Loyola University Rome Center Yearbook 1984-1990

Loyola University Rome Center

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LET'S GO
LOYOLA UNIVERSITY ROME CENTER
84-85
THE YEARBOOK OF LOYOLA
LOYOLA STUDENT AGENCIES
So Many Dreams

So many dreams...
They've been built and realized here
more often than at any other
time or place in our lives.
Arriving scared, closed, uncertain and
naive,
We reached out from the frantic fear of
Where we really were and how far we had
come.

Trips, movies, cafes and on-sights
Brought the world a little closer.
We weren't quite so afraid to get
lost
Maybe because inside
We were finding ourselves
And had enough faith in that alone.

Now the end has come;
Much too quickly for most,
Not fast enough for some.
Pressures become a reality in this fantasy
As they always do in the end.
We say our farewells and promises to a
nebulous future.
And we stop to smile
Because we realize where we've really
been,
And how far we have yet to go.

Kathy Nageotte
In the summer of 1960 Father Robert Mulligan, S.J., Academic Vice President and Dean of Faculties at Loyola University of Chicago and John Felice, a member of Loyola's Theology Department, received permission to organize and direct a six week summer tour of Europe. And so Mr. Felice and Father Francis Grollling, S.J., former chairman of the Anthropology Department at Loyola, led the group. The guide and lecturer was Dr. Michael Fink.

The following summer Mr. Felice repeated and extended the tour to eight weeks. The tour included a course offered by Dr. Fink and Dr. Wozniak (former Dean of Loyola’s School of Education in Comparative Education. Accompanying this tour were Father James Mertz, S.J., former Classics Professor at Loyola, and Father Joseph Small, S.J., member of Loyola’s Political Science Department.

During this summer Mr. Felice examined a number of universities centers abroad with Father Small and Dr. Wozniak. Though there were study programs abroad elsewhere, none existed in Rome that day they boarded a greyhound bus from Loyola’s downtown campus to New York City. They then boarded a plane from New York to Naples, a bus from Naples to Rome. Thus Loyola’s Rome Center for the Liberal Arts was born.

By 1966, the growing number of people applying to the program necessitated a move from present facilities, and so in May of that year Mr. Felice signed a lease for Villa Tre Colli, Vatican property. The main structure was a building constructed in 1900 with the property around it comprising 25 acres of wooded area on which was later constructed a union building, tennis courts and a basketball court.

An option to buy the Villa Tre Colli property was refused by the University in 1972 and so the Program found its new home not far from there on the property of the hospital Villa Maria Teresa. 1972 also marked the donation of a library with 40,000 volumes.

In 1978, economic and enrollment factors forced a decision to leave Villa Maria Teresa and rent smaller quarters at Via Massimo from the Dominican Sisters of St. Catherine Siena, the present and fourth campus of the Rome Center.

The program is presently under the guidance of the Director and Academic Dean, Father James L. Arimond, S.J. Father Arimond began his duties in July, 1982, the 20th anniversary of the Rome Center. Past directors have been: John Felice (1962-1973), John T. Dillon, S.J. (1973-1976), Thomas L. Hogan, S.J. (1976-1979), John J. Klugcrnan, S.J. (1979-1982). In its 22 years of existence the Program has educated over 6000 students from 300 different colleges.

On December 2nd, 1963 Loyola University, by vote of its board of directors in Chicago, conferred honorary “Doctor of Law” degrees upon the then President of Italy, the Honorable Antonio Segni, and the then President of Italy, Senator Giovanni Gronchi. These degrees conferred signified the University’s and thus the Center’s, growing position of prestige and acceptance within Italian society, a position maintained today.

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A dedication is really more than that -- it is an appreciation all so. It is an appreciation of the time, energy and care that go into making an idea become a reality. In the beginning it was only an idea. Now it is much more than that. As the Sage notes, “nothing is as powerful and compelling”, and in this case so worthwhile, “as an idea who's time has come”. Saluto, Signora e Signore Felice!
“Not much of a personality, but oh what a body!”

Pete Lorenz

Julie Langholdt, Caroline Miller, Casey Brett, Julie Grant, and Mary Ferring.
This must be their first train trip!

