

1967

1967 Firebrand

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The Firebrand





THE FIREBRAND

THE DOMINICAN COLLEGE OF SAN RAFAEL



MCMLXVII

With Deep Appreciation
to
OUR PARENTS

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

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FIRE BRAND

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TYPISTS

Mary Hoffman

Mary Guheen



EDITORIAL

AN OLD BOOK, carrying a thin well-worn jacket, and covered with a thick layer of dust can easily be picked up at any time of any day, blown off, and read with no changes except those which have occurred in the reader. The book may hold a crucial message, yet the message will remain without change until the reader has sufficient time to pursue it.

We may nonchalantly roam the hills in the morning, the afternoon, the evening, view the spring-colored grasses, the trees, the new houses being constructed on piles along the hillside, yet the view will keep for a limited amount of time. It is not essential that we keep account of the changes on the hill.

But we cannot treat people as if they were old books or an occasional view from the hills. People need the christian kindness and unaffected attention of others. They need our sensitivity, receptivity and our selflessness, all of which, however, are useless without a desire on our own part to communicate.

Through the two years of humanities we have come into contact with the histories, philosophies, literatures and cultures of past peoples. We have each majored in a field that views people in different lights. From just this academic standpoint we should see how necessary it is to understand people—each

major offered on this campus is divisible by *people*. For example: What encouraged the rise of Hitler? What influenced Chaucer? What are the basis of the Irish and Italian cultures? What makes a nation powerful? What is a community?

However, our background at Dominican, reaching into the past through texts, has presented, not stressed, the importance of communication.

The academic side is not the only nor is it, perhaps, the most important side of learning. Each day has brought us into contact with many kinds of people. Some of our acquaintances are philosophical, some religious, some practical, some scatter-brained, and probably, most of them are a combination. But, because the life of a student is generally similar to the life of any student on campus, communication among students is supported by activities common to all. Yet even here there have been failures; and if we have failed to open-mindedly understand others here where communication is made easy, how much greater might the failure be in the future?

Our undergraduate college career is now completed. What do we do now? In this age, students have the opportunity and many of the corresponding talents to pursue a variety of interests. Because the range is so vast, however, a person must choose. Selection of one job or another limits us to specialization. By concentrating on one specific career, the

temptation is to close all doors around us, forgetting that we are surrounded by people. We need to be continually aware, or to be *made* continually aware of this pitfall, to lean away from it rather than toward it. By not seeing each person as an individual, or by not acknowledging it, which is worse, we become hardened in false self-centered importance. Our world often revolves around ourselves, not taking in others, and ultimately not being taken in by others.

We need not be shouted at nor shocked into understanding the necessity of seeing outside of ourselves. We must only be reminded. I can hardly agree with Flannery O'Connor when she says that to communicate with those who do not have the same beliefs, "you have to make your visions apparent by shock—to the hard of hearing you shout, and for the almost blind you draw large and startling figures." Communication is better achieved simply through kindness and understanding.

Our awareness to the situations around us is important. Our flexibility is important. Our adaptability to the variables of the world should be developed and exercised. But essential to communication is our interest in people as humans: our concern to help them, to understand them, to speak to them, to acknowledge them as individuals, to let them break through our fortresses of self-protection and be a

part of our lives. A specialized career should not demand nor should it produce total estrangement of people from people.

Far-reaching idealistic people who go to foreign countries, who go *elsewhere* to aid underdeveloped nations and needy peoples are encouraged by the novelty of going to a place other than their own. Scientific developments are drawing continents close together. Distances between individual countries are shrinking; distances between individuals also diminish. We are coming into contact with many people representing many cultures. But even more important than growing to understand, than learning to live with those of other countries, we must first be able to talk and listen—to live with those immediately around us—in our families, in our jobs, in our communities. By recognizing “that all of us are responsible for all of us,” we will open ourselves to the need of others. Here, at this moment, now—people are neither books nor views from the hill, but rather individuals who demand from us immediate, unpretentious christianity.

M-L P

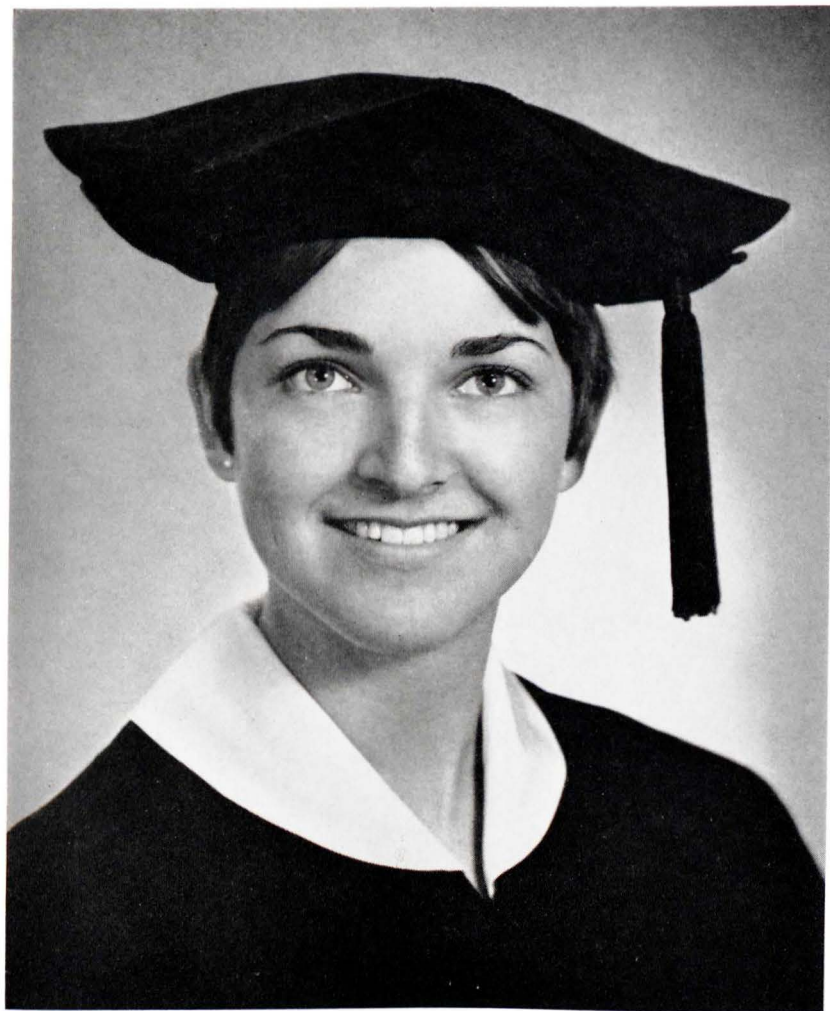
THE CLASS OF 1967

NOREEN ANTRIM

VISITORS to the East Wing of Pennafort quickly identify the soprano of the ironing room—for Noreen's lyrics, like the novels she reads, are inevitably happy. Determined that life is absolutely wonderful, Noreen cheerfully ignores any suggestions to the contrary. A staunch advocate of non-academic activities, she is always immersed in the excitement of some new plan—last year, riding lessons; this year, flying lessons; and perhaps next year a trip to Europe.

A flower-decked Falcon and brightly decorated room are characteristically Noreen's. Her bookshelves are crowded—with two shiny green teakettles, Joan Walsh Anglund doll, knitting guides, and a container for pennies to be gambled at Tahoe. Her desk is frequently hidden by sewing machine, pinking shears, and assorted spools of thread. Yet any apparent saving in the clothing department is counter-balanced by a fatal weakness for shoes. With similar logic, she extends her talents to the kitchen but refuses to cook anything but deliciously-sweet cakes and cookies.

Life with Noreen delights her friends, the stream of children she tutors at St. Vincent's, and those she supervises. Her infectious Irish laughter and the love and affection of her close family ties spills over into all her adventures. Though she admittedly tends to see the world as the Good Ship Lollipop, Noreen is prepared to face any challenge with a song and a prayer.



NOREEN FRANCES ANTRIM

Pasadena, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

CONCENTRATION: AMERICAN LITERATURE

MINOR: HISTORY

Community Service '64, '65, '66, '67

Madrigal '63

Schola '64

Spanish Club '64

SCTA '65, '66, '67

President '67

Ten-Fold '64, '65, '66, '67

W.A.A. Board '65

Iolanthe



EILEEN CLAIRE d'AUTREMONT

Portland, Oregon

MAJOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

MINOR: LATIN, ENGLISH

Attended University of Portland, 1964-65

International Relations Club '64, '66, '67

Irish Club '64, '66, '67

Music Club '67

EILEEN d'AUTREMONT

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED to Lee on the way to anyplace. When she finally arrives, she will relate it with eagerness to a capacity crowd. To say that she is a part of any discussion underplays the fact that there really is no discussion until she is there. Loquacious, always perceptive and usually candid, she instinctively sorts the superfluous from the essential. Although opinionated, Lee does not force her ideas on others. One is aware of her beliefs, but never embarrassed to disagree with the them.

Also an ardent reader, Lee consumers books with unbelievable alacrity. This she does either propped on her bed or ensconced in the East-Wing Pennafort smokeroom with an inevitable cigarette and mug of coffee. She has other interests. Lee has somehow developed what she calls a dubious green thumb. Her successes give a definite flair to her room, for plants abound near mementos of many happy dates.

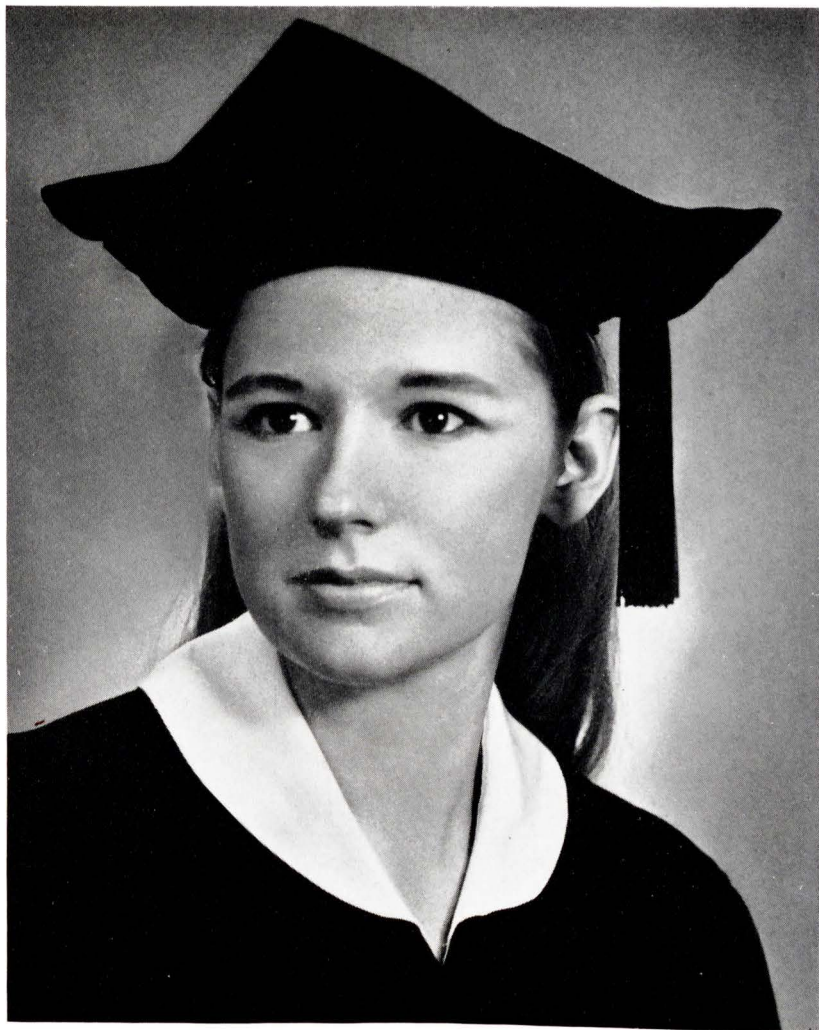
Lee is a carefree person who enjoys spur-of-the-moment activities of almost any kind; but she looks forward with as much pleasure to her planned Tuesday-evening visit to the Red Garter. Lee has the ability to make the grand entrance whether into the West-Wing smokeroom for a bridge game or into some posh San Francisco night spot. Quick witted and individualistic, Lee stands out in the crowd.

SISSY BAGGE

PHYSICAL BEAUTY, with the blending colors of pastels, is a constituent of Sissy's personality and at the same time the context in which one encounters her. Color creates an aura which surrounds her even before she is known personally. Sissy is distant; she lets her private self escape very slowly. Remarkable in that private self is an intense intellectual life which has flourished in a refined home life.

Well dressed, preferring simple originality to the conventional, Sissy is often seen on and off campus in a mode befitting a Parisian model. Her clothes, her hair styles, her manner are all gently soothing.

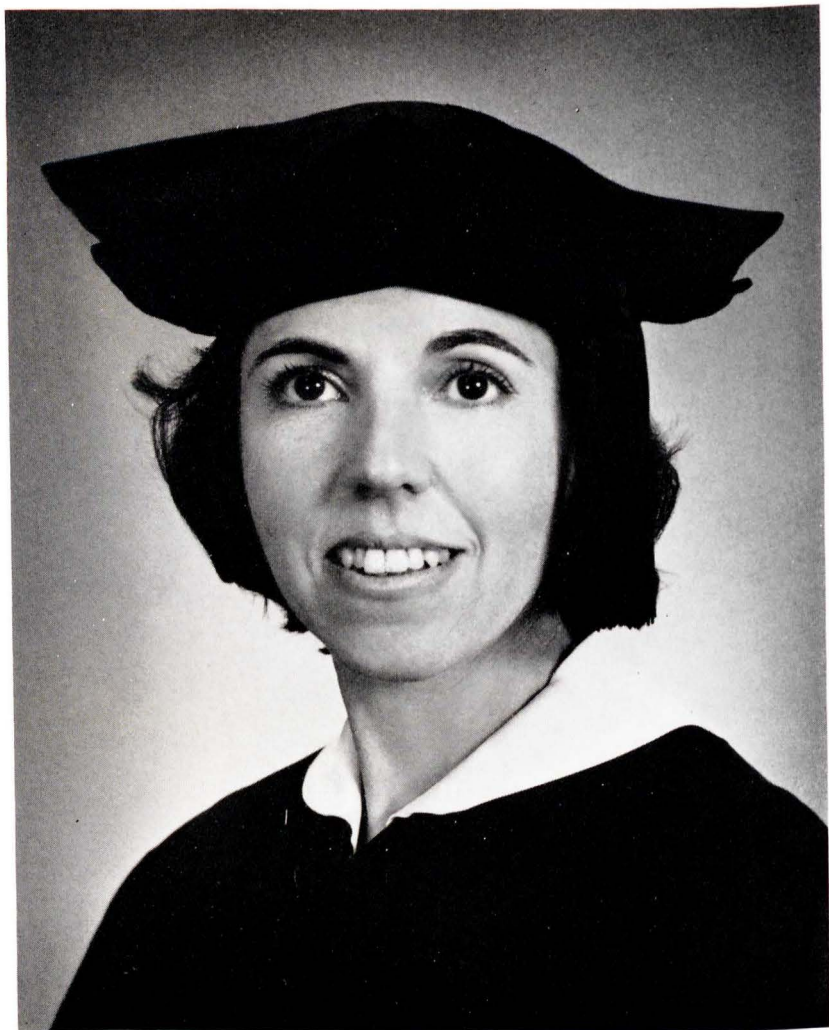
Interested in art history, she consumes books on artists quite naturally, but finds the San Francisco museums and art galleries insufficient. Autobiographies and biographies offer Sissy an opportunity for amateur-psychological studies of historic persons encountered through her major and minor. In all of Sissy's explorations, she is discriminating and wary of dilettantism. Though some of her opinions are pre-conditioned, she is as open to radical ideas as those who have had more concrete experience. Her natural enthusiasm lifts her above circumscribed social environments. She is unexpectedly sensitive to the problems of people near her, and yet she is generally a harsh critic of the vagaries of her peers. Friendship evaluates her naiveté as both liability and asset, and exceptional awareness saves this balance from being precarious.



ARVILLE BAGGE
San Rafael, California

MAJOR: HISTORY
MINOR: ART HISTORY

Social Committee '65 *Firebrand* Staff '67
Carillon Staff '67



MRS. JULES BECKER

Ross, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: ENGLISH

Transferred from University of Illinois

MRS. JODY ANNE BECKER

ISEE THE WORLD in need of care—in need of all the talent and love the young women of this class have to give. It can even use what is left of me.” Not a tired statement, but a compulsive one. It is from a woman who has spent ten of her adult years in earning a B.A., who is still raising a family, who has been an indefatigable worker in Marin politics. Jody believes that one must serve in this world and that this dedication is the very core of both religion and politics: her deepest interests. This conviction is the well-spring of her perseverance and energy.

To enter Jody’s house is to be placed on the firing-line for current opinion, books, art, theology and politics. Ignorance will be tolerated, but disinterest invites excommunication—and the inability to field a pun means social death. Jody’s cardinal concern is for her household. She loves her family and friends intensely as people and is absorbed in their joys and sorrows. She wounds easily because she is a participant and not a spectator in the lives of those to whom she is close. Co-habitant with her interest in the world is her engulfing introspection. A sense of equilibrium is attained when she balances this with her abiding confidence in daily life. In this, she is a true daughter of Sion.

HELEN BIANCHINI

BRIDGE and football games, crossword puzzles and novels by Helen MacInnes lend to the air of activity that surrounds Helen. Listening to K-FOG or reading Herb Caen, browsing through a yardage shop or walking along the beach at Bodega Bay, Helen plans her free time as carefully as the papers she inevitably finishes days before a deadline. With typical forethought, she left for the first Dominican tour of Europe with a gold charm bracelet to hold compact remembrances of each country visited.

Practical and self-confident, Helen has enjoyed the demands and responsibilities of student leadership. Although matter-of-fact and full of assurance when making suggestions, Helen is open to variant propositions. Her approachability is both political and intellectual. Sometimes incredulous of those who express disdain for domestic accomplishments, she is nonetheless eager to hear any defense of modern drama, poetry, or seemingly inexplicable works of art. But Helen is most at home in a world of knitting needles, Corningware and the laughter of babies.

Helen knows herself well. Her tastes are traditional — she likes antiques of sentimental value, *Peanuts*, Christmas carols, and dresses contrasting two shades of the same color. An avid reader, she enjoys Graham Greene, D. H. Lawrence, and Ernest Hemingway, but a wardrobe of bridesmaid dresses attests to the large circle of close friends who are Helen's most time-consuming satisfaction.



HELEN LOUISE BIANCHINI

Petaluma, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

CONCENTRATION: AMERICAN LITERATURE

MINOR: HISTORY

Student Body Treasurer '66

House Regulations Chairman '67

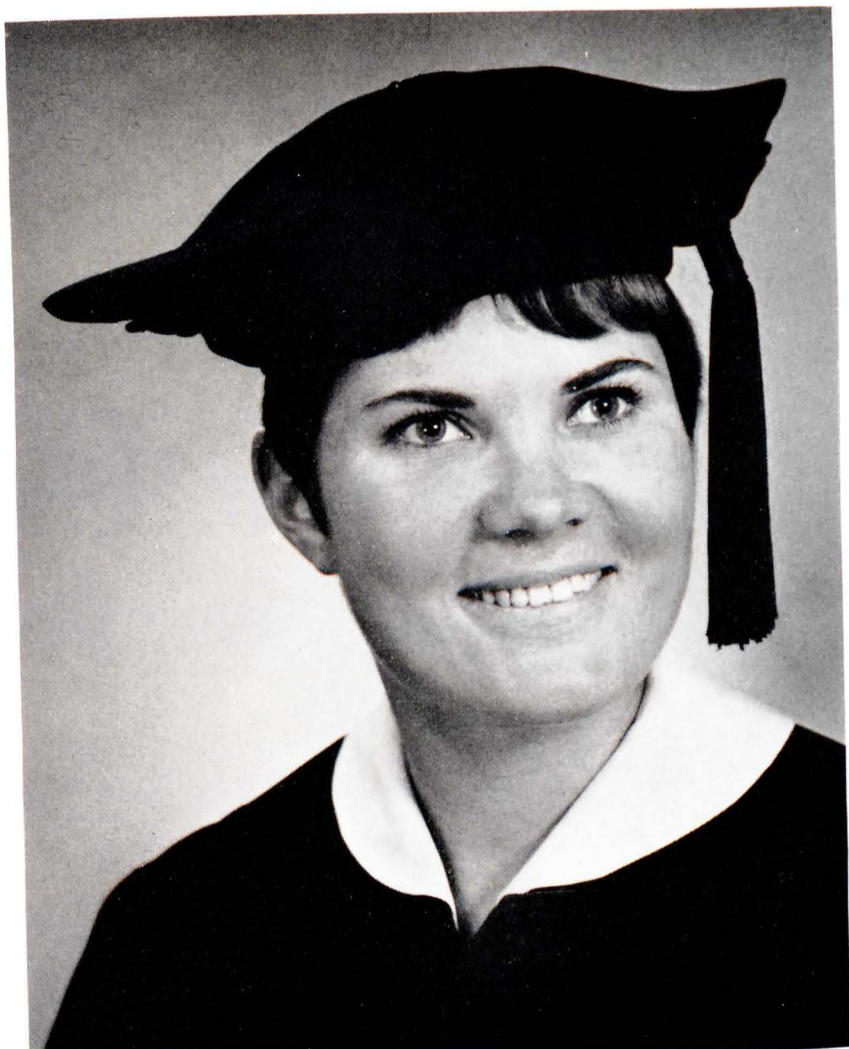
Executive Board '66, '67

Student Affairs Board '67

Community Service '65

Carillon Staff '65

SCTA '64, '65, '66



VIRGINIA ANN BORDWELL

Upper Saddle River, New Jersey

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

Community Service '64, '65, '67

Special Events Committee '67

Meadowlark Staff '66

Music Club '66, '67

Spanish Club '64, '65

Troupers '64

GINNY BORDWELL

GINNY will be most enduringly remembered for her outbursts. She explodes into the smokeroom from her latest haircut vowing that scissors will never touch her locks again. Dramatically, she extols the virtues of her latest hangout (one visit qualifying for entry into this category). She also finds time to hold forth on the eccentricities of the rest of the race and to solve the age-old dilemmas. Whatever she does, she does with frenzy and flair. Ginny lives in a world without grays. A thing is "fabulous" or "obnoxious." She has only friends, no acquaintances.

A girl of extremes, Ginny always has "the hardest" classes, the "worst" tests, the "most amazing" adventures, and probably the best time. A perfectionist, once she undertakes a task she devotes all her talents to it, whether it be the short-sheeting of every bed in Meadowlands or a treatise on the Marxian revolution. Forthright rather than subtle, truthful rather than tactful, Ginny gives out advice indiscriminately, and she accepts criticism with the best of grace.

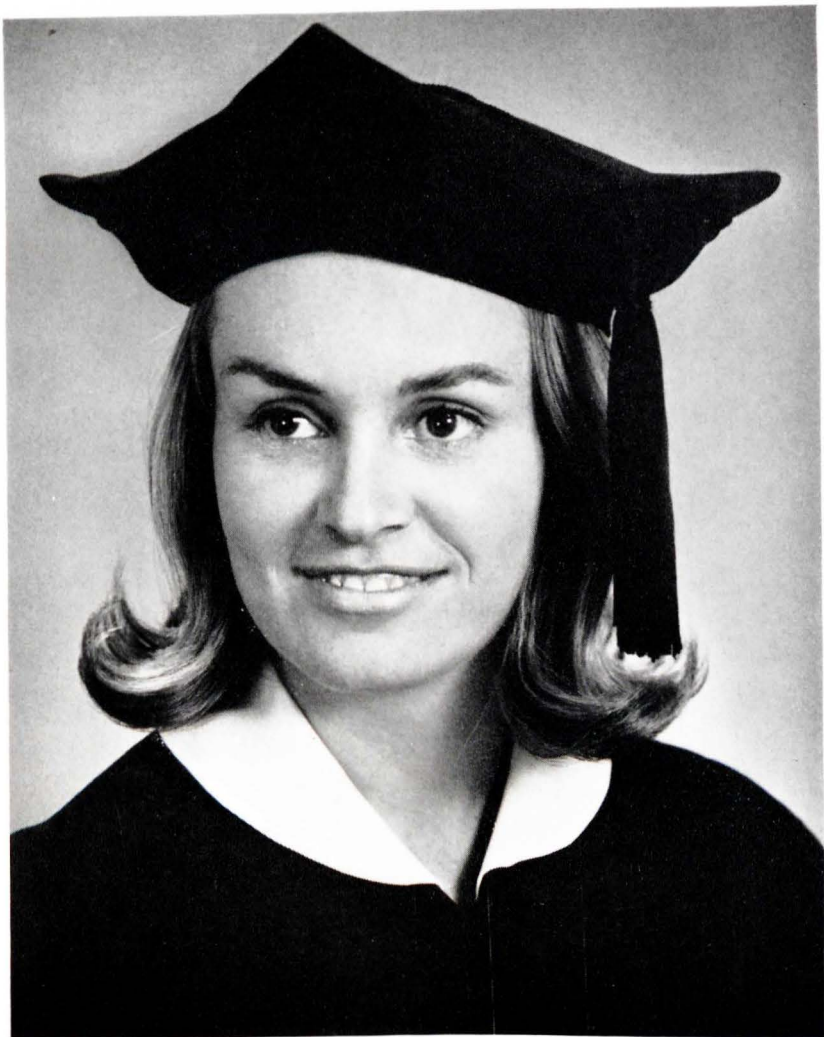
Raised in the Orient and educated in English schools, Ginny constantly amuses her classmates with such utterances as, "To the petrol station straight-away." Her hectic existence is far removed from her militarily precise drawers and miniscule script. In Ginny's life order exists only in the material realm; her ideas and imagination come straight from the other side of the *Looking Glass*.

JANE ELIZABETH BRADLEY

WHATEVER happened to "Baby Jane?" Perhaps she has gone to the latest blouse sale at Macy's or is dining out in Marin County. Will it be Pete's Pier or Gonzales' Hacienda? Wherever she is, the mood is casual and the pace relaxed. Overexertion will never be the ruin of Jane. Yet neither is she in danger of being accused of indolence. Jane has a million things to do. The problem at any given period is which overdue project is most overdue.

When the "supreme procrastinator" finally begins a task, she is thorough. She has been known to remove absolutely *all* articles from an about-to-be straightened closet or finish a stimulating novel in one or two sittings. Her talents are varied. She can double-cross her long legs, eat sumptuous fare without ever gaining an ounce, and make people feel instantly comfortable and easy in any situation. She prides herself on being a master of dialect humor. Tokyo Joe, however, seems to the untrained ear hardly distinguishable from Felix the Mexican Chevrolet salesman.

Jane is irritated by self-righteous people, but a snack, a pleasant conversation with a friend, or a new magazine can restore her essentially amiable nature. Her tastes are simple, but her tolerance for things foreign to her nature is great. The last of four Bradley sisters to graduate from Dominican, Jane has upheld the family tradition.



JANE ELIZABETH BRADLEY

Santa Ana, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: ENGLISH

Community Service '64, '65, '66
Music Club '65, '66

Spanish Club '64
SCTA '64, '65



GAIL SUSAN BROWNE

Garden City, New York

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

CONCENTRATION: AMERICAN LITERATURE

MINOR: HISTORY

Crew '67

SCTA '65, '66, '67

GAIL BROWNE

GAIL is a city girl. She loves the rush and noise of the people, cable cars, fine cuisine and atmospheric hide-a-ways. She appeals to those around her with her vivacious personality and her infectious laughter. Defying any general characterization, Gail is a bundle of complexities. She delights in such small things as surprises and peppermint ice-cream cones. She has developed a strong interest in rowing and is an ardent supporter of the St. Mary's crew. What she lacks in stature she makes up for in generosity. Gail has the poise and grace of a lady but also a childlike simplicity and love of mischief which endears her to her friends.

A true procrastinator, Gail can often be found on her bed daydreaming—putting off the necessary just a little while longer. She is moved to action only when deadlines stare her in the face. Then general panic sets in and Gail takes up her habit of early morning studying. Although she tends to dream, she is sensitive to those around her; she is aware of their moods and brings laughter or understanding whenever they are needed. Gail is impressionable. New ideas, however, rarely stay with her if they do not coincide with her own precise way of thinking. Her logic defies all rules other than her own. Gail is cosmopolitan in both her thoughts and actions, adapting herself suitably to almost any situation.

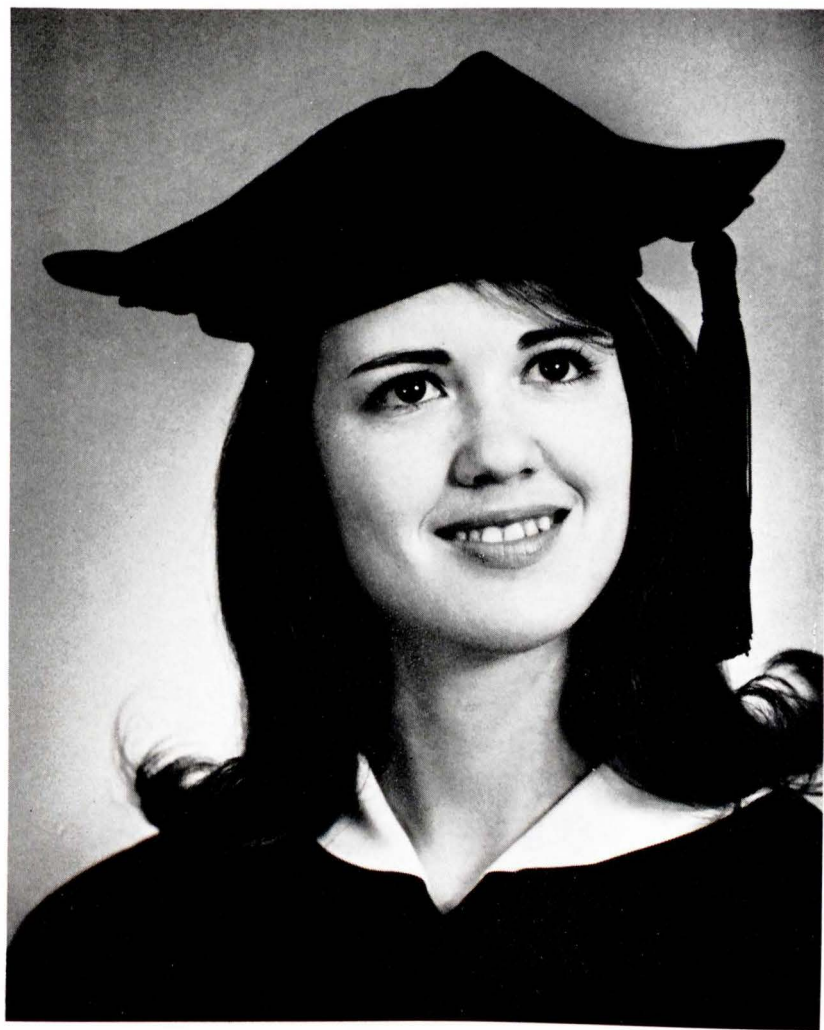
KATHIE BUDAR

KATHIE has formulated an enviable mode of living. She combines an active life with a meditative existence. Although claiming she sometimes acts like Lucy from *Peanuts*, Kathie tends mostly to surround herself with the hustle-bustle of physical doings and intellectual activity, allowing little time for complaints.

Art History is foremost in Kathie's pursuits—the Classical, Renaissance, or Expressionist periods being her favorite subjects of conversation and studies. Lost in the excitement of museums and art galleries, the DeYoung Museum is naturally one of her favorite spots in the Bay Area. Kathie's hopes draw her to work with the arts as an art librarian—in a “famous (or even not so famous) museum.”

When Kathie is not literally poured over an art book, she enjoys the simplicity of nature in a number of different fashions. Touring the numerable local wineries, riding horseback and water skiing are all first on the placard of her pastimes. When Kathie is outdoors, wearing a suede jacket and letting her long hair fall free, her eyes, usually hidden under a pair of sunglasses, search the surroundings for all that is beautifully unusual. About nature, Kathie is romantic.

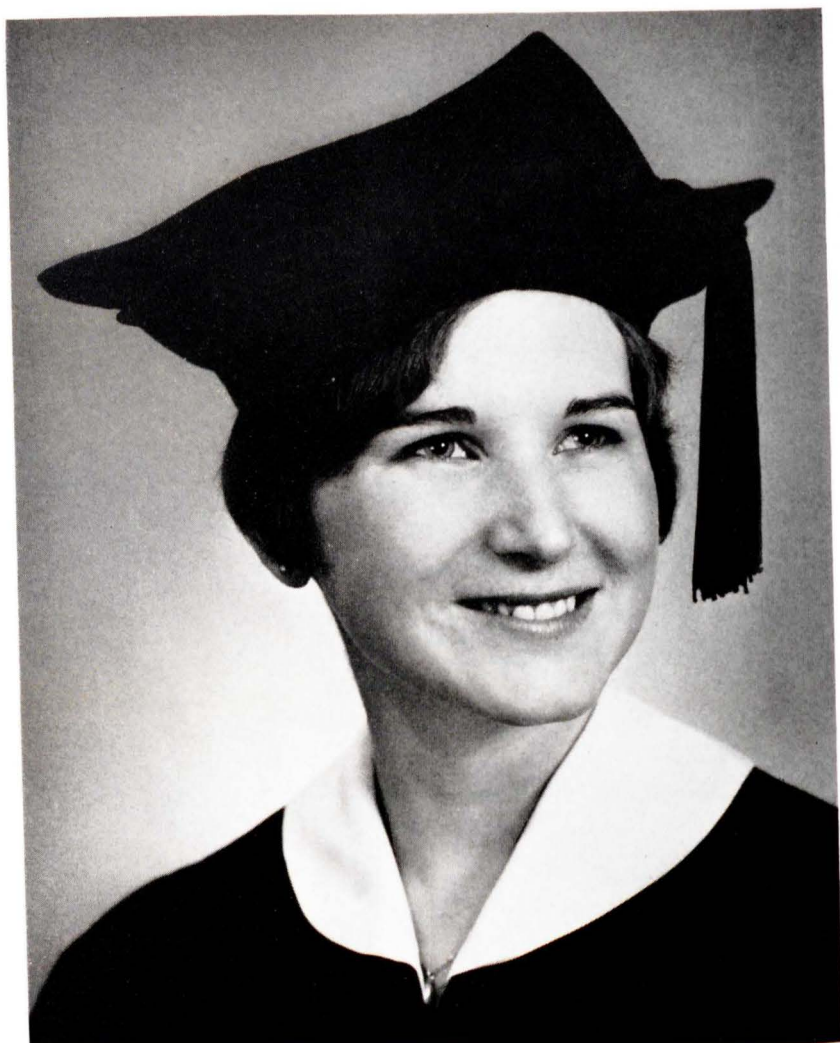
Along with this blend of art and the out-doors is Kathie's keen perception of life's values. These are the elements which enable her to surpass the already high goals she has set for herself.



