

1-1-1978

# The Redwood, v.74 1977-1978

Santa Clara University

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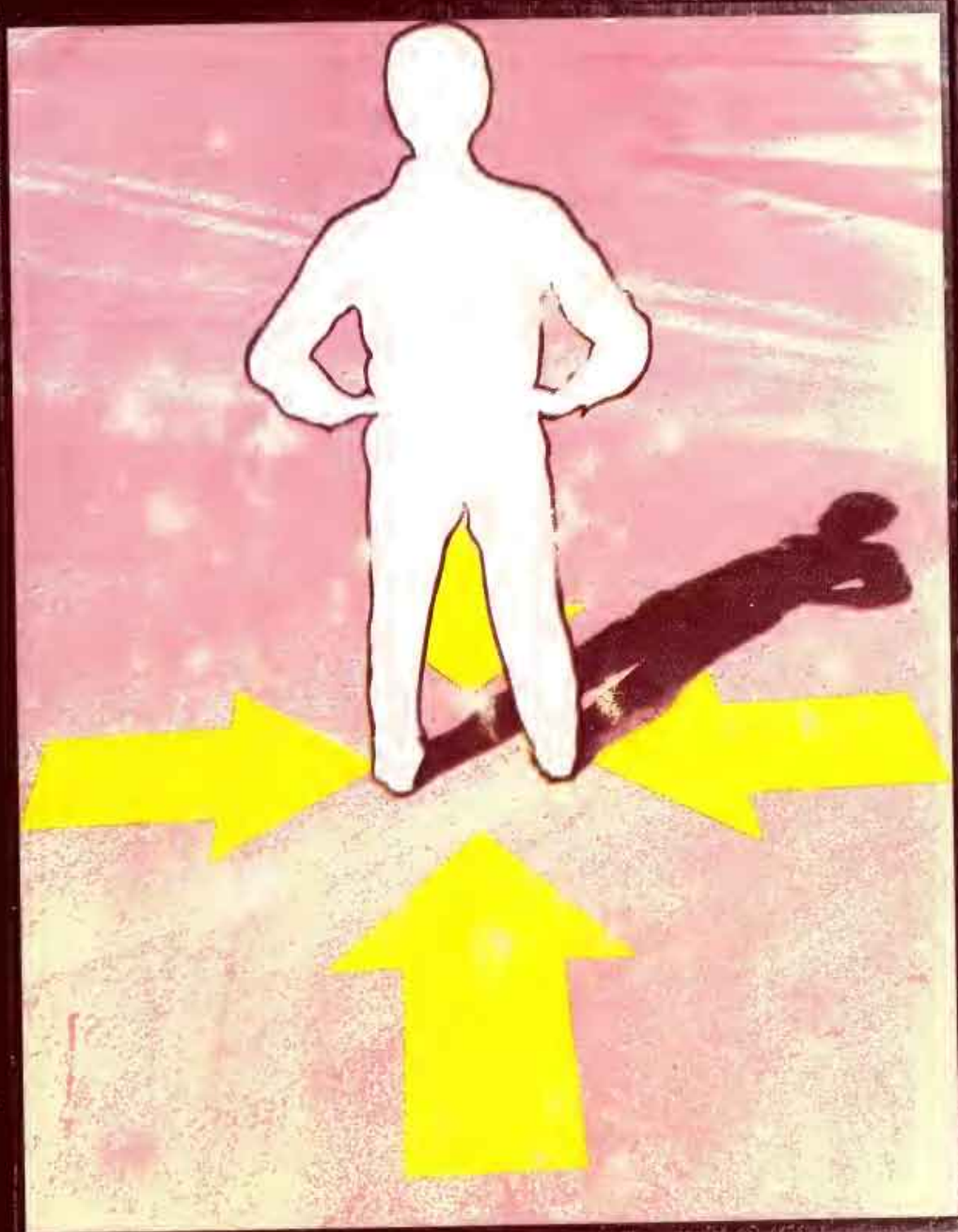
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Who Redwood '78





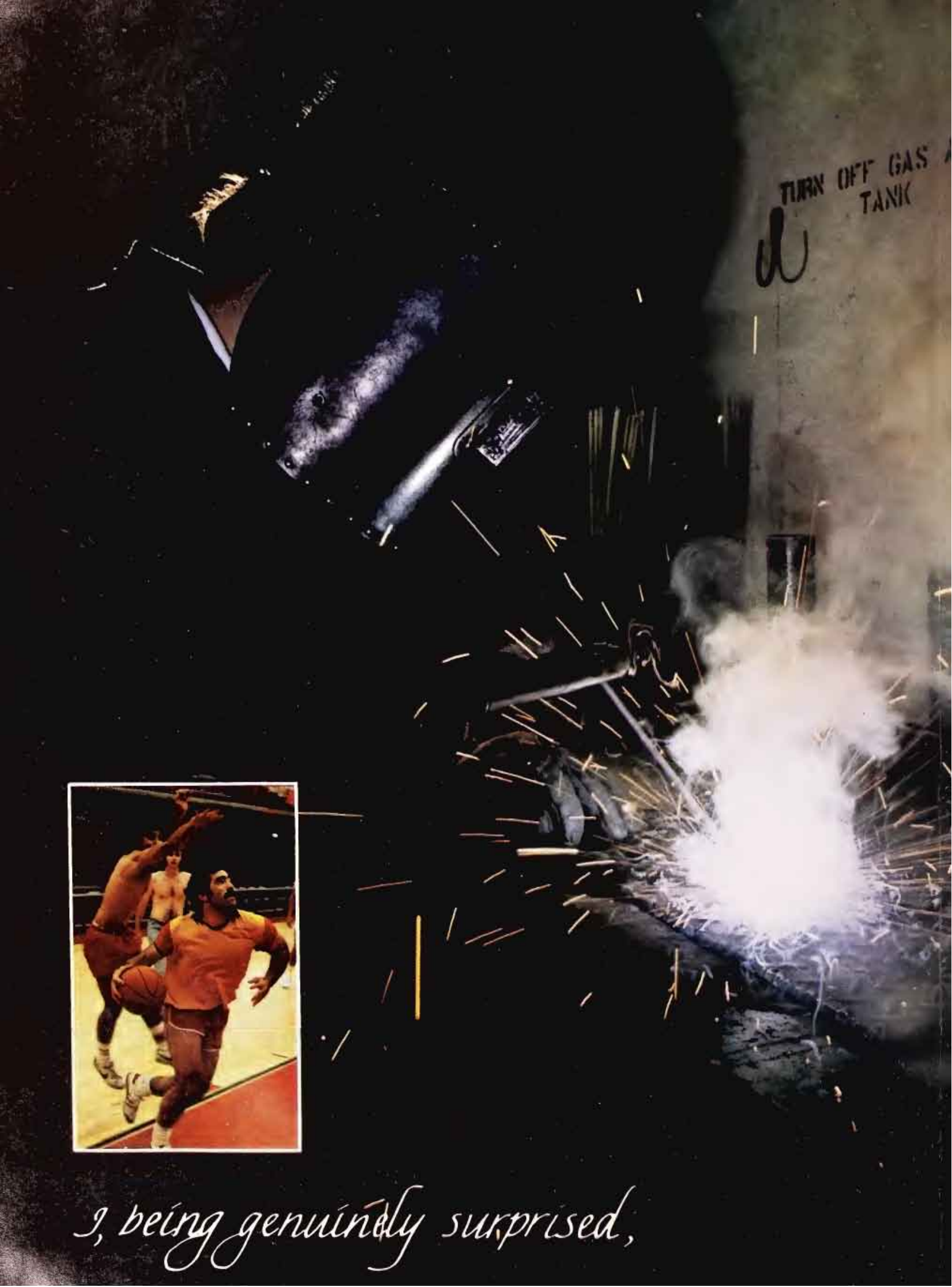


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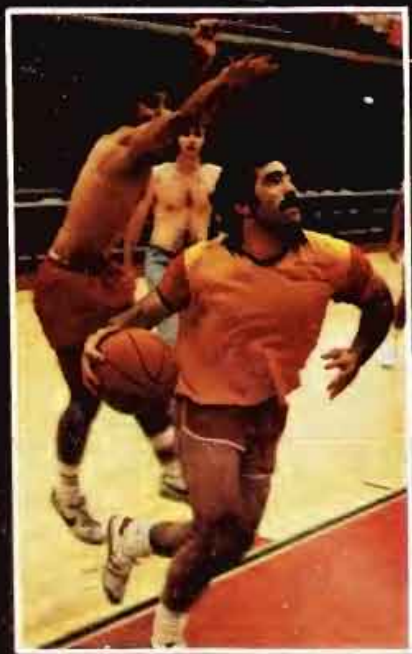
# The Birth





TURN OFF GAS  
TANK

d



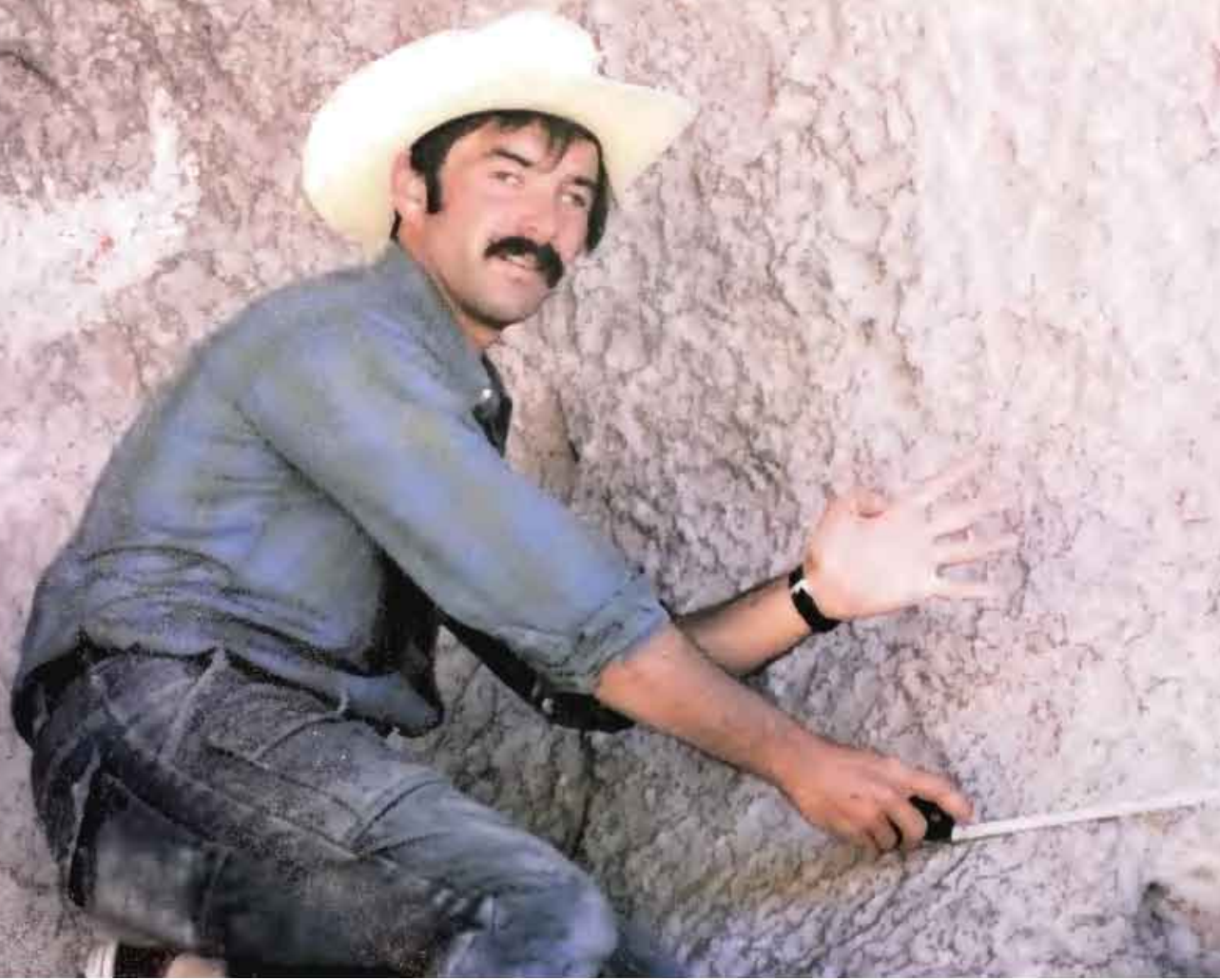
*I, being genuinely surprised,*

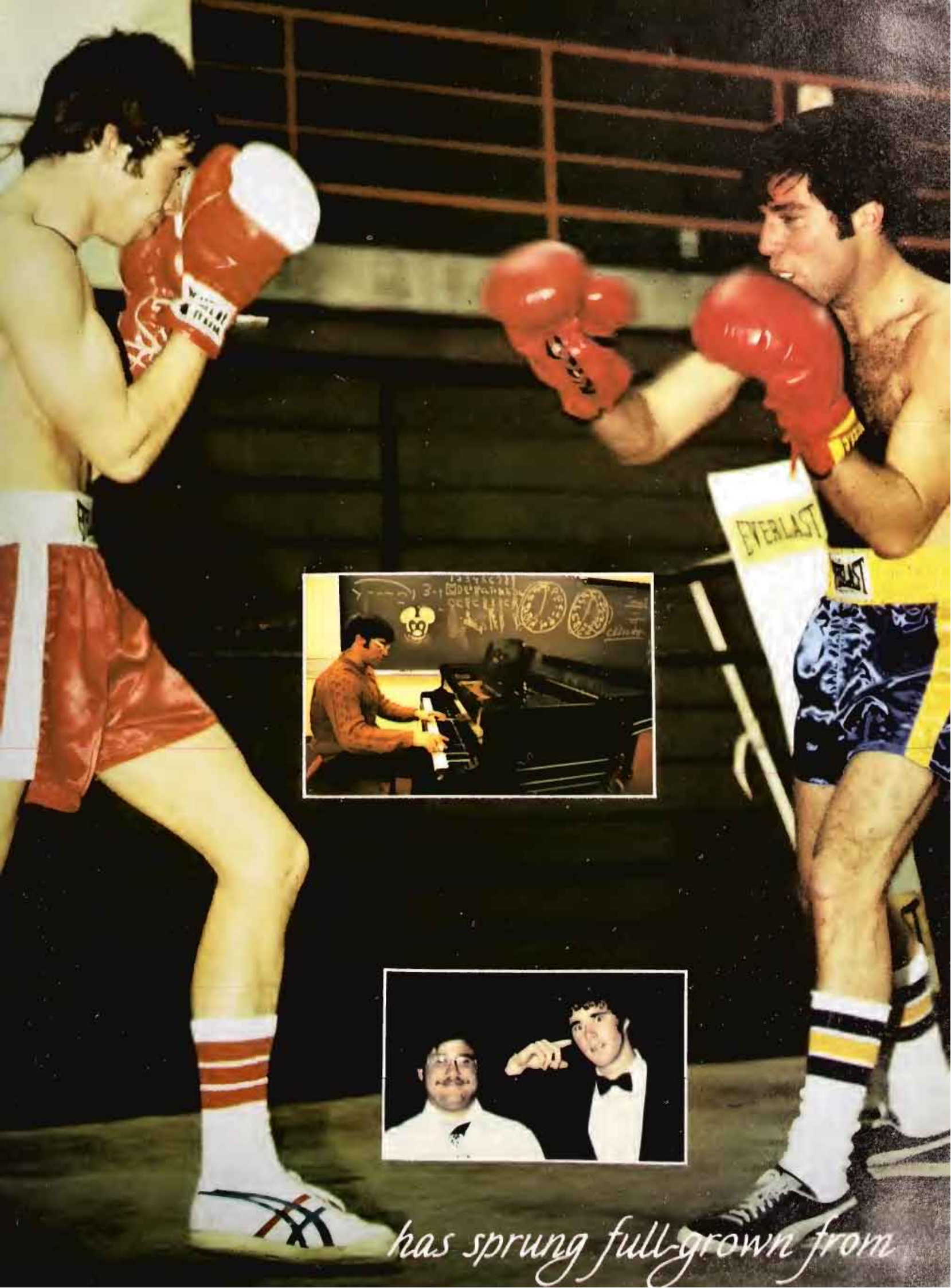
*pause to wonder at the self*





*who, as new to me as any child*





*has sprung full-grown from*

*some conception unrecalled*

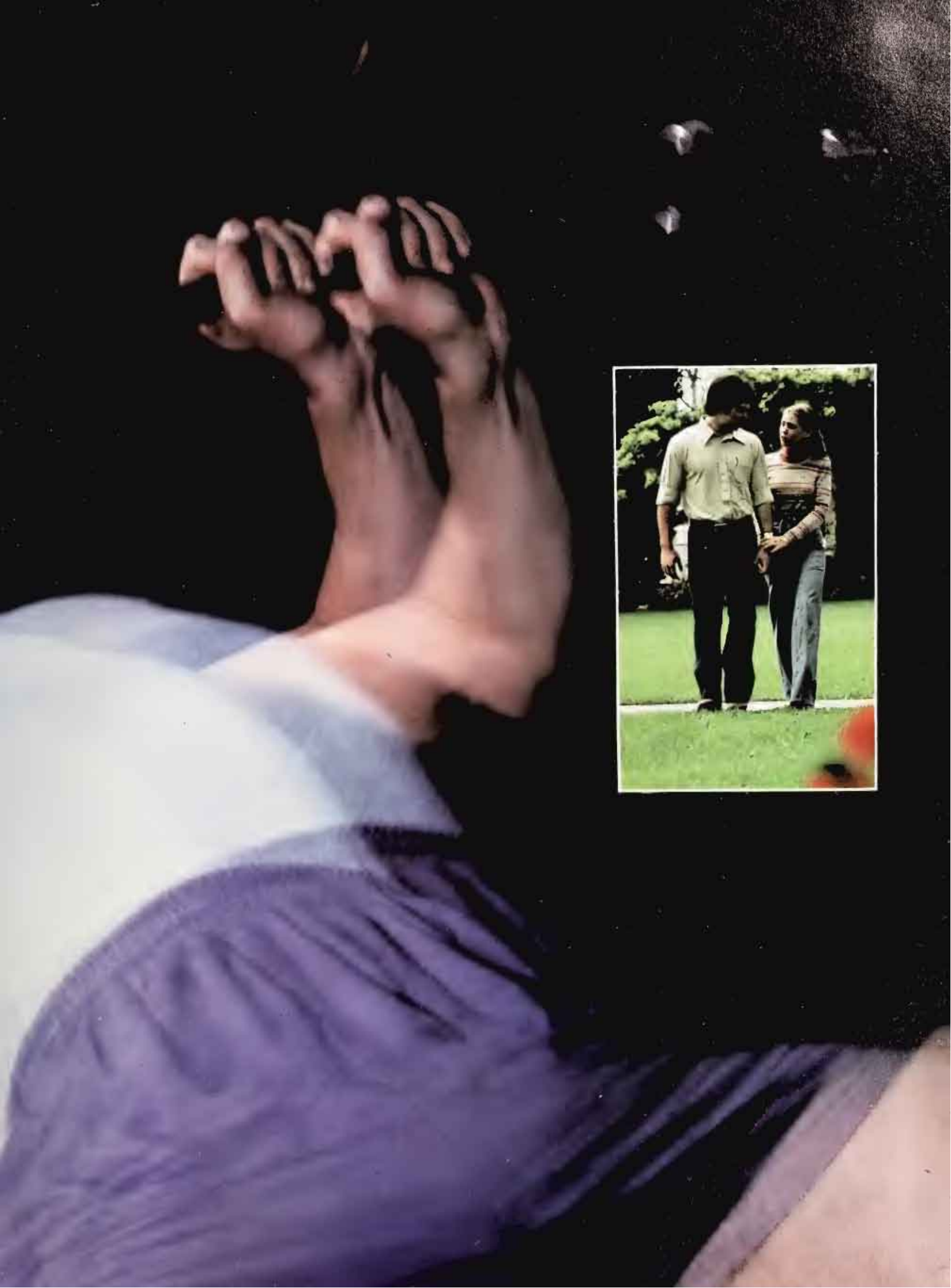


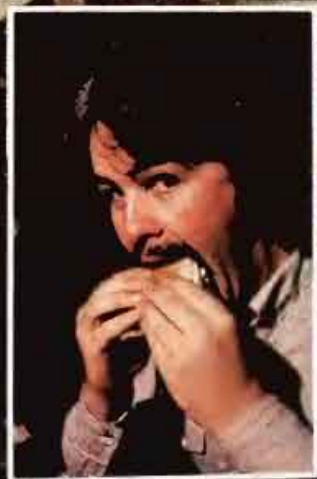
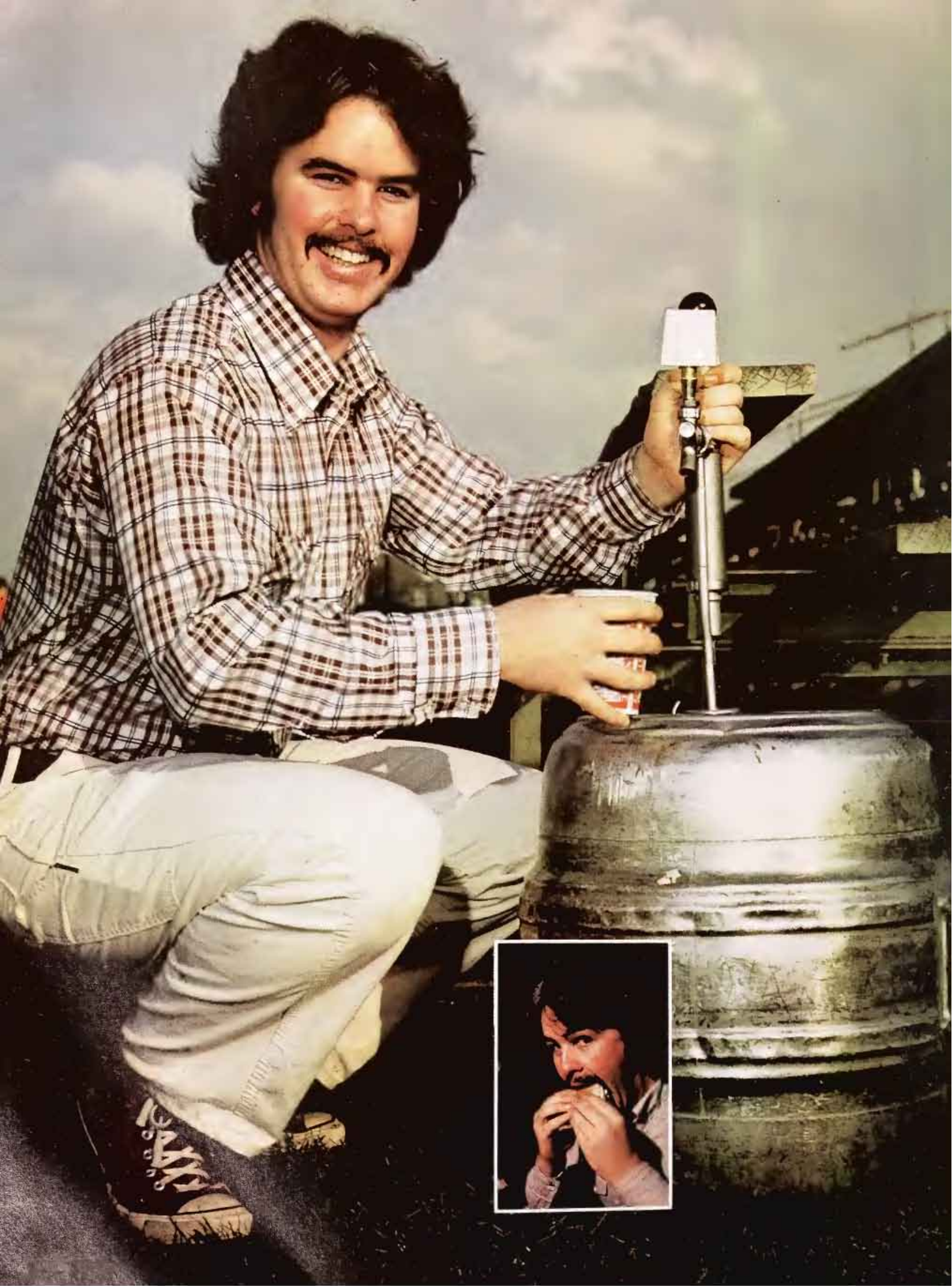


*and stumbles in clumsy assertion*



*of new found strength and I*







*more amazed than any*



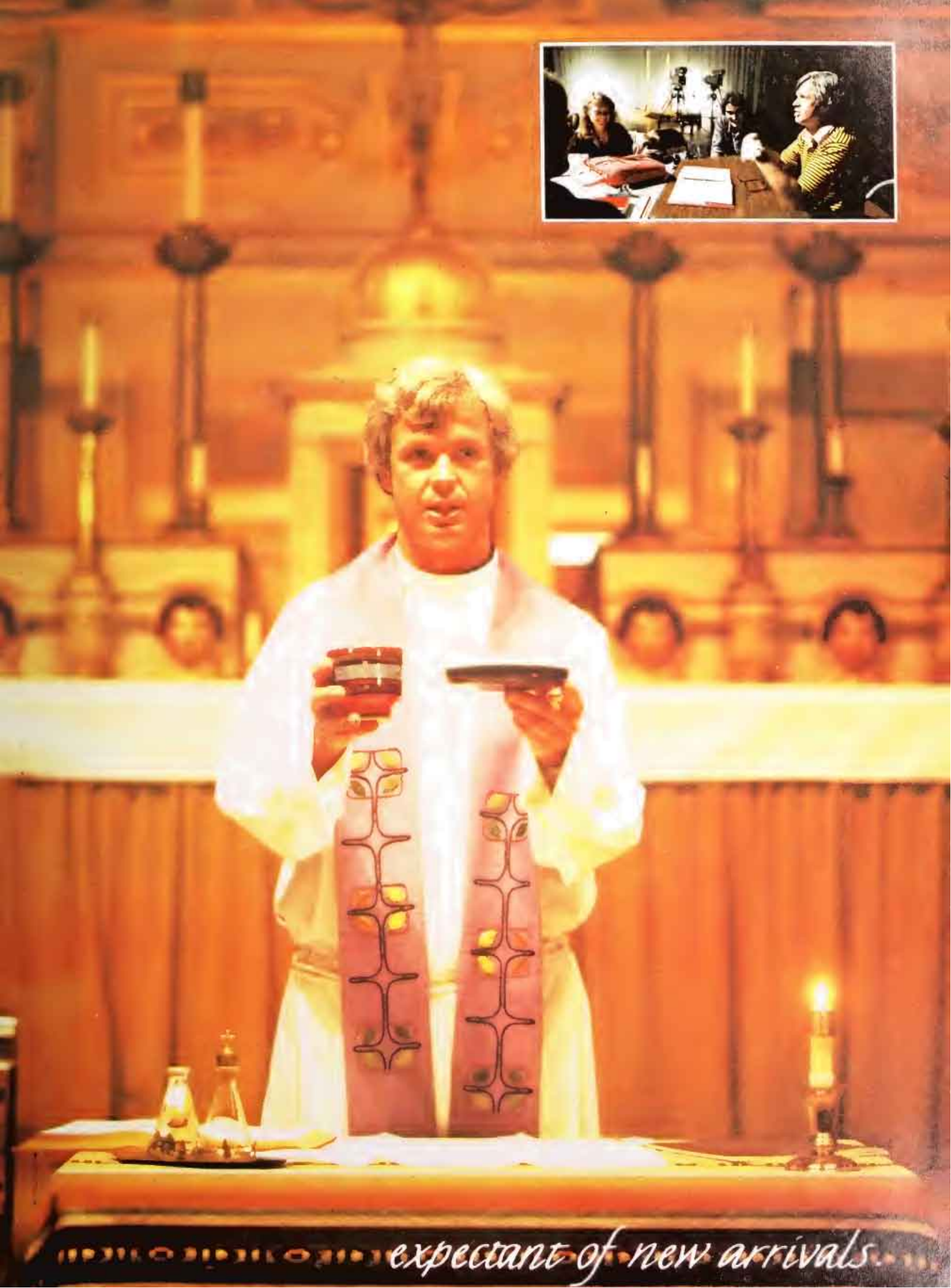


*raze walls and boundaries of a house*



*which held a smaller self*

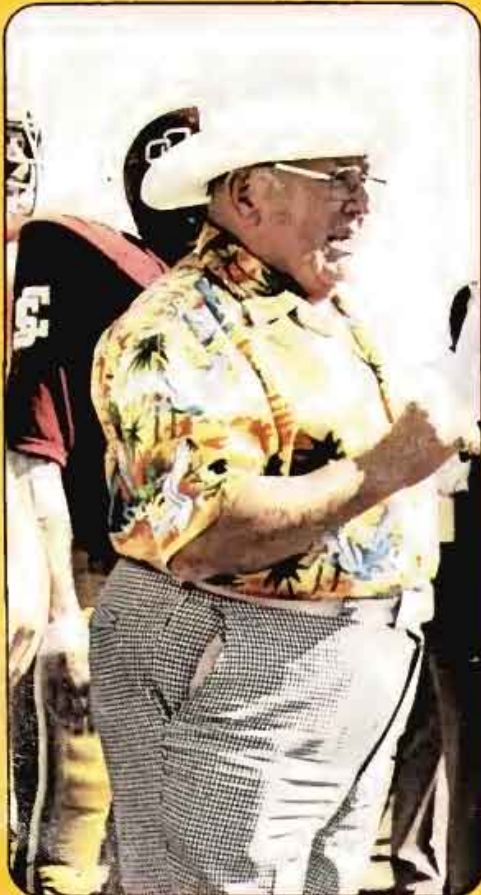




*expectant of new arrivals*

# Order of Appearance

*The Redwood '78*  
is dedicated  
to  
Henry (Schmitt) Schmidt  
for  
50 years  
of  
exceptional service  
as  
trainer  
in the  
SCU Athletic Department  
1927-1977



**The Athlete I**  
**The Connoisseur**  
**The Frosh**  
**The Reveler**  
**The Administrator**  
**The Athlete II**  
**The Sophomore**  
**The Club Member**  
**The Thespian**  
**The Prof**  
**The Junior**  
**The Athlete III**  
**The Disciple**  
**The Senior**

# The Athlete I



# The Athlete

## Introduction

In a society where competition seems to be stagnating the individual rather than motivating him, there is one area of competition that goes far beyond motivation and into the powerful force of human energy—athletics. Jumping out of this broad topic we have what is known as the athlete, an individual who looks at competition a little differently from most.

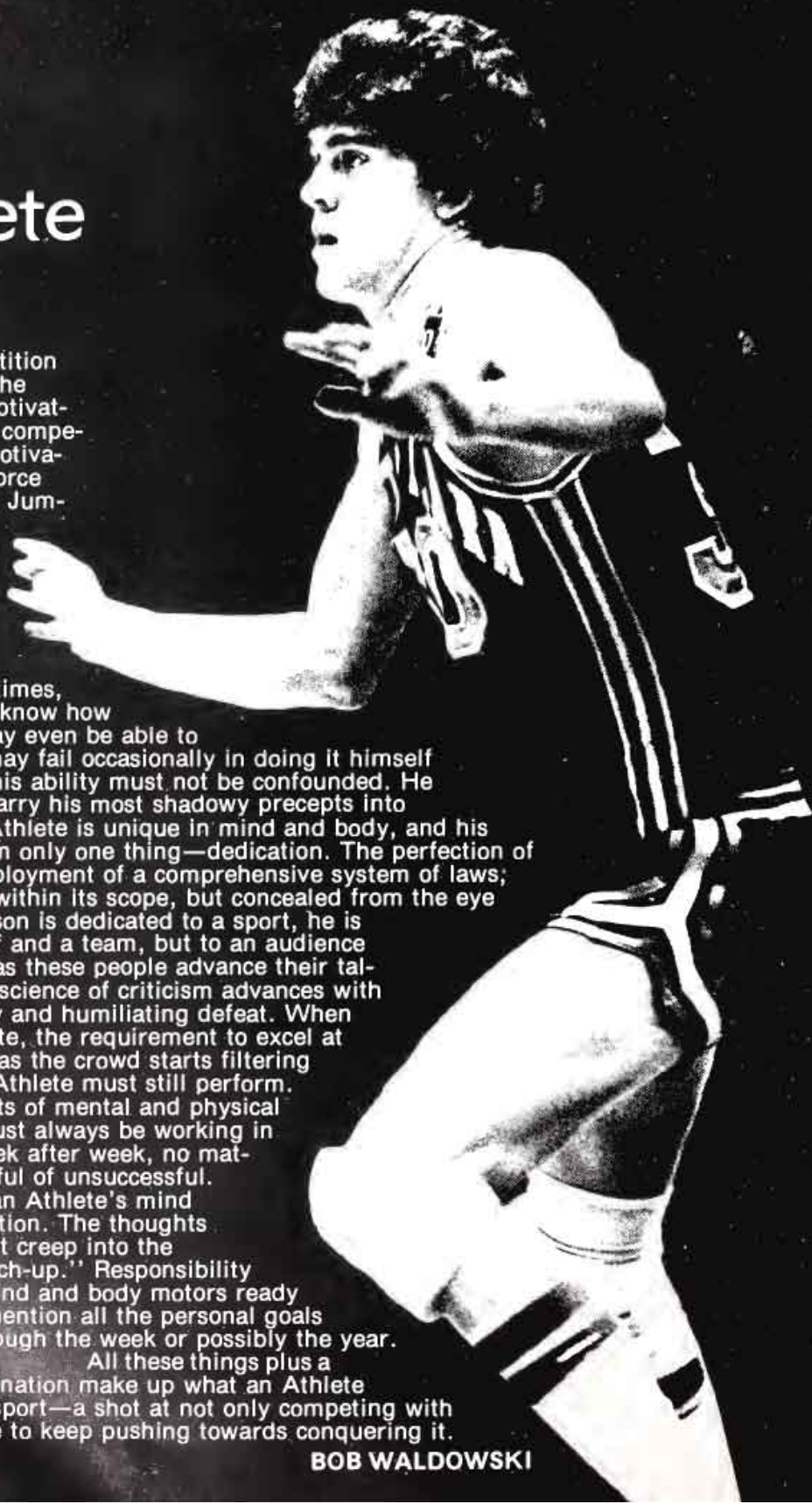
### The Athlete

is an artist—the athletics he participates in is his art. At times, one who has this talent may know how to do a certain thing, and may even be able to show how to do it, and yet may fail occasionally in doing it himself after all; but the man with this ability must not be confounded. He is the only person who can carry his most shadowy precepts into successful application. The Athlete is unique in mind and body, and his strong points branch out from only one thing—dedication. The perfection of his talent consists in the employment of a comprehensive system of laws; applicable to every purpose within its scope, but concealed from the eye of the spectator. When a person is dedicated to a sport, he is dedicated not only to himself and a team, but to an audience as well. And unfortunately, as these people advance their talents towards perfection, the science of criticism advances with equal pace, glorifying victory and humiliating defeat. When chips are down for the Athlete, the requirement to excel at 110% is always there. Even as the crowd starts filtering out the west gate early, an Athlete must still perform.

The incredible amounts of mental and physical energy behind an Athlete must always be working in overdrive, day after day, week after week, no matter if the outcome is successful or unsuccessful. So many things go through an Athlete's mind before stepping into competition. The thoughts of winning or losing no doubt creep into the picture of the so-called "psych-up." Responsibility also steps in, keeping the mind and body motors ready to react on instinct. Not to mention all the personal goals which have accumulated through the week or possibly the year.

All these things plus a lot of hard work and determination make up what an Athlete considers pride—pride in a sport—a shot at not only competing with competition but also a desire to keep pushing towards conquering it.

BOB WALDOWSKI





Football '77



## Football '77

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Evaluating the performance of the 1977 Santa Clara Bronco football team is a very difficult thing to do. The season began with high hopes many of which turned into utter disappointment. The Broncos were seeking their fifth straight winning season and the 100th coaching victory for Head Coach Pat Malley.

The Broncos did neither: After two crushing victories over Sacramento State and United States International University, the Broncos were defeated time and again. They lost seven straight times before tying Cal State Northridge at the end of the season.





## Football '77

The biggest factor for Santa Clara was the injury to starting quarterback John Hurley, touted to be the most able signal-caller since Dan Pastorini. When Hurley injured his throwing hand against the San Jose State Spartans, the entire life was taken out of the Bronco team.

They were forced to go with inexperienced Mark Arvay as quarterback. In his first start against Humboldt before a SCU Homecoming crown, the Broncos were defeated 5-0. It was the start of more to come.





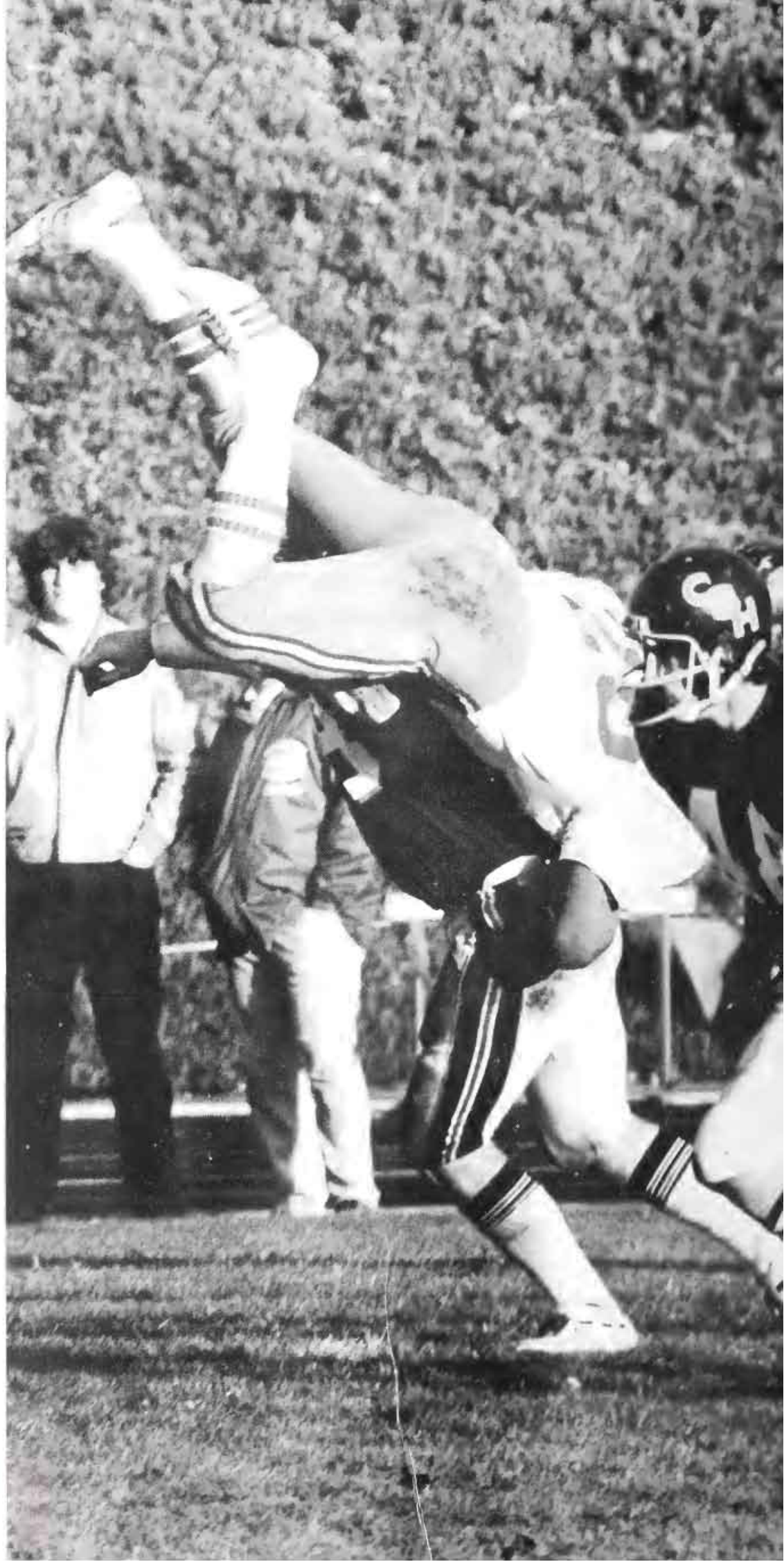
## Football '77

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Game after game, the Broncos were unable to hold their opponents on defense and put enough points on the board to win games.

The low-point of the season came against Cal Poly Pomona, when the Broncos lost to a team that had been winless up till that point.

Besides Hurley, many other factors contributed to the demise of the Broncos. Mike Gill, the 1976 Northern California College Division Player of the year, played most of the season injured and was never the same player that had piled up 15 touchdowns and 95 points the year before.





## Football '77

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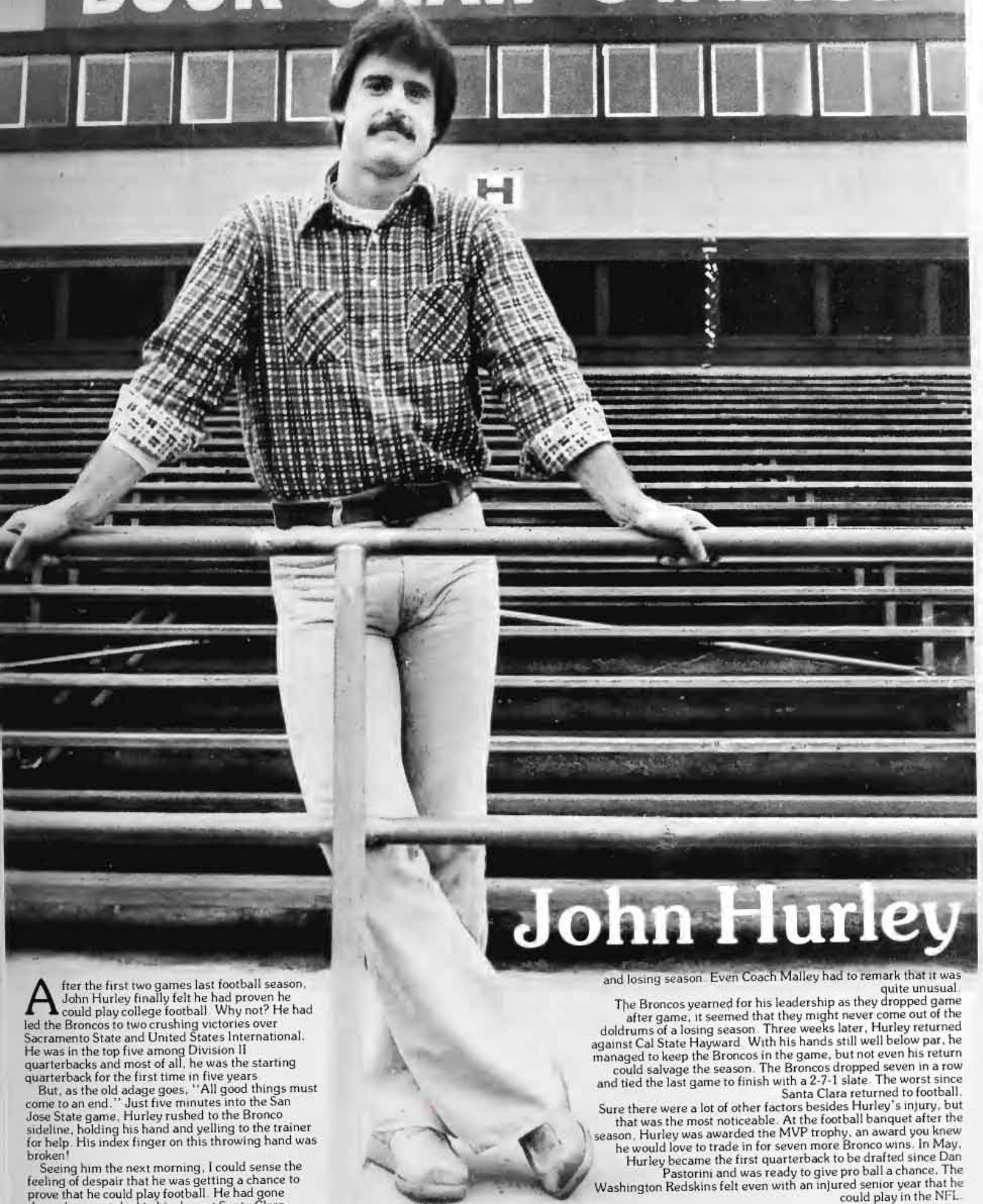
The offensive line was very inexperienced with two freshmen, a converted linebacker at center and a red-shirted player starting. The only experienced players were Rob Selvi, Jim Leonard and Doug Cosbie, but not even their experience and talent could help Santa Clara.

Early in the season, the defense played well, but forced to play a great deal in every game, injuries and fatigue took their toll.

Most of the players suffered through a long season, that saw leads blown and less experienced teams defeat Santa Clara. Coach Malley called in the "longest season of his life."



# BUCK SHAW STADIUM



## John Hurley

After the first two games last football season, John Hurley finally felt he had proven he could play college football. Why not? He had led the Broncos to two crushing victories over Sacramento State and United States International. He was in the top five among Division II quarterbacks and most of all, he was the starting quarterback for the first time in five years.

But, as the old adage goes, "All good things must come to an end." Just five minutes into the San Jose State game, Hurley rushed to the Bronco sideline, holding his hand and yelling to the trainer for help. His index finger on this throwing hand was broken!

Seeing him the next morning, I could sense the feeling of despair that he was getting a chance to prove that he could play football. He had gone through a great deal in his days at Santa Clara Learning, waiting, watching and playing. It seemed terrible to have it all end like this.

The immediate results were incomprehensible. The entire team seemed to go into a tailspin. Never had one person made such a difference in a winning

and losing season. Even Coach Malley had to remark that it was quite unusual.

The Broncos yearned for his leadership as they dropped game after game, it seemed that they might never come out of the doldrums of a losing season. Three weeks later, Hurley returned against Cal State Hayward. With his hands still well below par, he managed to keep the Broncos in the game, but not even his return could salvage the season. The Broncos dropped seven in a row and tied the last game to finish with a 2-7-1 slate. The worst since Santa Clara returned to football.

Sure there were a lot of other factors besides Hurley's injury, but that was the most noticeable. At the football banquet after the season, Hurley was awarded the MVP trophy, an award you knew he would love to trade in for seven more Bronco wins. In May, Hurley became the first quarterback to be drafted since Dan Pastorini and was ready to give pro ball a chance. The Washington Redskins felt even with an injured senior year that he could play in the NFL.

Being close to the entire football program, it is hard for me to explain the demise of the Broncos. Also being a friend of John Hurley's, it is very difficult for me to explain his feelings. I do know that he gave it everything he had and one day he'll prove that he can play football, on any level.





## Football '77

Few bright spots can be found in 1977. Brian Sullivan, the frosh punter and kicker was the only record setter, getting one on a 75 yard punt against Fresno State. He led the team with 29 points, a far cry from Gill's 95 the previous year.

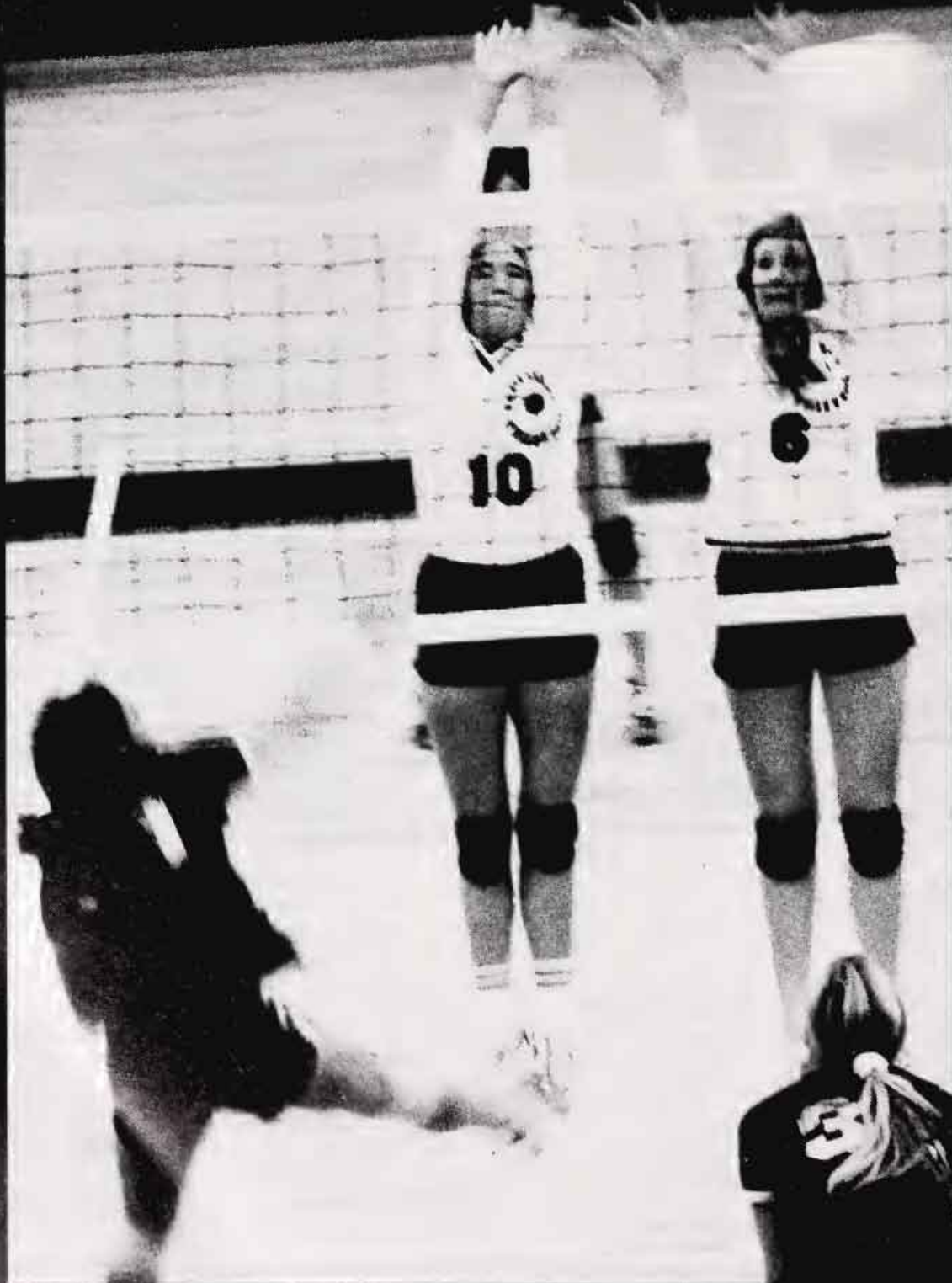
For most who played and for those who watched in agony, the 1977 season will be one to forget for the Santa Clara Broncos, for it was a year where hopes were destroyed and optimism was lost for a learning experience it was not, but rather a long, long year of meeting many adversities and not being able to overcome them.

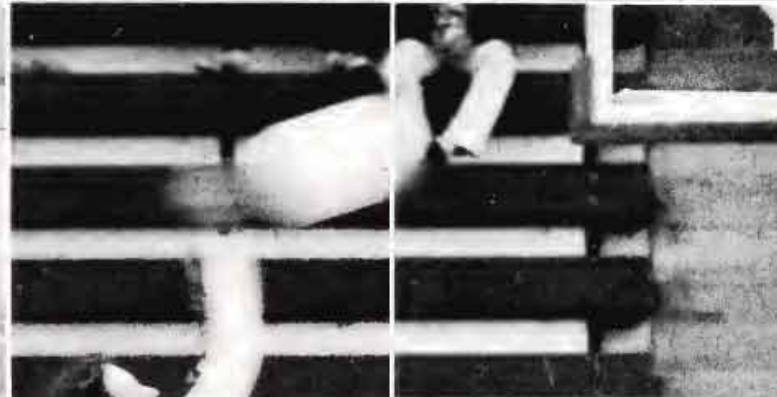




Strong Players Show Promise

# Volleyball

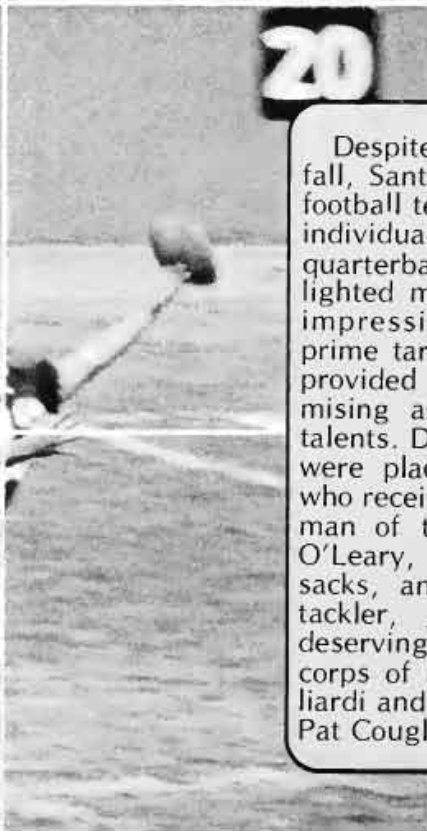




Volleyball at Santa Clara was not a highpoint in last year's sports annals as the women's team posted an uneventful 2-12 league ledger. Under the direction of a first year coach, the team was unable to compete with the high scholarship ratio of the other league teams. Nevertheless, season statistics reveal a promising squad for years to come. Santa Clara's Woman Athlete of the Year, Janet Steiner led the team in serving percentage with an invincible 96 per cent accuracy, while sophomore Peggy Lamb was next with an 86 per cent mark. On defense, Karen Patrick's 58 per cent was tops on the team and Rosie Jeswen's 43 per cent hitting was also a team leader.

Star Players Show Great Potential

# JV Football



Despite their 0-4 record last fall, Santa Clara's junior varsity football team was not without its individual standouts. Sophomore quarterback Dave Alfaro highlighted many games with some impressive aeriels. Alfaro's prime target Barry O'Brien also provided excitement with a promising assortment of receiving talents. Defensively, the Broncos were placed by Dan Fahrner, who received the Freshman Line-man of the Year award; Greg O'Leary, who led the team in sacks, and the team's leading tackler, Joe Ballestrieri. Also deserving notice is the coaching corps of head coach Gene Gagliardi and assistants Rich Brown, Pat Coughlan and Rich Beatty.

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contribution  
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**GOLD MEDAL WINNER SINCE 1910**

Alumnus Coaches Team To Best Season Ever

# Water Polo



Recent Santa Clara graduate Brad Graham guided the aqua Broncos to their best record in the history of the sport at SCU. The youthful aquamen displayed a fantastic team effort as their 10 victories exceeded the team total for the previous three years combined. Led by soph sensation Bob Morales and former high school All-Americans Shannon Gallagher and Geoff Phillips, the Broncos captured the first trophy ever by a water polo team at Santa Clara by finishing third in the University of Nevada-Las Vegas tournament.



Soccer '77



## Soccer '77

---

For Dave Chaplik's Bronco booters the season began with the possibility of a league championship and a trip to the NCAA playoffs.

After all, most of the returning players had been members of the Santa Clara under-19 soccer club that won the McGuire Cup National championship.

The Broncos were also returning two of the top seniors in years in Bart Sullivan and John Stiegler. Coupled with Ricky Davis (a sophomore who was considered by astute soccer fans to be the most accomplished American soccer player) the Broncos were potential giant killers.

Unfortunately, before the season even began, Chaplik got his first disappointment: Davis would skip college to compete with the New York Cosmos, the North American Soccer League Champion.









**J**ohn Stiegeler made quite an impression during his four years at Santa Clara. That impression varies though, depending on with whom you speak. Stigs (which, among other things, his friends call him) is a unique individual whose diverse talents never failed to keep him somewhere near the limelight or in the dog house.

While living on third floor McLaughlin his freshman and sophomore years John became noted for his late night excursions. His friends all joined in. The R.A.s, well, they learned to adjust. This led some people to the misguided impression that Stigs was a mere party-er. This misconception just doesn't do him credit. He was a "great socializer," this he proved time and again while "pub-hopping" through Europe a couple summers back.

John is most noted for his prowess on the soccer field. A four year varsity letterman, Stigs' speed and agility coupled with his brute toughness made him a menace on the soccer field. John provided the

fans excitement and his coaches ulcers as he dashed down the field from his wing position to terrorize opposing goal-tenders. His tough play was an inspiration for his teammates who elected him captain in his senior year. During practice, while co-captain Bart Sullivan led the players in drills, Stigs would dutifully pull up the rear to assure no stragglers--other than himself.

Although not recognized as an academic overachiever, Stigs was nevertheless a fine student. John graduated from Saint Ignatius in San Francisco where he became familiar with Jesuit education. This proved beneficial for, though involved in many activities, Stigs still maintained a B average at SCU. John Stiegeler is a nice guy who is really good at some things and pretty good at others. His well rounded career at the University certainly deserves recognition for he has become one more example of the diverse individual Santa Clara so often produces.

# Stigs

by John Evans

## Soccer '77

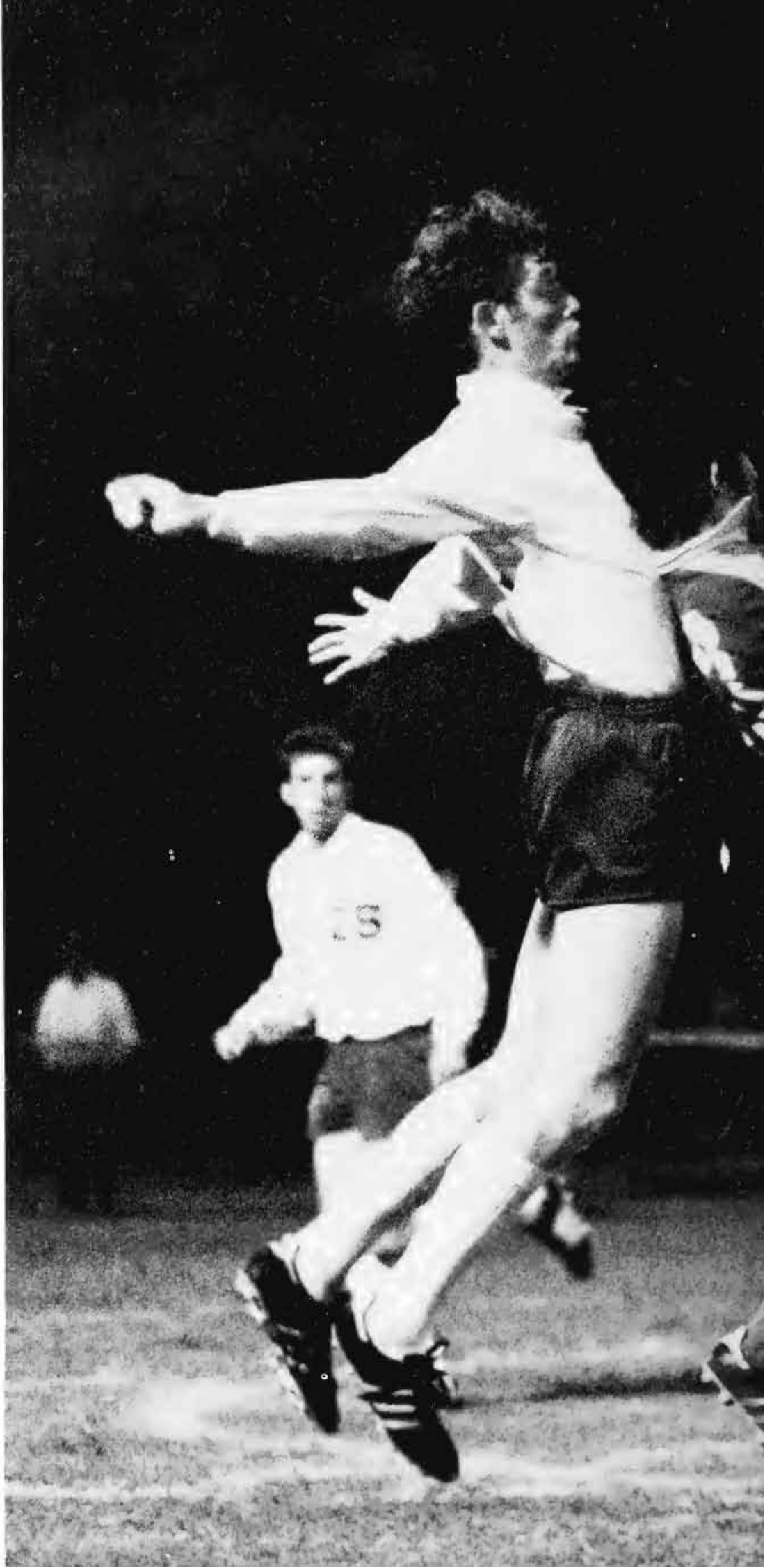
Many people thought the Broncos would fall flat on their faces with the loss of Davis; these people, however, did not give the remaining players enough credit.

The season began on a tear.

Santa Clara captured eight of their first 12 games, six by shutouts as they turned back opponent after opponent. The defense was excellent as goalkeeper Greg Reynolds and sweeper Tim McElroy catalyzed the fine defensive effort.

Offensively the Broncos were led by sophomore sensation Scott Douglas, maybe SCU's top athlete in '77, as he tallied a new school record of 44 points.

Douglas scored 19 goals (a record) and tallied six assists on his way to becoming the Pacific Soccer Conference's scoring champ.







## Soccer '77

As the season progressed, the Broncos were beset by injuries. At one point every starter had been injured except for Douglas. Chaplik, forced to use inexperienced players and juggle the lineup constantly, could not overcome the loss of many key players.

After a fine 8-4 start, the Broncos managed only three more wins and five losses along with two ties. One of the wins, however, came over arch-rival San Jose State in the season finale. The Broncos defeated the Spartans, 3-2.

For their work, McElroy and Douglas were accorded first team all-league honors, while sophs Miguel Avila and Tony Maggio and junior Dan Wallis were awarded honorable mention.



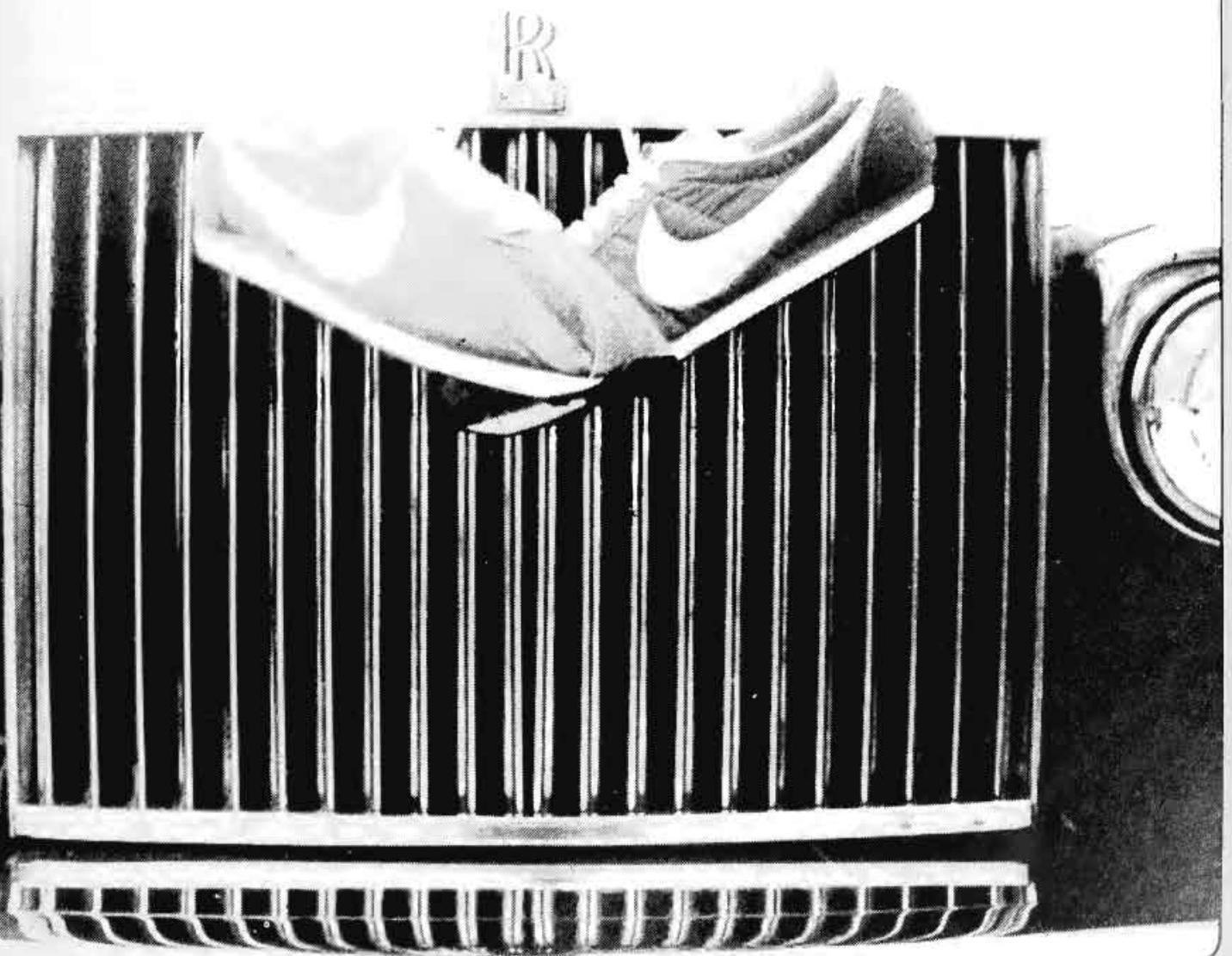


# SPORTS FEET

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the finest in  
athletic footgear*

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# IM Football





Screwdrivers' Reign Ends

# Powderpuff





PACKERS

In the largest turnout of Santa Clara's Powderpuff history, the unexpected became the rule this year. The Screwdriver's five year reign saw an untimely ending at the pressure of a new rookie breed of football. Under the new jurisdiction of men's intramurals, contact rules were deemphasized yet to everyone's approval injuries were minimized.

The playoffs exhibited a brand of football that would rival "The Longest Yard." Lighthearted competition turned to diehard confrontation between the Graham Bay Packers and the Hot Rocks.

Under the lights the Hot Rocks defeated the Loose Rucks (voted easiest on the eye by the referees) in a consolation game. For the championship, the bruised and weary Graham Bay Packers fell victim to the young and spirited Dooley's Dollies.

