

University of San Diego

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College for Men Yearbooks

Yearbooks

1964

All the Men 1964

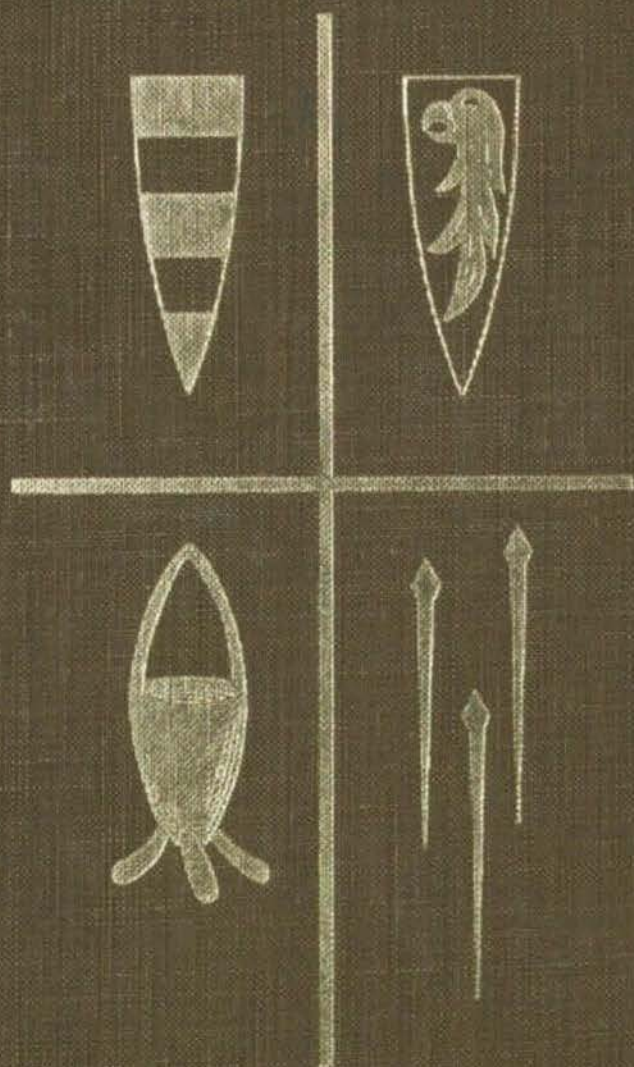
University of San Diego. College for Men

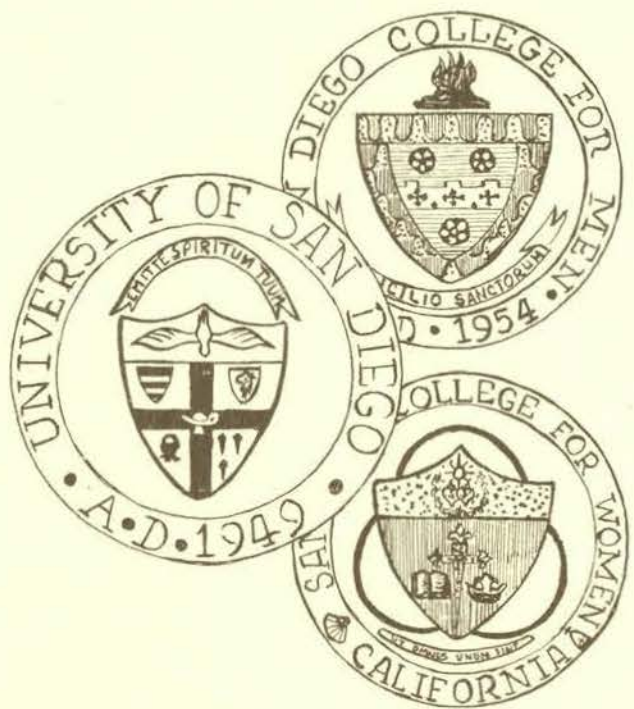
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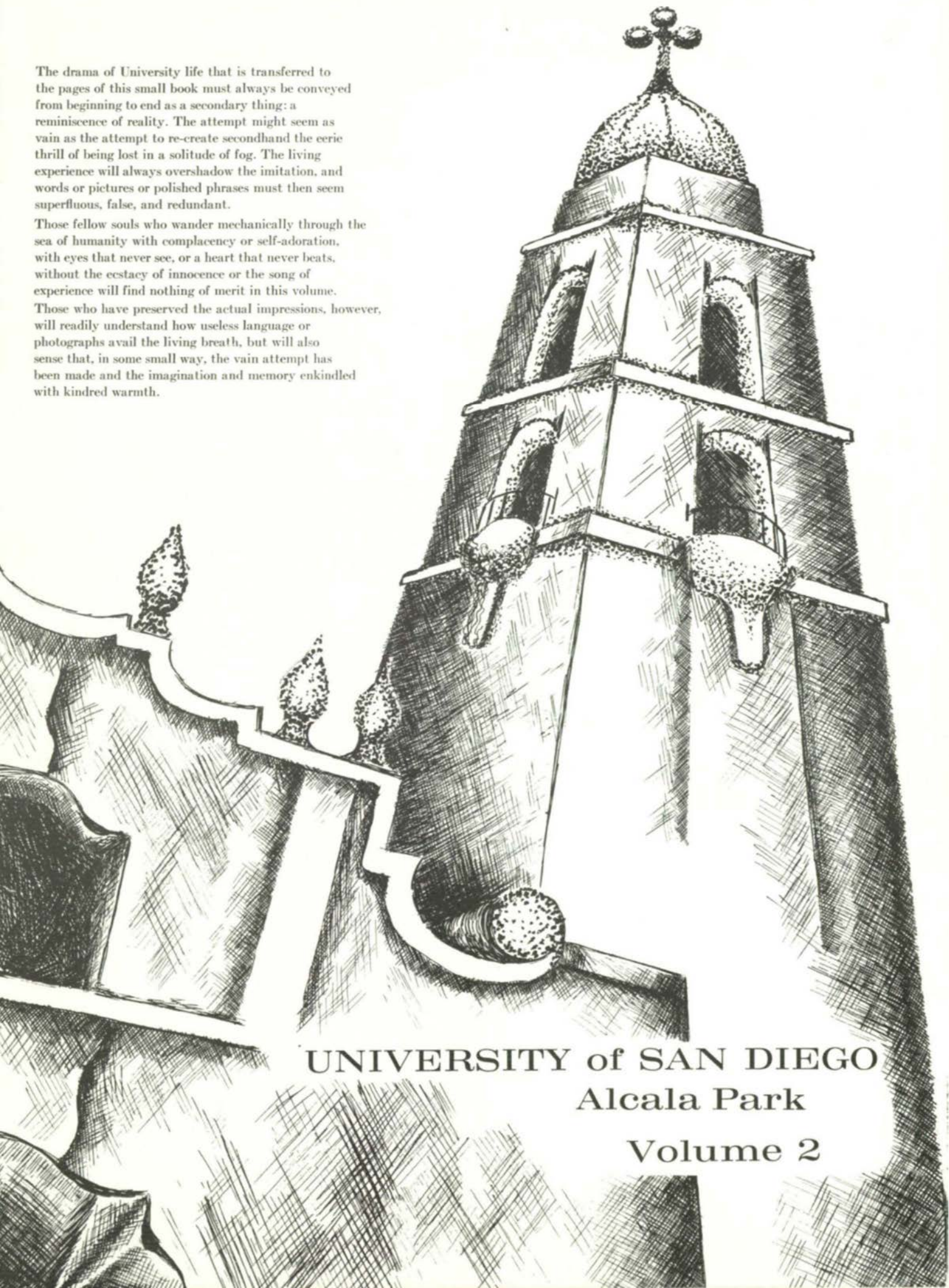


Archives

The drama of University life that is transferred to the pages of this small book must always be conveyed from beginning to end as a secondary thing: a reminiscence of reality. The attempt might seem as vain as the attempt to re-create secondhand the eerie thrill of being lost in a solitude of fog. The living experience will always overshadow the imitation, and words or pictures or polished phrases must then seem superfluous, false, and redundant.

Those fellow souls who wander mechanically through the sea of humanity with complacency or self-adoration, with eyes that never see, or a heart that never beats, without the ecstasy of innocence or the song of experience will find nothing of merit in this volume.

Those who have preserved the actual impressions, however, will readily understand how useless language or photographs avail the living breath, but will also sense that, in some small way, the vain attempt has been made and the imagination and memory enkindled with kindred warmth.



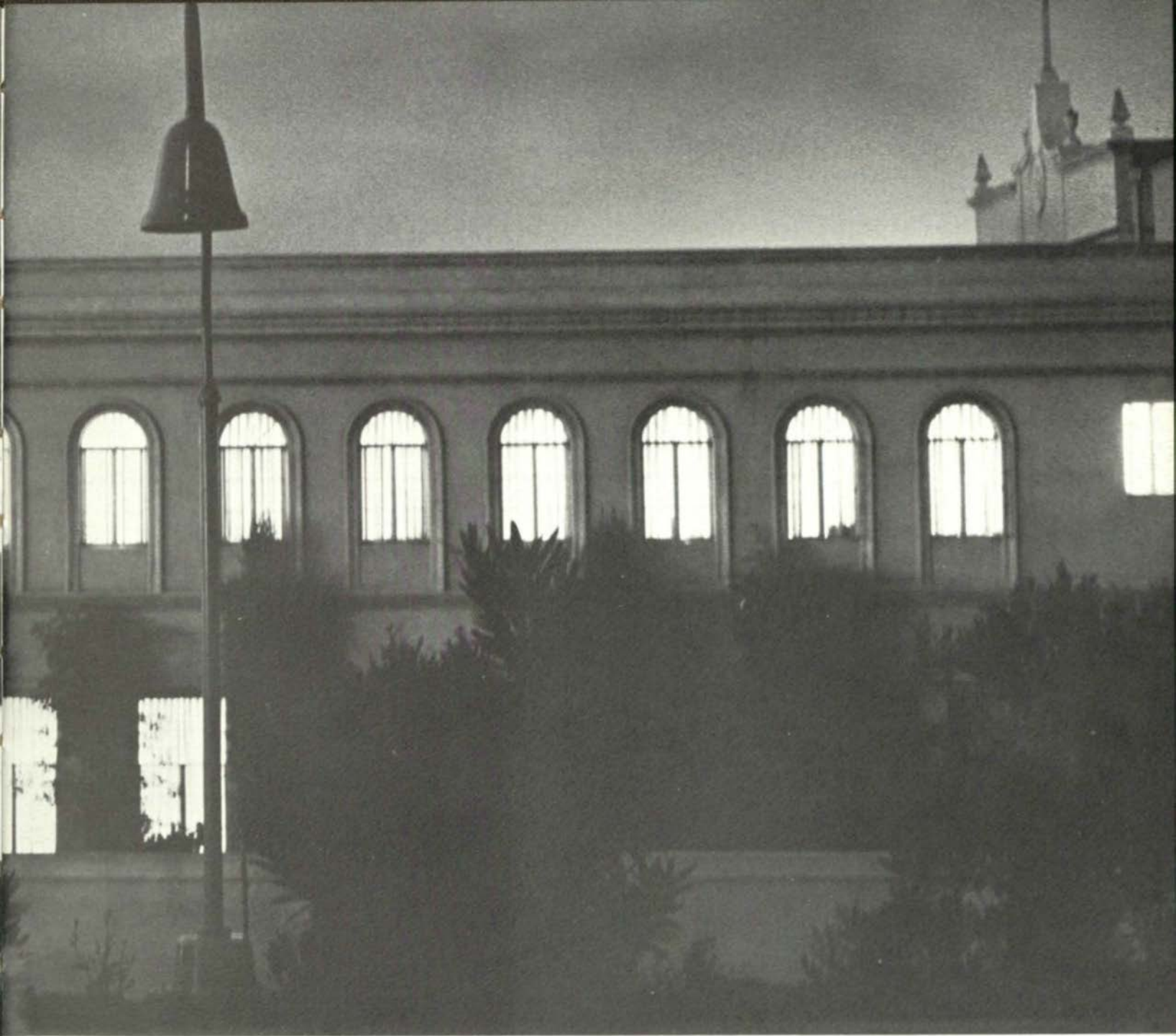
UNIVERSITY of SAN DIEGO
Alcala Park
Volume 2



By JOSEPH NEVADOMSKY
with the assistance of
LaDelle Willett and John T. Martinelli

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Published in San Diego by Commercial Press



ALL THE MEN

The USD Story...One Year 1964

JOSEPH NEVADOMSKY has played a dual role in the compilation of this second volume. As photographer and as author he remains, with the last word, responsible for the perceptive construction of this book: its innuendo and subtlety are born of his imagination and photographic ingenuity.

Joe is now a senior English major with minors in History and Philosophy. His future may well revolve about graduate school studies, teaching, and the Peace Corps.

His position this year is one inherited from experience and tempered with a balance which may be described as candidly natural.

LA DELLE WILLETT is both an artist and a zealot. As an artist, her posters and designs, noted for their balanced but casual execution, have dominated the campus these past few years. Likewise, her boundless zeal and energy has often quickened the breath of the spirit of the University forcing apathy into retirement.

At present, Delle is a senior art major with future work in the Extension Society, and further art studies.

She may be credited with the bold yet germane art work of this volume, which, at its best, is both candid and handsome.

JOHN T. MARTINELLI, the advisor, has meant faculty and student support for ALL THE MEN. He has meant correct and proper procedure in financial and public relations.

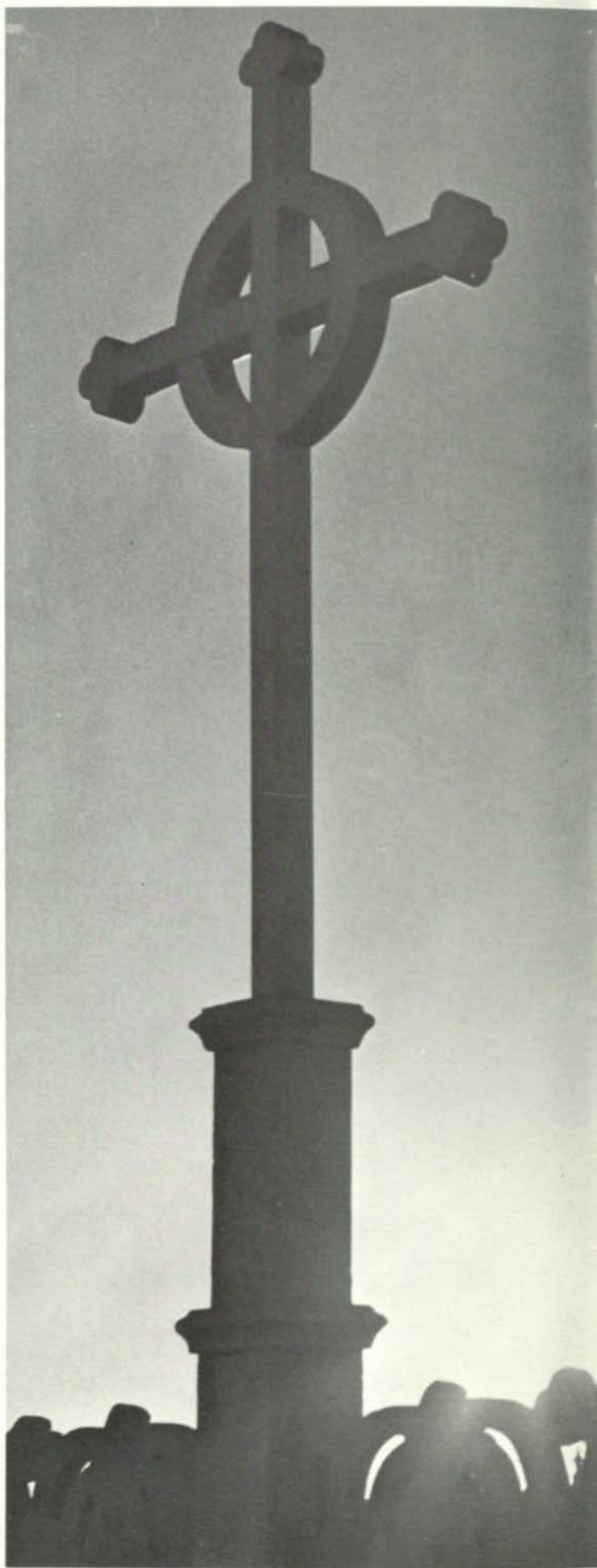
Mr. Martinelli, M. ED., B.B.A., M.B.A., has previously taught at Canisius and Bellarmine Colleges, and Niagara University. Teaching as Assistant Professor of Accounting at USD, he has recently been notified of his promotion to Associate Professor effective September 1964. He is also a Lecturer in accounting at San Diego State College.

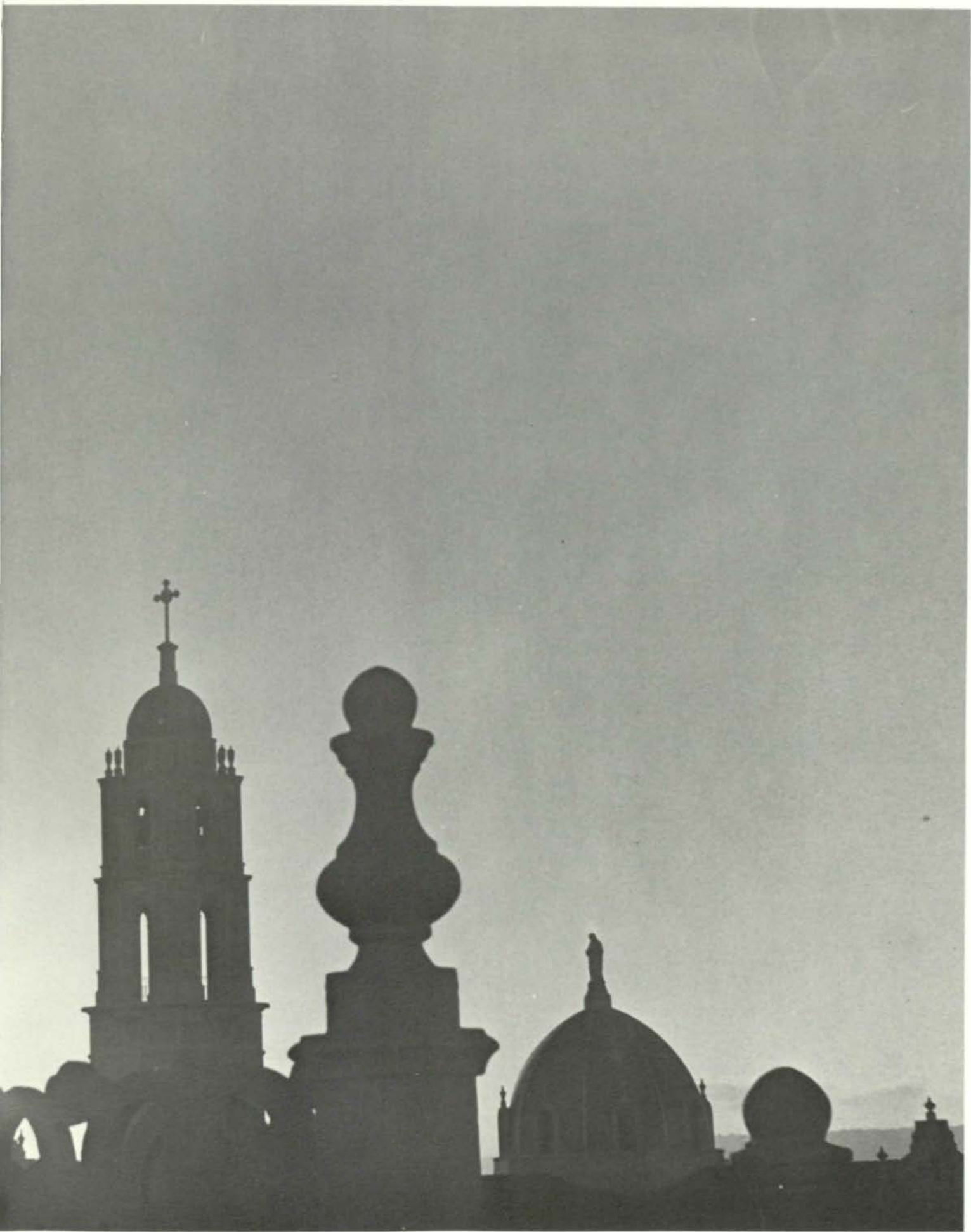
His business acumen has provided the funds for this book even when financial problems seemed insurmountable.

—PAUL MAJKUT
Editor, Literary Magazine

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

We wish to thank Evan S. Connell for his INTRODUCTION to our University Life section; Harper and Brothers for granting permission to reprint from Thomas Wolfe's YOU CAN'T GO HOME AGAIN; Miss Harper Lee for permission to use a passage from TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD; May Swenson for permission to use EVOLUTION; and Hawtree Studios for class portraits.





To Begin With . . .

Stendhal, the French novelist, was once walking in Rome with a friend when they saw from one of the seven hills the great dome of Saint Peter's.

"What purpose does that serve?" the friend queried in jest.

"It serves to make your heart beat faster when you see it from afar," Stendhal replied.

No one should ask what purpose a university serves. A university is prose in its workaday functions, not poetry or art. It is an aggregation of students, professors, and administrators, purposefully, forcefully, and earnestly fulfilling their reasons for being there. At one and the same time it is a composite of the ludicrous and the sublime. So it is with this university.

Looked at from an intimate view, the University is a complex of three colleges, two seminaries, libraries, and administrative buildings, similar in architecture, varied in character.

The thing that gives richness to the University, however, can not be measured by the array of Renaissance-flavored facades or the prolific mosaics. By themselves such structures echo with emptiness. More certainly, the most impressive and, to some, monotonous pageant of all is the one that passes several times a day, every day, between classes. Coeds, laughing and talking in small, animated, but by no means select groups, gather in the Lark—a mutual meeting ground. Intellectuals daily beat a well-worn and apparently ceaseless path to the dust-rouged volumes shelved in the library. Fraternity boys in immaculate slacks and crisp shirts boisterously congregate at the local tavern to resolve the forthcoming social events. The radical, with self-assured unorthodoxy, vigorously asserts to a group of advocates and dubious listeners his status as an individual and dissenter from Thomism. And the athlete, often to the crowds satisfaction, metes out destruction on a visiting team. And finally, numerous young couples in abject ignorance of those around them, talk a deep talk that no one else would care about, walk hand in hand to noonday Mass, and seek the privacy of a world that none can enter.

Life at the University is itself a way of life.



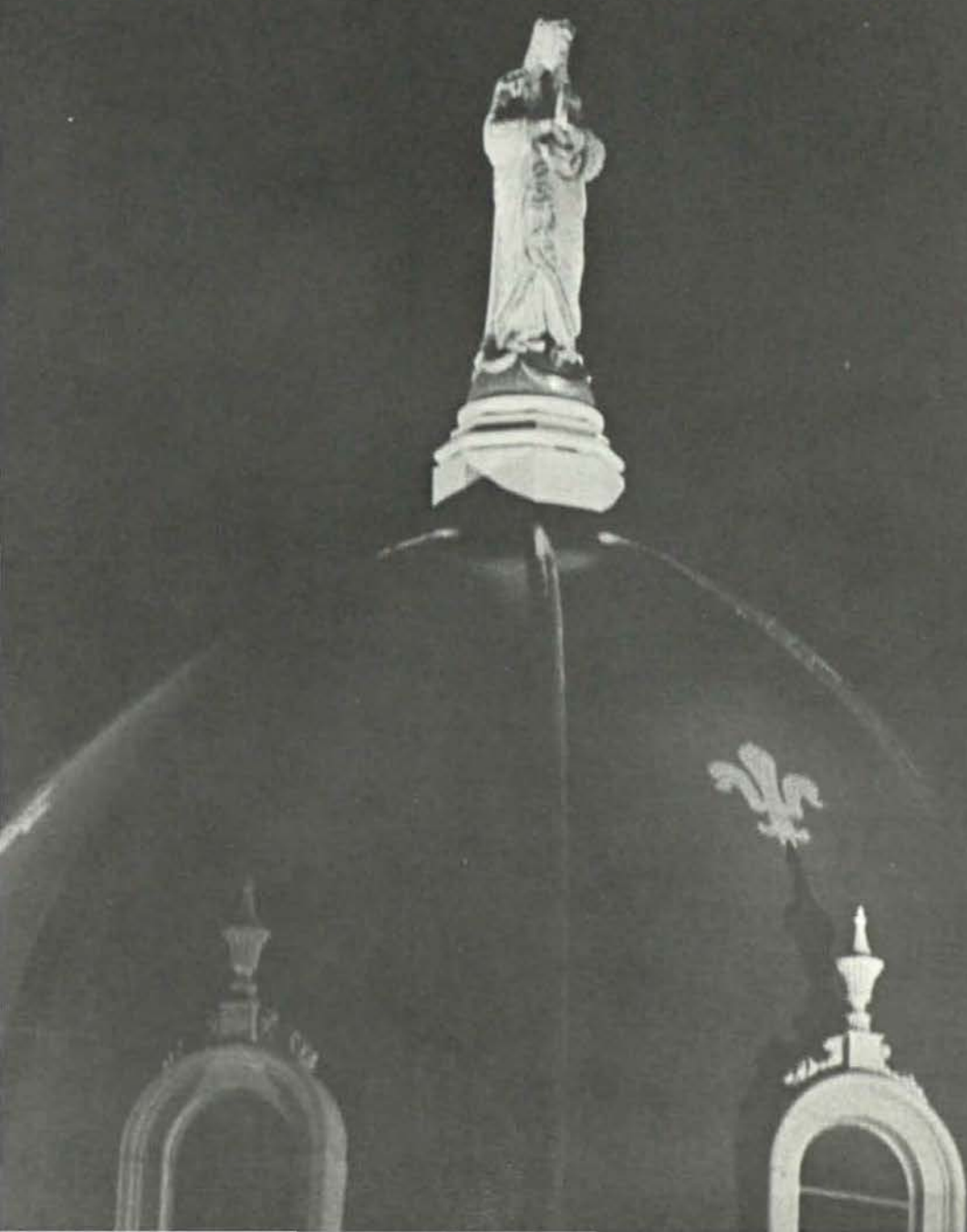
Looked at from a distance, buildings and surroundings blend with the hodgepodge of students and classes in subtle harmony to evolve a thing majestic without grimness, grand without showiness, enduring in its simplicity. Dawn shrouds it in a solemn fog. At mid-day a bitter sun reproaches it with harsh severity. But twilight casts its tranquil glow awaiting brooding night, and all who have penetrated its subduing influence have found it in accordance with man's nature.

The University of San Diego is, in truth, a small university. The adjective is relative. The noun is not.





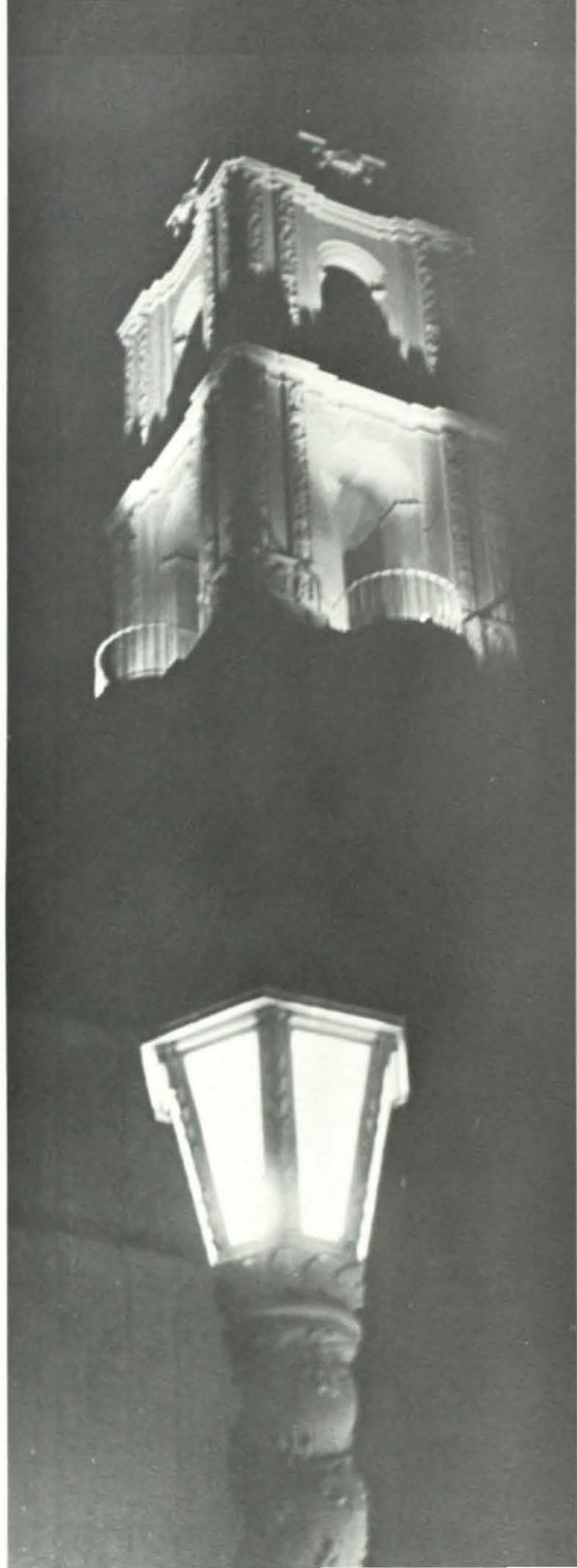
It is a small college
and yet there
are those that love it.
—Daniel Webster



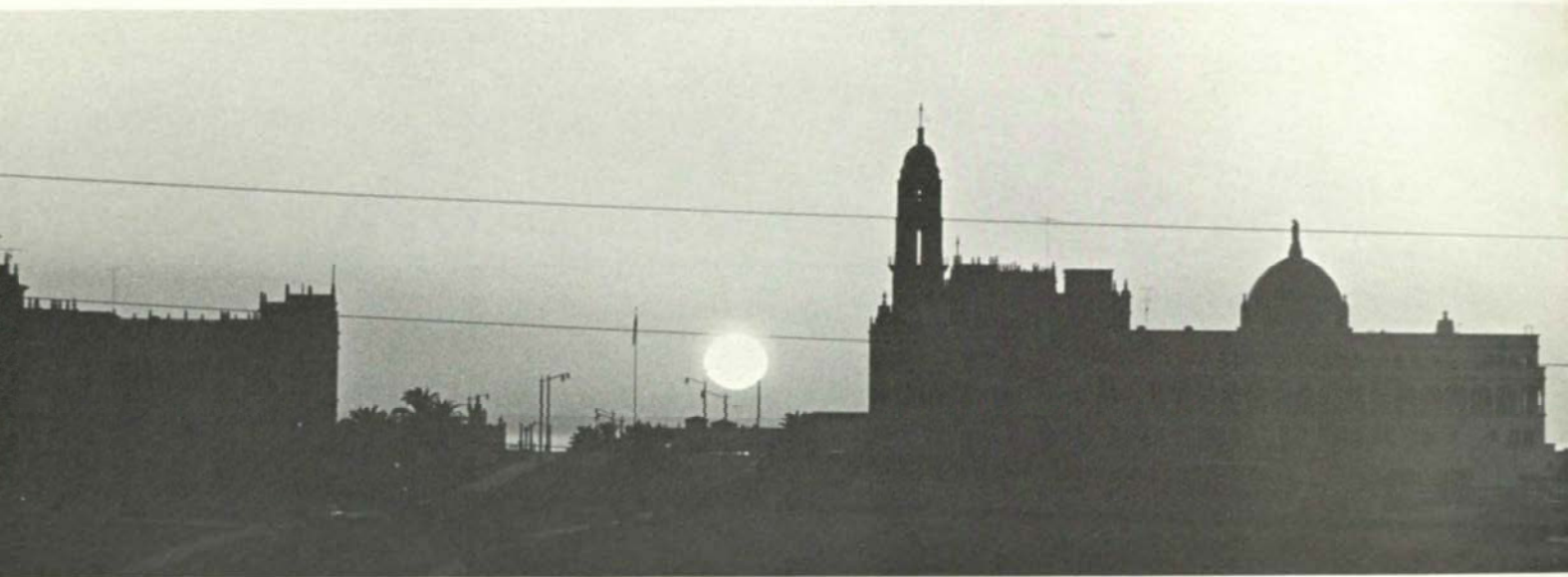


How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full-orbed glory yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark blue depths.

