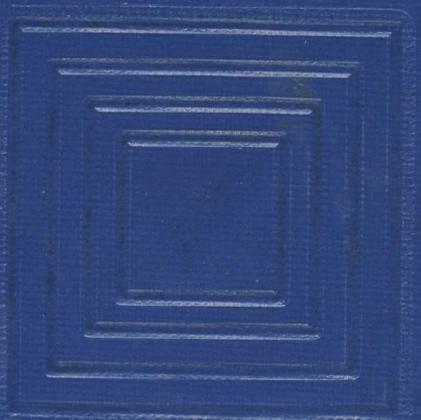
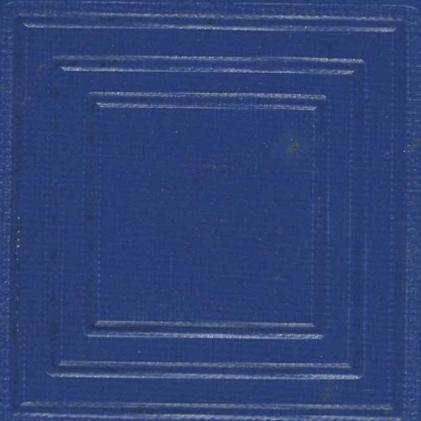
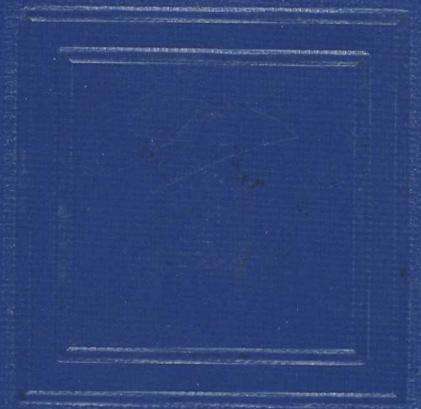
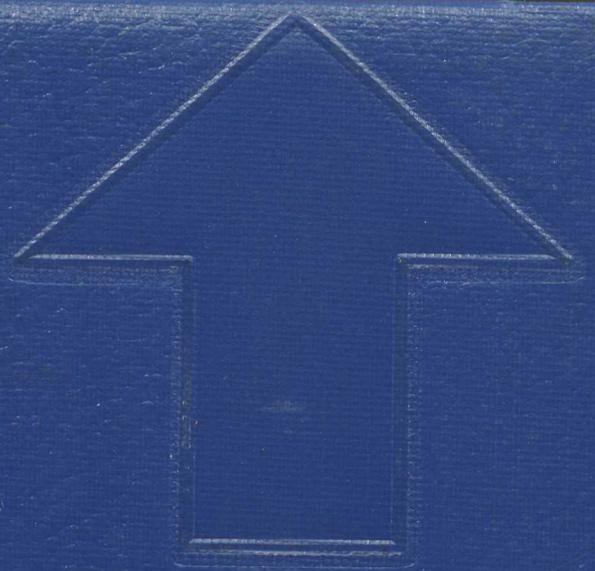
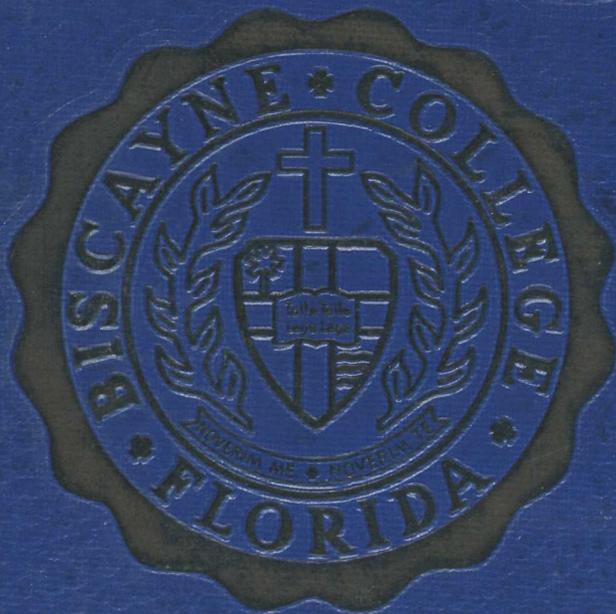


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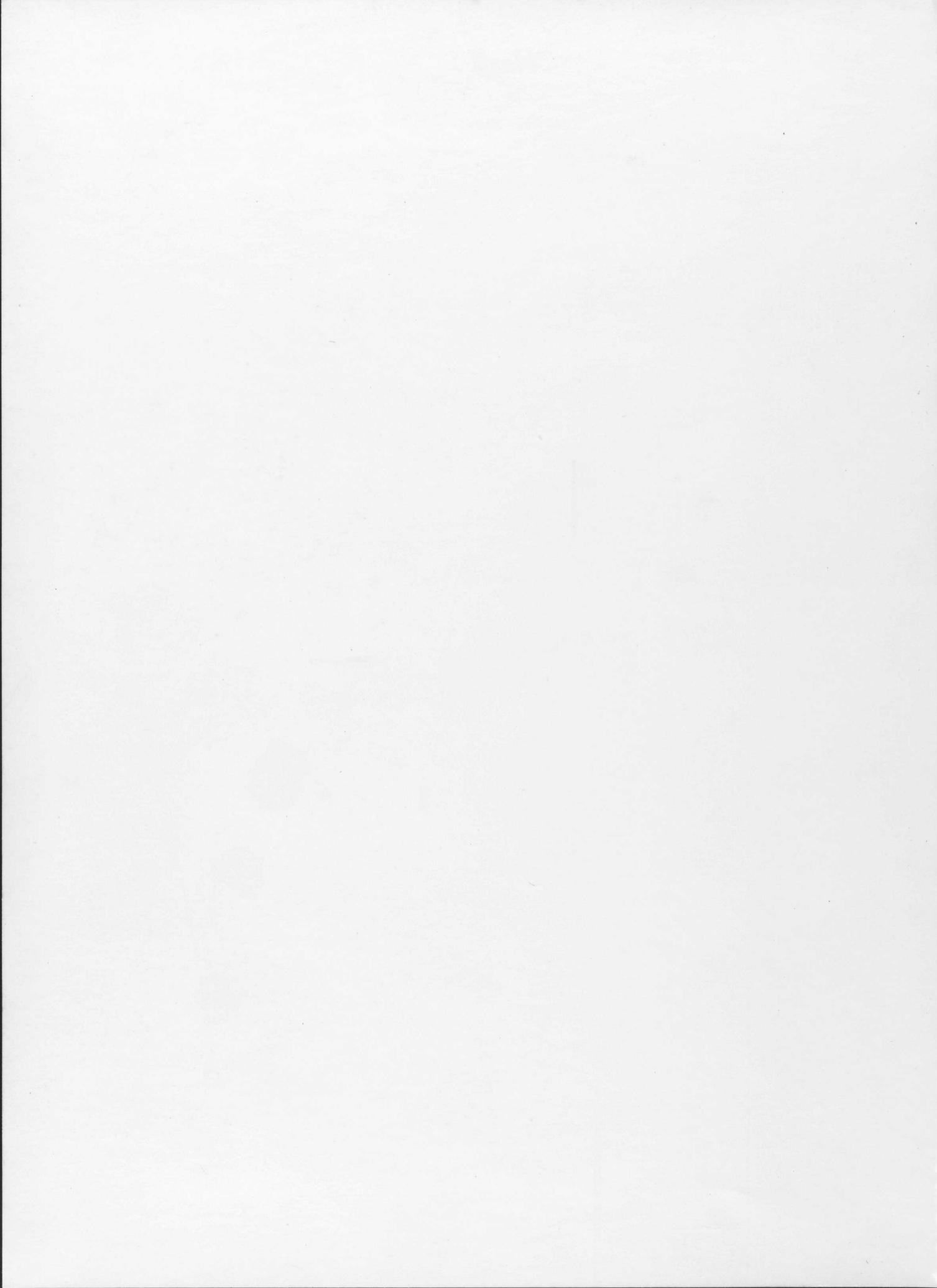
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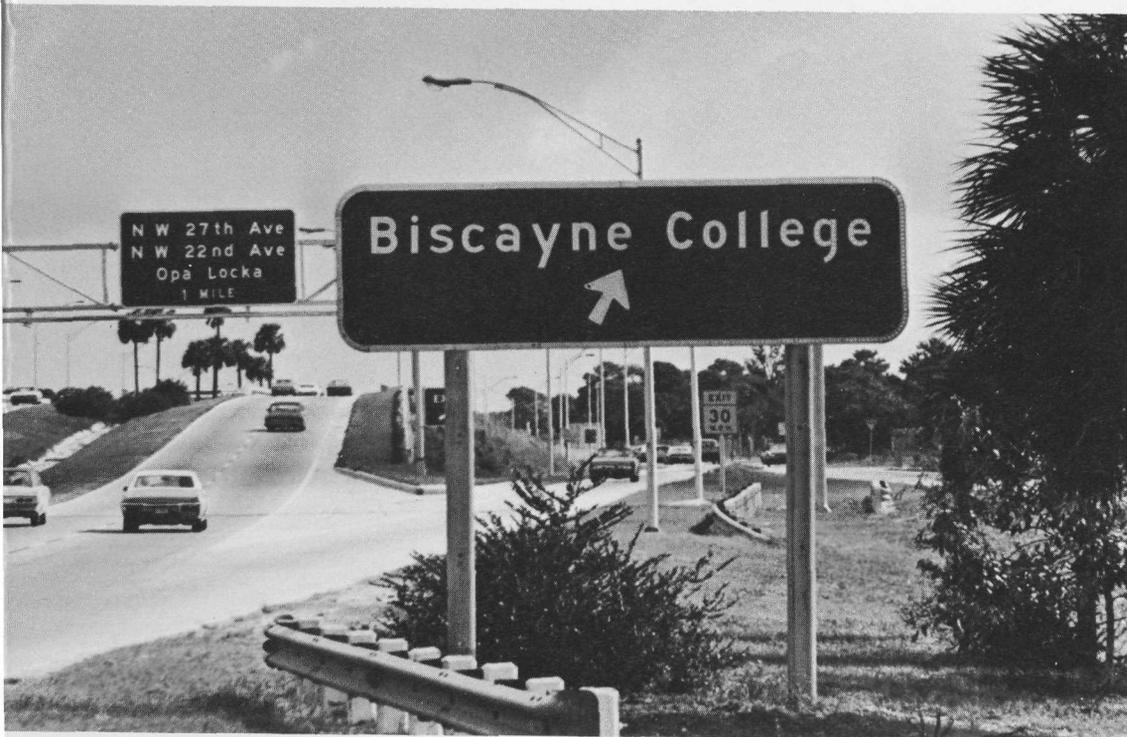
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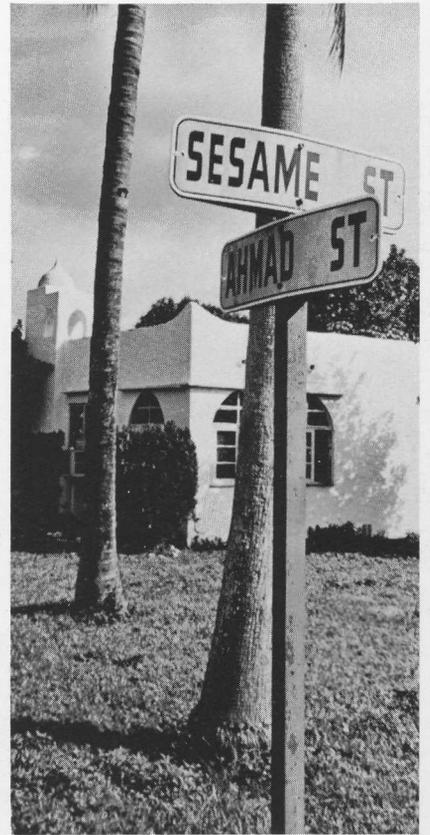
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BEYRON

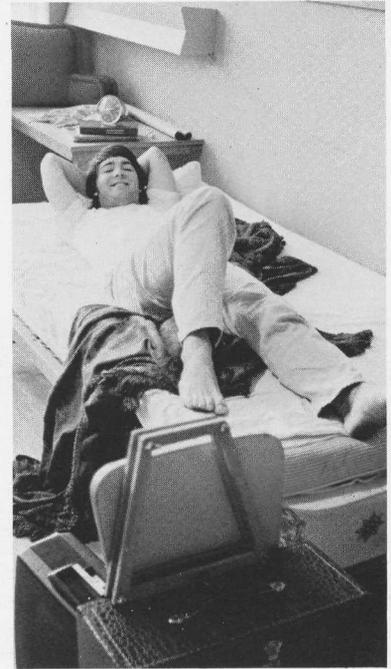
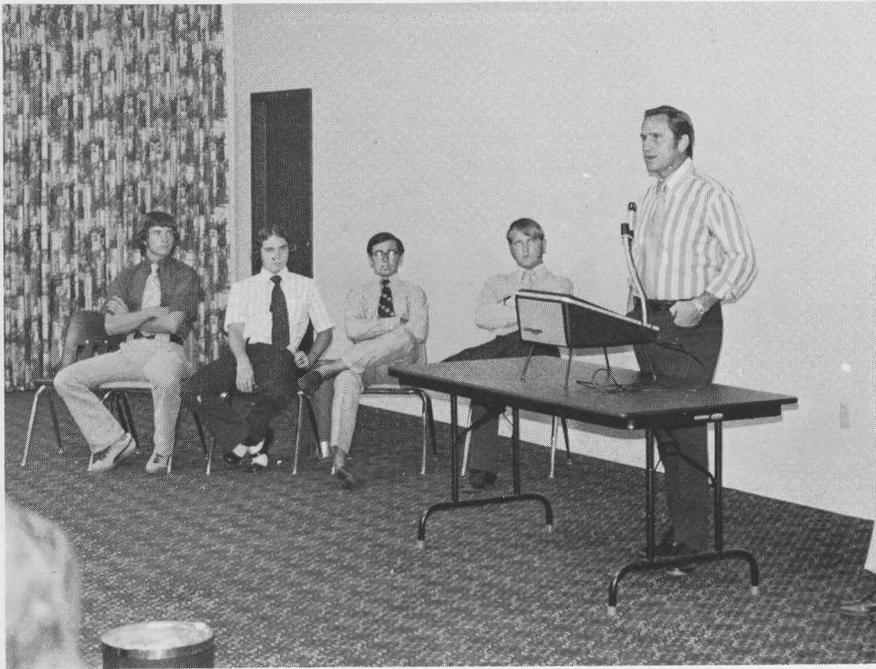
CITY  
SAVINGS

Pilsener  
Beer

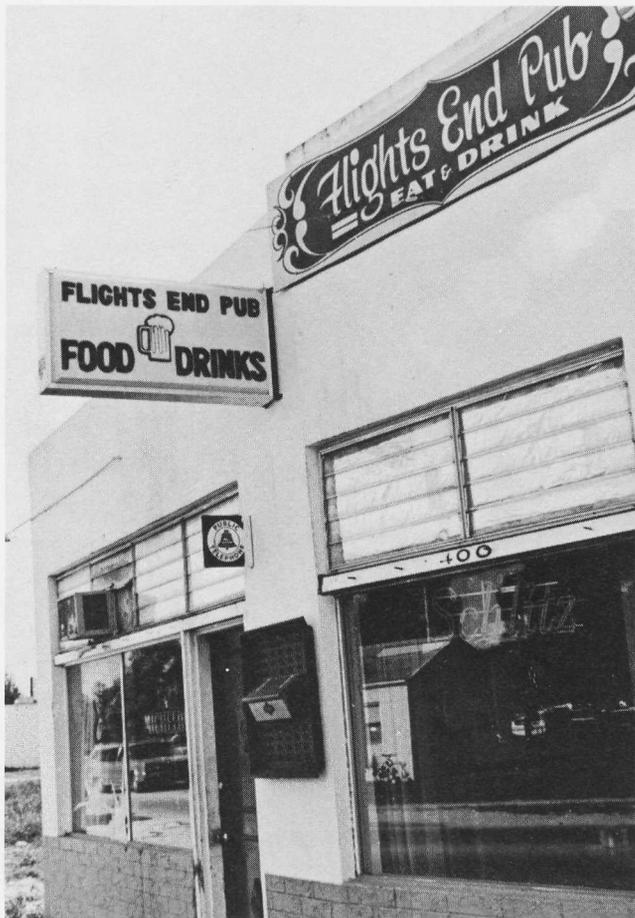
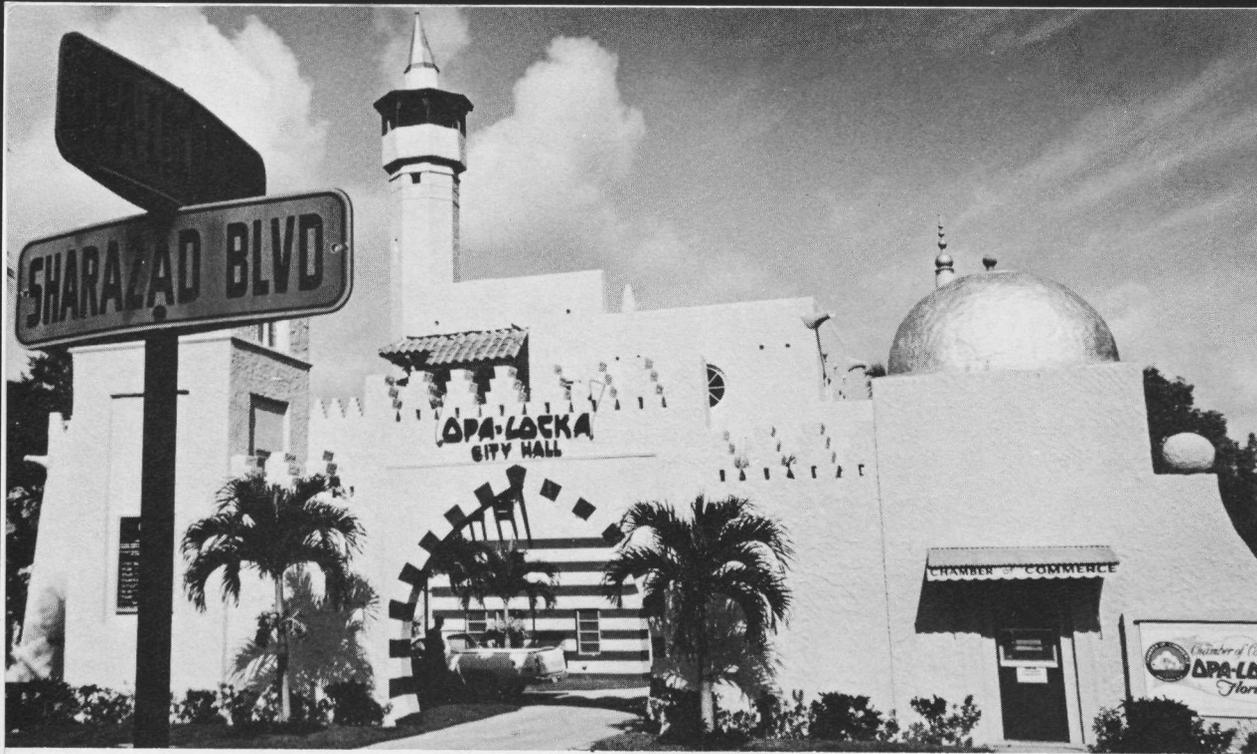


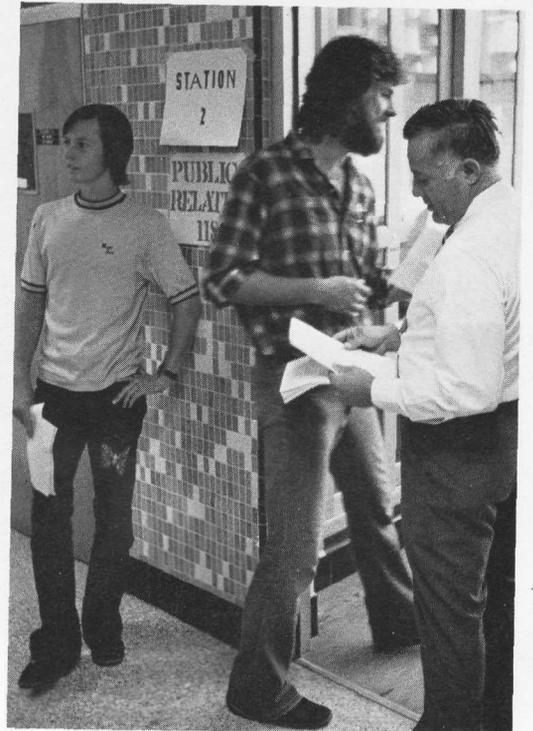
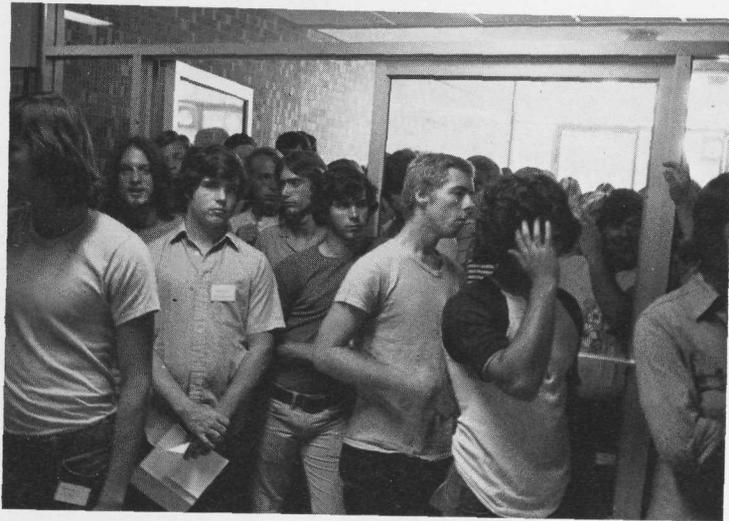
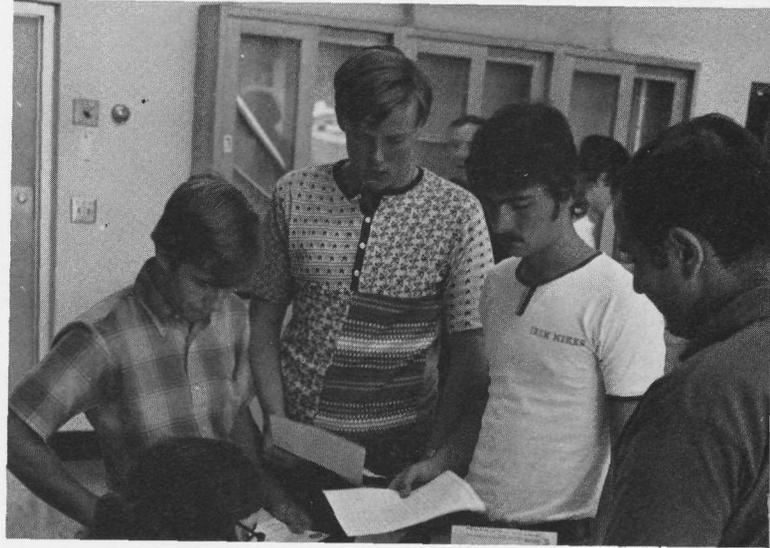
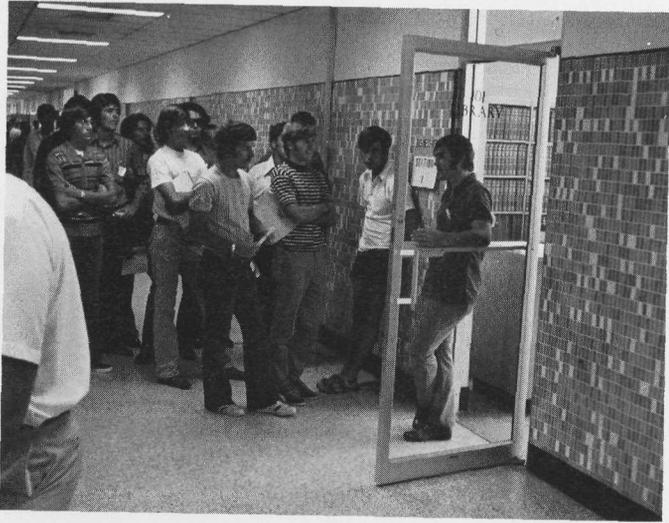


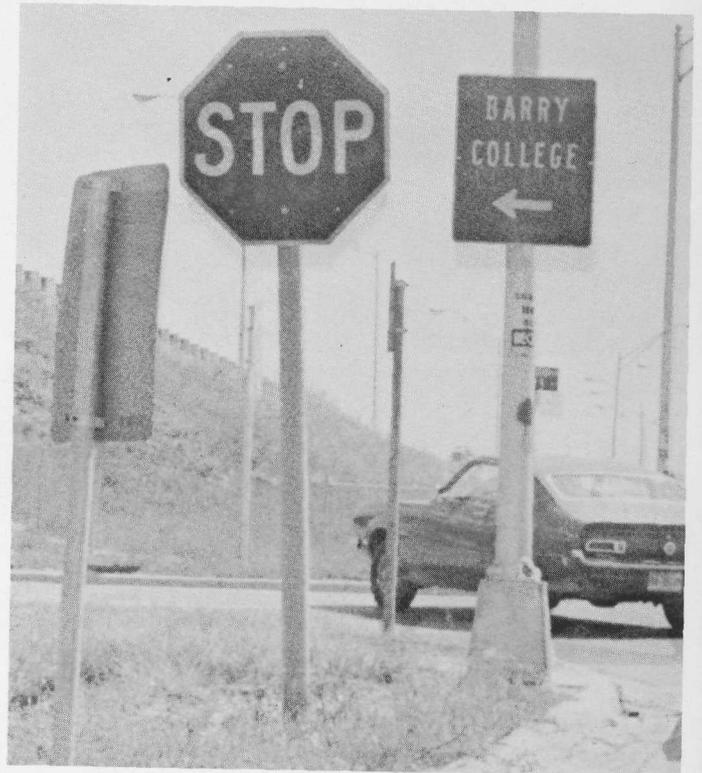


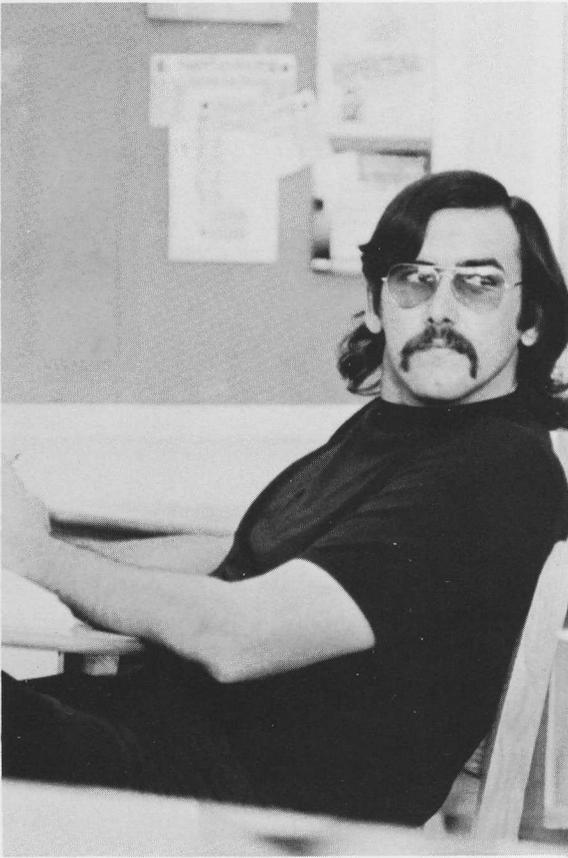


*Handwritten signature*









the class  
of 1973  
presents . . . .





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**assistant editors**

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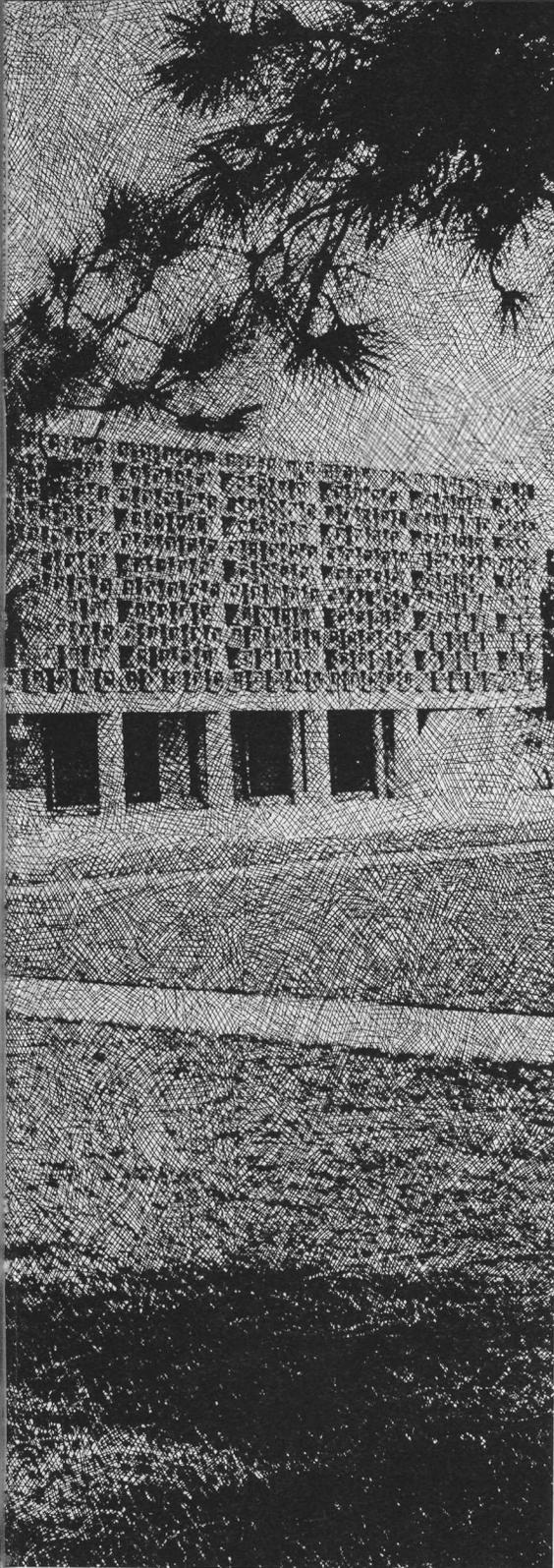
**lay out**

chats

tapistry

spoon

scag



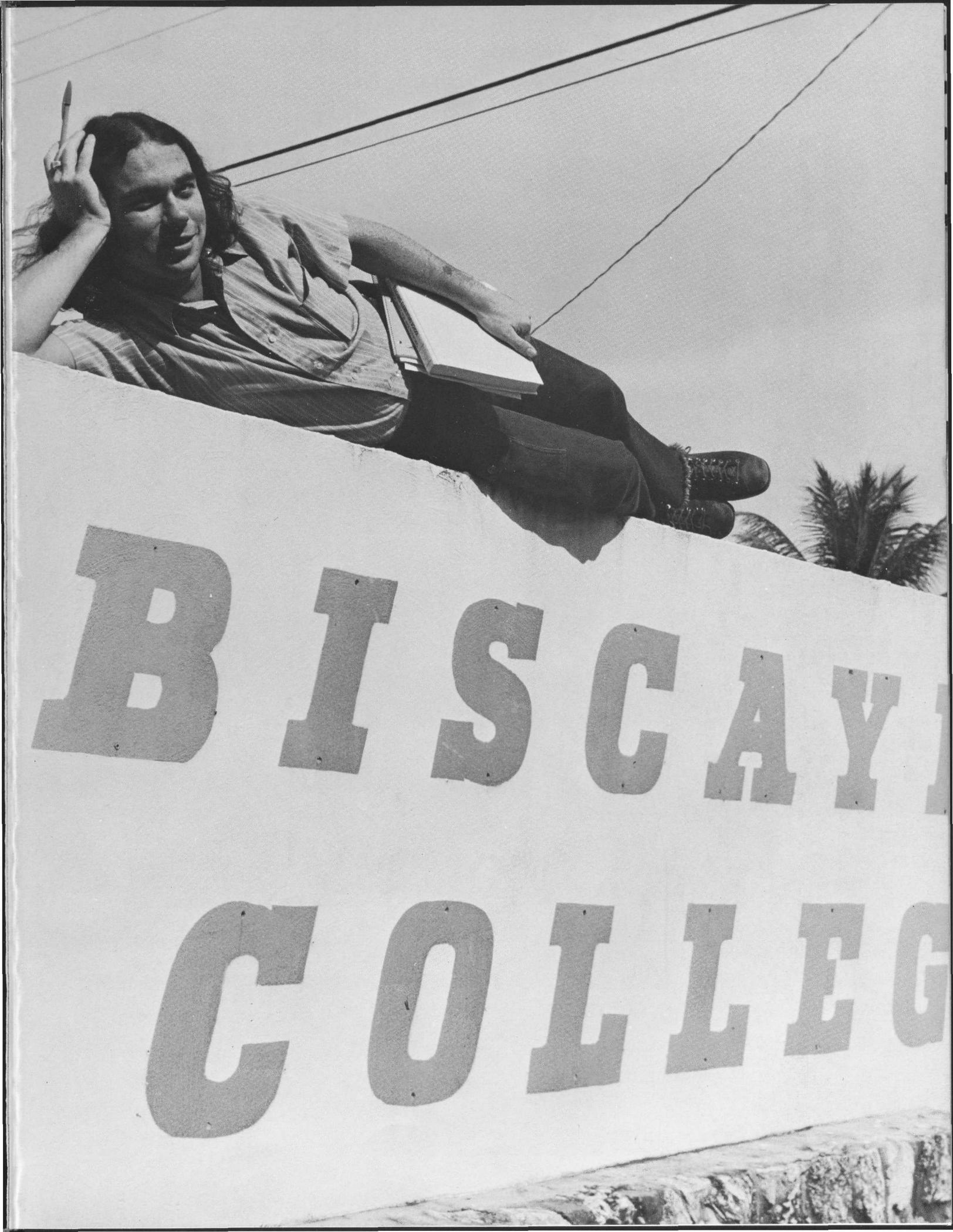
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1973

Biscayne College

Miami, Florida

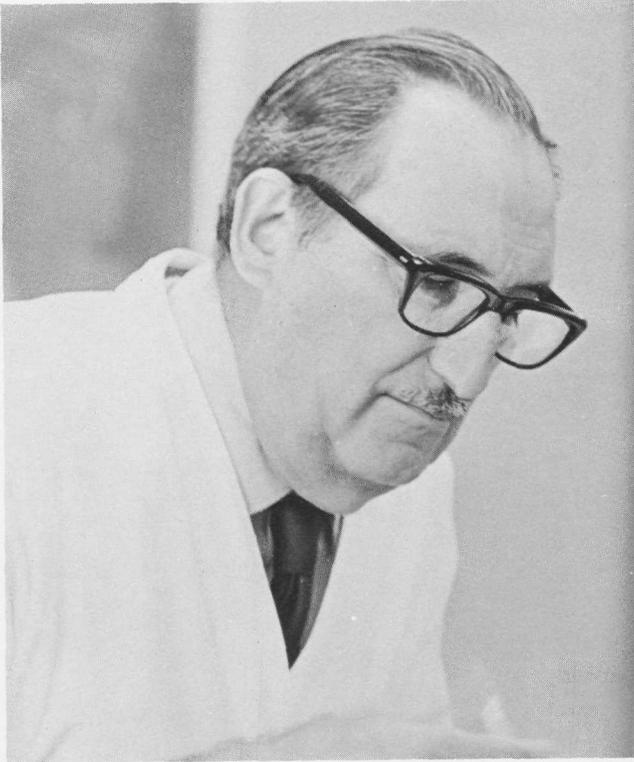
we are the song  
that sings within these pages,  
it is our words you read  
yet fail to understand.  
we are the class of faces  
huddled together by need  
seeking solace in each other's smile,  
we are the freedom of our voices  
ringing through the night  
without fear,  
we are the couple holding hands  
as whiskey creek  
and shouts at basketball games  
and dances in the rathskeller  
we are that different style  
that new ambition  
that fresh idea,  
it is our laughter that echoes in your ears  
and you taste our tears,  
watch the dreams float  
from our eyes  
and know why we are united.



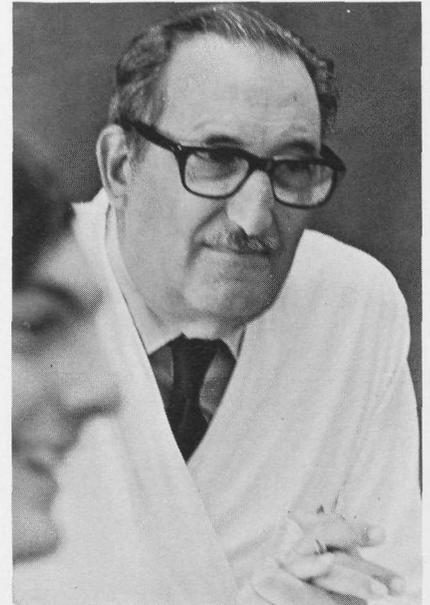
**BISCAYA**

**COLLEGE**

# the class of 1973 honors two great men



jose a. freire y santiago, d.c.n. professor, biology



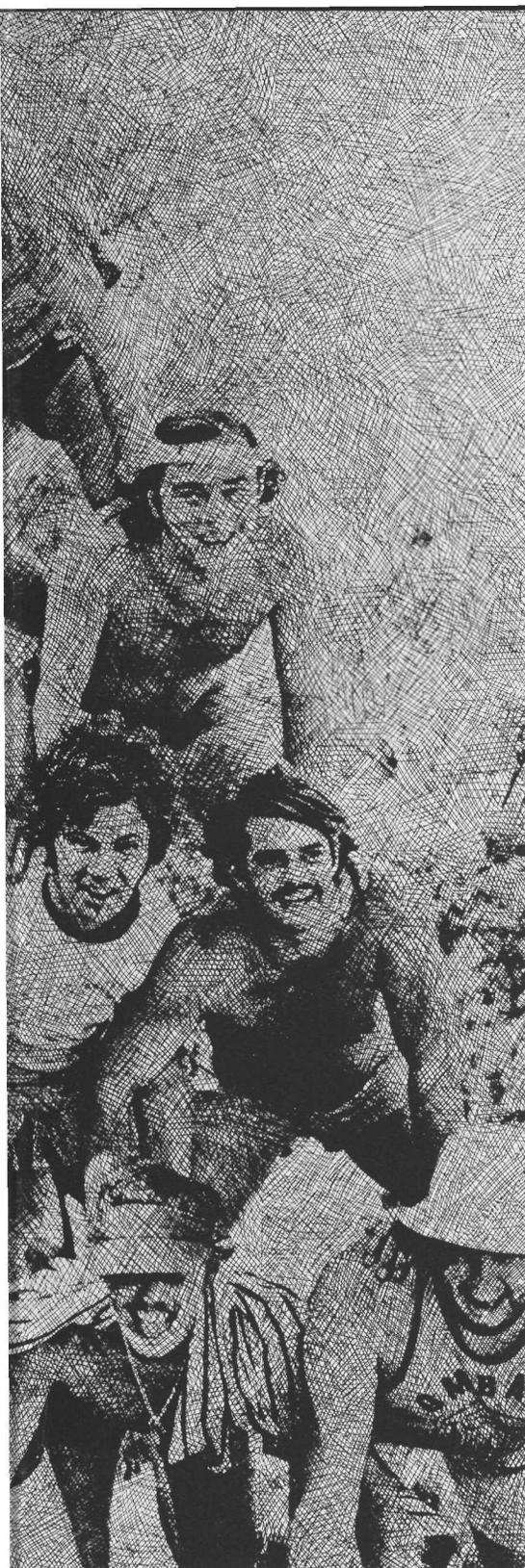
two fellow countrymen  
two giants in learning  
both instill in their students  
a fervent quest for knowledge  
both have a charisma that seems to  
attract students to them  
biology and business, each man radiates  
a love of his subject  
both are respected as educators,  
but moreover as men.



