It all happened before we knew what was going on. Benson, the Engineering Center, the computers, even the new name. You had to say it to yourself a few times to get a feel for it.

Santa Clara University. Awkward at first, but almost rhythmic after some practice.

But more than the environment was changing. People were changing. Attitudes, opinions, even everyday decisions were affected. Reaction, or shall we say interaction, between the individual and the community was the name of the game.

You might say we experienced a change of stimuli which led us to reevaluate our role in society. For some people this may have meant the decision to participate in The Institute on Technology and Society. For others, perhaps a resolution to tackle that innate fear of computers. Regardless of the area of change, the common element was individual response.

Of course, the Jesuit ethic stood as strong as ever, serving as the basis upon which these responses were made. And as spring quarter quickly arrived, the direction these responses were taking became apparent: the people who were here in 1986 were, indeed, keeping sight of the human side.
Freshman theatre arts major Mary Ann Pitcher rehearses a step for the Images dance concert. Held annually in Mayer Theatre, Images provides an opportunity for both veteran and beginning dancers to present their talent and artistic creativity to larger audiences.

With an expression of sincere concentration, Lance Armentano takes advantage of the computing resources available in the Kenna PC lab. Only the second year since they were established, the PC labs saw a rapid increase in the use by students of all majors.

Engineering Professor Eugene Fisher discusses the finer points of lattice structure in a material science class. Engineering students and faculty found relief in the newly completed engineering center, which took the place of the hot and stuffy trailer classrooms of previous years.
I probably watched it about 20 times. A furious red and orange splash against a cobalt blue sky. And as the spectacle replayed itself again and again on Benson's wide screen television, I realized someone up there was signaling us here on earth. "Slow down," he was saying. "You're going just a little too fast for yourselves."

Technology had failed in its grandest sense, and the seven astronauts who were "reaching for the stars" became unfortunate symbols of that failure.

Technology was something we learned a lot about at SCU in 1986. Phrases like "genetic engineering," "artificial intelligence" and "the communication revolution" were no longer science fiction concepts for us. Technology was becoming the environment we were living in. Late nights in the PC and DEC labs banging away at Wordstar, Lotus and Fortran drove this point home all too clearly for many of us.

But technology wasn't the only thing on the move. SCU itself took some pretty large leaps. New buildings, new majors, new coaches, new professors, even a new name. And as these shifts in our learning environment grew permanent, certain questions began to emerge. How were the students and faculty responding to this change? What role would we play in this new community?

How were the students and faculty responding to this change? What role would we play in this new community?
Keyboards clicked in cadence, almost like grasshoppers in the night. It was dead week and just about every terminal in the Kenna PC lab became part of a chaotic rhythm, students struggling to finish that last program or paper before finals. High-powered word processing or spreadsheet programs became the only way for some students to get through those last few days until spring break.

For these people, typewriters were a thing of the past. Many wondered how they ever got along without a computer in the first place. But others were less enthusiastic. The possibility of erasing an entire term paper on a floppy disk did not appeal to these people whatsoever.

As always, our frames of reference strongly influenced our responses. Some students flocked to the new lounge in the basement of Benson. However, those people involved with minority student services and organizations felt they had been dealt with unfairly in the reallocation of office space after the
Junior Doug Davidovich fires off an extra point during SCU's 51-23 Homecoming victory against Cal Lutheran. Coach Terry Malley succeeded his father, the late Pat Malley, and led the Broncos to the Western Football Conference title with an overall 8-2-1 record.

We reacted in diverse ways even to events off-campus. Many students praised President Reagan's strongarm policy in the Libyan crisis while others condemned it as a prelude to future military escalation in the area.

Most importantly, these sorts of responses educated us in ways which the classroom could not. We were living, loving and learning through our personal interactions with the world around us.
During the winter months, when the sun is farther north than usual, one can stand outside the back door of St. Joseph's and watch the sun set through the Nobili Hall tower. It is a spectacular sight to watch the tower fall into silhouette and all the light in the sky seem focused on one special place. It is a view which makes one wonder about the history of SCU, California's oldest institution of higher learning.

Students and faculty are proud of their association with this established University. But we are an old school in a new era trying to maintain a standard of quality and excellence. And sometimes it isn't easy.

We celebrated the end of the 50 million dollar fund drive, but many problems still remain. Professors are doubled up in offices, housing can't be guaranteed to seniors and classrooms are scarce, all because of a general lack of space. Even the Alameda re-route, now finally begun, is making demands on scarce resources.

Choices are being made every day and, undoubtedly, the Jesuit ethic remains central to education at Santa Clara. The next five year plan holds solutions to SCU's new problems, but it will take money and time to realize them.

— Greg Schultz
While teammates are “on deck” Bern Fraser and Ellen Whittenburg develop a friendship that not only makes the bench fun, but also helps in their skill as teammates on the field.

Choices are being made everyday and, undoubtedly, the Jesuit ethic remains central to education at SCU.
Sophomore Emily Cooney takes a break from inspecting the goods for sale at the Special Olympics Auction Fundraiser held in the Benson Cafeteria in November.

Max Mancini

SCU students enjoy a September showing of "Revenge of the Nerds" in Kennedy Mall. Kennedy Mall was the site of many campus social events where students could relax, away from frenzied academic schedules.
A REACTION TO THE ACTION

If you go on a Friday or Saturday night, you can barely breathe. In fact, you're lucky if you even make it through the door. But if you do get inside to experience the smells and feel the wildness and taste the beer and hear Sinatra and see Rich North ... well ... you experience The Hut.

In many ways, The Hut is a special place. Years from now, we will still tell stories of that place and the people who gathered there, just as we will share memories of the other people we encountered here.

We are a small school. In some ways this is a disadvantage in that we become sheltered from people of different social, ethnic, and economic backgrounds. But our small student body is also an advantage. At Santa Clara we are given the opportunity to build lasting friendships not only with classmates, but even with professors. And the wealth of activities available in 1986 created as close a university community as ever before.

But student life was more than activities and entertainment. It was figuring out ways to evade the strict alcohol policy. It was late night study sessions. It was the Benson Blues. But most of all it was friends and the ways in which we, as a collective student body, interacted with each other throughout the year.
With their bright red SCU orientation folders in hand, Paul Clifford and Craig DePole look through the many materials they have received. Orientation 1985 was characterized by many new events, such as the Western Round-Up and the Career Development workshop.

Sophomore Teresa Holdener and Rose Que find out that being an Orientation Advisor actually involves strenuous physical work, as they struggle to lift freshman luggage up the Swig steps. Spring selection for OAs is a very competitive process, with many students applying.

Orientation Advisor Liz Reynoso helps John Mathias unload one of his many suitcases. One of the pleasant surprises that welcomed freshmen as they drove up to the dorm halls was the friendly and immediate assistance offered by OAs.

After moving in, freshman Bill Gregerson and his mother listen as steering committee member Gina Perello explains the different items included in the orientation packet. Heidi Knauf and Anne Marie DiGeronimo were also among the students who helped pass out these packets at the Kennedy Mall check-in area.
Amid the confusion and chaos, the sounds of slamming car doors and beeping horns are heard as a new load of troops arrive to do battle with college at SCU.

"What a zoo!" says one, lost youth. "Everyone is trying to unload their junk at the same time."

"Junk?" exclaims one helping hunk with a white shirt and green name button. "I've never seen so many fancy appliances in my life."

"It's just my luck," says another enthusiastic OA. "I always seem to be moving people in on the top floor of Swig."

Helping hands reach for every package and piece of luggage emerging from the variety of vehicles lined up in front of the dorms. The freshmen, some looking forlorn, others appearing excited, try to get their bearings.

"Can I help you?" asks yet another smiling lifesaver.

"Which way do I go?" wails the freshman.

Yes, it will be a long day.

The next day dawns and the freshman arrivals are in a stage of uncertainty.

"I feel like I'm hanging in limbo! And I want to know what happens next."

The OAs listen and laugh to themselves. The freshmen are "stressed out!"

"Relax! Try to get involved in what you really enjoy and meet lots of people."

"Sounds good," the freshmen reply. "But how?"

The Candlelight Dinner and Dance seems to be the perfect answer. Or is it? The shy freshman women line up on one side, men on the other.

Something has to be done. The OAs yell "Loosen up!" and the wild dancing begins.

"It's really fun," says one swinging young lady. "I can feel the energy."

"The freshmen men are even better looking when dressed up," remarks another enthusiastic dancer.

Yes, the Candlelight extravaganza is a success, but it's only the beginning. Two days later many freshmen feel the end of the fun has come.

"Registration? Yuk!" one freshman responds.

"You mean I start classes tomorrow? My mind will never be in gear!" exclaims another member of the disheartened troop.

Yes, the entertaining orientation is almost over and the battle with classes will soon be starting. Freshmen are on their own.

The OAs leave with a few friendly words: "Take things as they come, and always remember why you are here."

"It is exciting, but scary," says one freshman.

"Sounds like fun," says another new arrival. "But when is vacation?"

Yes, the freshmen have arrived.
ASSOCIATING
THE STUDENTS

by Kerry Forni

I

da and I were talking the
other day, reflecting on our
experiences as senators and
the role we play in ASUSC. Our
efforts in recording our activity
lead us back to the familiar
setting of the MBA Reading
Room. 7:30 p.m., any particular
Sunday evening...

"This meeting of the ASUSC
Senate will now come to order;
Ms. Boken will begin by taking
roll."

(Another profound greeting by
Mr. Leupp. I'm still awaiting the
day he opens with "Aloha,
Dudes!")

"Mr. Chamberlin?"

"Here."

"Ms. Coburn?...Ms.
Coburn?...Are you here?...Hey
Michele!..."

"Oh, here."

"Ms. Doherty?"

"Here."

"Mr. Quong?"

"Aqui."

(Always the devil's advocate —
he can be counted on to question
a proposal even when it is
thought all questions have been
answered.)

"Mr. Connors?"

"Here."

"Mr. Ricci?"

"Present."

(A senior senator who is
continually dedicated to
providing foresight and direction
to our Senate Legislative
Committee [SLC].)

Now, we'll move into
committee reports. Ms. Gilroy,
chair of the Student Affairs
Committee (SAC), will begin
tonight.

Gilroy: "Well, the SAC met this
week and we have twenty-five
club re-allocations before you
tonight and five new clubs are
seeking active status."

"Excuse me, Mr. Leupp."

"Yes, Mr. Auyer."

"Can we vote on these all at
once?"

"No, we have to vote on each
individual recommendation."

(Gads!)"Ms. Sullivan and the Finance
Committee Report (SFC)."

Vice-President of Finance Mike Maciag
works with student secretary Jeanette
Poag on some bookkeeping tasks at the
ASUSC computer. To facilitate his duties
as ASUSC controller, Mike transferred all
the books of ASUSC to a computer
program.

Brigid proceeds to prepare us
for the three and a half hour
budget meeting to come at the
end of the quarter. This is the
long-awaited meeting where the
committees do away with the
standard dress code: the SAC
wears Hawaiian style, the SFC
wears their pajamas and the SLC
wears black.

"Finally, the Senate Legislative
Committee report, presented by
chair Kerry Forni."

Our committee interacts with
other committees updating the
bylaws and planning the annual
ASUSC/Senate forum.

"Any remaining Senate
business?"

"Yes, we have an Executive
Board Motion — Mr. Pola?"

"Hi! Social Presentations is
submitting a request for $90 to
go towards new Walkie-Talkies."

"Seriously!"

Cairns: "I move that we
adjourn for the evening.
"Crozer: "And I second that
motion."
Freshman Senator Michelle Columbini and senior Senator Lisa Gilroy discuss a pending issue at a Senate meeting held in the MBA Library. Among the projects the Senate undertook were the survey on registration methods and the setting up of the student store.

Junior Senator Sharon Bender distributes glasses of water before a Senate meeting starts. As a Senator, some of Sharon’s responsibilities included acting as a liaison between the administration and her class and being a member of the Student Affairs Committee.

Chair of the Senate John Leupp and student secretary Brenda Olson work in the new ASUSC offices, which contained cubicles for all the different clubs at SCU.
Defying the law of gravity, Paula Kozlak is levitated by mind control specialist Bob Fellows. The Bob Fellows Mind Control night was one of the many events organized by ASUSC Social Presentations for Benson Coffeehouse audiences.

Rocky Horror fan Bryan Kau steals a premature shot at fellow moviegoers, precipitating the barrage of rice, toilet paper, and water that eventually followed. Presented in Daly Science 207, ASUSC's film series included classical and popular movies such as Show.

Benson provides the setting for the SCU community to meet Auralee Street, David Tobkin, and other candidates for the 1985 City of Santa Clara mayoral race.

Looking sharp, Dave Needles delights the Coffeehouse audience with skillful and dynamic guitar playing in a talent show sponsored by ASUSC Social Presentations.
Skip grabbed the last beer as I slumped into my chair, my roots growing deeper and deeper into the chair. "So what are we gonna do?" By this time I was barely hearing those words, much less recognizing who said them.

I stared at a flyer somebody slid under my door the day before, but I hadn't found time to pick it up yet. "ASUSC PRESENTS ... Comedy Night." It mustn't be any good because they're only charging two dollars for admission. Besides, I just spent three dollars at the Little Prof. But then again, we don't have anything to do.

"Let's go to Comedy Night!" The show began. Slow start.

"Hey, Joe, Skip wants to leave." "Wait, just wait a few minutes." Laughter. Applause. What'd he say? I missed it. More laughs. Could it be true ... were we having fun?

The show ended much too soon. We agreed that I had made the ultimate call and we would return to this event called "Comedy Night" at a later date.

On our way out we noticed the flyers ... ASUSC Presents ... Social Presentations presents ... Friday at 8 pm ... Saturday at 10 pm ... movie festival ... concert ... dance.

The next day in the Social Presentations [deviations, as the nameplate says] office, Steve Hamilton was coaxing me to go to the coffeehouse that night; David Pomeranz was singing. The Muscrats were pretty wild last Thursday, so I thought I'd give it a try. Steve and Fritz Hurst have scheduled live entertainment every Monday and Thursday night. Steve says the coffeehouse has "the potential to be the social center of Santa Clara ... the word to kick around the staff is ambience." That's what we want — ambience ... like February is Jazz month.

Afternoon movies are popular and Mary Brkich schedules about seven movies a month on Tuesday nights in Daly Science. Pee Wee Herman was cool.

"Pola (Mike Pola, Vice-President of Social Presentations) did a good job of building us into a cohesive unit at the beginning of the year. SCUnique did homecoming, and Bronco Bust is gonna be awesome this year." We (my friends and I) thought Wally George was great. The question and answer period was the funniest with Scott Logsdon as the gay, illegal alien, migrant worker to whom George showed his bias.

Ultimately what resulted was fun and good times ... memories that will last for years. ASUSC provided this entertainment right here on campus and all we had to do was show up. Looking back now, I'm glad we did ... if we didn't, we'd probably still be sitting in my room saying "So, what are we gonna do?"
"Get your buns out of bed, Richards!" Whoever is responsible for waking me up from a glorious sleep on a Saturday morning had better have more than a satisfactory explanation for doing so. "Get out of my room right now!" I order my two rambunctious roommates.

"Lisa, the sun's out. It's 75 degrees outside and no clouds," screams Annie.

"I don't care how cloudy ... did you say the sun's out?" I ask while quickly scrambling out of my electrically heated blankets. Not wasting a second, I run to the window, brush the curtains aside, and look out over the graveyard view which greets all those who live on the back side of the Plum Tree Apartments.

Funny. The flowers on the grave stones look almost happy today. Quickly looking up, I see the reason for their glee — the sun, the wonderful sun is out!

"Hurry up! Put on your suit," urges Stacey. "You don't want to miss the best rays of the day, do you? Annie and I are going to get some Diet Coke at the market. Do you want anything?"

"Yeah, I'm starved. Why don't you get me a burrito-to-go and a large Diet Coke."

"O.K., we'll meet you down at the pool," reply Annie and Stacey.

"It's a plan," I answer, "See you there!"

Fifteen minutes later, I'm down the stairs and heading directly for the pool area. The sun's brightening rays have completely transformed the atmosphere around the apartment complex. The pathway to the pool, dividing the graveyard from the apartments, looks positively inviting today. It's hard to believe that just yesterday I had raced down this pathway with manic paranoia expecting, at any moment, to encounter the Jack Torrence character from "The Shining," merging from the gloom to do away with me in the most heinous fashion. Sorry, Jack. Your days are numbered. I've got nature on my side now.

As the pool comes into view, I see my two roommates comfortably sprawled on the chaise lounges strategically arranged to receive maximum exposure to the sun.

"Well, I see you girls have wasted no time," I remark. Finding a chair nearby, I sit down, take off my cover-up, reach for the suntan oil, and begin to spread it liberally over my fish-white, extremely sun-sensitive skin.

"Annie and I were just discussing the classes we want to take this spring," says Stacey. "We both decided to take 9:00, 10:00, and 11:00 o'clock classes. That way, we'll have the rest of the afternoon to lay out," adds Annie.

"Sounds perfect," I agree.

The coming of spring is never easy on the grades, but what the heck! School work never goes away, but spring does and takes with it the first germs of spring fever which leave us all deliciously light-hearted and carefree.
Catching the rays at the "Sun-tanning Capital of the Valley" becomes a part of the spring quarter schedules of students like Tomas Navarro and Pat Cullivan. SCU students reaped the benefits of having a campus with one of the mildest California climates.

Bearing up to the heat, Dawn Hinman and Mary Jo Campion enjoy the chilling taste of ice cold snowcones. The Hawaiian Club supplied the snow cones at the Asian/Pacific Heritage Food Fair held in the Benson Quad.
With most of us having between $60 to $200 a month to play with, it's often hard to figure out exactly where it goes, or why it goes so fast. I could have sworn I had a full twenty just a few days ago. Why is it, then, that I am able to see the inside lining of my wallet so well? What happened to my weekly hoard?

Okay, brainy, let's figure this out. There were last week's midterms — about fifteen Diet Cokes and a pizza each. Then there's Tuesday night movies, which are getting better this year. And, of course, there's pitching in for party supplies, not to mention the respective credit departments at Macy's, Nordstrom's, and I. Magnin's; when the going gets tough, the tough go shopping, n'est-ce pas?

So, anyway, I asked a few friends to help me find a solution to the "Dilemma of the Disappearing Dollar." Tina blows her hoard on clothes, Kerry on non-Benson cuisine (who can blame her?), Trisha goes in for pet food, Dan for Moosehead, Kelly helps her boyfriend out with transportation costs (the girl possesses, I think, a truly noble spirit), while John humps it all under "entertainment."

Personally, I try to hide money from myself so that it will pop up later and surprise me. Needless to say, it never works. I'm neither as frugal nor as stupid as I give myself credit for being.

Budgeting our liquid assets for the proverbial rainy day would be nice, but sometimes it pays to be spontaneous. I firmly believe in pampering the human spirit, especially when it suffers the all-too-frequent crushing defeats that abound during the midterm season. Whenever we spend our private treasures — and it matters not what the object of the purchasing frenzy is — you can bet your last dollar (which is about what I'm down to), that as we watch it slip away, we desperately wish we had more of it.
Like many SCU students, a part of Katie Maloney's budget goes to buying munchies at the Campus Store. Writing checks is easy for Sheila Gould. Unfortunately, balancing her checkbook is a little more tricky.

Having an on-campus Versateller machine proves too much of a temptation for freshmen Jim Toole, Mike McHargue, and Dean Glava.
Senior Susan Sheela and date Chris Ziegler run into friends during the popular and very crowded Boat Dance. Last fall, the boat dance party left Pier 41 for a cruise around the San Francisco Bay.

Raising their glasses to a toast, seniors Melinda King, Elizabeth Ristau and their dates wait for dinner to be served at Remington's, site of the 1986 Valentine's Dinner and Ball, organized by the ROTC department.

A friend graciously provides Karen Cook and Joe Peterson with the perfect send-off for the Boat Dance — Korbel Champagne.

Enjoying each other's company off, as well as on, the dance floor, Chris Pehl and John Watters partake in the infectious mirth of the Winter Affair. Held at the St. Claire Hilton, this annual formal was attended by more than 300 students and sponsored by the junior class.

As the band strikes up a slow tune, Catherine Burke and Louis Agelson share a relaxing dance together at the Winter Affair.
Sky blue paper measuring 8 1/2" x 11" announced the event — THE BIG FORMAL. Flyers covered the campus. Their words leapt off walls in dorm halls from Swig to Campisi and tantalized students from every bulletin board on campus. The black printing announced an annual source of excitement, anxiety and anticipation.

The room trembled with sounds from the radio as Sandy Santa Clara began the evolution from co-ed to Cinderella sometime around 11 o'clock that morning. Grabbing a towel, she jumped into the cold water bursting from the broken boiler. The preparations had begun.

Wrapped in her towel, Sandy began painting her fingernails and toenails with Dubonnet Red nail polish. And then tragedy number one struck — the phone rang and, in picking it up, she ruined two perfectly painted nails. In her panic she shrieked, dropping the phone back on the cradle without speaking to the caller. Throwing on shorts and a T-shirt, she ran out the door to the nearest manicurist.

Less than an hour later, Sandy resumed the dressing ritual in her room. "Hmmm," she thought, biting her lower lip. "What color stockings should I wear — nude or 'Barely Black'?'" Covering her hand with the nude pair, she found a snag that would no doubt develop into a major problem. "Looks like it's sexy black." She perched on the edge of the bed with the strapless black taffeta gown next to her. Pointing her red toes, she worked her leg into the control top pantyhose. "Whew! One leg — no problem." While working her way into the other leg, her big toenail initiated (da — da — da — dahhh) tragedy number two — another run. "$9. What'm I to do now?" Fortunately, Sandy started early and still had time for a fifteen minute jaunt to Macy's.

Her fifteen minute jaunt turned into a half hour trip, however, because her glimmering sports car was parked in a remote corner of the Leavey lot (Daddy would never allow her to park on the street). It was getting late, almost 2:45 p.m. She entered the highway onramp, heading quickly toward Macy's. Mervyn's was closer, but this was no night for Mervyn's stockings. Only the best would do.

Her thoughts raced as she flew down the highway. Unfortunately, she hadn't noticed her speed. Red lights flashing in the background brought her out of her reverie. The police officer motioned her to pull over.

"What's the hurry, Miss?" he questioned.

"Oh, officer, I'm so sorry. You see, I was dressing for a formal and my nylons developed a nasty run." Her eyes, welling up with tears, pleaded for sympathy as she continued. "Now I must get to Macy's as quickly as possible for time is running out."

"Oh!" he exclaimed, perfectly understanding her unfortunate predicament. "Don't worry! Just follow me. I'll take you there."

Mission accomplished, she returned to the dorm, and finished dressing. Whew! Just in time. A knock sounded at 7:00 and her date entered the room.

She secretly hoped the night would hold fewer tragedies than the day.
When it comes to clothes, anything goes

by Joan Raspo

So here we are, smack dab in the eighties and what do we have to show for it? Paisleys, baggy shorts, stirrup pants and turtlenecks — could we be stuck in a time warp? Fifties, sixties, take your pick cuz anything goes these days. Girls look like boys and boys, well, most of them look a lot like good old Dad did twenty years ago — almost.

Hey, there's Freddy Freshman! Doesn't he look sweet? His baggy paisleys just about cover his knobby little knees. What about his girlfriend Paula Post-Punk? Last year she was Wanna Madonna (how passe). But look! What a change! She's traded in her lace for a pair of nice tight stirrups and a BIG roomy Esprit blouse (or should I say nightshirt). Now that's a couple of the EIGHTIES! Hey, Paula, make sure you keep that top button snapped, and flip up the collar, will ya?

Maybe I'm being too cynical.
Fashion is an attitude, right? If so, it makes perfect sense that the students of SCU reflect their experimental, innovative ideas in a unique sense of style. Who'd wanna be a stuffy senior anyway? All they're worried about is whether their Brooks Brothers is starched and their ties are straight. WHAT A HASSLE!

Now I'm stereotyping and that's not fair. At SCU, or anywhere else for that matter, what you wear is a personal statement. Fashion today is obscure, but, nonetheless, creative. Accordingly, SCU has its prep monsters, avant-garde Alices, and various other individuals, all sporting their own imaginative attire — after all, diversity is the spice of life! Just don't be caught dead in polyester, O.K.?

Looking suave in an oversized trenchcoat and a wool cap, Italian Stefan Fink-Jensen shows you're never fully dressed without a smile.
Rona Pang and John Campo show distinct Santa Clara style in their fashionably up-to-date outfits. Long faux pearl strands, rose prints, textured hose, topsiders, baggy pants and big sweaters were frequently seen around campus.

Sharon Bender

Trendsetter Cindy Andresen dares to be different. Wearing bold prints and an oversized coat with matching bag, she represents what's happening in fashion today.

With long tweed coats, stirrup pants and tennis shoes, Christina Taddeucci, Patricia Brayer, and Aileen Fitzgerald show that casual and classic can be chic.
"It's an art attack," hollered Denny Dent as he splatter paint across a six-foot canvas in Kennedy Mall on the last night of Bronco Bust week '86. He's not a Rembrandt or a Monet but a unique blend of 1960's American culture and conscience. We stood in Kennedy Mall and watched as curious faces found their spots before an empty stage. When the stage crew left the stage Denny Dent emerged, clad in blue jeans and a t-shirt that looked like a kindergarten splatter paint project.

As we heard the Beatles blaring in the background, Dent encouraged us to change our attitudes by investing our energies in creativity. We then stood in awe while he furiously threw paint on the large canvas depicting images of famous artists such as John Lennon, Jimi Hendrix, and Mick Jagger.

Purple, red and yellow paint flashed before our eyes and onto those who stood in the front row. Dent's fingers and brushes danced across the canvas to Hendrix' "Fire." A confusion of colors filled the canvas that was supposed to be Dent's finished painting. It was when Dent turned the canvas upside down that the blurred colors revealed a clearer image of Jimi Hendrix. The image was phenomenal.

"The event — definitely a success. The best, even. What a way to end the week," we thought. And then we remembered the other great events that filled the week.

Free Lydon's ice cream was served in Kennedy Mall. The overcast Wednesday afternoon seemed chilly for a cold dessert, but we'd wait in Alaska for Lydon's. Sheila couldn't choose between her favorite, Oreo Cookie, or Tin Roof Sundae. The guys waiting behind us talked about last night's airband contest. "Did you hear about the winning band? They're playing at One Step Beyond." Who knows, next year Denny Dent might be painting this year's airband winners.

Some of us were unfortunate and couldn't attend the comedy night or the hypnotist. However, we were part of the lucky few to get a Bronco Bust T-Shirt with Gumby riding Pokey. This t-shirt, a memento, was the only tangible memory of the week.

First the drums and then the bass, the Uptones began to play "Radiation Boy." We had no more time to think about the week's events. Denny Dent packed his things and the mall dance began.

Bronco Bust '86 had come to a close.
The hot, steamy weenie SuperSports contest leaves Eric Gustavson with little room to digest the rigors of the upcoming obstacle course event. All members of winning teams received Bronco Bust t-shirts.

Providing lively Mexican music to Seis de Mayo, the first event of Bronco Bust '86, the mariachis perform at the Alumni picnic grounds for SCU students.

Comedian Jerry Seinfeld entertains at Comedy Night with hilarious anecdotes of common daily occurrences. Jerry has appeared on The Tonight Show and Late Night with David Letterman.

Calling themselves "The Touchables," airband competitors John Leupp, Steve Anderson and Brian Turowicz give their unique rendition of "Free Yourself." The airband competition was part of the May 6-May 10 Bronco Bust week.
Hanging out at The Hut, Mark Gohr and Matt Morrow are lucky enough to find seats at the bar. The Hut, with its convenient location, was one of the most popular hangouts for SCU students.

There's nothing like cool yogurt on a hot day to perk up one's spirits, as the contented looks on Johanna Kroll and Melissa Finocchio's faces reveal. Located on Franklin St., Higby's offered a selection of yogurt flavors and toppings to sweet-toothed students.

Seniors Catherine Long and Kevin Earley enjoy a lively discussion at Houlihan's in Cupertino. Long Island iced tea specials and danceable tunes played by deejay and SCU student, Ed Arce, were among Houlihan's attractions on Thursday nights.

Debbie Specker and Shannon Lynch give their advice to senior Mike Valenzuela who contemplates his next move in a game of pool at The Hut.
WHEN YOU JUST WANNA HANG OUT

by Doug Davidovich

“W ell, what’s it going to be?” The dilemma began when Sheila posed the ominous question about our plans for the evening. Sitting all day in Upstart Crow was definitely not conducive to such a pertinent decision. But, then, Saturdays weren't made for pertinent decisions. Upstart Crow is great for such afternoons — half bookstore, half cafe — a perfect mixture for the neo-avant-gardists. The scene is definitely set for conversation and observation.

Next to me, a bearded man in his thirties, wearing an Oxford and baggy trousers, is talking philosophy with another thirty-year-old in a Harvard sweatshirt and jeans. “I think Marcuse really says people are afraid to attach nebulous ideas to reality.” I can't argue with that.

At another table, a bleached-blond eighteen-year-old in a “Ciao Manhattan!” T-shirt is intensely studying the cover of a Bauhaus album — definitely interesting.

“Doug! What’s the plan?” After three cups of espresso and reading half of Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas, I'm ready for food. Sandwich King is the undisputed destination.

“Saturday Madness,” probably the best reason to go to “the King.” Just $2.55 for a cheeseburger and fries. The pennants and old pictures of the SCU football team give it a good collegiate feel. My attention is drawn to the three guys behind the huge counter, busily making food and calling out prepared orders. “Doug, your order is ready!”

“Right on!”

As I go up to get it, five of my Sig Ep friends walk in. They love this place. “Let’s go to The Hut!” Kevin and Addy immediately concur; Anne and Christine want to go to Joe’s Higby’s for yogurt first. The rest support the move with a “Hut! Hut!” chant.

As we leave Sandwich King, I make sporadic last minute pleas for another destination — “Village Pub?, Torritos?, Houlihan’s?...How about Houlihan’s?” Nobody pays attention. They've all been sucked in by the magnetic force of that small building on the corner of Franklin and the Alameda. It is obviously a “Hut night.”

“Every campus has its dive bar. Ours is certainly no exception. Walking into it is like entering a time zone. Once in, all thoughts of the outside are discarded. The place probably hasn't changed in years, and, if the walls talked, I'm sure many an interesting story could be told about its visitors.

Tonight is no different from most. Although it is relatively early, the place is packed. I make a bee-line for the bar, desperately shoving my way through the crowd. Loud laughter and a chorus of “Mexicali, Mexicali” erupts from the small group of tables. A senior shows off her prized roll of the dice. I push my way through to the pool table at the back — the only uncrowded refuge. “Luck! Pure luck!” a baseball player shouts as his opponent sinks a shot in the corner. I lean against the cigarette machine and look across the smoky room. “New York, New York” begins to play on the jukebox, and a group of seniors starts dancing on the tables. Some juniors scramble to the bar for more drinks. More people cram in. Is this the abyss of partying on a college campus? No, it's the most popular hangout at SCU.
Seated comfortably in Shapell Lounge, Eric DeBode and Derrick Tyranny-Conolly discuss their homework. Shapell Lounge in Benson Center was a favorite place of study for music lovers, who could listen to their own tapes or to broadcast music.

The game of foosball requires coordination, speed and dexterity on the part of teammates, David Lomdon and Mike Corpuz. Benson's new game room also offered other games, such as pool, ping-pong, and video games to students.

The activity at Benson never ceases, as this view from the second floor of the west side shows. After undergoing a major renovation that took two years, Benson became better equipped to meet the needs of the SCU community.
At 2:00 p.m., Jill returns once again to Benson, this time for lunch. On the way, she and a couple of friends meet Dave, who is on his way back from class.

"Hi, Dave! We're going over to Benson. Care to join us?"

"Cafeteria food? Blech! I'd rather warm a cherry pop tart on my iron tonight."

Entering Benson, they stop in the lobby to chat with Jim, who is selling bedtime stories, courtesy of fifth floor Dunne.

"Great! Here's my dollar. I'll have one for my roommate. That's right, Campisi. Thursday night? Perfect!"

Bronco is crowded, so Jill just grabs a pastrami sandwich and diet Coke to go, all credited to her SAGA meal plan. Since it's raining, they go downstairs to the post office.

"Got any mail?"

"Yeah, Newsweek and a letter from Mom. Why? What'd you get?"

"MCI bill and a letter from B of A. I'm overdrawn again. It's that stupid Versatel card. I never know how much money I have!"

Later that afternoon Jill escapes from her gregarious roomie and settles herself in Shapell lounge to catch up on some serious reading. Glancing at her watch, she remembers she has to stop at the bookstore for a scantron sheet and a card for her brother's birthday. Then she has to meet Sarah and Michael in the "Swiss Air Lounge," adjoining the coffeehouse, to go over their notes for tomorrow's Bio quiz.

Studying goes well, so the three decide to break for dinner in the coffeehouse and make plans for tomorrow night's entertainment. Over chicken burritos, they decide on Comedy Night in the coffeehouse, with a quick game of pool afterwards. As they return to someone's room for a private party, they grab a few snacks at the Down Under convenience store.

Returning to her room later that evening, Jill needs more sustenance for an all-night session in front of the typewriter, so she and her roomie break out a six-pack of Diet Coke, purchased that morning at Down Under, and pick up the phone for "Wild Pizza." Turning to her beloved roommate, Jill exclaims, "Oh, my God! I forgot to pick up my readings at Campus Ministry for next Sunday! Some days I swear I spend half my life at Benson."

"Don't forget your meeting for CalPirg in the afternoon."

"Thanks, Tracy. Remind me to check my horoscope while I'm over there. I bet it says something about a large white building on the corner of Santa Clara St. and the Alameda figuring prominently in my busy schedule."

Whether one is eating, buying, working, or playing, Benson Center is, without a doubt, the hub of activity at SCU.
Chris Bui gets along swimmingly with fish. His favorite pastime is collecting fish and designing an elaborate cave system for his tank.

Who's who in the High Council? Why, "Doctor Who" fans, of course, like Polly Springhorn, Scott Taylor, Chris Stohlik, and Brandon Hughes. The High Council met regularly to watch their favorite "Doctor Who" episodes.

Chris Nyssen nonchalantly watches his pet Mexican Striped Kingsnake, Eve, coil around his hand.
Remember what Mom used to say during those long summers: "Find yourself a nice hobby, dear. It'll be good for you." She was suggesting that you read all of Charles Dickens' novels from *Oliver Twist* to *Great Expectations*, or play the piano like a 20th century Mozart, or maybe even collect stamps or coins like they used to do. Little did she expect that we would concoct creative and original hobbies, like collecting different sizes of rusted nails, or trying to communicate with our pet rat, or perhaps calculating the average number of times per show Beaver says, "Yes, ma'am."

We found out that hobbies were more than just "good for us." They were enjoyable, too! And they were great for getting away from our bratty sisters and brothers, or boring 3-R's homework and the endless barrage of "Billy, do this...do that..."

Have we left all this behind, now that we're supposedly grown-up college students? Indeed, our lives have become more complex. But this has only heightened the need for more forms of relaxation, diversions and pastimes — in short, hobbies. After finishing that seemingly impassable midterm or after writing that impossible research paper, we all need to amuse ourselves with something different, unintellectual, non-graded and pressureless.

Some of us have come up with creative and truly unique hobbies. A perfect example of this "you-won't-believe-what-kind-of-hobby-this-guy-has" is Chris Bui, a sophomore economics major. Just one glance at Chris' room is all that is needed to recognize his commitment to an incredible hobby. He has a typical bedroom: a T.V. and stereo close at hand...dartboard in the corner...Eastwood and Dean frowning down upon him from the walls. But situated at one end of the room is an eight foot fish tank glowing with life.

"You have to sacrifice some things," Chris says, gesturing at the 240 gallon monstrosity. South American Pike, Red Devils and Large Mouth Bass gaze back through the glass, following Chris' every movement. At feeding time, Goldfish disappear quickly, ten per mouthful.

Butkus, Hannibal, and Dogfang move their fins slowly, patrolling their turf like street-gangs in east L.A., flaring their gills at interlopers. Chris takes Killer, another Red Devil, from a separate tank and places him in with the others; immediately he begins to torment the other fish, trying to "lockjaw" with those even bigger than himself.

Chris' attraction started with trips to Steinhart Aquarium in Golden Gate Park. Then a small first aquarium, leading up to the present colossus with twenty-five types of fish. The fascination is unending, the scene ever-changing. It's easy to stare into this watery world for several minutes, and let your mind wander from aggravating deadlines and schedules, to float freely with Butkus, Hannibal and Dogfang.
Taking advantage of Benson Center's new facilities, Mike Mifsud brushes up on his game. Last year, Mike practiced two hours a day, which, he says, has finally paid off.

Why fight the elements outside, when you can jog, like Mary Laub, in the comfort and safety of Leavey's inside track? Throughout the year, students used Leavey's facilities for fitness or fun.
It's Wednesday. A good day at SCU. No class, but lots of activity. Young bodies, colorfully clad, move about excitedly. Forget Friday's mid-terms. Relax.

Crossing Kennedy Mall, I spy some ready bicyclists: tires pumped, muscles stretched, troughes padded. Craig tells the group they'll be heading toward Stanford. I stroll into Benson, trailing two women just returned from jogging, make-up smeared with sweat. Bounding toward the salad bar, one tells the other she wants to lift today at three o'clock instead of four. A bearded guy, tree trunks for arms, overhears. He laughs out loud. She gives him a dirty look.

At the next table, three flat-topped So. Cal's just back from Santa Cruz talk about waves. After a few minutes, I lose count of all the "rad's," "totally's," and "awesome's."

Leaving, I spot two guys posting signs for a Saturday night dance in Benson. The one with the diamond earring remarks that it will be a good time for everyone to sweat out all the beers they drank playing Quarters, Bizz-Buzz, or whatever.

On the way to my room, I see Amy, in matching red leotard and Reebok's, hurry out of Club 66, still sweating from aerobics. I ask what's the rush. She yells back that she wants to reserve the lounge T.V. for All My Children. She dashes upstairs, down the hall, into the lounge — and back out again. I look in. Susan and Pam are parked on the couch, with a box of Wheat Thins between them, engrossed in Days of Our Lives.

I finally make it to my room. Chris left a note: "I'm playing volleyball." I look down on the sand courts, just in time to see Chris spike one toward my RA, who, disgruntled, decides to join the sun-worshippers scattered across the grass behind Dunne. He makes a half-hearted attempt at reading, but his concentration is disrupted, first by bikinis, then by a nap.

Back in the hall, everyone's going their own way. Mike and a woman I recognize from my Western Civ class, both dressed in blinding white outfits, head toward the tennis courts, swinging their oversized racquets at imaginary balls in the hall. Eric walks past, carrying a towel and his Speedo goggles, hoping to get in a hundred laps or so before hitting the library.

Packing my ski pants in a bag for my weekend retreat, I think to myself it's good to take your mind off school and stay fit. But where does everyone find the time, I wonder, as I try to remember any items I've forgotten. Spring is my favorite time to ski, and I'd hate to forget something... Yes, it's good to escape school, even if it is only for one weekend.
Honk! Honk!

7:45 a.m. (Garage in Cupertino.)

"Celine, hurry up! We're already late!" my sister, Mary Beth, screams from behind the wheel. I run out the door with a mug of hot chocolate in one hand, a tote bag over one shoulder and an armful of books. Ok, slam the car door, put on the seatbelts. Here we go!

"Is it clear now?"

"Yes, it's clear! You can back out now!"

"Ok. Ok. I can see perfectly well, thank you."

My sister backs the car out of the driveway and we start our stressful morning commute to SCU.

8:00 a.m. (Intersection of Saratoga and San Tomas Expressway.)

"I hate this! It takes us forever to get to school in the morning!" My sister complains as I am secretly begging the stoplight to turn green.

"I hope we find a space in Mayer." (My first class, at 8:10, is in O'Connor.) The light turns green as I speak. But, as Murphy's Law would have it, just when you're in a hurry, traffic moves at an incredibly slow pace.

Red! It turned an obnoxious red just as the car right before us screeched through a split-second yellow.

"Ugh! I'm never gonna get to class on time!"

8:12 a.m. (O'Connor, second floor.)

I am racing through the hallway to my class. Luckily, we found a place to park on Franklin St. What a morning! Every day I tell myself we have to wake up earlier — we could really live without the stress of our morning commute.

6:00 p.m. After classes, after work, after all the little things that go wrong (or right) in a typical school day, my sister and I are once again heading home. This is always easier — we no longer care if all the stoplights on Stevens Creek turn red on us — we can take our own sweeet time (like Mrs. Butterworth)!!

7:30 p.m. (In a typical kitchen, two content girls have just had a great homemade dinner.)

"So are you going back to school?" Mary Beth asks.

"Maybe. I have to do some research in the library. "How 'bout you?"

"No, I like studying here. It's quiet and there's always free food around. Besides, I can't stand the din of papers shuffling in Orradre."

9:10 p.m. (Amid the loud blue, green, orange and yellow upholstery in the reading room in Orradre.) Chris walks up to me and we start chatting (quietly, of course.)

"So, do you still live at home?"

"Yes. I never did get housing."

"Well, do you still want to move in?"

"Actually, I'm not sure anymore. Living at home hasn't been that bad. I can hang around here if I want to, and then go home when I'm sick of this place. And I do have a 102 key I got through the OSCA Floormate program."

"You know, you're really lucky. I live off-campus too, but it's hardly a bed of roses. I have to pay bills, cook my own meals, and clean the bathrooms."

"Must have been a change from living in the dorms, Chris."

"That's putting it mildly. It comes down to budgeting my money and if I don't cook, I don't get to eat."

"Hey, at least we don't have to eat three times a day in Benson. And you get to have huge parties at your house every Tuesday and Friday night."

"Except that my roommate and I have to clean up the mess the next morning. But, then again, we don't really have to if we don't want to." We giggle and I decide to call it a night.

12:45 a.m. (In an orange and peach bedroom, jazz music playing softly.)

Off campus living really does offer a good alternative to dorm living. I think to myself. Dorm life is just not for everyone. Now, if only my morning commute could be just a teeny bit better.
Enjoying a quiet moment in his backyard, Steve Hamilton relaxes in the afternoon shade. Like many off-campus students, Steve had lived in the dorms for three years before moving off to a house only a stone's throw away from Swig.

Some lucky off-campus students, such as Kelly Birmingham, a resident of the renovated "Animal House," have their own washers and dryers. Having your own household appliances was one of the distinct advantages of off-campus living.

A lucky student finds a prime parking spot in front of Kenna Hall but still has to struggle with parallel parking. The tight parking situation at SCU was a constant headache for student commuters.
Many aspects of dorm living require a little ingenuity, such as the crucial problem of space which Margaret Shea solved by building a loft.

The only sound was a clicking of fingernails against the beige plastic keys. At four in the morning, even a silent electronic typewriter makes perceptible sounds. She finished another page. Maybe it was her last. No, the roller swallowed another white sheet. I buried myself deeper into my lumpy bed, vainly attempting to avoid the stream of light emanating from her white gooseneck lamp. Chicago played softly in the background.

My roommate, a sweet stranger with a slow smile, had a penchant for Diet Pepsi, inhaling it at 7:00 a.m. before making the arduous trek to the communal showers. She would often stay up all night drinking can after can, cramming for a test or writing a paper as she did that hot night in June. Because I could rarely stay awake past one, I learned to sleep in a room alive with her anxiety over classes and incomplete assignments.

My roommate, asleep in a sea of pink and yellow ribbon-tied pillows, liked to sleep late. I usually rise earlier, but the whining of my compact hairdryer would cause her to stir only slightly and place her face against a different pastel spot. The times she had to get up early, the heart-stopping electronic scream of the clock radio would sound for never-ending seconds, only to be mercifully quieted by the thud of a palm. In the silent dark of winter mornings, I dreaded the machine’s noise, just as she did the incessant ticking of my white manual alarm clock. Yet as I grew to live with her obnoxious bedside companion, she learned to smother my Baby Ben clock in the depths of a desk drawer.

My roommate, the girl I grew to loathe for never taking out the trash; the person I embraced for making our sterile quarters into a pastel haven. Even the light-switch plate was disguised with the white and yellow contact paper. The pipes, spotted with rust beneath the formica countertop surrounding the sink, were hidden behind curtains of dusty pink and mint green roses. Our coincidently color-coordinated linens reflected the unity and kinship which grew between us.

In June, we stripped the room of our personalities, packing memories into boxes: laughter echoing from the cinder block walls, nights of stumbling in after a long fraternity party, lip-syncing with microphones of Andre champagne bottles, and a shoulder appearing from nowhere to absorb the tears of disillusionment over the perfect six-foot stranger. These times of joy, irritation, support and friendship I will always remember.
Graham 200 residents Kelly Walker, Susan Herring, and Stephanie Burns anxiously wait as a floormate struggles with a Trivial Pursuit question. Floor activities that were planned by RA's and floor residents ranged from Screw-Your-Roommates to pizza nights to educational field trips.
TRIPPIN’ OUT

Whether it was spring break or just the need to get away, road trips provided the ultimate escape.

by Bill Schubert

Spring Break 1986: I can’t even remember what O’Connor or Bannan or even Benson looks like anymore. I thought to myself while rubbing lotion on my arms and shoulders in a vain attempt to keep my reddish-brown skin from peeling off. Mission accomplished! Just five days in the intense Waikiki sun has made me forget everything my three and two thirds years at Santa Clara has taught me. Every concept, every formula, every single memory vanished. Ah, but I know this amnesia is only temporary, so I enjoy it while it lasts.

In my hotel room, I sit and prepare for another night of iced teas at Moose McGillicutty’s and barefoot dancing in front of the video screen at the Shorebird. The black and white television that sits in the darkest corner of the room is on. We have all been interested in the evolving situation in Libya. Wouldn’t it be typical if the draft board called by Bill Schubert us at the hotel with orders to pack our sun-screen and report double-time to some military base in South Central Nowhere, Arkansas. The idea of America going to war is scary.

The big news on the set this evening is uncontrollable youths disturbing the peace in Palm Springs. Apparently some wild kids had a little too much ... ah ... sun, and temporarily lost their good judgement. I scrutinized the screen. Could any of those dazed looking kids with their hands cuffed behind their backs be my polite Santa Clara buddies? Could Jim, Steve or Eric get that out of hand? Could Matt or Sprockit be among the crowd of beer-breathed hooligans tipping cars over in the middle of the strip? Would I be asked to supply bail? Fearing the worst, I took the phone off the hook. Uncle Sam would have to wait and my friends...well, they could use a night or two in jail.

