

1966

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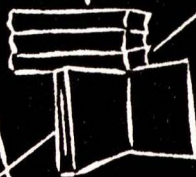
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The Firebrand





Ex

Libris

— Medley Peterson

THE FIREBRAND

THE DOMINICAN COLLEGE OF SAN RAFAEL



MCMLXVI

With Deep Appreciation
to
MRS. WOODHEAD

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FIRE BRAND

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Associate Editor Virginia Ryan
Art Editors Carole Cebalo
Claudia Tarantino
Business Manager Frances Wilson

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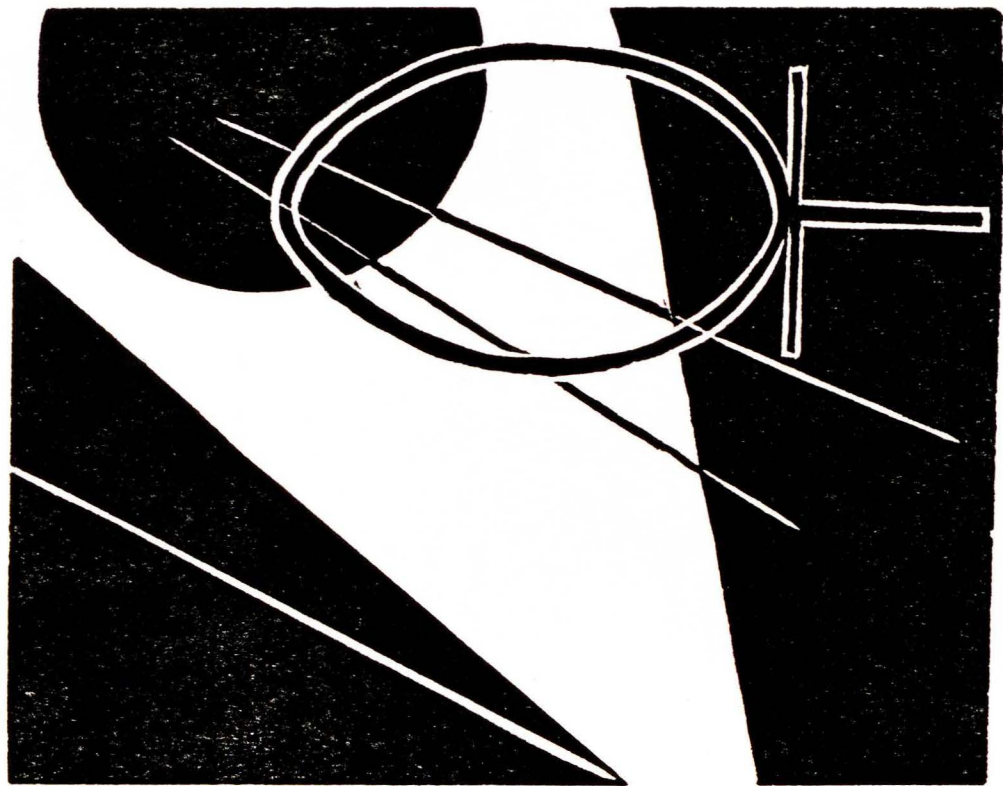
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Kimiko deCristoforo	Eda Respini
Jeanette Giacomini	Virginia Reynolds



EDITORIAL

FOUR YEARS AGO we came to college, to Dominican College. Now May is fast approaching and we will be graduated. Yesterday we were freshmen, new to this world, not knowing quite what to make of it but sensing that here we would test our powers. This liberal arts college proposed to free us from the confines of ignorance so that we might expand and come to realize our potential. We were aware of this, though we may not have thought of it in quite this way.

Dominican is a small college. That was what drew many of us here. Colleges are like people; each has its own distinct characteristics. Each has tradition, which is another name for its own particular spirit. We became part of the life of the school at the same time that we were discovering what its tradition was. We saw that no one was trying to look or act or think like anyone else. This naturalness and individuality was a logical result of belief in the Dominican motto and tradition, *Veritas*. Each one of us was recognized to be an individual possessing an integrity that would be respected and fostered. The character of the college had been molded by a love of personal integrity joined with a deep love of learning.

We were ourselves, not out of self-defense in the

face of an impersonal academic environment, but because we were encouraged by the character of the college itself. We began to appreciate the uniqueness of ourselves, and of each other. Socrates said that the unexamined life is not worth living. We found that the more we came to realize the worth of ourselves and each other, the richer our lives became: that he who loves his life lives twice. And so, the outgoing and the reserved among us, the calm and the mercurial, the studious and the carefree, the sophisticated and the simple, the *bon vivant's* and the stay-at-homers all lived together in an atmosphere of unpretentious mutual accord. We suffered through exams and term papers and GA's and adjustment to college regulations, through each other's sophomoritis and disappointments and romances and loneliness. We "psyched" each other out, evaluated our findings and decided we liked one another with our faults and not in spite of them.

And that was good, because the benefits inherent in our varied approaches to learning and to life could only be communicated when we cared to share them. Some of us were fascinated by art, some by English, biology, music, history or sociology. Living together in what was actually one large family, we soon discovered that it was nearly impossible to have a friend absorbed in the study of music without catching the

same sense of wonder (which we had somehow missed before) at the power of music to touch the heights of human aspiration.

Each subject in the liberal arts, the social sciences and the natural sciences was a spoke in the wheel, the ever-widening circle, of human knowledge. Each discipline seemed to cry for ascendancy over the others, but when we came to study each of them, and especially through the humanities, a light began to grow, and we first experienced one of the subtlest and most satisfying of all feelings: a sense of the productive dynamism inherent in a tension of opposites, a growing realization that unity and harmony must be brought out of the initial "manyness" and discord of things. Now this year we have finally begun to understand that by refusing to compartmentalize our knowledge we give assent to the oneness, the wholeness, of human experience. And in doing this we actually reinforce and make more meaningful our initial acceptance of each other as creations fashioned out of different molds, but by the same potter. And so we have come full circle.

This tremendous growth took place unobtrusively, in the quiet and the hectic hours of our days here. We watched the changing perspectives of the campus, conscious perhaps for the first time of the cycle of the seasons. Our setting—the green hills and trees

and gently winding roads—impressed itself upon us in a way hard to measure. Our perceptions sharpened; we began to find a closeness, a participation in the pulsating life of nature. Yet, within the vitality, a spirit of repose, an unstrained stillness, hovers over this place, and we could find a hundred quiet spots to sit and ponder what we were learning.

Now as we look back on all the crazy and typical and wise things we have done in our years here, we begin to see the harmony that has underlain it all and shaped our common life because we willed to fashion of ourselves together a thing as fair and finely-wrought as that which we have been becoming individually. And thus in our time here we have found not only truth, but a measure of wisdom.

T.M.

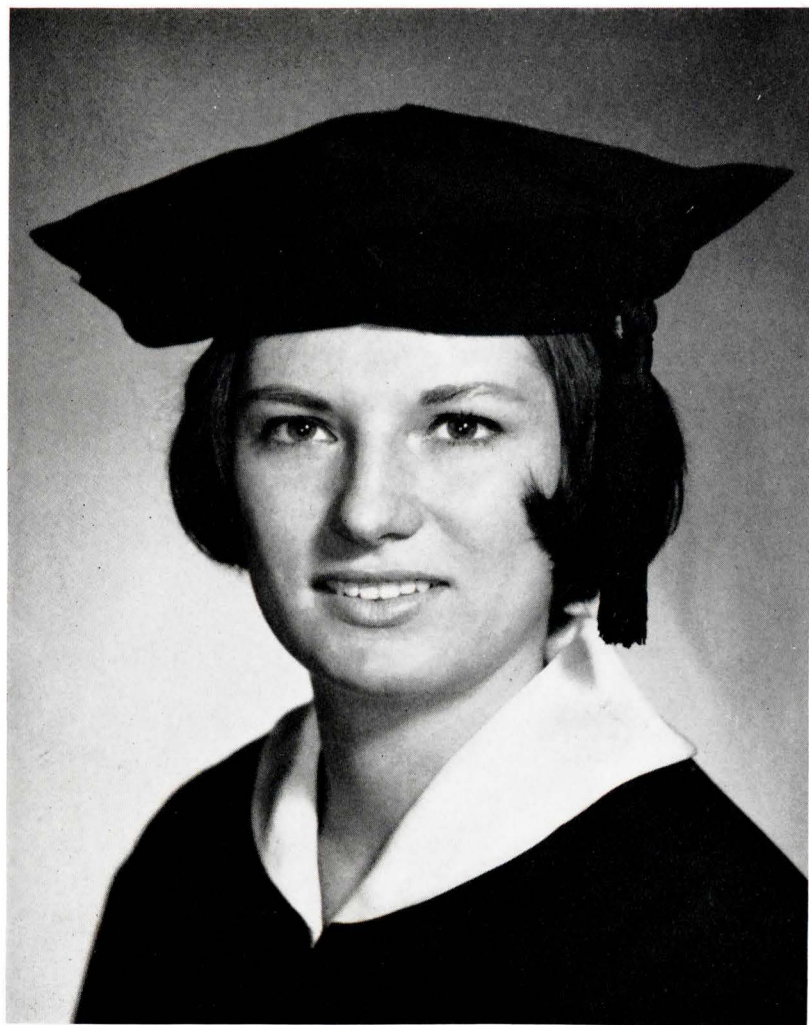
THE CLASS OF 1966

MARY BETH ALLEN

MARY BETH finds life highly diverting. Every minute of her active day is met with a gale of infectious laughter from a heart full of fun. She laughs at 7:30 a.m. and at 12:30 p.m. She has been known to laugh out of a deep sleep. Mary simple enjoys laughing, and this lighthearted humor serves to enrich the most mundane of routines. Clearly an optimist, she finds it difficult to understand the frown and the cautions of the pessimist.

Mary Beth could fall in love at first sight: her heart goes out unreservedly to those who seek it. She delights in new experiences and acquaintances but is most comfortable among people who understand and share her attitudes. Thus, Mary's closest bonds are with long-standing friends and, of course, with her family, of whom she talks with unabashed pride. Just ask her, for example, about *The Merchants of Menace*.

Although Mary is not exactly anti-book, she does believe that experience most readily teaches and delights. In consequence, Mary Beth is keenly alert and aware of her surroundings, which she is willing to change at a moment's notice. One seldom finds Mary Beth at her desk—certainly not on a Friday or Saturday night; she is much too busy learning lessons not found on the printed page. Intense and vital, Mary has already a sure grasp on life and happiness.



MARY ELIZABETH ALLEN

Santa Ana, California

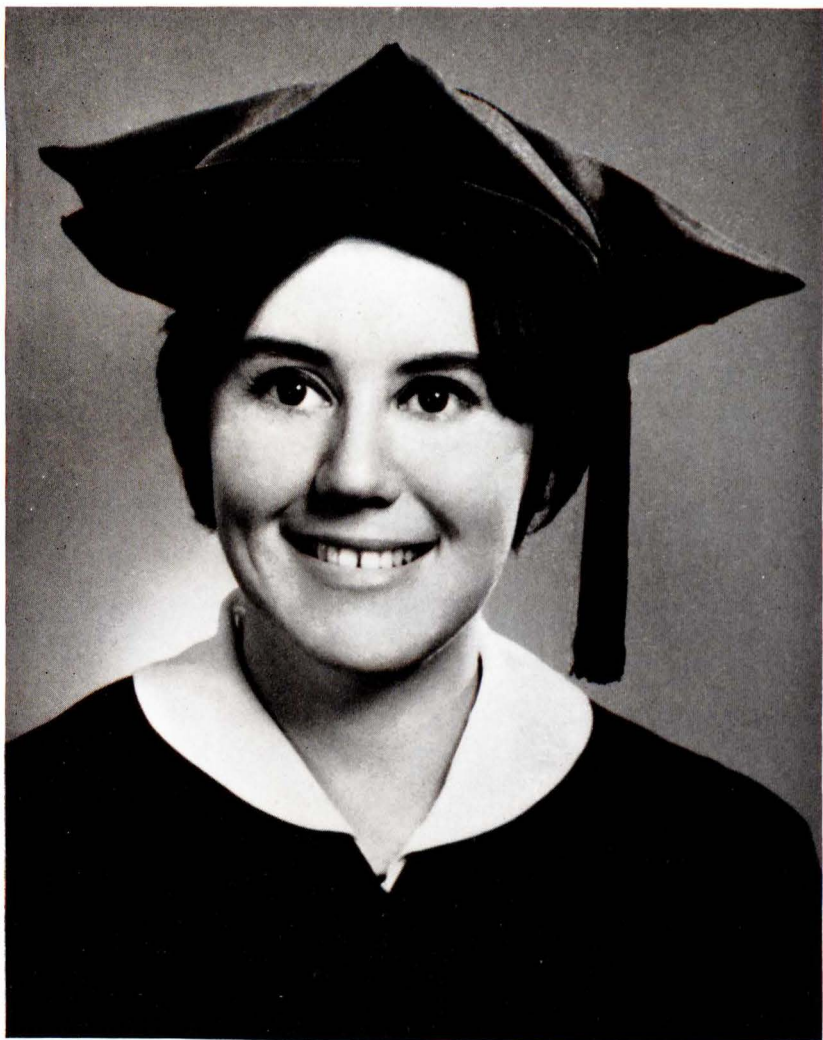
MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: EDUCATION

December, 1965

Italian Club '62, '63

Troupers '62



NORMA YOLANDA BONILLA

San Salvador, El Salvador

MAJOR: SPANISH
MINOR: ECONOMICS

December, 1965

Foreign Students Club '63, '64, '65

Treasurer '63

President '64

Spanish Club '63, '64, '65

NORMA BONILLA

A BROAD and deep background of Latin tradition, world travel, and new-generation American living has made a poised cosmopolitan of Norma. Generous courtesy is hers: she is a charming hostess after the Old World manner. The delicate lilt of her almost flawless English is less an accent than a signal of her native graciousness. She has travelled throughout the United States, in Canada, Mexico, Central and South America, and Europe; at home anywhere in the world, she has gained a universal taste from her experience of many cultures. A Latin love of brilliant color has metamorphosed into a fondness for Scottish tartans. She prefers El Greco and Picasso, and reads the classical literature and romantic novels of Spain.

She also reads *Time*, *Atlantic*, *Harper's*; she likes comic books, popular music, red roses, freckle-faced little boys, sophisticated clothes, *escargots*, and citizens of the world responding to her own international background. She claims a bad temper; but her sensitive reaction to people also results in a communicative approach to her relationships and in selfless solicitude for others' mishaps. Interested equally in literature and in the coffee business, she scarcely limits her enthusiasms. Wit and devilish pranks delight her friends. Norma meets her future with a gay dance in her step and with merry hope glowing in her great brown eyes.

FRANCINE COLLI

ANNIE OAKLEY would find her title to admiration strongly challenged if she returned to the West today. With a minimum of gunfire and a maximum of ruffles, Fran offers the best to be found in the wide open spaces. She comes from a country of sunshine and ranches, good cooking and Western music, but she brings with her the delicacy of a white eyelet gown, the carefree excitement of a shopping spree, and a steadfast delight in following her daily horoscope.

There are no lonely trails in Fran's West; hers is the range of campfires and wagon trains. Whether she plans a barbecue, a 4-H meeting, or an afternoon of sewing, she includes a multitude of friends. People are Fran's forte; friendship is her specialty. She enjoys football games and fishing trips, travel and Borden's Specials—in fact, any activity that provides an opportunity to talk with people and share her cheerful perspective.

Fran enjoys the challenge of a concrete problem and her practical mind solves quickly such difficulties as managing Caleruega. Full of energy, she thrives on bright, sunny days. Such times find her leaving all chores to the last minute and basking in the moment's fun. She is ever ready to join in an impromptu excursion and blithely sets aside embroidery or novel to head outdoors. Summer is Fran's season, though her love and laughter echo all year round.



FRANCINE CHARMAN COLLI

Santa Maria, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: ECONOMICS

December, 1965

Firebrand Business Staff '65

Meadowlark Staff '64

Italian Club '63

Spanish Club '62

Troupers '64, '65



MARY ANN DOUGHER
Santa Barbara, California

MAJOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE
MINOR: HISTORY
December, 1965

Transferred from Santa Barbara City College '64
International Relations Club '64, '65
Program Chairman '65
Model U.N. '64, '65
Advisor '64

MARY ANN DOUGHER

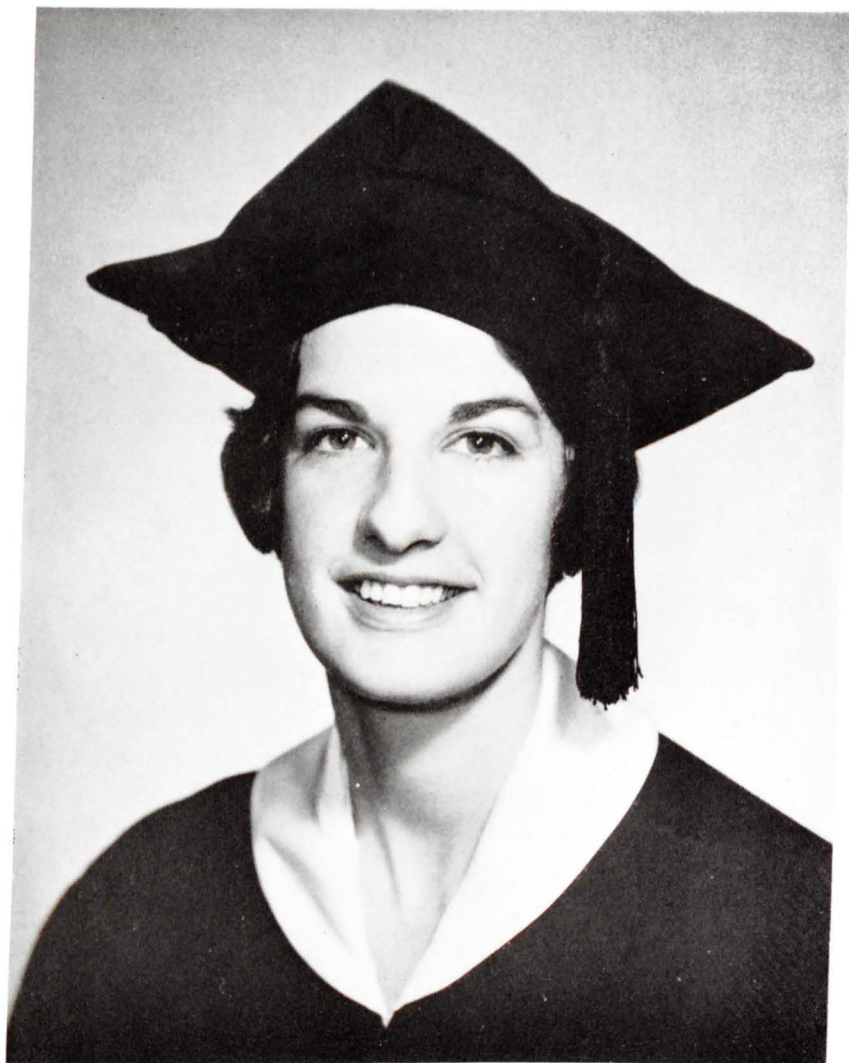
TWO MEANINGS can be heard in Mary Ann's stock expostulation, "Forget it!" Not only is she quick to overlook the abuses of others; she also seems so invulnerable to the quakes of daily living that she would seem to have forgotten—or overflown—student pressures. Perhaps her flexibility springs from her bending to the customs of three dozen states, from her sojourns in Europe and Morocco as an Air Force migrator. Her diplomatic sense of equality can be glimpsed in her praises for the seaboard of both New England and Southern California. Likewise, the selectivity of the diplomatic approach is evident in her lack of affinity towards Los Angeles and in her fear of only those bees with stingers.

Mary Ann is very human, not only because there is a gap between her dreams and her acts, but also because she believes in the compatibility of the two. She is able to maintain her fantasy of moving toward world peace through work at the United Nations simultaneously with her eruption of Pennafort peace over a misplaced move in bridge. The observational interests of the Political Science major conduct her to the Smoke Room for her studies—against her better judgment. But the equanimity with which she faced her December Comprehensive (which consisted of a paper on any subject to be produced in a week's time) demonstrated her confidence in her own, quiet methods and in her finally acquired ability to meet term paper deadlines.

MIMI moves as if backed by a small tornado. She is constant energy and motion, always “just back” or “just going” on a weekend jaunt, or perhaps pine-cone collecting for her latest project, on an outing to San Francisco, or even occasionally to the library. Whatever this dynamo’s destination, her return will occasion its particular tale of an unusual encounter.

The world of this petite but ebullient traveler is one where the unexpected occurs with regularity. Her emotions are of extremes; every incident evokes a quick laugh or a quick tear. Peace and tranquility are strangers to her. Mimi’s steady “go” quality animates her varied interests. She ranks English literature as her favorite subject, dabbles at painting, pursues her interest in Sociology, water- and snow-skiing—all with equal aplomb. Mimi is ever exercising for “physical fitness,” and each spring finds her soaking up the “rays” on Pennafort’s “pebble beach.”

Mimi expresses herself through color and loves bright flowers, music, Impressionistic art. Her immersion in a bright world of color is indicated further by her aversion to horror movies and dark places. Mimi’s image is one of clarity, the same clarity and sincerity she demands from those around her. She lives a musical bright existence of emotionally opposite poles. Her lack of egocentricity and her ready sympathy for others are shown in the inevitable “Sweetie, how are you?”



MARY ELLEN LIDDICOAT

Los Angeles, California

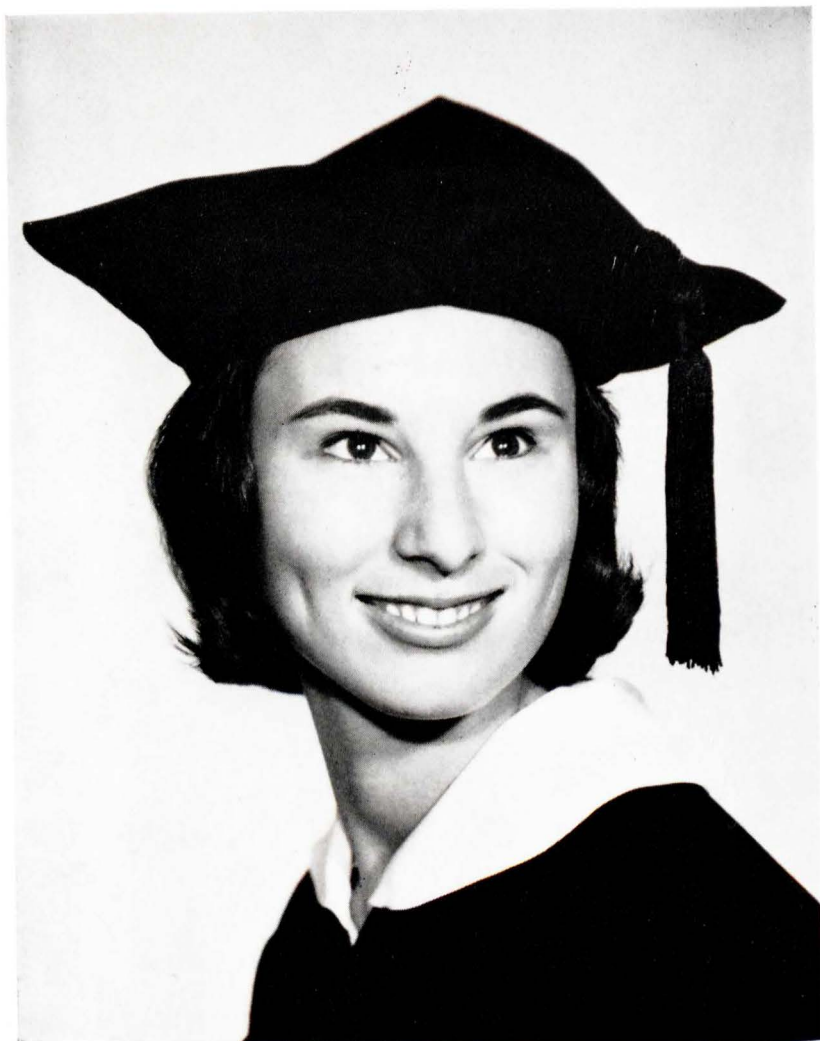
MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: ENGLISH

December, 1965

Transferred from Los Angeles City College '63

S.C.T.A. '64



DIANE MARIE MANDALA

Bell, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: ART HISTORY

December, 1965

Italian Club '62, '63
Music Club '65

Schola '65, '66
Troupers '65

DIANE acts with quiet intensity. Decisive in her goals and determined in her pursuit of them, she shapes her life around her long-term aspirations: education and Christian motherhood. Tempered by an acerbic sense of humor that bobs up like a cork in the odd eddies of life, her most incidental actions reflect these aims. If Father Buckley asks for intentions at House Mass, from the back of the chapel comes Diane's request "that the Seniors pass their Comprehensives." As the tests drew nigh, she spent every waking moment studying in the Library, curled up in a most improbable knot, feet somehow propped high upon her desk. She was putting the finishing touches to an assiduous scholarship in English literature several years in the making.

She likes Impressionism, the theatre, and books—Dostoievsky especially—but the Dodgers draw her to the ball park. Rapid conviction and skillfully pointed speech make her a dexterous disputant; current Church affairs particularly engage her vital interest. A person of placid habituations, she likes peace and quiet, dating, sewing and knitting. She dislikes rock 'n roll, wet feet, spiders, and wasted time. A mild skeptic and avowedly impatient, she claims that college has taught her both to live with people and not to accept them at face value. Her keen, outspoken perceptivity puts her friends in the stimulating company of an astringent personality.

KIM ALBADE

SHE WOULD PREFER Saturday morning breakfast at Dominican to breakfast at Tiffany's. She likes collies rather than poodles. Her self-confidence in swimming pool and sailboat is well-founded. And Kim is probably the only person in the world who can stand to keep her pajamas in moth-balls. Vivacity and refinement are allies in Kim: her polish is spontaneous.

A keen interest in the fine arts exemplifies Kim's versatility. She is equally at home in lab or opera house, on dance floor or tennis court. Her dreams are oddly mixed of South Sea islands and divinity fudge ice cream. She finds the lure of ocean liners and discothèque styles irresistible. She is deeply moved by the *Pietà*, would love to walk the streets of Florence. Yet life is too exciting and Kim is too much a part of it to stay for long with daydreams. There are dresses to be made, books to be read and a career in medical technology to begin.

Combining a natural warmth and friendliness with the self-assurance that results from extensive reading, Kim copes easily with delicate or novel situations. Her excitability when speaking reveals an emotional vitality. Though she may sometimes say the wrong thing at the wrong time, she manages to come through with charm and freshness of approach. Sophisticated subtleties are alien to Kim; hers is the world of clear skies and fresh breezes.



MADELEINE KIMBALL ALBADE

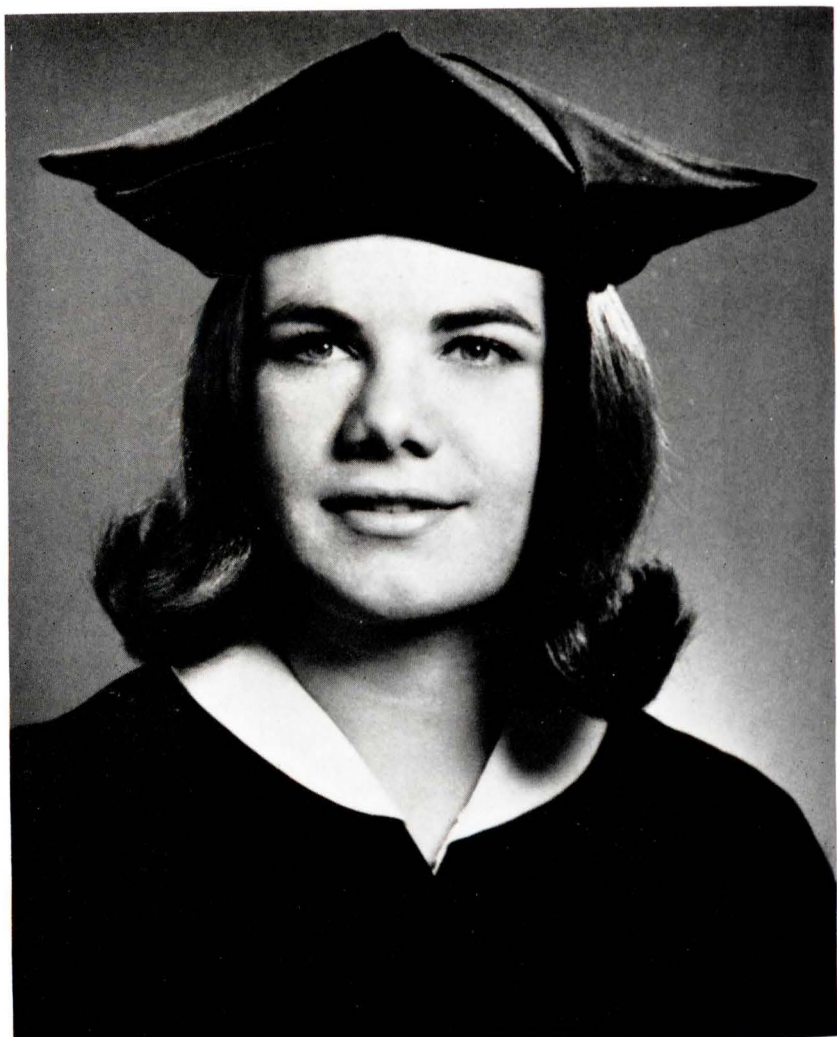
Altadena, California

MAJOR: BIOLOGY

MINOR: CHEMISTRY

Social Committee '65, '66

Science Club '63, '64, '65, '66
Vice President '65



MARION LOUISE ALONZO
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: FRENCH
MINOR: ENGLISH

Executive Board '66
House Chairman '64
House Social Chairman '65
Community Service '63, '64, '65, '66
Senior Representative '66

French Club '64, '65
Secretary '65
Model U.N. '64
Troupers '65

MARION ALONZO

A DREAMY exterior and a deliberate mode of speech belie the vibrance given away in the deep-seated twinkle of Marion's eyes. The Romantic watchword "Independence!" is her credo; she dislikes suburbia and abhors a rut. Accordingly, she listens to music all day, talks for hours and sleeps late; on principle she follows her own schedule.

Avowedly sentimental, she likes sad movies and Romantic poetry, but her romanticism is anything but recumbent. Her perplexed questions in their iron-clad feminine logic are the amused despair of Father Blank. She knows people on campus by name, nickname and dining-card number as well. She likes intimate parties, Autumn, and lots of trees; she fears high ceilings, crowds, moths, and the refusal of a *maitre d'* to accept her learners permit as an identification. A relaxed student, she accepts occasional skirmishes with the Department of French with a philosophic sigh, or a growl of disapprobation, or a shrug indicating that she is ultimately above it all.

Though she claims an occasional lack of tact, Mar is unfailingly friendly; her impetuous generosity offends only those whose feelings are on their sleeves. Her concern for the unfortunate is deeply-felt and effective: she has worked in the Marin City project and at Sonoma State Hospital. She admits that in college she has learned only in theory to "be prepared." She senses the sheer fun of living in the present moment.

JANE ANTONGIOVANNI

A LOGICAL question to ask upon meeting Janie Antongiovanni is "What in the world is so little a girl doing with so long a name?" Janie refuses to delve into the mysteries of her nomenclature, but merely elicits a grin as people struggle to pronounce and spell her name—and end up invariably with the abbreviated "Anton."

Janie is very much the contented-at-home girl. She is fond of long afternoon naps curled in her comforter. While the rest of the world's young ladies are hysterically attempting to employ their talents in challenging fields or rushing to maturity through cruel experience, Janie is confidently undisturbed about doing nothing spectacular after graduation. She possesses a Buddha-like wisdom and composure foreign to her youth. Her choice of train rather than plane trip to Bakersfield is in character; Janie enjoys life much too much to rush frantically through it.

The Croesus of Pennafort, Janie is in perpetual possession of a hoard of dimes that has not infrequently been rifled by the needy and the desperate. As House Chairman, she plans parties and brings order out of chaos—all without fanfare. Janie is the veritable fairie godmother of the class.

She is fiercely (or at least fiercely for Janie) independent and prides herself upon fighting the current of popular opinion. If she were reincarnated, she would, most surely, be a Siamese cat.



