NASH HOOPLA

SCU’s celebrated point guard cruises into the big time with down-home charm

ALSO INSIDE

Lost in Cyberspace

Celebrating 30 Years of the Santa Clara Community Action Program

Excerpt from ‘Atticus,’ the Latest Novel by Ron Hansen M.A. ’95
Our cover story (by Jeff Brazil '85) details the career-to-date of national basketball sensation Steve Nash '96, who led SCU to three NCAA Tournament appearances in four years. To be sure, Nash, who was named WCC Player of the Year for the last two seasons, is a remarkable talent. But no team gets to the NCAA Tournament just because of one player. The SCU men's team, guided for the past four years by Head Coach Dick Davey, has been an extraordinary force.

The men put the national basketball world on notice in 1993 with a spectacular upset: The 15th-seeded Broncos defeated second-seeded Arizona in the first round of the NCAA Tournament that year. For the 1995-96 season, the Broncos finished with a 20-9 record and did not lose back-to-back games all year. The team also earned another NCAA Tournament appearance and gained its first national ranking since 1972-73, climbing as high as 22nd.

Here are some career highlights of the SCU men who made it all happen: Junior guard Marlon Garnett, the team's second-leading scorer, was an honorable mention All-WCC pick and earned All-Tournament honors at the Cable Car Classic after scoring 21 points against Georgia Tech. Senior center Brendan Graves, an engineering major and First Team All-WCC selection, was a GTE Third Team Academic All-American pick with a 3.75 GPA.

Junior forward Drew Zurek, the Bronco's top-scoring reserve, had seven double-digit scoring games, with a season-high 17 points at Illinois State. And senior forward Kevin Dunne completed his final SCU season as the team's top rebounder in both NCAA Tournament games this year (9 vs. Maryland, 7 vs. Kansas).

Directing these men all the way has been helmsman Davey. As Santa Clara's head coach, Davey has a career record of 73-42 and has led the Broncos to more victories in his first four years than any of his predecessors. In addition to guiding SCU toward three NCAA Tournament appearances, Davey has coached the Broncos to two regular season conference titles, one WCC Tournament title, and three wins over top-25 teams. Twice recognized as the WCC's coach of the year, Davey led the Broncos to their second straight conference championship this season.

To Davey and his men: You've done us proud.

Elise Banducci
IT CHANGED MY LIFE
Reflecting on 30 years of the Santa Clara Community Action Program, former SCCAP directors recount what participating in the organization meant to them.

ATTICUS
An excerpt from the recent novel by SCU’s new Gerard Manley Hopkins, S.J., Professor in Arts and Humanities. By Ron Hansen M.A. '95

LOST IN CYBERSPACE
Universities debate Internet addiction among students: Should we stop them before they surf again? By Jeff Brazil '85

THE GRAPES OF WRATH: PART II
Professor of Modern Languages Francisco Jiménez '66 remembers his childhood as a migrant laborer, an experience he revisited recently with the SCU cast performing Steinbeck’s classic about the Joad family. A photo essay captures how the student actors prepared for their roles by touring California’s grape-growing region. By Kathryn Bold '81 Photographs by Charles Barry

COVER: DON SMITH
THINKING ETHICALLY: WHERE IS THE DIVINE?

I read with wonder and sense of disappointment the piece "Thinking Ethically: A Framework for Moral Decision Making" [developed by Manuel Velasquez, Claire Andre, Thomas Shanks, S.J., and Michael J. Meyer, Winter 1996]. It purported to give summaries of the five main approaches to ethical issues: utilitarian, rights, fairness, common good, and virtue.

Now, summaries by definition are too short to be truly representative of an entire system of thought, but one might still suppose (or hope) that a Catholic university's writings on a framework for applied morals would make some passing reference to the divine. I searched the article in vain for any such thing.

It is really impossible for Western man to discuss ethics, whether in a contemporary light or simply in historical perspective, without mention of God, the prophets, the apostles, and the fathers of the church. Bentham, Mill, Kant, Aristotle, Plato, and even Rawls found their way into the article. What about some indication of the place of Moses, Paul, or even (shudder) Jesus Christ?

No, I was not looking for a 1950s-style Sunday school lesson on being good. (I am an Orthodox priest and a graduate of Santa Clara University's law school.) But when an article's first paragraph contains the sentence "Facts by themselves only tell us what is; they do not tell us what ought to be," and then goes on to discuss such grand concepts as rights, justice, common good, and virtue without any hint of a theistic reference point, it strongly suggests a church, a university, thinkers, and a magazine that have lost their respect for the divine. I searched the article in vain for any such thing.

It isn't intellectually chic or politically correct to mention God, is it? There is a shallow and somewhat media-driven mindset abroad that because there is no established church in America, all references to religious foundations or principles ought to be excised from public debate lest any citizen/consumer be offended. However well that may serve the purveyors and profiters of homogenized politics and entertainment, isn't it both intellectually unsound and a personal betrayal for professes Christians to buy into (or at least appear to buy into) that mind-set by discussing society's notions of morals and ethics without any noticeable acknowledgment of matters transcendent.

Kent G. Washburn J.D. '79 Santa Cruz, Calif.

ACCESS DENIED

The discussion of the hypothetical city-funded Internet access ["The Case of the Cyber City Network," Winter 1996] was stimulating. You see, I would be one of those citizens unable to afford a computer or perhaps even unable to operate one. (I can use the program WordPerfect on the SCU lab computers, which is the limit of my technical ability and my access to a computer.) It was mentioned that citizens who use telephones or even regular mail might not receive the same response. How true. Have you ever tried to contact the San Jose Police Department by telephone?

Betty Jane Rank M.A. '94 San Jose, Calif.

MARRIED WITHOUT A CLUE

Your article "Married Without Children" [by Kathryn Bold '81, Winter 1996] would be more appropriately titled "Married Without a Clue."

No person can be married within the Church with the intention of not having children. It is no sacrament, and it is no marriage. Whether a priest performs such a marriage with knowledge of that intention or is deceived is irrelevant.

It is no sacrament, and it is no marriage.

The statement that such couples "challenge deeply held beliefs about marriage and family" is (to put it kindly) simply silly and akin to challenging a cliff by leaping off of it. Such a challenge changes the cliff not at all but has rather severe consequences for those who would undertake it. Choosing not to have children changes the Church, its teaching, and God's injunction in no way.

Nor do surrogate "children" in the form of two cats, a dog, and a cockatoo heal the defect. Such couples are as hollow and superficial as anyone who elevates any appetite above its purpose and to an end in itself.

"Moments of poignancy," "other paths," and "careful choices" alter nothing, change nothing, modify nothing—except for those with a need to rationalize their spiritual cowardice.

George E. Mohn '59 Novato, Calif.

CHILDREN MAKE ADULTS

Kathryn Bold's article was very artful. We see some attractive SCU grads successfully challenging "deeply held beliefs about marriage and family" through their childless-by-choice lifestyle. Church teachings, at least the carefully nuanced version in the article, prove no barrier to their contentment. We are led to agree with the couples that their choice is, well, almost heroic.

I'd like to offer some contrary thoughts. For starters, if either or both members of a couple go to the altar intending to remain childless, there is no marriage. As Cormac Burke of the Roman Rota wrote recently, "Openness to procreation...is an essential feature of the marital relationship; no true marriage can be constituted if it is absent."

Couples validly married who later decide without a serious reason not to have children make an objectively sinful choice; to achieve this by using even "advanced" contraceptive methods or sterilization makes it worse by making a lie of the total commitment of which the sex act speaks. The article thus offers for our edification and imitation wraiths of marriage, the form without the substance.

Couples choosing the childless path sell themselves short, spurning the graces of marriage through fear or selfishness. Children aren't called the great gift of marriage for nothing. It takes hope to have them; they
cure selfishness; they make you grow up. As I believe Peter DeVries said, "The purpose of marriage is not for adults to produce children but for children to produce adults." We've seen kids turn some selfish, individualistic couples into dedicated parents. We have to let God decide whether we should have children, trusting him to make something as great as parents out of even our mortal stuff.

Not only couples' spiritual and psychological future is at stake. Like a fifth column, voluntarily childless couples erode marriage and society itself. In return for the enormous work families do in ensuring society's future by passing on both life and culture, and to spur on that effort, society makes marriage a privileged institution. No-kids-by-choice unions take the privilege without the quid pro quo and say, in effect, that society really doesn't need offspring. Their choices weaken the case for marriage's privilege and also make it virtually impossible for society to say no to homosexuals who want the endorsement of their lifestyle that "marriage" will bring (as I'm afraid Hawaii will soon find out). [Professor of Economics Mario] Belotti can explain what our declining birthrates mean for the burdens our children and grandchildren will face.

If any institution ought to be sounding the alarm about these matters, it is a Catholic college. It is thus doubly depressing to read an article like Bold's in SCU's magazine. Those who put their learned authority behind destructive trends put a stumbling block, a skandalon, in front of those who would follow Christ's way. They should reread what Christ says about those who give scandal.

Burman Skrabé '65
Fairfax, Va.

**DISABLED NOT ACKNOWLEDGED**

A video was shown at the 1996 Golden Circle Theatre Party depicting how much Santa Clara has progressed since its humble beginnings. The video was produced to show the "then and now" to SCU's benefactors. There were students representing various ethnic backgrounds, but no students with disabilities. Those of us with disabilities also helped make Santa Clara University the great place that it is.

John V. Giacomazzi '77
San Jose, Calif.

**HAS THE MAN NO CONSCIENCE?**

I was sickened by your published interview with [School of Law] Professor Gerald Uelmen ["Back in the Classroom," Winter 1996]. Here is a man purportedly of intelligence and wisdom extolling his perversion of evidence before a sympathetic and unsophisticated jury. Has the man no conscience, no morality—to enrich himself from a man who abused and butchered his former wife and an innocent bystander?

I have the most profound sympathy for the tragic victims and their families. I feel nothing but disdain for the likes of Uelmen. I am ashamed that he taught my daughter. I hope that she will exhibit, more than he, the moral code I expect of a Santa Clara University product.

James B. Murray MSEE '69
Aptos, Calif.

**RESPONSIBLE INVESTING WORKS**

The anthropologist Margaret Mead once said, "Never doubt that a small group of thoughtful, committed citizens can change the world. Indeed, it's the only thing that ever has." Of course, professional cynics will dispute Mead's life-affirming thesis. The doom-and-gloom crowd argue that an individual can do little or nothing to change the world.

I can imagine no more depressing and futile outlook on life. As a result, I was saddened to see "What's Your Bottom Line?" in the Fall 1995 issue of Santa Clara Magazine. In the article, Jeff Brazil '85 relies upon SCU Finance Professor Meir Statman to argue that socially responsible investing is a meaningless gesture.

As an investor in the Calvert Social Investment Fund and a member of the Fund's Advisory Council, I feel compelled to point out that the professor's critique of socially responsible investing misses the boat on at least two major counts.

First, it ignores the fact that socially responsible investing is an expression of the overall approach to life of socially responsible individuals. In describing those who embrace this philosophy, Utne Reader Editor at Large Jay Walljasper explains, "They emphasize community over bureaucracy, quality of life over (simple) economic growth, real-life experience over abstract theory, local over multinational, sustainability over consumerism, spirituality over materialism, democratic participation over corporate rule, and human comfort over institutional efficiency."

Second, Statman incorrectly implies that socially responsible investing has little effect on an investor's return. Actually, there is now persuasive evidence showing that companies engaging in good corporate practices perform as well or better than other companies. The most widely followed benchmark for the ongoing performance of responsible corporations is the Domini 400 Social Index (DSI), which tracks corporations that pass multiple, broad-based screens. For the five-year period ending March 31, 1995, the DSI outperformed the S&P 500 (reinvested) in terms of annualized returns by a margin of 14.6 percent vs. 12.62 percent.

In the final analysis, it must be concluded that the professor's analysis of socially responsible investing fails to hold water. It should come as no surprise that many spiritually bankrupt corporations eventually end up equally deficient in their financial accounts. These are not long-term bargains for investors who are concerned about their quality of life and that of their children. Better to follow Margaret Mead's path in struggling heroically for change than to resign oneself to the aimless drift and spiritual impoverishment embraced by Statman.

Michael Fischer '64
Mill Valley, Calif.
Here is all you need to know about Steve Nash '96, who is about to parlay his unparalleled SCU basketball career into a seven-figure bank account at June's National Basketball Association draft:

"I'm going to put it all away until I get used to having that kind of money," says Santa Clara's soon-to-be-wealthiest sociology grad. "I don't want to do anything impulsive."

C'mon, Steve. No BMW? No fancy new threads? No trip to the Riviera? "No, seriously. I haven't had money for 23 years. I need to learn how to handle that kind of money."

Having a hard time buying that penny-wise sensibility in this age of spoiled, frilly-obsessed professional athletes?

Well, buy it, say Nash's friends, family, and teammates.

"He is sensible enough not to go out and waste his money," confirms SCU teammate and roommate Kevin Dunne '96, "although I was hoping he would give me the first hundred thousand."

Nash, it turns out, is a bit of a throwback in many ways.

"Well, my mom and dad are pretty important to me," Nash replies.

And when he visits his old school in Canada, he's always sure to check in with his former basketball coaches. "I find Steve exactly the same now as I did in grade 11," says Ian Hyde-Lay, Nash's high-school coach at St. Michaels University School in Victoria, British Columbia, where Nash's refreshing brand of talent and bonhomie has won him so many fans it is only a slight exaggeration to say he could give the prime minister a run for his money. "He has great character without being a character," Hyde-Lay adds.

In fact, Santa Clara's greatest basketball player since Kurt Rambis '80 is described as down-to-earth, straightforward, and aw-shucks modest by those who know him best.

"Stephen's a very levelheaded kid," confirms his mother, Jean, who confesses to being biased about all things Steve-related.

"It's true. Steve won't do anything rash," says Hyde-Lay. "And it's a bit of a contradiction, too, because on the court, he has a life-in-the-fast-lane approach. He's a gambler. He's bold. He wants to be in the limelight when the game's on the line."

Canada is not exactly a breeding ground for NBA-caliber basketball players (you can count how many there have been on two hands), nor is Santa

Steve Nash '96 is the recipient of the Francis J. Silva, S.J., Endowed Scholarship, a four-year, full-tuition award funded through the Bronco Bench Foundation.

Santa Clara Today

Nash Hoopla

SCU's celebrated point guard cruises into the big time with down-home charm.
Clara a household name north of the border. Within the basketball world, how Nash, a point guard from a country known for athletes who work wonders on ice, came to play on the hardwood at Toso Pavilion is the stuff of legend. “Folklore,” says SCU Assistant Basketball Coach Steve Seandel. “And most of it is true.”

Despite a standout senior year for Nash at St. Michaels, Hyde-Lay’s claims that Nash was a diamond in the rough and deserved a shot at a big-name American college landed with a hollow thud on the cluttered desks of major college coaches in the United States. The box of rejection letters, which Nash has secreted in a closet at home, includes Duke, Villanova, Maryland, and dozens of others. “I was hoping there was going to be all these giants knocking on my door,” says Nash, who, by his senior year, had become a celebrity in his hometown of Victoria.

The problem? A 6-foot-3-inch, white, Canadian hoops player was simply not on the most-wanted lists of major college programs. Especially a player whose record was as unknown to American recruiters as the Yukon.

Enter Santa Clara, itself so unknown in Canada one of Nash’s friends kiddingly dubbed it Santa Claus State.

SCU’s part-time Assistant Coach Scott Gradin had heard about Nash from an assistant coach at St. Mary’s who had seen the Canadian sensation at a tournament in Las Vegas. The St. Mary’s assistant coach had wanted his own school to consider Nash, but when the coach couldn’t drum up interest there he passed along Nash’s name to Gradin. (Editor’s note: For four years now, the SCU coaching staff has gone out of its way to keep the identities of the St. Mary’s operatives who passed on Nash a secret. We are not making this up. So, as a gesture of goodwill, the heretofore unnamed St. Mary’s parties shall remain nameless to save them further embarrassment.)

After viewing two videotapes of Nash in action—one of them quite grainy and not exactly first-rate recruiting quality—Santa Clara Basketball Coach Dick Davey decided to see Nash in the flesh at his high-school basketball championship.

Sitting in the stands, Davey didn’t take long to realize he had stumbled upon something extraordinary. What happened next, the coach has recounted for numerous publications, including Sports Illustrated. In fact, he can probably tell it in his sleep: “About two minutes into the game, [Nash] makes a play, and I’m looking over my shoulder, and I’m hoping, praying, there are no big boys [big-time schools] there because, if there are, they’re going to have some interest in the guy, and I’m going to be out of luck.

“Sure enough, we were the only ones there, and it managed to work out pretty well.”

So well that after Nash’s initial season, some of the same institutions that had passed on him let it be known quietly that they would reconsider if he were interested in transferring.

Although transferring certainly would have helped Nash in his personal quest to play in the NBA by getting him more exposure, the young man who calls his relationship with his teammates the “highlight” of his college career let it be known that he wasn’t interested.

“I had always wanted to go to a big
Within the basketball world, how Nash, a point guard from a country known for athletes who work wonders on ice, came to play on the hardwood at Toso Pavilion is the stuff of legend.

‘Folklore,’ says SCU Assistant Basketball Coach Steve Seandel. ‘And most of it is true.’

By now, everybody has their favorite Nash-in-the-heat-of-battle story.

Teammate Dunne: “His freshman year against Pepperdine, we beat them to go to the tournament. Steve scored 23 points, had six or seven 3-pointers, and was MVP. You could tell how good of a player he was going to be.”

Assistant Coach Seandel: “Two years ago, we beat Gonzaga at Gonzaga, and Steve had 40 points. He just would not let us lose.”

St. Mary’s Coach Ernie Kent: “Last year, he was 21 of 21 against us at the free-throw line. We always played him with tremendous respect.”

At the 1995 Maui Invitational, even NBA superstar Magic Johnson went away impressed after Nash helped the Broncos knock off national champion UCLA. Johnson posed for a photograph with Nash and inscribed it, “Good luck from Big Magic to Little Magic.”

Nash’s favorite: When, as a freshman, he sank six free throws in a row in the closing seconds of a game against Arizona in the 1993 NCAA tournament, helping the Broncos notch one of the most memorable NCAA upsets in recent history.

Although Nash swears spite played no role—and he is convincing on that score—it’s worth noting that Arizona was one of five of the seniors on the squad realized they had just finished their last game together. Ever the comic relief, Nash ran off a string of jokes to break the mood, reliving funny experiences they had shared over the four years. Within minutes, belly laughs abounded.

“He made the atmosphere a lot looser,” recalls teammate Dunne. “If you’re down, Steve’s the first one there to try to pick you back up.”

There’s no question Nash was born to play something.

From his earliest days, sports was a recurring theme in the Nash household. His father, John, a credit union marketing manager, played semi-professional soccer in England and South Africa. Steve’s younger brother, Martin, plays soccer for the Canadian Olympic team. His kid sister, Joanne, plays soccer and softball in high school. And his mother, Jean, who teaches special-needs children, reluctantly acknowledg-
edges having been an athlete in her day, too.

As a kid, Nash devoured each new sport he was introduced to. By the time he entered high school, he had made a name for himself playing lacrosse, rugby, hockey, baseball, and soccer.

"He is a great all-around athlete," says Hyde-Lay. "There are a lot of people in Victoria who still think his best sport is baseball."

And basketball?

He didn't even start playing the game until the eighth grade and then only because all of his boyhood friends took it up.

"His friends lived and died for basketball," remembers his mom. "And before that first season was over, he decided he loved the game, too. He said then he wanted to play in the NBA."

Four years later, by the end of his senior season, he had become British Columbia's top basketball player.

"Obviously, there's a great gene pool there," says Hyde-Lay. "But Steve's parents were great parents. They were so supportive. The central focus of their lives has been being with their children."

Jean, who, at Steve's request, has preserved his room just the way he left it four years ago when he came to Santa Clara, flew down for almost every home game this year. In previous years, she made it to about three games a year plus tournaments.

Naturally, Nash's exploits have earned him uncommon attention, including at least one missive from an "interested party" (read: female suitor) in Oregon who had watched him play on the road.

And when some of his teammates drove up to British Columbia last year to visit Nash and his family, they were stopped at the border by a guard who asked them whom they were going to see. When they told him, the guard instantly perked up.

"He knew who Steve was, and that was 100 miles from his house," remembers Dunne.

Asked what he would do if he did not have basketball, Nash says he would likely work in some capacity with youth sports. He has had some experience with summer camps at SCU, and his star-struck charges fell hard for his 1,000-watt grin and down-to-earth manner.

"It was kind of like the Pied Piper," says Assistant Coach Seandel.

In addition, ESPN commentators covering the Maui Invitational suggested Nash would do well in broadcasting, too. But it doesn't appear that Nash will have to consider career alternatives just yet.

Depending on whom you talk to, Nash could go anywhere in the mid to late first round of the NBA draft.

The league's director of scouting, Marty Blake, has been quoted as saying Nash is obviously "a born leader" and a natural point guard.

Sportswriters have compared him favorably to a slew of current NBA players, including Bobby Hurley, Mark Price, and John Hornacek. Ray Ratto of the San Francisco Examiner described Nash as "fast, strong, utterly fearless, and yet smart."

High-school Coach Hyde-Lay has received several phone calls from NBA teams interested in Nash. Among the teams he suspects Nash could end up on: the New Jersey Nets, the Los Angeles Clippers, the
Portland Trailblazers, and the Vancouver Grizzlies.

For his part, Nash does not allow himself to get carried away by lavish praise or lofty comparisons with future Hall of Famers. Nor does he spend an inordinate amount of time thinking about which team he’d like to play for.