KATHLEEN ANNE BUDAR
San Rafael, California

MAJOR: ART HISTORY
MINOR: ENGLISH

Transferred from Fresno State College '65



PAMELA BUTLER
Hayward, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH
MINOR: FRENCH

Gamma Sigma
French Honor Society
Meadowlark Assistant Editor '66

Firebrand Staff '67
Music Club '64
SCTA '66

PAMELA BUTLER

SOMETIMES serious yet mocking, sometimes sad yet funny, Pam sees a world disheveled as her dresser drawers, disgruntled as her early morning disposition. As she expounds her theory of a gastro-centric universe, she intimates that she is a somewhat casual and amused observer of life. Her wry sense of humor encourages her to scoff at and to spurn excessive attachment to material objects. Pam is indifferent to popular fashion and current events. She prefers the company of Dante or Chaucer to the diversion offered by a best-seller.

Impatient with the time-consuming details of everyday living, Pam will procrastinate whenever possible. She is more thinker than doer, though she scorns the circumlocutions of philosophy. A chronic insomniac, Pam spends her nights contemplating "elementalism." She is disdainful of the superfluous, likes candy, children and camping. Ill at ease at formal functions, she most enjoys herself when outdoors swimming, playing volleyball or ping-pong, or simply strolling bemusedly for half an hour before sunset.

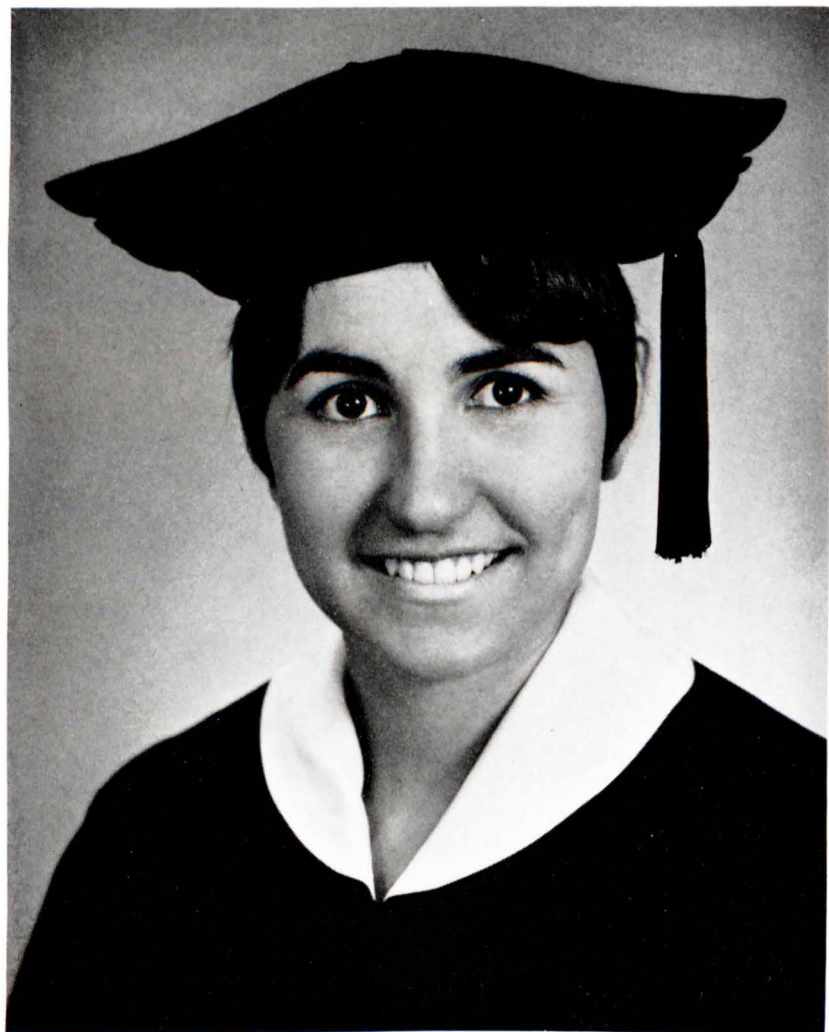
Pam accepts people wholeheartedly and unconditionally though she is loathe to openly admit any affection. With characteristic irony, she claims her best friends are books. More probably, her friendships are a part of her search for challenge. She delights whenever she finds it, be it in people or ideas.

KATHY CANLIS

KATHY is a perfect argument against stereotyping according to first impressions. Her obvious inclinations mask an assortment of one-hundred-and-one subterranean interests. From the circus to ballet, Willie Mays to Jane Austen, the Mamas and the Papas to Rachmaninov, Kathy's appreciations range as widely as her capabilities. She likes the Caprice, antiques, and books with grubby leather covers as positively as she loathes bank statements, Doris Day and "all Republicans."

Kathy's taste in clothes and furnishings is as simple as it is elegant. Perhaps this sense of the aristocratic stimulates her fascination for the histories of European monarchies. Yet as history is allied to current events, Kathy's refinement is allied to her versatility. She enjoys the Fleur de Lys but is also delighted in Blum's; she warms to Robert Frost but is stimulated by John Updike and Evelyn Waugh.

Well known for her sharp satire, both political and personal, Kathy is as critical as she is witty. The excitement of a "wild, yelling argument" frequently elicits a piercing analysis and an offer, perhaps not wholly in jest, to replace Dean Rusk. Kathy's intellectual self-confidence makes her a formidable opponent, but argumentation may yield to the simpler enjoyments of cooking, knitting and, during her favorite season, decorating Christmas trees. She might mask her sensitivity with cynicism but she still cherishes the wonder of a little girl's admiration for her father.



KATHRYN ANN CANLIS

Stockton, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

Gamma Sigma
Freshman Class Adviser '66
Executive Board '66
Student Affairs Board '66

Community Service '64
Carillon Staff '65
Meadowlark Assistant Editor '66
Firebrand Staff '67



PAULA ELIZABETH CAVANAGH
Vallejo, California

MAJOR: HISTORY
MINOR: ENGLISH

Gamma Sigma
Student Body Secretary '65
Student Body Vice-President '67
Class President '66

Class Secretary '64
Executive Board '65, '66, '67
Student Affairs Board '67
Italian Club '64

PAULA CAVANAGH

IT IS IMPROBABLE that Ben Jonson would have found Paula a fit character for one of his plays—she is far from being a “stock character.” Paula constantly rises above all the foibles of humanity and effortlessly exhibits her extraordinary qualities in ordinary occurrences from day to day. Because her colleagues recognize this unwonted quality, Paula is chosen to represent. Although one of the “elect,” she is also an intrinsic part of the group for whom she speaks—the idealistic voice and the realistic leader.

Slight but sharp, Paula possesses in small compass a gift for directness. She intuits the essentials of a situation and asserts them resolutely, but never without a touch of the laughable. The same straightforwardness explains why she usually has the answers while her contemporaries are still attempting to figure out the problem.

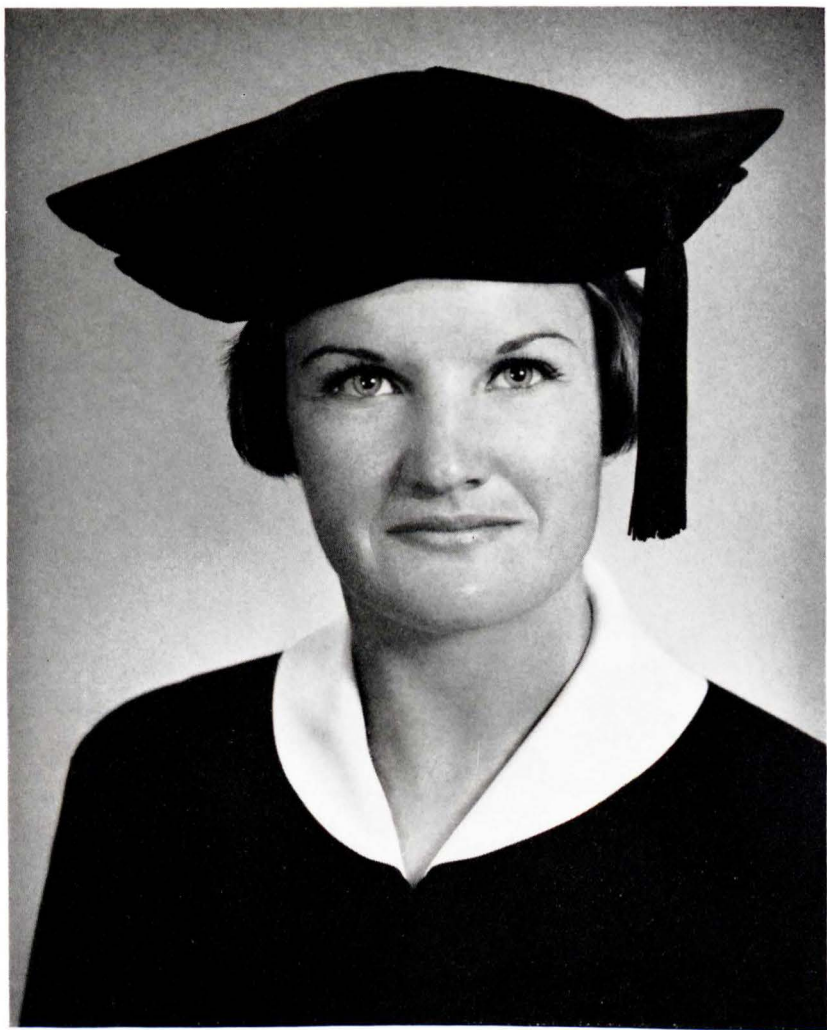
Paula is not amazed at the continual stream of honors and awards she receives because she has put forth every effort in their attainment. What is most refreshing is that humility with which she acknowledges them. Paula’s acceptance of herself is typified by the nightly care she devotes to her omnipresent “kinks” and in the good-natured manner with which she accepts her friends’ solutions for straight-haired beauty. Paula has accurately computed the mathematical odds for the occurrence of curly bangs in foggy and misty weather—ten chances out of nine.

ELAINA doesn't pretend to be a mastermind; other people just seem to be convinced of it. Her versatility defies anything short of a straightforward list of her achievements. From establishing the Dominican crew to giving dimension to the SAB, in racing the slopes, sewing a hostess skirt or harmonizing with the Ten-Fold, Elaina is a self-starter. If she is in love with life, it is because she creates it all around her.

Elaina is misunderstood. She is not a remote, misty-eyed idealist. She wishes that she could be; but the sharps and flats of experience have taught her that it will never be so. She has a critic's eye for life, and a wit to carefully match it. She greets life with "why's?". She instinctively prefers that which must be analyzed to that which says everything for itself.

Elaina's life is a study in metamorphosis. The scholar turns philosopher, then sociologist, then jester; the sweatshirt-and-cut-offs sportswoman becomes the *Iolanthe* prince, and emerges the feminine but tailored sophisticate. Beneath the change, her continuity bespeaks patterns but never conventionalisms.

There are no corners in Elaina's world. Everyone and everything belong in its center. She simultaneously moves within its whirlpool and without, involved and yet objective. All things she touches gently with the subtle laughter and sadness of her Celtic disposition.



ELAINA MICHELLE CECIL

Los Angeles, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Student Affairs Board President '67

Class President '65

House Chairman '64

Executive Board '65, '67

Community Service '64, '66

Crew '67

Ten-Fold '64, '65, '66, '67

Iolanthe



MRS. PATRICIA ESTES CLAYWORTH

Ross, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Transferred from Stockton College

MRS. PATRICIA ESTES CLAYWORTH

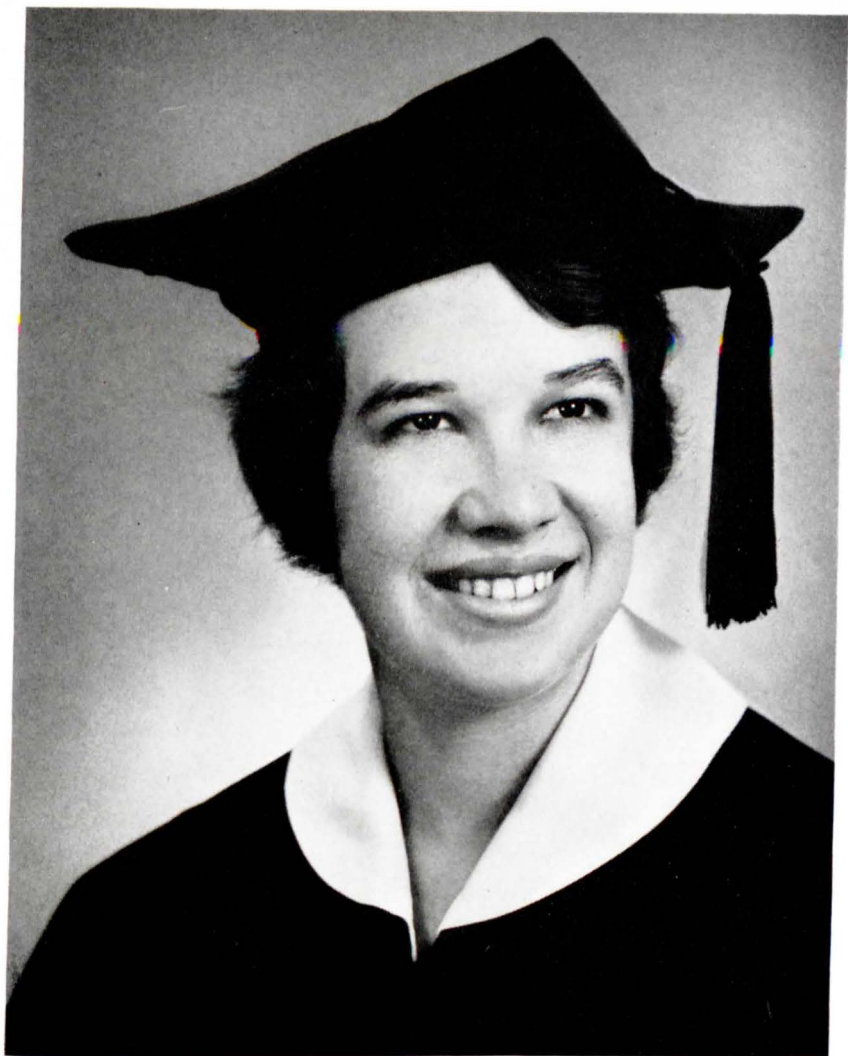
GREEN plaid coat, straw basket, and rapid deliberate steps catch the essence. Although older than her classmates in years, in spirit and energy she keeps pace with the most active of them. The only hint of an age difference is revealed in her desire for “the good old days when music was music.” Her easy laugh and sparkling eyes conceal from most people the many businesses of her life. With the willing assistance of her three young daughters, she somehow manages to meet a hectic schedule of cooking, sewing, ironing, and PTA meetings—in addition to working on completing college. Yet no matter how many things are overdue or undone, she can always take time to smile warmly or to sit in the Commons and chat. A rare afternoon to herself would find her wandering through antique shops, walking along the beach, or working in her garden.

Mrs. Clayworth is a person of downright practicality motivated by large dreams. Experience has sharpened her wit and shown her the ironies and realities of life. She prefers people who are open-minded, positive, and well-read, having no room in her life for the overly-dogmatic or petty. Determined to make the best of any situation, she seems to know what she wants and where she is going. When asked what the future holds for her, she answers in a pragmatic tone: “It will be happy because I will make it so!” And she will.

EDIE is possessive when it comes to other people's problems. She snatches them away and makes them her own: one simply relinquishes them knowing full well that she will become more than vicariously involved. Edie is a friend in joy as well as in woe. But she is not one-sided; she is not wholly a paragon of virtue. Inclined to cry when overly happy or sad, she sighs prodigiously, is prone to fits of self-criticism, is excessively fond of security objects such as pillows, and periodically escapes into a haze of day-dreams and hero-worship.

Her ambition is to have an extended conversation with Dante in the after-world—he is her major hero. Realizing that one must have a goal in this life, Edie pursues the good things of life found in San Francisco: culture and cuisine. She also pursues literature with an equal appetite and treats a novel like a personal letter from a friend—shedding tears or laughing as the situation warrants. The fact that she seeks the elusive and ambiguous term “happiness” does not make her unique, but occasionally her approach does.

Fearing “to be a waste,” Edie labors to achieve perfection. Accordingly she admires great things and people; yet she is as enthusiastic about the monumental as she is about the trivial anecdotes supplied by her friends. One feels a sense of importance after sharing an experience with Edie when she looks from her knitting and exclaims with a smile: “You’re kidding!”

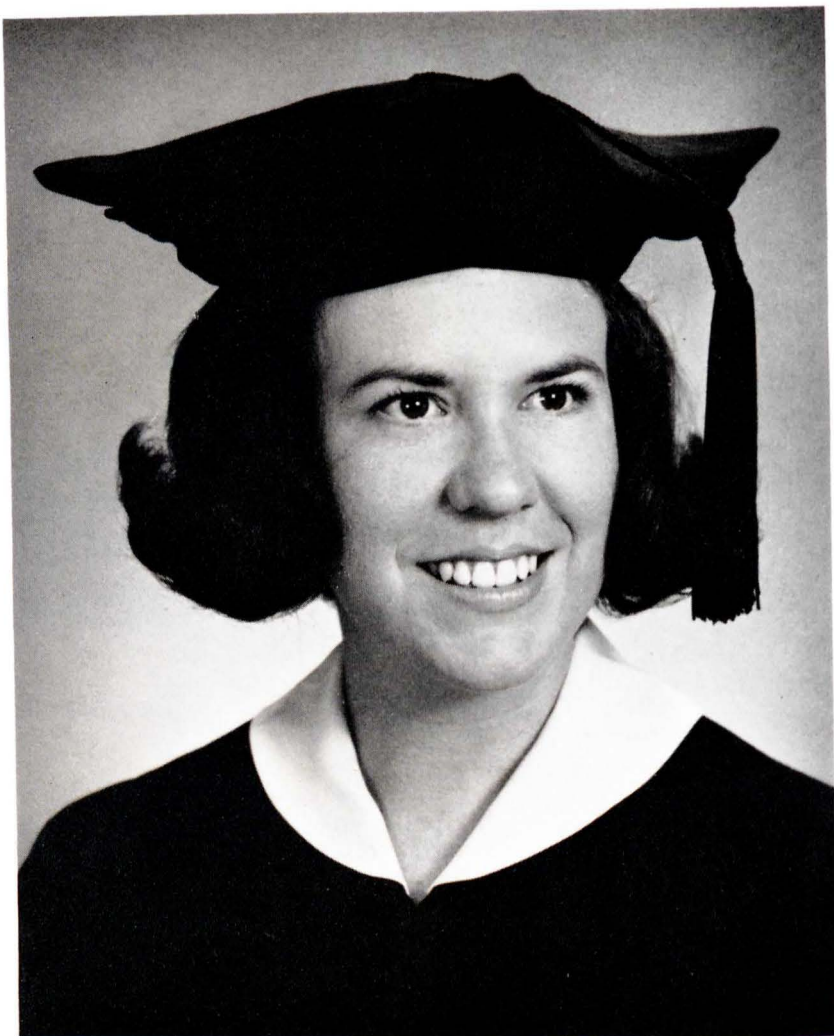


EDITH MARY COLT
Hughson, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH
MINOR: HISTORY

Community Service '64
Firebrand Staff '67

Music Club '66
SCTA '65, '67



JOANNE ELIZABETH CONNORS

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

CONCENTRATION: AMERICAN LITERATURE

MINOR: HISTORY

Transferred from San Francisco College for Women '64

Carillon Staff '66

Firebrand Staff '67

SCTA '67

W.A.A. Board '67

JOANNE CONNORS

WITH GREAT ZEST Joanne attacks the newest challenge but her enthusiasm ebbs after the initial novelty wears off. To become proficient in archery at one time seemed all important, but now her bow and arrow stand unused in the corner. Mosaics and oils also for a time held her fancy. Yet, contrasting with the brevity of her passing whims is the loyalty she gives her friends, an allegiance of which she never tires because of its utmost sincerity. Her loyalties, too, extend to the animal world where, in particular, she loves and takes great pride in Marski, her beautiful Samoyed Husky. More generally, as a lover of horses and an accomplished horsewoman, she dreams of one day owning her own mount.

In music, clothes, and jewelry, Joanne has discriminating taste, a penchant for jade and for ornaments of unusual design. The color pink, prominent in her wardrobe, suggests her irrational inclination to giggle at most trivial occasions. Her singular white plastic raincoat, however, evidences nothing more than her disposition to remain unsoaked.

Although Joanne enjoys participating in a jest, life is not all laughter. She can be serious and even melancholy, but such moods are quickly dispelled when a friend appears for counsel. Joanne is always a sympathetic listener with an abundance of common sense; and her generosity is as unswerving as her friendship.

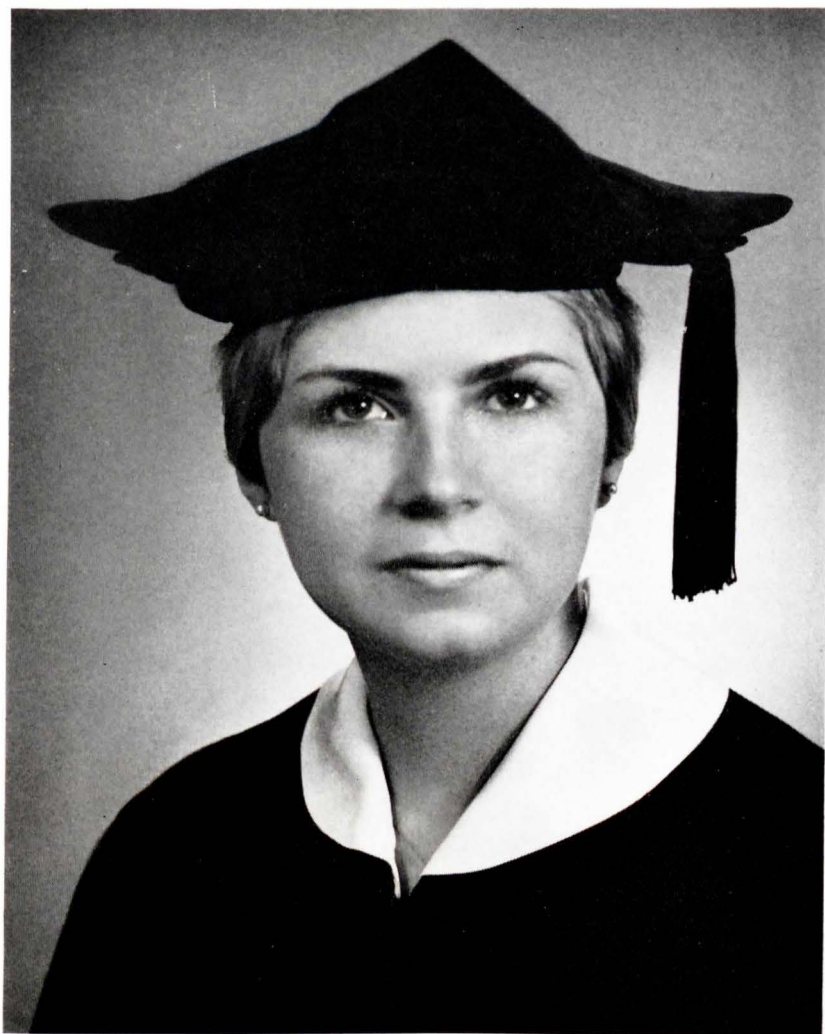
JANE O'DEA COOK

WHITE socks and keds, an impish face, and an occasional display of irrational anger and tears suggest the girl in Jane; velvet and lace, determined actions, sincere loyalty to friends, and a profound love for children show another, deeper side.

Talking is Jane's favorite pastime. One will not ordinarily find her in her room during the afternoon hours, for it is then that she shares the conversations of others, and their lives. People are quick to recognize that she can listen as well as talk. But Jane is not all quiet-seriousness by far. She can bring on hilarity with stories about her ten siblings, her uncoordinated hands, and her "wonder car."

Stable in attitudes, opinions and behavior, Jane even dresses with a constant flair—flowered prints, pearls, Chanel #5 and Lady Bug pins. Jane studies, reads, socializes and plays on schedule. She hardly deviates from her pattern, preferring order to the haphazard.

Jane needs people. She appreciates the opinion of others, but prefers to rely upon herself. Gregarious by nature, she enjoys a group, especially of good friends, around her. Jane prefers to be a follower rather than a leader. She can be entrusted with any responsibility, but she undertakes only those she knows she will be able to accomplish. Because Jane expects unpretentiousness and sincerity in others, and demands it of herself, she follows a self-made and unmistakably individual style.

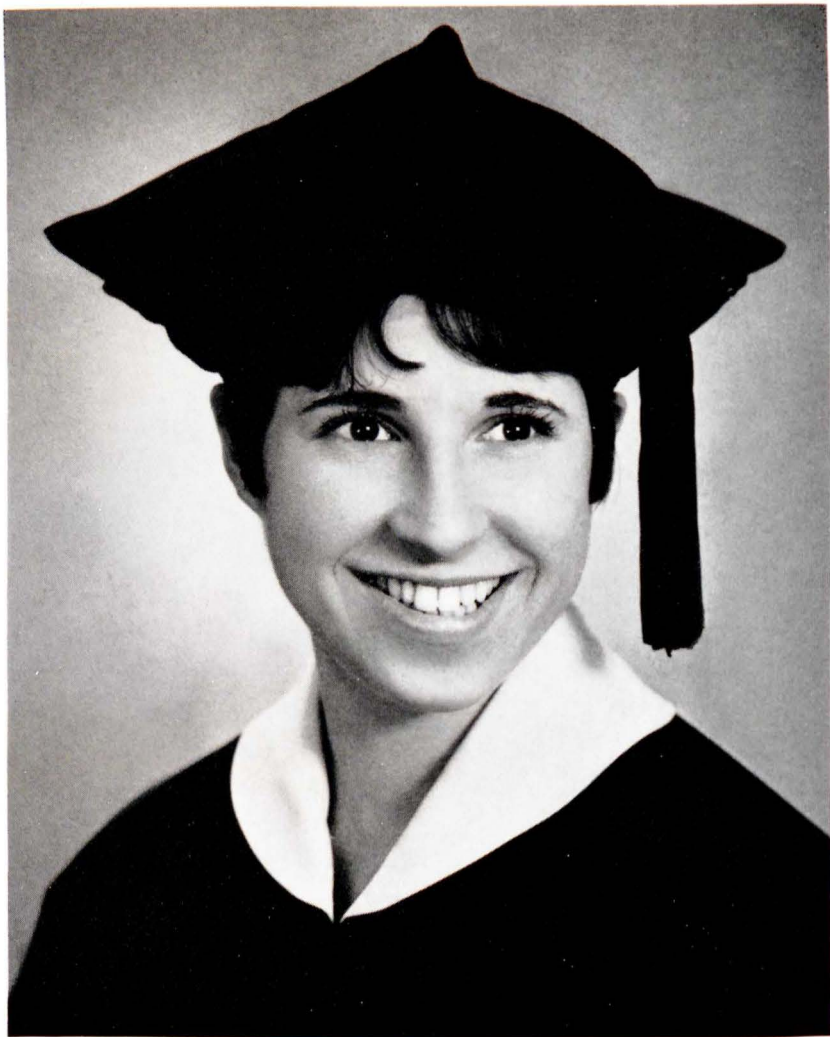


JANE O'DEA COOK
Sacramento, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION
CONCENTRATION: AMERICAN LITERATURE
MINOR: HISTORY

Community Service '64, '66

Irish Club '64, '65, '66, '67



AIDA TORONI CORDANO

Reno, Nevada

MAJOR: ENGLISH
MINOR: PHILOSOPHY

Gamma Sigma
Club Co-ordinator '66
House Chairman '65
Executive Board '66
Carillon Staff '65
Meadowlark Associate Editor '66
Firebrand Staff '66, '67
Associate Editor '67

Literary Club '67
Round Table '65, '67
Science Club '66, '67
Spanish Club '64, '65
W.A.A. Board '66

AIDA CORDANO

THE JACQUES of the English department, perhaps. True, Aida is tinged with melancholic humor, but there are still more clown qualities, more laughter than sighs. Although tarred with a questioning philosophic mind, she has little tendency to see "sermons in stones, books in the running brooks." Aida is no brooding contemplative, but rather an active scholar, a wielder of influence, a major contributor to campus publications and a sports enthusiast. It is to her credit that she is thought of as both a doer and a thinker. She prefers thought-work: philosophy and psychology books, "thick, classical literature" and poetry, especially by Gerard Manley Hopkins. But her likes are strong and numerous and by no means centered in libraries. She likes bright colors, people who can make her laugh, lots of sunshine and bright skies—or, in winter, mountains and snow, warm blankets and gallons of hot chocolate. There is also the bright awry world of Marc Chagall and the world of music—most any music.

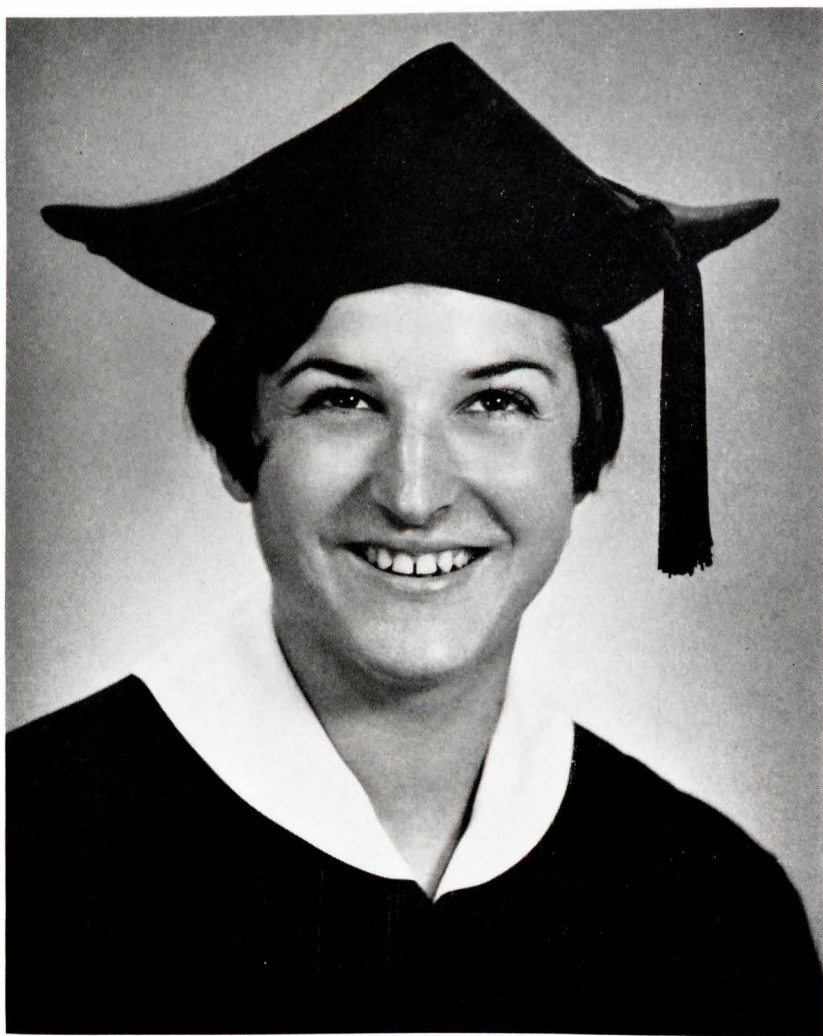
Aida can do so much, think so much, because she keeps impossible hours and seldom sleeps. Relaxation is a change of course, not of pace. "Anything that presents a thought-challenge or exhibits the creative faculty of man thoroughly spellbinds me," she says. And, Aida, in her own way, is something of a spellbinder, and perhaps especially when she is chortling over and loving the world with levity.

HELEN DEBERNARDI

HELEN is proof that western graciousness is no myth. Whether counseling at summer camps, helping at St. Vincent's, singing in the Ten-Fold or in a mere chance greeting on campus, Helen offers warmth and friendliness. Hers is a nature at once genial and direct; behind the spacious sunnyness of manner one senses strength of character and soundness of judgment.

Helen rightly loves the West and in summers there are ranches and rodeos, cowboys and country fairs. Each fall, though, when Helen returns to campus the westernness is temporarily replaced by her full appreciation of San Francisco and cultural activities. She has the capacity of being at ease wherever she is. She is equally comfortable at home sewing for her nieces as studying in her Pennafort room beneath her thoroughly cluttered bulletin board—at all times wearing her delicate 4-H wristwatch and heirloom emerald ring.

John Steinbeck best exemplifies Helen's outlook: she sees life in terms of what she has experienced immediately. She is wary of passing judgment on people or situations she does not personally know. Her inherent prudence can be seen in her cautious interest in politics: despite the demands of her minor, Helen refuses to disclose her political affiliations. She steers clear of the controversial and deems her friendships most enduring when based on the incontrovertible—life, people, and fresh, wholesome milk.



