POND

I sat looking into a pond
Loving the beauty of my face
. . . And then it rained.

ANN BARRY '66

HOPE

AND ALL DURING the heat and smog and drizzle of the interminable day, there is but one preoccupation, but one salvation from the routine acts of puppetry: the expectation that the lengthening shadows will bring some glorious opportunity to clutch that beauty and to hold a fraction of it forever! It matters not to the day that the mystical manner for the catching of the night star is undetermined, for the undefined denotes the unlimited, and soul pants after that unlimited. . . .

No, day neglects the detail under the brilliancy of a light as yet unseen, but firmly believed. And *Tenebrae* sweeps down, from afar seeming to be a magnificent golden eagle, appearing closer and closer, faith personified—until it alights, a thrashing, hook-necked vulture headed for preying, feasting, destroying all latent hope. The eagle recedes back to the moon, the vulture sweeps into the disgusting glare of the first street light, then into the gaping lamp upon my desk. Only another day can give the eagle a chance to return. He is lost for tonight.

Some day he will not be disillusioned. Some day he will bear to me the flashing moon beams, some night they will be moulded into a creation immortal.

EDITH PENNOYER LIVERMORE '67

WHITE THORN

Should a white thorn prick your rancor dry
It were better
Make a red thorn from white.
Learn from legends
To read eternity in
Might
Of giving:
Man's end,
Wrought well in loving
Freedom,
No chain so long, strong, or mighty.
Make a red thorn from white;
Cry,
Cry in the night
The darkness revealing man's passions
Repealing
His endless birthright growing on
On
Into eternal Light.



PATRICIA LOPKER '64

SPRING IS A TIME FOR HOPING

THE AURA of the college was pleasant as the Dean of Admissions showed the campus to the prospective new freshman and her middle-aged parents. "Oh, what a charming little courtyard this is," exclaimed Mrs. Osborn. With a glint of reminiscence in her eye, the Dean answered, "Yes, this is Fanjeaux, our sophomore residence hall. The first floor is ordinarily used for on-campus social activities. Many years ago when I first taught at Dominican, I lived as resident chaperone in Fanjeaux." Her aging eyes twinkled as scores of recollections drifted through her memory.

"And how excited the girls did become when the time for the spring mixer drew near! I remember how one young girl was particularly shy. Her frame was slight and soft green eyes complemented her small face. She had no confidence around college men, but at the urging of her friends, she promised that she would attend the mixer. I imagine she had to muster all her existing will power when the time came to walk downstairs and join her mixing classmates in the courtyard. Poor thing, it would have been better for her to have stayed in her room.

"Before long, however, she became acquainted with a very dashing young man. For several weeks afterwards, he courted her and she fell in love with

him. Suddenly, without any explanation, he stopped his visits and, deeply hurt and confused, she never heard from him again. At every mixer afterwards, she stood in the courtyard by the wall and watched hopefully for the appearance of her lover. She was sure that he would come back to her just as he had come to her that first spring. She would never move from her spot by the wall, not even to dance with another young man. Eventually, she stood there so long that her feet took root. As hope faded, her arms and legs became branches which began to climb the walls. Finally, she became ivy and all that remained was the same color of green in the ivy as had been in her eyes. Every winter, because she weeps so much, the ivy loses first its color and then its leaves, and all but dies; but every spring the ivy becomes vibrant and green again with the hope for the return of her lover."

REGINA LUCAS '67



WITHIN THE SENIOR RING

An amethyst, gold imprint bordered
Plays mirror to the eye, side-glancing
In the last days rushing forward,
Hoping to remember, to catch the image clearly.

Morning mountain fills the center, purple
Flashing rays before the cloud-crowned peak:
Entangled twigs of sycamore vainly screen Tamalpa
 In the crystal hearted ringstone.

Silver eucalyptus bowing, cedar's green
Made even deeper in the sun-light riven facets.
But not just trees salute intensely
 Through the mirror of this ringstone.

There! Bold-striped flag unfurling
Billowed by the mid-day breezes
Red-white folds straighten, a cameo
 Inside the ringstone.

And then—candle light, a song, a tear at evening.
The crystal startles as it catches flame,
Holding, once, the faces, laughing,
Caught bright haired, dark eyed, young
 Once within my ringstone.

SHARON CROSS '64



"WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER"

WE MUST take a walk this morning, making our way among scarf of pine and sheaf of lilac; we must climb the hills and creep through brambles, as inclination leads us; for you are a Senior and I am a Senior, though we are strangers. Time is an integral, substantial whole in metaphysics: not a thread, but a tapestry in which today and tomorrow bear always the same relation. If this is so in reality, how much more so in the imagination? Pretend that here experience is metamorphosed, and we will be Seniors forever.

It is a lovely morning. A sweetness, distilled from sound and scent, remains suspended in the air, thickening and diffusing with the first rays of the sun. The campus is still; we have always been children of the morning. What have we to say to each other? For four years we have wandered through our separate lives, meeting only in common experience of the things we have aspired to: some of these equivocal, frightening things, things which have changed us radically. As we walk upon these hills, do you remember other hills, more precipitous, that we have climbed together in spirit? What have we borne with us, to make the journey worthwhile?