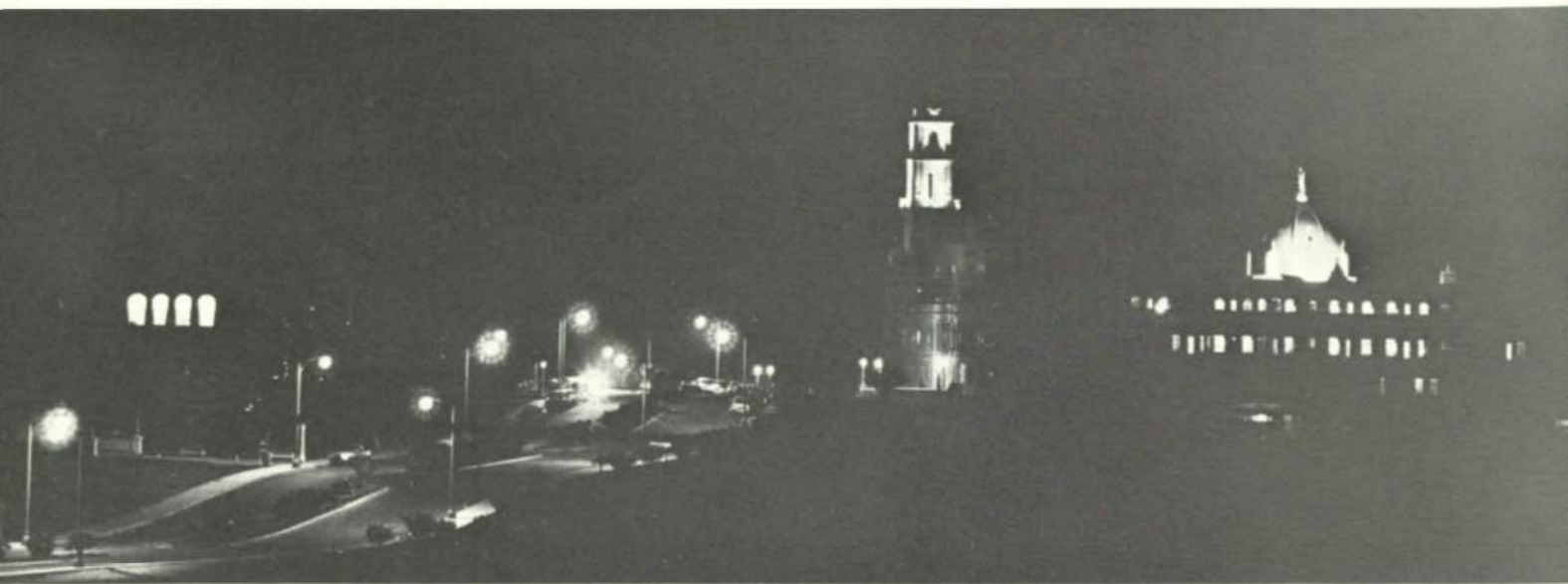
-*Southey*

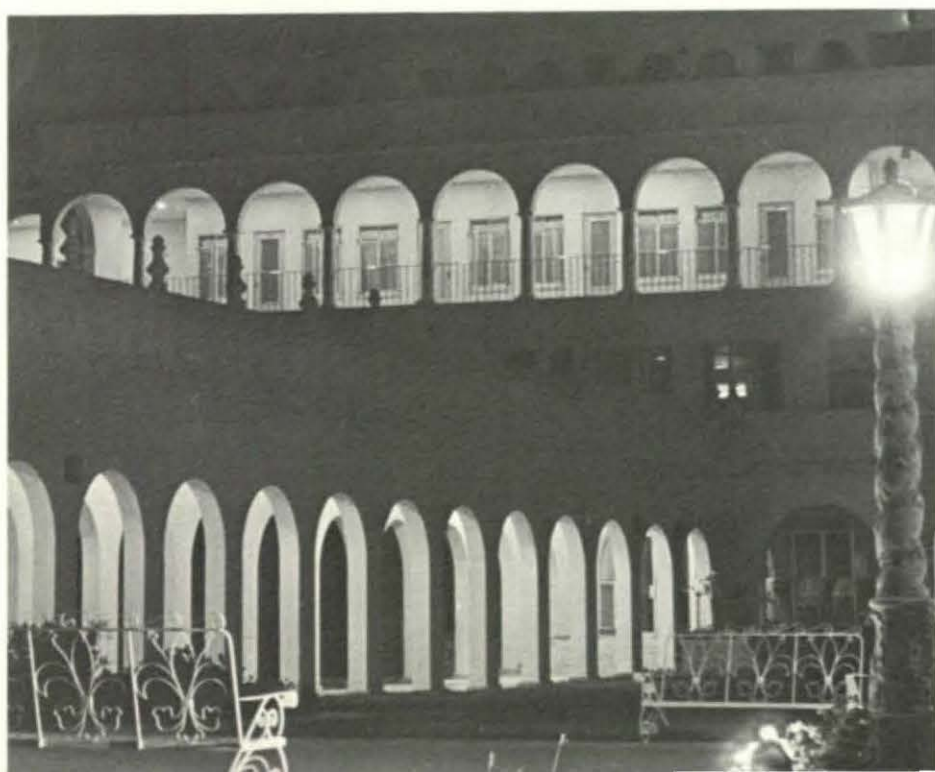
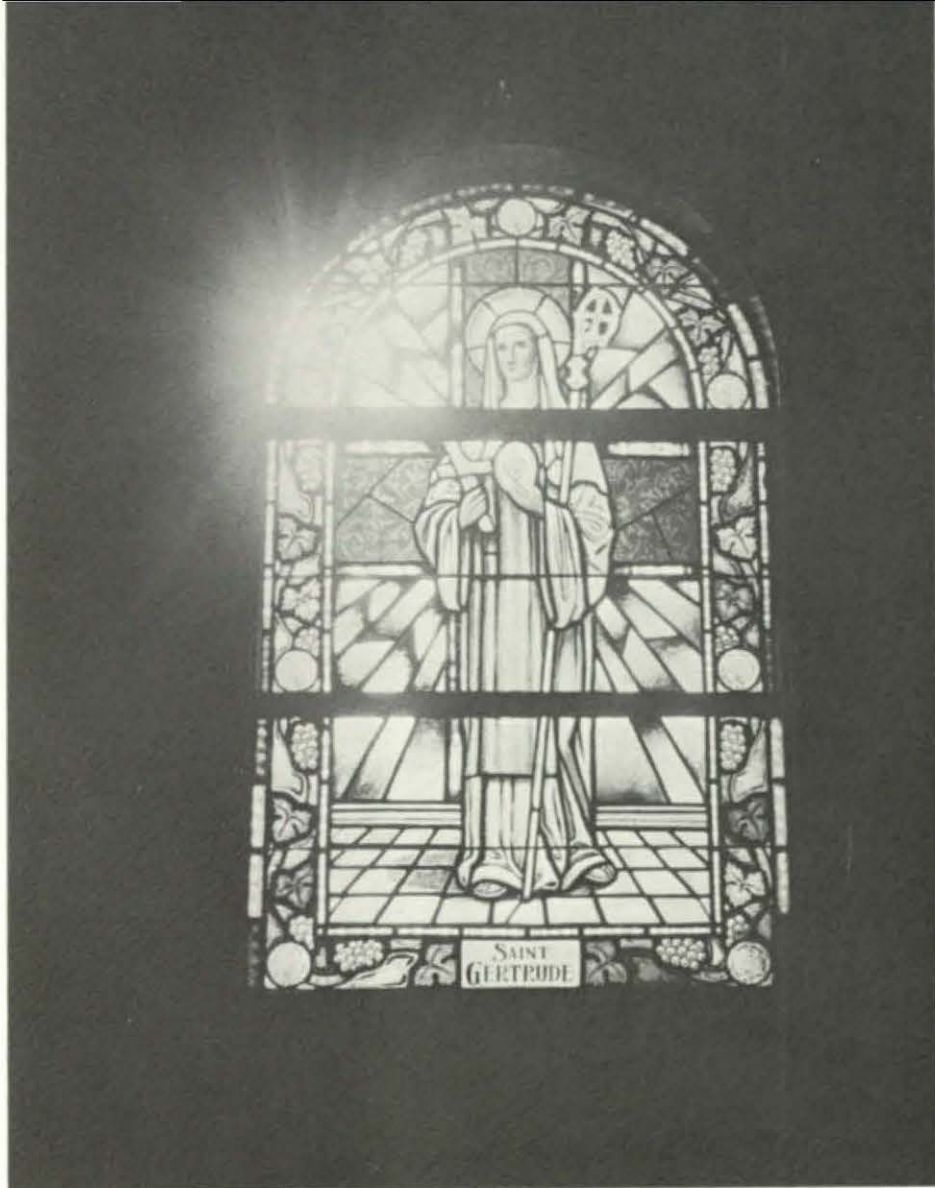


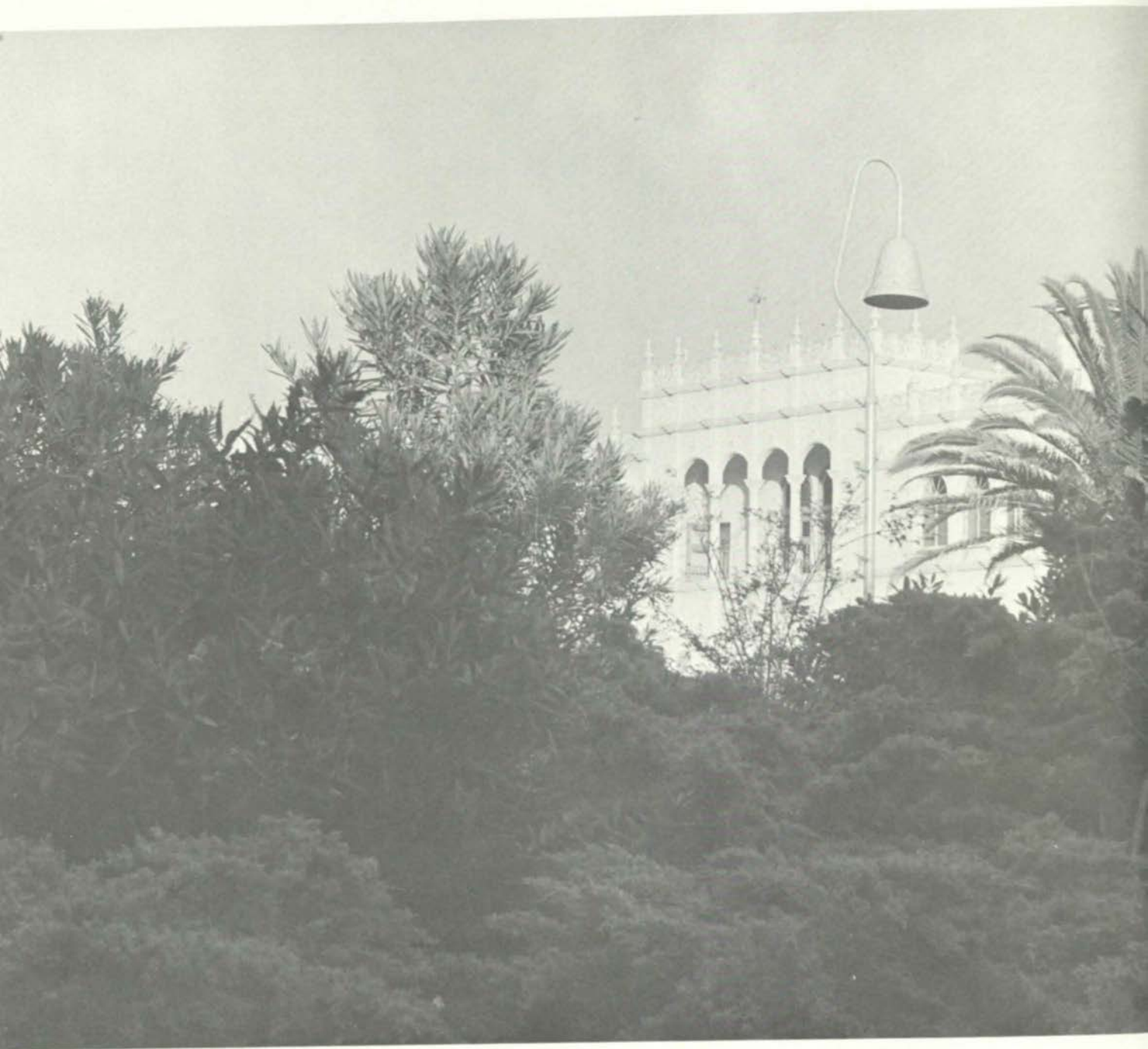




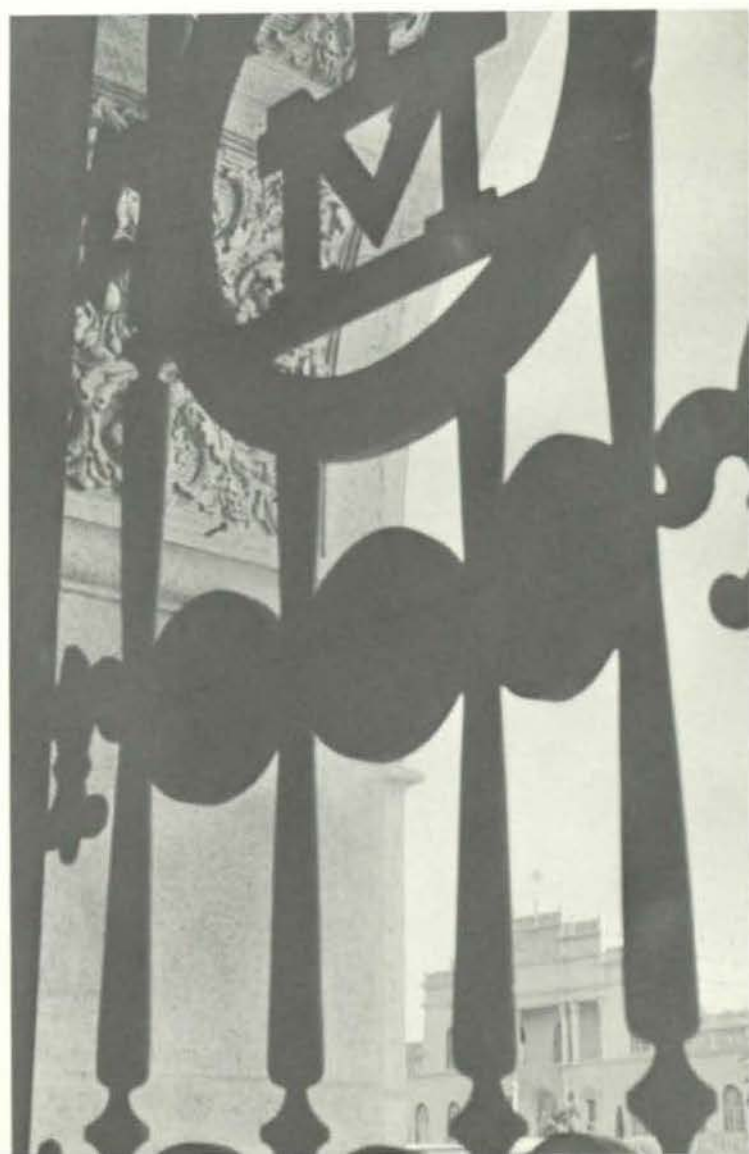
Before the light vanishes,
we pray you,
creator of all things
to hold us in your keeping.
—St. Ambrose







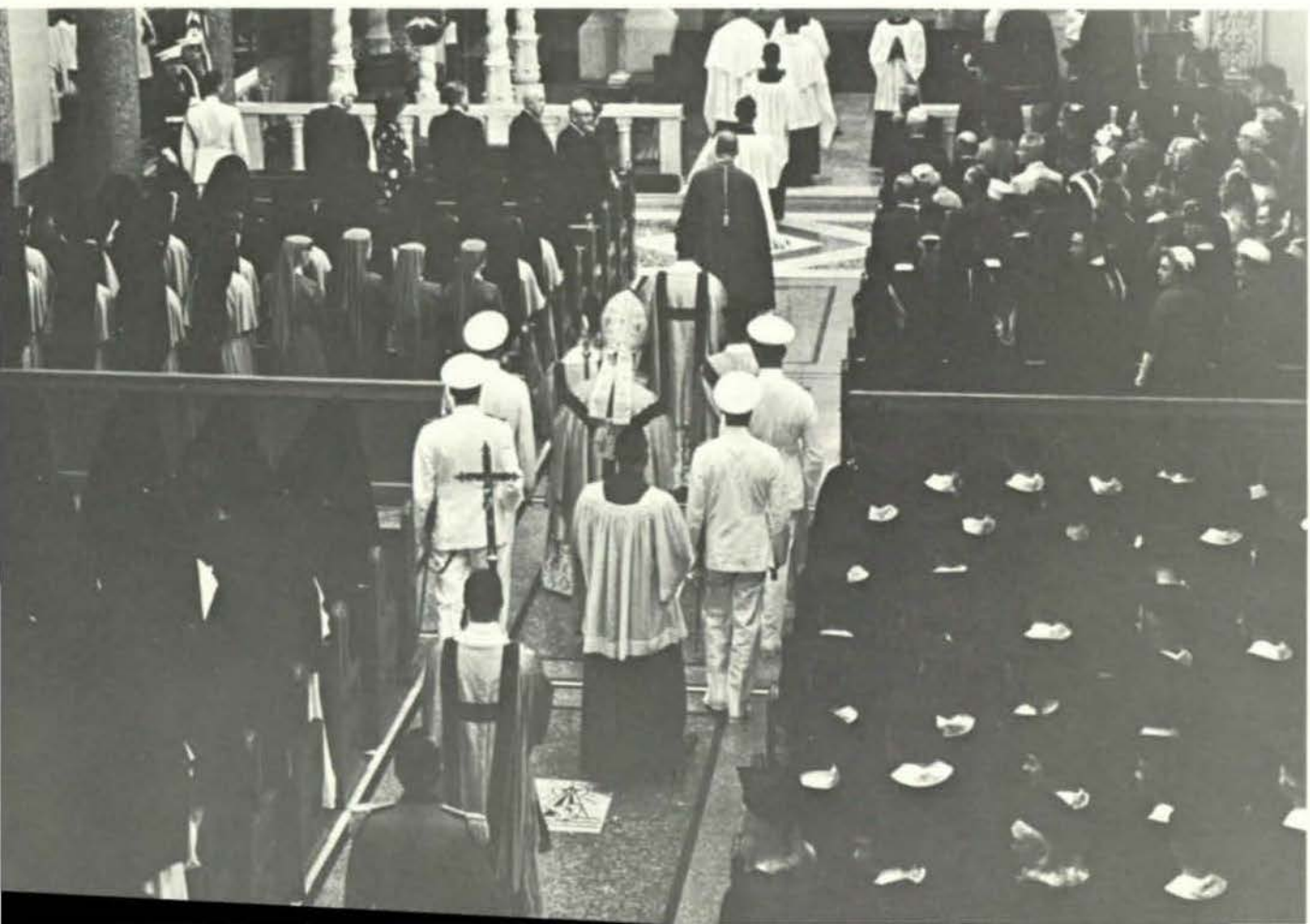
The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration . . .
-Wordsworth





... To know that
what is impenetrable
to us really
exists,
manifesting itself
as the highest
wisdom
and the most
radiant glory . . .

—Albert Einstein







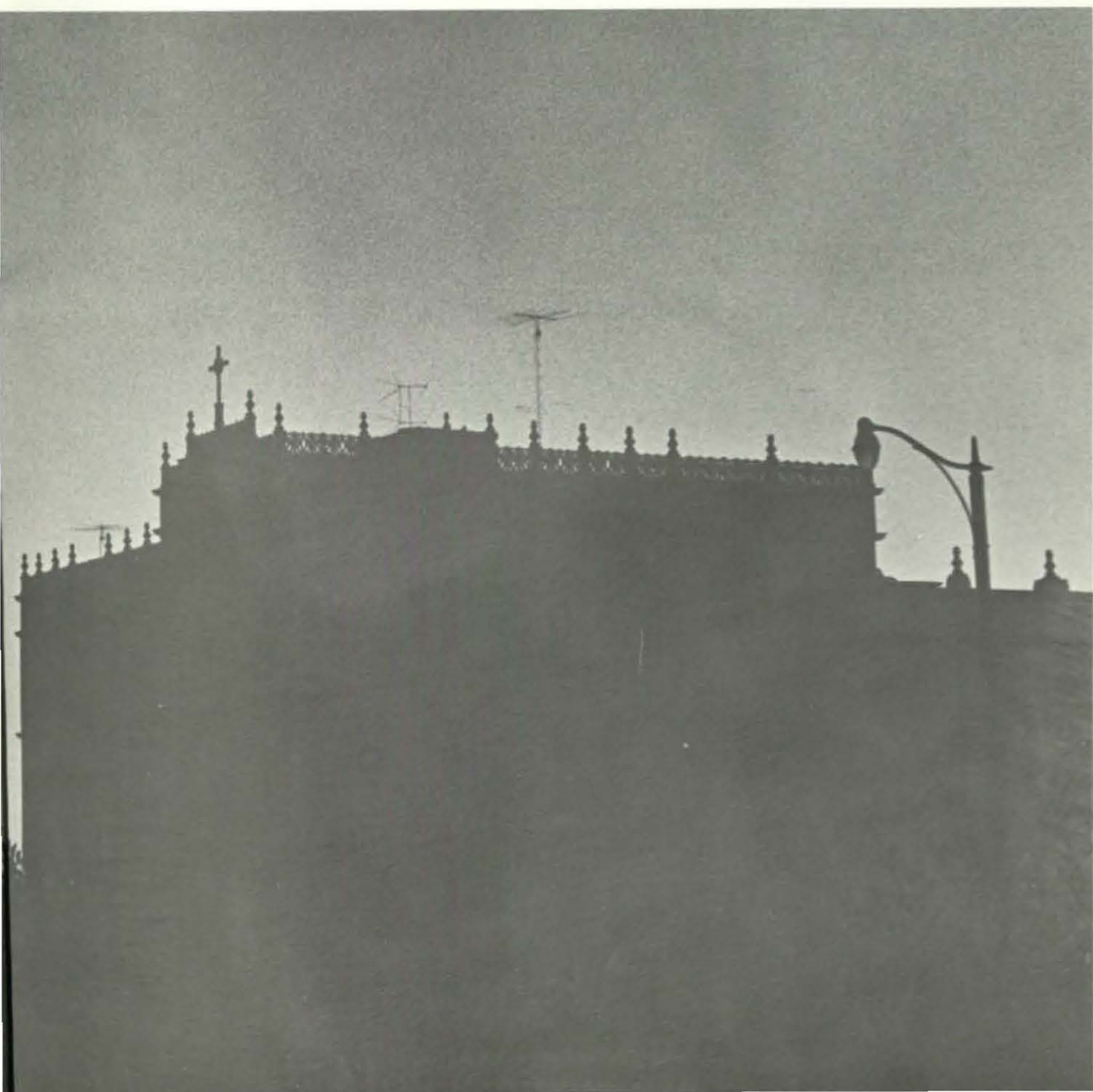
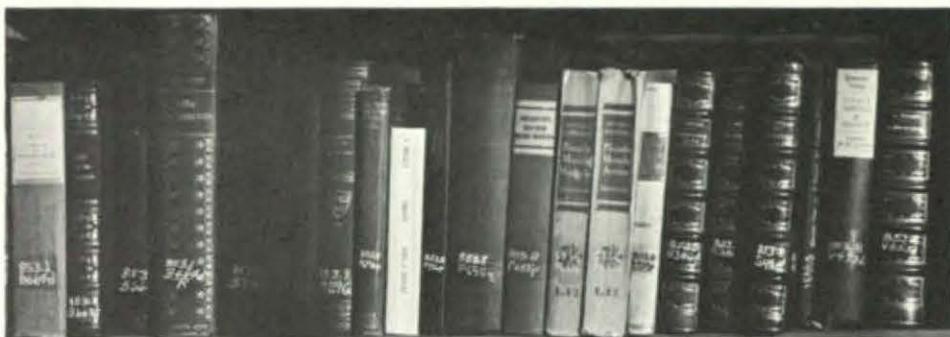
Time is not here, nor days,
nor months, nor years,
An everlasting NOW of solitude.
-Southey

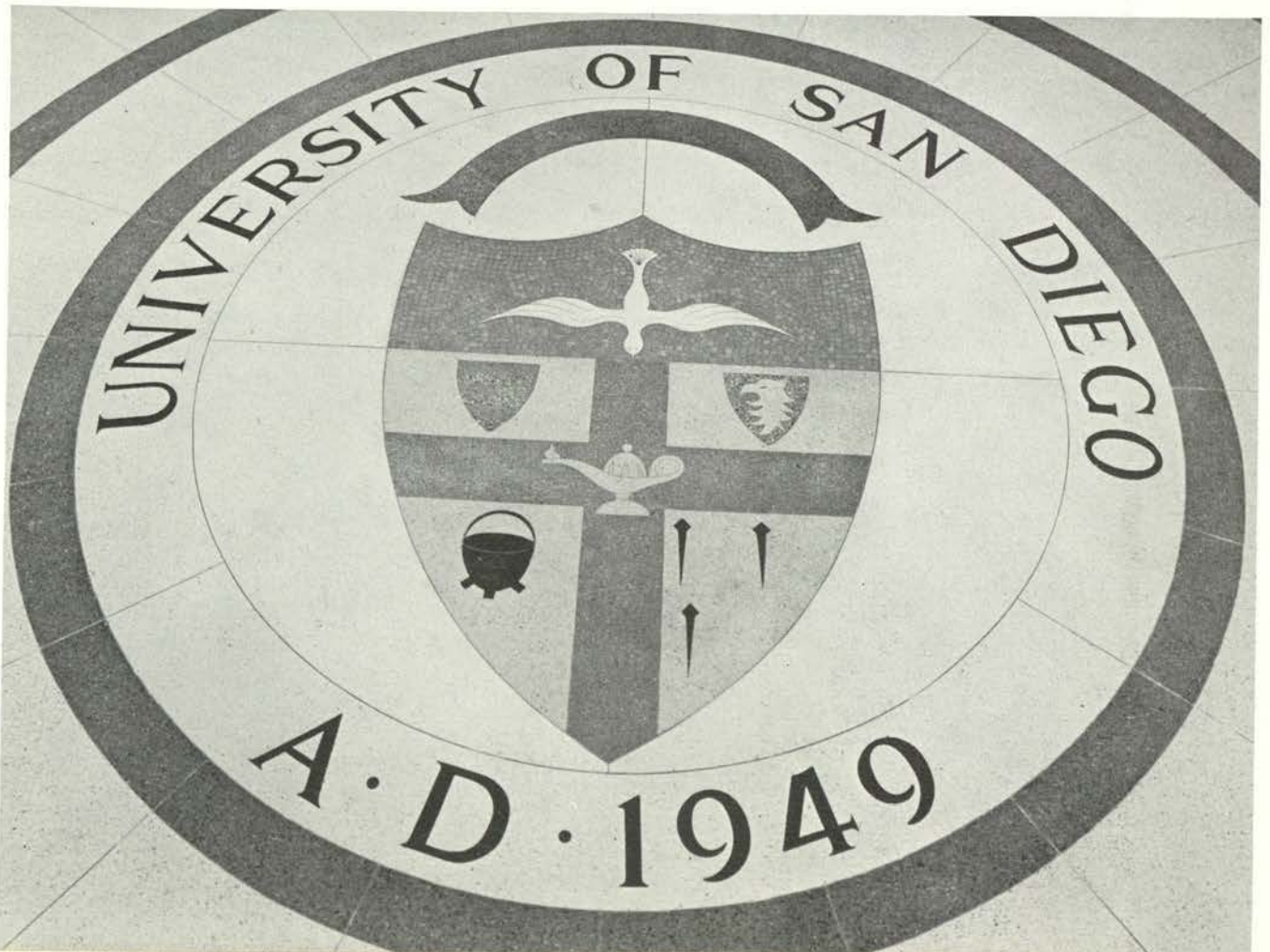
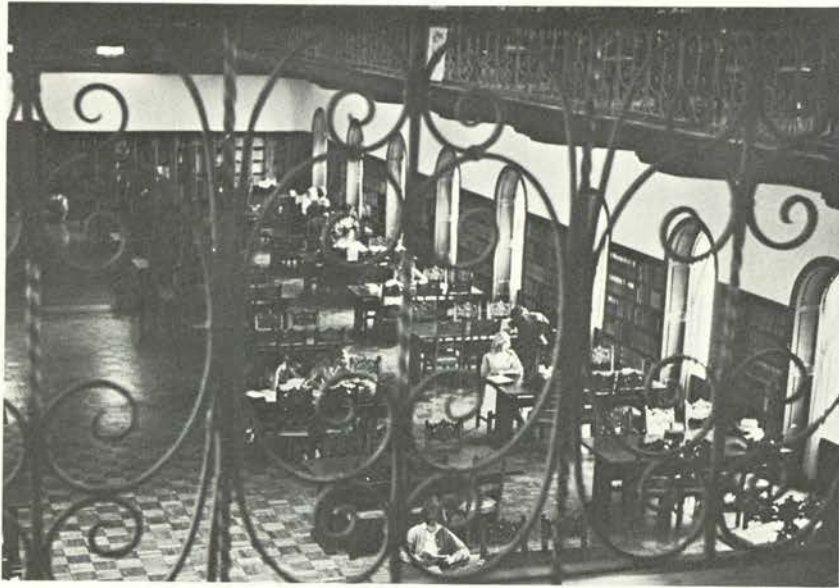


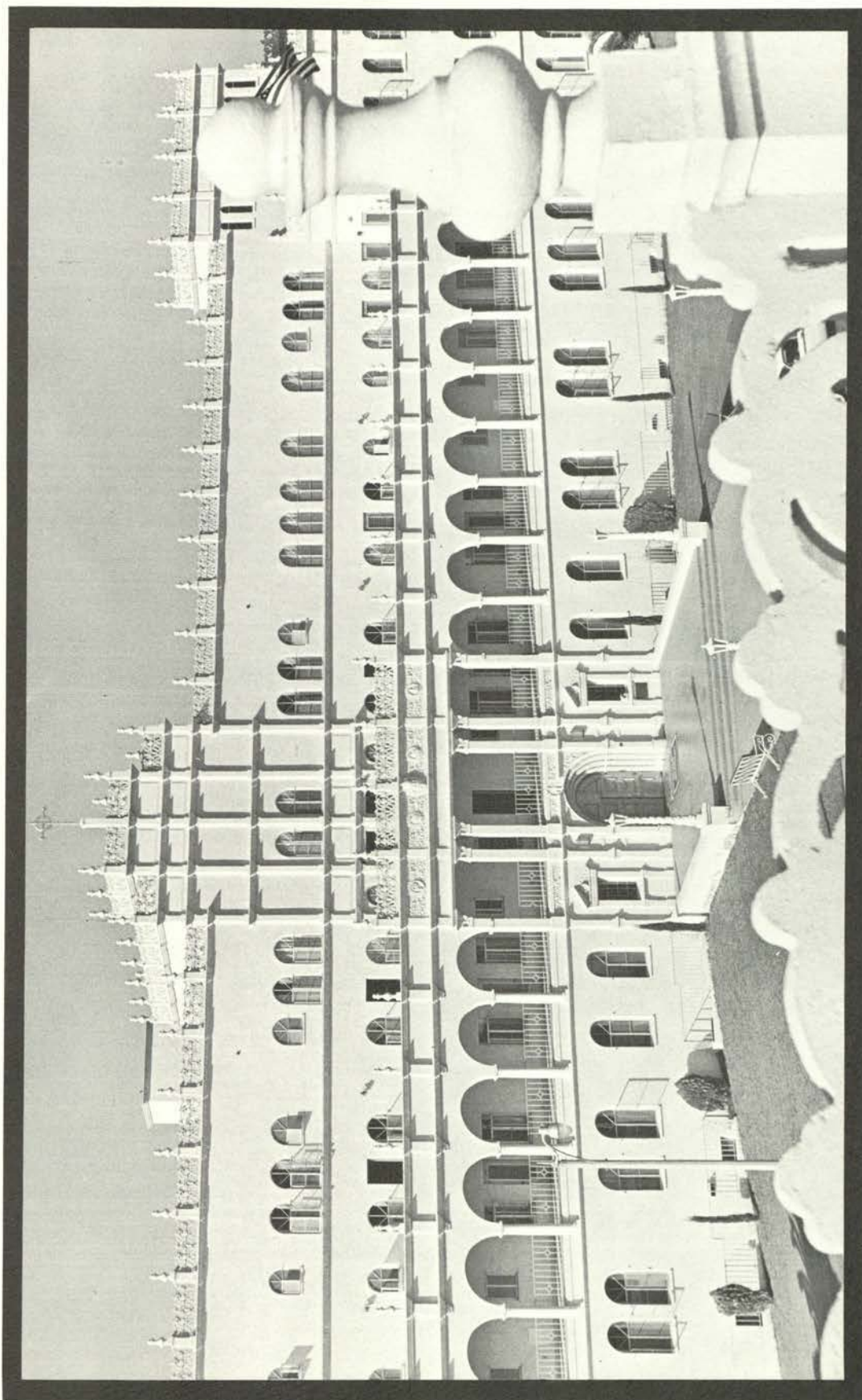


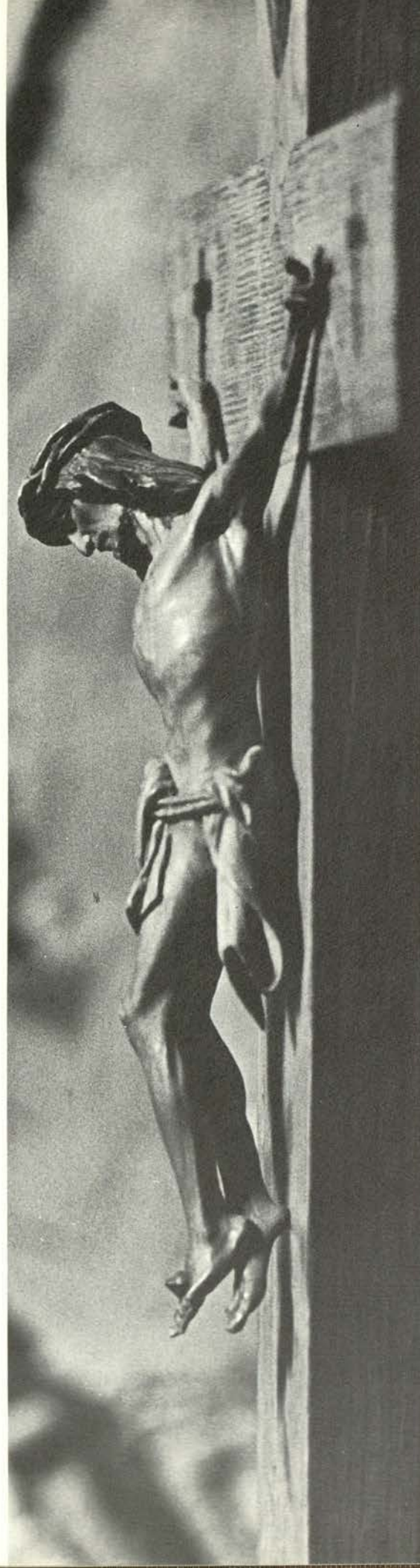
Here are your waters
and your watering place.
Drink and be whole again
beyond confusion.
-Frost