“Being compared to a player like John Stockton is very heady,” says Nash. “But it’s sort of unfair. He’s the all-time assist leader, and I’m just getting started, hoping to get an opportunity to prove myself.”

As for which team, “that’s really just a guess. All I can do is work as hard as I can, and just get a chance to show what I can do.”

After Nash had a disappointing finale in the game against Kansas in this year’s NCAA tournament—he made just one of 11 shots—some observers wondered whether his stock would slide. But they didn’t have to ponder that too long.

Seizing the moment just days later, Nash went on to put on a clinic at the Final Four in New York, capturing the shooting competition in the eighth annual College Slam Dunk and Three-Point Shooting Championship.

“It was vintage Steve,” says St. Mary’s Coach Kent. “He had that grin on his face, and he steps up to the rack with supreme confidence and drops in four balls out of five on each rack. He lives for those moments, and that’s what you need to perform at the next level.”

Nash, on whether his performance was “vintage Steve”: “I don’t really think of it that way. That’s just me. I love to play and have fun.

“I’ve always had a tremendous amount of support from my family and my friends and people in school,” Nash says. “Other than that, I’m just terribly competitive and driven and want to succeed.”

That drive has also forced him to push himself academically. Rather than forsaking school and jumping to the pros at the first hint of interest, he is headed toward earning his degree next month—a feat in which he and his parents take considerable pride.

“My professors are usually understanding. At times, they’re less understanding. But they’ve always been fair. And when they aren’t understanding, it just helps you to become more disciplined.”

When pressed, Nash confesses that in a perfect world he would love to play for Vancouver, only a short distance from his hometown. The feeling in Vancouver appears mutual. Reports from across the border have it that Vancouverites are giddy at the prospect of Nash on their roster, calling up Grizzlies management and sports talk shows to discuss the merits of a Nash-Grizzlies marriage.

One thing’s for sure: If Vancouver does draft him, Nash will own the town. In fact, they might as well rename it now.

Nashville, British Columbia, has a nice ring to it.

—Jeff Brazil ’85

Jeff Brazil ’85 is a reporter for the Los Angeles Times.
**GOLDEN CIRCLE STRIKES GOLD**

The 30th annual Golden Circle Theatre Party, featuring Harry Belafonte, netted an unexpected windfall for SCU’s scholarship programs. An anonymous donor agreed to match the proceeds from the fund-raiser, which drew more than 1,900 Santa Clarans and friends of the University to the San Jose Center for the Performing Arts in February.

The donor’s check for $153,000 brought the total Golden Circle proceeds for 1996 to $306,000. He has also offered to match future years’ proceeds and is asking others to match as well, according to Virginia Pinschmidt, associate director of development for donor relations.

Although he is not an alum, the donor has attended five Golden Circle Theatre Parties and was “inspired by the evening to further the purposes of the event: raising money for scholarships,” Pinschmidt said.

“To this donor, the event is unique in bringing together all of the classes and friends of the University,” she said.

This year’s Golden Circle celebrated the success of the University’s $125 million Challenge Campaign, and Belafonte was a fitting headliner for the event. A renowned entertainer and humanitarian, Belafonte was accompanied by 15 musicians from around the world in a program featuring contemporary tunes as well as a number of his well-known songs.

To retain the festive mood of Belafonte’s performance, Escola de Samba dancers escorted Golden Circle revelers to the Performing Arts Center to the Fairmont Hotel. There, party-goers enjoyed a lavish dinner, live musical entertainment, dancing, and the televised Santa Clara vs. University of San Francisco men’s basketball game.

“This year’s Golden Circle was one of the most fabulous evenings we have ever held,” said Mary Ellen Fox, chair of the Board of Fellows. “It is always rewarding to see so many generations of Santa Clarans gather for this special occasion.”

—University Development Office

**OPENING NEW CHAPTERS**

In an effort to promote literacy and good reading habits among elementary-, middle-, and high-school students, Santa Clara athletics joined Amdahl Corp.’s Read to Succeed program this year.

The program allows teachers to set reading goals for their students and reward them with tickets to athletic events, according to Matt Hansink ’96, the Read to Succeed coordinator in corporate relations at Amdahl.

Aside from receiving tickets, students who reach their goals get certificates of recognition, and several have been introduced at half time at Bronco basketball games.

“What we do that’s different is that we give the kids tangible role models,” Hansink said. The program organizes player visits to local classrooms, where athletes encourage students to stay in school, to set goals for reading, and to meet those goals.

Marlon Garnett ’97, a guard for the SCU basketball team, spoke recently at James Lick High School in San Jose. “I told them to keep working hard.... They’ll be rewarded,” he said. “It’s a good influence to see somebody just like yourself, doing it, making it, succeeding.”

Besides Santa Clara, Stanford University, local professional teams such as the 49ers and the Sharks, and companies such as American Airlines and the San Jose Mercury News also participate in the program.

“All the groups are in it to donate what they can to encourage literacy,” Hansink said.

Especially active, said Hansink, is member of the University Board of Trustees Steve Schott ’60—principal owner of the Oakland A’s and president and CEO of Citation Homes—who serves on the Read to Succeed Committee. Other committee members include University President Paul Locatelli ’60, S.J.; Chair of the Board of Fellows Mary Ellen Fox; and Chair of the Board of Trustees Edward Panelli ’53 (J.D. ’55).

—Amy Taylor ’96
The Santa Clara

**PRIVY TO HISTORY**

May visitors to Orradre Library can glimpse turn-of-the-century life in Santa Clara—thanks to, of all things, the excavation of a privy.

The library display includes artifacts from the remains of an outhouse discovered in July 1994 by a construction crew working on an elevator shaft in the Graham Residence Hall.

“The privy,” according to Russell Skowronek, assistant professor of anthropology and SCU archaeologist, “is a time capsule, giving us a vivid picture of life in the city of Santa Clara in the late 1800s.” It once served the family mansion of Jacob Eberhard, owner of Eberhard Tanning Co., one of the oldest and best-known manufacturing enterprises in early California.

When running water and modern plumbing reached Santa Clara in the late 19th century, the Eberhards used the outhouse as a trash pit before sealing it at ground level. The items excavated from the privy/dump include drinking glasses, dinner plates, coffee mugs, arc lamps, window glass, nails, crochet hooks, medicine and ink bottles, tobacco pipes, and porcelain dolls.

Skowronek and his students recently published a paper on the excavation entitled “The Eberhard Privy: Archaeological and Historical Insights Into Santa Clara History.”

—Ron Bottini
It Changed My Life

Alumni reflect on 30 years of the Santa Clara Community Action Program.

Out of the turbulent 1960s, an organization was born on the SCU campus that sought to address some of the needs Santa Clarans saw in the world outside the University. Created in 1965 and run entirely by students, the Santa Clara Christian Action Program (later the Community Action Program) involved more than 500 volunteers within a year of its birth. The program included projects to tutor schoolchildren, work with patients at Agnews Developmental Center, teach arts and crafts, and study the economic conditions in the Alviso neighborhood of San Jose.

An editorial in the student newspaper in 1966 commented, "We have heard the endless criticism of apathy at Santa Clara. One-fifth of the student body has decided not to complain but to act."

Santa Clara students are still taking action through SCCAP. This year, 500 students are volunteering in 19 programs throughout the Santa Clara valley. Some of the projects have changed, but the impetus remains the same. According to 1995-96 Director Haydee Diaz '96, "The purpose of SCCAP is to provide students with opportunities to be involved in their community and to become educated about the social problems and issues that are important in the community."

Here, previous SCCAP directors remember their volunteer years. Typical of their comments is the assessment of Marty Graff '85: "SCCAP was a natural outgrowth of where I was at and what I was learning at SCU—commitment to service."

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF SANTA CLARA UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES
DONALD BARBIERI '68
President, CEO
Goodale and Barbieri Cos.
Spokane, Wash.

Our time at Santa Clara was an era of conflict, with peace marches and anti-war demonstrations. A lot of us had come out of cities where life was a little more sheltered, and we were thrown into the Bay Area, where there was a lot more opportunity to learn about change. The group I was associated with saw in this social upheaval that, coming out of our sheltered backgrounds, we needed to do something.

How do you effect change? You could go on peace and civil rights marches, which a lot of us did. But we felt we needed to do something more proactive. The organization that grew out of that feeling was very informal initially. We were attempting to apply the passion a lot of people felt, so we asked, What talents do we have as college students? We started with tutoring. As the organization evolved, we began to choose other focuses: unwed mothers, retreat groups.

I learned a lot. I remember the time I drove my little Triumph convertible into a low-income community and got my gas tank sugared. There was a note on the windshield suggesting I shouldn't flaunt that kind of car in that neighborhood. The young man I later learned had written the note was part of one of our discussion groups, and he became a friend. I kept track of him until he enrolled in community college. It was good to see a kid who started out with some rough edges move on and do something constructive with his life.

That time period was the most influential in my life. Today, my real estate management and development company employs 1,300 people and operates in Idaho, Montana, and Washington; we own a hotel chain, a shopping center, and office buildings. And we built 60 percent of the low-income housing in Spokane.

In SCCAP I learned that you can be a social liberal and a fiscal conservative; that it's not a contradiction. Santa Clara has given that same backbone to an awful lot of graduates who have gone on to be successful in business and involved in the community.

LARRY BOLTON '70
Chief Counsel and Chief Deputy Director
California Department of Social Services
Sacramento, Calif.

In my year, we changed the name of the program. It used to be called the Christian Action Program, but we were going into the community, dealing with people of all different religions, so I changed the name to Community Action Program.

As you know, there were a lot of changes going on at that time—sit-ins, demonstrations. Santa Clara was not in the forefront of the anti-war or free speech movements that started at more radical campuses like Berkeley, but we were clearly affected. SCCAP was a positive way to channel student energy. We had 15 programs with 500 to 600 kids active. That's indicative of the students' desire to get outside the campus and make a positive impact on the community.

Opposite Page: (Left) Ricardo Pineda '80 shoots hoops with a young friend. (Right) Working with young people has always been a focus of SCCAP.

This Page: (Left) A SCCAP volunteer brings a resident from the Agnews Developmental Center to the annual Agnews Mass. (Right) Two SCU students tutor local children, a long-standing SCCAP activity.
MICHAEL HINDERY ’76
Senior Associate Dean
Finance and Administration
Stanford University School of Medicine
Stanford, Calif.

I can’t say I see a direct connection between what I’m doing now and chairing SCCAP—except, of course, if you want to talk about experience managing a budget. That’s come to serve me well.

Outside of work, though, I continue to volunteer. I’ve been involved with Big Brothers/Big Sisters since leaving Santa Clara—that was the program I volunteered in at SCCAP from the time I was a freshman. In Philadelphia [where Hindery lived before moving back to California], I was on the board of directors.

And I stayed active as a volunteer. I was involved with one little brother for 10 years. I’m keeping up with the one I just left in Pennsylvania; we talk at least once a week, and he’s coming out to see us in June.

MIMI SHERMAN-BRAATZ ’76
Owner
Mimi Braatz & Associates Advertising Firm
San Jose, Calif.

When I was a freshman, a group of us were taking the van to Alviso for tutoring when there was a big accident. Three people broke femurs. I went through the windshield, so I have some lasting memories of SCCAP!

As director, what I tried to do with my co-director, Mike Hindery, was to create a volunteer exchange. Not only did we have our programs, but I also wanted us to be a resource so that the community could come to us with their needs and we could match them with students. We also served as a conduit for students who wanted to do something—say, work with deaf children—and we would get them to community organizations. I remember making a huge poster for the door listing community organizations students could work with.

I also remember one month we were given all the proceeds from the video games in Benson, and I was allowed to use the money to add to our tutoring library. I started stocking up on children’s books and workbooks. It was just like Christmas.

RICARDO PINEDA ’80
Chief Engineer
California Reclamation Board
Sacramento, Calif.

In my work, I look at things analytically, but I also see the human impact. I think SCCAP and Santa Clara gave me the desire to look at things humanistically, to try to respect people for who they are, to respect diverse backgrounds.

I’ve done community service work since high school. At SCCAP, one of the projects I worked on was the Alviso tutoring program. I remember taking elementary school classes from Alviso on picnics up in the Santa Cruz mountains; many kids had never been up to the mountains or gone into a forest.

One thing that impressed me about SCCAP was the role models I met. One of the main ones was Father Thomas Byrne, who dedicated his entire life to working with the residents at Agnews Developmental Center. There was a guy working in obscurity with people nobody else seemed to care about.

MARTY GRAFF ’85
Caseworker
Hanna Boys Center
Sonoma, Calif.

The most powerful experiences for me were working at Martha’s Kitchen and the Family Living Center with people whose lives were very different from my own. I had had a pretty sheltered life, and poor people didn’t have a real face to me. When I worked with homeless families and individuals, I saw they were people just like I was.

It was an education of another sort, and it cemented my commitment to supporting people in that position.
EMILY McFARLAND '87  
Coordinator, National Canvass Program  
Sierra Club  
San Francisco, Calif.

When I was director, we did a whole series of educational events to tie in reflection with the actual volunteering. We called them gatherings. They were simple Friday night soup dinners, where speakers and faculty addressed topics like the economics of homelessness in the Santa Clara valley. They gave volunteers a political understanding of what they were seeing.

Since then, I've shifted from a social service interest to an environmental one. I coordinate the national canvass program of the Sierra Club, which does conservation outreach and recruits new members in 27 cities.

But a lot of the skills I obtained through SCCAP help me in this job—working with volunteers, empowering and motivating citizens to get involved.

You can't let yourself get discouraged. There are probably more homeless families in the San Jose area today than when I left. But you have to do this kind of work because it's right and because you believe change should happen.

AKIKO (SAITO) BERKMAN '92  
Student  
Master's Program in Health Administration  
Portland State University  
Portland, Ore.

Because I worked with the Aris AIDS Project through SCCAP, the first thing I did when I moved to Portland, Ore., was to volunteer for the Cascade AIDS Project. I'm a practical support volunteer; I take clients to and from hospital appointments and provide respite care.

I got focused on health care issues when I had my own child and I realized that the basic need of health care is not being met for all children. I take my daughter with me to a lot of my appointments—people say she's the youngest volunteer. Recently she picked out some of her own toys that she wanted to give kids who needed them more than she did.

TRICIA SULLIVAN '93  
Student  
Master's Program in Student Affairs  
Colorado State University  
Ft. Collins, Colo.

I worked with the Aris AIDS Project, and I still visit and call the woman who was my client. I started out just taking her shopping or out for coffee. Then I got pretty involved with the kids, taking them to a movie or to the park. Progressively, I became more involved in their lives.

As SCCAP director, I really enjoyed working with the student program coordinators. In fact, I wanted to go on to direct a community outreach program like SCCAP—most are run by full-time professionals—but I realized I needed a master's degree.

Being in this program, I've learned how unique SCCAP really is—to get the number of people involved and commitment from students, who are, for the most part, volunteers. It's also valuable as a peer-education model, with students educating other students about social justice. This is an area where students have taken the Jesuit mission and really applied it themselves.

—DONALD BARBIERI '68
ATTICUS
FROM A NOVEL BY RON HANSEN M.A. '95

A murder mystery about a father, a son, faith, and forgiveness.

His name was Atticus Cody. He was sixty-seven years old and a cattleman without cattle, the owner of six oil rigs and four hundred forty acres of high plains and sandhills in Antelope County, Colorado. And Atticus was on One Sock in December weather that was just above zero when he looked up at a coupling on his Lufkin oil jack and caught sight of two white suns in the gray winter sky. Weeds and sage were yellow against the snow and the snow strayed over the geography as though recalling how it was to be water. And just above the nodding horsehead pump were the sun and its exact copy, like the moons of another planet. One Sock champed on his wide spade bit and high-stepped up from a deep patch of snow, but otherwise seemed unperturbed. Atticus squinted up at the suns and thought to himself, You have lived sixty-seven years and now you have seen a sundog.

At five he did what he always did at five. Atticus cracked the frail pane of ice on the horsewater tank and forked horse silage onto the fresh snow for Pepper and One Sock. He took off his yellow gloves in the tack room and shook chicken-flavored cornmeal into the house cat’s tin bowl and watched as Skeezyx softly crouched on the floor and crunched hard pellets of food. Crows were pecking at saltine crackers that he had crushed on the kitchen porch, and flits of snow were skewing under the fluttering yard light; and a yellow taxi was heading away from the front of his white two-story house.

Atticus hurried out and yelled, “Who’s there?” but heard no reply. And by the time he got to the house porch, whoever it was had disappeared. Even his shoe prints were being winnowed away. Atticus replaced the green tarpaulin that had sagged off the gas tank and engine of his old Indian motorcycle, then he looked out at the night and a high plains landscape that was being gently simplified by the snow. His windburnt face was a cinnamon red, ice was on his gray mustache like candlewax, his fair blue eyes watered with cold. Atticus picked up the frozen Denver newspaper and opened the porch door without a key.

His forty-year-old son was sitting in his flight jacket on the green wingback chair inside, his hair bleached platinum and his handsome face tanned, just up from Mexico and grinning at his father’s astonishment. Scott folded his hands behind his head and said with joy, “Merry Christmas!”

Atticus telephoned his firstborn son, but found out from Frank’s wife that he was still at a budget-committee hearing at the Colorado state legislature.

“You’ll have to face me alone then,” Scott said.

Atticus just smiled and fried pork chops and hash browns in an iron skillet while his son opened a chilled bottle of California wine. Atticus tore up some red lettuce for a salad and when he saw his son holding the fancy electric carving knife heard himself say, “Don’t play with that.” Like he was fourteen. At supper Atticus talked pleasantly about family and farming and old friends who had died, the funny things that Frank’s little Jennifer was saying these days, Frank’s fine speech about responsibility and self-discipline to the Antelope Boys’ Club, Frank’s informed letter to the editor in Oil and Gas Journal, the new sixty-horse Ajax engine that Atticus and his older son had hauled onto one rig. Eating in silence, Scott took it all in like a hired hand, like he used to in high school when he treated their family suppers as his penance. And now he hardly spoke except to say when asked that he was housesitting for friends in Quintana Roo on the Mexican Caribbean.
“Which town?”

“Resurrección. Twenty miles south of Cancun. Eighteenth-century mission town tattered up for the tourists.”

“We got a Lutheran church here by that name. Resurrection.”

His son smiled with a familiar irritation. “You do always look for the local angle.”

Atticus folded his napkin as if his next question was one of indifference to him. “Who are these friends you’re house sitting for?”

“You want their names or their occupations?”

“Want to know if your judgment’s improved since Key West.”

“That was one guy in a house of six people.”

“And he’s in prison, isn’t he.”

His son’s stare was cold as he said, “Unfortunately, these friends are halfway criminal, too.”

“Criminal how?”

“Can’t say,” Scott said, but he was smiling like he did in the old days when he told his father that his friends were Communists or heroin addicts or fresh out of reform school.

Atticus let it pass. “Are you going to stay in Mexico?”

“Even after I’ve worn out my welcome.”

“Well, that’d be nice for us, just to know. You’ve moved fourteen times since you got outta college.”

Scott said nothing, but only hunkered low over his dinner plate, tipping his fingerprinted wine glass by the stem.


“You left out the loony bin.”

Atticus took up his knife and fiercely trimmed the fat from his pork chop. Hirsch Clinic. Signs for the simplest things:

TODAY IS SUNDAY. SIT WHILE EATING. YOU ARE IN NEW YORK CITY. Hearing Scott tell his psychiatrist about his tries at suicide. Watching him teach fingerpainting. Hearing him inform his mother that the 503 on his hallway door was not an odd number, just an uneven one.

“Even today,” Atticus said. “We’re half sick because we haven’t heard from you, and you surprise us from outta the blue when it was just as likely your older brother and I would have plans. You could of got a ride from Frank instead of hiring that taxi all that way. Was that a hundred dollars, or more?”

Scott held an affected white smile as he said, “I have this inheritance, you see. I have this fantastic trust fund that my father set up so he wouldn’t go crazy with worry.”

“I’d just like to see you get settled some place.”

“Well, I am.”

“Well, good.” Atticus pushed his dinner plate forward half a foot and carefully aligned his knife and fork across it. He had a flashback of Scott as a child in his high chair, chomping a cookie with great seriousness while he gazed out at the nothingness behind the kitchen window. You wonder what he’s thinking, he’d said. “Writing poetry these days?”

“Nah. That was their idea.”

Their. Them. Confined twice now for three months each time. Atticus thought of Scotty at eight, talking to himself about the picture he was sketching with crayons on a torn grocery sack. And at fourteen with his paints, Serena behind him and gently smiling, a hand as soft as sunshine in his hair.

“Well then,” he asked. “Are you painting?”

“Yes.”

“Sell anything?”

“I just am, Dad. You’ve got one son who’s a huge success that any father’d be proud of, and you’ve got one son who’s a slacker and using up your hard-earned cash on just getting by from week to week. Hell, I’m forty years old. You oughta be used to me being a failure by now.”

Were Atticus to talk honestly, he thought, he’d say he was alone all the time and this was his son whom he loved and ached for, and heaven was where he was, and Atticus hated himself, as he always did, for insisting and teaching and holding up standards and seeming to want Scott to be him, when all he wanted was for Scott to be happy and to know he was loved and loved and loved. “Shall I change the subject?” he asked.

“Work it to death if you want.”

Skeezeix was on the floor heating vent, his green-yellow eyes only slits, his white cat paws tucked primly underneath his chest, surrendering himself to pleasure. Atticus asked, “Would you like some coffee?”

“You have whiskey?”

Atticus sighed but got up.