Spring break at Santa Clara (and I’m sure this definition holds true for most schools) is the process of forgetting everything one has learned in the last ten weeks since Christmas break. As a general rule, a Santa Clara student checks his or her bank balance in about the sixth week of the quarter and decides how far the available funds can take them from Kennedy Mall. Though a minority of students scrounge up the money for a trip to the snowy slopes of Nevada, Colorado, or Idaho, most head for the hot sand. The object is to go to the furthest, warmest and most overcrowded hot spot possible. Palm Springs, Mazatlan, Maui, Waikiki, and even Daytona Beach are Santa Clara’s top choices. Literally millions of Broncos have lost their memories in the sands of these paradises.
On a warm spring day, there is no better way to travel than in a roomy vintage convertible as driver Scott Logsdon and his buddies Paul Koojoolian, Kurt Speck, Mike Valenzuela and Joseph Cronin discover.

Rafting enthusiasts Shannon Lynch, Tanya Monsef and Julie Rauner pile into a friend's van heading for the Russian River. From weeklong spring break vacations to just simple daylong drives, trips were welcome respite from the routine of schoolwork.

Packing up her winter gear, junior Sara Schmitz prepares to leave for Mt. Angel, Oregon, for Christmas break.

Readying for an early start on a long drive, Scott Alyn, Allison Becker, and Christine Riehle prepare for a roadtrip to Santa Barbara for the annual spring rugby tournament.
Senior Rich Manning shares some good times with his neighborhood pal, Matthew Shaw. While you would never find Matthew in a classroom, he often frequented SCU social events.

A smile can always be shared with seniors John Fitzgerald, Arnie VonMassenhausen, Kurt Speck and John McCormick. This friendly foursome has been chums since freshman year when they arrived from different parts of the U.S.
The piece of paper said my group was to meet in O'Connor 216. A room of strangers, eighteen year olds teeming with anxiety, attempting to appear casual to the others.

"Hi. My name is..." God. I'll never remember his name.

"What's your major?" Why did he have to ask me that? I still have no clue what my major will be.

"Where do you live?" What a stupid question. "Eighth floor Swig." What other building would a freshman live in? We all sat in a circle and told the group why we had chosen Santa Clara for our "college experience."

"Dear Mom. Sometimes it's so hard to really get to know people. Not that I haven't made friends, because I have. It's just that they're not the same as my friends at home. They don't really know me."

Sprinting down the hall, a knock and she bounds in the room. "Want to go to dinner?" Oh, how yummy! Tonight the menu is Veggie Cheese Bake, Turkey Tetrazini and Pork Char Su. "Sure. Just give me a sec." Of course, I have to look good to go to dinner. Once there, we all sit down at a table, center stage, eight of us ready to check out the scenery.

Ten p.m. Sunday night and we're walking to another place on campus. It's a place to be seen, a place for viewing, and a place for warmth. It is filled with a quiet murmur and sweat pant-covered legs angled on multi-colored carpets lying on the floor.

We sat in clusters of new friends and listened. "Let us now offer the sign of peace to one another." A hug enveloped me from my hallmate on the left, a stranger's hand grasped mine. Genuine smiles erased the imposing masks of strangers as the Mission audience came to life.

The quarter flew by and the terror of finals raced closer. I continued to have an illusion (or fantasy) that if only I didn't think about the imminent three hour agonies, they would just disappear. "Let's get together to go over Econ tonight." As we sat on the mercifully carpeted floor, economic principles and equations were drilled into our minds, as well as words of encouragement and concern for each other. The hours of responding to knocks on the door with a "Go away, we're studying," will be recalled not for the GNP or federal deficit, but for the calm and support we instilled in each other.

"We're free!" The words from the "Footloose" soundtrack propelled us up 1-80 toward a night of fun to celebrate the survival of a deadly quarter. Hanging on the rail of a cable car, our smiles of triumph shared the smiles we all felt inside. Icy wind fresh off the bay brought the reality of the end of finals. The cold permeated our clothes while we sat on the cement benches, eating crab and sourdough bread beneath the lit up Santa. Saying goodbye was harder than any of us realized it would be; winter quarter couldn't arrive soon enough.
Guest speaker Gayle Phifer-Houseman from San Jose State meditates with Julie Cheng, Lisa Hue, Ruth Selan, and Monita Cheang at a weekly scriptural reading at an Intervarsity Christian Fellowship meeting. ICF is a non-denominational club that seeks to foster Christian faith on campus.

Catholics and non-Catholics alike enjoy the popular 10 p.m. Sunday mass in the Mission Church. The different liturgies at SCU gave students and staff various ways to express their faith.

Like many non-Catholics on campus, senior Chris McPeak finds stimulating ways to pursue his faith, such as attending Intervarsity Christian Fellowship meetings. A member of the Westminster Presbyterian Church, Chris enjoyed the different spiritual activities available at SCU.
DIFFERENT CREEDS,  
DIFFERENT NEEDS

by Lisa Granucci

At 6:20 p.m., we pulled into the driveway of an old brick building on the corner of 10th and San Carlos. Campus Christian Center was printed on the front in thin, blue letters. My brother, Jerry, gobbled down his Carl's Jr. hamburger as we sat in the car watching to see if anyone went inside. Then we saw him. He had a beard, wore a long black coat, and carried a briefcase. He walked down the stairs to the basement where the Jewish Hillel meeting was scheduled to take place.

"Do you want to come with me, Jerry?"

"Sure," (munch, munch...) "I'll probably never have the chance to go to one of these things again."

"Well, it's almost 7:00." SLAM! SLAM! (patter, patter, patter...). KNOCK! KNOCK!

"Who is it?"

"It's Lisa."

"Oh, come on in. We were expecting you."

It was a small room, like an office, with one chair and a desk with a typewriter on it. The guy we had seen walking in earlier was sitting in the chair in the corner, wearing jeans and munching a sandwich. On the wall, there was a huge banner with the word "Hillel" and a Star of David printed on it. A guy looked up at me from behind the typewriter as I walked in...

"Lisa...Cappuccino, right?"

"No — Granucci. You're close. I'm writing an article...I was told Santa Clara undergrads attend your meetings and..."

"Well, a handful come every once in a while, but they're not here tonight."

"Great! (to myself.) From behind the typewriter: "Christ!"

"Guy in the chair: "Pat."

"I know. You'd think after working for the newspaper I'd be able to type by now!"

"No, that's not what I meant. It's what you said!"

"Christ!" he said again, as he made another mistake.

The guy in the chair looked at my brother who laughed.

"Well, we better be going...thanks for the information. Bye."

Ring...ring...

"Hi, Larry? My name is Lisa. I'm writing an article...Have you ever heard of the Hillel program available for Santa Clara students at San Jose State?"

"Yea, I have...now I feel guilty for not going."

"How do you feel about being Jewish at a Catholic university?"

"When I was a freshman, I liked to shock people with the fact that I'm Jewish, just to be different. Now, it really doesn't make a difference. If anyone has a negative attitude toward me they don't show it."

"Have you ever gone to mass at the mission?"

"No. I heard they wouldn't let you leave until it was over."

Ring...ring...

"Eric...How do you feel about being Jewish here?"

"It's funny, a lot of people think they know a lot about my faith when they actually know very little. I'm constantly shattering their false ideas."

Hmm. Very much like my false ideas about the Hillel meeting, or Larry's ideas about mass at the mission.

"Maria, how do you, as a non-Catholic, feel about SCU?"

"Many student here come from Catholic elementary schools and they're sheltered from other cultures...They don't mix well with international students...Campus Ministry is doing a good job at trying to bring different faiths together...emphasizing a common belief in God."

Ring...ring...

"Cheryl...does being a non-Catholic ever present a problem for you here?"

"No, it's not a problem at all. I've had some interesting conversations about faith. I never thought I'd go to a Catholic school. I thought religion would be pushed on me. I was wrong...I think religion makes Santa Clara a tighter community. I like that."

Ring...ring...

"Jeff...do you ever feel out of place here?"

"No. I instantly became a part of the Catholic community by playing guitar at masses...I'm a non-practicing Jew. I feel more comfortable here at the mission than I do at Jewish ceremonies! I think Santa Clara's atmosphere is more 'religious' than 'Catholic'...I love it here."

"What do you tell people, when they ask you what religion you are?"

"I simply say, 'I'm a human being who believes in God...and that's enough for me!'"
Rushing into Campus Ministry's new front office, Emily Cooney catches campus ministers Fr. Mike Moynahan, SJ, and Sharon Kugler in the middle of a busy workday.

Joining the singing during the hunger banquet, part of the Fast for World Hunger which raised $1,196, Nancy Pochinski, Rob DeBarros, Lisa Eckelkamp and Michael Gilson show their concern for the hunger problem.
SPIRITUAL TEAMWORK

by Celine Cebedo

"Hello, may I help you?" asks a friendly face from behind a desk. This front office could be the comfortable, corporate headquarters of a Silicon Valley firm: new oak desks, a couple of tan couches, some chic art prints, an IBM PC, people flooding out of a conference room, smiling, laughing. Yet this same place is the nucleus of spiritual and social justice activities at SCU. Retreats, fasts, liturgies and collections for the needy are organized and conducted by the men and women who work in these offices. And how do I get to their offices? The secretary shows me the way.

"Celine!" a voice calls out. It’s Dan. We hug and wish each other a Happy New Year. Dan is Fr. Dan Germann, SJ, Director of Campus Ministry. Located on the first floor of Benson, Campus Ministry is a labyrinth of offices crawling with oak and tan upholstery. Newly refurbished, and newly located, the Campus Ministry offices are home to four new campus ministers: Fr. Mike Moynihan, SJ, Sr. Maureen Schaukowitch, Krysha Cox, and Fr. Greg Miller, SJ.

Leaving Dan to his work, I pop into the office next door to meet Fr. Mike Moynihan, a slim, blue-eyed, bearded, energetic man. Mike, a resident minister from Phoenix, Arizona, is also a dramatic liturgist and an accomplished author, holding a doctoralate in theology and the arts. Mike shares his knowledge in this field through a campus group he founded called Biblical Explorers. They prepare dramatic interpretations for the mission masses. "We want to be known as people of hospitality," says Mike with a warm, endearing smile, "who will respect students for what they are and what they believe in."

A few doors away, Sr. Maureen Schaukowitch has her office. Maureen opens the blinds, allowing the sunlight to stream in. On her desk, a lot of paperwork sits restlessly. "Don’t talk about that side of my office," she laughs. A Franciscan sister and resident minister in Walsh dormitory, Sr. Maureen fits the motherly image well with her sweet and constant smile. "Whatever we do in Campus Ministry," she says, "is partly educational. I really prefer the informality of this to the classroom." She’d like to stay at SCU for four more years or so. "This year is just my break-in period," she says with a smile. Like all resident ministers, Sr. Maureen emphasizes that she is always available for personal counseling.

Also in Sr. Maureen’s office is Krysha Cox. Even in her navy blue suit, she hardly looks any older than her floormates in Swig. In Sr. Maureen’s office, I ask Krysha about the new Campus Ministry team of which she is a part. She ponders the question. Then, "I feel that what we've done so far is good as a team. As a team we’re still in the infancy stage. What we will become will be different and exciting, though."

Leaving Sr. Maureen and Krysha Cox, I enter the office of Fr. Greg Miller, SJ, a lanky man with a youthful face who is often mistaken for a student in his topsiders, sweater, polo-shirt and slacks—his everyday attire. In his deep, steady voice Greg tells me that he finds "SCU to be a community of men and women who are both searching and struggling... for a sense of wholeness."

Greg, Krysha, Maureen and Mike are just four of the interesting, friendly personalities behind the glass doors next to the new Info Booth. These four are part of the eight-person campus ministry team, the brains and hearts behind a whole gamut of events, including the Fast for World Hunger, the Freshman Weekend, and the mission liturgies especially directed toward the University community. Stopping by to visit Campus Ministry made me realize that this was not just another Benson office. Hey, this is Campus Ministry!
SCCAP Director Rich Albertoni receives an unexpected hug from an affectionate resident of Agnew State Hospital. Rich's duties included training and overseeing the SCCAP staff, budgeting their work and becoming a spokesperson for the organization.
SCCAP volunteers Liz Lightfoot and Christine Brown share in a game of duck-duck goose with a smiling Agnews' resident. Once a week, a group of SCCAP volunteers visited Agnews State Hospital and provided entertainment and good company.

As a food server volunteer at Martha's Kitchen, sophomore Steve Salinas devotes his free time to help provide free meals to the poor of Santa Clara Valley. SCCAP volunteers prepared food for hundreds on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday nights at this community soup kitchen.

Jail Visitation coordinator Pat Gonzales enjoys a day in the sun with two Agnews' residents. Pat usually worked with Friends Outside, a community agency offering services to the incarcerated. SCCAP volunteers address the immediate needs and concerns of inmates.

For Halloween, 1985, SCCAP volunteers, like Chrissie Beebe, brighten what would otherwise have been an ordinary day for Agnews residents. Another extraordinary day for residents happens on-campus, at the annual Agnews mass.

A HUMAN RESPONSE

Trying to convince people that they matter in this world is no easy task

by Karen Krebser

"I often wonder if I'm getting through to her at all. I mean, does she see me just as a source of goodies, somebody to play with, somebody to take her places, or am I more to her than that? I really want to be a role model for her — I want her to look up to me, I want her to trust me. But why should she trust me? I've got so much, and she's got so little. Does she resent me? God, I hope not.

"I wish I could tell her that I don't want her to get stuck in a rut of poverty and misery for the rest of her life. She's bright and hardworking — she could make something of herself if she tries, and I'm here to help her along. But what happens if she ends up shifting from a dependency on welfare to a dependency on me? If that happens, won't be helping her at all. In fact, I'd be doing her more harm than good.

"The whole idea, as I see it, is for me to try to help her understand that motivation and a desire for a better life isn't bad or futile. But what if I'm wrong? Well, I'd just better not be wrong on this one. I don't think either of us would ever forgive me if I was. I guess I'll just take it a day at a time. Who knows? She may be a bigger help to me than I am to her."

My roommate Trisha was juggling these thoughts as she explained to me her relationship with Gelica, her SCCAP Little Sister. The doubts, the confusion — it all comes out as strongly as the enjoyment and the enrichment. There's something else, though: a determination to stick it out no matter what happens, and a feeling in Trisha that this little girl needs help badly. There just isn't anybody else around willing to lend her a hand. A sort of understanding seems to exist between big and little sister: Trisha will "be there" for Gelica, do things for and with her; Gelica, for her part, will learn that there are people in this world who think that she matters, that she makes a difference just by being alive.

Trying to convince people that they matter in this world is no easy task. It's been hard enough convincing myself that God has some overall purpose for me, and that I'm more than assorted flotsam and jetsam on the sea of life. But to try to look the homeless in the eye at the Family Living Center, secure with my home and family, and trying to help them without appearing to pity them is overwhelming. This is when I really feel tested. I often wonder if everyone involved in a SCCAP program feels tested at one time or another. There are those who work with the elderly — don't they need the understanding, patience, kindness, and energy that a strong faith in both God and one's self provides? What about the students in the Jail Visitation program? That takes a certain amount of courage and determination, facing inmates who may or may not believe in themselves or in the person trying to help them. And look at the CCD teachers — how they must get frustrated trying to teach children from a range of backgrounds and ages about faith!

There are so many volunteer programs and each one seems to be a place where God tests us. I don't presume to know His mind, but I think that these tests are His way of helping us help ourselves and others. These SCCAP programs are ways of broadening our perspectives while teaching us to love one another.
My alarm began to screech at 6:45 a.m. that Saturday morning in February. Slowly opening my eyes, I stopped and seriously considered my sanity. What had I gotten myself into? I had volunteered my entire day to working as a chaperone for the Special Olympics basketball tournament and I had no idea what to expect.

I arrived at Leavey at 7:30 a.m. and many of the olympians had already begun to arrive (obviously it didn't matter that the opening ceremonies weren't until 9:00 a.m.). Entering the gym, I sensed the excitement in their busy chatter and became well aware that this day would be particularly special. Anxiously, I searched for an events coordinator and received my assignment — the Foothill Falcons, a team of fifteen athletes. Immediately we began getting to know each other. The athletes' welcome smiles informed me that I would be a vital part of their team throughout the day.

When the opening ceremonies finally began, our team joined the parade of other athletes around the gym as the SCU Jazz Band played festive music. Each athlete marched proudly until the music stopped and the next event began. The next six hours were the most rewarding and exhausting ever. Our team participated in each of the tournament's events, including the basketball games, the magic show, the aerobics/singing event, weightlifting, etc. As a chaperone, I became a supportive member of the Foothill Falcons, and, in ushering them from one event to the next, their successes and wins became my joys and triumphs. They constantly turned to me for assurance and recognition of their every move and play. I found myself absorbed by it all.

In the final round of the basketball playoffs, the Falcons were ahead by four points with two minutes left to play. The other team stole the ball and, before our very eyes, had control of the game and the scoreboard within the next minute. When the buzzer ended the game shortly thereafter, it did not matter that the Falcons had lost 22-24. What mattered in the Special Olympics was that the athletes came to the tournament, participated, and did their very best. As a result, everyone left a winner.

The Special Olympics motto recited in the opening ceremonies: "Let me win and if I cannot win, let me be brave in the attempt," rang true throughout the day. I, too, was a winner. As I watched the Falcons gather their belongings, I realized my time and energy could not have been spent in a better, more rewarding way. My prize, my ribbon, was their joy and happiness at the end of an exhausting day.

We walked to the parking lot and sadly said our goodbyes. As we stood there, I wondered for how long they would remember this day. Walking away, I knew I would remember it for some time to come.
Student volunteer Emily Cooney and Special Olympics Chairperson Heidi Zahn attentively watch the Fall '85 Soccer Tournament from the sidelines. The Special Olympics Committee mobilized over 75 volunteers for this event.

Patiently explaining the intricacies of a camera to a budding photographer, senior John (Chops) Nyhan relaxes by the soccer field with friends.
IT'S A SMALL WORLD AFTER ALL

by Celine Cebedo

Lina laughed as she demonstrated the dance steps she would perform for the annual Cinco de Mayo celebration. "Te gustas?" (Do you like it?) she asked. "Si! Claro que si!" (Yes! Of course!) I smiled in delight.

The Cinco de Mayo fiesta is organized by MeChA-el-Frente, the Hispanic group on campus. When I asked Lina what MeChA was all about, she said, "It's the best support group anyone can ever have."

Her comment brought back images of the close-knit Hawaiian group that organized the luau I enjoyed the previous weekend. The program said "Ho' olaule'a O' Hawaii" which, according to my Hawaiian roommate, Sherrie Kozuki, means "A Celebration of Hawaii." After the dinner, members of Ka Mana O'Hawaii performed spectacular hulas to cheers like "Hey Sherrie, shake it!"

My friends Cristina and Rica fell in love with the entire Hawaiian Club, especially the gorgeous Hawaiian men performing the virile Samoan Slap dance. We found out later we could join the Hawaiian club even though we weren't from Hawaii.

According to Sherrie, the only requirements for membership to Ka Mana O'Hawaii are enthusiasm and a desire to learn about the rich and colorful culture of the Hawaiian Islands.

To move a little further across the Pacific, I asked my Vietnamese friend, To-Anh, about the Vietnamese Club on campus. "Oh it's so much fun!" she commented, "I get to practice my language and I get to know more about where I'm from and who I am." Her remark was similar to what Teresa Wong, cultural coordinator of the Asian Pacific Student Union, told me, "I went to an all-black high school in L.A. and I was really curious to join an Asian group."

As an organizer of the Asian Pacific Heritage Week (April 12-19) Teresa said the strong commitment of APSU members to promoting the group's goals constantly surprises her. "Of course!" Barkada (Filipino) Club president Gem Yabut agreed. "International Club members become good friends, loyal to each other and to the club, throughout the rest of their school life here."

To add to this already multinational plethora of clubs, I found out through the Multi-Cultural Center that we also have the Chinese Student Association, Intandesh (Indian, Pakistan and Bangladesh) Club and Igwebuike (Black Student Union)! Wow! And who ever said Santa Clara's a culturally drab place?
Performing traditional Indian folk dances, these elaborately costumed dancers are part of the First Annual Cultural Program held in Bronco Corral. This event was organized by the campus group Intandesh (India, Pakistan and Bangladesh).

A Filipino dancer performs the dance "La Jota," a Spanish-inspired traditional folk dance of the Philippines. The Barkada Club organized this Philippine Cultural Night.

Entertaining the 8th annual Luau audience with their spectacular rendition of Tahitian dancing, Hualalai Lee and Camille Okato were part of the 165-person Luau cast.
As a fraternity brother, I'd had my fill of questions and answers. Only two more days of rush to go and the hard work and late nights were taking their toll. How am I supposed to get to know someone in a ten minute, rain-soaked conversation anyway? What's more, how is any rushee supposed to decide what house is right for him when everyone is so frigging friendly all the time. I clicked into automatic for a while as I began to ponder my paper on Nietzsche's special brand of atheism... Hi! Steve Hamilton. Senior. English. Oh, I'm not really sure, maybe grad school... when someone interrupted me right on the brink of establishing a thesis, with a question requiring some thought.

"What am I going to get out of a fraternity anyway?"

"Well" I said. "Urn." "You..." (I had never really thought about it, let alone try and explain it.) Finally, it hit me. Like every good English major confronted with an explanation which somehow metaphysically defies words (these things really bug us) I would supply an analogy.

"It's really difficult to explain, but I can tell you a little story which illustrates what a fraternity brother really is. Last year my bike was stolen. Now in itself this isn't such a big deal. But it was my only form of transportation and I was pretty bummed because it was a cool bike and I liked it. So I moped around and everybody felt pretty bad, but not as bad as me because I was the one moping around.

One day I was sitting alone in my room (sort of moping, I guess) and one of my fraternity brothers showed up and asked me to come out into the hall. He looked really excited, and I soon found out why, because out in the hall was the coolest black and white zebra striped mud thumper bike I had ever seen. He asked me what I thought, and I said it was really neat, while inside I felt kind of mad that he came up just to gloat at me because he had a new bike and mine had been stolen. Then came the kicker."

He said, "How do you like your new bike?"

Like it, I loved it, but he had to be kidding. He must have stolen it. I brilliantly responded, "Did you steal it?"

"No" he replied. "This was my bike last year at Davis, but now I have a scooter so I don't need it anymore. This weekend I took the bus home to Grass Valley and brought it back for you."

I didn't know what to say so I just got on it and rode away. I've still got the bike, and I still can't believe that someone would ride the bus for ten hours just to give it to me, but whenever I ride it I think of my fraternity brothers and I somehow come closer to understanding the way I feel about them.

You see, it's something intangible and it's something more than friendship and I guess that's why they call it brotherhood.

So this unsuspecting potential pledge who had unwittingly asked me this metaphysical question about fraternity life, became an unsuspecting pledge, and now he's my unsuspecting brother, and until the opportunity arises for me to do something for him, like Cameron Coulter did for me, he might suspect we're just friends, but I know that we're not. We're fraternity brothers.
Alpha Chi Omega Kari Knutzen, Sherrie Crouch and Mara Miller enjoy a game of volleyball against Alpha Chi rosbes. The second sorority to be established at SCU, Alpha Chi Omega coordinated their 1985 fall rush with Alpha Phi for the first time.

Alpha Phi members Maria Koch and Michelle Campisi teeter-totter for the Alpha Phi-sponsored Teeter-Totter-A-Thon, which raised $4,020 for the American Heart Association. The rest of the SCU Greeks also teeter-tottered with the Alpha Phis for 4 days and 4 nights for this cause.
Recently home from a semester in London's School of Economics, junior Steve Rebagliati takes up where he left off last year as a KSCU deejay. KSCU moved to renovated offices in the basement of Swig last February.

With the help of advisor Ed Kleinschmidt, students like editor-in-chief Mark Clevenger and prose editor Renee Di Duro produced two quality issues of The Owl in 1986.
No more tripping over stacks of albums or bumping into turntables or trying to use broken equipment. I think to myself, "Now this is technology." I can move with ease in the newly expanded, rewired studio. And the sound, even my mumbled words, are amplified as our new system carries the signal as far as Lexington Reservoir.

Air personality (dj), Robin Jankowski says, "We've created something beautiful with the new KSCU offices and studios." Steve Rudicel, general manager at KSCU, is "really excited to finally see it happen.

As with KSCU, the other student media — The Owl, The Redwood, and The Santa Clara — have moved to new facilities. This move is one reason for an observable increase in interest. The new offices make the media more accessible. Before the move I had never noticed the Owl office, and I would never consider venturing through the intimidating doorway which used to lead to The Santa Clara office.

Rene Romo, editor-in-chief of The Santa Clara, says the new journalism practicum has increased by 10 to 20 people. Rudicel says his KSCU staff has increased by over 40 people making the current staff over one hundred members strong.

Another reason offered by Romo for increased interest was the recent establishment of a Communication department that encourages practical experience which you can't learn in a classroom. It's a good place to learn from mistakes.

Rudicel feels that KSCU's new popularity is due to "station effort and station maturity" in addition to new equipment and facilities.

The new studios brought an improved sound. Mark Bauer, assistant music director, says the expanded and expensive new studios have better training facilities, a better ability to accept new people, and more appeal to potential participants.

But there has to be another reason why some people dedicate so much time and effort to working for the student media. It won't get tables without reservations at an elite restaurant or admittance to exclusive clubs. So I can't really answer the question as to why people finally get involved and remain dedicated.

I do know that the four hour show I do once a week at KSCU gives me something to talk about. I like the reaction I get from someone when I tell them I'm an air personality. It's not quite awe or envy, but maybe it could be described as mellow astonishment.

And with more people aware of the media on campus, more new people are getting involved. Media growth has meant improvement, whether it's better broadcast quality at KSCU or increased professionalism at all the other media.

Redwood Editor-in-Chief Greg Schultz began working for the yearbook staff three years ago as a staff photographer. The Redwood used a new writing style and new design techniques for the 1986 yearbook.
MEDIA MADNESS

by Lisa Agrimonti

Why do I do it?
Why do I pull all-nighters on Wednesdays to put together The Santa Clara?

Why did I stay up until 2 a.m. this morning to write “Lisa’s Pieces?”
And why in the world am I still up at 3 a.m. writing this for The Redwood?

HELLIFIKNOW.

Life is hell on the SCU student media. Paid positions are limited and media members debate the validity of the use of “paid” to describe their work — in other words, no one came to work on the media chasing after the golden fleece of corporate executive range salaries. Most of us were coerced by a veteran media person to do some little, itsy, bitsy, article, radio show, poem, or photo assignment. Then we got hooked.

You see, bylines are like drugs. One hit is never enough — and you still come back after ten. I made the mistake of leaving my name and number on a pink index card at the beginning of my sophomore year. I began writing in November, and by third quarter I was on the payroll. One dose of a staff box byline hooked me for life. Now I am a mediaholic.

I've thought about quitting, but if I did, I'd have to go to class and do my homework. What would I do with free time? What would my Wednesdays be like without production?

Wednesdays — a blur at least eight weeks out of every quarter.

Production starts late Monday, but reaches full intensity on Wednesdays. Editors arrive around twelve noon and every other week we laugh and say good night to The Redwood staff as we enter. Tuesdays are their production nights.

And every Thursday, Redwooders return our guffaws and wish us good night as they head for class.

The Santa Clara taught me how to stay up late. I never pulled an all-nighter until I joined the media. And I've never pulled one for scholastic reasons since.

The Santa Clara offices are my home away from home. I spend more time here than I do in my room. Just ask my roommate. “Hey, Karen, remember me?”

I think media headquarters become student unions for those involved. Much of our time in the office is not spent working, but gossiping, goofing off, and griping about how much time we have to spend “working” on the paper, Redwood, Owl, and KSCU.

A copy of the 1985 Redwood props open the door, copies of The Owl sit on the table and KSCU, the only station we can tune in, plays when tapes become redundant. The light tables glare as editors stare. We huddle over these light tables and paste down the typeset articles, printed on shiny white paper, onto the dummy sheets. Then we search and search for mistakes. And search again.

Then we wait. We write down the corrections and wait until they are typeset. Then we get to lay them down on the copy. These corrections never come out correct and rarely do they ever come out before the late hours.

“Hey, Lisa, feature corrections are out!” — I live for these words every Thursday morning.

Sunrise comes. Sometimes we're out of here by then, but we never count on it. With caffeine rushing through our veins, we stagger to class, or drag ourselves to bed. I go home and say “hi” to my roommate as she leaves for breakfast — one of the few times I see her.

By the time I start functioning again, around 4 p.m. Thursday, photo requests are due and I start my routine for the following week. I assign stories and I wait for copy I know won’t come in.

I should quit complaining, this job ain’t all that bad. I do get paid. Maybe it only works out to about a dollar an hour, and I never have time to spend it, but I do get paid.

And I have a key to this blasted mushroom hole. I mean this nice office. I got it when I became a big time editor last year. My mother told me never to accept gifts from strangers. I should’ve listened.

I don’t do this for the money. I don’t do this for fun. Why do I do this?

HELLIFIKNOW.

Maybe I like it.
As Assistant Layout Editor of The Redwood, Amy Kremer designs the graphic elements of a spread while Sheila Gould releases some tension on a deadline night. Like the other media at SCU, involvement with The Redwood required a strong commitment and dedication.

Serious and frenzied work is the norm during Wednesday deadline nights at The Santa Clara for Emelie Melton, Stephanie Burns, John Parent and Guy Zannovitch.
Doing homework while working can help alleviate more work later. Sophomore Chris Brady, an attendant at Shapell Lounge, enjoyed his job because of the time available for homework.

Along with the opportunity to work with the fine cuisine of the Coffeehouse, Cathy Long, Michelle Freeman and Susan Herring appreciate the extra money their jobs with Saga offer.

As a worker at the Information Booth in Benson Center, Dan Bielski answers an inquiry about the University. The Information Booth was the place to turn for any question about SCU.
HURRAY FOR PAYDAY

"For me, working is just another part of college. You have a meal plan, you have fifteen units, you have a social life and you have a job."

Good afternoon,
Santa Clara info booth, can you please hold? Thank you for holding, can I help you?

It's 4:58 p.m. on a clear spring day in the middle of January. I've been at work just short of an hour and I've already given out three students' phone numbers, transferred calls to admissions, the registrar, the Kenna computer lab and the bookstore, informed one student that she could choose from Monterey Bake, Turkey Tetrazzini, broccoli and cheese and cornbread for dinner, given out directions from San Francisco to Toso Pavilion, sold two tickets to the basketball game and one to the winter affair, and returned lost keys to their owner. So one hour is down and I'm locked in the info booth until midnight. Occasionally, familiar faces pop up at the counter only to ask me, "What are you doing tonight?" Before I even begin to recount my sob story they scurry off, explaining, "We gotta get to the happy hour, basketball game, dinner or the library."

When work is slow I do a lot of thinking. I dread the thirty pages of Gulliver's Travels to be read, the Italian verbs I have to conjugate and the poems that need explication. My notebook lies open with "Dear Angela, how are you? I'm at," written on it. "American Pie" comes on the radio. Immediately, almost simultaneously, the volume goes up. The real thinking begins. I am so lucky to have this job! I work with unique people. Half the time I'm working I'm engaged in deep conversation, not about sports, weather, or who mashed with who after Houlihan's last night, but about nuclear war, cohabitation, if there is a God, love and life. I remind myself how my job helps me manage my time, keeps me sober, introduces me to all aspects of SCU and, lastly, pays for my groceries, clothes, social life and phone bills.

For me, working is just another part of college. You have a meal plan, you have fifteen units, you have a social life and you have a job. Since I've been at Santa Clara, I've worked for the Alumni House in their solicitation of contributions, I've catered, bussed and line served for SAGA, and filed for the Heafey law library. Presently, I'm a desk attendant both at the info booth and Shapell lounge.

The jobs at SCU are varied and many. It isn't rare to hear, "I'm working," when asking fellow students what they're up to this afternoon, evening or weekend. After they answer, you might say or think, "What a drag!" Sure, we workers think that work can be a drag, but ask what we think on payday.
Homeless transients sleep in cardboard cartons outside the Midnight Mission at Fifth and Los Angeles Street in downtown Los Angeles. The problem of the homeless and possible solutions to this problem were extensively covered in investigative media reports.

Boosting Ronald Reagan in his battle to resurrect the defeated military aid package to the contras, United Nicaraguan Opposition leader Adolfo Calero declares "Viva Reagan" at the White House on March 21. As future taxpayers and concerned citizens, SCU students voiced their opinions on the President's Nicaraguan policies.

On January 28, the Space Shuttle mission 51-L explodes shortly after liftoff from Kennedy Space Center in Florida, killing the crew of seven aboard. Students flocked to television sets to witness the horrible consequences of technology gone awry.
Wasn't it amazing how much the campus was affected by the shuttle explosion? my friend Mike commented, referring to his own campus, the University of Nevada at Reno, and assuming a similar reaction here at Santa Clara University.

"Well actually," I said, "it didn't seem to affect my campus at all."

"Really?" he replied astounded. "UNR was transformed by the tragedy. Everywhere you went people were talking about it."

How was Santa Clara affected by this event and how is it affected by other world events? TV coverage of the shuttle situation caught the eye of most people in the dorm lounges but prompted very little formal or informal discussion. Since it could be argued that tragedies much greater than the space shuttle explosion did occur in the world, maybe students were concerned with other issues. Well of course! The war in Afghanistan tops all our lists... Wait a minute... what war? What list?

I remember being amazed at how my brother and sister lost contact with the political world while attending college. While I realize both have had to bury themselves in their studies to maintain high standards in demanding fields, does striving for excellence necessitate sacrificing personal political responsibility?

My sister, Angela who was always politically informed as a high school student, lost contact with the world after entering Loyola-Marymount University— a campus similar to SCU. In 1984, she hadn't even realized the Soviet Bloc was boycotting the Olympics until several months after the announcement was made!

In a recent conversation with my brother Dave, a Santa Clara alumnus, he related a similar tale. The Iranians took the American hostages during his first year here and he, a man who listed politics as his hobby in the Freshman Record, didn't know about it until over a month later.

It seems that most Santa Clara students are aware of world events but fail to take them seriously until they pose a personal threat. How did students respond to the instability during the transfer of power in the Philippines? The informative talk given on campus by SCU graduate Jerry Aquino, nephew of President Cory Aquino, during the height of the crisis received very little publicity and a dismal turn-out. The audience, it seemed, consisted of the Barkada Club, my political science professor and myself. Where was the rest of the school? What does it take to get everyone interested in the political climate?

The threat of war perhaps? After the retaliatory attack by the United States on Libya everyone was huddled around the T.V. set watching news programs. All of a sudden people were concerned with the draft and relatives in the service. Suddenly everyone had their own uninformed, emotional response to what the United States should or should not do. It made me wonder how big (or little) a voice the average American should really have in the decisions of national government. Maybe it's a good thing the general populous has little impact on policy makers.

Do Santa Clarans rise above the political apathy of the average American? Is Santa Clara different from other college campuses, some of which are constantly in the news for political activism? Human rights issues, such as apartheid, which predictably bring out youthful altruism on other campuses have little impact on us. What makes Berkeley so politically active? Do Berkeley and UNR attract activists? Does Santa Clara University attract a class of people less threatened socially and economically, more complacent with the world because of their personal security, responding only when that security is threatened?

I'm not advocating civil disobedience or public demonstrations at SCU just to show the world that we students do care (not just about our own security but others' as well). But students must ask themselves whether or not they take the time to make informed judgements about world events and whether or not they exercise their personal political responsibility.
As part of one big happy Graham 200 family, RAs Chris Marshall and Ann Heilman conduct a floor meeting for all their residents.

Graham 100 RA Claudette DeBlauwe and 300 RA Ed Ferrero relax under the hot sun during the spring Graham barbecue held by the pool.

Looking out the fifth floor lounge window, RA Maura Miller and resident take a break from a hectic school day. The forty-nine RA positions were filled by 14 returning RAs, with 35 selected from over 150 new applicants.
Mina and I were kicking back and trying to pinpoint just what being an RA was all about. What it takes, what it's worth and why we did it.

After a while, we reached a conclusion. Explaining the life of an RA is probably as confusing as being one.

There's the stuff that appears on our job description.

And then there's the multitude of things that you never hear about during the introductory meeting or all those hours of RA training.

When I first applied to be an RA, I was allured by visions of the perfectly harmonious floor — we all would be the best of friends, everyone would come to floor meetings and educational events, nobody would drink beer in the halls and all my residents would adhere to — what is it called again? . . . oh, yes — University policy.

Yeah, right. Little did I know that I would have to deal with roommates who would rather bathe in hot oil than live with each other . . .

with women who make consistent attempts to break the sound barrier — as soon as quiet hours have begun . . .

with residents who seem to associate the words "excitement" and "challenge" with seeing how many times they can transport alcohol up and down the hall before getting written up . . .

with guys dressed as insects who would rather spend a screw-your-roommate punching out bathroom windows than dancing . . .

with having to convince residents that they are prohibited from hiding out in their rooms during a fire alarm — when all I want to do is put a pillow over my head and ignore it . . .

with lonely nights on duty when the rest of Santa Clara is burning up the dance floor at Houlihan's . . .

with students who associate RAs with dark alleys — keep as far away from them as you can.

But that's only one side of being an RA — the side most people see.

The rewards and advantages of being an RA are found in those events which are not advertised on the bathroom door and don't require planning or paperwork.

The good stuff happens inside. It happens when you go away for a weekend, and come back to five notes on your message board saying "Welcome back, I missed you."

It happens when you blow off an entire evening of studying just to hang out on the floor, and are glad you did — even the next day as your teacher asks you how you expect to graduate in four years.

And it happens when you look back on all those experiences you never expected to have and realize how much you've learned. And grown. And even come to appreciate those people who have given you a run for the money (hey, they break up the monotony.)

And it's even more. After a year of being an RA, I feel like I could write a book on all the experiences — the craziness, the fun, the inspiration, ... they've all been there.

And they've all been worth it.

Senior RA Laura Randall often finds it easiest to talk to students while sitting on the floor. Randall was the RA of third floor Swig.
Senior Bret Connors chats with Bob Senkewicz, SJ, at the Senior Barbecue hosted by William Rewak, SJ. Held in the Mission Gardens, the Barbecue was the Senior Class' last chance to socialize with SCU faculty and staff.

Enjoying each other's company before it's time to move on, seniors Kathy Kale, Lenore Wagner and Pam Skenderian participate in the "12-12" festivities at the Alumni Picnic Grounds. "12-12" started at 12 noon Thursday, June 12, lasted through the night, and ended 12 noon on Friday.

Joining the SCU Senior class in their senior week, visiting student Tom Higgins celebrates with Chops Nyhan and Carrie Mann at the Senior happy hour.
“W” haddaya mean senior activities are scheduled in the middle of finals week?”

“Don’t worry about it, girl. You’re graduating, for God’s sake. No one is going to flunk you,” responds my usually level-headed roommate, Annie.

“Oh, yeah? Then you obviously haven’t seen my midterm grades. If I don’t cram for the next seven consecutive days, I’m headed for summer school without a doubt.”

“Listen, Lisa. You’ve got all weekend to study. By Monday I guarantee you’ll be ready for the bar crawl in Los Gatos.”

“Oh sure, no problem. I’ll stay out all night Monday, then wake up bright-eyed and bushy tailed for my two finals on Tuesday. You are dream’n.”

The night in Los Gatos passed like a dream. Eager seniors hopped on the buses awaiting them in Leavey’s parking lot, while discussing the possibilities of breezing their way through their exams.

“I once took a final in English Lit,” remarked Joan “and I never read any of the required books. And do you know what? I passed that class because, as an English major, I had finally mastered the art of ‘creative writing.’”

As always, Joan’s perspective helped me to rationalize my anxiety into an optimistic outlook for the week ahead. I began to look forward to my exams as an opportunity to apply what I’d learned as an English major.

When the buses arrived in Los Gatos, everybody cheered. Seniors scrambled from their seats and headed for the pavement. Down the streets we went in droves — in pursuit of the nearest watering hole.

“Which way to Hannigan’s?” cried a voice in the pack. “This way. Come on!” screamed the leader.

Pedestrians whispered and covered as the graduating class of Santa Clara University had one final party-to-end-all-parties.

Alarms went off early the next day as seniors awoke to the frightening reality of what they had done and what they would soon be required to do. Through bloodshot eyes they crammed a whole quarter’s notes into a few hours of study. The hiss of boiling coffee pots was audible throughout the neighborhood and signaled the start of the greatest marathon of a senior’s life: spring quarter finals.

For me the race was over on Wednesday. I was one of the lucky ones. I went to the bar crawl, the “Milk and Cookies” cruise and the 12 to 12, and still managed to pass my exams. Although my grades received no laurels on the Commencement program, I will be receiving my diploma in the mail just as soon as I pay my outstanding debt to the library.
As bright-eyed as when they first arrived at SCU, George Hegerty and Lou Dombrowski enjoy each other's company during the last week of their college life.

Saying goodbye with a smile makes the task a little easier as Stephen Fung and Beth Ash find out. Many seniors commented that the last few weeks of school went by too fast as their years in SCU drew to a close.

Away from the hectic finals week activities at Santa Clara, Stan Cronin and Andrea Tonelli relax under the majestic Bay Bridge.
Santa Clara — my alma mater. Somehow the words don't sit comfortably just yet. But, as my academic calendar turns closer to the last page, those words will ultimately become part of my vocabulary. The conclusion of our last year marks a beginning and an end for all of us, but, at present, the beginning is still left for the future to reveal. But it is clear to us what the end will imply.

After four years, seniors feel as if they possess a certain ownership of their school. Yet, at the same time, becoming ever so clear is the realization that they will be passing their reigns on to the following class.

As time pushed us towards the year's end, an anxious, joyful pang developed in our stomachs. “It's happening so fast,” said my friend Marianne with a laugh. A few underclassmen threw dirty looks our way for breaking the Reading Room silence again. We ignored them, continuing on, due to the gravity of our subject and our class standing. “I just feel like telling time to stop or at least slow down so that our time could be preserved.” I drift off, thinking that the period of our lives which we will reminisce most about is coming to an end.

Marianne's words stay with me, so later I turn to my roommates for their opinion. I venture into our living room, decorated with a week-old accumulation of newspapers and fast food containers. I approach Chet, who is buried deep in the sports page. I wonder nostalgically if I will ever be able to live like this again. Chet does nothing to hide his annoyance at being interrupted. He's in no mood for deep conversation and replies in a sarcastically authoritative tone: “Scott, I look forward to the future challenges and rewards that my new job will offer me after I graduate. The first step in the future, on that ladder...” The voice and the expression, which appropriately accompanied it, both stop. “Oh, wait a minute,” his voice turns to a mocking tone of realization. “I forgot. I don’t have a job.”

For Chet, the end of four years meant the future; for others it was a question mark. When I asked Kollas, he assured me that, while he didn't know what the last four years meant, he was sure they meant something.

Graduation has individual meaning for each student. I think no one ever fully understands the feeling until a person goes through it himself. We all leave SCU with some of the same insecurities we entered with — the question of the unknown. Looking back to our days of freshman orientation, we think of how young and naive we were. But with new insight, knowledge, and self-realization, those very same adjectives apply to us now just as they did then.
As one of the senior volunteers for the Baccalaureate Mass, Mary Beth Cebedo reads the petitions to fellow graduates. The Baccalaureate Mass was planned by Campus Ministry and senior volunteers.

Attentively listening to one of the graduation speakers, engineering major Andrew Lehane sports a fluorescent orange hard hat indicative of civil engineering graduates.

Melanie Kassen is congratulated by a friend after she receives her diploma. Degrees were awarded to graduates of the colleges of Arts, Sciences, Business and Engineering in less than two hours.

Graduation isn't all smiles, as Laurie Oberhauser and fellow Business majors express while watching the last of their classmates receive diplomas.

Staring back at the camera, Laurie Oberhauser sits back with her diploma and waits for other graduates to get theirs.
THANK YOU
SCU

by Rich Albertoni

The beginning of the end was Friday night at The Hut, eight days before Commencement, that coveted last day of classes. I had arrived unusually decked out. A Levi blue-jeans jacket, shorts with little elephants floating on beach chairs, and sunglasses, even in the dark. Who was I kidding?

"Are those your clothes, Albertoni?" Martin Kunz threw me his chiding grin. "What's become of our SCCAP Director?" Suddenly, the place is packed with seniors. There goes Joe Cunningham. "Hey, Joe!" He gives a high five and smiles. Then comes Jeff McDonald.

"Jeff, who ya scammin' on tonight?" He just laughs, "Rich, you need another beer?"

"Gotta get back to the pool table corner. Beth Shea and Julie Rauner are hangin' out there with Martin and me."

Wait, there's Joe Tombari. "Joe, let's go pick songs on the jukebox!" He shakes his head, "Oh, Rich, and fight through this crowd?" The next twenty minutes, "excuse me, excuse me."

"You like Howard Jones? Ok, ok, we'll settle on 'Glory Days' and 'No One Is To Blame.'"

It seems as if the whole place is singing it in unison as they close the doors at 2 a.m.

The next few days are a bit more sobering. A classical music final. I spend the week with my Sony Walkman on. Wait, what was my grade in Biology of Aging? Will I still have enough units to graduate?

Thursday at last. The last trudge back from O'Connor Hall. The last time past the Mission with a backpack over one shoulder. Then a voice behind me, "Hey, Rich!" And there was Dad. And Mom. And Linda. How funny to see them standing in front of St. Joseph's. Else, this is my mom and dad. Hubie, this is my sister. Things were starting.

Friday at Baccalaureate I carried one of those huge flags in the procession. I got it stuck in the olive tree and had to untangle while 50 Jesuits waited behind me. Afterwards, it was Spaghetti Factory with the family. "Son, tonight we're splitting a pitcher of beer," said my dad, a usual non-drinker, with some old-fashioned, innocent charm.

Then Saturday. Jeff McDonald and I, the only two seniors left on third floor McLaughlin, exit our rooms simultaneously for the hall showers at six a.m. A gleam in our eyes, this is it, huh?

English majors proceeded first and, with an "A" last name to boot, I was one of the first to march into the Gardens. Mom and Dad were beaming. Then my Nobili moment. I got up to the stage and heeded Fr. Rewak's secret directions: "Stand right there, Rich." Wait, did Steve Bland say I was being awarded for social activities? Didn't he mean school activities?

I need another party. One more toast. Familiar faces. I find it and look through photo albums till three a.m. But I'm too tired to feel anything but melancholy.

It's nearly four a.m. when I stumble back throughout the chilly, deserted Kennedy Mall to McLaughlin once again. On the way up, through a second floor window, I see the graduation stage still shining in the moonlight. I look past it, to the Mission.

"Thanks." I speak to the buildings.