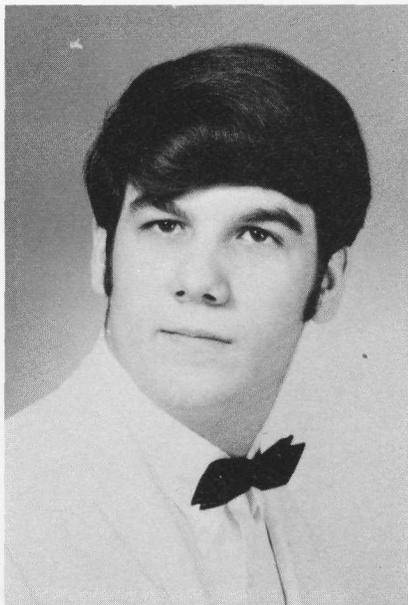
pedro p. diaz-maestre, d.c.s.  
professor, accounting



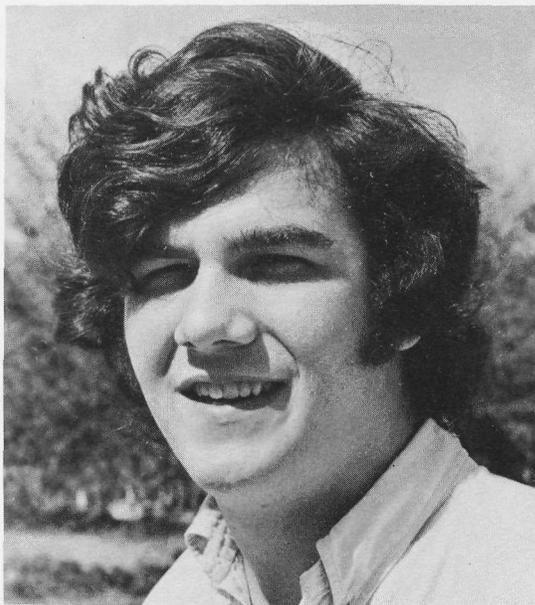
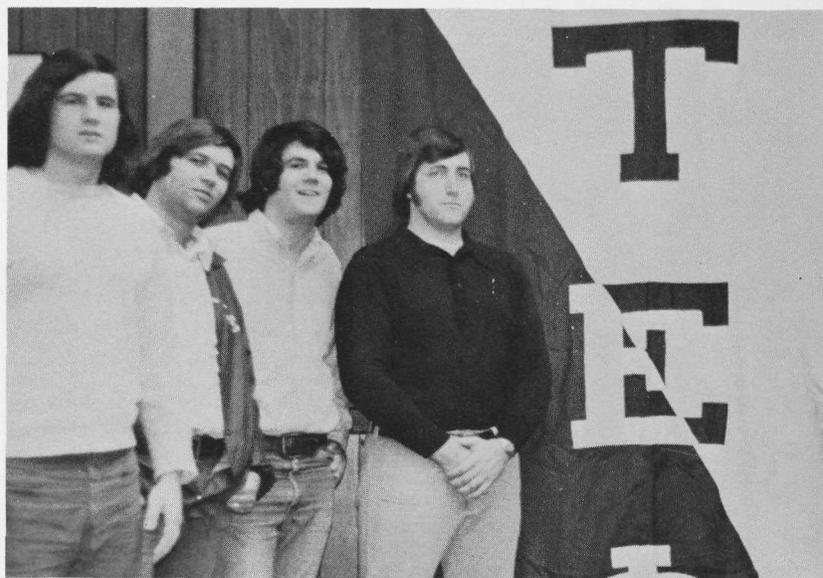




students



john charles dyer  
1952-1972

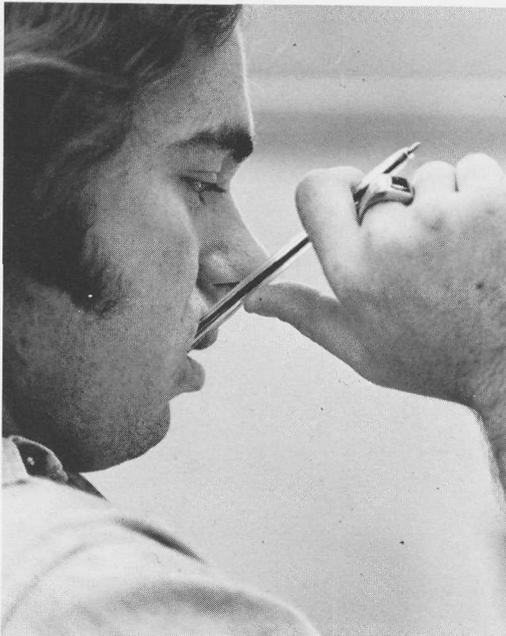
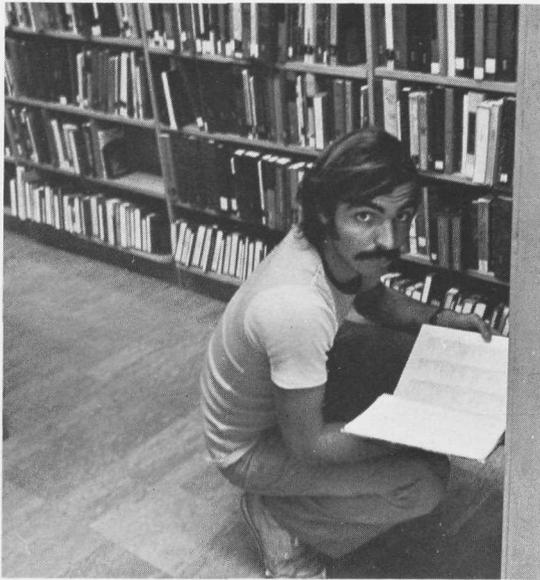
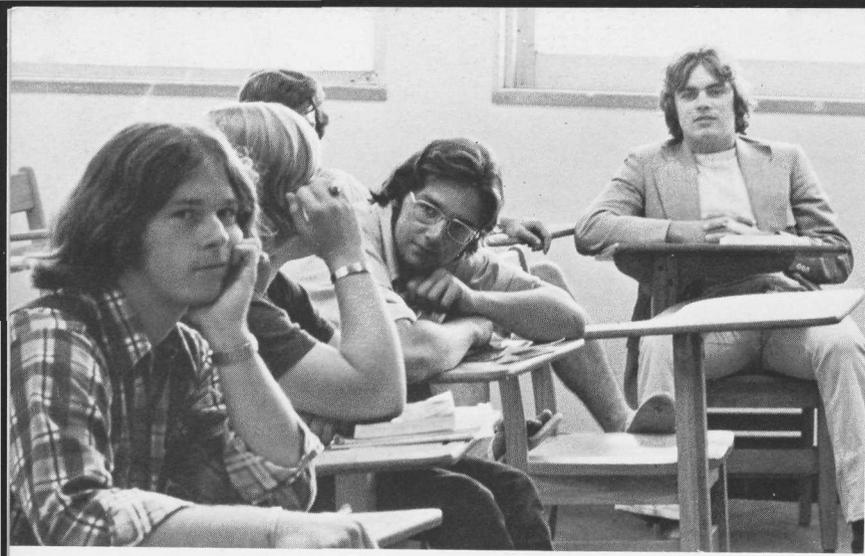


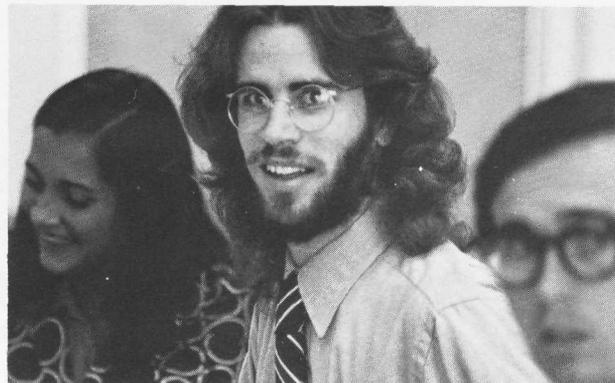
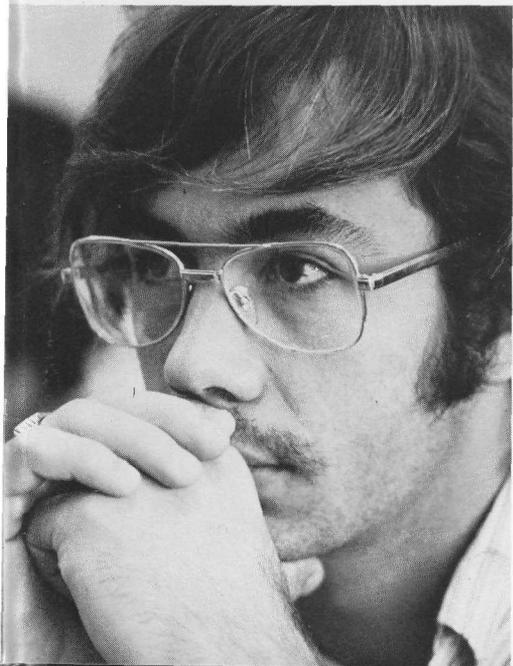
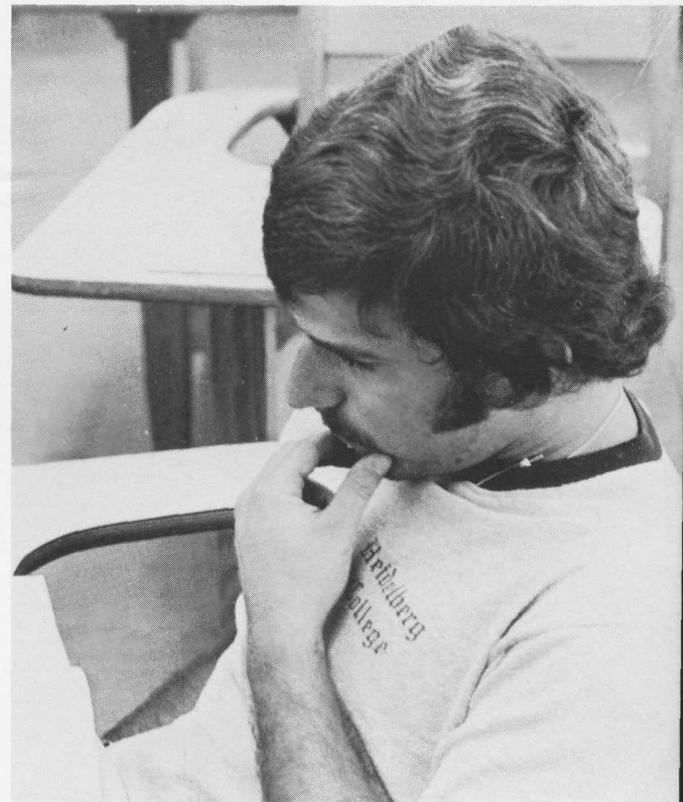
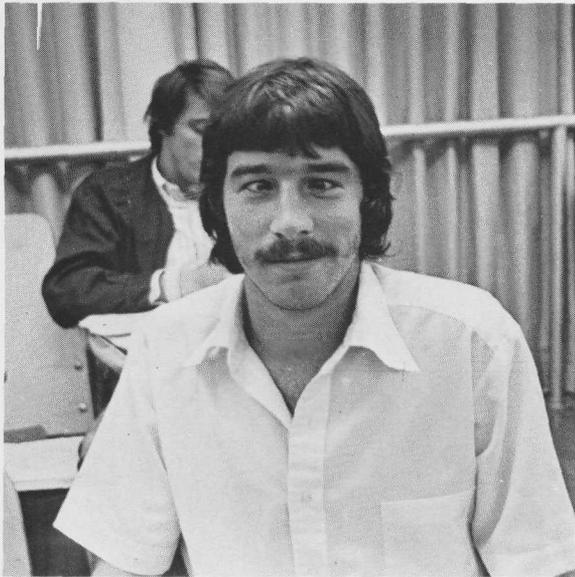
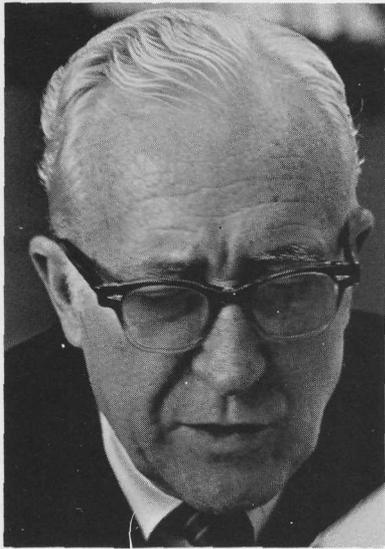
## TO A FRIEND

Once  
You walked to class with us  
And we ate in the cafeteria together  
And laughed as we awaited  
Mail from home,

Once  
You stayed up late  
Studying for early morning tests  
And talked with us about things  
That mattered to you  
And played touch football  
And went to Friday night parties . . . ,

Once  
You left us  
Leaving only a friendly smile  
Sitting in our hearts  
And lasting memories locked in our minds  
Which wouldn't let us understand why—  
So we walked  
Into our separate rooms  
And wept.





## the dubious necessity of a new notebook

they had completely covered the final page just yesterday, and the moment had been unforgettable, and very sad. The young poet's leonine head had sunk abruptly to his chest and, momentarily, the fire had left her eyes. There was something melancholic about squeezing a fresh fragment of poetry into the last possible space on the final page. the notebook would never more provide a haven for the scrawlers of poetry, nor ample space in which to scratch beloved lines. it would be read less often, the pages turned less lovingly, and somehow the whole notebook's feeling would change. after all, it had to be replaced.

he would do it. the first notebook was his, so he must buy the second, to establish a tradition, so to speak. poets need writing paper more than just about anything in the whole wide world, except other poets, so that the necessity of purchasing a new notebook became an undeniable fact for the two. but he kept putting it off, and they were soon desperate. they tried paper towels for awhile, but the towels absorbed too much ink, and the lovely words ran into comingled obscurity. he would have tried toilet paper, only she was practical and quickly saw the advantage of having unused toilet paper in the house, so that was that. paper bags worked as long as they lasted, but they were soon exhausted and useless like the old notebook. she tried writing in the margins of the sunday paper, but seeing her poetry strangled amidst black and white smudgy advertisements offended her aesthetic sense. there was no other way. he had to go for a new notebook. just like the first, only empty. they would have to start all over again, in a new notebook. neither of them could take it—being creatively stifled for want of paper. wallspace had run out, and so had her patience.

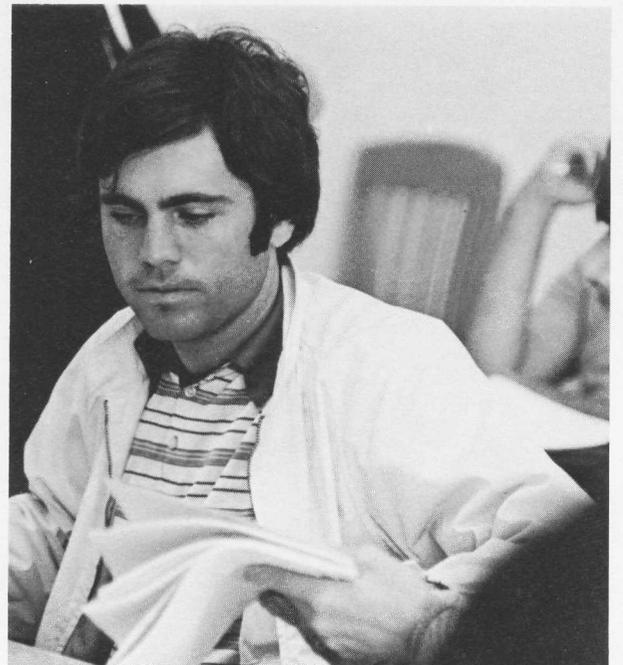
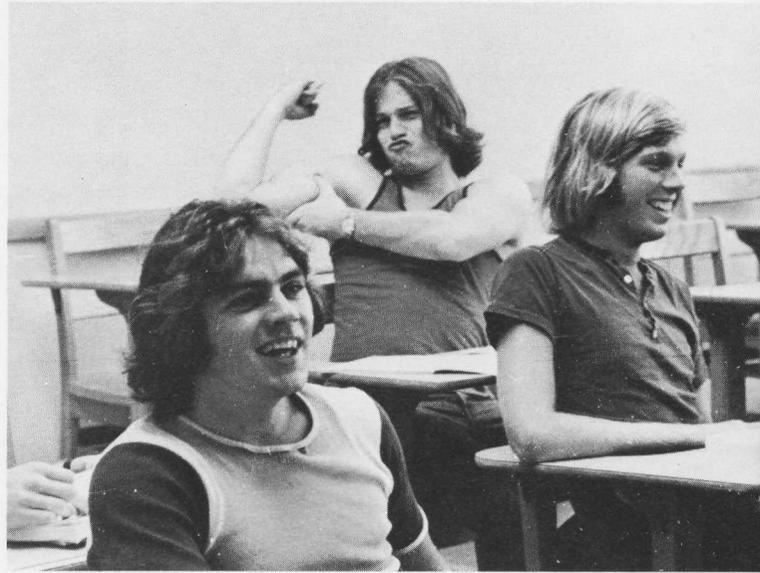
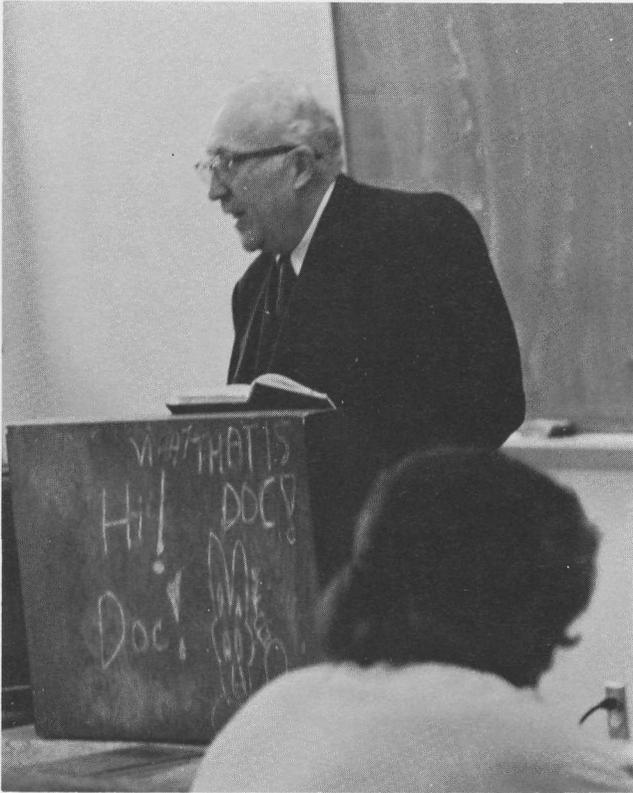
"we need a new notebook. empty," she said.

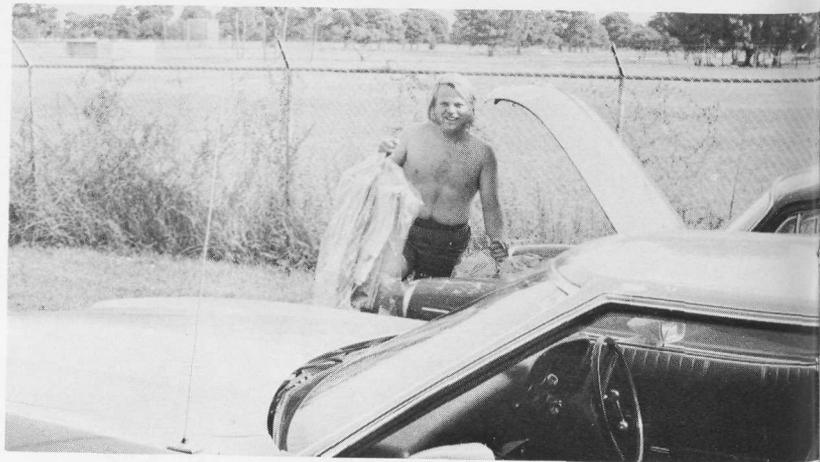
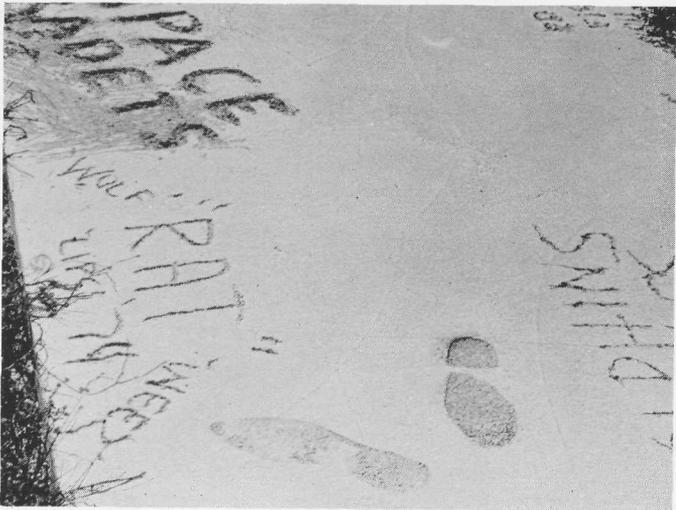
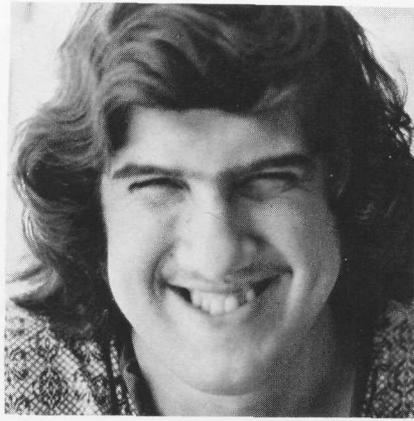
"can't get my head together for it," he countered.

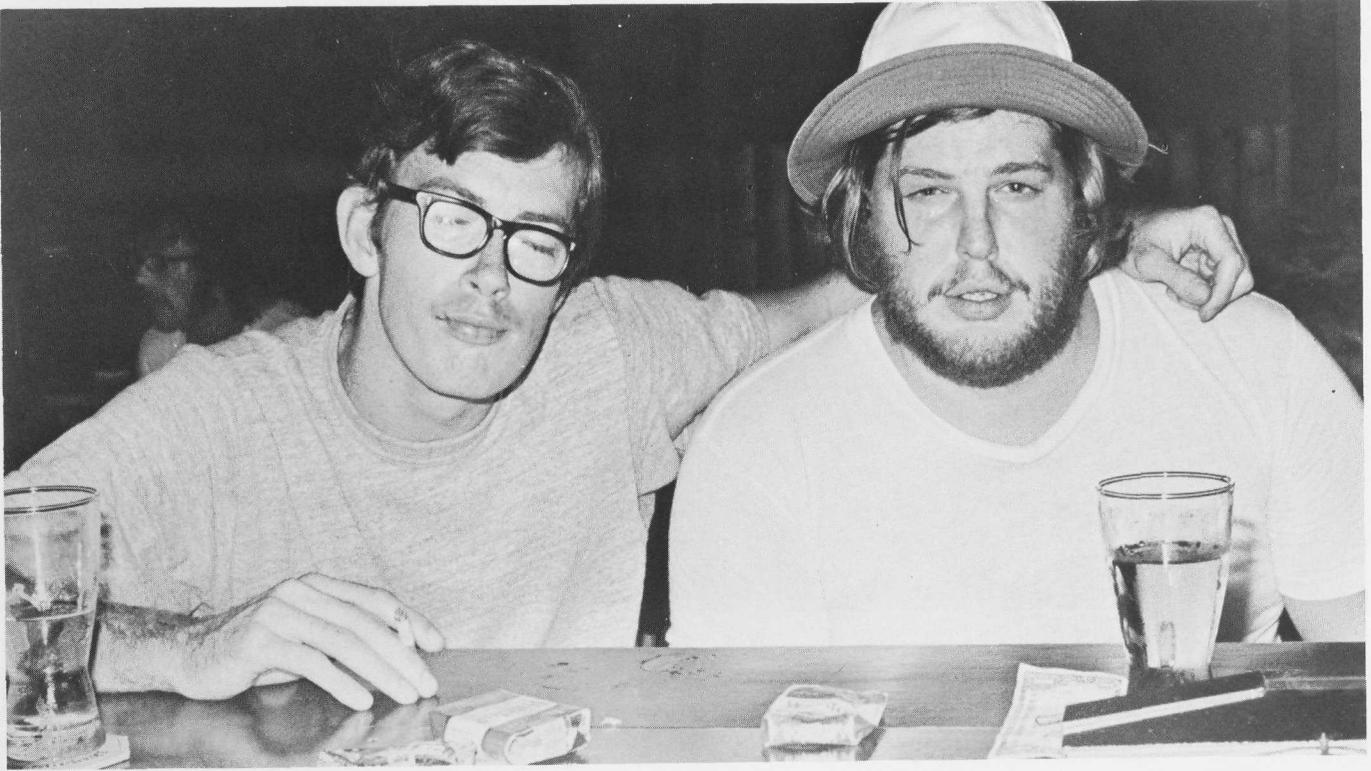
"hey! you've written all over every inch of this house. if you don't get us a new notebook, what do you plan to write on for the rest of your life? ME???"

and since that sounded like such a lovely idea, and since he really didn't want to go for a new notebook, and since she looked so vulnerable to him at that particular moment, he began writing poetry in her. first very gently, and then with increasing enthusiasm until, with the passing of time, an indefinite period of time, she became one great continual poem, and the young poet reads and rereads her every day of his life, and it's better than a new notebook, and they know it.

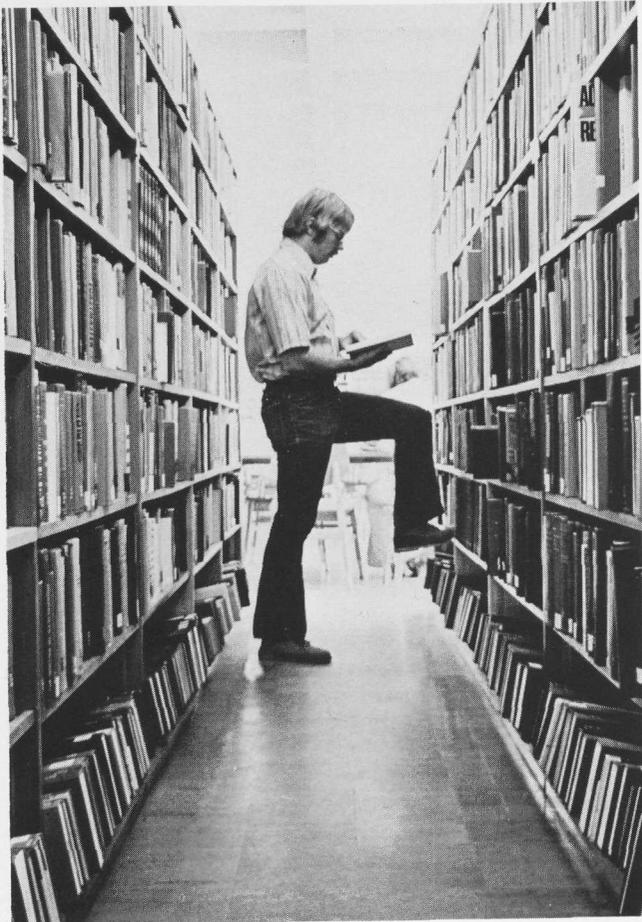
gail blount  
senior, barry college

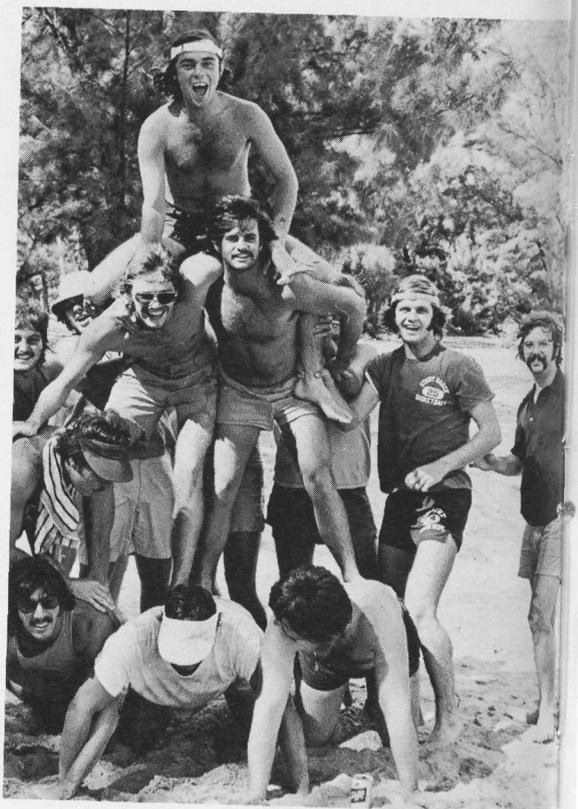
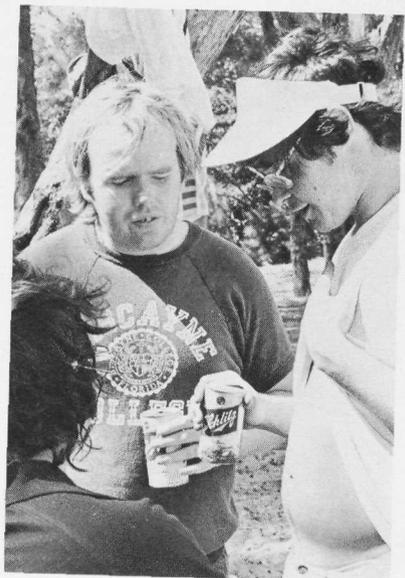
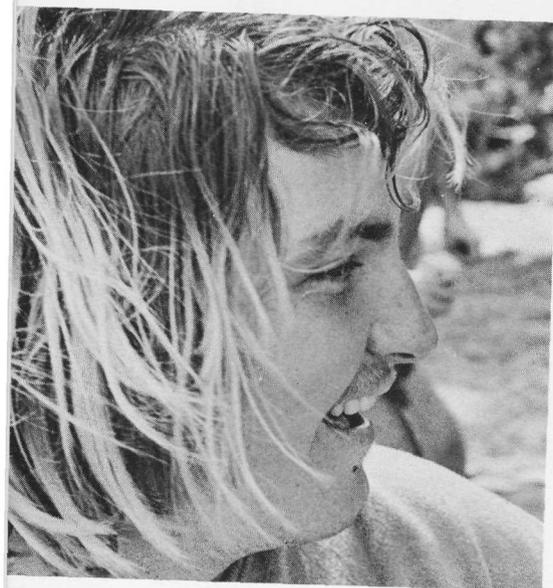
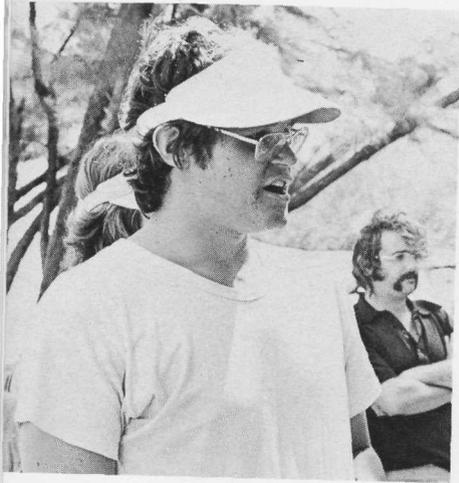


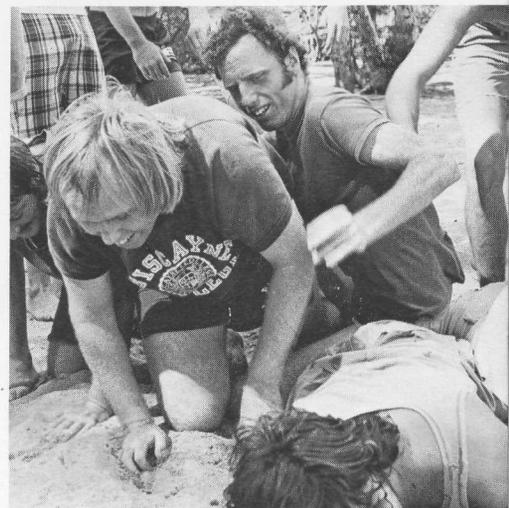
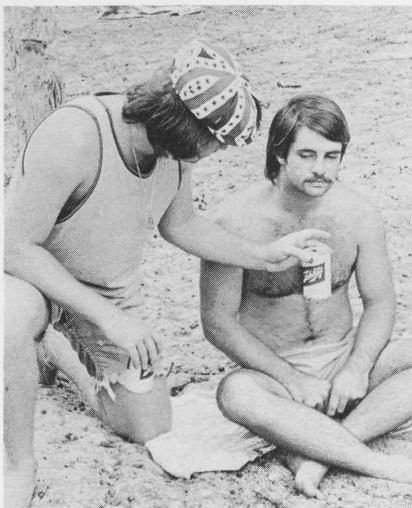
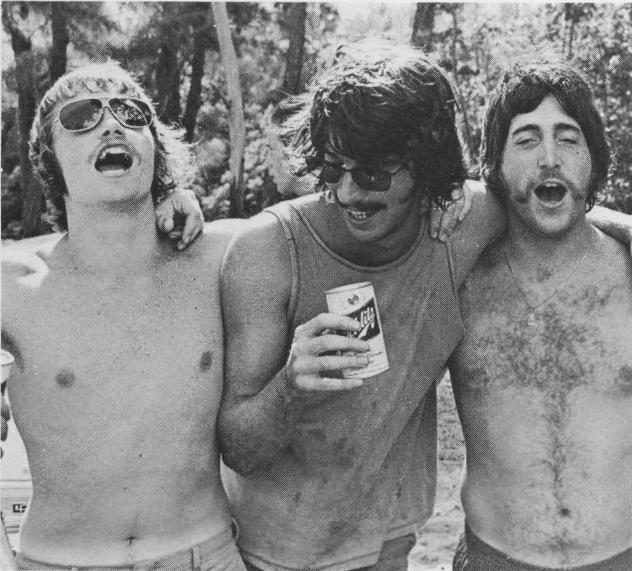
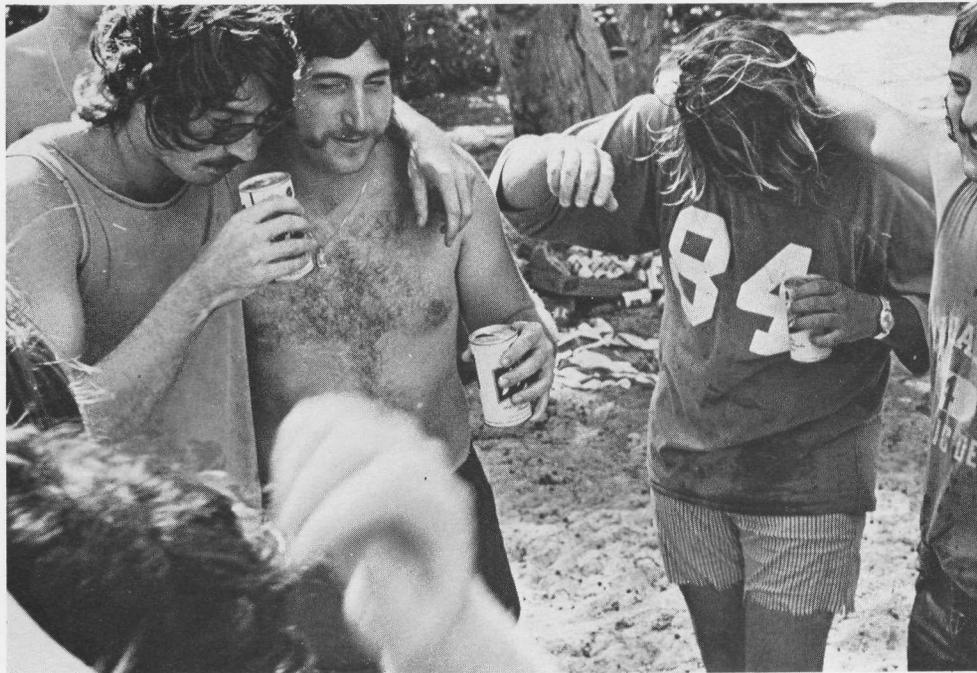




THE LONGEST DAY









I'M HAPPY

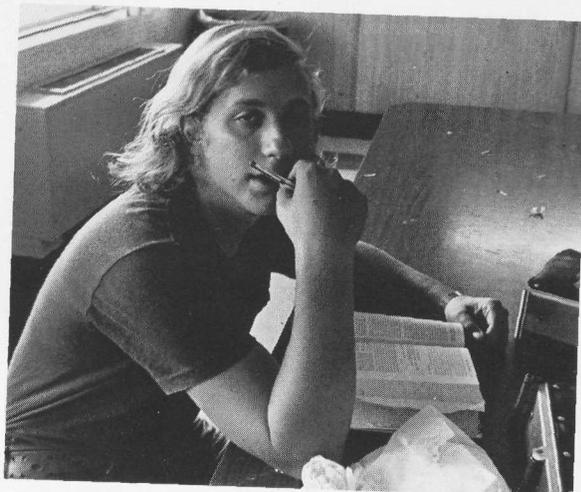
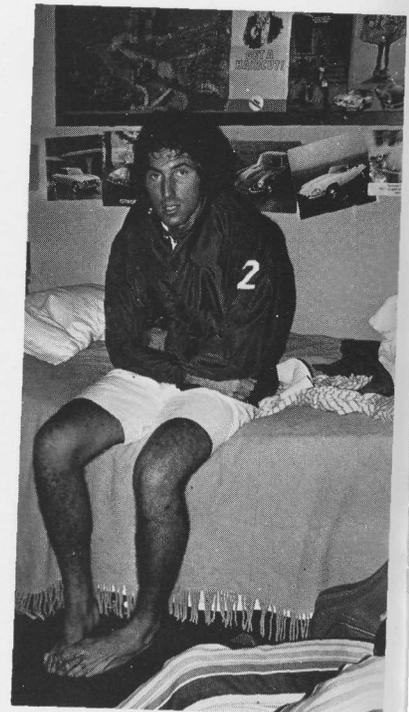
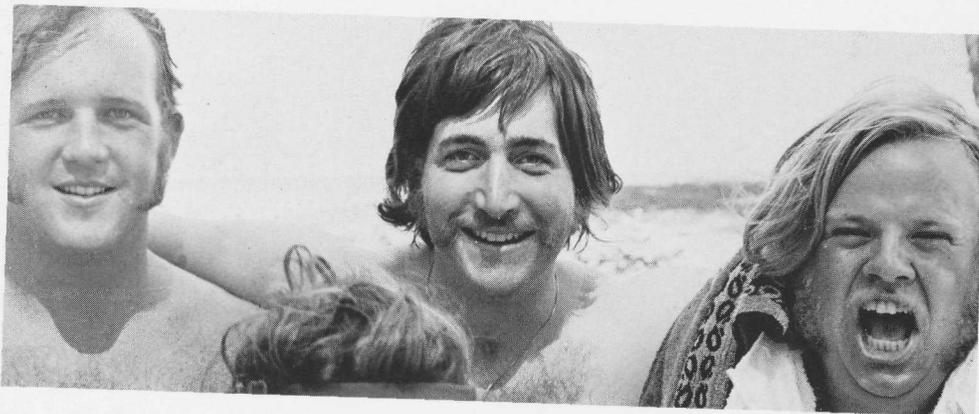
talk to me  
don't go by  
silence hurts.