T
then Atticus sat in his green wing-back chair with a biography of Eisenhower, and Scott drank whiskey from a water glass and lay against a sofa pillow with a paperback version of the Popol Vuh open atop his gray Stanford T-shirt, his blue eyes nailed to the page with just that look of thrill and passion that he always got as a child. Even though he was forty years old, his hard body seemed much younger than that, but his bleached hair was hinting darker roots and his skin was weathered as brown as sorghum from a half year in the Caribbean sun. Atticus was trying to find features of himself in the high ridge of his cheekbones, his tightly shut mouth, his squat and quiet and carpenter’s hands, when Scott caught his fatherly gaze with a sidelong glance and Atticus said, “Well, you appear pretty healthy.”

“Wild living hasn’t caught up with me yet.”

“Are you still getting those headaches?”

“My head’s all right.”

Atticus thought for a while and then offered, “I like this house a lot better with you in it.”

“Uh huh.”

Atticus opened up his book again. Eisenhower was first assigned to San Antonio, Texas, after West Point and in 1916 married Mamie Doud, whose father owned a meat packing company in Denver. Atticus looked up. “I forgot to say. You see the sundog when you were flying in?”

Scott dully considered him. “I have no idea what you’re talking about.”

“You have just the right circumstances and a great big spot’ll show up on the halo around the sun so it looks like you got two suns up there. Called a parhelion, if I got it right.”

“Huh.” Still flat on his back, Scott tilted whiskey into his mouth and put the glass on the floor.

“Well, it was a topic of conversation.”

“You do try. I have to hand it to ya.”

“Are we going to go on like this?”

“Like what?”

“Me being your prying old man and you being my ornery juvenile delinquent.”

Scott held his hands behind his head and just stared at his father for a full minute. And then he said, “It’s the flight. Culture shock. And frankly, there are those who’d say my hostilities have been held in
check pretty well.

"But I have the benefit of knowing how you were brought up."

Scott faced him like furniture. "What, then?"

Atticus looked away to Serena's piano and all the framed pictures on it. "Well, I'd be real interested to hear how you spend your days."

"Nah, it's boring."

"Even so, I'd kinda like to hear."

"Wake up at ten or so, have coffee, walk to town for whatever mail there is and the English-language newspaper. Skin-dive or lift weights or jog on the beach. And then drinks and dinner out."

"You didn't have to mention the drinking."

"Ever think about getting a vice, Dad? You might find more tolerance for regular human beings."

"I got vices."

"Oh, right. You're addicted to order and cleanliness."

Atticus sought out a change of subject. "So who are your friends in Mexico?"

"Drunkards and expatriates. Writers, artists, some ex-movie people, cancer patients hunting miracle cures. Half the Americans in Resurrección are just middle-class retirees who can finally afford servants."

"You head down there for no particular reason?"

"No. I gave it some thought."

And there was a pause until Atticus asked, "Are you getting back together with Renata?"

"I hope so."

"She's there then?"

"Good guess."

Atticus smiled. "Well, I always liked her."

"Me too."

At six the next morning, Atticus got out the twelve gauge shotgun for himself and his old sixteen gauge for Scott, and he was sitting at the kitchen table, jotting out his Christmas shopping list, when his son jounced downstairs in his gray T-shirt and blue jeans, his eyes bloodshot from the whiskey and his hair in hurricane.

"Sleep okay?"

"An hour or two." Scott got a quart of orange juice from the refrigerator and sloshed it before drinking right from the carton. He spied the shotgunsangled against the ironing board closet and regarded Atticus as he might a horribly outdated phrase of slang. "Hunting?"

"Don't have to," Atticus said. "Just thought you might've missed it."

"Hot-diggity."

"You still wear my size in everything?"

"Haven't changed much."

"Because I got some nice things hanging in the closet."

"And there must be people around here who'll be glad to have them."

Atticus held his stare.

Scott put Wonderbread in the toaster. "I'm trying to get back to essentials, Dad. I'm trying to subtract things from my life."

And then they sloshed through snow and hidden leaves in Frank's orchard and crashed through the high brittle cornstalks of the forty acres along the creek and quail blustered up from underfoot and pheasants sailed beautifully away. And Scott never even brought up his gun.

"Pretty out here," he said.

Atticus was at his underground workbench, using a screwdriver to tighten the shoe polisher on an old electric motor. Scott just stood there by the floor heater, acting as bored as a teenager, his breath fluttering grayly in the cold. Atticus seriously inquired, "Have I ever told you the difference between a bank and a beehive?"

His son smiled uncertainly and said no.

Atticus was trying the play on the shoe-polisher belt. "Well, a bank pays notes and a piano plays notes."

Scott just kept squinting at him in an askance way and then asked, "What about the beehive?"

Atticus merrily jabbed his son with the screwdriver and joked, "Why, that's where you get stung!"

On December twenty-third, Atticus skidded the great yellow barn door aside and One Sock and Pepper pranced inside to their wooden box-stalls, their horses copping on the floor planks. A hairy steam rose up from the floor heater, acting as bored as a teenager, his breath fluttering grayly in the cold. Atticus seriously inquired, "Have I ever told you the difference between a bank and a beehive?"

His son smiled uncertainly and said no.

Atticus was trying the play on the shoe-polisher belt. "Well, a bank pays notes and a piano plays notes."

Scott just kept squinting at him in an askance way and then asked, "What about the beehive?"

Atticus merrily jabbed his son with the screwdriver and joked, "Why, that's where you get stung!"
There was talk in the air when Atticus woke up for Mass on Christmas day; and Indian speech that was like the hissing, popping noise of flames creeping across damp wood. And then there was silence. Atticus got into his hay. And put some pebbles in with the oats or she'll feed too fast and she'll scour. Atticus watched his son step inside the stall and patiently hold the oat bucket up to Pepper just as he would years ago, as though the pinto couldn't swallow uphill. Atticus said, "Hay first; but that's okay."

"She's very hungry," Scott said. "She's just flirting with ya. She probably wants sympathy. Wants to poison you against One Sock." Atticus squatted with a horse blanket in order to dry the snow from One Sock's flanks and quarters, and he heard Scott soothingly talking to Pepper in Mayan, words like ichpuchla and paltli and yol. Atticus stayed as he was for a while, trying not to listen, his blue eyes on the straw, and then he stood up and trued the green horse blanket over One Sock's withers and croup. His son's eyes were shut and he was pressing his nose into the pinto's long jaw when Atticus asked, "You okay?"

Scott's glance caught sight of his father's misgivings and he grinned. "Hell, I'm crazy as a loon."

Atticus hooked the currycomb on a nail and slowly walked out of One Sock's stall to the oat sack. "Are you taking your medication?"

"You mean right now?"

"Ever."

Scott sagged against a railing, blowing heat into his fingers. "The trouble is, lithium makes me so dopey I have to put my face to know where my mouth is. And there are side effects, too. Hand tremors, blackouts, fatigue."

Atticus scooped oats into another tin bucket. "My prescription's just right, Dad. I have pills that make me harmless and stupid, pretty much the kind of guy who sits on a bench and feeds croutons to the pigeons. I'd rather walk in a southerly wind and not know a hawk from a handsaw."

Atticus carried the tin bucket to One Sock and held it for him until all the feed was gone.

ABOUT RON HANSEN M.A. '95

Orphaned at age 8, Ron Hansen's grandfather took a train out West and spent his youth farming for a family that treated him like an indentured servant. At 20, he sued for back wages and won. "But he gave them the money back," says Hansen M.A. '95, SCU's first Gerard Manley Hopkins, S.J., Professor in Arts and Humanities. "He just wanted to show them what was right." Through the title character in "Atticus," his most recent novel, Hansen brings to life the kind of righteousness his grandfather exemplified.

Atticus Cody is a 67-year-old rancher who, like Hansen's grandfather, made his fortune through virtuous work. But rather than being a story of the American dream, the novel, in many ways, is a retelling of the Prodigal Son parable: a tale of a son who has hopelessly lost his way and a father whose transcendent love points him toward home.

Such rich religious imagery is nothing new in Hansen's writings. His previous novel, the acclaimed "Mariette in Ectasy," is about a young postulant whose religious passions frighten the other nuns in her convent.

So central is spirituality to Hansen's life that he grew up wanting to be a Jesuit. But ultimately, "I didn't feel that becoming a Jesuit was God's will for me," he says. Instead, after attending Creighton University in Omaha, Neb., where he was born, Hansen studied at the University of Iowa Writer's Workshop and in 1977 was awarded a Wallace Stegner Writing Fellowship at Stanford.

Still, Hansen's spiritual life remained paramount.

He completed "Mariette in Ectasy" while pursuing a master's in spirituality from SCU's Graduate Program in Pastoral Ministries. Hansen, 48, says the program contributed to the work: "It gave me a vocabulary and a forum to talk about spirituality."

"Mariette" won the prestigious $120,000 Lyndhurst Prize in 1993, allowing Hansen to take a leave from his post as associate professor at U.C.-Santa Cruz. But despite his taste of fame and fortune, Hansen has maintained his equilibrium.

"I didn't think I'd ever make a living as a writer," Hansen admits. "Luckily, I had the example of John Irving," under whom Hansen studied at the Writer's Workshop and whom he knew before Irving's literary success. "[Irving has] led a life as fully disciplined as before. His success hasn't made him excessive," Hansen says.

The ability to remain true to a moral focus is a characteristic Hansen says he admires most about Jesuit founder Ignatius of Loyola, whose life Hansen recounts in an essay appearing in "A Tremor of Bliss," a 1994 collection about the lives of the saints. "I admire St. Ignatius' willingness to give up his earlier ambitions to focus on what he saw was important," explains Hansen, who says the example can give us "a way of looking at our own lives and saying, 'How can I be an instrument of God?'"

It seems fitting, then, that Hansen decided to make his leave from Santa Cruz permanent when he was offered the Hopkins Professorship at SCU. "I chose SCU because of the faculty and the faith focus," says Hansen. "Also, I liked what I heard from students when I came to talk about 'Mariette in Ectasy.'"

In addition to "Atticus" and "Mariette," now a motion picture for which he wrote the screenplay, Hansen is the author of "Nebraska," a collection of short stories (1989); two other novels, "Desperadoes" (1979) and "The Assassination of Jesse James by the Coward Robert Ford" (1983); several screenplays; a play; a children's book; and many essays and short stories. He has also held visiting positions at numerous universities, including Stanford, Middlebury College, and Cornell.

The Gerard Manley Hopkins, S.J., Chair was created to bring faculty to SCU who have produced exemplary work in the arts or humanities. Hansen will assume the professorship fall quarter in the English Department, where he will teach creative writing. The chair is funded by a $1.5 million anonymous gift from a donor with an interest in the subject matter and is named in honor of the distinguished 19th-century British Jesuit poet, whom Hansen quotes lavishly in his latest work.

—Elise Banducci '87
Atticus walked around to the driver's side and opened the door. The iron completed at his pull but Scott did not look up, he stayed as he was, in his father's red plaid hunting coat, just sitting there, one wrist atop the big steering wheel, his right hand gingerly touching the windshield glass where it was crushed and spider-webbed on the passenger's side. A milky light was filtering through the half-inch screen of snow. Atticus asked, "You okay?"

Scott pressed his cold-reddened fingertips into a crack and said, "Wondered if her hair was still there. Crows must be nesting with it."

Atticus could only say, "I should of got rid of this car years ago."

Scott dropped his hands and forearms into his lap. "A great thing about Spanish is that there's so little responsibility in it. You don't have to take the blame. You don't say 'I cracked the plate.' You say 'The plate cracked itself.'" Scott paused and just stared at the grayly misted speedometer as if there were ugly pictures there.

And Atticus said, "You don't say you killed your mother. You say your mother was killed."

Atticus nipped off a green cigar's end and spit it into the wastepaper basket as Scott stooped toward the gas flame of the stovetop to get his own cigar going. Then Scott got his bottle of Armagnac and they walked out into Christmas night.

The moon was high and the night was sugared with stars. An Antelope County road plow had again scraped the mail routes to a shine, and zero cold made the snow underfoot as hard as linoleum. Scott tipped up the Armagnac and Atticus waited and stopped himself from giving his known opinions about it. Soon Scott was walking again and saying, "She once strolled into the dining hall at Hirsch in nothing but a bedsheet."

"You're talking about Renata?"

"Right. Attendants tried to herd her out but Renata did this fantastic pirouette, the sheet swooshing off her, all the guys howling, and she's standing there in the altogether with the orderlies rushing to haul her out when she flings her hands high and says, 'But people like me this way!'"

"She fine now?"

"Oh yeah; better than me. She tried acting in New York for a while — that's as crazy as she's been."

"Huh," Atticus said.

"She's got a room in this pink villa owned by a Brit."

"In Mexico."

"Yep. The friend is Stuart Chandler. Runs the English-language bookstore, grows orchids, holds forth on sundry topics. He's the American consul there."

They walked fifty yards without further comment and then Scott teetered as he taint ed the road with gray ash. "Enjoying your cigar, Dad?"

Atticus turned and talked through his teeth. "Isn't lit."

"Like mine a little hotter than that."

"It's nearly tolerable this way."

Wheeling snow twisted by in a sudden gust and then flattened on a highway that shone in the moonlight like wax. Atticus heard Scott finish a sentence with, "Went native for a while and got into shamanism."

"Renata did?"

"Me." His son looked at his cigar and then huddled over it as he lit it again. "You have your own religion."

"Shamanism isn't instead of; it's in addition to."

"Why's everything you do have to be so different? Wouldn't it be easier to just do things like they have been done and not fuss so much inventing?"

"I have been a trial to you, haven't I?"

"Well, that's just being a father, mostly." Scott shifted his green cigar in his mouth and withdrew inside Atticus's black cashmere overcoat. After a while he said, "The air bites shrewdly."

"Are you quoting?"

"Hamlet."

Atticus tugged off a kid leather glove and offered his left hand to the north wind. "About five degrees."

Scott tilted the Armagnac bottle again and tottered up against a high snowbank as he drank. He then capped the bottle top with his thumb, put his cigar back in his mouth, and sat heavily in the snow so that his hips were deeper than his knees. He was surprised to be there for a second and then simpered like a dunce.
“You’re just a tiny bit borracho, son.”
“And you’re being real agreeable about it. Expected you to be more frac­ti­cious.”
Atticus got the whiskey bottle from him and Scott gave his blue eyes to the night sky, the cigar centered between his teeth.

“See up there? Ursa major?”
“You mean the big dipper.”

“Exactly. The Mayans call that Seven Macaws.”

“Hmm.”

“Also, there’s a story about the Pleiades being Four Hundred Boys who got too drunk on chicha and were sent up there when they died. Mayans call their corn whiskey ‘sweet poison.’”

“You’re darn tootin’. We oughta copyright it, put a little circle around the R.”

Scott offered his left arm and his father attached his own to it, lifting his son up from the snow. And then Atticus was walking the quarter mile back to the house and Scott Cody was just behind him saying, “Heart of sky, heart of earth, one true god, green road.”

On a Wednesday in February, Atticus listened to the public radio station for company as he cooked up an onion stew and poured it over rye bread, slowly eating it in the dining room with the Denver Post propped up on his milk glass. Marilyn would be stop­ping by at noon with her own philosophies of good housekeeping, so Atticus only rinsed off the pan, the plate, the milk glass and spoon, then completed some govern­ment accounting forms at his roll­cop desk and went upstairs at nine. Howling winds rattled the windowpanes and piped like a hot teapot at every wooden gap in the house. His upstairs radio was tuned to opera, La Bohème, and his wife was still not there. He slanted into heaped pillows in his pajamas in order to read petroleum reports and then woke up with the side lamp on and loose pages sloppily pitched to the floor. He couldn’t get back to sleep, so he put on his Black Watch tartan robe and slippers and walked through all the upstairs rooms, stopping especially in Scott’s. His paintbrushes were in a red coffee can just as they’d been for over twenty years and his childhood sketches and watercolors overlapped on the walls, but Atticus could no longer smell the linseed oil and turpentine and paints that used to mean his son to him, he could only smell whiskey and tobacco and the harsh incense of his shaman rites.

Atticus turned up the kitchen radio so he could hear people give their hasty opinions on a nighttime phone-in show while he peeled a Washington apple at the stove window and looked out toward the machine shed. Horizontal snow was flying through the halo of the green yard light and carrots of ice were hanging from the roof’s iron gutters. Atticus ate apple slices off the sharp blade of his paring knife. Without knowing why, he looked to the pantry, and just then a milk pitcher slipped off its hook and crashed onto the pantry floor.

Another hour after sunup Atticus carried a tin pail of hot water out to One Sock and Pepper, scooped oats into a pan, and then crouched quietly in a stall corner, looking up at the horses’ slow chewing. A sparrow flew in an upper window and got lost in the night of the barn, slashing among the high rafters and pigeon roosts and loudly rapping into a penthouse window before swooping low enough to veer out through the great door and rise up.

Atticus petted One Sock along the withers and went outside to his snow-topped Ford pickup for his daily trip to the Antelope truck stop. And then he got the feeling that the house telephone was ringing. He argued with himself about whether he ought to go to it or not. The truck’s ignition ground like a auger in iron and the engine caught and spun, and Vit a. As organized, as an engineer. His son had printed, a fine draftsman’s machine shed. Horizontal snow was flying his red gloves. He went out and switched off the truck’s ignition, and then he tele­phoned Frank in his Antelope office, giving him the news.

Upstairs in Scott’s room was a green wall shingled with high school and college paintings, all created in those happy times when every­thing that Scotry touched seemed to turn into a picture. Atticus stared at the portrait of himself as he was twenty years ago, forty-seven and finding wealth in oil, his hair and great mustache a chestnut brown, his blue eyes checkered by the stoop’s windowpanes, the April sunlight like buttermilk, just back from Mass in his blood-red tie and a hard-as-cardboard shirt that was so blazingly white it glowed. His son had titled the picture “Confidence.”

Atticus sat at his son’s oak desk and pulled out a lower right-hand drawer jammed with manila folders upon which Scott had printed, in a fine draftsman’s style, Art Schools, Banking, Credit Cards, Fellowships and Grants, Medical, Taxes, and Vita. As organized as an engineer. Atticus lifted out the Vita file and slumped back in a tilting chair to page through it. Eight years of report cards from Saint Mary’s Grade School were on top, then white First Honors cards and typed grade slips from Regis High School in Denver, followed by his senior transcript from the office of the registrar at Stanford University. The Royal College of Art in England had sent correspondence to accept him, then provided the financial terms of
his stay, and then forwarded a letter in which one of his British teachers appraised Scott’s failing studio work over the year: “Skillful, safe, formulaic,” he’d written, and “You lack nothing in terms of technique, but is it art or illustration?” Scott had four photocopies of an old curriculum vitae that he used to send out in hopes of employment as an art instructor, that provided a home address in care of Atticus Cody in order to avoid mention of the New York hospital he was staying in. Under “teaching experience,” Scott had recorded giving art therapy at Hirsch Clinic and then still-life painting sessions at the Self-Help Center. His age was then thirty-three, and his health, he’d said, was fine. And to that information, he’d added in pen on all four copies: “I dress myself, do not act out, and am never tardy. I believe we all should help one another find our controllers. We all have functions in the machine.”

Alongside his Vita file was a sheaf of his poems from one of his times at the clinic. The first one went:

Here it’s fall.  
I feel no pain.  
I hate you all.  
I’ll kill again.

Atticus heard the kitchen door open and he put the files away. And he was dabbing a handkerchief to his eyes when he heard Marilyn in the hallway.

“Dad?” she called.

“Good morning!”

Frank’s wife hit the light switch as she walked inside the room in her navy blue parka and ski pants and gray overboots, his infant grandson against her right shoulder, a blue blanket capping Adam’s head. Marilyn’s aviator glasses grayed with the temperature change. She said, “Frank’s talking to the American Embassy in Mexico City. We'll have trouble getting his body back right away.”

Atticus got his grandson from her and grinned down as he gentled and cradled the boy. Adam struggled to look at the overhead light, at the ceiling, and then gazed for a long time at his grandfather’s big gray mustache.

Marilyn lifted her aviator glasses and pressed a balled-up tissue to her eyes and nose and then pushed the tissue inside her parka sleeve. Her lipstick was slightly awry. She looked at Scott’s desk. “Are you hunting for something?”

“Explanations.”

She smiled uncertainly and said, “I have that new priest from Saint Mary’s here.”

“Good.”

“First the Denver Post looked us up. And then The Rocky Mountain News. Him being the brother to a state senator. Woman in Mexico called them, I guess. Seems to me that's the family's job.”

“Well, she probably figured she knew firsthand how it happened.”

“I knew his birthday and high school and college, but that was just about it. You know so much about your family, and all the obituaries seem to want is dates.”

Adam reached up and patted Atticus on a windburnt cheek that was scattered with lines. Atticus kissed the boy’s tiny hand and said, “Expect Frank’s taking it pretty hard.”

“Well, it was the shotgun he gave him at Christmas. We always thought, though.... You know, that he’d put all that behind him.”

Marilyn collected her son again as Atticus got up from the chair. He said, “How would you like some coffee?”

The priest was sitting coatless at the kitchen table, fresh out of the seminary and maybe forty pounds overweight, and Atticus couldn’t remember his name. Marilyn put through a telephone call to her husband and was handed over to his secretary, her cousin Cassie, while Frank finished his talk with a friend in the State Department. Marilyn dipped the mouthpiece. “You’ll have to go through the American consul in Resurrección. She’s getting me the number.”

“I have it,” Atticus said. “Look on that pad there.”

Marilyn gazed at Renata Isaacs’s home telephone number and then at Atticus as Frank’s secretary gave her the American consul’s number. “We have it, Cassie. Thanks.”

Cassie handed her back to Frank and there was talk about a funeral home. Atticus crossed his arms by the coffee pot, watching the light brown explosions in the glass thimble on top. The percolating coffee was becoming important to him. Marilyn was put on hold again. She looked at Atticus and said, “You ought to go down, Dad.”