Carol Nugent and Michele Bennett.

“Melinda, Chew your food before you swallow!”

Betsy Syme and Kerry Bradford

Just aim and shoot???

“Aww... Barbara”
"We are all travelers in the wilderness of this world, and the best that we can find in our travels is an honest friend".

Robert Louis Stevenson

"Damn Yanks!"
Brian Evans, Chet Chappell, Tom Kenny

Bridget Gorman, Carolyn O'Sullivan and Julie Barber

Sue Scallon, Hilary Taylor, and Kathleen Morrison
"PROST"

Jeanne Devine, Mary Beth Fox, Liz Hills, Deirdre D'way, and Suzy Sack
"No train yards for us, this time.

"Formaggio!"
Ann Marie Lamparello

Molly Donahue in Greece. "If I see one more ruin,..."
Jim Prendergast

Mary Metzger, Liz Rietau, Molly Donahue, Carol Arndt, Patti Stinn

"Hey you guys, look at the ragazzo in the corner!"

Teresa Trunzo

Ellen Berry, Lisa Philips, Lisa Garipo, Margie Best, Linda Cardinale, and Bonnie O'Malley

Kristen Pavkovic

James "Hal" Haloran

"Hey dude..."

Molly Donahue, Maureen Dougherty, Carol Arndt, and Julie Aus

Phil Kujawa

Chuck Carroll

"Going to the soccer game!"
Ok, so it's not an Alfa Romeo.

Dr. DeVoto couldn't make it today, so...

Group rates are always better than singles!

Rome never looked so good!!
"Can you believe he bought that hat!"
Anna Milone with John Best in Munich

"But I thought that you invited the guys!"
Linda LeSala and Roseanne Zammuto

"But I thought that you invited the guys!"
Linda LeSala and Roseanne Zammuto

"But I thought that you invited the guys!"
Linda LeSala and Roseanne Zammuto

"Joy at the start
Fear in the journey,
Joy in the coming home.
A part of the heart
Gets lost in the learning,
Somewhere along the road...
"
D. Folgelberg

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"Joy at the start
Fear in the journey,
Mike Giovanola, "Chicks dig me because I rarely wear underwear."

Suzanne Solena and Cecilia Allavato
"Oh! La fermata dell’autobus è qui."

Chalonda Roberts and Teri Messner in Venice

Lia Radley

Theresa Ritsai and Mary Murray
Study Break

Cecilia Sully and Valerie Nobler

Pete Beanland and Frank Pappalardo
"Pete, I like Amsterdam!"

Amy Krajewski and Monica De Bazo

Pete Meyer, "You’re so pretty, you’re so nice, I think I love you - I LOVE YOU!"
Guides

In any foreign country, a good guide is invaluable. We had many who assisted us during our stay at LURC. Administrators offered advice, teachers challenged us to think, and the staff did their best to make our stay at LURC a pleasing one. Their doors were open, and they were always willing to lend a helping hand.

Dr. Richard and Nancy Bowen
Psychology and Finance
"Buy Lire while it's cheap!"

Dr. Virgil Boyd - Accounting, Economics, Statistics, and Finance

Dr. Timothy Austin-English
"In solemn address any thing is better than England, and I am indefi-

nately amused with my pilgrimage as far as it has gone".
Lord Byron, 1809

"I don't think this is the footpath!"

"OH! Good evening Fr. Arimond!"
Jim Lynch and Lenny Schmidt

A night out at Zodiaco.
Jack Cusick, Lori Schaefer, Dave Ligda, Eric Swanson, Denise O'Brien, Doug Johnson, Vern Holzbauer, and Teri Meener.

"I don't think this is the footpath!"

Jennifer Stefan, Kathy Mundock, and Colleen McCluskey

"If you want to enjoy Rome, do not look down at the floor, which is often dirty, but look up and around you! Look inside buildings and at the skyline. Speak with the people so that you may experience a different reality."