HELEN ANN DeBERNARDI

Santa Maria, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

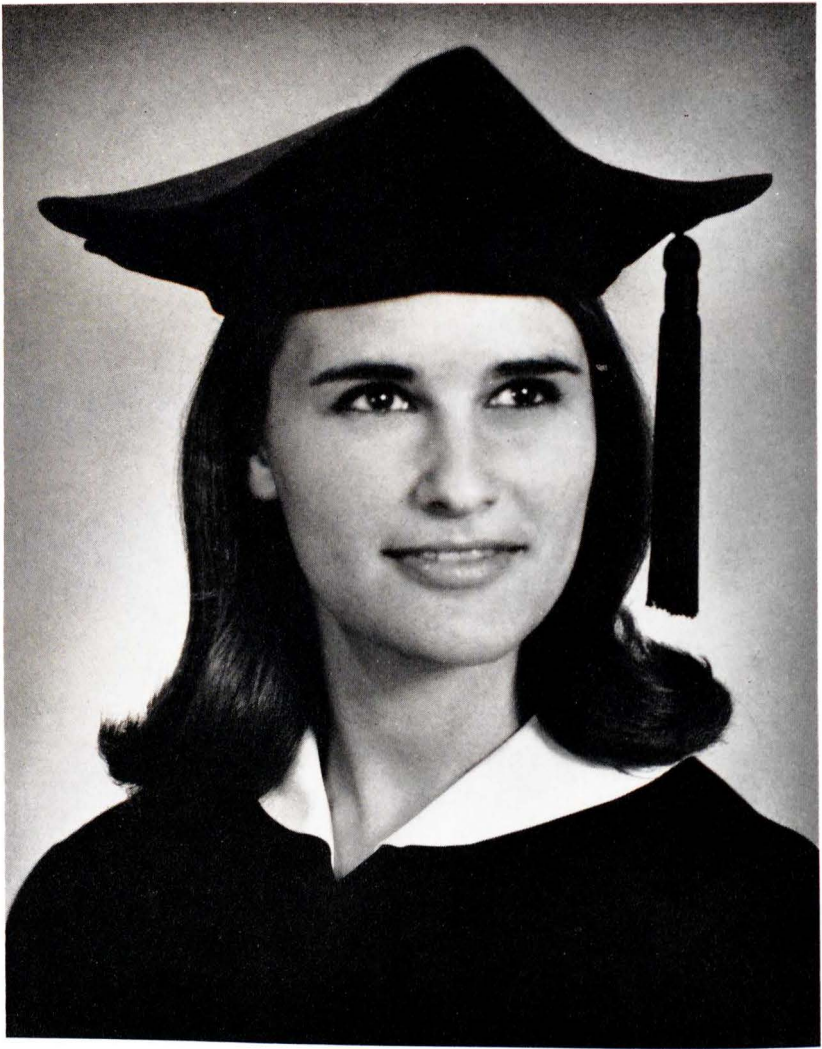
Community Service '65, '66, '67

Music Club '66

Schola '64, '65, '66, '67

SCTA '66, '67

Ten-Fold '64, '65, '66, '67



DELILAH DELUCHI
Stockton, California
MAJOR: ART HISTORY
MINOR: BIOLOGY

DELILAH DELUCHI

NOTHING passes without Delilah noticing it. Her careful manner of observing things is usually disguised behind a semblance of nonchalance; but you know that she is a girl with her eyes very much open to the world, for she looks for surprises in places that no one else would dream of, and discovers treasures that no one else could. She appreciates with the sensitivity of an artist, and possesses the ability of the artist to express what she has discovered. She loves the out-of-doors, and is delighted by its plain beauty which corresponds to her own simplicity. She is quietly neat and feminine, with ribbons and Lady Bug pins.

Delilah has energy which cannot be bottled up. She comes decked out in tennies and blue jeans. Coordinated, agile, perhaps even a little tomboyish, she loves walking and bicycling, and relishes the clean open air and freshness of sailing.

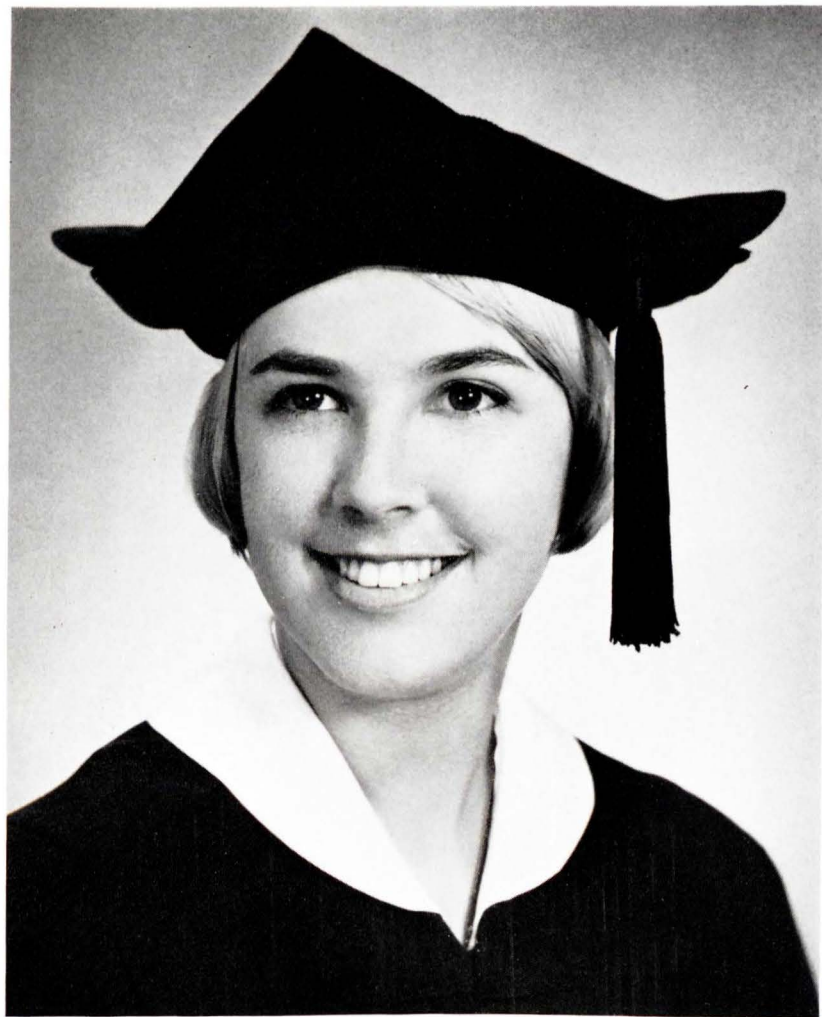
Delilah seems quiet, and she is. She is self-contained, with an air of cheerful satisfaction and not one of aloofness. She prefers a group of friends to a social gathering, would rather discuss your problems than her own. What she has to say is usually frank, always sensible, and told with an economy of words and a quiet wit. No one who knows her would not wish to know her better.

MAUREEN DONOVAN

A VERY SMALL fireball, Mo has more energy when she is exhausted than most people do when they are invigorated. Whatever the mysterious source of her energy, she takes no pains to conserve it. Generous with her hours, she still manages to patch together pieces of left-over time to work with emotionally disturbed children and participate in Amigos Anonymous. She has a talent for organization, which for her is a liberating force, a method by which resources are most efficiently utilized. She is forever organizing—parties, studies and work.

Mo's energy cannot help but spend itself in all directions at once. Usually, it engulfs her friends first, as she becomes involved in your problems, your friends' problems, your acquaintances' problems, and the-world-at-large's problems. There's always a sufficient supply of power left over for activities—for Mo is a sportswoman who delights in the outdoors: sunning, swimming, camping and skiing down the wind-blown, snow-piled slopes.

Mo's enchantment with whatever surrounds her accounts for her numerous projects which turn out with amazing success. Even academically, her excitement could never be contained by seventeen hours of class a week. She cannot be content with passive placement in contemporary life; her ambition is to create her own position as a young lady very much committed within her own times.



MAUREEN KATHERINE DONOVAN
San Rafael, California
MAJOR: HISTORY
MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY
Gamma Sigma



ROSEMARY FIGONE
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH
MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Student Affairs Board Treasurer '66
Social Committee '66, '67
Publicity Committee '66
Community Service '65
Meadowlark Business Manager '66

Firebrand Staff '67
Italian Club '64
Madrigal '64
SCTA '66, '67
Ceremony of Carols

ROSEMARY FIGONE

ROSEMARY is colorful, elusive, impenetrable, and at times, maddening. She is inconstant; everything about her is in a state of flux. She continually changes her mind, her mood and her clothes. She is quicksilver. Rosemary is femininity to her fingertips; yet the girl who hostesses a formal dinner party is equally within her bounds attempting touch football. Enjoyment of the lavish does not obviate her appreciation of the simple. Although she is generally effervescent and happy, Rosemary's mood can range from the ecstatic to utter despondency within a ten minute span. Her face, which is extremely animated and expressive, reflects the mercurial quality of her nature—and, something, too, of her Italian heritage with its ultimate warmth and depth.

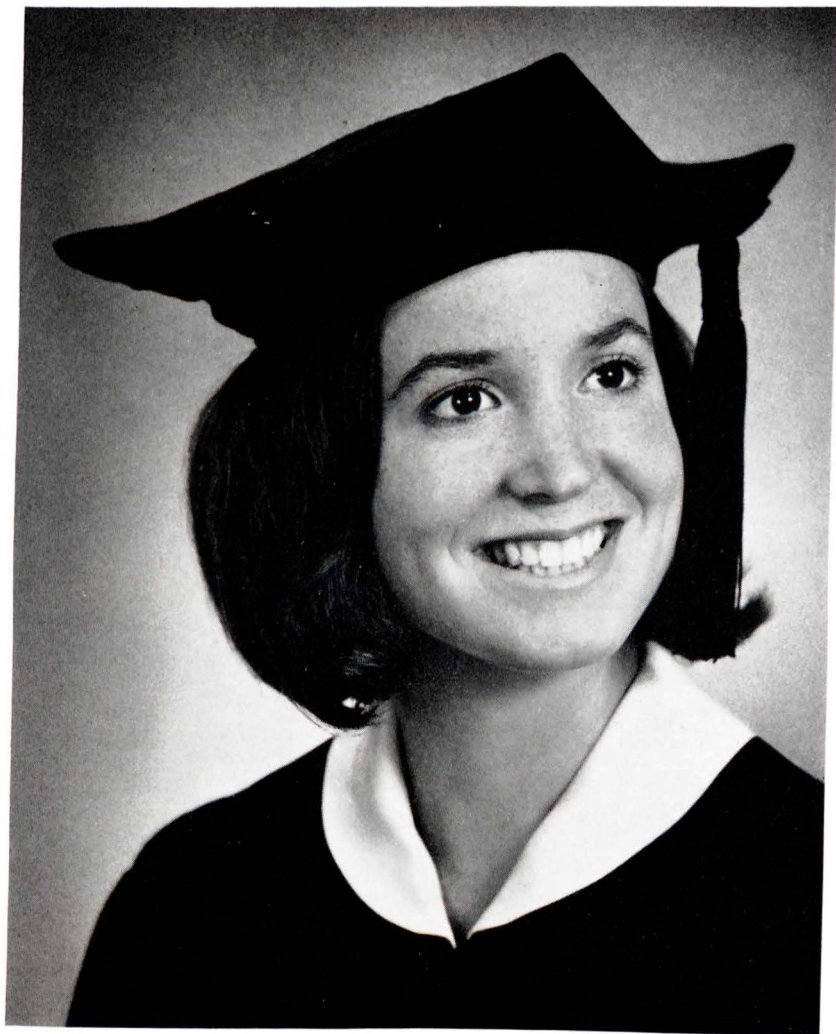
Although Rosemary is essentially graceful, she is completely and unutterably unathletic. Tiny bones combined with muscles of marshmallow render unlikely any sport more strenuous than bridge—but even to this there are exceptions. A will-o'-the-wisp, yet she possesses definite personal convictions and a strong sense of loyalty and duty. Fascinated with people, their differences and attitudes, she makes innumerable friends. She is poised and easily and delightfully caught up in the moment's equilibrium. "A creature of infinite variety," there is in her something of Cleopatra, much of Millamant.

SHEILA GIANNINI

SHEILA looks at the world through a telescope. Everything that she sees or hears is magnified by her perceptive artistic sensitivity. Sheila may not understand the intricacies of either, but the simple beauty of a fall leaf moves her as does a Mahler symphony. Her strong desire and ability to become engulfed in everything that she experiences is not, however, limited to the aesthetic. Rugged sports, gardening, and a great deal of socializing are indulged in with her typical riotous energy. There will always be another slope to descend, an individual to meet; Sheila's philosophy will not allow her to wait. Her impetuous nature refuses to permit things to happen by accident. She searches for excitement, and when she cannot find it, she creates her own.

Sheila is bossa nova—quieting, yet disquieting, somewhat sentimental, and in constant motion. The world around her captures her artistic spirit; little children totally disarm her. Her drive has impelled her to discover in the first person the places that have always beckoned to her—especially Europe. A deep love for her Italian ancestry (and huge family dinners) has furthered her hopes of returning for a fourth time to the land of the Medici and mountains.

It seems the only things which can upset her equanimity are fizzy beverages, ghost stories, ascending escalators and not being able to paint what she feels. What does she feel? Only an insatiable drive to live.



SHEILA GIANNINI
Hillsborough, California

MAJOR: ART
MINOR: ITALIAN

Community Service '66
Firebrand Staff '67

Italian Club '64
Ten-Fold '64, '65, '66, '67



VIVIEN MARGARET GNEKOW
Stockton, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION
CONCENTRATION: AMERICAN LITERATURE
MINOR: FRENCH

French Honor Society
Community Service '64, '65
Meadowlark Assistant Editor '66
Firebrand Staff '66, '67

Camera Club '65
French Club '65
SCTA '66, '67
Vice-President '67

VIVIEN GNEKOW

VIVIEN's personality has as many facets as her latest rotating make-up stand has chemical miracles. She is a complex of antithetical tendencies—typified by the strife between her Viviane Woodard make-up and its neighboring cleanser. Her orderliness, evidenced in the regimentation of her cosmetics, clothes, and numerous accoutrements down to her Tara brooch, are at odds with an imagination which thrives on Dr. Seuss and Irish superstitions.

An American Civilization major, Vivien's interests focus in particular on modern jazz and abstract art. Yet, mocking herself for sentimentality, she often escapes to the world of Jessie Orton Jones' *Secrets* and the love poems of Sara Teasdale. Her friendly, deep understanding helps protect her from loneliness, and contributes to her desire to teach the handicapped.

Vivien's changing mood may be adapted to a deserted beach or a crowded dance flood. Though she may inadvertently converse while daydreaming, an involvement in politics often issues in lively debate. Vivien's endeavor to "sell" her political leanings stems from the same pride which would hang a map of Ireland over the dresser of a Swiss roommate.

Although a sense of independence prompts Vivien's desire to hitchhike through Southern France, the sacrifice of routine coffee, the morning paper, and an inability to pack a suitcase smaller than a trunk might well deter her from extensive travel.

PETITE GRAY

MISNAMED from the start, Petite is tall and loosely draped. As her eyes become wider and her hands gesture more wildly, she reminds you of someone out of a Punch and Judy show. But in real life, it is Petite who does all of the manipulating. What Petite's organizational skill does not accomplish, her limitless enthusiasm will—and her eagerness and assurance are catching. Anyone who can appear to enjoy working in Caleruega nearly as much as vocalizing at the Red Garter must be spirited!

When rare moments of spare time appear in her schedule, Petite is too stunned to do anything but simply enjoy it. She is a ready fourth for bridge and a willing conversationalist on any topic from her last-summer's vacation in the East to what *really* goes into mystery meat. To see her vividly come to life, inquire about the newcomer to her family. She becomes young all over again as she animatedly imitates the antics of her baby sister.

Petite's hair is obvious. It is the final touch to her character of sophistication; on the other hand, it qualifies her for her memorable part as Michel in the Mamas and Papas. Her style and appearance seem to have come from the cover of *Glamour*. She is a pacesetter in taste, advocating warm colors and feminine refinement. What strikes you first and what you remember last about Petite is her elegance as a lady.



PETITE MARIE GRAY

San Diego, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: ART HISTORY

Class President '67
Class Vice-President '66
Executive Board '67

Social Committee '66
Community Service '65, '66



RUTH JO GUAJARDO

Pittsburg, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: SPANISH

Carillon Staff '64
Spanish Club '64, '67
President '67

Doña Rosita

RUTH GUAJARDO

RUTH impresses you as being unescapably enigmatic. She is quiet, something of a philosopher, and essentially a discriminating nonconformist. Common thought and accepted opinion will never sway her away from seeking her own understanding. Her exterior nonchalance does not entirely conceal her quiet delight in life; nor does it impede her ability to organize and carry a project through to completion. Ruth enjoys working: but it is because she enjoys working with people.

There is something inside of Ruth that will not be kept in, that must find its way out. She is an artist, in the sense that she has a burden to communicate. As the mood strikes her, she will find vent for her self-expressiveness in piano, drama, or creative dancing. If she prefers not to reveal herself, she will quietly absorb the world while hiding behind a leisurely pastime like sewing.

Ruth has a sense of humor which will not fail, even in situations considered black and hopeless. To look at her, you would not suspect that she is a collector of *any* handy object. Everything will eventually find its usefulness, from her many stuffed rabbits to her abundant assortment of old wife's tales.

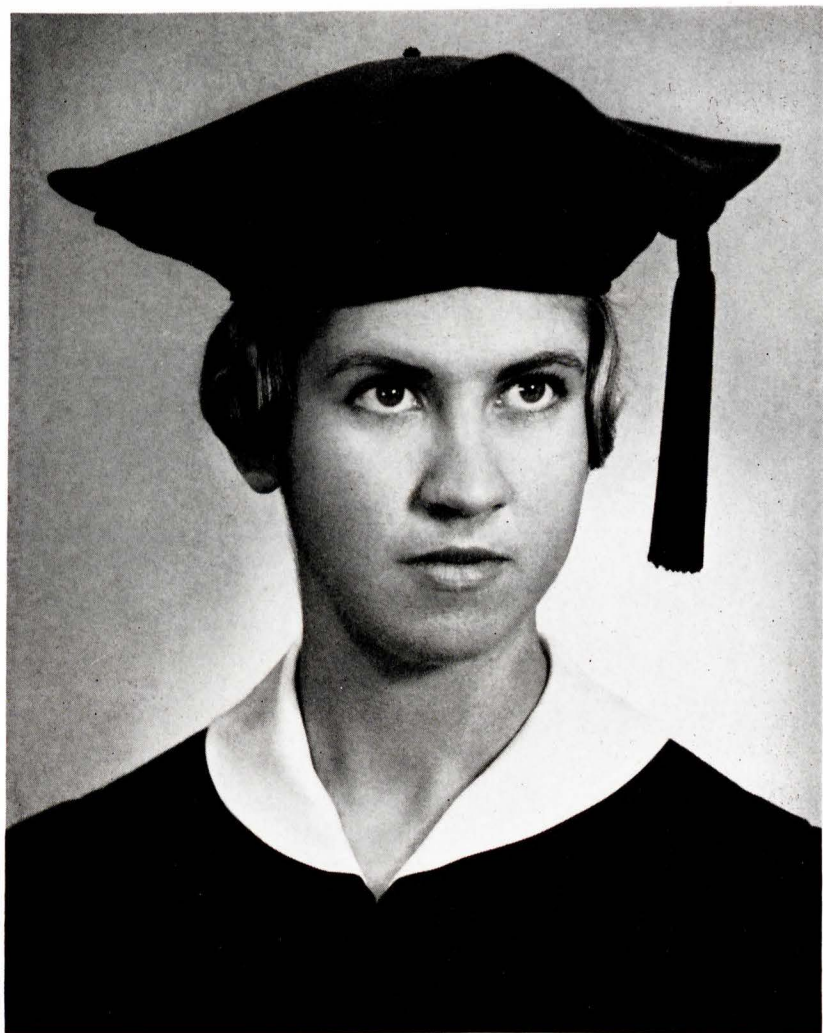
Ruth elects to take the world straight on. Her outlook is simple; her response to competition is eagerness tempered with sensible caution. Her world will never be narrowed by absolutes; for her, things are neither good nor bad, but come in varying degrees of better and best.

MARY GUHEEN

FOR MARY, like Maria, the hills are alive with the sound of music, but her hills are mountains—the Grand Tetons of Wyoming. She spends her summers in these mountains and her winters dreaming about them. She is old fashioned and proud of it; loving the outdoors and family life, Mary longs for the day when she will be a permanent resident of Wyoming and a busy wife and mother. She is completely feminine and will never be content until her time is occupied with ten year olds, toothaches, and pigtails.

Although Mary is internally romantic, she is externally practical. She possesses an abundance of common sense and often there is a very fine line between her confirmed convictions and just plain stubbornness. Her moods may vary but her principles never. She can amaze you with her mature attitude only to amuse you in the next instance with her child-like simplicity.

Feminine as Mary is, she cultivates a native bent toward the mechanical; she can change a tire with ease, fix an electric coffee pot, mend the steam iron. Independent as she thus is, Mary is, however, smart enough to blush and feign helplessness if it is to her advantage to be coy. Yet, Mary is basically honest with people. In fact, she values honesty above all other virtues, which should not surprise us in one who loves and seeks the brisk air of the mountains.



MARY BARBARA GUHEEN
Sacramento, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION
CONCENTRATION: SOCIAL SCIENCES

Firebrand Staff '67
French Club '64
Music Club '66

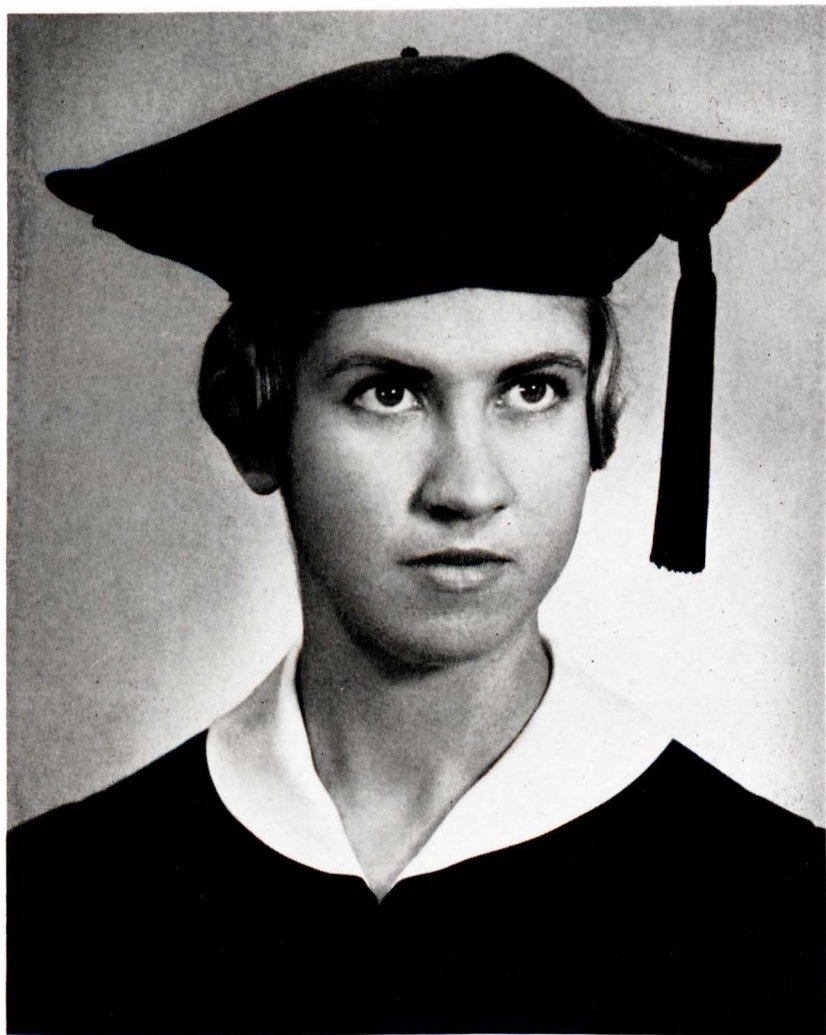
Schola '66, '67
Ceremony of Carols
Iolanthe

MARY GUHEEN

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MARY BARBARA GUHEEN

Sacramento, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

CONCENTRATION: SOCIAL SCIENCES

Firebrand Staff '67

French Club '64

Music Club '66

Schola '66, '67

Ceremony of Carols

Iolanthe



EMILY BURNS GUTTMAN

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: SPANISH

Transferred from College of Marin '65

EMILY BURNS GUTTMAN

A WIFE, a member of Marin Society of Artists, a sufficiently serious citizen, a student, and traveller—all this and yet as her friends say, “Lindy” (for that is what they call her) possesses an element of the zany—the “nutty.” Questioning, one finds that she is always happy, likes to do crazy things, is addicted to living; she wants to get the most out of everything.

Thus far, it would appear that she has done just that. She has travelled: New Zealand, Australia, the islands of the Pacific; she has made a cultural trek through Europe, has honeymooned in Hawaii. She has become one of those cosmopolitan persons who is as much at home at “La Grita” in distant little Portofino as at Alexis’ in neighboring San Francisco.

And crazy things? Well, she likes driving with top down as the snow falls; she swims in fountains and waterfalls; she drives sports cars in Monte Carlo. And she is married to a man with the same temperament as herself.

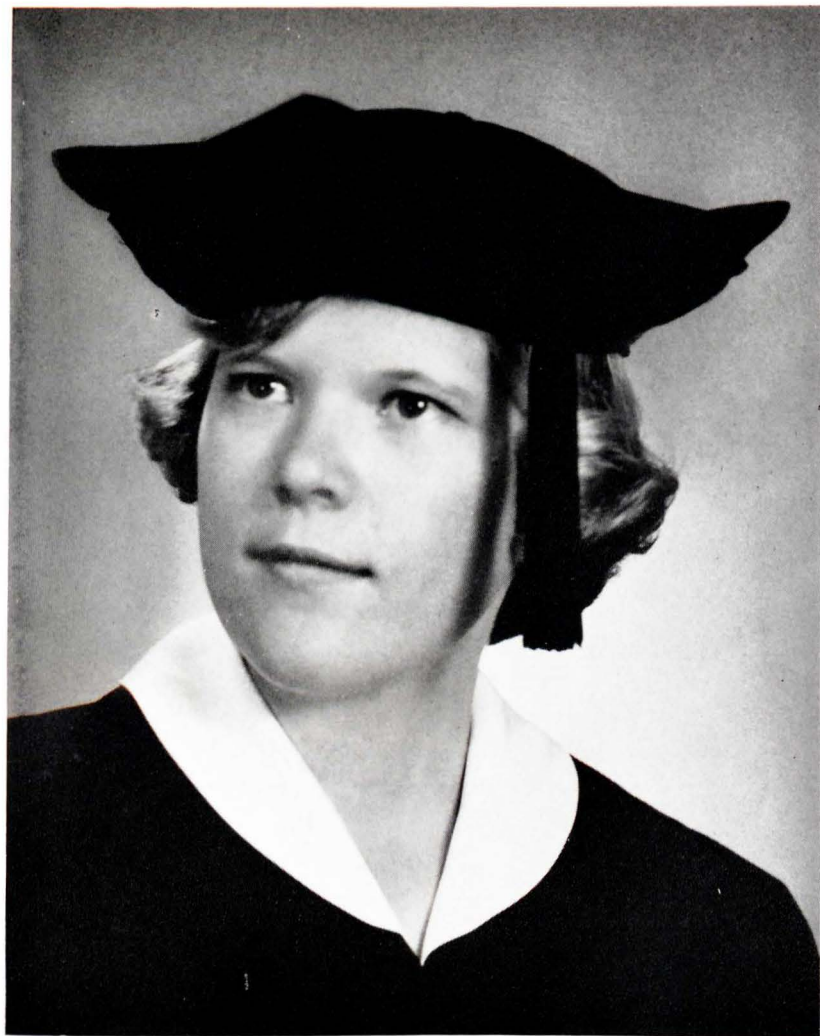
At college she has pretty much devoted herself to getting the most out of the experience. Graduated, she plans to continue her studies. Principally, she wants to take art courses purely for enjoyment. Numerous art books fill her library; brilliant shades of orange and other “happy hues” fill her wardrobe, and touring museums and galleries fill her spare time. An element of the zany, yes; but ultimately, Lindy is very happily sane.

CAROL HAKALA

CAROL will tell you about herself all in her own good time. Underneath the exterior of a "go-to-school" jean skirt and not-tucked-in blouse there exists, but glimpsed little by little, the complexities of a very likable, very perceptive person. Slowly, inadvertently, one begins to put hints and pieces of her chance conversations into a whole; gradually, one finds that Carol plays the piano, is an excellent horse-woman, skis well, is practiced in crew, and is something of an amateur photographer. One eventually sees that the devil-may-care stance is not to be construed as lack of concern. Carol is concerned and misses very little.

In action there is a certain amount of consistent inconsistency. Carol acts in cycles. She will have very busy days and then one which grinds to a sudden halt. She is sometimes pensive, reflective, sometimes quite serious; and about four times a week she throws back her head of curly blond hair and laughs.

Her nervous, restless days are often followed by a desire for quiet places like a hill overlooking the Bay. Boxes of souvenirs and pictures give some hint of sentiment. Exteriorly one easily sees that Carol likes the fine things of life. She is generous with the material and firmly believes that it is not the source of happiness. Though witty and often apologetically sarcastic, Carol is anxious to know people and equally anxious for people to know her.



CAROL RUTH HAKALA
Aberdeen, Washington

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY
MINOR: HISTORY

House Chairman '67
Carillon Staff '65
Firebrand Staff '67
Crew '67

Schola '64, '65, '66
W.A.A. Board '67
Young Republicans '66



LYDIA HARAN
San Rafael, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY
MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Carillion Staff '65

Spanish Club '65

LYDIA HARAN

THE THOUGHT of spring sends Lydia flying on the tail of a polka-dotted kite. You cannot do her justice if you describe her as anything short of an incurable idealist. One, two, three, four breaths into a balloon: her world is one of constant expansion, growth, beauty, and sensitivity. And yet, romanticisms never waste away into impracticalities; they ground themselves, and find expression in everything from making paper flowers to giving a carload of girls a ride to Northgate. She loves working with children, and possesses that rare talent for bringing out their creative abilities in arts and crafts. It is fortunate that she delights in being surrounded by youth—because the Haran family occupies the entire pew at church. More than just a social structure, Lydia considers her family to be entertainment.

With time of her own, Lydia will take off into the hills just for the sake of smelling the clover and damp fresh ground . . . but leisure is scarce. Her time is given to those whom she feels need it most. Her parish work in the San Francisco Mission District is a marginal note to the summers she has given to organizing Amigos Anonymous. The expression on her face will tell you that she is up to her elbows in life. If you let her, she will tell you about people—the world that she knows best.

MARY LYNN HERTL

MARY has style. Hers is the studied elegance of *Vogue* or *Glamour*. Her sophistication is evident not only in dress but in her choice of people, places, art and music. She belongs to the city—be it San Francisco, New York, or Chicago. Lawyers, cocktail parties, red sport cars, black evening gowns are of the city, and these captivate her. San Francisco lures her to Jackson Square and Maiden Lane, to the De Young Museum and the Civic Center; she is a frequenter of the small art galleries, of the opera and the symphony.

Mary is a tactician and a strategist. Everything she does, from a two-hour stint in the library to a mid-semester jaunt to New York, is carefully planned in advance. Her great joy is in the finished and polished accomplishment.

Though sophisticated, Mary is not blasé; her excitement and pleasure, which are easily evoked, ripple and spread. A three-scoop ice-cream cone or a pair of Mary Poppins shoes will generate the same delighted enthusiasm as the discovery of an old classic or an invitation to the latest musical comedy.

Dressed in knee-high red boots or a large Greta Garbo hat, Mary does not cover up her simple fear of loneliness. She likes people close at hand to talk to—to share with and to learn from. And being Mary, she will always have them.



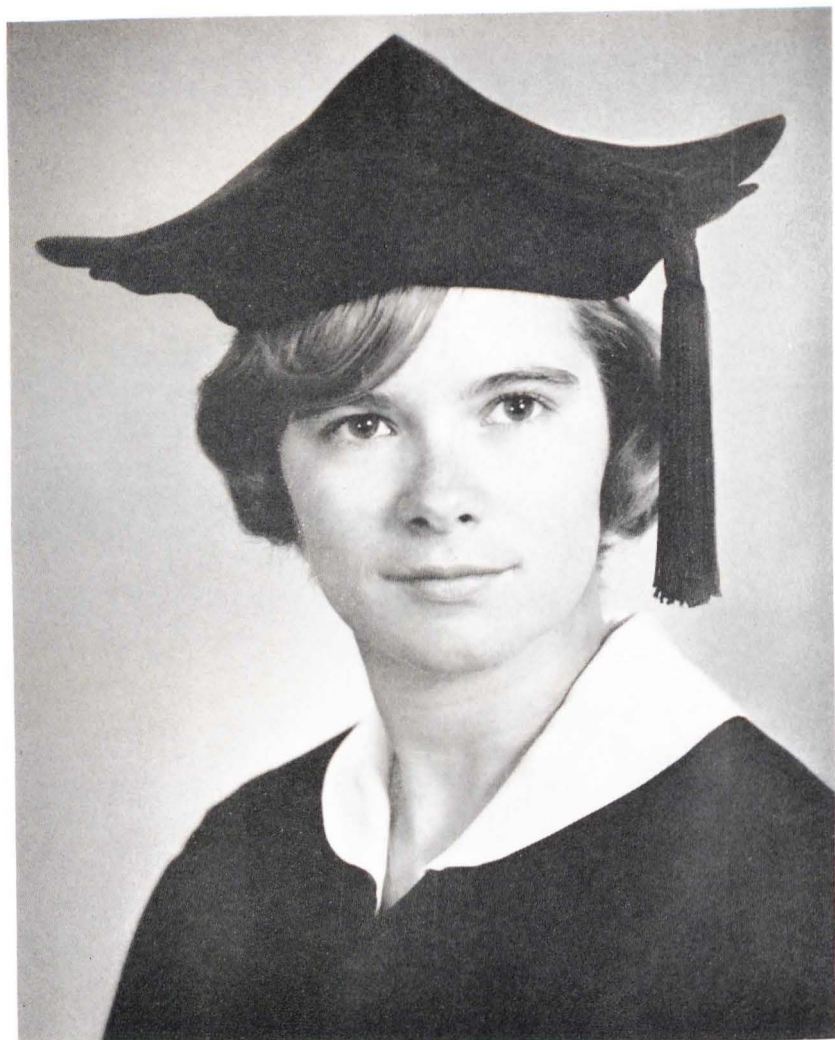
MARY LYNN HERTL

Chicago, Illinois

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: HISTORY

House Chairman '66



MARY ANNA HOFFMAN

Portland, Oregon

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

W.A.A. Board '65, '66, '67

President '66

Executive Board '66

Firebrand Staff '67

Spanish Club '64

Tennis Team '66, '67

MARY HOFFMAN

WHEN DOMINICAN is not in the midst of famine or flood, it is certain that Mary can be found on the tennis courts at least once a day—if not twice. With curly blond hair sensibly tied back out of her eyes, she smashes the ball relentlessly and accurately. Although a serious competitor who likes a well-matched battle, Mary often shows up at the courts as the patient teacher of any willing tennis beginner.

Mary's liberality with her time extends beyond the courts. Strolling around campus, or sitting cross-legged on the floor of her room, Mary will speak, listen or match-wits with anyone who needs the diversion. Whatever the subject—how to pass Dr. Dill's sophomore history; the latest crisis in someone's life; the war in Viet Nam—Mary listens well and offers sensible, mature comments or suggestions, not solutions. Her world is solid; her place in it secure.