“I expect.”

The priest asked, “You know Spanish?”

“Word or two,” Atticus said. “Mexican workers used to head up to Antelope after the cantaloupe harvest in Rocky Ford, and I’d usually have a job or two they could help me with. About all I remember now is hammer is el martillo but a sledgehammer is el macho.”

“I could give you my Spanish phrase book if it’s any help.”

“I have one. Anyway, it’ll probably come back to me.”

The priest stared at him and then his face seemed to freshen. “Wasn’t Atticus the name of the father in To Kill a Mockingbird?”

“Oh? I hadn’t heard that.”

“Dad!” Marilyn said, and then turned to the priest. “Of course he’s heard that. He’s just putting you on.”

“You know the boy in that book? The girl’s only friend? That was Truman Capote.”

“You don’t say,” Marilyn said. “Wasn’t he charming?”

“Capote? Yes, he was.”

Atticus stared intently at them both. The priest rolled up the left sleeve of his red plaid shirt. “You haven’t asked, but the Church presumes some profound mental upset in the case of a suicide. Especially when it’s committed in this manner. Your son wouldn’t be held responsible for his actions. And there’s the problem of our prejudice, too. We can’t put limits on God’s forgiveness.”

Atticus got out a straw broom and swept up the milk pitcher that was in pieces and chips on the pantry floor. “How’d that happen?” Marilyn asked, but before Atticus could answer she was on the telephone again. She jotted further information on the notepad and hung up when she heard her husband’s call-waiting tone.

The priest said, “I say that because you probably grew up in an age when a person who killed himself was denied Christian burial on the grounds that he was showing contempt for God’s law.”

“I see.”

Atticus tapped cream into Serena’s pink Dresden cups before pouring the coffee, and Marilyn sat across from the priest with Adam on her lap. She sipped a little coffee and rocked her boy and smelled the baby
looking out for my horses. And, you know, keeping a,n. ye peeled. Expect Butch'll stay Ca n c,uo w ere booked. And then the tele­

she arranged a night flight from Denver to Dallas to Mexico City, and a further connection to Mérida, but he'd have to get a bus to go farther east. The flights to Cancún were booked. And then the telephone rang again and she said, "Merle says he'll keep the horses at his place and drive you over to Denver."

"Don't want to put him..."

She handed him the phone.

"Merle? Don't want to put you out about the airport, but I would appreciate your looking out for my horses. And, you know, keeping an eye peeled. Expect Butch'll stay on top of the oil patch so you don't—"

Merle interrupted him in order to praise Scott and say how surprised and torn-up he was to learn he'd passed away. And then he told Atticus a funny story about Scott operating a Case harvester one fall when he wasn't but twelve and pheasants kept flying up into the cab.

Atticus pictured it and smiled and then accepted Merle's sympathy and words of condolence and hung up the telephone. Marilyn was concentrating on her coffee and a brown scatter of the baby's animal crackers. She bumped Adam on her knee in order to keep him happy and, when Atticus moved from the telephone, looked up. "I had a good dream about Scott the other night. He was about six years old and riding Connition, getting her to go right and left by yanking on her mane."

And then it was five, and Atticus walked out of the house in his gray Stetson cowboy hat and one of his navy blue suits, hefting just an overnight bag. Marilyn had covered the mouthpiece. "I guess I ought to," he said. "You fly first-class, don't you?"

"Usually."

She was sitting down, her hair tied back, one foot on the floor, and the other on the seat in front. "You fly first-class, don't you?"

Atticus said, "She told me he went out to his studio to paint about one or so last night. And he seemed okay to her, a little frazzled and drifting, but not so she'd pay any extra attention. You know how Scott could be." Atticus stopped. His lips trembled and pulled down at the corners, and he held his mouth with his hand as he squinched his blue eyes closed.

"You've go ahead, Dad," Marilyn said. "You've got every right."

Atticus wiped his eyes with a navy blue handkerchief. "Embarrassing myself here."

"Don't think about me," the priest said.

Atticus sipped his coffee, putting the cup on the saucer with care. "This morning," he said, "Renata took his Volkswagen out to the house he worked in, I guess to find out if he was okay. She yelled in to him and Scott didn't yell back, so she just naturally went inside. You know, to see how things were. Scott—"

Atticus couldn't go on for a second and then the telephone rang and Marilyn gave it a second thought before getting up to answer it. Atticus got up from his spindle chair and limped over to the stoop window. More good people were expressing their sympathy. Marilyn said she knew Atticus appreciated their caring and their prayers. Atticus spied the outside temperature gauge: just twenty. Hotter in Mexico by fifty degrees or more. As soon as she hung up there was a telephone call from Cassie, and Marilyn asked, "Could you go down tonight, Dad?"

Atticus turned. Marilyn had covered the mouthpiece. "I guess I ought to," he said. "You fly first-class, don't you?"

"Usually.

Atticus pictured it and smiled and then accepted Merle's sympathy and words of condolence and hung up the telephone. Marilyn was by the stoop window helping her baby to flap his hand in good-bye. The green yard light blinked and glimmered and then stayed on as Atticus gunned his truck and headed toward the highway and the pink horizon of sundown.

And it was New Year's Eve for Atticus again and Scott was slumped in the Ford pickup on the highway to the Denver airport, his hay-yellow hair skewed up against the side window, his index finger drawing out a poem's meter on his knee. He apparently sensed Atticus peering at him and repeated, "'Thou art indeed just, Lord, if I contend with thee; but, sir, what I plead is just. Why do sinners' ways prosper? And why must disappointment something something rhymes with contend.'" "Especially like those somethings the guy put in there."

"Here's the complaint. 'Wert thou my enemy, O thou my friend, how wouldst thou worse, I wonder, than thou dost defeat, thwart me?'"

Atticus smiled. "Haven't heard 'wert' and 'dost' in a while."

"'Oh, the' something 'thralls of lust do ' I'm forgetting it 'thrive more than I that spend, sir, life upon thy cause.' You've got this priest who's given up sex, money, honors, the works, and as a kind of compensation for that Hopkins hopes that God will at least help him out with spiritual consolations and poetry. Kind of a religious man's quid pro quo. And it doesn't pan out. All he feels is desert."

Atticus thought his son would be saying more, but when he looked to his right, Scott was just staring at the high plains outside. And it was like the days of the green GMC truck and the six o'clock rides south-east into town, Frank in a high school letterman's jacket and trying for a half-hour of sleep, and Scott just ten years old but yakking away like a grown-up, his lunchbox tightly held to his chest. The studded tires would make the sound of a zipper at that speed, the heater fan would putter against a crisp maple leaf that flipped wildly around inside the wire cage, and the woodwows in the pink light of sunup were like words he could just make out.

That was thirty years ago and Atticus was again on his way to the Denver airport, just a few weeks after he went there with Scott, and he recalled Scott looking out at the countryside and again reciting Gerard Manley Hopkins: "Birds build — but not I build; no, but strain, time's eunuch, and not breed one work that wakes. Mine, O thou lord of life, send my roots rain.'"
LOST IN CYBER

Universities debate Internet addiction among students: Should we stop them before they start?

BY JEFF BRAZIL '85

Just after 1:30 in the morning, a Thursday. I'm cruising cyberspace. Though it's a work night and school night for most, Jayhawk, Armand141, and Lord knows how many thousands of others are roaming around the virtual world.

First stop: the Flirts Nook, one of America Online's chat rooms, a place where total strangers can cybergab about everything from presidential politics to dim sum to romance.

Speaking of which, Jayhawk and Armand141 are looking for some. Romance, that is. Little do they know that I've been married since Adam and am nearly old enough to be their father. Sorry, I message them politely. Not interested.

On to the Best Lil Chathouse, where Skel Bos has asked for an age and gender check from all 23 of us who happen to be in the room at the moment. On cue, the room responds in cyber shorthand: J.Faulk: 21/m; AngelsTedy: 22/m; Smlgood: 21/f; Frances: 20/f; Sandra: 21/f; Scrabby: No age/f.

Holding back on us, huh, Scrabby? We'll see about that.

At the punch of a button, a profile that Scrabby has filed with America Online pops up on my screen. Her real name's Simone. She likes skydiving, kick boxing, and bungee jumping. She lives in New York City, where it's nearly 5 in the morning.

Which is interesting because, in about three hours, classes begin. That might prove tough on Scrabby because, like most of the people in the room at this unseemly hour, Scrabby...is a college student.
One official at Marist College refers to them as “Internet vampires” because many of them come to life—at least, virtual life—late each night and remain at their computers till dawn. Regardless of the time of day, they represent a small, but apparently growing, number of people, many of them college students. Not necessarily computer dweebs, they simply find it easy to log on to their computers and difficult to log off, even when homework, work, or meals beckon.

“It’s kind of an addicting type of thing,” explains SCU freshman Ryan Daugherty, who says he gets online before bedtime and often stays longer than he intended. For him and many others who surf the Net, 10 minutes melts into an hour quicker than you can say Pentium 90.

The attraction: They can say things they would never get away with face to face. They can adopt alter egos. They can play fantasy games with strangers until all hours of the night. And they can chat with like-minded people about subjects ranging from aliens to Legos to devilbunnies (more about them later).

Some experts liken the how-much-Internet-is-too-much-Internet debate to the controversy over whether you can watch too much television or listen to too much rock-and-roll. Or even play too much golf, according to psychiatrist Mark Levy, president of the San Francisco Foundation for Psychoanalysis.

“It’s something we should be aware of, but I don’t think it’s something that’s a danger,” Levy says. “The Internet is an exploding phenomenon in our culture. You think of the effects the railroad had in our society. This is bigger.”

“I have found myself not going to sleep at 10:30 or 11 o’clock, but it’s 1 o’clock and I’m cruising the [World Wide] Web.”

Some, on the other hand, wonder whether excessive time in cyberspace, where people can anonymously say and do what they want, encourages anti-social behavior (as if we needed any more of that). They also worry that Net surfing makes people—be they students or others—neglect important aspects of their lives.

Like midterms.

Or paying the rent.

Or spouses.

“It’s a very American thing to spend an enormous amount of time on some new technology without spending much time wondering if it’s the right thing to do,” says Frederick Parrella, SCU religious studies associate professor, co-director of the SCU Teaching and Learning Center, and a

Meet Catfish. He’s 19. A Santa Clara University sophomore, a philosophy major, and art aficionado. And a guy who can’t get enough of the Internet.

Asked if he spends too much time on the Net, Catfish, a Tacoma, Wash., native, blithely sighs, “Yes, sadly.” He says he enjoys the Internet because it’s a lot like television, except more interactive.

Conservatively, Catfish estimates he spends four hours a day at the keyboard of his IBM clone in his residence hall, McLaughlin, nosing around
the worldwide network of computers that has revolutionized information retrieval and, for some, the use of idle time.

"It keeps me in my room staring at a computer screen for a long time," allows Catfish, who has been using a computer since the fifth grade. "I spend a lot of time just sitting there messing around. My friends joke about it. They say, 'He's on the computer AGAIN.'"

An articulate type—who is quick to point out that he loves to read, too—Catfish says he spends his time online sending and responding to e-mail, visiting World Wide Web sites about passions such as Doonesbury and punk music, and downloading computer shareware.

Recently, he logged considerable hours playing MUDs, or multiuser domains. MUDs are games about simulated places where groups of users create elaborate fictional characters and carry out quests together. MUDs, Catfish says, are peopled almost entirely by college students from Santa Clara to Stockholm.

"I've played video games my whole life, but it adds a whole other aspect when it's an actual person you're playing against," Catfish says. "You can actually kill each other. I've been killed a couple of times. Myself, I chased some people around, but I never really went around trying to kill people.

"The only time I ever killed was for revenge."

During a two- to three-month period in late 1995, Catfish says he spent roughly 260 hours playing one MUD. That's the equivalent of playing for 11 days, 24 hours a day, every day (and you thought Monopoly games were a time sink). On occasion, he skipped meals to play; but other players, he says, spent the equivalent of 40 to 50 days in the MUD.

"It's kind of scary, but I was in the MUD a comparatively smaller amount of time," he says. "The MUD keeps track of how much time you're in it. Some of the guys would spend insane amounts of time in there—four, five, 10 times as much as me."

During down time—"your character in the game has to sleep to regenerate," explains Catfish—he met a number of friends, or at least cyberfriends. He knew them only by their online monikers.

There was Maul: "He was a pretty cool guy. He was from Baylor University in Texas." And Ripp: "He went to Baylor, too. He was like a heavy-metal kind of guy."

Catfish says he exchanged e-mail with Maul, Ripp, and the others, but that was the extent of their relationship. When the MUD was over, they didn't talk much anymore. "It's kind of weird," says Catfish. "We only hung out in the MUD, in cyberspace. I would consider them friends, but I don't think I'd ever meet them in real life." Or R.L., as it is known to veteran cybernauts.

Blackfire, an 18-year-old SCU freshman in the Graham complex, has met a few Net pals himself. He has plenty of time to do so, since he says he spends four hours a day, on average, on the Net. (His floormates say it's considerably more than that, by the by.) Among his virtual buddies: Striker, Chaos, and Kitty Kat.

"I know she lives in San Jose," Blackfire says of Kitty Kat. "She goes to a junior college. I know that we have similar interests insofar as role-playing games and literature go," adds Blackfire, a computer engineering major whose diverse passions include Robert Frost, Shakespeare, and "Babylon 5," a science fiction TV show.

Some of the people Blackfire and Catfish have met on the Net have given them the creeps. "Some people get pretty intense in there," says Catfish. "I know two people, a girl and a guy, who said they fell in love on the MUD. Me and this other guy talked about that. How can this happen?"

"Also, I know people who have had Net sex, where they just type what act they're doing. That's pretty scary.

"And then, I was a little nervous about the people who were spending eight hours a day on there."

One was Magic Boy. Says Catfish, "When I went in the MUD this year and asked what happened to him, they said he had dropped out of school and was going to community college now."

Though Catfish, thankfully, did not meet a similar fate, he confesses, "I pretty much neglected my studies to play. It wasn't like I was doing it 24 hours a day. But if I needed to do something, I'd be like, well, I'll just stay on a little longer."

Blackfire acknowledges that his parents would like to see him leave his keyboard more often. But he says many people like communicating on the Internet because it helps them overcome the fear of engaging strangers in person. "It can serve as an icebreaker," he says. "It helps some people to loosen up and be themselves, just like alcohol would."

Meet Catfish.

He's 19. An SCU sophomore, a philosophy major, and art aficionado....

During a two- to three-month period in late 1995, Catfish says he spent roughly 260 hours playing one online game.

Psychologist Larry A. Wolfe, director of SCU's Counseling Center, says the only problem he's seen related to Internet use is that a handful of students developed cyber romances and then were immensely disappointed: When they went to great lengths to meet their online lovers, they discovered
that the actual fell short of the virtual.

"They found that reality did not measure up to the conversation," says Wolfe. On the Internet, "you're using a limited amount of information to connect with somebody," but it's not that different from meeting someone in a bar, he continues.

Wolfe has a hard time finding much to fear in Internet use. He says his 12-year-old daughter loves the Internet because anybody will talk to her. It's an easy way for people to connect, he says. On the Internet, everyone is on equal ground. There is no ageism, sexism, or heightism—no way for people to judge you one way or the other except by the words you type.

"I'm not sure it's much different than other people who spend a lot of time doing things," Wolfe says. "There are people who spend a lot of time playing pool. It's a question of balance in one's life. If you're beginning to avoid relationships, then maybe there's a problem."

As for the Internet's effect on classroom performance, many academics wonder what all the fuss is about.

"My response to the statement that some students are spending a lot of time on the Internet is, So what?" says Manoochehr Ghiassi, associate professor and chair of the Department of Decision and Information Sciences at SCU's Leavey School of Business and Administration.

Ghiassi points out that the world has always had its share of A, B, and C students, as well as those who fail for various reasons, and it always will. He has seen no evidence that the Internet is to blame for underperformance. "I'm not convinced there is a correlation," he says.

"It's like anything else; there may be some for whom this will enhance their scientific knowledge. There will be some where it will affect their social and global knowledge. And there will be some that will sort of waste their time reading jokes and stuff. The question is, What else would they be doing? I'd much rather see them doing this than sitting in a bar or watching TV."

As for himself, Ghiassi says he spends very little time on the Net. "I am not a gadget person," he says. "I use computers as a tool. . . . The novelty wore off for me in the early '80s."

James W. Reites, S.J., SCU associate professor and Webmeister for religious studies, team taught the University's first course conducted almost entirely through the Internet. Says Reites, the Internet offers "universal access to enormous amounts of information. But it's like anything; it can be an enormous waste of time."

Case in point: While the Internet can prove invaluable for a research project on, say, abortion or the death penalty, it also features alt.debilhunions, a newsgroup or electronic bulletin board devoted to Fudds. A Fudd, as described by America Online's too-hip Newscoop Editor, "is a person who is out to protect humanity by hunting down clawed, bloodthirsty bunnies throughout the world."

Among other newsgroups that attract thousands of postings: alt.baldspot and alt.life.sucks, the latter of which, warns the Newsgroup Scoop Editor, "is for the faint of heart, the optimistic, or the otherwise shiny, happy people of the world."

Psychiatrist Levy suggests that people who spend "night after night" participating in mindless chatter are "probably avoiding issues in their lives that make them uncomfortable." But Levy doesn't see anything new in the phenomenon. "There
were kids 30 or 40 years ago who would drink every night and flunk out of school," he says.

"It's like any other escape," he continues. In fact, he jokes, his wife had to put the choice to him recently: It's her or the Net.

And yet....

His name is "David." He is 36. And when he took away his wife's modem and asked her to cut her time online so they could have more time together, she chose the Net over him.

David—not his real name—makes the admission to others in the Internet Addiction Support Group. Founded by Columbia University psychologist Ivan Goldberg, the relatively new group provides an outlet for people who believe they or someone they love is hooked on the Net. They meet—where else?—on the Net. Many are students.

Shortly after David posts his note, another man writes back: "My marriage was almost destroyed by my wife's addiction to Role Playing on MUSHes [multiuser shared hallucinations]—specifically, her falling in love with the men she RPed [role played] with. She used to spend upward of 10 hours a day there even though she knew I was hurt by it."

Yet another man, a New York psychology student, describes himself as a "recovering addict," who had to cut back his time online or "fail in school" and "lose" his marriage.

"Nobody is really taking this seriously; but the thing is, when you're engaged in any type of addiction, there're going to be some real-life consequences," says University of Pittsburgh psychologist Kimberly S. Young. Young has studied what she calls IA (Internet addiction) for the past year and a half and is preparing to give two papers on the subject at upcoming conferences. Unlike many of her peers, she likens IA to drug and alcohol addiction and focuses on the "dark side" of the Internet.

"The Internet makes people do things that they would never do or say when they were face to face, and that's very addictive. It's kind of like a high, a rush," Young says.

Her personal list of warning signs: When you skip dinner. When you ignore your friends. When you lose track of time online. When you wake up early or get up in the middle of the night to log on. When you lose interest in other hobbies. Or when you neglect work or studies.

"I talked to one guy who failed school; he went from like a 4.0 GPA to a 1.2 and was expelled," Young says. "He played MUDs, and not just one; he played five or six at a time."

According to a recent article in The Chronicle of Higher Education, a few campuses are trying to draw attention to the potential problem. "Computer addiction is leaving the nerd crowd and going out to the larger population," Columbia University's Judith Klavans told The Chronicle. The University of Maryland at College Park formed a workshop last fall called Caught in the Net, as did the University of Texas at Austin. Neither was well-attended.

So affected by her own close call with cyberaddiction was New York University junior American history major Amy Wu, she wrote a confession of sorts in the Los Angeles Times.

"The act of sending letters to all my high-school friends at the touch of a button—and joining rec.music.Dylan [for Bob Dylan fans]—transformed me into a cyberaddict," she writes.

"Nightly, I trekked to the computer lab, where I found a long line of students with fingers itching to play keyboard. My mind was set on chatting with my online boyfriend, R2D2.

"The 'Just Say No' to sex, drugs, and alcohol may soon include e-mail and surfing the information superhighway."

Her advice: "Think twice before entering the maddening, tempting, and addictive world of cyberspace. Logging on is easy, but logging off is a whole other story."

Hmmm....

It's a Tuesday. Curious to see how many computer night owls are out there midweek, I log onto America Online and ask to be whisked to the chat rooms.

With a click of a key or two, I seek the familiar confines of the Lobby. Sorry, a message comes back; the room is full. "Would you like to go to a room like it?" the screen asks.

OK, how about the Chat About the Web room.

Sorry, it, too, is full, the message says.

And so it is with Romance Connection. And Hollywood Tonight. And the Meeting Place.

I glance at my Timex quartz. It is 1:45 in the morning, 4:45 Eastern.

Jeff Brazil '85 is a reporter for the Los Angeles Times. He won the 1993 Pulitzer Prize for investigative reporting and the 1995 Worth Bingham Prize for Investigative Journalism, a national award for outstanding public affairs reporting.
Poverty was pulling me down. But I used that to my benefit. I told myself I had to get out. I didn't want to continue in that life, and I don't want anyone else experiencing that life. But if I hadn't gone through it, I would not have a clear sense of purpose. My life is meaningful because of it.

—Francisco Jiménez '66
Professor of Modern Languages
Santa Clara University

THE GRAPE

SANTA CLARA MAGAZINE

PART II

THE GRAPES OF WRATH:

TEXT BY KATHRYN BOLD '81 PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES BARRY

As a schoolboy, Francisco Jiménez '66 would gaze at a book filled with pictures of caterpillars and butterflies. He loved looking at the butterflies' colorful wings, and he wanted to learn more about those ethereal creatures. To do that, he would have to decipher the confusing code of letters printed on the pages, but Jiménez could not read or even speak English.

