

1968

1968 Firebrand

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The Firebrand

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

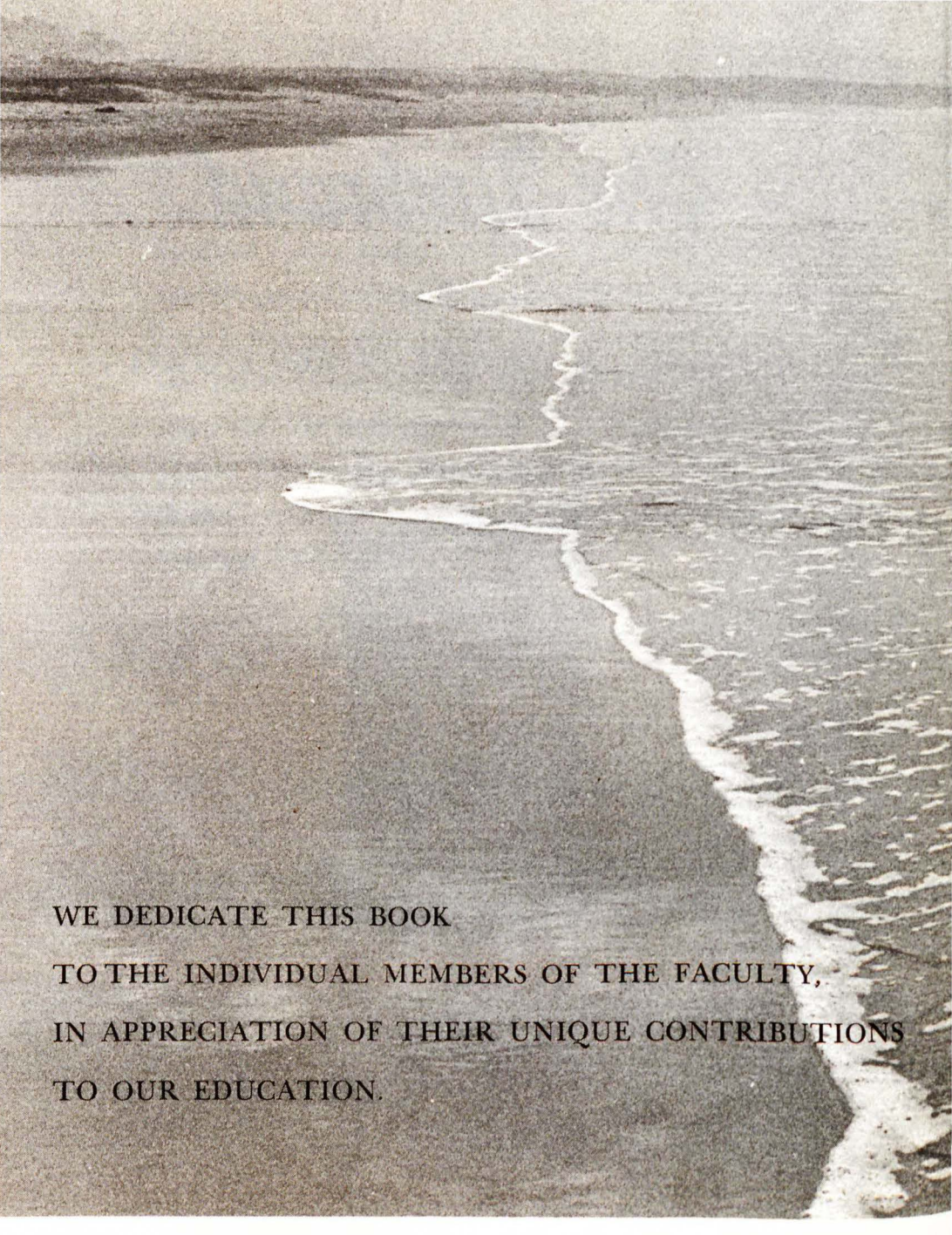
The Firebrand

of the

DOMINICAN COLLEGE OF SAN RAFAEL



MCMLXVIII



WE DEDICATE THIS BOOK
TO THE INDIVIDUAL MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY,
IN APPRECIATION OF THEIR UNIQUE CONTRIBUTIONS
TO OUR EDUCATION.



The Firebrand

Editor Mary Elizabeth Richards
Associate Editor Mary Lacey Niles
Art Editor Mary Louise Conlan
Business Editor Eileen Machado

STAFF

Patricia Araneta	Particia Edelman
Mary Ann Bannan	Barbara Harrison
Ann Brockert	Colleen K. B. Lane
Patricia Cling	Sharon Rose
Carol Demattos	Lynn Valente
Martha Devitt	

BUSINESS STAFF

Alice Gambonini	Josette Pratt
Mary Gluch	Katherine Rasor
Laurel Greenwood	

ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
Ex Libris — Mary Conlan	Inside Cover
Dedication Photograph — Brook Elgie . . .	2, 3
Figure — Katherine Rasor	190
Tree — Mary Fanning	199
Vale — Vikki West	205
Birds — Kaye Bryans	210, 211

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AN INTRODUCTION

The *Firebrand* is a unique yearbook. It is distinguished not only by its size and style, but also by the quality of the workmanship that goes into its production. The focus is on the individual and the attention is on the detail. As a result, the *Firebrand* possesses an artistic unity of its own, balancing literary material with photography and art work.

The yearbook staff approach their project much the same as they would a work of art—demanding the same artistic criteria. It is this approach that we consider to be the most important aspect of the *Firebrand* tradition.

The yearbook of the Class of 1968 has a new look. The style has been changed and the traditional focus on the individual has been translated into a different form of expression. We consider this kind of change to be a healthy sign of our growth and grasp of the concept of individual expression, and all that it implies.

Individual expression, conceding change as a necessary prerequisite, should also involve what T. S. Eliot refers to as “an historical sense.” Traditions serve as invaluable guides for the present. In the proper context they lend continuity and stability to any form of artistic expression. But, traditions that

are merely repeated without regard for interpretation ignore time and ultimately stifle creativity.

While discarding what we consider to be the negative side of tradition, we must at the same time concentrate on becoming aware of the guiding principles behind traditions and, realizing these, express something of our own time, in our own manner.

The 1968 yearbook is our own particular interpretation of the *Firebrand* tradition. It is different in many respects, and these differences may seem startling to the graduating seniors and those who have an old acquaintance with the yearbook.

In retrospect, however, the things we do today will undoubtedly seem less daringly different than they do now. We need only read yesterday's editorials to realize that all changes belong to time, and time inevitably qualifies and places them in their proper perspective.

We live in an age that is extremely conscious of time. The 1968 yearbook is offered as testimony to that fact. We wish to be remembered, not for repeating the old way, but for being willing to try a new way to express our individuality. We have not forgotten yesterday, but today and tomorrow present their own demands, and "to live is to change."

MbR



BARBARA LINDA ANGELI

San Anselmo, California

MAJOR: FRENCH AND ITALIAN

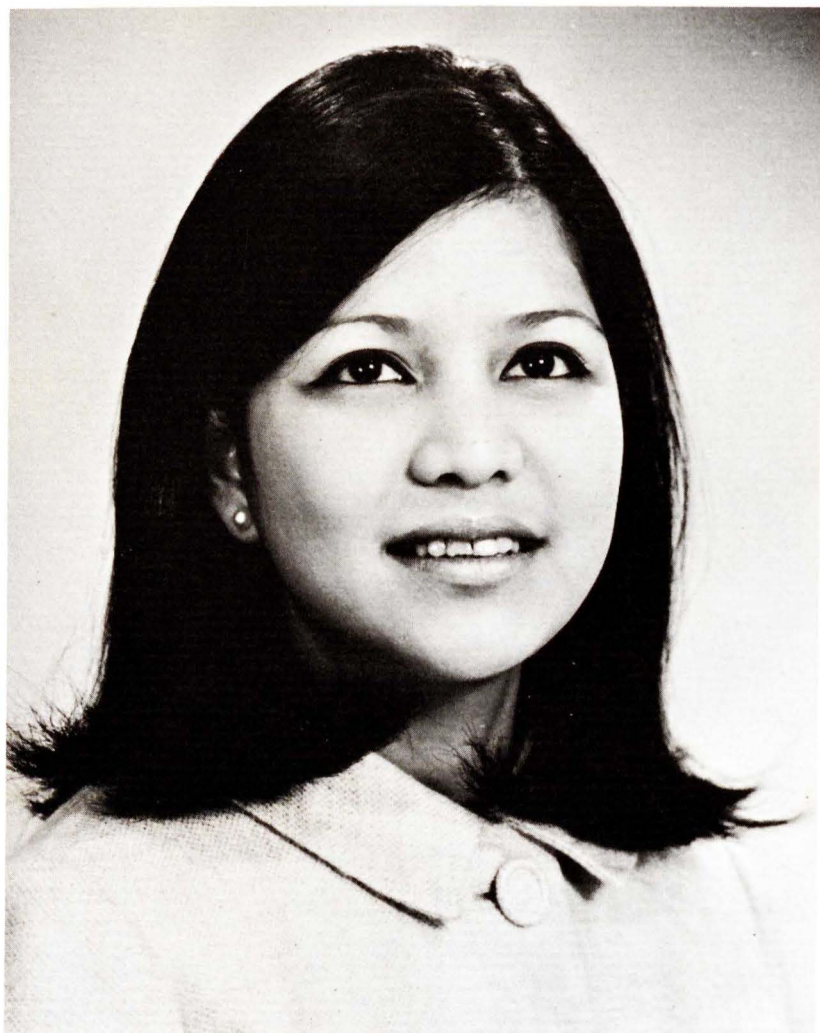
MINOR: HISTORY

Pi Delta Phi

French Club '66, '67
Vice-President '67

BARBARA

Actively interested
in everything
from
skiing to poetry.
A rational thinker —
and completely honest.
Scholarly mind
that
never stops inquiring,
and is
capable of
actualizing potentials.
Fascinated by
idiosyncrasies and
the laughter
in little things.



PATRICIA MARIA ARANETA
Makati, Rizal, Philippines

MAJOR: ART HISTORY
MINOR: HISTORY

Class Secretary '67
Camera Club '65
Community Service '67

International Students Club '64, '65, '66, '67
President '66
Drama Productions '65, '67

PATRICIA

A responsive mind,
easily related
to
the study of art.
Simplicity
and an
ease of manner
that is at home anywhere
in the world . . .
Communicating
the idea of beauty
through
appreciation
and
her own good taste.



VERNA BARBER
Mill Valley, California

MAJOR: MATHEMATICS
MINOR: HISTORY

VERNA

Generous-minded,
able to span
the realm
between
mathematics and English.
Analyzing
and assimilating
in the academic
or
social world.
Accepting the unforeseen
and
calmly making
the best of it.



MARY ANN von BOECKLIN
Tacoma, Washington

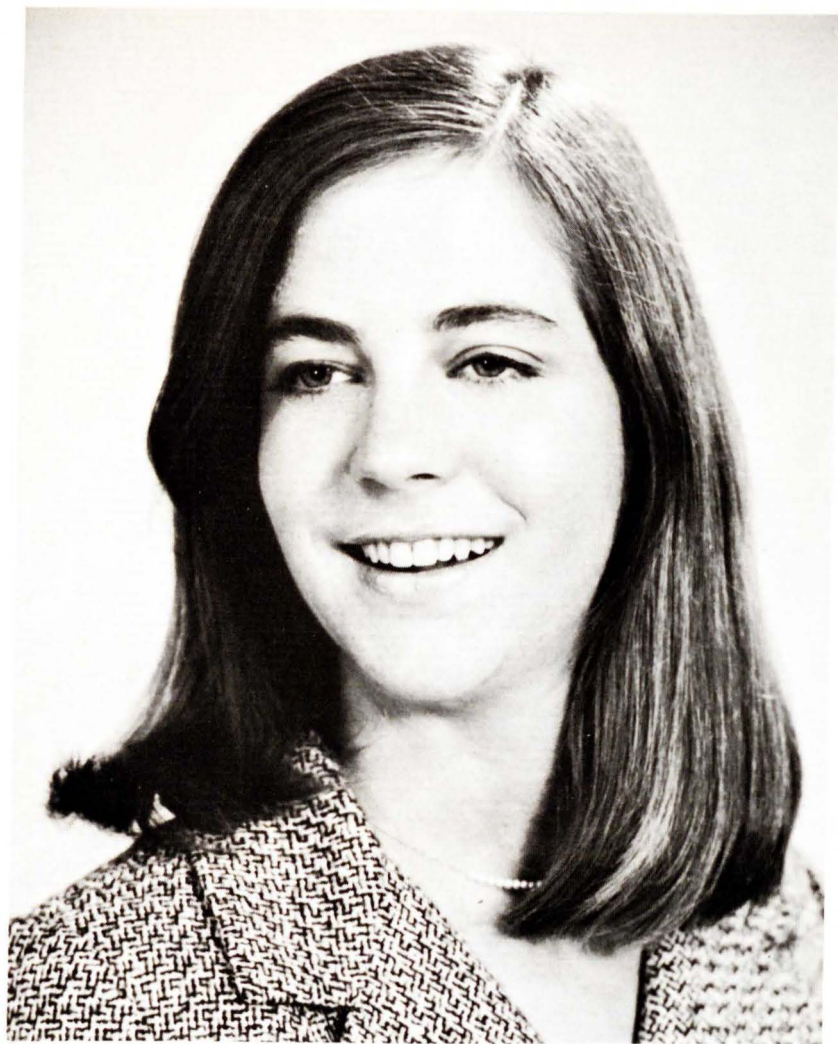
MAJOR: HISTORY
MINOR: ECONOMICS

Gamma Sigma
Who's Who Among American Colleges
and Universities
Special Events Chairman '66

Class President '67
Executive Board '66, '67
Social Committee '65
Young Republicans '67

MARY ANN

Savoring the essence
of things—
Paris at dusk, vintage
wine and
mountains in winter snow.
Strength of conviction
that
will not be denied.
Ever-conscious
of the universal meaning
that somehow
puts everything in order.
The silent peace
of the ocean . . .
“The sea tumbling in harness.”



BARBARA LYNN BOMBERG

Pasadena, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Music Club '64

Schola '64, '65

Young Republicans '66

BARBARA

Detached.

Preferring

an abstract view of

all but the

rarest of the real.

Capturing

the wild beauty

of the Grand Tetons

or a

Carmel sunset

by participating in

the idea of it.

Simply

and totally

Barbara.



ANN PHYLLIS BROCKERT
Vancouver, Washington

MAJOR: HISTORY
MINOR: ENGLISH

Transferred from Seattle University '66

A.S.D.C. Parliamentarian '67

Young Republicans '67

ANN

The importance
of detail
in
tailored clothing
and
tortoise-shell glasses . . .
Shrinking
in crowds—
preferring
one to one conversations.
Cool deliberation
that is
conscious of the
value of
an historical sense.



BARBARA CARPENTER
Santa Barbara, California

MAJOR: MUSIC
MINOR: ENGLISH

Publicity Chairman '66
Class Secretary '64
Class Publicity Chairman '65
House Chairman '65
WAA Board '65
Absence Committee '64
S.C.T.A. '66

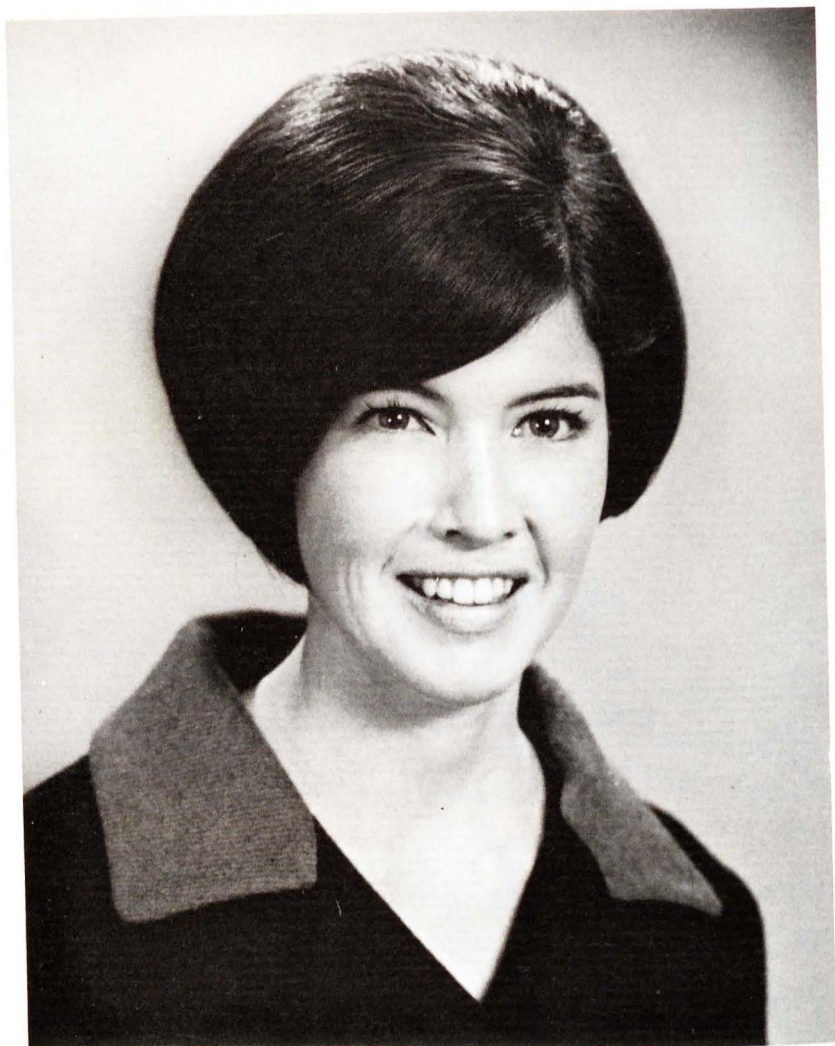
Tennis Team '65, '66, '67
Captain '65, '66, '67
Music Club '64, '65, '66, '67
President '67
S. F. Symphony Representative '67
Choral '64
Schola '66, '67

BARBARA

Matter-of-fact
observations
adhering
to the immediate
reality.

Expressing
much of herself
through
her music.

Never planning
ahead . . .
except
on the
spur of the moment.
Cool and collected.



