

1963

## 1963 Firebrand

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# The Firebrand















# THE FIREBRAND

THE DOMINICAN COLLEGE OF SAN RAFAEL



MCMLXIII





*To*

FATHER BLANK



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## THE FIREBRAND

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## Mary Purcell

**TYPISTS**

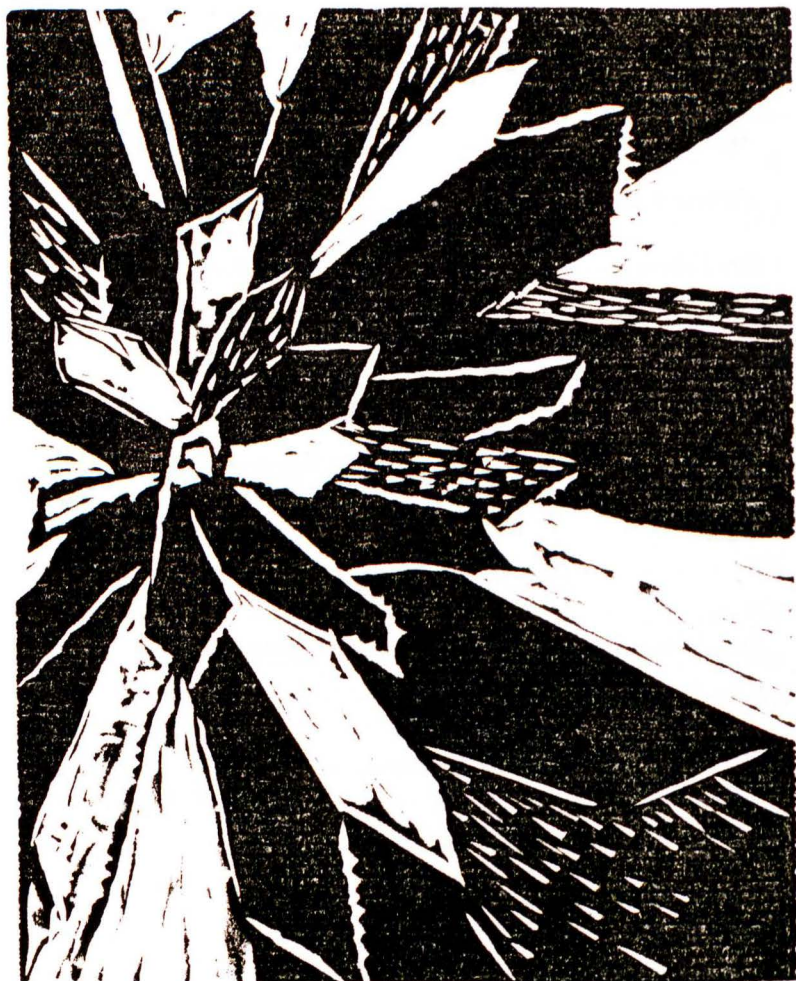
Sandra Menge

Lucinda Schween

Cecilia Walcom

Lucinda Schween

## Cecilia Walcom





## EDITORIAL

THE SPINNING world changes every day and no one seems to notice. But we are jolted to a stop in our swiftly moving lives by graduation, a natural change that cannot be overlooked, cannot pass unnoticed. We must pause, reflect, adjust our perspective.

We hear one another say over and over, "I can't believe I'm a senior!," or "Where have the last four years flown?" The process of discovery is very gradual. We have been unaware, for the most part, of the passage of time, of our development, and of the significance of events relative to our college years. The present absorbed us almost totally while graduation and the future remained distant and hazy.

Now graduation has come and with it comes destruction. Dependence on our parents and college, the "professional student" status, and the comfortable, almost complacent feeling contained within an environment of warmth and security become elements of the past. The freedom that comes when these bonds are dissolved increases our obligation. The hope of our parents has been that through our college education we might be prepared to confront life effectively and constructively. Our debt to them, then, is repaid when we fulfill their hope. We have received here a liberal arts education, a foundation for learning which will weaken and collapse unless

we build upon it. To project and extend the standards and learning of Dominican is to build; if we build, if we go on learning, our college is reimbursed, acknowledged, illuminated, gratified.

In these four years we have been given time to think and deepen intellectually and spiritually. Our personalities have been enriched by an intense and persistent communication with the great minds. Our own minds have been deepened by an understanding of the past and its contribution. Intellectual expansion has been our major concern; but as graduates our physical world flows beyond the bounds of a campus and its books into the realms of family, community, city, country. We are swept from a theoretical to a practical environment, and new responsibilities are brought with the change.

Apprehension often accompanies the acquisition of new demands. One question nags, refusing to be suppressed. How does one meet these new elements? Perhaps the answer lies in an awareness of events and an active, spiritual response to them. The world moves swiftly and we must move with it or our perspective will be blurred. Our potential effectiveness will be nullified.

Though formally graduated we must maintain our status as student while adopting the role of teacher. While in college, well-prepared lectures filtered major concepts from accidental trappings, offered solutions to proposed problems, exposed the major areas for

intellectual investigation. We followed the arguments, proposed our own solutions and capitalized on the guidance of the teachers. They pointed to relationships, emphasized the major principles and supplied a background for understanding. We had materials with which to work and to discover. Throughout life, however, these materials, relationships and backgrounds will change. Knowledge gained here can only be used as a vehicle through which we act. Accelerated progress is a major characteristic of our age. We must create new solutions with which to vanquish these always different, ever-changing, never-ceasing problems. In the words of Henry Adams, "What one knows is, in youth, of little moment; they know enough who know how to learn." The future will tell us if we know "enough."

M.P.





# THE CLASS OF 1963

## JUDY ANTONGIOVANNI

JUDY is first an Italian, then an artist. Proud of her ancestry, "Anton's" speech is often flavored with her "mama mia" accent. And in moments of high excitement she will break forth in her favorite Italian song, "A Viva un Casetta." Judy is superb entertainment. Just how good her good-natured Italian sense of humor is became first apparent when, on St. Patrick's Day of her freshman year, an Antongiovanni was forced to wear green underwear—dyed the night before by Irish roommates.

The artist in Judy is almost as evident as her nationality. Her room is attractively decorated with collages, paintings, and wood-carvings—all Anton creations. Favorite San Francisco haunts are art galleries and art shows, preferably, in Judy's words, "the shows where refreshments are served."

Judy is a chronic organizer which explains why she has so much time for sleep. She plans her schedule and her wardrobe to the minutest detail. Monday evening Judy may be packing for the next weekend. She thinks of every possible necessity—even ski boots, just in case snow falls in San Francisco on Saturday. Remarkably even-tempered, it is only when Judy feels she has been unjustly wronged that indignation breaks the surface. Such indignation does not spoil the record. Judy's generous, considerate nature has earned her many friends, no enemies.





JUDITH CLAIRE ANTONGIOVANNI

Bakersfield, California

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: EDUCATION

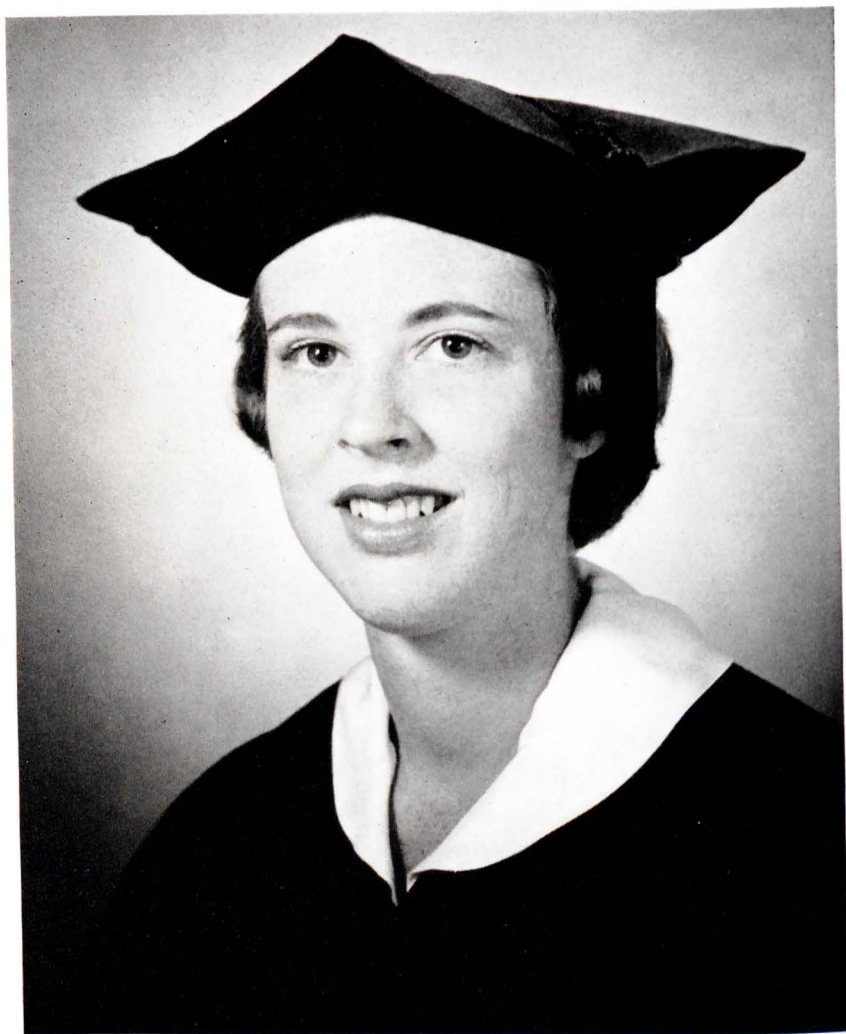
Art Club '61, '62

Italian Club '60, '61, '62, '63

Choral '60, '61, '62, '63

Music Club '63

S.C.T.A. '62, '63



BARBARA LOUISE ARRAS

San Mateo, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: HISTORY

*Cavillon* Staff '61, '62

Business Manager '61, '62

*Meadowlark* Staff '62

Assistant Business Manager '62

French Club '60, '61

Secretary-Treasurer '61

I.R.C. '63

Music Club '60, '61

## BARBARA ARRAS

THE SUBTLER tones dominate—both in dress and mood. Barbara chooses her clothes with unobtrusive care; she goes quietly, though not unnoticed, about the academic and non-academic concerns of college life. She is one who seems relatively untouched by the muddle and tumult that are part of the daily campus routine. Her voice is quiet; her words come almost in monotone though with a faint western twang. The fresh honesty of her remarks, with the occasional sardonic or, at least, ironic turn given them, comes as a bracing shock. Barbara is distinctly if quietly herself. She sees the world from her own uniquely individual point of view and comments accordingly.

She is not easily impressed by others; she herself carries no pretences. Her pleasures are in ordinary things, but she finds extraordinary pleasure in them: loves the San Francisco operas; loves an impulsive jaunt to Petaluma, or an occasional shopping spree that leaves her penniless. And nothing, she thinks, like a refreshing walk in the rain to put things into perspective.

Although her favorite refrain is "I have this problem . . ." it is said in a half-amused, half-bemused tone. In the actuality, whatsoever problem may momentarily be the burden of her refrain, it seems in no central way to disturb the equilibrium of her existence or even to ruffle the poised surface of her finely calibrated self.

## HOLLY ATKISSON

**H**OLLY is a “Holly Go-lightly” in enchanting form. She enjoys those “wild” things which no practical individual understands or even contemplates. Not only does her heart go out to stray cats, but to any four-legged neglected creature. Who else but Holly would take a wounded sparrow from roadside to veterinarian? And have you heard her poem, “Bears Have Feelings, Too”?

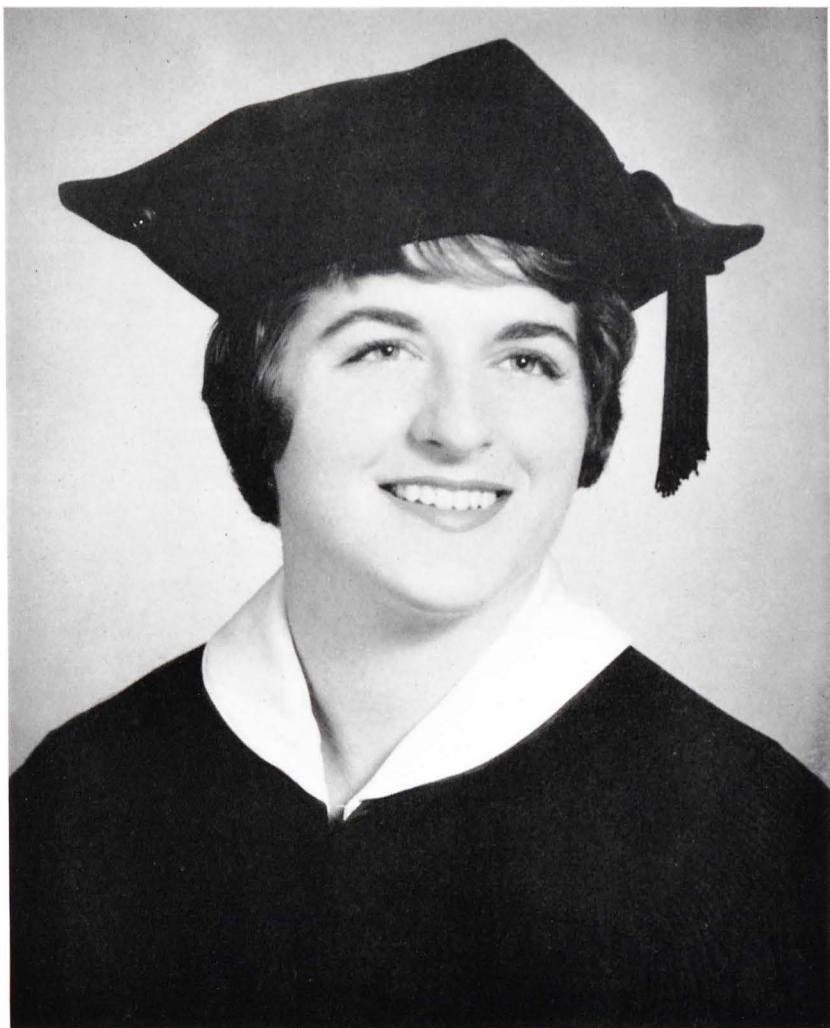
Holly’s interests attach to varied forms of art: figure sketches, the movie world, beautiful drives, and exotically prepared foods. Sensitive to any mistreatment of art forms, she frowns on the girl who sings along with the record.

Reading the daily paper, particularly those articles of human interest, occupies her leisure hours; hours, that is, that she does not spend listening to music and to her roommate’s musical aspirations.

No bit of news is too trivial for Holly to enjoy; she will make it sound like a stupendous incident. Holly derives particular enjoyment from listening—to a lecture, to a friend, or to a group of people. Far more than that person who is anxiously waiting to speak, she becomes wholly involved in sifting and digesting a conversation.

When Holly chuckles she chuckles from her whole being. Her most striking quality is an ability to see the humor in a situation or create a little where it is needed.





HOLLY ELIZABETH ATKISSON

Fresno, California

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Sophomore and Junior Year: Fresno State College

French Club '60

I.R.C. '60, '63



SALLY INEZ ATRAN

Arbuckle, California

MAJOR: PHYSICAL EDUCATION

MINOR: EDUCATION

French Club '60

Italian Club '61, '62, '63

I.R.C. '61

W.A.A. Board '62, '63

Recording Secretary '62

S.C.T.A. '62, '63



## SALLY ATRAN

THE NAME “Sally” conjures up the image not of a face or a figure but of a voice. Nothing is so distinctive about Sally as her voice, but this distinction is deceptive. For her voice is commanding and decisive, and Sally, rather than being domineering, usually seeks advice. While she loves to explore new places and experiences, she prefers not to do so alone. She is quite frank in voicing her opinions but will change her views if a good argument is presented. Sally and her voice are in harmony not when she galvanizes a crowd with a booming “Let’s go, Troops!”, but rather when conversing with a friend. It is always a pleasurable and flattering experience to converse with Sally because she is closely attentive to all you say. She remembers particularly any reference to family and friends and never forgets later to enquire about them.

The expansive, magnanimous quality of Sally’s voice *is* entirely in keeping with her character. Whether issuing a general invitation for everybody to drop in for a visit in Arbuckle or depopulating that same town to provide blind dates for a mixer, Sally is anxious to be of the greatest possible service to all. Nobody who has ever met Sally has forgotten her, nor would anybody ever want to forget her.

**A**NN'S KEEN intelligence is evident in her bright glance; her eyes are ice blue and her glance amusingly sceptical. She is a person of intense energy, yet energy held carefully in control. She is high voltage. If she decides to do a thing, it will be done with dispatch—in the minimum time, with the minimum effort, with the minimum number of words. Ann is nothing if not brief and to the point. She wastes no time on rhetoric; knows nothing of circumlocution.

Ann's social life gets the same concentration as her studies. Solving a statistics problem or organizing an outing to Squaw Valley are for Ann equally simple and equally fun. She has been thought by some to be something of the social butterfly—her life a series of coffee breaks and parties—but that is to judge her leisure and her appearance of jaunty unconcern. If she has more leisure time than most of us, it is because she has earned it.

If Ann has a fault, it is her uncanny ability to sparkle forth at the breakfast table with a cheery "Good morning"—usually wasted on her bleary-eyed comrades. Yet Ann is no hail-fellow-well-met; she reserves a certain amount of privacy. Her inner thought and deepest feeling are known to very few. She is maturely complex, but the complexity is so well integrated that one does not notice.



ANN ELIZABETH BARRY  
Belmont, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION  
FIELD OF CONCENTRATION: SOCIAL SCIENCE

*Fivebrand Staff '63*  
Business Manager '63  
*Meadowlark Staff '62*  
Business Manager '62

French Club '60, '61  
Irish Club '60, '61  
I.R.C. '62, '63



EVELYN JOAN BARRY  
San Anselmo, California  
MAJOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE  
MINOR: HISTORY

Italian Club '60

L.R.C. '62, '63



## LYNN BARRY

**L**YNN is a hustle-bustle of activity. Her schedule is tightly packed. She organizes each day, each activity with special care. A native of Marin County, the "County" is Lynn's life. She enjoys being part of a community where friends and relatives are near enough to visit often. Lynn keeps up with local affairs by reading the *Independent Journal* from cover to cover each day. Her suburban background is reflected in her dress as well as in her manner. She is most comfortable in sun-dress, sandals, dark glasses. The hospitality of her home has offered many a D.C. senior hours of relaxation and sunny diversion.

Never indecisive, frequently impatient, she will terminate what she foresees might be an endless conversation with an emphatic "O, just forget it!" She is quick in her reactions to lights and shadows. She becomes happily excited almost as easily as she sinks to the depths of melancholy. Yet, her innate good humor and good sense quickly temper both.

Not one to covet secret joys or sorrows, Lynn will tell you all about herself. There are the proverbial two sides to her personality. The one enjoys parties, baseball games, friends, dancing. The other, a quiet searching person, loves to get away from everything and take a walk or work quietly in the garden. Lynn can maintain herself in high gear for only so long; then, the peace and quiet must come.

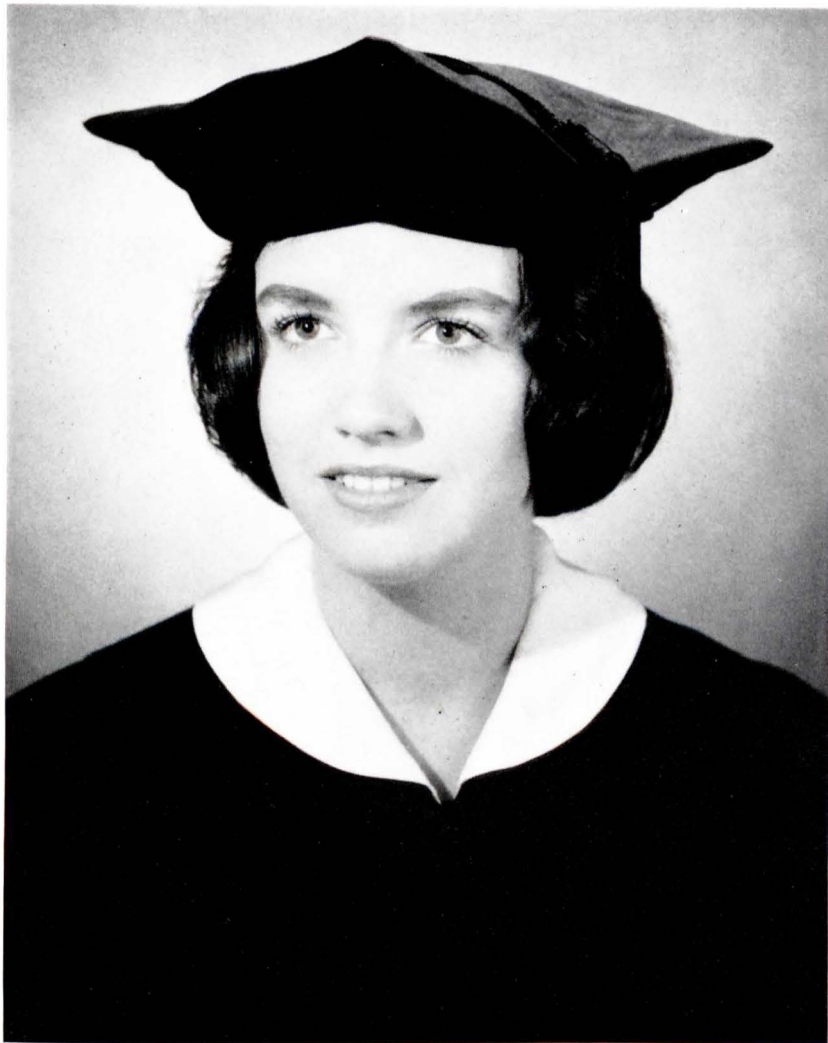
## MARY KAY BEERS

MARY KAY defies analysis; every general descriptive statement requires a qualifying clause. Her best friends accept a certain amount of bewilderment as part of life with Mary Kay. She is most discriminating in her tastes, attitudes and ideas, but she does tend to generalize. She is talkative and is quick to express and defend her opinions, but she never reveals all that she is thinking. Her inconsistencies may be due to her femininity.

That Mary Kay is feminine is obvious (although she does have strong political interests and affiliations). She loves luxury; and she exercises a discriminating taste to achieve the desired degree of comfort and elegance. She loves to dine and to be entertained in the grand manner, but she also loves to be simply at home. It is indicative of her personality that she chooses "the one best" cooking oil with the same care that she uses in choosing "the one best" perfume.

Mary Kay is wonderfully sociable and joins happily in any group discussion. She is extremely generous and thoughtful of other people's feelings. Yet it is difficult to come to know Mary really well. She is a deep person and has always a tendency to keep her innermost thoughts and feelings to herself. She is much appreciated by those who choose a friend carefully.





MARY CATHERINE BEERS  
Sacramento, California  
MAJOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE  
MINOR: ECONOMICS

Music Club '62  
Schola '63

I.R.C. '60, '61, '62, '63  
Model U.N. '60, '61, '62



MARY MICHAEL BRADLEY  
Santa Ana, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH  
MINOR: MUSIC

*Firebrand* Staff '63  
French Club '60  
Irish Club '61  
Schola '62

Music Club '60, '61, '62, '63  
Vice-President '62  
Symphony Forum Representative '61, '62

## MARY BRADLEY

MARY, all dressed up, is the picture of sweet sophistication; and most especially, is her culture evident when she is engaged in a discussion of a favorite opera or composer. Her tall graceful figure and her flair for elegance in her choice of clothes reinforce this impression. Relaxed in her approach, Mary is an expert at doing the proper thing. As hostess or guest, she can, with a kind of reticent charm, unobtrusively put those around her at ease.

Mary, though quiet and dignified, is still, in the most enviable way, a child at heart. Her large eyes express excitement in simple activities — playing bridge, riding downtown for a cone, or joining a gab fest. Enthusiasm follows her everywhere.

She has a penchant for reducing the most complex or pompous intellectual or literary notion to an amusing phrase; and no matter how ridiculous, her comments are never without a measure of truth. The “dumb act” is her specialty, and it is in the “dumb manner,” with the timing of a true comedienne, that her most incisive remarks or even just her funniest comments are delivered. She is also amusingly absent-minded. But Mary is unperturbed: she acts calmly; she is placid, matter-of-fact, enchanting. No problem is insoluble, nor is there one without a comical aspect. Mary’s charm centers in a simple candidness which is sincere, warm, and magnetic.

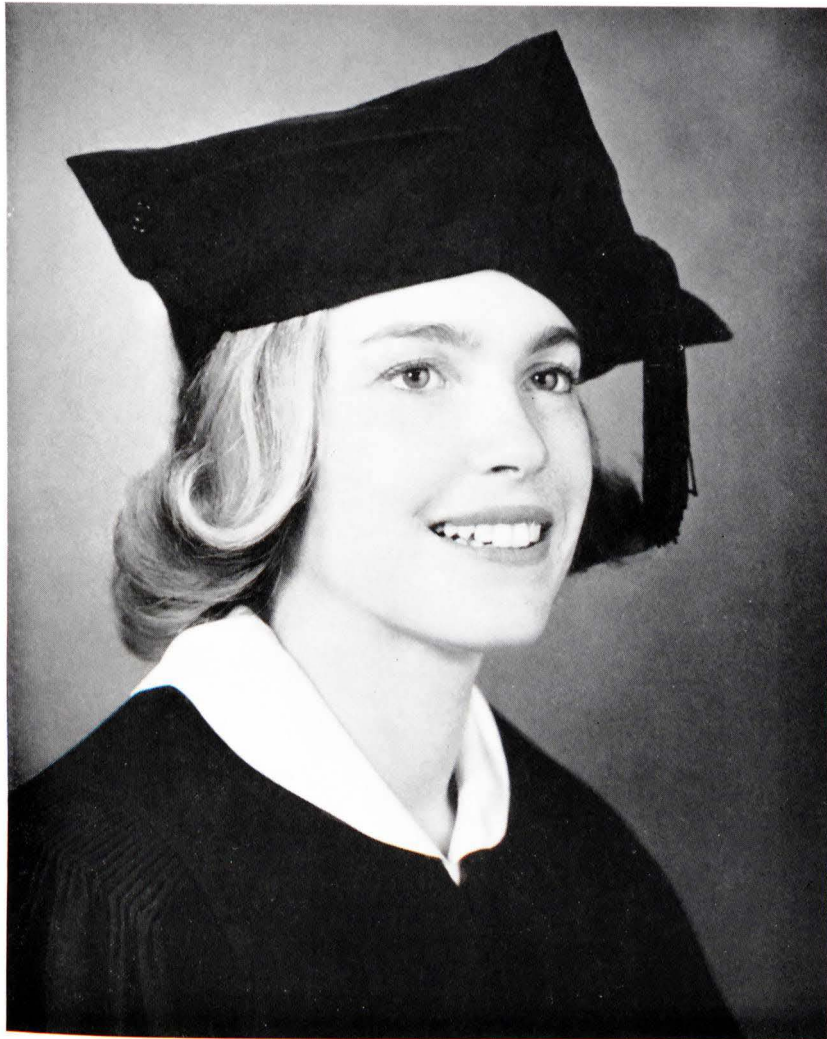
## LANA BROWN

**I**F YOU answer “Oui” to Lana’s “Parlez-vous français?” you will *sans doute* receive a radiant smile brightened by the sparkle in her blue eyes. Lana is ecstatic about things French. She, herself, in the true French tradition, finds a delight in life. Yet, no matter how intense her pleasure, there is always a certain dignity and reserve. Lana is the lady: her femininity prevails on snowy ski slopes as well as at the gala first-night of the San Francisco Opera, on horseback as well as at a cotillion. Her gay laughter and bubbling effervescent enthusiasm are themselves a delight: she adds spice to the bland conversation and can with a deft turn of the tongue smooth over a tense awkward moment.

Above all things, Lana loves travel—travel of any kind. She finds it an absolute necessity to be on the move. There was her junior year of study abroad, from which she returned with her French polished and with several new layers of culture; there are her week-end dashes to San Francisco, and her nightly sorties to her friends of West Wing Pennafort.

Lana takes her studies seriously but maintains that she concentrates best in the late hours. During the day distractions come: friends passing by, the lure of Herbert’s ice cream. With a tilt of the head and a swish of the hair that comes between herself and a clear vision of the world, Lana is on the move.





LANA LOUISE BROWN  
Merced, California

MAJOR: FRENCH  
MINOR: HISTORY

Junior Year: Villa des Fregères, Fribourg

French Club '60, '61, '63  
I.R.C. '60, '61

Music Club '61



BONNIE LUISE BURNS  
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH  
MINOR: HISTORY

Junior Year: San Francisco State College

Freshman Representative '60  
Executive Board '60

I.R.C. '61



## BONNIE BURNS

**A**N ASTUTE mind coupled with a quick wit and a warm heart mark Bonnie as an exceptional, delightful personality. Her ability to absorb knowledge quickly and retain it exactly (without the aid of notes or textbook) is consistently verified each January and May. The ease with which she fulfills her role as a student leaves her envied free time. A Faulkner novel, a tennis game, a sun bath behind Pennafort, a record session (most likely the Kingston Trio) absorb her during those created hours of leisure. That part of life—a very small part—which fails to catch her interest, is simply ignored.

Bonnie is an instigator. She is also willing to chance everything for that which she desires. If her eyes sparkle, watch out! She is undoubtedly up to something. Judy Antongiovanni will tell you that in our freshman year Bonnie's eyes flashed once too often; Judy ended up with underwear dyed green in honor of St. Patrick. Can anyone forget Bonnie's fifty-dollar "dream car" purchased on impulse? Who of her friends can forget those small but significant Italian phrases which often creep into her conversation, or the private TV party she suggested and arranged in Room 308 Fanjeaux? Bonnie personifies Dominican's traditional spirit of friendliness. But one must know her to gain entrance to her private world—a world of wit, critical observation, good times, and honesty.

## MARY BURRITT

**D**AUNTLESS and optimistic, Mary is a foil to life's cares. Her bright face seldom surrenders a smile for a frown. Her cheerful, friendly disposition is mirrored by sparkling eyes and a radiant smile, and she fearlessly enjoys life however problematical it may become. She is never bored by "routine," yet new and exciting experiences attract her. Adventure seems to follow Mary, and consequently the simplest acts turn into dramatic episodes at her touch. Who but Mary could convert a moonlit trek through the wet weeds behind the new library into an African safari? Who but Mary could "gracefully" enter a swank club car and shockingly discover that one leg of her culotte skirt was dangling very empty from her chair? After these experiences are over and Mary recalls them, her eyes inevitably are transformed into shiny slits brimming with tears and her shoulders rock with giddy laughter.

Once Mary does something and enjoys it, she cannot help but "sell" it to everyone who hasn't done it. After climbing the hill behind Caleruega she enthusiastically insisted "Why you can see *seven* counties! You really ought to try it!" Mary's enthusiasm also enables her to be a determined and successful student. If she is not in her room, her roommate can be sure that she is studying in the Fanjeaux lounge, wearing earplugs, chain-smoking, and becoming addicted to cokes.