Dr. Flaminia Addie-Italian Language

"In sober sadness anything is better than England, and I am infini-

tely amused with my pilgrimage as far as it has gone."
Lord Byron, 1809

Dr. Virgil Boyd - Accounting, Economics, Statistics, and Finance

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We regret that pictures of the following teachers do not appear:

Dr. Umberto Angeloni - Economics
Dr. Bruna Capitini - Italian
Mr. James Cross - Economics
Dr. James DeVoto - Classical Studies
Sr. Timothea Elliott, RMS - Theology
Mr. David Gillerman - Fine Arts
Ms. Amy Weiskopf - Fine Arts
Dr. Marialuisa Caprini - Economics

Sr. Margret Renehan
History
Mr. John Ray
Fine Arts
Dr. Giovanni Scichilone
Classical Studies

Dr. Timothy Standring - Fine Arts
"Remember: looking at Classical Architecture is absolutely free!"

Rev. Paul Robicheaux
Theology
Ms. Melinda Schlitt - Fine Arts
"For the student of art, history, and culture in general, Italy and especially Rome, seem virtually inexhaustible.

Mr. John Felice
Associate Director and Dean of Students
Ms. Maria A. Luzzi Cempanari
Business Manager
Ms. Kate Felice
Assistant Director and Registrar
Dr. Martin Molnar
Rome Center Librarian

Administration and Staff

"Some people always seem to have a little time to spare. Just when it means the world to you to know somebody's there, They truly take an interest in everything you do. You can go to them with problems and they'll always see you through..."
Ms. Sandi Franciosa
"You want it when?!"

Ms. Barbara Angioletti
School Nurse
"Lera sak"

Anthony Gargiulo, Beth Elliot, Joe Morgan
Resident Assistants

Mr. Vittorio Catini
"I'll pretend that I didn't see that."

Mr. Mario Catini

Mr. Franco Tedesco
"Ciao Bella!"

Mr. Aida Schiavone
"Pronto"

Mr. Matteo DiRodi
Padre Frank Nash, S.J.
Chaplain
"Are we happy campers?"

Mr. R. Dirodi

Mr. L. Tomassini

Mr. Domenico Barone

Mr. Pulvano Provenzi
Business Office

Rinaldo e Nella
Those who can recall my opening talk during the orientation days in August and January might remember what some have termed my "keynote" or philosophy of how young people should approach their education and, for that matter, life in general. "Work hard and play hard but just remember when you should be doing which" — this maxim has served me well during my life and I hope you have been able to incorporate it into your lives, too, during your time at the Rome Center. For, with the vast opportunities for travel, the frequent visits to Giovanni's, and workshipping at the high altar of the almighty Eurial Pass, you have had to weigh these priorities with those of attending class and taking seriously your academic responsibilities. If, during the past semester or year, you began to come to grips with the delicate balancing of these priorities (along with your finances), then your experience abroad should have been a valuable one no matter how many Florentine sweaters or Benetton shirts you purchased!

It has been my privilege these past eight months to have shared in your youth for, as Robert F. Kennedy so eloquently said — "youth is not a time of life but rather a state of mind, a temper of the will, a quality of imagination, a predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite for adventure over the love of ease." And never forget that the grandeur of youth is not your mind but the glory of youth is your spirit. It is a grand thing that your mind can and must seek knowledge and truth, but it is glorious and a wonder that your spirit can and must seek beauty and justice. With your mind you know and reason; but, with your spirit or soul you love and serve others. This has been my fundamental belief supporting the many happy years I have been privileged to work with young people — and this year has been no exception! Never lose your zest for life nor your quest to travel, for they are the ultimate test of your desire and ability to understand the diversity of the great peoples who make up this world.

As you leave the Rome Center and return to your families and familiar surroundings, remember two things: (1) in the spirit of the opening comment by the editor of Let's Go, give your warmest thanks and love to your parents who, realizing that you would return, let you go to Rome in the first place; and (2) look upon your time at LURC not as "the dream of a lifetime" but more as a beginning of your initiation into the world community. You will return! I will bet on that! And, when you do, remember where it all began — here in Rome, a home that will always welcome you with open arms. Arrivederci e, in futuro, benvenuto!