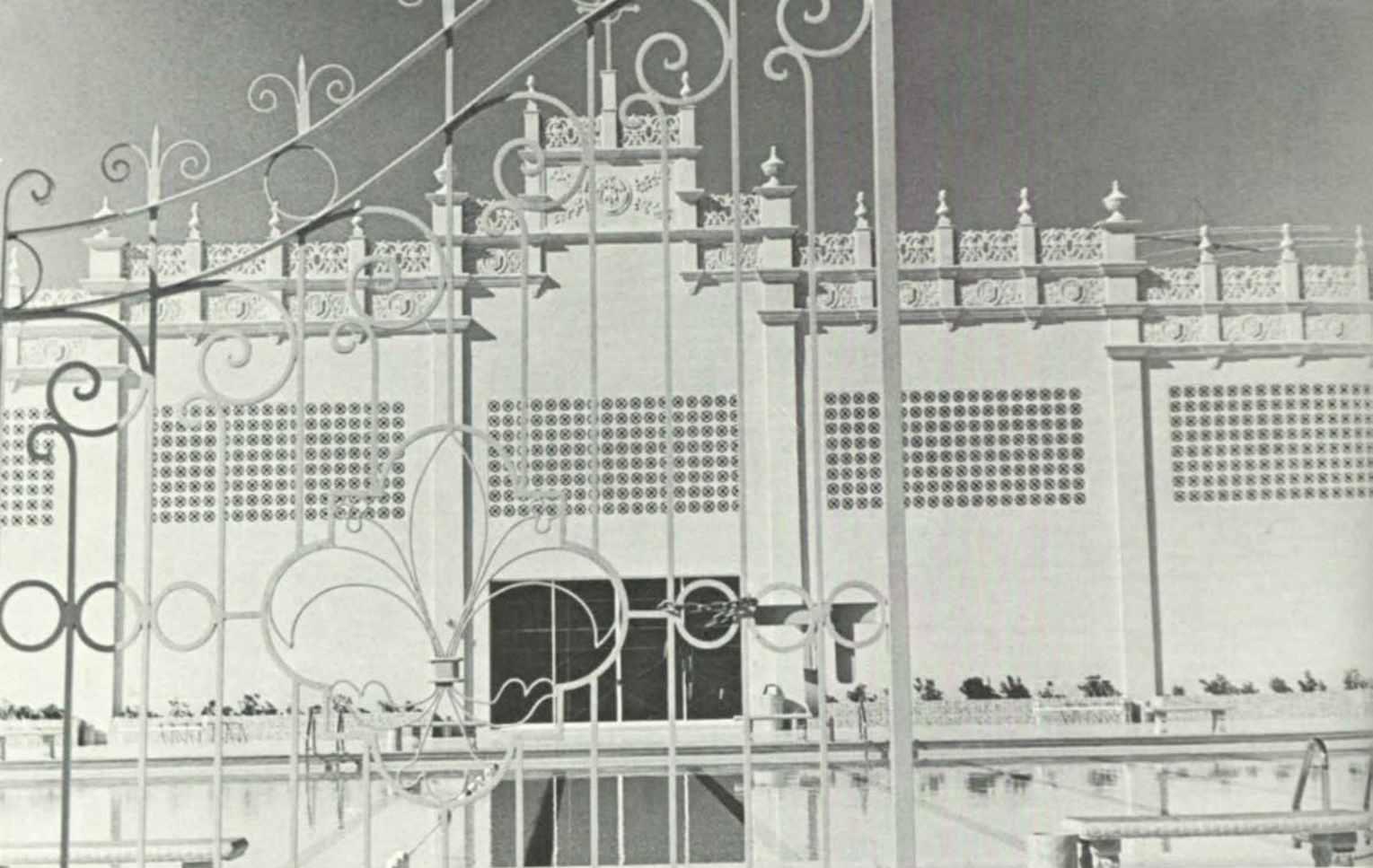














Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

-Gray



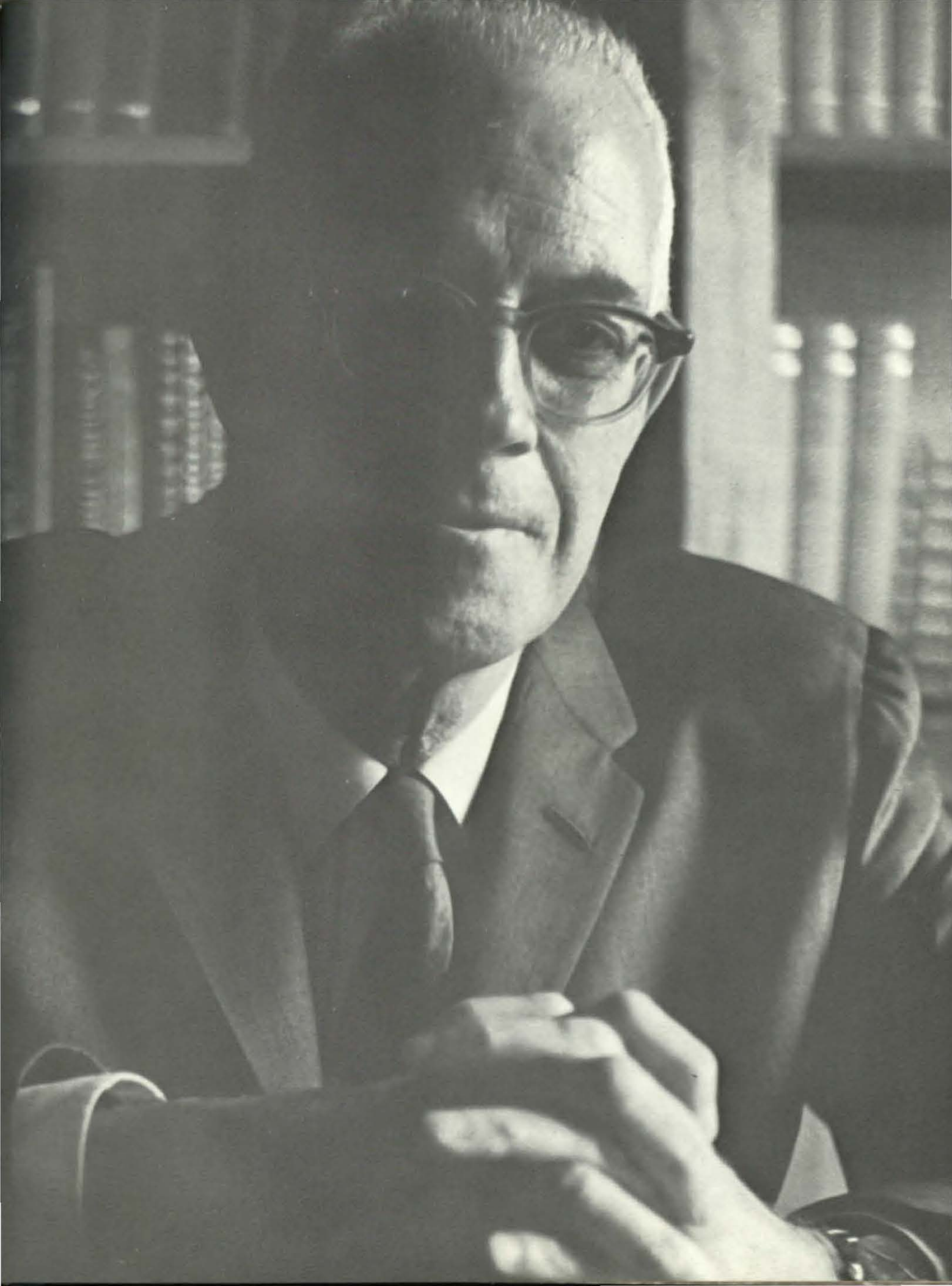




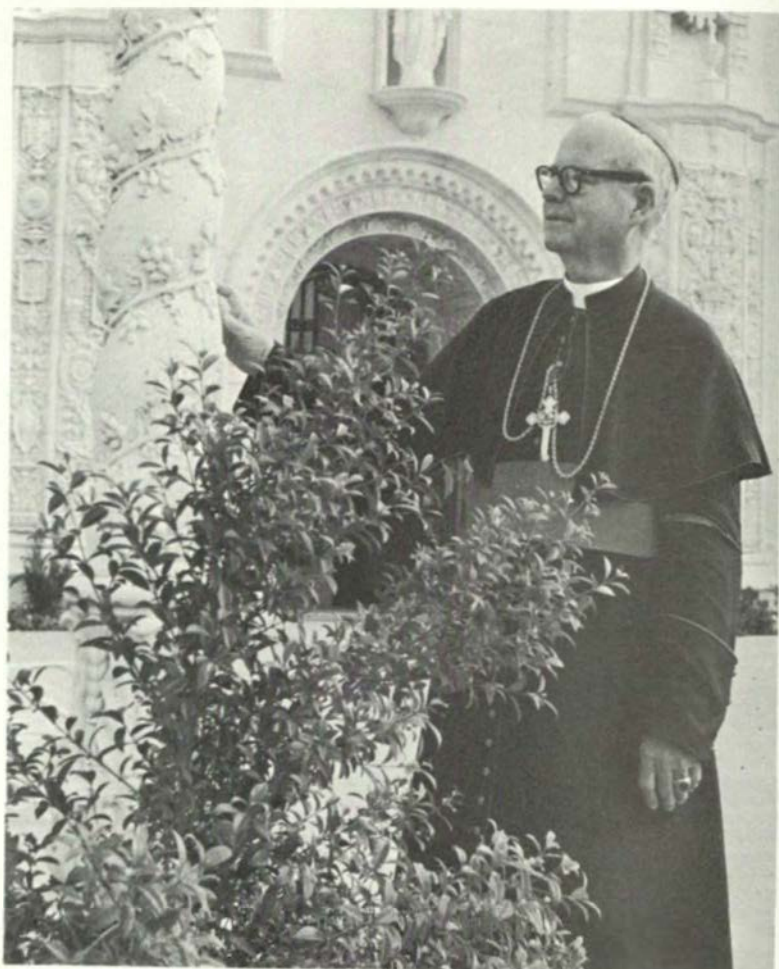
FACULTY

He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken and persuading:
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not,
But to those men that sought him sweet
as summer.

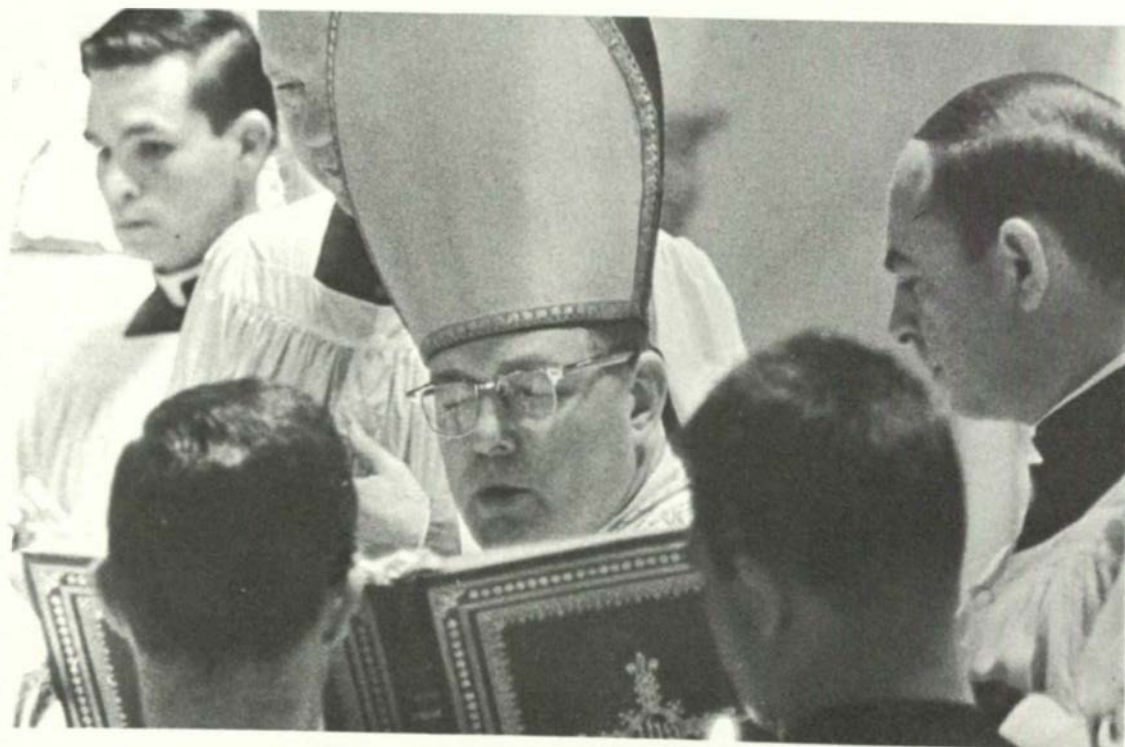
—Shakespeare, *Henry VIII*



His Excellency,
Most Reverend
CHARLES F. BUDDY,
Bishop of
San Diego



His Excellency,
Most Reverend
FRANCIS J. FUREY,
Apostolic Administrator
and Coadjutor Bishop
of San Diego





PARKER
Dean of Admissions



GANAHL
Dean of Students

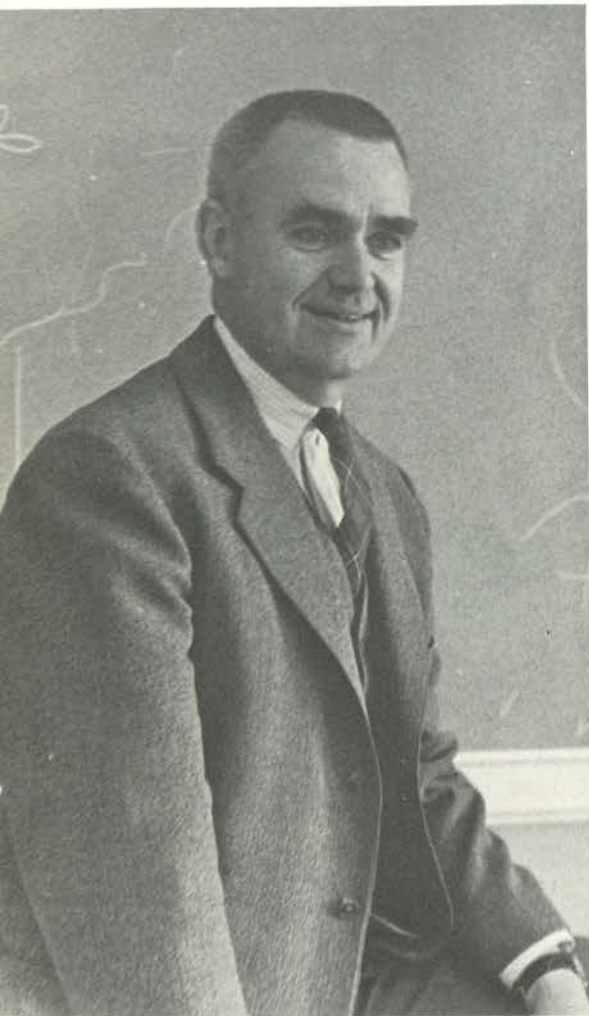


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WALTERS
Controller

VAN ORSHOVEN
Instructor in
Business Administration



CONSIDINE
Instructor in
Business Administration

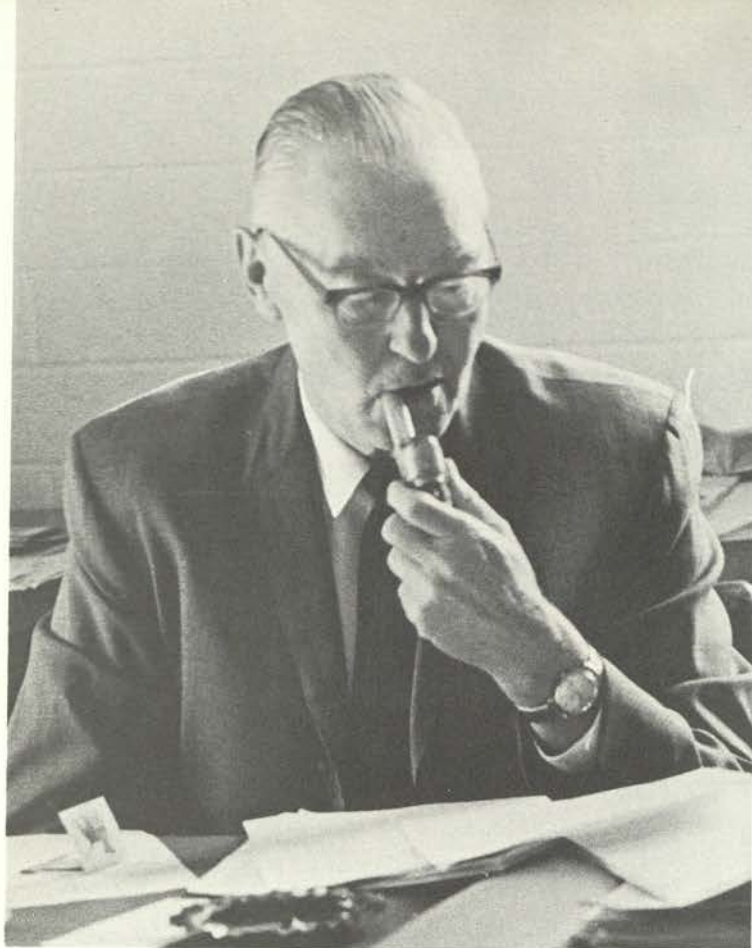


MARTINELLI
Associate Professor of
Business Administration



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Professor of
Economics



DERMODY
Assistant Professor
of Business Administration

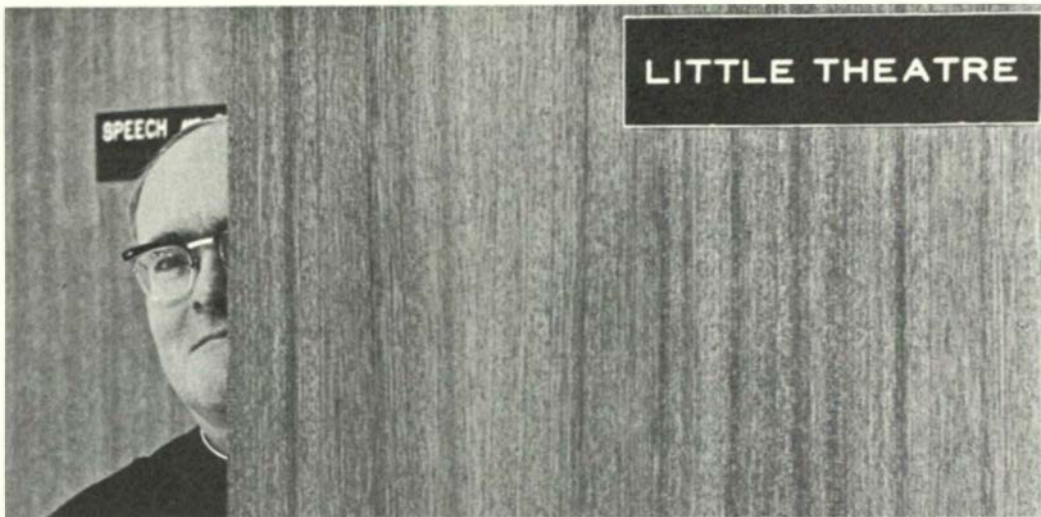


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Business Administration



GARDNER
Assistant Professor
of Economics

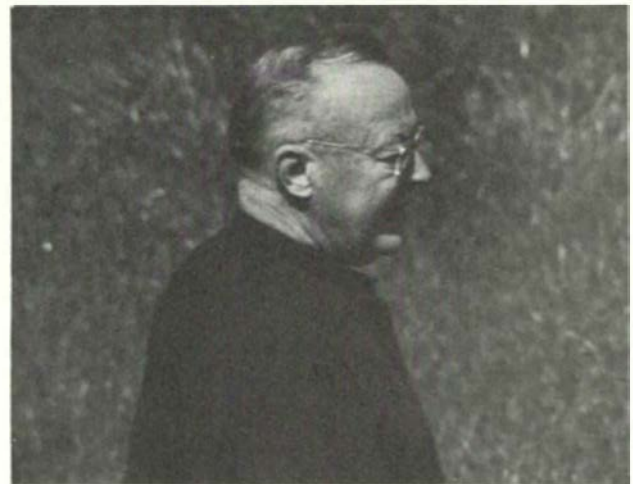




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Assistant Professor
of Speech

CARROLL
Assistant Professor
of Modern Languages



PECCORINI
Assistant Professor
of Philosophy

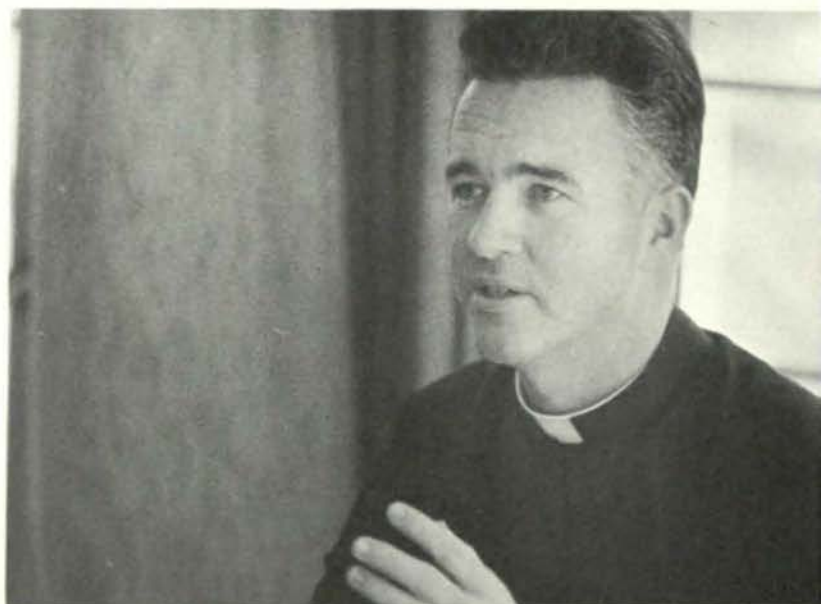
BIRKLEY
Academic Dean
and
NORENA
Assistant
Professor
of Theology



DIVISION of HUMANITIES

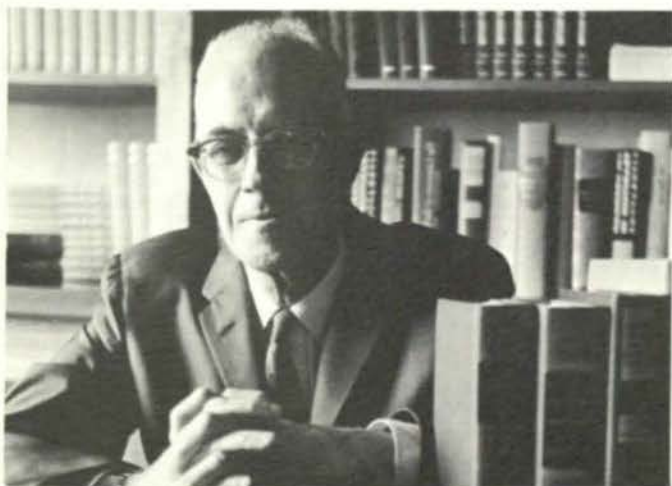


BRUGMAN
Chaplain



EAGEN
Assistant Professor of English

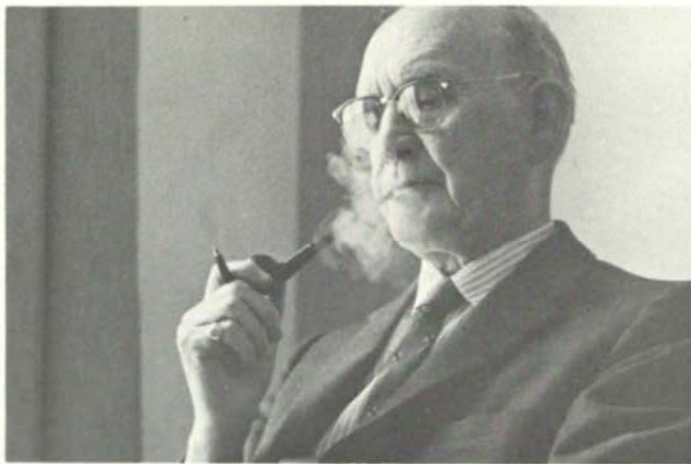
CREOGLIO
Assistant Professor
of Languages



WALSH
Professor of English



YOUNG
Lecturer in
English

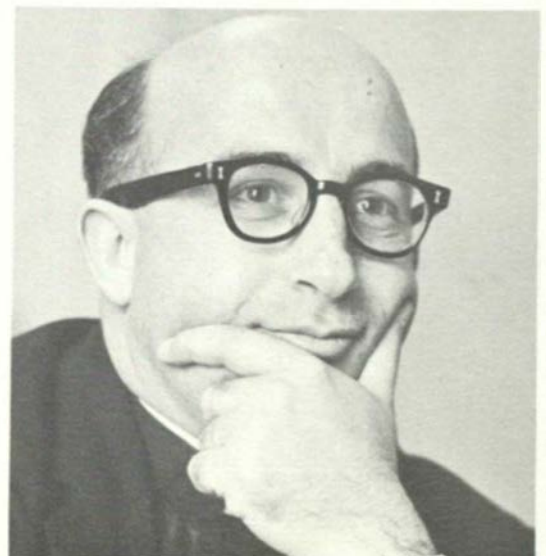


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SHIPLEY
Associate Professor
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SULLIVAN
Assistant Professor of
Modern Languages



ESPESO
Assistant Professor of
Modern Languages

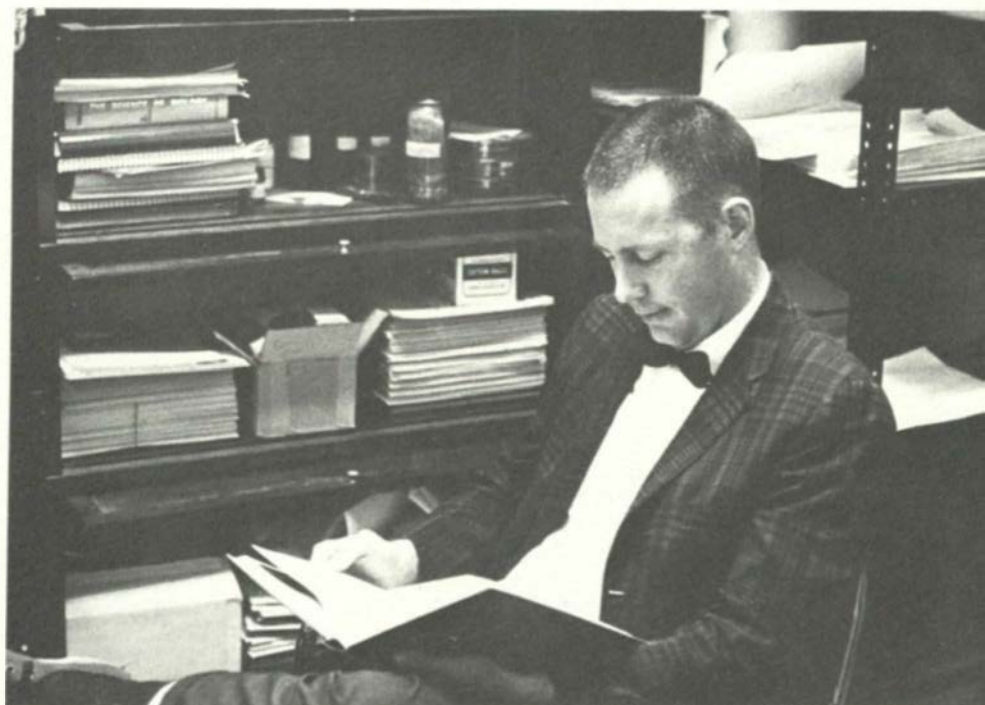


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TOVANI
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of Mathematics

BARNES
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Biology and Geology



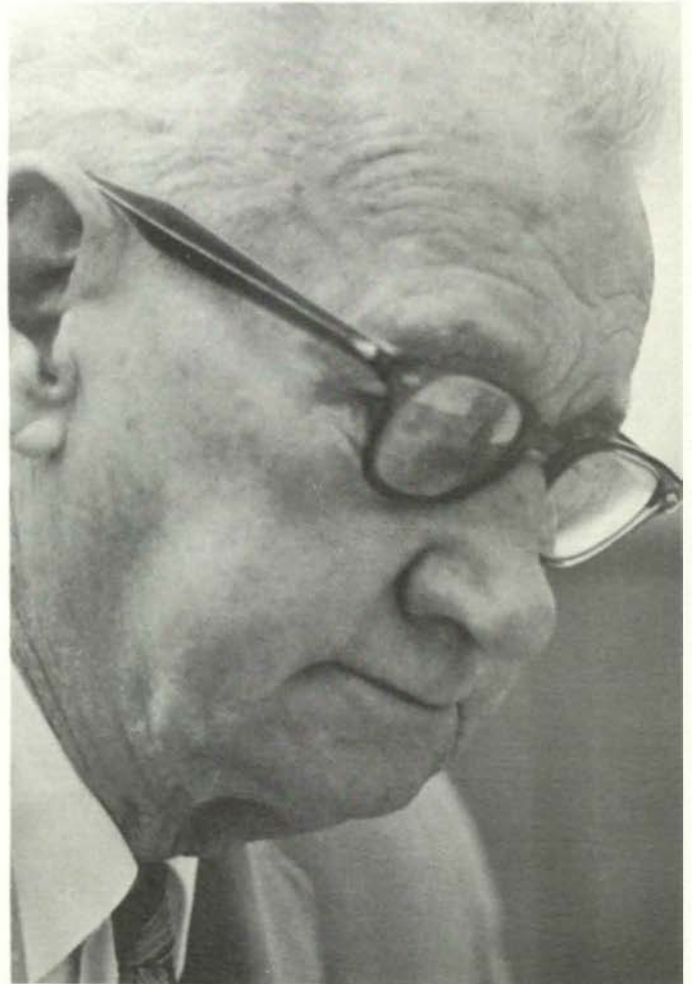
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SMALL
Instructor in Physics

FULLER
Assistant Professor
of Biology



VAN ESS
Instructor in Physics



DE MALIGNON
Assistant Professor
of Mathematics



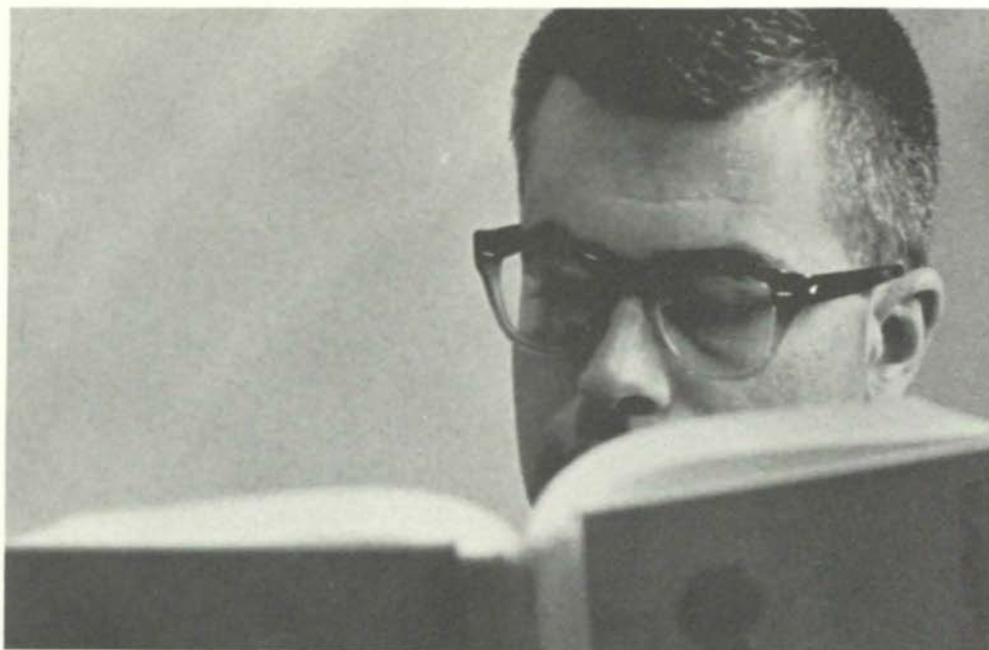
McDERMOTT
Professor of
Physics



BERGER
Instructor
in Physics



WOOD
Instructor in
Physics



BAER
Associate Professor
of Education

McDONNEL
Instructor in History



VINCE
Assistant Professor
of Political Science



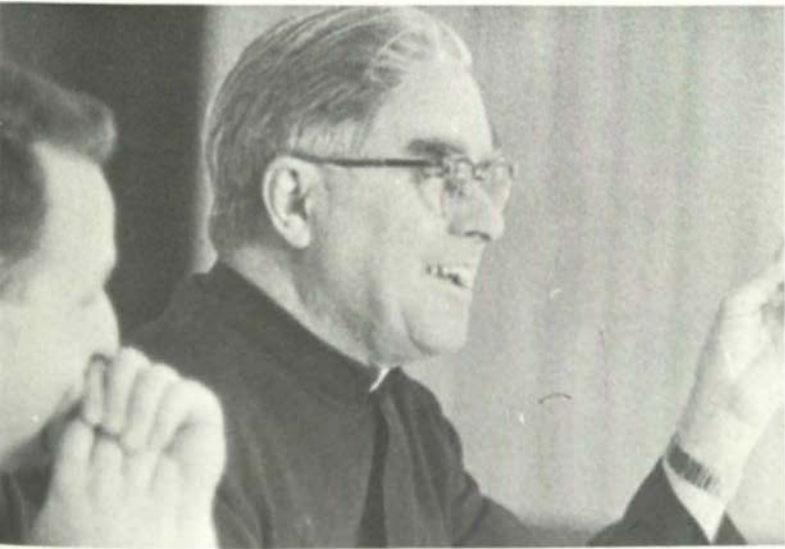
DIVISION of SOCIAL SCIENCES



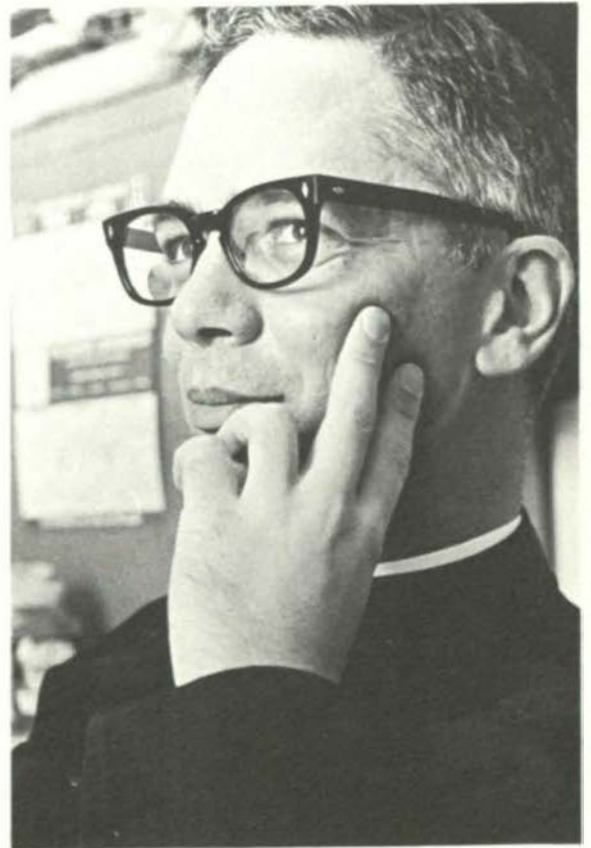
GUNDERSON
Associate Professor
of Psychology