MARY SHELIA BURRITT

Atascadero, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

FIELD OF CONCENTRATION: LITERATURE

Student Affairs Board '63  
House Regulations Chairman '63  
Absence Committee '61, '62

Irish Club '60, '61  
Music Club '62, '63  
S.C.T.A. '62



MARY ANNE CARROLL  
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: HISTORY  
MINOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

French Club '60, '61, '62  
Italian Club '60, '61

I.R.C. '60, '61, '63



## ANNE CARROLL

**A**NNE needs no persuasion to pull out an old costume, stuff it with pillows, paint her face with lipstick and mascara, don her antique “Maudie Frickett” shoes, and hobble from room to room evoking gales of laughter. Whether she be carefully formulating the intricacies of a practical joke to be played on her roommate or discussing the Common Market, she thinks practically and logically and hesitates to speak or act impulsively because she has confidence in her *well chosen* thoughts and opinions.

Anne is straightforward, frank, and honest with others as well as with herself. When her opinions, especially political ones, conflict with those of others, she enjoys discussing them at any hour of the day or night. Although her mind responds quickly and almost reflexively in conversation, she is willing to sit back and listen to others because she respects them as well as their beliefs.

Anne is, at all times, the perfect hostess. Whether it be sponsoring a midnight coffee break in her room or entertaining her classmates with a party at her home, she has the charm and grace befitting a “First Lady.” But it is Anne’s mischievous and invaluable talent for making anything, no matter how difficult, fun, which endears her to everyone. Perhaps this is when Anne is most herself: laughing and enjoying the laughter of others.



## PEGGY CASSIDY

**P**EGGY CASSIDY wears individuality like a bright and shiny new badge. Whatever is conformity, Peggy isn't. A wide ski-band worn everyday, a brilliant blue-striped dress, a shambled bedroom, an abstract print, hours spent contemplating the sun's play on one leaf are all reflections of her distinctive spirit.

Four years ago Peggy's rebellion burst into foolish pranks: many careless, some quite rude. Knowing the wicked schemes of the pajama-clad, reddish-haired devil racing down the Fanjeaux halls, Peggy's classmates would retreat to their rooms to escape her water-shower or some like evil. Peggy still rebels, but now less obtrusively by mimicking recording personalities, by slashing a canvas with bright colors, by designing gaily printed dresses, by creating dances shaped to off-beat rhythms of Ray Charles. There have been other changes too; she no longer flits carelessly from book to book but loses herself in her favorite art courses. Still restless, Peggy jumps from one plan to another, but new plans replace the former chaos and confusion.

The sophisticated woman sometimes masks the rebel child. Elegantly dressed and smiling calmly, Peggy graces a room with her lovely, self-contained presence. But soon the hands move, the eyes sparkle, the figure dances—she can't sit still. And the image refracts into a myriad of bright and glittering pieces.



PEGGY ANN CASSIDY

San Jose, California

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: EDUCATION

Art Club '61, '62  
The Troupers '63  
Music Club '63

Irish Club '60, '61, '62, '63  
Spanish Club '60  
S.C.T.A. '62



MONTSERRAT HEBE CASTEDO  
Correo El Monte, Chile

MAJOR: ART

Transferred from Sacramento State College '61

Art Club '62

## MONTSI CASTEDO

MONTSI's loveliness has a quality like that of Spain's old and beautiful mountain shrine from which comes her name. Her striking and refined beauty is enhanced by her sensitive awareness of magnificence in nature. She has been seen climbing an apple tree near Anne Hathaway, carefully choosing dandelions in front of Pennafort, and hauling part of a dead tree back to her room. The tree stump becomes a table in a room filled with products of Montsi's creative talents—pottery, paintings, acorn people, and ceramic jewelry. By the hour Montsi listens to Schumann piano music and Schubert lieder. She reads Chilean authors, sharing savored passages with someone who will understand. Her art work easily absorbs her and less appealing obligations must wait for mañana. Montsi's overflow of imagination and inspiration materializes in ingenious pranks and costume-party get-ups. One time she brought two real, live malamutes to the third floor of Pennafort.

Montsi seeks out the helpless. All animals—catapillars, dogs, birds, a llama she once had—are dear. An ailing roommate gets fluffed pillows, soft music, and Montsi's cure-all—fresh lemons. Montsi loves to dance, to be outdoors, to be entertained, to go places; most of all she is fond of a warm, homey atmosphere. Montsi can usually be found knitting in her softly lighted room which smells of jasmine tea.



## PAMELA CESARETTI

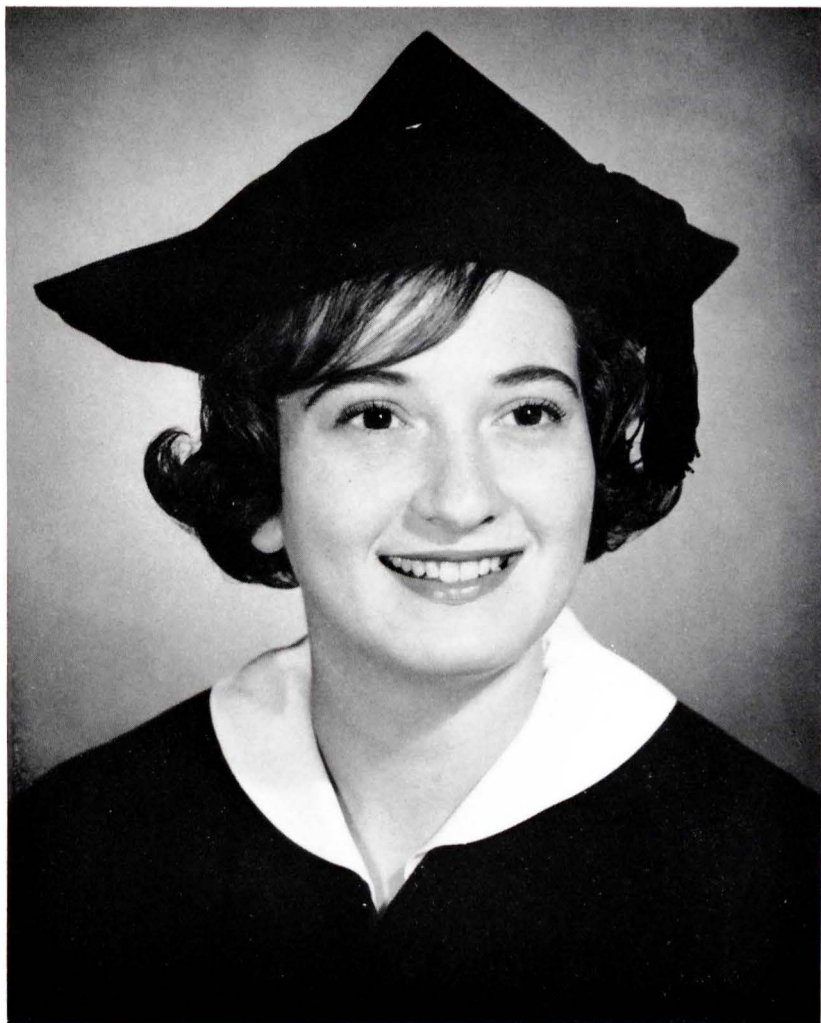
PAMELA is a way of life—a hectic, energetic, vehement life. Everything she does is a big event; every sentence is ended with an exclamation point. Happiest when inundated in a noisy, laughing group, Pam's greatest dislike is that of being alone with "the four staring walls." But, then, with her personality and ability to make lasting friends, she seldom finds herself alone.

Pam is like an autocratic government with a show of democracy; she prolongs deliberation to the point of agony, asking the opinion of everyone, and then does as she pleases. Her life revolves around page 35 of the *Call-Bulletin*, her horoscope. If asked "How's everything?" she has been known to reply, "I don't know, I haven't read my horoscope yet!"

*Vogue* and *Glamour* magazines rate high with Pam. She is extremely fashion-conscious and loves to go shopping, invariably finding a "little something." Creative, Pam can "whip up" a dress in an evening.

Generosity is a synonym for Pamela. Her car, her home, her time are yours. She will fix your hair for a last-minute date, drive you to the bus, open her guest room for you. It does not matter how much commotion surrounds Pam, she has time for everyone. She will always have time to give and to enjoy sharing in the fun and confusion of being with people.



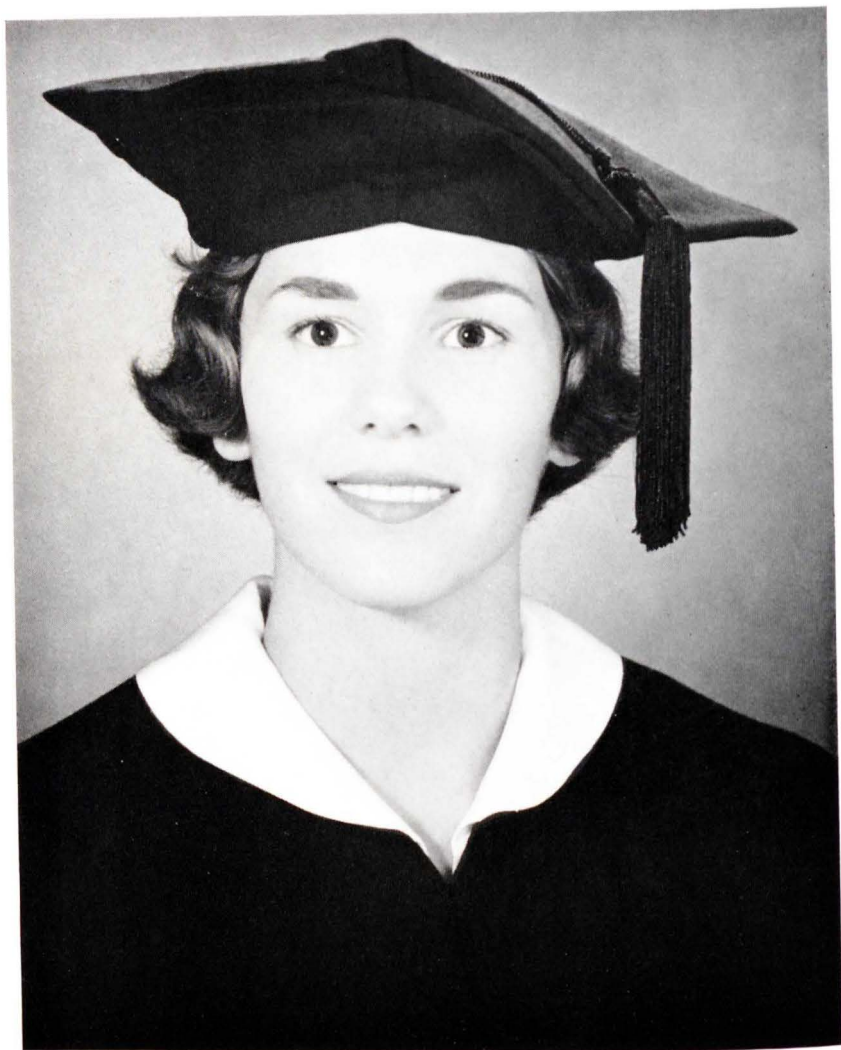


PAMELA IRENE CESARETTI  
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY  
MINOR: EDUCATION AND PSYCHOLOGY

I.R.C. '63

Italian Club '60, '62



LORETTA IRENE DEL MISSIER  
Seattle, Washington

MAJOR: ENGLISH  
MINOR: HISTORY

*Firebrand* Staff '63  
Class Secretary '60  
Class Treasurer '62

House Chairman '61  
Social Committee '62  
Italian Club '60, '61

## LORETTA DEL MISSIER

**L**ORETTA is extraordinarily friendly, thoughtful, capable, and unimpressed by her own abilities. Consequently, she is bewildered by the constant procession of people asking her to run for office, lead a group discussion, accept a blind date, exhibit her Charleston. While disclaiming any ability for the proposed task, she is too good-natured to refuse, and she performs her duties with such integrity and with such efficiency that that procession grows longer than ever.

Although she loves being part of some group endeavor, Loretta has also numerous personal interests and resources. She likes every kind of music from rock-and-roll to opera, every dance from twist to classical ballet. She has at least one new hobby a month, and she throws herself into each project—be it castanets or pottery—with unabashed enthusiasm. When involved with one idea, she departs from the crowd and enters a dream-world which she insists is deep concentration.

People are naturally endeared to somebody who so easily forgets herself and becomes involved with others. It is never embarrassing to request a favor from her because she graciously assumes that you are doing *her* a favor by asking. Loretta, as has been mentioned, is extraordinarily . . . is extraordinary.

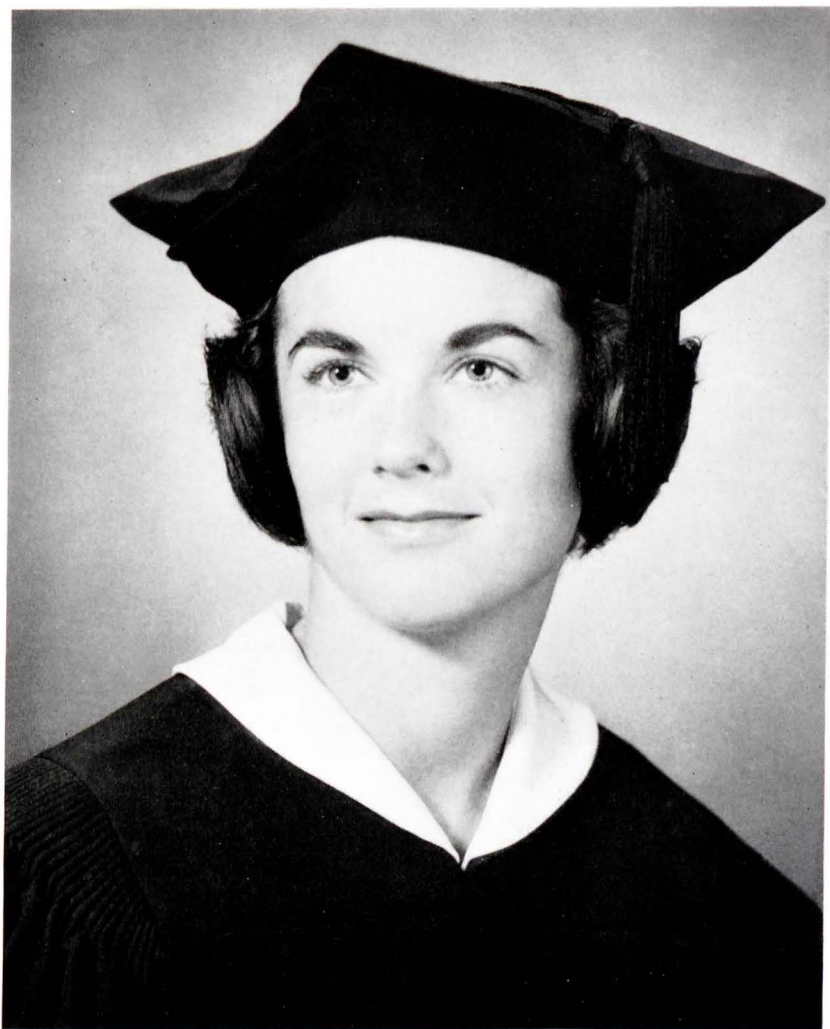
**G**AY FLOWERS, soft music, a good book, and small children suggest Berta's personality. But the fragile femininity does not altogether hide the strong, practical character which resides below the surface. Berta can be independent and stubborn. Little, if anything, can reverse a previously made decision. Nor is she apathetic, but definitely "For" or "Against."

Though she is, perhaps, happiest at home, in her small town, amidst her large family, she loves a party or night out in San Francisco. And though ten p.m. is her week-night deadline, Berta summons stored energy for the occasion. Her personality lies somewhere in that happy territory between the extrovert and the introvert. She does really prefer a few close friends to a large group of acquaintances. Yet, she is not exactly exclusive either; she is simply content with the friends she has and life as it now exists. Her friends, in their turn, place her in the "ideal friend" category.

As a student, Berta is somewhat organized and usually prepared. She candidly admits, "I do the minimum." Thus, she gets a bit "shaky" when confronted with certain academic situations—an Ethics final, for example. She can, after she has survived such situations, look back and laugh.

Berta's greatest fear, other than war and dead birds, is her fear of hurting someone. Berta never does.





ROBERTA ANN FANOE

Gonzales, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: EDUCATION

Irish Club '61, '62  
Italian Club '60

S.C.T.A. '62, '63





ANNA FOULDS  
Masaka, Uganda

MAJOR: ART  
MINOR: EDUCATION

Transferred from Junior Teacher Training College, Namaginga, Uganda '60

Foreign Students Club '62, '63

## ANNA FOULDS

**A**NNA is queenly: in her erect bearing, in the stateliness of her composure, in the understanding compassionate glance. There is a certain aloofness, but no iota of disdain. Anna stands back, observes, and chuckles at the madcap antics of the girls about her. She seems unruffled by the usual crises of student life; she moves steadily and rhythmically. She talks, paints, sings, and even laughs in quiet, cadenced movements. If there is occasional stillness, it is the stillness of deep waters.

Anna best expresses herself in paint. Her paintings are bright with color; they are resonant with meaning, but we are not sure that we are understanding the whole. There is an unfathomable quality. Her work bespeaks a person of delicate sensibilities; they tell also of a different culture. No one passes through the art building without stopping, admiring, and wondering.

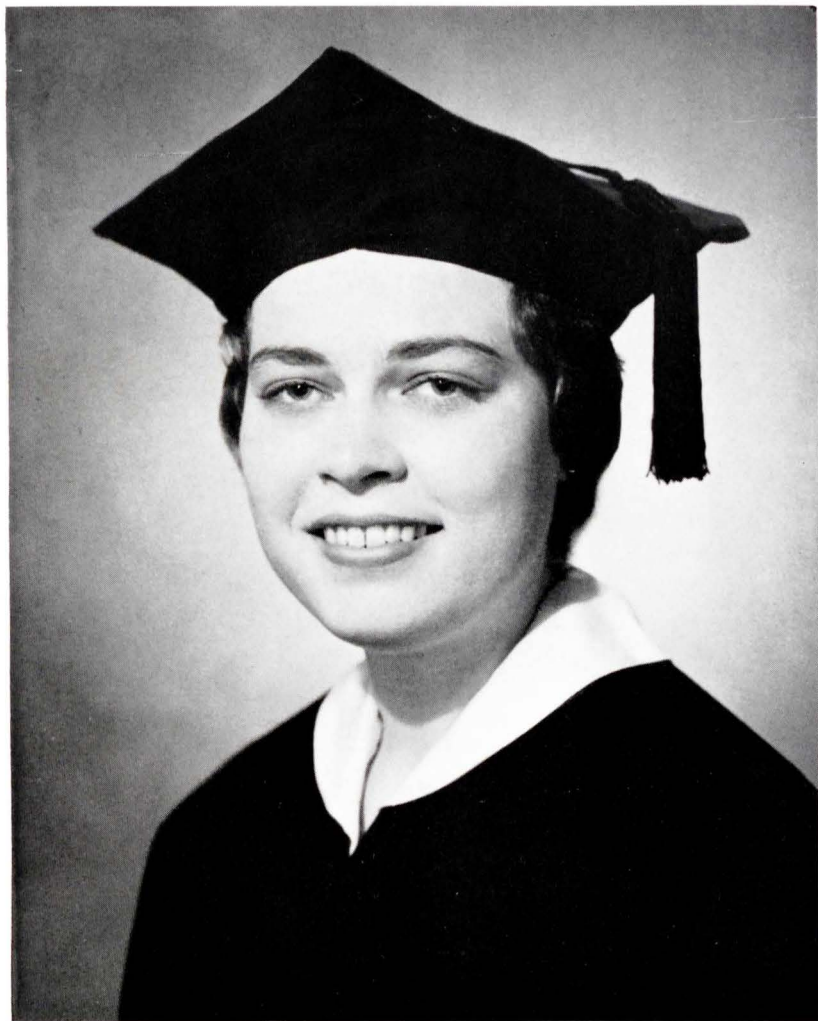
In the three years that Anna has been with us, she has fitted with remarkable ease into the American pattern of life. Only occasionally does she pass a remark that makes us realize just how difficult an adjustment it must have been. If she has a criticism, it is of Americans who think of Africa in terms of jungles and swamps whereas it is a place of lovely cities, of beauty and of high culture. Anna has been Uganda's best piece of diplomacy. Surely, she has been also our Dark Angel.

## ANNE GREGORY

**P**ERHAPS being the big sister in a family of four children has helped to form Anne into the patient, understanding person she is. A sympathetic listener, she has the rare gift of knowing when not to offer sensible, logical, and unsolicited advice. If asked for an opinion, she will give a frank, thoughtful solution to the problem—but only if asked. She expects the same consideration.

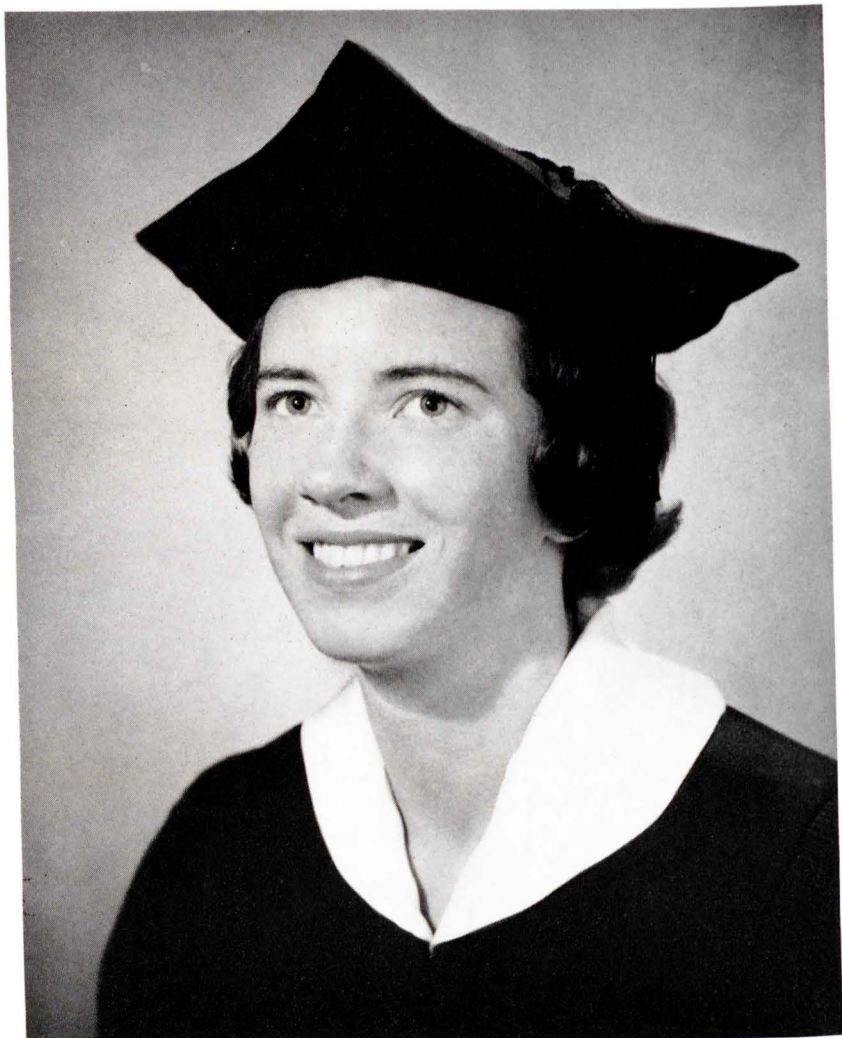
Anne, a person who prefers a relatively uncomplicated way of life, has a genius for working herself into absurd situations, usually by trying to avoid them. Because she tends to follow the path of least resistance in her own work habits, and because she can never resist helping another struggling classmate, she often finds herself in the same position as the person she helps. She always manages, through a peculiar mixture of semi-panic and fatalism to work herself out of every situation in somewhat the same way she got into it.

Although enjoying the community activities of bridge and long sessions of coffee and conversation, Anne also requires a certain amount of solitude and the company of her own thoughts. An attempt to counteract a certain shyness may obscure the depth of Anne's thought to the casual observer. Nothing can hide her charitable nature.



ANNE MARGARET GREGORY  
San Lorenzo, California  
MAJOR: LATIN  
MINOR: ENGLISH  
Schola '63





MARY LUCILLE GROWNEY  
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: HISTORY  
MINOR: EDUCATION

Social Committee '60, '61

Absence Committee '60



## MARY LOU GROWNEY

MARY LOU is happiest in a crowd where new acquaintances are fast becoming friends. Possessed of an expansive personality, she is able to cultivate friendships with an assortment of people, all of whom have wildly varying interests and personalities, and all of whom are united in a common regard for Mary Lou. In consequence, no matter where she goes—and she visits any number of places—she is bound to “run into” at least one old friend.

Definite and vociferous in her views, Mary Lou has also many of the qualities of a natural leader. Once convinced, it is uncanny how effectively she can sway others to her point of view. And she has the ability to unify a number of individuals into an enthusiastic group.

She enjoys organizing an excursion, for a group or for herself, but she prefers rather unelaborate, uncomplicated plans. She enjoys a trip to the beach for sunbathing, a ride in the country, perhaps an impromptu party. She is also content to be alone, engrossed in a good book or simply relaxing.

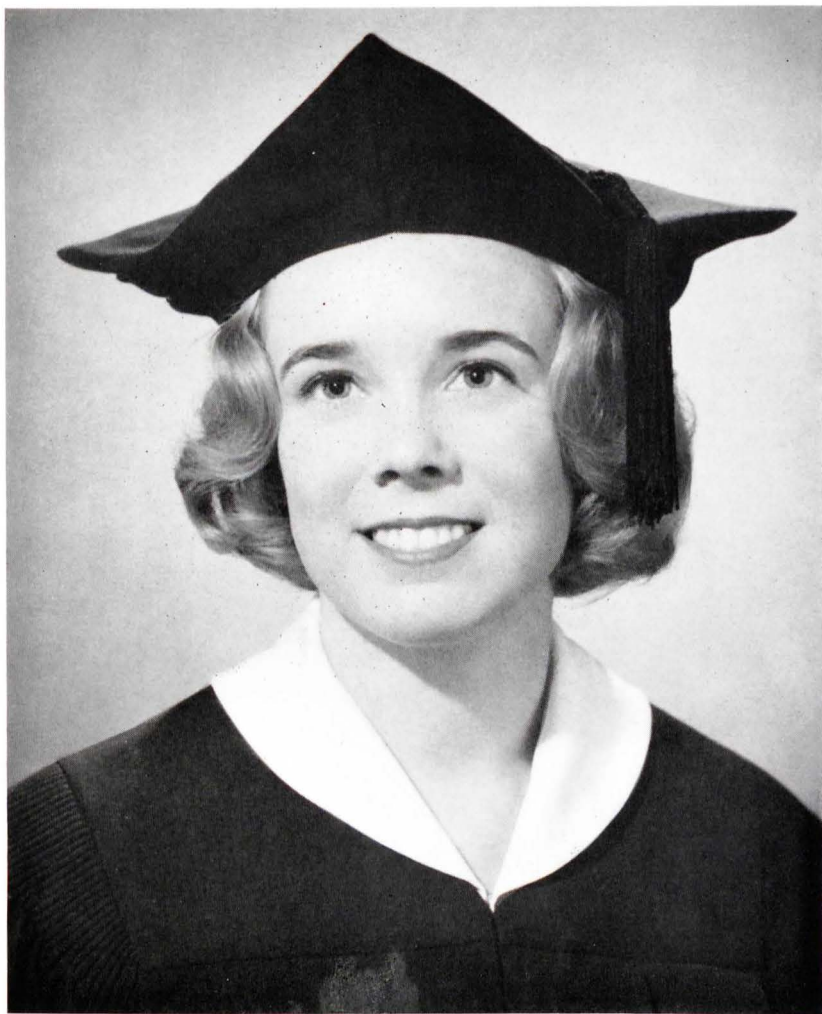
Relaxation, she has found, is the best solution for the most nerve-wracking problem—“just sleep on it.” Friends and acquaintances also find a visit with Mary Lou a help in solving problems. Her own objective, matter-of-fact viewpoint brings many difficulties into perspective.

## PEGGY HARPOLE

PEGGY's tall, blond good looks are the picture of confidence and dependability, but her bouncing hair and turned-up nose give pause. True, for Peggy a well-spent life is made up of well-spent days. She rises early to a day compact of Mass, classes, a piano lesson, discussion planning, and study in the library. Peggy does hate to miss anything: the symphony (especially a Brahms program), dances, lectures, trips to Bolinas. Gracious and conscientious, she is the perfect hostess for campus activities.

Yet, order does not dominate. Typing papers at the last minute and trying (though often failing) to get places on time are characteristic. An impending decision often involves a momentous struggle; she must be certain of the right before she acts. However, her reaction to people—to their charms and foibles—is immediate and wholehearted: she squeals, blushes, laughs, or droops. Her frankness disarms by its sincerity and unaffectedness. She will not pretend to understand what she does not.

Peggy's practicality is occasionally submerged by her romantic self. She is home-loving, cries outrageously at movies, and is terrified at the Fanjeaux Halloween parties. Those she admires—friend, a teacher, or member of her family—become her models. Peggy's idealism is to be envied, for it is accompanied by a strong faith and a strong will.



MARGARET MARY HARPOLE

Portland, Oregon

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Class Vice-President '60  
N.E.C.C.S. Senior Delegate '62  
Executive Board '62  
Music Club '61, '62

Third Order of Saint Dominic '63  
Schola '60, '61, '62, '63  
Science Club '63



MAUREEN HARTMANN  
San Rafael, California

MAJOR: PHILOSOPHY  
MINOR: GERMAN

Transferred from University of California at Davis '61  
German Club '62  
President '62

I.R.C. '61



## MAUREEN HARTMANN

**M**AUREEN is a philosophy major with some of the traits traditionally attributed to the philosopher. Her methods of thought are logical and exhaustingly thorough. Her delight in the intellectual and her capacity for devoting her whole mind to the philosophical problem of the moment, explain why she is sometimes a bit oblivious to problems of daily life.

She loves people although she can never remember their names. She enthusiastically partakes in class activities when she is aware of them. Her utter frankness in admitting that she is absent-minded completely disarms anybody inclined to take offense. She worries only insofar as she thinks that it may help to remedy a situation, and she does not worry about being absent-minded. Good humor and unfailing sweetness of temperament carry her smoothly through any social situation.

Obstacles never perturb Maureen as she proceeds calmly, in a straight line, toward her particular goal. With a serenity born of confidence in her capabilities and a sublime disregard of details that would vanquish lesser mortals, she matter-of-factly achieves her ends. Typically, she attempted to show a movie to the German Club in a room with no plug for the projector she did not know how to run; typically, she succeeded.



## RUTH ANN HOEY

**R**ARE IS THE person possessing both a true sense of values and the ability to integrate them into an ordered life; Ruth Ann is such a person. Classmates at first accept organization and efficiency as her dominating characteristics without considering the strength, depth, and self-discipline that produce them. Her days are marked with the competently, even brilliantly, fulfilled duties of the individual, the student, the friend. But the "workmanship" is not obtrusive; she is rather like a fine, precision watch—perhaps an old-fashioned watch, with chimes.

Ruth chuckles. And nobody can resist joining her laughter any more than they can resist seeing the justice of her views in any discussion. In neither laughter nor opinion is she ever insistent, but her sense of proportion and good judgment are so obvious that joining her seems really the *only* sensible thing to do. Mature, responsible, just, charitable (she deftly turns any "catty" conversation), Ruth is a person in whom others want to confide.

Endowed with a naturally lively personality, accentuated by glossy, glossy hair and a tip-tilted nose, Ruth could not avoid attracting a large group of acquaintances. But her character bears much closer analysis, and people rightly cherish the friendship of Ruth, a genuine and unaffected and thoroughly nice person.