James C.K. Arimond, S.J.
Director & Academic Dean
Accommodations

More tempestuous American students emigrated into Rome between August 1984 and May 1985 than the Italians were prepared for. We at Let's Go Loyola discovered the best place to stay in town was the dormitory run by the Jesuits on Monte Mario. At LURC we found everything from lodging, a dining hall, and recreational facilities to a library, church services, banking, and travel planning accommodations. What more could we have asked for in our brief stay? Okay, heat. But, besides that ...?

Right inside LURC's door, we found the porter's desk. At first when we spoke no Italian and they no English, it seemed as if "ne'er the twain shall meet." However, after a few crash Italian lessons and various renditions of "dove la ..." and "le chiave per..." the porter's desk became a friendly spot to pick up mail, place phone calls, and obtain the basketball. It was Vito, Domenico, Franco, and Aldo who were the last to wave us off on our journeys and the first to greet us upon our return.

Mail-call may have been a let down, the food may not have agreed with us, and no doubt the laundry situation was in a foul state of perpetual filth, but none of these deficiencies detracted from our life at the Rome Center. It was rough-going. Our biggest problem was deciding which foreign country to visit next. We dutifully avoided the temptation of diligent studies and surrendered ourselves to the lives of maniac tourists -- backpacking, skiing, camping, basking in the sun, overnight train rides, taking pictures and drinking.
While in Europe, food and drink tempted us constantly - brats and beer in Munich, crepes and wine in Paris, shishkabob and oozo in Athens. But nothing was more mouth-watering than our own cafeteria and bar.

CAFETERIA DI LOYOLA, a gourmet's paradise served a wide variety of Italian Styled Starch ranging from ketchup doused pasta to Wednesday's soggy pizza. Moon rocks offered a staple for every meal and were also available in take-out form for those homemade meals on the go. The specialty was breaded veal prepared 101 different ways.

RINALDO’S BAR, the proprietor and his wife Nella were always sure to please and we were sure to set aside half our budget for them. This was the only place to turn for the early AM cappuccino and cookie fix. Tables were available all day for studying, snacking, Trivial Pursuit games, or planning weekend jaunts. In the evening Rinaldo’s became the study escape spot where we procrastinated over molti Peroni e Speciali.

Frank Barbaric, “Did you say Venice? That reminds me of the time...”

Don Campbell, “A day without moonrocks, is like a day without...”

Terri Hernandez and Laura Ford
“Shopping sure does build up an appetite.”

We have travelled the world and over; seen the greatest sights.

Yet, some of our fondest memories will be of the “ordinary” days.

Chatting at lunch, and doing our dreaded laundry.

The laughter shared, the stories told, and the classes discussed, as we passed our days among friends at LURC.

And it is these moments; Simple times and someone’s smile, that we may miss the most when we have gone our separate ways...
Just like Thanksgiving in the States, Thanksgiving festivities at the Rome Center were full of tradition and togetherness. The tradition came through during the beautiful mass and conventional turkey dinner (with mashed potatoes and gravy!). The togetherness, however, took an unorthodox form. Fumbles, fouls, tackles, and touchdowns unified the LURC family. No trophies were handed out for the Turkey Bowl competition, but the champs by no means went unrewarded. A dunk in the mud puddle was the sign of good sportsmanship and teamwork. Even though our thoughts often drifted towards home, we made the most of our holiday.
Julie Gaary and Gari McMahon
"What do you mean YEARBOOK!!"  

“Typing”
Marie Trafficante and John McInry

Marianne Lynch, Tom Kenny, Nial Kennedy, and Kathy Naegeste

Chris Morozin
"You and me - One on One!!"

Roomies - Deene Wallace, Chris Criagulli and Judy Hymel

CUBS ’84 – Bleacher Burns
Rob Cateria, "Il conto per favore."

The 3rd Floor Gang

"Higher Education"
Ruben Rucoba, Lenny Schmidt, and George Relics
Moonrocks and paper thin walls, 
Little heat and ants in our halls.

Yet,
Weary from travel and returning to Rome,
Nothing could compare to our home away from home.

John Gallivan
"I can't go out tonight. I've got to study."

"ANTSII"

Ellen Simpae, Lisa Nowak, and Lenny Schmidt

"Why did I wash all my clothes?"

