1969

1969 Firebrand

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The Firebrand

THE FIREBRAND *derives its name from Dominican heraldry. The mother of Saint Dominic dreamed that she gave birth not to a child, but to a dog—that with a flaming torch carried in its mouth set fire to the world. Thus, the dog with the torch came to symbolize the burning zeal of Saint Dominic. The legend Veritas Fax Ardens—“Truth a Burning Brand” — exemplifies the Dominican spirit of pursuit and dissemination of truth.*

The Firebrand

THE DOMINICAN COLLEGE OF SAN RAFAEL

MCMLXIX

The Senior Class dedicates the 1969 FIREBRAND
to
SISTER PATRICK

The Firebrand

Editor.....Laurie Lynch
Associate Editor.....Mary Lou Bordoni
Art Editor.....Kathleen Gnekow
Business Manager.....Kathleen McNulty

STAFF

Stephanie Barboni	Nancy Krieg
Kathleen Bestor	Jeanette Meecke
Kaye Bryans	Ellen Mintz
Helen Buxton	Mary Pat Mohr
Christine Collins	Stephanie Parenti
Kathryn Descalso	Elizabeth Ryan
Paulette Fraire	Bernice Spencer
Peggy Glockner	Suzanne Stella
Katherine Kirkovics	

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EDITORIAL

Dominican College is ivory tower . . . an escapist society . . . totally cut off from the reality of the world . . . isolated in a small community. Four accusations which are very common, very over-stated, but definitely not new. When you think about it, *no* situation is really new; what *is* new are those people who face the old situation for the first time. Consequently, it is not surprising to find these same accusations directed at Oxford University by a student—and argued by a college professor—both in the 1930's. The name of the student is incidental; the name of the professor is pertinent: J. R. R. Tolkien, who has in the last few years been “discovered” by college students everywhere, primarily by way of the *Hobbit* and the Ring trilogy. In the 1930's, Tolkien commented:

Not long ago—incredible although it may seem—I heard a clerk at Oxenford declare that he “welcomed” the proximity of mass-production robot factories, and the roar of self-obstructive mechanical traffic, because it brought his university into “contact with real life.” He may have meant that the way men were living and working in the twentieth century was increasing in barbarity at an alarming rate, and that the loud demonstration of this in the streets of Oxford might serve as a warning that it is not possible to preserve for long an oasis of sanity in a desert of unreason by mere fences, without actual offensive action (practical and intellectual). I fear he did not. In any case, the expression “real life” in this context seems to fall short of academic standards. The notion that motor-cars are more “alive” than, say centaurs or dragons is curious; that they are more “real” than, say, horses is pathetically absurd. How real, how startlingly alive is a factory chimney compared with an elm-tree: poor obsolete thing, insubstantial dream of an escapist.

—J. R. R. Tolkien, *Tree and Leaf*.

"Real Life"—these are Tolkien's key words. Just what is real?, he is asking. Is an automobile any more real than an elm-tree? Is something real just because it is ugly, just because it is new? It has been inferred by some that we at a small women's college are leading a fairy-tale life, a life which is, in today's jargon, "out of it." In an age when San Francisco State and Cal are surrounded by pickets and demonstrators and violence, Dominican is surrounded by trees, and grass, and peace. But are pickets any more *real* than trees? Is violence any more *real* than peace?

The search for reality goes yet deeper—into education itself. The humanities too are accused of being irrelevant and passé, while the social and natural sciences, it is said, equip us to cope with society. This utilitarian philosophy is concomitant with the philosophy of those who find it necessary to be surrounded by all the "discoveries" of the modern world in order to lead a relevant life. And yet, why should more emphasis be placed on the writings of today's psychologists and social scientists than on the words of Homer and Aristotle? Universality is an important word to the argument for the humanities. If education is taken to be the search for truth and for the improvement of man (and if it is not taken this way it is because it has in the past years been forced into a very mechanical pattern), it seems to make sense that we profit from what other men have said on truth and humanity, and build on what they have said, rather than throw it out in favor of only that which is written in our colloquial tongue, referring only to our individual, idiosyncratic qualities.

The humanist Douglas Bush remarked in a recent essay that "Administrators are commonly said to prize the solid and tangible virtues of the natural and social sciences and to look upon the humanities as a nice luxury for the carriage trade." He argues that the humanities are not luxury, but a practical necessity "if men and women are to become fully human." Bush adds that the humanities suffer since one cannot show by a graph their positive influence on a student, because "the experience of literature is an individual experience, and nothing that is really important can be measured."

Each of us in the senior class has been given the "experience of literature." In an age where the major complaints against education have been that it is too "mechanized" and too "computerized," we have been given small classes and personal attention. In a world fighting to retain the concept of the individual, we have been treated as individual students. It strikes me as sad that so many small liberal arts colleges are being forced to fight for their existence when in many instances students are searching for exactly the education these colleges offer.

All people are not the same; likewise all colleges are not the same. Dominican is not Berkeley, nor does it try to be. Berkeley has things Dominican does not—that is an oft-repeated point. But what is not so repeated—Dominican has things Berkeley does not. And this is what must be realized. Just because our education is concentrated on something old—the thoughts, writings, music, art, and history of thousands of years—does not mean we are receiving an old-fashioned, and "unrealistic" education.

In Jonathan Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*, Gulliver visits the city of Lagado, which is greatly influenced by an Academy of Projectors. Gulliver is surprised to find the houses and the people in rather ragged conditions. It is explained to him that the "Projectors" spend all their time developing "new" schemes for building, planting, etc., and at the same time disregard past achievements, assured that what is new is best, seeking novelty for the sake of novelty. The one man, Count Munodi, who has held out against the new methods and continued to rely on tradition, is the one man whose land and home retain prosperity and beauty.

Dominican College is not a "poor obsolete thing, insubstantial dream of an escapist." Rather it is a real place, full of people like Count Munodi—people who build on the old, adding what is new to the best of the old, and thus steadily progressing from a solid foundation.

Which is more real—the writings of men which have survived the ages, or the latest book analyzing our "sick" society? Which is more real—a picket shouting for freedom, demanding that all else be destroyed until this freedom is given; or a tree, which slowly, but surely grows, quietly exercising its freedom, and quietly preserving that freedom?

I..A.I..

THE CLASS OF 1969

MARY ANN BANNAN

South Pasadena, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: ITALIAN

December 1968 Graduate

Attended Loyola University of Chicago, Rome Campus '67

Firebrand Staff '68
Community Service '68
Irish Club '65, '66, '67, '68

Gamma Sigma
Pennafort Secretary-Treasurer '68
Carillon Staff '66

MARY ANN BANNAN

Mary Ann challenges herself and her world. With Ugo Betti she believes that "God has intentionally made us, not docile, for that He should find us useless . . . but different from Himself and a little too proud . . . so that we may . . . stand against Him, thwart Him, amaze Him . . ." She will never be bored, will never fall prey to "housewives' depression," for that would be both docile and useless. Success is her goal, and the supreme satisfaction of "showing everyone" is her forthright—not defiant—intent.

Mary Ann shares much with St. Paul. Both see the world as the manifestation of God and, in the manner of St. Paul, Mary Ann relates her journeys matter-of-factly, for the experiences are astonishing in themselves. Fascinated by the past, Mary Ann spent a year studying in Europe, learning from the treasures of human civilization. The temple of Delphi, *La Alhambra*, and Mont St. Michel all attracted her equally. St. Paul's shipwrecks are rendered bland as Mary Ann describes being thrown into the Fountain of Trevi, or nearly being killed by the Mafia.

While Mary Ann fancies herself a Don Quixote, she accepts her "Crusader Rabbit" self. She will shock people, amaze people, and always profoundly stir them, and if she has her way, she will do it through her writing, whether it be her family history or "the great American novel."

STEPHANIE MARIE BARBONI

Petaluma, California

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Class President '69
Executive Board '69
Edgehill House Chairman '67
Meadowlark Staff '68
Firebrand Art Staff '69

Community Service '67, '68
Special Events Committee '67, '68, '69
Publicity Committee '67, '68
International Students Club '66, '67, '68, '69
Italian Club '68

STEPHANIE BARBONI

A delightful humor that is pleased to spring from Hicks Valley identifies itself in the whimsical comments and charmingly fresh antics of Stephanie. If life is continually entertaining, so is Steph, who approaches the world as an artist, with a kaleidoscope imagination and a facility for its expression. Steph's life is as colorful as Takahashi—full of flowers, warmth, brightness, and especially the new and the unusual. She refuses to be identified as a “type” of person, and in turn does not shove others into ready-made roles. Every person must show his individuality as a human person, must do exactly as he feels, must make people appreciate him for his own talents, not because he is a member of a certain group.

Steph's sensitivity draws her not only to people, but to nature as well. An excellent horsewoman, she might ride her mare Pixie for hours in the solitude of familiar hills, but she will eagerly return, anticipating the greetings and warmth of her family.

Steph is gentle in voice and manner, but her gentleness does not mean pliability. She is not one to be led by others. Her capacity for activity is measured in hard work. Whether it be long hours in the Brown House or the short minutes finishing up decorations before a dance, she is there working as hard as she can. Steph makes it possible for others to enjoy the kind of life she loves—unknown to them, they are in her debt.

BARBARA MARY BARRY

San Jose, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: ART HISTORY

Class Vice President '67
Social Committee '67
Community Service '67

Irish Club '66
Drama Productions '66

BARBARA BARRY

She hides her face behind long falling dark hair. Although embarrassed easily, Barbara can quickly regain her equilibrium by laughing and shrugging. The world with its antics will rarely find her depressed, so aware is she of the transience of any emotion or the ultimate unimportance of any event.

She forgets continually, but her easy-going attitude assures all observers that it's of no consequence. Routines and rules had better avoid her path or cross it only at their own risk because Barbara would never attempt to keep track of something which she didn't consider important. Caring about people but never things, Barbara is sincere in direct confrontation, but her good intentions fade with time as she allows herself to overlook obligations for as long as possible, while still feeling guilty about the negligence.

People can have a decisive influence on her when they are present, but when they go her attention turns to a more immediate reality. The present is her world. She faces the future when it is the present and leaves the past for others. As easily swayed by an opinion as by a logical argument, she is eager to agree with someone she likes—most pleased if he is correct, and overlooking it if he is not. She is open-minded, enjoying the offbeat, and others who find most restrictions silly.

KATHLEEN ANNE BESTOR

Eureka, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: ENGLISH

Firebrand Staff '69

Community Service '66, '67, '68

Irish Club '69

Music Club '66

Troupers '66, '67

Drama Productions '66, '68

KASS BESTOR

As familiar as chairs, tables, cards and hair-dryers, Kass is a comfortable fixture of the North Wing smoke-room. She checks in no matter where she's on her way to or coming from—to trade news about old friends and their new babies, or to commiserate about classes and ill-functioning cars (her's is probably the "sickest.")

At the earliest possible hour Kass dons her robe and begins the long p.m. siege. She can be an enthusiastic hostess for a smokeroom picnic one moment, and a mother nursing a friend through a cold or broken heart the next.

There is a real sisterhood, a life-style common to the North Wing seniors and Kass sets this tone. She contributes the identifying marks—a phrase, a manner of speaking, even the Rod McKuen philosophy of hurt and happiness.

Kass is unselfish with her friends—rejoicing or sorrowing with them. She is eager to be consulted on a new diet, where to go for dinner, or the style of a wedding dress. Although she is not a leader she creates an atmosphere and cohesiveness in her own group. Perhaps she will be most successful as an individual because she has been so completely a part of others.

MARY LOUISE BORDONI

Vallejo, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: ENGLISH

Class Secretary '68
Meadowlark Associate Editor '68
Firebrand Associate Editor '69
Community Service '67, '68, '69

Keys '69
Schola '68
Spanish Club '66
Troupers '67
Young Republicans '68

MARY LOU BORDONI

Observant and sensitive, there is very little about people and the world that escapes Mary Lou's explorative vision. However, it should be noted that her sense of observation fails her when it involves catching a joke on herself! A good sport, she does not hesitate to tell people that she is often "tormented by bad horrible friends." She is quick to forgive, but she forgets little: an asset or a fault, it would be hard to say which.

Moved by ideals, her actions are grounded in hard cold reality; they derive from a practical mind which gives a deliberate and precise bent to everything she does, whether it be making the best orange juice that Caleruega has ever served, devouring her Washington Post on a quiet Friday afternoon, or buying one more pair of "un-collegiate" brown shoes—for next year "when I'm working in the world."

Mary Lou's character is shown in her writing—precise . . . carefully thought out . . . perceptive . . . but a style all her own. There is just enough disregard for the definition of a sentence (Mary Lou doesn't always believe in a "complete thought" with subject and predicate), to show her rather subtle break with convention. Mary Lou will argue for hours that she is *not* different, that she does not demand great things from life. But those who know her well disagree. She will never be flamboyantly different, but neither is she the type to marry the "boy next door." In her quiet manner, Mary Lou will find an "unordinary" niche in life. Or maybe it will find her.

CAROL LYNN BRUNS

San Rafael, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Transferred from City College of San Francisco '67

CAROL BRUNS

If a photographer wanted a good "action" picture of Carol, he'd catch her bouncing down Guzman's hall with one hand in her pocket, the other clutching her books, her blue eyes sparkling, and her face flushed. Blushing is her most outstanding physical characteristic. But, as Father Blank says, it's fun to tease someone who can laugh about it, and Carol has always been one of his chief targets. Her dry humor and good nature act as a magnet which attracts friends from every group in her class. There is never a party to which Carol is not invited. She gives not only her presence; she works hard at contributing fun. In real-life situations, however, she is more apt to make game of earnest; in a crisis, she adds laughter and comic relief.

Carol has an artist's eye for the beautiful. An amateur photographer, she is often seen stalking "the essence" of the campus and snapping scenes typical and out-of-the-way. The carefree side of her artistic nature is reflected in her attitude towards appointments or deadlines—constantly, she is apologizing for not being in the right place at the right time.

Somewhere Carol has a hidden source of self-discipline which enabled her to juggle 19 units and a correspondence course during her last semester. There is too a touch of the perfectionist. She is perhaps the only person in the history of Ethics who *stops* taking notes when Father Blank shifts into high gear—a messy page would to Carol be anathema.

KAYE ELLEN BRYANS

Casper, Wyoming

MAJOR: ART HISTORY

MINOR: HISTORY

Student Affairs Board '67, '68

Firebrand Staff '69

Community Service '67

KAYE BRYANS

The gracefulness of a newborn colt is caught in a slender form that stumbles and laughs—delighted that she's still a little girl, in jumper and knee-socks. A vulnerability, revealed in soft eyes caught unaware, attests to an open and romantic spirit, captivated by love—in theory or reality.