RUTH ANN THERESA HOEY

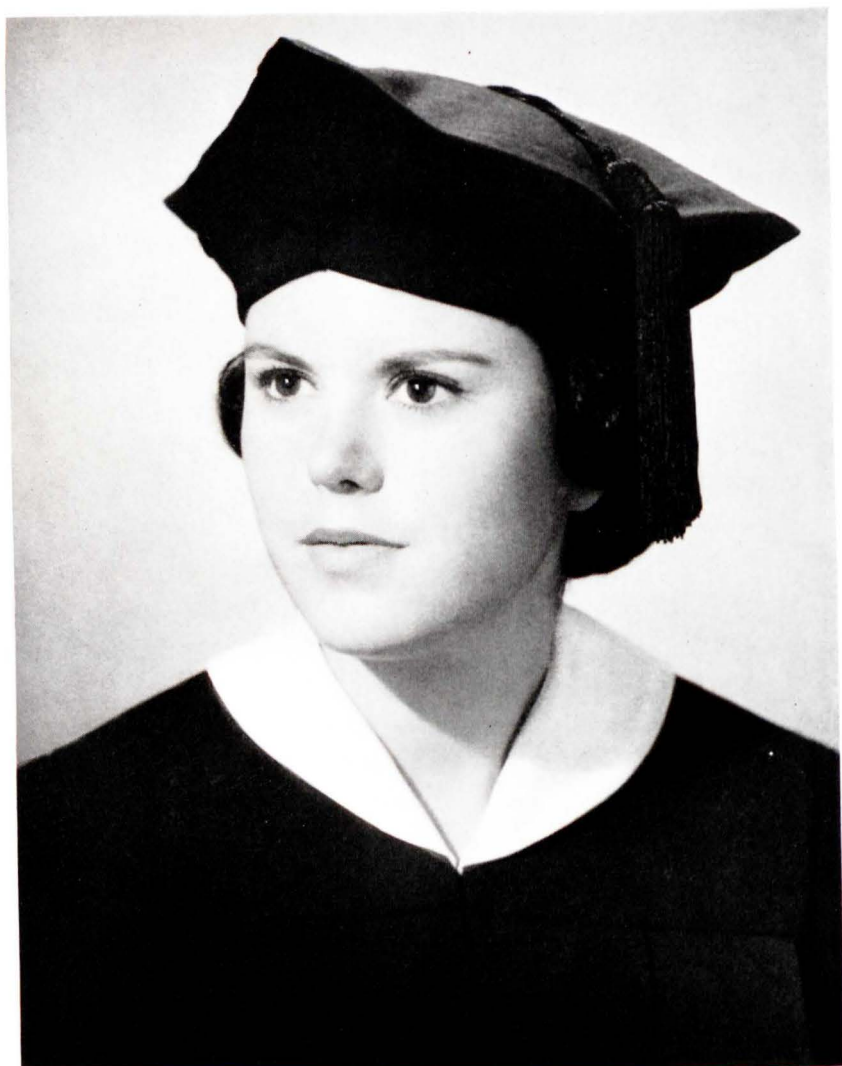
Vallejo, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: FRENCH

Gamma Sigma  
Student Affairs Board '62  
Absence Committee Chairman '62  
Class Secretary '61  
French Club '62

Pi Delta Phi '63  
President '63  
I.R.C. '60, '61  
Irish Club '60, '61  
S.C.T.A. '63



VIRGINIA O'HERN HUNT

San Diego, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: ENGLISH

*Meadowlark* Staff '61, '62  
Exchange Editor '62

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

## VIRGINIA HUNT

**I**NDEPENDENT, self-reliant, and colorful, Virginia is often unconsciously the instigator of a trend. She is a first mover in this temporal sphere: a new movie, new novel, new charge account, graduation or marriage, Virginia is first. Sophisticated in her tastes and in her humor, she has been thought aloof. Actually she is eager to share all that she has and knows. A new dress is proudly exhibited, accompanied by a lively, detailed description of its purchase. A good book, vehemently discussed, is soon being passed among classmates. Despite years of slave labor in a large music store beset with teen-agers, Virginia still loves good music from Bach through Mahler. Alive and intense, she quite naturally transfers her enjoyment and interest to others.

An odd blend of intellectual acuteness and childlike simplicity explains her devotion to such antithetical entities as Lawrence Durrell, Pooh Bear and the U.S. Navy. Although a good and sometimes brilliant student, an on-campus lecture or a spontaneous shopping trip not infrequently interrupts her studies. Caught as she dashes out the door or as she sits on her bed reading a novel, she simply explains, "I just can't study!" In fact, she has studied sufficiently hard to graduate in three and a half years. And now she has broken her Navy tradition by marrying an ex-army man.

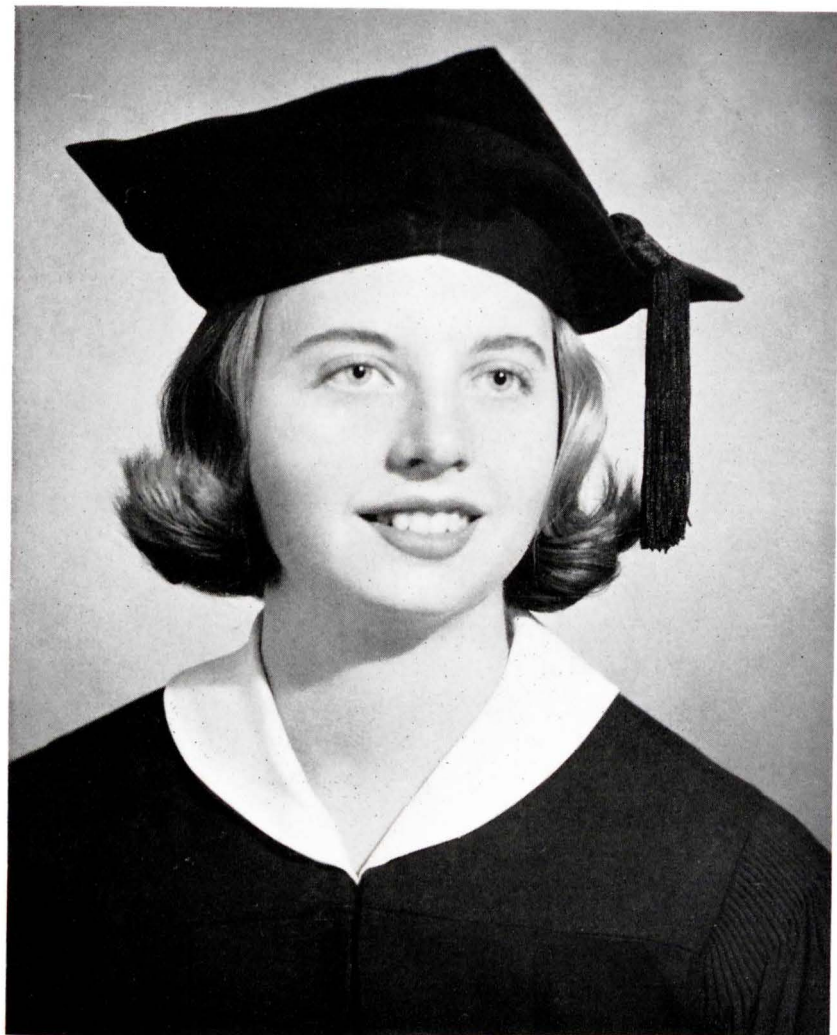


## PATRICIA KAHLER

**F**EMININE and poised, Patricia evokes an image of total neatness. But, when relating an exciting, scary or ridiculous event, her long arms fly about and funny faces, impossible to imitate, flash off and on her face. The audience is mesmerized. Suddenly she re-assumes her stately, calm appearance with only a few strands of hair out of place and a touch of a smile on her lips.

Her interest in others is a sincere one and extends to the whole world scene. Pat is concerned with current activities and politics. Carefully weighing the facts of any issue, she emerges with a conservative viewpoint. She has definite ideas (although she will listen to others) and she is unafraid in expressing them adamantly and seriously. Her campus-wide political campaign for the 1962 Presidency is an admirable example. She does not just talk; she acts.

Patricia will wave the flag most often for her hometown, Sacramento. She has been tempered by the city to love hot weather, swimming, tennis, summer clothes and good food. On the other hand, she just as enthusiastically dislikes their opposites. A personality test would place Pat in a Colonial, colonnade home. Here she would be surrounded by a tradition of those things which please her most—heritage and ordered beauty.



HELENE PATRICIA KAHLER

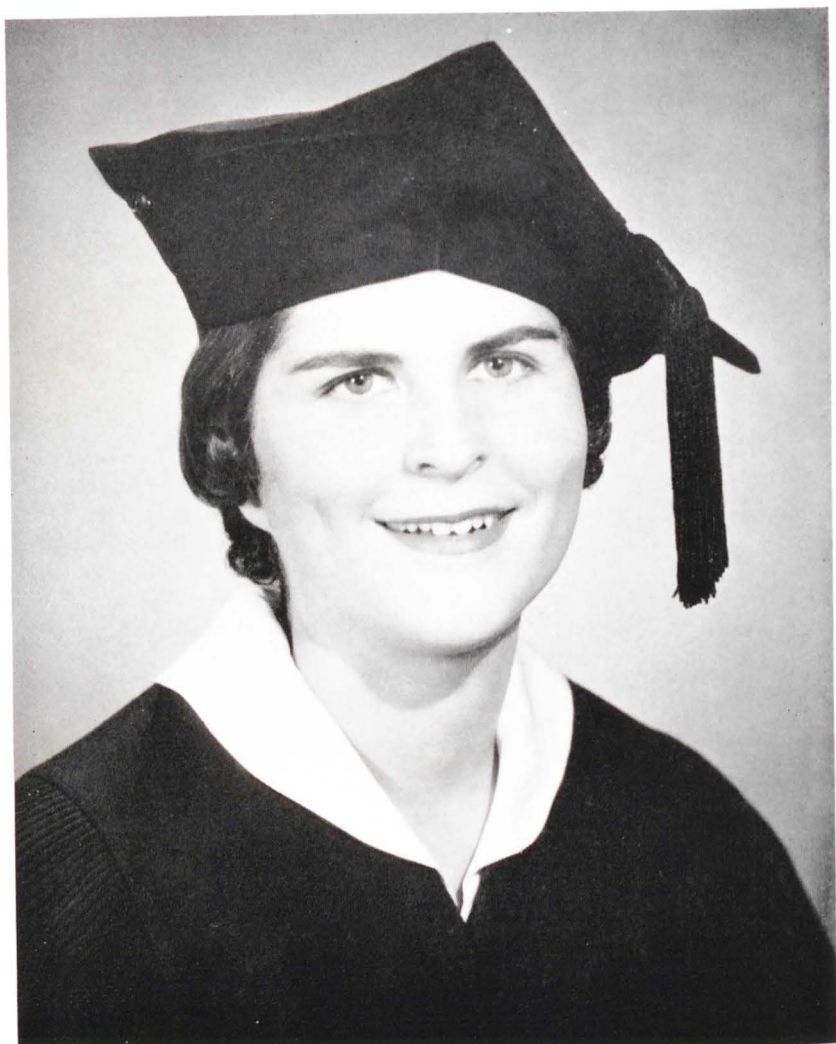
Sacramento, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

French Club '62

I.R.C. '63



KATHLEEN ANN KENNY

Vallejo, California

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: HISTORY

*Firebrand Staff '63*

Assistant Business Manager '63

House Chairman '60

The Troupers '62

Madrigal Singers '60

Art Club '61

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

## KATHY KENNY

**G**REGARIOUS, straightforward, gracious, Kathy could save Jane Austen's most uncomfortable social situation. The unreserve in her cordial greeting, her hearty handshake, and her sideways, dimpled laugh at her own funniness, melt the reserve in others, instantly effecting an aura of geniality. With persons of any age, Kathy glibly banters, exchanges essential notions, or in mock confidential tones enraptures her listener with an incredible fabrication. Her propensity for embarrassing predicaments, such as forgetting a close friend's name when making introductions, only adds to her charm.

Freedom and assurance characterize Kathy's actions. She walks twice as fast as other people do and paints with definite strokes and sweeping arm movement. She makes up her mind quickly, often intuitively. Suppressing any timidity or unnecessary pride, Kathy arranges blind dates and solicits yearbook patrons with the adroitness of a natural saleswoman. Confronted with spare time, she might look up an old friend, devour a novel, or resort to her penchant for little-boy mischievousness. Her capers reach the height of amusement as she joins the unknowing victim of her prank in pursuing the culprit. With indignation Kathy rings out: "Who would *do* such a thing!" Despite her adeptness in oral expression, one senses that there is much to Kathy that retains its value in silence.



## CLARICE KRAEMER

SHE CLAIMS that procrastination is her special fault. How Mrs. Kraemer finds time to indulge in this pet vice while fulfilling the duties of a homemaker, of an active participant in civic affairs, and of a full-time student must remain her own secret. She has also the invaluable gift of correlating these diverse activities so that experience drawn from one enriches participation in the others.

Mrs. Kraemer is older than most of the other students and naturally has a somewhat different approach to scholastic endeavor. She has a methodical, matter-of-fact attitude toward tests and papers, and because she is methodical, she usually finds time to do more than the required work. Community activities have given her a tendency to lead, and she lacks some of the usual self-consciousness and reticence of the usual college student. She is unafraid to speak her mind and has a greater background of reading, travel and experience in living on which to base her opinion.

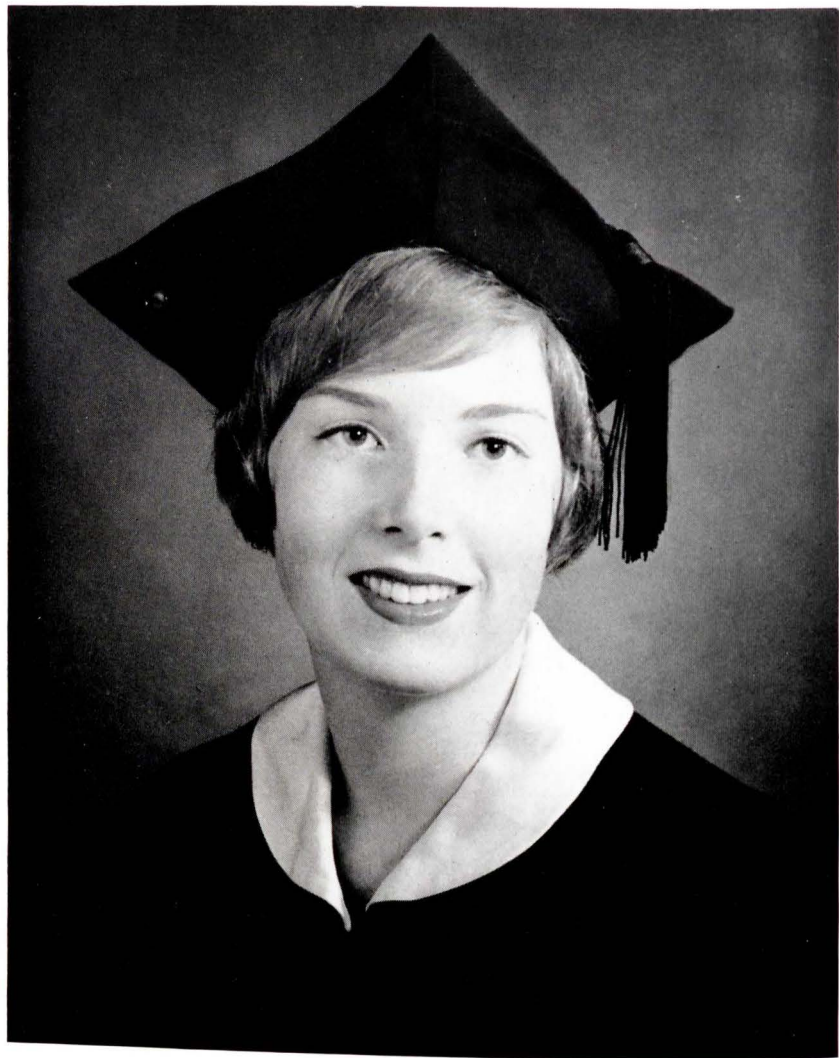
Dedication and perseverance enable her to attain any goal which she sets for herself. A sense of humor eliminates any sense of "grimness" from that determination. And Mrs. Kraemer admits to a love of "talking activities" that insures that her pursuit of learning will never be lonely or silent.



CLARICE TIGAY KRAEMER  
San Rafael, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH  
MINOR: EDUCATION

Transferred from Wilson Junior College '61



ANNE BERNADETTE LEAHY  
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: ART  
MINOR: HISTORY

Freshman Advisor '62  
Student Affairs Board '62  
Absence Committee '61  
Executive Board '62  
*Firebrand* Staff '63  
Model U.N. '62

Class President '61  
Art Club '61  
French Club '60, '61, '62  
I.R.C. '62, '63  
President '63  
Music Club '63

## ANNE LEAHY

**P**OISED, CHARMING, and sincerely sympathetic, Anne is the ideal lady. She is the picture of refinement and decorum, yet never prim. She appears as the elegant San Franciscan in white and gold. Anne is kind and gentle, but she can, as well, seem the natural born ham. With a calm, but spellbinding voice, Anne can weave a fascinating tale. But her favorite and best performances are her humorous impersonations of another's speech.

Although her paintings may be unsigned, they read Anne Leahy. She appreciates aesthetic beauty in all she sees. Yet with a child's enthusiasm, and a laugh to match, Anne can also appreciate a hearty snack of salami and cheese, or an impromptu trip to dinner. And with the delight of an avid sportswoman, Anne enjoys nothing more than a fast run down a ski slope, an intricate step on the skating rink, or an exhausting game of badminton. Sometimes a little of the tomboy breaks through the surface of elegance.

Anne has been a chosen leader. When called to accept responsibility, it is the whole person who takes over. With enduring loyalty and idealism, she will accomplish any task set before her. Anne's disappointments in life arise when her ideals seem to conflict with the real. The high standards she sets for herself explain the qualities in her which make you think she is unreal.



## GAY LEONARDI

**G**AY IS A BLEND of many nice things: of warmth and a spirited love for children, of fun and a lively sense of humor, of willingness and an amazing capacity to do things well.

People who do not push themselves into the limelight are apt to be passed over in favor of those possessing a more aggressive nature. Such a person, when recognized, is often more appreciated for depth of capacity and quiet humility. Gay is such a person. Somewhat timid, she is inclined to stay in the background, but her good-humored sociability is swiftly recognized and appreciated by those who make the first move. So rare a combination of traits—a well-rounded attitude towards life, a willingness to follow rather than to lead, an ability to do things well, and a readiness for fun and good times—could not long go unnoticed, as Gay's numerous friends and activities will testify. Her readiness for fun and good times is revealed primarily through love of sports and outdoor activities, and is transmitted to others through her recreation work and an amiable disposition.

Gay handles her academic life with the same competence that is noticeable in her other activities. It is pure accident if you find out about her consistently high achievement. Perhaps because Gay is willing to work unnoticed, she does more of consequence than most of us.



GAY MICHELE-LYNN LEONARDI  
San Rafael, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION  
FIELD OF CONCENTRATION: EDUCATION

Non-Resident Students'  
Secretary-Treasurer '62  
Student Affairs Board '62  
W.A.A. Board '62

The Troupers '62, '63  
French Club '61  
Italian Club '61  
S.C.T.A. '63



JOYCE RAE LEONARDI  
San Rafael, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH  
MINOR: EDUCATION

*Fivebrand* Staff '63  
Associate Editor '63

*Meadowlark* Staff '61, '62, '63  
Associate Editor '62  
S.C.T.A. '62, '63

## JOYCE LEONARDI

EVERY MORNING a battered green Chevy somehow brings Joyce from San Rafael; immediately she begins her survey of the night's news in the dorms. She is genuinely interested; and those who realize her great capacity to absorb the happiness or anxiety of other people's lives feel prompted to tell her how they *really* are, and what is *really* new. You can count on her buoyant approval of your good news, and her brow-knitting concern for your troubles.

Fortunes and misfortunes exchanged, Joyce settles down to the business of classes, which she takes very seriously though with equanimity. Her native intellectual and creative talents are turned to account by hard work, applied constantly to every undertaking. She could rest on past laurels, but she doesn't; she studies hard for each class.

Joyce is unpretentious and naturally charming. She has flair. For four years her articles have brought humor and brightness to the *Meadowlark*; her talent in art and music carry over to student teaching. There are also the doodled margins of her notebooks. And there are subtler things that make her uniquely Joyce. She has a definiteness about her, expressed in her tastes, which are independent of fads, in her opinions, which she is sure of and strongly supports, and in her goals, which she approaches with Joycean determination, intelligence, and style.



## SHEILA LITTLETON

**S**HEILA meets life's challenge with a challenge of her own. She refuses to accept the monotony and boredom which life can offer. With her creative imagination and restless intellect, she strives to make life exciting and interesting. An amusing example of this philosophy is her constant rearranging of furniture. As her roommate aptly puts it, "I never take a chair's presence for granted."

Because she dislikes monotony Sheila doesn't enjoy American movies or television; she prefers foreign productions and stage plays. She participates vigorously in the Dominican drama programs. In quiet moments Sheila releases her creative urge in drawing and painting. Even in her art there is a definite plan, an intrinsic order.

As a student Sheila excels. Her assignments are always completed. She never studies on weekends. With her practical approach she makes a mental schedule and follows it consistently. This organization leaves her free to read her favorite modern novels and participate in amiable discussion.

Sheila's involvement is complete whether it be a discussion, a play, or a party; therefore her enjoyment is complete. She is practical but she is also romantic. Her dreams never end. Sometimes reality fades. Could this be the explanation for that awful moment when she swallowed the contact lens at the cocktail party?



SHEILA ANN LITTLETON  
Crockett, California

MAJOR: ART  
MINOR: SPEECH

*Firebrand* Staff '63  
Art Editor '63  
Irish Club '60, '61, '62  
President '61

Art Club '62  
The Troupers '61, '62, '63  
I.R.C. '63  
Music Club '63



MARGARET ANNE LOCHER

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: HISTORY  
MINOR: EDUCATION

Social Committee '63  
I.R.C. '63  
Music Club '63

Irish Club '60, '61, '62  
S.C.T.A. '62, '63

## MIDGE LOCHER

MARGARET ANNE's tall and stately appearance, poise, and her always impeccable dress indicate the perfect lady, mistress of any situation. Yet "Midge" is more often seen as the vivacious, sometimes flirtatious, college girl who finds enjoyment and humor in most aspects of life. She has a vital, vivid personality that does not quite conceal her thoughtful, composed outlook on life.

Inherent in Midge is her philosophy that intelligence, not emotion, must determine the solution for each particular problem. She is able to confront any difficulty calmly, but she admits, almost incongruously, to having a temper. Actually, it is not her impatience with a problem that is liable to provoke an outburst, but rather another's illogical method of seeking the means to solve it.

It was a source of wonder and a certain amount of incredulous amusement to Midge's friends to discover that her greatest fear was spinsterhood. Despite her wit, personality, and an extremely respectable number of enamored would-be-beaux, she staunchly vowed to teach school for at least ten years. Last January, as she blew out the candle and passed the candy to her surprised classmates, Midge's greatest fear and her staunch vow disappeared with the candle's flame.



## LUCILLE LOUNIBOS

**L**UCILLE is characterized by a quiet sincerity and an infectious good humor. Without being overly effusive, she is friendly to every person she meets. She thoroughly appreciates any humorous remark or situation, but her laughter is not boisterous. Somehow, without being argumentative, Lucille manages to convey and maintain her opinions, unworried by opposition.

Whether studying in the library, or simply relaxing, Lucille prefers to be situated where she is able to observe any possible object of interest. Her taste in music—which begins and ends with Chopin’s “Polonaise Militaire” and the “Drinking Song” from the *Student Prince*—also would tend to indicate an extroverted personality.

But Lucille is a daydreamer; her desk is near her window, providing a scenic view appropriate for her hobby. Often she retires into a most pleasant but uncommunicative mood, thinking thoughts which she has no particular desire to share.

While she is introspective, Lucille is more than usually considerate, probably because she is aware of how much a sensitive awareness is appreciated. No quiet, shy person is ever overlooked in a group when Lucille is present. Lucille herself is never overlooked and never could be.



LUCILLE BERNICE LOUNIBOS  
Petaluma, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH  
MINOR: EDUCATION

French Club '60, '61  
I.R.C. '60, '61, '63

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



JULIE ANNE LYONS  
El Cerrito, California

MAJOR: BIOLOGY  
MINOR: ENGLISH

*Meadowlark Staff '62*  
Assistant Editor '62

*Carillon Staff '61*  
Italian Club '60

## JULIE LYONS

**N**EARLY EVERY aspect of Julie's personality flows from a well of genuine self-confidence. She is critical because she is sure of her ideas and can back them up. She is a leader because her self-confidence is immediately felt; her ideas are practical and original; she joins her artistic talents with ingenuity for using the available, and the results of her apparently scrambly methods are always successful.

An excellent conversationalist, she captivates her listeners with graphic analogies, sound effects, and facial expressions. Once you are her friend, she will never neglect you. Her "Ghoul, Inc." original cards will always brighten your birthday, and the "Lyons Residence Motel" will always offer lodging to the stranded. She manages somehow to memorize her biology terms, write perceptive and well-worded (but poorly punctuated) papers, and prepare for a variety of tests, from weekly quizzes to final exams, without even her roommates knowing where she found the time.

If you would know Julie, ask her—she'll tell you plainly, "I can organize in my own way, keep calm in times of stress, read fast, and analyze people and situations, but I cannot read music, play sports, or be exceptionally neat. I am afraid of fast driving and birds, and I love oriental things, black and white clothes, butter with a little French bread and a good laugh." Julie knows and accepts herself.

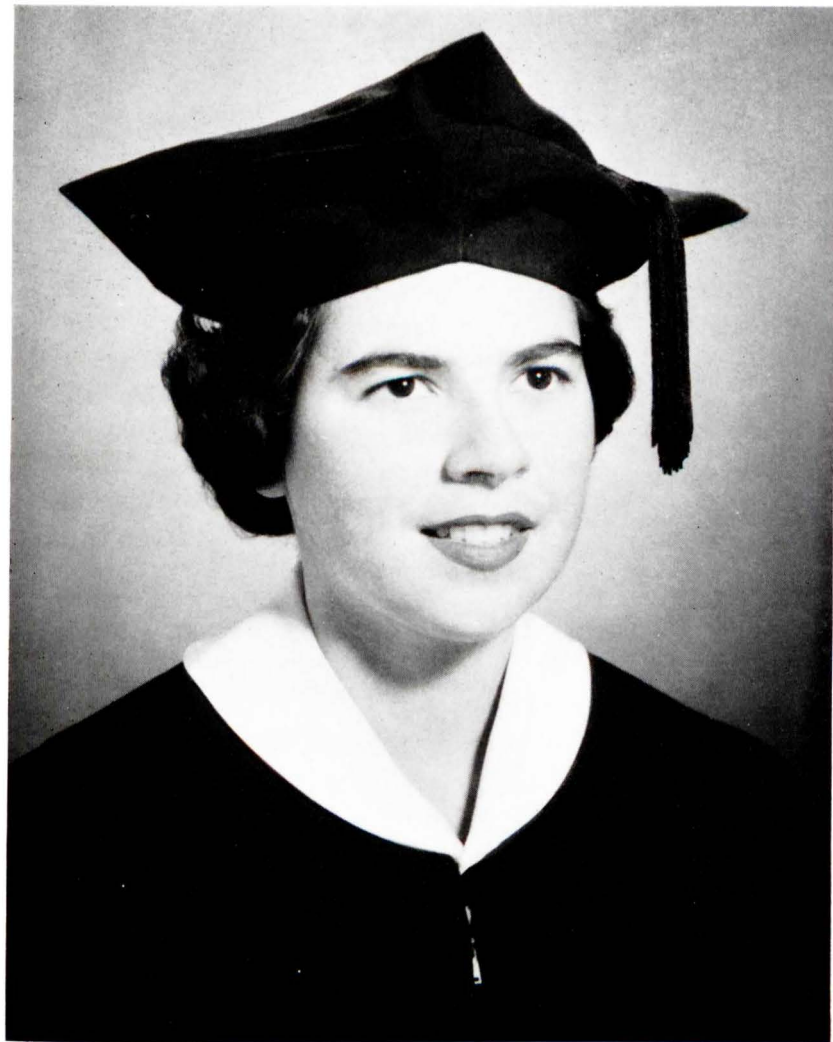


## LANI MANSEAU

**I**N LANI's organized life, there is a time and a place for everything. When it is time for study, she migrates to her favorite table in Fanjeaux Lounge and there, with the aid of earplugs, is oblivious to all that is going on around her. When study is over, she becomes gay and talkative and settles down with her friends to laugh over the day's amusing experiences, as often as not at her own expense. She has a highly developed comic sense, and her hilarious chop-logic often makes a shambles of what had been a relatively staid gathering or a quiet bridge game.

The daughter of a naval officer, she has spent much of her life traveling from one section of the country to another. Lani has thus acquired a sort of universal viewpoint and adaptability. She is at home in East or West and loves them both.

Lani enjoys people and makes friends easily, but only after considering their worth. One cannot know her well on the strength of a brief acquaintance, for there is much in her character that does not easily come to the surface. Anyone can see her common sense, her pleasant personality, her sense of proportion; but revealed only gradually are her deep realization of the important things in life and the sense of direction in her own life.



LANI MARIE MANSEAU

Washington, D.C.

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

FIELD OF CONCENTRATION: LITERATURE

House Chairman '63

W.A.A. Board '61



HELEN KATHRYN MATUSHAK  
Sacramento, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY  
MINOR: EDUCATION

Class Treasurer '63

S.C.T.A. '62, '63

## HELEN MATUSHAK

**H**ELEN is an artist whose sensitivity to beauty finds expression in her spontaneous exclamation, "That's beeootiful!" or in her half-learned but heartfelt rendition of "Rustles of Spring" or in her epicurean delight in a well-cooked meal, or in her absorbing interest in children and their world.

Tell her a good joke, or play one on her, and the charm of good humor is turned on. She is a natural comedienne whose song-and-dance act has convulsed many a dormitory audience, and who might appear, after being reminded of her epithet, "Helen of the White Face," with two clown cheeks of lipstick as a remedy. Take a trip with her and few beauties in the scope of nature will pass without her scientific or romantic comment. Serve her a good meal and she'll outdo herself in praise and helpings. And children, whether her niece or nephew or her grade children, will capture her undivided attention, and she will capture theirs as she teaches them her most important lesson, the love of beautiful things.