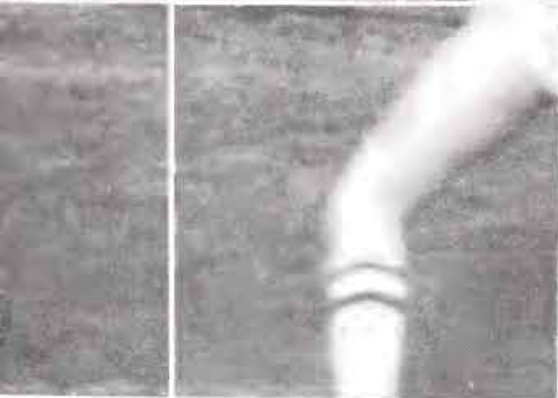
Sixteen teams competed in the 1977 Powderpuff Season. Aided by an unprecedented dose of spirit, the women's sport is more competitive, more entertaining, and better organized than ever.

Womens IM Football — 1977

# The Year of the Dollie







# DOOLIE

By GLENN ALFARO

On a brisk, windy fall afternoon, Dooley's Dollies took the field for the opening day kick-off of the 1977 Powderpuff football season. Dressed in colorful Green and Gold, this first year team had only one player with any prior football experience, Senior Quarterback Jeri Loberg.

It was a long road from playing on Stanton Field, in front of five people, three of whom were referees, to the prestigious confines of Buck Shaw Stadium with a championship game crowd of nearly 200. But it was a road that the team looked forward to travelling down.

Dooley's Dollies started down the pathway to glory with a shut-out win; a scene that would repeat itself many times over the remainder of the season. The team's only loss came on a forfeited game, the consequence of all the Dollies attending a Freshman weekend. However this unfortunate loss did not dismay the Dollie defense; they went on to record five shut-outs--in five games.

The Dollies, underdogs throughout the regular season, despite their divisional championship were once again underdogs as the race to play "under the lights" entered the playoff stage. In the first-round of the playoff, the Dollies recorded their sixth shut-out. With the big game just one win



11 to 2  
**Mon-Fri**  
 6 to 2  
**Sat, Sun**

Well Hello we're Dooley's Dollies  
 Well Hello we're Dooley's Dollies  
 It's so nice to be here underneath the lights

We're looking swell Dollies  
 We can tell Dollies  
 We're still glowing  
 We're still growing  
 We're still going strong





# SS

## DOLLIES & TAVERN



**GOOD FOOD,  
GOOD PEOPLE**

We've got the best offense  
And the best defense  
And together we will  
always prevail

So-o-o- let's begin Dollies

Together we'll always win  
Together those Dollies  
always could  
Together those Dollies  
always should  
Together those Dollies  
always will prevail!



away, the Dollies notched their seventh shut-out. The journey which had started seven weeks earlier had reached its final fork in the road.

On the championship night, the Dollies, for the first time all year, found themselves after the first-round of play, on the short end of a 6-0 score. Nevertheless, during half-time, when voices are "supposed to" cough, out football stratagem, the Dollies graced the cool night air with continuous renditions of "Hello, Doolie's Dollies."

Midway through the second half the Dollie offense came to life. Aided by Brigid Modena's tremendous leaping catch, the Dollies drove for the tying touchdown. The game see-sawed back and forth and seemed headed for over-time until the defense came through with the "big play"; something it had grown used to doing during the regular season. An interception and return with 48 seconds remaining gave the Dollie offense the ball inside the opponent's 10-yard line. The winning play, coming with 33 ticks left on the clock, was a "slot left, option right."

Running back Cyndi Kettman received the call and slipped into the end zone unscathed. As pandemonium erupted in the stands, as well as on the field, the Dollies' defense calmly choked off a last-second rally to insure the spectacular victory. The most exciting championship game in Powderpuff history had come to an end.





# ROSTERS

## SOCCER

Greg Reynolds, Goalkeeper  
Tim McElroy, Defense  
Mike McCloskey, Midfielder  
Dan Wallis, Defense  
Joe Barbosa, Defense  
Scott Douglas, Midfielder  
Mark Oto, Midfielder  
Gus Mendy, Forward  
Miguel Avila, Forward  
John Stiegler, Forward  
Bart Sullivan, Forward  
Tim Miller, Defense  
John McCarthy, Defense  
Jim McCarthy, Defense  
Mike Hunter, Defense  
Fabian Proano, Midfielder  
Tony Maggio, Forward  
Mike Delohery, Defense  
Gary Walz, Defense  
Ed Mattson, Forward  
John Catterian, Defense  
Mark Abele, Midfielder  
Dave Benton, Forward  
Dev Rendler, Midfielder  
John Singer, Forward  
Jeff Carroll, Goalkeeper

## WATERPOLO

Bob Morales  
Shannan Gallagher  
Greg Finn  
Geoff Phillips  
Brian Baker  
Bob Sellers  
Tom Dugan  
Rich Snyder  
Pete Boscacci  
Chuck Grasiani  
Jeff Peterson  
Shawn Hansen  
Andy Karleskind  
Eric Becker  
Bob Jones

Head Coach: Brad Graham  
Asst. Coach: Brian Nunan

## JV FOOTBALL

### OFFENSE

Kickers: Brian Sullivan, Tim Forsyth  
Wide Receivers: Kevin Hinkston,  
Mike Stein, Harry Demos,  
Tom Simenc  
Tight Ends: Mick Tooliatos,  
Greg Page  
Back Field: QBs: Dave Alfaro,  
Lars Fredrickson, FBs: Tony Gahee,  
Jim Leeburn, David Payne,  
Mark Hirten, RBs:  
Nick Geannocopus,  
Steve L'Esperance  
Offense Line: Cs: Larry Martinelli,  
Eric Johnson, Brian McBride  
OGs: Larry Smith, Mary DeRaytu, Michael  
Michael Kelly, Corbett Ray,  
Carl Pirtle, OTs: Jeff Krietler,  
Timothy Randall, Bill Wise,  
Don Brown  
SE: Dena Lisandro

### DEFENSE

Defense Line: DGs: Dan Fahrner  
DTs: Tony Nosch, Barry O'Brien  
DLs: Greg O'Leary, Greg Rocca  
Linebackers: Rich Sundberg,  
Mark AcAtee, Moe Balestieri,  
Nick Jones, Mike Jones  
Defense Backs: DBs: David Griffin,  
Matt Androlewicz, SS: Dan Keefe,  
Harold Sullivan FSs: Stan Jones,  
Sean Crowley, Tony Madden CBs:  
Jarrett Morris, Mike Rosenin,  
Marvin Ferreira

## POWDERPUFF

Jeri Loberg  
Cyndi Kettmann  
Sherry Kirrene  
Grace Herring  
Katie Bruno  
Brigid Modena  
Missy Manix  
Colleen Egan  
Cookie Smith  
Margaret Basta  
Celeste Lindemann  
Ann Miller  
Kelly Rosso  
Terry McQuire  
Katie Gaul  
Debbie Walsh  
Mary Plungy  
Karen Schmegmann  
Marie Rabina

## FOOTBALL

### OFFENSE

Kicker: Brian Sullivan  
Wide Receivers: James Biscoe,  
Ron Cummings, Tom Peterssen,  
Ignacio Cantu  
Tight Ends: Barry O'Brien,  
Doug Foster, Matt Panziera,  
Doug Cosbie  
Back Field: QBs: John Hurley,  
Dave Alfaro, Mark Arvay, John Fry  
FBs: Roger Pinder, Tony Gahee,  
Mel Johnson, Mark Hirten RBs:  
Mike Gill, Alex Koontz,  
David Wesley, Ben Quinn,  
David Payne, Fred Douglas  
Offense Line: Cs: John Mirch,  
Larry Martinelli, Tom Williams,  
Brian McBride OGs: Rob Selvi,  
Rick Medeiros, Corbett Roy,  
Jerry Hoyme, Tom Bordenave  
OTs: Dan Saccani, Jim Leonard,  
Bill Wise, Jeff Kreitler,  
Chuck Buckingham

### DEFENSE


Defense Line: DGs: Jim Parson  
DTs: Don Brown, Gene Clancy,  
Kieth Wardell, John Minahan,  
Tony Nasch, Dick Hansen,  
Brad Muzzuca, Ross Malinowski  
DL: Scot Wilson, Greg Rocca  
Linebackers: OLBs: Mark Hill,  
Mike Gonzales, Fred Lampe,  
Dan Farrell MLBs: Larry Loberg,  
Rick Downey, John Cartwright  
LBs: Nick Jones, Mike Jones,  
Mark McAtee, Rich Sundberg,  
Greg O'Leary  
Defense Backs: SS: Pat Sweeney  
FSs: Stan Jones, Drew Donatelli,  
Greg Miller, Tony Madden CBs:  
Steve Jennison, Lou Runfola,  
Jarrett Morris, Victor Wedlow,  
Jeff Applewhite, John Drivick,  
Pete Mardhich

## VOLLEYBALL

Kathleen Bruno  
Allyson Call  
Kathleen Hutchinson  
Rosie Jesswein  
Kelley Anne Kerlake  
Margaret Lambe  
Melissa Long  
Brigid Modena  
Karen Patrick  
Catherine Semans  
Janet Steiner

Coach: Diane Pelosi  
Asst. Coach: Rich Rosendale

## Famous Psychologists

1. Freud - sex unconscious
2. Rogers - understanding
3. Petty - adjustment
4. Maslow - self actualization
5. Skinner - 

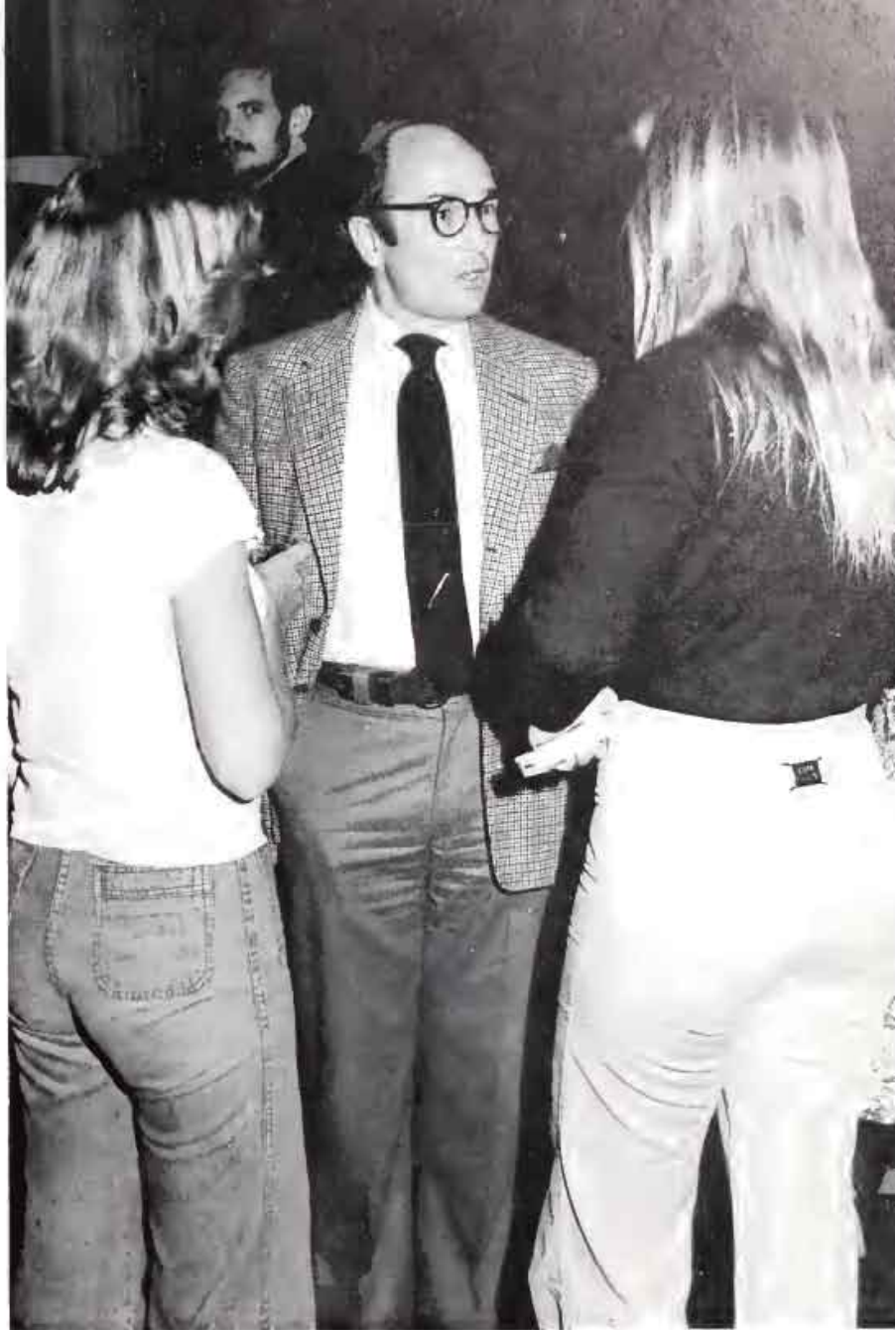
The Prof

John Privett



Raymond Biondi

Edward Gross



Michael Sweeney



Joseph Subbiondo



Frank Caltabiano

Keith Walker

*Yes, Virginia, teachers are human; they too eat and drink and socialize like normal people.*

The '78 Redwood has decided to illustrate the dual life of a prof. Real or not, the schizoid existence of teachers is as commonly accepted as George Washington's coin toss across the Delaware. *What? He didn't really do that?*

To be honest, this new format is the result of the standard faculty pictures being misdeveloped. This is the third consecutive year this has occurred, but at least we're getting better. This year we lost over 90 per cent of our teacher mugs to the "mislabeled" jug; last year the staff barely lost half.

But as Ben Franklin said, "Misfortune is sometimes a blessing in disguise." *What? He didn't say that?* This new format releases the university's faculty from their offices and desks where they have been chained for the past years. Our sincere apologies to those profs not pictured; an index appears on the last page of The Prof.

Charles Lampkin



Frank Duggan



William



Christopher Page  
(Right)



Tom Fast



Leo Hombach



Allen Pastron

C.L. Van den Berghe

Frederick Parrella    Vance Eckstrom    James Sweeters    Gary Quinn    Donam Wakefield  
 Joseph Grassi    Theodore Mackin    Salvatore Tassone    Ed Mc Shane    Ethel Johnson  
 Tenny Wright



Gerald Sullivan  
 Keith Walker    Secretary  
 Brigid Barton    Jan Thompson  
 Irv Tepper    Sam Hernandez



Dave Logothetti

# JAMES GIFFORD

Contemplating the birds outside his window, Jim Gifford takes a long, careful pause in his conversation. In reality, he isn't solving any earthshaking problems; he is simply devising a perfect retort in a vigorous yet friendly debate with two students. The argument focuses on the relative merits of California versus Gifford's home state, New York. Soon, everyone in the tiny room is laughing, and the drop-in audience continues to increase in size.

The man who has taught American Government in Santa Clara's Political Science Department for the last two years is complex, almost paradoxical. To the casual onlooker his manner appears conservative, yet his personality features a teasing wit, a constant readiness to laugh, and a warmth which attracts friendships with colleagues and students alike.

Yet despite the long hours spent with students who drift in and out spouting "hellos" or joking quips, a major part of Dr. James Gifford remains a dedicated professional. The sessions devoted to the students' academic and personal problems are just as long as those devoted to friendships, and an hour or more combing a B-plus paper to find out why it wasn't an 'A' is just as common as an hour spent salvaging an 'F' paper. Dr. Gifford has a knack for becoming entrenched in student conferences right about the time his commute train to Burlingame is leaving. He simply shrugs, smiles, and invites a few more students into his office. He has two hours until the next train.

Gifford's attention to both the trivial and the important needs of a student demonstrates an uncompromising sense of integrity that is reflected in his long hours working with his students, explaining his reasoning on a grade, and clarifying his criticisms on a paper. Term projects for Dr. Gifford are returned with at least one full page of comments and often more.

Dr. Gifford is a teacher par-excellence. For most there is little doubt that Gifford has fulfilled his calling in life. But for James Gifford a repressed echo brought back to haunt by a tantalizing job



offer, begged for fulfillment.

Dr. Gifford's departure from the University in June marked his move to the New York political circle. Somewhat torn by his decision, he is nonetheless excited about his new senior post in the New York City Board of Education-Chancellor's office and the long awaited opportunity to extend his knowledge and experience beyond the shelter of the classroom.

“ Jim Gifford is a rare find. He's a careful scholar and an excellent teacher, and what's more, he does it with style. ”  
--Dr. William Stover

"I realize that I am risking a profession I love," remarked Gifford upon his resignation from the faculty. "It may not be easy to return to teaching should I fail in the political arena. Still, I have always felt I would someday have to

go out and practice what I preach."

While preparing for the move east, the Giffords took time out to vacation in Florence, Italy. The attraction: a week of cooking lessons.

An excellent cook, Gifford considers food a serious business. Once, when helping a student plan a whirlwind tour of New York, Gifford managed to establish an entire itinerary in a matter of minutes. Then when asked where one should insert a meal or two in the schedule, he quite seriously begged the weekend to think it over and confer with his wife. Monday morning he arrived at school carrying an armful of restaurant reviews and his carefully determined decision.

James Gifford's dedication and warmth has won him the respect and admiration of many Santa Clara students. No one wanted to see Dr. Gifford leave the University, but perhaps we can all

feel greater confidence in a political system that actively recruits men of James Gifford's calibre, recruits them away from sunny beautiful California to rush hour New York.

New York possessed other lures outside the professional arena. As avid fans of the ballet, the symphony, and the theatre, the Giffords decided that New York's culture outweighed California's sunshine. Certainly some of the students Dr. Gifford did battle with in the California vs. New York debates will be smiling wryly as they ascend the Mayer Theatre stairs in late December garbed in short sleeves.

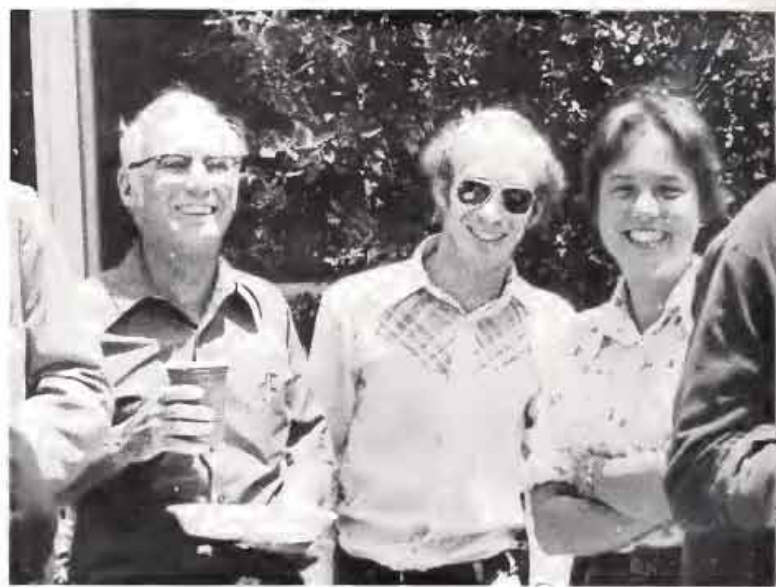
Those same students who knew Dr. Gifford will smile at the irony of the situation, for the man who made education work in the intimate world of Santa Clara through informal classroom chatter and one-on-one sparring with students after class, will now try to make education work in the monstrous world of New York, and his attention will now encompass hundreds of thousands of students. Truly James Gifford has a chance to test one of his more famous observations. Queried by a student about a new branch of literature, Gifford retorted, "Political Science Fiction? All Political Science is fiction!"



Diane Dreher



Dan Lewis, Jan Murray



Thomas Turley



Ted Rynes



Peter D'Eliscu



Joseph Grassi



Diane Dreher

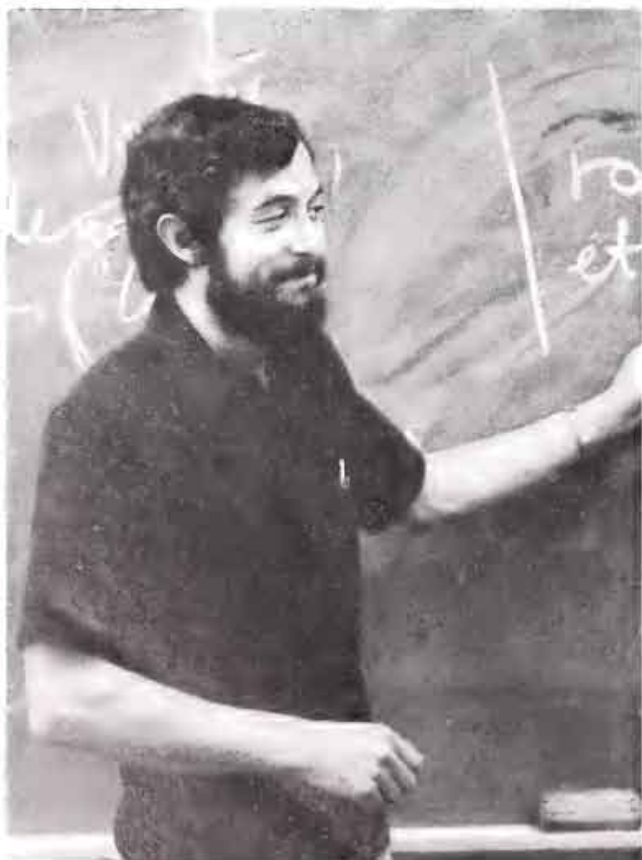


Salvatore Tassone

Bob Senkewicz

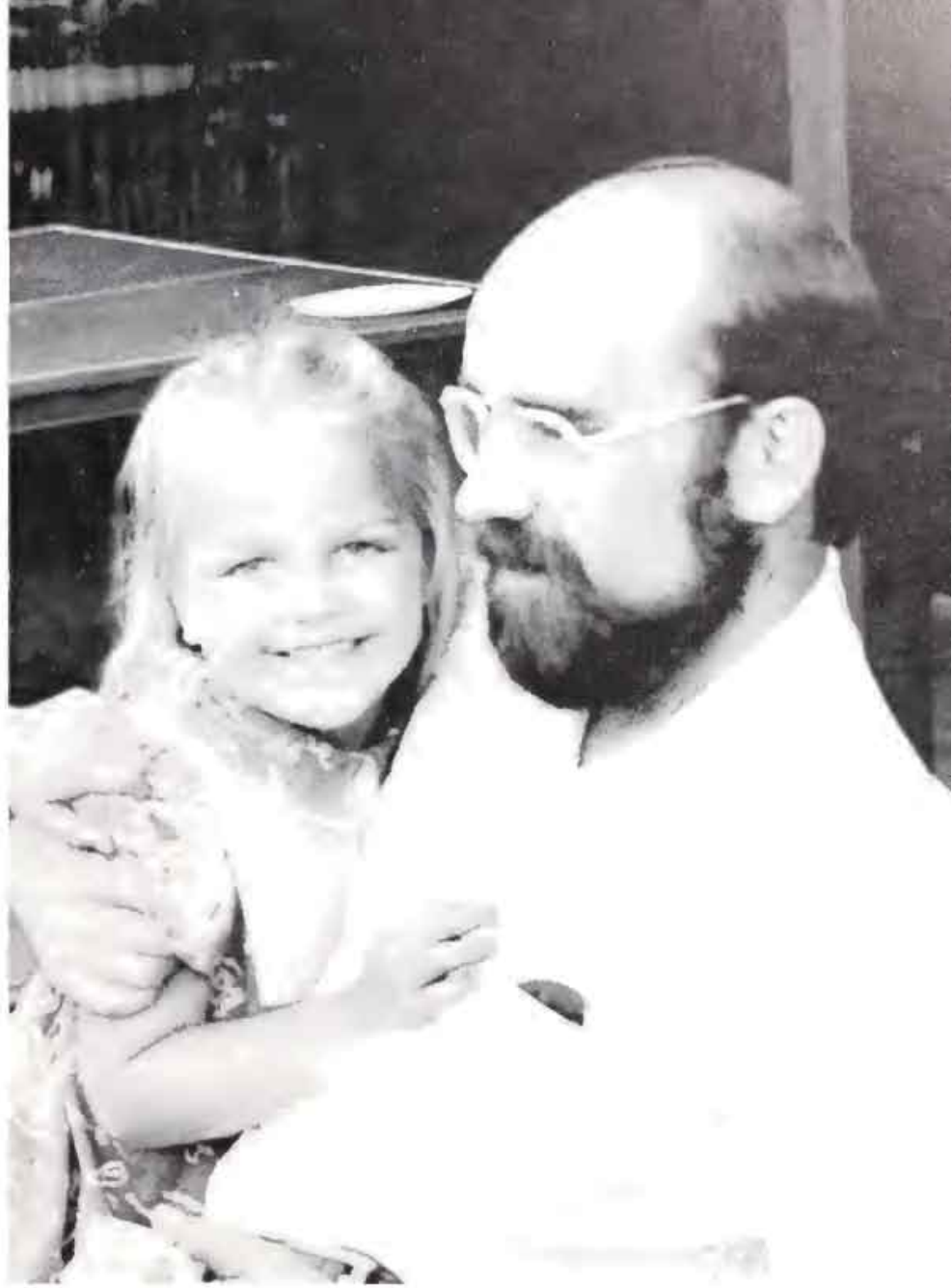


Jeff Zorn



K. G. Seely

Jim Otteson



William Eisinger



Jim Foster



Mario Belotti



Richard Pefley



Bob Senkewicz

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Daniel Lewis

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Probhakar Tripathi

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Richard Pefley, Michael Saad

# The Frosh



kirsten aarnas  
 allison abbott  
 tom adza  
 elena agnielli  
 halima al-badwi  
 jerald allen  
 paul alota



matt androlewicz  
 alex angulo  
 katie ansbach  
 elain antonioli  
 corinne arakaki  
 philip arca  
 mike archer



halima al-badwi	jerald allen	paul alota
corinne arakaki	philip arca	mike archer
jackie archibald	bill bagley	pat barney
maria arias	mike bailey	john barrett
adele athenour	joseph balderston	becki barrett
cathie armanasco	joe balestrieri	bill barstow
tom athenour	kimberlee ball	carol bartlett
paul bacigalupo	julie barber	margaret basta



felix battistella  
b. baumbartner  
rick beam  
therese bear  
brian beaulieu

john bechtel  
eric becker  
david beebe  
gerhard behrens  
michael benham

dave benton  
jolene bentz  
martha bernal  
peter benardoni  
rich bertolucci

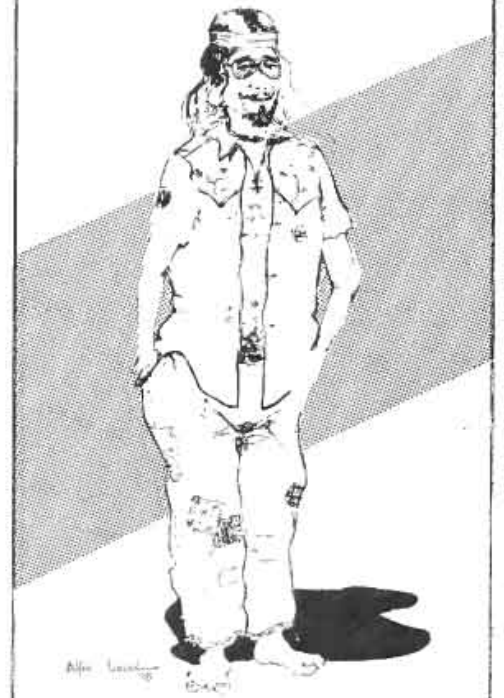
don bertuccio  
steve beuerman  
ellen bezore  
patty bielawski  
mark bigley  
cindy biland  
michelle binkley  
gigia bjorn

joe blaze  
beth boettcher  
kathy bold  
michael bolton  
frank bommarito  
mark boscacci  
bill brandenburg  
mona breslin

# FROSH LIFE

## I

They kept calling this process 'Orientation' and saying that all the newness and confusion would wear off in a few days. Pete Letona, for one, was not convinced. The minute he had moved and started getting set up in his 8th floor room in Swig, some stranger had strolled in. Now, Pete had heard stories about the wierdos you can meet at college, but enough was enough. This guy was in a pair of those patched jeans you only *thought* went out of fashion in '69; it was immediately obvious that the reason the guy's shirt was open all the way was that all the buttons were missing; and wasn't bare feet in late September a bit extreme? Besides, Pete had never liked mirro-rays.



"You're Pete? Howdy, roomie," quoth the stranger.

The stranger's name was Bart, a barely forgivable offense in itself. But there was something far worse about this roommate business. Bart knew *girls*. Y'see, Bart was from LA, and had gone to a co-ed high school--so not only did he already know girls from high school, but he had had years of practice at meeting new ones. Pete, on the other hand, was from an all-male private high school in Oregon. The only two things he knew about girls were that he liked them a lot and that he wanted to find out more.



lisa brewer  
 marty bringuel  
 shelley brinker  
 don brown  
 kathy brown  
 megan brown  
 katie bruno



randy brynsvold  
 mike burke  
 allan burklund  
 dave burkstaller  
 james cacabelos  
 dennis cahill  
 michael calagno



kathy brown  
 james cacabelos  
 hugh caldwell  
 john caletti  
 charlie callaghan  
 noreen campanella  
 joanne campau  
 midge campbell

megan brown  
 dennis cahill  
 john cannan  
 vince cardinale  
 pat carpenter  
 jeff carroll  
 jeffie carufel

katie bruno  
 michael calagno  
 elizabeth caserza  
 donna casolary  
 joe catton  
 eileen cavan  
 valerie chapman  
 kathy childs



viola chin  
benedict ching  
poshiu chiu  
allison christodulis  
anthony chu

louise chu  
gene clancy  
jocelyn clark  
kathy clarke  
brent clarkin

curt clarkin  
john colford  
lori coltrin  
kathy comcowich  
paul comfort

julia conlon  
michelle conlon  
scott conn  
patty conroy  
chris conte  
mary cook  
bret cope  
laura coran

juan corella  
john costello  
mary cozine  
george cranston  
kathleen crawley  
sheila crosby  
sean crowley  
mary cunneen

So, when the night of the Freshman Orientation Mixer rolled around, Pete was sitting in Jack-down-the-hall's room listening to Jack's Tubes records. Around 10:30 or so, Pete decided that Jack's high school stories weren't all that interesting and he started making the customary bored-and-sleepy noises. Jack looked at his watch.

"Hey, we can still hit the Mixer," said Jack. "It's got an hour and a half to go yet and there'll be girls . . ."

Pete was seized by a sudden fit of uncertainty. "What'll I do," he thought. "I'm no good at a mixer, it's not my goddam *idiom*, for crissakes. I'll look silly, they'll laugh at me. It'll be terrible. The girls'll snicker, I'll get flustered, and tomorrow my face will be all broken out. Oh God!"

"Ah--I'm kinda tired, Jack. Why don't you hit the Mixer by yourself--I think I'll hit the sack."

"Pete, I think you could survive, and, well, you never know. You might . . . well, who knows? Ole' Bart may have to sleep in the lounge."

"Yeah, uh huh. Well, I'm kinda tired, Jack. I think I'll pick up the books I left in the study lounge and hit the sack. I think I hear my mattress calling me."



Pete arrived at his door, tried the knob. Finding it locked, he had started to hunt for his keys when he noticed the note on his door: "Pete--I'm kinda busy right now, if you know what I mean. Could you come back a little later? Tomorrow afternoon would be nice. Thanks a lot, roomie--Bart."

"Hey, Jack! Wait up! Did you say girls?"



martin dait  
joe dal porto  
robin daly  
scott daub  
mike davis  
michael de barros  
cecilia degnan

steve dehmer  
edye demarco  
harry demos  
maureen dennehy  
marty de ruyter  
nancy desgrey  
elizabeth dessuge  
lisa didone

jim diepenbrock  
david diestel

norm dittman  
steve dittmer

maureen doherly  
demary dominguez

cathy donovan  
kerry donovan

peggy donovan  
tim doudell

dana dowd  
frank dowd  
susan dunn  
dennis edwards  
colleen egan  
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shannon farrell  
 lolita fatjo  
 sandra faulkner  
 charles felix  
 chris fellenz  
 john fernandez  
 teresa ferrari



dave evans  
 chris fellenz  
 brenda ferreria  
 marvin ferreria  
 joan fif  
 ellen finnerty  
 mark fisher  
 marc fissel

matt fairbanks  
 john fernandez  
 mary fitzpatrick  
 kirk flatow  
 kathy fluetsch  
 carol fornaciari  
 timothy forsyth  
 laurie franconi

leo farrell  
 teresa ferrari  
 lars fredrickson  
 michelle freeman  
 peter friedenbach  
 debbie fryke  
 lars fuller  
 grace gabriel



philip gallegos  
william ganz  
kae garbrick  
adolfo garcia  
irma garcia

cheryl garvella  
grace garvin  
katie gaul  
john geffert  
joe georgulas

nikki gianulias  
margreta gibbs  
james gill  
katie gill  
george gitschel

chris glomb  
mercy gonzales  
joanne gonzalez  
mark goodfellow  
colleen gorry  
nancy gow  
jerry gray  
david griffin

sheila griffin  
charles griffith  
eldita grijalva  
mary grijalva  
lena guidace  
violeta guirola  
frank gwynn  
lisa hagan

## FROSH LIFE II

The first day of classes is never much fun, but Rosie Crawford hoped to make the best of things. She sidled into one of the brown plastic seats of Bannan 235, and instantly hoped no one would notice the jump she'd given at the shock from the metal chair leg. Damn carpet.

The teacher walked in and introduced herself. Rosie watched aghast as the prof started passing down a veritable mountain of handouts. After several moments of horrified silence, somebody up front raised his hand.

"Ah--is this syllabus right? I mean, is *all* of this reading required?"

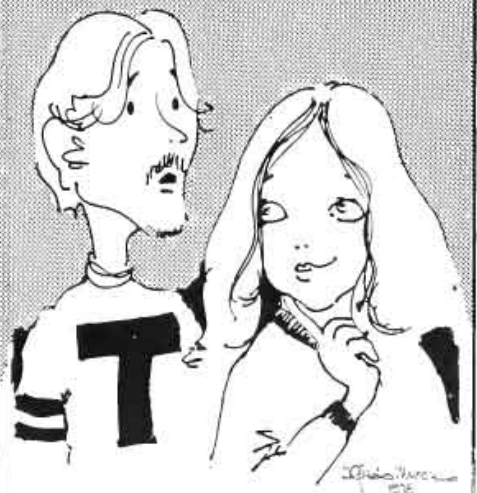
"Of course," replied the professor. "It says so right at the top of the page."

"But that's 800 pages of reading a week!"

"Welcome to college."

After class, Rosie was in no mood for socializing, so when the tall blond guy who had been sitting next to her in class started making strike-up-a-conversation noises, she was a bit at a loss for words. She let him ramble on a little with the usual 'class-looks-good' BS, until he got around to:

"I'm John, my major's English. What's yours?"



A sudden flash of inspiration hit her. She smiled captivatingly and said:

"Husband-hunting. Why?"

A look of panic flashed across John's face. He coughed, glanced about.

"Hey, Bob! Ah--excuse me, Rosie, but that's my roomie--gotta run. See you later. Hey Bob, wait up!"

Rosie grinned, picked up her books, and left. At least she could be miserable in peace.

janet haggard  
john haitz  
aida hamshari  
jim hance  
mark hansen



mary hanus  
john hasbrook  
louise haubl  
frank hausman  
edmond hebert



cecil hedigan  
jim heitkemper  
bob hencken  
sandra henningsen  
john herber  
patricia hernandez  
becky herring



mike hill  
mark hilliard  
kevin hinkston  
tony hinojosa  
herb hirsch  
christian hoch  
peter hogan



becky herring  
peter hogan  
mark honeywell  
marty howard  
george huberty  
glenn hughton



randy hujar  
dan hunter  
eddie hurip  
helen huston  
lisa hutt  
craig jahne

lisa jane  
bill jasperson  
christine johnson  
mark johnson  
robert jones  
bob joyce

maureen jurgens  
david kalez  
sara kaneshiro  
cathy kayse  
cathy kayser  
stephen keating  
bill kelleher  
deirdre kelly

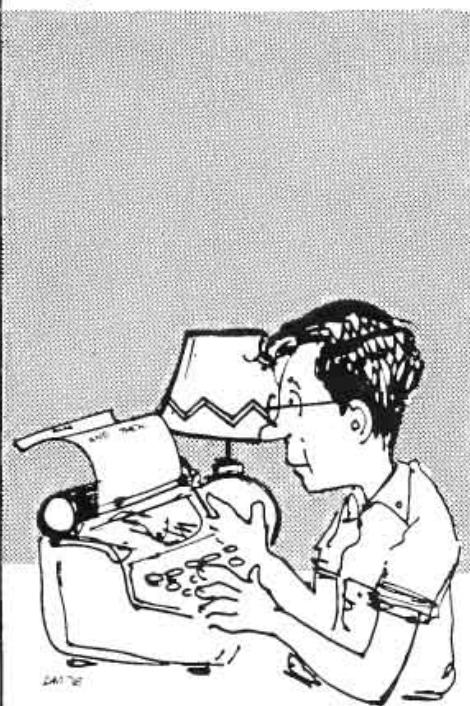
mary kelly  
john kelm  
martha kelsey  
danielle kenealey  
robert kennedy  
joe kearst  
betsy kincart  
karen king

kathleen king  
sherry kirrene  
bill kirtland  
rick knauf  
kurt knigge  
evyann kory  
pat koslowski  
john kovalesski

# FROSH LIFE III

When George Saimes had started this paper on Byron, he had felt sorry that the poet died so young. Well, it was now 3 am Wednesday, the paper was due Friday, and the work was only half done. George's only remaining regret about Byron's early death was that he hadn't been around to watch the guy suffer. George figured the poet had it coming.

George had started this paper on Monday, thinking that a Romantic poet would write mainly about girls and moonlight. Instead, the stuff was full of suffering and yearning and a lot of rot about the guy's Tortured Soul. There was hardly any sex in it at all. George felt cheated.



The prof had recommended a long poem about some child named Harold who was making a long trip to run from Fate. It took George four hours of reading and two NoDoz tablets to get through it, and when he was done with that he plowed into a pile of reference books the size of Oakland. Things were going OK until Julie from his math class showed up to ask if he knew the answer to number 7A. George hadn't even glanced at his math in days, but suddenly decided that it was time he gave ol' Byron a rest--just long enough to give Julie a helping hand. The fact that Julie was gorgeous had nothing to do with it. Well, very little.





joe krack  
kathy kralj  
jeff kreitler  
kathy krouse  
sidney kuboi  
dexter kubota  
sharon kugler  
kurt kunimune

steve l'esperance  
kimberly ladd  
katherine lambeth  
mary langford  
monique langlois  
cathamary lee  
russell lee  
shelly lemal

loretta lemos  
lisa lemucchi

kerry lenihan  
john lenko

david leo  
carole leong

kenneth lerch  
margaret liao

thomas lilly  
jean lima

john lipanovich  
yolanda llamas  
heng lo  
tami lobbell  
ann loesel  
leonard lofano  
bridget loftus  
gail lopez

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sean mahony



barbara main  
tom mallet  
valerie mangum  
melissa maniz  
eileen marmorek  
glen martens  
margaret martin



robert martin  
tim martineau  
larry martinelli  
armida martinez  
brandon mason  
mary mastro  
don mazilli



mary martin  
don mazilli  
eileen mc caffery  
john mc carthy  
mike mc carthy  
mary mc closkey



matt mc cormick  
bill mc gill  
pat mc guire  
terri mc guire  
john mc kenna  
mark mc namara

david mello  
dan mendes  
liz mendoza  
john merriman  
mark michaels  
ann miller

cheryl miller  
dede miller  
mark miller  
michelle miller  
jim mitchell  
brigid modena  
mary modeste  
vince mojica

cathy monaco  
brian moore  
marcy moore  
tom moore  
chris morcno  
jeff moscaret  
paul mosher  
mary mulligan

mark mullinix  
margaret munro  
kevin murphy  
terry murphy  
marlys nakamae  
don navarini  
rick nelson  
rick nichols

The short hiatus for math lasted a bit longer than George had planned, what with the sunrise drive home from Mount Hamilton and all, and Tuesday classes found George just a shade sleepy. Benson coffee got him through his afternoon Poli-Sci class, but when he got home to his room bed looked awfully inviting, so . . .

So here it was Wednesday and George still had that English paper hanging over his head, much like the axe Marie Antoinette was currently getting in Western Civ. Despite outrageously inflated margins and double spacing, he'd only managed four typewritten pages so far, and that was only half of what he needed. He thought of asking for help from Kevin, the floor genius, but decided that Kevin would sneer and talk about Existentialism or something. He also thought briefly about hiring Andy, the defensive tackle across the hall, to take his professor out of commission, but his checkbook told him he couldn't afford it. In despair, George picked up his phone.

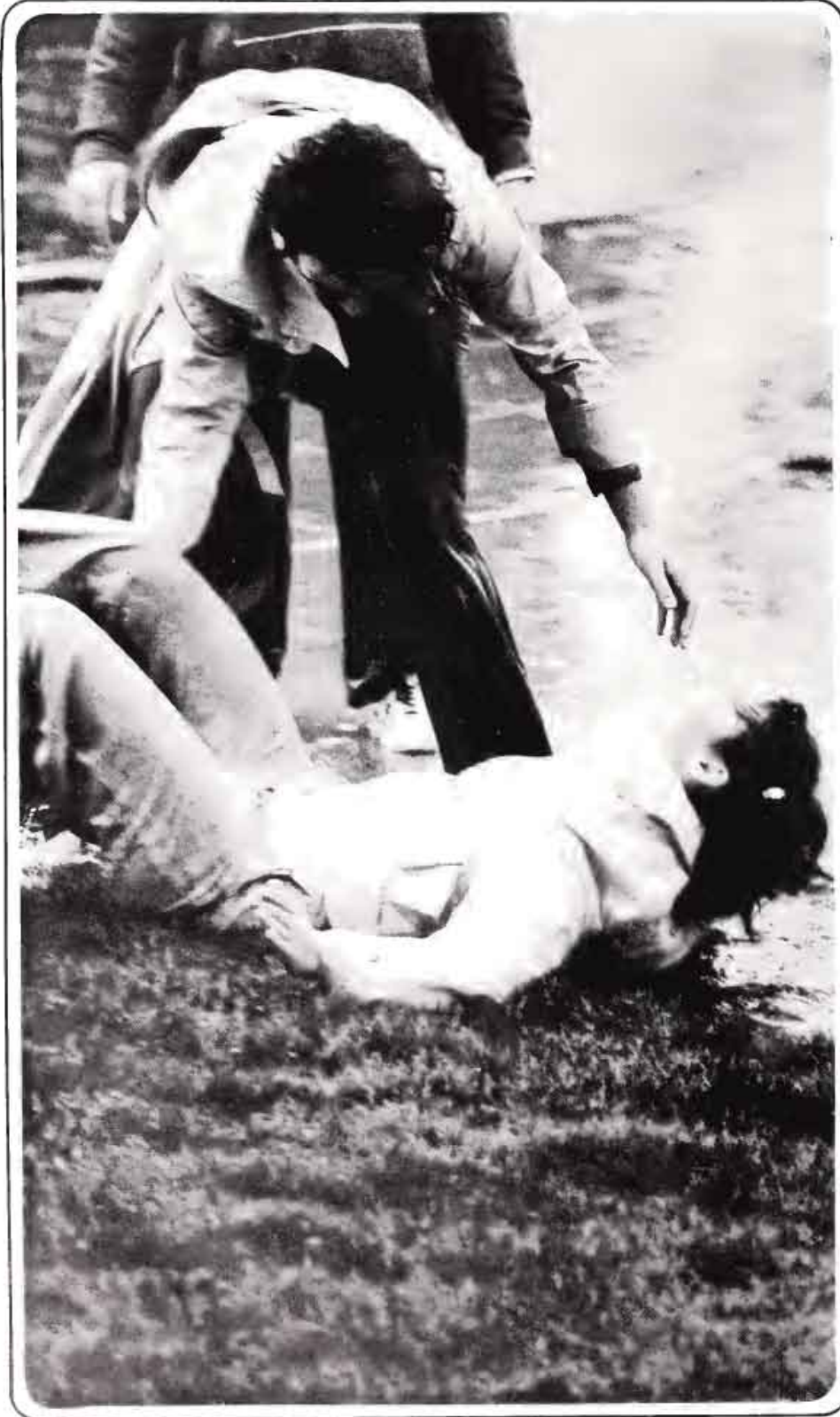


"Julie, do you know anything about Byron?" She might not help his paper, but then again, good grades aren't everything, he decided.

jean marie niedermeyer  
 mimi niemiller  
 rync nishimi  
 tim noonan  
 julia north  
 richard newton  
 cheryl oberdick



kathleen o'brien  
 cecily o'byrne  
 teri ochoa  
 edwin o'hanlon  
 michael oliver  
 peggy o'rourke  
 jim o'shea



julia north  
 michael oliver  
 gregory page  
 gary palacios  
 sara pang  
 pateel papazian  
 marianne parelius  
 lori pasion

richard newton  
 peggy o'rourke  
 karen patrick  
 dave payne  
 mark pedrazzi  
 kurt pellegrino  
 lisandro pena  
 frances pereira

cheryl oberdick  
 jim o'shea  
 fred perez  
 tom perko  
 marie perry  
 roberta peters  
 jeffrey peterson  
 christopher pettit



geoffrey phillips  
jim phillips  
suzanne pirnik  
earl pirtle  
tom pochari

therese poletti  
john poloni  
karen porter  
cheryl powell  
kathy powell

mary pozzan  
donna presley  
david pulvino  
francisco queja  
mary quilici

brendan quilter  
marie rabaino  
kathleen radovich  
kuljeet rai  
nieves ramirez  
robert raybuck  
allanna rebello  
michael reckling

kathy reilly  
den rendler  
fernando revilla  
joseph riggio  
katie riley  
myriam rivera  
laurie rizzo  
fran roberts

## FROSH LIFE

Debbie sat at her desk boning up for her Accounting mid-term. Page 132 was being especially uncooperative and was refusing to give Debbie the clue she so desperately needed. She sighed and pushed her nose closer to page.

Suddenly the door rattled and Marianne, Debbie's roommate, burst into the room breathing hard and talking several light-years a minute.

"Debbie! You just gotta help me. This super cute guy he's gotta be a senior with dark hair and this real full mustache, see, he's in my History class and he's just *gorgeous* and he talked to me. I mean he actually *spoke* to me after class for 15 entire minutes and I don't even *know* what to do . . ."

There was a lot more, but Debbie quickly lost track of it, as her roommate was clearly becoming incoherent. Debbie broke in:

"All right, Marianne, so he's cute. Did you get his address, or even his name?" Debbie had always had a practical nature.

"Well, his name's Ron, and . . . and . . . I guess I shoulda got his room number, huh?"

"You dope, don't you know that all Senior guys live either on Third Floor Campisi or off campus? Besides, if he's a senior and good looking and hasn't got a steady, he's probably gay."

Marianne was somewhat abashed at her own naivete, but figured she'd try to get the guy's address anyway and spent all that night devising various schemes.

The next afternoon, Debbie was poring over page 134 of her Accounting book when Marianne breezed in from her History class brandishing a battered paperback and looking smug. She sauntered over to Debbie's desk and tossed the book into Debbie's lap.

"Medieval Agrarian History," read Debbie. "Big deal. Looks boring to me."

"Check out the inside cover."

Inside the front cover, Debbie saw written in bold black Flair: Ron Kramer--345-6011. Debbie was visibly impressed.

"How'd you get this?"

"Simple," replied Marianne. "I told him I'd lost my copy and asked to borrow it. Devious, huh?"



jeff rocky  
ed roney  
yvette rosas  
alan rose  
mike rosendin  
kelly rosso  
joye roth  
denise rowan

carrie ruehl  
daren ruiz  
maria ruiz  
dan ryan  
leslie sachs  
steve sack  
martin samuels  
matt sander

barbara santos  
cheryl santos

laurie ann santos  
mary sargeant

ed schaefer  
rich schaub

ellen schiller  
alicia schindel

jennifer schlenz  
patrick schmitzer

scott schroeder  
ken schulze  
rick schulze  
gerry scott  
john seidler  
bob sellers  
cathy semans  
laura settlemier

WHERE CAN YOU PUT UP MA & PA, GRANDMA & GRANDPA,  
JOEY & SUE ANN, BRIAN... AND FIDO & DONALD (THE DUCK)  
... WHEN THEY COME VISITIN'?



... AND YOUR ROOMMATE DOESN'T LIKE THE DUCK,  
BUT DOES LIKE YOUR SISTER?

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andy shown  
charles shreve  
anne silva



vilma silva  
gina silvera  
sheri simmons  
mark slaughter  
cookie smith  
dorian smith  
edward smith



andy shown  
cookie smith  
sidney silva  
lawrence smith  
paul smith  
robert smith  
jeff smoker  
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charles shreve  
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cindy starr  
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kimberley stewart  
sara stiegeler  
eric stille

jerry stilwell  
james stinar  
char stivers  
yukari suga  
brian sullivan

harold sullivan  
anjana suri  
dannette surron  
phyllis sweeley  
paula takaguchi

leonard tallerico  
desiree tang  
armand tapia  
arthur tapia  
kim tavares  
sandra taylor  
tom templeman  
jeffrey thomas

barbara thompson  
rob thomas  
doug tierney  
danny tung  
josie ureta  
susan vallie  
tom valva  
kathy van olst

"OK, ok, so you're another Nancy Drew. What're you gonna do, now that you can call him on the phone?"

Marianne wasn't quite so sure on this point, so the pair spent an hour or so listing the things senior guys usually do on dates.

"Well, for starters, he's sure to take you to The City," began Debbie. "Probably to the Tonga Room or the Carnelian Room or something. Got anything real fancy to wear?"

"But what if he wants to--well, stay in a hotel and--well *you* know. He seems to like the real experienced type."

"Tell him you like movies and mention Camera One--that oughta be a good hint. Older guys usually like that arty kind of stuff."

"No, no --I'd probably fall asleep in the middle and I'd just die of embarrassment."

After awhile, the two figured the best plan was a study date. Since Marianne had already borrowed the book, she called up Mr. Gorgeous almost immediately and offered to come to his digs to talk it over.



That night, Debbie had a lot of trouble concentrating on page 136 of her Accounting book. She kept looking up expectantly, waiting for Marianne to arrive with news of her experience with the 'older man.'

Finally, Marianne returned, looking awfully disappointed.

"Y'know that book he lent me, 'Medieval Agrarian History'? You remember how I said it was boring and a total waste? Remember how I cursed the teacher for making us read it? Well, Ronnie-poo just adores that stuff. He thinks it's *fascinating* and spends his weekends in museums and libraries reading all about it. The guy is a *total bore* . . ."

Marianne continued in that vein for quite a while.

Long before her roommate stopped talking, Debbie had her Accounting book opened to page 137 and was resignedly reading away.



joe vella  
dave verdugo  
matt vickers  
davide vieira  
marilyn vierra  
tim vollmer  
susan vukovatz  
brian wagner

don wakefield  
steve wallace

debbie walsh  
jennifer warner

bret watson  
kathleen wehner

kathryn welker  
geoff westerfield

steve whalen  
debbie whipple

billy williams  
bob williams

ron williams  
tim williams  
donald winn  
greg wong  
frank wood  
danny woolls  
pete yarbrough  
monica zarate

# The Reveler





festivals  
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cinco de mayo and may faire  
cinco de mayo and may faire  
cinco de mayo and may faire  
cinco de mayo and may faire  
cinco de mayo and may faire



# MAY FAIRE

My big sister finally took me to see where she goes to school, last May. It is the U of Santa Clara and let me tell you, the first thing about the place that hit me was the uniform that everyone has to wear. At Our Lady of Pagan Babies we're stuck with salt and pepper pants and clip-ties but over there almost every guy has to wear skin-tight leotards and little skirts and no cut-offs if you know what I mean. The girls are not much better off, since they have to wear these long dresses and flowers in their hair which would not last a minute in a good hard game of smear-the-queer.





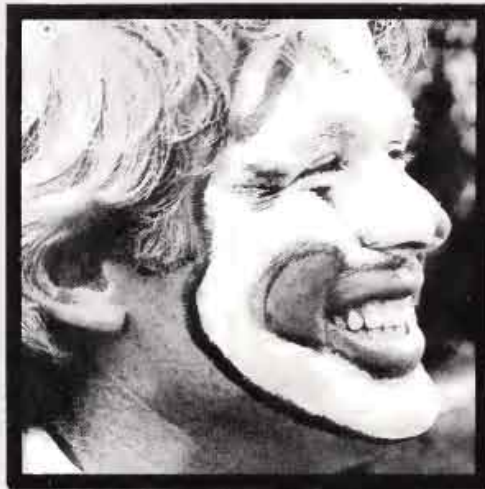
But I gotta tell you seeing what college is all about really makes me look forward to going to Calvin Coolidge Junior High because in those higher schools of learning all you do is wander around from one food stand to another and watch belly dancing. No kidding the whole school just sits around and watches juggling and magic acts. Didn't see a book in the place, much less a desk. Mostly grass and flowers around there. Only went into one building and it was pitch dark in there. Couldn't see a thing but someone kept moaning kinda like how Mary Norma Kempstедder did that time before she threw up on Philip McPhail. Remember that? Anyway, that place was creepy so I went outside again just in time to run into some gorilla. And I'm not kidding, this guy looked exactly like a gorilla, but his girl friend was a regular fox, so like I say, I'm not too worried about making it big at Coolidge.



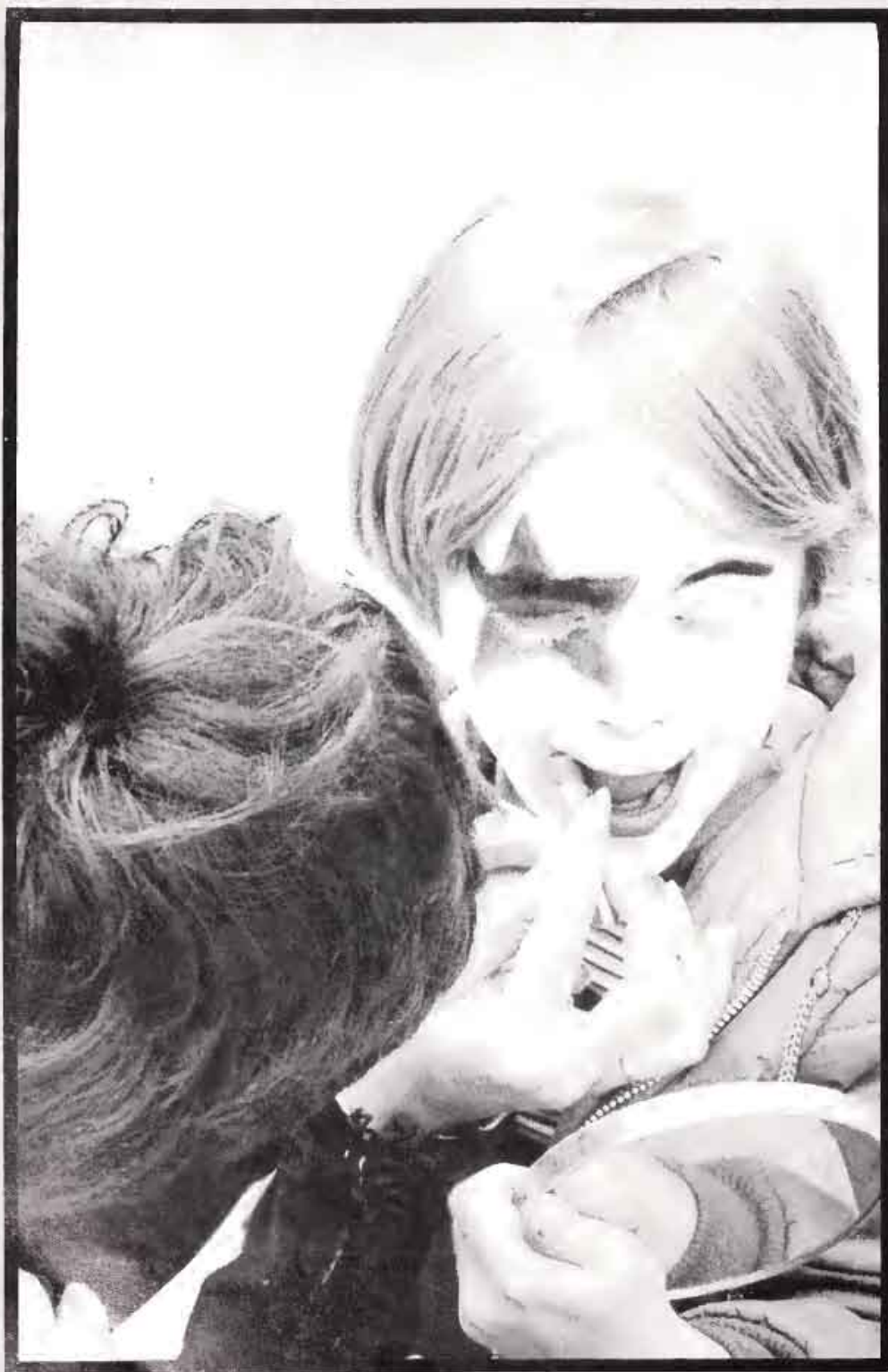




Any way, you gotta hear what these people do at recess. The bell rings and next thing you know, everyone is dancing, yeah DANCING around a pole. It's a perfectly good tetherball pole, but everyone is hanging onto little ribbons and dancing around the pole so I turn around to watch the juggler but my dumb sister grabs me and drags me into the whole thing and next thing I know everyone is ducking in and out and under everyone's armpits and meanwhile, the gorilla's cousin, some guy in a skeleton outfit, is running around grabbing you on the shoulder telling you you're dead.







By now  
I'm ready  
to go home  
and finish the  
new tape job on  
my handlebars, but  
sis says its time to  
see a play. I watched  
it and it was OK, the  
ole prince and princess  
story you know, only the  
dragon is a pretty harmless  
looking guy with a beard. Any-  
way, I found the entire experience  
to run directly counter to the concept  
of institutionalized education within the  
American sociological structure, at least  
as I have come to know this enigma over  
the course of the nine years I've been alive.





**Cinco de Mayo**



The annual Cinco de Mayo celebration at Santa Clara is a festival of dance and revelry, commemorating the historical Fifth of May during the Mexican Revolution, when Mexico finally won its independence from Spain.

The dances and costumes for a large part of the celebration have evolved from the revolution itself. In those days, dancing served to raise the peoples' spirits, while the long, full skirts of the women were used to conceal the machetes and guns which were thus smuggled over enemy lines.

Today, the dances are performed in the same manner and style as they were during the revolution, each one telling its own story, and rekindling the spirit of Mexican tradition, culture and history. The dancers are swept up in a whirl of excitement, absorbed in the dance, and lost in the music. Energy flows everywhere as the dancers respond to the audience's participations, their cries and "gritos" of encouragement.







As the celebration continued, the mood changed and the participants were treated to a different sort of performance by Los Mascarones, a group of actors dressed as skeletons. Although this unusual drama was rather shocking and somewhat disturbing in its satirical nature, the performance was nevertheless well-received.

Speaking more to the present-day situation in Mexico than had the earlier dances and revelry, the actors conveyed a message strongly critical of the Mexican government, focusing on the Mexican peoples' history of political, economic and military oppression, and portraying the struggle of a nation whose people are conscious of the government's encroachment on their rights, but who are as yet unable to ameliorate.









To culminate a day of festivity, the celebration ended appropriately with a mass in the Mission Church. A traditional part of the Mexican culture, the Catholic mass transcends Mexican history from the revolutionary period to the present day. Its message of unity among the Mexican people was the perfect ending for a day in which many Santa Clara students found a renewed appreciation for their cultural heritage.



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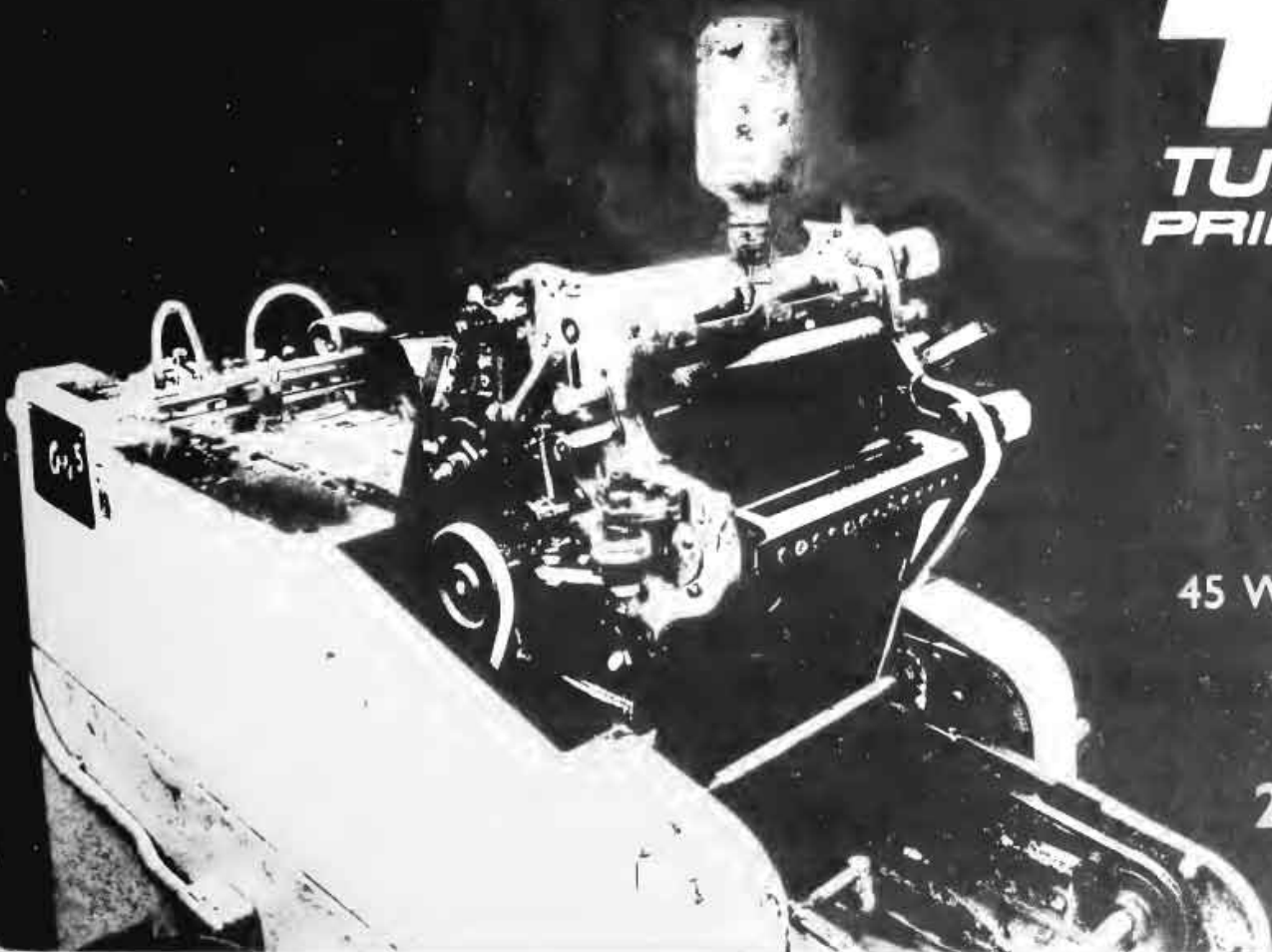
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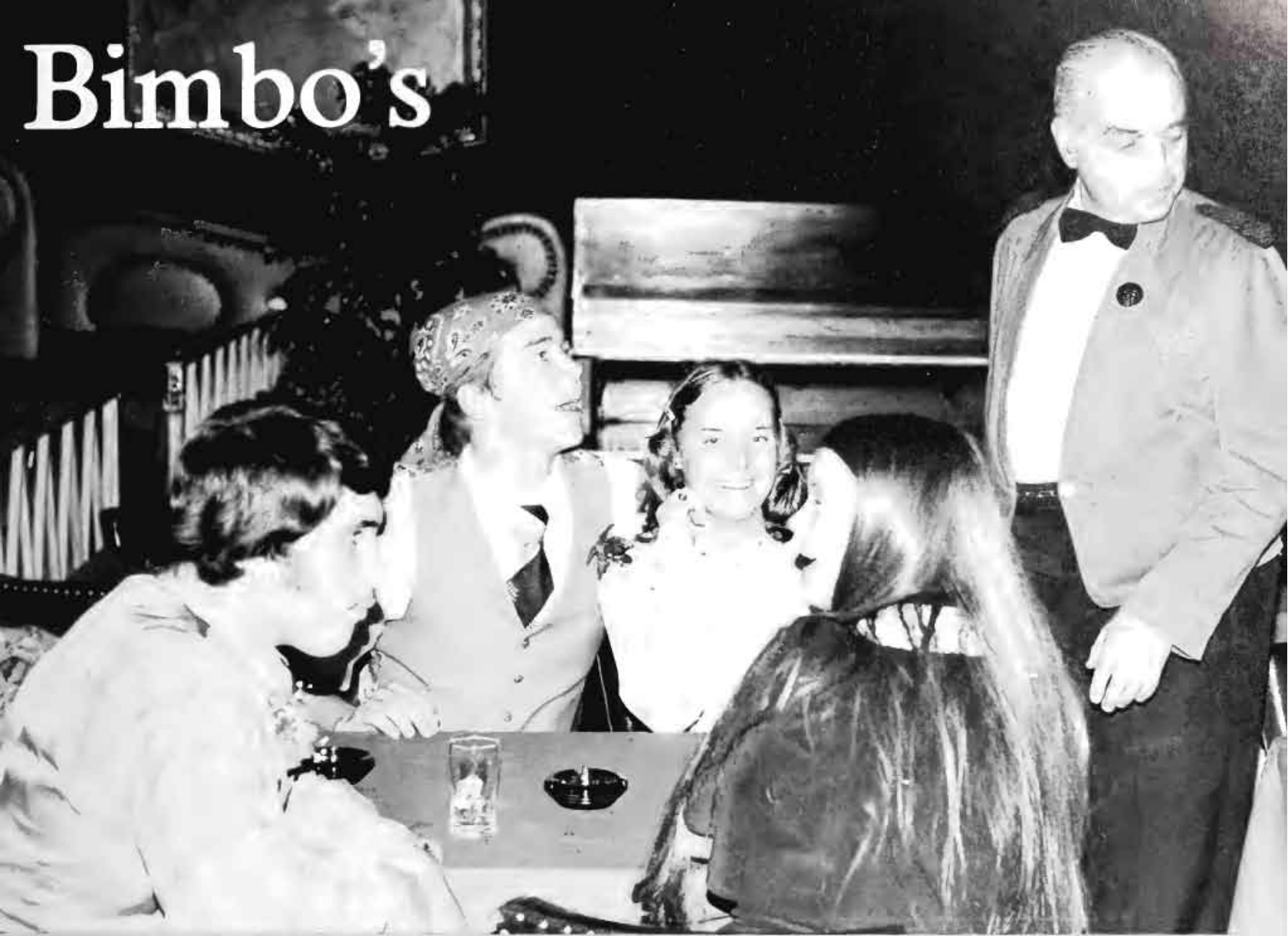


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on the bay or in a nightclub

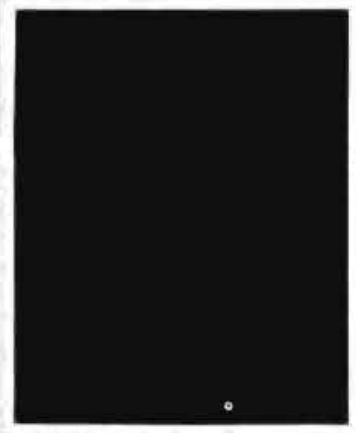


# Bimbo's



# Boat Dance





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# CARMEN

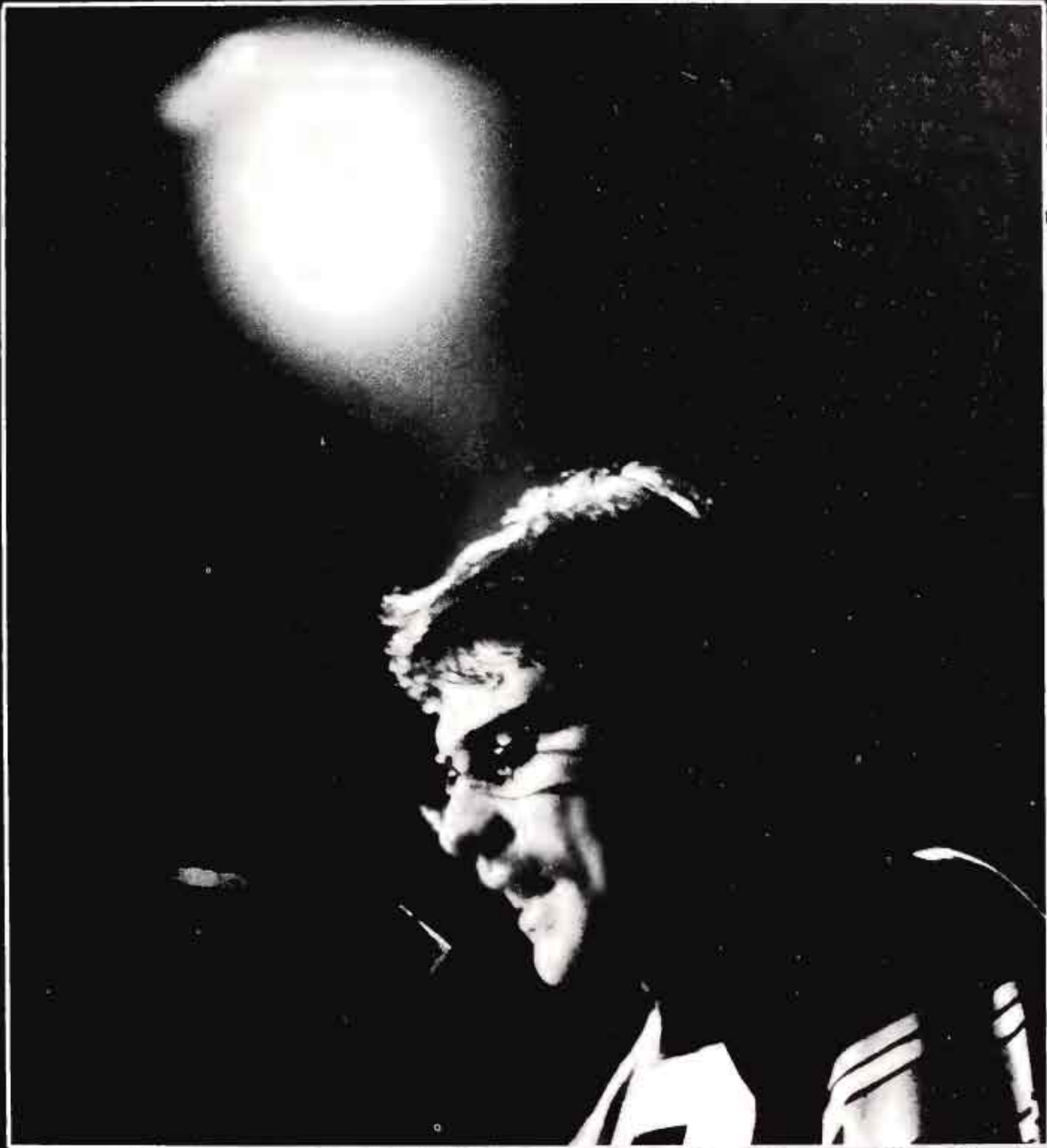




# HANDY



# RANKIN



# ROAD HOG



# GULIZEAN



# JOURNEY



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V. Chaplain's Office: **Chris Rossi, Pat Carroll, Jennifer Konecny, Gerry Phelan, Tenny Wright, Pat Bowdish, Domini Collins, Charles White, Dan Germann, Julie Garza**





II.