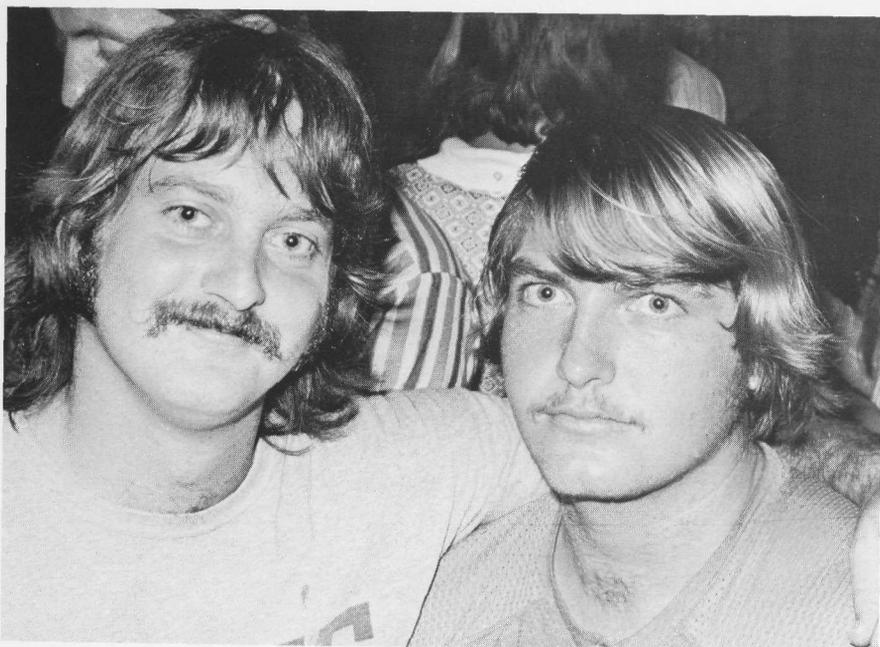
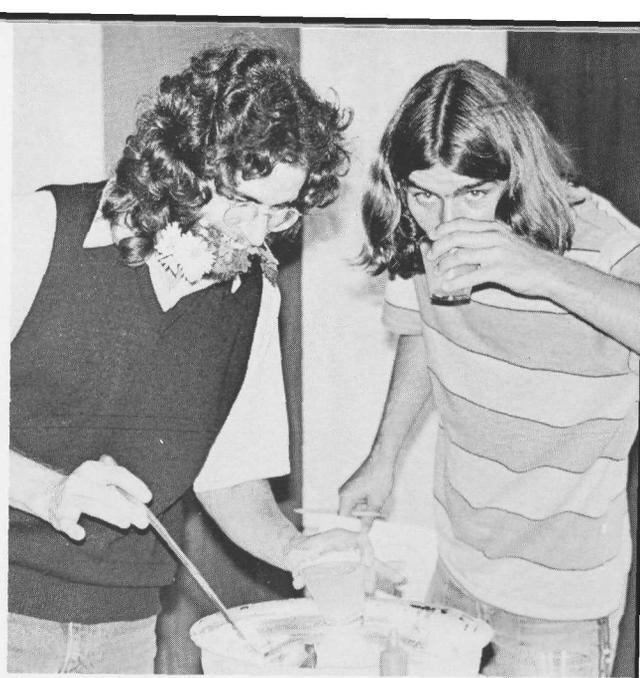
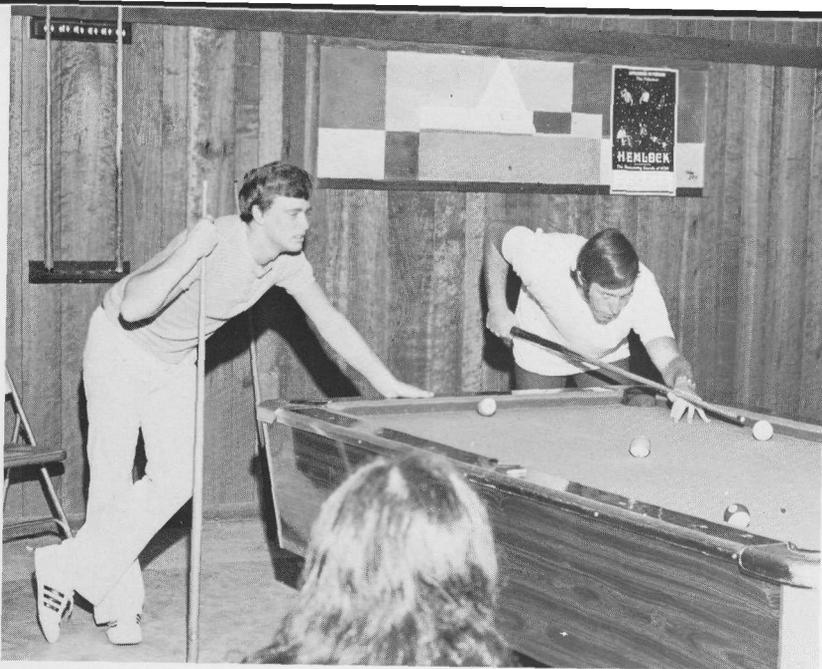
just say hello  
affirm that i am  
i am, you know.

don't speak long  
a word's enough  
a smile's enough.

i'm not particular  
a hello, a smile  
i'm happy.

thomas wesley frederick





RUSS

in truth your thoughts  
 are also mine  
 sheltered elsewhere  
 in another mind.  
 the things you've learned  
 i also must learn.  
 different, yet alike  
 separately, we must seek out life  
 my friend, my brother.

dave hart

## i met a man

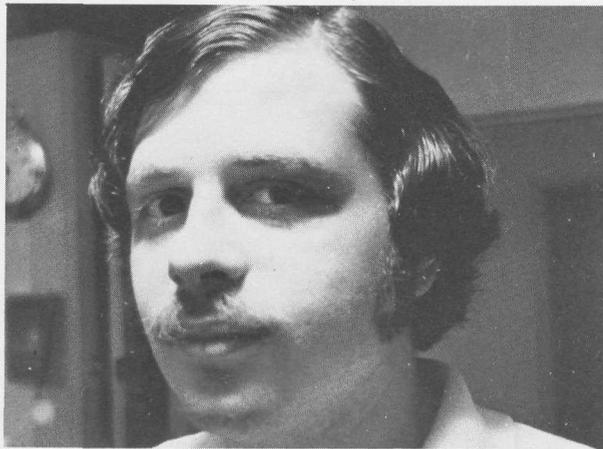
i met a man today. he told me the story of his life. his mother was a kind old woman who greyed early in life and said her prayers every night before bed. his father he met, but didn't know. he went to school so people would smile and always wanted to own a dog. he loved life and the feeling of nature about him. he took long walks in washington crossing park with his girlfriend; a new one each week. he had many friends or so they told him, but they were all gone now. he enjoyed the guitar and tried to play. he played football in high school, but his body didn't grow. he said the girl he loved left him and got married. it didn't bother him. he cried instead. he said he never married because he wanted to be sure; he never knew when. so he went to college to learn the things he didn't know. he downed many a beer and often lost his head. he said he thought a lot because people couldn't steal them. and so now he is old and spends his time thinking why he thought. he has no home, just kinda wanders alone searching for something he lost. i met a man today. he told me the story of my life.

dave hart

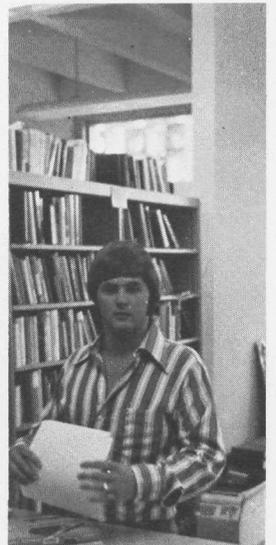
do you remember . . .



rozz core



gary mocik



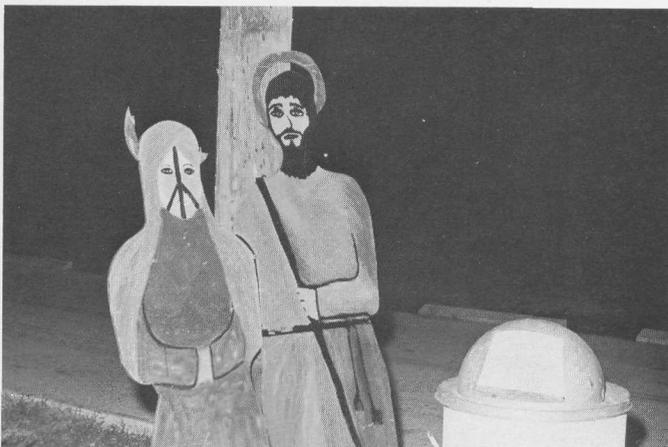
rick collins



only two remained



steve thibault



frank and millie

MAY 9, 1971

yellow rays, bright, yet sharp and deep,  
formed shadows with the diverging night  
till finally the moon's futile jets  
reluctantly withdrew to the dawn.  
the sun labored outward towards the sky,  
and another day had begun.

a new warmth covered the lands,  
and the earth smiled at its new birth.  
the sun maternally caressed the meadows,  
and watched with incessant care.  
a new cycle had begun,  
and the world was alive once more.

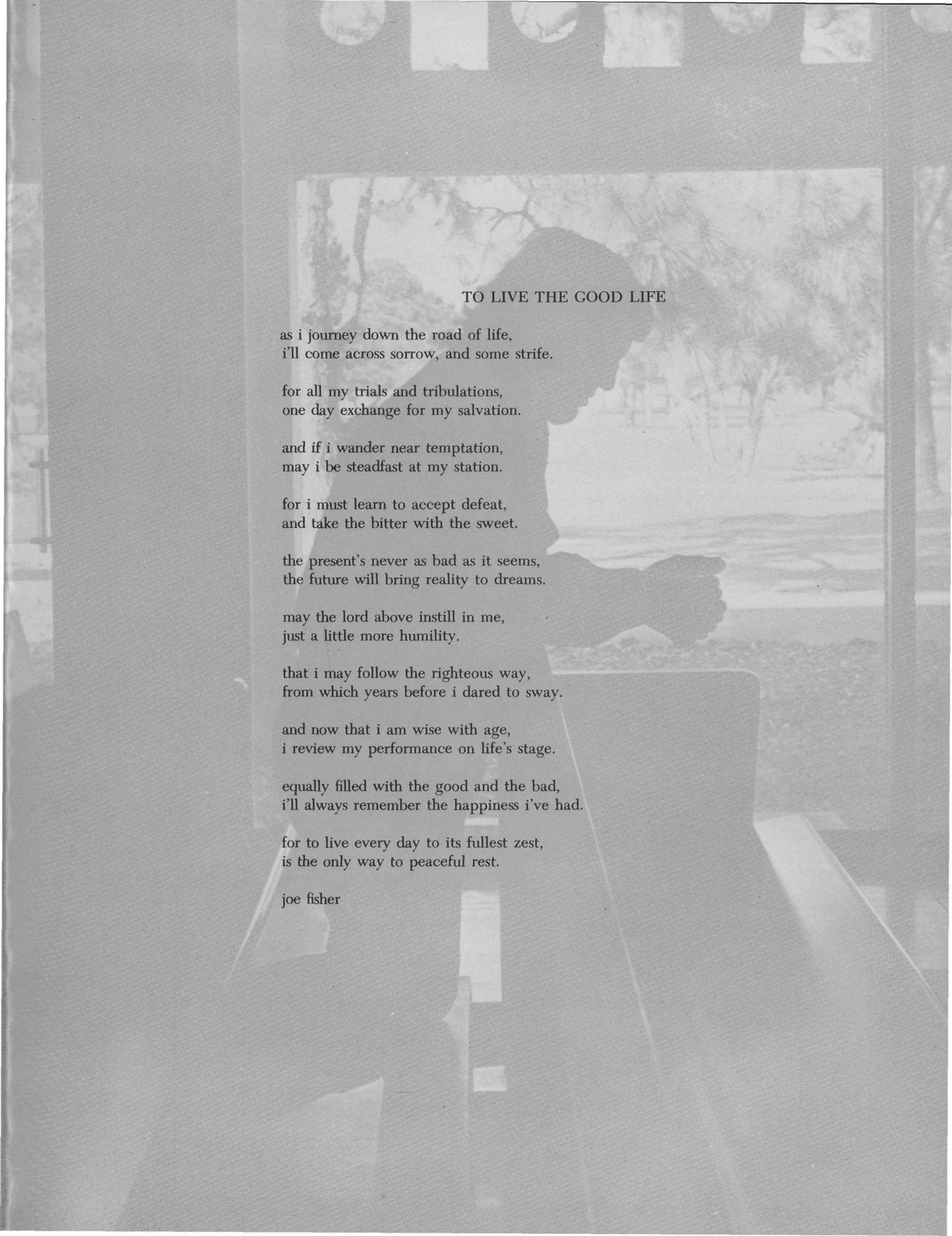
lilies gently shadowed their buds,  
and carefully watched them bloom.  
sparrows patiently hatched their eggs,  
and rejoiced when the shell had fell:  
life was being reborn,  
and the celebrated birth was continuous.

a mother duck gathered her ducklings,  
and led them to the pond. she watched  
as her pupils jumped gleefully into the water,  
and remembered back to her first leap.  
it was long ago—yet it seemed so near:  
yesterday, today, and tomorrow had merged.

her cross had been carried up the mount,  
and the nails had dealt their crippling pain.  
above, the Son peered throughout the land,  
and a smile could be seen across his face.  
for the world was being reborn,  
and the gates to perfection released.

calvary was near,  
so near that one could feel the pains,  
so near that one *could* feel the pains.  
yet the resurrection too was near:  
the eggs had hatched, the buds had bloomed,  
the fauns had grown to deer.

and tomorrow a new sun would rise:  
the result of yesterday's sunset, and the day before, before.  
by noon the earth would rejoice, and a new warmth would be felt  
throughout the lands. new buds would open,  
new eggs would hatch, and the world would be alive again.  
abraham was no longer alone, his third day had come.  
thomas wesley frederick



TO LIVE THE GOOD LIFE

as i journey down the road of life,  
i'll come across sorrow, and some strife.

for all my trials and tribulations,  
one day exchange for my salvation.

and if i wander near temptation,  
may i be steadfast at my station.

for i must learn to accept defeat,  
and take the bitter with the sweet.

the present's never as bad as it seems,  
the future will bring reality to dreams.

may the lord above instill in me,  
just a little more humility.

that i may follow the righteous way,  
from which years before i dared to sway.

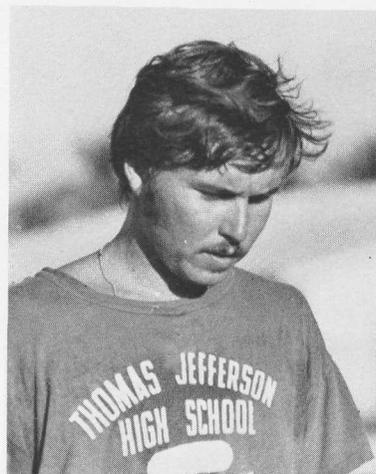
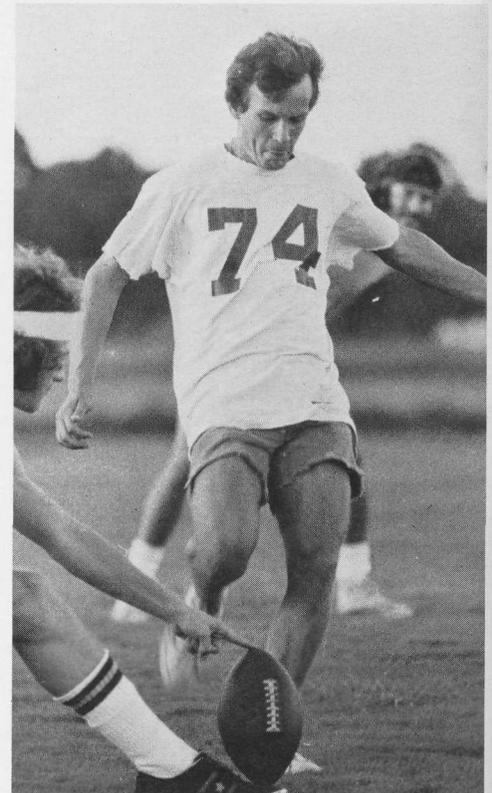
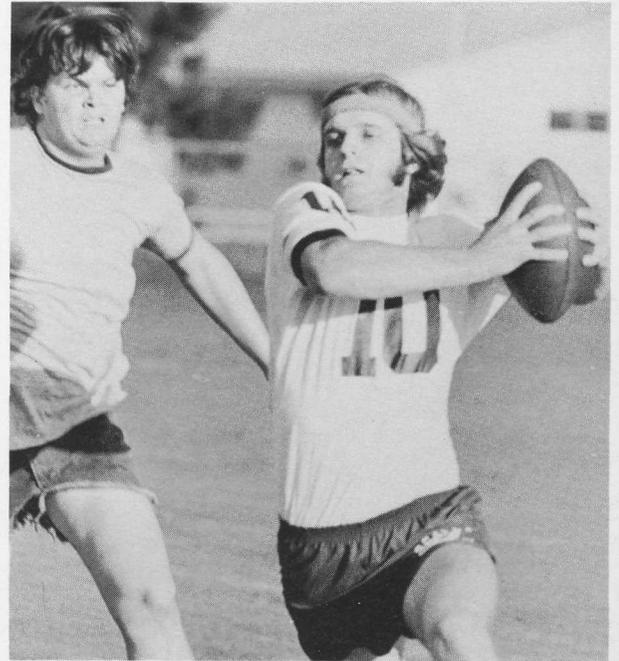
and now that i am wise with age,  
i review my performance on life's stage.

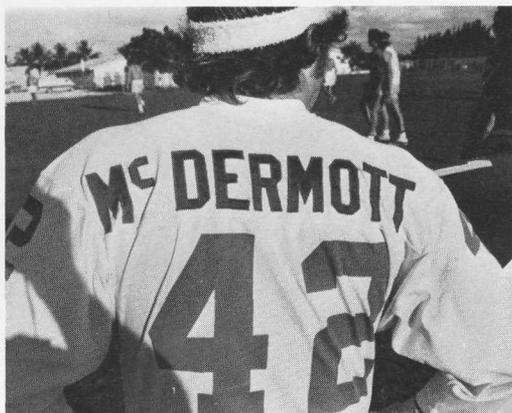
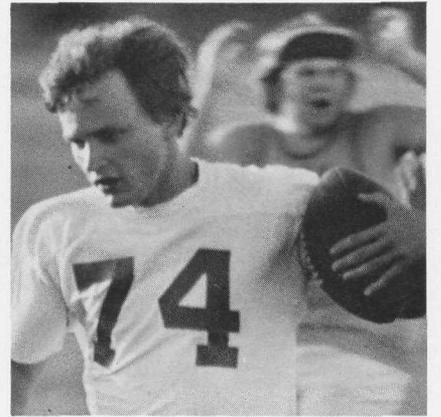
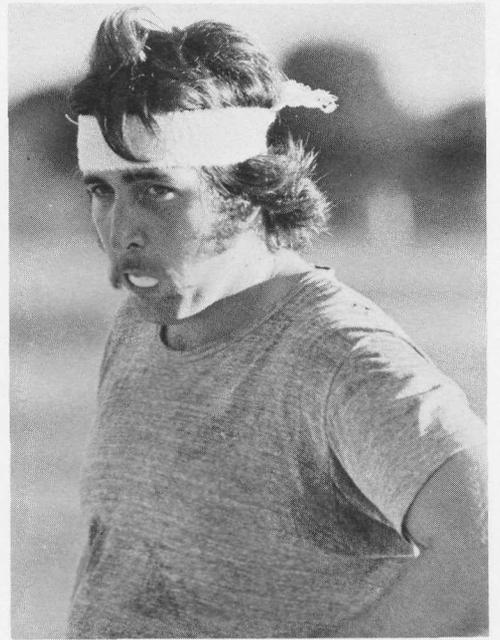
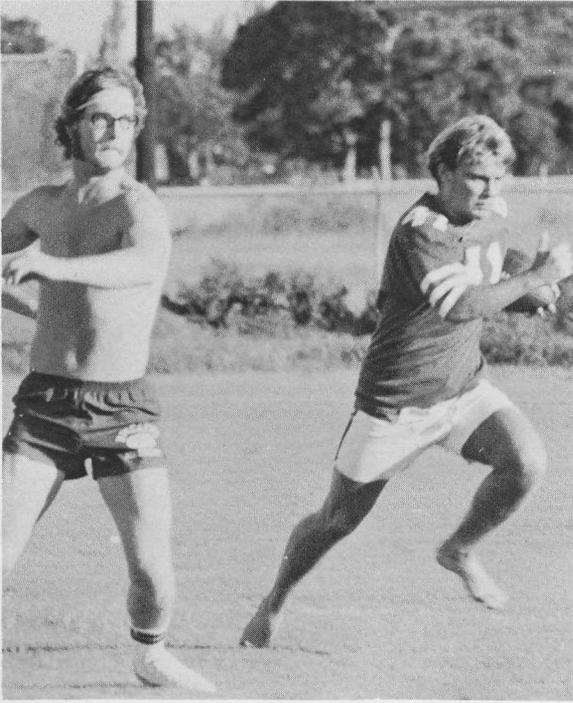
equally filled with the good and the bad,  
i'll always remember the happiness i've had.

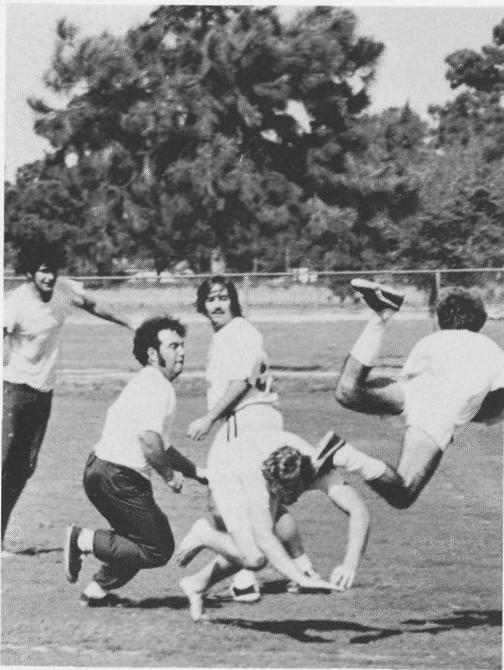
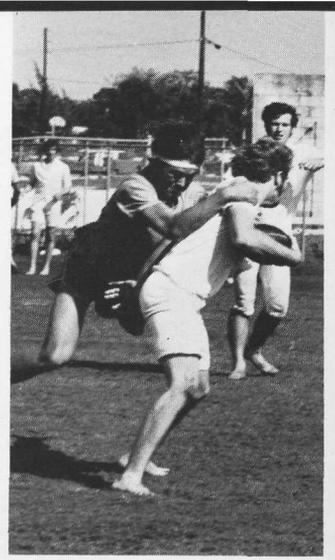
for to live every day to its fullest zest,  
is the only way to peaceful rest.

joe fisher

# INTRAMURAL FOOTBALL









#### STEFANO

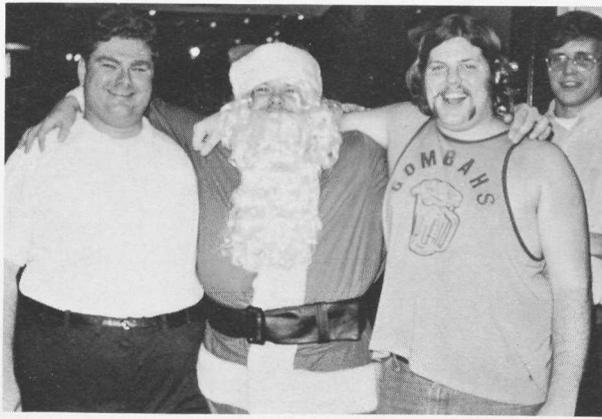
stefano leaned on the schoolyard fence  
that separated him from the other boys,  
he watched them playing at their games  
he heard their loud voices shake the still  
autumn air.

he was unlike the others,  
he didn't have a gray sweat shirt  
or a basketball  
or sneakers with the star on the side  
or those thick socks,  
he spoke with an accent  
and ate foreign food  
and had too many little brothers  
with hollow cheeks  
and hungry eyes,  
he spelled words wrong in class  
and the girls giggled when it was his  
turn to read  
and he wore that faded blue jacket all  
the time . . . . .

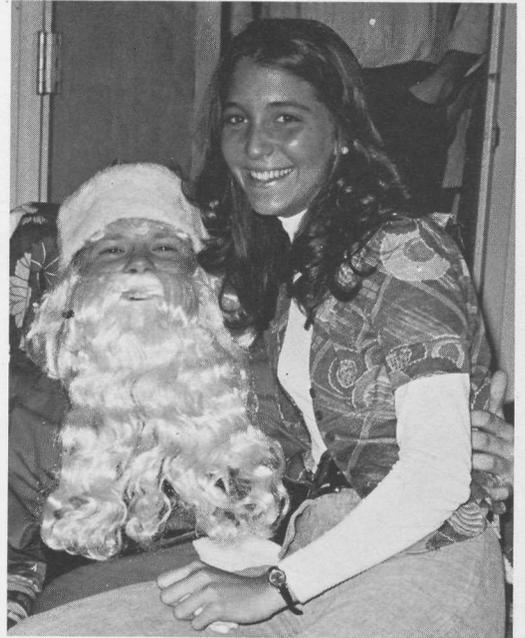
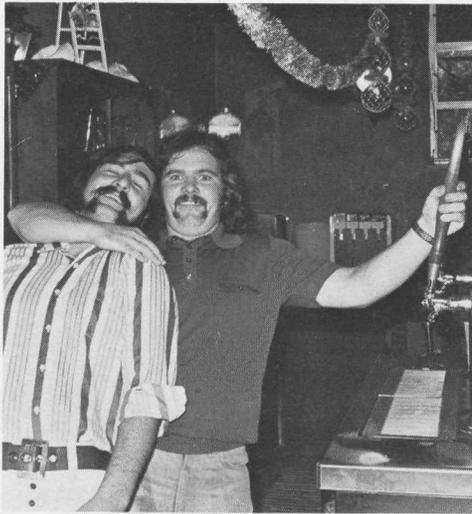
stefano pressed his face to the cold fence  
a final time  
and as he began walking away  
he wished for another self,  
another stefano that wore the same jacket,  
and talked like him  
and looked like him  
and mostly  
cried like him.

bruno iannone

christmas 1972



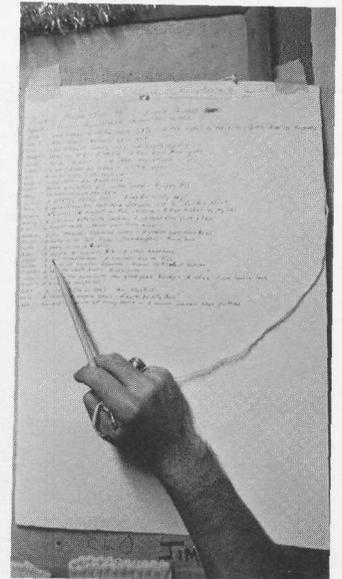
santa comes to the rat!



"tell me bridget, how good were you this year?"

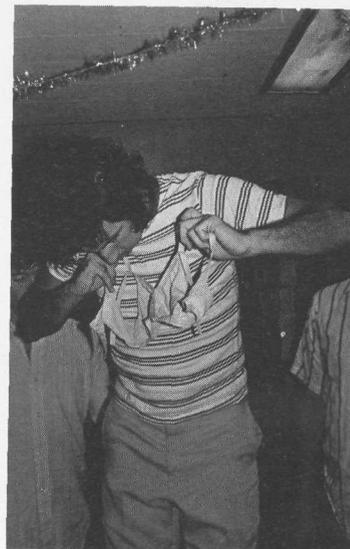


even santa needs a little R&R.

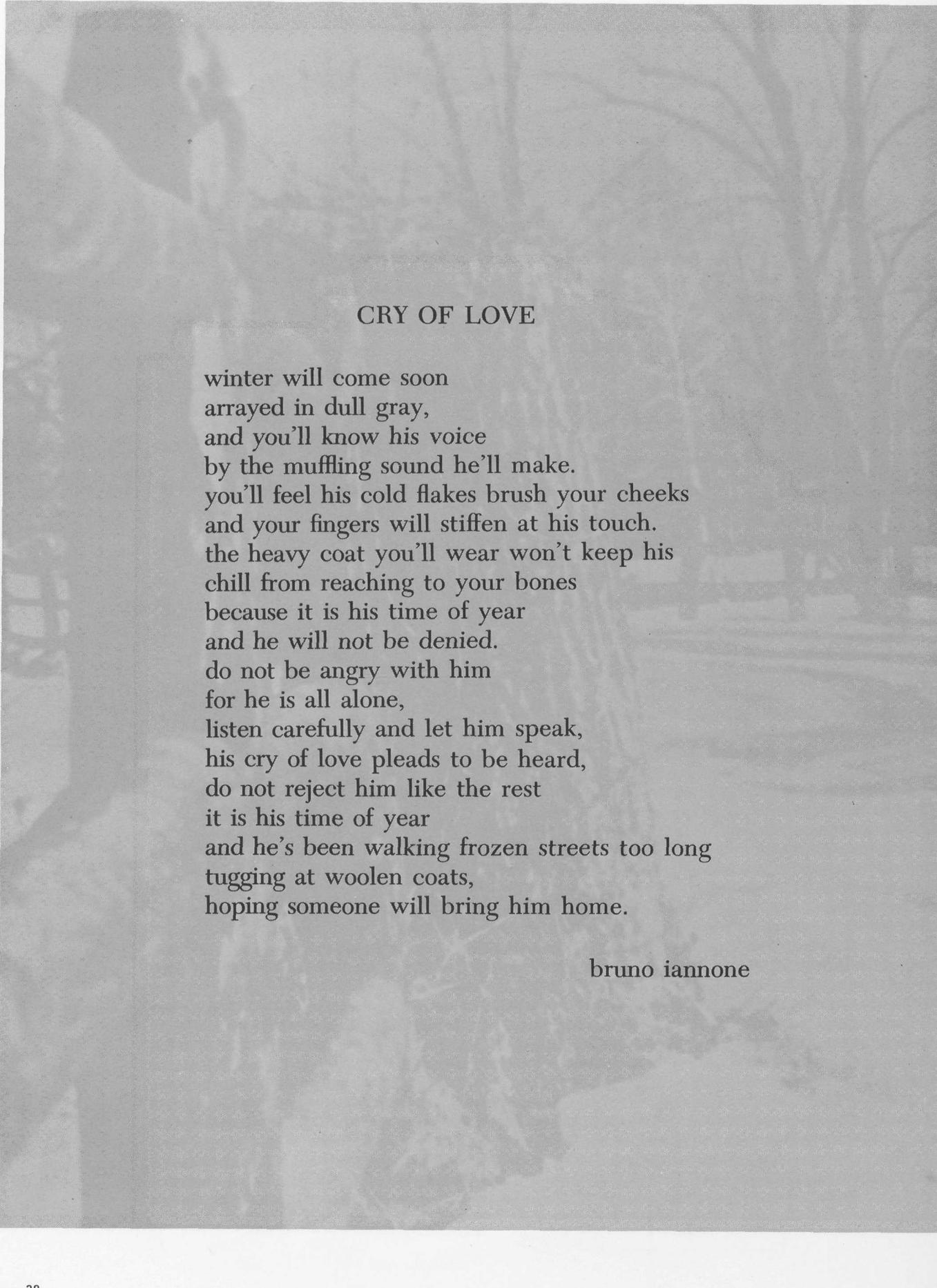


santa's little helpers

senior christmas list



"i think it's dead now!"



## CRY OF LOVE

winter will come soon  
arrayed in dull gray,  
and you'll know his voice  
by the muffling sound he'll make.  
you'll feel his cold flakes brush your cheeks  
and your fingers will stiffen at his touch.  
the heavy coat you'll wear won't keep his  
chill from reaching to your bones  
because it is his time of year  
and he will not be denied.  
do not be angry with him  
for he is all alone,  
listen carefully and let him speak,  
his cry of love pleads to be heard,  
do not reject him like the rest  
it is his time of year  
and he's been walking frozen streets too long  
tugging at woolen coats,  
hoping someone will bring him home.

bruno iannone

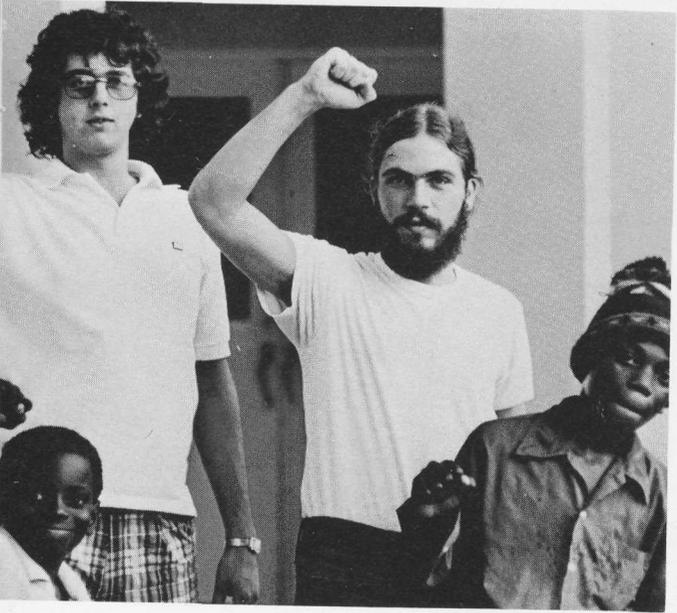
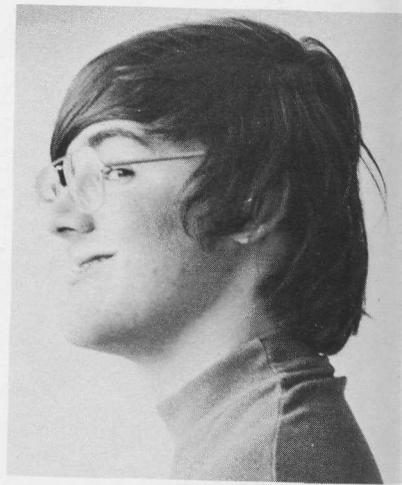
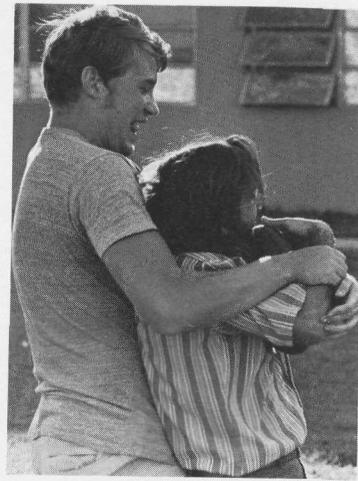
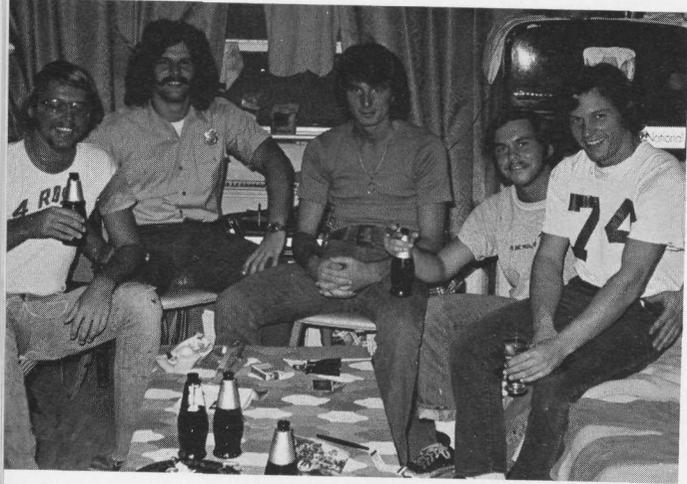
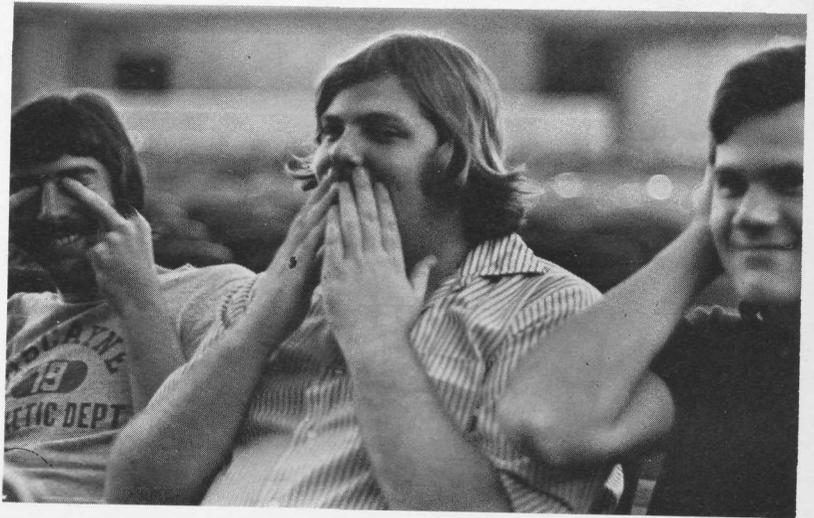
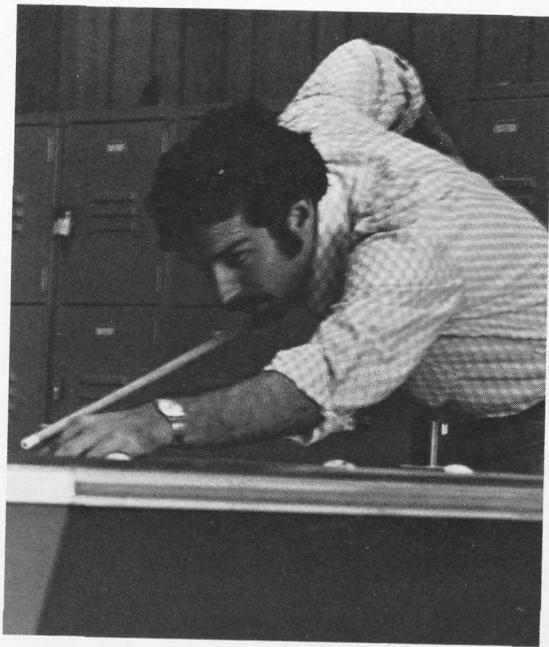


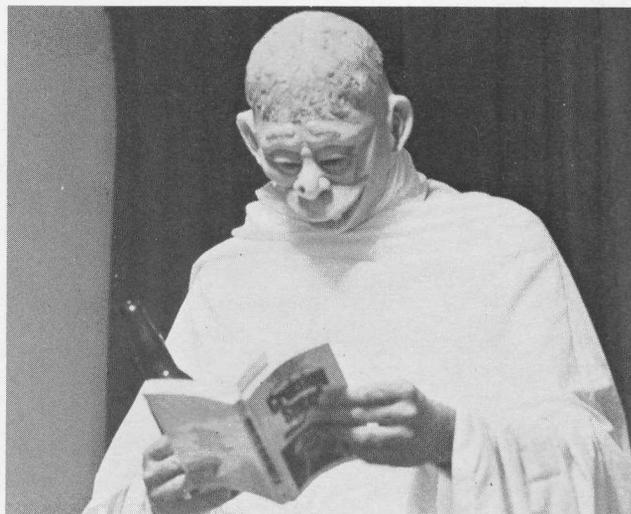
### TONIGHT

tonight there'll be dancing  
with different people  
and records will play  
and many words will be spoken,  
drinks will be spilled  
and there won't be enough pretzels,  
boy will stare at girl  
with anxious eyes  
and there will be beautiful girls  
and girls that have never been kissed,  
many new girlfriends will be found  
with blue eyes  
or brown eyes  
and gentle smiles,  
excited couples will go for walks into a calm night  
as the party hastens to an end,  
music will cease and there will be nothing left to drink,  
and there will be one girl left behind  
to walk home alone  
thinking about the boy who never kissed her  
or held her hand.