JANE ANDREA ANTONGIOVANNI

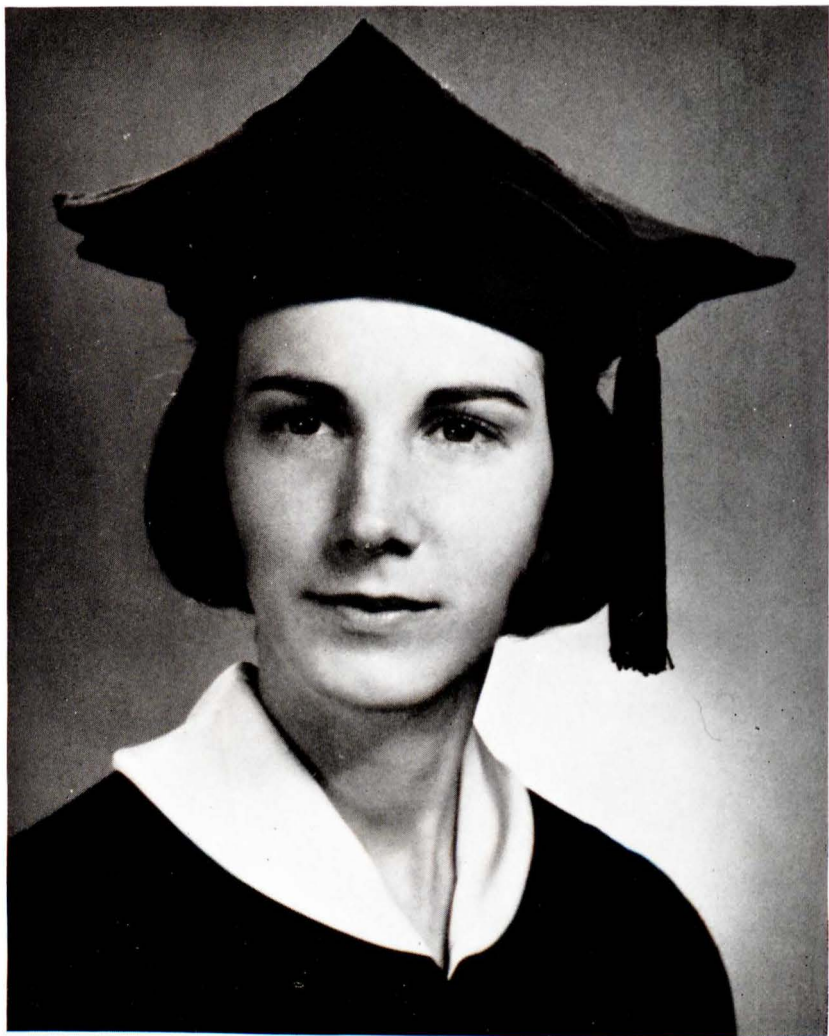
Bakersfield, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Community Service '64
House Chairman '66

Italian Club '63, '64
Schola '64



VALERIE LYNN ARATA

Atherton, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Community Service '63, '64, '65, '66

House Regulations Committee '63

Italian Club '63, '64

VALERIE ARATA

VALERIE is finely integrated. Her precisely taken notes, her immaculate room and her meticulous appearance mirror the organized mind and delicately calibrated temperament. Although her moods are as clearly defined as are Rome's summer and winter, they are controlled, and add color and luster to her polished existence.

Patient and understanding, Val has cultivated the fine art of listening; yet she can also hold an audience. She can turn a simple prosaic story into a flamboyant narrative, the whole vividly enhanced by her dark flashing eyes and her Italian gestures. Among her funniest stories are those of her culinary adventures—such stories, for example, as that of the cheesecake which was on its way to becoming her crowning achievement when it slipped off the plate onto her new cocktail dress. Valerie's order is not without counterpoint. Not only does she cook and sew, she has mastered such old-fashioned accomplishments as the art of crocheting and the art of just sitting quietly to contemplate the beauty of a single rose.

Feminine and graceful in her movements, Valerie possesses a definite charm. She is poised and self-assured. She knows her goals and eagerly pursues them. She has no fantasies or illusions of being like someone else. She truthfully declares, "I'd just rather be myself."

AN EXTERIOR reserve masks Lori's sensitive, perceptive approach to people, places and things. Her ire is aroused by the closed social consciousness that classifies, condemns and excludes from its sweep of vision the individual who fails to mirror the image and likeness of the ego. She herself wishes to relate amicably with everyone whom she meets regardless of differences in education and opinion. She fears that her habitual reserve might be mistaken for snobbishness.

Creative, she remedies her melancholy by composing poetry. She is domestic, but not provincial; she likes Oriental furniture, and cherishes voyages into the unfamiliar in fact or fantasy. She seeks the comic in plays, movies and books; she surrounds herself with shades of lavender and blue. League bowling and tennis are her favorite sports.

Lori loves to laugh, and faces reality armed with Kahlil Gibran's insight that "The deeper that sorrow carves into your being, the more joy you can contain." Native conscientiousness makes her an unflagging bearer of any trust and a systematic, thorough scholar. Her fascination with the unknown extends into the intellectual as well as the geographical and imaginative spheres: always, her preferred subject (at the moment the law and legal processes) is the one she begins by knowing the least about. Her ideal pastime is sleeping on a rock in the sun.



LAURA LOUISE AUGUSTINE

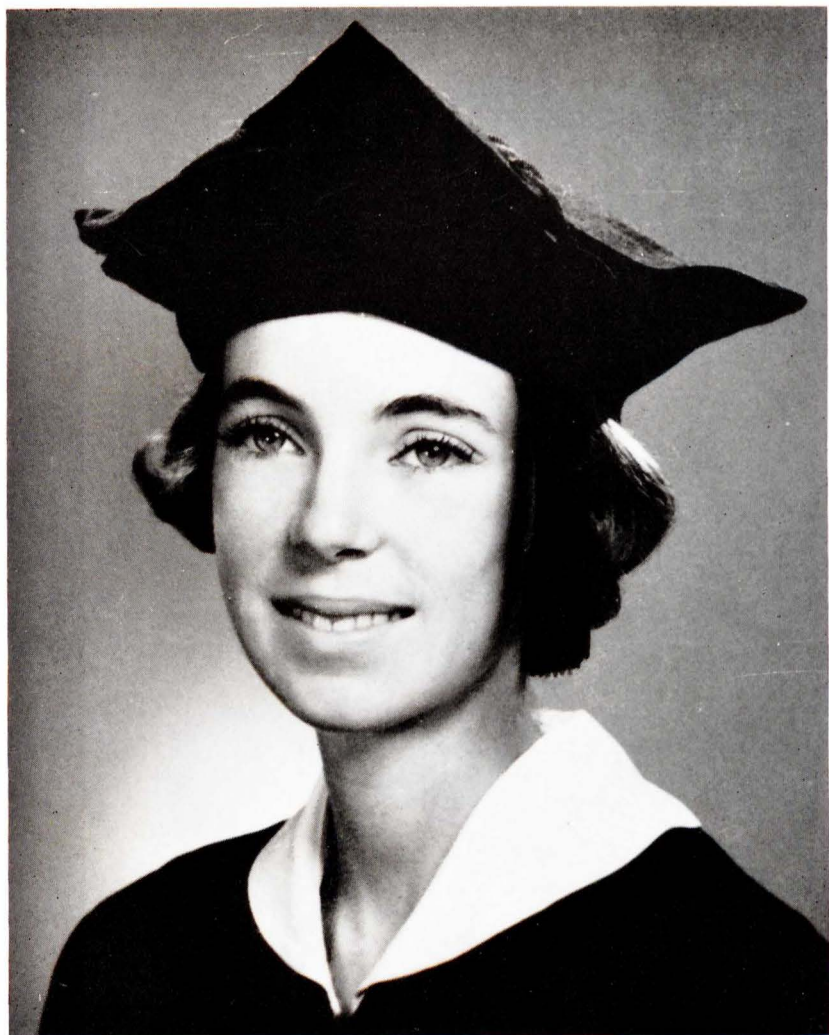
San Rafael, California

MAJOR: ECONOMICS

MINOR: MATHEMATICS

Social Committee '65
Meadowlark Staff '65

International Relations Club '64, '65
Spanish Club '63, '64



NANCY CLAIRE AYLING

San Mateo, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: SPANISH

Gamma Sigma
Spanish Honor Society
Executive Board '65
Class President '65
Class Secretary '63, '64

Meadowlark Associate Editor '65
Spanish Club '63, '64, '65, '66
S.C.T.A. '63, '64, '65, '66
W.A.A. Board '65

NANCY AYLING

A FEATHER-SOFT voice and steady blue eyes disguise the mercurial speed of Nancy's analytical mind. Her outward serenity is derived from a life of ordered discipline. Nancy's discrimination and perception have enabled her to capture truly lasting and enhancing graces from all of her experiences. Having toured the Orient, she possesses an Eastern mastery of disciplined calm, a strange, monk-like wisdom, and a vital and realistic reverence for life. Quiet and cat-like, she is yet fascinated by the exuberant patterns and lines of Western art; she is fond of Paul Klee, the fineness of Flemish masters, the odd moods of modern jazz, tumbling Chopin polonaises, and her likes even extend to a fondness for dear old Strauss. Most surprising is her admiration for and mastery of British humor. With blue eyes sliding to the corner under half-closed lids and her mouth slightly upturned at the edge, she delivers quiet but devastating comments.

For leisure time Nancy enjoys haunting her beloved San Francisco; she launches an ant-like expedition over the entire city, savoring the moods of San Francisco. Although a person of truly cosmopolitan interests, Nancy is without the harsh matter-of-factness of a "culture vulture," as well as without the supra-romantic rebelliousness of many contemporary aesthetes. For close to Nancy's heart are dreams of little boys with red hair and glasses.

SHARON BALL

SHARON's smile speaks of the soft charm that most clearly characterizes her. Calm and poised, she rarely allows herself to become ruffled under even the most trying circumstances. Her strongly feminine nature carries with it a practicality and good sense beyond her years and is reflected in her desire and ability to achieve as an individual.

Never allowing boredom to encroach upon her, Sharon enjoys being busy. To both the domestic and festive she gives of herself; she is as happy knitting or reading as she is dancing or sailing. Active in innumerable clubs, her dependability has made her a valuable member of all in which she participates. She is an incurable note-taker, writing continual reminders to herself that somehow get misplaced, though the message is never forgotten. It is this sense of organization that enables her to participate in so many activities and yet shirk none; one would never expect to see Sharon leave a task half-done or poorly managed. Her sense of duty does not detract from her sense of fun; she is possessed of a sharp and sympathetic wit and a magnetic personality which attracts the old and young alike.

Extremely conscientious, Sharon is apt to worry excessively in making a decision. This trait, however, may well account for her ability to succeed where others often fail.



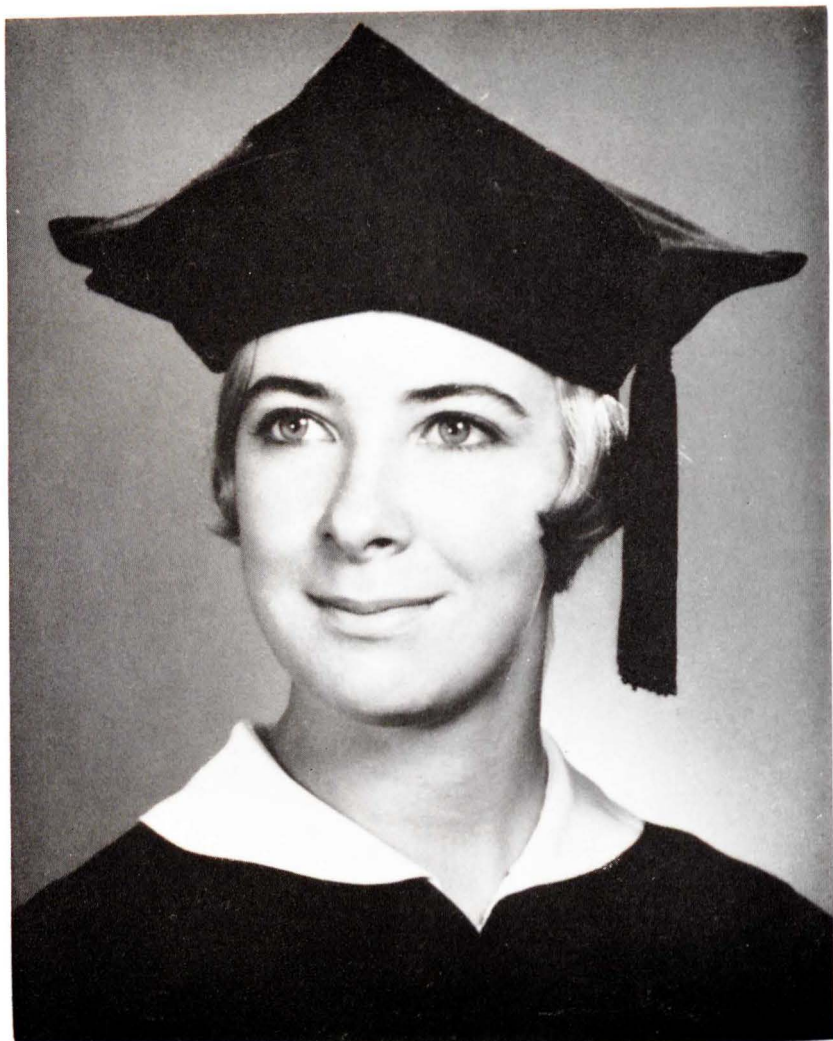
SHARON LYNN BALL
Mill Valley, California

MAJOR: ECONOMICS
MINOR: SPANISH

Gamma Sigma
Spanish Honor Society
President '66

Meadowlark Business Manager '65

International Relations Club '65, '66
President '66
Spanish Club '64, '65
Student Affairs Board '65
Social Committee '66



MONICA MARY BOSS
Citrus Heights, California

MAJOR: HISTORY
MINOR: ART HISTORY

Student Affairs Board President '66
Executive Board '64, '66
Sophomore Class President '64

Publicity Committee '65
W.A.A. Board '65

NICKI BOSS

hER MEASURED STRIDE defines her: it indicates her independence, her confidence in her decisions, her innate sense of the purpose of life. Its staccato beat manifests her eagerness to face all the aspects of life. To Nicki, life is to learn. No experience is too small to ignore; the philosophies of others are ideas to be considered carefully before acceptance or rejection. She has the rare ability to recognize the salient details in all that she observes, from class lectures to casual conversations.

Nicki values time, and uses it well. She is seldom frivolous, but she knows how to be so. When she feels a mental slump approaching, she creates an engaging diversion such as the Senior Drill Team or a whimsical vineyard, that could exist only in a creative mind. She joys in life, and those with her have no choice but to be joyful, too.

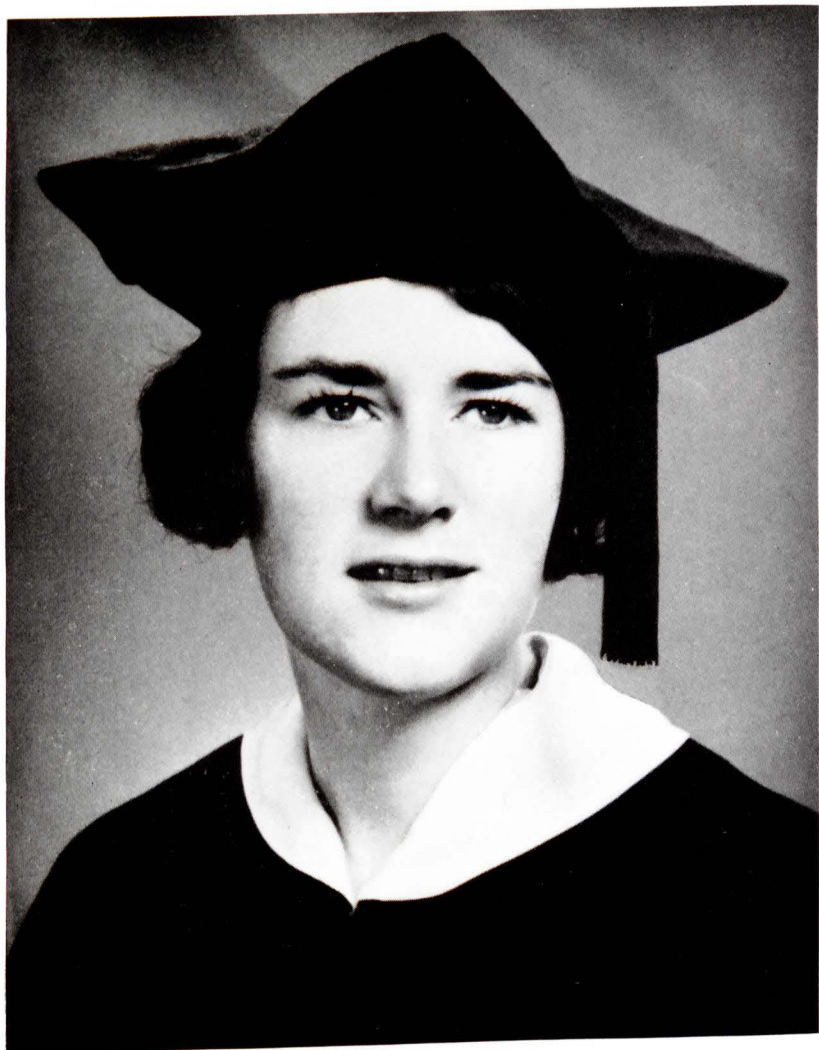
Although drawn to city-life, Nicki would never be too far away from a quiet forest or a flower-covered meadow. Nicki knows herself—both capabilities and limitations—and always is herself. She knows where she wants to go, and whether strolling knee-deep in autumn leaves or rambling through San Francisco, Nicki has a definite goal, and she will reach it. People with a purpose seem to have a habit of getting where they want to go.

COLLEEN BUXTON

IL DUCE Colleen might be described as the Student Leader of the Year, but she isn't; she is actually much more. She somehow has the time and energy to be more than an executive of high efficiency and a diplomat of great flexibility—the ideal public servant. Somehow Colleen manages to escape from the world of hours and seconds, dimes and dollars, meetings and minutes into the world of literature.

A student of consistently above average performance, she holds the field of literature a personal possession; it is the secluded ground where she strolls when the world is too much with her. But hers is not normally an isolated world; Colleen is too wholeheartedly outgoing to need large doses of solitude. She shares her perceptive grasp of English letters by her witty asides. She has saved many an Executive Board meeting with a salty remark — illuminating the ridiculousness of the situation and relieving tension between two horn-locked idealists.

Colleen reads *Mademoiselle*, *Glamour*, and of course, *Time*. Though a middle-of-the-roader politically, she does not lack a certain sympathy for radical social thought. She brings with her leadership a great deal of style and a spirit of the contemporary. She may one day be a lady senator, a staff member of *Time*, or—a tapestry weaver.



COLLEEN KAY BUXTON

Ukiah, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: ART HISTORY

Student Body President '66
Executive Board '64, '65, '66
Student Affairs Board '65, '66
Freshman Class Advisor '65

N.F.C.C.S. Junior Delegate '64
Community Service '63, '64
Model U.N. '63, '64
Social Committee '65



CYNTHIA ANN CARPENTER
Scotia, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION
CONCENTRATION: LITERATURE
MINOR: HISTORY

Gamma Sigma
Publicity Chairman '66
Executive Board '66
Community Service '64, '65

W.A.A. Board '64, '65
Secretary '64
S.C.T.A. '65

CINDY CARPENTER

ONE PAGE cannot contain her: she is a complexity, a many-faceted gem; all her sides cannot be seen at one glance. She moves quickly, to the bright tempo that active people seem to need, never missing a beat.

Cindy is an organizer: a look at the neatly arranged shelves in her closet, a glimpse of her list of necessities for a long weekend, or a quick survey of her personal appearance confirms this organization.

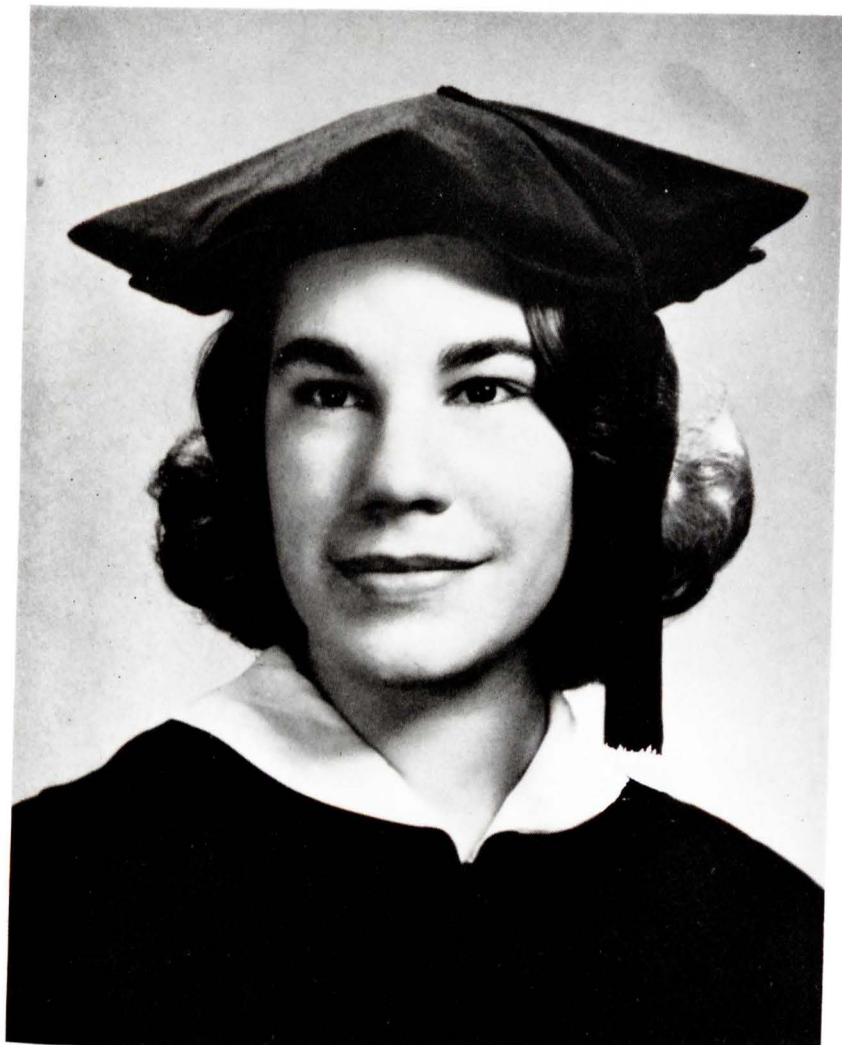
An independence of spirit maintains her individuality: Cindy never feels that she must follow the crowd to be a part of it. She can be sophisticated when the occasion calls for it, yet she learns the latest teenage dances almost before others know that they are around. She would like to teach emotionally disturbed children, yet whimsically wishes to live in a tree house (of redwood) and raise quarter-horses. She loves long dresses, yet horseback riding and motorcycle trips delight her. Although attuned to the vibrant rhythms of San Francisco, Cindy still has an occasional longing for the stillness and isolation of a northern California ranch.

Cindy will never consider her education complete; from every personal experience she extracts something of value. Her keen perception and evaluation of people is a vital part of her view of life. She is many things to many people, but to all of them she is always Cindy.

CAROLE CEBALO

SHE NEED NOT FEAR that “the ordinary” will tag her future travels around the world of design: Carole’s cover design for the *Meadowlark* offered an extraordinary and arresting pattern of grasses both distinct and blurred, flowing and broken. Nor need her fear of being stereotyped inhibit her creativity, for she knows of doorways into Never Never Land and has brought the fantastical into reach. Her preference for Poe manifests her predisposition for the startling, and her choice to spend a weekend on Alcatraz Island reveals in her a freedom to undertake challenges which are often imprisoned.

Carole’s is an art of renovation. She spends bright and bold hours refinishing old furniture and transforming the booty of antique shops into the *avant-garde*. Her propensity for relaxing and calming those with whom she works is in itself a form of creative renewal. Her predilection for the unusual has not conformed Carole into extremes: she dresses with style and exactitude; she reacts with an even disposition and a warm sense of humor. Her vigorous energy contributes an exuberance to her hands and a strength to her stature. Carole will be welcome as an interior designer because she does not hesitate to furnish rooms—and life—with both pool tables for playful motion and sea scapes for serious musing.



CAROLE ANNE CEBALO
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: ART
MINOR: ENGLISH

Firebrand Art Co-Editor '66
Meadowlark Staff '64, '65
Art Editor '65

Publicity Committee '65



MARY ANN C. L. CHEUNG

Hong Kong

MAJOR: BIOLOGY

MINOR: CHEMISTRY

Gamma Sigma

Carillon '63

Foreign Students Club '63, '64, '65, '66

German Club '64, '65

Secretary-Treasurer '65

Music Club '66

Science Club '63, '64, '65, '66

MARY ANN CHEUNG

MARY ANN cherishes a dictionary for a reason different from that of most foreign students: she “looks up” wildflowers to collect and press there. And, like a dictionary, her concise appearance contains a vast treasury of knowledge and talents within. However, unlike a dictionary and more like her favorite book of verse, Mary Ann’s demureness unfolds like the melody of “Clair de Lune” and shares her interior poetry with unsuspecting friends. She shows them her panorama of tastes, which are as precise and definite as her biological drawings. She avoids the minute in cockroaches and the monstrous in skyscrapers, while she seeks the lowly in small garden lizards and the idealistically lofty in a future of helping the underprivileged.

Mary Ann has grown to contain variety unified. Perhaps this is why she professes to understand her favorite concept of the equivalence of beauty and truth. She has travelled not only throughout Europe and the Far East but also across America. She is a member of four campus clubs and attends to chemistry and English literature, opera and flamenco music, and is not averse to escapades in bowling greens and quiet afternoons. Through this variety, and through her heritage, Mary Ann is in a unique position to understand the necessity for the oneness of world peace and for the relief of war’s divisions. To this she would dedicate her life.

CATIE COLLINS

CATIE's is a face with a hundred moods. She is forever rushing in and out of her room, never still, flashing a Cheshire smile and "angel-kiss" dimples. Her swiny gait often seems all legs and flailing arms as she acts the clown, mugging a planaria or imitating a frog's chirp. But beneath her breezy lightheartedness rests the melancholy of the Irish. Her face changes from moment to moment in response to the thought, the dream, passing behind it. The light illuminating her face comes now from without, now from within. Her grin fades, her eyes grow distant, then a laugh comes to sweep it all away. No matter what her mood, Catie retains her softness and femininity. She has a self-possession which enables her to offer a smile or friendly word no matter what her mood, which does not gainsay an occasional ebullition of temper when necessity demands.

Though not of a scholarly bent, Catie has an innate intelligence which shows in her imaginative wit, in her perceptive appreciation of classical music, in her intuitive diplomacy and empathy when dealing with others, and in her deep sense of family.

Catie seems both young and wise; she is young in tears and laughter, but a knowing love carries her from day to day. In order to please everyone, she must first please herself, to give significance to the squalls and calms of time.

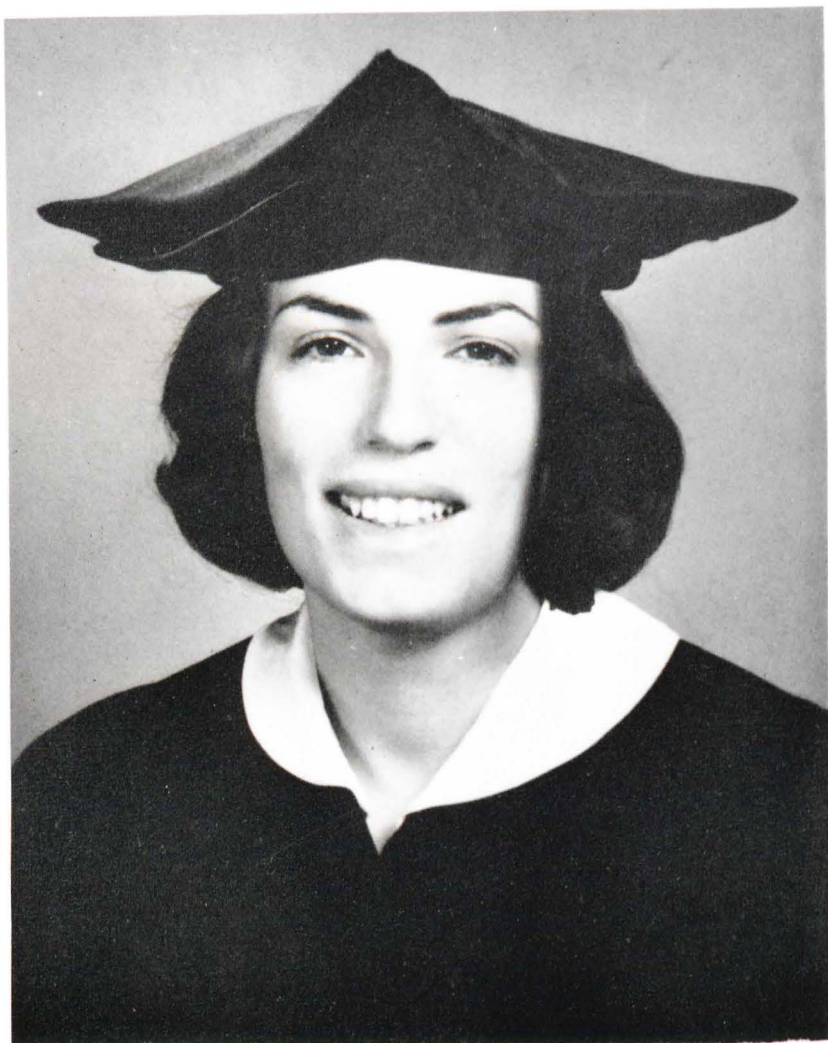


CATHLEEN MARY COLLINS
Merced, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION
CONCENTRATION: FINE ARTS

Community Service '63, '64, '66
Spanish Club '63, '64

S.C.T.A. '65



GAIL PHYLLIS CORTESIA

San Bruno, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: HISTORY

Transferred from Mount Saint Clare College '64

Social Committee '66

W.A.A. Board '66

Community Service '65

GAIL CORTESIA

GAIL could easily obtain employment as the West Coast representative for the Chicago Chamber of Commerce. She bombards her every audience with stories, pictures and other explanatory lore. One has a difficult time trying to ascertain which of Chicago's aspects is windier—the city's gusts or Gail's praises of it.

Yet no one is more realistic than Gail in setting her goals, in her determination not to be cowed by failure but rather to be spurred on by it. Thus her favorite subject, English, makes her the department's delight and despair. Blue is her preferred color, although red also plays a major role in her life, as anyone knowledgeable of a certain red-headed Irishman and that favored Volks is aware. Gail likes everything to be in its proper niche and to be seen in its proper perspective. As a result, every night before she seeks the solace of her "security blanket" she takes care that every strand of hair has been artfully wound on her rollers with grave precision.

Gail's dislike of the fantastical makes her a frequenter of the tried and true San Francisco haunts. Her dislike of fads asserts itself in an absolute aversion for such things as pierced ears and the ear-piercing Bob Dylan. Gail's greatest fear is of mediocrity—no office routine for her. But clearly, that Chicago spirit and her firm principles obviate the mediocre.

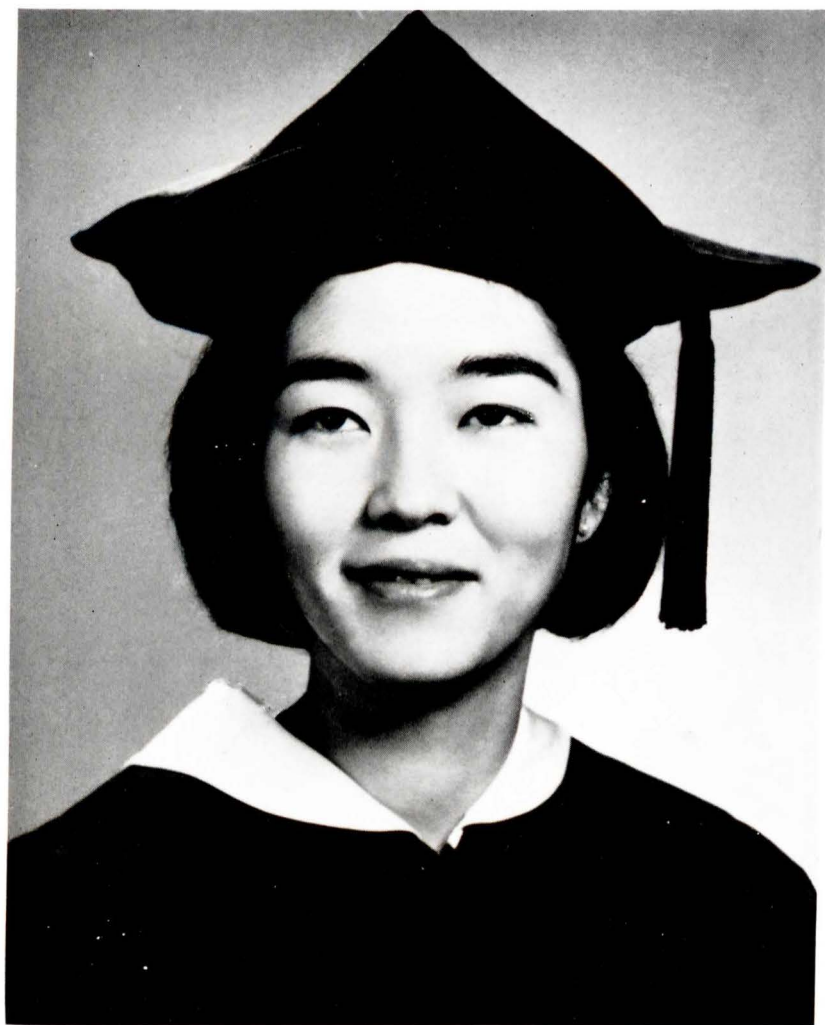
KIMI DE CRISTOFORO

THE COSMOPOLITAN and adventurous find expression in Kimi's exuberant personality. Extensive travel and an unlimited capacity for new experiences are embodied in her restless, energetic nature and reflected in the predominant red of her attire. The simple pleasures of life are not Kimi's; her sophisticated nature demands the colorful and exotic in entertainment: the strum of the Spanish guitar or the melody of a Japanese love song.