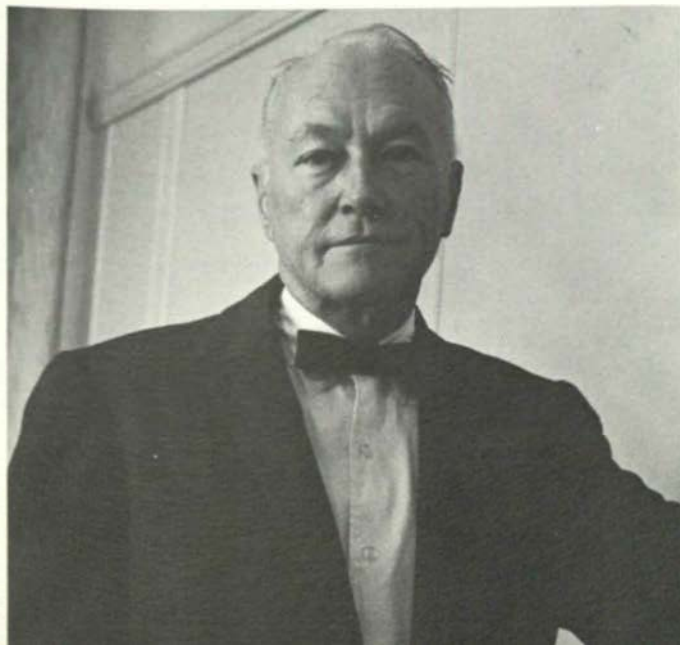
MYHAN
Instructor in History



RIGNEY
Professor of History



MERIKLE
Assistant Director
of Guidance



RUANE
Associate Professor
of History

DOLLEN
Director of
Libraries



MATLEY
Reference Librarian



DAMRAU
Periodicals Librarian



LIBRARY



WOOLPERT
Head Basketball Coach



CUNNINGHAM
Head Baseball Coach



MOORE
Trainer

COACHES



GONSOWSKI



CANTWELL



GREGORY

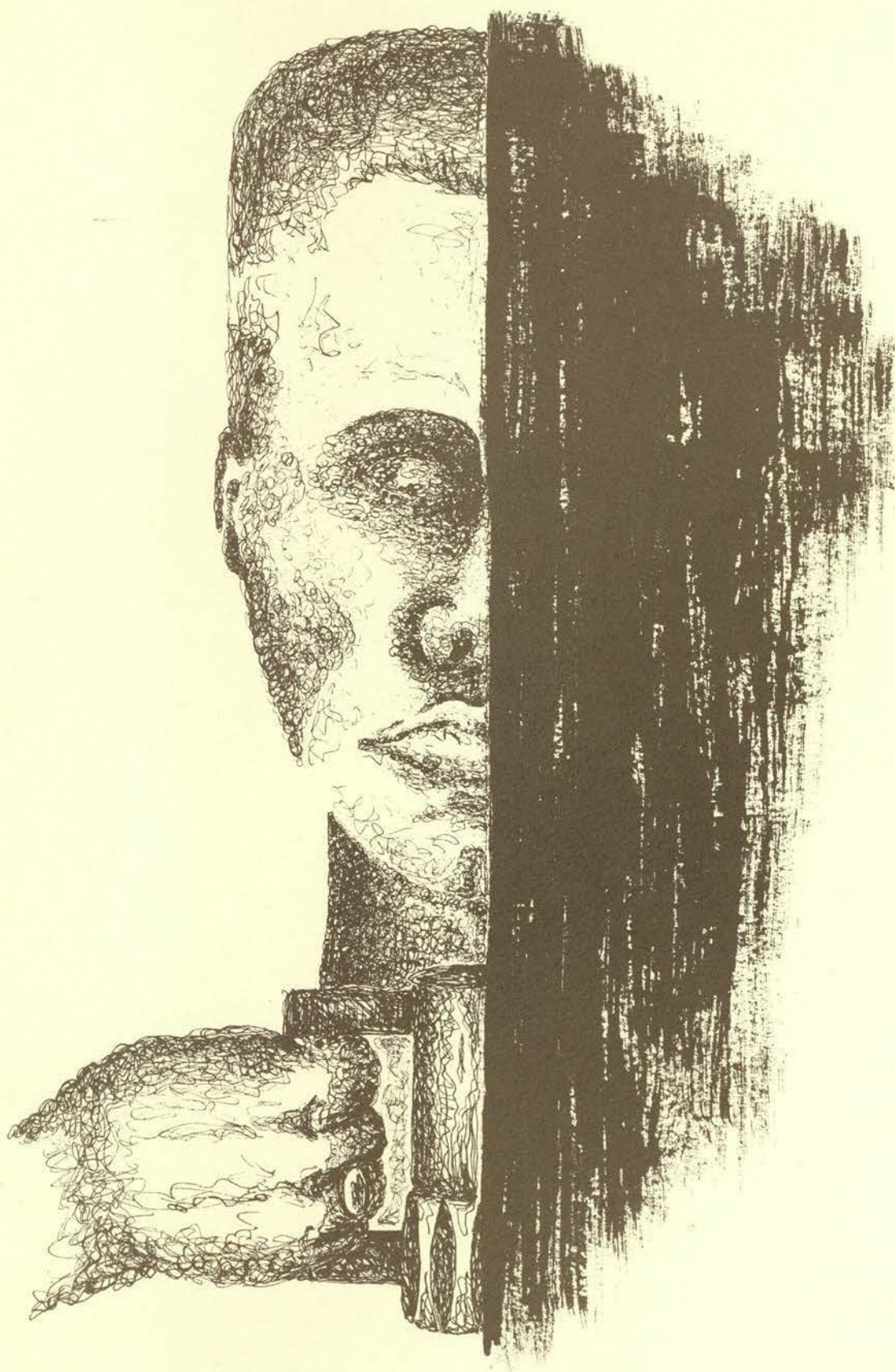


ROWE

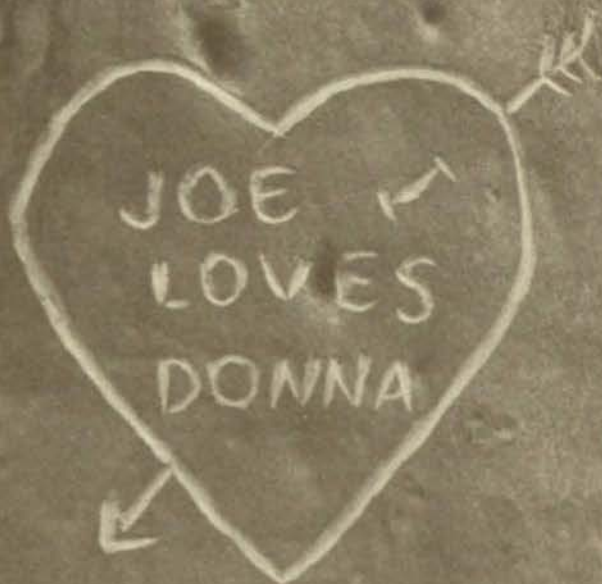
VELASQUEZ



ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF



UNIVERSITY LIFE...



A wonderful story is unfolding before our eyes.
How it will end we are not allowed to know.

-Winston Churchill



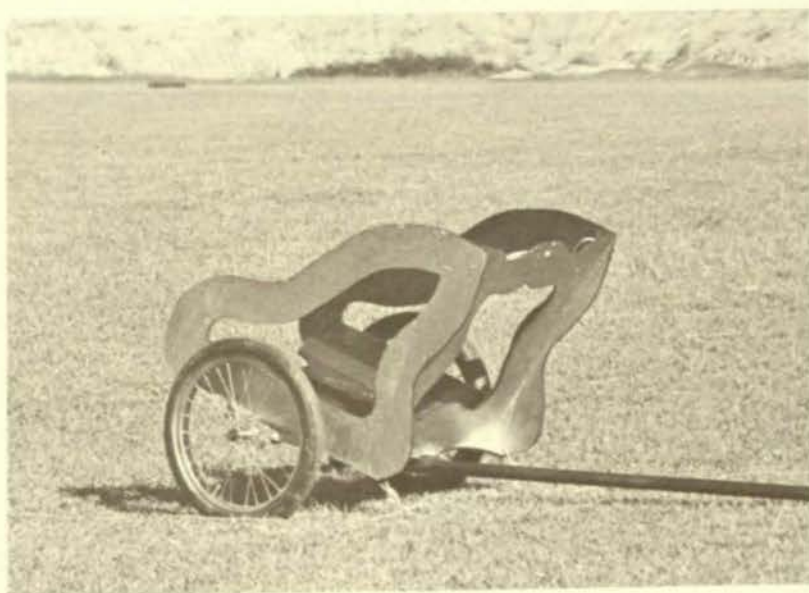
Of poetry, painting, sculpture, photography, dancing and singing—of such diversions and others known as Art—what shall be said? They exist. This we must assume, otherwise we may not assume our own existence. What else is there to say? We contemplate and speculate, and studiously examine, and if so moved by the work before us we undertake to question or explain, in some degree, why we have paused. Whoever listens might then nod and smile, or offer up a curious thought, responding as befits him; but there comes a time, no matter how confounded, outraged, stupefied, or bemused we be by the world's fantastic gyration, when we murmur, O! do not ask: 'What is it?'—with Prufrock simply let us go and make our visit.

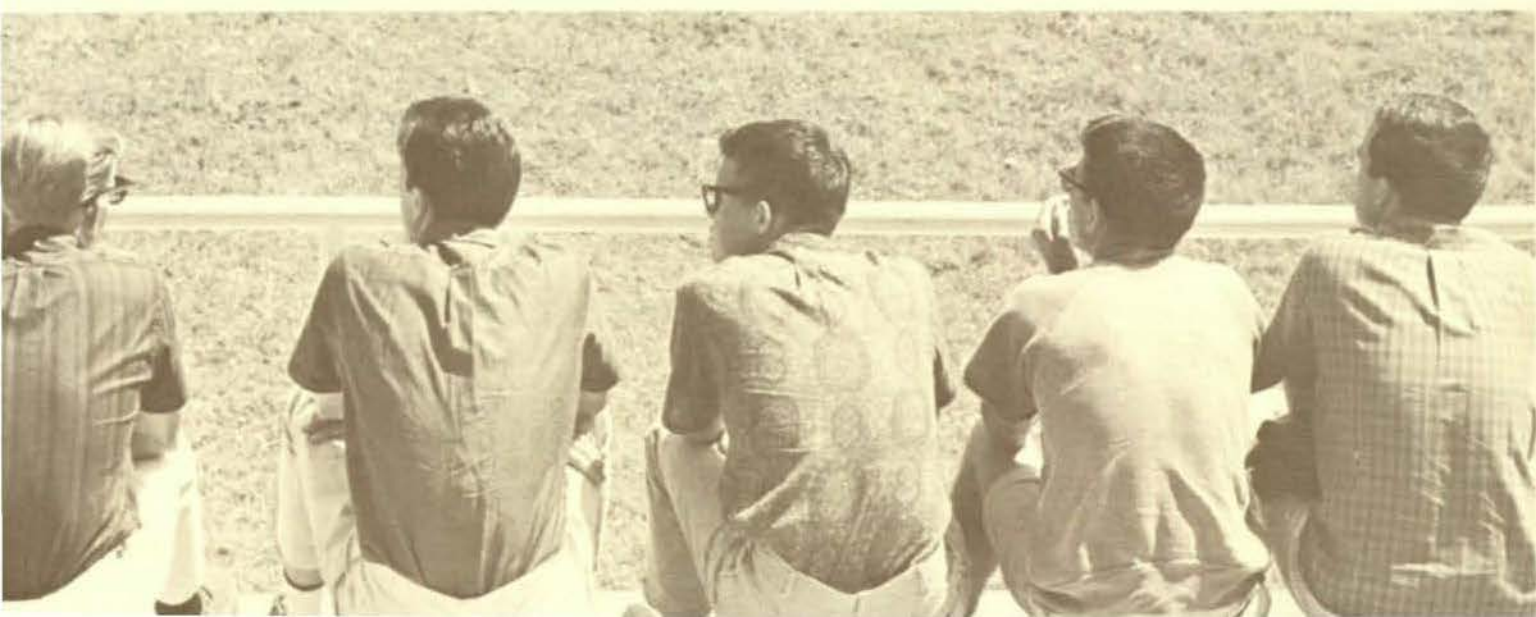
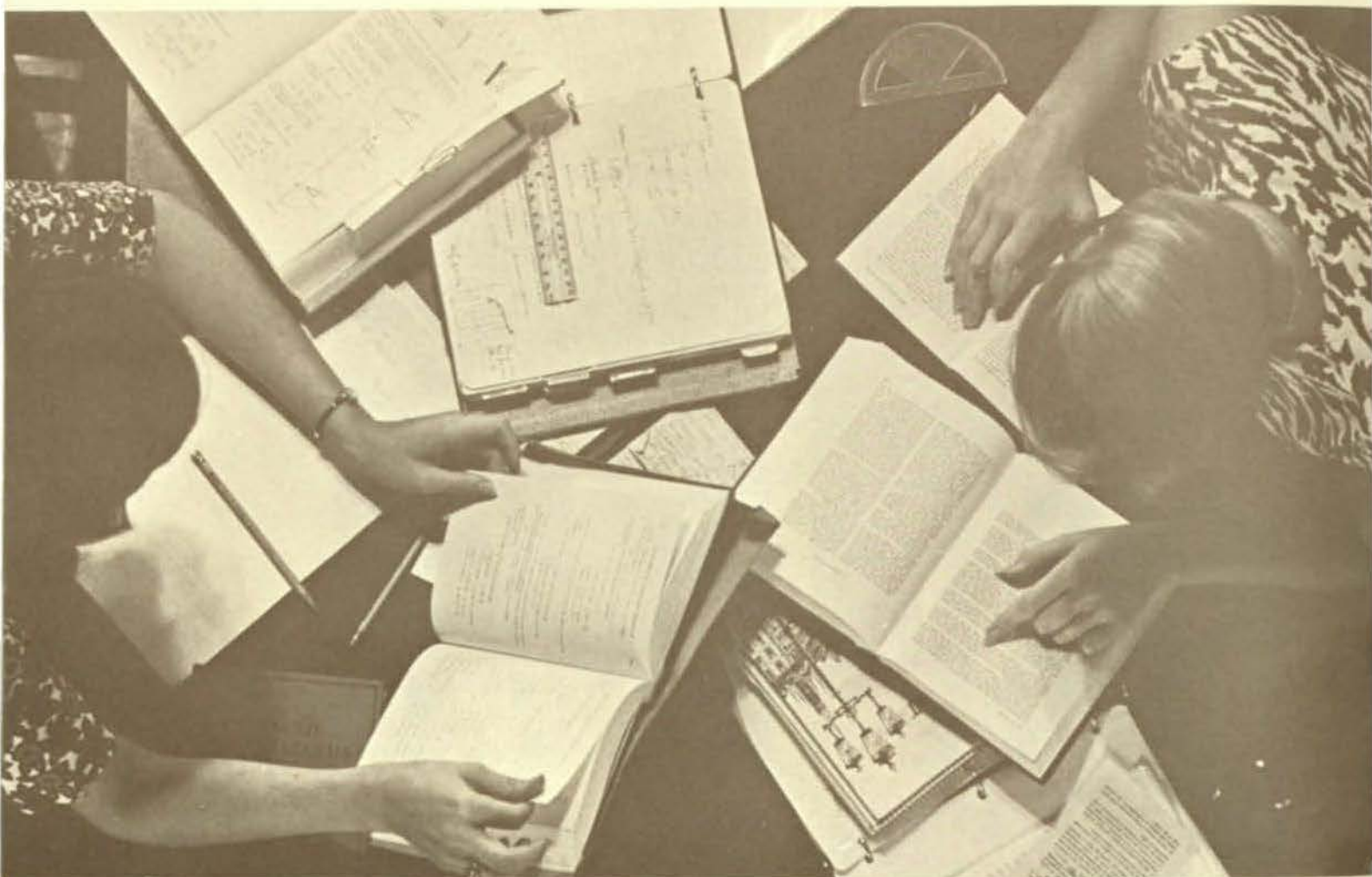
Ultimately it is finished—the reasoning, the querying, the admiration and the censure—and two by two, unnumbered ranks, into the Ark again we go, while what was done remains, unperturbed as shards of Ozymandias on the level sand.

So here is a book of photography, about which nothing will be said. Pictures were meant to be looked at. Perhaps these have been somehow enhanced by the miscellaneous thoughts of various minds. That is for each to decide.

Written by EVAN S. CONNELL

(Evan S. Connell is an editor of *Contact*, the San Francisco literary quarterly. His short stories have appeared in various magazines, anthologies, and textbooks. A collection of his stories was published under the title *The Anatomy Lesson*, and he is the author of three novels, *Mrs. Bridge*, which has been translated into several languages, *The Patriot*, and his most recent and highly praised work, *Notes From A Bottle Found On The Beach At Carmel*.)







Wonders are there
many—
none more wonderful
than man.
—Sophocles

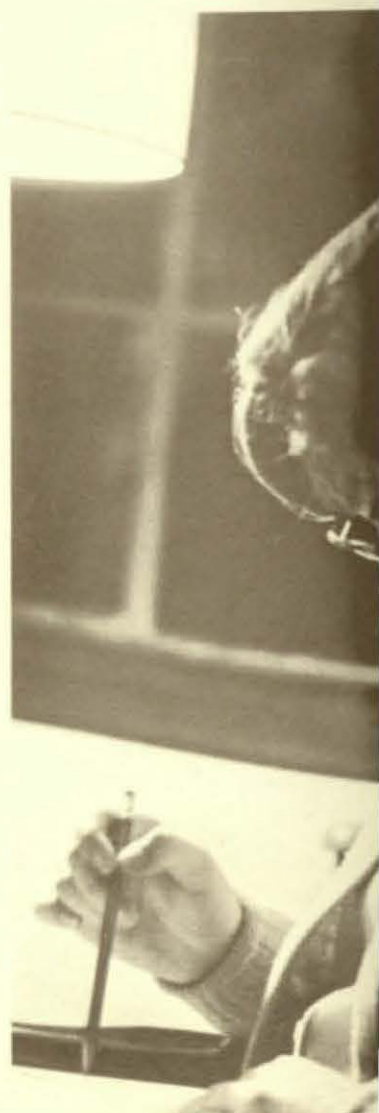




I am a human, and nothing human can be of
indifference to me.

-Terence







I decline to accept the end of man.
It is easy enough to say
that man is immortal simply because
he will endure: that when the last ding-dong
of doom had changed and faded from the
last worthless rock
hanging tideless in the last red and
dying evening, that even then
there will still be one more sound:
that of his puny inexhaustible voice,
still talking. I refuse to accept this.
I believe that man will not
merely endure: he will prevail.
He is immortal, not because he alone
among creatures has an inexhaustible voice,
but because he has a soul,
a spirit capable of compassion
and sacrifice and endurance.

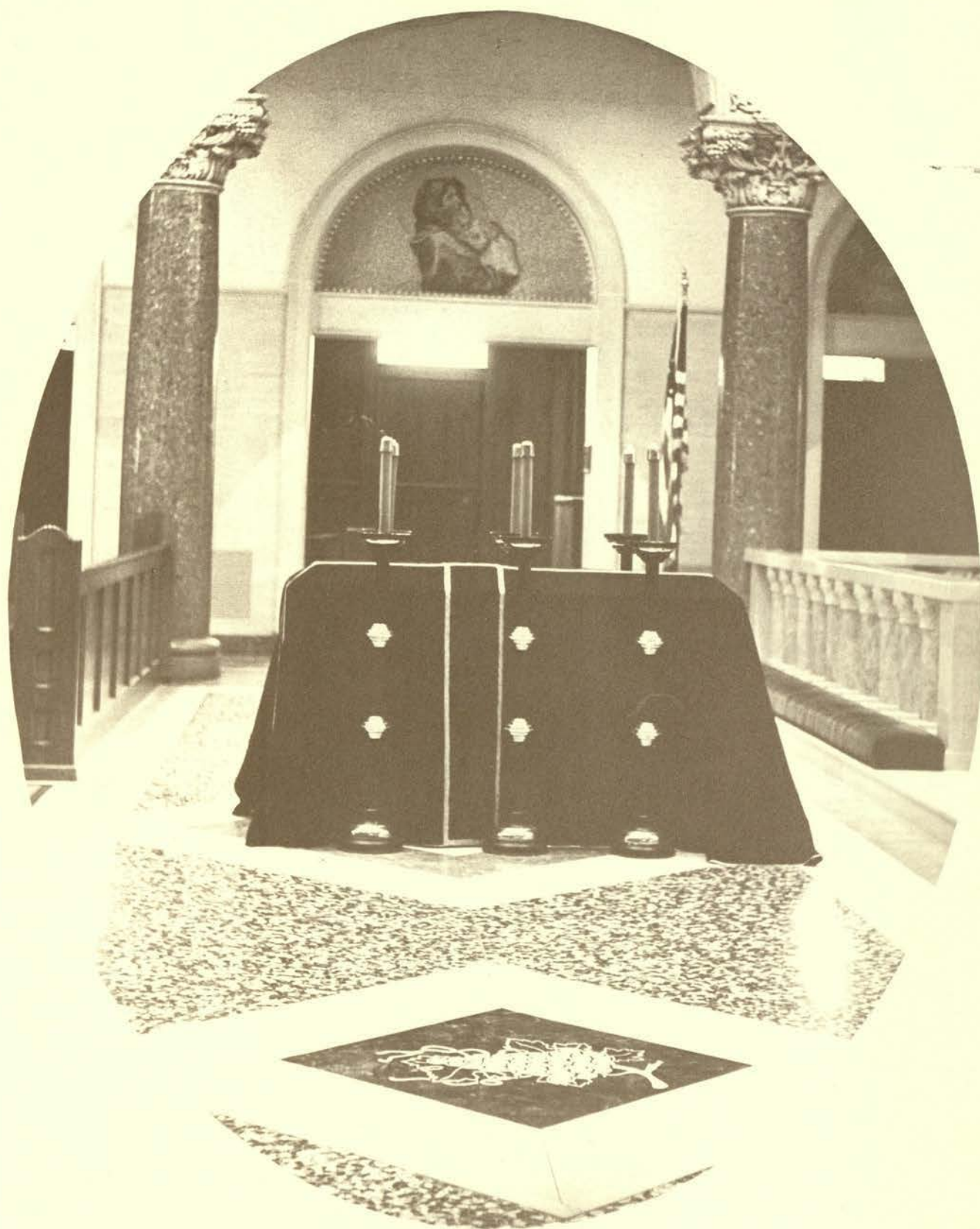
-William Faulkner (Nobel Speech)

The courage of life is often a less dramatic spectacle than the courage of a final moment; but it is no less than a magnificent mixture of triumph and tragedy. A man does what he must—in spite of personal consequences, in spite of obstacles and dangers and pressures — and that is the basis of human morality.

—John F. Kennedy

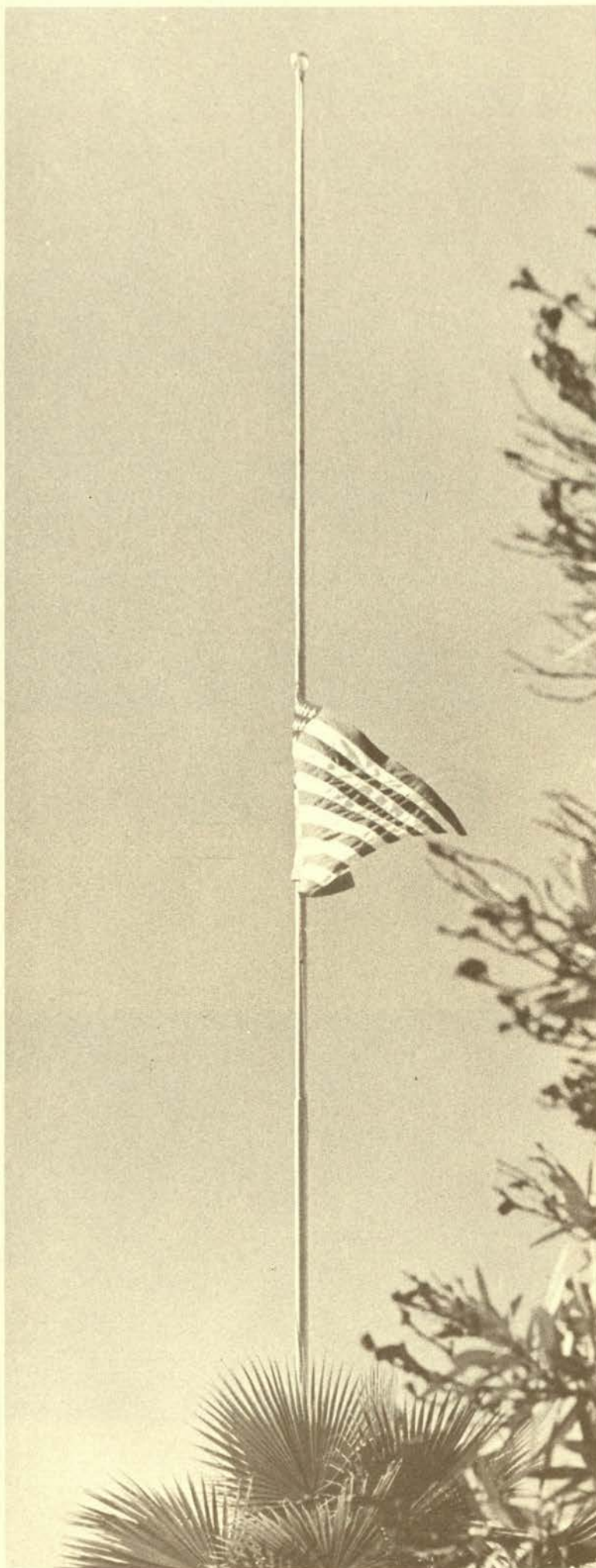




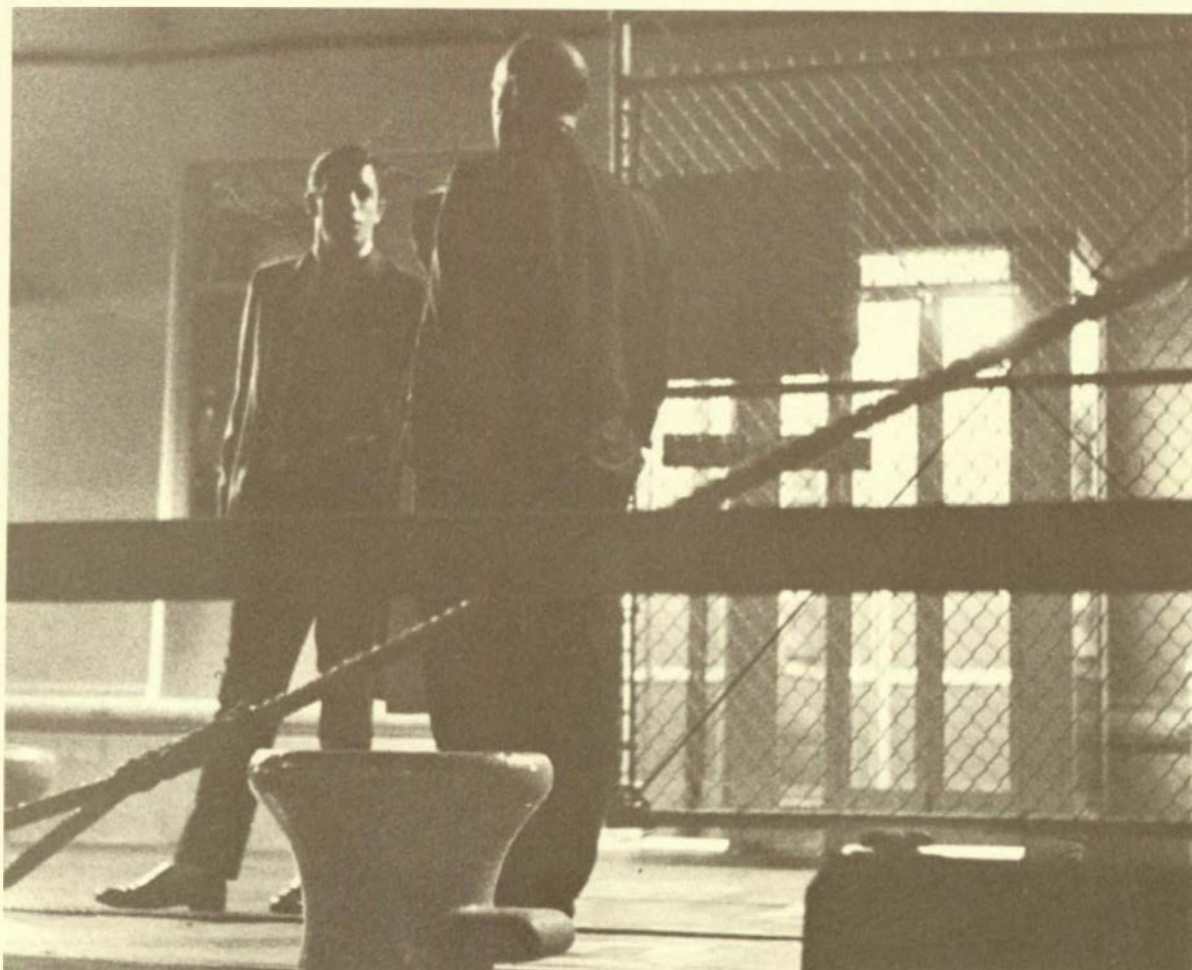


As the
generation
of leaves,
so is
that
of men.

-Homer







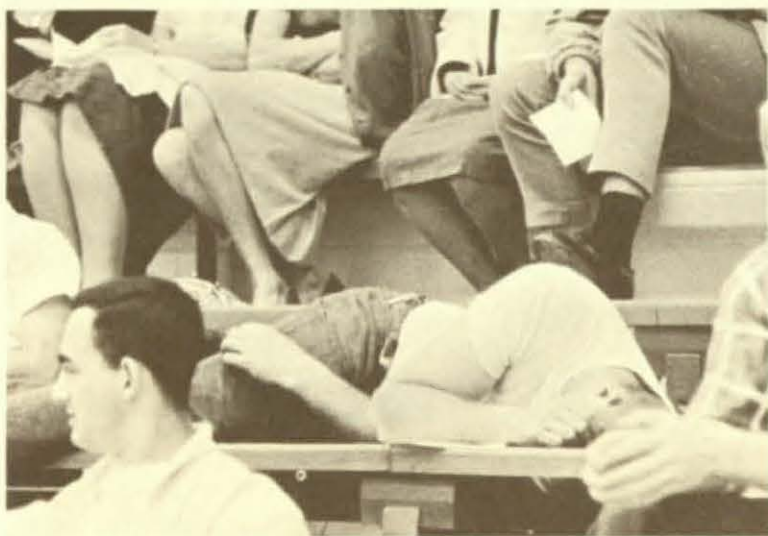
Something has spoken to me in the night,
Burning the tapers of the waning year;
Something has spoken in the night,
And told me I shall die, I know not where.

Saying:

“To lose the earth you know, for greater knowing;
To lose the life you have, for greater life;
To leave the friends you loved, for greater loving;
To find a land more kind than home, more large than earth-

“Whereon the pillars of this earth are founded,
Toward which the conscience of the world is tending-
A wind is rising, and the rivers flow.”

-Thomas Wolfe





I am alone
with the beating
of my heart.
—Lui Chi







In the studio all distinctions disappear.
One has neither name nor family;
one is no longer the daughter of one's mother,
one is one's self — an individual —
and one has before one
art,
and nothing else.