III.

IV.



I. Theatre Arts Directors: **Mary Jean Oliva, Al Gibson**

II. Assoc. Dean of Students: **Betsy Kovacovich**

III. Student Services Coordinator: **Esther Canales**

# George Giacomini



Mr. Giacomini is a compassionate and just man who views students as individuals with their own unique problems and concerns.

His "open door" policy is an indication of his desire to be accessible to students. This, as he has often stated, is the purpose of his position and may be the most enjoyable aspect of his job. He enjoys academic discussions and the classroom. That is his real love - teaching. He look forward to Fall and Winter Quarters when his schedule as Dean allows him to teach a class and participate in the unique student-teacher relationship.

Another side of Dean Giacomini, which few students see, is his unusual sense of humor and his ability to laugh at himself. For his birthday a few years ago he was the honoree at the dedication of the "George F. Giacomini, Jr. Memorial Conference Room." The dedication was

complete with a door plaque, speeches, the "Stars and Stripes" playing in the background, bunting, and balloons. Mr. Giacomini laughed the hardest at the tongue-in-cheek speeches enumerating his many accomplishments while in office. Instead of the usual tasteful tie, monogrammed handkerchiefs and Hallmark birthday cards, the Dean received a stuffed monkey dressed in a T-shirt with "Curious George" emblazoned across the chest. Visitors to his office will occasionally see him attempt a hook shot to his "Office of the Dean" wastebasket (basketball hoop and backboard attached). He takes his staff's sometimes distorted sense of humor in stride.

The Dean of Students is forced to walk a narrow line as the go-between for the administration and the students. In serving the University community, he must remain neutral in order to effectively meet the complex needs of both sides. George Giacomini is able to accomplish this because he is an individual who truly cares about the University and its future.

Few men have a conference room dedicated in their honor, have a staff that bestows stuffed animals for their birthday gifts, or endures tasteless jokes about their 1965 customized (no back seat) Corvair. One such man is George Giacomini, Dean of Students. He is an extraordinary man performing a myriad of difficult and often tedious tasks.

Many students see Dean Giacomini as a disciplinarian: dispensing fines, suspensions, or probation to erring students. However, this is only a partial picture.



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**III. Athletic Director: George P. Malley**

**IV. De Sisset Director: Lydia Moci-Vitale**

**V. De Sisset Gallery Staff: Cheryl Raasch,  
Marc Vitale, James Zingheim**

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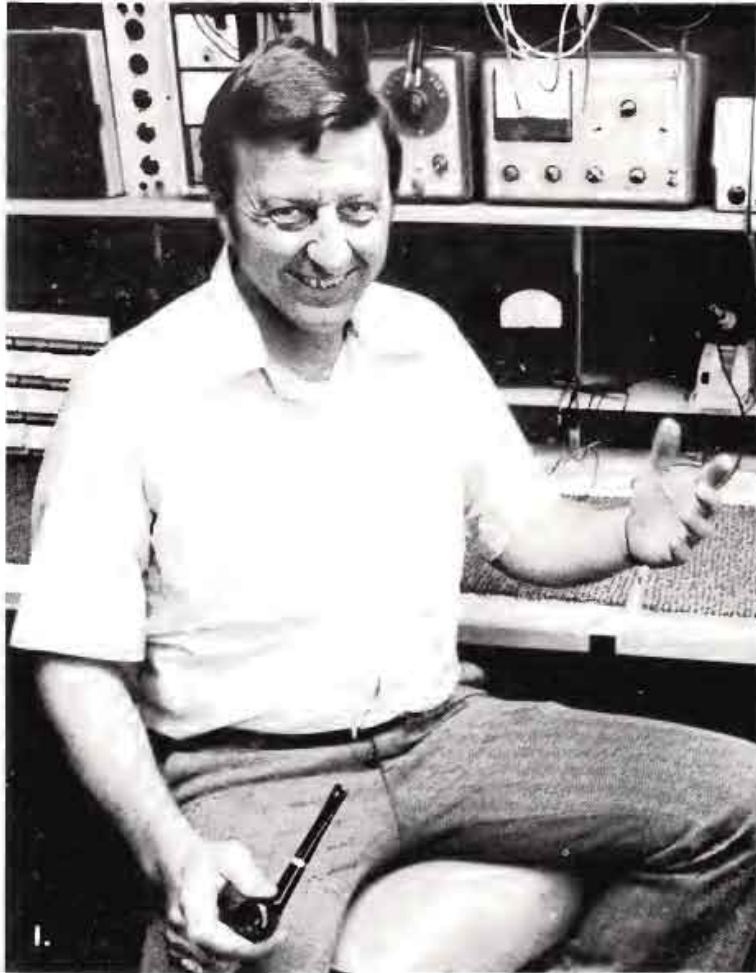
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Hi.

David Pulvino

Barry K. Rockwell

Thank God I made it in four years.

Steven L. Schauf

Susan Lee Thamann

# The Athlete II



Dunk t

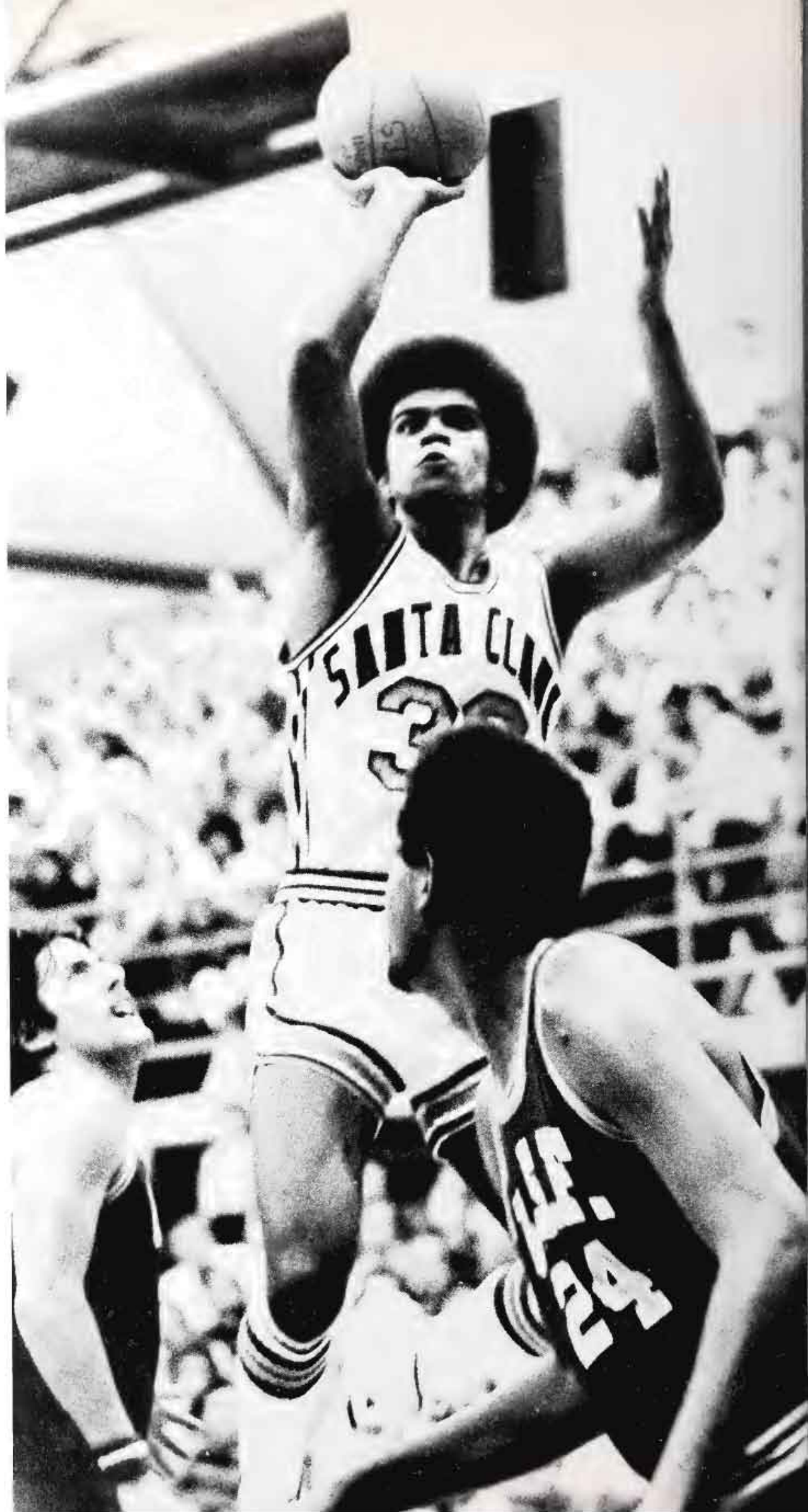


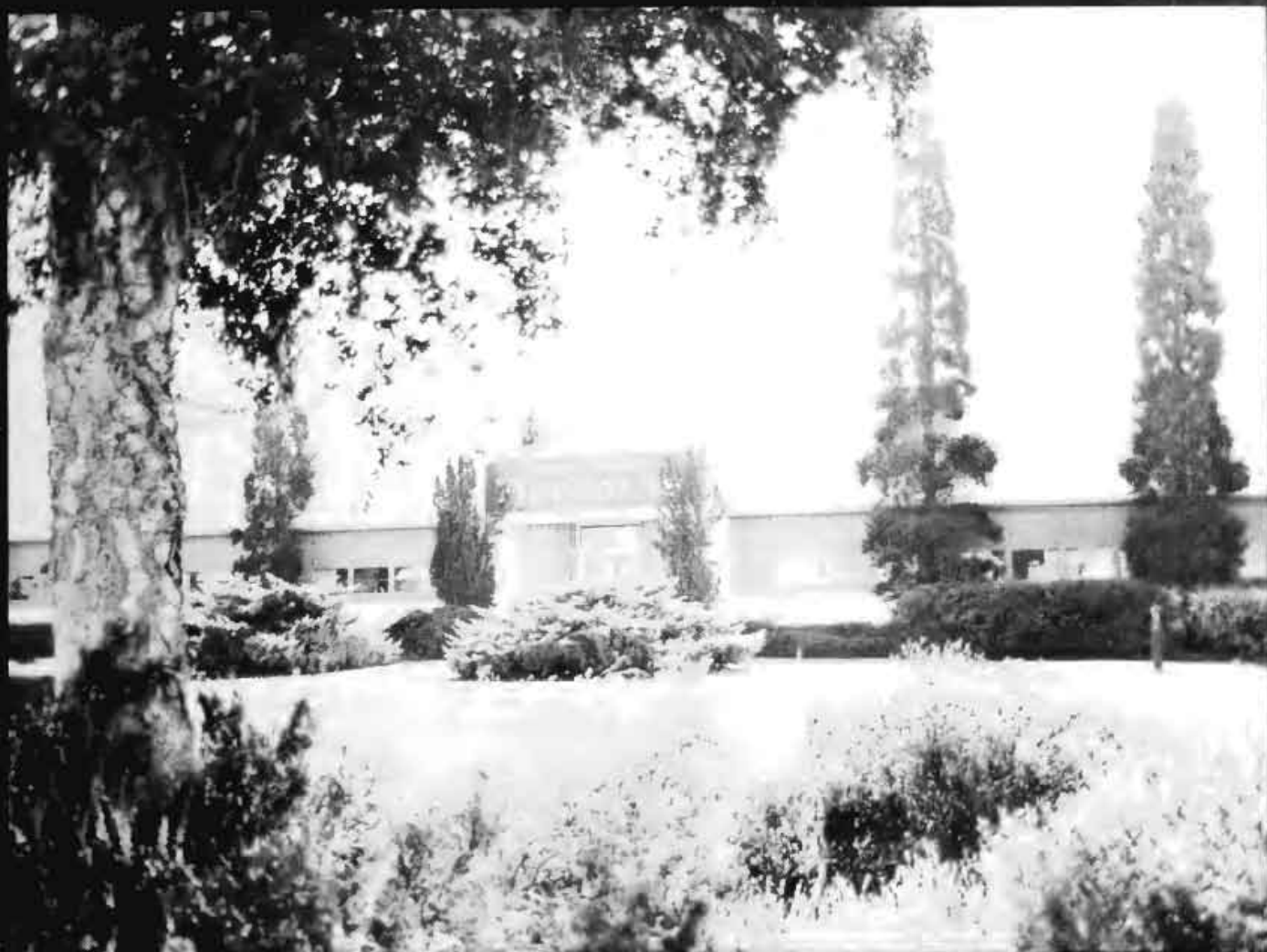


Basketball '78

## Basketball '78

The University of Santa Clara basketball team finished the 1977-78 season with more victories (21) than any other SCU quintet since the 1969-70 team. The year began well for the Broncos who compiled a 12-2 record before entering league play. The only losses came at the hands of UCLA at Pauley Pavilion and Stanford in the final seconds at Toso. The Broncos defeated Portland to capture the Cable Car Classic as sophomore guard Londale Theus was named the tourney's MVP.



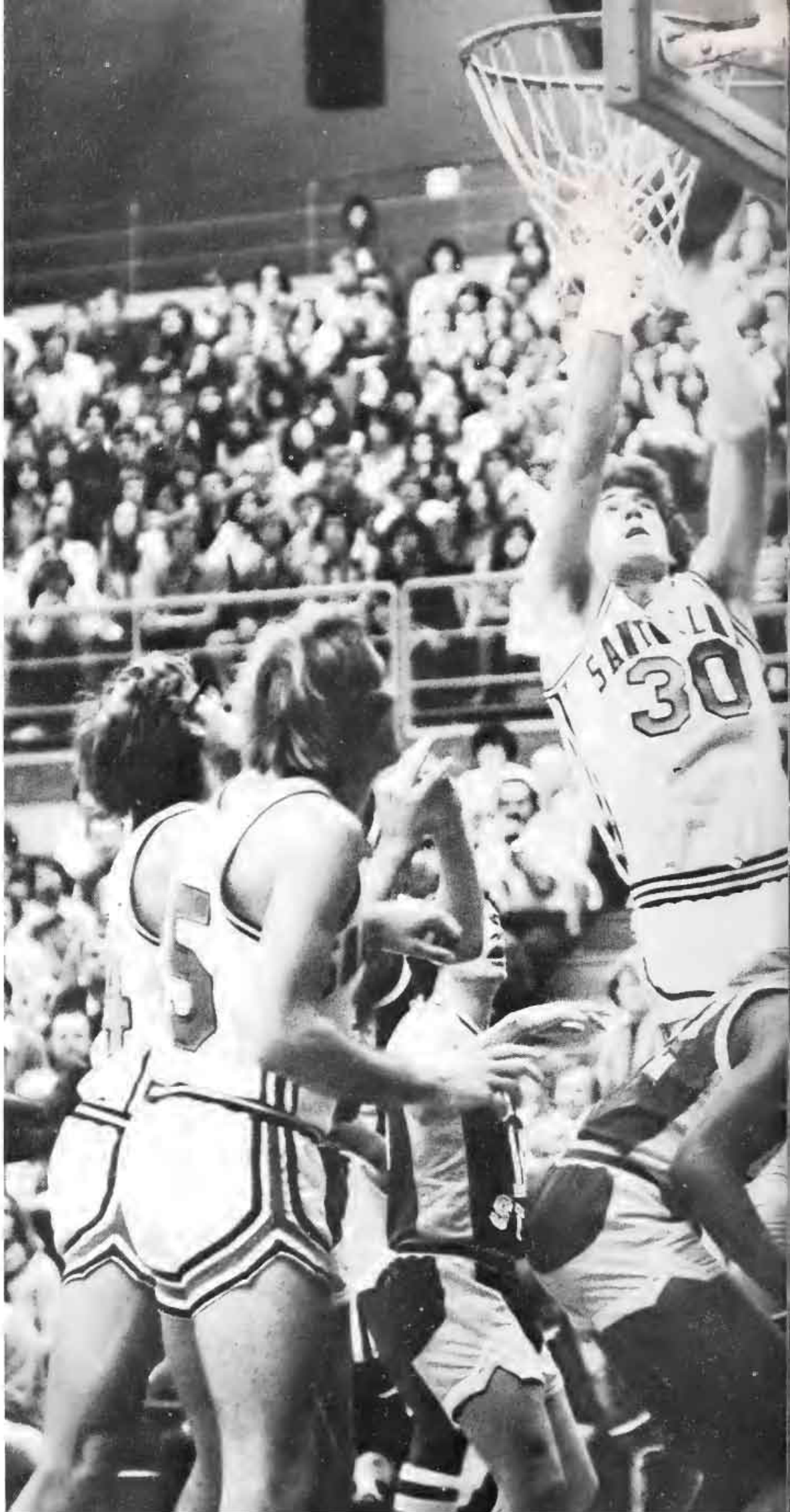


# OWENS-CORNING FIBERGLAS

960 CENTRAL EXPRESSWAY SANTA CLARA

## Basketball '78

Despite an excellent 21-8 record, the Broncos found the going rough in the WCAC. Coach Carroll Williams, who now owns a 113-100 record in eight years at Santa Clara, along with assistant coaches Dan Fitzgerald and Dick Davey guided the Broncos to a fourth place finish with an 8-6 record. The Broncos dropped two decisions to both USF (WCAC champions) and Nevada-Reno (second place). Santa Clara managed to sweep league opponents, St. Mary's, Pepperdine and Seattle while splitting two games with Loyola-Marymount and third place finisher Portland.











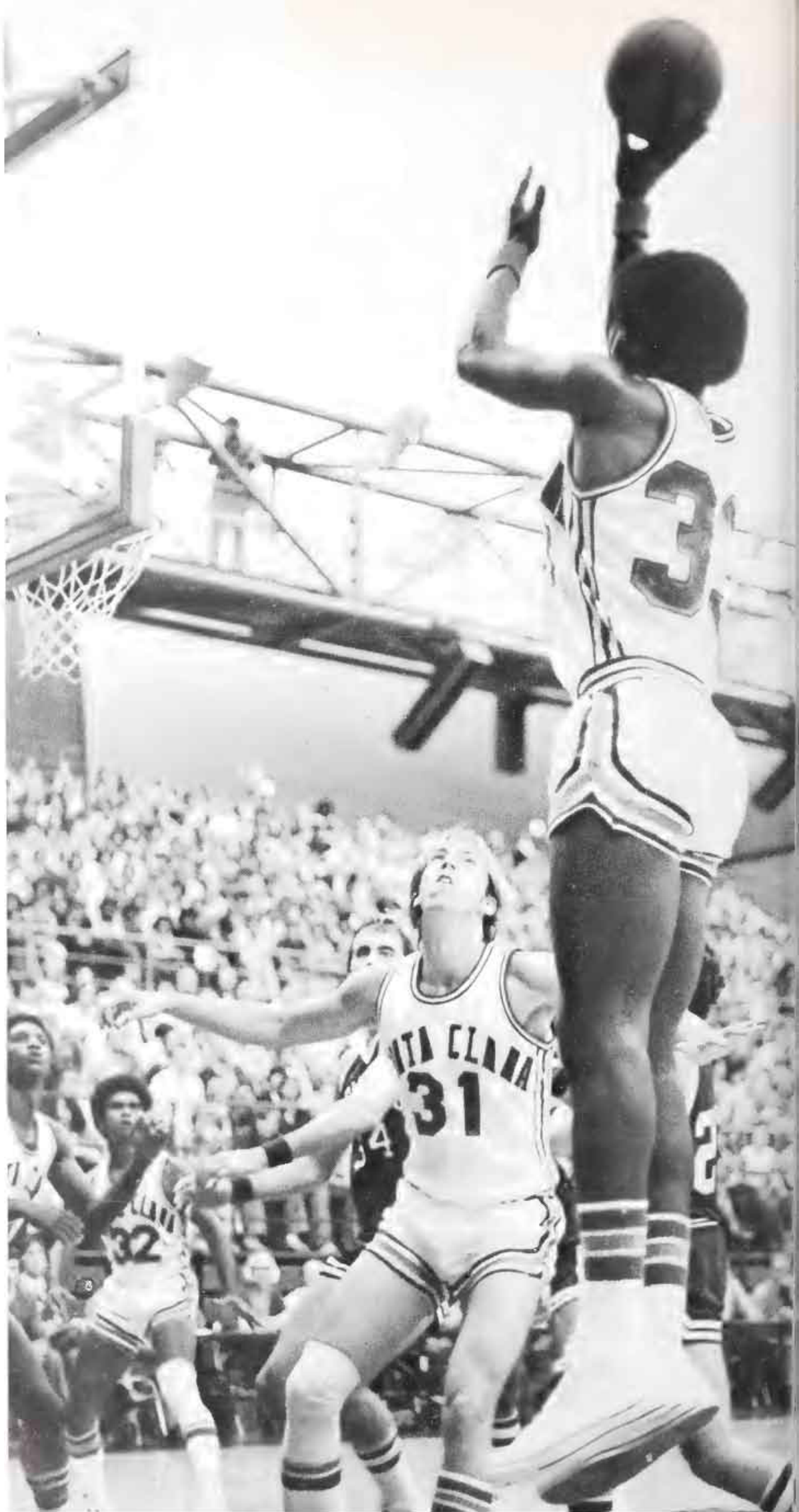
## Basketball '78

The 77-78 Broncos shot a sizzling 51.9 per cent from the field, good for 12th in the nation, to erase the old record of 50 per cent set the previous season. Senior captain and point guard Eddie Joe Chavez compiled two individual records: his 153 assists broke his old record of 152 and his career total of 482 assists in four seasons also is a record.

Chavez played brilliantly for the Broncos throughout the entire season, acting as the floor general and catalyst. Chavez was drafted in the fifth round by the National Basketball Association's Houston Rockets after being named to three all-star teams. He was selected for a first-team berth on the All-Northern California team, a second-team spot on the All-WCAC squad, and an honorable mention citation on the District 8 team. He closed out his college career as the tenth leading all-time scorer with 988 points.

## Basketball '78

The Broncos were led in scoring by the sophomore tandem of Kurt Rambis and Theus. For the second straight year, Rambis led the Broncos in both scoring (13.7 ppg) and rebounding (8.5 rpg). He moved into seventh place on the all-time Broncos rebounding list with 546. Rambis and Theus were voted honorable mention candidates in the WCAC. Theus finished second in scoring with 13.6 ppg, but led the Broncos in total points with 394. His quickness and jumping ability make him a difficult player to defend. Theus shot 47 per cent from the floor, a remarkable figure when you consider how many of his shots are cast from the 20 foot area.



# EJ

Four years ago a wild, exciting basketball player entered the University of Santa Clara very unsure of himself and extremely confused. Four years later, he was the main man in the Bronco basketball fortunes. For it was Eddie Joe Chavez who made the Broncos go.

One of the most popular players ever to don a Santa Clara uniform, Chavez was poetry in motion on the court. The look-one-way/pass-the-ball-the-other was symbolic of his talents and floor leadership.

The popularity is undefinable. On a cold February night when he was introduced for the last time in Toso Pavilion, you could tell that the fans would be losing something that had been a big part of their lives for the last few years. The ovation was incredible as people stood for minutes to pay homage to a real hero.

But Eddie Joe goes beyond the basketball court. Anyone who was fortunate to become close to him could tell you that he was different. Many times his attitude was misunderstood. He was very unsure of himself from the beginning and it affected his life very much.

True, E.J. was not the student in the traditional mold that most are at Santa Clara. But why condemn him for that? His sensitivity and almost naivete was extremely noticeable.

Many times he seems afraid to open himself up to anyone, but at the outset of his senior year you could tell that he had changed. On the court he was something special. Carroll Williams, who spent more time with Eddie than any other person at Santa Clara once said he could not have a successful basketball team if Eddie Joe didn't play. He was right.

A sensitive person, Eddie was not affected by the materialistic part of life that many times dominates a person's life. He was more interested in the simple things. Like building a house in the mountains and caring for animals that he had adopted.

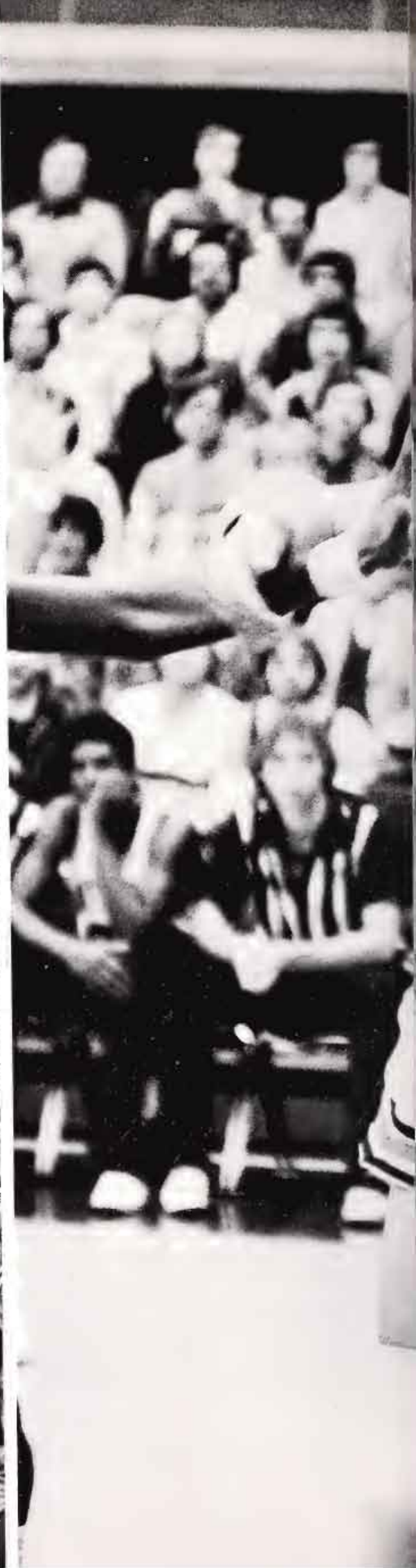
The most memorable incident is seeing Eddie in the athletic office dittoing papers with a notice that his dog was lost. He even had the *San Jose Mercury News* run it in the Sports Editor's column. What can you say?

Too often students at Santa Clara are judged in the typical way. What kind of grades they get, how much money their family has, but not Eddie Joe. He refused to become part of that syndrome, the one that drives the person more for what he can get than what he would be happy doing.

How can you capture Eddie Joe? The one calling the plays on the court. The right hand high in the air signaling for the four corner offense. The drive to the basket, pass the ball off. No one at Santa Clara has had the charisma of igniting the crowd the way Eddie did it.

The Broncos are sure to finish the season next year with a winning slate, but when they first take the court there will be something missing. A main part of the team. The one who led them. Eddie Joe Chavez, one of the top guards ever to play at Santa Clara.







## Basketball '78

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The man who stabilized the middle was a 6-10 freshman out of Del Mar High School in San Jose, Mark McNamara. McNamara improved more and more as the season progressed, becoming an effective offensive weapon in the final nine games of the campaign when he averaged 16.3 points and pulled down 8.4 rebounds per game. He held his own against other tough WCAC centers, Reno's Edgar Jones and USF's Bill Cartwright. A left-handed shooter with excellent touch from anywhere around the key, McNamara finished the season shooting 62 per cent from the field to lead the Broncos in that department.





## Basketball '78

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Post season honors awarded to McNamara were the Northern California Freshman of the Year, WCAC Freshman of the Year, as well as being named to the second-team all conference group.

Other Broncos who contributed a great deal were senior forward Dan Malane, Mark Bruening, swingman Gary Carpenter and freshman Ted Whittington.

Malane played a consistent, fundamental game as the Bronco's best defensive player. Bruening filled in well at both forward and center while playing a very physical-styled game. Carpenter and Whittington became more evident as the season progressed with Carpenter being the first off the bench and Whittington earning the starting forward job opposite Rambis near the end of the season.



## Basketball '78

Freshman Steve Wallace impressed the Bronco rooters in his debut with his amazing shot blocking and dunking ability. Wallace learned a great deal his first year and should be one of the more important factors in the next few years. Limited duty was reserved for Korky Nelson, whose Korky Club remains alive, Mryt Easley, who had a field day in the Bronco wins over San Jose State, and Marshall Grimes, who will be counted on heavily to fill the shoes of the since departed Chavez.

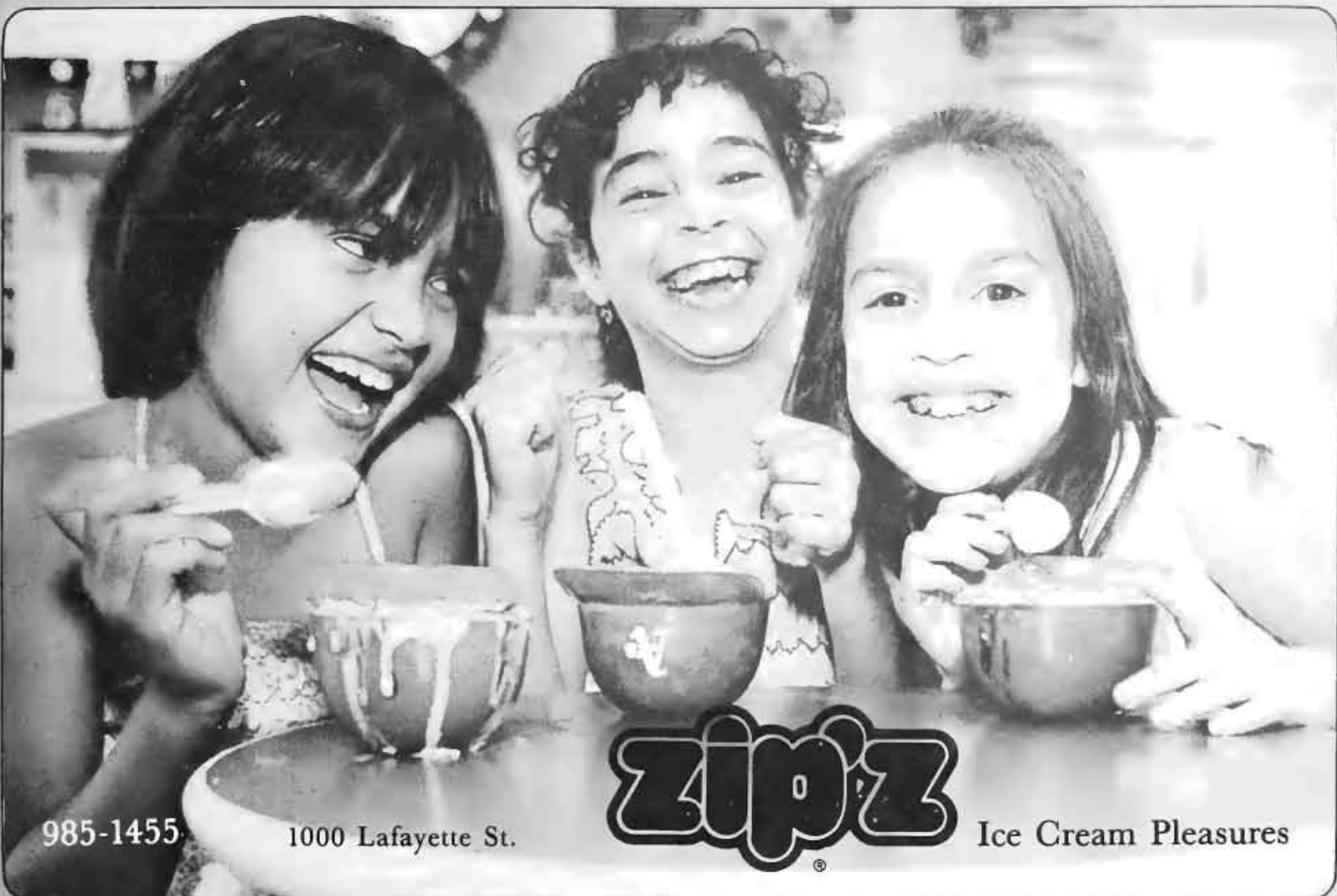






## Basketball '78

All in all, it was an exciting year for the Broncos, one which included victories over Pac-8 opponents, Washington and California. The Broncos took 13 out of 16 in Toso Pavilion, including victories over Columbia, Kent State, and the University of the Pacific. The year can be regarded as a stepping stone to better times since the Broncos lost only two seniors. As the team grows a little older and a little wiser, more and more victories are sure to come their way.



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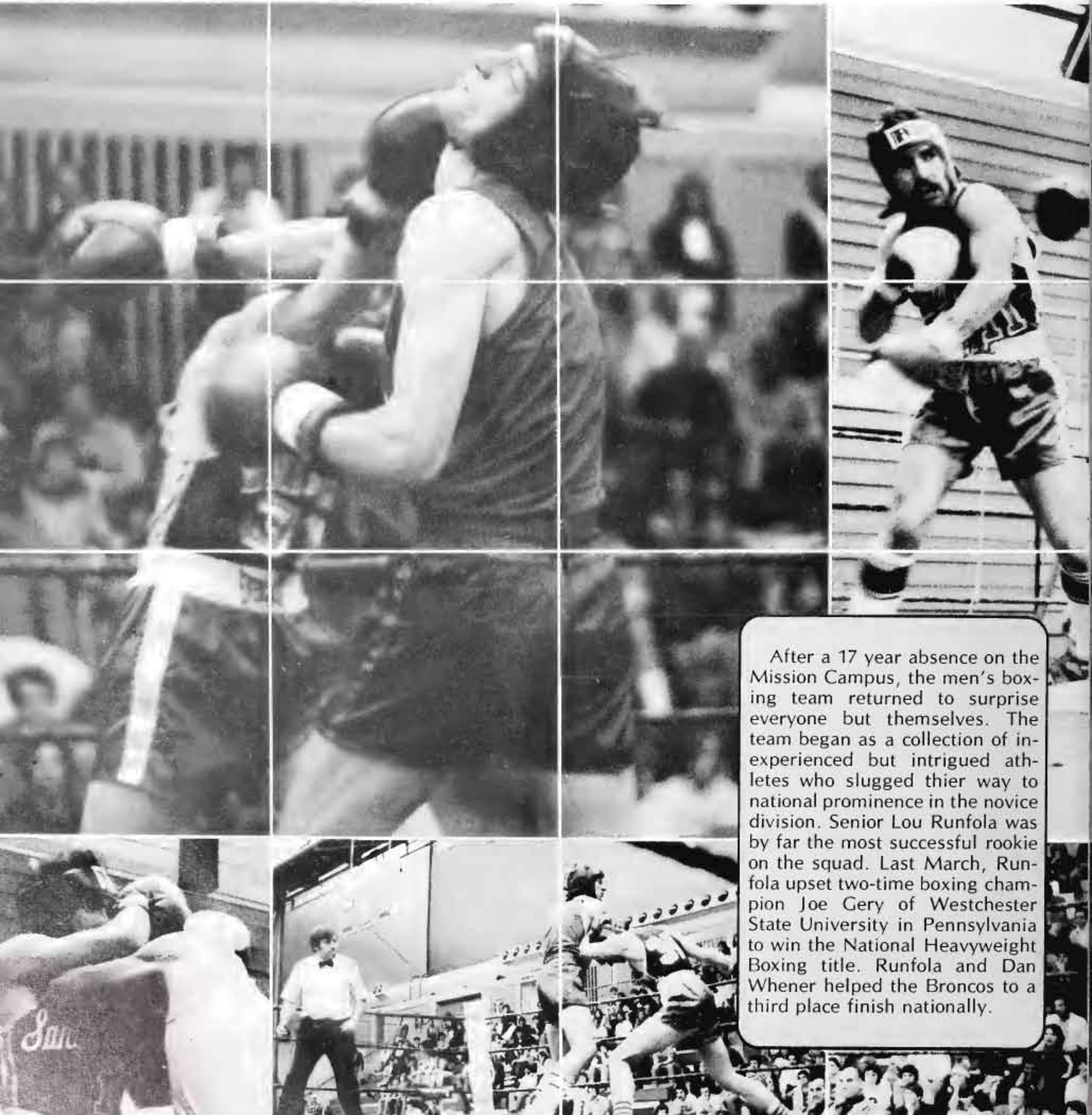
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First Year Team Earns National Standings

# Boxing



After a 17 year absence on the Mission Campus, the men's boxing team returned to surprise everyone but themselves. The team began as a collection of inexperienced but intrigued athletes who slugged their way to national prominence in the novice division. Senior Lou Runfola was by far the most successful rookie on the squad. Last March, Runfola upset two-time boxing champion Joe Gery of Westchester State University in Pennsylvania to win the National Heavyweight Boxing title. Runfola and Dan Whener helped the Broncos to a third place finish nationally.

# Lou Runfola

by Paul Viano

**H**is opponent had over forty-two fights, sixteen knock-outs, and an undefeated record. Lou also boasted a perfect record, but the yearling boxer had entered the competitive ring only eleven times before tightening his gloves in Reno, Nevada for the Western Conference Nationals. He was pitted against the title holder. Seven months of intensive mental and physical training were about to be culminated in a single decision.

In Lou's first fight, he knocked out his adversary in the initial forty-five seconds — the trend was set, the momentum was all his. Few people comprehend the boxer as athlete; few people comprehend the boxer as thinker. Lou Runfola stands out as a living counter example to these stereotypical beliefs. As a teammate of Lou's all year long, I can testify to both his athletic and his intellectual prowess.

The most important aspects of boxing, though, are motivation, personal control and confidence. When you place yourself in the ring, you are the only person who makes the mistake, and you are the only person who pays for it. Boxing is a personal sport, but more than a sport, it is a test of self. Lou rarely made mistakes, but when he did, his quick mind and lightning moves were able to turn them to his advantage. In three of his bouts the opposing coach threw in the towel.

An upcoming fight absorbs the boxer's mind. He can think of nothing else. Like most sports, the game is ninety per cent mental once the fighter is in shape. However, unlike other

sports, a single mistake can prove truly disastrous--there is rarely a second chance.

It was Lou's ability to think in the ring, to dedicate himself, to make the sacrifices, to take that extra step, that enabled him to make it to Reno. It is these same qualities that follow him in all his pursuits.

Making it to the Nationals was no surprise to Lou Runfola; he

knew it the very first day he came to practice. Those who worked with him knew it also. The story behind Lou's fight to the top epitomizes every successful athletic endeavor: Lou knew the job and went out and did it.

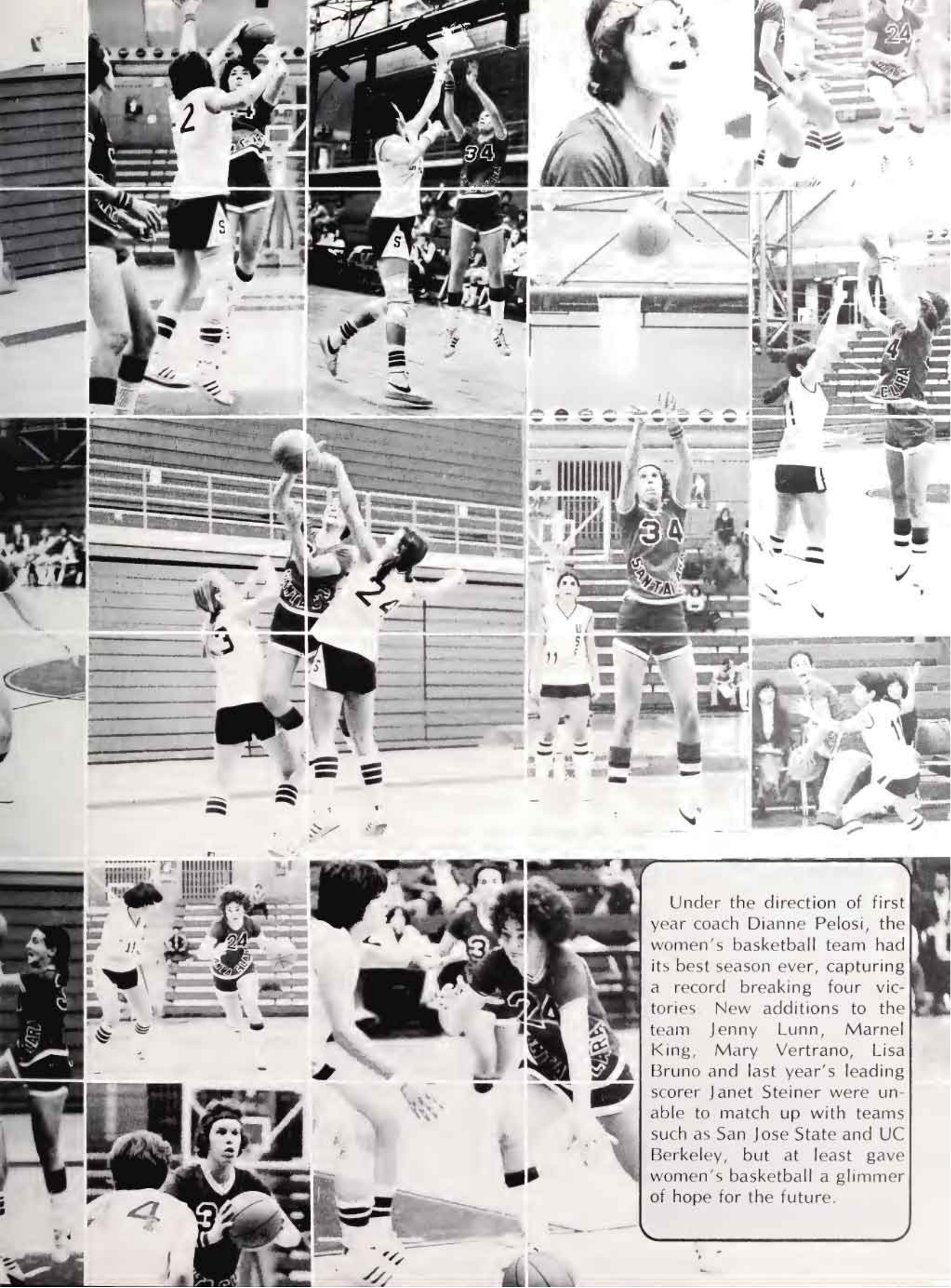
He knocked out the defending Western Conference Champ in the first round to become the reigning 1978 National Amateur Heavyweight Champ.



Women Improve Against Tough Teams

# Basketball





Under the direction of first year coach Dianne Pelosi, the women's basketball team had its best season ever, capturing a record breaking four victories. New additions to the team Jenny Lunn, Marnel King, Mary Vertrano, Lisa Bruno and last year's leading scorer Janet Steiner were unable to match up with teams such as San Jose State and UC Berkeley, but at least gave women's basketball a glimmer of hope for the future.



Losing Season Not Without Its Highlights

# Rugby





Many memories will be remembered from the 1978 season. Who can forget Ted Upland and Roger O'Hara coming to the games with half-beards? Who'll forget Lonnie Hamlin's Academy Award Performance against the Seahawks, just so little used Bill Trolan would have something to brag about? How can anyone forget Bucky Canales, the sophomore sensation, being so happy at a rugby party that he cried?

Lonnie Hamlin turned over his president duties to all-star junior John Langholff, who did a Mexican hat dance after being elected. Langholff was one of the top 1s players, even though his off the field antics nearly made him a member of the Guinness Book of Records.

Other players worth mentioning were the two outstanding seniors, Dave Ramey and John Coppinger, who won the award for the second straight year; Tim McTear Macking, who proved you don't have to be an athlete to play rugby; Ken Hurley and Tom Brown for promising they would never play rugby again, and Kevin Rudy who provided open field running unseen before on the Mission Campus, and Tom Williams, who gave up a pro football career to play rugby.

All kidding aside, the 1978 season was a fine one for the SCU ruggers. They played with a very competitive attitude and were never embarrassed on the field. Their sensitive nature was ever prominent in the face of injury when Jim Parsons was severely injured against Santa Cruz. For the remaining part of the season the SCUTS played courageously and are worthy of much praise.

For me 1978 was a fun year, after being given the chance to report not only the scores, but scoring failures. —P.S I knew if I didn't mention Rob Adams he would be upset.

Frank Colarusso

Season Ends Too Soon

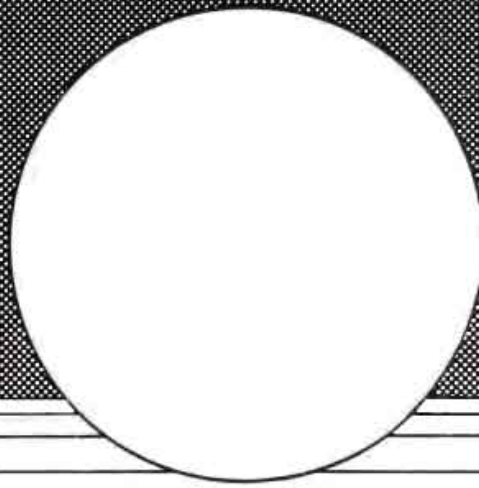
# Lacrosse



The Lacrosse team suffered through another discouraging year as team after team posted double digit scores against the Bronco's single digit figures. Stanford, Marin and Monterey each triumphed over SCU by more than 10 points (15-4, 17-5, 15-0, respectively).

Bob O'Meara, Bob Duyn, Mike Ferriera and Dave Horskotte led the young Broncos in their uphill battles, and eventually in their upset victory over University of the Pacific.

The Broncos began to jell after their hard fought encounter with UC Berkeley that almost resulted in another underdog victory (UCB 12, SCU 9). However, the season was at end.



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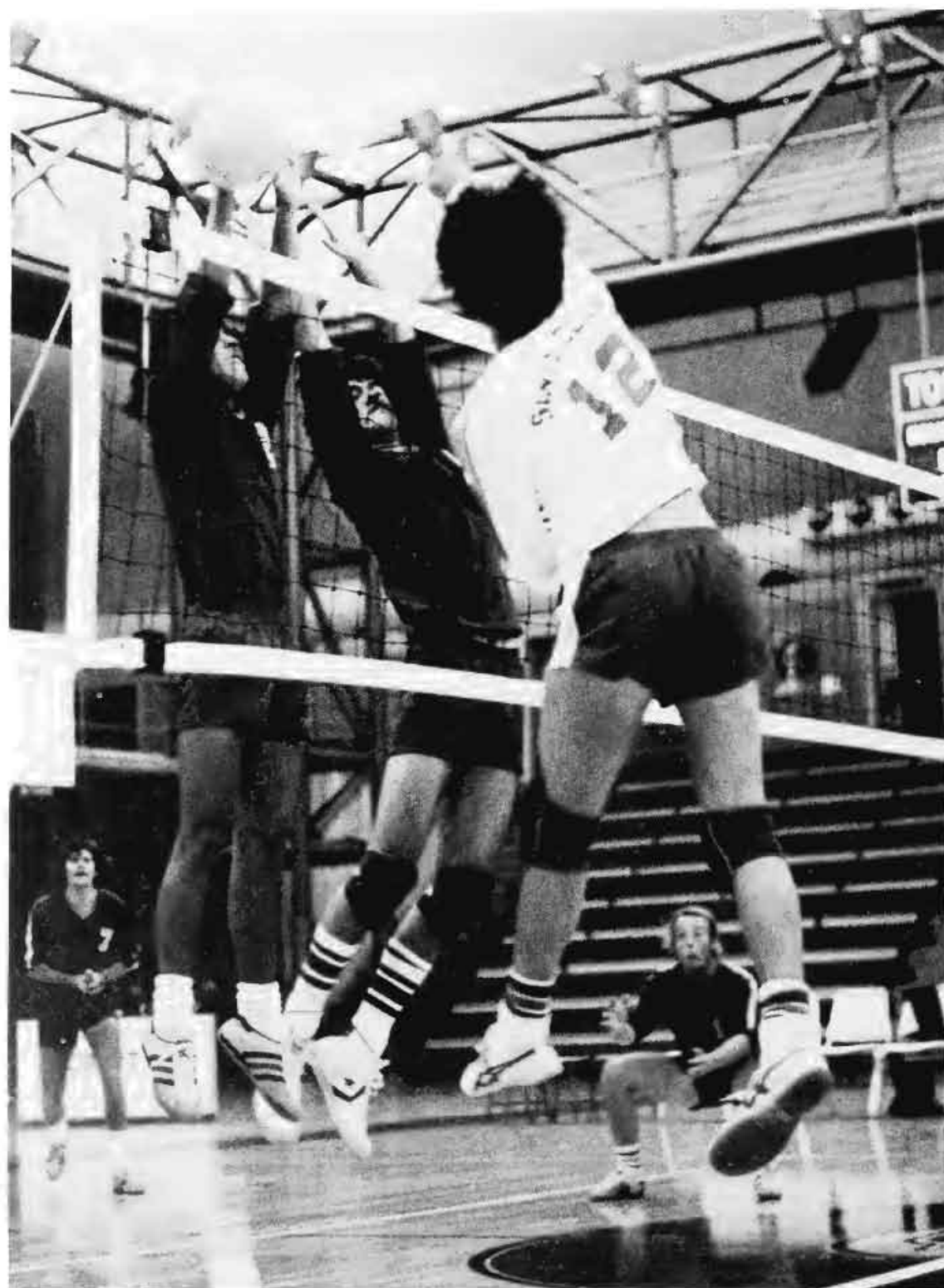
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Spikers Gain Playoff Birth

# Volleyball





A much improved group over previous years, Santa Clara's men's volleyball team found its way to the Northern California Collegiate Volleyball Playoffs.

The Broncos, boasting a 3-3 league and 6-6 overall record, defeated Fresno State at Toso Pavilion enabling them to take second place in their division behind Stanford. Led by returning stars Mike Hansen, Rich Rosendale and transfer Greg Huebschen, the '78 spikers had their best season since the program was originated in 1974.

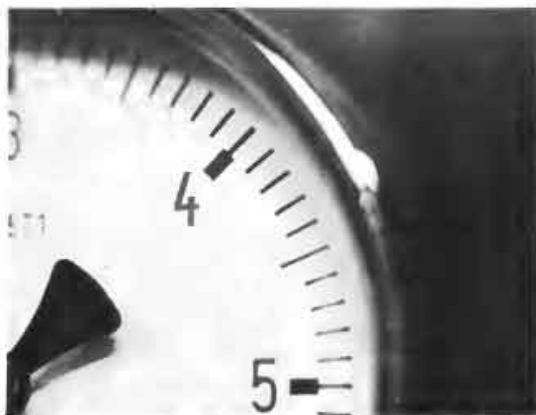
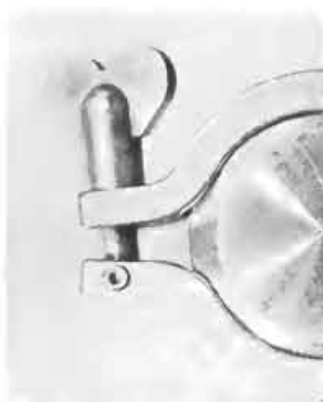
A new coach, Mary Bruegler, was obtained from San Jose State where she had been an assistant for the women's program for five years. Bruegler was quick to prove herself through her knowledge and enthusiastic coaching abilities.

In previous seasons the Broncos suffered from "lack of depth," yet this year the spikers had eight out of ten players returning from last year's squad. Besides Hansen, Rosendale and Huebschen, the team was rounded off by returning members Joe McCroskey, Eddie Joe Chavez, Fred Bicy, Mark Steele, John Foster and Pat Alongi. Two new members balanced out the squad: Daryll Lung and Doug Kauffman.

# IM Soccer



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# IM Soccer





# IM Basketball





# ROSTERS

## LACROSSE

Bob O'Meara  
Hank Murphy  
Scott Daubs  
Peter Faye  
John Coppinger  
Steve Neville  
Herb Hirst  
Mike Fierria  
Bob Duyn  
Mike Herman  
Bob Anderson  
Phil Olsen  
David Horstcotte  
Jeff Baird  
Bill Sinsky  
Wes Behl  
Ed Ward

## WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

Michelle Barbour, Forward  
Liz Bruno, Center  
Roberta Hunter, Guard  
Myrt King, Guard  
Jenny Lynn, Center  
Pam Martin, Forward  
Julie Rumann, Forward  
Janet Steiner, Guard  
Tammy Teichgraeber, Guard  
Mary Vetrano, Guard  
Trish Moore, Coach  
Carol Salisbury, Assistant Coach

## VOLLEYBALL

Joe McRoskey, Setter  
Rich Rosendale, Middle Blocker  
Fred Bicoy, Setter  
Chris Hill, Setter  
Mark Steele, Hitter  
John Foster, Hitter  
Mike Hansen, Setter-Hitter  
Doug Kaufman, Hitter  
Darryl Lung, Hitter  
Greg Huebschen, Middle Blocker  
Pat Alongi, Hitter

## INTRAMURALS

### MEN'S BASKETBALL

#### A League

Kevin Cottrell, Phil Arca,  
Marty Beaulieu, Ken Giannotti,  
Louie Carella, Greg Mooney,  
Jim Mooney, Bob Dennis

#### B League

Don Bertucio, Leo Kaempf,  
Dave Evans, Glen Martens,  
Ed O'Hanlon, Chris Petit,  
Walt Hopping, Jim Hietkemper,  
Dave Kalez

#### C League

Bud Nameck, Dave Ramey,  
Bill Fanning, John Hurley, Jeff Lum,  
Seamus McCracken, Brian McBride,  
Pete Romero, Mark Valente,  
Ken Hurley, Tim Bagwell

#### D League

John Beaulieu, Bill Reilly,  
Mike Deneffe, Paul Dick,  
Craig Candau, Dan Rodrigue,  
Phil Meier, Dan Kelleher

### WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

Julie Rumann  
Mary Walsh  
Sue Edwards  
Lynne Mercure  
Denise Furtado  
Elise Day  
Theresa Clifford  
Michelle Ferrera  
Malanie Ayan

### WOMEN'S SOCCER

#### Goal-den Touch

Judy Von der Ahe  
Evelyn Cardenas  
Cathleen Atchison  
Molly Long  
Mary Leslie  
Molly Mahaney  
Pam Russitera  
Thalia DeNault  
Karen Patrick  
Sheri Simmons  
Theresa Stetson  
Julie Williams

Coaches: Mike Sheehan, Don Negedly

## JV BASKETBALL

Mark Sawyer, Forward  
Matt Vickers, Guard  
Dave Wright, Forward  
Pat Murphy, Forward  
John Kovaleski, Guard  
Dean Edwards, Forward  
Chris Glomb, Guard  
John Slyvia, Center  
Ken Merricks, Guard  
Craig Morioka, Guard  
Charlie Parker, Guard  
Bill Bagley, Forward

## SOCCER

Michelle Barbour  
Megan Brown  
Mary Ann Capule  
Thalia Denault  
Elise Cardenas  
Brenda Ferreira  
Shareen Foster  
Denise Furtado  
Roberta Hunter  
Lisa Hutt  
Teresa Inocencio  
Patricia Isaacson  
Pricilla Kisling  
Mary Long  
Mary Mahaney  
Tara McGuinness  
Mary Nulk  
Victoria Odbert  
Pam Resetar  
Angie Robbiano  
Gergeanne Sekerka  
Sheryl Simmons  
Sarah Stiegler  
Joan Stimson  
Mary Walsh

## BASKETBALL

Kurt Rambis, Forward  
Londale Theus, Forward  
Eddie Joe Chavez, Guard  
Mark McNamara, Center  
Dan Malane, Forward  
Myrt Easley, Forward  
Mark Bruening, Center  
Gary Carpenter, Forward  
Ted Whittington, Forward  
Steve Wallace, Forward  
Korky Nelson, Center  
Bob Telles, Guard  
Marshall Grimes, Guard  
Bob Rife, Guard

# ROSTERS

# The Soph



sharon aby  
 nancy agan  
 lenore aguiar  
 mohamed al robaidi  
 dave alfaro  
 helbert alfred  
 marie aliotti



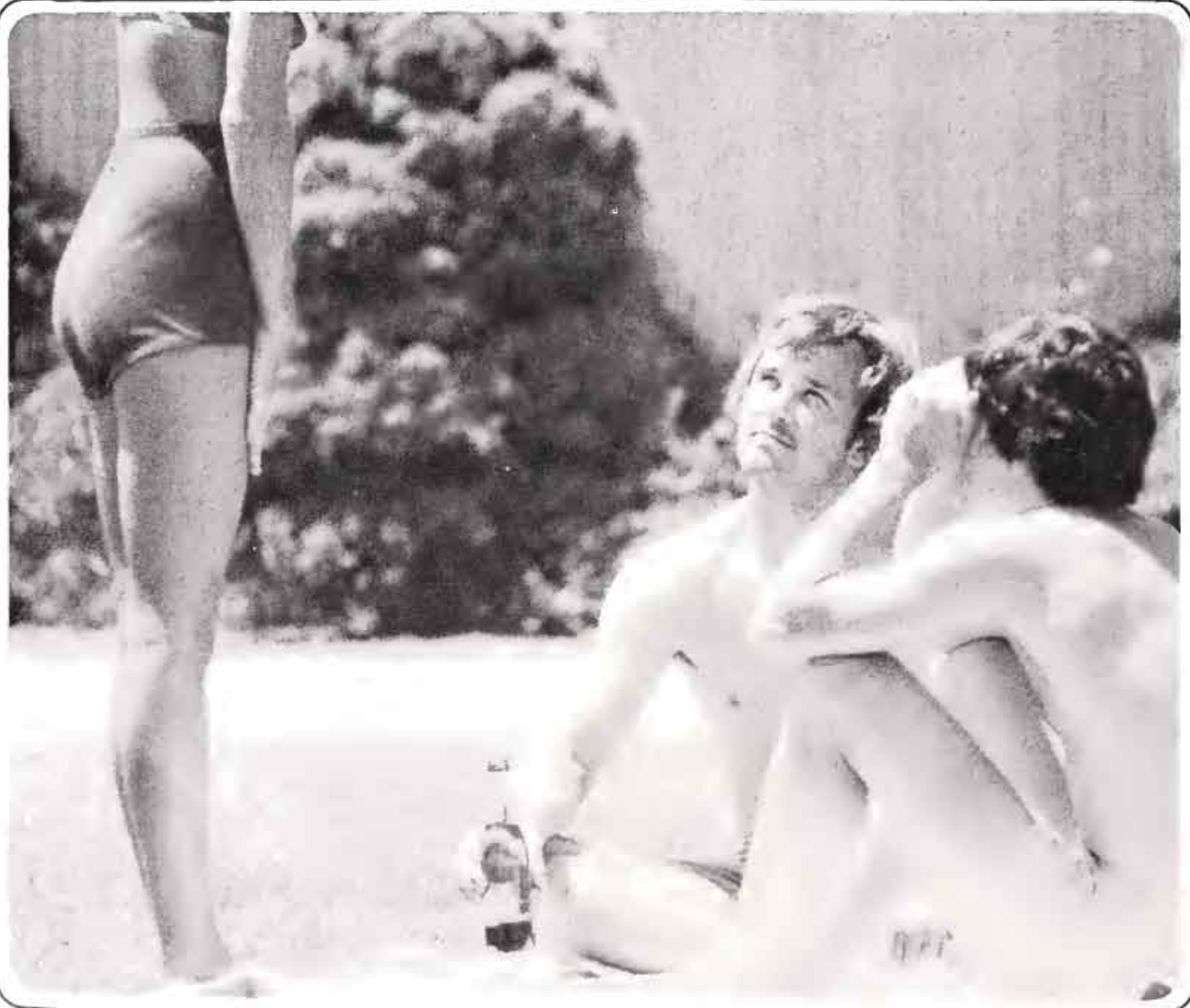
chris ambrosini  
 roni anderson  
 tom anderson  
 cindy andrade  
 annette andrews  
 angela anhalt  
 gloria arce



stephen archer  
 janice armento  
 virginia armetta  
 dave atwell  
 natalie ayars  
 margaret ayed  
 jerie backer



nancy baldwin  
 matt banhagel  
 mike barnes  
 dave bartell  
 anna basile  
 mark beauvais



marie aliotti  
 gloria arce  
 jerie backer  
 robin bechthold  
 craig beckman  
 chris bennett  
 jim berge  
 chris best



monica bezore  
fred bicoy  
joe biggi  
robert bigiogni  
lambert billet  
lisa blackhall  
cinci blanc  
tammy blanton

mike bobbitt  
jeff bocci  
kathleen bollard  
laurie borello  
teresa borra

mike boston  
john bowman  
david bradley  
brenda bremer  
ann brendan

jim brogoitti  
clare brown  
susan brown  
tom brysacz  
lynn butler

maria cabrales  
armando calderon  
mike callahan  
michael camarena  
debbie camera  
james canales  
mary ann capule  
david carballeira

# SOPH LIFE

## I

It was raining and Tony could feel the wet seeping through his jacket. He wiped the raindrops from his watch long enough to check the time. *Getting late--I'll hafta go through with it soon or the guys'll kill me,* he thought.

"The guys"--who were warm and dry back on third floor Dunne right now--had made it all sound so logical. Tony had, by common consent, the lushest, fullest beard in the whole dorm, and so when it came time to send somebody to Roman's who wouldn't get carded, he'd been drafted. For the thirtieth time Tony cursed Don, the floor's only senior, for visiting his girl in Vallejo and leaving them boozeless for the weekend. Finally he decided that hanging around here in back of King Bee wasn't doing him any good, and summoning his most experienced and worldly air, he wandered up to the back door of the liquor store.