Mary Detert, Gianmaria Grivaniello, and Kathy Kerby
"Ah, Life is sweet."

Ellen Lemens and Colette Fitzgerald

Alfonso de la Morena
"Very Dangerous"
Papal Audience

As the clock ticked on in the grand auditorium we sat somber, impatient and sleepy. Regardless of faith, whether we had come on our own or as a group, the event was one most would never forget. Surely this was an event for even the gentlemen of Loyola sported their finest! At last our hearts were lifted as the beloved Pope John Paul II slowly walked across the stage.

We sat among the crowd, yet his words touched each one of us individually. As he spoke in seven languages our hearts were attentive, if not our ears.

"Never has so much been experienced by so many so superficially."

Anne Durkin
"He touched me"

Jack Cusick
"What a place to pick up chicks!"

Spirit filled cries sprang from our mouths when at last he greeted us - The Loyola University Rome Center. It was an emotion felt by the entire audience; from the songs of the Polish congregation to the cheers of the Sealy Posturapedic Co.

The excitement reached its peak as slowly Pope John Paul proceeded down the aisle. We reached out with our hearts and with our hands. Some were brought to tears others to cries of joy.

The rain fell as we ran through St. Peters Square. The impact of what we had experienced is not easily put to words. For most meeting such a man was unparalleled. Surely John Paul was aware of the thrill he gave one student as he turned to him amongst the crowds and called, "You tell America I say Hi!"

Rex Houlihan
No comment - for once!

Sue Maiorano and Ann Metayer

You can dress them up, but you can't take them out!

Michael Ryan and Frank Barbaric

Mike Egan
In keeping with Rome’s tradition of great piazzas, Piazza Loyola surpasses even the grandest. It is truly unique. Amidst the roar of radios, wisdom of teachers, and gossip of the day – this small island stood as the core of Loyola’s social life. During the day, we gathered here to study, write letters, or simply worship the sun. But, at night it sprang to life. Couples whispered, the Giovanni’s crowd stumbled through, and all who lay in bed listened attentively. Surely no other piazza made so much history each and every night.
One hot September morning, the 990 bus, stuffy and sticky from a previous night’s rain, rumbled uphill and carried me to class. On my right sat a man who was puffing on the largest cigar I believe I have ever seen. Adjectives like “rank” and “foul” could not begin to describe the pungent aura belched from that dark cylinder of tobacco. Feeling faint from nausea, I lunged to open a window but cries of “mal di fegato” (sick liver) stopped me abruptly. Finally, through tearful, blood-shot eyes, I turned my green-tinted face toward the smoker and pointed to the “Vietato Fumare” (No Smoking) sign. The man patronizingly explained that a foreigner, like myself, could not understand the “spirit” behind the no smoking law. “That rule does not apply to me,” he said. “It means that it would be disastrous if everyone on the bus decided to smoke.”

Fr. Paul Robicheaux
Sights

SETTING: a dorm, two students, on a typical Wednesday evening.

Bob: We have to decide tonight, we're leaving tomorrow after my Italian class.
Mary: Hey, why not Switzerland?
Bob: I've been there, how about Paris?
Mary: I'm going there over break, besides it's kinda far and I don't want to validate my Eurail yet.
Bob: I know, let's stay in Italy, it will be cheap and I haven't seen it yet.
Mary: I don't know, let's go where everyone else isn't.
Bob: Tell me about it. Let's decide tomorrow, Ciao!
Mary: Ciao!

Decisions, decisions; our lives abroad were full of them. Bounded only by limited time, money, and train schedules, the opportunities for travel were otherwise infinite. With backpacks in position and Let's Go in hand, we began each weekend with far-fetched desires and always seemed to return fulfilled. Discovering sights, deciphering maps, and making new friends along the way were precious supplements to our educational experience. When money was tight and our patience was gone, we did not have to travel far. Europe's Eternal City lay in our backyard. The sights, the sounds, the smells, and the people of Rome were waiting to be discovered.
With the most efficient railway system in the world and the best auto routes ever built, transportation was rarely a problem. Mopeds, boats, and planes provided extraordinary means of reaching difficult locations. Some of us, however, still managed to run into trouble. We discovered in no time that travelling in large groups could be chaos. January’s snowfall brought the “eternal wait” in Milan’s airport. Constantly striking buses and trains were a great inconvenience. Some students bit the dust on speeding vespas or got off the boat on the wrong island. Asking for directions in a foreign language always proved to be challenging. We often breathed heart felt sighs of relief when we finally reached our destination. In spite of all our difficulties, we enjoyed ourselves by partying and making new friends along the way. Somehow, we managed to get there (wherever “there” may have been).