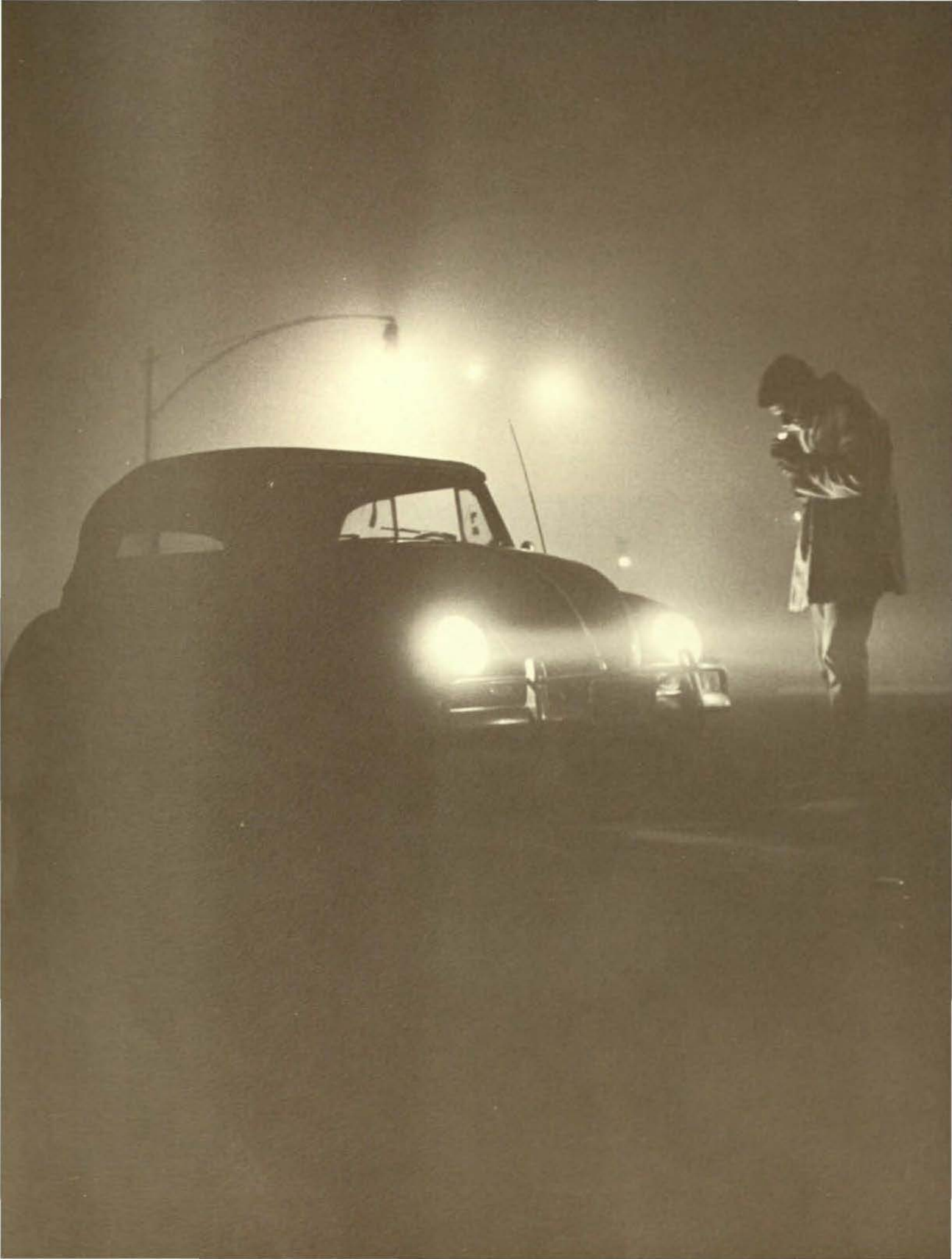
—from the diary of Marie Bashkirtseff





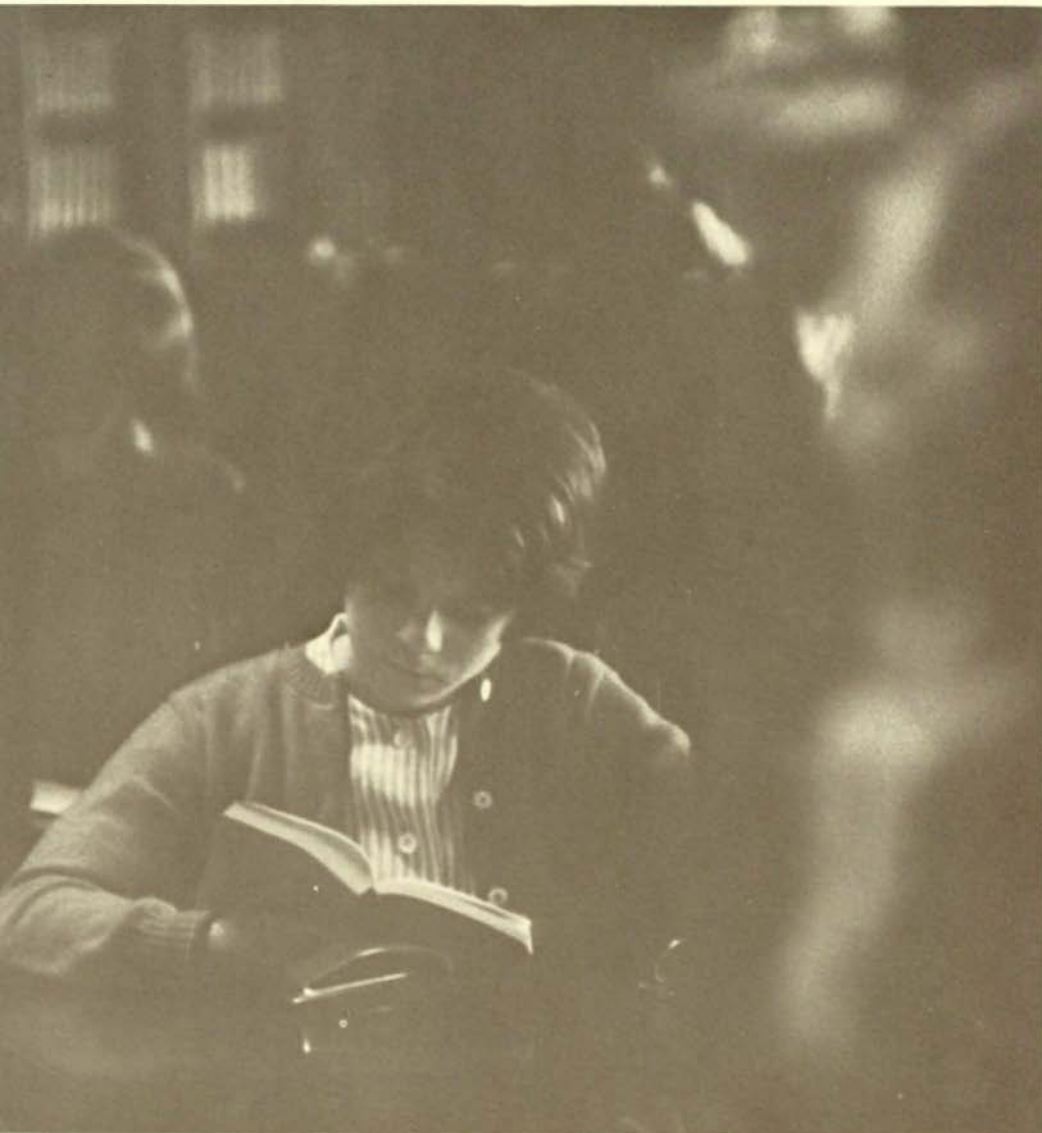
I remember my youth
and the feeling that will never come back anymore
— the feeling that I could last forever,
outlast the sea,
the earth,
and all men.

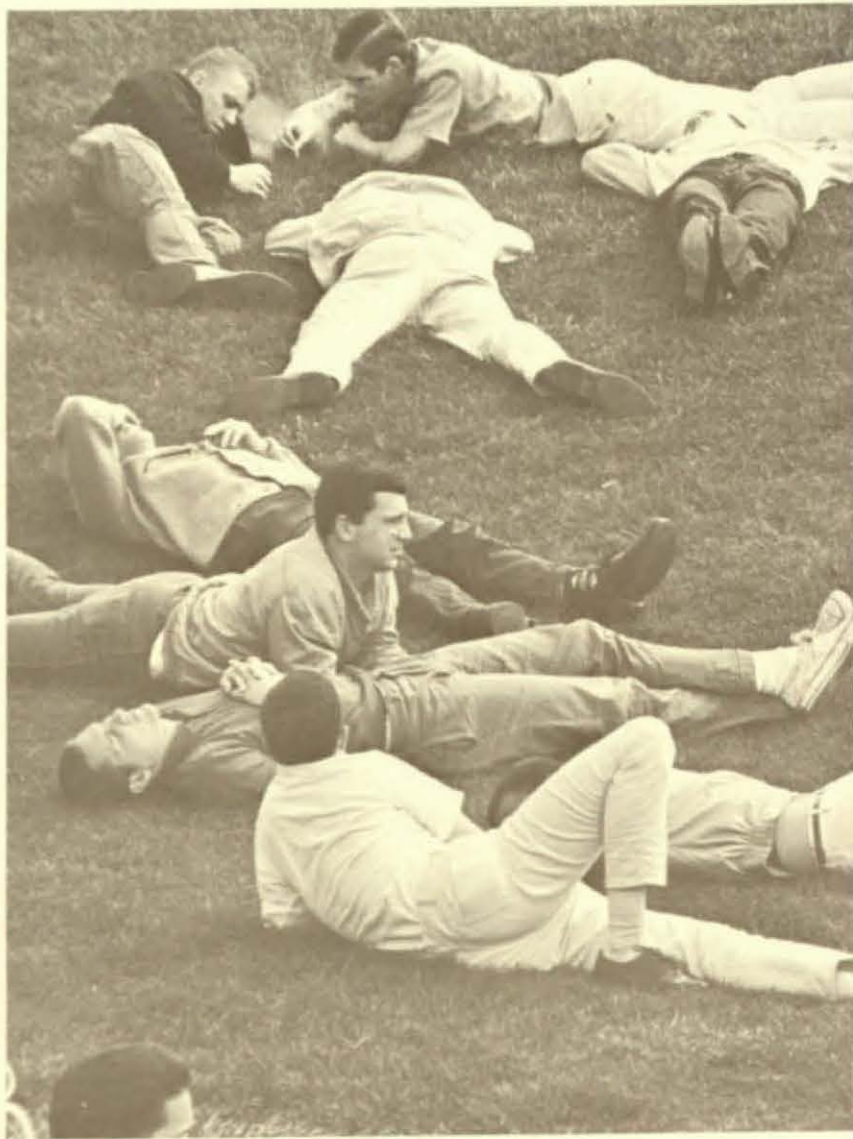
—Joseph Conrad

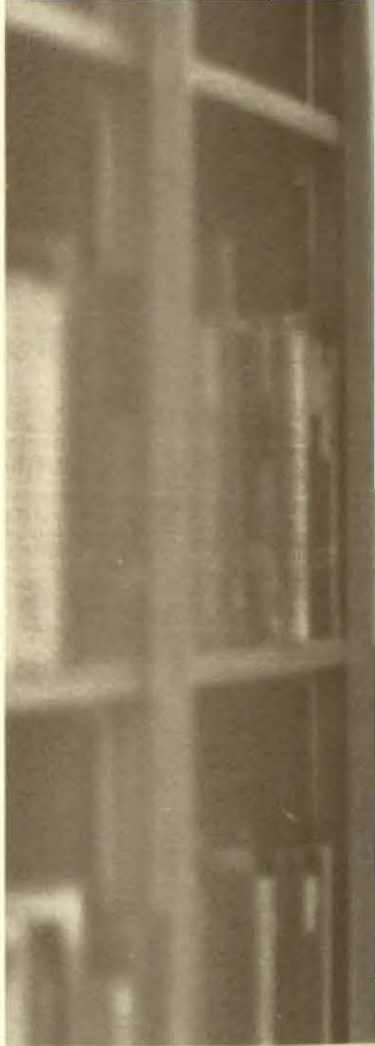


It is our duty to compose our character,
not to compose books, and to win, not battles
and provinces, but order and tranquility
for our conduct of life.

-Montaigne





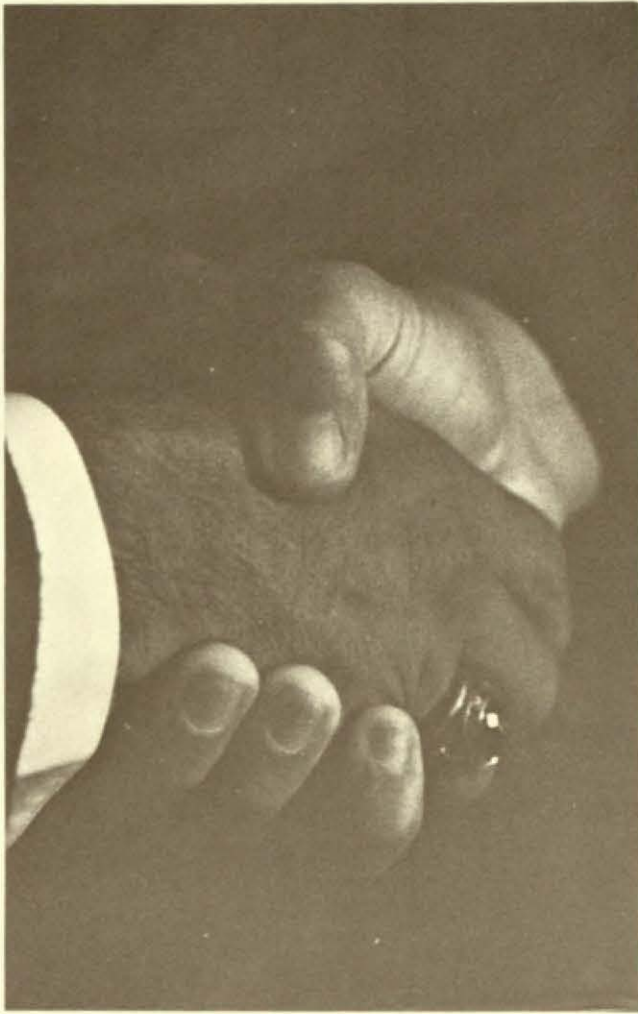




I cannot grasp your art,
and I cannot love it.
I know that this avowal will
neither astonish nor wound you.

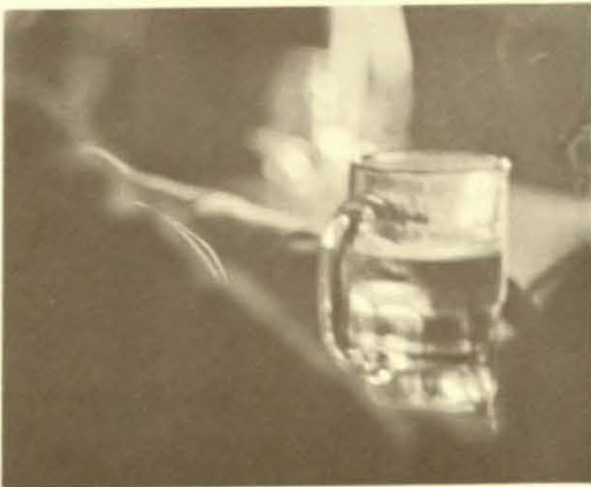
-August Strindberg

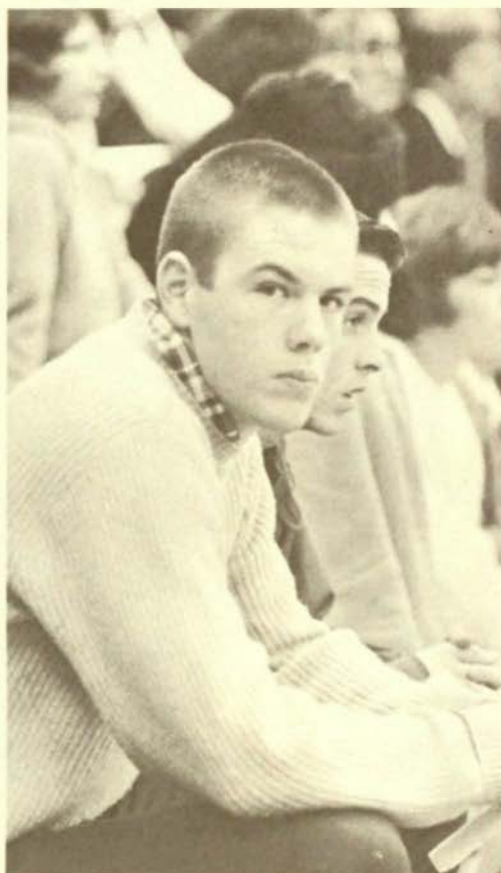




And in the sweetness
of friendship
let there be laughter
and the sharing
of pleasure.

-Kibran





Every man
beareth
the stamp
of the
whole
human
condition.

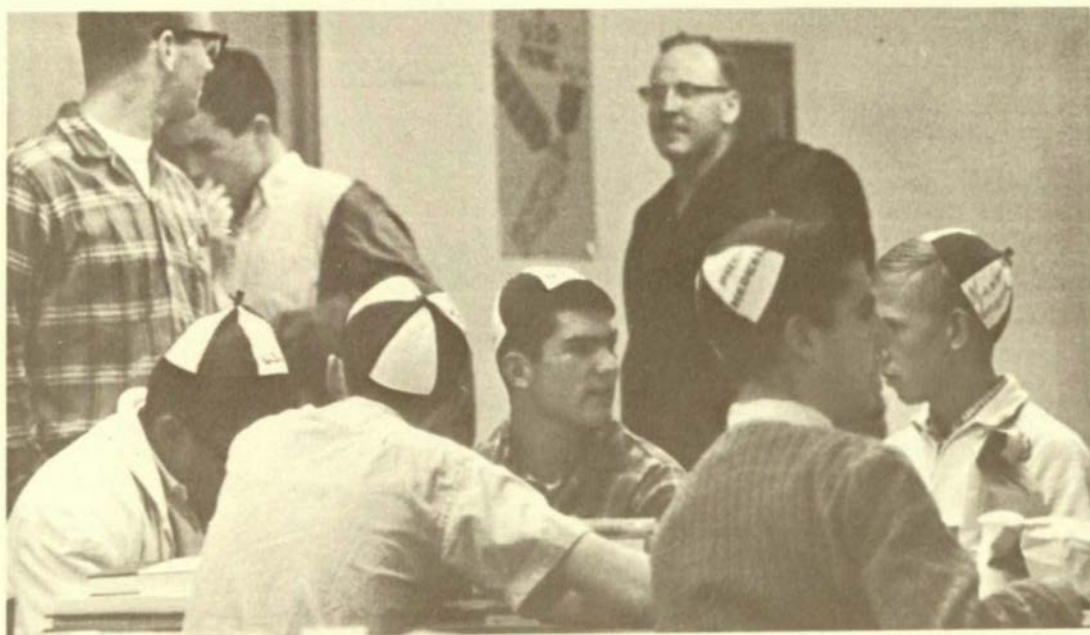
-Montaigne





There is something inherently comforting
about a panel of experts.

-J. Robert Oppenheimer





And the people sat down to eat and to drink,
and rose up to play.
—Exodus 32:6







The universe
resounds
with the joyful cry
I am .

-Kabir





Earth's the
right place for love:
I don't know where it's
likely to go better.
—Robert Frost





the stone
would like to be
Alive like me

the rooted tree
longs to be free

the mute beast
envies my fate
Articulate

on this ball
half dark
half light
i walk Upright
i lie Prone
within the night

beautiful each Shape
to see
wonderful each Thing
to name
here a stone
there a tree
here a river
there a Flame

marvelous to Stroke
the patient beasts
within their yoke

how i Yearn
for the lion
in his den
though he spurn
the touch of men

the longing
that i know
is in the Stone also
it must be

the same that rises
in the Tree
the longing
in the lion's call
speaks for all

o to Endure
like the stone
sufficient
to itself alone

or Reincarnate
like the tree
be born each spring
to greenery

or like the lion
without law
to roam the Wild
on velvet paw

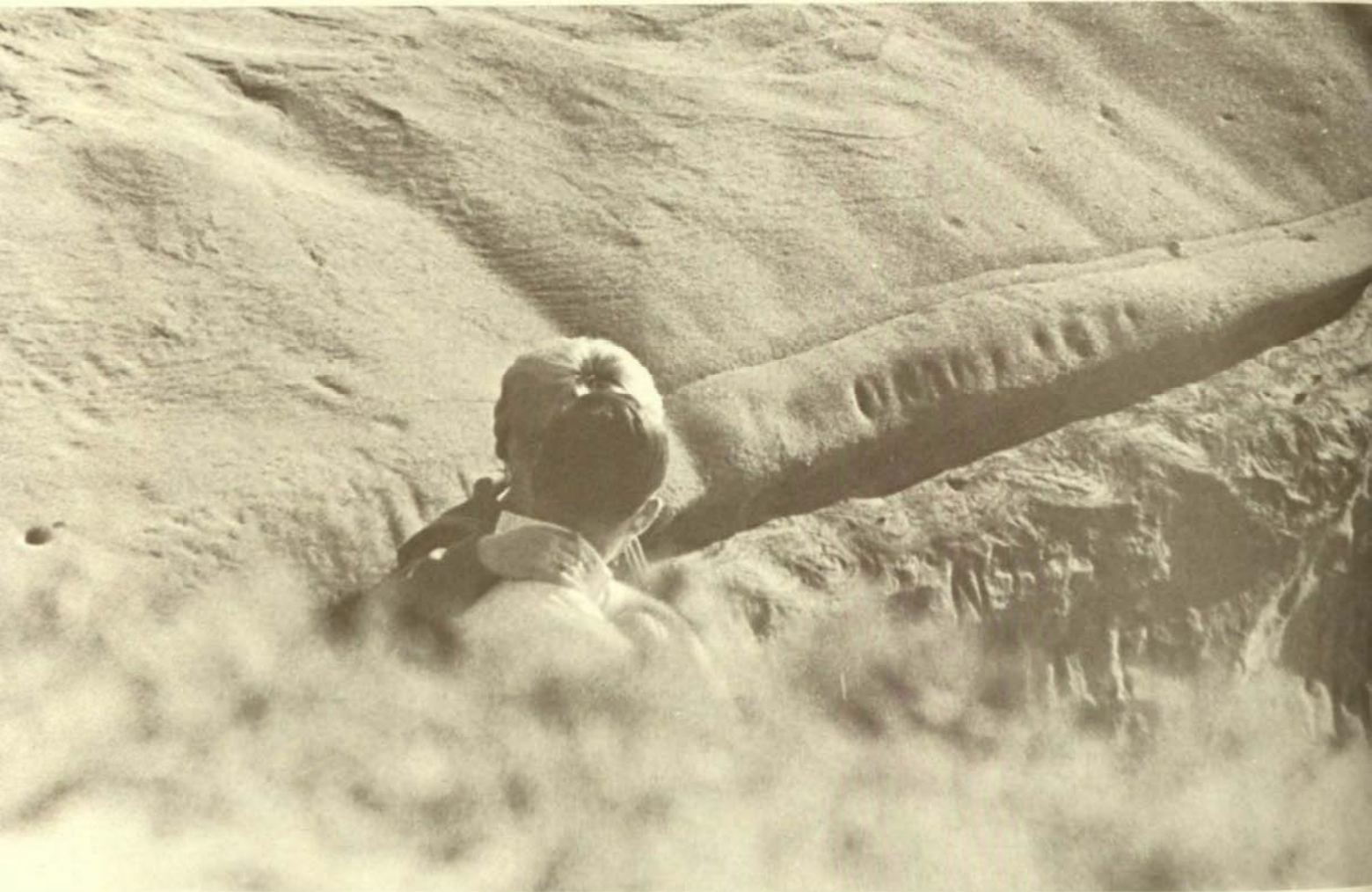
but if walking i meet
a Creature like me
on the street
two-legged
with human face
to recognize
is to embrace



wonders pale
beauties dim
during my delight
with Him

an Evolution
strange
two hearts Touch
exchange
a Love unknown
to stone
or tree or beast

-May Swenson



The fact that I had a permanent fiancé was little compensation for his absence: I had never thought about it, but summer was Dill by the fishpool smoking string, Dill's eyes alive with complicated plans to make Boo Radley emerge: summer was the swiftness with which Dill would reach up and kiss me when Jem was not looking, the longings we sometimes felt each other feel. With him, life was routine, without him, life was unbearable. I stayed miserable for two days.

-Harper Lee





... instead of chasing
the mystery in things
outside us,
we ought to look
at ourselves,
and say,
My God, I am myself!

—D. H. Lawrence





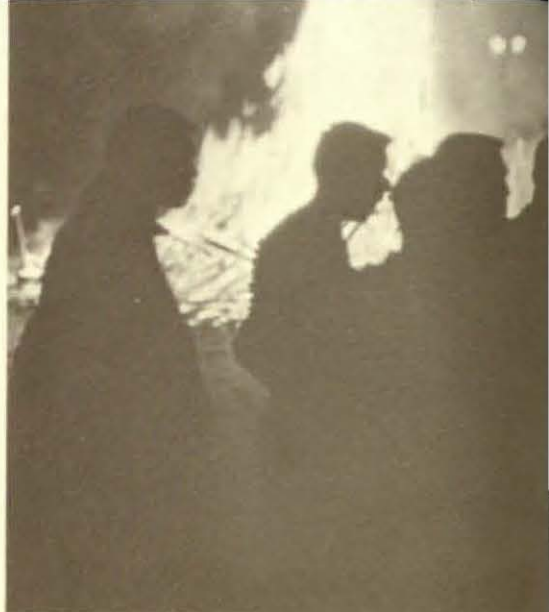


For Mercy
has a human heart,
Pity
a human face.

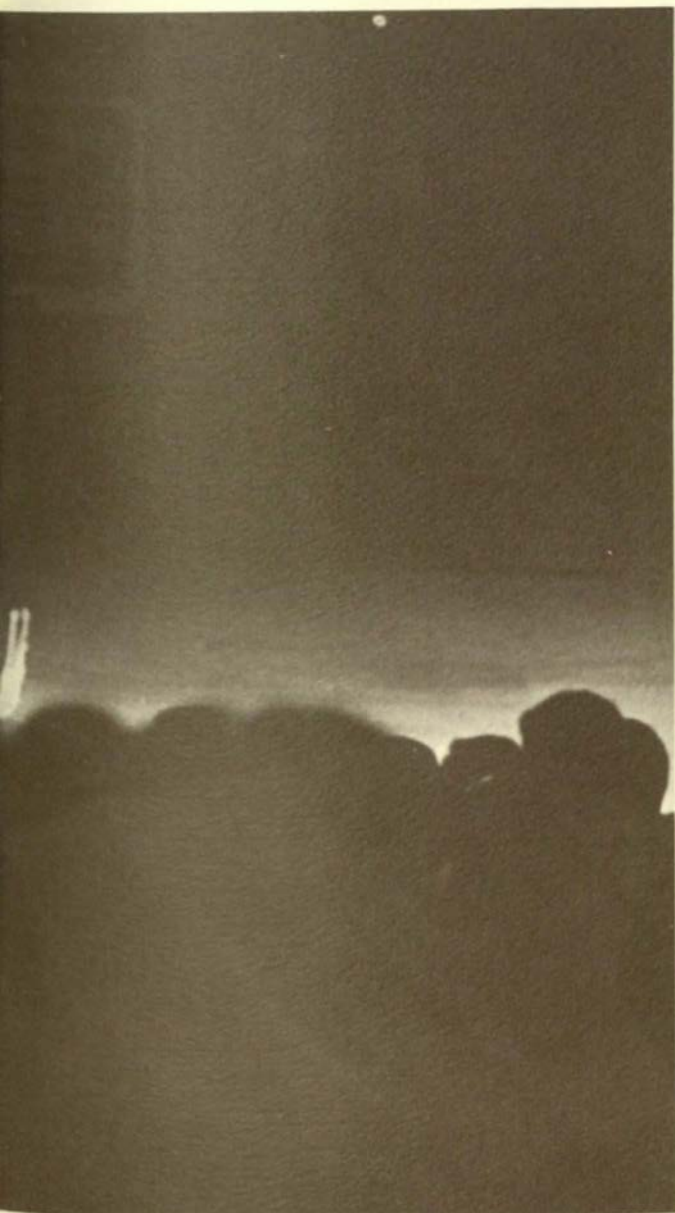
-Blake







The cheerful blaze streaked
the inner surface of the
human circle with its own
gold livery, and even
overlaid the dark turf
with a lively
luminousness . . .



. . . It seemed as if
the bonfire-makers
were standing in
some radiant upper
story of the world,
detached from,
and independent
of the dark
stretches below.

—Thomas Hardy



Nuns fret not
at their
convent's
narrow rooms . . .









... And hermits
are contented
with their
cells.

—Wordsworth





You are a philosopher, Dr. Johnson.
I have tried too in my time to be a
philosopher; but I don't know how,
cheerfulness was always breaking in.
—Boswell

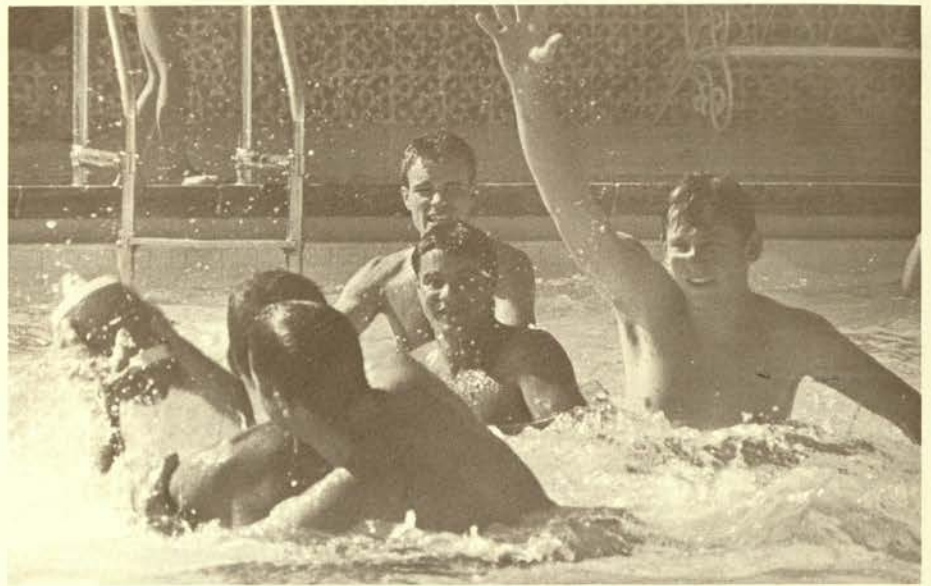






What is life
where living
is extinct?

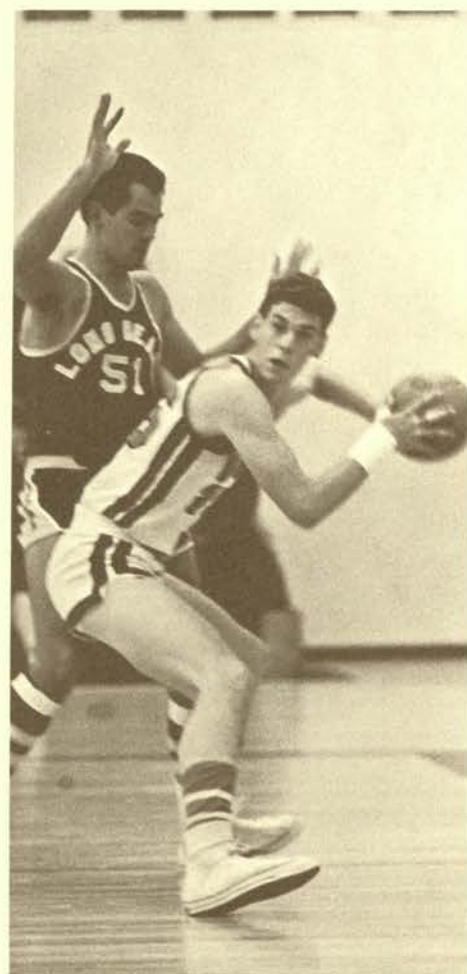
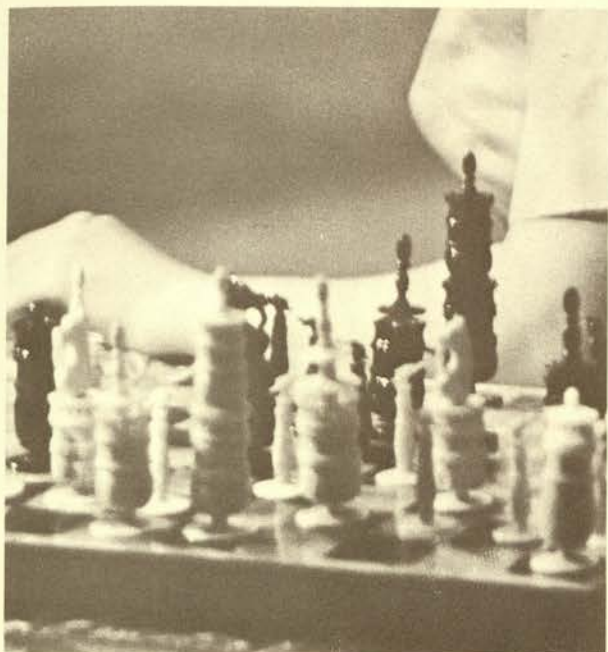
-Heywood



I am afraid I play no outdoor games at all,
except dominoes. I have sometimes played
dominoes outside French cafes.

