

1971

1971 Firebrand

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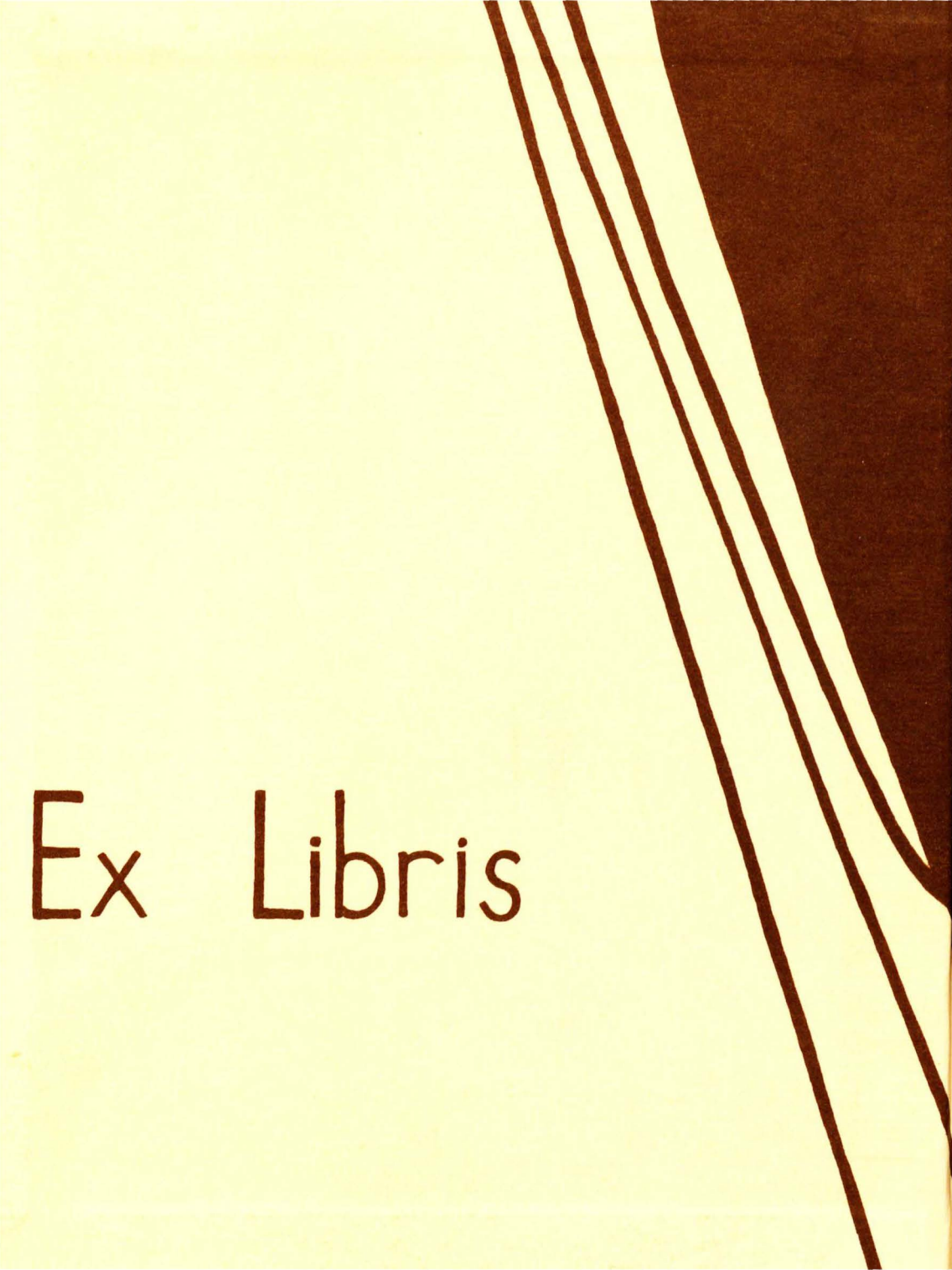
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The Firebrand

Ex Libris

The image features a minimalist design on a cream-colored background. In the upper right corner, there is a solid dark brown triangular area. Three parallel, dark brown diagonal lines extend from the top edge towards the bottom right, separating the brown area from the rest of the page. The text 'Ex Libris' is printed in a dark brown, serif typeface in the lower-left quadrant.



The Firebrand

DOMINICAN COLLEGE OF SAN RAFAEL



MCMLXXI





dedicated to SISTER AQUINAS

She cares

about all green and growing things,
all persons — each one for himself.

She is beautiful

embracing life with cheer, exuberance,
kindness, and truth.

Child-like in simplicity,

a woman in her humanness.

And why?

Her strength and courage,

believing, and love

come from God.

Class of 1971

THE FIREBRAND

Editor.....Mary Weissenburger

Associate Editors.....Doreen Isa
Susan Maraccini

Art Editor.....Sandy Kell

Business Manager.....Mary Jo Mohr

STAFF

Dotti Cavanaugh

Fran DeBarbrie

Barbara Dudley

Mo Gannon

Jan Gilbeau

Laura Hermosillo

Anne Kinsey

Gail Landtbom

Linda Liechti

Chris Lussier

Margaret McCorkle

Prue Silger

Linda Squires

TYPISTS

Cho MacArthur

Katy Murphy

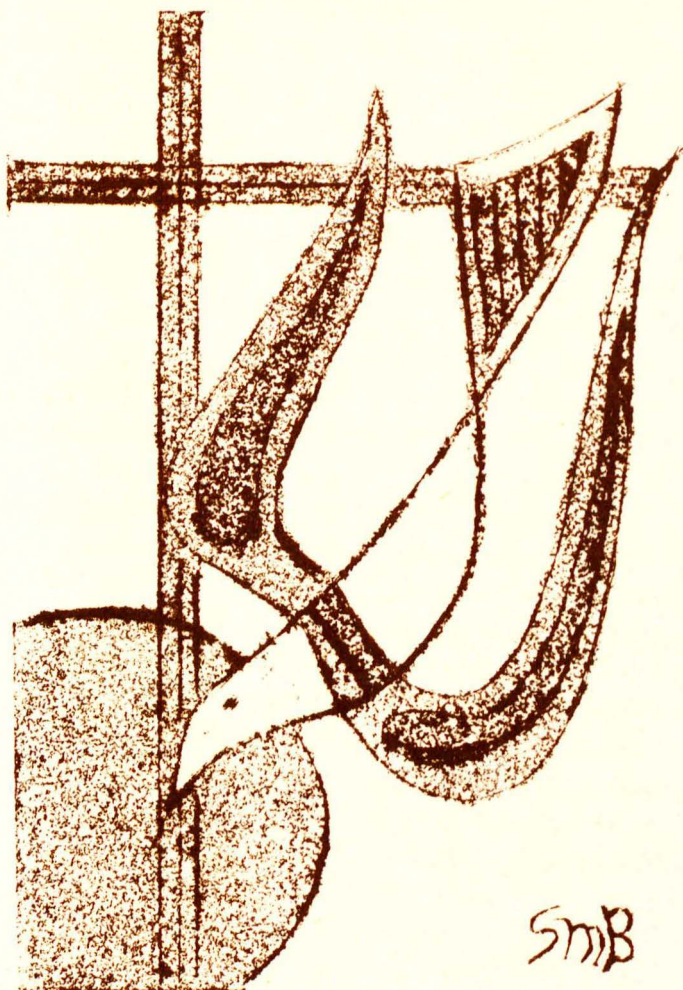
Julie Ramacciotti

ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
Ex Libris — Sandra Kell	Inside Cover
St. Dominic — Barbara Dudley	1
Untitled — Sister M. Barbara, O.P.	8
Kathy's Kattails — Kathleen Kempton	163
SOLOGA — Eva Rigeus	168
Old Men of Morocco — Lacey Niles	169
Untitled — Kathleen Kempton	173
The Spider — Jacqueline Forrest	180
Brock's Boat — Inez Storer	185
Mardi Gras — Michele LaVoy	186
Candy Teddy — Michele LaVoy	192
The Tree — Jacqueline Forrest	197
Untitled — Sandra Kell	200
Untitled — Suzanne Gessling	202
Untitled — Sister Patricia, S.H.J.M.	206
Untitled — Sister M. Barbara, O.P.	208

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Editorial	9
The Class of 1971	11
<i>In Memoriam</i>	154
Officer Pictures	156
Goneril	162
Memories	164
AIX70	166
A Journey	170
Baseball in the Bush	174
The Death of Women's Liberation or "If Your Mother Hasn't Told You By Now . . ."	181
The Sea	185
Farewell, Farewell, Ye Bertrand Belles	187
A Politician	193
Long Sands	194
The Birth of Crystals or Verlaine in a Laboratory	198
Fire Storms	201
Lights Out	203
<i>Firebrand</i> Patrons 1971	207



EDITORIAL

As editor of this year's *Firebrand*, I have in the last few weeks thumbed through many of the old year-books. In reading the past editorials, I was struck by how often the editorial theme centered in change. Change is obviously not new — not here or anywhere. It is an essential of life, it keeps our society from growing static, and perhaps springs from man's desire, and his right, to be uniquely individual. We like to be ourselves — to be "me." At the same time, we do not want to be isolated. We like friends; we want to communicate friendship, and above all we want to keep our friendships.

All this is particularly true at Dominican. Here individuality is important. Each student is striving to maintain her individuality while desiring acceptance from her particular group of friends. Friendship and belonging are major values, but not at the expense of losing our own integrity, our own personality.

Friendship links us to one another and to the group. A strange and wonderful tie, it involves us in activities which we would not have attempted otherwise. Many of us in our four years have found out that friendship means a giving of self. How many of us would have volunteered to aid the mentally retarded children or to donate blood if it had not been for the gentle prodding of friends? Seemingly within each person there is a reluctance to give of self, to expose ourselves — our individual personality to criticism — fearing that we might be laughed at, or, worse, talked about behind our backs. We need the reassurance of friends that

what we do is acceptable, that it is "the" thing to do.

This need for reassurance and acceptance by our friends is seemingly necessary for us to grow in self-confidence. It is only when a person can trust in her fellow beings that she can begin to believe herself an individual, and then once accepted, her personality can grow and take on new dimensions.

In these past four years, each of us gained new friends and in these friends we found ourselves. And in finding a little of ourselves we have become more uniquely individual. We as individuals and as a class have learned to accept one another for what each person is. It is this tolerance and acceptance of one another that has made for variety. The faculty speaks of our class as made up of individuals. And that is true. Ultimately each in our class is an individual, going her own way; however, when the "chips are down" we are not afraid of uniting and standing together. And this quality of uniqueness and solidarity is perhaps not only characteristic of our class, it is rather what makes Dominican friendly and especially human. None of us leaving Dominican can say that she is not parting from friends.

For us Dominican is more than just an educational institution; it is a place where people meet, come together sharing problems, classes and friendly times. However much anyone complains, she has to admit that D.C. has left its mark on her — the mark of growth not only in intellect but in the expansion of her individual character — individuality gained in great part through friendship.

MEW

THE CLASS OF 1971



SISTER M. JOHN MARK BOSS, O.P.

San Rafael, California

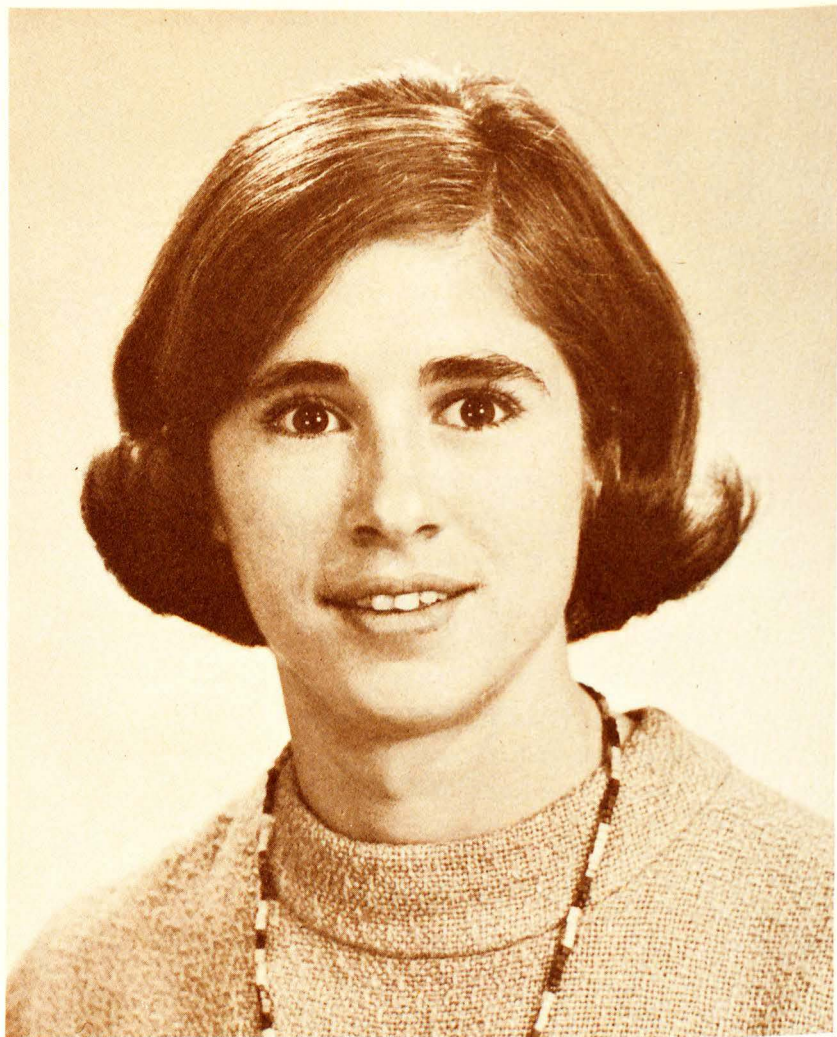
MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: ECONOMICS

Transferred from University of California, Davis '67

SISTER JOHN MARK

Mark the good Dominican
enthusiastic for truth
singing of it in guitar-woven psalms
playing out her own life *forte vivo*
her mind, heart, hear
“Launch out into the deep”
catch knowledge, break it to everyone.
Glad for basketball, Butterfingers,
laughter and living
more glad for friends beyond number
discussions beyond time.
Easy to live with, easy to know
there is yet much to know
a smile, robust greeting, long stride on
to a goal, task, ending, another goal
the greatest (mark the good Dominican)
the possessing and telling of Christ.



SUSAN C. BYERSDORFER

Renton, Washington

MAJOR: BIOLOGY

MINOR: PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Transferred from Bellevue Community College '69

Italian Club '69

Science Club '69, '70

W.R.A. '69, '70

SUSIE

Alive with energy
and a laugh
unforgettable,
compact of reality
and fancy, she brings
freshness to today's
humdrum. Friendly,
at one with the many,
yet silent often.

Discovering beauty
in nature and science
in even the smallest
of insects.

Living each day
simply, joyously
with love
for the gifts of God.



JOAN PATRICIA CARRICO

Reno, Nevada

MAJOR: MUSIC

MINOR: ENGLISH

Gamma Sigma '70, '71

Who's Who Among Students In Amer-
ican Colleges and Universities '71

Madrigals '68, '69, '70, '71

Music Club '68, '69, '70

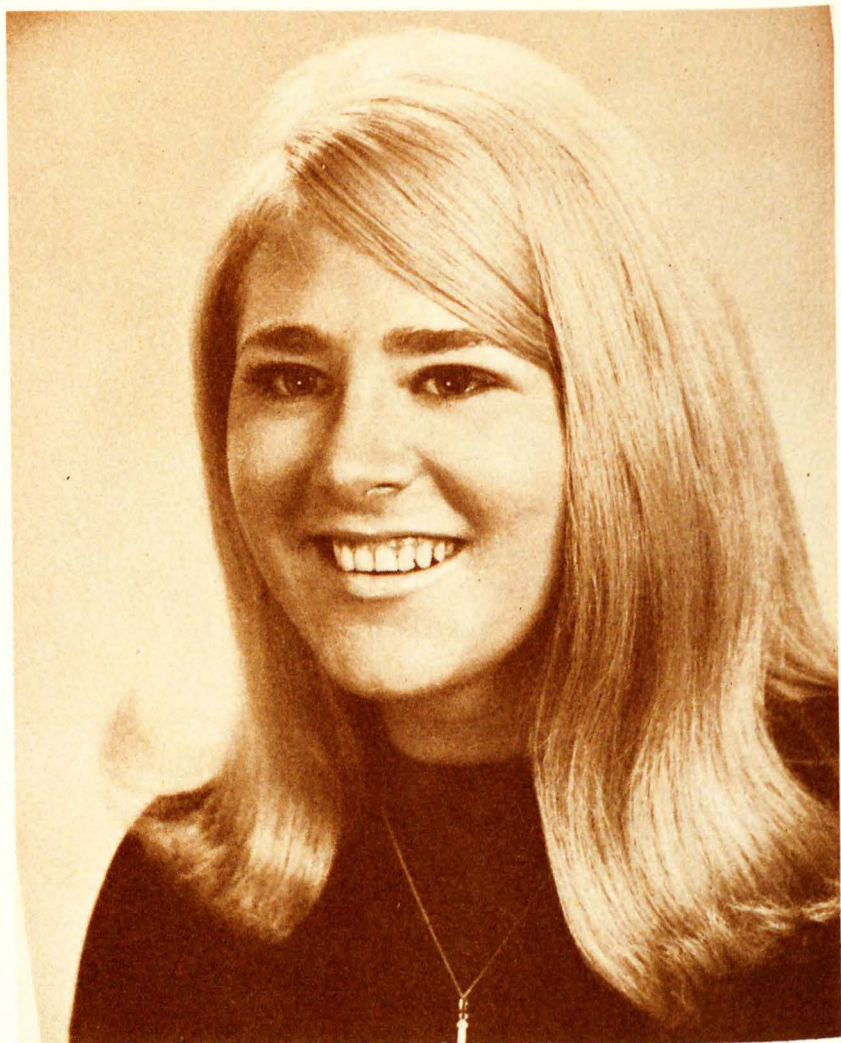
President '69

Symphony Forum Member '69, '70, '71

Drama Productions '68

PATTY

Counterpoint —
mixing misplaced words
with an English minor.
Shy introspection
turning to warm receptiveness.
Consistently inconsistent —
inevitably late or
forgetting something.
Finding in music
the joy and beauty
of life —
making with piano
and guitar
perfect harmony.
Warm
sensitive
expressing the moods
of past and present and future.



DOROTHY ANNE CAVANAUGH

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: SPEECH

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Class Social Chairman '70

Class Vice-President '71

Activities Board '71

Social Committee '69, '70, '71

Carillon Staff '69

Firebrand Staff '71

Community Service '69

Irish Club '68, '69, '70

Keys '69, '70

Troupers '68

Drama Productions '69, '70, '71

Director St. George Play '71

DOTTI

A talented actress
desiring the attention
and love

of those around her.

Highly emotional
and sensitive.

A creative extrovert
effusive, bringing
laughter and entertainment
and color to life

but unsure of herself.

Too honest, too idealistic
tense

a pink and orange personality
seeking true friends,
disturbed by apathy.

Gaily and
irresistably Irish.



PRISCILLA JANE CLIFFORD

Boise, Idaho

MAJOR: ART HISTORY

MINOR: ENGLISH

Social Committee '71

House Social Chairman '71

Carillon Staff '68, '69

Community Service '68

Irish Club '70

Italian Club '69

JANIE

An airy disposition.
Animated and impulsive
but often forgetful.
Giving of her time
to others' problems
and needs —
a listener,
yet never able to say No
and, therefore, often
manipulated
by friends or
associates, and underestimated.
Aware of it —
and still delighting in people.
Impractical.
Caught in a fantasy, and future,
of skis, snow, and mountains,
a Boisy boy and generous giving.



SISTER M. PAMELA CLINTON, O.P.

San Rafael, California

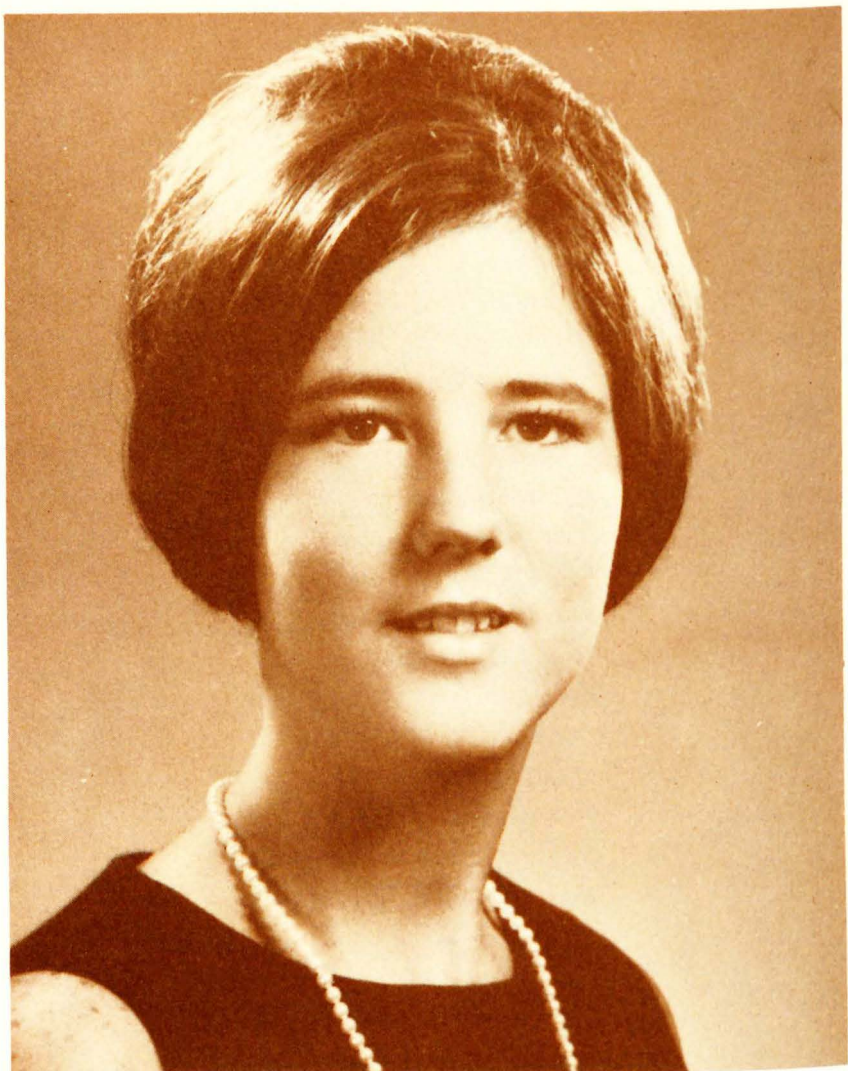
MAJOR: BIOLOGY

MINOR: CHEMISTRY

Religious Activities Committee '67, '68	Science Club '65, '66, '67, '68
Community Service '65	Vice-President '67
International Students Club '65, '66	
'67, '68	

SISTER PAMELA

A scientist
mounting ribbon-thin
sections of starfish-
tissue upon a Sunday
afternoon; a poet
writing in winter
of sand and sunset and
autumn; but practical
too, offering cake
freshly baked and caring
for the inner man;
A thinker, too,
finding in each new day
a time of beginning,
wiser for yesterday.
A believer, drawing her
strength from Scripture
and gay with understanding.