Years later, Jiménez recalled his childhood frustration in a short story:

"I knew information was in the words written underneath each picture in large black letters. I tried to figure them out by looking at the pictures. I did this so many times that I could close my eyes and see the words, but I could not understand what they meant."

Now a professor of modern languages at SCU, Jiménez grew up the son of illiterate farm workers who immigrated to the United States from Mexico when he was 4 years old. At 6, Jiménez began to work in the fields with his family. Throughout grade school, he struggled to learn English, his education a series of starts and stops because following the harvest meant frequent moves. Sometimes, he tried so hard to understand what his teacher was saying that he would go home with a headache. He even flunked first grade.

But once he broke their mysterious code, words helped free Jiménez from the hard life of a migrant farm worker. They opened the doors to institutions of higher learning, including SCU, where he received his bachelor's degree in Spanish, and Columbia University in New York City, where he received his master's and doctorate in the same field.

He returned to Santa Clara to teach in 1972, and a host of honors have followed. He holds the Sanfilippo University Chair in Modern Languages, was director of the Division of Arts and Humanities in the College of Arts and Sciences for nine years, and was associate vice president for academic affairs from 1990 to 1994. He was elected chair of the California Commission on Teacher Credentialing, vice chair of the California Council for the Humanities, and is a member of the Accrediting Commission for Senior Colleges and Universities.

Enconced in his office, Jiménez, 52, looks every inch the bookish professor: bespectacled, with graying hair and a quiet.
reserved manner. But Jiménez has not forgotten the route he traveled to SCU. During winter quarter, he shared some of his experiences with student actors from the Theatre Department production of John Steinbeck's "The Grapes of Wrath." He accompanied the cast on a visit to a migrant farm workers' camp and spoke after the opening-night performance about the relevance of the play to the plight of migrants today.

"I read 'The Grapes of Wrath' my sophomore year in high school. It was the first book I read that I could relate to, coming from a family of migrant workers," Jiménez says. "For the first time, I realized the power of the written word, that an artist can write creatively and make a difference in people's lives."

Like the Joad family in the Steinbeck classic, the Jiménez family came to California to escape poverty and find a better life. In a short story titled "Crossing la Frontera" (the border), told from a child's point of view, Jiménez describes his family's flight from their home in a small village north of Guadalajara across the border into the United States:

"On both sides of the fence were armed guards in green uniforms. Papá called them la migra and explained that we had to cross the fence to the other side, without being seen by these men. If we succeeded, we would enter los Estados Unidos. We continued walking along the wire wall, until Papá spotted a small hole underneath the fence. Papá got on his knees and, with his hands, made the opening larger. We all crawled through it like snakes.

A few minutes later, we were picked up by a woman whom Papá had contacted in Mexicali. She had promised to pick us up in her car and drive us, for a fee, to a place where we would find work. As we traveled north through the night, I fell asleep for a long time on Mama's lap. I woke up at dawn and heard the woman say, 'We're entering the San Joaquin Valley. Here you'll find plenty of work.' "This is the beginning of a new life," Mama said, taking a deep breath. 'A good life,' Papá answered.

As it turned out, many years would pass before anyone in the Jiménez family experienced that good life. Jiménez's father, Francisco, his mother, Joaquina, and his older brother, Roberto, found work picking crops in the fields. So began the cycle of
LIKE THE JOAD FAMILY IN THE STEINBECK CLASSIC, THE JIMÉNEZES CAME TO CALIFORNIA TO ESCAPE POVERTY AND FIND A BETTER LIFE.

Lupe Martinez demonstrates for SCU theatre arts students the posture pickers must adopt to harvest grapes. Although kneeling makes workers more efficient, it also is hard on knees and backs. Jiménez's father had to quit work as a picker because of permanent back pain.

moving from camp to camp, following the harvest.

The family, which eventually grew to nine children, lived in one-room shacks and tents. In the summer, they picked strawberries in Santa Maria. Then they traveled to Fresno to pick grapes in early September and on to Corcoran and Bakersfield to pick cotton in the winter. In February, they moved back to Santa Maria to thin lettuce and top carrots.

Working from sunup to sundown, the entire family earned just $15 a day. Jiménez called this nomadic existence “the circuit” in a short story by that title that has been reproduced many times in textbooks and anthologies of American literature.

“It’s a symbolic circuit,” he says. “If you’re a migrant worker, you’re constantly living in poverty. It’s very difficult to get out of it.”

Yet Jiménez soon found relief from the hard life in the fields and a way to escape the circuit: school. “I came to realize that learning and knowledge were the only stable things in my life. Whatever I learned in school, that knowledge would stay with me no matter how many times we moved.”

Because Jiménez could not start school until after the mid-November harvest and because he knew so little English, he struggled to keep up with his classmates. One teacher even labeled him mentally retarded.

“I would start school and find myself behind, especially in English,” he remembers. “School for the first nine years was very sporadic.”

Still, Jiménez was luckier than his brother Roberto, who was old enough to pick cotton and therefore could not start school until February. In “The Circuit,” Jiménez describes the pain of leaving his brother behind on his first day back at school:

“I woke up early that morning and lay in bed, looking at the stars and savoring the thought of not going to work and starting sixth grade for the first time that year. Since I could not sleep, I decided to get up and join Papá and Roberto at breakfast. I sat at the table across from Roberto, but I kept my head down. I did not want to look up and face him. I knew he was sad. He was not going to school today. He was not going tomorrow, or next week, or next month.”

Unlike many of his classmates, Jiménez looked forward to the days he spent in school. “I had many embarrassing moments; but in spite of those, I enjoyed the environment,” he says. “School was a
lot nicer than home. Many times, we lived in tents with dirt floors, no electricity or plumbing. In school we had electricity, plumbing, lighting. We even had toys.

Although the physical environment was pleasant, interactions with classmates often were not. "Kids would call me spic, or greaser, tamale wrapper. They made fun of my thick accent and whenever I made grammatical mistakes. That really hurt. I withdrew and became quiet," Jiménez says.

Fortunately, Jiménez sometimes encountered a friendly teacher who recognized his desire to learn. His sixth-grade teacher, Mr. Lema, helped him with his English during lunch. Discovering that Jiménez enjoyed music, the universal language, Lema offered to teach him to play the trumpet.

But Jiménez never got his first lesson. When he went home to tell his mother and father the good news about his music lessons, he found the family's possessions neatly packed into cardboard boxes. They were moving again.

To compensate for his sporadic education, Jiménez began teaching himself. He would jot down words he was trying to memorize on a small note pad and carry it with him into the fields so he could study during his breaks.

Whenever his family visited the local public dump to collect discarded clothes, wood for a floor, and other necessities, Jiménez would pick up books. Once he found a single volume of an encyclopedia. Not realizing it was part of a 20-volume set, he leafed through its pages, figuring that if he could learn to read the whole thing, he'd know just about everything there was to know.

Wherever he was, Jiménez always knew to run and hide. His father had a visa, but the others did not; visas were too expensive. Jiménez remembers the INS officers interrogating people and sometimes beating them. When someone asked where he was born, he lied.

When he was in junior high school, INS agents entered Jiménez's classroom and arrested him as an illegal immigrant. The family was deported to Mexico but returned after several weeks with visas obtained with the help of a Japanese sharecropper who sponsored them.

Jiménez's life changed forever when he was about to enter high school. Because his father suffered from permanent back pain—probably from too many hours bent over the crops—he could no longer work in the fields. It was up to Roberto to support the family.

Roberto found a job as a janitor at a school in Santa Maria; Jiménez also worked for a janitorial company. Now the family did not have to follow the harvest. Now Jiménez could start school with the rest of the class and keep up with his studies.

"The work was indoors; and after I was done cleaning, I could study in an office," he says. "This was my chance."

With his newfound stability, Jiménez thrived. He became student-body president of his high school and earned a 3.7 GPA. A guidance counselor, disturbed that a gifted student was not going to college because the family could not afford to send him, managed to arrange for Jiménez to obtain scholarships and student loans so that he could enroll at SCU. During his junior year in college, he became a U.S. citizen.

Jiménez majored in Spanish because he loved his native language and his culture. Teaching Spanish seemed the obvious course. "I saw the positive impact teachers had on me, and I wanted to do the same for others," he says.

"One of the things we learn in school is who we are. Yet, in grammar school and high school I seldom saw anything in the curriculum to which I could relate."

To help fill that void, Jiménez has published and edited several books on Mexican and Mexican American literature and has written his own collection of stories based on his childhood. Tentatively titled "Harvest of Hope: Life of a Migrant Child," the manuscript has just been accepted for publication by the University of New Mexico Press. His short story "The Butterfly"—in which Jiménez draws a parallel between the experience of a boy, isolated from his classmates because he does not speak English, and the emergence of a monarch butterfly from its cocoon—will soon be published as a children's picture book by Houghton Mifflin Co.

Jiménez lives with his family in Santa Clara. His wife, Laura, graduated from SCU in 1967 and works as the placement coordinator for the University's Eastside Project, an academic support program that allows students to integrate community-based learning with classroom curriculum. The couple has three sons: Francisco '93, who is working on his master's degree in fine arts at San Francisco State University; Miguel '95, who works for a bank; and Tomás, an SCU sophomore.

At SCU, Jiménez teaches courses in language and Latin American literature and culture.

Despite his accomplishments, Jiménez remains troubled by the current political climate and anti-immigration backlash, particularly efforts to deny education to the children of undocumented immigrants.

"It bothers me," he says, "because many members of our society are critical of people who, in a way, could be very inspirational to us. It takes a tremendous amount of courage to cross the border without knowing the language or culture, in order to improve their lives. If that isn't the American spirit, I don't know what is."

Kathryn Bold '81 is a freelance writer and regular contributor to the Los Angeles Times in Orange County.
Right: Theatre Arts Department Lecturer Libby Dale (center), who directed SCU's recent production of "The Grapes of Wrath," prepared students for their roles by taking them on a tour of California's grape-growing region. Here, she returns from rehearsing a scene with Michael Fahy '96 (left) and Matt Chiorini '97.

Above: Annemarie Falvy '97 gets the feel of picking grapes. Center: Jiménez and Fahy chat with Byrd Whatley, who happened to be giving some friends a tour of Weedpatch, the migrant camp where Whatley grew up during the '30s. The model for the government camp in Steinbeck's novel and the location of many scenes in the movie, Weedpatch is now a ghost town. Right: Jiménez remembers living in migrant camps like this one in the Delano area.
Left: Peter Schmidt '98 talks with a farm worker about the difficult lives of California's rose pickers. Below: Students participate in a Mass at the grave site of César Chávez. Chávez's son is second from the right. Mass was celebrated by William Wood, S.J., director of the University's Eastside Project, which co-sponsored the trip.

Left: UFW organizer Irma Morales and her daughter welcome all the students to their home during a visit to the vineyards. Above: Peter Canavese '96 —Pa Joad in SCU's production of "The Grapes of Wrath"— and Stephanie Cunha '96—Ma Joad— walk through the vineyards to get the feel, smell, and taste of migrant life.
FROM DONOHOE ALUMNI HOUSE

COMMENCEMENT PICNIC

Seniors and their families are invited to our annual Alumni Association commencement picnic in Alumni Park, June 15, after graduation ceremonies. Last year, 3,000 participants joined in this post-graduation mega-event. Call 408-554-6800 for further information.

CLASS OF '46 REUNION

Paul McCarthy '46, chair of the reunion of “the class that never was,” notes that the 54th anniversary of the arrival of the class on the Mission campus will be celebrated on Sept. 21, 1996. The Class of 1946 will meet for lunch at the Villa Hotel, owned by Joe Greenbach '50. Vice-Chair Jack Bennett '49 and advisors Tom Holm '46, Al Martin '49, Bill McInerney '47, Joe Radigan '46, Ed Vadnais '48, and Bob Weinmann '46 will contact each of the “46 originals” in the interim. The original class

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION NEWS

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included 183 freshmen in fall 1942: 122 members were sent to the Presidio of Monterey induction center; another 43 enlisted in the Navy, Marines, and Air Force; only 18, who did not pass their physicals, returned as sophomores. Of the originals, only five graduated in 1946, along with six latecomers and transfers. After such great personal sacrifices, the bonds of friendship have stretched strongly during a half-century.

CLASS OF '39 GIFT

Another grad who has always had Santa Clara high on his priority list is Val Molktenbuhr '48. His ties to SCU have paid off for one outstanding senior. The widow of a member of the Class of 1939 wanted to anonymously gift her late husband’s class ring to a deserving senior. She contacted Val and asked him to follow through on her request. Though living in Lewiston, Idaho, he was able to coordinate the selection of David Brown ’96. An English major from Seattle, Dave has been appropriately recognized. A Bannan Scholar, he was able to meet his academic requirements for graduation one quarter earlier than scheduled. He is co-chair of this year’s Senior Pledge Drive, was co-captain of the University’s rugby team, and is a writer for The Santa Clara. Though 57 years their junior, Dave is now a proud adopted member of the spirited Class of 1939.

SUPPORT FOR KSCU

The recent death of Gery Swanson ’67, an SCU regent and avid alumnus, was a reminder of KSCU’s reliance on alumni support. In the late ’70s when changes in government requirements were about to cause the station’s demise, Mark Walker ’79, then station manager, enlisted Gery to save KSCU and place it on firm footing. It is one of the many legacies Gery left. Similarly, Bob Kinne ’50 remembered the enjoyable times he had listening to 103.3 FM. He recently donated his lifelong collection of LPs, which span 70 years of American music, to the station.

CHAPTER TRAIL

The chapter trail has a new stop in California with the addition of the 1-5 Gustine contingent that Bruce Sousa ’73 (J.D. ’76) has convened. Our international network has been strengthened through the leadership of Ellen Shing ’90 and Anne Damrell ’91 in Hong Kong, and Maryanne Hwang ’94 has established the first Singapore chapter.

Another who continues to take that extra step by sponsoring chapter events is Rick Enos ’68, who has provided the hospitality of his Compadres Restaurants at chapter functions in San Francisco, Honolulu, Maui, and Palo Alto.

SCU CREW

Al Ramirez ’91, SCU men’s crew coach, extends his gratitude to the numerous alumni and parents—particularly those in our Sacramento and San Diego chapters—who have made this year’s travel possible. Special kudos to John Hawkins ’73 (MBA ’76), former crew member and coach, who sponsored SCU’s team entry into the San Diego Crew Classic and the chapter’s annual picnic. Again, the Sacramento chapter housed the men’s and women’s teams at the Western Regionals. For the seventh year, Rosemary and Jerry Kirrene ’57 accommodated the women’s team at their home.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION HONORS

The Sacramento chapter had one of its prime movers recognized by the Alumni Association Board of Directors. Nancy Ferro, wife of Mark Ferro ’80, was elected the Alumni Association’s 26th honorary alumnus(a). Nancy has been in the forefront of our state capital alumni activities for the past decade. Tim Smith ’68, a past Alumni Association president, was recognized this spring by the Los Angeles chapter for his many years of service to SCU and his community. Tim and his wife, Judy ’68, have been active in alumni activities for nearly a quarter-century in Southern California.

ENGINEERING SCHOOL AWARDS

A select group was honored by the School of Engineering Alumni Board this May at its annual award dinner. Dean Terry Shoup and Engineering Board Chair John Giddings M.S. ’91 presented the coveted Distinguished Engineering Alumni awards for 1996 to William S. Carter BSEE ’71, Patrick J. Creggan BSCE ’47, Bill Gissler BSEE ’60, and Francis J. Murphy BSCE ’43 (posthumous). For the second time, the board recognized outstanding faculty: Michael O’Flynn, applied math, received the Markle Award; Frank Rose, engineering management, the Adjunct Lecturer of the Year; and Sally Wood, electrical engineering, Researcher of the Year.

Jerry Kerr ’61
Executive Director
Richard '39 and Robert '39 Lautze have a confession to make. When the identical twins were commercial science students at SCU, they were assigned to memorize two long passages from Milton's "Paradise Lost."

"Each one of us learned one segment and gave it for both of us," admits Robert with a chuckle.

It's a small blip in two distinguished careers at SCU. The Lautzes, who both graduated *magna cum laude*, were stalwarts on the University's basketball team, where they gained new nicknames. "We call each other Rob and Rich, but we became Bob and Dick at SCU because we both played basketball, and they could not have R. Lautze and R. Lautze on the jerseys," Richard explains.

From SCU, they went on to found their own accounting firm, Lautze & Lautze. One of the largest independent CPA firms in Northern California, the company recently celebrated its golden anniversary.

Over those same 50 years, the brothers have remained loyal to their alma mater. Both, for example, serve on the Board of Regents. Robert's most recent term began in 1990. Richard, who was chair from 1980-1982, became a life member in 1986, a position created to recognize his unique contributions to the University.

Each brother also served as national president of the Alumni Association, Richard in the year the University went coed. "My job was going around to talk to various chapters, which were almost uniformly opposed to the change," he remembers. "I was pleased because I had four daughters."

Indeed, three of Richard's daughters are alums: Christine Hatton '67, Patricia O'Neil '69, and Margaret Metzger '72. "Then I lost control," he quips about his other three children's college choices.

Robert has five children, three of them SCU alums: Karen Cleary '68—a member of the Board of Fellows—Mary Garland '70, and Susan Savino '72. "All six of the girls were on championship powder-puff football teams," Robert boasts.

The Lautzes also liked to hire SCU grads at their firm. "When we started, we used to pick up the phone and call Dr. [John] Pagani, one of the accounting professors, and ask him to send someone over," says Richard.

One of those someones was the future president of SCU, Paul Locatelli '60, S.J., who worked for Lautze & Lautze for 18 months in the 1960s. "Then he came to Rob and indicated he had a vocation; so we blessed him, and he went on his way," Richard remembers.

But Locatelli still had to get a minimum of two years' experience in order to qualify as a CPA, so he went back to complete the requirement at Lautze & Lautze while he was a student at the Los Gatos novitiate.

"The funny part was that Paul had taken a vow of poverty, so we couldn't pay him," Robert says. "Our joke was that [former University President Herman Hauk, S.J.] could send us all the Jesuits he had who wanted to go into accounting." Of course, the Lautzes paid Locatelli's salary to the Jesuit order, but they still like to kid about it.

SCU alums still figure prominently in the Lautze & Lautze Accountancy Corp. Two of the firm's directors are James P. Petray '76 and Matthew J. Noonan '71.

While the Lautze brothers themselves are semiretired, they continue to consult for the firm they created. Robert, who specialized in accounting for transportation companies, says, "They had a lawsuit the other day involving moving and storage, and they came to me because nobody else has as much experience in that field. At one point, more than half of our business was in transportation."

In his newfound spare time, Robert likes to follow baseball, and both he and Richard serve on the advisory boards of many charities. But they continue to keep up with the businesses that have been doing their accounting with Lautze & Lautze for years. "We have second- and third-generation clients. We're acting as the trustees of estates, becoming part of the family," Richard says.

The brothers themselves started their family business after the war. Both had been called into the Navy on the same day in 1941. Although they were assigned to separate ships, their expertise in logistics eventually threw them together. Robert was responsible for fresh food provisions for the 3rd Fleet, and Richard was in charge of fuel distribution, earning them the joint nickname "Feed and Fuel."

That military experience solidified the Lautzes' desire to work together, which they have done amiably for 50 years "and counting."

—Miriam Schulman
BY DORIS NAST
Class Notes Editor

UNDERGRADUATE ALUMS

42 Marten Barry was a lieutenant, USNR, Amphibious Division, South Pacific, during World War II. He was a paving contractor in San Francisco for 22 years and an industrial real estate broker in San Jose for 23 years before retirement. He and his wife, Nancy, have lived in Hillsborough for 42 years. They have six children and 16 grandchildren.

50 Steve Holeman retired from San Jose City College in 1987 after 35 years of teaching and administrative duties.

51 Lester Kerofoot is an aviation safety consultant living in Springfield, Va.

53 Leslie Webber, M.D., retired from emergency medicine in 1995. He and his wife, Clarine, and 14-year-old daughter, Becky, moved from Crystal Lake, Ill., to Berea, Ken., where they run a bed and breakfast inn, Berea's Shady Lane B&B.

56 Wilbur Goolkasian retired from the IRS after 35 years. He was a special agent with the Criminal Investigation Division. He and his wife, Ingeburg, plan on traveling throughout the country in their RV. They have six children, two of whom graduated from Santa Clara. Todd '85 and Deborah '86. Daughter Elizabeth '96 is currently enrolled as an accounting major. Richard Hughley retired in 1995 as managing editor of Bancroft-Whitney Co., San Francisco, and Lawyers Cooperative Publishing, New York. His current interests are creative writing and photography, and he is profiled in Marquis' "Who's Who in America" and "Who's Who in the World." Martin "Pete" Murphy received the Christ the King Award from St. Ignatius High School, San Francisco. It is the highest honor the school bestows on an alumnus or alumna. Pete is a director of the Knights of Malta and the Society of California Pioneers.

57 Les LoBauh, vice president, general counsel, and chief environmental officer for Pacific Enterprises and its subsidiary, Southern California Gas Co., was given the Outstanding Corporate Counsel Award by the Los Angeles County Bar Association in 1995. Maura (MacKesy) McDonald lives in Laguna Beach where she is a high-school counselor and has her own marriage, family, and child counseling office. Cationa Moloney earned a doctorate in English literature from U.C.-Davis in December 1995. She teaches at Holy Names College, Oakland.

61 Robert Kirchhoff, professor of mechanical engineering, University of Massachusetts, Amherst, was elected to the grade of Fellow of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, fall 1995. John Willett is managing director of the Long Beach brokerage firm Halbert, Hargrove & Co.

