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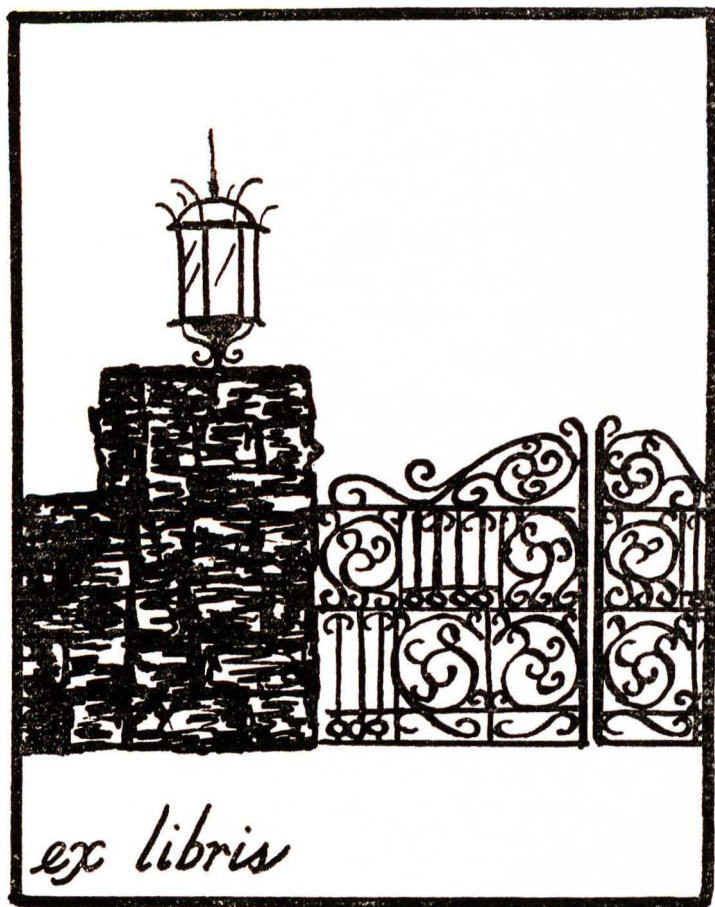
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The Firebrand





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THE FIREBRAND

THE DOMINICAN COLLEGE OF SAN RAFAEL



MCMLXV

With Deep Appreciation
to
SISTER ANITA

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THE FIREBRAND

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JoAnn Granieri	Kathleen Stephens
Cecilia Lam	



EDITORIAL

*Set all your mind upon the steep ascent,
Upon the broken, crumbling battlement,
Upon the breathless starlit air.*

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

THE OTHER EVENING while I was reading of Laputa in *Gulliver's Travels*, I was amused to happen upon Swift's passages ridiculing the Royal Academy of Sciences. Fantastic envisionments—an ingenious machine capable of literary creation, a slip of paper with the power to enlighten and instruct through the swallowing. Was Swift satirizing speculative knowledge or man's desire to attain the truth without the quest? Whatever his intention, the timeliness of the passage for today was readily apparent.

Swift's brilliance is everywhere admitted, but he is seldom considered a prophet. Perhaps Swift was only advancing what he considered to be farcical notions of the eighteenth century—probably he never dreamed that such ridiculous suppositions would one day become a reality. But now in the mid-twentieth century, a writing machine does not seem at all unlikely. A recent issue of *Time* carried an article on such a computer. Though it only composes simple TV Westerns and beatnik verse, perfecting will undoubtedly widen its scope and its achievement. And

as for Swift's digestible paper scraps, already bookstores are filled with outline books, digests, abstracts. In every field there are condensations of major books and theories, handy guides to the major concepts, the essential facts. To be sure, knowledge has so proliferated that it is impossible for one man to take all knowledge as his province; he must, in some cases, submit to the short-cut. But too often "the helpful guide" becomes a substitute to the student for hard study and arduous thought. The temptation is to take the easy way out. The result is that such outlines train the memory, but never the mind. Spoon-fed lectures may amuse, but they do not tax the intellect. On campuses where lecture notes are provided, the necessity of class attendance itself is eliminated.

With so many brain-saving devices, so many short-cuts to knowledge, it is a wonder that colleges and universities continue to exist, that the student is not as defunct as the dinosaur. In fact, it is probably more difficult to be a student today than ever before. Today, the one who is to become a scholar must be caught young and brought to realize the distinction between facts learned through memory or through osmosis and the knowledge gained by hard thinking—and, perhaps more important, that the knowledge is less important than the process of thought. In the words of Henry Adams, "What one knows is, in

youth, of little moment; they know enough who know how to learn."

Youth is by nature visionary, even idealistic. In even so skeptical and pragmatic an age as our own, the reading of the traditional authors, if not nature itself, has instilled the notion that the way is upward—the ladder or stairway the symbol—and the stars, the goal. Yet to climb step by step is difficult. The temptation is to take the escalator or the elevator or, to shift from metaphor, the outlines and the digests, ultimately the computer—forgetting that the men who made the computers climbed the stairs.

In the "dark wood" of college life, it is the student's goal that too often becomes obscured in the pressures of the here and now. Is the goal no more than to pass the Monday quiz or even the senior comprehensive? Or is the student looking for an education, or at least seeking the tools to gain one?

There is such a thing as satisfaction gained in the climbing the stair, a satisfaction derived from the pride of conquest or perhaps from the sheer delight of the task—a joy in a Shakespeare soliloquy, or in Chaucer's language; an interest in personalities, dialogue, action and reaction that cannot be communicated by an outline plot. And there is the facility gained for further climbing, a facility in the use of tools.

The journey is always upward. There are those who these four years have climbed the stairs one by one, and these surely will continue to climb. There are those who only caught the fascination of the journey in the third or fourth year—late, but not too late; they are just now beginning the ascent. And there are those who never saw beyond tomorrow's quiz, who have never begun the ascent. Where after commencement? is a question each student must answer for herself. For each now has her own stair to travel, each seeks her own particular star.

P. H.





THE CLASS OF 1965

ANGELA BONICA

HER CLEAR, sweet, melodious voice caresses the night air. Her admiring audience clamors for more. Her father always said, "Angela, don't be a prima donna." And she isn't. She gives herself willingly to every demanding audience upon request. Whether her song be romantic or burlesque, Angela is at the fore, giving it her all.

Impeccably groomed, Angela insists her outfit be "chic." So attired, she turns upon the world her cheerful smile as she calmly proceeds through each day. Yet beneath this gracious surface lies a fire and determination evident in her surprising enthusiastic bursts of song, "I'm the greatest star" or "I'm Sadie, Sadie, Married Lady." Angela does not accept the world as it is. And she does not accept with acceptance. For herself, she measures and weighs "values" in her mind. She then chooses, and her personal standards are high. But she never stops wishing that somehow, some way she could help people see. . . .

As the portly Yiddish Mrs. Jacobi or the Middle English, skipping Dr. Ironheart, Angela's grasp for dialect interpretations is magnificent and side-rollicking. She entertains with talent, not buffoonery. Angela lives in an emotional world, inherently regulated by her own ideals. One cannot but hope that her world does become rosy.



ANGELA CAROL BONICA
Mercer Island, Washington

MAJOR: MUSIC
MINOR: FRENCH

Class Secretary '64
Class Vice-President '65
French Club '63, '64
Italian Club '62

Music Club '62, '63, '64, '65
President '63
Schola '62, '63, '64, '65
Symphony Forum Representative '64
Troupers '64, '65



MARGARET ANN BRADLEY

Santa Ana, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: ENGLISH

Carillon '64

I.R.C. '65

Model U.N. '65

Music Club '62, '63, '64, '65

Schola '64, '65

Third Order '64, '65

Young Citizens for Johnson '65

PEGGY BRADLEY

PEGGY wakes up happy. In her friendly way she chatters with sunrise cafeteria goers about last night's phone call and about that chapter of French history which she "just loved" (adding quickly that she is *not* a student). As she talks, it is obvious that people can't help liking her; it is as obvious that she enjoys people. Hospitable in the classic sense, she offers her home, including the services of a young-at-heart mother and a teenage brother as Disneyland tour guide. As a veteran party giver who wants everyone to come, she handles rides and dates.

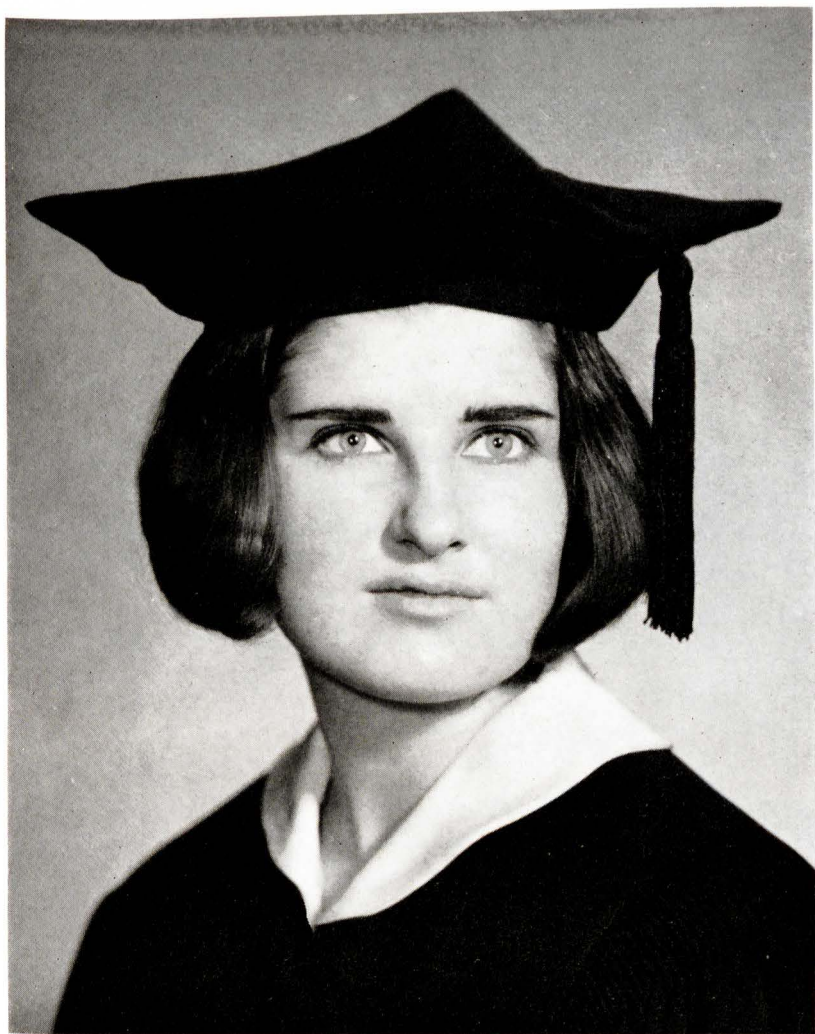
Peggy's Dominican years have been characterized by an openness to new interests—this year she has been learning the piano. Timely subjects, especially civil rights and the Mass in English, draw her attention. For the many excursions she can't pass up, a convincing "never know whom you'll meet" guarantees company in the Bradley-wagon. Peggy is fun, up-to-date on everything. Yet she has been called a straight arrow; and true, she can't be coaxed to break even the little rules. In friends, she prefers the "still waters"; Peggy admires depth and insight. Though daydreams, restlessness, an article in *America* or *Glamour* may waive duties at hand, Peggy is ultimately responsible. She is blithe, not blasé; only her roommate knows how small worries tax and how anticipation quickens excitement—both of which ebb to proportion with a good night's sleep.

CATHERINE BRADY

INTENSE blue eyes and a low whispering voice mark Katie from the crowd. She approaches to ask the time of day as if she were delivering a matter of "top intelligence." She is in areas of business all earnestness and concern. A very special virtue is her practice of looking directly at the person to whom she is speaking. Such directness reveals a deep well of sincerity and courtesy. Apt to over-worry and to over-study, Katie may be brought by calories and thesis-deadlines to a traumatic state.

Blue is Katie's color and rightly so. It matches her eyes, describes her personality, and dominates ninety per cent of her wardrobe. She may readily be found in an afternoon daydream, caught up into the blue, adrift on a cloud of fancy. Her less imaginative friends are intrigued by these occasional states of levitation as well as by her sincere belief in the "ideal." She seeks excellence even in recreation. Tennis, the Flamenco guitar, modern art, picnics, Italians, all hold a fascination. But Katie, an intelligent and able student, will not be lured from the books until studies are done.

Tardiness is her *bête-noire*—ironically, for Katie is at least ten minutes late for every engagement. This is not the only irony! A staunch Republican she spent the summer working in a Democratic Headquarters. As may be seen, Katie is a delightful individual.



CATHERINE ANN BRADY
Berkeley, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION
CONCENTRATION: ART HISTORY

Choral '63
French Club '63

Irish Club '63
S.C.T.A. '64



CAROLYN ANN BURKHARD

Escondido, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: EDUCATION

Carillon Staff '64
House Chairman '62
Choral '63, '65

Schola '65
Social Service '65
Troupers '63

CAROLYN BURKHARD

CAROLYN'S heart is on her sleeve and her moods, always evident, run the full gamut from the darkest blues to the most brilliant reds. Carolyn, prismatic-like, reflects the many contradictions, sensitivities and emotions that have been traditionally ascribed to woman. Paradoxically, her world is a serious one. Carolyn weighs and measures things carefully and critically. People are important to her, and their happiness or distress, whatever the cause, affects her. If her friends are unhappy, she seeks out the cause, doing her utmost to eliminate it. If she fails, her spirits fade. But sunshine and party spirits above all insure Carolyn's "wonderful day."

A sociology major was inevitable. Her strong maternal instincts make her the admitted "mama" for many a wayward student. As a dependable alarm clock or as a catch-all for keeping track of dining cards, Carolyn is in demand. Always organized, always on schedule, Carolyn is the envy of many. She goes about her work quietly, conscientiously and methodically. For Carolyn nothing is insignificant. In her years at college she has never succumbed to the bobby sox and loafer routine. Carolyn has not slipped into new modes of sleeping, dressing and eating as so many students do. Ever orderly, she resists temptation—she is one of the few that still saves that first bite of pie for last.

MARY CLARA CASSIDY

THE MOST IRISH person present is Mary Clara. About her is the aura of new flowers, the joy of a jig, and a dark cloud of naturally curly hair ("Oh, the responsibility of it!") disciplined by a head band: the suggestion of fresh and rural life. She professes a deep devotion to anything Irish: leprechauns (of which there are yet a few), Irish names, and stew. Mary Clara flourishes in company and activity. Her Irish sense of society then reveals itself in heightened color and swift speech.

Sometimes her ability to express herself falters, but she possesses still her especial superlative, "rah rah choo choo Dada's sweetheart": she would not be Irish without this little bit o' blarney; yet Mary Clara is an extraordinarily sincere person. There is nothing of indirection or extremity about her, unless one considers how rare a genuinely normal person is. She has the sort of benignity which remains unperturbed by small things—like overflowing waste-baskets. Although she cannot cook anything more difficult than Wheaties, she keeps the dormitory supplied with groceries; and her strongly maternal disposition provides her friends not only with food, but also with understanding and—sometimes unrequested—advice. Mary Clara is a gatherer of simples, and things are the better for her Irish folk medicine.



MARY CLARA CASSIDY

San Jose, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: EDUCATION

Carillon '64
Choral '62, '63
Irish Club '62, '63, '64, '65
Vice-President '64
President '65

Italian Club '63
Social Service '64, '65



MARGARET ELIZABETH CLOHERTY
Pollock Pines, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY
MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Carillon '64
Advertising Manager '64
W.A.A.
Class Secretary '63, '65
Class Vice-President '64

French Club '62, '63
Irish Club '62, '63
Italian Club '62, '63
Music Club '62, '63, '64, '65
Social Chairman '65

MARGARET CLOHERTY

GOOD GRIEF" is the strongest phrase likely to emanate from the lithe redhead who has spent half a lifetime skiing. Better known by her nicknames: Mags, Rags, Magnolia, Blossom Flower, Chlorophyll and Flaming Weed, Maggie is an outdoors girl who gravitates towards canyons and mountains be they Sierras or Wall Street. At home in Greenwich Village or North Beach, her most special afternoons are spent in perusal of the latest art exhibitions. However, it is not in passive, but in active recreation that she finds true release.

Simplicity in speech, dress, and enthusiasms is her overriding characteristic for she believes it is in the simple that the most profound mysteries may be studied. Her periodic faraway look could signal day-dreaming, but more often is induced by the deep concentration of a conscientious planner. She is innocent not ignorant, natural not naive.

A pennypincher who gives, a listener who usually knows, Margaret is one psychology student who refrains from amateur dissections. If the pleasant, connotations of a redheaded Irishman are fitting, the more derogatory aspects are noticeably absent. Somehow she managed to escape the fiery temper while being able to retain the fiery glow of her humanity. The diversity of her activities and interests is perhaps best delineated by the diversity of the personalities who so eagerly seek her.

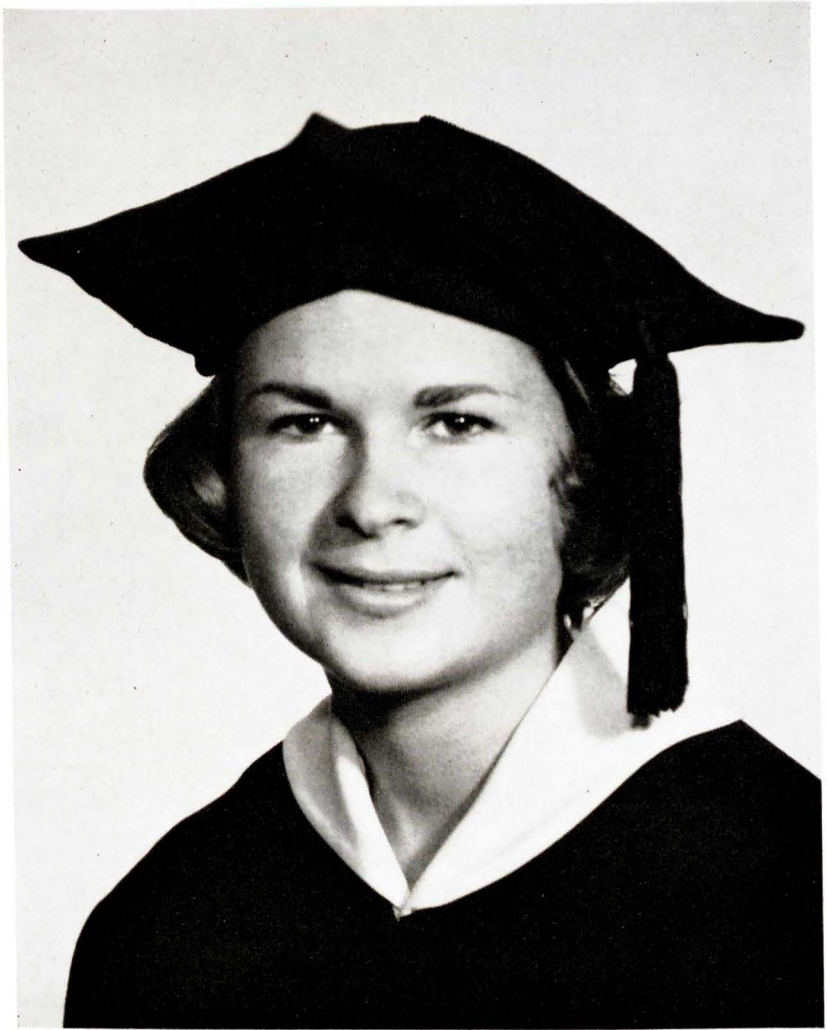
JEAN COMERFORD

SPARKLING with kitten-like curiosity, eagerness and enthusiasm, Jeannie roams the world, pursuing answers to the old insistent questions. She queries life itself and restlessly seeks answers that only time or, perhaps, eternity can give.

She has a disconcerting habit of becoming wildly excited about something as insignificant as the breakfast menu, then of almost ignoring an earth-quaking statement with a slightly raised eyebrow and a quiet "Oh really?" It is a characteristic indicative of much. To Jeannie, life is exciting, but she must think about big things before she reacts openly, before she commits her views to the world. When she does express her opinions, you may be sure that they are worth pondering—that they have solid metaphysical underpinnings.

Because Jeannie's energy fills a room, she would rather be outside in the sun. But when she is inside, she is neat and organized and is perplexed by the lack of these qualities in others.

Jeannie is a person who will go on seeking answers. She will not stop growing intellectually because she will always set before her a goal that is a personal challenge. For Jeannie the world is big and new and interesting, but not too frightening; she goes out to meet it with open arms and with an open mind.



JEAN EVELYN COMERFORD
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: HISTORY
MINOR: EDUCATION

*Transferred from San Francisco State College '64



DENISE MARIE DELL'ERA
San Rafael, California

MAJOR: HISTORY
MINOR: ENGLISH

Transferred from College of Marin '63

DENISE DELL'ERA

DRESSED in a tailored brown skirt and a beige bulky knit, Denise appears to be quite the conservative. Upon first meeting, some have even sensed an innate shyness and fragility. However, her multi-colored personality has a different tale to tell. She is actually a vital and vibrant young woman who is keenly alert to the varying social and political currents eddying about her. She does, however, combine a feminine charm with her intense love of "the right"; and all done with a delightful loquaciousness.

An extremely able student, Denise has acquired the virtue of a wide prospective. In discussing problems she rises above opinions and prejudices in pursuit of the truth. No mere theorizer, Denise is altruistic and unselfish. She spends numerous hours aiding the unfortunate and the mentally ill. Among her fondest activities are collecting presents for needy children, listening to troubled souls, and collecting stray cats. And her altruism extends to her friends for whom she cooks excellent dinners. She loves to share both her gifts and her enjoyments. Her warm enthusiasm has enabled her to make friends easily; her integrity and unselfishness have kept them.

Denise is best framed in green. Whether strolling through a wooded area, wading in a secluded stream, admiring a jade ring, or laughing with her hazel eyes—it is generous green which captures the real Denise.

MERRI SUE DEMATTOS

A MULTIPLE exposure would be more representative of Merri Sue. One recalls her, fingers twining hair, bent in deep absorption over a math problem; scrutinizing a miniature score and making light marginal pencillings of observation; or designing “a bad dragon” for a linoleum block. (There are also good dragons; and Merri Sue is prepared to explain the class, order, family, genus, and species of any such Worm.) Again, one catches a blurred impression of her blue eyes in the maelstrom of a basketball game, of her gleeful voice in the soprano section of Schola, or her uplifted baton in command of the Madrigal Singers. A habituée of Angelico Hall remembers Sue’s grueling afternoons of practice—following her announcement that she had “taken up practicing” in preparation for her Senior Recital; and the brave, ranging virtue of Sue’s music, ringing in piano tones up the hallways, or filling with organ thoughts the auditorium, quiet heart of Angelico’s clamor.