Quiet weekends are not amenable to her; Friday afternoon for Kimi means a car packed and ready to go. Although a solid practicality underlies and offsets the whimsical in Kimi's nature, she possesses a spontaneity of temperament that occasionally surprises her old friends. She has a strong temper that *will* flash out, and a jaunty good humor that *will* arise despite the adversities of the present moment.

Kimi's academic career sometimes suffers because of her voracious appetite for historical and sociological novels. Avid interests in archeology and anthropology are among her vast repertoire of extracurricular activities.

Kimi's longing for unhampered independence, nourished by her wide travels, has given her a vigorous self-sufficiency and the broad view worthy of an older individual. Her liberal and unselfish attitude is well-suited to the career in social work she intends to pursue.



KIMIKO THERESA ANN deCRISTOFORO

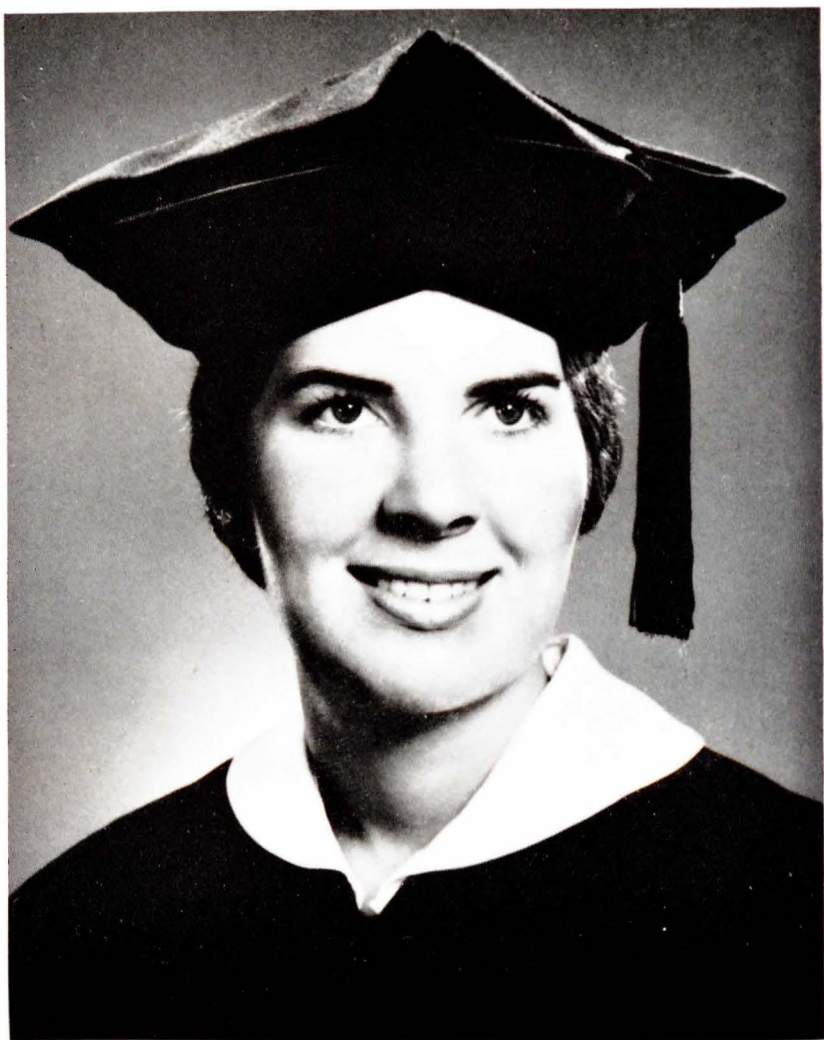
Seaside, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Firebrand Business Staff '66
International Relations Club '65
Music Club '65

Schola '65
Spanish Club '64, '65
S.C.T.A. '63



MARIE-THERESE DANIELS

Sierra Madre, California

Transferred from Pasadena City College '64

Firebrand Business Staff '65

Music Club '66

Science Club '65, '66

Troupers '65

MARIE-THERESE DANIELS

NO ONE can remember the last time that Marie-Therese wasn't smiling. She rarely seems to have a problem, and when she does, it is speedily focused in proper perspective by the influence of a certain twinkle lurking irrepressibly in the back of her eye. Marie-Therese is too caught up in a whirlwind of activity to be beset by the pangs of excessive self-preoccupation. And she refuses to allow the inevitable daily annoyances to jar her genuinely good-natured outlook. With a pixyish smile and a warmly brisk bobbing of her head, she wishes well to everyone she meets—over jam in Caleruega, at a fiercely-contested basketball game about to get under way, or on her way to the Opera. She just *likes* people. Her animated speech and perceptive penetration reflect an openness to others that refreshes. She sews, she cooks, and her love for her major extends to removing misdirected insects that have wandered into a friend's room.

Marie-Therese values the simple things of life. She revels in the beauties of the hills and woods, in the simplicity and elemental directness of nature. She sees to the heart of things. Her aspirations are high and in her desire to attain them, the earnestness that coexists with her joy in life comes to the fore. In her aspiration, and above all in her joy of life, she possesses the key to eternal youth.

ANNA MARIA DI DONNA

ANNA MARIA attracts with the warmth of her understanding and the quick gaiety of her Italian spirit. Nothing quite daunts her—not the difficulties of a day's work transacted in four different languages, nor an evening's responsibility for two small boys who may just possibly have left snakes in her room during the day.

Anna Maria takes most of life seriously, yet manages to blend detailed discussions of Roman *pasta* into Ethics classes and seems consistently to be breaking a strenuous diet just started. She admits she is not athletic, but she likes long walks, swimming and dancing. Her list of favorite readings is lengthy and international, ranging from Dostoievsky to Voltaire; her preferences in art and music are equally varied.

Her ambition to work for the government in a capacity that involves travel in Europe and America reflects her love of people and things international. She brings the experience of her native Naples into her San Francisco "family," just as she wishes one day to live part of the year in the land of Assisi and the remainder in the city of Saint Francis.

Anna Maria's sympathies embrace much. Sometimes she fears that she is a bit too tolerant, but how else attain to a *Weltanschauung* of variegated national customs and values?



ANNA MARIA DI DONNA

Naples, Italy

MAJOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

MINOR: GERMAN

Foreign Students Club '63, '64, '65, '66
President '65

German Club '63
International Relations Club '65



SUSAN CHRISTINE DONATI

San Rafael, California

MAJOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

MINOR: ITALIAN

Gamma Sigma
International Relations Club '65

Italian Club '64, '65
President '65

SUSAN DONATI

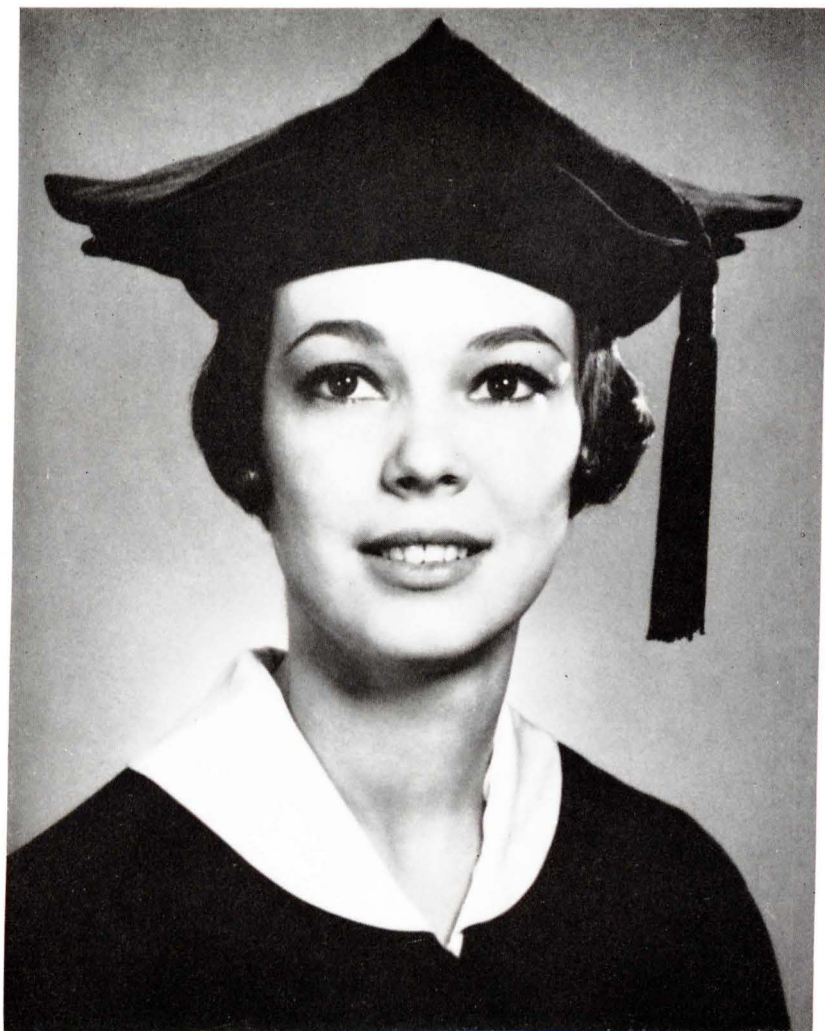
AN INQUIRING MIND, lively curiosity and unbounded energy have given Sue an expansive personality. She is never ruffled. She refuses to be rushed; she always completes the tasks at hand to leave a moment for a chat in the Grove about international relations and their repercussions for us. Her predilection for things continental reaches from Gothic architecture to the Beatles' movie *Help*. Her memory approaches the photographic in its vividness but never does she parade her unfailing possession of the right answer. Her silence in the midst of an opinionated conversation reflects her steady guardianship of the integrity of her perceptions.

She gets along affably with everyone and likes all forms of socializing: elegant evenings at night clubs or disco spots, country picnics with singing to guitar or banjo, or simply conversing with friends. She emulates the individual femininity and style of both Mrs. Kennedy and the Breck girls. She writes poetry and sends off-beat articles and pictures to friends; she reads the current best-sellers but has a special affection for Elizabeth Barrett Browning. A person of disciplined emotions, she hopes to see and do most of what is to be seen and done in this life; she possesses the common touch and the freshness of viewpoint to make herself universally appreciated.

JUDY FLOOD

JUDY lives vigorously. From the horn-rimmed fastness of enigmatically large sunglasses she observes the world and its denizens. Far from being the mark of aloofness, the glasses dispose experience in a perspective which the intensity of her approach might otherwise tend to warp. Lighthearted, indifferent to the foggy future, she lives with sparkle in a sharply-perceived present. Her motion is brisk and supple, her chat clipped and fast, her classroom attentiveness acute. She misses nothing. Her knowledge of old and new movies, movie stars and historical novels is vast.

The glasses removed—and chestnut bangs swept back with a toss of the head—charming wide eyes are revealed, mirroring enthusiastic friendship. Judy eagerly introduces others to the special pleasures of her personal world: movies, musicals, Hogarth, Manet, *Mont-Saint-Michel*, *Light in August*. She is capable of both sociability and solitude; wrapped in faded flowered comforter, instant coffee within reach, she spends a weekend in cozy seclusion with a novel of F. Scott Fitzgerald. She dislikes fluorescent lights and hospitals, likes to ride bicycles, and (perhaps a corollary to the foregoing) hopes to live in England. Absorption in experience may lead her to a myopic exaggeration of problems and complication of worries, but she eschews the introspective and cultivates an understanding outgoingness.



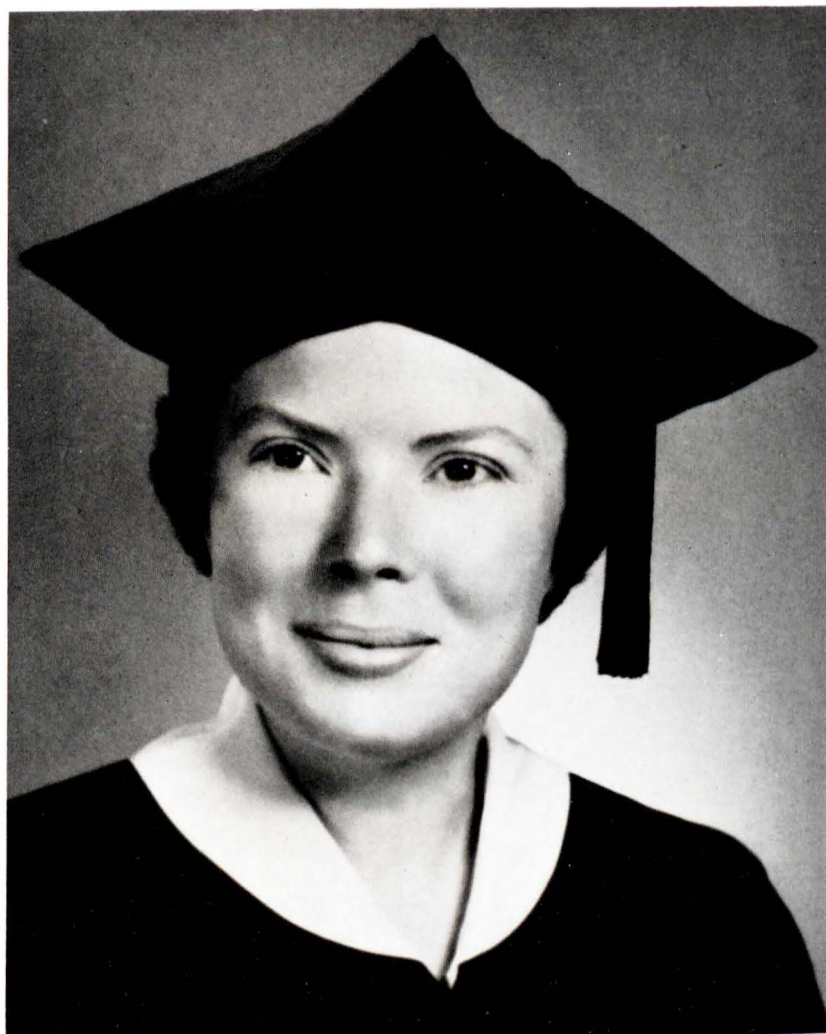
JUDITH FULLER FLOOD

Los Altos, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: ENGLISH

Community Service '64



ROSALIND BLISS FORREST

Bonita, California

MAJOR: MUSIC

MINOR: LATIN

Gamma Sigma

Community Service '63, '64, '65

Music Club '63, '64, '65, '66

Symphony Forum Representative '65

Schola '63, '64, '65, '66

Troupers '63, '64, '65, '66

Publicity Chairman '64

Treasurer '65

ROSALIND BLISS FORREST

HER CHARM is joy of life. Her existence fizzes with being and doing; but the starveling look of the typical self-important *collégienne* is not hers. The self-giving aspirations of her faith live in her busy days of ardent wonder.

She would thrive in simultaneous possession of nine lives. She teaches CCD; she fills coffee urns at Caleruega; she works with the San Francisco Symphony Forum. But teaching is her first love: she describes with contagious glee a twelve-year-old's sudden grasp of a concept in music, inadvertently revealing her talented instruction as she tells how the idea came home on a jig tune, a paper doll.

She walks slowly up from Angelico under the rain of a November evening, singing a Christmas cantata of Handel; she hums German *lieder* on the bus after an exhausting ramble in San Francisco. She craves Mahler's 4th Symphony. Meditative reading, bubble baths, Gothic cathedrals, El Greco elaborate the counterpoint of her sensibilities. A confirmed hiker, she leads footsore friends the City's length and breadth, relenting only for a painfully brief cable car ride.

Her generosity is self-expression, informal and unpretentious: the gift not of mere piano lessons or even of mere sympathy, but of harmonious perceptions. Her joy springs from unstudied love of squirrels and sea shells, and spreads of itself.

EDWARDINE FRATINI

WEARING a full-length dressing gown beneath which emerge incongruously huge fuzzy slippers, Edde colorfully ornares the East Wing lounge. She shares moments of relaxation with her friends, playing bridge or laughing at the comic antics of others. Although she is well-versed in a variety of subjects and enjoys conversation, she is almost remarkably oblivious to gossip. She follows a regulated routine, retiring early and rising in time for breakfast, which she has “almost” but never quite missed. Although she has not indulged in her great ambition to lie abed until eleven in the morning, she has prolonged her waking hours to type a paper for a friend.

Edde creates many outfits out of her favorite skirts, sweaters and knee socks, demonstrating her state of relaxed organization. She reads the popular novelists and her American Civ background has given her true appreciation of American art and music. She enjoys snack-type foods but her sensibilities forbid that these or any meal be gobbled down. Edde does delight, however, in the hurried pace of a cable car ride, and her favorite spots in the City are Golden Gate Park and the Zoo. A staunch lover of animals, especially cats, Edde would be an active and valiant supporter of an anti-vivisection league. Not easily depressed, able to tease and to be teased, carefree yet organized, Edde is one of the more pleasant members of our human society.



EDWARDINE ELIZABETH FRATINI
Petaluma, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION
CONCENTRATION: LITERATURE
MINOR: HISTORY

Community Service '64
Italian Club '64, '65

S.C.T.A. '64, '65, '66



SUZANNE JEANNE FRAZER

Santa Ana, California

MAJOR: ECONOMICS

MINOR: FRENCH

Community Service '61
French Club '65

International Relations Club '65, '66
Treasurer '65

SUZANNE FRAZER

FEW CAN ENJOY a good time as much as Sue—or tell you about it later with quite the same charm or in quite the same fashion. Not to say that she does not have her serious moments, for she does; setting her mind to something means that it *will* be done, be it a term paper or an extra hour substituting for someone in the cafeteria. But when her obligations have been fulfilled, she will transfer that same boundless determination to devouring the latest issue of *Time*, playing a shrewd hand of bridge, or just honestly sleeping. Music, however, there must be, the tempo suited to her mood—be it wild or romantic or enchanting. An opportunity to go out and see the world will bring Suzanne running with expectation—to the theatre, for a good musical or comedy, or just out to see the town.

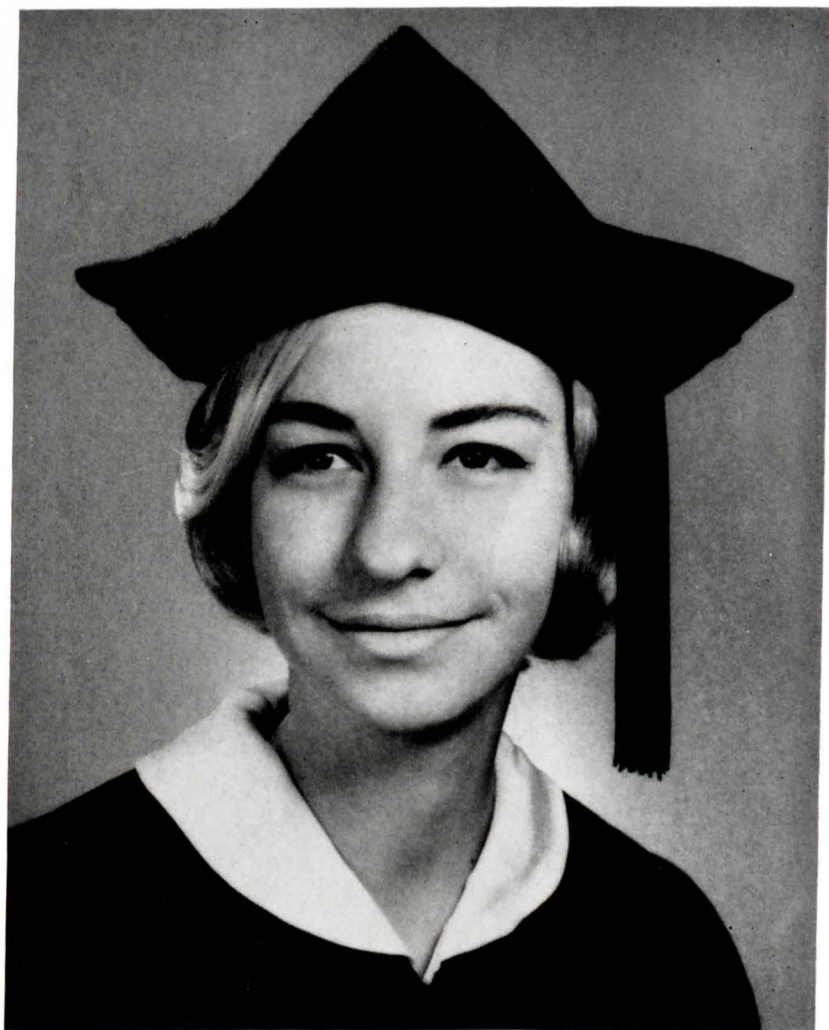
There is no equal to her rare devotion to Catalina Island; and when she can't be there in person, she is there in her dreams, or waiting excitedly for her weekly copy of the *Catalina Islander*. She loves the warm sunshine, water skiing, and the anticipation of the boats coming in. Sue, indeed, makes the most of every experience. With her unruffled and understanding way, and her eagerness to undertake the novel, Suzanne does not await but seeks for herself the valuable and the enriching moment.

NOREEN GARAVANO

NOREEN's tastes range from the latest James Bond thriller to the stock and bond section of the newspaper. A gourmet rather than a bookworm, she loves to spend entire afternoons in a kitchen preparing delicacies for a special candlelight dinner to be followed by an evening of conversation and bridge by a crackling fire. Another day will find her rushing through breakfast to meet her tee-off time at the golf course. Besides these interests, Noreen also dabbles in real estate and interior decorating in Stockton.

The dominant personality in her circle of friends, Noreen can take credit for many a memorable party in San Francisco. Comfortably at ease in bermudas or in her long black hostess gown, Noreen enters the lounge with decisiveness and poise, ready to organize some new adventure that promises fun for everyone. An authority on the local cuisines in Marin County, Noreen is not one to dine alone; inevitably she invites six or more cohorts to accompany her for dinner.

Among her favorite topics for conversation is her trip to New York, where Noreen learned the awful truth about tipping and taxi drivers. From talk of New York and other points East, Noreen easily returns to mention of moonlight and vivid comment on what constitutes the "perfect date." Hair ribbons, frilly nightwear and meaningful souvenirs are all part of her romantic nature. Noreen is a welcome companion and a delightful person.

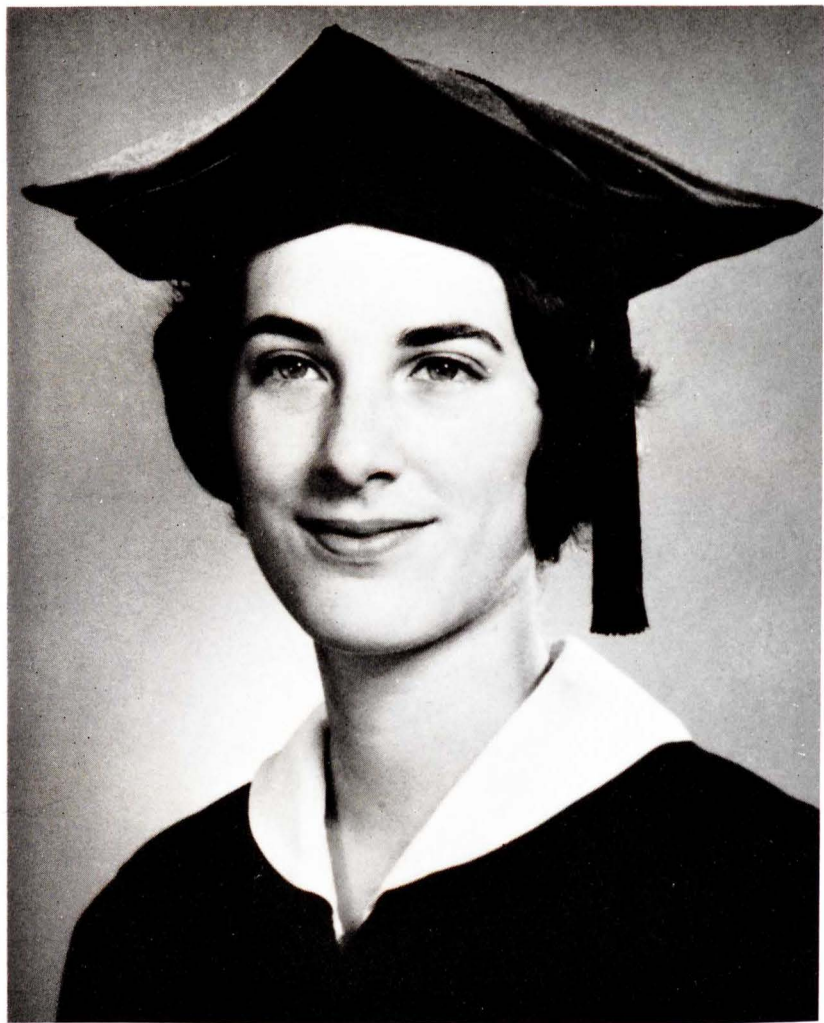


NOREEN MARIE GARAVANO
Stockton, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION
CONCENTRATION: FINE ARTS

Class Secretary '65
Community Service '63, '65
W.A.A. Board '65

French Club '63, '64
Italian Club '63, '64, '65



FRANCES MARIE GERVASONI
Petaluma, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION
CONCENTRATION: HISTORY

International Relations Club '66
Italian Club '63, '64, '65, '66

S.C.T.A. '63, '64, '65, '66

FRANCES GERVASONI

SOLITUDE becomes Fran. Simplicity delights her. She does not require constant companionship, although her pleasant manner complements her group of friends. She is constantly referred to as the "motherly type," probably because she evinces so genuine a concern for her friends, their problems and complexes. Too, she instills confidence. Her trip to Hawaii last summer occasioned for her the unsought role of house mother. Both gracious and conscientious, Fran was a natural for the role. She is always cheerful and honest in her dealings with people, and people repay in kind. Yet, her own problems she prefers to resolve quietly within herself; she is not anxious to make them the preoccupation of others.

Domestic by nature, Fran loves to sew and is the rare person who enjoys ironing. Neat and orderly in everything, she never indulges in the profligate pastime of embarking on a whimsical spending spree. Her practical nature urges her to shop only for value and for necessity. Fran's schoolwork, likewise, is dispatched with economy. The nervous tension mounts as work proceeds to fruition. She is on edge until the paper is completed and proofread. A tendency to misspell is one of her rare faults.

Fran's is not a strikingly dominant personality; her appeal derives rather from the understated, but ever present desire to give of herself and to give more than she has already received.

JEANETTE GIACOMINI

JEANETTE demands a great deal of others and even more of herself. Never satisfied with partial accomplishment, she strives always for perfection, only to be stymied by her own hopeless tendency to procrastinate. Subdued tones and simple lines bespeak her tastes and mirror much that is within. Her matter-of-fact attitude can be deceptive, however; Jeanette is a notorious daydreamer, awakening exasperated to find herself far behind her self-imposed schedule. Enshrouded in an idealism incomprehensible to her more realistic friends, she finds participating in some of the more frivolous college activities painfully difficult.

In contrast to the retiring side of her nature, Jeanette will join wholeheartedly in an expedition to a new Spanish restaurant or in a shopping tour to the City. An avid and adept seamstress, she not only sews many of her own clothes, but is quick to offer her talents to her less capable friends. Her timidity in groups evaporates in the presence of small children; Jeanette enjoys nothing more than a day with one of her three little nieces in tow.

Life for Jeanette will never be a thing to be frittered away in trivialities; each experience is related to the meaningful whole. Her goal is to teach young people the idealism that is so much a part of herself.



JEANETTE ELAINE GIACOMINI
Point Reyes Station, California

MAJOR: HISTORY
MINOR: SPANISH

Gamma Sigma
Spanish Honor Society
Firebrand Business Staff '66

Spanish Club '63, '64, '65, '66
Vice President '64
President '65
S.C.T.A. '63, '64, '65
House Chairman '64



MARY ALICE GIORGI
San Luis Obispo, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY
MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Social Service '63, '64, '65, '66
Chairman '64

Schola '65

MARY GIORGI

MARY is a contented perfectionist. Very particular in her choice of all that surrounds her, she is apt to ignore all flaws in the final selection. Hence, all to which Mary subscribes—possessions, people and principles—are accepted wholeheartedly once past her rigid standards of judgment. Hers is an enviable idealism, for it recognizes no discrepancies.

An incurable collector of anything advertised as “free,” Mary is continually sending away for and receiving products and brochures of every description. Her collection of magazines far exceeds that of textbooks, but one rarely finds her ruffled over a paper not completed or an assignment undone. Mary’s placid surface can, however, be ruffled. Her squeamishness covers everything from moths to onions (which she carefully removes from Caleruega meatloaf). She enjoys every type of outing. The history book is tossed aside while a picnic at Golden Gate Park, a Mexican dinner or a shopping tour in San Francisco receives her unbounded enthusiasm. Mary’s sensitivity is finely spun. Easily hurt, she masks her feelings under a not always successfully placid exterior. Her sympathy for anybody’s and everybody’s problems is at times painful and at times laughable: a TV soap opera can bring Mary to tears. Her sociological interests are well-gearred to the combination of “sense and sensibility” so closely united in Mary’s makeup.

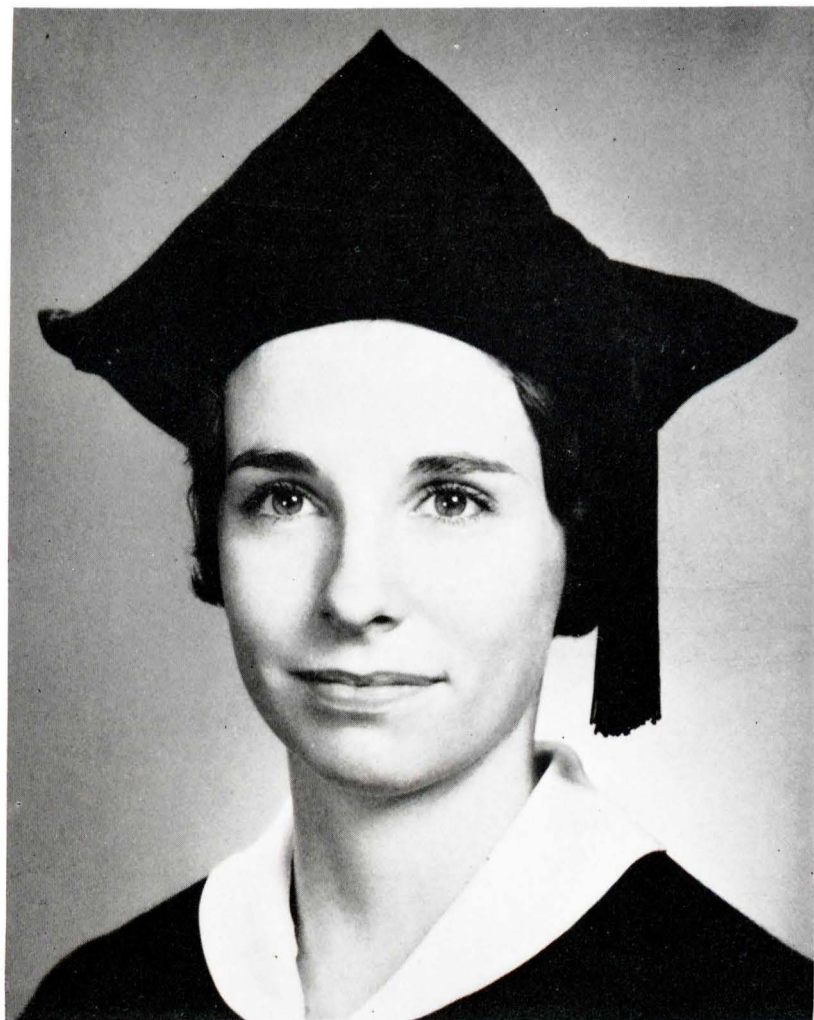
JUDY GRANT

JUDY is a commanding composite of intensity, energy and directness. She puts her whole being to whatever she does; her loyalty to whomever and whatever her discerning judgment regards is proverbial; her integrity is the touchstone of her every action.