Hiding behind her faithful starflash camera, catching Dominican events at the peak of hysteria, Mary even fulfills the role of a history student by entering her on-the-spot photos into one of her three volumes of snapshots.

Although a serious student, behind the scenes organizer and helpful instructor, Mary could never have posed for Rodin's *Thinker*—she is too cheery and up to too many practical jokes, too many puns, for such pensiveness.

ANDREA HOHN

ANDY'S world is "full of wonderful smiles and happy eyes, of hurt, pain and sorrow, but always of little things that make getting up in the morning well worth the effort"—even when the morning arrives soon after she has retired. Andy spends hours of both day and night working on plays and performances. Everything is a production—the reading of a new script, rehearsing a part, or hunting for a treehouse or a beach for the new set. While possessing the dramatic gift, Andy is no prima donna. She is happy putting her talents to use; she expects no less from others and is usually not disappointed.

All the world really is a stage to Andy; she eagerly steps into the limelight of any conversation. Her *grande* performance flourishes with op wit, expressive vocabulary, and fluttering eyelashes. Whether making up her own plots, elaborating tales of Seattle, or simply telling of her own family, Andy is always good theatre.

Although the eldest in a large family, she has not lost her appreciation of children. She has an affinity for children's art, and Andy herself goes in for such childlike stunts as walking up stairs with her eyes closed.

Andy looks at the world without fantasy. She is basically serious about life and the part she is to play in it. We suspect, however, that her performance will be in one problem-comedy after another.



ANDREA GRACE HOHN

Downey, California

MAJOR: SPEECH

MINOR: ENGLISH

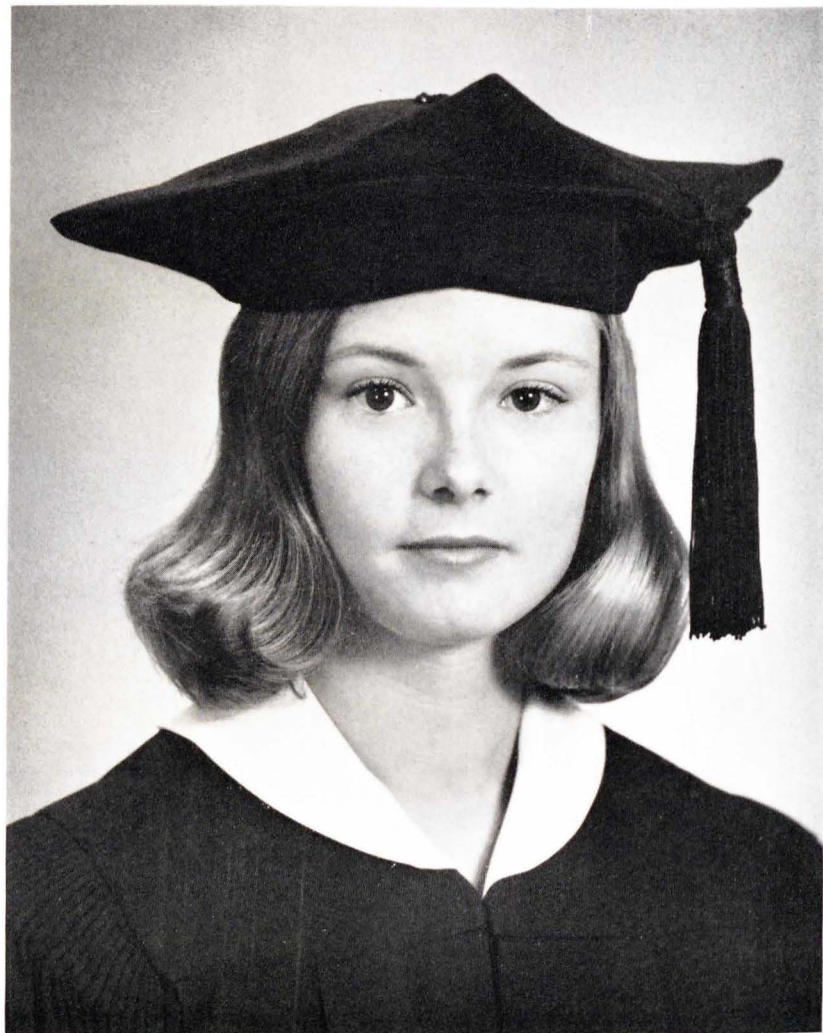
Transferred from Seattle University '66

Troupers '66, '67

President '67

Doña Rosita

Happy Days



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 Rear-don'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.

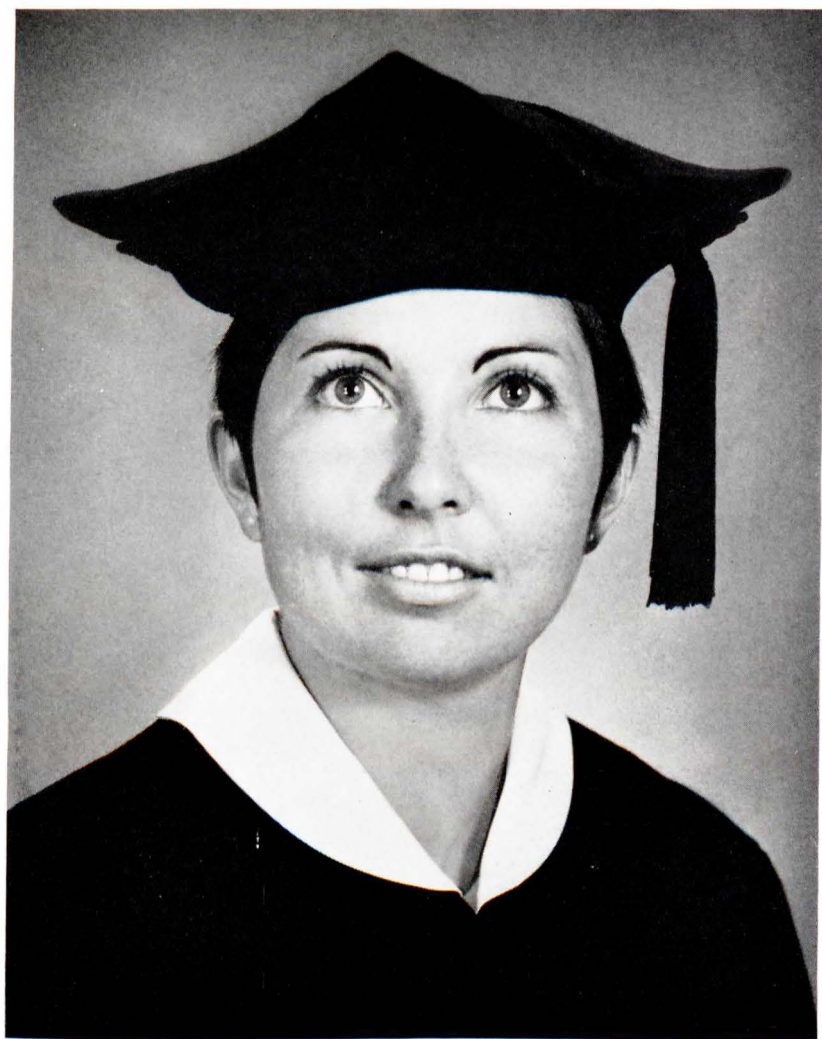
TERESA KAUFMAN

TALL AND GRACEFUL, almost stately in her bearing, Terry is strikingly in command of any situation. A perfect lady at all times, she maintains her self-possession in situations which extend in scope from the ski slopes to the midnight buffet.

With a feminine concern for detail, amazingly reinforced by her natural organization, Terry will make a napkin-coaster for her every cup of coffee, select color-coordinated yarn to illustrate her geometry project or manage to pack every necessary item within the smallest conceivable sized suitcase. Her concern for order has put Terry months ahead in completion of assignments and allows her to retire at 10 p.m. sharp during midterms and finals. Careful use of time makes it possible, and her pleasant personality makes it essential, for Terry to be a part of any fun-loving group en route to movie, symphony, or regatta.

Though well endowed with social grace, Terry has self-serenity that requires solitude. She can enjoy herself by proceeding with one of her latest millinery adventures, crocheting an afghan, knitting potholders or preparing her own egg and cheese dinner in the Pennafort kitchen.

Whether it be fashioning that tailored look, counting carbohydrates, or presenting a well-researched political opinion, everything Terry does is characteristically colored by her debonair manner and discriminating tastes.

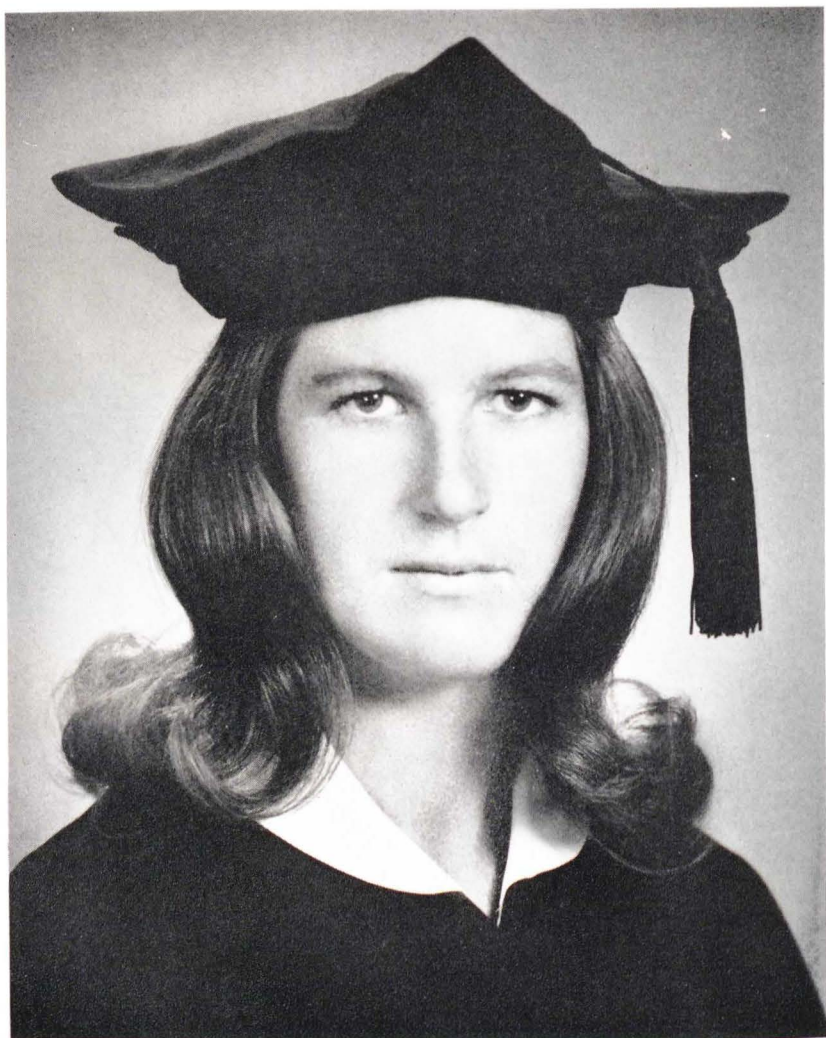


TERESA JEAN KAUFMAN
La Canada, California

MAJOR: ECONOMICS
MINOR: MATHEMATICS

Class Treasurer '67
Community Service '66, '67
Music Club '65

Science Club '67
Ceremony of Carols



EMILY JOANNE KEARNEY

Redwood City, California

MAJOR: ECONOMICS
MINOR: MATHEMATICS

Class Vice-President '64, '67
House Chairman '65
Executive Board '64, '66
Social Committee '66, '67
Chairman '66

Community Service '65
Irish Club '64
Patience

EMILY KEARNEY

IF HAIR COLOR were a factor indicative of personality then few would be as devilish as Emily. Her signal-flare red hair is a characteristic beacon whose flash appears just about anywhere and whose presence is as glaring as its absence. Behind and present at every event, Emily encourages others to "Come too . . . you never know who you'll meet!" Meeting people is something Emily does well. Once you have met her, you do not soon forget her booming baritone or her brilliant "hang loose" red hair and plaid pleated skirt, ending inches above her knees.

The complex product of two strands, basically Irish and non-Irish, Emily is a singular example of either. Her height, the envy of the Gaels, makes her essential for all class teams. Dynamite hair and pin-point freckles which both appear to glow after one of her numerous solar seances never succumb to camouflage. Her Latin attitude is less obvious and is observed by a smaller circle—the group that watches her with fascination as she inhales Mexican food. To all appearances, a self-sufficient individual, she represents the maternal image to many; yet she is sometimes capricious, sometimes temperamental, and requires a sympathetic shoulder for her own moods.

Emily is all dare, from the day-to-day challenging of her associates to trying out for Miss Shamrock. She defies imperfection, both in herself and others. Combining the Gaelic and a bit of the gypsy, she is as vibrant and as live-wire as her guitar strings.

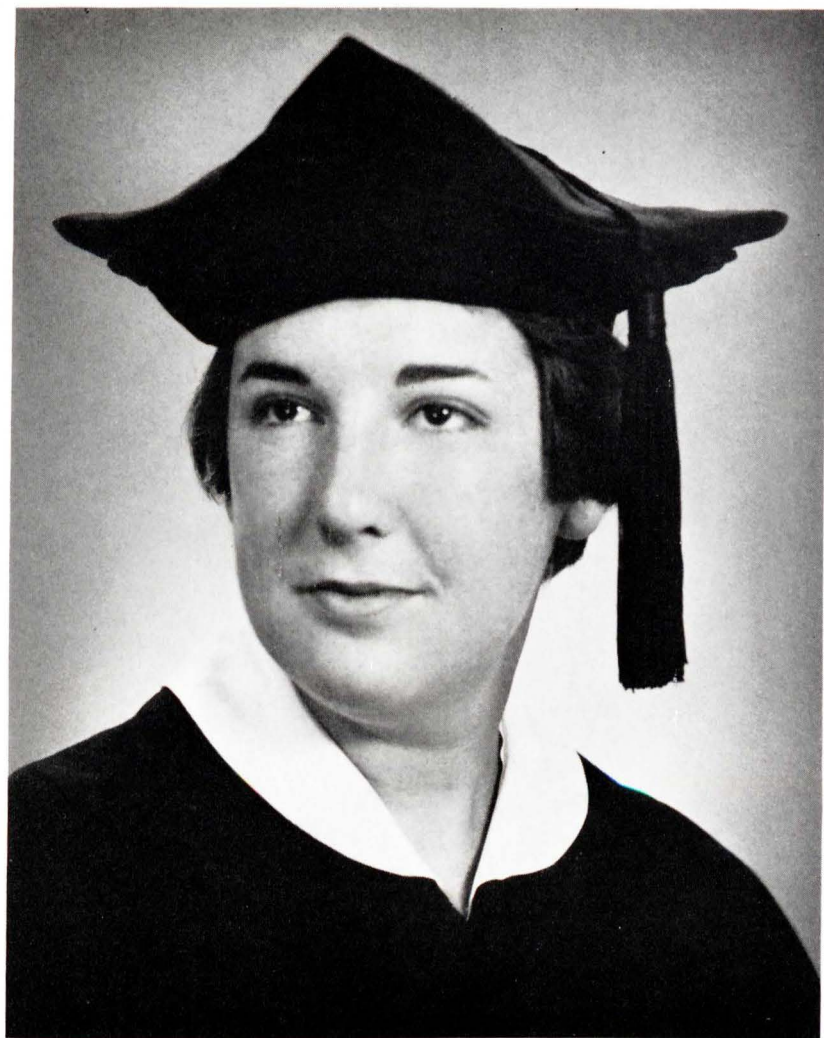
NANCY LEDDEN

A CHORTLE always precedes Nancy by several yards. The happy laughing sound is recognizably hers, for it is not infrequently heard—quiet not being high on her list of preferences. But sound does not always mean noise; music too breaks the silence when Nancy is about. She both appreciates good music and, being a proficient pianist, performs it. She has of late also evinced an interest in such other varied instruments as the bassoon and the xylophone. In the spare time that she carves out of the night, she ushers at the opera, attends the symphony and shouts the loudest at the Red Garter.

Sound also means talk, and Nancy is always willing to do this. She has not only an ear but also a nose for news; she knows with a kind of uncanny precision exactly what is going on any given moment on campus—indeed, she senses the event before it happens. And she relishes all its human undertones and overtones.

Nancy, too, likes to poke around in San Rafael, stocking up on cards for sundry occasions, stopping off at Swenson's for a treat, and perhaps storing up supplies for the week's emergencies. She is also apt to bring back some special gift as a surprise for her mailbox mate or for some unsuspecting friend.

A lover of water, Nancy savors the sun-tanned summers she has spent as life-guard. Her life-guard tee-shirt she wears as a relic, and life-guard whistles decorate her room.



NANCY CATHERINE LEDDEN

Sacramento, California

MAJOR: MUSIC

MINOR: MATHEMATICS

Music Club '66, '67

President '67

Ceremony of Carols



LESLIE CELESTE LEONARDI

San Rafael, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

CONCENTRATION: FINE ARTS

MINOR: FRENCH

Gamma Sigma
French Honor Society

Community Service '65, '66
Ten-Fold '64, '65, '66, '67

LESLIE LEONARDI

IN LESLIE's optimistic longing for a visionary existence, she sifts life carefully for "the tried and true," and in her search, she is seldom disappointed. She creates ways of stepping into a transformed golden world where falseness is exchanged for truth and sadness for joy. It is a child-like world, perhaps, but then Leslie has a definite affinity for children. Their thoughts, questions and reactions are a constant source of surprise and enjoyment to her.

As apprehensive in alien situations as Anna in *The King and I*, Leslie too can put on a courageous heart by whistling a happy tune—even to the extent of dispelling the shyness of those around her. And, there are some circumstances in which she is more courageous than most people. She loves, for example, to visit her dentist. Her reticence prevents her from admitting that she is an accomplished pianist and a distinctly-heard member of the Ten-Fold, as well as a practicing Betty Crocker. She enjoys creating confections, and never goes visiting without treats of jelly rolls or cookies, or a bouquet of colorful flowers.

Leslie (now that she has her license) drives down Fourth Street only with the greatest trepidation. She has, however, travelled to the Orient by boat, and she does enjoy a Sunday-afternoon ride in the country. If Leslie is a home girl, it is entirely by choice.

ANN LUSK

TALL, lithe, and blond, Ann gives every appearance of being very much in. Yet she is intrigued by the unusual and the fanciful; she is genuinely interested in unconventional ideas and admires those who can intelligently uphold controversial opinions.

Ann looks organized but is not. She seems quite unconsciously to “forget” anything planned; written notes and verbal reminders have a vague way of slipping away. Her life is not chaotic—she simply likes the natural and the uncontrived. Unreasonable rules and regulations, as well as deadlines, are not appreciated by her, but Ann can somehow cope with the most unfavorable situation.

Although a history major, she is not addicted to the factual. She devours historical novels; the whimsical, the land of fancy, has its appeal; and Ann delves into childhood reflections as vigorously as she consumes her favorite See’s raspberry creams. Her appreciation for art and music is as broad as the thick point of her pen—ranging from Paul Klee to the art of the ancient Near East, Beethoven to the Rolling Stones. And, among her favorite possessions is her Mary Lou Stilson painting.

Because she detests narrow-mindedness, Ann is herself incredibly fair, believing one cannot be judged on others’ terms. Ann seems very unaffected by anything around her—but the fact is, the more important things in her life are kept within herself.

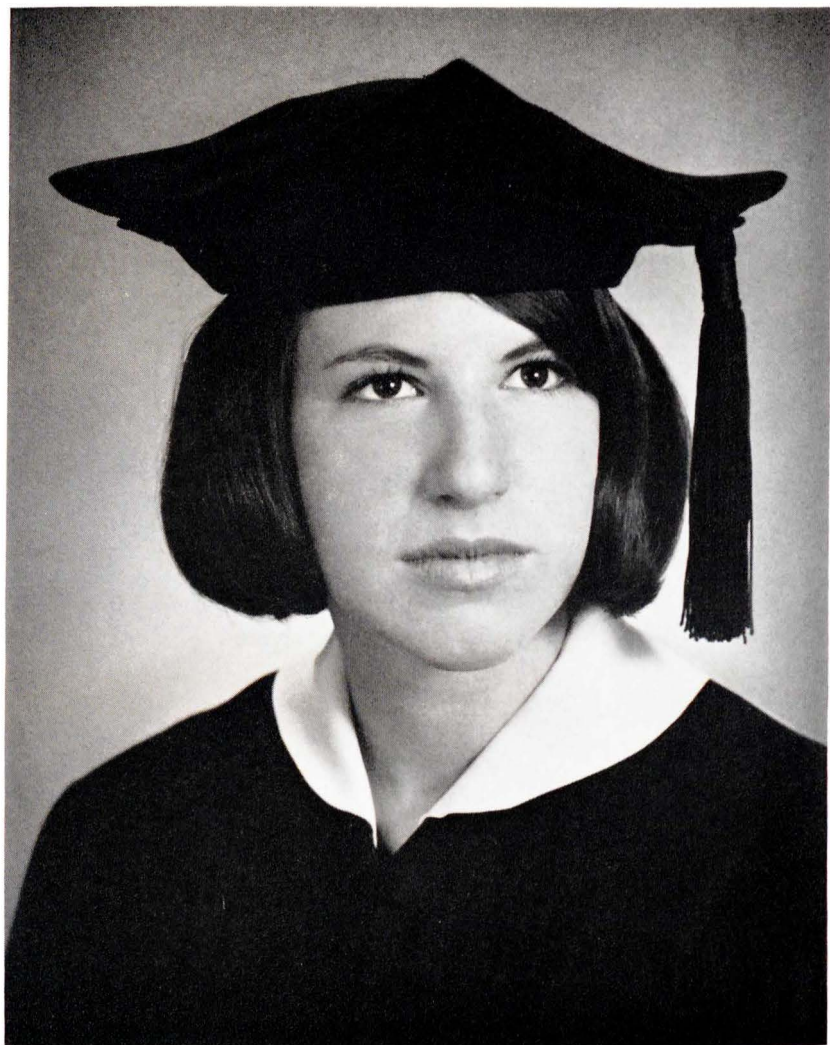


ANN MARY LUSK
Berkeley, California

MAJOR: HISTORY
MINOR: ENGLISH

Class Vice-President '65
Social Committee '65

Community Service '65
Firebrand Staff '67



KATHLEEN CECELIA LYONS

El Cerrito, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: HISTORY

Community Service '65
Publicity Committee '66
Meadowlark Staff '66
Firebrand Staff '67

German Club '64
Irish Club '67
Spanish Club '64
SCTA '67

KATHY LYONS

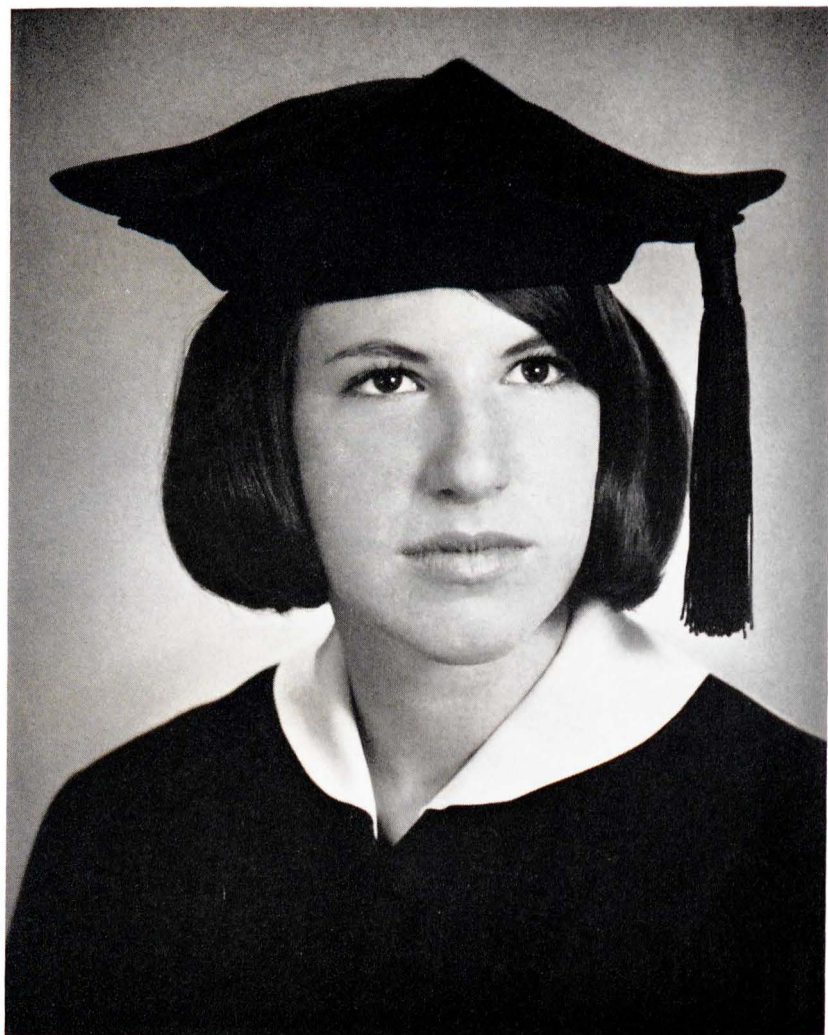
THE IMPACT of Kathy's personality is electric—the moment she walks into a room her presence is felt. That she is outspoken is an understatement; she is both quick to speak and to judge.

She is interested in a thousand and one things, yet to list them would be quite impossible since she constantly uncovers new interests and as quickly discards the old. Not one to keep her interests to herself, when she grows excited or thrilled about a discovery—a book, a person, a movie, she transmits her excitement to others and can't wait to discuss the subject thoroughly with someone who has shared her experience.

Kathy is impressed by people who possess wisdom and disgusted by those who pretend to the virtue. She possesses a strong sense of intellectual competition, although not necessarily on the academic level, and enjoys matching wits with anyone who dares.

One senses Kathy's intensity even when she is relaxed, and on the whole she gives the impression of casual freedom—the effect perhaps of an almost imperceptible slouch in her walk and hair that falls over one eye. Visitors are always welcome in her home—the Lyons hospitality is known dorm-wide.

Kathy finds people a compelling challenge. She sees and is willing to accept differences; she does not oversimplify others' problems; she is able to understand and to relate.



KATHLEEN CECELIA LYONS

El Cerrito, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: HISTORY

Community Service '65
Publicity Committee '66
Meadowlark Staff '66
Firebrand Staff '67

German Club '64
Irish Club '67
Spanish Club '64
SCTA '67

KATHY LYONS

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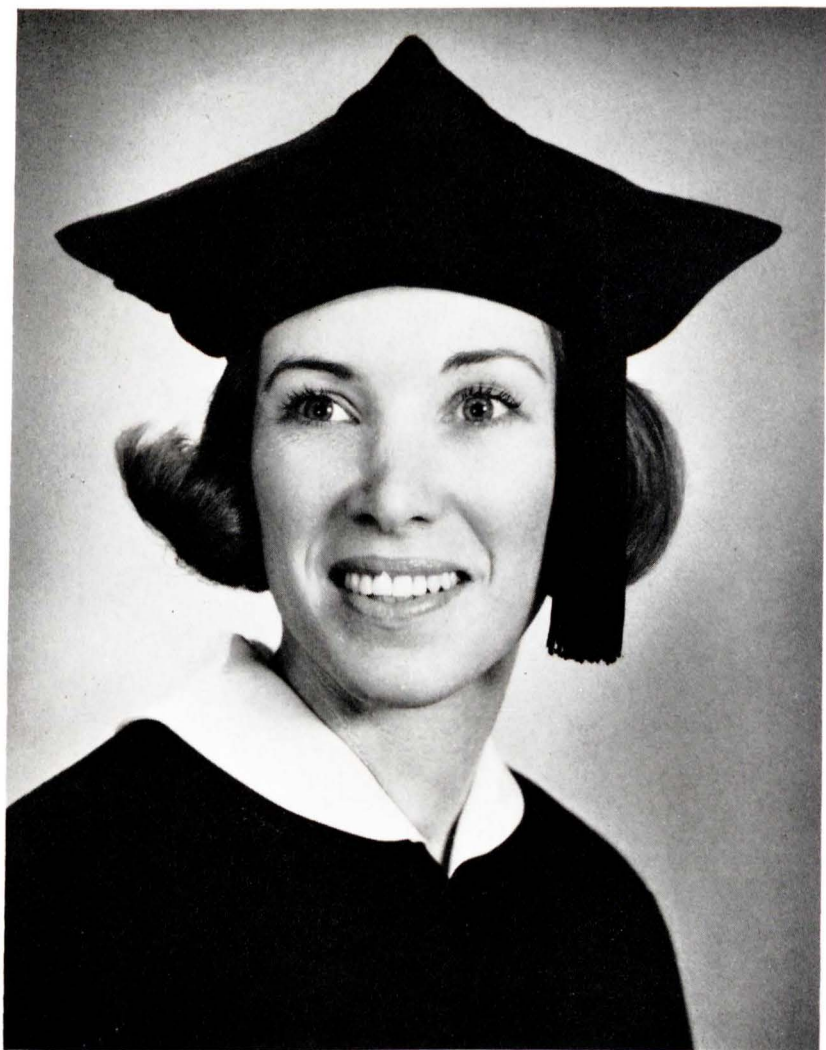
MAUREEN McGRADE

BALANCING somewhere between wanting to make the world over and wanting to hide from it, Maureen radiates a contagious enthusiasm and an Irish mischievousness. With a 200-watt smile and a talent for self-expression, she delights in her role in the Mamas and the Papas. Her self-confidence has enabled her to receive the only Bachelor of Science degree in the class, and to support the black-listed Dodgers—despite outspoken opposition from Father Blank. In the same stream of idealism, Maureen has sighted more shooting stars than Lick Observatory.

Idealism is also the medium in which she cultures her intellectual integrity. In the scientific tradition, her dedication expresses itself in stained fingers and fruitful hours spent over a microscope. Afterwards, relaxing with a kitty-kat stretch, she will melt onto her afternoon-sun-lit bed.

Her whims include See's Tipperaries, Robert Goulet, and STRAWBERRY! Her seeking of such small pleasures contrasts with her sophistication when draped in black evening dress elegance.

Maureen can display the razor's edge of sarcasm when necessary; but more often she exhibits naivete, and the corresponding ability to develop a rash of embarrassment. Hopelessly fickle, only her enthusiasm and her Irish eyes remain constant.



MAUREEN TERESA McGRADE

Covina, California

MAJOR: BIOLOGY

MINOR: CHEMISTRY

Absence Committee Chairman '64

Publicity Committee '65, '67

Firebrand Staff '67

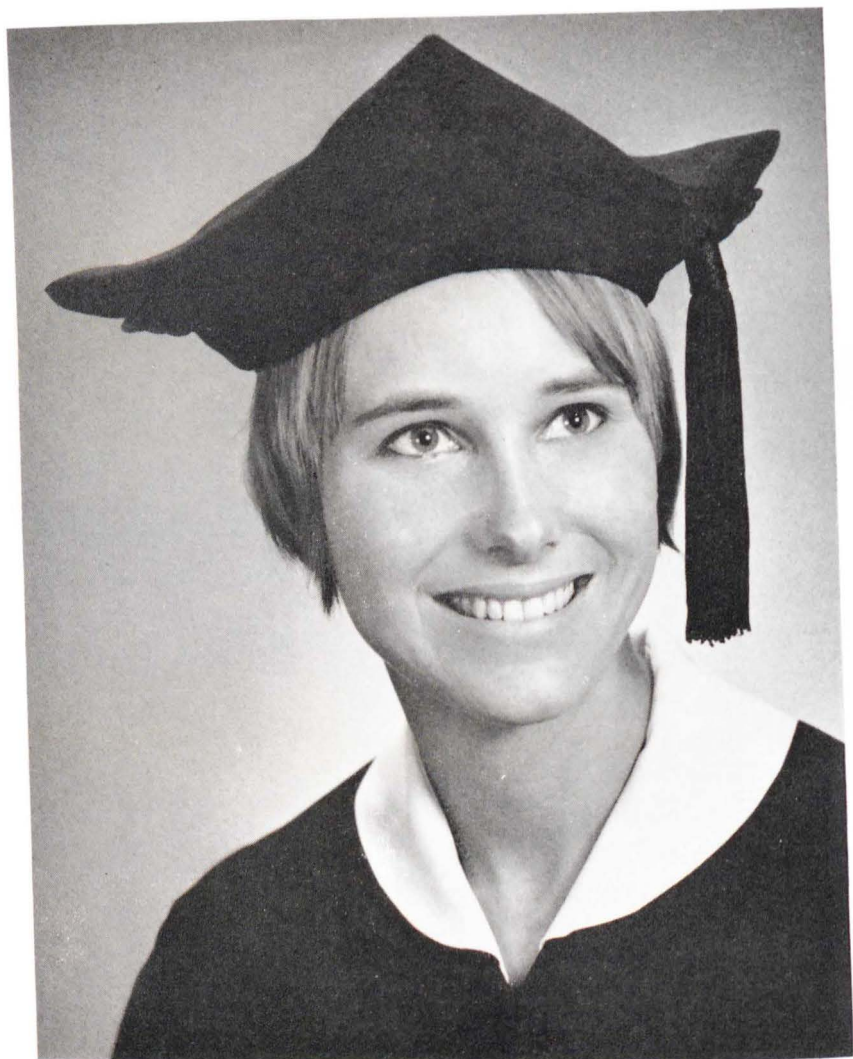
Irish Club '65, '66

Literary Club '66, '67

Science Club '64, '65, '66, '67

President '66, '67

Spanish Club '64



ARLENE RAE McVERRY
San Gabriel, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION
CONCENTRATION: FINE ARTS
MINOR: HISTORY

Irish Club '64, '65, '66, '67

Spanish Club '64

ATANNED, long-legged blonde sitting languidly on a bright bedspread in Pennafort utters with amazing regularity, "No big deal!" Then, with a nonchalant sweep of the hand, she periodically emphasizes some subtle point in her casual, clipped conversation. A scene straight from life. To enter Arlene's room is to enter into a world inhabited by the ultra-feminine, into a room of pastel flowers, numerous tiny jewelled earrings, innumerable genre-art objects and amongst them the cherished statuette of a hand. Arlene's is a highly personal style; yet despite the Chanel #5 and the elaborate hairpiece, the sophistication is not as deep or as consistent as it may at first appear. Indeed, there is a whole other side to Arlene. If she loves fast dancing, expensive dinners, current plays, she also loves swimming on the Southern California beaches, sailing, riding, and even golf. Her fears are femininely normal—starchy foods, a cherished nail broken. Somewhat more bizarre is her affinity for boys in bermudas.