JUDITH SCULLY DARDEN

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

December 1970 Graduate

Transferred from University of San Francisco '69

JUDY

Books

her cosmos

and a taste that varies
from Freud to Feiffer.

Friends too

varied — and

as cherished as
her books.

Conversation,

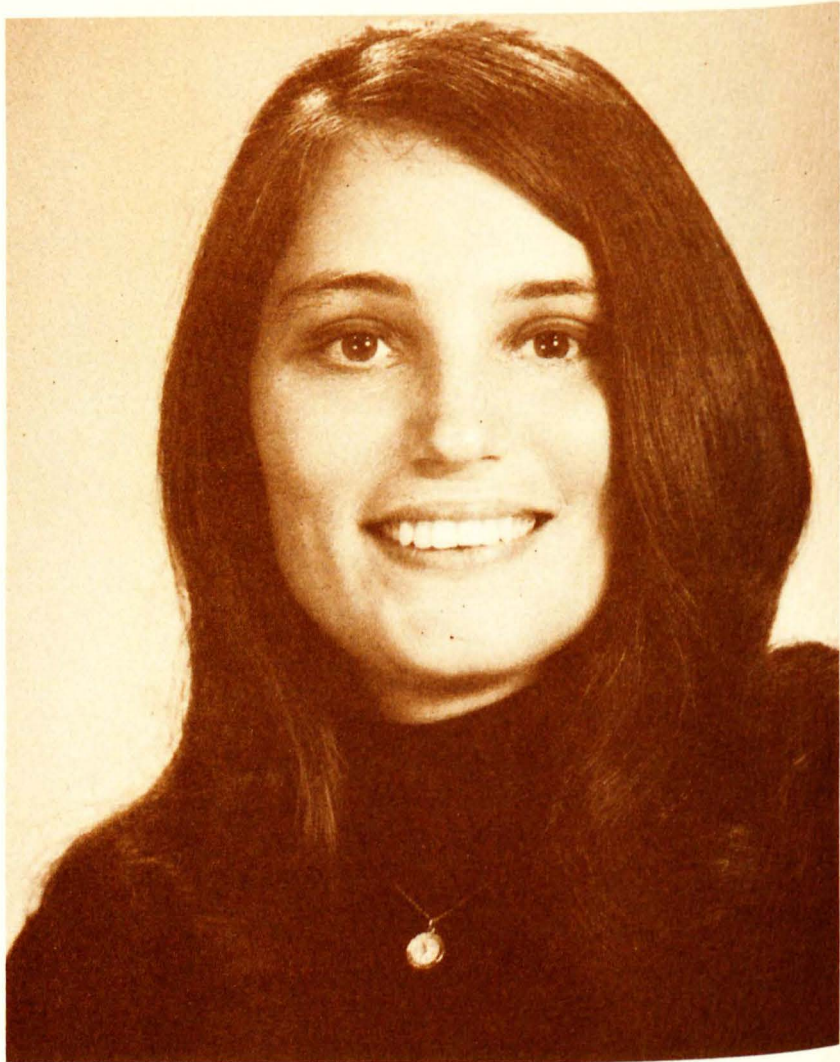
quick with her humor
and hearty laugh.

Silences for listening.

Independent, sincere.

As spirited and free
as the city she loves.

Her joy in the Romantic
reflected in her own
life style.



FRANCES ANN DEBARBRIE

San Carlos, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: SOCIOLOGY

Class Treasurer '70
House Council '70
Firebrand Staff '71

Community Service '68, '69
Drama Production '67

FRAN

Punctual — annoyed by lateness.
Cheerful, and well adapted to
a casual party environment
among those she knows.
Conversing with all
getting her way —
undesirable problems and people disappear
by disregarding them.
Sensitive, easily hurt, so
emotions are retained inside.
Amused by small children,
enjoys people and traveling.
Frustrated by
not being able to help —
not always knowing how.
An avid spectator
enjoying the comforts of
technology and close family ties.



PEGGY LEE DIEBOLD

Corte Madera, California

MAJOR: BIOLOGY

MINOR: ENGLISH

Transferred from College of Marin '69

PEGGY

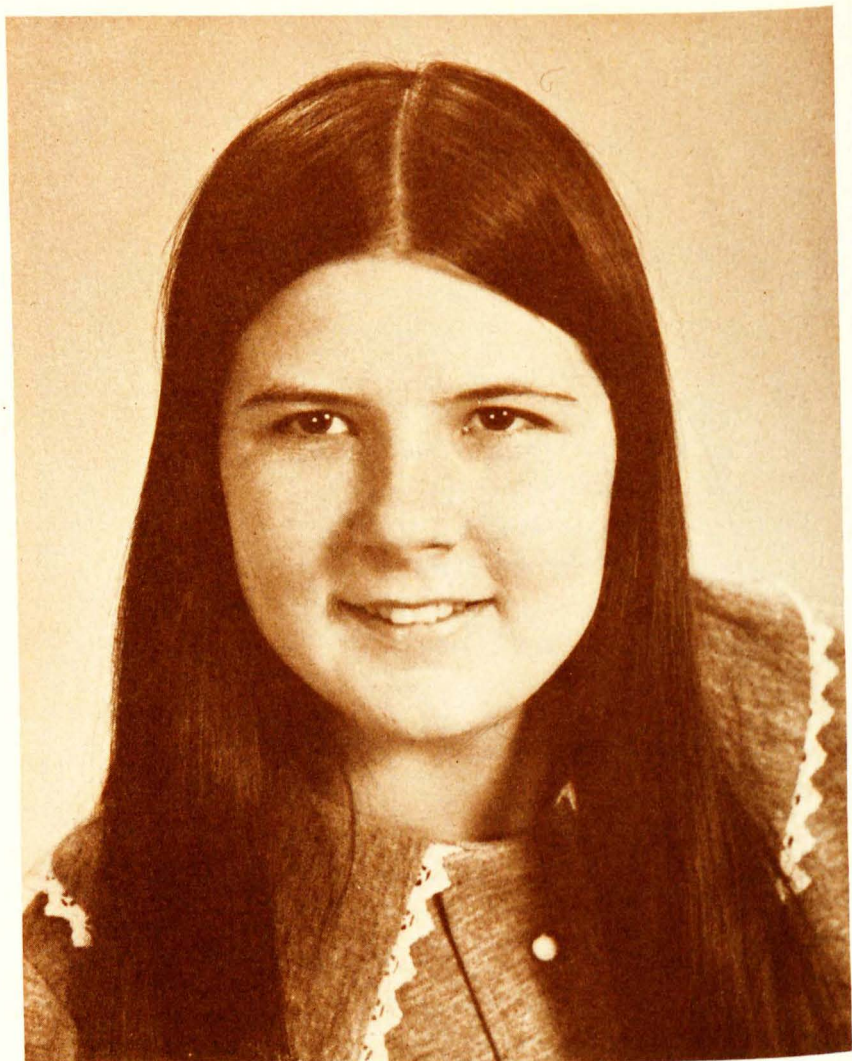
A love
for the life outdoors —
trees, the sun, night air —
for an adventuresome afternoon
or early evening hike,
anywhere, but never
to the same place twice.

An excitement
in poetry, written on the spur
of the moment.

An enjoyment of art
as being closest to
“immortal reality.”

A preference for the natural
and artistic.

Above all else,
a love for simplicity —
in union with nature.



BARBARA GAIL DUDLEY

Honolulu, Hawaii

MAJOR: FRENCH

MINOR: ART HISTORY

House Council '68, '69

Firebrand Staff '71

French Club '68, '69

President '69

International Students Club '68, '69,
'70, '71

Drama Productions '68, '69, '71

BARB

A dreamer — a poet
tempering intensity
with youthful spirits
of mischief.

Confidently pursuing
the ideal, yet
perceiving beauty
in imperfection.

An optimist
philosophizing about
living and loving.

Trusting —
responding with
kindness and smiles.

A deep strength
leaving childhood with
a parting sigh and
willingly facing tomorrow.



CLAIRE ERNESTINE EDELMAN

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

CLAIRE

Blue eyes
signalling
understanding
opening early
to accept
the special gift
of each day.
Organized against
the unexpected.
Sophisticated in the
San Francisco way.
Loving the city
football
and enjoying
the quiet of self
and the company
of friends.



NAN PAULINE FARASYN

Los Altos, California

MAJOR: FRENCH

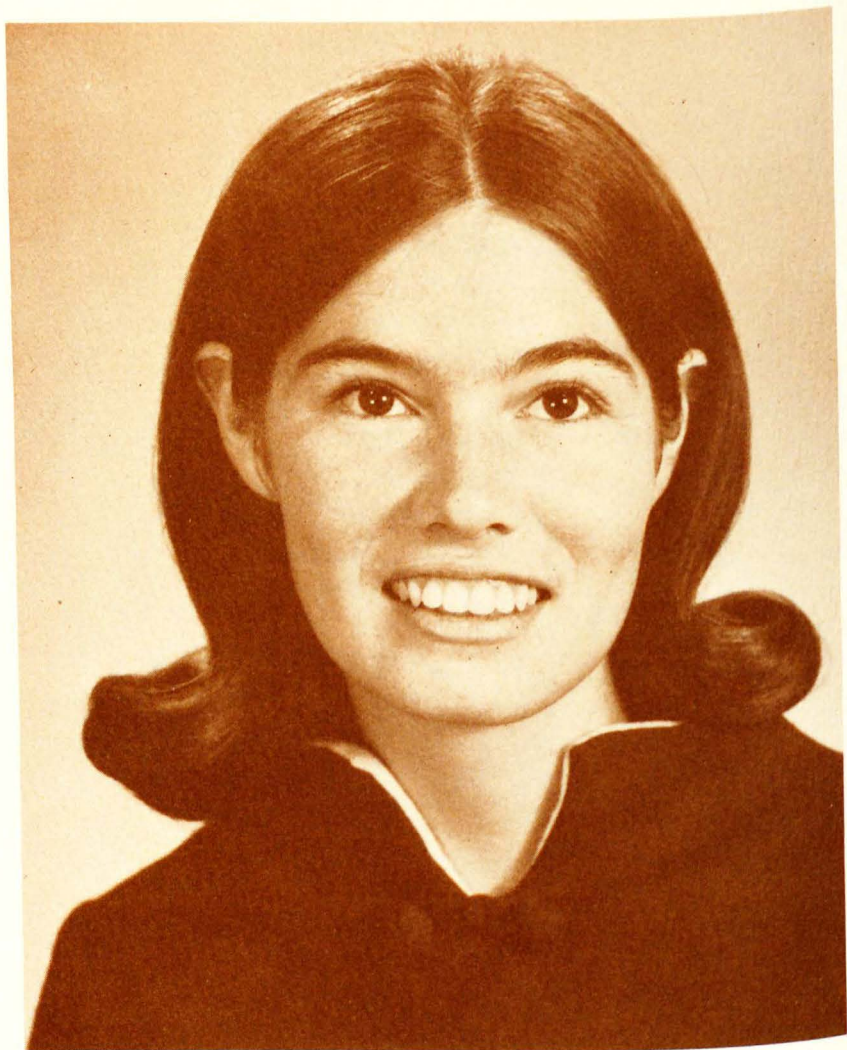
MINOR: ENGLISH

December 1970 Graduate

Transferred from Santa Clara University '69

NAN

Dancing sunlight
sparkling rain —
simple things
so important
to a being so
complicated.
The heart comes
first always
yet hurts
more often than not.
The gentle grasping
of an idea.
The quiet listening
that seeks answers
for many "whys."
The determination
to learn French
in Provence
and much else.



EILEEN DAVLIN FLETCHER

Fairfax, California

MAJOR: MATHEMATICS

MINOR: ENGLISH

December 1970 Graduate

Transferred from University of San Francisco '68

EILEEN

Diversity of character —
Quietly reserved
but a friendly smile.

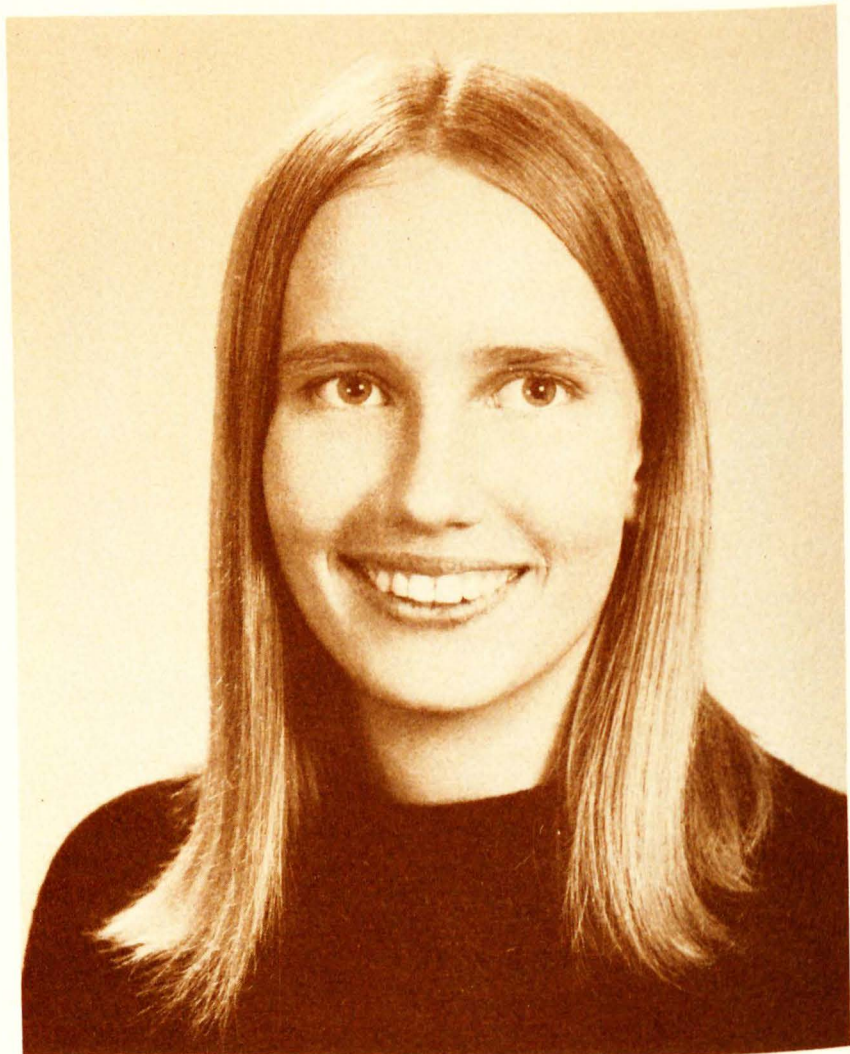
Opinionated
yet willing to listen.

Contemplative.

True to traditional
values however unafraid
of independence
and success.

Always procrastinating
but able
to work under pressure.

Faces life seriously
teaching small children
and enjoying them
muchly. A quick-
silver personality.



SHARON RENÉE FOURNIER

Stockton, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Executive Board '71

House Chairman '69, '70, '71

House Council '68, '69, '70, '71

Crew '68, '69

Keys '69

Music Club '69

SHARON

Never bored and
never cautious.

Completely honest
trusting to a fault.

An impression of naiveté
stemming from simplicity
and spontaneity
disclosing realness that
makes and keeps
friends.

Good natured
with a sarcastic twist
illuminated by
a Cheshire Cat grin.
Living in the moment —
Looking forward to the future?
In the meantime — seeking
peace in nature.



MARY MAUREEN GANNON

Atherton, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: SPECIAL EDUCATION

Class President '70

Executive Board '70

Social Committee '69

House Council '71

Carillon Staff '69, '70

Firebrand Staff '71

Community Service '68, '70, '71

Irish Club '68, '69, '70

Spanish Club '68, '69, '70

Young Republicans '68

MO

Dependable and earnest
with a touch of the sarcastic.
Usually confident
with strong opinions
she wishes not to force
on others. Self-determined
independent — not a follower.
Quick to accept and enjoy
quick to laughter
sometimes excessively moody.
Finally an optimist
knowing where she is going
and why.
An Irish stubbornness,
creative hands,
an active body and mind
open to listening —
to new ideas, to other ways.



MARY ELIZABETH GASKINS

Vallejo, California

MAJOR: SOCIAL SCIENCES

CONCENTRATION: HISTORY

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Transferred from Solano Junior College '69

Class Treasurer '71

MARYBETH

An idealist
seeking the goodness
of life but aware
that she's too easy going.
Dependable — having
moments of intense seriousness
lightened by spells
of flightiness.
A feminine sentimentalist
who enjoys attention, and is
social — of necessity.
High strung.
Full of wild ideas, with
intense energy sufficient
to push them through.
Humane, extrovertedly so,
demanding little of people
except sincerity.



HELEN B. GIACOMINI
San Rafael, California
MAJOR: ART HISTORY
MINOR: ITALIAN
December 1970 Graduate
Transferred from Humboldt State '68

HELEN

Appreciating
the unusual
delighting in
the commonplace
interested in
the here and now.
Devoted to family
loving Marin
and the college
her art-history major
and even the students.
Rejoicing in the world.
Striving to smooth
the way.
Not unaware of
the problems
but feeling them
not unsolvable.



JEANETTE RITA GILBEAU

Manteca, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: FRENCH

Gamma Sigma '70, '71

Freshman Class Advisor '70

Executive Board '70

Firebrand Staff '71

Community Service '69

Madrigal '70, '71

Drama Productions '69, '70, '71

JAN

Methodical

Conscientious about subjects
of special interest but
procrastinating, cramming
at deadlines; yet somehow
arriving

at the head of the class.

Dependable and practical
an avocation for medicine
and mysteries.

Shy around strangers;
shielded by mischievous humor
a certain skeptical tone
and a nervous blush.

Unexpectedly dramatic
but integrated and involved
with the learning of now
and the reality that is.



LAURA ELLEN HERMOSILLO

Stockton, California

MAJOR: SPANISH

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Sigma Delta Phi '71

Publicity Chairman '71

Firebrand Staff '71

Spanish Club '68, '69

President '71

Drama Productions '71

LAURA

Eyes dark and deep
with peace
and happiness.

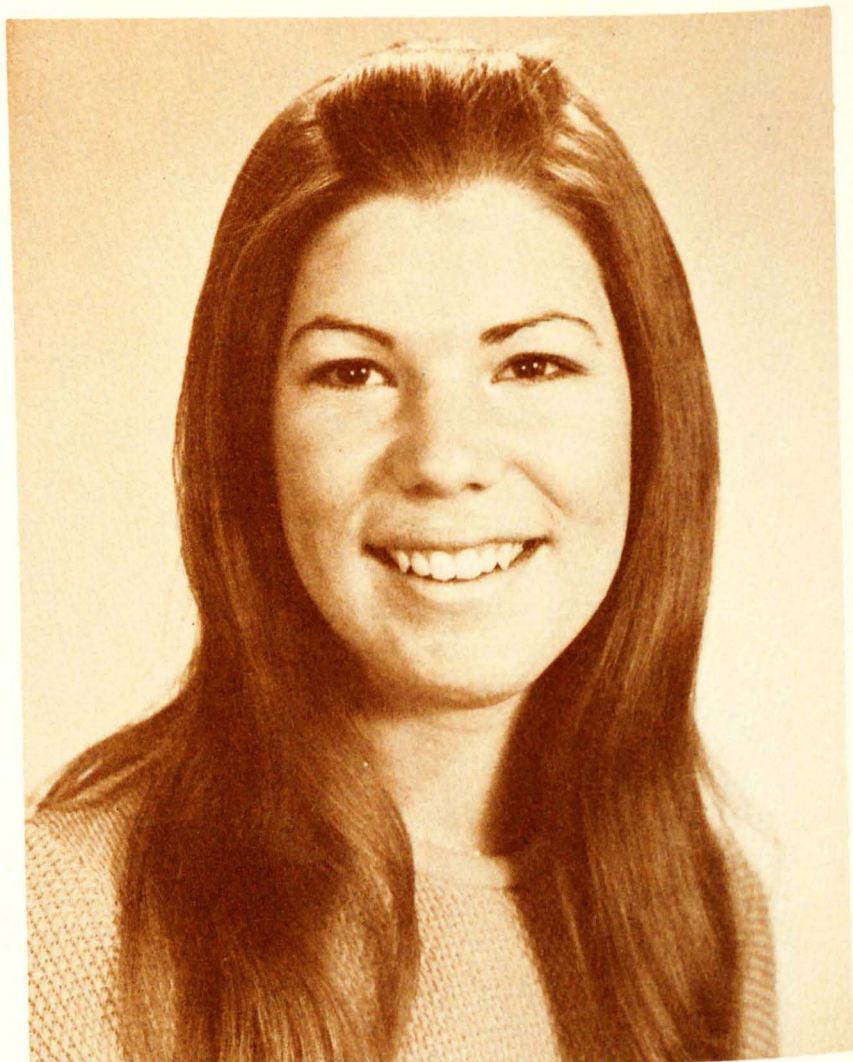
A gentle manner,
a nature, however, not
incapable of anger.

Mischievously shy;
often forgetting herself
in fun and laughter.

Attentive to the concerns
of others, generous and
willing to share —
not one to say no
to a friend or stranger.

Appreciative of
small favors.

Genuinely wanting
the best for others.



CHRISTINE MARIE HUPF

Daly City, California

MAJOR: ART HISTORY

MINOR: FRENCH

Social Chairman '70 Executive Board '70

CHRISTINE

A friendly smile
sophisticated look
self-confidence in all things.

Finding
friendship
a necessity in life
and relaxation
in bridge and the give
and take of conversation.

Deep down
a romantic hanging
on to the ideals
of beauty and justice
and keeping close
to snoopy and
laughter.



DOREEN YURIE ISA

Honolulu, Hawaii

MAJOR: SPEECH

MINOR: HISTORY

Club Coordinator '70
Executive Board '70
Activities Council '70
Club Council '69, '70
House Council '70, '71
Firebrand Staff '70, '71

International Students Club '68, '69,
'70, '71; President '69
Keys '71
Sigma Society '71
Treasurer
Drama Productions '70, '71

DOREEN

Outgoing
friendliness blending
sarcastic wit,
verbosity, and
patient understanding.
Considerate, bluntly honest,
at times headstrong.
Determined —
obstacles mean little;
agonizingly organized
neatness —
following through
on things begun.
A warm disposition
looking ahead
rarely back.
Living for the
present and future.