SUSAN JANE CAUFIELD

Stockton, California

MAJOR: ART HISTORY

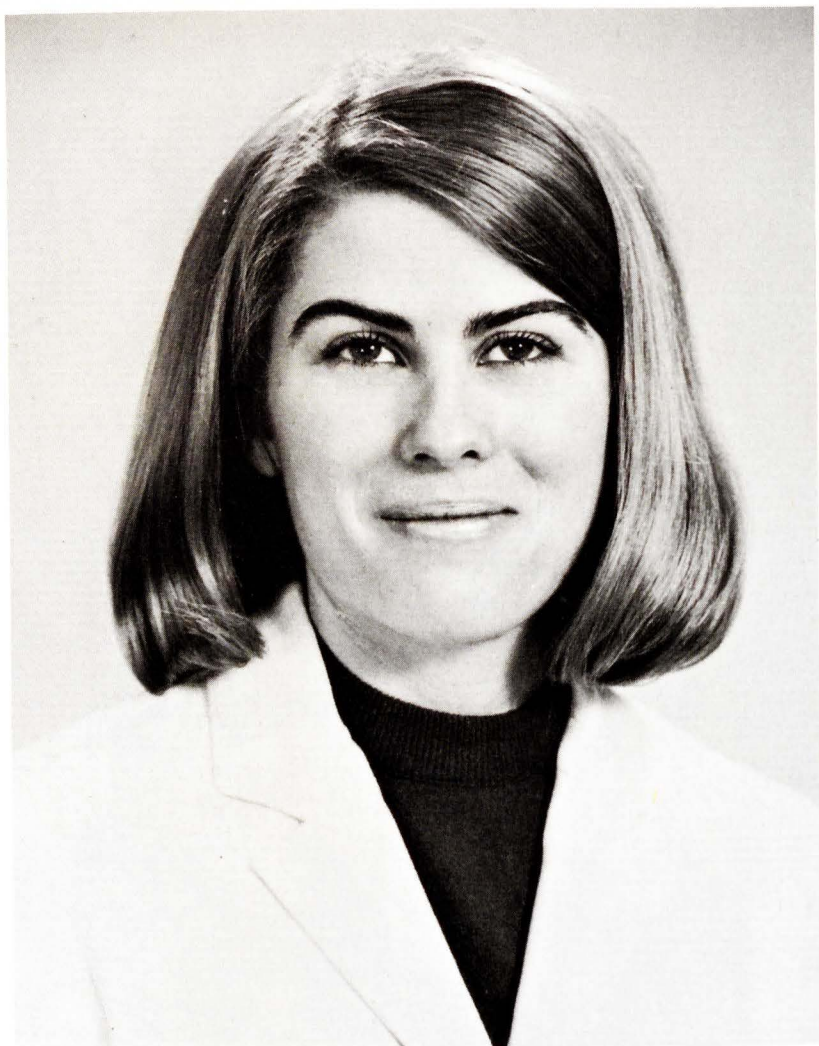
MINOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

Camera Club '66
French Club '65
Irish Club '66, '67

S.C.T.A. '65, '67
Young Republicans '66, '67

SUSAN

Finding
the *raison d'être*
in the
classic beauty
of
Michelangelo's marble,
Florence
and San Francisco.
Ambitions
answering the
demands of the moment
first . . . and
the lure of travel
catching
her imagination.



MARY PATRICIA CLING

Salinas, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: HISTORY

Transferred from Hartnell Junior College '65

Firebrand Staff '67

Meadowlark Staff '66

Absence Committee '65

Irish Club '66, '67

Young Democrats '67

WAA Fashion Show '66

TRISH

The adventure of living
found
in a Bolinas kitchen,
on favorite bike rides.
Savoring
a dinner in the City
or a peaceful moment.
Sensible and unafraid
of reality. . . .
Composed yet bursting with
high spirits.
Alert to
the latest news
and the words of
little sisters.



MARY LOUISE CONLAN

San Carlos, California

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: ENGLISH

Firebrand Staff '65, '67

Art Editor '67

Meadowlark Art Editor '66

Absence Committee '65

Publicity Committee '65, '66

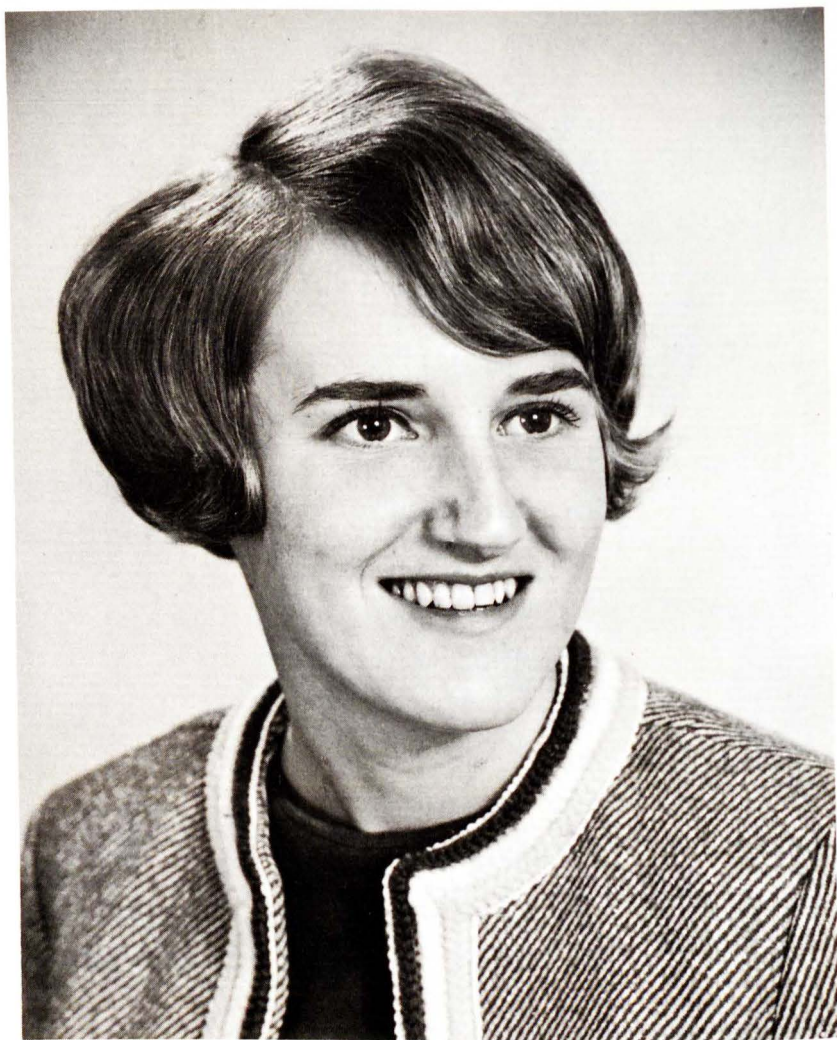
Religious Activities Committee '67

Social Committee '65

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

MARY

Self-styled paradox
with a
tailored Bohemian air.
An artist's eye for
catching
the essentials
in a painting
or
an impersonation.
Complicated thoughts
that
splash colors
and struggle with
shades of gray.



MARY MICHAEL CONNOLLY
Minneapolis, Minnesota

MAJOR: ENGLISH
MINOR: HISTORY

Who's Who Among American Colleges
and Universities
Student Affairs Board President '67
Community Service Chairman '66
Executive Board '66, '67

House Chairman '65
Meadowlark Staff '66
Assistant Editor '66
Community Service '65, '66, '67

MARY MICHAEL

Perseverance
that will take up
any question or problem—
Weigh it.
Examine it.
Refuse to go along
with the usual answer,
and after
much . . .
careful . . .
deliberation and
consultation,
solemnly produce
the perfect solution.



DONNA JEAN COPREN
Sierraville, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH
MINOR: SOCIOLOGY

Transferred from Sacramento State College '66
Gamma Sigma Amigos Anonymous '66, '67
House Chairman '67

DONNA

Achieving perception
through constant observation —
the gifts of a
keen intellect,
a summer with
amigos
and a desire for
fulfilment.

Realization that she
cannot plan too far ahead . . .
the result a treasure —
true education
and a collection
of special people.



KAREN LYNNE DANIELSON

Arcadia, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: HISTORY AND PHILOSOPHY

Carillon Staff '67
Community Service '65, '67

Camera Club '65, '66, '67
President '65, '66
S.C.T.A. '66, '67

KAREN

Loving
a window seat,
paper flowers, wicker
baskets, and *real*
talks with friends.

Finding
infinite satisfaction
in Sausalito,
a completed assignment,
knowing someone is
faring happily, and
well.

Our *Little Prince*
philosopher, moving
quietly, with determination,
towards a goal.



KATHRINE LEA DeARMOND

Bakersfield, California

MAJOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

MINOR: HISTORY

Transferred from Bakersfield Junior College '66

Special Events Committee '67

S.C.T.A. '66, '67

Secretary '67

Amigos Anonymous '67

Young Democrats '66, '67

Publicity '67

KITTY

Elf-like . . .
stealing away
from the library
on a
blue-green day.
Lost
in a maze of
“Peanuts” cartoons,
mingled with
a deep interest
in the
events of the day.
Thoughtful views
about
politics and people.



CAROL RUTH DEMATTOS
Anaheim, California

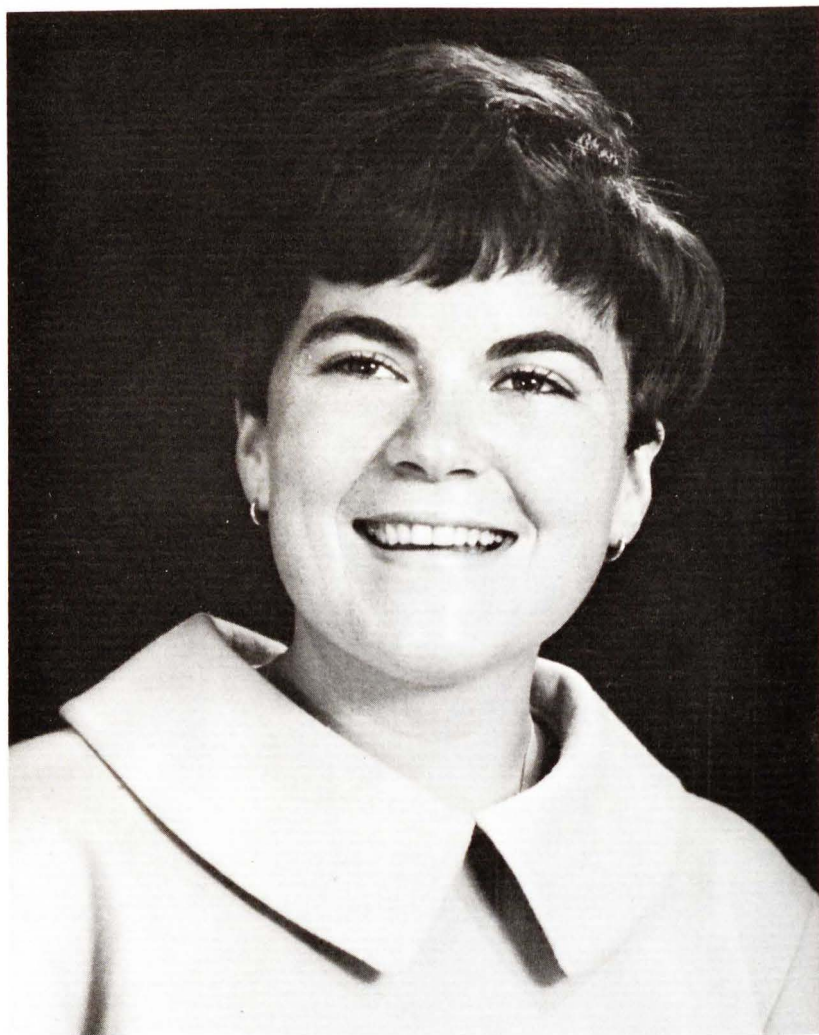
MAJOR: ENGLISH
MINOR: HISTORY

Who's Who Among American Colleges
and Universities
Club Co-ordinator '66
Executive Board '66
Student Affairs Board '67
Secretary '67
Community Service '65

S.F. Symphony Forum Representative
'65, '66, '67
French Club '64
Music Club '64, '65, '66, '67
Secretary '64
Young Republicans '67

CAROL

Appreciation for the usual
bringing
new awareness of life
every time it rains
so that every time
becomes . . .
the first time.
Green eyes mirroring
innocence and wisdom
knowing well
the music of life
catching and keeping
the subtler sounds
with
the sensitivity of an artist.



MARTHA ARLEEN DEVITT

Long Beach, California

MAJOR: ECONOMICS

MINOR: ENGLISH

Junior Community Service
Representative '65
Executive Board '65
Firebrand Staff '66, '67
Meadowlark Staff '66

Community Service '64, '65, '66, '67
Special Events Committee '66
Troupers '64
Irish Club '65, '66, '67

MARTY

Careening
around corners,
in order to get there
before
it's over . . .
A jumbled, profoundly
Irish mind—
sometimes melancholy
sometimes wildly excited.
Combining
economics and poetry.
Mercurial genius
hidden behind
a cloud of laughter.



JUDITH MARGUERITE DICKS

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: SPEECH

MINOR: SOCIOLOGY

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

JUDY

As bright and awake
as a
sunny spring morning.
Expressive—
turning
simple messages
into
dramatic presentations.
Convinced
of the
vitality in life
and
radiating an aura
of excitement
at the prospect of
beginning a new day.



CAROL ANN DIGHERO

Vallejo, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: SPANISH

Firebrand Staff '66
Religious Activities Committee '66

S.C.T.A. '65, '66, '67
Spanish Club '64, '65, '66, '67

CAROL

Solemn expression.

Dry

sense of humor

and

disarming honesty

always

catching the unwary

in a joke.

Meticulous

and worried about

everything . . . still

managing somehow

to do it right,

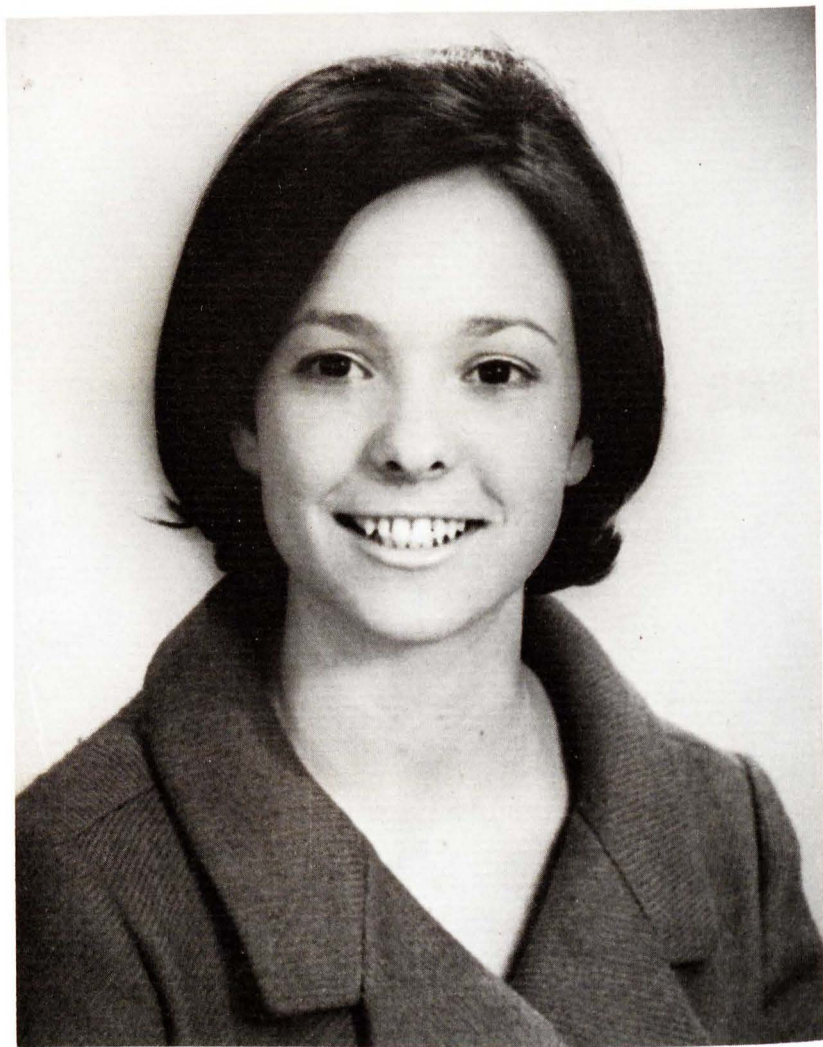
and on time.



MARY CORINE DONOHUE
San Rafael, California
MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY
MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

MARY

Distinguishing
between
being schooled
and being educated.
Avoiding thoughtlessness
by thinking
about
what is being said.
Appreciating
the subtle humor
of Fisher and Carson.
Seeing abilities
in terms of responsibilities
that must be assumed.



PATRICIA ANNE DONOVAN

Oakland, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

Who's Who Among American Colleges
and Universities
A.S.D.C. President '67
Class President '66
Executive Board '66, '67
Student Affairs Board '67

Meadowlark Staff '66
Irish Club '66, '67
Spanish Club '64
Young Republicans '67
Student Union Co-Chairman '65

PATRICIA

Stability—

keeping the situation
well in hand.

Impressive goals
and serious involvement
with the
principles of government.

A critical eye
and a
swift sense of humor.

Aware that
most of life
depends on
getting things done today.



KATHLEEN ANN DOSSEY

Stockton, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: HISTORY

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

Madrigal '64, '65, '66, '67

Camera Club '66, '67

Secretary-Treasurer '67

Music Club '64

S.C.T.A. '65

Young Democrats '67

Drama Productions

KATHY

Concern,
that wants papers perfect,
remembers friends,
and expects loyalty.
A taste for
delicious solitude.
Setting out for
“who knows where?”
and
ending up in
Sausalito.
Small joys reflected
in china cats.
Realization that
learning
has no end.



PATRICIA ANN EDELMAN

Stockton, California

MAJOR: MATHEMATICS

MINOR: SOCIOLOGY

Religious Activities Chairman '66
Class Treasurer '65
Executive Board '66

Firebrand Staff '67
Legislative Conference Chairman '67
Absence Committee '67

PATRICIA

The positive approach.

Quietly
accomplishing the impossible.

Willing
to listen and
understand in friendship.

Endless energy
that relishes hard work
and
the chance to improve.

Reflecting
what is
truly catholic
in Christianity.



GAYLE ELLIS
San Anselmo, California

MAJOR: ART
MINOR: HISTORY

GAYLE

The silent potter
bent over her wheel . . .
Cool objectivity.
Knowing
what is sincere and
comfortable
about books,
good humor, and
the mountains—the
changeless things.
A curious desire
to have lived
at the
turn of the century.