Merri Sue seems to have that syncopated motion of a silent film; egg-eater (yolks only), she devours four at breakfast; all during the day she makes bounding trips to her room to catch half-hour naps—and it is some sort of wonder that she has the time or the energy to nap, for she shares of both as liberally as of the delicatessen in her bottom desk drawer.



MERRI SUE DEMATTOS

Anaheim, California

MAJOR: MUSIC

MINOR: MATHEMATICS

Fivebrand Staff '64, '65
Art Editor '65
Choral '62, '63, '64, '65
Madrigal '62, '63, '64, '65

Music Club '63, '64, '65
President '65
Schola '62, '63, '64, '65
Troupers '64



JOANNE RUTH DONOVAN

San Rafael, California

MAJOR: MUSIC EDUCATION

MINOR: ENGLISH

Transferred from College of Marin '62

Choral '63

Music Club '65

Orchestra '64

S.C.T.A. '65

JOANNE DONOVAN

LIVELY brown eyes and a warm smile express an inner merriment. Joanne looks happy, and in this instance looks are probably not deceiving. The tranquillity that comes with happiness is hers. She likes people; strangers quickly become friends; and she adapts easily to new places and situations. There is one exception: a talented young pianist, Joanne shudders at the very thought of performing before a large audience. That she does it is a measure of her discipline. It is typical of Joanne to believe that her view is not necessarily the only view. Open-mindedness prompts her to announce any bias that she may harbor. She even suggests reasons for seeing the thing in a different light than she sees it. Obviously, she dislikes intolerance.

She also dislikes tightwads. She herself is extraordinarily generous—with her time, her home, and her car. A ride in her tiny Volks is always offered to those in distress. From her knitting-needles flow what appears to be an endless wardrobe for nephew and niece. In addition, her hair-cutting and hair-dressing talents have found renown in the college dorm.

Classical music and dancing are leisure hour diversions; so too, the playing of both piano and clarinet. Performing in the orchestra is one of her favorite pastimes she asserts, “even though some people might think it’s square.”

KAREN ERICKSON

KAREN is instinctively "anti-in"; her personal selectiveness is of an order that makes stereotyping not only difficult but impossible. Deceptively passive in her casual contacts, Karen will often be found to have surprisingly firm notions on a wide range of subjects, social, political or moral.

While her normal stance is on the conservative side, her paintings are probably more revealing of her temperament than are her utterances. Any restraint in the application of color is done as a conscious effort and in some canvases the colors run wild.

Though she is not a native-born Californian, Marin County and San Francisco are her "cup of tea." Her preference is based upon a wide frame of reference for she has moved through life as a member of an Army family. The year two thousand will doubtless find her a long time resident of the Bay Area.

Karen plans to be an elementary school teacher and at present looks forward to a future in the classroom. Whatever the future holds for her, one may be sure that it will be involved in painting.



KAREN ROBERTA ERICKSON

San Rafael, California

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: ENGLISH

Transferred from College of Marin '63

KAREN ERICKSON

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KAREN ROBERTA ERICKSON
San Rafael, California

MAJOR: ART
MINOR: ENGLISH

Transferred from College of Marin '63



CAROL ANN FINN

Fairfax, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: EDUCATION

CAROL ANN FINN

FRECKLES, earnestness, wit, large bows and an endless variety of hairstyles characterize Carol Ann. Adrift in a commuting world, stressing the non-integration of dayhops into campus life, she remains most vivid to her on-campus contemporaries. It is her endearing frankness and wit that so individualize her. She has a unique talent for recognizing the off-beat side of life. Hers, too, is the obvious comment no one else has the directness to discover or the courage to express. Her seemingly naive, actually very perspective, blunt retort often brings spontaneous laughter to otherwise tense moments. An appreciative audience encourages gross exaggeration, and uproar is quick to follow. Carol Ann loves to make the most of any situation.

Surfacely she may ridicule respected English bards, assignments, school in general. Actually such spouting is merely a release from the pent-up hours trying to study, usher and work the box office simultaneously—much of her off-campus “leisure” is spent at her theatre job. Carol Ann finds her reward for the “agonizing years” in student teaching, to which she now devotes all of her time and energy. She adores children, “eats up on” teaching them. Summer months are spent instructing swimming classes to round out her schedule. Here her sincere dedication to the ideals of education displays itself—regardless of blatant statements to the contrary.

MELAINIE FITZSIMMONS

MELAINIE “daaling” not only has personality but is a personality. Dullness is antithetic. She wears clothes that startle; she likes classes that challenge, and people with character and fire. A sense of the theatrical, of near perfect timing, of the distinctly colorful—developed possibly working with the Honolulu Community Theatre and intensified by academic study—lend an air of drama to her native *joie de vivre*. While admittedly on occasion a “ham,” Melainie usually prefers a “tongue-in-cheek” approach which enables her to bring out the best in others while bringing out her own opinion of each discussion-item on the agenda.

In spite of the fact that, or maybe because, Melainie has changed colleges three times in four years, she relishes every new contact made. She is a social being, a lover of people and of excitement. That she is also a girl of the sun and surf is painfully clear to her pale peers when she returns from Christmas vacations in the Islands. “Hi, daaling,” is her greeting for all and sundry.

If maturity is that quality which enables one to override disappointments, to laugh at her own blunders, to derive the most from each experience, then she is well toward its attainment. Melainie is not waiting for life to open up for her at Commencement time—she is waiting for it to catch up.



MARY ELAINE FITZSIMMONS
Honolulu, Hawaii

MAJOR: SPEECH AND DRAMA
MINOR: ENGLISH

Transferred from University of Oklahoma '63

Carillon Staff '64
Irish Club '64, '65

Troupers '64, '65



VICKI ANN FOX
Sacramento, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY
MINOR: ART HISTORY

Carillon Staff '64
House Regulations Committee '64

Social Committee '64
Choral '62, '63

VICKI FOX

VICKI'S is a bright and sunny disposition. Not unaware but as yet untroubled by the darker aspects of reality, she wishes that she would never have to grow up. Her merry giggle and earpiercing scream may even now be induced by the latest rock-and-roll record or star, a skateboard, a phone call, or just someone remembering her in a small way. She is refreshing. Her effervescence, her excitement in planning a practical joke, her delight in arranging a trip to Tahoe bubble and spill over to those that surround her—even to the melancholic.

Vicki accepts life thankfully as it comes day by day. Although she wears the proverbial rose-colored glasses, she is not unseeing. She analyzes situations with childlike simplicity, but with surprising insight. With a single word or look she will let you know she understands. Central to Vicki's being is her strong sense of decorum which springs perhaps from her close family ties. She is always conscious of the correct way to act, whether it be performing introductions, saying the "right thing," or choosing the right-toned shoes. And unlike the rest of us, she knows precisely where every penny has gone. It is the decorum that tempers Vicki's spontaneous flights toward the impractical and exciting. In such instances one realizes that Vicki, although desiring to be another Peter Pan, has already crossed the threshold to adulthood.

PAMELA FRASE

A FLOWER in her hair, a radiant smile, and a fastidious but easy grace are of the essence. Pamela is the gracious lady; she looks and acts and is the part. But a lady has many facets. Perfumes and pinks, bows and blues there may be, but of a sudden the gentle voice can shift into the strident sounds of “Cloie”—to the surprise and amusement of those gathering about. And yet gradually the unexpected becomes the expected from Pam. She is a master of the straight-faced joke, of dull-edged sarcasm and the quicksilver pun. Her humor, while never impinging upon propriety, reduces the world to its proportions and corrects the myopic view. More important, her spirits appear weatherproof, and her smile isn’t seasonal.

Pamela manages to maintain her personal feminine glamour in all circumstances and at all hours. Her femininity is not compromised by the fact that she is keen competition on the tennis court, that at a football game she cheers with personal and intense interest, that she spends her summers counseling camp in the mountain wilds. In fact, where there is work to be done or a worthwhile experience to be had, Pamela is there with facile banter, an encouraging word, and with her sleeves rolled up—and every hair in place.



PAMELA ANNE FRASE

La Canada, California

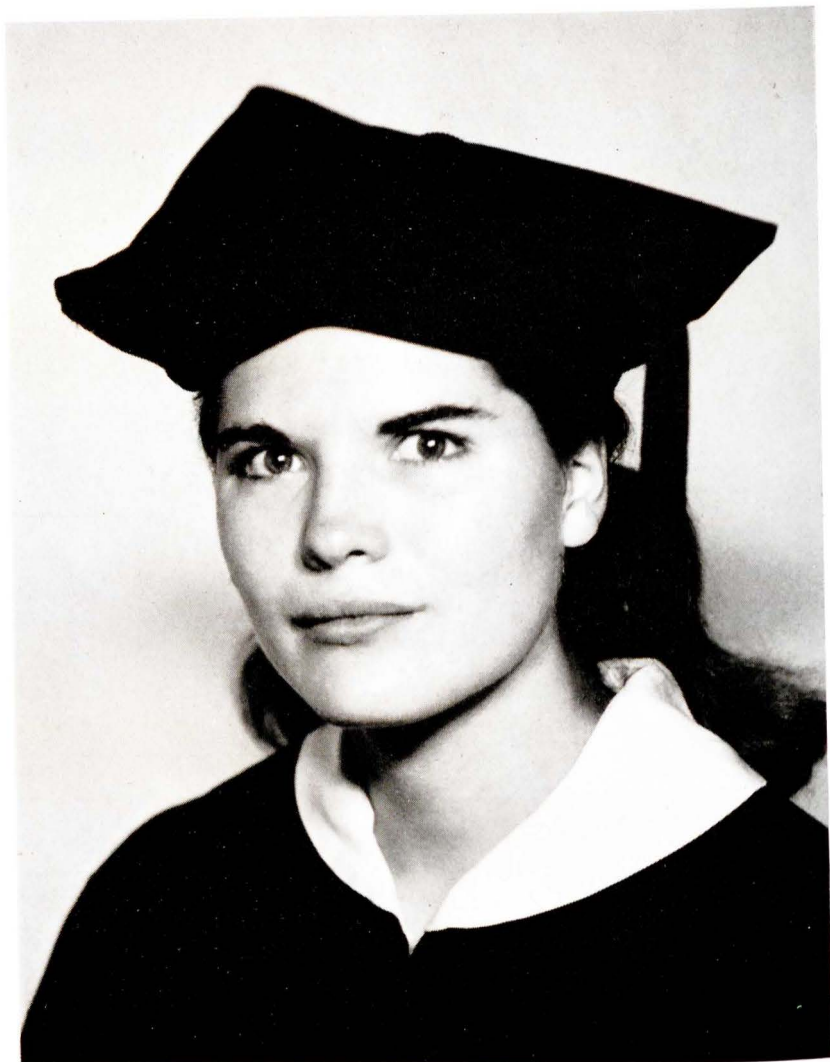
MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: HISTORY

Transferred from University of Oregon '62

Freshman Class Advisor '61
Student Affairs Board '64, '65
Parliamentarian '65

W.A.A. '64
Recording Secretary '64
Music Club '63, '64, '65



EUGENIA ELIZABETH GABEL
Corte Madera, California

MAJOR: ART
MINOR: ART HISTORY

Art Club '62, '63

French Club '64

GENIE GABEL

TO SOME, Genie is a novel mixture of cheery spring dresses and worn-out tennies—a girl determined never to be caught looking “collegit.” To all, she is as mysteriously beautiful as the pottery she creates. Pottery, she feels, is one of the finest expressions of man due not only to its form, but also to its compositional use of the four basic elements of matter. Accordingly, Genie strives to mold her being into the pot whereby they almost become one. In knowing and understanding Eugenia, one can understand her art. . . . Or perhaps the reverse is true. A perfectionist who closely identifies with her work, she can almost always be found in San Marco. However, the same mood rarely prevails—fortunately for its variance finds expression in the diversity of medium and color she employs.

A devotee of Thoreau, Genie follows the “drummer” which she hears. In pursuing the dictates of her own being she is sometimes, and rightly, accused of nonconformity—but never for the sake of nonconformity.

With hobbies of modern dance and ballet, Genie understandably is enamored with the grace of butterflies. In total absorption she will follow their flights and will try to analyze their extraordinary patterns of color. The simple living design found in the common mushroom entralls Genie. Her life is a search, perhaps for her own being, perhaps for life itself.

MIMI GEIGER

A STRANGE relationship between the illogical and the strictly practical is found in the life of Mimi Geiger. The illogical can be seen in her often occurring mile-a-minute monologues composed of but a few words, much gasping laughter, and with emphasis flashing from her eyes (which she insists are turquoise in color). In these moments, those about her find themselves overwhelmed with spontaneous laughter though they haven't the slightest ability to follow her line of thinking. Here, Mimi seems to be the curious occupant of a whirlwind world of her own creation. The rules of this world are written in a language others can learn to appreciate, but which only Mimi can understand.

Despite the seeming incongruity, within Mimi lies a solid core of practicality. Her actions are imperceptively guided by firm purposes which are evident only when their results seem to magically appear. Mimi is one of the very few who has followed exactly the plans for her college career formulated in her freshman year. Her unspoken plan was always there.

This unique co-existence of the illogical and the practical produces most unusual results. Gifts for the unexpected; laughter and tears together; infinite patience at one instance, none the next—all such characterize Mimi. It is the simultaneous presence of unresolved opposites which makes Mimi the appealing quicksilver-like creature that she is.



MARIANNE GEIGER

Pasadena, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: EDUCATION

Firebrand Business Staff '65
W.A.A. Executive Board '61, '62, '64
I.R.C. '63
Secretary-Treasurer '63
Music Club '62, '63, '64, '65

Schola '64
S.C.T.A. '65
Membership Chairman '65
Troupers '62, '63, '64, '65
Treasurer '64



MARY MARGARET GIANELLI

Stockton, California

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: SPANISH

Cavillon '63, '64

Circulation Manager '63, '64

Italian Club '62, '63

Publicity Committee '63, '64

Spanish Club, '63

MARY GIANELLI

WHAT SURPRISES about Mary is her utterly astonishing ability to vibrate sympathetically with all kinds and varieties of people. No easy tolerance, this; nor even a Chaucerian busyness and curiosity in the minute variants of the human species, but rather a genuine affability, an openness and an appreciation of the ultimate worth of every individual. It follows that Mary is as much at ease with adults as with her contemporaries, with her friends as with strangers. Possessing a gift for happiness, she is easy-going, is not readily perturbed—is not, that is, until caught up in the red-tape or in some other sinister aspect of the Registrar's office.

For all her friendliness, Mary is the kind of person you know for a long while before it suddenly occurs that you really know nothing about her at all. She is not much given to talking about her own thoughts or her own problems. Occasionally, an impish grin with over-tones of brattiness suggests a will stronger than you might have suspected. And an off-hand candid remark when least expected, but when most needed, illumines a keener knowledge of the world than you thought possible. Just because Mary's judgments are sane and her tastes conservative, her personal integrity and independence are not immediately visible. Their presence, however, might have been detected in her triumphal walk.

SHEILA GILLESPIE

WITH DIMPLES in her chin, Chanel Number Five behind the ear, and a “Voguish” costume of blues and greens, Sheila is both arty and artistic. Her curiosity about people, world events, life, books, philosophy—anything, everything—greatly facilitated her job as one of the *Carillon*’s most outstanding editors. This same curiosity melded with a penchant for new experiences makes her a natural social chairman.

“I’m jazzed” usually signifies the discovery of something or someone wonderful, especially anything fashionable; and the opposite emotion can be detected whenever scissors meet finger-nails. Fascinated by intelligence and attracted by warmth, Sheila delights in developing the art of conversation. Whether backed by or confronting a legion, she gives more than lip service for what she believes.

More than once has Sheila rued the over-indulgence in raw cookie dough or chocolate ice cream, the necessity for fish on Friday, and the discipline of punctuality. She is an executive with a filing cabinet symbolizing intent if not signifying action in that direction.

Sheila may appear to be the “glass-penthouse-in-New York” type, but in reality she yearns for rain-washed trees and a shingled home with a warm fireplace, Persian rugs, lots of books, and happy children.



SHIELA JOHANNA GILLESPIE

Pasadena, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

CONCENTRATION: ART HISTORY

Carillon Staff, '63, '64
Editor '61

Social Chairman '65
French Club '63



GAYLE MARIE GRADY

San Rafael, California

MAJOR: BIOLOGY

MINOR: CHEMISTRY

GAYLE GRADY

THE MICROSCOPIC world of the protozoa and the fungus has become as familiar to Gayle as the Dominican campus. And the campus is familiar. Though technically a non-resident student, Gayle is much in residence; there are, of course, the long labs; but, too, Gayle's intellectual curiosity draws her to on-campus lectures; her sociability brings her at night to Pennafort, and forgetfulness sometimes keeps her there. That forgetfulness has not been associated by chance with the scientific mind is pragmatically and inductively demonstrated by Gayle who habitually misplaces and forgets; purse, sweater, umbrella have been "lost" all within the hour.

Her bent toward the scientific extends into several fields. She cooks with the same joy and precision with which she performs a chemical experiment. The results, as tested by her colleagues, prove that she is a mistress of the saucepan as well as of the test tube. Her unsurpassable love of tinkering has made her a do-it-yourself advocate and has actually lured her into the role of TV repairman.

Gayle's energy super-charges her spare time as well as her study hours. She seems never to tire—not even of waterskiing, that most tiring of sports. New projects stimulate. It is all fun: obtaining a driver's license at twenty-one or conducting a nature class for three-year-olds at the local museum. Obviously, this scientist's mind is more agile than absent.

JOANN GRANIERI

JOANN is probably the only girl in this world who forgets to remember. Despite continual notes to herself, she forgets. Because, unfortunately, she forgets to read her notes. Carefree and lackadaisical, she greets the world with a smile and a shrug. “Never do today what you can put off until tomorrow” is her motto. And she adheres to it with gusto. JoAnn’s bright view of life is contagious. When unable to point out the brighter side, she will ridicule the dimmer to the point of absurdity. You *have* to laugh.

Escape from the demands of her college career is no problem. Bridge is one of her hobbies. Ian Fleming and Ayn Rand are others. If these fail, her guitar is always handy—or her bed, for one of her overindulgences is sleeping.

Quick to sympathize with others no matter what their problem, she is an attentive listener. An objective analysis from her unusually quick mind will speedily bring all difficulties down to a number of possible solutions, although not always helpful, at times ludicrous. Ever predictable, she appreciates life to the full and savors each moment. Confident in herself and the future, JoAnn takes each day as it comes—benefiting from the past mistakes, but always refusing to dwell on them.



JOANN MARIE GRANIERI

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Carillon '64

House Chairman '65

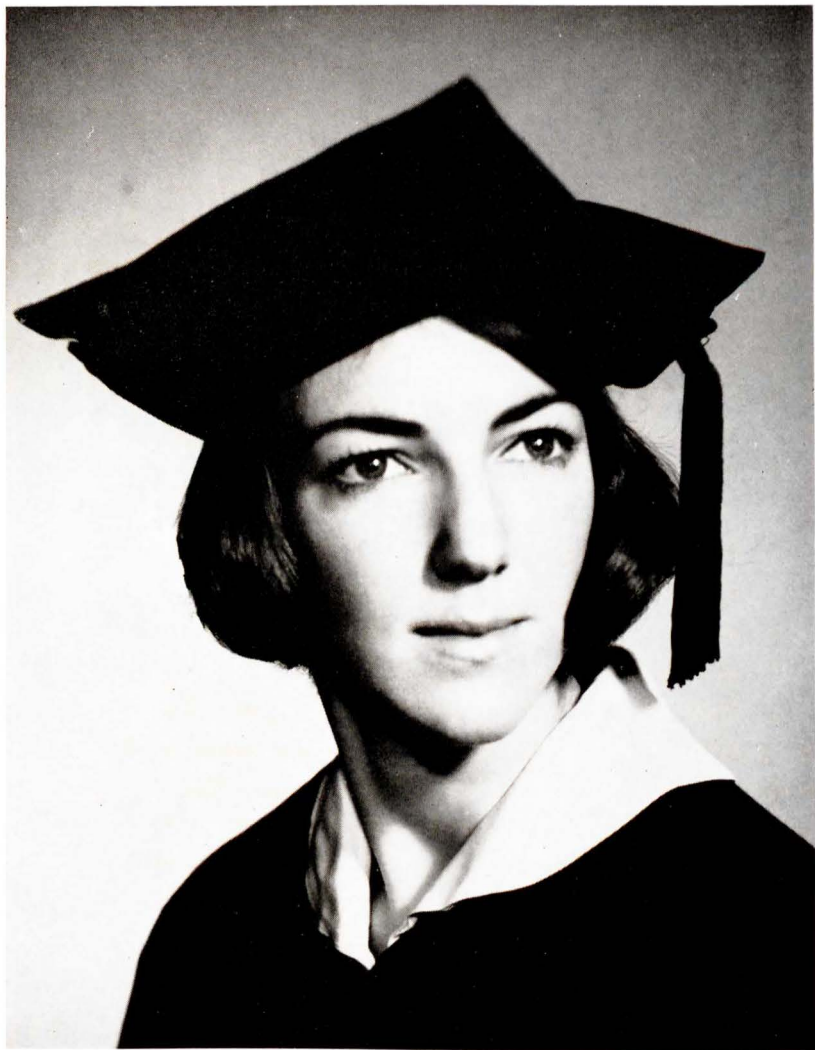
Choral '64

Community Services '63

Publicity Committee '65

Schola '65

Troupers '62, '63



ALRENE VIRGINIA GRIALOU

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: HISTORY
MINOR: EDUCATION

Carillon Staff '64
Class Treasurer '64

Choral '62, '63
S.C.T.A. '64, '65

ALRENE GRIALOU

SIMPLY being acquainted with Alrene is most certainly not the same thing as knowing her well. As elusive as a shadow is her true personality and being. She seems a wild mixture of things which seem to appear only one at a time. Her humor is such that she can tell of a man crossing the street, and her listeners grow helplessly hysterical. However, her ability to evoke laughter never prevents Alrene from keeping her own feet firmly planted on the ground. She sees things as they are. She can spot insincerity a mile away and is always wary of it. Because of her own sincerity, she is often called upon for the unbiased opinion. She is objective; yet her sensitivities, attuned as they are to the personality of others, allow her to find the best in everyone. Thus, her many and loyal friends.