MARY FRANCES JEFFREY

San Rafael, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: FRENCH

December 1970 Graduate

Day Student Representative '69

Community Service '66

Carillon Staff '66, '67, '68, '69

M. F.

Alternately vibrant and phlegmatic —
reflecting her little
corner of the world.
Philosophical attitudes
mix with an
abundance of laughter
echoing from the Jeffrey dorm.
Devotedly loyal
to the family — the second
of 11 children —
caring equally for
close friends.
Committed to the immediate,
tomorrow can come — later!
A sporadic organizer
with a mad passion
for making others happy.



ELIZABETH JOHANSING

Pasadena, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: ART HISTORY

Carillon Staff '69

Irish Club '68, '70

Special Events Committee '68, '69

BETHIE

The very essence
of youth.

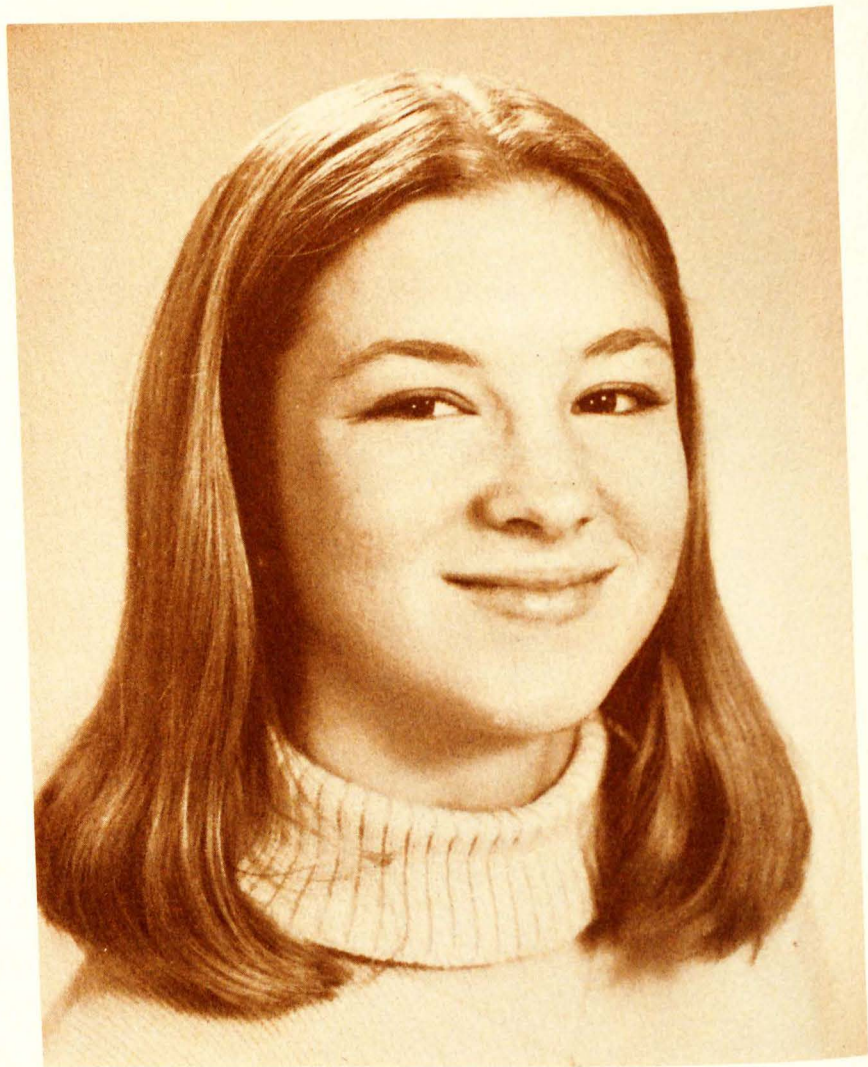
Sunny optimism with
an enthusiasm
that catches.

A daring which
tries anything new.

Energy to work on
projects to brighten
the world and its
people.

Fond of tradition
even antiques so long
as room is left
for creation.

Sincere and earnest
waiting for dreams
to come true.



TERESA ANNE KAEHLER

Lodi, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: FRENCH

Transferred from San Joaquin Delta College '69

Sigma Society '71

Community Service '71

TERRY

An insatiable desire
to learn about
the intricacies of life.
A refreshing honesty
a practicality mixed
with romanticism.
Interested in people and places;
loving children.
Outdoors, the troop
leader working with
and listening
to the needs of others.
Believing everything
is possible — even
a year in Paris.
Wanting one day
to go into farming
or fashions.



SISTER MARY CORITA KEANE, S.M.

County Mayo, Ireland

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

December 1970 Graduate

Transferred from the College of Our Lady of Mercy '69

SISTER MARY CORITA

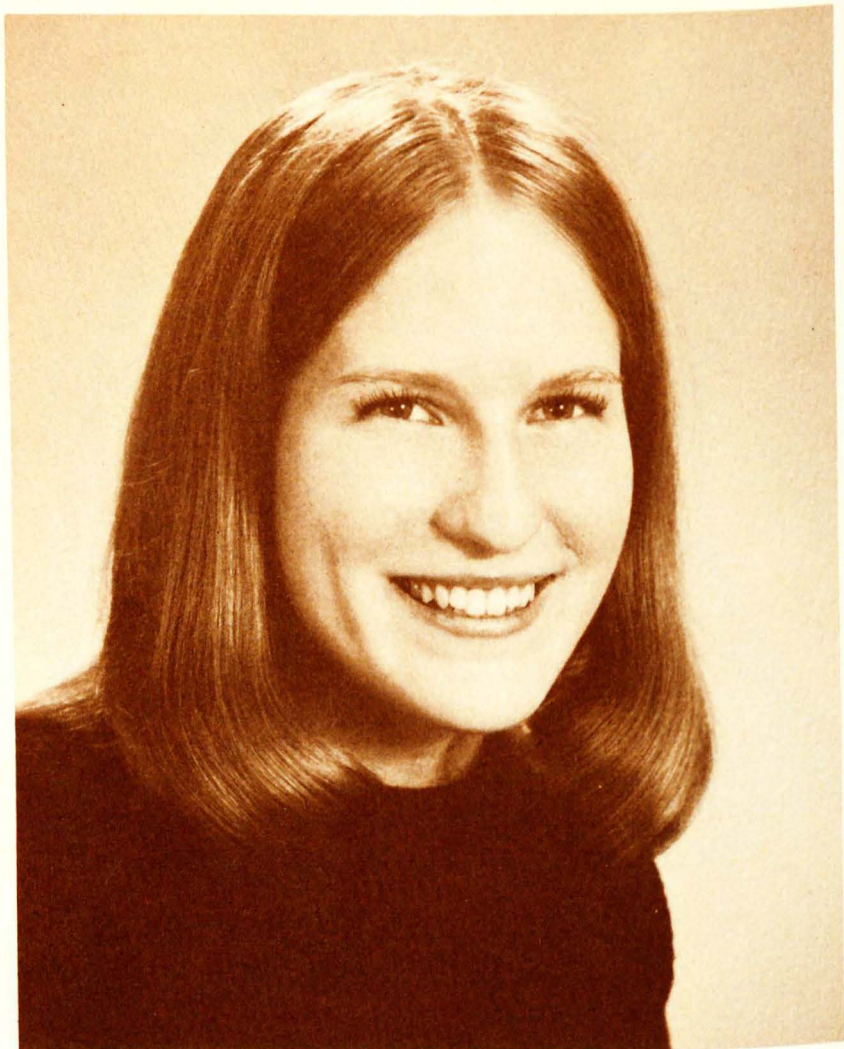
Eyes brimming with
quiet laughter
witty of tongue
simple in taste.

Wanting to share —
knowledge, wisdom,
an experience enjoyed.

Quick to respond
to the sorrows
or joys of another.

Quietly generous —
no need too small
or too great.

Congenial, adaptable
in the fulfillment of
her greatest desire —
“To live Christ’s life
and to spread His love.”



SANDRA ANNE KELL

San Rafael, California

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: HISTORY

Gamma Sigma '70, '71

A.S.D.C. Day Student Representative '70

Executive Board '70

Firebrand Art Editor '71

Community Service '70

International Students Club '68

Spanish Club '68

Young Republicans '69

SANDY

Puts you in mind of
yellow daisies
and sunshine
warm and bright.
Reaches out to create
shapes in clay,
patterns and prints.
Whatever needs to be
done is her task
for the day —
scattering happiness
shunning hypocrisy
and untruth. Sensitive
wanting to grasp
reality but depressed
by injustice.
Having courage
to be joyful.



ANNE CARMEL KINSEY

Novato, California

MAJOR: MUSIC

MINOR: ITALIAN

Day Student Representative '70

Publicity Committee '70

Firebrand Staff '71

Community Service '68, '69

International Students Club '68, '69

Italian Club '69, '70

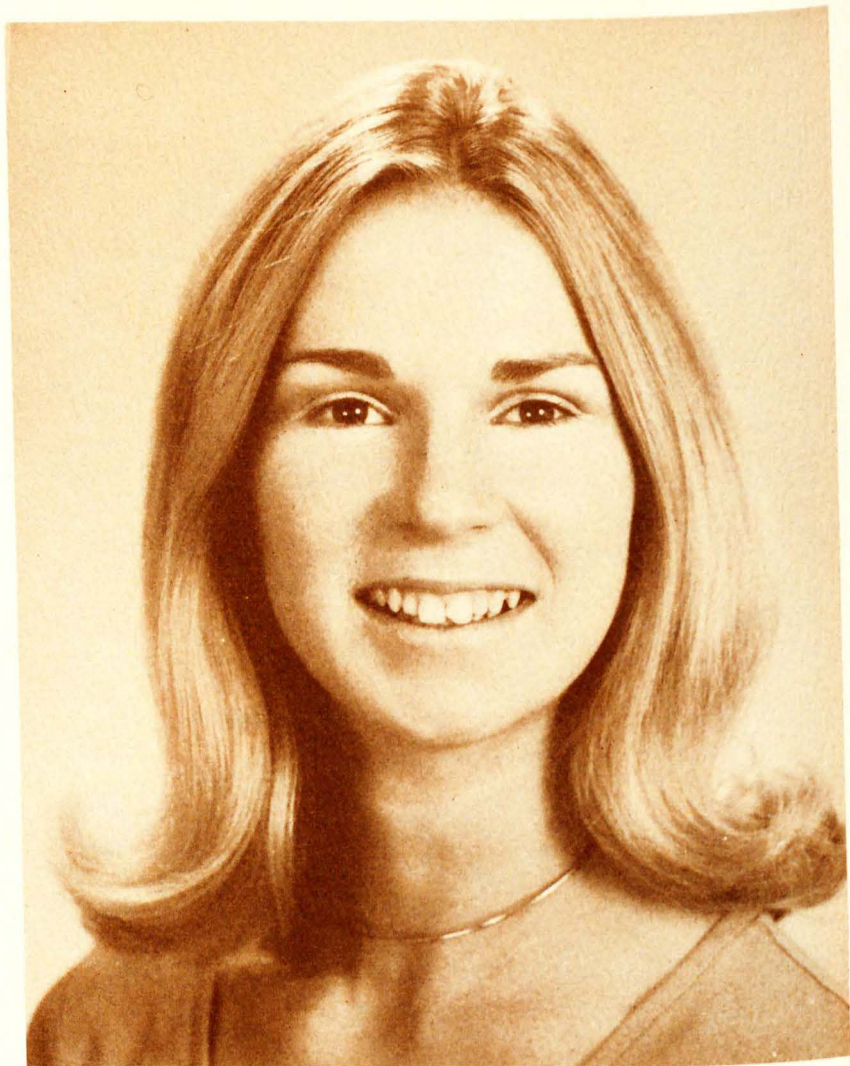
Madrigal '68, '69

Music Club '68, '69, '70, '71

Drama Productions '71

ANNE

Her world
a world of music —
casually Streisand
romantically Chopin —
a piano
in soft candle-light.
Thoughtful,
questioning all
with open honesty.
Viewing each day
as a new beginning
herself as part of
the harmony of trees,
streams, sunshine and snow,
of present and past.
Wanting to contribute
to the melody
of tomorrow.



MONIQUE KLÉE
Cochabamba, Bolivia

MAJOR: FRENCH
PRE-MED

Pi Delta Phi '70, '71

Community Service '70

International Students Club '68, '69,
'70, '71; Vice-President '70

Science Club '69, '70
Vice-President '70

MONIQUE

Abounding with life.

Realistic, aware of the world's
joy — and pain.

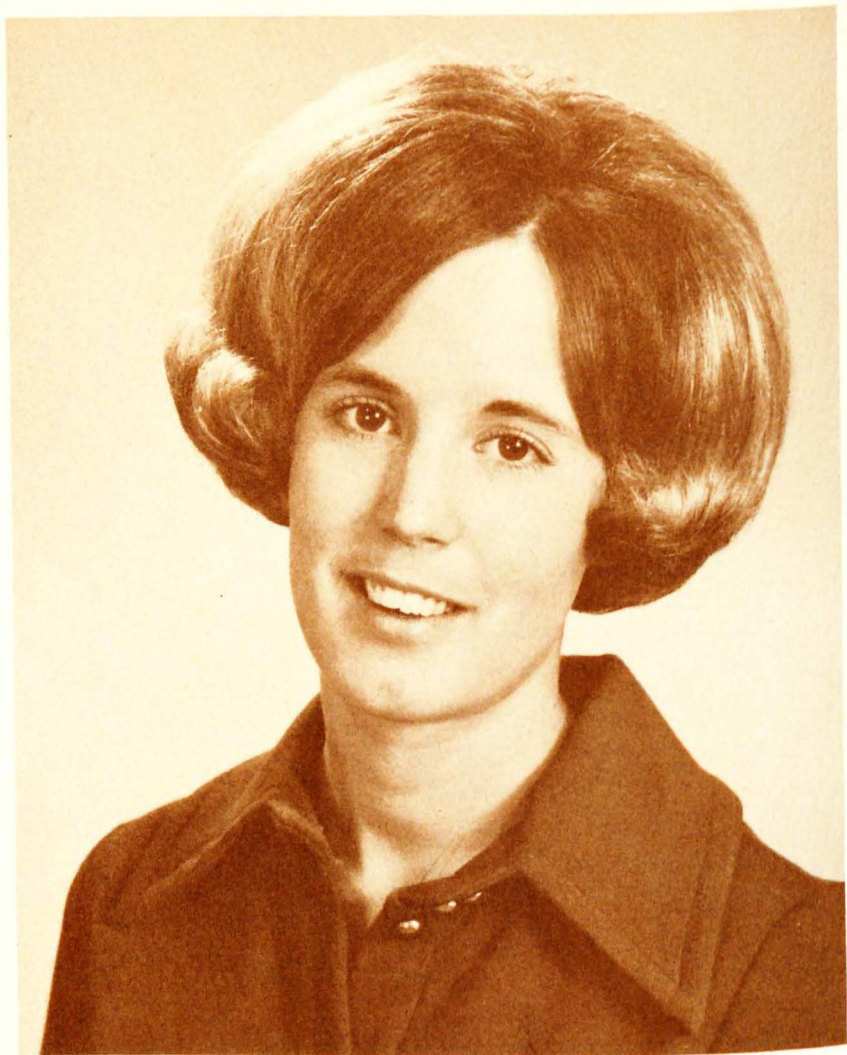
Relishing work and
continuous activity.

Highly dependable — except
occasionally.

Detesting idleness
demanding fulfillment of
life: be it a party,
the symphony or a hike
through the hills.

Wanting to do things
well and independently.

An extrovert sustaining
an inner order, desiring
to practice medicine
to be of service to others.



KATHERINE ANN KONATICH

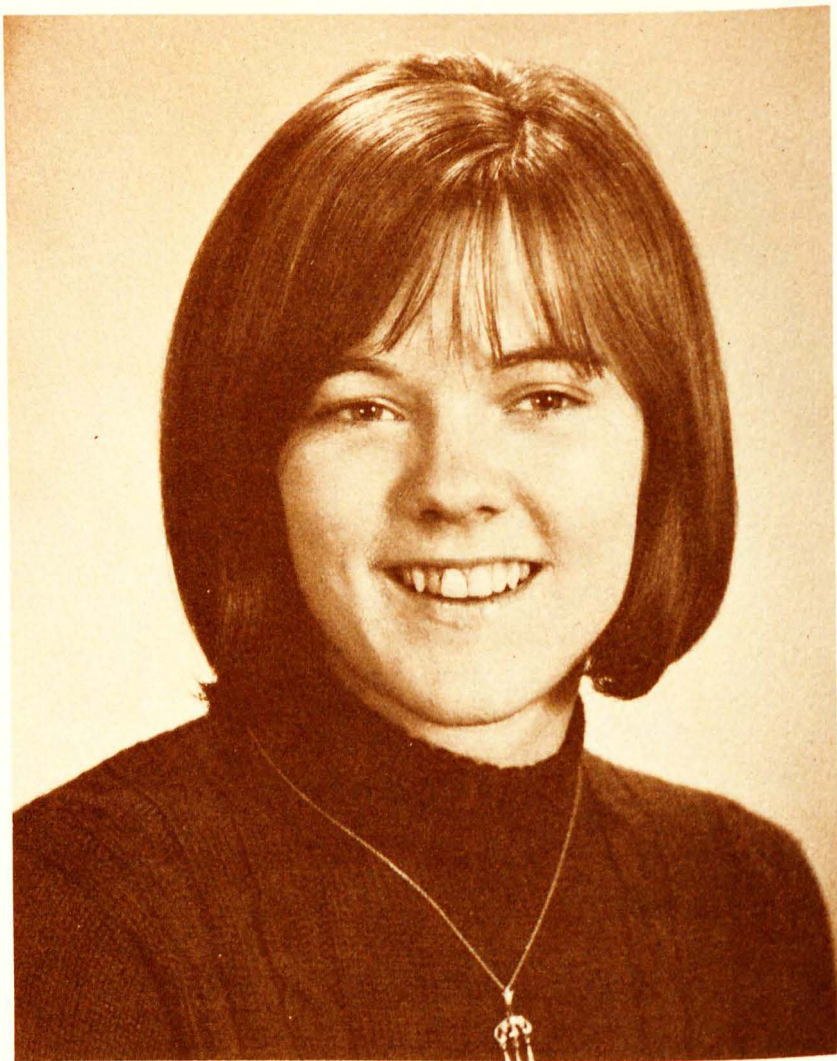
Marshall, California

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: PHYSICAL EDUCATION

KATHY

Just naturally herself
though the self has
two sides: quiet and shy
with strangers; with friends
effervescent and daring.
Fast-paced, athletic,
energetic — yet
able to grasp
the complexities
even the nuances.
A lover of springtime
and the sea beaches.
An artist — her tastes
reflecting the moderns
Picasso's *Guernica* an ideal.
Able to face life
clear-eyed
with a grin.



GAIL MARIE LANDTBOM

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: SPEECH

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Social Chairman '71

Student Affairs Board '70

Social Committee '69, '70

Activities Council '71

Firebrand Staff '71

Community Service '68

Keys '69, '70

Drama Productions '70, '71

GAIL

A carefree
laughing spirit —
sometimes worrying
needlessly about
plans and activities.
Mischievous,
fun-loving —
fighting for all
she believes,
undertaking tasks
with sincere effort.
Sentimental about blue skies
and the Golden Gate Bridge.
Believing
“To be young
is to live;
to be happy
is to give.”



LILY LOPEZ

Chinandega, Nicaragua

MAJOR: SPANISH

MINOR: ART HISTORY

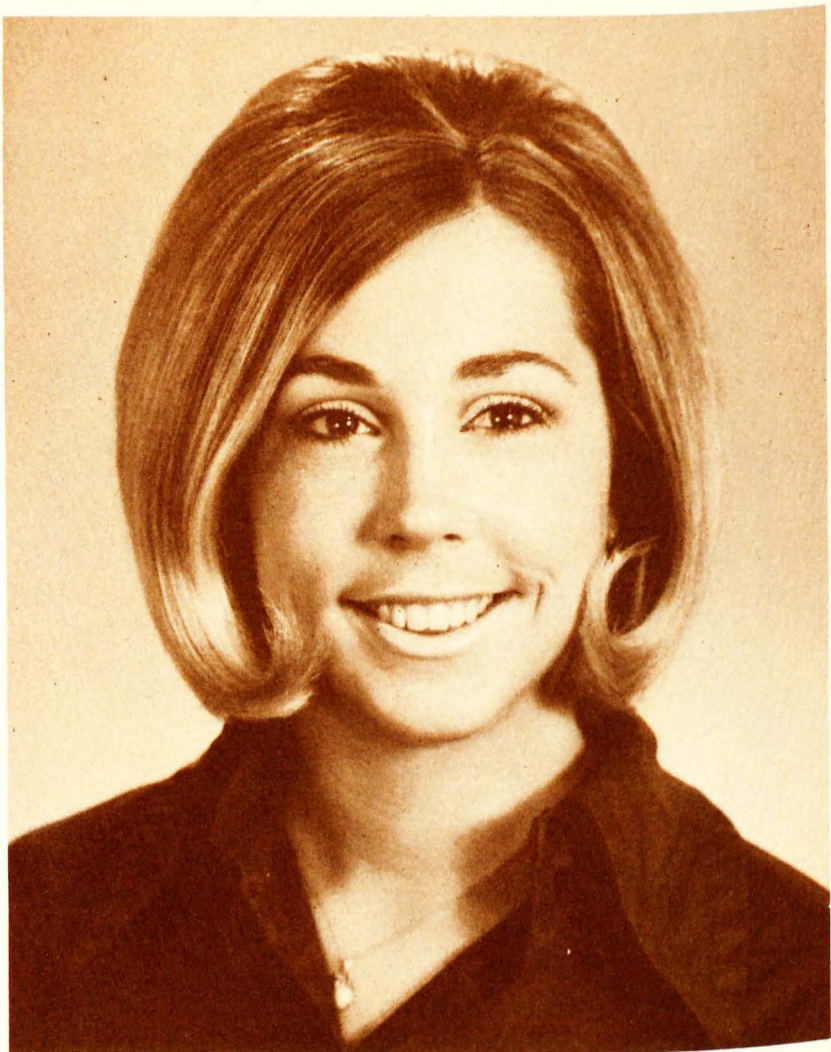
December 1970 Graduate

Spanish Club '67, '68, '69, '70

International Students Club '67, '68, '69, '70

LILY

Lover of
classical music,
rock as well;
a collector
stamps, pictures
people and cultures.
Easy going — unsure.
Clothes carefree
comfortable, whether
proper or not.
Treasuring friendship
making friends —
hesitantly.
Sensitively sharing
enjoying good food,
fine drink, the good life.
Free to be herself.



CHRISTINE MARIE LUSSIER

Menlo Park, California

MAJOR: SPEECH

MINOR: SPECIAL EDUCATION

Transferred from Southern Oregon College '68

Class President '71

Firebrand Staff '71

Executive Board '71

Irish Club '69

Social Committee '71

Drama Productions '70, '71

CHRIS

A generous smile
merging into a
hearty laugh
and stretching out
to people.
Straightforward
willing to meet
a challenge
head on
and loving especially
the adventure of
only brothers
mountains and skiing.
Prudent gambler.
Most alive in excitement
but needing too
contemplation
and friends.



