ARE YOU?

MARYMOUNT

WALLACE
for
PRESIDENT

WHERE IT'S AT

WALLACE
for
PRESIDENT

Dr. King
Men in "Peace"
Everyone Rides the Subway... to Coney Island Day

"EVERYONE" rides the Subway
Screening through the Placidity
of virgin minds,
through Aborted imaginations,
through enthusiastic Apathy.

"EVERYONE" --- rides the Subway
Shrouded in the Ennui
of Gloom,
Appropriately attired in pathetically passionate oranges
and Stifling tweeds.

"EVERYONE" --- rides the Subway
Convenience balanced with Boredom,
Hiding death with Printed Life.

"EVERYONE" --- rides the Subway
Stopping at last at Coney Island Day ---
Beyond, the Atlantic
Benignantly Malignant --- appropriately some one please!
Refuse, --by Ken Smith

Awards...

Students at Marymount College rendering exceptional service to the college were honored at the annual Awards Banquet held Wednesday, May 5. Gifts were presented for top recognition and certificates given those meriting honorable mention.

Social Committee, Mary Goett, chairman, Laurene Kearney, Laura Briganti, Barbara Evergersd, Geraldine Connolly, Karin Grieshaber, Linda Beard, Carol Weiler, Cheryi Merritt, Nancy Jones, Ellen O'Brien, Theresa Hanley, Celia Fitzsimmons, Cynthia Lee, Irene Duda.

Margaret McGowan, Coordinator of Hostesses,
Catherine Roberts, Alexandra Bliven, Career Conference.
Ann Van Vliet, Art.
Ann Darrah, Mary Bradford, Newspaper.
Ardeth Willis, Dorothy Wells, Oscar Giraud, Mary Bradford, Anna Beran, Ann Dowgin, Hollis Barton, Barbara Bethell, Frank Neubauer, Christine Bloechinger, Dolores Curry, Glee Club.
Most outstanding volunteers: Work with Children in Migrant Camps: Donna Tucker.

CCD -- Service to Community, Ann Dowgin, Donna Tedeschi, Ellen Kane, Betsy Weisend, Dennise Clark, Agnes Walsh, Patricia O'Brien, Geraldine Connolly.
Student Activities, Katherine Knapp, Geraldine Connolly, Donna Tedeschi, Barbara Farley, Mary Josephine Byrne, Barbara Lynn Feeney, Rosemary de Lorenzo, Ruth Linke, Susan Alber, Carol Eckert, Barbara Land.

Ardeth Willis, Public Relations.
Mary Goett, Barbara Evergersd, Laurene Kearney, Carol Weiler, Karin Grieshaber, Theresa Hanley, Joanne Kimball, Geraldine Connolly, overall Service.
Geraldine Connolly, Linda Beard, Rosemary de Lorenzo, Mary Goett, Katherine Kelly, Special Events: Parents Weekend.

Yearbook, Marcia Daly, (Editor), Bernadette Altemus, Joanne Kimball.
Student Government, Constitution, Mary Bergstrom, Student Government, House Committee, Dennise Clarke, Karin Thornburg.
Service to Soph, Class, Barbara Matthews, Adele Hagedorn, Alice de Lamar, Elizabeth Calder, Geraldine Connolly, Barbara Evergersd, Laurene Kearney, Student Council, Laura Briganti, Susan Alber, Carolyn Casey, Katherine Rooney.

McCarthy Wins Mock Election at Marymount...