-Oscar Wilde

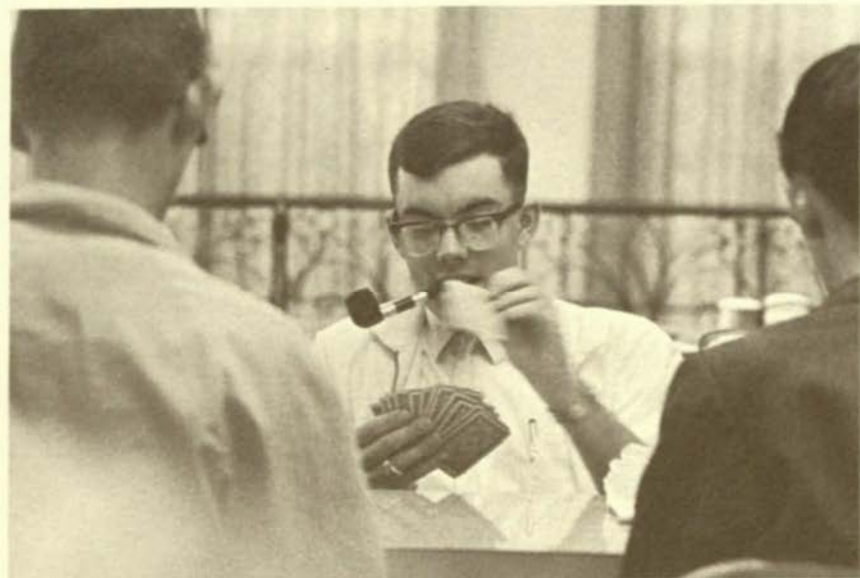






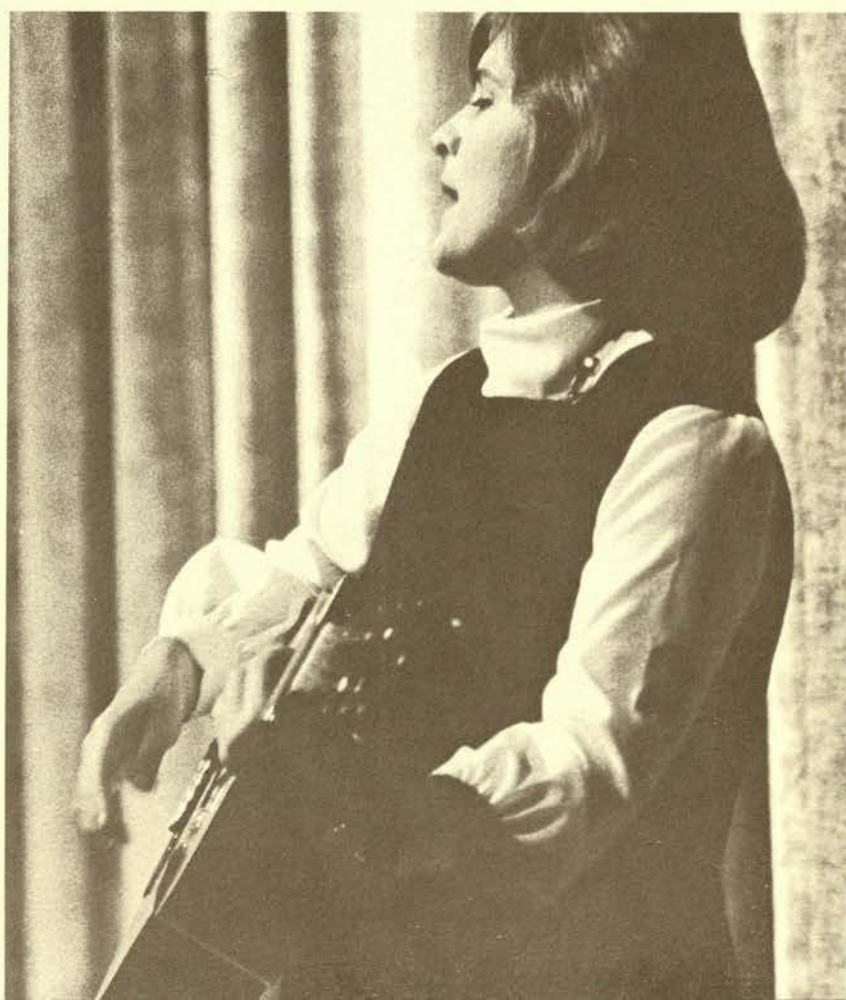
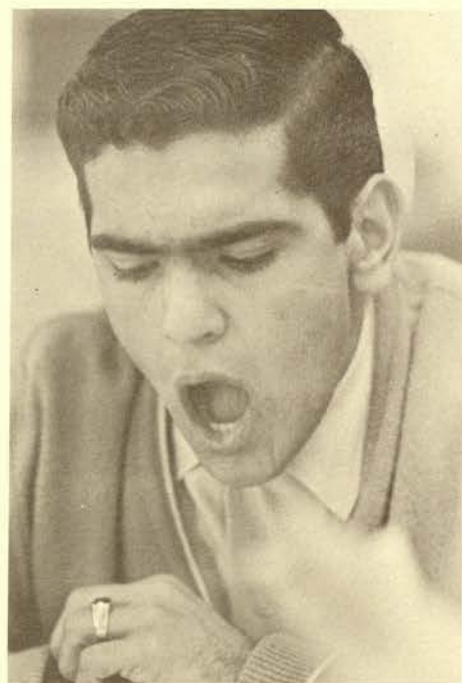
Without a gentle
contempt for education,
no gentlemen's
education
is complete.

—Chesterton





Sing, sweetness,
to the last
palpitation
of the evening
and the breeze.
—St. John Perse



Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind: We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

-Shakespeare



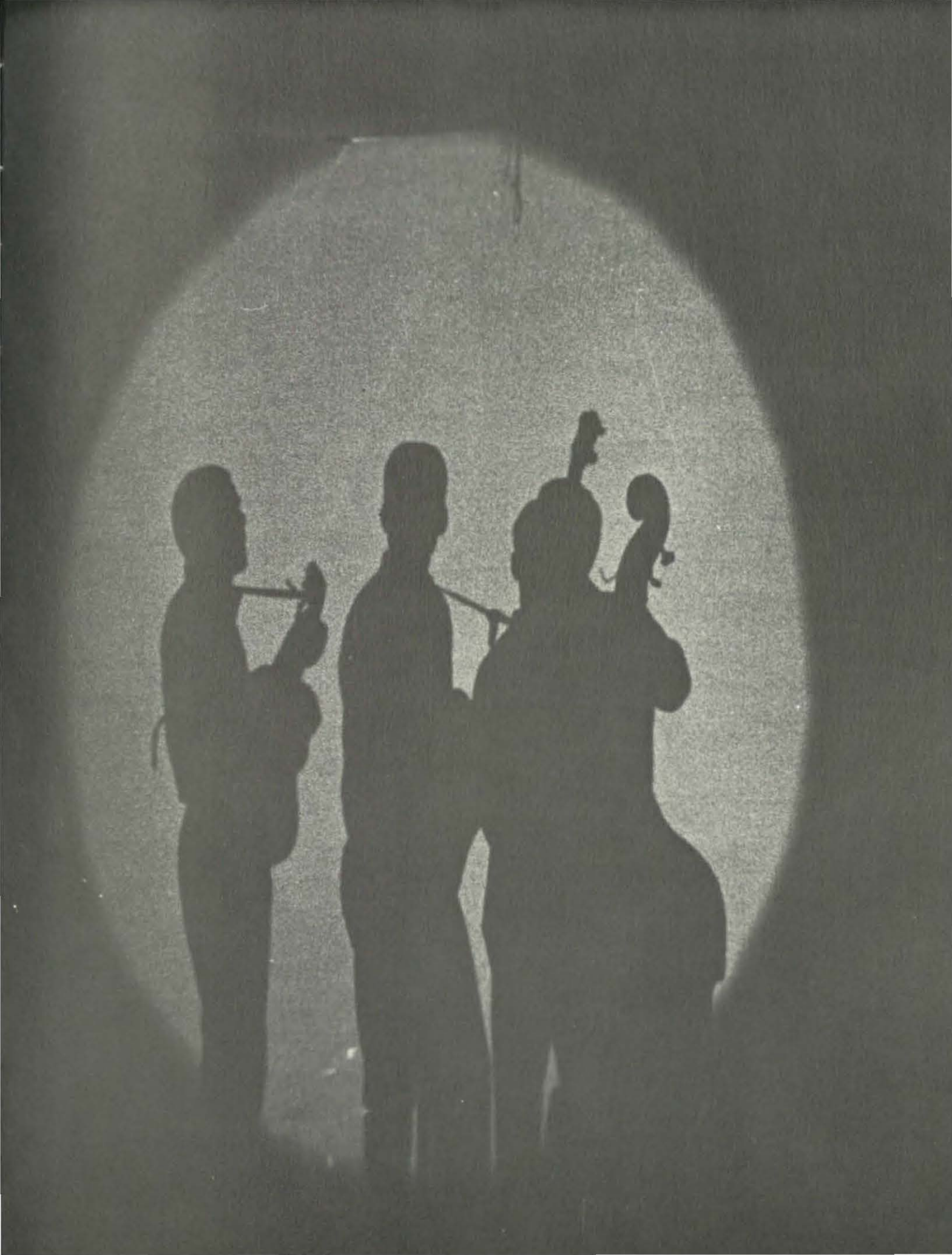


ACTIVITIES

Stars we will gather you, hills you shall dance with us
To meet the grave brows of the morning high-heartedly.

-Robinson Jeffers







James Fitzpatrick, Kathleen Zaworski, Ron Kayton, Kay Lundy, Joseph Tricoli, Grant Richardson, Ann Gray, Anthony Sinclitico, Marilyn Wagner, William Bourque, Mary Bernadette Shoen.

DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY—

Alcala Park Players

In the incisive drama, *Death Takes a Holiday* (by Alberto Casella and adapted by Walter Ferris), Death becomes a mortal to find out why it is that men fear and hate him. By donning human flesh however, Death, eloquently personified by G. Richardson, becomes susceptible to human passions and emotions.

Regarded as one of the best melodramas of the twentieth century, and intelligently enacted by the Alcala Park Players, the play evolves from a fear of death to death versus love. Death, then, becomes enamored of a love that does not end with death, and Love, for the sake of love, does not shirk from the prospect of Death.

The college players, with admirable characterization and clarity of purpose, combined the psychology, philosophy, and humor of death under one heading. Perhaps that is precisely how death should be viewed.





ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA
(Concert Theater Production)

First Row left to right
Betty Lou Sanford
Pamela Moore
Theresa Keiser

Second Row
James Gericke
Buckshot McCain
Bunny Hayward
Jeffery McDade
Harry Ridge
Robert Dunlap
Fr. Cloonan
Dennis Mellein
William Wilstermzan

Third Row
John Ling
Norman Catalano
Enrique Hernandez

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

Antony and Cleopatra is described by Coleridge as being one of the most "wonderful" of Shakespeare's plays — not necessarily the most profound or best constructed play — but certainly one in which poetry and drama are brought to their highest art.

Other critics have labeled the play as spacious and magnificent, full of imagery, imagination, and description. Whatever adjectives describe it best, *Antony and Cleopatra* is surely a rare blend of tragedy, comedy, and history.

In the College for Men's concert reading of Shakespeare's play, a dramatic medium in which action is minimized and vocal characterization is of prime concern, Pamela Moore, as Cleopatra, deliciously portrayed a woman who selfishly sought a man — not for love — but for her own consummate vanity and ego. In his role as Antony, Enrique Hernandez capably interprets a man who allows passion to eclipse reason; lust to shadow wisdom.

In the Masquers' adaptation, the political conflicts of the play have been cut, Cleopatra dominates the infatuated Antony, and Miss Moore's character study is more closely aligned to the popular concept of Cleopatra as a mere wanton rather than a woman of tragic proportions and noble stature.

Under Fr. Cloonan's direction, a narrator, thematic musical interludes, and simple lighting effects gave a flowing, staccato quality to the concert reading.





A STUDY IN ANGUISH

In a very humble sense the creators and actors of *The Betrayal* intended more than a spectacular epic panorama of man's inhumanity to his God. No less a sublime reenactment of the timeless tragedy than the pageant at Oberammergau, the passion play — more modestly and with less polish perhaps, but with reverence — elaborately retraced the machiavellian intrigues of the hypocritical high priests, the haunting apparitions of Fulvia's dreams, Pilate's lack of manly courage, and the soul-searing treachery of Judas Iscariot.

In a world which places little emphasis on the virtue of charity, except for propagandizing, it is well that the Masquers, as their tribute to the consuming spirit of Eastertide, restaged the most magnificent love story of humankind.



HOOTENANY

The Irishman, when looking for a rollicking wholesome time, usually resorts to the local pub where both the frothy glass of ale and the fiercely anti-English lyrics tend to lighten the spirit. The Hawaiian, endowed with a less violent nature, is content with the succulent roast boar of the luau and the sun-stained grace of lovely-limbed ladies adding their charms to "Lovely Hula Hands." But for the average American college student, the typically collegiate good time — for the present — is attendance at a certain something appropriately termed "Hootenany," a sing-along of folk music.

With coeds comfortably and casually sprawled on pillowed floors, More Hall resounded with the sonorous strains of guitars, banjos — and even a tambourine — as trios and modern day balladiers strummed and sang their way through doleful lovers laments, negro spirituals, chain gang ballads, and other ethnic music of an earlier heritage.

To the college student, a Hootenany is not only a pleasantly emotional songfest but a cultural thing besides.



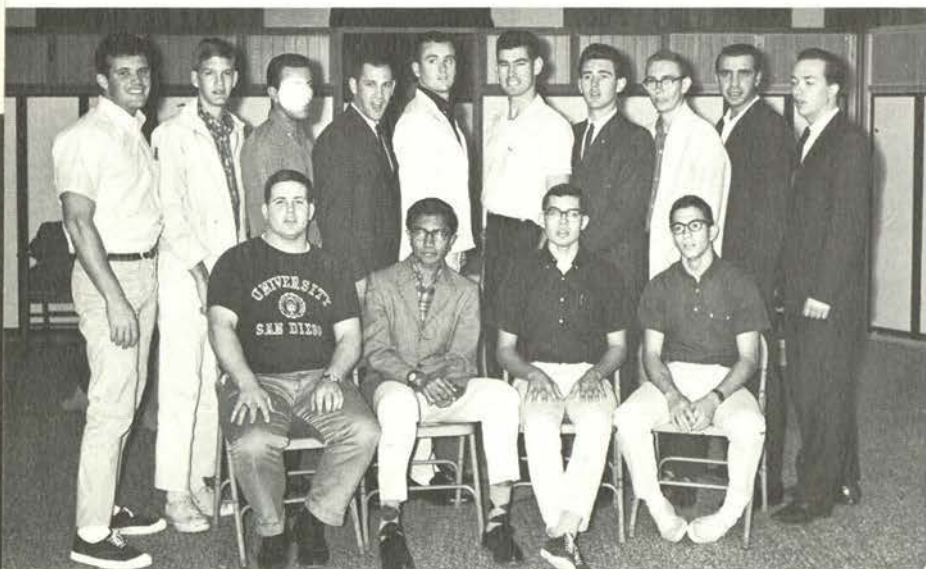
SOCIETY for ADVANCEMENT of MANAGEMENT

S.A.M. plans meetings, conferences, smokers, luncheons with business executives, tours to various industries, and includes several social activities during the year. It is considered an investment by its members — friendships and valuable contacts are made; business recognizes its value; there are unlimited opportunities to develop initiative, creative thinking, and leadership, and to acquire an understanding of industry and insight into the practices of the management profession.



1st Row: John Hegow, Wendell Joseph, Don Dutton, Jack Limber. *2nd Row:* Bob Holzmillier, Mike Flanagan, Joe Martinez, Henry Stuppy, Ken Shetter, Ed Stoflet, Phil Bolles, Richard Galligan, Al McCarty, Dennis Gorsich.

Harold Dermody, Chuck Davidson, Bill Ogawa, Bruce Dunlap.



GLEE CLUB

Anyone wandering along the corridors of the Arts and Science building on a Wednesday afternoon will invariably be surprised by the "sounds of music" streaming from the Little Theater. What he hears may vary from a sullen ballad to a Japanese melody; from a religious movement from Palestrina to a patriotic anthem of Sibelius. Directed by Fr. Sullivan, the men of the choral brigade canorously sang their way through luncheons, students gatherings, and an occasional television appearance.

1st Row: Lenny Weber, Rick Wagener, Bob Mix, Danny Ramos, Ross Brown, Ron Kayton, Mark Teismann, Fran Vogel. *2nd Row:* Tony Malanga, Frank Sturzl, Rick Salazar, Richard Hughes, Bob Greer.

PRE-MED CLUB

New to the ways of campus club activity, the Pre-Med Club (an off-shoot of the now defunct Science Club) did not waste any time making itself heard or seen at the C M. Posters, sparked by the club's emblem (a diaper-draped "premie"), announced the speaking engagements of such organizations as the once controversial Synannon House. More importantly perhaps, the club was a pivotal point for discussions and meetings of those actively contemplating their M.D.'s.





PAUL MAJKUT
Editor, *Canon*
Literary Journal

PUBLICATIONS

In an age of salient team efforts it is surprising that many achievements at USD are based — if not entirely, at least heavily — on single-minded pith and punditry. The advantage of a small university, coupled with a slight bit of opportunism, ingenuity, and money, can merit for anyone some degree of notoriety, fame, or self-satisfaction. This year two publications — and especially the men behind the works — deserve the laurels. Conservative Gilbert Nares established and edited the *Newsletter* (replacing the ephemeral *News* which died from non-support), a sometimes perceptive blend of news, views, and ideas. It was also cheap — a most necessary prerequisite for getting something accomplished on campus. Likewise, polemicist Paul Majkut finally managed to publish a literary journal after several years of patience and advocacy. Ignoring such facets of art as sketches, painting, photography, and music, the *Canon* concentrated on poetry, prose, and research articles to comprise its dignified list. More scholarly than entertaining, the *Canon* perfectly complimented the more journalistic *Newsletter*.



GILBERT NARES
Editor, *Newsletter*

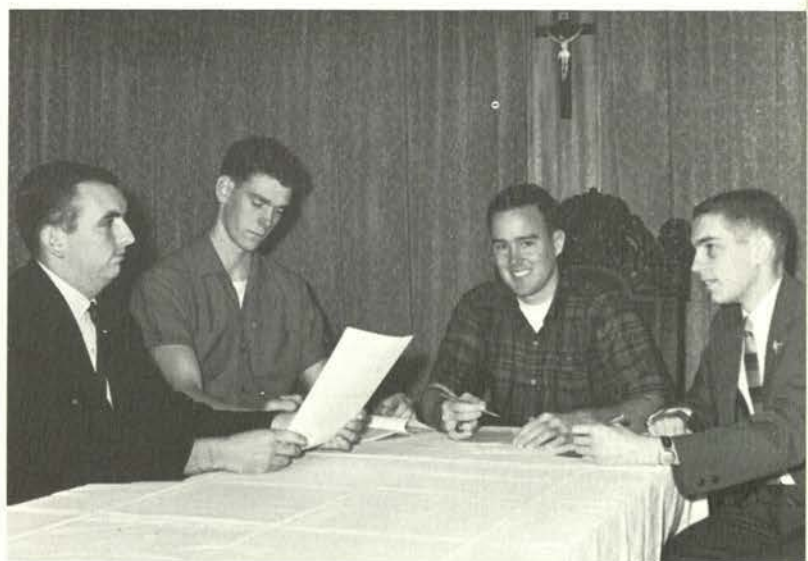
STUDENT COURT JUSTICES



Pete Beres
Dick Bart
Mike Cihak

ASSOCIATED STUDENT OFFICERS

Lee Bianco
Ken Kullberg
Mike Hughes
Jay Wilson





Fran Vogel *vs.* Roger Allius
Mike Maker *vs.* Enrique Hernandez
Ron Orrantia *vs.* Hank Steffes
Dave Minor *vs.* Tim Guinn



A magnificent blaze . . .



. . . to warm the spirit.



1st Row: Fr. Ganahl, John Limpus, Ernest Borunda, John Haegen, Bob Brunner, Ron Orrantia, Jay Wilson, Marty Boyle. 2nd Row: Ken Kullberg, Matt Malerich, Tom Hensel, Joe Martinez, Dan Wilhelm, Henry Stuppy, Gilbert Nares, Lymond Williams.

Circle K

THE GREAT LEAP FORWARD

The merit of any organization can only be judged, not by what it is capable of doing, but the results of what it has done. Circle K, following the spirit of such a realistic credo, has integrated spirit and service as a means of developing its aggressive and progressive policies. The USD Chapter (which had been dormant for two of its four years) has already instituted or sponsored such tradition-bound events as "fight night", a series of two rounders between matched students; a Homecoming bonfire to flare up student support for a forthcoming basketball game; and various other stimuli for the betterment of campus capers.

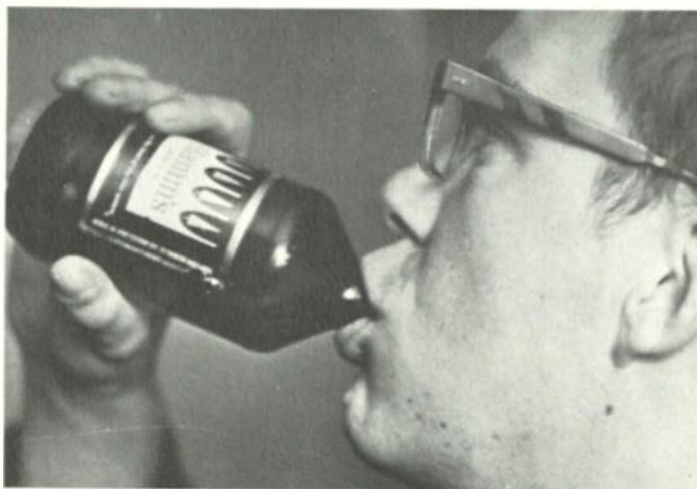




ALOHA, HAWAII — with a twist of Mexican

"Yippy Yappa" Song

I'm one of the Yippy Yappas
And I'm mighty proud of that
A merry college fellow
And a brother in Phi Kap
I'm loyal to my fraternity
And like the knights of old
I'll always be a faithful son
To purple, white and gold.
Phi Kappa Theta
Here's to your renown
Phi Kappa Theta
Here's to drink her down
And as we gather round
The festive boards
As in the days of old
We'll turn our glasses
Bottoms up
To purple, white, and gold
As we go marching
And the band begins to P-L-A-Y
You can hear the
people shouting
Phi Kappa Theta's on Parade
HEY! HEY! HEY!



Hammmmmmmmmms. . .

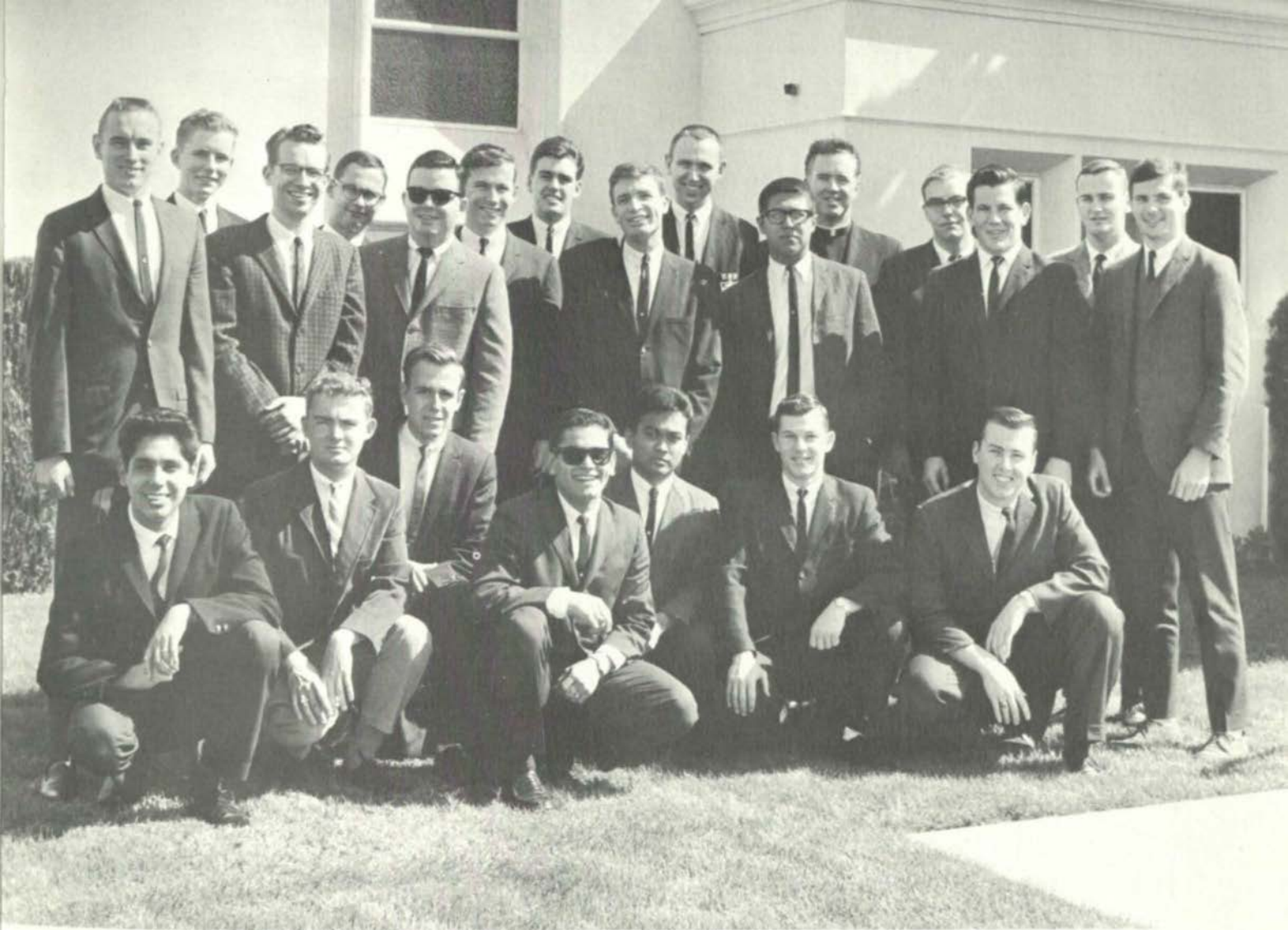


Her secret desire!

Added impetus for Phi Kappa Theta.



. . . Refreshing!



The men of Phi Kappa Theta: (standing) Joe Shults, Bob Connell, Shawn Quinn, Dave Dubie, Chuck Davidson, Dick Gray, Bob Slatten, Noel Hall, Colin Fort, Ernie Borunda, Fr. Eagen, Dale Davidson, Tom Maloney, Fred Wellencamp, Joe Nevadomsky; (kneeling) Dave Medrano, Jim McGreevy, Mike Murphy, Ben Flores, George Cruz, Mel Kemme, Mike Flynn.

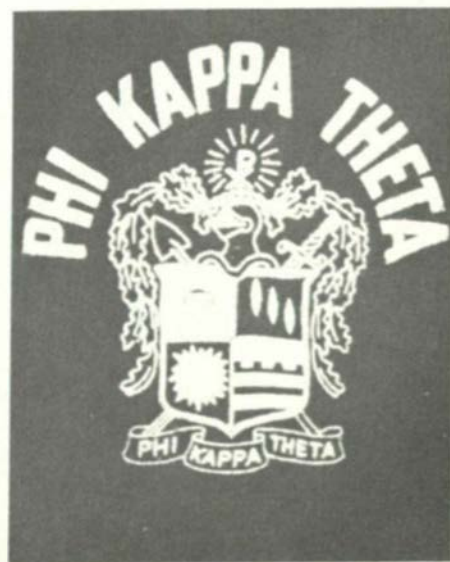
PHI KAPPA THETA

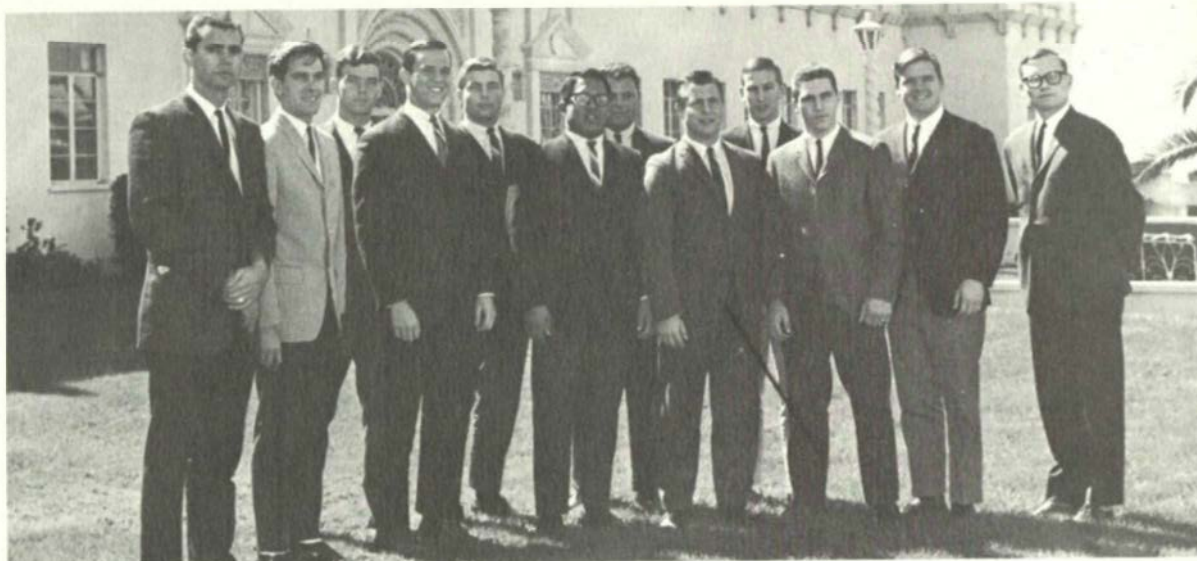
Studying hard during the week and functioning equally hard on weekends was the operating procedure for the men of Phi Kappa Theta.

Though the spring semester of 1963 had officially come to a close, the brotherhood continued its activities into the summer months with a Fourth of July "banger," a Mexican "luau," and a September "send-off" party.

Service projects included the publication of *The Dial*, the student directory; hosting the American Cancer Society Christmas Party; sponsoring the third annual Nazareth House picnic; and the establishment of a scholarship trophy to be awarded to the men with the highest GPA.

The year's second semester began with a Valentine's Sweetheart party and brought great expectations as the second annual Jazz Concert planning went into full swing. Likewise the fraternity honorarily initiated His Excellency Francis J. Furey and Monsignor Donald Doxie into the chapter role. Then the Phi Kaps settled down and hit the books to complete another tremendous year.





The actives of PiKE would like to introduce their pledge class for the spring semester: Dennis Schraeder (*Assistant Pledge-Master*), Jim Frye (*Pledgemaster*), Ralph Giblin, Jack Flanigan, Dick Donahue, Danny Ramos, Bob Shapiro, Tony Sinclitico, Lenny Weber, Jeff McDade, Hank Steffes, Pete Beres (*Pledge Marshall*).

Roarin' Twenties Party



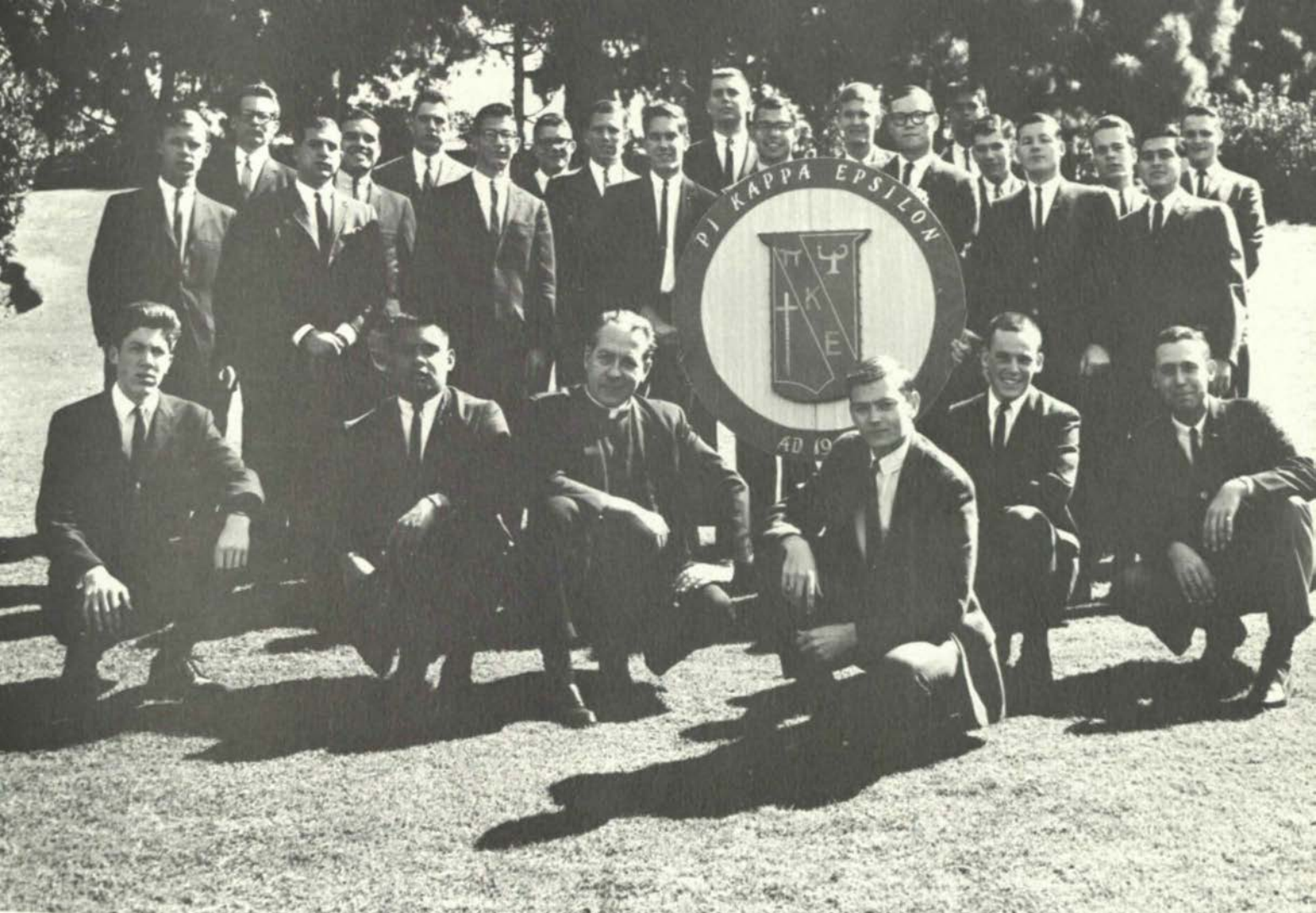
Seven parts rum, one part coke.

Queen of the Greeks



Burp!





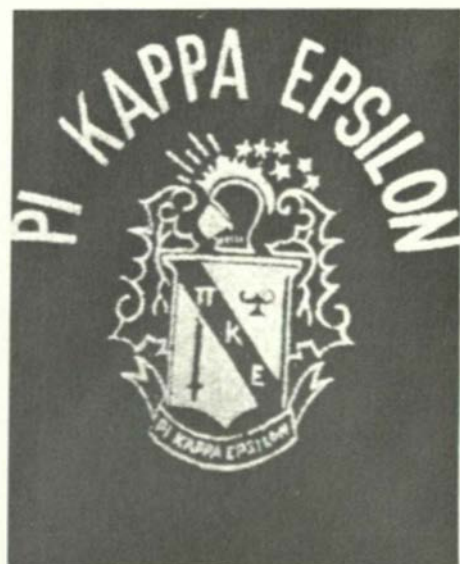
The brothers of Pi Kappa Epsilon are: (in the background) Dennis Maguire, Barry McGee, Joe Sciarretta, Bob Mix, Sabe D'Amico, Jack Limber, Mike Mangin, Walt Casey, Jim Frye, Tom Wallace, Don Dutton, Mike Flanagan, Pete Beres, Allan Gontang, Joe Hildreth, Fred Cover, Mike Hoerr, Tom Mix, and Jim Shaules. In the foreground are: Richard Wagener, Bob Ramos, Fr. Carlos Norena, Bruce Dunlap, Ross Brown, and Dick Bart. Absent: Lee Bianco.