MARY HOWARD FANNING
San Diego, California

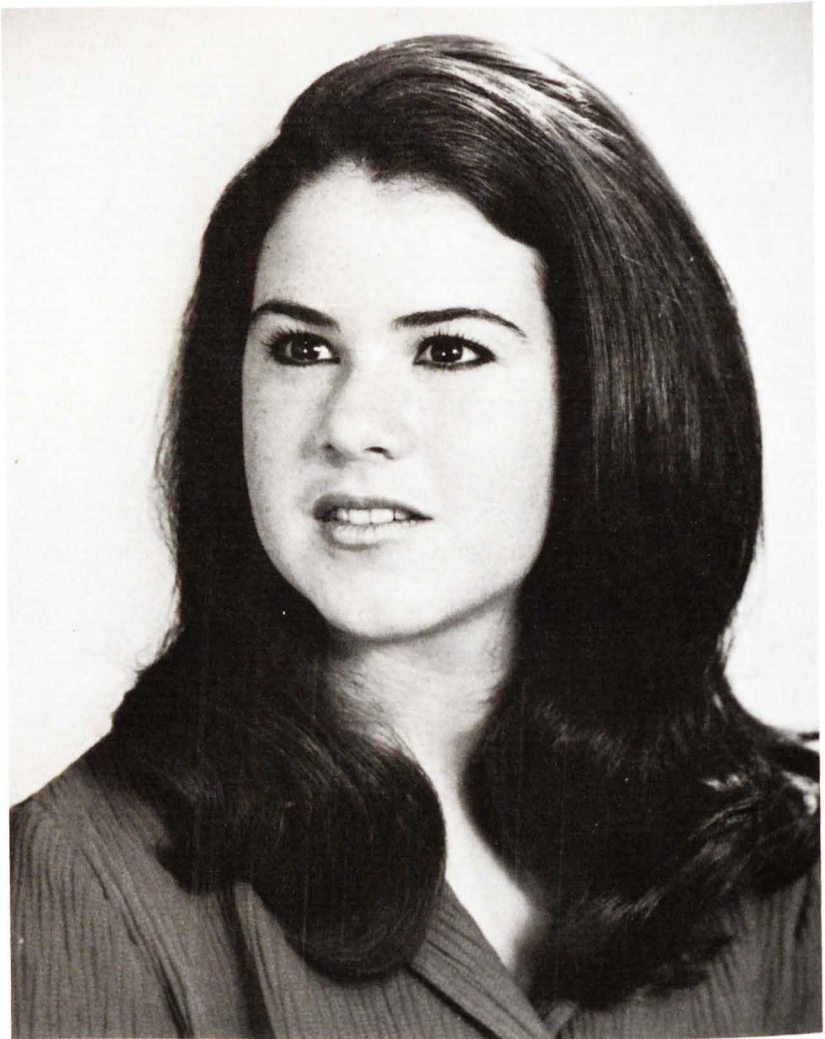
MAJOR: ENGLISH
MINOR: ART

Meadowlark Staff '66
Assistant Editor '66
Community Service '64, '65

Literary Club '65
Tennis Team '65, '66

MARY

Eyes that reveal
a deep, dark sensitivity
for art,
for other people.
Thoughts that flirt with
profundity.
Forgetfulness, that
loses shoes, coats, money —
and thinks about it
tomorrow. . . .
Tall leather boots
and an air of
mysterious beauty,
with just a
touch of sadness.



JACQUELINE MARGARET FARRELL

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

CONCENTRATION: LITERATURE

Class Social Chairman '67
Firebrand Staff '67

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

JACKIE

Delicate,
Soft-spoken and
easy going.
Oblivious to clocks
yet
finding endless time
for poetry
and the coffee shop.
An Irish dreamer
imagining herself
upon a heath
high above the sea.
A fresh kind of beauty
that delights
and endures.



ELIZABETH ANN FARRIS
Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

MAJOR: HISTORY
MINOR: FRENCH

Gamma Sigma
H.O.O.D. Cup '66
Pi Delta Phi
Who's Who Among American Colleges
and Universities
Student Affairs Board '67
Firebrand Staff '66
Troupers '64

German Club '66, '67
I.R.C. '64, '65, '66, '67
President '67
Model U.N. '64, '65, '66, '67
Delegate '65, '66, '67
Chairman '66
Schola '66
Young Democrats '66, '67

LIBBY

The intellectual dream
of
realizing potentials.
Lucid thinking
that
seems effortless . . .
Delighting
in diversity—
romantic dreams of
Absinthe drinkers
and a
penchant for
slightly crazy people.
“To listen
is to learn.”



KAREN FLYNN
Redding, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY
MINOR: HISTORY

Carillon Staff '65, '66, '67
W.A.A. Board '66
Secretary '66
Crew '66
Special Events Committee '65, '66, '67

Irish Club '66, '67
Treasurer '66, '67
Model U.N. '64
Spanish Club '64

KAREN

Taste . . .
that will never
be satisfied
with the ordinary
or the small.
Big dreams.
Wanting so much from
life . . . yet,
inevitably conquered
by a need to be
practical, and
an awareness
of the tomorrows.



♦ PATRICIA JANE FRATELLO

Whittier, California

MAJOR: FRENCH

MINOR: ENGLISH

Pi Delta Phi
Class Secretary '66
Community Service '67
Special Events Committee '66
Absence Committee '66
Madrigal '65, '67

French Club '64, '65, '66, '67
Vice-President '65
Secretary-Treasurer '67
Music Club '64, '65, '66, '67
Symphony Representative '66
Vice-President '67

PATTY

Poised.

Dependable for her
diligence,
her sense of
balance,
her grace.

Quick,
sylph-like in her
movements.

Harmony . . .
of voice . . . and
countenance.

Serene, wise,
like . . . a
madonna.



ALICE MARIE GAMBONINI

Petaluma, California

MAJOR: ECONOMICS

MINOR: MATHEMATICS

Gamma Sigma
W.A.A. Board '66, '67
Vice-President '66
Absence Committee '67
German Club '67

I.R.C. '65, '66, '67
Italian Club '66
Spanish Club '64
Troupers '65

ALICE

Down-to-earth practicality
accomplishing well
the affairs
of
study,
but wishing
to be better spent
in making a home
and raising a family.
Half-hidden sentimentalism
finding release
in romantic stories,
while all the time
waiting for
her own knight
in shining armor



MARY ANNA GLUCH

Petaluma, California

MAJOR: BIOLOGY

MINOR: CHEMISTRY

Community Service '64, '65

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

MARY

Finding beauty and meaning
in starfish
and the search for them
in the Pacific.
Summers
on
Southern California beaches,
and
the care of children,
maturing
her quiet, sentimental ways
into those
of
a wife and mother,
which she desires to be
above all else.



DONNA LORRAINE GRADY
San Rafael, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH
MINOR: HISTORY

Choral '64
Drama Productions '64

Young Republicans '67

DONNA

Idealism

finding itself in daydreams
and lightness of heart.

Willing

to focus her attention
on the interests of others
rather than on herself.

A girl . . . curious . . .

taken with

the fantasy

of the beautiful world
of a flowered hillside . . .

oblivious

to that which is not good,
yet . . .

surprisingly practical.



PATRICIA MOORE GRAY

Redding, California

MAJOR: SPANISH

MINOR: ENGLISH

Sigma Delta Phi
Community Service '66
Crew '66, '67
Captain '67
Pan American Day Chairman '65

Choral '64, '66
Music Club '65
Schola '65
Spanish Club '65, '66, '67
Vice-President '66, '67

PATRICIA

A generosity
that extends to worrying
about other people's problems,
a delight in presenting a
gourmet dish
to a special someone,
and corresponding with
friends far away.

Energy spent on a wide
range of interests —
crewing, sailing, enjoying
intelligence and vitality.

Appreciation for all
things Spanish.

A shy blonde beauty
at home in Pamplona.



LAUREL JOAN GREENWOOD

Portland, Oregon

MAJOR: LATIN

MINOR: FRENCH

Gamma Sigma
Firebrand Staff '67
Camera Club '65, '66, '67
President '67

French Club '65, '66, '67
I.R.C. '66
M.U.N. '66

LAUREL

From the Ionic discipline —
projecting all the
strength, the grace
in tradition,
creating order
from a wealth of detail.
Utterly feminine
erudition
garnered from the classic,
fragile beauty
maintained at any hour.
One thinks of
flowers. . . .
Ever courteous,
gracious —
a lady.



DONNA LEE GUERRA
Hollister, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY
MINOR: HISTORY

Community Service '64, '66
Italian Club '66, '67
President '65

Music Club '65
Young Democrats '65, '66, '67
President '67

DONNA

Ambitious,
expecting to be
nothing less than
First Lady.
Challenging
the confusion of politics
and conquering it
as easily as
a mountain of ice cream.
Worrying about
people and problems,
realizing that the answer
is
being involved.



MARGARET ANN GUHEEN

Sacramento, California

MAJOR: HISTORY
MINOR: CHEMISTRY

Community Service '67
Crew '66, '67
Model. U.N. '64, '65, '66, '67
Delegate '67

German Club '64
I.R.C. '67
Science Club '64
Young Republicans '65

PEGGY

Acute—
probing
miniscule details
of biology, politics
and the day-to-day
affairs of her friends.
Electric intensity
tuning in to
Bach, the written word
and
any argument . . .
Craving the debate.
Acting from conviction
that
takes exception
to the conventional.



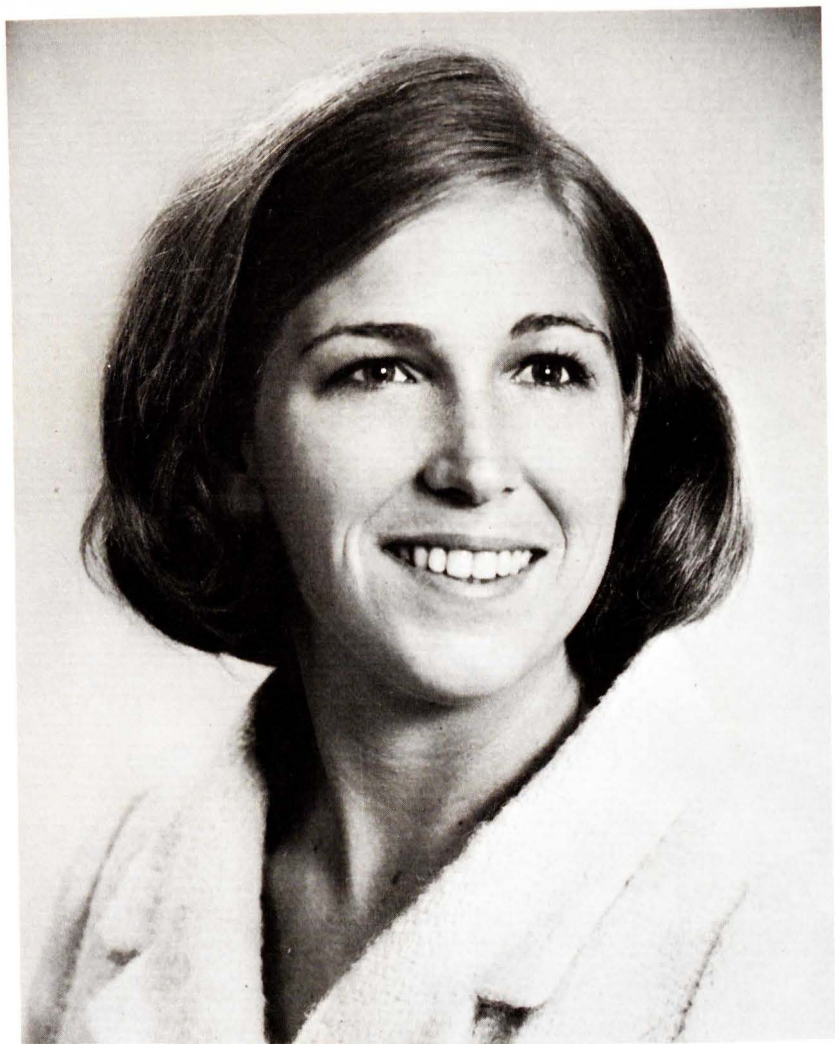
WENDY HARDY
Sonoma, California
MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY
MINOR: ECONOMICS

Coral '64

Irish Club '66

WENDY

Adamant
about most things
and not easily swayed.
Seeing wonder
in
a situation
the world would overlook
and
wondering why
the world
has overlooked it.
A youthful
frame of mind,
as youth
would have itself remembered.



MARGARET JANE HARRINGTON

Whittier, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

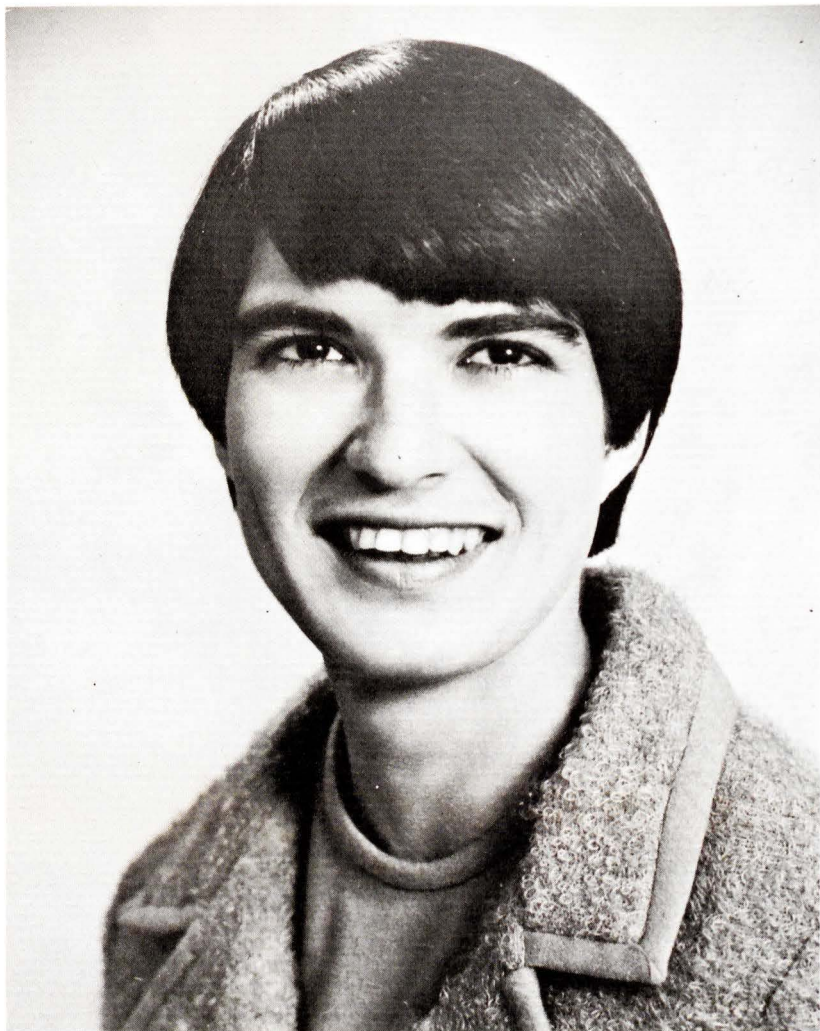
MINOR: ENGLISH

Community Service '65
Crew '66

Irish Club '66, '67

MARGARET

Spontaneity,
creating
neon-painted shoes,
fur dresses
and a
paisley-canopied corner.
Reading voraciously
and recording
intensity of feeling,
until it bursts
like a sky-rocket.
Dramatic soliloquies
from Spoon River.
Snatches of
an original mind.



BARBARA ANN HARRISON

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: FRENCH

Transferred from University of California '64

Pi Delta Phi
Carillon Staff '65
Firebrand Staff '66, '67

German Club '66, '67
Vice-President '66
Schola '66, '67

BOBBY

Irish warmth
(hidden,
but very much there)
cherishing dreams
of elves
and cowboys
and beer-drinking Hobbits
dressed all in orange.
Dark, dark eyes
revealing
quiet, sensitive thoughts
between
laughing and teasing
with
just the right people.



JANET ELAINE HUBER

Pasadena, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: HISTORY

Class Treasurer '67
Community Service '64, '65, '66, '67
Social Committee '64
Crew '66, '67

Young Republicans '65, '66, '67
Choral '64, '65, '66
Drama Productions '64, '65, '66

JANET

Eager

ready for

any crazy diversion

from the routine.

“No time to

wallow in the mire.”

Adventuresome—

understanding the

salt air joys

of sand, sea and barefeet.

Day-dreaming

about the

endless possibilities

on

the roads not taken.



SUSAN KATHRYN JOHANN

El Mesa, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

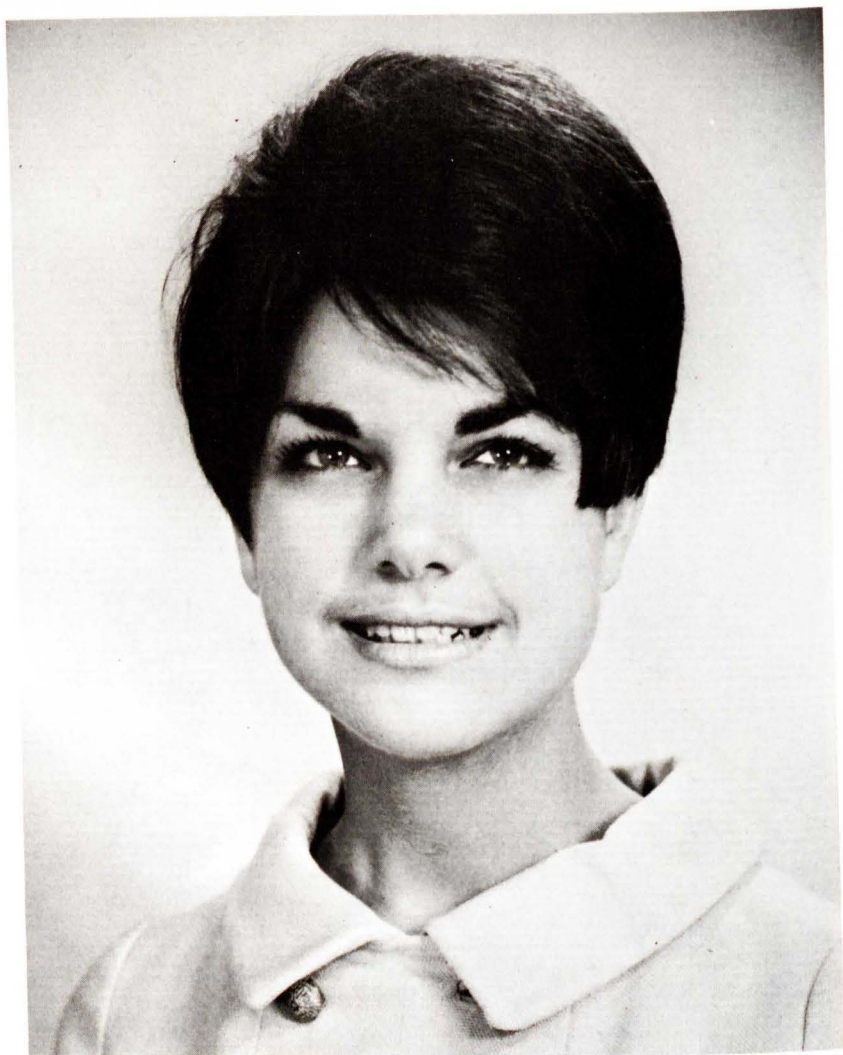
Community Service '65, '66, '67
Troupers '64, '65, '66, '67
President '67

French Club '64
Young Republicans '67
Drama Productions '64, '65, '66, '67

TIMI

A dramatic facility
adapting easily
to any part,
because
it is founded
on
quiet self-assurance.