62 Robert Corboy has been with New York Life Insurance Co. for 30 years and is a member of the company's Chairman's Council. He lives in Hawaii and has headed the Honolulu alumni association for several years. Joe Ziemann left banking after 30 years to open his own private fiduciary business in Kern County, Trust Services of Kern, Bakersfield.

65 George Cannady is principal of J.H. Mullis Middle School, Torrance. He has a daughter at Wake Forest Law School, another at the University of Oregon, and a son who is a high-school senior.

66 Tom Broemmell is president of Hi-Tech Game Centre Inc., Greensboro, N.C. Bill Ford says he survived his "recent brush with success undamaged after the California Supreme Court overturned a $58 million insurance bad faith verdict" he had won. He participated in the Los Angeles Marathon in March, training with his two Dalmatians, Bugsy and Pierre. Frank Fuselier, M.D., practices medicine in New Hampshire. He lives in Peterborough with his wife, Susan (Nutt) '67, an executive secretary, college relations, for Keene State College. Allen and Kathy (Triplet) Hayes of Gilroy, who adopted 11 children with special needs, were two of six recipients of the America's Awards, honoring unsung heroes who personify the American character and spirit. The family was profiled in the summer 1987 issue of Santa Clara Magazine. Jay Kanitz earned a master's degree from the School of Library Science, University of Arizona, in December 1995. He was one of the commencement speakers.

67 Les LoBauh, vice president, general counsel, and chief environmental officer for Pacific Enterprises and its subsidiary, Southern California Gas Co., was given the Outstanding Corporate Counsel Award by the Los Angeles County Bar Association in 1995. Maura (MacKesy) McDonald lives in Laguna Beach where she is a high-school counselor and has her own marriage, family, and child counseling office. Cationa Moloney earned a doctorate in English literature from U.C.-Davis in December 1995. She teaches at Holy Names College, Oakland.

68 Rick Harrison is director of business development for sales and leasing for the Charles Dunn Co. Inc., Los Angeles, an international real estate service. Mike Martin works in credit and collections at UB Nerwo Network, Santa Clara. Thomas Mulroy has become a Fellow of the American College of Trial Lawyers. He is a partner in Jenner & Block, Chicago.

69 Joseph Braun, a professor in the Curriculum and Instruction Department, Illinois State University, co-authored a book on instructional technology and social studies education to be published by Beedle & Associates later this year. He is serving as the instructional media consultant for an elementary textbook series to be published by Harcourt Brace. He and his wife, Anne Bosch, live in Bloomington, Ill., with their daughter, Sage Elizabeth. Gaeton Nola, M.D., is a plastic surgeon in San Jose. Patty (Alvarez) Robidart is a federal manager for the Social Security Administration, Baltimore.

70 Cynthia Cummings, M.D., is a Fellow in the American Academy of Family Practice and is a member of the San Jose Medical Group, practicing in Los Gatos. She and her husband, Michael Boute, live in Santa Cruz.

72 Bill Murphy is president/CEO of OBF Industries Inc., Downers Grove, Ill., makers of Premicide, a new medical waste-treatment technology. Annie Stafford lives in Shepherd, Mich., and is associate vice president for university advancement at Central Michigan University, Mount Pleasant. Richard Toohy has been appointed by Gov. Pete Wilson to the Orange County Superior Court. He and his wife, Carolyn, live in San Juan Capistrano with their children: Caitlin, 6; Erin, 5; and Dominick, 2.

73 Donald Chesterman and his wife, Susan, live in Salinas with their 14-year-old son, Noah; 9-year-old adopted daughter, Maria; and newly adopted 5-year-old Bjorn Charles, born May 27, 1990. He was told he could name himself from a list of his parents' favorite names. Donald added the name of one of his best friends, Bjorn, to the list; it turned out to be the youngster's favorite, as it means "bear" in Norwegian. Nancy (Hostetler) Hodges teaches kindergarten in Santa Cruz. Steve Laveroni married Patricia O'Neill, at St. Teresa's Church, San Francisco, June 17, 1995. Steve McCauley is chair of the Physics Department at Cal Poly, Pomona. Paul Schumacher practices law with the Long Beach firm Keenan, Young & Logan.

74 Christopher Kinsel, executive vice president of the Landstar ITCO for the past 16 years, lives in Chicago with his wife of 10 years, Jean. They have four children: Christopher, 9; Jennifer, 7; Matthew, 6; and Travis. E. Rodriguez is a partner and national director of the electronic devices segment of KPMG Peat Marwick's Information, Communications, and Entertainment Practice, working in the Palo Alto office. He and his wife, Pam, live in Saratoga with their children: Kristen, 13; Brett, 12; Ashley, 8; and Lindsay, 8.

75 Barry Cervantes, chairman and president of Cervantes Insurance Co., St. Louis, is president-elect of Civic Entrepreneurs Organization (CEO). CEO is a not-for-profit organization of business leaders dedicated to promoting St. Louis through special events. Amy (Garland) Egan, M.D., is medical director of the Mater Foundation, Evanston, Ill., which operates three retirement communities and a health center. Amy earned her medical degree from Stritch School of Medicine. Her husband, James Egan J.D., is a director of the Genesis Foundation. They have three children. The Rev. Herman Enciso, a Roman Catholic priest for the diocese of Monterey, earned a master's degree from St. Patrick's School of Theology and graduated from Mount San Jacinto College as a counselor for the chemically dependent and HIV and AIDS victims. He is a member of Alpha Gamma Sigma academic honor society and is present-
YOU'RE SAFE!
Doctor makes house calls at 3Com Park and San Jose Arena

When San Francisco Giant Matt Williams gets the flu or San Jose Shark Craig Janney needs stitches during a game, they're both likely to see the same doctor, William Straw '71.

Straw, who has been team physician for the Giants since 1984 and for the Sharks since 1992, describes his job like this: "Basically, I take care of the stuff that never gets into the newspaper."

For the Giants, he handles all nonorthopedic care of players and their families, treating everything from influenza to blood vessel disorders. In January, he was named president of the Association of Major League Baseball Team Physicians.

For the next year, he'll be in charge of an annual informational meeting attended by physicians and trainers from both leagues. In addition, he'll organize educational efforts on anabolic steroids, HIV testing, and off-season training and conditioning.

"It's a fun job. I enjoy working with the athletes, and it adds a little variety to my practice," says the family practitioner, who is also medical director for the Los Altos satellite office of the Palo Alto Medical Foundation.

"At first, I was intimidated by the players, working with these stars," he continues, noting that not everyone gets to meet Willie Mays. In fact, Straw has met and/or treated many of the greats, including Mays, Williams, Robby Thompson, Chili Davis, and Will Clark.

The doctor encounters less blood with the Giants than he does at the San Jose Arena, where he is team physician for the Sharks. "At hockey games, we're very busy stitching people up," he says. Hockey is marked by "a lot of big-time collisions," while baseball is "more of a thinking game," he observes.

Straw attends about two-thirds of Giants home games, but only travels with the team during play-offs and the World Series. If the team has a night game, Straw usually makes the 45-minute commute from his office to 3Com Park by 6 p.m., and he may not return home until well after midnight.

When he arrives at the park, he tends to various players in the clubhouse and makes rounds to the visiting team and umpires. Just before game time, he briefs General Manager Bob Quinn on the health status of the players.

Then Straw gets comfortable in his box seats, located in section 5, half a dozen rows up between home plate and the Giants' dugout. Sometimes he's joined by his family: wife Ann '71 (whom he met while he was earning a math degree and she a degree in sociology) and any combination of their four kids: Kathleen, 21; William Jr., 19; Erin, 16; and Colleen, 14.

Just as Straw has enjoyed the perks of being a behind-the-scenes player, so have his kids, particularly his son. William Jr., now a student at Boston College, has been a batboy at spring training and one game a year at 3Com. "He owns Will Clark's first professional broken bat," says Straw with a tinge of star-struck pride.

Straw's own most prized sports memento is his 1989 Giants National League Championship ring. "Baseball is really fun when the team is winning," he says. "It's good to feel you're contributing to the success of the team in some small way."

As team doctor, Straw says he is living the sports fan's dream. Just one wish remains: "Since coming to San Francisco, the Giants have never won the World Series. I hope I'm around when that happens."

—Maureen McInaney '85

Maureen McInaney '85 is a teacher, musician, and freelance writer in Truckee, Calif.
ly a full-time student in Los Angeles, working on his doctorate in counseling and clinical psychology.

76 Catherine (de la Chapelle) Allan, her husband, and two children live in Bellevue, Wash. She teaches French culture and language part time at Bellevue Community College and is a language docent at Bellevue Art Museum, giving tours in German and French. Marcia Dasko and her 13-year-old son, Tim, live in Milpitas where she owns Marcia Dasko & Associates, a quality management consulting firm. Michael Hinderly married Penny Nelson, July 2, in Merion, Penn. They live in Palo Alto. After 15 years at the University of Pennsylvania as associate vice president for medical center financial affairs and executive director for School of Medicine administration, he now is senior associate dean for finance and administration at Stanford University School of Medicine. Curtis Huber, her wife of 23 years, Karen, and their son, 13-year-old Daniel, live in Everett, Wash. Curtis is a human resources specialist in Ernst & Young's Seattle office and is pursuing his master's degree in theology through Fuller Seminary, Seattle extension.

Richard Lowgren (MBA '79) is general counsel and corporate secretary for Lam Research Corp., Fremont. His home is in Saratoga. Craig Miller is controller, Phoenix Services and Data Center, Unisys Corp., Tempe, Ariz. Larry Paxton and his wife, Christina, announce the birth of their third child, Meg. Oct. 2, in Alexandria, Va. She joins Christopher, 6, and Alex, 3. Larry is principal professional staff at Johns Hopkins University Applied Physics Laboratory. He is principal investigator on the special sensor ultraviolet imager that will fly on five DMSP satellites and associate principal investigator on the global ultraviolet imager on the NASA TIMED program. Juanita Williams lives in Honolulu where she is a computer specialist with the Honolulu Police Department.

77 Ira Finkelstein is video hardware design manager for Compression Labs Inc., San Jose, where he lives with his wife, Gloria, and 10-year-old son, Sam. Don Lynch and his wife, Marianne, had their fourth child, Katherine Nicole, March 11, 1995, in San Jose. Kevin Mallon and his wife, Beth, announce the birth of their second child, Claire Elaine, Aug. 29, joining brother, Greg, age 3. Kevin is a neuropsychologist for the Veterans Administration in Martinez. The family lives in Fairfield.

78 Tom and Kathleen (Reedy) Bonnel live in Denver with their children: Thomas, 5; Claire, 4; and William, 2.

79 John and Chris (Adam) Cruden had a daughter, Kaileen Elyse, Dec. 18, in Redwood City, where they live with daughter and son, Jennifer and Patrick. Bill Fanning and his wife, Donna, announce the birth of triplets: sons, Brett and Bryce; and daughter, Blair, May 15, 1995. Bill is general manager of the St. Paul Saints, one of the most successful minor league baseball franchises in the country and recently featured on CBS's "60 Minutes." Bill and his family live in Woodbury, Minn. Stephen Ferrari and his wife, Joan, had their third child, Marissa Else, Nov. 15, in San Jose. Tracy (Irwin) Frack is a customer service representative for a medical software company in the Portland, Ore., metropolitan area. She and her husband, Daniel, and daughters, Danielle Hokule'a and Eliot Lehua, recently moved back to the mainland from Hawaii. Korky Nelson is an account executive with International Sports Events Inc., Pleasanton. Mark and Michele (Sipiora) '80 Walker live in Aurora, Colo. Mark is manager, advertising and promotions, for Time Warner Cable's corporate marketing group, producing radio, television, and multimedia projects. They have three children: 9-year-old Chris, 6-year-old Jillian, and 2-year-old Jesse.

80 Melinda Alongi is a strategic planning senior analyst with Furun, Laguna Niguel. Steve Collins is administrative director of the Berkeley environmental restoration center, U.C.-Berkeley. He works with the university to apply innovative environmental clean-up technologies at the Naval Air Station, Alameda. John Corrigan is a U.S. Air Force major assigned to U.S. Strategic Command, Offutt Air Force Base, Omaha, Neb. He and his wife, Susan, live in Papillion, with their children, Ryan and Erin. Kim (Coniglio) King is a part-time administrative assistant at Santa Catalina School, Monterey. She and her husband, John, have a 2-year-old son, Stewart. Raymond Marino is president and CEO of Pacific Gateway Properties Inc., San Francisco. His home is in San Mateo. Colleen (Margate) Patlak and her husband, Rick, had their second child, Lauren Marie, April 25, 1995. They live in Saratoga.

81 Dan Hunter and his wife, Debra, had their second child, Elizabeth Emma, Nov. 14, in San Jose, where they live with 3-year-old Jack. Dan is corporate controller at Rendition Inc., Mountain View, a 3-D graphic semiconductor company. Giselle Luci-Spencer earned a master's degree in English at Georgetown University and lived in Italy for three years. She has returned to the Bay Area and plans to enter the Santa Clara School of Law. Timothy Mooney is CEO of Heath Cal Compensation and Liability Insurance Co. He and his wife, Barbara, live in Mill Valley. Therese Poletti, a correspondent for Reuters America, was the winner in the wire service category of the New York State Society of Certified Public Accountants fall 1995 Excellence in Financial Journalism Award. Her winning entry, "The IBM/Lotus Deal," tracked this multimillion dollar acquisition, the first hostile takeover in the computer industry. Susan Vokovatz and George Reyes MBA '79 had their second child, Geoffrey Conn, Nov. 9. They live in Saratoga.

82 Teresa (Hunter) Flagg and her husband, Tim, announce the birth of their second child, Krista Nicole, Dec. 1, in Palo Alto. Loretta (Salvador) Gomez and her husband, Randy, had a son, David Thomas, Oct. 22, in Pleasanton. Ernie Moreno married Stacie Hendrickson, Aug. 17. Dennis Potts (M.S. '90) and his wife, Carter, had their third child, Timothy Stinson, Oct. 6, in Scotts Valley. Bill Ryan (MBA '91) is a senior product manager at Digi International, Sunnyvale. His wife, Bernadette (Arredondo), is a senior market research analyst at Advanced Micro Devices. They live in San Jose and have two daughters: Elena, born May 8, 1994; and Julia, born Oct. 20, 1995. Renee (Vizzardi) Worthington and her husband, Sam, announce the birth of Lindsay Marie, June 5, in Providence, R.I., where they live with sister and brother, 7-year-old Rachel and 4-year-old Jamie.

83 Cathy (Souza) and Michael Glazzy (MBA) had a son, Spencer Michael, Sept. 12, in San Ramon. Jan (Nulty) Hendry and her husband, Ian, announce the birth of Kelly Christina, Dec. 14, in San Jose. Mike Kelley is director of La Casita, a Palo Alto residence for autistic children. He is working toward a master's degree at San Jose State University. Anne (Crowell) Kuzminsky is a vice president at First National Bank, San Diego, job-sharing the controllership. She and her husband, Larry, have two children: Steven James, 4; and Charlotte Rose, 1. Monica (Crosetti) Lalone and her husband, Jim, had their second son, Jerrad William, Sept. 23, in San Rafael. Monica teaches preschool at a Montessori school in Marin County. Tom Murphy and his wife, Ellen, announce the birth of their son, Reilly Thomas, July 1, in Santa Monica. Tom is a senior manager with Andersen Consulting, Palo Alto. They live in San Carlos. John Scarcella (MBA '91) and his wife, Katrina, had their second son, Cameron Hall, July 1, in Burlingame. John is vice president of ATEL Securities Corp., San Francisco.

84 Jack Birkik, president of JMB Financial Managers, Irvine, was named for a two-year term to the President's Council of Multi-Financial Corp., Englewood, Colo. An advisory board to the president/CEO, the council deliberates on issues pertinent to the growth and future direction of the company. Katie Carey received a master's law in tax degree from Georgetown University Law Center in May 1995. She is assistant vice president of Metropolitan Life's Government Relations Office, Washington, D.C. She and her husband, Marc Kaufman, live in Chevy Chase, Md. Carol (Lederer) Coleman and her husband, Robert, had their second son, Alexander, Aug. 8, in San Jose. Bill and Linda (Connolly) Cotter '86 announce the birth of Liam Thomas, Nov. 10, in San Carlos. Christy Kantack is a site purchasing manager for Intel Corp. Her home is in Olympia, Wash. Megan (Ruder) Martinelli and her husband, John, had their third child, Louis Joseph, Jan. 2, in Watsonville. Kathleen McGill and her husband, Hahms Bur, announce the birth of their first child, Eleanor Regan Bur, Jan. 24, in Sydney, Australia, where Kathleen is on maternity leave from Microsoft. They will be returning to their home in Edmond, Wash., in July after a two-year assignment in Microsoft's Asia Pacific region. Maria (Serrano) Ruppel and her husband, Edward, announce the birth of twins, Edward Frederick III and Courtney Alyssa, Oct. 7, in San Jose. Maureen (Covey) Tabari (J.D. '87) and her husband, Cyrus, had their second child, Patrick Kuros, Sept. 19. Their home is in Los Gatos.

85 Brian and Kaly (Hallenbeck) Baer had their second son, Thomas Michael June 3, 1995, in San Jose. Brian is a senior manager for Deloitte & Touche. Scott Broberg married Kelly Henderson, Feb. 25, 1994, in St. Anns Bay, Jamaica. They live in San Jose, where daughter Allison Alexandra was born, July 6. Cynthia (Linscott) Coker and her husband, Mike, had their first child, Ian Patrick Riley Coker. Oct. 23,
ARE YOU BEING SERVED?
Retail Management Institute grads head high-volume stores throughout California

Although his official title is store manager of the San Francisco Nordstrom, ask Mark Brashear '83 what he does for a living and he'll say, "Dad father to 950 people." During peak times, that number jumps to as high as 1,200.

Brashear, a graduate of SCU's Retail Management Institute (RMI), is responsible for hiring, training, and tracking the productivity and job performance of 54 managers who report to him. "Never a dull moment," he says. "I have so many good stories I could do a sitcom."

When asked how he attained such a high-profile position by the age of 34, Brashear, who joined the company 10 years ago, says, "Truly, by being goal-oriented, focused, and driven to succeed."

Those very qualities seem to be the common denominator among SCU's RMI alums, several of whom have gone on to significant store management positions for California's leading retailers: Del Hernandez '83 at Macy's, Burbank; Gisel (Jurado) Ruiz '92 at Wal-Mart, Selma; Dave Hamer '82 at Home Depot, Emeryville; and Michael Osorio '84 at Gottschalks, Sacramento.

Two weeks after graduating from SCU, Hernandez accepted a position with Macy's, the result of an on-campus interview, and he's been with the company ever since. Having worked his way up the corporate ladder, he currently manages Macy's-Burbank, a store that does $42 million in business a year.

Like many alums, Hernandez, 34, says his RMI education was instrumental to his career. "Without a doubt, the training and curriculum gave me a true perspective as to what a successful career in retail is all about—people, product, and presentation," says Hernandez, who has "total four-wall responsibility" for his store, including human resources, management, security, operations, budget, profit, and sales.

With such far-ranging duties, it isn't surprising that Hernandez's mantra is "Always expect the unexpected." Retail can be hectic, says Hernandez, "but I don't consider it high-stress simply because I love it so much. I always think of those of us in retail stay young at heart. You have to have a lot of energy."

Even in an industry that tends to give young professionals a lot of responsibility early on, Gisel Ruiz finds herself in a unique position. The 25-year-old manager for Wal-Mart says, "We have greeters—employees who welcome customers as they enter the store—who are old enough to be my grandparents." Ruiz admits employees are initially curious and skeptical about her age, "but I try to make them comfortable with me as a person; and once they get to know me, it's fine. Wal-Mart is a wonderful company. Age doesn't matter if they believe in you."

When it comes to managing 220 employees and all aspects of Wal-Mart's Selma operation, Ruiz says she is only as good as her staff. "Managing people is about getting results from them and also recognizing that my success depends on the success of the store. Communication is key with Wal-Mart, really listening to employees and keeping them informed," Ruiz says.

Many RMI alums agree their success depends on how well they build their teams. "I've been extremely passionate about training and developing my people," says Hernandez. "This business is built on customer loyalty. If we don't make the shopping experience as positive as possible, they won't be back."

Brashear of Nordstrom agrees that employee empowerment is key. "The people who interact with customers are the ones who most directly impact your success. If [employees feel] empowered to do the right thing to make the customer happy, they then make your organization successful."

Brashear says the most rewarding aspect of his position is "watching employees grow and progress in their own ways... because hopefully I've had an opportunity to play a role in that growth, and, in watching others, I'm also afforded the opportunity to grow."

--Kim Ratcliff

Kim Ratcliff is a writer who regularly freelances for the San Jose Mercury News.
in San Jose. Heidi (Seevers) Gansert qualified for the 100th Boston Marathon. She and her husband, Guy, have two daughters: 1-year-old Kristen Rose and 2-year-old Mackenzie Elizabeth. John Kyne is compliance director for Metropolitan Life Insurance. San Ramon. Rene (Smith) Maher and her husband, Jim, had their third child, Nicholas Roger, Dec. 4, in Pleasant Hills, where they live with Zachary, 6, and Tara, 4. Rene is working toward her certificate in early childhood education and co-ops at her daughter’s preschool, Creative Play Center. John Mutch is an attorney with Blue Cross and Blue Shield United of Wisconsin in Milwaukee. He graduated from Marquette University Law School in 1992. He and his wife, Mary, have a 2-year-old son, Connor, and a baby born in March. Their home is in Whitefish Bay, Wis. Damien Palermo is a senior hardware engineer at UTX Corp., Trillium Division, San Jose, where he designs hardware for a line of ATE products. He has also served 10 years as a reserve police officer with the city of Mountain View, currently assigned to a gang enforcement detail. He lives in Santa Clara. Kevin Purser is materials manager for Biomeric Imaging, Mountain View. Patricia (Curulla) Trafton earned a master’s degree in mathematics education from University of Iowa. She is teaching eighth-grade math at a junior high school in Cedar Falls, Iowa. Kathryn (Kipper) Vecch and her husband, Scott, had their first child, John Robert, Nov. 25, in Glenview, Ill.