His face pulled into its coolest sneer, Tony pulled on the door--with no result. Tony yanked harder, rattling the door, and suddenly noticed the sign just above his hand where it said *Push* in large block print. Acutely aware of his own stupidity, Tony pushed the door open and went in.



louie carella  
 loren carmassi  
 elizabeth carpenter  
 al carrasco  
 cloy carrillo  
 gary carter  
 diane carty



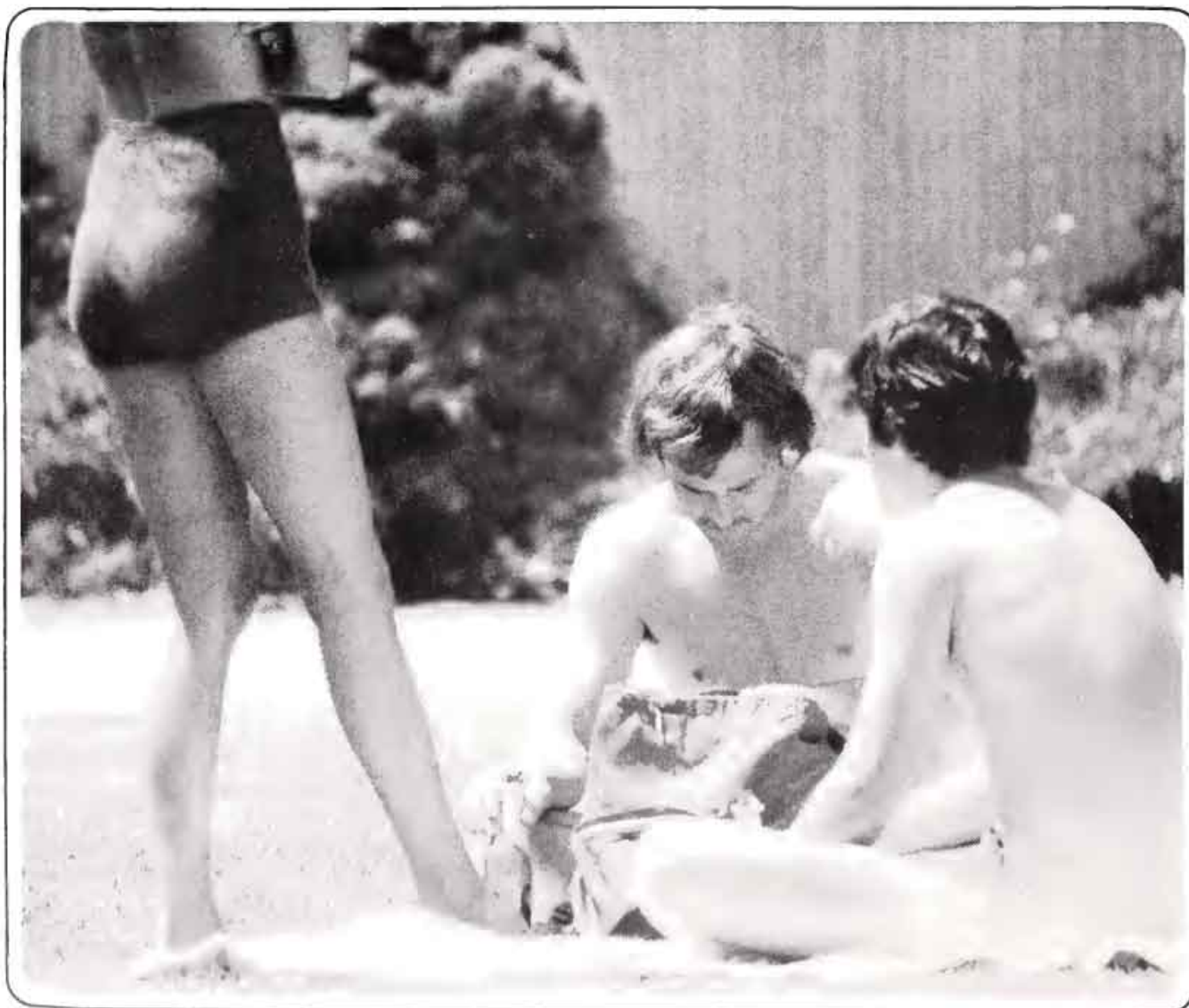
jean louis casabonne  
 rosemarie caserza  
 diane caso  
 anthony castruccio  
 jacelynn catala  
 ron caton  
 angela chakalian



gary chapman  
 ann chavtur  
 joni chiesa  
 bill chin  
 chinse chiu  
 steve choquette  
 david chow



mark christenson  
 roy cilia  
 jason clute  
 richard collins  
 lynn combs  
 terry combs  
 bill connell



diane carty  
 angela chakalian  
 david chow  
 bill connell  
 patricia connell  
 rosa contreras  
 laura cooper  
 rick copeland



john copriva  
 kevin corbett  
 nancy corbett  
 tom cosgriff  
 gilbert cosio  
 annette cracolice  
 steven cramer  
 kevin cronin

betsy crosby  
 kathy cross  
 michael cullinane  
 jim curran  
 david curry

mary curry  
 kenneth dahl  
 debbie dang  
 bruce darling  
 shawn daugherty

lisa davin  
 terry davitt  
 b. debenedetto  
 leslie debrunner  
 katie deegan

michael degrace  
 trina de la chapelle  
 debbie de mattos  
 mike del santo  
 tom deline  
 tam dell'oro  
 mike delohery  
 kevin denny

Tony slowly edged forward past the beer crammed coolers and found himself surrounded by bottles of wine. All those complicated French names started swimming through his muddled brain. He glanced nervously at the clerk at the register, feeling sure the guy had him spotted for underage right from the moment he'd walked in. He grabbed a bottle, figuring that he'd look more sophisticated if he pretended to know the difference between one bottle and another. The bottle he'd grabbed was fine wine--it said so right on the label. It was strawberry wine though--the brand was Annie somebody--and Tony figured the guys wouldn't go for anything that esoteric. Naw, the guys on third floor Dunne were pretty basic, down-to-earth type drunks.

"May I help you?"

Tony nearly knocked over a stack of neatly piled up whiskey bottles as he whirled to face the sales clerk. Tony was close to panic. He could practically feel the mockery in the guy's smile. Obviously, this guy was toying with him. Terrified, Tony was suddenly painfully reminded of an article he'd seen someplace about the penalties for getting caught buying booze illegally. With some difficulty, he managed to convince his parched lips to croak out one word.

"Vodka," he said.



Tony didn't remember much of what happened after that. Somehow he'd managed to pick out one Russian sounding name over the rest. The clerk had taken his money, put the stuff in a bag, and now Tony was back out in the rain. About halfway back to the dorm it hit him--he'd done it! Suddenly elated, Tony imagined himself telling his buddies how it was.

"It was easy," he'd say.



clara diaz  
dec ann dickson  
mike docherty  
maureen dodd  
mark doiron  
peter dolan  
dru donatelli  
scott douglas

maria drahmann  
tim dugan  
tom dugan

ed dunne  
dennis duvall  
mary eaton

gina ebert  
rick edwards  
michele egan

robert eichinger  
frank eldredge  
rosemary elia

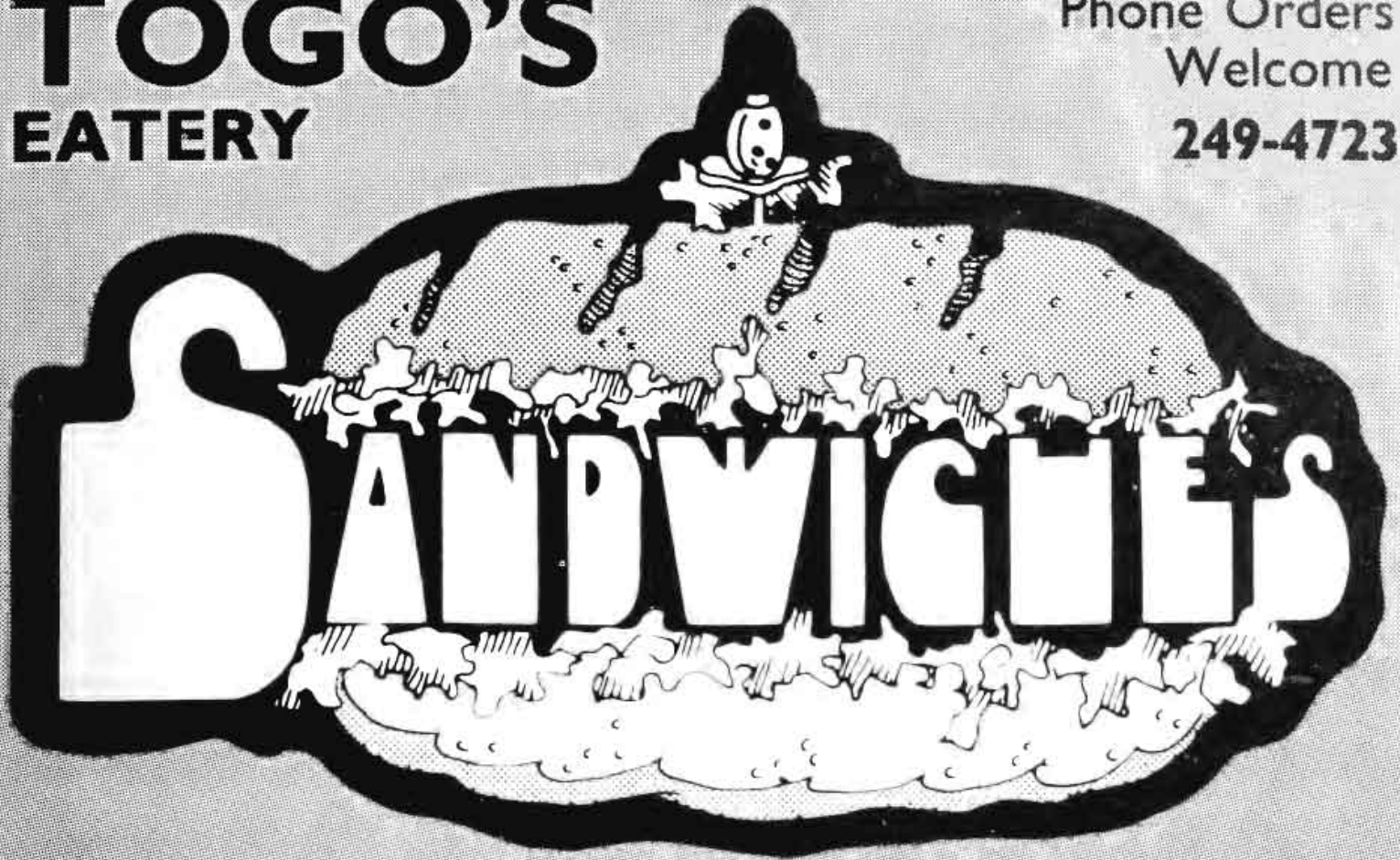
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steve espinola  
sean everton

catherine ewers  
kelley farrell  
ralph fassett

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time foloy  
thead foster  
scot freeman  
sandra freitas



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mark freschi  
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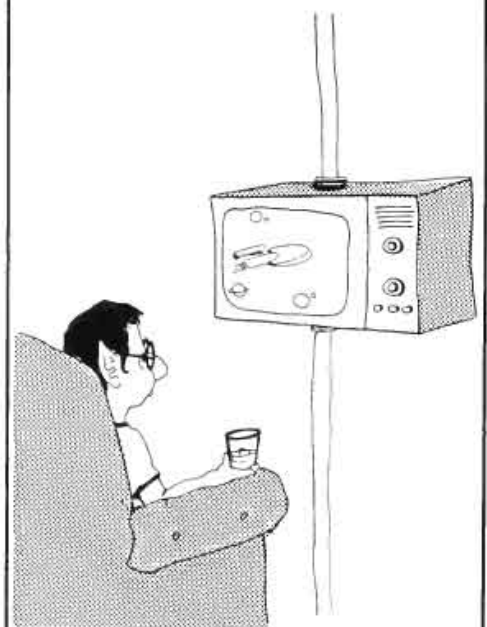
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# SOPH LIFE

## II

With a look of pure revulsion, Tom flung his stats book across the room and into a pile of laundry. He glanced back at the disturbingly large pile of books remaining on his desk, thought a bit, and decided that the only remaining option was a really serious, determined study break. Always the man of action, Tom looked his responsibility squarely in the eye and unflinchingly headed for the door.

Tom's first stop was the hall TV room. Maybe there was a good movie on or Charlie's Angels or something. He opened the door, and his heart sank. There on the couch sat Bernie, the silent chem major from down the hall, watching an episode of Star Trek. Tom was sure he'd seen at least ten times. Bernie barely glanced up when the door opened, and returned quickly to giving the screen his full attention. Tom never quite knew what to make of Bernie. The guy never seemed to do anything but study two things--chemistry and Star Fleet command and management practices. Tom stared at him a moment, thinking that the glare from the TV tube *did* make Bernie look kinda alien in this light. . . but naw, it couldn't be. Tom closed the door.



Dan, who lived next to the TV room, had his door open, so Tom took the invitation and wandered in to say hi.

Dan agreed with Tom's opinion of Bernie. "Hardly ever says a word," said Dan. "In fact, I can't even remember what his voice sounds like. Prob'ly a cross between Dr. Sheehan and Captain Kirk."



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# Do you have the **Benson Blues ?**

Of course you do!  
But what can you do if  
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Why not sit down for a little  
**Crab Cioppino** tonight?  
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Tom nodded agreement. "Listen Dan, I've had it completely with studying for awhile. Want to go to Ben's Beanery?"

"I've had it, too, but let's skip ol' Ben's. There's nothing up there but freshmen--half of 'em drunk, and the other half tossing water balloons out the windows."

Just then, in breezed Joe, the EE next door. Like most EEs Joe was just a shade mentally unstable. Also like most EEs, Joe was in the process of building The Perfect Stereo from scratch on the floor of his room, much to the discomfort of his roommate. Joe had the obligatory calculator dangling from his belt, too. Actually, Joe was a pretty typical EE all the way around.



Joe came in cursing about his Western Civ class. "I swear to God, one more Roman Emperor and my brain turns to Malt-O-Meal. Why worry about that history crapola anyway? What did they know about wiring, for crissakes? Let me get my hands on the whey-faced baboon who first decided engineers had to take humanities courses, and I swear, with these two hands and a needle-nose pliers I'll . . .oh, hi Tom, didn't see you. Anyway, I'll fix his rear so bad he'll--say, you guys wanna take a break or something?"

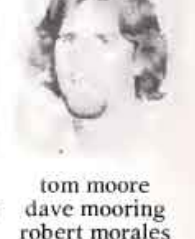
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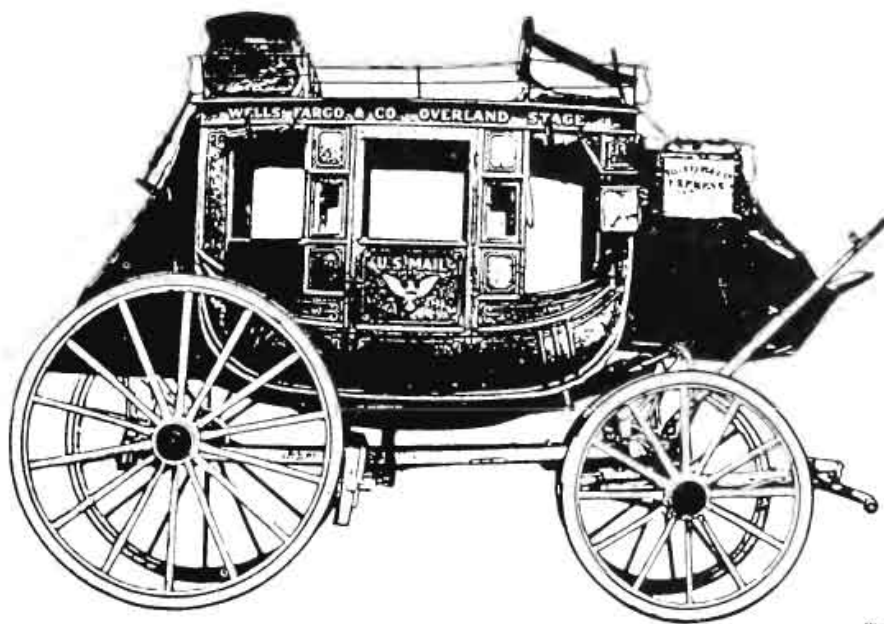
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Dan and Tom weren't real hot on Joe's suggestion that they all go play with the engineering computer, but Tom had to admit that the idea probably had more going for it than Dan's plan to pick up a few girls by hanging around the library. Several other schemes for finding an evening's fun were kicked around, but nothing had been decided when "Good-Time Randy," an accounting major from Salinas, ambled into the room.

"Howdy, guys. How the hell are ya?" boomed Randy. "Got 'ny Coors in the fridge?"

"Sorry, Randy. You drank the last can last night" said Dan. "I'm getting close to broke, besides."

"Hey, it's OK. What're you guys doin', anyway? Just sittin' around?"

They all explained how sick they were of hitting the books and how badly they needed a break. Randy listened closely until they'd finished, then nodded sagely, stroking his chin. "men, what you need is some beer" he said.

Beer was Randy's idea of a universal cure for the ills of mankind--sort of a penicillin for the soul. Randy always made a point of practicing what he preached, and he consumed vast quantities of beer himself whenever possible.

Another of Randy's favorite pastimes was girly magazines. He considered himself something of an expert on the feminine form, and his roomie was widely envied, because at any one time Randy was likely to have fifteen to twenty of his favorite picture books lying about the room. Randy even occasionally went so far as to show porno flicks on a screen in his room.



Tom had to admit that a few brews sounded pretty good right now, and the others all agreed. Randy was overjoyed.



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"Awright" he crowed. "Let's get us some--say, who's got fake proof?" Everybody just sort of looked at one another. Obviously an oversight had been made. Almost in unison, the four tramped back in and sat down on Dan's bed, dejected. Hearing Randy admit he was without fake "proof" was kinda like watching Mighty Casey go down swinging. Tom started thinking about going back to his room and getting his stats book out from under his underwear. Things were pretty black.

Just then Dan looked up and noticed Ron, his neighbor from across the hall, leaning in the doorway, shaking his head slowly and tsk-tsking away.

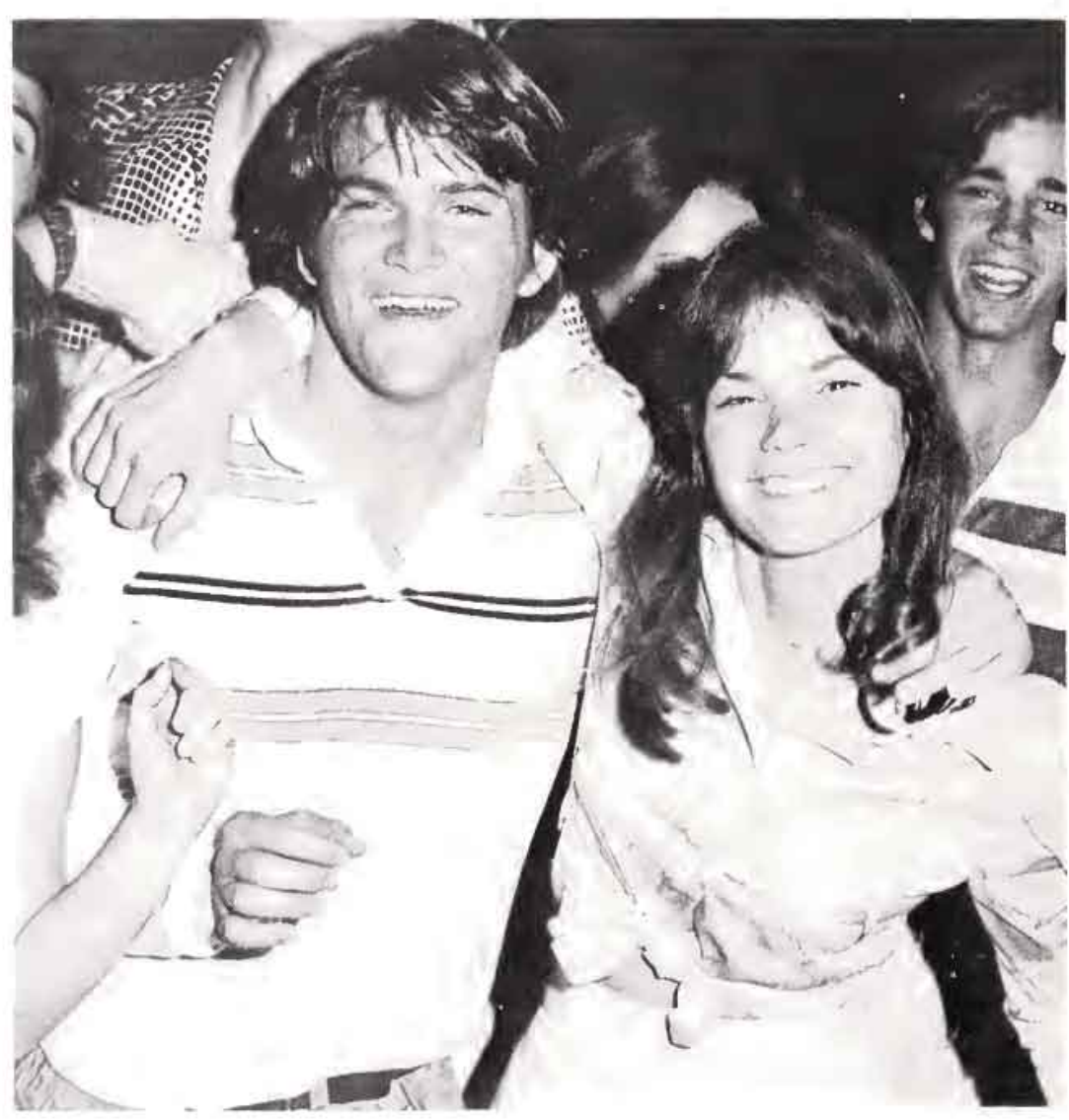
"You guys never learn, do you?" chided Ron. "If you're gonna have a decent study break, ya gotta have a car."

Tom stared at Ron enviously. Ron had a new Trans-Am and, as a result, lots of girlfriends. Ron's roommate spent a rather large proportion of his nights in the lounge. Not that Ron needed a Trans-Am to get girls, of course. The current floor joke was that, given time and enough liquor, Ron could seduce a bronze statue of a nun. His room had all the right equipment--hanging lamp with a dimmer switch, stereo and large soft-music collection, fridge full of white wine, artsy posters--everything.



Ron's sunglasses scanned the room. "Tell you what," he said. "Do you guys think you could all fit in the back of my car? I'm headed over to the pizza parlor and I thought. . ."

It was a tight squeeze, but nobody complained. Even Randy was happy, secure in the knowledge that no waitress alive would dream of asking Ron for proof. As for Tom--he figured his shorts could keep his stats book company for awhile.



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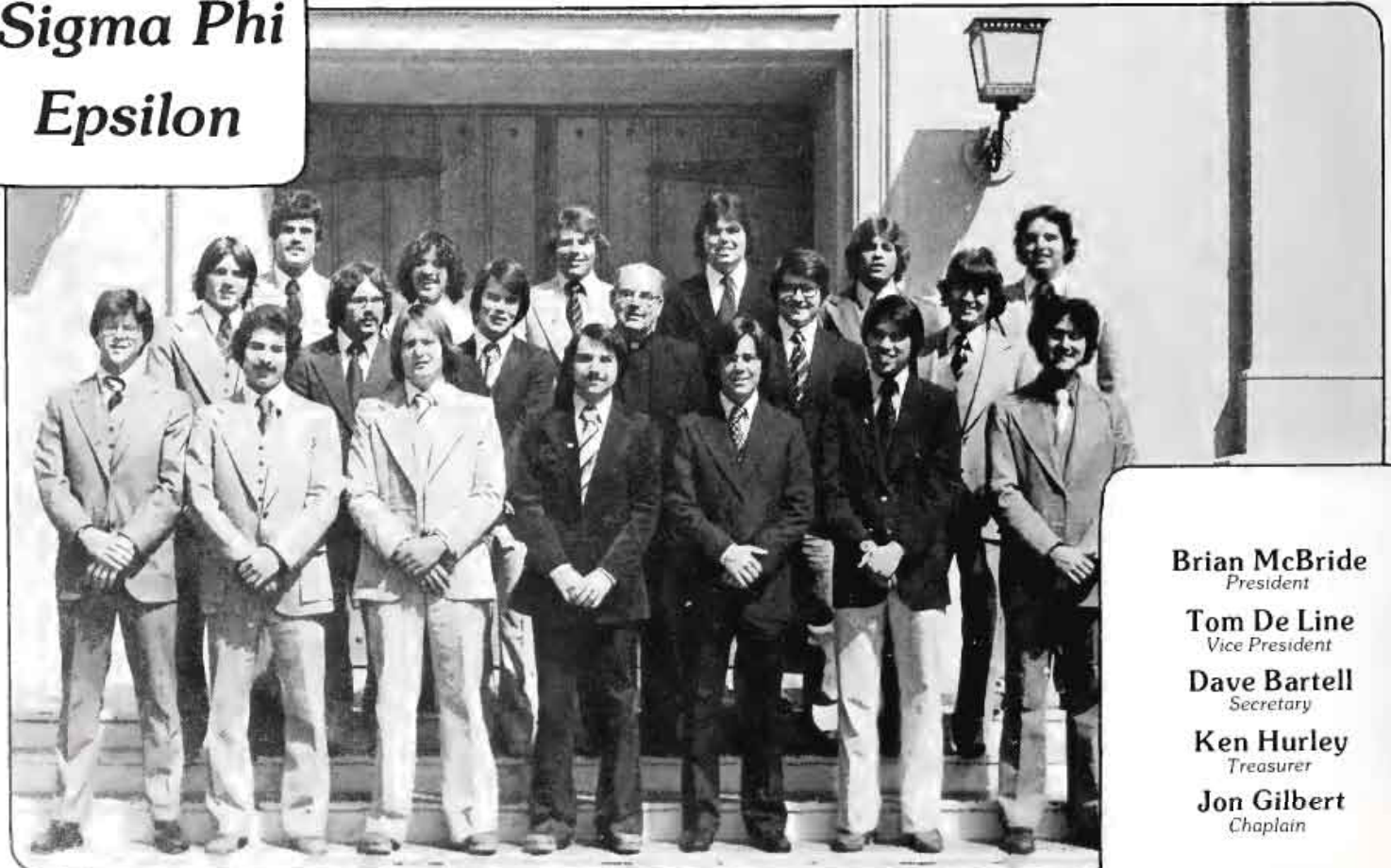
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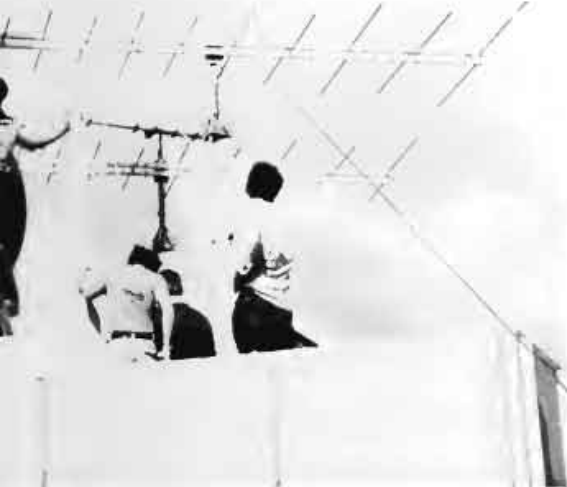
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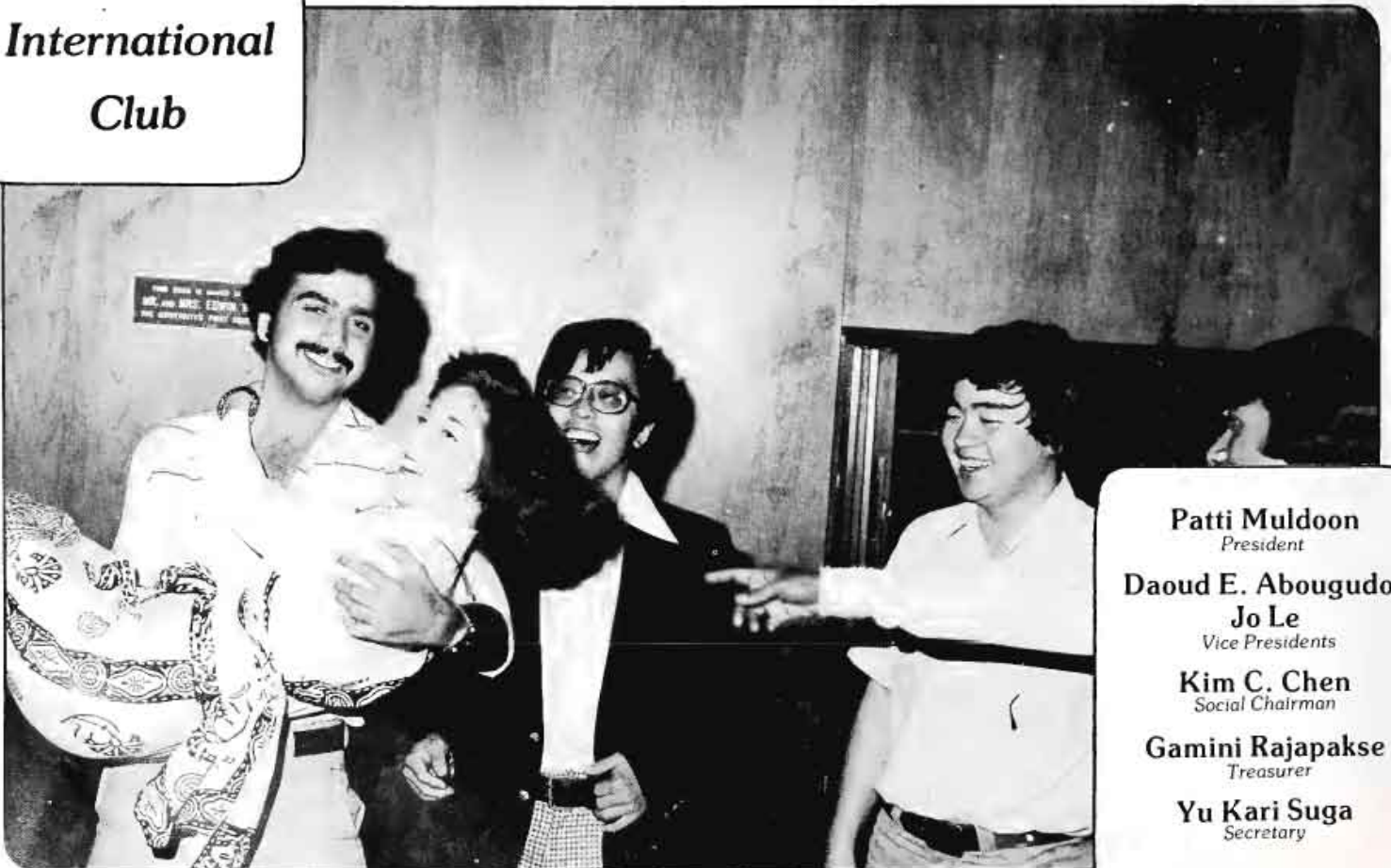
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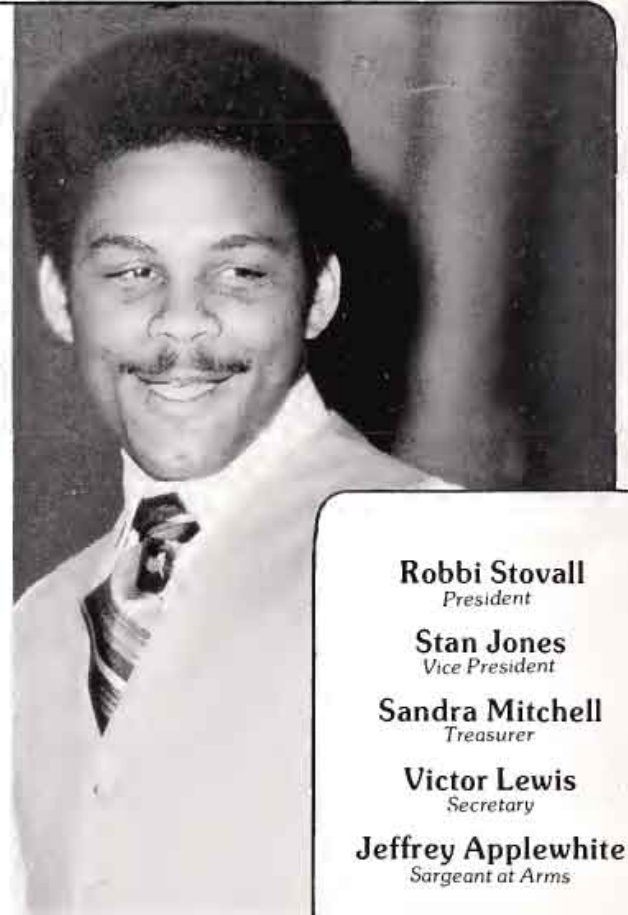
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In the beginning  
God made the REDWOOD,  
and He said,  
"It is late. . ."



"Oh, my God! Today's D-day — gotta get a hold of Dave and Paul."



"Phew — just made it!"



"Yes. That's right, I said 432 pages. . . By the way, do you have any Oreos and milk?"

"That's 120 more pages last year."



"I'm stopping by to get some film. I may as well take some teacher pictures today in class. — Hey, aren't you guys going to class?"

"Cl  
Tod



an "Yipes! He must be higher than we think!"



"We've been hinting to use arrows as a theme for months, and he still hasn't caught on. This had better do it."



"I got it! We'll use bows. . . we'll have each person hold a bow . . . and wear moccasins. Pretty good, huh! Thanks for the inspiration, guys!"



...? You mean—school?  
...??

"No, it can't be Monday already! Can it?"

"Wow, Monday already! By the way, what quarter is this anyway—winter or spring? I think I took some finals this year—or was it last year?"

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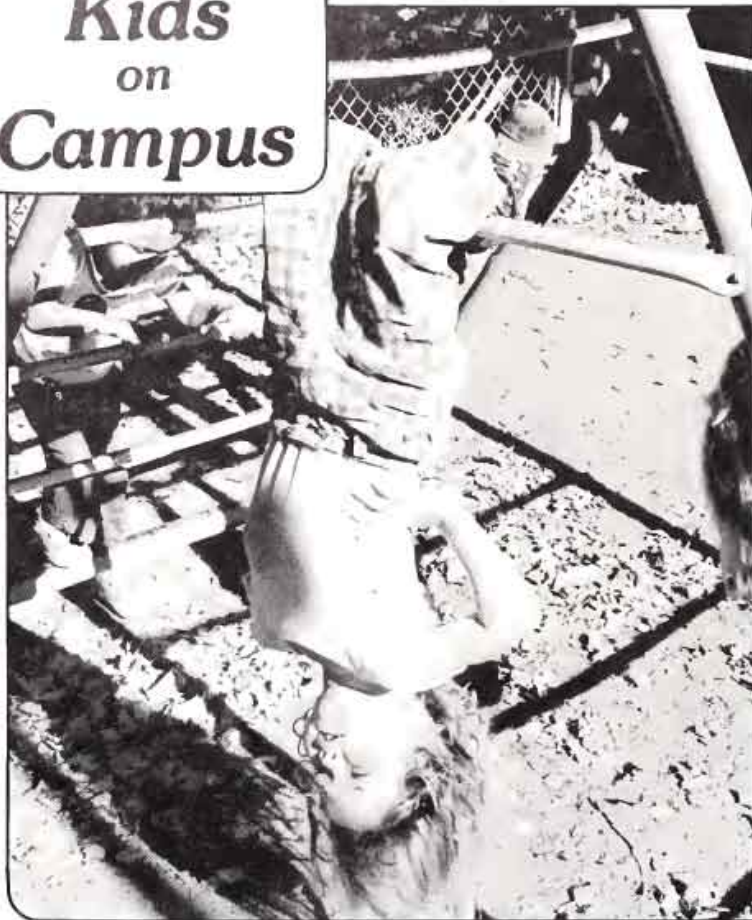
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# ROTC

*reserve officers' training corp*





## CADET CORP

**Mark Mollica**  
*Colonel*

**Craig Elkins**  
*Lieutenant Colonel*

**Debra Gentis**  
*Major*

**Scott Marquardt**  
*Major*

**Robert Ornelas**  
*Major*

**Beth Gorny**  
*Major*

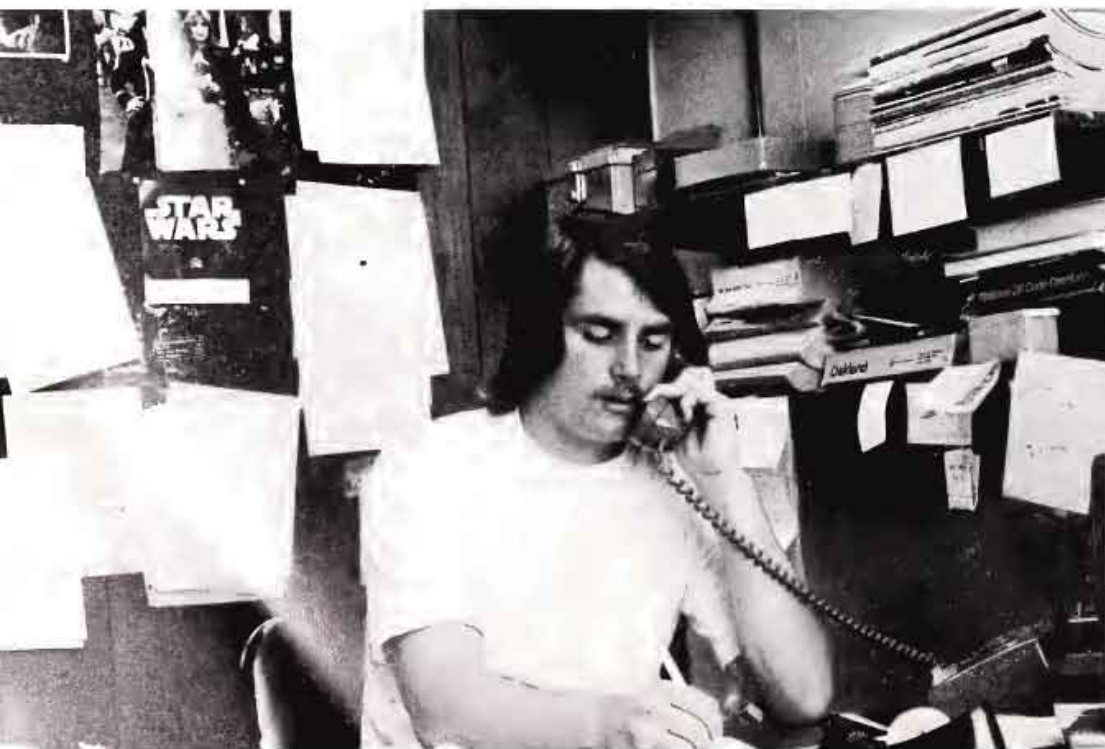
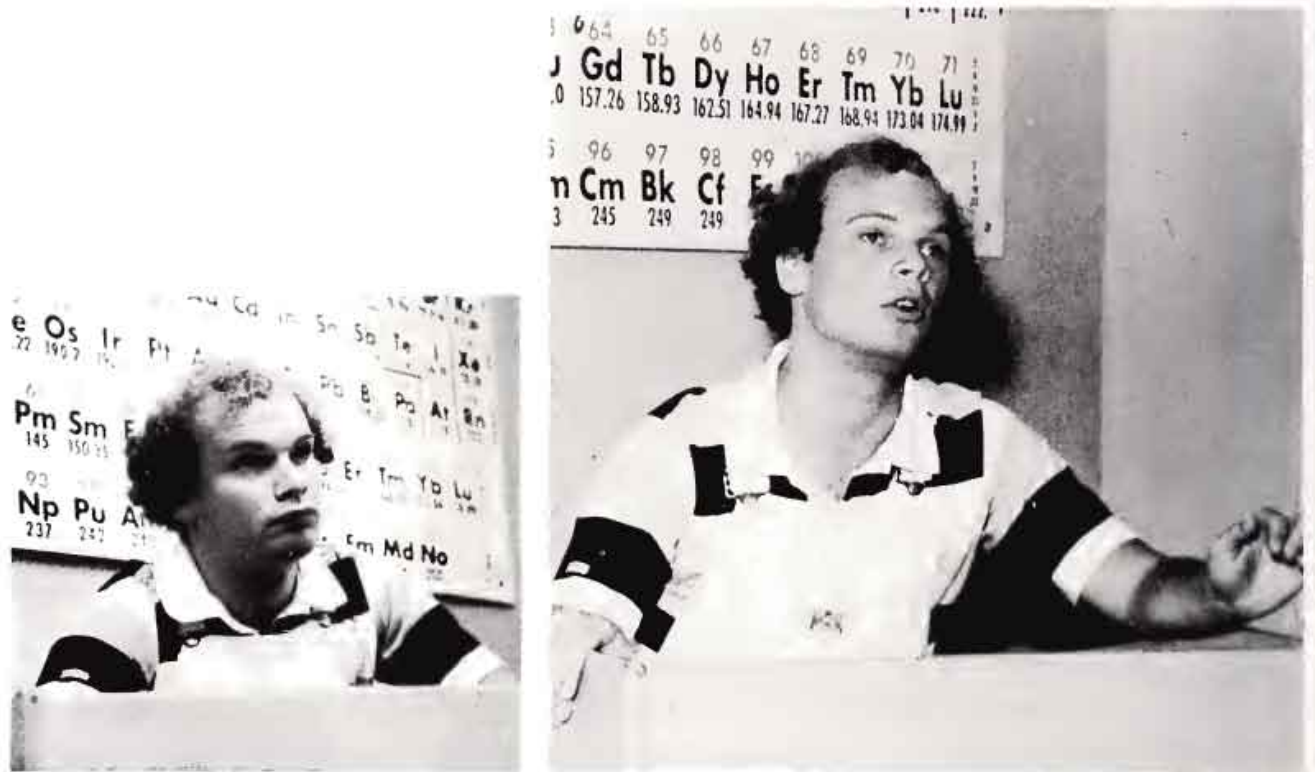
## CADRE

**David Moore**  
*Lieutenant Colonel*

**Eric McIntosh**  
*Major*

**Stephen Carlson**  
*Captain*

# ASUSC



**Paul Wagstaffe**  
*President*

**Brendan P. Brady**  
*Executive VP*

**Dennis Maguire**  
*Social VP*

**Michael Gibbons**  
*Treasurer*

**Mary Hilger**  
*Secretary*

# Korky Club



*founding fathers*

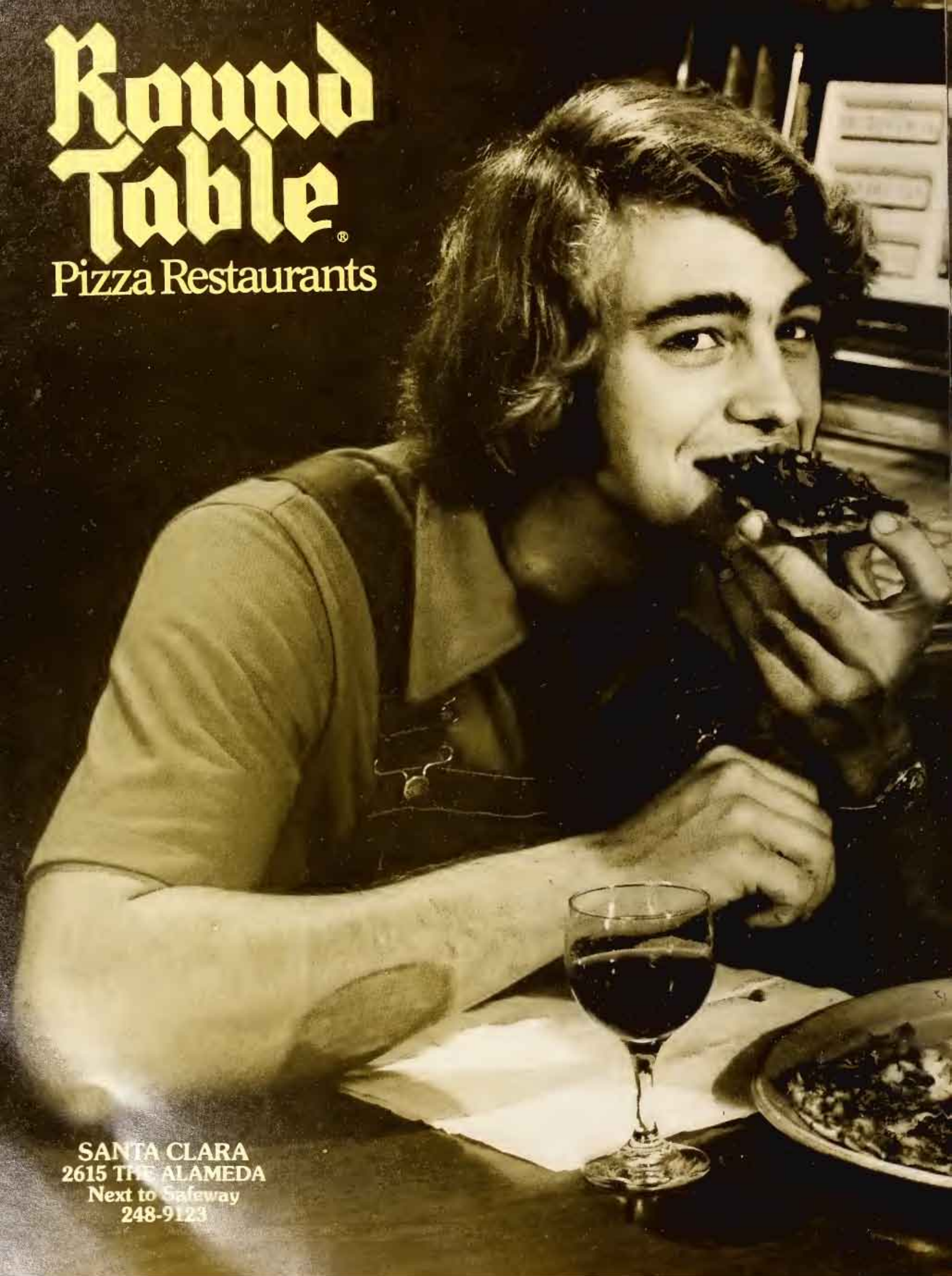
**Rick Allen  
Pat Loftus  
Lee Nordlund**

*faithful members*

**Burl Eichinger  
Mark Freschi  
Brad Haley  
Greg Smith  
Paul Smith  
Sblend Sblendario**

# Round Table<sup>®</sup>

Pizza Restaurants



SANTA CLARA  
2615 THE ALAMEDA  
Next to Safeway  
248-9123



Share  
a Little Pizza  
With Someone  
You Love



## index of organizations



**ASUSC**  
**Accounting Association**  
**Alpha Phi Sorority**  
**Alpha Sigma Nu**  
**Amer. Assoc. of Civil Engineers**  
**Blackstone Pre-Law Society**  
**Black Students Union**  
**Business Administration Assoc.**  
**Charlie Graham Club**  
**Chemistry Club**  
**Chinese Students Association**  
**Democratic Club**  
**El Frente**  
**Engineering Society**  
**English Club**  
**I.E.E.E.**  
**International Society**  
**Kids on Campus**  
**Korky Club**  
**KSCU Radio**  
**Math Society**  
**Mechanical Engineering Society**  
**Mendel Society**  
**NorCalPIRG**  
**O.C.S.A.**  
**The Owl**  
**Phi Alpha Theta**  
**Physics Students Association**

**Pi Mu Epsilon**  
**Pipestage**  
**Political Science Association**  
**Project 50**  
**Psychology Club**  
**The Redwood**  
**ROTC**  
**The Santa Clara**  
**Santa Clara Song Girls**  
**SCCAP**  
**SCU Band**  
**S.H.O.P.**  
**Sigma Phi Epsilon**  
**Sociology-Anthropology Club**

# The Thespian



The Thespian:

# Flirting with Fantasy



# The Taming of the Shrew



Chauvinist vs. Shrew:

An embrace and a half-nelson stranglehold decide the outcome of Shakespeare's loved battle of the sexes.



# The Taming of the Shrew

Director William R. James  
Scene Designer Michael Olich  
Costume Designer Lynda A. Bender  
Lighting Designer Albert L. Gibson  
Petruccio David W. Wood  
Katherina Kathryn Nymoen  
Lucentio Peter Buckley  
Bianca Susan Jette Childs  
Tranio Steve Hofvendahl  
Grumio David Lemos  
Biondello Thomas Menz  
Baptista Bill Quinlan  
Gremio Richard L. Avilla

Hortensio J. Stephen Coyle  
Curtis Christianne Hauber  
A Pedant Paul Michael Rogers  
A Tailor John Merriman  
Vincentio Steve Doolittle  
A Widow Joan Langley  
Nathaniel Mark Honeywell  
Nicholas Daniel Louis Maloney  
Philip Richard Newton  
Peter Mitch Sutton  
An Officer Steve Kiehn  
A Servant John Merriman  
A Guest Molly K. Matthiesen





Sure, sure. "All the world's a stage." Sounds like a hot topic for a theatre major's farewell spiel. But after a bit of consideration, it seems to me that the converse of this time-worn adage is more particularly true: "All the stage is a world."



# Crime on Goat Island



One man and three women,  
alone on a barren island.  
What is their terrible secret?

Ugo Betti's disturbing masterpiece  
explores the human mysteries of  
justice, original sin, and love.





---

---

## Crime on Goat Island

Director  
Frank Caltabiano

Scene Designer  
Michael Olich

Costume Designer  
Lynda A. Bender

Light Designer  
Albert L. Gibson

Edoardo  
Peter Buckley

Pia  
Molly K. Matthiesen

Angelo  
Doug Sebern

Agata  
Christianne Hauber

Silvia  
Vilma Silva





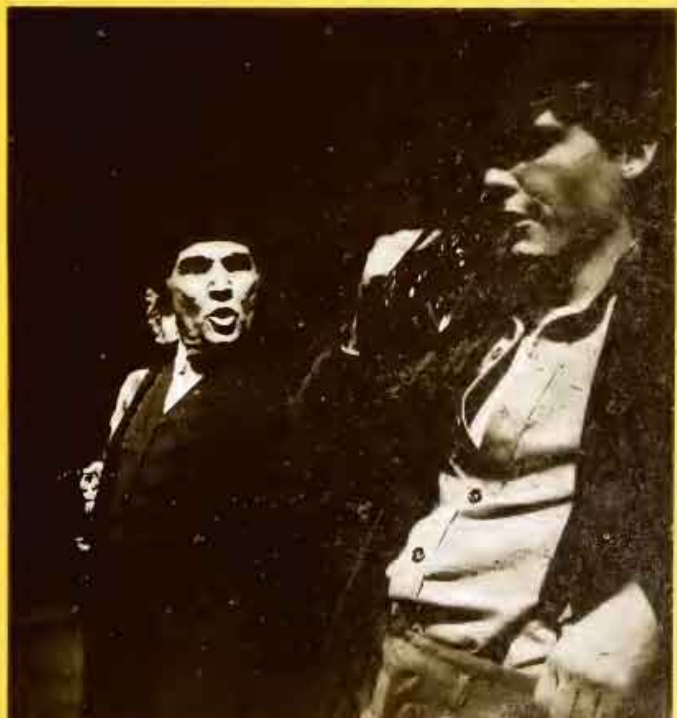
The time I've spent over at Mayer has put me in touch with at least a bit of every academic genre available at SCU without encouraging the *trade school* mentality that can bog down a university education. The real educational process has taken hold at a level deeper than any that can be probed in a Business, Engineering, Science or Humanities classroom.



# The Plough and the Stars



Sean O'Casey's mixture of pathos, comedy and satire paints a vivid picture of strife-torn Dublin during the famous Easter Rising.



---



---

## The Plough and the Stars



Director	James Clancy
Jack Clitheroe	Peter Buckley
Nora Clitheroe	Joan Langley
Peter Flynn	Paul Scanlan
The Young Covey	David W. Wood
Bessie Burgess	Kathryn Nymoen
Mrs. Gogan	Kathleen Esteves
Mollser	Natalee Ernstrom
Fluther Good	E.D. Gross
Lieutenant Langon	Thomas Menz
Captain Brennan	Steve Doolittle
Corporal Stoddart	Bill Quinlan
Sergeant Tinley	Steve Hofvendahl
Rosie Redmond	Kelly Sheelagh Moore
Barman	Steve T. Kiehn
Woman	Susan Jette Childs
The Figure In The Window	John Privett, S.J.
The Delivery Boy	Steve Hofvendahl



The many hours spent in actual production have taught me not only theatre craft and acting but more importantly, how to live and work with people. And my God, if you can love and work with artists, you can work with anyone . . . except perhaps, accountants.



# The Promise



The difference between  
love and friendship  
is not always readily discernible.

Lika struggles through young  
womanhood to middle age  
coming to grips with this problem  
in Arbuzof's, "The Promise."





---

# The Promise



---

Michael Olich    Director

David Wood    Marat  
Joan Langley    Lika  
Bill Quinlan    Leonidik



No, I don't know what I'm going to *do* with my degree. Hang it on the wall of my one-room walk-up coldwater flat, I suppose. But I do know that the education I've received from the Department of Theatre Arts has furnished me with a mad method for self-knowledge and a medium for expressing that knowledge. And what I've *learned* here at SCU is something I can take with me when it's time to lay this body down.



# A Flea In Her Ear



A misplaced set of suspenders  
sparks a wife's  
bumbling intrigue  
in Georges Feydeau's  
hilarious bedroom farce.



## A Flea In Her Ear

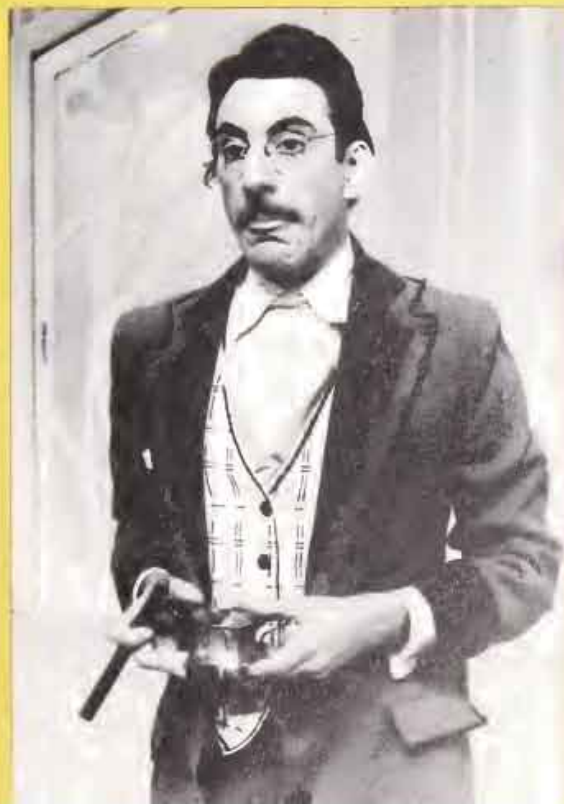
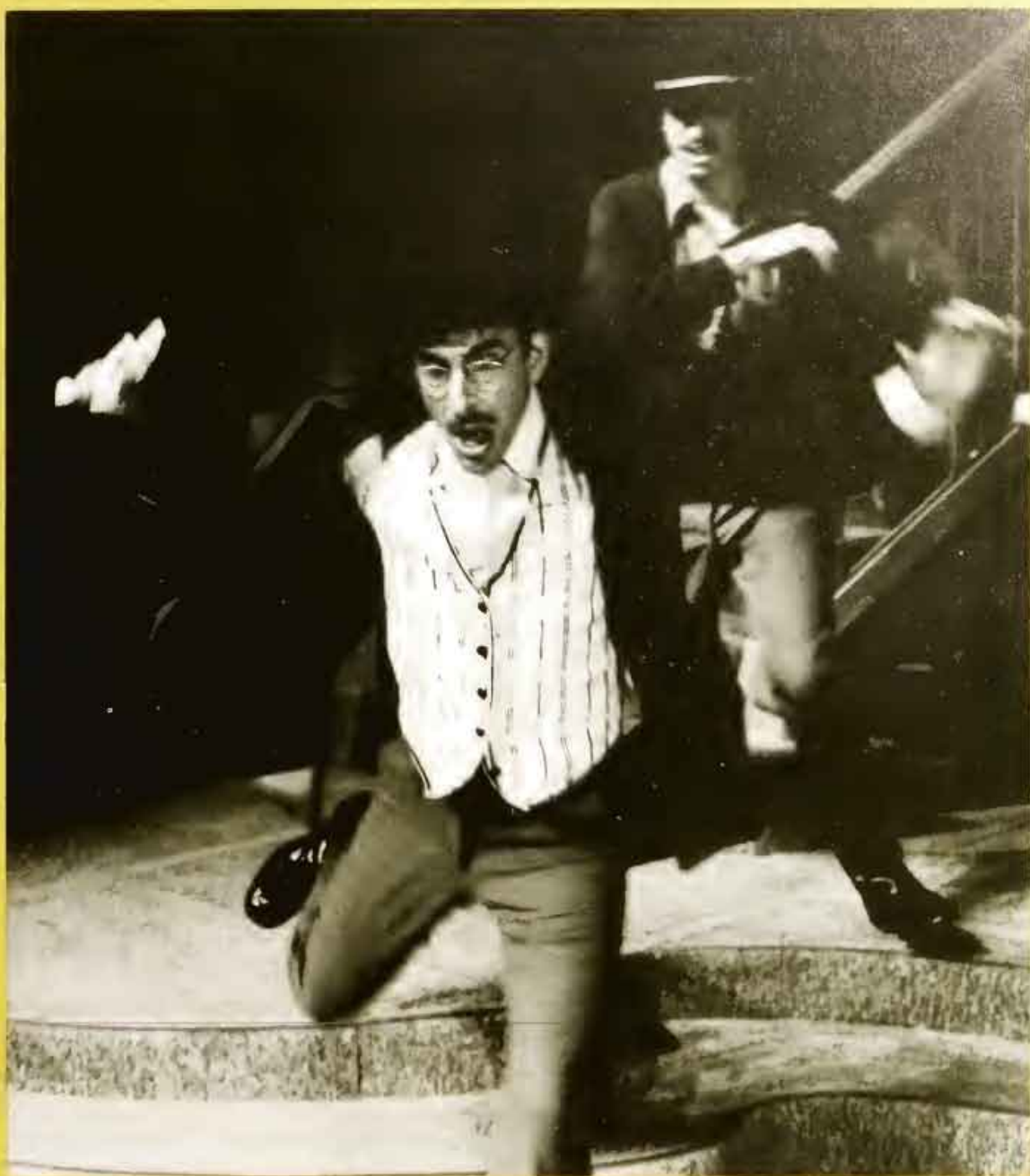
Frank Caltabiano

Director

Daniel Louis Maloney  
 Peter Buckley  
 Mary Kieran Gough  
 Thomas Menz  
 Leo Justin Clarke  
 Susan Gundunas  
 Elena Agnelli  
 David M. Kwait  
 J. Stephen Coyle  
 Richard Avilla  
 Lorri Caprista  
 Vilma Silva  
 Kelly Snyder  
 Steven T. Kiehn  
 Patty Conroy  
 Steve Doolittle  
 Kathleen Esteves  
 Scott Freeman  
 John Merriman  
 David M. Kwait  
 Steven T. Kiehn

Gauche  
 Camille Chandebise  
 Antoinette Plucheux  
 Etienne Plucheux  
 Dr. Finache  
 Lucienne Homenides de Histangua  
 Raymonde Chandebise  
 Victor Emmanuel Chandebise  
 Romain Tournel  
 Carlos Homenides de Histangua  
 Eugenie  
 Veronique  
 Paul  
 Stephan  
 Patrice  
 Fernande Feraillon  
 Olympe  
 Baptisin  
 Herr Schwarz  
 Poche  
 Repairman





Coyle has spoken.

*J. Stephen Coyle*



# The Connoisseur





de Saisset museum

# GALLERY





# KOHL

*Ph*



# otography



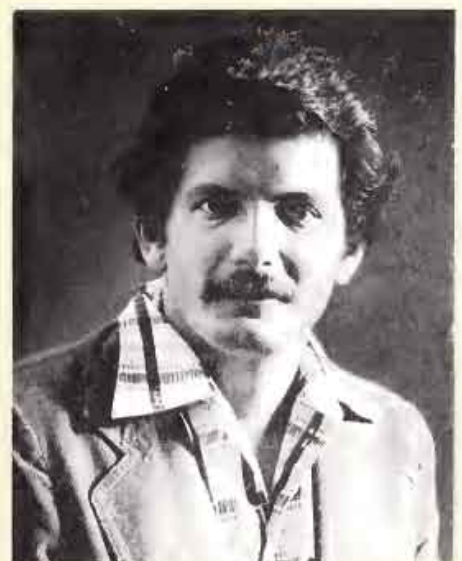
**Custom  
Weddings**

**Distinctive  
Portraiture**

**1521 Fremont St.**

just two blocks north  
of Mayer Theatre

**985-7676**



**Michael Kohl**  
Class of 1973

de Saisset museum

# GALLERY





student gallery

# Freightdoor







# African Dance





a dance presentation

# PATTERNS





Another hour of practice, another forgotten muscle remembered. A second wind carries us into foolishness, and more **preparation**

a dance presentation

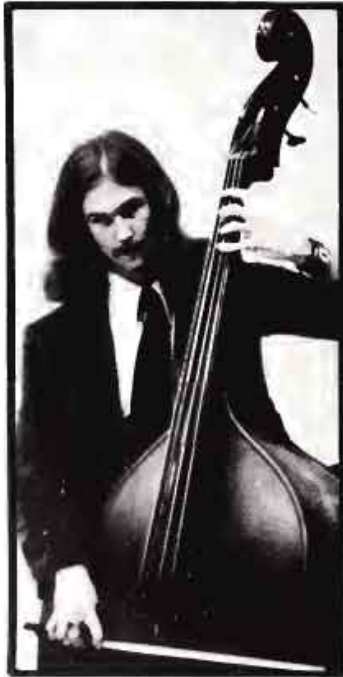
# PATTERNS





Lights dim. Audience purrs. Conditioned calves begin to quiver. "Do I remember every intricacy? Every minute movement?--" No more time to worry. The curtain recedes, carrying fear along; we have begun the **performance**

# Recital







# Choir





# Gospel Music





# SPEAKERS



**Bert Lance**

Former Director, Office of  
Management and Budget

**Dr. Akram Barakat**

Director, Jordanian Info.  
Bureau in Washington D.C.

**Melba Beale**

Former KRON  
Television newscaster

**Zvi Gabay**

Consul General  
Of Israel

**Shere Hite**

Author of controversial  
Report on female sexuality

**Dr. J. Allen Hynek**

Technical Director,  
Close Encounters

**Walter Mondale**

Vice President  
Of the United States

**Julian Bond**

State Senator  
From Georgia

**Abba Eban**

Former Israeli  
Defense Minister

# The Junior



richard abruzzini  
 chris adam  
 rob adams  
 tina adza  
 tom albertson  
 ed albini  
 brendan alchorn



doug alchorn  
 glenn alfaro  
 george allbritten  
 john allen  
 pat alongi  
 maria ammatuna  
 karen anderson



gustavo andrade  
 tony arredondo  
 rula atalla  
 chris auffenberg  
 paul baca  
 eleni bagis  
 bill bailey



Junior Prom

tom albertson	ed albini	brendan alchorn
pat alongi	maria ammatuna	karen anderson
paul baca	eleni bagis	bill bailey
lynton baker	shannon barrett	john beaulieu
joe barbosa	bret barton	jeff bedolla
denise barfield	john bauman	ken beerman
stephanie barkus	tim beaton	dave beers
beverly barr	kevin beauchamp	timothy beglin

# JUNIOR



"Got a whole lotta luvvvvvv! BRRRANNGGOWW!!!"

Je-sus, thought Jim as he turned over in his loft. What kind of vicious, inhuman passion drives that pinhead next door to play Led Zeppelin at 100 decibels at 8:00 in the morning? Hammering on the paper-thin walls separating him from his neighbor, Jim yelled some well-documented curses regarding common courtesy and mutilating any pinhead Zep freak who couldn't abide by them. As was typical of his neighbor's sonic-reducer sense of humor, the stereo was instantly cranked up to 120 decibels, followed by the gutless little sophomore's version of the FISH cheer.

"It's enough to drive a man to serious drug ingestion," Jim complained to his roommate. But Jerry's typical reaction to anything at 8:00 in the morning was some desultory oinking sounds and the placement of his pillow over his head. "Brain damaged asshole," whispered Jim under his breath.