PI KAPPA EPSILON

"The development of the complete man." To Pi Kappa Epsilon this concise phrase reflects the idealism toward which the brotherhood strives. While aiming for this goal, Pi Kappa Epsilon enjoyed another enterprising and gratifying year on campus.

Highlights of a memorable calendar included: the accomplishment of the highest overall fraternity grade point average on campus (2.9); the completion of the traditional Christmas orphanage project; the initiation of two fine pledge classes; the publication of a bi-monthly news bulletin; and a varied and comprehensive social program which effectively complemented the activities of the college.

Adhering always to a "common sense" approach, Pi Kappa Epsilon operates on the theory that, although the primary obligation of each of its members is to acquire an education, the fulfillment of this objective alone does not entirely lead to the development of the complete man. To fill this void PiKE offers the opportunity to develop the qualities and the social virtues which distinguish the fraternity man from his peers.





"Our group brushed with . . ."

Cold outside, cozy inside, no time to work, too bad.



". . . that old gang of mine."



Roamin' Arab Greeks



Touchdown in the making





The brothers of ADG: Ron Cady, Mike Sur, Pat Barry, Mark Teismann, Butch Coury, Larry Moyer, Bill Scavo, Mike Jackson, Richard Nance, Bob Gannon, Ed Fratantaro, Mike Hughes, Steve Briggs, Dave Minor, Bill Coury, Richard Verlasky.

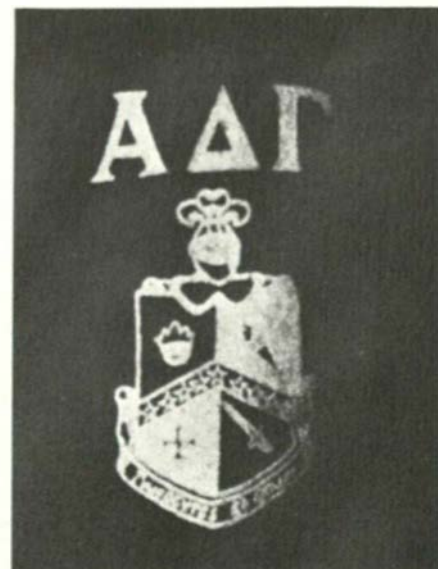
ALPHA DELTA GAMMA

As in the past, Alpha Delta Gamma continued among fraternity leaders this year with achievements in all aspects of campus life.

Athletics especially played a major role as ADG got off to a grand and fast start with a top rating on all-school standings in intramurals. Likewise, most of ADG's men played starting positions on the varsity basketball and baseball teams comprising a strong nucleus of sports-minded students.

As part of their social welfare program, Alpha Delta Gamma sold shamrocks with the proceeds going to the Bayside Children's Home (a school for children from separated families operated by the Sisters of Social Service).

ADG's came up with a good supply of original parties and dances including the rock-and-roll dance, the kick-off dance, the usual rush functions, and of course, beer consumption parties. But the snow trip to Crestline proved to be the best success.





HOMECOMING QUEENS

LADELLE WILLETT

Pert, pretty, and pixie-like all describe "Little Delle." But if any description would characterize her best, perhaps self-sacrificing is her most eminent attribute. In a sentence that has become a campus cliché — "If you want something done, tell Delle" — is shown the tremendous vitality of our queen.

MARSHA ATKINS

Marsha is a real wow at proving the loveliness of the female sex. On stage or off, her attributes of exquisite face, figure, poise, and charm, are living proof of words penned long ago: "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

ANN LINNETT

If you want to make your voice heard on campus, be a cheerleader. If you want to be admired, be a queen. If possible, be Ann Linnett — and both. Soft-voiced Ann has a habit of collecting these and other honors by being herself: a gentle, pensive, attractive *femme fatale*.



GREEK WEEK SCHEDULE

Tuesday, October 8
FLAG FOOTBALL

Tuesday, October 8
HOLE-IN-ONE CONTEST, *Men and Women*

Thursday, October 10
JUNIOR FAIR
VOLLEYBALL TOURNAMENT (*Fraternity Teams*)

Friday, October 11
PIE-EATING CONTEST
CHARIOT RACES; TUG OF WAR

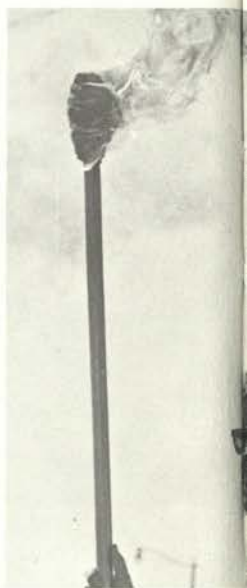
Saturday, October 12
FLAG FOOTBALL FINAL
I.F.C. BOAT DANCE



GREEK WEEK

"That Was The Week That Was" is as apropos as any title could be for the six days of sport and rivalry that marked the Greeks' wide open festivity. Conspicuously ignoring authenticity, Arabian-garbed charioteers vied with their Roman-styled counterparts in a cinema-inspired race of the Hur-Marcellus tradition. But the revelry did not end there. In other events that coursed the week: tendons were strained in a tug-of-war; water-blouted balloons pell-melled both contestants and spectators; pie-eaters devoured huge chocolate cream pies; and brute stamina was needed to endure the grueling football matches between fraternities. A roaring boat dance concluded the festivities with the same easy camaraderie that marked the epic week.

It was, indeed, the "best of times."







Interfraternity BOAT DANCE

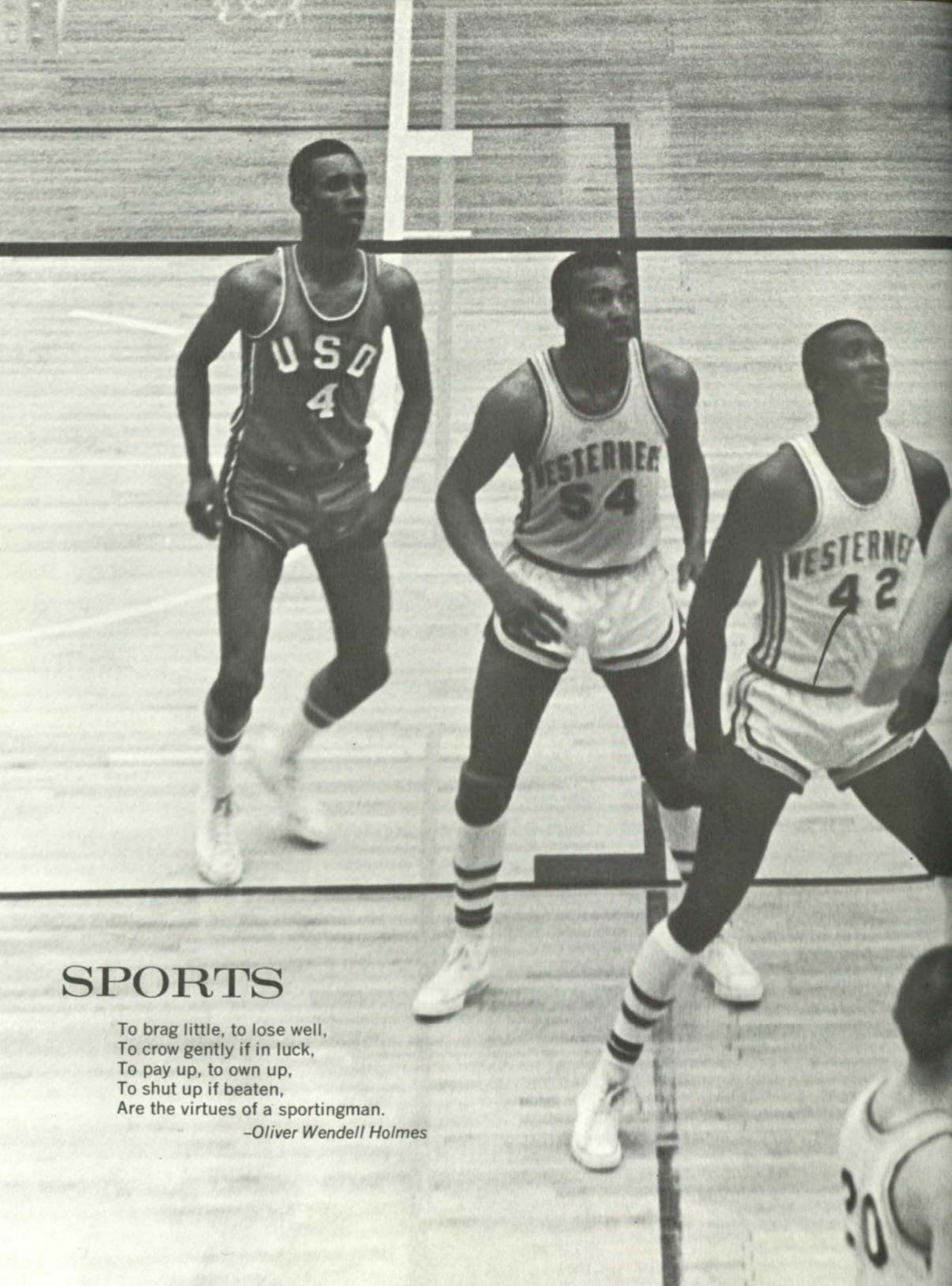
Phi Kappa Theta

Phi Kappa Epsilon

Alpha Delta Gamma







SPORTS

To brag little, to lose well,
To crow gently if in luck,
To pay up, to own up,
To shut up if beaten,
Are the virtues of a sportingman.

-Oliver Wendell Holmes





L.A. State's defense tries to close in on Lymond Williams. A second later, Ly zipped a pass to Ashford who reversed for a goal.

BASKETBALL

WHAT MAKES A WINNING SEASON?

You sat in the stands and watched the Toreros play basketball. Sometimes the Toreros won the game; sometimes they didn't. Sometimes the stands were jubilant; sometimes the dismal faces pronounced the score. But it wasn't like the preceding season. This was a year more successful than last. This year the Torero basketball team was a little more prolific.

You enjoyed the basketball games this year. Unlike the campaign of a season ago, the victories matched the defeats: 13-13.

Why the improvement? If ever there was a dark-horse, it was this year's squad. Compiling only a middling to poor 6-19 record the preceding season, the Toreros didn't look as if they were destined for the higher strata of final play standings. Then how could a group of nine men change so much in only a year?

Desales said "...desire made the difference." ... Could it have been that the Torero basketball team wanted to win a bit more? Part of the team's main strength lay in its ability to work together smoothly as a unit. Could it have been then, that it saw the chance for more success, and that it sacrificed more, in order to achieve it?

Maybe.

Somebody else said it was determination. But then, determination and desire go hand in hand. Both were quite evident when Ashford skidded across the court attempting to prevent the basketball from bouncing out of bounds. Both were there when Yavorsky curled his lip and banked in a 25-foot jump shot from near the corner. Both could be seen when Moyer wedged his elbow into the stomach of Cal Poly's center, thus keeping his opponent from retrieving the rebound. Both were

present when Kulberg scintillated under the boards in the upset victory over Cal Western. Could it have been this determination and desire?

Maybe.

"The addition of Ashford was probably the biggest factor," stated Farias. Cliff Ashford, the high-scoring guard from Detroit, was the brilliant shot and floorman with a pair of hands so ambitious they averaged 18.7 points per game. Were his long, looping jumpers, which silently swished through the net of cardinal importance? Could his pragmatic board work have made that much difference? Did his scrambling tactics mean anything—in the long run?

Maybe.

Castillo said the turnabout came as a result of the renaissance attitude of the rooters. Did the fans have that much to do with it? Could the "spirit can" have accounted for a few more victories? Did Gontang and Minor and Hotzmiller add to the increased success? Could the fraternity good-luck posters have contributed such a pertinent part?

Maybe.

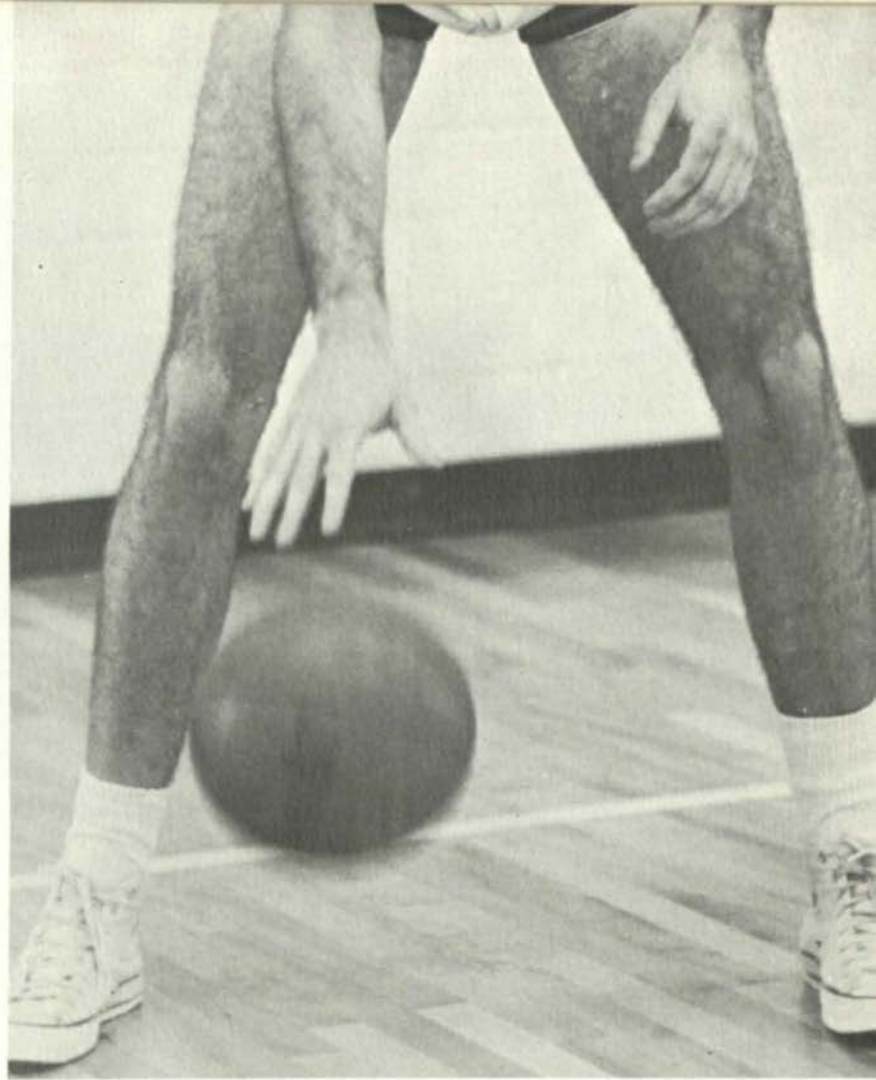
Ogawa brought up the name of Phil Owens Price, the hustling center on the team. "He tries hard," said Ogawa. "He's a good worker: attentive, punctual, consistent." Yes, he did work hard. He had spurts when he played like Russell; he had spurts when he showed grit, guts, and guffaw; he had spurts when he looked as if he were responding to the booming chants of the crowd. Could he have had that much of a hand in the success of the Toreros?

Maybe.

Ebert mentioned Malerich. Matt had games where in he bucketed a dozen points in a matter of four or five minutes. Whenever there was a home game he put the



High-flying, but not high enough.



He who controls the roundball, controls the game.

local fire department on the alert by burning the nets. Could his lofty tosses from anywhere within 30 feet have aided the cause?

Maybe.

Ly was there, too. This spark plug from Washington, San Jose, Detroit (depending on who asked him) has the speed, drive, stamina, and, these things above all else, exceptional dedication and natural leadership. Could his gifted ability of adroitly coveting the ball as he pell-melled down the court have put a feather in Woolpert's hat? Could his court savvy and know-how have won a couple of frays for the locals?

Maybe.

What about Teismann? Probably the most explosive player of them all, he finally gained momentum at the three-quarter mark in the season. Could his bulldozing rebounding and rough-and-tumble chicanery have put a couple more pegs in the victory column?

Maybe.

Toward the end, Verlasky came on. Could his hustle on defense have prevented a few points on the part of the opposition? Did his inimical ball handling mean anything?

Maybe.

What about Jackson? At times he looked like a basket-making machine except that his product came in the form of two points. Could his highly-touted performance against Cal Poly have made the difference?

Maybe.

Hensel was around, too. A sophomore lacking in experience, he managed to be fitted into the games from time to time. Not to be overlooked or underestimated, will his potential be a decisive condition for success next year?

Maybe.

But what about the man who didn't play a quarter? The one who came from the big city to make a powerhouse of the U.S.D. basketball team? The one who once coached a college team to a record 60 straight victories? What about Woolpert? What about Mr. Phil Woolpert? There's the difference. There's the rub. Mr. Woolpert instilled the determination and desire. He brought about the spirit. He made the "spirit can" possible. He gave Gontang and Co. something to cheer for.

He showed Yavorsky how to be consistent on the bank shots. He taught Malerich and Ashford how to put 'em in. He pointed out a few tricks of the trade to Moyer. He helped Verlasky with his defense, and he showed Kullberg how to get off the floor and retrieve the rebounds. He told Ly how to set up the offense. He helped Teismann on the drives. He rounded Jackson into a machine and he made a future for Hensel.

Everyone except Woolpert has a question mark near his name. But not the venerable one. There's no ambiguity about him.

Yes, the Torero basketball team won a few more this year. It won a few more, perhaps because of the nine players; but it is a certainty that it increased the victory total because of the coach.

It was a good year for the Torero basketball team. It was an improved year. It was, as one USD rooster put it, "a hell of a season."

You sat in the stands and watched it. You're looking forward to sitting in the stands again, next year.

—PAUL CONLEY



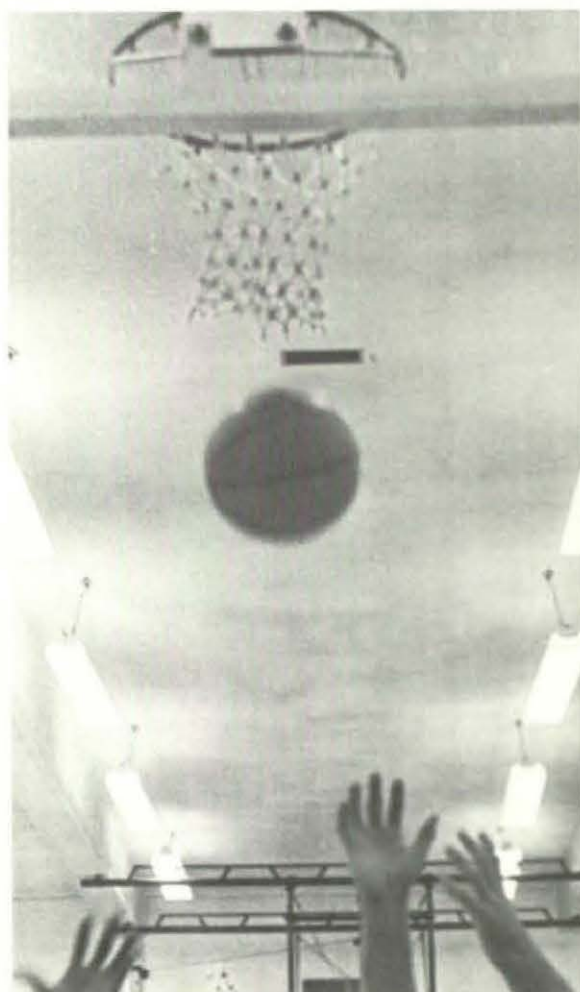
Who pays for the chairs?



Moyer and friend argue over possession.



Plop!





FINAL CUMULATIVE BASKETBALL STATISTICS CUMULATIVE TOTALS FOR TWENTY SIX GAMES

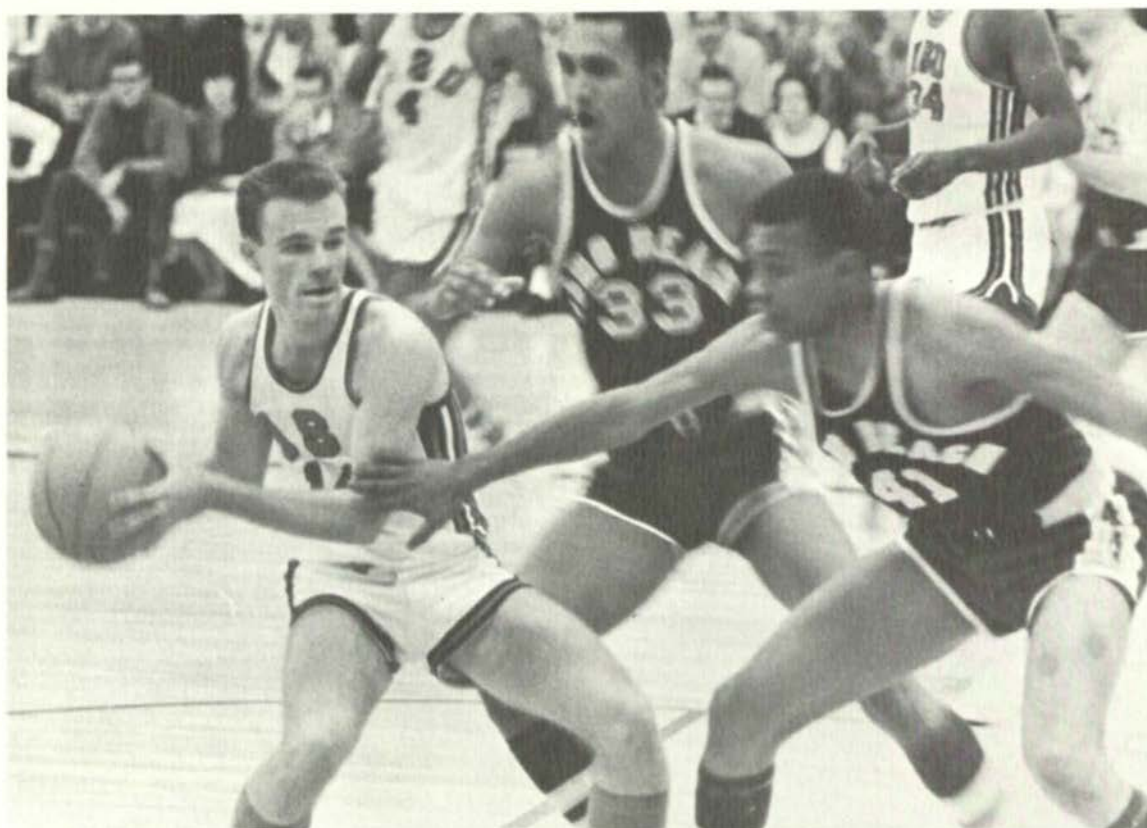
RECORD: 13 WINS — 13 LOSSES

PLAYER	POS.	REB.	AVG.	TP	AVG.
Cliff Ashford	F	200	7.6	461	17.7
Lymond Williams	G	134	5.1	271	10.4
Mark Yavorsky	G	74	2.8	265	10.1
Mark Teismann	F	140	5.3	265	10.1
Matt Malerich	F	62	2.6	137	5.9
Phil Price	C	108	4.6	131	5.6
Tony Binder	F	60	5.0	57	4.8
Larry Moyer	C	66	2.5	110	4.2
Dick Verlasky	G	33	1.2	72	2.7
Ken Kullberg	C	51	2.4	53	2.5
Tom Hensel	G	7	0.5	10	0.7
Mike Jackson	F	23	1.6	44	3.1
Team Rebounds		209	8.0		
USD TOTALS		1176	44.8	1876	72.1
OPPONENT TOTALS		1131	43.5	1929	74.1

VARSITY BASKETBALL TEAM

1st Row: Rick Verlasky, Tom Hensel, Lymond Williams, Mark Yavorsky,
2nd Row: Mark Teismann, Larry Moyer, Mike Jackson, Cliff Ashford.
3rd Row: Trainer Willie Moore, Ken Kullberg, Matt Malerich, Phil Price.

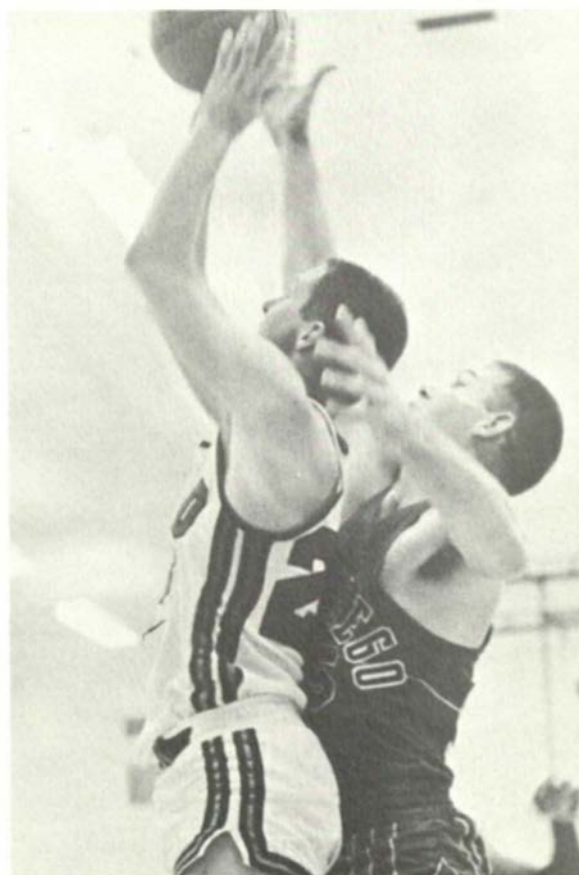




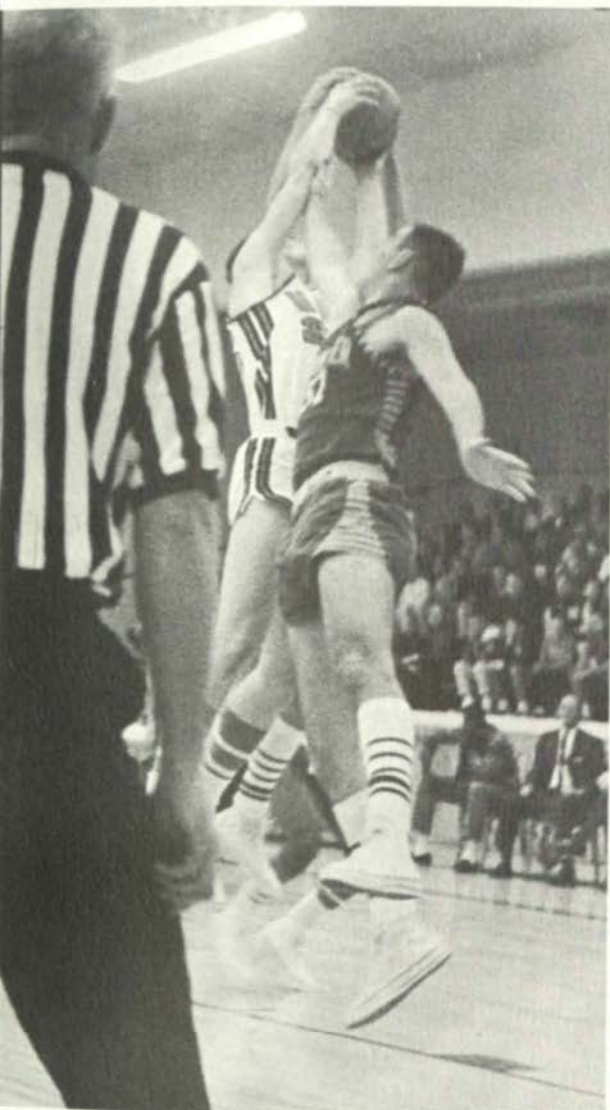
Long Beach resorts to double team tactics but only momentarily bar Yavorsky's path to the precious net.

With game's end only the score remains

USD		OPP
69	Whittier	64
69	San Diego State	70
66	Loyola University	77
85	Loyola University	87
41	San Jose State	75
66	Santa Clara University	65
66	California State	64
75	Sacramento State	66
78	Orange State	73
53	UC Santa Barbara	69
72	Los Angeles Pacific	60
64	Orange State	71
71	Long Beach State	86
97	San Fernando State	89
65	Nevada Southern	70
81	Occidental	67
72	Los Angeles State	83
80	Cal-Poly San Luis Obispo	71
49	Cal-Poly Pomona	90
67	Cal-Western	73
67	Cal-Poly Pomona	68
97	Orange State	78
82	LaSalle Univ., Mexico City	79
62	Cal-Western	59
84	Long Beach State	86
98	Orange State	89



A third hand gives Teismann two points.



Count the hands
and then, if you're
still not sure,
count the legs.



THE DUCI:

*1st Row: Patty Karcher, Alan Gontang, Patty Potter
2nd Row: Bob Holzmilller, Ann Linnett, Dave Minor*

Football, anyone?



Ashford asks permission
if he may have leave
to pass through to
the basket.





A FINAL TRIUMPH

USD *vs.* CAL-WESTERN

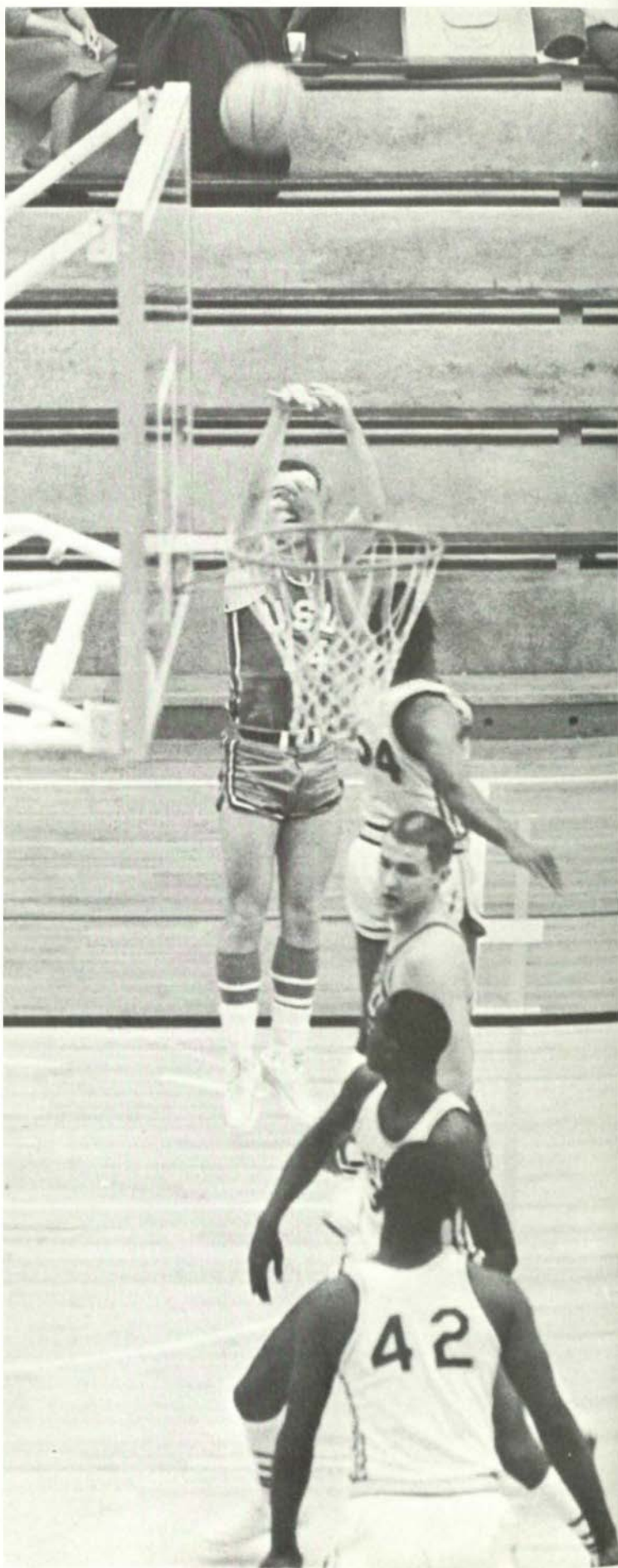
Like the Lord High Executioner getting ready for another pay-day, California Western (which had won 17 straight on its home court) fixed a fresh victim with a gloating lust for another head. But the sacrificial lamb which had ignominiously bowed to the Westerners in a previous contest didn't pay much attention. Displaying the cool discipline and murderous effectiveness that has, at times, made USD a lethal weapon on the basketball floor, Williams, Ashford, and Associates, simply kept their minds on proving that, as the banners at the temper-taut game noted, "We are the greatest!"

Cal Western's big chance came early in the game when USD repeatedly failed to score on the free-throw line and belatedly attempted to snare the rebounds — but the scoreclock at halftime showed them only one point ahead, 28-27.

Refusing to cow-tow again, USD inimically performed like a cornered convict and in the see-saw struggle of basketball brilliance and buffonery the buzzer sounded with the score looking like a pair of tired twins just out of the womb: 57-57.

At least on the part of the fans, the five minute sudden death overtime was too much to bear. But a team which had, on several occasions in the past, lost its spunk in the closing minutes of a contest (see won, lost column) continued to spew a havoc and hell that even Dante in his sublime vision would have marvelled at. Final score: 62-59.

It was a happy day for Torero fans.



A hand in the face mars Yavorsky's pinpoint accuracy.