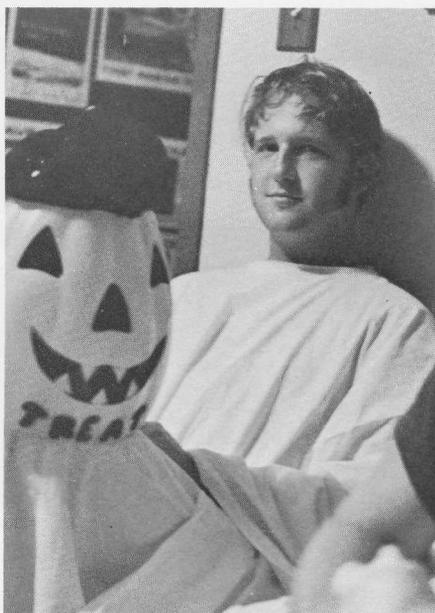
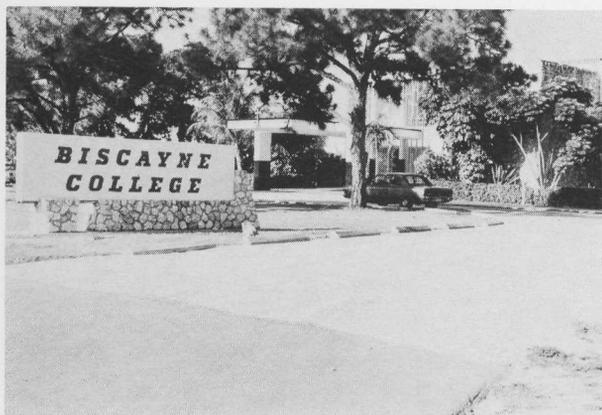
bruno iannone

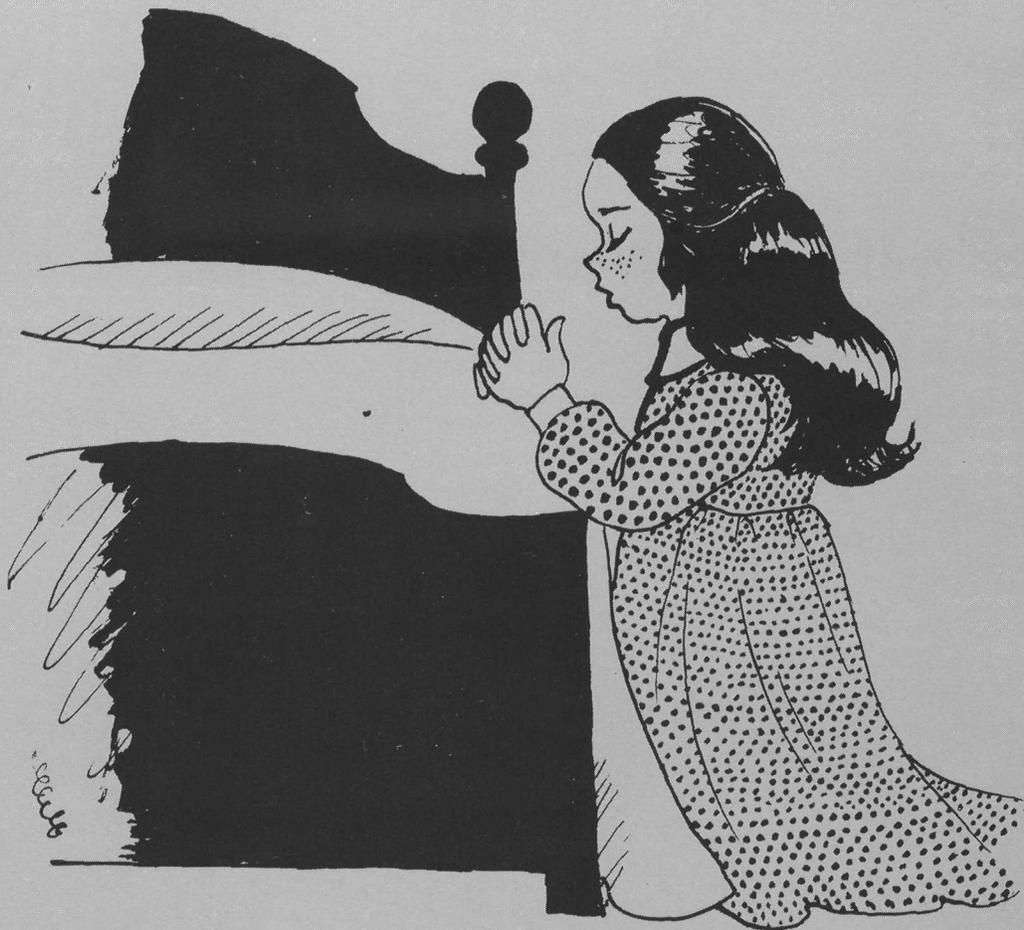






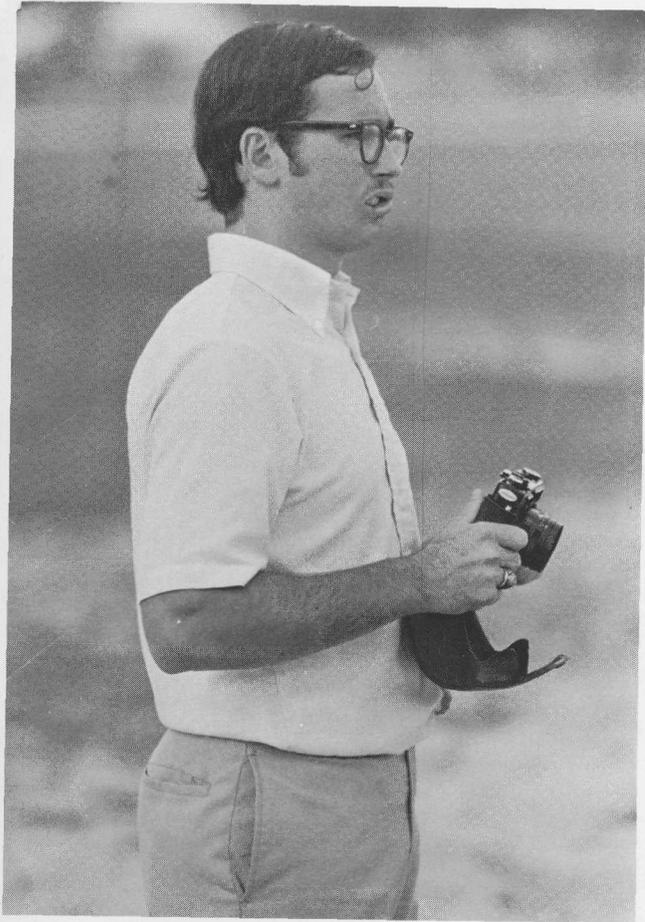
biscayne's changing scene



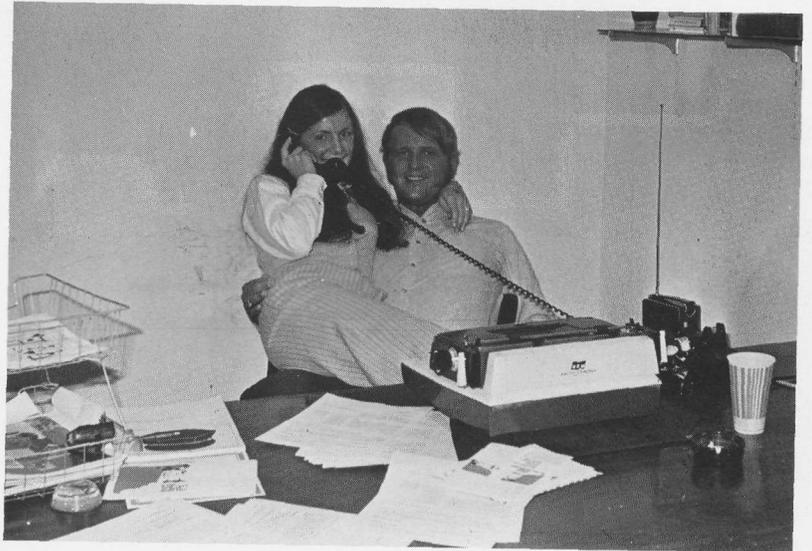


SARA

sara sits near the window  
watching cars rush by in the warm night,  
soon the first one will come  
and she must be ready,  
she puts her daughter to sleep without  
any trouble because she's used  
to going to bed early by now,  
then sara hurries to the mirror to fix her make-up  
thinking about how she took her daughter  
to the 12 o'clock mass this sunday morning  
as she has always done,  
and how they both made the sign of the cross  
with holy water  
and genuflected before sitting in the pew,  
sara taught her to pray the credo  
and bow her head whenever she heard the name  
Jesus  
and they both received the eucharist with  
folded hands,  
she was even complimented by a gray-haired lady  
on the example she set for her daughter,  
sara was proud of herself  
sara believes she was a good mother.  
after putting on her lipstick  
she sat by the window once again  
looking at nothing,  
waiting for the doorbell to ring,  
waiting to lead her first customer silently to her  
bedroom.

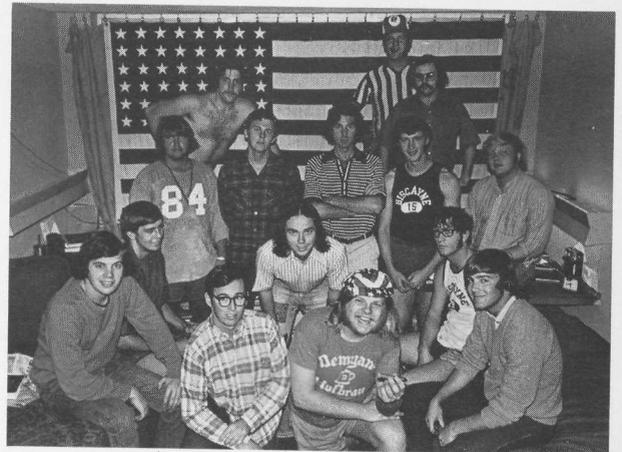
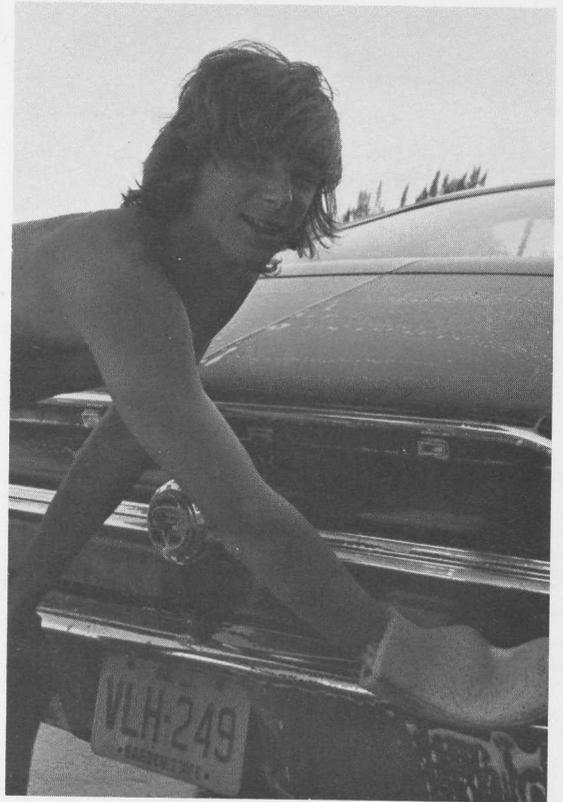
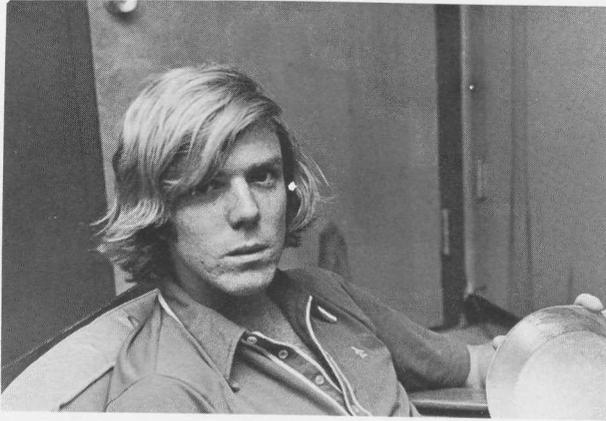
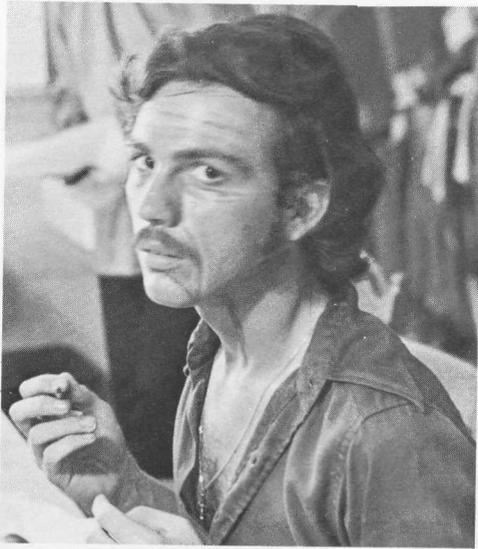


"that new eyeglass cleaner really works!"



"can you hold, the president's tied up right now!"







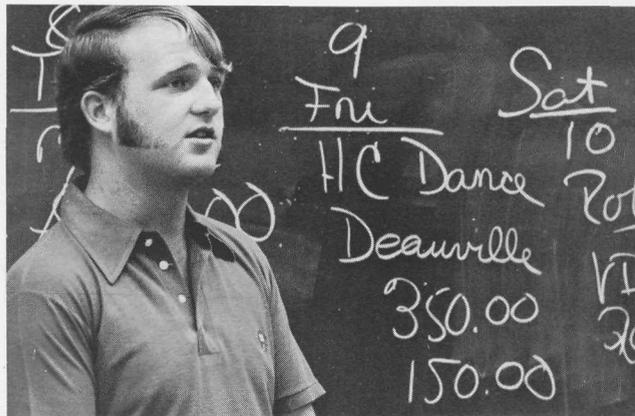
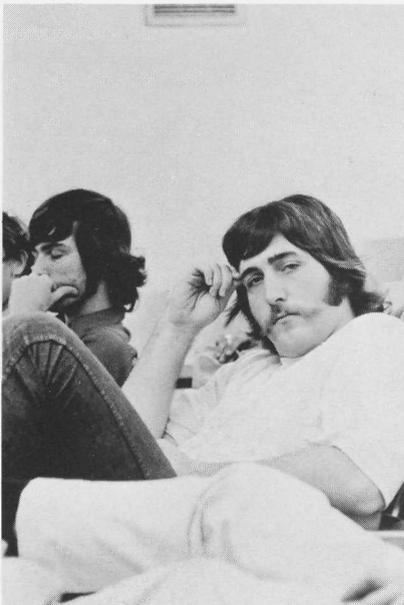
### "THE THREE WISE MEN"

why have all the wise men disappeared,  
now with their blood this land is smeared.  
as i look back i remember what a wise man once said,  
"ask not what your country can do for you, but what you can do instead."  
tyranny and hatred were no longer in dominance,  
for justice and liberty this man brought into prominence.  
but one day thou shalt go over thy slandered slate,  
and be made witness to greed, our indigenous trait.  
this man who tried to quell the unruly melting pot,  
was destined to be marked, its first warning shot.  
for he too had gone out that day ignoring others pleas,  
that he might be susceptible to the nation's #1 disease.  
it was a sickness, like a cancer it climbed,  
to the top of the depository, and struck him from behind.  
there was to be no second chance, nor possible reprieve,  
yet all that had happened seemed too horrible to believe,  
people began to ask themselves, how could one man have done  
what previously whole armies had failed to do, he did with a single gun.  
when police were everywhere, and security was so tight,  
how was it that so many overlooked such a protruding sight.  
afterwards of course, everyone was saying,  
with this man's trial there'll be no delaying.  
but you see, he would never live to take that stand,  
for it was the law of a talon that triggered jack ruby's hand.  
now it came to pass, after these sorrowful deeds,  
that another wise man was to plant his seeds.  
though his skin would be of different shade,  
this black man's message had been formerly laid.  
yet again the fungus was to be injected,  
but this time a southern governor was suspected.  
this wise man too, had a dream about to be fulfilled,  
when on a dark night in memphis a sniper's bullet killed.  
after all this bloodshed, still there came another,  
one last wise man, who had lost his brother.  
he knew well of the strife that his predecessors had fought,  
for it was a philosophy of peace, on which that he had thought.  
gradually he gained a following and became well known,  
and he had just received acceptance 1,000 miles from home.  
when once again, sent forth was the parasite,  
this time to strike on his victory night.  
you see, to this germ, like the other two he was too able,  
it was he therefore, an enemy of the people they did label.  
thus ends the story of the three wise men,  
at least now they are all together again.

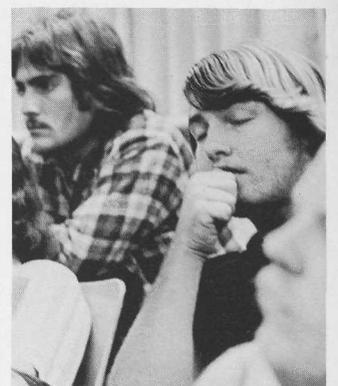
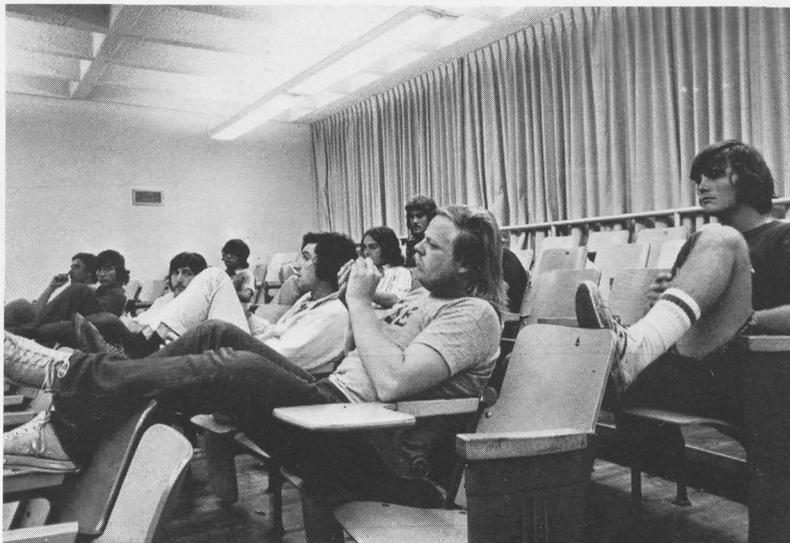
# STUDENT GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION



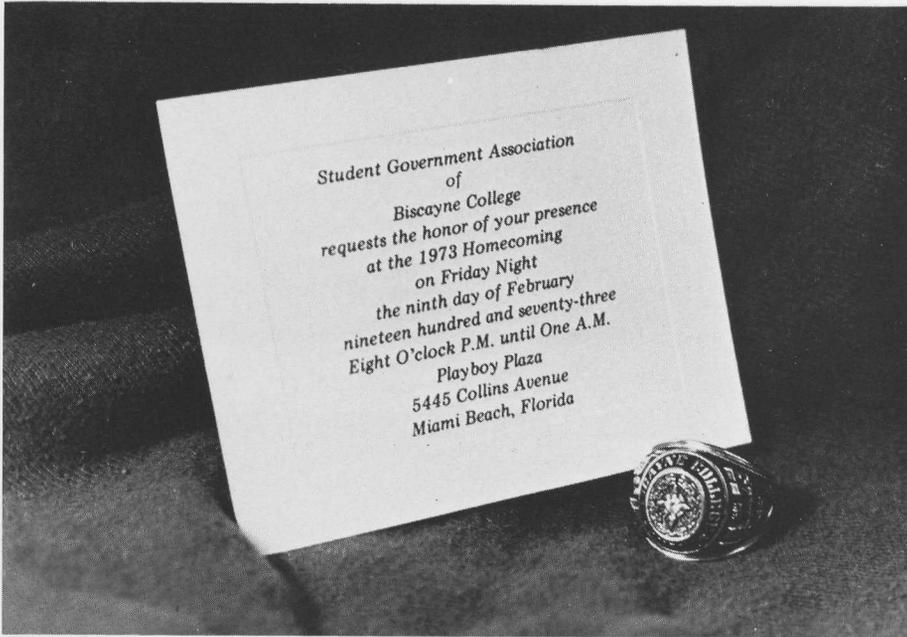
tom lynch, joe hinderhofer, james macdougall o.s.a., john o'connor, mickey mcdermott, bud rafter



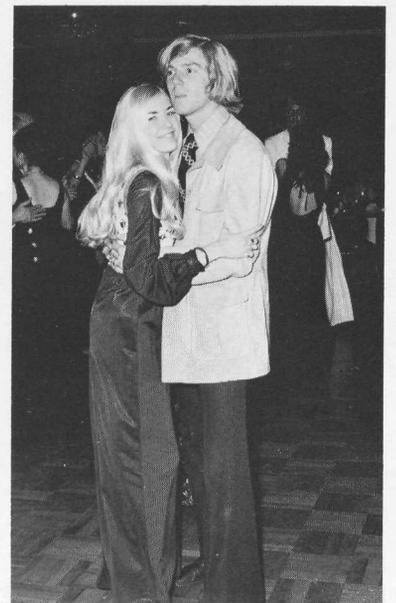
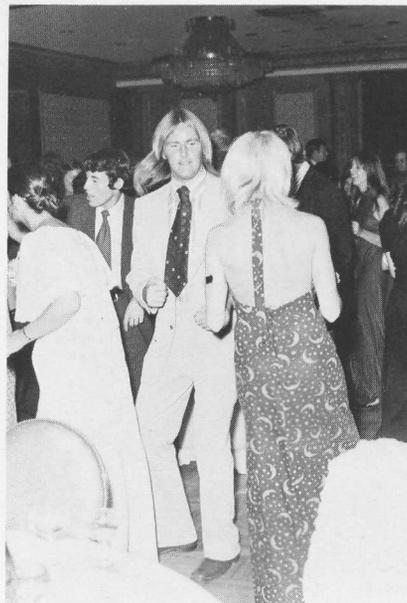
mark garrett o.s.a., s.g.a.  
good guy



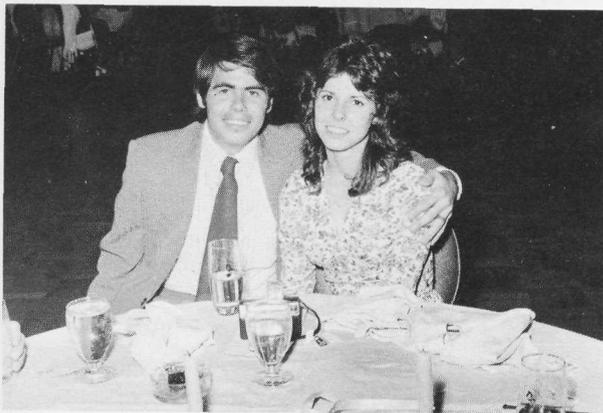
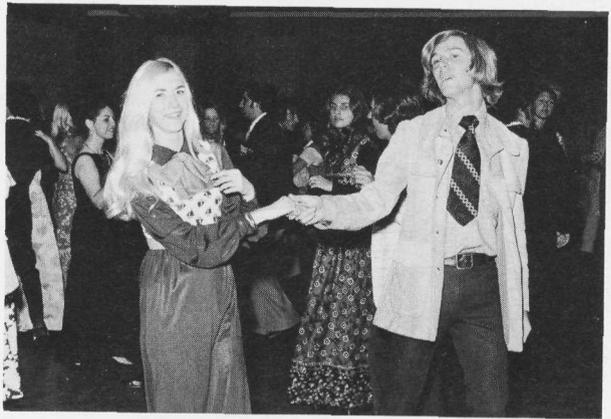
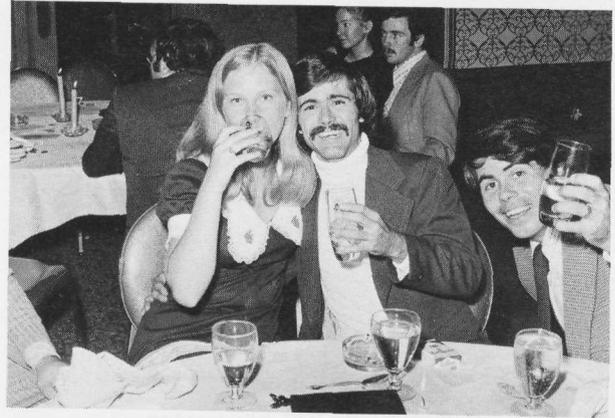
s.g.a. presents  
homecoming 1973

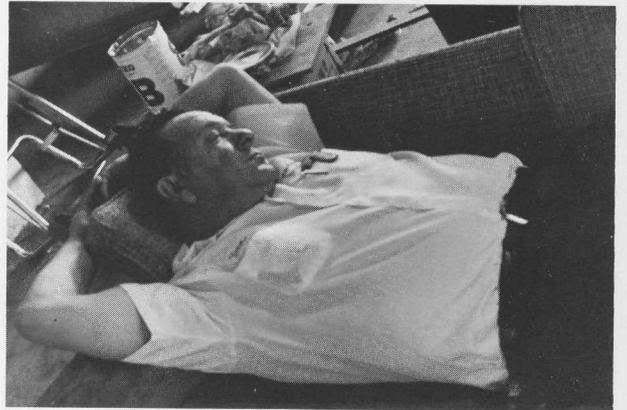
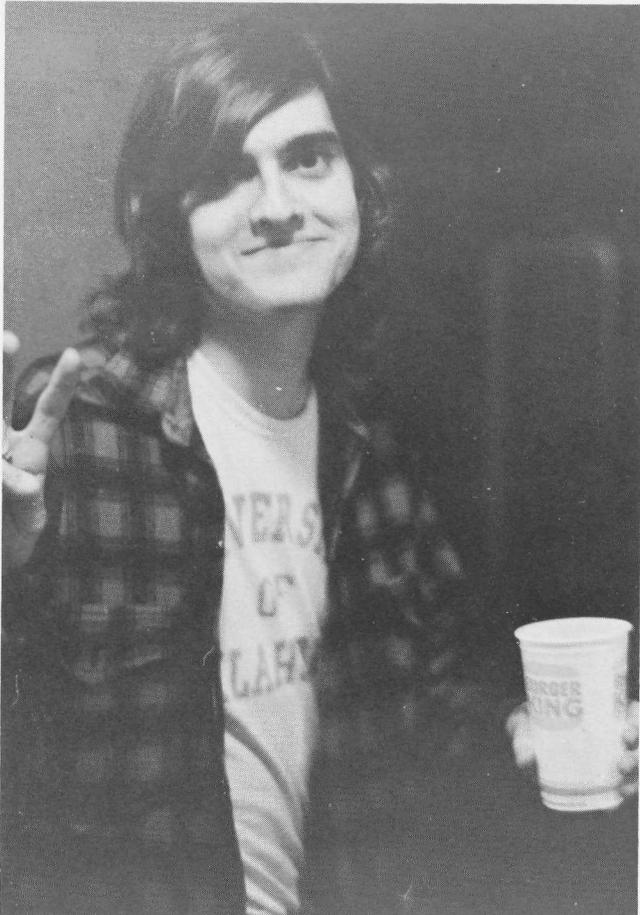
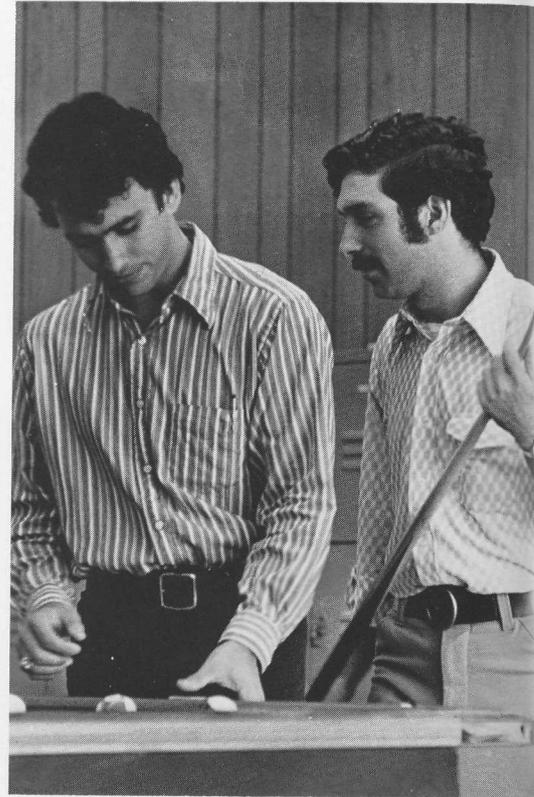


archie and edith's night out.





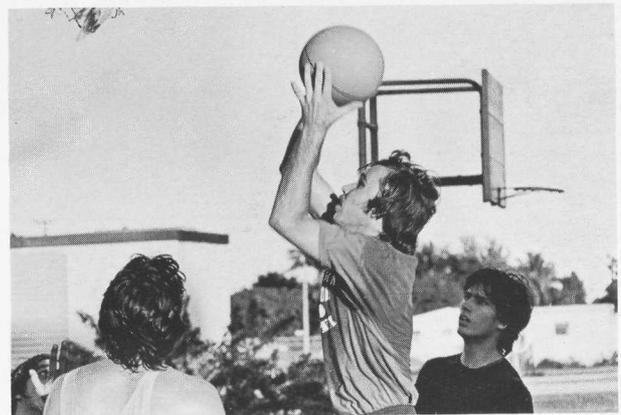
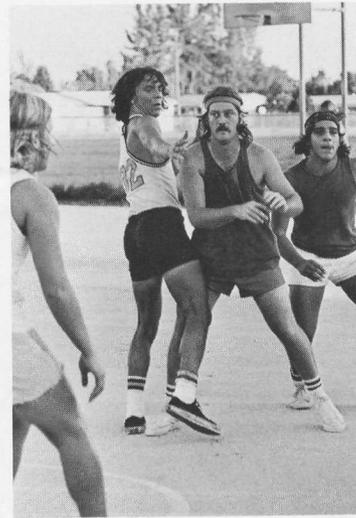




# INTRAMURAL BASKETBALL



THE COMBAHS





“we are two children”

we are two children

caught in dreams,

wandering with bright balloons;

we speak with children’s glances

that no one understands;

we are two kites on loose strings,

earthly fingers cannot hold us

only the winds of life contain us

as we soar on children’s song;

we are two spirits high on sunbeam wine,

laughing and dancing, making love to life;

we drink its raindrops, and hide from time’s truant

officer—

naively searching for celestial playgrounds;

we are babes enamored of a dream,

harken to our laughter in the clouds!

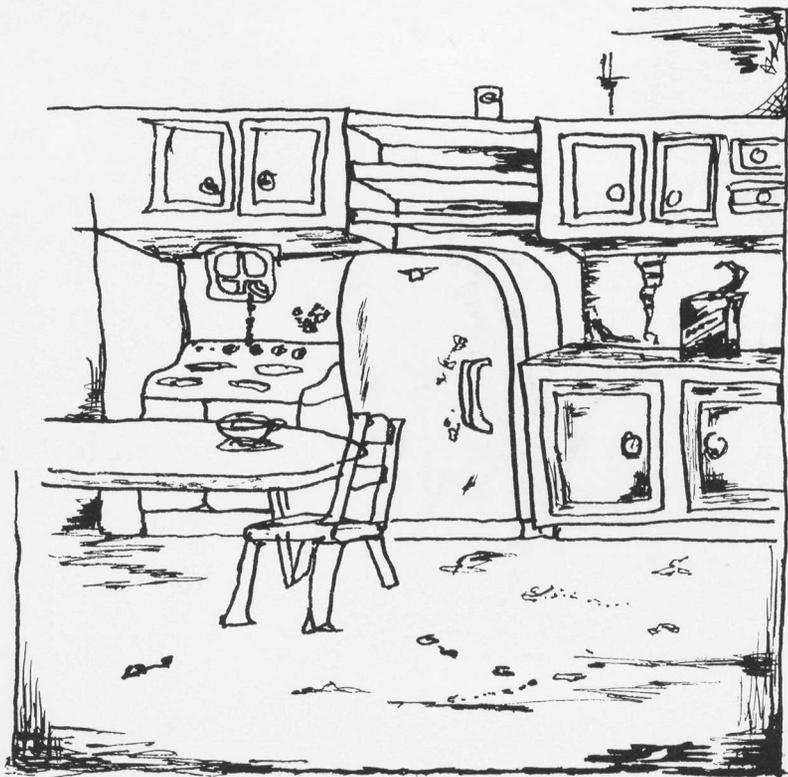
gail blount

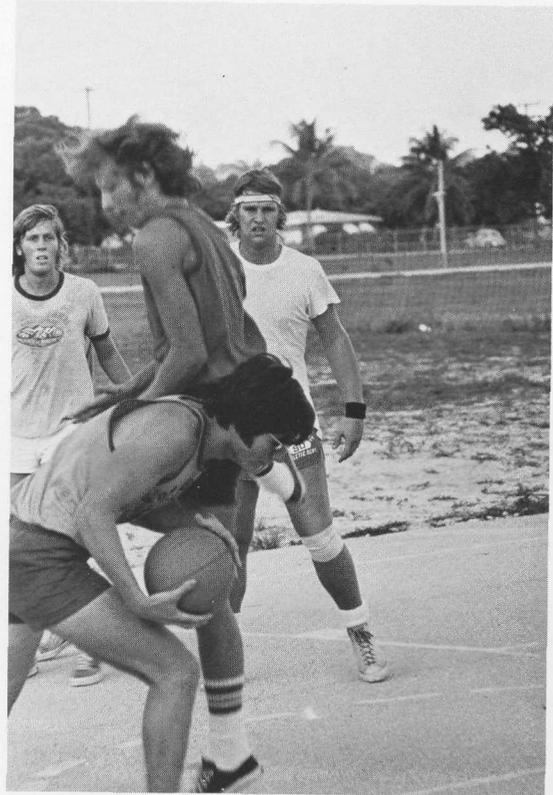
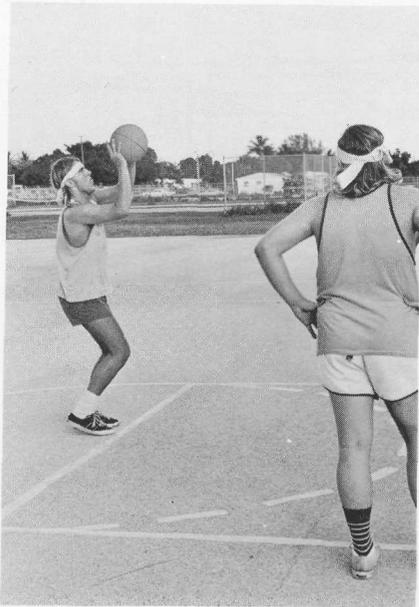
barry college

luciano

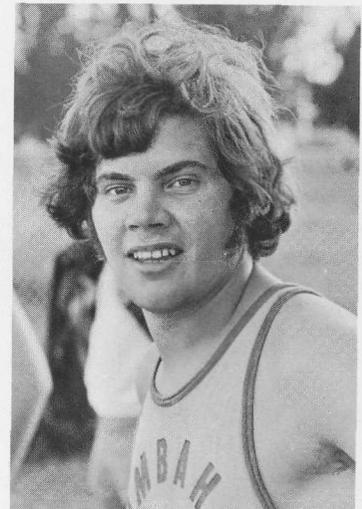
it was a typical december day,  
windy and cold  
with frost lining the kitchen window  
and yellow lights brightening the street  
below,  
luciano sat with his back to the wall  
sipping the hot coffee his mother just made.  
he felt the loneliness of the room touching  
him again,  
but he had promised himself that he would  
not  
let that bother him today,  
today was his eighteenth birthday,  
today he would try to be happy.  
his mother finished cleaning the few dishes  
and walked to her bedroom in silence  
he heard her footsteps creaking over the cracked  
floor and longed for the day when they would  
finally leave this place,  
leave the wretched smells of the alleys nearby,  
leave the halls infested with rats  
and the dampness and cold . . . ,  
ah—no use thinking of that now,  
today was his eighteenth birthday,  
today he would try to be happy.  
his mother came back to the kitchen  
and for a long time she stared at him  
through small black eyes suddenly bursting  
into tears as she would so often do,  
and luciano would take her small body in  
his arms reassuring her that things would get  
better,  
and smiling he'd kiss her  
and put her to bed trying to soothe her sadness,  
then he'd walk back to the kitchen to finish  
his coffee  
feeling the loneliness engulfing him once again  
forgetting that  
today was his eighteenth birthday  
today he promised himself he would  
try to be happy.

bruno iannone





tom briola  
trainer-player-coach

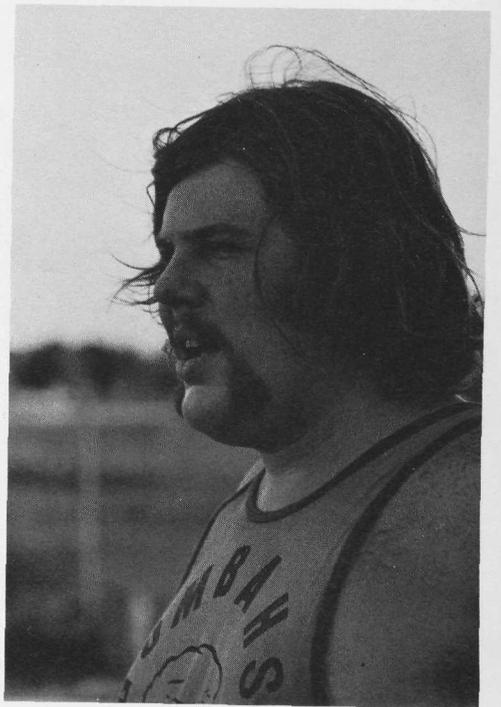
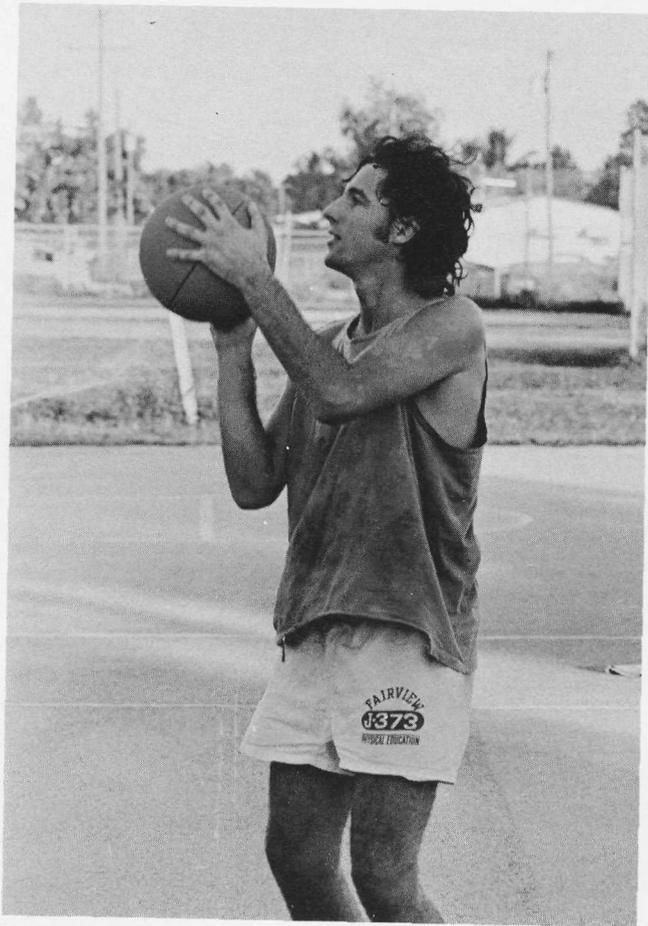
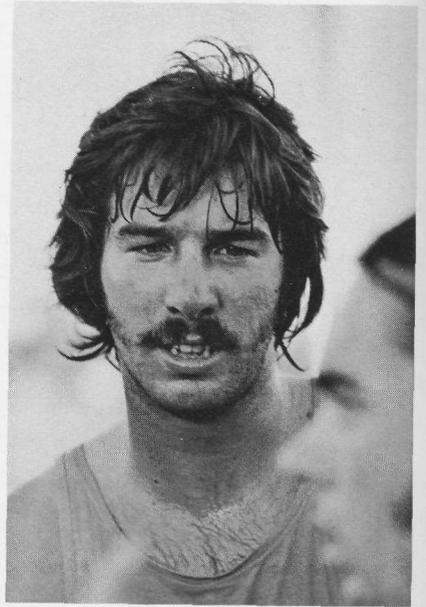


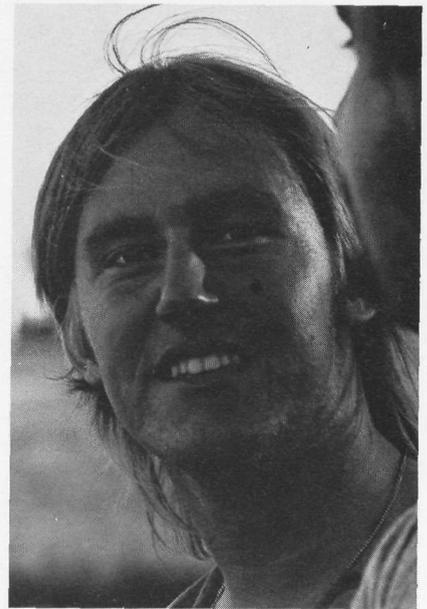
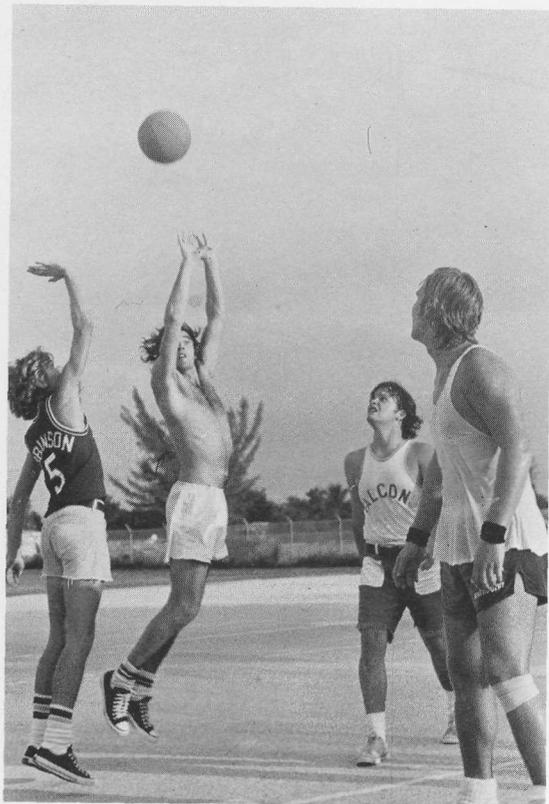
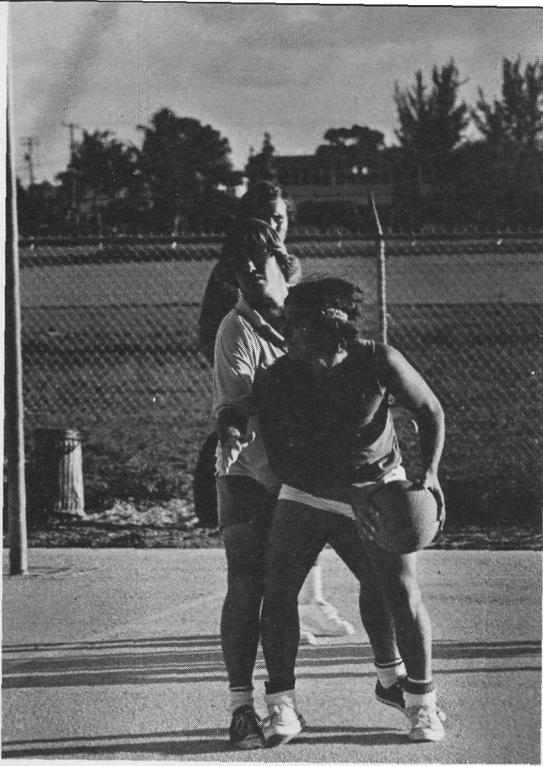
if one had to choose the most unique team involved in intramural basketball here at bis-cayne, it could be none other than the smooth, articulate gomba team.