"Thanks." It was all I could say.
“Gotta go, Di. We’re lining up now...Hey, your eggbeaters look great,” I call back as I weave my way through the web of black robes and bleary eyes. I approach the area where Arts students are congregating.

“Camille Courey.”

“Right here.” I step into place.

“We’re getting ready!”

“Come on, let’s go.” A few late stragglers have just arrived from the Champagne Breakfast and The Hut, and the color guards are ready to go. I am among the first to follow them in as the assembly explodes with cat calls.

“Yeah! Alright!”

We march under the wisteria vines and past Nobili Hall. We are greeted everywhere by smiles and cameras. We’re the main attraction to this show and it feels great. But as we emerge under the Adobe wall, I see the multitudes of people watching us and feel momentarily self-conscious.

The feeling passes by the time we reach our seats.

“What a prime location!” I’m two rows from the front on the right side of the platform.

“Look, everyone’s getting up on their chairs.”

“Good idea. I want to check this out.” The procession is impressive. Everyone looks so scholarly in their caps and gowns. I look toward Varsi Hall just in time to see my family arrive.

“What’s happening?”

“It’s the faculty.” Wild screams from a female chorus erupt behind me.

“We love you, Cory.” It’s a group of devoted Wade fans. She waves and smiles. I am struck by the way she and Diane Dreher, two of my favorite teachers, stand out. They look remarkably alike. I look around for other favorites. There’s Fr. Torrens...and Dr. Skinner. What a great attitude! He must be a Grateful Dead fan. I can’t find Jim Degnan or Bill Greenwalt.

“Which professors go through ceremonies?”

After a brief debate, we’re called to order by Paul Locatelli, SJ.

“Welcome to the 135th undergraduate commencement of Santa Clara University.” Again we burst into whooping cheers.

At this moment, oddly enough, I feel a real unity with my class. Although we’ve done our own thing for the past four years, we’ve all reached this day of accomplishment together.

The invocation and student awards follow. Then the honorary degrees and the Commencement address by Archbishop Denis Hurley from South Africa. At this point, I find myself zoning in and out. It’s been days since I’ve had solid sleep.

“When is he going to apply all of this to us?” Lisa Cooke shrugs her shoulders and sighs. I wonder secretly how many of us are listening. Everyone is slouching. A few underground conversations have sprung up around me. I check the Order of Exercises again. I can hardly wait for our speaker’s address to be over.

Finally, it is. Everyone stands and applauds.

“Before we begin with the conferral of degrees, we ask that you hold your applause until the end of each college.”

“I’m sure. No way!”

“They must be kidding.” We’ve been waiting too long for this to keep quiet. Fr. Rewak takes center stage.

“By the power vested in me by the Board of Trustees...”

“This is it!” I can hardly contain my excitement. For me, this is the highlight of the ceremony.

“...I hereby confer the degree of Bachelor of Arts...”

On the way up, I say hello to Dr. Wade and Dr. Dreher. I wish I had time to say more to them. Too late. I hand my name card to Fr. Warren.

“Camille Marie Courey.” I can’t help throwing my arm in the air. I walk toward Fr. Rewak.

“Congratulations, Camille.”

“Thank-you.” I’m both shocked and pleased by this personal address. I’m sure he can’t possibly know me from Adam, but it’s a nice touch anyway. I walk to my seat and put on my...
Bowing their heads in prayer, Lyann Mizum and friends remember those who made their graduation possible. Fr. Louis Bannan, SJ, led the benediction near the end of the Commencement ceremony.

Sharon Bender

Shades. The sun has just broken through and already I feel myself burning up in my heavy robe. I spend the next hour cheering for my friends as they receive their degrees.

It's time for our Valedictorian to give his speech.

"Mark Clevenger, an English major — " Applause, applause.

"Last night, he begins, "I had a horrible nightmare..." Mark's speech was funny but it's time to wrap up the ceremony. As the faculty march out we give one last cheer for them — and us. Then we disperse to find our families.

"Bye, Camille," says Doug, "have a nice life." Suddenly I feel sad that I will not see many of my friends and teachers again. This is the end of my life at Santa Clara. But, as I wander through the crowd, I feel incredibly free and optimistic. Afterall, Commencement is only the beginning.

Eric Fischer

Triumphantly raising his arms, political science graduate Tom Lent charges through the graduation platform to get his well-deserved diploma. Like many polisci graduates, Lent discarded the traditional mortar board for a straw hat.

Eric Fischer
We wondered about the reliability of the "textbook osmosis" method.

I strolled into the library at 1:00 a.m. to collect a few more facts about Sergei Eisenstein and D.W. Griffith for a term paper due at 5 p.m. the day before. My mind wasn't enjoying the activity much at all and would have rather been in a horizontal and hibernative state. But my conscience said no. "The paper had to be finished and it had to be done right," I thought while simultaneously reasoning that this was spring quarter of my senior year and it would be nice just to get everything over with.

Opening the door into the periodicals section, I realized I was not alone in my confusion. The place was packed with weary-eyed students staring blankly into their books and papers; academic zombies trying to remember that one last date, formula or author which would surely get them an A.

We were all driven by a subconscious motive: that we had to do the best job possible. Sometimes it was all we could do just to survive the onslaught of finals, especially when they all fell on consecutive days. But...
even those people who hadn't picked up a text since the last midterm were compelled to make an honest effort.

I saw my senior academic year, as well as my college education at SCU, end in the library that night. It was a year highlighted by the Institute on Technology and Society, more students using PC's than ever before, and a needed investigation of the Santa Clara Plan. We looked inward during the year, trying to figure out ways to make our learning environment better and more efficient. Many students began to realize the degree to which computers could increase their productivity, while others participated in work outside the classroom, such as SCCAP, the media and ASSCU.

We were students and our job was to learn. Sometimes our work was fascinating, while other times we wondered about the reliability of the "textbook osmosis" method. Our professors were both monsters and saints, our ultimate judgement based on our final grade. We hated it and we loved it, but, in the end, we were always thankful for the opportunity given to us.

— Greg Schultz
ADVICE
YOU LIKE
TO HEAR

by Kendra Lee

Appointment with Tom for my quarterly progress report, or, as SC likes to refer to it, academic advising. As I approach his office on St. Joseph's second floor, I hear the clamor in the TV facility. That place is always hopping.

"Hi Judi, Tom in?"

He'll be with me in a minute. He's negotiating with seniors in his advanced directing/producing class. Mike and Pete need an appointment to discuss their upcoming show. They neglected to do it earlier.

Finally I get in to see him and the phone rings; it's Greg with a Redwood problem. Now Judi has a few "quick questions." So I patiently wait. Any appointment that's to begin on the hour usually starts at halfpast. I guess having the department head as your adviser has its drawbacks. No more calls, no seniors, no quick questions — I think we're ready.

"Now, what's our appointment for?" Tom asks.

"Advising," I say.

"OK." But before we begin we get personal questions out of the way.

"How are classes? How about Redwood?"

"Classes are pretty good. We're working on deadlines — both old and new."

"What kind of problems are we having?" (Tom is also adviser of The Redwood.)

"Same old problem, no pictures."

"Well, will we get it done?"

"We always do," I reply.

"What do you want to do in the future?"

"What are your goals?"

I'm thinking to myself — "I'm only a sophomore, how do I know what I want to do?"

Silence, while I think of an "answer."

"I want to do something with television and art." Boy, that was simple enough... Not quite.

"Well, what do you want to do with them? Have any direction which you want to take? Where do you want to work? In commercial television, a small station, a corporate environment, or possibly a production house? Do you prefer directing or producing? What aspects of television do you want to use, and how would you incorporate your art into it?"

I knew it, he always asks the most difficult questions.

"Well, Tom, I'm not sure," I say hesitantly. "I like both producing and directing. I haven't had enough classes to really distinguish one from the other." As I get further in the TV sequence I'll see the major differences, he tells me. But I better start thinking about it now.

"I think I'd rather do commercial television — possibly in L.A."

He then recounts a story about a former student who began as a runner in L.A. and progressed to a position on Solid Gold. He also gives me a list of possible jobs and
opportunities. (Gosh — I never knew there was so much to do). Then he tells me I don't have to pin myself down to any specifics right now.

“What are your other goals for your remaining years here?”

“I want to focus my studies on television and I'd like to try to tie art into it.”

“I see more of a need in the near future for art in television. Take computer graphics, for example. If you're really interested in art, I suggest taking the computer graphics class offered by the Art Department. Also, theatre arts classes with design and set are other possibilities...How does this sound to you? Does any of this interest you?”

I'm sitting there totally stunned. I never knew there were so many possibilities! I have so much to think about. I should start now so I can ease my way into the television world.

Tom gives me possibilities to look into for summer jobs. He suggests I call local stations and talk to art directors and find out about their jobs and responsibilities.

Now that we've discussed my goals, he suggests we work on my academics.

“How many units do you want to carry?”

No more questions, I have so much to think about now.

“I suggest carrying seventeen or eighteen next quarter, taking T.V. Writing, Computers, News Writing and Reporting I and Intro to Studio Art.”

We work my schedule out for my remaining years here, talk about The Redwood some more and are interrupted by some more seniors.

I leave overwhelmed with possibilities about my “near” future. I wonder how my advising sessions are going to be when I'm a senior. I can't wait to find out!
I thrust myself into the melee towards the English table.

On Registration Day I try to stay out of people's way. A simple "How are you?" might bring grown men to tears, confessing impotence at not being able to pull the sticker for Religious Studies 148. The same seniors who, as freshmen three years earlier, had cursed at having to pay ten dollars for Comp and Rhet stickers were now hawking their wares in the halls of Swig — this exploitation made possible by their senior status and early registration time. Of course that 2 unit ROTC class they had the unknowing foresight to take spring quarter of freshman year may have had something to do with it.

It was time. I left the fortification of my room and started down the hall. Two doors down, I heard something hurled with great force break against the wall. Behind another door I heard muffled screams. I took the stairs in order to avoid the inevitable small talk and gut-spilling of someone just back from the Leavey front. In the sterility of the stairwell, a freshman sobbed uncontrollably while her friend recommended transferring to U.C. Into the daylight, I moved stealthily across campus like a spy behind enemy lines. Near Leavey, there were people strewn on the grass, some were sobbing, some were pounding their fists and tearing their hair. I kept humming "Life During Wartime" by the Talking Heads.

At the lines, I saw my friend Jay, who began yelling and gesticulating wildly for me not to come any closer. He said I couldn't cut into line and I heard a low murmur of others agreeing. I backed off and went to the end, feeling distraught, but understanding that a lot of things said in the heated frenzy of registration are often regretted later. I thought for a moment about two students who had been best friends in high school and grade school as well. Their friendship ended last year during registration because one got the last Marketing 151 sticker.

I thrust myself into the melee towards the English table. Medieval Lit.? No problem. The Comparative Lit. of Christian Humanism? Bingo! Expository Writing? Great, the first one. Got 'em all in a couple of minutes. I don't know what all the fuss is about, but my suggestion for the relief of excessive tension created by registration...change your major.
Sophomore John Munding fills in a final course on his registration form. The stickers on this form guarantee him a seat in every class.
Dear Student,

According to our records, you have yet to satisfy the requirements listed below if you intend to graduate in June, 1986:

36 quarter units to include:
- 1 social science...

What? I thought I was finished with my University requirements! How could I have forgotten to take a social science class? Oh, I can't wait to be reprimanded for taking 19 units during spring quarter my senior year. "Why didn't you talk to your adviser?" I must have overlooked this requirement when I decided to change my major. Now, to figure out which courses I still have to take. Are English majors required to take two or three western culture courses? Oh yeah... three. Then, there's English I and II — got that covered — and a third writing course — no problem. Math, science, foreign language, and religion are taken care of...but that still leaves ethics, math, science, and, of course, one social science.

Registration Day. The agony of waiting in these hot, stuffy lines only to see the word CLOSED next to most of my much-needed required courses is almost too much to endure. Frantically, I grab a Course Descriptions paper in search of classes to fill my schedule...looks like my only hope is to beg the teacher to let me in.

After finally getting in these classes, I sometimes wonder if the fruits of my overnight cramming will last longer than the length of the tests! But I guess I realize that every class teaches me a lesson in one way or another. In Spanish, at least I remember the basics...Hola!, ¿Qué tal?, ¿Cómo estás?...ch...uh...

I don't remember much about philosophy from my ethics class, but I can still picture my teacher scribbling on the board, asking the profound question, "Is a chair really a chair?"

In art history, I memorized the dates, artists and titles of 500 paintings, only to find a total of five identifications on the test. I didn't get a very high score on the test, but at least I learned that memorizing certain facts can be as important as understanding theories and concepts.

My English I course taught me that writing wasn't as easy as I thought. I never worked so hard to raise my grade to a C! Oh, well, I really didn't want to be an English major anyway.

I must admit, overall, these seemingly burdensome required classes have taught me to appreciate the difficulty of other disciplines which I chose not to pursue as a major course of study — being a philosophy or art major isn't so easy after all! The greatest benefit of these courses, I think, is that I'm becoming what they call "well-rounded." If nothing else, I can impress my colleagues at cocktail parties by rattling off artists of famous paintings. Who knows, perhaps my core requirements will come in handy some day.
I can still picture my teacher scribbling on the board, asking the profound question, "Is a chair really a chair?"

Cathy Purpur takes notes on making philosophical decisions. SCU's ethics requirement can be satisfied through ethics in society, business, medicine or journalism.

Performing and video taping makes the language requirement more interesting for Laura White. Applying makeup isn't usual homework for a Spanish class unless Rosemarie Beebe, Ph.D., is your professor.
Sophomores Stephanie Burns and Kathy Kays buy candy bars before their weekend excursion to Orradre. Sugar is sometimes the only way to stay awake while tackling homework.

In choosing their texts, senior Gina Perrella and juniors Joe Tombari and Dave Daniels begin the process which will diminish their accounts.

The school provides the desk, but the typewriter, paper, calculator, and light are up to the students.
What’s Not in Tuition Comes From Your CHECKBOOK

by Lisa Agrimonti

College Budgeting: pen, paper, calculator, notebook.
Ready? Go.
$10,251 for tuition, room, board, (or so “they” call it), and $1.00 for CalPIRG. And...possibly a $20.00 late registration fee. Yeah, mom will go for it. I can spend it if I don’t register late...heh, heh, heh. Total spending money for each week...none of your business — but never enough.

Ready to start the year. Just like an accountant. Counted to the last penny. This year — no, not again, not gonna call home and yelp, “Heecceellllllllllo, best mom in the entire world...”

“What do you want?”
“Just a little monetary supplement, ma.”
Click.
Better be real careful. Budget, ya budget. I got my Bronco bucks budgeted...
Classes started...didn’t take long to realize that I didn’t count everything. After second class...budget blown-broke.
Class 1: Ethics
Class 2: Photography
Waltzed into my ethics class...whatcha mean I need two textbooks, three blue books for two midterms and a final, a highlighter, a copycard for copying articles for a term paper, a floppy disk to use the PC’s to wordprocess my papers, or a typewriter and white out to fix mistakes? But nobody uses typewriters anymore...maybe $2,000 for my own PC — never a typewriter; a tape recorder to tape lectures, scantrons, and, either Diet Coke, coffee, No Doz, Vivarin, tea, chocolate, or all of the above to stay awake to use everything I bought.

Photography: $35 a box of paper, $10 lab fee. Thank God — no books...yet. $2.50 per roll of film...10 rolls?! Chemicals, touch up ink, posterboard for mounting, scissors to cut film, a shirt to get chemicals on...feel sorry for bio majors...do they have to buy the frogs? Or do they chase after them? Never mind.

Something’s screwy about “expected” expenses in college. Lowballing, they call it. I think. Learned about it in Psych. Like a car dealer: tell you it will cost so much, you say “yes,” then they raise the price. SCU tells me $10,251 plus “personal entertainment.” Sure, tell me another one. Classes don’t count as entertainment...do they???
MAKING THE SCHOOL PAY

by Tammy Ramsay

"Where are the books for Electrical Engineering?" asks an exasperated voice from behind the counter.

"Down the third aisle to the right," I reply with a smile, hoping to ease the agitation of yet another confused student.

As the voice trails off in the direction of one of the many rows of shelved books, I take a moment from my job at the textbook department to glance at my surroundings in the campus bookstore basement. Hundreds of stacked books, many new with fresh, crisp paper and shiny covers, others with highlighting and well worn creases that reflect a book's use. Wandering students are in search of those books which may or may not lead them to new and fulfilling knowledge.

It's time to stop daydreaming and go about my duties for the day: filing, working with invoices, requesting credit, and xerosing. As I work, I reflect upon my great fortune of being a part of the Work Study Program and all the benefits that it offers: a source of income for students in need of financial support, the freedom to work convenient hours, but, more importantly, the energetic personalities of those active in the program. They are always there, eager to assist, offer advice, and give encouragement.

As my thoughts drift, I glance up from my filing to focus on a familiar face. This triggers my memory to all the other "oldies but goodies" — Dorothy, Terese, Georgia, and April — those employees who remain faithfully at work as the student workers come and go each year. More than co-workers, they are my friends who encourage me and show appreciation for the tasks I perform. Having painstakingly typed over 2,000 shelf cards and placed price stickers on the covers of hundreds of books for the past three years, I welcome this tribute.

Time seems to fly as I glance at my watch and realize that, while another workday is about to end, my studying has not yet begun. I grab my backpack, say goodbye, and eagerly pick up my paycheck...no doubt, the textbook department will have plenty of work in store for me tomorrow.
Senior English major Teri McGill punches in data for Student Services in Benson Center. Computer literacy is important for many jobs on campus.

Sophomore business major Allison Greenwood is a veteran of the financial aid process. During the year, she worked for Financial Services and participated in the Work Study program.

While checking the ID's of students entering the library, junior English major Lisa Curley finds time to proofread her English essay.
SOME MAJOR ADDITIONS

He sits across from me...no desk, no briefcase.
Just the two of us. Communicating.

by Christine Daniels

I relax in a big, comfortable chair in
'Tom Shanks' office.
He sits across from me...no desk, no
briefcase...just the two of us. Communicat-
ing. His eyes sparkle with pride and a smile
creeps out from under his dark moustache.
And rightly so.
Tom is Chair of the new Communication
Department at SCU. This is his "baby." So I
sit...and listen.
"With the department's faculty, facilities,
student interest and university support, we
have the opportunity to develop the best
undergraduate communication departments
on the west coast."

He tells me that when I graduate
with my communication/print
degree, I'll have the in-depth
education, training and skills to
make it where I want to go in
the communication industry —
or at least the background to
get into a good graduate
program.

Oh, well...between my degree
and a strong liberal arts
background, I figure I'm set.
So are students seeking
a comm/television degree.

As we talk, I think "this
is too good to be true." Take
it from an ex-English
major who suffered through
literature classes just
to land a writing degree.
Goodbye, Wordsworth...Adios,
Shelley.

Tom speaks of increased sections of
Public Speaking...something any major can
benefit from. And those of us on the
student media (you know, the ones who
don't sleep or do homework) receive
support (and units!) from practicum classes.
But let's not take all of the spot light...
The musical strains emanating from the
Fine Arts building have taken on a new
tone. The musicians who are practicing and
composing the melodic measures there
are now working twice as hard and sacrific-
ing many more hours than in prior years.
These musical artists of SCU are working
toward the newly established Bachelor of
Music (BM) degree.

I find Lynn Shurtleff, M.A., to be a
relaxed and casual department chair. Judg-
ing from the gathering of students I see
waiting outside his office, his time and
services are in great demand. Nevertheless,
he appears more than willing to deal with
the questions and concerns of the
performers, musicians, and conductors in
the program.

A senior performer, Gina Piroli, expresses
her contentment with Shurtleff's efforts as
director of the new program. "We're ex-
erimenting with difficult and complicated
musical arrangements." Professor Shurtleff
and Gina both agree that it's a small depart-
ment, but they hope it will grow quickly.

Seems that Santa Clara is rapidly increas-
ing its curricular horizons. In Fall of '84 we
got the B.M. degree and the spring of '85
brought us the Communication Depart-
ment. What will they offer us next?
Music students do not learn from books alone. Music chair Lynn Shurtleff, M.A., demonstrates the technique in hitting the right note.

Television is one emphasis which communication majors can choose. Senior Matt Britton operates a television camera for a student program.

Junior Tony Quartuccio tries his hand at conducting fellow students. Tony will be one of the first to graduate with a Bachelor in Music degree at SCU.
by Debbie Specker

Fr. Bob Senkewicz, SJ, Helen Daley and Martin Kunz snip the ribbon at the opening celebration of the Coffeehouse in Benson. A piano player, magician, and caricaturist entertained during the day's festivities.

Off to Bannan to drop off my petition to graduate. I really can't believe I've been here almost four years. Too bad I'm leaving now, just when they've finished all the construction — no more walking around Benson in the rain or listening to jack-hammers in Kenna classrooms. They're turning this place into a resort — so many new facilities.

The English lab in O'Connor 108 — that's new. Too bad it wasn't around sophomore year when I was taking journalism. Every Tuesday night for two quarters, I lugged my electric typewriter up to third floor Alumni Science. What fun that was. Cords stretched across tables (there weren't enough conveniently located outlets), bells constantly dinged, and papers were yanked from the rollers, crumpled up, and thrown on tables and the floor.

These new journalism students, boy are they spoiled. Just sit at their own terminal and type, type, delete, type. I wish I would've been forced to write on a computer. Maybe I wouldn't have such computerphobia. Like Miriam Schulman, M.A., the journalism teacher, told me, I'm very likely to encounter computers in my job. I guess I'll have to spend some time over there. Anyone can use the lab from 2 p.m. to 10 p.m. They've even got a letter quality printer. If I ever learn to use it well, maybe I'll type cover letters on it.

Since I'm over on this side of campus (the first time in two years), I should look at the new building everyone is raving about — the engineering building.

My God, it's nice, even kind of modern looking. Beigeish with red railings and windows, windows, windows. Much better than the old sixties style building across from Bannan and the trailers. How could anyone stand those crackerboxes? "They're freezing in the winter, boiling in the spring, and they shake when anyone shuts the door," one engineer told me. The civil engineers have even made shirts: "I survived the trailers."

Talk about plush accommodations. The inside of the new building is fantastic — especially the second floor. Teachers' offices line the outer edges of the floor and encircle all the department secretaries' desks. Windows everywhere again. Even the offices are all window. No more guessing if the teacher is in his office and just not answering, or if he's busy with another student. Easy access, too. The offices have both an inside door and an outside one leading to the balcony.
Neither of these two facilities thrills me much. I mean, how often will I really go hang out in the engineering building? What I'm excited about is Benson basement. It's about time that Santa Clara acquired a place where people can lounge around. Now there's The Coffeehouse where you can meet friends and grab a bite to eat or just sit around drinking beer or cups of cappuccino. No more having to run off to Upstart Crow to get something besides Benson sludge coffee.

The Coffeehouse means more social events, too. Happy hours, comedy nights, concerts, speakers...I was at the grand opening happy hour — 50 cent beers, a huge room with tables and chairs for everyone. They even have a dance floor — good for happy hours. People always like to dance around when they drink. And they won't have to knock down tables to do this.

Down Under — it's convenient. During the break in my two hour class we always run down there and grab a diet Coke. It's much better than having to fight with Coke machines that don't give you change, or that steal your money and leave you thirsty. Sometimes we don't go back after our break. We just hang out down there amid the mauve couches, sip on our drinks, and watch the people in the game room. I'm not big on this room, but it sure seems like the video-junkies love it.

I really wonder what this place will look like in a few years. The student store has "Santa Clara Country Club" sweatshirts. By the time the Class of 2000 graduates, this may not be an exaggeration.
Enjoying his first year of teaching at SCU, Fr. Paul Soukup explains the relationship between communication and culture to his Comm I Class. He moved from Texas to California to join the new Communication department.

Part-time instructor J. Patrick Murphy is both teacher and student. After teaching Management at SCU in the morning, he attends graduate school at Stanford.

In the Decision and Information Sciences department, new professor Peter Haas, Ph.D., teaches statistics to math and business majors.
WHO'S NEW
AT THE
PODIUM

First Year Professors
Test SCU Waters

by Joan Raspo

As I peeked in the door, a studious-looking blond woman talking on the phone looked up and motioned for me to take a seat. I scanned her bookcase, pretending not to eavesdrop. I was here to interview the new Religious Studies professor.

"Hi, I'm Catherine Bell."

I soon discovered that Ms. Bell had previously taught graduate students at Kokusai Daigaku, an International University in Niigata, Japan.

Hm...I thought, wondering how SCU students would fare in this professor's mind in comparison with the typically disciplined Japanese student. I was shocked.

"Really, there are a lot of similarities between the students I taught in Japan and the students here. I've found the students at Santa Clara to be very serious and open to learning, as were my students in Japan."

After that pleasant surprise, I wrapped up the conversation and moved on to my next source.

Judging from the hot Latin salsa Peter Minowitz had programmed into his answering machine, I would have never guessed that the newest addition to the Political Science Department had grown up in the heart of New York City — Manhattan.

"I had never heard of SCU before last spring, just as I'm sure you've never heard of Middlebury College. That's where I completed my undergrad work."

You're right, professor; I had never heard of Middlebury, but I certainly had heard of Harvard. Professor Minowitz, as I discovered, completed his graduate work at that prestigious learning institution. Well, I decided, we did O.K. in comparison with Japanese students — How about Harvard?

"The students at Harvard are more sophisticated about political and social issues, but I was impressed by how well-read SCU students are. There's a large spread of levels between the students here."

Not so impressed with the caliber of SCU students, Fr. Sonny Manuel, SJ, wants to make some changes here on campus.

"Students need to be challenged more, in terms of taking advantage of learning opportunities. I want to awaken a passion in students and urge them to go beyond the bounds of their own experience."

Fr. Manuel isn't bluffing. He has joined with another newcomer to SCU, Fr. Steve Privett, SJ, (brother of, yes! Fr. John Privett, SJ) to create the East Side San Jose Community Project. This program will bring SCU students into contact with the residents of East Side San Jose. Fr. Manuel and Fr. Privett will integrate mandatory outside field work into the curriculum of their psychology and religious studies classes.

Back at home, after my mad rush of interviews, I sat back and assimilated all my newfound impressions. All and all, some pretty good choices, I decided.
Re-entry student Mary Kahn relaxes before Modern Grammar. This class takes her one step closer to her education degree.

As a communication major, Matt Jacobsen spends part of his day behind the camera. After school, Matt rushes off to work at El Torito's.

Alexis Koen finds Wednesdays especially useful for meeting with professors. The Santa Clara Plan allows re-entry students to catch up on schoolwork and household affairs.
IT'S NEVER TOO LATE

Older students make a comeback

by Mary Kahn

I was walking toward Benson, my eyes fixed on the cement as I was trying to avoid stepping in a puddle of water. I heard someone call my name. I looked up, trying to locate the voice. Standing in front of the newspaper vending machine stood a fellow who looked scruffy, but familiar. It took me a moment to place the man's face. He said his name. It clicked. He was someone I had gone to high school with. After exchanging small talk, he asked me if I was doing some graduate work here at the University. With a slight giggle in my voice, I replied that I was a junior in the undergraduate school and said, "What about you?" He said that he was a maintenance employee and that he had been employed at the school since his return from Viet Nam. It felt good to see a face from the past, yet it seemed funny how one assumes what position you should be in relation to your age.

Nevertheless, these experiences continue to inject me with additional energy and enthusiasm for my new-found life in the world of academia. I enjoy being a part of the pulse of bodies that crowd the stairs in a momentary stand-still in Bannan Hall, and being accidentally nudged by backpacks while discussing mistakes on quizzes during the slow descent down the stairs and out into the open.

I have new-found friends who are fifteen years my junior, but age doesn't hinder the dynamics of our friendships. I enjoy being huddled at a table discussing the events of the weekend over glazed donuts and coffee and sharing anxieties over coming exams. I can meander my way across campus and feel warm even on the coldest days as a result of a few extended greetings from familiar faces.

At night my life is at home in my kitchen. I am someone's wife. I have become quite proficient at sauteeing mushrooms while simultaneously memorizing Spanish vocabulary from the home made flash cards propped up against my coffee pot.

After the meal is cleared from my table, there is room for my books. Food crumbs are replaced by bits of eraser spread out in a pile. This table is the witness to my term papers, and of the methods that I employ to transpose paradigms from text books into my memory. Periodically, I will raise my head and glance across the room trying to focus my eyes on the iridescent green digital time display on the microwave. It's getting late. Academia continues to pump breath and energy into my system. I am someone who has a different life. I am a re-entry student in the right context.
EXERCISING THE

by Gail VanDormolen

An Honors Program? I didn’t even know one existed at Santa Clara. “Sure,” a friend’s voice answered my thought. Elizabeth, the sophomore who lives down the hall from you, is an Honors student.” Elizabeth? She doesn’t look any smarter than the rest of us. Suddenly, the jealousy came flooding out as if a dam had broken. “Why wasn’t I invited into the program?” I thought. Yes, jealousy certainly had the best of me.

And what was I envious of? The fact that I wasn’t able to enjoy the small, seminar style classes of under twenty people or benefit from the instruction of some top professors and heads of departments.

I was also more than a little envious that Honors students had pre-registration opportunities. By the time I battled the rampant herds of people in the Leavey jungle and fought to squeeze Comp and Rhet II into my schedule, they had already registered. Of course, I was too angry to take into consideration the reason why they had pre-registration privileges. With one section of each Honors class usually offered only once during the school year, I knew now, after experiencing Leavey, why it’s necessary.

Although I was aware they took advanced classes, I still wondered, “How much harder did they really work than all the other students?” So what if they have to maintain a 3.00 grade point average and take Honors Calculus, Honors English, Honors History, and more. How much more difficult could these courses be? “I could handle that,” I thought to myself. Or could I? Now that I think about it, I probably couldn’t.

Increased classes, additional requirements and more challenging subject matter? No way. Remembrances of how I struggled to maintain Cs during Fall quarter came flooding back. No, I’m definitely not part of that special breed. And I would actually have to participate in class? I stutter and stammer when I talk to my friends, much less speak up in class. I could practically hear the students laughing hysterically at my inability to say anything remotely intelligent.

Oh, well, getting into the Honors Program would have been a small miracle anyway. Sure, I had the minimum GPA of 3.0. It takes special talent to be one of the thirty or forty students to be accepted into the program each year. So I’m not in the program and I can’t say “I will graduate as an Honors student,” but, then again, not many people can. It takes a special dedication to be able to say that.

Naturally, I was jealous, but jealousy is an emotion we all feel periodically. And, like most emotions, they pass with time only to be replaced by others. So now, my feelings of envy are replaced by something else — admiration, respect, HONOR.
Rosemarie Roque, Judith Dunbar, Ph.D., Karen Witham, Catherine Long and Kevin Fitzpatrick explicate a poem. Small seminar classes are common in the honors program.

During an exam, Michael Sweeney, Ph.D., clarifies a question for Chris Fowler. Like in other classes, tests in honors program courses are just as stressful.

After soccer practice, honor student Ted Piepenbrock heads for the books. Most honor students involve themselves in extra-curricular and academic activities.
Many labs involve problem-solving based on data from experiments. Senior John Bargero records information from his lab instrument.

Junior Shannon Parrish assists senior Patty Kirrene's first try on the IBM PC. Computer labs are used not only for computer classes, but also for writing and business courses.

Dave Mori works with high speed machinery in his final year of engineering labs. Safety regulations, such as wearing goggles, are strictly enforced in the machine shop.
My eyelids fluttered open as the shrill sound of my alarm clock startled me out of a deep sleep. It’s Friday, I thought. The end of the week is finally here. Then, another thought occurred to me. Oh no, chem lab today. I dragged my body out of bed and, having a little spare time before class, I decided I had better read today’s experiment. Taking my lab syllabus out of my folder I read, “Molecular Weight by Freezing Point Depression.” Doesn’t sound too bad, I thought. I soon changed my mind after reading the experimental procedures. My eyes caught the two words I dreaded most of all — Bunsen burner. The experiment involved lighting and relighting the Bunsen burner at least half a dozen times. I remembered, with a feeling of dread, the difficulty I had trying to light it once before. I also thought of my pyrophobia, a fear which prevents me from striking a match unless it is absolutely necessary.

But I knew I would have to conquer my fear today. Two o’clock arrived much too soon and I entered the lab with dismal feelings. I hate labs like these. It never fails; I walk in, fail the pre-lab quiz, listen carefully to the professor’s explanation of the lab procedure, then go into the lab and still wonder what I’m supposed to do. Don’t worry, I told myself. Just watch what everyone else is doing.

So I watched, and followed the people around me until it came time to light IT! I stared at IT a while, picked up the flint, struck it...no flame. I tried again...no flame. But three was the charm. The burner lit with a whoosh! I could smell the gas and I was terrified. But I was proud of myself for conquering my fear. I was also proud that I finished the experiment on time, did it correctly, and learned something in the process.

Actually, lab could have been worse that day. At least there were no chemicals. Chemicals are a nightmare, to say the least. One afternoon, I saw Cindy pick up a bottle of hydrochloric acid, begin to pour, suddenly plunk the bottle on the counter and thrust her hand under the faucet of cold water. I knew she had spilled the acid on her hands. A couple of hours later I remember her saying, “It still burns!”

I wondered if bio lab was as bad as chem lab. “Well,” Barb said, “We’re dissecting live frogs soon.” My stomach flip-flopped as the conversation continued. Tracey asked, “Don’t you have to stick electrodes in their heads to do that?” I couldn’t believe we were having this conversation at the dinner table. I quickly asked, “What else do you do?” She replied, “One time we mated flies.” Terrific, I thought.

Then, of course, my roommate had a few things to say about stagecraft lab for theatre arts majors. One afternoon, she came home, paint covering her sweat pants and new tennis shoes. “We painted the stage today — burnt umber,” she exclaimed.

I feel better now, knowing that other people have labs besides engineering majors. After chemistry, I wonder what physics will have in store for me next quarter. Actually, I’m looking forward to it. It’s one thing to read about a concept in a textbook or take a professor’s word for it that a particular experiment works, but it’s different to experience it for yourself.
The Wordstar program makes typing a paper easier. Sophomore Molly Kinney wishes the computer could write the paper too.

Raul Tapia, Marc Friscia, Bretta Nock and Carolyn Murphy work on a Brand Management presentation in Shapell. Sharing responsibilities sometimes takes away stress and saves time in group projects.

Lisa Aprimonti

This exhausted student takes a break from studying in the library. Many times our minds want an A, but our bodies tell us we can't always get what we want.
Fluorescent lights hum, papers shuffle, books slam, chairs squeak, students sigh — the periodicals room at Orradre Library. Looking across the room of blank faces, I want to scream. My term paper is due tomorrow at 9:00. It's 6:00. That leaves me, oh my God, only fifteen hours if I don't take out any time to sleep.

The pressure is really on. I'm not sure if I will be able to take it. One thing is for sure, I have to escape the library. Looking at Shannon across the table, I suddenly feel the urge to explode into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. Trying to be quiet, we slide out of our chairs, quickly flee the periodicals room, scamper down the stairs, break out into the cold night air and let out the scream, “I hate writing papers!”

Now, maybe I'll be able to concentrate. If not, I'll head home and watch a mindless T.V. show — The Brady Bunch reruns and Love Connection are always good choices.

Although I choose the mush T.V. release, not all my friends relieve pressures in this way. Some relieve their tension in productive ways. Mark jogs, lifts weights, and plays basketball. He really likes to sweat it out. Me, I find unproductive ways most helpful. A good shopping spree lightens the pressure, though only momentarily. When the cash register rings the total amount, reality seeps back in. I remember that my homework is still waiting for me.

I'm finally realizing fall quarter of my senior year that the way I deal with stress isn't too useful. Maybe a Tests-n-Tension session might help. But, no, I don't want to discuss this with other students.

Instead, I seek out Dean Subbiondo. Praying for a simple solution, I meekly ask, “The pressure just gets unbearable at times. Do you have any suggestions?”

“Well, Debbie, you may not like what I'm going to say. I think students often bring the pressure on themselves and get caught up playing the role of the stressed-out student.”

Laughing, I remember the time Christen downed cups of coffee and popped a few No-Doz tablets to stay up all night and finish studying. What a wreck she was the next day, dragging herself to classes looking strung-out and dazed and complaining of stomach pains.

“Debbie, don't reduce the course to the question of what do I need to know for exams. Ask yourself how the course can enrich your life.”

Hmm, maybe that will work. Maybe if I study a little at a time, I won't feel so much pressure. Then again, without this pressure, maybe I won't ever get motivated enough to complete anything. Is there an easy solution?

I suppose I should just accept the pressure. If classes at SCU weren't so rigorous, its reputation wouldn't be as good. I guess I'd rather have a little more pressure now and a little less when I begin my job-hunt.
An "A"! I did it — or rather, we did it, my tutor and I. Taking advantage of the services provided by the Office of Academic Resources was one of the smartest moves I've made at SCU.

Three months ago my calculus class made me feel like a stranger in a foreign land. The formulas, the problems — the whole way of thinking was so foreign. Too foreign. How was I going to survive the ten weeks? The challenge seemed more like an impossible feat. I was ready to give up.

One day a friend of mine suggested I take advantage of the tutorial services provided by the Office of Academic Resources. I figured it was worth a try. Why not? I was ready to try anything at this point.

The Office of Academic Resources is located in Benson Center 203, but most of the services are conducted in the Tutorial/Study Center in Benson 200.

I approached the entrance to the center, anxious to see what kind of aid they could possibly offer me. Outside the door, colorful flyers announced various services provided by the center. One read: "TNT: Tests N' Tension. TNT groups are for students who are not doing as well on their exams as they could be." "Don't wait till the last minute...Join an AIG group (Academic Improvement Group) — Do you have trouble getting started studying? Do you put off your work until the last minute? Do you work only on the subjects that interest you and let the rest slide? If the answer is 'YES' to these kinds of questions, you are probably a good candidate for an Academic Improvement Group," read another.

I entered the center to find myself in a small, cozy room. As I waited my turn in line, I discovered that there was much more to this Tutorial/Study Skills Center than I had imagined. There were numerous folders on colleges all over the nation available for graduate and transfer students. In the adjoining room, there were cassette players, video monitors and a whole wall of tapes and workbooks used in the self-paced learning program — all made available by the Academic Resources Director, Robert Petty, Ph.D.

"Hi!" I was greeted by Laurie, the student worker. "Are you here to sign up for tutoring?"

"Yes, for Calc I."

"Okay. First of all, are you free on Mondays from 2-4, or Tuesdays from 9-1 or 12-2?"

"No, I'm not — does this mean I can't get a tutor?" Panic struck me.

"No, those are the hours for the Drop-In tutorial services conducted by the Alpha Sigma Nu honor society. What hours are you available?"

"Well...any time on Wednesdays, Saturdays, or Sundays. How often do I get to meet with my tutor?"

"You can meet with your tutor up to two hours a week. We don't want students to become too dependent on their tutors; we want students eventually to be able to work on their own. Here's a tutor for you. Would you like me to call her now to set up a tutoring schedule for you, or would you like to call her yourself later?"

"I think I'll call her later. Is there any charge?"

"No, the tutorial services, like many of our other services, require no fee."

"Great! Thanks a lot!"

Yup...Signing up for tutoring really was one of the best moves I've made. Thank goodness the Office of Academic Resources offers such high quality services.
Molly O'Connor and Nancy Churillo demonstrate that learning Italian can be fun. The tutorial center in Benson 201 makes studying a foreign language a lot easier.

Santa Clara students practice test anxiety relaxation techniques prescribed by Robert Petty, Ph.D. Academic Resources provided courses on Tests N' Tension and Academic Improvement.

Calculus tutor Julie Flaig computes a problem for her students. Tutoring is available to all SCU students.
McLaughlin resident Tony Rolle finds his room the most conducive atmosphere for studying.

A CORNER FOR CRAMMING

by Anne Howard

The pressure of finals. I feel it in the hot air as I walk into the library. Tension abounds. The words "study, study, study" push me faster toward my usual destination, the basement of Orradre. I drag myself down the steps, waving to my roommate who is studying in the reference room. Looking at my watch I see that I have seven hours before the library closes.

My first final starts in the afternoon — maybe I'll be able to get some of that elusive sleep which teachers repeatedly recommend for test-taking alertness. As I walk in, I remember having appreciated spacious tables and private cubicles at the beginning of the quarter. But today it's a zoo. Everyone looks up because I'm about the hundredth person who has caused the door to click in the past half hour. Luckily, I don't need a table because I'm meeting my study group in a conference room.

After the study session, I move to the reading room. However, after deciding I would rather not fall asleep, I choose to migrate once again. I cancel the idea of subjecting myself to Death Row and decide that studying in the room next to the computers while watching everyone madly typing on their keyboards would only contribute to my stress.

Oh, there's Anne and Brent. They are exasperated by the frenzy of papers shuffling and people talking. "It's too loud; let's go find a room in Kenna." Kenna's rooms are big and the blackboards are great for studying. But this time, no room.

210 O'Connor is a place where I used to study as a freshman. It's a room that has known the smell of apple cider from my hotpot, the silence of my concentration, and the litter of my blanket and books. All this for a comfortable and conducive atmosphere for studying! After writing "do not disturb" on the door with chalk, it becomes the quietest place on campus for studying — until campus security kicks us.
out at 9:00 p.m. "It's not fair," I say. "Tough," responds the guard.

Not all can study in a dorm room, apartment, or in a lounge with the TV blaring and the dim lights over-extending our tired eyes. Sigh...maybe I'll go to the library and hide in the stacks...

The new Benson student center has a lounge area and, if I can study amid the noise of Clint and Nicki on "One Life to Live," the zooming asteroids of the video games, and the meandering shuffle of curious students, this may be my lucky day. But it's not, and since no one study place always conforms to my needs, I move on.

It all depends on the quantity, intensity, and availability of time I have. If I have more to do besides study, for example laundry, I go to the basement of Campisi or Dunne. The best time, however, is during spring quarter when I read in the Mission gardens or by the Graham pool and still compete for the sun's rays. When I finish my reading, I relax and listen to music in the relatively calm atmosphere of Shapell Lounge while re-copying my notes.

But my feet bring me to my old and familiar haunt — downstairs in the library. Good 'ol Orradre. It's hard to apply myself; in fact, I look around the room more than down at my book. Ha! I see some familiar faces: Brian, Merrit, Steve, Martin, Helen. I look, smile, and my laugh says, "I know, I know, it's only the first day; but if I don't study now, I'll never start."

Consoling myself, I think, "this is good for me. I'm developing my inner consciousness and the ability to communicate my humanity to others." Oh brother. At least it's not the end of the quarter. I shake my head, look up at the clock to see that time is continually flying by, look down at my book, and think, "will I ever stop studying?"
John Campo reads the latest issue of *The Santa Clara* while listening to soft rock. Shappell Lounge was often the perfect place to relax.

Juniors Bobby Johnson, Joe Pecoraro and Mike Elam rest before doing aerobics. Exercising was a popular way of taking a study break.

Tricia Ryan visits Down Under on a late night munchie run. The convenience store always provided a good excuse to get away from the books.
LET'S TAKE A BREAK

by Jerry Sherman

The force on the representative strip may be denoted by $dF = whA = wh(1 + 14/3)dh$. For the moment of this force about the lower edge of the trapezoid, we must multiply this force by the moment arm, $r = 10 - h$..." BAM! I slam the book shut, and rise from the hardwood chair slowly, carefully, lest the data balanced so precariously in my brain spill out of my ears.

Three straight hours of the three R's is about all I can take. Walking toward the women's wing of Dunne, my blood begins to circulate and my joints come alive once more, cracking happily.

I round the corner and a wave of new odors assail me. Perfume seems to have permeated the walls, and tonight (like most nights) the aroma of hot popcorn fights to overcome Chanel No. 5. I pass one open door: five women are locked into a tense episode of Dynasty, their backpacks ready and waiting for a late assault on Orradre.

Ah, television, that mindless perennial favorite of the student body. On Thursday nights the lounge jams full, most people seeming to prefer Cosby and Cheers to an hour of Mechanics or Accounting. For some of us, however, nothing less than Divorce Court and Love Connection will do.

It seems everyone has their own way, as my roommate says, of "blowing it off." One of my friends is so good at "breakin'" that she's always at recess. When she gets bored with resting & recreating she hits the books. She has perfected the "forced" study break, where the more studious folk are quietly cajoled from Death Row, then replanted for an indeterminate period of time in J. Higby's or Round Table; location will vary according to SAGA's dinner menu.

Of course, breaks such as these tend to get out of hand when left unchecked. Most students I know are extremely susceptible to activities that waste time and keep them from studying. Their brains are quick to shift from the deep thinking of Plato & Co. to the shallow predictability of Alexis & Co. Late in the night, with two impending mid-terms staring them in the face, some opt for a completely innocent trek to 7-11, ultimately turning a snack n' study session into hours of spilling their guts to their roommate over cookies and diet Coke. Final quarter grades and a scale are good indicators of whether or not a student's breaktime should be cut down.

Used appropriately, however, study breaks can be a major benefit to the bored, bleary-eyed book-looker. They give students a chance to catch their breath and save their wavering attention spans by means of any one of a thousand different mindless diversions. We need Wild Pizza, I think to myself, and midnight mud-sliding, and Swig serenades from the middle of Kennedy Mall. We need them to keep some perspective.

Susan doesn't answer my knock. The note to her roommate says she went for a late run. Must be nice not to have anything to do I think as I head back to my room for a quick nap before "Letterman." Then I can start working on my paper. Figure I'll be done in time for breakfast. Thank God, I'm organized; I wouldn't get anything done if I wasn't.
Professor Hight and senior Kay Rooney help C.P. Winfield prepare to race the human-powered vehicle. Each year, engineering students travel throughout the country to participate in different competitions.

In Stanford's quadrangle, Frances Hurst makes an architectural observation as Margaret McMahon takes notes. Many field trips are conducted in the Bay Area which offers a variety of sites to be studied.
Mary Beth Cebedo

Jan Thompson, professor of art history, listens to a student's response to the Impressionist exhibit. Over 90 Santa Clara students and faculty viewed the famous paintings at the De Young Museum.

Northbound 101, then 280 to Waterfront. Make a left on 3rd Street, go down one block and then left on Townsend. Varitel is #305 on Townsend Street.

I hope my notes are right. Getting lost in downtown San Francisco at rush hour is not my idea of fun. Now I wish I had carpooled with Margi and Matt to Varitel Video. Too late now. I saw #305 boldly displayed on a wood and brick building. I parked my car into the first space I found and rushed to Varitel's offices. Through the glass doors, I saw instructor Danna Peterson and some classmates seated in the plush reception area.

"Hi, MB," Danna greeted, "We're waiting for a few more people and then we'll start."