“'The plane for Athens is now departing'.

"Has anyone seen Pat?"

Lenny Schmidt.

The eternal wait to get to the eternal city.

Paul Maxwell.

Enjoy the beautiful sights of Europe by rail.

Getting There ---

“We can lead you to sights, but not to the insights”.

Let’s Go Europe 1984
Oktoberfest in Munich

Let's go to a place where people greet you with open arms, where the smell of bratwurst and sauerkraut linger in the air, and where the finest beer in all the world flows like an endless river. Let's go to Munich, München, Oktoberfest!

Oktoberfest is Germany enjoying its finest hour. A mixed celebration of fun and culture. Present here was enough bait to lure any LURC student on his semester-long pursuit of pleasure.

Once settled and somewhat rested, we viewed the city, and invaded the fairgrounds. Anyone present in Munich realized that Oktoberfest was something not to be discussed but to be experienced!

“Watch out for those American girls!”
Marianne Lynch and Stacy Sack

Another one bites the dust
Neil Kennedy, Mike Egan, Dan Musca, John Kinney, and Hal

Angela Risemberg
At least you found your bratwurst...
Go for it!

ROUND ONE
Anne Keller, Joanne Davini, and Delride Detey

Anthony Lazare
“Hey dolls, where ya going?”

Chris Marsia and Ellen O'Brien

“Munch-out”
Lindsey Jackson, Briny Syme, and Linda Logan

Tom Politis and Louise Schofield
Youth is the time to study wisdom; old age is the time to practice it.

Rousseau

Lisa Gauthier and Chris Herkert

Moon over the Acropolis

Lisa Gauthier and Chris Herkert

Rex Houlihan, Kate Hahoon and Cindy Johnson

Rex Houlihan, Kate Hahoon and Cindy Johnson

Vam-Man or myth?

Vam-Man or myth?

Greece

Always hunting for a bargain, we managed to hit Greece during the off-season. The polluted and over-crowded city of Athens was rescued only by the reveling nightlife. Mopedding on Mykonos, through whitewashed cities and past herds of sheep to Paradise Beach, gave us a true feeling of island life. The olive groves below Delphi and the Temple of Apollo in Corinth definitely compensated for our eternal bus trips. The fact that 1984 was an Olympic year made our trip to Olympia that much more exciting. We can now understand "the glory that was Greece", and is yet today.

“Youth is the time to study wisdom; old age is the time to practice it".

Rousseau

Tina Raimondi, Sara Galehouse, Anne Durkin and Barbara Jordan.

“She ain't heavy, she's our tour guide".

Dom Vecchio, Pepi and Rex Houlihan
Cervinia

"You can slip and slide down the mountain side in Cervinia..." The hairpin turns taken while climbing the mountain left most of us hugging the floor of the bus. At the summit, the altitude caused problems for some and became the universal excuse for the ridiculous actions of all. Skiing in the shadow of the Matterhorn was a thrill for beginners and pros alike - Disneyland come to life. The action packed evenings were full of snowball fights in the streets and sledding on plastic bags, along with partying at the infamous "Red Dragon" and "Hotel Continental." By the end of the weekend our tired, aching, and in some cases well wrapped limbs signaled to all that it was time to go home.

"Après Skiing"
Barbara Jordan, Rex Houihan, Jeff Schenkel, and Ann Metayer

"I got the moves!" Brenda Reeb

"Bill" in action
Martin Doublesin

"Wipe Out!"
Sergio Marie

"Italy is on which side of the mountain!?"
Mike Howard and Paul Sullivan

Snow-Tanning

"Kamikaze-Skier"
Donna Cardinale

Terri Rossi and Dan Tydy
Italy

"A man who has not been in Italy is always conscious of an inferiority".