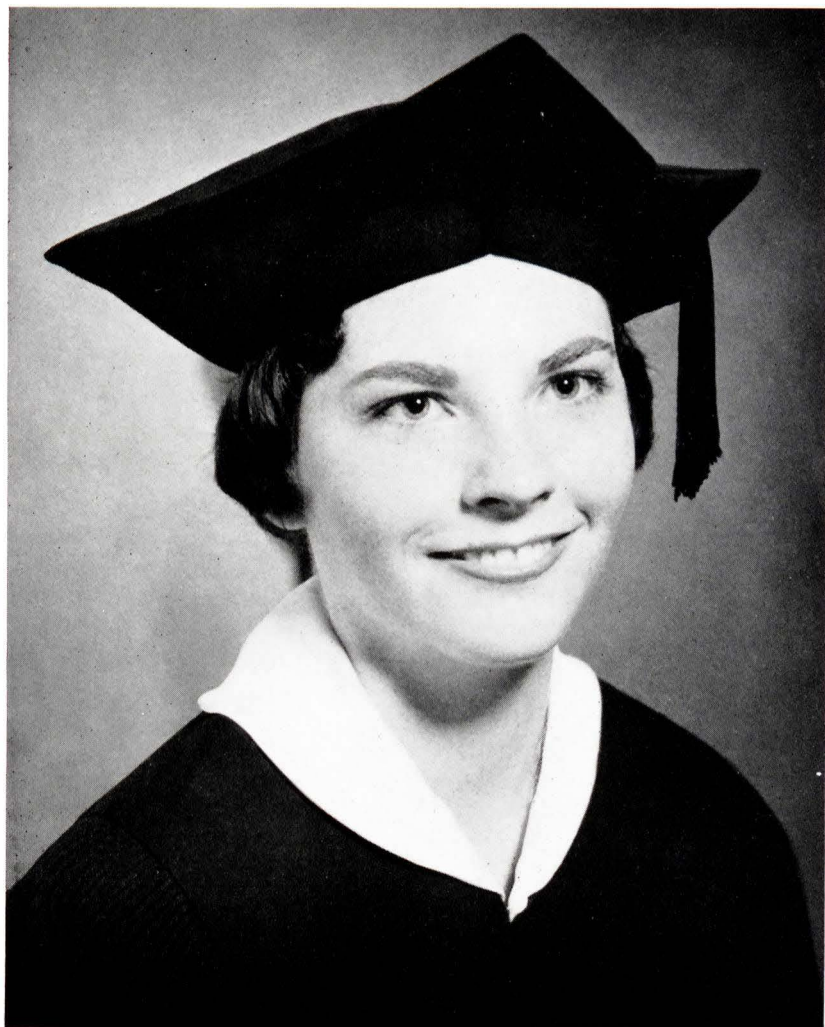
Helen feels, above all, the beauty of friendship. She is one of the blessed few "good listeners," and we seldom hear of her own problems. Anyone who enjoys her friendship does not hesitate to ask her a favor or share a secret with her. What better compliment could we pay to one who so values beauty than to say we find beauty in her?



## KAY McLAUGHLIN

**K**AY McLAUGHLIN, kaleidoscoped into color, appears black and white streaked with sunny yellow. The black and white key an honest, straightforward girl committed to orderliness while the warm yellow evokes a personality vitally interested in the world at large and its varied citizens.

Kay's organization, which sometimes pricks her less conscientious friends, yields her a regulated life where notes are always in place, where homework is completed on time, where fun is enjoyed in a relaxed atmosphere. A busy student, Kay readily responds to her studies with a careful preparation, with stimulating questions, with thoughtful answers. Although Kay carefully follows plans, no rigidity binds her to them. Hence, she easily expands any schedule to include a surprise party, a good argument, a political discussion, a trip to the City. No rigidity confines her interests either. Enchanted and stimulated by a cruise to South America, Kay dreams of wandering over the globe. In the meantime she reads, and mentally travels through the United States with John Steinbeck and through Europe with F. Scott Fitzgerald and Ernest Hemingway. When Kay isn't reading, she's talking and laughing with close friends. Her friends know well her warmth which bursts into happy talk, into thoughtful favors, into hands moving in every direction desperately trying to explain something, into a bright smile.



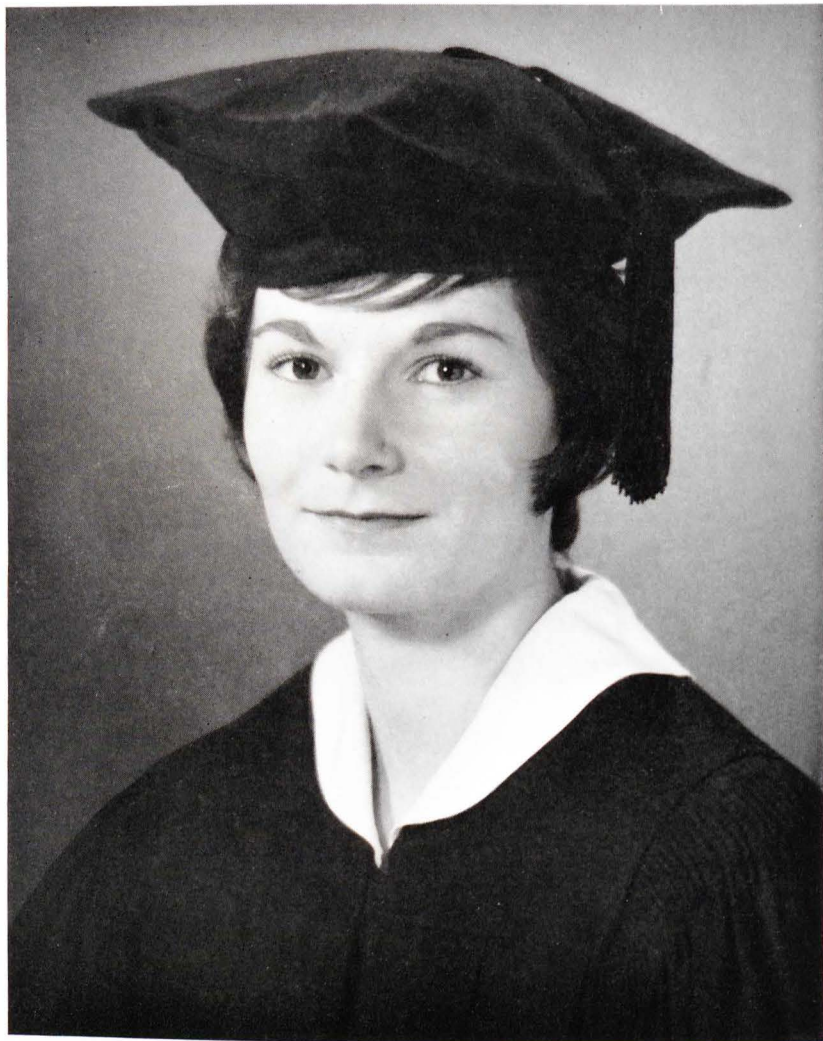
KATHRYN ELLEN McLAUGHLIN  
Sacramento, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION  
FIELD OF CONCENTRATION: LITERATURE

Transferred from San Jose State College '61

S.C.T.A. '62, '63  
Vice-President '63

I.R.C. '62, '63



SANDRA PAULA MENGE

Oakland, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY AND HISTORY

Social Committee '63

*Firebrand* Staff '63

French Club '60

I.R.C. '62, '63

Music Club '61

## SANDRA MENGE

**A** BLEND of sophistication and of youthful casualness, Sandee Menge is equally fond of reading some book of verse or of organizing an expedition to the park to ride the swings. Nobody is more delighted or self-possessed than she when dressed in fur-collared coat, long gloves, and stylish shoes for a trip to her beloved San Francisco. She is just as self-possessed in her preferred campus attire of a denim skirt, ivy-league blouse, and venerable tennis shoes.

Sandee's classmates more often see her casual side—her easy-gliding stroll, her spontaneous smile, her capacity for engaging conversation. She is one of the greatest admirers of the informal phases of college life, but she is comfortable in any social situation. Her sophistication never weakens her bond with people, and she is capable both of putting a room full of people at ease or of living happily with the same roommate for four years.

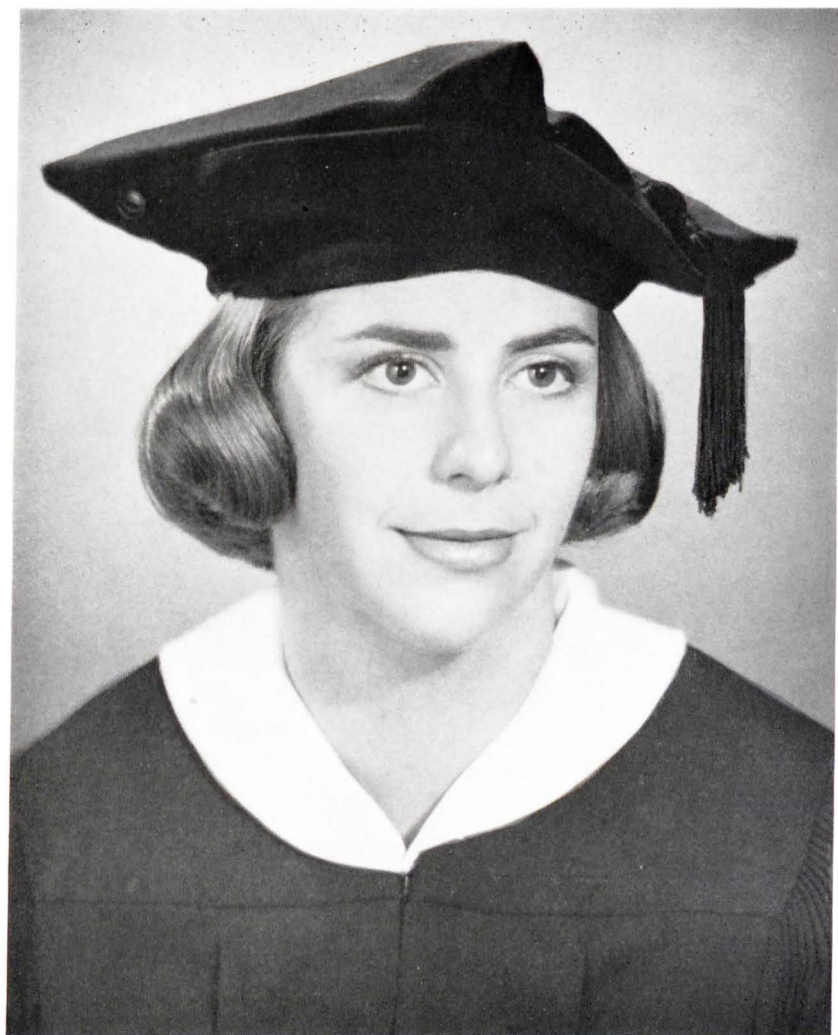
A feeling person, Sandee is easily moved by a small child, a person alone in a crowd, a beautiful poem. This trait has kindled her interest in sociology, a field in which she will be able to use her concern for the welfare and happiness of others for their benefit. Her sensitivity, optimism, and ready laugh may provide the greatest benefits of all.



## BARBARA MICHELOTTI

**Q**HILDISHLY illogical at times, compassionate beyond degree, a star-gazing romanticist with a touch of the sophisticate: that is pretty much Barbara. She is a tall girl who wears her height with a certain easy nonchalance. She is not without dignity, but the stateliness is rather in her appearance than in her being. Barbara is a natural, easygoing person, one who is happier with people than without them—yet, without them, is quite self-sufficient. Still, because she is thoughtful, generous and hospitable, Barbara is seldom without people. She is always glad to have one more over to her home, or glad to fit just one more into her car for a scoot to the coffee shop. Barbara is only shy about pushing her advice, or insisting upon her own intellectual views. Only her friends, by seeking it, discover the quiet wisdom that is there. She gives, they say, calm, middle-of-the-road support.

If she worries, it is about what her future will be after graduation. Washington, D.C., New York and the UN are on her mind, but rather vaguely so. She cannot bring herself to think graduation imminent; so she is all dreams rather than active practicality. She twirls a wisp of long blond hair around a finger and spans the present with bridges built of dreams for the future. Yet, we cannot doubt but that the dreams will one day materialize.



BARBARA ANN MICHELOTTI

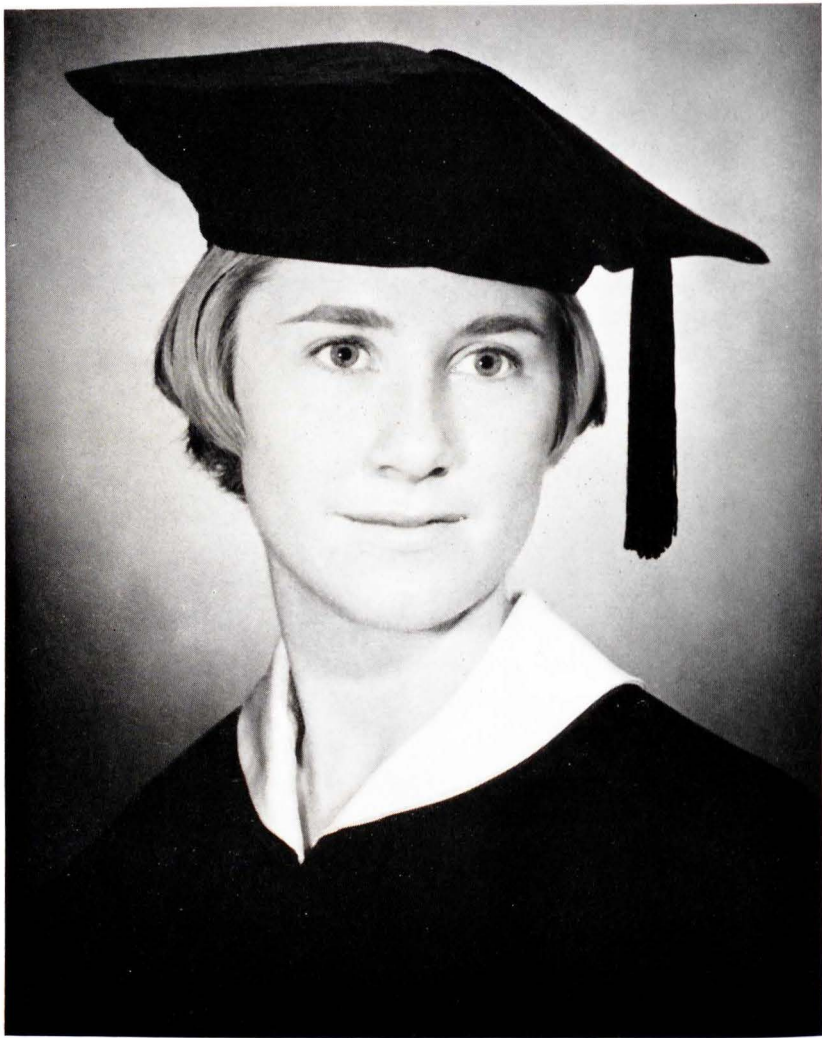
San Rafael, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: HISTORY

Italian Club '61

Vice-President '61



ANN ELIZABETH MOHUN  
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION  
FIELD OF CONCENTRATION: EDUCATION

*Meadowlark* Staff '61, '62  
Assistant Art Editor '61  
Art Editor '62

Art Club '61  
Foreign Students Club '60  
Music Club '62

## ANN MOHUN

**T**ALKATIVE, audacious, vehement, Ann is always eager to enter into any discussion. She speaks volubly on such diverse subjects as the education of the American Indian in colonial times, the newest brand of existentialism or Swedish cheese. Outspoken and fresh, unevenly learned, her humorous and often untimely remarks have brightened up many a dull afternoon for classmates and professors.

An artist by talent and disposition, she spends most of her leisure time in her love of art and early American homemakings. Visitors to her room are as apt to find her in the middle of the floor sewing on a quilt as at her desk looking over plans for the colonial house she plans to build someday. Weekends find her haunting auctions and antique shops looking for the old-fashioned rocker she never seems to find.

Current trends and fads fail to impress Ann who is as individualistic in the wooden shoes she wears as in her philosophy of life. She is a lovable but completely impractical romantic, an idealist frequently oblivious to everyday happenings. Class or Sunday deadlines are neglected because Ann has simply forgotten them. A devoted but eccentric scholar, she needs the absolute quiet of a library loft or deserted trunk room in order to study. But despite her dedication, Ann is often seen perched on the top of her bed saying "I hate school" with an impetuous shake of her head.



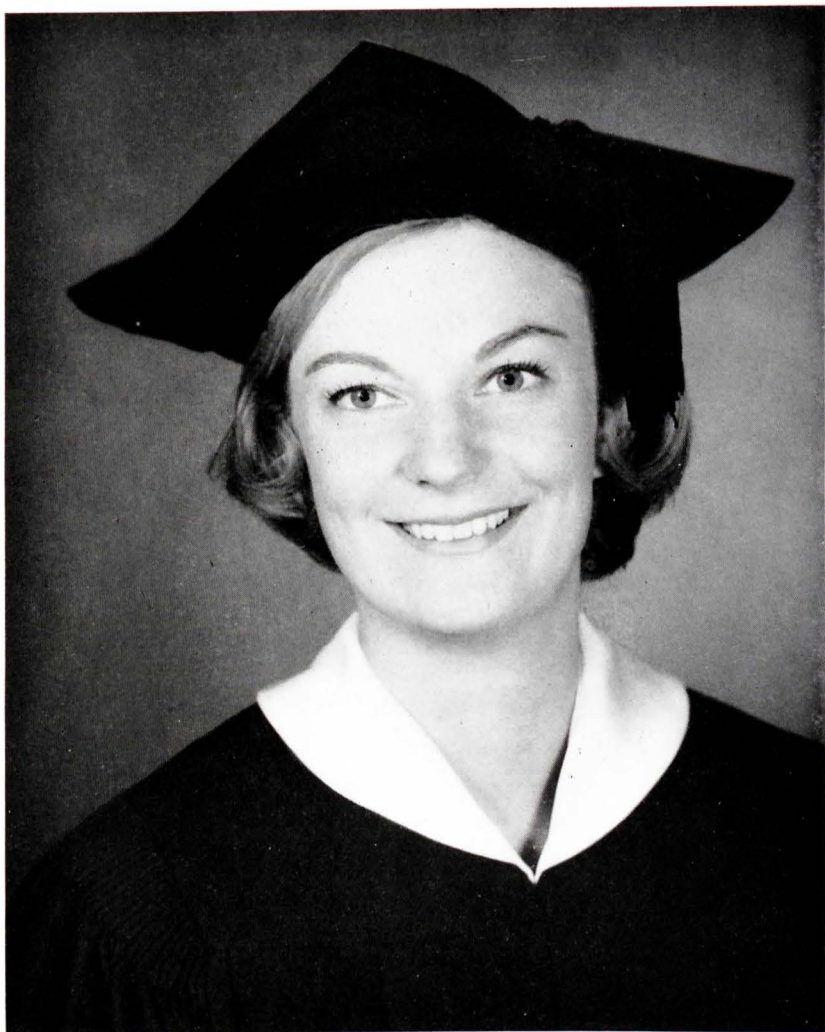
## LINDA MONDIN

LINDA'S flair for the artistic, combined with her love of old-world culture explains her Renaissance "gentility." Sophisticated culture cannot escape her, for she finds it everywhere and in all extremes: the lyricism of Botticelli and the solidity of Michelangelo, the grace of Renoir and the violence of Van Gogh alternately attract her according to changing fancy.

Linda is a serious student who demands knowledge not merely for its own sake but because of the pleasure she derives from earning and possessing it.

Although Linda is mature and mildly conservative in her basic outlook she loves to do new and exciting things. Whether it be having dinner in Rome with Johnny Mathis, admiring the newest dresses à la Josephine Bonaparte, or going to the premiere of Paul Newman's latest movie, she expresses wide-eyed delight.

Linda's reflective moods often turn to the past with joyful nostalgia, and her "Do you remember when . . .?" is the start of many cheerful reminiscences. Her sense of humor is simple and nondiscriminatory. She enjoys comedy of any type: from Charlie Chaplin to Shelley Berman, and from the antics of the "Our Gang" kids to the often vapid jokes of her classmates. Her universality of interests, bright charm, and sense of splendor—all indicate the Renaissance lady.



LINDA ANN MONDIN  
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION  
FIELD OF CONCENTRATION: LITERATURE

Italian Club '60, '61, '62, '63  
President '61

French Club '60, '61



LINDA MARIE MORBELLO  
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: HISTORY  
MINOR: EDUCATION

Social Committee '62  
Class Vice-President '61  
S.C.T.A. '63

Italian Club '60, '61, '62, '63  
Treasurer '60

## LINDA MORBELLO

**A** BIG PURSE, a friendly smile, a white Fiat, an encouraging word—each is a part of Linda's personality. She is attracted to the good in everyone and everything she meets. She gives of herself to all who ask: her time, her thoughts, her actions. Her generosity and good humor make Morb an easy person to take advantage of, although she would be the first to deny that anyone *is* taking advantage of her.

While happy when chatting in a large group at her "office" in the Grove, Linda is in truth a heart-to-heart conversationalist. Her good nature draws a large circle of acquaintances, and Morb takes the time to know each of them. Typically, last Christmas she sent Christmas cards to all the people she wanted to know better and none to the people she is with all the time.

As the "all college" freshman, Linda was the jolly good fellow in every group. Constantly found in the midst of one prank or another, she was once told by a Sister that she "had the power to incite a riot." Time, maturity, and a sincere interest in her own personal world have made college no longer her whole life. A wider frame of reference and new friends offer expanding opportunity for her generosity, sympathy, sense of humor, and, just possibly, for her "riot-inciting" powers.



## JUDY MOSCHINI

**Q**UIET, RESTRAINED, demure, sweet; such is the image Judy projects. Many are surprised to discover that intrinsically she is a non-conformist who enthusiastically protests and rejects group rule. Independence and determination glimmer in her clipped, rapid speech and emphatic nod. Her rebellious streak is paralleled by an intense determination to succeed. The result? Judy spends many nights with only her beloved "fizzies" for companions, as she frantically tries to finish a paper or an assignment which isn't due for three weeks. Sometimes the opposite reaction occurs and one may discover Judy playing cards in the middle of the floor with her roommate. A dry "I have nothing else to do" then greets you.

Judy is a wild experimenter with new recipes. Her chicken and her angel food cake are favorites among her gourmet-friends. Though domestic, she regretfully admits that she cannot sew, cannot take up a hem.

A sentimental dreamer who frequently retreats into her own private world, she is an avid collector of doodads and remembrances. Her bulletin board is cluttered with old corsages, dance bids and souvenirs with which she cannot bear to part because of some now half-forgotten memory. Judy is highly sensitive to every experience whether it be studying, cooking or having a good time. Totally enveloped in her activity, she is always dedicated and intense.



JUDITH MARIE MOSCHINI

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH  
MINOR: EDUCATION

French Club '60  
I.R.C. '60, '61

Madrigal Singers '60, '61  
S.C.T.A. '62



ANNE ELISE MOTRONI

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

FIELD OF CONCENTRATION: LITERATURE

W.A.A. Board '61, '62

Vice-President '62

Class Treasurer '61

*Firebrand* Staff '63

French Club '60, '61

Italian Club '60

## ANNE MOTRONI

ONE MOMENT, she seems out of some painting of Manet or of Toulouse-Lautrec: hair streaked, dark glasses, black leotards; the next she is the Radcliffe student type: books under arm, brow furrowed, intent on nothing but study. Anne is mobile, constantly in motion, and it is impossible to predict the direction. Her interests shift from day to day; or she manages several simultaneously. Science, French, art, literature have sequentially held her fascinated as a major.

To say that she has an artistic temperament is not wholly to explain her; nor do her portraits, designs or Christmas cards catch all of her. The surplus energy and talent overflow into music. Bach, rock-and-roll, Debussy give some clue to her eclectic taste. What energy is left flows into modern dance; rhythm is part of her. The Charleston she executes with swift, gay precision.

She loves people. Her witty, off-beat remarks are a constant trigger for hilarity. She is, however, best in serious conversation where her quick mind, playing over her wide reading, coalesces with a genuine and warm concern for humanity. She is the dramatic Italian. Whether announcing the menu at Caleruega or telling of a wonderful weekend, she is excited and extravagant. Tears flow torrentially at a sad movie. Sensitive and responsive to all of life, Anne must inevitably channel and distill.



## JEAN MURPHY

**A**LIVE WITH HUMOR, interest, and ambition, Jean Murphy is a modern Irish Independent. Her radiant energy spills into laughter generated by corny jokes, into Irish ballads exuberantly sung in the shower, into a red-hot temper quick to explode and quick to expend itself, into thought-provoking conversation, into sometimes gabby talk. Hers is an independent spirit which rarely sacrifices personal principles or interests to those of the crowd. Though her never-give-in-ness may provoke exasperation, it demands respect.

Partial to things bright—red tennis shoes, plaid shirtwaists, green bows—Jeannie moves quickly in a sunny world where alarm clocks never ring, where everyone takes time to understand good music, where people naturally talk of T. S. Eliot. Hers is a world where the “Something exciting is going to happen in the near future,” predicted by the fortune cookies, comes true. Exciting things are forever happening to Jeannie: there are the Squaw Valley episodes, the Island episodes, and last summer in Florence.

But excitement is not the dominant note. A quiet Jean, diligently studying a music score, spends hours alone in Angelico. Intense effort is put into music courses, especially into voice, which is her specialty. Perhaps basically, Jeannie is earnest, ambitious, and intense. But whatever the base, the overtones are gay. The Irish lilt is there.



MARY JEAN MURPHY

Piedmont, California

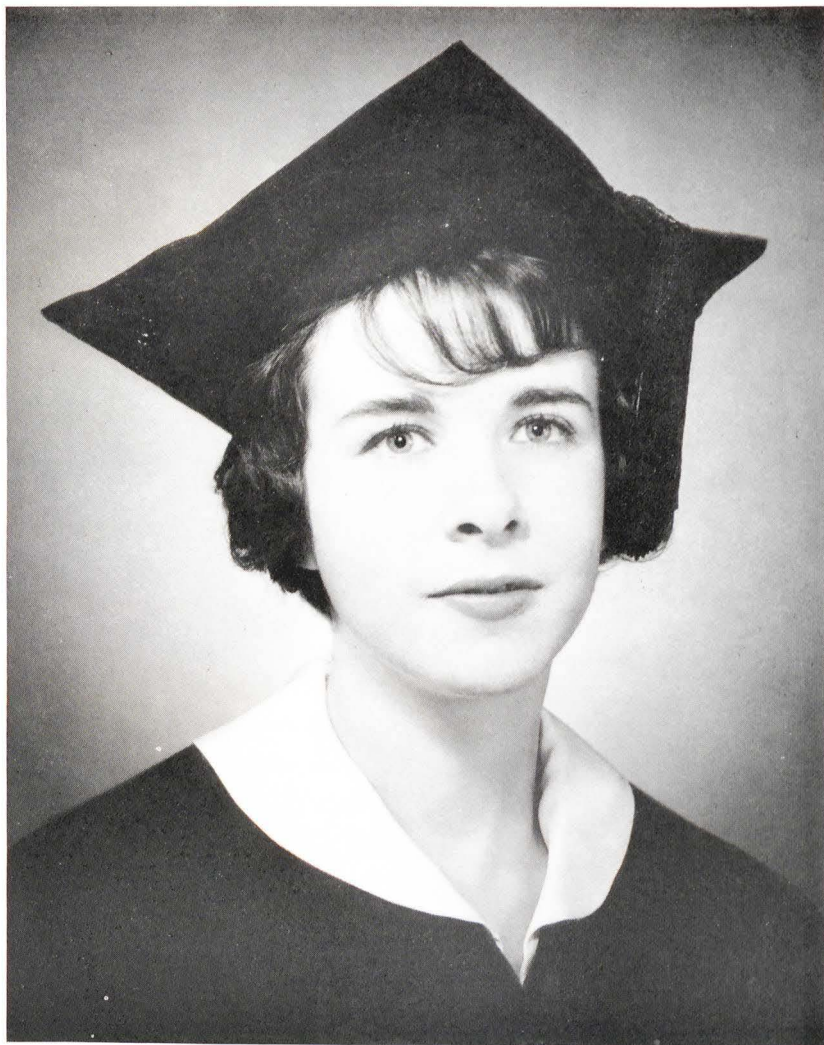
MAJOR: MUSIC

MINOR: ENGLISH

Transferred from Whitman College '60

*Meadowlark* Staff '62  
Assistant Editor '62  
The Troupers '61, '62, '63  
Publicity Chairman '62

Madrigal Singers '62  
Schola '61, '62, '63  
Music Club '62, '63



MAUREEN MINEHAN NEGLIA

San Rafael, California

MAJOR: HISTORY  
MINOR: ECONOMICS

Transferred from Mount Saint Mary's College '61  
The Troupers '62, '63

I.R.C. '62, '63



## MAUREEN MINEHAN NEGLIA

**M**AUREEN is a very sensitive, very good person. She is soft-spoken but is not afraid to state and defend her principles. She can seem easygoing, but she will not tolerate anything underhanded. At the same time she has a cheerful, bright outlook on life that amounts almost to a philosophy. The most concise explanation of her personality is that she is a splendid representative of what she insists is the grandest race on earth—the Irish.

She does love a good friendly argument, and she can be a bit stubborn. However, there is probably no one who can bind a friendship as quickly and as strongly as she. People are perhaps first attracted by her splendid sense of humor, by her wonderful capacity to entertain and be entertained. Acquaintances are converted to friends by her sincere, honest interest and desire to be of help whenever possible. She has the capacity to be concerned not only with individuals but with people in general, a concern coupled with the same desire to help.

Naturally, all have been aware of her interest in a very special individual, Joseph M. Neglia, better known as Joe. We rejoiced in their engagement—which naturally occurred on St. Patrick's Day—and in their marriage. It is impossible to decide just who was most fortunate.



## CINDY NUNES

CINDY is by nature quiet and reserved. Her reservations gradually slip away to reveal a bubbling and cheerful personality. She finds humor everywhere—even where it is not. She laughs before the punch line of a joke and can never relate her week-end experiences without interspersed chuckles. When she gets angry, which is rare, it is so out of character that it seems like an act, not a reality.

Cindy is not talkative or prone to idle chatter, but she loves activity. Parties and night life are much more desirable than a quiet night at home with a book. She makes frequent trips to San Francisco to window shop and explore. However, a dead battery, flat tire, or empty gas tank sometimes frustrates her efforts. Absent-minded about getting gas, she has not infrequently been stranded until some late hour when she has ultimately to be rescued by the highway patrol.

Order Cindy loves. Her dislike of untidiness is so strong that, to her dismay, she frequently picks up after her roommate. She spends half an hour in the morning backcombing her hair so that every strand is in place. Cindy cannot make decisions. She becomes distraught over even so insignificant a thing as the kind of bobby pin she is going to buy. Various types are examined and re-examined. Cindy believes there is always just one right decision. We admire her consistent demand for perfection.



CYNTHIA IRENE NUNES  
Keyes, California  
MAJOR: HISTORY  
MINOR: EDUCATION

*Meadowlark* Staff '62  
Music Club '61, '62, '63

S.C.T.A. '62, '63  
Membership Chairman '63



JOAN CATHERINE O'DONNELL  
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: HISTORY  
MINOR: EDUCATION AND FRENCH

W.A.A. Board '61, '62  
Irish Club '60, '61  
Secretary-Treasurer '60, '61

I.R.C. '60, '61, '62, '63  
French Club '60, '61, '62  
President '62  
S.C.T.A. '63

## JOAN O'DONNELL

WITH SHINING dark hair, expressive brown eyes, and a glowing complexion, Joan's looks are fresh and natural. Enthusiasm for everything she encounters lies at the source of never-ending ideas and energy. From the moment a plan comes to her, she begins to visualize with the joy of anticipation the final details—the artichoke casserole, the songs for group singing, or the welcoming of every person. Whether it is a hayride, a French play or a potluck dinner, Joan's excursions fulfill their purpose: a gala, wonderful time.