Arlene's ability to express herself, laconically, even in understatement, makes her appear overly taciturn to some. Nevertheless, she is perceptive, adventure-some, and seems effortlessly to endear herself to others. Her friends, seeing readily beneath the cool facade, claim paradoxically that everything is a big deal to Arlene who inwardly feels more than she outwardly portrays—a thought which does not so much disenchant as intrigue.

PAMELA MACHE

THE EFFICIENCY which never allows Pam to appear pressed leaves her time to indulge her sense of fun and, on occasions, even to taunt procrastinators. Her general poise and equanimity of manner succumb to the persuasions of a good pillow fight or to a guileless plot against her neighbors.

Yet, Pam is by nature more inclined to the serious than the frivolous. Her dignified gracefulness commands a respect which just escapes stiffness by her frequent blushes—the consequence often of her aptitude for saying the wrong things at the wrong time, and this coupled with a sensitivity which leaves her easily embarrassed. Life and three brothers have, however, armed her with a quick use of sarcasm when driven to hold her own. Her native, more subtle humor thrives in the tranquil atmosphere Pam herself creates.

Despite her brothers, attachment to family is one of Pamela's strongest loyalties. Her most prized possession is the unique locket once her grandmother's and the opal ring given her by her parents. Of course, Pam also admires intricate and perfect craftsmanship. Intelligently curious, she is an avid reader of paperbacks and delights in crossword puzzles. Although a conscientious student, Pam questions the values of a grading system which rates her so highly; that Pam should raise the question is sufficient comment on her humility.



PAMELA ANN MACHE
Santa Rosa, California

MAJOR: HISTORY
MINOR: ENGLISH

Gamma Sigma
Meadowlark Assistant Editor '66

German Club '65



KATHLEEN MAUREEN MAHANEY

Palm Desert, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Community Service '66

Carillon Staff '64

Meadowlark Staff '66

French Club '64, '65

Irish Club '64, '65, '66, '67

Music Club '66, '67

Round Table '66

SCFA '66, '67

Vice-President '67

Troupers '65, '66, '67

Ceremony of Carols

KATIE MAHANEY

KATIE's presence cannot be ignored. Whether it be demonstrating the wild gyrations of a teenage dance, or discussing her interest in children, she creates a vibrant atmosphere. Katie's actions are dramatic and direct; exclamations are punctuated by dynamic hand movements, and always expressed with clarity. Generally it is known that Katie makes no pretense about things or people that displease her.

Yet, there does exist a certain ambivalence. Katie is at times so sophisticated that it is difficult to believe the loud distinct laughter echoing in Pennafort is hers. But occasionally, this laugh and the usual cheery outlook give way to an Irish temper which bursts and, then again, quickly resolves back into good humor.

Jade elephants, perfume, birds, and miniature china figurines complement her romantic inclinations. Katie is even romantically superstitious. If a fork is dropped, she will expound on the eventualities of the incident, and she will illustrate with her personal folklore. An avid believer in the stars, Katie will sacrifice "Peanuts" in order to balance a troubled checkbook if her horoscope suggests so.

Katie's forcefulness is obvious to all, and many know that her generosity is equally as vital. Given responsibility, Katie will demand support. Given sound advice, she will accept it. Given a problem, her help as her advice is boundless; an empathetic nature augments her sincerity.

MARY MOCK

MARY combines a childlike trust and open mind with a regretful but easy-going acceptance of adult responsibility. Beneath her carefree stance is a realization of purpose which prompts her to complete her college education despite periodic dissuasions. Though Mary's lighthearted attitude would seem to reflect her most frequent advice, "play it by ear," she is careful in her choice of tunes.

Mary's love for learning and ear training manifests itself in her constant effort to stretch her already prodigious vocabulary. She has, too, an appreciation of a well-turned phrase and the power of words. She can, with delight, convince one that her extensive eye-lashes are *ersatz* or involve one unwillingly in a discussion about the "haves and have-nots."

With a youthful thirst for adventure and a care-free sense of independence Mary might just thumb a ride to Sausalito, but always there is, she says, the need for security. Inevitably she returns to Meadowlands where she fills the unlikely post of housemother in a light but responsible spirit. Mary claims the post has taught her to see the whole world as one vast dormitory with its enormous potential for tears and laughter. She, herself, frustrates a persistent unlucky streak with a sense of humor that makes a "merry mock" of any misfortune. (Only Mary would excuse the pun.) Whether it is a car, her health or her education which is threatened, Mary faces it with a religious faith that is at once simple and deep.



MARY ANNE MOCK
Porterville, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY
MINOR: ENGLISH

Transferred from Porterville College '65



JANICE LYNNE MONTANARO

Los Olivos, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Community Service '65, '66
Ceremony of Carols

Patience

JANICE MONTANARO

THE TRADITIONAL conversation piece, "Where are you from?" brings a most unconventional answer from Janice. Coming from a smaller than small hometown, Jan sees it necessary not only to state the name but also, anticipating the next question, automatically includes the name of the valley and the nearest city as well. Despite others' opinions, Janice likes the country and this fondness extends to such country accoutrements as levis, bare feet, beef jerkey and country boys. Although Janice enjoys large cities, especially San Francisco, she is more at home among the redwoods—in Los Olivos, Samuel Taylor Park or Muir Woods.

An Italian lineage is responsible for the spice and spirit that emanates from Janice. Whether relating the latest vacation adventure in the family grocery store or expounding the sociological concept for which she has her most recent fondness, Janice talks animatedly with hands and feet as well.

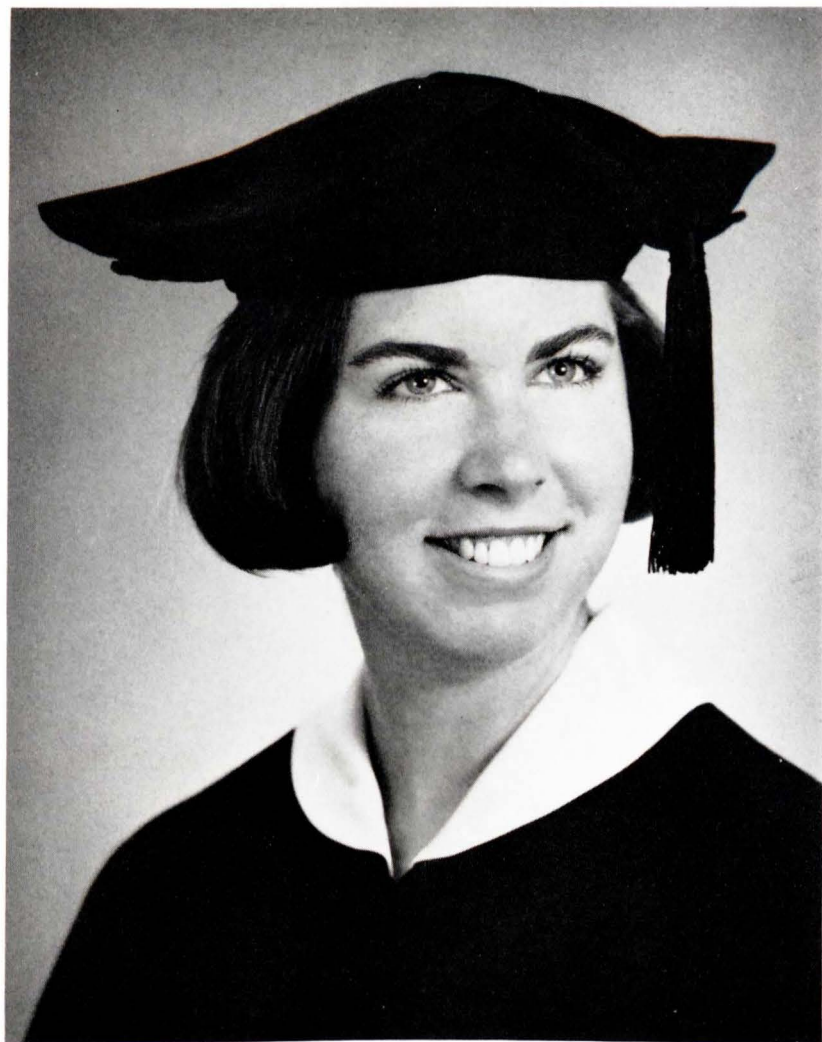
As constant as her customary position in the lunch line Janice is right there in front whenever a television-viewing cohort, bridge partner or travelling companion is needed. Her group activities have established her as the Pearl Mesta of the North Wing.

Always cordial and congenial Janice can be counted on for a smile and an assisting hand. Even when upset or tense, whether during an exam or while executing a bridge finesse Jan's expression will not betray her, but her ever-bobbing crossed leg gives her away.

CATHLEEN MORPHY

CATHY vibrates like Irish ragtime jazz. Responding with her characteristic liveliness to the interests of her friends, packing off for a ski-weekend, or just wool-gathering her hopes for redecorating an antique San Francisco Victorian home, she exhibits a deliciously spanking pace. It is obviously her sense of humor which maintains her precarious stability as she frantically executes explorations in town and country, works with Camp Fire Girls in the mountains, or allows herself to be swept off to the dance floor.

Music could easily monopolize Cathy's life. An active member of the Music Club, she also devotes her time to Schola, to the Symphony Forum, and to the finer parts of Beethoven's "Pastoral." Yet, Cathy, admiring strength of character, loyalty, and wittiness, is as enthusiastically absorbed in her fellow man. In fact Cathy is determined to assimilate as much as she can from experience, be it of Chaucer or the guitar. Her own Gaelic sense of humor is a bit raucous, always close to the surface and ready to burst forth at any moment . . . which it usually does. She is healthily pragmatic, preferring to do rather than to meditate. She is not without introspective qualities: it is just that self-consciousness never impedes her spontaneity. Her inner garrison is fortified with Christian humanism and Irish temperament, explosive talkativeness and endless projects. Cathy must mean *joie de vivre* in Gaelic.



CATHLEEN ANNE MORPHY

San Rafael, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: MUSIC

December, 1966

Attended O'Connor School of Nursing '64

Music Club '64, '65, '66

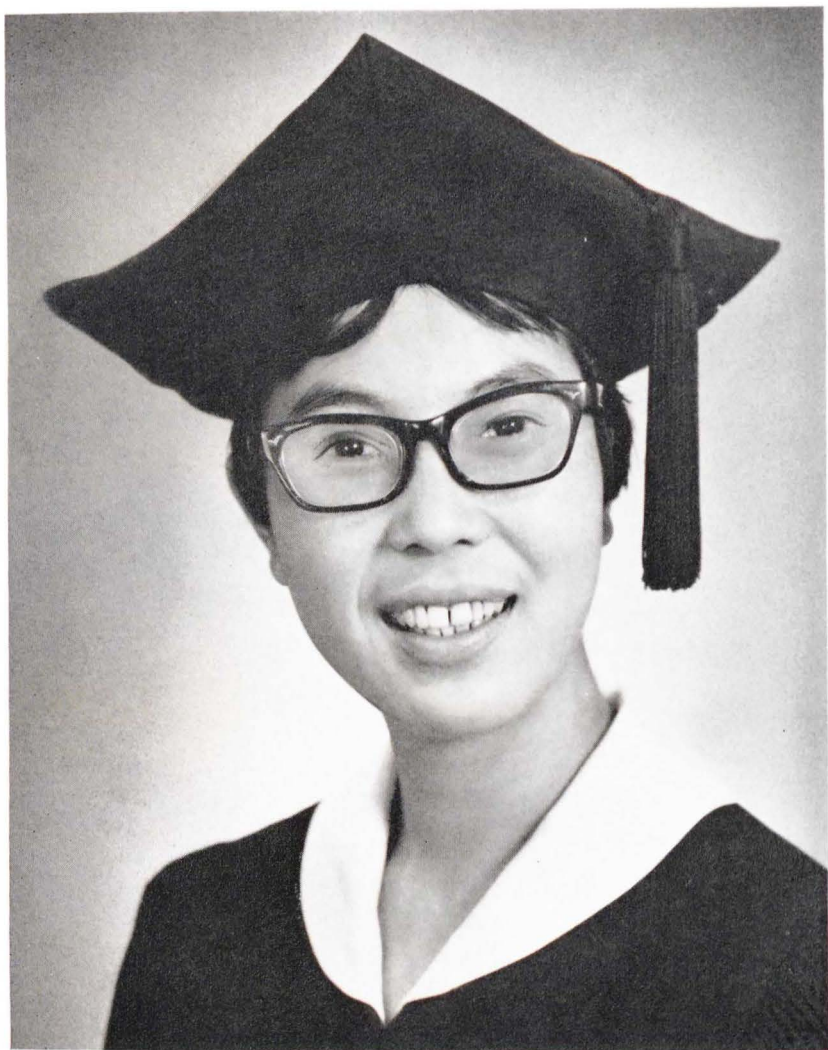
Vice-President '66

Symphony Forum Representative '66, '67

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

Troupers '64

Patience



SETSUKO NAKAYASU

Kobe, Japan

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Foreign Students Club '64, '65, '66, '67

President '66

Secretary-Treasurer '65

Majority of One

SETSUKEO NAKAYASU

A FEMALE Ulysses of somewhat diminutive stature, Setsuko continues to exploit in her wanderings about the globe the possibilities of adventure and experience. Her determination to explore has even persuaded her to undertake a \$99 tour of the States. Last summer, however, it was not so much her desire to *see* as to *do* that took her to Mexico. Imagine the surprise of a Mexican community when this vibrant young oriental woman appeared to share with them their language and their brotherhood. The result of this genuine affection encouraged Setsuko to borrow against her Saga check to spend Christmas with these warm-hearted people.

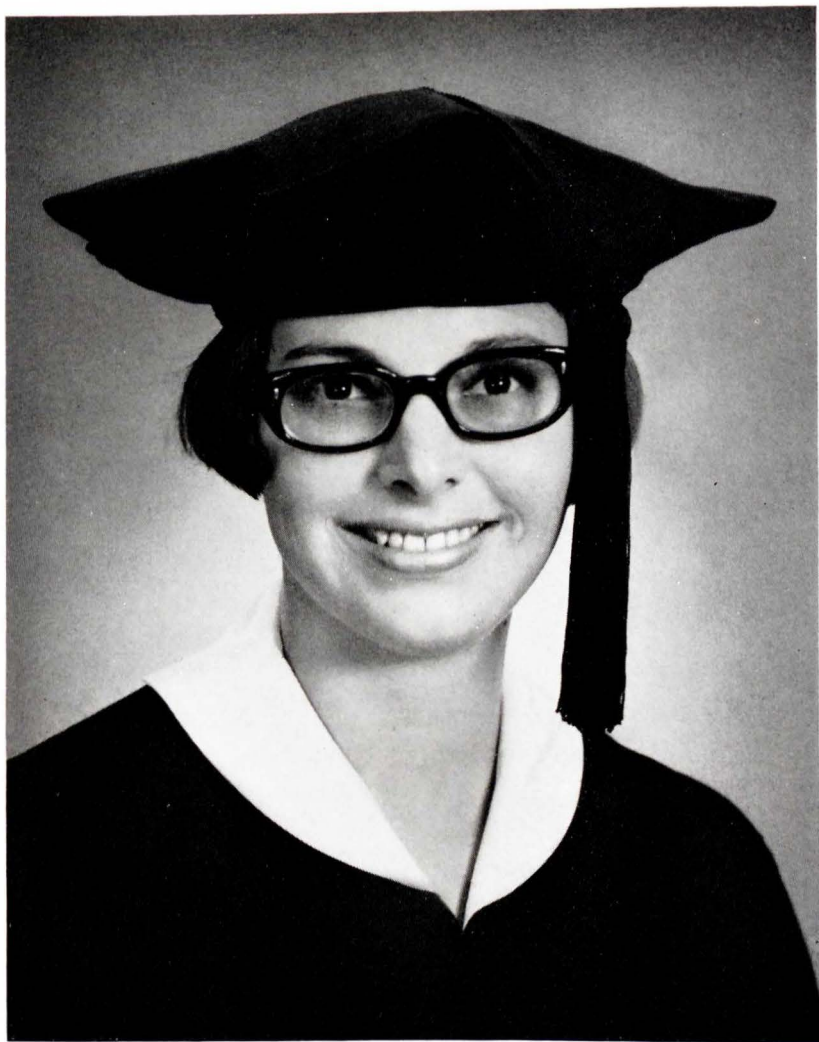
Setsuko defies the traditional image of the typical Japanese woman. To know her is to receive all the advantages of being a cosmopolitan without traveling beyond her acquaintance. She has an Irish wit, an Italian appetite, a Mexican heart and a French philosophy. Her one oriental characteristic is efficiency. Any day in her week argues for bilocation; how else could she make Saga smoother, Meadowlands merrier, meetings meatier, and basketball bouncier? Yet, when her strict plans go ever so little awry, she tends momentarily to lose confidence; but it is momentary and things are soon under control. Setsuko doesn't need an atmosphere in which to move—she creates her own, super-charged with her own enthusiasm. The universe could not possibly be winding down with Setsuko so energetically winding it up.

DIANE GHILOTTI ONGARO

DIANE'S mind lapses swiftly into the mythical world of Hobbits and castles but with equal speed refocuses on reality as she shifts back into being an integral member of the activist generation. Diane finds it impossible to name a favorite class, author or artist because her "likes" embrace nearly everything she experiences. The "Great Chain of Being," bossa nova jazz, and cooking a pheasant are given "equal time" in one conversation. Nothing has a given or proper place for Diane. An insatiable reader and truly educated, she relates each newly acquired fact to her well-established background of knowledge. Diane is the "one" who inevitably sees a similarity between a line of Donne and Eliot.

Without stability and maturity of character, Diane could not so smoothly have executed the dual-vocation of housewife and student. Amused but admiring, her friends anxiously await an invitation to discuss the latest Chaucer assignment at her home while she prepares a stew to surpass that of the Canterbury Cook.

Diane is a warm and generous person and, according to those who know, the very best friend one could find. Although she enjoys expounding a new theory or merely rambling on about her own latest experience, she can listen patiently and counsel wisely. She loves people, new ideas, and each day. The perception which directs her life is equalled in few of her contemporaries.



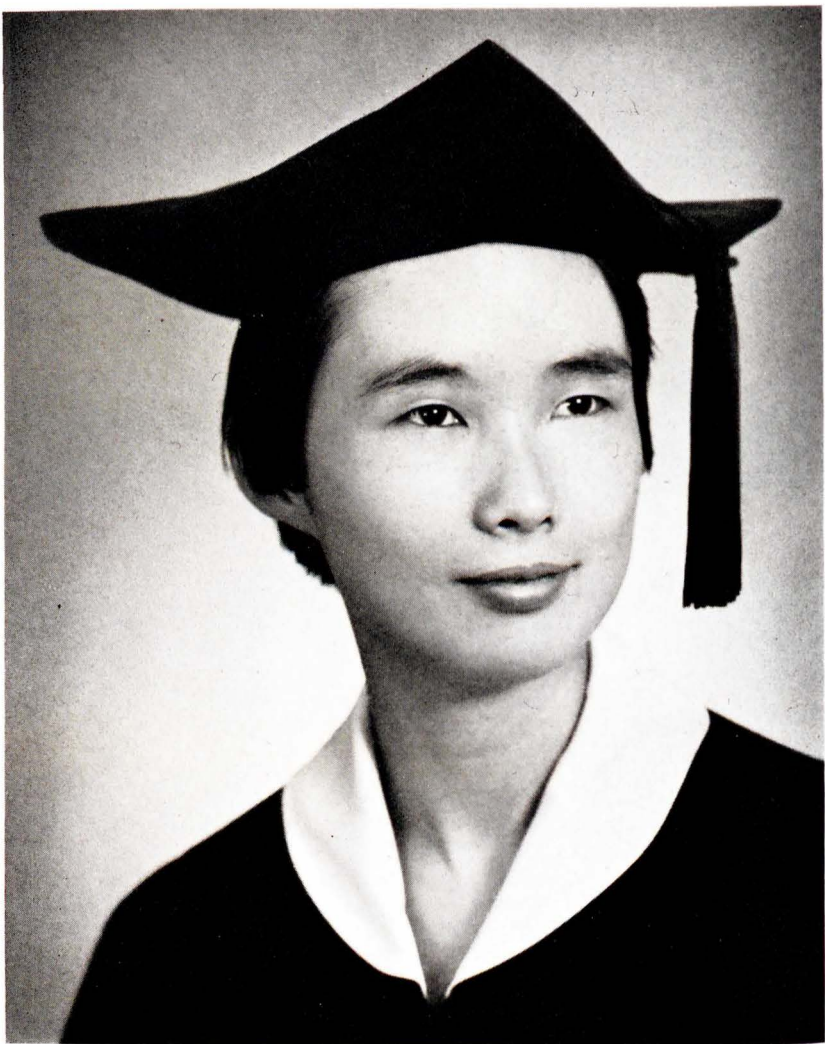
DIANE GHILOTTI ONGARO

San Rafael, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: SPANISH

Meadowlark Staff '66



YASUKO OSATO

Tokyo, Japan

MAJOR: ART

Transferred from Shirayuri Junior College '65

Foreign Students Club '66, '67

YASUKO OSATO

YASUKO's openness allows her to harbor customs of the new world unquestioned among those of the old. Though she might be mistaken for a Japanese doll, her dainty frame often sports "bermies" and keds. While never thinking of dating other than on an arranged basis, Yasuko enjoys the freedom of contemporary art and modern novels. She feels that above all college has taught her independence.

Her quiet ways reflect a simplicity which leaves Yasuko easily satisfied. She says she most likes to have around her "my bedspread which is orange and yellow check, and view from my window which faces Edgehill and Santa Sabina." The love of nature evidenced by Yasuko's collections of leaves, flowers and wild nuts springs from the sensitivity apparent in her drawings. Yasuko's acute perception delights in the miniature. Among her treasures is the tiny clothespin on her water glass with a little red heart decorating it.

Though Yasuko is usually quiet unless spoken to, her understanding and open nature is apparent in her words, "When I feel happy, I smile and sing. However, when I feel bad, I can't smile unless I have to encourage myself and please myself."

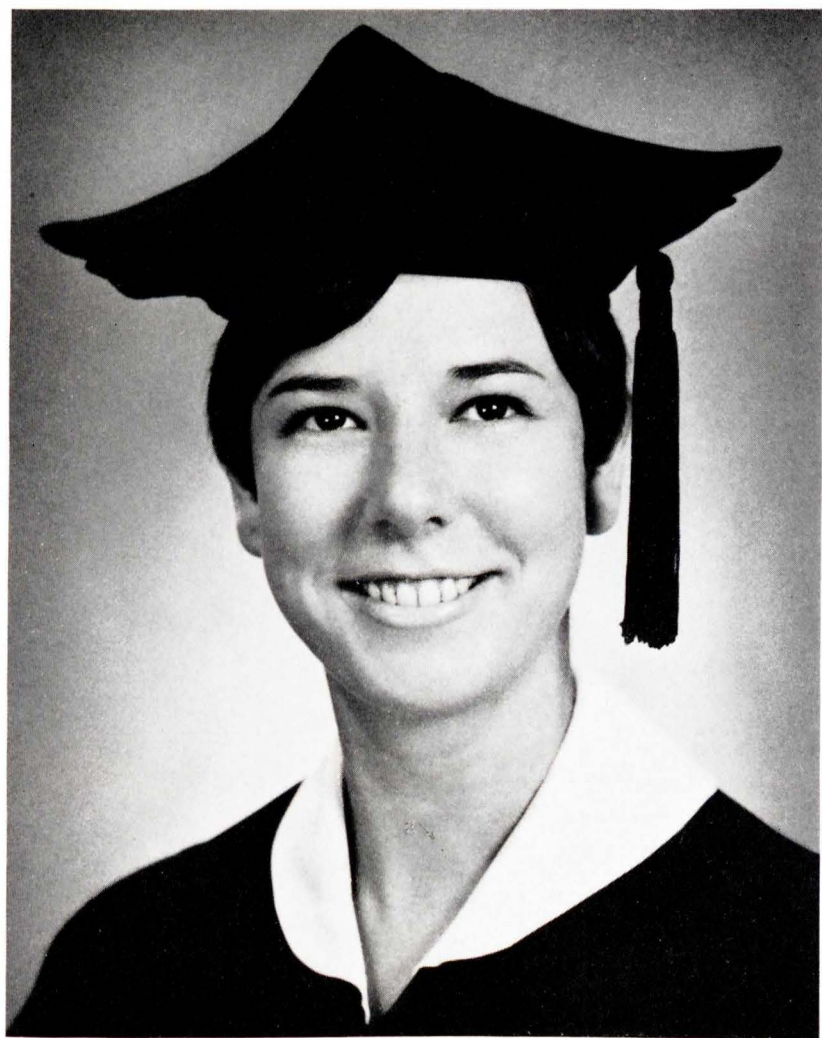
While fusing the best of two cultures, Yasuko fosters in her silence a simple enjoyment of the timeless—whether in nature, human understanding, art or literature—which transcends any language barrier.

JANE OUELETTE

GOOD GRIEF! The month has hardly spent itself—but Jane's allowance is gone. And so she sets off to determine how good her current credit is and to barter with the vision of next month's promised riches. But where did the money go? Was it for tennis lessons? Or was that last month? Actually, it could have been for anything from golf to bowling to the guitar, each in turn having been taken up passionately but momentarily.

The one subject that maintains a constant hold on Jane's interest is people. Hers is a willing ear, and Jane is known as a sympathetic and concerned counselor. All types and varieties of souls bring their problems and await her certain words of consolation. But first to get her attention she must be distracted from *Compétition Solitaire*, "Spit," or an enthralling love story. Aside from these notably leisure pastimes, Jane Guadalupe is proud of her Mexican heritage and, as a Spanish major, has delved into the study of her background.

Jane's life is often beset with calamities, admittedly of a minor variety—such as invariably contracting measles or an infected wisdom tooth before a long-planned dance weekend, or having a current flame lose his headlights, thus relegating them to daylight dates. Jane rises above all these tragedies with good cheer and boundless optimism, briefly contemplates their pain and inscribes it on her blotter . . . and then on to the next adventure.



JANE GUADALUPE OUELETTE
Alhambra, California

MAJOR: SPANISH
MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Social Committee '66
Community Service '65, '66

Ceremony of Carols



MARY-LOUISE PETERSON

Westport, Connecticut

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: FRENCH

Executive Board '66

Carillon Staff '65, '66

Editor '66

Assistant Editor '65

Firebrand Editor '67

Schola '65, '66

Hound of Heaven

MEDLEY PETERSON

MEDLEY walks a little aloof; she regards the world with much fondness but with an element of good-humored scepticism and, occasionally, with downright merriment. Though she lives in New England, her roots reach back south of the Mason-Dixon Line; and she, like her name, is a mingling. In character she is of New England; integrity itself, she is respectful of tradition, yet independent in taste and thought, and possessed of a certain uniqueness of vision. With people she is direct and wonderful; her friends are the young, the old, the out-of-the-limelight people. Med is not, however, altogether understanding, or caring to be of the thoughtless or crassly boorish.

Her own gracious manner is of the South. There is a warmth and poise counterpointed by a little girl's or a poet's delightedness in the colors and moods of nature, in tales of goblins and "things that go bump in the night," and in unlooked-for courtesies. She is not a no-nonsense kind of person. She loves to walk and talk and laugh with good friends.

Medley is taken up with people. To others, she offers a perceptive understanding; from them, she asks only their best. Her affections run deep, but she avoids extremes by exercising a surprising facility for foolishness, masking ocean-deep dreams with frivolity. A warp-and-woof realist, she is yet most contented bareheaded in a rainstorm with shower-covered glasses.

SHARON PETRACEK

AS THE "Peer of highest station" in *Iolanthe*, Sharon was memorable; she made even her "two turtle doves" solo somehow uniquely her own. There is in her much of the "ham"; but something too of both the Peer and the turtle dove. A stately stride and a regal toss of the head give an air of determined self-confidence which is, however, softened and qualified by a warm and jolly smile. There is, too, a gentleness and some say a hidden shyness and an artless naivete.

Beauty in all its forms holds Sharon entranced: music, painting, poetry, or simply the world outside her window. No stoic, her enthusiasms and moods are obvious to all; her facial exaggerations make them public. She turns abstract beauty into act by contriving a coiffure, creating a new dress or painting a card for the moment's occasion. Little coaxing sets her into song and she can sing anything from a chorus of slow and lazy "Summertime" to a swinging rock-and-roll tune.

Not only an integral part of the Art History department, Sharon is also essential to dormitory life where she excels in domestic affairs. As a possible member of any Barbershop Quartet, she not only sings and looks the part, she does really cut and fashion hair.

Sharon, in short, has the sensitive temperament and gifts of the artist with none of the thornier aspects.



SHARON KAY PETRACEK
Orangevale, California

MAJOR: ART HISTORY
MINOR: HISTORY

Community Service '64, '65
Madrigal '64, '65, '66, '67

Spanish Club '64
Iolanthe



SUZANNE JANE POLLARD
Vallejo, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH
MINOR: HISTORY

Gamma Sigma
Firebrand Staff '67

Music Club '66

SUZANNE POLLARD

SUZANNE is variable. Humorous and clever, she delights in sharp, quick conversation yet she often rambles from topic to topic with little coherence. Her views too change, and rather illogically. Suzanne can, in fact, change her opinion three times in one breath while consuming an endless amount of tea.

Suzanne is resourceful: scraps of paper and bits of string are constantly saved for future need. Her over-organization and ability to keep ahead of carefully worked out schedules fills her friends with mixed feelings of wonder and envy. Papers are always written, typed and put away in neat folders at least two weeks before they are due. Motivated by a quiet eagerness to learn, she works hard and has quite deservedly earned a place in the Honor Society. Her intellectual talent is counterbalanced by an abundant lack of common sense which can only be laughed at as she struggles unsuccessfully to replace the batteries in her electric toothbrush. The point at which the two sides meet is difficult to discover.

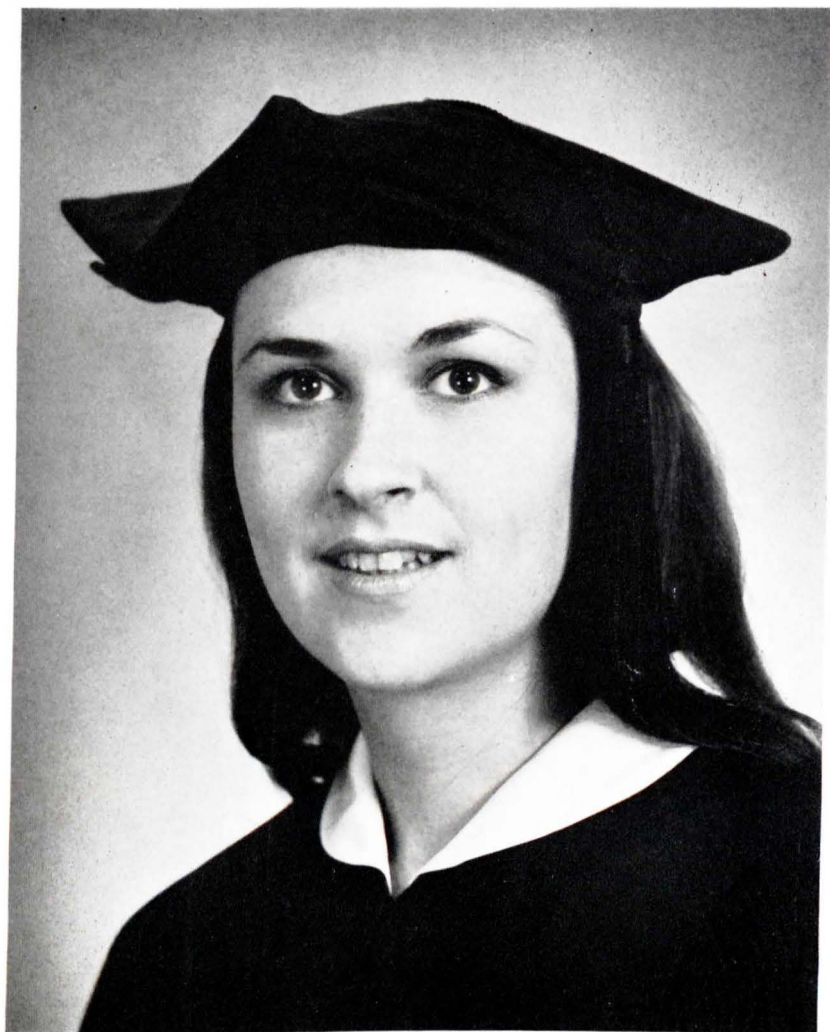
An eclectic at heart, Suzanne's mind tends to work as a vacuum cleaner picking up bits and pieces of everything; she evaluates and shuns that which does not appeal. She calls herself apathetic but her friends realize that this is not true. They do come first. Though at times Suzanne is seemingly indifferent, real concern hovers beneath the surface; in this she is unchanging.

BERNADETTE RANNEY

BERNADETTE strikes you as being somewhat tropical—warm, tan, brightly arrayed in oranges, and even exotic. Her nonchalance is characteristic of an earlier era, a more relaxed culture. Beneath the serene exterior, you are not quite sure why—but you are certain that there lies a pyrotechnic enthusiasm that is waiting for its fuse to be lit. She is responsive—instinctively so—to any type of beauty. The aesthetically pleasing summons a vehemence in her. Her zeal must find its expression, conventional or non-conventional: in art, drums, and modern dance.

Hawaii is home ground for Bernadette, but she seems to have no trouble in bringing home with her. Having seen much of the world, she has settled down to her education and a full-time occupation with part-time jobs. She combines an easy adaptability with a predilection for seeking out the untried and hard-to-find. As in the case of any explorer, she has made acquaintance with the obscure, the remote, the unusual, and has established them in her system of values.