Samuel Johnson

Italy provided opportunities for endless exploration. We were surrounded by the breathtaking peaks of the Valled'Aosta, the rolling hills of Rome, and the sea and sun of Sicily. Each region had unique dialects, cuisine, and cultural flavor. Whenever possible, we hopped trains to explore the countryside.

Our travels were like a stroll through history. We caught glimpses of ancient Italy through its monuments and remains. Ruins became entertaining as we imitated our favorite statues and raided the Colosseo.

Art work was plentiful. Fountains and churches containing masterpieces of sculpture and fresco graced the land. We studied marble beauties "up close and personal" by taking a dip or planting a kiss on a sculptured god. Florence, the "Flower of the Renaissance," was only hours away, but which our vengeance for shopping we often swarmed there to the "Flower of the Flea Markets".

Experiencing Italy, however, went far beyond exploring its cities; it meant mingling with its people. With our limited Italian, we chatted with those we met on trains, hanging out at the Spanish Steps, and sipping cappuccino in local cafes. We learned to survive crowded buses and endless "scioperos." Eventually we grew accustomed to siestas and pasta, and we had no problem sampling our share of gelato and vino.

Whether we fell in love with Italy or were worn weary by its ways, we all share one thing in common - living here has been something that we will never forget.

Laura Faraci and Paula Papetti

La Faraci and Papetti

Cappuccini per due

Mary Beth Fox

"Oh, it's coins not loins in the fountain!

Michela Danto, Sue Maiorano and Mike Reimer

"When in Rome, do as the Tourists do..."

Venetian Fun

Chris Herkert, Kerry Christie, Terri Brower and Kris Zanche

"Quiet, nuns at work!"

Chuck Laind, Mike Zaker, and Paul Maxwell
For that last big bash before succumbing to those strict Lenten promises, there was Carnivale. Whether we celebrated in Munich, Venice or Rome, Fat Tuesday festivities kept us enthralled. Hand painted masks made of ceramic or papermache were sold as souvenirs. Fantastically colored costumes were designed by hand. Behold King Midas or Sleeping Beauty. It was in the streets that fairy tales and myths came to life. Crowds of bears, clowns, mice, and musketeers paraded into Piazza San Marco. Strands of lights illuminating the square revealed a flow of theatrical figures making their way towards the dancers. The atmosphere was intoxicating. With masks in place, we melted into the crowd and became part of ...Carnivale!
Tel Aviv, Jerusalem, Hebron, Jericho -- places we normally only read about in the Bible or heard about on the nightly news. As far as we were concerned, they were located on the other side of the world and were well out of reach. However, for Spring Break '85 we hopped on a plane and within a few hours we were juxtaposed to the Promise Land. We had never seen anything quite like it before. In Jerusalem we bargained in the markets, pranced barefoot through the mosques and tried to understand the significance of praying at the Western Wall. Like the Chosen People we ventured through the Negev Desert past camels, tanks, and Bedoin Nomads. Baving the cliffs of Masada was an experience in itself and a float in the Dead Sea was our just reward. Sightseeing became a routine as Emil told us to "make" our pictures and vendors sold "50 postcards-one dollar." The experiences were countless and never to be equaled. By the end of the trip we were all exhausted and our bonfire on the Mediterranean beach was the perfect conclusion to a perfect trip.

Lindsey Jackson
"Does this thing have breaks?"

Steve Gallagher in Hoseah's Tunnel
"Let's get lit!"


Gloria Gargiulo
Liquid Lunchbreak... grapefruit juice and vodka anyone?

Brenda Reeb, Dominic Vecchio, Aileen Hollis, Shawn Lubele, James "Hal" Halloran, Peter Lempa, Ann Kendel, Robin Rupp, Ken Frassese
What makes you think we're drunk?

Shawn Lubele and Steven Gallagher
"How much for the little girl?"