...because he looks like Ray Milland
"For one small shining moment, once there was a place called Camelot. From far off lands we heard her call. Where one could relish in the sun from September to May. Where friends came from Nebraska, Manhasset, Jasper, Monticello, Venezuela and Miami. Where nuns gave beach parties, played guitars, tennis, wore shifts and were the prettiest girls around. Where faculty knew what it is like to be young and spirited sometimes senseless, sometimes searching. Where after sundown one could take a ride on their own private lake. Where everyone knew your face by name. Where a complex of Carroll Hall, Trinity, East, and Founders were the four corners of the world. Where a "S" was a slurpee, Peanuts poster, or gardinia and could be had for a smile. Where big sisters had little sisters and everyone was part of the whole. Where church meant singing, the handshake of peace and a feeling that you wanted to clap estatically when it was over. Where you left home to come with homesickness and family clinging to your thoughts then resisted home and family to linger a little longer in Camelot with new found family of friends. Where when you cried someone knew why because they had cried too. Where Christmas was palm trees, lights strung profusely, carols filling the night, and a Star of David celebrated proudly on East Hall. Where your roommate was a sharemate. Where a neighbor had a skirt, dress, sweater that looked better on you. Where if you called someone up frantic from bumping into yourself going nowhere they didn’t ask any questions except to say, "I’m on my way." Where spinning memories comprised two years layer upon layer of classes, “harrassment”, Ranch House burgers, crepepaper surprise parties, empty mail boxes, naps, all nighters, walks on the beach, late Sunday brunches, special someones laughter tears and many smiles."

Ann Darrah
My Father, thank you for the people I love,
The ones who know and accept me,
The ones who listen to me,
I can say what I really think,
I can react the way I want to react,
I don't have to lie to them, I give them me and they give themselves with this we are content.

It hurts when they leave or I am not with them,
I really miss them not just their physical presence but their thoughts, their real honesty and deep communication, and whatever it is that makes them them.
I miss their honest, "I don't know," Oh, how I miss it when those who have all the answers are present and bold forth,

How I miss them,
When somebody talks about God as in abstraction and I want to scream: "Buddy, you can have this God; and if this is what he really is then who needs Him?"

How I miss them when I want to talk about life and what it means, about people and how they really are,

How I miss them when I really want and need to talk and all those around are so superficial in what they say.

I guess people would say that I am too attached to think or that I should love them "in Christ" and of course, I don't love them "in Christ" I love them as they are and don't change one thing about them leave their faults.

I don't know what this "in Christ" bit really means.

We are friends, we like them, they like me,
And if this is "in Christ", okay... But if this "in Christ" means forgetting what they look like how they smile the words they use

If this "in Christ" means forgetting their personality their-ness
Then forget it,
And somehow I think you understand and you know and you approve

We keep too late hours together And I'm shod the next morning or usually that morning But it is right
And that's why I think heaven won't have any days. Just nights night after night, after night to sit and talk and be happy.

And there'll probably be another kind of spirit around to loosen the tongue.

With them I learn some of the meaning of eternity for the times go too quickly no day or rather no night is long enough, It will take eternity to get through what each has to say.

Congratulations Graduates

With them I learn something of the meaning of faith of truth or doctrine, but a person.

A person who comes to me and says; Here I am. I know that the object of faith is not a set of truths or doctrine, but a person.

I learn acceptance too I learn how to know them they have good and bad streaks they have that's right with me, and that's all right with me, and I accept what they tell me honestly and openly bring it and I accept some of the meaning of heaven's happiness and joy and closeness, and maybe some of the sinlessness of heaven.

I just couldn't learn them in any way. I just couldn't learn them from others If they can do this to me. What will it be like face to face? Face to face with my brothers and sisters without a body?

My Father, I learn more about you in an hour with a real friend than I do in hours of meditation.

I come away with a sense of dedication and spirit of sacrifice and sorrow for my selfishness and how Ijust don't come from prayer (that is, prayer in the traditional accepted sense, for being with them in prayer) and why you sent them to me, I'll never know

And I will never question why they are here, and I am grateful, and I wonder who started this harp-playing heaven this "drive-in" heaven this "drive-in" heaven this "drive-in" heaven this "drive-in" heaven.

Where everyone sits around and watches God. He must be an awful lonely person never never appreciated never really spoken to as "You"

Look around you feel around you see around you and know what this is all about.