Alrene's most ardent desire is to lead an active and exciting life. Her college life has been a preparation. She delights in venturing out; the least element of danger whets her appetite for discovery. She confronts all that she sees with the questions "What?" "Where?". And these applied to a forthcoming party, a game of charades, or even a game of bridge make all that she does a sort of adventure.

MARY GRIMM

MARY is consistently and contagiously exuberant. Her laughter is infectious; her interpretation of the Neverly Brothers, brilliant. She delights in rock 'n roll music and dancing and is an adventurous travelling companion on weekend excursions to Carmel or Squaw Valley. Casual clothes and entertainment are Mary's loves. With a hatred for formality, Mary will readily accept the challenge of any sport, whether waterskiing, horseback riding or beach volleyball. She has a yen for silly, fun-type things. Mary is rarely depressed. If such occasion should arise, she merely makes believe she is somewhere else, sunbathing on a sandy beach or carefree at home with familiar companions. The bane of her existence is a moody, unhappy person; yet she will seldom utter an unkind word to one. She demands little of people yet will often bring great joy to her friends by doing little unexpected favors for them.

But Mary is not limited to this irrational effervescence. A study of Mary's daily routine will find her methodically returning to her room after lunch in order to organize her projects for the rest of the day. There are letters to be written and studies to be completed. She is one of those practical, yet whimsical people who cannot bear to see anything, even an old hatbox, go to waste. For who but Mary knows its possibilities?



MARY JANE GRIMM
Fullerton, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY
MINOR: EDUCATION



SHARON JOAN GURRIES

San Jose, California

MAJOR: HISTORY
MINOR: EDUCATION

Transferred from Immaculate Heart College '62

Carillon '63
I.R.C. '63

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

SHARON GURRIES

SHARON GURRIES, with her multi-colored locks and “For-Get-Me-Not” blue eyes, is one in whom creativity, organizational ability, and elvish humor rest peacefully together. As a lower-classman the combination produced much that was entertaining; as an upper-classman, much that is useful. Sharon the teacher, for example, can transform an ordinary arithmetic chart into an enchanting Little Red Riding Hood game—complete with wolf. Her art-methods notebook is of genuine interest in itself—filled as it is with the most colorful and intriguing sketches and projects.

Sharon is so efficient that she might give any IBM computer a run for its money. Her work is carefully planned and completed on time. Her command of the typewriter is much envied by the college “hunt and peck” set. However, at term paper time, she often appears as the smiling angel of mercy with a generous offer to do a little typing for one of the more distraught.

Sharon is not without a touch of shyness, but it melts in the warmth of her devilish love of excitement. It is easy to picture the child Sharon deftly writing her name in freshly poured cement. The mischievous element remains and is illumined each time she tells another current adventure. Angel of mercy and devilish adventurer, Sharon is bound both to improve and amuse the world.

HISAKO HAMADA

HER BEGUILING SMILE and soft giggle put one in mind of wind chimes singing in the breeze. Hisako's ladylike exterior complements her graciousness. And her sudden wordless presence with an offered cup of tea displays understanding as well as timeliness. Hisako's language barrier is rapidly being overcome; and along with her growing fluency in English comes more self-assurance. Within her twinkling eyes, so long serene, rests that mischievous imp which manifests its presence only through a missing shoe at a crucial moment or perhaps a suddenly invisible bookmark.

A quiet, naturally easy-going person, the Hisako in a crowd doesn't really disagree. But in the presence of her compatriots, gestures usually restrained become more pointed. The swift turn of the head, the rapid hand movement enforce her gentle, yet firm statement, "No, I cannot agree."

Her perseverance in the study of art and history amazes her companions. Hamada-san accepts each new project or assignment without question and wills to learn new things—even those requiring a good deal of effort. She is frequently seen making strange designs on paper. Unsolicited advice from inartistic friends raises only a smile from the diplomatic Hisako. She will trust to her own aesthetic sense.



HISAKO HAMADA

Tokyo, Japan

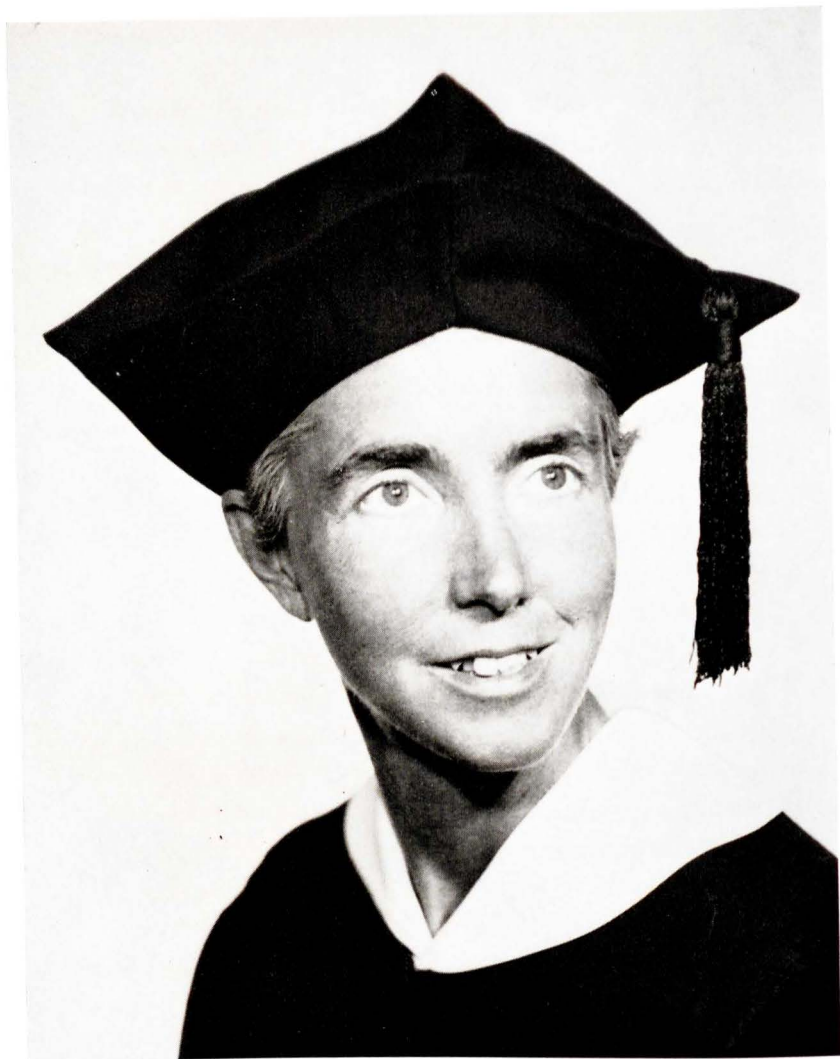
MAJOR: ART

MINOR: HISTORY

Transferred from Shirayuri Junior College '63

Foreign Students Club '64, '65

Troupers '64, '65



CHARMION LYON HARDY
Kentfield, California

MAJOR: ART
MINOR: EDUCATION

Gamma Sigma

CHARMION HARDY

WE CALL her Mrs. Hardy and wonder that such a small woman can do so much, so carefully. She herself thinks she “takes life too seriously,” but life was never a joke; and sometimes she regrets being born a “perfectionist,” yet her efficiency is eminently necessary for one so busy.

Only a person with a great measure of energy is capable of imposing total organization on the multiple life of “cooking, hiking, sailing, raising a family, and studying”; and Mrs. Hardy, while physically small, possesses such abundant strength. She is ceaselessly active; her preference for the airy freedom of summer cottons suggests years of travel, weekends of backpacking, and spray-drenched hours in supervision of tiller. As an active person, she professes a distaste for television and for spectator sports. In class she is silent, but her occasional participation in discussion discloses a mettlesome intelligence and an intense involvement. The same dynamism vitalizes her deep, sometimes ingenuous, appreciation of small things—like “bananasplits,” she says, fusing the two words in her enthusiasm. Yet she has, as well as the energy to act, the sensitivity to pause in the vortex of her active world: she also sits quietly before the hearthfire.

KATHLEEN HARPOLE

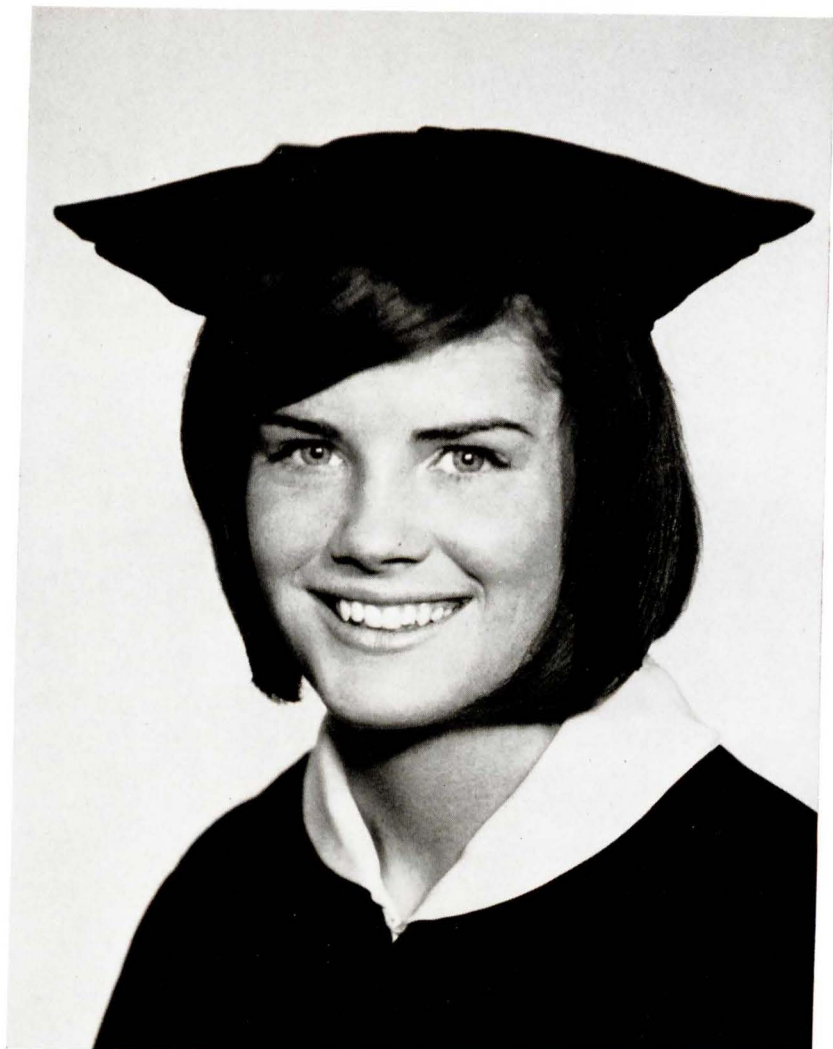
KATHY is magnetically drawn to both the beat and the sophisticated: radios, jewelry, cute little children, red-haired boys, the “Mademoiselle” look, perfume, Sausalito, shopping, a good long night’s sleep. She loves to hoard junk. Postage stamps, basement bargains, rocks, souvenirs, and various unassorted paraphernalia clutter her drawers. All this is part of her urge to instaurate “junk.”

Early morning cheerfulness (often unappreciated) is expression of her eagerness to greet the hidden, unusual, and spontaneous surprises of each day. “I’m game!” is her ready response to the challenge of anything new.

The desire to be known for Kathy and Kathy alone compels her to seek unique expression of her individuality. Perhaps this is behind her dislike for phonies, coffee, smoking and bridge, conformity to the ordinary—and especially her dismay at being compared to others.

Yet, a much deeper side of Kathy is her unselfish love for others. Being very sensitive to their feelings, she is aware of what they like, which she goes out of her way to fulfill. She has an ability to make people laugh, regardless of the situation.

Besides her intention to develop her potential in art, Kathy would like to have thirteen children, be a woman like Jackie Kennedy, become a completely well-rounded person, own a shack and a castle, a poodle and a mutt, be a beatnik and a debutante.

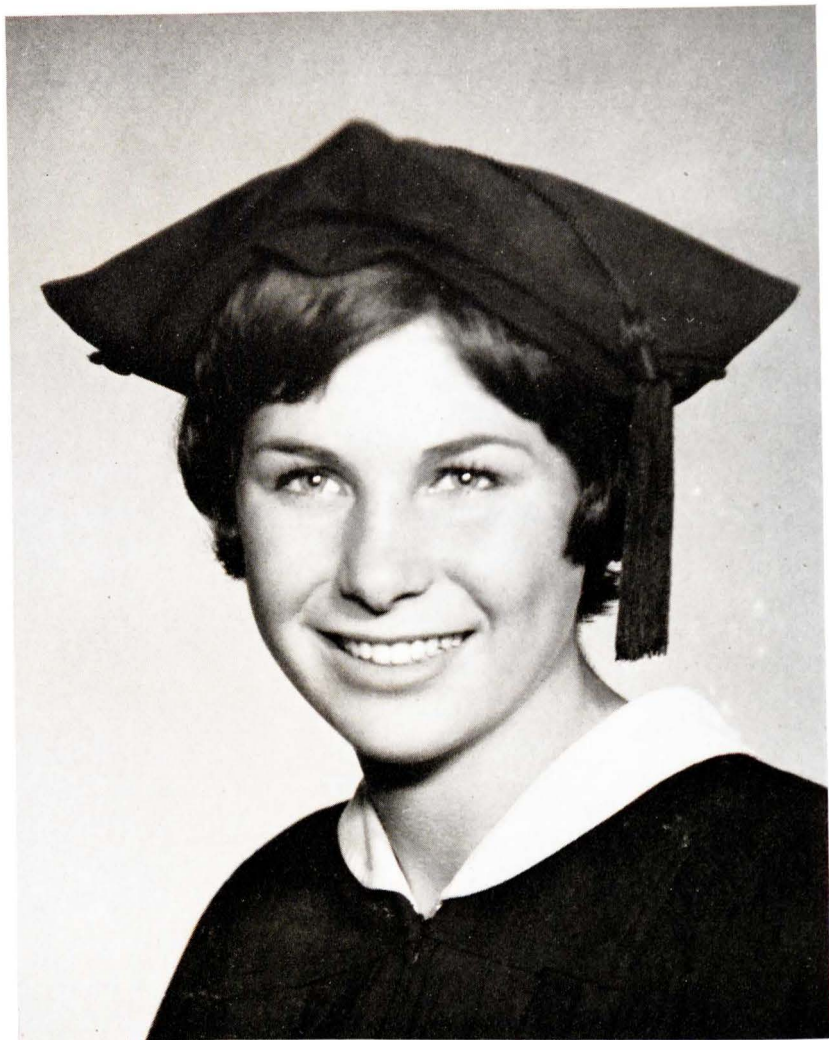


KATHLEEN ANNE HARPOLE

Portland, Oregon

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: EDUCATION



MADELON MARIE HEALY

San Rafael, California

MAJOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE

MINOR: ART HISTORY

I.R.C. '63, '65
Troupers '62

W.A.A. Executive Board '64

MADELON HEALY

MADELON has twinkling eyes and an enthusiastic smile—keys to her constant good humor and eagerness to enjoy whatever the moment may bring. Her hair, meticulously curled, falls into casual brown waves. She relishes simple things—A & W hamburgers, French fries, an afternoon on the beach, the companionship of a calico cat.

She is intensely involved in campus activities, in spite of the disadvantage of being a dayhop. She excels in sports in active defiance of the rumor that much smoking hampers athletic endeavors. Besides work on the WAA and the social committee, Madelon is involved in the IRC. Completely fascinated by politics, she follows current developments, while staunchly siding with her Democratic interests. She is, according to one faculty member, a joy to teach—not only because she reacts properly to the jokes, but because her reactions to ideas are so violently visible.

With what might seem a full on-campus life, Madelon finds time to work off campus and even to study oil painting at night school.

Her quite obvious joy in life—being game for almost anything—is tempered by her high standards, good taste, and by a certain casual, leisurely spirit. There is much of the old Irish charm in her easy-going manner and her gracious ways.

MARY ELLEN HEALY

A STARCHED POSTURE and a well-tailored suit convey the impression that she is aloof and sophisticated, yet Mary Ellen's semi-formalities neither conceal nor contradict her unusually outgoing personality. Beneath the cocked eyebrow, there is the whimsical eye and the wry (sometimes self-directed) laugh which suggest that Mary Ellen is not aloof, but subtle, that she meets people on the often misconstrued level of communication called *wit*. A cryptic frankness seems to be at the same time her greatest virtue and fault—although it fails to prevail in her somewhat eccentric bridge technique. Undaunted, she ventures where “angels fear to tread.” But sensitive enough to avoid injuring, she knows when to offer her mild “Do you think maybe . . . ?” Ticklish situations requiring finesse do not frighten Mary Ellen. Restraint comes to her aid, plus an active mind which onlookers can see at work searching for and discovering the word displaying the proper connotation. Despite the affliction of stage fright, Mary Ellen faces an audience directly and sings a solo with beauty and presence. Only her poise could survive an on-stage piano collapse during a concert number.

She is most deeply absorbed when eating or when speaking of the intricacies of international relations—in which field she possesses a remarkable store of knowledge—and whereas she is master of many things, Mary Ellen's acuity and poise make her, above all else, an eminently qualified diplomat.



MARY ELLEN HEALY

Salt Lake City, Utah

MAJOR: ECONOMICS

MINOR: SPANISH

Transferred from University of Utah '62

Carillon '64

Firebrand '65

Assistant Editor '65

I.R.C. '65

President '65

Madrigal '63, '64, '65

Model U.N. '64, '65

Delegate '64, '65

Music Club '63, '64, '65

Schola '63, '64, '65

Spanish Club '63

Vice-President '63

Troupers '65



CECILIA MARIE HEINZ

Salinas, California

MAJOR: MUSIC

MINOR: HISTORY

Gamma Sigma
Choral '62
Madrigal '62, '65

Music Club '65
Treasurer '65
Schola '65

CECILIA HEINZ

CECILIA is above all intent upon perfection. She is an earnest student devoted to her music and to her academic responsibilities. A believer in order and measure, she adheres to a strict routine. At the day's end the day's duties have been dispatched, and dispatched with thoroughness. In the hierarchy of Cecilia's values, studies come first. Yet, if an evening of musical enrichment offers itself, she manages the studies and the evening, too. Her tastes vary from the classics to jazz. Schubert is her greatest challenge; but Getz, her special love. The sweetness of Cecilia's voice and her flair for song have these four years added luster to picnic and party. It is in music that one sees the radiance of her spirit, and in her rather rare smile.

Intent upon perfection, Cecilia is neither aloof nor untouchable; fellow-students drop by her room to ask advice. Her practical, tolerant nature enables her to analyze the situation and to propose a sensible solution. Spur-of-the-moment explosions and emotional bombast are quite out of character, yet a love of the absurd is not. Thank goodness! For her imperfect habit of losing things—notebooks, for instance—makes a sense of humor expedient.

A devotee of freedom and self-expression, she loves the "give and take" of political discussion. For Cecilia, such dialectic is a part of the pursuit.

CAROLYN HELWIG

TOOl-KITS, tripods, microscopes, bedrolls, and tennis rackets crowd her closet already liberally packed with beiges and pastels, casual clothes and bermudas. A hand made bookcase, plant experiments, and insect specimens complete a room which could only belong to Carolyn. Carolyn's uniqueness is evidenced also in her relentless energy. On she goes, at a clip, her small wiry figure dashing about the campus. Whether bounding on the basketball court, marching off on a 36-mile hike or skateboarding down a hill, she is constantly in motion. A lover of sports, Carolyn enjoys the out-of-doors and excels at skiing, swimming, hiking, hockey, and volleyball.

She possesses an unquenchable spirit. Dogged dedication is applied to her innumerable projects, biological or athletic, with favorable results. Her guitar, accordion, records, and floor-length pink bathrobe are treasured as dearly as is her hockey stick. Her dishwater blonde hair is streaked by the sun, and her skin is a deep tan hue that does not completely cover her sprinkling of freckles. Her piercing blue eyes miss little, and her observations are frank, although not always tactful. Carolyn enjoys being with people, BUT she refuses to coddle them, as witnessed by her often brusque statements. Carolyn does not expect to be coddled. "Confound it, I'd rather do it myself," she says. Carolyn relishes such independence of spirit that even her broken knee was borne in silence.



CAROLYN ANN HELWIG
Glendale, California

MAJOR: BIOLOGY
MINOR: PHYSICAL EDUCATION

N.F.C.C.S. Jr. Delegate '63
Student Affairs Board '64
W.A.A. Executive Board '63
Science Club '64, '65
President '64

Schola '62
Spanish Club '62, '63
Secretary-Treasurer '63
Troupers '63, '64, '65



LUZ CECILIA HERMOSILLO

Stockton, California

MAJOR: BIOLOGY

MINOR: CHEMISTRY

Foreign Students Club '62, '63, '64, '65
Treasurer '62

Music Club '62, '63, '64, '65
Publicity Events '64
Secretary-Treasurer '63
Science Club '62, '63, '64, '65

CECILIA HERMOSILLO

CECI COMBINES the traditional Spanish graciousness and restraint with a spontaneous warmth, informality, and independence of thought characteristic of the American coed. Her beautiful olive complexion and clear green eyes certainly do not foretell of an abiding interest in microbiology. Nor does her enjoyment of excursions to the unknown or of meeting new people prohibit her equal delight at large family reunions and familiar, yet intricate, Mexican concoctions. In Ceci, these seeming incongruities exist. Pressure rarely meets with her approval—but not a moment of time is wasted. Conscientious about her studies and piano practices, she displays an amazing will power.

A strong character with a genial, easy-going personality, Ceci is able to see good in everyone. Yet, pettiness and gossip disturb her; and the determined set of her jaw indicates a tampering with one of her firm beliefs. Ceci is, above all, generous with her talents. A sign hangs outside her door: "Ears pierced while you wait." And there is hardly a senior who does not wear the new vogueish ever-present earrings. She also offers cures for every ill from her fully stocked shoebox of remedies—and advice (compliments of her doctor father). Her malapropisms, too, are a continual source of relief and delight. Ceci is refreshingly naive, but the naivete is an asset not a liability.

PENNIE HUTCHISON

WITH BLOND HAIR bouncing in the sun and the big bow on her collar flopping up and down, Pennie flies across campus—perhaps to her next English class or to her job in library or cafeteria, perhaps to the publisher or the engraver of *Meadowlark* or *Firebrand*. Time is the problem; there is simply not enough of it. Pennie is a perfectionist who, wanting to do all things well, has been forced to admit that there are larger and lesser “oughts.”