When the occasion or her mood warrants, Kaye appears elegant and stunning, attracting stares which she appreciates and dismisses. Pleased by an atmosphere which compliments her femininity, she responds with delight to the manner of an older gentleman, or to a gathering of her parents' friends. Her aura of sophistication, however, is likely to be dispelled by a most incongruous *faux pas*, made acceptable by the charm of a deep blush. Never pretending to be perfect, Kaye tells the story later with convulsed laughter and the admission that "only I could do it."

Bursting with pride at the mention of Wyoming, Kaye retains a flavor of the West in her natural and adventure-some spirit. Sensitive to her surroundings, she appreciates a lush Marin spring as well as the starkness of a Wyoming winter. This same awareness, combined with an easy creativity and taste for the unusual, is marked in her room, her appearance, and her ability to notice in others features which are not detected visually. Kaye unknowingly bypasses the superficial in an awareness of essence which enables her to communicate graciously and sincerely.

FREDERICA TOWNSEND BUEL

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: SOCIOLOGY

December 1968 Graduate

Carillon Staff '65
Community Service '65, '66, '68
Irish Club '65, '66, '68
Literary Club '65

Music Club '68
SCTA '68
Spanish Club '65, '66

FREDDY BUEL

Tall and lanky with a definite lope to her gait, Freddy is at once an easy and a demanding person to know. She embraces any new experience with enthusiasm, and laughs easily; whispered conversations in the reference section of the library often erupt into hysteria, but Freddy's pokerfaced expression will never belie the source. Freddy enjoys conversations that *reveal* and require a thorough reading of the daily paper. She is not impatient with ignorance; she just can't understand it.

A very "camp" life-style, but not just limited to the avant-garde; her friends and interests are global. Travel seems the most natural supplement to her formal education, perhaps culminating with seminars on oriental art on the dark side of the moon. She has a wide and thorough correspondence, and even second-hand her knowledge of the world's peculiarities has a definite Buel-interpretation. Freddy has too much warmth for a blasé sophisticate.

A genuine respect for learning—all kinds—gives depth to her wide interests. She can chat with anyone about anything, for a while. And if the subject intrigues her, in a week she'll be prepared for a real conversation. Personality history is Freddy's forte—she probably dreams of having Catherine the Great, Madame de Pompadour, and William F. Buckley over to dinner.

HELEN EILEEN BUXTON

Ukiah, California

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: SOCIOLOGY

Social Committee '67, '68
Fanjeaux House Chairman '67
Community Service '67

Irish Club '67, '68, '69
President '69
Secretary '67, '68

SNOOK BUXTON

Snook's life is a satisfying balance between discontent and complacency. Add to this her belief that laughter is indeed "the best medicine" and one soon finds that depression rarely survives in an environment that includes Snook.

Snook has the country girl's philosophy of "early to bed, early to rise"—this to the dismay of her roommate and bathmates who find her "gentle" voice an intrusion on their only morning to sleep in. But she hangs her head in genuine regret, says "I been bad," and almost at once is forgiven.

Her plans often contain more madness than method but always result in pure fun. One such "mad" moment gave San Francisco another Miss Shamrock from Dominican. Although very much in the center of things she has a different and candid perspective; she reacts with others like a squirt of carbonation. Snook's imagination and her reality are expressed in a splash of primary colors—basic, open, without guile or deception and consistently bright and optimistic.

Her tall, loose frame speaks of the relaxed, comfortable attitude that draws people to her. This pied piper's charm is her spontaneity. With seemingly little effort she makes her presence known and enjoyed, for she is as unique as her name. Wherever Snook is, her mood is felt, and wherever she has been, she will be remembered.

SUSAN KATHLEEN CLIFFORD

Boise, Idaho

MAJOR: SOCIAL SCIENCES

MINOR: ART HISTORY

Community Service '66, '67, '68
Irish Club '67, '68, '69

Young Republicans '68, '69
Drama Productions '66

SUSIE CLIFFORD

Completely feminine with unabashed friendliness, Susie is sure to charm any female and fascinate any man. Children are openly attracted to her and she returns the affection with a delight reserved for things frank and beautiful, of nature and man.

Susie's judgment, though, very often leads her astray. She nourishes a special type of innocence that immediately believes whatever it hears. Sunday-night stories are told with wide eyes to delighted friends — the stories slightly exaggerated, because her perception registers events in capital letters. Her ability to make each individual feel himself the center of her attention wins her many an admirer. But her lack of ability to say "no" backs her into situations which end in near-disaster.

Susie is extreme—for better or worse. Her little girl charm inspires affection in her friends, because whoever is around her inevitably finds his spirits lifted. After she goes, however, a simmering count to ten may begin when it is discovered that so also went one's best sweater, last pair of nylons, or most vital cosmetic. Seemingly unaware of this extreme test of friendship, Susie later bounces in and goes unprimanded, her own generosity being the saving grace. Susie extends an unquestioned love, whose whys and wherefores exist only within her unstructured mind, inexplicable possibly even to herself.

CHRISTINE ELLEN COLLINS

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

CONCENTRATION: HISTORY

MINOR: ENGLISH

Student Body Treasurer '68
Class Secretary '67
Class Treasurer '69
Executive Board '68

Firebrand Staff '69
Community Service '67
Irish Club '67, '69

CHRIS COLLINS

Chris is too good natured to hold a grudge. When her Irish temper flairs, her anger vanishes quickly.

Whether keeping books for the student body or keeping her room clean, Chris is an organized, tidy person. Her lists are notorious. She likes to see things in their place and has definite opinions as to where those places are. Be it politics or ballet Chris has her own, strong ideas about it. She is inquisitive and willing to pursue her interests. A native San Franciscan, she is proud of her city and has become a bit of an authority on the San Francisco of yesterday—its houses and its people. Union Street antique shops are an ideal place to spend a Saturday afternoon.

Practically bent, Chris reasons out problems for herself and others. While other seniors are caught in the dilemma of "what am I going to do," Chris has known for years—she wants to attend Cal's library school. She seldom states an opinion without reasons to back it up and is always fair in her decisions. Chris is jolly—ready to laugh anywhere at anytime. She enjoys and radiates life; those around her, those who know her are caught up in her happiness.

LOUISE ANN CORTOPASSI

Madera, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: ECONOMICS

Gamma Sigma
Faculty-Student Relations Board '69
Pennafort House Council '69
Community Service '67
German Club '68
Italian Club '67, '68, '69

Keys '69
Science Club '69
Troupers '67, '68, '69
Treasurer '68, '69
Costume Mistress '68, '69

LOUISE CORTOPASSI

Louise must have been born on a Friday because like "Friday's child" she is "loving and giving." Her heart directs her actions while her head gives balance and wisdom to her advice and decisions. Typical of this union of heart and head is her idealistic desire to use her theoretical know-how to solve the problem of economic inequality among people and nations. Louise feels for every person and in the same manner most admires "people who feel." But her genuine empathy is tempered by wise realism; Louise is no Pollyanna.

Raised according to traditional Italian fashion in the central valley of California, Louise brought to Dominican an appreciation of nature and a raft of "old Italian" stories and expressions. As she talks, Louise's face mirrors her thoughts and her hands gracefully add emphasis to her speech, especially tales of an Italian homelife. It is easy to picture her at home in the kitchen of a ranch house. Only Louise can turn chicken into chicken cacciatore or rice into a delicious pilaf—all in the Bolinas kitchen!

Louise is devoted to informality and spontaneous fun. A trip to the ocean or to Bolinas is improved by an unexpected drizzling mist at the moment of sunset. Easy-going and comfortable, Louise appreciates levis and a sweat-shirt, yet her affection for velvet demonstrates her quality of traditional femininity. She is a happy blend of intellect and emotion.

SUSAN JEANNETTE CROFOOT

Ukiah, California

MAJOR: ART HISTORY

MINOR: HISTORY

Student Affairs Board '67
W.A.A. Board Treasurer '67
House Council '66, '67
Community Service '66, '67

Irish Club '66, '67, '68, '69
Madrigal Singers '67
Drama Productions '66

SUSIE CROFOOT

Susie is notorious for her lack of reticence. Her "hi there" and a friendly wave greet everyone on campus from roommate to cleaning lady to president. No situation seems to embarrass her, and she relishes the thought of teasing someone—anyone. She has little patience with those unable to laugh at themselves, and if disgusted or annoyed by another's pretensions, she is quite likely to tell him exactly what she thinks.

Susie's lack of inhibition shows itself more often, though, in a gay or joking manner which keeps those around her amused while slightly shocked. Exacting towards herself, Susie's personal standards are high, and her approach is whole-hearted, whether displayed by a joy in life or a panic over exams. Capable, but postponing work until the last moment, she makes friends feel lucky by comparison. Somehow her schedule is always worse, her requirements greater, her sources fewer. She is likely to stay up all night and still avoid studying.

Most content in a group, Susie extends her hospitality to include acquaintances as well as friends. Generous beyond the point of reason, she is likely to spend her time in pursuit of another's enjoyment, sometimes to the dismay of the guilt-ridden recipient. Everyone's friend, she is deeply touched when others show her affection.

MARGARET CABRAL CUNHA

Petaluma, California

MAJOR: SPANISH

MINOR: HISTORY

Spanish Club '67, '68, '69

MARGARET CUNHA

Margaret is not the typical college student, in dress, manner, or ambition. She is not the type to be part of a loud, boisterous crowd. She is friendly in her quiet way, but prefers a few deep friendships to several casual acquaintances.

But Margaret's life at Dominican has not been a negative one, merely absorbing knowledge and giving nothing in return. Rather, she has enriched campus life with the charm of her Portuguese heritage. Her Portuguese sweet bread will not soon be forgotten by anyone lucky enough to have tasted it!

Margaret chose marriage the summer before her senior year, a marriage which tends, as she does, towards the unusual, for she did not marry an American but a European—a man from Portugal. Perhaps it is her Portuguese nature which makes Margaret seem so tranquil and content: her quiet maturity giving a sense of "old world" peace and order. In a time when hard-rock music is popular, her favorite songs are the Portuguese Fado-tragic, songs of life and love.

If Margaret could live anywhere, she would choose "a place of places—isolated, quiet, yet full of life." And to those who have taken the time to seek her out, this is Margaret herself—a person among persons, isolated, quiet, yet very full of life.

KATHRYN ANNE DESCALSO

San Rafael, California

MAJOR: BIOLOGY

MINOR: CHEMISTRY

Day Student Representative '69

Executive Board '69

Social Committee '67, '68

Carillon Staff '69

Meadowlark Business Manager '68

Firebrand Staff '69

Camera Club '68, '69

President '69

Italian Club '67

Science Club '66, '67, '68, '69

KITTY DESCALSO

Kitty admits everyone into her life, expecting nothing in return but their acceptance of her as she is. Her personality is pervaded by an unfailing sense of humor and quick wit which are as spontaneous and uncontrived as her actions. Without a trace of affectedness, she manages to combine the simplicity of the country with the complexity of a cosmopolitan adventurer. Kitty describes an exciting European adventure (which will invariably have taken place in Italy) as easily and nonchalantly as if it were her latest hike under the Golden Gate Bridge at dusk to catch a certain fleeting perspective in a photograph.

There is time for everything in Kitty's life. Interminable hours spent over a microscope almost seem to supply her with energy for the remainder of her day, whether it be spent developing pictures, preparing her favorite venison delicacy, or studying for an inevitable "short quiz."

Kitty is a "doer." Her alacrity in undertaking almost any project is contagious and draws a vast circle of friends as incongruous as her talents, reflecting her love of people and inherent need for them. Yet, Kitty constantly maintains a certain reserve beyond which even her closest friends cannot trespass. Within this reserve and guarded from transgression by her ready wit, lays a facet of Kitty yet to be discovered.

JUNE CRAMER FARSON

Corte Madera, California

MAJOR: FRENCH

MINOR: ENGLISH

December 1968 Graduate

Transferred from Macalester College '66

Gamma Sigma

Pi Delta Phi

JUNE FARSON

June says that for her "the going is the goal." This would seem to indicate that June is content to begin; on the contrary, it is in the fulfillment of her obligations as student-wife that she is outstanding.

Her interests—including clarinet, sewing, choral singing, ice skating and letter writing—are as extensive as the vast outdoors. While studying or teaching French during the week, June may also be preparing for a weekend camping trip. She enjoys most of all the outdoors itself: walking along Muir Woods trails in the spring . . . summer camping by the Big Sur . . . Stinson Beach in the winter . . . the Green Mountains of Vermont in the fall. June belongs "jogging" around a large country farmhouse as well as or even more than gazing at an Andrew Wyeth painting, reading a Steinbeck novel, or listening to Baroque organ music. Her healthful complexion and constant cheerfulness tend to hide from associates her deep concern for present-day problems, especially world poverty, American complacency, and conservation of natural resources.

Graduation means that gone from Dominican classrooms are June's perceptive, quick comments on life and literature and her exuberance and "discuss-ability." But for June graduation *is* "going"—it is teaching, it is time for travel and leisure activities—and hopefully for the 1970 Olympics.

PAULETTE CHRISTINE FRAIRE

Fairfax, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: SPANISH

Firebrand Staff '69

Community Service '66, '67, '68

PAULETTE FRAIRE

Like a marionette, Paulette laughs with her whole body. When she enjoys something everyone around her can see this manifestation of her delight.

Unusually romantic, Paulette dreams of living in Paris, being a great author, visiting Greece. She loves the mountains and the ocean, good music and friendly people, Yeats and Queen Elizabeth. Paulette is not just a light romantic; her favorite period in English literature is the Romantic period, full as it is of imagination, deep thoughts, love of nature, mystery, idealism, disregard of conventions, but touched with melancholy and sadness. She especially likes to quote Coleridge—"To be beloved was all I need,/And whom I love I love indeed."

But Paulette does not live in the dream world in which so many of the Romantic poets seemed to isolate themselves. She lives in a real world, full of necessities and obligations. And her practical side can cope with this world. Notoriously well-organized, she accomplishes whatever she sets her mind to, whether sewing, studying, or enjoying a good movie or bridge game. She is a person whose practical side makes her work hard for what she wants, but also a person who never forgets her dreams. Her immediate goal is to attain her credential. After that perhaps she will turn to living in Paris, being a great author, visiting Greece.

DIANE ELIZABETH GATES

Piedmont, California

MAJOR: ART HISTORY

MINOR: SOCIOLOGY

Camera Club '65, '66

International Students Club '68, '69

Italian Club '68, '69

Tennis Team '67, '68

Young Democrats '68, '69

Secretary '68

DIANE GATES

Of very small bone structure, standing five feet tall, and weighing eighty-two pounds, Diane has the perfect appearance of a little girl. With her short brown hair and small freckled face, she could easily be mistaken for a living character from a child's storybook. Yet, despite the childlike appearance, Diane is a thoughtful little lady. Among her special hopes is to combine her sociology major with her nervous energy, and apply these to a nursing career.