DIANN LOUISE MACARTHUR

Makati, Rizal, Philippines

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: BLACK STUDIES

Firbrand Staff '71

House Council '71

International Students Club '68, '69,
'70, '71

CHO

Impulsive
wearing her heart
on her sleeve
and also her anger.
Occasionally sarcastic;
mostly warm and friendly
spreading goodwill and fellowship.
Enterprising
looking always to
the future — expecting
that around the next
corner will be some
new opportunity for
life or at least
entertainment.
Anxious to live;
not wanting to wait
for directions.



SISTER M. BARBARA MAIER, O.P.
Bischbrunn/Bavaria, Germany
MAJOR: ART
MINOR: HISTORY
December 1970 Graduate

SISTER BARBARA

Finding inspiration in God
for her own;

ordered as Michelangelo,
searching as Picasso.

Sensitive to others, yet
matter-of-fact;

quick-tempered, but
far more quick to forgive.

Germany

transplanted in California

dreaming of missions in South Africa.

Femininity

under a collapsed umbrella.

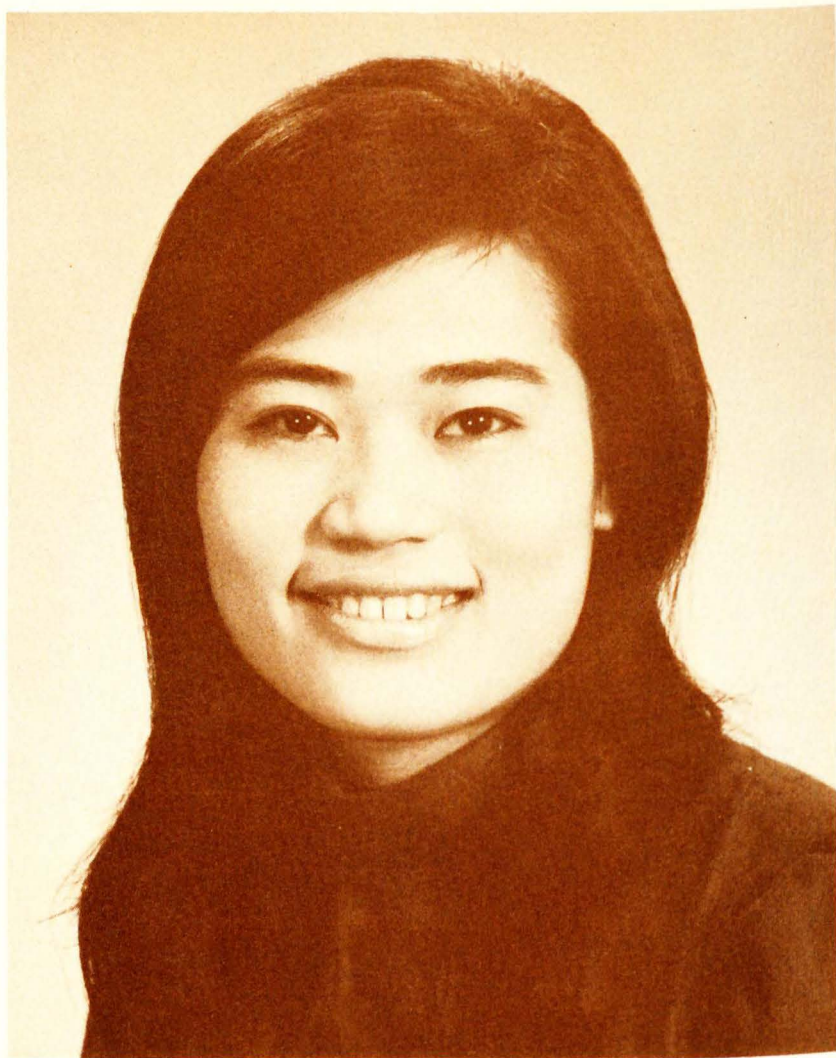
Part blinking owl,

part bubbling little girl,

all dedication.

Caring and sharing

Love, Truth, and Joy.



MARGARET SOOK-LING MAK
Hong Kong, British Crown Colony

MAJOR: CHEMISTRY

MINOR: BIOLOGY

International Students Club '68, '69,
'70, '71

Science Club '68, '69, '70, '71
President '70

MARGARET

Up at
dawn
bringing to simplicity
a new meaning.
Serving the sick
with love and
believing life to
be priceless
but not flawless.
Carefree, laughing
dreaming of
far-away places
and — home.
Reaching
to change:
“Either my whole self or
not at all, because I
want to be what I am.”



HELEN KATHLEEN MALONEY

Fairfax, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Transferred from University of Santa Clara '69

Community Service '70

DOLLY

Definitely Irish
blonde, bright-
blue-eyed —
swirling skirts
hair in pigtails —
and she dances
as she walks.

Vivacious
effervescent
yet
earnest at the core.
Self-disciplined
desiring
to serve
to give of herself
wanting to make
things happen
to change the world.



SUSAN MARIE MARACCINI

Mill Valley, California

MAJOR: MUSIC

MINOR: ITALIAN

Gamma Sigma '70, '71

H.O.O.D. Award '69

Who's Who Among Students in American Colleges and Universities '71

W.R.A. Board '69

Meadowlark Assistant Business Manager '70

Firebrand Staff '71

Italian Club '70, '71

Madrigal '68, '69, '70, '71

Music Club '70

Sigma Society '71

Symphony Forum '71

Drama Productions '68, '69, '70, '71

SUE

Singing —
treating
songs with TLC.
Leaving popular tunes
unfinished.

Often
sharing
knowledge, wry
humor
with friends.

Quiet
occasionally
bursting
Italian zest
for living.



MICHELE EALISH MCCARTHY

Sausalito, California

MAJOR: FRENCH

MINOR: ART HISTORY

French Club '68, '69

International Students Club '71

Music Club '68

EALISH

An American
in Aix-en-Provence
fulfilling a dream.
Now, a happy mixture
of Continental and California
manners and ways
and with ambitions
all her own.
Complex and fragile
as the lace she loves;
confident and willful as
the French de Gaulle.
A realist — reluctant
to dream
yet carried away
with the love
and joy
of an Irish romantic.



SISTER MARY DENIS McCLURE, S.M.

Henderson, Kentucky

MAJOR: SOCIAL SCIENCES

CONCENTRATION: HISTORY

MINOR: ENGLISH

December 1970 Graduate

Transferred from the College of Our Lady of Mercy '69

SISTER MARY DENIS

Strength of character,
simplicity.

Loving the small things of life — like a
good joke or a ball game —

Determination

tackling work with a whole heart.

Living today to the fullest —

grateful for the challenge of tomorrow —
forgetful of all forgiven yesterday.

Warm hearted and generous

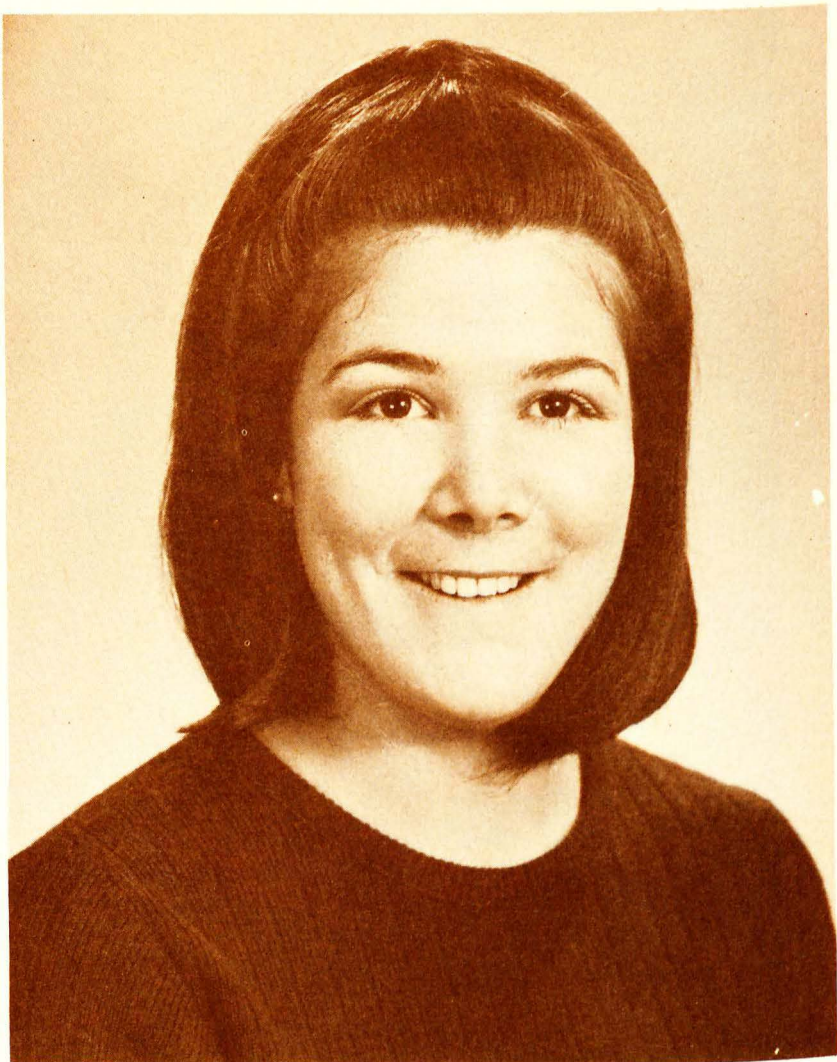
taking time and trouble
to help those in need.

Living a life of love —

“Through Him

and with Him

and in Him.”



BRIDGIT HELEN McGRATH

Camarillo, California

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

House Chairman '68

Irish Club '68, '69, '70, '71

BRIDG

Laughing resoundingly
sharing an inherent
love of life.

Savoring every
moment of the day.

Rushing
to meet deadlines,
hoping to get
there — tomorrow.

Her trademark —
guitar and songs (proliferating)
loud and Irish.

Behind twinkling
brown eyes
depths
sad, pensive
questioning
the world around her.



ELYCE EDELMAN MELMON

San Rafael, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: SPEECH

Transferred from the University of California, Berkeley '69

ELYCE

Caught up
in being wife,
mother, scholar
and somehow
joyously absorbed
and excelling in each.
Seeing the world
as basically beautiful;
aware of the light
and the shade.
Ardently pursuing questions.
Angry sometimes at the answers.
Every day is
a very unusual
experience.



MARY JO MOHR

Napa, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: ART HISTORY

A.S.D.C. Treasurer '70

Executive Board '70

House Council '71

Firebrand Business Manager '71

Community Service '68

JO

Logically seeking
reasons for the
confusion around her;
Practical to a fault —
reaching destinations
planned — or not.
Communicating
with clear blue eyes;
speaking out against
the superficialities
of life, getting
her points across —
a fount of wisdom.
A zest for
the good life —
long conversations,
bridge and friends.



TEHANI THERESE MOSCONI

Fairfax, California

MAJOR: MUSIC

MINOR: ITALIAN

Who's Who Among Students in Amer-
ican Colleges and Universities '71

A.S.D.C. Secretary '70

Class Vice-President '68

Executive Board '68, '69, '70

W.R.A. Treasurer '69

House Chairman '71

International Students Club '68

Italian Club '69

TEHANI

One might guess
that her world was bound
by a set of skiis atop
a Porsche, a world of
people — San Francisco people
of course — and one would
be right and wrong
for there is also the Tehani
who finds inner peace in nature
and prayer and in the
black Bechstein;
and there is the other
Tehani who loves Rod
McKuen and patches of daisies
in the sunlight and snoopy —
who is caught up
in the adventure of being alive
and in the miracle of
friends.



KATHLEEN CECILE MURPHY

Watsonville, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: SOCIOLOGY

Class Second Vice-President '70

Religious Activities Committee '69, '70

Career Day '69, '70

Co-Chairman '70

House Council '70

Firebrand Staff '71

Resident Assistant '71

Community Service '68, '69

Co-Chairman '68, '69

Irish Club '68, '69, '70

W.R.A. '68, '69, '70

KATY

Loving
small things,
children,
all of us.

Hiding that love
(none too successfully)
in loudness and ridicule
that is a perfect measure
of her caring.

Concerned
not for a few
but for as many
as she encounters.
Beneath all this —
worry, frustration;
an optimist —
believing in fireplaces, and
the love of friends.



MICHAELA CATHERINE MURRAY

Burlingame, California

MAJOR: ART HISTORY

MINOR: ENGLISH

August 1971 Graduate

Community Service '68, '69

Irish Club '69, '70

Treasurer '70

MAC

Most difficult
to get to know
Speaking easily as she does
of light affairs
and avoiding introspective conversation
But easy to live with, so readily
joining in the antics of others.
Her values traditional, her nature passive.
Extroverted in action, dependent
upon being with people,
while remaining shy.
Not extending herself,
waiting for others to initiate exchanges.
Enjoying art—sculpture,
loving to laugh. Dependably
organized.
Social life and college a duty of birth:
she finds school . . . tedious.



DOROTHY MBULWA MUTUNGA

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

December 1970 Graduate

Transferred from the College of Marin '69

DOROTHY

A Kenyan
educated in Arizona
in Oregon and now here
married with
two children.

Having worked diligently
for knowledge and wisdom,
wanting now to
bring education
to others and doing so.

Travel in Africa, many
parts of America, in
books also — studying
people, personalities.

Sitting in Bertrand
watching the world change
and understanding.



WILMA NEUHAUS

San Rafael, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

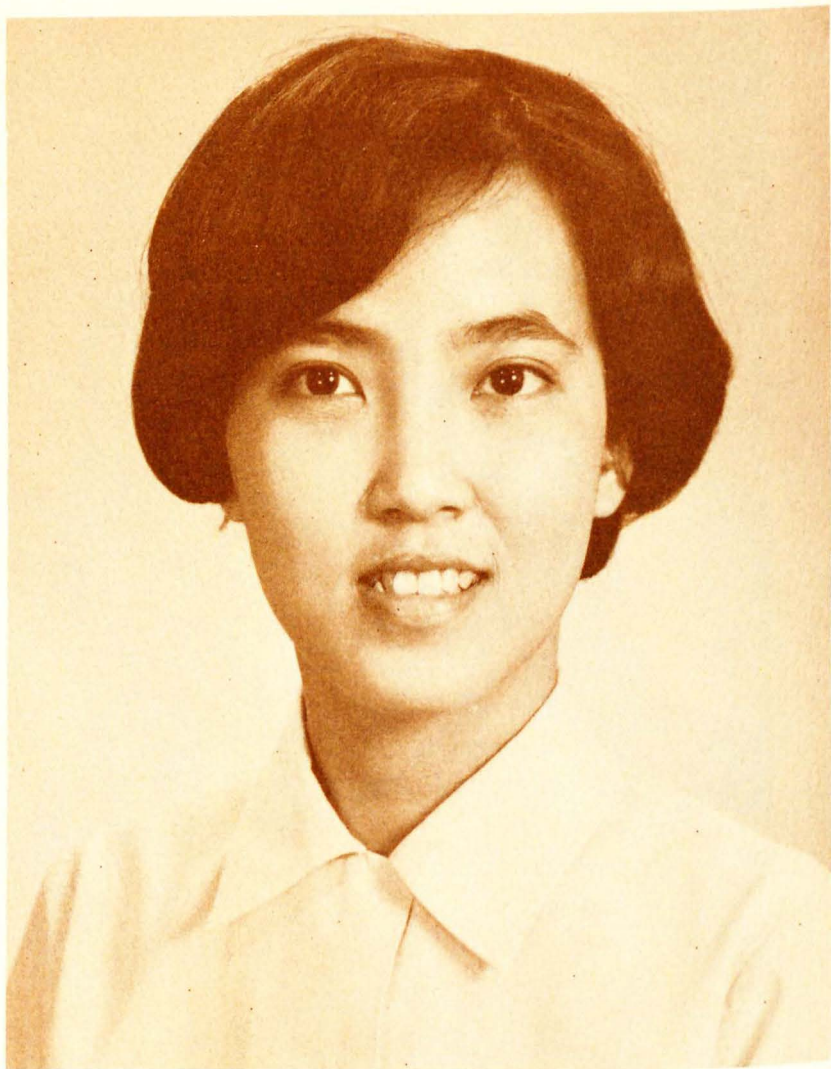
MINOR: SPEECH

August 1971 Graduate

Transferred from San Francisco State College '70

WILLIE

Dynamic as all outdoors —
Compulsively
questioning — wanting to learn.
Talk-a-tive hands,
a positive mind
that listens to others
occasionally.
A flair for debate.
Espousing tolerance
fearing meanness.
A knack for being
just a little late.
Putting off today
and tomorrow —
an organized rush
to finish
but usually
ready.



NGUYEN THI OANH

Saigon, South Vietnam

MAJOR: SOCIAL SCIENCES

MINOR: FRENCH

Transferred from Laval University '68

International Students Club '70, '71

MARIE LOUISE

Cosmopolitan —
living the ways
of America,
Vietnam, Canada.
Gleaning knowledge
hoping to help
her people.
Quiet, gentle,
penetrating —
an example of
Vietnamese womanhood.
Sensitive
as Beethoven's music —
carrying the
grace and dignity
of the Orient.



DIANE MARIE NORMAN

Carmichael, California

MAJOR: BIOLOGY

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Transferred from American River College '69

House Council '70

Irish Club '70

Resident Assistant '71

DIANE

A whirlwind
of hyperactivity
living for spur-
of-the-moment fun.
Cautious, preferring
to observe rather
than to be committed;
quick to judge —
admitting error.
An inquisitive mind
probing the depths
of the unknown —
a love for the
wonders of nature.
Filling life with
sociability and
a wild imagination.



SISTER MARY AUGUSTINE O'CONNOR, S.M.

County Kerry, Ireland

MAJOR: SOCIAL SCIENCES

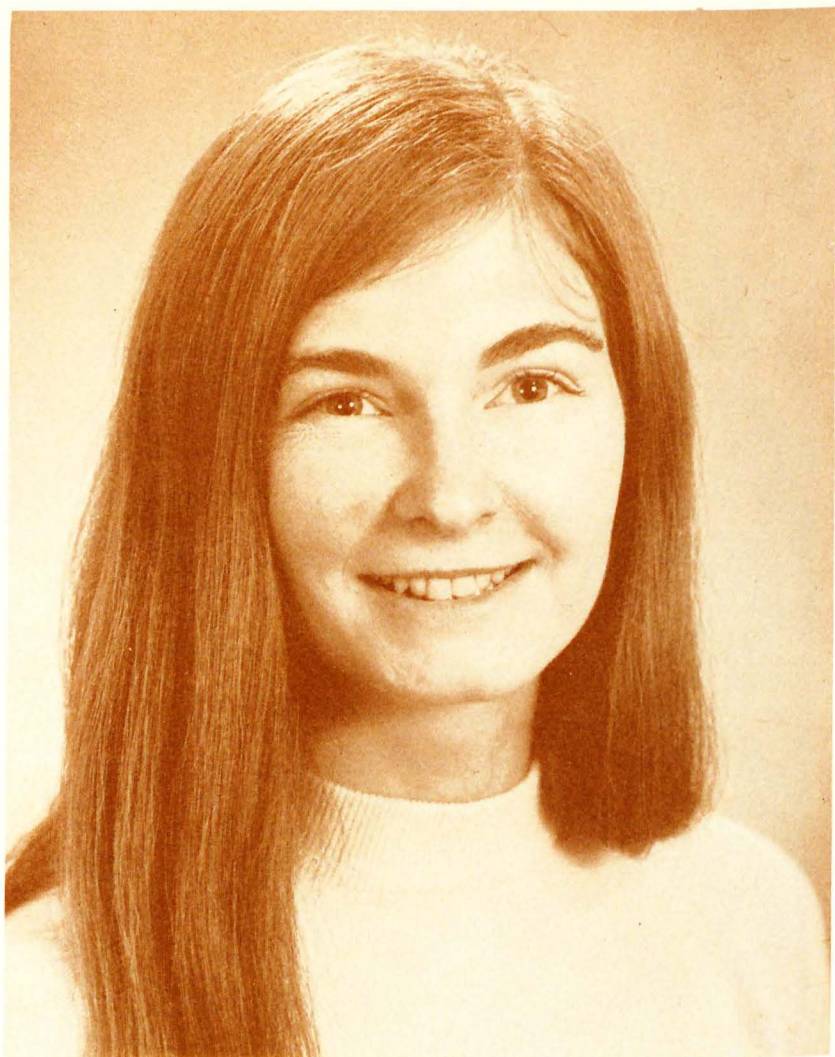
CONCENTRATION: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: ENGLISH

Transferred from the College of Our Lady of Mercy '69

SISTER MARY AUGUSTINE

Straightforward
practical
self-assertive and
business-like
accomplishing well the
affairs of study.
Taking things seriously
particularly the obligations
of friendship, and
the desire to teach.
Demanding a genuineness
from life and
refusing to waste energy
chasing after the
superficialities of life.



MICHELE MARIE PEDEMONT

Oakland, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: ART HISTORY

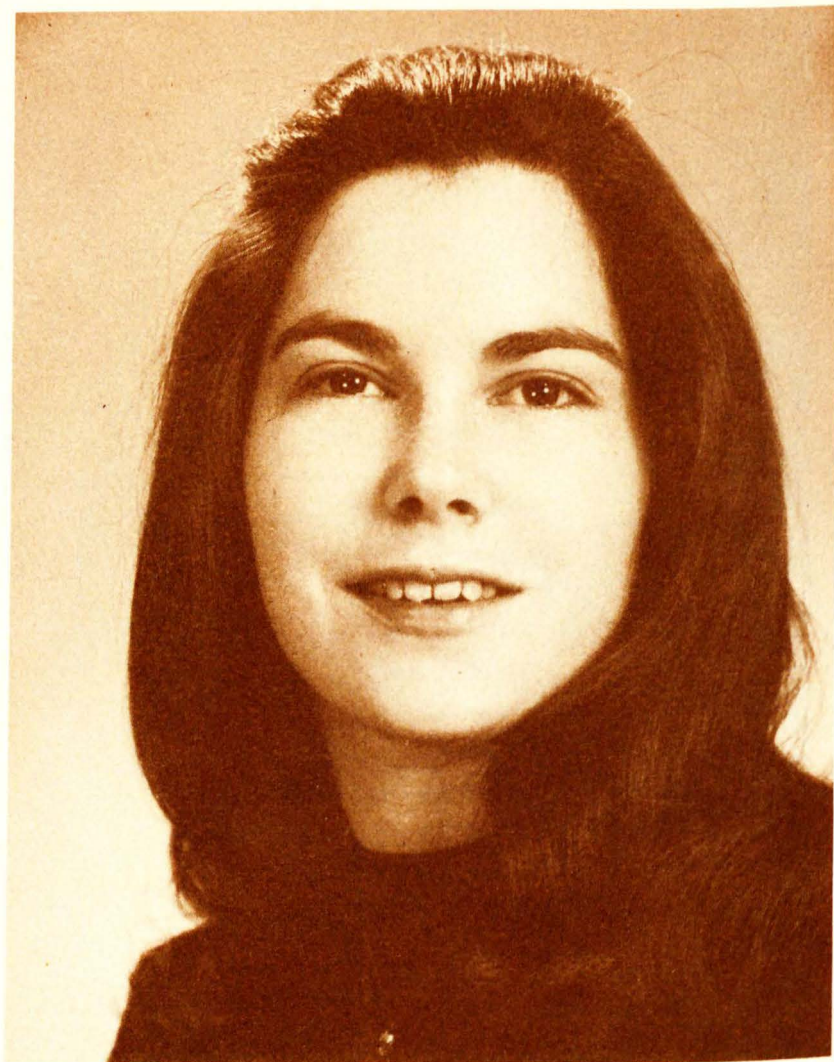
Class Vice-President '70

Social Chairman '69, '71

Community Service '68, '69

SHELLEY

Tall, feminine —
a Romantic
encompassing the elegance
of chilled wine and
soft candle-light.
Easily excited — full of
surprises, apt to do
the unexpected —
two candlelightings?
Wanting to get
involved; hating
to be stymied
by trivia.
Rising early
to walk rocky beaches,
green hills — searching
for the beauty
of the world.