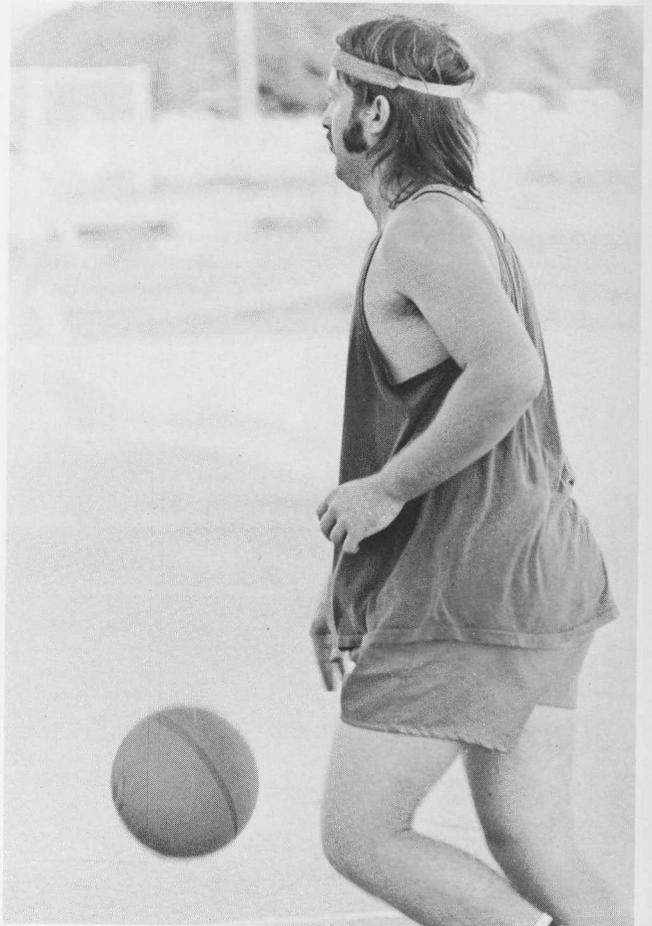
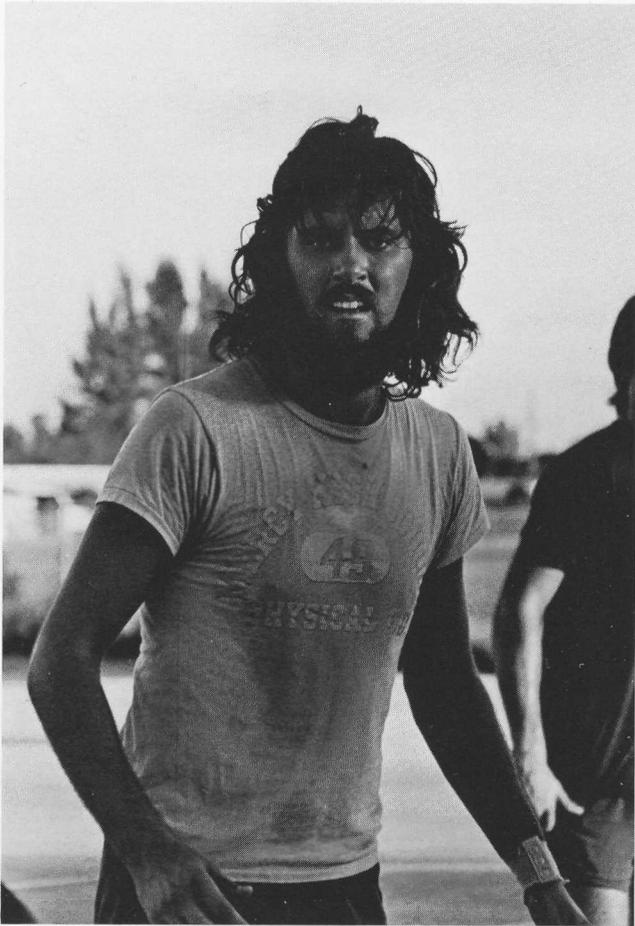
after a clean record of no wins in the past three years, the gomba team suffered an upset . . . they won a game! the quick, adept gom-bas, pound for pound, are truly unmatched in talent and basketball "know-how".

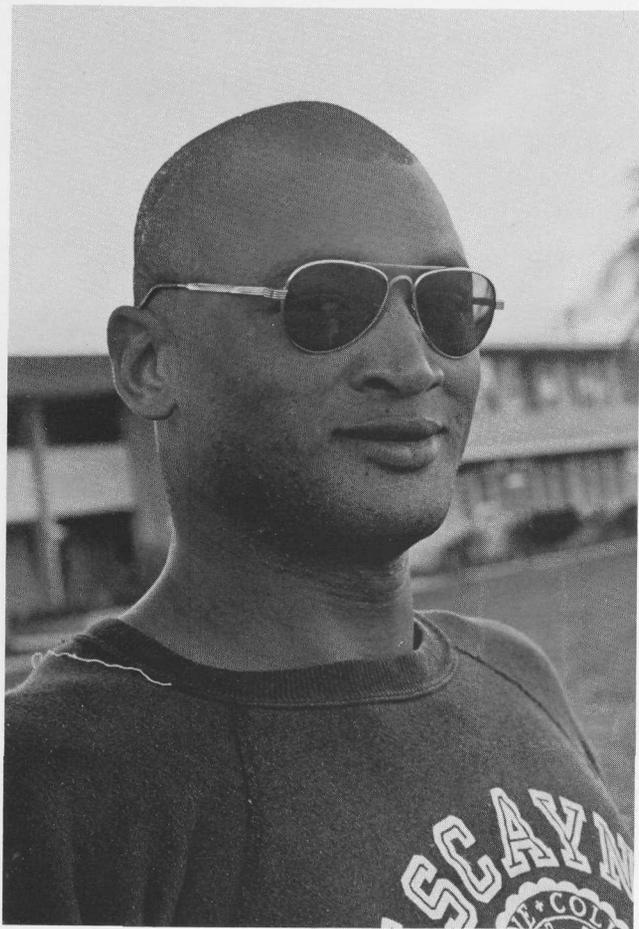
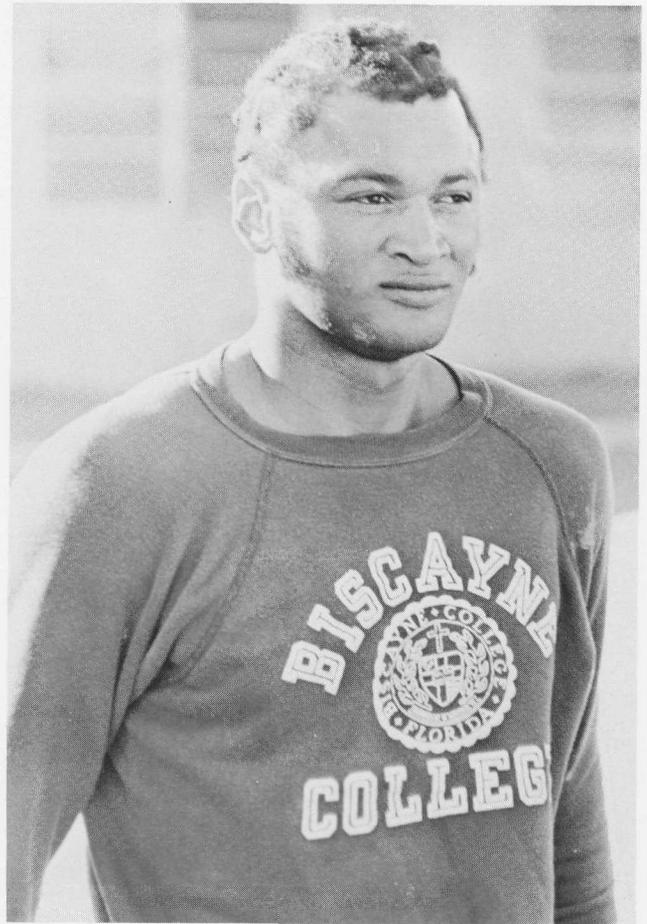
the gomba team has split up now, but the memories of their bright yellow jerseys buldg-ing on the sunlit courts will remain in the mind of their fan forever—whoever that may be.

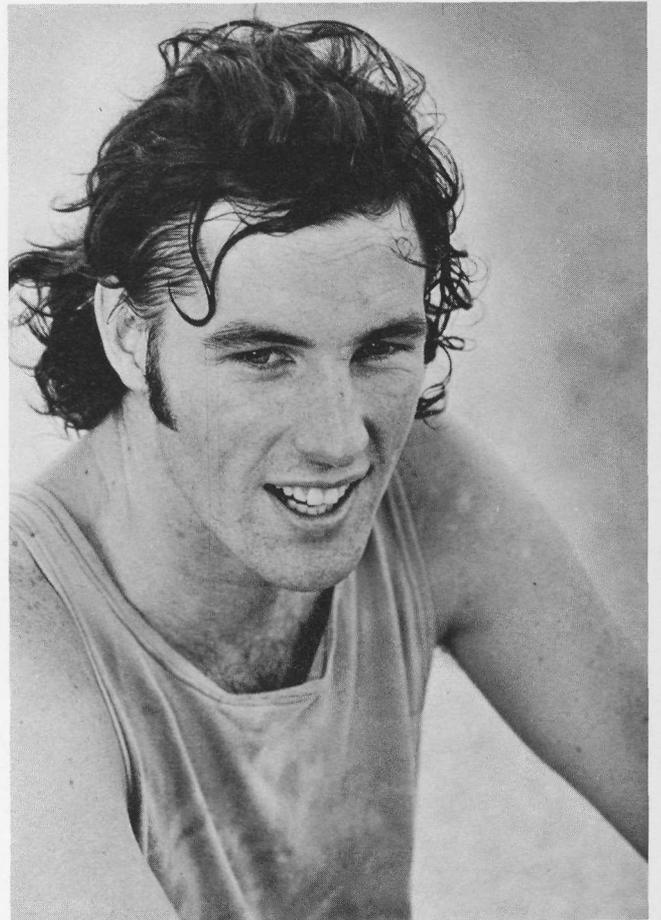


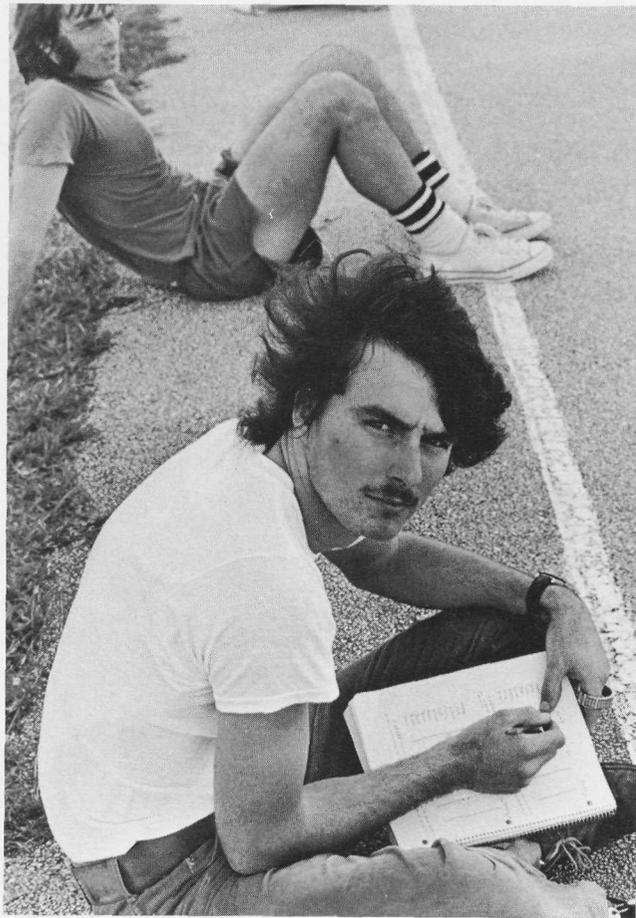


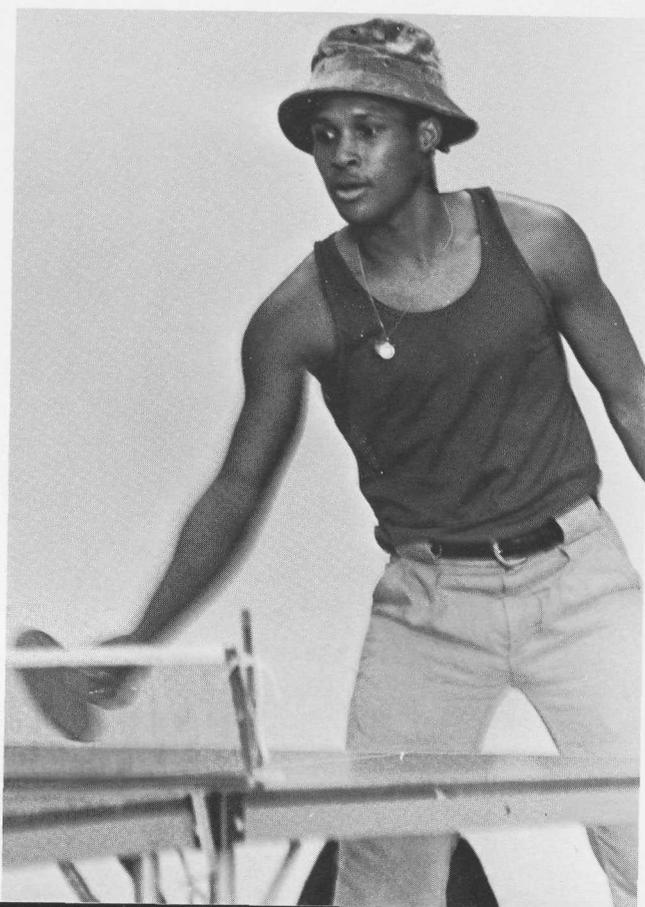
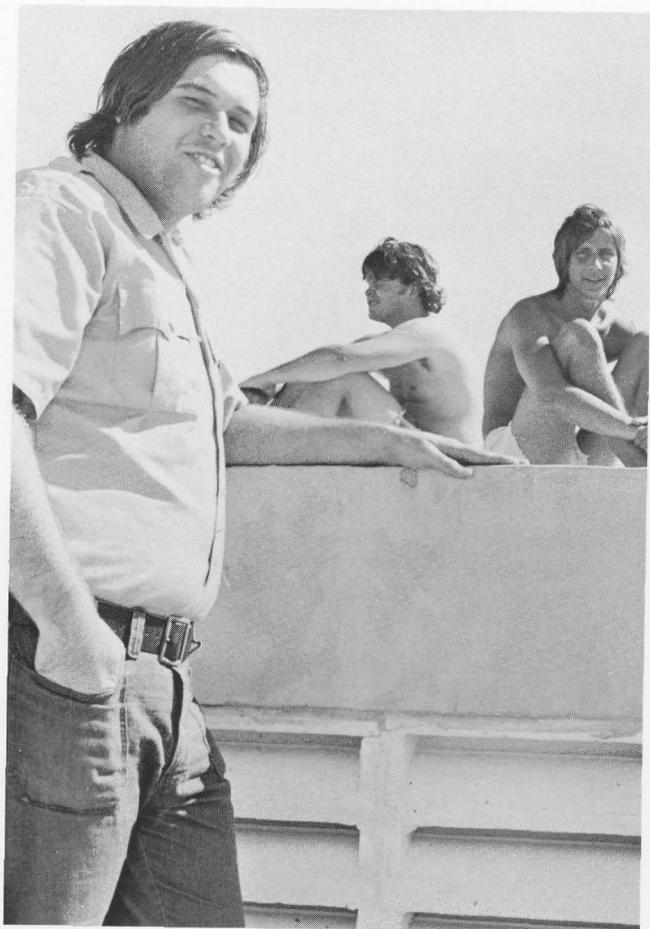


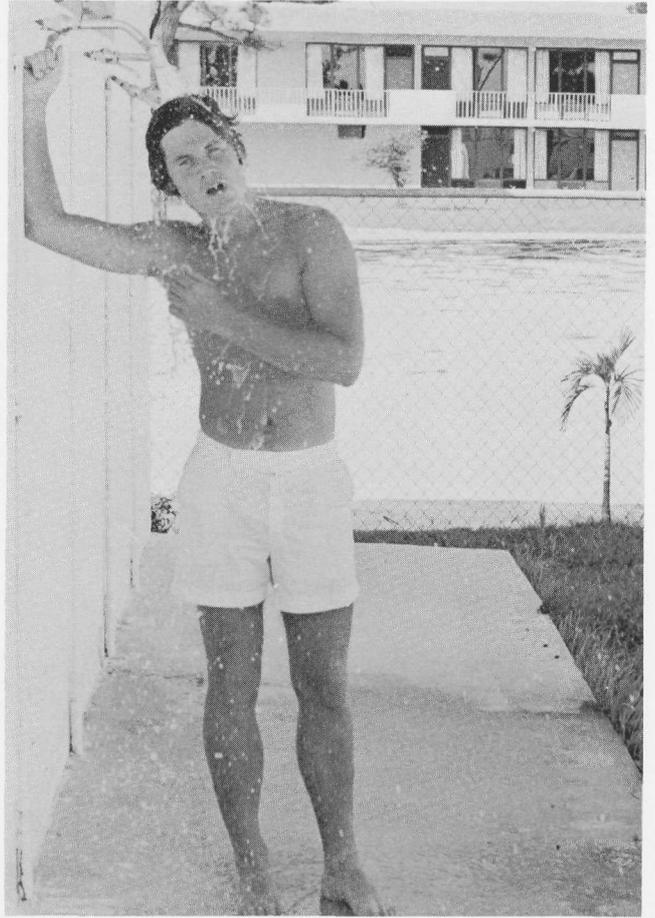
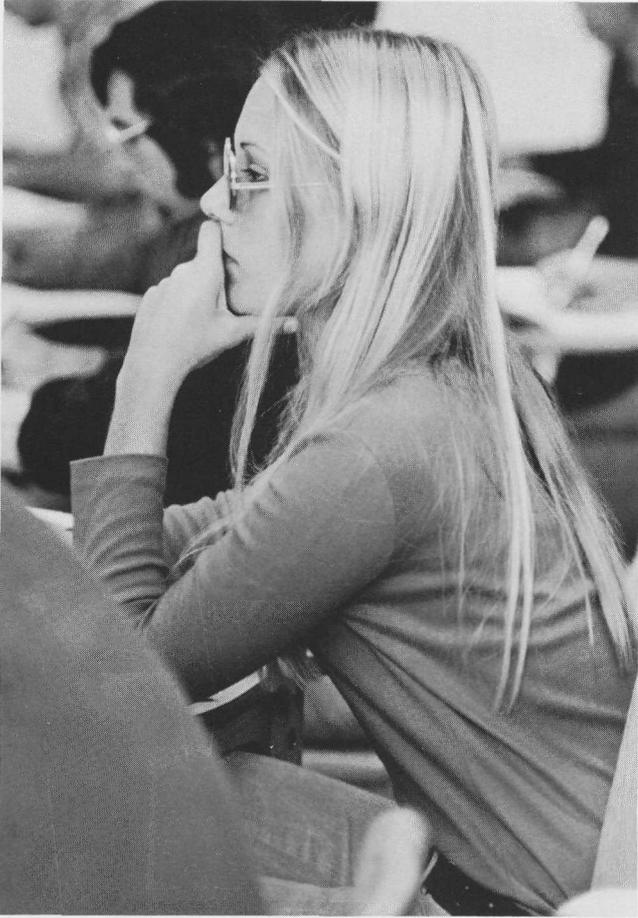


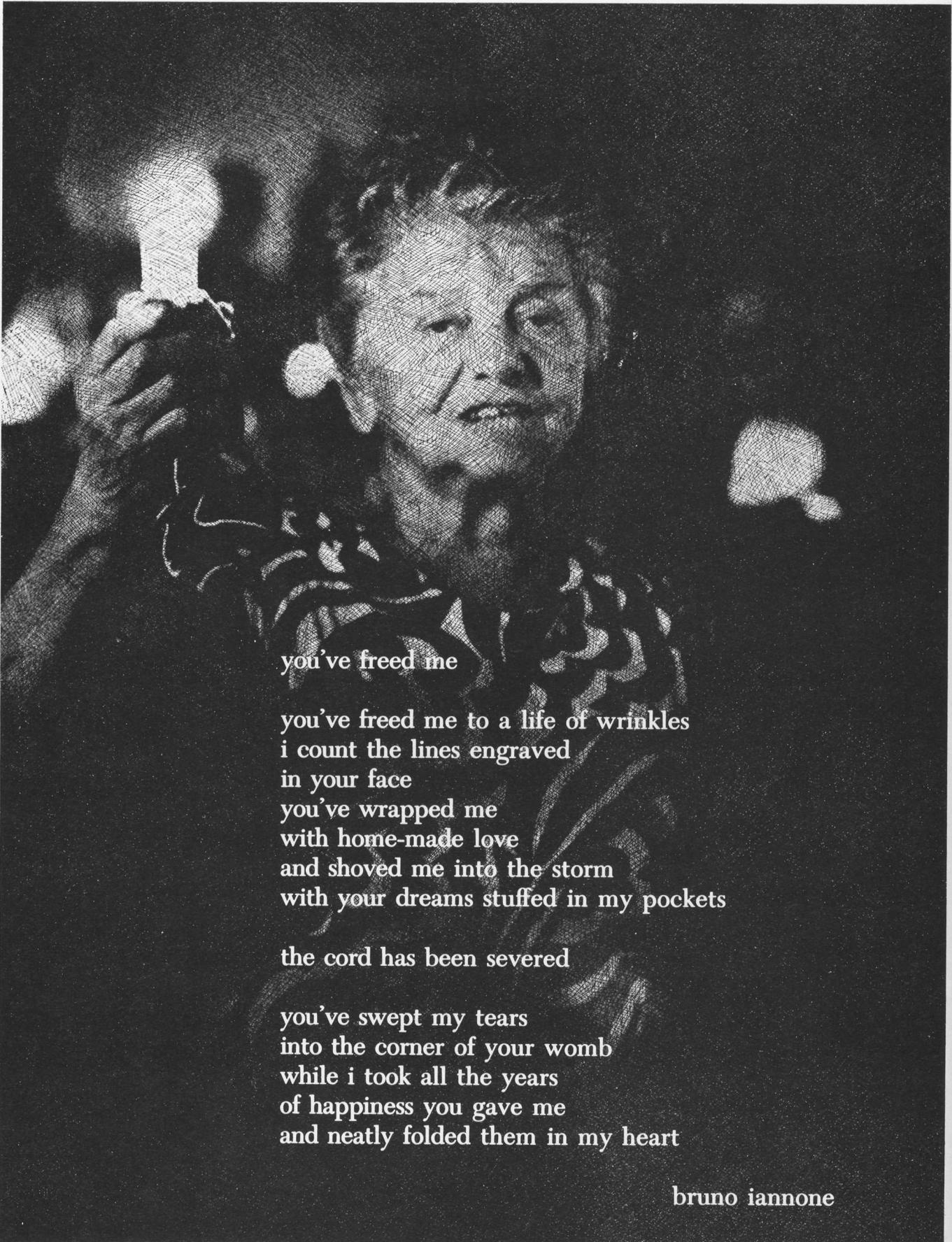












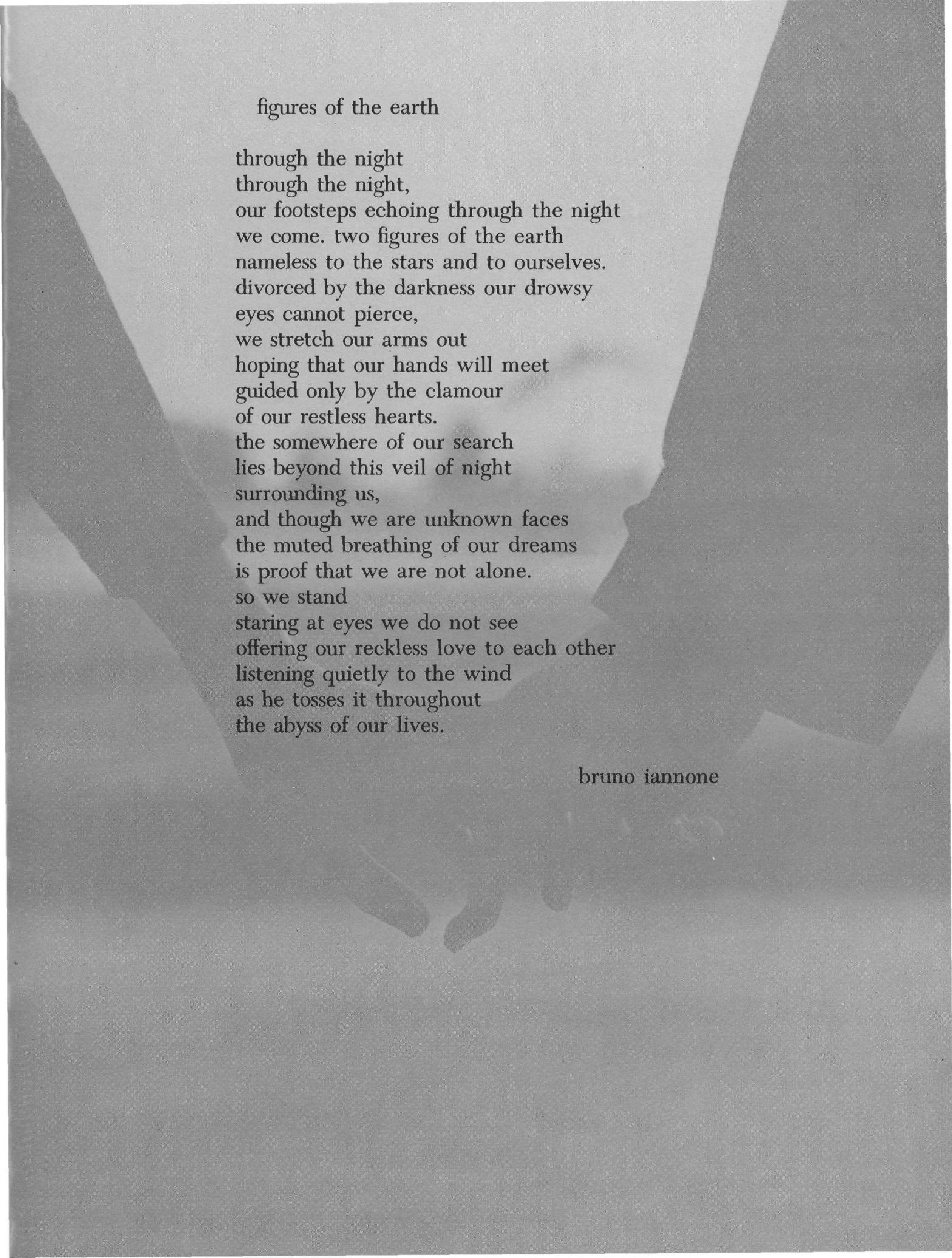
you've freed me

you've freed me to a life of wrinkles  
i count the lines engraved  
in your face  
you've wrapped me  
with home-made love  
and shoved me into the storm  
with your dreams stuffed in my pockets

the cord has been severed

you've swept my tears  
into the corner of your womb  
while i took all the years  
of happiness you gave me  
and neatly folded them in my heart

bruno iannone

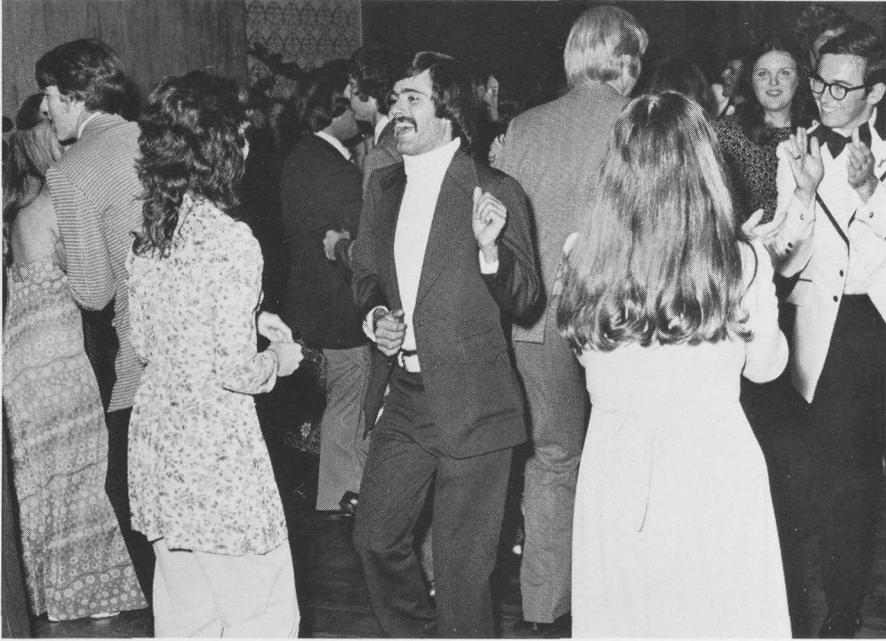


figures of the earth

through the night  
through the night,  
our footsteps echoing through the night  
we come. two figures of the earth  
nameless to the stars and to ourselves.  
divorced by the darkness our drowsy  
eyes cannot pierce,  
we stretch our arms out  
hoping that our hands will meet  
guided only by the clamour  
of our restless hearts.  
the somewhere of our search  
lies beyond this veil of night  
surrounding us,  
and though we are unknown faces  
the muted breathing of our dreams  
is proof that we are not alone.  
so we stand  
staring at eyes we do not see  
offering our reckless love to each other  
listening quietly to the wind  
as he tosses it throughout  
the abyss of our lives.

bruno iannone

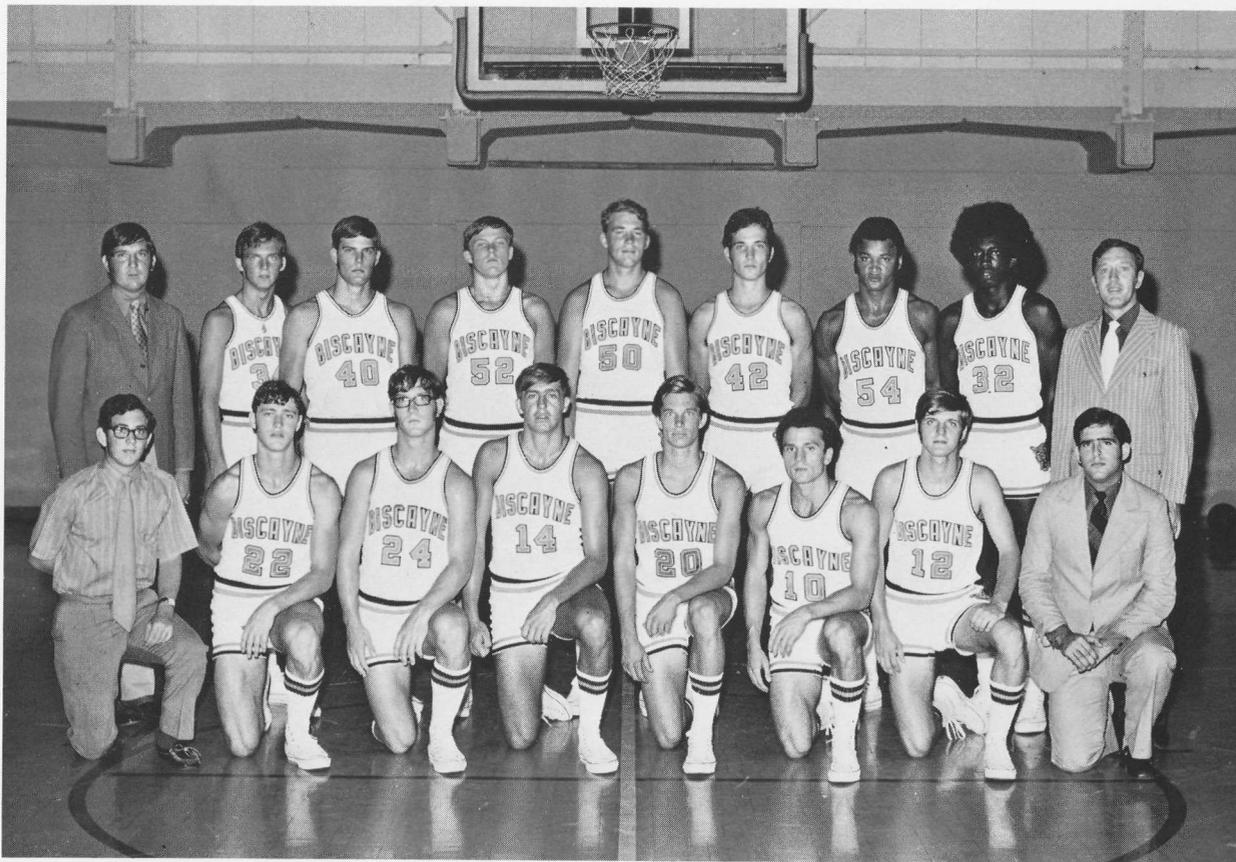




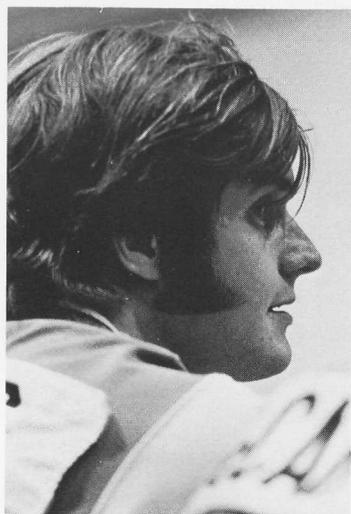


# SPORTS

# BOBCAT BASKETBALL



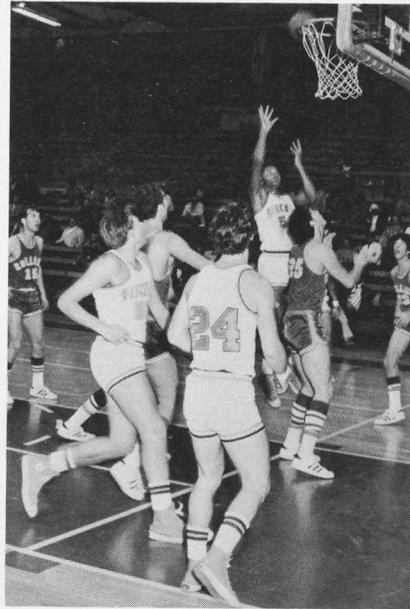
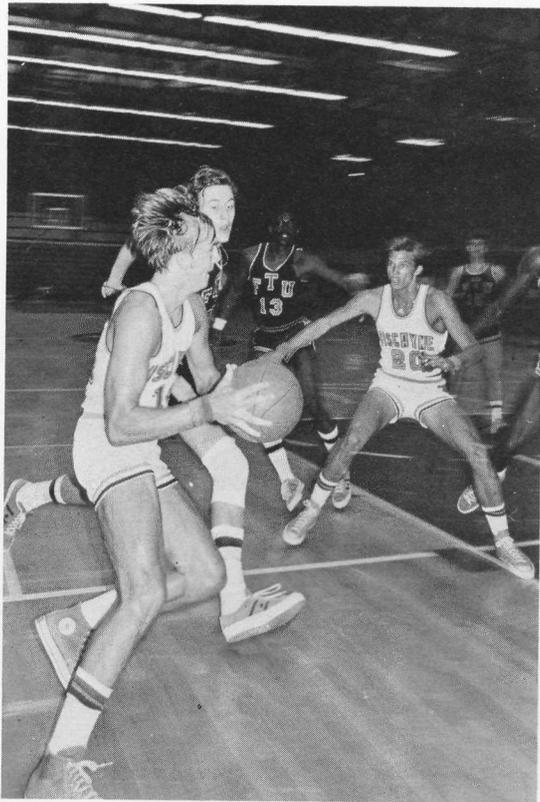
back row: john fairclough ass't coach, herbert mcgrath, ron nentwig, ed zukowski, ken tanke, jim stewart, dave lawyer, arthur collins, coach ken stibler. front row: jim gionfrido, roddy mccarthy, rick haas, jim mccloud, bill sheppard, bruno ianone, mark bratus, lorenzo valdivia.