Scott and Sheila (Ward) Asher announce the birth of their daughter, Delaney, Nov. 18, in Mountain View. They live in Menlo Park. Mike Edgar is a software localization-internationalization manager with Unisys in Brussels. Chris and Deanna (Soto) Hessler had their third child, Courtney Lynn, Aug. 16. They make their home in Sunnyvale. Jennifer Lynn Levy is a member of Edgar, Dunn & Co., a San Francisco management consulting firm. Karen Mooney married John Lash, July 3, in Sunnyvale, Ore. Their home is in Akron, Ohio. Dora (Lopez) Padilla is a member of the Padilla Law Firm, San Jose, practicing in the areas of workers’ compensation, estate planning, and family law. John Thomas and his wife, Jill, announce the birth of their son, Sean Christopher, Oct. 13, in Burlingame. John is chief administrative officer, San Francisco Department of Public Works. He was project engineer on the Embarcadero Road project. Andrea (Tonelli) and Michael Trudue ‘87 had their first child, Miles Jeremy, Dec. 19, in San Jose.

Kristin (Mathiesen) Broich is corporate secretary of JBM Financial Managers Inc., Irvine. Lisa Freeman married Roger Jackson, June 3, 1995, at Our Lady of Lourdes Church, Salt Lake City. She is an engineer at Alliant Techeystems, Magna, Utah. Jennifer (McPhate) Green received a doctorate in biochemistry, molecular biology, and cell biology from Northwestern University in December 1995. She has a postdoctoral fellowship in biomedical research at Washington University in St. Louis. She and her husband, Iain, live in University City, Mo. Eric Gustavson and his wife, Tamara, announce the birth of their son, Grant, June 17, 1995, in Beverly Hills. Brian Lucewicz is a financial consultant with Merrill Lynch, La Jolla. He and his wife, Maureen, live in Encinitas. Ernie May is educational advisor and freshman basketball coach at Hood River Valley High School, Hood River, Ore., and is attending Portland State University to earn a teaching credential in special education. His wife, Susan (Herring) ’88, is sales, marketing, and operations director for Kerrits Activewear, a sports and equestrian wear manufacturer in Hood River. She also teaches aerobics and keeps busy with their horse and two dogs. Mayo Ryan (MBA ’90) is a partner in and general manager of Diamond K Farming, LLC, a diversified farm in Cantua Creek. He lives in Fresno with his wife, Robyn, and their son, Timothy.

Rechelle Bravo is an associate civil engineer at Santa Clara Valley Water District. Paul (M.A. ’95) and Susan (Brockley) Collins had their second child, Julia Marie, July 2, in Oregon City, Ore. Paul teaches at LaSalle High School, Milwaukie, Ore., and is involved in coaching and campus ministry. He and Julia live in Montclair. She drives for the Oregonian, Ore., and is involved in coaching and campus ministry. She also drives for District in Oregon. Both have worked at Oracle in Redwood Shores since 1988. Julie as a field sales consultant and Patrick as a financial analyst in direct sales. Ellen Feaheny lives in Boulder and is a consulting technical writer for Apple Computers. Linda (May) and Eamon Fitzgerald (J.D. ’91) had a son, Owen, Nov. 14, in Arcata. Barbara (Kazanakis) and Andrew Gissler ’89 announce the birth of their second daughter, Leah Christina, Sept. 9, 1994, in Manteca. Jane Kelleher married Alan Solomon, Oct. 14, at Menlo Circus Club, Atherton. Andrew McKinley, M.D., practices at the University of New Mexico Hospital, Albuquerque. Michele (Houde) Panconi and her husband, David, had their first child, Anne Marie, Sept. 20. Michele is manager of financial analysis at Coherent Inc., Santa Clara. Chris Riley and his wife, Sandy, announce the birth of a son, Grady Olsen, Nov. 15, in Colorado Springs, Colo. John and Margaret (Shea) Stephens had a daughter, Elizabeth Shea Stephens, Dec. 20, in San Francisco. Charminie (Cruz) Vinez and her husband, Bob, announce the birth of their son, Robert Thomas “Tommy” Cruz Vining, July 25, in Stafford, Va.


Kristin Anger and her husband, Matt, live in Kirkland, Wash. She practices law in the Seattle area. Kelly Heron married Arick Fuller, Aug. 26. Dan “Pono” Lawrence writes that he is freestyling through his last year of law school at Northwestern University, Chicago. After graduation and a post-bar trip through Southeast Asia, he will be practicing corporate, securities, and cyberspace law in the Los Angeles office of Latham & Watkins. Mary Nacionales is a regional resource coordinator for the National Cancer Institute’s Cancer Information Service (CIS), serving Northern California and Nevada. Her home is in Palo Alto. Jennifer Olivas married Tom Rossetto, Sept. 23, in Phoenix. They live in Seattle. Jack Petersen is a team leader at Alcoa CSI, Indianapolis. Tom Stocking is an on-track sales representative for Big Johnson Motorsports, a division of Maryland Screenprinters, Baltimore. John Strain married Lisa Secan ’91, Oct. 28, 1990, at North American Martyrs Church, Manhattan Beach. They live in San Francisco. Marceea Woreby, who has a master’s degree in physical therapy, is a pediatric physical therapist in San Jose.

Bonny Lynn Dickinson received a doctorate in immunology and microbiology in November from Tulane University School of Medicine. She is now in postdoctoral research at the National Institutes of Health, Bethesda. Barbara Galvin is pursuing a master’s degree in English literature at San Francisco State University and is teaching English and religion at Sacred Heart Cathedral Preparatory, San Francisco. Patrick Gibbs practices law with Latham, Watkins in Chicago. Patrick Kelly married Lisa Taylor, Sept. 23, in Virginia Beach, Va. He is a senior financial analyst at Environmental Services. They live in Falls Church, Va. Michelle (Woomert) Latray and her husband, Steven, announce the birth of Bryce Calvin, Nov. 8, in Summerville, S.C. Michelle is a member of the South Carolina bar. Mary McGuire is a financial reporting accountant for Adaptec. Milagros Thomas McKernan is an associate with the Seattle law firm Riddell, Williams, Bullitt & Walkinshaw. Michael O’Connor is a network manager at Lockheed-Martin, Sunnyvale. Tim and Stacey (Umberger) O’Neill live in Alexandria, Va. Tim is a third-year medical student at Georgetown University Medical School, and Stacey is a health educator at D.C. Chartered Health. Arlene Pope received a master’s degree in psychology from San Francisco State University in 1994 and is manager of human resources and safety at CellNet Data Systems, San Carlos. Brad Quilici is in artist development for RCA Records in New York City. Janice Rozario married Dr. David Sehr, Oct. 28, at Mission Santa Clara. She is a real estate agent with Cornish & Carey, Mountain View. Debbie Saunders earned an MBA at Manchester Business School, England, on a full scholarship from the Guardian newspaper group. Prior to the MBA, she was employed as a market analyst for AT&T in London and Paris. During summer 1995, she worked in Frankfurt, Germany, as an assistant brand manager for Procter & Gamble. Nancy Urena married David Reid, Nov. 5, at Mission Santa Clara. Robert Virga married Eileen Robertson, Nov. 25, at Our Lady Queen of Angels Church, Newport Beach.
Berkeley, and he is a marketing engineer at National Semiconductor, Santa Clara. They live in Burlingame. **Antonio Arce** lives in Durham, N.C., and is in the doctoral program in political science at Duke University. He will be doing research in Chile for most of 1996. **Misty Ash** earned a master's degree in physical therapy from Emory University in 1995 and is a physical therapist at National Rehabilitation Hospital, Washington, D.C. She lives in Alexandria, Va., with **Allison Clinton**, who works in Washington, D.C., as legislative director for Connecticut Congressman **Christopher Shays**. **Renee Balodis** married **Colin Cox** in August. They live in Kirkland, Wash., where Renee works for Eastside Mental Health and is in a marriage and family counseling graduate program. **Mary Bruington** married **Mark Allemen**, July 10, 1994. They are both in their first year at University of Oregon Law School, Eugene. **Mark Duling** married **Jessica Staudtenraus** '93 in August. **Kristin Fabos** is an account executive at Waggner Edstrom Strategic Public Relations for Microsoft Windows 95. Her home is in Kirkland, Wash. **Shay Francis** married **Barrett Crow** '94, Sept. 3, at the Elizabeth Gamble House, Palo Alto. They live in Pleasanton. **Eric Heckman** runs Heckman Financial Group, a San Jose insurance and investment planning firm. **John Hughes** married **Marrian Sly** on Oct. 21. Their home is in Boston. **Michelle McGarry** earned an MBA at Loyola Marymount and is a project manager at Trident Data Systems. She lives in Foster City. **Rebecca Ninnemann** is a logistics coordinator for Condumex, Wuppertal, Germany, where she lives. **Debra Panattoni** is a health educator at Planned Parenthood Mar Monte, San Jose, and is enrolled in the master's program in public health at San Jose State University. **Suzanne (Cantlay) Randolph** and her husband, **Scott**, announce the birth of their son, **Christopher James**, Sept. 14, in Alameda. **Derek Turnbull** married **Su Wei So**, Aug. 6, at Mission Santa Clara. Their home is in Pleasanton. **Susan Wolniewicz** and 46 other North American volunteers went to Ecuador in September for a year of teaching English, under the auspices of WorldTeach, a private, nonprofit organization based at Harvard University. They were invited by the Ecuadorian government to teach English as a Foreign Language in public universities, state enterprises, and secondary schools throughout Ecuador. **Sonali Asrani** married **Gregory Veggia**, April 19, 1995, in Bombay, India. **Navy Lt. j.g. Cary Cheshire** participated in a joint humanitarian sea exercise between U.S. and Russian forces, held during fall 1995. The event celebrated the end of World War II and was the first of its kind held in the United States. **Kate Dalosto** married Lt. **Richard Shinn Jr.** (USN), Oct. 7, in Monterey. They live in Honolulu. **Ann Dowell** married **John Boys**, May 13. They live in Richmond, Va., where Ann is a merchandising manager for J.C. Penney Co. **Aldo Ghiozzi** is in advertising sales for NEXT Generation, a video/computer game publication and is also involved in the manufacturing and publishing of nonelectronic games through a sole proprietorship. **Anna Gilson** lives in Austin, Texas, where she works for the daily paper, the Austin American-Statesman, as the administrator of Inside Line, the audiotex department, which is similar to the San Jose Mercury News Info Line. She does much of the writing and voicing. **Brian Kneafsey** and Ron Pereira have opened a dance club, Boys Will Be Boys, in San Francisco. **Barbara Lund** lives in Spokane, Wash., and is enrolled in Gonzaga School of Law. **Christina Mifsud** earned a degree in the Italian Renaissance master's program at Syracuse University, New York. She is living in Florence, Italy, working as a teaching assistant for the university. **Brian Mullin** lives in West Hollywood and is an extra in the motion picture industry.

**Amy Sue Andrews** married **Jason Lombardi**, Feb. 24, at Immaculate Heart of Mary Church, Belmont, where they live. **Julie Ann Chang** was crowned Miss Hawaii World 1995–96 on Sept. 11. She will be making many public appearances this year, as well as being involved in the community and competing in the Miss World America pageant in May 1996. She is a graduate student at the University of Hawaii. **Donna Ekins** married **Jamie Tomlinson** on Nov. 4. They make their home in Fremont. **Stephen Kaniewski** is the warehouse and fulfillment manager for National Media Corp., Phoenix. **Jeffrey Kenny** received a master's degree in public administration in May and is an assistant ombudsman for Insurance Commissioner Chuck Quackenbush. **Christine Lott** makes her home in New York City where she is a financial analyst with Lehman Brothers. **Jeanine Pailhe** lives in Menlo Park and works as human resource manager and purchasing agent for Megabios, a Burlingame biotech corporation. **Sarah Rogers** is a property manager for Security Capital Industrial, Fremont. Her home is in Mountain View. **Gloria Sung** works for Turner Design Inc., Sunnyvale, as an application specialist, chemistry lab.

**Jennifer Atkins** is an account coordinator at Technology Solutions, San Jose. **Carmen Chan** works for DG Systems, San Francisco, as a market analyst. **Matthew Gregory** is a business analyst with Tandum Computers, Cupertino. **Hilary Harrison** is a sales representative for Rent-a-Computer, San Francisco. **Suzi Mendoza** is a first-year master's student in the College Student Personnel Administration program at Indiana University, Bloomington. She was selected for the review board of the Journal of the Indiana University Student Personnel Association, one of the few publications in the country entirely written, edited, and published by master's students in student affairs preparation programs. **Daniel Motto** is a mechanical engineer at Swales & Associates, Belville, Md. **Derek Purdy** is an ensign in the U.S. Navy. **Sara Rogers** obtained a real estate license in July and works in property management for Security Capital Industrial, the largest industrial real estate developer and owner in the United States. She lives in Mountain View. **Vivian Sam** has returned to the Bay Area after performing in "Miss Saigon" on Broadway. She lives in San Francisco where she is a part-time counseling intern and appears in musicals. **Bryan Srbian** is director of youth programs for Sport Centre of San Jose.
tive director of its 21st Century Education Initiative. He assumed the position on Nov. 1, overseeing the school and business partnerships dubbed "renaissance teams." Richard "R.C." Fong J.D. is a partner in the Oakland law firm Fong & Fong. His home is in Alameda.

76 Chris Hasney is a retired investment broker living in Sierra Vista, Ariz. He enjoys boating, water skiing, golf, karate, bridge, and theater. James Hupton MBA is general manager at Westhouse Marine Division, Sunnyvale. Kevin Matheny is associate vice president for university relations at Saint Mary's University, Winona, Minn. He and his wife, Joyce, have three sons.

78 Henry Rendler J.D. married Nicole Girod J.D. ’90, Aug. 12. Their home is in Campbell.

80 Peter McCloskey J.D. lives in Falls Church, Va., and is a Civil Rights Division specialist with the U.S. Department of Justice, Criminal Section, Washington, D.C. John G. Powers J.D. is a founding partner of the Farmer & Ridley Law Offices, Los Angeles. In 1993, he was elected to the La Habra Heights City Council and was elected mayor in 1995. He and his wife, Jan, have two children: 8-year-old Katie and 7-year-old Christie.

84 Lisa (Barton) Armando J.D. is an attorney in the Palo Alto law firm Holtzmann, Wise & Shepard. Glenn Hoffman MBA is purchasing manager for Raychem Corp., Menlo Park. Edward Quigley MBA is corporate controller for ETEC Systems, Hayward. In 1995, he was ordained to the permanent diaconate, diocese of Oakland, and hopes to concentrate on evangelization at St. Augustine Parish, Pleasanton, where he lives with his wife, Sharon. They have five children and nine grandchildren. Douglas Tribble J.D. is a partner in Pillsbury, Madison & Sutro, San Diego.

85 Joseph Tabrisky J.D. practices law in Jacksonville, Fla.

86 Hank Lydick MBA is national accounts manager, strategic alliances, for Evolutionary Technologies International, Austin, Texas.

87 Patricia (David) Fritz M.A. is a school nurse with the Santa Clara Unified School District.

88 Carol Druhan J.D. is commercialization and business counsel for the Electric Power Research Institute, Palo Alto. Rebecca Speer J.D. practices law in San Francisco. Michael Stebbins J.D. married Stacey Teague, Sept. 1, at Chimney Rock Winery in Napa Valley. They live in a restored Victorian home in Willow Glen. Stebbins and David Tollner J.D. are founding partners of Lymberis, Tollner, Stebbins & Bahrick, a San Jose law firm that emphasizes business, intellectual property, and insurance litigation.

89 Christina Papoulas-Barton M.A. and her husband, Tom, had a daughter, Alexandra, July 29, in Mountain View. Mehrdad Talafar MBA is a tax manager for Arthur Andersen, San Jose.

91 Winston Chen MBA is a director of worldwide technical marketing at Trident Microsystems, Mountain View. Trident manufactures and markets multimedia video and graphics accelerators for desktop and notebook personal computers. Winston lives in Cupertino. Christine Craig J.D. (MBA ’92) is a business law attorney in California. With her husband, Michael Herberg, David Crank MBA lives in Lexington, Ky., where he is an assistant professor of agricultural economics, University of Kentucky. Joshua Harris J.D. received his LL.M. (tax) degree, cum laude, from Golden Gate University, San Francisco, in 1994. He is a tax associate in estate planning and business transactions with Boutil, Dentino, Gibson & DiGiusto, Sacramento. Karyn Smith J.D. married Rob Dean at the Palace of Fine Arts, San Francisco, Oct. 1. Also in October, she joined Odwalla Inc. as its vice president, general counsel.

92 Lisa Dirrenberger J.D. married Martin Staven, March 18, 1995, in Tulare County where she is a deputy district attorney. Melendy Fiorentino MBA is international marketing manager for ParcPlace, Sunnyvale. She lives in Los Altos. Gina Marie Grandolfo J.D. is an associate in Gutierrez & Associates real estate and business transactions practice groups in San Francisco.


94 John Dye MBA is an associate with Lowery & Associates, Mountain View. Jason Klavitter J.D. is an associate in the law offices of Joseph Uremovic J.D. ’76, Fresno. Carolyn Treakle M.A. is in private practice as a learning specialist in special education, academic therapy, and educational diagnosis. She lives in Los Altos.

95 Rovina Suri MBA is manager of support services at the San Jose Job Corps, overseeing food services, logistics, maintenance, and child development center operations.
A HEAD FOR FIGURES
Janet Espinosa M.S. '73 (M.A. '79) gives minority math students a boost

Her love for math began at a wooden school desk in Seattle when she was in the fifth grade. It wasn't that the numbers intrigued her or that arithmetic put order in her world. For Janet Espinosa M.S. '73 (M.A. '79), the reason was simple: She was good at it.

"I liked it because I could get the problems done fast and talk to the people around me," says Espinosa, laughing.

Espinosa's love for math grew as she did, but her reasons changed. Inspired by dedicated teachers and a yearning for order and logic, she continued studying math in college.

Now she finds herself with the ideal math job, which has connected her with SCU, where she received a master of science degree in teaching mathematics and a master of arts in bilingual cross-cultural education.

Espinosa directs the José Valdes Math Institute, a summer program designed to increase the number of underrepresented minorities in math classes leading to college and professional careers. Each year, the 8-year-old program enrolls about 1,100 students, mostly from selected middle schools in San Jose.

Students spend seven hours a day for seven weeks studying arithmetic, algebra, geometry, and trigonometry analysis at five Bay Area colleges, including SCU.

The program was founded by José Valdes '79, an AP calculus teacher in San Jose. Troubled by the low enrollment of Hispanics and African Americans in his classes, Valdes created the institute to change those numbers. When he died in 1991, Espinosa was named director.

So far, results are positive. Although some students come only grudgingly—at the prodding of parents or the insistence of teachers—more than 91 percent complete the course. They may begin below grade level, but 60 percent of the program graduates are recommended for placement in ninth-grade algebra. Some go on to major in math in college.

For Espinosa, success is measured not only by statistics but by the expressions on the students' faces. "You can really see when they get something or understand something," she says. "I'm most excited when I see students reach beyond what they thought personally possible."

The institute also works with teachers to improve their skills and increase their expectations—particularly of minority and economically disadvantaged students. Some of the institute's own teachers were once program assistants for Espinosa.

"I really appreciate Janet because she'll listen to our input about the program," says Sonia Alvarez-Oppus, 25, who worked as a program assistant and will return as an institute teacher this summer. She also learned high-school geometry from Espinosa a decade ago. "What's evident to students is that she really enjoys math. She really understands it, and it matters," Alvarez-Oppus says.

Although the job has taken Espinosa herself away from the classroom—where she spent 26 years—she's found a way to return. She now teaches two classes at Evergreen Valley College in San Jose—just for fun, she insists. And this summer she'll find some time to teach at the institute.

—Laura Trujillo '92

Laura Trujillo '92 is a reporter at The Oregonian in Portland, Ore.
Sacramento County Hospital when he met his wife-to-be, a nurse named Winnifred Fitzpatrick. She died in 1989. During World War II, Berg served in the U.S. Army Medical Corps. As an eye doctor, he launched his private practice in 1948. He was known throughout Sacramento for his philanthropy, as well as his medical expertise. A supporter of Catholic churches and charities, he routinely dispensed free eye care to nurses in Sacramento County. “He was extremely generous,” said fellow physician Byron Demarest. “He would see people for nothing if they didn’t have any money. He would see most of the sisters in town when they needed eye care.” He was a past president of Alta California Ophthalmological Society and a member of the California Calistenians’ Association. Shortly before retiring, he moved to Placerville, where he operated a small cattle ranch. He stopped practicing medicine in 1986. He is survived by his five children: John, Dennis, Cindy, Sally, and Susan; and four grandchildren.

40 Jack G. Holman, in December 1994, in Napa.

42 Theodore S. “Ted” Cribari, on Nov. 25, at his Fresno home. A third-generation winemaker, he was president of Cribari Vineyards Inc., Fresno. He was born in San Jose and graduated from Bellarmine College Preparatory and Santa Clara, where he received his commission as a 2nd lieutenant in the U.S. Army field artillery. A Fresno resident since 1942, he was on the board of trustees of St. Agnes Medical Center and the building committee of St. Therese’s Church, where he was a parishioner. He was past president of San Joaquin Memorial High School Dad’s Club and the Serra Club, a Catholic laymen’s organization that promotes vocations to the priesthood. He received the Benedenerti Medal from Pope Paul VI in 1965 for outstanding service to the Church and community. He is survived by his wife, Phyllis; daughter, Suzanne Guyette; sons Ted Jr. and John; and grandson Ted III. He is survived by his wife, Mildred; and children Linda, Carol, William, Michael, Patrick, and Melinda.