Someday Lord, some day, no more partings no more good-byes no more "I have to get back"

Grant this soon, my Father

Grant this soon

The people I love come in assorted sizes, shapes, and sexages, with degrees of intelligence, emotion and with powers of verbalization, capacity to verbalize, with problems, fears, doubts and worry some can love; some cannot with various levels of what is called sanctity, natural virtue and depravity.

Yet, all of them have this in common:
My Father, thank you for them.
A Word from Mr. Inglese

Reflections on Our Country

What arouses the affection that each of us as citizens hold for our country, that our flag stands and for which thousands of men have died? It originates with the love and regard for the land itself, it is our fog settling in on the small seaports along the New England coast, and the same fog, drifting in under the Golden Gate, encompassing the busy streets of San Francisco. It is the sun ascending from behind the Appalachian Mountain, reflecting off of snow-capped peaks of Mount Katahdin in Maine on to the gentle waves of Lake Champlain, and slowly descending behind the Rocky Mountains. It is the peaceful and lazy rays of the afternoon sun radiating down on the blue grass of Kentucky, and on the golden Kansas wheat, rippling in the breeze. It is the waves forever lapping the warm sandy beaches of Florida, the sea of nothingness stretching across the Western deserts. It is the Grand Canyon in all of its magnificence and it is a cold, sparkling stream seeping down into the Red W-folding from the warmth in the morning light, high, they appear to be stepping stones to their heavenly creator above.

It is the people at work, it is the farmer driving his tractor over grasses wet with dew, to his fields in order to start an early harvest, the dairymaan rising at five o'clock to get his produce to market, the linesman repairing wires downed in recent storm, and it is the miner at work waiting for the blast of the noon day whistle, it is the weary fisherman, logger, trapper, farmer and businessman returning home at dusk to eat supper with his family after an exhausting day of labor. It is the endless blast of the industrial furnaces, it is the trucks and cars rambling over the highways and backstreets, it is the engineer pulling full his throttle in the height of a storm for the comfort of his passengers, it is the nurses in the hospital, secretary and clerks in the office, and the housewife hurrying the children to bed, the teacher hurrying the children off to school on time, It is the student studying and searching for knowledge and identification, it is the teacher, doctors and clergy tending to the wounds of the mind, the body, and of the soul, for little and in some cases, no reward.

It is voices remembered but not heard, it is the voice and silence of the streets, the offices and the back yard fences, all combining into a sound that makes life pleasant and puts a person at ease, It is the silence of the talking eyes, it is the summer and winter, rain and snow and storm. All these things are a part of us, a lasting part of what we are, each of us and all of us together.

It is the stories told again and again and the history of our ancestors, dying of the cold and diseases that they encountered during their first winter in America. It is the sickened and numbed army of George Washington at Valley Forge. It is the brave men and women going to places unknown, through the Cumberland Gap, floating down the Ohio River, Men and women who represent every generation, and men in the present, established and upheld, at the very risk of life itself.

A continent where the people of any race or religion live under a flag, the symbol of what men respect and love not only in times of peace but even more in the time of war. It is our land, dedicated and consecrated by every generation, that we must again consecrate and dedicate anew, to defend if need be with life itself, but if not, then a land in which to live in friendliness, in hope and in courage, one that will let freedom ring.
Insight

Integration poses a problem for all, and since I had never attended an integrated institute before, my first semester at Marymount was one of bewilderment. Consequently, it was difficult to express opinions or ideas for fear that they might have been ridiculed or misconstrued by others. Now, however, I have become more outspoken and less concerned about what others think.

The Social Committee should provide activities that appeal to all, and since I had never attended an integrated institution before, my first semester at Marymount was one of bewilderment. Consequently, it was difficult to express opinions or ideas for fear that they might have been ridiculed or misconstrued by others. Now, however, I have become more outspoken and less concerned about what others think.

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Good-bye To Each and Every Rose!

Felicidades!

I don't think in a better expression of congratulations than this in my own language:

Felicidades!