Climbing down the loft ladder in Graham 200 was a tricky feat, but a quarter's worth of practice was enough to make a seasoned veteran out of any self-respecting junior. It was a shitload better than suffering the ninth-circle inferno "luxury" of Swig and Dunne. Jim blinked sleepily at the clothes pit that was his room. He walked sullenly over to the stereo and turned on the radio, struggling only the slightest bit with the Jesuitical notion of the Christian Spirit, and turned his amp to a level that countered his neighbor's. The resulting white noise was enough to crack plaster and rouse squeals from Jerry, who threw Jim's pillow off the loft to show his indignation.

greg belanger  
carolyn belke  
walt birdsall  
tom blomquist  
dave bobroff  
mike bommarito  
tim bonnel  
mike bortolussi

david boscacci  
peter boscacci  
celeste bourdeau  
mike bowler  
therese boyd

john brandt  
denise brazil  
fatima brazil  
grace brennan  
cecilia brew

getulio brewer  
dan brinker  
thomas brown  
rich brunader  
roberto brutocao

james buckley  
david burlini  
thomas burns  
cindy byerly  
steve caletti  
rachel campos  
carey candau  
craig candau



evelyn cardenas  
 chris cardinale  
 florence carlisle  
 elisa carlson  
 mark carnessecca  
 john carpenter



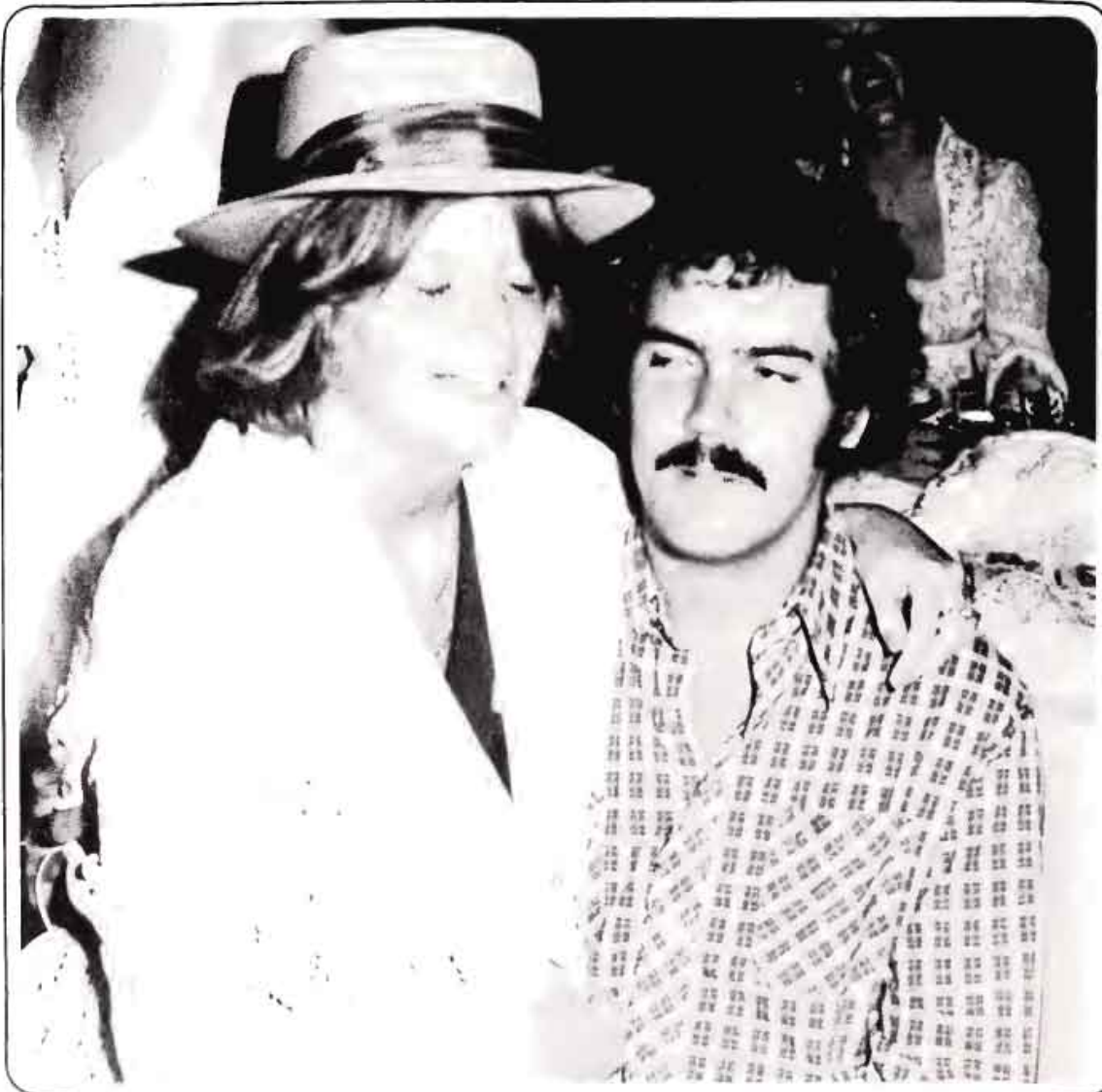
reid casey  
 joe cassetta  
 tom catchpole  
 john cattermole  
 dennis caulley  
 joy chavez



louis chiaromonte  
 ron chiri  
 jane choi  
 linda chow  
 holly christensen  
 lori clark  
 kim crowell



kenneth cone  
 mark connolly  
 mary lu consoer  
 tom cook  
 joan cotter  
 kevin cottrell  
 john cruden



john carpenter  
 joy chavez  
 lori clark  
 kevin cottrell  
 larry crawley  
 brian cronquist  
 pat crosby  
 david cross

joe collins  
 lisa cox  
 kim crowell  
 john cruden  
 mike cummins  
 wallace cunneen



steve curran  
debra dahl  
gregory daley  
jerry de cesare  
michael dee  
walter demaree

thalia denault  
yukiwo dengokl  
robert dennis  
mark dettle  
daniel dieguiz  
henry dill

debbie dobosz  
theresa downer  
michael duchene  
allan early  
jim ebert  
sharon eby

paul ehlenbach  
ken eklund  
glen elder  
dennis estrada  
annette fajardo  
robert falletti  
greg fallon  
william fanning

anita farley  
mark farlin  
tori ferrante  
steve ferrari  
stan fidanque  
lynn filippi  
dave fiore  
john fisher

"Hey, dreedle head, why don't you just go to sleep and let me take care of Ralph.--my way," said Jim. He shut the stereo off just in time to hear Ralph bang his door, walk down the hall to the bathroom, and turn on the shower water. Ah-ha! thought Jim, Revenge! He quickly wrapped a towel around his midsection and headed for the toilets.

Now, when a regular toilet is flushed, the water pressure is lowered on the other plumbing fixtures in the same building, reasoned Jim. But since Graham plumbing is anything but normal, the way things work is a little different. When a toilet is flushed, the cold water is channeled into its plumbing, leaving only hot water for the shower. "This oughtta teach that cnat-brain to wake me up before 11:00," said Jim as he flushed three of the four toilets. "EEEEEEYYY-OOOWWWW!!!!!" screamed Ralph, his skin slurping off in huge third-degree sheets.



"Fixed that dumb bastard," Jim announced to his roommate. "I hope his hands get so bandaged up that he'll never be able to turn his volume knob again."

Jerry cleared his throat and turned over again. He was worthless, decided Jim, pulling on a pair of three-day-old Batman underwear. By this time it was 8:45 and his first class would start in about an hour. He had been a junior for four months now but he still couldn't get used to the fact that three classes was a bugger-load more work than the four he had been taking his first two years. His 10:00 class was religion, a requirement foisted upon him by those bastard Jesuit mercenaries who decided curriculum. What the hell, he never went--unless he was awakened at 8:00 in the morning by some sophomore pinhead playing Led Zepelin.

Time for some bladder cancer, Jim decided finally, closing the door and heading for Benson. God, I'm losing touch, Jim thought, staring down at the notebook he was carrying. He never took a notebook to any class except his business classes, where numbers were involved.



sheila fitzpatrick  
carolyn fletcher  
elvira flores  
victoria flowers  
joanne formato  
kristen fowks  
mark friebel  
susan fry

dave frye  
kevin gallagher  
jim galli  
kurt geske  
diane giannecchini  
ken giannotti  
penny gibbons  
ben giese

cathy gilroy  
jeff giroux  
edward glad

cary goepfert  
pat gonyea  
mike gonzales

irma gonzalez  
laura gorski  
mary gough

karen gouker  
jane graham  
cynthia gray

charles graziani  
randy griffin  
elaine groppenbacher

suc grover  
rich gucinski  
frank guerra  
julia hagan  
ron hallagan  
aline hallenbeck  
derrick hancock  
kathleen hansen

# The Demise of a Big Dog

Bob says he can eat three  
**Hungry Hound** hot dogs

We say he can't !



1. Here's Bob ready to embark on his first dog.



2. Bob begins. He's chewing rather confidently at this point.



3. About halfway through now. Bob is looking a little tired and a lot full.



4. Bob's looking real full now. He has loosened his belt one notch.



5. Here's Bob looking pretty guilty. He has supposedly finished the first hot dog. We think he snuck the last piece of bun into a napkin.



6. This is Bob after being reminded that he has another two dogs to eat.



7. Here's Bob forcing a smile; he said something just a second ago, but we can't repeat it.



8. "No, Bob. The photographer can't help you eat the second hot dog. Nice try."



9. "We said, 'No!' Bob. Those two dogs are yours. We weren't the ones who said we could eat three hot dogs."



10. "No, Bob, not even a 'pretty please with sugar on top' is going to help you."



11. "Now, don't pout. You're the one who said you could do it."



12. Eight hours later. Bob is still full from the first dog, he is also asleep. You can come into the Hungry Hound and visit Bob as you eat your one hot dog, but keep an eye on him--he may try the ole' napkin trick again!

# The Hungry Hound

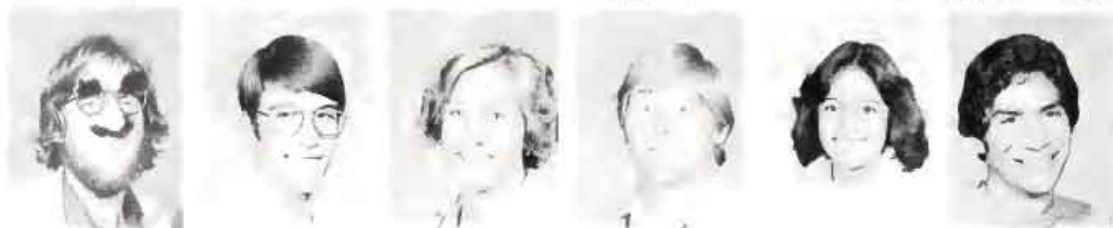
Where one is enough !

1000-C Lafayette

maureen harrigan  
sue hausmann  
patrice healey  
barbara heebner  
susan heider  
karla heiner



ed helms  
pete hemmen  
liz henderson  
james herlihy  
pam hernandez  
jim herrera



roxanne herrick  
suzanne herrick  
chris hill  
karen hockemeyer  
bill holland  
barbara horton  
leon hunt



maude hunt  
tom hunt  
paul hurko  
brian hurley  
ken hurley  
katie hutchison  
steve inglin





betsy ingram  
 teresa inocencia  
 tamio ishibashi  
 nelda jasso  
 sandy jennings  
 steve jennison  
 karolyn kane  
 rizwan kara  
 anne kearney  
 dan kelleher  
 karen kelleher  
 bill kennedy  
 lisa kieraldo  
 cheryl kimzey  
 kris king  
 brad kinsley  
 priscilla kisling  
 stijin kleipool  
 norman kline  
 tim kobayashi

"O.K., now it's time for dodgeball with the semis," he announced to no one in particular as his finger pounded the Push To Walk button impatiently. The Alameda. What administrative pervert signed the go-ahead to build the second half of the campus on the opposite side of this consistently congested thoroughfare? Indeed, it was a cruel joke at the students' expense, but what the hell, it keeps them on their guard. Only small car traffic now, decided Jim, I may as well go for it. He dashed across the street to the island, and then cleared the last two lanes with at least a foot to spare between a speeding Pinto and his right leg.



MM  
78

Benson loomed eerily in the immediate foreground. He walked up to Jimmie, fumbling for his Meal Card Booklet, or whatever they called it now. "Hiya Jimmie, what's going on?"  
 "Oh, nawt en awful lot--," she paused to look at his name on the card, "Jim."  
 "Anything good for dinner tonight?" he asked, knowing it was futile.  
 "Ohhhh, wut's up there on the chock board?" she returned with an irritated edge to her voice that told Jim that she wasn't about to get out of her seat to look for him.  
 Jim read off the list. "El Ranchero, Eggplant Souffle, five kinds of potatoes, and lasagna." "Soundin' real good there, Jimmie." She nodded and resumed her perfunctory scanning of the *Merc*.  
 Jim walked over to the line and stared blankly at the scrambled eggs and uncooked hash "browns." Looks like another orange juice and coffee day, he decided. Better get some ice for that juice. He strolled over to one of the unoccupied window seats in the front and picked up a mangled copy of the *SANTA CLARA*. "Must be Monday, he muttered, the garbage liner's here." As he glanced over the blurred photos in the sports section, he was approached by Lenny.

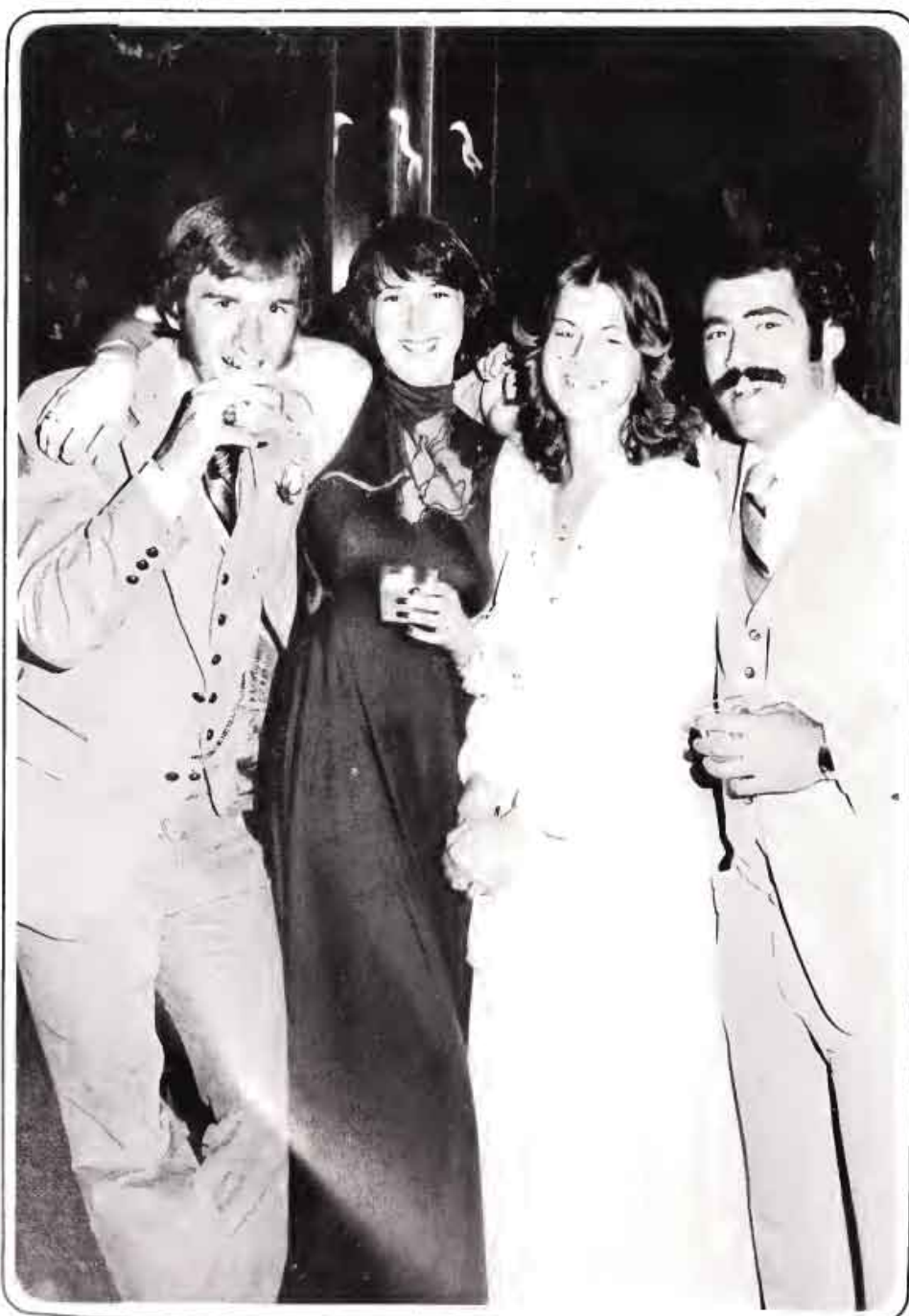
vicki konno  
 kris kurth  
 ray la barbera  
 don lairns  
 judy lam  
 chris lambert  
 fred lampe



mary lane  
 jeanne lang  
 melissa lang  
 john langholff  
 suellyn lau  
 dave lauerman  
 gary lazzeroni



mara le poullouin  
 laurie lee  
 mario lee  
 john lehr  
 rebecca leisy  
 patty leiva  
 dave leonard



judy lam  
 suellyn lau  
 rebecca leisy  
 lori leonard  
 gilbert levario  
 lewis levy  
 don lewin  
 anita li

chris lambert  
 dave lauerman  
 patty leiva  
 herb liebelt  
 pete lilian  
 angela litfin  
 john lohrke  
 bill lombardo

fred lampe  
 gary lazzeroni  
 dave leonard  
 patrick london  
 denis long  
 steve lotz  
 aileen lowe  
 anthony lun



alice luton  
jim lyons  
john machado  
alma maldonado  
ron malik  
kim malley  
ken markey  
karen marold

andre martorell  
victoria mason  
bob mc carrick  
leslie mc cutcheon  
kevin mc donnell

ann mc gonigle  
scott mc kee  
bruce mc killican  
thomas mc murry  
connie mc quiston

brigit mc walters  
natalia mead  
antero medeiros  
ann meissner  
lynn mendelson

mary meyskens  
douglas miller  
steve mingrone  
mari mitchell  
michele modena  
kelly mohr  
dave mojica  
elmer molina

"What's happening, big guy?" inquired Lenny, setting down a plateful of runny scrambled eggs and a lump of hash brown. "Jesus, I'm hungry." Jim sat silently observing his hash-brained friend wolfing down food with the kind of furious gusto one can expect from somebody who's just finished four pipefuls of very choice paraquat-free Columbian. "Goddamn, these are the best goddamn eggs I've in my whole goddamn life!" Lenny commented, spraying forkfuls over Jim's well-placed newspaper.

Didn't really want to read the *Clara* anyhow," mentioned Jim as he wiped stray bits of hash browns off his notebook. He closed his eyes and decided to take a chance that Lenny's mind was on ERASE. "Uh, Lenny," he gulped. "How's my chances on getting that coke we talked about the other day?"

"Coke?" said Lenny, lifting his head up in anticipation. "Oh yeah, I almost forgot—here." He threw a small vial at Jim, who could do nothing but scoop it up and stuff it in his pockets. "You can pay me later—don't sweat it, man."

Jim said a hurried goodbye and left for his religion class in Bannan, crossing The Alameda once more. Room 236. I hate this room, thought Jim. I hate the green carpet, the green walls, these fourth grade desks, the clock that's always ten minutes slow (which invariably makes old Fr. Dribbelle hold class overtime) —everything. He took his seat in the back and opened the notebook to the second page. He dated it passively—1/14.



The next thing he knew, Jim was waking from a deep nap. He blinked groggily at the clock—3:15! Even at ten minutes slow, that meant he had been sleeping for five hours. "I always knew that Dribbelle was a dynamo at the lectern, but five hours!?" "&#!#" Jim said aloud. He figured he had slept through three classes other than his own. Only at Clara could they let someone snooze unmolested through four consecutive class lectures. Oh well, at least he'd caught up on the sleep that that bastard Ralph had screwed him out of that morning. "And I still have a meal punch for lunch," Jim noted with a smile.





mike momboisse  
ron moore  
ann moreci  
marilyn moreno  
anne morgenthaler  
mary morris  
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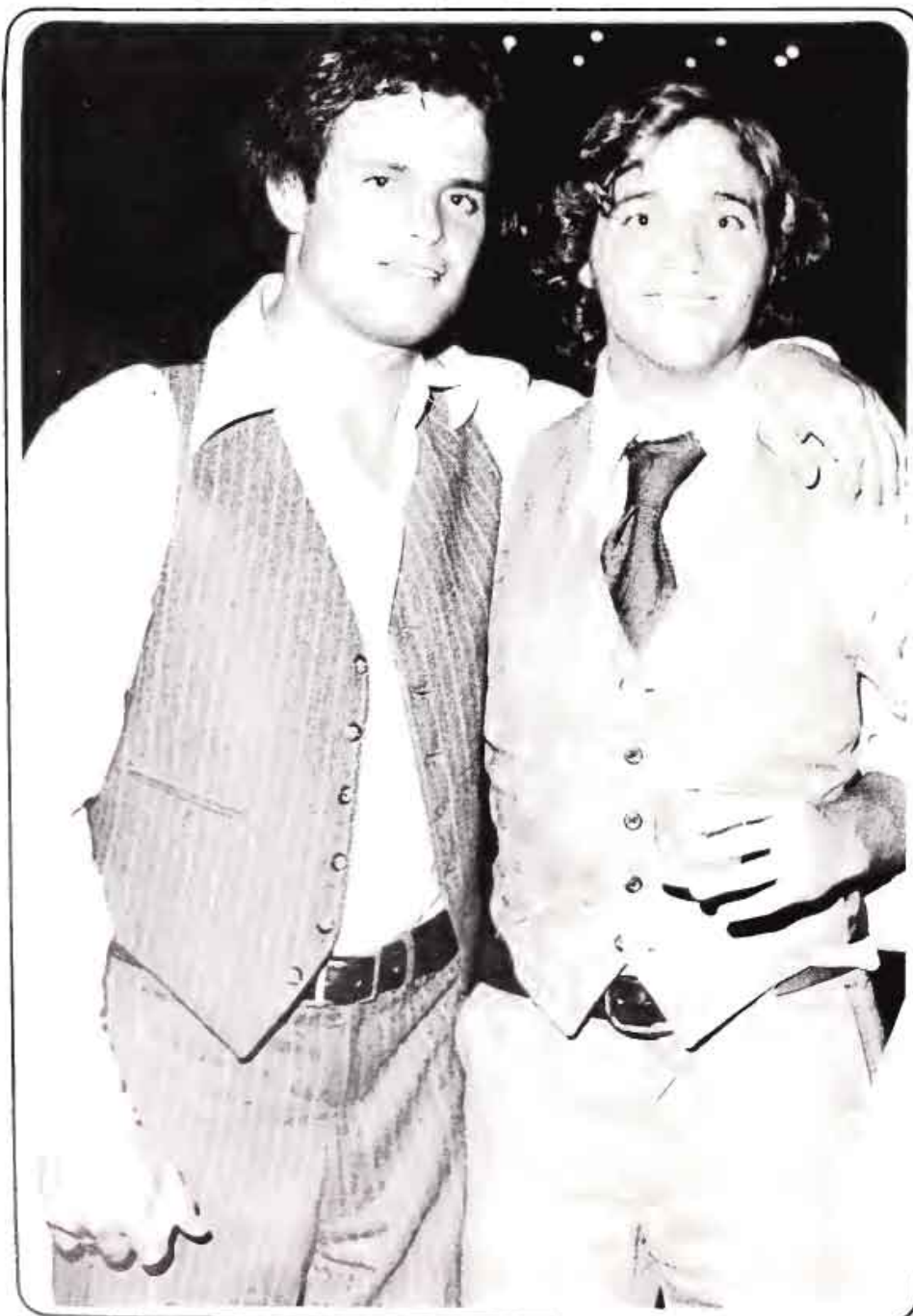
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susan scott  
mary segale  
jeff senigaglia  
tina seput

Jim decided to drop in on Jerry before travelling off to Bronco for a hamburger. He opened Lenny's door in time to see him snuffing up a 4-inch patch of shag carpet.

"What the hell are you doing?" Jim asked incredulously.

"OH—huh, huh, I sort of spilled some coke on the carpet—and this was the best way I knew, uh, to clean it up." Lenny giggled, eyeing the patch for any stray white specks.

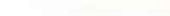
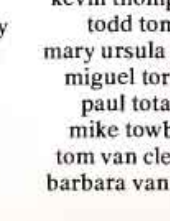
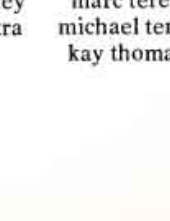
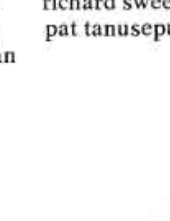
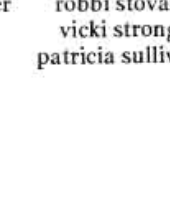
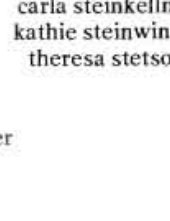
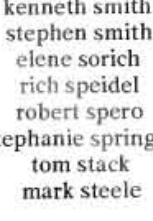
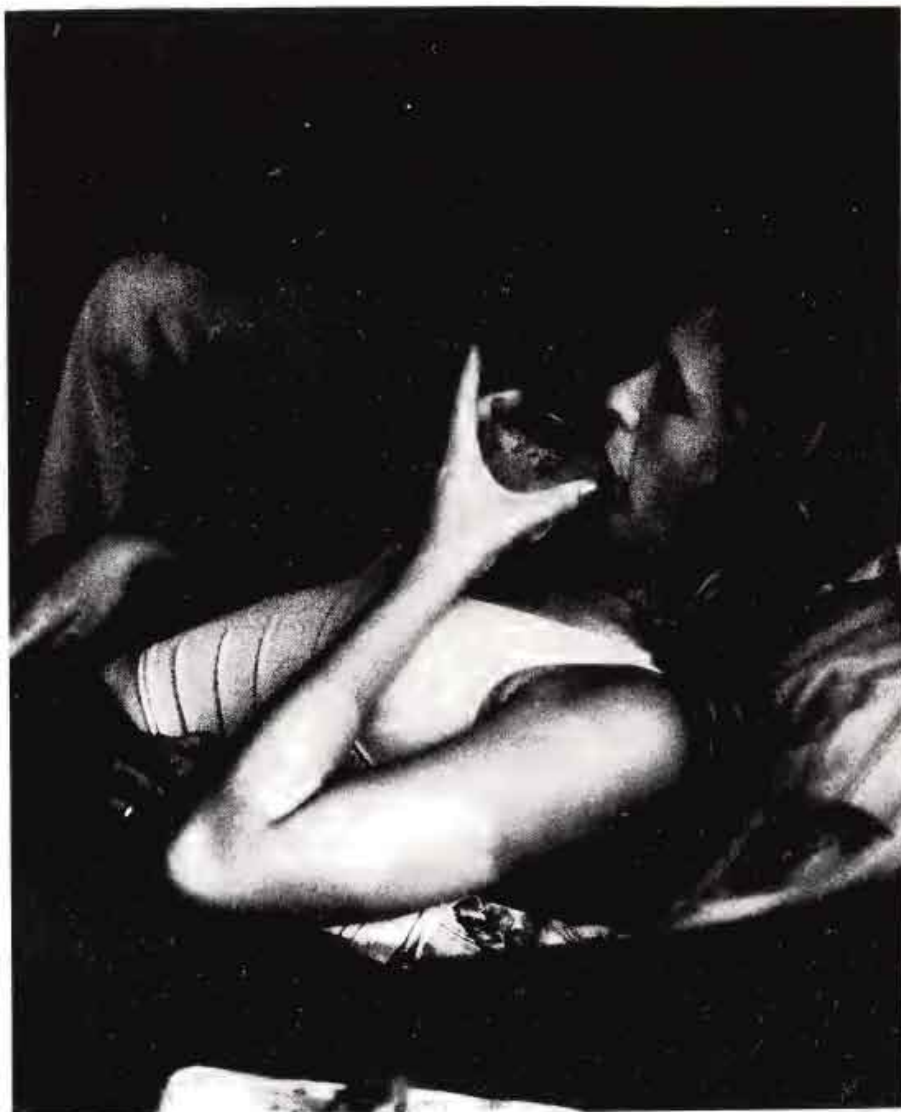
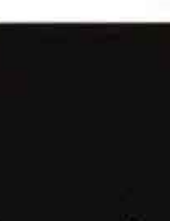
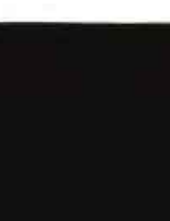


Jim shrugged and sat down heavily in a slightly ripped bean bag chair. He was feeling groggy and depressed. Why was he sitting around in this pea-brain's room, waiting to ingest consciousness-altering substances to help him pass the time? Why, even a human dribble-glass like his roommate did more with his time—but then he had a steady girlfriend to help him along. Big deal. I've got plenty of character, Jim thought. I'm just a little lazy, I guess. Hell, I've got more on the ball than Jerry, Lenny, or any of the bozos in this dorm—probably the entire school! Damn it, I'm gonna quit this adolescent bullshit and get to work improving myself, he thought righteously. With that, he began to rise out of the chair, but was stopped before he could get to his feet by Lenny, who was packing a fresh bowlful into the bong. "Here, the accounting test isn't until Friday, so let's get high and play backgammon," he suggested with a clumsy bat of his eye.

Jim sat with his eyes transfixed on the bong. Across the hall, Ed, the Bruce Springsteen freak, was playing *Born to Run* for the fifteenth time that day.

It's a town full of losers.  
I'm pullin' outta here to win!

The song came roaring down the hall and the lyrics hit Jim hard. He blinked at the bong again and stared up at Lenny. "Losers!" he said, grabbing the bong. He paused, then put his mouth over the end of the pipe and motioned for Lenny to light it. Shit, he thought, that test isn't 'til Friday anyway.



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valerie shimek  
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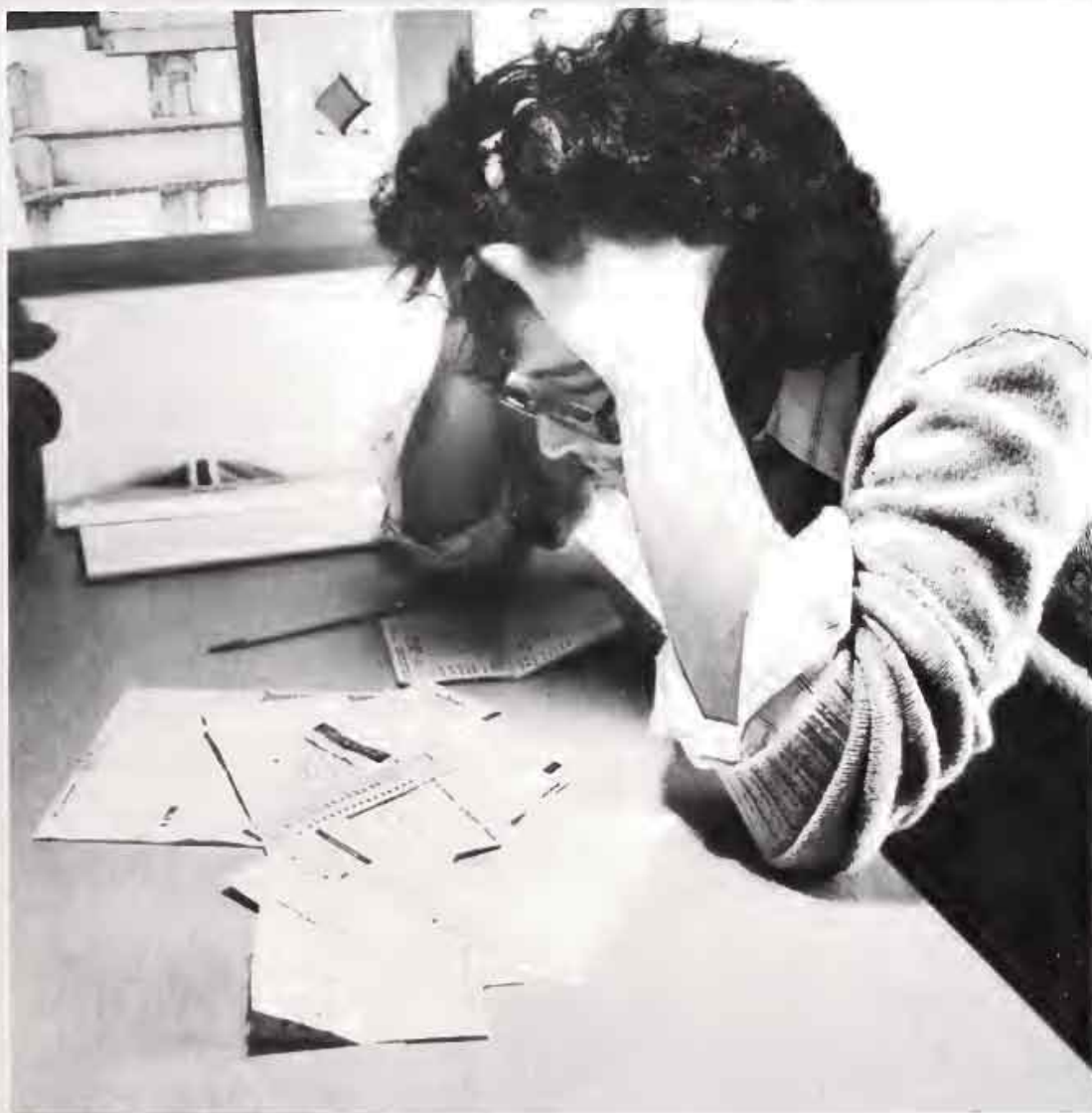
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vicki strong  
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richard sweeney  
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marc teren  
michael terry  
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# The Athlete III



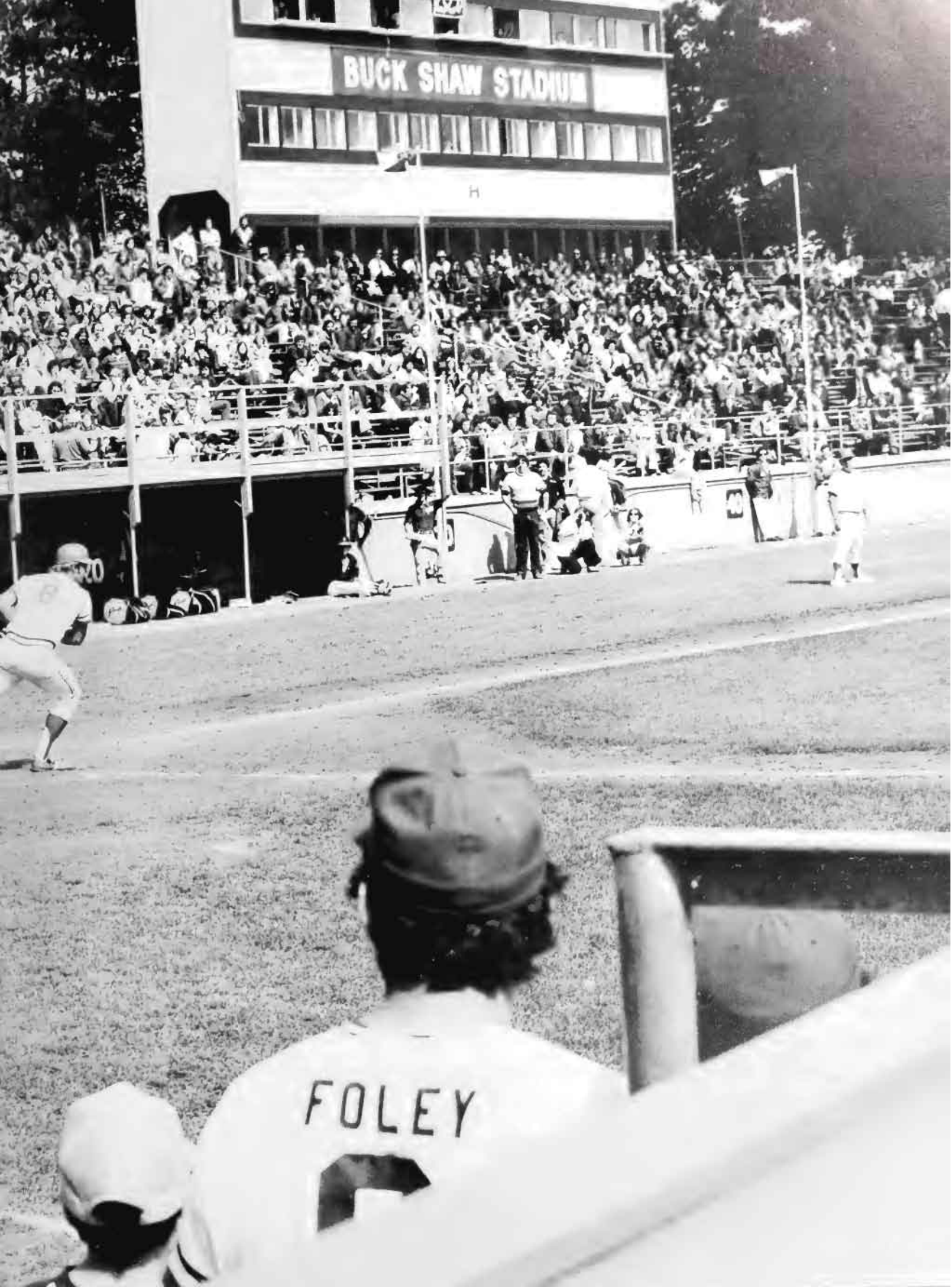


# Baseball '78



BUCK SHAW STADIUM

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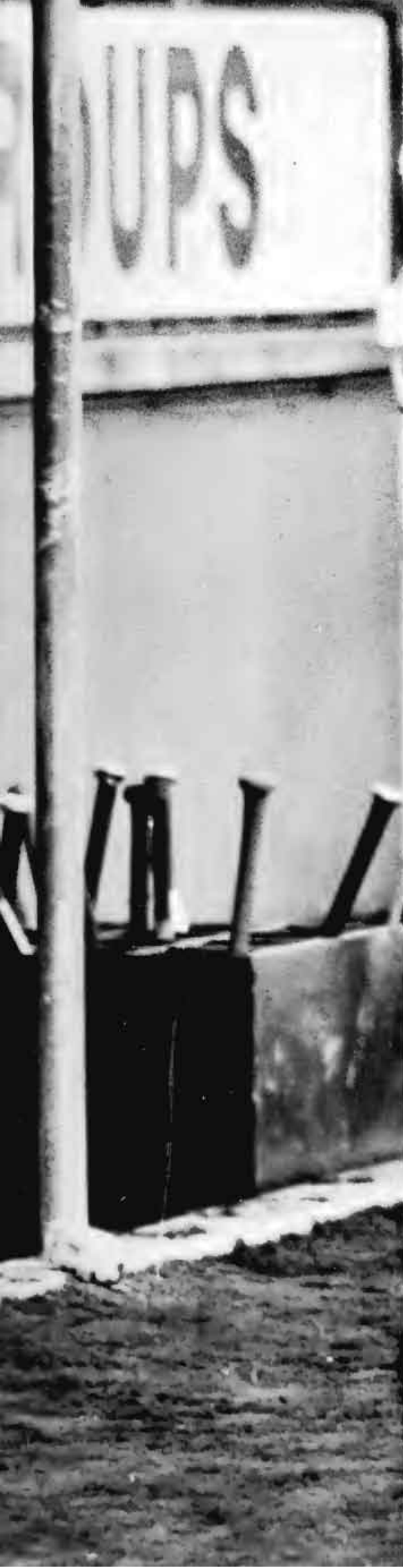
## Baseball '78

The SCU varsity baseball team shattered 18 school records en route to a 40-23 season, the most successful since 1971 for head coach Sal Taormina.

The Broncos, who became winners of the first half of the Northern California Baseball Association by defeating Fresno State two out of three on the final weekend of the regular season, captured the NCBA championship when they defeated second half winner San Jose State in two straight games.

By means of this championship the Broncos advanced to the NCAA regional play-offs only to be eliminated after losses to state Fullerton and on the USC campus.

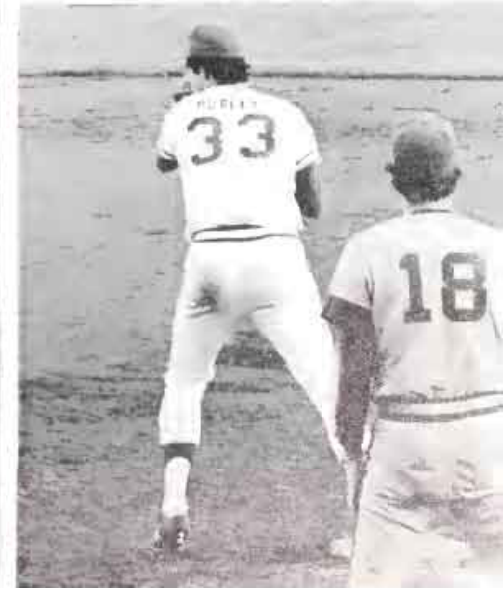




## Baseball '78

The season began slowly for the Broncos as they dropped two out of three to both UOP and St. Mary's, with SJSU and FSC still to be reckoned with in the first half. It was at this time that junior Fran Mullins was inserted into the lineup and the results were spectacular. The Broncos went on to win 20 of their next 24 games, including the Hawaii Rainbow Classic when senior pitching ace Rick Foley outdueled Hawaii's all-American Derek Tatsuno 2-1 in the championship game. Mullins helped the Broncos in many areas: he led the team in home runs (11) and runs batted in (55) while stealing 19 bases; he became the starting short-stop to solidify an already strong defensive infield trio that included co-captain Brian Hurley at first base, Skeeter Rivas at second, and Dan Bongiovanni at third.

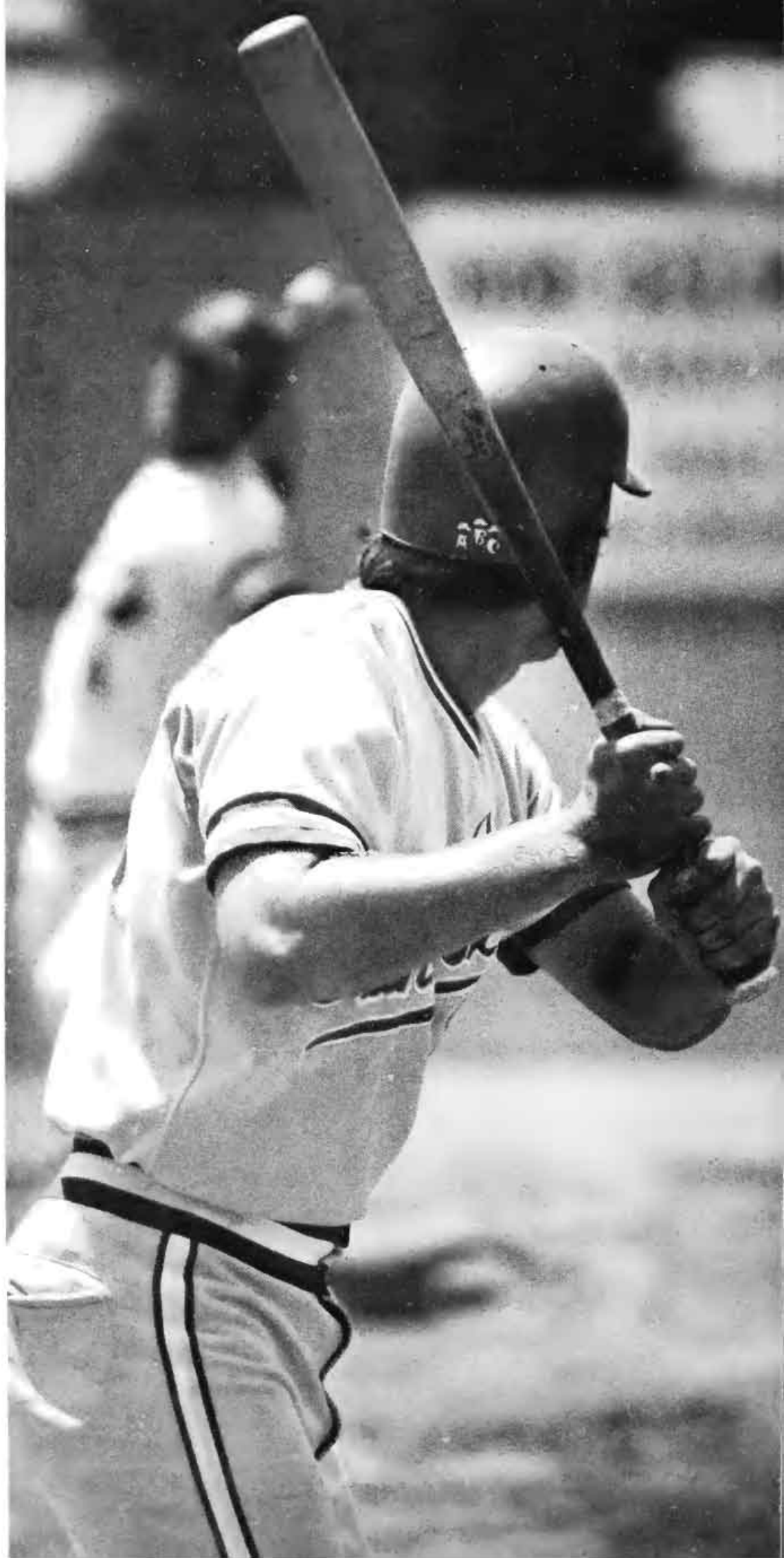




## Baseball '78

But the 1978 squad had much more going for it than a power-hitting shortstop and a hard-throwing righthander. Center-fielder Bill Bender overcame an injured hand and a bad slump at the beginning of the year to hit .306 and steal 31 bases, a new school record. Sophomore Sean Everton, who split his playing time between the outfield and designated hitter once Mullins was installed at shortstop, led the team in hitting (.356) while banging out a new school record of 88 hits.

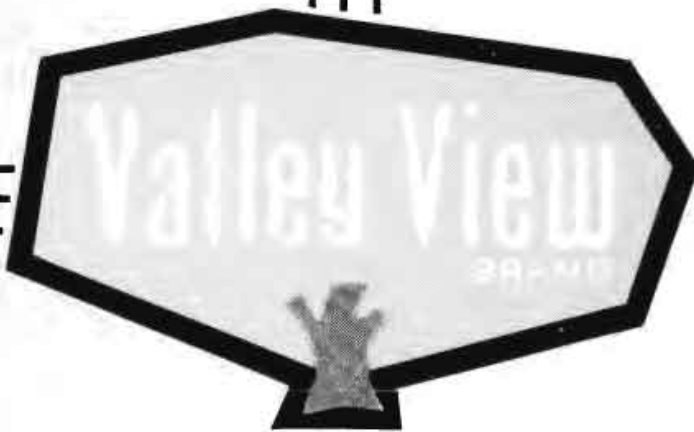
Frank Convertino and Hurley batted .344 and .338 respectively to follow Everton as the team's leading hitters. Convertino had a consecutive game hitting streak of 16 during the year and stole 23 bases. Hurley



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## Baseball '78

broke yet another school record as he collected 47 bases on balls. Rivas batted .299 to go along with his team-leading 53 runs scored, and had the most to do with helping the Broncos turn over a remarkable 62 double plays. Bongiovanni contributed eight home runs to the offensive attack while driving in 50 runs (13 in the Rainbow Classic). Catcher Mike Cummins (.287), Tim Schmidt (.272) and Dartt Wagner (.270) rounded out the important batting contributors on a team that produced 430 runs, 637 hits, 378 RBI's, 117 doubles, 121 stolen bases and 293 walks, all school records.







## Baseball '78

The pitching staff looked very strong at the beginning of the year with three good starters in Foley (14-5), Kevin Kirby (9-3), and Steve Guyon (6-3). Rick Morgan proved to be a valuable relief pitcher and spot starter. Matt Tonkovich saved two crucial play-off games, becoming a much better pitcher as the season progressed. This experience on the mound (all five pitchers were seniors) combined with a team batting average of .305, as well as the leadership of Taormina and assistant coaches Jerry McClain and "Red" Walsh proved just enough to carry the senior-laden Broncos through their banner year.



# Rick Foley

by Frank Colarusso

**C**ompetitiveness is the sign of a great athlete, the one who goes out on the field every time and gives you everything he's got. Even if things are going bad, he still gives it his all. That's the way Rick Foley comes to mind. The fierce competitive edge that he strove for was an example for anyone who played at Santa Clara.

Three years ago, Foley showed what he had against the San Francisco Giants, striking out three straight batters with a confidence that impressed professionals and classmates alike. That competitiveness has lasted throughout the following three years.

When the Broncos were struggling through their worst season in 1977, Foley was the only bright spot, mowing down hitter after hitter, for ten victories and a sensational season.

Head Coach Sal Taormina once commented that he would love to have nine Foleys out there all the time. He was one of Foley's most ardent supporters, and seldom overlooked the chance to praise him.

Foley was also noted for his quiet demeanor and mature attitude. Football coach Pat Malley called him the most mature athlete in the school. Not many would argue.



Foley turned down a five-figure contract to compete professionally in his senior year, and he was rewarded with a trip to the regionals instead. He was the catalyst which enabled the team to capture the league title, while he himself had 14 wins, the most by any college pitcher in the country. A two letterman during his first two years at Santa Clara, Foley gave up his football career in order to concentrate on baseball. Lucky for the Broncos! He was the team captain in his junior year, the first junior captain ever at SCU, and the break in tradition was not a mistake. It was Foley's personal leadership ability that sparked the Santa Clara team

Two games come to mind when discussing Rick's career. One was on a freezing cold night against San Jose State when he pitched his first no-hitter, and the other was a game against the USF Dons when he struck out 16 of their batters. He was unbeatable in those games as he was many times in the last three years.

In his three year career at Santa Clara, Foley did it all. From the records he set, to the trip to Southern California for the regionals, he was the drive behind the team. When he lost the post-season game against Fullerton, his disappointment was doubly great, for losing was something he had only done six times in the past two years.



## Baseball '78

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Highlights of the season included the Bronco's 8-3 victory over the San Francisco Giants. Bender collected five hits while Rivas hit safely four times to lead the attack.

Foley had a 16 strikeout performance against USF and a no-hitter against SJSU. His 14 victories (tied for the most in the country) and 15 complete games represent two more school records. Foley, along with Kirby, Rivas and Mullins were selected in last year's annual professional baseball draft.

Foley was voted the team's most valuable player and earned first team all-league honors along with Everton, Convertino and Rivas. Named to the second team were Bongiovanni, Bender and Hurley.

Mullins received honorable mention for his efforts.





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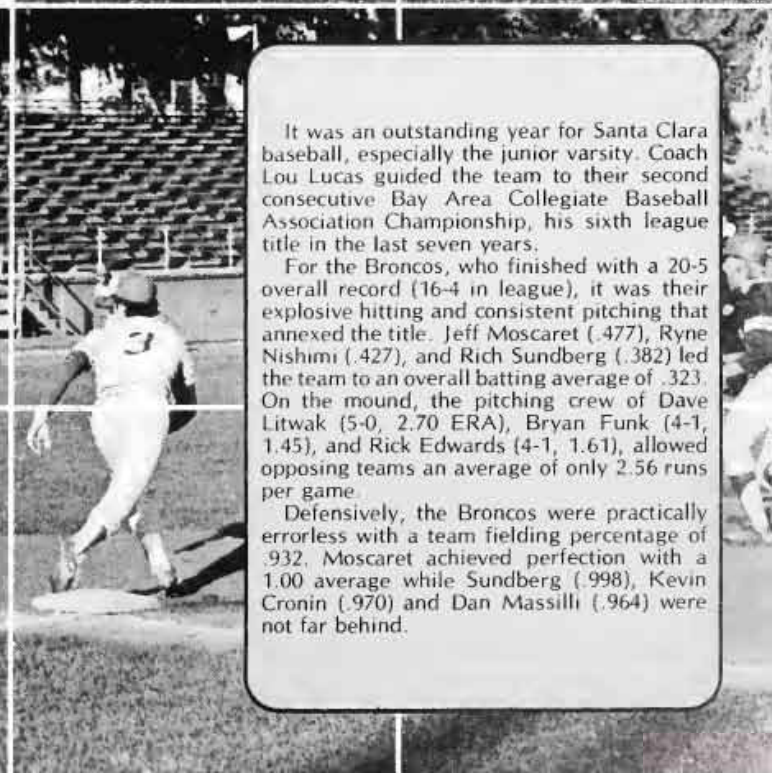
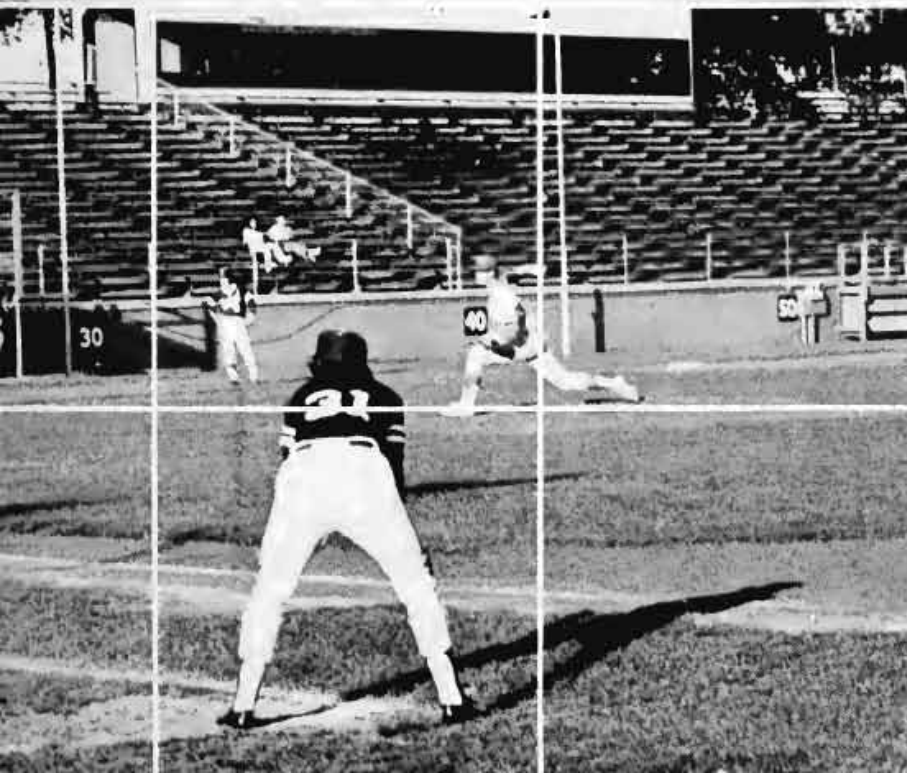
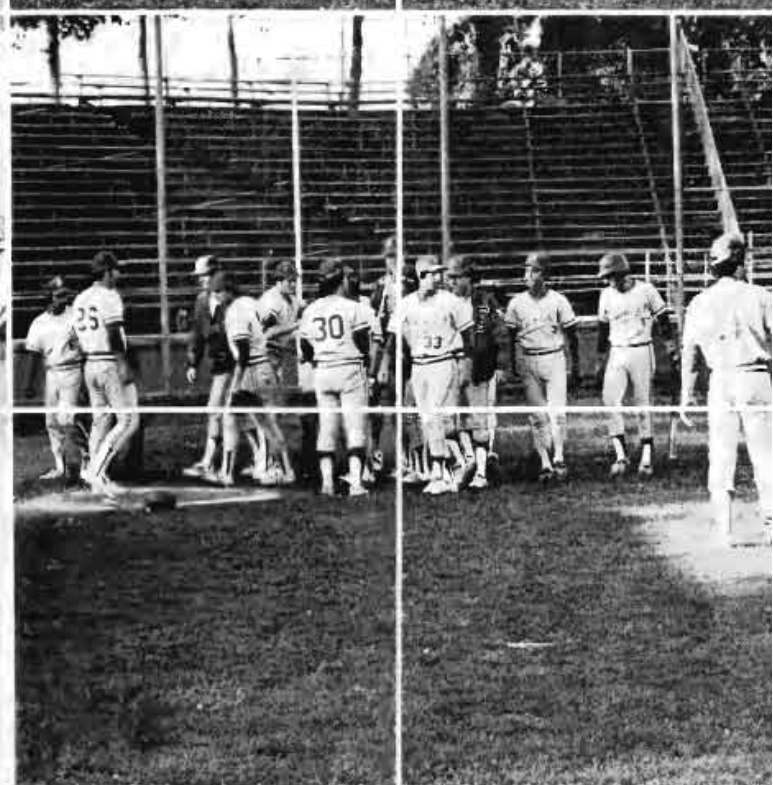
# CAULASTICS

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Broncos Are Champs — Again!

# JV Baseball





It was an outstanding year for Santa Clara baseball, especially the junior varsity. Coach Lou Lucas guided the team to their second consecutive Bay Area Collegiate Baseball Association Championship, his sixth league title in the last seven years.

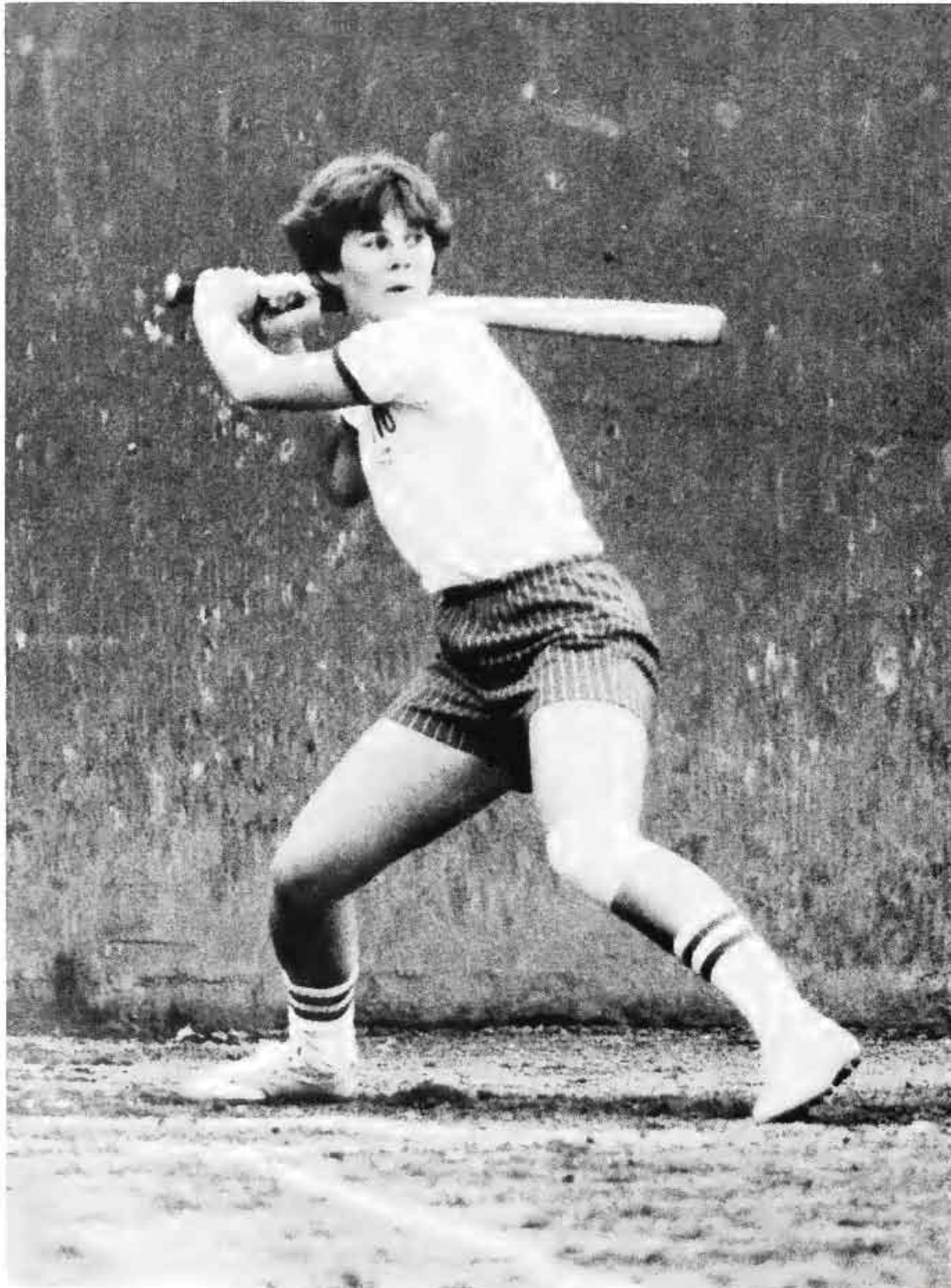
For the Broncos, who finished with a 20-5 overall record (16-4 in league), it was their explosive hitting and consistent pitching that annexed the title. Jeff Moscarel (.477), Ryne Nishimi (.427), and Rich Sundberg (.382) led the team to an overall batting average of .323. On the mound, the pitching crew of Dave Litwak (5-0, 2.70 ERA), Bryan Funk (4-1, 1.45), and Rick Edwards (4-1, 1.61), allowed opposing teams an average of only 2.56 runs per game.

Defensively, the Broncos were practically errorless with a team fielding percentage of .932. Moscarel achieved perfection with a 1.00 average while Sundberg (.998), Kevin Cronin (.970) and Dan Massilli (.964) were not far behind.



Intercollegiate Women Ravage Pitchers

# Softball





Under coach Franny Angleson, the University of Santa Clara women's softball team ended their season with a 5-7 mark. Spearheaded by junior Kathi Priego (.469) and soph Michele Modena (.444), the team batted a torrid .348. Pitching and fielding, however, were not strong points as the squad averaged 7 walks and 6 errors per game.

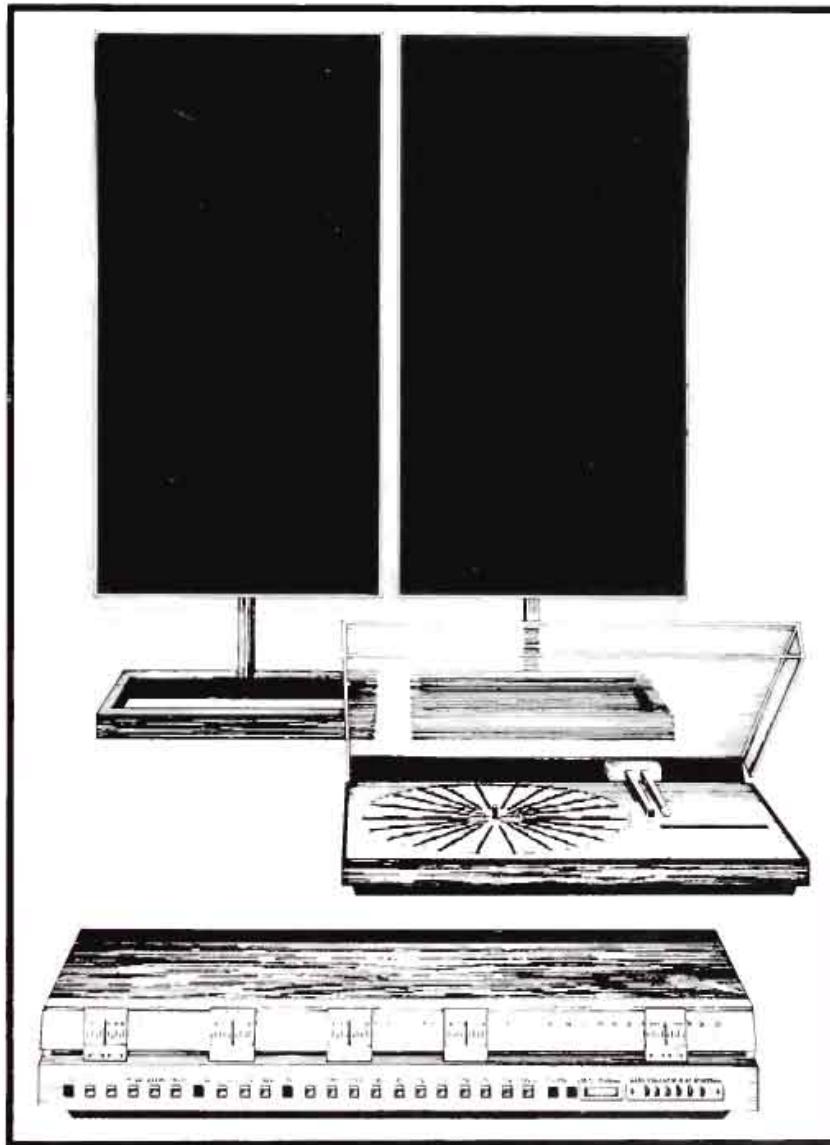
Board-Splitters Practice Diligently

# Karate



In anticipating intercollegiate competition, SCU's martial arts experts experienced another year of grueling practice. At scheduled times the karate club members kicked recreating basketballers off the versaturf in Toso Pavilion to grunt and glide as only true students of oriental defense can. Well, they really didn't kick the students off; they simply asked them to leave. "Kick" was simply a euphemism for requesting the people to leave. I mean if they actually kicked them off the court, the hoopsters would have gotten hurt. Of course if they would have done it that way, that is literally kick them off, it may have been real good practice—kinda like breaking a board in two.

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Lightweight Eight Lead Strong Season

# Crew



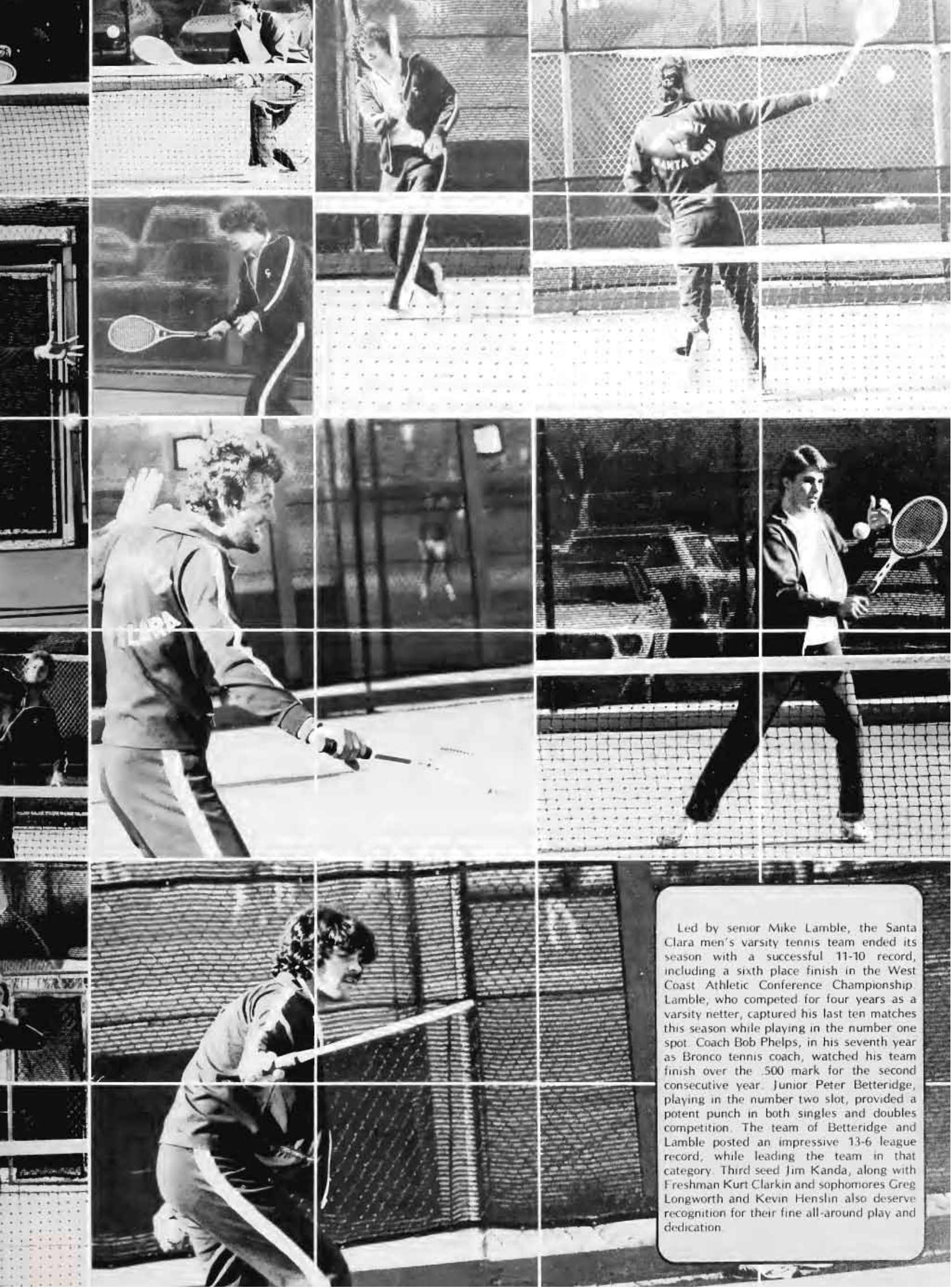


With Lexington Reservoir back to capacity, the crew team hosted the Western Sprints for the first time in five years, as the varsity lightweight eight turned in their best time ever and finished third. Under Coach John Hawkins, the lightweights enjoyed one of their finest seasons, despite an early season slump. The Outstanding Oarsman award was given to Brian Murphy, who led a spirited team to a respectable and promising season.