JOAN ELEANOR PHILLIPS

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: ECONOMICS

PSYCHOLOGY

Class Secretary '70, '71

W.R.A. Secretary-Treasurer '70

Community Service '68, '70

Irish Club '69

Music Club '68

Tennis Team '68, '69, '70, '71

Co-Captain '70

Captain '71

Young Republicans '68, '69

JOANIE

Poised,
in the manner
of San Francisco.
An analytical listener
with an uncanny wisdom of
what makes people tick.
Dignified and gentle —
diplomatic;
choosing her words carefully.
Unyielding where her
principles are concerned.
A shrewd mind
full of surprises —
and games.
Relaxed and reserved with
a wide variety of friends.
Uniquely herself.



ANNA-MARIE PIERINI

Carson City, Nevada

MAJOR: ITALIAN LITERATURE

MINOR: FRENCH

Class Second Vice-President '69

Social Committee '70

Student Affairs Board '70

Community Service '68, '69

Italian Club '68, '69, '70, '71

Young Republicans '68, '69, '70

ANNA

Impetuous and adventurous.
Loving parties and good food.
Fascinated by people and how they think.
Listening and observing:
studying languages to
study people.
Withdrawing from others to
observe, a critical judge.
Inquisitive, and not always
pleased with the answers — pessimistic.
But keeping her thoughts
and judgments to herself.
Going after things directly and honestly,
yet a loner within,
a worrier without.
Reticent to discuss herself.
A crazy Nevadan with an Italian temper.
Confident. Giving time its biggest race.



JULIE ELIZABETH RAMACCIOTTI

Sonoma, California

MAJOR: SPEECH

MINOR: ART HISTORY

Transferred from Santa Rosa Junior College '69

Firebrand Staff '71

Community Service '70

Drama Productions '69, '70

JULIE

Creating —
enjoyment for those
close;
busy hands making
“special little things.”
Quiet smiles
masking subtle humor;
gentleness
saying more than
words ever could.
Sharing in
the happiness
of the moment —
to be remembered
for a lifetime.
Generous
giving in a manner
entirely of herself.



EVA RIGEUS

Malmö, Sweden

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: NURSING

Transferred from the Red Cross School—Stockholm '69

Community Service '70, '71

International Students Club '70

EVA

Aesthetic —
painting people
and atmospheres
in warm pastels
and deep, bright colors —
devoting time to
screen and canvas.
Generously nursing
those around her —
understanding
people for what
they are.
The essence of
sophistication
and propriety
mixed with a
Swedish sense of humor.



ROSEMARY ROYER

Belvedere, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

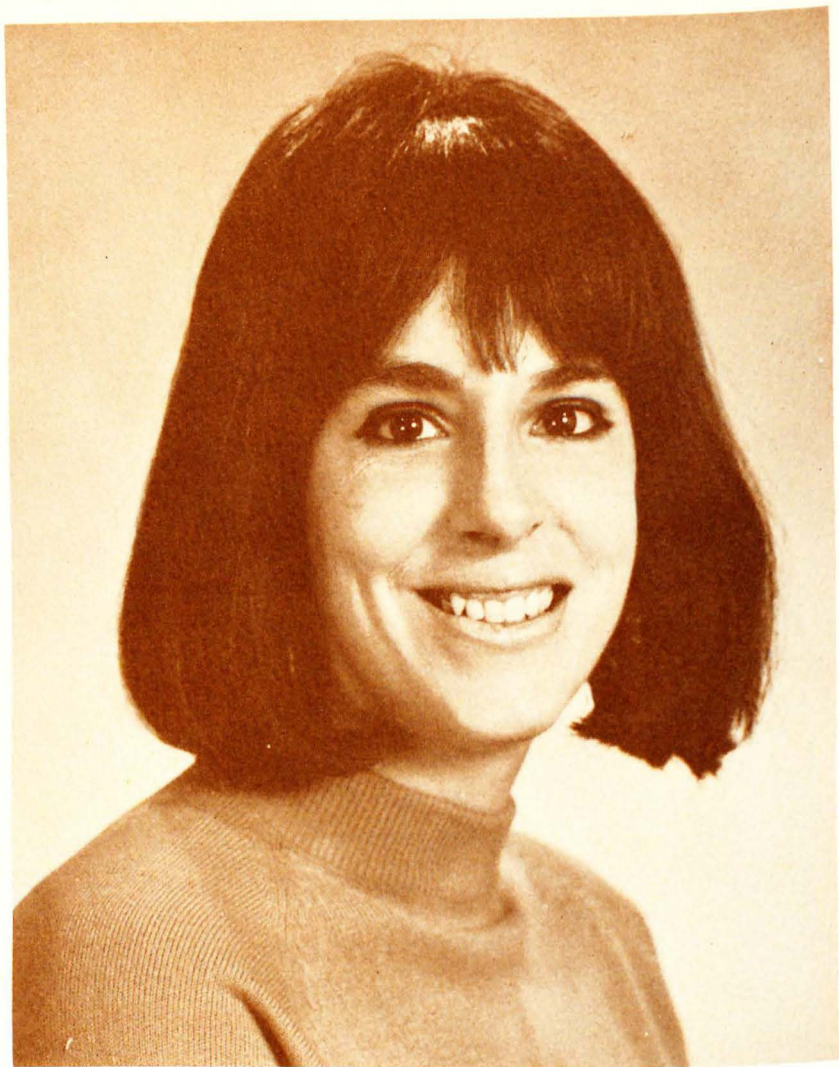
MINOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

December 1970 Graduate

Transferred from the College of Marin '68

ROSEMARY

Wow, she exclaims,
as daily
searching out
beauty and excitement
she finds it
in
tennis well-played
in the involvement
of family
in sun and shade.
Concerned over
man's plight.
Fearing
yet optimistically
counter-attacking
with understanding
and loving exhilaration
of life.



ANDREA MAE SCARBOROUGH

Burlingame, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: FRENCH

Community Service '70

Burlingame City Chairman for

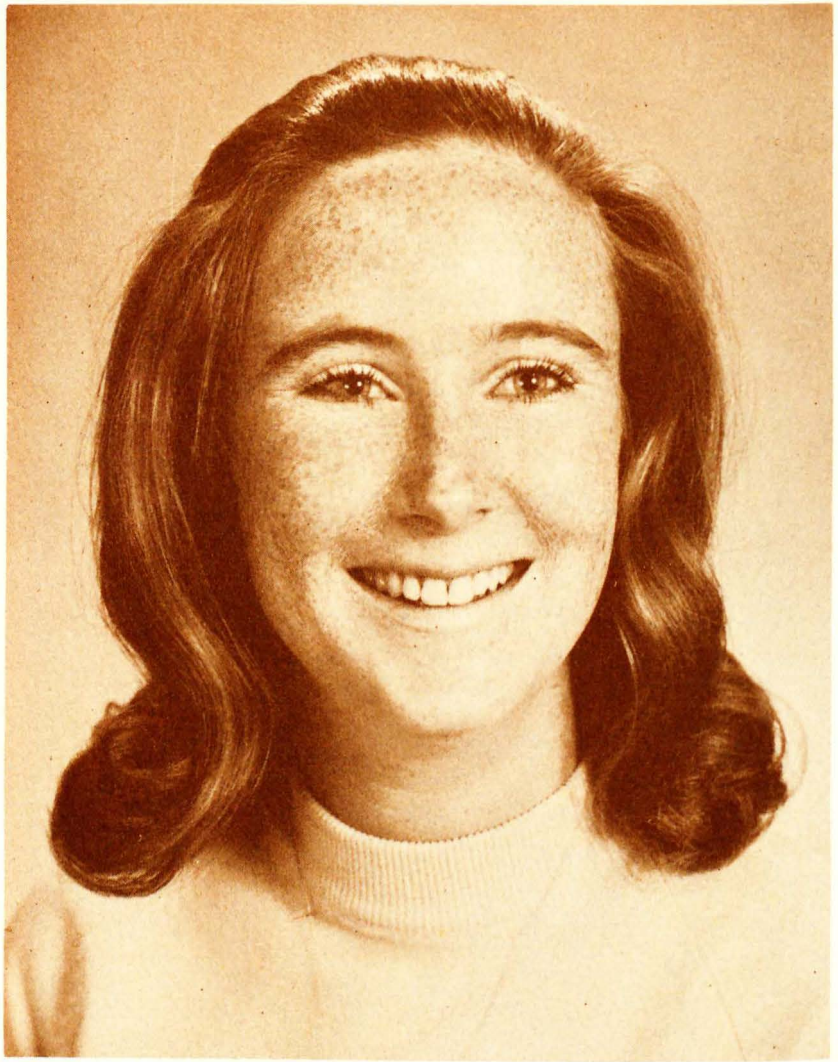
Heart Association

French Club '62

Treasurer

ANDREA

Enduring fortitude
determined to finish
the beginnings —
commuting 75 miles (daily)
to complete
college after nine
years' absence.
Busily active —
making a home, raising
a family — yet
taking time for
community projects,
the Brownies and PTA.
Planning for later —
an elementary credential
teaching perhaps —
a realist
at peace with life.



MIRIAM CLAIRE SHALLY

Oakland, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: HISTORY

August 1971 Graduate

Social Committee '70

Irish Club '68, '70

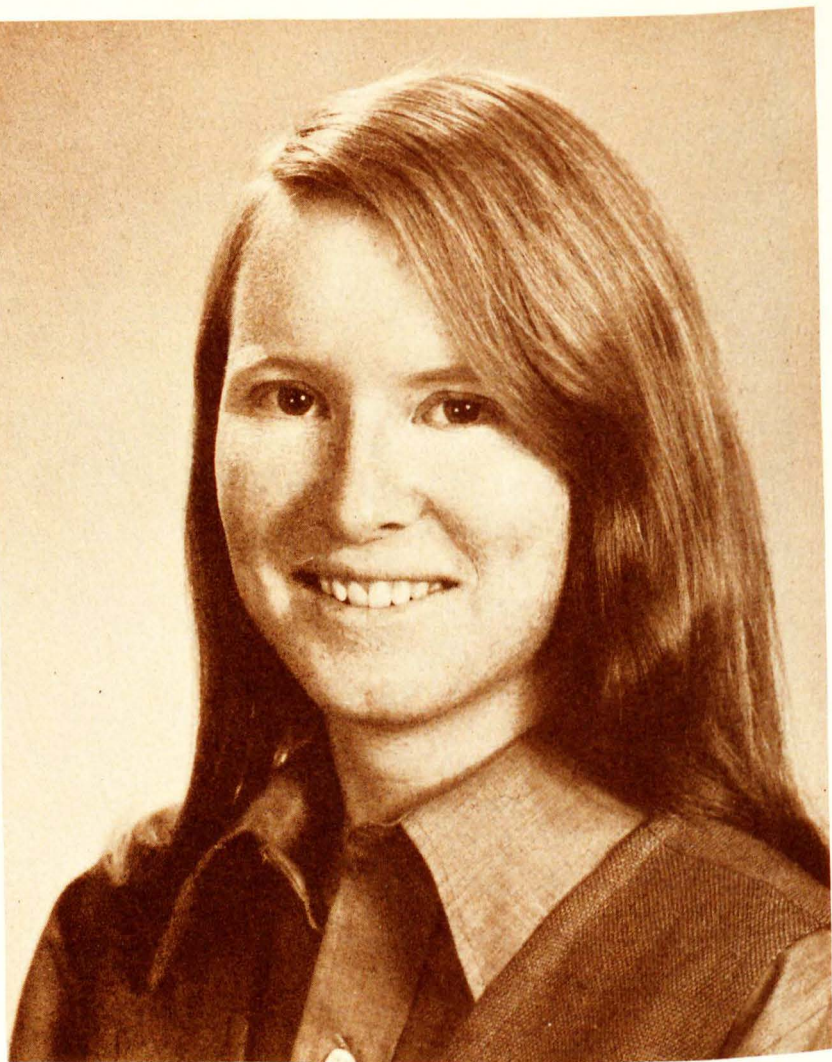
House Chairman '68

House Council '71

Community Service '68, '69

MIRIAM

Ponders about
what others think.
A happy-go-lucky
view of life — puts off,
prefers all-night
sessions to study
here and now.
Not one to get involved,
has many acquaintances
few close friends.
Constantly on the move —
from weekly outings
to a floating college tour
around the world.
Ultimately serious
in the meantime
dashing off
for good times.



PRUDENCE ANN SILGER

Sacramento, California

MAJOR: MATHEMATICS

MINOR: ENGLISH

A.S.D.C. President '71

Freshman Class Treasurer '68

Executive Board '70, '71

W.R.A. Board '68, '70

President '70

Crew '68, '69

Hiking Club '71

Irish Club '68

PRUE

Pleased with simple things
forever dissatisfied with herself,
uncertain . . .
and not.

Unorganized organization.
Rigid in what matters to her
and yet chaotic in the commonplace.

A practical idealist?

Prodding people to follow her ideals,
and hoping that she's
right enough, or even right.

Always qualifying, redefining.

Maddeningly mathematical in some quirks.

Almost late; (but) never quite; procrastinating.

Resistant to change,
or afraid to . . .

or unwilling to . . .

Unbelievable. But consistently Prue.



SUZANNE ELIZABETH SIMARD

Salinas, California

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Transferred from the University of the Pacific '67

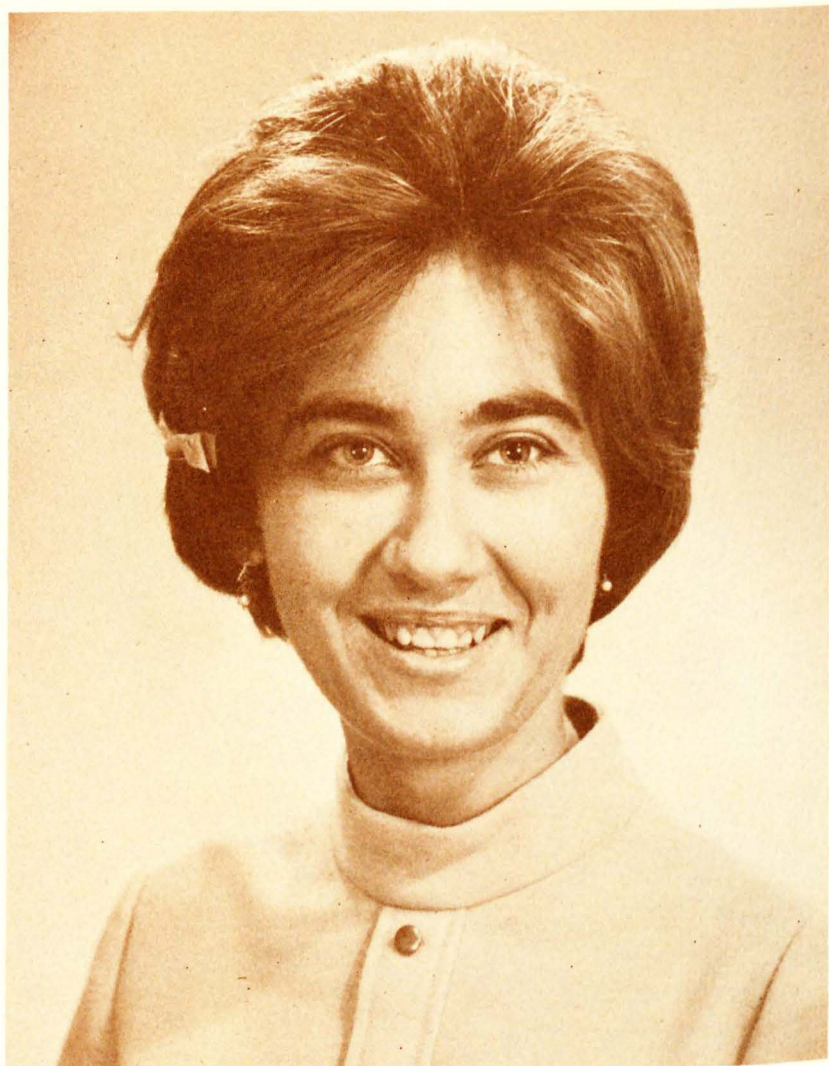
Meadowlark Art Editor '69

Community Service '68

Drama Productions '68, '69

SUZANNE

Chic
mini-skirted
designer
creating fashions
paintings and prints
personalized
emblazoned with
color and charm
and hoping
to fit into a design
of home and children
mist and moonbeams
with perhaps
a little
rain.



LINDA JEAN SQUIRES

Gloucester, Virginia

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Transferred from Hofstra University '69

Religious Activities Committee '71

Firebrand Staff '71

Community Service '69, '70, '71

Irish Club '70

Italian Club '69

Madrigal '69, '70, '71

Sigma Society '71

LINDA

Quietly determined —
conservative,
often opinionated, but
tending to qualify — and so
ending in argument.
Reluctant to
go out to others
yet interested in
the how's and why's of man.
The optimistic-pessimist —
a "Leo"
born on Friday 13th!
Living according to
meaningful principles
but not imposing
upon others;
a child of God
sensitive to the wonders of life.



JUDITH MAE STORSS

Fairfax, California

MAJOR: MUSIC

MINOR: FRENCH

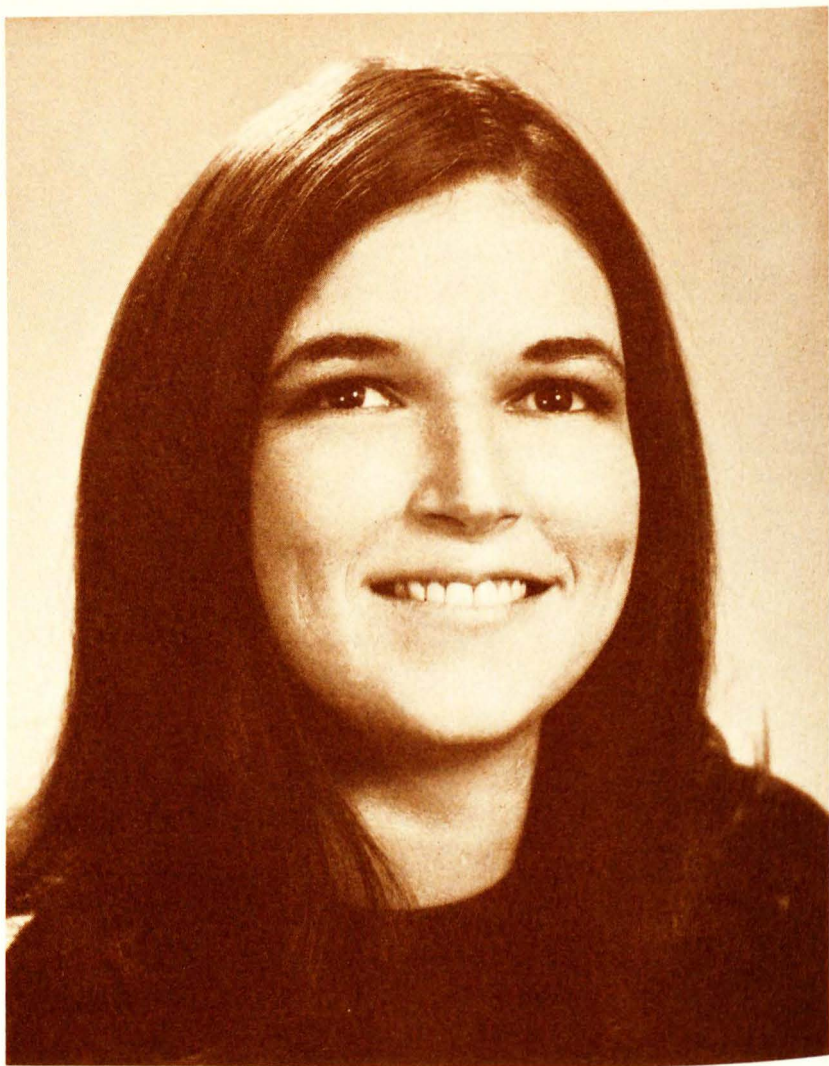
Transferred from the University of California, Berkeley '70

JUDITH

Blithe of spirit
immersed in music
and wanting to share
it with others.

Wanting to be
the world's finest
concert pianist
and practicing
practicing
the magic of Bach
the romance of Brahms.

A very serious
student but good
companion. Kind
appreciating people
the world about her
and especially
the rose garden.



MEREDITH CLAIRE SWEETLAND

Oxnard, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

House Social Chairman '69

MEREDITH

Features

mysterious, striking.

Quietly reserved.

Awake,

eager to decipher
the mind's function —
asleep through class.