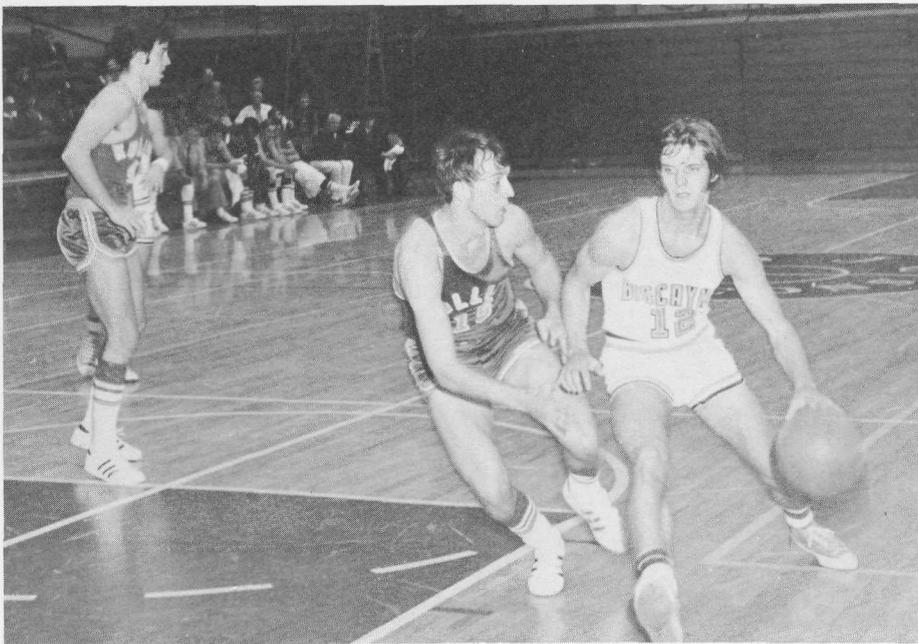
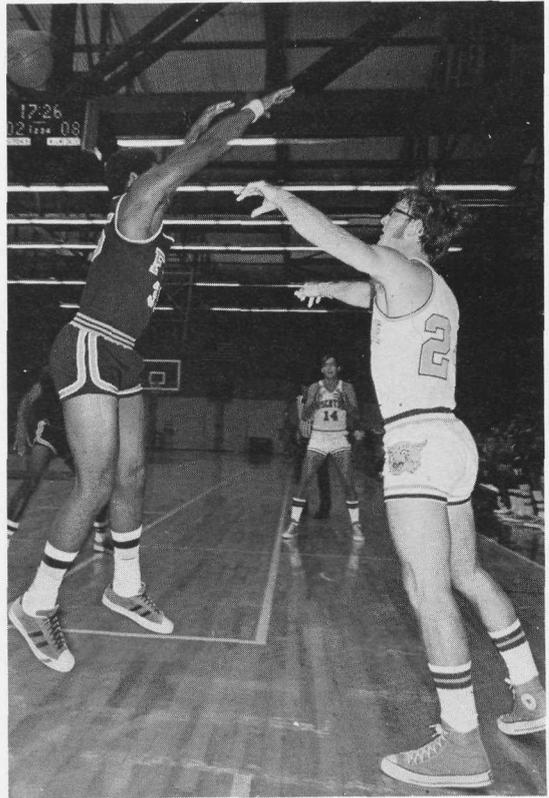
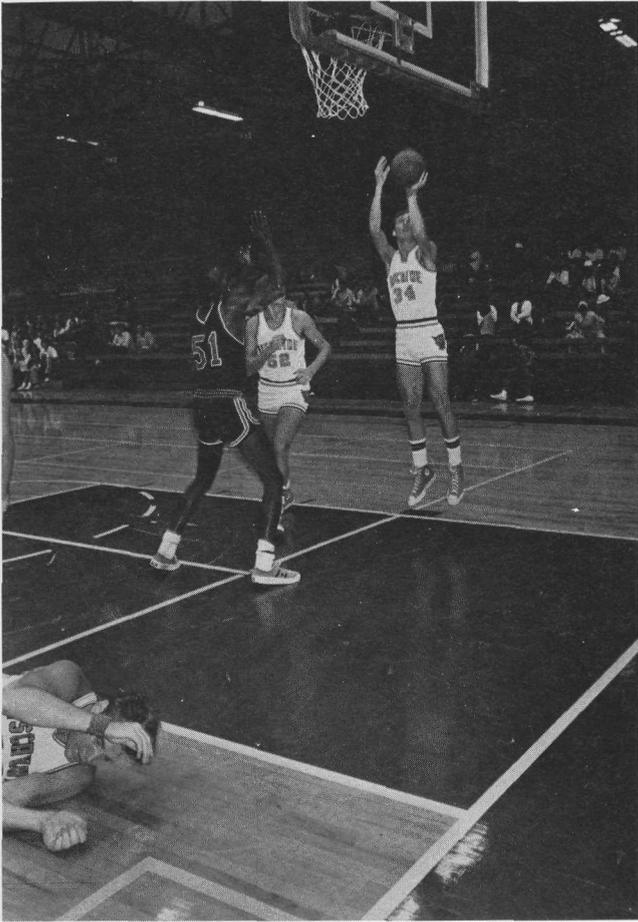


# JUNIOR VARSITY BASKETBALL



back row: reggie johnson, doug archer, mike lemm, jack knowlton, front row: hubert woodard, tom gulick, bob d'arco, warren brown, coach john fairclough.

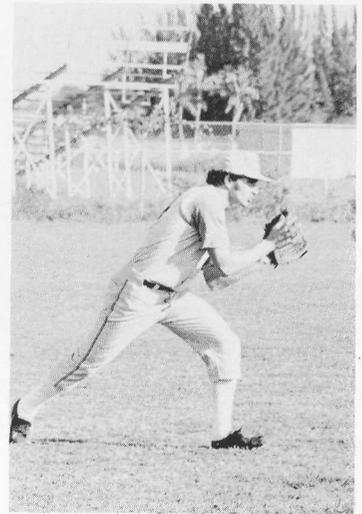
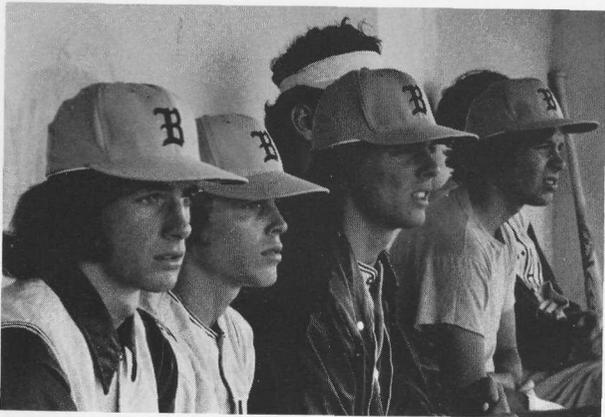
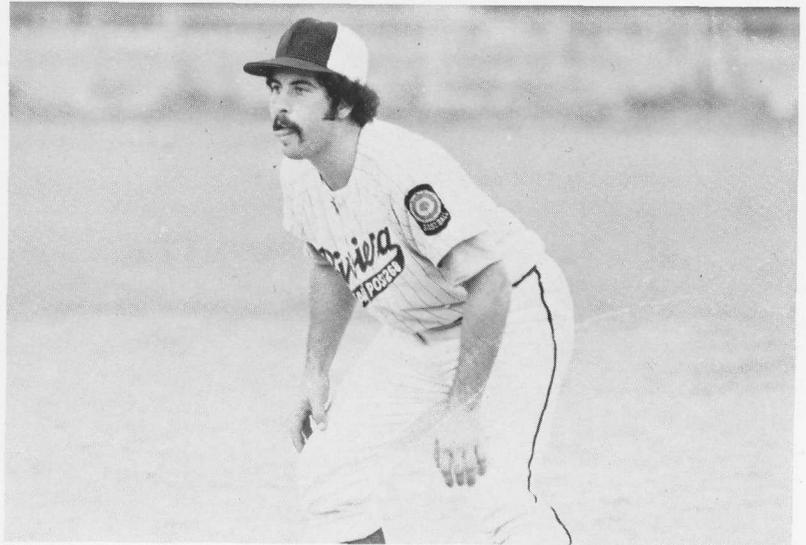


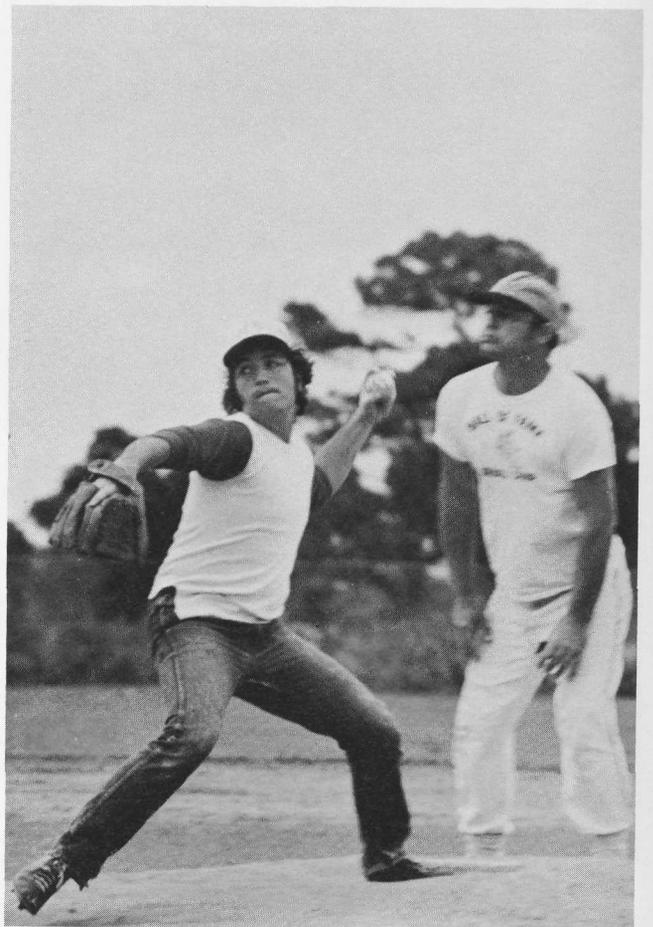


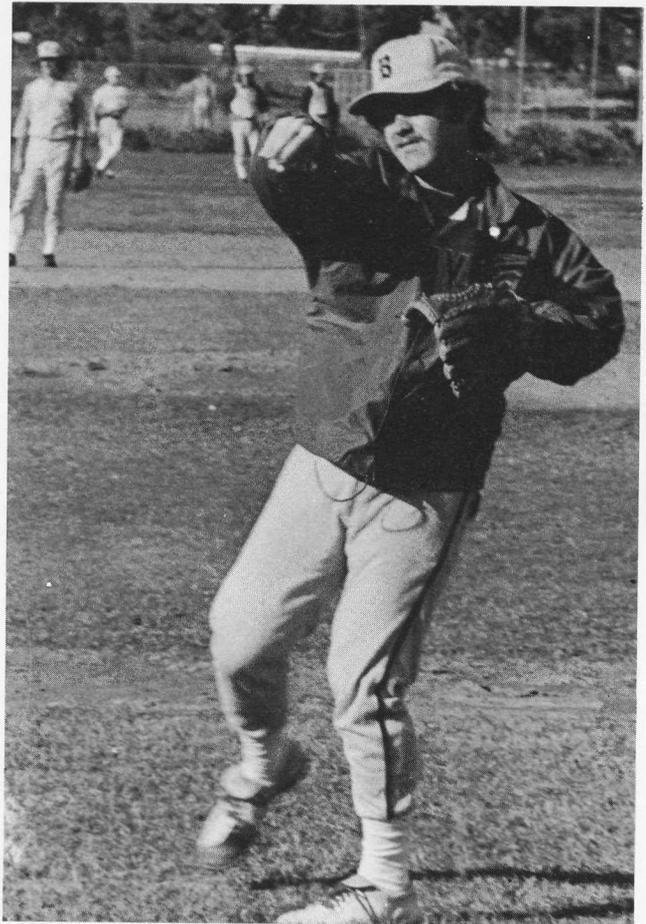
# BISCAYNE BASEBALL



back row: bob kruk, bob cavagnaro, tom frederick, hank owens, curt montgomery, rick dell, kevin urban, steve best, tom lynch, julian rodriguez; coach hank brenner. middle row: frank esposito, mike peterson, bob hardie, rick mateo, russ glover, rick mullaney, mel stanley. seated: bill kalanowski, charlie tisdell, mike manguso, vincent dunne, darrow heinbolt.



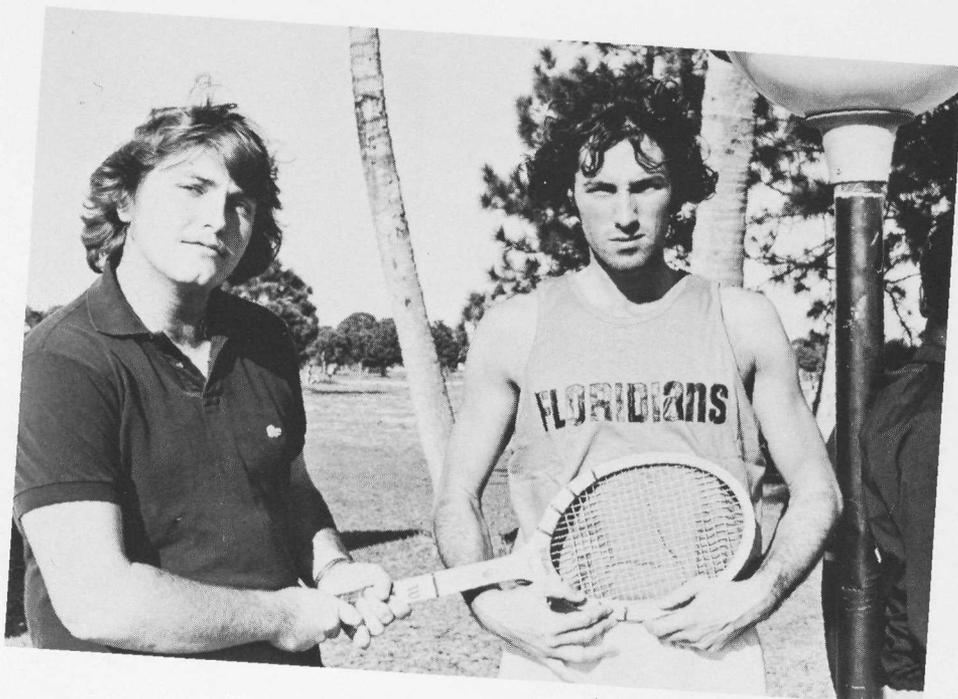




TENNIS



george cuellar, james macdougall, lew reed, vince casademont, tom lund, marty crosby.





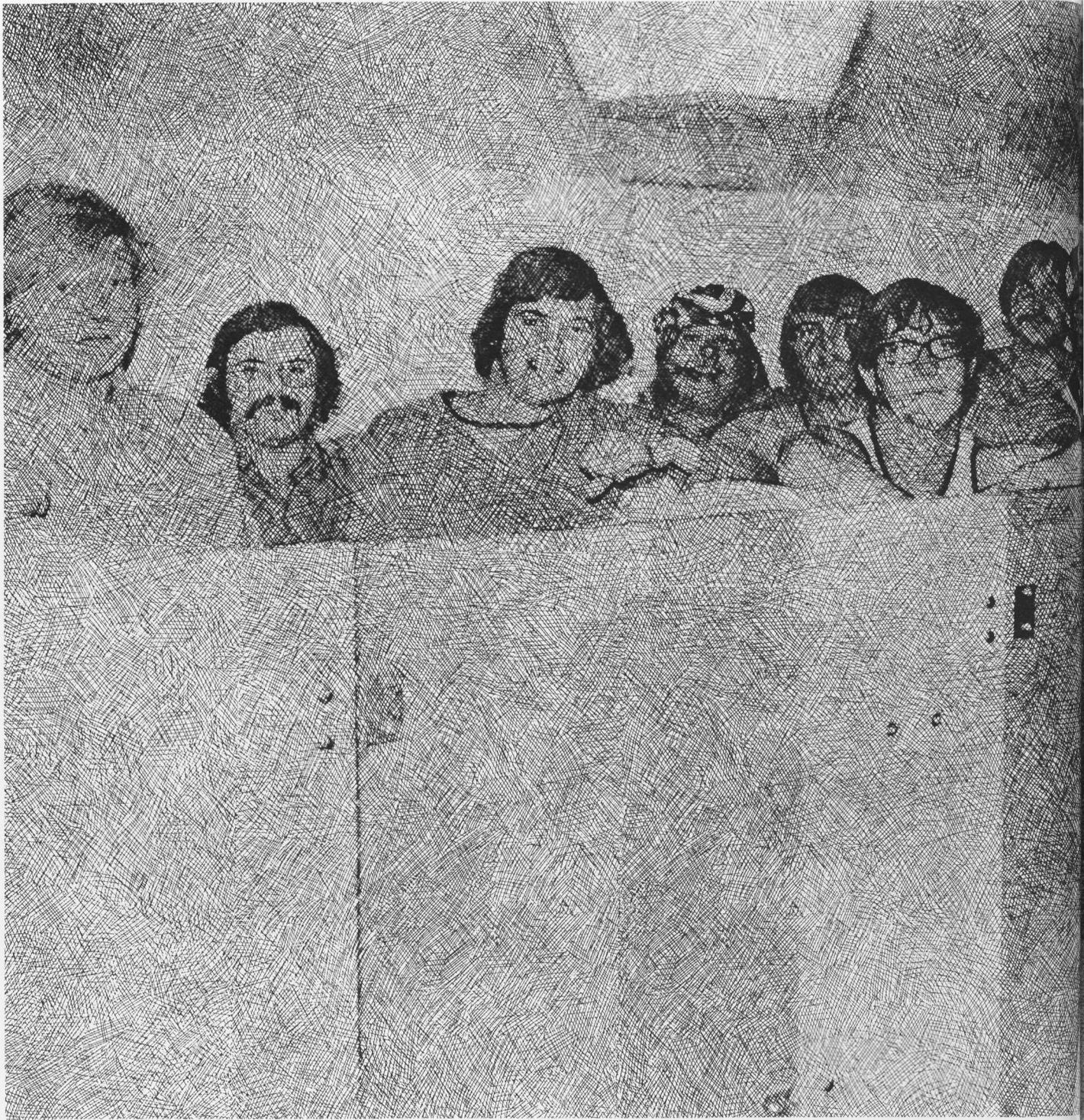
## GOLF



ray geisser,

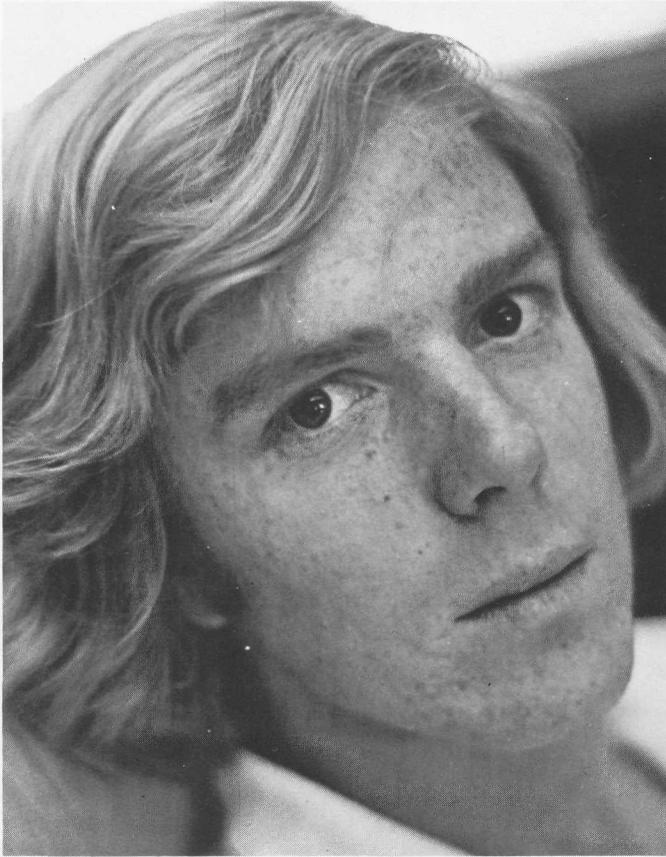


john price, rich mckee

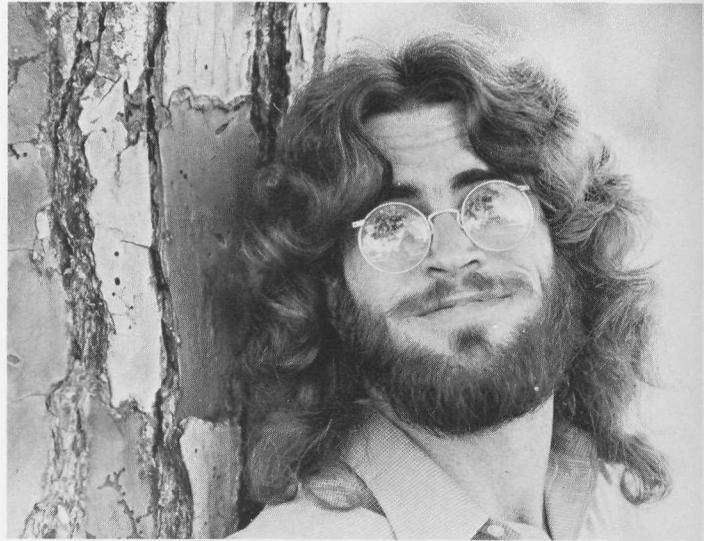




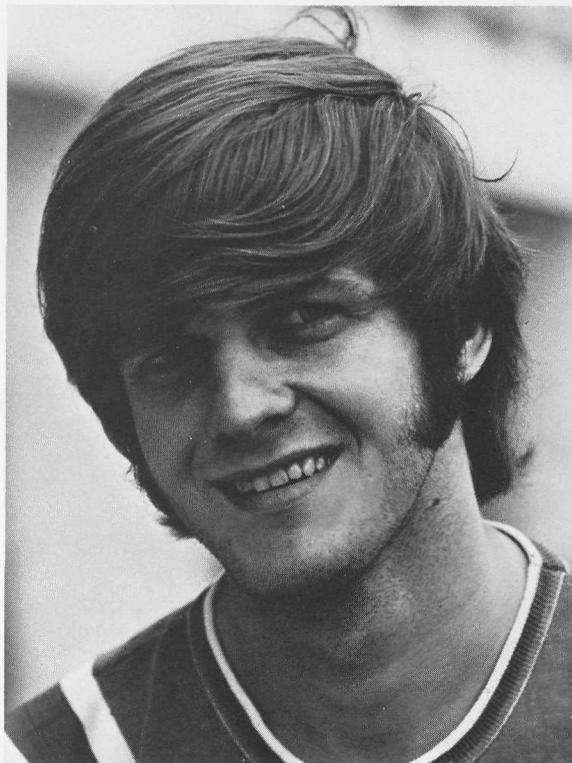
# SENIORS



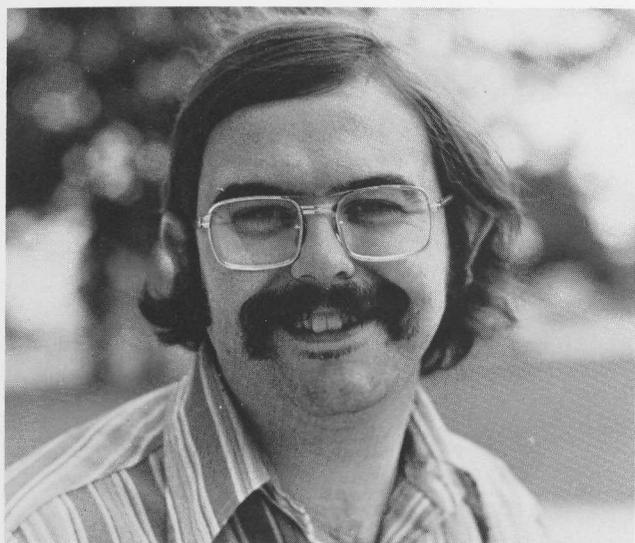
burke aubry, b.a.  
management



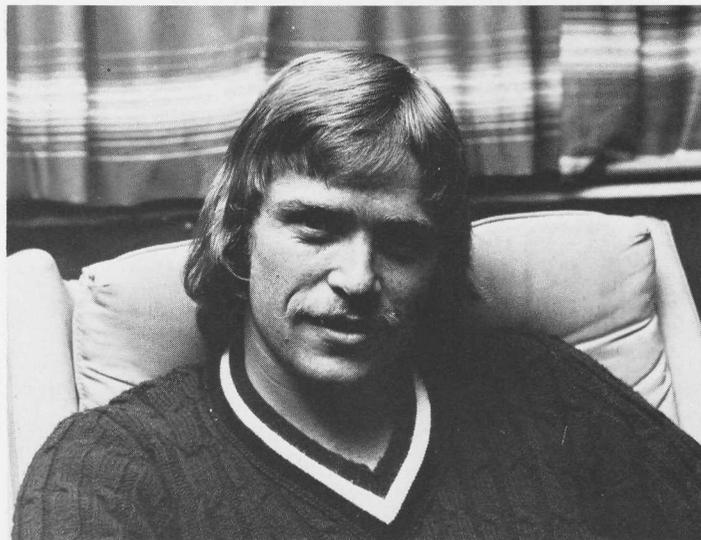
charles william ball, b.a.  
accounting



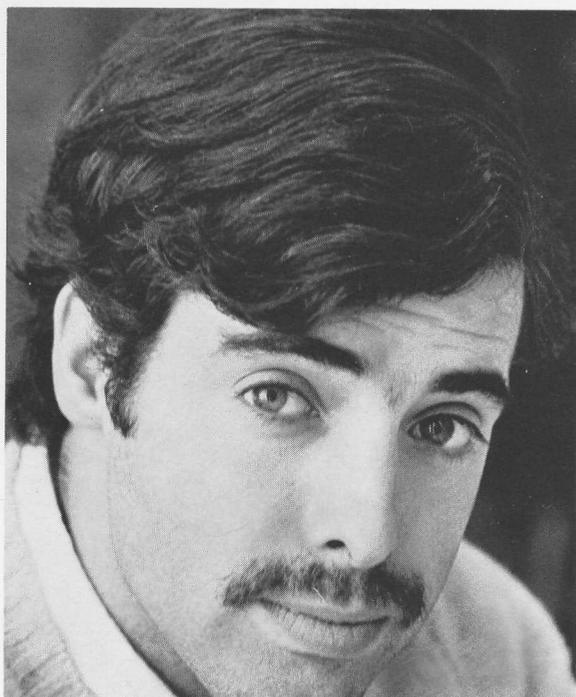
mark bratus, b.a.  
sociology



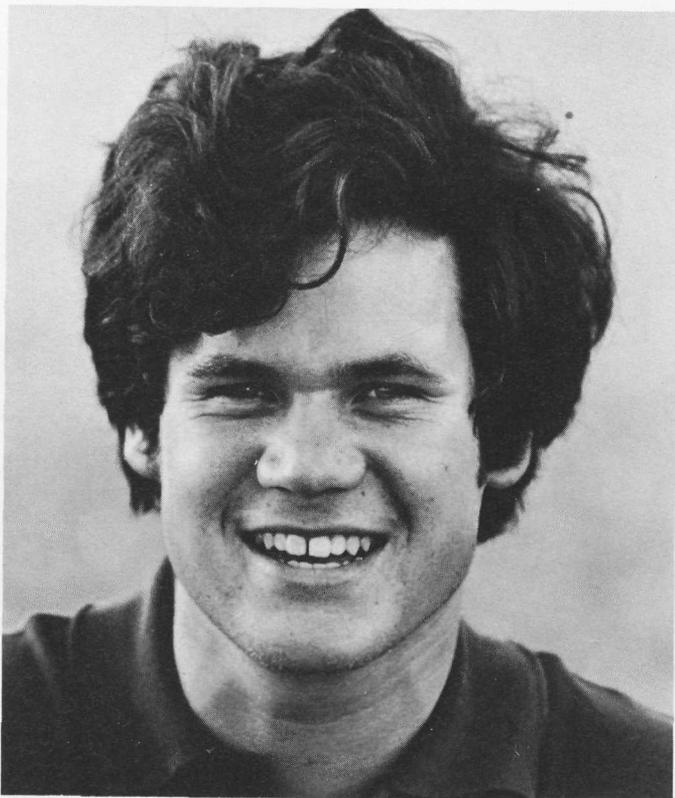
thomas briola, b.a.  
english



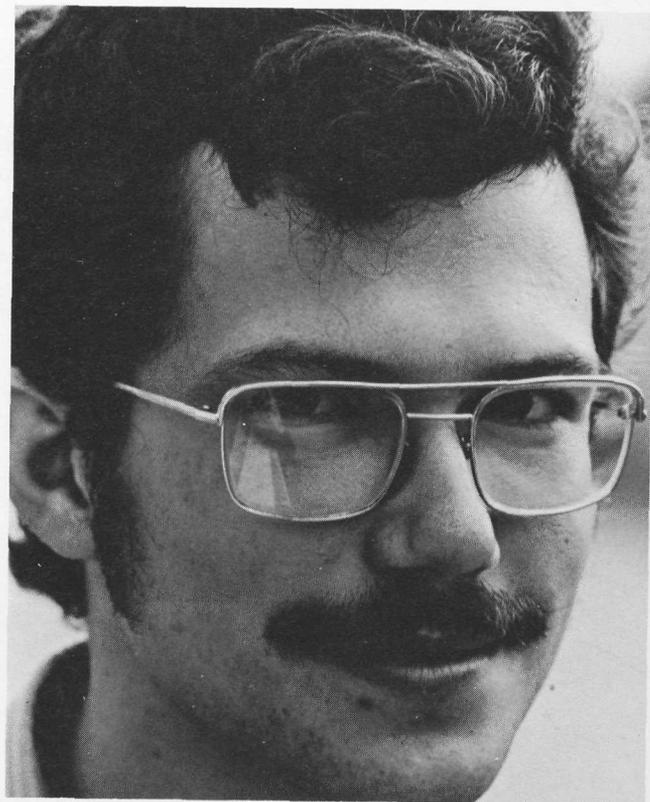
charles cambell, b.a.  
management



john carolin, b.a.  
english



vincent casademont, b.a.  
english



arsenio cordoves, b.a.  
pre-med



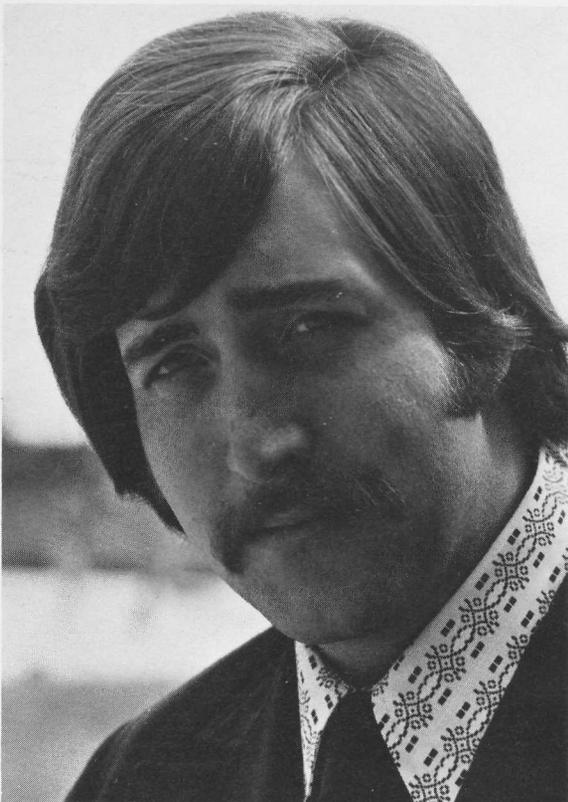
james william curtin, b.a.  
political science



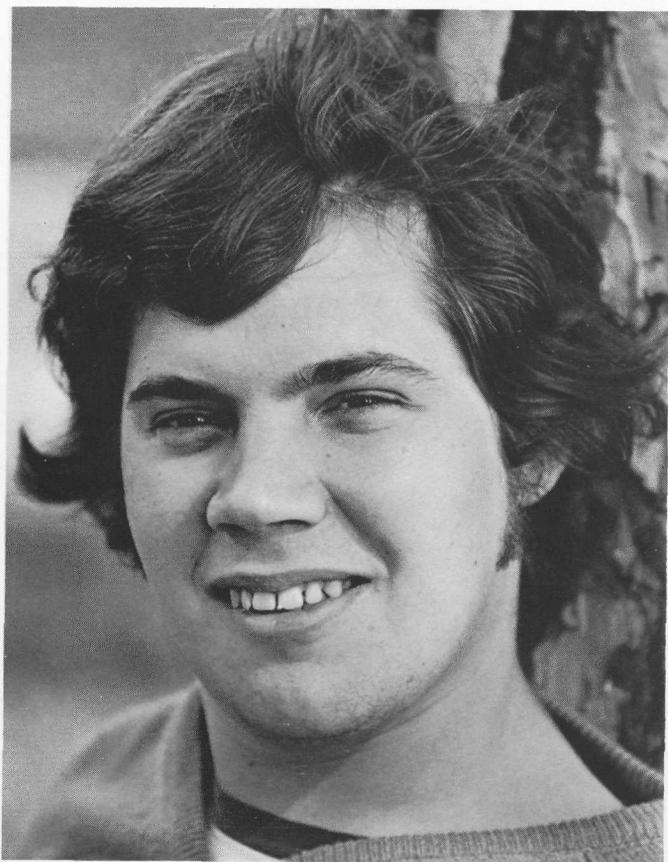
peter davis, b.a.  
english



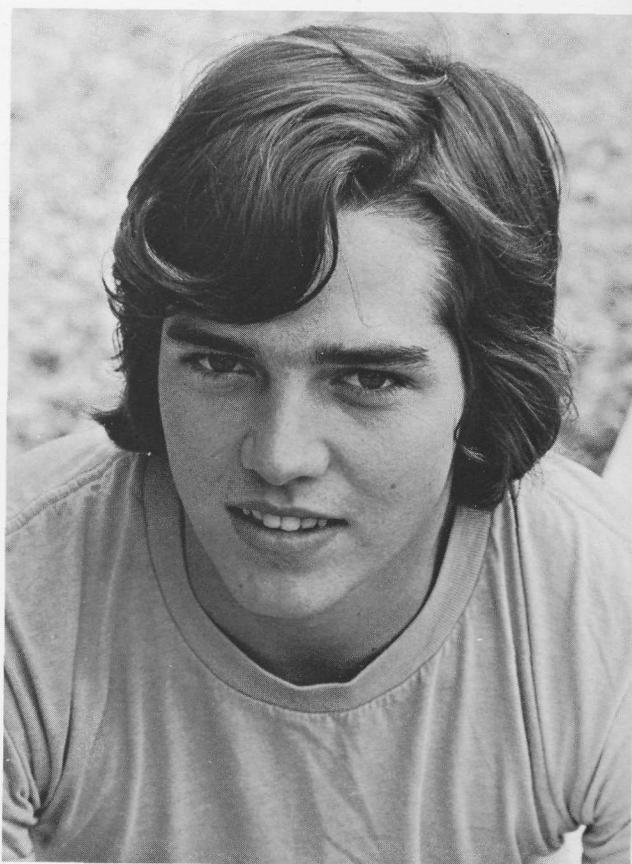
william james delfinis, b.a.  
management