Her first virtue, however, is dependability. She may decry its “dullness” but without it she could not have accomplished so much so well. Perfection is difficult. At a table heaped with notebooks and texts, with the inevitable coke at her side, she sits far into the night—a fixture of the west wing smoker. In the throes of her Chaucer paper she rails at the trials of the English major. Her editorial for the yearbook provokes similar outbursts. Yet the end justifies the agony. Responsible herself, Pennie is feelingly alert to irresponsibility in others, yet her wise and rueful tolerance ultimately embraces even sloth personified.

On weekends, Pennie packs her entire wardrobe and vanishes into the city with the cry, “I’ve got to get out of this place.” Periodically she dreams of a world in which there are no responsibilities and no friends to drag out of bed in the morning. But how dull she would find such a world.



PENNIE RAE HUTCHISON
Ramstein Air Force Base, Germany

MAJOR: ENGLISH
MINOR: MATHEMATICS

Absence Committee '63
Firebrand '65
Editor '65

Meadowlark '64
Editor '64
Choral '63



MARCIA RAE JERVIS
San Rafael, California

MAJOR: MATHEMATICS
MINOR: GERMAN

Transferred from College of the Holy Names '62

MARCIA JERVIS

SOLITARY, like the swallow that soars across the horizon until it becomes a vanishing speck, Marcia remains virtually unknown to her classmates as she leaves college. At most, we know her delicate, yet warm smile in response to a "Good Morning." It is as if her inner loves, fears, and aspirations yield to the force of her quiet self-assurance.

The Marcia Jervis we missed has such a complexity of interests that some seem almost contradictory. While maintaining both a high scholastic average and a secretarial position off campus, she still finds time to enjoy a leisurely dinner date or a stimulating conversation with friends. At school, she is always neatly dressed in tailored suit and heels; yet she loves to spend free time hiking, gardening, or playing a vigorous game of football. Although she is always punctual, she claims that procrastinating is her major fault. Marcia is adamant about the Old Masters in art and music; but she is just as enthusiastic about the latest musical comedy.

Her interest in mathematics, her major field, indicates a general love for order. Thus, she dislikes any variation in routine and laughs at the incongruity of situations. Perhaps her concern for current events stems from a desire to see order on an international basis. In her own life she seems to have achieved the peace that comes from the harmony of order.

KATHLEEN JOHNSON

THE THING IS . . .” Missie reminds one of a medieval princess lost in a Fairy Tale world—complete with witches, dragons, and knights in shining armor. She lives in ambient organized confusion, but all for the good. A perfect Shakespearean court jester, “Miss” makes life’s chaos and her own the butt of many a corny joke. Her elfin sun-kissed face is seen perusing with pleasure the latest *Popular Mechanics*, some old tale of Chaucer, or Tolkien’s newest book. Missie’s tastes are varied, but she is constant in her scholarly interest in fairy-stories and in her steady endeavor to reconcile originality with orthography.

An irrepressible giggle, an unheard of pun, or convincingly thick British accent colors her nimble repartee. Her seemingly light-hearted approach to life covers a native shyness discernible only in an unassuming humility. A procrastinator of sorts, Missie yet carries out mandatory or self-assigned tasks with admirable straight-forward honesty.

She would perhaps prefer a peaceful afternoon under the magnolia tree with the *Arabian Nights* to watching the East-West game, but the choice would be difficult. Missie is an avid football enthusiast. She is a girl very much present, but still an idealist—one who, while romancing about that knight on the white horse, endeavors to achieve maturity, aiding and educating her fellow man.



KATHLEEN MARY JOHNSON

Ukiah, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH
MINOR: EDUCATION

A.S.D.C. Treasurer '64
Carillon '63
Executive Board '64, '65
Firebrand Staff '65
Meadowlark Staff '64

Class President '65
French Club '62
S.C.T.A. '65
Troupers '62, '63



CECILIA MERCEDES LAM

Hong Kong, China

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: ART HISTORY, HISTORY

Firebrand Business Staff '65

Meadowlark Staff '64

Foreign Students Club '62, '63, '64, '65

President '63

ORIENTAL RESERVE is foreign to Cecilia Lam. Cecilia announces her presence—via fun-loving, squealing laughter, the sounds of Trini Lopez and Washington Square. Intermittently float guitar notes, simulating, she quickly assures, the style of Glenn Yarborough. Petite and out-going, Lammie (as her friends call her) “relates.” You can see adjustment to American life proved no problem. Uninhibitedly frank, Cecilia prohibits all from entrance without a birthday gift. But her observations are always tempered by inner laughter and dancing dark eyes. Her innate happiness is evident. Sport cars, sailing, traveling, chocolate ice creams—all rank among her special delights. Loving life, she can’t be bothered with the little things—ironing a blouse, for example. When only the collar and front-piece show, why bother with anything else?

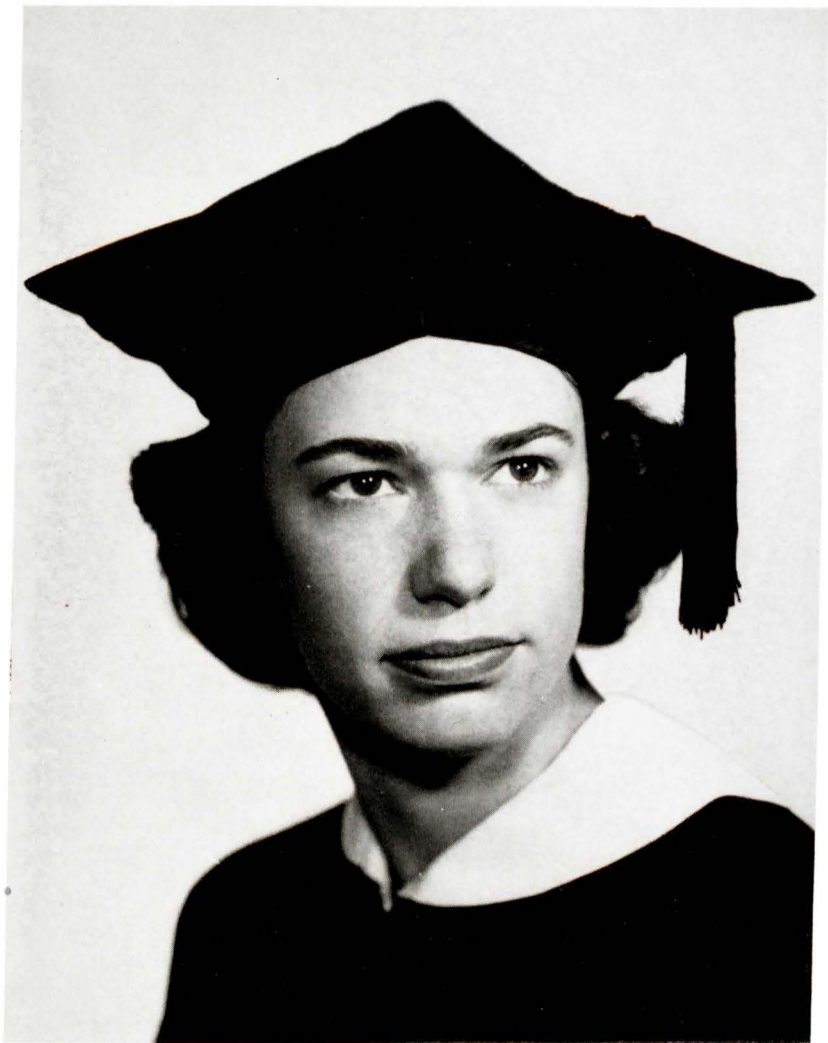
Painting, to Cecilia, is not a little thing. Rather it is Cecilia. Her ambition: to be a really *good* artist. Accordingly, aesthetics and oil paintings are her favorite classes; visiting museums, her use of leisure time. The Brown House is endowed with a constant occupant. Conceitedly (according to companions) she asserts that all of her creations are beautiful. But there is no doubt about it—both friends and acquaintances agree Cecilia is a fine painter, shows great promise. Expressionism inspires her colorful originals—as it does her life.

LINDA LANE

LINDA LANE finds simultaneous submersion in KEWB Beatle music and European history not difficult. The fact is apparent that Linda can learn in any situation. Her secret seems to lie in an iron-clad determination, reinforced by an equally powerful curiosity. It is a combination productive of odd results—such as the pursuit of historical investigation into the summer months.

Teaching excites Linda as well as learning. She actually framed her formal acceptance into the General Elementary Teaching Program. Having already taught a summer art course, she looks forward to master-minding her own classroom.

There is a side to Linda's life other than academic. Page by page exploration of a science fiction world she considers a most enjoyable adventure. Her readiness to enter into the spirit of any occasion illustrates her companionability. No idle pastime is her "little talk" with friends. With patience, interest and sympathy she willingly follows a classmate's discourse on the trials and tribulations of life, listens to lengthy letters from home and shows no sign of boredom. She has a true gift for lightening a friend's burden; likewise, she is ever prepared to offer her sound opinions on any subject. She is not above enjoying comic strip characters; but she says plaintively, "I really don't enjoy being called Lois Lane."



LINDA CATHERINE LANE
Carmichael, California

MAJOR: HISTORY
MINOR: EDUCATION

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

Third Order '64



DOREEN CARMELA LAROSA

San Jose, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: EDUCATION

DOREEN LA ROSA

MODERATION has no part in Doreen. She loves and hates with equal intensity and makes her feelings known in no uncertain terms. Her volatile Italian temperament is liable to explode into waves of warmth or anger at any unexpected moment. Her extreme joy in life and her epicurean attitude, though always tempered by the thought of tomorrow's diet, makes her a much sought after companion for a dinner off campus, a Giant's baseball game or simply a peaceful ride to the hills in her "Yellow Imp."

When you hear "May I say something?" you know that Doreen could say almost anything. Her candid opinions are spoken very matter-of-factly; yet Doreen has by no means a closed mind. On the contrary, she seeks out many opinions, hoping for reassurance of her own.

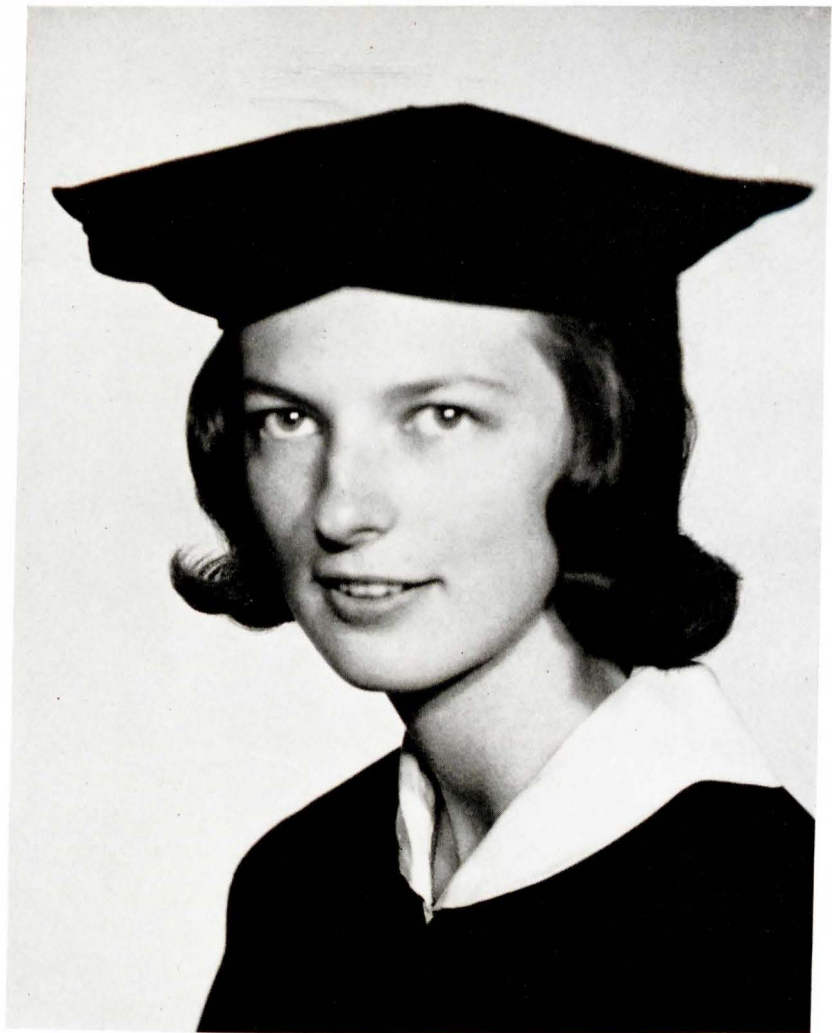
Doreen is able to laugh at herself: she can find humor in situations that others find distressing. She can bring laughter and comfort to the desolate: her understanding and her sunniness of spirit can brighten the cloudiest of eyes. Whatever the occasion, a mixer, a kaffee klatch or a smoke-room bull session, Doreen is in the midst of it, dancing the fastest, singing the loudest, and laughing the hardest. You know when Doreen is around — she lets you know. All this gaiety of spirit is not just college spirit; it is Doreen's.

JUDITH LEE

A POLITICAL SCIENCE MAJOR who teaches physical education, composes music, paints, contemplates Baudelaire on strolls, and excels on the basketball court is predictably as volatile as, but more unpredictable than, Old Faithful—strong, graceful, creatively beautiful, and healthily eruptible.

Attempting to “sketch” Judy in brief is comparable to playing Tchaikowsky’s Bb Major with one finger for without chords the whole cannot equal the sum of its parts. She is positively gifted in uncovering the lonely and the shy which she herself at times appears to be. Her uncanny ability to sense insincerity, combined with her revulsion for dishonesty, makes her friendship truly a compliment for the qualified. With sharp insight, warm heart, and cold intellect, she rallies ’round the underdog with icy fire.

Judy sometimes evokes admiration, sometimes laughter, displays a humanism philosophically refined and stripped of sham. No topic nor subject is too lofty for her gaze which normally reduces the pompous and superfluous without denying fundamental values and dignity. A guitar-playing singer and poet of some repute in the smokers, Judy is more reserved in style of clothes than of personality. In fact, she welcomes fellow students with a grin at all times—save when distributing the campus mail or serving in the breakfast line at the forbidden hour of ten minutes to nine.

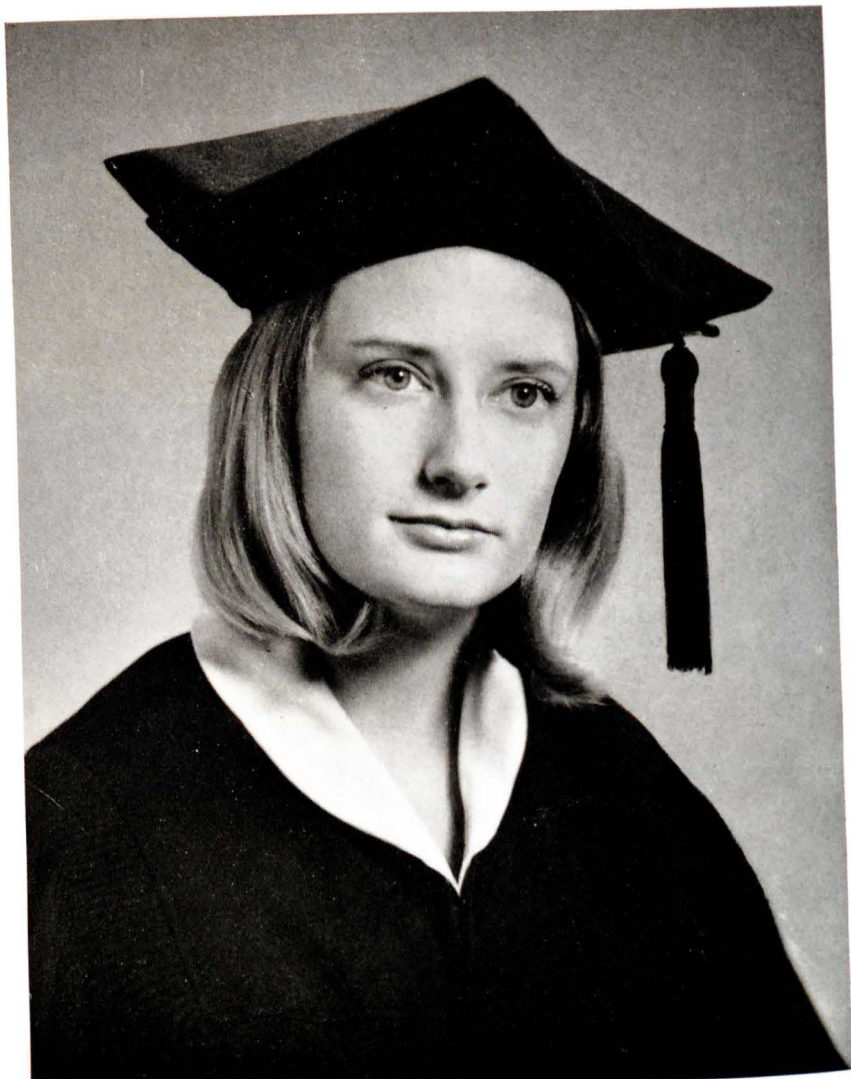


JUDITH ANN LEE
Vallejo, California

MAJOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE
MINOR: FRENCH

Choral '62, '63
I.R.C. '65
Secretary '65
Madrigals '63, '64, '65

Music Club '63, '64
Schola '63, '64
Troupers '63



KATHLEEN HUNT LILLARD

Sacramento, California

MAJOR: SPANISH

MINOR: ART HISTORY

Spanish Honor Society
Music Club '62, '61
Schola '62

Spanish Club '62
Troupers '62

KATHLEEN LILLARD

KATHY, to the casual observer, is a combination of Garcia Lorca poetry, bubble sun-glasses, far-out dreams, and very definite affinities. For once the casual observer is quite right, but his is only a surface reflection—understanding this combination is quite another thing. Hitch-hiking from Granada to Seville on Good Friday is Kathyism but not an experiment in irreverence, rather a study on the relative generosity of international motorists. Extraordinarily well read in two languages, she is by no means an intellectual snob and sardonically includes menus among her favorite reading material. Kathy disdains Delacroix, rich desserts and contrived humor; but is engrossed with music be it folk, jazz, classical or the Beatles; she finds Byzantine Icons and Botticelli entrancing. Assiduously avoiding favorite expressions in conversations, she makes subdued colors and classical line her ideogram. Kathy enjoys the effects of foreign study and adventure without affectation; and, while ambitious for a Ph.D. in Romance languages, she has no dusty study-air about her.

Her fluttering is similar to a jet idling; and one suspects, while less than jet-planned, the route to her final destination will be equally efficient. A traveler in the world rather than a tourist, Kathy is a person with a large mind and a large curiosity, one whose eyes are ever open.

LOUISE DE LORIMIER

LOUISE is expansive. Always bright-spirited and warm hearted, she is occasionally accused of being also breezy and rambunctious. She comes from the heart of the lettuce country which she maintains has its own claim to culture—Herb Caen and the mayor of San Francisco notwithstanding.

The one physical education major in the class, Lulu has the fresh wholesome well-tailored American Girl look. "Honor bright!" is her magic phrase when instructing young charges on the St. Rafael's playground or at summer camp, and it somehow fits the user. Her approach to life is enthusiastic, forthright, and possibly sentimental, never analytical, rarely philosophical. Why, she thinks, concern herself with the past when today has so much in store? Why not enjoy instead of creating complexities? Louise's world is one of blacks and whites with grays to be disdained. And with such absolutes she governs her activities—both religious and social.

Louise has proved that leaders need not sacrifice participation in the group for authority. As a class, club, and Student Body officer she has made real contributions to the college; as important to Louise is her "counselor and guide" role to the younger classmen. The motto Louise suggested for the Class of '68, "Happiness through Love," summarizes her world of people, sports, ice-cream, sunflowers, and faith.

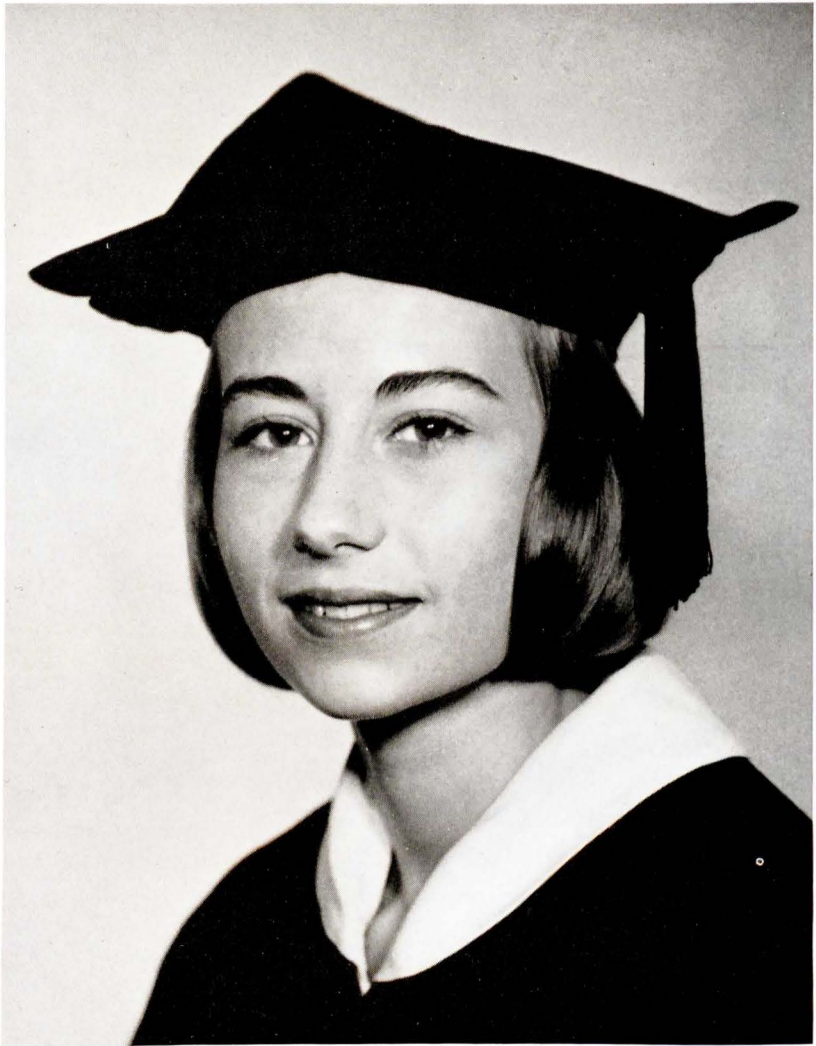


AUDRE LOUISE DE LORIMIER
Salinas, California

MAJOR: PHYSICAL EDUCATION
MINOR: HISTORY

House Chairman '62
N.F.C.C.S. Senior Delegate '65
W.A.A. Board '63, '64, '65
President '64

Class President '63
Social Service Chairman '65



SUE AGNES LOZEAU
Washington, D.C.