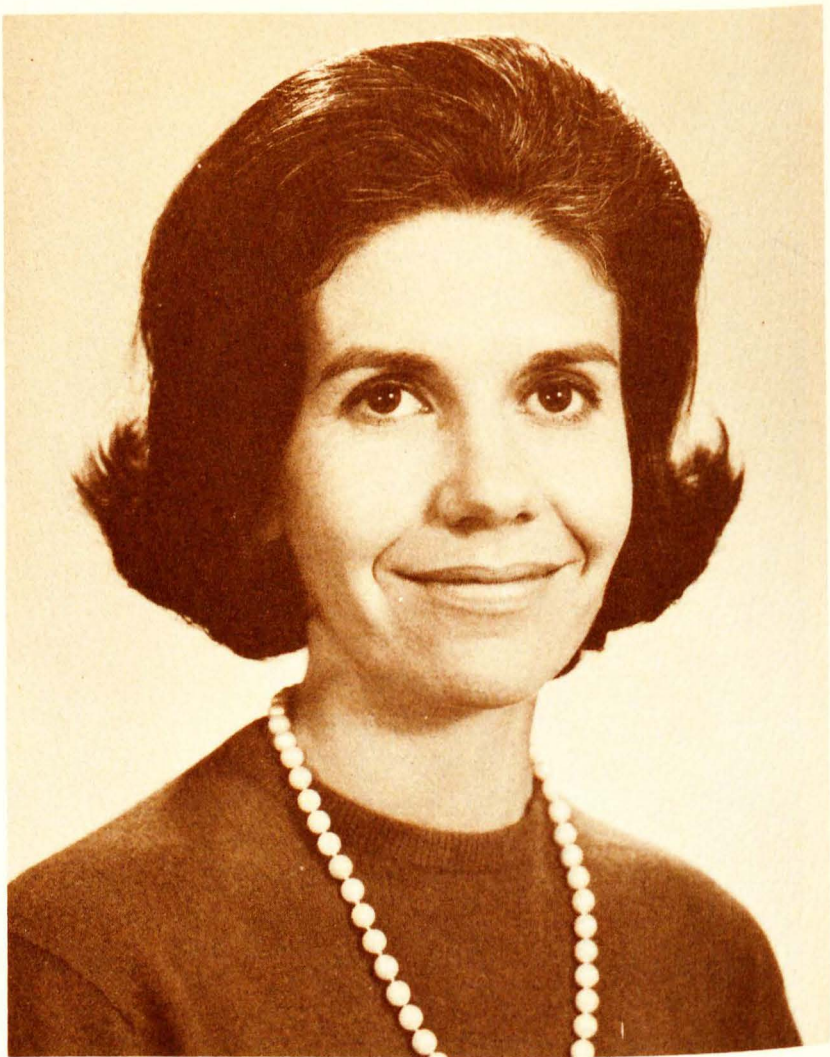
Searching for
herself a place —
in society, the world.

Indirectly approaching,
sometimes eluding
simple answers.

Faithful to friends
blind to their faults.

Commonsensical.

Self-revealing
in quiet conversation.



BEATRIZ TELEKI

Oakland, California

MAJOR: SPANISH

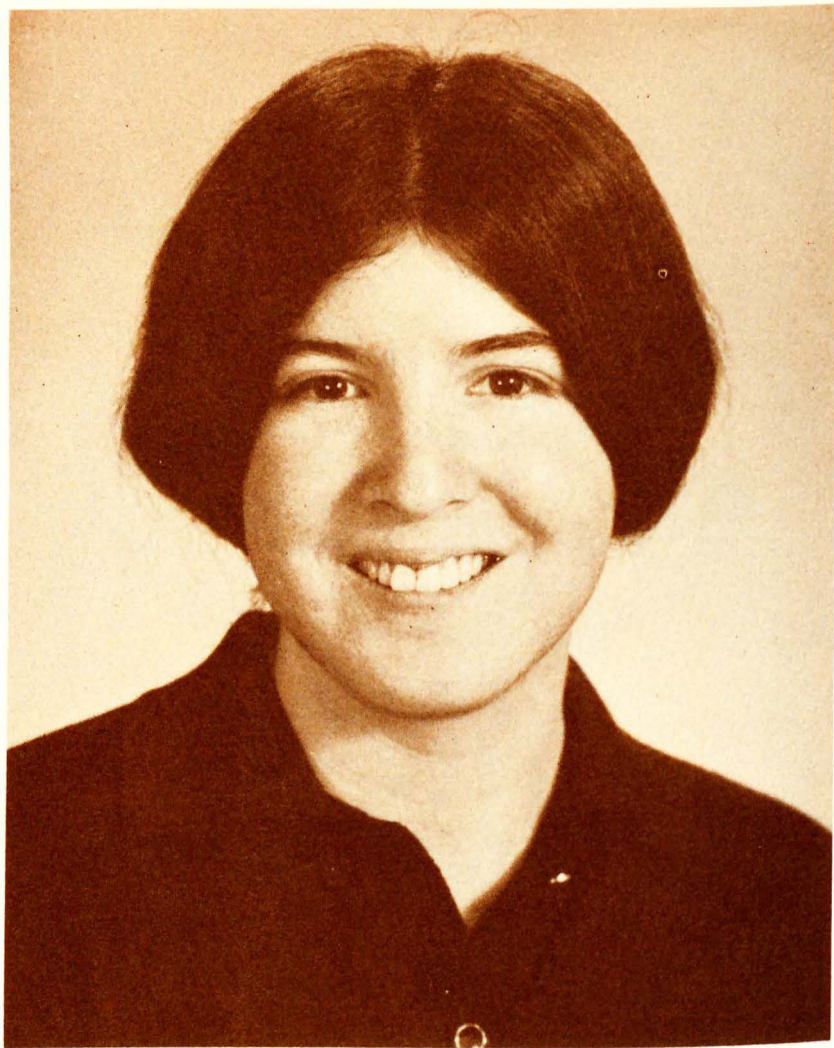
MINOR: ART HISTORY

Transferred from Laney College, Oakland '69

Sigma Delta Phi '70, '71

BEATRIZ

Quietly flamboyant
in
temper and dress.
Vehemently
holding convictions
yet listening, observing.
Analytic
oftentimes blunt.
A bent for dramatics
seasoned with
unpredictable humor.
Every thought
mirrored
in an expressive
Latin face.
Thoroughgoing modern
laced with the ways
of an old culture.



LYNN MARIE THEILACKER

Pinole, California

MAJOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

MINOR: HISTORY

December 1970 Graduate

Gamma Sigma '70, '71

A.S.D.C. Vice-President '70

Executive Board '70

Activities Council '70

President

Religious Activities Committee '69

Carillon Staff '68, '69

LYNN

Quietly she listens to
words, to
thoughts and hearts.
Accepts truth
as it presents itself.
Speaks from personal
conviction
distillation of many
sources made hers
through introspection.
Quiet gestures punctuate
risks she dares
for her beliefs.
Open in friendship
yet shy.
Thus a mystery to those who
know her less
than well.



GRACE LEE TOMLINSON

Mill Valley, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

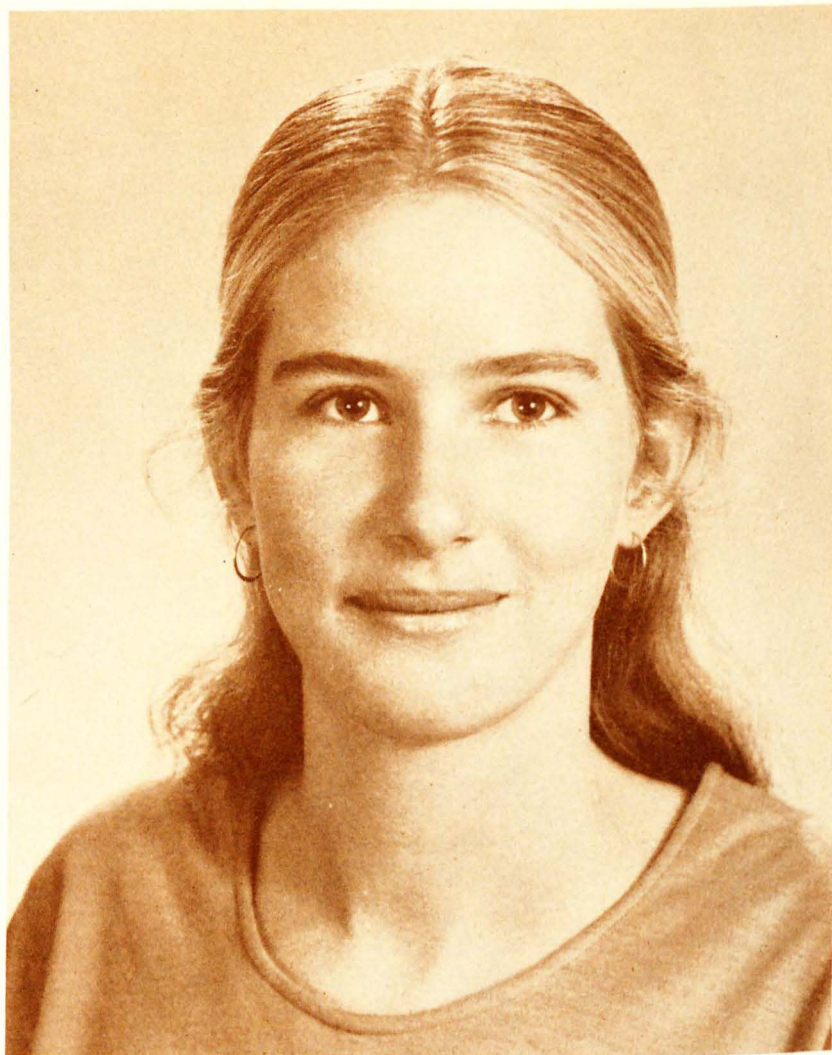
MINOR: ENGLISH

August 1971 Graduate

Transferred from the College of Marin '69

GRACE

Change —
a woman's life,
a kaleidoscope
of shifting patterns.
Student, worker, wife,
mother —
now again student
learning the ways
the world changes,
yet is ever the same.
Finding
in the peaceful campus
the prod
of intellect,
special friendships.
Looking to tomorrow,
and believing
"The best
is yet to be."



CAROL EVALYN TUTTON

Waianae, Hawaii

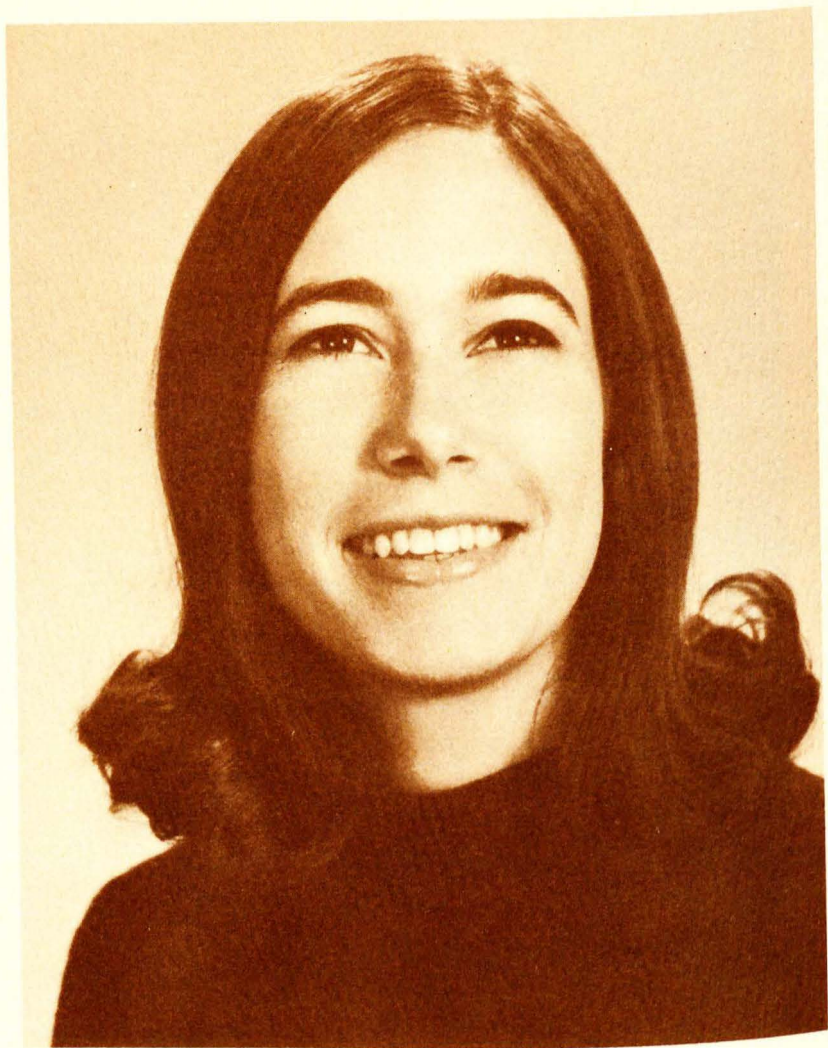
MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: SPANISH

Community Service '68

CAROL

Lucid as dew
or a mountain stream
and as
unfathomable.
A child
cherishing fish
and flowers and
especially cats
being pure unadulterated
joy (and easier than people).
Natural as wind
as happy and sad
as the wind.
Delighting in wilderness
but liking
a friend with whom
to explore
the unexplored.



MARY ELIZABETH WARD

Bakersfield, California

MAJOR: BIOLOGY

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Science Club '70, '71

MARY

A gentle person
impressionable
reflecting chameleon-
like the personalities
of those
around her.
Unexpectedly
rising to demanding
heights;
knowing also the
plateaus.
Making and keeping
friends easily.
Her moods chrystalline
fragile and transparent.
Herself forever running
in circles.
Typically — absent minded.



MARY ELIZABETH WEISSENBURGER

Novato, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

Gamma Sigma '70, '71

Who's Who Among Students in American Colleges and Universities '71

W.R.A. President '69

Executive Board '69

Special Events Committee '69

Carillon Staff '69

Meadowlark Business Manager '70

Firebrand Editor '71

Resident Assistant '71

Community Service '68, '70

International Students Club '69

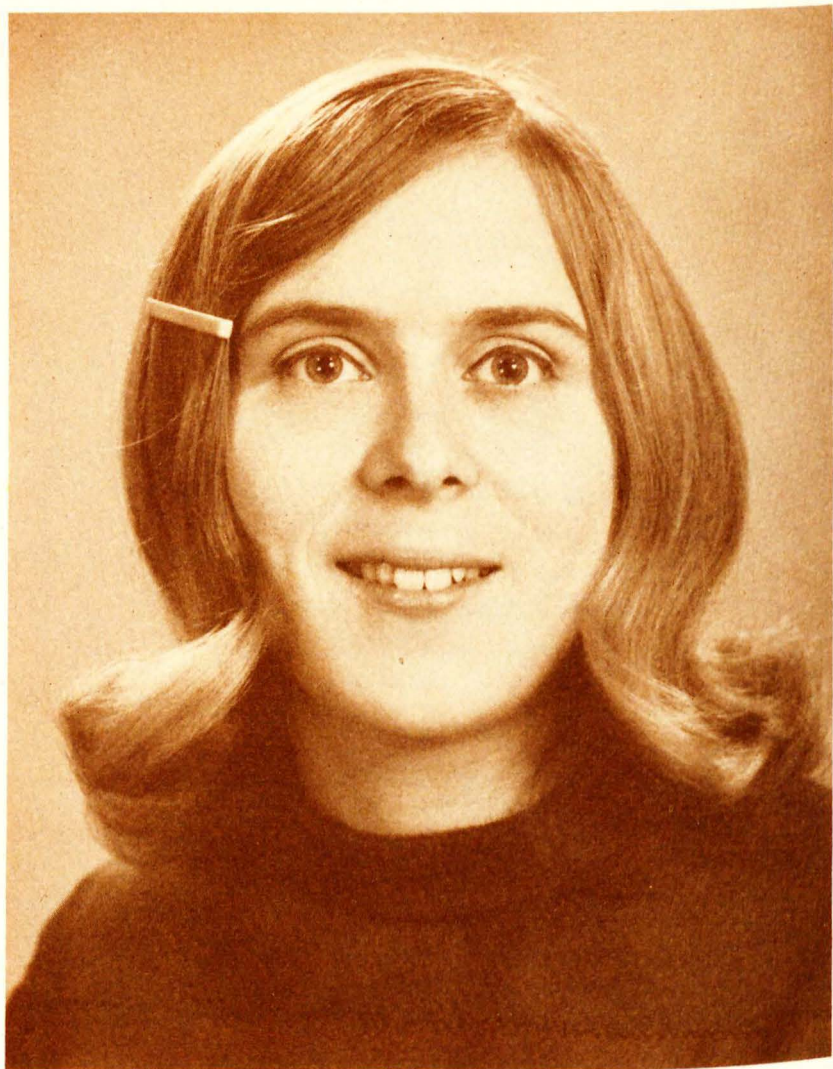
Music Club '69

Madrigal '68, '70

Sigma Society '70, '71

MARY

A shy smile
masking anxious emotions.
Meeting challenges
head-on —
realistically coping with
failure and compromise.
Stubborn as
the Wall of China —
yet listening willingly.
An elephantine memory
for details
humorously punctuating
eager conversations.
Forever doing —
enthusiastically
striving for success —
achieving high goals.



KATHLEEN WIGTON

Hamilton Air Force Base, California

MAJOR: MATHEMATICS

MINOR: CHEMISTRY

December 1970 Graduate

Transferred from Grove City College, Pennsylvania '69

Community Service

Drama Productions '68, '69

Grove City College

KAY JAY

Determined to do things
properly — so organized that
projects are not done
just on time
but ahead of time.

Pragmatic.

A worrier.

Finds happiness in
things done well.

Intelligence in matters
of math and science
does not preclude
a love of sports
nor a dexterity in
the womanly arts —
sewing and all that.

Devoted to learning but
her husband comes first.



MARIA EUGENIA ZAVALA

Chinandega, Nicaragua

MAJOR: ECONOMICS

SPANISH

December 1970 Graduate

Gamma Sigma '69, '70
Sigma Delta Phi '70, '71

International Students Club '68, '69,
'70, '71
Spanish Club '68, '69, '70, '71

MARIA

Grandiose

a Latin manner and
temper about her.

An economics major
maintaining deeply
serious conversations.

Not economical with money
or time.

Organized — at the last minute
not before.

The image of perfection in dress
utter chaos in her room.

Listening to all ideas
yet stubbornly adhering
to her own thoughts and ideals.

Sensitive, helpful, dual
reflecting two cultures,
two extremes.

in memoriam

LINDA HOWER

let the senses go with the

maturity of restraint,

let the intellect explore the wilds,

while not ignoring the tamed.

let the person smile for all

that is his.

let this happiness learn to give.

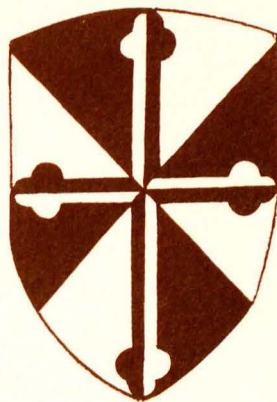
then will come the light air of world freedom

and then will be eternal peace.

j.p. '71







Veritas

ASDC OFFICERS

LAURIE NEAL
Treasurer

PRUE SILGER
President

BARBARA THOMAS
Secretary

SANDY MICHAEL
Vice President



JOAN HANCOCK
President

CATHY LAVARONI
Vice President



SUE CORDOVA
Treasurer

LAURIE JOHNSTON
Secretary

CLASS OF 1974
I Have A Dream — M. L. King



SUE DAL PORTO
Vice President

CARLA ASTE
Treasurer



THERESE PERRINE
President

CRISSI WATERS
Secretary

CLASS OF 1973
*Speak Your Truth
Quietly and Clearly*



PINKY KAHN
Treasurer

JACKIE FORREST
Vice President



DEBBIE PADEL
President

STEPHANIE BULICH
Secretary

CLASS OF 1972
Let Hope Be Unbroken



DOTTI CAVANAUGH
Vice President

JOAN PHILLIPS
Secretary



CHRIS LUSSIER
President

MARYBETH GASKINS
Treasurer

CLASS OF 1971
*Things Honest,
Rather Than Things Splendid*

GONERIL

We suffer from a lack of inevitability here.
I should have been the fated one, the wronged one,
the great one
to die out of grief and passions, not out of hunger.
I know how to love as strongly as he and feel his anger.

I would eat his pain whole, and have it roar up in me
and kill me
but do not know how. He, who is only stupid,
and old, and without hatred, is allowed
hard intercourse with madmen and beasts and
lightning.

He bred me too prettily; I have forgotten
the child in me who ran to hide in wet caves,
who wore dirt from the ground. I was bred to a
mask that holds me
to muffled antagonisms.

He challenged the whole universe. He will be defeated
much more easily than I would be if I had clothing
to stand the storm. I would scream at the bastard
lightning
until it tore me in two for anger and pleasure;

I would scream louder than thunder and have it deny
me,
deny to obey me. From the love
of a black panther, I would have it claw me;
it's claws could not hurt what it could not understand.

I am not allowed. I am only this proud, to deny him
my comfort,
and give the accidental privilege: that he goes mad
and bestial in my forest —
mine, that he called me out of, when I was a child,
that he called me out of, to come in by fire and shelter.

Bo Thorsen



MEMORIES

Where I once saw a robin's egg blue sky on a bright sunny day,

I can barely see the neighboring hills some 3 miles away now shrouded in smog, and Julie tells me that this will be a "clear" day by the year 2000 if I stop driving my car.

Where I once paused to watch a bumble bee dip into a delicate wild iris and then fly to another flower, I see a bulldozer leveling ground and a white sign whose black letters proclaim, "Zoned for commercial use."

Where I once saw cattle grazing peacefully on gentle slopes, their black and white markings contrasting with the spring green of the grass, I see the black asphalt and white lines of a 4-lane highway.

Where I once witnessed (across a golden field on an early autumn day) the lazy galloping of horses, guided by brown-legged children riding easily on their backs, I see a pile of industrial garbage lying naked in the sun.

Where I once delighted in picking blackberries on a summer's day trying not to rip my pants as I moved among the thorns in the overgrown field, I see an unstylish, typically suburban house, empty because it is so poorly constructed.

Where I once smelled the scent of burning wood and saw the smoke rising out of chimneys to be carried away by the wind, I smell only the foul air.

Where I once saw neighbors taking after-dinner strolls on cool fall evenings, bundled up in overcoats and scarves, protected from the cold night air, I see deserted streets and bleak white lights mounted on metal poles casting strange shadows on the houses.

Where I once tasted water and it trickled down my throat and refreshed me, I drink a colorless substance which is called water but which smells and tastes like chemicals.

Where I once saw friendly faces — even smiles on strangers' faces, I see bodies and masks, and smiles are few.

Where I once walked barefooted through the foam of the pounding Pacific waves, careful not to step on jelly-fish while looking for rocks smoothed by the never-ceasing hammering of the waves upon them with such force that the rough edges were shaped into gentle curves, I can now only listen to the mighty roar of the gray ocean because the beach is stained by a freighter's oil leak.

Where I once walked among pine trees and marveled at their fresh smell and evergreen needles, I walk and see green needles tinged with yellow-brown spots, and I wonder how long the trees will live before the disease which the cars have carried to the mountains will kill them.

The memories are many. The memories linger.

And the heart aches.

Karen Vogel '72

Green! The greenest green of grass one could ever hope to see! Or maybe it wasn't really so green. Oh, but for me it was the most beautiful green ever — a European green that I was looking at for the first but not the last time.

We had set out from San Francisco Airport, five strong, adventurous women. I guess I should say five young girls frightened out of their wits, already homesick yet thrilled with the prospect of a dream come true. We united as seven in Paris, a perfect group of guinea pigs for the Dominican Year Abroad Program. Jeanne-Marie Grabarczyk was the experienced one and as devoted disciples, Mary Frances Jeffrey, Nan Farasyn, Ealish McCarthy, Patty Langlais, Ingrid Marcantoni, and myself followed, *very close behind*.