Whenever Diane goes bouncing without warning into a friend's room, she is welcomed. Her excited and rapid speech can turn any conversation into humorous delight. The topic is unpredictable, ranging anywhere from skiing to tennis to El Greco.

However carefree she often appears, Diane is a very conscientious student. Her free hours are usually spent in the library rigidly following an organized hourly schedule of do's. A Friday night movie is watched only when her schedule permits.

To her friends Diane guarantees frankness. Often without thought she will abruptly state her opinion concerning one's mores. But if she sees she has made a misjudgment, Diane is the first to laugh. This ability to laugh at her own mistakes, coupled with her uncontained delight over a long-sought accomplishment, is what makes Diane refreshing.

ANGELA MARIE GHIRARDELLI

Petaluma, California

MAJOR: ITALIAN

MINOR: MATHEMATICS

Class Treasurer '68
Community Service '68
International Students Club '67, '68, '69
Italian Club '67, '68, '69
Treasurer '68, '69

Music Club '66
SCTA '68, '69
Young Republicans '68

ANGIE GHIRARDELLI

Angie is not the ordinary rose-cheeked Italian farmer's daughter. Farm chores and tomato picking may be an important part of her home life, but Angie's thoughts often stray from such practicalities. She is a dreamer, as her hazel eyes occasionally confirm. But rather than risk failure or disappointment, Angie keeps her dreams to herself, preferring to follow the ideas of others.

Angie admits that she lacks confidence. When faced with a choice, she is indecisive, but once arriving at her decision, she adheres to the final judgment, and proves to friends that she can cope with any situation. And out of Angie's secret thoughts come very positive opinions, expressed concisely and frankly when necessary. She normally shuns controversial discussions, or averts them with "each to his own."

It is very seldom that Angie's thoughtfulness pushes her to the point of moodiness. Deep understanding and cheerfulness more often pervade her character. She always reserves time to share a card game or an Italian dinner with friends. Her unselfishness makes "no" a difficult word to utter.

Angie is famous for her ever-present smile and bright eyes, which sparkle all the more when someone asks her a favorite question: "Does your family own Ghirardelli Square?" "No," she responds. "We own Ghirardelli Triangle."

MARGARET HELEN GLOCKNER

Lancaster, Ohio

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: FRENCH

Gamma Sigma
Pi Delta Phi
H.O.O.D. Cup
Who's Who Among American Colleges
and Universities
Student Body President '69
Community Service Chairman '68
Class Treasurer '67

Executive Board '68, '69
Carillon Staff '66, '67
Meadowlark Staff '68
Firebrand Staff '69
Community Service '66, '67, '68, '69
French Club '66, '67
Treasurer '67

PEGGY GLOCKNER

There are lists on her desk, lists in her binder, and lists in her books, all of which are probably supplemented by a super-efficient master list in her head. These lists remind Peggy about all the letters she's supposed to write, the appointments she has made, and the people she must meet.

Possibly many of her colleagues will remember Peggy as the girl who achieved the coveted grade point and was chosen to apply for a Woodrow Wilson fellowship. Others, however, will have the pleasure of enhancing that memory with the recollection of the fluffy-pink-robe Peggy, who worries about her "strangly" hair which she wishes were rich and flowing. They will remember her as the wife-to-be who hoped against hope to be skinny; and the student body president who really enjoyed her job.

While she might need lists to remind her of certain things in the line of duty, Peggy does not need lists to remind her about friends. She naturally shares the joy and achievement of another and offers sympathy when a friend needs it.

Peggy wants to bring as complete a person as possible to her future marriage. Honors and compliments have not just fallen into her lap during her four years here. She has worked hard, and she will continue to work hard, making relevant all she has studied, seeking a fusion of the domestic and the intellectual, to fulfill within herself the woman she strives to be.

KATHLEEN ELIZABETH GNEKOW

Stockton, California

MAJOR: ART HISTORY

MINOR: HISTORY

Social Committee '67
Firebrand Art Editor '69
Community Service '67

Irish Club '67
Drama Productions '66

KATHY GNEKOW

Efficiently impractical, Kathy so orders her life that she has freedom to follow her whims. Time is never wasted but is spent enjoying the absurd, browsing the unknown or delighting in the familiar. Content in museums and libraries, Kathy appreciates and quietly collects her impressions carefully. Later, her conversation is far from quiet as she shares her experience.

Meticulous by nature, her surroundings radiate precise attention to detail. Although she lives among three of the more casual girls on campus, Kathy's drawer, or Kathy's shelf are easily identified. Her daily ablutions are almost a ritual, for she can easily spend an hour applying creams, cleansers and make-up—all to preserve the "natural" look.

The style of Andrew Wyeth, her favorite artist, typifies Kathy's appreciation of the exact, the subtle, and the real. Many of Wyeth's admirers observe intuitive qualities in his art. Kathy herself possesses a certain intuition; she is perceptive, understanding those around her better than they do themselves. She is able to filter the real from the unreal and enjoy both. Typical of this is her passion for the music and life-style of Bob Dylan: she sees the critical realism of his lyrics while she is amused with his fantastical manner.

Irish through and through, Kathy's gentility is occasionally punctuated by an "It makes me sooo mad!" when she is confronted with absurd restriction.

SUSAN VIRGINIA GROSS

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: BIOLOGY

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Special Events Chairman '69

Executive Board '69

Student Affairs Board '67

Absence Committee Chairman '67

Social Committee '69

Community Service '66, '67, '68

International Students Club '66, '67, '68, '69

Science Club '68, '69

SUE GROSS

Sue is "sugar and spice and everything nice." People may first be attracted to her fresh, feminine appearance, but they will become her friends because of what lies underneath. Her poised and reserved manner is sometimes mistaken for shyness but, actually, Sue is eager to be involved. Part of her everyday religion is concern for the feelings of others. This, along with her "calm, cool, and collected" nature gives her a head start in the nursing profession she has chosen to follow.

Sue is not all serious involvement; there is also the part which wants others to enjoy themselves. She works at fun—co-chairing the dance decorations committee . . . managing special events . . . playing tennis or skiing. Sue doesn't let little things stand in the way of a good time. Hampered by a broken ankle for the junior prom, she made herself part of the dance theme—colorfully painting "Anything Goes" on her cast.

The fourth child in a family of ten, Sue is naturally at home with a large group of people. Whether talking to children or adults, she loves to use her imagination to convince her listeners of her interest in the unusual. Her persuasiveness is dramatized by her unflinching facial expressions, and the only sign of discomposure might be a smile, which, if translated, would tell Sue's audience that life should be enjoyed for some moments of make-believe amid the many hours of reality.

CHARLOTTE LINDEN HAVEN

Manila, Philippines

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: ART HISTORY

Special Events Committee '69
Community Service '67, '68, '69
International Students Club '66, '67, '68, '69

Keys '69
Music Club '69

LINDEN HAVEN

One of the most meaningful lines of poetry to Linden describes something about herself: "The woods are lovely, dark, and deep. But I have promises to keep. And miles to go before I sleep. And miles to go before I sleep."

A talk, walk, or ride with Linden often leaves one with the feeling of gliding through a relaxing, almost melancholy atmosphere. With such grace and quiet humility, Linden sometimes keeps from others the riches of her sense of history and her cosmopolitan background—Europe, Greece, the Near and Far East. Happiness for her appears to be simple: horseback riding, a walk in Forest Meadows, volunteer work, or the Symphony. It is levis and shifts, which is hard to understand after seeing her in the elegance of an *au duo*, the national dress of Viet Nam. Happiness can be limited to a single Dr. Dill class, warmth, peanut butter, and bookstores.

Happiness for Linden also involves travel and ambition. She plans a trip home to the Philippines after graduation before settling down in San Francisco. But "settling down" will probably be only for a while because Linden has an international spirit. She sees the world as needing "peace through understanding." To try to do something to fulfill our class motto—this is the promise Linden has to keep . . . although there may be miles to go in order to keep it.

MELANIE HEALY

San Rafael, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: SPANISH

Social Committee '66

Special Events Committee '69

Community Service '67

MELANIE HEALY

Something old . . . something new—they will both appeal to Melanie, if they can prove to her that they are unique and thus demand her attention. The current “something old” is W. C. Fields’ movies, and the “something new” is as fleeting as the fast, jerky action of the old films. Whatever appears before Melanie here and now is her current interest, but beware, it might have a replacement tomorrow. Melanie will never become bored with her life. She makes things happen, searching out what is new in places and people. With her wanderlust spirit she will travel anywhere, from Tahoe, to Los Angeles, to, most eagerly, Mexico. And somehow, her vacations are always a little more exciting. Possessing the ability to extract those who are “full of life” from all situations and people, Melanie always manages to meet someone who is different, someone new.

One of Melanie’s enduring interests is people. She not only takes from others, but gives them a part of herself too. One summer in Mexico was spent working for Amigos Anonymous, combining her sociology major and Spanish minor into a really applicable skill. She also shares with her friends—relating old flicks or new vacations in stimulating detail.

Melanie is young, filled with music, laughter, and fun, but also with a mature concern for the problems of others. Her everyday life could be punctuated by her favorite expression—“WOW!”

ELIZABETH ANN HEFFERNAN

Stockton, California

MAJOR: MUSIC-VOICE

MINOR: MUSIC-THEORY

Student Affairs Board '66
W.A.A. Vice President '67
Community Service '66, '67, '68, '69
Irish Club '66, '67, '68

Madrigal Singers '66, '67, '68, '69
Music Club '66, '67, '68
Secretary-Treasurer '68
Drama Productions '66, '67, '68, '69

LIZ HEFFERNAN

The paths where she walked will never be the same. Her mini-feet have left their hard mark in the halls of Bertrand, Fanjeaux, and Pennafort—and none less than a small thunder has been felt in the halls of Angelico. For as long as the footsteps echo throughout the campus, so will the music she shared while at Dominican. Liz has more than a light-hearted “song in her heart”: she represents a depth and quality through her cherished art. What often appears to be “happiness” is in reality a quiet joy felt inside and expressed in notes of perfect harmony.

The depth that her music manifests is felt in different ways—it is a depth of character that makes everything she does for others something that can be appreciated as a gift from her heart, a gift sincerely given. Not to be forgotten are the hundreds of knee-slapping laughs she gives with her hearty Irish craving for fun. Speaking of Irish, her typical Irish temper ought to be mentioned—but a mere mention is sufficient. Liz is the Doc’s daughter: fun, hard play, long thoughts, and a huff and puff for a good solid life, lived near the bone, and felt in the clouds. And what we knew and loved here is the prelude Liz played to that life.

MARILYN KATHERINE HULI

Napa, California

MAJOR: BIOLOGY

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Transferred from Napa Junior College '67

Student Affairs Board President '69
Executive Board '69
Publicity Committee '68
Community Service '68

International Students Club '68, '69
Science Club '68, '69
Secretary '68

MARILYN HULL

Marilyn's frank opinions, expressed freely even to Father Blank, can be charming or alarming depending on the subject and Marilyn's mood. But even when they are most "biting," they are seldom really offensive because intense feeling and complete freedom are known to characterize *all* of Marilyn's actions. And she is terribly disappointed if she does not find her own sense of freedom in others.

Perhaps because of this openness and her enthusiasm for life, Marilyn loves the "great outdoors," especially Lake Berryessa, where the Student Affairs Board has no jurisdiction over levis and bare feet. The bounce of her loose blond hair and her pink cheeks evidence the zest captured from her "communication" with Nature. She carries this briskness into all of her activities, even sewing and dieting.

If Marilyn seems easily impressionable it is because she tends to find something good in everything and everybody. She has an open and generous heart . . . sensitive to the desires and needs of others. This is complemented by an open and liberal mind . . . experimenting in the biology lab, or discussing life in general. But the heart often rules, even when Marilyn is "straining the capillaries of the cortex"—emotion and feeling may take logic and prudence by surprise. Marilyn, though, would not have it any other way—because she was "born free."

MARIAN EVA KEMBERLING

Tucson, Arizona

MAJOR: SOCIAL SCIENCES

MINOR: ART

Absence Committee '66, '67, '68

Chairman '68

Student Affairs Board '68

Community Service '66, '67

Keys '69

MARIAN KEMBERLING

Marian is eagerness. She is enthusiasm. She is empathy. She is organization. Everything she does contains something of these gifts. And only with them comes the Marian everyone knows.

Marian is eager to try new things. A new hair style. A new stain-removing remedy. She likes meeting new people. She delights in a new work of art. She is eager to be in the world of the present. The now of life.

Marian is enthusiastic about being alive. You have only to hear her tumbling rolling laughter through an open window to know this. She likes being with those she loves. Walking in the rain. Studying. Just being.

Marian enjoys a crowd. She can sympathize with each individual in it. No matter the length of her acquaintance. She can be as happy as they are. Or as sad. And you know through her wide-open eyes that she means every word she says. She understands. She hates to see anyone hurt. Marian wants everyone to get as much out of life as she does.

There will never be any gaps in Marian's life. Her certitude will not allow it. She is as organized as every hair on her head. For her, everyone should find his proper place. There he will find happiness. The vibrant kind. Marian's.

KATHERINE THERESE KIRKOVICS

San Mateo, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: SPANISH

Gamma Sigma
Sigma Delta Phi
Who's Who Among American Colleges
and Universities
Student Body Vice President '69
Religious Activities Chairman '68

Executive Board '68, '69
Carillon Staff '66
Firebrand Staff '69
Community Service '66, '67, '68
Spanish Club '68
SCTA '69

KATHIE KIRKOVICS

Attempts at logic often ending in a burst of emotion . . . sophisticated interests combined with casual, natural dress and manner . . . favorite places: Europe and Mendocino . . . rereadable book list including *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* and *Winnie the Pooh* . . . all indicate the complexity of Kathie's personality, which has a deepness not easily fathomable even by all who love her.

In the *positive* sense of the word, Kathie is a dilettante. No other student on campus can more intelligently discuss modern art, literature, classical music, foreign films, bridge, student government and life in general. And Kathie has probably just found the most in-ter-es-ting article on the subject and even remembers the issue number.

Kathie is noted for her talent in speech writing (for herself or for others) and her mildly disorganized efficiency in student affairs; but her fluttering eyelids betray a dislike for the limelight.

Unique, often hand-made gifts show Kathie's sensitivity to each individual. With the capacity to "rejoice with those who rejoice and weep with those who weep," it is not surprising that history has relevance for her as the study of "man in time"—and that on the walls of her room Van Gogh, Bobby Kennedy, and Martin Luther King share preeminence.