MAJOR: HISTORY
MINOR: GERMAN

German Club '62, '63, '64, '65
Third Order '63, '64

Troupers '62

SUE LOZEAU

UNDISPUTED QUEEN of the study-smokeroom, Sue declares her reign with violent arm gestures, standing on a smokeroom chair. On a tree stump in the grove she announces her immersion in a pantheistic love for cigarettes, delighting in her consequent closeness to God. Van Gogh sunflower-painted nails emphasize her point-by-point logic, her explanation of the newspaper or book before her.

A strange mixture of the active and passive dominates Sue's life—active because of her sincere, well-meaning intentions; passive insofar as her lack of self-discipline and will power. For Sue a “nap” of 15 to 20 hours is not unusual; not getting enough sleep, the cause of trauma. Crossword puzzles and a handy deck of cards make her escape from the demands of daily life not difficult. Trivia—papers, missing coats, inadvertently burned shoes, confiscated washes—find little existence in her life, and are later remembered as humorous. An “army brat” with wide travel experiences and as many hometowns, Sue finds even her present address eludes her. But her belated desire to become a *swat* can hardly be overlooked—her painstaking devotion to recopying class notes, her conscious efforts to memorize the German dictionary for her forthcoming European studies. An undeniable wish for adventure leads Sue to on- and off-campus discussions; an unselfish wish to communicate her thoughts and experiences brings her inevitably to her smokeroom habitation.

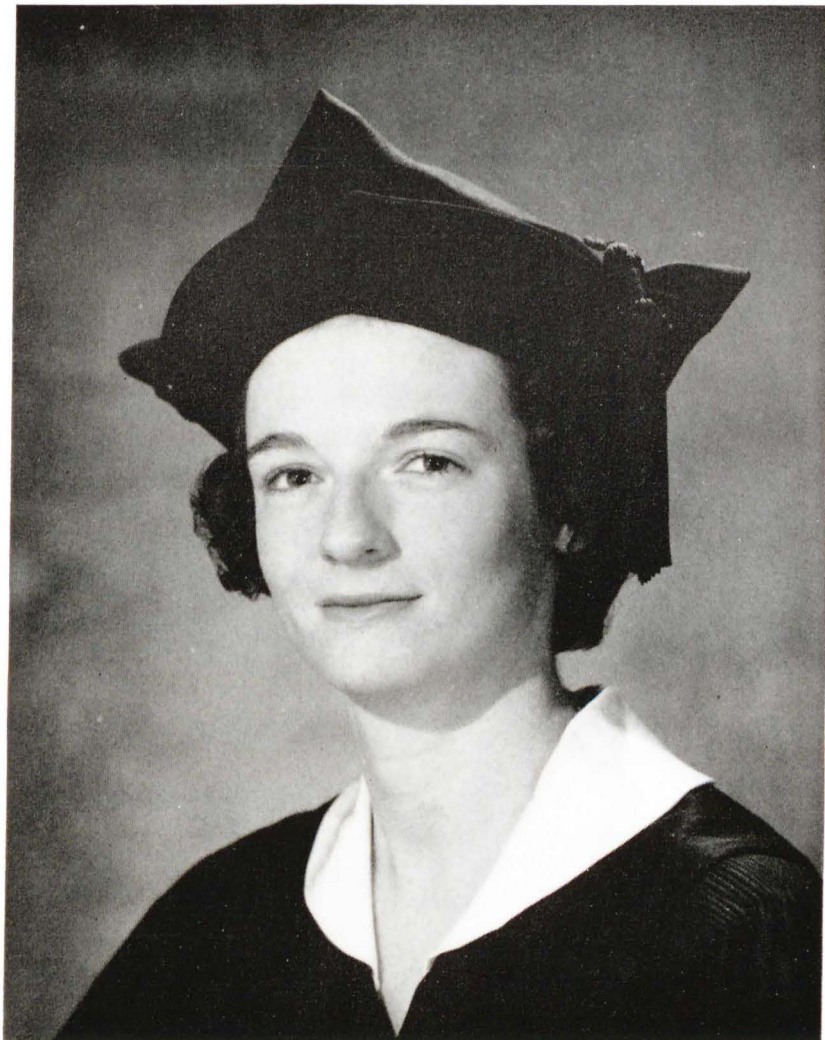
ALICE MARCHAND

THE EVER-CHANGING expressive grey eyes are an index to her personality. At times their alertness reveals Alice's penetrating practicality. Be it a question of research, a friend's baffling dilemma, or how in the world to keep a bank account straight, Alice penetrates directly to the core of the trouble. She doesn't stop there! Once the problem is uncovered—wham—Alice organizes a plan to solve it.

It is fairly obvious that melancholy is no stranger to Alice. Her eyes reveal the deep sensitivity which allows her to feel the unhappiness in others, as well as occasional dark moments of her own. But, it is impossible for the darkness to long remain; for it is from this same sensitivity that a sort of second-sight flows. She foresees and anticipates the needs of others and in so doing lightens and cheers the air about her.

Music is the magic element which causes an immediate transformation of Alice—and her eyes. Let the sounds of Ernie Heckshire be heard and—there stands a grinning, sparkling, nimble creature with heart, soul and feet made for dancing. Charleston, Cha-cha, Tonga, Watusi, Twist: her list of favorites is unending. The eyes, too, dance appropriately.

So, in short, Alice is a melancholy thinker, a dancer, a problem solver—a girl with grey eyes.



ALICE LEONA MARCHAND

Lodi, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: ECONOMICS

Carillon '62
Italian Club '63
Music Club '62

Schola '62
Social Service '62



MAUREEN RATTO MARQUIS

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: MATHEMATICS

MINOR: CHEMISTRY

German Club '62
Italian Club '63

Science Club '64
Secretary '64

MAUREEN MARQUIS

AN EVER-PRESENT coat shields Maureen from the elements just as her surface shyness cloaks her true personality. A first meeting finds Maureen quiet and noncommittal—friendship discovers transformation. Unreluctantly charitable, she feels it her duty to share whatever she possesses—in the past, her home on Dominican dance nights; presently, her new husband's chauffeur services. At every party she voluntarily ends up on KP. Her kind words to those in distress are unlimited. Maureen can calm every trauma.

Total absorption is her guiding force and may be applied to a study of Einstein or a jaunt to the nearest Italian delicatessen. Mort strives to make all her interests a part of her—and an expression of herself. She is receptive to discussion. Analysis of circumstances and forethought enable her to reach a tenable conclusion which side issues fail to waive. Believing that the opinion of others adds to her own, Maureen readily engages in conversation. Questions form her line of pursuit. Her comments demonstrate her ability to see and understand different viewpoints. She is not opinionated, but she usually proceeds gently in accordance with her original convictions. Maureen is so giving that close friends may not realize a conscious refutation of principle. This is the secret of her friendship.

MARGARET MAYER

MARGIE MAYER has been described as that “four-foot eleven-inch bubble of life.” True, she is small and compact of life. But Margie is no bubble; she is one of the more solid citizens. She hails from the great mid-west and sings and shouts the glories of Wisconsin in what might be called a Wisconsin accent—she fries an “aegg” for breakfast. For all her smallness, Margie intends to make her presence felt in the world. Practical application of this desire is her choice of Sociology for a major. She has a limitless generosity and a strong sense of compassion for all things human. She has also a great deal of common sense and a hearty roar of laughter that takes care of much.

Margie is companionable and vivacious and filled with variety. She will giggle and overflow with enthusiasm at one moment, and in the next she is sorely depressed for lack of mail or social life. She loves to sing in a group, go night-clubbing in San Francisco, sun in the back of Pennafort or on the beach, and to devour untold numbers of wieners (Oscar Mayer’s, of course). She has sported six shades of hair coloring only to discover that her natural brown is most becoming. She “roars” around town in her cousin’s white Volkswagen, looking every inch the perfect owner for a Volks. She is small of stature, great of heart, and bright-eyed. Meanness and deceit should melt away at her glance.



MARGARET ANN MAYER

Santa Barbara, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: EDUCATION

Carillon '63

Choral '62

Italian Club '62

Madrigal '63, '61

Social Service '63



HELEN JOANNE MONTANARO

Los Olivos, California

MAJOR: BIOLOGY

MINOR: CHEMISTRY

Foreign Students Club '63, '64

Science Club '63, '64, '65

HELEN MONTANARO

HELEN is a delightful combination of the feminine irrationality that prompts quick decisions and the exacting thought that will be required in her future profession as a laboratory technician. Though her intuitive judgment about a person may often be hasty, it usually proves to be correct. Meticulously organized in her study habits, Helen will always completely clear her desk before she begins her assignments. Then she proceeds to underline her textbooks in a patriotic flourish of red and blue ink. Helen takes genuine pleasure in work. Thus, her vacation experiences as a medical technician have only augmented her impatience to complete her college studies.

Enthusiasm is reserved by Helen for special occasions—and when her friends are rushing her is not one of those occasions. An ice-cream cone is. Her studies, though quietly and consistently pursued, may be interrupted by the mere suggestion of a trip to “31 Flavors.”

Her leisure-time interests complement her scientific abilities. Her personalized reading list includes the current *Time*, *House and Garden*, *House Beautiful*, or the latest bestseller. Though Helen is teased about her small-town origin, she is a city-lover, and may often be seen in her beloved white Volks en route to San Francisco for a day of window-shopping, sight-seeing, or exploring.

LOIS MONTGOMERY

HER EYES draw people with problems": understanding, observation, and especially a joyous vitality seem to be there expressed. When she listens, Lois tilts her head in sympathy and concentration. Her capacity to hear, really hear, is one of her greatest virtues.

Her gift to see is another. No one but Lois would be perceptive enough to discover an antique lampshade in a garbage can on Beacon Hill, Boston—or sentimental enough to salvage it and bear it home. And no one but Lois, with her eye for the smallest detail, could, after remaining unlost for over three months in New York, become lost two blocks from Guzman.

Lois puts her whole exuberant self into a conversation, into the festivities of a community sing or of Wednesday symphony nights. So proud is she of her home state—she is Idaho's apologist in California—that *Boise* always, in her conversation, has an exclamation point. Her enthusiasm extends as well to music (albeit off-key), art, and poetry. As for her room—in the magic shadow of her artichoke tree, it is a museum of antiques, "posy-pickings," water colors, and index cards printed in Gothic. It is precisely her rich and inclusive enthusiasms that make her understanding and her observation so alive. There is nothing ponderous about Lois because her seriousness is born of joy.



LOIS ANN MONTGOMERY

Boise, Idaho

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Transferred from Gonzaga University '62

Carillon '63

Firebrand Staff '65

Business Manager '65

Meadowlark Staff '64

Business Manager '64

W.A.A. Executive Board '64

Class Treasurer '65



GAELEN ANN MOORE
San Marino, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY
MINOR: HISTORY

Carillon '64
Executive Board '64
Public Relations Chairman '64
Social Committee '65

Student Affairs Board '64
French Club '62, '63, '64, '65
Social Service '65

GAELEN MOORE

ALTERNATELY POISED and gaily childlike, Gaelen disdains "ticki-tackiness." A nicety of discrimination marks all she does. Always well groomed and erect of posture, she seems to the manner born. A master of repartee, alert to innuendo, she enjoys the give and take of casual conversation and excels in group discussions. She has, however, a horror of public speaking. But people she likes—likes watching and reading about them and being one of them.

Gaelen admires excellence. The mediocre are likely to be evaluated with her succinct and almost exclusively off-beat expression—"fruitcake." Simplicity for Gaelen is a part of excellence. She dislikes fussiness, but not femininity. The essence of *Femme* wafts down the hall to announce those really special occasions.

A short attention span and a tendency to day-dream lead to delightful hours of romantic piano, spicy guitar, adventurous cooking or perhaps to "forbidden-fruit" weekday excursions to the City. A fear of being reprimanded has made Gaelen particularly understanding of the foibles of others so that she is not only sympathetic, but amazingly never unkind. Universally amicable, she is nonetheless selective in her personal friendships. The few unreservedly admitted to her private world have the reassurance of lasting ties. Her chief ambition—to be alive and to be vital—is Gaelen's character sketch.

SANDRA MUGFORD

AVORACIOUS reader, Sandy possesses a rare measure of intellectual integrity. She refuses to “borrow” or to accept unchallenged ideas. Maintaining a clear and objective outlook, she can see many times through others’ pretenses though unbeknownst to them. Often an open criticism, while sometimes at the risk of a mild tempest, proves to be her course rather than the easy way out. She hates hypocrisy; frankness is her by-word.

Sandy dislikes regimentation or “being a tool.” She is seldom hesitant. Her ability to make quick decisions and enforce them keeps her constantly mobile. She has that unsurpassable spirit of adventure which makes the unknown a challenge and a source of curiosity rather than a threat. Whether to the ski slopes, Europe, the beach or Sausalito, Sandy loves “just going someplace, any place, any time.”

Occasionally she finds talking a release. But she does not want to be interrupted nor interrogated. Having a memory for detail, but not obsessed by trivia, she skillfully turns even the smallest event into a fascinating one. Despite her protestations of inorganization, Sandy has managed to indulge in her travel whims, raise her daughter (whom she treats as a small adult), and graduate in three and a half years. There is little doubt that such spirit will *command* the answering of her ambitions.



SANDRA VEBLÉN MUGFORD

Fairfax, California

MAJOR: MATHEMATICS

MINOR: GERMAN

Carillon '64
Business Staff '64



ROBERTA ANN MUNRO
Richmond, California

MAJOR: HISTORY
MINOR: ENGLISH

Gamma Sigma
Student Affairs Board '65
German Club '62, '63
Vice President '63

I.R.C. '63, '64, '65
Model U.N. '63, '64
Chairman '64

BERTA'S is a complex personality, the product of battling forces. Dualism is apparent—an incurable romantic, she considers the waste of any moonlit evening an unforgivable crime. And Roberta is not one to commit such an offense often. Yet her rank on the President's List indicates an ability to maintain a prudent balance between the frivolous and the weighty matters of consequence. A pressing research paper may be cast aside for the pleasures of a play or party—but only temporarily. Roberta may procrastinate, but she always saves enough time to give that necessary polish to her product.

Roberta is organized. For instance, all of her notes appear with titles and subtitles—and she *never* even recopies them. Yet Berta isn't a fanatic. She hates doing research, prefers rather to read as she pleases. She refuses to "parrot back" material. More to her liking is a casual discussion or a "thought-paper."

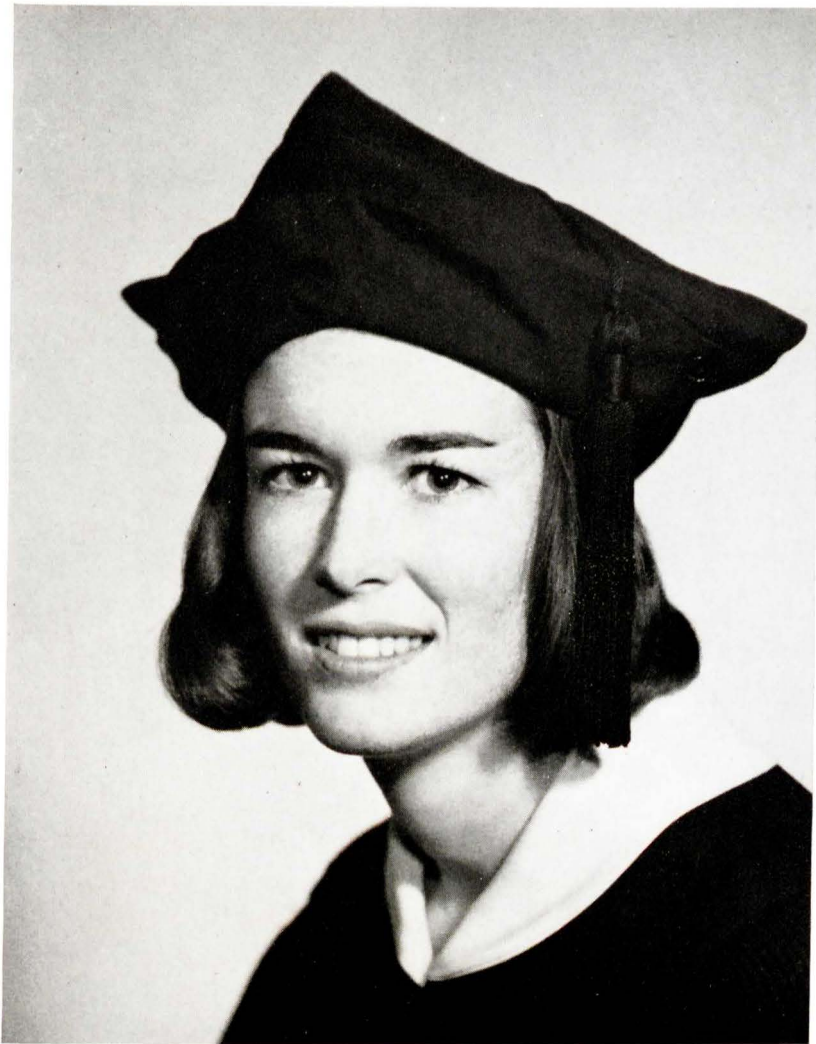
Vegetative existence does not content her. Roberta's desire is to live a full and active life, to gain knowledge from experience as well as from study. Accordingly, her interests range from theatre arts and the Model United Nations to *The Prophet*. A quiet kind of extrovert, Berta expands or withdraws in reaction to the situation. A familiarity with people or ideas diminishes her outwardly shy reservations.

PATRICIA McCOY

PATTI, an Irish lass who dislikes sandy beaches, moths, and her own complimentary freckles, is one who retains yet a bit of the “old Ned” and demonstrates it by wearing red on St. Patrick’s Day. If her manner at times appears sophisticated, it is an illusion. Her humor is definitely prankish. Vasolined door-knobs, short-sheeted beds, and all such can be only too well associated with this young lady hovering about with apparent innocence. However, lest you think her merely a prankish petulant miss, her sparkling eyes and brotherly love, particularly brotherly love for her brother Kevin, must not be understated.

Patti has the gift. Tastefully dressed in kelly green (naturally) and turquoise blue, she can charm at an afternoon tea; or, in the evening beguile the patrons at the Red Garter to stand for “Bye, Bye, Blackbird.” Or, more normally, decked out in bows and hooped earrings, she can rib the class’s large population of Italians—and get away with it, because in her teasing there is far more affection than sting.

Term papers due or last-minute assignments don’t necessarily mean a haggard looking student. In fact, her own projects completed, Patti willingly offers to type a paper for the last-minute straggler. Her efficiency allows her ample time for her favorite reading matter—John O’Hara and comic books. And these choices illustrate her duplicity of character.



PATRICIA ANN McCOY
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION
CONCENTRATION: EDUCATION

Carillon Staff '64
Co-Editor '64
Class President '62
Irish Club '63, '64, '65
Secretary '65

Music Club '63
Troupers '62, '63
S.C.T.A. '64, '65



NOEL FRANCISCA McGETTIGAN
San Francisco, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY
MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Carillon '64
Faculty Program Committee '64
House Regulations Chairman '65
Social Committee '62, '64

Student Affairs Board '65
French Club, '62, '63, '64
Social Service '65

NOEL McGETTIGAN

HAVING a middle name (Francisca) suggestive of San Francisco is most apropos, for Noel synthesizes the ideals of Herb Caen, Count Marco, and St. Francis. A girl of paradoxes, she is orderly yet not dull, sophisticated but not cool, aloof but not snobbish, homey but never mundane, religious but never pious. She is a woman who likes being a woman; unwilling to forsake her femininity, she is yet willing to reveal a bright wit and sharp mind. Lovely green eyes almost translucent in appearance enchant and occasionally transfix the observer. Noel is dressed always meticulously, beautifully, and importantly not conspicuously.

Though fiercely dogmatic in defending her beliefs, Noel's deeper emotions are not often in view. More often the casual onlooker sees an exterior of poised confidence. Noel is stolidly against rowdiness, bigotry, group mentality, and most emphatically anti-urbanization. Smallness of group or of measure for Noel signifies individualism.

Noel cultivates the art of living, with self, with peers, and the world around her. Equally at home at the banquet or counselling at the detention ward, she has made her commitment to society. Her major in sociology is surely an outgrowth of her sympathy for the unfortunate—as well as of her desire to serve.

Idealistic in her demands on herself, Noel is realistic and clear-eyed in her approach to others.

JOAN McNABOE

JOAN is pleasant, affable, easy-going, even-tempered, consistent of tone—all characteristics that she would vehemently deny. “I have,” she claims, “an uncontrollable Irish temper.” But the temper remains in the realm of myth. No one has seen it. Energy there is, but controlled and directed. Her general composure is that of a person who moves easily and securely in her environment. Her whole approach to life is confident and fearless. If there is an exception, it is her not unnatural fear of flunking one of Father Blank’s tests. Tensions she dislikes; and when the voltage is high, she strikes out for a long walk or reads Robert Frost.

Sensitive to the nuances of reality, Joan is yet able to forget world crises in the pleasures of an evening of dance or of an afternoon at the art gallery. Tall and graceful, she is an exceptionally fine dancer and quite inevitably winds up the evening instructing the less agile. At the art gallery, she lingers over the paintings of Renoir.

If one listens attentively to Joan’s slow, quiet remarks, one will notice a lovable, dry wit that expresses itself in a variety of ways—from carefully executed “dumb blond” remarks to cryptic understatement. Humor is the tempering element in her character; control, perhaps the clue. She has never been known to scream at a mouse.



JOAN MARIE McNABOE
San Anselmo, California

MAJOR: HISTORY
MINOR: ART

Transferred from College of Marin '63

Italian Club '64



MARY LOUISE OLIVARES

Oxnard, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

CONCENTRATION: EDUCATION

Carillon '64

Social Committee '65

Foreign Students Club '63, '64, '65

Secretary '64

Music Club '63, '64, '65

Science Club '63

S.C.T.A. '65

Troupes '62, '63

LOUISE OLIVARES

QHAOS, frenzy and confusion do not phase Louise Olivares. Almost overly calm, she stoically rejects ecstasies of excitement—even over her special likes: chocolate, ice cream, rain, summer, clothes, dancing, Frank Sinatra, and little children. Whether organizing a social function nearly singlehanded or completing a comprehensive educational project, Louise remains unflustered—is able to accomplish both tasks without seeming to display much effort. In fact, Louise cannot *believe* the tizzy her friends create over joys or woes. “You are kidding me!” she often exclaims in answer to an involved recitation.