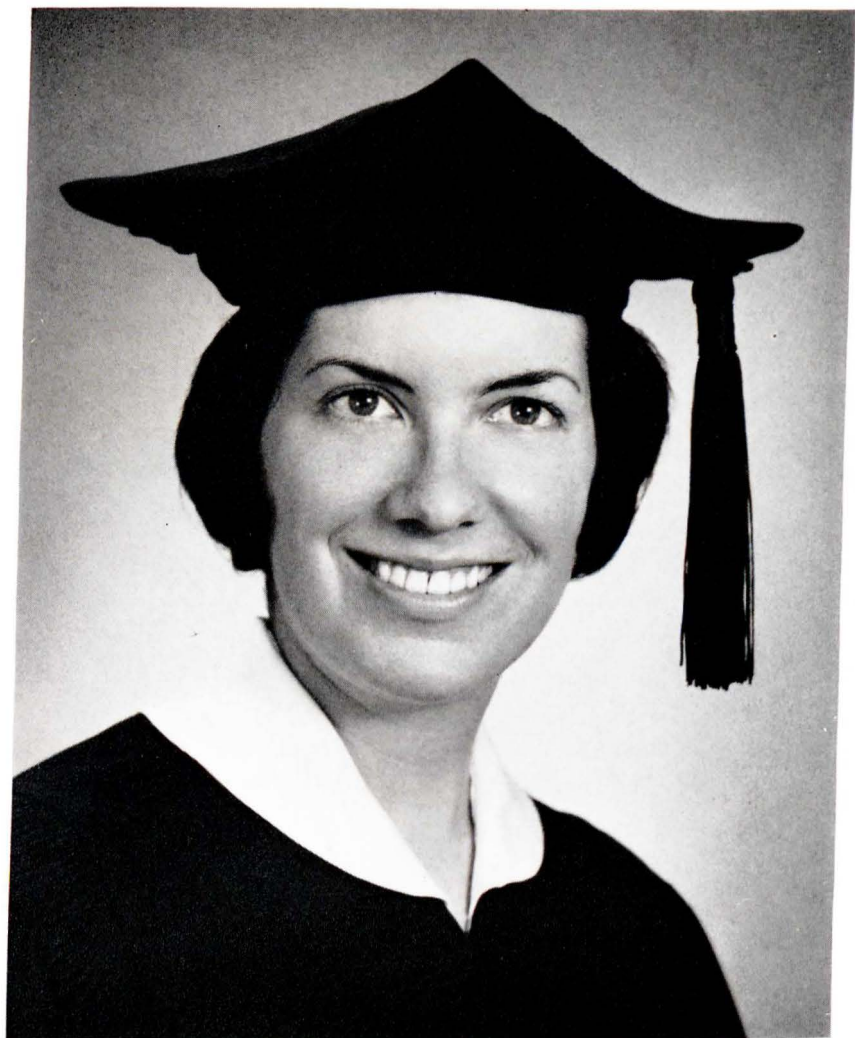
Bernadette assimilates. Apparently without effort, she absorbs every instant of life surrounding her, and allows herself to be selectively influenced. She will expose herself to any stimulus: from cards to rugby, from folk-rock to theatrical opera. If she is superior to the commonplace and indifferent to opinion, it is because she knows what she wants.



MARY BERNADETTE RANNEY
Honolulu, Hawaii

MAJOR: ART
MINOR: HISTORY

Transferred from University of Hawaii '65



SUSAN ANNE REARDON

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

CONCENTRATION: AMERICAN LITERATURE

MINOR: HISTORY

Community Service '64

Carillon Staff '66

Firebrand Staff '67

SCTA '67

Troupers '67

W.A.A Board '66

Secretary '66

SUE REARDON

WITH A RESONANCE that comes from inner happiness, Sue's personality sparkles of bright kelly green and refreshes like morning at Silver Lake. Looking at her, you expect a romantic. You are surprised. She is as adaptable as a reversible raincoat. Whether trimming a flip or styling a sassoon, she is handy with comb and scissors; before a dance, a line of frantic girls waits at her door. Her talent for the practical is contrasted with her superstition in wishing on pie-points. Perhaps her Irish heritage prompts this strength of belief and encourages others to believe with her.

Her assorted abilities do not seem to belong in a pattern. Sue's fantastic memory for songs never misses: just name a year, and she will sing a medley of oldies-but-goodies, right tune and all. She is a sportswoman from the first whistle of the season, whether participating or on the sidelines. Anything but shy of showing her enthusiasm, she will be the first to dare a new water-ski trick or cheer with the loudest at a basketball game. She can as easily appreciate the smallest of treasures, yelping with glee when hot dogs are on the menu, or preserving a present of a jar of green olives on her bathroom shelf. Her most comfortable gift, however, is her ability to shine in any weather like quiet Irish spring sunshine.

MARIA RICCI

WITH VOLUME and vivacity Maria stretches from the loudest “Good Morning” to the cheeriest “Good Night” with strides of anticipation and enjoyment. She lights up her days with keen enthusiasm that can carry through to class, concert, or sports event.

Maria spends her time in caring. She is intensely concerned with her friends and with people in general. Maria can share in tears of sorrow or joy or shrieks of excitement and the degree of her caring is expressed by the same. The antithesis of the “Physical Education Major” image, Maria shows further care by her fastidious appearance.

Devotion whether to duty or individuals will prompt Maria in her organized way to set up an entire system of file cards so a High School play day will run smoothly. It is this same dedication that will have Maria sit in a phone booth till midnight waiting for that expected phone call, suffering undue hardship lest the numerous rings wake someone.

Enjoying people as she does Maria thinks nothing of inviting half a dozen airport-bound travellers to her home for that famous “Ricci lasagna.” Her spontaneous and effervescent personality makes her the obvious spark-plug for recruitment, program-planning, or publicity campaigns. With respect for detail and with deep concern for people Maria accepts whatever is thrust upon her and somehow marshalls all to perfection.



MARIA ADEL RICCI

San Mateo, California

MAJOR: PHYSICAL EDUCATION

MINOR: HISTORY

Transferred from College of San Mateo '65

Firebrand Art Editor '67

W.A.A. Board '67



BARBARA ANN ST. MARTIN

San Rafael, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

CONCENTRATION: AMERICAN LITERATURE

MINOR: SPEECH

Class Secretary '67

Community Service '64, '65, '66

Publicity Committee '65

Ten-Fold '64, '65, '66, '67

Troupers '66

BARBARA ST. MARTIN

BARBARA is happiest when she is doing things for others. A bright smile and sparkling eyes are the external clues to the deep and sincere warmth, sympathy, and understanding which Barbara feels towards people and which in turn attract them to her. She is a harmonious blend of practicality and emotions, of many tolerances and few intolerances. Her greatest demand on people is that they be themselves.

An enthusiastic participant in both planned and impromptu activities, Barbara consumes her spare time singing in the Ten-Fold, helping with the latest Troupers' production, or decorating for dances. She is inherently an outdoors-woman, and is an enthusiast of hikes, picnics, and beach parties. In her more contemplative moods, she enjoys the quietness of a trip to Golden Gate Park or a leisurely walk along the shores of Fort Cronkite.

Despite admitted originality in creating new methods of procrastinating, Barbara remains conscientiously responsible. A limitless reserve of common sense balances her open-heartedness and maintains perspective. When a situation involves people, however, her affection and indulgence shift the balance decidedly toward the heart. While her personality will not tolerate insincerity or hollowness, a forthright person will find an infallible hospitality in Barbara who has always the perfect antidote for life's dol-drums.

BESSIE SAGHY

NO ONE but Bess could ride a small, blue bike to campus in the morning and think nothing of it. She is far from bound by social conventions. She wears what she likes for comfort; she searches out a variety of interesting people who probably wouldn't be compatible, and for fun she hangs on the outside rail of the Hyde Street cable car. With a genuine appreciation for adventure and the spur-of-the-moment, Bess can pack a suitcase for a weekend in the snow within two minutes.

A natural scientific curiosity tinged with a Hungarian stubbornness impels Bess to discover things for herself, rather than accept the word of another. This tendency, however, does not make her opinionated—just independent.

Anxiety concerning the future, a desire to stand on her own feet, leads Bess to be impatient with herself. Remedying such moods, Bess will think of her Berkeley summer working and studying under scientists, walk up to the San Rafael hills stocked with art equipment, or wish for straight hair just once in the fog or rain. She will then revert to dreaming, forget her anxiety, and perhaps go to Sausalito to walk along the piers.

Her enthusiasm spreads itself through her many and varied interests. She enjoys contemporary novels and jazz, Italian opera, oriental art, stained-glass-window colors, pumpkin pie and children.

Bess has a heart which sometimes rules her head and magnetic vivacity.



ELIZABETH ELLEN SAGHY

Chula Vista, California

MAJOR: BIOLOGY

MINOR: ENGLISH

Social Committee '64, '65

Carillon Staff '65, '66

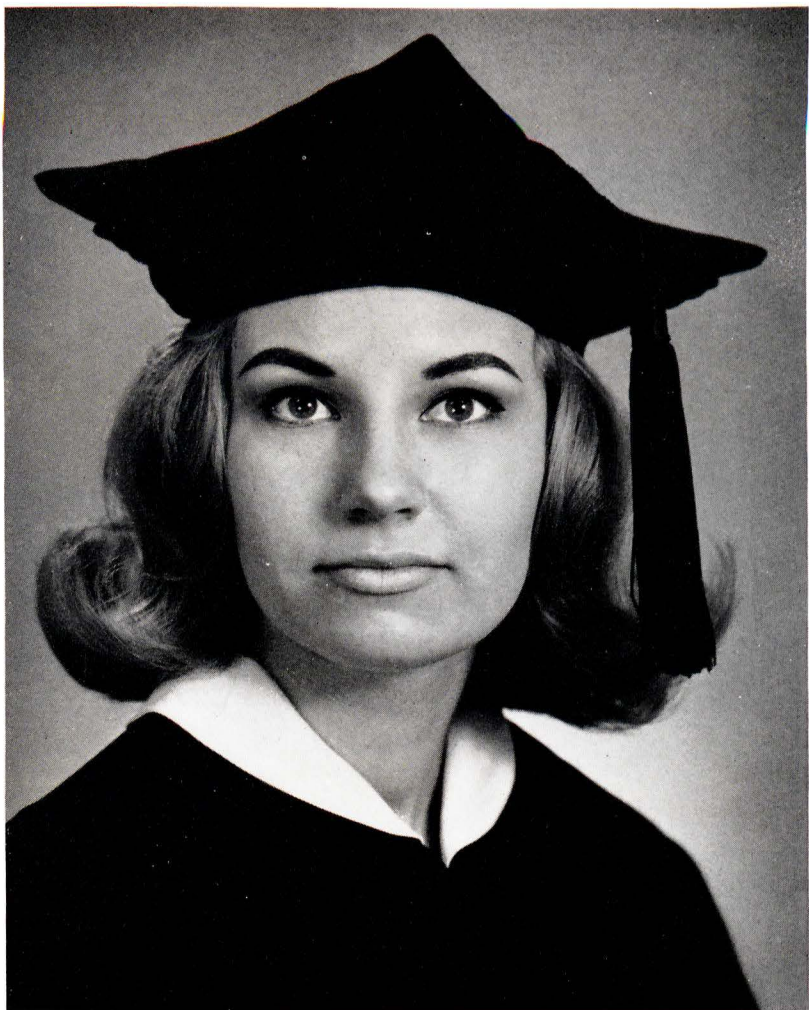
Firebrand Business Manager '67

German Club '64

Schola '66

Science Club '66, '67

Hound of Heaven



SHARON SANDERS

Novato, California

MAJOR: MATHEMATICS

MINOR: CHEMISTRY

December, 1966

Transferred from University of California at Berkeley '65

SHARON SANDERS

WITH PRECISION and an unmistakable touch of feminine intuition, Sharon in a quiet and unassuming manner completes every enterprise she undertakes. Her long blond hair and distinctive perfume belie her interest in mathematics and the physical sciences. Her appearance and her reserved demeanor seem more in accord with her involvement with music, particularly of the ecclesiastical mode. She spends patient hours mastering music theory and perfecting her technique, both for her own satisfaction, and for the Grace Lutheran Church where she is an organist.

Depending upon her mood and the clemency of the weather, Sharon is apt to seek the outdoors for diversion; the woods and the beach she knows well. For passive entertainment, she enjoys observing the dynamics of the live theatre, the ballet, and imbibing inspiration from art which she will later apply in her own hobby of painting. None of these, however, will animate her as much as an opportunity to open up the topic of Unidentified Flying Objects, of which she is an amateur investigator.

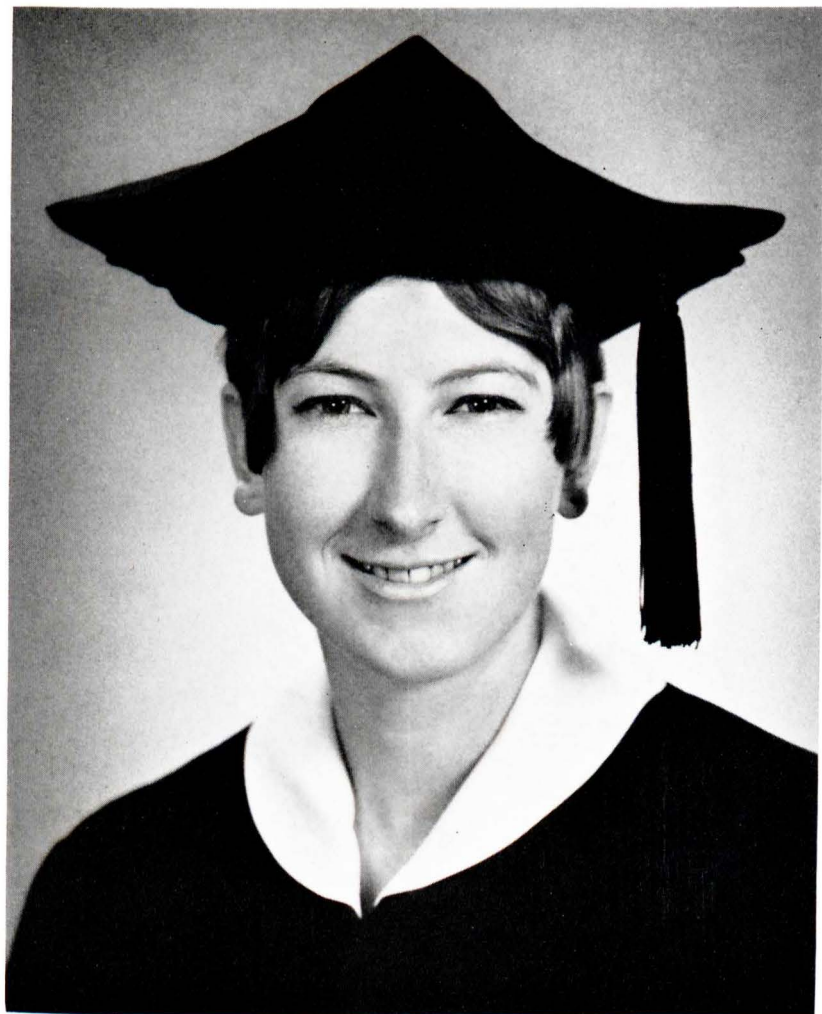
In conversation, Sharon is often reserved, and yet an attentive and interested listener. Usually taciturn, she nonetheless has tried convictions and carefully thought-out opinions. There is behind her disarmingly plain-song exterior an elaborately counterpointed personality.

VIKKI SARIOTTI

NO FLEETING moment's conversation with Vikki tells you much about her personality. She is not one to be sifted and evaluated by any recent acquaintance. Outwardly, she appears always urbane and ultra. However, beneath the face—and the hair—that she prepares to meet the faces that she meets, there is a prismatic-like personality, an utterly charming girl whose moods, preferences and ambitions vary as the colors in a glass.

There is, to be sure, something “arty” in her appearance, and she may be seen toting canvases and drawing boards across campus to art classes. Yet, in doing so she may very likely be weighing the advantages of becoming a future champion racing-car driver to that of becoming some fabulous sought-after interior decorator.

As vanguard as Vikki appears, when off campus she finds recreation in escaping the twentieth century. She is a devotee of western towns and tales, and seeks out such old mining towns as Downieville and Virginia City. In her love of old times, she would have gotten on outrageously with Lucius Beebe, that lover of all things Victorian. Occasionally, she grows ambitious to live a simple ranch life surrounded by her hoped-for seven children. Yet, the dream is quite unlikely of fulfillment. Vikki would look out of place on a ranch or in the nineteenth century. She is much too up-to-date; she is altogether too a-la-mode.



VICTORIA IRENE SARIOTTI
Daly City, California

MAJOR: ART
MINOR: ITALIAN

Community Service '65
Meadowlark Assistant Art Editor '66

Italian Club '64
Troupers '66, '67



MARTHA JEAN SCHUHMAN
San Clemente, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY
MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Social Committee '67
Religious Activities Committee '67

Ten-Fold '64, '65, '66, '67
Tennis Team '66, '67

MARTHA SCHUHMANN

MARTY loves the out-of-doors. Her favorite colors are the "blue of the sky, the white of the snow and the blue-green of the sea." She is both placid and animated, serious and high spirited. Her lackadaisical "ho-hum" belies her fondness of activity. The mention of golf or tennis quickly brings Marty alive and ready to go—even in the rain. Singing in the Ten-Fold is another pastime she thoroughly enjoys. Her animal calls bring laughter to any group and her taste for hill-billy music is frequently a source of teasing by her friends.

Though Martha seems by outward appearances to be only a charmingly energetic tomboy, the keen observer can see another side. Occasionally a fixed look will cross her face; she slows down and becomes absorbed in thought. Marty values a strong spirit in those around her. She likes honesty and straightforwardness: both are qualities which may be ascribed to Marty herself. She dislikes sociological double talk and boring classes. At times she must struggle to keep a rather sharp temper under control as she tries to understand another person's point of view.

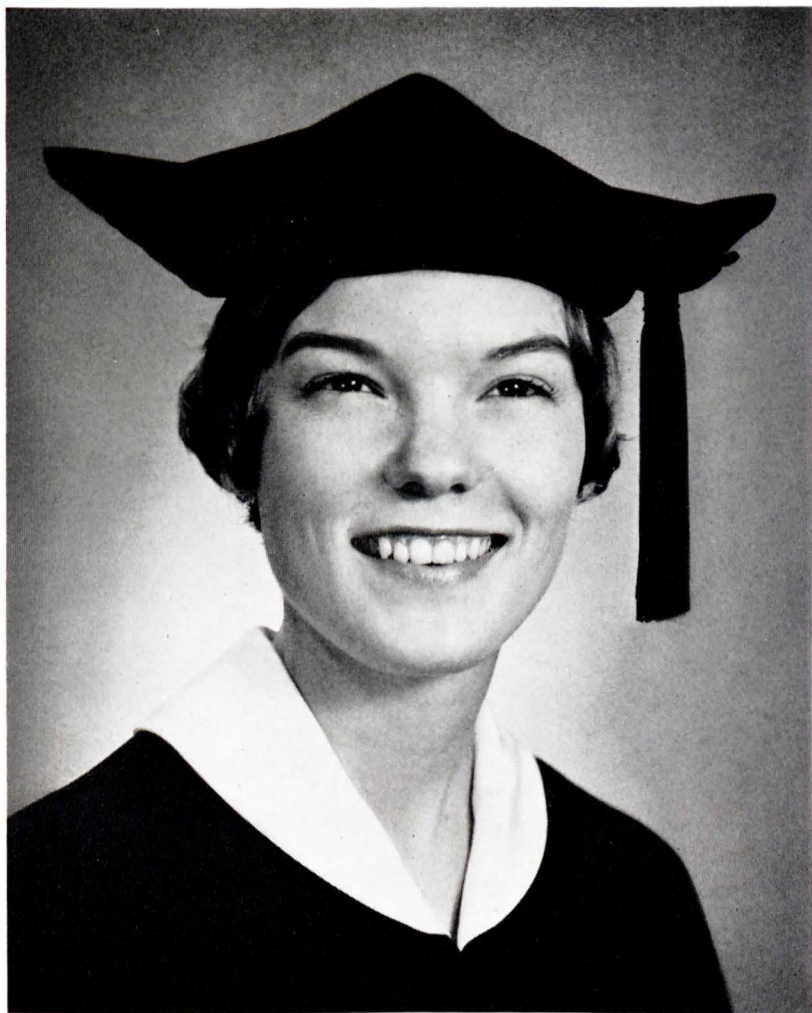
Martha has a deliberate way about her that enables her to appreciate the experience of growing up. She sees the world sometimes as a wonderful place and sometimes as a hopeless mess: in both aspects she resolves to partake of and improve it.

LIZ SHEETS

LIZ IS TINY, impressionable and spicy. Charmingly dependent, she relies on the approval of those whom she can trust, yet from her carefully thought-out opinions and prejudices she cannot be moved. Liz has strong beliefs, but unlike many who share this characteristic, she will not compromise them for her own comfort.

Gay, oftentimes tinged with the cynical, Liz is a refreshing personality. She derives delight from little things, especially those which she can create herself. Her numerous decorated envelopes, needless to say, are the outrage of the postal department. Liz is domestically inclined—her needle and thread, put to work on a simple piece of material, will transform it into a stylish, new ensemble. Pert, feminine, and a perfectionist to the core, Liz will worry and work ceaselessly until a job is completed.

An uncluttered person both internally and externally, Liz abhors disorganization. Everything about her has its proper place—the crystal perfume decanters on her dresser down to the time allotted to any particular pursuit. The basis of her organization is undoubtedly the fact that she grew up surrounded by the Army—a life filled with factual thinking, order and constant transfers. There is no wonder that Liz wishes to return to a life so integrated with her own, and why she often thinks of the last line of the Alma Mater—"West Point for me!"



ELIZABETH ANN SHEETS

Lafayette, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: BIOLOGY

Social Committee '66, '67

Representative '67

Secretary '67

Absence Committee '65, '66, '67

Community Service '63

Firebrand Staff '67

Schola

Hound of Heaven



MARY ANNE McCLAY SMITH
Pacific Grove, California

MAJOR: MATHEMATICS
MINOR: GERMAN

December, 1966

Student Affairs Board '65
Community Service '64, '65
Ten-Fold '64, '65, '66, '67

Troupers '64
Trojan Women

MARY ANN McCLAY SMITH

MARY ANN has completed her college career in three and a half years. And with a Mathematics major and a German minor! Quick to learn, she has found spare time to enjoy philosophy and drama, and to cultivate such domestic activities as sewing, cooking and embroidering. Add to this singing with the Ten-Fold, a growing proficiency in the piercing of ears, planning of weekend parties and picnics—and preparing for the wedding. Mary Ann believes in a full life. A full life, of course, includes outdoor activity and so on weekends, there have been excursions to Golden Gate Park, Fleishhacker Zoo, and wanderings through Big Sur.

Life is happiness to Mary Ann. She loves being surrounded by people. Her listeners are often greeted with the familiar expression “. . . granted, but . . .” These qualifying words may refer to any subject ranging from the Church’s point of view on some current issue to the solution of a “new math” problem, from sound advice for a distressed friend to the bidding of a bride hand.

Her dark brown eyes reflect warmth and depth. Mary Ann is a trustworthy confidante, and although steadfastly uncompromising in her own principles, she never condemns anyone else. She is, above all, not superficial. Mary Ann is what she is and pretends to no more—her ambition is simply to be a good wife and mother.

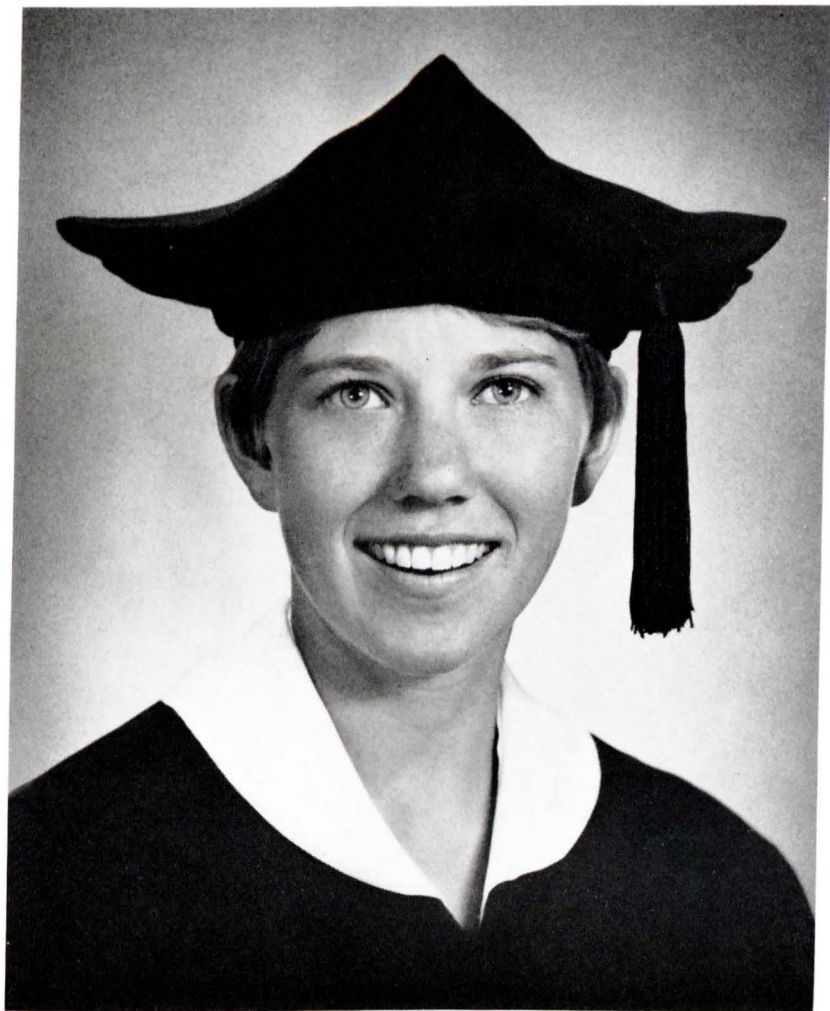
SUSAN SMITH

SUSIE is small. So small, in fact, that when supervising a seventh-grade playground she is easily lost from sight. Her slight stature has, however, its advantages in tandem surfing. Bright blue eyes and almost-constant smile reflect her unrestrainable exuberance. She becomes excited over everything—particularly sports. A tennis racket is her standard equipment. She moves around the tennis courts with all the grace of a duck, but it seems most effective.

When Susie raises her hand in class an audible groan can be heard from students and professors alike. She confounds all with her complicated questions and undisputable forms of logic. Abrupt comments are typical from Susie; but after all, diplomacy is not a prerequisite for surfing.

Deep roots are burrowed in her hometown of Redlands; but Susie's endless energy has channeled itself through Amigos Anonymous to Mexico. She is a person with genuine concern for the plight of the world, the church, the poor. She has immense energy and never stands still. She runs from one class to another in a state of semi-confusion. Despite appearances, Susie has an organized mind, as her grades and her closet will evidence. Spanish Literature, Modern American Literature, *Time* magazine, and music, especially Dixieland and the Ten-Fold, are all allotted sufficient time in Susie's busy weeks.

By believing thoroughly that life is what you make of it, Susie is naturally a girl in a hurry.



SUSAN EVERETT SMITH

Redlands, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: SPANISH

Social Committee '66

Community Service '65

Religious Activities Committee '67

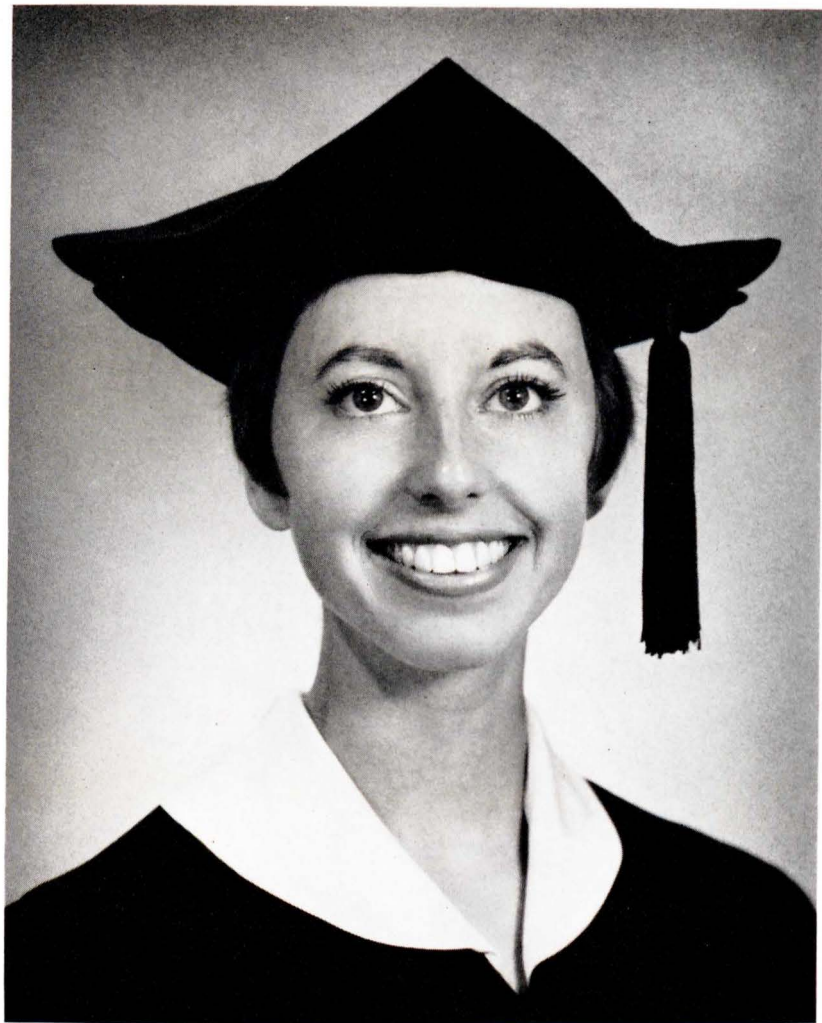
Carillon Staff '66

Firebrand Staff '67

Spanish Club '64, '65

Round Table '67

Tennis Team '67



THEODOSIA ANN SMITH

Mill Valley, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: FRENCH

Carillon '65, '66

Firebrand Staff '67

TEDDY SMITH

TEDDY is outspoken with a bite for which she usually apologizes but really does not regret. She is quick to interrupt because the ideas of others spark her own which in turn seek crystallization in conversation or down-on-paper. She is fearful of what she terms being "type-cast" and yet there is a particular image which most people remember about Teddy—small, verbose, and funny. Yet she swears that no one knows the inner kernel with its own devious motives.

By intellectual commitment, she is a social critic and sensitive to the inadequacies of social justice; yet, she is often awed by the prospect of her personal involvement in current political and social situations. Outside the classroom her mind is eclectic in the extreme. Artistically, she is captive to the union of music and dance. Philosophically, as she sees once-formed ideas challenged, she tends to modify them—she leans, perhaps, toward an existentialist position but with the reservation that her own mental make-up requires some type of system or theory.

She tracks down not only ideas, but people and books; and these once discovered, she studies and explores to her own exhaustion. She has read *Ulysses* twice and commits Shakespeare's sonnets to memory.

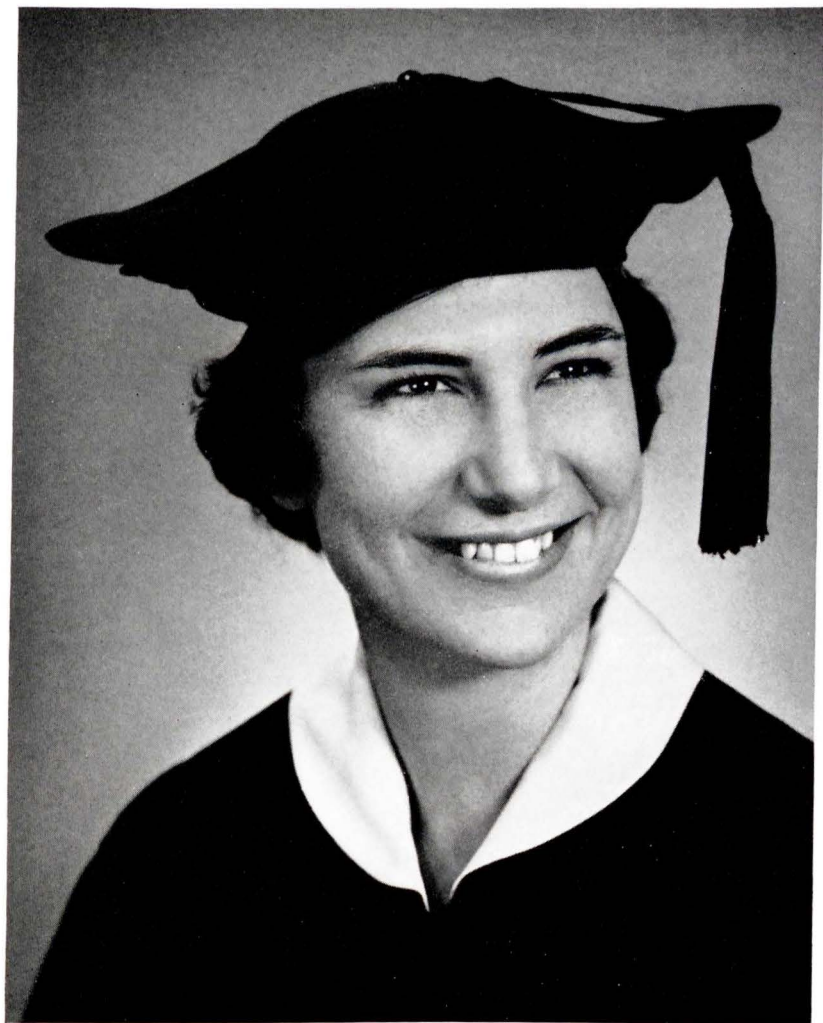
Of herself, she says she is most shaped by the people she has known; and hopes, in Joyce's words, that her spirit will have "enough energy to cast itself out again into the ocean of another's soul."

THEODORA SPARGO

ONLY TEDDI could manage to teach her high-school song, “*M* is for mighty, *C* is for class . . .” to the entire senior class. She is a past-master of sundry little-practiced arts, including collecting undeveloped rolls of film, doing all assignments while prone on her bed, and packing for the weekend in fifteen seconds. Unashamedly sentimental, she haunts Old Saint Mary’s, owns stock in Ghirardelli Square, surrounds herself with blues and greens, and keeps her room bright with fresh flowers. Her teddy bear, a Christmas gift from freshman year, now has enough companions to hold the teddy bears’ picnic on top of her bed.

A fireplug for class and school spirit, Teddi readily spreads her energy to the tennis court, ladies’ night or a big-little sisters’ party. She relishes “fun things”—like picnics on the floor of her room, a larger-than-life-sized poster of David McCallum on the wall and the celebration of her birthday in the cafeteria—once a month. As a one-man vaudeville show, she can delightfully mimic anyone from the Turkish Knight to Sir Walter Scott limping through the Scottish Highlands.

Jane Austen would have pictured her laughing and crying at the right times. Her vulnerability is often forgotten in the light of her quick-wittedness and her unbearable talent for punning. If laughter and a sense of balance are dangerously communicable, then Teddi is an epidemic.