A taste
for the unusual,
including
everything from
flying to New Orleans
for the
Mardi Gras
to a
well-stocked pharmacy.



MARIANNA ELIZABETH JOHANSEN
San Marino, California

MAJOR: HISTORY
MINOR: ENGLISH

Gamma Sigma
Social Chairman '66
Executive Board '66
Special Events Committee '65

Social Committee '66, '67
Troupers '67
Young Republicans '64, '65, '66, '67
President '67

MARIANNA

Going places.
A purpose
in her stride.
Busy,
faithful to
varied pursuits—
scholarship,
politics,
and the secret life of
Faustine Potts.
Ambitious . . . eager,
and able . . .
to win
blue ribbons.



PENELOPE ANN JOHNSON

Ukiah, California

MAJOR: ECONOMICS

MINOR: HISTORY

Gamma Sigma
President '67
Who's Who Among American Colleges
and Universities
Class Vice-President '64
Meadowlark Staff '66
Student Affairs Board '65

Model. U.N. '65, '66, '67
Chairman '67
Camera Club '65
I.R.C. '65, '66, '67
Irish Club '65, '66, '67
S.C.T.A. '65
Young Democrats '67

PENNY

Charmed
by the curiosities
of life —
the quaint things,
and the great
ironies.
Ever-conscious
of what makes a world —
family, humor,
and everything in proportion.
Recognizing the lights
and the shadows . . .
capturing these
on kodak black and white.



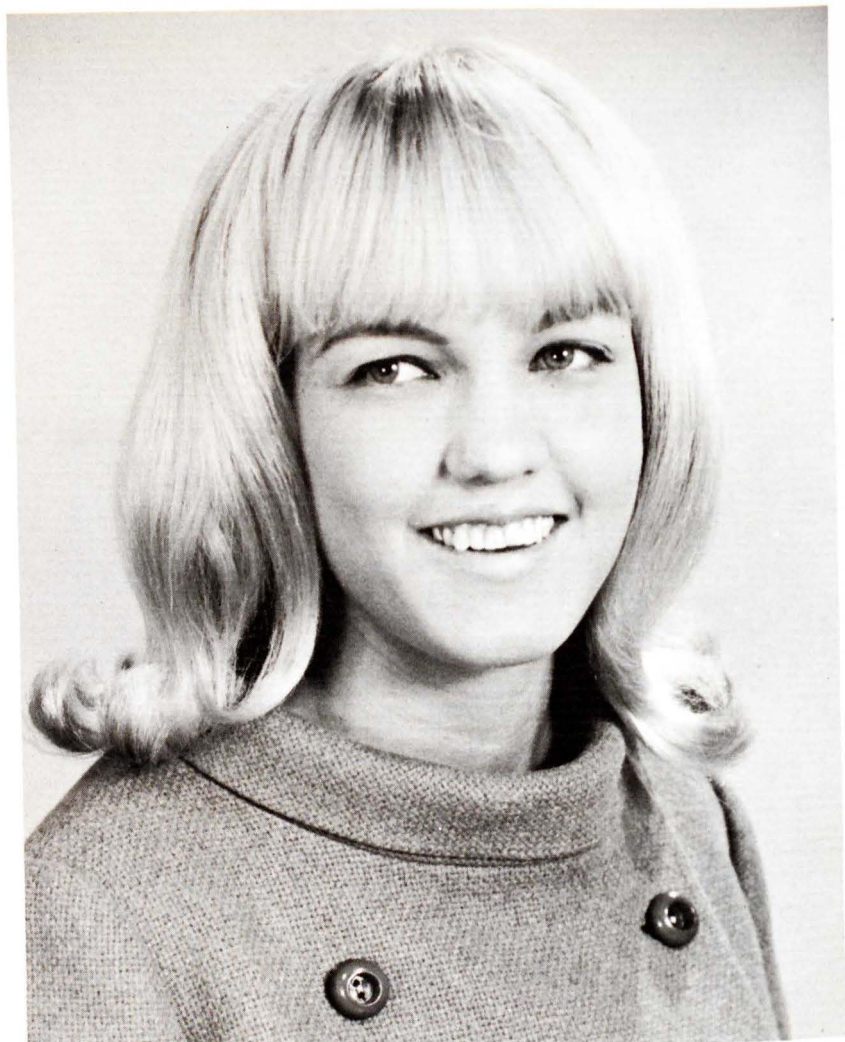
JANE KATHRYN KERNDT
Sacramento, California

MAJOR: ART HISTORY
MINOR: FRENCH

Transferred from Sacramento State College '66
Crew '66

JANIE

Serene surface
concealing intense
emotional involvement.
Gamin-like grin—
reminder of
an adventuring spirit.
Visions of
what could be—
sometimes realized.
Yet . . . over . . . all
a knowledge that
nature and art
will
always provide
solace.



KATHLEEN MARY KLEINE

China Lake, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: HISTORY

S.C.T.A. '67
Treasurer '67

Social Committee '65

KATHY

Pondering those
things that most people
take for granted—
Effecting
an appreciation of the big—
the desert,
the individuals
in her life.

Relishing opportunities
to really be herself—
serious or boisterous.

Curiously
searching out
the important
through reading
and observing.



THERESA MARGARET KOMO

San Anselmo, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: ITALIAN

Social Committee '64

TREE

Contagious vitality.
That kaleidoscopic imagination
that encompasses all
created things.
Volatile sign language
helping to communicate
exuberance. . . .
Accordingly impatient
with superficiality
and indecision.
Loving giraffes and turtles . . .
and the peace found
among the woods of
Mill Valley.



JANET PATRICIA LANDTBOM

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: MATHEMATICS

MINOR: HISTORY

Who's Who Among American Colleges
and Universities
A.S.D.C. Treasurer '66

Executive Board '66
German Club '64

JANET

Eminently practical,
meeting each day

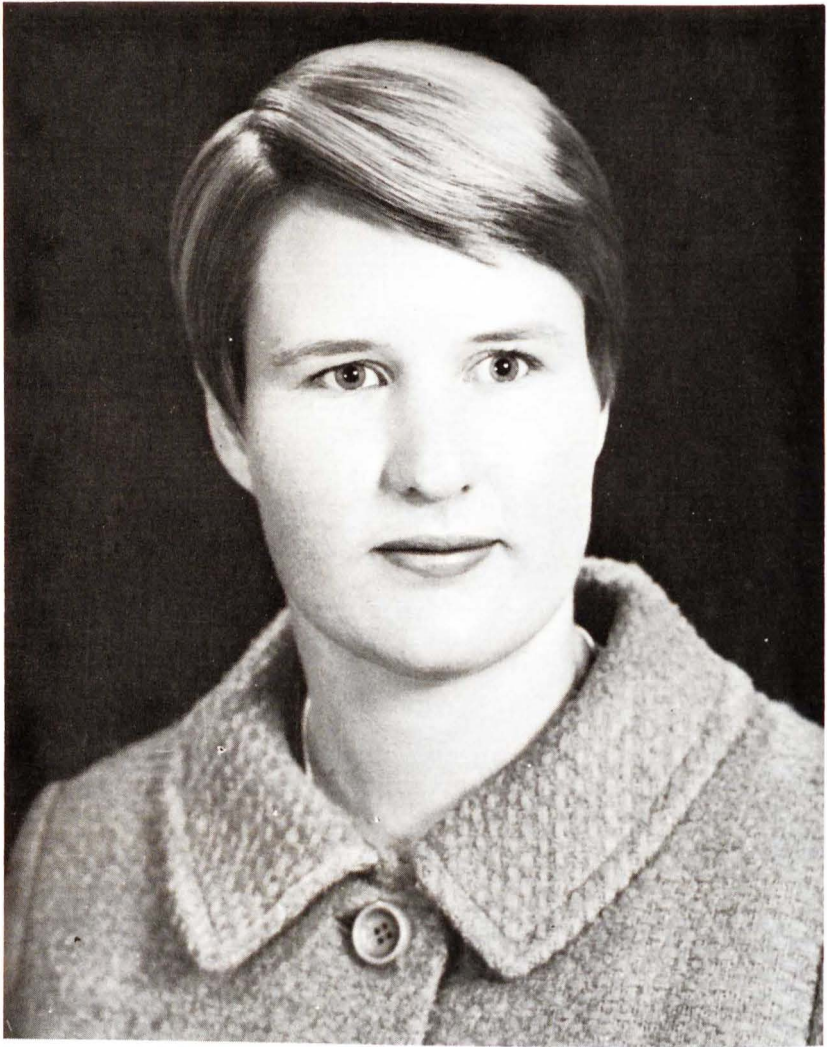
as a
challenge,

with
new decisions
to be made —
and followed.

President through duration
of the
coffee-shop club.

Unashamed believer
in the ideal.

Honest critic
of the world that is.



COLLEEN KIERNAN BRIDGET LANE
Seaside, California

MAJOR: PHILOSOPHY
MINOR: LATIN AND ENGLISH

Gamma Sigma
Who's Who Among American Colleges
and Universities
Firebrand Staff '66, '67
W.A.A. Board '67
Model. U.N. '64, '65, '66, '67
Chairman '65
Religious Activities Committee '67
Community Service '66

German Club '66
I.R.C. '64, '65, '66, '67
Vice-President '65
President '66
Schola '64, '66
Young Democrats '67
Vice-President '67
Special Events Committee '67

COLLEEN

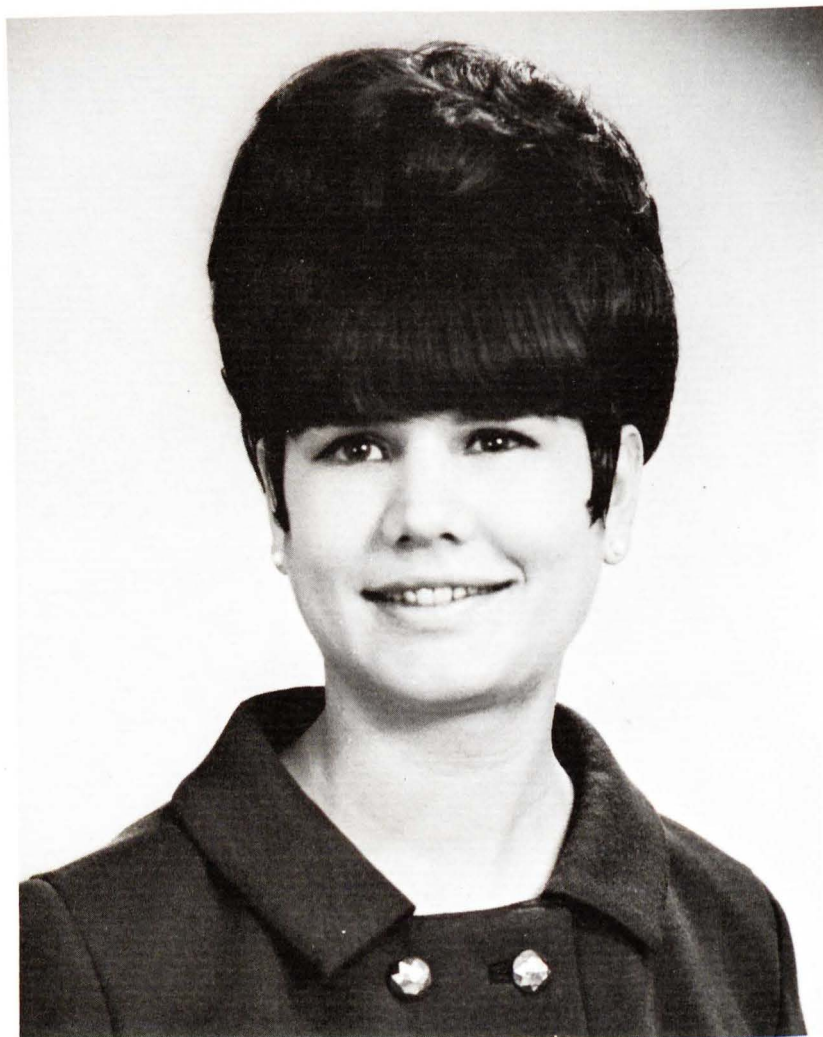
Independence,
square-shouldered
independence.

Questing, searching, seeking
in the surf's lash
of a rocky coast. . . .

What?

Curious gentleness,
held in wonder
of morning dew
on red-gold Lantana,
musing:

“I wait, I wait,
and what I wait for
can never come.”



MARILYN EMILY LOMBARDI

San Rafael, California

MAJOR: SPANISH

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Community Service '66

MARILYN

Seeking
perfection
in manner and dress.
Meticulously groomed.
Preferring
the sophisticated
to the casual.
Good-natured,
loquacious,
bridge enthusiast—
an animated
institution
in our Commons.



PATRICIA JOAN deLORIMIER
Salinas, California

MAJOR: MATHEMATICS
MINOR: PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Who's Who Among American Colleges
and Universities
A.S.D.C. Vice-President '67
Freshman Class Advisor '66
Class President '64
Executive Board '64, '66, '67

Student Affairs Board '66
House Chairman '65
W.A.A. Board Treasurer '65
Community Service '67
Young Republicans '67

JOAN

It's a cozy place,
enthusiastic
to the "n-th" degree,
the keyword,
involvement
with family, friends. . . .
Considerate to a fault,
cheery,
active —
always for the other guy,
math, p. e. and
people.
Living always to
embody an ideal,
the true Christian woman —
Joanie's world.



EILEEN MARIE MACHADO

Sacramento, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: SPANISH

Gamma Sigma
Firebrand Staff '67
Business Manager
Religious Activities Committee '66

Community Service '64
Spanish Club '64, '65, '66, '67
Secretary '66

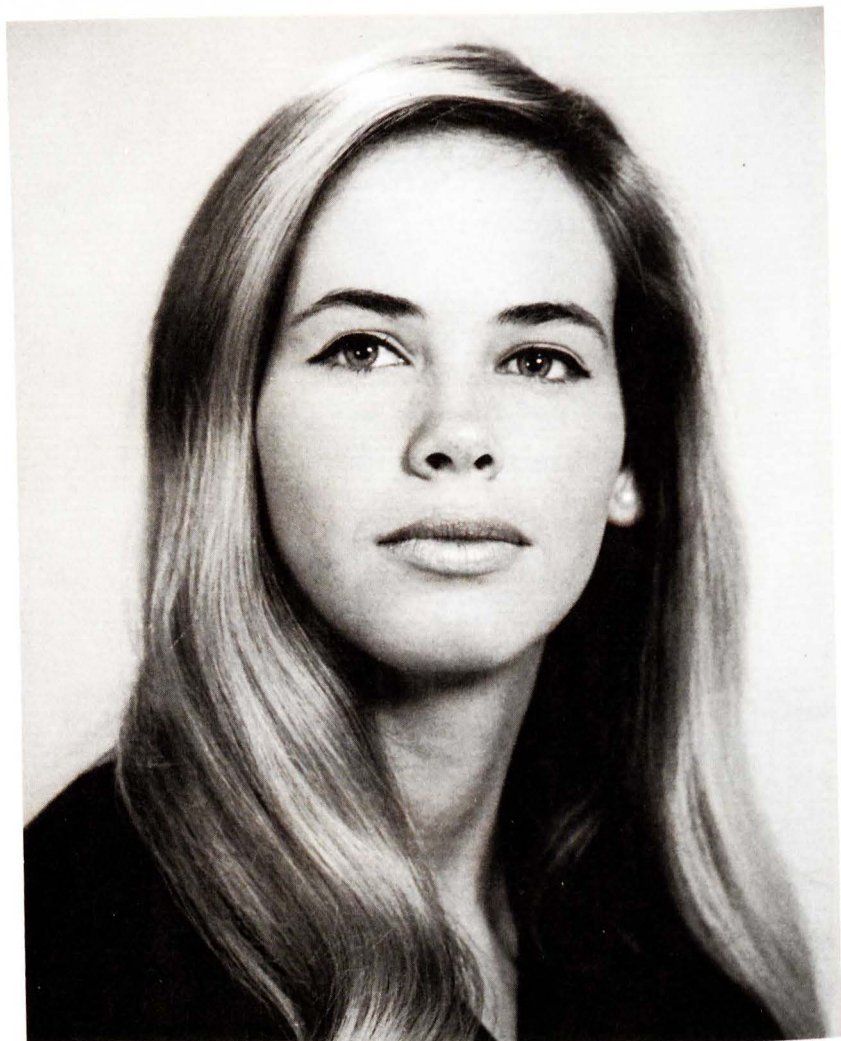
EILEEN

A deceptive quiet
that explodes easily,
and often,
into laughter.

Readiness for what comes next
shining through
wide-set eyes.

A preference for children
revealing a
child-like grace
that holds each
opportunity with eagerness
and a smile. . . .

All things well met
and enjoyed in
her own way.



MARY-LOUISE MANN
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: ART HISTORY
MINOR: ENGLISH

Transferred from University of Portland '66
Community Service '66 German Club '66

MARY LOU

Natural—

with

a trace of mystery.

Wondering

at the complexity

in

human nature

that

produces

Boots Randolph

and Brahms . . .

Sensitivity

to people,

enriched by travels

and

increased self-knowledge.



VIRGINIA ANN McCALL
Burlingame, California

MAJOR: ECONOMICS
MINOR: SOCIOLOGY

I.R.C. '66
Irish Club '65, '66
Model. U.N. '65, '66

Young Democrats '66, '67
Secretary-Treasurer '66

GINNY

Confident
of the delights
life has in store.
Equally creative
about a
sewing project
or a
practical joke. . . .
Radiating
a kind of
contentment
that only comes
from
making other people happy.



JACQUELINE McDONALD

Stockton, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: HISTORY

House Treasurer '66

Irish Club '66, '67

Choral '67

Madrigal '66, '67

Schola '66, '67

Music Club '64, '65, '66, '67

Secretary-Treasurer '66

JACKIE

The entertainer—

in

the best tradition

of

bringing a smile

by

singing a song.