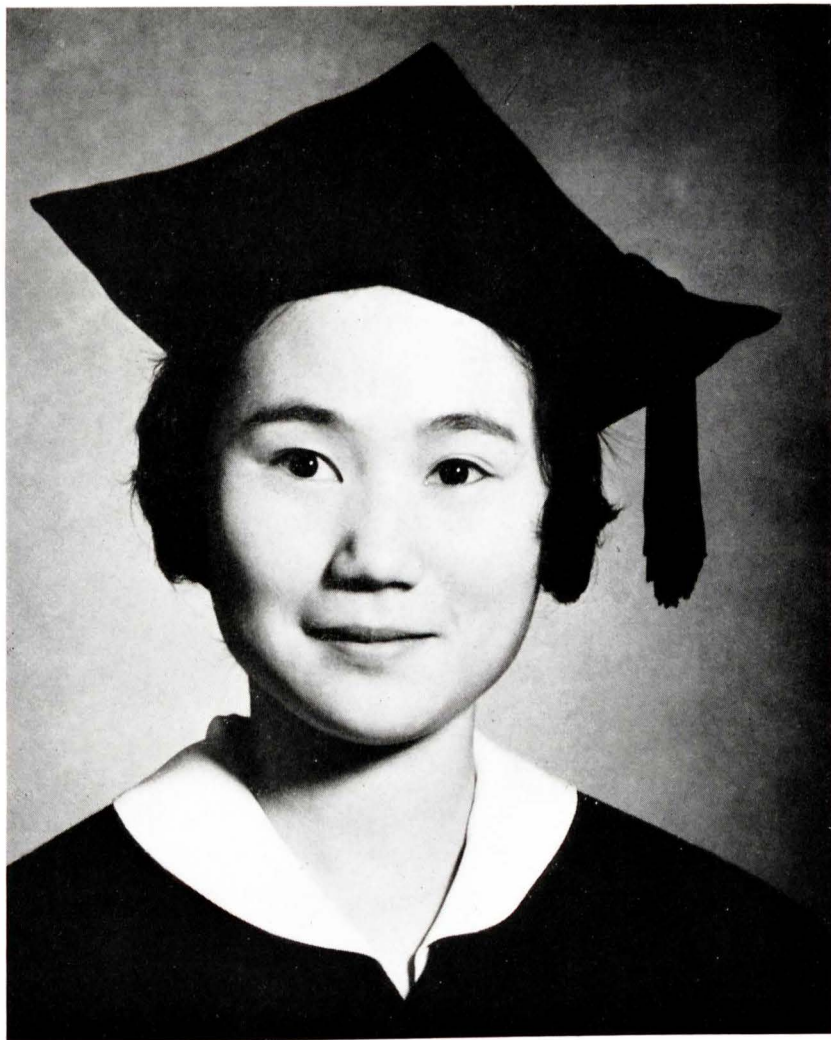
Her interests are directed into many fields—politics, cooking, travel—but most often to people. She greets everyone with unaffected warmth and delights in giving surprise parties and the “perfect gift” to cherished and deserving friends. Her first nephew received a bassinet painstakingly beautified by Joan with yards of materials from his mother's Senior Ball formal. Joan is drawn to situations requiring her consolation and attentions. Her sense of justice is strong; she immediately comes to the defense of others and stands up for herself when necessary. Joan has a treasury of homilies, recipes, and stories that seem to improve with telling. Once in a while discouragement can be seen in Joan's eyes, but she unfailingly resumes her optimistic outlook with a saying that is quaint but incisive. In the best sense of the phrase Joan is an old-fashioned girl.



## MIWA OHE

**M**IWA is one of those singular people who can be constantly busy, and at the same time, lazy. She “works like horse” (to use one of her phrases) and makes schedules, following them to the letter. If her schedule is disturbed, it throws her into a frenzy, and it takes her days to reorient her planned life. Her walk is distinctive and echoes far down the halls. It is the shuff-shuff of her feet, as if she were wearing Japanese thong-style shoes instead of American loafers. She wouldn’t miss Friday night dinner on a bet—“Hoh boy, FISH!” She often says that her hair is turning red with the lack of seaweed in her diet! Generally she likes American food. Her one eccentricity is in seasoning; Miwa is notorious for the large quantities of pepper that she pours onto her food.

Miwa is by no means a joiner, but, if asked to do something, she is a hard worker and not a complainer. She is not a carrier of unkind tales or thoughtless remarks; this attitude is a deep and basic part of her background. Miwa presents a picture of childlike simplicity, too shy to speak; but this is the Japanese curtain of privacy which Miwa maintains for outsiders and strangers. Inside, there is a definite personality that can be as dynamic on the inside as it is subtle on the outside.

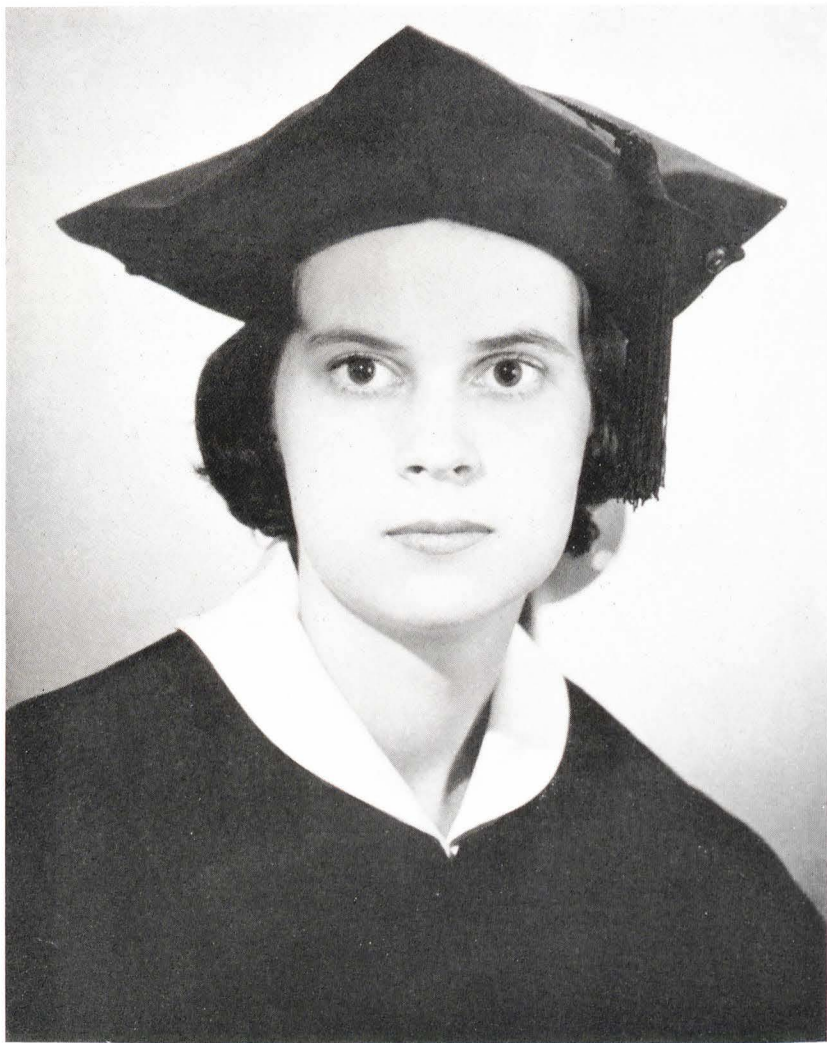


MIWA OHE  
Tokyo, Japan

MAJOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

The Troupers '63

I.R.C. '62, '63



JEAN MARIE O'MEARA

Stockton, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: CHEMISTRY

Woodrow Wilson Fellow

Gamma Sigma

H.O.O.D. Cup '61

*Firebrand* Staff '63

*Carillon* Staff '61

Assistant Editor '61

Science Club '61

The Troupers '60, '61, '62, '63

Madrigal Singers '60, '61, '62

Schola '60, '62, '63

S.C.T.A. '62

## JEAN O'MEARA

JEAN's complexity is baffling to the casual observer. She seems made up of so many antithetical, incompatible abilities and traits. Yet, as one comes to know her it is apparent that somehow these elements combine to form a single, highly fascinating human being.

Intensely alive and alert, Jean has a genuine desire and respect for learning and a finely developed insight, which enables her to view everything, including herself, with an almost complete objectivity. While her mind works easily and quickly, she is not content with surface answers—those that might be given to her or those that she might give herself. She is critical, but she also possesses a wonderful sense of the ridiculous. Within moments, she can blow an idea or a situation into a major spectacle, or diminish it to melodrama or farce.

Intellectually curious, she is ever anxious to try the new: a part in the current dramatic production, a new folk tune, the *Cantos* of Pound. While reason dominates, there is paradoxically a persistent romantic streak: she is a voracious reader of historical novels, is occasionally melancholic, loves French bouquets, old-fashioned clothes, and she will go far out of her way to find the thoughtful gift.

Not altogether predictable, she is complex; but she is also promising above the ordinary.



## RITA ORLANDINI

**R**ITA IS CREATIVE, aware, optimistic, enthusiastic. No thought or idea ever lies dormant if brought into Rita's far-reaching imagination. Her creativity can take the most obscure object and quickly build around it a fairy-tale fantasy. This openness and jovial spirit pervades her being. It carries over with amazing effect to the three hundred children she works with at a playground in the summer. Just mention the word child, children, little boy, little girl, and that "Rita look" appears: the larkish grin, the unmistakable dimple, the sparkling eye.

Rita's enthusiasm and abilities find her in as many possible activities as her forty-eight hour day will allow, but she is never too busy to create a clever card for someone's birthday, a thank-you note to a kind hostess, or a letter of understanding to a friend in need. She is organized in an unorganized way, loves art and music, and is an avid tennis player and hiker.

Because of her imagination and her alertness to the diversity of life around her, Rita is a storehouse of facts and fancies that brighten up the world: the tenth verse of obscure songs; the slight twisting of names which is often amusing and sometimes momentarily embarrassing. But to Rita there is nothing in a name anyway; the person is far more important.



RITA CONSUELO ORLANDINI

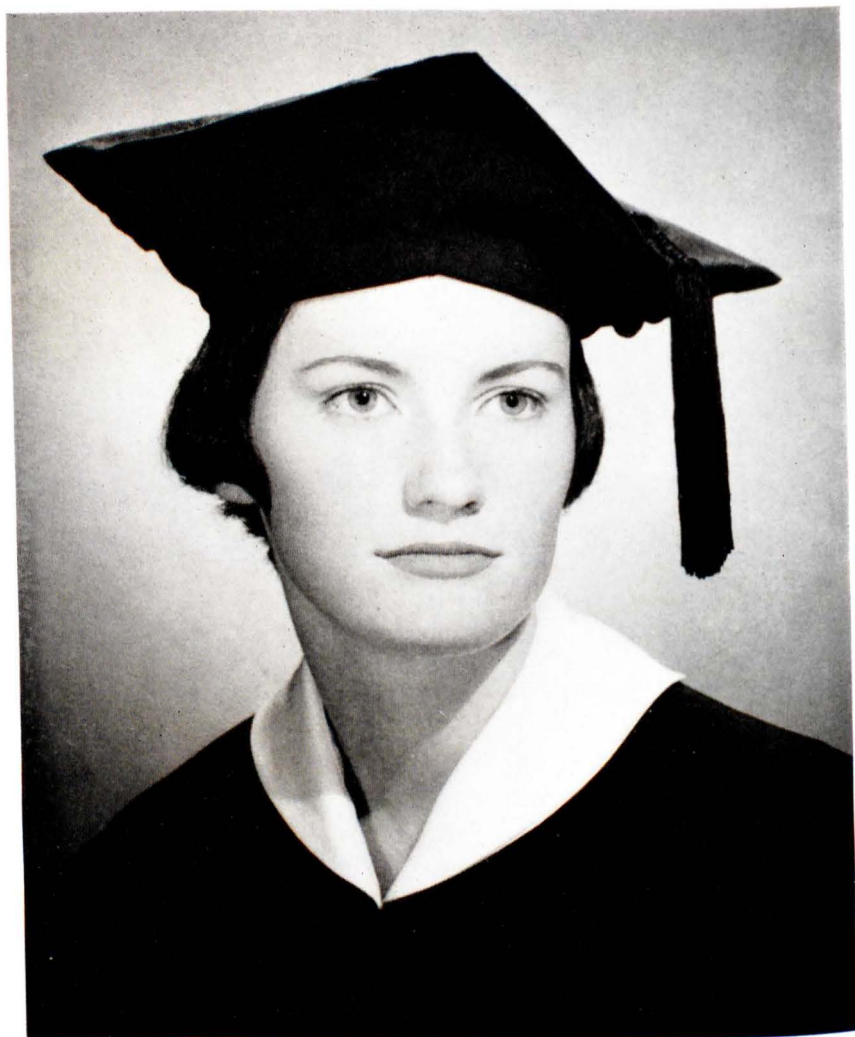
Vallejo, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

FIELD OF CONCENTRATION: EDUCATION

A.S.D.C. Vice-President '63  
Class President '62  
Executive Board '62, '63  
Student Affairs Board '63  
House Chairman '61

*Carillon* Staff '61  
Feature Editor '61  
I.R.C. '60, '61, '62  
Italian Club '60, '61  
S.C.T.A. '62, '63



JOYCE ANN PACKARD

Palo Alto, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

FIELD OF CONCENTRATION: EDUCATION

Gamma Sigma  
Absence Committee '61  
*Firebrand Staff* '63

Foreign Students Club '60  
Music Club '62

## JOYCE PACKARD

**A**T FIRST GLANCE, Joyce does not seem to harbor a romantic and sentimental outlook, but a little observation presents a new facet to an interesting and warm personality. Joyce loves fireplaces and foggy days at the beach; a rainy afternoon spent with a book of good poetry is another ideal form of recreation for her. She loves the outdoors and welcomes an excuse to walk downtown, yet she retains, in spite of her glowing, almost boyish, scrubbed look, a distinctly feminine appeal. She cries at sentimental movies and loves the warm atmosphere of a home filled with affection. Children and animals, teen-agers and adults respond to her; she is truly a “family” girl.

As a counterweight to her romantic tendencies, Joyce is the epitome of perseverance. In her four years at Dominican a determined application in all her courses is almost legendary. It isn't that she loves to study, but study is necessary. She is a byword for stick-to-it-no-matter-how-grim.

The results of Joyce's engagement are typical of her paradoxical romanticism-perseverance. Joyce loved the domestic affairs of home—in the abstract. The working knowledge of cooking, sewing and other esoteric subjects was foreign. However, she has applied herself to acquiring these admirable talents with her usual dedication. This is true devotion; it is true to Joyce's form.



## HANSI DE PETRA

**H**ANSI is expansive, but her *joie de vivre* comes distilled through her own distinctive, charming European-American manner. An artful conversationalist (in not less than three languages), Hansi is animatedly attentive to the world at large; her quick and warm Italian eyes follow with expectancy the world's every inflection and gesture. Open-mindedness and a yearning for varied experiences have led her to a breadth of interests—the French philosophers, Henry James, the Renaissance masters, jazz. No number of buses or transfers can prevent Hansi from taking in the current attractions of the area whether it be *Tosca*, a German polka party, an Italian movie, or a bagpipe concert in the Berkeley stadium. From these trips Hansi brings back a wealth of detailed descriptions—the thrill of the orchestra tuning up, how she lost her purse, the man sitting next to her on the bus; and in telling these stories she thoroughly captivates the imagination of her audience. The uncasual effect of a studied colloquialism in her own articulated speech adds another dimension.

Hansi plunges her whole self into new ideas and resolutions, but eventually sheer exhaustion, daydreams, or the lure of the beach will bring her to a slower pace. Intelligent, naturally curious, she excels in all she seriously undertakes. Compact of the best of Europe and America, Hansi looks forward.



HANSI LOUISE DE PETRA

Carmel, California

MAJOR: FRENCH

MINOR: SPANISH

A.S.D.C. Secretary '61

Executive Board '61

W.A.A. Board '61

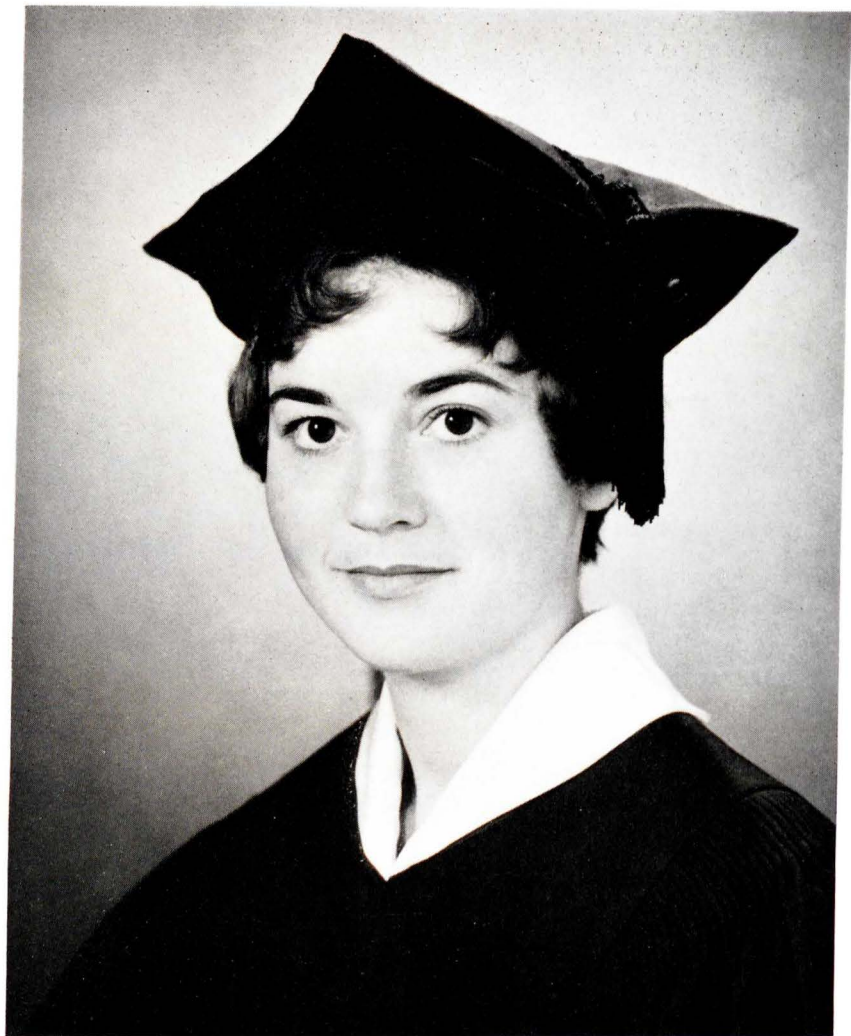
Model U.N. '60, '61

French Club '60, '61, '62

I.R.C. '60, '61, '62

Secretary-Treasurer '62

Italian Club '60



PATRICIA ANN PETRACEK

Glendora, California

MAJOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

MINOR: ECONOMICS

W.A.A. Board '63

Corresponding Secretary '63

The Troupers '62, '63

Secretary '63

## PATRICIA PETRACEK

**P**ATRICIA has an awe-inspiring talent for organizing people and projects. Whether called upon to salvage an almost hopeless situation or to initiate some new activity, she capably utilizes all resources to achieve the desired result. Dependable and willing to help, Pat is entrusted with many responsibilities which she fulfills with an efficiency that is an extension of the organization in her own life.

Efficiency, responsibility, and stability are not qualities necessarily associated with a vivid, fun-loving personality; possessing all of these qualities, Pat explodes into high spirits with a clear conscience. A student first, she allots time also for numerous extracurricular activities, for naps, and for social "new frontiers." In four years she has never missed a mixer, and when a starry-eyed, exuberant Pat darts and dances around the room, sending laughter and snatches of conversation peeling down the hall, she is obviously off to some social event, planning to have a *wonderful* time.

Patricia's capability and her realistic approach to every situation seem to be her most deeply rooted characteristics. She has the ability to identify and provide for the essential elements in every undertaking, freeing herself to enjoy any or all details.

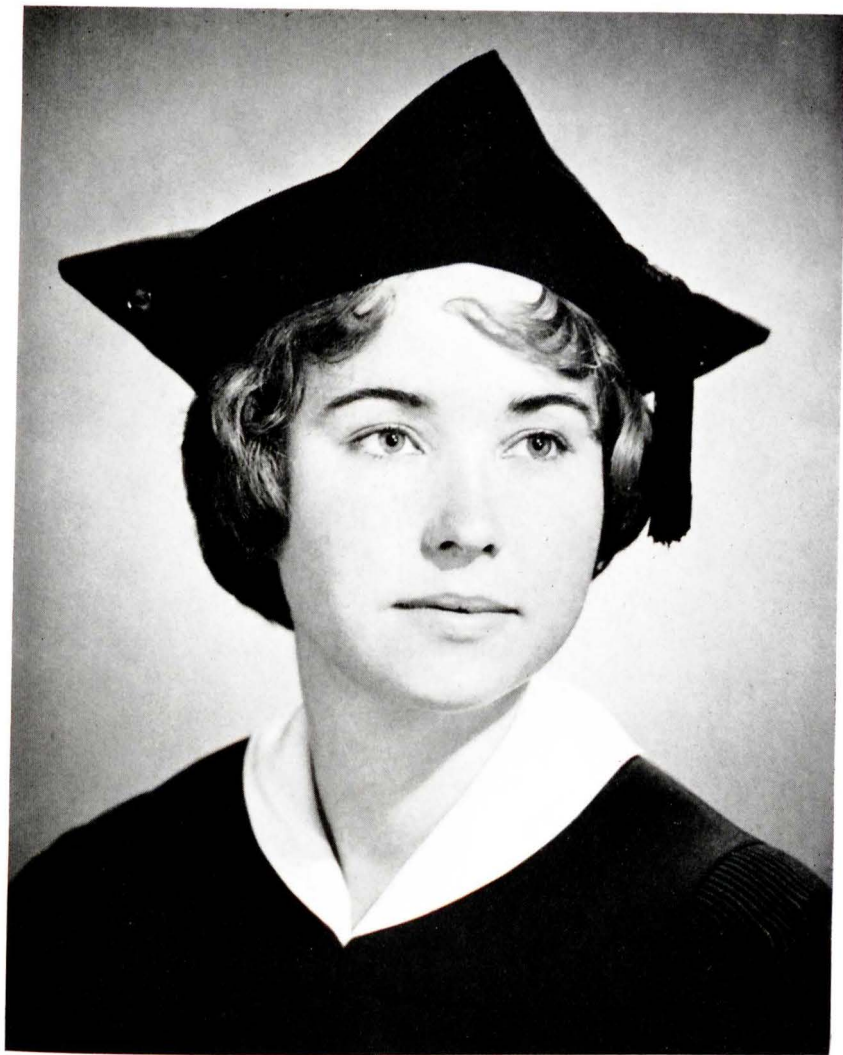


## DIANNE PHOENIX

**D**IANNE is one of those rare, refreshing people who are exactly what they seem to be. Her friends would object strenuously if she attempted to "improve" her personality in the slightest degree. Her optimism and self-confidence, her cheerfulness and plain, down-to-earth goodness make her a welcome addition to any group; if necessary, the group comes to her.

Although she does not frequent the smoke-room and prefers the door to her own room closed, Dianne never quite gets the opportunity to be lonely—or even alone. From 6:45, when she hopefully settles down to study, until 11:00 when she firmly pulls the covers over her head, a constant stream of visitors floods the room. "Dianne, would you mind taking charge of . . .?"—"Hey, Dianne, let's . . .!"—"Mother Phoenix, I have a problem." Dianne is a most understanding listener; she knows what people want or need to hear, and she knows when to be silent. She offers sympathy for large problems and a "This thing is getting out of hand!" for the laughable situations.

Dianne dreads most the prospect of falling into a rut. She projects so many exciting hopes and plans into the future that occasionally she must be reminded to enjoy the present. She may take comfort from the knowledge that even if she does become bored, she'll be too involved with other people to notice the fact.



DOLORES DIANNE PHOENIX

Bakersfield, California

MAJOR: SPEECH AND DRAMA

MINOR: EDUCATION

N.F.C.C.S. Junior Delegate '61

The Troupers '60, '61, '62, '63

President '63

Vice-President '62

French Club '60

W.A.A. Board '62

Treasurer '62

S.C.T.A. '62, '63

President '63



PATRICIA MAUREEN PIERCE

Seattle, Washington

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

FIELD OF CONCENTRATION: SOCIAL SCIENCE

*Gamma Sigma*  
*Firebrand Staff '63*

*Meadowlark Staff '62*  
*Editor '62*

## PATRICIA PIERCE

PATTY projects herself through conversation; those who have spent hours at lunch and dinner tables to argue, agree, or simply to listen, have discovered a person who thinks deeply and feels intensely—exceptionally so. She is realistic in her view of life, but she can, at times, prevent realities from affecting her. Through a discriminating and sensitive perception, Patty seeks to gain an understanding of people and ideas; she absorbs and ponders books, conversations and daily experiences in order to form generalizations based upon her observations.

She accepts her intellectual and spiritual gifts as naturally as she accepts her lack of physical prowess. (She good-naturedly admits that the intricacies of the “Virginia Reel” are still a mystery after three semesters of Folk Dancing.) She has confidence in her intelligence, and she actualizes its potential through study and self-discipline; occasionally she suffers from her quickness of mind.

Patty’s taste for simple elegance, her lack of dependence on popular opinions and fads, her warm understanding of human frailty and admiration for human nobility—all these are facets of a developing wisdom. And her absent-mindedness and unconcern for detail are also reflections of a personality dominated by a mind that seeks to understand and appreciate all things.



## MARY PURCELL

THE GENTLE, oval face, the flawless complexion, the dark, precise, clearly defined eyebrows—this is Mary Purcell. Perhaps those eyebrows furnish the key to her personality. She is the young lady with quick mind, penetrating intellect, deep insight. Because of her driving will and her vehement desire for the right answer, she qualifies as the students' student. Mary must have the solution in clear focus, in exact detail, in deep, contrasting black and white. Whether it be writing a term paper or learning to bid the club convention, she will always strive for, and usually attain, the degree of perfection she seeks.

But this is not the Mary who captivates her friends. Indeed not! It is her sprightly tone, her brightness, her vivacity. It is her disarming, though thoroughly refreshing, honesty and her keen-witted, labyrinthian explanation of the most unlikely situation. Couple the intellectual and social talents with her skill as a well-coordinated athlete, a fierce (yea, even ferocious) competitor, and see a portrait of success, courage, and stamina not likely in "a little girl."

If unawareness of one's charm and attractiveness is a fault, then Mary is gravely guilty. But she must be pardoned because it complements her winsome reserve, her delicate shyness, and her natural warmth. Mary is alive, and she enlivens others.



MARY PURCELL  
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH  
MINOR: EDUCATION

Gamma Sigma  
*Firebrand* Staff '63  
Editor '63  
W.A.A. Board '62

Irish Club '60, '61  
Italian Club '60  
S.C.T.A. '62, '63



BARBARA FRANCES RE  
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: FRENCH  
MINOR: ENGLISH

Class President '63  
Model U.N. '62  
Executive Board '63  
Italian Club '60

French Club '60, '61, '62, '63  
Vice-President '62  
I.R.C. '61, '62, '63  
Music Club '60, '61

## BARBARA RE

ONE IS tempted to call Barbara a dilettante; she does so many things well—and this from sheer determination as well as from natural talent. She is rarely seen without a tennis racket, guitar, or French novel stuck under one arm. Even her leisure has purpose: in it she pursues her latest interest to its ultimate mystery. One can think, offhand, of pursuit of F.D.R., of Segovia, of knitting, of Joan Baez, of ceramics—there was even an interlude of modeling clay pigeons. More constantly, she is a lover of nature and a student of French. She enjoys walking the Marin paths and collecting odd bits of fauna and flora. One such “Blanch, the Branch” has been for four years her favorite object of contemplation. But, she is only occasionally contemplative.

Barbara has all the symptoms of the extrovert. She is addicted to various forms of “hopping”—table, room, people hopping. Socially adaptable, she is as much at home in a deep philosophical discussion as at an impromptu song fest. Whether in her muu muu balancing her freshly made cup of jasmine tea or at a formal reception in her ineluctable new yellow wool suit, Barbara is herself. Her intelligence, the warmth and enthusiasm of her personality, plus a large dose of plain conscience make her a leader. In her gracious way, she accepts the responsibility.

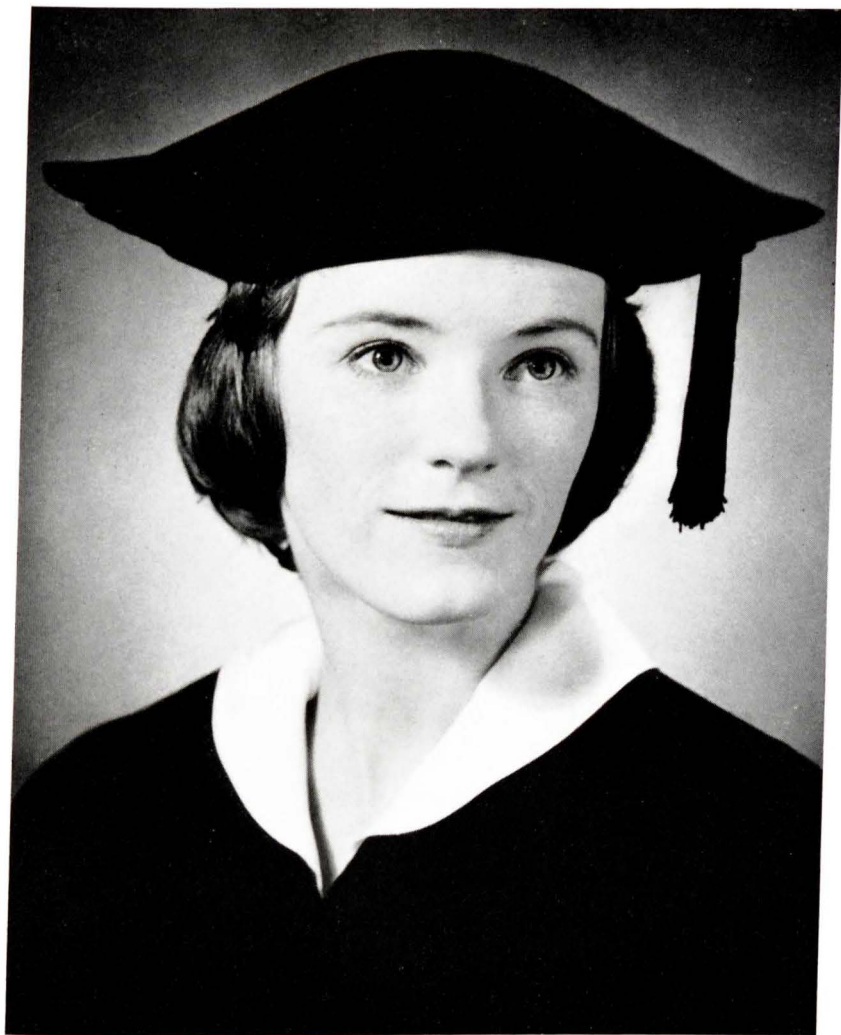


ANNA-LEA REYNOLDS

**A**T PRECISELY 9:59 Sunday evening, A-L darts into the smokeroom, out of breath, but full of the news of a weekend "Superneat!" In the following sixty seconds she manages to bring everyone up to date and to squeeze in a hand or two of bridge. This weekly performance is typical of the ninety-eight pound redhead who is always in a hurry because there is simply not enough time. Her pace is kept up by gallons of strong, black coffee and by a love of life which finds expression in her rampant enthusiasm for everything and everyone.