maurice robert dinneen, b.a.  
english



richard william dion, b.a.  
sociology

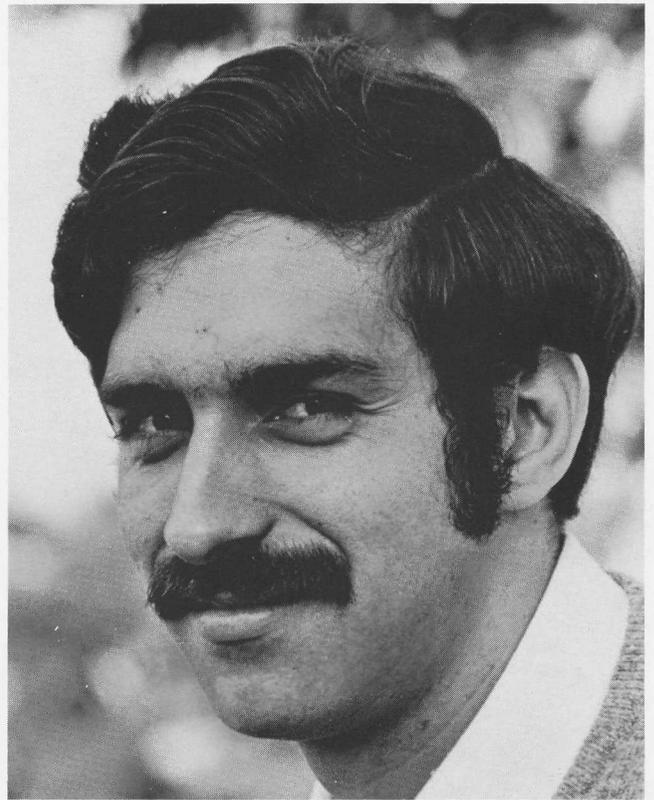


dennis edward fitzgerald, b.a.  
management

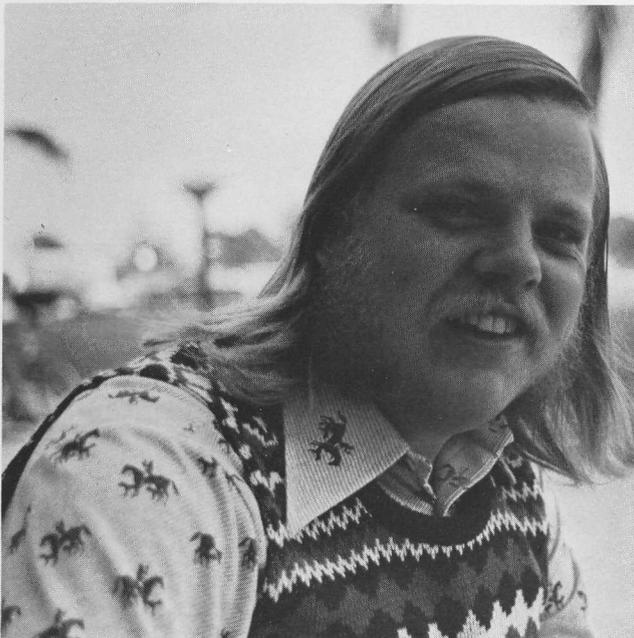


august f. franceschi, b.a.  
sociology

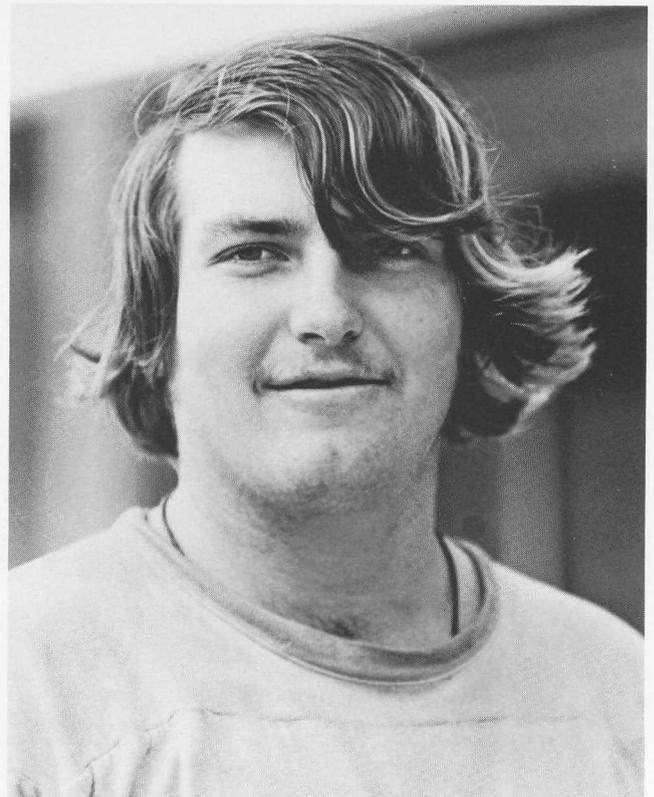
roberto r. freire, b.a.  
accounting

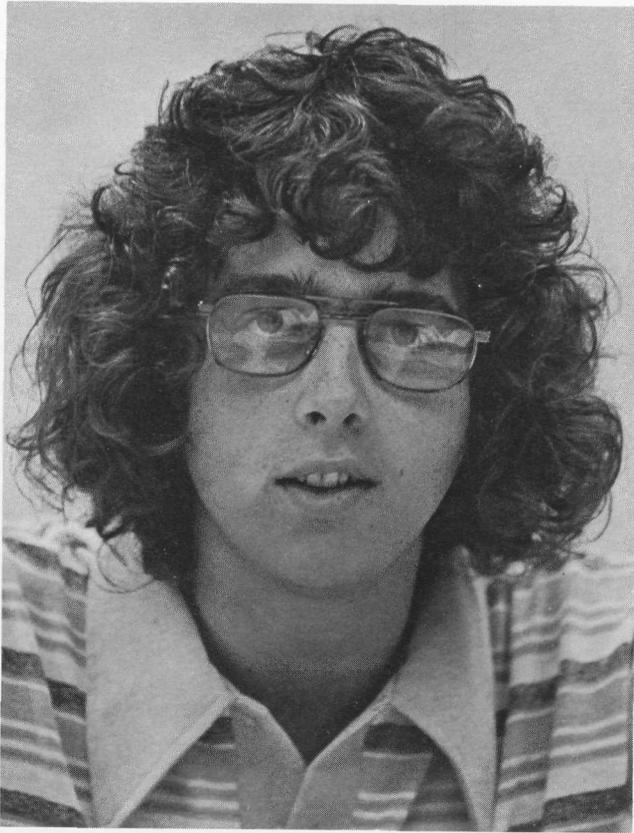


william franzreb, b.a.  
history

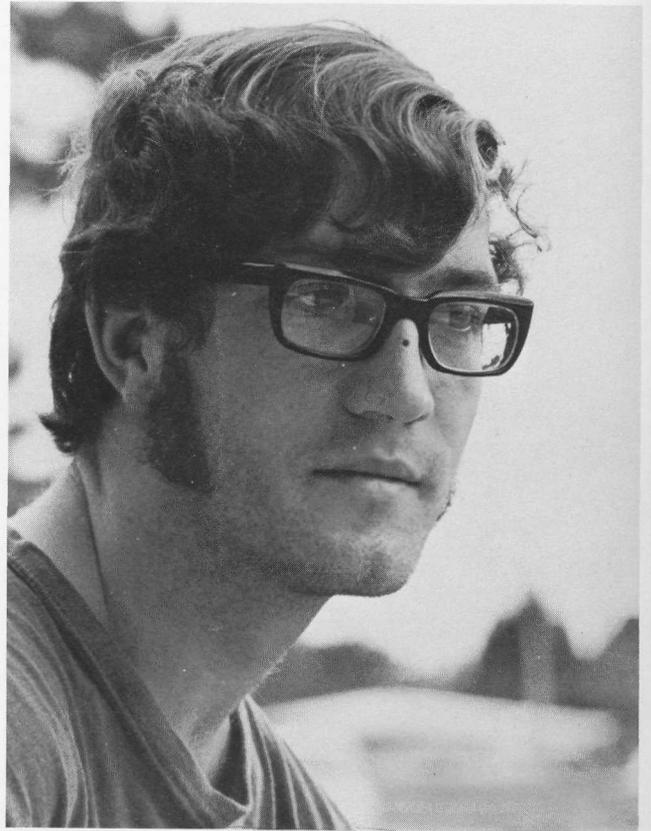


christopher gossen, b.a.  
history





william guazzaloca, b.a.  
english



richard haas, b.a.  
sociology

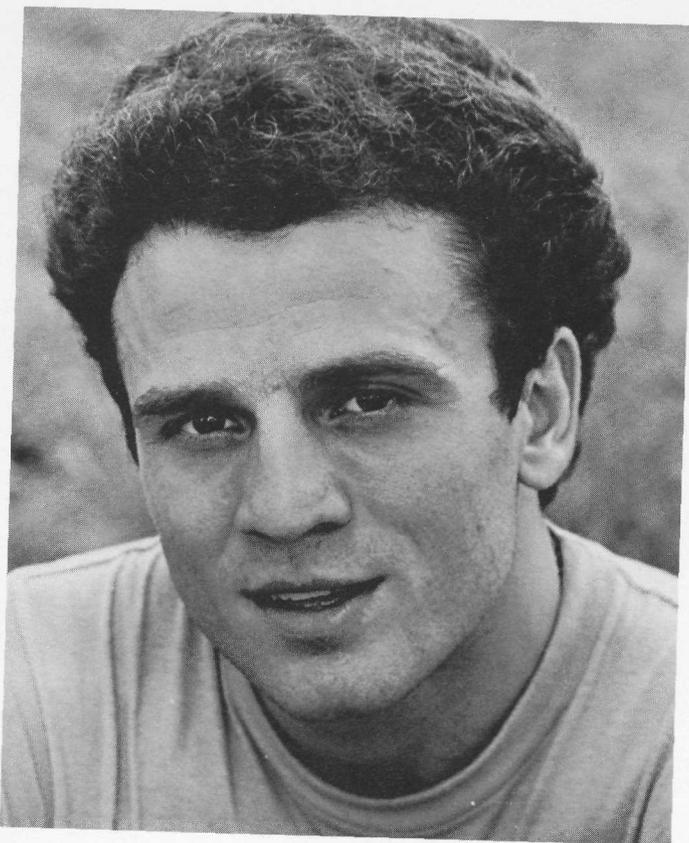


richard joseph hauswirth, b.a.  
management

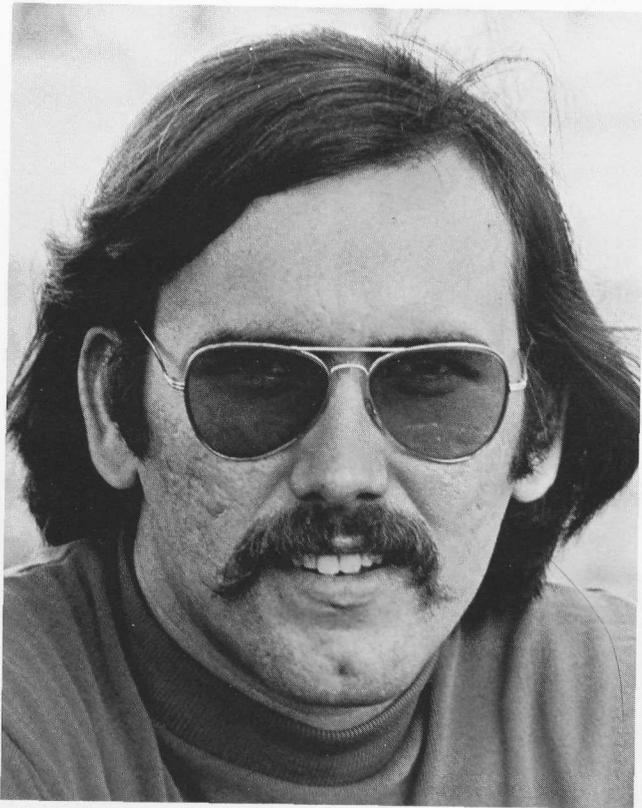
edward heithmar, b.a.  
mathematics



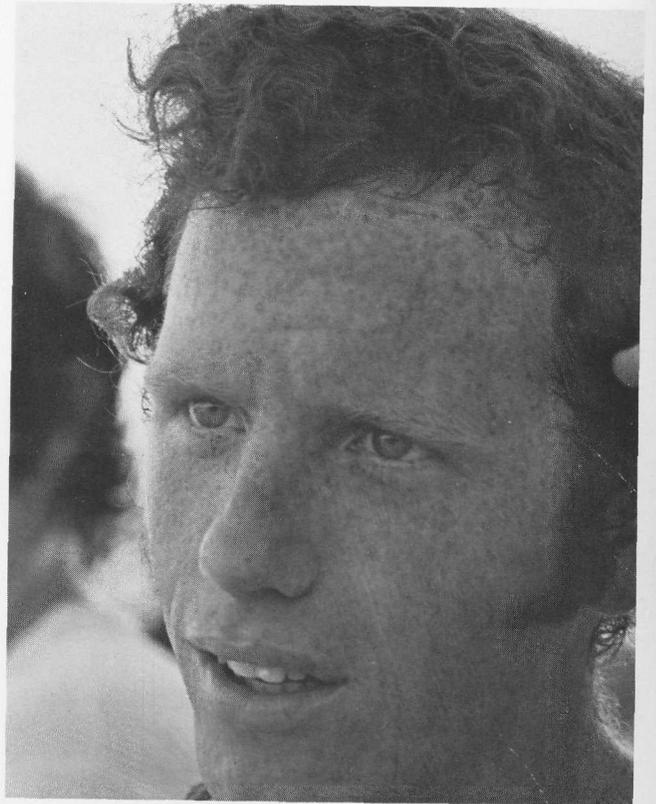
joseph j. hinderhofer, b.a.  
accounting



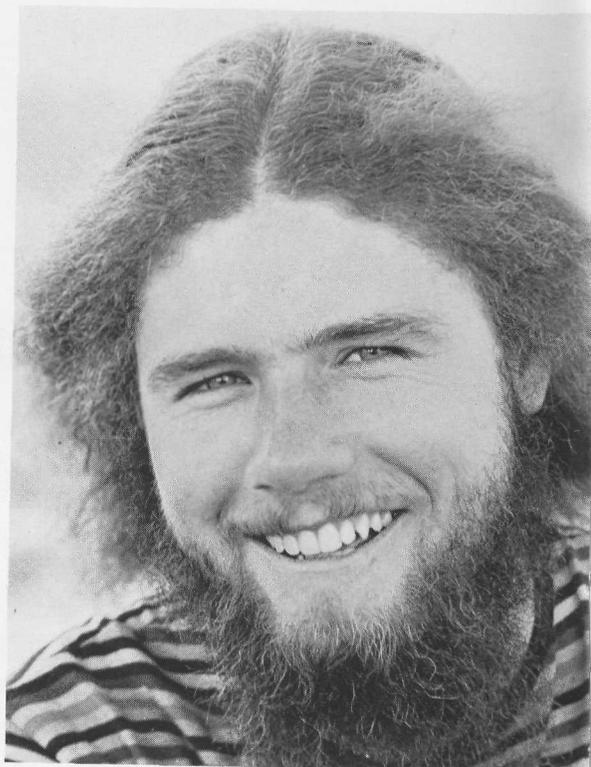
bruno iannone, b.a.  
english



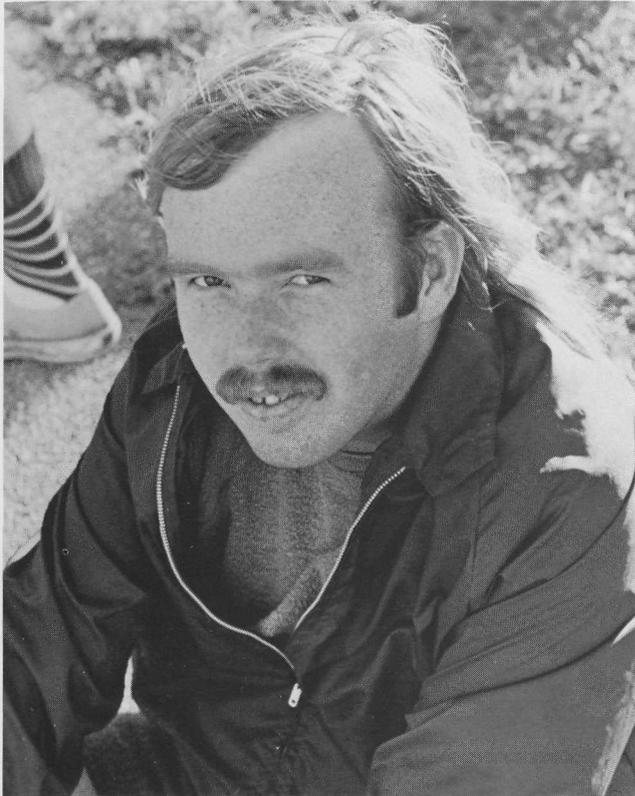
james w. jarvis, b.a.  
pre-law



paul joseph kane, b.a.  
political science



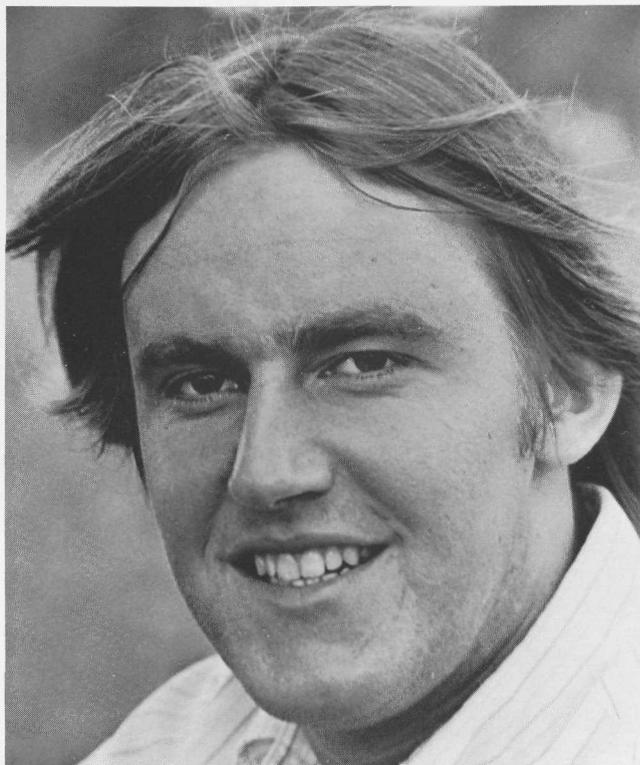
donald p. lee, b.a.  
english



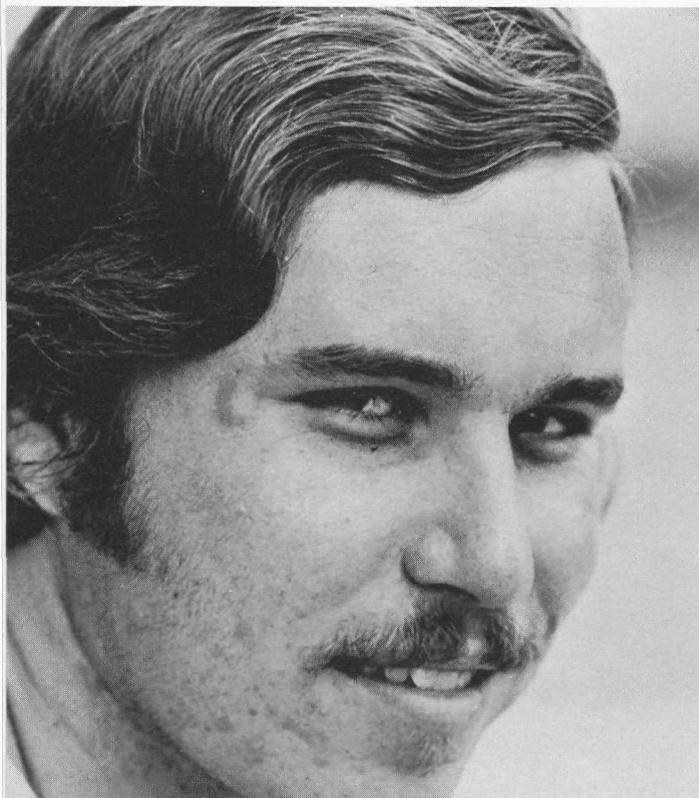
gary john lewis, b.a.  
political science



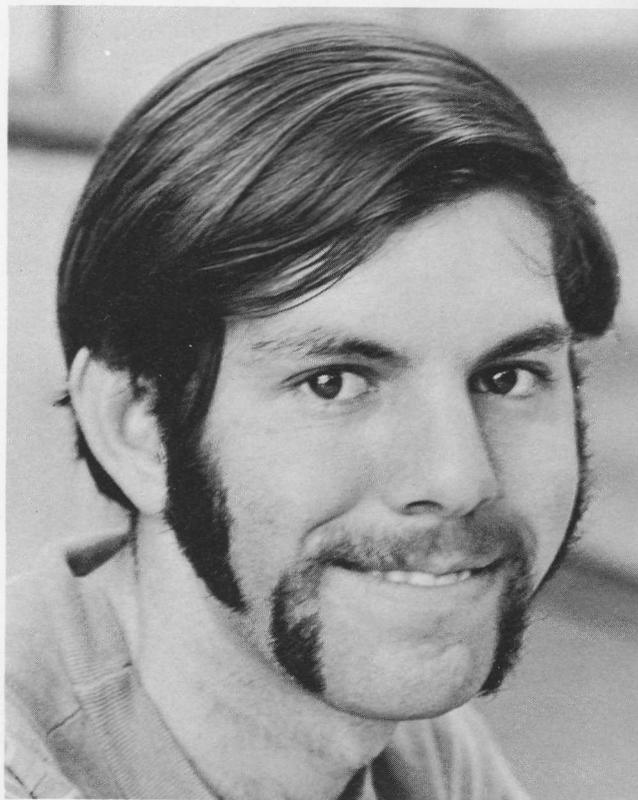
thomas c. lund, b.a.  
management



edward b. lutz, b.a.  
management



thomas mackiewicz, b.a.  
english

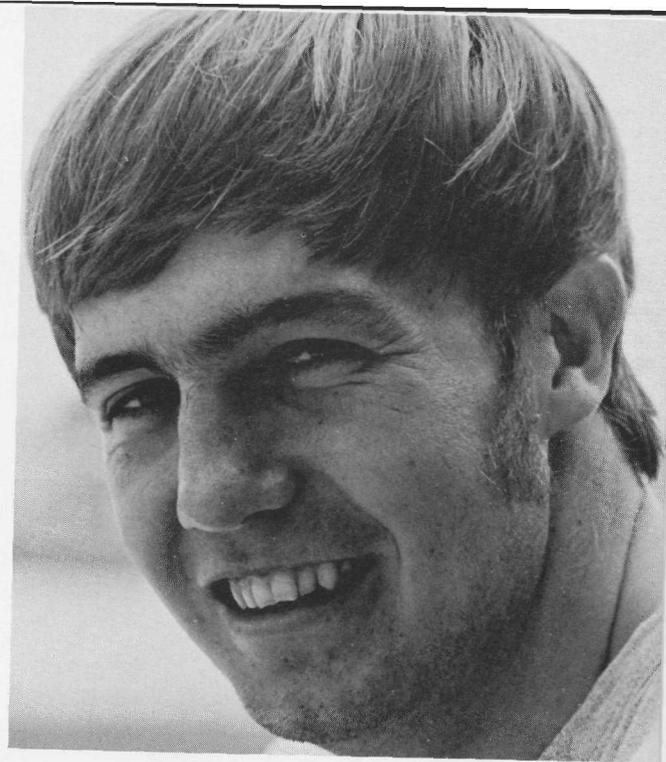


sheldon william mccartney, b.a.  
accounting



gerard mccarthy, b.a.  
political science

james mccloud, b.a.  
sociology



michael mckenna, b.a.  
drama



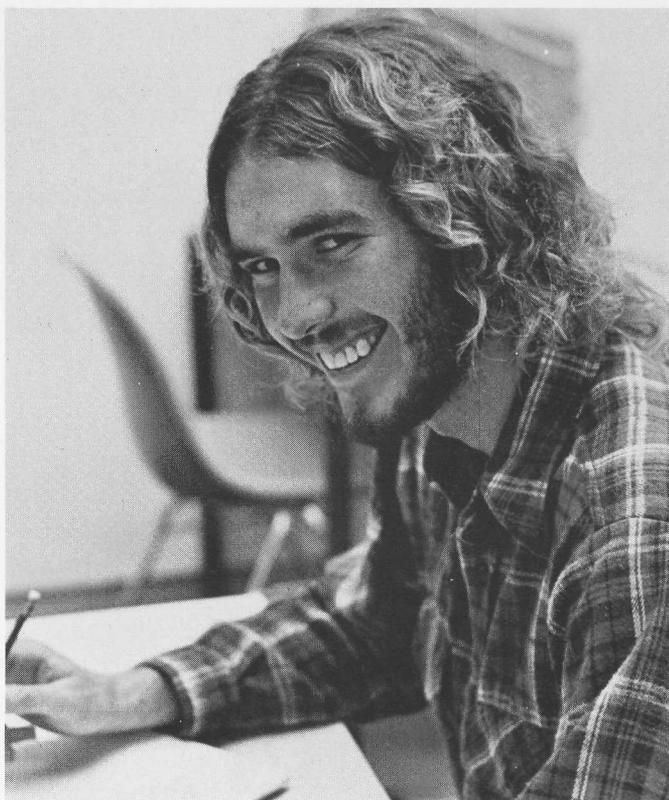
timothy mcnamara, b.a.  
drama



john messina, b.a.  
english



paul miller, b.a.  
sociology



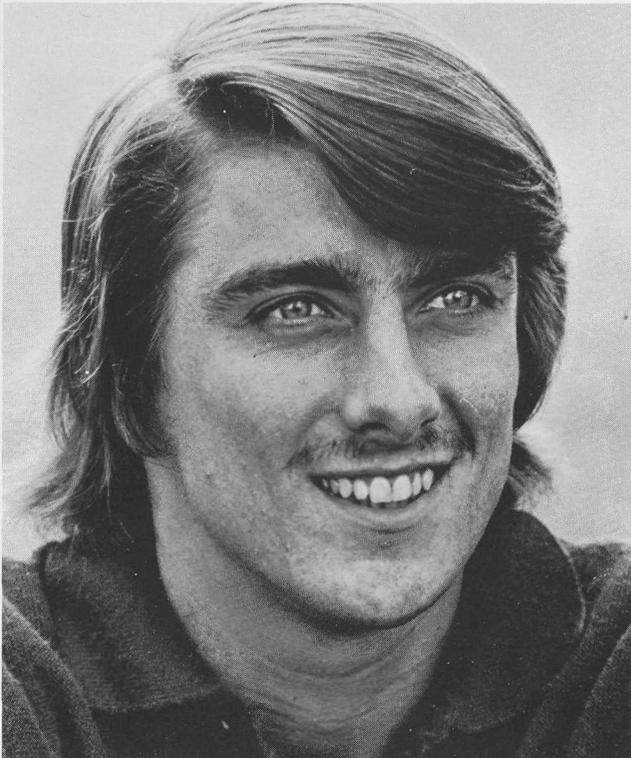
charles meyers, b.a.  
history



franklin motikeit, b.a.  
political science

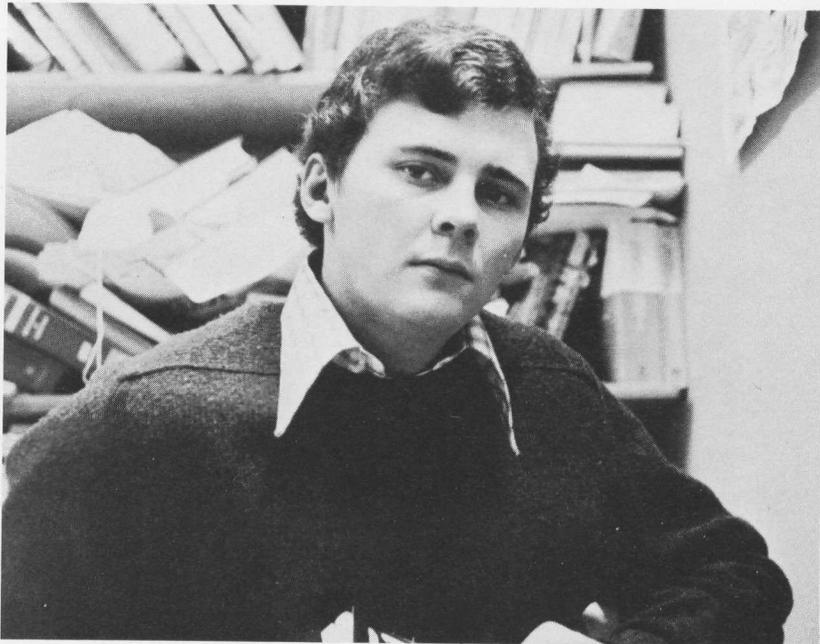
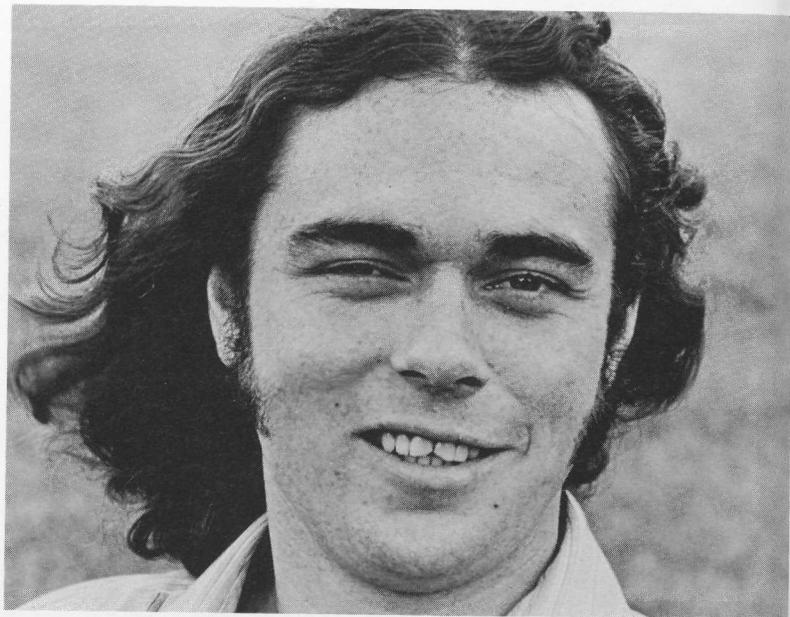


james w. moyer, b.a.  
english



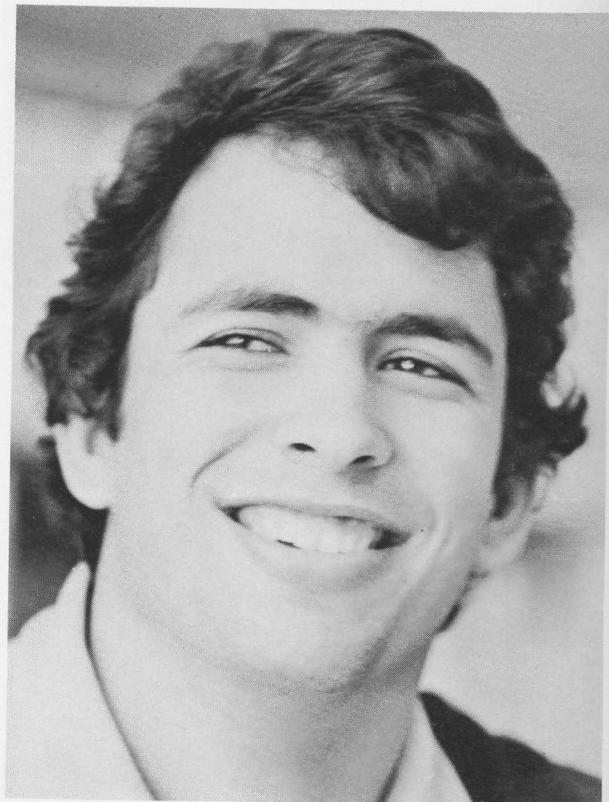
michael joseph paul mulach, b.a.  
management

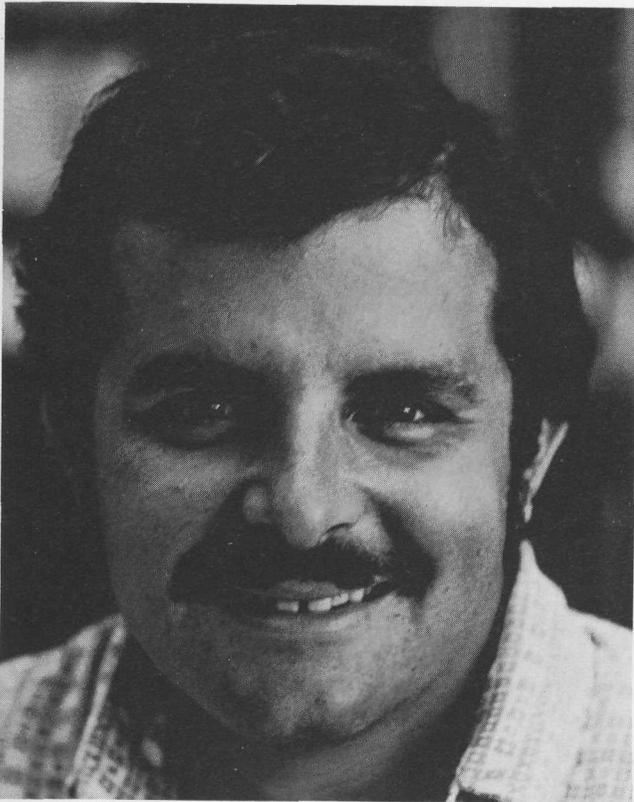
john o'connor, b.a.  
special education



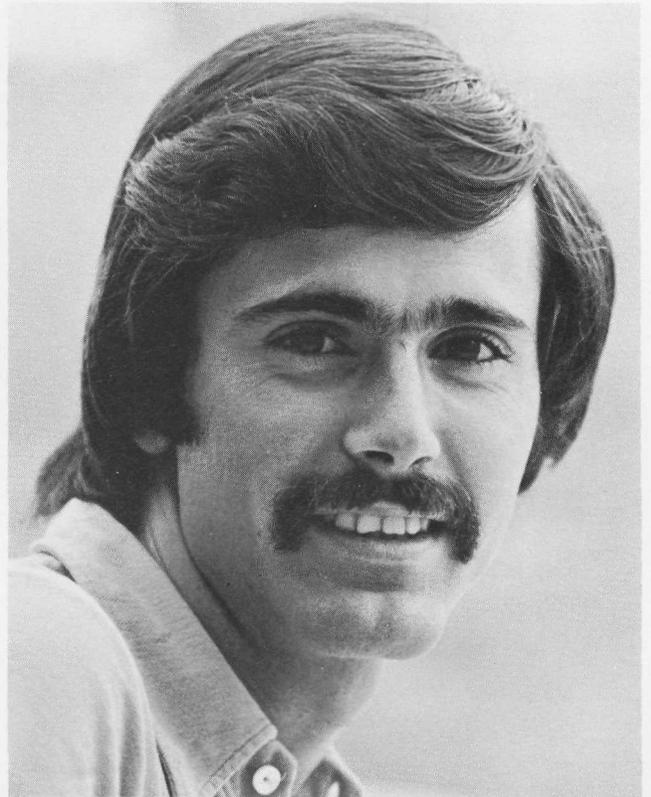
joseph o'hara, b.a.  
management

ramon f. oyarzun, b.a.  
accounting

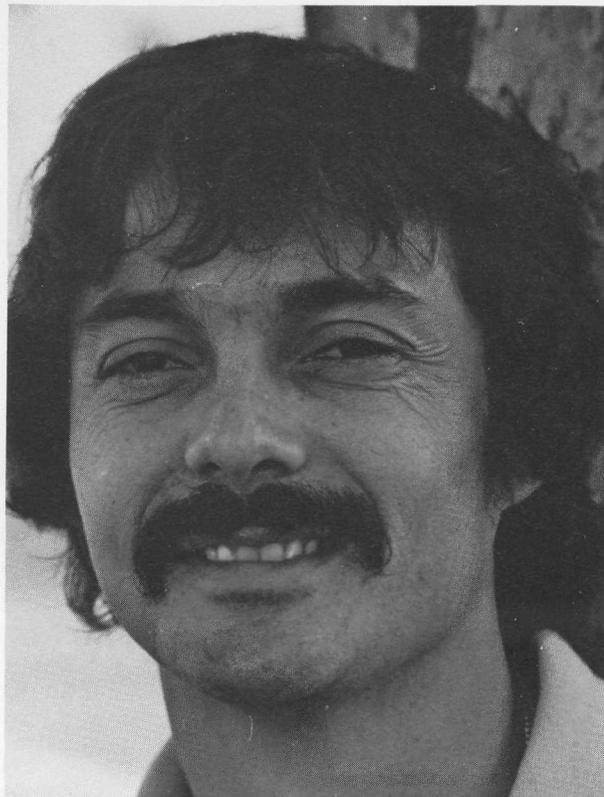




thomas a. petraglia, b.a.  
management



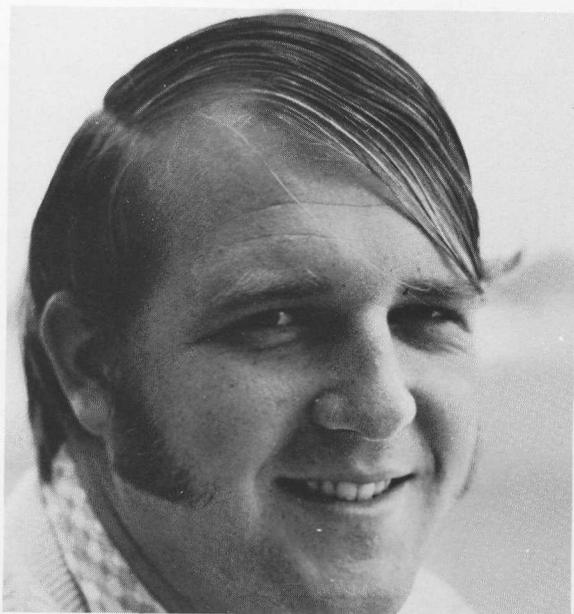
george poole, b.a.  
french



rodrigo posada, b.a.  
accounting



john price, b.a.  
management



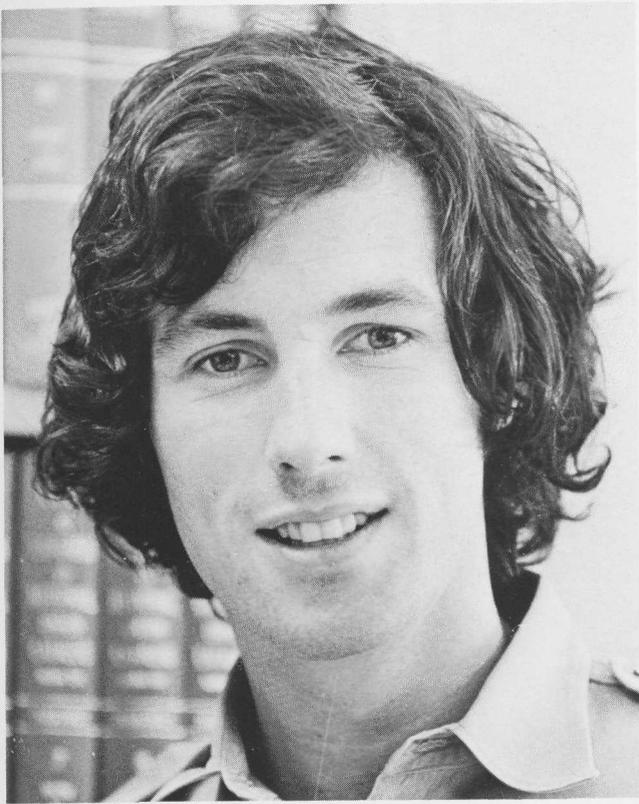
eugene phillip rafter, jr., b.a.  
history



william reinhart, b.a.  
history



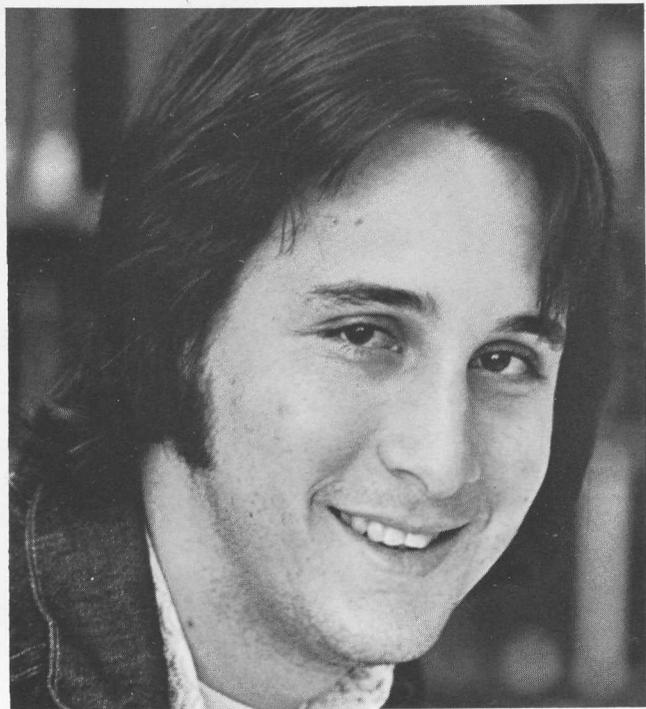
were it wide as the earth  
and wild as the sea,  
there is nothing, my darlin',  
could keep me from thee  
for i am of you as the bough to the leaf,  
as the root to the tree;  
no, nothing, my darlin',  
could part me from thee.



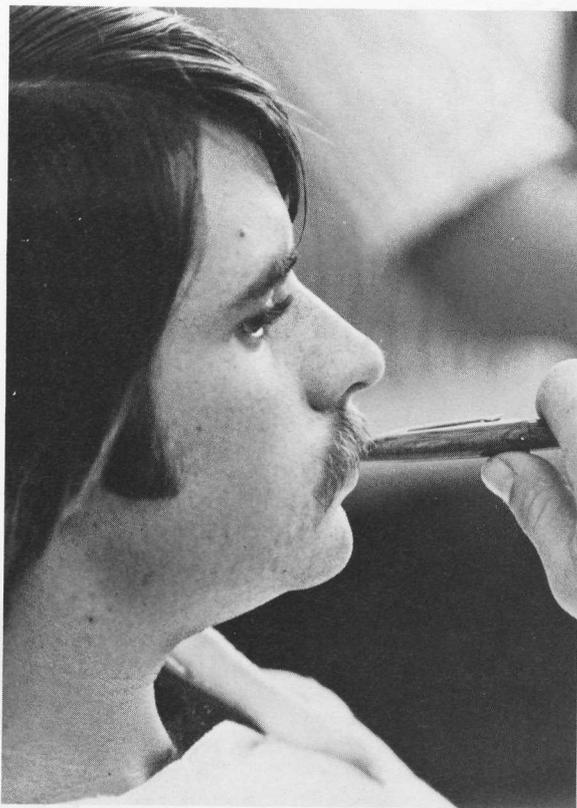
michael j. roddy, b.a.  
history



terry lee rolle, b.a.  
political science



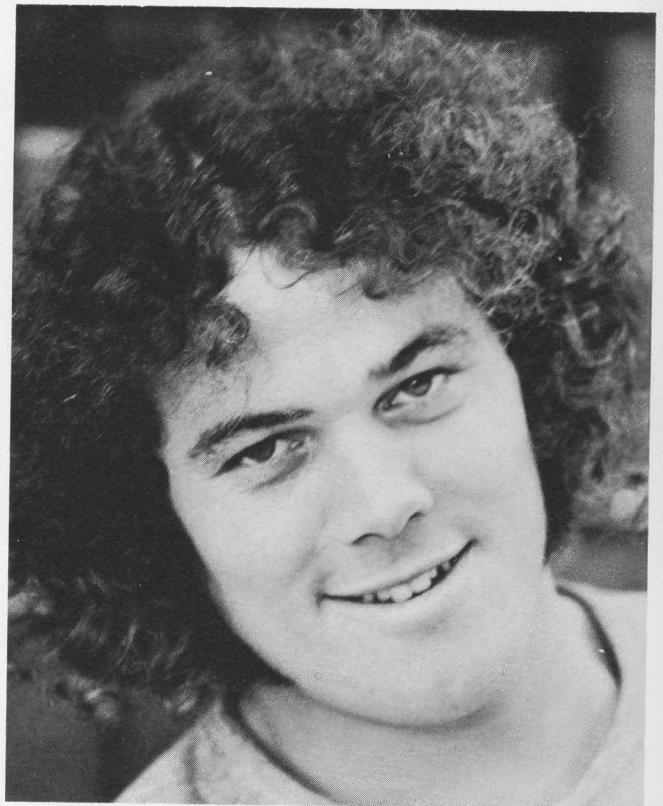
julian jose rodriguez, b.a.  
accounting



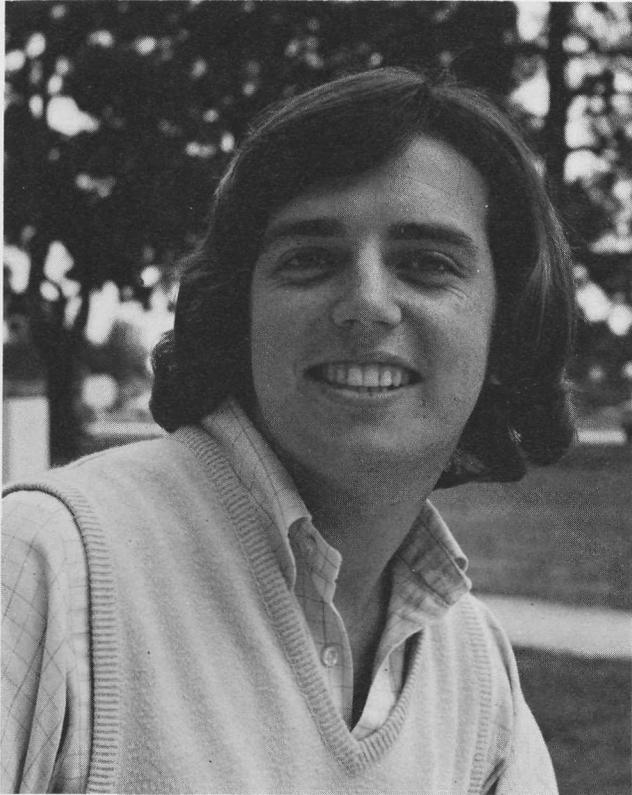
robert tappy rosson, jr., b.a.  
english



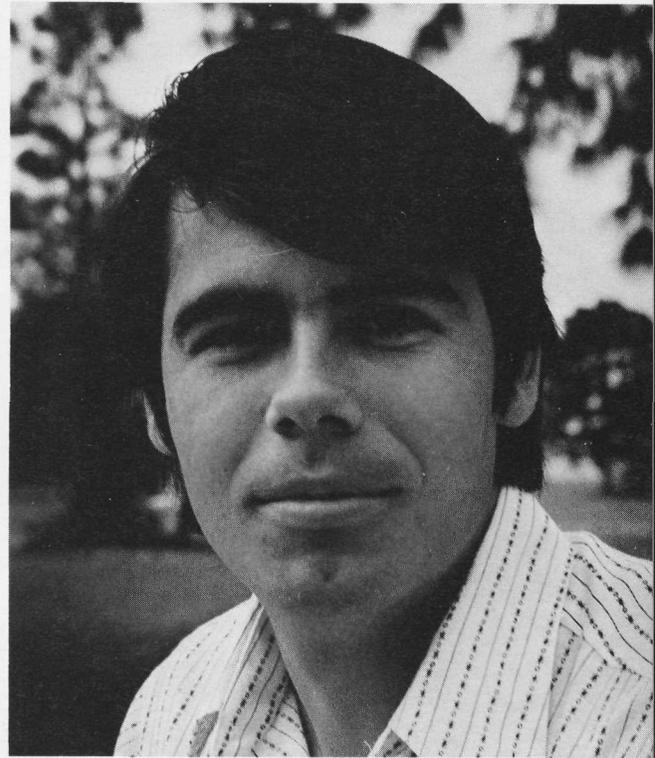
francis james sivard, b.a.  
management



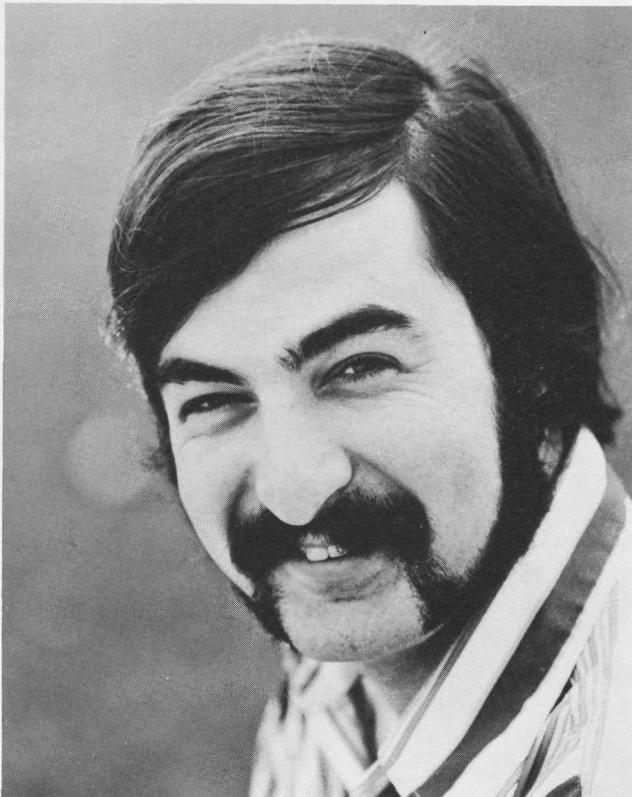
james gaynor smith, b.a.  
english



myles francis sweeney, b.a.  
political science



charles tisdell, b.a.  
accounting



kenneth tumia, b.a.  
management



keith wood, b.a.  
english



john david zeltner, b.a.  
history

## not pictured

frank r. esposito  
john higgins  
michael legato  
manuel a. mencia  
donald r. sherry  
michael c. siboni  
michael d. sullivan  
gary thaler  
william ze



### TO THE GRADUATE

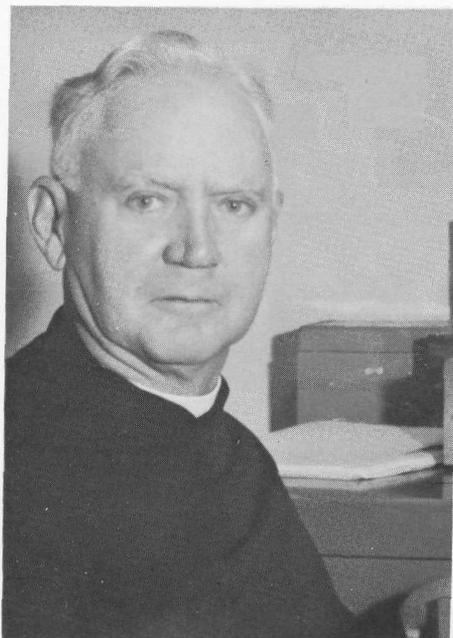
you've only just begun,  
and hopefully many years extend their  
virtuous hands.  
yet i still wonder  
how many of you will make it!  
life is not a bottle of champaign  
that bubbles over,  
but a jar of pickles  
whose lid will turn only so far.  
yes, you've only just begun,  
but i still wonder just how many  
will be able to pucker enough  
to sip the pickle thru a straw  
with a smile!