NANCY TOCALINO KRIEG

San Rafael, California

MAJOR: BIOLOGY

MINOR: CHEMISTRY

Gamma Sigma
Student Affairs Board '67
House Chairman '65
Meadowlark Associate Editor '67
Firebrand Staff '69
Italian Club '67

Science Club '66, '67, '68, '69
President '68
Vice President '67
Young Republicans '67, '68
Treasurer '68

NANCY KRIEG

Nancy's favorite work of art is Michaelangelo's *David*—probably as much for the name as for the artistic perfection. Her husband David has been a great influence on her, helping to perfect her two most outstanding qualities: intelligence and femininity. Academically, Nancy would have been equally at home in science or the Humanities; and since marriage, her grade point has steadily improved and reached the zenith, 4.0. Nancy, always meticulously dressed and always a lady, seems even more glamorous in a long hostess gown preparing a candle-light dinner for her husband.

An Italian background may explain in part the Renaissance flavor which surrounds Nancy and gives her an almost madonna-like mystery. There is womanly elegance in her china and ornately delicate silver, a flair to her delicious dinners served with wine, impeccable taste in her choice of furniture, a gentleness in manner and aura of gracious leisure which surrounds Nancy even in her busiest moments. There is a child-like quality in her gay giggle, her blushes in Ethics, her love of kittens and hot fudge sundaes.

Innocence, excitement, femininity: this is Nancy with the smallest things of life, in the laboratory and at home. This will be Nancy as an ambitious lab technologist and Nancy when David builds her dream house high on a cliff overlooking Monterey Bay.

MARY ELLEN LEONARD
Stockton, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION
CONCENTRATION: SOCIAL SCIENCES
MINOR: ART HISTORY

Class Secretary '69
House Council '67
Treasurer '67

Community Service '67, '68
Drama Productions '66

MARY ELLEN LEONARD

Mary Ellen takes fun seriously. It's fun to laugh; it's fun to be with close friends; it's fun to ski and to travel; it's fun to live vibrantly. But life is serious and Mary Ellen is aware of that too.

While she claims sports among her special affinities, she finds equal enjoyment in peaceful Saturday afternoons in her own room, curled up under the quilt reading fairy tales. She delights in the fantastic and is fascinated and touched by delicacy and gentleness. While she is content to be alone and to read, it doesn't take much persuasion to tear Mary Ellen away from her haven of peace and quiet in favor of something more energetic.

Just when you think you have Mary Ellen figured out, just when you think you understand who really lives behind the neat, attractive appearance and cheerful disposition, you are sure to find out that there is much to learn about her. For good or bad, she has a personality that demands that people listen carefully and observe closely. Though her happy heart may lead you to believe that her character is an open book, a real friendship will reveal that Mary Ellen is deeper than a Coke break or a splash of snow.

JULIE ANN LEONARDI

San Rafael, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: ART HISTORY

Community Service '66, '67, '68

JULIE LEONARDI

With wide brown eyes, sable hair and expressive hands, Julie does not betray her Italian background. In keeping with that ancestry is her hospitality—Julie can turn even a bridge party into a gourmet banquet. Traditional characteristics falter, however, in the face of her logic, her practicality, and her definite point of view. Julie's advice may sometimes be bittersweet but it is always appropriate and honest.

Each activity Julie undertakes has purpose. She can deftly convey in conversation the importance of her project-of-the-moment, enlisting her listeners' aid or at least their enthusiasm. Traveling is her love, and she plans a trip to Europe upon graduation, but Julie is a very realistic "doer" here at home, whether she be studying, tutoring junior high school students, or working at the City Recreation Department. Julie can be more excited about chaperoning a high school snow trip than the teenagers themselves.

While she is sensible by nature, Julie also demonstrates sensitivity. Her perceptive appreciation for literature, drama and art provide height and depth and give balance to practicality. Not usually ruffled, Julie does reveal a blind spot when an unwitting bridge partner fails to bid at the crucial moment.

Julie's talent for making comfortable and interesting conversation proves that the art has not been lost. Each person is included and not one loses interest. The faculty's fear that smokeroom conversation is monosyllabic is discredited by "Julie-isms."

BARBARA THERESE LISTON
Yorktown Heights, New York

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: ART HISTORY

Transferred from Bronx Community College, New York '66

House Council '68

Social Chairman '68

Community Service '67

International Students Club '67

Irish Club '67, '68, '69

Vice-President '69

Young Democrats '68

BOBBI LISTON

A whirling top, swift in movement but not in progress. Bobbi is always in a "slow hurry." While she races to get ready for class or for a trip downtown, her impatient friends find themselves frustrated but laughing as she runs back to her room for one thing she has inevitably forgotten.

Bobbi has learned to enjoy her own company and it is suspected that her endless hours of story-telling are primarily meant for her own entertainment. But her audience listens and also enjoys. Her stories may sometimes be lengthy but they are never dull, and are always embellished with her special touches and insights into the experience.

Bobbi forever astonishes her friends with her hidden talents. She can quietly knit a baby sweater for a new niece or nephew, and the next minute jump up to give a quick demonstration in the fine art of dancing the Irish Jig. Or she can spend an entire afternoon drawing an onion from six angles.

Bobbi is excitable and exciting. She is all Irish, believing that life was meant to be savored and enjoyed. For the present that means dancing in a discotheque or talking 'til two. And tomorrow? If you know Bobbi you won't even hazard a guess.

ALVINA THERESA KAPUIKI LOPEZ

Honolulu, Hawaii

MAJOR: BIOLOGY

MINOR: CHEMISTRY

Club Co-ordinator '69
Executive Board '69
Student Affairs Board '69
Science Club '69

International Students Club '66, '67, '68, '69
President '68
Secretary '67
SCTA '69

ALVINA LOPEZ

Alvina likes to think that she is all scientist, that learning is a process of living, observing and experimenting. Named after her scientist uncle Alvin, she seems to have inherited his interest. She wants to be scientific in her approach and handling of everyday situations. The truth is that in looks and charm she is pure poetry. Perhaps Alvina is at the point where poet and scientist blend.

She is, indeed, made up of different elements: a compound of Hawaiian friendliness and quick Portuguese temper. As she meets a stranger or greets a friend she is the quintessence of graciousness and, in fact, friendliness is her dominant quality. Yet her temper, like a chemical reaction, can flare up at appropriate times. All it needs is that iota more of a solution to cause a colorful and explosive reaction.

Alvina can, in turn, be active or passive, a talker and a listener. Her interests vary from chemistry to marine biology, from Hawaii to the world at large, from her immediate circle of college friends to whomever at the moment engages her attention.

Her conversation is more apt than not to proceed in an orderly way, a scientific procedure of axiom, experiment, and proof. To question and search, and then to produce logical answers is her theoretical approach to an unfamiliar thing. In her search for the intricacies of life, however, Alvina will bring the scientist's disciplined curiosity and the poet's joy.

MARGARET MARY DELORIMIER

Salinas, California

MAJOR: ART HISTORY

MINOR: FRENCH

W.A.A. Board '67, '68

President '68

Treasurer '67

Meadowlands House Chairman '66

Madrigal Singers '66, '67

PEGGY DELORIMIER

Painstakingly littering her life with lists and schedules, Peggy's lists are usually lost and her schedules are rarely kept. But somehow things *do* get done. She sincerely seeks simple solutions for complex problems, but is nevertheless able to adjust when she finds that reality offers none.

Organizing herself usually presents a problem for Peggy. On the night before a test, she can be found in a smokeroom with her glasses slung low on her nose, books and papers strewn around her, and an agonized expression on her face. More gregarious than scholarly, she thrives on activity—she is rarely alone. Her generous and companionable nature fills her time with weekend trips, dinners with friends, or just bridge and conversation between classes. Peggy's charm and attractiveness make her an asset to any group. Always well-groomed, she gives attention to each detail whether on her own outfit or when helping another.

Peggy's life seems to consist of multiple traumatic situations. Each is the worst at the time, yet in retrospect she is able to view them objectively. She learns from experience.

As one of a large family, Peggy gained the ability to direct large groups of people with confidence. Whether commentating a fashion show or planning the "Look-Alike" contest for Dad-Daughter night, Peggy is always at ease. She will run her home or hoped-for kindergarten with graciousness. Self-assured and mildly sophisticated, Peggy communicates warmth.

LAURIE ANNE LYNCH

Santa Ana, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: HISTORY

Gamma Sigma
Who's Who Among American Colleges
and Universities
Executive Board '68
Carillon Staff '67, '68
Editor '68

Meadowlark Assistant Editor '68
Firebrand Editor '69
French Club '66, '67
Young Republicans '66, '67, '68
President '67
Vice-President '68

LAURIE LYNCH

Laurie's life falls into place—not somehow, but by sheer dint of effort. Hence the well-deserved sense of satisfaction as deadlines are met. Half-classicist, half-romantic, Laurie marshals her imaginative impulses, cuts out purple passages and aims at communication. She has managed to produce the *Carillon* and *Firebrand* with imagination and individuality, but without loss of tradition. A journalist must be realistic, noticing the facts, and not the frills. Laurie usually complies with this image, but cannot help straying into a dream world every so often.

Although ordered, her life is not without its undisciplined areas—Sunday picnics, zoos, children's literature, and shopping trips are pleasures that reveal much. Laurie's affinity for antiques is romantic, her taste in clothes classic. Villagered and Lanced from head to toe, she is contemporary yet far from faddish.

Laurie is charmingly refreshing—some say naive. She expects to have honesty met with honesty, truth with truth. A credulous "Oh really" is her response to the most fantastic statement. Realizing that she has been deceived her face pinks a shade Father Blank would relish.

On the whole a conciliatory person, she is the means between abrasive extremes. Reluctant to be involved in arguments, her anger is vented on people and subjects safely removed. Neither Brother Antoninus nor William Wordsworth will ever know what a formidable foe they have. Laurie aims at the *via media*; she deserves the happiness that lies in an ordered life.

THERESA ANNE MACDONALD

Stockton, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: SPANISH

Community Service '68, '69
Special Events Committee '69
International Students Club '66

Music Club '68, '69
SCTA '69
Spanish Club '69

ANNE MACDONALD

Anne's gentle appearance and calm manner belie her exuberant warmth and spontaneity. Unobtrusively, she watches others dash by. Shyness is only skin-deep though; in conversation Anne bubbles with delight over all things alive.

Literature and music are her pleasures for Anne values the "essence and feeling of things." She relaxes while pouring over Browning with the musical poetry of Rod McKuen in the background. Her passion for the sentimental ballads of McKuen, however, is in no way her sole mental therapy. Regularly she receives one dozen red roses—a morale booster much envied in Pennafort!

Happiest wherever there are good friends, Anne shares her exuberant and imperturbable nature. Always willing to start a song or, better yet, physical exercises at midnight, she is definitely impulsive. She is eager to go barefoot at any opportunity.

Anne plans her future home around big friendly dogs and little children; she delights in quantities of both. Compassionate and warm, she is genuinely able to share the highs and lows experienced by others. "People-watching" has taught her much.

Believing with Bacon that "It is a true and miserable solitude to want true friends without which the world is but a wilderness," Anne thrives on her relationships with those she loves. Her world will never be a wilderness.

ROSALIND ANN McGRATH

Camarillo, California

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: HISTORY

Class Vice-President '69
Class Social Representative '68
W.A.A. Board Secretary '68
Publicity Committee Co-chairman '67, '68

Social Committee '66, '68, '69
Meadowlark Art Staff '68
Community Service '67, '68, '69
Irish Club '66, '67, '68, '69

ROZY McGRATH

Rozy's world is make-believe, twisted by reality and captured in art. She is touched by the world of practicality and the world of *Winnie the Pooh*, and balances the two with a unique and refreshing sensitivity. Peace and exuberance are a part of every experience that comes from Rozy's world.

Rozy, caught between the mutability of life and the changelessness, is trying desperately to grasp the essence of each and, at the same time, to be able to explain the difference between them and understand the world God made this way.

For every feeling Rozy has there is an opposite which becomes a part of the same whole; both joy and sadness permeate her understanding of life. The joy of the daisies she paints is nonetheless tainted by the depth and sadness that is part of the dark earth. Her wild flare for the unknown, the barely possible and the excitingly daring is balanced by a deep awareness of what it's really all about.

Rozy likes parties because they bring people together and give them a chance to laugh. And she *wants* them to laugh. A party is ruined for her if she discovers a guest who is not enjoying himself as much as she.

Solitude and enthusiasm, depth and frivolity, make-believe and reality are part of the world she creates and loves, and part, most of all, of her totally feminine and sensitive nature.

CONSTANCE ANN McNOBLE

Stockton, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: HISTORY

Publicity Committee '68
Community Service '66, '67

Irish Club '69
Drama Productions '66, '69

CONNIE McNOBLE

A humor, firmly rooted in the belief that nothing is sacred, finds Connie ready to embarrass anyone: she delights in the outrageous. Often improper, she evokes amusement by an unusual frankness. Connie's lack of personal vanity liberates an honesty which displays no mercy when confronted by pretense. Her humor is shared by means of a comment that penetrates to the core of its object, and presents an observation too true to be less than hilarious.

Refusing to admit her own ability, Connie overwhelms her mind with logical and disciplined knowledge. Preferring memorization to understanding, she amazes others by quick and accurate retention. Her self-discipline in coping with the difficult or unattractive gives rise to a generous dependability where matters of importance are concerned. An intelligence registered in quick perception, and a practicality ever-aware of the underlying seriousness of life are belied by big blue eyes conveying feminine helplessness and a disorganization that can't follow directions.

Out of chaos comes an originality that coins immediately popular phrases, and a determination that finds Connie continually working harder than those around her. She grapples the immediate reality with an intensity that nourishes worry. Though apt to ignore formality, she is aware of basic needs and responds with deep kindness and sincere generosity to a plea for help or a sad story.

KATHLEEN MARIE McNULTY

Saratoga, California

MAJOR: ECONOMICS

MINOR: SOCIOLOGY

Transferred, University of California at Santa Barbara '66

Who's Who Among American Colleges
and Universities

Pennafort House Chairman '68

Carillon Staff '68

Business Manager '68

Assistant Editor '68

Firebrand Business Manager '69

Community Service '67

Irish Club '68, '69

KATHY McNULTY

There are exactly two places where you can find Kathy when she's not in class. In the North Wing smokeroom or on her bed right next door to it. Every half hour or so she commutes from one to the other. Kathy enjoys the camaraderie of the smokeroom as she does the privacy of her room. She can be the laughing exercise leader. Boisterous. Loud. Shrieking. Yelling her commands to her followers. Or she can be brooding. Quietly. All scrunched up under her light blue comforter. Her matching blue eyes peeping out at you. One hand slowly and deliberately tugging on her thick dark hair as if it were silk.