More classmates came in and after queries of "Did you get lost? Did you find a place to park?" our guide introduced herself.

"Welcome to Varitel Video. I'm the Production Services Manager and I'll be showing you our facilities. Feel free to ask questions."

She showed us rooms filled with state-of-the-art equipment, computer graphic generators, and even the edit suite for "PM Magazine."

The room was a far cry from our basic video editor in St. Joseph's Hall. Fritz would have loved to see this room. I saw her at the editor as I was leaving St. Joseph's this afternoon.

"I wish I could go with you. Field trips are so much more interesting than lectures."

Field trips are usually more interesting than lectures because one gets to leave our four-walled classrooms and visit exciting places and people. Biology major Rose Que enjoys the location change and the chance to see professionals at work during field trips.

"We went to Sungene in Palo Alto for Plant Development class and found out they were also working on tissue cultures. The only difference was that they had better equipment and were mass producing."

Better equipment and facilities are not the only things seen in field trips. Students also see the practical application of textbook theories. Marketing major Robert Avey visited Neiman Marcus and Nordstrom at Stanford Shopping Center for his Retail Management Institute seminar. The trip gave him a different perspective of store lay-outs and displaying merchandise.

"It was the first time I visited these stores as a student, and not a customer. I saw things differently but I enjoyed the experience," said Robert.

Field trips are enjoyed by most students because they are special "treats" that make some classes more memorable than others. I myself don't like the long drive for some field trips but I guess that's a small price to pay for an educational "treat."
The Trial cast member, Chris Brady, listens attentively to the English Club's discussion of the play.

Psychology Club member John Gragnani leaps to spike the ball in a match against the Mendel Society.
always look forward to going home over Christmas vacation because it's so much fun to visit my old teachers. I enjoy talking to Ms. Wilson's students about the benefits of getting a college education, especially one away from home. But, please allow me to correct myself; it USED to be fun.

This past Christmas those little brats challenged everything I had to say, interrupting me with obnoxious remarks about college being a party away from home. Then some kid shot out at me, "I thought college was supposed to give you an education and prepare you to get a job in the real world!"

After taking as much harassment as I could tolerate, I decided to tell them about how the social part of school can also be academic. "It really isn't just one big party," I began. "The academic clubs at Santa Clara respond to both a student's academic and social needs. Take, for instance, three active clubs on campus: the English Club, the Mendel Society, and ASME (American Society of Mechanical Engineers). They are all concerned with life after college — in other words, getting a job. By inviting people from the community to speak at career panels, seminars and meetings, students learn more about career opportunities available to them in their specific fields."

"Biology students have other options besides going to medical school as they make connections with businessmen from biotechnical companies. English majors can meet people in 'the real world' who are doing things in writing, editing, publishing, management, marketing, and sales." No response. Not one word! I'm on a roll!

"Engineering students have the opportunity to meet people involved in industry at events like An Evening With Industry where they can mingle with representatives from engineering firms throughout the area. All these clubs, as well as those like the Philosophy Club, the Political Science Club, the French Club and even the Math Society, explore career opportunities with their members. But that's not all!" I paused to catch my breath as I could feel my heart pounding with excitement. Silence. What are they thinking? Do I care? Of course not! I'm graduating! I'm going to get a job and I won't ever have to see these little twerps again! "These clubs also offer interaction with the faculty and give students with the same interests a chance to get to know one another in an informal atmosphere."

"The English Club sponsored a student/faculty poetry reading followed by a proper high English tea. It was the perfect time for people to mingle and get to know one another. The Mendel Society sponsored a Whale Watching Expedition which was organized by a faculty member! And that's just the tip of the iceberg. Being a member of an academic club at Santa Clara University offers students an opportunity to interact with faculty and students who share similar interests. It gives students the chance to explore career opportunities and begin to prepare for "the real world" after they graduate. Do any of you have any questions?" Silence. More silence. I looked to Ms. Wilson for reassurance. She smiles. Maybe somebody was listening after all. The bell rings. It's over. Never again.

Ty Kaprelian, Ann Wong, and Greg Schneider of the Mendel Society display a specimen after a meeting at the Adobe Lodge. In addition to mingling with classmates and professors, club members were given the opportunity to learn.
Most of the speakers which ASSCU brought to Santa Clara were controversial, which is good because education often occurs where a difference of opinion exists. Wally George generated a newspaper letter-war during fall quarter which pitted Campus Ministry against our University's abundance of right-wing youth. A few, more enlightened individuals simply pointed out that all this dialogue was exactly what was intended. In the spring, ASSCU looked left, with Abbie Hoffman, who spoke to a sizeable crowd. ASSCU's Political Awareness Institute was well-timed and extremely successful. The Series did an excellent job of providing students with new and interesting viewpoints from all ranges of the social and political spectrum, an effort which surely enhanced our educational experience.

Speakers play an important part in rounding out a University's curriculum and the Associated Students deserves a hearty pat on the back for a job well done. But what about all of the big names the University pays big money to bring to our school? We had a lot of good speakers come to Mayer Theatre this year as a part of the Winter Institute as well as The President's Lecture Series. I didn't get to see them, though. You see, it was always full by the time I showed up. During the Winter Institute they set up loudspeakers outside so students could stand in the rain and listen. I soon found that staring at a loudspeaker was pretty dull. I went home soggy and discouraged.

Despite damp experiences, the other day I thought I'd try to hear John Kenneth Galbraith. I had read Economics and the Public Purpose back in 1980 and I thought he was an extremely articulate and interesting theorist. He was supposed to speak about Keynes, which sounded exciting and was relevant to a class I was taking. But, most importantly, Galbraith was someone who could provide a thorough and valuable critique of the current economic policy of the Reagan administration.

When I arrived, about ten minutes early, about a hundred people, mostly students, were milling around outside. The doors to Mayer Theatre were closed, and the theatre manager came out to tell us there were no more seats. I had been through this before and decided not to give up without a fight. I grabbed a friend who was dejectedly heading home and told her my plan to sneak in. She looked skeptical, but agreed to come along, and we found our way backstage. Tip-toeing into the wings, we sat down, directly in line with Galbraith, who had already begun his lecture. While he spoke, I looked over as much of the audience as I could see and my worst suspicions were confirmed. Of the two hundred or so people sitting within my field of vision, only three were actually students. I wondered who all these people were and why they were here, while many of my fellow students were outside. I felt angry.

After the talk, Mr. Galbraith walked past where Anne and I were sitting, so I thrust my hand into his and thanked him for coming. He looked down and said "Hello, how are you?" as though he had known me for a long time. I think he was surprised and glad that a student had actually heard him speak. After all, we're the ones who will implement the fiscal policy changes he was explaining. I was glad I heard him speak and I'm glad I didn't just give up and go home. Most of all, I'm glad I'm graduating. Maybe my non-student status will make it easier for me to see the speakers in Mayer Theatre.
Junior Cameron Coulter pays close attention while listening to municipal candidates describe their platforms. Many students are required to attend speaker events, while others go on their own accord.

Many speaker events are held in the de Saisset auditorium. The audience can enjoy both speakers and artwork at the museum when attending a lecture.

Dennis Brutus prepares for his SCU speech by browsing through the Santa Clara's coverage of apartheid. Controversial issues are often discussed by guest speakers.
Kristin Kusanovich practices "The Loss," a dance she choreographed for Images. The Images performance included ballet, jazz, and modern dance created by SCU students and faculty.

I clutch the folds of the massive velvet curtain and envelope myself in it.
In the darkness backstage I wait. I am alone. As I bend and stretch my body, I try to mentally prepare for my dance. I feel happy. Scared. Excited. Melancholic. Warm. Cold. Relaxed. Tense. Every word I conjure up to describe my state of anticipation seems to apply. It reminds me of doing homework. Amid a muddle of thoughts is the desire to concentrate. I clear my mind. Dance is everything to me. And, at this moment, I feel there is nothing I am not. I laugh. I'm not famous. I smile. Yet, I clutch the folds of the massive velvet curtain and envelope myself in it. Leaning back I gaze up at its mysterious, dark origin and think about light. I envision my dance, how the solitary light coming from the side of the stage gives me that peculiar asymmetrical glow as I maneuver on the steady wooden chair. I will dance it just like I did in rehearsal. If I can just keep from falling off the chair... I'm hard on myself. What is all of this for if I don't make the audience feel something? I admit to myself that this is far different from rehearsal. I am now dancing for strangers. The concert is never the same as rehearsal. And my friends and family, who have lived through six months of gripes about rehearsals, ecstatic hyperness, aching muscles, complaints about homework, overplayed music and general fatigue, will now see the final product. Justifying one hundred hours of rehearsal for one dance is too burdensome a responsibility for me to cope with right now. I go back to worrying about something simple. Something tangible, like... falling off the stage.

I'm ready to dance. The side lighting comes up and pours a bluish hue over the stage. I step out of the wings, through the bath of light, momentarily disturbing the illuminated stream of dust. The light at my back, I am beckoned to the empty space as I walk slowly to the lone chair. I can't be ready. My collected exterior conceals my actual disquiet and the flurry of thoughts that are stretching my senses. I stare at the curtain between me and them and hear the swelling murmur of voices. The house lights must be dimming now. In the silence, the heavy curtain is drawn open. Some of the bluish light is freed. It spills over the stage, revealing the silhouettes of a row of people. The music seems to pierce the anticipation. Mine and theirs. All at once, the music, the movement, and the meaning seem to blend perfectly. And I understand more than ever why I dance. It is for the same reason that people are moved, affected by dance. It represents vigorous existence, a high-quality life and energetic expression of the capabilities of the human body and spirit. I love how I feel. My only hope is that they feel it too.
Performing Arts. I would define it as anything from the University Choir to the most obvious — dramatic productions in Mayer Theatre. I cannot claim to be an enthusiastic fan of every event, but I will say that I have at least tried most of the "arts" events at Santa Clara and have received my fair share (and most of my friends' shares as well) of culture. My roommate and friends tease and question me, wondering what could possibly move me to attend an English Club poetry reading or a photo exhibit at the Freightdoor Gallery. My answer is always simple and the same: I enjoy them!

Did you know that Fr. Rewak, President of Santa Clara University, is a poet? I didn't and I was impressed after hearing him read his poetry. And you'd be surprised who the photography nuts are on this campus. You might even be in a photo in the Freightdoor Gallery without knowing it.

I can't deny that the free wine and cheese are what initially attracted me to de Saisset Museum art exhibits. But now, with a greater appreciation of fine arts, I like to visit the museum periodically on my own after classes or on a rainy Saturday to catch a glimpse of anything new they might have or to browse in the gift shop for a new pair of "arty" earrings.

For me, sitting back and listening to the University orchestra play in the Mission is about as exhilarating as an event can get. It's a time for me to unwind from the stress of school and achieve a peaceful state of mind.

Fess Parker Studio (next to Mayer Theatre) occasionally puts on performances (skits, recitals, speakers) that are of equal, if not better, caliber than Mayer Theatre performances. You can always count on an original and enjoyable evening at a show held in Fess Parker.

Do you like jazz? Well, we have a University Jazz Ensemble on campus that'll make you wish you played the saxophone. Talk about a good beat — the Jazz Ensemble's got it.

Every now and then I need a relaxing night of culture to break up the monotony of party, party, party. I have listed just some of the many "performing arts" found at Santa Clara. By attending these events, it's been obvious there's a lot of talent lying around. Where my artsy talent lies has yet to be discovered. But who knows? Maybe I'll be doing ballet on stage next year in Images '87 (I don't know if I'm into that mod-kind of dancing). I've seen my share of culture. Now I've got to get involved in some.
Saxophone player Joel Jaffe waits for his cue from conductor Rory Snyder. The Jazz Ensemble played at Mayer Theatre at the end of Winter quarter.

After her performance in "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," Johanna Ellis responds to congratulations from friends. Dr. William James directed the play by Francis Beaumont.
Art Costa's "20th Century Dream," part of the Techno-Fear exhibit, shows missiles jutting from the forehead of a terrified man. This representation of a technological nightmare was exhibited in the Freightdoor Gallery.
Early fall quarter, freshman year I sat in Benson cafeteria eating my breakfast. I had just discovered that Santa Clara’s information booth distributed a campus news bulletin each morning. Back then, I didn’t know French and I didn’t know anything about art. When I read about an art opening at de Saisset in the bulletin, I was interested not only in the wine and cheese, but also in turning over a new leaf — I was going to be cultured.

Today, two and a half years later, I know enough about French to say “Day-sa-say” and I’ve also developed an appreciation for art.

SCU has two sources for viewing art: the de Saisset Museum, which features California history, Bay Area artists, and moving exhibits, and the Freightdoor Gallery, created by the Art department for exhibiting student work. This year, the Freightdoor Gallery also housed an exhibit for the Institute on Technology and Society.

Throughout the academic year, usually on Tuesday and Friday nights, students, faculty, and the Santa Clara community were invited to openings to enjoy the art, as well as a little Zinfandel and Brie. One Sunday afternoon, at the end of January, I went to visit Jojo, a friend who works in de Saisset. I didn’t pay attention to the Rolls Royces or Limos parked in front as I entered the museum wearing my tie-dyed jeans, faded sweatshirt, and old tennies. Once I made my way through the fur coats and Louis Vuitton bags, I realized there was an opening. Just as I turned around to leave (I really didn’t fit in), an older woman turned to me and inquired “You must be a student here?” I nodded and her husky voice continued, “You must feel so fortunate to have such a fine museum on your campus. You’re probably on your way to the library and took a detour to see the opening.”

Should I tell her I’m just visiting Jojo, I thought as I tried to cover the hole in the back of my jeans. But then I thought twice — I am lucky to have de Saisset right here at SCU and, although I’m just realizing this treasure, I’m going to take advantage of its offerings. I then answered the deep-voiced woman, “The museum is a good means of procrastination, but, even more, I love just viewing the artwork.” And at that moment I started viewing the artwork — and like I said — I loved it.

Since that initial experience I’ve been to a formal opening with Proscuitto, champagne, fruits, breads, and other delicacies. To that opening, I wore a stark white silk blouse, a taffeta skirt and my tuxedo pumps. Although I felt more appropriately dressed, my appreciation for art stayed the same.

On a Friday night late in the spring, I attended the students’ art exhibit at the Freightdoor Gallery. To this opening, I wore khaki shorts and a tank top. This time the delectable goodies were guacamole and chips, M&M’s, beer, and vodka-tonics. The art here was created by my peers. I stood in awe before each work; several minutes ticked by before I would examine another piece.

SCU — a cultural school? You bet. Are its students cultured? Some are — all have the chance to be. And many possess the talent to provide their classmates with a sense of appreciation.

The last work I viewed at the Freightdoor Gallery was a painting by Rosemarie — a tingle went through my body as I realized I knew this artist — I’d even discussed Renoir and Monet with her.
INSTITUTING AWARENESS

by Cameron Coulter

A winter Institute on Technology and Society was a good choice. The 80's are a time of technological leaps greater than any other time in our world's history and the birthplace of the computer revolution, Silicon Valley, just happens to be where we live.

Whether anyone understood computers or not didn't matter. In fact, the Institute showed that the subject of technology in relation to society involves much more than computers. The Institute focused on how the advance of technology affects us as individuals and as a society. Associate Academic Vice-President Don Dodson and his planning committee set four goals for the Institute:

1) To increase understanding among producers and consumers about the interaction of technology and society; 2) To offer programs which serve a broad range of university and community groups, including students and faculty, scholars from other universities, and people who work in high-tech industries; 3) To focus special attention on issues related to technology and society that have particular relevance to Silicon Valley; and 4) To lay the groundwork at Santa Clara for continuing commitment to the study of technology and society.

The first goal was reached with speakers like Adrian Kantrowitz, a pioneer heart surgeon from Wayne State University. Technological advances in medicine, devices and processes in heart surgery are allowing patients to live longer, according to Kantrowitz. The patients are the consumers in this case. I don’t expect my heart to give out soon, but if my parents have problems in the future, I may have a few suggestions for the doctor.

The second was a more general goal and was easily reached. Films and art exhibits provided a way for those interested in artistic interpretations of technology and society to get involved. The lecture series was broken into sections: Biomedical Technology, Artificial Intelligence and Space Exploration. The Institute even included a high school paper competition on technology and society to stir interest in local teenagers about technological issues.

I remember the lecture by Dr. Sherry Turkle from Massachusetts Institute of Technology which especially satisfied the third goal. Dr. Turkle explained how computers are changing the way we see ourselves. How relevant to Silicon Valley where so many people are employed by high-tech companies! After extensive research into the effect of computers on our attitudes, Turkle believes people are beginning to see themselves as “emotional machines” rather than the popular “rational animal” idea of man. She also raised important questions about artificial intelligence and how it allows us to examine the definition of intelligence: If a computer can think, does that make it human?

The last goal, to develop a continuing study of technology and society, remains to be seen. Discussion of philosophical and moral issues raised by the development of technology may just be a passing fad, but more likely those questions will continue and develop as technology itself develops.
Anthropologist Ashley Montagu was the opening speaker for the Technology Institute. Speaking on "Education, Humanity and Technology," Montagu provided one of the more thought-provoking speeches during the Institute.

History professor Barbara Molony illustrates the difference between technology in Japan and the United States. Showcasing technology in various cultures was an objective of the Institute.

Exulting in a job well done, Don Dodson, Ph.D., head of the Institute Planning Committee, stands alone in Mayer Theatre, the site of many lectures on society and technology. SCU and members of the Bay Area community participated in the Institute.
A robot's arms engulf Susan Felter, M.F.A., photography instructor. Most SCU academic departments, including Art, participated in the Institute.

Sherry Turkle, Ph.D., from MIT entertains questions after giving a speech on computers and the way we think. Students from various majors attended the lectures sponsored by the Institute.

Percussionist William Winant performs in "Zones of Influence." This Institute-sponsored program was a lecture and concert on computer music.
It was the middle of winter quarter and Tracey and I both had midterms which we could have studied for, but chose not to. Instead, we saw The China Syndrome at de Saisset, a movie shown as part of the Institute on Technology and Society. I'd seen the movie several years ago when I was a freshman in high school and it enraged me at the time. I was convinced that science was a dirty word and technology was detrimental to society. Since that incident I have reconsidered my views on technology enough to become an engineering major.

Did my attitude toward the movie change? Drastically. I saw both sides of the coin and realized that technology had its bad points and its good. The Institute took the same middle-of-the-road stance, presenting technology in a positive and negative manner, raising awareness and provoking critical analysis. The China Syndrome alone raised several questions. Just where did I stand on nuclear power? Did I have to accept it because I chose engineering as my major? A discussion, led by Fr. Tom Shanks, SJ, chairman of the Communication department, followed the movie. More questions. Can we trust our government? Is money the only thing that matters to anyone anymore? And so the discussion continued.

Tracey found the movie thought-provoking as well. She'd seen a Charlie Chaplin movie earlier in the quarter, called Modern Times. Despite the fact that it was a comedy, it too raised powerful questions concerning technology and society. I remember her telling me about its basic message: that "man serves the machine, instead of the machine serving man." Scary, I thought, as if a machine could control man's will. This is just the fear of many people who see technology as a monster, an evil in society.

An artistic interpretation of technology was presented in the Freightdoor Gallery in two exhibits: "Techno-Bliss" and "Techno-Fear." Each presented technology in a different light, "Techno-Bliss" offering the positive perspective and "Techno-Fear," the negative. I remember seeing a photograph in one of the "Techno-Fear" exhibits. The photograph is still vivid in my mind — a man's hand with a plane soaring through its center, the skin tightly stretched over the form of the airplane. A strange piece of art, but with a powerful message.

Actually, I can remember seeing technology in a positive light, not in de Saisset but in the classroom. It was the end of fall quarter and I remember searching through the course booklet in hopes of finding an English class to fit my tentative schedule. Dunlap at 9:10 was perfect. An asterisk next to the course informed me that the class was offered as part of the Institute on Technology. I was wary at first, but by the end of the quarter I was glad I had taken the course. Our research papers were geared toward technological subjects. I chose tidal power. After researching my topic, I realized there actually were people striving toward making technology more positive than negative — clean, safe, efficient, a help to man rather than a hindrance.

The Institute also presented technology in a positive manner in a series of lectures on artificial intelligence, space exploration, and genetic engineering. Attendance at many lectures was overwhelming and audience response enthusiastic. The Institute served a valuable purpose at SCU by raising questions concerning today's technological world, while helping to prevent something far more detrimental to society than technology — ignorance.
Why did I write this book? I had no choice. Some ideas take root so strongly in my mind they develop a life of their own, forever whispering in your ear like an insistent friend or lover.

My novelist friend Pat considers writing a passionate relationship. She agonizes over her characters, suffers through their conflicts, awaits the resolution in suspense. Another friend, Fred White, author of The Writer's Art, calls writing a process of discovery.

I agree. Writing is a revelation, an inner dialogue with some deep substratum of meaning, a road backward and forward in time. My latest book, Domination and Defiance: Fathers and Daughters in Shakespeare, is dedicated to my father, a major influence on my life. But the pattern goes deeper. While on sabbatical in London in 1982, I did the historical background research. Ironically, I found myself reading about Renaissance marriage customs while preparing for my own wedding.
When I returned from sabbatical to a newly-bustling household, writing the book required serious discipline. Although naturally a night person, I began my writing day at 4 a.m. when everyone else was asleep.

After months of early mornings, I was relieved to finish the manuscript. But the journey was longer than I'd expected. "The book is too long," one press wrote back, offering to publish an 80 page version. I declined. Other presses were skeptical: "Your interpretation is too feminist," or "not feminist enough."

Finally, I sent it to the University Press of Kentucky, which welcomed it like an old friend. Heartened by this response, I was thrust into shock by their request for major revisions and two new chapters — in four months.

But writers crave an audience. How else can we communicate? I returned to my early morning ways for what I thought was the final campaign. With help from my colleagues in English, I learned word processing, put the manuscript on a disk and submitted it on schedule in February of 1985.

This had to be it, I thought. But back came the manuscript with the copy editor's careful revisions and the request that I change all my footnotes from MLA to University of Chicago style.

Finally, the book emerged in January of 1986. I found the finished work surprisingly beautiful. My father was even more surprised when I presented him with a copy. This book had been a return to the source, for I, too, had been born in Kentucky, then traveled all over the world with my Air Force father. Somehow it all felt like coming home.

Writing a book — any creative work — is a process of discovery, an open ticket to an unknown destination, circling back to your deepest self. How often do we take such journeys? I don't know. But lately, just as I've begun to relax, I've been hearing an insistent whispering in my ear, threatening to lead me in a totally different direction.
Ernie May spent many late nights to complete his sociology thesis. Senior projects allow students to investigate areas of interest in their majors.

Mechanical engineer Tim Maloney explains the machinery behind the human powered vehicle. Each year, graduating engineers race these models in competition throughout the country.
The real world. What's that? I was hanging out here at Santa Clara for three years and didn't have to think about it. Just pick my major, go to classes (when I feel like it), and turn in my assignments. No real responsibilities to anyone, besides myself. No thoughts of post-graduation life whatsoever.

Now, with graduation and the threat of unemployment looming ahead, I've started thinking more about this. What have all these classes taught me? Well, now I'm an expert at analyzing literature and writing five page papers, but that isn't what I want to do when I graduate. Maybe I'll get into corporate communications or public relations. Or maybe advertising. But what if I get out, start working, and realize this is all wrong for me. And worse yet, what if I can't get a job because I don't have any experience?

An internship — that's the answer. Christen figured out that she wants to get into retail after having an internship with Penney's last summer. "I found out and got to do things that I will actually do if I have a career in retail. It was great experience."

My internship is with KGO Radio in San Francisco. One day a week I face the real world. I wake up at the awful hour of 6:30 and hop on the train. An hour and a half later, I walk through the doors of ABC. Boy, was I intimidated the first time I did this. Having to check in with security in the lobby and mingle with the TV and radio personalities made me feel like a little kid. Now I'm used to it. I just breeze on up to the third floor where the Radio Action department is and get to work.

"KGO Radio Action, can I help you?"

After I say this, who knows what I will hear. "Yeah, I got a bracelet sized and the store didn't give me back the piece of gold they cut out."

"I got this check from Scotland worth about $22,000 two months ago and it still hasn't cleared."

"I tried pulling on my seatbelt to see if it would lock and it didn't. What do I do?"

Helping these people isn't a pain. It's fun being an expert on everything and calling corporate headquarters and government agencies to get the scoop. If the scoop's got potential, I write a story for broadcast. I don't get to record these, though. Chris is the on-air personality. But I do get to watch her recording.

The best benefits are finding out I like writing and working with the public, getting good experience, and making great contacts. The real world should be much easier to face now.

Some people get prepared for the real world in other ways. Engineering majors, anthropology majors, sociology majors. I'm glad I'm not one of them. They have to write a senior thesis. Yuck!

Each department has different requirements. Linda Cool, Ph.D., the chair of the Anthropology/Sociology department, explained that, as juniors, students pick their thesis topic — anything they want. They work on the thesis throughout winter and spring quarters and during summer. They finally complete it in the fall quarter. The result is often an elaborately constructed volume. The engineering students, especially, complete formal looking documents — often long and bound in black.

The thought of this sure scares me. I guess it does most students. But, like a lot of things you dread doing, it's advantageous in the long run. Both theses and internships are what employers look for. Everyone claims they have certain skills. You can prove this if you've completed an internship or a senior thesis.
“Good afternoon, the President's office.”

Immediately after hearing the welcoming answer, our tension eased. Setting up an interview with Fr. Rewak couldn't have gone more smoothly. Joan Murphy asked what time was good for us, then checked Fr. Rewak's datebook—and an appointment was scheduled.

We really didn't think it was a big deal until we told our editors.

"Good job, guys. Was it hard setting up an appointment? What did you say?"

We appreciated our editors' enthusiasm until one of them quipped, "I wonder if he'll test you during the interview?" It was then that apprehension set in.

Tuesday. No jeans today. We met an hour early to go over our questions for the ninety-eighth time. Tape recorder in one hand, camera in the other. Our mission began.

We were confident (at least we looked confident) as we stepped into Walsh, not to pick up our paychecks, but instead, to visit THE second floor.

2:55. We arrive. Five minutes was enough for the butterflies to emerge from their cocoon. Before we could even open a magazine to calm us down, Fr. Rewak stood before us, hand extended.

“Good afternoon,” he introduced himself and we responded with the same courtesy. He led us into his executive chamber. In our heads, we heard the drum roll. It abruptly ended as we had to put down our things to prevent our jaws from dropping.

Blake Carrington's office — a closet compared to Fr. Rewak's tastefully decorated headquarters. His photographs of children and landscapes surrounded the long desk on one side of the room. On a table stood figurines. Original paintings, not

Fr. Rewak expresses SCU's excitement at the groundbreaking for the Alameda re-route construction. Acting as spokesperson for the University is one of his roles as president.
BEHIND THE MYTH

Continuing the mission

too many to clutter the walls, but enough to give the room an air of elegance, hung on the wood-panelled walls.

Fr. Rewak didn't lead us to his imposing desk but to a couch where we could be comfortable. We sat on the beige sofa and he on the cane armchair across from us. The moment arrived where we could see the person behind the President.

He recounted his youth spent listening to Bing Crosby and reading Dickens and Shakespeare. Joining the Jesuits right after high school made his college life different from ours.

"We didn't have the same experience. I wasn't a 'college' student in your sense of the word. But we had the same fears of being accepted, of what we were going to do after college."

Fr. Rewak didn't have much personal time. There was a lot of studying and assigned work. But this was the life he had chosen. Today he still doesn't have much personal time as President. He explained that the business of the University takes up most of his time. But when he does have the opportunity, he likes going to the movies or taking a walk along the beach.

He doesn't mind the hard work of President. He is motivated to provide a strong, quality Jesuit education at SCU.

"If I can go to bed at night thinking that we're staying close to our (SCU's) goal then that's what gives me satisfaction. What I like doing is trying to articulate how important it is to keep the Jesuit tradition at Santa Clara . . . we're given an education we can be proud of."

A lot of changes have taken place since Fr. Rewak assumed the Presidency at SCU. More emphasis is placed on the core curriculum. There are more student services, and more endowment money for scholarships. But Fr. Rewak doesn't want to take sole credit for these changes.

"It's hard to be a judge in your own case. I think it's difficult for a President to look back and say 'I've done this' as if he's responsible for it. That cuts out the President before you. What I see is a continuum, a tradition."

He regards many of this year's events as just part of the continuum—the Alameda reroute and the Institute on Technology and Society. After he explained this year's highlights, we were taken aback when he asked us, "What highlighted the year for you?" We were flattered by his interest in our opinion as we answered enthusiastically "...the addition of the Communication Department and the emphasis on student services."

Fr. Rewak nodded. "We want to make sure that the students are cared for, that there is a ministry about student services. We want to make sure every student touches every other student."

As he smiled at us, one of us glanced at our watch. The hour had flown by. As we left, we didn't feel like we were leaving President Rewak's office, but that of a person—Father Rewak. We shook the hand of someone we now knew. We said "Good-bye and thank you, Father Rewak."

"Take it easy," he called, walking off.

The man behind the myth poses for a used hat ad he placed in the 1977 issue of The Redwood.

Fr. Rewak sits at the desk in his office on the second floor of Walsh. Many decisions affecting the University are made from this desk.
Early in Winter Quarter, seniors sign up for job interviews in the MBA Reading Room. National companies work with the CD&PC to recruit graduating students.

Paris Greenwood, an electrical engineering major, waits confidently to be interviewed. CD&PC's extensive workshops prepare career-oriented seniors for their job search.

Junior Joan Berson asks CD&PC's Juanita Grethen about part-time employment. Resources for undergrads at the Center include internships, full-time and part-time job listings.
PREPARING TO FACE THE REAL WORLD

by Karen Krebser

It's ringing...I hope she's home. She'll be so excited. I finally started on finding a job! She's been harping on me for weeks — whole quarters, actually. I just have to tell her that I finally got around to going to the Career Development and Placement Center here at school to inquire about job possibilities. And she thinks all I do is drink and pretend to know a lot about nothing...Come on, Ma, answer the phone! I learned so much there. I talked to a counselor, who explained how things work at the Center. There's a series of stages that any student (like me) goes through on his or her way to finding out what the future holds.

First of all, there was self-assessment. This, I think, was the hardest part. I had to be so honest with myself. What do I like to do? Am I good at it? They told me that if I could sit down and see myself — my interests, skills, goals, values, and personal qualities — I would have already taken that all-important step.

The next thing I had to do was explore my education and career options. This wasn't as difficult because I had it all in front of me — my courses, my work experience, any literature about the various options, and conversations with people who have been through this already. The hardest thing for me was getting the gumption to actually talk to people and make connections that will work for me after I graduate.

In addition to assisting me in finding a job, the Career Development and Placement Center armed me with sufficient information, plenty of self-confidence, and knowledge of my alternatives. I can now decide what I want to do in the future: civil service, law school, graduate school, doctoral work, or employment in the private sector. Not that I want to do all of this at once, but it's nice to have options. With this in mind, I can set reasonable goals for myself (winning the Nobel Peace Prize within two years of graduation is not one of them).

The Career Development people made me see how important it is to act on the goals that I've set for myself: I should be taking pre-law classes if I want to go to law school, or maybe a foreign language in case I decide to work for the government in the Foreign Service. The last stage I will have to handle is adjustment to changes — if I don't get into law school, or if I do get a job that I wasn't prepared to get.

Gee, she still hasn't answered this phone! I have to tell her about everything they do here. I'm in a workshop on resume writing, and I want to attend one on informational interviewing. And I can even get myself interviewed on videotape! That way, I can work on my interviewing skills, and be ready when companies come on-campus for recruiting. Hey! That reminds me — I need some interviewing clothes — a new wardrobe! This is great..."Oh, hi, Mom...What? You don't think I need a new wardrobe? Well, guess what..."
Santa Clara students Mary Korte, Cheryl Carter, Tim Myers and Boo Arndorfer take a break from studying by spending a day at St. Peter's square in Rome.

Juniors Angela Cappai, Michelle Imhof, Rene Susak and a Boston College student celebrate an Italian-style Thanksgiving dinner. The dinner was held at Loyola University in Rome, where several SCU students studied.
Chère Chris,

I miss you tons, but I can't say that I'm lacking for a good time. Everything I do is an experience!

I think you deserve a description of my physical surroundings at the moment. I'm on a street which is crowded with French women pushing their strollers and carrying their string bags full of the day's purchases of produce. This a street completely lacking in tourists! I love it! I'm in an outside café drinking a café au lait. Maybe it sounds clichéd, but an elderly man in a navy bérêt just walked by with two baguettes under his arm... All of the merchants along this street greet the women by name. I think I have finally arrived in Paris...

...Trip out that I am sitting in the oldest place in Paris — Les Arènes de Lutèce — built in the 2nd century! 1900 years ago some men were here fighting for their lives against ferocious tigers while 17,000 Frenchies watched! Here I am, 1900 years later, lying in the sun, wearing Vuarnets, writing a letter to a friend — not a care in the world. That is so weird — it scares me that I have it so easy.

My History of Paris class requires me to visit this and 84 other historic spots of Paris. I'm going to try to hit them in chronological order — you can see how far I have gotten — no. 1. Art History is interesting, too. I love learning about the symbolism! I'm going to try to get to the Louvre each Sunday to see what I'm learning about.

...The first weekend of November I'm going to Florence to see our beloved Nini. She doesn't know it yet, but Boo is coming, too. The three of us are going to be a little out of sorts without our "fourth" there. For this reason I promise to hoist a glass to you with Boo and Ni...

...I'm on the return train home from Florence. So many things to talk about... Boo, Mary, and Betsy came from Vienna and Michelle, Angela, and Rene from Roma. I had an especially good time talking with Boo, Mary, and Margaret Keenan — they're changing a lot...

...Nella's in Paris for one night, we flew to London last Friday. Such an excellent time! I grasp how you found that city to be the most American of all European cities — I loved it, though, because it was a relief to speak English and eat hamburgers at the Hard Rock and see "St. Elmo's Fire." Now I'm listening to Roxy Music's "A Song for Europe." It is so beautiful; references to cafes, the Seine, the Bridge of Sighs — then he starts singing in Italian and then French! Oh, gosh, I could love Bryan Ferry undyingly forever. I thought of you as I gazed at a wax David Bowie at Mme. Tussand's.

Chris, your letters today made me miss you so much. I have been tripping out lately realizing that this year is flying by. I have been stressing because I began to fear that SCU would feel small and restricting after all of this, but your letters today completely motivated me again for SCU.

Must go — I'm meeting Jane in the Latin Quarter in an hour. Take care, CJ, and please don't be bummed when I relate our European experiences to you; you are with us in spirit for sure! I think the experience of being at SCU without your closest friends and half your class must be a growing experience.

Je te manque (I miss you)
Je t'aime (I love you)
Gina
FOSTERING AWARENESS AT SCU

by Julie Rauner

Reagan Hails Terrorism Agreement. "How America Lost the Edge on the World Trade Battlefield," "President Reagan Warns Soviets to End Central American Activities."

Few students are aware of these issues beyond what is seen in a headline or overheard on television.

On Monday, April 14, 1986, the U.S. bombed Libya in retaliation for terrorist activity against the U.S. I reached to turn the channel from Peter Jennings’ evening broadcast, which was dominated by reactions to, justifications for, and criticisms of the attack to a flawless MASH rerun, but then hesitated. I felt alienated from what was occurring in my world. Terrorism was an international problem which I hardly knew existed, much less understood what caused or could remedy it.

Of course, in planning the Student Political Awareness Series, the Associated Students of Santa Clara University (ASSCU) could not have predicted this international confrontation, but terrorism was one of the timely issues addressed during this month-long series.

"The Little Drummer Girl," a film on terrorism in the Middle East, set the scene for the following evening’s feature speaker, H.H.A. Cooper. In the Coffeehouse, Cooper, consultant to the Venezuelan government and director of the U.S. National Advisory Task Force on Disorders and Terrorism, addressed the issue of "International Terrorism: What Can Be Done?" and answered audience questions regarding the Libyan incident.

In similar formats, speakers, films and debates were used to address political activism, arms control, international trade, education and politics, homelessness, apartheid, and Central America. The Series offered SCU students a unique opportunity to interact with specialists on these issues.

Among those featured were: Chicago Seven defendant, Abbie Hoffman, Nobel Peace Prize recipient, Dr. Herbert Abrams, and National Director of Reagan-Bush ‘84, Edward J. Rollins.

The Student Political Awareness Series was organized in an effort to involve all aspects of ASSCU in a large scale project of mutual interest to the Executive Board, Social Presentations, and the Senate branches of this organization. Student clubs with political interests were brought into this umbrella series to attain broad participation.

The Series encompassed international, national, local and University issues to increase awareness at a number of levels. Student interest varied greatly. In formulating this Series, the hope was that each student would become a bit more aware of the issues of their interest. The entire series culminated with the ASSCU elections. Not only was there increased participation in the elections, but, throughout the campaign, students became more aware of the direct effect of their input on University issues.

The success of the series lies not only in the hands of its ASSCU organizers, but in the overall student support for this type of project. This ranged from student participation in various events and quality discussion which followed speaker events to effective student media coverage.
Barry Delbuono of the Emergency Housing Consortium emphasizes the needs of the homeless. Many people are unaware that the number of homeless is growing even in the Silicon Valley.

At the Peace Vigil for Central America, Derek Tynan-Connelly leads members of the SCU Community in prayer. The Vigil was sponsored by Students for Social Justice.

J.G. Cairns of Oklahoma City voices the need for international trade and finance to SCU students. The series included speakers, films and panels on all aspects of politics.
Senior Julie Rauner, Bob Senkewicz, SJ, and Charles Erekson, Ph.D., listen to presentations of Santa Clara City Council hopefuls. Candidates were invited to present the city's issues to SCU students.

Religious studies professor Steve Privett, SJ, speaks to students about social responsibility at the "Fast for World Hunger."

Candidate literature available to students encourages qualified voters to take action by voting. CALPIRG set up tables for registration to vote before the elections.
A MATTER OF CONCERN

by Karen Krebser

When I first arrived at SCU, I was as green as they come: wide-eyed, idealistic, and more than ready to do my share in changing the world. Unfortunately, as the school year progressed, it became more important for me to finish writing papers and reading books than it was to change the world overnight. My attitudes toward social issues became colored by the information I was dutifully "sucking up," like a good little student (or sponge). I was oblivious to many important issues, like world hunger, nuclear disarmament, lack of adequate urban housing for the homeless and poor, and even the importance of the international banking system. Fortunately, many of my friends were aware of these issues and found several ways of expressing concern over current events. They found outlets for expressing these interests and concerns through organizations like Santa Clarans Against Apartheid (SCAA), Students for Social Justice (SSJ), and the Model U.N., all of which operate here on campus.

I wondered if many students at SCU were really apathetic, as we're told, if they're just uneducated about social concern, or if they simply find their interests lying elsewhere. Several of my friends who belong to the Model U.N. and SSJ tend to think that it's more a lack of education about political awareness programs than actual apathy. For some, participating is "the thing to do," while for others it's a means of learning about social problems and issues and discussing them with friends and faculty members.

SSJ retains open membership and operates on a flexible internal structure. By retaining an open structure, SSJ remains open to new people and new ideas. On the other hand, the model U.N. provides its members with more than just an opportunity to discuss world topics; they can debate real problems with other students, and educate themselves and others about the processes and procedures of the United Nations.

Many of us at SCU often become caught up in our own active academic and social lives, isolating us in a sense, from the rest of the world. Lupita Ochoa, a student in SSJ, says, "there's a very big world out there and there are many things going on — some of them right, and some of them wrong."

Campus organizations that provide outlets for the discussion of social issues make students aware of contemporary problems, how they affect us, and how these problems reflect upon us as a society and as individuals. As long as there's the challenge of political and social issues, there's hope for political awareness at SCU. It's a matter of each student using the available organizations and forming attitudes and opinions for themselves about important world issues.
You see people you don't know, yet their faces are so familiar that often you feel an instinctive urge to say hello.

In a vigorous lunge, Freshman Patti Bolen exercises to the beat. Aerobics was a popular and fun way for Santa Clara men and women to firm up after a "Saga encounter."

Will dorm pranks ever cease at SCU? Never! This unlucky fellow found that it wasn't always a blessing having a pool next to his room in the Graham complex.

Too excited to begin thinking of the "real world" yet, accounting major Jane Shattuck hugs a fellow graduate.
SHARING OUR TALENTS

The scene is 11:06 a.m., Tuesday, at the intersection of Alviso and Santa Clara streets. Drivers are snarling at the constant flow of students while a large group of people sitting on "the wall" discuss their hangovers from a party the night before.

Walking down the University section of Alviso St. during this time is always a new experience. It is a fashion show, last minute study site and social hall all wrapped into one big moving mass of people; it is the entire University Community in transit. You see people you don't know, yet their faces are so familiar that often you feel an instinctive urge to say hello. This is the community of Santa Clara, small and tightly interwoven.

The students, faculty and staff of Santa Clara are the foundation of this University. Yes, the campus is beautiful, but the people who live and learn at SCU have always made it a special place. Students come here to learn not only about academics, but also about themselves, the kind of people that they are and the kind they want to be.

In 1986, the Benson Renovation provided our campus with a kind of student union which made the community even more cohesive. With the availability of the Coffeehouse, Social Presentations put on two or three social functions a week.

Attending SCU was often like playing on a big sports team. We were all in it together. We all had different cultural backgrounds and diverse interests, but we were all at Santa Clara with a common goal: to learn.

— Greg Schultz
Basking in the sun, Adity Roff, Lisa O'neill, Rosella Campagni, Elise Russo, and Michele Leonard cheer the Broncos to victory during Homecoming.

Greg Schulle
FORMALS, A FINANCIAL NIGHTMARE
by Mike Pola

"All right, that'll be hot, dude!" I hung up the phone. My first college date and I'm going to the Winter Affair! But if I only knew then what a financial nightmare I was getting myself into.

12:00: Went to Versatel, hit "rapid cash" twice, just to play it safe.
12:30: Go to florist. "Well, we have five baby roses for $18.50... $18.50!" I cried. "What can you give me for around $8.00?"
1:15: Went to Little Prof to purchase two bottles of champagne. "Can I see your I.D. son?" "Yea, it's umm, in the car." I left in humiliation, my tail between my legs.
3:30: Pick up corsage. "It's the best I could do given the eight dollar ceiling." I gazed in horror at the creation, a bird of paradise stapled to a wrist band with baby's breath randomly strewn throughout.
6:30: It was now the moment of truth. A gorgeous brunette appeared. My heart began to palpitate. "Dude, this is Cindy, my old lady." I knew it seemed to good to be true. "Here comes Hortensia now." I stood there in shock, paralyzed with terror, as she walked towards me — tall, lanky. — definitely not my type.
8:30: We get seated at the Charthouse. She orders the king crab and a shrimp cocktail; I ordered the hamburger... off the kiddie menu. The bill came and I felt like a kid who was waiting to talk to the principal. $94.32. I didn't have enough to cover my half. The girls ceremoniously did the fabled bathroom tag team and that's when I hit my friend up for a twenty spot.
12:10: If it could be possible, the dance was the low point of the evening. It was as though I was back in high school. The band decked out in tight fitting angel flight slacks, and unbuttoned shirts, the Van-Halen medleys — it was a living hell.
1:30: The moment finally came. I rode by the girls dorm, slowed to fifteen M.P.H. and unloaded my date. I didn't even have to kiss her good night!

I am exaggerating. The evening really wasn't too horrible. I was kind of bummed at the exorbitant cost, however. A final damage tally showed me shy around 145 bucks, but I did learn a couple of valuable lessons that night. No more blind dates and, most importantly, always go dutch.
Rosalynn Hortsch
Bonnie Hughes
Kelly Humphrey
Laura Ibarra
Frederick Ibrahim

Amara Ivancovich
Adrian Ivanov
Kim Izumi
Margaret Jackson
Jeffrey Jacobs

Stephanie Jagger
Heather Jauregui
Christine Johnson
George Johnson
Molly Johnson
At the Alameda, Eric Armstrong, Gerene Angendehl, and Kristen Scarpace twist the night away. This dance was the first held after women moved into the Alameda.

Sherril Johnson
Patricia Kagawa
Doug Kahl
Ross Kaneko
Sarah Kang

Tricia Keady
Larry Kennar
Katherine Kennedy
Scott Kerman
Julia Kerman

Brian Kerr
Elizabeth Kilcoyne
Bum suk Kim
Elizabeth Knoll
Richard Kolomejec
Is an unfair disadvantage redundant? Contrary to popular belief, there are many engineers who can speak other than non-broken English (myself not included). Unfortunately, this is just one of the numerous stereotypes that engineers are confronted with every time they mention their major.

At first I was not convinced that prejudices toward engineers actually existed, so I decided to ask my friends if they thought there were any stereotypes:

"We're all a bunch of geeks!" — Jim DeLeon, Sophomore, EE.

"I don't think there should be any stereotypes." — Todd Antes, Jim’s roommate.

"Most engineers aren’t overweight!" — Mike Misfud.

"Huh?" — Eric Rodgers, sophomore, ME.

"That's all they (engineers) ever talk about (engineering): breakfast, lunch, and dinner." — Jim Courtinie, sophomore, Business.

There are many engineers involved in extracurricular activities, intramurals, intercollegiate sports, fraternities, sororities, happy hours, and just about anything else you might think of (because I can't remember them all right now).

Granted, there are those engineers who fit into the stereotypes, but aren't there stereotypes for every other major as well? How many chemistry or biology majors have seen the sun in the last year or so? How many finance majors don't have a tan in mid January? Are there any English majors who can balance their checkbooks? Can mathematics/computer science majors hold conversations? Why isn't it called communications? Does anyone really know what goes on up on second floor St. Joe's? Is accounting really that hard? Or is it just a matter of overcoming sheer boredom? All you need to major in philosophy is an opinion. If you ask me, anyone in psychology needs help.

Engineers are as susceptible to stereotyping as any other major... almost. Like it or not, prejudices toward engineers exist, as with every other major. However, there are exceptions.
Dancing outdoors, freshman Jill Lindberg celebrates the end of Bronco Bust. Music was performed by the Uptones in Kennedy Mall.
Patricia Murphy
Neda Navabpour
Todd Neel
Mary Nelson
Stacy Nelson
Ed Nieda
Lisa Nirady
Paul Noel
Michael Nuti
Patti O'Brien
Matthew O'Connor
Maureen O'Connor
Kurt Ohlfs
Fernando Ortiz
Susan Osborne
Jose Pacheco
Melissa Pagni
Edward Palacio
Robert Palazzolo
Frank Palazzolo
David Palic
Mark Parelius
Christi Pavia
Kathleen Pearl
Lorin Pecoraro
Lisa Pelgrim
Hector Perez-Pacheco
Sue Petersen
Candace Plevyak
Lisa Presta
Catherine Purpur
Michael Quinn
Soraya Rashid
Steve Reznik
Jane Richter
Marcia Rindfleisch
Jennifer Robinson
Corey Roche
Maggie Rodee
Luis Rodriguez
Pamela Romano
Stephen Roop
William Rosenkrantz
Jason Rossi
Stephen Roy
Every game has a goal... to score, to win, to finish. Life has goals as well... to score, to win, to finish. We are always competing to come out on top. In doing so, we do things we don't want to do and hurt people we don't want to hurt. But we do it anyway. We continue pursuing those illusory goals that somehow indicate we have won. Can we?