A-L is a girl of definite opinions, and she expresses them; but she also has the gift of respecting the opinions of others. However, more than one high-flying notion has been punctured by her slow, decisive "Be serious!"

It is through her art that A-L truly reveals and expresses herself. A smudge of ink or a neat pile of shavings on the smokeroom table informs the knowing that a new wood block or silk-screen print is in the making. Her finished prints—delicate or strong as the case may be—indicate her sense of proportion and her feeling for the essence of what she produces. Her flashes of laughter, or temper, or brash high spirits translate themselves into bright, beautiful color. But let no one think for a moment that A-L is not equally skilled with the more subtle tones.



ANNA-LEA REYNOLDS

Vallejo, California

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: ENGLISH

The Troupers '61, '63



MARY MAGDALEN RIZZO  
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: HISTORY  
MINOR: ENGLISH

The Troupers '60, '61

Italian Club '60, '61, '62

## MARY RIZZO

MARY loves to get her Italian up. Brown eyes wide, hands gesturing wildly, she announces the sudden onslaught of a new idea with an excitement that at first terrifies, then envelops the beholder. A willing talker, Mary will relate the latest school gossip or a personal experience in a half-demure, half-mocking tone, with a crescendo of voice, hands, and facial expressions which magnify the incident until it lives. Yet no one is as artless as Mary, no one less blasé; her childlike candor, her ability to show her feelings and admit her naïveté inspire confidence in old friends and newcomers alike. An open generosity is hers, and an affectionate heart that will never permit her to stay long away from those who love her.

College has called forth all of Mary's best efforts, and she has applied her talents with a will and perseverance. Her love for the glamor and pageantry of history echoes her fondness for cherry-red, bright-sounding music, and exciting stories. Meanwhile she finds time for serious reading, pleasant conversation with any and all, and for lending a helping hand to anyone who needs it. Her simplicity of spirit and sunny disposition help her to live happily as much as they help everyone around her.

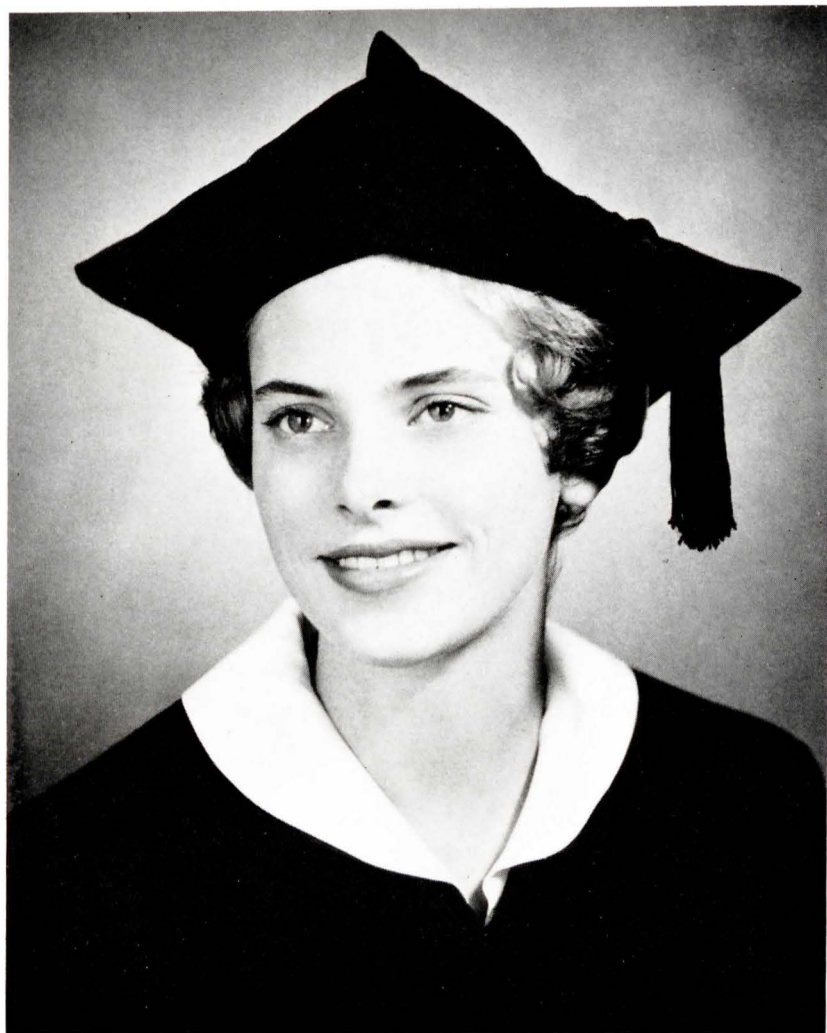


## LELIA ROBERTSON

LELIA's deep and resonant voice is a startling expression of her individuality. Have you ever heard her interpretation of *Taps*? It is that voice again, shattering the image of a china doll. She continually amazes. Her clear and precise mind dismisses the trivialities of life and progresses directly to the essence. Her classmates constantly come to her for suggestions or solutions when groping for an answer. Positive in her attitude, she has a directness which is refreshingly emphatic.

Lelia is basically objective but can immerse herself quickly into a gay environment. She loves to sing and participates with energy in a song fest. She is utterly fascinated by the San Francisco cable car. She loves nature and is a dedicated explorer. New experiences, new places, new people, excite her. She loves the sophistication and surprises of San Francisco, but also the simple things of life—picnics, daisies, rain, sunshine, an afternoon at the "Q Tree."

Her gay side is frequently masked by a solemn, aloof air which deceives people. She may walk somberly into the smoke room, her face void of expression. The next moment one is reassured as she becomes involved in bridge and laughter. Someone has asked why she arranges her cards upside down. Her laugh is spontaneous, effusive, happy. It is, perhaps, in expressing her own pleasure that Lelia most gives pleasure to others.



LELIA ANNE ROBERTSON

Sierra Madre, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Transferred from Pasadena City College '60

Class Vice-President '63  
Class Secretary '62  
Social Committee '62  
House Chairman '62

Foreign Students Club '61  
I.R.C. '62, '63  
Irish Club '61  
Schola '62



SHEILA FRANCINE ROSS

Vallejo, California

MAJOR: MUSIC EDUCATION

MINOR: EDUCATION

W.A.A. Board '61  
Italian Club '62, '63  
I.R.C. '61  
Music Club '61, '63

Madrigal Singers '60, '61, '63  
Schola '60, '61, '62, '63  
S.C.T.A. '63

## SHEILA ROSS

**S**HEILA reminds one of a girl made of sugar and spice who has never experienced an unfeminine moment. Usually wearing pastels in the daytime, she at any time appears freshly groomed. Flowers and lace garnish her room. She keeps a diary and through the years has amassed a collection of scrapbooks.

Good-natured and neighborly, Sheila blends with any group and many types of persons. She has the amazing virtue of making the effort to be pleasant and communicative to her daily contacts, her students, and her date, regardless of how she may feel. Small children delight in her understanding attention, begging to be lifted up and chattering with her by the hour. With her mellow voice and flirtatious eyes, Sheila teases with humor, but unrelentingly; she still enjoys antics of a Dennis-the-Menace nature such as short-sheeting beds and hiding behind corners to startle an oncoming crony. Football games, horseback riding, cooking and group folk-singing are some of the things Sheila likes to do. Gifted vocally, she sings for her own pleasure, shying away from public performance.

These qualities could be only surface aspects of Sheila's personality, but they are not. They reflect a nature which is spiritual and orderly and sometimes stubborn.



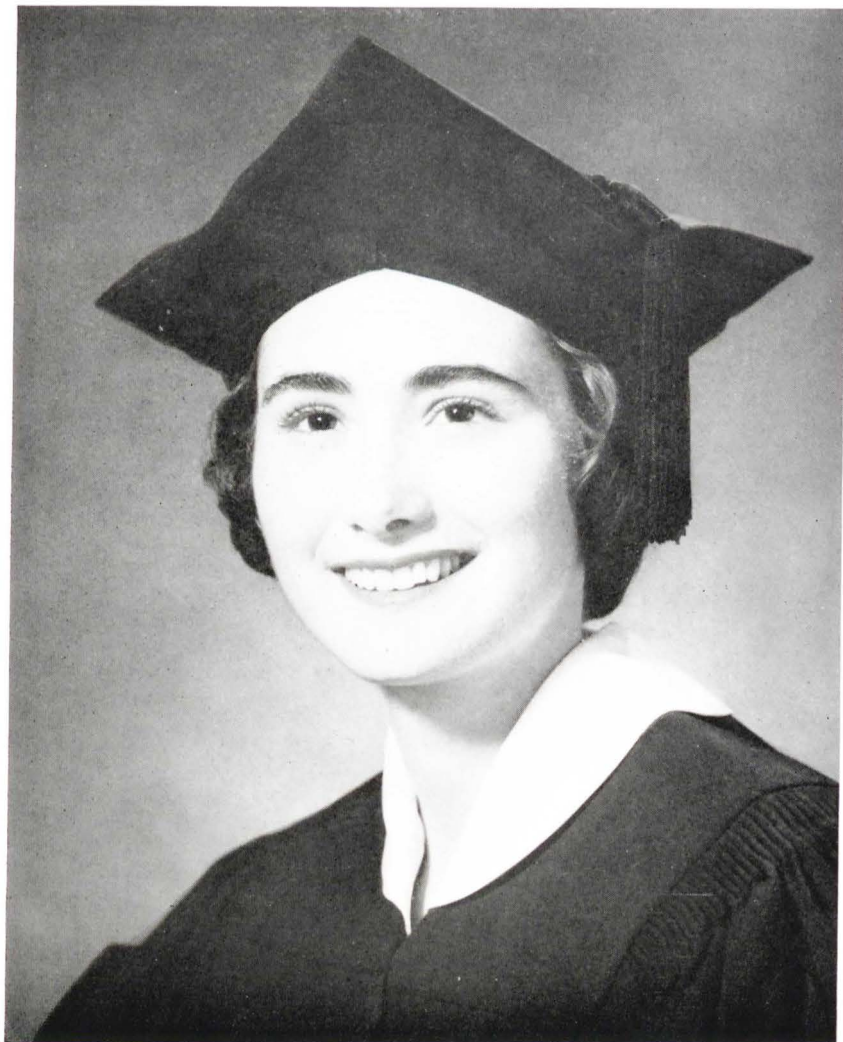
## VALERIE SCATENA

**V**ALERIE's appearance presumably should reveal much of her personality; it doesn't. Her dress is meticulous, conservative, dignified always; Valerie isn't, always. She has a sweet smile—with flickers of mischief. She has a most pleasant voice—that heightens and brightens as she becomes more and more excited and involved.

Although possessed of a dignity that can resemble aloofness, Val is quite capable of instigating some farcical antic, producing hysterical laughter of epidemic proportions. She has periods of oblivion to details of everyday life during which she loses her keys five or six times and misplaces money, her shoes, and the lightswitch. Always, she does manage important matters competently, precisely, and quietly.

In sharing joys and anxieties, each learns that Valerie's concern for the problems of her friends is genuine and selfless. She often drops in, just to inquire about the weekend, a term paper, the person's mood in general. Constantly, she offers help: a ride downtown; a place to stay for the weekend; a funny incident to enliven a dull evening.

Valerie has a mature wisdom—puts first things first, follows the prudent path in decisions and advice, accepts people and life in general with understanding, tolerance, and always a touch of humor.

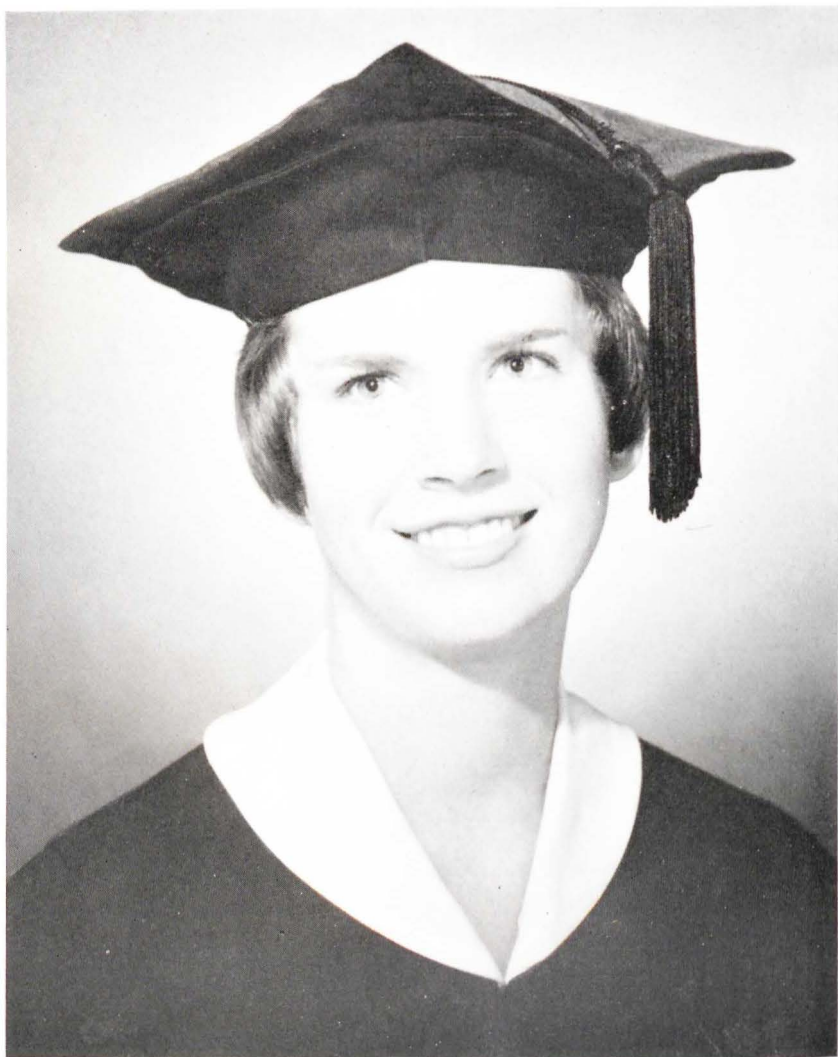


VALERIE ANN SCATENA  
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: FRENCH  
MINOR: EDUCATION

Social Committee '60, '61, '63  
French Club '60, '62

I.R.C. '60  
Italian Club '61



LUCINDA CORNELL SCHWEEN  
Salinas, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION  
FIELD OF CONCENTRATION: EDUCATION

*Firebrand* Staff '63  
W.A.A. Board '63

Irish Club '61  
S.C.T.A. '62, '63

## CINDY SCHWEEN

CINDY is exactly what she appears to be: trim, pert, and neat. Her life revolves about an organized pattern from which she rarely swerves. Only an insistent demand to play "a fast game of bridge" or a sudden impulse to go on a shopping spree (usually with a general purpose in mind) will deter her from the plan of the day.

The one extravagance in Cindy's organization is her highly feminine indecisiveness. She constantly changes her mind. One friend after another is consulted. Peace comes when she carries out her original plans—buying the shoes or shortening the hem.

Cindy's serious approach to life is accompanied by a wonderful sense of humor. She can laugh at herself and often does. Her characteristic gullibility and her constant attempts at the Charleston are two frequent causes of hilarity. They are part of what make her so much fun.

One can laugh with Cindy, but one must also admire her determination. She is intensely persistent in striving toward any chosen goal, whether it be a dance, a term paper, or a B.A. Her winsome smile and subtle manner may rise to the surface unconsciously and with them she can beguile anyone. Nothing is suppressed inside Cindy. Expressiveness is vital. To look at her face is to know what she is thinking. She is both lucid and radiant.



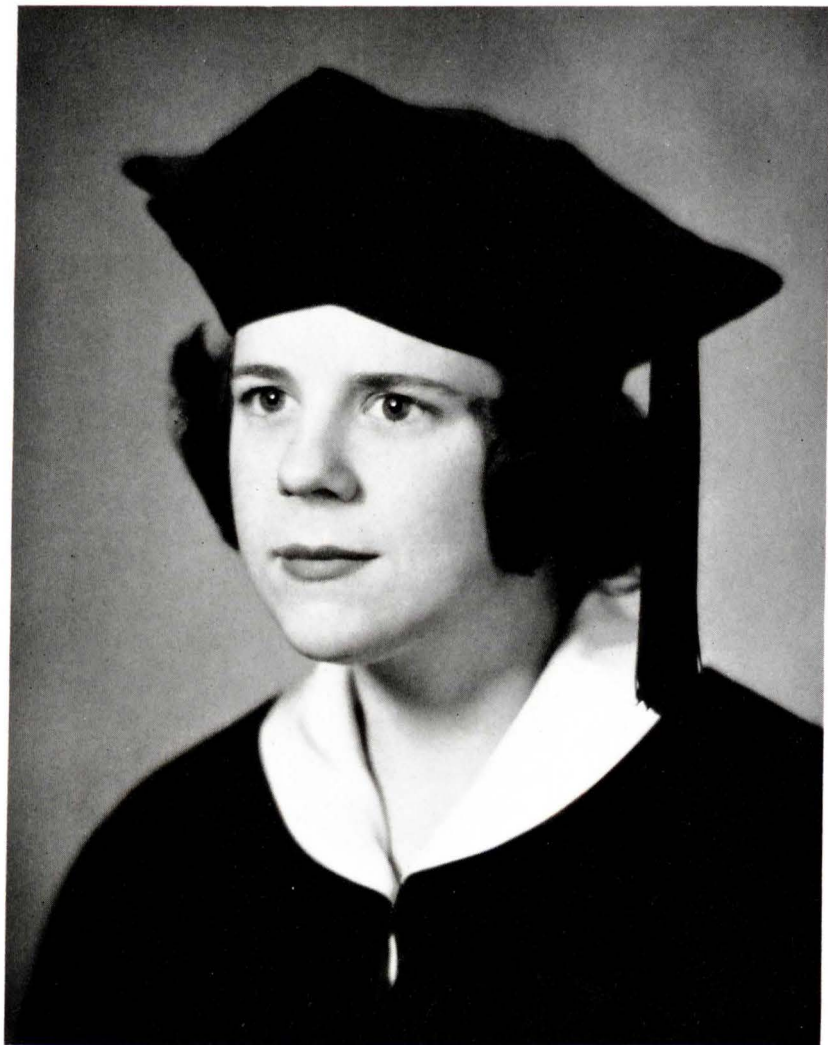
## SUSAN SHERIDAN

**S**USAN SHERIDAN is a happy sprite compacting a riot of expression, expansive dreams, and unlimited ideas into a small frame. Large mirrors reflect tiny Susie: her swift walk gaily swings a bright tweed skirt, her circular handwriting takes ten words to a page, her determination cracks Pennafort's walls, her art is often a few bold strokes covering a six-foot canvas. Susan, too, has big ideas for little people in her ambition to write and illustrate children's stories.

Marked by strong response, Susan's reactions to her education jump from despair resulting from a struggle with basic spelling lessons to exhilaration following the completion of a difficult art project. Termed in days, her schooling glides over Wednesday "hump days" into wondrous Cal-Anthony oriented weekends.

A twentieth century romantic, Susan enjoys reading and re-reading letters, listening to Debussy's "Clair de Lune," and sharing intimate secrets with her dearest friend, a fuzzy, round koala bear.

The thread of art unites and binds all parts of Susan's life. Seeking beauty, she finds it in the simplest of things; she derives as much pleasure from a rock as from a Renoir original. Having developed the ability to express beauty on canvas, in print, in flower arrangements, Susan gives happiness, the gift of a true artist.



SUSAN JOAN SHERIDAN  
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: ART  
MINOR: EDUCATION

Art Club '61, '62  
French Club '60

Irish Club '60, '61  
S.C.T.A. '63



BARBARA CATHERINE SHERMAN

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: EDUCATION

The Troupers '61  
French Club '60  
I.R.C. '63  
Music Club '61

Madrigal Singers '62  
Schola '61, '62, '63  
S.C.T.A. '62, '63

## BARBARA SHERMAN

SHE HAS been compared to a Beethoven sonata and to a Schubert song—the Schubert song is perhaps the more exact analogy. There is about Barbara a quality of lyric grace and tranquil simplicity. Her charms are pre-eminently feminine: she is engagingly shy; has literally a rosy blush; her speaking voice is soft and low; her laugh melodious. She has made music an integral part of her life, and of ours, too. Whether at schola, in the shower, or even in a tense game of bridge, Barbara's beautiful, clear singing voice may intermittently be heard.

Barbara is a sociology major, which is to say that she likes people, is concerned for people and for the world in which they live. In consequence, she often shifts the problems and burdens of others onto her own shoulders. Her own troubles and burdens she does not so much shrug off as accept with stoic forbearance made bright with optimism. There is a core of stubbornness at Barbara's center; there is character. She adheres firmly to what she knows is right; she is staunch in her political affiliations; is vehement in her musical preferences; she prefers blonds. Whatever goals she sets for herself she goes toward with ordered, measured step. She may play variations on the theme, but she does not forget the intent. There is, perhaps after all, a likeness to the Beethoven sonata.



## CAROLYN SILVIERA

**M**ARVEL and mystery are the sentiments brought to mind at the mention of Carolyn. Students on campus are most struck by the quantity of tasks she can perform with the efficiency of a machine and the creativity of an artist. A brand new freshman, upon meeting Carolyn for the first time, couldn't control her impulse to say, "You're Carolyn Silviera? I thought you would be seven feet tall!"

In each activity two important elements are involved—a duty and a challenge. She is impatient with those who complain to the wall, but she feels a responsibility to record their complaints because they are food for analysis and re-analysis. When she presents her ideas for a plan of action they are frequently of idealistic proportions. She aims for the perfect situation but maintains a buoyant optimism when the results are not always those intended. Those unimaginative non-dreamers try hard to point out the flaw in her planning, but they always seem to walk away ready to do anything for the cause.

Carolyn is a serious, diligent student. Her two loves are piano and math, but she thrives upon those fields involving expression in writing and speaking. Voicing her ideas for the MUN or writing an opinion on an ethical problem are all part of a natural process. Expression for Carolyn is the fulfillment and the real fun which comes after thinking.



CAROLYN ANN SILVIERA

Hanford, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: MATHEMATICS

A.S.D.C. President '63  
A.S.D.C. Treasurer '62  
Executive Board '62, '63  
Student Affairs Board '63

Model U.N. '60, '61  
I.R.C. '60, '61  
Secretary '61  
Music Club '61



GERALDINE ANN SIMENSTAD

San Rafael, California

MAJOR: FRENCH

MINOR: ENGLISH

Transferred from University of Grenoble '62

THERE are few people of whom it can honestly be said that they are never seen without a smile, but Geraldine, or more commonly Dede, happens to be one of them. Whether airing her own theories on a play by Cocteau, enthusiastically endorsing the novels of A. J. Cronin, or vividly describing some funny incident which occurred the night before, Dede is certain to infect her listeners with some of her own energy, warmth, and charm, and to leave them in an entirely different frame of mind.

Dede firmly adheres to her own convictions and will speak her mind on any subject when the occasion arises, whether to her own classmates or to a sometimes intimidating faculty member. In this respect she will attempt the audacious if she can profit by it, and will disregard possible repercussions.

Dede hates to be inactive—she likes to play tennis, and swims often. As she lights a cigarette she jokes that it helps to keep her nervous. She never rejects an impulse. If she wishes to “get away from it all” she simply drives off in her blue Fiat to her favorite haunt on the beach. Perhaps this mode of escape is indicative of her desire to travel. As a former European traveler she needs little excuse to display her various mementoes and relate her fascinating experiences to a rapt audience.

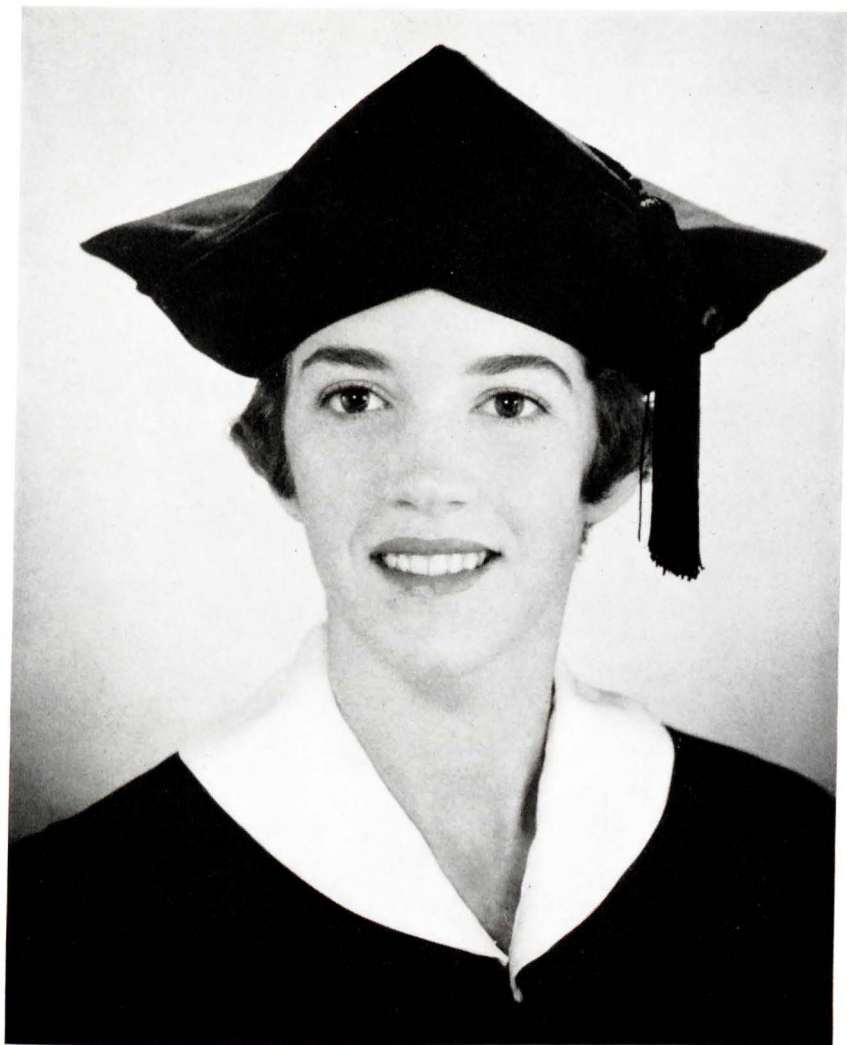


## SIDNEY SMITH

SIDNEY has turned in her ponytail and crinolines for the more sophisticated look—an accidental change; substantially she remains as eager, enthusiastic, brightly friendly as when she arrived as a freshman. In the four years, her friends have not so much changed as multiplied. Sidney is a one-girl welcoming committee; has, in fact, been accused of memorizing class schedules of new freshmen, so quickly does she learn to know them. And, she remains organization personified, from the way she folds her towels into neat thirds (or her napkins after dinner) to the ordered notes she takes. In her room everything is neat except her roommates. Luckily she accepts people the way they are, loves them, and is loved by them.

Her freshman attachment to rock-and-roll remains. Sid knows all the records. Put on any one of them and soon she is singing out all the verses and working out some complicated, Southern California rhythmic pattern with her feet.

For Sidney, first things do really come first; she is a person of integrity, of chivalric honesty; she is a vigilant observer of rules and a hard before-and-behind-the-scenes worker. The essential out of the way, she is funloving and adventuresome; she has a fascination for the far-flung and the far-out which has led her into highly precarious situations—none of which seem to have dulled her questing spirit.



SIDNEY CATHERINE SMITH

Redlands, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: EDUCATION

S.C.T.A. '62



VIVIAN MARY STOKER

New York, New York

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

FIELD OF CONCENTRATION: LITERATURE

French Club '60

The Troupers '60, '61

## VIVIAN STOKER

VIVIAN is a sentimentalist in the most pleasant meaning of the term. Solitude, old letters to re-read, a sad story to cry over—all are necessary for her comfort. She requires also a window through which she can gaze at . . . well, just gaze and daydream. Transporting her innumerable and much-cherished souvenirs does present a practical problem, and she is resigned to crossing the country with bulging baggage, pockets, and purse.

Sensitive, Vivian tends to attribute her own feelings to others and is correspondingly considerate. She has a childlike enthusiasm—voluble and a bit indiscriminating—for new ideas, new acquaintances, new clothes; eventually she achieves a reasonable assessment of the proportionate value of each. Her essential femininity is adequately demonstrated in her choice of clothes and in her predictable love for pastel colors.

She also “loves” T. S. Eliot, bicycles, and green apples. These interests may jar the image of frothy sentimentality, but they also indicate a more stable, down-to-earth core to Vivian’s personality. She has a direct, sincere manner that is most appealing and, unlike the traditional sentimentalist, is capable of exercising a gratifying amount of common sense.



ONA is one of those unique, enviable persons who say, "Oh, I have so much to do!", laugh while they say it, don't do it when they should, race at the last moment, and still enjoy themselves in the process. She was born to rush through life, stopping to see everyone on the way, always running and always in a hurry. As for her studies, she must say "mañana" to them as soon as she gets up in the morning because always she leaves them until the last minute. Everyone knows Ony. At last count, she had more unofficial little sisters than anyone in Dominican history. She possesses in a superb degree the Latin quality of making everyone her friend.

The most remarkable feature about Ony is visible and serves as an indication to her spirit. It is her warm, infectious smile which lights her face and illumines the happy spirit always present. Actually, the smile is a cross between a pleasant smile and a big grin. Always accompanying it is a silly giggle-laugh, which sounds like the laugh of a young girl who has just told an outrageously funny piece of gossip to her best friend; it is very Spanish and very irreverent.

Her interests are as wide and as varied as her friends. She knits and sews beautifully, loves to travel, enjoys opera and dancing, and says she would like to be a doctor—but with a French major?



ONA BELEN TRIMMER

Guadalajara, Mexico

MAJOR: FRENCH

MINOR: SPANISH

Foreign Students Club '61, '62  
President '62  
House Chairman '63

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



MARY ANN ULMEN  
Santa Rosa, California

MAJOR: SPANISH  
MINOR: FRENCH

Junior Year: University of Barcelona

Social Committee '61  
French Club '60  
I.R.C. '61, '63

Spanish Club '60, '61, '63  
Vice-President '61  
Music Club '60, '61, '63



## MARY ANN ULMEN

MARY ANN lives in her own solemn world where life and people are beautiful and good. Gracefully moving from her world to reality, she deepens ordinary living with her stillness, containment, and mystery. Having lived and learned in Europe, Mary Ann proudly reveals her Spanish education. Velasquez might have painted her quietly beautiful face; certainly, that rugged land and resilient people have shaped strong religious devotion and defined political and cultural preferences. Firmly convinced of the "rightness" of her own views, Mary Ann defends them as passionately as a bullfighter in the ring and like a novice bullfighter dares not look sideways at a problem.

A serious student, Mary Ann devotes herself to her foreign language studies. Sometimes letting her work run away with her, she over-fears exams—an ungrounded fear as the measure of past academic success reveals. Refusing to be intimidated by physical exhaustion, sickness, or injury—all of which she has suffered—Mary Ann drives herself against immeasurable odds. When not lost in a Spanish poem or French play, she sometimes sits at the bridge table, but more often she uses her leisure to write letters, to attend concerts, to discuss art and philosophy. Always observing and interested in the activity surrounding but never engulfing her, Mary Ann stabilizes our racy world with her quiet and thoughtful presence.