Individuals Combine For Winning Record

# Tennis



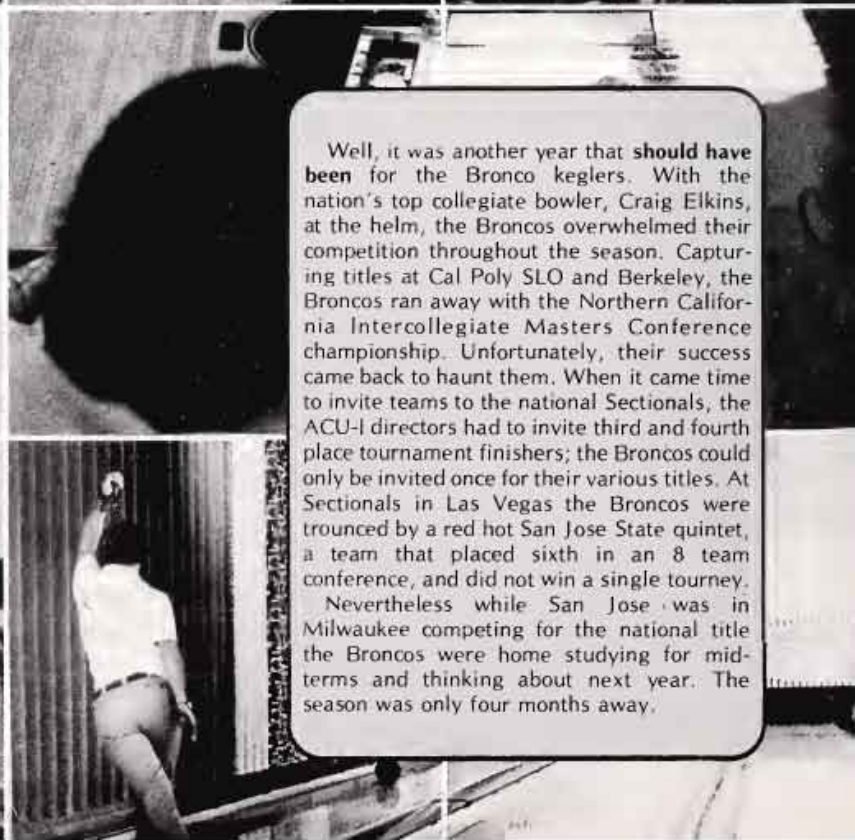


Led by senior Mike Lamble, the Santa Clara men's varsity tennis team ended its season with a successful 11-10 record, including a sixth place finish in the West Coast Athletic Conference Championship. Lamble, who competed for four years as a varsity netter, captured his last ten matches this season while playing in the number one spot. Coach Bob Phelps, in his seventh year as Bronco tennis coach, watched his team finish over the .500 mark for the second consecutive year. Junior Peter Betteridge, playing in the number two slot, provided a potent punch in both singles and doubles competition. The team of Betteridge and Lamble posted an impressive 13-6 league record, while leading the team in that category. Third seed Jim Kanda, along with Freshman Kurt Clarkin and sophomores Greg Longworth and Kevin Henslin, also deserve recognition for their fine all-around play and dedication.



Keglers Dominate . . . Too Much !

# Bowling



Well, it was another year that **should have been** for the Bronco keggers. With the nation's top collegiate bowler, Craig Elkins, at the helm, the Broncos overwhelmed their competition throughout the season. Capturing titles at Cal Poly SLO and Berkeley, the Broncos ran away with the Northern California Intercollegiate Masters Conference championship. Unfortunately, their success came back to haunt them. When it came time to invite teams to the national Sectionals, the ACU-I directors had to invite third and fourth place tournament finishers; the Broncos could only be invited once for their various titles. At Sectionals in Las Vegas the Broncos were trounced by a red hot San Jose State quintet, a team that placed sixth in an 8 team conference, and did not win a single tourney. Nevertheless while San Jose was in Milwaukee competing for the national title the Broncos were home studying for mid-terms and thinking about next year. The season was only four months away.

# Michele Modena

by Conna McCarthy

When powderpuff football season draws to a close, Michele Modena exchanges flags and cleats for basketball and sneakers. Only her number remains the same: 24 — a number that brought glory for sport's greats Willie Mays, Rick Barry, and in the eyes of Bronco fans, Michele Modena.

Coordinating a drab women's collegiate basketball uniform with red suede Pumas, Michele is known as a terror in Toso. Young men who are familiar with Michele's agility on the court are more willing to watch than compete. Those misguided few who dare to match dribbles with the mysterious Miss "M" soon find themselves sitting in the bleachers as the next challenger appears.

Although Michele remains the most sought after player by intramural captains, competition became limited when a knee injury struck down SC's young athlete during the prime of her career. Unhampered by extensive knee surgery, Michele vowed to return to the inter-collegiate arena. Requesting another morphine shot, Michele pledged, "I can take the pain; I will return."

Michele's courage and determination are not limited to sports events. Hoping to win the "Miss Saga" award, Michele captured the hearts of co-workers with an ability to bus trays that became legend in Benson Cafeteria. Climbing the ladder from fruit cutter to lunchtime busser was no easy task, but within weeks Michele put aside apples and bananas in favor of clearing and wiping, clearing and wiping.

Aside from athletic endeavors, Michele spends much of her time coordinating activities at KSCU radio station. When Michele was promoted to Program Director, she found instant popularity with fellow D.J.s. However, Michele's roommates found her promotion meant listening to new releases all hours of the day and night. Leon Russell at 7 a.m. was never appreciated.

The responsibilities of apartment life did not come easy for Michele. She had more than her share of household accidents. Two fires upset a happy home life. The first inferno almost suffocated the young co-ed while napping, but she was saved by her General Electric smoke alarm. Three days later, Michele learned that cooking was not her expertise when she found tacos aflame in the oven. Nevertheless, the hazards at home did not dampen Michele's determination to succeed. With the aid of a little Windex and Lysol, Michele was able to rectify Health Department violations and found pride in a job well done.

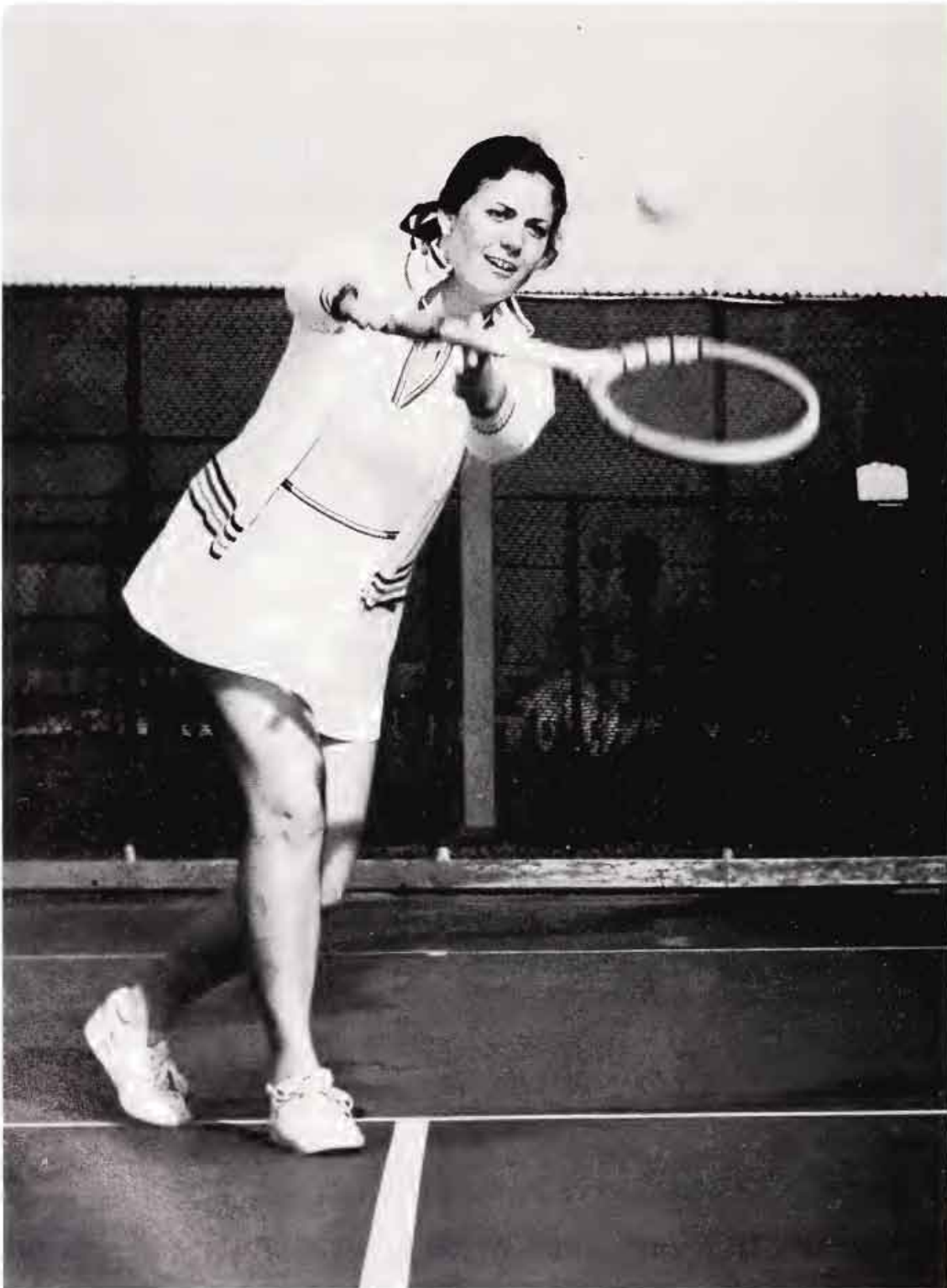
In the academic arena Michele seems to enjoy the intellectual pursuits that are characteristic of SC students. As a freshman, Michele thought the School of Business offered the key to success; as a sophomore, she found Accounting temporarily locked the door. Eventually, Michele decided to solve the inflation problems of the world with a background in Economics. Karl Marx soon became an intimate friend and Michele is often overheard sputtering Marxist views on the "Falling Rate of Profit."

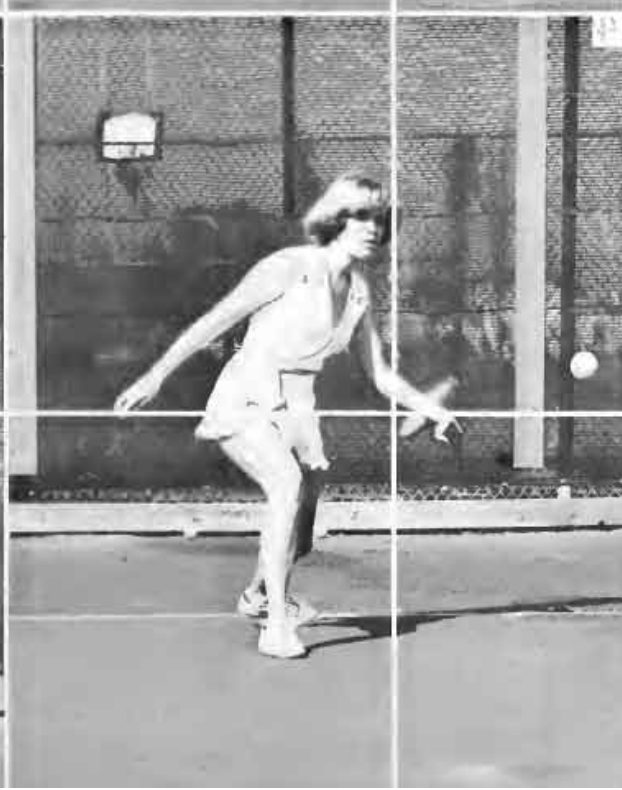
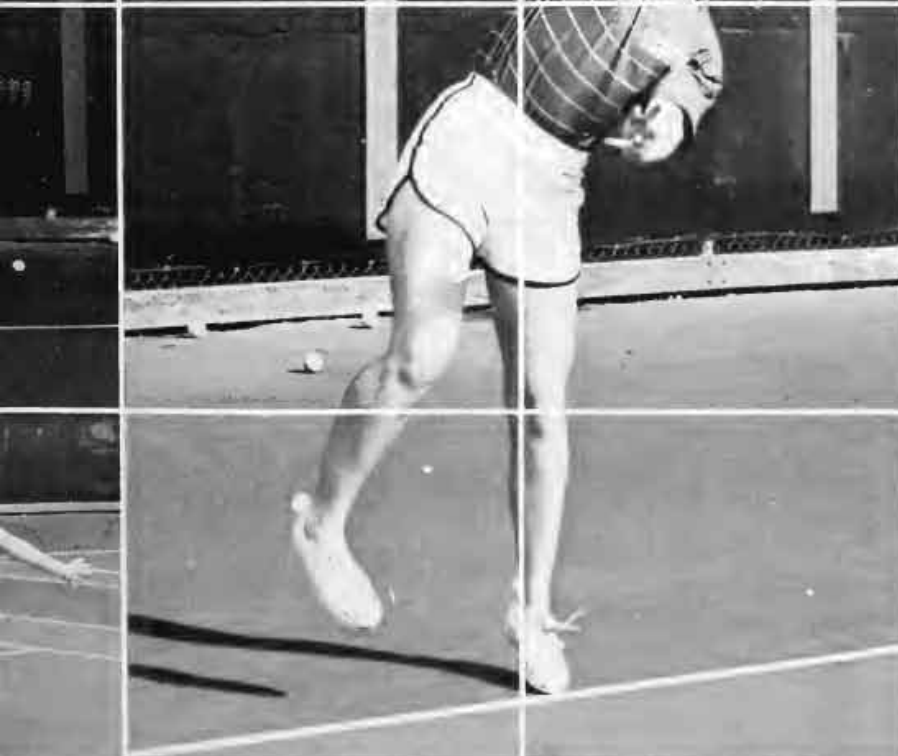
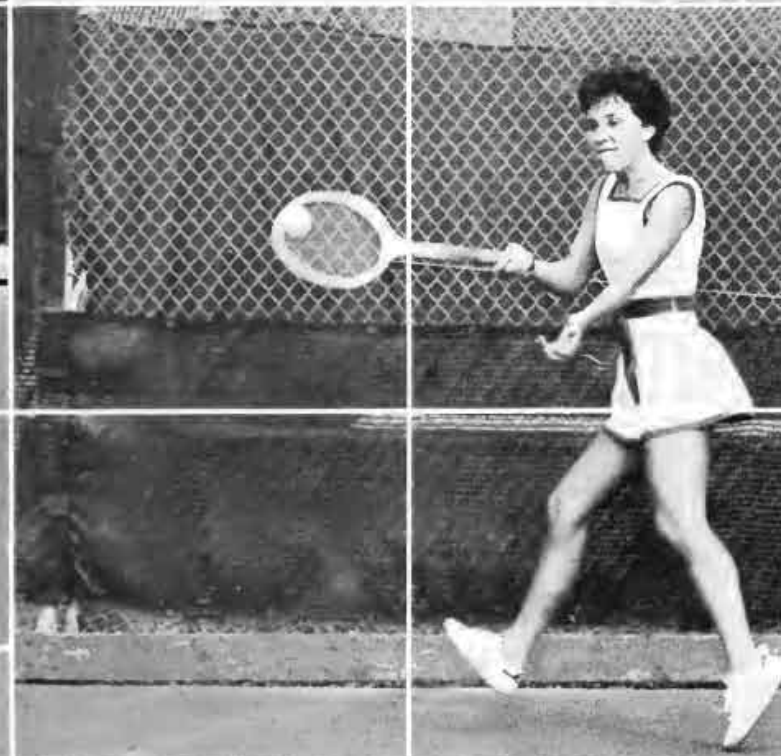
Essentially, Michele displays a wide variety of talents ranging from chewing gum to knowing how to pump gas at a self-service gas station. At age 21, Michele has earned the titles of Intramural Student Coordinator and KSCU Program Director. She is also a grader for the economics department and was awarded the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval by appreciative roommates. Michele's future goals include unionizing Benson Cafeteria workers, and usurping Andy Locatelli as Leavey's Director of Activities. After graduation Michele hopes to pursue a career in law and retire on her 30th birthday.



Top Women Players Go To Regionals

# Tennis



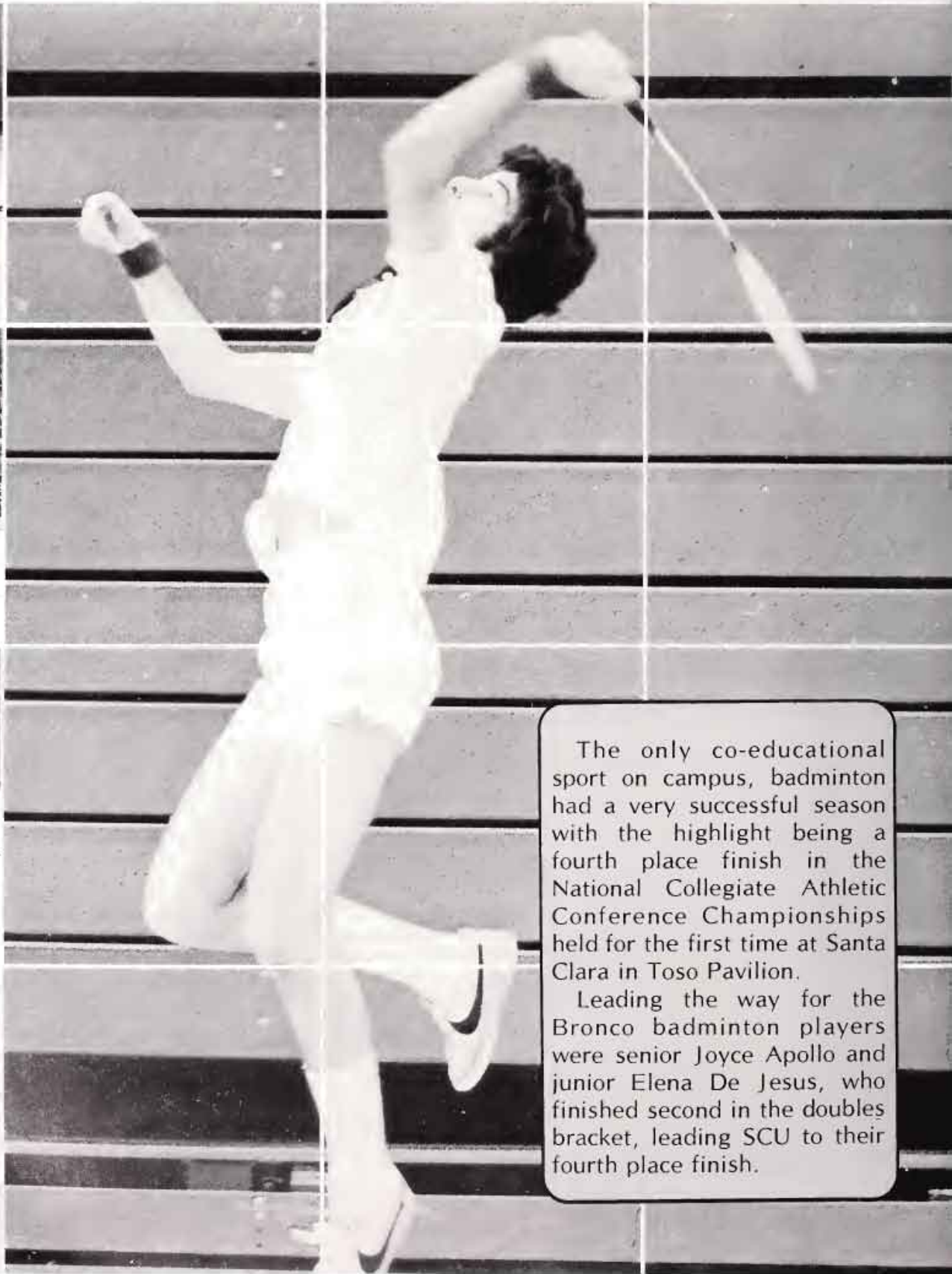


With an 8-6 overall record, the Santa Clara women's tennis team placed fourth in the Bay Area Women's Tennis League. Under the direction of coach Mary Grace Colby, the squad sent two players to post-season tournaments. Number one seed Tammy Teichgraber posted an 9-7 season record, while reaching the NCAA Regionals. Teammate and second seed Becky Leisy coasted to an outstanding 13-5 overall mark, as she won the post-season regionals and reached the semi-finals in the nationals.

Also deserving notice are Kathy Reilly (7-4), Jane Roach (6-5), Joan Pringle (6-5), all of whom should be commended for their efforts in a successful season.

Co-ed Team Reaches Championship Level

# Badminton



The only co-educational sport on campus, badminton had a very successful season with the highlight being a fourth place finish in the National Collegiate Athletic Conference Championships held for the first time at Santa Clara in Toso Pavilion.

Leading the way for the Bronco badminton players were senior Joyce Apollo and junior Elena De Jesus, who finished second in the doubles bracket, leading SCU to their fourth place finish.



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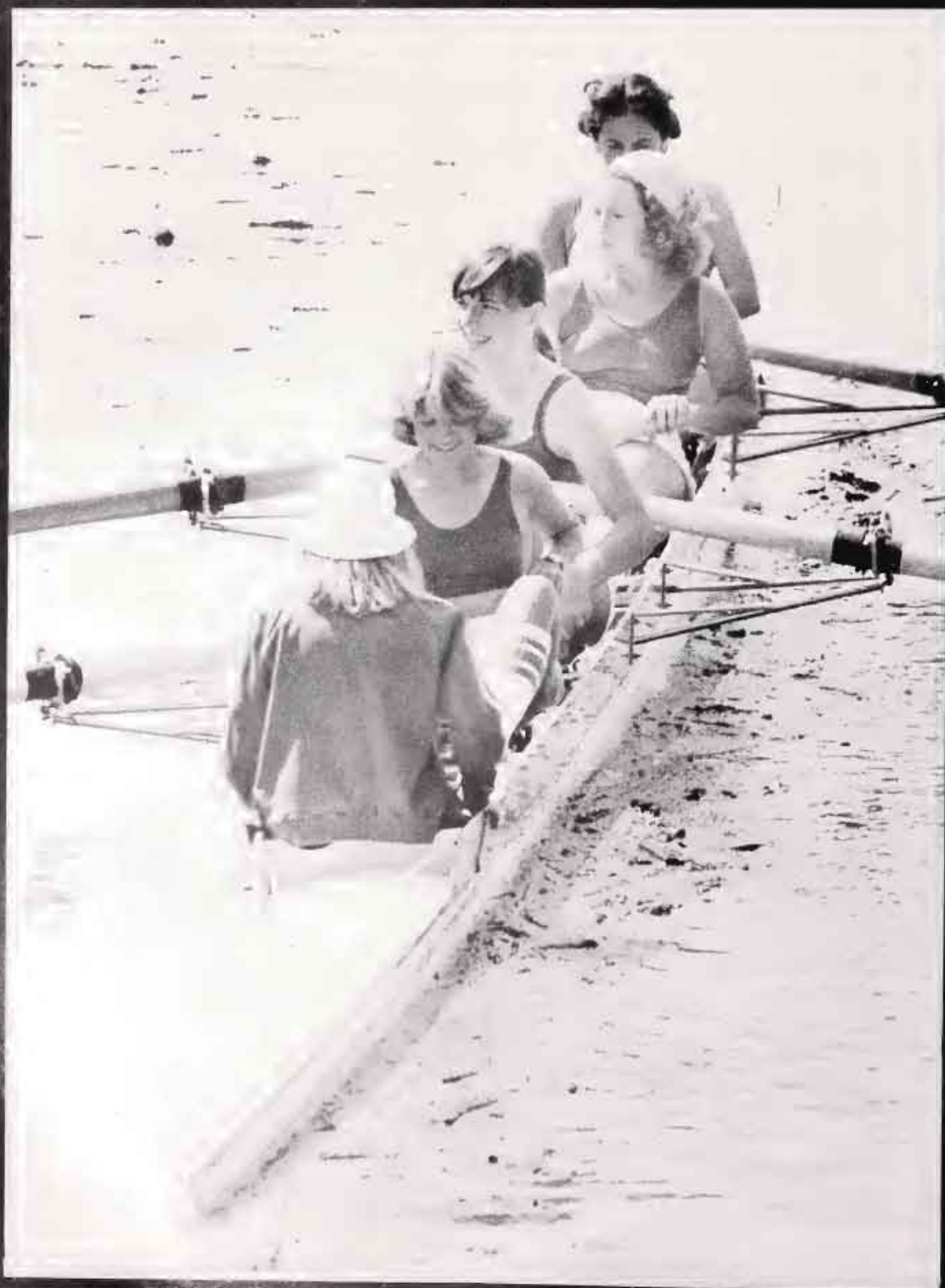


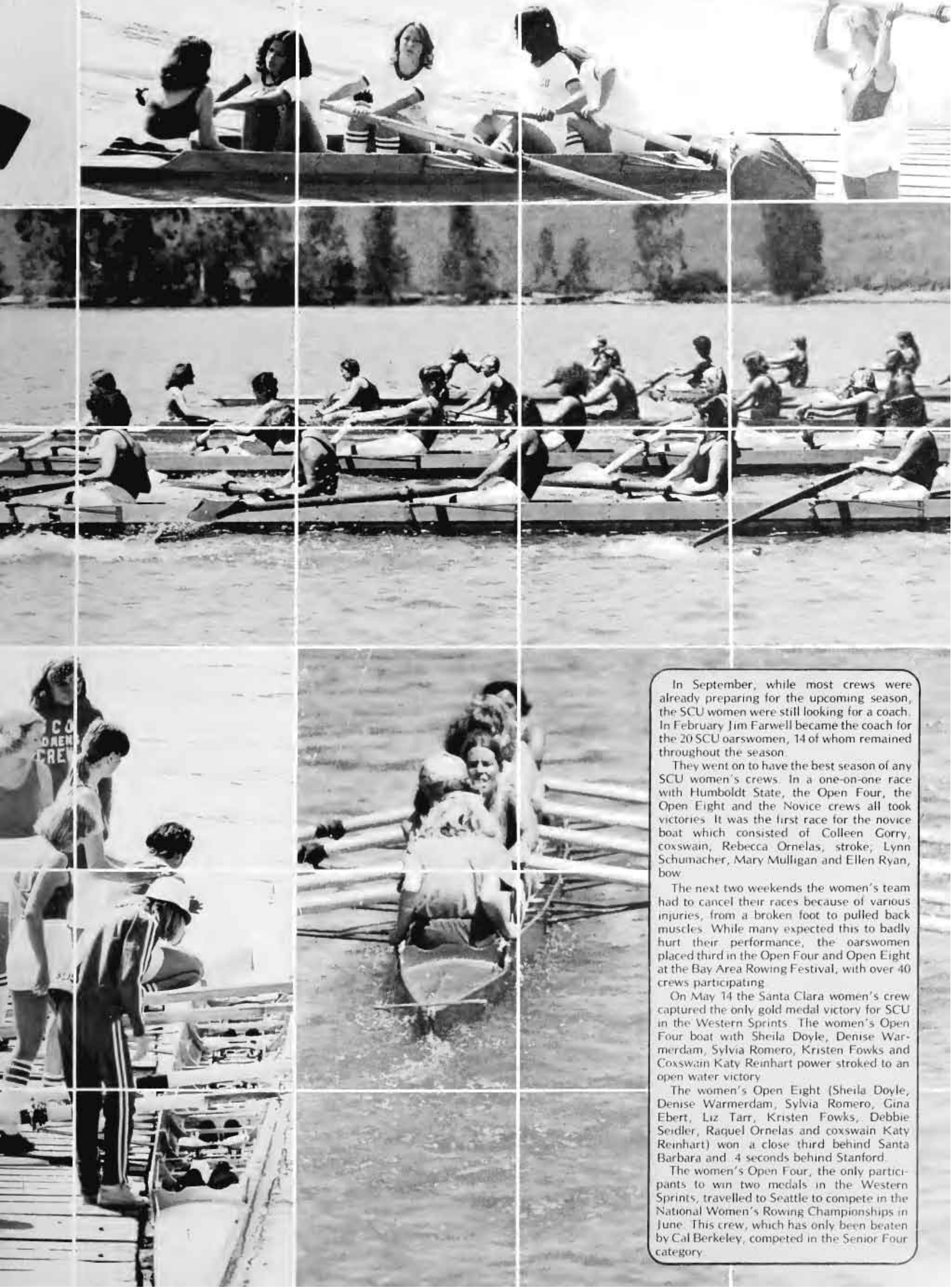
**ARMY ROTC**



Women Win Medals Despite Injuries

# Crew





In September, while most crews were already preparing for the upcoming season, the SCU women were still looking for a coach. In February Jim Farwell became the coach for the 20 SCU oarswomen, 14 of whom remained throughout the season.

They went on to have the best season of any SCU women's crews. In a one-on-one race with Humboldt State, the Open Four, the Open Eight and the Novice crews all took victories. It was the first race for the novice boat which consisted of Colleen Gorry, coxswain, Rebecca Ornelas, stroke, Lynn Schumacher, Mary Mulligan and Ellen Ryan, bow.

The next two weekends the women's team had to cancel their races because of various injuries, from a broken foot to pulled back muscles. While many expected this to badly hurt their performance, the oarswomen placed third in the Open Four and Open Eight at the Bay Area Rowing Festival, with over 40 crews participating.

On May 14 the Santa Clara women's crew captured the only gold medal victory for SCU in the Western Sprints. The women's Open Four boat with Sheila Doyle, Denise Warmerdam, Sylvia Romero, Kristen Fowks and Coxswain Katy Reinhart power stroked to an open water victory.

The women's Open Eight (Sheila Doyle, Denise Warmerdam, Sylvia Romero, Gina Ebert, Liz Tarr, Kristen Fowks, Debbie Seidler, Raquel Ornelas and coxswain Katy Reinhart) won a close third behind Santa Barbara and 4 seconds behind Stanford.

The women's Open Four, the only participants to win two medals in the Western Sprints, travelled to Seattle to compete in the National Women's Rowing Championships in June. This crew, which has only been beaten by Cal Berkeley, competed in the Senior Four category.







# The Athlete

**A**nother game past. Damn rain. My knees are going to kill me tomorrow. Ha - I can read my Psych in the whirlpool. Oh joy, I can't wait. I'll sit there and daydream about beating this slump like I do everytime I pick up a book. Jesus, I gotta start playing better - way too many mental mistakes again. I think about my game all week and then I lose my goddam concentration when I'm playing. I'm tired of fighting it. Why can't I just hang it up? Is my damn ego

so inflated that I can't kiss it off? Shit. What kind of neurotic am I? Do I need those fickle cheers? I've been at it since I was eight years old - 12 years of playing. Hell, I was better then. At least I didn't think so goddam much about it. It was fun - now it's a job, a science broken into a thousand components - and I keep screwin' up one of those components. Correct one, screw up another, and then another... and then the game's over. And I have another shitty game. But as

much as I want to hang it up and ease my soul, I can never do it. My head fills up with memories of that one game - the one game per season that it all comes together, everything clicks - and every little body fiber goes "Yea! Finally!" And that memory taunts you. You spend the rest of the year knowing it's possible - knowing that when you click no one can compete with you - you can play J.C. in heaven and shut him out. You can... If only.

# ROSTERS

## BADMINTON

Joyce Apollo  
Randy Brynsuold  
Kwong Chi Chan  
Antony Siu Cheung Chu  
Jim Ebert  
Eddie Hurip  
Elena De Jesus  
Caroline Lum  
Danny Tin-Yau Tung  
Winston Wong  
Nancy Yamamoto  
Lauren Zinola

Coach: June Breda

## MEN'S TENNIS

Mike Lamble  
Peter Betteridge  
Jim Kanda  
Greg Longworth  
Mark Slaughter  
Mike O'Malley  
Curt Clarkin  
Wally Cunneen  
Kevin Henslin  
Mark Miller  
Barry Marsh  
Craig Paxton

Coach: Bob Phelps

## WOMEN'S CREW

Chrystal Barranti  
Sheila Doyle  
Regina Ebert  
Kristen Fowks  
Colleen Gory  
Mary Mulligan  
Raquel Ornelas  
Rebecca Ornelas  
Cathy Reinhart  
Sylvia Romero  
Ellen Ryan  
Lynn Schumacher  
Debbie Seidler  
Elizabeth Tarr  
Denise Warmerdam

Coach: Jim Farwell

## BASEBALL

Skeeter Rivas, Second Base  
Fran Mullins, Third Base  
Jeff Walsh, Pitcher  
Timothy Schmidt, First Base  
Rick P. Foley, Pitcher  
Steve Guengerich, Outfield  
Vic Viegas, Pitcher  
Marc Woolery, Catcher  
Steve Guyon, Pitcher  
Mike Cummins, Catcher  
Sean Everton, Short Stop  
Glen Osterhout, Pitcher  
Kevin Kirby, Pitcher  
Matt Tonlovich, Pitcher  
Dan Bongiovanni, Third Base  
Rick Morgan, Pitcher  
Dartt Wagner, Outfield  
Brian Hurley, First Base  
Bill Bender, Outfield  
Frank Convertino, Outfield

## JV BASEBALL

Joseph Balderston, Pitcher  
John Barrett, Short Stop  
Kevin Cronin, Outfield  
Gary Davenport, Infield  
Rick Edwards, Pitcher  
Bryan Funk, Pitcher  
Robert Gonzales, Third Base  
Mike Henningsen, Infield  
Pat Kirby, Pitcher  
Dave Litwak, Pitcher  
Don Mazzilli, Outfield  
Scott Miller, Infield  
Jack McNulty, Catcher  
Brian Moore, Pitcher  
Jeff Moscaret, Outfield  
Ryne Nishimi, Infield  
Darryl Page, Infield  
Scott Sullivan, Outfield  
Rick Sundberg, Catcher  
Bret Watson, Pitcher

## BOWLING

Craig Elkins  
Bob King  
Pat Kozlowski  
John Allen  
Rich Cirimelli  
Dennis Caulley  
Nikki Giaulias  
Michele Modena

Coach: Red Elkins

## WOMEN'S TENNIS

Maureen Doherty  
Elizabeth Fernandez  
Marie Gibbs  
Mary Hilbert  
Becky Leisy  
Susan Patridge  
Joan Pringle  
Maureen Reedy  
Kathy Reilly  
Gladys Roach  
Susan Schmidt  
Tammy Teichgraeber  
Kathy Van Olst

Coach: Marygrace Colby  
Assistant Coach: Mike Bogart

## SOFTBALL

Ronnie Anderson  
Janice Aritomi  
Denise Furtado  
Jeanne Jerkovich  
Cathy Kreyche  
Michele Modena  
Kathi Priego  
Cindy Rodriguez  
Julie Rumann  
Danette Sutton  
Mary Vetrano  
Peggy Lamb

Coach: Fran Angleson

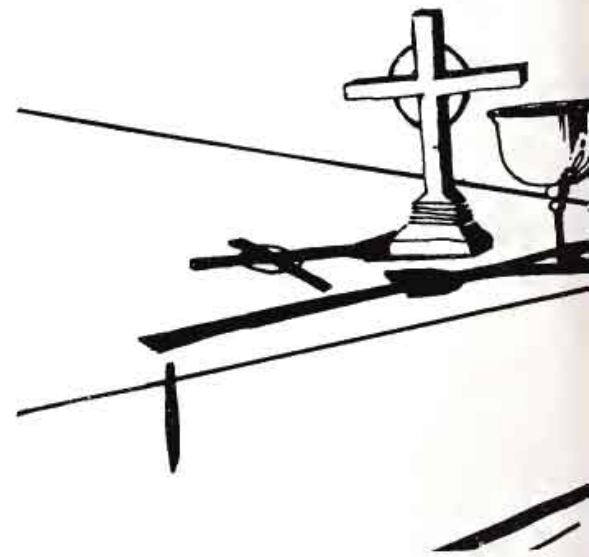
# ROSTERS

# The Disciple



# Here,

*in the SCU community, where 3500 students partake in the process of Jesuit education, the term "disciple" remains ironically ambiguous. Surrounded by retreats, masses, and religious studies requirements, we are nonetheless left unanswered when it comes to the question of Christian discipleship. Good deeds and worthy causes are easy enough to find, but how does one carry out a Christian lifestyle on a day-to-day basis? Between social and academic commitments, most Santa Clara students find their days filled and their energies spent. Somehow when a deadline must be met and push comes to shove, the spiritual aspect of our lives is the first to be neglected. Fortunately, those Santa Clara students who continue to seek a reconciliation between their religious convictions and their daily routines find support in three elements of the campus Christian community. The Jesuit priests, the Chaplain's staff, and the students themselves each make a unique contribution towards the individual's efforts at discipleship. Recognizing that our lives, composed as they are of a myriad of interests and influences, must not be imprisoned by the simple solution of some predetermined behavioral code, these groups seek not so much to direct as to support. In the growth environment which results, the individual is free to discover his own personal form of discipleship. His exploration will not be finished in four years' time, but he will be closer to his goal for having learned to search.*



**I**n years past the Santa Clara Jesuits had their roles well-defined. The all-male student body was predominantly Catholic, and priests were treated with respect and deference. Now, with a larger, more diverse student body, the role of a priest is much more open. The cliché "They're human, too," is taken more



seriously now that the Jesuits have broken out of their stereotypes. Although it can be unsettling for those who prefer the simplicity of a priesthood imprisoned by tradition, the truth is that individual priests vary widely in their lifestyles, their personalities, and their approach to their ministries. Because of this, the Jesuits are able to affect

students in more ways than before; no longer confined to the Mission Church, they may be found down the hall, at the beach, or in the gym.

As the Jesuits become more accessible, they are more easily understood. Few priests fit our ideal of religious guide and model; some may not seem like disciples at all. But the individual, upon realizing this, is that much better helped in his own

search for discipleship, for he can now admit to the struggles involved. With the humanization of priests the individual gains a more realistic perspective on discipleship and a greater respect for his goal.



The Chaplain's staff is made up of religious and lay persons who serve in various capacities, each making use of his or her unique resources in ministering to the Santa Clara students. Through overnights and weekend retreats, the Women's Center and Project 50, dorm masses and prayer groups,

different students are reached at different levels. For the individual seeking to define his discipleship, the Chaplains provide community outlets for volunteer service, workshops and discussion groups for exploring questions of Christian lifestyle, and quiet-time get-togethers for personal and spiritual support. Throughout the staff, a major emphasis is in reaching the students in as

personal a way as possible. For the searching student this provides a forum for confrontation of questions of all kinds; the drop-in atmosphere of the Chaplains' offices and residences allows the individual a more comfortable environment in which to explore his spirituality.



# Jennifer Konecny

by Canice Evans

As the sun rises over the hills of east San Jose, a tall, slender figure in shorts and T-shirt runs down the deserted street. Her blonde hair bounces rhythmically as her tennies break the stillness of the early morning. Jennifer Konecny is meditating as she jogs. Because she takes the time for prayer, she is able to shoulder a workload that would kill someone without a spiritual energy source.

Most SCU students are likely to encounter the very capable Konecny on second floor Benson, at de Saisset Gallery openings, on Chaplain's Office weekends or at 10 a.m. mass. Jennifer's energy appears unlimited; she's always involved in several activities, from the Core Commission on Campus Ministry Women to the Mardi Gras party.

Jennifer is a warm, approachable person willing to share her enthusiasm for life. She plunges into her work with dedication and delight, taking every opportunity to make her job an expression of her ideals and beliefs. Her busy schedule can usually be juggled to make room for unexpected visitors or impromptu celebrations.

However, when there is time to plan ahead, Jennifer will invite friends over for a home-cooked meal or to attend a university function. Since she loves costume parties, an art opening is a perfect time to dress-up. So is the Mardi Gras Ball to which she wore a turn-of-the-century dress complete with bustle.

Another play day is the Festival of St. Clare. Jennifer relaxed into the fantasy of the Middle Ages by assuming a noble-woman's garments and demeanor. The May Faire also encourages the enjoyment of delicious food and drink. Jennifer confesses, "I love to eat."

Her tastes run from French and Italian cuisine to Mexican and Chinese dishes. She is an accomplished cook who is concerned with the world-wide problems of food distribution and consumption. Therefore, her own culinary habits are shifting to vegetarianism. Her work with SCU's Food Action

Taskforce is a professional expression of her personal concern.

Because her interests and responsibilities dovetail, Jennifer has meshed her personal and work lives. She began working with the Chaplain's Office in 1971. Her long association with the University has been mutually beneficial, and she loves the community of Santa Clara. Some of her close friends are members of the 10 a.m. mass community, a group of faculty and staff who give her support and take care of Lisa, her seven-year-old daughter, when she travels.

This year, as President of the Catholic Campus Ministry Association, Jennifer has visited Washington, D.C., Chicago, St. Louis, Denver, Miami and New Orleans. She sleeps on planes a lot, but sometimes has trouble avoiding long conversations about her work.

"What do you do for a living?"

"I'm a chaplain."

"A chaplain in the Army?"

"No, on a college campus."

Jennifer is concerned about social justice and serves as an advisor to the Women's Center. She believes in the philosophy of human equality which is what the real women's movement is about. For her part, she emphasizes taking control of your own life, making your own decisions.

Her interest in the individual is demonstrated by her treatment of students. When she began as a chaplain, Jennifer was almost as young as the undergrads; she has preserved her attitude of equality. Her sincere interest and saint-like patience, especially in the midst of a hectic schedule, help explain why she is liked and admired by Santa Clara students.

Jennifer is very organized and extremely hard-working, but she occasionally escapes by heading for the Pacific. With a blissful smile she declares, "I love the ocean." Her favorite retreat is Villa Angelica in Carmel, and you may find her there, running into the sunset.





***Again I say to you, if two of you agree  
on earth about anything they ask,  
it will be done for them by my Father in heaven.***

***For where two or three are  
gathered in my name,  
there am I in the midst of them.***

*Matthew 18:19-20*

**A**lthough less conspicuous as a religious support group than the Jesuit community or the Chaplain's staff, the students themselves may well be the most valuable source of growth in an individual's search for his discipleship. Peers play a



role unlike that of the Jesuits or Chaplains in that their empathy may be a more accurate reflection of the individual's experiences. For all the planning that goes into the many campus activities, it is the students who determine the success of each event; fellow classmates attending 10 p.m.

mass do as much to create the warm atmosphere as do those who plan the liturgy itself. While faculty members may be responsible for the structure and format of a religious studies class, the students themselves determine its value by their willingness to partake in open discussion. For the searching disciple such an atmosphere of exploration can do much to overcome our natural

hesitation in dealing with new ideas. Beyond the classroom, in late night talks or Mission Garden discussions, the support of other students plays a major part in encouraging the quest for discipleship.



---

*The God who created the world  
and everything in it,  
and who is Lord of heaven and earth,  
does not live in shrines  
made by men. He is not far  
from each of us, for in him  
we live and move,  
in him we exist*

*Acts 17:24, 27-28*



*Article by Aline Hallenbeck  
Illustrations by Alfredo Muccino*

# Contributors

Beverly J. Carrigan  
Dr. and Mrs. David J. Carty  
Conway and Rosemary Catton  
James and Susan Cullinane  
John C. Doiron, Jr., M.D.  
Dorothy Doudell  
William E. Figara  
Mr. and Mrs. Louis Falletti  
Dr. and Mrs. Charles Fletcher  
Mr. and Mrs. James A. Herring  
John M. Lasgoitz  
Jeannette F. Lyons  
Vernon and Shirly O'Neill  
Rita Ong  
Sung Hoon Pang  
Marian W. Rendler  
Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Roberts  
Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Silva  
Clair Wilson

# The Senior



# The Gong Show



Daoud Aboujudom



Brenton Achee



Fred Ackerman



John Adamo



Alfred Agrella



David Ahle



Steven Airola



Alex Alarcon



John Albert



Nancy Allen

Got the rowdies and crazies here tonight. A few beers, a few microphones, a few stages. What? There's only one stage? Maybe there's more than a few beers here.

Jim "Crab" Dorigan is the Master of Ceremonies, at least he was until he got gonged. The Bart Minor Transvestite Trio sang **We Three Queens From Florida Are**. They kinda' looked like the Supremes. I think I'd better stop drinking. Roxanne and Tim added religiosity to our sodden group—guised as a Jesuit and Carmelite (respectively?) they crooned **Why don't we get drunk and screw**. Many in the audience were willing to volunteer. But before they could leave, Halfmoon and Lisa walked onstage, and shocked the audience with a display of actual honest talent. They ended up sharing first prize (a check for \$7.83) with impressionist Reilly.

At the end of the awards ceremony the entire audience rose wobbly to their feet. A standing ovation? I don't remember. Someone shoved a beer into my hand and I couldn't hear anything over the gurgles. When I set the beer down I was alone in the Club.





Susan Anderson



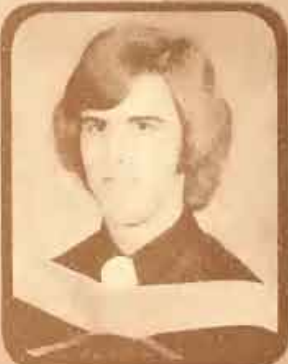
Joyce Apollo



Rosemary Arce



James Alves



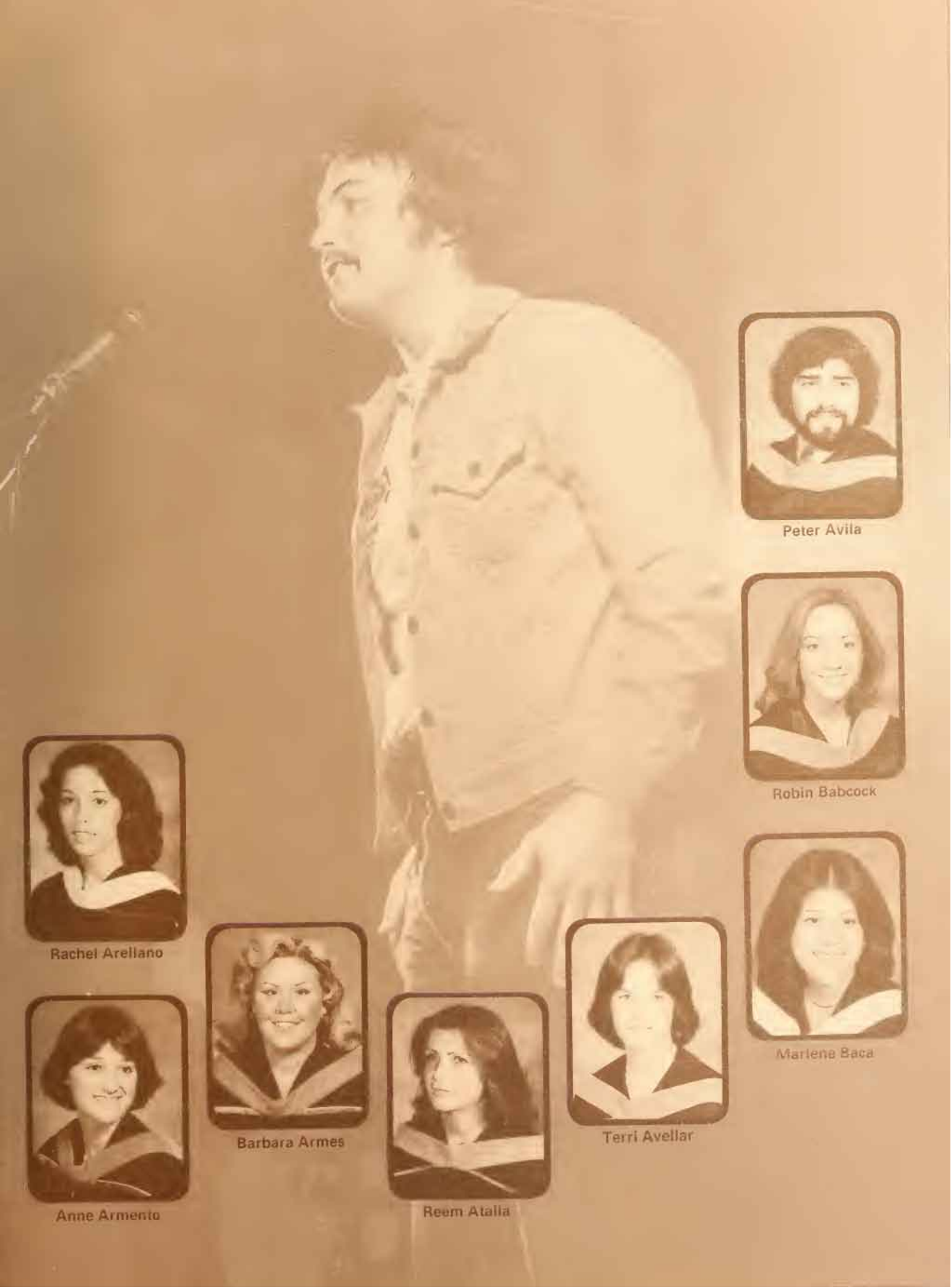
Eric Anderson



Greg Anderson



Mark Anderson



Peter Avila



Robin Babcock



Rachel Arellano



Marlene Baca



Anne Armento



Barbara Armes



Reem Atalia



Terri Avellar

# Special Olympics



Elizabeth Baldacci



Debbie Baldwin



Tom Baldwin



Kathleen Baker



Jeff Barber



Teresa Bader



Maryann Bagileo



Brian Baker





Chrystal Barranti



Carrie Basile



Denise Bass



Patrika Baxter



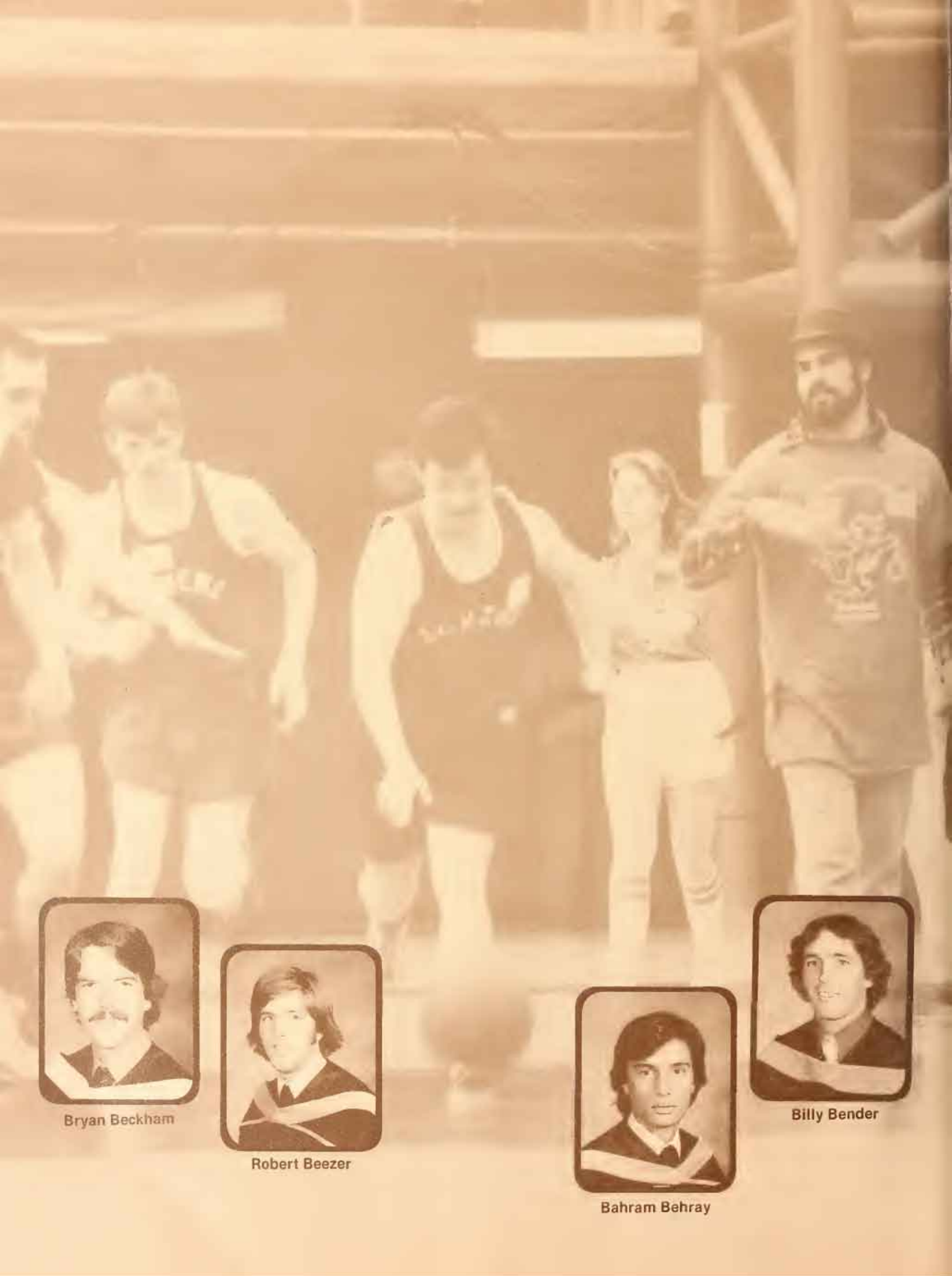
John Beck

Pretty gutsy people, I'd never be able to be out there helping those people. My stomach's going inside out just being here to cheer. I couldn't refuse to come, I mean, Sally asked me to come and I know how much it meant to her.

I can see a lot of Sally Muscio friends in the working core, hugging the players and directing the games. Oftentimes receiving only a blank stare in return--but sometimes a laugh would interrupt the players' stolid, confused countenances--and they'd smile as they dribbled downcourt.

You learn a lot watching these athletes. You learn that M.R. is a cruel, awful sounding phrase that certainly doesn't befit the tourney's participants. You learn that the glory of life is in the striving, not in the winning; in the spirit that carries one up to the line, rather than in the shell that carries them to the finish.

I'm glad I came



Bryan Beckham



Robert Beezer



Bahram Behray



Billy Bender

## STEVE COYLE

J. Stephen Coyle is, I suppose, something of an SCU institution. Nearly everyone has some impression of Steve filed away in their minds. You need only to compile a partial list of the guy's quirks before one conclusion becomes evident: Steve is an original. (If you doubt this, name one other person you know who tried to use their first initial and middle name and actually got people to use it.)

For some of us, the memories go back a ways to Steve as a tall, spindly freshman TA major from Salinas with, ah yes!--a guitar. By sophomore year, his fame had spread as the younger member of "The Coyle Bros." You escaped into the cavernous spaces of Pipestage to feed your face and listen to Steve and Jim deliver a terrific acoustic guitar rendition of the Overture from "Tommy" that soon became their claim to fame. And of course, there were all the plays: Steve stalking the rafters in "The Marowitz Hamlet"...laying his ego on the line and dressing as a woman (complete with coconut breasts) for his part as Maximillian in "Candide"...giving his memorable performance as Didi in "Waiting for Godot," a production that won national honors.

There must be hundreds of Coyle anecdotes. Consider the guy's eating habits: Spring of '77, night after night, Steve would race into Benson on a break from working on "Hamlet" and sit down to a hearty repast of Saga cake washed down with that mysterious green liquid that looks suspiciously like anti-freeze. Later, around 2 a.m. this fine meal was usually supplemented with a Jumbo Jack and onion rings. I recall one night when, after a late rehearsal, J. Stephen and his bud Steve Doolittle bopped down to Pipestage. They arrived just as a batch of chocolate chip cookie dough was receiving its final stirrings, took one look, bought the entire bowlful and promptly demolished the whole mess in record time.



The second thing that comes to mind about Stephen is his professionalism. For Steve, nothing came before the theatre: not women, not sleep, nothing. Steve's charm may be infectious, but (as many an unrequited SCU co-ed can tell you) it's as difficult to track down as it is to resist. The guy lived in Mayer, putting in long hours building sets, hanging lights, rehearsing lines and tech cues, and it made him keep wierd hours. You'd traipse over to Steve's "Nightmare in Chartreuse" room in G200 at 3 p.m. (when every self-respecting SCU student was on a field, at a pool or having a beer...) and there'd be Steve in heavenly slumber, all lanky 6'3" of him sprawled out on rug that looked like Bio students had been using it to grow cultures. Or you'd run into him at wee hours of the night, sitting with Tim Dougherty, watching some god-awful old flick. --By the way, if you never caught Steve's door, with its assorted ads for sexual devices (glued there by the dorm-rats), you missed one of the most scenic points on campus.

Steve's presence was strongly felt in Mayer. He always had an encouraging word and his daily "line switch" ready --a line taken from one part of the script and substituted for one found elsewhere in the play with humorous (if not riotous) results. Here, I should also note Steve's admirable dedication to his art, particularly on that day during the run of "School for Scandal" when he went to a nude beach where his buns suffered unmentionable ravishment by the sun. Nevertheless, the show went on, though Steve was unable to sit down throughout that evening's performance.

Somehow, as busy as Steve was, he found time to lend his talents to a wide variety of SCU activities; he played for dorm functions and Masses, opened for acts, gave (free) guitar lessons to fellow students who sought him out, was a DJ for KSCU and an Orienter. More than one Intro. to TV student owes their firstborn male child to him for consenting at the 11th hour to be the "talent" in their "entertainment" show.

Right now, Steve's plans are to make some quick bucks, then try something he's been itching to do for quite a while: travel. Have a good time, Steve, take drugs (hard ones!--and get some rest, huh?



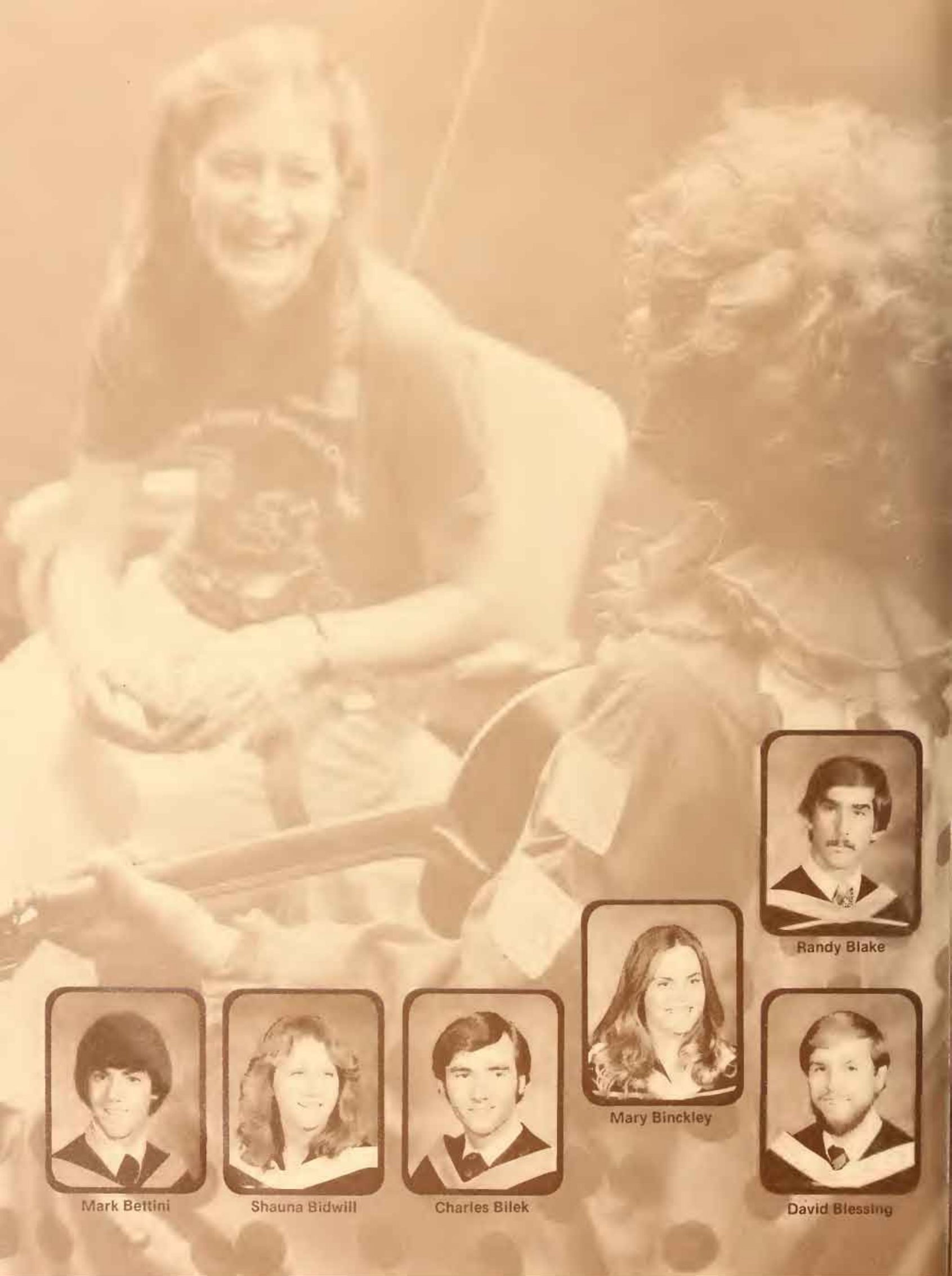
Matthew Benoun



Ken Bergman



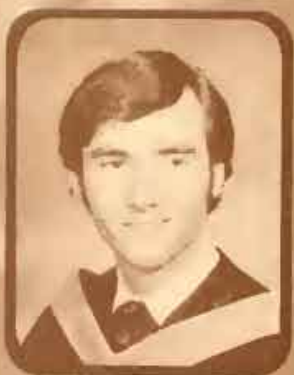
Susan Bettencourt



Mark Bettini



Shauna Bidwill



Charles Bilek



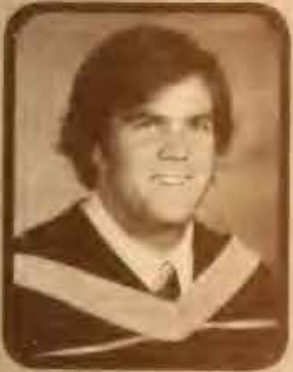
Mary Binckley



Randy Blake



David Blessing



Dan Bongiovanni



Martha Boulanger



Jim Bowman



Bernadette Boyd



Donna Bratcher



Barbara Briebl



Mary Brisson



Luanne Brito



Phil Buantello



Kristi Buckenmeyer



# The Times



Vicki Burrola



Michael Burchett



Elizabeth Busch



Michelle Burget



Mary Callahan

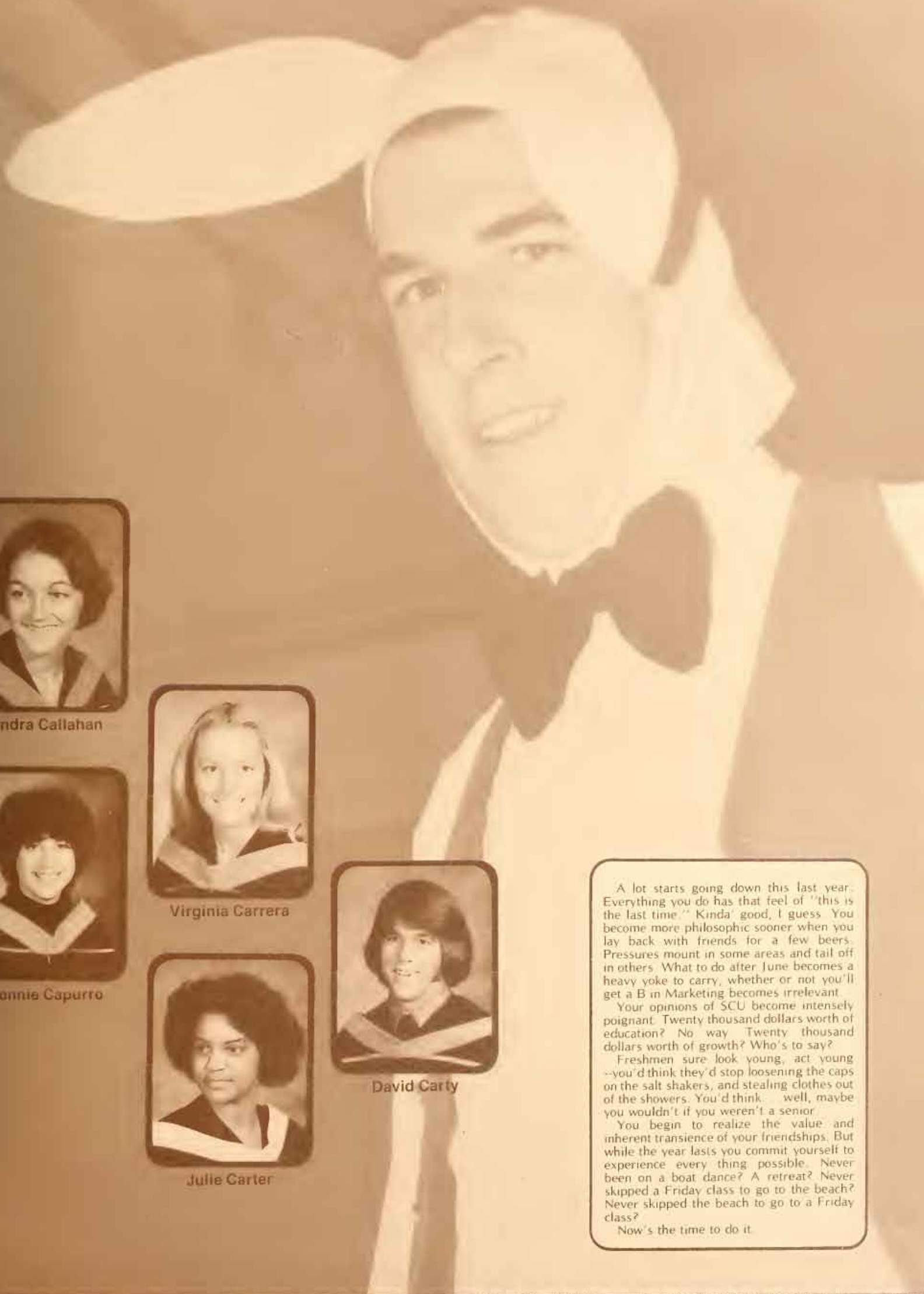


Sandy Burke



Shelley Burns





Sandra Callahan



Virginia Carrera



Nonnie Capurro



David Carty



Julie Carter

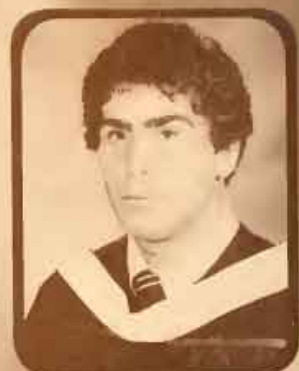
A lot starts going down this last year. Everything you do has that feel of "this is the last time." Kinda' good, I guess. You become more philosophic sooner when you lay back with friends for a few beers. Pressures mount in some areas and tail off in others. What to do after June becomes a heavy yoke to carry, whether or not you'll get a B in Marketing becomes irrelevant.

Your opinions of SCU become intensely poignant. Twenty thousand dollars worth of education? No way. Twenty thousand dollars worth of growth? Who's to say?