Society and the University train us to compete for grades, friends, and things like the coveted intramural t-shirt. We fight with R.A.'s, the administration, and our teachers with one goal in mind... graduation. But what's next?

For those of us graduating, we achieved the coveted goal and somehow we've survived. Now we fight for the job we want and interviews start the clawing all over again. The stakes are much higher now, the competition more intense. Eventually everyone gets some job and one part of the game is complete.

We've been competing within a simulated and protected environment where our goals are predetermined. High school led to college and college led to the job market. But the job market leads nowhere in particular. We can continue to mindlessly pursue the material goals which society establishes or we can go after a new goal which maturity somehow allows us to recognize. Unfortunately, this new goal seems only to be some abstract concept called happiness. We've got no more shirts to strive for.

We could probably establish some more material goals like a new car, or a house, but I have a theory: maybe this abstract concept known as happiness has always been there. And unable to cope with such an abstraction at our tender young age, we establish material definitions for it. We call them goals. Every time we reach one, we seek something new because we're not happy with the old goal.

Well, I can't define it, but I can point the search in a new direction. Happiness, the true goal, does not exist in anything which is outside of you. It's in your heart and it's yearning for you to set it free. Goodbye, Santa Clara.
Louise Abbis
Hazim Abdel-Shafi
David Adams
Kenwyn Ai-Chang
Lisa Alering
Eddie Allen
Michelle Allen
Melissa Alongi
Nora Ancheta
Michele Anselmo
Alvaro Araica
Alexander Atchison
Kathleen Barcia
Frank Basich
Michael Becker
Janice Benech
Lupe Benitez
Keith Bisbee
Craig Bittner
Beverly Bonfiglio
Tom Borrillo
Leonora Bova
Michael Bradish
Christopher Brady
Rechelle Bravo
John Brazil
Michelle Brigante
Thomas Britsch
Susan Brockley
Kieran Brothers
Sara Burns
Stephanie Burns
Dallas Buchanan
Kevin Burnett
Pam Cairns
Jeff Calvello
John Campo
Lourie Campos
Debbie Capowski
Jim Carey
William Casey
Celine Cebedo
Leonard Chan
Jason Cheng
Michele Cherry
The pouring rain doesn't stop Bart Burns, Chris Wheaton and Scott Mauk from holding a conversation. Constant rain during winter quarter was something all students had to contend with.
WHY ROTC? by Eryth Zecher

Am I really here? Lord, I was never the military type and I'm not all that fond of green. So why would I want to be in ROTC.

Look at this guy. He's got a porcupine haircut and it's covered with gray. Nice uniform. He sure scares people. And why is he yelling so much. He seems to have the shakes. That coffee must be good.

This bulletin board is weird. Is this some sort of bizarre lingo or did I take ten years of French for nothing? What's an ASAP or SOP? And these dates and times are a trip. I June instead of June 1st and if my date told me to be ready by 1900 hours to go to the boat dance, I'd have a difficult time.

Why am I here? I don't like rules or regulations. I don't like anybody telling me what to do or maybe even suggest it. I'd like to do something completely on my own that I earned and did myself; be totally independent and owe nothing to anybody. Start something, do well at it, and finish it. Maybe I can commit myself to this.

Well, this looks like it will be exciting and keep my attention for a while. Are they really going to throw someone off that high tower with just a rope around them? If I like it I can even have a job after I graduate?

So, okay, here's what it boils down to. Do I want to be an executive, sit behind a desk, and always have a dream lingering in the back of my mind that I want to fly and travel and have adventure. Or do I want to go ROTC, have them pay for college, be one in a million, and do everything I want to do?

Currently, I wear uniforms, go to field training, and prepare to defend my country. Why? Because for me it's a lot easier to be a "gonna be" than it is to be a "wanna be."
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Name</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Teri French</td>
<td>Erland Frojelin</td>
<td>Hesham Gabor</td>
<td>Susan Galli</td>
<td>Sean Gannon</td>
<td>Mary Gerrity</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Diane Gilkeson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Lisa Gonzales</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Dennis Gravert</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Kent Griffin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>David Grounds</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Veronica Guerrero</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>William Harmon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Fran Harvey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Sarah Hass</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Michael Hayes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Kurt Heiland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Martin Heli</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Julie Hernando</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Susan Herring</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Mark Heyl</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Mary Hingston</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Linda Horio</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Patricia Hou</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Steve Hu</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Anne Jarchow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Kristina Jensen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Catherine Jette</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Mike Kakalce</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>May Kan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Ty Kaprelian</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Scott Katric</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Kathy Kays</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Martin Keller</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Steve Kelley</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>James Kelly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Anees Khatri</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Ramon Khu</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Heidi Kiehl</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Laura Kolomejec</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Kelley Kornder</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Amy Kremer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Kristin Kusanovich</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Anita Lee</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Greg Lee</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Del Rosario — Lee 151
Kendra Lee
Suk Lee
Michele Leonard
Thomas Leonardini
Joell Lima

Paul Lindblad
Frank Liuzzi
Mya Lockwood
Melissa Loo
Monica Lopez

Dung Ly
Man Ly
Craig Maffei
Steven Maggioncalda
Kathryn Maher
Dan Mangelsdorf
John Marcone
Matt Marks
Anna Martinez
Louis Marzano

John Mastalski, SJ
Gretchen Maurer
Linda Mayo
John Mayo
Kevin McCarthy

Anne Marie McCauley
Heather McCullam
Maureen McEnroe
Kathy McGuire
Daniel McNamara

Football players Kevin Collins and Pat Sendle admire the prowess of the baseball team, along with pitcher Matt McCormick.
GRATEFUL FOR THE DEAD by Dave Alba

We climbed out of our sleeping bags to greet the cold and windy Sunday morning in Sacramento. It must have been about nine a.m. Soon, the coals were ready on the barbecue and I placed two sausages on the grill. Greg, my friend who goes to Grateful Dead concerts with me, cut the sausages and we sat on the tailgate of my truck, eating slowly.

Jane came by, bummed a Hamms, and sat in one of my folding chairs. Her friend, Eric, came by, talked for a while, anticipated the Dead show, and moved along.

We were hanging out. Hanging out is a forgotten art at Santa Clara. Everyone is in a hurry, either to get to classes or to get to the Hut. It's part of the Silicon Valley/Yuppie culture by which we are surrounded. We don't have time to hang out because we are too busy worrying about grades, status, and "success."

At a Dead show, no one worries about how you look or about how much money or education you have. The point is to relax — to hang out, if you will. The result is therapeutic: all the tension and rush of the valley can be relieved by a weekend with the Dead if you are able to attend every Dead show you can get to, no matter how far.

After the show (which was incredible, by the way) that Sunday afternoon, we went out to the parking lot and hung out as much as we could before it got too late. Not before long, people were beginning to leave the lot. Greg and I collected the folding chair, the cooler, the barbecue and the sleeping bags and put them all in the truck. We said goodbye to Jane, Eric, and some others. We then proceeded to drive very slowly, back to Santa Clara.

This Sunday performance given by the Grateful Dead at Stanford gave all in attendance the chance to relax and hang out.

Theodore Rozolis
Maureen Russick
Marlo Saenz
Pradeed Sahni
Nancy Sakata
Elynn Sato
Michelle Savasta
Maureen Schanbacher
Jim Schell
Thomas Schulte
Rica Ferry heads towards Benson on an unseasonably warm winter day. Rica is an undeclared sophomore from the Philippines.
Colleen Schultheis
Richard Scott
Ruth Selan
Sharon Sheehan
Kathryn Short

Renee Silvera
Apichat Sirilutporn
David Smearden
Chris Smith
David Smith

James Smith
Jeffrey Starks
John Stebel
Mark Stoscher
Lisa Stroh

Lisa Sueki
Kimberly Sweatt
Maria Szoboszlay
John Thomas
Catherine Thompson

David Thompson
Elvia Torres
Joseph Tutrone
Spitzi Ursin
Fred Vaca

Elizabeth Vierra
Ron Vogt
Eric Vonder mehden
Karla Wagner
Howard Wai

Jane Walker
Kristin Waterman
Regina Weaver
Laura Whitney
Lynn Winninghoff

Dody Wiseman
Christopher Woldemar
Teresa Wong
Kathy Woodcock
Dave Wooding

Michael Yamashita
Peter Yeager
Kaipo Young
Guy Zaninovich
Robert Zimmerman
I was asked to write about being black at Santa Clara. It is difficult to separate being black and being me. I have few opinions about Santa Clara that are uniquely black.

When I applied to colleges, I took it for granted that no matter where I went, I would find myself within a culturally diverse and stimulating environment. My image of coffeehouse debates and encounters with people from all over the United States was shattered when I landed on the steps of Swig. My classmates did not seem like friendly people.

It's really hard for me to understand why many people think skin color is representative of a certain set of characteristics. My thoughts and opinions are not necessarily representative of the small black population at Santa Clara. No one should have to prove themselves or be considered an exact representation of an entire race.

The only way that I have found to combat stereotypes is to just be me. I like being me and my race is just one part of me. There is much more to life. I think that a person is selling himself short if he spends a large amount of time dwelling upon his race. I am not aware when my color is affecting a person. That is, unless he or she is obviously disturbed. My parents share their experiences with me and I understand that it will most likely be harder for me in the real world. My color would not change even if I wanted it to.

 Everything I wanted in college is here at Santa Clara. It wasn't waiting for me in Swig 318, which is what I expected. But when a person works for something, he appreciates it much more. With a little exploration, I found or was led into some great experiences. I have learned to put an effort into getting beyond the facades I encounter. It's not my intention to get inside the minds of all Santa Clara students, but I do intend to graduate from here with much more than the pessimistic image I developed freshman year.

Everything depends on attitude, desire, hope and effort.

Life is hard for me, for everybody. Sure, blacks have common problems, but they're not insurmountable. Yes, Santa Clara could make many improvements, but if one can deal with the conditions here, the problems of the outside world will be easier.
Ann Bernal
Joan Berson
Kelly Birmingham
Paul Boggini
Susan Bona

Elizabeth Boylson
Cathy Bueno
Catherine Burke
Greg Calcagno
Kathleen Campini

Angela Cappai
Craig Carlson
Bruce Cech
Traci Cervantes
Derek Ching

Lingan Chua
Gina Colombo
Kevin Conlin
Benito Cortez
Cameron Coulter

Margaret Coyle
Theresa Cravalho
Lauren Cristina
Alexander Cruz
Lisa D'Agui

Michelle Dallas
Joe Darwish
Lourdes David
Douglas Davidovich
Africa Daza

Jennifer Dito
Mark Dorsett
Timothy Drowne
David Duckworth
Jennifer Duris

Nevette Esch
Lenore Esparza
Michael Elam
Reem Farkouh
Cara Feeney

Anne Ferguson
Edward Ferraro
Ernest Figueroa
Julie Fink
Anne Fitzgerald
A junior at SCU, Laura Koda brings her bike out to take a ride. Laura is just one of many students who pedaled to class each day.
IN MEMORY OF A FRIEND by Lisa Agrimonti

Dearest Wendy, my dear friend,
I was going to write a really humorous Lisa’s Pieces this week, but I needed to talk to you.

When I talked to you, I was going to somehow tell you how I felt. Now I realize that I speak for myself. I can only try to express the jumble of feelings that I am experiencing. Writing to you and telling you what I think of you will be the most difficult, confusing and emotional thing I’ve ever done.

I know that you won’t be able to listen to me read this to you and give your opinion as to its quality, like I made you do for every column I ever wrote, but I know you’ll hear it.

I remember how we first became friends. I got to learn right off about what a good-humored practical joker you were. I remember when, with the aid of a few accomplices, I moved you out of your room, everything, contact solution included. You justifiably retaliated by having a lingerie display outside my door, with every undergarment I owned. I still remember the messages from the men’s basketball team, my bra draped across the bulletin board, and my hippopotamus-decorated undies. That had to be the best practical joke ever played on me.

I remembered how excited you got — about everything. You had the love, curiosity, trust and pure joyfulness of a child. You got a new comforter, poster, or pillow, and everyone knew about it. You looked forward to a Chicago concert for weeks. I even remember how proud you were when you mopped your floor freshman year for the very first time. You had a picture taken to commemorate the occasion.

I remember you as a mother. You gave me only a mother’s love — unconditional.

I woke you in the middle of the night, and you loved me.
I brought home a hamster. You sneezed and made him sleep in the closet and you loved me.
I moaned and groaned about every trivial problem, you listened, and you loved me.
I was sometimes too busy to listen to you, and you loved me.

When I moaned and groaned and didn’t have enough time, you told me what you felt, not what I wanted to hear, because you loved me.

And I listened.

I miss you...
I miss you standing in front of the closet yelling that you don’t know what to wear.
I miss the late late night discussions.
I miss having you jump on my bed to reach yours.
I miss hearing about the kids in your class at daycare. You loved them like your own.
I miss having to stand on a chair to hug you, face to face.
I miss the jokes, I miss the laughs.
I even miss your cinnamon tea.
You were my friend.
You gave to me even when you could give no more, or when you shouldn’t have.
You did not look at friendship as a means to an end but as an end itself.
You cared for me when I was unkind.
You gave to me when all I did was take.
You took the time to know my insides.
You loved me, not my facade.
You always understood — even when I wished you hadn't.
Wen, I've never had so much to express and so few means available.
You loved, you cared, you enjoyed, you shared.

I cannot possibly summarize my two years with you. As Lupita says, "One has to experience you to know you."
These aren't the only memories I have of you. I remember being the first guest at your apartment and how excited you were to feed me spaghetti for dinner that night and show me your new shower curtain. I remember some of your frustrations, your goals, your strong faith, and much more.

I admire you. I envy you. You knew how to have a good time. You knew how to truly love. You touched many lives.

Thank you for sharing your life with me. Some people share just a movie, a dinner, or a party. You shared yourself.

I LOVE YOU. These three words are not casually said, but with intensity and sincere conviction.

You were a significant part of my life for the last two years and your life will forever shape my future.

I will miss you.
I will cry.
I will always remember.

Thank you again for listening. I always could count on you.

YOUR FRIEND

Reprinted with permission from The Santa Clara

Junior English major Wendy Baldwinson died in September of heart failure. Excerpts from her journal, read at her memorial service, revealed her zest for life.
While working at Sunthepoo's service desk, junior Kathleen Campana talks to Chris Wright, also a junior. This service desk was opened in the fall of 1985.
Santa Clara University is a small place. We are not in a big city, we do not have 35,000 students, and the truth is not much phases our concealed world. One might suppose that, living in a quiet, sheltered environment, we wouldn't become as insensitive as people who lived in big cities, big universities. It is a shame, though, that the only thing that does seem to affect us is tragedy — specifically the loss of one of our own.

During my freshman year at Santa Clara, I had the honor to meet and know Father Pat Carroll, SJ. Midway through fall quarter, Father Carroll passed away. While I did not know him as well as many others, the faces of those people made my loss seem even greater.

Last year, the Mission campus was shocked again at the loss of Athletic Director and football Head Coach Pat Malley. I had met him once when I was a freshman on my way to lacrosse practice. Three months later, he remembered my name at a Bronco basketball game. The loss we all felt was evident at the turnout for his funeral — whether you had ever met him or not, you knew what Santa Clara had lost.

Earlier this year, junior Wendy Baldwinson suddenly died. While her loss was not marked as dramatically as the passing on of Father Carroll or Coach Malley, those who knew Wendy were equally affected.

I did not know Dave Cichoke as well as many other people, but I knew him well enough to understand what had happened. I can remember watching him play football and rugby last year, amazed at his power and ability, maybe even feeling sorry for the other team which had to deal with Cichoke.

When I heard the news Monday afternoon, I felt that sense of loss again. In a room full of guys who had never met Dave, we all felt the loss. Monday night was a time for us to mourn our friend, our teammate, our classmate.

I make no claims here to be a philosopher or psychiatrist, or even a good writer, but I can hear and feel and see what is in the eyes and faces of Dave's friends. On my way to class Tuesday morning, it was evident that something was wrong here.

Something was missing. Too many of the usual smiles, plastic or not, were not being worn. Too many of the regulars on the corner wall in front of Benson hung their heads low. Suddenly, there were too many people saying, "God, I wish I had known him."

A priest once told me, "Nowhere in the Bible does God promise you tomorrow." He continued, "I always say that when you wake up tomorrow, you should think of it like an egg in your beer — a 'surprise'." 

Ridiculous? Possibly, but true. We here at SCU have a tendency to put things off — oftentimes those things are good and could benefit people. Why wait? Life ends, people. It's a fact, a certainty. God makes no promises to you about waking up tomorrow.

Dave's death is a tragedy. Walk through campus and listen to the voices: "I wish I had known him." Those voices are a tragedy. If we learn nothing from this experience, we should look to Dave's friends for a lesson in life. They befriended him; their loss is greater than for others.

But their loss is the measure of their gain, and what they had, they can keep, but we never will have. We all have friends, but why be so content? Why, at the next such tragedy, do we
Dave Cichoke looks out onto the field at a game against San Francisco State November 2nd, one week before his sudden death.

have to hear, "I wish I would have known him." Why not get out now, challenge yourself. Meet people and see what you can give them, and, of course, what they have for you.

Thomas Wolfe once said, "Man's youth is a wonderful thing: It is so full of anguish and of magic and he never comes to know it as it is, until it is gone from him forever." Through the anguish, with the help of the magic, let us know youth as it is. Death will cross our paths again. It will draw us all closer again. The family that is Santa Clara proves its existence in these hard times. Let us all make the effort to create that feeling in the good times.

Reprinted with permission from The Santa Clara.
When I transferred to Santa Clara, my mind was full of expectation, apprehension, and, worst of all, preconceptions. Although SCU represented a “new beginning” for me educationally, it also meant the end of those friendships I had developed while at UCLA.

I must admit, I originally chose to attend UCLA because “it was the best college I could get into.” That sounded superficial then, and it still does now. To rectify this, fate stepped in, as so often it does in these situations and prevented continuing my education at UCLA. So, I was “encouraged” by my parents to “take a look at” Santa Clara.

What I found was a small and empty (by UCLA standards, anywhere you don’t have to stand in line is “small and empty”) campus. I remember touring the campus and asking the guide if the students were on some sort of holiday. In contrast to Santa Clara, UCLA appears as some Promethean academic factory, a collection of people — a mass of humanity on some frantic quest for better jobs and nicer cars.

Santa Clara presented itself as a place where individuals are more concerned with understanding the Joneses rather than “keeping up” with them. It is not so much institutional as familial.

Coming to SCU affords me the most beneficial opportunity of my college education: the chance to develop a personal relationship with instructors, as well as students. It is an opportunity I hope to exploit fully.
Steve Blake
Marty Blaker
Steve Bland
Timothy Blaney

Debbie Blankenship
Mary Blaser
Sally Boehner
Leslie Boggs

Sarah Boler
Robin Bonn
Rodney Bordallo
David Borges

Ann Borgia
Kristin Bosetti
Jeanne-Marie Bourcier
Anthony Bova

Hubert Bower
Robert Boyd
Meri Bozzini
Kerry Bradford

Mark Brading
Tim Brink
Matthew Britton
Mary Brkich
Watching a baseball game, Dan McBride doesn't seem to be as engrossed as his friend John McLaren.
Bill sat at one of many banquet tables set up for SCCAP Volunteer Recognition night. He looked out to the faces of a hundred volunteers just like him. They had all spent so many hours in so many different areas of the community. Had they experienced what Bill had experienced? Had they seen what he had seen? The images:

The romance. I look at the SCCAP board. Who will I help? The homeless, the elderly, the hungry? What about teaching CCD or tutoring? Maybe working in the jails or a state hospital. A Little Brother, that’s what I want—someone whose life I can change. I will fight misery and ignorance.

The education. So many people in one house—how could they be so happy? But they are. Especially Ricky. He doesn’t even have a color TV, but he just doesn’t care.

The frustration. They found marijuana in Ricky’s jacket pocket. Forms. The agony has so many forms. What am I doing? Am I effective? I always come away feeling great after spending time with Ricky. I wonder if I’m volunteering for him or if he’s volunteering for me.

The reward. Ricky sent me a card today. Typewritten: “Dear Bill, Going to the movies was great. Cant wait to see you next week. Love, your little bro, Ricky Almajar.”

The paradox. Ricky was volunteering for me. And I for him.
Rita De Andrade
Edmundo DeLaPuente
Elisa De Angelis
Deirdre Deasy

Robert DeBarros
Claudette DeBlauwe
Paul Decunzo
John Del Santo

Arthur Delorimier
Michele Dennee
William Destories
Karen Devries

Esperanza Diaz
Tony Diaz
Grace Dicker
Renee Di Duca

Kari Diggs
Theresa Digeronimo
Gerald Dikun
James Dillon

Robert Dee
Lou Dombrowski
Norman Dorais
William Douglass, S.J.
John Doyle
Andrew Dreyfuss
Allis Druffel
Eileen Duffy

Gregory Dunn
Susan Dunn
Nena Duran
Dominic Dutra

Kevin Earley
Jennifer Earls
Nancy Eddinger
Thomas Edel

Michael Edgar
Joan Escover
Angela Etter
Lisa Ettl

Jenny Fechner
Joan Feldhaus
Glen Felias
Regina Fernandez

William Ferroggiaro
Debbie Fields
Russ Filice
Michael Filley
"You're kidding!" was one of the many reactions I received when I told my friends I was one of the first six women moving into the Alameda, until now, the remaining exclusively male bastion at SCU. Before I knew it, I was barraged with anecdotes of the wild football and baseball parties that this old-Travel-Lodge-motel-turned-dorm-hall is famous for. Then came the advice on how to deal with the "jocks," who supposedly dominated the Alameda.

When move-in day finally came, I imagined running into hostile and scary-looking ogres with monumental biceps ready to bite off my little head for invading their home turf. Well, was I wrong! Everybody looked normal and actually greeted me with "hi's." And the fact that they didn't exactly come running down tooting horns and throwing confetti to welcome us was O.K. since having women in the Alameda was certainly going to take a little getting used to. But, hey! With every passing day, the guys became more and more friendly. In fact, one morning my bike collapsed and, as I was struggling to lift it up, three guys came up and offered to help me.

Now after living here for more than a month with a sweet roommate, our own bathroom, and nice guys all around, I say, "Living in Club Meda is not bad! Not bad at all!"
Sitting on the corner near Benson, Janine Kraemer and Mike Hayes share a quick conversation before class. The corner of Santa Clara and Alviso streets was a popular hangout between classes.
Dennis Fraher
Annemary Franks
Chris French
Monique Frese
Marc Friscia
Robert Frisone
Robert Frizzell
Suzanne Fuchslin
David Fujito
Sue Fuller
Robert Fultz
Stephen Fung
Keith Furuya
William Fynes
Matthew Galik
Alex Gargarita
Kelli Garno
Leslie Gaston
Todd Gates
Nancy Gelber
Linda Ghiglizia
Donna Giannonna
Richard Giljum
John Gill
I've found that at Santa Clara intramurals are more than a welcome alternative to studying at the library. For many students, IMS are more important than spending any time in the library.

The pursuit of the championship t-shirt. Bronco people aren't interested in the degree with which they graduate. They are just concerned about the number of shirts they can win.

And for those never lucky enough or destined to claim a championship, IMS still have a nice mystique to them. Some wouldn't miss their intramural game for anything, not even to gain an extra hour of preparation for an exam.

Regardless of whether the league is competitive or recreational, the play can be intense. I've seen baserunners try to take the lives of innocent second basemen completing double plays. In respect for those who have low thresholds of pain, I won't mention the vicious plays I've witnessed on the gridiron.

The moment I'll never forget in my Santa Clara intramurals career has to be this year's men's comp. basketball final. I made a shot at the buzzer to send the game into overtime. But what impressed me was the reaction of one of our opponents, Bill Giffen. When my shot went in, he grabbed Bill Schubert, the point guard on my team, giving him a big hug. "What an awesome shot! What a great game!"

Bottom line: It's not whether you win or lose that counts in intramurals, it's how much fun you have that really counts.
Hilary Graham
Margaret Graham
Lloyd Grant
Lisa Granucci

Ken Green
Dale Greenley
Paris Greenwood
Victor Grijalva

Laura Grimes
Michael Guerra
Lance Gurrola
Lourdes Gutierrez

Martha Gutierrez
Susan Gutierrez
Debbie Hagan
Patrick Haggerty

Matson Haley
Martin Hall
Steven Hamilton
Clare Hamm

Richard Hawkins
Anne Hayes
Joanne Hayes
Stewart Hayes
Ann Heilmann
Carolyn Hendley
Theresa Herlihy
Robert Hermans

Charles Hernandez
Michael Hess
Christopher Hessler
David Hickman
Carrying the shell down to the water isn't as easy as Angela Lauer, Ted Davenport, and Sue Peterson make it look. Although it is rare for coxswains like Angela and Sue to carry the cumbersome shells, they are more than willing to offer a helping hand.

Hedy Hightower
Ellen Higuchi
Donald Hills
Elizabeth Hills

Cheryl Ann Ho
Denise Ho
Thomas Ho
Simona Hodek
Warren’s hands were hemorrhaging, Dave’s ears were throbbing, Andy’s fingers were blistered, and Kevin and Mike’s jaws were aching, but they all cared for nothing else but that night: The Coffeehouse gig.

The whole idea of Voodoo Snakemen of the Apocalypse was born one day when Kevin Mize was reading the Book of Revelation while watching a rerun of “Gilligan’s Island.” He and his followers never dreamed the idea would materialize and a rock group would emerge. And, oh, what a group!

The night of the Coffeehouse gig The Voodoo Snakemen of the Apocalypse were worried whether they would sound tight. But their worries were futile, as Kevin’s sense of rhythm and vocal prowess guided them through the night.

All night Warren pounded the skins hard. Perhaps too hard. At one point he put his stick right through the snare, but managed to replace it without missing a beat.

With Dave’s guitar solo came the perfect chance for Kevin to hoist Dave on his shoulders as they had practiced many nights before. But it wasn’t to be. Had they tried, Dave’s head would have gone through the low ceiling.

After the final song, the crowd cried for more, so The Voodoo Men pounded out a few extra numbers. Somehow the awe-struck crowd didn’t notice that the songs were repeats.
While attending a Students for Social Justice protest of crimes in Central America, juniors Laure Laid and Betsy Koerner take time out to read up on the situation.

George Kawahara
James Keenan
Paul Kehoe
Anne Keller

Kevin Kelly
Richard Kelly
Gene Keltgen
Michael Kemp

Michelle Kenealey
Steve Kenilvort
Kurt Kern
Karen Khu

Lesley Kido
Brian King
Melinda King
Patricia Kirrene
Although I may officially attend "Santa Clara University," I know the truth. The University of Santa Clara is alive and healthy. (Have you been to USC's Leavey Activities Center?)

And it's going to take a helluva lot of time and energy to kill the USC monster that's hovering in, around and over this campus.

USC breathes through the leaves of the hedge in front of the Mission Church. It covers sweatshirts and t-shirt breasts of the old and young. Property of USC is plastered on the lounge TVs and television facility's equipment alike. And I personally checked the campus store and found approximately 13 different shirt styles, seven sweatshirts, one clip board, notebooks, binders, two alumni license plates, a deck of playing cards, a lapel pin, numerous coffee mugs and glasses, a letter opener and two car window stickers among the USC memorabilia. And, yes, even the official whoopie cushion of SCU is marked USC.

I kind of liked saying I was a USC student once in a while—it was a great ice breaker at parties. I enjoyed explaining to people that I didn't really go to "USC," but to USC. Why did we change the name of the school anyway?

Some say we did it to clarify the University's identity. I say we were looking for a return on our investment. All the name change hoopla has put SCU in the papers more than once, and the University is better known now than before. But we still have an identity crisis, and I suppose we always will.

Reprinted with permission from The Santa Clara
Mark Lustig
Sallie Lycette
Marianne Lynch
Shannon Lynch

Gregory Lynn
Patrick Machado
Edward Machado
Margaret MacLean

Performing for a crowd in Kennedy Mall, Ron Poggi strums the tennis racquet in an air band contest. Ron is a senior decision science major and a member of SAE fraternity.
As senior math major Silvia Casillas discovered, athlete Pat Sende is no stereotype. Pat, also a senior, is a mechanical engineering major.

I came to Santa Clara with all the traditional stereotypes of college athletes. The “dumb jock,” I expected them to be in all my classes and getting good grades without doing the work or having the ability.

While taking chemistry freshman year, I had a few “dumb jocks” in my class. Or at least I thought so. They were on the football team and always seemed to be the center of the group. One guy in particular was the exact “dumb jock” I had pictured in my mind. His name was Pat Sende. He was over six feet tall, well-built and every time I saw him he was with someone, “This guy is an athlete and good-looking; there is no way he could be smart, too,” I thought.

Imagine my surprise after midterms when Pat scored better than I. His grade was one of the highest in the class. I figured, “This test must be a fluke. I’ll bet he’s probably stuck on himself.”

Well, a few weeks went by and I got to know Pat, his roommate Jim Tanner and some of their friends. I found out that these were some really neat guys. But it wasn’t just Pat. All his friends were intelligent and friendly. This totally blew away all my preconceived notions. Since then I’ve gotten to know athletes who participate in almost every sport on campus and haven’t found one who fits the old “dumb jock” stereotype. Now when I go to watch games, I know my friends can do more than just remember the plays.
James Mesplay
Jim Miller
Mary Miller
Maura Miller

Michael Miller
Vladimir Milutin
Carlita Miraco
Janice Miyamura

Kevin Mize
Ann Marie Mizianty
Lyann Mizuno
Tanya Monsef

Adriane Moon
Karen Mooney
Lisette Moore
Susan Moore

Laura Moreland
Myra Morgan
John Mori
Kathleen Morrison

Matt Morrow
Kenneth Mulkey
Brigid Mullins
Carolyn Murphy
Looking out the window, Tammy Ramsay gives a traditional photo-grin. Tammy is a senior political science major at SCU.
Dave Heinevetter brought back a stopwatch from practice and, for no particular reason, timed people sprinting down our hall. Since this was not enough excitement for Jim Schell, Bob Easter, and Dave Thompson, they designed a course throughout the Graham complex that involved swimming, climbing walls, climbing stairs, racing through all the buildings, and finishing at Graham 200. Thus, Graham Olympics was born, and even the women from upstairs wanted to be timed. Incidentally, Alex Quong had the fastest time of 1:52:96. One thing led to another, and soon an Olympic procession around the pool and synchronized swimming were part of the events, all because Dave had brought a stopwatch from practice.

This is characteristic of what dorm life is to me, spontaneous fun with people who create great memories that will last a lifetime. The shaving cream fight my sophomore year and the bagel war on 1st floor Swig will never be forgotten. Most important of all are the friendships formed by living together. The people I've lived with have greatly influenced my personal growth, and, without the dorms, I'd have missed out on many opportunities to learn about myself and others. I'll be living in the dorms my fourth and final year at Santa Clara, and I'm looking forward to it.
SENIORS

Tammy Ramsay
Laura Randall
Jeffrey Rau
Julia Rauner

Marianne Rebele
Margaret Redmond
Patricia Redmond
Leslie Reed

Winners of the '85 Homecoming air band contest, Craig Ritter, Kenny Tolbert, Eric Leveque, and Jerry Sherman gave an encore performance of "The Bird."
Many people consider liberal arts degrees to be overly "theoretical" or "impractical." After all, studying English literature or philosophy doesn't teach you how to program computers or run a firm. Business or engineering, some say, are the areas to study if one is to sell oneself on the job market.

People always ask, "What are you going to do with a degree in THAT? You should have majored in electrical engineering. Then you'd know what to do with your life." The truth is that many technically trained people find themselves locked into positions they do not enjoy. A liberal arts degree, on the other hand, prepares one for a wide variety of occupations. While a classics major may not be handed a job on a silver platter, he or she is in an excellent position to carve out a niche for himself or herself in whatever field he or she chooses.

I am not writing to denigrate the business or engineering fields in any way. However, even in these fields, it is useful to have some background in the liberal arts; it allows one a broader perspective on life. This need is, in fact, the basis of SCU's core curriculum.

One may find great difficulty in trying to answer the question, "What is the value of a liberal arts education?" The liberal arts graduate frequently must take more initiative in finding his or her own career path than the technical student. Nevertheless, regardless of where a liberal arts major ends up, these people will nearly always tell you one thing: life is more than a career.
Marcella Schacher
Kelly Schaller
Magdalena Schardt
Gregory Schneider

Bill Schubert
Laura Schuck
Gregory Schultz
Mark Schwartz

Rick Sebastian
Glicelda Sencion
Deborah Seo
Pinki Sethi

Warren Sewell
Jane Shattuck
Jennifer Sheehan
Kevin Sherburne

Michael Sheridan
Jill Sidebottom
Carol Silva
Michael Silva

Yolanda Simien
Seta Simonian
Srila Sircar
Paul Skjerven

204 Seniors
Sharon Smith
Tiffany Smith
Elizabeth Sobrero
Deanna Soto

Susan South
Michelle Spain
Kurt Speck
Debbie Specker

Sunday Stathis
Laurie Stees
Kelly Stokes
Lisa Stricker

Gail Sueki
Brigid Sullivan
Dana Sullivan
Debra Sullivan

Karla Swatek
Anna Sweeney
Betsy Syme
Gabor Szoboszlay

Scott Taga
Susan Tamburelli
Serene Tan
Raul Tapia
The first time I ever really thought about being a third generation SCU student was the summer before my freshman year. I realized I'd be starting school soon — the same school where both my parents and grandfather had gone!

When my grandfather heard I had classes in Kenna, he told me what it was like fifty years ago when students lived in the top two floors. Since strict curfews were enforced, he said they had to tie their sheets together and climb out the second and third floor windows just to go out at night!

Twenty-five years later when my dad was here they still had some pretty "archaic" rules. Students weren't allowed to have card games or girls in their rooms. My dad even told me one story about two guys in his class were kicked out of SCU because a Playboy magazine was found in their room.

About two years later SCU underwent a big change, and my mom was right in the middle of it. She was a member of the second class of women to attend Santa Clara and had to put up with the initial negative attitudes towards the school becoming co-ed. Even some of her professors didn't hesitate to express their disappointment.

Santa Clara has definitely come a long way since my grandfather and my parents attended. In twenty or thirty years, when I look back on what SCU was like for me, I wonder if my experiences will seem as unbelievable as theirs.
After many hours in the darkroom, Stephanie Burns, photo editor for The Santa Clara, expresses her mental state.

Keith Warner
Genene Waterman
John Watters
Pamela Watterworth

John Weaver
Michael Wehr
Erica Weiske
Jennifer White
I ADMINISTRATION

Ralph H. Beaudoin
Vice Pres. Business and Finance

Andre Delbecq
Dean of Business

Charles Erekson
Dean of Students

Eugene Gerwe
Vice Pres. University Relations

Kenneth Haughton
Dean of Engineering

Paul Locatelli, SJ
Academic Vice President

William Rewak, SJ
University President

Robert Senkewicz, SJ
Vice Pres. Student Services

Joseph Subbiondo
Dean of Arts and Sciences

Reading the morning's headlines, John Whalen, Ph.D., takes a break from his duties as director of the undergraduate Business school.
My introductory engineering class lecture always includes a few comments concerning the accelerated pace at which our technology is moving along. I frequently mention that the "half-life" of a graduating engineer's knowledge is less than four years. That half of what is learned in undergraduate school is obsolete after this time period. Indeed, an engineer, who is going into the second decade of practice after matriculation, knows almost nothing!

Upon hearing these numbers and prognostications, one of my students (graduating this year) quickly raised his hand and inquired how long it had been since I had graduated from undergraduate school. My stock motivational pep-talk had suddenly lost its self-appeal.

Nonetheless, the take-home lesson remains painfully clear: the first four years of college education are just the beginning of a professional's learning experience. While the tendency is great to sit back and intellectually coast, we must attend to every reasonable opportunity to be aware of the storm of new knowledge that inundates us each day we live and work. We keep abreast by reading, pursuing post-graduate work, attending conferences, and conducting research. Not all these activities confer degrees and honors, but together they keep our personal knowledge alive.

P.S. To that unnamed student: my undergraduate degree was awarded in 1969, so, although I know nothing, I still managed to teach you a thing or two.
David Logothetti  
Mathematics

Charles Louie  
Accounting

Roland Lowe  
Psychology

Timothy Lukes  
Political Science

Theodore Mackin, SJ  
Religious Studies

Jo Margadant  
History

Kathleen Maxwell  
Art

Philip McCormick  
Physics

Mary McDougall Gordon  
Women's Studies/History

Thomas McCloud  
Military Science

Sean McGinn  
Military Science

Matt Meier  
History

Maureen McNulty  
Dir. Career Dev. and Placement

Carolyn Mitchell  
English

Barbara Molony  
History

John Mooring  
Biology

Hugo Moortgat  
Decision and Info. Sciences

Betty Moran  
English

Helen Moritz  
Classics

Carl Mosk  
Economics

Barbara Murray  
Theatre Arts

Robert Numan  
Psychology

Richard Osberg  
English

Sheldon Ossosky  
Theatre Arts
David Palmer
Management
William Parent
Philosophy
Michael Parkes
Military Science
Frederick Parrella
Religious Studies

Jack Peterson
Elec. Engineering, Comp. Science
Charles Phipps, SJ
English
Peter Pierson
History
John Privett, SJ
Communication/Media Services

Veena Reddy
Director Kids on Campus
James Reites, SJ
Religious Studies
Andrew Rematore
Modern Languages
Philip Boo Riley
Religious Studies

Tonia Riviello
Modern Languages
Lois Rosenthal
Chemistry
Peter Ross
Mathematics
Carol Rossi
English

At a de Saisset opening, Georgianna Lagorio, Kelly DeWester, and Susan Felter discuss their impressions of the exhibit, "Man and the Machine." This exhibit was part of the Institute on Technology and Society.
Many of you seem to be curious about what it was like to be a student in the sixties, and how that experience was different from yours. My only qualification for addressing the subject is that I was there. Since I'm clearly out of my field of expertise I can be bold in my conclusions, protected by my amateur status.

We are self-conscious beings and we apprehend our identity, at least partly, by situating ourselves in a context. The context of the sixties was historical and political, seemingly forced upon us by assassinations, perceived abuses of power in the executive branch, and the horrors of the Vietnam War. The context provided our agenda, since the differences between what should be happening in the United States and what was actually happening seemed very clear. And we identified ourselves as the generation uniquely capable of effecting the necessary changes.

The difference between the students of the sixties and those of the eighties might be that you have no context forced upon you. Thus, you have the terrible burden of freedom. It is perhaps more difficult to come to a decision when there are so many choices. You may feel compelled by that very freedom to choose a path for yourselves quickly, prematurely narrowing the scope of your investigations of yourselves. But I would enjoin you to embrace that freedom you are so fortunate to have, for you have the power, as we did, to move the world closer to what you want it to be.
ROLLING WITH THE PUNCHES

We watched as the football team went down in defeat against St. Mary's, surrendering our final chance for a place in the playoffs; we cried at the news of Dave Cichoke's sudden death; we cheered on Jenny Fechner's spectacular soccer talent; we struggled with the men's basketball team as they tried to rebuild themselves; we watched as Buck Shaw stadium was slowly dismantled for the Alameda re-route.

It wasn't an incredible year in sports as far as winning went, but that didn't lessen the determination of the athletes. Every team exhibited a strong motivation to play their hearts out regardless of the obstacles they encountered. And there were many, especially for the
Dave Cichoke's death shocked the football team, while the graduation of the talent on the men's basketball team left the players searching for direction. The women shone more brightly. Volleyball and softball both had winning seasons while the basketball team rallied to win their last five in a row.

It was a year of rebuilding. Many fans talked of the great potential SCU had for the future, while coaches worked on developing a solid foundation for their teams upon which they could recruit the next generation of pro prospects. SCU sports did not have a stellar year, but then...you just wait until next year.

— Greg Schultz
HIP...
HIP...
Hurrah?

by Adrienne Iverson

I was thinking about the cheerleaders the other day, the break-up of the squad, and how far away it all seemed. Two years ago, the program seemed to be turned around and support appeared to be increasing. I'll never forget the St. Mary's basketball game the Broncos played at home that year. Leavey was packed. White hats and pom poms were everywhere. The crowd was a huge, red and white, shouting, cheering, screaming mass. The fans were right down on the floor when the St. Mary's guys tried to force us off the floor.

The month of May brought tryouts. Somehow they never seemed to get enough publicity, and the turnout was poor. Still, the group made up a strong squad in terms of personality, ability, and enthusiasm.

The hardest thing for us to overcome was lack of funding for camp. Camp was invaluable in terms of the number of routines it taught us in one short week. Without a wealth of routines, the squad had to rely on hiring someone from the USA cheerleading office in San Francisco. It was not the kind of thing one could do every week.

We also had to compromise on our uniforms. There weren't enough standard uniforms to fit everyone, and not everyone wanted to buy a one-hundred-thirty dollar uniform that would never be used again.

There was a day that turned out to be pretty typical of most game days.

“What are you doing tonight?”

“I'm cheering at the game.”

“Oh. There's a game?”

By the time people found out about the games, other plans had already been made. Of course, there was a core of die-hard fans, but, for the most part, people didn't find out about a game unless it was a big one. With little publicity and no signs or flyers promoting the games, people were just unaware.

Once at the games, it could get pretty rowdy. There was definitely spirit in the stands on the night of the Pepperdine game, especially when the fans from Pepperdine attempted to sit in our student section. Often, students were less spirited and more unemotional at the smaller games than the larger ones. The big tailgate parties before the Homecoming game this year did a lot to increase student support. Leavey parking lot was a sea of barbecues, students, alumni, fans and faculty. It did more for getting people out and aware of the games than anything else.

This past reflection conjures up many good memories of the friends I made and the fun I had. If asked if all the time and work (not to mention the artistic talent manifested in those wonderful run-throughs) were worth it, I would definitely say yes.
Never a passive fan, showing spirit is an obvious goal of sophomore Tony Rolle. Rolle was seen at all Bronco home games aggressively cheering his team on.

The banana leap is a move that takes years of practice to perfect. Brian "Spalding" Morton demonstrates the correct form during SCU's homecoming.

Disappointment on the field is reflected by the cheerleading squad.

As the Bronco's crush their opponent, Cal Lutheran, head cheerleader Adrienne Iverson definitely has something to cheer about.
I like it when I get the butterflies. They feel good. If I'm not nervous then I worry that something is really wrong. After the game begins, the butterflies go away.

Before the match begins, I consciously make an effort to visualize the game. Maybe just a minute or two before dinner on Friday. Naturally, in my thoughts, I am able to score a goal.

I'm not very flexible so I practice yoga. The back takes the longest to stretch out, so while I'm working on that, I clean out my brain. Excess baggage, like phone bills and stats homework, is shipped off to the outer limits until the game is through.

I go off by myself or at least think to myself. Some people happily rant and rave. That can get me fired up once the game begins, but beforehand is quiet time. I don't want to let my teammates down and I do that best by turning inward and contemplating the game at hand. I spend time preparing myself mentally because I really care.

I think about photographs of runners — sprinters actually — who are on their marks and set to burst onto the track. Often, a runner will have beads of sweat rolling down his or her nose, or shoulder. I always thought they warmed up so vigorously that sweat was already making its way to the surface. Probably true, but they have also been concentrating so intensely that it has become a physical as well as a mental process.

In high school, I'd take a lap around the gym, touch my toes and get psyched for a game by telling a teammate about a hot dance at the local YMCA. Now I can feel the world fade away as I tell my muscles I want them to remain well behaved, yet react and move better than they ever have before. The coach's pep talk has been internalized.

“Yes, I'm trying to tell you something, dear body. I have fed you very well and you've been resting and relaxing quite a bit. I've been performing some very impressive workouts. I would say it's about time that you reciprocate. This is the mind and soul pleading, requesting that you listen.”

Invariably, my body will yawn and say that as long as my mental preparation has been as good as the physical, I should have no problem. The two, indeed, go hand in hand. Professional athletes incorporate their training in all phases of their lives. Yes, I am merely a college student, but that doesn't mean I shouldn't use a more serious athlete's technique.

Susie wears a Fila warm up suit — she feels like Chris Evert-Lloyd. And even after she takes off the pants and jacket, she can hit the ball...hard. Because in her mind she ranks with the best the Lawn Tennis Association has to offer. It's one of the simplest forms of mental preparation: relying on outside factors, like physical appearances, to make the mind and body perform.

Of course, when it comes to getting psyched, it's hard to beat the inner contemplation that causes your body to uncage butterflies, tense muscles and believe that it can push itself beyond the limits of endurance.
Junior Peter Masuda solidifies the game plan in his mind. Madusa's mental efforts on the field and off helped him become one of the SCU soccer team's key players.

Senior Tim Brink contemplates his performance during half time. Identifying mistakes in past games can improve future play.

When the offense is on the field noseguard Greg Cook seizes the opportunity to collect his thoughts and prepare himself to perform when he returns to the field.
Struggling against a charging Cal Lutheran Kingsman, tailback Bryan Smith carries the ball downfield. The Bronco's won their Homecoming game, increasing their win record to 6-1.

Aggressively protecting the ball, Walter Frey battles with an attacking player. Water polo players had to guard against foul play above the water as well as below.
Knowing that a good throw-in is essential to the execution of many plays, sophomore Michelle Myers takes her responsibilities seriously. After recovering from an injury, Myers performed exceptionally during the year's play.

With her eyes focused on the spiraling volleyball, freshman Stacey MacDonough positions herself to bump the ball.

Early morning. The fields are clear, Leavey is empty and the pool is placid. A normal summer sight at SCU. But the quiet morning comes alive with activity as athletes begin to train rigorously for the upcoming season. The fields and Leavey suddenly become electric with physical energy.

Summer — normally a time to earn money, see old friends and tan in the warm sun, a time to escape from school. But the fall sports season demands that athletes return early to school — to perfect skills and develop talents which became dormant during vacation.