THEODORA ANNE SPARGO

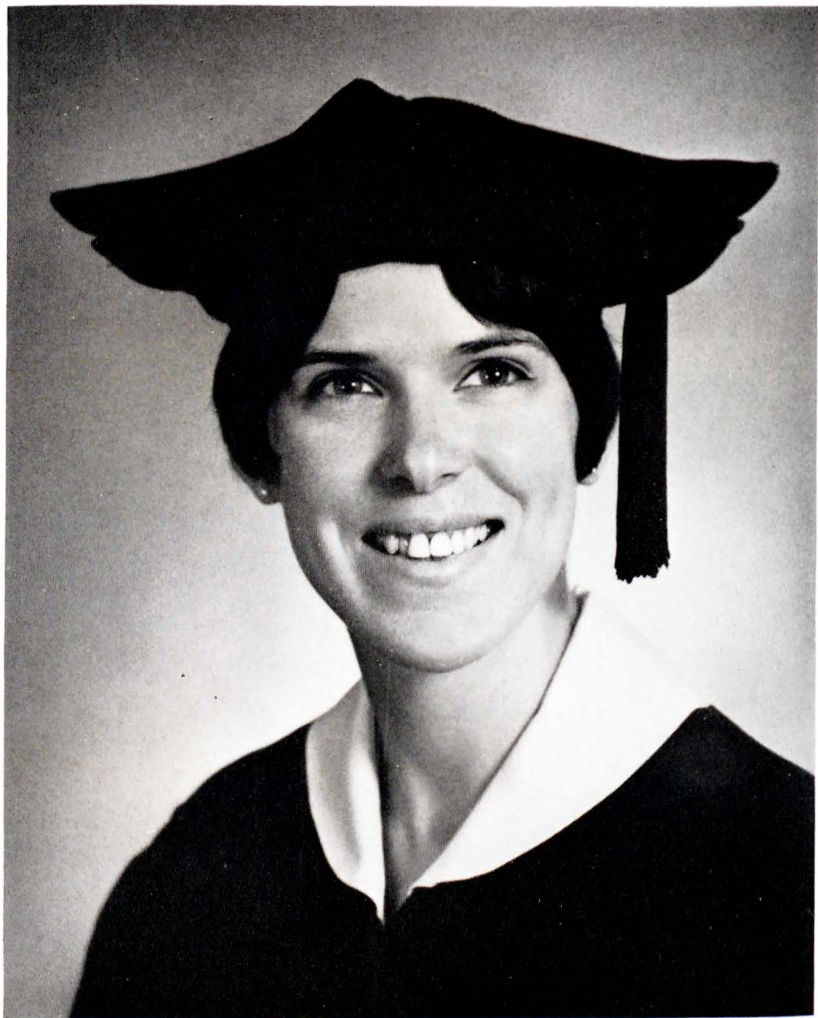
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: HISTORY

Class Treasurer '66
Community Service '65
Carillon Staff '65

Firebrand Staff '67
Science Club '67



JOAN BARBARA STEWART

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: MATHEMATICS

MINOR: MUSIC

Gamma Sigma

Irish Club '65, '66, '67

Music Club '65, '66, '67

Vice-President '67

SCTA '65, '66, '67

Treasurer '66

Troupers '64, '65, '66

JOAN STEWART

JOAN has an affinity for music. Be it opera, symphony, or the U. S. F. Pipes, her dancing eyes reveal an inner excitement. Her interest in music reflects all she is and does. Sensitive to beauty, adjusted to the rhythm and counterpoint of daily living, Joan is above all a person of harmony. She loves to cook and to play golf, to watch fast basketball or to curl up with a good book. Joan never just walks anywhere: she moves with a bounce, *allegretto* in nature, that is in keeping with her happy disposition.

A firm believer in the physical fact that "when things are down they can only go up," Joan is optimistic about the world. She always has an unaffected smile and a cheerful word. She possesses a certain naivete coupled with a gentle manner which allows her to look only for the good and to set aside the bad. She is, however, forthright enough to express her own opinion when she feels it necessary.

Joanie likes little things: odd-shaped bottles, poems of Emily Dickinson, daisies carefully arranged in a cup from the El Matador, and just such simple pleasures as nibbling on oatmeal cookies and salami. Her one fear is that someday she will gain all the weight she deserves for all the food she consumes. Her tastes are simple yet somehow elegant; she is neatly feminine. Joan's personality is like a musical composition: a harmony built upon theme and subtle variation.

MARY LOUISE STILSON

MARY LOUISE rues her continually paint-stained hands, yet would never adopt the only remedy to her plight—the abandonment of the art world. Imagination she values more than wisdom, and creativity more than diligence. For her reading she prefers Mr. Toad in the *Wind in the Willows* to *Scientific American*. A true believer in fantasy, she chides her roommate and her morning alarm for interrupting a dream of her “ideal man.”

Mary Lou's yearning for the glamorous is illustrated by her exotic, often flamboyant nightwear; but this side of her is tempered by the more restrained Mary Lou who covers same with a sweatshirt. Her everyday taste in skirts and sweaters, ski pants and parkas is a sharp contrast to the floor length muumuued, black body-stockinged Mary Lou that emerges after dark. During the day, the outdoors plays a vital part in her non-scholastic existence. Skiing, horseback riding, and water sports are essential to the happy life.

Generous with friends, acquaintances, and strangers, Mary Lou willingly shares her artichokes, long-hair records, and red licorice. Friend of the underdog and defender of the oppressed she seldom gossips, preferring to find the good in everyone—even Wolfman Jack, that raucous-voiced pirate disc jockey. Mary Lou is a meanderer. Travelling slowly, more than likely lost, and easily apt to be diverted, she will nevertheless enjoy the trip.



MARY LOUISE STILSON

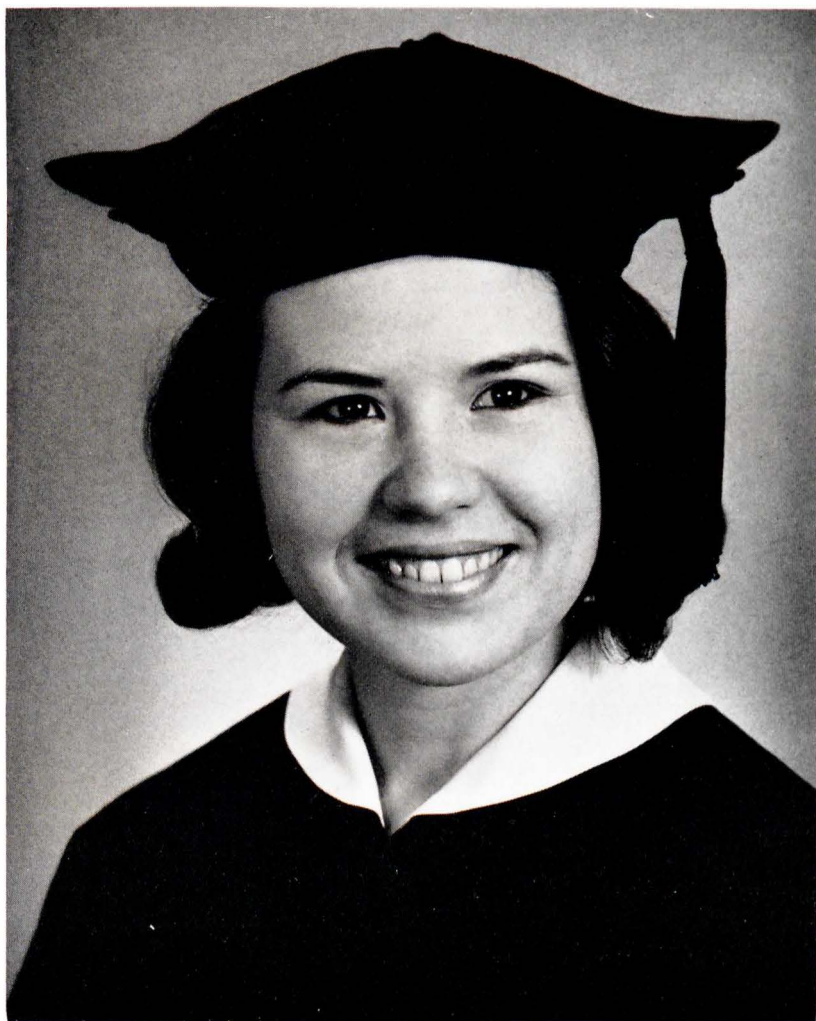
Sacramento, California

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: ENGLISH

Gamma Sigma
Art Club '65, '66

Irish Club '64, '65
Madrigal '65



SHEILA KATHRYN SULLIVAN
Menlo Park, California

MAJOR: FRENCH
MINOR: HISTORY

French Honor Society
French Club '64, '65, '66, '67
President '67

W.A.A. Board '65, '66
Vice-President '66

SHEILA SULLIVAN

A WARDROBE of brightly colored knit suits and silk cocktail dresses seems a contrast to Sully's quiet refinement. Though she likes diamonds and Friday nights at the Tonga Room, Sully's is the gentlest of sophistication. She has traveled through Europe twice, lived in Paris, and yet remained unconsciously naive. Sully's world is almost as meticulously and simply arranged as her person. With shoes from Ransohoff's and Madame Rochas perfume, she equally enjoys an evening at the symphony or dancing at the Starlight Roof. Comfort is found with the strains of Chopin or Strauss as with the gentle rhythms of latin dances.

A soft voice and warm smile perhaps betray Sully's attraction to the 19th century. Flaubert and Stendhal are her favorite authors, though she admits a weakness for historical romance. She likes impressionistic art, Renoir especially, and the ballet, the "Nutcracker Suite" and "Swan Lake" in particular. Her appreciation of delicate beauty, however, is not confined to the fine arts. She is strongly aware of her natural surroundings, enjoys swimming, tennis, and skiing.

Sully's interest in foreign peoples and cultures has not dulled her appreciation of San Francisco. Similarly, the theater and light opera have not impaired the simpler pleasure of two-piano playing with her mother. She finds life as interesting as it is beautiful, as thrilling as it is quiet.

MARY TASH

MARY has the charm, the freshness and the vitality of the young. Described as "petite Mimi" in a social column and occasionally taken to be the daughter of one of her taller classmates, Mary claims that her major ambition is to grow a foot taller. Height, however, is the extent of Mimi's smallness. She is the proverbial "little girl with a big voice." Accompany her to a song-fest or to the Red Garter and there is no doubt as to the volume and height which her voice can reach. Her vociferous roar made her frightening enough for the St. George dragon; but she couldn't deceive the children she entertained—who insisted upon carrying her tail.

Music blasting from the north wing smokeroom is a sure sign that a "James Brown Dancing Session" is in progress with Mary eagerly teaching her not so talented, not so light-footed friends the correct moves for the new beat. But Mary can swing in other directions. She is independent and does not fear the condemnation of her peers. A leader in her own right, she marches to her own beat. In her personal dealings, she is exact and well-organized; she makes outlines of outlines in studying for tests.

In Mary's day, there is time for work and play. But she won't play alone, and seldom has to, for with her sense of fun, spontaneity and merriment she can turn even a Friday night on campus into a laughing memorable experience.



MARY MAXWELL TASH

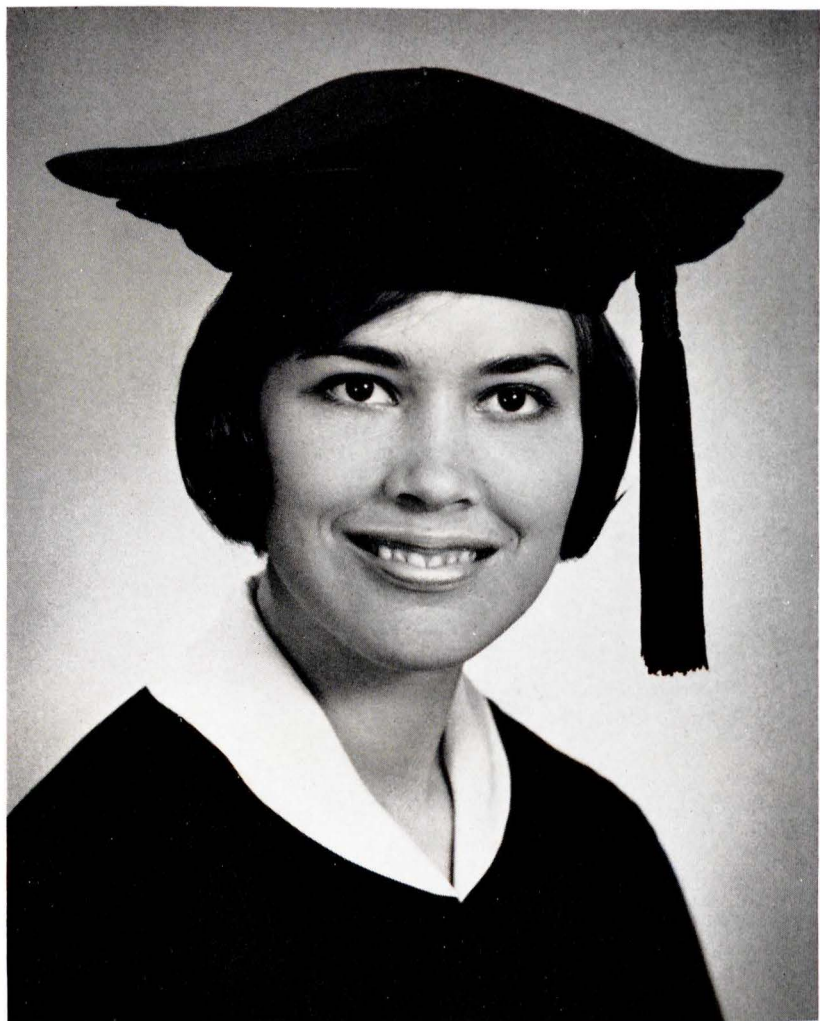
Oxnard, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: ECONOMICS

Community Service '64, '65, '66
Special Events Committee '66

Meadowlark Staff '66
Patience



SUSAN FRANZ TESCHER

Mill Valley, California

MAJOR: ECONOMICS

MINOR: ART HISTORY

Meadowlark Staff '66

SUE TESCHER

THAT SUE is quiet is undoubtedly an understatement—providing that you do not know her. She is met first as a good listener, who in most instances keeps her own counsel out of shyness. Her quietness disappears proportionately as she discovers familiar landmarks in people, and you begin to realize that not only is Sue quite vocal, but also very much in circulation. She profits by organizing her time. This permits her compact schedule to embrace such varied activities as working with mosaics, sketching, playing in energetic sports, and just plain world-watching. At times, her avocations infringe upon her vocational duties; but if a change of pace is called for, she will gladly assent.

Already, Sue is realizing her most important ambition of being wife and mother. In establishing her own household while finishing her course of studies, she is an inspiring example of domesticity and academic ability. Although on campus she is markedly shy and quiet, reliable sources admit that she readily comes alive after hours, loves to dance, and in general is very much the active young woman.

Her choice of major and minor reflect a characteristic ambivalence. She can be analytical in the wage-price spiral and creative in the fashionable clothes she wears. Depending upon her temperament at the time, she chooses the seaside or the perusing of a novel or other light literature. Happiness comes not despite her busyness, but because of it.

MARY THOMETZ

UNDERSTANDABLY, Mary is thought of in relation to her office. As an administrator and student leader, the A.S.D.C. gavel fits her hand as well as her smooth leather gloves. Behind the young woman of authority is versatility. Definitely enamored of the City, Mary still holds unmovable allegiance to Montana. She shops in sprees, patronizes the balloon stands at the zoo and delights in the sidewalk flower stands. Her appreciation spends itself upon little things—flowers, soaps and stationery; small books; petite pearl jewelry.

Mary appreciates honest people who like her for herself. She relishes a good sense of humor; in fact, she accounts it a vital necessity. Her world shines with optimism. She believes that eventually all things will resolve themselves, such as term papers, and that sometimes, curling up in her afghan for a comfortable nap will be more effective than fretting. But when the situation demands, Mary is prepared for it, with her quiet, thoughtful, practical attitude—and with perhaps the slightest touch of procrastination.

Mary never takes things for granted. She invites confidence, listens well, and gives what help she can honestly and sincerely. Balance maintained by *sms* and Swenson's keep her moving from her infectious laughter, through a series of chuckles to a wistful sigh at the end.



MARY CORNELIA THOMETZ

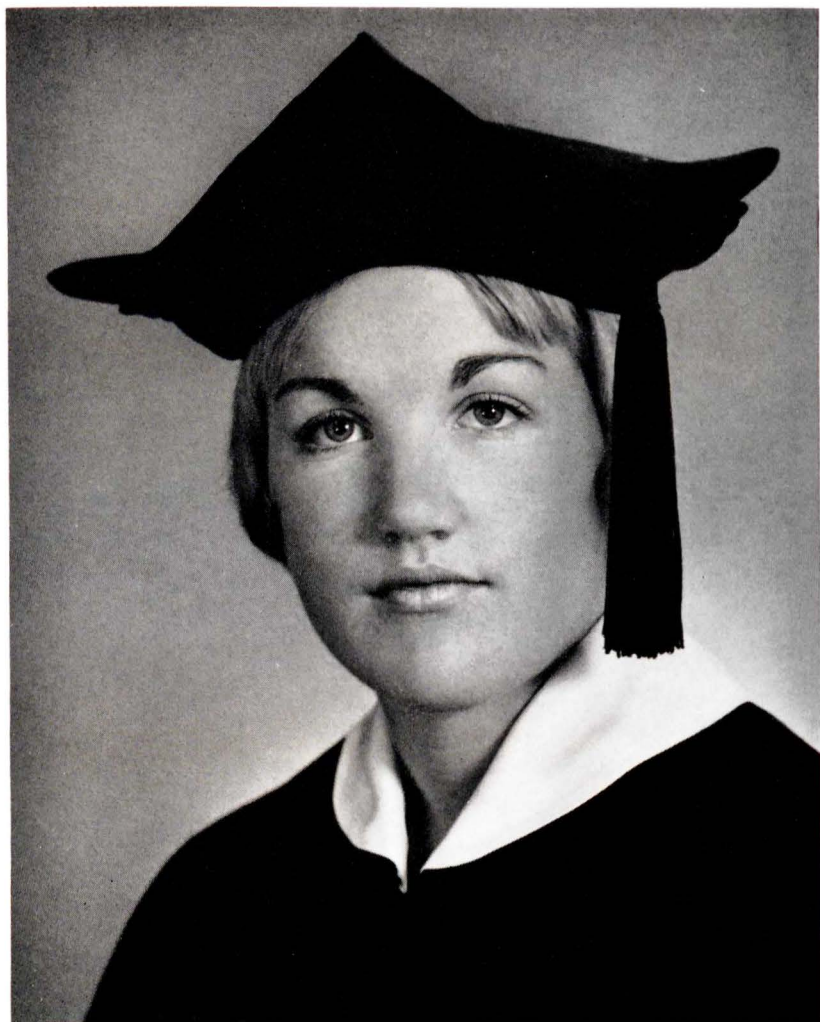
Butte, Montana

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: ENGLISH

Student Body President '67
House Regulations Chairman '66
Class Secretary '66
Executive Board '65, '66, '67
Student Affairs Board '66, '67

Community Service '64
Carillon Staff '65, '66
Co-editor '65
Assistant Editor '66



MARCELLA MARIE TINNEY

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: SPEECH

MINOR: MATHEMATICS

Gamma Sigma

Class Secretary '65

Absence Committee '65

Carillon Staff '65

Irish Club '64, '65, '66, '67

Madrigal '64, '65, '66

SCTA '65, '66, '67

Vice-President '66

Troupers '64, '65, '66, '67

Vice-President '66

Secretary '67

Madwoman of Chailiot

MARCELLA TINNEY

AS THE SAYING GOES, think pink; chances are, you will think of Marcy. She adores her world with pastels and feminine pales, trims it with lace and crinkly ruffles. Projecting a mental image, you picture Marcy with warm ivory china and graceful crystal.

Marcy is fighting Irish. She can traditionally wear more green on St. Patrick's Day than anyone else on campus; perhaps even her pink stuffed pig once belonged to Paddy.

Bugs are anathema; Marcy can not sit still until an insect has been safely incorporated into the wall. After such a traumatic experience, she will select from her assortment of pills to prevent any possible after effects.

Marcy has an endless supply of diligence and energy which she has contributed to everything from aiding Troupers' latest production to insuring the success of class events. After an expenditure of resources, she will re-vitalize herself with a diversion like See's or Swensons—or a lavish dinner, if she wishes to pamper herself. If she does not, she runs the risk of having Father Blank call her a "mesmerized sardine."

Marcy's moods are as several as her shades of pink: one moment cartwheeling down the hall, the next, quietly disappearing into hiding. But in spite of her disposition of the moment, she can never quite subdue the sparkle in her very Irish eyes.

CLEONI TOCALINO

WHETHER driving a jeep in the hills of Novato or discussing Baroque art at a fashionable cocktail party in San Francisco, Cleo enjoys herself. Responding to the great and the spectacular in the world of art, she is capable of performing her own arts in the dorm. An accomplished mimic, Cleo keeps her friends laughing at her clever imitations. She also keeps their hair trimmed as her artistic tendencies are given full reign while she styles and cuts. One can always tell when her Italian blood is boiling and frustration has set in for she runs for the scissors and applies them to her own hair.

Her Italian ancestry is responsible for her tastes as well as for her temperament. Be it food or sculpture, if it is Italian, it has to be good. Cleo insists, however, that she is not prejudiced, and, as if in proof, adds "I would love to travel the world over." So far her jaunts have taken her to Mexico where the slow pace and ability to take pleasure in simple living have appealed to her Latin strain.

Her love of leisure is not reflected in her studies. A careful student, Cleo may dread deadlines, but she always meets them. She also dreads hair tints and missing contact lenses. But on the whole Cleo is too busy getting the most out of life to be bothered by the inconsequential. "The little one," as she is called by her friends, is always ready to add excitement to life.



CLEON ANN TOCALINO

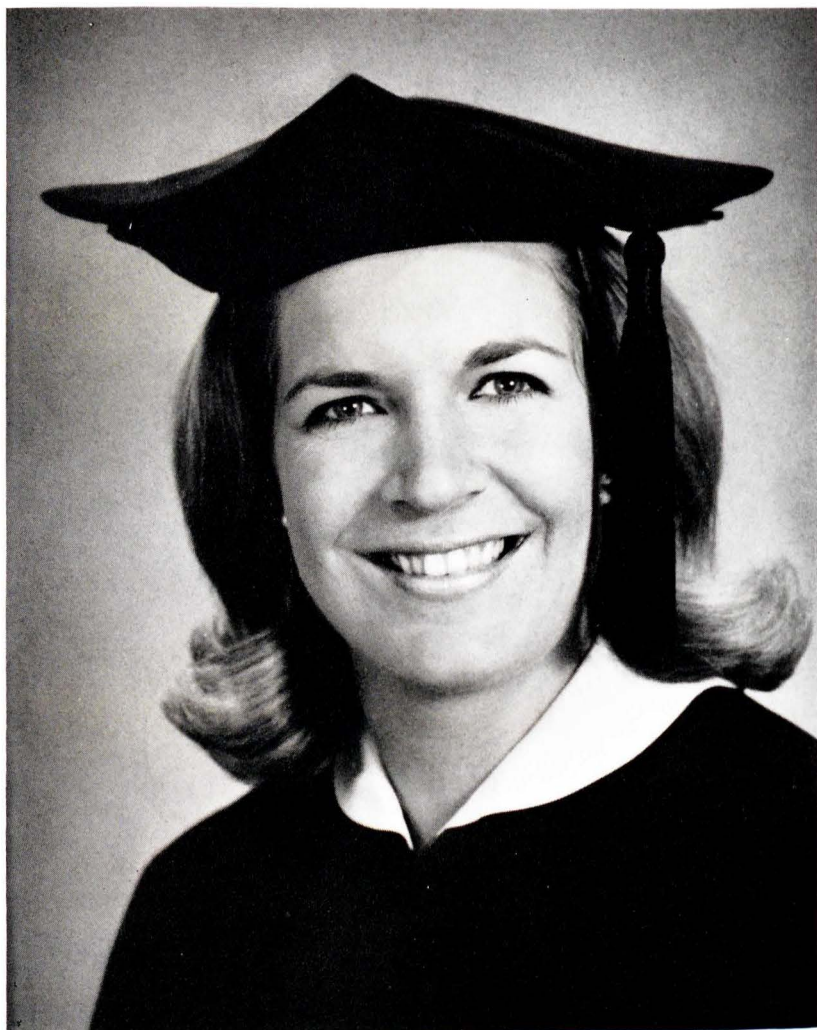
Novato, California

MAJOR: ART HISTORY

MINOR: ITALIAN

Gamma Sigma
Executive Board '65
Community Service '64
Carillon Staff '64, '65
Co-editor '65

Meadowlark Editor '66
Italian Club '64



JANE ANN VACCARO
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: MUSIC
MINOR: ENGLISH

Absence Committee '66
Community Service '65
French Club '65
Madrigal '65, '67

Music Club '66, '67
Schola '67
Ceremony of Carols
Iolanthe

JAN VACCARO

WHEN the agent from the Metropolitan Opera arrives, send him to Jan; he will be looking for her. Her gift for song and her rich mezzo-soprano voice are accompanied by an engaging talent for the dramatic, in a serious vein or the most light-hearted of comedy. Her achievement in mastering the complex demands of the operatic aria deserve as much applause as her performance of Queen of the Fairies in *Iolanthe* or "Here come I, the King of Egypt."

Jan is an initiator. She loves to begin: best sellers, shopping sprees, expeditions to the City, and—conversations. She will start by depicting her latest Keystone-Cops adventure in the music department, dwell profoundly upon Beethoven, painfully announce an unbegun paper, and then enthusiastically propose going out to dinner. Her oration will begin with bombastic laughter, be accompanied throughout by plastic facial expressions and wide eyes, and terminate with "Isn't that a riot??"

Quickly mesmerized by T.V. and an undisguised *aficionado* of the cinema, Jan recognizes every movie star and knows every movie that he has figured in. Her incurable affinity for everything excludes only eggplant and any member of the class *insecta*, but vociferously advocates her private constellation of heroes: John F. Kennedy, Thomas Schippers, and Sandy Koufax. Disarmingly feminine, sentimental, nervously energetic and mildly indulgent, Jan is as delightful and animated in composition as a scherzo.

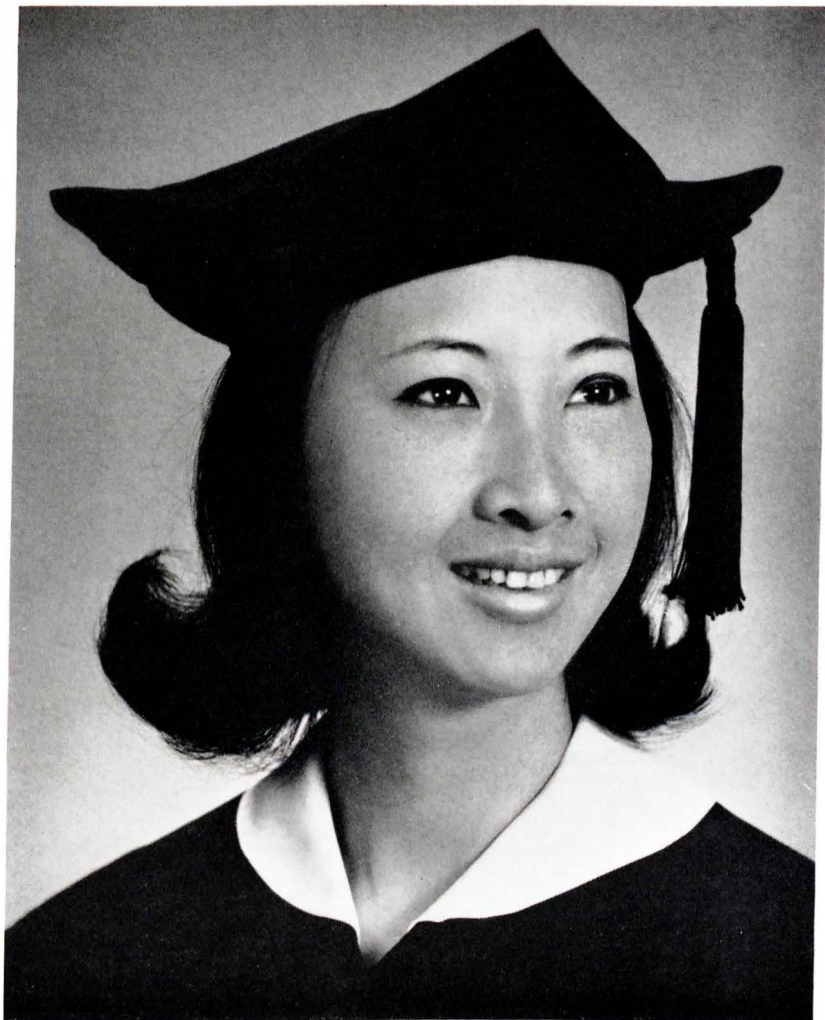
GINGER WEI

CENTURIES ago ancient Chinese poets labored over verses about exquisite and sensitive women such as Ginger. In her face, her voice, her movements, and her manner the same and timeless richness, warmth, and appeal still exists.

While some people are noticed for their constant chatter, never would Ginger be so observed. On the contrary, as she stands in a cluster of friends, an air of quietude and serenity pervades the scene. When Ginger comments it is only with intelligence and after careful thought.

To Ginger the experience of living in the United States and attending Dominican has been both interesting and enduring. Ginger was once an airline stewardess and having travelled extensively in the Far East she has acquired the ability to adjust to ways of life which are basically very different from those of her native country. Perhaps this is the reason she seems as much at home in our Western world as in her Eastern one.

Ginger is an extremely strong and mature person. As in the past, her future years will be enriched with unusual yet fascinating combinations. Whether studying the aesthetics of Chinese art or the periods of European history, it seems certain that the future ways and days of Ginger will follow the traditions of two worlds.



GINGER MAI-CHIU WEI
Taiwan, Republic of China

MAJOR: HISTORY

Transferred from Providence English College '65

International Relations Club '66, '67



PATRICIA IRENE WHITMORE

Long Beach, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

December, 1966

International Relations Club '66
Madrigal '64

Schola '64
Young Republicans '66

PATRICIA WHITMORE

AH LIFE! So exciting, so exhilarating, so full of things to do, and so Patricia lies back to contemplate them. From a supine position she meditates on the vagaries of the ceiling, devises at least eighty-four strenuous projects, dispenses free advice, and exhausted, finally naps. Her revival, however, can be sudden and devastating. The mention of a shopping spree, a trip out to dinner, or any adventurous "expedition" can spur Pat into immediate whirlwind activity. Organizing her four or five dozen intimate friends, she sets out with gusto. Why have a small quiet outing when a little disorganization can transform it into a gaily-mad excursion? These splurges are also the cause of her conviction that no amount of money can last past mid-month.

Periodically Pat's nature demands rearrangement of the furniture. A new position for her resting couch brings new horizons, and Pat everlastingly is seeking the fresh and the different. She faithfully searches the ads of the *Reporter Magazine* for innovations, and combs Cost Plus for imported wonders. Pat floats in a world of soap-operas, collects only absolutely and utterly useless knowledge, reads aloud to any available ear, acquires a minimum of three incurable diseases a week, and spends money with imperial disdain for its worth.

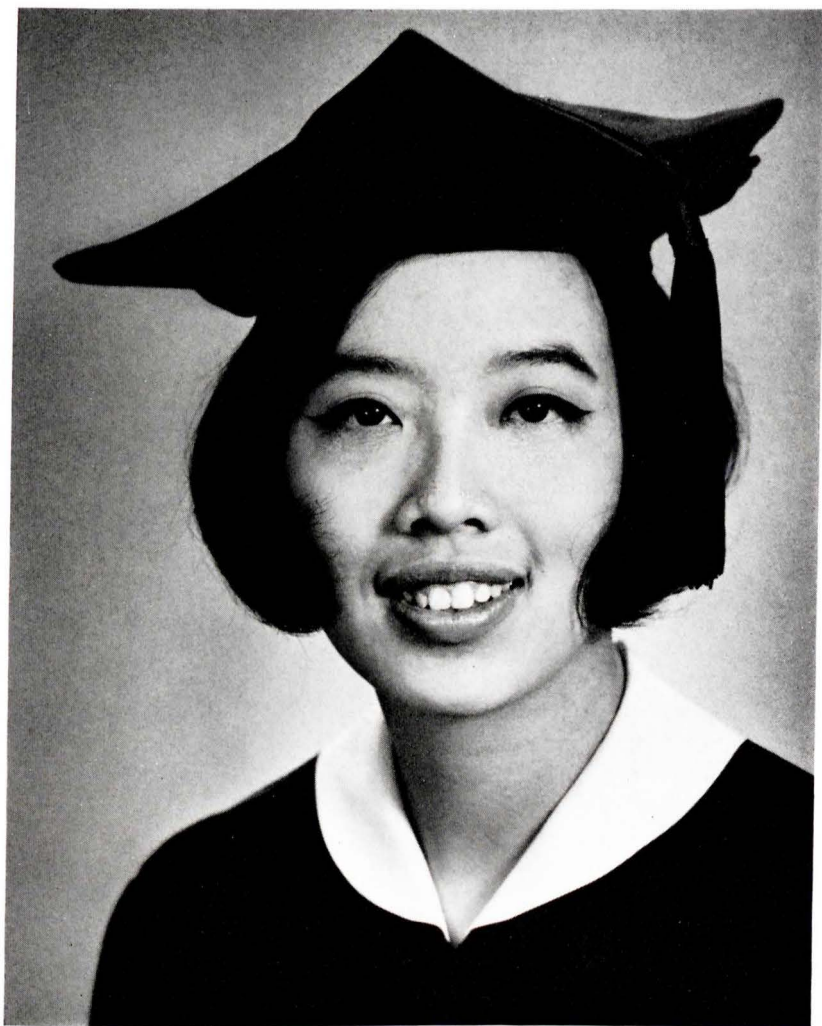
But most of all Patricia is warm. She enjoys everything and everyone. And the feeling is mutual.

STELLA WONG

STELLA rules the world. Or at least the part of it she is currently occupying. Whether she is dispensing her expert knowledge of art history or commenting on the idiosyncrasies of others, she commands attention. With a voice three registers above the average and a hypersensitive ear, Stella always knows what's going on in every circle from the academic to the social. And the listener can count on accuracy in her "scoops."