Freshmen sure look young, act young --you'd think they'd stop loosening the caps on the salt shakers, and stealing clothes out of the showers. You'd think... well, maybe you wouldn't if you weren't a senior.

You begin to realize the value and inherent transience of your friendships. But while the year lasts you commit yourself to experience every thing possible. Never been on a boat dance? A retreat? Never skipped a Friday class to go to the beach? Never skipped the beach to go to a Friday class?

Now's the time to do it.



Richard Cecconi



Francesca Cervelli



Mike Catalano



Margeret Chavez



Greg Cattermole



Thaela Catala



Linda Castenda



Rosalind Chavoya



Aruni Chulani



Maya Chulani



Steven Cinelli



Susan Childs



Kwong Chi-Chan



Andy Clark



Ann Marie Clarke



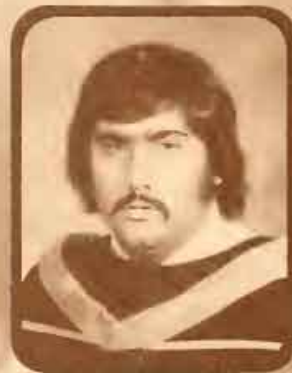
Mark Clinnin



Theresa Clifford



Nancy Cole



Frank Colarusso



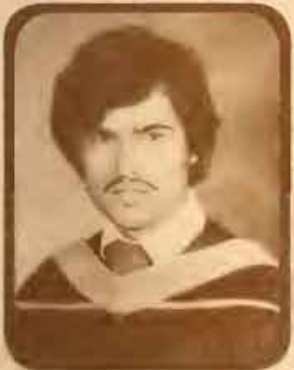
Regina Coniglio



Randy Conover



Beatriz Contreras



Frank Convertino



Paul Conway



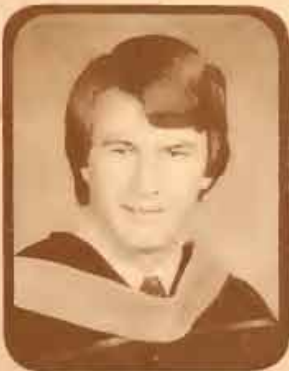
Kim Cornwell



John Cook



John Corrigan



David Corrick



Richard Costa



Leo Costello



Nancy Craig



Katherine Cramer



Pat Crawley



Scott Cromie



Barbara Cregar



Sue Cromwell



Diane Cronstrom



Richard Cruz

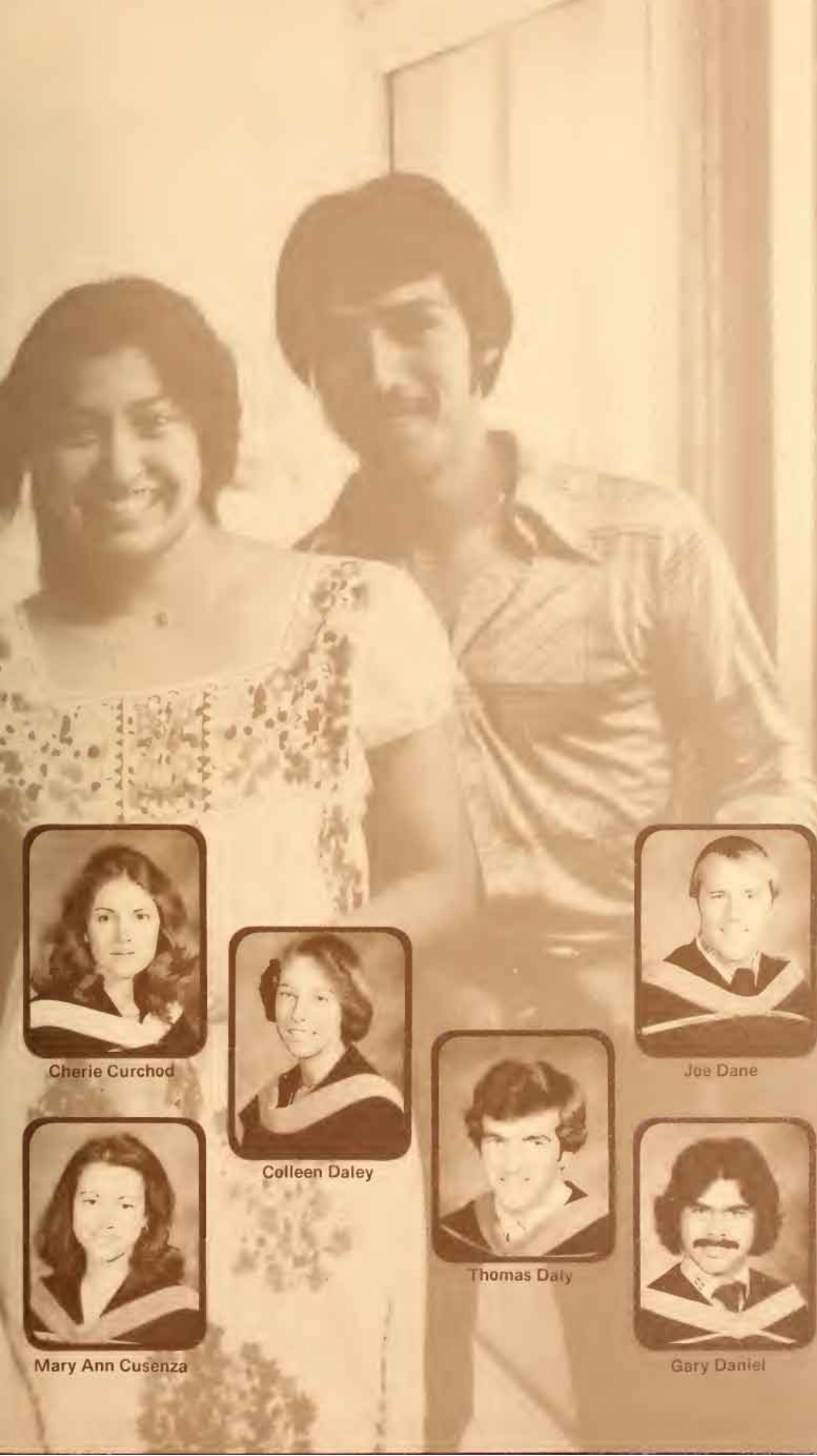


Edith Csaba



Mary Cunningham





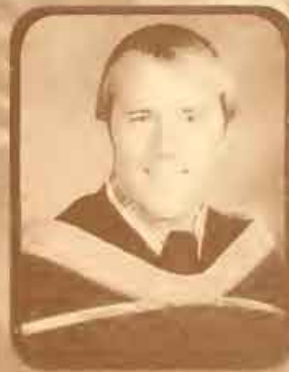
Charles Daniels



Orren Davidson



Sharon Davis



Joe Dane



Dan Delbex



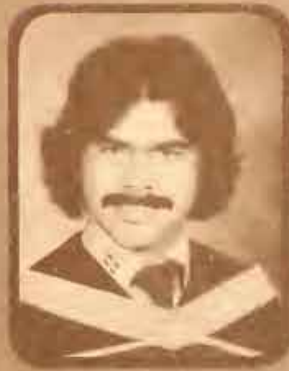
Cherie Curchod



Colleen Daley



Thomas Daly



Gary Daniel



Mary Ann Cusenza





Kelly Doherty



Carl Di Leonardo



Tom Dillen



Anne Dinkelspiel



Jim Doherty



Marianne Dondero



# CRAIG ELKINS

"Hey Wienerose, what's up?"

"Not much, #?!" face."

I always had to resort to less original greetings — ones that depended on the more common expletives. Craig was always quicker. Even when I had three or four juicy ones ready and waiting he could always whittle me down with impromptu comebacks until I ended up in silent laughter, my mouth agape, and my mind once again hopelessly frustrated.

"Well, all I have to say, aardvark breath..."

I had lost again. After three years I'd grown accustomed to losing when I competed with Craig. From 1975 to 1978 Craig and I had bowled over 2000 games together. During that period I may have beaten him 50 times. It had become a standing joke: no matter what position I placed in, Craig was inevitably a couple of slots higher.

The beautiful trophies Craig won in Las Vegas, at Davis, at Cal Poly, at UCLA — they always remained in the trunk of his car for weeks. When he did bring them inside he'd set them off in the corner of his room near a cardboard shipping carton which in typical Elkins irreverence overflowed with last month's laundry. Though accustomed to the bowling trophies, I would always balk at the sight of Craig's R.O.T.C. awards. The thought of him as an Army officer just seemed absurd, Sgt. Bilko and Beetle Bailey notwithstanding. I could not begin to imagine Elkins in army brass, striking fear into the hearts of young privates.

The Army's procedures didn't always mesh with Craig's personality. When instructed to be more hardnosed at summer camp, he acquiesced; he yelled and he asserted his command; and then he grinned with the absurdity of it all. His lightspoken commands got the job done. And so the cadre overlooked Craig's occasional laughter between orders.

The Army was taking a gentle beating.

Craig has the power to change people as well as institutions. Suddenly confronted with a good human being, your mind, so accustomed to warding off people, is forced to do a doubletake. Even short episodes with Craig can affect you deeply: an attack of the munchies at 3 a.m. sends you rushing to Jack-in-the-Box together. You order, scurry to a table, and dive into greasy delight. But as secret sauce oozes down your chin, you notice the still unmolested Breakfast Jack across the table, and Craig's head bowed in short prayer. In guilt-ridden reverence

you try to restrain your swallow, but you can't. On another occasion you ramble on about how screwed the world is, and how you're getting the royal shaft, and then you realize that your silent audience of one has just been assigned four year's active duty in Kansas.

I remember when I bought my \$300 Dual 1249 turntable. I called Craig and told him to come over to check it out. While we were listening to a 4-channel Judy Collins album I explained that now, at long last, I had a complete quadrophonic system — 4 Altec speakers, a Sansue quad receiver, a Dual turntable.

He broke my rambling with, "What's so different about quad, it's all music anyway, right?" Craig knew the difference, and I thought to myself, "Here's Elkins playing dumbshit again." So I launched into a 30-second tirade on the advantages of quad, and then Craig repeated himself: "So, it's all music, right?"

"Oh Elkins, eat me!"

A few months later he called me over to his house. When I arrived, I opened the door and was greeted by a dirty white sock in the face.

"Sorry, guy, didn't see you come in. The 'whites' pile is by the door." Craig was sorting clothes.

"Bout time you brought the Tide out."

"I had to, I don't have any shorts left."

"That never forced you to wash before." The Doobie Brothers were reverberating throughout the room, but I didn't see any speakers.

"Hey guy, look at this. I've graduated from the clock radio. Now I can keep the clock radio tuned to KSFO for the Giants games." He pulled open the side drawer of his desk, and inside, on top of some old papers, lay a \$40 Panasonic portable cassette player; the only frill was a built-in microphone. "My mom bought it for me. It's octaphonic!" And I've already recorded these tapes off the radio."

The tapes were discount Radio Shack specials; the titles — "Good Vibes I & II" and "Good Vibes III & IV."

"I don't care what they may say,

I don't care what they may do..."

"It sounds good, Craiger..." A pair of boxers sailed over my head and draped a boxed victory figuring Craig was kneeling, his back to me, flipping clothes backwards over his shoulder.

"I don't care what they may say

Jesus is just alright with me."

"...it sounds real good."



Timothy Dougherty



Maureen Doyle



Steve Doolittle



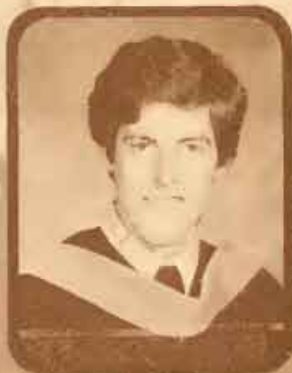
Greg Du Mond



Joe Driggs



Donna Marie Duhe



James Dwyer



Benjamin Driscoll



Ann Duncan



Sue Edwards



David Edelstein



Elaine Drummond



Dennis Dunnigan

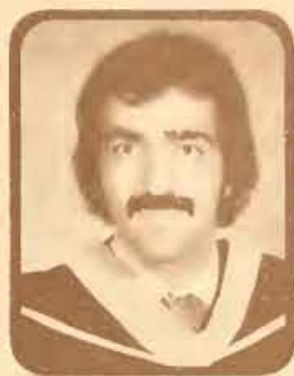


Celia Esquivel



Susan Eschenfelder

ons!



William Farasat



Michael Farbstein



Donna Farrell



Tom Fahey



Ed Fassett



Cathy Fabbro



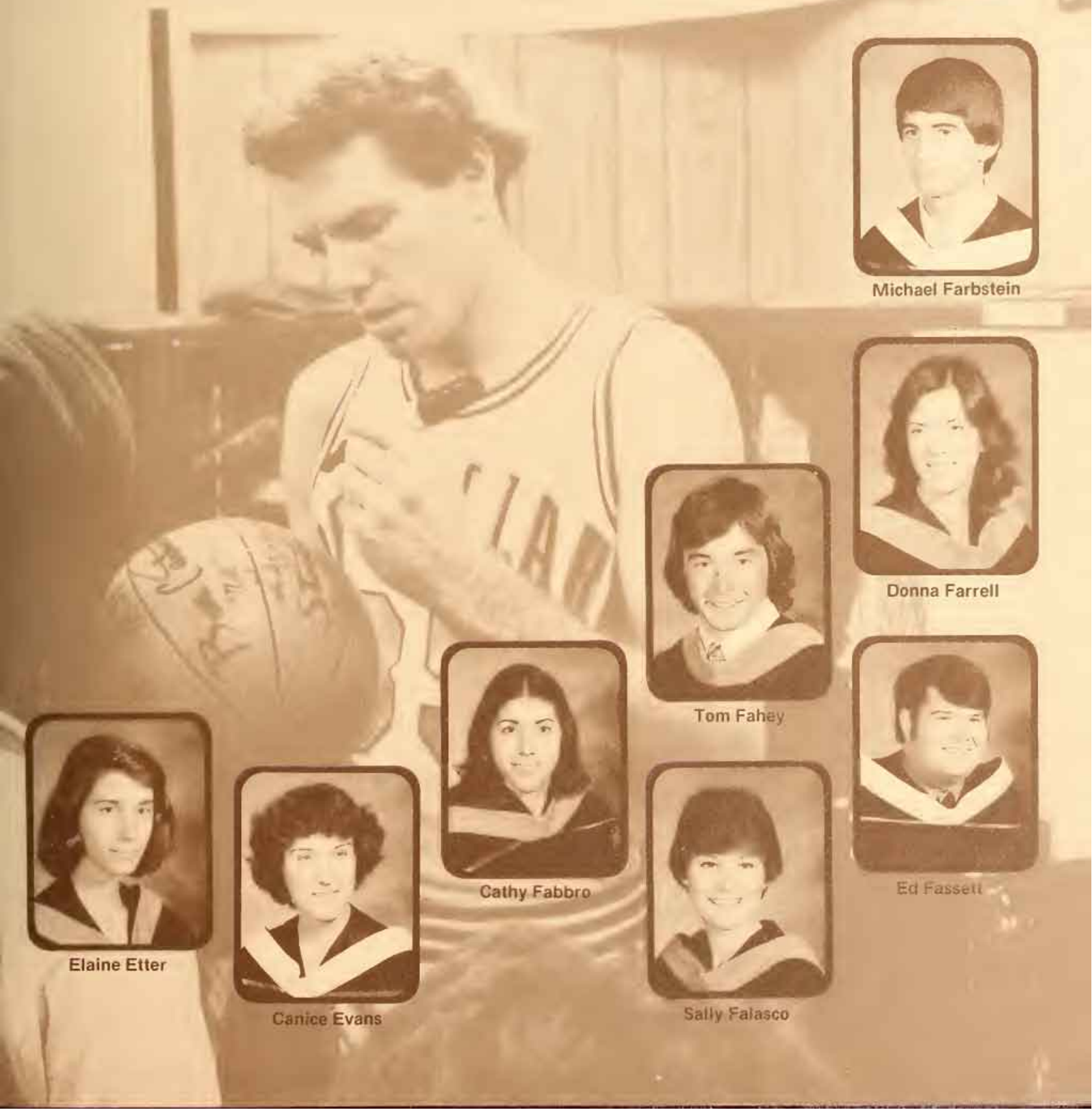
Sally Falasco



Elaine Etter



Canice Evans





Anna Fast



Reni Felice



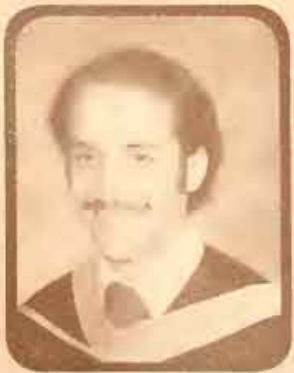
Hans Faye



Scott Feldman



David Feller



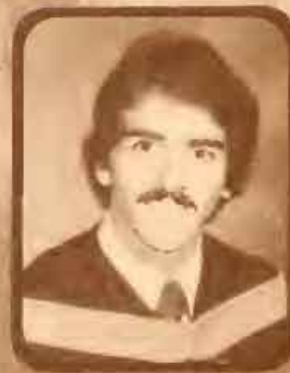
Peter Felice



Vicki Fernandez



Tina Ferrando



Tony Ferrante



David Ferrari



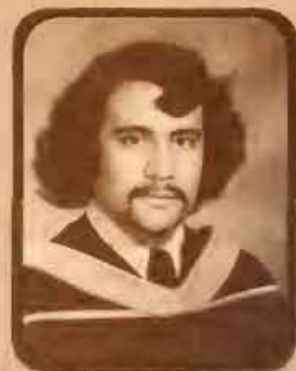
Anita Ferraro



Matthew Feuer



John Fidel



Albert Flotte



Rick Foley



Amy Fong



Beverly Filice



Lois Fisher



Peter Fitzgerald



David Fitts



Marjorie Fitzpatrick



Debora Fletcher



Noreen Ford



Doug Foster



David Frank



David Freitas



Mimi Frazer



John Friedenbach



Jim Fronsahl



Debbie Fryer



Rich Gallata







Anita Gallegos



Gil Garcia



Modesta Garcia



Michael Garner



Gary Gardner



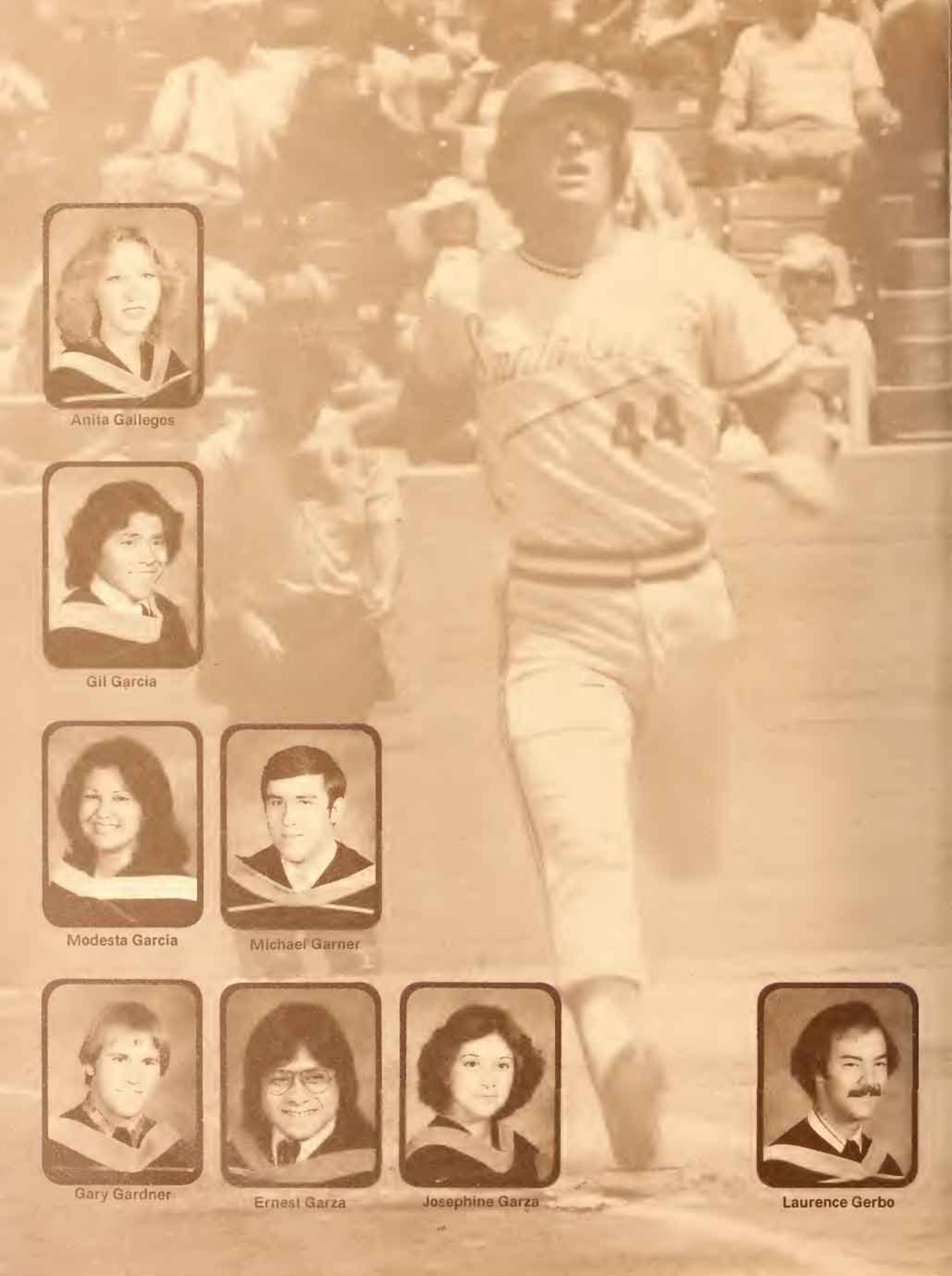
Ernest Garza



Josephine Garza



Laurence Gerbo





Jacqueline Gerson



Raghida Ghandour



John Giacomazzi



Susan Gianetto



Mike Gibbons



Don Gibbs



Nancy Gerlach





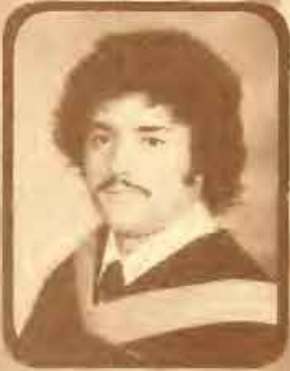
Pat Gilroy



Stephanie Gonzales



Maria Gloria



Mario Gonzalez



Doug Goei



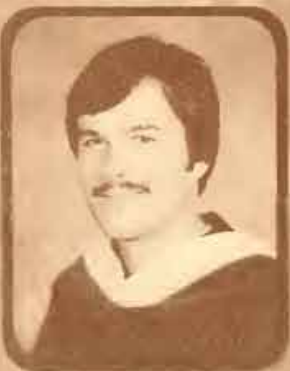
Janet Goon



Bruce Goitia



Elizabeth Gorny



Robert Goosmann



Dan Grady

## PETER FILICE

I met Pete my freshman year. He lived across the hall. To many people he was a bookworm, someone who locked himself in his room and studied 24 hours a day. It took quite a while to get to know him because *sometimes* those people were right, and when they weren't, Pete was off somewhere planning something for some organization. Nevertheless, right or wrong, we managed to become good friends.

I went to his home in El Cerrito once for dinner. There were just a few of us from the floor, but, in good ole' Italian fashion, there was enough food for the entire dorm. There was pasta and homemade gravy with Italian sausage, and soup and garlic bread, and . . . and I'm getting the urge to call Pete and invite myself over. Whenever I walk into Benson and read "Shepherd's Pie-Liver and Onions-Egg Foo Yung," I long for Filice's mostaccioli and minestrone.

After the feast, Pete treated us to a home-made movie he and a few high school chums produced. As I watched and chuckled and belly-laughed, I realized there's a lot more to Pete Filice than books and liturgical singing. The stolid studier had a genuine crazy streak in him.

Pete kept himself busy. He also kept himself organized. (The latter being a feat few of us even dare to attempt.) Pete had the audacity to reserve the room for the Senior Thesis Conference five months ahead of time. (My procrastinating soul



wailed in guilty anguish.) He lived by his adoption of *Peter, Paul & Mary's* "Turn, Turn, Turn."

There's a place for everything under the sun,  
a place for Thomas' Calculus and a place for Basic Engineering,  
a place for pen, and place for paper . . .

However, he lived by the original version also; he found time for everything: time to plan liturgies, time to plan events, time to aid a friend.

Friends always came first. He was the R.S. (Resident Saviour) on the floor. When cries of "Pe-e-e-te!" "Fuh-le-e-se, help!" pervaded first floor Sanfillippo on pre-final nights, a smiling Filice would drop his book, rescue a traumatized underclassman, and return to his room knowing another banshee plea was only moments away.

Pete did everything with enthusiasm. He even relaxed with enthusiasm. He'd lay back in his room with his hands behind his head and radiate energy. He celebrated life. Long nights of booking it, leisure filled softball afternoons, early morning prayer--for Pete these were simply different ways of saying, "Hey, I'm alive."

Sounds awfully trite. You have to be pretty immature to delude yourself like that. I mean it's all pretty First Holy Communion-ish. . . or else pretty honest. Pete didn't get carried away with "Kum Bay Ya" in sixth grade, and turn into a guitar strumming "love-your-neighbor" music box, he just never lost his sensitivity. Every experience has something to teach, and Pete loves to learn.



John Graham



Michael Gurley



Brad Guenther



Anni Gressani



Kent Guichard



Kathy Griffin



Kelley Guasticci

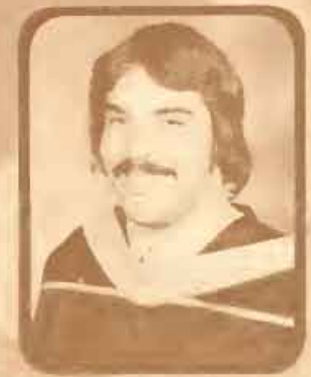




Steve Hageman



Richard Haller



Mike Hally



Fernando Guzman

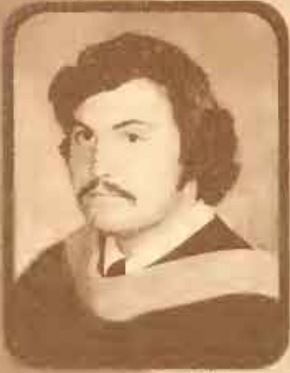


Jess Gutierrez

# Senior Prom



Teri Hamilton



Lonnie Hamlin



Lynne Hanson



Paul Hanna



Maria Harl



Mike Hare



William Harrison



Mary Hansen



Susan Harris



Melissa Harvey



Linda Hater



Christianne Hauber



Susan Hayes

San Francisco Yacht Club, two rooms, a good band in each, a crystal clear evening—couldn't ask for much more. San Francisco is beautiful, whether you grew up in it (and went to S.I.) or not. I've been in this city so much these last four years that I almost feel like I did go to St. Ignatius—God forbid!

The City is the romantic haven for SCU students; you come here to dine and dance—and usually to impress your date. But tonight's different. Tonight you come solely to have a good time. It's the last night to come stylin' to the City with the gang, one of the last night's to be together, to go crazy. Tonight we don't hit the Hyatt Regency or the Tonga Room, we've been there before; tonight we dance 'til the band stops and drink and laugh 'til 'til it's time to go back to SCU—whenever that'll be. Don't tell me I don't want to know—the music's playing.

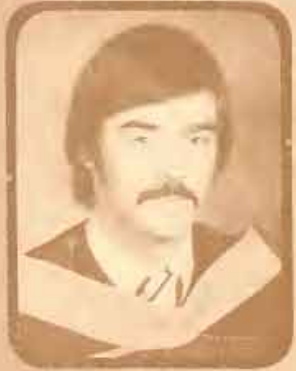




Joan Headley



Roberta Helms



Brian Healy



Steve Hemington



Jean Herbert



Barbara Hefte



Mary Hennessy



Peggy Hernandez



Patty Hermosillo



Rose Herrera



Mary Hilger



Marilyn Ho



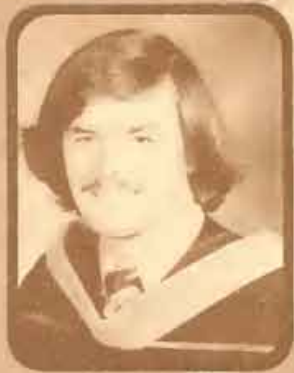
Jeff Hoff



Steve Hofvendahl



Bridget Hogan



Mark Holt



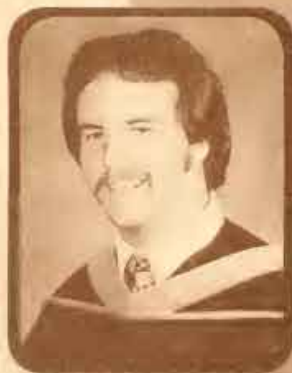
Drew Honzel



Deborah Horan



Elita Hotaling



Don Houghton



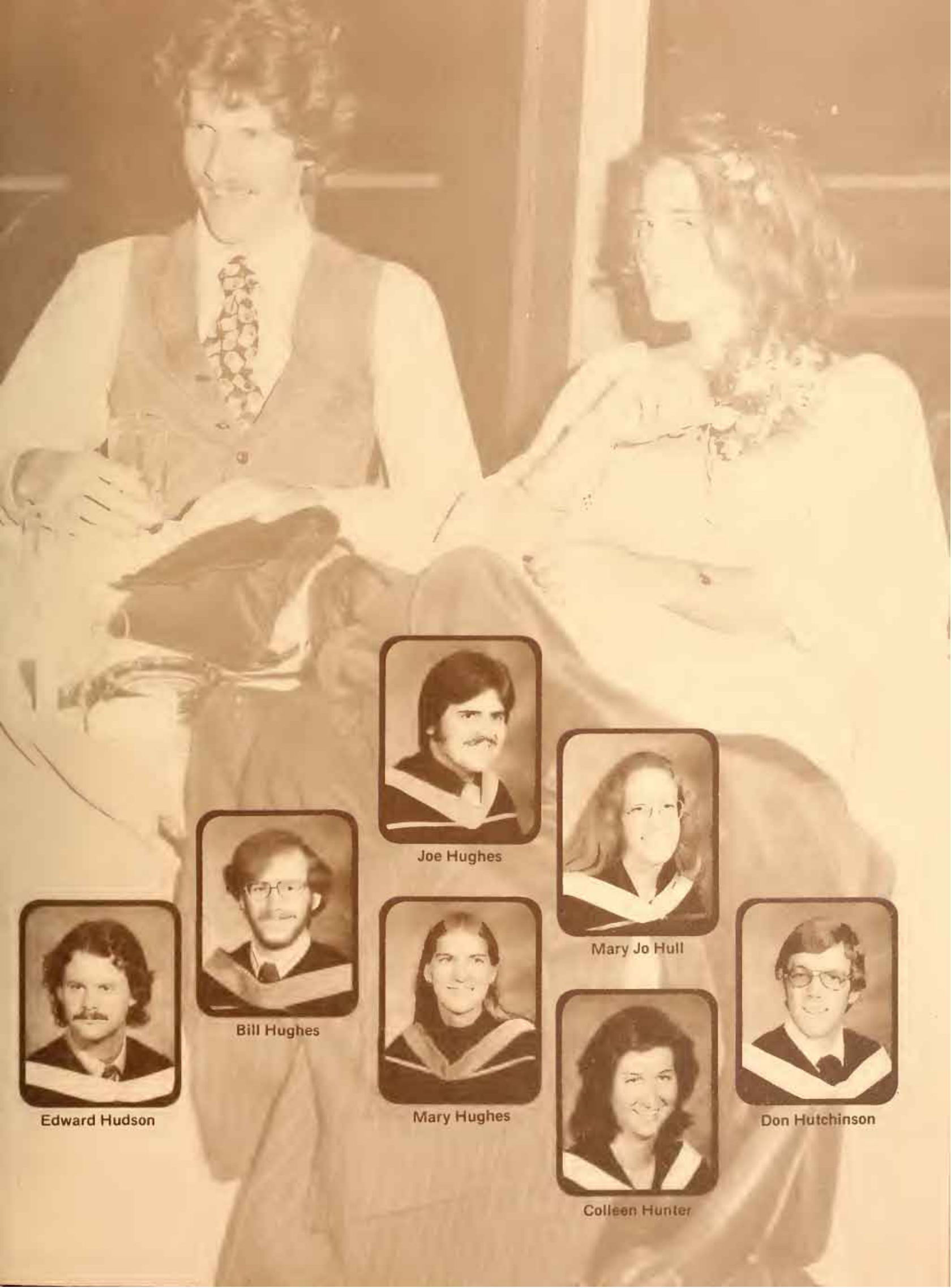
John Hubbard



Cathy Huber



Deidre Huberty



Joe Hughes



Mary Jo Hull



Bill Hughes



Mary Hughes



Don Hutchinson



Edward Hudson



Colleen Hunter



Andy Hyde



Leslie Iacopi



Philip Iatomase



John Li



Nancy Iig



Brian Iigen



## LINDA LARSON

You have to know the name Linda Larson from someplace. I mean, she's one of those people who finds that life is just too interesting to pass up, so she gets involved in all of it. Which is all very fine, except that most of the things Linda gets involved in, she ends up running or somehow becoming an irreplaceable part of. In the Psych. Department, they're beginning to wonder just how they'll ever pull off the next annual Psychology Conference now that Linda has graduated. The SCAAP people know that after overseeing SCAAP's visiting program at Agnews Hospital during two summers and all of last year, Linda has become an integral part of their volunteer program. So what will they do without her next year?

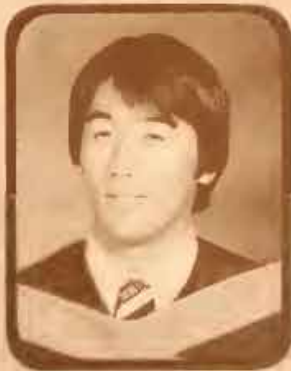
Amazingly enough, these are just the extra-extra-curriculars--not even a part of Linda's prospective field. Her career interest is journalism, both writing and production, and much of her time at SCU was spent in the offices of *The Santa Clara*, *The Redwood*, and *The Owl*. In typical style, Linda insisted on being completely involved in each aspect of each staff: thus she not only did writing, photography and production, but armed with only a Swiss Army knife, she could somehow always cure the latest ailment in the phototypesetter.



Marilei Isen



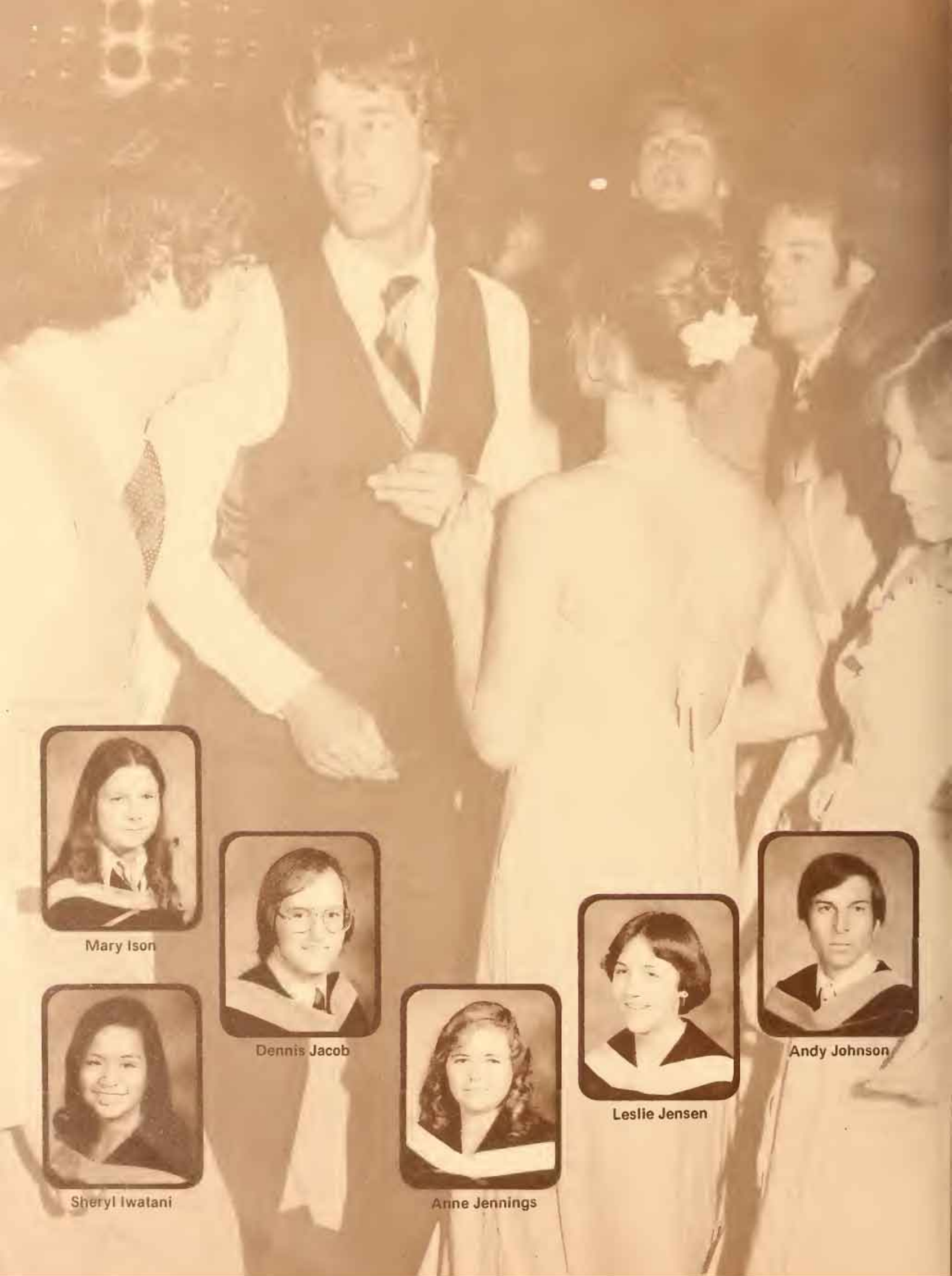
Steve Inguillo



Byron Ishiwata

Linda's involvement in so many different interests provided her with more than a mere list of resume-pleasing skills. It's important to remember that four years of "accomplishments" are really an all-too-brief summary of late-night deadlines, last-minute panic-button emergencies, a lot of dedication, and always, just a little more effort. But to Linda everything has that I-know-it's-worth-it feeling, and so she always fulfilled her responsibilities with a consistent efficiency which was nothing less than astonishing. Don't be fooled by the fact that Linda hails from Medford, Oregon--she's got Santa Clara under her control and now she's working on the entire South Bay Area. Who knows, maybe she'll take over California.

Of course, there were the days when even two alarms wouldn't wake her up in the morning: a stray cat would follow her home, "adopt" her, and turn out to be pregnant (the kittens are fine, thanks...); and the one roll of film that got eaten by the camera would be the one with the pictures of Sammy Davis Jr. giving her the "thumbs up" sign. But Linda takes it all in stride. Who has time to get upset? Besides, it'll all make a great story someday.



Mary Ison



Dennis Jacob



Sheryl Iwatani



Anne Jennings



Leslie Jensen



Andy Johnson



Bea Leaf



Hi Rilly



Dawn Tah



Hedith Hat





Jean Johnson



Lauren Johnson



Charlotte Joseph



John Juarez



Paul Johnson



Charles Joyce



Susan Kaita



Curtis Kan





Mike Kelly



Lina Kavar



Kathleen King



Dennis Karbowski



Claire Keaveney



Lina Karadsheh



Mary Karmash



Jim Kanda

# St. Clare

Okay Miller, you sit over here. Sue, you walk in and sit next to him. Miller's wife? Where's my Miller's wife? Someone please get her out here! Nouaux was flipping through the pages of his script, making sure the blocking was right. OK, scholars, you cross over here and pretend you're leading a mule. . . Mike Nouaux was directing *The Reeve's Tale*, one of the Canterbury tales, and was videotaping the parable for a class project. And while he was playing director, I was playing the Miller: a thieving husband and father who winds up getting killed at the end. I wasn't overly excited at the prospect of my oncoming death, but it's fun playing actor and messing around with all the TV equipment. And while I was playing Miller, and having fun, and while Nouaux was playing director, and yelling, Canice Evans was playing the Miller's wife.

Canice walked onto the set dressed in a sack-like dress that Nouaux must have either made himself from a potato sack or borrowed from Mayer Theatre. I was dressed in these ridiculous tights which didn't quite fit in certain spots and fit too well in others. But when Canice walked in, she looked comfortable, and wore that sack-cloth with a graceful ease. Hi Paul, I didn't know you looked so good in tights. Canice smiled at me and took her seat on a wooden stool on our makeshift set. Canice has a nice smile. Imagine polished ivory set in a freckled backdrop. But what makes her smile nice is its constant use. She wears it like a badge. It identifies her and helps to reveal her perpetual good nature.

Nouaux, done giving his cues, ran back into the control room to take charge of cameras and crew. Canice, Sue, the scholars and myself were sufficiently unrehearsed and unfamiliar with our Old English lines that a second taping was necessary. Mike came running out of the control room, bellowing and ranting and chanting *let's get serious!* and after two more rehearsals and three more takes, we managed to produce a decent first scene.

The next scene involved the Miller's wife, Canice, running around and going through a number of complicated contortions and delivering some lengthy, delicate speeches. It was a difficult scene for Canice and Nouaux had her go through it seven times before taping. The scene was not that interesting, but Canice worked at it, trying to master the Old English while attempting to get across the desired tone of the speech. She worked at that scene until both Nouaux and herself were satisfied. And she was smiling all the time.

But I wasn't impressed, I knew her too well. For Canice Evans to work hard at something until she gets it right, for her to be meticulously, painstakingly accurate, and all the while keep her lighthouse smile, joking and having a good time, is par for her. Hell, Canice and I worked on the school paper together and that's the way she always is. She would spend entire evenings down in the newspaper office editing stories, writing, rewriting, re-rewriting her own stories.

On production nights at the newspaper, Canice was busy catching the elusive mistakes that slipped by two sets of proofreading eyes. And all the while she would smile, and laugh at the poor, and often crude jokes which bounced across the light table.

Pardon the digression, it's just that Canice worked on the paper for her last three years and provided much of the needed backbone, moral support and unselfish hard work that carried the paper through.

In any case, the show must go on. Canice's scene, sufficiently rehearsed, was taped and the last scene, ending with my death, didn't go as badly as I feared. After a quick change from tights to twentieth century garb, the set was struck, the lights were dimmed, and the props were replaced. The cast and crew said their goodbyes and we all went our separate ways. And as Canice walked off to Campisi and as I walked to the Benson parking lot, I could see her smile at me in her Cheshire way, and wink in a knowing farewell.



# Canice

Canice Evans, winner of the St. Clare Medal, graduated Magna Cum Laude and was a four-year National Merit Scholarship recipient. She was in the honors program for four years and served as Freshman class sergeant-at-arms. She was elected twice as student representative to the University Community Council and was student member of the UCC Executive Committee. Canice was a member of Alpha Sigma Nu and worked on the newspaper for three years, two as Feature Editor. She was an RA for two years, and a student member of the Liturgy Committee for the University Day of Celebration.

nobil

It was a typical Friday night at the Bellarmine dorm. A small group of seniors were hanging around the front steps, talking to a couple of the prefects. Pierce was there, with Duncan and Taylor, shooting the breeze on the cool spring night. I parked my car across the street from the dorm, watching the people on the front steps. I killed the engine and slouched back in the seat. I was tired. I walked up the three steps to the crowd of seniors and prefects. *Hey Totes, how ya doing?* Pierce Murphy has a way of asking you how you are that you know he wants an honest answer, and not a simple, OK.

*Pretty tired, Pierce. Been typing all night.*

*Oh, well, is it OK if I come up and talk for a minute?.*

Very few people can say no to a Pierce Murphy smile. I think it has something to do with his police background. The Menlo Park police are known for their hypnotic control. *Sure. I'll be up. I've got some stuff to take care of. Come up whenever you want.* I'm a lousy liar, but, like I say, it's hard to say no to Murphy. I mean, he's the kind of guy who honestly cares about how you're doing. He never says, *Sorry, I got four midterms tomorrow and I'm really tired and my girlfriend is coming over and I have to shower and I gotta go to work in five minutes.* So, it's hard to say no to someone who doesn't say no to you.

I sat in my room, slowly strumming my old, worn Yamaha guitar. I was hoping he wouldn't stay long. Fifteen minutes later I looked at my watch. I didn't care how nice of a guy he was, I was tired and I was going to bed. Just then, of course, there was a definite knock on the door. And behind the door stood Pierce, holding two bottles of Michelob with a wide Irish grin on his freckled face.

*Ah! Now there's a man who doesn't come empty handed.*

Murphy smiled and entered.

Five minutes and two beers later I had forgotten how tired I was. Pierce was telling one of his many Irish jokes: *Tell me now, why is it that the wheelbarrow is the greatest invention in the world? I didn't know. Well, begorra, because it taught the Irish to stand on their hind legs, the saints be praised.* It was funny at the time.

We talked on many things--the small pieces that make up one's day; the problems, the hassles, the frustrations, and the dreams--the kinds of things you talk about on a Friday night at 1:30 after a beer, with a friend.

A month later, while Paul Duncan and I were watching television in Duncan's room, Pierce came in and told us that he put in an application for the Jesuits. When his letter of acceptance came in, Duncan and I took him out drinking and just missed fixing him up with the waitress.

You can say a lot of nice things about Pierce: he's always smiling; he enjoys working with kids; he hates talking about his accomplishments; and he knows when to bring a beer. But the most important thing you can ever say about Pierce Murphy, is that he's as human, and as normal, and as imperfect as the rest of us mortals.

pierce

*Pierce Murphy was the recipient of the Isabel Jones Award for academic excellence from the School of Business, as well as the winner of the Nobili Medal. Pierce taught history at Bellarmine College Preparatory for two years. Pierce was accepted at Harvard, Boaltd and Northwestern Law Schools. Instead of pursuing a career in law, however, Pierce will be entering the Society of Jesus in August as a novice.*



# Senior Picnic



Linda Kingsley



Kevin Kirby



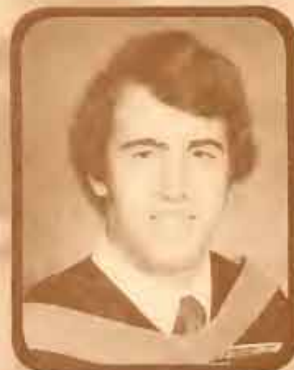
Julie Kleinke



Jennifer Koepke



Peter Kosich



Dan Krassowski



Andrew Krcik



Catherine Kreyche



Kathy Kratz



Michelle Kukral



Amy Kwan



Rick La Lone



Mike Lamble



Joe Landolt

Lots and lots of genuine food--Saga leaves us with good memories. More than lots and lots of beer, but it seems the pros are drinking more than the seniors--maybe the seniors are partied out, maybe they're too busy saying "Hi" and having it sound like "goodbye."

Dr. Sweeney and Fr. Germann are filling their glasses, Danny Rodrigue is next in line--he's a junior. Seniors saunter by carrying half-filled glasses, smiling at people they really don't know, people they wish they'd gotten to know. They are starting to experience that forced, yet treasured feeling of alumni camaraderie. "You went through it, too, didn't you --remember."

Everything's closing in so fast. . .



Darcy Lang



Sandy Laperal



Leslie Lauricella



Raymond Leahy



Desi Laperal



Linda Larson



Jo Le



Bill Leasure



Mary Legg



Pam Lister



Linda Lim



James Litschi



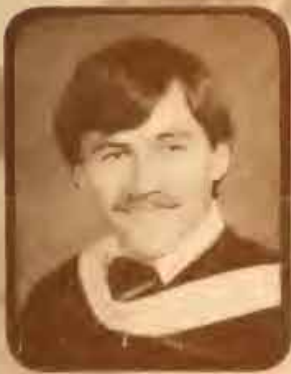
Cindy Leung



Mike Lim



Jeri Loberg



David Lema



Lorraine Lewis





James Loebli



Mike Logue



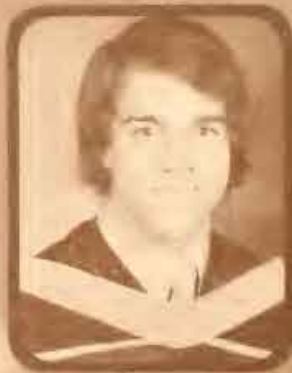
Tim Loncarich



Mike Logan



Les Lombardo



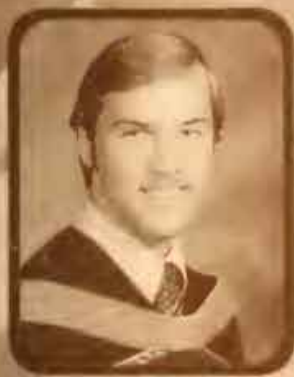
Thomas Longinotti



Carlos Lopez



Manuel Lopez



Steve Lovejoy



Michael Loza



Caroline Lum



Rudy Lumley



Shevawn Lynch



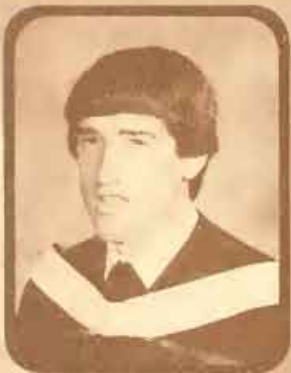
Heien Maasen



Lizanne Lyons



Ken Macon



Steven Madison



Michael Mahaffey



Waddah Malas



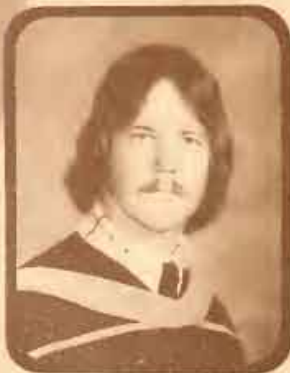
Rigo Maldonado



Judy Manning



Janis Magers



Pat Maher



Theresa Mansell



Barry Marsh



Kate Martin



Silvia Martins



Jorge Martorell



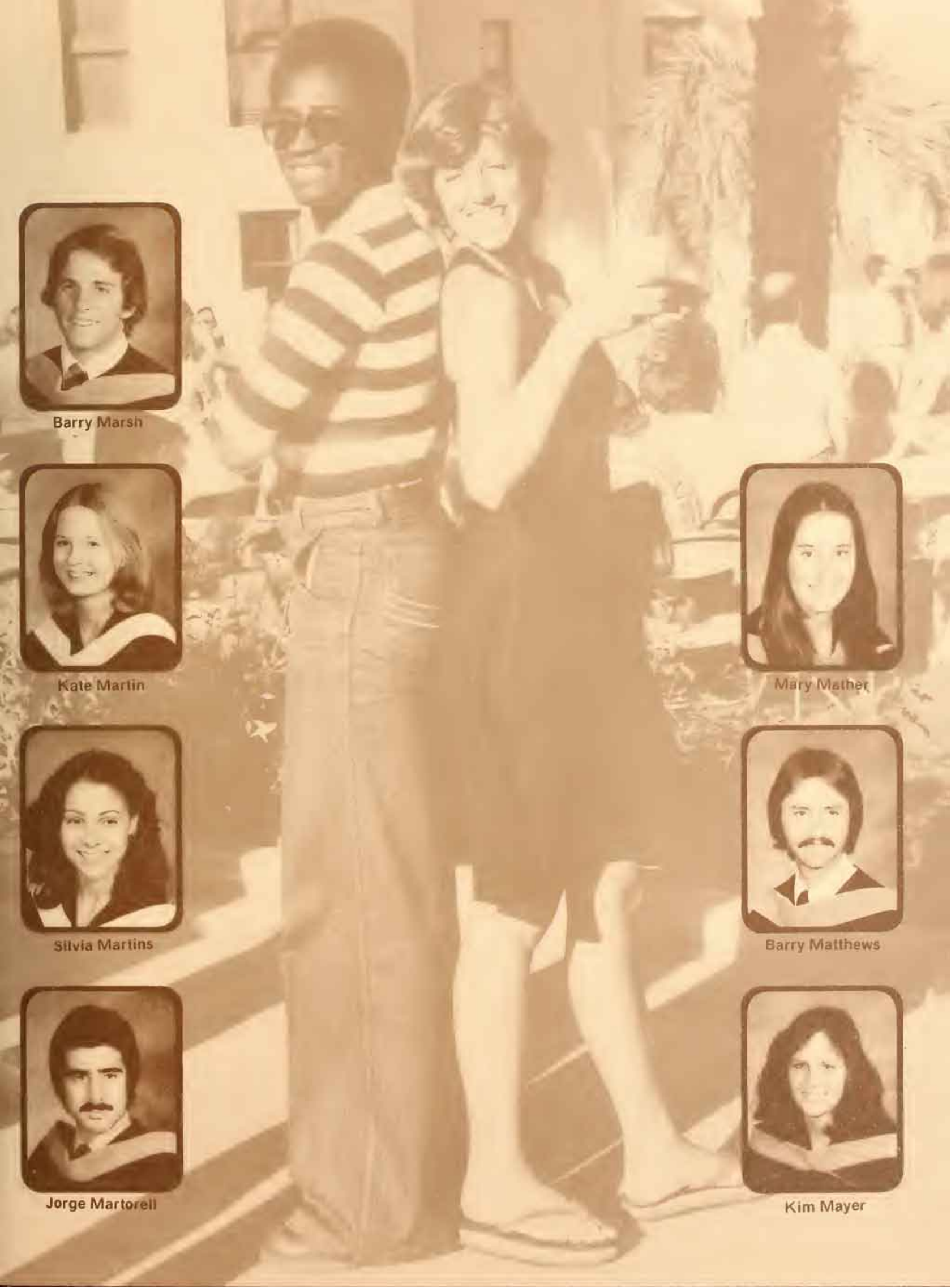
Mary Mather



Barry Matthews

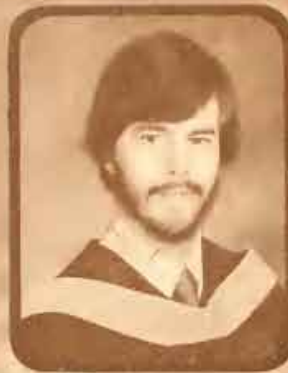


Kim Mayer

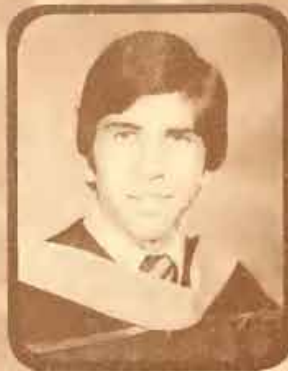




Tom McQuade



Scott McKee



Kevin McDowell



Sharon McCarthy



Sherry McGowan



Kevin McCormick



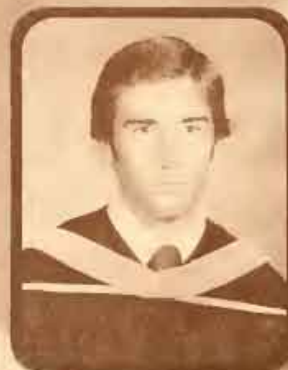
Lori McKannay



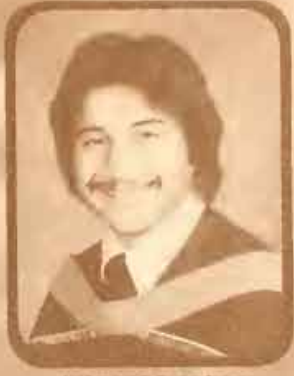
Seamus McCracken



Pamela McKay



Paul McKenzie



Jaime Mendoza



Tim Metcalf



Leticia Mendoza



Neil Milburn



Greg Meacham



Gus Mendy



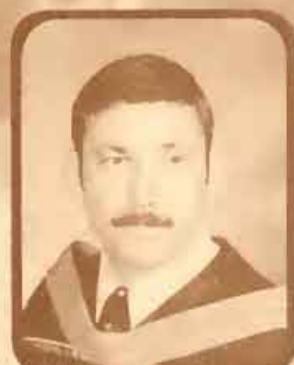
Eric Miller



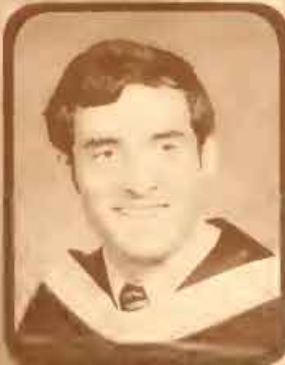
Irene Meagher



Maureen McQuiggin



Ben Meredith



Paul Meersman



Patrick McVeigh



Dennis McQuerry

# ROTC Commissioning



Greg Miller



Barton Minor



Valerie Miller



Stanley Mok



Louis Mitts



Mike Monroe



Stella Milo



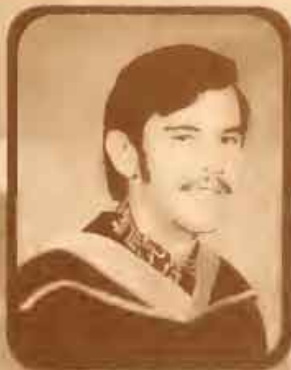
Mark Mollica



Dave Montgomery



Cheryl Moody



Ed Mooring



Felix Morales

Must have been tough siding with ROTC in the perpetual paradox: Military training in a Christian community--especially when you weren't too sure yourself. Well, at least these guys don't have to worry about what to do after graduation. The only question is whether or not to defer the Army commitment a few years and go to grad school.

Our generation has not really known war; at worst we've known someone who was killed in Nam. They've read about battles and played war games, but I wonder if they could cope with the battlefield. Hopefully, they won't have to.

If you can hack the lifestyle, you can't beat the benefits the military offers. Some of these cadets got the luck of the draw and are headed to Germany; others got shafted and are destined to four years in Georgia.

COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

- |                |              |
|----------------|--------------|
| A. Alarcon     | S. Marquardt |
| M. Burchett    | M. Mollica   |
| H. Fischer     | M. Paulding  |
| M. Fitzpatrick | T. Sanford   |
| C. Elkins      | M. Sinnott   |
| D. Gents       | G. Stolberg  |
| E. Gorny       | J. Wagner    |
| C. Lum         | C. Wong      |





Josie Murphy



Suzanne Morissette



Jeanne Moskal



Katherine Morris



Patti Muldoon



Tom Mullaney



Jon Munson



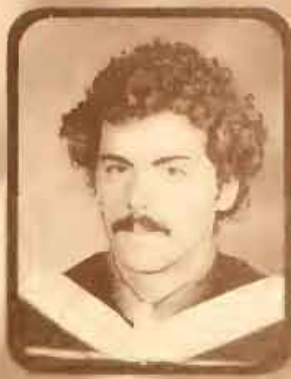
Pierce Murphy



Sally Muscio



John Musilli



Matt Nachtwey



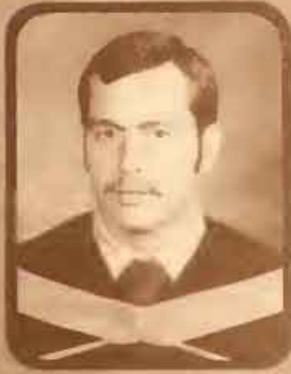
Larry Nally



Jaime Naranjo



Karen Muskat



Michael Nagel



Patrick Nally



Kathy Navarrete



# Baccalaureate Mass



Xavier Navarro



Terri Nelson



Steve Neville



Paul Newland



Pamela Nicassio



Daihleen Noll



Julie Nomura



Steve Nichols



Fares Nimry

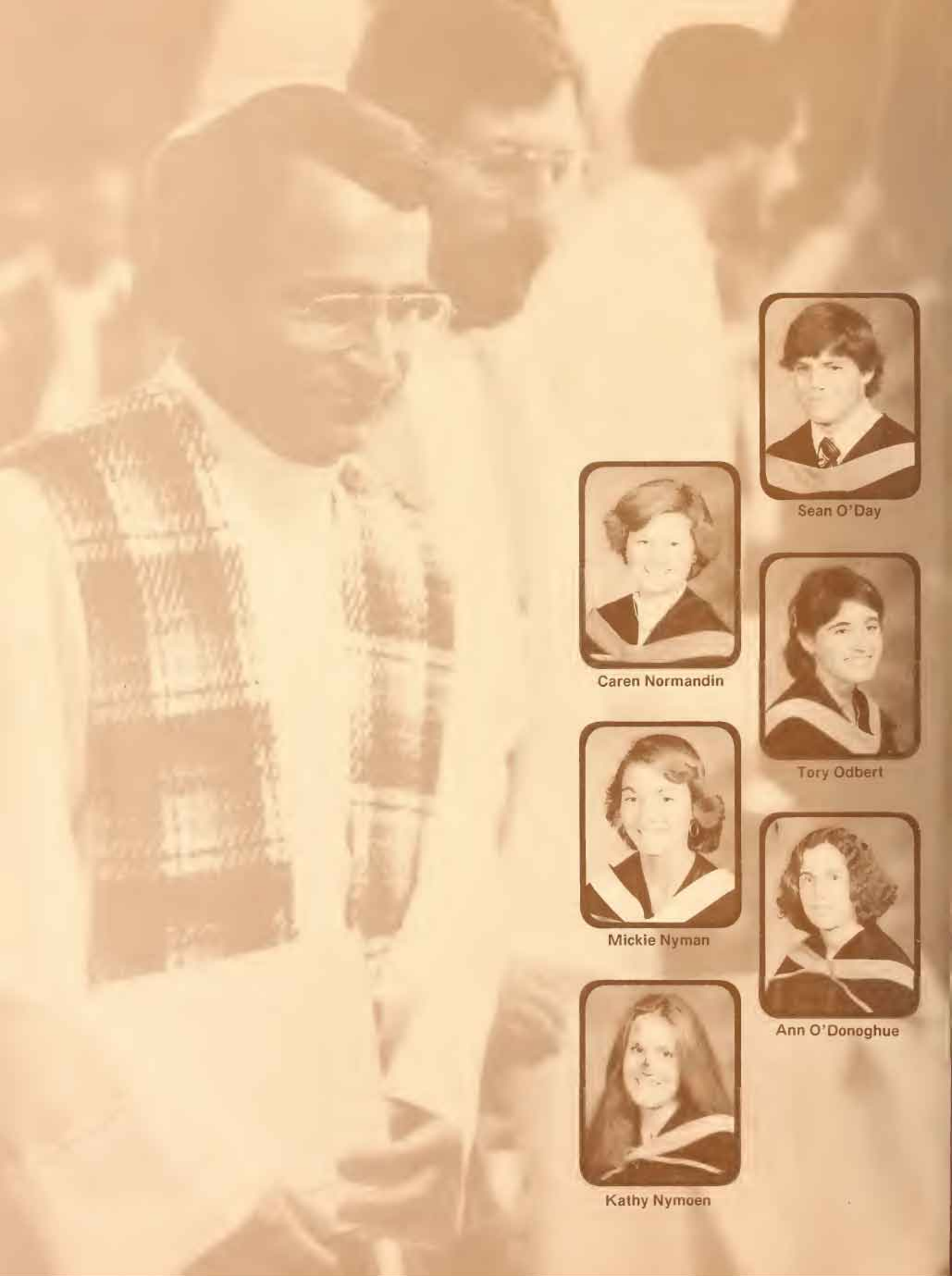


Jim Nitz

At first I thought I might not go. Rumor had it that Baccalaureate Mass was hot and more crowded than the lines for Rel Studies classes fall quarter, freshman year. But there's a difference between graduating from a place like Cal and one like SCU — it's just not cool not to participate in grad here. Everyone takes it as a sort of insult, so I figured I'd do it for the folks.

Rumor had it right: it was hot and it was incredibly crowded. People were overflowing everywhere. But it was nice to have everyone crammed together one last time instead of being relegated to rows and sectioned off by majors (Like tomorrow).

Then the music rose, sailing and joyful, the banners whirled over us like a glad benediction. You couldn't pick out faces very easily, but spotting an occasional smile I knew, I'd feel really pleased to have seen Cathy or Jim and what "must-be-his-dad-they-look-so-alike." When I arrived here 4 years ago, these people had been strangers, but now I knew their faces. We were all together and happy, and right then I think I finally knew what that "Santa Clara community" was that I'd been hearing about for those 4 years.