42 John M. O’Connor, March 12, 1995, in Rapid City, S.D. He was a high-school teacher. He is survived by his son, Michael ’66.

48 Raymond F. Murphy, in 1995, in Foster City, where he was a consulting engineer. He is survived by his wife, Mildred; and children Linda, Carol, William, Michael, Patrick, and Melinda.

49 Victor Cassimou, on Jan. 6, in San Pedro.

Charles A. “Chuck” Johnson, on Nov. 8, in Saratoga, of kidney cancer. He made a career of designing and making machines. He rose from engineer to corporate vice president of FMC and shepherded some of the armament that turned the company into a major U.S. defense supplier during and after the Korean War. When he retired in 1983, he was general manager of FMC’s Defense Systems Group, which manufactured personnel carriers such as the Bradley Fighting Vehicle. Such ordnance was what catapulted FMC from the manufacture of pump sprays in the prunecapital of the world into the defense contracts of a multibillion dollar industrial giant. But Chuck was not just a military vehicle specialist. A San Jose native, he was a member of Abraham Lincoln High School Class of ’44, the first to graduate from that school. After stateide duty in the U.S. Army Air Force during the latter stages of World War II, he entered Santa Clara, married his high-school sweetheart, Claire Anne Thurwachter, and obtained his mechanical engineering degree. He went to work for FMC in 1950 and was sent to Anniston, Ala., in the 1970s to take over what was to become the steel products division. There he ordered all forklifts painted pink and the washrooms painted primary colors. He installed new lockers for all employees and distributed keys at random as a move toward desegregation, said his son, Robert: “They realized it wasn’t black and white anymore.” The Johnsons next moved to Portland, Ore., where he was manager of the marine and rail equipment division. Adolph Quilici ’53, who worked for him, said it was amazing how Chuck could walk in and take over. He was “very direct and people-oriented. He had come up through engineering and also ran a factory. He knew every welder and mechanic out on the floor. He walked and talked; he was not the guy who sat in his office. He was very much a problem solver.” In 1977, he was appointed division manager of the Northern Ordinance Division in Minneapolis, then general manager of the division. He was promoted to general manager and vice president of defense systems in 1980. He spent his last three years with FMC in San Jose and retired in 1983 after 34 years of service. He is survived by his wife, Claire; sons Robert, Jeffrey, and Timothy; and five grandchildren. Noreen; daughters Mary Matheny ’76, Deirdre Shymanski ’78, and Teresa ’84; son, George Jr. ’83; and three grandchildren.

Albert Pierre, on Dec. 24, in San Francisco. A native of Santa Rosa, he was a member of the first class of St. Rose Grammar School and a graduate of Santa Rosa High School. He was a B-17 pilot in World War II, 8th Army Air Corps, European Campaign, and a long-time member of San Francisco Builders’ Exchange, owning his own floor-covering business. He is survived by his wife, Marilyn; six daughters; two sons; and 11 grandchildren.

Robert E. Haley J.D., on Feb. 5, in San Jose, after a lengthy battle with Parkinson’s disease. Born in San Jose in 1923, he was raised in Salinas, graduating from Salinas High School in 1941. In 1944, he graduated from the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy, Kings Point, N.Y., and served four years in the U.S. Navy during World War II as a lieutenant j.g. with amphibious units in the South Pacific. He is survived by his wife, Billie; children Mary Ann, Kathleen, Patrick, and Timothy; and six grandchildren.

Luis Pereira, on Feb. 20, in Berkeley, Md., after a lengthy illness. He was a senior finance analyst at World Bank. He is survived by his wife, Indiana, and six children.

Jack J. Schall, on April 28, 1995, in Spokane, Wash., of cancer and cardiac arrest. He was a retired AT&T district manager for the Reno area before his retirement. He is survived by his wife, Gwenyth; daughters Leslie Bass and Allison Threde; son, Robert; grandchildren Nicole, Kati, Jack, Samantha, Lisa, and Anthony, all of Spokane; and brother, James V. Schall, S.J., of Georgetown.

Wilford Smith MBA, in May 1995, in Sunnyvale. He is survived by his wife, Mildred.

Roger Wollesen, S.J., during summer 1995, in Los Gatos, of a heart attack.

Louis Ogbugo, in June 1995, in Irvington, N.Y. A native of Biafra (now Nigeria), he had his own business, JIO Enterprises, in Irvington. He is survived by his wife, Winifred; and children Francis ’86, Benedict, Arthur, Victoria, Leona, Uja, Eric, Charles, and Edith; and daughter-in-law, Linda (Phipps) ’86.

Bruce Decker, on Nov. 11, at his home in Beverly Hills, of complications from AIDS. Born in Redwood City, he was a graduate of the Robert Louis Stevenson School, Pebble Beach; Santa Clara; and University of Denver. An avid Republican, he began his political career as an assistant to President Gerald Ford. He also worked as an assistant to Vice President Nelson Rockefeller and worked briefly for President Jimmy Carter. When the AIDS crisis worsened in the 1980s, Bruce, who was by then one of California’s most prominent gay Republicans, became a tireless advocate of AIDS research and education. In 1984, Gov. George Deukmejian appointed him to chair the California AIDS Advisory Committee that advised state officials on AIDS policy. He resigned in 1988 to protest Deukmejian’s support of Proposition 102, the statewide initiative that would have restricted...
25 Harold J. Toso (J.D. '26), on March 7, in his native San Francisco. Toso, who won 11 varsity letters in four years at Santa Clara, continued to support Bronco sports throughout the rest of his 94 years. A major contributor to the Leavely Activities Center, he also funded a Bronco Bench Foundation scholarship. Toso Pavilion, SCU's basketball arena, is named for him. In 1973, he was elected to the SCU Athletic Hall of Fame for football, basketball, and baseball.

Toso considered playing semi-professional basketball but, he said, "My mind was made up to go into the insurance business, and so I did. It was the right choice." He went to work for W.B. Brandt Insurance Co., which led to an early partnership of Sayre & Toso, with Toso as president. In 1962, the firm became Mission Equities Corp. and is known now as Mission Insurance Group. Toso retired in 1972 and was named honorary chair of the board and director emeritus of the corporation.

Toso's support of SCU went beyond athletics. He served as Alumni Association president, chair of the Board of Regents, and member of the Board of Trustees. He also endowed a chair in Italian language and culture and was a major donor to the Casa Italiana residence hall.

For former SCU executive vice president counseled alcoholics

51 The Rev. William Perkins, on Jan. 26, in Shell Beach, Calif. Executive vice president of Santa Clara University from 1966-1974, Perkins began his career as a Jesuit in 1946, teaching at St. Ignatius High School in San Francisco and at SCU. He also served as vice president for student services at the University.

Aside from his work at SCU, Perkins held administrative positions at University of San Francisco, St. Ignatius Church, and Loyola Marymount University in Los Angeles.

Perkins retired from the Jesuit order in 1989, but he continued to serve as a priest in several churches along the central coast of California. "They're very understaffed in the Monterey Diocese, and each weekend he would help out in a different church," says longtime friend Tennant Wright, S.J., lecturer in religious studies at SCU.

Perkins also held spirituality seminars and retreats for people in the 12-Step Program of Alcoholics Anonymous, of which he was a member. "He was very successful as a counselor," Wright says.

Perkins is survived by his brother, Dudley; sister, Joan Perkins Dixon; nieces, Mary and Dana Perkins Kline; and nephews, William, James, and Thomas.

80 The Rev. Dr. John C. Carroll M.A., Oct. 6, in San Jose. Born in Chelsea, Mass., and raised in the American Baptist tradition, he earned a degree from Andover Newton; a church in Seattle brought him into the Congregational fold. Subsequently, he came to Santa Clara; and, in a garage in 1952, founded Church of the Valley, United Church of Christ (UCC). When he resigned after 20 years of parish ministry, the church had 1,600 members. Two more graduate degrees put John in a private counseling practice that lasted 10 years. Then he moved on to convalescent home chaplaincy. For 20 years, he counseled first-time juvenile offenders one Saturday a month. In 1991, he and Florence Peer, who had both been single for more than 20 years and friends for 35, fell in love and were married. Years earlier, he had helped her create Books Aloud, a books-on-tape, nonprofit organization that provides free audiotapes of books to the seeing impaired and anyone else who has trouble reading. It has circulated 67,000 tapes. He helped create an 11-acre, 350-resident retirement center next to Church of the Valley, where he remained pastor emeritus. He died on his and Florence's fourth anniversary. Besides his wife, he leaves a son, John; daughters Sara and Alice; stepdaughters Sandra and Judy; two grandchildren; and three step-grandchildren.

80 R. Ashley Cohn J.D., on Dec. 28, in his home in San Francisco. A graduate of the University of North Carolina, he was a trial attorney in San Francisco. He had been a deputy city attorney, a partner at Bertrand, Fox, Elliott & Cohn, and in private practice as a mediator and arbitrator. He is survived by his wife, Jill Goodenough.

80 David Maas, on Sept. 20, in Angola, Ind. He is survived by his wife, Chrissy (Spencer); daughters Kali and Meagan; his mother; and five brothers and sisters.
8 Santa Clara—Day of Recollection with Sister Joan King, O.P. Donohoe Alumni House Conference Room, noon-4:30 p.m. Topic: spirituality of the beloved. Reservations required.

12 Los Angeles—Back to the Classroom with History Professor Tim O'Keefe. Call Joe Burschinger '89 (213-957-0290).

12 San Francisco—Summer Quarterly Luncheon featuring a University speaker. New Pisa Restaurant, 11:45 a.m.-1:15 p.m.

15 Santa Clara—Annual Graduation Picnic welcoming the Class of '96 into the Alumni Association. Alumni Park, noon-4 p.m. Reservations required.

22 Los Angeles—3-on-3 Basketball Tournament for recent alumni and current SCU students. Call Kevin Dee '90 (213-481-1800).

JULY

20 Peninsula—Day at the 'Stick.

Giants vs. Dodgers. Tailgate barbecue, 11 a.m.; game, 1:05 p.m. $15 per person. Call Carlos Lopez '58 (M.A. '70) (415-688-3847).

AUGUST

10 Peninsula—Alumni Family Picnic. Games, barbecue, and entertainment for all ages. San Marco Central Park, noon-3 p.m. Call Mark McLenan '85 (J.D. '88) (415-578-1059).


18 Peninsula—Welcome for New Students.


SEPTEMBER

5 Phoenix—New Student Gathering.


8 Santa Clara—Vintage Santa Clara XIII. Wines and hors d'oeuvres from more than 50 alumni-affiliated wineries and restaurants. Mission Gardens, 1-30 p.m. $25 in advance; $30 at event. Call Tom and Lisa '78 Bakewell (408-296-4923).


12 Portland—Ice Cream Social Welcome for New Students.

19 Peninsula—Post-work Social. Fanny and Alexander's, 412 Emerson St., Palo Alto, 6 p.m. Call Ali Werner '94 (415-988-1190).

26 Phoenix—Alumni Reception with special guest University President Paul Locarelli '69, S.J. Call Will Auther '89 (J.D. '92) (602-279-1658).

29 Peninsula—Santa Clara Sunday. An overview of Santa Clara today featuring Mass, brunch, and an informative presentation by University representatives. Circus Club, Atherton, 10 a.m. $15 per person. Call Carlos Lopez '58 (M.A. '70) (415-688-3847).

OCTOBER

18 Peninsula—Night at the Races. Bay Meadows, 7 p.m. A special section of the grandstand reserved for Santa Clarans. Call Mark McLenan '85 (J.D. '88) (415-578-1059).

NOVEMBER


9 Peninsula—Bronco Basketball Tip-off Social. Join members of the SCU men's and women's basketball teams and coaching staff for the start of another great season. Call Mark McLenan '85 (J.D. '88) (415-578-1059).

26 Stockton—Pregame Gathering prior to SCU vs. UOP men's basketball game. Call Greg O'Leary '81 (209-476-2908).

COMING EVENTS

ART EXHIBITS

Unless otherwise noted, exhibits are free and in de Saisset Museum. The museum is open Tuesday through Sunday, 11 a.m.-4 p.m.; closed Monday. Call 408-554-4528 for more information.

Through Aug. 11—A Selection of 18th- and 19th-Century Vestments from the Permanent Collection. Vestments from the Mission's Franciscan period found during the summer 1995 de Saisset inventory.

Through Aug. 11—David Wakely: A Sense of Mission. Photographic exhibition on historic churches of the Southwest. An architectural and travel photographer, Wakely describes his fascination with these churches as "structures created to honor the spiritual world."

Through Dec. 6—First Californians as Seen by Edward Curtis. A display of more than 40 photos and photogravures of Native Americans from Northern California, chronicling how they lived prior to contact with white people.

Through Dec. 6—From Classical...
Greece to the Early 20th Century.
Selections from Stanford University Museum of Art and de Saisset Museum.

**MUSIC**

Unless otherwise noted, call 408-554-4429 for more information. Programs subject to change without notice.

**June 1—Student Recital.** Davinna Ohlson, piano. Music of Chopin, Haydn, Tcherepnin. Concert Hall, 2 p.m. Free.

**June 2—Santa Clara University Concert Choir.** "Music for Royalty," directed by Magen Solomon. Concert Hall, 4 p.m. General admission, $6; staff, faculty, seniors, $4; students, free.

**June 3—Music at Noon.** "Voice, Véce, Voz!" SCU voice students debut. Concert Hall. Free.

**June 4—Music at Noon.** "Piano, Piano, Piano!" SCU piano students debut. Concert Hall. Free.

**June 5—Music at Noon.** "Student Recital, Take 1." SCU students perform a variety of chamber and vocal works. Concert Hall. Free.

**June 6—Music at Noon.** "Student Recital, Take 2." SCU students perform a variety of chamber and vocal works. Concert Hall. Free.

**June 7—Music at Noon.** SCU faculty member Robert Bozina leads the classical guitar ensemble. De Saisset Museum. Free.

**June 7—SCU Orchestra, Santa Clara Chorale, San Jose Symphonic Choir.** "Missa Solennis," by Beethoven. Mission Church, 8 p.m. General admission, $12; faculty, staff, seniors, $10; students, $8.

**June 8—Musical Theater and Opera Scenes.** SCU's Opera Workshop. Concert Hall, 8 p.m. Free.

**June 9—Commencement Recital.** Graduating SCU music majors and minors in a farewell recital. Music Department honors awarded. Concert Hall, 4:30 p.m. Free.

**SPECIAL EVENTS**

**June, July, and August—Continuing Professional Development.** Continuing education workshops for mental health professionals and educators, offered by the Division of Counseling Psychology and Education. Call Julie Malvey, administrative coordinator (408-554-4672).

**June 11—African American Recognition Program.** Honoring members of the Class of 1996. Benson Center Williman Room, 7 p.m. Free. Call Denise Bradley, assistant director, African American Student Resource Center (408-554-4437).

**June 21—18th Annual Bronco Bench Golf Classic.** Golf, lunch, awards, prizes, dinner, and auction. Proceeds from this foursome scramble-format event benefit scholarships for student athletes. Santa Teresa Golf Club, San Jose, 12:30 p.m. shotgun start. $175 a person. Call 408-554-6921.

**Aug. 9—U.S. Congressman Tom Campbell.** "The Congress, Then and Now."

**SPRING 1996**

Ron Hansen M.A. ’95, SCU’s Gerard Manley Hopkins Professor in Arts and Humanities and author of "Mariette in Ecstasy" and "Atticus." Mayer Theatre, 7:30 p.m. Free. Sponsored by the Bannan Foundation and the Department of Religious Studies.

**KENNA CLUB**

Kenna Club luncheons are held in Benson Center Williman Room. Reception, 11:45 a.m.; luncheon, 12:15 p.m. Members, $15; nonmembers, $22. Reservations required; call 408-554-4699.

**COMMENCEMENT EVENTS**

**June 14—Baccalaureate Mass.** Mission Gardens, 4:30 p.m. Reception, 6 p.m.

**June 15—145th Undergraduate Commencement.** Mission Gardens, 9 a.m.

**June 16—Graduate School Commencement.** Speaker: Rebecca Q. Morgan, president, Joint Venture Silicon Valley. Mission Gardens, 9:45 a.m.
Bhongir, in the southern Indian state of Andhra Pradesh, is no tourist town. There are three decent restaurants where you can dine on your choice of rice, rice, or...rice.

The power, or “current” as they say here, is out for a quarter of the day and often comes and goes in 10-minute intervals, causing me to wonder if someone at the local power plant has a sad sense of humor or a personal vendetta. The latter is most likely.

I came to Bhongir one year ago to help restart the local Habitat for Humanity (HFH) committee. HFH works with local people to build houses for the needy. Due to some very sordid mismanagement, the Bhongir project had been on probation for almost a year.

Previously, I had worked with the HFH committee in Rewari, in the North, where we built more than 250 houses. But, in a sense, my arrival in the state of Andhra Pradesh left me as naked as I was when I arrived on the Indian subcontinent in 1993.

The language of Andhra is Telugu, which sounds to my videshi (foreign) ears like a mixture of Hindi, Tamil, and tongues. The people are a different race (Dravidian), and the dress, customs, food—and even how to eat that food—are different.

There are some commonalities with the North: swine in the street (only more), open sewage (oh, that smell), and bullock carts (but with wagon wheels instead of Michelin tires).

After a two-year hiatus, I’m glad to report we’re building again in Bhongir—and building for people who are truly needy. Two days ago, at our standard orientation for new families, I listened to a matriarch explain that for 17 years she’d prayed for a house but never thought her prayer would be answered. It seemed to her that she would always be living in a ramshackle two-room place that flooded every year while the rent continued to rise. Her eyes welled with tears as she spoke. Her husband could only nod in agreement as she wiped her tears with a loose piece of sari.

I have to admit that I’ve become very cynical. I’ve heard all kinds of stories only to find later that they were lies. Yet this incident was new to me. I’ve never seen a person cry before as Mrs. Ganesh had. It’s a typical Habitat story—a clichéd one—but it was a first for me, and it left me speechless.

I would have liked to end with this positive story about my experience here, but the funeral of one of our committee members, Mary Devadass, remains foremost in my mind.

For two weeks, she’d suffered excruciating pain with 65 percent of her body devoured by third-degree burns. The reason: Her husband and possibly a daughter had set her on fire—not, unfortunately, an uncommon way of disposing of unwanted wives in India. Considering Mary’s condition, her death was probably a blessing.

When I visited Mary in the burn ward, I saw at least 20 other girls and women whose flesh was melted. For many of them, heaven may follow another 50 years of life—a life lived as an outcast, a best-remembered reminder of a societal illness, damaged goods. As far as women are concerned, India has always had a market economy.

Mary, a nurse by training, had, like so many battered women, implicated her husband in the burning but refused to press charges. For his part, the husband claimed she’d tried to commit suicide. Despite all the evidence to the contrary, the story was circulated and accepted immediately. On Mary’s death, her sisters leveled charges against her husband, but the chances that he will do time are slim; he’s already bribed the authorities.

At the funeral, I observed scores of women weeping and literally gnashing their teeth. All I could think of were Jesus’ words as he was led to Calvary: “Daughters of Jerusalem, do not weep for me; weep for yourselves and for your children.” I looked at the young girls and wondered if they were attending an event that presented their own fate.

Mary’s story will not be told on CNN. There will be no courtroom drama, and the sordid details will never be aired on tabloid television. Her story is not new; it is not fresh.

Rather, it is so common as to leave people feeling that they can do nothing. Perhaps this is the greatest sin, a cop-out that renders us all accomplices.

This article was excerpted from a newsletter Kerry San Chirico ’92 sends to supporters of his work with Habitat for Humanity. If you are interested in receiving a copy, contact Brian Mack ’92, 401 31st Ave., Seattle, WA 98122. Donations are appreciated.
INVESTING IN THE FUTURE

Since SCU's founding in 1851 as California's first college, its doors have been open to bright young people of all financial circumstances. This worthy tradition is now threatened.

Increasingly, a Santa Clara education—and the critical values-based instruction it provides—is moving beyond the reach of the vast majority of American families. Currently, about two-thirds of SCU undergraduates rely on financial aid.

Growing need, along with state and federal aid that fails to keep pace with inflation, has forced SCU's financial aid budget to skyrocket. During the past 15 years, the University's contribution to annual undergraduate scholarship assistance has grown about 750 percent and today exceeds $12 million. Still, more than $2 million in documented student scholarship needs are going unmet each year.

Your contribution to endowed or annual scholarship funds can help ensure that a Jesuit education remains within reach of the high-quality students for whom SCU is known. Won't you help keep alive our commitment to educate bright young people from all backgrounds?

Endowed and annual scholarships are named according to the donors' wishes. For additional information on how you can support scholarships for Santa Clara University students, please call the Development Office at 408-554-4400 or write the Director of Development, Varick Hall, Santa Clara University, Santa Clara, CA 95053.
With the music of the new fountain in the background, students welcome spring by sipping frappuccinos and catching a few rays of sunshine. The Terrace Café is part of the new food services at Benson Center, where students can feast on Italian-style panini, fast foods from Pizza Hut and Taco Bell, and healthy alternatives such as made-to-order soups and salads and fat-free desserts. The fountain comes courtesy of SCU parents Gerald and Rosemary Reilly and several members of the Class of '56: Thomas T. Farley, H. Joseph Ferguson, Adrian R. Dioli, and Luis A. Pereira.