A sense of humor that

is slightly cynical

but

never unkind.

Real desire to

help other people

underlying her talent

and

communicating happiness.



MAUREEN PATRICIA McINERNEY

Benicia, California

MAJOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

MINOR: SOCIOLOGY

Who's Who Among American Colleges
and Universities
Special Events Chairman '67
Executive Board '67
Student Affairs Board '66
House Chairman '65

Community Service '65
I.R.C. '66
Irish Club '65, '66, '67
Troupers '65, '66
Young Democrats '66, '67

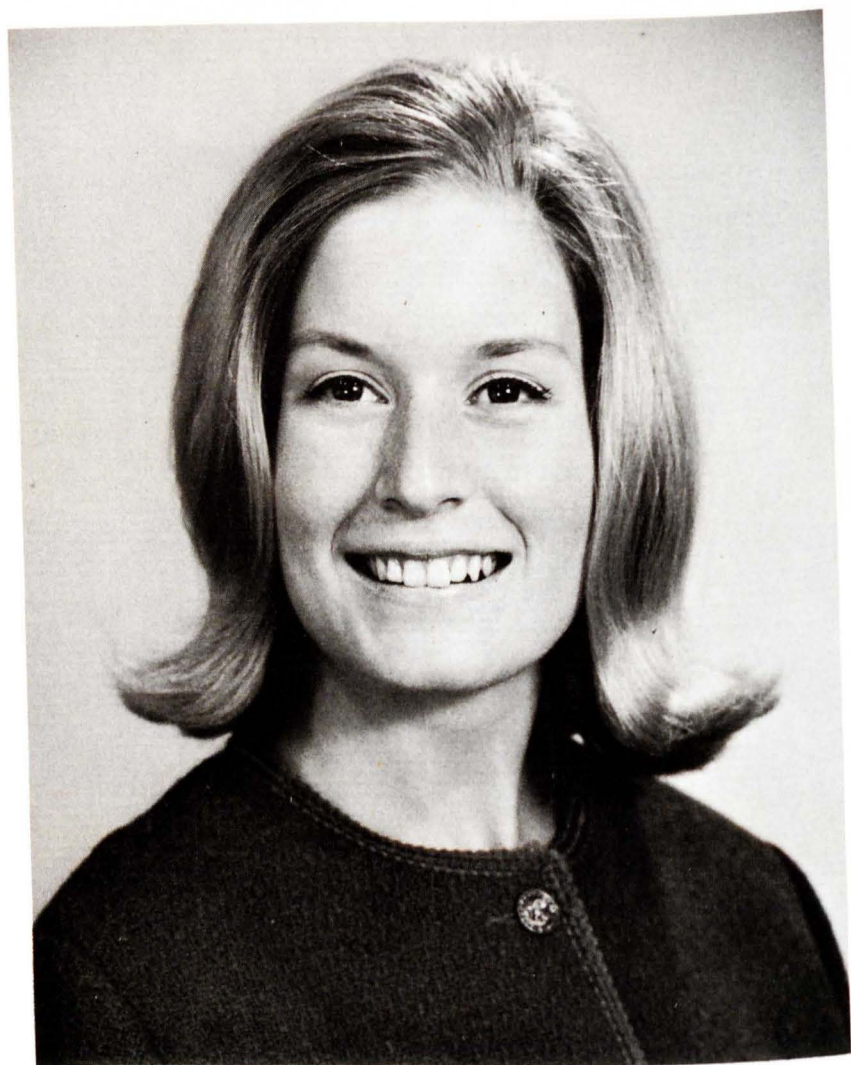
MAUREEN

Always dieting. . . .

Never, never
without worry.

Wanting
to take
the whole world
under her wing:
our mother.

Desiring to know
everyone, and
all about everyone,
but only
to love them
more.



LAUREN McNICOL
Los Altos, California

MAJOR: SPEECH
MINOR: ENGLISH

House Social Chairman '64
Community Service '64, '65

Spanish Club '64
Troupers '64, '65, '67

LAURIE

Attentive
to the secret sounds
of poetic minds.
Carelessly defying
the
world at large
with
a sarcastic quip.
Sharing the inner self
with
a chosen few—
peace in solitude.
Orange
on a gray day.



EMILY MILLER
Corte Madera, California
MAJOR: SPANISH
MINOR: SOCIOLOGY

EMILY

Organization

that

enables her

to excel

as

wife, mother

and

student . . .

Always hurrying

to get to

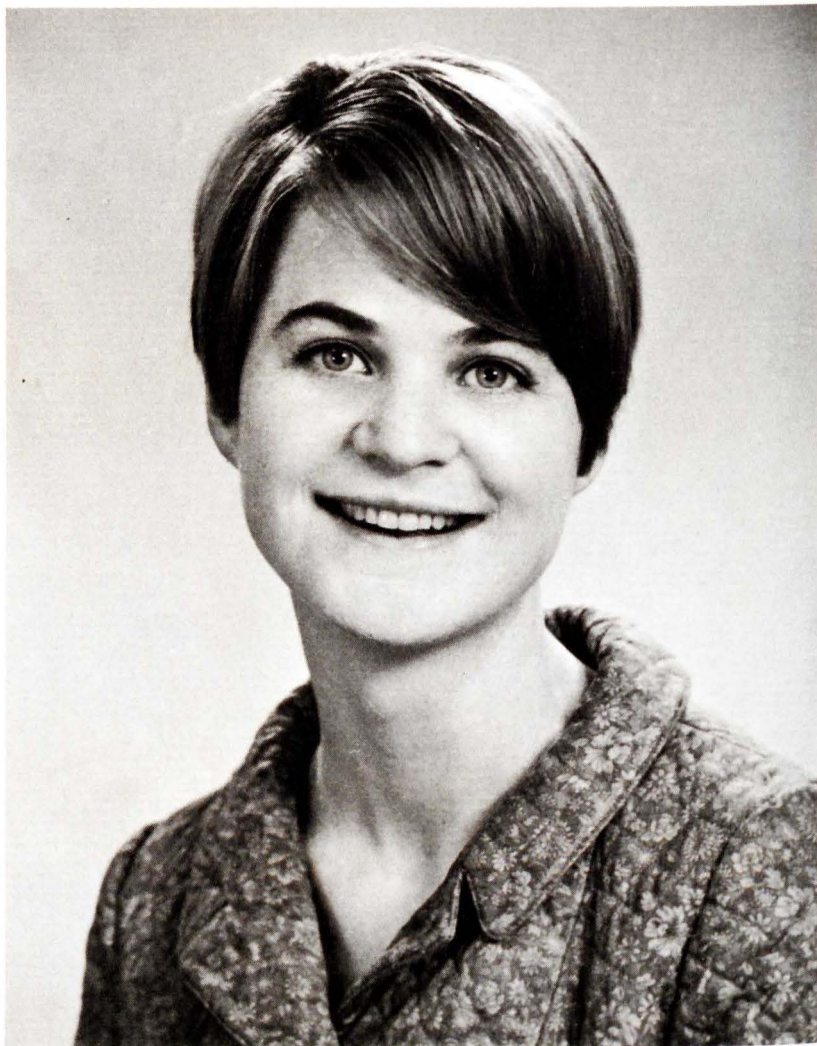
class on time.

Following

many pursuits

and managing to

do them all well.



MARY LACEY NILES

Portland, Oregon

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: HISTORY

Gamma Sigma '67
Who's Who Among American Colleges
and Universities
Class Publicity Chairman '66
Meadowlark Assistant Editor '66
Firebrand Associate Editor '67

Community Service '66
Crew '66
Epecial Events Committee '66
French Club '65
Irish Club '66, '67
President '66, '67

LACEY

Open—
wearing her heart
on her sleeve . . .
bringing
bitter and sweet.
The perfect dilettante—
able to do
many things well:
write, sew or create.
Generous with time
to the point
of losing it altogether.
Thoughtful and funny
and
bringing the sunshine
with her.



MARY KRISTIN O'DONNELL

Salt Lake City, Utah

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: HISTORY

Community Service '65, '66, '67 French Club '65

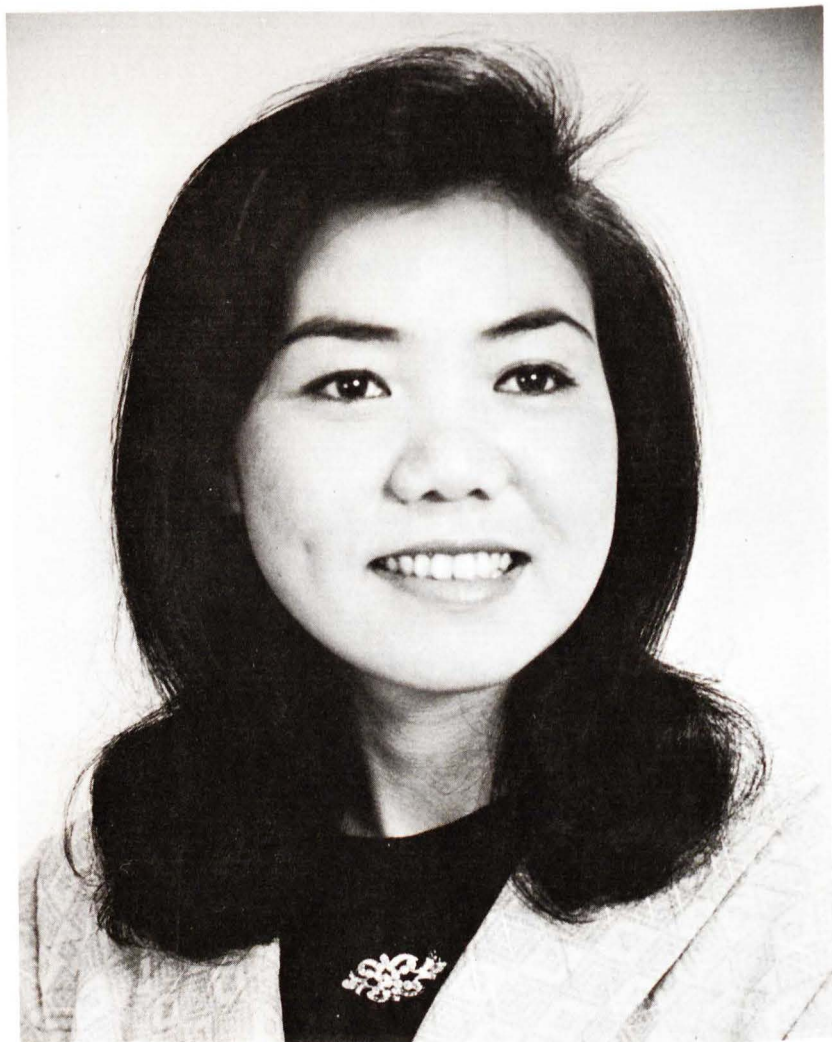
KRIS

Gregarious
all-season sunflower.

Bright eyes
shining most
around happy people.

Constantly busy
with
sailing, skiing and
talking.

Generous laughter
that dismisses
unpleasantness
and
makes others comfortable.



YASUKO OZEKI
Tokyo, Japan

MAJOR: ECONOMICS
MINOR: SOCIOLOGY

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

Troupers '64
I.R.C. '67

YASUKO

Timeless grace . . .
innocence and wisdom,
confused with
modern ideas.
Curiosity — reinforced
by quiet questioning.
Complex answers
concealed
beneath practiced serenity.
Strength
from an understanding
that does not condemn,
and somehow
transcends knowledge.



MARGARET AGNES PARRISH
Oxnard, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION
CONCENTRATION: LITERATURE

Religious Activities Committee '67
Community Service '64, '65, '66
Irish Club '65, '66

Model. U.N. '64, '65, '67
Spanish Club '64
Young Republicans '66, '67

PEGGY

Light-hearted
with a
tendency
to be
capricious . . .
Proud
of her family
and
devoted to children.
Fastidious
about dress and
her room.
Sharp wit—
sparing few.



SANDRA PATTEN
Santa Clara, California

MAJOR: FRENCH
MINOR: ENGLISH

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

Religious Activities Committee '67

SANDY

Generous —
staying up til 3:00 a.m.
to type
a friend's paper.
Occasionally moody
when faced
with
too much to do
in
too little time.
Making time
for French,
Shakespeare and
endless bridge games.



CARLA AQUILINA PINCINI
Fairfax, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH
MINOR: SPANISH

Sigma Delta Phi
President '66
Community Service '64, '65, '66, '67

Pan American Day Chairman '66
Spanish Club '64, '65, '66, '67
Secretary-Treasurer '65

CARLA

Aries—

lover of

the irrational.

Tangled talk.

Identifying with

Prufrock and Hamlet.

Would rather

blunt truth to

ambiguity.

Driving a black bug

flying

a blue flower.

To be . . .

artist, saint,

femme fatale and

sane.



RUTH LORRAINE POCHIGIAN

Fresno, California

MAJOR: ECONOMICS

MINOR: SOCIOLOGY

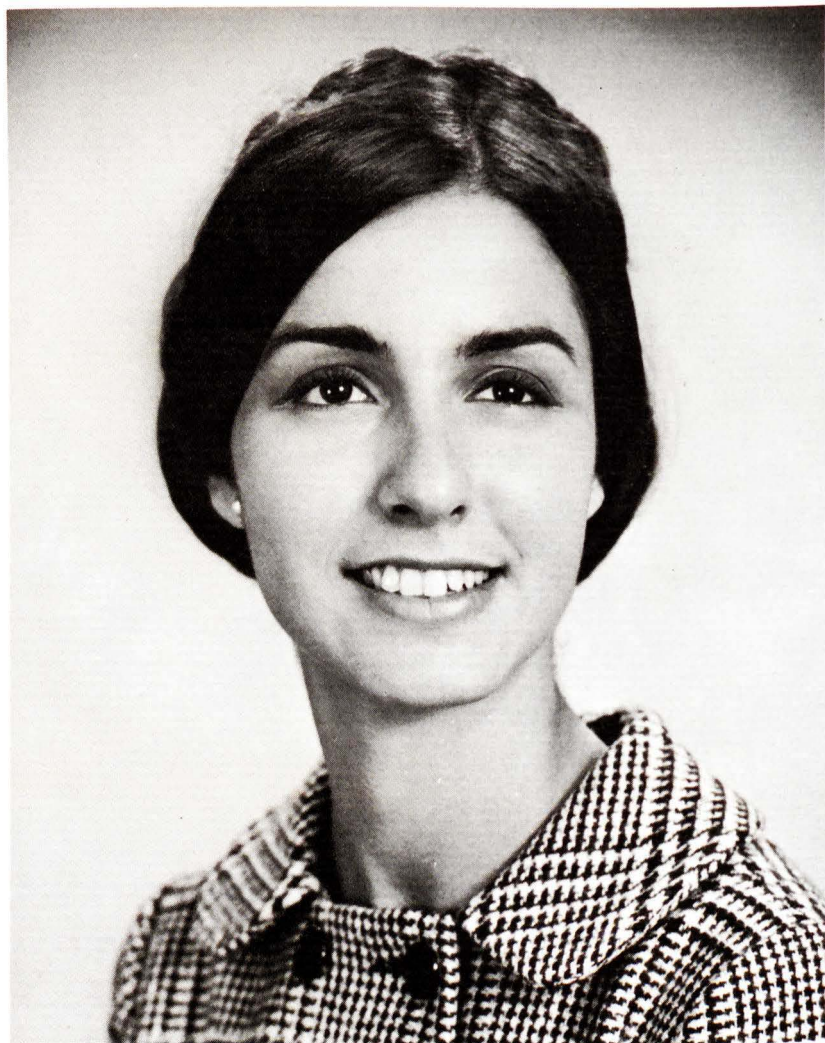
Transferred from Rosary College, Illinois '66

Amigos Anonymous '66
Religious Activities Committee '66, '67

Young Democrats '67

RUTHIE

Active—
silently getting
things done,
and
handling
an incredible
amount of activity . . .
Delighted by
the Windy City,
a fresh blanket of snow
and the antics
of the Peanut Gallery.
An impish smile
volunteered as evidence
of a love for people.



SUSAN EMILIE PORRAZZO

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: FRENCH

MINOR: ENGLISH

Pi Delta Phi
Class Vice-President '67
Social Committee '67
Crew '66, '67
Camera Club '65, '66
French Club '64, '65, '66, '67
President '65

German Club '66
Music Club '64, '65, '66, '67
Treasurer '65
S.C.T.A. '64, '65
Troupers '64
I.R.C. '64

SUE

Poised,
in the manner
of San Francisco.
Super-organized
and
constantly busy.
A crowded life
full of
many talents
and
many friends.
Forever collecting things
and always
finding room for more.



JOSETTE MIREILLE PRATT

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: FRENCH

MINOR: SPANISH

Carillon Staff '64
Community Service '65
French Club '65, '66, '67
President '66

Madrigal '65, '66, '67
Publicity Committee '66
Social Committee '66

JOSETTE

People-wisdom,
accumulated
in travels
around the world.
Epicurean delight
and
appreciation for
the artistic variety
of an Aegean sunrise
or a
Spanish bullfight.
Combining the
feminine and practical
in a
perfect blend.



VICTORIA JEANNE PRESSON
San Rafael, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION
CONCENTRATION: SOCIAL SCIENCES

Community Service '64, '66, '67 Spanish Club '64
Amigos Anonymous '65, '66, '67

VICKI

An impression of naivete
stemming from
simplicity and spontaneity,
disclosing
thoughtfulness that
makes and keeps friends.
Richness of experience
obtained
from helping others.
Increased understanding,
producing
a deep sense
of her own
promises to keep.



KATHERINE MARY RASOR
San Clemente, California

MAJOR: ART
MINOR: SPANISH

Sigma Delta Phi
Vice-President '67
W.A.A. Board '66, '67
President '66
Treasurer '67
Executive Board '66

Amigos Anonymous '64, '65
Crew '66, '67
Co-Captain '67
S.C.T.A. '64
Spanish Club '64, '65, '66, '67
President '65

KATI

Unharnessed enthusiasm.

A zest for —

Mexican beaches,

the sounds of “Country Joe,”

and . . . especially . . . pottery.

Enough pep

to run a mile.

Natural happiness

radiating from

strong relationships and

a basic goodness,

with no time

for the artificial.

Hidden . . . inside . . .

a bit of seriousness.