While those on vacation hope for clear skies and a fierce sun for a weekend trip to the beach, the fall athletes wish for dark clouds, even a gentle rain. Anything to make long practices bearable under the summer sun.

Fall sports — football, soccer, volleyball, water polo and cross-country — all demand a single characteristic of their athletes. Dedication.

Training. More training. Sometimes three times a day. Aches and pains begin where they've never appeared before. Coaches are well aware the athletes are solely theirs during summer; no mid-terms in sight, no feelings of guilt for demanding such a great deal of time. One day becomes just like the next. Saturday might as well be Monday. The sunset becomes a welcome sight, for with it comes a minimal amount of free time and much needed rest.

School starts and once again the campus fills with students rushing frantically to and from class. Warm days pass and nights become increasingly cold. The fall athletes are in full stride and the hard training of summer becomes evident in competition. Win or lose, all should be proud. The season ends; the work doesn't. Already, there are thoughts of doing better next year.

Warning: Some Sports May Shorten Your Vacation

by Michael Trudeau
It was about 1:30 p.m. when I finally arrived where the team buses stood, tape recorder and pregame notes in hand. Then I waited for the 1985 Bronco football team to arrive. Their destination was Sacramento State University, the third in a series of four consecutive games on the road.

I expected to hear a vast chorus of complaints from the players when they finally did arrive at 2:00 p.m. ... barely on time, as usual. Travelling for three hours on the bus is hardly the most enjoyable way to spend a Saturday afternoon.

But did that annoy or perturb the Broncos? No! In a very businesslike manner, the players and the assistant coaches mounted the bus. Head Coach Terry Malley was the last to get on, and then the buses left; the Broncos going forth to exterminate their WFC rivals, the Hornets. Although this was his first year as head coach, Malley looked like anything but a rookie as he sat calmly in front of the bus, his demeanor that of a seasoned general ready to dispatch his troops into battle, regardless of how difficult the circumstances might be.

The atmosphere on the bus was quiet, the players saving their strength for the game, the assistant coaches passing about the sports section of The San Jose Mercury. The heat which penetrated the bus was stifling but not a complaint could be heard from anyone.

That night the Broncos stung the Hornets in the final minutes, both the offense and defense coming through in the clutch. Unfortunately there weren't many fans to cheer the Broncos' triumph. Indeed, there was little time for immediate celebration; within an hour the team was back on the bus.

Once again the ride was mostly silent, the players catching up on their sleep. The team bus didn't return to SCU until well after midnight. I watched with sleepy eyes as the players unloaded their bags and marched toward the gym to put their equipment away. Most of them probably didn't get to turn in until after 3:00 a.m.

Several weeks later, after the Broncos were nearly finished with their road schedule, Malley remarked how nice it would have been for the team to display their competent performance in front of the home crowd more often, but he said playing in front of opposition crowds on the road didn't bother him or the team.

Based on both what I saw at Sacramento State and their 5-1 record on the road, I can only say truer words were never spoken.
A knee brace, grubby elbows and a battle scarred helmet are the visible signs of a dedicated football player.

A round of "high fives" are shared by senior Chris Hessler and sophomore Ron Uhrich after an interception by Hessler.

Following tradition, Coach Terry Malley leads the Broncos in a pre-game Hail Mary.

Even royalty cannot stop Jim McPhail from gaining yardage. The Broncos defeated the Cal Lutheran Kingsman in SCU's 1985 homecoming game.
FOOTBALL

Terry Malley instructs a defensive player, using that well known sign, the pointed index finger, during a game at USF.

Taking quarterback Greg Calcagno aside to discuss the next offensive drive, Coach Terry Malley advises and listens to his players.

Coach Terry Malley converts information from the press box into instructions for the team. Malley successfully succeeded his father, Pat, and led SCU to win the WFC Championship.
I entered Coach Terry Malley’s office. He sat at a small desk with his back to me and was on the telephone. Resting his head on the receiver and leaning on his right elbow, he assured a father on the other end of the phone that, if the son had what it took academically to get into Santa Clara, he would give the boy a chance to make Santa Clara’s football team.

I stood there quietly for a moment, then rustled some papers to let him know that someone was in the room with him. He turned, smiled, and motioned for me to sit down.

Malley and I were separated by a small movie projector and table on which I placed my tape recorder. While anxiously waiting for him to conclude the conversation, I wondered what he would be like, remembering the hard-nose, tough-guy attitudes of the coaches in high school. When he finished, he turned, extended his hand around the projector, and introduced himself. His greeting was warm and receptive. I immediately felt at ease.

He’s a friendly man who believes in a personal approach to football and where your father left off, and, in fact, win the WFC Championship in your first year?”

“To begin with,” said Malley, “I’m not as good a coach as my father, yet. He was pretty darn good. But at Santa Clara you’re expected to win football games. It’s not good enough to go 7 and 4. We want to be better than that. And I think the tradition, the character, and the type of person we have at Santa Clara is very much responsible for how we did.”

Malley’s style of coaching emphasizes building relationships between players and coaches. He talks a lot about a closeness that exists on his football team.

“What’s different about Santa Clara football that has made it a winner year after year?”

“I don’t think we have better talent,” explained Malley. “We don’t get the Bo Jacksons or the Hershel Walkers, so I think that we have to win because we are pretty darn close and we play pretty hard and we believe we can win.”

Summing up his philosophy on college football, Malley commented, “You have to judge college football on two things: how close your team is, if you really enjoy being with each other, which I thought our team did; and how many of your kids graduate and get a good education. And I’m very proud of that.”

“The most positive thing about the season,” he said, “is that I think people formed bonds that’ll never be broken. You don’t get rich in coaching, so I think that the warm things you take out of it are the good relationships you have.”
WOMEN'S SOCCER

Gaining and maintaining a starting position can be a difficult task for some, but not for Karen Scholte. As a sophomore starter, Scholte perfected her passing skills for such a task.

Using her dribbling and dodging skills, sophomore Jenny Simons manages to outmaneuver her San Francisco opponent. Simons was a transfer student from San Jose State who earned a starting position this season.
Well, here we are the season's done
But you have to admit it's sure been fun.

Our new coach was Marc we named him Big Man.
He made us work hard but was our biggest fan.

Rookie initiation was far from a flop
Except when the Mystery Machine got pulled over by a cop.

The Dammit Run and Cooper Test the drills we had to do,
Thank God that we're seniors fellow teammates good luck to you!

Every team needs a mascot and Joker fit right in.
We brought him to every game to help us win.

We made our first road trip and it sure was fun.
The San Dimas Inn, Pomona and Sizzler for some.

Pre-game lectures were no big deal.
Big Man always gave us the same old spiel:
"Numbers up and no risks in the back; Balls out for everyone and go forward on attack."

A pelota per person, a drill we did alone.
Thank goodness Marc doesn't have a coaching clone.

Overtime became our team's game plan
We like things exciting S.F. State understands.

Berkeley was an overtime we could have done without
Up by two in the second with penalties didn't count!

So now it's over after a season of fun.
We're going to miss you, but it's time to run.

You probably think we say this in jest, But really Bronco Booters you're the best.

Defending the goal can be a lonely job at times. Goalie Kathy McKelligon pauses to watch the progress of her teammates upfield.
Demonstrating fight and determination, fullback Steve Erbst battles a USF player for the ball. Player qualities like these dominated the Santa Clara sponsored WCAC tournament.

Head Coach Ralph Perez articulates his frustration over one of his players’ mistakes. Players on the field were not the only ones who felt the anxiety of competition.

Steam lifted off our bodies in the cool night air. Some heads were hung, others showed anger and disgust, our team had suffered another very disappointing loss. I heard a teammate say what we probably were all thinking, “If games were only ten minutes shorter... damn, why do we always blow it in the end?”

Three fourths of our losses were by one goal towards the end of the game or in overtime. That’s no excuse, though; no one is going to remember when we lost a particular game — they’ll simply remember that we lost.

It seems everyone is anxious to offer excuses: “you’re a young team; those are some excellent teams you’re facing; you’re missing a key player; you haven’t had much experience together.”

“Freshmen? I hate to hear them used as an excuse because they exhibited as much endeavor, skill and pure fight as any senior player. Excuses, excuses. We simply didn’t perform to our capabilities! Period. We appreciate our fans trying to console us and justify our defeats, but the losses came just as hard.

“I really can’t believe we had a losing season; we’d worked so hard and had so much potential,” said Rich. Rich Manning, our captain and an All Far West Player, had to miss most of the season because of injuries.

Although we were forced to play without Rich, we did have a lot of potential to win. I remember preparing ourselves for the anticipated winning season by arriving six weeks before school started and beginning our training. We were in the toughest region of the country. By the end of the season, the top four teams in our league were in the running for National Collegiate Athletic Association playoff bids.

We did prepare. And we played almost step for step with some of the country’s best teams, but we just couldn’t quite pull it off.
The risk of grass burns and bruises doesn't deter freshman David Palic from performing a textbook slide tackle.

Possessing instinctive skill and game sense, freshman goalie Todd Neel rises to capture yet another shot on goal.
Heading “downstream,” freshman starter Bruce Brinkerhoff drives the ball in hopes of scoring a goal. As a walk on, Brinkerhoff performed exceptionally as a “new fish in the water.”

Looking to pass in the hole, Walter Frey gazes beyond his defender. Frey was one of the team’s leading scorers.

Preparing to make a shot on goal, Cem Tycy aims past a Stanford defender. Unfortunately, not enough shots actually found their way home and SCU suffered a defeat against the Cardinals.
To be perfectly honest, my real motive for coming out to this game is to watch my friends play and socialize with the rest of the crowd that comes out to party and make a difference in the game. The Sig Ep boys and their affiliates are on the wall again — drinking their Coors and yelling for their "brothers" on the team. They're always out here enjoying a sunny Friday afternoon by Leavey pool and preparing themselves for a wild weekend.

"GO, WALT!"  
"GO, BRONCOS!"  
"GO, FREY!"

All the cheers are mixed in confusion as junior Walt Frey races for the ball. YEAH, it's ours; Walt always seems to win the face off. Brian Crane, a junior teammate, remarks, "Walt's a good guy for that," he wins close to 90% of the sprints.

The game is off to a good start. Tomás Navarro, a driver, holds off a pushy opponent.  
WHISTLE.

Penalty against the other team for dirty play under the water. 30 seconds on the side.

Tomás passes in the hole to Walt. He's immediately attacked by #6 on the other team.  
WHISTLE. Another 30 second penalty.

"Are they ever going to score, Chris?" "They will, Annie, just wait. They have to set it up with one of the drivers first. They're the guys in the back. Bruce Brinkerhoff is one of them. Brian told me he's one of their leading scorers."

Even after explaining it to someone else, it's still frustrating watching them pass it back and forth without an open shot at the cage.

"NO WAY. HE CAN'T DO THAT," accompanies angry complaints from Ralph Godoy, a spectator. But the penalty is called. The shot should be Tomás' but Coach Curry yells, "Walt takes it." Tomás takes it anyway. "I didn't hear him," he says.

Tomás lines up with the goalie...zoning in on the eyes...cheers from the crowd supporting him...right arm up and body rising halfway out of the water...Tomás fires the ball — right into the corner of the goal. High fives everywhere.  

"Hey, dude, high five!" Ralph almost falls over a mother in his celebration, but the Broncos are already warding off goals while the good humor continues.

"Shift right."  
"Lally — cover this guy — he's open."  
"Annie, that's Mark Machado, the goalie. He's a sophomore and supposed to direct them when they're on defense."

"Sometimes it doesn't work — like right now when someone just cruises past." Oh, well. One goal won't kill us.

1:21 left in the game. I really hope they win. It's hard to play a full game with no subs and these guys have to push themselves so much of the time. They've won most of their home games, so maybe this will follow suit.

Ralph, Kevin, and Tim lead us in one last cheer,  
"One, two, three, 'GO BRONCOS."  
And go they do — we win by two.

by Christina Pehl

After stealing the ball from a Stanford player, Brian Crane scans the water for an open teammate. Crane played a key role in both offensive and defensive play.
Thoughts of my teammates and our constant struggle for speed crowd my mind as I stand at the line waiting for the gun to send us on yet another 6.2 mile endurance test.

How fast should I go out in the first mile? I've got to make the top ten! Portland's team looks tough. I hope we can beat them. Damn, I wish this uniform fit better. My God, it's hot for November! Hope Bill can do all right in this heat. Oh no, did I drink enough water? Rory looks mean — good! We better get new uniforms next year; jeez, this top is small! Runners set...

BANG!

We're off! The crowd waits for us at the top of the hill. The home crowd cheers — my God, we actually have people here cheering for us. This inspirational noise pushes us to run within striking distance of Portland. The runners around me struggle for position.

Four miles into the race and I'm hurting badly. I recall what it took to get here: months of physical and mental preparation.

Countless miles in the foothills, pushing our bodies to the limit in the hot sun. And that brutal speedwork on the track.

Great! Dave and Bill are passing Portland's fifth man. I've got to pass him, too! I can see Rory up there in third place. Listen to those cheers. Ron must be behind me. Damn! I can't seem to get enough air. There's no spring left in my stride. Think, Mike! There's too much at stake here to slow down now.

With a chuckle, I recall the "beloved" form drills that Assistant Coach Bob Herndon incorporated into our training. He always challenges us to push harder. As I tighten up and slow down, I remember the encouraging words of our head coach, Sam Imelli: "It's O.K." he would stress. "The season is young — Conference Finals is the race that counts!"
Oh no, Ron is passing me. I've got to stay with him! Could it be that all five of us are in the top ten? I've got to sprint now — just a couple hundred more yards.

We made it!

They're bringing me to lie down on a mat at the first aid station where I can catch my breath. Here comes Sam to let me know how we did:

"You guys ran great! Five of you were in the top ten."

"Finally! How about Rory?"

"He took third. He ran a fine race. You ALL ran well."

"Did Portland beat us?"

"Only by eleven points.

They've never had to contend with another team putting five guys in the top ten. We went 3, 7, 8, 9, 10 and Chad and Paul finished sixteenth and seventeenth out of fifty-six runners in all."

Getting up now, I see how my teammates are doing. Everyone looks exhausted. Though we're all tired and sore, everyone is joking around and smiling because we know we ran our best.

We've earned ourselves a trip to Seattle where we will compete in the NCAA District 8 Championships.

The women's team anxiously awaits the starting gun at the WCAC championships; Helen Powers and Gretchen Maurer exhibit the form that carried them to a 3rd and 6th place finish, looking a bit tired, Rory O'Taherty pushes himself to place 3rd, while Ron Forsell and Mike White, following closely behind, placed 9th and 10th, respectively. In his first year as a coach, at SCU, Head Coach Sam Imelli proudly watches the men finish 2nd and the women finish 5th.
WOMEN’S VOLLEYBALL

Hopeful eyes watch as Soraya Rashid prepares to spike the ball. Learning to spike was a skill freshmen polished through hours of practice.

Instruction and enthusiasm are the tools Coach Mary Ellen Murchison uses to encourage her team to braver heights.

Leaping high, senior Sharon Silver and freshman Soraya Rashid successfully manage to get a touch on a block. Blocking, a vital part of any volleyball game, was not always an easy technique to master.

In receiving positions, freshman Stacy MacDonough and senior Laura Hollis Schuck anxiously await a USIU service. SCU went on to defeat USIU in this important game.
It was a transition year. The team played its first season in the WCAC — moving down from the harder NORPAC. The “quieter” older players were on their way out and the go-get’em freshmen anxiously took over center court.

I popped this one question to senior Linda Hollis: how would you describe your feelings about the team if I gave you one minute?

"Frustrating," she replied. "I thought our expectations were not quite met and that made it difficult to play with all the intensity we could. I don't think it was necessarily due to injury, but that was a big part of it." (The setter, Kathy Mitchell, was out half the season.) "I think, in general, we didn't have too many hard times and we enjoyed each other's company as a team. But it was, I think, more disappointing for me as a senior than it was for anyone else, because I wanted to win the WCAC my senior year. I wanted that banner up on the ceiling."

I didn't think a 17 and 16 record was that bad — second in WCAC with an 8-4 record. It was the second winning volleyball record and the second consecutive winning season. But, yeah, I guess it could be a little frustrating when you are a senior — the last season, and you wanted to make the top twenty, and you wanted the banner. I can understand.

Well maybe next year they'll have a better chance of making it big. Junior Betsy Roemer says her team does, "We have the potential to be a top twenty team next year." Of course, they do. Have you heard about the freshmen they had this year? According to Hollis, "Stacey (MacDonough) did well... Soraya (Rashid) was amazing. She was an average player when she came in and she left the season with a 100 percent improvement. And Rosalyn Hortch has probably got one of the fastest arm swings on the team and is going to be unstoppable in the next two or three years. Incredible."

The transition was not only between leagues, but player personalities. Coach Mary Ellen Murchison recruited freshmen who were "really competitive and really aggressive." Hollis says the older players were "more passive."

Murchison explains that the freshmen were "competitive in a different way." Roemer confirms the freshmen were indeed "more aggressive, more so than older players. ...It's a mentality. "...Definitely more aggressive...than the other people," adds Hollis. Murchison says that volleyball is no longer a sport "small women can play." She's recruiting the aggressive types to set up SCU volleyball to spike the top 20. "The days of frustration are over," she says. With all this aggressiveness, I wanted to know who these freshman beasts were. Did they growl and spit when they hit?

MacDonough certainly doesn't look like she'd snarl on court. Take my word for it, she looks friendly enough — blond hair, tall (obviously), but not threatening. She said that she "smiles" when she makes a good kill. Roemer was right. Aggressiveness is a mentality, not a reality of beast-like court performance, just determination, I think.

And, the "freshman takeover," as MacDonough called it, is nearing completion. They are taller and reaching farther. Hollis says, "It's going to work. I know that her (Murchison's) recruiting philosophy is going to work eventually."

So, yeah, maybe they'll start winning. But winning doesn't always score highest on some players' rosters. Hollis didn't get her banner, but it was still worth it to her. "Volleyball is really a growing up experience," she says. If I didn't play, I know that I'd really be missing out on a lot."
Leaping high, Vuong Tran successfully blocks a Chico State spike. Despite the loss of a coach, the team continued to play with the assistance of two players who took on coaching responsibilities.
WHAT IT MEANS TO PERSEVERE

The men’s volleyball team searches for new direction.

by Jerome Sherman

Tom's ghetto blaster sits on the floor along the wall, steadily pulsing with Sting singing "Roxxxxanne." Practice is over for the night. Most of the team is sitting on the floor, stretching and sweating in the Leavey humidity. Only Mike and Charlie are still on their feet, working endlessly on a spike that will hit the opposite corner every time.

Dress is casual — splashy, flowery beach trunks are the norm on the upper east court. Bright sleeveless T's give some players more freedom of movement. Coach Vuong calls the eleven together, their wide white knee-pads now pulled comfortably down to encircle their ankles.

A few announcements and practice is officially over. Chris brings in about a dozen small bags of ice and all but two or three guys take one to administer to various aches and pains. Playing on the court's concrete-like tile has caused many bruises and burns for those diving after an errant ball. Unlike Leavey's main wood court, the tile is unyielding, so much so that virtually the entire team suffers from painful shin splints. More than a few knees and backs have begun to scream from the repeated leaps and landings the players make.

Still, the scene is much improved from that of mid-December, when the men's volleyball team had no coach, no league, no schedule, and almost no hope. Most returning players had been training daily since early October, but those unwilling to commit to what seemed a hopeless venture dropped out.

The team was replaced in the Northern California Collegiate Volleyball League by Cal Poly-SLO, and the Athletic Department was prepared to eliminate the team altogether, until two graduate students, Vuong Tran and Jeff Silver, agreed to act as player-coaches. Vuong took charge of daily practices, and Jeff, on a minimal budget, secured a temporary schedule of twenty-six games, two with every team in the league, and acquired new uniforms, equipment, and status in the department.

Now, talking to the guys on the way home, it's easy to see newly emerging feelings of optimism and confidence. Vuong and Jeff are pleased with the team's hard work and dedication, improvements in the fundamentals of the game and their positive mental outlook.

Tom predicts a .500 season (a major step up from the last two dismal years) and possibly the start of a climb back to when SCU placed third in its league.

The coaches' comments signify a love for the sport, a desire to represent the school well, and a wish to elevate the sport at SCU, maybe even bringing the Santa Clara-St. Mary's rivalry to men's volleyball. Jeff and Vuong say it's their baby, and, though they are trying to be patient, they hope this season will be the catalyst for future University-wide support, and team success.
Protecting her flag, Daja Phillips puts some slick moves on the opposition. Plays like this and quick thinking led Daja’s team to the semi-finals.

A SALUTE TO THE FLAG!

by Erin Kinney

What a headache! I can't play today. Somebody call Dawn and tell her I'm dead. What do you mean she's coming over to check? All right, I'll play. But if I get sick on the football, Lisa's not going to want to run the option.

Michelle, yellow flags do match your outfit — don't worry about it. Why does everyone on this team always look hung over? Matt, do you have any Ritz crackers?

"O.K., you guys, let's be serious. We've got to win this year — we're seniors. We have no more years to blame it on our hangovers." "Dawn, try not to talk so loud. O.K."

"OH-MY-GOD! Look at the size of the other team — they're huge. Why do we have to go through with this?"

"All right, Erin, on the first series we'll run option right, then option left, then a quick post about ten yards out — try to hit Chris over the top. Then, a quick screen to Vicky if they're blitzing their linebackers."

"O.K., John, I got it." "C'mon, everybody huddle up, O.K. Everybody go out for a pass — on two — ready — break."

"Kecia, there's blood on your face. What are you doing? This is just intramurals. Gross! It's coming out in globules — I'm gonna be sick."

"Hey, Jeanette, are we the Wangalulu's this year or are we the Raleigh Hills Rejects?"

"Here's the play John wants us to run. Great. O.K., Annie, hit that girl hard and — wait, does anybody know what all these X's mean? Oh well, everybody just go out for a pass again."

"Did you hear that one girl — she's growling. O.K., this isn't rugby — Get off me! Dawn, you said this was gonna be fun. I think she broke my nail. That girl tackled me. Oh no! She broke my bra strap."

"C'mon, Michelle, stop picking on Gina."

"Oh my God. I can't believe we won. Us — there's no way. I'd like a large shirt, please. John, that was a terrific play you called."

"Does anybody have any aspirin?"

"I can't believe people do this, Dawn, do you know that it's 9:00 in the morning. I don't even have classes this early. What do you mean, intramurals is part of our educational experience? Do you really think that playing football in the mud is part of our educational experience?"

"Hey, Lisa, do you think people do this because they're bored or because they need an excuse for all the tater tots they eat in Benson?"

"I don't know. Dawn says it's because it's fun and it brings us all together. Personally, I'm here to check out who the referees are."

"Now that the game's over, I think we should go over to Benson and reward ourselves with those tater tots."
The sun was low in the sky as a defeated West Valley College tennis player let go of his racquet and simply lay down on SCU's front court. SCU captain, Steve Otten, and his doubles partner, Frank Seitz, exchanged confident glances; they had won a decisive victory over their opponents.

In Coach Cliff Barrett's office, smiling, sweating athletes streamed through the door, their moods of confidence and excitement evident. Their rigorous pre-season drills had paid off.

Steve Otten enthusiastically explained to me the importance of both skills and conditioning in his sport: "Quickness with control is what I emphasize during drills."

"The man is an animal," interrupted senior Jim Miller.

Coach Barrett calmly stated his coaching objectives: "Once we get the skills down, we throw in all the conditioning, and we have a fine Santa Clara machine."

A few yards behind the tennis courts is the field occupied by third year coach Gary Podesta and the SCU lacrosse team. Armed with helmets, heavy protective gloves and netted crosses, the team takes on the air of medieval warriors. Their conditioning is no less rigorous. Led by a good-natured coach and enthusiastic captain, Tim Brink, SCU lacrosse is on its way to becoming a competitive force.

Inside Toso Pavilion, the women's basketball team is rigorously practicing for an upcoming game. Above the clamor of the women's basketball team, the sound of Santa Clara men's basketball, Carroll Williams, speaks of his team with pride and respect. Speaking first of the team's poor start this year, he warmly recalls their gradual development throughout the season, "This team has improved more than any team I've had at Santa Clara!"

What makes a basketball team in the building stage work? Williams uses a fundamental approach to coaching, which accommodates less experienced players. That means rigorous conditioning as well as drills on the fundamentals of the sport. Coach Williams says, "It's all mental and physical rehearsal."

Whether it takes place on the lacrosse field, the tennis courts, or the basketball courts in Toso Pavilion, it is the ironclad determination of coaches and players that made SCU's winter sports come alive.
Jeff Silver inspires the men's volleyball team to work toward unity and victory, proving it takes more than Hawaiian shorts to motivate a team. Silver was one of two teammate coaches.

Out maneuvering three USF players, sophomore Debbie Dyson attempts a lay-up. Dyson averaged 9.8 points in the WCAC.
In a tense moment during the Nevada-Reno game, Coach Ken Thompson pulls Debbie Dyson and Kendra Curtis aside to give them new offensive instructions. The women hoopsters won the tight game 79-75.

Watching her shot fly towards the net during the final two minutes of the game, Cindy Meckenstock helps the team's offensive effort. Unfortunately, it wasn't enough to pull off a comeback against USF; SCU lost 84-67.
As I sat in the cubicle of space reserved for the Santa Clara women's basketball team discussing old times and new with Coach Ken Thompson, I tried to picture what it was like eight years ago. It may have only been an eight-year span, but in that time Thompson had seen many changes.

Bigger players. Better players. An increased budget. A more complex offense and defense and more responsibilities for the coaching staff.

Turning back the clock, I picture players no bigger than 5'10", most of them smaller, slowly, deliberately moving the ball up the court. Their offensive game plan was simple; look for an open post player and dump it inside. Their offensive game plan was simple; look for an open post player and dump it inside. Their offensive game plan was simple; look for an open post player and dump it inside.

Travel and coaching responsibilities were different, as well as player abilities.

Thompson narrated what it was like during the early stages of development. I saw ten players climbing into a school van with their playing gear. Then came Thompson and his assistant, Debbie Chau, the self-appointed drivers. What followed was a long, tiresome drive to Los Angeles.

Fortunately, it wasn't too hot — it was during the Christmas break. The players were not concerned with missed classes or reduced study time, only the boring, long, long rides.

Naturally, in its earlier stages, the women's basketball program had a low budget. There used to be room for only three scholarships. Now, Coach Thompson has six and a half to use to his advantage.

Although there's more emphasis on recruiting and scouting, Thompson has it relatively easier than when he first arrived. A busy Thompson used to rush about handling the schedule, ordering the equipment, and figuring out practice plans. But the rough times have long since passed.

Looking at the 1986 team in action during the practice season, I saw the improvement of the players' skills at every position. Power forward Dorinda Lindstrom handles the ball like a guard. Shooting guard Suzy Meckenstock displays her shooting skill during a contest against USF.

Despite an effort to block her shot, Clair Stoermer perseveres to add two points to the Bronco's score. Stoermer further contributed four rebounds in this game against USF.

While sister Cindy looks on, senior guard Suzy Meckenstock displays her shooting skill during a contest against USF. Meckenstock not only led SCU in scoring for the game with 22 points, but also set a single season scoring record with 460 points in 28 games.
Adding two points in a game at St. Mary's, sophomore center Dan Weiss contributes to a 74-71 Bronco victory over the Gaels.
"This year there were a lot of young people forced to play and mature,... but I never felt threatened by a younger player, ... a lot of things weren't clear to younger players about the system. They looked to Steve (Kenilvort) and me for understanding — they just needed someone to look up to," says Kenny Mulkey while scanning basketball proof sheets for a good 8"x10". He can't wait for graduation and is proud that his family will watch him "walk up on that stage and get my diploma — after four years!"

As one of only two seniors leaving the team, Kenny also thinks the younger players on the team "do pretty well... something to build on this year." Freshman Mitch Butler had 23 points in the win against San Francisco State, center Dan Weiss had 19 points against Pepperdine, and Jens Gordon had 18 points in the San Jose State game and led the team in blocked points. Gordon was a key force in the upset victory over Loyola.

Despite Weiss' points in the Pepperdine game, the team lost 64-60. However Pepperdine was ranked 20th in the nation at the time and finished first in the West Coast Athletic Conference (WCAC), while Santa Clara ended-up fifth with a 7-7 record.

Chris Lane, a sophomore starter, was also a key player on the team this year. "Overall this year and last year I looked up to them. They have a lot to teach," said Lane about his senior teammates. At one point the team was 1-5 in the WCAC — a sharp contrast to last season when the team went on to the NIT (National Invitational Tournament). But Mulkey attributes the comeback to the period when "we were losing and not really knowing why we were losing. Everyone hung in there and had a lot of pride. It helped us in the Pepperdine and Loyola games."

"At other schools," says Lane, "it's not possible to be so close. As freshmen we did a lot together and became good friends. Youth hurt us in the beginning, but at the end of the season, when we played Pepperdine, we matured and I think we'll have a better attitude going into next year. It's good our team is so young — some guys don't get enough experience until their junior year."

Pushing above a determined defense, freshman Jens Gordon aims for the backboard.

Spirited players cheer on their teammates during SCU's first clash with rival USF in three years. The Bronco victory was led by camaraderie among the men.

A drive down the center gives Ken Mulkey a chance to score two. One of only two seniors on the squad, Mulkey was an inspiration to his teammates.
I sit in an office, across from the battle-weary face of Coach Carroll Williams, a face that has endured years of coaching here at SCU. The face shows concern, is optimistic, yet realistic. The record, after all, is 9-14, and speaks for itself...or does it?

"You can't equate performance and personality with winning," said Williams, "because these are really good kids. You have to keep it all in perspective."

What's this? Perspective? C'mon. This is intercollegiate athletics in the 80's — land of corruption and win at all costs. Just what kind of program do you run?

"Well, because of the academic standards here, we don't get the great athletes. We want the kids who are ready to compete, work hard and improve. We try to get the best out of each player, so it depends on how badly the kids want it."

I look up to see two NIT basketballs from 1984 and 1985 on the shelf above the coach's desk. There will not be a 1986 addition. The talent has graduated, so it's back to the basics for Coach Williams.

"I don't know if we've used that different an approach this year, as we've just tried not to be as complicated as we were in the past with our more experienced players."

This has meant a return to the fundamentals of basketball. Numerous basketball theory books stand on Williams's desk, his frequently-blown whistle in a curl next to the phone.

"We've dropped back to teaching the fundamentals, but, then we've always done that. We just haven't gotten that technical beyond that point."

The results have not been all that encouraging.

"We've had some disappointing losses this year. Davis on the road, St. Mary's at home; teams we felt we should have beaten. It's much harder to bounce back from a loss. You have to recharge your batteries each day."

Ah, morale — so essential to a successful campaign. But, according to Williams, it hasn't suffered in spite of the losing. Is this because Santa Clara athletics is based on a "student-athlete" concept with emphasis on both parts?

"Our kids study on the road; other schools' [students] don't. In the last six years only one player hasn't graduated. Considering the road trips and the missed classes, I'm proud of that."

But that still doesn't ease the pain of losing. Even in this "rebuilding" year there's still pressure to win.

"The pressure is self-imposed by the coaching staff. Trying to get kids to perform to the level of expectancy, ready to play the game. Our job is to get them prepared."

But at 9-14, how prepared can that be?

"Ask any West Coast WCAC coach and they will tell you — we are a very tough team to play against. Play smart, play hard. Play harder than the other team, then there's a better chance to win. Afterwards you shake hands if you lose; feel happy if you win — but keep it all in perspective."

During a home court win, Dan Weiss successfully wards off two poaching defenders. He went on to rack-up 19 points, 11 rebounds, and a career high of 4 assists.
Ellen Namkoong

Rising above the tide, Jens Gordon, a starting freshman, puts a power move on a Pepperdine player. Unfortunately, the Waves won, adding a defeat to SCU's season record of 12-16.

Listening intently, Matt Wilgenbush receives sideline advice from Head Coach Carroll Williams which helped SCU defeat NIT-bound Loyola-Marymount by 10 points. In his 16 years as head coach, Williams has earned the respect of players, staff, and fellow coaches.

Keeping the defense on their toes is one of senior Steve Kenilvort's specialties. An essential member of the SCU squad, Steve was voted Most Valuable Player and elected to the All WCAC Team.
Leaping after the call, junior Joe Murray goes up for the ball during a line out against Cal Berkeley. Despite the effort, SCU lost to the old Blues 16-12.
A cool, clear morning — too early for most. The bright, not yet warm sun sits atop the horizon of the warehouse roofs.

 Bodies cringe as they descend to the ground covered with dew, which inevitably penetrates the layers of supposedly protective clothing.

 Tight muscles resist the painful strain of stretching. The banter begins:

 "Hey, Ubie, see if you can touch your knees this time."

 "Shutup, Kollas!"

 "Oh, man! Who was drinking Heidelberg last night? That thing has teeth on it. I hope the owner of that isn't in the scrum!"

 "I hope this field isn't too hard. That could make for a long day."

 "Oh $*! Look at their scrum. They have a couple of heavyweights — not a good sign."

 Heads begin to clear, and the reality of the match settles upon the athletes. Bodies have shaken off the hibernum blankets and prepare for the grueling test to come. Somehow the fifteen individual, sleepy, disoriented, shells of human beings have jelled to form a cohesive, efficient unit.

 "O.K. Backs over here with Barry."

 "Forwards warm up here."

 "Think about what we have to do. We're smaller than these guys, so think about technique."

 "Forwards, we have to stay lower than them in the scrums and rucks."

 "Backs, think about good, clean passes and your lanes on defense. We can't get burned."

 "Out of nowhere a whistle blows."

 "CAPTAINS!"

 "O.K. Let's get in here. We're receiving. C'mon, everybody in here."

 "Forwards, we have to stay lower than them in the scrums and rucks."

 "Backs, think about good, clean passes and your lanes on defense. We can't get burned."

 "Out of nowhere a whistle blows."

 "CAPTAINS!"

 "O.K. Let's get in here. We're receiving. C'mon, everybody in here together — 1, 2, 3 SCUTS!"

 The team takes the field. The forwards match the opposing pack on the right. The back line files back from the forwards at an angle.

 The opposing kicker sets the ball in the soft pitch at midfield. As the kicker finds his spot, the receiving pack gets ready:

 "Call, Catch, Turn, Bind, Strip, Let's go!"

 Fingers and hands twitch in vain attempts at relaxing tense muscles.

 "The kicker approaches the ball, and there is an instant of silence. The thud of the ball triggers a hollow feeling in the stomach."

 As the ball floats awkwardly toward the pack, eight lumbering behemoths descend upon the receiving pack.

 "I got it! Me! Me! Me!"

 "Umph! Aagh! Oh $*!"

 It will all be over in 80 minutes.

 Preventing Berkeley's back from advancing, all around player, Rich Kelly, "wraps up" his opponent. Kelly was instrumental in the SCUTS's successful sweep of the National Collegiate Sports Festival in Daytona Beach, Florida.
With her top notch forehand, Christine Rehwinkel matches skill with strength.

With the concentration that made him the team's no. 2 player, Steve Otten smashes a backhand.
Is tennis an individual sport? Of course it is. When I was young it was terribly individual. I can remember standing alone on one side of the net and brawling it out with the guy on the other side — just he and I. The other guys on the SCU team experienced the same feeling of isolation. They played for themselves, no one else. Things are a bit different now, though.

College tennis is not the individual sport we played when we were young. Sure, some aspects of the game still remain individual. There are just two folkson seventy feet apart separated by a net — no coach making the plays or player substitutions — just the competitors. Alone. But there's more than just a solo element on the SCU courts.

We have ten players with unique pasts and personalities who have come together under the California sun to form a powerful team. We function as a unit, despite our differences in character and culture. And we certainly are different!

Perhaps our most noticeable difference is our diversity in nationality. Antonio del Rosario, who's pure poetry on the court, comes from the Philippines with a junior world ranking in the top fifteen. He's at the top — where poetry used to be. We also have two freshmen, Derik and John, who are from Hong Kong. And Frank Seitz says he's from Monterey but he's all German.

In addition to cultural diversity, we've also got religious diversity. The captain, "C.B." Barrett, is convinced he's got Jesus on his side. I think that's why he's so good.

Then of course, there are the wholesome All-American boys like the Fowler brothers and the mellow characters like the Sanchez twins, Adam and Chris. Adam and Chris have every situation under control.

And a diversified team wouldn't be complete without personalities including sharp heads, quick wits and blank faces.

We're individuals who have very dissimilar backgrounds with tennis as the binding force. We've come from everywhere — the Philippines, Hong Kong, Chicago, Monterey, Yakima, Colorado and someplace in Wisconsin — to form a completely new team — better than SCU has ever had. It's also the best. The '85 season was SCU's best ever and the '86 team appears to be even more promising. If the first match of the season against a nationally ranked team is any indication of the '86 season, a lot of thrills lie ahead.
"Going for the strike" is Dan "Pumpkin" Bielaski's motto when competing for SCU's bowling team. In his first year with the team Bielaski averaged 160 with a high game of 210.

The Northern California Two Man Best Ball Tournament provides junior Paul Boggini with a chance to show off his golfing skill as teammate junior Brian Morton gives encouragement. Boggini and his partner, junior Hap Albers, finished in the top 20 of the 160 teams that played the Spyglass Golf Club course.

With his ball resting in his hands, sophomore James Lo concentrates on his next move. Lo visualized the path the ball would take before each bowl which helped his average of 170.
Once again I, the over zealous golfing type, find myself pondering the question that has puzzled and intrigued mankind for eons: what is it that golf, bowling and Santa Clara have in common? Well...to be perfectly honest, I wasn't quite sure myself until the yearbook, that is 
The Redwood, staff asked me to write an article on the unknown sports of Santa Clara. Fortunately, this work was limited to only golf and bowling and not all of the unknown sports that our school actively participates in. (This decision alone probably saved The Redwood millions of dollars and thousands of hours in researching the mere existence of some of the other unknown sports clubs at SC, such as the Ping-Pong club and the inter-collegiate tiddlee-wink rehabilitation club).

Shocking as it may be, Santa Clara does indeed have an inter-collegiate golf team, playing such schools as USF, UOP, St. Mary's and other teams in the WCAC — you know those schools we love to hate. More stunning than the sudden awareness of SC's golf team is that Santa Clara also has an inter-collegiate bowling team and has had one for the past eleven years, competing against schools in central California. This region includes Stanford, Fresno St., Davis, and Cal Berkeley to name but a few.

However, setting aside these seemingly insignificant similarities and the fact that both sports use balls of various size, golf and bowling have virtually nothing in common. Take, for instance, the scoring systems. The last person to boast after shooting 300 at San Jose Municipal golf links is now currently undergoing electro-shock at Agnews State. Conversely, if I were to bowl 72, I would seriously consider accusing my opponent of putting Vaseline in my holes (guilty or not it's still a good excuse). This alone is enough to disband any possible association between the two sports, other than their ability to entrance spectators into a semi-comatose state.

Another striking distinction between the two is the location these sports take place. Ever seen an outdoor bowling alley? Or Jack Nicklaus hit his 3-wood across the room? Of course not! Golf was designed for the outdoorsman, while bowling will always be America's 2nd favorite indoor sport.

Like it or not Santa Clara golf and bowling are here to stay (hopefully). Despite the fact that the average Joe Six-pack knows of golf and bowling only because of the peculiar fashions, these sports still maintain an adequate level of interest and popularity, even here at SC. Besides, what's wrong with the way these athletes dress? Plaid pants and argyle underwear? No wonder golfers can only play as foursomes. As for bowling, polyester pants and velour shirts will always be bold fashion to me. For now the only question remaining is the moral issue of whether these activities are actually sports. Is there more to bowling than just pizza and beer? And of course, what is the purpose of a golf cart?
NBA form and unusual grace are shown in junior Mike Trudeau's jump shot. Trudeau's team, K-2 Manning, went on to play in the semi-finals.

Pressure from defender Kim Kapferer didn't stop sophomore Carol Achtein from getting her shot off. Women's and men's intramural basketball offered many students a break from academic pressures.

Muscling his way between Clarke Nelson and Eric Berghoff, Steve Schulist puts down two as his teammate, Tom Schulte, blocks Dave Lewinski. Schulist's shooting led the team to the second round of the championships.
Winter quarter... bleak, rainy, cold, moody... Is there an end to the dreariness? A great white hope? The answer lies deep within an institutional tradition that still thrives today at SCU.

I can picture it so clearly: Wednesday mornings, Sunday afternoons, and even Tuesday nights, a migration of students bear the elements as they make their way past the cafeteria, sidetrack the library, and bypass the country club dorm rooms toward Leavey, the athletic realm of our campus. Relief is here when winter intramurals begin. Basketballs and soccer balls serve for the release of built up frustrations and aggressions. And for those on our campus who could care less about the stress of winter quarter (you know the kind; those who catch a movie on the night before their stats test), I should also include the universal motivation: fun.

Two characters who share this motivation are Arnie and Kurt. They're seniors now who have been friends since winter quarter of their freshman year. But they haven't always been friends.

As freshmen, Arnie lived on the first floor of Swig, while Kurt lived on the tenth. And anyone who has lived in Swig knows that rivalry between floors can be fierce. The freshman class of 1982 was no exception. Thus, Kurt and Arnie were not exactly buddies. Actually, they were enemies. It also happened that they both were the captains of their intramural basketball teams and, as fate would have it, had to play each other one January morning.

In the spirit of competition, the teams bet a keg on the game. I don't even know who won; I just know there was a party after the game and, at some point, two people who didn't even like each other were brought together. Now they're great friends.

Who knows, they might have become friends anyway, but then my story wouldn't be nearly as interesting. Anyhow, most of the students don't really play with a compelling drive to win; as Kurt said simply, "I've played for four years because I love to play basketball and it's a hell of a lot of fun." Arnie laughed. "It's especially a blast when we have to get up for a 10 a.m. game on a Sunday, everyone's still in bed, and no one will answer their phone."

And that's about what intramurals comes down to — having a hell of a lot of fun while competing with friends and sometimes... ah... not such good friends. One thing is for certain. Intramurals add an exciting dimension to college life that can't be experienced in the classroom. Perhaps that's why they're so popular with the students. After all, why else would anyone want to get up early on a Wednesday morning.
INTO THE SUN
ONTARIO THE FIELD

by Jerry Sherman

We were lying out in the Gardens on Wednesday. It must have been about 2:30 p.m. when I noticed Amy wasn’t with us anymore. Oh, she had to go to practice, Pete told me. We’d only been out for about an hour, and I felt sorry for Amy. I imagined her leaving, reluctantly gathering up her books and towel and all of it smelling of coconut oil. Everyday (even Wednesdays) she had to stop whatever she was doing, grab her racket and head to the courts for tennis practice. What a pain, I thought, gazing at the sun-worshippers lying glistening across the soft grass. Running around in this heat punching a furry fluorescent ball back and forth over a net is not the most pleasant way to spend an afternoon. And then the uniforms with those little flying skirts that don’t really conceal anything. Think how limited your tan would be!

Looking around, I noticed that most of the good spots were taken by people I recognized as regulars. But, oddly enough, I found myself not thinking about the people I saw, but instead about the ones I didn’t see and hardly ever saw anymore.

Like Barbara, who rows crew. Earlier in the year I saw her all the time. Now it seems as if she’s dropped from sight. She’s up at four every day (even Wednesdays) and off to row at Lexington. Then she goes to class, just like everybody else, and in the afternoon locks herself in her room and does her homework. In fact, she’s probably either in her room or in the library right now. I thought as I rolled onto my stomach to tan my back. Besides that, she can’t go to parties (not even on weekends), and has to go to bed between ten and eleven every night. Talk about living hell! I couldn’t handle that, I thought, gathering my untouched books, watching a couple of cute freshmen walk over to the water fountain. Sometimes I don’t even start studying until ten. And she gets up two hours after I usually go to bed. Why would anyone ever want to put themselves through that?

Not all spring sports are that bad, I thought as I walked back to my room, past the sand courts outside Dunne where I stopped to watch Chris and Tom beat two other guys in volleyball. They have it pretty good; put on the longest, gaudiest Hawaiian shorts possible, slap on a coat of lotion, and get in some pre-practice hits to impress the girls. I could understand a sport like that. But crew at 4 a.m.? Maybe in another life.

Once I got to my room, I found that once again I just couldn’t bear hitting the books so early in the day. Dan suggested we catch the end of the baseball game against St. Mary’s. That’s when I thought of going to the women’s softball game. I had heard they were having the best season in years. But at that point I couldn’t imagine dragging myself all the way to Lafayette Park, so I stuck to the baseball game.

Walking over to Buck Shaw Stadium, I couldn’t stop wondering why anyone would want to stand in a baseball field, wearing long, tight pants, sweating and baking in the hot sun when they could be sitting in the bleachers drinking beer with Dan and me.

We won the game. Ernie took the win when Dave knocked in the winning run in the 10th. The dugout emptied as the team surged forward to congratulate Dave as well as themselves. That’s when it hit me, like a bat to the back of the head, that this was why they stood in the dirt and grass, waiting to catch a hard, little, sewed-up ball. And this was also why Amy faithfully leaves every day for the monotony of practicing her overhead smash, and Barbara drags herself from her warm, soft bed in what most would call the middle of the night. They do it because they want to, because they enjoy exerting themselves, knowing it’s the only way to feel that glow of coming out on top after any stiff competition. And that’s something that will last longer than any spring tan ever would.
Digging in, first baseman Missy Alongi sends the ball into left field for a single. Alongi's consistent batting helped the softball team rack up its 26-12 record, the best ever.

Gracefully skimming the water, the freshman eight strenuously work toward a win against USD during a duel at Redwood Shores. Wins like this propelled the frosh eight to third place in the Pacific Coast championships.

While being illegally crosschecked Lou Dombroski attempts to pass the ball.
Anticipating the throw, catcher Chris McCall positions himself for a tag at home during a game against San Jose State.

Up and over! Joe Gosland watches his homerun hit soar. Gosland drove two players home when he connected for his third homerun of the season during this game against San Jose State.

Legs stretched and neck strained, pitcher John Savage strives to fire a strike. Savage won the game against St. Mary's for the Broncos, 9-6.

A deadeye throw by Jeff Dibono to first base successfully completes a double play for the Broncos. The Broncos continued the fantastic play to win the game against San Jose State 20 to 6.
I say my prayers every night before I go to bed. Sometimes I pray that the ability God gave me will shine in the following day's game. When I awake, I peer through the window to check the weather. I sigh in relief at the sight of the sun's glare over the southern mountains. I always seem to play better in warm weather.