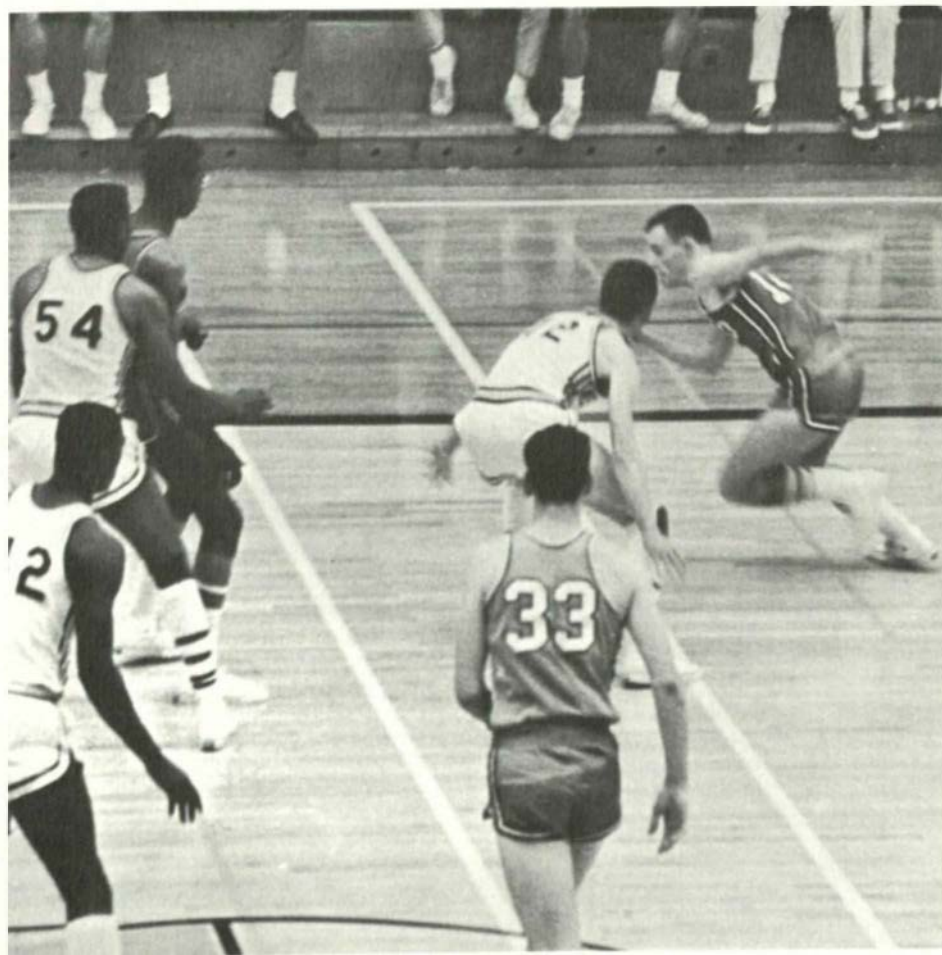
Williams to Teismann
and then — kerplunk!

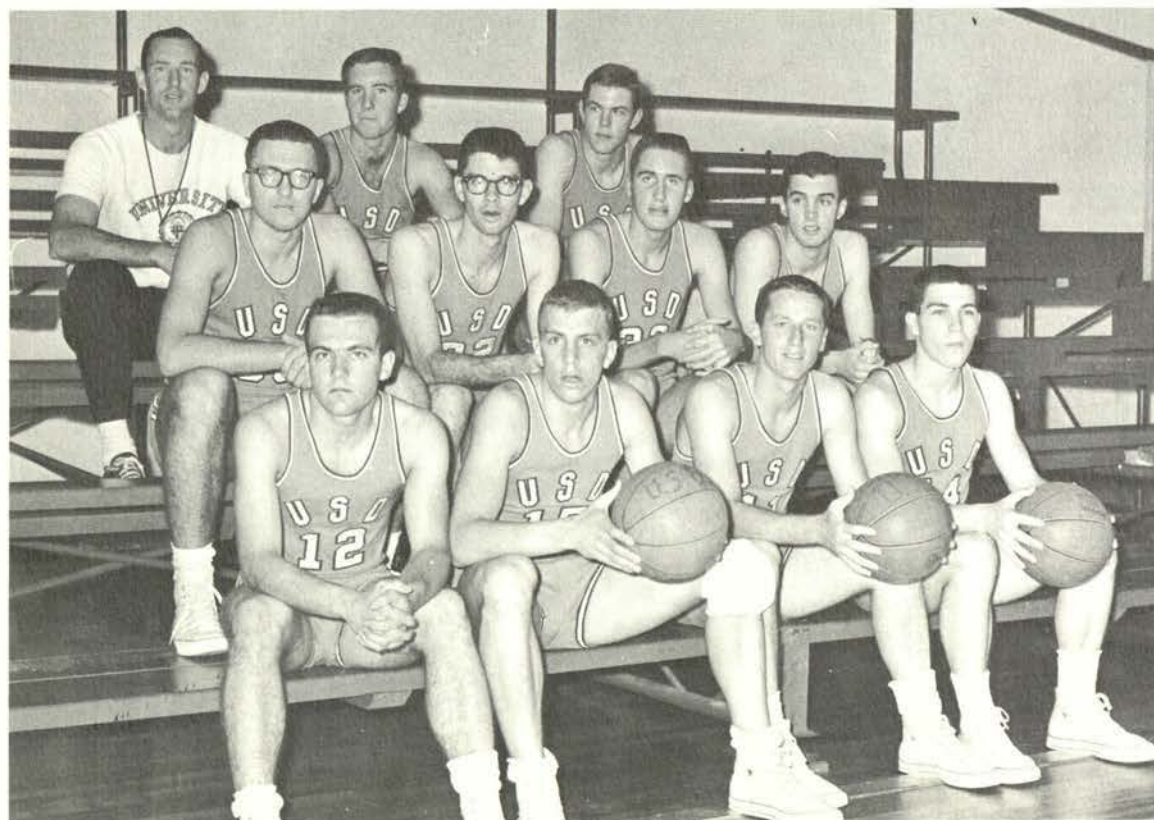
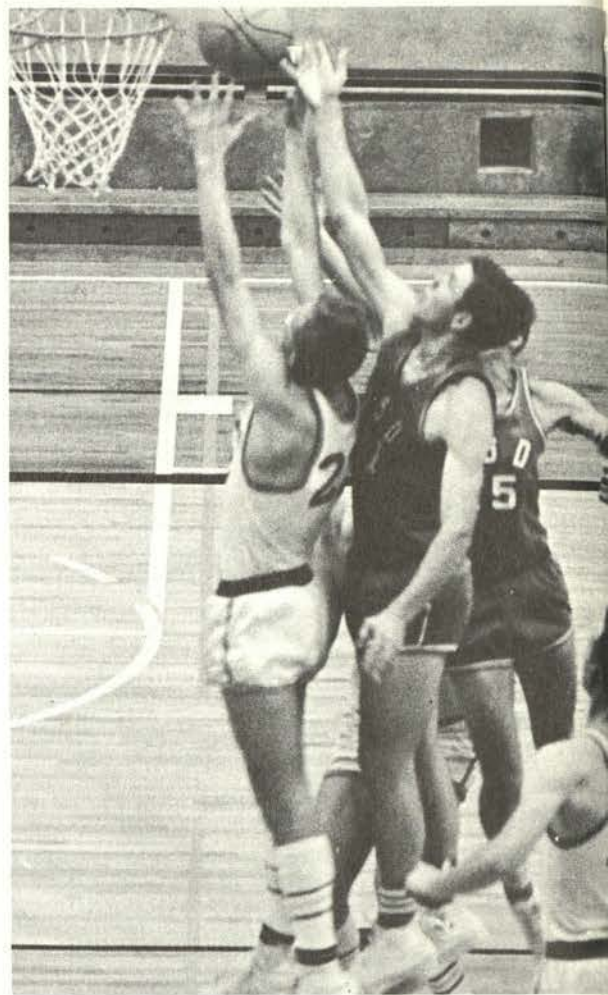
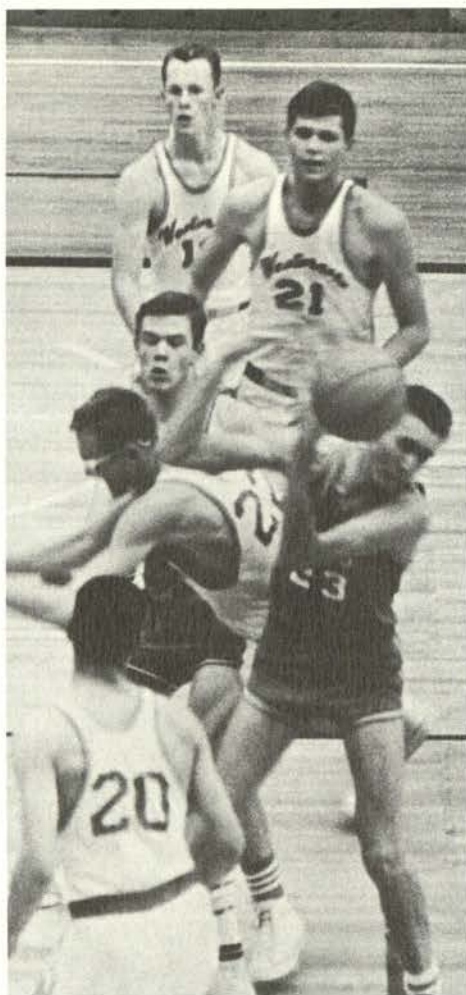


Verlasky whizzes
by a confused and
befuddled 22.



Yavorsky again
drives through a host
of helpless Westerners.





FROSH BASKETBALL TEAM

1st Row:

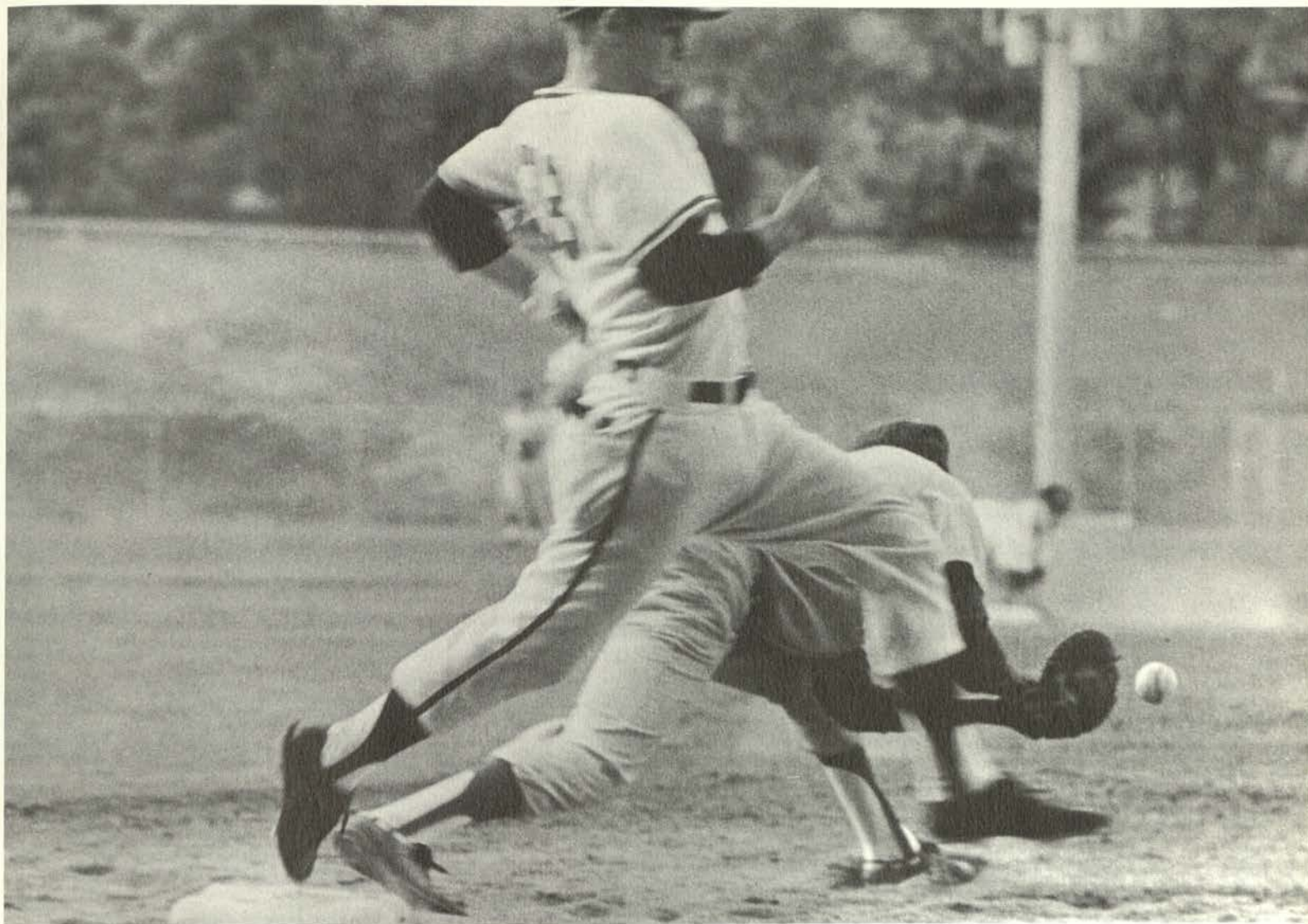
Dave Zupan
Bill Ferce
Bob Dunlay
Jeff McDade

2nd Row:

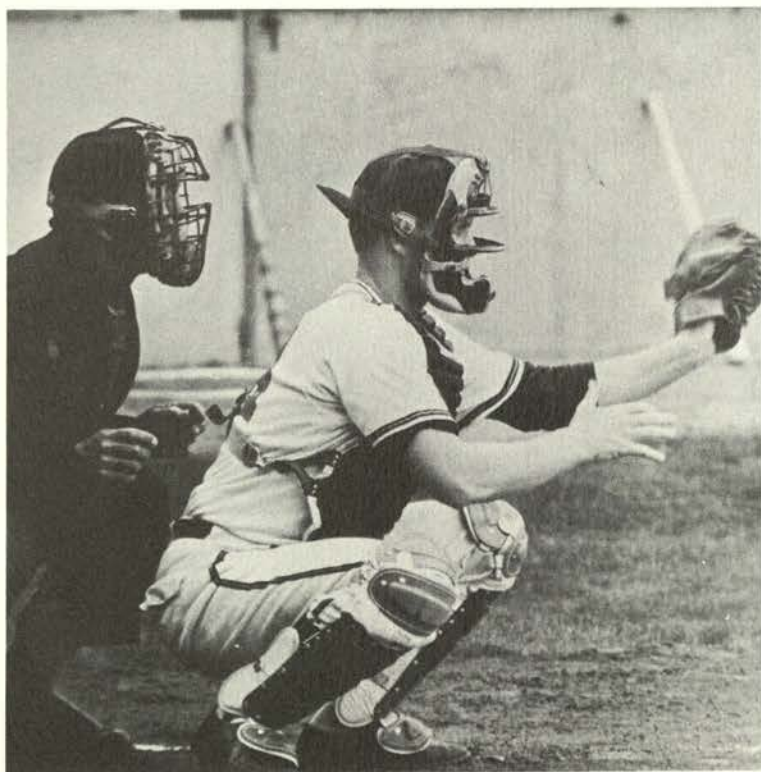
Steve Wodjowski
Dave Goldsberry
Larry Goddy
Bob Rosene

3rd Row:

Coach John Cunningham
Al Fay
John Emerson



Race against a little round ball



BASEBALL

1964

BASEBALL SCHEDULE

OPPONENT

LONG BEACH STATE

U.S.C.

CHAPMAN COLLEGE

CAL-WESTERN

S.D. CITY COLLEGE

UTAH

PEPPERDINE

L.A. STATE

LOYOLA

PT. MUGU N.A.S.

SAN FERNANDO STATE

WHITTIER

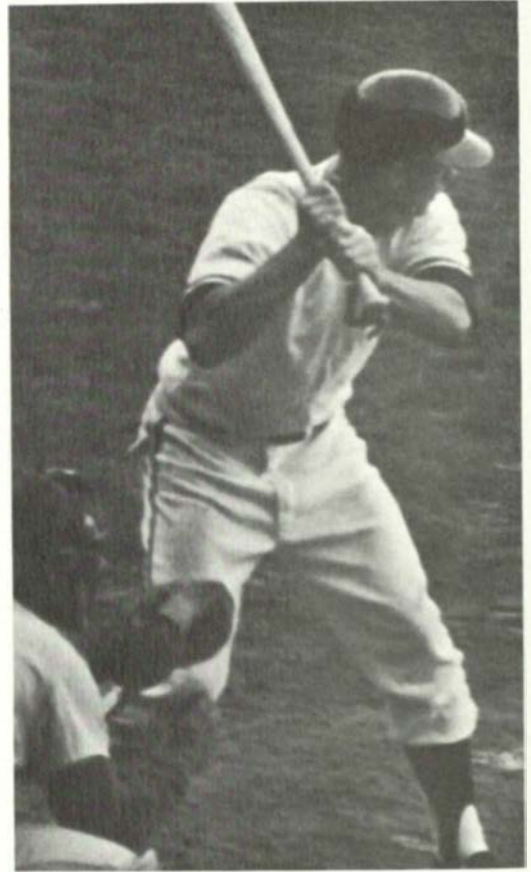
U.C.L.A.

SAN DIEGO STATE

PASADENA COLLEGE

WESTMONT COLLEGE

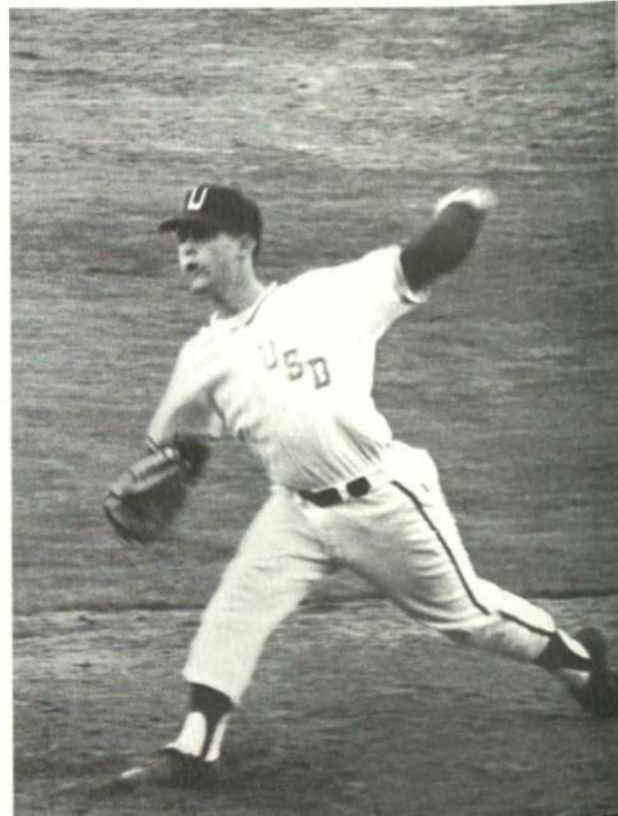
Strategy of the game:
hit the ball hard, fast, far,
and then run like h---!



Throw first,
ask questions later.

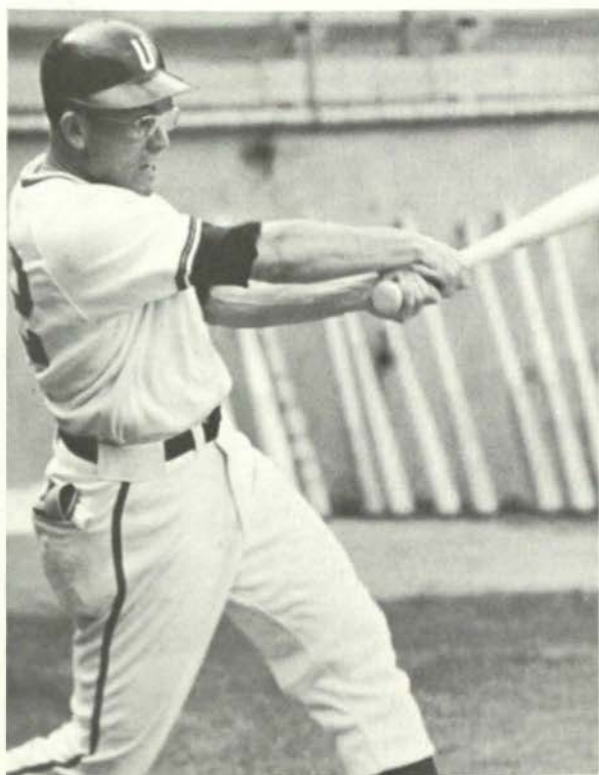
Out at third as
Loyola puts a halt
to Tom Ferrara.

Baumgarten's quick hands
and arm turn hard drives
into outs — but not this one.





Front Row: Jim McGreevy, Bob Dunlap, Dan Wilhelm, Ed Green, Ron Bennett, Steph Desoles, Bill Bilbray, Ron Cady. Back Row: Tom Ferrara, Willie Moore (trainer) Pat Barry, Fran Vogel, Bob Ahern, John Pearce, Paul Tuomainen, Dave Goldsberry, John Baumgarten, John Cunningham (coach).



Crack! And Steph's ripping drive cleared him for two bases.

Coughing and sputtering but safe at home.



Come my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we know.
Though much is taken, much abides; and though
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are
we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

-Tennyson

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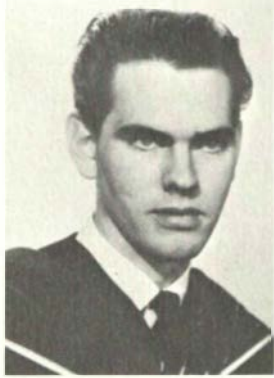
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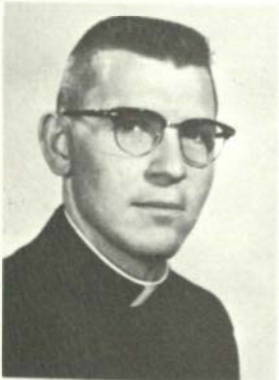


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HENRY HERNANDEZ



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ZOLTAN PETROVITS



PHILIP PRICE



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FRANK STURZL

DENNIS VICE



LEONARD WEBER



STEPHEN WOTDOWSKI



DAVID ZUPAN



A Final Comment . . .

To those of you who managed to ponder in wonder through the pages of this book, I hope that you enjoyed our effort. And to those people who always manage to read a book from the back to the front, please don't let this final bit of commentary hinder you from searching further.

In many ways the 1964 *ALL THE MEN* will appear similar to its predecessor for we have tried to incorporate into it those points which were worth continuing, but it also contains many ideas and techniques that are entirely new. Again, as last year, photography has been envisioned as an art form to produce on paper a visual image both sensitive and beautiful. Quotations, both in prose and poetry, have been used to enhance and perhaps add drama to this image.

"Art," the professor muses, "is a piece of nature seen through the temperament of the artist." To our minds, it is a word employed by art critics as a label for a certain view of truth. It exists in everything that has been done with thought, love, and sensitivity, and weds form and content. We have tried to give expression to this concept in attempting to capture a realistic and natural view of collegiate life at the University and convey to you, both reader and student, through words and pictures, campus life as we feel it should be presented.

Essentially however, a yearbook is a memory book, a setting down on paper of the history of the current year. When this is done successfully, the events are forever fresh and new, the people pictured, forever young. If one listens carefully, within its pages can be heard: the crazy kaleidoscope of music bellowing from the juke box, the Immaculata bells at noon, professors advocating knowledge in intimate classroom sessions, couples twirling at midnight in More Hall, a pitcher of beer enjoyed with a close friend.

You may find the book neither lopsidedly optimistic nor pessimistic in tone, and, through careful scrutiny, notice some satire, humor, and melancholy mingled with the everyday wiles of the past year. This is as it should be. As in any college production it is by no means a perfect work, but all in all I think that it is a good book and well worth the time and arduous effort put into it. You may be amazed by the quotations selected; our photographs may sometimes perplex you; but we hope that you are in no way offended by them. It is our intent that, you sense "for one brief, shining moment that fleeting wisp of glory."

Take good care of it. As easy as it is to forget about a yearbook once it has been perused and placed upon that dust-tinged shelf, it is even easier to forget the many hours of sacrifice and bennies that went into its composition. Even the editor is susceptible to this not unnatural phenomena: once the book is in your hands, he has worked himself out of a job, tosses his book into a corner of "past accomplishments," and looks elsewhere for other worlds to conquer.

In due course a note of credit and extreme gratitude must be extended to my charming assistant, LaDelle Willett, whose talents made the book a work of art and whose perseverance brought it out on time; to Mr. Martinelli, our advisor, who wisely and capably handled the business end of the yearbook and kept it out of the red; to Mr. Piccini, our publisher, who gave far more than he got; to Mother Bremner, advisor of the CW annual, who inspired us on to greater things; to Paul Majkut, who didn't do a noticeable amount of work but always managed to keep the editor's spirits in good condition; to Bob Connell and Ed Tynen for their photographic assistance and permission to use several of their "prized" photographs; and lastly, but most of all, a personal thank you, to Donna, whose encouragement and understanding kept me and the yearbook on an even keel.

To 1964, a toast. To the future, a hope for the best.

Sincerely,

Joseph Nevadovsky



OFFICE OF THE BISHOP

DIOCESE OF SAN DIEGO
THE CHANCERY
ALCALA PARK
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA 92110

March 20, 1964

Mr. John T. Martinelli
Faculty Adviser, 1964 USD Annual
College for Men
San Diego, California 92110

Dear Mr. Martinelli:

Please accept my sincere congratulations on the completion of another very successful year in the College for Men of our University.

It gives me pleasure to extend my very best wishes which will be accompanied by my prayers for the success of the graduates of the Class of 1964.

May the future be rich in an abundance of God's choicest graces and blessings, both spiritual and temporal, for all of them.

With kindest personal regards, I remain

Very sincerely in Christ,

+ *Francis J. Furey*
Most Rev. Francis J. Furey
Apostolic Administrator

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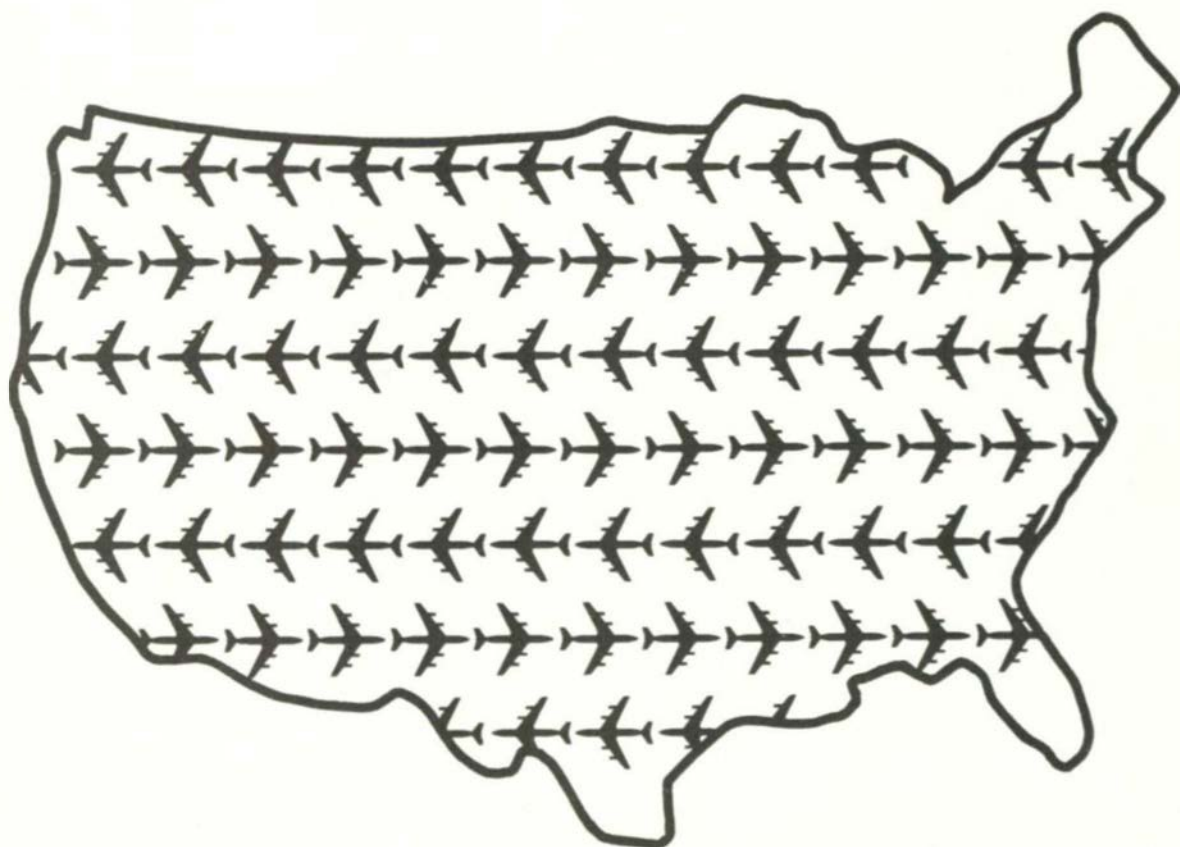
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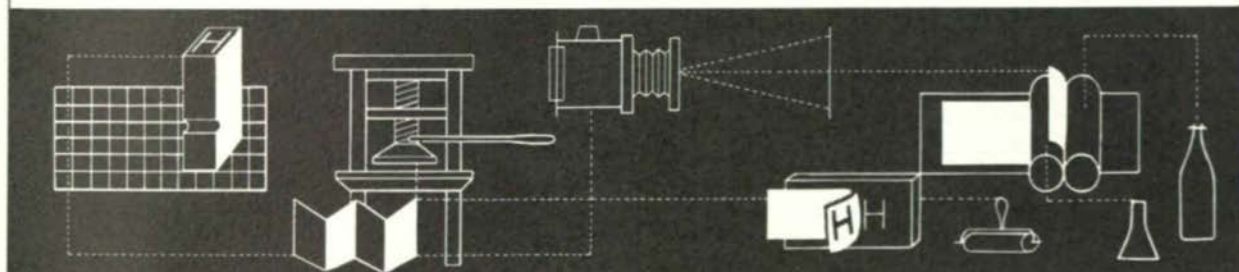
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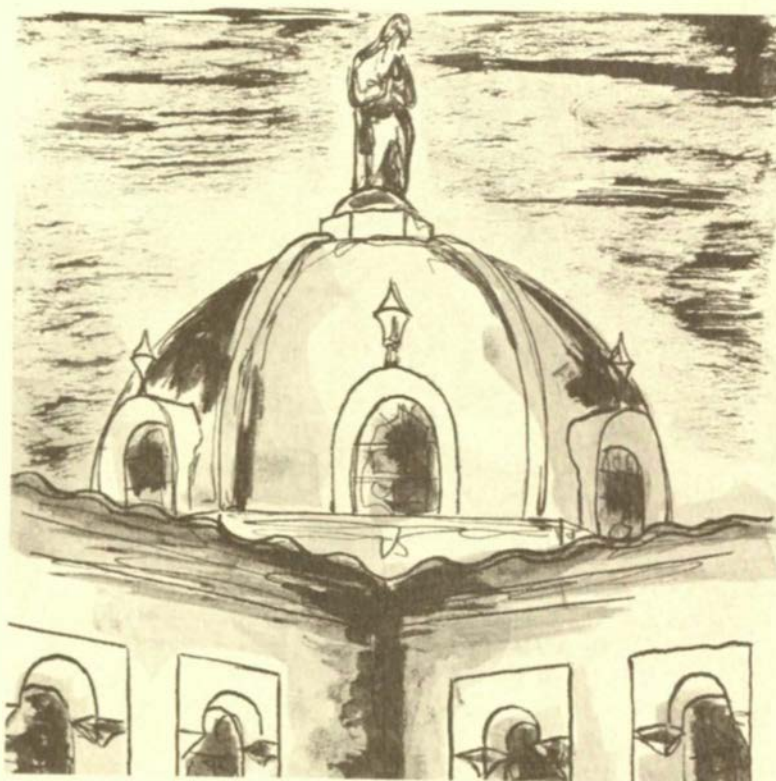
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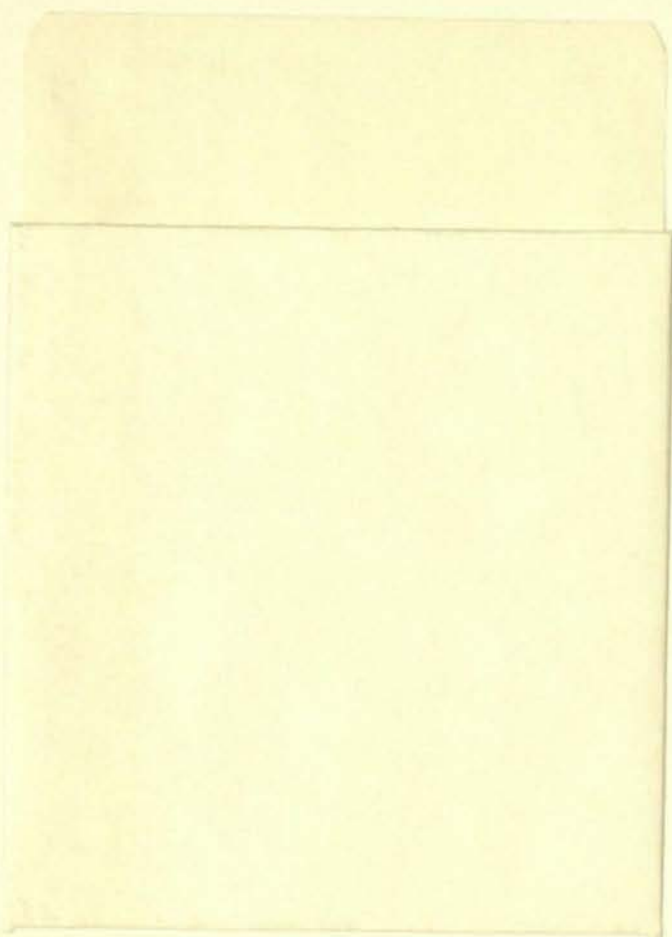
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