Judy is able to direct a play, perform the leading role and, after the last curtain call, attend a fun-filled cast party that she had organized. Active in many campus clubs, Judy composes a list each morning of the things she has to do that day, and unlike many of us, checks all duties off by night.

Although an ardent and witty talker, Judy can listen. She has a rare gift, an uncanny sense of timing, and knows when to offer counsel and condolence, and when to attend to the disappointments of a friend in quiet sympathy. In the strictly practical order she frequently functions as nurse or chauffeur for blissfully disorganized friends. But she knows how to clown; an expert with stage make-up, she has not infrequently hobbled from room to room in the East Wing impersonating a fierce grizzly or a little old lady. Judy prefers Rachmoninoff to popular music, a good play to a college mixer, and the eight-hour trip down the coast to Altadena to all her other meanderings.

She has discovered the singularly rewarding benefits of involvement.



JUDITH ANNE GRANT

Altadena, California

MAJOR: SPEECH

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Community Service '63, '64, '66

Social Committee, '64, '65, '66

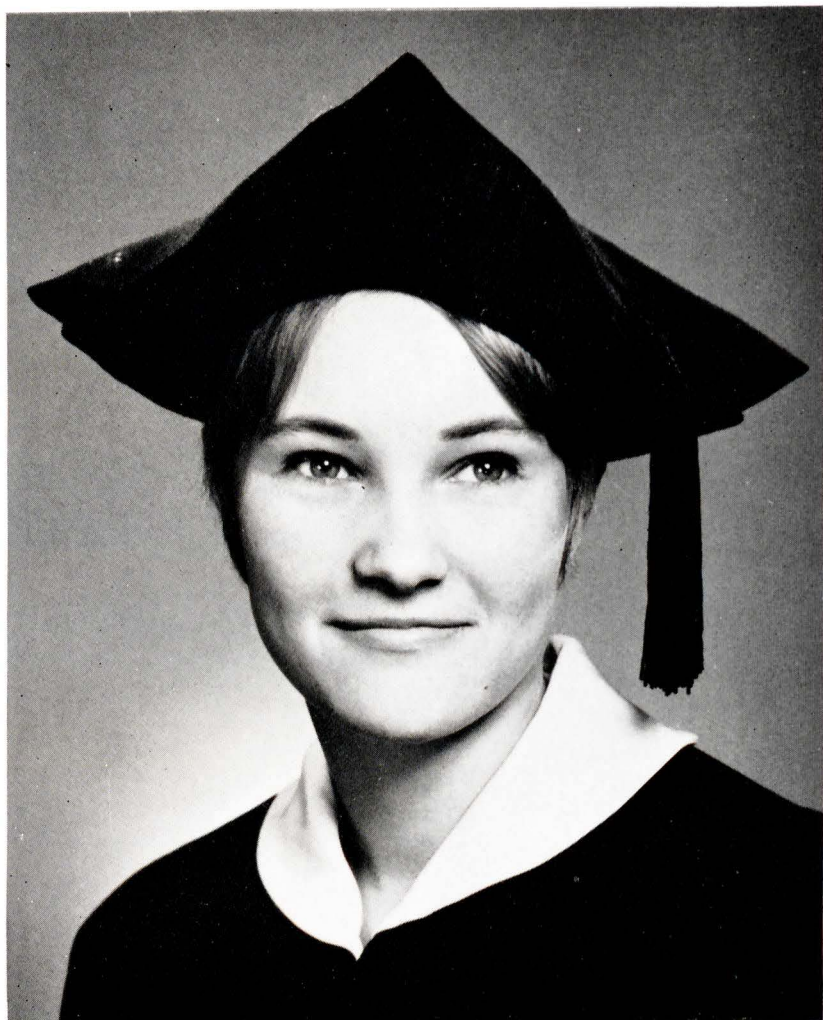
Schola '65, '66

S.C.T.A. '65, '66

Troupers '63, '64, '65, '66

President '66

Publicity Director '65



GERALDINE ANN GROVE

San Anselmo, California

MAJOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

MINOR: ENGLISH

Student Body Vice President '66
Student Affairs Board '66
Executive Board '65, '66
Publicity Chairman '65

Social Committee '63, '64
Community Service '64
International Relations Club '65
Spanish Club '63, '64

GIGI GROVE

GIGI is decisive in her opinions and deeply involved in the life around her. Her capacity for organized activity has nurtured a strong sense of responsibility. She accepts the big jobs graciously and completes them with a minimum of fuss and a maximum of personal effort. She has all the makings of a staunch clubwoman — except perhaps the ultimate seriousness; somehow there lingers always a less than proper twinkle in her eye.

Bright colors and tailored clothes are suitable companions for her somewhat hectic existence. She enjoys arguing simply for argument's sake and is rarely deterred merely because she thinks her position is untenable. Yet Gigi has a quieter mood that seeks semi-classical music, Greek and Roman literature. Sometimes she would choose the country, sometimes turn from Walter Lippmann to Shakespeare. Perhaps it is these interludes that enable her to rebound to U.C. football games, tennis and dances in the City.

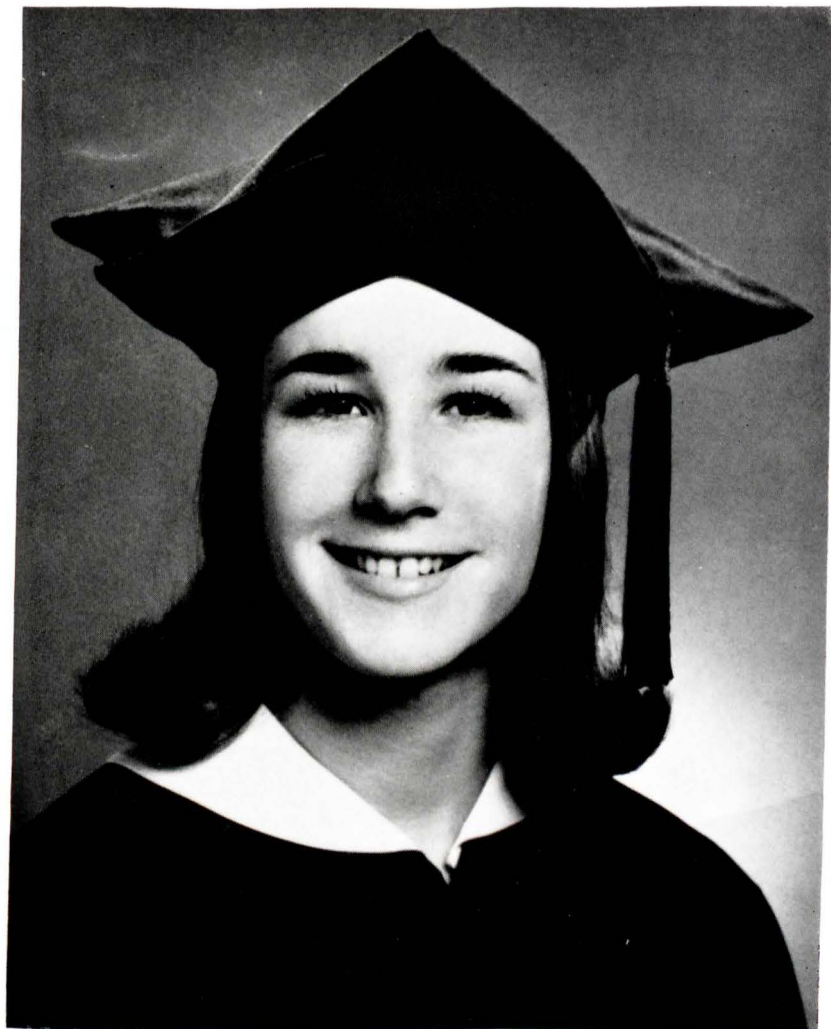
Although strong-willed, Gigi is sensitive and sympathetic toward others. She abhors insincerity and is ever trying to keep her mind alert to values that conflict with her own standards. She is eager to meet the new and different; curiosity encourages her intellectual vagabondage.

MARY LOU GUGAT

MARY LOU fits into situations and places; she is preeminently adaptable. Not having arrived at Dominican until her junior year, she is a relatively recent addition to the class; yet she is an integral part of it. In no time she had caught the Dominican spirit, was singing the old songs, and was caught up—if not embroiled—in the latest discussions. Mary Lou seems to move through life easily and joyously. Her interest in sports, folk singing and “just people” reflects her warmth and openness.

Although alert to the world around her, Mary Lou is not an avid student. In fact, she is most alive and intense when thinking up ways to avoid a confrontation with her books. Once at them, however, she accomplishes what must be done with less than the usual anguish. She manages to have her light out early—which in turn may account for her good humor when awake. She is a sought-after bridge partner, as much for her gleeful predictions—“We are going to *wail!*”—as for her constant good luck and calm ability to unsettle her opponents with quiet remarks.

With her jaunty and happy disposition, it was perhaps inevitable that Mary Lou should major in sociology, and that with her warm caring she should love children and want to work with them and for them. She is, above all, not a girl wrapped up in herself.



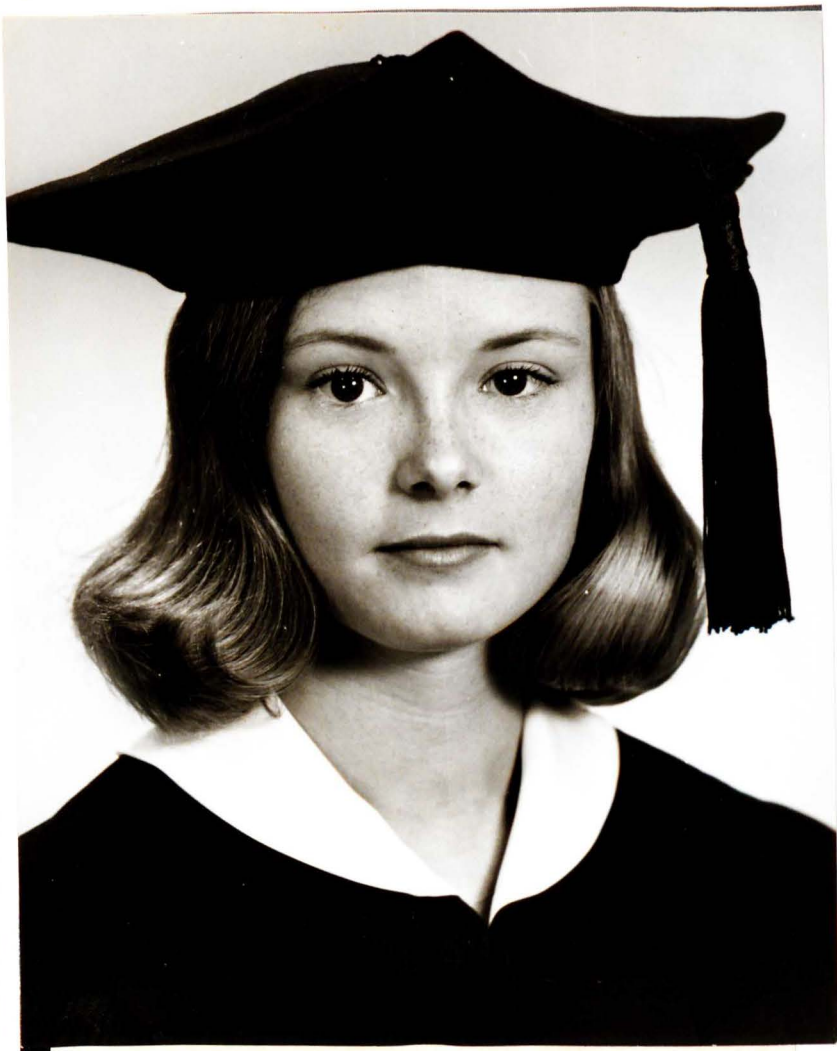
MARY LOUISE GUGAT

Aptos, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: ENGLISH

Transferred from Cabrillo College '64
S.C.T.A. '66



MARY LOU JUDD
Sacramento, California
MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION
CONCENTRATION: AMERICAN LITERATURE

House Chairman '64
Absence Committee '66
Community Service '65, '66
Carillon Business Manager '65
SCTA '64, '65, '66, '67

MARY LOU JUDD

A QUIET LITTLE GIRL—so good, so studious. Mere appearance! In the inner circle of her friends, Mary Lou is as animated as a cartoon and as roaring as her favorite 20's. A three-ring circus, she will dance around the room or inquire with the least provocation, "Want to see my double-jointed elbow?" or, she will wake up in the middle of the night to say: "Remember when we spent the weekend at Sue Reardon's, and Stella fell out of bed?" And, then, proceed to laugh herself to sleep. Bridge, 31 Flavors, or laughter will guarantee Mary Lou's arrival anywhere within seconds. Prone to sing while counting trump, she skips from song to song when she forgets the words. She never forgets the count.

Green and pink are Mary Lou's favorite colors, and anyone can see why. Pink just fits her. As she changes her mood, the shading of pink changes to match: sometimes soft, sometimes bright, sometimes wild—but always cheerful. Even her readings tend toward the rose-colored novels of the F. Scott Fitzgerald generation.

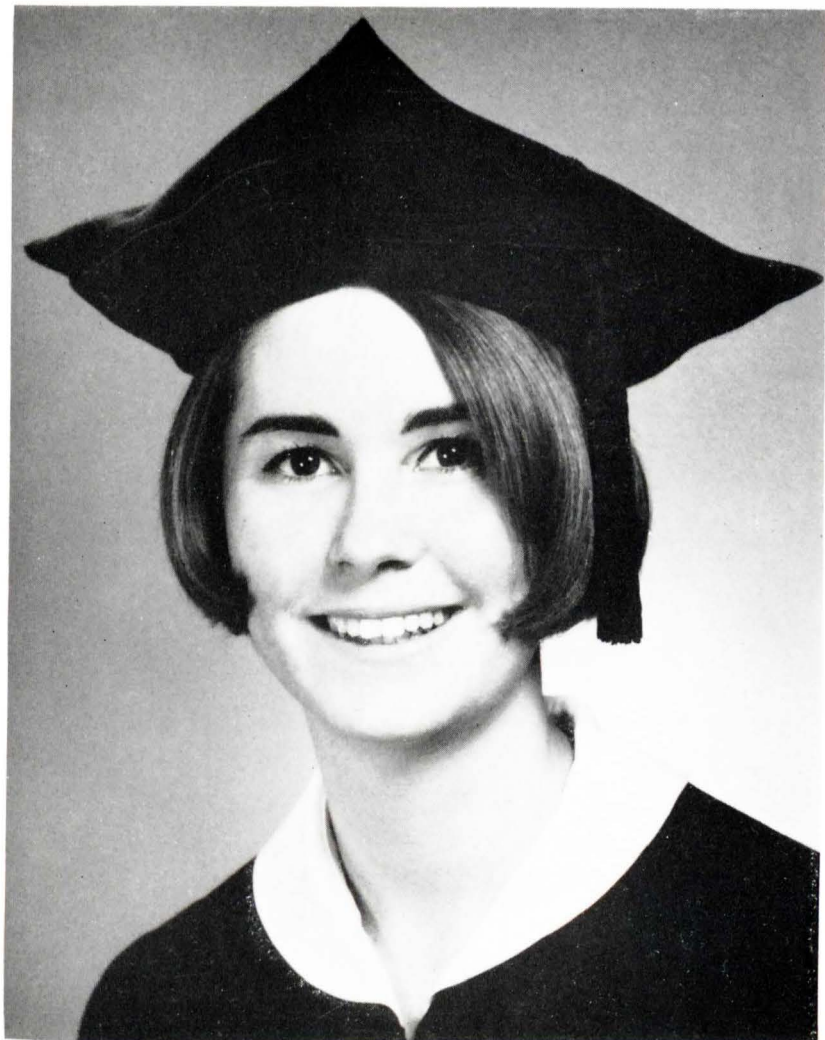
Mary Lou is predictably unpredictable. If she climbs Mt. Tamalpais, you can suspect that it is as much to count the deer as it is to hike. She considers life in the past somewhat like a picture-album, life in the present very much like being in a movie. Only with Mary Lou, it's with Laurel and Hardy.

CAROLE HETHERTON

A SPLASH of red coat, a knee sock half-way on, and a loafer resembling an old and personal friend—that is Carole tripping from class to class. A creature of moods, “Hether” varies in character from gypsy to girl scout; she is often exasperating, but rarely dull. Her warm humor is her most abiding characteristic, endearing her quickly to almost everybody.

Hether’s chameleon personality is as unpredictable as her experiences. She seeks the unusual, yet contrarily, fears it. Her taste for drama tends to exaggerate every moment, every feeling, to the scope of her own creative mind. No book read is wasted in relation to her own being; everything is assimilated and reproduced in her range of existence. This, perhaps, accounts for the many phases of her disposition.

In contrast to her own feelings about herself, Hether’s opinion of her friends is not easily altered despite their caustic comments on the variable colors of her hair. An ardent letter writer, Hether’s correspondence is large and diverse; her witty epistles are saved by perceptive friends for later publication. A neurotic fear of dogs, an insatiable appetite for Bordeaux creams, and an unaccountable love for pet snails are among her many idiosyncrasies. Hether’s ultimate ambition is retirement to the Isle of Skye where she can curl up before a fireplace amidst her books.

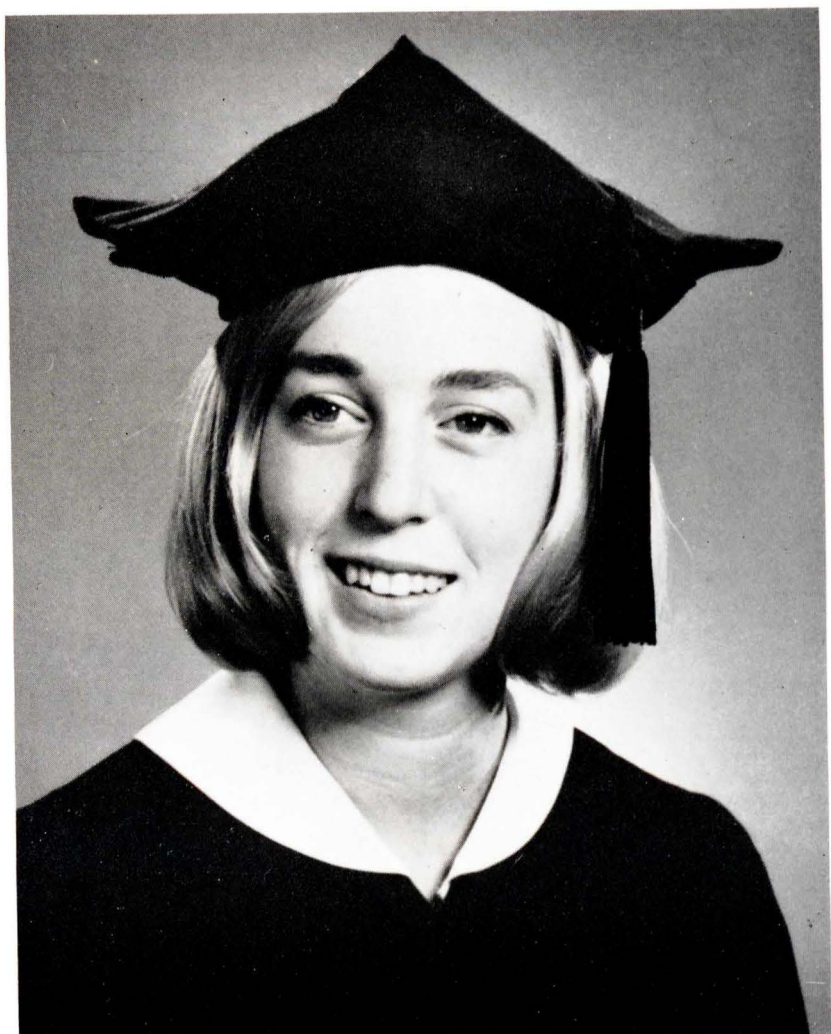


CAROLE ANN HETHERTON
Anaheim, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH
MINOR: LATIN

Carillon '64

Firebrand Staff '66



JANE FRANKE HIBLER

Arcata, California

MAJOR: BIOLOGY

MINOR: CHEMISTRY

Class Secretary '66
Schola '63

Science Club '63, '64, '65, '66
Secretary-Treasurer '65
Spanish Club '63

JANE FRANKE HIBLER

SOMEHOW one never pictures Janie as lackadaisical, bored or disinterested. Janie lives in a world of strict differentiation between black and white, admitting no shades of grey. Thus she finds it hard to tolerate any middle-of-the-road attitude. People who don't care and who don't try are rarely admitted into her world. Married in December, Janie's new home will, like her former dormitory room, admit none of the schoolgirl shuffle to prevail. Her home-making instincts mete out capital punishment to any dirt, dust or untidiness. Janie cannot abide dust on her desk; she detests bare walls, dead flowers and lukewarm eggs.

Janie's ideas are as *avant-garde* as the clothes she wears. Always she models the latest style, and always she has some new opinion or plan to suggest for the current class project. As modern as she is, a little streak of sentimentality can be seen as she lovingly fondles an old fashioned knick-knack slated for domestic use. Janie is a girl of firsts—the first in the class with which she will graduate to become engaged and also the first to marry. Her likes are the bright things of life—sunny days, big-city excitement and happy companions. Her enjoyment of outdoor sports reflects an affinity to Nature. Yet, people are very important to Janie, and building lasting friendships among her schoolmates is counted an important aspect of her college days.

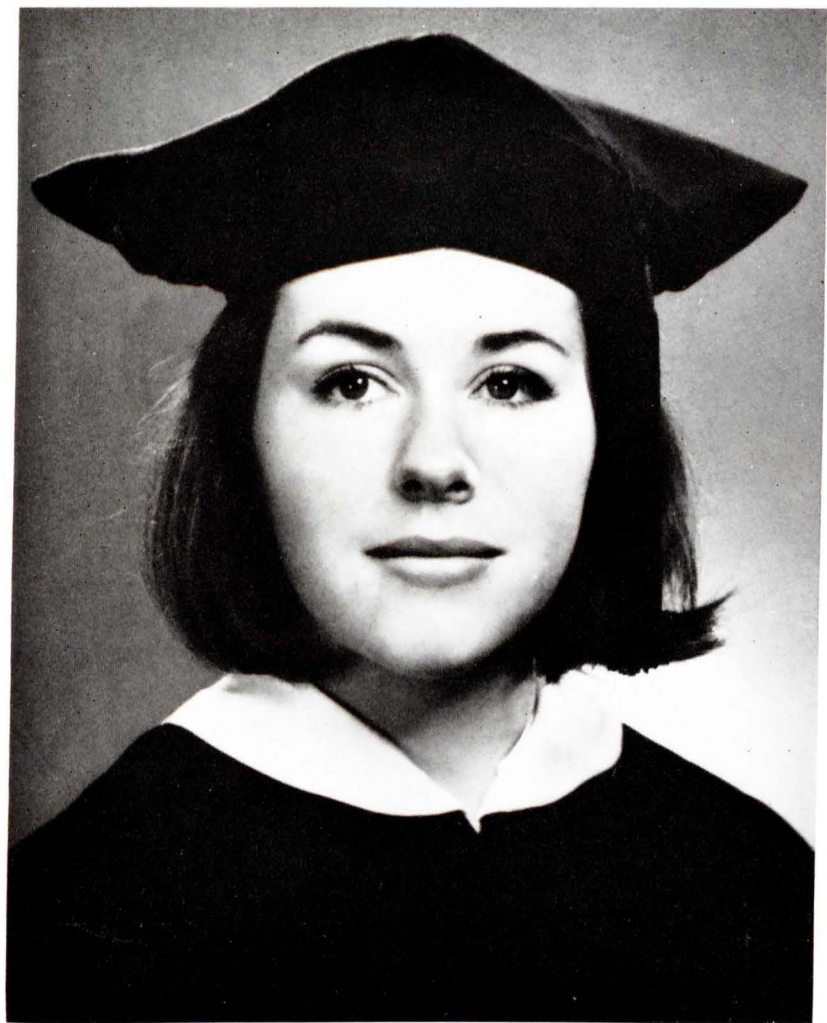
IRENE HOGAN

IRENE builds worlds, not content with the one she lives in. In her world she allows nothing trite, nothing mediocre, nothing unimaginative. She moves to a music few others hear: it is from deep within her, and it is super-charged, vibrant, driving, and seldom slows down. But when it stops, it comes to a dead halt, and Irene revitalizes with deep sleep.

At times flighty, always humorous, Irene still has the ability to concentrate fiercely on a project if the necessity arises. Pressure is her fuel: without it Irene would daydream or sketch away great chunks of time in utter happiness. She must be, then, always under pressure, for she is always in the midst of some project that cannot wait: designing a new dress, planning a "different" party, finishing an art assignment or an English paper at the last minute.

Irene's eyes sparkle with intelligence and imagination, especially when she is "exercising her facial muscles" by making "gargoyle" faces; her conversation, writing and drawing reflect a sharp Irish wit. She can chatter for hours about the interesting people she has met in her meanderings in San Francisco, babble coherently about modern art and artists, discuss modern literature and drama tirelessly, and still have energy enough to make up songs about Dominican's faculty.

Irene's inner world is whimsical and bright, and only lightly touched by that sad melancholy known solely to the Celts.



ALICE IRENE HOGAN

Portland, Oregon

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: ART

Executive Board '66
Senior Class President '66
Firebrand Staff '66
Meadowlark Editor '65
Carillon Art Editor '64

Social Committee '63
French Club '64, '65
Madrigal Singers '63
Music Club '65

- 9
10/10/66



MARILYN ANNE JACOBS

San Rafael, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: ENGLISH

Transferred from College of Marin '64

Publicity Committee '65

Italian Club '65, '66

Madrigal Singers '64

MARILYN JACOBS

TO MARILYN, every day is a distinctly merry adventure. Her abundant energy and vitality add spark to any outing or party, or even to an all-night cramming session. Her presence delights and her logical outlook frequently consoles and inspires friends momentarily bored or agitated with the world around them. Appropriately, her smile and hearty laugh help to illustrate and explicate each new story—stories salted “slightly” with irony and exaggeration.

Marilyn is a montage of varied activity; she exerts equal gusto in discothèque dancing, poetry writing, sailing, or playing the guitar. Her characteristic zeal ebbs, however, when confronted with less appealing aspects of life: mice, the dentist, cabbage, and skim milk. Both in life and in the creative sphere, Marilyn has a contempt for the conventional, the dull, the trite. Every encounter is an engaging adventure full of the challenge and excitement of the unknown. Her almost reckless exuberance often necessitates procrastination, though never the omission of duties.

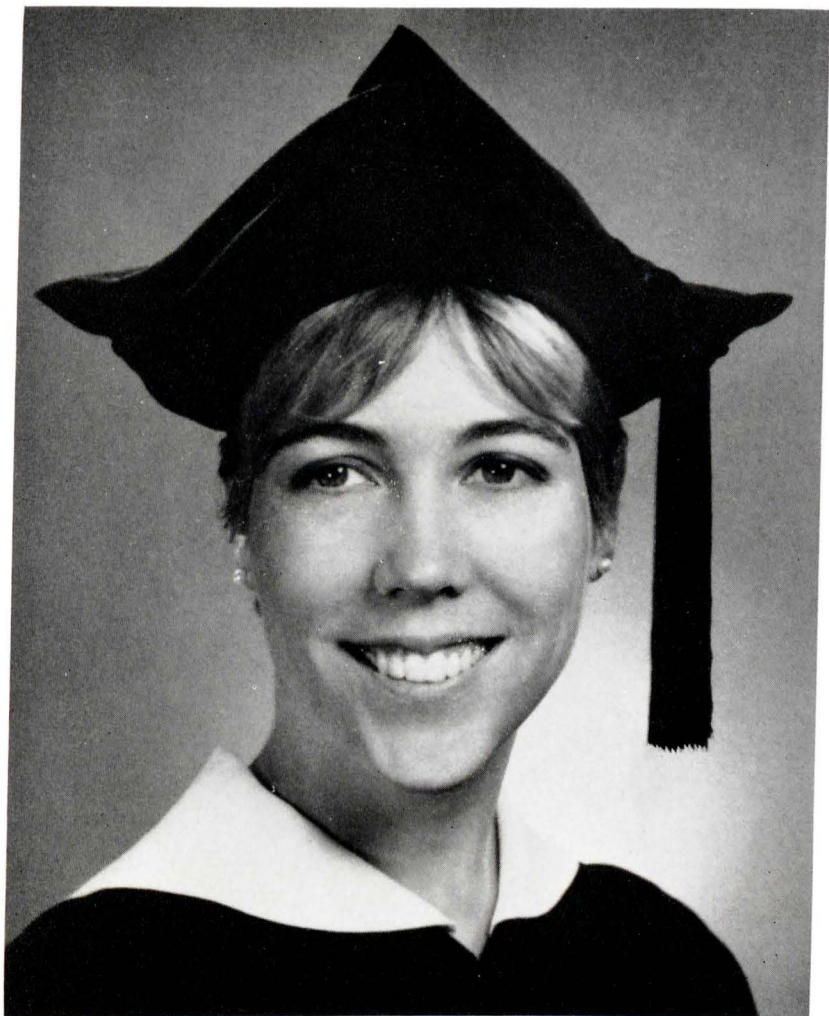
Excited, whimsical or earnest, Marilyn keeps perspective. Her impulsive, spontaneous nature has an intense undercurrent perhaps indicated by the lasting impression made by Dr. Tom Dooley's visit to her high school, an impression which still serves to inspire.

NANCY JOHANSING

WITH HER WINSOME ability to make people talk, an entertaining impulse to try anything once, and skill in getting mileage out of an awkward situation, Nancy guarantees a lively gathering. Her impishness belies deep sensitivity; she is ready to respond to the smile of a passer-by, equally ready to wilt at a preoccupied "Hullo." A refusal to take life seriously registers itself in a gay and goofy smile flashing out even amid the austerities of Ethics class.

She advocates the natural look and follows her whims, but still keeps up with the fads. Among her more harrowing experiences was the start of a summer trip to Europe: breakfast in New York, tea in London, baggage in Bombay. She identifies with the characters of John O'Hara's novels. She seeks skill in the art of conversation and mastery of the latest dances. A curious counterpoint to her easy-going way is a cultivated interest in the law.

Nancy belongs to that rare species ardently devoted both to classical music and to rock 'n roll. She haunts bookstores and the beach, goes to car races, pubs, plays and movies, is a fan of pop-art and Impressionism. She loves milk shakes, *Mad Magazine*, bridge with close friends and games with children. She fears spiders, exams and dark alleys. Her axiom is "Offer it up!" She greets the morning with a glad cry.