After breakfast, I jump into my car and head toward the liquor store to stock up on sunflower seeds. A favorite tune comes on the radio as I continue toward the gym. The music sends my mind spinning about the game. I suddenly feel a sharp rush of intensity as I imagine my bat crushing a baseball. By the time I reach my locker, I'm feeling pretty good. The guys are busy putting on their uniforms. Some are throwing tightly rolled-up socks while others are taunting their teammates about previous experiences. After I button up my pin-striped jersey, I walk to the training room to get my ankle taped. As I look around the room, I notice that most of the guys who won't be playing today are joking around. They seem a lot looser than myself.

I leave the training room to play catch with a teammate, then make my way back to the dugout. Leaning against the fence along my route, I see that a few regulars have shown up to talk with the players and coaches. As I walk by swiftly, my nickname is called out by one of the old guys. You never know if they are going to heckle you a bit or just shake your hand and smile. I stop, hoping for the latter greeting. I look toward the old man and he waves. I'm shocked, but promptly return the gesture and continue en-route to the dugout.

After finishing pre-game fielding practice, I feel bullets of sweat condensing on my forehead. Glancing at the clock, I notice there are only five minutes until game time. Instantly, I run down the right field line as other team members join me for a quick team prayer. While each player in our circle bows his head and performs his own prayer, I think of the prayers I said the night before. I pray to God, "hey, you remember last night when I was talking about my ability?" I always pretend he says yes. "Well, it's show time," I say as a reminder.

The bottom half of the first inning arrives. I drop my glove on the top step of the dugout and reach into my back pocket for my batting gloves as I walk toward the bat rack. I slip my gloves on and spit once in the palm of each to moisten them as I grab my bat and make my way to the on-deck circle. I viciously swing my bat back and forth until I feel the adrenaline overcome my weaker emotions. The umpire screams out "yah," and points toward our dugout, signaling that a teammate was called out on strikes. I'm up. I grab the pine-tar rag and put a thin layer of sticky tar on the bat to reinforce my grip. As I approach the batter's box, I swing low with my left hand, grab a handful of dirt and massage the handle of my bat with it. I place my left foot into the box and dig and kick, back and forth until it feels comfortable. My right foot follows the same ritual.

I take a couple more warm up swings as I lift my head toward the pitcher. My eyes slowly lock with his. The environment around me — the crowd, my teammates' voices, the opponents' chatter — does not even exist. My eyes await the delivery of the pitch. The pitcher nods his head, kicks and delivers — the ball's flight is directed down the center of the hitting area. My eyes precisely estimate the plane on which the pitch is traveling as my hands carry the bat back through a smooth loop. My weight swiftly transfers from my back foot to the front foot as my hands extend the barrel of the bat through the middle of the ball. Instantly, a loud "crack" sends the ball screaming toward the pitcher. It whizzes past him on a perfect drive into centerfield for a basehit. My ability shines.
Inside the Dugout

by Wess Bliven

Baseball — a mere mention of the sport conjures up an image of freshly mowed grass, bright sunshine, a vendor selling peanuts or popcorn. The summer sun bears down on a child in a baseball cap enjoying his freedom from school. But for some, the sport of baseball is not solely confined to summer. For the Santa Clara athletes, baseball season starts three days after the beginning of fall quarter. It is football season. The field is littered with helmets and shoulder pads. Baseball seems sorely out of place here. So Municipal Stadium in San Jose becomes the site of Santa Clara baseball practice. The morning mist is thick and the field soggy, so soggy, in fact, that baseballs become the size and weight of shotputs. Conditions are grim but the players endure. The official season begins and tension builds as travel plans are made. Let the road shows begin.

A new freshman addition to the traveling squad takes his place at the front of the team bus. Among his teammates, when the road trip ends, the players return home but the fun continues.

Batting practice day for pitchers arrives. Mike "the fireballer" Cummins stands on the mound studying the man at the plate. The position "The Fireballer" winds up... delivers... the ball whizzes towards the plate. On command from his teammates, he sings his high school fight song and answers questions from the gallery. He stumbles over his words and laughter issues from the audience. Red with embarrassment, he continues "performing." Standing before his peers, he realizes he is alone. But this feeling does not persist, for when the show is over he feels as though he is part of a large family, at home. Players and pitchers are involved in a scrimmage to the death. The pitchers are determined to prove that they can hit as well as pitch. "The fireballer" winds up... delivers... the ball whizzes towards the plate. On the other end, the batting pitcher stands poised, bat raised in mid-air. He spies the ball, draws the bat back, then propels it forward. With a loud crack, the bat crashes into the ball and sends it soaring into the open field. The position players watch in dismay. Finally, the game draws to a close and for the third year in a row, it ends in a score of pitchers 2, position players, 0. Once again, the pitchers prove they can hit as well as pitch.

The day ends and the players return home. Eventually, the season and school year draw to a close. Bags are packed, goodbyes are said, and each player goes his separate way. Perhaps they will meet again on the field next year. But, for the time being, each returns home, perhaps to join a summer team and continue playing ball.
A swarm of players greets Gary Maasberg after his tour of the bases. Maasberg's home run was his second of the season.

During a victorious 8-7 game against UCSD, co-captain Ray Williamson blasts a ripper out to left field. Williamson ended the season with a .257 league batting average.

Disrupting his opponent's catch, Dave Beardan slides safely into third.
A SUDDEN UPWARD SWING

by Matt Kerr

The Santa Clara's women's softball team could very possibly have made the most dramatic turnaround for any intercollegiate team in Santa Clara history. The Broncos managed to disregard the fact that they lost all but a few games in the past three years, and virtually dominated their opponents this season, losing only a handful of games.

This remarkable turnaround can primarily be attributed to the Broncos' league change. In previous years SC played such universities as Berkeley and Fresno, schools which give up to ten scholarships, while Santa Clara had minimal school funding and no scholarships. SCU's new opponents included Reno, USD, USF and Loyola. Although still in division one, these schools offer only a few scholarships.

Leading this new wave of inspired play are two first year players, Lisa Eidson and Terri Fraser. In previous years, pitching had been a soft spot in the Bronco's play; however with the addition of freshman pitcher, Lisa Eidson, Santa Clara's defense has become one of the best in the league. The sound defense is also a result of Terri Fraser's move into center field. Terri, highly recruited out of high school, waited until her sophomore year to join the team. She has mobility and a strong throwing arm and is a consistent hitter, providing firepower to the offense.

Along with these two first year standouts was a host of returning talent. One such player is four year veteran, senior left fielder, captain Ellen Whittenburg, who led the Bronco attack. Also in her last season at SC, short stop Nancy Meacham was one of the main factors in the Bronco's new winning attitude. Nancy joined the team two years ago after a remarkable basketball career at Santa Clara. Also graduating at the end of this year's season is catcher Rebecca Perez, whose play added tremendous stability to the young squad. Other returning players included defensive standout, junior third baseman Nancy Healy and Kathy Woodcock.

Not surprising, however, will be the return of Coach Carol Knight. After sticking with the Bronco's through several difficult years, Coach Knight found this new success quite pleasing. This move to stay with the winningest Bronco softball team ever will add leadership and guidance for the team next year.

The theme of this year's softball team was improvement. From being virtually winless for four years running to domination of the league shows the determination these players had to win.

The undauntable spirit and incredible skill of third baseman Nancy Healy is exhibited as she makes an important out in the first extra inning against St. Mary's. Santa Clara won the game 2-1 in the eleventh inning.
In her fourth season with the Broncos, senior Ellen Whittenburg easily manages a fly ball to left field.

A quick slide into second doesn't help Terri Fraser slip under the St. Mary's tag in the seventh.

Nancy Mecham's facial expression reflects her intense and aggressive play, offensively when batting and defensively as shortstop.
It may only appear a sea of helmets and a mass of nylon, but the team uses the moment to gather their thoughts and restore their unity before returning to the field.

CRADLING THROUGH THE CHAOS

by Scot Asher

It was that time of evening we all looked forward to — 5:30 p.m. We were in our lines stretching, ready for the evening practice, but this was no ordinary practice. It had been two and a half weeks since we'd been on the field or played a game because of the winter storms which had graced California.

Head Coach Gary Podesta explained the situation to his team as he moved through the ranks. "What the deal is, gentlemen, is that we've been forced to re-schedule some games. Instead of playing Sac State and Cal Poly last week and Claremont and Pepperdine the week before that, we've re-scheduled Claremont and Sac State this week at home, and then Cal Poly the week after that down there. The weekend of Cal Poly we'll come back up Saturday night and play Pepperdine at Stanford on Sunday. That means we'll re-schedule Humbolt for the 26th, and then Berkeley sometime in April at home — if we can get a field. So, we've got a lot of work to do tonight. Let's hustle up..."

Without a doubt our new revised schedule had a grave effect on the team because we had been idle for so long. Now we'd have to play the rest of our season deep into April with back-to-back games each weekend, mostly on the road.

As the season dragged on, Bronco lacrosse experienced its ups and downs through many hard-fought contests. In a shocking loss to Sonoma State, we were knocked out of the playoff picture and the loss seemed to affect our performance in following games. The match against Whittier College resulted in a 25-0 thrashing. But credit the play of John Parrish, Dan Reilly, Jeff Rianda, Jason Ford, John McEnery, and freshman Steve Rupe for the Bronco's four victories, the most in Santa Clara lacrosse history.

Sitting on the field that night we could hardly help but wonder: where was the future of Santa Clara lacrosse with no playoff berth and the graduation of eight seniors?

That question will go unanswered until next year. But for now, the sometimes frustrating and monotonous task of night practice will continue...at 5:30...every night...until the season ends...sometime in...April.
Clearing the ball, Tom Brink keeps on his toes to avoid a plaguing Claremont first midman. As a defensive player, Brink often brings the ball to the offense after an attempt on the goal.

Looking like a medieval swordsman, goalie Tom O'Connor successfully keeps Claremont's first midfielder from scoring. O'Connor finished the game with seven saves.
Over the horizon, the shells emerge for those who wait to watch the end of the race. Eyes squint, shielded by cupped hands to discern the identity of each craft. Red blades come into focus... the Santa Clara eight. At the precise moment, each of the eight blades instantaneously grips the water in synchronicity. The boat glides smoothly, passing her opponent and widening the gap with grace and speed. The recovery of every stroke appears as a carefully measured, yet fully relaxed, sigh... uniformity and excellence exemplified. Crossing the line, it seems as if true pitch has become embodied in the athletic harmony of the crew. A spectator cannot help but notice that rowing is a graceful and beautiful sport. That is how it looks from the shore, but appearances can be deceiving.

Inside the craft, each athlete's vision is blurred by the steam created from heavy breathing against the cool morning air. Sound is muffled by the exhausted, rapid gasps for air. What moments before were the ideals of athletes in harmonious motion are now visages of puppets whose strings move only to make them recover from their fatigue. Beads of sweat trickle down every brow. Every joint, every muscle is in a state of fragile collapse. And then there is movement as they each struggle to raise a tired arm, now devoid of strength, in triumph. They shout in unison, "St. Mary's rah!" Santa Clara has won.

Reaching the dock, they search for the strength to stand and leave the long, white craft to which they are both enslaved and endeared: the George Patrick Malley Varsity shell. Arriving on shore to a small audience, they leave the embrace of Lake Lexington. These are waters they have come to know intimately over a multitude of practices in the early morning twilight. Here they have pushed themselves to the limit while friends lie in slumbering comfort. To this daily ordeal they have added countless hours of running stairs, sprints, and distance; and still more time lifting weights and working on rowing machines to the point of feeling a tangible death.

For all this punishment, the men and women who make rowing a part of their lives at Santa Clara feel it is more rewarding than any other athletic endeavor. There is no individual glory, no scholarships, and no special privileges. There are also no cuts because the challenge is so tremendous that people tend to weed themselves out. "You have to be a strong individual to commit yourself and achieve the goal of rowing exactly like the person in front of you. Just rowing properly takes a tremendous amount of concentration and practice," said one oarsman. "That's part of why the coach calls crew 'the ultimate team sport.'"

Working together is much of what rowing is all about, and at Santa Clara a great deal of emphasis is placed on it. Most practices center on style in a unified fashion. What follows is a unique combination of fury and finesse that turns individual oarsmen into a singular body, a winning crew.

Each year rowers learn discipline, get in optimal shape, make close friends, and experience the overwhelming thrill unique to the sport. However, this year was special. Something felt right, like the feeling when you know you're going to get an "A" in an important class. The freshmen had fantastic attitudes and talent. The varsity athletes in both the lightweight and heavyweight shells were controlled by dedication.

Santa Clara was strong on all levels, and the coaching could not have been better. Steve Markey, Varsity men's coach, Phil Russick, Freshman coach, and Mike Conners, women's coach, made up the Bronco staff—a young, talented coaching staff bringing all three crews together toward the common goal of Bronco victory. Each stood as a role model for those of us who strive for that elusive goal: victory.

Yet the perfect stroke is within us all if we're willing to go the distance with everything we've got. Staying "mean, lean, and hungry" made this year's crew as cohesive and powerful as ever. This season's oarsmen saw their investment in a challenge pay off, and in years to come that challenge will continue to await all those wishing to contribute to the victorious power of Santa Clara Crew.

For all this punishment, the men and women who make rowing a part of their lives at Santa Clara feel it is more rewarding than any other athletic endeavor. There is no individual glory, no scholarships, and no special privileges. There are also no cuts because the challenge is so tremendous that people tend to weed themselves out. "You have to be a strong individual to commit yourself and achieve the goal of rowing exactly like the person in front of you. Just rowing properly takes a tremendous amount of concentration and practice," said one oarsman. "That's part of why the coach calls crew 'the ultimate team sport.'"

Working together is much of what rowing is all about, and at Santa Clara a great deal of emphasis is placed on it. Most practices center on style in a unified fashion. What follows is a unique combination of fury and finesse that turns individual oarsmen into a singular body, a winning crew.

Each year rowers learn discipline, get in optimal shape, make close friends, and experience the overwhelming thrill unique to the sport. However, this year was special. Something felt right, like the feeling when you know you're going to get an "A" in an important class. The freshmen had fantastic attitudes and talent. The varsity athletes in both the lightweight and heavyweight shells were controlled by dedication.

Santa Clara was strong on all levels, and the coaching could not have been better. Steve Markey, Varsity men's coach, Phil Russick, Freshman coach, and Mike Conners, women's coach, made up the Bronco staff—a young, talented coaching staff bringing all three crews together toward the common goal of Bronco victory. Each stood as a role model for those of us who strive for that elusive goal: victory.

Yet the perfect stroke is within us all if we're willing to go the distance with everything we've got. Staying "mean, lean, and hungry" made this year's crew as cohesive and powerful as ever. This season's oarsmen saw their investment in a challenge pay off, and in years to come that challenge will continue to await all those wishing to contribute to the victorious power of Santa Clara Crew.
The race over and the shell back on Lexington's shore, Kathleen Morrison, a member of the women's lightweight boat, gets a chance to relax. The lightweight boat finished fourth in the West Coast and first in California.

Putting in his time after classes, senior Alex Layman works out on the rowing machine. In addition to practice on his own, Layman got up every morning during the season at 4:30 to row with the heavyweight team.

Gliding through the sunlit water, the freshmen push themselves to the finish line.
SPORTS AND FUN IN THE CALIFORNIA SUN

by Jerry Sherman

They say the seasons don’t change on the West Coast, but I think they’re wrong. Just the other day, I looked toward the Mission Gardens and realized the fog had risen, the trees had bloomed and the sun bathers had arrived. Spring had arrived overnight! The new season brought with it an atmosphere of “anything goes” and the belief that school work takes second place to any activity, especially intramural sports.

Besides being fun to watch and participate in during the spring season, intramural sports bring out the true meaning of sports. Whether you’re in the competitive or the recreational division, you’re sure to meet new people, enjoy the sun, and temporarily escape the books. Everyone is encouraged to participate without regard to his or her athletic ability. Rather, the intramural athlete is judged solely by his or her ability to laugh and have fun in the spring sun.

In the gardens, the image of spring is evident. A beach towel lies abandoned. Next to it, a book is carelessly propped up and left open at a random page. The owner of the lonely book is engaged in an intramural sport — perhaps volleyball, soccer, or softball.

On the volleyball court, the ball is launched from the server’s hand and effortlessly glides through the air. The players wait anxiously and burst into laughter as the ball plunges into the net, signaling a second serve. As the server launches the ball once again, a mad scramble ensues on the opposing side of the net. Hands reach for the ball, bodies collide and tumble to the ground. Chaos and laughter continue.

Inside Leavey, a three on three basketball tournament is in progress. The score is 52-52 with 20 seconds left on the clock. The ball is dribbled down the court and launched at the hoop. Hearts pound as it hits the backboard...rolls around the rim of the hoop and disappointingly falls back onto the court. The opposing team picks up the rebound with 10 seconds left and passes quickly from teammate to teammate. Time is running out. A “Hail Mary” shot flies from behind the half court line but does not reach the hoop. The game goes into overtime.

On the tennis courts, a tournament is taking place. It is match point. The ball is powerfully launched...directly into the net. Once again, the server puts the ball into play and it is volleyed back and forth several times. But the losing player’s struggle is to no avail. The final volley of the day sadly drops behind the boundary line. Still in good spirits, both players head toward the field to watch a frisbee tournament in session.

On the softball field, the ball glides directly into the bat; the swing is early. The ball smacks into the catcher’s glove and the next batter takes his stance. The pitcher carefully studies the opponent at the plate, debating what strategy to use. The pitch is delivered — once, twice, three times. The batter sadly goes down swinging and, instantly, the game ends. Everyone returns to his or her awaiting towel and open book. Break time is over.

With wrists of steel, Freshman Megan Antes serves to her opponents. Antes, team went 2-2 for the intramural season.

272 Sports
With true spring IM spirit Tom Griffin playfully lies down at home plate in despair after striking out. But this setback didn't stop Griffin's team from playing in the semi-finals.

Leaping high, Jeff Suter completes a successful block which senior Joan O'Leary strains to return.

As if asking the heavens to bless his pitch, junior Dave Guerrero lob's one to the plate. Unfortunately, Guerrero's team finish of 1-4 didn't seem too blessed.
With the eagerness of a true shopper, junior Alex Quong frantically races his cart to the finish line, winning his heat.

Concentration is the name of the game for tubers Suzanne Kittredge and Kevin Gagan. While the two juniors attempted to master the inner tube race, teammate Jennifer Hartman enjoys the spectacle.

**GUMBY, POKEY AND 200 WIENERS**

"What dya' mean Budweiser can't sponsor Supersports this year — it's tradition!...Oh, alcohol policy, my butt. Everyone expects it — Supersports is synonymous with spring quarter."

But the administration wasn't going to budge. Budweiser Supersports, or at least the Budweiser part of it, was no more. The question was who was going to tell all those little teary-eyed hypercompetitive juniors that their annual opportunity to display their athletic prowess and adonis physiques was but a relic of the past? Well, I could not stand for that, "ASSCU Social Presentations will sponsor Supersports — yea, we'll make it real fun — yea, and ten times better than ever, yea that's what we'll do!" Well, when Donna Miller, John McHugh, and I took the helm that proud March day, I had no idea of the untold horrors which were to be part of Supersports '86. With all the procedures and regulations the administration laid on us, I would have had an easier time getting a new drug passed through the FDA. The Social Presentations Staff met early in March to determine the course of action we were going to take. Enthusiasm was high, but creativity remained as stagnant as a cup of malt liquor left in the sun. "Let's have an event where two teams go head to head, no rules, no regulations, like back in the days of the Spartans, and make it real bloody, winner takes all," suggested Joe Cunningham. "Yea real bloody." "Okay." I said, "how about Earthball" — everyone cheered.

Next we wanted to have an event that would completely belittle and embarrass even the most dedicated sportsman, something so vile, so unspeakable, that the simple thought of it would evoke whines and whimpers from real men. Hence — the steamin' Wienies event was created.

Then the first big issue arose — "Hey gang, we need shirts for this thing." When it came to ideas, the Social Presentations Staff was a bit slow, but when it came to spending money, it was like a sixth sense. "Let's make em' hefty, yea, and lots of snazzy new wave colors, and tapered around the chest, and gold leaf woven throughout the neckline and... Hold it, we're going overboard again — let's make them so that everyone will want one, then they'll sell themselves!" To help defray the five dollar cost per shirt, we made the entry fee twenty dollars per team. "That's too much," whined some students, so we cut the price to ten dollars per team — I felt like a used car salesman.

It came Friday night, Supersports eve, and there were so many things still to do. But we pulled ourselves together and regained that team spirit. Hell, we could have taken Bunker Hill that night, for we knew, come tomorrow, the fruits of our labor would pay off.
It's not the traditional limbo, it's really sophomore Kathy Boken wriggling her way through the obstacle course.

Choking down wiener number two, Andy Rigali checks out one of his opponent's progress. Rigali ate his wiener fast enough to finish fourth in his heat.
Before the Kunite, a fighting event, green belt Rosie Slowinski, surrounded by opponents, eases the stress of competition with laughter. Slowinski competed in the Kunite Club’s fifth annual Karate Tournament at Leavey.

Taking a “stab” at his opponent, sophomore fencer Radu Niculesca II spars with junior Sandy Bellevue. Started in 1981 by a small group of SCU students, the Fencing Club’s membership has continued to grow each year.
The drive was not long, only about fifteen minutes. No one said a word. I just sat there, wondering what would happen.

"How would I do? Was all the time and effort I put into this going to pay off? I can't let myself make the same mistakes I did last week. Tonight, I have to win!"

It was a week ago that we went to Berkeley. I remembered the feeling of adrenaline pumping through my body. I was ready. "Fence!" the director yelled. Our foils clashed and he charged. I needed to parry his blade. Too late...I was hit. On the next attack, I parried in time, but he still forced his point in! (Cheap shot!!) I lost the bout. I lost the second bout. My third and fourth bouts ended in defeat also. The final score was Santa Clara 2, Berkeley 14. The team's ego was shattered.

We finally arrived at the Fencing Center. As I carried my equipment in, thoughts of last week haunted me. Our coach said that tonight's opponents, San Jose State, fenced in a similar style as Berkeley. We introduced ourselves and expressed the usual greetings; fencing was the only thing on our mind. I was the first to fence.

We began to toy with each other, advancing and retreating, sensing each other's movements. He began an attack! No...not this time! I parried and retreated. I began a low attack and he blocked me, but he moved his blade more than he should have and left a large opening. I attacked again, but this time I avoided his parry and drove my blade into the opening. I hoped he wouldn't discover my pattern of attack. I initiated the action once more, and again my point landed. He still hadn't realized my pattern yet. I did it one more time with a little variation and again my point hit. He wouldn't expect a direct attack this time. I took a few steps back and with all my energy leapt toward him like a human torpedo, with my body horizontal to the floor. In a split second, he froze and my point exploded on his shoulder. He was stunned as I easily defeated him with my original attack.

My teammates were doing well also. We were all watching our opponents before each bout and trying to pick out a pattern. One of the San Jose fencers was chasing our fencers down in his attacks. With this pattern in mind, whenever one of us fenced him, we chased him down instead and this consistently caught him off guard. We had a good night; Santa Clara won 7-2.

It is times like these that made the hard work and training all worthwhile. I can still remember the first night of fencing for all the new members last winter quarter. There were about fifteen of us, all expecting to learn to fence like The Three Musketeers. To my surprise, fencing included hours of drills and footwork, nothing like what we saw on television. After the first three weeks, there were about seven of us left. And as the months progressed, the group dwindled to two. Since our club is relatively new (two years) there are now only about twelve core members. As the club grows in popularity, perhaps we will increase our membership and obtain varsity status. But for now, being the small club we are, I feel very fortunate to have met eleven special friends.
RUNNING FOR THE ROSES

by Anne Weldon

Running is like love; it can be the ultimate source of satisfaction and it can tear you apart with the worst pain. Outsiders only see the pain side of the running paradox, and I would not blame them. How often do you see a smiling runner? "No pain, no gain," is the rule in running. However, look out your dorm room window at 8 a.m. or 10 a.m. or 2 p.m. or 5 p.m. and you will see many Santa Clara students out on the streets engaging in the so-called masochistic sport.

I will admit, running through the incredibly flat, blah streets of Santa Clara and the surrounding vicinity is not the most inspiring of all atmospheres. My coach always told me that when you are out running, to get the most out of it, you should try to become one with your surroundings; you should take in all the sights, sounds, scents. But, except for the block around the Rose Gardens, I would hardly want to be one with the El Camino architecture, the Alameda exhausts, or the cacophony of Winchester traffic.

Believe it or not, running feels good both physically and psychologically. A healthy mind and a healthy body go together. Running has a direct effect on your state of mind. It's a therapy, or at least it has been for me, in dealing with the pent up Santa Clara schoolwork pressures, frustrations and relationship dilemmas. The silent storms inside me break out in a sweat, and I get them out of my system. Your mind wanders to the past, present and imagines the future, helping you to get a perspective on life, and during this thought process, without realizing it, you may just run a few miles further.

Just knowing that you are doing something good for your body can make you feel good. That "Benson butt" is put to use rather than resting dormant in dormitory laziness. Once the initial "getting in shape" stage is worked through, an exhilarating sensation runs through your body (no pun intended) after a run, and if you are one of the lucky ones who achieves the pleasure point beyond pain that makes you feel like never stopping, called "runner's high," you feel exuberant.

Running is not always purely satisfying and many times is sheer pain, but the reality of the experience is the pleasure and the pain. So free yourself. Add another dimension to your life. If nothing else, running helps get rid of the "Freshman Ten," keeps up a tan, and last, but not least, helps sweat off a hangover!
With the campus in sight, freshman Stephanieagger pushes herself toward her Walsh room.

With a final arm and shoulder stretch, Lisa Ryan prepares to head to the rose gardens. Even after a battle with the alarm clock, Ryan ran in the mornings before school.

Enjoying his daily three mile run, Albert Cook relaxes his mind and strengthens his body while getting away from the pressures of the academic world.
With professional ease, Ray Williamson brings the bat around. Williamson's hitting average and outfield skills helped to make him Santa Clara's leading draft candidate.

Star outfielder Todd Gates returns to the dugout pleased with the inning. Both Gates and Williamson were captains and MVPs for the team.

Ecstatic over a touchdown, Steve Cisowski grabs teammate Kevin Collins. Cisowski gave valuable blocking for the offensive team that will no doubt continue with the New York Giants.

Steve Cisowski and Brent Jones celebrate a well executed play. Their rejoicing continued in the spring as they both were drafted into the NFL.
It was a year to be remembered for SCU senior athletes. Whether it was tight end Brent Jones making the touchdown catch that enabled him to become SCU's all-time leading scorer or right fielder Ray Williamson smashing yet another home run over the Buck Shaw Stadium wall, this year's gifted crop of senior athletes gave Bronco fans quite a bit to cheer about.

Indeed, some senior Broncos performed so well that perhaps next year some of us will continue to cheer their exploits in the professional leagues. Two members of the 1985 Bronco football team, Brent Jones and senior offensive tackle Steve Cisowski, were officially chosen in this year's NFL draft. Blessed with both size (6'4 1/2", 210 pounds) and great hands, Jones was one of the Bronco's top offensive weapons and went on to win the team's Most Valuable Player award.

Meanwhile, deep in the trenches, Cisowski made the most of his powerful 6'6" 275-pound frame, as the Broncos Most Valuable Offensive Lineman. Cisowski's efforts in the offensive line did not go unnoticed by the New York Giants; however, who made him an eighth round draft pick (Jones was chosen in the fifth round by the Steelers).

Nevertheless, although both Jones and Cisowski had splendid college careers, the step from college football to the pros is a big one. Even Jones, who seems a cinch to make the Steelers, is not going to get caught looking past training camp. "First things first, you have to make the team," says Jones, although he adds optimistically, "They made it clear to me that the tight end position is open."

Cisowski will find making the Giants to be much more of an uphill struggle since New York's offensive line performed so well last season. But Cisowski has no intention of giving up since his versatility and quickness may allow him to win a spot on the special teams unit.

Two other seniors enjoyed a considerable amount of success on the baseball team. Unfortunately, Co-MVPs Ray Williamson and Todd Gates must patiently wait for the pro draft. After enjoying a similarly impressive campaign his junior year, Williamson was chosen by the Oakland A's in the eighth round last year and it's a safe bet that some pro scout will be giving him a call very soon. The sooner the better, says Williamson. "I'm really looking forward to playing baseball and getting paid for it because that's what I've been dreaming of and living for the 14 years I've been playing baseball."

Although the scouts weren't beating on Gates' door last year, he feels reasonably confident about his hopes for a pro career. Should Gates be overlooked, he plans to hitch on with the Salt Lake City Trappers, a minor league team.

Still, come what may, Jones, Cisowski, Williamson and Gates each had years to be proud of. Their achievements will live on in the memories of those fortunate enough to see their careers fully blossom in their senior year at Santa Clara.
Palm trees, Swig hall and clear weather dominate the view from the new engineering center on SCU's south side of campus.

SUPPORTING OUR EFFORTS

We were not alone in our efforts to adapt to our changing community. The $50 million fund drive was completed in 1986 only through the generosity of University benefactors and support was also visible through sponsorship of school events and advertising in the student media.

 Those businesses who chose to advertise in The 1986 Redwood are representative of the kind of community support given to Santa Clara. There is an interdependent relationship that SCU has with local business which is often overlooked. The University provides the market while the businesses offer their services and job opportunities for students and graduates. SCU has discovered that a close-working relationship with the commercial arena is the best resource for preparing students for the "real world."

 We thank those persons and businesses who have supported SCU's educational mission in 1986 and recognize their part in Santa Clara's future development.

— Greg Schultz

We thank those persons and businesses who have supported SCU's educational mission in 1986.
The signs may not have weathered the years gracefully, but The Hut has survived decades of Santa Clara students who frequent the Alameda hangout.
San Jose 294-4857
253 Race St.
Between Park Ave. & San Carlos St.
Kitchen 287-6280

San Jose 371-2122
3695 Union Avenue
Across from Cambrian Park Plaza
Kitchen 371-1300

San Jose 227-2406
422 Blossom Hill Rd.
at Snell
Kitchen 227-2933

Cupertino 255-7660
1187 Sunnyvale
Saratoga Road
Between Prospect & Bollinger

Mt. View
415-964-5811
1935 W. El Camino
Clarkwood Center
Kitchen 964-2370

OPEN DAILY 10 to 7
OPEN SAT. 9 - 6
CLOSED SUNDAY
Now you can handle your routine banking right on campus with the VERSATELLER Automated teller machines from Bank of America. For your convenience, the VERSATELLER machine is located on the outside of the Benson Bookstore, and is open from 6:00 am to midnight, seven days a week. Bank right on campus and see what a leader can do for you.

BANK OF AMERICA NT&SA

Bank of America
Over the years you've made a lot of friends here. And when you had a chance, you explored all that the Bay Area and Northern California had to offer. You had some great times. Now you have your degree. You're looking for "real world" high-tech challenges. Well, you don't have to give up friends, family or fun to get them. We've got them right here in your own backyard. There's an exceptional diversity of opportunities for engineers and computer scientists here at Lockheed Missiles & Space Company. So stick around. It's just going to get better. Stop by Lockheed Missiles & Space Company at 1184 N. Mathilda Ave. in Sunnyvale. We'd like to meet you. We are an equal opportunity, affirmative action employer. U.S. citizenship is required.
PIZZA

featuring a delicious
"thick style" or "thin style" pizza

All-You-Can-Eat Night
Wednesday 6-9 p.m. We serve it out of the oven piping hot, all different kinds. You eat all the pizza you want.

Happy Hours
Enjoy your favorite brew every Tuesday and Thursday 11 a.m.-2 p.m.

Family Night
Each Sunday between 6 p.m. and 9 p.m. is family night at Mountain Mikes: Buy any large pizza of your choice and get a FREE small pizza (of same or equivalent value). Not valid on take out orders.

241-2850

700 Bellomy Street at Park Avenue
Santa Clara
Congratulations!
And best of luck in the future.

Round Table
Pizza Restaurants

2615 The Alameda
Santa Clara
248-9123

Clarita's

MEXICAN FOOD
"Like Momma Used To Make"
"A FAMILY RESTAURANT"
CHILE RELLENO A SPECIALTY
HOMEMADE SANGRIA
BANQUET FACILITIES UP TO 80
AMPLE OFF STREET PARKING
LUNCH SERVED ALL DAY
244-9138
861 FRANKLIN ST. • SANTA CLARA
"BETWEEN THE ALAMEDA AND LA FAYETTE"

The Bronco Bench is devoted to providing opportunities for young men and women of academic quality to pursue excellence in the classrooms and on the athletic fields of Santa Clara. Continued moral and financial support ensures the proper balance of academia and athletes, and enriches not only the scholar-athletes involved, but the University Community as a whole.
SANTA CLARA ROTC

GO FOR THE GOLD
BE PART OF THE ARMY TEAM

SCHOLARSHIP OPPORTUNITIES
LEADERSHIP MANAGEMENT SKILLS
ADVENTURE TRAINING

Approved overload for Freshmen & Sophomores

For more information:

MAJOR BRUCE ZORIO
MILITARY SCIENCE DEPT.
VARSI HALL
554-4781

LEARN TO LEAD — ARMY ROTC
THE GOOD EARTH
RESTAURANT AND BAKERY

Featuring beef, chicken, seafood and vegetable specialities together with magnificent soups, salads, sandwiches and freshly baked breads and bakery items from our own ovens.

Santa Clara
2705 The Alameda
(near Bellomy)
(408) 984-0960

Los Gatos
206 N. Santa Cruz
(408) 395-6868

Cupertino
20813 Stevens Creek Blvd.
(near Stelling)
(408) 252-3655

Palo Alto
185 University Ave.
(415) 321-9449

OPEN SEVEN DAYS A WEEK
BREAKFAST • LUNCH • DINNER • DESSERTS
Catering and food to go. Non-smoking/smoking areas

Trusted by Californians since 1852.
Wells Fargo comes through.

For over 130 years we've come through with what Californians have needed most. We turned gold dust into hard cash. We weathered financial panics, earthquakes and fires. Through boom times and bad, we kept our word—and our customers' trust. Since those early days of the Wells Fargo stagecoach, we've developed one of the strongest and most innovative banking systems in the West. Now we are one of the ten largest banks in the country, so we'll be around for a long time to come. Wells Fargo Bank.

WELLS FARGO BANK
SANTA CLARA
1111 WASHINGTON ST.
277-6106
The Catala Club, open to mothers of students, alumnae, Jesuit mothers, and friends of the University, has been on campus since 1930.

Our goal is to raise money for scholarships. For further information, write to the Catala Club in care of the University.

Congratulations...
from Hewlett-Packard Santa Clara Division
ROMANS
LIQUOR & DELICATESSEN
296-3864
71-73 Washington Ave.

THE CAMPUS BOOKSTORE
Compliments of

OWENS/CORNING FIBERGLAS

TRADEMARK®

SANTA CLARA PLANT

Berkeley Farms, Inc.

DRINK YOUR MILK
CLASS OF
1986

4550 San Pablo, Oakland, California 94608
Jason Ford “Midnight studying-Lacrosse bruising” Worth it! Proud Mom & Dad
Hey! “Bud Shaves” Chambers. You made it! We’re proud of you. Love, Mom&Dad.
Congratulations Denise Foester. We’re very proud of you! Love Mom and Dad
Steve Krotoski! 3 years, 5 months, 21 days later—Congratulation Mom-Dad
Jim-4 Down-3 To Go! Congratulations—Keep up the good work—The McElwee Clan!
Arnie—Congratulations to our favorite son. We love you, Mother & Dad.
Arnie, You’ll always be our number one guy. Love, Char, Ellie & Kathy
Congratulations TLC, Jr., My special achiever! Love, Mom.
Well done Mike WL: You’ve earned breakfast at Milliways. Love you know who!
Congratulations, Elvia Tahara. We’re very proud of you! Love, Dad & Mom.
Cathy Crossett, Congratulations! Your star glows brighter! Love Mom & Dad.
Lisa G, Thanks for the songs, memories and a great four years. Love Mom & Dad
Eileen Ward—A Great Four Years! We wish you happiness always—Love Mom & Dad
Patrick Penick, you truly deserve congratulations! Love, parents & siblings
Caprice (Landa), We are very proud parents today. Love, Mom & Dad.
Gail Sueki, We’re proud of you! Your goal—Go for it! Dad, Mom, Lisa & Skip
Thomas Ho. Your’re £1! Best wishes to your future. Love
Mom, Dad, Sis, & Kimo
Carolyn Murphy; So very special, bringing love and sharing to our family.
Congratulations, Motto Mouse. We knew you could do it! Love, Mom and Dad.
Happy Graduation Deanna Soto, so very proud of you! Love, YOUR WHOLE FAMILY!!
Mr. President, You have made us very proud! We love you, Dad & Mom.
Pam Watterworth, we are so very proud of you! Happy future. Love Mom and Dad
Congratulations, Karen Fink! We’re proud of you! Love, Mom and Dad.
Kiki Gina, We’re proud of you! Love, Mom and Dad.
Congratulations, Tony. You fill our hearts with pride. Love Mom and Dad.
Dear Emily Nerd. On to Paris! Then nuclear physics. We love you! Mom and Dad
Good Luck, Nina Patane. We're very proud of you! Love Mom & Dad.
Pete Coglianese-From KSPY to KRVH, KSCU to KOVR-EVER PROUD!
Love Mom & Dad.
Chad Pratt, Congratulations! You have been one fantastic son! O0XX Love Mom.
Hurrah Ken Mulkey. We wish you success as you define success-Love Mom & Dad
Vic Cabrera, Happy Graduation! Love, Mom & Anki
WIR Gratulieren Caroline, Andrea, Christy, Deanna und Linda-Love
Mom & Dad Wolf
To my number one son, Dave Karson. Congratulations and all my love,
Mom.
Brian Lum, you are the greatest! We're very proud & we luv ya loads! M D L L
Dear John, our mechanical genius-We're so proud of you. Love,
Mom, Dad, Roe, Vo
Lenore...We are so proud of you...You're the best! Love Mom & Dad.
Kelly Rose...You never cease to amaze us! Love, Mom and Dad.
Cindy-Congratulations for your persistence! We are proud of you! Mom and Dad
Kelli-4 Down, 6 To Go! How time does fly. We are so proud of you.
Mom, Dad, Rich
Congratulations, Laurie Stees. We're very proud of you! Love Mom & Dad.
Tom, I'm very proud of you! Now it's my turn! Love, Maria.
Lyann Mizuno, Kulua I Ka Nu'u (Strive for the highest)...Mom, Dad & Susan
Congrats Suzy Kruse. We are proud of you! Love Mom, Dad, Herb & Gertie
To Heidi-Love Mom, Dad, Kip, Katie, Lori, Dave...All the good things were
taken!
Marcella, Congratulations. It's a take! Love, Mom, Dad, Bruce E.J. E.M.E.
Congratulations Gina! Love Mom and Chris
Carolyn Ann Hendley-Second born-Second Santa Clara Graduate-Praise the
Lord!
Jennifer McWard, Congratulations on a job well done. Love Mom, Dad &
Jeff.
Simunko I'm A Lucky Man I Met You You Always Were My Best Buddy In
Bad Weather You - You Made It We Did
Congrats Bret Connors. You've made me one proud Dad.
At last Scott Logsdon, you are financially independent. We love you Mom &
Dad
Earlynne-Frances. We are proud of you. Aloha, Dad, Mom, "Buttons" and grandfolks.
We're proud of you Lisa Richards! Go get 'em next year. Love Mom & Dad.
Rich Manning, Congratulations! We are so proud of you. Mom, Dad, Mike, Beth & Mo
Congratulations! Jenny Levy on stroking the boat 4 hard years. Love Mom & Dad.
Ho'omaika'i! Megan Lynne Hiilani Howarth Auwe! You light up my life. Luv Mom.
Maria Nash — We are so proud of you. We love you. Mom and Dad.
Sue,
You've Had A Great 4 Years Now Welcome To The Real World. Congratulations
Love Mom & Dad
Christopher John — Good Luck — Godspeed — No Bugs — Live Long & Prosper Love M & D
Good Luck, Dave Needles! We're very proud of you! Love, Mom & Dad.
Congratulations, Chives. Love Mom, Dad, Yeyi, Meg, Pip, Hoagie, Ami, Lulie, Mars.
Bones — are terrific... Love Ya D. Greenley — Mom & Dad — AJ & UF too.
Janie Carmena — We love you. Best wishes... Dad, Julie, Amy, Leslie, Mimi, Christine
Congratulations to Jennifer Baltz. With our Love, Mom, Dad, and Jim.
Good Luck Jane Shattuck. Love, Scruffy, Chief, Spike & Sparkles.
Missy, Chicken Twist. You made it! Congratulations Love Dad, Mom & Your two Bros.
Generations of Campisi men and now the first girl. Congratulations,
Michelle
Rich Rifredi, it seems like just 6 weeks ago. They grow up so fast. Nola & Paula.
... ... ...—Carol & Martin, We are proud of you! Your Family! ... ...
John Doyle — Congratulations to a great son & brother Love, Dad-Mom-Jim & Peg
John Danis, You are awesome!! Love Dad, Mom & Debbie.
Mike, you have run the race, you have finished the course. We love you.
Mom & Dad.
Good show Sandy O. You're No. 1 we know! Proud & Glad Love Mom & Dad.
Kudos.
Marc Coleman, Congrats four years! Love Mom Dad Greg Eric. God Bless you.
Gee Pam you made it look easy climbing the ladder to success. Luv
Cliff&Mom
Melinda Rupp You're all we ever hoped for, more than we ever dreamed.
Mom&Dad
Laura Thompson, I am so proud of you. The best is yet to come! Love, Mom
We're proud of you, Donald. Good Luck! Love, Mom & Dad
Brent Billinger, Best Wishes and Good Luck in all you do! Mom, Dad, &
Blair
Stewart Hayes, Hold fast to your dream! Congratulations from Mom and
Dad.
Amy Williams, we are proud of you and love you. Mom and Dad
Jerome Fukuhara, May you always walk in sunshine. Love, Mom & Dad
Leanne — A proud day for us all! Love Mom, Dad, Marty, Lori, Lani and
Gramps.
Tom Kenny — Time flies when you're havin' fun — and you got your
diploma too! LUV
Wonderful! Marvelous! Congratulations Christina Sanchez. Love Mom &
Dad
Ken Green — YOU made it happen! We're very proud of you. Love Mom,
Dad & Jon.
Good Luck Mary as you embark on the adventure of a lifetime. Love
Mom&Frank
Mike Fitzgerald... We're very proud of you! Happy Graduation. Love Mom &
Dad
Greg Schultz, Congratulations... Best of Luck... A Super Book! Love You Mom
& Dad
Steve Fung, You've made our dream for you come true. Thank God. Mom &
Dad.
Congratulations Mark Wojciechowski! So very proud of you. Love Mom &
Dad.
Eric: We're proud of you. Love Mom and Dad, Chris, Leslie, Cali and
Twerpy
Meg — Congratulations! We love & appreciate you. God Bless you
Mom, Dad, C.K.N&K
Jose Ruder: Felicidades para el guapo graduado
Raymond, God has truly blessed us with you. Love, Dad and Mom.
Continued success, Ann Mizianty... Mom, Dad & Family
Good Luck, Rich Mertes. We're very proud of you! Love Mom & Dad.
Jason Higa, Happy Graduation! We're proud of you! Love Mom, Dad, Ken &
Kris
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Page(s)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Abbis, Louise</td>
<td>148</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Abdel-Shafi, Hazim</td>
<td>148</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aboitiz, Miguel</td>
<td>168</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Achtien, Carol</td>
<td>258</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adams, David</td>
<td>148</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adams, Lori</td>
<td>168</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Agelson, Louis</td>
<td>20, 158</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Agrimoniti, Lisa</td>
<td>191</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Al-Chang, Kenwyn</td>
<td>148</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Al-Chang, Mitchell</td>
<td>168</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aiello, Frank</td>
<td>136</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Albertoni, Rich</td>
<td>46, 168</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Albo, Lisa</td>
<td>168</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alkatib, Hasan</td>
<td>211</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Al-Lahham, Adel</td>
<td>136</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alao, Scott</td>
<td>136</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alering, Lisa</td>
<td>148</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alexander, Michael</td>
<td>168</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alfred, James</td>
<td>168</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Allansmith, Andrew</td>
<td>168</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Allen, Krystine</td>
<td>168</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Allen, Michelle</td>
<td>148</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Almaraz, Neena</td>
<td>136</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Almeida, Fabio</td>
<td>158</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Almeida, Carlos</td>
<td>168</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alongi, Missy</td>
<td>148, 261</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alyn, Scott</td>
<td>39, 168</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alyn, Nora</td>
<td>148</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anderson, Cindy</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anderson, Steve</td>
<td>25, 158</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anscho, Michelle</td>
<td>148</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Antes, Megan</td>
<td>136, 272</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Antes, Todd</td>
<td>143</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Antonioli, Linda</td>
<td>169</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Araica, Alvaro</td>
<td>148</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Araquistain, Lisa</td>
<td>169</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arce, Manuel</td>
<td>169</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arce, Noelle</td>
<td>169</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Archer, Tim</td>
<td>235</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Argendeli, Genine</td>
<td>141</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arias, Michael</td>
<td>169</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Armanino, Andrew</td>
<td>158</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Armeniano, Lance</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Armeniano, Lisbeth</td>
<td>169</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Armstrong, Eric</td>
<td>136, 141</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arnaudo, Luca</td>
<td>169</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arndorfer, Boo</td>
<td>128</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arnold, Karl</td>
<td>158</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arnold, Michael</td>
<td>169</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arrie, Naomi</td>
<td>169</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ash, Elizabeth</td>
<td>169</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ashbeck, Garth</td>
<td>136</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ashley, Sabrina</td>
<td>169</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ateg, Jolene</td>
<td>169</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Atchison, Al</td>
<td>148</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Augello, Lisa</td>
<td>136</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Atwood, William</td>
<td>136</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Avey, Robert</td>
<td>105, 169</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ayoub, Greta</td>
<td>170</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ayoub, Zaid</td>
<td>158</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ayoub, John</td>
<td>170</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ayoub, Joanne</td>
<td>170</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ayoub, Juan</td>
<td>170</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Badaracco, Paul</td>
<td>170</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bader, Renee</td>
<td>170</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Badley, Wally</td>
<td>170</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bagley, Marianne</td>
<td>170</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bai, Moira</td>
<td>170</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baker, Christine</td>
<td>170</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baker, Gregory</td>
<td>158</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bakich, Matt</td>
<td>170</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baldacci, Jim</td>
<td>158</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baldwinson, Wendy</td>
<td>163, 167</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ball, Julie</td>
<td>111</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ballew, Don</td>
<td>255</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baltz, Jennifer</td>
<td>170</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Balzer, Joe</td>
<td>136</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barbieri, Dario</td>
<td>171</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barcia, Amy</td>
<td>158</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barcia, Kathleen</td>
<td>148</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bargero, John</td>
<td>94, 171</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barker, Bryan</td>
<td>171</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barker, William</td>
<td>211</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barnett, Jennifer</td>
<td>171</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barrantes, Flavio</td>
<td>171</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barrett, Cliff</td>
<td>244</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barry, Roxanne</td>
<td>136</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Basich, Frank</td>
<td>171</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bastich, David</td>
<td>170</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Battleb, Eric</td>
<td>136</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bauer, Mark</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baumann, Brian</td>
<td>170</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bean, Bridget</td>
<td>136</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beardan, Dave</td>
<td>263</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bearle, Steve</td>
<td>158</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beaulain, Kathleen</td>
<td>171</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beaudoun, Ralph</td>
<td>210</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Becerra, Ann</td>
<td>171</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Becker, Allison</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Becker, Mike</td>
<td>5, 148</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beebe, Chrisanne</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beebe, Rosemary</td>
<td>75, 203</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beniggi, Judith</td>
<td>136</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bellfigio, Tracey</td>
<td>171</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bell, Catherine</td>
<td>211</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bell, Jan</td>
<td>211</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bell, Leslie</td>
<td>171</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bellamy, David</td>
<td>171</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bellevue, Sandy</td>
<td>276</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Belotti, Mario</td>
<td>211</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bender, Sharon</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bender, Sherry</td>
<td>211</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Benetti, Timothy</td>
<td>171</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Benech, Janice</td>
<td>148</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Benvenuto, Maria</td>
<td>158</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bendigk, Patricia</td>
<td>211</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Benitez, Lupe</td>
<td>148</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Benitez, Melissa</td>
<td>158</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Benson, Lisa</td>
<td>158</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Berson, Jeannette</td>
<td>171</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bergen, John</td>
<td>171</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bergen, Linda</td>
<td>158</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bergen, Susan</td>
<td>136</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Berger, David</td>
<td>171</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Berghoff, Eric</td>
<td>101, 258, 171</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bernal, Ann</td>
<td>159</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bernal, Dennis</td>
<td>171</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bernucci, Lynda</td>
<td>171</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Berson, Joan</td>
<td>126, 139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bertolucci, Linda</td>
<td>171</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bertone, Laura</td>
<td>136</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bianco, John</td>
<td>171</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bielaski, Dan</td>
<td>58, 256</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Biggi, John</td>
<td>136</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Billings, Simone</td>
<td>211</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Biondi, Cornelia</td>
<td>171</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bingham, Kelly</td>
<td>35, 159</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bisse, Keith</td>
<td>148</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bittner, Craig</td>
<td>148, 200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blach, Mary</td>
<td>171</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blackburn, John</td>
<td>171</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blackwell, Genivieve</td>
<td>136</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blake, Steve</td>
<td>172</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baker, Marty</td>
<td>172</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bland, Steve</td>
<td>172</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blaney, Timothy</td>
<td>172</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blaukenship, Debbie</td>
<td>172</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blaser, Mary</td>
<td>172</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boden, Phillip</td>
<td>136</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boehner, Sally</td>
<td>172</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boggini, Paul</td>
<td>159, 256</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boggs, Leslie</td>
<td>172</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bogucki, Brian</td>
<td>136</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bohman, Marilyn</td>
<td>211</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
In a one on one battle, senior forward Phil Gibson takes control of the ball.