—thomas wesley frederick—





faculty



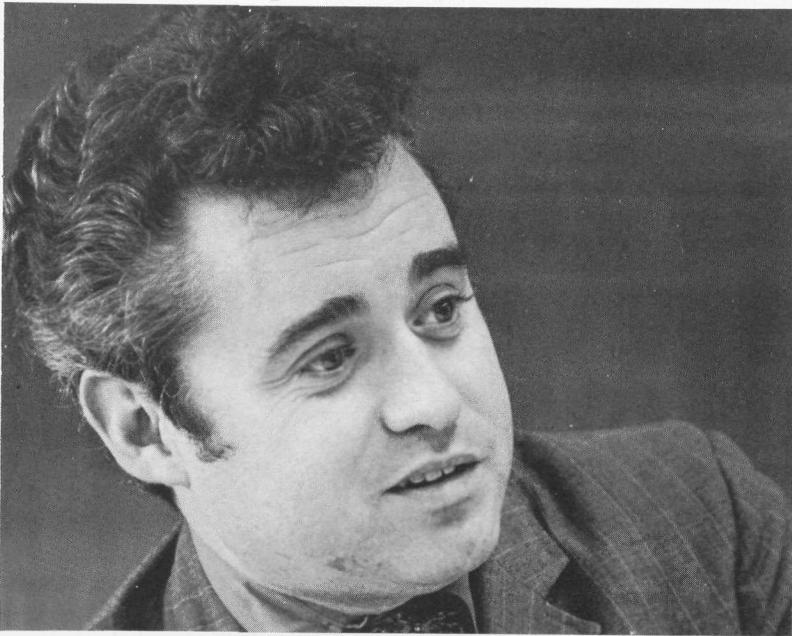
born: may 18, 1908  
ordained: june 14, 1932  
died: october 11, 1972



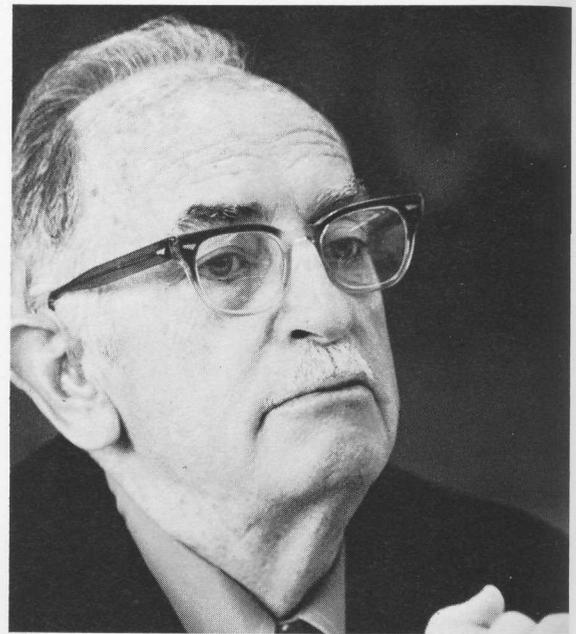


### to father sullivan

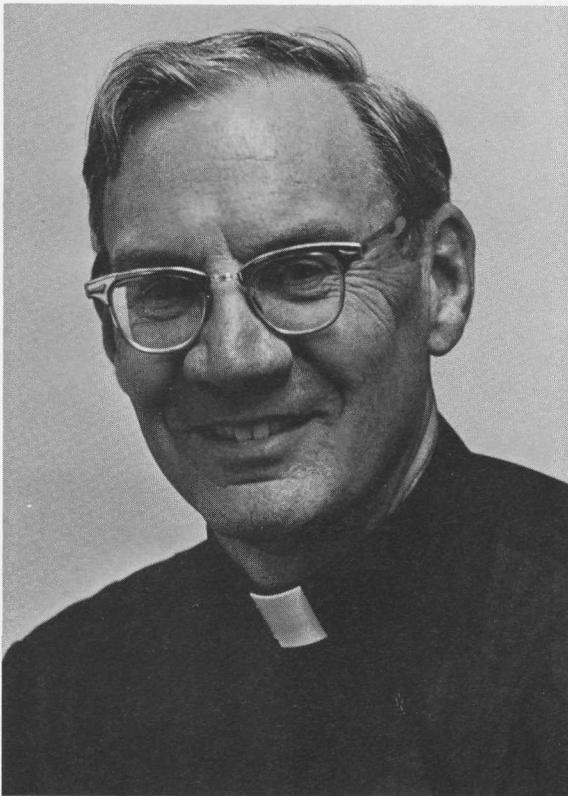
in the beginning god took dust into his  
hands and into the dust breathed the gift  
of life—god had created man. but god  
destined man to grow and to be complete.  
we must grow—as father sullivan grew.  
his growing gave him a wisdom which we  
could see and hear and feel. but we  
knew he wasn't done, he wasn't complete . . .  
until one october wednesday.



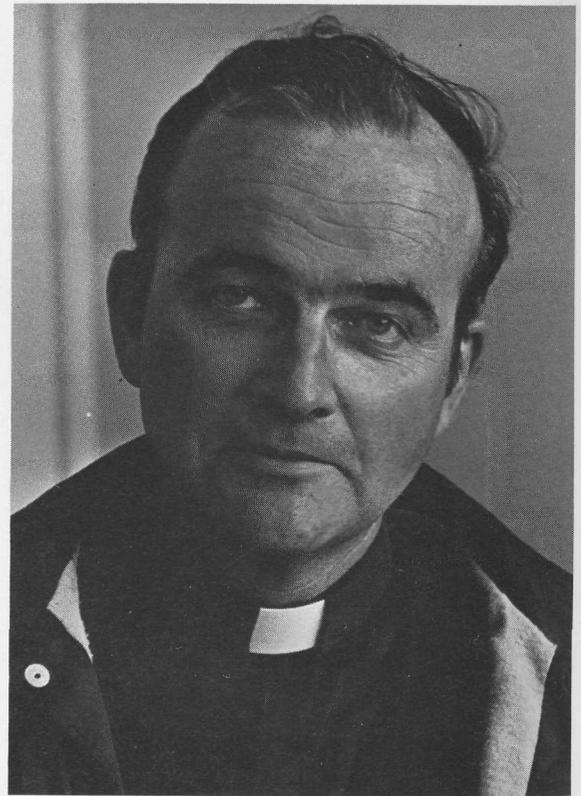
warren d. ashby, m.a.  
assistant professor, english and  
modern languages



leo p. brophy, ph.d.  
associate professor, history



edward j. burns, o.s.a., ph.d.  
professor, economics



donald x. burt, o.s.a., ph.d.  
professor, philosophy



john canfield, m.b.a.  
instructor, business administration



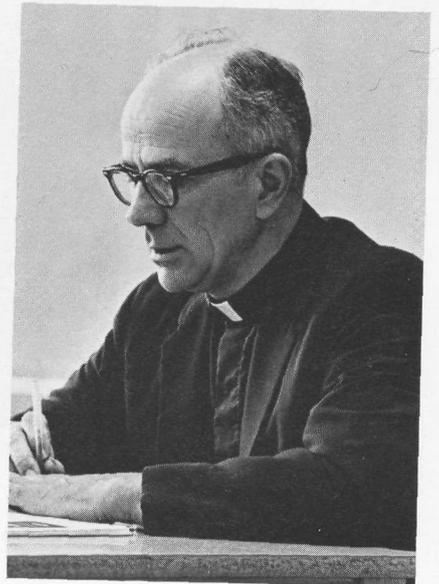
barbara j. graham, ph.d.  
associate professor, modern  
languages



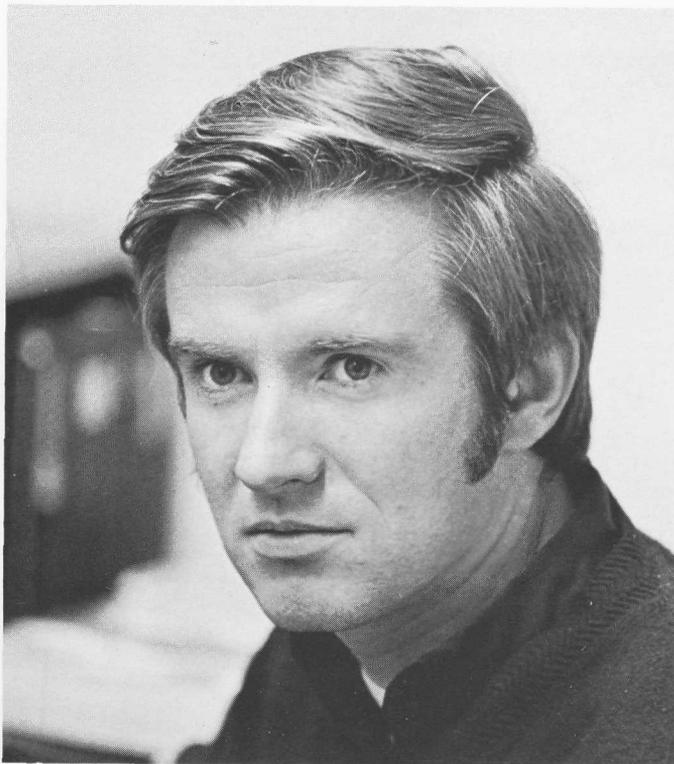
dr. carmen mariña  
director, bilingual institute



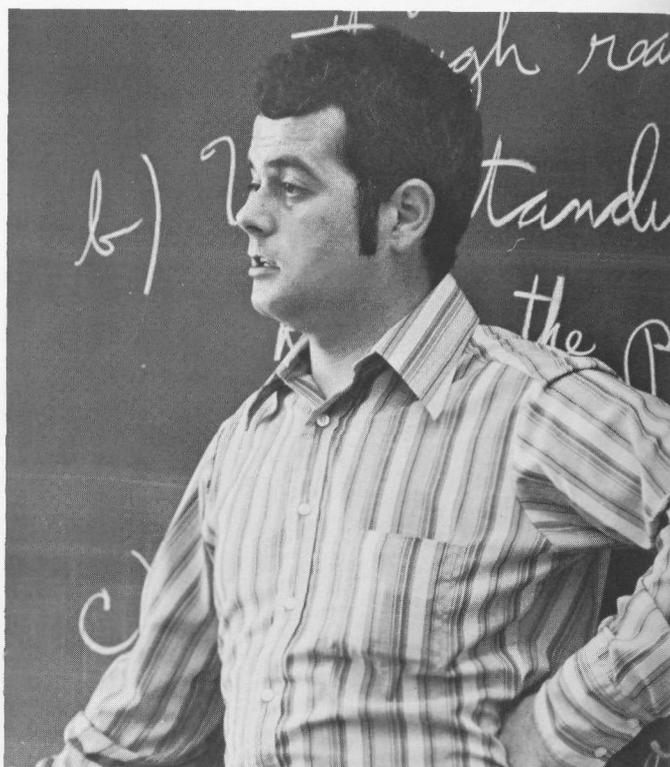
jacqueline irza, r.n.  
college nurse



paul c. thabault, o.s.a., m.a.  
associate professor, modern languages  
director, academic guidance and testing



john j. mckenzie, o.s.a., ph.d.  
assistant professor, sociology

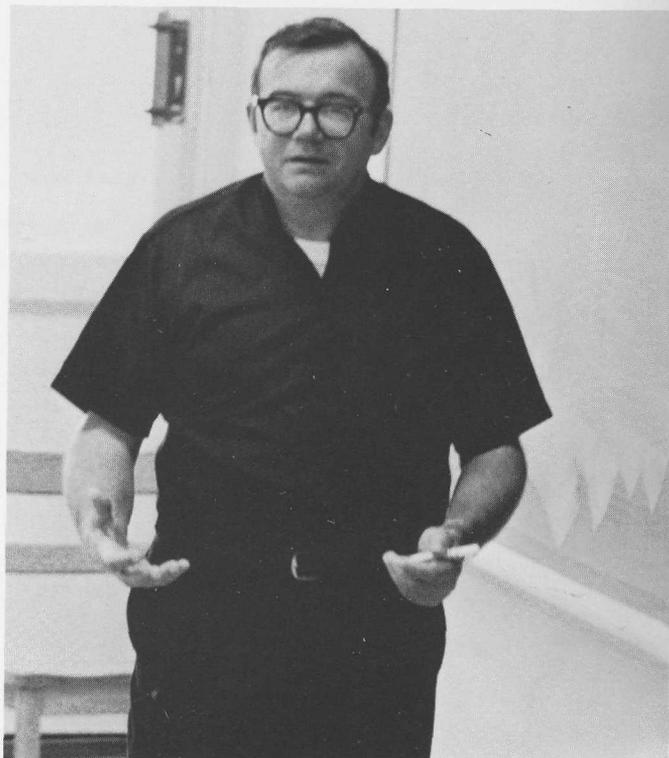


john a. dohr, m.a.  
instructor, philosophy



cormac

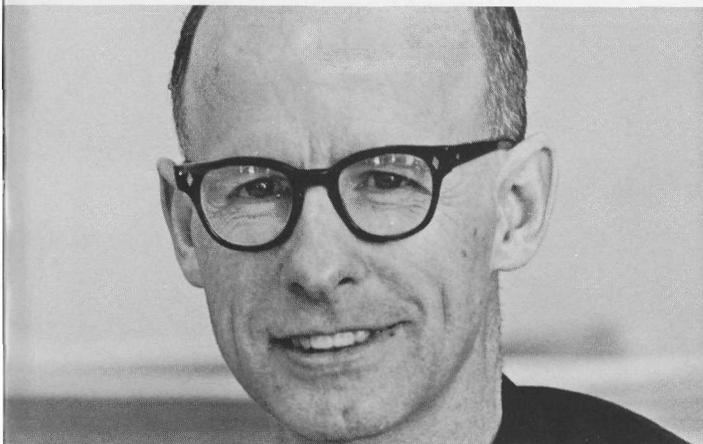
"which end of the leash has bitten you!?"



raymond e. geisser, o.s.a., m.s. in m.e., r.p.e.  
assistant professor, mathematics



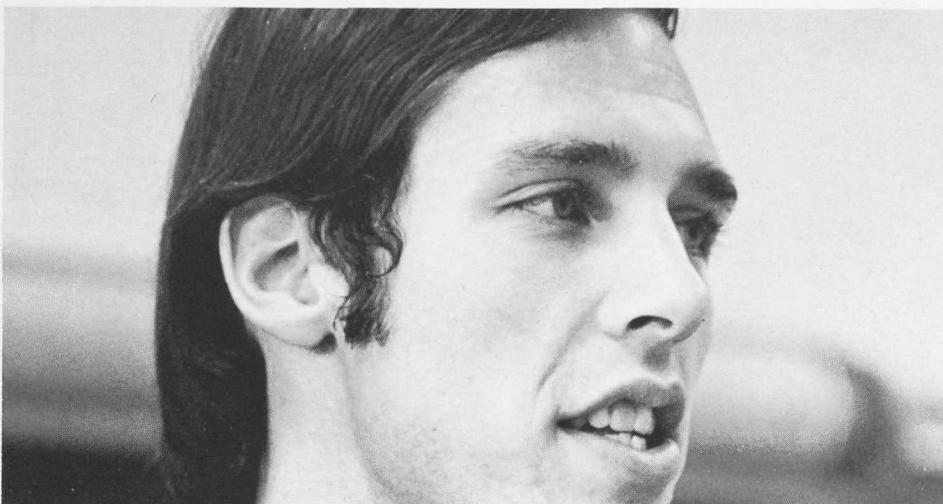
frank c. montalto  
cafeteria manager



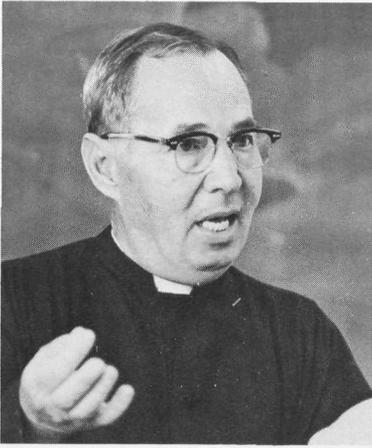
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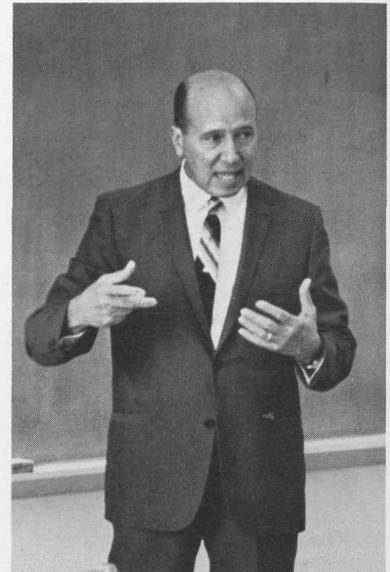
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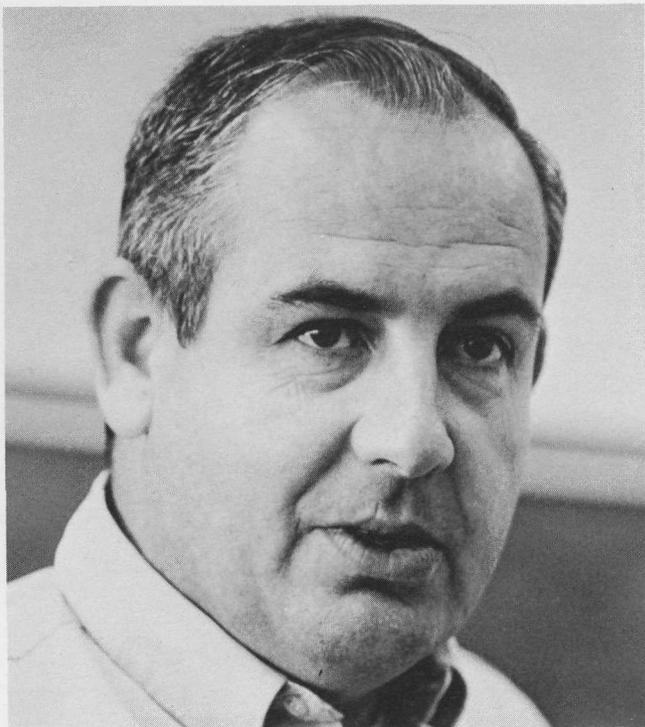




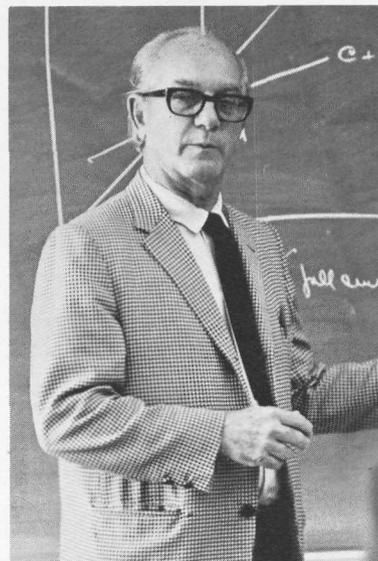
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professor, mathematics



richard moran, m.a.  
criminal justice  
assistant professor



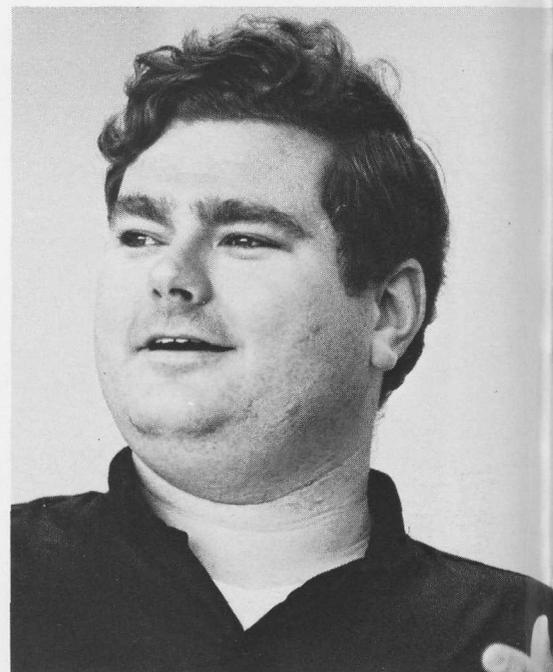
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john f. bresnahan, o.s.a., m.a., m.s. in l.s.  
librarian  
assistant professor, theology



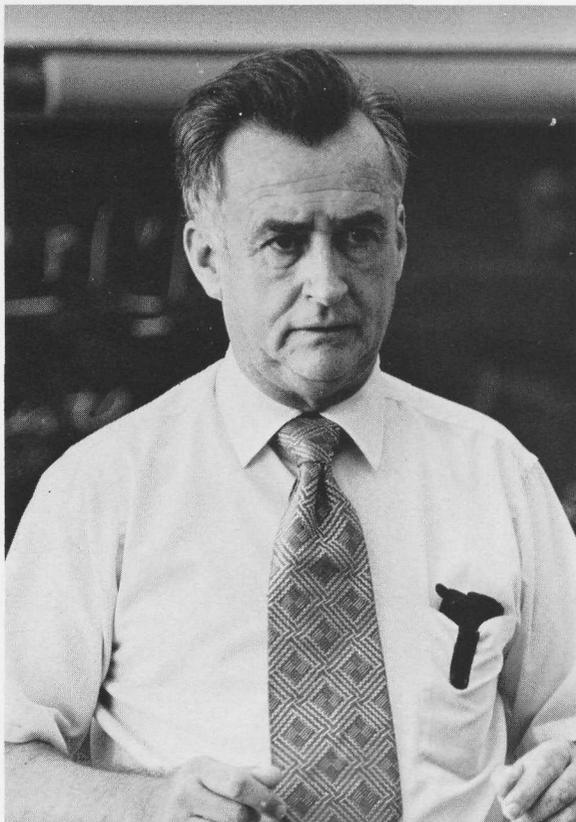
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director of student activities  
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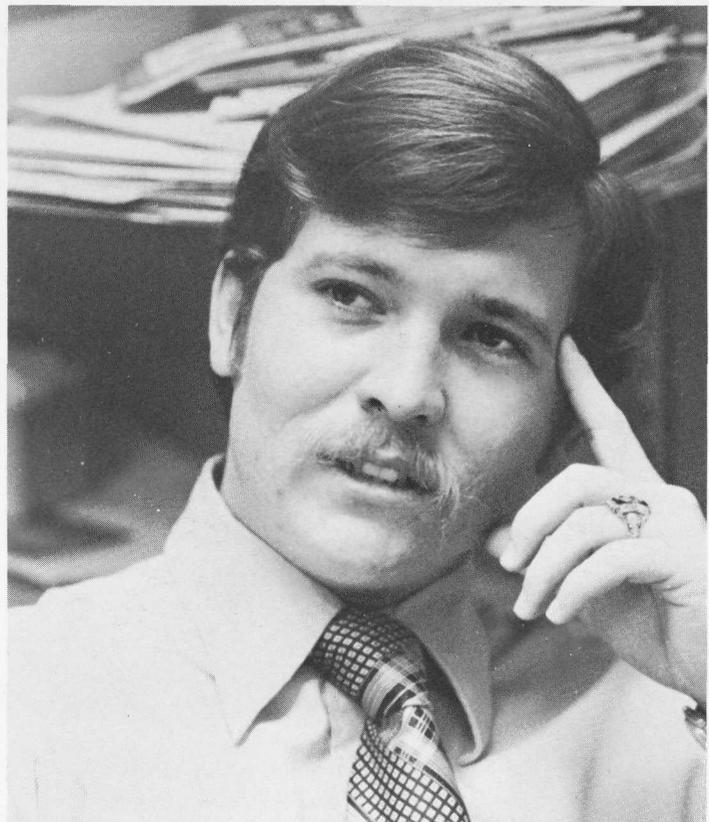
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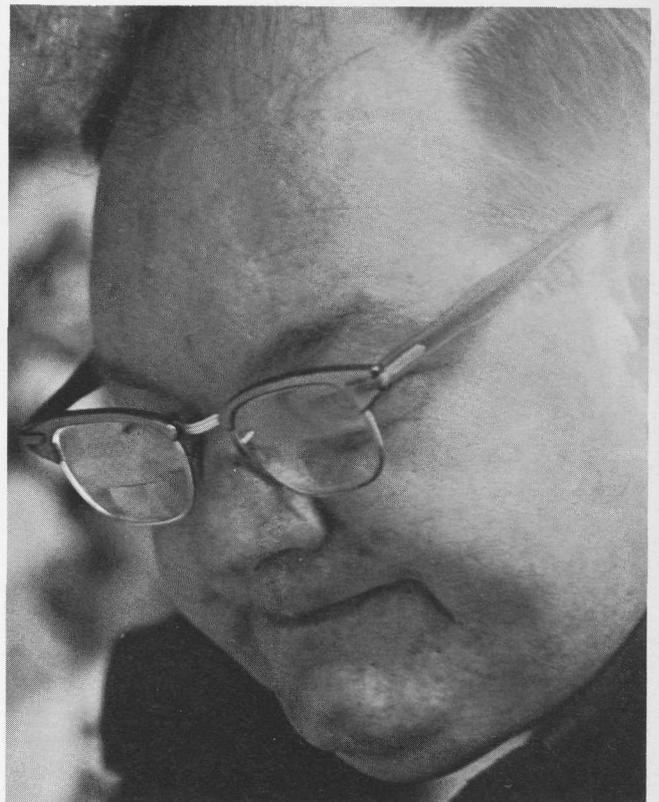


frank prescott, b.a.  
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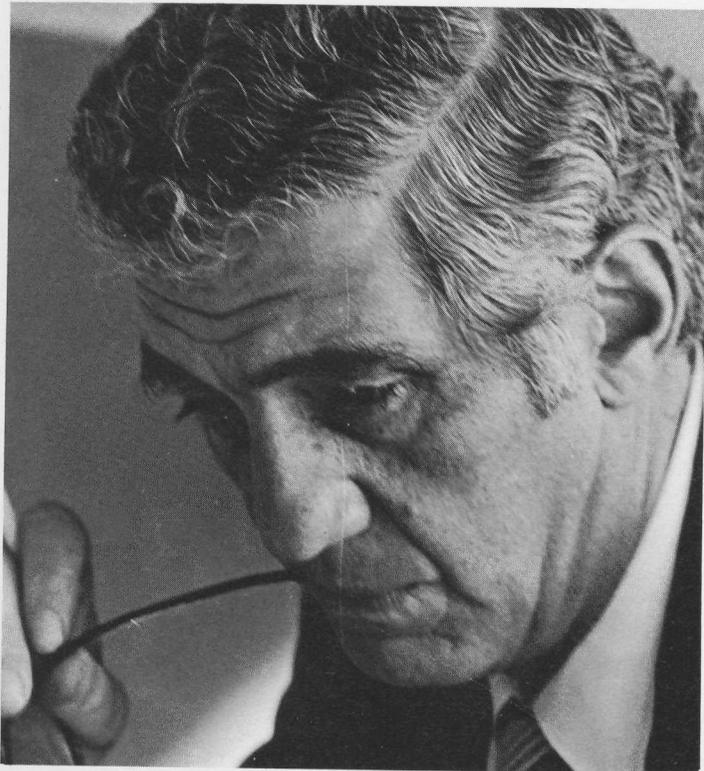
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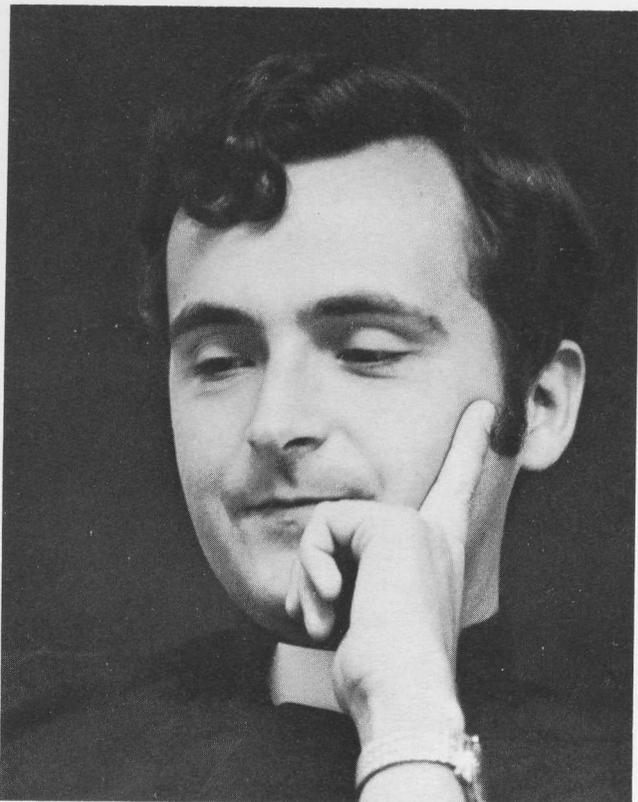
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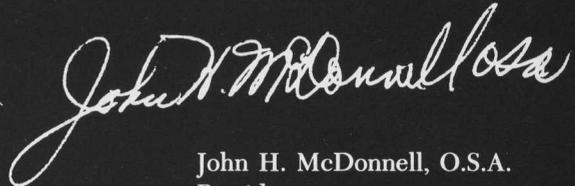
Congratulations on the completion of your undergraduate studies at Biscayne College. As Biscayne graduates you have become members of a select family which has distinguished itself in many facets of life.

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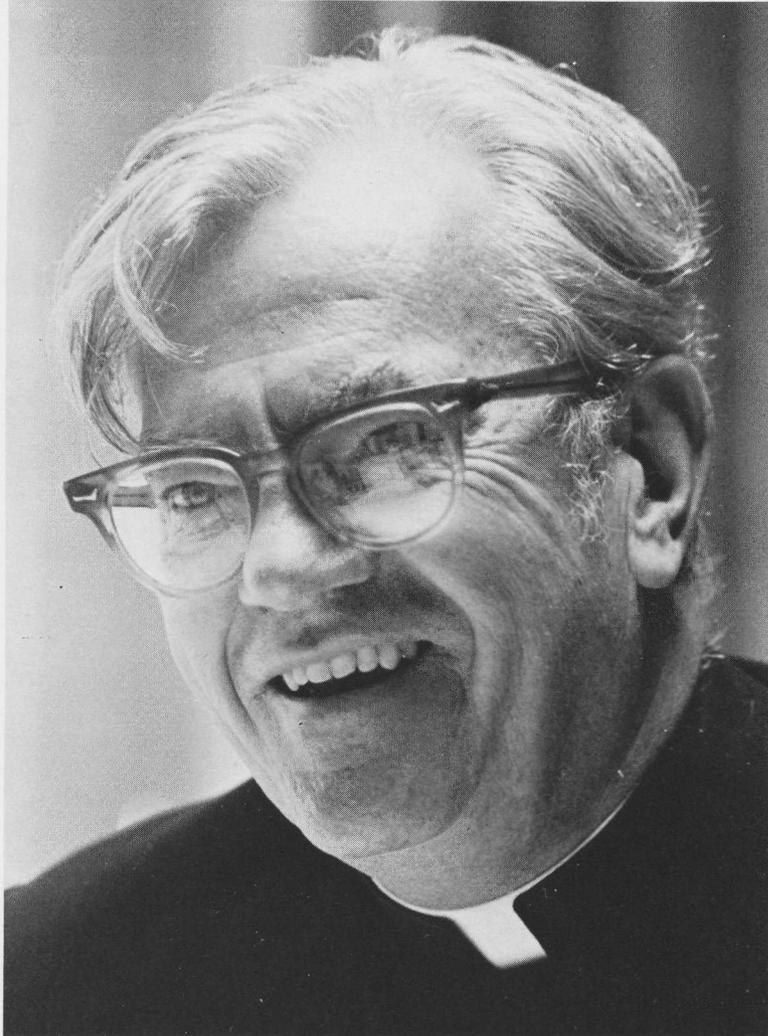
Our hope is that you learned much more than was taught in the classroom and that you will continue to learn throughout the experience of your life. The intangible human qualities of personal integrity and an abiding concern for others are the products of your greater educational experience. The desire for success in whatever you undertake is equally important to the wholeness of your personality. Take these attitudes with you as you leave the campus.

I join the rest of the College in wishing you happiness and success. May the Lord bless you.

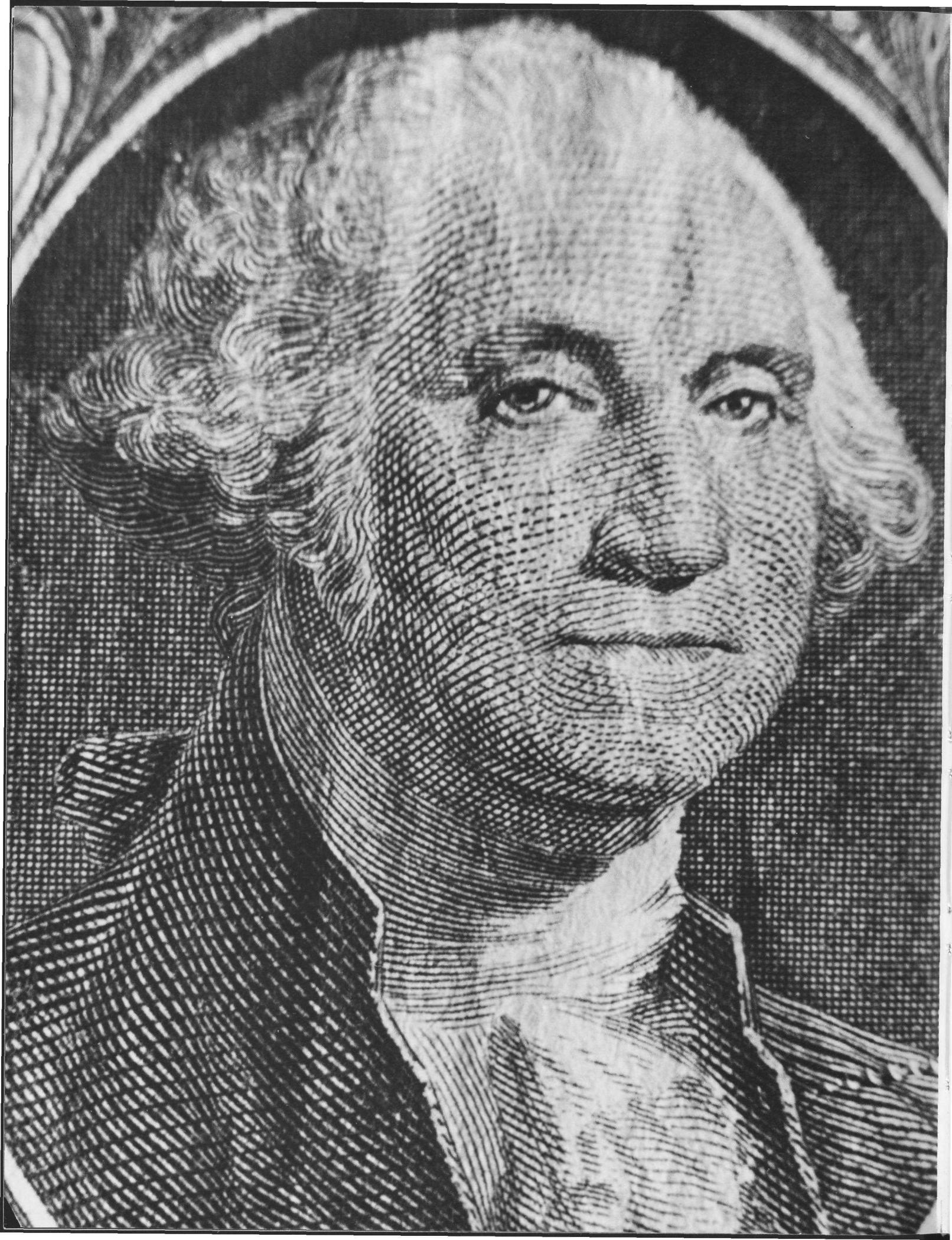
Sincerely yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "John H. McDonnell". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned above the printed name and title.

John H. McDonnell, O.S.A.  
President



john h. mcdonnell, o.s.a., m.a.  
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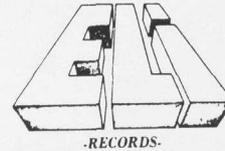
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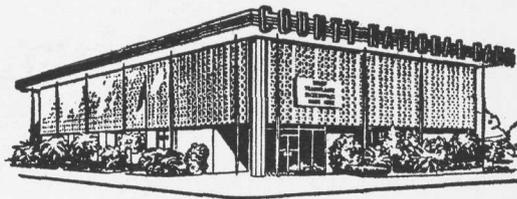


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