NANCY ELIZABETH JOHANSING

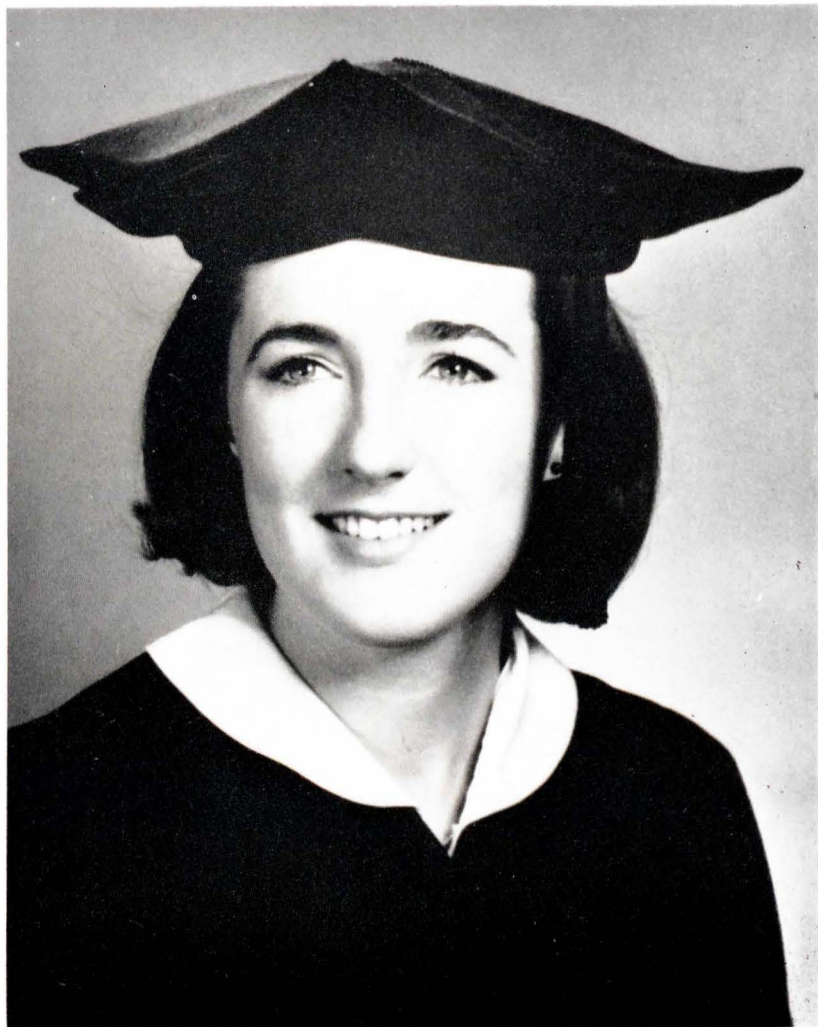
Pasadena, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: HISTORY

Community Service '63, '65
French Club '63, '64

Madrigal Singers '66
Schola '65



KATHERINE ANNE JOHNSTON

Burlingame, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: ART

Publicity Committee '66

Firebrand Staff '66

Meadowlark Associate Editor '65

Community Service '64

French Club '64

Italian Club '64

S.C.T.A. '65

Publicity Chairman '65

KATHIE JOHNSTON

KATHIE is quiet. Beneath her serene lily-pond image, however, she is a-churn with creativity, earnest self-criticism and an exquisitely wry sense of humor.

Kathie has definite aims, and (when she can rouse herself from the sheer laziness which she fears as a potential threat to a satisfying life) Kathie accomplishes what she has to do with a minimum of fuss. Her self-admitted absent-mindedness has produced a desire to "attain a balance between self-discipline and spontaneity."

Kathie manages to represent, simultaneously, both the *avant-garde* and the old guard. That diversity is materially manifested by her quick adoption of the pierced-ears fad, while at the same time she retains as her favorite possession her grandmother's antique opal ring.

Her rather rueful confession that learning always leads to an increased familiarity with her vast backlog of ignorance demonstrates her self-knowledge. It also illumines her Hegelian progress through the clash of opposites.

The vivid colors of Van Gogh's "Starry Night," (her first artistic inspiration), the brightness of her quiet laughter, and her willingness to go almost anywhere for almost any purpose at a moment's notice affirm that Kathie will always "above all things be glad and young."

MARCIA LAGO

MARCIA's essence is as hard to crystallize as the spirit of a Latin melody—strong and sure, then soft and haunting. Her brown eyes flash in sudden anger, or twinkle to mirror her tripping laughter. She meets frustration in smoldering silence or with an exasperated verbal explosion delivered quietly to the general air. She follows after truth with the single-minded determination of the Spanish temperament. Music nourishes a peace deep in her that counteracts an occasional tendency to melancholy. Her response to people is warm and immediate and sincere. She gives friendship the high regard it deserves and shows this by act rather than word. She detects honesty in others with unerring sureness.

Living in the three worlds of home, school and work keeps Marcia almost constantly on the run. In seemingly endless projects (all for the sake of music) she is a sure and faithful organizer. When conflicts of interest arise, the results are often revealing: she came to a recent jazz concert resolutely prepared to finish a Sixteenth Century motet, only to surrender to the persuasive rhythms of the Afro-Cuban beat.

Marcia yearned to be able to play the organ but was never quite able to reach the pedals. She is a realist who accepts the bounding of her aspiration and its fulfillment while never ceasing to aspire. Marcia combines a romantic heart with the uncompromising honesty that comes from close and steady contact with reality.

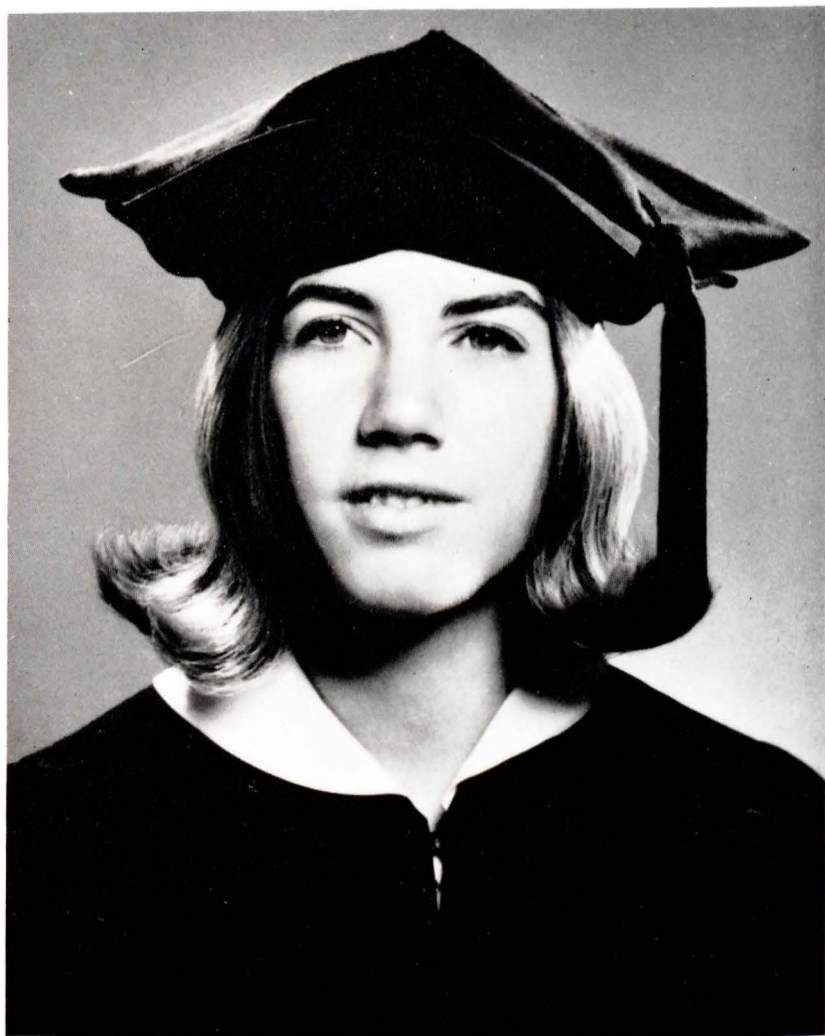


MARCIA ANNE LAGO
San Anselmo, California

MAJOR: MUSIC
MINOR: SPANISH

Spanish Honor Society
Madrigal Singers '62
Music Club '64, '65, '66
Treasurer '65
President '66

Schola '63, '64, '65, '66
Spanish Club '65, '66



HELEN DOROTHY MANEY

Sacramento, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

Junior Year Sacramento State College

Community Service '66

Music Club '64

PRAGMATISM is Helen's major attribute. She has no unnecessary jewelry: Hel is strictly a sweater-and-pearls girl. Like her hair, she is straightly honest and blunt, finding it hard to mask her feelings.

Helen is characteristically loyal, carrying that trait to the extent that she named a new dog after her cherished canine of long years past. "Red's" predilection for dogs has evolved from a desire for non-involvement in the cruel world of "love." She is bitter, yet trusting, remaining true to old friends. Once she has adopted something wholly, Helen defends it staunchly against all criticism. Friends and the American way of life come under the heading of just causes.

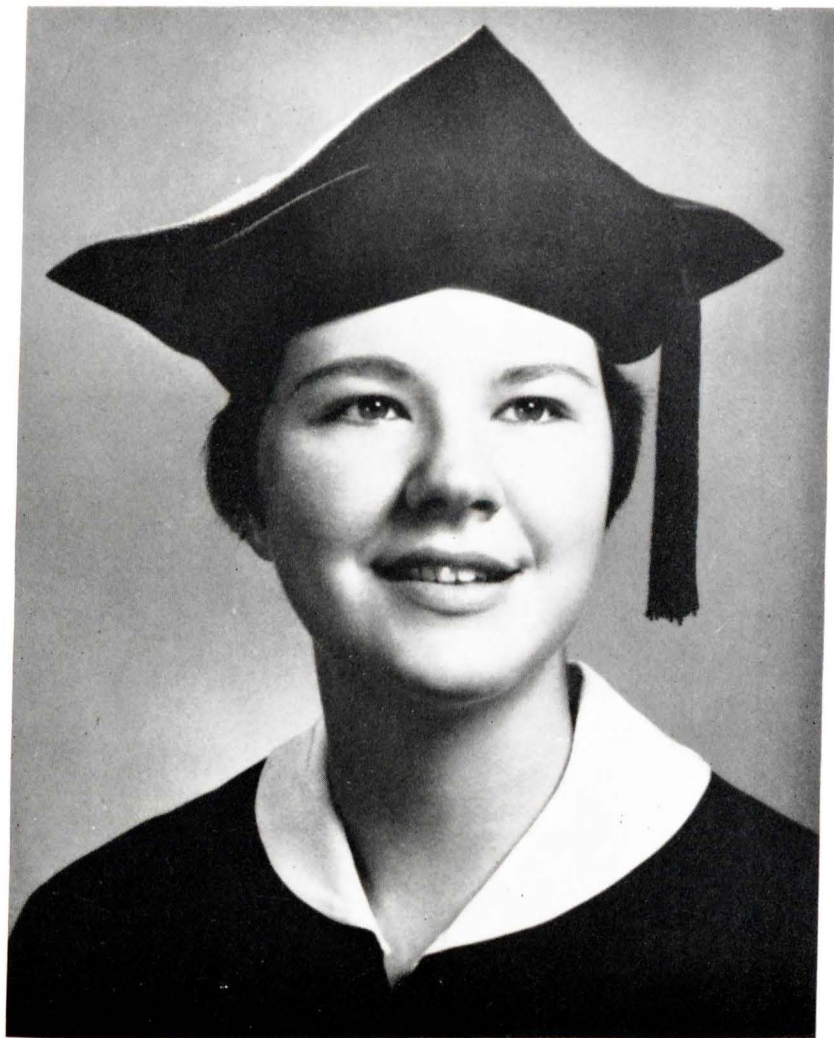
Irish moodiness and anguish over giving "a poor show" combine to produce a dourness that is seemingly permanent and incomprehensible on mere acquaintance; her intimates are able to peer into her depths and know that Helen is happy far more often than is readily apparent.

With the wind in her hair and sea air filling her lungs as she runs along Stinson Beach with her Irish Setter, Pat II, Helen relishes fleeting happy moments. Despite her vital concern for the future, Helen need not worry about herself. Her many close friends of all ages and occupations have helped to guide her in realizing her highest ambition: to be womanly.

TONI MARSHALL

TONI will disclose her thoughts only if you catch her whistling upon a mountainside with a leprechaun in one hand and a gnarled walking stick in the other. She will speak of essences, talk intensely with the leprechaun, and stride down the mountainside to her Saturday housecleaning, juggling the walking stick atop her head. Sagacity lies for her in tilling her own garden with mud-caked fingers—as long as the garden is unfenced and the fingers can still turn pages of poetry.

Opposites yield her unity: her absolute idealism and her absolute practicality create wholeness. In a businesslike manner, but with the freedom of a dream, she would silence Ralph Roister Doister and Gorgias to fly to the Canadian wilderness. There she would seek the “still point of the turning worlds” which others perceive within herself. She takes vengeance on herself for being corrupted by a righteous anger at those who think she is incorruptible. Toni’s sensitivity to every shade of growth’s color green amplifies her vision of dedication to human equality. There is a heaviness to Toni, because she seems to have many a burden kept and pondered in her heart. But there is also a piccolo lightness in her which loves to stand in the rain, feel feathers in raindrops, and know that all things are as passing—yet concurrent—as water running down the mountainside.



ANTOINETTE CLAIRE MARSHALL

Sacramento, California

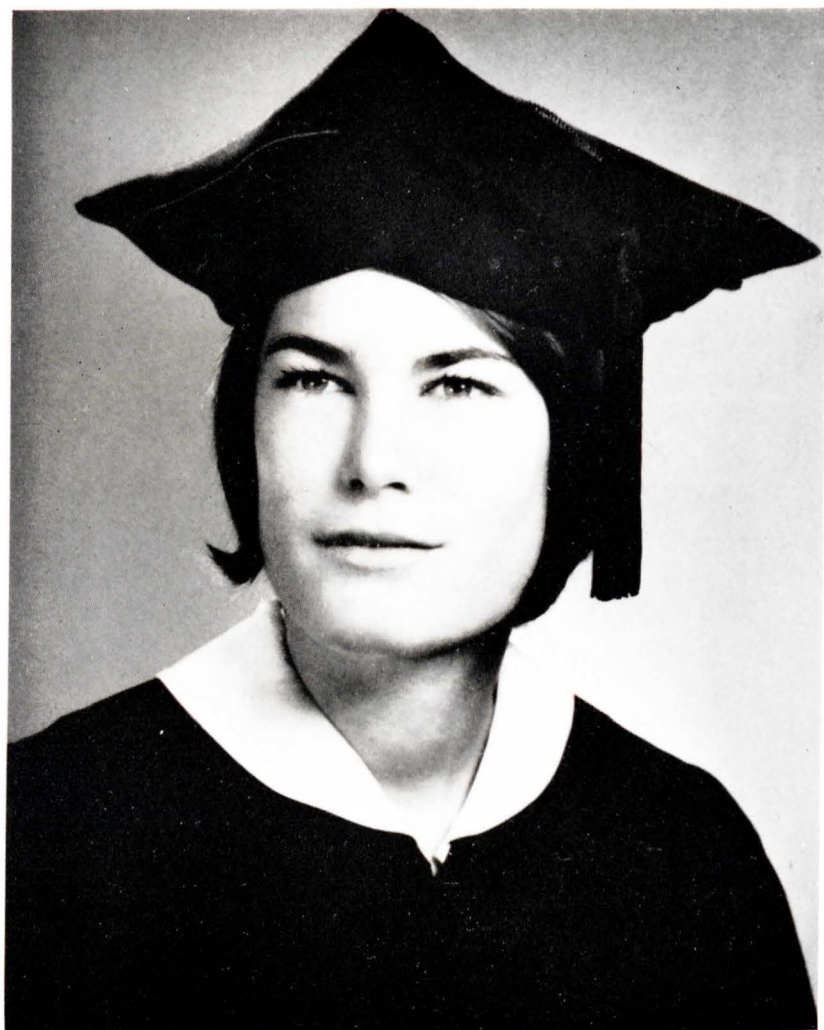
MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: SPANISH

Transferred from Sacramento State College '64

Gamma Sigma
Spanish Honor Society
Firebrand Editor '66

Community Service '65
Schola '66



SUSAN MAREE MATTART
Spreckels, California

MAJOR: ART
MINOR: HISTORY

Transferred from Hartnell College '64
Publicity Committee '65, '66 S.C.T.A. '65, '66
Publicity Chairman '66

SUE MATTART

TO THE CASUAL OBSERVER (who may be somewhat astounded by her antics) Sue Mattart seems to be simply a rather spoiled, if charming, girl. However, beneath the surface of her juvenile pranks, and tantrums, there is an adult of depth and complexity emerging. The more one knows her, the more one realizes that the prank performer is not the real Sue, that behind the facade is a person of quiet integrity who works busily away at the strengthening of character.

Sue is one of the girls on campus who can and will say, without reservation, that she "*loves Dominican.*" Friends, family and environment mean much to her. She dislikes crowds and gossip. Of all things in the here and now, Sue loves best small surprises; they confirm, she says, her faith in humanity. Sue places great emphasis on the miniscule details of life. She likes peace and order, and is not averse to the weekends when she can sit quietly in her room with her books and her art. Although she has many friends, she is not dependent on them.

Sue has an abiding love for art and art history; one of her fondest dreams is to be a very good artist.

Intolerant of the deliberate fault, inclined to be stubborn, Sue claims that in college she has learned "to bend." That, and her conversion to the Catholic Church, are her two major satisfactions.

ANNE McCORMACK

BECAUSE she is petite in stature and has more than a slight tendency towards mischievousness, one might be tempted to classify Anne simply as a leprechaun. Her Irish background, her ability to dance an Irish jig, and her love of little things, from frogs to daisies, add to her elfin image.

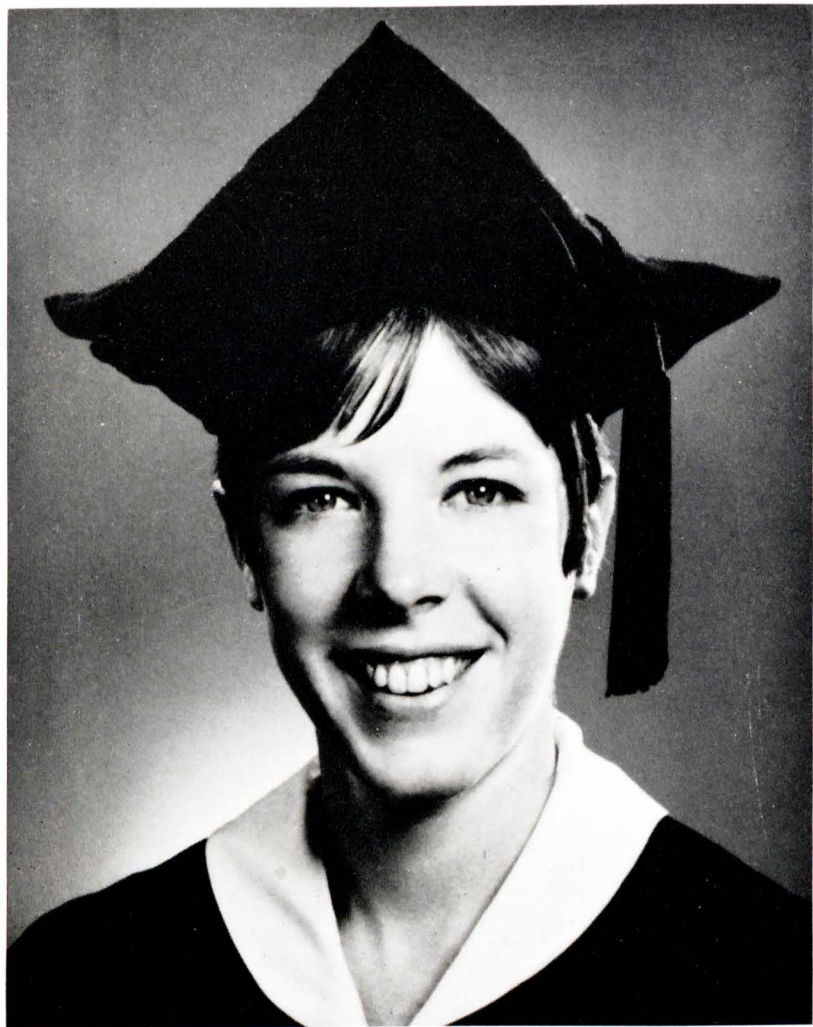
But Annie is much more than a leprechaun: her dreams are not small dreams. She wants to live in a big house, have ten children, and a big dog.

Simple things please her: trips to the beach, fireplaces, all kinds of music, navy blue tennies, trying to ski, and watching baseball games.

She loves to laugh and talk with her friends, yet has a much appreciated ability to listen well and advise tactfully when someone has a problem. A willing worker, Annie takes her responsibilities as if they were pleasurable. She is one to be depended upon in a class crisis.

In her life-long campaign to gain at least ten pounds, she has developed an insatiable appetite for anything remotely savoring of peanut butter or chocolate, but she dislikes vegetables.

In Tinker-Bell style, Anne would have a world without history, a week without Wednesdays, and a group of girls without the inevitable gossip, if she could so design it.

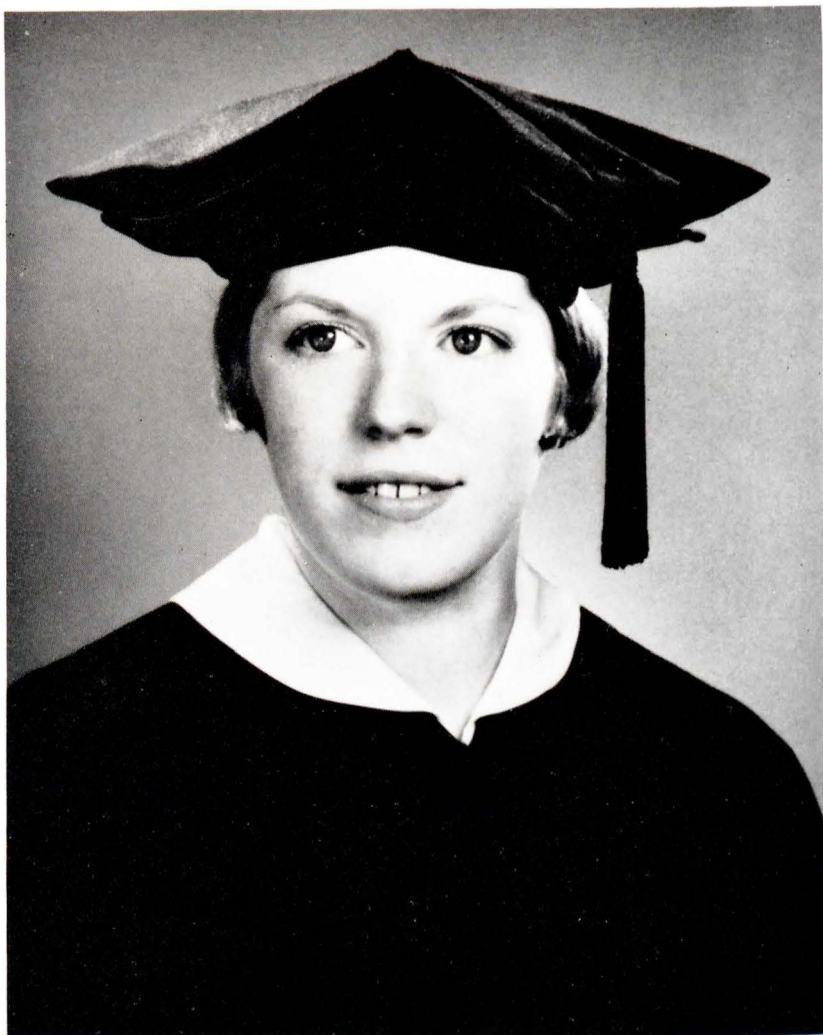


ANNE PATRICIA McCORMACK
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: BIOLOGY
MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Class Vice-President '66
Social Committee '66
Schola '64, '65

S.C.T.A. '64, '65, '66
Secretary '65



MARY DUFF McLELLAN

Portland, Oregon

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: ITALIAN

W.A.A. Board '65
Italian Club '64, '65

S.C.T.A. '66
Troupers '65, '66

MARY DUFF McLELLAN

IF EVER there was a little girl with a curl in the middle of her forehead, it is Mary Duff. This amusing, at times inspiring, and always colorful personality has become a veritable folk hero at Dominican. In the halls of Meadowlands and Fanjeaux her name is spoken with the same reverence reserved for Billy the Kid.

Duff is the outrage of the Academic World. She is not standardized; her knowledge is not gained by long hard pursuit but rather by sheer abduction during the last eight hours before an exam.

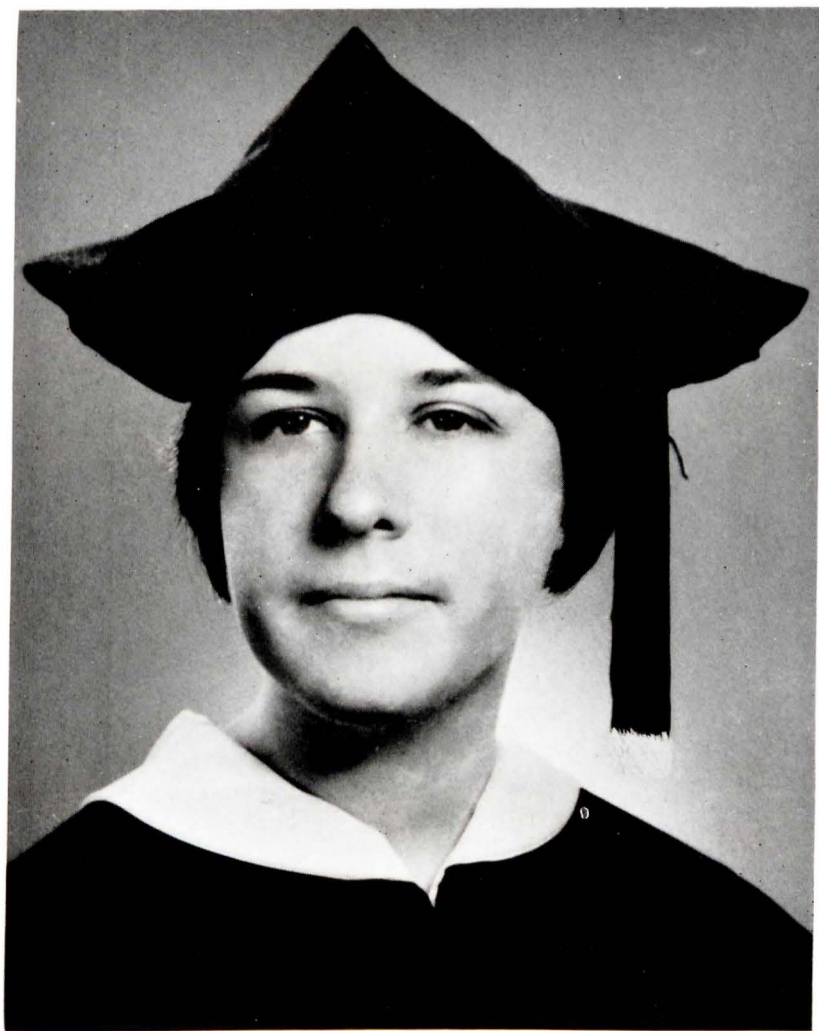
A woman of principle, Duff is the bane of all pseudo-intellectuals and pseudo-sophisticates. She is an incorrigible mimic with the metamorphic ability of a chameleon. With such a talent one might expect Duff to shine brightly in the constellation of politicians— and she does. As President of the Irish Club, Duff is in her glory. Here she mimics “the American Clubwoman,” and really performs so convincingly that one suspects she might be serious. In fact, Duff may aspire to be the first lady mayor of Dublin. However, as a woman of mystery, one of Duff’s greatest professional secrets is the fact that although she is President of the Irish Club, honorary member of the IRA, and filled with good spirits on March 17, she is more Scottish than Irish . . . of such stuff is Duff.

ALTHOUGH Kathy truly seeks happiness, she is inclined to revel in her role as the tragic heroine buffeted by fate. A romanticist, she is never merely sick, but rather in the throes of galloping consumption (or thinks she is). Kathy emulates the sunken-cheeked gaunt look, but her insatiable desire for bear-claws and the palatal delights of her favorite "Tommy's Joynt" prevents her attainment of this ideal. She longs for a state of impeccable neatness but dolefully laments that her ironing techniques do not produce the desired effects.

Her colorful and not altogether unromantic life has been enriched by many experiences in travel, ranging from Italy and Germany to the San Francisco YMCA, and such experiences have provided her with the tales with which she constantly enraptures her friends. Kathy is clever and versatile; her conversations are often dramatic affairs, punctuated by her own inimitable song and dance routines.

Ever practical and thrifty, Kathy may give a friend an unsigned birthday card slated for re-use. Her attitude toward her studies, however, is not as sparing; her pride demands satisfaction. Her attitude toward herself is introspective, as evidenced by long walks in the hills and a thoughtfully kept diary.

In the future when we think of Kathy let us envision her, in spirit at least, tripping gaily over the Grecian hills to the musical theme of *Zorba the Greek*.



KATHLEEN MOCCIA

Salinas, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: HISTORY

Community Service '63, '64, '65

Chairman '64

Italian Club '65

Carillon '64

Firebrand Staff '66



MARY KATHLEEN O'BRIEN

Redwood City, California

MAJOR: CHEMISTRY

MINOR: BIOLOGY

Meadowlark Staff '65

Science Club '64, '65, '66

MARY O'BRIEN

MARY tends to hide her bright and nervous light under the handiest bushel basket, reasoning that, since her friends know she is brilliant, "Why make a production of it?" Even from her closest friends, however, she withdraws; only her family catches and understands the full flare of her moods.

MOB's passion for hot fudge sundaes and mad defense of all things Irish are matched in intensity by the hypnotic state induced by omnipresent knitting. Her sarcastic, even irreverent ways mask a warm, oozing sentimentalism in regard to the important things in life (such as weekends). Definite knowledge about everything of interest is what she craves; Mary denies doubt of anything, including doubt. When not knitting, she worries—about anything. She's not fussy about her worrying.

MOB sometimes deplores and often rejoices in her rank cowardice. For sixteen years she has meekly submitted to being known as "Mary," although she prefers to be called "Kathy," as she is by her family. However, being the proud possessor of three names adds luster to her self-image. Mary is also justly proud of being merely unique. It is a point of honor with her to deviate whenever possible from the dull and mundane.

Rarely anything but impatient with midweeks, Mary's ideal existence is one glorious and unending weekend.

PATRICIA O'NEILL

PATRICIA has achieved an equilibrium of opposites. Her scientific precision and her methodical realism are united with a propensity for daydreaming, for wandering in the imaginative realms of fiction. Her reverent understanding of the rhythms of nature does not deafen her ears to the symphonies and folk songs of man's musical rhythms; and she believes in seasons for both woodland or coastline solitude and bright-light companionship. Her great love of Nature is one with her deepest fear of Nature's uncontrollable ravages. Perhaps this dualism has given birth to her proficiency in science and her desire to be a medical technologist, for she is one to probe man's resources for the sake of peace.

The frustrations of lengthy afternoon chemistry labs are soothed by Pat's quiet and patient presence. Her microscopic discoveries are always willingly shared with those who have not been quite as long-suffering or meticulous in unbounding the results of an experiment. Pat is a vigilant and impartial judge whenever she puts herself under the microscope; for as night follows day—and as mitosis follows meiosis—so has truthfulness to others followed from her life principle: "This above all: to thine own self be true." And the regularity with which she executes daily chores and nightly letters can always include unplanned moments for giving advice and consolation, which in turn include a time to listen—a certain mark of the watcher of Nature and the helper of people.



PATRICIA ANN O'NEILL
Healdsburg, California

MAJOR: BIOLOGY
MINOR: CHEMISTRY

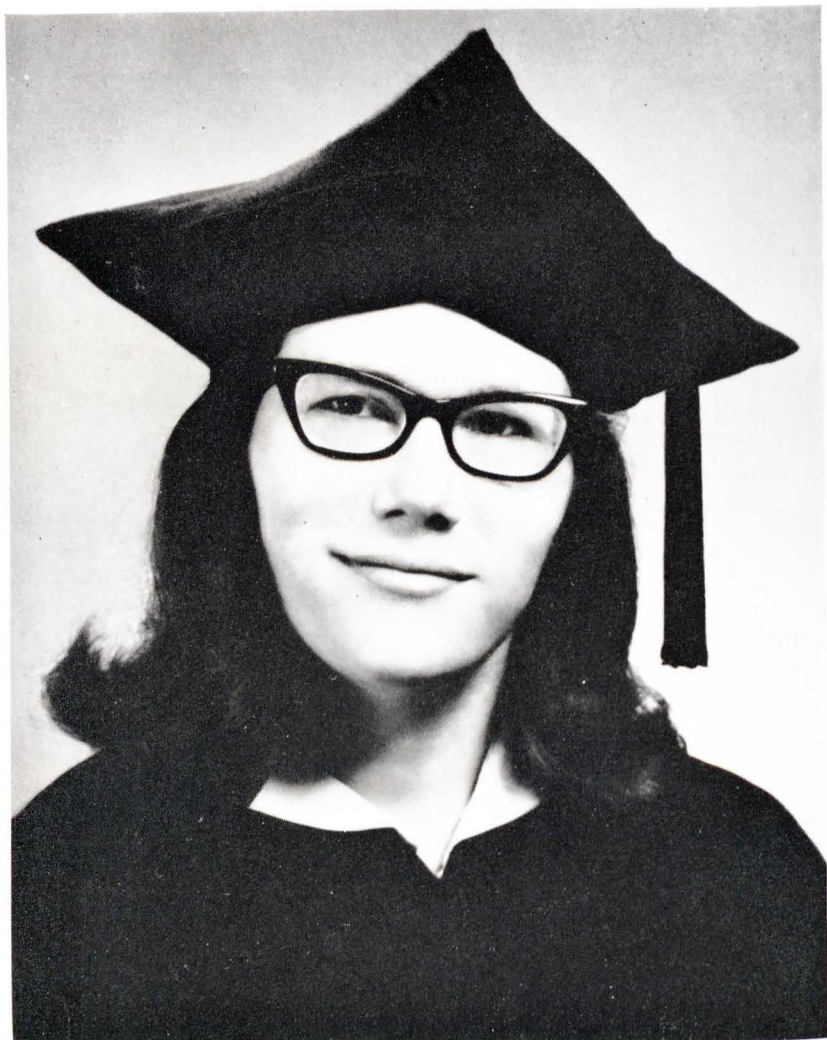
Transferred from Santa Rosa Junior College '64

Firebrand Business Staff '66

German Club '65

Vice-President '65

Science Club '65, '66



ANNE MARIE PIERCE
Sacramento, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH
MINOR: ART

Carillon '63, '64

Assistant Editor '64

Meadowlark Staff '65

Firebrand Staff '66

ANNE PIERCE

ANNE's contrarious personality expands by absorbing everything within reach. A harmony of opposites may come to distinguish her antithetic individuality. Her world view is cynically appreciative of the sinister; but as she ambles about with a skeptical squint and a wry grin, she is ever ready to make herself the "straight man" of her own jokes. Sardonic wit is her idiom in her blue books as in her conversation. The brilliant incompatibility of her wardrobe reflects the unresolved dissonance of her outlook. She fears the useless and the shallow; she is nostalgic after the simple life. Her whimsical art reflects her soft spot for children and animals.