SHARON DIANE RAVANI
San Francisco, California

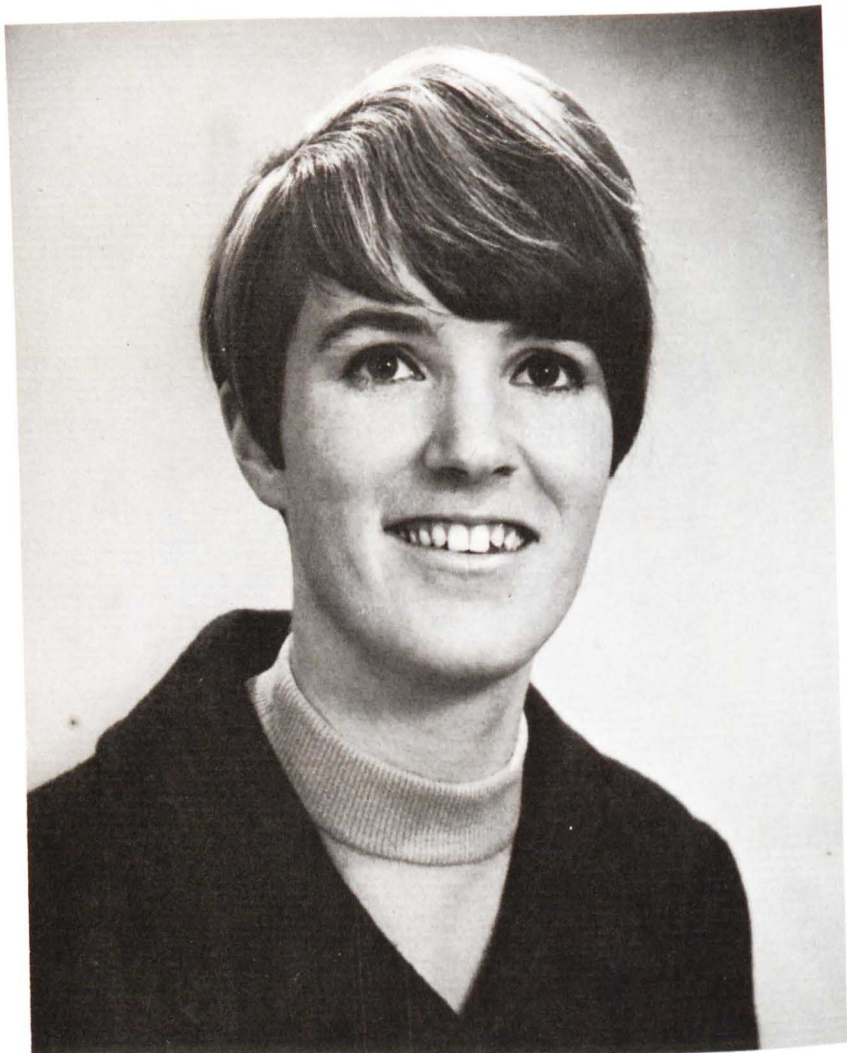
MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION
CONCENTRATION: LITERATURE

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

Musical Productions '64, '65, '66, '67

SHARON

Simplicity and warmth —
happiest
walking by the ocean,
at a coffee house.
Forever bothered
to explain her name.
Versatile —
the life of the party
and sympathetic listener,
clothes buff,
accomplished pianist,
sun-lover. . . .
Green-eyed beauty
serenely accepting
interior grace and
sincerity.



MARY ELIZABETH RICHARDS
Seattle, Washington

MAJOR: ENGLISH
MINOR: HISTORY

Who's Who Among American Colleges
and Universities
Carillon Staff '66
Meadowlark Editor '66
Firebrand Editor '67

Community Service '66
Crew '66
Publicity Committee '65, '66
Irish Club '66, '67
Vice-President '66, '67

MARYBETH

Dignity,
emanating from
a deep-seated sense
of honor,
of obligation.
Self-tempered.
At once firm critic
and consolation of many.
Glib, droll.
Mistress of the Metaphor.
Often content
to be alone . . .
to keep the secrets
of her soul.



MARY ELIZABETH ROCHE

Sacramento, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

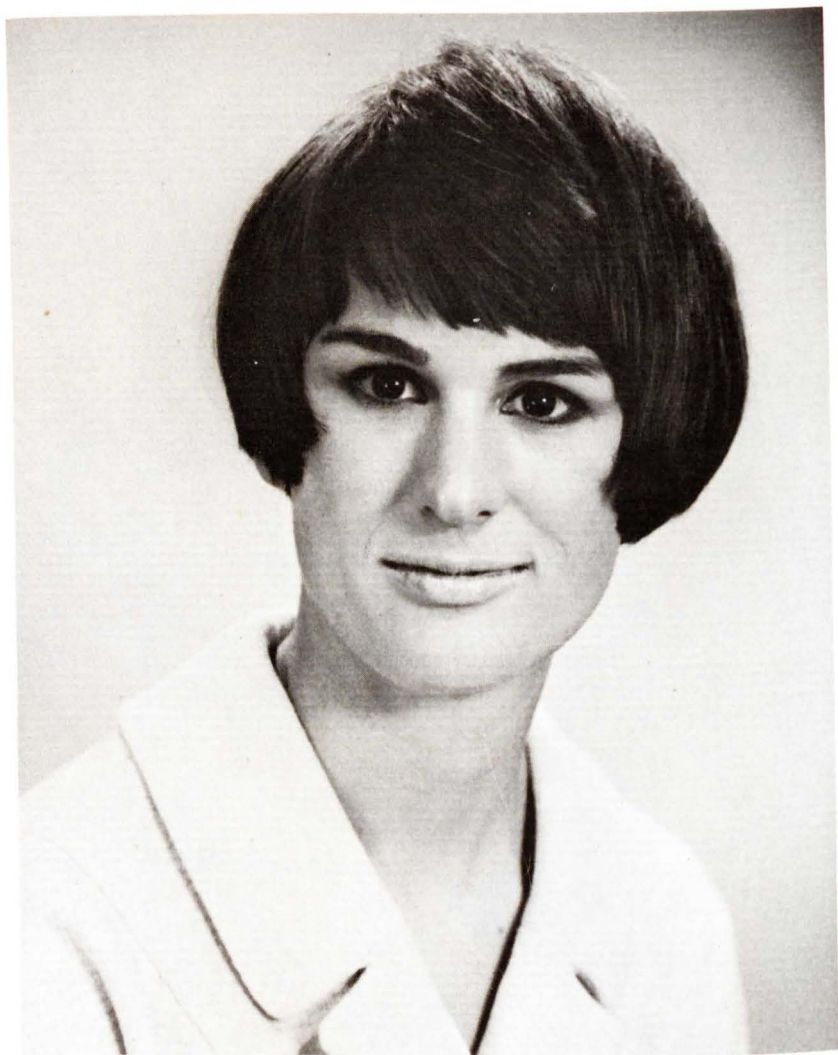
MINOR: BIOLOGY

Firebrand Staff '66
Troupers '64, '65, '66, '67
Secretary '65
Vice-President '66
German Club '66, '67
Vice-President '67

I.R.C. '65, '66, '67
Treasurer '66
Model. U.N. '65, '66, '67
Delegate '67
Science Club '66, '67
Young Democrats '66, '67

MARY

Easy-going procrastinator,
losing herself
completely
in reading books—
all sorts,
or conducting
her very own symphony.
Friendly good-humor,
sometimes
astonishing others
with
sudden and
totally unexpected
(but mostly well-deserved)
sarcasm.



JUDITH MARIE ROSSI

San Rafael, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

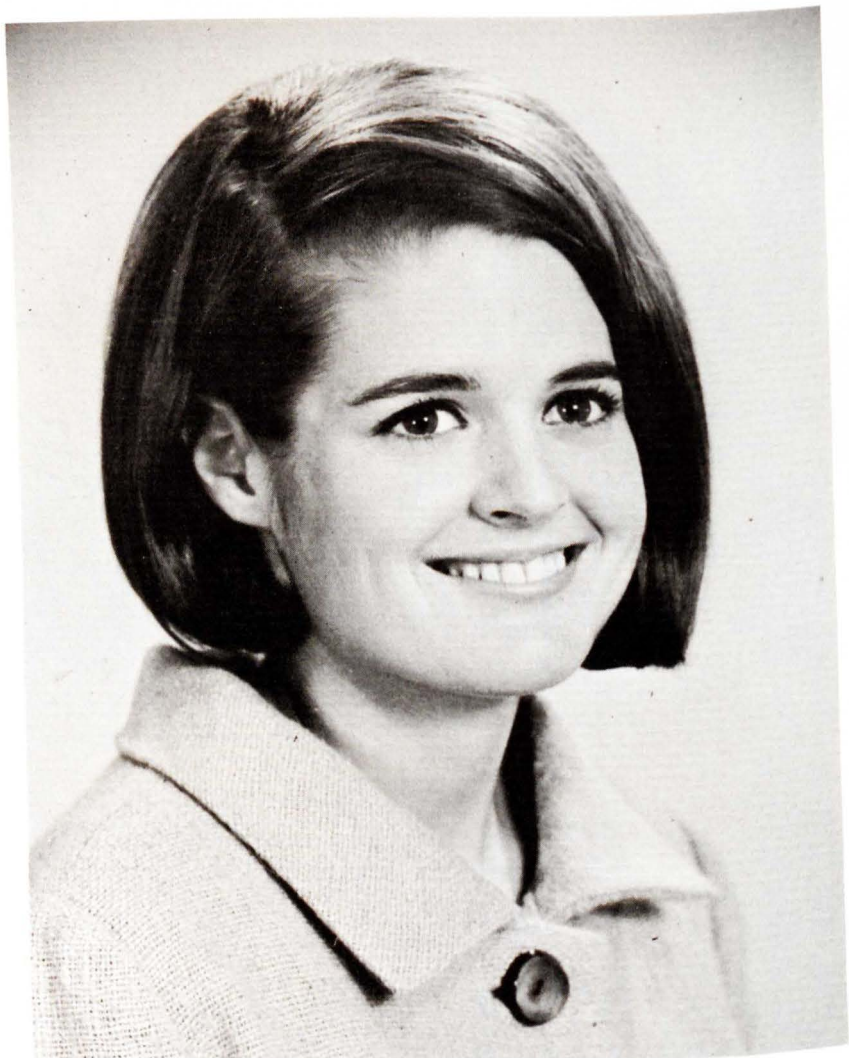
MINOR: ITALIAN

Community Service '66

Publicity Committee '65

JUDY

Many-faceted
intellect—
masked by
mischievous
Walter Mitty humor.
Finding the
genuine
in the unusual.
Perpetual motion . . .
Deep feelings
bursting
into
flights of fancy
that soar like a kite.



SUSAN ANNE SCHROTH
Greenbrae, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY
MINOR: ECONOMICS

Community Service '66

Irish Club '66

SUE

Tolerant

and

willing to accept

people at face value.

Taking things seriously,

particularly

the obligations of friendship

and

the desire to teach.

Demanding genuineness

from life

and

finding it

in the simple things.



THERESE KRISHNA NARESH SHARMA

Mattintar, Madi, Fiji

MAJOR: ENGLISH

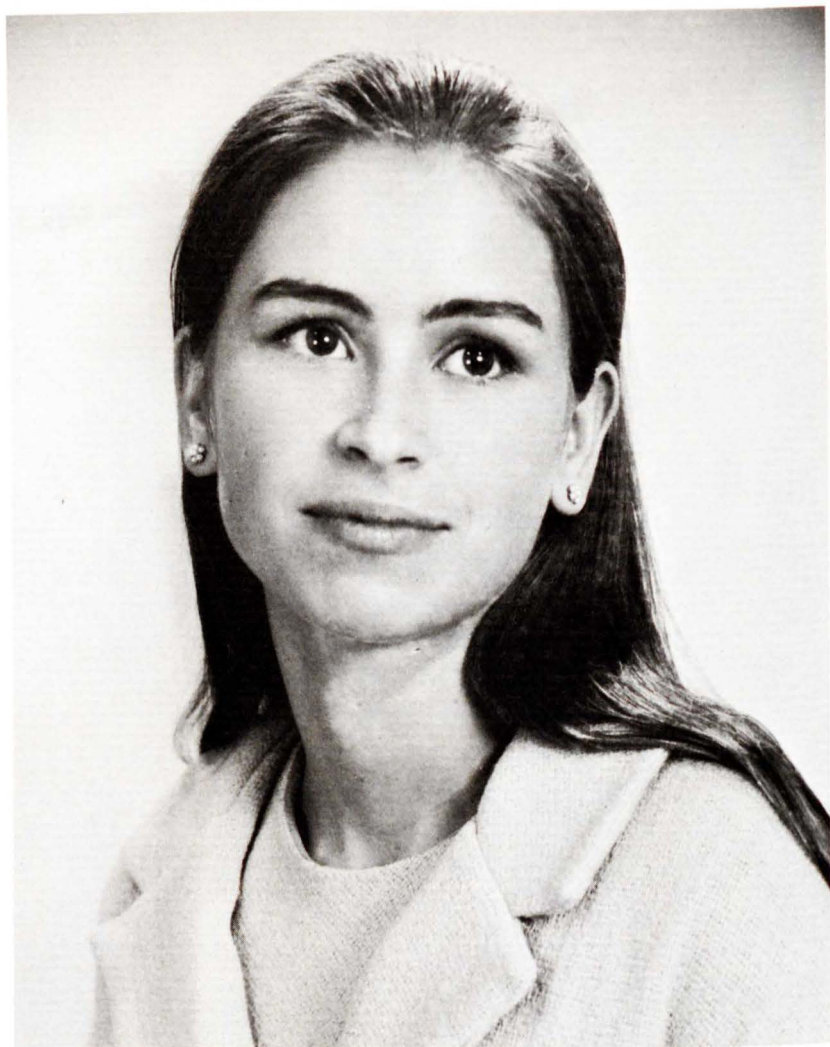
Transferred from Corpus Christi Teacher College, Fiji '66

Camera Club '66, '67

International Students Club '66, '67

KRISHNA

Wearing a sari,
and walking
with willow-like grace.
Dreaming about
an island
in the Pacific . . . Viti Levu.
Wandering
in a sunshine where
weeds are flowers.
Caring for
a new home and a
cup of tea
savored
in the quiet hours
at the end of the day.



SUSAN DOROTHY SHEPPARD

Ross, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: ECONOMICS

Community Service '64, '65

SUE

Intriguing
and
silently independent.
Loving
the uniqueness
and individuality
of
Boston,
Ayn Rand and Degas.
Spontaneity
moving easily
from
the purposeful
to
the whimsical . . .



MARGRETTA PATRICIA SHINE

San Anselmo, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: SPANISH

Community Service '66
Special Events Committee '65

Social Committee '67

MARGRETTA

Rapid-fire repartee—
good-nature,
with a
slightly sarcastic twist.
Relieving
any situation,
whether
a committee meeting
or a
Saint George rehearsal.
Exuberance
that fills
an entire room.



JUDITH ANN SILVEIRA

San Rafael, California

MAJOR: FRENCH

MINOR: ITALIAN

Transferred from College of the Holy Names '65

Pi Delta Phi
Community Service '66

French Club '65, '66, '67
President '67
Secretary '66

JUDY

Shy,
and quietly composed.
Hesitant
about
criticizing the values
of others — yet
unyielding
where her principles
are concerned.
Refusing
to waste energy
chasing after
the
inevitable of time.



SANDRA SIMARD
Monterey, California

MAJOR: ART HISTORY
MINOR: SPEECH

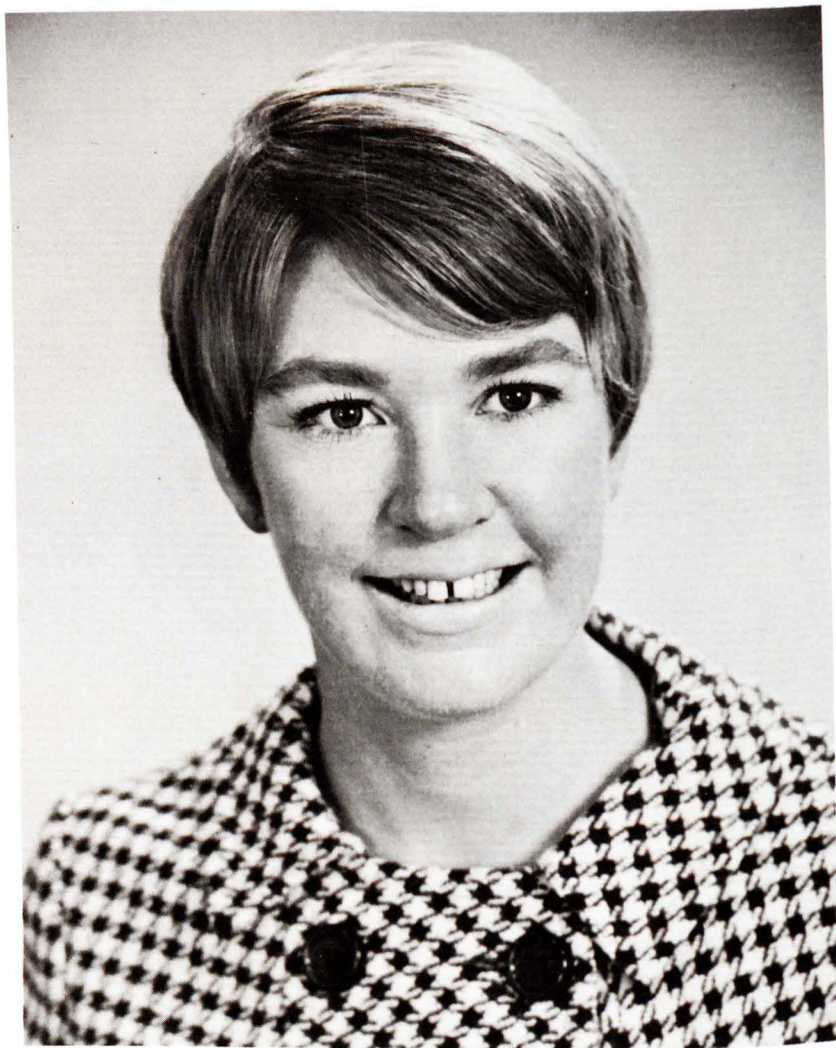
House Chairman '64
Social Committee '66

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

SANDRA

“She walks
in beauty
like the night. . . .”

Her life . . . an ever-changing
pattern
traced by
the dance
upon a tapestry
woven vivid,
complex,
mysterious—
“All that’s best
of dark
and light.”



MARY CATHERINE STACK

Pacifica, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: HISTORY

Meadowlark Assistant Editor '66
Crew '66

Social Committee '66
Irish Club '66, '67

MARY KAY

Vitality,
involving constant motion,
and change.

Redeemed from
total chaos
by a
sense of direction
that wisely focuses
only on
the worthwhile.

Expanding
the reality of the moment
until
it becomes
as rare as she is.