Despite the loss of an overnight bag, the eating of too many meals on too many planes, and the allover feeling of wide-awake fatigue, I thought it was a very good way to start a new, entirely different year, especially since I was lying on a very comfortable bed in a Marseille hotel.

It was a year of promises, promises fulfilled. A year of friends and fun, joy and laughter, heartbreak and love. Oh, yes, love! Love of friends, of places, of feelings, of days, a love unending in beauty and joy and

sorrow! But it's so hard to tell you how you feel when you find yourself looking at your home, Aix-en-Provence, from the top of Mont Sainte-Victoire, how you feel in Florence looking at *David* after so many years of dreaming of seeing him, or how you feel when you realize the strength of the love flowing from a very angry Greek brother because you were dumb enough to go to Marseille alone with M.F. Oh, and the beauty of exchange; how can I tell you what it's like to try haltingly to speak another's language and to see the gleam of delight and pleasure in the eyes of your patient listener, or to listen intently to his faltering tries at your language and then to enjoy the laughter that follows when you both realize how crazy you both sound? Or how it feels to sit in class and desperately whisper to your neighbor, "Huh?" as he is also trying to figure out what the professor just said.

But it's not all fun and laughter; it's pain and sorrow, too. The pain of being completely alone and, oh, so homesick, the pain of Christmas away from home. And it's the final sorrow of having to say good-bye. Yet these pains and sorrows are beautiful too. To miss home so terribly on New Year's Eve and still be able to spend it with a family who cares and loves, this is wonderful. Or to go shopping for wine and pastries with a friend when it's pouring rain outside because a bunch of you are having an impromptu dinner in the

Rougier's tiny kitchen. Or to end up showing a French girl and a Greek boy how popcorn pops even though you were only making it because you were depressed and in so doing to be cheered by their surprise and laughter. How better to be happy again!

She's happy, Europe that is. She's also sad, young and old, pretty and ugly, friendly and hostile, intellectual and spiritual, and she's people. Maybe that's what I'm trying to say: monuments or no, Europe is people and I think that is what made that green so green at Amsterdam's airport, made that wine taste so good and yes, that's what made my year in Europe so incredible!

Barbara Dudley '71





A JOURNEY

Once upon a time, many, many years ago, there was a small caterpillar. He was very fine indeed. His soft, fuzzy coat kept him warm; his big black eyes allowed him to see large expanses of green leaves, and his long antennae helped him to hear the many sounds of the earth.

But alas, he had one complaint. He wanted to travel more than anything in the world. His numerous little legs made it difficult for him to get anywhere in any amount of haste, and long excursions just completely tuckered him out. In short, he was pretty much limited to his garden patch.

Day after day as he went about his work, he would watch the birds fly about the sky, free to land wherever they wished and quite able to travel from place to place. One bright, sunny morning, after he had been bird-watching, he began to wonder what it would feel like to have wings and best of all to be able to fly wherever his heart desired.

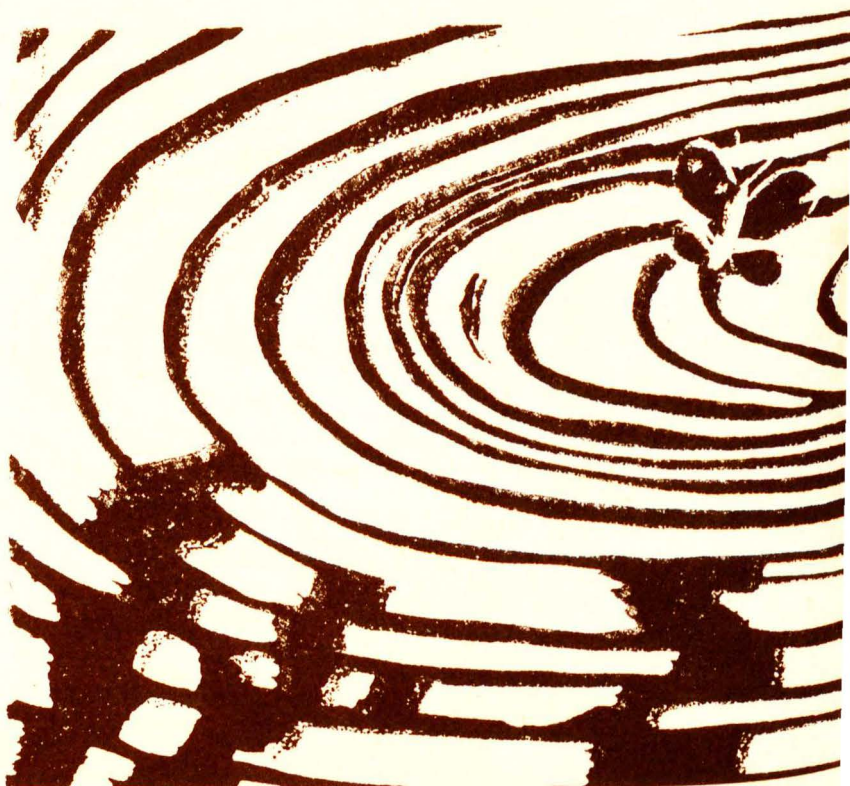
He had heard mysterious tales about wise old Mother Nature, so he decided to seek her out and present his problem to her. He had no idea where she lived, but he was sure if he were persistent he would find her. He realized his journey would be very long and dangerous (for a caterpillar must always be careful lest he be stepped on).

Nevertheless, he was determined to make the journey. The very next day after breakfast he set out. He crept slowly out of the familiar surroundings of the garden patch out into the eternal landscape of the big world. The autumn sun was hot and his pace was very slow. He grew tired and weary, but still he did not give up. Instead he became more determined to find Mother Nature.

Day after day, he continued his journey. He crossed dry fields and rocky paths and grassy slopes. The weather was becoming chilly and the gentle breeze turned into a strong wind. Soon it began to rain. The poor little caterpillar was cold and wet. He did not know how much farther he would have to travel in order to find old Mother Nature. Still, he did not give up hope. He knew in his heart that he would find her. So he traveled on. Soon the rain became so heavy that he knew he must find a shelter. His heart called out to Mother Nature, wherever she might be.

His prayer was heard. That very evening a strange thing happened. He had been resting just beneath a leaf, and all of a sudden he felt a covering gradually envelop him. As he spun round and round inside, the covering grew thicker and larger until finally daylight was completely obscured and the covering tightly closed. A deep sleep came over him.

When he finally awoke, the rain had stopped and the spring sun was shining brightly. And then, he realized that a terribly wonderful thing had happened. His body was no longer thick and fuzzy, and he no longer had numerous little legs. His body had become long and slender, and it was shiny black in color. His antennae were a little longer and his black eyes were a little larger. But the most marvelous thing was that he had wings, big, beautiful and many-colored wings. He soared gracefully to the sky and his spirits soared



with him. He was so happy he could hardly contain himself. For now he could travel.

His heart was bursting with gratitude for the wonderful gift Mother Nature had granted him. And as he soared higher into the sky, a gentle voice whispered in one of his antennae, "In reward for your courage and faith my little friend. May all those caterpillars after you follow your example." And then he knew that Mother Nature does not reside in any one field or garden or forest. She is everywhere at once and her spirit can be felt in every living thing.

Sharon Gehlken '74



BASEBALL IN THE BUSH

When our plane put down at the neat little airport in the southern region of Malawi, Central Africa, baseball was the last thought in my mind. Here in this picturesque place I was nearly half way 'round the world in miles from Candlestick Park, U.S.A. My assignment, a one-year post as tutor of child psychology and health science in a teacher-training college at the edge of the bush, did not include coaching the "great American sport."

In less than a month I had met and made friends with children from nearby villages. Most of the boys attended the Full Primary School just at the base of the hill. To my delight they spoke some English — and rather well. Perhaps it was the Peace Corpsman, who preceded me in that area by some two years, who first told the boys about American baseball. I'm not sure. Nonetheless, young Simone remembered that there were two bats and a ball in his school's supply press. He was definitely interested for it was he who wanted to know, "What do we do with them?" "You are an American," he insisted, "Tell us about American baseball — all about it!" For the moment, I felt a little hard put to explain the *whole* game. Understandably, I had had no thought of including baseball pictures or appropriate equipment among my items of luggage.

However, I did my best at once to comply with Simone's request. We were a small group, five or six, stooping there in the dust beside the path. I picked up a twig and sketched out a diamond in the powdered red-clay. This little effort was followed by a series of small x's to indicate positions of various players. That's where it all began — my coaching career.

By nightfall when I started for my room, my head was filled with thoughts of batting, fielding, base running, strikes, bases on balls, etc. No denying it, baseball was definitely on my mind! "It really didn't seem difficult to explain the main points today," I mused. But, the fine points, I knew, were quite another story. But why should I allow this to concern me? After all, I did have a major in physical education from San Francisco State — the women's department to be sure, and that some twenty years ago. But suddenly, I realized that I desperately needed an assist. My brother, Bob, had played some professional ball back home. Within minutes I was at my desk firing off a letter to Denver. "Dear Bob, . . ." I explained my challenge and requested a Little League Rulebook by return air mail. I even went so far as to suggest that my nephews might have a few pieces of equipment that they would be willing to part with. In less than two weeks I had my reply. An overwhelming response it was! "Now, Sis., if you're going to talk baseball you've got to give the boys a chance to play the game as it should be played,"

Bob advised. "We all think it's a great idea. The boys (his sons) and I have mentioned the project to a few friends." "What PROJECT?"; I panicked. As I read along, I found out! "The kids at the high school are excited about it and so is their coach. Some of the fellows at work have offered to help get equipment together. We'll send it along as soon as possible. Be on the lookout for a good-sized crate. Oh, yes, is there some man out there who can help you coach?" Obviously, Bob had not remembered my college major or else he had little, if any, trust in my muscle and my memory. Time had come to face the fact — Mlanje district, Malawi, was about to cultivate baseball players and I, as coach, would have less than a full year in which to get the first crop ready. Overwhelmed as I was, I did enjoy the thought of American baseball in the bush!

Down I went next morning to the boys' school to speak with the headmaster. Mr. Kapalangwe could not have been more gracious. He was delighted with the whole idea. At once I was introduced to Mr. Mejah, a Malawian teacher of science and physical education. He was quick to offer every possible assistance, especially in the matter of translating completely new terms into some understandable form of the local dialect. Mr. Mejah and I were destined to comprise the entire coaching staff. Later that same day we talked over our plan with the boys, who, needless to say, were

more than eager. By three o'clock forty had signed up. Some of the boys were older than I had expected, sixteen or seventeen. We could hardly deny these older boys the first opportunity. We would have to think of something else for the younger ones. I knew that forty was my maximum, yet I hesitated to disappoint the ten, eleven and twelve year olds. That problem was solved to some extent by teaching kickball to a group of my college student-teachers, all young Malawian women. They in turn volunteered to teach it as a sort of lead-up game to the younger boys. By now, it seemed to me, everyone in Mlanje district had become involved in the little PROJECT!

We made a few large diagrams and posters, set up three practice sessions a week, classified players and worked on batting, pitching and base running while awaiting *our crate*. Things take time to come by sea — New York to the Cape, then Durban and Biera and finally by rail to Blantyre in Malawi. Our crate was no exception. It took the better part of three months before it had cleared customs. During that time I found the Malawians, at least those I knew, far more patient than at least one American. When the great day finally came, we pried the lid off of our 500-lb. crate. No one could have been more delighted, more excited than those kids — not even me! Words could never describe their wide eyes and broad smiles; yet I'll never forget the sheer delight we shared out there

in the bush as we stood knee-deep in uniforms, caps, sox, bats, balls, gloves, catchers' gear, scorebooks, leather conditioner, windbreakers, etc. The kids were chattering and laughing like a thousand young parrots. Right then and there I discovered that being a coach was great — just great!

No time was lost in setting a date for our first official game, Green Caps vs. Blue Caps. Our boys were bigger than most Little Leaguers back home, so the village tailor came to the rescue and altered some of the uniforms. While everyone and everything was still spick and span, I got my trusty Instamatic and took a few color slides. The villagers were invited and our first game was played in the clearing at the bottom of the hill. Oh, yes, in all the excitement we had completely ignored one fact — the boys had had no previous experience with the use of gloves or mitts. The score of that first game, all three innings of it, told us in no uncertain terms what we should have known. Everyone could hit and rather well, but absolutely *no one* could field! Hit after hit the score rose to an unbelievable 42 to 39. We all laughed and learned and had a wonderful time. Needless to say, the next few weeks were spent almost exclusively on fielding sessions. The boys worked hard and caught on fast. Our second game, five innings, ended in a score of 10 to 8—reasonable score at any rate. There was cause for hope!

It was going to be hard to end that year, I knew; but there would be vivid memories of one wonderful year

of baseball in the bush. And so there are. Let's hope that Simone and his friends remember too and that the boys of Mlanje continue to enjoy playing the great American sport as much as I enjoyed seeing them play it there in Malawi, Central Africa.

Postscript: When time came for me to leave my post, Simone made a short speech and then pressed the following letter into my hand along with a box approximately 6"x8"x5":

Dear Sister Damien,

On behalf of my pupils I would like to thank you from the bottom of my heart for all what you have done.

No any other person ever thought of doing such a great help you have offered both maticularly and practically, you have shown the oness of God in human beings.

We really appreciate all what you have done. I promise you that I will take my greatest care on the materials you have left for the school. We are greatly worried on your leaving. We hope and pray hard for you that God may send you back to Malawi sometimes after seeing our friends in the States.

Please receive our poor offer of a few eggs by me and some of the boys. Though very little but it should try mean our feeling towards you.

Remember to write us when you get back home. Please remember us to your beloved brother who made everything possible for us. Tell him more of us here. I will write him.

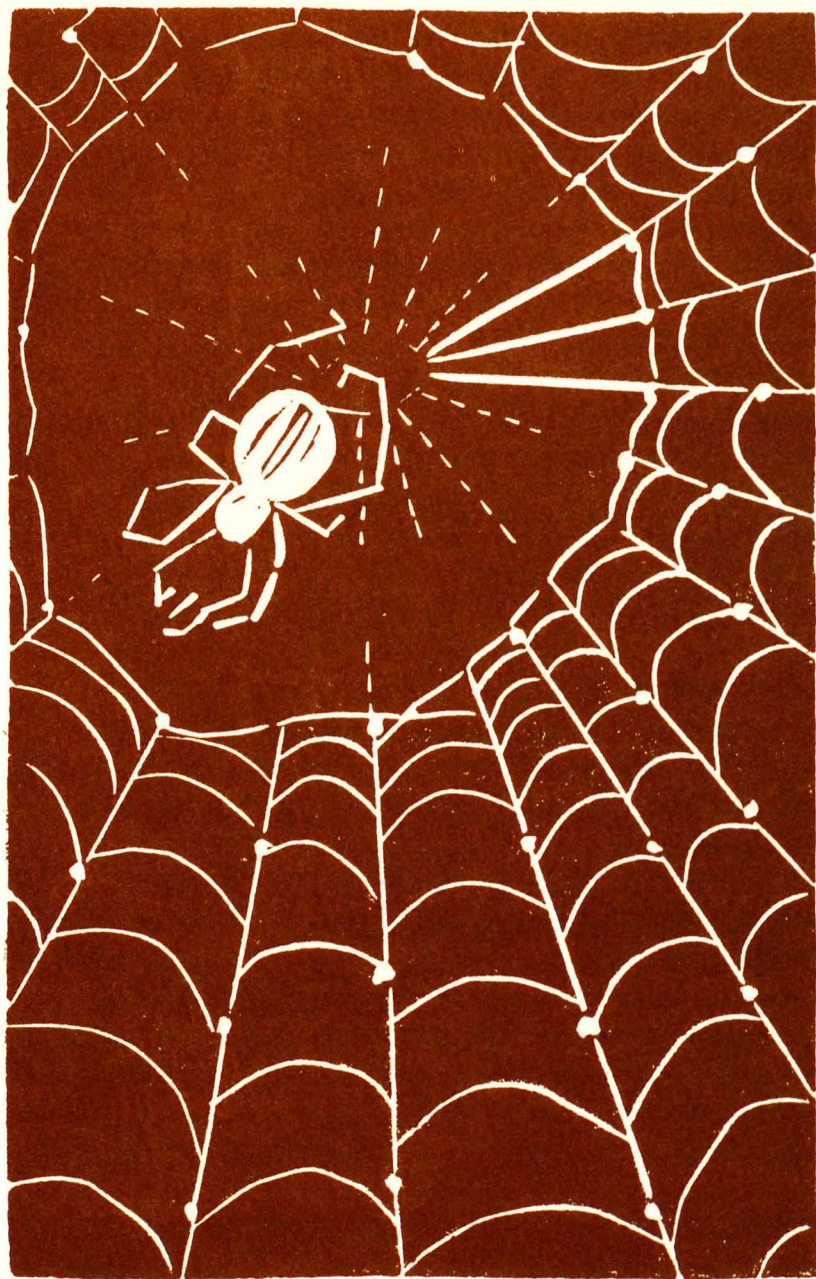
May God bless you and lead you everyday.

Yours in God.

P. S. Mejah—Teacher.

The contents of the box: Half a dozen chicken eggs. Those eggs meant more to me than any Big League contract.

Sister Damien, O.P.



THE DEATH OF WOMEN'S LIBERATION

or

"If Your Mother Hasn't Told You By Now . . ."

I have recently read a collection of essays on women's liberation geared to inform the public what women's liberation is about. Having read the essays with some care and consternation, I conclude the movement is doomed, fatally doomed. Why, you ask? I offer the following observation.

I am a college admissions counselor or more commonly referred to (mostly I must add by high school counselors) as a recruiter. Since most college administrations find the term "recruiter" both distasteful and psychologically damaging to the reputation of the college, I shall avoid any further reference to it. I represent Dominican College of San Rafael . . . California . . . just seventeen miles north of San Francisco, across the Golden Gate Bridge. I represent it to high school students in search of "the college of their choice" and to high school counselors in order that they will refer it to high school students who will then make it "the college of their choice." I am a traveling saleslady, a public relations diplomat, a liaison, a 32-

toothed always smiling young lady (the perfect product of "Dominican-ness") and occasionally I get to counsel a student in regard to the academics of Dominican College of San Rafael . . . California . . . just seventeen miles north of San Francisco, across the Golden Gate Bridge.

I start each day eagerly bouncing forth from my nice warm motel room and charging forth to my 8:15 appointment at XYZ High School in All-America, U.S.A. With a little bit of luck, two posters, four announcements and six aunts who have gone to the college, two students have signed up to see me. Out of these two, odds have it that only one will show (one is invariably sick, absent without leave, or taking a civics exam). If, by some fluke, the two show up, it is because they are inseparable friends and if one were sick, the other would be too; if one were AWOL, the other would be also, and of course both would have identical class schedules (hence both taking the civics exam), etc., etc., *ad infinitum*. Regardless of the reasons for their appearance before me (many attend college visitations to get out of class), I am delighted that they are there and for the next 45 minutes I have them in my sphere of influence which is to convince them to make an application to Dominican College of San Rafael . . . California . . . just seventeen miles north of San Francisco, across the Golden Gate Bridge.

I lie awake nights thinking of ways to snare these young lovelies onto our attractive 100-acre wooded campus. I tell them with overt enthusiasm of Dominican's many outstanding attributes — the in-depth humanities program for the freshmen and sophomores (marvelous especially if you don't know quite yet what field you may want to go into), the magical physical beauty of our suburban campus, the 1-10 faculty to student ratio, the program in special education to work with the Trainable Mentally Retarded, the outstanding music department, the always acclaimed English department, etc., etc., *ad infinitum*.

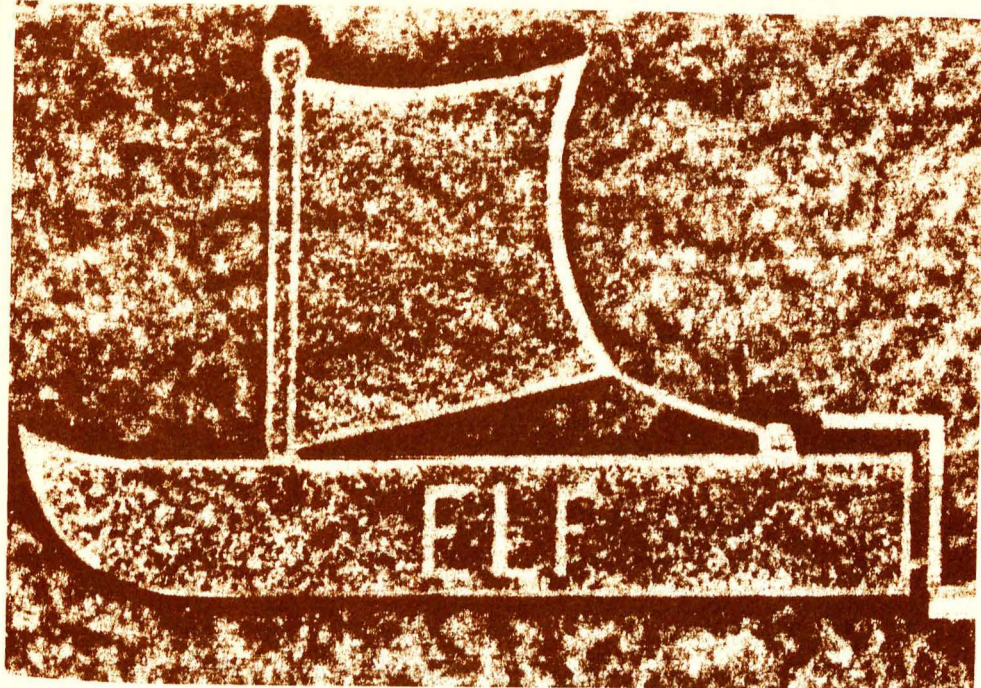
During my excitingly colorful 81-slide presentation of many 32-toothed always smiling Dominican Dollies enjoying the academic and social atmosphere of the College, I give a little pitch for the pros of women's education and women's colleges (oh, woe the stigma of being referred to as an "all girls' school"). I must confess to true women's libbers that I preface my remarks with the phrase "I'm not a women's lib freak, but . . ." and then go on to list the obvious advantages of women's colleges.

Once I have finished the slide show (by which I might add they are duly impressed), I entertain questions from the floor. The first question is invariably (and I say invariably because I have baited them with the last slide to ask) "How much does it cost?" I am

so proud of them for asking; what a keen sense of responsibility this shows to their parents' pocketbook. And then, and then, I can see it coming every time; I brace myself for it — the universal question — the reason I think Women's Liberation is fated for a swift death. Ninety-nine and 44/100 per cent of the time the second question is "Where do the boys come from?" My idealism in education is once again crushed; the forty-five minutes of values, goal and academic interests we have just openly discussed are buried. The train has switched tracks independent of the conductor.