Dependability is her virtue. Promises proffered, aids offered are always carried through to the nth degree. She enjoys being “on the go.” Subtle hints from companions to pack her car are always met in spirit—whether the suggested trip be of errandly nature or pleasure (for instance, a quick malt at the creamery).

Natural rhythm is displayed on the dance floor for dancing is her first love. Always attuned to the newest steps, she frequently finds relaxation in teaching her less coordinated friends the “jerk” or the “frug.” And many shopping trips to San Rafael and San Francisco always find Louise with a smart new outfit—she emulates the fashion, not the fad. Simple, well-cut, and up-to-date are the adjectives which disclose her taste. Well groomed and stylishly dressed, she turns a calm face to the world.

MIDGE O'NEILL

ALL THE world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players. So dramatically is this resounded within the smoke-filled lounge that one sits in awe at the brilliance and ease with which Midge pours forth such verses as if creations of her own profundity.

A lass born with a shamrock in one hand and a shillelagh in the other, Midge is unmistakably Irish. Her freckled face, almond eyes, darkening red hair with the ever present headband, and gamin looks mirror her mischievous personality. And Midge, as Shakespeare so well states, in her time plays many parts. Loving and appreciating an audience, Midge is seldom without one. Even though wise to her hair-raising stories, her listeners never cease to be astonished and entertained. A new victim is fair game—easily he is convinced that Midge is Charles Goren's niece or that the weird Midge is in contact with outer space. "I'm only kidding," she will belatedly admit. Her talent for imitations and distorted faces is frightening and unrivalled.

But this flair for the ridiculous is only one extreme of Midge's unpredictable personality—the other is the pensive, melancholic girl delighting in her own introspection and seeking out the inner thoughts and desires of others. Life with Midge may be unpredictable, but never boring.



MARGARET ANN O'NEILL
Burlingame, California

MAJOR: HISTORY
MINOR: ENGLISH



KAREN MARIE PAGE
Shelly Bay, Bermuda

MAJOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE
MINOR: FRENCH, PSYCHOLOGY

Absence Committee '63
Carillon '64
Executive Board '65
House Regulations '62, '63
Student Affairs Board '65
President '65

French Club '62, '63, '64, '65
President '63
I.R.C. '63, '64, '65
Model U.N. '64, '65
Delegate '65
Social Service '62, '63
Troupers '64

KAREN PAGE

QUARANTINED in Tokyo with the measles, hailed unexpectedly by old friends in distant places like Jerusalem, mistaken for a foreigner in her own country—such are mere run-of-the-mill experiences to Karen. Hers is the well-rounded life with round-the-world adventures; in consequence, Kay-Kay's pet peeves are closed windows, closed minds, open doors, mediocrity, people who ramble for hours about trivia.

Karen is above trivia but not above sympathy. She does really possess that rare quality of empathy which shows in her total generosity in offering time and comfort to the troubled. This on occasion constitutes a charming fault for she tends to become over-involved. Loaded with talent, entangled with extra-curricular activities, she remains unspoiled; she has been spotted sewing nametags at four A.M. under a hall light with toes curling in anticipation of tomorrow's holiday excursion.

Kay-Kay evokes Irish tweeds, silk blouses, and Italian shoes, Kahil Gibran and Hemmingway. Although a product of finishing schools, the Sorbonne, and DC, Karen, one feels, is a lady by instinct rather than by study. Her special likes are Rodin sculpture, animals, fresh flowers, and all of England. She is one who deepens her insights with knowledge, her justice with mercy. Her home is named Esperanza. Her goal is to spend her life with those she ADMIRES as well as loves.

MARTHA PALACIO

MARTHA PALACIO, as her name suggests, is compact of the practical and the romantic; yet, the American element does not so much merge with, as set off, her Mexican heritage. The slight Spanish inflection detected in rapid speech gives charm and resonance to her very American thoughts. The flash of rainbow in her dress, the bangle bracelets, enhance the patent leather flats and the finely starched blouse. It is, perhaps, the combination of common sense and capriciousness that makes her not only an intriguing person but also a very good student. She studies with intensity, can concentrate for long hours—then, the lid blows off. In a trice Martha evolves a party of considerable dimensions or rushes off to the city with friends. There is, indeed, a charm of the uncertain in being a friend of Martha's. Who knows when the Palacian currents will turn to a tennis match, a swimming party, or just subside to a fried chicken and Trini Lopez? Who knows when *Don Quixote* or some other volume will keep her studying into the night?

Impulsive, yes; it is, as she says, a part of the Latin part of her. Her moods are another part; they range widely, but within the limits of decorum; depressed, then hilarious; fanciful, then contemplative. Yet, one could not call Martha a woman of extremes. She is interestingly varied.



MARTHA DIANE PALACIO

Calexico, California

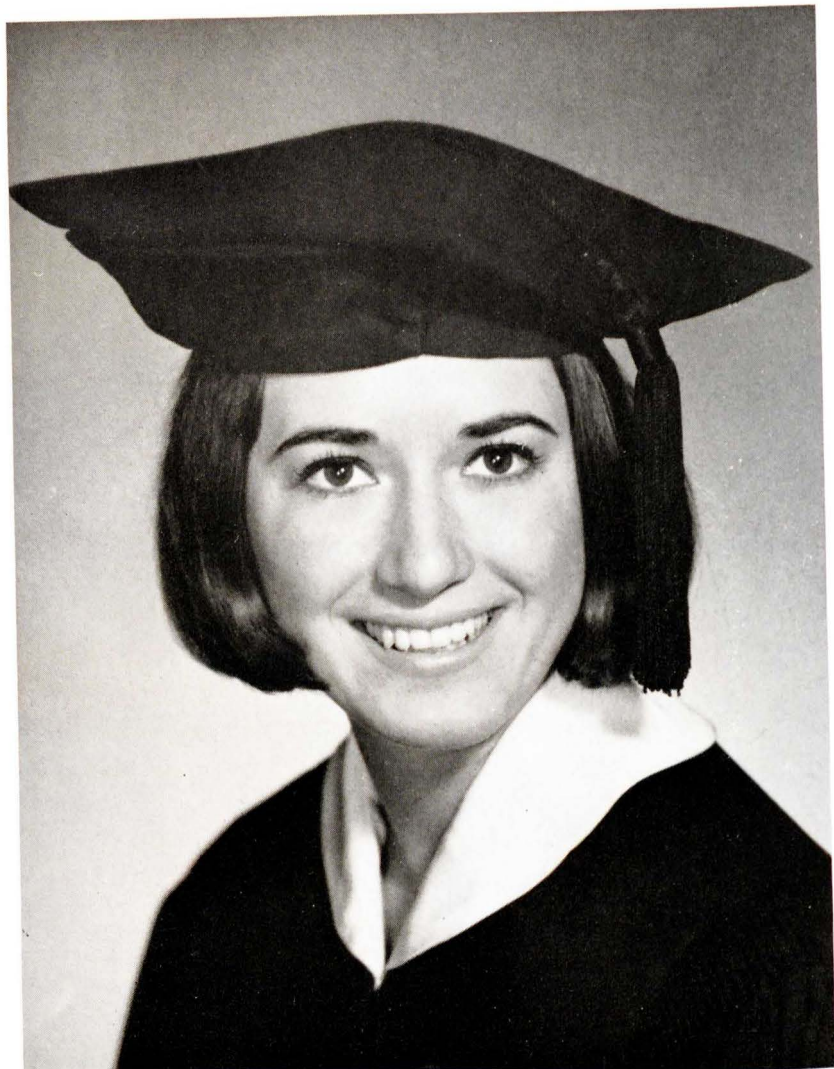
MAJOR: SPANISH

MINOR: EDUCATION

Transferred from San Diego College for Women '62

Spanish Honor Society '64, '65
President '65

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



JUDITH ANN PASZEK

Sparks, Nevada

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: ART HISTORY

Social Committee '62, '63
French Club '62

Model U.N. '65
Music Club '62, '63

JUDY PASZEK

TRANSPORT JUDY from her familiar surroundings and place her in a remote scene from one of her cherished history books, and she would know exactly how to behave. Not only would she act with the proper etiquette, but somehow Judy would manage to be dressed appropriately. Whatever the style, whatever the trend, Judy is aware of it, usually a smart step ahead of the rest of us.

On campus, off campus, Judy is rarely bored. Not a student, but a great reader, she peruses books, journals, letters, even old menus. Often famished, she scans her souvenir menus not thinking to drive away the hunger, but somehow deriving satisfaction that maybe tomorrow. . . . She reads letters because she writes and is written to. Judy is enchanted with news from home. Strong emotions which but rarely disturb her unruffled composure are evoked as she reads excitedly of the Nevada homecoming; even tears may form as she reads some doleful news of Alexander, her "human" cocker. Surely, it is Judy's faithfulness and her sincere interest in others, as well as her undeniable attractiveness, that accounts for her large following of male admirers. In the early homesick freshman years, classmates were startled upon one occasion to see Miss Paszek showing off the campus to seven "old friends." Now after four years, though the number were doubled, few would be startled.

CAROLYN's red "I'm particular" button emphasizes her standards—in people as well as cigarettes. Because Carolyn likes to listen and observe, she is often quiet, unassuming. But as president of the student body, her unflagging devotion to her office, her interest in every person and event on campus, has won the respect of both students and administration. Courageous enough to defend her principles, though she may be a minority of one, Carolyn admires the honest, tolerates the mediocre, scorns the insincere.

Self-discipline enables her to keep innumerable daily appointments, organize school functions in detail, make several "quick trips" to San Rafael or the City, write letters, study, and smoke a pack of cigarettes. In addition, she always seems to have ample time for a spontaneous discussion group, for hearing out a friend's problem; and she is never too busy to help one who can't understand the material.

But Carolyn's leadership tendencies do not necessarily ordain her as tomorrow's future club-woman. Her desire to work with juveniles foretells of active efforts to help with society. And Carolyn is never happier than when involved with her "hobbies" of sewing and making bread. Dignified even in a floor-length mumu, kleenex across her forehead (to straighten her hair), she sits Indian fashion in the North Wing smokeroom, exclaiming "Zilch" as she strives to learn the art of playing a dummy hand in bridge.



CAROLYN MARIE PERA

San Jose, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

MINOR: PSYCHOLOGY

Transferred from San Jose State College '62

A.S.D.C. President '65
Student Affairs Board '64
Madrigals '63, '64

Model U.N. '63
Secretariat '63
Schola '64, '65



ANN ELIZABETH PETRICH

Tacoma, Washington

MAJOR: FRENCH

MINOR: ENGLISH

A.S.D.C. Secretary '63
Class Secretary '62
French Club '65

Model U.N. '65
Reporter '65
Publicity Committee '65

ANN PETRICH

ANN'S worldly diatribes, as well as her voracious appetite, insure her popularity with the coffee and snack group. She dislikes people who get in ruts—not only depressing people who are in ruts, but also people who are unaware that they are living on the surface of life. Ann is alive, observant and thoughtful. Sidewalk cafes are her favorite haunts and have provided a vantage point from Paris to San Francisco from which she observes the people of Steinbeck, Beaudelaire, and Fitzgerald; she sits weeding out the fakes and philosophizing over the latest *National Geographic* for which she hopes to be a photographer.

Having travelled all over Europe, Ann has adopted kilts, sweaters and sandals as a very functional uniform should she acquire that dreamed-of jet plane in which to further explore. She hates to say goodbye almost as much as living in a rut so that faraway friends are never too far for warm communication. In fact, it might be safe to award Ann with our champion letter-writer trophy.

Shuffling papers, opening and closing drawers, Ann is moving all the time! She creates a vague whirlwind of noise and activity wherever she moves. What is Ann? Ann is a noise, forgetfulness, a faraway dreamy look, a cosmopolitan attitude, readiness to take off on a camping trip or to enjoy a symphony—a very interesting person.

JOAN RANNEY

HAWAIIAN ESKIMO?? Cannot be, so that furry apparition ambling down rain soaked paths must be our Joan who verily has adopted Hawaii so completely that Eskimo attire is needed to ward off the ravages of California winters. For Joan, it is as natural that her carnation-gardenia garden thrives in her bedroom as it is a foregone conclusion that she and the less exotic zinnias be incompatible.

Joan claims that she has come a long way since her naive and introvertish sophomore-self; she has, she says, grown worldly wise and sophisticated. Perhaps. We remember her always pleasant and graciously poised. Be as it may, there is yet much of the idealist left. Joan looks for the good, the forthright, the whole in people and is genuinely upset when she meets meanness, race-prejudice, violence, or injustice in any form.

In an era when the role of the woman is rapidly evolving from the home to career, Joan offers an amalgam of the intellectually able, culturally oriented, self-sustaining but never self-sufficient disappearing breed—the **HOMEMAKER**. Many are we who today can manage an office, few who have the propensity for the never out of date, for the basic humanitarian role—mistress of the home.

Joan in dance is the Hawaii of books and dreams where fluidity of motion grants continuity to the waves and breakers of life.



JOAN CATHERINE RANNEY

Honolulu, Hawaii

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: SPANISH

House Regulations '62
Firebrand Staff '65
Music Club '63

Spanish Club '63
President '63
Troupers '62



MAUREEN ANN RILEY
San Rafael, California
MAJOR: POLITICAL SCIENCE
MINOR: HISTORY

Choral '62
I.R.C. '65

Schola '64

MAUREEN RILEY

A HEAD of curly blonde hair that hates the rain and a bouncing laugh both belong to Maureen Riley. Her fair locks cover an inquisitive—some say nosy—mind and an excellent memory. Maureen's curiosity spurs her on to find out facts and figures be they of personalities, private lives and the cinema, politics, history or a batting average. Astounded classmates notice her somewhat obvious engrossment with one of the latest mystery novels—only to be floored by an unexpected, yet pertinent question concerning the topic of discussion. A natural born sparring partner, Maureen loves the challenge of an argument—will obligingly assume the opposite point of view with convincing fervor. Well known for an agile mind and lightning recall, she occasionally tends to emphasize the details of a molehill in lieu of the crags of a mountain.

“Game” for almost anything, Maureen uses her common sense in judging right or wrong. Once her decision is made, changes are not easily effected. Ready also for any form of sport—particularly swimming, dancing or spectator-boxing—this bronzed miss displays the sure walk of an athlete that adds to rather than detracts from her femininity. A girl who can attain most goals by batting her eyelashes, she rarely finds need to lose her “frightening” Irish temper.

HILDA ROSARIO RISSO

THERE IS a sterling quality about Rosario. As she briskly crosses the Fanjeaux Court to the Health Service office or as she makes the afternoon walk to San Rafael General Hospital, her purposefulness is matched by her sunny cheerfulness; her dependability, by her innate gentility. Rosario frankly admits her first love is nursing; her daily schedule attests to it. But her interest also embraces Latin American history, the art of the Renaissance—especially in Italy—sociology, the merits of the Volkswagen vs. other compact cars.

Much given to quiet laughter, Rosario, while sensitive, can still be amused at her own struggles with North American culture and language. Faced with a problem in American literature or with the unmannered casualness of Beatle-mania, Rosario may exclaim in desperation, “Isn’t it terrible!” before she breaks into a smile at her own “lack of fortitude” and continues to whittle away at any blocks to understanding. Visitors to “my place in Edgehill” are always welcomed warmly and graciously. Rosario is ready to exchange news from home with her compatriots, discuss class notes, or dispense clinical advice to sufferers. Full-time nursing, however, leaves her little time for hobbying, and it is only occasionally that she will sit at the piano to sound a Peruvian melody. In all things Rosario, like her favorite, Terese of Lisieux, follows a “little way” with straightforward simplicity.



ROSARIO HILDA RISSO
Arequipa, Peru

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

Transferred from Post-Graduate Nursing Institute,
Lima, Peru '63



LUSTRE MARIE ROBINSON

San Rafael, California

MAJOR: SPEECH AND DRAMA

MINOR: HISTORY

Schola '62, '63
Troupers '62, '63, '64, '65
President '64

Publicity '63
Vice President '65

LUSTRE ROBINSON

DO SAY that I love cats, and that my ambition is to be a *good witch*. Perhaps. Lustre has been known to make flowers materialize for the proper person and occasion in a most mysterious fashion. But it takes more than a wave of wand or whisk-broom to produce those hours of volunteer help, wheeled transportation, or that preposterous where-are-we-going-to-find-it-but-we've-got-to-have-it.

Lustre possesses much of the requisite aloofness for her chosen vocation. Self-assurance and style mark her gestures, dress, speech, and viewpoints; she could, if she wished, dominate any gathering. Often she prefers the observer's role, not necessarily a passive one. Lustre likes to watch things happen, and she may give events a slight push. Delighting in the incongruous, she has the quick wit to classify and the gift of mimicry to share her experiences. Very well. It is possible to have an observant, influential, indomitable, cat-loving witch with flair.

However, since when do witches, even good ones, sing motets with friends for the true, pure joy of singing? And whoever saw a proper witch lay aside the dignity of her station to socialize in smokerooms and instigate practical jokes? A pixilated witch? The usual image of good-witch-proper does not fit Lustre. Lustre, though, is more than capable of bending images.

SUE SCHAAFS

SUE INTENSELY DISLIKES being a midget—doesn't even realize it's her greatest asset. Tiny and blonde, she amuses any companion watching her flit from room to room or from subject to subject. Her earnestness is apparent. Yet even she will often admit she's not quite sure what she's trying to accomplish. "Oh, *I* don't even know what I'm doing!" A moan or a laugh follows. Her friends might agree. More than once has Susan insisted on finishing out a hand of bridge, positive in some way she can avoid losing to the ace of trumps. Efforts to convince her otherwise are futile. In attempting to plan something Sue manages to devise the most impractical method. Still plane reservations and senior thesis appear—even though the means may be nebulous.

When serious convictions are in question, however, the same confusion is not portrayed. Her desire to become a worthwhile and active member of society cannot be overstated. An adamant believer in civil rights, Sue eagerly crusades for the cause. Improved educational opportunities for the children of migrant workers draws her avid interest—she hopes eventually to teach these underprivileged. Corollated with this ambition is her activity in the SCTA. When not at student-teacher conferences or reading the newest educational literature, Sue may be discovered at her desk or in class, her energy spent, her head bent, half written words with long tails—fast asleep.



JUDITH SUSAN SCHAAFS
Garden Grove, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION
CONCENTRATION: EDUCATION

Social Committee '64
S.C.T.A. '64, '65
Secretary '64
President '65

Social Service '64
Italian Club '62, '63
Troupers '62, '63



ANN SIEH
Sao Paulo, Brazil

MAJOR: ART
MINOR: HISTORY

Transferred from St. Rose College '62

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

I.R.C. '63
Music Club '65

SOMETIMES when Ann speaks, one feels that she is dancing in lightfooted circles. She speaks rapidly, running large clusters of words together; her way of asking a question by another question has a startling abruptness; and all the while she casts oblique and amused glances at the person she is addressing, as if testing that person's acumen. What animates her and imparts this impression is an abiding humor. Ann has that sort of delightful wickedness which might tweak the nose of a person who is too sombre and slow-paced for her scintillating wit.

She teases people. "You tick me off," she may warn a person who angers her. But with a single incisive comment she can lay her finger on a heart. She requests with a frankness she regretfully calls "demanding," and she thanks with the same admirable directness. She most frequently emerges unsullied and victorious from the smoke room melées called "discussions." One begins to realize that Ann moves not in circles, but in straight lines, and that this movement characterizes her whole activity. Ann's first devotion is art; her second, music: to the accompaniment of Bach and Beethoven she spends diligent hours in the art building. Yet, while she directly pursues fine and complex things, a simple sortie to dinner greatly pleases her. Ann realizes the quiet value of simple things.



ANN SIEH
Sao Paulo, Brazil

MAJOR: ART
MINOR: HISTORY

Transferred from St. Rose College '62

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

I.R.C. '63
Music Club '65

ANN SIEH

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JOAN SLYNGSTAD

IN HER leopard-skin robe Joan sits hour upon hour in the North Wing smokeroom muttering strange sounds. It is not an old and lost language she speaks, but the symbols of phonetics—itsself the symbol of the speech major or minor. Attuned to dialect distinctions, Joan can by listening identify with some exactness the area from which a person comes. However, when Joan arrived at Dominican in her junior year, it did not take a course in phonetics to tell us that she came from New Jersey. Her rather obvious eastern accent has been the object of inevitable teasing which she endures with patient good humor.

In all things Joan is practical and direct. Here is the unblurred approach to life. Whether she's explaining a term-paper assignment or the reason why she is wearing her hair in a particular way, each detail of the explanation is in the proper order, followed by her favorite expression, "for example . . ."

She is as sincere as she is logical. Joan is not, however, unimaginative or insensitive; and, when necessary, the truth is tempered with tact. Her integrity and sincerity carry over into her role as student; assignments come first. Still, her life is so ordered that there is room for extra-curricular activities, for that "one last cigarette" and that "one last hand of bridge."



JOAN MARIE SLYNGSTAD

Oakland, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: SPEECH

Transferred from Immaculata College '63

S.C.T.A. '65

Troupers '64, '65

Secretary '65



CECELIA REPPLIER SMITH

Redlands, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: ART HISTORY

A.S.D.C. Vice President '65
House Chairman '63
Class Treasurer '62

W.A.A. Executive Board '63, '64
Vice President '64

CECELIA SMITH

IT'S ALWAYS BETTER to get two things done at once" is her motto. You can see she definitely doesn't believe in wasting time. Such an ordinary conviction becomes the extraordinary in Cecelia—writing up the official school calendar as she learns the latest dance step, composing letters during car trips downtown, straightening her desk or room while conversing with visitors. "Don't mind me," she says. "I'm really listening while I put these things away."

As one of the class' youngest members, she naturally nurses a fear of growing up. But her efforts toward maturity are nothing less than valiant, particularly her attempts to see all sides of a situation. Life, to Cia, is a series of entanglements; she strives to untangle with orderly and structured thinking. Upon occasion she may analyze to the brink of destruction. But Cia humbly admits that she doesn't always see the implications of a complex allegory.