But at the sound of someone's voice or footsteps in the hall, Kathy will shoot out of bed, throw open the door, and charge into the smokeroom. Forgetting her temporary mood. Eager to find out what's new outside the walls. She'll stay there. Just talking and smoking. Measuredly. Contributing. You wonder how she gets so much so thoroughly done. Until you learn her secret. Organization. From "renovation" nights to studying for finals, everything is fitted into a mental schedule. Known only to Kathy.

Yet, if asked to choose between peace and panic, Kathy would, undoubtedly, with only a slight hesitation, pick the latter. For only in the smokeroom can you have a real delicatessen orgy with your friends and turn down a midnight oyster.

CHRISTINE ELIZABETH MALARIN

Brisbane, Australia

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: ART

Special Events Committee '69

Absence Committee '69

House Council '69

Meadowlark Staff '68

Community Service '67, '68, '69

Music Club '69

SCTA '69

CHRIS MALARIN

Chris is the daintiness of Dresden china. From the whiteness of her face always highlighted by her favorite red lipstick to the tips of her fingers always polished with a matching tint, she exudes a soft elegance not easily found in our era. And it is enhanced by a hidden strength.

Chris' cosmopolitan background has provided her with an open attitude. Matching the expansiveness of her beloved Australia. She can easily see both sides of a story and sympathize with each. Yet in the end her final opinion will be based on solid traditional American standards. Even so, Chris is not a stick-in-the-mud. She'd gladly buy out Union Square if she could. Her secret wish is to be a night club singer although she honestly admits that she can't carry a note. Unconventionality has a strong attraction for Chris, but she does not let it control her.

Chris reflects an age past. If she could design her world to her liking, all men would wear tweed coats, smoke aromatic pipes, and have friendly dogs at their feet. All women would be feminine in the old-fashioned sense. Wearing not frills, but uncluttered lines. All houses would have bathtubs instead of showers. And Chris would be curled up in an overstuffed chair. Before a quiet fire. In a comfortable English cottage. Catching up on *Time*.

JEANNETTE KAY MEECKE

Vallejo, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: ENGLISH

Carillon Staff '66

Firebrand Staff '69

Community Service '66, '67, '68, '69

Secretary '68, '69

Italian Club '67, '69

Keys '69

SCTA '69

Troupers '66, '67, '68, '69

Young Republicans '69

Drama Productions '67, '68

JAN MEECKE

Jan belongs in the classroom . . . carefully explaining a historical point to her students . . . enunciating each word precisely . . . her forehead wrinkled. As she draws the explanation out line by line, the wrinkles fade, one by one. Jan *wants* to belong in a classroom — this is her niche. But she is not a person afraid to try other ways, afraid to go outside her niche to make sure she has chosen correctly. She was not afraid to leave Dominican for a semester at USF, and likewise she was not afraid to return to Dominican, admitting that this was her present niche, that this was where she was happy.

Jan worries a lot, but she also laughs a lot. Her classroom will not be a strictly serious one. Her own laughter, which comes often and lasts long, will make it lively. This sense of humor plus a certain graciousness makes her a wanted guest—she is a good mixer at any party.

Jan wants her world organized and is upset if plans result in confusion. When she sets her mind to do something, she *does* it. She is no procrastinator . . . unless, of course, you consider sleeping in to be procrastination. Getting up in the morning is one of her special trials.

Jan's plans are realistic and one can be sure they will be accomplished. Yet, she has her hidden dream: to be a princess. And there *is* something just a little regal about Jan . . . something about her erect posture . . . her love of formals and Grecian curls . . . something indefinable in her fastidious dress and manner that makes her stand a little away from the crowd.

ELLEN MARY MINTZ

Houston, Texas

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: ENGLISH

Carillon Staff '67, '68

Assistant Editor '68

Meadowlark Editor '68

Firebrand Staff '69

Community Service '67

Irish Club '66, '67

Young Republicans '67, '68

Secretary '67

ELLEN MINTZ

There is an expression which says that the harder something is to attain, the more worthwhile its final attainment is. In a way, Ellen's friendship falls in this category. She is a hard person to know, and even after four years too few people have seen beyond her mini-skirts and sometimes child-like outbursts. But those who have opened the door to her personality have been charmed and impressed, although they have also at times been perplexed.

Ellen is intelligent . . . and informed. She reads the newspaper over an English assignment with few regrets, and one of her pet peeves is people who don't know what's going on in the world. Ellen's room wears her character. Sister Corita seriographs hang on the walls, characters from *Winnie the Pooh* occupy the beds in the form of hand-made stuffed animals, and the bookshelves betray a love of American history and literature. Her interests are contagious. One cannot be around her for long without reading an F. Scott Fitzgerald novel. She would defend the author to his mother, the American public, and even Sister Martin.

When Ellen is happy, the whole world can relax. When something is wrong—beware. Arguing with her is a challenge; she is positive and can back up opinion with fact. Ellen is not "everybody's friend." She is perceptive and sees deeply into a person, perhaps too deeply. But when you have won her friendship, you can start to enjoy her world.

MARY PATRICIA MOHR

Alamo, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: ENGLISH

Social Committee '68
Firebrand Staff '69

Community Service '67, '68
Irish Club '69

MARY PAT MOHR

Mary Pat is a paradox of left over eighth grade skirts—too long, and cashmere suits— just the right length. Her personality is diverse. Snoopy and history co-existantly hold her heart and interest. Always ready to lead a smokeroom seminar the night before an exam or play a quick game of cards, Pat it is to whom all turn for a ruling from “Chuck Goren” in bridge and an interpretation of Dr. Dill in Middle Ages.

Forever practical, quite often stubborn, but never flustered, Pat meets the little traumas of every day with a calm and unruffled disposition. But her grave exterior is betrayed by an impish smirk which quite suddenly becomes infectious laughter.

Occasionally allowing others to take advantage of her good nature, she insists that to do a friend a favor could never be an inconvenience. Afternoons and evenings find her at the wheel of her blue Cougar chauffeuring her friends on a trip to town for shopping or dinner.

Independent and self-reliant, Pat's decisions are made without need of the reams of advice which abound in the North Wing. Her own common sense proves quite sufficient in any situation.

There are some who secretly wonder when Mary Pat studies; sleeping seems to be her favorite hobby. One can walk into her room at almost anytime and be greeted with a sunny “How-do!” from a yawning figure just awakening from yet another nap.

VICTORIA MARGUERITE MONTAGUE

Reno, Nevada

MAJOR: SOCIAL SCIENCES

MINOR: ENGLISH

Absence Committee '66, '67, '68

Publicity Committee '68

Social Committee '66

Community Service '66, '67, '68

Irish Club '69

SCTA '68

Drama Productions '66, '67

VICKI MONTAGUE

Vicki belongs to the night. Not to the darkness outside but to a room warmly lighted. The door closed. The curtain drawn. There ideas can be openly exchanged with her closest friends. These are the moments to be treasured. Not watching the hands of the clock. Not caring about them.

The hustle and bustle of everyday living was not meant for Vicki. Yet she forces herself through the motions of schedules and routines. When she's caught with something not finished on time, she panics. The world of order has played a cruel trick on her. She will pull down her chin with a jerk and cry out something close to a high pitched "Aaaahhhhh!" She will stare at you. One wrist raised and crooked over her head. A one-toothed index finger combing short frosted strands of hair. Maybe everything *will* get done. Somehow.

Sitting like an Indian. Rocking back and forth. Hugging her teddy bear. Dreaming about home and her black furry dog Pogo. The hours go by. You get a lulling sensation that nothing could bother Vicki. But things do. Long skirts, pushy people, the results of Vatican II, not having a tan. Vicki would gladly run away from problems if she could. And many a wild plot hatched after two a.m., remain as a result. A nocturnal specialty. To elude the coming dawn. To hide from a certain tomorrow.

DONNA DEANNE MOORE

San Rafael, California

MAJOR: CHEMISTRY

MINOR: MATHEMATICS

Publicity Committee Chairman '69
Executive Board '69
Camera Club '69
German Club '66, '67, '68, '69
Secretary-Treasurer '67
President '69

International Students Club '69
Irish Club '67, '69
Science Club '66, '67, '68, '69
President '69

DEANNE MOORE

Balancing somewhere between her worlds of practicality and fanciful sophistication, Deanne radiates an enthusiasm virtually unmatched. In whatever she does Dee is distinctly herself, punctuating every other sentence with a giggle and an excited, "Oh, no!" Her ambitions touch on the bizarre, whether it is to travel to the moon or to wear a James Galanos original. Yet somehow one feels that Dee might just achieve them. Her sustained energy emanates throughout the campus. A scene from an ordinary day might find Dee in academic gown riding horseback and bearing the Dominican shield to announce Shield Day, or smocked and paint splattered tackling the immense task of renovating the Student Union.

Deanne is unique. In true scientific spirit she passes late afternoon hours in the chemistry lab, subsequently rewarding herself for such remarkable endurance by a quick drive to Taco Bell. Those few free hours might also find her in her room, sitting cross-legged on the floor with scissors in hand, cutting out a pattern for her latest fashion which she would describe as "just a little different and strictly me."

Although she tolerates superficiality in others, there is a genuineness which distinguishes Deanne. Her most whimsical dreams eventually give way to definite and uncompromising goals of graduate school and achievement in her academic field.

BARBARA ANN MORRISON

Fountain Valley, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: ENGLISH

Publicity Committee '67
Social Committee '66
Community Service '67
Irish Club '66, 67

SCTA '66
Spanish Club '66
Drama Productions '66

BARBARA MORRISON

A San Francisco sophisticate or a Southern California beach bunny, Barbara changes her image with the ease of certain taste. Aware of fad and fashion, she never hesitates to be different or daring. She suits her own style, relying on the self-confidence of being well-groomed.

At ease with herself, she is able to make others comfortable by a warm interest and friendliness best expressed in a realistic humor. Any situation is under control and can be enjoyed, at least privately, by the objective recognition of the ridiculous. Barb entertains by the mimicking rendition of a recent experience, managing to engage her audience by hilarious facial expressions. Her eyes may light at a suggested dare but she avoids trouble by confining her antics to a dialogue or a silliness that achieves effect by astonishment.

Barb's light and personal humor is never dull, though often impractical—her most impossible wish is to grow her own frosted hair. She can't keep appointments and her actions express dislike for a schedule. She is, though, apt to use her time constructively, and will accomplish what she must while also finding time for important matters which pamper her femininity. Regularly found on Pebble Beach, Barb loves the sun and an outdoors look but shuns any athletic activity. The best dressed skier, she is likely not to ski, but will undoubtedly delight those who do.

CATHY NAHIGIAN

Stockton, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

CONCENTRATION: HISTORY

MINOR: ENGLISH

Social Committee '68
Community Service '66, '67, '68
Keys '69

Italian Club '67
Vice President '67
Drama Productions '66, '67

CATHY NAHIGIAN

There is something dark and beautiful about Cathy; there is a depth of character that is complex and confusing sometimes. Cathy is quiet and perceptive, independent and intuitive. She makes dreams inside, builds castles, and fills them with her special understanding of what love is.

Cathy is characterized by a deep concern for those whom she considers important. Never seeking the lime-light, she is content to be just a little outside the mainstream, observant and sensitive. She is shy on first meeting and perhaps for a long time after that. Cathy is not quick to open up to anyone, but rather careful and deliberate in choosing those who could truly be called friends.

Temperamental? Only to an extent, resulting from something inside of Cathy that will not allow her heart to be involved at times. When life gets to the point of only questions with no seeming answers, Cathy is frustrated by the frivolous and becomes at times too sensitive to the lightness of others who are not so concerned with the seriousness of life and the problems of today's world.

But Cathy's moods are usually kept beneath the surface—only those very close to her will know when she is disturbed. Others see a bright person, with a flashing smile, big brown eyes, and a hair ribbon to match every mood of every day. It is only when you get inside Cathy's world that you find out what's really happening there, that you find the Cathy who is loyal and sincere, dark and beautiful.

THELMA M. NISSEN
San Rafael, California

MAJOR: HISTORY
MINOR: ENGLISH

Transferred from the University of Washington

THELMA NISSEN

One could call Thelma Nissen an opportunist—a person who takes advantage of a situation to his or her own enrichment. She has done that with college—made the *very* most of it.

Dominican has been a “delightful and rewarding experience” for Thelma. Returning to college after nineteen years, she expected to be a “loner” but found both the students and faculty warm and outgoing. More important, Dominican found an optimistic student eager to contribute to the college community. Gregarious, she is a “good mixer and regular fellow” in a different sense than was George Babbitt. She has met others on their field and adapted easily. With Thelma there is no communication gap. Free, open, candid, exchange is the byword. She makes the transition from wife and mother to coed without losing the grace or enthusiasm of either.

A wide field of interests testifies to her exuberant spirit. “I love vacations”—camping, resorts, beach house, hiking or traveling (“to see *all* the world”). Her more local interests are football, parties, skiing, Rachmaninoff, and a strong concern for today’s young people, that they do not grow up “absurd.”

She is an unusual person: without a forbidding facade she has shown us the importance of appreciating an education, the value of hard work, and the return received for extending oneself beyond the necessary limit. Dominican is lucky—it has known one of the nicest opportunists.

MAUREEN ANN O'CALLAHAN

La Habra, California

MAJOR: LATIN

MINOR: HISTORY

Community Service Chairman '69
Executive Board '69
Meadowlark Assistant Editor '68
Community Service '67, '68, '69

Irish Club '66, '67, '68, '69
Music Club '67, '68
Social Chairman '68
Young Republicans '67, '68, '69

MAUREEN O'CALLAHAN

The Latin language is built on simple, basic foundations but with forms and derivatives to fit an elaborate structure. Maureen is built the same way, with basic, home-grown (in an Orange County citrus grove) beliefs, extended by exposure and experience.

In four years Maureen has tried different ways of life and points of view working towards the formulation of her own. She has been a part of the community, open to its influence. From being close to people, she has learned the value of the individual's potential. Finding this, she was led to the field of special education in which she hopes to bring encouragement to handicapped children.

Maureen's goals, though important, are not always uppermost in her mind. A social animal, she joins in a picnic, wing party or a "coke run" to relieve the pressure of half an hour's concentrated study. Ethics' finals and other shared misery are occasions for lavish affairs resembling an Irish wake.

A frequent visitor, she will drop in and within the instant become involved in your current problem, gladly wading through the stormy seas of deliberations, and enjoying the ride almost more than the safe arrival at a decision.

Maureen has developed her basic personality and one can be sure that her concern, sociability and generosity will always remain, but her complete structure, with all its derivatives, the synthesis of all her influences, remains to be completed by just living.