Journey's ends are Hawaii and Yellowstone Park; she goes to Sutro's to see old photos and mummified hands. Her enthusiasm is to write the Great American Novel. She reads T. H. White, Jack Kerouac, and C. S. Lewis' novels; she admires P. G. Wodehouse for his humor and Shakespeare for his versatility. She abhors being sick, and abominates weekends tied up with affairs not to her liking. While intensive study is in her view undesirable because it interferes with other things, she alludes in hapless frustration to a stubborn ignorance, vast despite all her efforts to dispel it. Her frank love of elemental pleasure, her affable fondness for friends and "deep" discussions, and her search for an intellectual constant will perhaps help her to find the completion of her personality.

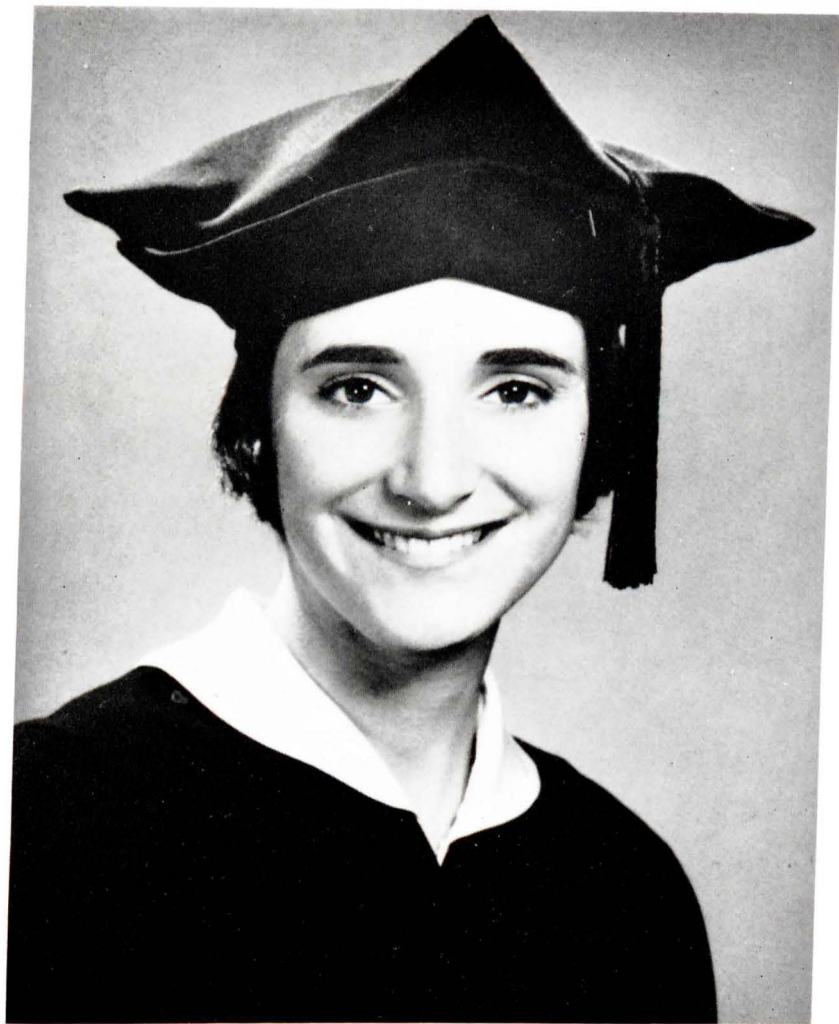
CATHERINE QUINN

CALM AND QUIET go out the window when Cathy enters a room. Vitally happy and gay, she brings with her a heightened stir of activity and laughter. Her voice (of which she has grown rather sensitive in four years) has extraordinary carrying power and penetrates all too readily to the ear of authority. Yet, for all that, the voice is always merry and the laughter without malice. Cathy wishes well to all the world—except in those quick moments of anger when her brown eyes are set ablaze by some heard of or felt injustice.

One of the few “morning persons,” Cathy rises cheerily to greet the day and to perform her peculiar ritual of washing her face with shower cap on—“an absolute necessity.” Once this self-imposed duty is performed, she is ready to plunge into animated, if occasionally one-sided, conversation.

Cathy is for meeting challenges head-on. With a bubbling exuberance, and an oft-repeated “ZOW!”, she plans a belated twenty-first birthday, a picnic to Mt. Tamalpais or an adventure to Bolinas that is sure to be “just the greatest ever.”

There is, relatively speaking, a quieter side. Cathy loves to walk in the rain, eat Washington apples, listen to Wagner; but even as she pauses, one suspects that her thoughts are with the “Huskies” or at Golden Gate Park. Cathy is dynamic.



CATHERINE MARY QUINN

Seattle, Washington

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

CONCENTRATION: LITERATURE

MINOR: ART HISTORY

Class Treasurer '64

Class Vice President '65

Social Committee '63

W.A.A. Board '64, '65

Treasurer '64

Vice President '65

Schola '63

S.C.T.A. '66



EDA ROSE RESPINI
Marshall, California

MAJOR: SPANISH
MINOR: ENGLISH

Gamma Sigma
Spanish Honor Society
Community Service '64, '66

Spanish Club '63, '64, '65, '66
Vice President '66
S.C.T.A. '64, '65, '66

EDA's warm smile and eager voice are as refreshing as the curious blend of naiveté and perceptive understanding which so characterizes her. Raised in the country, she loves the beauty and serenity of the outdoor life, and beauty and serenity penetrate her overall outlook. Though she frowns and frets over the most inconsequential quiz, she remains sensible and matter-of-fact in an emotional crisis. Eda manifests sympathy for one's smallest problem and sound advice for the largest. Her own situations are a constant puzzle from which she deems it necessary to be extricated; but though she seeks advice on everything, she is little influenced in making her decisions.

"Old-fashioned" in her restrictive view of herself and of her friends, Eda's originality lies in part in her disinterest in the unnecessary luxuries which her contemporaries might find essential. She is one of the rare persons who keeps her eye always on her ultimate line of thought. Her close European ancestry may be responsible for her practical side and for her passion for gay music and bright colors, for Spanish literature and food.

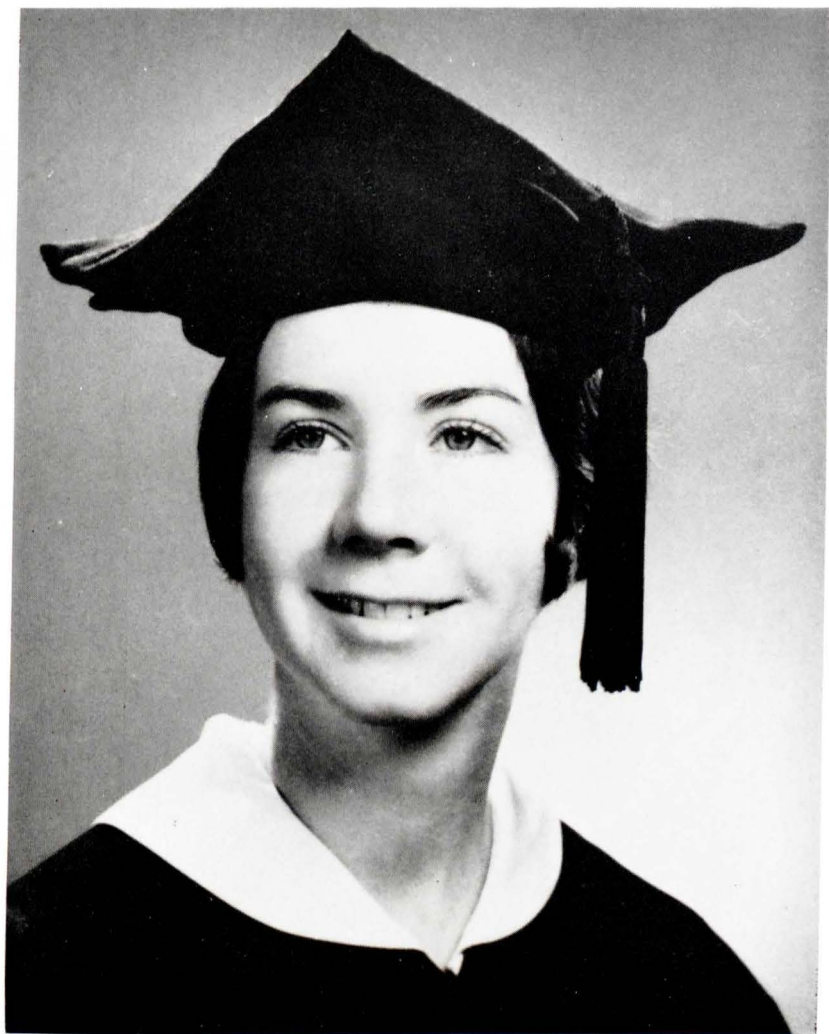
Complete concentration on the immediate problem is one of her enviable qualities. The light is not turned out until the last detail is stored for the coming test. Eda's whimsical speech and wide-eyed countenance are small clue to the strict-principled determination within.

VIRGINIA REYNOLDS

FRESH AS A DAISY, Gini is likely to be the last to breakfast Monday morning, yet is often the first to complete a tedious assignment. Her tiny figure bustling from task to task, she carefully catalogues each lesson yet to be finished. Not only would Gini probably sacrifice “playtime” to her studies, but she takes *everything* she considers important quite as seriously; she is not one to be swayed by the whim of a moment.

A pillar of the Red Garter clan, Gini’s Broadway imitations are the woe of her friends as is her incurable preference for the Beachboys. Of a tranquil disposition, she is not aroused to a show of temper even by the appearance of the abhorred wet scrambled eggs or news of a ham dinner. She finds a long walk fit remedy for the pressures of a rigorous schedule. Her generally optimistic outlook is reflected in her favored pink and yellow attire.

It is always a bit of a surprise to note that pixi-ish Gini is by nature a very reserved person. Though amusingly sentimental (the retelling of a “tragic” movie can move her to tears), she admits few to her confidence. The quiet sensitivity perceptible in her reticent nature is evident in her work with handicapped children, and in her marvelous knack with all children. In Gini, an ability to “get things done” and an inherent gentleness unite to form a strong, self-disciplined personality.



MARY VIRGINIA REYNOLDS

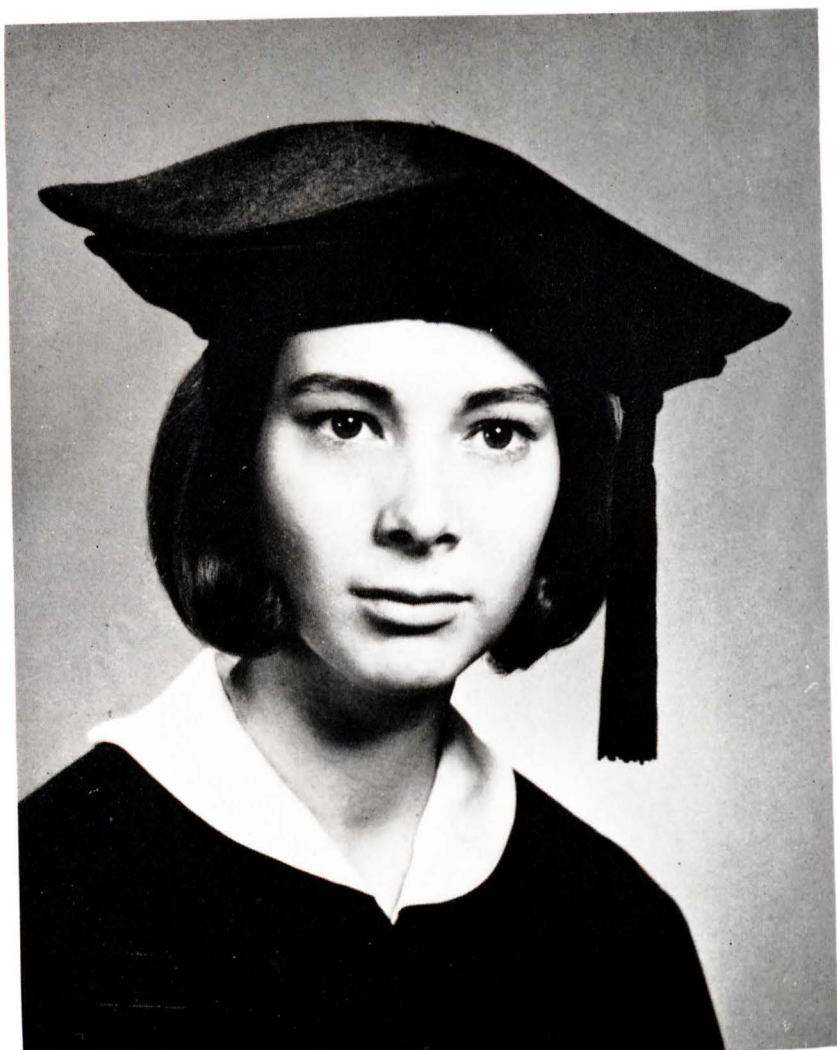
Sacramento, California

MAJOR: BIOLOGY

MINOR: CHEMISTRY

Science Club '65, '66

Secretary-Treasurer '66



MARGARET BILLIE RUDOLPH

Santa Ana, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: SPEECH

Firebrand Staff '66
S.C.T.A. '64, '65, '66
Vice-President '65
Secretary '66

Troupers '65, '66
Treasurer '66

MARGARET RUDOLPH

DIMINUTIVE “Maggie” is mischievous, witty and exuberant. Her limitless imagination shows itself in her proficiency for speech-giving and in the zany moods which pepper her behavior. Her acute intellect and curiosity keep her alert to people and things while a retentive memory stores them away for future use. Her powers of observation enable her to give a detailed account of any happening. Her wit ranges from gentle teasing to sarcasm. Waiting for Maggie to run out of words is futility itself; however her loquaciousness is never without discrimination. Maggie is active and spirited, always in favor of some “different” social activity—a chance to see the “Bay Bombers” or a more sophisticated trip to a San Francisco “a-go-go.” Her academic pursuits serve as ballast for her active social life. One of her colloquialisms, “love it, love it!” expresses her vibrant zest for living and the violence of her loves and hates. She “loves” traveling, the *avant-garde*, Shakespeare and Johnny Cash. She “hates” anything resembling trivia.

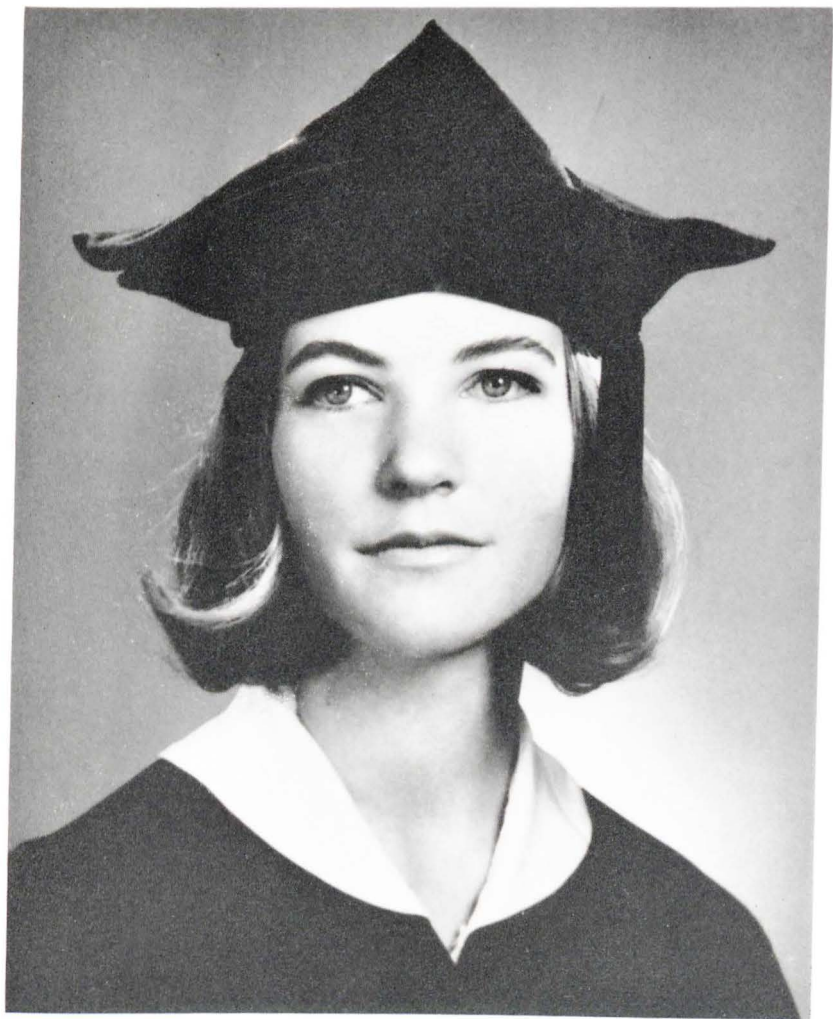
Maggie’s carefree effervescence betrays the stability behind her confluence of moods. She lacks any hint of shyness and is able to enter any situation and emerge with new insight. Her lightheartedness is never lightheadedness. Her ordered mind keeps track of her own abilities, for Maggie is one who knows herself—not merely her limitations, but her potential.

KATHIE RYAN

KATHIE seems the very quintessence of a lady. Her apparently faultless disposition embodies all those qualities associated with the feminine ideal. She is deeply sensitive and considerate of others. Kathie's dependability extends to her academic life, though she does tend to procrastinate. She is animated by the pressure of a deadline and journeys from room to room in quest of a fellow English major to share the miseries of all-night cramming. She never retires without having expended her best effort.

Kathie's moods are mercurial and serenity does not gainsay an equal amount of caprice. She has not quite passed shyness, not quite suppressed a streak of mischief. She has a hoyden zest for living, an ingenue's enthusiasm for each new happening. Her unself-conscious naiveté projects itself in a distant smile almost suggesting oblivion or in the belated appreciation of another's joke. Her perception and wit show a mind quick to make associations; she finds humor in the most commonplace things, attributing to them an incongruity that only she can perceive.

Kathie is an optimist for whom the expectation of a happy ending is never soured by reality. Her undaunted optimism can prove annoying to her more cynical associates. Kathie is content in the sunny world surrounding her, a world she helps to generate; and, not unnaturally, she resents the intrusion of the less sunny world beyond.



MARY KATHLEEN RYAN

El Cerrito, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: HISTORY

Community Service '63, '65
Social Committee '61

Spanish Club '63, '64
S.C.T.A. '65, '66



NANCY MARGARET RYAN

San Rafael, California

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: SPANISH

Spanish Honor Society
Social Committee '65

Meadowlark Associate Editor '64
Spanish Club '63, '64, '65, '66

NANCY RYAN

NANCY is reds, oranges and vibrant blues. She stands at juxtaposition to all that is common. A spirit of the vivid and the off-beat is worn casually like her clothes and the varied colors of her hair. Her private world encompasses the bizarre in art, books and music. As unlike her contemporaries as autumn from spring, Nancy is often isolated of her own volition.

The vibrancy of Nancy's being is best seen in the brilliant hues of her paintings which betray the richness and depth of her emotion. The colors of her paintings are strong just as her character is unbending; Nancy's ideals are not to be displaced in a moment's fancy. A placid exterior conceals the intensity within; only bright jewelry and vivid color combinations sometimes reveal the real person, for she is not one to extol her individuality in empty words.

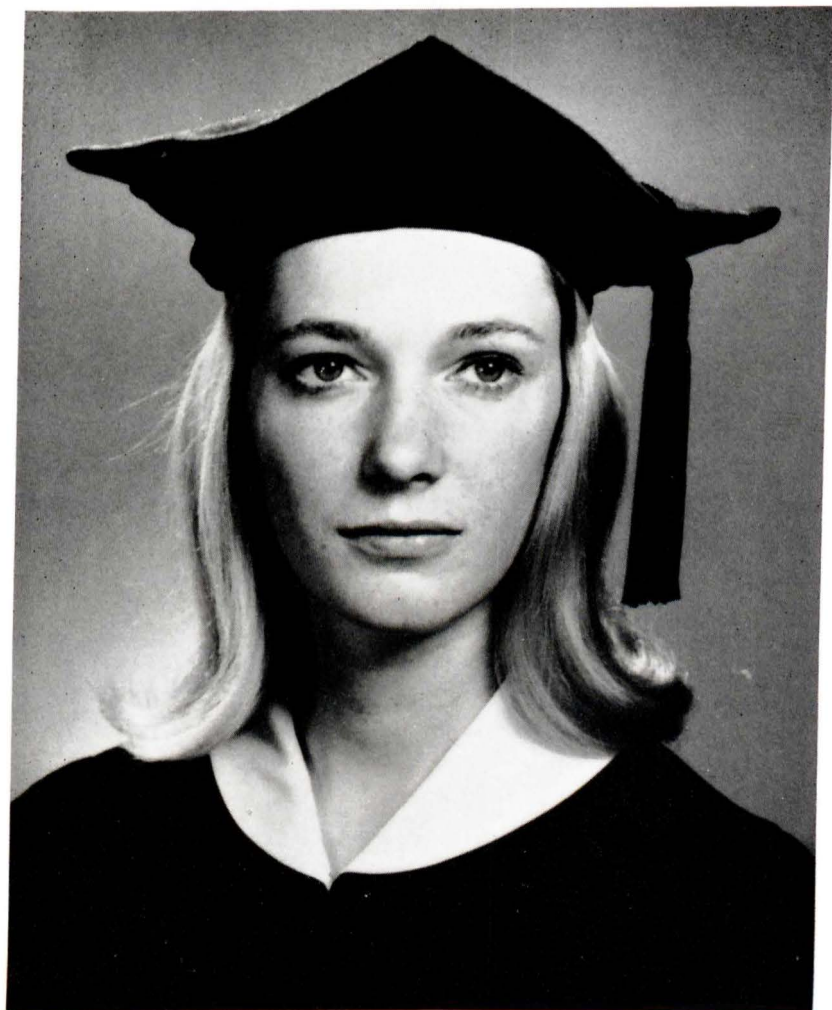
Foreign films, Japanese poetry, Aldous Huxley, and her guitar occupy her spare time, but she endeavors to stick to the essentials in order that her life and her art will not become too cluttered with trivia.

Nancy believes that the happy, contented person is incapable of producing art in any form. Perhaps the inner turbulence of her own colorful nature will enable her to produce the object of beauty for which she strives.

VIRGINIA RYAN

VIRGINIA RYAN might justifiably be described as a "renaissance woman" except that she could never make the weight. Her ability to weave lovely melodies with guitar strings, her perfectly candid linoleum cuts, her typewriter printing, and the elusive symbolism of her eerie short stories all betray her comradeship with the muses. Simultaneously she is a fixer of sewing machines and a possessor of wondrous cures developed within the ancient bosom of Eureka. She is a pillar of strength to comfort-seeking friends, yet a pillar of salt in her satirical sketches. In spite of her announced contemporaneousness she possesses an entire flock of old-fashioned virtues: she is patient in time of trial and has greeted many a dawn with the staccato of little typewriter keys; she is magnanimous to the point of anonymity and readily qualifies as the poet-catalyst described by Eliot. Her soft-spoken ways make her the welcomed visitor to the realm of art and indeed she approaches all of life with "the willing suspension of disbelief."

Gin is infinitely Irish, for better or for worse, and is a veteran of the strange whorls of black melancholy, bitter irony and magical lyricism pertinent to writing wanderers from the Emerald Isle. Gin is no less American, and in her innocence and enthusiasm for adventure she approaches her beloved Huckleberry Finn. Virginia of the cornsilk hair, however, is really a character all her own.



VIRGINIA CLARE RYAN

Eureka, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: ART HISTORY

Firebrand Associate Editor '66
Meadowlark Assistant Editor '65
Publicity Committee '65, '66

Community Service '63, '64
French Club '63, '64



LINDA MARIA SANTISTEBAN

Fairfax, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: SPANISH

Transferred from San Francisco State College '63

LINDA SANTISTEBAN

IT IS FITTING that Linda classifies Mexico as one of her favorite places; in her visit there as a member of *Amigos Anonymous* she seems to have acquired an empathy with the Mexican temperament. Her spontaneous warmth, directness and curiosity are a subtle reflection of her experiences in Mexico. She loves to dress in bright reds and oranges, unusual greens, and any “artsie-craftsie” color she can find.

Linda knits her own sweaters, plays the guitar better than most people, skis with a joy few know, cooks with skill and creativity. She plans to teach, and with each new discovery she makes in observing, she becomes freshly enthusiastic.

Perhaps her most enduring quality is that of determination. Although it may not be obvious to those who see her basking lazily in the sun on one of the benches in the Grove, Linda is struck by the challenges of life. Each new challenge renews her determination.

As an experienced traveler, Linda has learned that a genuine interest in and concern for all people is a valuable aspect of life. She has also learned to be a discriminating shopper: rummage sales delight her.

With the vibrant colors of Van Gogh and the lively rhythms of Bossa Nova music as a background, Linda's life will be efficiently and creatively well-ordered but it will never be ordinary.

PAULA's brooding Celtic twilight quality suggests her mind is elsewhere, contemplating some more difficult, more eternal equation. Her mystery intrigues us, and her underlying warmth reassures us. Her many-faceted nature is revealed in her cool green reserve as well as in her vibrant love for "sun" colors. She employs her creativity in sewing, sketching, painting, dancing.

Paula is laconic; she speaks, thinks and acts with emphasis and rarely reverses a judgment. Her inner strength gives her a firmness which occasionally borders on the obstinate. She is prepared for every situation, whether it be changing a flat tire in the middle of a Squaw Valley blizzard or offering a sympathetic shoulder to a melancholy friend. Her independence makes her hotly reproachful of the intrusions of authority, an authority perhaps designed for less ordered temperaments.

She is truly a student of the liberal arts; she is free, concerned with self-expression as well as with man's creative and spiritual expression of self through the ages. She is drawn equally to the lyrical beauty of the ballet, to the subtle syncopation of jazz, to history and modern art. Her neo-classic beauty suggests this blend of old and new. Paula epitomizes both self-discipline and vivacity, brooding Romanticism and contemporary flair; her melancholy is often indistinguishable from her taciturn attention to duty.



PAULA JEANETTE SAVAGE
Sacramento, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION
CONCENTRATION: LITERATURE

Class Treasurer '66
W.A.A. Board '64, '65

Spanish Club '64
S.C.T.A. '64, '65, '66



PATRICIA SUZANNE SEVER

Santa Barbara, California

MAJOR: ECONOMICS

MINOR: SOCIOLOGY

Class Treasurer '65
Social Committee '65
House Chairman '63
Community Service '64

French Club '63
International Relations Club '65, '66
Secretary '66
Italian Club '63, '64

PATTY SUE SEVER

PATTY SUE is a person of very subtle tones, primarily pastels. There is a softness in her eyes and in her voice which is complemented by the slow gracefulness which characterizes her walking, thinking, talking—living. As one readily suspects, Patty Sue is a thoughtful soul. However, her cogitation is a happy occupation rendering her an orderly, well-coördinated approach to life. It further increases her charm. Rather than egocentricity, actual charity governs her thought, and she is therefore masterful in selecting and entertaining her friends. Within Patty Sue, however, there is also a crooked stripe of humor which ripples through her conversation and letters, providing saving waters in tense situations and sometimes exploding into a full one hundred and eighty second fit of the giggles. These fits are quite unpredictable and are always innocent, well-intended giggles—like posies in a Lanz print, spilling one upon the other in happy succession.

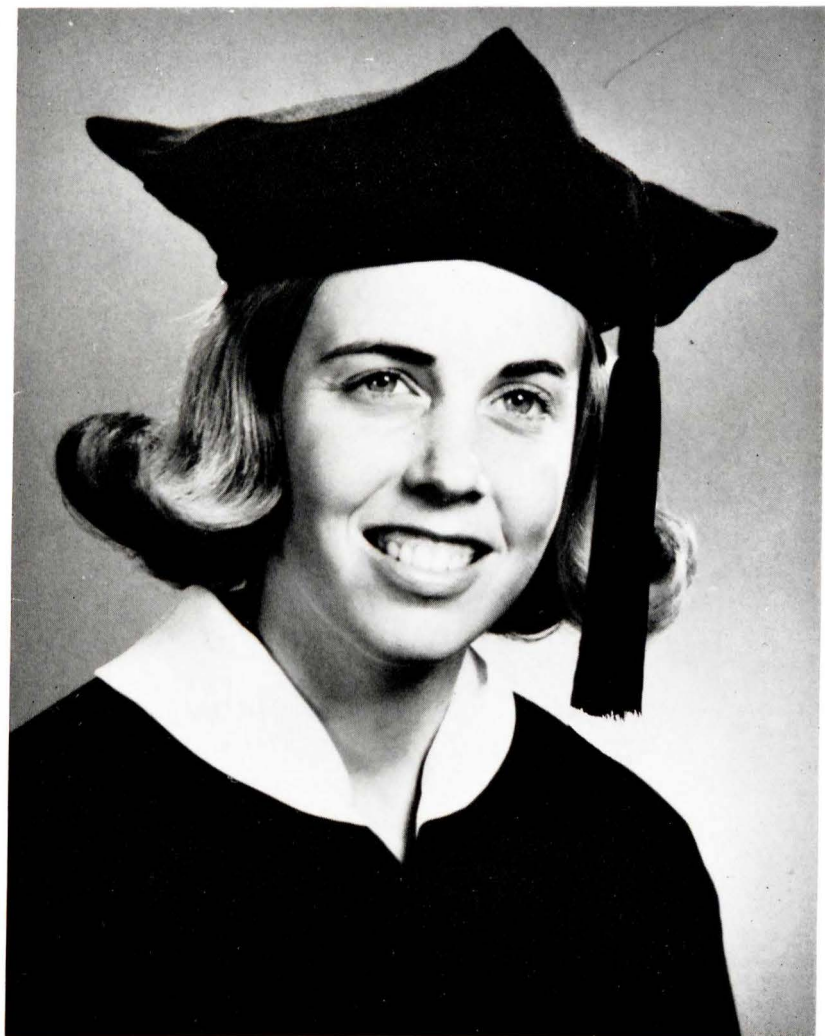
The amazing quality of this pastel *jeune fille* is her stamina. One would expect a swooning Ophelia, perhaps, but such is not the case. Rather, permanence is the virtue of her soft tones. She is both an optimist and a romanticist, two traits preferred rather than inherited; Patty Sue is not unaware of cynical sophistication; she merely prefers her own style—"which is a nice thing."

PHYLLIS SIMMONS

TRIM AND BLONDE, Phyllis' meticulous appearance is underscored by conservatively elegant attire. Her characteristic tidiness is evidenced in everything about her, from her shining hair to her precise and orderly class notes. Reserved in manner, Phyllis is not one to unmask herself to many people; yet her very reticence and fastidiousness tell much of the conscientiousness with which she approaches every task. A calm and unpretentious manner, however, hides the sharply observant, witty side of her personality; Phyllis allows nothing to escape her scrutinizing eye, and her ready sense of humor is quick to uncover the lighter side of any situation.