MARY CAROL TAGWERKER

El Cajon, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: HISTORY

Irish Club '67

Young Democrats '67

MARY

Pensive.

Gleaming hair
falling carelessly across
dark eyes.

The humor of the
Smothers Brothers,
faces of the City —
Searching,
wordless,
laughing, for an
ocean of sights, sounds.

Funny Face
offering friendship
“deeper than love.”



KATHLEEN TERESA TANEY

Concord, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

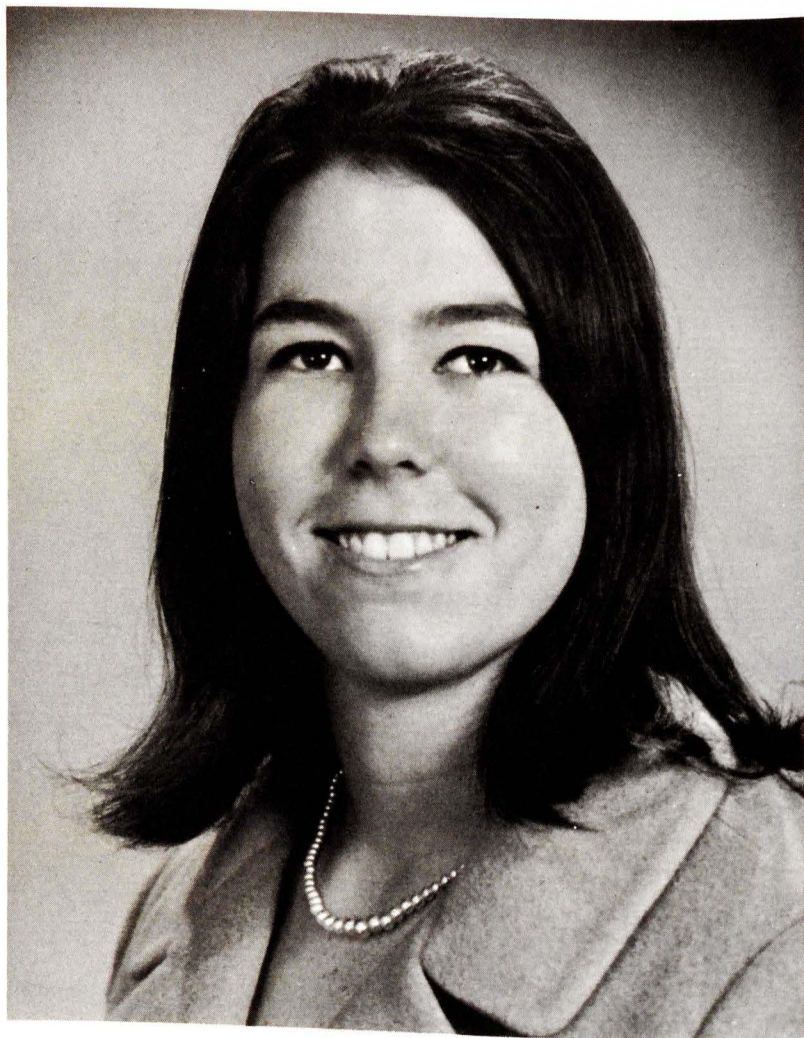
MINOR: SPANISH

Community Service '66
Social Committee '65

Irish Club '67
Young Democrats '67

KATHY

“Her twelve-hours’
treasure”
best spent at the zoo,
flying her own kite,
or just dozing
(with the hairdryer on).
Never squandering
those “sunshine minutes”
when a good chat,
a little Spanish,
or a finesse,
are in order.
Every day — a holiday
with Kathy.



ARLINE FRANCES THOMAS
Kentfield, California

MAJOR: HISTORY
MINOR: PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Tennis Team '66

ARLINE

Always:
unexpectedly arriving
with a surprise
you didn't know
you wanted . . .
making plans
to get going—
swimming, skiing.
Non-stop
conversationalist.
The casual look
and an expanding world
of friends.
A goal of
sincere service—
plain kindness.



ANN MARIE TIERNEY
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY
MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

House Regulations Chairman '67
Executive Board '67
Class Treasurer '66

Student Affairs Board '67
Community Service '65, '66
Young Republicans '65

ANN

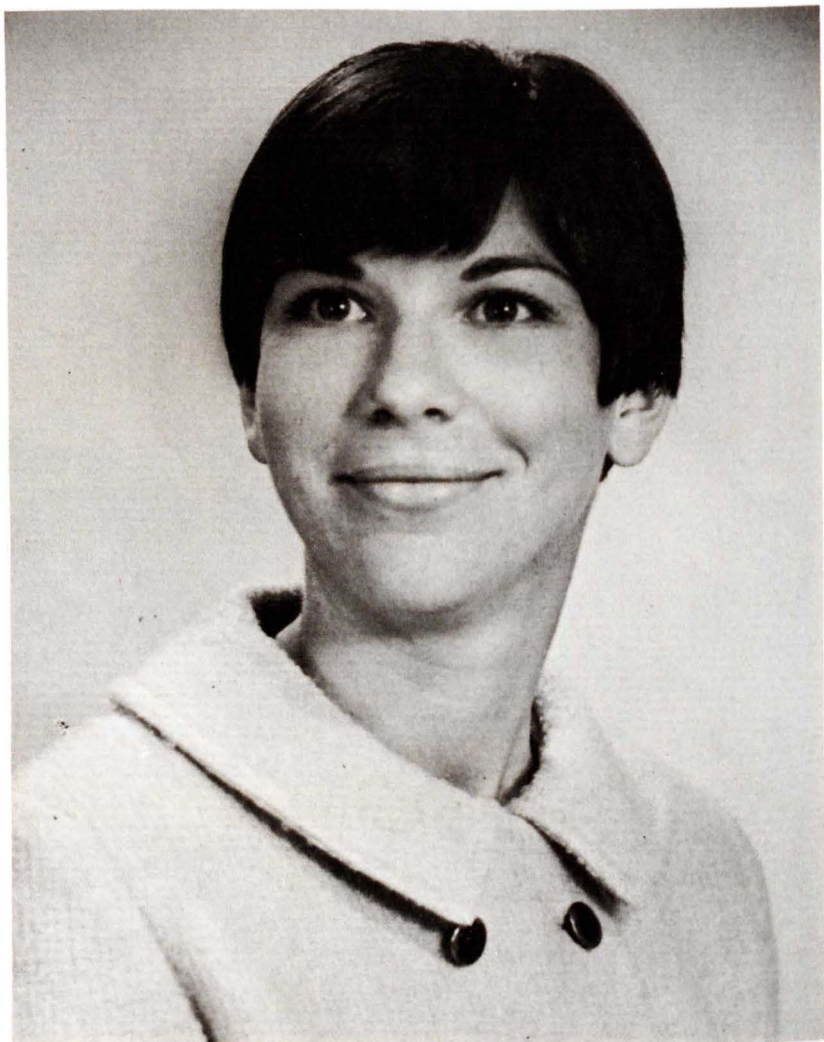
Laughter
is a part of her,
appropriate
and necessary.

Skiing
is a passion
in spite of broken legs.

A casual nature
sometimes gives way
to

an Irish temper.

Simplicity
listens
to the sounds
of friends in need.



LYNN MARIE VALENTE
Fairfax, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH
MINOR: ART HISTORY

Community Service '64

LYNN

Rejoicing
in reciting trivia —
any old movie
or
the words to a song —
but only
as a side-light,
not sole occupation.
Sharp sense of humor
that constantly crackles
and occasionally
comes up with
some of
the worst puns on record.



ELIZABETH ANN VENNEMEYER

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY AND HISTORY

Community Service '65, '66
Social Committee '66
Crew '67

Publicity Committee '65
Irish Club '66
German Club '64

BETTY

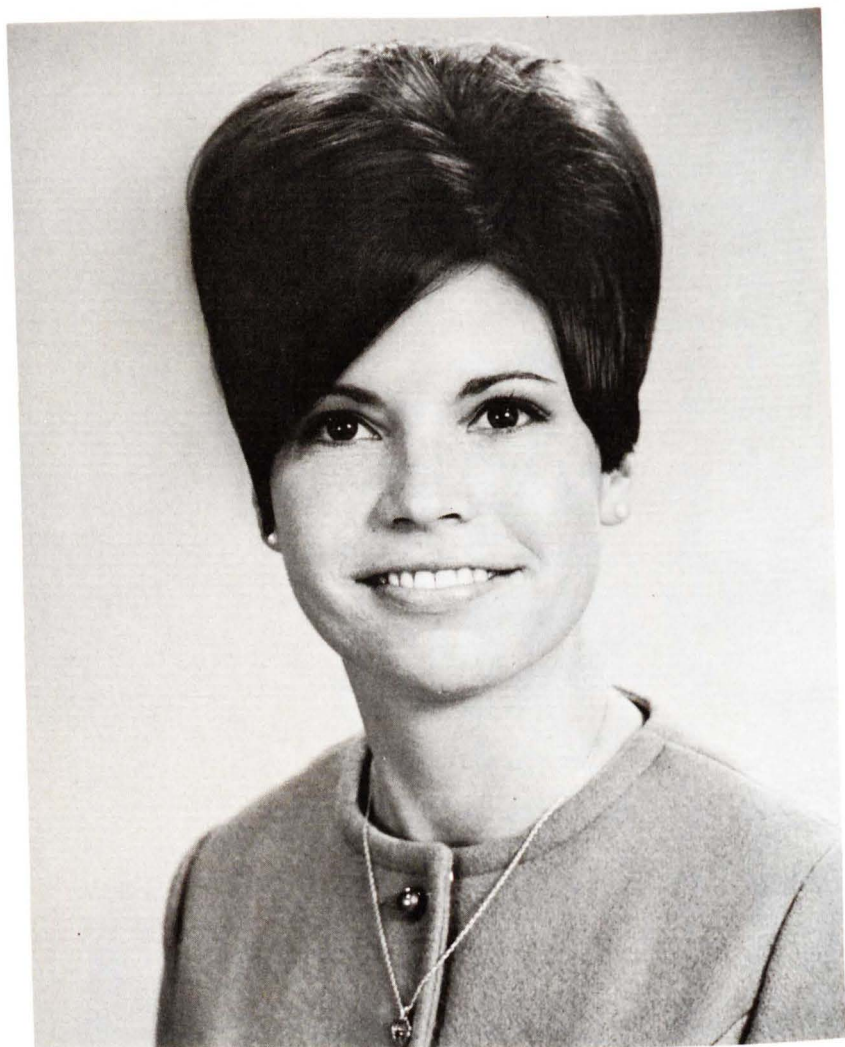
Striking Teutonic looks.

The quest—
for travel and
adventure.

Practical joker,
a *wunderbar* laugh
that explodes
in the memory.

Honest
to the point of
exasperation . . .

Warm-hearted and
generous about taking
the time and trouble
to help someone else.



BARBARA DELLA WATERS

Camarillo, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: SOCIOLOGY

Community Service '65, '66
Social Committee '66
Irish Club '65
Spanish Club '64

S.C.T.A. '65, '66, '67
Secretary '66
President '67

BAMBI

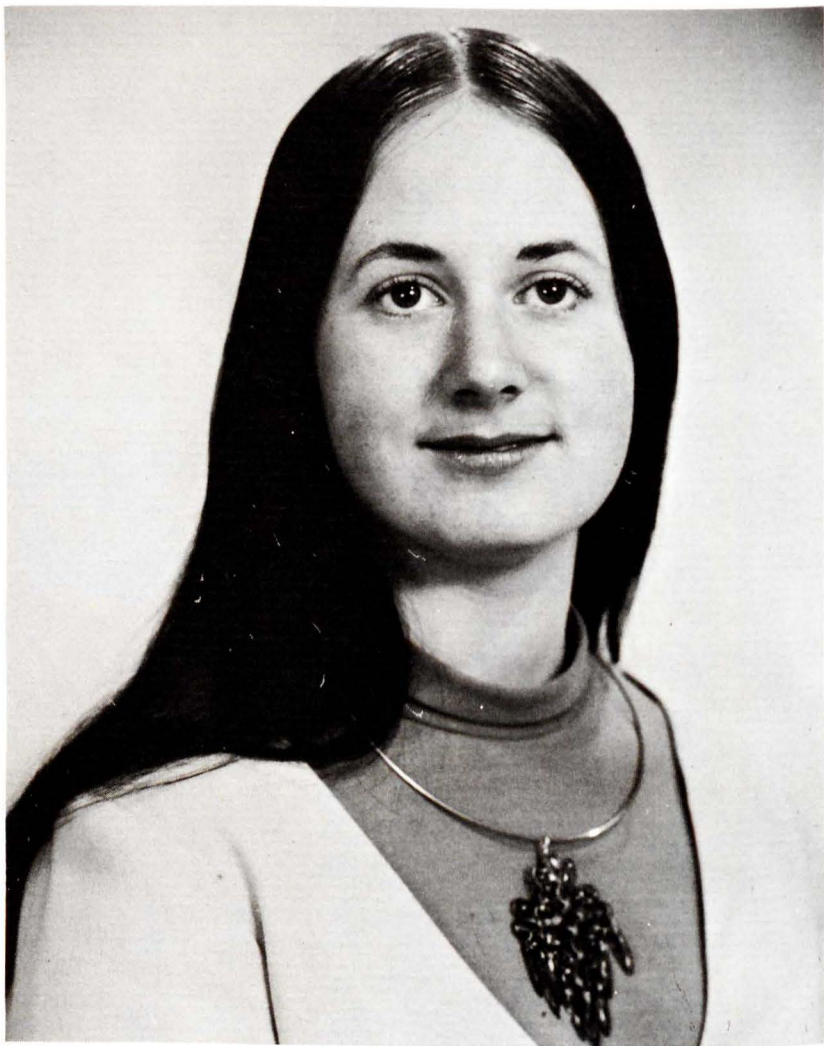
Welcoming
each day
as it comes.

Seasoning the hours
with energy and
cheer.

Meticulously
organized and groomed.

Favorite hair-stylist
of the North Wing.

Finding Thumper,
her Pink Menagerie,
and chocolate sundaes,
somewhat “special
and apart.”



DOROTHEA WEST
Petaluma, California

MAJOR: ART
MINOR: ENGLISH

Transferred from California College of Arts & Crafts '66

VIKKI

Creating
and
destroying.

Re-emerging
and retreating.

Moving on
until
she catches up
with herself.

Missing little
and letting on less.

The third side
of
the coin awaits . . .



SUSAN ANNE WORNER
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: HISTORY
MINOR: ART HISTORY

Year Abroad at Loyola, Rome '66

Community Service '65, '67
Camera Club '65

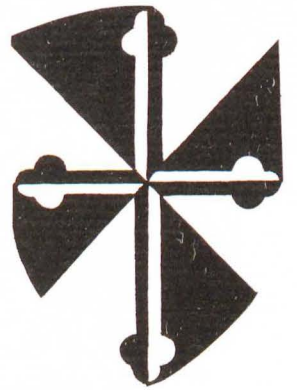
French Club '64, '65
Troupers '64

SUE

Assimilating
all information
within reach—
statistics or a song
learned
in Rome.

A passion for art
that will
never be satisfied.

Wanting most
to teach children
what beauty is
and
likely to instill
her own
zest for learning.



Veritas

STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

Mary Michael Connolly
SAB President

Joan De Lorimier
Vice President

Chris Collins
Treasurer

Rita Johann
Secretary

Patricia Donovan
President



Sue Porrazzo
Vice President

Mary Ann von Boecklin
President

Pat Araneta
Secretary

Janet Huber
Treasurer

Cum Veritate Sit Virtus





Georgia Hogue
Treasurer

Helen Doneux
President

Joan Lounibos
Secretary

Kathy Hartnett
Vice President

Crederre Non Dubitare





Jo Ann Spillane
Vice President

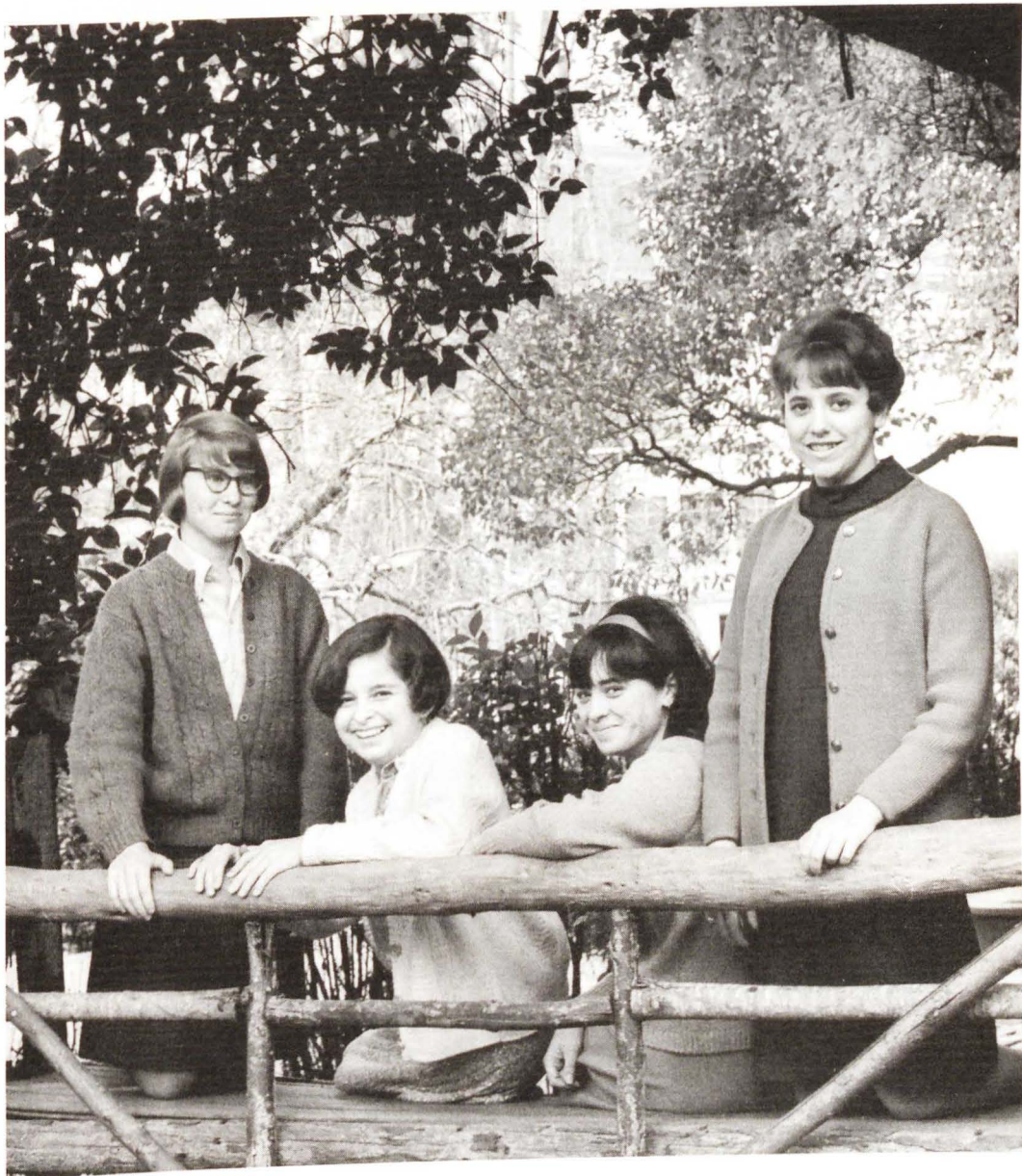
Mary Lou Bordoni
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Angela Ghirardelli
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Stephanie Parenti
President



Pax Per Consilium



Martha Olivares
Secretary

Ann Stella
President

Prudence Silger
Treasurer

Tehani Mosconi
Vice President

Honesta
Quam Splendida





AWRY

Somehow it never works the way you thought—
it never quite comes out the way you plan
it's always just a little off,
a little wrong,
and then you're left to push it back in shape
and find that no one really cares but you.
Deceptive, simple, easy, calm,
until you try to mold it to a dream
and it spreads about, rebels,
and only you remember what began.