SUANNE ELIZABETH O'HARE

Monterey, California

MAJOR: SPEECH

MINOR: ENGLISH

International Relations Club and
M.U.N. '66
Irish Club '67

Madrigal Singers '66, '67, '68, '69
Troupers '66, '67, '68, '69
Drama Productions '66, '67, '68, '69

SUANNE O'HARE

When the curtain has fallen on our four years at Dominican College, Suanne O'Hare will not be forgotten. Her love is the theater, and there has not been a musical or drama production which did not include her work, whether she was claiming the spotlight or working behind the scenes.

Suanne feels that she has grown much in the past four years. She has come to more of an appreciation of the theater as a whole, and less of a desire for the limelight. She now wants to share her appreciation with others, through the Marin Shakespeare Festival for the present, and through high school teaching in the future.

Unlike many she knows what she wants, and she is not waiting until graduation to start working for it—she has *always* been working for it. Suanne is a girl who was never really caught up in the full swing of college life—she was always content and happier to be a little apart from the “typical” college atmosphere. Because of this she is often misunderstood, but though she is sensitive to the reactions of her audience, she is not afraid to be a little different. Suanne has developed a unique role for herself and remains consistently in character; she is not a follower. One suspects that Suanne sees deeply into a person. She is an actress herself and she knows when another person is acting, sees what another person really is.

If she could rewrite the script of life, loneliness and unhappiness would be deleted, along with closed, unfriendly people. If all the world were a stage, Suanne would be in her element.

STEPHANIE LOUISE PARENTI

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: ART HISTORY

Who's Who Among American
Colleges and Universities
Student Body Secretary '67
Class President '68
Executive Board '67, '68

House Chairman '66
Firebrand Staff '69
Community Service '67
SCTA '69

STEPHANIE PARENTI

Long walks, people who love, laughter and little brothers—these are the things that appeal to Steph. She is a person who is nearly impossible to describe because too many good things sound trite and contrived and bad things just do not apply.

A combination of the Thinker and the Listener, she is always willing to attend to someone else's problem, though she keeps her own inside. Her nature is seasoned with a dash of the romantic and an impulsiveness that leads her to splurge on new clothes or talk someone else into splurging.

San Francisco is her favorite city and her home, and Union Street is her favorite part of it. Eyelet dusters, cafe au lait, cameos and ice cream; her favorite things reflect her personality—a little paradoxical and always intriguing.

Responsibility does not scare Steph; she has proved her capabilities as a leader. Yet she is a quiet rather than charismatic leader, disliking controversy and debate over what is to be done, upset if her actions do not win approval. And although she has often been placed in the limelight, she is much happier doing a quiet good job behind the scenes. Steph could never be a politician. She sees too much good in people and is too kind herself to ever hurt others. Perhaps that is why those who know her appreciate her for what she is—a loveable, loving person.

MIKELL CECILIA ANN PEACOCK

Los Gatos, California

MAJOR: SPANISH

MINOR: ART

Attended San Jose State College '68

Absence Committee '67
Special Events Committee '69
House Chairman '69
Community Service '67

International Students Club '69
Irish Club '69
Spanish Club '67, '69

MIKIE PEACOCK

Mikie is a girl who forges ahead to the new. She does not wait to see what lies around the next corner—she runs to meet it head-on and enjoys it, every bit of it. She knows how to make the most of the moment, how to enjoy being with a crowd, how to enjoy being alone. Mikie is activity: rainy days don't mean depression, but long walks; the beach is not for passive sunbathing, but for running along the shore; trees are not just for appreciative gazing, but for climbing.

Mikie lives in the world of hard rock and folk music, splashy colors, and Rod McKuen. Traditional skirts, sweaters and knee socks do not belong in her wardrobe. Mikie is much more at home in levis and mini-skirts. And her rough loomed poncho is a familiar sight on campus. Here special idiosyncrasy is rings—her hands usually display several.

Mikie's love of Edgehill shows the "being alone" part of her nature. She is at home in her chaotic room, with all her stuffed animals, who are often joined by the Edgehill cat. And too, she is at home in the old-fashioned living room, watching TV, and working on some new handicraft.

Life for Mikie is not to be organized, planned out for every moment. It is to be full of surprises. No matter if surprises mean confusion. Mikie's confusion is the type to be penetrated, explored and enjoyed.

SHARON MARIE ROSE

Alamo, California

MAJOR: SPEECH

MINOR: ART HISTORY

Firebrand Staff '68
Community Service '66
Irish Club '69
Keys '69

Troupers '66, '67, '68, '69
President '69
Vice-President '68
Young Democrats '68

SHARON ROSE

Sharon is ever-changing—her moods are extreme. Her joy is completely unbounded and releases itself into leaps in the air accompanied by irrepressible laughter, clapping hands and a beaming face. Depression finds Sharon sitting in her room for hours pondering her problems and carefully working out their solutions. This task accomplished, she returns to the smoke room ready for an exercise session or a hand of bridge.

Given to acting on sudden whims, Sharon will suddenly decide the North Wing smoke room lacks Christmas spirit, will commandeer every jar of paint she can find, gather her friends, and set them to work, paint brushes in hand. The result is a myriad of angels, candy canes and snowmen, the *piece de resistance* being her own Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer. Later in the evening she will touch down to earth to study for an impending final. But, she's really much happier viewing the world from her vantage point somewhere in the clouds.

Born to a family of sentimentalists, Sharon positively adores dogs, children, and horses. The sight of one or all three will generally draw a long sigh. Finding joy in the very small things, she saves her worry for large problems. All efforts, from speech projects to the St. George Play, are whole-hearted and successful, and her approach to what lies ahead will be no less vigorous.

ELIZABETH ALICE RYAN

Eureka, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: HISTORY

December 1968 Graduate

Meadowlark Assistant Editor '68

Firebrand Staff '69

LIZ RYAN

By your own soul, learn to live;
Though men thwart you, have no care;
Though men hate you, have no fear;
Hope your hope, dream your dream,
Sing your song.

Bob Dylan

Liz lives "by her own soul" with confidence and independence. The giant and solitary redwoods of Northwestern California, Liz's home, have left their mark upon her character. A sensitive person herself, she understands and demands much of the people in her life. Her own personal honesty and simplicity become her requirement of others.

Loving the unique and out-of-the-way, she treasures the town of Solvang, the anthology of Mother Goose, and her collection of single lines of poetry or the choicest literary images. Always a connoisseur, Liz chooses fine china, a new dress, a book, with the same caution and deliberation with which she would choose a friend.

"I'm not a joiner" is her description of herself, for Liz refuses to participate in the frivolous or the artificial. Instead she values the real people in her life: her family, her fiance, and her close friends.

Like *Alice in Wonderland*, Liz is candid, perceptive, and genuine. Many will not experience her uniqueness for they will not have taken the time to read between the lines.

MARIE AGNES ST. MARTIN

San Rafael, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: FRENCH

Day Student Representative '68
Executive Board '68

Community Service '66, '68

MARIE ST. MARTIN

Marie is a straight-faced surprise to all who meet her. Her jokes can keep her friends in hysterics while her own face remains completely deadpan—moving not a muscle. Marie can be an audience as well as a performer. She loves to meet new people and be around old friends and prefers socializing to studying any day.

Marie's wit is not the only key to her personality. Everybody's character is a collage of different elements, but few persons can claim such a wide cross-section of interests as she. To look at her you think petite . . . or feminine. But the same girl who loves to try out new make-up, curl her hair in ringlets, or polish her nails, is also at home at the steering wheel of a half-ton truck. Neither rain, nor snow, nor sleet keeps Marie from her part-time job as a postal truck driver. If you're observant, you may catch sight of her battling the Fourth Street traffic some late afternoon.

Then there is the Marie who can't let go of her attachment to the Beatles. She is as avid a fan today as she was five years ago and her taste has moved right along with theirs. Marie is *like* psychedelia in a way: for out of the wild, colorful, and crazy design comes a message that only a Marie St. Martin personality can express.

ELIZABETH PURCELL SCARPA

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: SPEECH

MINOR: ENGLISH

Class President '67
Executive Board '67
Social Committee '66
Community Service '67, '68

Irish Club '66, '67, '68
Troupers '66, '67, '68
Drama Productions '66, '67, '68

LIZ SCARPA

Early each morning Liz sails into the North Wing smokeroom with a loud, "Hello, mah friends." Thus easily does she shift from her life as a housewife to her life as a student. Liz is not a young wife who is also going to school but a young woman going to school who also happens to be married. And somehow in the shuffle neither career is slighted.

Liz finds merit in the conventional but often questions its absoluteness, as evidenced by her insistence on having a chocolate wedding cake. (After all, she *likes* chocolate cake.) Valuing an exchange of opinion she is self-assured and informed, remaining firm in her position. But her open and relaxed manner rarely puts others on the defensive. Liz doesn't argue; she merely discusses, for her greatest fear is that she may someday see the world as only black or white and lose the ability to consider opposing views.

An inordinate passion for anything purple, for Glenn Yarborough, for head scarves, and for Georgette Heyer novels makes Liz's life an amalgam of simple delights. Dramatic to the bone, she is always in some production or another, behind the scenes or in front. "The Lizzard" is a girl with places to go, people to meet and things to do, but many will be repeat performances, for her life has already been one filled with traveling, interesting people, and unusual experiences. Irish and Lebanese by birth, Italian in name, she meets the world with the luck of the Irish and the protection of the North Beach mafia.

ROBIN LOUISE SHIPLEY

Arnold, California

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: ENGLISH

Transferred from West Valley College '66

Art Guild '69

President '69

Meadowlark Art Editor '68

Community Service '67, '68

Irish Club '69

Secretary '69

Keys '69

ROBIN SHIPLEY

Robin is a whirlwind. Small. Unpredictable. Quick. She likes movement. Living as fast as she can. She dashes off to class and the cafeteria as if somewhere in her childhood she had learned that to keep up with the bigger kids she would have to walk as fast as her feet could alternate. So she darts down paths with her coat unbuttoned and her purse slung over one shoulder banging an almost steady beat.

Motion is life. To be free. To be able to step on the gas pedal with as much pressure as she pleases. On an open road. To lope through a wooded gully and a grassy meadow. A sturdy horse at her command. For Robin this is to live.

Constantly changing. Her attention span is not long. She admits this candidly. When she shops she splurges. Gaily going from one little specialty store to another. Completely engrossed in what she's examining. For that moment. From a painting miniature to an avant-garde shift. A moment's intensity is the important thing. From this, her love of Michelangelo.

Robin can be stubborn at times. When she tries to clarify her philosophy for someone who doesn't quite see her point of view, she seems authoritative. She races headlong into an explanation. Serious. Her brown eyes on fire. When she speaks, she's right. Her position understood, she softens. Moves on to other things. Different from those before. Newer.

SHIREEN MARIE SILVA

Walnut Grove, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

CONCENTRATION: FINE ARTS

MINOR: SPANISH

Sigma Delta Phi
Who's Who Among American
Colleges and Universities
Social Chairman '68
Class President '66
Executive Board '66, '68
Social Committee '67, '68, '69

Pennafort House Chairman '69
Community Service '67, '68, '69
Keys '69
Madrigal Singers '66, '67, '68, '69
Spanish Club '66
Drama Productions '66, '67, '68, '69

SHERRY SILVA

Sherry, the little girl from "Ria," is composed of the same spirit that makes colors bright, that makes sun shine through rain, and that promises gold at the end of the rainbow. Life shows through her happy face and her optimism lightens the midnight conversation and the day-to-day endeavor.

Comfortable with tradition and silent through change, Sherry spends her energies in making every moment live, making smiles seem the thing to do when all seems grim to others. She serves with the warmth of sincerity, she listens with a sometimes too noble ear, and she enjoys working because she never forgets to laugh. A life characterized by a splash of exuberance and enthusiasm brought her to the forefront of friends and fun while at Dominican. There is not a committee or an operetta that has passed Sherry by in the last four years—and it is doubtful that there will be many in her future community that will not include her gay and generous spirit.

Sherry can dream a dream, hope while others despair, love when it seems impossible. Idealistic and just a little old-fashioned, she makes every moment important to herself and those around her.

Sherry is special because she is a whole parade by herself, a person who can shine her way through any day, unaware that sometimes the rain must fall.

MARILYN YORK SPEEG

Greenbrae, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Transferred from College of Marin '67

MARILYN SPEEG

Marilyn is a curious blend of the Southern belle and the Women's Equality advocate. To look at her and to listen to her is to gain the impression of fluttering eyelashes and ruffles. But there is a touch of Scarlet O'Hara in Marilyn. Although her forceful femininity and charm have attracted a string of beaux from Texas, her native state, to California, she is not a submissive person. Marilyn knows what she wants and will not let anyone, even a man, stand in her way towards attaining it.

And like Scarlet, Marilyn is no struggling damsel, as those who have sailed with her can attest. Generously including many friends in her Saturday outings, Marilyn automatically considers her guests her crew. She is as happy in cut-offs and a sweatshirt, teaching her partners the rudiments of sailing, as she is sitting in Bertrand teaching a new bridge player the basics of that game. Underneath her feminine wiles is a quick and logical mind and a certain determination about everything she does. Marilyn is family-oriented: a career in social work will not stop her from caring for a family and a home of her own.

Marilyn's southern accent is her major tie to the South. With a slow drawl she offers her frank opinions. Her "Tara" is the state of Texas, and her dream is to return there . . . to a colonial-style house . . . to the life of the Southern belle. And since "tomorrow is another day," maybe tomorrow, Marilyn will do just that.

BERNICE LILLIAN SPENCER

Stockton, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

CONCENTRATION: HISTORY

MINOR: ITALIAN

Student Affairs Board '69

Firebrand Staff '69

Community Service '67

International Students

Club '66, '67, '68, '69

Italian Club '67, '68, '69

SCTA '68, '69

President '69

Troupers '66

Young Democrats '68

BERNIE SPENCER

If she didn't consider herself too "shy," Bernie would always be in the midst of a lively "happening." She loves drama and excitement. In children, especially in her nieces and nephew, Bernie sees life and activity; and, if she were able, she would establish her own school just to enjoy children's questions and answers.

Bernie is drawn to both a life of activity and of peaceful reflection: working, dating, and fun in L.A. have their attraction, but she also dreams of a quiet retreat to the islands of the South Pacific. In the privacy of her room, with her goldfish only, Bernie may often be found making paper mosaics, reading Paul Lawrence Dunbar and Langston Hughes, writing "weird stories," or practicing modern dance . . . with background music sometimes from the classics, sometimes from the *Supremes* or *Brazil '66*.

Constantly exercising the "woman's prerogative," Bernie will go out to dinner fully intending to order a salad, decide on chicken, and settle for a cheeseburger. But in the more serious matters—her studies and her beliefs—Bernie is not easily swayed. Aware of the present, often seeming more current than the newspaper, meditative about the past, expecting much of the future, and afraid only of bugs—this is Bernie. Seldom moody, she could have named her goldfish "Sunshine" after herself.