In my effort to regain control I can only retort "If your mother hasn't told you by now . . ." etc., etc., *ad infinitum*. Women's Libbers, I'm afraid your death lies in the seventeen-year-old mind.

Colleen K. Buxton '66



THE SEA

Silently creeping
Closer, closer,
Rising steadily
A mountainous hill.
Crash!
It thunders down
Roaring,
Clamoring,
Reaching,
Stretching,
When . . .
Suddenly,
Quietly edging back,
Retreating,
It begins again.



FAREWELL, FAREWELL,
YE BERTRAND BELLES!

*A million tomorrows shall all pass away
'Ere I forget all the joys that are mine today.*

Today? Today at eight in the morning I went up to the second floor of Bertrand Hall, to my old bedroom-alcove in Dormitory Four, now labeled by the Education Department "Conference 23." No bed, no desk, no dresser there — only wooden bookcases. . . . I leaned against the door of what used to be my closet, but what now serves as a storage place for elementary school science equipment, and looked out the big steel-framed windows at the tops of incense cedars ringing the court.

Why bother to stand idle in a science equipment room at eight o'clock on a perfectly good Monday morning? In order to be quiet leaning there against the old closet door, to hear Sounds of Silence from 1967, and to think about you who were freshmen in those days, you who called yourselves the Bertrand Belles.

And what of the building itself, this Bertrand Hall, this place of so many reminiscent sounds?

In 1951, St. Louis Bertrand Hall had opened as a Lower School for resident and non-resident girls. It had been named in honor of Mother Mary Louis, Mother General of the Dominican Sisters of San Rafael from 1887 to 1929. Her patron saint, a sixteenth-

century Spanish Dominican missionary priest and novice master, had shown a delightful proficiency in giving frequent parties for the young Dominicans he taught. (Would it be that you Bertrand Belles had somehow caught his joyous attitude toward recreation because you lived in a building named for him?)

In 1965, because the Lower School was soon to move to a new campus, the resident facilities of Bertrand Hall were taken over by the College. Workmen removed many of the little-girl features of the second floor, with its six dormitories (three each on either side of a long, locker lined hallway), and its one large classroom that you used for a lounge; but even after the work was done, the half-walls separating bed from bed in each of the dormitories remained, and so did the curtain-doors and the hall lockers that mercilessly clanked and squealed no matter how hard you tried. . . .

In 1965 the first College freshmen moved their shag rugs and stereos and posters and popcorn poppers into Bertrand, and learned how to Cope in Groups without Walls; and there you yourselves were two years later, with three Sisters and two upperclassmen for residence chaperones, and all that open space: six dormitories, one huge lounge, forty-million lockers that clanked and squealed the length of the hallway, and a wonderful sun deck that cheered you all, day or night, fog or fair.

The thing that mattered about Bertrand was not so

much the physical setting and whether you enjoyed or not such a completeness of Coping in Groups, but the way in which you were able to assimilate the setting into a reasonable and very pleasant way of life for yourselves. Certainly not everything was easy or altogether happy for you; therefore, I used to marvel at the way you Coped: you seemed to survive not having a place of your own, with four walls and a door, where you could have a good, solitary cry; and if you were the kind who talked in your sleep in French or Chinese (or worse — English), or practiced relentlessly on the E-major chord of your guitar, everybody knew it, and cringed. One of the most frustrating things for you must have been to have submitted your Simon and Garfunkle mood to that of the girl three alcoves over, who had the option on the radio (KFRC — WEATHER! It's FIFTY DEGREES in San Ra-FAEL!!! NOW —Anthony Newley singing "Stop the World I Wanna Get OFF"!!!).

But frequently you did come together on musical tastes: surely you'll never forget the October night you celebrated a Full Moon Party on the sun deck; with a banjo and several guitars (by then that girl had learned the E-major chord) you found it easy to spend two hours singing everything you knew, particularly for your own enjoyment and that of the Full Moon, but incidentally for the whole neighborhood, thanks to the generous amplification of the swimming pool beyond the Bertrand court.

You had other parties too, birthday parties and engagement parties and holiday parties, in that big second floor lounge that was a real challenge to decorate, but which was worth all the effort when you saw what balloons and miles of crepe paper could do to transform bare white fluorescent lights and window frames and the blackboard and the wall of lockers (workmen never did renovate the former classroom: hence more clanking, squealing lockers and the blackboard, very useful for printing giant "Happy Birthday To You" signs upon).

But perhaps some of the best parties took place at those impromptu weekend affairs where you sat cross-legged on the hallway floor by the two telephones near the signout desk. This was the most central place on the second floor, the place from which you could hear and comment on one side of a telephone conversation, see who were going out on dates (if you sat there long enough you could see who came in from dates as well), and read the signout cards to see where everyone was for the weekend. You could sit forever if you liked, and listen, chat, philosophize, complain, exuberate, learn. Sometimes someone would go downstairs for you to the coke and corn nut machines, and after a little perking up, you would be ready for another session of listening, chatting, etc.

Of course your freshman world extended far beyond the second floor of Bertrand. In all of your minds

there was a clear distinction between the second floor (Upstairs: yours) and the first—the classroom—floor (Downstairs: everyone's). Coming Upstairs from Downstairs meant that you could crash up and holler all the way in the stairwells, so perfectly built as concrete and glass sound tunnels; but going Downstairs from Upstairs meant that you entered the world of walls and of people who had to be understood because they were used only to residing behind closed doors, and who didn't *really* know the deepest meaning of the term "give and take." For that reason, perhaps, you seemed especially generous in giving your time and selves to others. You recall the Downstairs janitor who didn't seem to know how to wax a floor, and how, the day before Parents' Weekend, one of you attempted to show him how to lay wax and to buff the floor — but in reality did most of the job yourself.

Upstairs, certain laws prevailed, no matter what; one of them was the Law of Survival through Sleep. Every once in a while something would happen to alter the routine of sleep, and jeopardize survival — but again you Coped. Remember the day that you all decided to go to Mass as a Group? At 6:15 a.m. one of you snapped on all the dormitory overhead lights, issued a loud "IT'S TIME," and you somehow managed to get yourselves up and into the world of Downstairs.

*When I woke up this morning, you were on my mind . . .
I've got troubles, I've got worries, I've got wounds to bind . . .*

Do I make light of your freshman year, Bertrand Belles? Please do not see it as so, for I lived with you from your coming to Bertrand, to your going, and I too can remember sad and hard things as well as light-hearted ones. But whenever we get together now and reminisce, we seem to end up pretzeled into laughter shapes. Is it because the annoying things have worn away and only the happy things have remained? It might be that a million tomorrows and yesterdays too shall indeed come to pass away, but that we shall have been grateful for remembering especially the joys of all those days.

Sister Marie, O.P.



A POLITICIAN

Fair son of Rome, as Romulus of old,
Selected by the gods for manner bold,
Rise up, take hold, the city lays outspread,
Hushed, damp, waiting to be led.
Round you rise the seven hills of old,
The heritage that once was touched by gold.
The houses now rise higher than the hills,
Higher still the rage which sees the ills.
Conflict, hunger, poverty are there,
While cars and industry pollute the air.
Soon hid from sight the glories of the bay,
With your own blessing, Sir, for "it will pay."
Presented with a scheme, your mind's eye scans
For price, for gain, for glory in the plan;
To guide your wit, true figures can you name
In terms of dollars, votes, and public fame.
You hear the thoughts of the poor, the old, the young,
And name to your committees those unsung.
Twice accused, unjustly in the main,
Royalty and blood again your gain.
How embarrassing the claim once made
That tribute to the Godfather was paid.
That half percent raised universal cry,
"More taxes pay, to bring commuters nigh?"
Bart's walls and noise and dirt approach the peaks,
On either side those districts, dank and bleak.
Victorian houses crumble 'neath the blow;
Repair would be too high, and progress slow.
So in the place of beauty stand those walls,
Concrete, glass, or steel, modern, tall.
Adobes molder, cobblestone are paved,
Like gulls and pigeons, why should they be saved?
Cathedrals rise, and skyways break the dawn,
The city of the past is mayor's pawn.
Patron of the arts, friends of musicians,
May God deliver you, O Politician.

Bo Thorsen

LONG SANDS

Going to Bolinas is an experience to be savoured moment by moment. A weekend is short and can fly by leaving you none the wiser if you do not know how to enjoy it properly.

The first impression, the trip itself, is a lasting one. Once out of Fairfax, the green rolling hills rapidly become mountainous. Soon the road is dipping, climbing, twisting; now sunlit, now shadowed by close-growing trees until the whether-or-not of sunglasses is puzzling indeed. At night wild animals are seen along the way, and you must be prepared to stop quickly if a deer should spring out in front of the car. When you reach Olema (pop. 60) the ride is almost over. Still, the little Protestant Church that signals a right turn comes sooner than expected. Then, left on Alturas and up a winding road — with the lagoon far below on the left — to its end, Long Sands.

If you are among the first to arrive at the house, dust covers must be removed, electricity turned on, wood brought in and a fire started, and maybe a couple of beds made for the Sisters who will be there. There will be food and laundry to put away also. It's fun to get there early and do these chores, but it is as much fun to arrive later to a blazing fire and a cry of "You're

just in time for dinner!"

After the first priority (food) is taken care of, activities begin. The house itself furnishes many opportunities. There are bookcases with an odd assortment of books for those who like to curl up in front of the fire and read. It is even possible to do some studying if you have a steady goal and a firm will. For the domestic types, cooking for such appreciative appetities is a joy, and there are usually closets and cupboards which need rearranging. Even cleaning up after meals is not toil, for everyone does her part with good cheer.

Daytime activities vary according to individual tastes. The view of sun-silvered sea with tree-spotted hills in the background is inspiration for artist and contemplative. Venturing forth into town is a must. There you are at liberty to enjoy poking into California history in the antique shop, finding hidden treasures among the old books at the Purple Heron, and being delighted by beautifully made purses and belts and Dale Roush ceramics in the leather shop. Or you can go for a long walk (with a lunch), bringing back so much of the local flora (dried) that you are greeted on your return with, "Well, you look like Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinane!"

The beach is always the biggest attraction. There

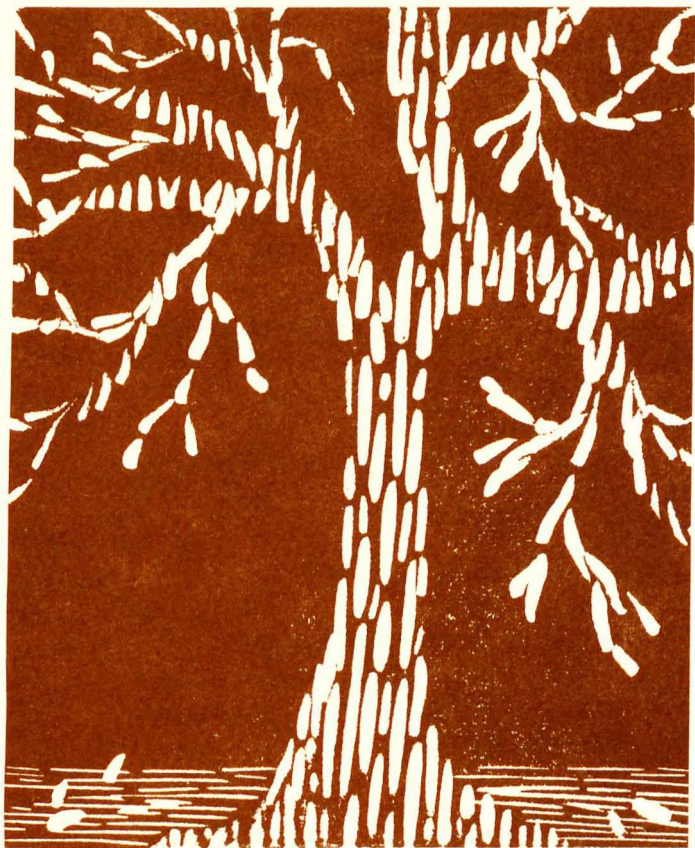
you can make sand candles, sit in the sun if there is any, or swim if you are a sturdy soul. For personal preference, nothing can beat walking along the edge of the water, playing tag with the wavelets and looking for shells. On the Bolinas beach there are quantities of limpet, olivella, and other shells, some no more than one-quarter inch from end to end. Farther along, on Agate Beach, you can pick up bits of colored glass worn smooth and an occasional piece of California jade, as well as multi-colored stones which might be agates, but no one else is quite sure either.

Evening activities also depend on the individual. During dessert and just after dinner there are "intellectual" games to be played. Then there is usually a group which goes for a walk; this is all very well with a flashlight, but it would be too easy to go over the cliff without. Some like to play bridge, others work jigsaw puzzles, read, roast marshmallows, or just relax and talk. There is always music — usually guitars and singing, but sometimes radio or phonograph — and occasionally a recorder or two. Often one of the highlights of the evening's entertainment is charades: stellar performances of a piece of seaweed and of a split end have been given within recent memory. Finally it is time to bring down the mattresses and get ready for bed. And there is no more comfortable way to sleep than wrapped in blankets in front of a fire.

Along with the natural beauties to revel in and other-than-school activities to pursue, there is nothing

like a Bolinas weekend for meeting new people and making new friends. The days pass too quickly; the time comes to return to San Rafael. It is hard for even a seasoned and addicted Bolinas Weekender to say which is the best part: the anticipation, the doing, or the remembering.

Lynn Holden



The *FIREBRAND* staff asked Etal Adnan if she could perhaps give us a poem for publication. She wrote in answer:

Here is the poem. It is a bit of a riddle: I was having dinner in Caleruega with a few students; it happened that most of them were science majors. Monique Klee was there; and Marge Dean was telling how in the lab that afternoon while waiting for the crystals to be formed, Monique was reading Verlaine for the French class in XIXth century poetry that she is taking with me. The discussion turned to whether there is or there is not poetry in science . . . and I was among those who were saying there is. So I asked what poem it was that Monique was reading and what was the formula for the crystals . . . I promised to write a poem on them that night . . . and I did. I hope you will put it in the *Firebrand*.

thanks,
Etel A.

And we did; and here is the poem.

The Birth of Crystals

or

Verlaine in a Laboratory

The first assignment
said: add
 potassium permanganate
 to
 hydrochloric acid
Remember alchemy.

The second

assignment: read Verlaine
read Verlaine
in French
outside it is Spring
each tree a huge
flower explosion
the sky is a water-
filled bucket
washed out
water and detergent
having whitened the clouds

the student was reading
soleils couchants
a weakened dawn
pouring melancholy

pour toluene
aromatic acid
on the beach
let your imagination
be the reflux apparatus
where huge and purple
suns
warm up
your solutions

the melancholy of
experiments which
may never work
slow to come
if ever . . .

The temperature fell.

The poem was read.

The crystals

pure benzoic acid
were born.

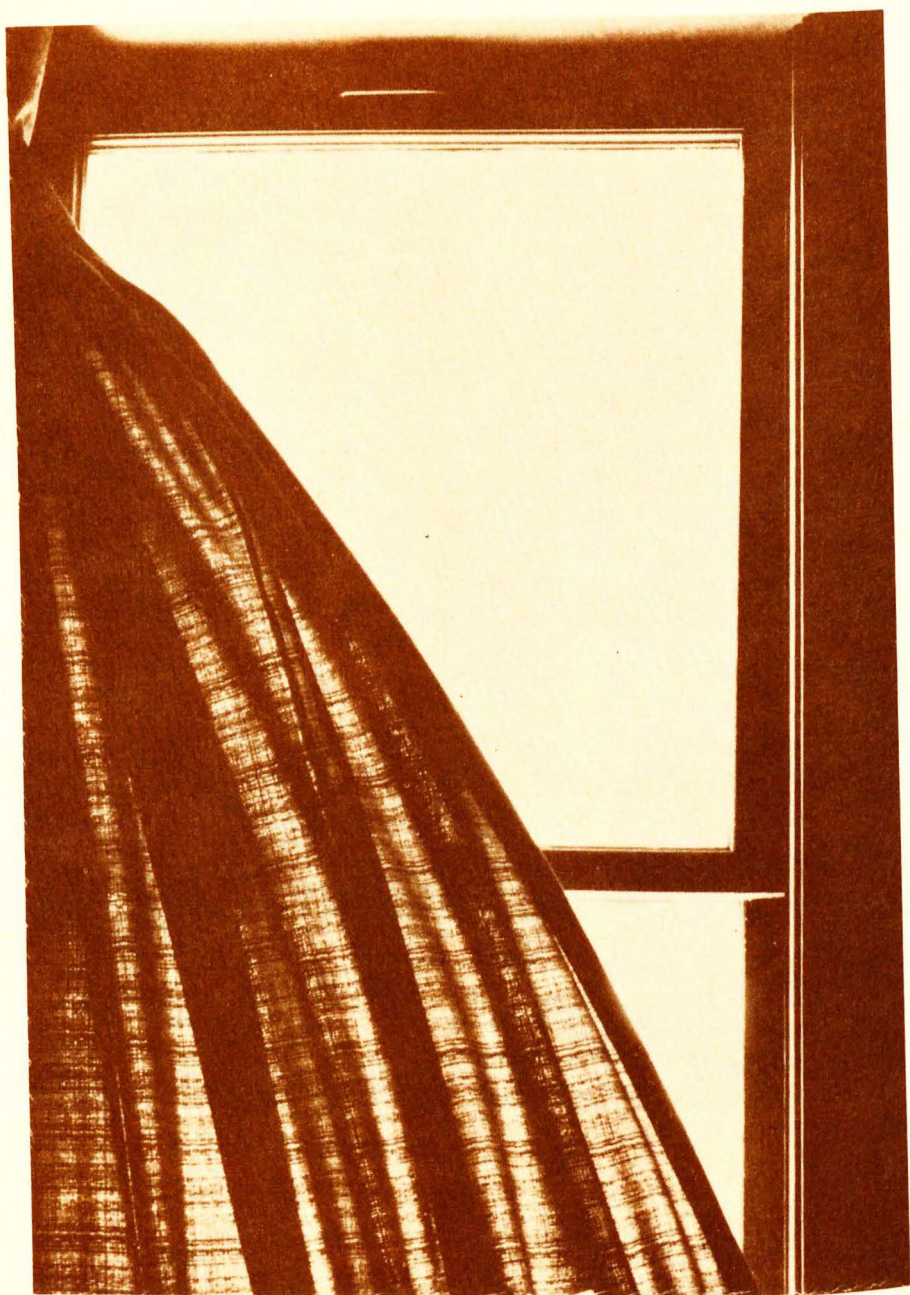
Etel Adnan



FIRE STORMS

When the fire storms of the future come,
Leaping from island to continent;
And the cinders from all the icons
 Broken and whole,
Kiss greyly a flattered flag reading \$1.98;
When Orion and his brothers, the eyes of men who love,
Cease to blink;
And all the trampled laughs of humanity,
 Turned to dust,
Cease to swirl around those deceased;
When the fire storms of dead humanity,
Unfoolish in a simple world,
The last of the devouring, hungry without a will,
Slyly, surely pounce upon the beach,
Our shadows, etched upon the glass,
Lingering
Something that knows we were not destroyed
 By man's last handclap;
No; A flame that birthed in you,
That birthed in me.

Bo Thorsen



LIGHTS OUT

Once upon a time, TV and even drive-in movies were unknown, if you can imagine that; there was only radio. So you see, there wasn't too much for the younger high school kids to do in the winter except to listen to the radio. Sundays were good because we could listen to Eddie Cantor, Jack Benny, Fred Allen, and people like that. But Friday nights were best; that's when we listened to "Lights Out." If you've never heard of "Lights Out," that's too bad. It was the eeriest and most gruesome mystery program on the air. There wasn't much fun in listening alone though, so we'd have "Lights Out" parties. Actually, they weren't really parties; we'd just invite a gang of kids our age to someone's home and listen together. We'd all get settled comfortably somewhere in the room, mostly on the floor, then turn on the radio and wait for the announcer to say: "Lights Out, everyone." He always said "Lights Out" in a low, solemn voice. When he said "everyone" it was like a command, and we'd put out the lights. There was always a slowly closing, creaking door in the background, and when the door finally closed with a bang, the story would begin. We always kept the lights out during the entire program, no matter how scary the story became. No one ever admitted to being scared, although occasionally a girl or two would get up and run to the bathroom during a gruesome part. We'd give them a hard time when they returned. Sometimes, while the lights were out, it would become a smooching party. There

was always at least one couple who came just to smooch anyway, no matter how good the show was; they were usually juniors or seniors and didn't really appreciate a good mystery story. Just like today in a drive-in movie, right?

We did more than just listen to mystery stories though; we also made up our own. My brother Frank and I, and Mae Rogers, a girl who lived catty-corner across the field from our house, were the ringleaders. We needed only two kids to tell a story, but usually several would drop in to listen and then tell their own. Most of the time we made up our stories as we went along, but sometimes we'd vary a "Lights Out" story and tell it like we thought it should have happened. After a while, we each settled on a particular kind of story and we would just vary it a little each time we retold it. We'd even call each other by the titles of our stories, like people used to call my brother "Old Bloody Bones" Frank. We never tired of rehearsing or retelling the same old stories; in fact, as we listened, we'd suggest changes to make them better or more gruesome. Sometimes we'd even include our listeners in our stories, but we'd make sure they never were killed or even hurt, just scared to death when demons almost caught them or a bloody hand came out of a wall and just missed grabbing them. It was fun to watch their faces as we told our stories.

One night, my brother Frank and I fixed up a scheme to scare the daylights out of Mae Rogers. We invited Mae over to our house to hear a new ghost story. We knew she couldn't resist because for a four-

teen-year-old girl, Mae was one of the best story tellers around. Her stories were really creepy. But best of all, she was a good listener. While Mae and I were sitting in the dark living room and I was telling a story about a whitesheeted ghost who liked to cut girls up into little pieces, "Bloody Bones" Frank sneaked out of the house and put a white sheet over his head. Just as I got to the good part of the story, and Mae was all big eyes and ears, Frank's whitesheeted figure rose up in the window opposite to where Mae and I were sitting. The figure emitted a low, mournful sound and moved back and forth across the window. For a moment, Mae just stared, unable to move; her mouth was working but no sound came out. Suddenly she found her voice, jumped up from the couch screaming, and ran up the stairs crying for my mother. That girl could really run, and scream too! When Mae got to the top of the stairs, she ran into my bearded grandfather who, attracted by her screams, was running down the hall in his white long winter underwear. Mae screeched and came bounding down the stairs two at a time and ran out the front door, only to bump into "Bloody Bones" Frank, still in his sheet. Boy, was there ever bedlam! Mae went running down the street screaming, my grandfather was standing at the head of the stairs shouting: "What's wrong? I'm not naked"; my mother was yelling at Frank and me for scaring Mae, while we two were rolling on the floor with laughter. After that, we didn't tell mystery stories for a long while, at least not at our house.

Nels Lecklikner



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