## MARGARET VASCONCELLOS

MARGARET is in love with life and people. She'll greet you with "Hi ugly" and a contagious laugh, and you will depart with a chuckle inside which will return again when you think of her.

In her love for life she cannot bear to lose a minute in exploiting the worlds of politics, music, twentieth-century literature and sports. Consequently she prefers the midnight hours to accomplish her list of study work. Once she dedicates herself to a cause, there is no halfway effort in her promotion. If it is the Giants, she will bring her transistor radio to class; if it is the Democrats, she will plaster a king-size poster on her window; if it is a diet, she will feast on bread, butter, cookies, and pudding; if it is school loyalty, she will defend it at any odds; if it is a Student Affairs Board decision, she will take any amount of time and discussion to insure a just yet merciful verdict; if it is excitement, she will take San Francisco or Hawaii.

You will not find a more interested listener if you need someone to share your laughter or your tears. She will cry spontaneously in response to sadness, but will laugh with even less provocation. Margaret magnetizes friends by her easygoing freshness, her superb sense of humor, and her sensitive response to the least and greatest concerns of humanity.



MARGARET ANN VASCONCELLOS

Rodeo, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: GERMAN

Student Affairs Board President '63

Executive Board '62, '63

W.A.A. Board '60, '61, '62

President '62

Treasurer '61

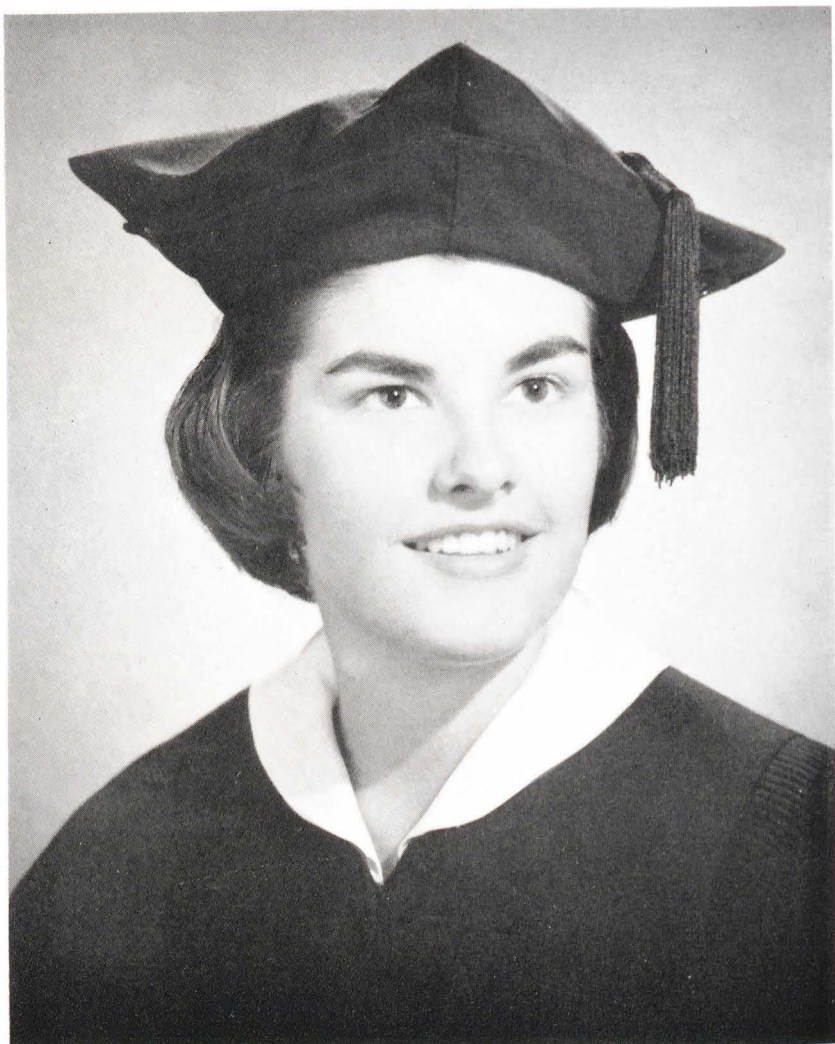
*Cavillon* Staff '61

Sports Editor '61

The Troupers '60, '61, '62

Secretary '61

German Club '62



BARBARA ANNE WALCOM

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

FIELD OF CONCENTRATION: LITERATURE

Parliamentarian '63  
Class Vice-President '62  
Class Representative '61  
Class Treasurer '60

Executive Board '61, '63  
I.R.C. '63  
Irish Club '60, '61, '62  
S.C.T.A. '62



## BARBARA WALCOM

**A** COKE, a walk, a whimsical story enchant Barbara. Enraptured by the small things of life, rather than by the large, she finds happiness everywhere. Endowed with a casual and effortless outlook, Barbara appreciates the day as she lives it. Unambiguous and uncomplicated herself, she is intolerant of pettiness and insincerity in others. If she believes that the wrong thing is being said or done, Barbara grows highly indignant. Her eyebrows raise; her eyes become larger, her voice louder, and her manner impatient. Although definite in her likes and dislikes, she will take the opposite side of an argument just for conversation's sake. She has been a Yankee fan for years because her father so firmly believes in the merits of the National League.

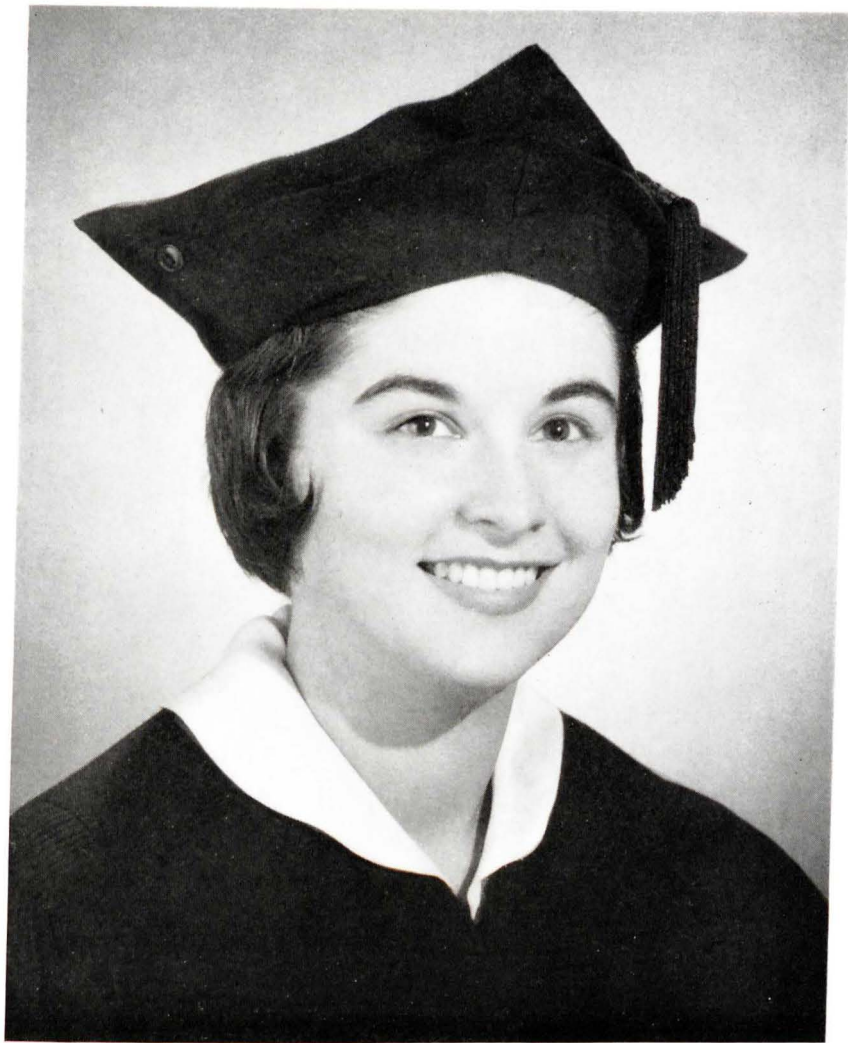
Barbara never rushes and she would be the first to assure you that an afternoon nap is one of life's necessities. Barbara lets the larger issues take care of themselves. She is no worrier; she often starts writing a paper somewhere near the deadline. But the notes have been gathered beforehand, the materials assembled. If Barbara gives the appearance of being casual and unperplexed, it is because she has earlier taken care of the details; she has foreseen and averted the possible obstacles. This explains why she has the leisure and peace of mind to enjoy the moment as it comes.



## CECELIA WALCOM

**C**EIL's gaze seems timeless and all-embracing. She sees the past as the basis for the realization of her present and future. But she lives in and for the present. Her "present" is filled with a true appreciation of society. She loves being with a crowd of people, and she may even consider going bowling if a group can manage to persuade her. "Ceil" is willing to try anything at least once, and, although ecstatic over success, she can always find something humorous in failure. Modern life presents no real "problems." She does not bother about things she cannot hope to accomplish, and she overcomes insurmountable difficulties by merely ignoring them.

It is evident that everything "Ceil" does has been predetermined. She carefully plans (and often plots!) her solutions to given problems, and she rarely lets impulse dictate her actions. Whether studying or playing a quick game of bridge, "Ceil's" mind is always keen and active. One hour of every day is devoted to taking a nap. This ritual is indispensable. She will enter her room and triumphantly announce, "Have to catch a few z's before dinner." In seconds she is asleep. Awake, she seldom fails to please her acquaintances and astonish her friends because she possesses that wonderful gift of easily turning a frown into a smile, a smile into a laugh, and a laugh into near-hysteria.

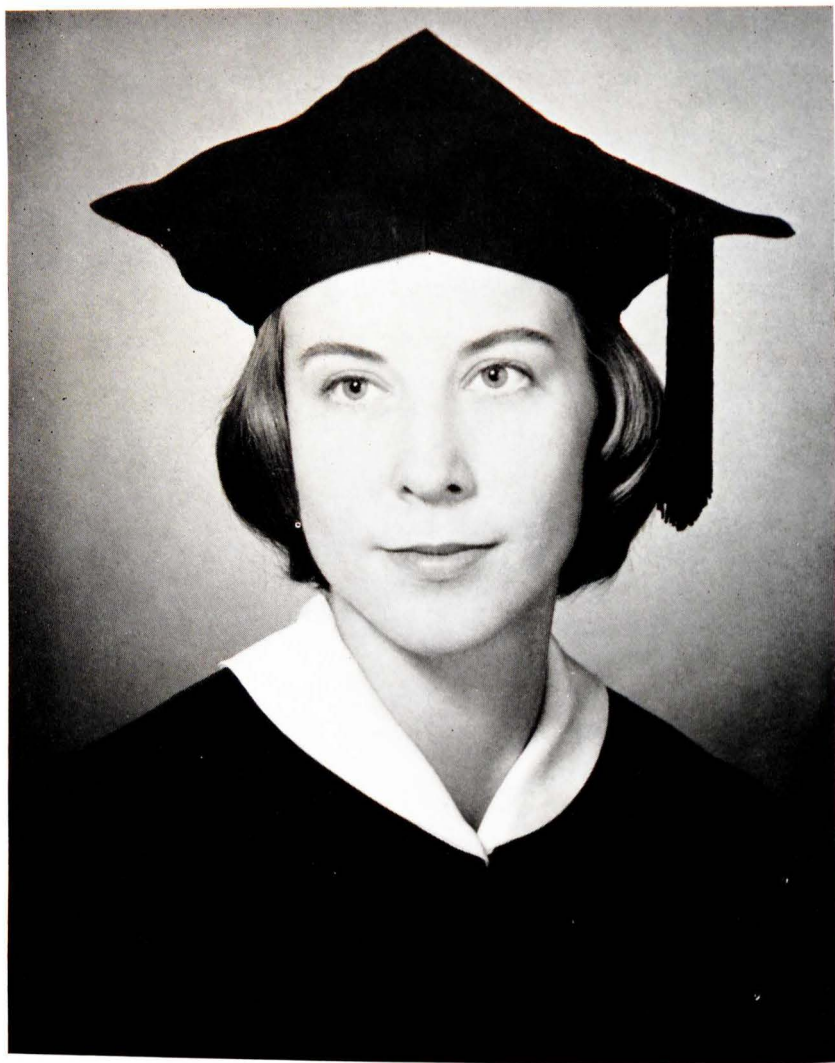


CECELIA JOSEPHINE WALCOM  
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION  
FIELD OF CONCENTRATION: EDUCATION

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

S.C.T.A. '62, '63



ELIZABETH ANN WILLIAMS

Burlingame, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: HISTORY

Student Affairs Board '62

Class President '60

*Firebrand* Staff '62

Consulting Editor '62

*Meadowlark* Staff '62

Assistant Editor '62

Model U.N. '60

I.R.C. '60, '61

Treasurer '61

Community Service Chairman '61

**A**SERENITY that sometimes verges on aloofness suggests that Ann is a gifted person, but it tends to obscure her easygoing and very normal nature. Her superior intelligence, insight, creativity, and expressive abilities are combined with womanly qualities—gentleness, strong feelings, and dependence. With seemingly little effort, Ann graduated early while earning excellent grades. She managed at the same time to write for campus publications, hold offices, take part in debates, and to go out every weekend.

Occasionally there is conflict between procrastination and a perfectionistic bias. To steel herself to begin a term paper or a requested article, Ann may spend the entire day browsing in the library, talking to a friend, and making schedules and elaborate lists. That night a perfectionist works under pressure, struggling through the toils and torments of a writer satisfied only with the exact and fresh words to express her idea.

Ann has a strong grasp of and admiration for high standards in every phase of life. She seeks and enjoys close friendships; yet she is always herself, unable to squelch a frank comment, to resist indulging in the humor of a serious situation, or to defend herself against an oncoming moment of shyness.

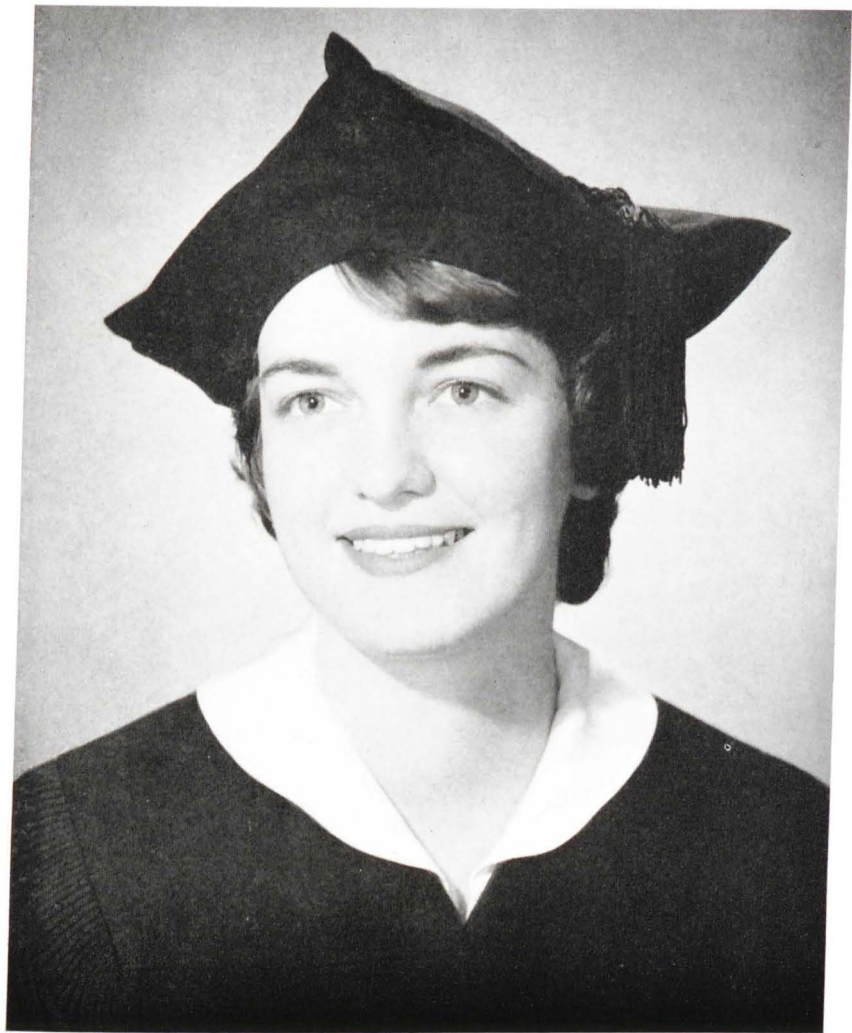


## ELIZABETH YOUNG

ELIZABETH relishes the privileges, prerogatives, and even the problems of femininity. She exists always in a "mood," be it happy, giddy, melancholy, or piqued; and her state of mind is usually obvious. Once cognizant of the fact that this femininity is her motivating characteristic, one is prepared for squeamishness, a few girlish shrieks, and an occasional "pet"; she manages all charmingly.

Most charming is her smile. Liz loves people—people individually and people in the aggregate. She enjoys nothing more than embarking with a group of her peers on some new and (hopefully) wild adventure. And how often she has been teased about her endless conversations in Guzman corridors! She has no desire to dictate to her friends, but, if challenged, she will uphold her rights and opinions firmly, even stubbornly. Ordinarily, however, she is easygoing, preferring the role of peace-maker.

Liz is feminine in the gentle, most admirable sense. She is no back-biter, and she despises any form of deception. For this reason she is scrupulously careful to be open and direct in everything she says and does. Sensitive, sympathetic, determined, and a bit quixotic, Liz is the sort of person that everybody should know. So her friends say, and they do.



ELIZABETH ANN YOUNG  
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: SOCIAL SCIENCE  
MINOR: EDUCATION

*Meadowlark Staff '62*  
W.A.A. Board '61  
The Troupers '61, '62

French Club '60  
S.C.T.A. '62



MARION CATHERINE ZINGHEIM

San Jose, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY AND EDUCATION

Transferred from University of Colorado '60

The Troupers '63  
Music Club '63

S.C.T.A. '62

## MARION ZINGHEIM

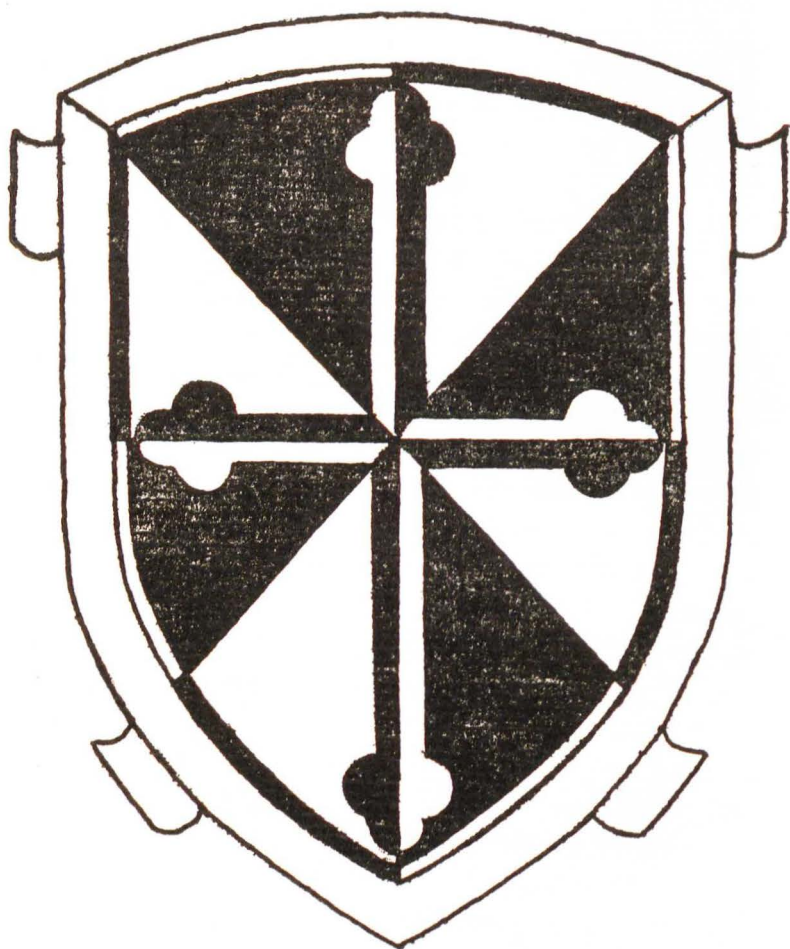
IT is simply impossible to imagine Marion sitting quietly in her room, doing nothing; her day is divided between emergency naps and periods of restless activity. When not in class, she is usually found sitting and playing innumerable games of solitaire or applying to graduate schools. "La Bohème" provides a musical accompaniment and informs the would-be visitor that Marion is "at home."

Marion loves to talk; she has definite opinions and states them without apology. If a friend has a problem, she sympathizes, offers specific advice, and may provide a résumé of her own sometimes unique interpretation of the situation. Her good will and interest alone are enough to lighten almost any state of depression.

The well-modulated voice and the prim conventions of polite conversation are not among Marion's accomplishments. She is not conventional and has no desire to be. One must accept her as she is—and everybody does; stray dogs adopt her, children adore her, and classmates are fascinated by her.

Marion demands the best from everyone and everything around her, and she gets it without effort. Perhaps it is because she begrudges no time or effort to do her best for anybody else.





Veritas



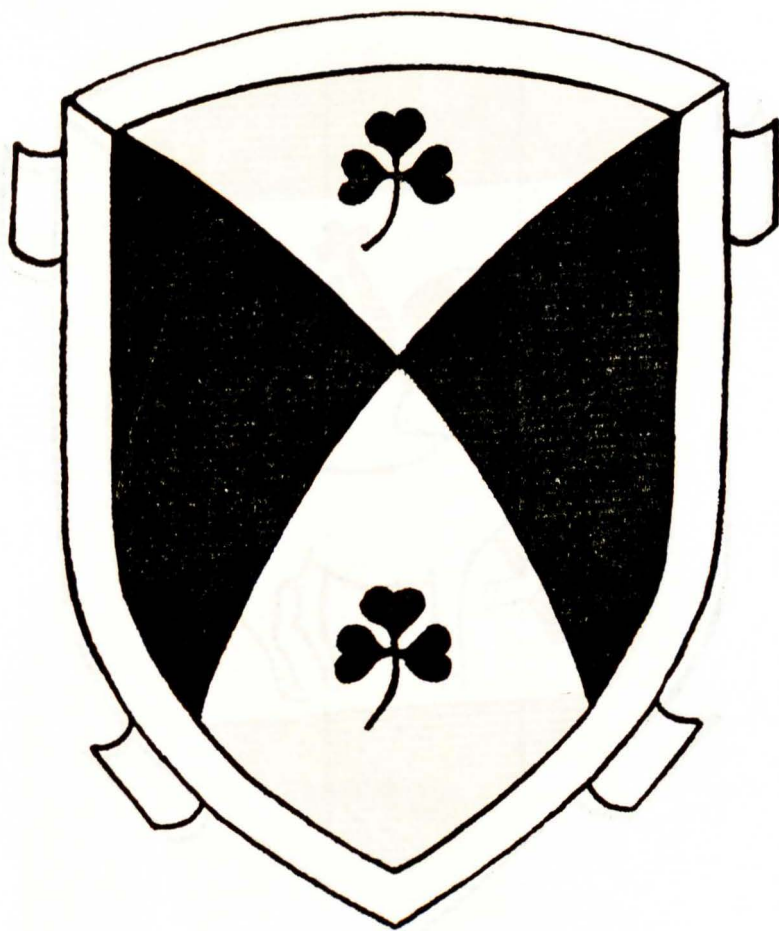
#### A.S.D.C. OFFICERS

Ann Petrich, *Secretary*; Rita Orlandini, *Vice-President*;  
Kathleen Strain, *Treasurer*; Carolyn Silvieira, *President*;  
Margaret Vasconcellos, *Student Affairs Board President*.



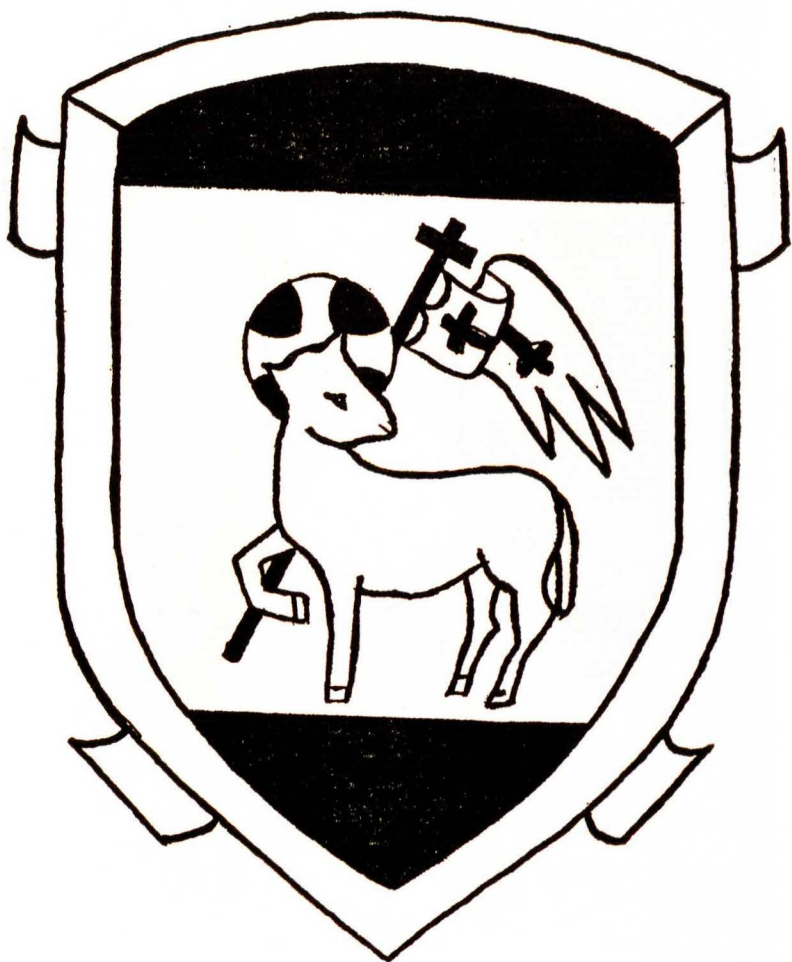
SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

Mary Burritt, *Secretary*; Barbara Re, *President*; Lelia Robertson, *Vice-President*;  
Helen Matushak, *Treasurer*.



Fide atque Fiducia





In veritate vincere



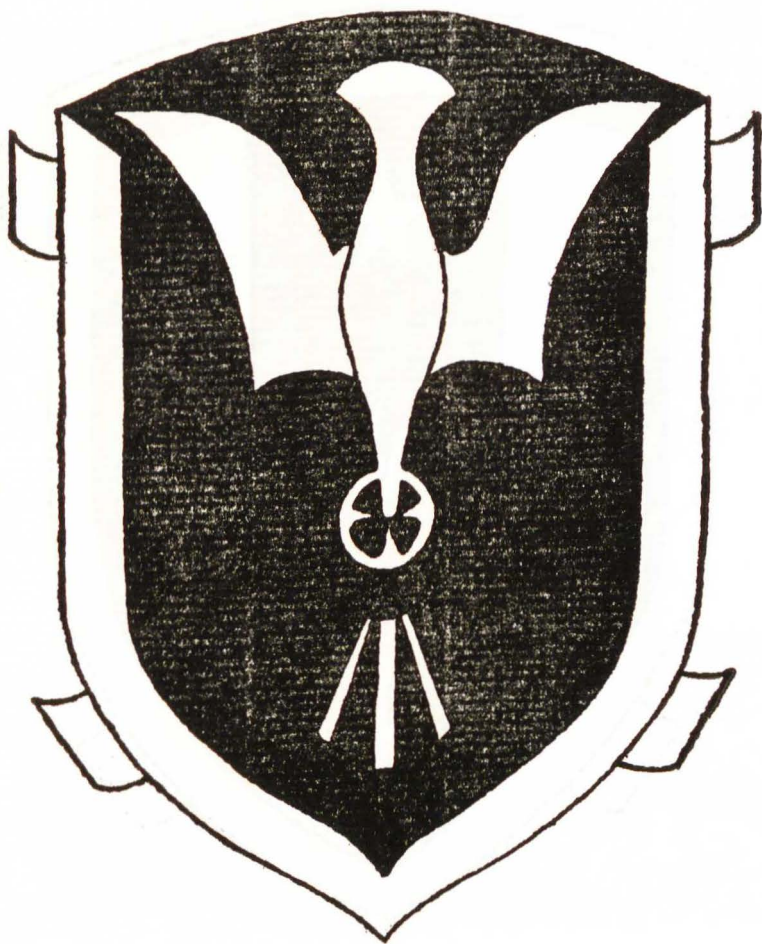
#### JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

Kathleen Flanagan, *Treasurer*; Paula Kelley, *Vice-President*;  
Lynda Clark, *President*; Elaine Sanguinetti, *Secretary*.



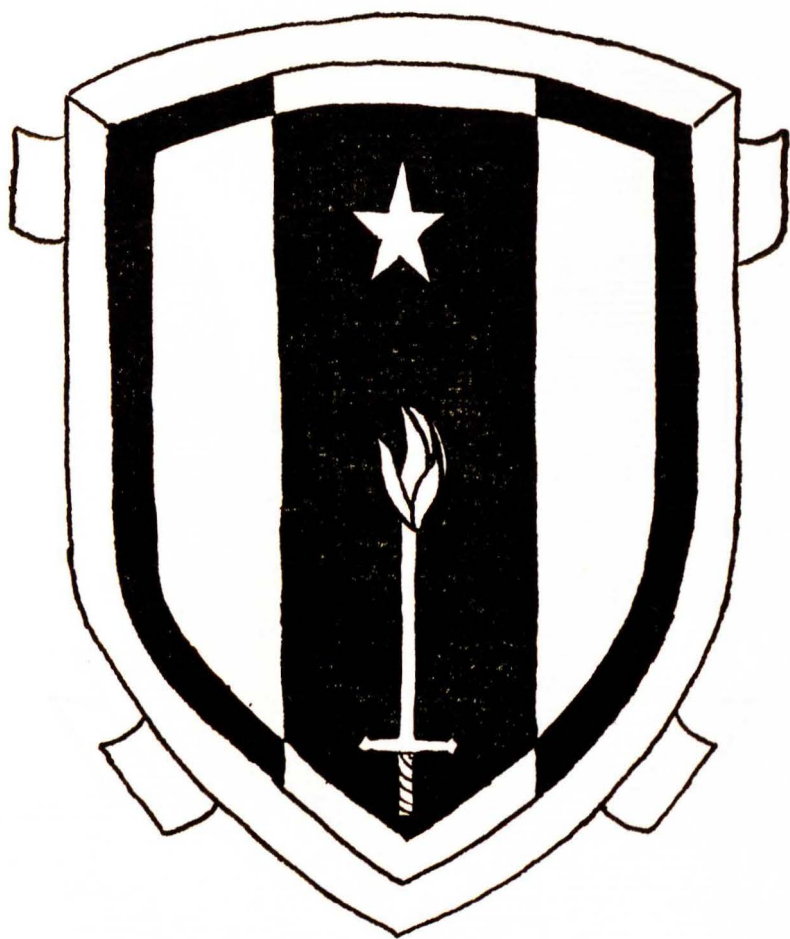
#### SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS

Louise de Lormier, *President*; Rita McNally, *Vice-President*;  
Bernadine Herrera, *Treasurer*; Margaret Cloherty, *Secretary*.