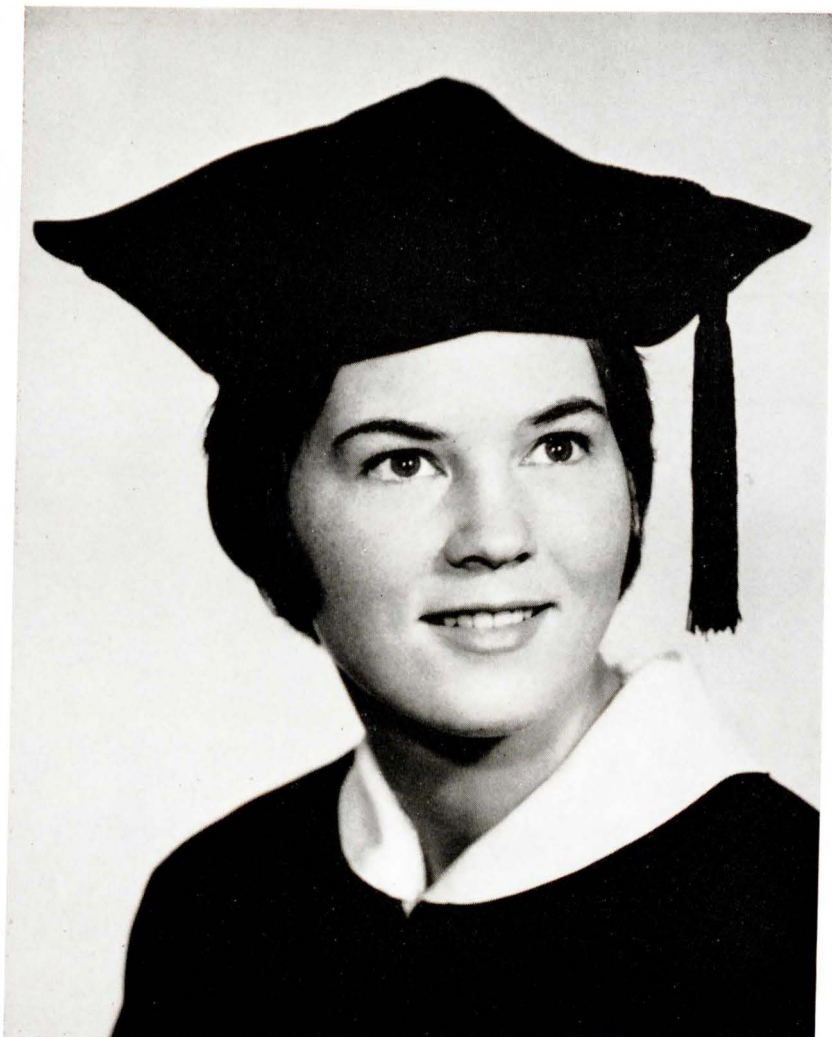
There is also the miscellaneous flowing of words gaily juxtaposed—when relating the joys of a family outing or a special date. A suggestion of curl in her long hair, her casual-almost-colloquial speech and dress, a mania for sailing, and decidedly original curlers are somehow interwoven in this person of innocence and authority. Strengthening her ideals in weakening her idealism, Cia is beginning to learn that what she *is* she was meant to be.

JUDITH SMITH

AS THE EYES of other English majors grow green with envy, Judy casually translates the Latin phrases in the writings of Robert Burton. She is a student of literature—ancient and modern. But no one could ever call Judy Smith a dry scholar. Especially if they happened to have heard her associating the song “If I Had the Wings of An Angel” with Chaucer’s “Knight’s Tale.” Her personal mascot, “Linus,” is also a scholar of sorts. Judy is a devotee of the entire “Peanuts” gang — Charlie Brown included.

She is one who favors the unexpected side of life. She is always in search of new surprises. The mailbox is the first place she checks, and the package room never escapes her daily inspection. However, sometimes Judy doesn’t recognize a surprise when it is right in front of her nose. For instance, the beautiful bouquet of roses she once received from a male admirer. She was convinced they were actually a gift from her sympathetic roommate.

Judy is a natural confidante. She likes nothing better than a cup of good coffee, a few cigarettes, and time to chat with friends. At times these sessions call for a little bridge and lots of laughter. Other times there are serious discussions tinged with touches of melancholy. In either case, Judy is one who reveals deep sincerity of feeling. She is companionably adaptable.



JUDITH ANN SMITH
Portland, Oregon

MAJOR: ENGLISH
MINOR: LATIN

Carillon '64
Executive Board '64
Firebrand Staff '65

Meadowlark Staff '61
Social Committee '65
Class President '64



CLAUDIA CAROL ST. MARTIN

San Rafael, California

MAJOR: ART

MINOR: EDUCATION

Art Club '63
Irish Club '63

Publicity Committee '64, '65
Spanish Club '62, '63

CLAUDIA ST. MARTIN

CLAUDIA is most often seen with a smudge of yellow paint on her face and a strand of auburn hair over one eye. Dressed in a denim wrap-around skirt, she greets her friends with a wink and a “Hi, there! What’s new?” Although names and places often escape her, she quickly fills in the blanks with a rhetorical, “You know!” Claudia is as serious as she is casual. A new acquaintance might even think her moody. A friend, however, would describe her as an unusually shy and sensitive person, who possesses the contrasting qualities of vitality and enthusiasm.

One of Claudia’s favorite slogans is “Leave the driving to me!” Frequently seen behind the steering wheel, she spends endless hours chauffeuring residents about town. Next to driving, Claudia’s special love is politics. With a *Newsweek* in one hand and a Demo button in the other, she anxiously awaits a political debate. Believe it or not, Claudia is one of the few persons who can discuss current events without becoming heated and argumentative.

Politics, art, and cars all have their particular fascination for Claudia. However, nothing quite equals her compulsion for shoes! Uncontrollable urges prompt her to buy shoes in every color, style, and texture. Not only does she have shoes for school, work, and play; she also has shoes for each holiday and once a year birthdays. Such a vice!

IRMA STAELENS

WHAT IS IT that gives this little lady in the flowered raincoat such a lively and determined step? Perhaps it is her unique life. Belgian born, raised in Lansing, Michigan, Irma graduated from the St. Lawrence School of Nursing. She put her talents to good use by joining the United States Army Nurse Corps in 1941. During the following years, she served in the European Theatre where she became interested in the new developments in anesthesia. This interest resulted in her transfer to Letterman General Hospital and eventual certification as a member of the American Nurse Anesthetist Association. Irma's later experience with the Nurse Corps include evacuation from Korea during the Chinese invasion—along with tours of duty in Kobe, Tokyo, Washington, Georgia, California and Stuttgart, Germany. It is certainly no wonder that she retired holding the rank of major.

Irma is still studying—and now the topic is sociology. Often a humorous anecdote drawn from her treasury of experience brings theory alive in class. Yet she is one who will frankly ask for a deeper explanation of some puzzling point. However, her curiosity extends far beyond the classroom. As busy as she is, Irma finds time to check the progress of a friend's sweetpea garden. It is such an appreciation of the many aspects of life that has resulted in the determined lively being—Irma Staelens.

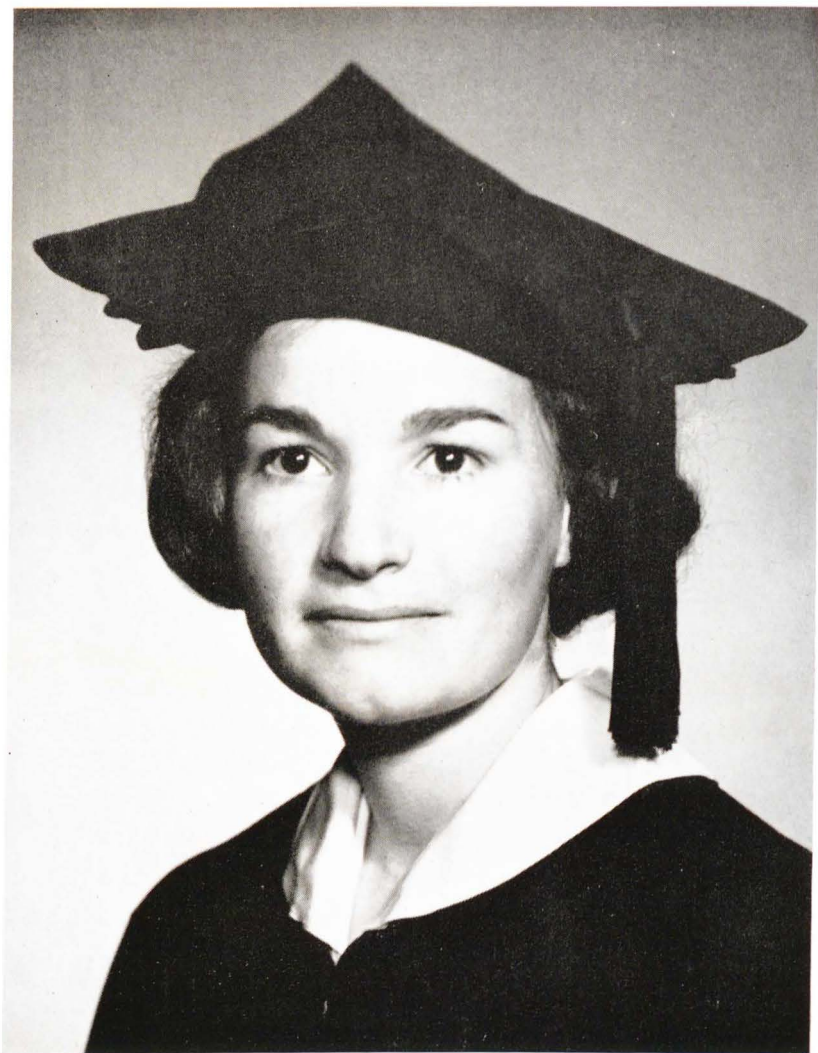


IRMA MARIE STAELENS

San Rafael, California

MAJOR: SOCIOLOGY

Transferred from St. Lawrence School of Nursing,
Lansing, Michigan



KATHLEEN STEPHENS

Stockton, California

MAJOR: AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

CONCENTRATION: EDUCATION

Carillon '64

Social Committee '63, '65

Irish Club '64, '65

Italian Club '64, '65

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

KATHLEEN STEPHENS

KATHY is not readily exhausted. She has been called an animated extrovert, but more probably her active involvement in the group springs from her sincere interest in, and need for, people. No solitary, Kathy likes to react and to be reacted to; if she grows enthusiastic over a Frank Lloyd Wright building, or over Rae Bradbury and his Martian journeys, she wants you to be carried along. Should you lag behind her high-speed, high-pitched converse, she pauses momentarily to say, "C'mon; don't you really think so?" But Kathy seldom pauses.

She prefers dining out to nylons, dining card, and Caleruega. Not because she's lazy, but simply because she likes to be on the go. Besides, if she could, Kathy would have french fries, a hamburger, and coke for every meal. Her tastes are not all so simple. She has, for instance, a special interest in yachts and Fabian. Sports in general interest her. She herself is all energy and dash; always rushing, she may be off to Tiburon, a party in the city, or to see her favorite star in the latest movie.

Yet, Kathy is not without her more pensive moments. She contemplates life very seriously, if not always deeply; finds certain of life's happenings shocking; and, though an idealist of sorts, resents being called one. Through all, she remains totally unaffected and vivacious.

CAROLYN SULLIVAN

BEAMING EYES and a smile of simple earnestness betray Carolyn's eagerness to greet the challenge of new projects—class assignments, a citizen's protest, or just a coffee break. Even the red dresses she frequently wears reveal her dynamic spirit. From the moment her Chevy halts in front of Guzman until the return to San Francisco after classes, Carolyn Sullivan electrifies the campus with her controlled energy.

Almost-ceaseless-talking is an expression of this vitality. Her chatter ranges from incidental to philosophical meanderings. It is positive expression of her love for people. What others think and do fascinates her; and this in itself underlines her most outstanding quality, her ability to identify with others. Perhaps this explains why others turn to her with confidence, aware of her sincere concern for their problems.

Her energetic adherence to ideals often involves her in heated arguments. She cannot tolerate pragmatism, casuistry, or hypocrisy. Yet, she can see many facets to a question and thus finds it hard to make a commitment.

Carolyn is neither pedantically serious nor superficial. Her vigor is qualified by feminine reserve. Studies aimed towards an English credential have a significant role in her plans; but she enjoys the other side of life, whether as life of a party or the second for a tête-à-tête over coffee.



CAROLYN ANNE SULLIVAN

San Francisco, California

MAJOR: ENGLISH

MINOR: HISTORY

Gamma Sigma
Firebrand Staff '64, '65

Confraternity of Christian Doctrine '62, '63, '64
Irish Club '64



MARY DIANE TROBITZ

Arcata, California

MAJOR: SPEECH and DRAMA

MINOR: ENGLISH

Choral '62, '63, '65
Madrigal '65
Schola '62, '64

Troupers '64, '65
President '65

MARY TROBITZ

ONE GIRL who remains constantly on the proverbial treadmill is Mary Trobitz. Ever concerned with paucity of time, she finds it difficult to accept the almost inevitable compromise necessitated by active Troupers' participation, studies, and a diversified social life. Her fear—and not infrequent predicament—happens to be an overdose of dates for one evening. Amusingly such a phenomena mirrors Mary's tendency toward planning too much for too little.

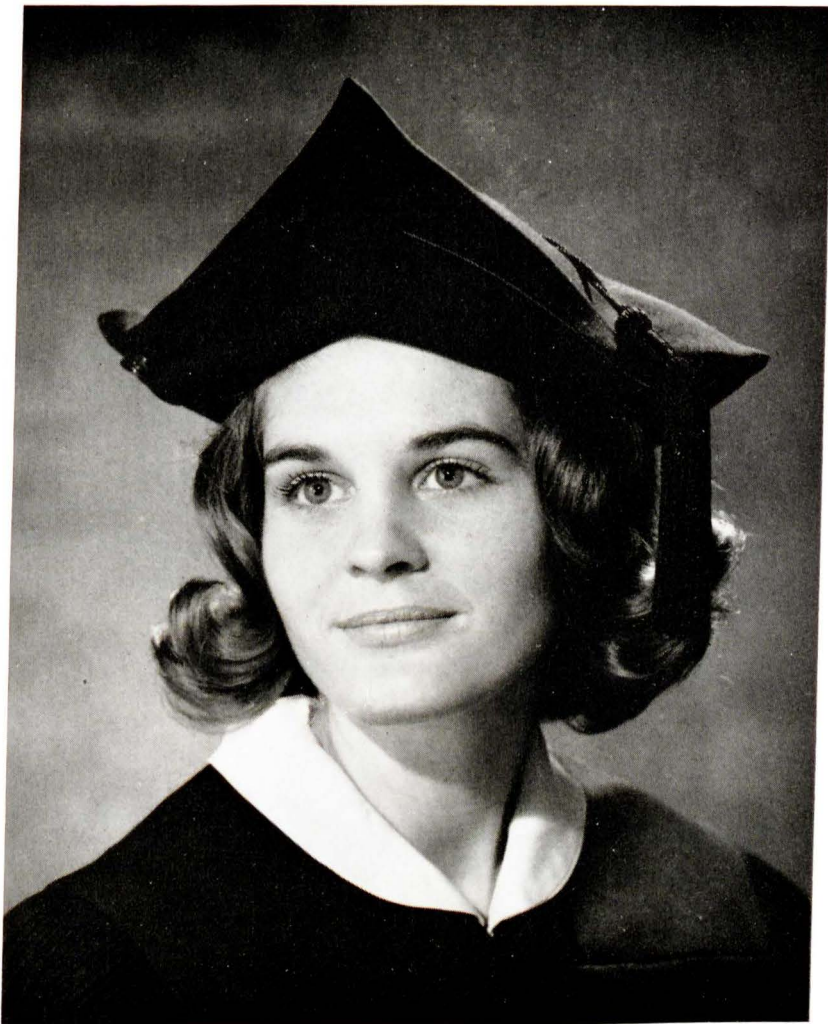
Behind Mary's lack of time lies her more than evident dedication to any project, dramatic or otherwise, that she deems worthwhile. An extension of her involvement in drama is her aloof and dignified manner. In moments of heightened pleasure or near despair, she speaks with airy restraint. Her pessimism is expressed in the sigh, "Nothing is ever going to work out." Only sarcasm, when it interposes, is likely to be too severely self-directed. Mary can be quiet, thoughtful, sometimes moody; more often her bright and sunny smile foretell her favorite exclamation, "You will never believe what happened to me!" Invariably, she is right.

Mary's sophisticated demeanor is complemented by the blush of her healthy, rosy complexion. She may be an avid San Francisco theatre-goer, but she intimates that a primary interest stems from her love of nature and animals—she raises sheep.

CHARLOTTE WILSON

CHARLOTTE is one girl whose cynicism is as superficial as it is convincing. Her sense of humor may flash across the scene, but ultimately is best illustrated in her approach to herself which is at once amused, healthy, and perceptive. She is urbane. She can, with a twist of the mind, turn what might have been embarrassment to laughter. If not most memorable at least unique were her experiences chaperoning freshmen, patrolling parking lots, and losing her chief racing turtle in the halls of Pennafort. An accomplished mimic, she could raise havoc while on switchboard duty or with less chaos and high amusement do pantomimes in the smoker.

Charlotte's life at Dominican has run a cycle of sorts beginning as a transfer student, progressing to a boarder, and culminating as a married "day-hop." Intelligent, interested, and thoughtful, she does "nice things for nice people." Her energetic and abstract pattern of action is typified by telephone fights between midnight and one, by her direct indirect moves in a chess game, and by her gay shouts of "pure ugly" across the Caleruega terrace at breakfast time. But, perhaps, we shall best remember Charlotte sitting in the slightly British Edgehill kitchen, drinking tea on a misty day, inadvertently looking just right with shimmering auburn locks and textured hostess gown.



CHARLOTTE McMANUS WILSON

Los Altos, California

MAJOR: HISTORY

MINOR: ENGLISH

Transferred from Foothill College '62

Choral '62

I.R.C. '63

Madrigal '62, '64

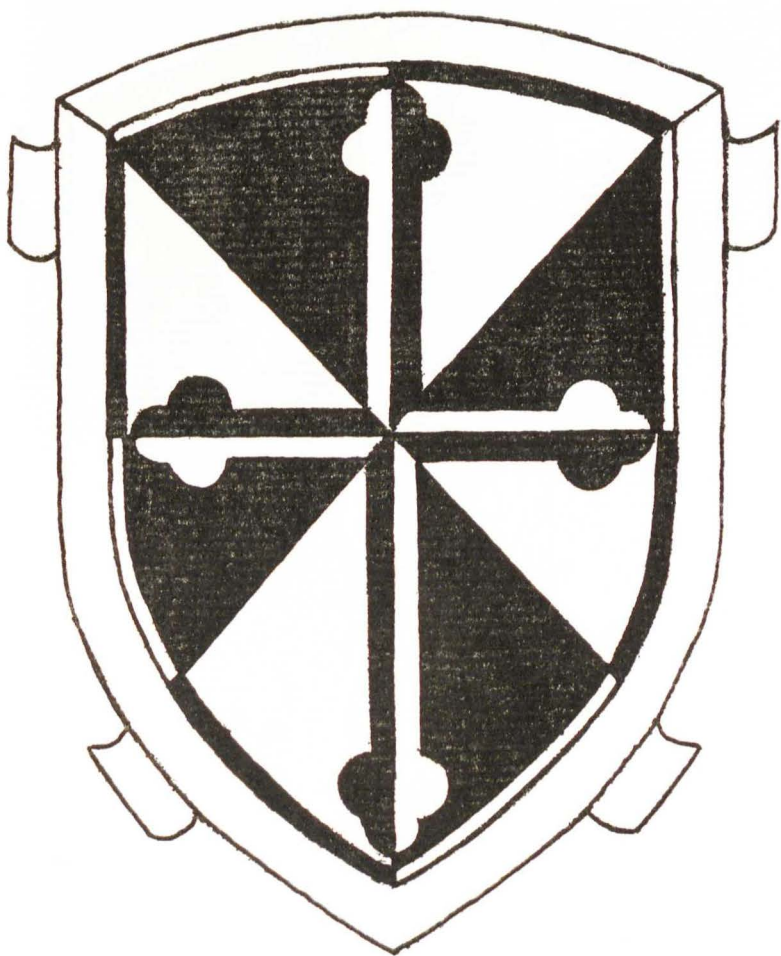
S.C.T.A. '64

Schola '64



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<i>Treasurer</i>	Carolyn Wadleigh
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Veritas



Verité, Amour et Dieu



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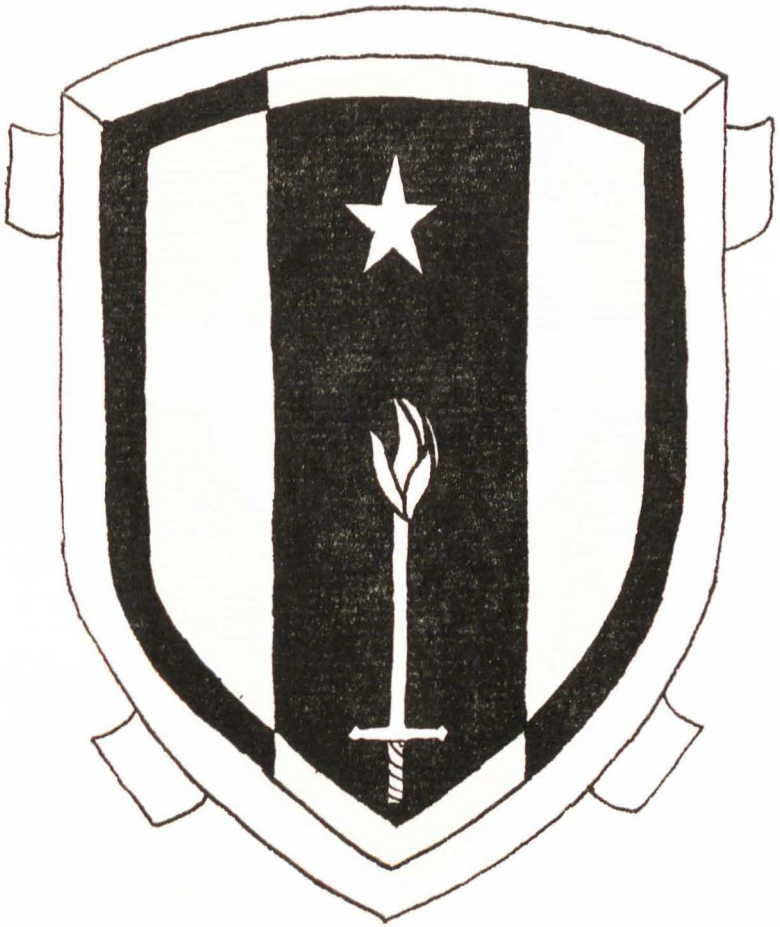
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Sapientia et Veritas



Non Videri, Sed Esse



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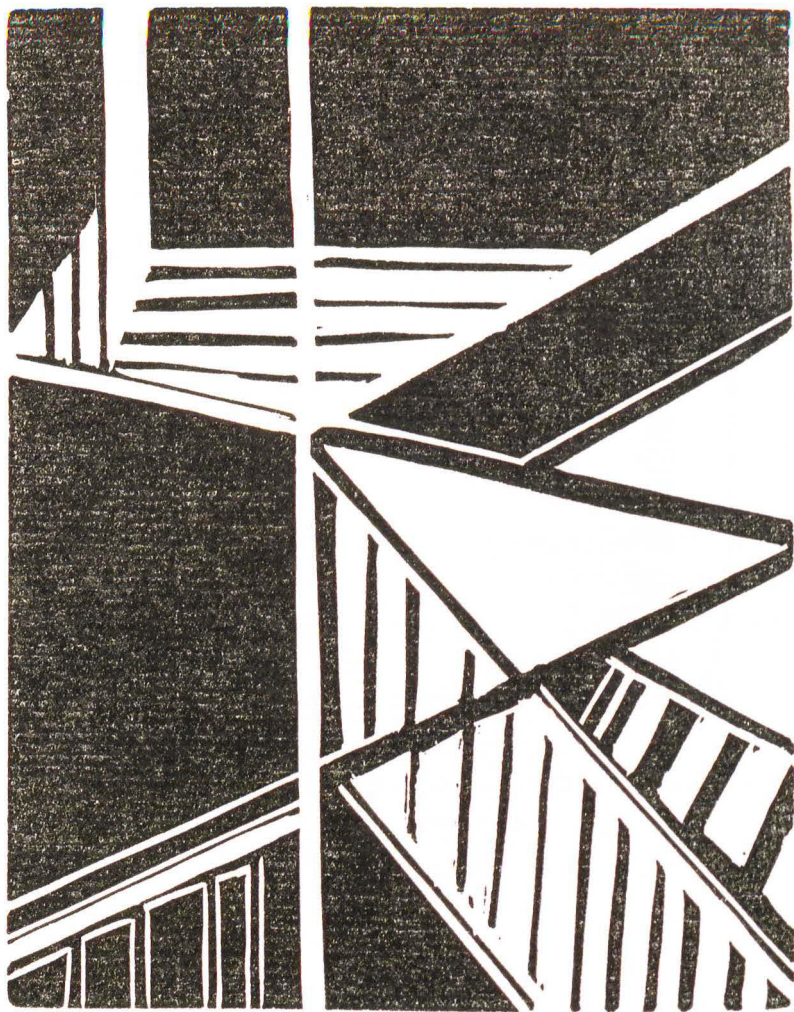


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Cum Veritate Sit Virtus



SPACE-TIME CONTINUUM

THE TIME is three o'clock. Or eight-fifteen. Or eleven. Or one-ten. Any one of these campus cipher-numbers has an unseen dimension of significance: psych., or lit., or poly. sci. More ciphers, each with a particular meaning for every individual. To the uninitiated, the monosyllables and bisyllables indicate vast areas of abstruse knowledge, where perhaps a few disembodied concepts, gleaned from, possibly, the passage on Freud in the sophomore-Humanities-history text, glide eerily in an uninformed mystery. To the unenthused student who takes the course because "it's required," the ciphers may indicate little more than two or three hours per week of tasteless note-taking. To the one who has given herself to the field, the ciphers may mean a cornerstone for a world-view, a gateway to the intellectual freedom that comes with understanding.