I've been that dream,
and lost it
and I tried to tell how hopeless losing seemed,
but no one listened
and I finally stopped explaining,
picked up corners
and began to push them all back into shape.
A little sorry, disappointed,
surprised they hadn't listened,
until another dream spread into shape,
and out,
and the thing began again.
Only I know how it started,
how it grew,
and only I know just the way it died.
I keep it all inside,
and keeping it, I find I'm much too busy to wrap
 myself around
another's dream.
But that's their dream,
and these are mine.
The less I ask
the less I have to give.
Only I know just the way it died,
I kept it all inside.

—SHIRLEY CLARK CLISHAM '69

AND YOU, MY SON

Jacob sat on his porch in the dry heat of the valley and looked over the farm around him. It was good land. At least he had thought it was good land thirty years ago when he had first seen it. It had seemed like good land when he and his sons had worked it. Now it seemed too dry, too old, too worn out to produce anything. As he sat rocking on the porch, Jacob, too, seemed too dry, too old, too worn out. When he sat like that his fifty-three years seemed like seventy.

His was an old house. In it he had worked and prayed and planned, and in it his sons had been born. It had been white, but now it was the color of rotting boards. The yard was straggly with tall weeds. There were a few feed shacks out in back.

After the scorching summer, the surrounding hills were brown. The Anderson fields all lay fallow. There was nothing to harvest. In the garden in back a few scrawny stalks of corn and some green vegetables survived. A half-dozen chickens wandered freely about the yard.

“Next year will be better.”

Jacob spoke aloud but there was no one to hear. Ann was busy in the kitchen and there was no one else around. Jacob's three sons were gone. David and Carl were married and lived in the city. Ed, Jacob's youngest son, had joined the Marines three years ago. There was no one around, but Jacob continued to speak.

“Next year Ed and me’ll grow more’n anybody in the valley. He’ll come back and marry Sally Hopkins and they’ll live here on the farm. Then Ed and me’ll grow more’n anybody in the valley.”

The farmer’s lined face had a ruddy glow that seemed to tell of many years’ work done. His hair was greying now and in some places the brown scalp showed through. When he stood straight he still looked down on most people and when he was angry the tendons in his lean neck tightened visibly. But he seldom got angry now.

“David and Carl can’t help, but Ed and me can do it.” He fell silent and only the creaking of the rocker and the rattle of pots and pans from the kitchen broke the stillness.

II

A dust-cloud rising from the road announced the coming of David’s Falcon. The car pulled up in front of the house and Jacob’s oldest son stepped out to help his wife Carol with the bowl she was carrying.

“Hello, Dad. We aren’t the first ones here, are we? Carol took so long making the potato salad, I was sure the others would be here before us. Where’s Mom?” With that, the screen door slammed behind David. Carol kissed Jacob’s forehead and lingered awhile at the door, gazing back at the aging man rocking gently in his old chair. She worried about him.

David never seemed to talk to his father. Carol had wondered about their silence until finally she had asked her husband why he seemed to avoid Jacob.

"Dad loves me too much," David had answered, listening to his own words as if he had never spoken them before. "I know he's proud of me, although he never wanted me to be a teacher, but I feel as if I've deserted him somehow."

Because she had had no answer, Carol had said nothing to comfort David. Now, she could say nothing to Jacob.

III

A foot sounding on the step brought Carol out of her thought and Jacob said a lively hello to his second son, Carl. Carl and Elizabeth were late as usual. Elizabeth always looked perfect but Carl joked about how long she took each day to perfect herself.

As Jacob looked up at Carl, a smile grew slowly on his lips as he remembered how "Carl was always such a help to me."

"Pa, why don't you come on inside? I just made a new record and I want everybody to hear it." Carl was a musician and his records had really begun to catch on lately.

"I'll be in a little later, son," Jacob answered his son who was already in the kitchen wrapping his arms around his mother.

With the porch quiet again, Jacob's thoughts wandered. He sat until only the outline of the hills could be seen against the graying sky.

"Next year will be better. Me and Ed can do it."

IV

The aroma of fried chicken reminded Jacob that it must be about time for dinner. As he rose from his chair, a little white card fluttered to the floor. Printed in the center of the card were the words:

GEORGE P. STROMPE

Agricultural Advisor

Mr. Strompe's phone number had been written hurriedly on the back in a sprawling hand.

The memory of that young man's patronizing advice brought fire to the proud farmer's eyes. Mumbling something about "college kids" and "thinks he knows farming from books," Jacob let the screen door slam behind him as he entered the house and threw the card into the trash basket by the desk.

V

When Jacob came in the family became silent. Ann and David had been talking quietly in the corner while the others were gathered at the door to the kitchen. David left his mother's side and approached Jacob.

"Here, Dad, sit here. Carl was just going to play his new record." David indicated the armchair by

the fireplace where Jacob had always sat after dinner when the boys were younger. He sat down and pulled out his old black pipe and as he dug it into the tobacco pouch he thought about the plans he would make for his son's homecoming. Maybe Carl would bring his combo and they could have a little party. Sally Hopkins would be there and Ed would really be glad to be home.

"Carl, remember that idea I told you about a couple a' years ago about starting an apple orchard on the north forty? I'm going to tell Ed about it and see what he thinks. We could plant when he gets back and it'd be producing before we knew it," said Jacob, becoming excited at the prospect.

"Pa, an apple orchard is a lot of work for a long time before it shows a profit. If you planted tomatoes there you'd have a good paying crop each year. Why don't you ask Tess Banner if he could send over some plants? You could start with a small section — till you get going. David and I would be glad to lend you the money for the plants."

"No, I'll just wait and see what Ed thinks of the apples." Carol asked, "When are we going to hear that record?" As the music played, Jacob became absorbed in his planning. The others tried to act as if nothing was wrong while they commented on the recording. But David's eyes betrayed his worry as they met his mother's questioning gaze. "When will you tell him?" seemed almost clearly spoken as her dark eyes watched him. But David could only look away.

VI

At dinner, Jacob seemed to snap out of his mood. He spoke of the family and his own youth. He even remembered a joke someone had told him and everybody laughed. And still Ann's eyes asked the question. And still David only looked away. He was waiting for just the right moment.

Jacob said, "I can't remember a year with less rain all the time I've lived here. Seems like the grass'll blow away if we don't get some soon."

"Maybe you should have planted that grain you have in the shed. At least you might have saved some top-soil," suggested David.

"I want to save that for next year. Maybe Ed'll wanna use that for a rotation crop."

"But you could have harvested *something* this year!"

"I couldn't do it alone."

"Sure, but you could have hired enough help to get by. Carl and I told you we'd give you the money."

"I don't want your money! You couldn't stay here where I built something good for you and work the farm with me, so I don't want your money!"

David was becoming angry with his father's stubbornness.

"What *do* you want? Are you just going to sit here watching the land and the little savings you've got disintegrate? If you won't sell the land, at least you could accept our offers to help you work it!"

“Help me work it?! Hah! You wouldn’t dirty your clean city clothes. Ed’s the only one that’ll help me. When he comes home we’ll get this farm going better than ever and without your charity!”

“Ed’s not coming home. Ed’s *dead!*”

David hadn’t meant to tell his father this way. He had gotten mad and said it. Now, he saw the ashen mask on his father’s face and realized what he had done.

Ann looked first at her husband and then at her son. Her eyes were dry now as her hands gripped the arms of her chair so hard her knuckles showed white. Carl sat silent, staring blindly at his plate, and Elizabeth found her hands uncomfortably idle.

Rising from her place, Carol went around to where Jacob sat hunched in his chair. She put her hand on his shoulder but she had no words.

After a few minutes, David’s voice, sounding not at all like David, began to explain.

“The news came this afternoon. Mom didn’t know how to tell you so she asked me. I didn’t mean it to be this way.”

But Jacob didn’t hear his son’s last words. He could only hear the words “Ed’s not coming home” as he walked out onto the porch and sank down on the step.

JOANN AUGUSTINE ’68



THE OVER-EDUCATED WOMAN

I pray you, for once let us be realistic! Let us descend from our insular towers in Academia, Arcadia—what have you—and consider one of our besetting social problems. It at least has the distinction of standing out from all our most commonly discussed difficulties by the very fact that it arises out of an excess, not deprivation, of what might be a good thing, college education. I am here speaking of one product of our educational system—the over-educated woman. Exactly what are we to do with her?

She is the woman who has educated herself out of her environment. The result of her education is that this woman is bored by nearly everyone and everything she sees. She has been taught to dream. Her notion of reality has become not what is, but what could be. As a consequence, women are becoming less and less the great practical force they have long been recognized as. She who has been fed Shakespeare, Einstein, and Plato finds her daily life to be a constant confrontation with mediocrity. She has to cope with tedium somehow and so we find the many overweening mothers, shrewish career women and cold scholars—women who have resorted to the illusion of the ideal or the sop of action, any action, simply to stave off the eleven o'clock droop syndrome which inevitably catches up with her at some point or another. Boredom is the substance of the Kinsey report, the achievement of mass communications, of

the PTA, of the DAR. Woman has been led to expect too much of life. She knows too much about what she can have and can be. But, she is chained by her status. There is no outlet for her to reform the world as is, despite secondary concessions such as the franchise granted by the male Establishment.

This is a definitely dangerous social condition where we find that most members of the society mistakenly think they think they picture the role of women to be the beautiful inspiration of man, his other half, his completion—while in actuality, society relegates woman to the role of grease to the masculine machine. She is expected to do the dishes, the filing and other assorted trivia, supposedly feminine. She is left little time to be what she thinks of herself as—enchantress, life-giver, the other half of man, whatever. She is in actuality a slave—or so it seems to her. Better, then, that she had never learned her potential. It would save the world much heartbreak if only women were not so bored.

I do not deny that sacrifice is part of the spirit of woman, but the well-educated woman cannot be overly enthusiastic about offering the immolation of her independence, of her great power, to modern men. Are they worthy recipients of her offering? Will they appreciate her? After all, what husband requires *x* units of science, of literature or of music from his wife—he wants his dinner.

Higher education for women fails to train her for her vocation. She is well-equipped to spout philos-

ophy, but must endure with pleasure the banalities of the cocktail circuit or the tearoom chat. She is a woman who has created out of the raw material of her nature, a being who is the ideal helpmeet of man, only to find that the demand is for an inferior product. Much better that she aspire only to mediocrity, for she cannot at this time, unless she is very fortunate, catch up to her dream. It is an impossible quest and a source of unending frustration that she cannot be what she feels she must, in conscience, become.

I now propose to demonstrate the sophistry of many of the platitudes women are offered in their pursuit of understanding.

Education is a broadening experience. This statement is true only in so far as we recognize that education broadens just the intellectual experience. It is not practical, and it is limiting in all kinds of ways. Whoever first said that "college is a social asset" had to be a theoritician working from other men's theories when he extended it to woman. Her field of choice for a husband is drastically narrowed for not all men go on from high school to the ivy-covered walls, and even fewer stay there. Fewer still take advantage of what they are offered, spending their time instead in the immature ego-pursuits of the American male. In order to garner experience for herself, woman is forced to become an accessory to his stupidity, all the while being spoon-fed concept upon jaded concept of what she should be and what he will never

be unless he assumes his status in the adult world.

Woman must never make her man feel inferior, for psychology instructs her, frowning all the while, that this is a castrating experience for the tender male psyche. Man must always feel that he is wearing the pants—though he rarely does. Our over-educated woman must seek to find a man who is her equal or her superior, just to establish communication, to ensure her femininity, and, paradoxically, to discover her identity, the ash of her sacrifice. In losing herself to another, she finds herself. She cannot lose herself to someone who has not achieved her maturity. The dilemma she faces is overwhelming—to grasp its horns she must sacrifice either her image of the ideal man—or her image of her own high value.

More prosaically, the over-educated woman wages constant combat with the prejudice of the high-school diploma. She is laughed at for trying to discuss anything more esoteric than her children/their diapers. If she uses a word of more than two syllables, she is accused of 'showing-off' her knowledge. If she expresses dissatisfaction with her sweaty beer-drinking man's inevitable choice of the situation comedy over educational TV, she is labeled a social climber. Out of self-defense, it is much better for her to conform, to sacrifice her desires, her aspirations, for the greater benefit of all men—especially the one in the livingroom chair. The greatest mental exertion she is allowed is bridge, and even this game is not acceptable in all circles. She does not know enough to dis-

cuss politics, though she has been shown that many heroes have been pushed ahead by a woman.

In all, it becomes obvious, that knowledge is not, indeed, power at all, but a source of frustration, of alienation, to the woman who must suffer the consequences of her birth. To know is not necessarily to love at all. It is to despair that knowing leads our friend, for how can she truly love, truly sacrifice to, the deity she is presented with. She cannot find meaning in mediocrity when she knows excellence. Knowledge is not even profitable. Evidence the father who grudgingly spends 10,000 dollars or more for her education, when it is likely that he will be saddled with the burden of his darling girl for the rest of his life—just because she has not been trained to do anything practical either for her own livelihood or for the sake of her lamentable White Knight.

The only valid statement about learning for women can only be "What you don't know can't hurt you." Let us all leave woman alone. Let us leave her to her mystery. She understands more instinctively of her power than men think. It is safer for us to save her from herself. It is just preventive psychiatry that I advocate here. Let us not proliferate neurosis more than necessary in our modern world. Teach women just enough to observe the social amenities. Teach her just enough so she can work the push button life she meets—and leave her to herself to perform the magic rites of her femininity.

MARY ANN BANNAN '68



AND SO IT BEGINS

The first tragic moment of realization — standing in a bare, sunlit room surrounded by four big trunks and looking at your sturdy single bed with an iron headboard painted off-white. And your parents have just left . . . The first alone moment of college passes as a shot of pain goes up your spine. A growing numbness takes its place as you try to fit fifteen pairs of three-inch heels into a two-foot square space behind your roommate's three wool coats. And then your roommate appears, and you know the moment you see her that you'll never make it through the year together. But you smile and try to grit your teeth silently. The numbness is gone and a cold, hard wave of determination moves over your body and possesses it. With this wonderful attitude you are able to make it through the first two weeks of college life.

After the initial shock wears off, you find that little chinks are beginning to wear through the armor in your cast-iron disposition. Someone asks you to go on a picnic on top of the hill behind school. Another time you exhaust yourself in a game of football on the grass in front of Meadowlands. You lose yourself on late afternoon walks among the trees. It is hard for you to remain resolute in your desire to be aloof. Gradually, you learn what a friend is. More important — you learn what it means to be a friend.

You find the pressures of the Sophomore slump a little too much to carry alone — so fifteen of you hop

into someone's car and go down to Swenson's for an ice-cream. And then you go back to Fanjeaux and stay up until 3:00 a.m. eating salami sandwiches and french bread and trying to learn enough history to pass Dr. Dill's test the next morning — and you do. But then there are the times when an ice-cream doesn't do any good at all. The minor tragedies that come and you find that you're awkward and not quite able to handle the situation. You stumble through and because you're not alone it's easier somehow.

When you return from summer vacation you find that being a Junior brings a bit of a superior air. You are actually beginning in your major and you are glad to start on something that you really want to do. You greet your returning friends a little more sedately than last year. You notice subtle little differences — they don't wear bobby-sox with their loafers any more and their laughter doesn't quite reach the shrieking tones that it used to. You sit in the sun together and find that you really don't have to talk.

Almost too rapidly you find yourself a Senior. It is almost a shock. People ask you what you are going to do after you graduate, and all you can think about is how much you don't know in your major field. But you can't really get upset because you're too busy trying to get it all done before it's too late. You take a few more rides up in the hills than you used to, and you linger a little while longer over coffee and conversation after dinner. You spend more time in the smoke-room than you can spare, but you don't care.

You spend your last week-end at Bolinas, and walk down to the beach just at sunset. And, then, one day you are standing in a bare, sunlit room. Your father has just carried down your last book-filled suitcase and you tell him that you want to stay a minute to make sure that you haven't forgotten anything. You look around the room and you're alone and a shot of pain goes up your spine. And so it begins . . .

MARTY DEVITT '68

ALMA PATER

Bald head clean and shiny
Rosy complexion
Tortoise shell round rimmed glasses
Sparkling white robes flowing to the floor.

Intolerant of vincible ignorance
(And sometimes of female opinion)
His notes our salvation
His tests our sad woe.

Conservative in thought
Liberal in humor,
 if it's Friday.
Seniors know him well
But he knows seniors better.

CARLA PINCINI '68

ON BECOMING 22 THIS SPRING

If you were to ask me,
(That is, just assuming
someone might ask me)
“How does it feel, just how
does it feel to be 21
(going on 22 this Spring)?”
I would say, “Why thank-you,
I was so hoping someone
would ask before I turn 22
(this Spring, which is soon) .
I would reply instantly, “Well.”
“It’s like . . . it’s like
You can throw away childhood
things, i.e. your fake I.D.
And also you can do anything
you D-well please.”
Only you don’t,
because you’ve finally got
a little wisdom in your head.
“And when you give your love
it’s really something because
now it’s a woman’s love.
And all day long it’s high noon.”
All in all it’s much like
being six, when you’re clever
as clever, and you decide



you'll go *on* being six,
for ever and ever.
Except, the only difference
is . . . that now you know . . .
you

just
can't.

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