Boken, Kathy 275
Bolen, Patty 134
Boler, Sarah 172
Boly, Jeffery 136
Bona, Susan 159
Bonfiglio, Beverly 148
Bonn, Robin 172
Bordallo, Rodney 172
Borges, David 172
Borgia, Ann 172
Borrillo, Tom 148
Borja, Bernice 136
Bosetti, Kristin 172
Bourcier, Jeanne Marie
Bova, Anthony 172
Bova, Leonora 148
Bowen, Hubert 172
Boylan, Patti 136
Boyd, Robert 172
Boyson, Elizabeth 159
Bozzini, Marla 172
Bradford, Kerry 172
Brading, Mark 172
Bradish, Mike 148
Brady, Chris
Brady, Chris 58, 106
Branson, Colleen 136
Bravo, Rechelle 148
Briar, Patricia 23, 136
Brazil, John 148

Bredenbach, Heribert 211
Bresniker, Kirk 136
Brewer, Brendan 136
Brigante, Michelle 148
Brink, Tim 172, 223, 244, 269
Brinkhoff, Bruce 234, 235
Britsch, Thomas 148
Britton, Matt 85, 172
Brock, Mary 15, 172
Brockley, Susan 148
Broom, Barbara 242
Brosec, Kirsten 278, 173
Brothers, Kieran 148
Brown, Christine 46
Brown, Germaine 136
Brown, Jeffrey 173
Brown, Michael 173
Brown, Phyllis 211
Brunello, Scott 173
Bruno, Albert 76, 211
Bruns, Bart 149
Brutus, Dennis 109
Bucher, Teresa 173
Buchanan, Dallas 148
Bueno, Cathy 159
Bueno, Maria 173
Bui, Chris 30, 31
Bui, Luan 136
Bulls, Werner 137
Burnick, Steven 173
Burke, Catherine 20, 159
Burnman, Jennifer 173
Burnett, Kevin 148
Burns, James 173
Burns, Margaret 173
Burns, Sara 148
Burns, Stephanie 37, 137
Burschinger, Joe 41
Bush, Diane 173
Buss, Michael 137
Bush, Michael 211
Bycraft, John 137
Byers, Ted 173

Cairns, J.G. 131

INDEX
Cairns, Pam 148
Calcagno, Greg 159, 228
Caldeira, Robert 174
Callan, Anne 137
Calvello, Jeff 148
Campagna, Diana 174
Camarena, Martha 174
Campagno, Rosella 157
Campini, Kathleen 159, 164
Campion, Mary Jo 17
Campisi, Michelle 53, 174
Campis, Lonnie 148
Campbell, Lee 211
Capitolo, Greg 174
Capprci, Angela 128, 159
Capra, Anthony 174
Capowski, Debbie 148
Caren, Linda 211
Carey, Jim 148
Carlson, Greg 159
Carman, Jane 174
Carpine, Rick 159
Carroll, SJ, Patrick 167
Carter, Cheryl 128
Carter, Margaret 174
Carth, Cedric 174
Casey, Joseph 174
Casey, William II 148
Casillas, Silvia 194, 174
Castillo, Diana 137
Castor, Diane 137
Cech, Bruce 159
Cebedo, Celine 148, 179
Cebedo, Mary Beth 174
Cecilio, Cielito 175
Cervantes, Julie 175
Cervantes, Traci 159
Cervelli, Christopher 175
Chambers, Michael 175
Champaneri, Roger 137
Chan, Jessy 175
Chan, Leonard 148
Chang, Willard 137
Chappell, Chester 175
Chau, Amelia 175
Chau, Bich Tam 137
Chau, Lingen 159
Chaw, Debbie 247

Flashing both her smile and her stomach, Diane Flanagan enjoys the St. Patrick's Day picnic.
D

Daley, Helen 86
D'Agui, Lisa Ann 159
Dahl, David 176
Dallas, Michelle 159
Daly, Noelle 176
D'Angelo, Denean 137
Daniels, Mary Anne 137
Danis, John 176
DaPrato, Larry 149
DaRoza, Ida 176
Darwich, Joe 159
Dasaam, Surapol 211
Davenport, Tom 137
David, Lourdes 159
Davidovich, Doug 5, 159
Davidson, Daniel 149
Davini, Jeannine 176
Davis, Glenn 149
Davis, Ruth 211
Davis, Ryan 138
Davison, Alice 138
Day, Kathleen 176
Daza, Africa 159
DeAndrade, Rita 177
De Angelis, Elisa 177
Deasy, Deirdre 177
DeBarras, Rob 44, 177
Debney, Renee 138
DeBlauwe, Claudette 62, 177
DeBode, Eric 28
Deck, Joseph 212
DeCosta, Lisa 138
DeCunzo, Paul 177
Degen, James 121
DeHoff, Chris 149
Delacroix, Jacques 212
Delbecq, Andre 210
DelBustos, Barry 131
DeLanen, Mike 149
DeLeon, Jim 148
DeLeone, Annamarie 138, 150
DeLaPuente, Edmundo 177
del Rosario, Antonio 244, 255
DelSanto, John 177
Delormier, Arthur 177
DeMarco, Daneen 138
Demmer, Henry 212
DeMoss, John 150
Demone, Michele 177
De Ocampo, Andrew
DePole, Craig 10
Destories, William 177
DeWeider, Kelly 212, 215
Devries, Karen 177
Diaz, Esperanza 177
Diaz, Tony 177
DiBona, Denise 150
DiBono, Jeff 262
Dicker, Grace 177
Diocheta, Pat 150
DiDita, Renee 54, 177
DiGeronimo, Anne Marie 16
DiGeronimo, Mary 150
DiGeronimo, Theresa 177
Diggs, Kari 177
Dikun, Gerald 177
Dillon, James 177
Dinh, Julie 150
Diorio, Elisa 150
Disanto, Gina 138
Dito, Jennifer 159
Dodson, Dan 116, 117
Doe, Robert 177
Doetz, Anne 212
Dold, Jeanette 138
Dombrowski, Lou 177, 261
Donahoe, Larry 139
Donovan, Tracy 150
Dorhout, Kevin 159
Doraas, Norman 177
Dorsett, Mark 159
Dougherty, Margaret 139
Douglas, William 177
Dowd, Kristen 139
Dowden, John 139
Doyle, John 178
Drahsman, John 75, 76,
212
Dreher, Diane 212
Dreike, Elizabeth 150
Feeling the chill of winter quarter, bundled up students socialize at the "Doghouse." The Doghouse was one of many local student houses to host campus parties.
INDEX

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Gill, John</td>
<td>181</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gilpin, Gayle</td>
<td>182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gilroy, Lisa</td>
<td>13, 182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gibson, Michael</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Giulianetti, Lara</td>
<td>161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glava, Dean</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gleeson, Michael</td>
<td>139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Godfrey, Emily</td>
<td>182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Godoy, Ralph</td>
<td>235</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Goi, Colin</td>
<td>182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Goetz, Ed</td>
<td>182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Goetz, Teresa</td>
<td>182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Golr, Mark</td>
<td>26, 182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Golbranson, Lenny</td>
<td>182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Goldstein, David</td>
<td>151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gomez, Adrienne</td>
<td>139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gomez, Michelle</td>
<td>139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gonzales, Ann</td>
<td>182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gonzales, Antone</td>
<td>161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gonzales, Christopher</td>
<td>139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gonzales, John</td>
<td>182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gonzales, Lisa</td>
<td>182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gonzales, Pat</td>
<td>46, 174</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gonzalez, Alicia</td>
<td>139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gonzalez, Linda</td>
<td>161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Goodkasian, Debbie</td>
<td>182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gordon, Jens</td>
<td>249, 251</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gordon, Mary</td>
<td>182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gosland, Joe</td>
<td>262</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gospe, Kathryn</td>
<td>139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gough, Tom</td>
<td>161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gould, Sheila</td>
<td>19, 57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gragnani, John</td>
<td>106</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Graham, Hilary</td>
<td>183, 242</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Graham, Margaret</td>
<td>183</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grant, Lloyd</td>
<td>183</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Granucci, Lisa</td>
<td>183</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gravert, Dennis</td>
<td>183</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Greeley, Joseph</td>
<td>139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Green, Ken</td>
<td>183</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Greenley, Dale</td>
<td>183</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Greenwood, Allison</td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Greenwood, Paris</td>
<td>126, 183</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gregerson, Bill</td>
<td>10, 73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Greiten, Michelle</td>
<td>161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grethen, Jaunita</td>
<td>126</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grevera, Barbara</td>
<td>161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Griffin, Kurt</td>
<td>151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Griffin, Tim</td>
<td>273</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gujral, Frank</td>
<td>139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gujral, Victor</td>
<td>183</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grimes, Laura</td>
<td>183</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grounds, David</td>
<td>151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Guerra, Michael</td>
<td>183</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Guerrero, Veronica</td>
<td>151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Guerrero, Dave</td>
<td>273</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gurrola, Lance</td>
<td>183</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gustavson, Eric</td>
<td>25, 161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gutierrez, Lourdes</td>
<td>183</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gutierrez, Martha</td>
<td>183</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gutierrez, Susan</td>
<td>183</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hackworth, Lauren</td>
<td>161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hacri, Mina</td>
<td>161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hagan, Debbie</td>
<td>183</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haggerty, Patrick</td>
<td>183</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haley, Matson</td>
<td>183</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hall, Martin</td>
<td>183</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hammons, Paul</td>
<td>212</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hamilton, Steve</td>
<td>15, 35, 52, 183</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hammen, Clare</td>
<td>183</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hampton, Gregg</td>
<td>139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harmon, William</td>
<td>151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harpster III, Dean</td>
<td>161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harrington, Denise</td>
<td>139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harrison, Jennay</td>
<td>139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hartman, Jennifer</td>
<td>274</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harvey, Fran</td>
<td>151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Haughton, Kenneth</td>
<td>210</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hawkins, Richard</td>
<td>183</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hayes, Anne</td>
<td>183</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hayes, Joanne</td>
<td>183</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hayes, Mike</td>
<td>180</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hayes, Michael</td>
<td>151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hayes, Stewart</td>
<td>183</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hayn, SJ, Carl</td>
<td>212</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Healy, Nancy</td>
<td>161, 266, 267</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Healy, Timothy</td>
<td>213</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hebner, Lisa</td>
<td>139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hegarty, George</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heiland, Kurt</td>
<td>151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heilman, Ann</td>
<td>62, 184</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hein, Kevin</td>
<td>235</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heinvechter, Dave</td>
<td>198</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heli, Martin</td>
<td>151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hendley, Carolyn</td>
<td>184</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hendricks, Richard</td>
<td>111</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Herlihy, Theresa</td>
<td>184</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hermann, Robert</td>
<td>184</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hernandez, Charles</td>
<td>184</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hernandez, Joseph</td>
<td>139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hernandez, Michael</td>
<td>184</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hernandez, Julie</td>
<td>151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Herndon, Bob</td>
<td>236</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Herrera, Charles</td>
<td>139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Herring, Susan</td>
<td>37, 58, 151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hess, Michael</td>
<td>184</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hessler, Chris</td>
<td>184, 227</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hey, Mark</td>
<td>151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hickman, David</td>
<td>184</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Higa, Jason</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hight, Tim</td>
<td>104</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hightower, Hedy</td>
<td>185</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Higuchi, Ellen</td>
<td>185</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Higuchi, Kristin</td>
<td>139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hill, Trizia</td>
<td>161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hills, Donald</td>
<td>185</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hills, Liz</td>
<td>185</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hinson, Mary</td>
<td>151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Himmah, Dawn</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hitchcock, Alec</td>
<td>139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hnatek, Stephen</td>
<td>139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ho, Cheryl</td>
<td>185</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ho, Denise</td>
<td>185</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ho, Thomas</td>
<td>185</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hoang, Kay</td>
<td>161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hoang, Ninh</td>
<td>139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hodek, Simona</td>
<td>185</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hoey, Colleen</td>
<td>186</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hoey, Kathleen</td>
<td>139, 186</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hoffman, Uve</td>
<td>161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hogan, Matthew</td>
<td>186</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holdener, Teresa</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hollis, Linda</td>
<td>186, 239</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hook, Ronald</td>
<td>186</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hornind, Matthew</td>
<td>186</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Horno, Linda</td>
<td>151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hornecker, Gina</td>
<td>151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Horth, Rosalyn</td>
<td>140, 239</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hoskins, Lori</td>
<td>161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hou, Patricia</td>
<td>151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hovind, Matthew</td>
<td>186</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Howard, Catherine</td>
<td>213</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Howarth, Megan</td>
<td>186</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hu, Steve</td>
<td>151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Huang, Ed</td>
<td>161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Huber, Chris</td>
<td>161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hue, Lisa</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hung, Elyse</td>
<td>186</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hughes, Bonnie</td>
<td>140</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hughes, Brandon</td>
<td>30, 186</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hughes, Tina</td>
<td>187</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Humphreys, Heidi</td>
<td>161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Humphreys, Kelly</td>
<td>139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hunsecker, Kurt</td>
<td>187</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hurly, Dennis</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hurst, Frances - Fritz</td>
<td>15, 104, 161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Iannora, Vicki</td>
<td>161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ibrahim, Frederick</td>
<td>140</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Inelli, Susan</td>
<td>236, 237</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Imhof, Michelle</td>
<td>128</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Infantino, Gary</td>
<td>161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Iob, Debra</td>
<td>187</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Isaac, Susie</td>
<td>187</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Iscri, Karen</td>
<td>161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ivanovich, Amara</td>
<td>140</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ivanov, Adriano</td>
<td>140</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Iverson, Adrienne</td>
<td>221</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ivanoff, Kichiro</td>
<td>213</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Izumi, Kim</td>
<td>140</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jackson, Margaret</td>
<td>140</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jacobs, Jeffery</td>
<td>140</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jacobs, Lisa</td>
<td>187</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jacobsen, Matt</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jaffe, Joel</td>
<td>112</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jagger, Stephanie</td>
<td>140, 279</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jajeh, James</td>
<td>187</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jakubek, Jean</td>
<td>161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jakubek, Jennifer</td>
<td>187</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James, William</td>
<td>113, 213</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jankowski, Robin</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jarzow, Anne</td>
<td>151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jauregui, Heather</td>
<td>140</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Speaking to a packed Mayer Theatre crowd, Dr. Ashley Montagu officially opens the Institute on Technology and Society.
INDEX

Keller, Anne 188
Keller, Martin 151
Kelley, Steve 188
Kelley, Alice 151
Kelly, James 188
Kelly, Kevin 188
Keltgen, Gene 188
Kemp, Kecia 213
Kemp, Michael 188
Kenealey, Michelle 188
Kenilvort, Steve 188
Kennar, Larry 188
Kennedy, Katherine 188
Kerman, Scott 188
Knauf, Heidi 188
Koch, Maria 188
Koak, Lawrence 188
Kobayashi, Mark 188
Koch, Maria 188
Koda, Laura 188
Koen, Alexis 188
Koga, Kathleen 188
Kolbo, Phil 188
Kollas, Mike 188
Kolomejec, Laura 188

Kolomejec, Richard 141
Kolzak, Paula 14
Konesky, Mike 14
Kooijman, Paul 14
Korner, Kelly 151
Korte, Mary 151
Kothave, Shantamu 142
Kouzes, James 142
Kovacevich, Martin 142
Kozuki, Hiroshi 151
Kraemer, Janice 142
Krasowski, Witold 142
Krebs, Karen 142
Kremer, Amy 142
Kroll, Susan 142
Kubas, Michelle 142
Kuchl, Lisa 142
Kubis, Susan 142
Kuenzi, Kirsten 142
Kugler, Sharon 142
Kunz, Martin 142
Kupferer, Kim 142
Kurzenknabe, Derek 142
Kusanovich, Kristin 142

Laacoe, Yvonne 142
Lagoria, Georgia 142
Laing, Colleen 142
Laing, Colleen 142
Laid, Laurie 142
Lall, Sanjay 142
Lam, Man 142
Lam, Peter 142
Lambert, Blaise 142
Lammers, Gregory 142
Landrum, James 142
Lane, Chris 142
Lang, Anna 142
Lang, Frank 142

Fr. Coz, SCU's resident Irishman, and Dan Waligora chat during the Senior Barbeque in June.

Laerich, Christopher 190
Larsen, Karl 190
Latham, Kate 190
Latorre, Dennis 190
Laub, Mary 190
Laue, Angela 190
Lavin, Kara 190
Lavorato, John 190
Lawrence, Tricia 190
Laymon, Alex 190
Laymon, Ted 190
Le, Khun 190
Leahy, Colleen 190
Leal, Jennifer 190
Leavitt, Lisa 190
Leclair, Craig 190
Lee, Ani 190
Lee, Cathy 190
Lee, Dexter 190
Lee, Drusilla 190
Lee, Gratt 190
Lee, Hualalai 190
Lee, Kendra 190
Lee, Kevin 190
Lee, Michael 190
Lee, Richard 190
Lee, Suk 190
Leeper, Patty 190
Lehane, Andy 190

Lemus, Tony 190
Lenhardt, Ingrid 190
Lenschmidt, Joyce 190
Lent, Tom 190
Leord, Amy 190
Leonard, Debra 190
Leonard, Michele 190
Leonardi II, Thomas 190
Leong, Michael 190
Leos, Louis 190
LeRude, Eric 190
Leung, Douglas 190
Leupp, John 190
Leveque, Eric 190
Levy, Jennifer 190
Lewellyn, Michelle 190
Lewinski, Dave 190
Lewis, Anne 190
Li, Kaining 190
Li, Katrina 190

Lindahl, Gregory 190
Lindblad, Paul 190
Lindberg, Jill 190

306 Index
INDEX
## INDEX

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Page(s)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Lum, Brian</td>
<td>191</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lum, Randall</td>
<td>142</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lund, Susan</td>
<td>191</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lustig, Mark</td>
<td>192</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ly, Dung</td>
<td>152</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ly, Max</td>
<td>152</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lyette, Barbara</td>
<td>163</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lyette, Sallie</td>
<td>192</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lynch, Marianne</td>
<td>192</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lynch, Shannon</td>
<td>26, 39, 192</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lynn, Gregory</td>
<td>192</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lyons, Eddie</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Manzo, Irene</td>
<td>142</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Manzo, Pablo</td>
<td>193</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mar, Valerie</td>
<td>142</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mara, Lisa</td>
<td>164</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marashian, Talcen</td>
<td>142</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marquidget, Christine</td>
<td>164</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marcus, Alicia</td>
<td>142</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marcus, Diane</td>
<td>193</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Margidant, Jo</td>
<td>214</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Margiotta, Gary</td>
<td>164</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marino, Christopher</td>
<td>193</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Markey, Steve</td>
<td>270</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marks, Matt</td>
<td>153</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marone, John</td>
<td>153</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marquez, Maura</td>
<td>142</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marshall, Chris</td>
<td>62, 164, 198</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Martin, Douglas</td>
<td>193</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Martinelli, Kathy</td>
<td>142</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Martinez, Anna</td>
<td>153</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Martinez, Ronald</td>
<td>193</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marzani, Louis</td>
<td>153</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mastaliski SJ, John</td>
<td>153</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Masuda, Peter</td>
<td>223</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Matero, Mala</td>
<td>193</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mateos, Miguel</td>
<td>193</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mathias, John</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mathiesen, Kristin</td>
<td>164</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Matt, Kristin</td>
<td>164</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Matusiewicz, Dan</td>
<td>142</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Matusko, Tiffany</td>
<td>142</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maas, David</td>
<td>142</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maasberg, Gary</td>
<td>265</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MacDonald, Todd</td>
<td>163</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MacDonald, Stacey</td>
<td>142, 238</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mack, Rienhard</td>
<td>163</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Machado, C. Patrick</td>
<td>192</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Machado, Edward</td>
<td>192</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Machado, Mark</td>
<td>235</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maciag, Michael</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mackin, SJ, Theodore</td>
<td>214</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maclean, Margaret</td>
<td>192</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Madden, Bridget</td>
<td>142</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maffei, Craig</td>
<td>152</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maggioncalda, Steven</td>
<td>152</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Magnani, Bernadette</td>
<td>193</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maher, Kathryn</td>
<td>152</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Malke, Erynine</td>
<td>193</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maino, Sheryl</td>
<td>193</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mak, Jennifer</td>
<td>193</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Malley, Pat</td>
<td>5, 167</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Malley, Terry</td>
<td>5, 226, 227, 228, 229</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Malone, Katie</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Malone, Tim</td>
<td>122</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mamaril, Clarence</td>
<td>142</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mangesdorf, Dan</td>
<td>153</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mann, Carrie</td>
<td>193</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Manning, John</td>
<td>142</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Manning, Rich</td>
<td>180, 193, 232</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Manoukian, Caroline</td>
<td>193</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Finishing up year-end duties, media members Greg Schultz, Emelie Banducci, Emelie Melton and Tim Myers ham it up at the light table.*
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Page(s)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mauk, Scott</td>
<td>142, 149</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maurer, Gretchen</td>
<td>237</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maxwell, Brian</td>
<td>164</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maxwell, Kathleen</td>
<td>214</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May, Ernie</td>
<td>122</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May, Linda</td>
<td>153</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mayer, Frank</td>
<td>193</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maynard, Paul</td>
<td>142</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mayo, John</td>
<td>153</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mazzetti, Rob</td>
<td>146</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McBride, Dan</td>
<td>173</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McGall, Chris</td>
<td>262</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McCarthy, Elizabeth</td>
<td>193</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McCarthy, Kevin</td>
<td>153</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McCarthy, Pat</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McGeary, Anne Marie</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McGaul, Margaret</td>
<td>142</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McClain, Amber</td>
<td>142</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McGlue, Scott</td>
<td>142</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McCard, Maria</td>
<td>164</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McCormick, John</td>
<td>40, 193</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McCormick, Matt</td>
<td>153</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McCormick, Philip</td>
<td>214</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McGown, Rhonda</td>
<td>164</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McCullam, Heather</td>
<td>153</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McDonald, Jeff</td>
<td>193</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McDonough, Stacey</td>
<td>239</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McElwee, James</td>
<td>193</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Menuy, John</td>
<td>193, 268</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Menke, Maureen</td>
<td>153</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McFarlane, Kim</td>
<td>164</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McGill, Terry</td>
<td>83, 193</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McGinn, Sean</td>
<td>214</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McGrath, James</td>
<td>193</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McGuire, Eugene</td>
<td>193</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McGuire, Kathy</td>
<td>153, 193</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McHargue, Michael</td>
<td>19, 142</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McHugh, John</td>
<td>164, 274</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McHins, Elizabeth</td>
<td>194</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McIntyre, Anne</td>
<td>143</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McIntyre, Christine</td>
<td>143</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McKellion, Kathy</td>
<td>231</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McKnight, Kenneth</td>
<td>164</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McLaren, John</td>
<td>173</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McLeod, Thomas</td>
<td>214</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McMahon, Margaret</td>
<td>104, 164</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McMinn, Amy</td>
<td>194</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McNamara, Daniel</td>
<td>153</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McNeill, Tara</td>
<td>194</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McNulty, Maureen</td>
<td>214</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McPeak, Chris</td>
<td>42, 194</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McPhail, Jim</td>
<td>227</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McWard, Jennifer</td>
<td>194</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McCapham, Nancy</td>
<td>267</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meckenstock, Cindy</td>
<td>246, 247</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meckenstock, Suzy</td>
<td>191, 217</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mederos, Michael</td>
<td>154</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meier, Matt</td>
<td>214</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meghan, Marybeth</td>
<td>142</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meiners, Heidi</td>
<td>164</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meireses, Pedro</td>
<td>194</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meister, Carolyn</td>
<td>194</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Melton, Ewelie</td>
<td>57, 194</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Melton, Mary</td>
<td>143</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mendizabal, Matt</td>
<td>164</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mendez, Joseph</td>
<td>143</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meraz, Virginia</td>
<td>194</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Merle, Jennifer</td>
<td>194</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mertes, Richard</td>
<td>194</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meyer, Denby</td>
<td>143</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meyer, Greg</td>
<td>164</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mesplay, James</td>
<td>195</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mifsud, Mike</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mijares, Ray</td>
<td>164</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miller, Donna</td>
<td>274</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miller, Jim</td>
<td>241</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miller, Mary</td>
<td>195</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miller, Maia</td>
<td>52, 62, 195</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miller, Michael</td>
<td>195</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miller, Susan</td>
<td>154</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Milutin, Vladimir</td>
<td>195</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miroco, Carlita</td>
<td>195</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mitchell, Carolyn</td>
<td>214</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mitchill, Cathy</td>
<td>239</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miyamura, Janice</td>
<td>195</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mizuno, Yasu</td>
<td>71, 195</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mock, Elton</td>
<td>154</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moseley, Suzette</td>
<td>143</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Modkins, Brenda</td>
<td>164</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mohr, David</td>
<td>143</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mohr, Lisa</td>
<td>143</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Molnar, Mary</td>
<td>259</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Molony, Barbara</td>
<td>214</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monsel, Tanya</td>
<td>39, 195</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Montagn, Ashley</td>
<td>117</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Montes, Rosa</td>
<td>143</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moon, Adriane</td>
<td>195</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mooney, Karen</td>
<td>195</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moore, Leslie</td>
<td>195</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moore, Susan</td>
<td>195</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mooreing, John</td>
<td>214</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morgenstern, Hugo</td>
<td>144</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moran, Betty</td>
<td>214</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moran, Michelle</td>
<td>143</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moreland, Laura</td>
<td>195</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moreno, Todd</td>
<td>164</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morgan, Myra</td>
<td>195</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morgan, Robert</td>
<td>154</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mori, John David</td>
<td>94, 195</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morin, Julie</td>
<td>143</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moritz, Helen</td>
<td>214</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morelos, Rob</td>
<td>164</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morris, Merrie</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morrison, Kathleen</td>
<td>195, 271</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morrow, Matt</td>
<td>26, 195</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Morton, Brian</td>
<td>165, 221, 256</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Most, Carl</td>
<td>214</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Movahan, S.J.</td>
<td>44, 45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mraz, Serena</td>
<td>143</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Muhlenhan, Wendy</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Muhlenkamp, Charles</td>
<td>154</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mulkey, Ken</td>
<td>195, 249</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mullin, Michelle</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mullins, Bridget</td>
<td>195</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mundinger, John</td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Murchof, Mary Ellen</td>
<td>238, 239</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Munchane, Tim</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Murphy, Carolyn</td>
<td>96, 195</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Murphy, Cynthia</td>
<td>196</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Murphy, Joan</td>
<td>125</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Murphy, Mary</td>
<td>196</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Murphy, Patricia</td>
<td>145</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Murphy, Patrick</td>
<td>89</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Murphy, Sean</td>
<td>214</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Murray, Barbara</td>
<td>214</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Murray, Joe</td>
<td>252</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mushkadin, Martin</td>
<td>196</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Myers, Michelle</td>
<td>154</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Myers, Tim</td>
<td>128, 196</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Myle, Michael</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Naderzad, Rambod</td>
<td>196</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nagel, R. Jerry</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nagashima, Edie</td>
<td>196</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nagotte, Kathleen</td>
<td>196</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nakamae, Robert</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nakamoto, Mark</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nally, Karen</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nally, Shannan</td>
<td>196</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Namkoong, Ellen</td>
<td>196</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nash, Maria</td>
<td>196</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Navabpour, Neda</td>
<td>145</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Navarro, Tomas</td>
<td>17, 235</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Needle, Dave</td>
<td>14, 196</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Neel, Todd</td>
<td>145</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Neel, Mark</td>
<td>196</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

N

Naderzad, Rambod | 196 |
| Nagel, R. Jerry | 165 |
| Nagashima, Edie | 196 |
| Nagotte, Kathleen | 196 |
| Nakamae, Robert | 165 |
| Nakamoto, Mark | 165 |
| Nally, Karen | 48 |
| Nally, Shannan | 196 |
| Namkoong, Ellen | 196 |
| Nash, Maria | 196 |
| Navabpour, Neda | 145 |
| Navarro, Tomas | 17, 235 |
| Needle, Dave | 14, 196 |
| Neel, Todd | 145 |
| Neel, Mark | 196 |
Students in Kennedy mall groove to the sounds of the Uptones. The Uptones concluded the week of raucous fun and excitement we know as Bronco Bust.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Page Numbers</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Roche, Corey</td>
<td>145</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rock, Ron</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rodas, Chrystal</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rodde, Maggie</td>
<td>145</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rodgers, Eric</td>
<td>143</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rodriguez, Luis</td>
<td>145</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rodriguez, Ruben</td>
<td>202</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roemer, Betsy</td>
<td>188, 222, 239</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roff, Addy</td>
<td>137, 165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rolle, Tony</td>
<td>18, 100, 221</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rolston, Ann</td>
<td>202</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Romano, Pamela</td>
<td>145</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rono, Reme</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ronco, Chris</td>
<td>202</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roney, Katherine</td>
<td>202</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roop, Stephen</td>
<td>145</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roque, Rosemarie</td>
<td>93</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rose, William</td>
<td>202</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rosenkranz, William</td>
<td>145</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rosenthal, Kathleen</td>
<td>202</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rosenthal, Lois</td>
<td>215</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rosewall, Aimee</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roske, Chris</td>
<td>202</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ross, Peter</td>
<td>215</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rossi, Carol</td>
<td>215</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rossi, Jason</td>
<td>145</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rossi, Theresa</td>
<td>202</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rossini, Ray</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rostankowski, Cynthia</td>
<td>216</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roth, MD, Arthur</td>
<td>215</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roy, Stephen</td>
<td>145</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rozolis, Theodore</td>
<td>155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rackwardt, Deborah</td>
<td>202</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ruder, Joe</td>
<td>202</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rudiec, Steve</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rudolf, Monica</td>
<td>202</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rueda, Karen</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ruhle, Kristen</td>
<td>203</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Runmer, Beth</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rupe, Steve</td>
<td>268</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rupp, Melinda</td>
<td>202</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rush, Matt</td>
<td>202</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Russo, John</td>
<td>202</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Russick, Andrew</td>
<td>202</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Russick, Phil</td>
<td>270</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Russick, Maureen</td>
<td>155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Russo, Brooke</td>
<td>146</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Russo, Elise</td>
<td>137</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rustia, Frank</td>
<td>202</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sabinck, Chet</td>
<td>203</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saracino, Daniel</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sack, Stacy</td>
<td>203</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saenz, Marlo</td>
<td>155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sahni, Pradeep</td>
<td>155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sahni, Sheetal</td>
<td>116</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sabotta, Sukhjinder</td>
<td>146</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sata, Gabi</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Said, Yousef</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sakai, Dawn</td>
<td>203</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sakata, Nancy</td>
<td>277, 155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Salinas, Steve</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Salsman, Terri</td>
<td>203</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Salti, Ramzi</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sanchez, Chris</td>
<td>146, 203</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sanchez, Marcelo</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Santaga, Joe</td>
<td>203</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Santos, Lucille</td>
<td>203</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Santos, Roger</td>
<td>203</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saplot, Curt</td>
<td>146</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saritina, Lisa</td>
<td>146</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sarsfield, Maryanne</td>
<td>203</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sartin, Linda</td>
<td>203</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sato, Edyn</td>
<td>155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saugen, Stacie</td>
<td>203</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saunders, Mitch</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Savage, John</td>
<td>262</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Savasta, Michelle</td>
<td>155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sawares, Sherene</td>
<td>146</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scarpace, Kristen</td>
<td>141</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schacher, Marcella</td>
<td>204</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scharf, Jennifer</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schaller, Kelly</td>
<td>204</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schambacher, Maureen</td>
<td>155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schildt, Magdalena</td>
<td>204</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schaukowitch, Maureen</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scholl, Jim</td>
<td>155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schmidt, Rob</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schmitz, Sara</td>
<td>39, 165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schneider, Greg</td>
<td>107, 204</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schmutz, Nancy</td>
<td>145</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scholte, Karen</td>
<td>230</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schroth, Marvin</td>
<td>216</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schubert, Bill</td>
<td>182, 204</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schuck, Laura</td>
<td>204, 238, 239</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schuler, Daria</td>
<td>146</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schulist, Steve</td>
<td>258</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schulman, Miriam</td>
<td>86, 216</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schulte, Tom</td>
<td>258, 155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schulteis, Colleen</td>
<td>157</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schultz, Greg</td>
<td>204</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schwartz, Mark</td>
<td>204</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schwartz, Kristin</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scott, Richard</td>
<td>157</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sebastian, Rick</td>
<td>204</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seely, K G</td>
<td>216</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seitz, Frank</td>
<td>255</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sekan, Ruth</td>
<td>42, 157</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sencion, Glicelda</td>
<td>204</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sende, Pat</td>
<td>153, 194</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Senkiewicz, S J</td>
<td>86, 132, 210</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seo, Debbie</td>
<td>204</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sepe, James</td>
<td>216</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sepulveda, Kelly</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sethi, Panki</td>
<td>204</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sewart, John</td>
<td>216</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sewell, Warren</td>
<td>186, 204</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shanks, S J</td>
<td>84, 119, 216</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sharpe, Rob</td>
<td>146</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shattuck, Alan</td>
<td>216</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shattuck, Jane</td>
<td>134, 204</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shaw, Daniel</td>
<td>166</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shaw, Matt</td>
<td>226</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shea, Margaret</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shechan, Jennifer</td>
<td>204</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shechan, Sharon</td>
<td>157</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shechan, William</td>
<td>216</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sheela, Susan</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sherburne, Kevin</td>
<td>204</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sheridan, Michael</td>
<td>204</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sherman, Jerry</td>
<td>200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shimabuku, Michael</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shin, Omee</td>
<td>166</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Short, Kathryn</td>
<td>157</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shuken, Mark</td>
<td>259</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shurtleff, Lynn</td>
<td>84, 85, 217</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sidebottom, Jill</td>
<td>204</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Silva, Aileen</td>
<td>146</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Silva, Carol</td>
<td>204</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Silva, Michael</td>
<td>204</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Silver, Jeff</td>
<td>245</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Silvera, Renee</td>
<td>157</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Silveri, Sharon</td>
<td>238</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sinnen, Yokanda</td>
<td>204</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Simonian, Set A</td>
<td>204</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sircar, Srita</td>
<td>204</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Simon, Jenny</td>
<td>230</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sirilutporn, Apichat</td>
<td>157</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Skelton, Natalie</td>
<td>146</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Skjerven, Paul</td>
<td>204</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Slaughter, Daniel</td>
<td>217</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Slowinski, Rosie</td>
<td>276</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smearden, David</td>
<td>157</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith, Bryan</td>
<td>224</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith, Chris</td>
<td>157</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith, David</td>
<td>75, 157</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith, Debbie</td>
<td>259</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith, James</td>
<td>157</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith, Sharon</td>
<td>205</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith, Stephen</td>
<td>216</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smith, Tiffany</td>
<td>205</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smolarski, S J</td>
<td>217</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Snyder, Rory</td>
<td>112</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sobrero, Elizabeth</td>
<td>205</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Soebroto, Tobing</td>
<td>166</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Solis, Steve</td>
<td>244</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Somen, Steve</td>
<td>166</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Soto, Deanna</td>
<td>205</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Soukup, S J</td>
<td>88, 217</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sousa, Anthony</td>
<td>166</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>South, Susan</td>
<td>205</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sovick, Steven</td>
<td>166</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spain, Michelle</td>
<td>205</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spanfelner, Amy</td>
<td>166</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Specchiera, Therese</td>
<td>166</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Speck, Kirt</td>
<td>39, 40, 76, 205</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Specker, Debbie</td>
<td>26, 205</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spicer, Christine</td>
<td>147</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Springhorn, Polly</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stach, Kurt</td>
<td>147</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Statish, Sunday</td>
<td>205</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Starks, Jeffrey</td>
<td>157</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Staveley, Mark</td>
<td>147</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S tea, Daniel</td>
<td>166</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stebel, John</td>
<td>157</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stees, Laurie</td>
<td>205</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Making a gripping point with the use of crosses on the Mission lawn, Students for Social Justice try to increase Santa Clara student awareness of the human rights abuses in Nicaragua.
Valenzuela, Mike 26, 39, 207
Valle, Gary 167
Van Blerk, Margaret 167
VanDenBerge, Christian 217
Van Dyke, Michael 147
Vanginkel, Lydia 147
Van Zanten, Kelly 207
Vari, Victor 217
Varni, Lisa 207
Vellequette, Mark 207
Velasquez, Manuel 74, 217
Verga, Frank 147
Viale, John 147
Vierra, Elizabeth 157
Vierra, Tony 207
Vogelsang, John 207
Vogl, Ron 157
Voile, Kathy 147
VonDerMeidhen, Eric 157
VonMassenhausen, Armin 40, 207
VonTobel, Donald 207
Vrionis, Gary 207
Vu, Anh 207
Vu, Dung 207

Wadia, Zarir 217
Wagner, Chris 147
Wagner, Karla 157
Wagner, Lenore 207
Wai, Howard 157
Wai, Patrick 167
Wakefield, G.P. 207
Waligora, Dan 207
Walker, Eileen 207
Walker, Jane 157
Walker, Kelly 37
Wallace, Jomarie 207
Walz, Tim 147
Ward, Eileen 207
Ward, Kerri 147
Ward, Sheila 207
Warfield, Susanne 147
Warner, Keith 208
Washington, Charmaine 147
Waterman, Genene 208

Not your ordinary "Deadhead,"
Steve Hamilton mentally prepares himself for the Grateful Dead's appearance at Stanford.
Wood, Sally 217
Woodcock, Kathy 157
Wooding, Dave 157
Wright, Chris 164
Wright, Sj, Tennant 217
Wu, Mei
Wyman, Patricia 167

X

Xenos, Patty 167

Y

Yabut, Gem 50, 209
Yamami, Todd 147

Z

Zahn, Heidi 49, 209
Zanardi, Jeff 209
Zanger, Pam 209

COLOPHON

The 82nd volume of The Redwood, copyrighted by Santa Clara University, was printed by Hunter Publishing Company. A total of 3000 books were printed on Simpson Lee 80 pound Tahoe Gloss stock. Standard screens were used varying from 10 to 100 percent. Colors chosen for The Redwood are as follows: PMS 213, PMS 300, PMS 109, PMS 221, PMS 193, PMS 347, PMS 320, PMS 200, PMS 116. Other color used is process mix and match.

All color photos were taken by staff photographers with Kodacolor II, Kodak VR 100 and Kodak VR 400 film. Processing was done by Varden Studios and Denevi Camera and Video. Yearbook portraits were taken by Varden Studios, Rochester, N.Y. Varden photographed 741 seniors and 798 non-graduates.

With ASA's ranging from 125 to 3200, black and white photos were printed from Kodak Tri-X and Plus-X and Ilford HP-5 35 mm negatives by yearbook staff members on Kodak RC-F paper using Kodak chemicals. All black and white candid photographs were taken by yearbook staff members with the exception of a few obtained from University Communications and Associated Press.

The endsheets are amber, #213 on a 65 pound endsheet stock. The cover is four-color with process mix and match and was designed by the 1986 Redwood staff.

Body copy throughout the book is Baskerville 10 point. Opening, Closing and Division page copy is Baskerville 14 point. Headline, byline and kicker size is varied throughout the book in the following styles: Century for Student Life, Times Roman for Academics, Helvetica for Sports and Optima for People. Captions are in Optima 8 point, photo credits are in Optima 6 point and folios are in Optima 10 point.

Layout styles are columnar in the following widths: Student Life in 13 pica, Academics in 17 pica and Sports in 10 pica.
The students, faculty and staff of SCU took a good look at themselves in 1986. The change was coming quickly, not only at SCU, but around the world.

We are now “Santa Clara University,” The Alameda will soon run AROUND the campus and Wordstar literacy has virtually become a requirement for graduation. The world we knew in 1986 was one of patriotic rejuvenation, political struggle and technological failure. Chernobyl. Challenger. Apartheid. Live Aid. Qaddafi. What were we to make of all these historic people, places and events?

A need to reestablish our role as persons in society confronted us and we at SCU tackled this challenge with events like the Institute on Technology and Society and the Political Awareness Series. Other responses to change were more permanent. A new Communication department to study a rapidly growing and increasingly complex industry. The Benson Renovation and the Alameda re-route to provide more unity for the University and its student body.

Before the year, there was a fear among many at Santa Clara...
that progress was, perhaps, exceeding the control of its creators. The feasibility of the Strategic Defense Initiative, for example, represented something larger than any of us could understand. But during the year we dispelled these fears. We found that technology was, indeed, powerful, but that it existed as a tool for man and could not exist without him. The fears were valid, but were more a result of culture shock. Our environment was changing and we, who lived in the environment, needed to change also.

And this became the mood of the year 1986. We were adapting and reacting to that which was new. We were keeping sight of the human side in a world more complex than ever.

The Alameda will soon run AROUND the campus and Wordstar literacy has virtually become a requirement for graduation.
How will this year be remembered? That is the question we have tried to answer in The 1986 Redwood. In closing, we salute two Santa Clarans we will especially remember in 1986: Academic Vice President Paul Locatelli, SJ, and Director of Campus Ministry Daniel Germann, SJ.

Academic Vice President for the last 8 years, Locatelli will be remembered for his dedication to keeping a solid liberal arts foundation at Santa Clara. His achievements have been many, most notably his development of the core curriculum which requires students of all majors to take courses in the liberal arts in addition to their study in other fields. Locatelli will be moving to Loyola-Marymount University.

Director of Campus Ministry for a total of 12 years at SCU, ...
Germann has been a force behind the growing involvement of students in the campus liturgies and will be remembered for his encouragement of a team approach to Campus Ministry's various functions. Germann leaves Santa Clara to begin full-time work at the University's Eastside Project in east San Jose. They were two who truly "kept sight of the human side" and the people of Santa Clara will miss them dearly.

— Greg Schultz
There were times when I felt like planting a pipe bomb in the yearbook office. Kaboom! Oh well, there goes the year. But more often than not, life with The Redwood was fun and exciting. Sure, I missed a few parties, but working on The Redwood was a big party anyway so I didn’t mind.

I never thought I’d have such a meaningful relationship with a computer. It grew to be a textbook love-hate relationship (erasing files has become one of my specialties), but we parted on a good note. I won’t miss them.

Many "thanks" are due. Thank you, Christine, for understanding and keeping me half-way sane. This year would have been unbearable without you. Many thanks to John Privett, SJ, who taught me the meaning of being positive. Thank you to Tom Shanks, SJ, for guidance and teaching me how to spell "dissolve." Elle, Rene, Emelie and the rest of the TSC staff, you’ve been an inspiration in many ways. Graduates go to my roommates at 2116 who worked very hard on keeping me motivated when I wasn’t working on the book. Thank you, I needed it. Maggie and Matt, only we will know what happened in the studio that night. See you running around the streets of L.A.

Thank you’s till tomorrow for the whole yearbook staff. You have all been wonderful. Chris, hope Tahoe was fun! But we’ll trade more. Kendra, get a haircut? Section editors, don’t forget your justification.

Production editors, where is everything? Eric, why are you always the first one at office hours? Tim, best of luck to you next year.

Mom and Dad, you get the highest thanks. I couldn’t imagine having better parents. "A television production major? Yearbook?" You supported me the whole way. I love you very much.

The yearbook is done! I’m happy as a hyena and hope you are too. Now, give me some floppy disks to destroy before I lose my mind. Goodbye Santa Clara. And thank you.

— Greg Schultz