Verité, Amour et Dieu





Sapientia et Veritas



#### FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS

Christine Gallagher, *Treasurer*; Margaret Piscitelli, *Vice-President*;  
Nancy Ayling, *Secretary*; Mary Gayle Foley, *President*.



## THE NEW LIBRARY

**I**N 284 B.C., the Egyptian monarch Ptolemy Philadelphus attempted to gather into one building the sum total of universal learning; the 400,000 papyrus rolls assembled by scholars and students were placed in the new Alexandrian Library, the first all-embracing collection of writings in the history of the world. Among the rolls appeared the Greek Septuagint translation of the Hebrew Scriptures on which the Christian Bible is based. As new manuscripts were found, the number of books represented swelled to 700,000. To this celebrated institution were attracted the foremost minds of the western world, and there they congregated over the centuries, supported by the endowments of the Ptolemies and offering additional instruction to students. Thus it was that a library became a center of culture which in time developed into a *university*, in the sense of a place of *universal* study and productive scholarship. Since this time, the heart and the life principle of any institution of higher learning has always been the library, and its claim to universality is rooted there.

If the foundation of a library in ancient and medieval times often heralded the growth of a university center, in the modern college the library plays an even more vital role. Books were so precious up through the fifteenth century that the student had



to rely to a much greater degree on oral instruction, often only verbatim reading by the instructor from the one precious, hand-written copy of the text. Since the invention of printing and the wholesale production of books, the student has been put much more on his own. He is expected to supplement classroom instruction with research in an ever-widening variety of texts, treatises, and commentaries; he must investigate, probe, penetrate. The motivation and the guidance may be supplied by the professor; but, increasingly, the task of education is thrust upon the student himself, and the process of learning is centered in the library. Effectively, it may be said that without a library, the student cannot participate fully in the educational program, and we may indeed say with Carlyle: "The true University these days is a Collection of Books."

Here in Dominican College, where books are available to students at their convenience on open shelf, where they may be taken out in unlimited quantity and renewed on liberal terms, we appreciate the library as a labor of love. The delightful books: editions old and new, acquired painstakingly through the years, piled abundantly on the shelves, books behind books, books over books, have been artistically thumbled and dog-eared. We have braved the dark recesses of the balcony and wandered vainly in search of vacant chairs, but the Dominican library has

somehow made itself an intimate part of our college life. While none of us has nor could exhaust what the bookshelves have to offer, the wonderful program of general education we complete as lower-classmen brings us into contact with a considerable portion of the reading material. In a College which aims to educate *universally*, in accordance with our future needs as citizens and Christian women, all of the library becomes our personal treasure-house; the great majority of us yield to temptation, read, and profit.

Meanwhile, in the hostile winter mornings, we have walked to Guzman Hall under our umbrellas, watching a shell-like structure, alive with workmen, rise out of the barren expanse of ground which once housed Benincasa. Those of us who have approached the windows on weekends or in the evenings, or those who have lent a hand with the carrying and unpacking of boxes of books, have endowed the building with life and personality before it is open to us; we have let our imaginations spread the ground with lawn and people the interior with students, busily fulfilling daily tasks in a space filled with books, beautiful books, benignly arranged on spacious shelves, while light pours in through the wide windows and trees invite us to take advantage of the outdoor areas provided for reading.

As the building approaches completion, our anticipation grows, and with it our sense of awareness. It is encouraging to think that we may work in pleasant surroundings, with tables, alcoves, and lighting especially planned for optimum study conditions; encouraging, too, to know that everyone and every interest will be provided for; faculty lounges, seminar rooms, and audio-visual laboratories will be available for special needs. Finally, it is good to know that if Dominican College someday acquired six hundred more students and forty thousand more books, there would still be room. The wait has been full of excitement, liberally increased by delays, and now that final realization is near, we are thankful and eager to be acquainted. We, like Ptolemy and his contemporaries, still hold that the library is more than a more or less ornamental storage space for books; it is an idea and an ideal, conceived in faith, hope and charity in the service of the universal mind, in recognition of man's perfectability and desire for perfection. In the new Dominican College library, we will see that spirit at work, for the library will be central to all of our college experience and will help us toward the ideal of universal learning which is the mark of the liberally educated woman and a proper fulfillment of the capacities with which God has endowed us.

RITA BEILHARZ '64





## IN PASSING

*Retreat: the first conference*—In grave and beautiful contrast to the laughing, singing, clattering arrival at Angelico is the peaceful walk in the dark back to the houses. Each girl is very much conscious both of her membership of the larger group and of her individual "aloneness" within that group. A solemn stillness envelops the campus, punctuated by the sound of pacing footsteps and crunching gravel. I resent any word that intrudes into that stillness.

*Library: Reference work*—What a difference between working in the Reference Room and using the periodical section—at least in the old library! The Reference Room is (pardon my use of the present tense) light and airy with a homely little heater in the corner and three large tables. If enough students are working on the same paper, there is a chatty comradeship in the room as groans and pertinent information are shared. And the distractions are so pleasant: beautiful views, the musical accompaniment drifting from Angelico, the fascinating books that have nothing to do with the research project.

But the Periodical Section. There is no temptation to be anything but studious and efficient

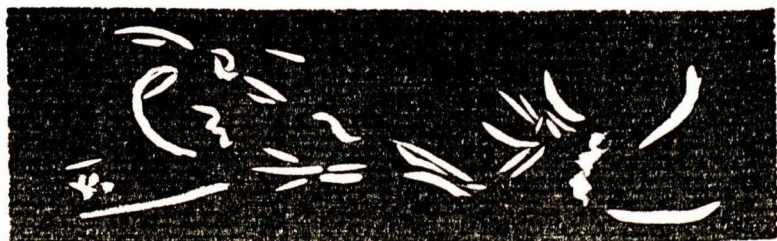
once up the narrow stairs to the balcony. There in the dim light, volumes are found more by sense of touch. I understand what that scholar “in the ivory tower” must feel like as I settle at an old desk to commune with a wobbly, feeble lamp and PMLA.

*Room 5: Guzman*—It is The English Office, but it belongs to nobody; its personality is distinctly its own. The shelves of books and the ordered disorder are there because they *ought* to be there, not because an individual wanted them there. The atmosphere is friendly, I think inspiring, but most demanding. Room 5 has become accustomed to high quality over many, many years, and it would be insulting to put forth any but the best effort.

*Mailboxes: any house*—There is a hopeful and vociferous group jammed around the mailboxes as the letters are distributed. Squeals, gasps, threats of annihilation for the favored soul with four letters enliven a conversation based on one of the most important events of the day. (Sundays and holidays seem curiously incomplete.) The girls drift away, reading and sharing their bits of news—and tomorrow will find the same hopeful group back again. I know I’m grateful even for a bill.

*The Black and the White*—Pity, we're the last class to know the fun of playing "What's my veil." We had a choice of a large, white net veil or a large, black net veil; each had a specific time to be worn. Sundays offered no challenge; the veils were always white. But weekday Mass colors were determined by a mysterious process based on the Dominican Ordo. How can anybody now appreciate being the lone white in a field of black?

JEAN O'MEARA '63



## MORNING FROM EDGEHILL . . . OCTOBER

**T**HE solid Dutch door closed behind me carefully for I did not want its jarring vibration to echo up Edgehill's silent oak staircase and rouse those dreamers still abed. They would have to wake soon enough when the old grandfather clock on the landing chimed out the all too familiar seven bells. The insistent Big Ben call had already drawn me out to savor that fresh glimpse of morning which had too long been neglected.

Crossing the porch on tiptoe my scuffed loafers left slight footprints in the thin dew veneer glazing the gray floorboards. Overhead October wisteria rustled, still green, and twined upward to screen the Doric porch from the cold morning mist, while ghostly traces of fragrant lavender clusters spiced the quiet air.

Could it be other than a glorious morning—moist with the smoky fog that clouded the rich blossoms of the sturdy old magnolia, that spread blessed coolness in the heat of Indian summer past? Close to the old house, the gnarled brown trunk enfolded tradition and security in its strong leaf-laden boughs, while across the road another magnolia stood, scraggled and palsied, scaled and grotesque as if all too aware of the passing of time, the need for change that had built upon rose gardens a new house.



I had to stop a moment: I tasted the air smelling of damp fog and clean grass and let my feet feel the dull pressure of rocky bumps that glistened on the dark asphalt. All the senses served to realize the essence of morning. Chilled hands thrust into flanneled pockets, I turned right to face down the curving roadway and advanced again, but not before a quick glance over my shoulder revealed the sun in dappled mist snagged upon Santa Sabina's spire.

I had thought myself quite alone until then: surely no one else could have been involved with the morning. But there, beneath an old cedar hopped a robust brown thrush. He jerked an earthworm from the tangled roots; its body wriggled pink and gray as it hung from the bird's triumphant beak. Such a successful operation attracted my attention so that I leaped to the spongy grass across the shallow dandelion-bordered ditch that lined the roadway. Conspiring together the bird and I could have said we owned the earth, for Pennafort remained curtained, closed and silent around its newly-planted courtyard. The thrush, having completed his breakfast, regarded me briefly, then cocked his bright-eyed head and flew toward the sun; I was alone again.

For company I scuffled the dew-frosted grass, leaving long tracks behind while crackling the fallen points of bidwillie fronds: they lay like rows of ancient sharks teeth upon the golden ovals of mag-

nolia leaves. Someone had told me that the bidwillie (or the bunya-bunya) came from the South Pacific: it had an alien look through the mist. The black trunk rose stark and sinister with its shark-toothed fronds bristling outward. Around the base a thick root coiled like the smooth slick body of a python. My imagination took hold of fantasy: was that dark reptile form slowly unwinding itself, slithering uphill to the beloved house? No! Such horrid imagining shattered as the sun fanned out through the laurel branches and the python-root coiled forever around its tree. Eucalyptus giants gracefully lining the road behind Edgehill shimmered crescent leaves in the early breeze.

From the place where I stood gazing down, branches of redwood framed the gray bulk of the semi-completed library which awaited work crews to stir it into life. The construction site arranged in a neat composite the jetsam of industry: heaps of scrap lumber, coiled and uncoiled wire bales, up-ended wheel-barrows, pumps, beer cans, and unheeded signs warning "Keep Out." Saplings of liquidambar set the boundaries of the library grounds, and I could see their yellow and red leaves clinging to the fog-dampened clods of turned earth like starfish to tide-washed rocks. The cheerful blaze of color warmed the flat concrete grayness behind while above copper-covered eaves caught the first long rays of sun; in the

ascending mist the splendor of bronzed and blinding light cast back to the sky the wonder of reflection.

Opposite the young library, smoke rose from Caleruega signalling activity within the efficient tiled kitchen from which emitted the delicious warm smell of frying French toast and bubbling coffee. Settled on its three-stepped level the Caleruegan fragrance compelled my feet as the clear bell of a Shinto-temple might have summoned worshippers. With brisker pace I crossed the lawn back again to the road and bent to escape the brush of low branches.

In the night an abstract pattern had been formed on the driveway, contrived by the wind and the fuzzy caterpillar-like pollen cones dropped from the Indian cedars. Crushed underfoot, the cones spilled yellow dust and mingled it with the blackness of the road and the golden brown magnolia leaves. The college spread to the bottom of the hill and I followed it to the lantern-topped gateposts, where, standing for a moment, I could complete my walk from Edgehill with the view of arching elms that framed in black simplicity the gleaming whiteness of the single eucalyptus beyond.

SHARON CROSS '64



## LA MÉDITERRANÉE

La Méditerranée, Reine des Eaux,  
Reine,  
Eau sur Eau, Eau.  
La Méditerranée, Reine du Royaume  
Liquide,  
Reine,  
Couronnée de lumière,  
Couronnée de couronne,  
Reine des Eaux,  
Eau sur Eau, Eau.  
La Méditerranée, fille des Eaux,  
Passive,  
Eau sur Eau, Eau.  
La Méditerranée, Reine horizontale,  
Reine,  
Acier fondu, acier,  
Mercure sur mercure,  
Femme de l'Eau, Espèce de l'Eau,  
Essence de l'Eau,  
Matière de l'Eau,  
Centre au centre de l'Eau, Eau,  
Passion au centre de l'Eau, Eau,  
Reine de tous les Royaumes,  
Reine de toutes les Eaux, Eau  
Engloutissant une Eau.



ETEL ADNAN





## SCHUBERT FESTIVAL

THE Dominican College Music Department temporarily turned *entrepreneur* in order to hold in March a five-day music festival in honor of Franz Schubert. The success of the festival was reflected in the large audiences, fine newspaper reviews that it attracted, and in the newly developed student interest in and appreciation of the music of Schubert.

The choice of Schubert, the composer to be honored in the festival, was a highly favorable one. A

genius of early Romanticism of the nineteenth century, his music has a wide audience appeal. The world of magic and the immediate emotional response he creates through his music acts as a kind of retreat from a world that inspires an occasional retirement into reflection. In the words of Dr. Giovanni Camajani in his outstanding program notes for the festival, “. . . it is heartening to note the enthusiasm that greeted the announcement of a festival honoring a composer whose humility and sincerity acts as a beacon to the bewildered music lover of today.”

Franz Seraph Peter Schubert was born in Vienna in 1797 and died in 1828. His pitifully short life mirrors the constant struggle he fought against poverty, illness and the pettiness of everyday existence. But, like Mozart, his music transcends the material bitterness of his life. Schubert lived in an age when patronage was outdated; he tried teaching school for three years in order to support himself but failed because of his obsession for composing. As is the fate of most composers, his genius was not revealed to the world until after his death. Thus, not being widely recognized during his lifetime, he depended on the love of his friends for his livelihood. He seems to have inspired strong friendship in his small group of followers. At the same time, we have an uneasy image of Schubert providing entertainment for them

while not really establishing a spiritual rapport. At any rate, we know that he was at least minimally taken care of by them during his adult life.

Schubert's supreme gift was melody. In this aspect of music composition he has never been surpassed. Beethoven, the colossus of the nineteenth century composers, lacked this same gift. While Beethoven's music was mainly based on motivic developments which fit ideally into the symphonic form, Schubert based his compositions on his melodic gift. At the same time Schubert's music is greatly influenced by Beethoven's and it is no wonder that in the large musical forms, such as the symphony, he felt inadequate. His best music is that which is not restricted by rigid exterior outline but that which springs from inner spontaneity. This spontaneity never reached its limit during Schubert's short-lived period of productivity. His profuseness is demonstrated in the long list of Lieder that he wrote—over six hundred. Lieder, the German song form, was Schubert's forte. He raised it to such a dignity that it became one of the major media of the Romantic Period, to be taken up and further developed by Schumann, Brahms and Wolf.

When Schubert wrote in instrumental forms, the Lieder influence permeated these compositions. This is understandable considering his genius for melody. And the fact that he never ignored this talent, and



never tried to write in a way that was not sympathetic to his gift, raises his instrumental music to the plane of his songs.

The festival, then, was justly divided between Schubert's vocal and instrumental music. The Alma Trio opened the festival with Schubert's two piano trios, Op. 99 and 100. It is a once-in-a-lifetime privilege to hear them both on the same program. Contrasting in mood, they formed an emotionally satisfying program. The second concert was given by Aksel Schiotz, who sang the famous song cycle, "Winterreise." This cycle consists of twenty-four songs based on texts describing a rejected lover's winter journey. Characteristically dark in mood, this work was written during a period of illness late in Schubert's life and reflects his own attitude toward affliction. The third concert was given by the Festival Chorus and Orchestra under the direction of Philip Ienni. The program included Schubert's Fifth Symphony, the Mass in G major, the incidental music to "Rosamunde" and two Offertories. The symphony has the character of chamber music, mainly because it is scored for flute, oboe, bassoon, horns and strings only. This sparing use of instruments is a profound contrast to the fulness in Beethoven's symphonic works. The Mass, a glorious affirmation of faith, utilized liturgical texts to their full potentialities of word painting. The fourth program was interesting in that



the Wallfisch Duo presented relatively unknown literature for viola and piano. The viola is not usually used for solo work because of its comparative clumsiness and small tone as a stringed instrument, and is far overshadowed by the brilliant potentialities of the violin. But Mr. Wallfisch showed that the viola as a solo instrument can have an incomparable warmth, and is especially suited to the lyrical nature of Schubert's music. The concert series ended with the performance of the exciting "Trout" Quintet, scored for violin, viola, cello, string bass and piano. This work is a masterpiece of energy and enthusiasm within a disciplined framework of good taste. The resulting coherence throughout this piece gives testament to Schubert's understanding of the role of the individual instruments and their handling in a way unique and masterly.

The concert series resulted in a complete representation of the works of Schubert, and of his media, emotional expanse and historical place in the evolution of musical style from the Classical period to the flowering of Romanticism. Dr. Camajani writes of him: "Above all, whether the work is a vocal item or an instrumental selection, the melodic line predominates; in everything he wrote, Schubert was the supreme songster."

LINDA BRICHER '64

HOW TO EXPLAIN HENRY MATISSE  
TO A GRANDMOTHER WHO THINKS  
JACKIE KENNEDY IS A BEATNIK

MY GRANDMOTHER has a semantic reaction pattern that would give Dr. Hayakawa a coronary thrombosis. I never recognized how dominant or pervasive the pattern until I brought home from the library *The Last Works of Henry Matisse*.

Tossing my car coat over a chair I collapsed, book in hand, upon the floor and flicked on the light (which is quite a trick—especially if you have short arms). My grandmother's curiosity was instantaneously aroused, as she is always interested to know what her intellectually curious, broad-minded, culture-absorbent little granddaughter is learning. In other words, she is nosey.

When she descended upon the scene I was ogling a spectacular composition of yellows and reds, the essence of blood-red man's violent struggle to escape his hot and yellow psychological labyrinth; the oil-paint Adam wading through linseed oil to leap off the dry sterile canvas into the vibrant land of the "far-out," etc., etc., etc.; or as grandmother so fetchingly expressed it, scrambled eggs and ketchup.

Now, to explain how a blood-red man violently struggles to escape a hot and yellow psychological labyrinth can be a difficult and even exasperating

task; but my grandmother, with such little care, makes it impossible. I progressed as far as the term *blood-red* in my aesthetic analysis, and visions of barbarians danced in grandmother's head. I saw them dance. I slipped by *violent* which induced the image of an ugly affair between the cattle and sheepmen of her native Wyoming; then, I blurted out the word *struggle* and once again her semantic operations sent a troop of savage barbarians parading through her narrow mind. The phrase *hot and yellow* further repelled her, recalling Wyoming again with its hot summers and yellow skies. She connected the word *psychological* with *psychiatric*, which is quite logical (alas, if she had only stopped there) except that grandmother considers all psychiatrists a rather unhappy medium between Zulu head-shrinkers and mustached quacks galloping out of the grand and glorious Midwest, medicine wagon and all.

Considering the effects of my sincere explanation, or at least of what explanation I had managed to squeeze in before being interrupted, I realized that barbaric cattlemen with cannibalistic tendencies, hot summers and yellow skies and Zulu head-shrinkers combined with quacks all molded together hardly produced the impression originally intended by Mr. Matisse. I realized that my cynical grandmother's mental block was a far more potent agent than my weak arguments from aesthetics; so, I switched my tactics and decided to shame at least one compliment



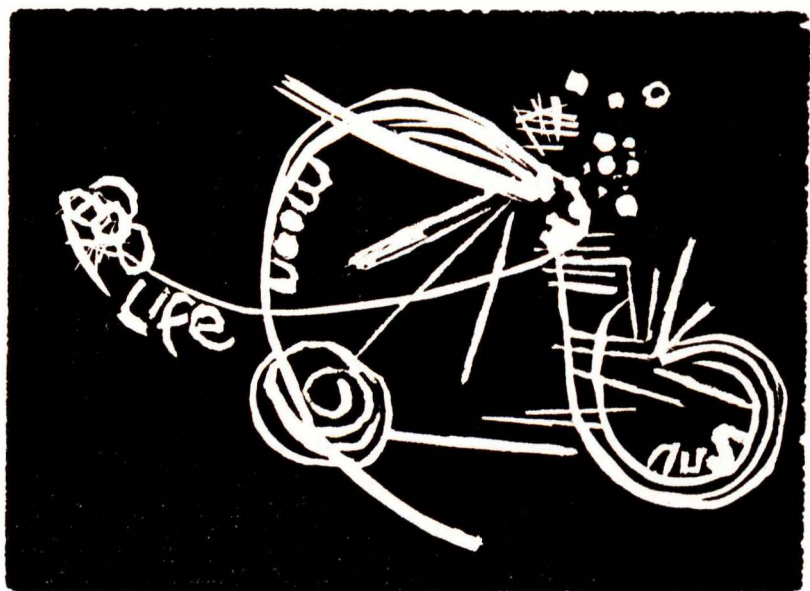
out of her. I pointed out that Jackie Kennedy had recently purchased a Matisse painting (an admittedly fraudulent statement, but one must fight force with force). At any rate, I found grandmother's retort, that Jackie Kennedy was just another beatnik, to be so classically stimulating, especially among Democratic circles, that I have utilized it in my title. I then proceeded to explain to grandmother that Matisse had a devoted group of followers in such of the nation's top universities as Harvard, the University of California, and even the University of Wyoming (admittedly included with ulterior motives). She countered: "Communistic infiltration!" With this final rejection, I threw up my hands in near despair and informed grandmother that she was depriving herself of the pleasure and satisfaction enjoyed by the connoisseurs of modern art.

Judging by the victorious twinkle in her eye, I received the impression that grandmother was enjoying her little act of self-denial despite the efforts of Mr. Matisse and myself, and was indeed proud of her position as counter-acting force to Grandma Moses.

I slammed the book closed; slammed the back door, and returned with the exciting *Last Works of Henry Matisse* to the solitude of the library.

IRENE HOGAN '66





## AN ENGLISH MAJOR AT THE POTTER'S WHEEL

**A** LIBERAL ARTS education has one agonizing side effect. Awareness of culture's mysteries gradually unfolds, blooms suddenly into enthusiasm, and bears the fruit of a frustrating urgency to know something about everything. The enthusiasm usually hits the hardest about the end of the sophomore year, and suddenly every room and dinner table becomes an academy of two-bit philosophers, art critics, musicians, and modern novelists. Lists begin to appear

in the margins of notebooks, "Things to Do and Read When I Have the Time." Resolutions are fervent and interest bounding.

There is a regression as major and minor subjects engulf the mind in the junior year. The vastness of these specializations alone is so startling a realization that the lure of other fields has no chance to gather much strength, but the lure is still there, a temptation you can neither give in to nor escape.

In the senior year there is a renaissance of enthusiasm to delve into the untried. The Cult of Manual Expression so attracted one Senior, a frustrated potter who had been too long fettered by the chains of English literature and history, that, with a sudden burst of strength, she lightened her oppressive burden and sallied forth to San Marco to wallow in the mud and joys of the potter's wheel. She related her experiences the other night at an after-dinner session of our academy, and we found it as interesting as the accounts of most other members concerning their latest tangent.

She said the outsider feels at first uncomfortable in the art building, but that soon colleagues begin to understand that the reason why a senior can be so boorishly ignorant of artistic terms and so clumsy with her hands is that she is an English major and a history minor, and has never in her life been around art in the making. Then, the true artists become more

tolerant and the outsider the more eager to discover her untutored genius.

The instructor's face clouds, she said, and a barely audible groan may be heard as she looks over the registration card, but this is a good sign that the novice will be treated with forbearance when the "should know betters" are hearing less than tender criticism.

Adorned with butcher apron, jean skirt, and threadbare Keds, our friend said she felt as excited and as clumsy and just as confident when she first sat at the potter's wheel as when she first sat at the driver's wheel. She had, she said, watched several demonstrations, and as always with the novice who is ruled more by desire for success than fear of failure, she thought she would soon have a lovely pot for her own and others' admiration. Because we were her confidential colleagues, she admitted that her first difficulty was getting all the air pockets out of a clump of clay. This not only requires an admirable arm muscle, but a patience which she wondered if she had in sufficient amount. She learned soon that she did not, but since then has acquired more than she dreamed possible.

The next difficulty for her was also muscular. To keep that concrete slab rotating, which action propels the wheel on which the pot is made, demands quite a hardy leg muscle and since she is quite a frail

girl, she blamed the first two weeks' failures on a cramped and fatigued left leg.

The theoretical process of creating a pot involves plunking a ball of clay in the center of the wheel, kicking furiously until the wheel is turning at approximately 60 r.p.m., bringing the clay up into a cone-shape, pushing it back down to a dome-shape, forcing your thumbs into the *exact* center of the shape to make the initial hole, then, with utmost care, enlarging the hole until it becomes the inside of the pot. All this was explained to us with many gestures and demonstrations so we would not underestimate the difficulty of the craft.

Encouraged by our interest, the girl invited us to examine some of her finished products. Politely accepting, we came to her room, thinking to render our due respects to her hard-wrought handicraft. She stood aside apologizing for their crudity, but unable to hide a pleased smile—pleased, I guess, to know a little something about one more thing. Respectful and inspired, we retired to our rooms, took another look at the catalogue, and made one final adjustment to our final semester's schedule.

LORETTA DEL MISSIER '63





## FAVORITE SENIOR HAUNTS

ONE can't study ALL the time, can one? And besides, what can be done in an hour? By the time I have a cigarette in the grove after my first class, exchange pleasantries, complaints and the latest news with classmates, climb Guzman stairs to the library and decide what course to study, it is almost time for my next class. I might just as well go to Eugene's for an hour and wake myself up with a cup of

coffee.”—I’m an expert at rationalizing! And I’m not alone. Other seniors are scattered at various tables every time I swing the door open. Perhaps the five-cent pour-it-yourself cup of coffee is what attracts us; more probably, it is the friendly, homey atmosphere—and those funny baby pictures with captions incongruous for babies. We have had more good arguments in that one hour! (Father Blank will never know!) And sometimes we even try to study for a weekly quiz or mid-term; I grant you the success of the attempt is dubious.

In the course of a week Eugene’s may be only one of many trips downtown. Typically feminine, we love to browse in the quaint little shops that cater to us; Mayfair, first in popularity, offers a “sure cure” for fits of depression common to us students. Or, on the intellectual level, the “book store next to the show” and the Cottage Book Shop are wonderful “spirit lifters.” They have marvelous outline books. When that off-beat spirit moves us we wander through Sausalito and inevitably find ourselves in the Tides Bookshop; colorful paintings of unknown artists are hung intermittently on the walls, adding further atmosphere to the musty bookish, alluring smell. Fabulous art books are prominently displayed and multitudinous paper-backs line the walls, neatly arranged. I can lose all track of time there, leafing through book after book. I never come out empty

handed (it's always a spectacular find) and I always come out feeling ignorant. For the practicalities of life, there are Macy's and Payless. Macy's size and Payless' prices may explain their popularity. Payless also sells cigarettes for twenty-five cents.

The five-cent savings are not much but they help to pay for a foible common to many of us—going out to dinner. For the favorite hamburger sandwich we usually haunt either King Cotton or Corey's. Periodically the yearning for Spanish food steers us to Ramona's. Italians (and those who like Italian food, French bread, or both) are satisfied by the menu at Original Joe's.

As Freshmen the Raphael Theatre welcomed us monthly. We didn't REALLY mind leaving before the end of the movie so we wouldn't be late for a 10:45. Our thoughts moved ahead to the time when, as seniors, we would have two 10:45's a week or one 12:00. Now we wish we had time to take those dreamed-about permissions. We are still taking that once-a-month trip to the movies, but the other seven week-night permissions are usually wasted.

The beautiful weather which comes to San Rafael in the fall and spring usually causes a noticeable decrease in the visits downtown. Girls are seen headed for the patio in back of Pennafort from 9:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. It is not at all uncommon to meet a classmate ambling down the hall carrying baby oil, a

towel, a pillow; wearing dark glasses, sandals, a coat; the brave ones may have a book under their arm and ear plugs in their pocket.

... "One should study all the time, shouldn't one?" In case you are wondering, it is final time. It could be January or May. We are found in our rooms studying madly. Midnight seminars begin, characterized by the aroma of strong black coffee, uncontrollable giddiness, general panic, and very little learning. We bewail those "wasted hours" and make honorable vows. Finally the trauma is over.

... "One can't study all the time, can one?"

M. P. '63







## DRAGONS AND SUCH

I AM REALLY very fond of the beasts—dragons I mean. The back issues of the *Firebrand* are full of articles on this fiery subject, and I intended to collate the information into a single, “erudite” essay. But I didn’t. Somehow, I usually get sidetracked when I prow through old yearbooks.

*Firebrands*, particularly the older ones, are very amusing—at first. The “archaic” hairstyles and types of “ideal American beauty” are delightfully unlikely by today’s standards. And the more rigid college rules offered glorious possibilities for pranks, whose memories are tucked into bits of character sketches and vignettes of student life. (Funny, how many of those verbal “snapshots” would fit into our yearbook with only a change of names.) The students encountered the same situations and seem to have written the accounts for the consolation of future girls: studying versus ironed clothes, a thoughtful walk, a visit; campus dogs; tribulations of procrastinators, practice teachers, and day hops. Among all the outside activities, the students took time to think, to produce commentaries on some aspect of the work of Dante, Saint Augustine, Thomas Aquinas, or Gertrude Stein.

Major events found their way into the *Firebrand*, too. Conceive of a whole *cycle* of Mystery Plays being presented in Forest Meadows with the whole student

body in costume, with two thousand spectators, with the May Queen's cart pulled by white oxen! It is recorded that *the* Mortimer Adler conducted a "Reign of Terror" for two hectic hours, bombarding thirty chosen students (victims) with questions on the *Confessions of Saint Augustine*. The war years produced, among others, "The Blackouts at Meadowlands," "Buy British," and finally a stark, brief poem—"Peace Interlude."

And the stories! I wonder what happened to the girl who wrote "Memoirs of an Ex-vestal." Where is the author of "A Roman Maiden Calls on Horace at His Sabine Farm," and does she have children who tease her about it? Where, the author of "Fiacre, the Patron Saint of Gardens"; "A Greek Slave Criticizes the Rome of One Hundred and Thirty-Five B.C."; "In Defense of Fairy Tales"?—and is she who wrote the whimsical "On Finding One's First Grey Hair" now totally grey or does only her hairdresser know?

Where is? Where are?—and by this time I am remarkably reflective and, in all probability, melancholy. What has happened to all the girls, the graduates with the more or less earnest pictures and the brief character sketches? (As a Senior, I have a definite, personal interest in knowing how and where they disappear.) To use a trite figure of speech—and I am inclined to be distressingly trite at this juncture—each class blooms, sets fruit, ripens, and makes way

for the next crop. I feel a bit green and reluctant to drop away. So I read nostalgic articles by other Seniors who felt the same way—I would not have understood a year ago—and my throat tightens and the words blur and I laugh at myself for crying. (Seniors are allowed, I suspect, to indulge in a certain amount of sentimental foolishness.) So I read on, tracing old traditions, and . . .

At any rate, there is a great deal of excellent material on dragons, if you are interested.

JEAN O'MEARA '63



## VISO

Brown-skinned peasant children speak  
Welcome from above the trail;  
We achieve our long sought peak,  
Descend to sun-slope.

Refreshed, we scan the sweeping  
Blue and wish for wings to lose  
Ourselves; we must go walking:  
As we came, with hope.

CATHERINE BENNETT '62



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