We have come far, too far, perhaps, to dare to look back, at least for very long. We still face the double-

edged peril of fear and disappointment. But we must understand that we are walking in recognizable patterns, moved to the same rhythms, each in his own circle. As time and space have become unities for us, so life is a unity in which our being participates integrally. Even our change and growth, so unsettling to us, are symptoms of an entirety: the goal we are achieving, the being we are creating. Suddenly, we are no longer frightened: life becomes a grand fabric in which we form not only integrated wholes but parts of a larger design, parts one of another. We are marked as members of the same company.

We carry with us a flask of water symbolic of our mutual devotion to something greater, water which must not be spent on our own selfish thirsts. Instead, we must consecrate it to the enrichment and fulfillment of a higher purpose, like the good Gluck in Ruskin's tale, who received the promised bounty when at last he poured the three sacred drops into the Golden River. As we give, so shall we receive; but more, as we make ourselves capable of receiving, so shall we receive. We can perfect ourselves and one another insofar as we give, singly and together, to the higher thing. So we have become intimates in a strange way that we did not predict, and at the same time, even more fully, individuals. We have chosen, and defined ourselves according to our choice. The concepts to which we have opened ourselves have

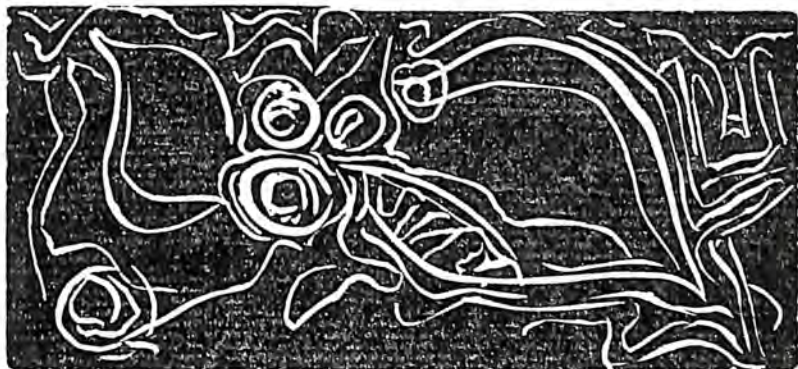
touched something potential inside, actualizing it.

We have walked far, and the way has been difficult. On the glacier, we were shaken by the ice-phantoms of our own fears; many times we have been led almost to lose the basket of bread and the precious flask. But we have reached easing plateaus on our allegorical journey, resting briefly as we struggle toward the summit and the guidestar.

Here on these hills, the last morning brightens, growing toward noon. We will walk on into many afternoons, brown and blue and indeterminate, merged as we are, never to be separated. We now form part of the great unity, for "we have been friends together."

RITA BEILHARZ '64

TINA THEISEN '64



PATRONS

D'Alden Shoe Salon
Mr. and Mrs. Tullio Argenti
The Associated Students of Dominican College
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Barrett
Mr. and Mrs. Silvio Barovetto
Mr. and Mrs. George Bertucelli
Mr. and Mrs. William Boone
Mr. and Mrs. Louis Boss
Budds Travel
Callan Jewelers
Campion-Ward Pharmacy
Casassa's Gourmet Foods
Chapman's Shoes
Mr. and Mrs. Neil Clark
Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Clark
Class of 1964
Class of 1965
Class of 1966
Class of 1967
Corey's Restaurant
Mr. and Mrs. William Costello
Mr. and Mrs. James Cross
Mr. and Mrs. Peter Dahl
Dolan's Fabric Center
The Dominican College Alumnae Association
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Drobnick
Mrs. Leonard Eggers
Mr. and Mrs. John Flanagan
Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Genshlea
Gillick Printing, Inc.
Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Harlow
Mr. and Mrs. Leo Heagerty
Herbert's Sherbert Shoppe
Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hickey
Mr. and Mrs. Earl Jennett

Johnson Hardware
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Kelley
Lafargue Laundry
Mr. and Mrs. Howard Leif
Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Lopker
Mr. and Mrs. Filberto Maestas
Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Maney
Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Mayer
The Mayfair Shop
Mr. and Mrs. Edward Malley
Marelli Brothers Shoe Repair
Mrs. Margaret McCarthy
Mr. and Mrs. Delmar McCune
Dr. and Mrs. Thomas McGuire
Colonel and Mrs. A. P. Mossman
Colonel and Mrs. Robert Nourse
Mr. and Mrs. William O'Brien
Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Petersen
Philipps Flowers
The Photo Shop
Poehlman Pharmacy
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Popik
Mr. and Mrs. James Purcell
Mrs. Louise Rice
Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Riley
Jon Roberts
Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Rogers
Saga Food Service
In memory of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Sanguinetti
Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Sartori
Mr. and Mrs. Al Serenello
Mr. and Mrs. Edward Strain
Mr. and Mrs. Paul Swanson
Lieutenant Colonel and Mrs. G. L. Theisen
Dr. and Mrs. C. Francis Werts
Mr. and Mrs. Robert White
Yellow Cab Company