Sean O'Day



Caren Normandin



Tory Odbert



Mickie Nyman



Ann O'Donoghue



Kathy Nymoan



Roger O'Hara



Michael Okagaki



Maria Oliveira



Bill O'Neill



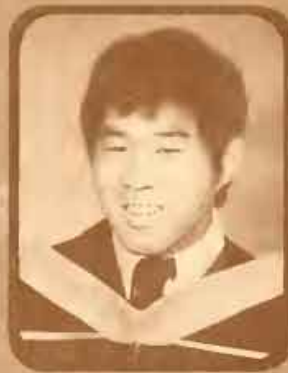
Robin O'Neill



David Ong



Ricardo Palomo



Mark Oto



Jeanne Owen



Rebecca Ornelas



Fred Ottino



Nanci Ontko



Jeff Osorio



Kevin O'Rourke



Dorothy Othmer



Etrain Ornelas



Connie Parker



Steve Parry



Brian Passalacqua



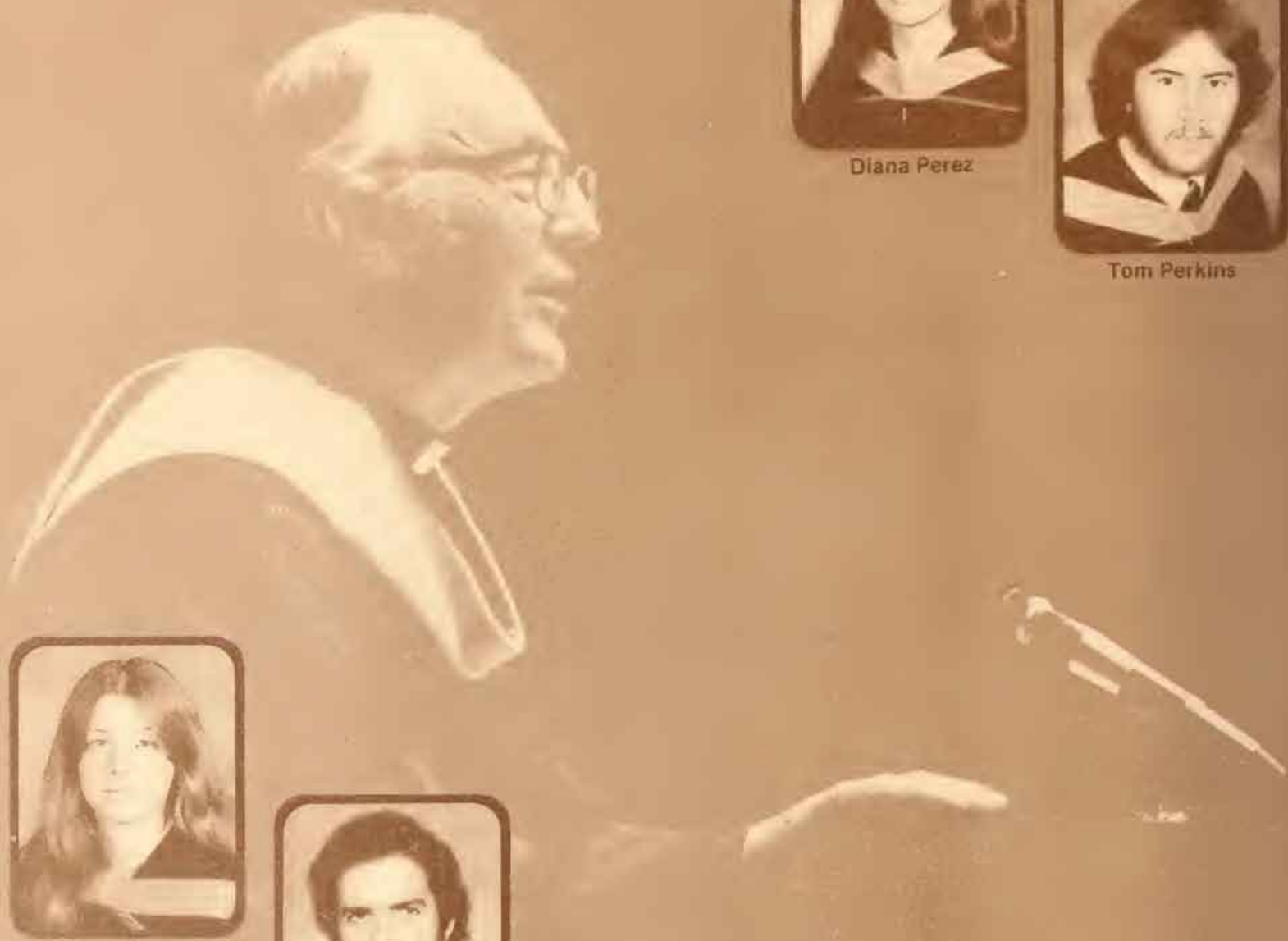
Greg Park



Patty Parden



# Phi Beta Kappa Induction



Diana Perez



Tom Perkins



Pam Pecora



Silvio Pellas



Mark Pedry



Randy Peoples



Jean Pelligrini



Tom Perez



Constance Peters



Scott Peterson



Martin Piper



Kevin Pezzaniti



Sandra Pitts



Kevin Phelan



Stanley Poltorak



Lori Poublon

Whiz kids get another accolade. Those kind of G.P.A.'s should be outlawed. I wonder if they missed much; I don't remember seeing many of them at parties.

Now that I look back though, I could have traded in a few pitchers of beer for a good novel every once in awhile and not have seriously injured my social status.

Most of these Phi Beta's are involved in a mess of other organizations, too. Goes to prove they deserve this feather, too.

- |             |               |
|-------------|---------------|
| J. Adra     | K. Kratz      |
| J. Albert   | D. Lema       |
| C. Barranti | I. Loebl      |
| M. Brisson  | P. Maher      |
| E. Busch    | J. Manning    |
| V. Camgros  | K. Moore      |
| P. Crawley  | T. Pegram     |
| E. Csaba    | D. Rai        |
| C. Elkins   | M. Schwarting |
| C. Evans    | L. Toma       |
| L. Gerbo    | M. Wagner     |
| C. Huber    | K. Woodall    |

# Senior Breakfast



Barry Powell



Mary Jo Pyne



Theresa Powers



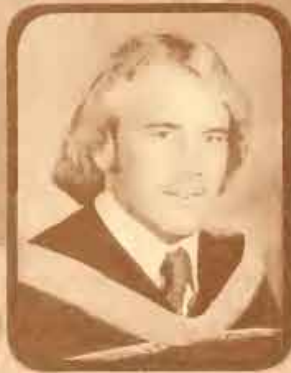
Brigid Radford



Lynn Raguse



B. Peter Quinn



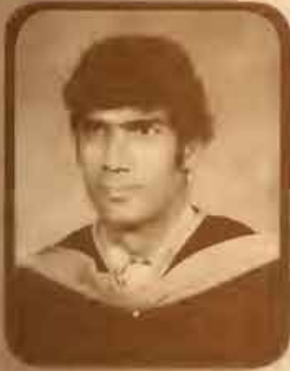
Scott Radovich



Stephanie Ragland



Sharon Preston



Daljeet Rai



Bob Ramorino



Sylvia Rankin



Denise Rainoldi

Hey guys, I'm as into this graduation thing as you are but, hey, like it's 6 a.m. ...

Looking back, I can't believe I'd actually tried to reason with those bloodthirsty individuals. They replied to my muffled protests by dragging me out of my warm bed and prodding me toward the shower. It was, they kept yelling (over my protests that I had gone to bed at 3:30) that day of days-graduation.

Don't ask me how I got there, but there I was, gin fizz in hand, at 6:45, in Lord John's. Things were a bit quieter than they had promised, though the blender was turning out the fizzes pretty fast and the Irish coffees just kept coming.

I have hazy memories of Shanks holding court on the sofa at the front window, Jim Kanda discussing tennis with J.F. Riley, and Dougherty, Carty and Fitts flitting back and forth between the Lord's and the Hut (I never made it that far). It seems to me even those tireless men of iron were showing signs of fatigue. but I won't swear to it. My eyes were only half open.



Claranne Ravizza



Mary Raycraft



Kathy Reedy



Michele Rea



Delphine Regalia



Lynda Rebozzi



Bill Reilley



Catherine Reinhart



Lynn Reisert



Bruce Reynolds





John Rich



Penny Rich



John Riley

## TOM SHYMANSKI

I met Tom Shymanski four years ago. I was sitting on the floor in a Swig room, drinking a few beers and playing my stereo loudly. (Typical Santa Clara party.) Tom was roaming the hall looking for a party. (Also typical at Santa Clara.) Seeing our small group and the beer (not necessarily in that order), Tom walked in. From the moment I met him I knew that Tom was an "on time" kind of guy. Five minutes and one breath later, speaking a jargon all his own, we all knew that Tom was from "P.G." (Pacific Grove), a true Stones' fan, a latent track runner who owned a speedy little Volks and loved to ramble around with the guys. He was also very funny--an important asset to our lonely little party. I was a freshman and Tom made me feel a little more at home. He was so much like the guys I'd known in high school only better--he could talk. *Man could he talk!* I remember Tom sitting in Miles Merwin's history class, with his feet two desks ahead of him. Every other minute he was asking a question or re-emphasizing some point, always waving the pen he had just pulled from behind his ear.

In some respects Tom was a paradox in form. Dressed casually in a striped T-shirt and cords invariably riding low on his hips, he would stroll across campus with a rolling gait. If you did not know him for his constant jibing in and out of class, you at least knew him because he was always late. He'd saunter into class, sink into a nearby desk, flash a smile and look as if to say, "Aren't we ready to begin yet?!" But beneath his leisurely attitude, he was a live-wire of energy. He was always on the move--to a party, to a class, to meet someone. With Tom there was always the sense of something needing to be done, and that he was the one who should be doing the task. That Tom liked to be busy is an understatement, and his boundless energy served him well. Whether he was working on producing or



booking a concert or just partying with friends, Tom carried on with a singlemindedness that was sometimes astonishing. Never really "into" academics, Tom set his priorities on bringing something better to Santa Clara. He never used his position as Social V.P. to collect a coterie of oggling geeks who would pacify an ego Tom never cultivated. Seeking out better performers, more pertinent speakers, and recently released films satisfied his need to entertain. For Tom it was a job of monumental proportions which was both stimulating and enjoyable. It filled in many of the holes academics alone left gaping. The job was tailor-made for Tom. Just as he could not major in business solely, and had to dabble in the humanities, he recognized that students could not be left with only books and beer to help them make it through. They needed something more, and Tom had both the opportunity and the ability to provide it.

Behind the laughing face he presented daily to all those vying for his attention, there was also a private side to Tom that few ever chanced to see. Camouflaged by the running repertoire of jocular banter was a shy streak perceived only by those who knew him well. Tom was one of a small number who could live comfortably in a "Bronco" world with a gentle side. He was a good friend. Always honest, open and ready to help--help heal, help party, help laugh.

It still amazes me to think that four years have sped by with Tom and I doing a shadowbox dance, weaving in and out of the periphery of each other's lives. Somehow, the times we met again were always similar to the first--a ready smile, a funny "P.G." drawl, a few jokes and a concern that tomorrow would keep being brighter, fuller and happier. He was one of the few people who genuinely troubled himself to take a little more time with a lot more people. I'm looking forward to the times I'll hear that "P.G." drawl and see that striped T-shirted form again.

# Graduation



Denis Ring



Pat Roca



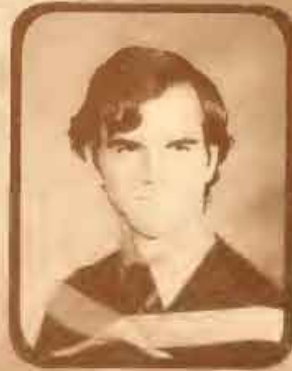
Diana Rippy



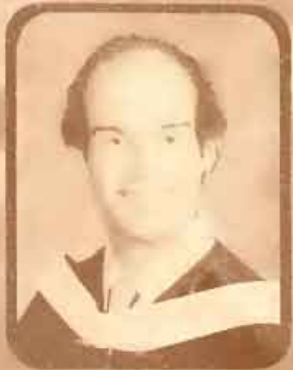
Mary Roets



Sylvia Rodgers



Paul Rogers



Scott Robertson



Sylvia Romero



Michael Rose



Kathy Ross



Marty Ross

Like a kid awaiting Christmas, it seemed to me as if graduation would never come. And then, all at once, it did.

Graduation morning came awfully early, bursting with sun, girls with flowers tucked in their hair, and more suits than I'd ever seen in one place in my life. I'd been up most of the night talking to friends who kept stopping by to tell me how they really **couldn't** talk because they had so much to do --Amazing how putting a beer in someone's hand and tossing a pillow in their general direction can make them change their mind.

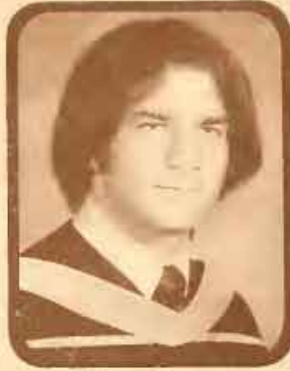
The traditional banners heralded its beginning, Ramsey Clark reminded me to take care of my neighbors, just before they began passing by: Leo Costello smiling in his engineer's hard-hat, Steve Coyle looking dapper with a rose tucked in his "lapel", Gaye McCluskey's red hair blazing red above the mantle of a businesswoman.

After cautioning me not to let myself be manipulated, Bill Reilly asked that I recognize him should we ever cross paths in future years, and I sat there in the midst of it all wondering how he thought I would ever forget.





Michele Rue



Steve Russo



Robert Ryder



Kathy Sada



Stephanie Roy



Jeff Rubino



Paul Russell



Kathleen Ryan



Sara Sabatini



Marilyn Salafia

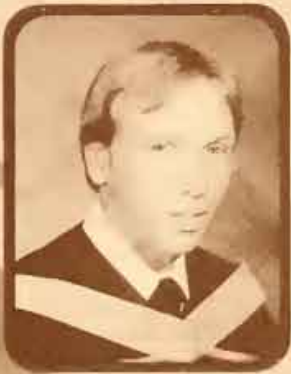




Lauralon Sandell



Sherri San Filippo



Tom Sanford



Lisa Santana



Vicilyn Sanders

## PAUL WAGSTAFFE

It's amazing how Paul Wagstaffe shifts gears from silliness to seriousness. How, with eyes sparkling devilishly, he winks a sly allusion to his own supposedly unlimited sexual prowess, and then, only moments later, talks with furrowed brow about his latest presidential project.

Speaking in that regular, rhythmic, even-toned voice that is his trademark, Wags shifts gears again, this time enticing, pleading, cajoling. He wants you to join him tonight at The Still, Lil Bronc, The 94th, The Club, Dooley's, etc., etc., etc., etc. It's hopeless. Wags, who knows how to budget his time, who during the day somehow manages to keep up with his classes while heading up student government, has time left over tonight. He has time to spend drinking. And you, who cannot even juggle two lit classes and lunch, are being hopelessly sucked into his night life of reckless boozing and dirty toasts.

You go more than willingly (you are the first person to the car) but by lunch time tomorrow Wags will have finished a morning's worth of phone calls, paperwork, and studying, while you on the other hand, will be clutching your head, moaning softly, and pulling the bedsheets back over your face.

The man is of iron. He must be to keep up the schizophrenic existence that marked his career at Santa Clara. No one doubts that Wags was the most effective ASUSC president that Santa Clara has seen in years. Rather than use his title as a nice addendum to law school applications, Wags chose to work at the job, and he



blitzkrieged the school administration with various ideas for increased student participation in high-level decision making.

He instituted a student Committee on Tenure, proposed a student weighted restructuring of the University Committees, regularly reported his progress and solicited student opinion in lengthy articles appearing in *The Santa Clara*, distributed surveys, did alternate battle and compromise with Rewak's administration, completely revamped teacher evaluations. Lots of other people helped, of course, but Wags got the projects going, and kept them going.

Kept them going Sunday through Thursday, that is. On Friday afternoon, somewhere in the neighborhood of the Santa Clara campus, Wags startles a little old lady by leaping from a phone booth wearing his newly donned "party pants" (Wag's beloved bun-hugging white jeans with the star inset on the left buttock). Dressed to kill, Wags or "Woody Bum" as his four roommates call him for some obscure inside joke of a reason, grabs his worn legal sized tablet of paper, folds back a yellow page, and checks over his listing of tonight's potential parties. He knows where they all are. It's uncanny.

Motoring from one to another in his new, Bronco-red Pinto, Wags is in his element. He is not introverted. In fact, when the last bash is folding up, Woody Bum can usually be found dancing on the kitchen tabletop to the last strains of Lou Reed's "Rock and Roll Animal." Truly, a man of iron.



Ronnie Saxton



Teresa Scanlan



Tim Schmidt



Katie Schoenberger



Rich Santana



Pauline Santucci



Tom Sayeg



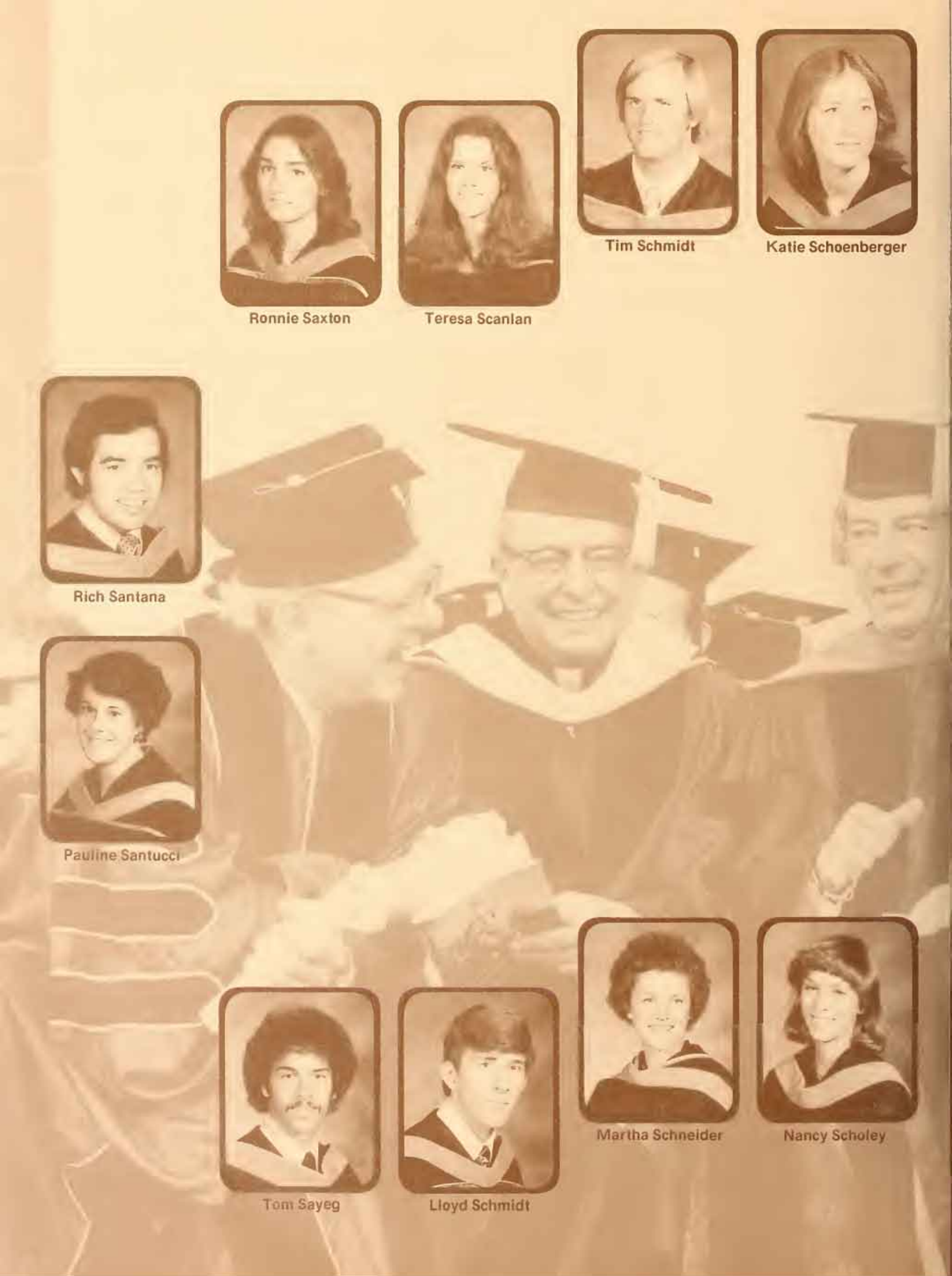
Lloyd Schmidt



Martha Schneider



Nancy Scholey





Kevin Scholl



Debra Schram



Martha Schwarting



Mike Scolari



Dominic Scotto



Ray Schuler



Steve Schott

JAN



Tom Scullion



Barby Sehn



Barb Seliger



Sonia Serrania



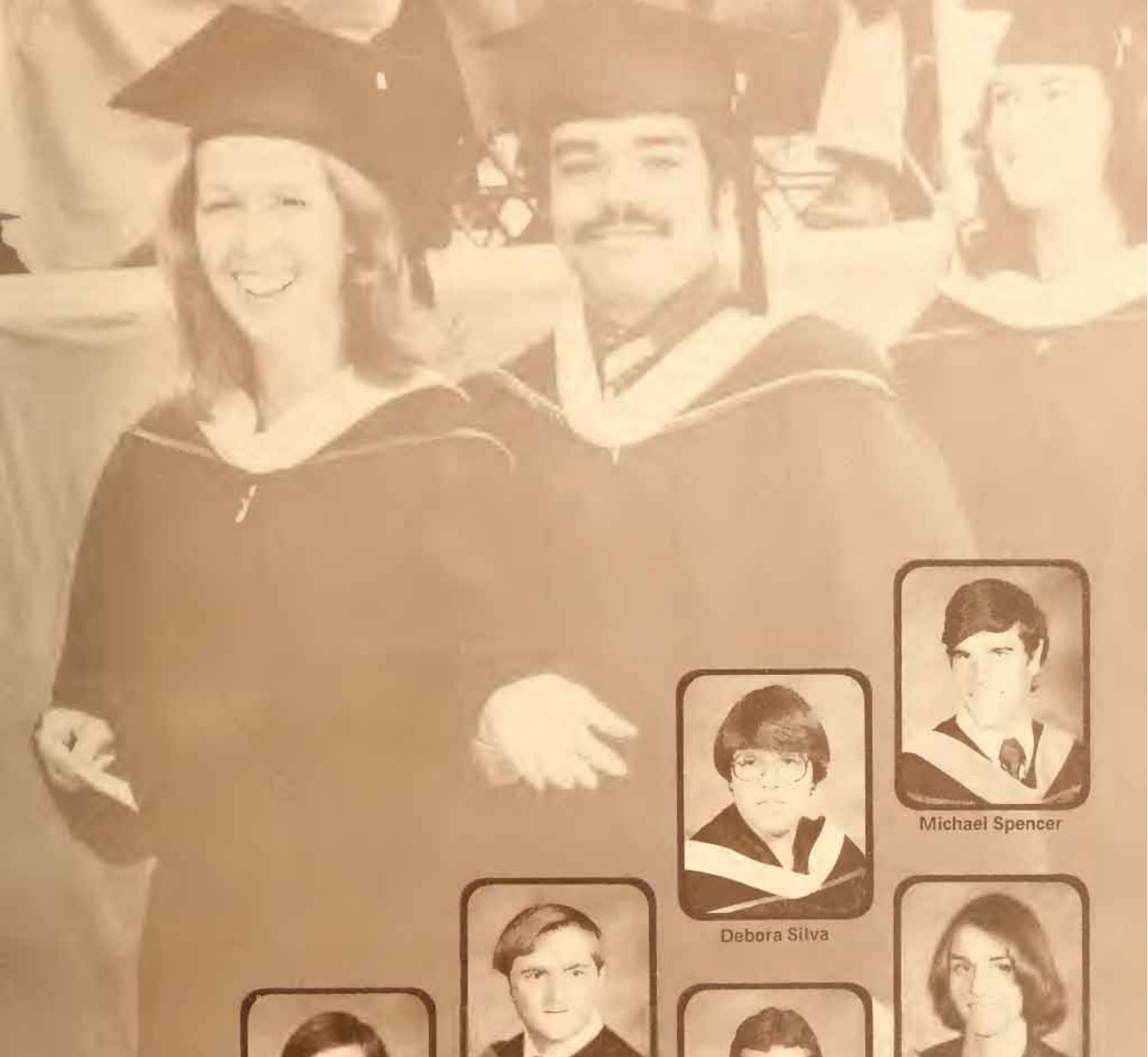
Theresa Shanahan



Jim Shaw



William Shaw



Michael Spencer



Debora Silva



Tana Sponsier



Tom Sheridan



Jim Slaughter



Doug Sherer



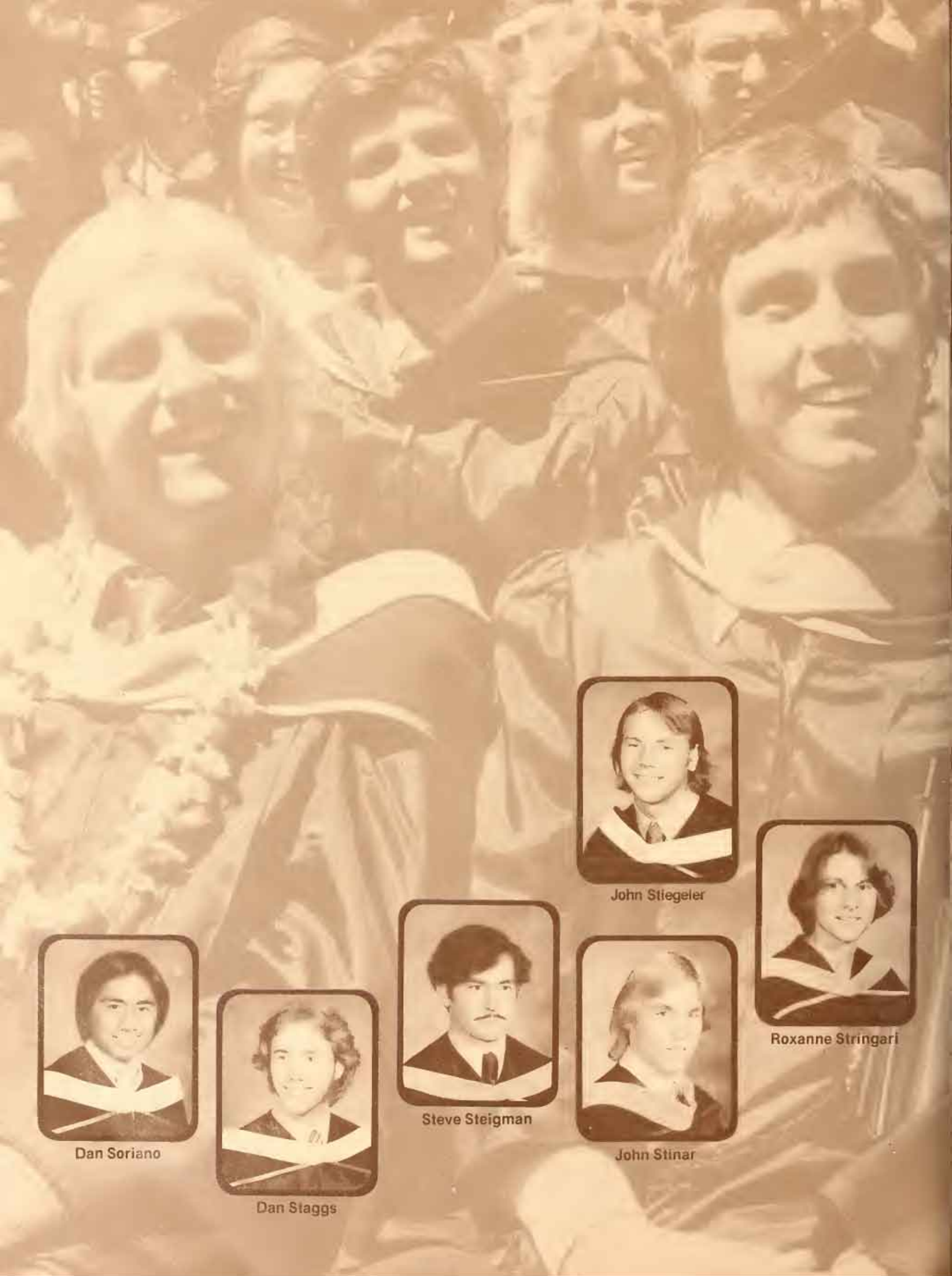
Tom Shymanski



Bob Shepard



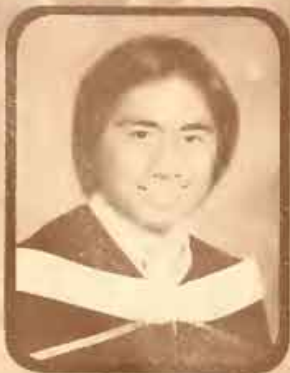
Corinne Soressi



John Stiegeler



Roxanne Stringari



Dan Soriano



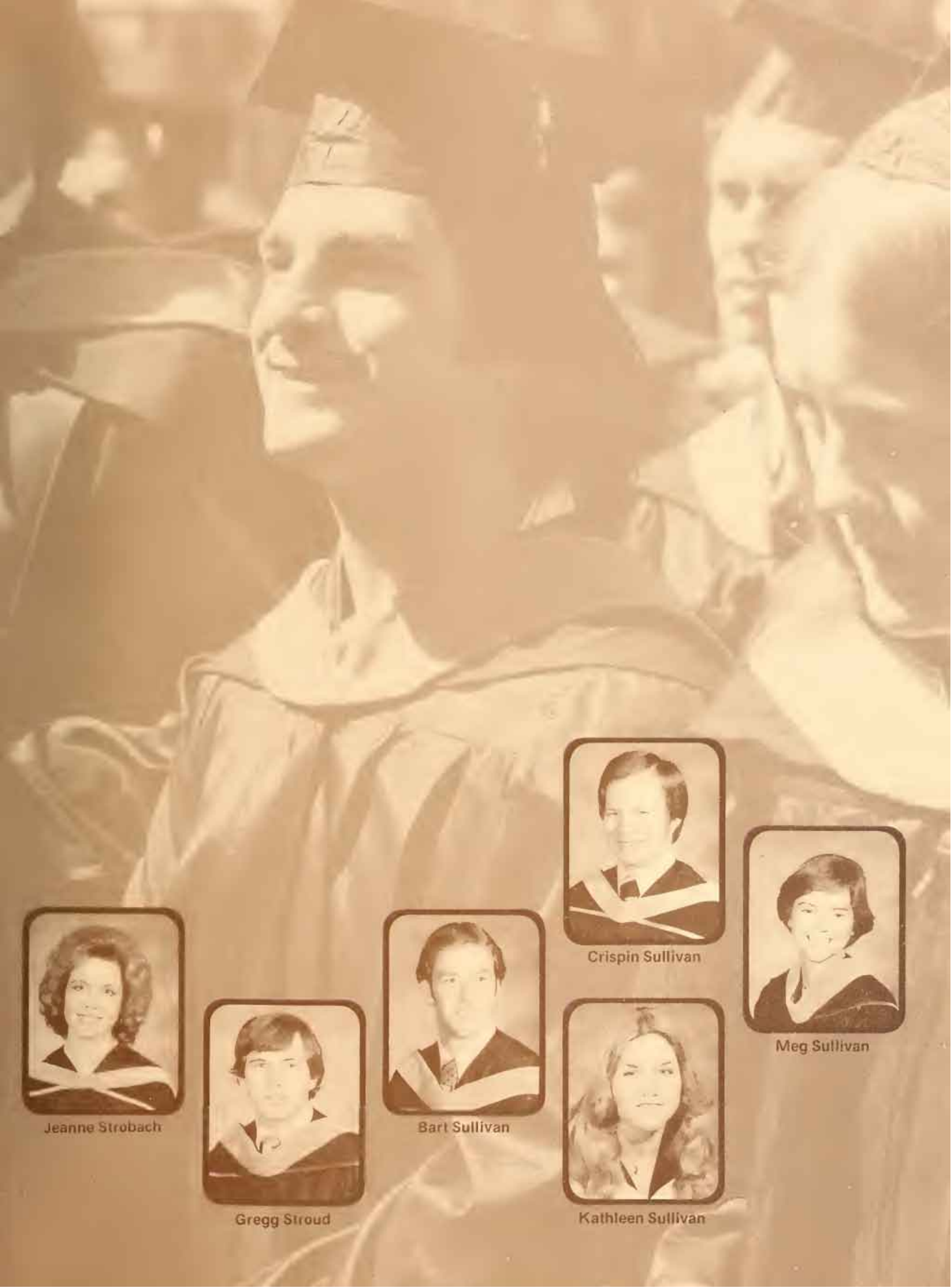
Dan Staggs



Steve Steigman



John Stinar



Jeanne Strobach



Gregg Stroud



Bart Sullivan



Crispin Sullivan



Kathleen Sullivan



Meg Sullivan





Sheila Sullivan



Pat Sweeney



Ching Yee Sze



Lynn Sweigard



Tom Taelour



John Talia



Eric Sweringen



Charles Tanaka



Martin Tapay



Helena Taylor

CALIFORNIA REPUBLIC



Marianne Toomey



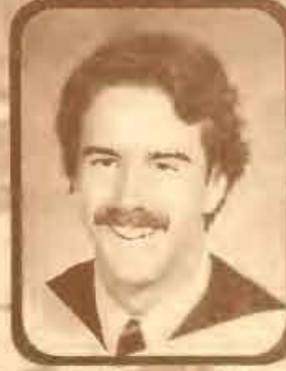
Martha Tomlinson



Thuyen Tran



Lynn Toma



Matt Tonkovich



Sue Trautz



Kay Thames



Dale Thompson



James Trevino



Bill Trolan



Michael Trupiano



Wendy Tucker



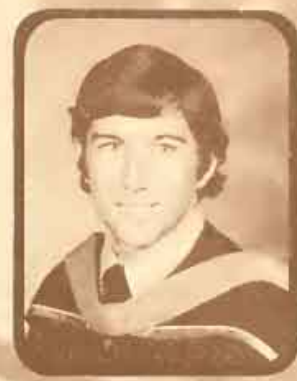
Emile Turk



Marva Turner



Becky Vacura



Terence Vane



Ann Vaudagna



Paul Vadnais



Salvador Valdez



Pat Valencia



Mary Vandiver



Paul Verna



Charlene Villagomez



Michael Virga



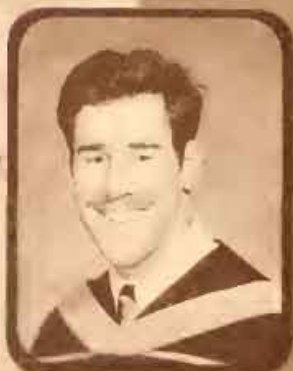
Jay Virts



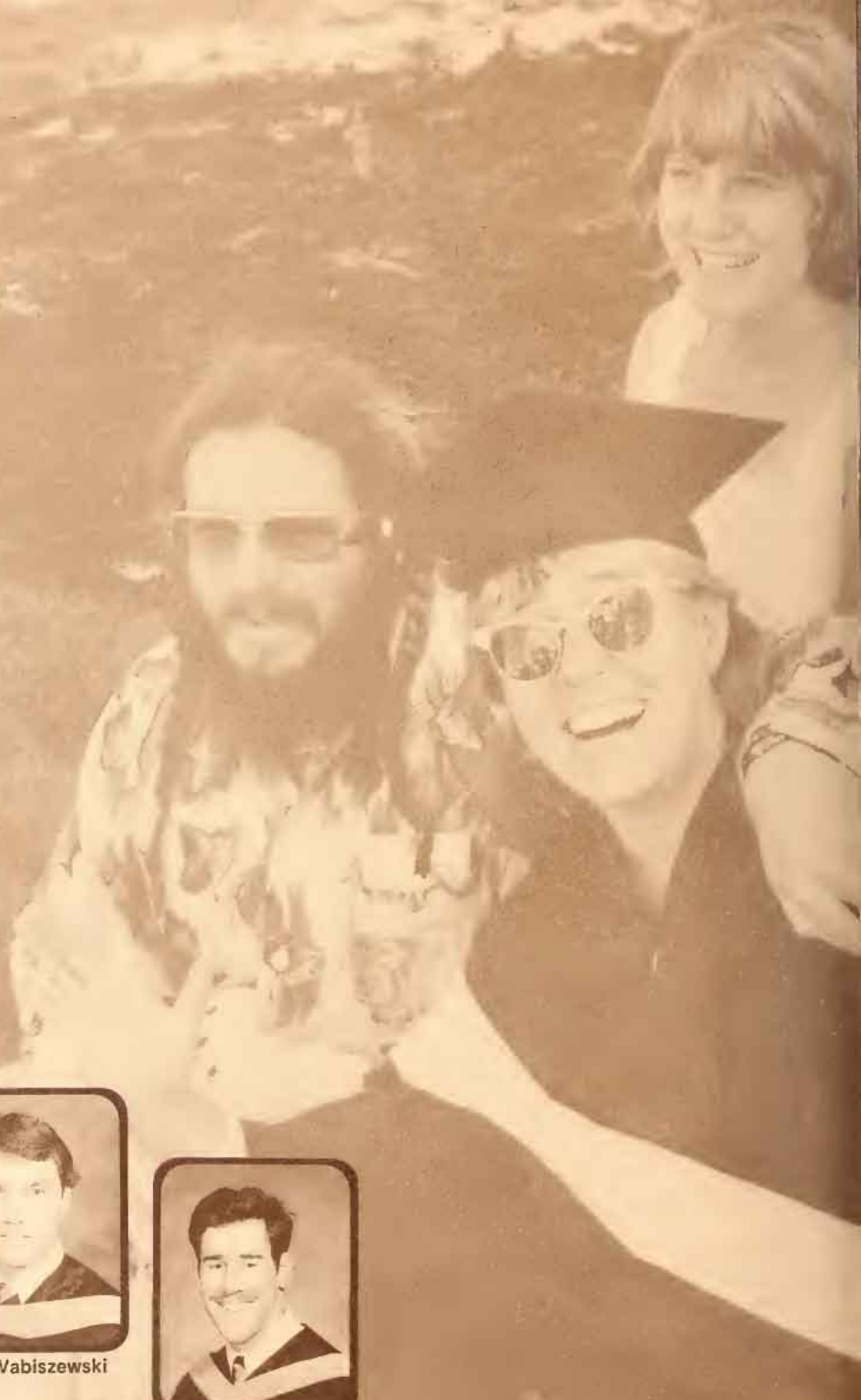
Clyde Von Der Ahe



Mike Wabiszewski



John Wagner



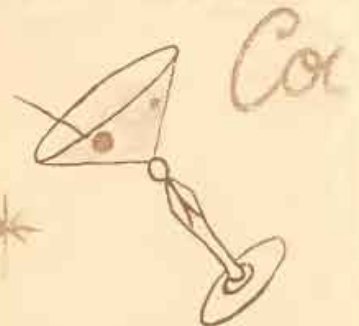
## STEVE WALLACE

Steve Wallace is an exceptional man. He adores music, loves to cook and is an ardent Dodger fan. His impeccable taste is renowned amongst his close acquaintances. Steve's uncanny ability to blend delicious cuisine, compatible dinner guests and appropriate musical background has provided many a memorable evening for his friends.

"Friends" is one word which typifies Steve Wallace; he has so many of them. His warmth and compassion for others, along with his cooking ability, draws people to him. I have never known someone to meet Steve and not like him. That is a record few of us can ever hope to match.

Steve sincerely cares about other people. I am continually amazed when, after three and a half years of solid friendship, he is still as nice and polite as the first time I met him. He opens car doors, offers rides to people who need them, shops, cooks and treats at "happy hour." Living with Steve is to be spoiled by niceness. He won't do the dishes though!

Mr. Wallace has disproved a common misconception that nice guys finish last. His senior year, S.K.W. (as his friends often call him) was selected editor of *The Santa Clara*. He innovated the school newspaper, making it a dynamic force. Under his direction, the tabloid format was changed considerably. The paper's



length increased, color was added and a new student entertainment magazine, *Spectrum*, was initiated.

Steve instilled the staff of *The Santa Clara* with new ideological direction. This proved to be of far greater importance than any change in the paper's physical appearance. Reporters began to question rather than merely narrate events. The underlying consequences of tenure, grading, specialized education and discrimination all were critically examined. Steve Wallace led *The Santa Clara*'s search for new horizons. Not all were found, but S.K.W.'s pioneering effort laid the groundwork for future editors of *The Santa Clara* and their staffs.

Steve's selection as an outstanding senior is entirely appropriate. He typifies the Santa Claran ideal of the "whole person." S.K.W. is conversant, enjoys partying and is always ready for a good laugh. Yet, in spite of rumors to the contrary, Steven Kingdon Wallace does have a serious side. Imbued with a staunch code of ethics, Steve is entirely reliable, efficient and trustworthy.

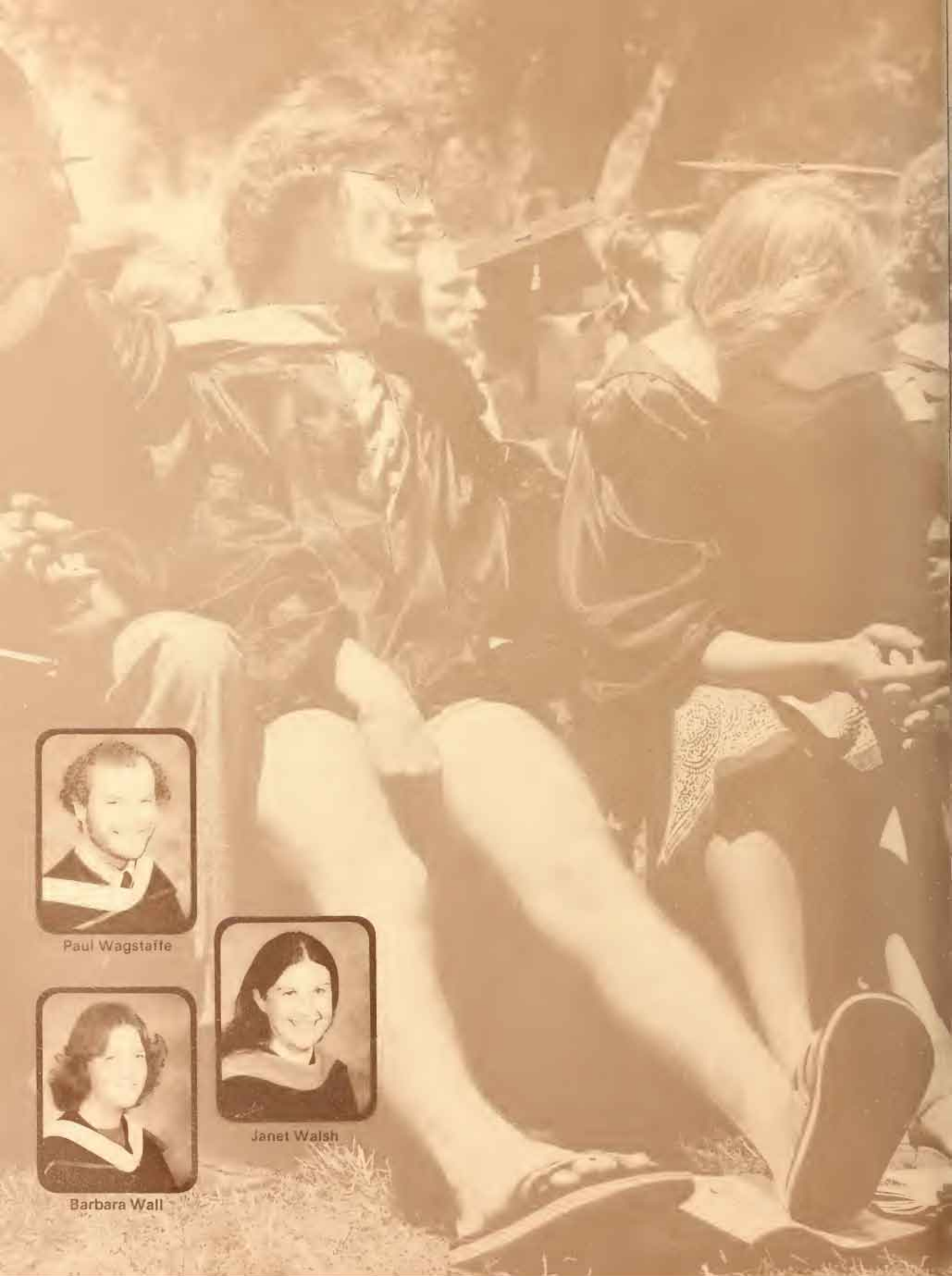
In all probability, Steve's selection as an outstanding senior was based upon his editorship of *The Santa Clara*. This is deservedly so. However, to S.K.W.'s friends this honor means far more. Steve's excellent performance as editor cannot really be compared with the superb legacy of friendship he has given so many. Steven K. Wallace is an outstanding senior par excellence.



Karen Wagner



Michael Wagner



Paul Wagstaffe



Barbara Wall



Janet Walsh



Ruth Welch



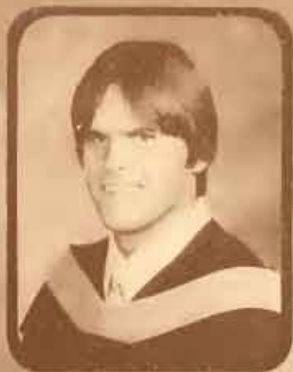
Robert Watson



Tom White



Denise Warmerdam



Joel Wehner



Gary Walz

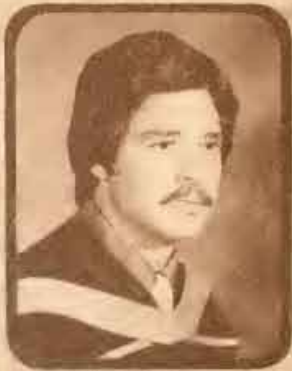


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Sue Whiteside



Bob Williams



Julie Williams



Judy Whittaker



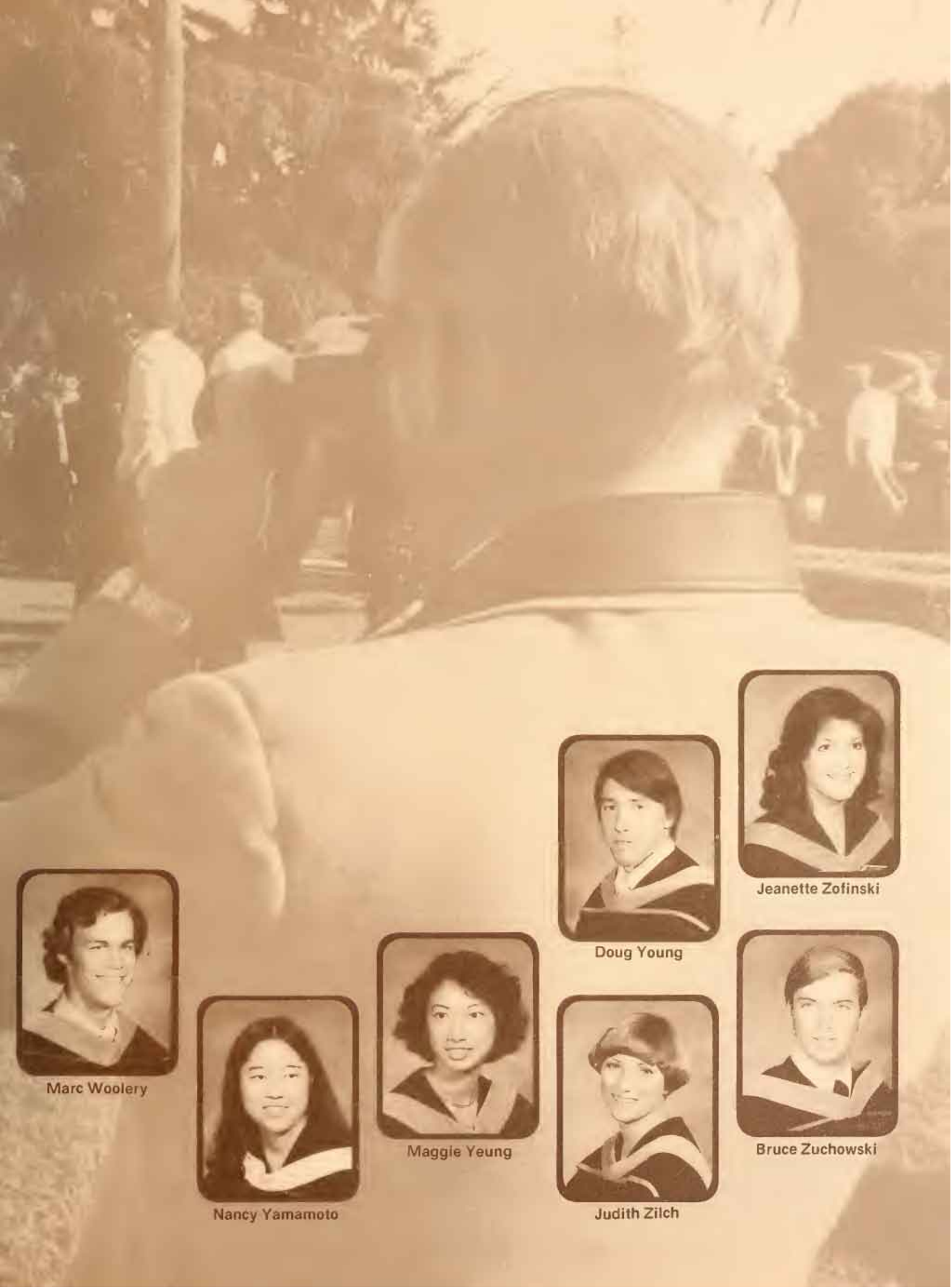
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Tom Williams



Cathy Wong



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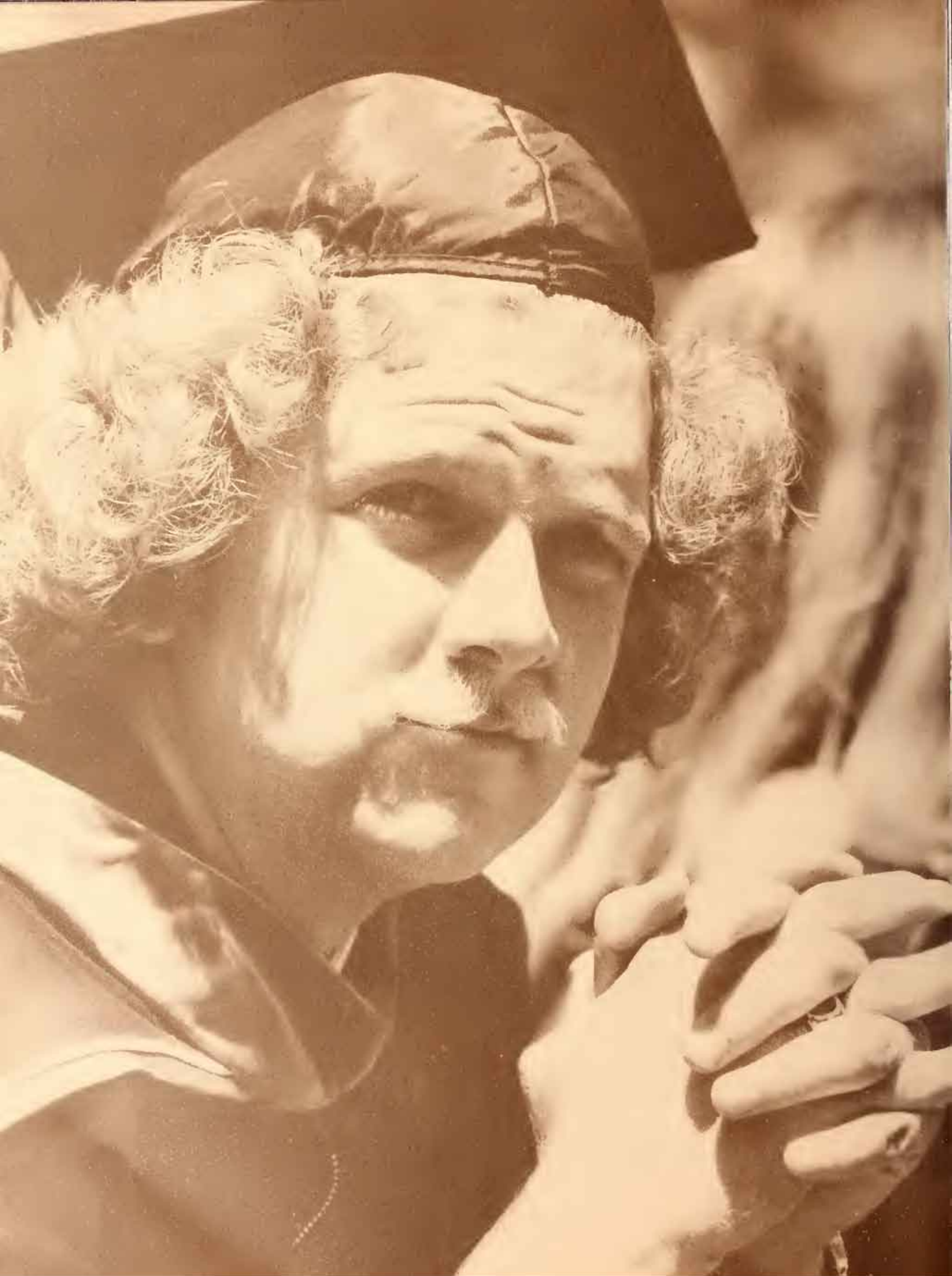
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 M. Yeung



*I am*



*dreaming...*

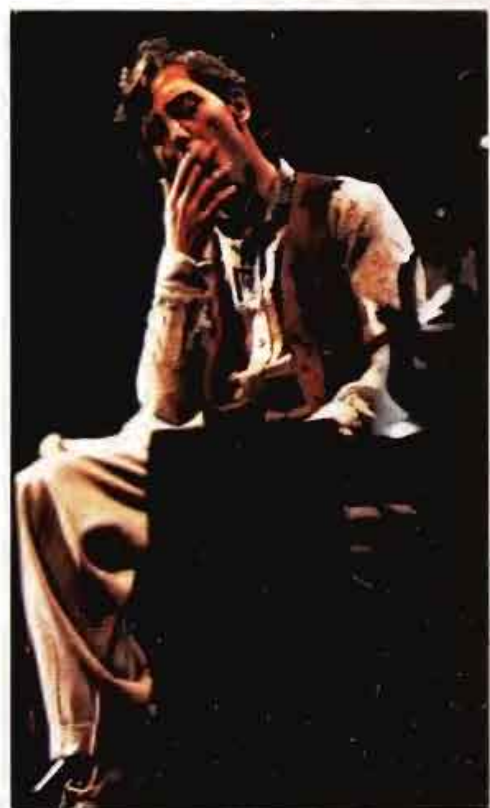
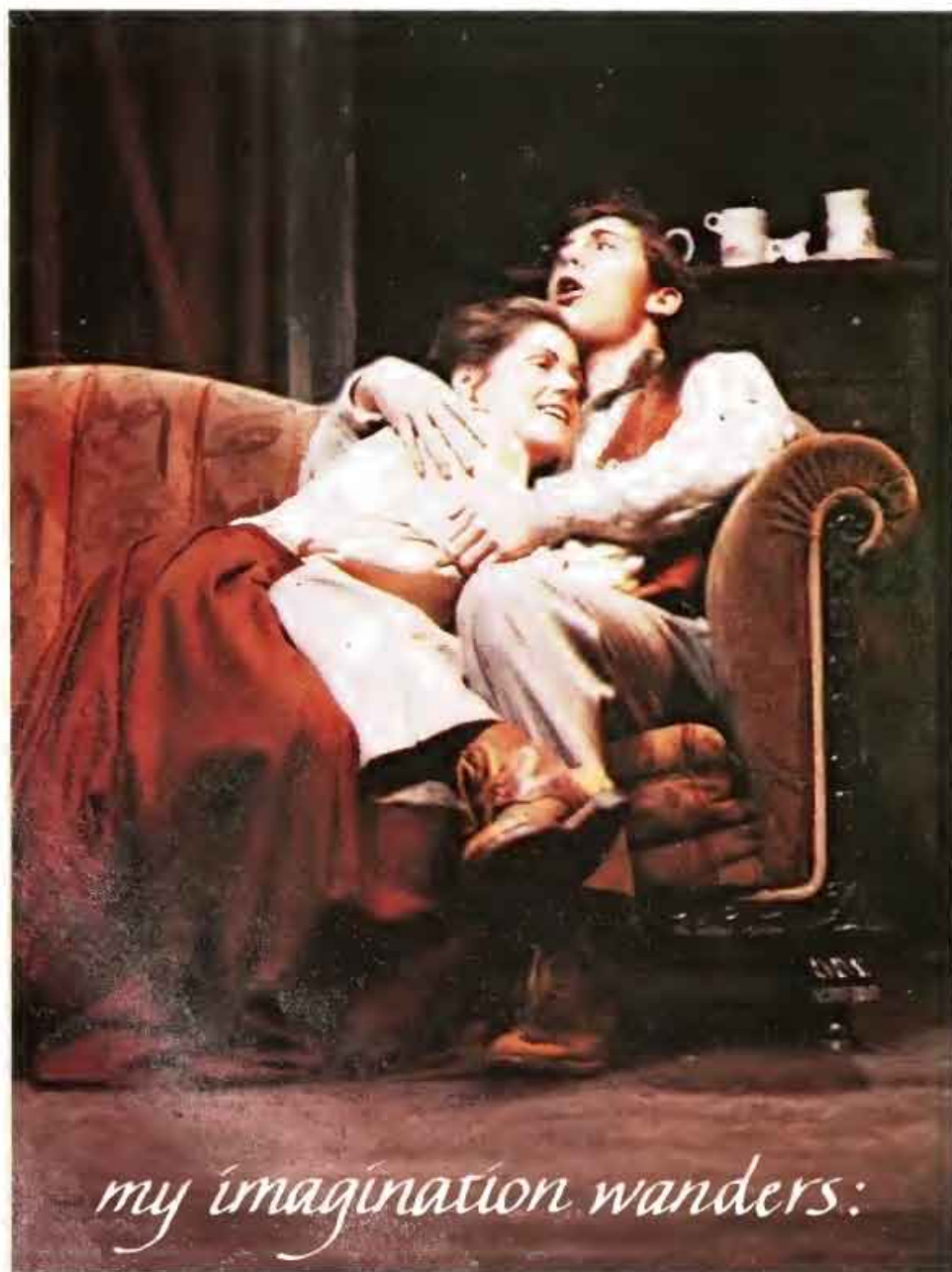
*as the colors of tomorrow*





*burst forth from yesterday*





*my imagination wanders:*

*can it show me who I am ?*



*I can be at home  
with elegance*





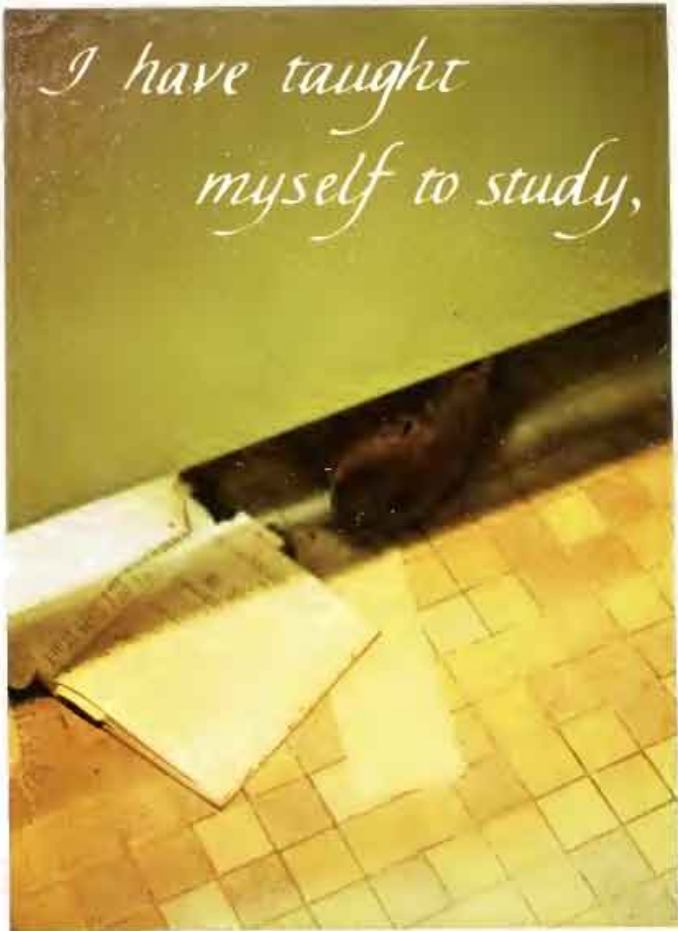
*as well as common fare*

*and I've found a strength inside me*





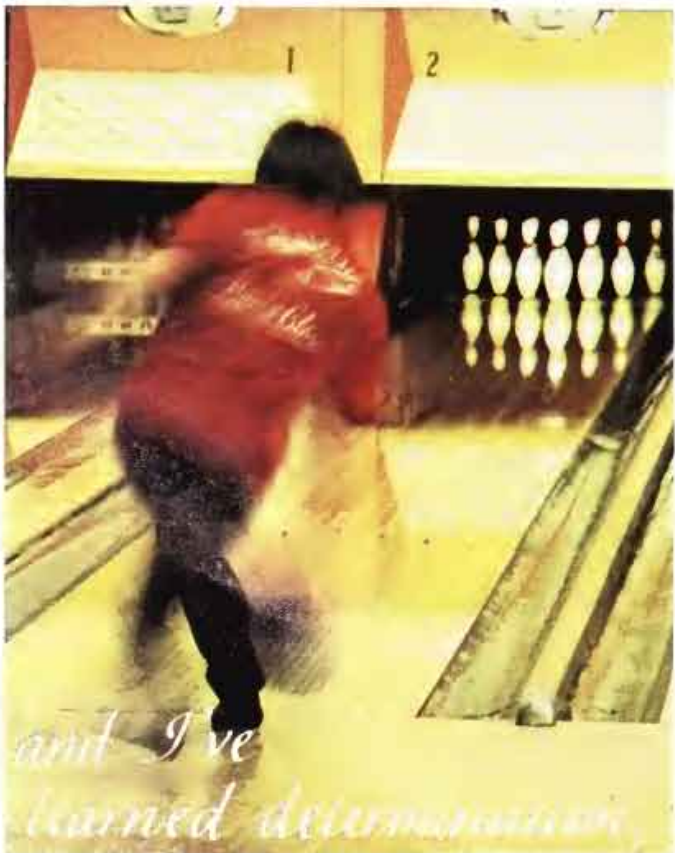
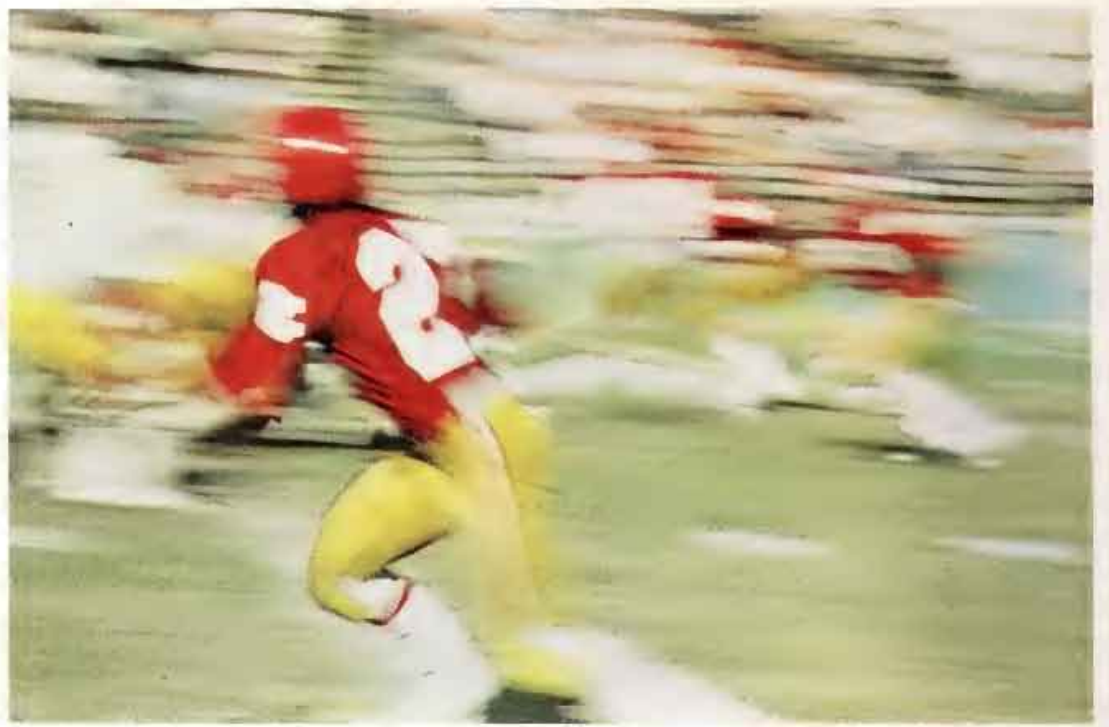
*that brings peace when I'm alone*





*worked at setting major goals*

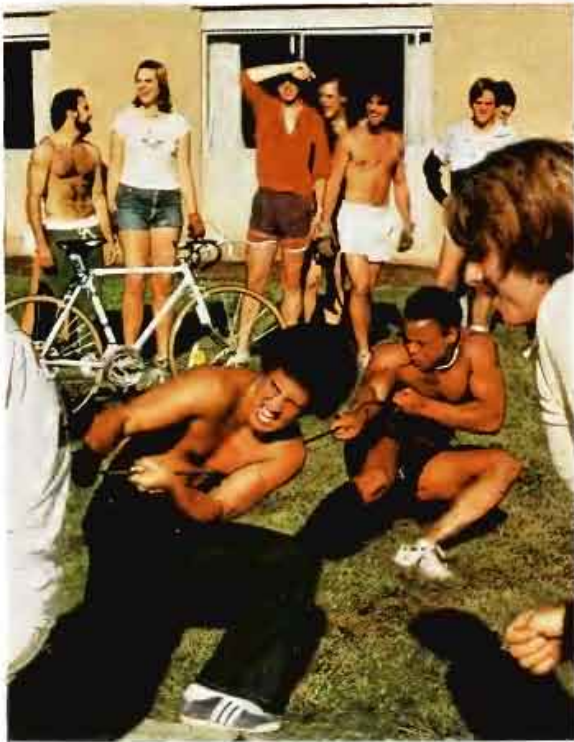
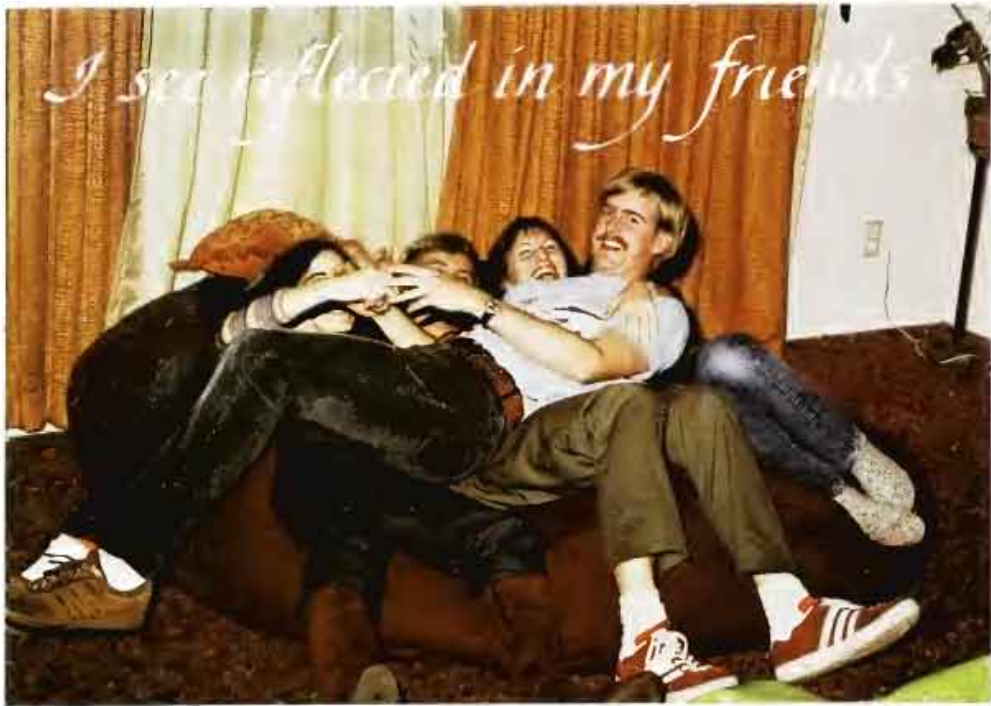




*and I've  
learned determination.*

*in desiring to succeed.*







*the many  
roles I play*

*and with one summer the roles converge:*



*discovery of 1977*