For all the wonderful people working in our College newspaper.

Imagination, creativity are a sincere desire of creating an atmosphere of warm communication among students and faculty.

is your “apathy Revisited.”

I hope it will come through.

My best wishes for a complete success.

Mrs. Delgado

People

PEOPLE WHO NEED PEOPLE

What's it all about, Alfie?

ARE THE LUCKIEST PEOPLE IN THE WORLD

Is it just for the moment we live?

WE'RE CHILDREN NEEDING OTHER CHILDREN

What's it all about when you sort it out, Alfie?

AND YET LETTING OUR GROWNUP PRIDE

or are we meant to be kind?

ACTING MORE LIKE CHILDREN THAN CHILDREN

lovers are very special people

AND IF ONLY FOOLS ARE KIND, Alfie

they're the luckiest people in the world

THEN I GUESS IT'S WISE TO BE CRUEL

no more hunger and thirst

AND IF LIFE BELONGS ONLY TO THE STRONG, Alfie

but first be a person who needs people

WHAT WILL YOU LEND ON AN OLD GOLDEN RULE?

as sure as I believe there's a heaven blue, Alfie

PEOPLE WHO NEED PEOPLE

I know there's something much more.

ARE THE LUCKIEST PEOPLE IN THE WORLD

something even non-believers can believe in

I BELIEVE IN LOVE, Alfie.

Arrangement created by Robin Hansen

Marymount First!!!

Congrats, a slap on the back, and a fifty dollar gold piece to Marcia Daly, Miss Capener, Joanne Kimball and staff for producing our first yearbook. They said it couldn't be done but we not only proven that wrong but did one better by the excellent quality book we have. The proof is in the pudding! Thanks again to the yearbook staff.
That Alone Is

I am alone here in this sterile room with my musing and wondering and my thoughts are beginning to take root and ramify spreading quickly into tortured ideas and disillusioned values. The hour is dusk and my thoughts under the influence of the funeral black night are running as ripples run along waters when the moon has touched them with its magic of silver. The hungry silence is trying -- weakly to break it's sallow spell; hoping against hope for a new-born peace; leaving nothing behind to tell. But if and when I escape from it; quicker than it has to be; lonely, as it has to be; growing sicker as it happens; it crosses my own free (?) limbs of quavering black into that — That alone is and there is nothing else but That. Moving in without a sound that carries me unhurt unknowing through the night, unburdened by the heavy darkness; it erases all boundaries. It permits me to escape from being anything inside, other from the outside; that THAT ALONE IS AND THERE IS NOTHING ELSE BUT THAT.

— By Ann Van Vliet

Spring Concert

THE Glee Club and Modern Dance will present a Spring Concert on May 9, 1968 under the direction of Sister Regina and Mrs. Wright. The theme of the program will be "Popular Songs" taken from various musicals and shows. Highlights will include songs from such musicals as "Mame", "Brigadoon", "Porgy and Bess" and "Paint Your Wagon Red." The Modern Dance Club will present a variety of steps to songs taken from "The Graduate," "Sound of Music" and others. Also Sister Joseph's Art classes will present their creations. On the whole, the evening should be an enjoyment to all, both young and old.

Coming of Age Creatively

On May 9, 1968, Sister Joseph and Sister Regina presented "Coming of Age Creatively." The theme of the presentation was "A Bombardment of the Senses."

Under the direction of Sister Joseph the senses of sight, taste, touch, and smell were stimulated. Sister Joseph used various means to activate the senses, such as; food, orders, monies, slides, filmstrips, colors, and wrapped articles, Sister Regina organized the various sounds which were played throughout the presentation.

As the students entered the auditorium, the smell of incense, the sounds of silence, and the varied colorful designs on the walls and ceiling met them. The students were then seated on the floor and for the next two hours witnessed a psychedelic reaction to the five senses.

At the close of the presentation, all that was said was, "It was surely an experience not to be forgotten."