Her tiny stature belies an unbounded enthusiasm for almost all sports. A "tomboy" from childhood, energetic Phyllis enjoys constant activity. She is an expert sailor and excels in tennis and bowling. Not one for elaborate amusements, she prefers the company of close friends, and casual entertainment. An evening at home with her family or a long ride up the coast constitute time well and pleurably spent.

Though she may go quietly unobserved in a large group, lunchtime will find her chattering animatedly among her acquaintances, adding much with her bright wit and charmingly feminine mannerisms. One would not expect to find Phyllis aggressively pursuing a career; rather, her gentle nature will add a beauty to "small things done well."



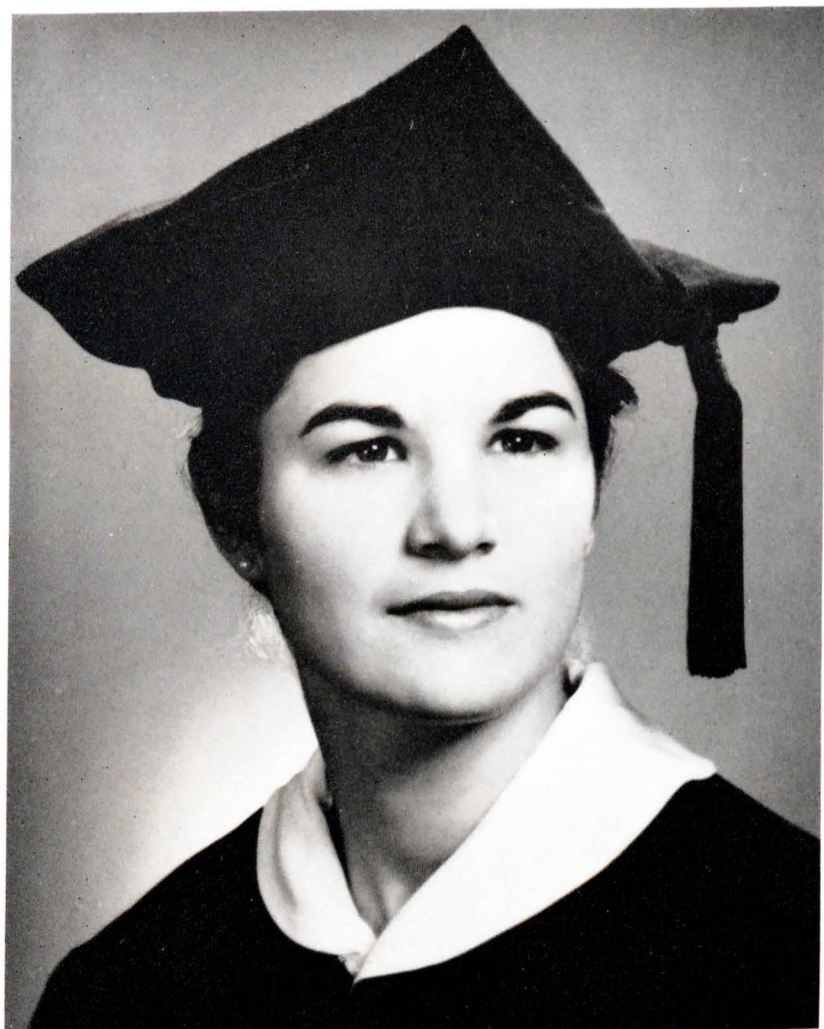
PHYLLIS ANN SIMMONS

San Rafael, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: FRENCH

French Club '63, '64



SALLÉE ELIZABETH STEWART

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: ENGLISH

Meadowlark Staff '65, '66
Foreign Students Club '63
French Club '63, '64

Madrigal Singers '64, '65, '66
S.C.T.A. '66

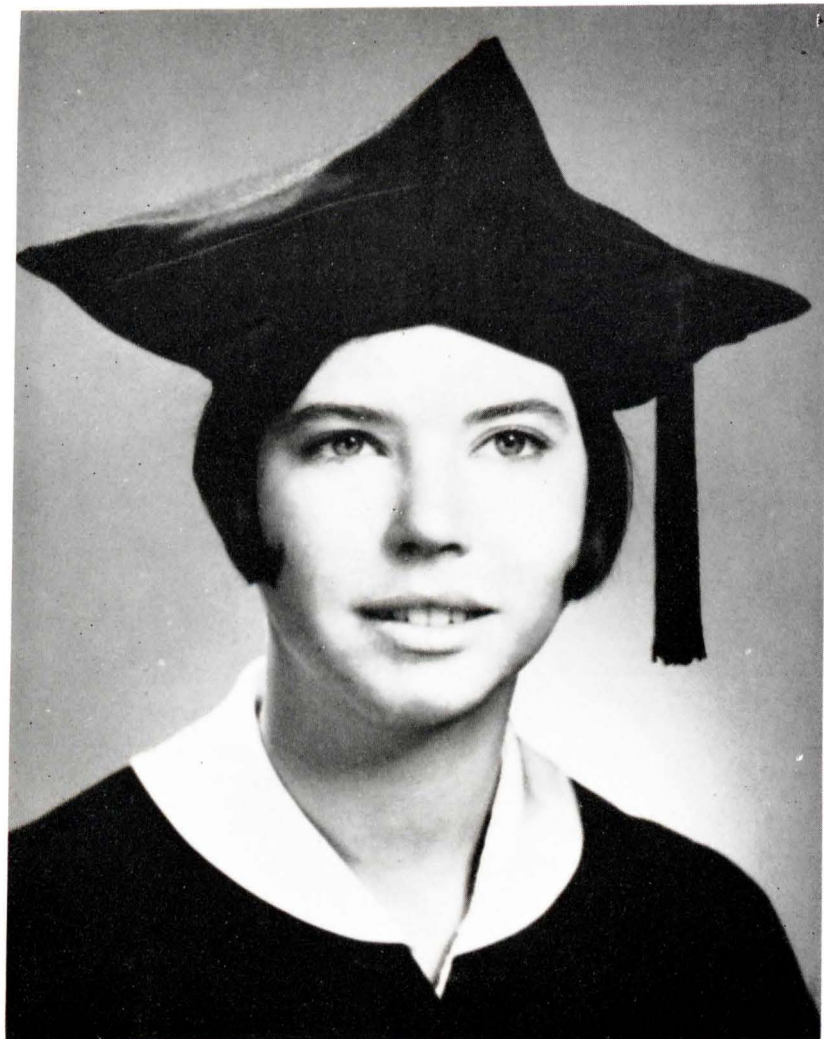
SALLÉE'S artist's world is circled by a tension of opposites: she trembles at the flight of those same moth wings whose patterns she loves to depict, and she must abide an open window in order to feed the woodpecker upon her fir tree. But her painting wand always brushes form into her fears, and she would stand out in the cold autumn evenings just to feel tiny lichens and mosses upon rocks along Anne Hathaway's rosebush path. Her boon and her bane is her honesty. Others profit from her candid, gentle remarks about their foibles and fortunes; but perceiving her own, she must pull the blue plaid coat over her head—for a while.

She is as meticulous in learning the filigrees of Ionic ornaments or the metrical pattern of Wordsworthian ballads or the shadows of Japanese brush strokes as she is in accenting the first "e" in her name. Yet, her lists of Art History dates do not trespass upon her timelessness, and the madrigals which she memorizes do not invade the music which she alone can hear. Reason or reasons have no place when a moment motions to her; her art is cradled in her spontaneity. Sallée weaves the flowing simplicity of the child into the firm gentleness of the mother. And she may be likened to a madonna whose spirit touches the hearts of things because her eyes leave nothing unnoticed.

VIRGINIA STURDEVANT

SHE CALLS a spade a spade; her personality possesses a central core of earnestness that makes her both adept at devastating deadpan humor and fervidly concerned over the operations, successes and failures of the MUN delegation. Those consult Ginny who seek evaluations rather than compliments. A weaver of tall tales, her habitual forthrightness and her honest Salt Lake City twang lead the gullible listener undoubting among the bizarre exhibitions of her surrealist imagination. She counts as her most mind-opening experience her visit this summer to the city whose division by a wall is reflected in the eyes of its citizens. The largesse of her generosity towards anyone for any need is proverbial among her classmates.

A series of alarm clocks set to go off in unison or in succession will not rouse her of a morning. She plods unsteadily into the smoking lounge at eleven, eyes half open, mug of coffee in hand, endeavoring to wake up. A bridge table has an irresistible fascination for her; and at pinochle she is a redoubtable bidder and maker of impossible hands. Study is only her second love; extracurricular activities—MUN, IRC, Troupers, the College publications—come first. She likes sports that keep her out-of-doors. To her mind education is preparation for living, for facing up to life's demands for clear, positive thinking and wise choices.



VIRGINIA STURDEVANT

Salt Lake City, Utah

MAJOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

MINOR: ENGLISH

Capillon Assistant Editor '65
International Relations Club '63, '64, '65, '66
Secretary-Treasurer '64
Vice President '65
Program Chairman '66

Model U.N. '63, '64, '65, '66
Chairman '65
Troupers '63, '64, '65, '66



CLAUDIA JEAN TARANTINO
Greenbrae, California

MAJOR: ART
MINOR: ENGLISH

Student Affairs Board '66
Firebrand Art Co-Editor '66
Meadowlark Assistant Art Editor '65

Italian Club '63, '64
W.A.A. Board '65

CLAUDIA TARANTINO

A CASUAL AIR in manner and appearance fosters Claudia's rather off-beat reputation. Her passion for all things orange, for cut-offs and sweatshirts and sunbathing, reflects her warm nature.

Claudia generates a determined concentration in whatever she does. Her strength of character is such that, in merely being herself, she has succeeded in frightening some of her more timid classmates since freshman year. Yet brooding moods, inspired by introspection, or intense annoyance at people who have failed to live up to her impatient demands for perfection, are easily dispelled by Bazooka bubble gum and by the eccentric antics of her friends.

Dividing her time between San Marco and the Brown House, Claudia happily exploits her interest in the arts; when she is not laboring over a silkscreen or canvas, she is seated at the potter's wheel, turning out bowls and vases with a sure and expert hand. However, paper work is her bugbear; Claudia's procrastination ensures her permanent membership in the Midnight-Oil Burners.

Claudia's humor is surprising and delightful. At first impression she seems a rather soulful and strongly introverted artist; it is a pleasant surprise to discover in her a joy in mimicry and buffoonery—a sheer love of fun. It is like finding Tom Jones when expecting Milton.

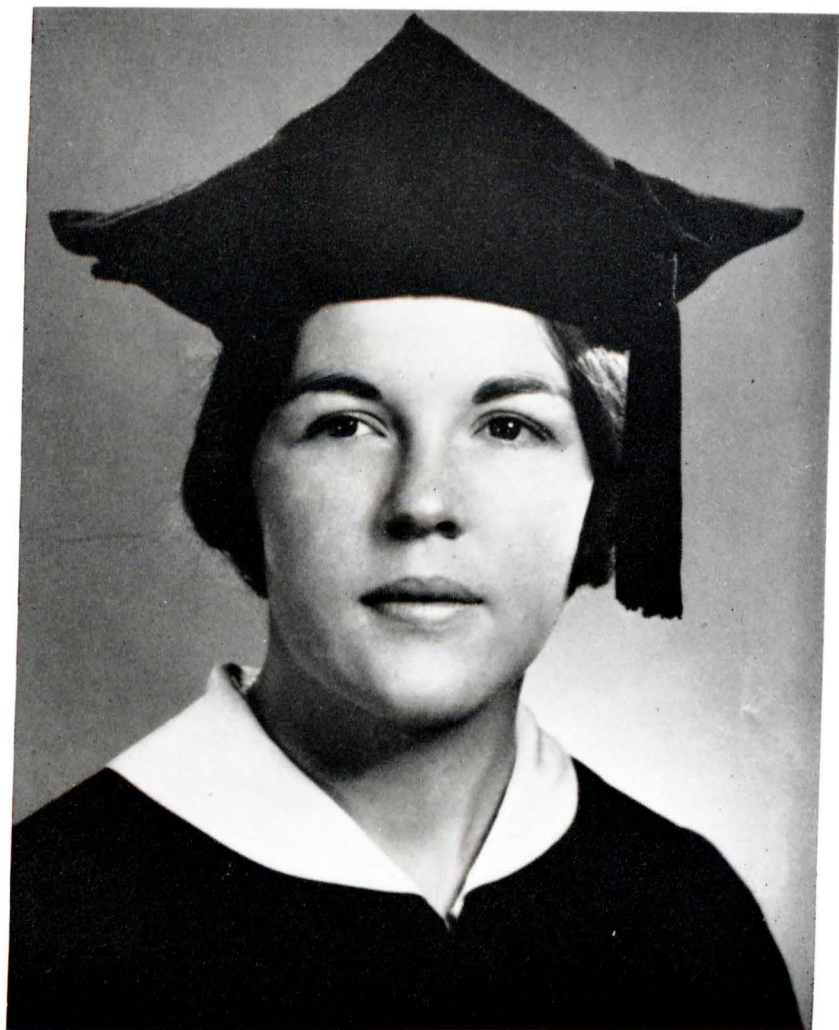
CAROL CASTELLANOS TRELUT

CAROL has discovered the meaning of vitality. As her name demands, she sings her opinions on every possible subject loud enough for all to hear. She will tell you that nothing is ordinary or dull. Believing life to be one constant superlative, she speaks in sundry ejaculations about her phone conversations, favorite foods and her almost daily shopping sprees. An ardent skier, she equally enjoys quiet nooks where she can curl up with a copy of *The Prophet*—a full pot of coffee at her disposal.

Carol's peculiar pronunciation of certain sounds in the English language is a cause for much mirth among her devoted friends. She nevertheless speaks of facial "stringent" and "Valentine's" day with the assurance of one who is an authority on such matters. She answers the telephone "buzzard" only to disconnect herself. Despite these occasional malaprops, Carol's conversation remains fresh and valuable.

Carol has perfected the pout. She rarely uses it for its common purpose, but more often employs this device for humor's sake. She will convince you that the pout works especially well with history professors.

Carol returns each Sunday evening to Pennafort with a story to tell. Careful to include every detail of an incident, she displays the candor of a Samuel Pepys. Gesturing wildly, she starts many a tale of woe or joy with "You just won't believe this, but. . . ." And, if it were not Carol, you wouldn't.



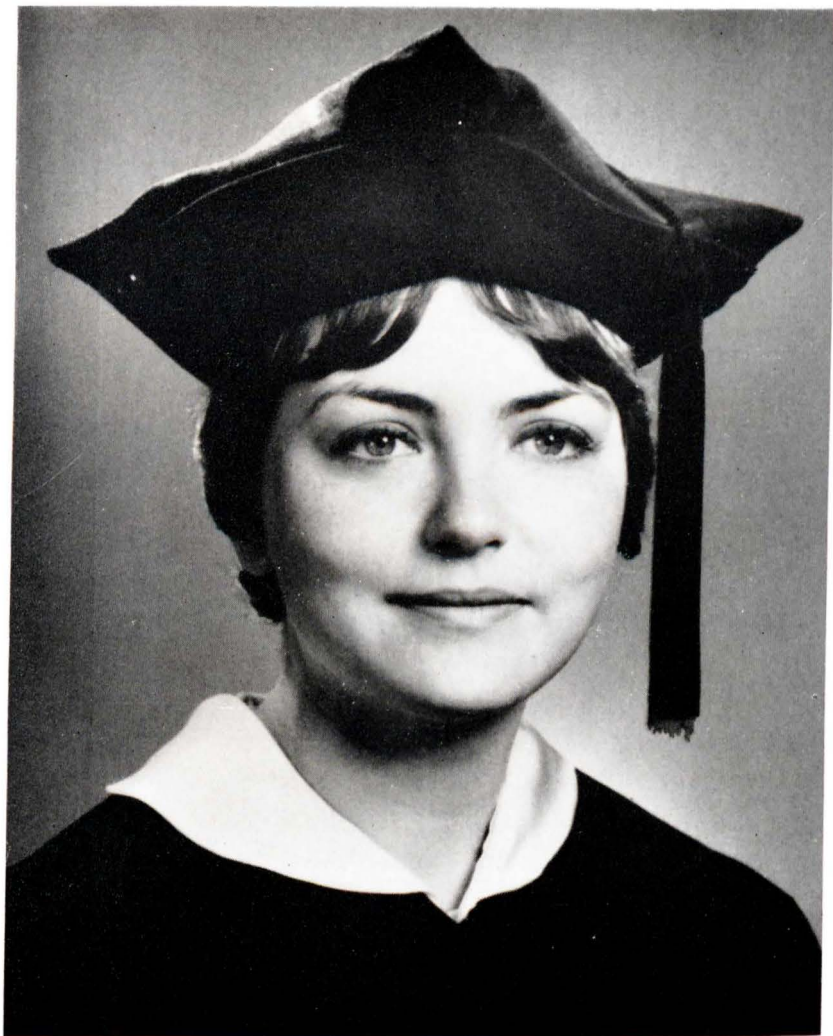
CAROL CASTELLANOS TRELUT

San Mateo, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: SOCIOLOGY

Transferred from College of San Mateo '61



MARIAN PATRICIA TUCHLER
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH
MINOR: HISTORY

Firebrand Staff '66
French Club '63, '64

S.C.T.A. '64, '65, '66
Treasurer '65

PATRICIA TUCHLER

ALTHOUGH PATRICIA is interested in just about everything, she is, first and foremost, an English major of the type whose conscientiousness stems from a very real enjoyment of the subject. She studies diligently (but not all the time) yet enters a rather irrational panic when finals arrive. She values leisure, and uses hers relaxing with friends over a card game, seeing a foreign film, or just being lazy.

Pat's perceptive powers are sustained in both her academic and social life. She is a sharer who gives of herself as well as of her belongings. Consequently, her advice is sought by her friends, and can be trusted to be sound and thoughtful. Her conversation, whether it concerns last weekend's activities or today's problems, sparkles with imagination and is spiced with bits of the knowledge she gains from her daily inhalation of the newspaper. Her warmth and humanity partly explain her love of Chaucer.

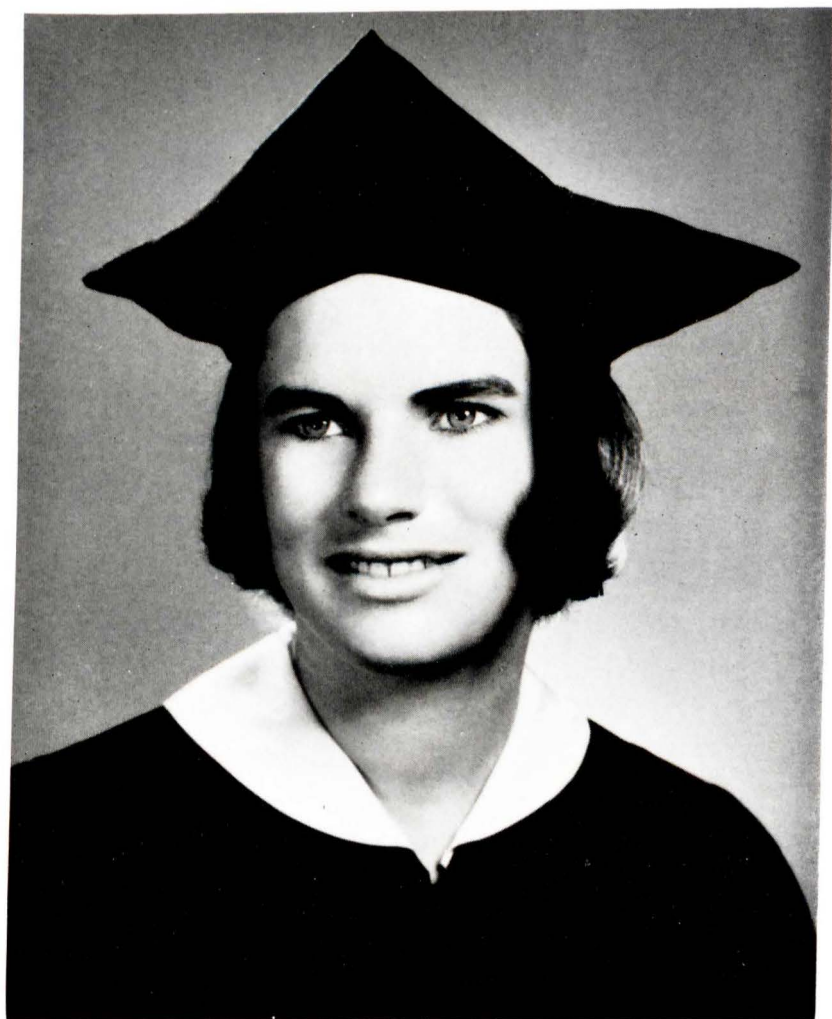
An Irish San Franciscan, Pat maintains a fierce pride in all aspects of her hometown, including its seasonal exodus to the Russian River.

Pat carries her opinions with her, and is not afraid to air them in a group. She retains, however, an openness of mind that allows reconsideration and perhaps adjustment of her ideas, when substantial arguments back another's point of view. She has, too, Chaucer's urbanity.

CAROLYN WADLEIGH

GROOMING that remains impeccable as she struggles with bulging suitcases, and a regard of retiring serenity, belie Carolyn's intense lyrical energy. Deep awareness of beauty in sound and sight finds expression in sensitive skill on the piano and in her love of Brahms, Chopin, Wagner, and Impressionism. She gathers about herself shades of blue, decorated wooden boxes, daisies, and walnut shutters; she gravitates toward a glowing fireplace. In her approach to art she seeks the expression of intrinsic worth and affirmative power. She reacts to the heroism of Michelangelo's *Moses* and to the cosmic joy of Beethoven's Symphony No. 9. Places of pilgrimage are San Francisco, the mountains, the sea, Carmel. She aspires to the simple Austrian mountain life as she observed it in her European travels.

With all her meditative sensitivity, she lives vigorously, spontaneously. She clowns with her friends, tap-dancing and pantomiming *Oklahoma*; she plays popular songs for impromptu songfests. She likes Viennese waltzes, potato chips and devilled ham sandwiches. Racing to breakfast at 8:05, determined to make it to her 8:15, she inevitably leaves every drawer in her room agape. Yet Carolyn is no scatter-brain. She worries about everything: her readiness for an upcoming final, her attire for a football game. Thoughtful and sympathetic, she never forgets a birthday and always gives her solicitude to those in need.



CAROLYN WADLEIGH

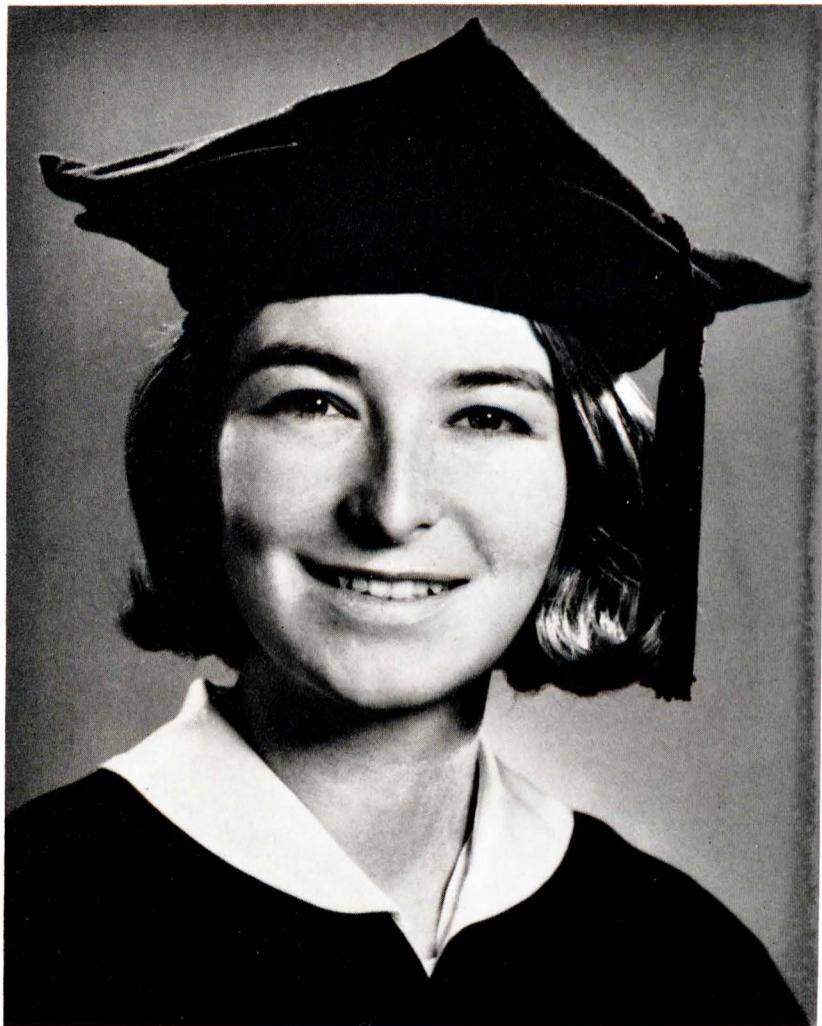
Suisun, California

MAJOR: MUSIC

MINOR: ART HISTORY

A.S.D.C. Treasurer '65
Executive Board '65
Community Service '64

Music Club '65, '66
Secretary '66
Schola '63, '64, '65, '66



SUSAN MARY WALCOM
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: HISTORY
MINOR: ENGLISH

Community Service '66
French Club '63, '64

S.C.T.A. '64, '65, '66

SUSAN WALCOM

Susy loves cheesecake, loves playing the piano and exploring Disneyland. She hates nicknames, germs and the Salvation Army. She will say that she also dislikes children, then go on indefinitely about her remarkable niece "Clockie." Her speech has certain inimitable qualities attributable to her "old San Francisco" background. She will inform you that "a fine chap is awaiting you in the parlor" and say "hurry along, dearie, and have a lovely time." She calls soap operas, the Red Garter and Valentine cards "unmitigated sentimental humbug," and then lapses into tearful musings about her old piano teacher, currently employed at the *Shadow Box*.

As carefully as she relates these stories, she inspects everything clinically, for "germs are lurking everywhere, just waiting for a chance to attack!"

A person who sometimes seems a bit uncomprehending of the world around her, Susy is nonetheless well-versed on hotel cuisines, travelling, and her favorite topic—great figures in history. Let Susy get started on Bismarck, Gregory the Great and Margaret Chase Smith and you will find yourself a most captive audience before her abundant and detailed knowledge of her three heroes.

Susy can't be bothered with petty gossip and hasn't time to make shallow acquaintances. She is much too busy having the time of her life.

BARBARA WILLIAMS

BARB has often been called, and indeed is, the “Auntie Mame” of the Senior Class. Her kaleidoscopic nature diffuses into varied, distinctive “selves,” none of which ever fails to command an attentive audience. She is a lady executive, running harried and headstrong, accomplishing seemingly unattainable objectives.

Barbara seeks quality and excellence. Her obsessions include good food—the gourmet variety—as well as music, art, conversation, people, and generally what she calls the “good life.” Her tastes, indeed, are determined by her desire for quality. She is contemporary with a conservative bent toward the traditional, for her tastes are based on thoughtful discrimination rather than on a desire to be “modern.” Although often she is willful in maintaining the ideals she has set for herself, she is not above laughing at herself. She is simultaneously the well-tailored sophisticate and the girl with the hearty laugh entertaining a roomful of people with her store of impersonations and her sheer joy at the incongruities in her daily world.

She is, on the whole, a picture of smooth, well-groomed femininity. Poised and gracious, her generosity displays itself in her intense loyalties to family and friends and in her desire to give entirely of herself. Barbara is motivated by idealism; giving the world the best of herself, she expects the best in return.



BARBARA JOAN WILLIAMS
Burlingame, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION
CONCENTRATION: LITERATURE
MINOR: HISTORY

Social Committee '66
Meadowlark Staff '65
W.A.A. Board '65
Publicity Chairman '65
Community Service '64, '65
French Club '63

Schola '63
S.C.T.A. '64, '65, '66
President '66
Troupers '64, '65, '66
Publicity Chairman '66

12



FRANCES LOUISE WILSON

San Mateo, California

MAJOR: BIOLOGY

MINOR: CHEMISTRY

Gamma Sigma
Student Affairs Board '65
Firebrand Business Manager '66
German Club '64, '65

Madrigal Singers '63
Music Club '65
Science Club '63, '64, '65, '66
Vice President '64, '65

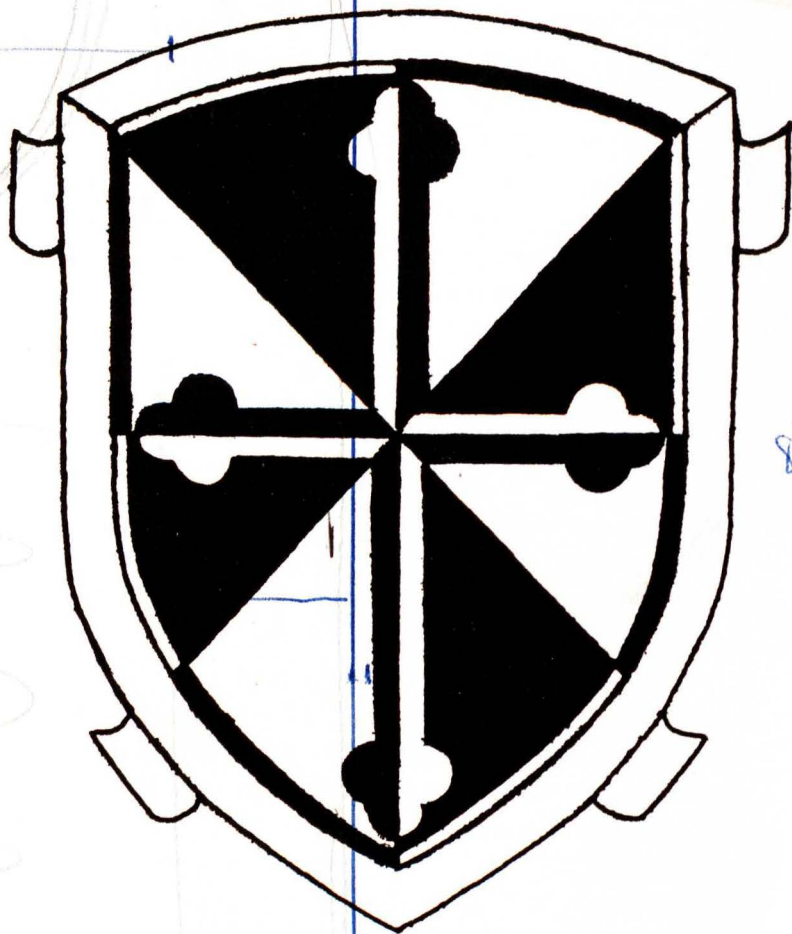
FRANCES WILSON

FRAN's impish smile is an intimation of the depths of gladness in her heart. Only a girl who seeks and evokes good cheer would love *The Sound of Music* as much the third time as the first. She delights in the out-of-doors, in creative room arrangements, light banter, and the Red Garter; yet she is comfortable in the world of thought-provoking ideas.

She has serious moments, as she will gravely assure you, peering over the rim of her glasses and trying to sit still. She is an energetic, inquiring girl devoted to her studies in a serio-comic fashion. Her love of science is betrayed by hours spent in the laboratory, by the stains on her fingers and the pile of books on her desk. Fran doesn't suffer the sapping anxieties that often go with finals; she takes up a good novel or listens to her favorite music, to the envy of her friends.