Fiercely loyal to her friends, Stella will nurse them through illness, console them in time of woe, and publicly defend their honor if necessary. But heaven help them if they try to introduce a dog into her presence. The "Princess" from Hong Kong abominates animals and non-bridge players just as wholeheartedly as she endorses Monet, movies of any variety, and "posh" clothes.

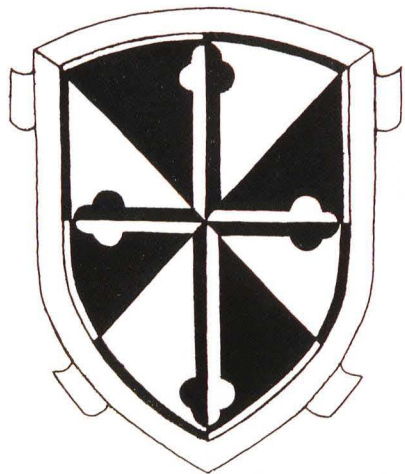
Stella is sustained activity. She shops wherever there are two stores together, visits San Francisco and the high spots of Marin County regularly, and hits every building on campus at least once a day. She has a warm attachment to the college and a genuine interest in its activities as well as concern for the people who populate it. On the scholarly side, she enjoys history and is enthralled by memoirs and biographies. On the extracurricular level, she knows everybody and everybody knows Stella. She seems to have watched over us all during her four years; she will be missed.



STELLA C. Q. WONG
Hong Kong, B.C.C.

MAJOR: HISTORY
MINOR: ART HISTORY

Foreign Students Club '64, '65, '66, '67



Veritas

ASDC OFFICERS

Elaina Cecil
SAB President

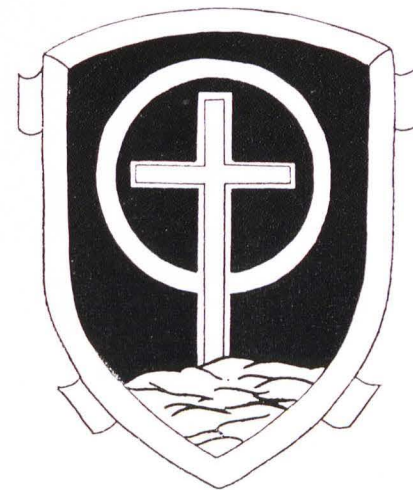
Mary Thometz
President

Paula Cavanagh
Vice-President

Janet Landtbom
Treasurer

Stephanie Parenti
Secretary





Credere Non Dubitare

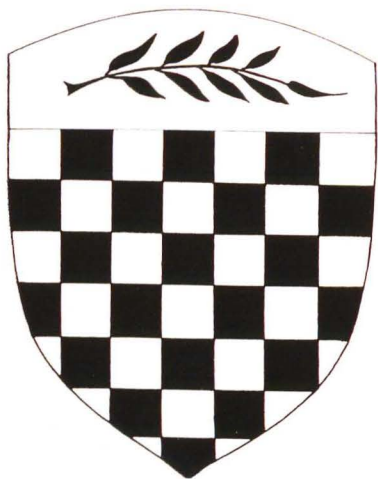
FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS

Katherine Atkins
Vice-President

Georgia Hogue
President

Dorothy Constanti
Treasurer

Helen Doneux
Secretary



Pax Per Consilium

SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS

Margaret Glockner
Treasurer

Christine Collins
Secretary

Barbara Barry
Vice-President

Elizabeth Purcell
President





Cum Veritate Sit Virtus

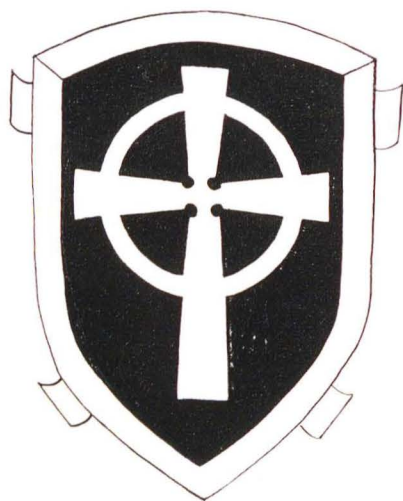
JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

Patricia Donovan
President

Ann Tierney
Treasurer

Patricia Fratello
Secretary

Drene Bernadoni
Vice-President



Non Videri, Sed Esse

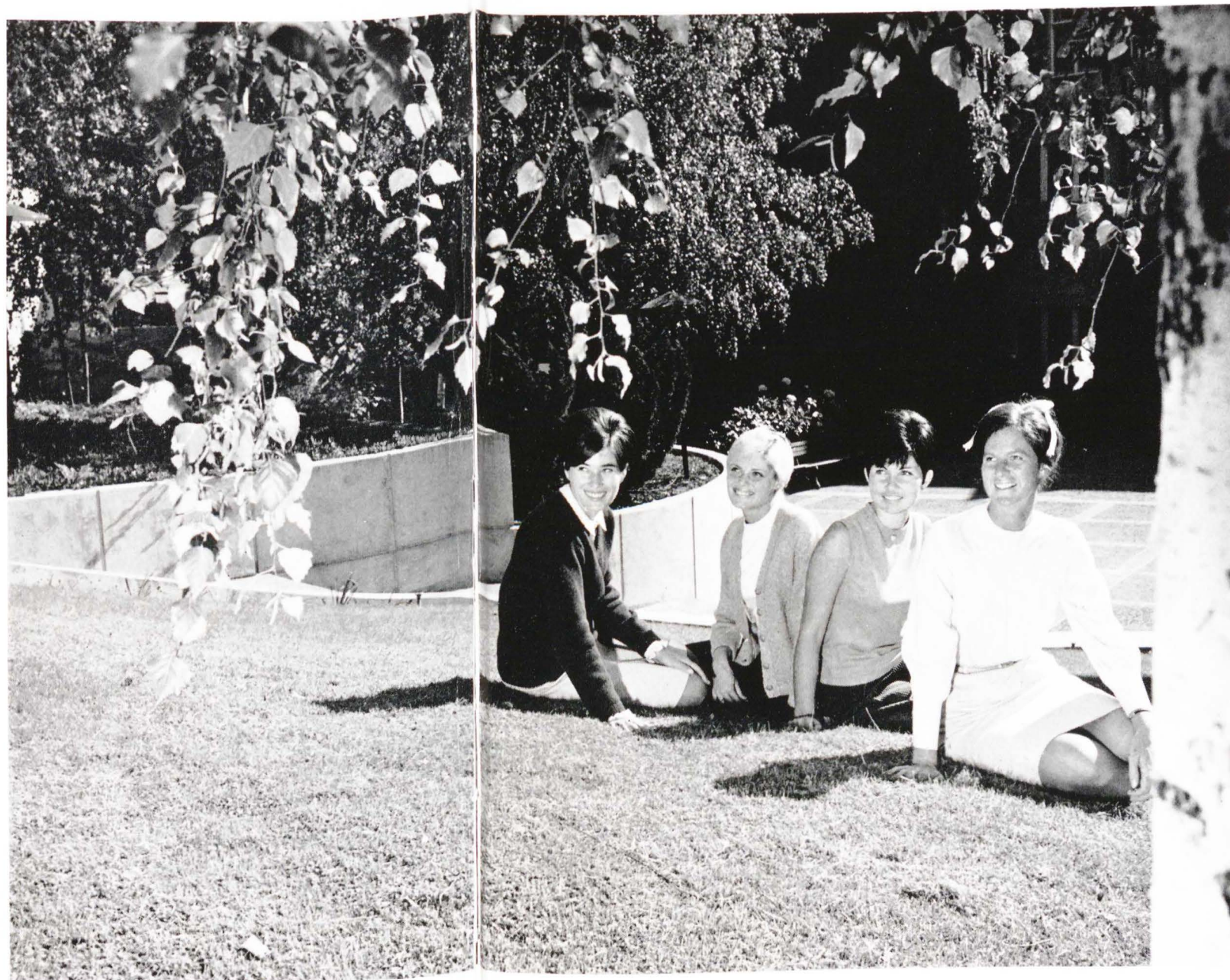
SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

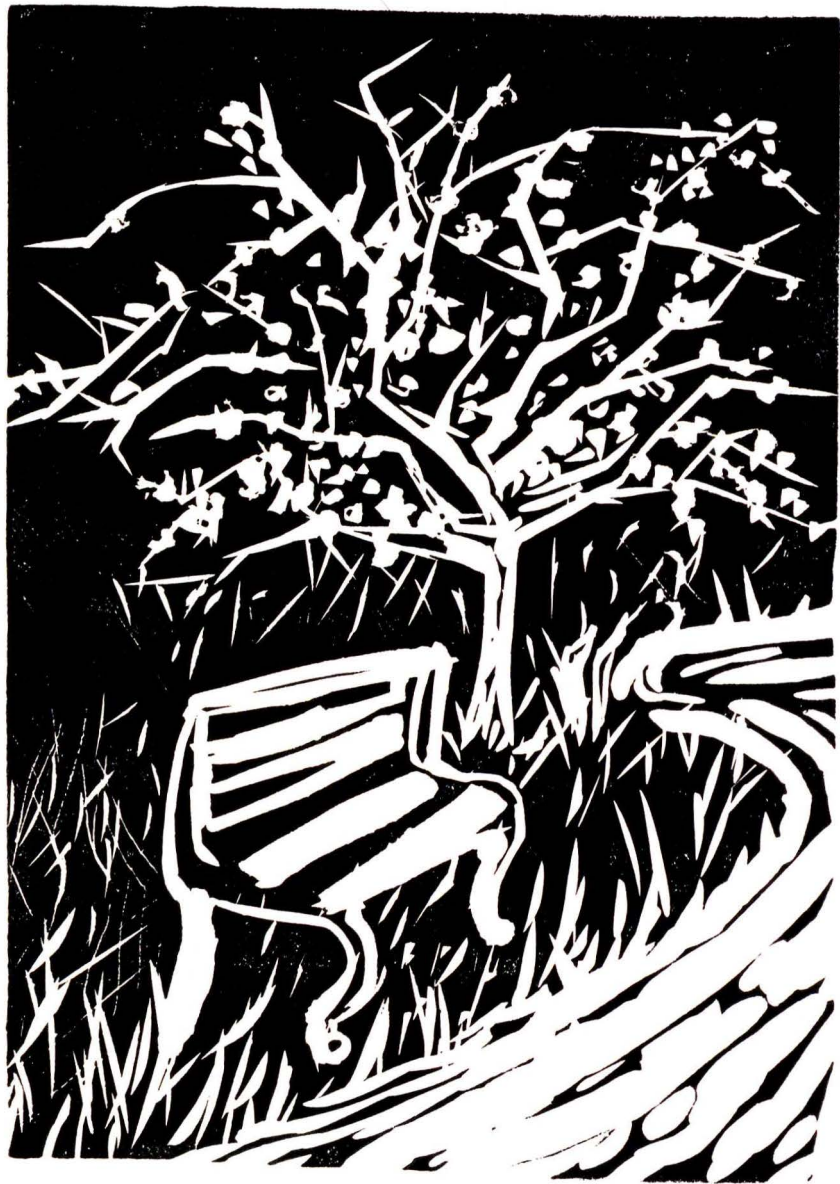
Barbara St. Martin
Secretary

Petite Gray
President

Teresa Kaufman
Treasurer

Emily Kearney
Vice-President





THE SOCIABLE ANGEL

ON THE LEFT SIDE of the front door of Meadowlands, there hangs a beautiful Della Robbia plaque of the archangel Raphael and Tobias. Although the plaque has been there for many years, I had never noticed it until one day last week as I was strolling into the house. I was so excited by my discovery that I decided to reread the Old Testament book of Tobias, from which we have our knowledge of Raphael, and as I was reading, I began to realize how appropriate this angel is as a patron saint for the town where our college is situated.

Raphael appears in the book of Tobias as a kind, "chummy" angel—or, as Milton later described him in *Paradise Lost*, "the sociable angel." He disguises himself and comes to earth to help Tobias, a very holy man who has been afflicted in his old age with blindness. He sets about helping the old man by accompanying his young son, also named Tobias, to a neighboring town to obtain some money that is owed to him—and who should go with them but the family's faithful dog! What could be more fitting for this campus, filled with dogs—both residents and visitors—than to have Raphael associated with a dog?

On the journey, Raphael persuades the young Tobias to stay with the family of Sarah, a young girl who is possessed by the devil, Asmodeus. Poor Sarah has been married seven times and, each time, her

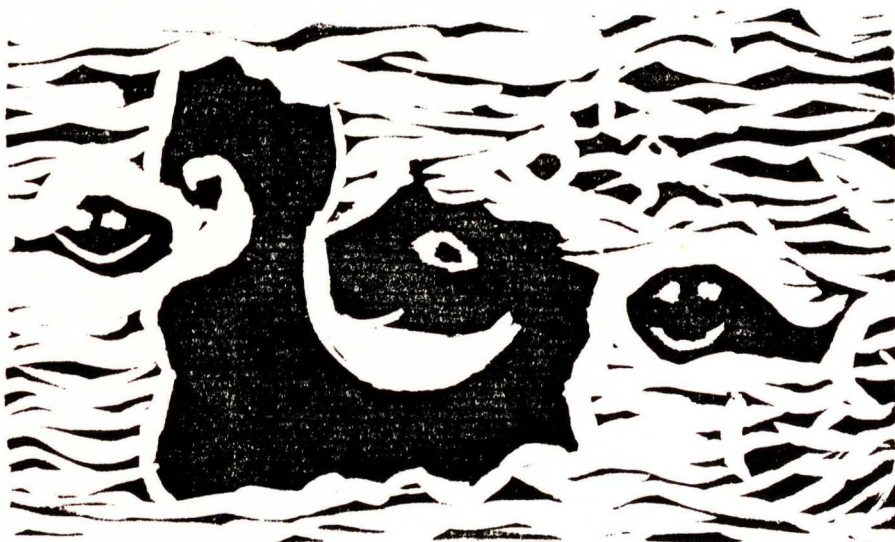
husband has died on the wedding night. However, in spite of this formidable drawback, Raphael persuades Tobias to marry Sarah and teaches him how to exorcise the devil. The two are very happily married; and, again, what could be more appropriate to this campus than Raphael's kindly interest in the love and marriage of these two young people?

While the marriage ceremonies go on—and on—and on, Raphael obligingly goes to redeem the money which they had come to recover. As soon as Raphael returns with the money, Tobias realizes that his father must be getting anxious since they have been gone so long, and so they set off for home with Sarah. When they reach home, the little dog enters the story again, for he runs ahead wagging his tail to announce their return. Raphael now shows Tobias how to cure his father's blindness and then, revealing his real identity, he ascends to Heaven, leaving the whole family to live happily ever after.

Because of Raphael's help in curing Tobias' blindness and relieving Sarah of her devil, Raphael is known as the angel of healing; why else would the doctor of the college be named Raphael Dufficy. Seriously, however, it is this aspect of the angel which caused the town to be named San Rafael. When the Mission of San Rafael was built, it was used as the place where all the sick Indians of the

area were brought to be healed. As this year is the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Mission, it is only proper that we stop to consider the many connections between this town of San Rafael, the campus of Dominican, and the kind angel of the Book of Tobias who has such an interest in dogs, healing, and young lovers.

BARBARA HARRISON '68



I COULD TELL IT WAS SPRING,

Not so much because the lark
seemed startled

At the popcorn balls in branches, white
and grenadine,

Unleashed apparently at dawn; but
just because

Before I reached the office: two
bright yellow

Taxis shattered glass like diamond
blossoms

Flying, and their great sleek thighs
like petals

Crumpled, and the drivers' tongues
trilled

Blue-Jay diatribes, and sap filled
swollen

Jowels so, and nothing ever spoke
of APRIL

Quite so brightly as the red-
gold, gold-

Red roses flashing shy and gladly
to the mad-

Songed black and white patrol cars
swooping in

Like sparrows!

JOHN SAVANT



ON LEARNING FROM PHINIAS

I MET PHINIAS when I needed him the most. It was on a Monday afternoon when the house was empty and the lonely, crooning voice of Glen Yarborough drifted from the phonograph in my sister's room. It was a blue, thinking day. Certain events in my life had brought me face to face with another disillusionment and their more frequent occurrence had brought about an idealism breakdown I believe not uncommon in people of my age.

Why do old family friends have to be found dishonest? How can love disappear from a marriage of twenty-two years and become merely a battle over

community property? Why are so many young people at a complete loss to explain their existence, even to themselves? How can God let a love linger for so long and then devastate it in one week? When will I be able to live in the present instead of continually searching for happiness just around every corner? Why can't all human beings be trusted? Can't even one, sincere smile be turned on the face of an old man asleep in the sun? How tortured must a mind be to take the lives of fifteen innocent victims?

The summer's events had gradually chipped away at my small idealism horde; but I had managed to cling to a few remaining bits and my sanity. However, for some reason Monday afternoon brought with it the rushing realization that I had been naively cleaving to an entity which no longer existed for me. I became the most sneering of cynics, the most deprecating of pessimists. How could I have been so blind? "Life is not a bowl of cherries, you child. Open up your eyes and take a look around. Go ahead. I dare you." It was at this precipitous juncture that I reached for a nondescriptly bound paperback novel entitled *A Separate Peace*. I will not attempt to retell the story because it has become such a personal experience for me that I could not adequately recount it. I can say a few words about Phinias. He is a beautiful young man possessing seventeen years and infinite wisdom. He is an athlete whose every movement is a study in control and rhythm. Phinias is a leader. Not

a platform standing leader who demands your attention, but a quiet leader whose mere presence in a room draws others' attention to him until he is almost unintentionally in complete control. Phinias could make a cold snowball fight at the edge of a forest rarely visited even in the spring a rare and well attended event. And he could make your attendance worthwhile by offering such prizes as: "Phinny's icebox hidden all these months in the dormitory basement, the Webster's Collegiate Dictionary with all the most stimulating words marked, a set of York barbells, the *Iliad* with the English translation of each sentence written above it, Brinker's file of Betty Grable photographs, a lock of hair cut under duress from the head of Hazel Brewster, the professional town belle, a handwoven rope ladder with the proviso that it be awarded to someone occupying a room on the third floor or higher, a forged draft registration card, and \$4.13 from the headmaster's Discretionary Benevolent Fund."

Phinias could almost convince everyone that World War Two was a colossal sham. It was a scheme devised by "the fat old men who don't want us crowding them out of their jobs. They've made it all up. There isn't any food shortage, for instance. The men have all the best steaks delivered to their clubs now. You've noticed how they've been getting fatter lately, haven't you?" More than this, Phinias lived life as it should be, not as it is. "What I mean is, when you

really love something, then it loves you back, in whatever way it has to love.” He possessed in such abundance one thing that I had lost—hope. I think he felt that if he could just keep thinking that all these things were true, they would be true. They were true. How can you find beauty in life, or even enjoy it, when all your illusions are gone? Phinias couldn’t.

His story ended tragically as all the best stories of heroes must. He died of overexposure: overexposure to the despairs of the world, to the hates of the world, to the infidelities of the world, to the cruelties of the world, and fatigue at his inability to convince others that his world existed. I cried when he died; but then I realized that he was not really dead. He rekindled something in me that I wanted back but which I didn’t know how to rediscover. A little spark of hope flamed up in me and though I did my best to squelch it, it would not be put out. The one ingredient I consider essential to life has been put back in me—idealism. My friend, Phinias, had to die before I could realize that life is not worth living without it. I wished he had wanted to stay here. I feel I could have learned so much from his innocent wisdom. 🌻

EDITH BIESHEUVEL '69



GO EAST, WHEN YOU GO . . .

BEIRUT in the afternoons looks for the sunset, and great clouds most often green, hang high in the skies and resolve in ghosts, carriages, jazz, and that soft red which is the sun itself disappearing. Long trails of pulsating gold transform the sea and the persistent desire is to take a frail boat-like board and follow the trails right into the sun's heart . . . such a desire never disappears; it even becomes the direction of one's destiny.

I want to tell you: if you start anything start it from Morocco. There, you leave the Atlantic behind your back and initiate a slow march to the East. On holidays troubadours recite in long poems those

deeds of courage that the desert holds written on its sand. The Arabs, similar to the mirages which cover their land, took off in the Peninsula and swept Africa with a speed that hurricanes still envy. Their horses raised sand storms, their speech brought down the thunder, and on the silent landscape hovers the memory of those incredible events. In utter silence one hears and one sees their past resurrected.

Morocco is the long and arched backbone of some prehistoric animal petrified. Its orange brown soil raises a wall against the assaults of the Sahara. It is very quiet because it is a fallen edge. It is where the sun ray disappears.

Like salmon fighting against the current and jumping high you have to follow the sun ray upward and, crossing Algeria, take into your vision those white villages which hang precariously on mountain peaks. There is no doubt that man descends not from the ape but from the bird and, clumsier than eagles but as proud as they, builds his nests closest to the sky. Birds and men know the solar system and always are attracted to its center. To go East is to be missing the solar center and incessantly go to it. We shall face the Divine having walked and having been burned.

In California you say: this is lumber country, this is wine country, this is gold country. . . . In Tunisia you say: this is the country of St. Augustine, this is the country where the Companions of the Prophet built the first African mosque, in Kairouan . . . this is the place where cities are thin lines like caravans

on the sand. It is impossible to stay, for beyond a road there is another road and it always goes East.

The sunset over Cairo bursts into billions of shiny particles of dust and this is the revenge of the poor: the poorest city has its daily transfiguration. The pyramids took the universe as an ultimate scale, far beyond the solar world; this is why they look so "modern," so much in tune with our post-humanistic age. Arabs say Egypt is a woman. If Egypt were to be a woman I would say it is because you sense that the creative forces which account for the universe can here be caught bare.

Walking on that sun ray takes you back to Beirut. The sea is there, the starting and the returning points are there, and that quivering lane of pulsating illuminations is there . . . we can't but be immortal because the sun is far away.

ETEL ADNAN





BAPTISM

Although sorrow circles the curved arc
Of earth in waters moving further from meeting
And lone gulls scanning the western dark,

The Eden sun lost behind their wings;
Although knowing such things we said, "But I,
I am not to go beyond what brings

My certainty—the footsteps I have known,
Mountain paths keeping the rainbow's promise
From floods which came (to pass), and seeds sown

In golden hope for reaping in this land
Where I shall grow straightened and serene"—
For all this, yet there is His Hand

Grasping stronger than our hold on all
We name our own and gentler than our touching
Cherished gifts of love: there is His Call.

And who are we that, mindful of our need
For strength to answer, He should grant grace
Enough for us to dare the nomad sea,

To bear the night-winged silence and to bend
The brightness of our days into the darkness
Bringing faith, Beginning in the End?

Who are we that, mindful of the pain
Of our response to Him, He offers comfort
In the calm, purifying of rain

And in His sign on every head
Bowed within His blessing, all beloved
Present in the Breaking One Bread?

Only children—moved beyond our will
Until, made small enough, we see the waters
Circled in His Love being still.

EDITH PENNOYER LIVERMORE, ex '67

HISTORY 139a

Pilate summoned him and said to him, "Are you the king of the Jews?" He answered, "Do you say this of yourself, or have others told you of me?" Pilate answered, "Am I a Jew? Your own people and their priests have given you to me. What have you done?" He answered, "My kingdom is not of this world. If it were, my followers would not have allowed me to be surrendered to you. But, as it is, my kingdom is not far from here." Therefore, Pilate questioned him, "Then you are a king?" He answered, "It is you who have said that I am a king. This is why I was born, and why I have come into the world: To bear witness to the truth. Everyone who loves truth listens to me." Pilate answered, "What is truth?" and left him.

Teacher: Today we will study this ancient text written several thousand years ago. Have you any questions?

Student: Who is the "he" in this tale?

Teacher: His name was Jesus Christ.

Student: I have never heard of him. Why do we study a man whom no one remembers?

Teacher: Because this is a history class; and for many years this man and his teachings greatly influenced history.

Student: Will you tell us something of him and his teachings?

Teacher: He told men to love each other. And with this love, he also preached forgiveness. He was a great optimist.

Student: He was not only an optimist; he was unrealistic. Did not people laugh at him?

Teacher: Strangely enough, no. He seems to have had some mystical power over the people. Of course, the men of his day were extremely simple; this might be the answer. But even some of the educated men followed him. What information remains about him would seem to indicate that he was irresistible. The people flocked to hear him. It has been said that when he looked at you, you could refuse him nothing. He said "Follow me," and they followed.

Student: But certainly not everyone dropped all and ran after him? If they had he would not have vanished almost completely from history.

Teacher: No . . . not everyone . . . not the leaders who had the greatest influence, who might have accomplished such great good had they followed him.

Student: Sir, you sound almost as if you could believe in this fantastic figure!

Teacher: Well, you know, at times I think that I can understand how one would wish to follow such a man. We realize today, of course, that "love" such as this man advocated has no place in a meaningful life. It fosters personal relationships, and these hinder one's complete devotion to self. But, as I am certain you have been taught, man's consciousness, even in its present advanced state,

still periodically experiences certain unexplainable desires to follow, to serve — yes, I might even say to love — another. But, whereas all men throughout history have experienced such desires, we are the first civilization to recognize them as being purely emotional, as having no intellectual justification, and, as such, as being unworthy of man. And so, we have learned to protect ourselves by suppressing such desires.

Student: Yes, yes, I know all this, but back to the man. Can you tell us more about him?

Teacher: Only a little. A legend began to grow about him. The people of his time said that he must have been a god, for he was supposed to have risen from the dead. And several reported having seen him after he died. For some time many believed in him and practiced his teachings. And just as in all historical developments which involve many people, ideals need to be nourished within the framework of an institution, this greatest of all ideals were no exception. So grew up a complex structure which hardened, and the simple spirit of love and forgiveness which he had loved and preached was obscured. Time and time again leaders emerged aflame with love for this man and his teachings and revitalized the institution. Yet in spite of their enthusiasm, gradually this

story was forgotten by all but the historians. But enough of this unprofitable discussion; back to the text.

Student: Please, Sir, one last question. How did this unique man die?

Teacher: We . . . they, I mean his own people killed him, of course.

COLLEN K. B. LANE '68



SWINGING HELL

swing lad
slide
it's summer-sunny
sweet
(did we ever meet before?)
and simple
 you'n me
 together
 just for now
swing, lad
never quiet
never try it
on your own
 bringing witness
 all you've known
 of living
 is a comfort-common being
 is a comfort-common seeing
only rising, rising, rising
blown
out of proportion
riddled, seeing in distortion
 you'n me
 set here in stone
 never changing

rearranging here
our day-to-day and
 common-
 sort-of-being, here alone,
not us, lad
summer swinging
only you alone,
 then me
not together ever really
never truly set existence
you—that damned persistence
of the mind
to never see
 the other side of swinging, lad
 the neck, the noose,
 the ringing sad and mournful of the bell.
nothing set and sure and steady, lad
not here,
a summer's spell
 of living
 and of dying, lad
a shifting,
 swinging
 hell.

SHIRLEY CLARK, '68





MOMENTS

Time is not enduring, yet it can be held as eternal.
One fleeting moment can hold so much importance
That it can be forever in the lives of one or two
The determining factor of now and eternity.

E.M.C.

Beginning slowly, struggling with unaccustomed sticking of our oars, we feel the stiffness of our muscles. Like a centipede who cannot coordinate his legs, the boat struggles spastically to free itself from the dock. With irregular movements, the shell creeps out into the lake. We are eight individuals. We silently blame the girl in front for missing the stroke, and the girl behind for failing to follow the pattern. Then ever so slowly, we listen to each other and to the movements of the oars. Each hears the other breathe, "stay together." For one—and then for two strokes, our oars enter and leave the water in unison. Rhythmically, intently, we feel the boat glide. Faster now, we pull harder. Faster and stronger yet, the bow lifts itself out of the water. We are flying along the lake's surface. "I" becomes "we" and "we" become one body, one soul, one blending of our strength into a precise motion—that of a single oar.

* * *

Saturday: pitter-patter-splatter. "What's the matter?" "There's chatter at the pane; constant rain." You're up early, hurly burly—with your nose against the pane. "Flood-mud; we'll puddle-muddle, through it—quite insane? (In Seine?) Come out all rubber-booted bumper-shooted water-daughters-come and cross the bounding main. (translation: There's a river flowing between us and Caleruega. The bus for lunch leaves at noon.)

* * *

The lab was overhung with fumes and vapors, soporific with the dull undertone of sporadic conversation, running water and bunsen burners. The afternoon wore on into an experimental standstill. At the other end of the room, Dr. Carroll, in his oversized once-white twice-buttoned lab coat, hovered over the stock bottles. He coughed, and then his face broke into a big smile—like the one on your father's face when he is pleased. "Now, don't forget . . . I want you all to come up to my house for dinner tonight . . ." No experiment ever completed itself more quickly.



Looking at my calendar the light begins to flicker: realization comes slowly then hits with a thud. Wonder and . . . What now? Where? Sobering thoughts. I am not the only one nor am I the first nor am I the last . . . A tinge of self-confidence returns: graduation is only seven months away.

* * *

Redundant, ambiguous, condense, enlarge, clarify, "say it new," cliché, 100 words, this has been used before, tighten, make the tenses active, give an example, use a quote, 200 words, build on this theme, needs unity, poor structure, make a new paragraph, develop, 237 words, sounds strung together, 250 words, cut, what does this refer to . . . glosses which embellish a character sketch returned for the third time while a Senior's essence hangs suspended and encircled with a daisy chain of comments blessedly not in red ink.

* * *

Overheard between Aida and Medley,
Frowning forlornly, muttering oaths deadly:

"The deadline draws near,
And it's abundantly clear

There's been some pirating going on here!"
The thievery is subtle and the source never varies,
Sister Martin smiles sweetly at her *Meadowlark*
Marys.

* * *

As *Firebrand* draws to a finish,
And our resources start to diminish,
Our literary store
Is needed no more,
And besides, the quality's thinnish;
What to do with the discards we haven't a fear—
The *Meadowlark* will certainly print them next year!

* * *

Elaina Cecil
Edith Colt
Aida Cordano
Mary Lacey Niles
Suzanne Pollard
Mary Beth Richards



A DISCURSION: TO THE PEACE-FORGERS

IT WAS GOOD to get home. It was cold, and the place was a mess, but it is good to get home. It would be good to get home, she thought, as she bit down to the stale dryness of the brown-bread crust. They asked her if she would like some clove tea, now that she was no longer home. It was difficult, not to remember the secret which she had discovered;

The first thing was the bent of young dark bodies and the sinews strain and muscles as they dipped the long and stately oars to the song-chant of strong white teeth against the black skin. And I watched: they plyed the sea, and the waters gave way before them in thick green hills.

A lone priest of Tunisia sat in the open space of the land upon an earth-covering and prayed to the bending tree-shafts and brown verdure that constituted the quiet hope of his country.

And as we beheld them, the four fled up out of Kashmir, and went upon the hillside where they might look down onto their beloved city. Laying their bundles and their staff among the barren rockiness, they four each took one hand in another's and stood and prayed over their city and their forgotten country, forgotten by except the long sun which made them to stand out across the sky.

Sing for Joy, all ye Nations, for the Lord shall be
your governor. The people shall be judged with
Righteousness, and gladness shall stand over the
strife of all Nations.

If I were to pray for peace . . . but I must not pray
for peace: for peace must be from the hand of man.

He was an old man, his skin was like dead leaves, there were wrinkles in his bones, he grasped a walking cane, his sharp Gallic aspect was emphasized by the evening-shadows of the square where he stood, he was all alone, he had only one button on his unbuttoned jacket, he was laughing.

But the reason that it tasted so strange was because in this part of the world, they do not use salt in preparing their butter. They have no salt; they can not buy salt . . . there is no salt. There is not salt of the earth.

He folded his hands one across the other and leaned his elbows over onto his thighs and sloped his back into the long-customary position of idleness. His trousers would not have been so faded, his shoes would have protected him from the damp ground, he would have worn a jacket, his eyes would not have been rimmed with indifference, he would have eaten today, he does live.

Why should man so fill himself with illusion as to think that he is somehow exempted by right from the pain, the struggle, the conflict and the destruction that characterize the whole evolutionary process? Tension and opposition are the forces which make possible creative advance; men are locked in struggle because they are a part of nature. There is no peace on earth. Man is born to build his cities, wage his wars, write his poetry, suffer his pain; man is born to die.

There was a high rock wall which stretched the length of the street and formed the front-side of what ever you might call the spaces behind it into which the people were crowded. I have walked past that doorway day and day again, and the pile of wooden crates never hid before the faces of two Greek children—one: brown boyish dark cropped hair apprehensive-set eyes wearing his father's army jacket; another: only eyes fearful waiting shivering speaking: don't come near. I have seen those eyes before but only once sunk into the desperate face of a young man standing in the shadow of a bared revolver.

There was a hillside fully covered with over-grown-grass and wild flowers that tumbled gently with twisted trees down to the planer lands of the Campanian coast just south of Naples. The ancient ruin of a Doric temple crowned the ascent of the hill, as clay-red-brown as the earth itself. The flowers were of a passage from Vergil in which he speaks of the hillside roses which bloomed twice a year. On the steps of the temple, a solitary human figure was seated in the long shadows of the waning-day's sun: a bent man, his eyes eternally closed to this shining world, a blind man of many years; a man who perhaps prayed and waited for the return of the days of ancient years, that he might be revered as a prophet and a seer because of his blind-ness, that he might be held in esteem as a man of wisdom because of his advanced age.

The earth loves all things and she gently pulls them to her cold hard breast. Death is nothing but gravity, nothing but the earth bringing her own children close to her to sleep. This is peace, of one kind. Peace assumes many shapes.

This is the great mass: he, hungry and lean; he, crushing his brother; he, pushing and intertwining with the nameless-faceless thousands; he, feeling the street bare beneath his foot; he, crying out the sale of his small crop now borne upon his shoulders; he, his eyes slipping with slyness; he, smelling the conflicting odors of the crawling, open market; he, taking quickening short steps; he, dressed in an unbuttoned shirt and hanging short-pants; he, his darkened skin leathered by the strong light of many days' suns; he, so many, one, lost into all.

Small boy, lately come into the dim afternoon of life: you are born old by time before you began being: you, small life, are born dying as the subtle rot of putrefying days encroaches upon each living cell of your slender frame and your brain shrivels as paper in a fire, browning, crumbling at the edge, shrinking, convoluting in upon itself: life lying at waste within the very house of life.

Peace, not the cessation of war: Peace, not the absence of strife: Peace, not compromise: Peace, not the surrender to expediency: Peace, not the instinct of fear. Peace, is it not of the spirit? Peace, is it not the sublimity of the soul? Peace, is it not the light of the clear mind seeking that which is the truth? Peace, is it not love? Only then will Peace conquer.

AIDA TORONI CORDANO, '67



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