The place is the hallway before the Guzman Lecture Room. Or the Grove. Or the path through the Shakespeare garden. The intangible power of the time has busied the areas with a throng of people moving in a material chaos ordered by an equally intangible purpose. Coming and going, arriving, passing, and leaving, passers-by think and speak in snatches: the effect is that of a day of sun and scudding cloud, of wind, passing showers and sudden calm; a day that cannot make up its mind. "So *that's*

what the poem means! I missed the whole point of the irony” . . . “No, no, no, you have it all backwards: rhetoric is the organizing principle, not reason” . . . “So in my next letter I told him he could just have his ring back” . . . “Can you see it? Standing there and begging for food for the starving people in Southeast Asia in front of sixty obese women all waiting for their petits-fours” . . . “I wish I could say I agree; but even if he is right I don’t see what meaning it all has now”

The chaos is visible and verbal, while the purpose is intangible. What is this purpose? Probably it is a quest unnoticed but fundamental, which has ever impelled human effort: to find a unity, a fixed point from which to view the real universe. The quest may end in a different realization of truth beneath an outward sign for each individual. The realization may come to light in an intellectual commitment, in another person, in service, in humanity.

But the point of certitude is elusive in an age of speed when the pace of thought seems far to outstrip the lucid intellectual meandering of a twentieth-century Montaigne scribbling peacefully in a library in the tower of a chateau. “Stability” is a word which acquires new meaning as grammarians assert that change is the nature of language and as creation’s most “stable” organization, the Roman Catholic Church, itself recognizes the need to evolve in adaptation to a changing society.

A ceaselessly revolving space-time framework, wherein the routine, the spontaneous and the timeless converge in ever-shifting relationships, is the setting for decipherment of abbreviated symbols of truth, love, and good. If it can be said at all that the modern student has a general challenge in addition to the particular challenges of her field, it is to distinguish an apparent material and psychological chaos from the ultimately ordered complexity of reality.

Each succeeding age seems to perceive clearly a particular aspect of reality. The Egyptians built for incorruptible grandeur. The Greeks built and wrote with ideas of order, pattern, system. The Middle Ages perceived allegory and symbol. The Enlightenment saw the operation of natural law in the physical universe. To our age is given to see the fused complexity of all these aspects.

When we cannot see how all the aspects converge, when we cannot conceive of a twentieth-century Harmony of Spheres or Great Chain of Being, it is for us not to accuse the universe of unreason but to proceed questioning in the light of our understanding.

ROBIN HATCHER '66





CAMPUS CHARACTERS



THE DRAMA STUDENT

CRINGING at the sight of electricians and footlights, the drama student makes each day a theatrical experience. She is an authority on “inner meaning” and makeup, on tragedy and costume jewelry. Kicking stones down a path, enjoying her own lofty thoughts, she is seen carrying a copy of *Variety* under her arm. Always talking about THE STAGE and enunciation, she is able to project her voice across an apple orchard or to speak in a Jane Mansfield falsetto. She picks up expressions as easily as she picks up lint on her black jersey blouse. Wearing clothes that say “I’m too dedicated to the business to care!” she starts many conversations with such phrases as “Well, in the industry . . .” or “Craig and Appia would have insisted on . . .” and illustrates her comments with nonsensical utterings such as heba, shabi-dah, and shizam. She can be counted on for an “inspirational” comment, occasion permitting, such as likening the lunch line to the *danse macabre*, or Joe the handyman to Ibsen’s *Masterbuilder*. Following every fad, she wears pointy Italian shoes and Joan of

Arc coiffure. She is seen in the first row of The Actor's Workshop and the last of the History lecture hall. Placing non-theatre goers with the "bad seed by the wayside," she is quick to recognize talent in others, quick to encourage them to follow her career. Her aim is to be insulted in Hedda's column and her goal is to be a combination Theda Bara and Helen Hayes. She belongs to the theatre of the absurd.

MARGARET RUDOLPH '66

αβγδε

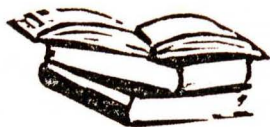
THE GREEK STUDENT

IS A STUDENT. She nourishes an abiding passion for all things classical and an inordinately snobbish desire to wander in the exclusive purlieus of those who speak Greek. She uses her esoteric knowledge to great advantage: to translate enigmatic fraternity names, and to heighten by her classical quotations the tone of the cocktail party. In fact, there is never an occasion when the Greek student cannot throw in a few apropos Greek words or make "the retort classical." She is a highly competitive student and interlards her conversation with frequent mention of "my Greek class" and "my Greek professor." She

lacks subtlety, and perhaps creativity. If she were allowed to arrive at her own original translations, the translations would, indeed, be original but also meaningless. To provide for her lack of creative talent, she is exceptionally proficient in uncovering ponies. This is not, however, a completely devious act for it is not uncommon for her to walk into class bearing as many as five or six of these monumental blessings to share with her classmates. A master of over-statement outside of class, she becomes a master of understatement inside class. In a situation of heightened drama such as the death of Socrates, she manages somehow to transcribe the climax into an English statement having about as much expression as that of a dead cat. Medea's moaning lamentation translates as a casual, "Oh me, oh, my." Not able to resist a pun, she has been known to translate even so lovely a Homeric simile as that describing the corn bending under the weight of the harvest as "Bend me your ears." Yet in reading the *Anabasis*, her joy emitted at the long awaited sight of the sea could hardly exceed that of Xenophon.

The Greek student is no exemplar of the Golden Mean; she admires Apollo, but feels more comfortable in the presence of Hermes, or Dionysus.

CAROL HETHERTON '66



THE ENGLISH MAJOR

QLASSIFIES herself as a self-made martyr, ever wary and weary. Her eyes are red from reading; her cheeks, hollow from lack of sleep. She is frustrated by the endless volumes she must read to complete each course, exhausted from toting the inevitable large tomes. No one else must study as she. No one else could bear the strain of her impossible burden. She wonders why the mortality rate among English majors is so low.

She soon becomes a dud to her once interested friends. She opens her mouth to speak and does not shut it again until all within hearing have been visibly confused by her choice of vocabulary, her analogies, and her insights. No longer can she discuss the current novel or poetry sensibly and joyously with her friends. Her eye is always peeled for allegory, allusion, ambiguity, attitude, irony, understatement, metaphor, point of view, symbolism, tone, etc. Enough that she cannot talk sensibly about books; but worse, she practices aloud her archaic English. With great pride she will bore her companions with the strange and meaningless sounds of Chaucer's Pro-

logue. Moreover, she is willing to enhance any conversational group with some charming idiom, or piece of pure metaphysical wit which she has just picked up out of her morning's reading.

She is ever moaning. She is frustrated with endless papers that must be executed with insight, charm, clarity, originality and literary skill—the final draft of which must be a work of art. “How can she,” she cries, “be another Jonson or Eliot?” She can't.

She is quick to assure all who will listen that her book bill is the highest, her books the most expensive, which must prove something. To her friends and auditors, it proves her books are thicker than theirs; to her, it proves that she has far more studying to do than her fellow collegians who have chosen a “cinch” major.

After commencement, she will rush out to the fields of employment stretching before her. There are many stimulating possibilities. She can either in her “spare moments,” write *The American* novel while resting in her thatched-roof cottage amidst the Connecticut countryside or proceed to secretarial school in order to find her niche in the work-a-day world.

PATRICIA TUCHLER '66

PENNIE HUTCHISON '65



THE PSYCHOLOGY MINOR

IT IS THE *nom de guerre* for the self-appointed nomenclator of the contemporary scene. Like her ancestor Eve she stands erect in the jungle (clad in a Freudian slip), bestowing strange, wonderful and unintelligible names upon the passing menagerie—some of who are suspected of being Human. With the skill of an apothecary she files all of her mortal specimens in the spice cabinet of her birch brain, where they acquire the appropriate amount of mold and flavor, and from which they are delicately removed and served at the next cocktail party. Oh, what fun it is to have Freud in the fondue. With frantic dedication she analyzes her uncherished subjects staggering by on the conveyor belt of life; and after each consistently brilliant analysis she predicts a standardized and approved behavior pattern which is more infallible than the average fortune cookie. Happening upon an occasional irregular specimen, she stealthily draws her gleaming, double-edged scalpel and with one fell swoop efficiently eliminates such abnormal, extraneous matter as that pertaining to the aesthetic or spiritual. This nominative jung woman is the most impressive of the unimpressible; she is unintrigued by all, excepting herself. She can see

eye to eye with the most historical figure and with the aid of her magical scalpel can mirror her ego, lopping off the phenomenal and illusionary. Voila: the mystery of life explained in a nut shell . . . by its former tenant.

IRENE HOGAN '66



THE MUSIC MAJOR

IS A GIRL with a past. She intimates intimate acquaintance with Beethoven and Bach, cannot wait to have her next tête-à-tête. The word “abroad” is breathed with reverence and ecstasy: it is the only place to study. But stateside instructors, prices and names, are unfailingly her status symbol. GA’s are her delight. If only she could inflict more upon the unversed mass! Wednesday night concerts in the city are a must. Yet still companions must pay for their one night of freedom: she expostulates at length for days afterward. She is the last to recognize an opera excerpt, but even this does not deflate her.

She lives in a world of her own; she hears voices. She is apt to interrupt the dinner conversation by tapping two against three rhythms simultaneously with fingers and feet; or suddenly she exclaims, “What is that tune? Is it not the fourth movement of Beethoven’s ninth?” And she must answer her own

question because no one hears a note. She is frustrated by unresolved dominant sevenths. Indeed, she seems to be suffering from several neuroses. It is not unusual, within the confines of the music library, to see her galloping about the room, imitating the pace of hunting horses—the easier, she claims, to remember the “Autumn” movement from Vivaldi’s *Seasons*. Her memory—if not her intellect—is weak.

A cold is catastrophic! The possible effect upon her voice becomes the cause of trauma. A hypochondriac, she takes every unnecessary precaution. Smoking, of course, is out of the question; her long breaths must be controlled. Always diaphragm conscious, she instructs her fellow students on “helpful” exercises—to her, but never to them. Hours are spent planning a meticulous diet, particularly before each program. She must think everyone wants to hear her voice—she is so free with it. Singing in the shower or at study, she remains oblivious to the distress it causes preoccupied companions.

A dilettante of sorts, she writes a fugue in only an hour. Naturally she thinks she is a composer with creative genius. A music historian surpassed only by Donald J. Grout, she spouts dates, composers, titles, and forms—but only on the day of an examination. She is a virtuoso accomplished in at least two instruments. Rarely, however, does she publicly play her second. In fact, rarely does she perform at all, her excuse being, “I’m just not quite ready yet.”

Finally, forced by her department head, she agrees to face an audience, but promptly suffers laryngitis, frozen fingers, etc. The hour comes; she creeps nervously on stage (after frenzied complaints to long-suffering friends). To the delight and relief of all, she makes it through her number. If the delight is even slightly over-manifested in applause, the music major emerges with a new neurosis—a superiority complex. She yearns now to express and share the music within her—until next asked to perform.

ROSALIND FORREST '66

CECILIA HEINZ '65

P. H.





A LINK

But I too want to be inside the ring
Around the moon, tinted with something
Leftover from the vanished sun, a mist
Of white light circular; blackness kissed
By moonbeams, night dissolved to pale
Illumination. Crickets hail
The mellow stillness, midnight gently warmed
By glowing love the ring has formed.

But I too want to be inside the ring
Around the moon; for branches bring
Their spindled winter shoots into the arc
Crimson, budding knobules black and stark
Against a shadowless terrain.
And singing rivulets are but the pane
Of light plucking darkness through the bars
Of heaven—water catching stars.

But I too want to be inside the ring
Around the moon; and I shall sing
Out of my loneliness for the moon
To understand, to send some golden boon
And place the circle in my hands.

Yet, chalice wind understands,
Touching branches, then my face, and hair,
Curling around the moon to leave us there.

EDITH PENNOYER LIVERMORE '67

THE PROLOGUE
TO THE
COUNTER BARRY TALES

THE GLOOMY FOG shivered and wrapped itself tighter around the City by the Golden Gate. The neon-lighted Barbary Coast of night clubs and after-hours coffee houses slowly slipped into the background of the mid-morning shadow to reveal the leisurely area of the antique shops and outdoor cafes of North Beach. The streets and walkways were more congested than normal, due to the arrival of hordes of religious pilgrims who had gathered in the City for the great national religious solemnity known as the Republican Convention. The ceremony, which is normally celebrated every fourth year, had drawn vast numbers of unusual personages from scattered localities for the purpose of ordaining a high priest—a singular honor bestowed only upon men of the highest dignity.

Interesting creatures, indeed, they were. In my capacity as a journalist, I had come to an appreciable familiarity with their rites; but I was fascinated nonetheless.

Returning from a briefing session for newshounds, I resolved to enjoy a few brief moments of peace before the ceremonials began; and so, I casually dropped in at the Defunct Elephant, a local cocktail lounge which constitutes my “hangout” and chief in-

telligence center. My curiosity was immediately drawn to the company of several distinguished looking gentlemen, who seemed to be having a grand old party. Attempting to appear inconspicuous, I slipped up to a near-by table, close enough to hear their conversation; there I settled down with a tall glass of my favorite tranquilizer and proceeded to observe them more carefully.

The first personage I took note of was a robust-looking, middle-aged man, well dressed—called “Battling Nelson” by his fellows. He had been travelling on a rather Rocky road recently, and evidently was still quite shaken up; I noticed that he was overcome by exhaustion, and had little to say. He seemed, nevertheless, an honest man, who had worked his way from the proverbial “rags to riches”; he appeared to me a sound choice for the position of potentate—if for no other reason, at least on the basis of his concern for the moral standards of his people. In between sips of sacramental beverage, he perused an article in the *Ladies Home Journal* dealing with the evils of divorce. The article caused him a good deal of grief; but after a series of moans, he made a remark to the effect that he was withal Happy, despite his difficulties.

Seated next to him was a man whom I recognized instantly as “Tricky Dick,” of late importance. He was decked out in red, white, and blue (the colors are obviously significant) with stars pinned to his

lapels, and a tall, striped top-hat. From his pontifical dress and his demeanor, I concluded that he was the presiding cantor for the meeting. He chanted a swan-song, followed by variations on "Go Away Closer" and "Maybe Next Time I'll Run" — two of the main religious hymns sung at these extraordinary rites. Seated on his lap was a beautiful spaniel, name of "Checkers," which I presumed to be the sacrificial offering for the ceremonies of the afternoon.

"Tricky Dick" was joined to the gentleman next to him by a long chain, from which was suspended a medal bearing the inscription "NIXON + LODGE = VICTORY" which was, supposedly, a statement of religious dogma. This man Lodge was extremely aloof, sitting about four feet away from the table on an impossibly high stool. He was dressed in a quiet gray and white pin-striped suit with a quiet gray and white pin-striped shirt, and had quiet gray and white pin-striped hair. He was very relaxed, but seemed rather taciturn. From what the conversation afforded, I understood that he and his family had recently conversed with God; and it struck me as fitting that so consecrated a man should remain slightly above and apart from those who were not so highly blessed. From time to time he shook hands with himself, as if he were congratulating himself for his excellence. He also, with his dignity and graceful bearing, seemed fitted for the position of pontifex maximus.

The gentleman next to him was a certain William of Philadelphia. William was in great distress, I would think; his clothes were entirely soaked from his recent vigorous swim in the Main Stream. It seemed as though he was of dual personality—at times very open and accepting; at others, rejecting and cold. His hat (a hat is of great religious significance to these people) presented a problem, in that he did not know what was the best way to dispose of it—eat it, talk through it, toss it in the ring, or pull it down over his ears. He tried them all several times. Poor William!

The gentleman at the far right of the table was dressed in clothes so conservative that he appeared not to be dressed at all. He wore dark, imposing, thick-rimmed glasses, and flashed a winning smile which showed off his fine set of teeth to the best advantage. He seemed to enjoy the fact that he was shattering the nerves of all present by teetering his chair so far to the right that it nearly fell over—certainly a daring man, I thought! He wore a gunbelt slung low and was bragging loudly of his ability to shoot from the hip a ten-gallon hat or a Social Security Card at five hundred yards. He was sipping sparkling Gold Water, and was speaking so loudly that I could not hear what he was saying.

After a bit of congenial relaxation and conversation, I noticed that the atmosphere was shifting com-

pletely. Paying closer attention, I discovered that the moment had arrived to propitiate the diety and to beg that the lot of high priest fall to the most able man. First they invoked the Supreme Unity with a strangely dissonant hymn, in which they all chanted different songs at once. During the incantation, they all partook of a bottle of sacred liquid which was passed around. This completed, and the favor of the deity thus secured, I watched them as they proceeded to totter towards the door, through it, and out into the street—headed for the solemn rituals of the afternoon consecration.

AIDA CORDONO '67

WITHOUT YOU

The thought of you
is like, to me, the spreading of my wings
the chocolate fill, the nuts on top—the butter-
yellow things
and morning coffee—smells and sniffs—the puckered,
sticky kiss—I'll miss
when you are gone—and days rush on
without the joy of you.

SHIRLEY CLARK '68



A VOICE OF THE DESERT

*Deep in self-contemplation, the
lizard clings to the hot wall.
(Seed of the desert, scion of me,
you have seen all my afternoons with
burnt and strangely radiant eyes,
wherein images, like shadows,
pass.) It is the hour of leaving:
later, there will be time to
watch the stars.*

When summer came you parted, each and each, to your vacation cottages and desert dwellings. The sun's uncaged fire consumed the land; fingers swelled until the wearing of rings was forgotten; pavement ruptured and bled of tar. On the asphalt horizon the cars, needles of hot light, advanced and withdrew, while the city buses lumbered along the highway with their burden of steaming day-laborers.

In the burnt silence a page of newspaper was blown across the yard by the dry summer wind—a brief, rattling passage with an escort of dust. These were your days of stillness, everywhere with implications of human presence—a voice from the yard, a frosted half-glass of iced coffee in the kitchen—yet strangely missing in encounter: the voice had departed when you went to the porch with a book, and the iced coffee still waited when you had finished

lunch and rinsed the plates. Like the lizard of the muffled hot rock, you, desert dweller, became soundless and dreaming. (We, too, have warred and prayed for the end of it; we have taught our sons the songs we once sang, with wispy child voices, in the corridors built by our fathers; like you, we have passed the summer in reflection: all these things you remembered.)

In the afternoon the sun fell to the earth in shifting, translucent images of light and shadow and penumbra, the shadow's shadow; and it fell upon your eyes, which responded with a superior radiance. There passed strange and nebulous images: you considered what you have done (what we have together done from the beginning) and what you hope to do. In the cessation of motion and sound on a hot summer afternoon, in your dreams then of memory and desire, you were fulfilled in us, and we (who have left) in you.

But at dusk, three boys clad in shorts stooped upon the cooling pavement, dropping coins with a limpid ring and murmuring in treble voices. While you watched the stars, they kept tomorrow's vigil.

MARILYN MERRITT '66



PATRONS

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Dr. and Mrs. John J. Bonica
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur M. Bradley
Budd's Travel Agency
Mr. and Mrs. John J. Cassidy
Class of 1965
Class of 1966
Class of 1967
Class of 1968
Mr. and Mrs. John J. Cloherty
Corey's Restaurant
Cottage Book Shop
Sharon Cross
Dolan's Fabric Center
The Dominican College Alumnae Association
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