As the astute and unfailingly conscientious financial guardian of the *Firebrand*, Fran leans against a bannister computing figures in her head, calm and unharried by the pressures of deadlines. And in this, the wisdom of her equanimity is apparent. Fran refuses to take life too seriously; but she understands that life is filled with significance and satisfaction only when one takes time to live and time to give as well.

center



8 1/4"

Veritas

6 1/2"

158



A.S.D.C. OFFICERS

<i>Student Affairs Board President</i>	Monica Boss
<i>Vice-President</i>	Gigi Grove
<i>Treasurer</i>	Helen Bianchini
<i>Secretary</i>	Kay Doser
<i>President</i>	Colleen Buxton

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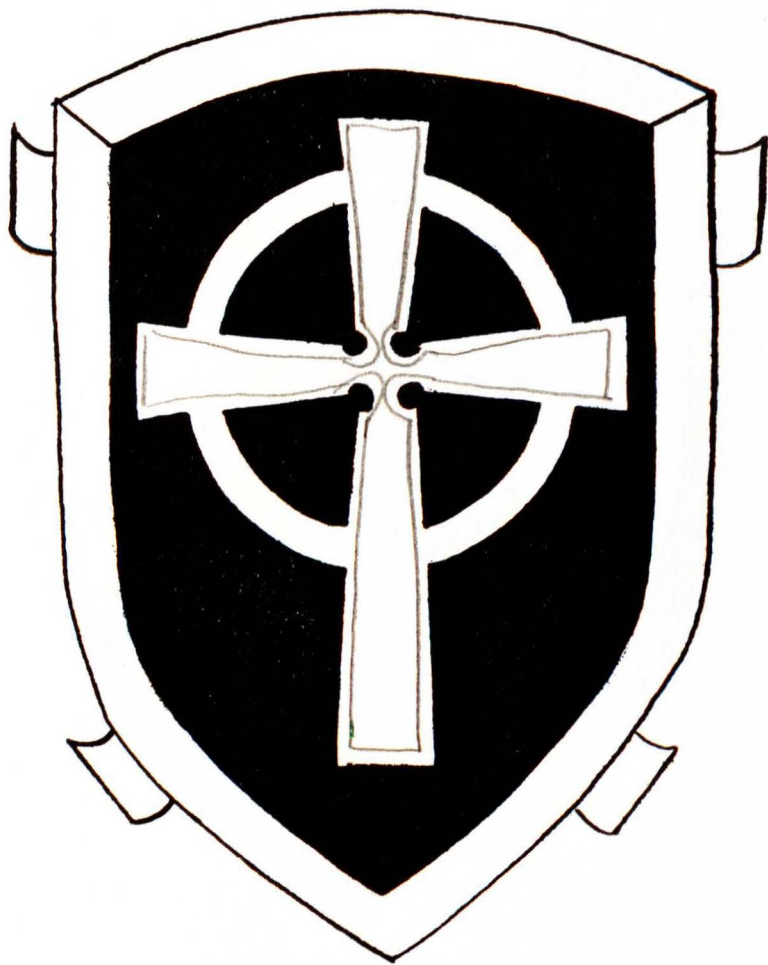


SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	Irene Hogan
<i>Vice-President</i>	Anne McCormack
<i>Treasurer</i>	Paula Savage
<i>Secretary</i>	Jane Franke Hibler



Sapientia et Veritas



Non Videri, Sed Esse



JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	Paula Cavanaugh
<i>Treasurer</i>	Teddi Spargo
<i>Secretary</i>	Mary Thometz
<i>Vice-President</i>	Petite Gray

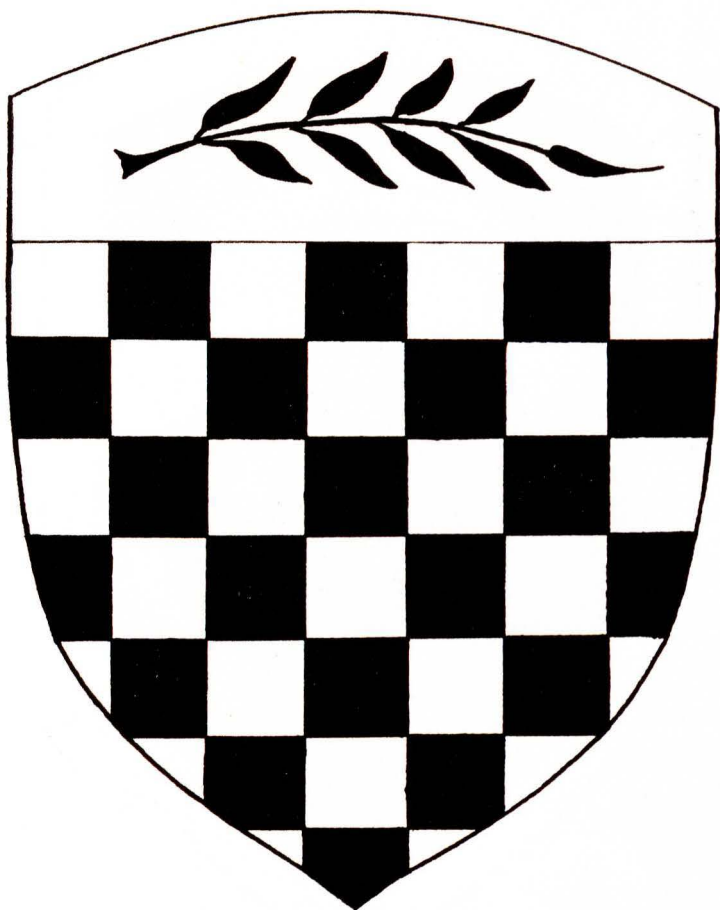


SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS

<i>Vice-President</i>	Sharon Ravani
<i>Treasurer</i>	Patricia Edelman
<i>President</i>	Hetty Keeney
<i>Secretary</i>	Carole Bradley



Cum Veritate Sit Virtus



Pax per Consilium



FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS

<i>Vice-President</i>	Patricia Eagan
<i>Treasurer</i>	Jane Ayres
<i>President</i>	Sherry Silva
<i>Secretary</i>	Barbara Galt



MRS. WOODHEAD

MRS. WOODHEAD, the First Lady of Fanjeaux, is an institution in herself. She has brought to Dominican a history and tradition of personal style that have been treasured by students as one of their most enriching experiences during their Dominican sojourn. As housemother of the sophomore dormitory she is able to meet each class in its blooming stage—and many a bud has profited greatly by her enlightening friendship. Students recall with great glee her wonderful stories of the tea dances at Benincasa; the nurse who threw the surgical instruments out of the fifth story window; the delightful stories of Dominican graduates who are currently on the faculty; and of course, her favorite stories about her experiences in London. Then there are the students who have incurred her wrath by stealing her English muffins from the second floor refrigerator. This is Madame Tete-du-Bois in magnificent splendor. With her blue eyes converted to gun-metal gray, her brow furrowed most firmly, and her deadly British humor, she has made many a junior sophisticate flush with guilt and tremble in fear, and many a young man cringe who dared to appear on campus with his “awful legs” displayed beneath a pair of innocent bermuda shorts. Such shaggy buffaloes are sent scurrying, tail between their legs, never to return so unfortunately attired.

Being a great lady, Mrs. Woodhead is an excellent conversationalist. She is an artist in relating one topic to another, and many a remark made at the wrong time or wandering off the point is gracefully brought back to pertinency by her far-ranging scope and marvelous wit. Though the antithesis of saccharine, Mrs. Woodhead is charity personified. Even the shyest student can relax and enjoy herself after five minutes of conversation with a lady in such command of herself. More spirited students who tend to be impressed by themselves are quickly served humble pie by one adult who truly enjoys youth but does not envy it. Such companionship is relished by students. A veritable card shark, she has often become engrossed in a game of five-hundred until two a.m., arising late the next morning hoping that no one has stolen her muffins.

Mrs. Woodhead's friendship is more than just a pleasant experience; it is truly an enlightening one. Too wise to give advice freely, she lets actions speak louder than words. However, if words are the media of her concern, one senses a great understanding and magnanimity in Mrs. Woodhead. There is no problem too modern for her understanding, although her principles are unshakable—an excellent and most inspiring example to her young housemates. Through her firm convictions she imparts real courage; a very

British "pooh-poohing" is her special technique to dispel the obscure illusions of modern nihilistic concepts in religion and psychology. A total realist, she nevertheless believes in the ability of the Dominican nuns to prevent rain on Shield Day . . . and most disconcerting is the history of rainless Shield Days to fortify her convictions.

As producer of the seniors' *St. George Play*, Mrs. Woodhead becomes a Preminger in directing the singing and a Churchill in directing the setting up of equipment. She is a perfectionist in this role, as in every other, and it is an utter marvel to see her reap excellent results from sometimes world-weary seniors.

Such is the Mrs. Woodhead experience, told with intentional candor in hopes of imitating hers which comes so naturally—and for which we are so deeply grateful.

IRENE HOGAN '66



"What good is the sun?"
The boy asked of his elder.
"I see you," he said.

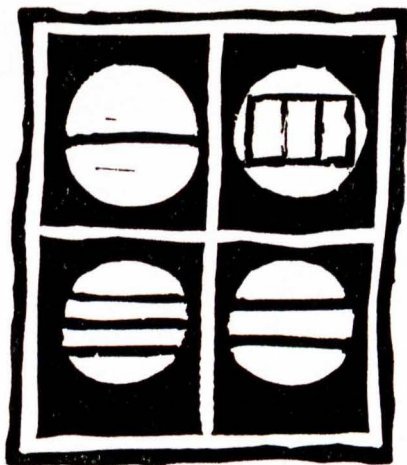
—MARIAN MCCLENDON

EX ORIENTE LUX

Out of the egret plumèd East a clarion has sounded,
A morning cock;
A crystal note is trembling over lucent hills.
As a sea pebble heavy in the palm
Thrown to trouble quiet waters stirs
A mystery of spreading ripples,
The long-desired song is echoing into gracious silence.
And in the hills' shadow I will eat the bread of angels;
I will climb the winding way unto a sign black
 against the dawn
And the Sun rising shall enorb my journey's end
 in its eternal Dayspring.

ROBIN HATCHER '66





I, THE WORLD

THERE is a good deal to be said of those who do not wish to be understood, but rather prefer to live in the shadow of enigma. Surely they live in fear, in fear of being seen; all men hide. But to hide from another is only to expose your soul to yourself, if you are watchful. When you draw the veil of your soul, you do not leave yourself outside; you are within, and you are alone. What you observe within your being depends upon how diligently you explore the dark corners of a room that has no walls; for you cannot see if you do not look. If the soul is dark, then the insight is not revealing; but can any man truly hide from himself? There are those that have fled, only to be pursued; and in the flight, they have only met the pursuer face to face. Even time cannot bring respite; for the pursuer is as eternal as the pursuit itself, and

as relentless. To enter the deep reaches of the soul in hope of deliverance from the self is to desecrate the very house whose doors you enter through; to stand is to be delivered. Perhaps there is also deliverance in leaving the way open for others. . . .

I cannot profess to understand the value of sharing, yet I cannot doubt that the value exists; but to comprehend its worth, and to benefit from it in the finest meaning of the word—to reach out, to pull within, to cross the barrier, to rend the curtain of my soul is a step I cannot take; and so, many people live within darkened, lonely rooms, and the worlds revolve in the fashion of ancient wheels over ancient passage-ways.

AIDA DIANNE CORDANO '67

Cobweb in the wind—
Small woven universe that
Swings an enthralled earth. . . .
MARY LOU STILSON '67





ROCK OF WONDER

An Elegy for Sarah Wingate Taylor

MY SHORE IS ROCKS. I do not find them stern,"
She wrote. And we who find that sands lie
More gently in our vision, we who turn
Stones into barricades, must now reply
To her rocks with wonder, remembering her high
Shelter in the lowly legacy of tired
Pilgrims, "On the Sabbath Day we rested."

This coastline boulder is her island's core
And the bold center of her Belief.
For she spoke of the granite on her shore
As parent to lowland growth, and our brief
Bare survival as the rock leaf's
Mystery, and the dark glacial cavern
As the brightness which we cannot fathom.

Morning carved New England granite into
The curved shadows of her music, and all
Mourning is led by her song away and through
The chant of Earth, where time echoes her call,
“Keep Pathways open, for men fall
Leaving of their footsteps little traces
Unless they beat trails in secret places

To keep free the music maker and
The dreamer of dreams.” We who read
In her of daphne hiding in her hand
Somewhere, of April birches, of the seed
Growing into Samphire, the frail weed
Which holds fast, know her as the singer
And the dreamer by the hearthfires of winter.

“Blessed be dragons!” For them she could sing;
For the jeweled toad, the prised vision seen
Beyond ugliness; for herself as a thief to bring
From Eden’s lost angelic fire the sheen
Of purloined bits of wonder, to redeem
Great seers in Ages of Faith with brightness
Of Infinite wonder in eyes of God’s likeness.

Once she asked, Was it a thread of steel
Or a core of fire which sustained
Her Ariel spirit? Her answer is our seal
Upon the secret of our purpose, in those claimed
Pathways of Dominic, where we have named
The Crossed Sign and the Song of the Creed woven
Into heaven through the moment given.

Well water drawn forth in Grace
Was her prayer, and her blessed days
Quickened magic in a child's face
And gold in minds. Although she feared her ways
Of teaching were unheard, we are raised
Between the gremlin rocks and Sabbath resting
Angels of her shore and of her blessing:

"O, may the unbreaking strand
Of Wonder in the Holy Spirit's wings
Teach the dream-weaving poet's hand
The unbroken rhythm which He sings!"
O may we, whose mystery she brings
To poetry, recall a golden ginkgo tree,
A pilgrim rock, a music-maker's wizardry!

EDITH PENNOYER LIVERMORE '67

Morning carved New England granite into
The curved shadows of her music, and all
Mourning is led by her song away and through
The chant of Earth, where time echoes her call,
“Keep Pathways open, for men fall
Leaving of their footsteps little traces
Unless they beat trails in secret places

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A pilgrim rock, a music-maker's wizardry!
EDITH PENNOYER LIVERMORE '67

JUST ONE

LONELINESS no longer means the quietness at dawn, the silent, guarded talks my heart used to hold when no one else would listen. I no longer linger over quiet sights and wonder at the twos and threes and fours of life. Loneliness no longer means just One.

The edges of every lonely man are himself, and he cannot run farther than his own two legs will carry him; his heart takes no joyful journeys with another's world; but I, because I read the novels of another's eyes and ride the crests of another's sea, am free to wander through the idle dreams in lands I could have overlooked alone. And loneliness no longer means just One.

I am no longer alone because I carry you with me where I go, and the strength of you beside me makes every journey sweet, but more—I am complete. I am what I want to be—and more. I am in God's image because half of me is you, and God is love. And more.

Is it loving another to love you? I return to your heart as home, for I was born there—and it is only in you that I may rest, for your hands are tender and your taste is sweet, and I have found no other eyes like yours. Still more.

My life is still a search, but I no longer seek to find the other half of me, the half that will be pleasing to God's eye. I seek now to tell my love the psalms it

longs to hear, to feed it from God's bowl of golden fruit, and warm it with a heart that beats in time to rippling laughter, not to angel's wings, for angels are complete and never feel a loneliness at all.

And loneliness is more than lips that only speak, much more than hands that must themselves keep warm. It is the soul that never felt the gentle nudging of a comrade, the eyes that never ached with wanting of a certain face on which to gaze. And more. The womb that never learned to long for birth, the ears that never heard the silent, unshaped vowels of love. The feet that never trod on mountain tops while wading muddy lanes, and the hands that never shaped a gift of love while turning batter for a cake. The single souls. The lonely souls.

But I, because I have found my way home to you—to lodge within the soul from which God gave me birth—am no longer alone. And the coming home is easy now; I know the way as if I'd never roamed. I do not need the warmth of you beside me, for I carry you always in my heart. And loneliness no longer means just One.

SHIRLEY CLARK '68



SISTER MARY CYRIL, O.P.

SISTER MARY CYRIL, O.P., died on November 30, 1965. She had been a member of the faculty of Dominican College for seventeen years and was Chairman of the Department of Speech and Drama.

She had, somehow, a visible personality. Her stance, walk, voice, even that functional gray smock she often wore over her habit—each individualized and made particularly significant all that she did. She had “Presence.” Sister Cyril embodied to a remarkable extent the self-possession and awareness implicit in the term. Without seeking to be so, she was the center of attention whether coming from the back of Angelico at full stride during rehearsal or being a non-speaking participant in a group discussion. She was never *not* doing anything; “repose” was an active verb.

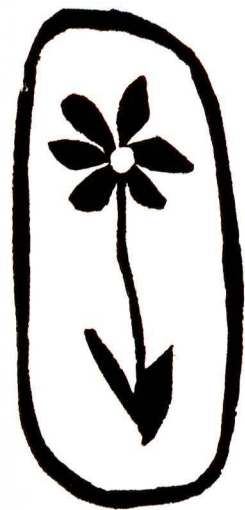
Sister could focus all her attention upon a project, and she could inspire the enthusiasm and effort of those with whom she worked. She was a perfectionist, a *reasonable* perfectionist. She demanded of herself and others, not a perfect performance, but a perfect effort. Her real aim was to encourage in her students self-awareness, self-control, the personal growth that comes from trying to reach beyond known capabilities. If necessary, she drove her students. We were

occasionally frustrated, angry; we were never ready to give up. She had fired us with the conviction that the job had to be done and that, if need be, we would do it well to spite her. And how pleased she was with our efforts, after the effort had been made! And how pleased we were with ourselves.

Her approach to play-production could justly be called a paradigm of her approach to living. She recognized and discarded the irrelevant. Stage movement was always purposeful. Costumes and sets were designed to present all necessary details without smothering the primary functions in a mass of authentic, pretty gingerbread. She could envision a whole and with efficiency and precision bring that idea into reality.

Sister Cyril had the same clear-sighted recognition of the central fact when dealing with people. Graceful tact and nice rationalization never prevented her recognizing the underlying meaning. Often one of her girls would be grateful, or sometimes disconcerted, to find how very well she understood. Sister always placed due value upon the important details of living; she valued the hand-made feast-day cards, posies, visits. She loved us and had the force of character and spirit to influence us greatly. We loved her.

JEAN O'MEARA '63



I WAS NINE

I WAS NINE and it was raining. Please don't mistake correlation for causation; I would have been nine whether snow or sunshine prevailed. I was walking to school in one of those yellow slickers with a visor down to my nose and a pair of black shiny boots up to my knees. Quite a sight. I hit every mud puddle within a two-block radius.

I carried a metal lunch pail with a rubber band around it. The hinge on the lid was sprung so that it always opened at the most inconvenient times, spilling its contents upon the ground. I broke more thermos bottles until Mom finally started putting rubber bands around my lunch pail. And my schoolbooks were neatly folded in Kilpatrick's bread wrappers to protect them from the rain. Mom's idea, of course, not mine.

I walked tin-soldier style kicking my feet straight ahead of me to see how much of a splash I could manage to create. Wet weather afforded an outlet for my hostile feelings. Going to school was no fun when you were in the "slow" reading group, the

third section of arithmetic, and were the first to sit down in a spelling bee. I clutched my Speller wrapped in bread paper to my streaked raincoat while I swung my lunch bucket in hopes the rubber bands would snap and the thermos bottle would go rolling in the slushy water.

I knew my homework for the day. Well, at least I could spell all the words the night before in my father's presence. Of course, deep down I knew that once those words were out of context and not in alphabetical order, I wouldn't remember how to spell them at all. But I kidded myself that I really did know them. Nine-year-olds have a tendency to do things like that.

The drizzle stopped and the sun peeked through the clouds, spotting the wet sidewalk and making it glisten. A fat sleek taffy-colored cat dashed from under a picket fence. His padded feet moved silently as he crossed the sidewalk. His whiskers bristled and the sleek fur reflected the sunlight as his movement made his agile flanks undulate. The flow of taffy-yellow sleekness pounced off the curb into the street. From the corner of my eye, I caught sight of a car. That brief glimpse revealed the form of steel, glass and rubber barreling down on the cat. There wasn't even a screech of tires or a splash of rain water. Cat and car met like yellow wheat and thresher. The cat did not howl. My eyes purposely followed the car as it sped on, unknowing or uncaring. I was determined

not to look at the cat. But curiosity is a part of being nine.

I had seen run-over animals before. But they were so totally devoid of life by the time I came upon their decaying corpses that it was as if they were some foreign object with a slight, if grotesque, resemblance to a real animal. This cat was not a shadow or a ghost of reality. This was the cat that had been a living creature a moment before. This cat had been pulsating vitality—exulting in the joy of cat life. What the glory of cathood was I did not know, but this formless thing that lay flattened upon the asphalt had no life. The vital spark was gone; the flicker expired leaving taffy ashes.

From the yellow mass a small river of red flowed and joined the rain water. These merging rivers made their way to the gutter and were added to the muddy surge. I ran. It was the first time in a month that I got to school on time. That day I missed all but twenty-seven percent of my spelling words.

That rainy day happened many years ago. Yet every time I see a cat dead in the street, I'm nine again. I still can't spell, but please don't mistake correlation for causation. I always was a poor speller. Always will be, I guess.

SUZANNE POLLARD '67

WHAT HAPPENS BEFORE PEOPLE ARE
BROUGHT UP ON STAGE, CUT INTO
LITTLE PIECES, BOILED, AND PASSED
OUT FOR THE AUDIENCE TO EAT

LAST FRIDAY, Dennis made me promise that if he took me to see *My Fair Lady*, I would see something of his choice the evening after. Trusting Dennis' discretion implicitly, and having heard that everyone *must* see *My Fair Lady*, I agreed.

At about seven-thirty p.m. on February nineteenth, Dennis and I arrived at the Longshoreman's Hall on Fisherman's Wharf to see a spectacle renowned in the "off-beat" set—the Trips Festival. This was an environmental experiment simulating the sensations received from the illusion-giving drug, L.S.D.

Crowded around the entrance to the hall were the strangest looking people I had ever seen. Many of the men had shoulder-length hair, curly beards and painted faces, and they wore "way-out" clothes, such as long robes and sandals. The young ladies looked just as peculiar. Some people brought their whole family, including children under six. One family came in a pink bus. Painted on it were white flowers, flags, and a sign reading, "Keep Off The Grass." I was rather enjoying this entertaining scene, and was looking forward to a very interesting and enlightening evening. It was.

During the first part of the show everyone sat on the floor and watched phantasmagoric images appear and disappear on the walls. They seemed to be taking it all very seriously so I concentrated on the screen and tried to understand what it was all about. Some purpose was achieved. The conglomeration of weird people, strange sounds, smoke, and colored images created quite a sensation.

At the arrival of a rock 'n roll band on the foot-high stage, everyone stood up and turned to watch, while the apparitions continued to appear on the walls. Some of the younger people began to dance enthusiastically on the spot, but no one paid much attention to them. Three discothèque girls soon arrived, moving wildly, and the audience participated in shouting and noisy singing. It was here that the "fun" ended.

Moving pictures were seen to the right, some of them obscene, some anti-American and some blasphemous. No one appeared to be shocked so I tried to remain as calm as everyone else. However, when I saw the crucifix chopped down and heard the audience cheering, I became frightened and shut my eyes to the rest.

By the time an extremely unwholesome-looking couple "made the scene," I was beginning to have my doubts about the sanity of the world. The disgusting young man "danced" across the stage with his ragged

shirt half off. His partner had long straight hair, a greenish face, and wore green leotards. After a suggestive little number, they began to carry on in a very ungodlike manner. When that girl departed, another came to take her place. She had straight black hair, and wore sunglasses, a black hat and a long shirt. To the beat of the music, the two very gradually removed their clothing. It was when the girl was down to a single constituent of her former garb, a pair of bikini underpants, that I really panicked. My first thought was to cover Dennis' eyes, and when he kept avoiding my hand, I asked him if we could leave. He said I was abnormal and to keep quiet. (This isn't at all typical of Dennis, who heretofore seemed chaste and trustworthy, and has ever since.) In the midst of people rushing to the stage to get a better view, I tried to run in the opposite direction, but Dennis, who is stronger than I am, grabbed my arm. The noise, confusion and total shock had me on the verge of hysteria. I began kicking Dennis and biting his hands, but he still wouldn't let me go. I was screaming and fighting, yet nobody seemed to notice, including Dennis. With a quick glance at the stage, I saw the heads of the pair sinking below those of the audience, and the people around me, who had seen more than I did, calmly stated that the two were involved in an intercourse. Stricken with terror and disgust, I tore away from Dennis and ran to the exit,

where a private policeman informed me that if I left, I couldn't return. I explained that I didn't want to come back, so he opened the door, and Dennis, who was angry because he was missing the rest of the show—far from over—followed me out. We made our way through an enormous crowd of people waiting for admittance to the “festival.”

DOROTHY WEIGEL '69



PRIVATE NIGHT

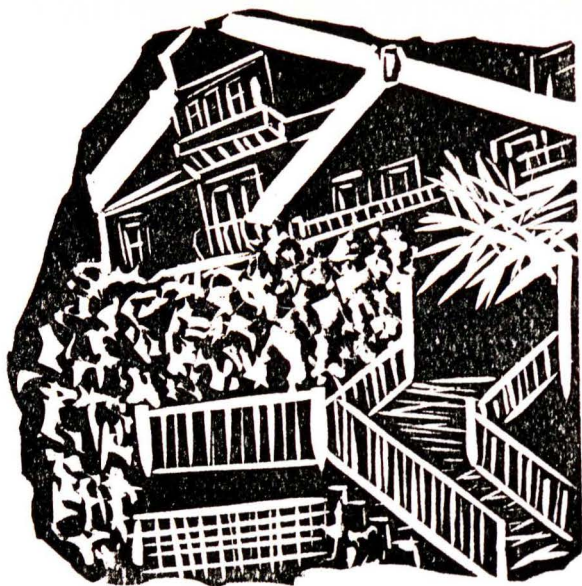
And here I stand—with feet
firm-planted—to the knee
in sand
held fast
to nothing—and no land
in sight
my private night.
SHIRLEY CLARK '68

MOMENTS . . .

ONCE AGAIN, I had done it. The alarm had rung—I lingered. Now, there was nothing to do but make a mad dash. After all, I didn't like being late for Mass. I rushed out into the cold clear air barely noting that, though late, I was first—no one's imprint had yet crunched the frost. I rushed along the whitened path; already, the ever-present blue jays scolded. I raced breathlessly along the usual shortcut and across the narrow wooden bridge near Anne Hathaway; the swollen stream went rushing under the bridge as fast as I over it—but, the stream sang as it went. Why was I always rushing? And, then, I heard through the frosty air the clear loud sound of the Chapel bell. Ten minutes. I calmed my frantic pace. I had ten minutes in which to wander and re-discover the early morning world. A warning. . . .



GO AHEAD and raise your hand, you know the answer. If he didn't expect you to know, he wouldn't keep looking 'round the class for some response. O.K., don't raise your hand, just say it. Now, or he'll think you haven't the vaguest idea—now, when he looks your way. Just open your mouth, it's simple, just say. . . . Well, he needn't praise her so, I knew all along.



STEP AFTER STEP, I can hear my loafers clicking on the shiny brick stairs. Could Mary Queen of Scots have suffered more as she mounted the scaffold? Did ever woman approach her journey's end with such trepidation? For weeks the tension has been building up. Perhaps today—yes, yes, today . . . perhaps today my mailbox won't be empty.



OUTSIDE it is raining. Someone has opened the potato chips and marshmallows, but it just isn't the same. The drops of water are falling steadily now and have almost washed away the message on the note tossed from the second floor window. Just two words remain on the soggy, ink-blotted paper to explain the dismal quiet in the crowded smokeroom—"picnic cancelled."

THE GOOD, satisfying sense of relaxing into your old self after an intense hour in which you've been giving your all. Much-maligned gown draped over one arm, heels in the other hand, as you know the refreshing back-to-earthness of sloshy old loafers walking up the road past Meadowlands.

Another Rosary Sunday or Shield Day or President's Day. . . . Mission accomplished.



OVER THE HUMP at last—the last midterm of the senior year conquered; from here on, it would be a bobsled ride . . . But I mentally avoided Wednesday at nine o'clock. Invariably, we received our tests back, bleeding red with ink from rough corrections; but *today* . . . even the honor brights were groaning over their marks. "I corrected your papers," began Sister Nicholas gently. "You know, it's *not* too late to change your major. . . ."



I RAMMED my delinquent character sketches into the backmost pocket of my folder, and at the same time reminded myself not to sit near Toni in class, for fear of being nabbed in public. "If I haven't finished them, I *haven't* finished them," I thought determinedly; but I took my coffee from the other side of the cafeteria this morning, had my roommate pick



up my mail, and took the paths least travelled to class. The day long I suffered visions of being forever encased in tons of *Firebrands*, Toni vengefully piling each and every one around me. She did spot me on the way to the library—but I frantically waved to a telephone pole, and shot across the grass out of reach. It was in vain; she was relentless. I braced myself. “Where have you been all day?” she inquired. “I just wanted to let you know that you have a week’s extension on your sketches. . . .”



THE LAST WORD is eked out, the last blue book is laid to rest; another unbearably full year is completed. I walk wearily back to Pennafort waiting for that feeling of utter relief I’ve been dreaming of this whole interminable week. The halls, the paths, the trees are silent; my senses are aware only of my aching back and benumbed fingers. Relief? No, now I have to pack, and call my aunt, and find someplace to ditch my plant, and. . . .

ONE MOMENT that catches up all the others: all the moments of effort and mystery and magic and joy that suffuse the past three years with the light of brisk autumn mornings, red maple leaves and study serene and quiet like rain filling the earth with promise of plum blossoms and budding leaves in spring; the long, steady filling up of that gaping ineptitude that renders even the man of good will so powerless to activate his desires. The moment in that Wednesday evening in the Lower Lounge when I stepped across the snoring Siegfried's heaving side to accept from Sister Patrick's hands the appointment to a Wilson Fellowship. The pressure of Sister Nicholas' hand on my shoulder and the compressed elation of her "Congratulations, dear. . . ." In the coming year somewhere there will be snow lading the branches of the firs and blowing dry in little whirlwinds against a frigid blue sky; there will be term papers on medieval Latin literature; and in the spring the cherries will bloom, perhaps only for a day or two before the frost sets in again, in Kenwood and along the Tidal Basin.

THE Firebrand STAFF



THE GOING OF VIRGIL

When under us the whole high stair was sped
And we unto the topmost step had won,
Virgil, fixing his eyes upon me, said:
"The temporal and the eternal fire, my son,
Thou hast beheld: thou art come now to a part
Where of myself I see no farther on.
I have brought thee hither both by wit and art.
Take for thy guide thine own heart's pleasure now.
Forth from the narrows, from the steeps, thou art.
See there the sun that shines upon thy brow;
See the young grass, the flowers and coppices
Which this soil, of itself alone, makes grow.
While the fair eyes are coming, full of bliss,
Which weeping made me come to thee before,
Amongst them thou canst go or sit at ease.
Expect from me no word or signal more.
Thy will is upright, sound of tissue, free:
To disobey it were a fault; wherefore,
Over thyself I crown and mitre thee."

Dante, *Purgatorio* XXVII. 124-42.

THE WHOLE high stair is sped, the whole ordered experience of the barren torment of the damned and of the purging sufferings of the prisoners of hope. The high stair, the steeps and narrows are sped of the constraint and training which have prepared the pilgrim to mount up to the stars. The external discipline which has educated the pilgrim for

the sublime speculative and contemplative vision of the truth which is the *Paradiso*, is at an end. Wit and art—intelligence and ingenuity—native ability preserved from the darkness of individual error by recognition of the accumulated mistakes and achievements of its civilization's past—have brought the pilgrim to this moment of ending and beginning. Wit and art have given light and order to the dark wood of the pilgrim's experience of the world and of self. Past and future connect intrinsically in a culminating moment.

The external discipline is over, but not repudiated. The pilgrim is guided by the pleasure of his own heart which has let itself be instructed, or better which has sought instruction with a craving as powerful as physical hunger and thirst. His pleasure is the pleasure of the "mind in love," which palpably joys to know itself in contact with the truth, the pleasure of perfected love, of desire and will prevailed upon by the Perfect Love that "moves the sun and the other stars." The external discipline is not repudiated but fulfilled. For a friendship has grown up between the pilgrim and his Virgil, a friendship of knotty, wary beginning which has opened out to the respectful devotion of the pilgrim and the affectionate amusement of the sober old epic poet. The compounded strength of this association weighs this moment with nostalgia, as Virgil who has taught his companion "the heights to ken," who has lit before

the feet of the pilgrim a lamp leading to supernatural illumination, must say farewell and return to the valley of natural virtue.

This culminating moment of the liberty of the heart's own pleasure, this nostalgic moment of farewell, is foreordained; the past and the future which meet here have been seen and guided by the eyes of Beatrice. The satisfaction of the liberated heart of the pilgrim is to be the sight in these blissful eyes of the truth and the love toward which the heart now tends of itself—the same truth and love which have made of his journey a work of art, a conscious creation of which the pilgrim is but an element. Beatrice is an incarnation: she is the personal enfleshment for the pilgrim of this truth and this love. Like Virgil, she too will leave the pilgrim when he is able of himself to see this moving Power as it is in itself: not as, divided into truth and love, it accommodates itself to intellect and will; not as unrelated abstraction; but as the “Love that moves the sun and the other stars,” and that in moving the pilgrim has dealt with him as Person to person.

Before that time of understanding union with the Primal Will—a time implicit in this moment of triumph of the heart's own pleasure—there remains the wait for Beatrice and the ascent to vision through her. In this verdant state of being when the old limitations are fallen away and a horizonless expanse is above, all things are made new, and the pilgrim's

will, like a young plant, is “upright, sound of tissue.” Conscious in the interim of the beauty of the garden, the pilgrim may go among the flowers and woods, may act or be at pleasure. Free and indeed impelled by the rightness of his own will, the pilgrim through his discernment in matters temporal and spiritual joins his effort to that of his Artificer in shaping his being to a work of art.

ROBIN HATCHER '66



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