JOANN SPILLANE
Pacific Palisades, California

MAJOR: ART HISTORY

MINOR: FRENCH

Class Vice-President '68
Social Committee '66, '67, '68
Student Affairs Board '66

Meadowlark Staff '68
Irish Club '67

JOANN SPILLANE

Jo is obviously of the sun and sand she loves. The California girl, she manages to retain a summer look throughout rainy winter months, to extend her favorite season by anticipation and by the reluctant relinquishing of sandals and short flowered shifts.

Remarkable for an organization that produces an ever-ready list and that finds each item later checked off, Jo is known to be considerate because her good intentions flower under thoughtful supervision. A never empty mailbox answers the stacks of letters she continually sends. Holiday cards go out by the dozens, the result of Jo's care to preserve friendships combined with a sentimentality that would be laughed at were it less sincere. She is captivated by babies, and often herself expresses a child-like excitement which produces a sudden scream, startling or scaring those unfamiliar with her extreme reactions.

Even when not necessarily relishing the occasion, Jo is capable and poised in a social atmosphere—a sharp contrast to the panicked reactions that find her in a closet, unproportionately scared by the knock of authority. A timidity that won't voluntarily speak in class and dislikes being the center of attention, easily accepts a reprimand while eyeing an exit, thinking only of being gone. Gullible and completely unconvincing at pretense, Jo's disposition is revealed by an impish look that develops into a grin and laughter that fades brilliantly into her white smile.

SUZANNE JEAN STELLA

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: HISTORY

Freshman Class Adviser '68
Executive Board '68

Student Affairs Board '68
Firebrand Staff '69

SUZANNE STELLA

If Suzanne had lived in England, her favorite place, during the nineteenth century, she might have been remembered with Lord Byron as one of a unique species—satirical Romantic. Suzanne can out-wit and out-trick almost everyone, even her teachers. With poetic sensibility she gives attention to the littlest things around her. In fact, her most cherished possessions are tiny nic-nacs and Joan Walsh Anglund sketches. Intensely aware of the smallest problems, her own and those of friends, she has shared advice and understanding with almost everyone on campus—especially with the Bertrand Belles, class of '69, and with the class of '71.

Creative in *all* arts, Suzanne even has innumerable styles of handwriting. She prefers to spend her time writing, drawing in pen and ink, or contemplating—making her “first impressions,” which she insists are always true.

Individualistic and independent, Suzanne loves to be alone. Paradoxically, she fears loneliness. She hides every tension and frustration. She fears every tomorrow. When Father Blank vacates the bench close to the Convent patio, Suzanne may be found there trying to slow down the pace of life while she remembers a T.L. for someone. And as Suzanne takes that “big, scarey step” of graduation, her class might well return a T.L. *maxima cum laude*. “She made us think, feel, and love a little better and a little more.”

JOANN FIORINA TORLAI

Stockton, California

MAJOR: ITALIAN

MINOR: MATHEMATICS

Gamma Sigma
Club Council Secretary '69
Religious Activities Committee '67
Community Service '68
International Students Club '68, '69

Italian Club '67, '68, '69
President '69
Treasurer '67
House Chairman '66
SCTA '69
Young Republicans '68

JOANN TORLAI

JoAnn greets each morning with a Cheshire grin, regardless of weather forecast or the number of problems to be faced that day. And her grin often flashes throughout her well-organized day. To the casual onlooker, JoAnn appears the happy-go-lucky type. But happy-go-lucky often indicates carefree and rather hang-loose; underneath, JoAnn is neither of these. Her system is to plan ahead; she takes advantage of her self-developed organizational talent. Constantly on the go, she approaches school projects and extracurricular activities confidently, with the idea of doing the best she can.

Those who know Jo best are familiar with another side of her Italian nature—a rarely expressed moodiness, often an occasion for comic relief on an extra-tense day. An atmosphere of silence in contrast to one of loud verbal explosions indicates that Jo's sensitivity has been aroused. Her candid comments, sometimes tactless, are nevertheless spontaneous counterparts of her honesty.

A wrinkled nose is a signal that JoAnn is in deep thought. With a few moments to herself Jo may perhaps be motivated into contemplation by her favorite song, "Al di La," and the dream of a perfect world. However, when wrinkles fade, so do Utopian ideas. For, in the last analysis, Jo rather likes reality.

GAYLE MARIE UBHAUS

Mill Valley, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: SPANISH

Community Service '66, '67, '68

GAYLE UBHAUS

Gayle may be petite; however, she is anything but a small person. A sociology major, her world-view is not limited to her physical locality. Her interests are likewise all-encompassing. But she especially enjoys a vital atmosphere: skiing, dancing, parties, and people full of life.

Because of her lively nature Gayle was aptly named. Like the weather phenomenon, she is here, there, and everywhere—seemingly all at once. She is often glimpsed speeding around in her green sportscar . . . never failing to keep an appointment . . . usually arriving a little late. Yet amidst the whirl of her many activities she retains her private life with her family and closest friends.

The “warm gayle,” of course, is a herald of Springtime! The season is known to have arrived when Gayle announces that she has “beach in her soul”; then she may be found playing football in the surf or constructing sand castles, accompanying her activity with peals of laughter. Her spirit of fun is as contagious as her laugh itself, affectionately described as a cross between a donkey bray and a hyena giggle. When she spies a glimmer of humor in the worst of situations her amusement is infectious.

And yet there is a serious thoughtfulness about Gayle. Part of the fascination she invokes is the mystery of what she is really thinking . . . Getting to know her is a fresh, enjoyable, and endless experience.

MADELON ANN WALSH
Greenbrae, California

MAJOR: SPANISH

MINOR: HISTORY

Sigma Delta Phi
President '69
Community Service '66

Amigos Anonymous '66
Spanish Club '69
President '69

Madelon Walsh

Madelon is an ardent student. Leisure is a luxury rarely indulged, for between classes and a part-time job she feels there is little enough time for schoolwork. So, she keeps late hours and demands quiet from her family, although she cannot resist a disturbance from the "baby," a playful Siamese kitten, now and then.

Madelon has a passion for anything Spanish or Mexican—it rules her life. After spending a summer in Mexico with Amigos Anonymous, she chose Spanish as her major, and plans to become a high school Spanish teacher. "I want to do more than just teach the language. I want to clear up a lot of misconceptions about the people and the culture."

Superficiality is Madelon's first hate. She likes to get to the heart of the matter and can be somewhat philosophical. She has the ability to judge things objectively but can't help being a sentimentalist. Tears come easily, often to her embarrassment and frustration.

Although she doesn't have time to do as much socializing as she'd like, Madelon is a friendly, expansive person who loves a good party. Many of her summer weekends are spent at Lake Berryessa where she swims and waterskis, where there is the leisure she deserves.

Madelon demands order in her life — she has eaten lunch with her grandmother every noon since freshman year; she has made this a part of her day. But she also demands a happy spontaneity; in spite of her sense of order, she faces the world with a carefree outlook.

MARY ANN WHITE

Orinda, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

CONCENTRATION: SOCIAL SCIENCES

Publicity Committee '68
Social Committee '66, '67
Community Service '66, '67

Irish Club '67
Madrigal Singers '68
Drama Productions '66

MARY ANN WHITE

Calm and elegant; tall and gentle; a face often enhanced by a wide and sparkling smile. Mary Ann possesses all the grace that makes people call her sophisticated. She belongs to country homes and fox hunts, to expensive restaurants and designer clothes. Mary Ann is a lady in the true sense of the word. She never need search her way into society; society will seek *her* out.

But Mary Ann's air of sophistication sometimes buries her quiet simplicity and child-like qualities of daisies and *Heidi*. When her day is over and she can return to the privacy of her room, put on a granny gown, and climb into her bed, she is even more Mary Ann. Content with crossword puzzles, a child's edition of an old favorite, and surrounded by tiny framed pictures of those she loves, Mary Ann smiles inside.

Though she finds serenity and happiness in being alone, her more predominant affinities are for the social situation where she can share thoughts and smiles with friends. She is ever-willing to go shopping in the city, out to dinner, and, most of all, home. A woman close to her family, she is most secure and satisfied when sharing their company.

Mary Ann's ambitions are quiet, but will carry her far. Her love for those close to her radiates from her own beauty. And the family who inherits her closeness and deep love will inherit a wealth of happiness.

Veritas

STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

PEGGY GLOCKNER
President

KATHIE KIRKOVICS
Vice President

MARILYN HULL
SAB President

ANN STELLA
Treasurer

ELEANOR NELLE
Secretary

ROZ MCGRATH
1st Vice President

STEPHANIE BARBONI
President

LINDEN HAVEN
2nd Vice President

MARY ELLEN LEONARD
Secretary

CHRIS COLLINS
Treasurer

CLASS OF 1969

JAN GILBEAU
Secretary

SUE SCHMID
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MARTHA OLIVARES
1st Vice President

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2nd Vice President

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CLASS OF 1971

MARGARET DIENER
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President

MARY HILLIGOSS
Secretary

LINDA THYNE
2nd Vice President

JOAN DESMOND
Treasurer

CLASS OF 1970

KAY QUELLA
Secretary

KERRY DALY
1st Vice President

MARTY MERKLE
Treasurer

SANDY MICHAEL
President

CHESCA PIUMA
2nd Vice President

CLASS OF 1972

Everybody died last year. Robert Kennedy, my aunt, Martin Luther King, Sister Thomas. Some were expected, others came as shocks. Each one brought a sense of loss. People gone forever. Not appreciated enough until too late. And then it's worse.

Of course Perky was different. A little yellow canary locked up in a shiny gray metal cage. A delicate creature whose job was pleasure. It takes a while to know people. You have to know something about them. You have to know how to talk to them. You have to know so much that only comes with age. With animals all that doesn't matter. A child can start a friendship without a single word.

I was eight years old when I found him under the Christmas tree. A little yellow fluff that started chirping and rolling into a grand song the minute the sunlight tried to find him. He hopped back and forth between the two highest wooden bars with an occasional fling on the swing inbetween. His shiny black eyes peered at me. He was so happy. I sat there half the day. Just watching. Playing the popular Perry Como records for him to accompany. He loved them. So we named him Perry Como with the accents on the last syllables. It seemed to fit his dainty diminutive size. But over the years he got to be known more casually as Perky or just plain Perk. He didn't care.

It was fun taking care of him for a while. Changing his water. Giving him seed, egg cakes, and sometimes a little scrap of crisp green lettuce. Perk took his weekly baths on Saturdays. He would stubbornly demand his privacy. Not one tiny taloned foot would get near his oval blue

plastic cup until everyone was out of the room. Five minutes later he would be jumping around eyeing the saturated newspapers beneath him. Wanting me to change his bathroom back to a living room with a white gravel rug. At night I carefully covered him with his own red and yellow cotton sheet. His head missing. Just a funny shaped ball next to his cuddle bone.

Perk loved summertime. He liked being hung on the side porch with the pink hollyhocks waving with the wind right outside his front door. He enjoyed having us around him all day. Singing to his heart's content. Not having to live for the clock saying three.

I guess it was about four or five years later that things began to change. It became a chore to check him for food and water every day. It became a real effort to hang him outside. Mostly I just forgot. I begrudged him the time I had to spend with his bath and his floor. He sensed this and deliberately antagonized me by waiting half an hour before deciding to splash around. Well, I had more interesting things to do, people to see, places to go. The usual story.

High school came and went. Taking care of Perk was no longer a chore. It became a habit. Mechanical. No feeling. If he didn't take a bath in five minutes. Tough. No bath for him that week. If he wanted to be dirty it was his problem. Apparently he liked the idea. Sometimes he cooperated. Sometimes he didn't. As soon as I walked in the door after school he'd start chirping. This was the signal to get the egg cake out. I moistened it and slammed it into its special little yellow cup. After a while I didn't

even go through the door. It got shoved between the bars. Perk's cage lost its shine. It was just a dull prison. His clear plastic seed and water cups got cloudy because I didn't scrub them anymore. Sometimes I'd forget to put his cover on. The next morning I'd feel a little sorry and remember to do it the next night. Feathers weren't everything.

Through all this Perky would still sing. He began accompanying the sound of running water and food being fried instead of music. His hearing was going. His hops and jumps got a little slower and fewer. He didn't use his swing anymore. I learned that a canary is old at ten. That came as a jolt. I never really gave much thought to anything getting old when I was eighteen. I began being nice to Perk again. I started thinking about him. He could do anything he wanted now. Old age was a generous excuse. Even though he stuck his tongue out at me when I would do something for him. I worried about who

would watch him when I went away to school. I was made many promises, but I learned that you can't trust mothers and brothers for everything. I'd walk in the door on a Friday afternoon and head straight for Perk. His water cup was nearly always bone dry. It probably upset me more than it did him. He survived every time. Then his feathers started to go. Not just molting. He soon developed a bald scrawny neck which he valiantly tried to hide from me. Protecting me from its ugliness.

I knew he was going to die soon. Arthritis had set in.

He couldn't get up to the high bars. He couldn't straighten his legs. They turned white and scaly. Not strong enough to land on. He huddled between his food and his water. No more baths. No more singing. I saw that the room didn't get too cold. That his blanket was left on during the daytime as well as night. He just hunched over the wooden bar all day. Staring. Accusingly. At me or anyone there.

One evening late last

May. It happened. I walked through the doorway. Started toward the cage. And then I saw what I had known I would finally see. The perch was empty. I refused to look at his floor. I just couldn't. I gave myself up to panic. I was scared, but I knew. I ran for my brother to see and to confirm. And then I cried. Cried like I hadn't cried for any person or friend. I sobbed because Perk had been one longest.

My parents laughed at me. He was only a bird. This is life. Start getting used to it. I got mad and screamed words I don't even remember. My brother was different. Surprised by his big sister's behavior. Rather awed by my ranting. He tried to understand. My one consolation. He took command and told me to find an empty stationery box. I thought of the white tissue paper on my own. He gently took care of what I didn't want to see. And then we went outside. It was still sunny, but the wind was cold. I kept thinking about how much I wanted to get back inside. We got a shovel from the tool shed. I knew exactly where I wanted. Under the old acacia tree. Protected by a pile of used railroad ties and a barbed wire fence. Across from the side porch. It is not an alluring place, but I played house there when I was little. The ground was covered with dead leaves and soft. The somber little ceremony was over in a few minutes. We paused. My brother with complete respect for my mood. And then we went back into the house and had dessert.

The next day I cleaned the cage and moved it down to the basement. I sighed and swore I'd never have another canary. It couldn't be the same. I automatically think of

Perk when I walk into his room still. And find it cold. I never go across the yard to the grave. I can't. And what good would it do! He was only a bird. Perk missed my twenty-first birthday party a few weeks later. I was glad.

MARY LOU BORDONI '69

OFFERING

One day when I am out-running the wind
blowing smog in from the grey city and
my feet crackling note-book paper (blue-lined),
blown candied-apple wrappers tossed off-hand
(harbingers of autumn): when the sky is
twilighted electric and I run in
that aimless way, running fast to express
whatever it is inside that has been
dangling me on a string, I'll run 'round the
corner smack into you, and, halted, will
extend my open, empty hands slowly.
Knowing the time when I shall be made still
with shame I write this for you that a smile
will cross your face and you'll be pleased awhile.

CATHY WEISS '70

ONCE A YEAR

It was early evening just before the night air became too cold. Into one of the narrower streets of the city, a horse and hansom cab trotted close to the cool darkness of the taller buildings. The old horse was freshly combed and brushed, her cream mane done up with red ribbons in true-love's-knots. She trotted gently and fluidly, flicking her tail in time with her painted hoofs. The carriage was thoroughly waxed so that the mahogany gleamed in the dark, catching the gas-lamp highlights. Inside, the scarlet horse-hair seats were worn smooth with regular brushing. The curtains were full enough to provide privacy to the passengers. The spokes of the wheels spun with delicate balance under the weight of the old man sitting on the top of the cab. Its old driver wore a suit of blue satin and brocade, with a fine beaver hat set squarely on his white head. He wore soft blue gloves and kept his high boots polished. Under his nose he had carved a handlebar moustache, the ends of which he periodically twirled between his fingertips. He often pictured himself worthy of becoming the queen's royal coachman.

He led the cab through the cool darkness of the side streets onto the city's main plaza to find business for the evening. Since tonight the Concert was to be performed in the Hall that faced the square, the old man hoped to earn many fares. He circled the square, chose one of the out-going avenues, and began his circuit of the town.

Soon he was hailed by a man and his wife, who were obviously on their way to the Concert. He waited for them

to mount the carriage. Solemnly, he looked to either side. When they were settled, he turned the horse in the direction of the Hall.

By now the square was crowded with other carriages and people milling toward the Hall. The old man wound round the building, slipping in front to the entrance. Descending from the coach, the gentleman placed a coin on the driver's soft-gloved hand. The piece shone and glinted in the bright lamps of the square.

Swinging around the square, the hansom gleaming as the moon rose from the surrounding hills, the driver drove on in search of a few of the many people who would be attending the Concert. He answered a hail by a well-dressed young man, wearing a rose in his lapel. He was ordered to the square.

Tonight there would be profits! The old man was thinking that perhaps he could buy a new hat. His old one was all right, but he could see signs of fraying at the place on its brim where he tipped his hat. Perhaps this year he could even buy a new coach and hire another driver. Perhaps he would earn a lot of money for another horse as well, for tonight was Concert night. He and his horse were getting old and his thoughts turned to an easy retirement. But tonight anything was possible.

As he turned into the square, the young man ordered him to stop at the dark green house at the corner and wait for him. The young man left and returned with a bright young girl, who blushed as the gentleman led her to the cab. After helping her ascend the carriage, he told the driver the name of a street on the far side of town. The

old man perceived that not everyone was going to the Concert, but then, a fare was a fare.

Half an hour later, the old man reached the street and asked for further instructions. After a long pause, the gentleman answered with a command just to ride around town, but please, away from the crowds. Quietly the old man clucked to his old horse with the red ribbon in her mane.

When the evening was over and even the Concert-goers had gone home, the driver drove back to the dark green house. The young man tossed him a coin. It lay heavily in his palm; the glint was dull with age. The old man put it into his pocket, pulled his coat closer about himself, and slowly headed for home.

E. RHONDA JENNINGS '71

ESSENTIAL

I am surprised that what is essential
is like sand:

We are forever sweeping it
from the crumbling temples of our own
invention;

Squinting our eyes when it's
thrown up in our faces;
shaping our castles, our fallible ramparts,
out of its quintessentially
ephemeral
marrow.

What is essential
is shifting,
mysterious in moon-dunes,
irreverent upon the hallowed tombs
of saints and pharaohs.

What is essential
is what the bleached bones of the oldest
mammoth
shuffle down to,
under the glaciers', the rivers',
and the winds'
attrition.

What is essential
is sand. And,
deep in its teeming and fathomless core,
some miracle of seed
and stream
and heaving of incessant
storm.

JOHN J. SAVANT

SISTER THOMAS

I came to Dominican because of the trees and Sister Thomas. I first met her on a rainy day in March of my senior year in high school. She talked to me as though it were the most perfect day she had ever seen. As we walked from the Motherhouse to Meadowlands to Guzman I saw the campus to its best advantage—through her eyes. The trees were a much more special green from that point of view.

We stood by the piano in Meadowlands and she told me about tea dances, now mixers, and the girls who had met “their” young men in that parlor. In Guzman she picked up a *Firebrand*, because “hadn’t you written that you enjoyed English and would like to work on the publications?” It was the 1954 *Firebrand* and she flipped through the pages telling me about each girl. Now that I remember it I am awed by her memory, but that day it seemed that all people must be, quite naturally, that gracious and interested.

Sister Thomas was genuinely universal—she saw and learned and loved all the positive elements in life. When something was missing or wrong she mended it.

There was not one person or occasion that was not in some way involved with her. She was “tuned in” to each separate frequency. She pursued all her interests with enthusiasm and discipline and the rewards of that lifestyle have benefited all of us.

What she gave was an absolute regard for human dignity as intended by God. We have learned from her the

necessity for each person to deserve his own dignity and respect that of others. Her presence bred an unconscious harmony and balance in every group.

Warmth, sensitivity, charity and propriety were the qualities she tried to cultivate in her "lassies." These seeds were sown at the eight a.m. assemblies every morning and the Dominican "image" bore fruit under her care and guidance. A woman has an obligation to a productive life and Sister Thomas was educating women to this end. This education was not merely "learned by rote"; it was lived. It was a vital education, as active as her mind and heart.

Her concern was not merely a token; it was the shuttle that wove together every thread of experience and personality. For the first time the Alumnae Association will *need* name tags—no one else can remember, unaided, each member. And no one else can remember a popcorn party at Bolinas, long hikes to Chicken Point, and a successful senior recital and create the concordant atmosphere for each individual.

For so many Sister Thomas was Dominican. Sadly, too few of the current students knew her and consciously equate her person with the institution. But she is what we came here for. Her generosity, sensitivity, selflessness and love are the reason we sing at Shield Day, go caroling to Santa Sabina, and cry at graduation. We have all caught a little bit of Sister Thomas whether we know it or not.

ELLEN MINTZ '69

DREAM-POEM

I hold three gem-stones in my hand,
Carved like scarabs.
Light from a high cathedral window
Strikes down upon them.
I say to the little girl at my side:
“Look! How the sunlight makes the carved lines glow
Phosphorescent gold!
Like the first light of spring on Telegraph Hill
Or Westminster Abbey.
Come, let us take them out into full sunlight
And see what happens.”
So we go out on the steps into the sun—
And the stones turn only dead and drab.

MARY PRENTICE LILLIE BARROWS

FROM DOMINIC TO ALCOTT

I had a wonderful idea, but it cropped up just a little late for "Leg Con '68." (Because that's where I would have expressed it if it had hit me in time.) Let's change the name of the *Firebrand* to *Little Women*. (Do I hear applause?) *Firebrand*: it's such a forboding—almost overly dignified name. And it only includes the seniors—they're the only ones who are too tired to fight, too old to care what their yearbook is called just as long as they graduate, and so terribly thoughtless and uncreative when it comes to a question of including the other classes.

So I think it's a fine idea to change the title to *Little Women*. Then we'd be forced to include all the little D.C. women. How quaint! The photographer would be swamped with requests to take pictures. We'd have to include the powder-puff football teams, the home-ec displays, the riot squad, the rallies and dances—oh, just everything that's such a vital part of college life.

And character sketches would be a ball to write. It would give the editor and staff something to keep them busy if we had a sketch for every little woman instead of only eighty torch bearers.

But we would have to have a theme, a back-drop, something to hold it together. Louisa May Alcott used the Civil War. And I don't think that's a half-bad idea. With all the hatred and violence that surrounds our campus (but never really touches even in slightest way), we ought to be able to work up some sort of civil unrest — nothing really serious, just a little something for atmosphere and

effect.

So the way I see it, we've got the Amy's, the Beth's, the Meg's and the Jo's; we'll work on a bloody background; and all we need is a Louisa May Alcott. But I'd warn you: don't even attempt it without a Louisa May because it just might fall flat.

SUZANNE STELLA '69

PI.EA

describe my being
(or nothingness)
compass my whole
(and my half)
draw a tangent to my vortex
(rule my lined life)
Chart my symmetry
(my even oddness)
plot my life
(with your instrument)
take me from the test tube
(break the beaker)
allow me the infinity of another dimension

CATHY WEISS '70

RUNNING

A walked challenge is accepted.
Slowness slides into speed
of up and over cracked sidewalks
bouncing the joy of a sun
running in cadences
 drugged with green
spiraling through branched leaves
bursting this one last store of
 delirium.

Exhaustion dropping on coolness.

CATHY WEISS '70

THE LOST AND FOUND

Absolute zero (Kelvin, my love, Kelvin)—heads or tails on this one was impossible.

Have you ever walked a long, long way alone? Walked so far that you don't even think about your arrival because you are so alone, so within, so yourself? It's being lost to everyone, to your SELF, lost in thought.

Have you ever wondered about your mind? About what it does when you are consciously living. It becomes cluttered with the small, petty musings of unhappy people. Bigotry, a lot of that, but mostly just lack of caring about each other.

Have you ever wondered about your mind? About what it does when you let it roll on? All the filminess of hate and hurt is blown away. And you find that the everyday world becomes a world of "moons and Junes and ferris wheels."

Mostly this happens on a long, long walk. Alone. At night, on the beach, or during the day, in the hills, minds are thrown open to unknown directions and dimensions. Songs are written in moments like this: moments of total freedom, to involvement, total universality. There's a word, ectoplasmic, spirit materialization; that's how to describe a long, long walk alone.

So I walk. Lost to the world, found within.

MARY KAY SPEAKMAN '72

FLIGHT

(On the death of a professional iceskater)

Sweet bird of youth, your passage short and swift
Was talent's gay and brilliant gift of death.
Your silver wings fell silent, without lift,
And gored the earth—a bright and fiery cleft.

Kaleidoscope of blue and orange light,
Now gray and dusty ashes without life,
The mercy angels scorned you on that night;
No more the winged blades' competing strife!

CYNTHIA MOBRAATEN

BERTRAND 1965—A HAPPY MEMORY

(written for Bertrand's "goodbye party," May 1966)

Bertrand was a new beginning. In a way it was a lonely beginning. The loneliness was felt through 47 girls crowded in a room. It was felt above the screaming, through the smoke. It was felt because this wasn't what we expected—this simply wasn't college, or so we thought on August 30. Why do the lights have to be out at 10:30? Why no carpris? Study—from 7:30-9:30? What, or should we say, who, was the immovable force who prevented any exceptions? Sister Marie Jeannette, O.P. ran Bertrand Hall, the place we could not quite accept then. Why no walls, Sister? Aren't we paying just as much as the Meadowlands girls, or even the Pennafort girls, for that matter? In this early stage we really thought walls would make a difference—walls were a part of the college boarding we had heard about.

Schedules grasped tightly in hand, we passed the first few days almost alone—only accented by an occasional forced, overly polite "hello, where are you from?" It was so obvious that the lounge was a camouflaged classroom. In this lounge there didn't seem to be the strained "hi, where-are-you-from" attempts; it was more or less the "hi, where-are-you-going-next-year?" idea.

Red pen in hand, we marked and poured over our trusty little handbooks at that first housemeeting under the direction of Sister Jeannette. After listening intently to Sister "laying down the law" for a half hour, we left the lounge scared to death. I think this was the night we

all filed to our rooms with the minimum of noise—save only the “under-the-breath” comments such as: “this is sure going to be one of a year,” “. . . slave driver . . .,” “I can’t wait to get out of *here*.”

As the days and early weeks passed we were either getting numb to the place or we were “adjusting”—I really don’t know which it was. But things began looking a little brighter. Bertrand wasn’t the Hilton, but it wasn’t *quite* the dump it was August 29 either. Personalities began taking shape. She’s the one who gets all the phone calls. She’s a debutante. She’s the one who’s nuts about campfire girls. She’s the one that’s always in trouble. She’s always got a date. She *never* has a date, etc., etc. Conversations began getting a little broader than “I hate it here, don’t you?” As the weeks turned to months, we learned a lot about getting along with all different kinds of personalities. Sister Jeannette was taking on a different light too.

Before we knew it, we were leaving for Thanksgiving, and then came finals and Christmas. Joan Walsh Anglund says that Christmas is a blessed time . . . of love. I think that we could feel the truth in this statement at Bertrand during Christmas time. We felt close then. Close in lots of ways. Remember that night we sat in the lounge making Bertrand a home—adding the spirit of a Christmas tree. That ghastly looking tree helped make Christmas a blessed time at Bertrand—a blessed time of love.

If anyone had told us on August 29 that we would be excited about returning to Bertrand after Christmas vacation, we would have said they were *nuts*! But nuts or

not nuts—we missed Bertrand. Oh there were lots of reasons we *thought* we wanted to come back, but we really didn't know how much this last semester would mean to us. Spirit seemed to grow deeper. We were a little more content to stay here on weekends! It's funny, but without even knowing it, we had made Bertrand a real home.

Saying good-bye is going to be hard. It's like a family splitting up: even though we'll be living together (almost all of us anyway), we are leaving the old sod, so to speak, where we began a new life. We're leaving behind the one a.m. picnics in the bookstore, the water fights in the pink bathroom; we're leaving behind the sun-porch that was completed in mid-winter, the hot plate, and the two out-of-order T.V.'s. But I think most of all we're leaving behind that certain someone who the Holy Spirit guided to the oddest places at the oddest times. We'll miss her because she cared. It will be sad on Friday because we won't hear "GOOD NIGHT, LADIES," but rather "Goodbye."

SUZANNE STELLA '69

(Editor's note: Bertrand was a beginning, and leaving it was the end of one phase at Dominican. The story was reprinted because the feelings expressed are still valid. Now we are leaving a whole school — friends, teachers, buildings. We are leaving a way of life and it is hard to believe that we will not return in three months. Because somehow, a place "gets to you," often in spite of yourself, just as Bertrand "got to" 47 girls in our freshman year. "Saying goodbye is going to be hard.")

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