Brenda Reeb, Tom Nootbaer, Shawn Lubele and a UN Guard
"They can't shoot us we're Americans"

Fr. Nash and Fr. Annyrond
Mass at the Mount of Beatitudes
With classes and school work out of the way, the evenings became our playtime. Luckily, Rome offered much in the way of nightly entertainment.

Pasquino: Better known as "the America Theater" showed movies in English for those unilingual experts in all of us. And who could forget the little old man who appeared during intermission with his speedy refreshment cart.

Ristoranti: Dining out was a rare treat. Whether it was calzone at the birreria or splurging at the Hilton, the occasion was enjoyable just the same. We managed to find the best Chinese food in Rome and the cheapest restaurants in Trastevere. At times, even gelati at Giolitti's constituted a meal out.

Operas and Concerts: For a more sophisticated evening, students headed towards the theatre. Yes, some people attended these events because they wanted to (not everyone was lucky enough to take Music Appreciation).

Piazze: di Spagna and Navona, two of the most famous piazze in the city, constantly roared with natives, tourists, musicians and artists. Whether you were sitting by the fountain or on the steps, as long as you had some friends by your side a pleasant evening was guaranteed.
Dinner Dance

With water running, doors slamming, hairdryers buzzing, and lights sporadically turning on and off (blown circuit after blown circuit), one would have thought the building was haunted. Suddenly the student body emerged sparkling head to toe and garbed in seemly attire. This confirmed our presumptions. The campus was possessed! What was the strange phenomenon which caused these abnormal events? Twice a year as LURC kicked off a new semester, the same ritual occurred; the traditional Dinner Dance.

Tension lingered in the air as we sat down to dinner with strangers. But as the vino flowed so did the conversation. The endless recitations of “Where do you live?”, “What school are you from?”, “What’s your major?”, and “Do you know so and so...?”, gave way to the musical accompaniment which prompted us to dance the night away. By the end of the evening we had all become acquainted and those strange faces were on their way to becoming familiar. The Dinner Dance had ended, but the friendships had just begun.

Linda Bertolucci, Tina Christofilis, Linda Casale, and Lynn Coylt

Donna Cardinle and Peter Haase

Ellen Barry

Tom Neville and John Sullivan

“Call my cat, darling.”

Barbara Billhardt

“Let’s Tango!”

Sue Scardoni and Rex Houlihan

Frank Nash, Joan Dessert, Meg Mardlex and Jeanie Glunz

Phyllis Mogunski, Vina Mayman and the Dancing Wailer

Laura Deluna

“I was told it’s the latest style in Paris!”
Lena Ropp and Lisa Rapposi

Tony de Nicola, Laura Ferrai, and Paula Papetti
"I'm a magnet, what can I say?"

Lenny Schmidt, Elaine Lee, Ruben Rucoo, and Lisa Nowak

Dan Gasmann and Maria Pierotti
Toga Party

"Did the Ancient Romans really wear Togas?"

Anne Durkin

Yes Anne, the Ancient Romans really did wear Togas. But why did we? Why do people get dressed up in bed sheets, drink too much, and act like raving idiots? Why did we litter the halls, break paretals and reduce our behaviour to the level of dumb beasts? Why do men climb mountains? Because as the wise men tell us, the things in life that make the least sense often make the most sense.

In keeping with this mentality, John Bianco, Paul O'Malley, and Anthony Lazzara put together a batch of "Jonestown" punch that almost claimed as many victins as the real thing. The trail left from the Rec Room to their rooms had every ant in the building marching upstairs the next morning. Why did we do this? How did we pour that poison down our throats and call it fun? Why do men climb mountains?

And at the party, how could we have danced with people we had complained about that day at lunch? How could we swing hips until our feet ached and our backs mourned? Why do men climb mountains?

And when the party broke-up, why did we raid and loot the bathrooms we had to use the next day? Why did we fill the halls and stairwells with toilet paper that would not be replaced until Monday? Why did we sneak into rooms to slip those togas off only to face the cafeteria in the morning?

Yes Anne, the Ancient Romans really did wear togas, but it is a good thing that we only wear them on very special occasions!
"BOOOF!"
Colette Fitzgerald, Cindy Johnson and Betty Fahey

LURC's been short sheeted!!

"Sometimes you just gotta say, What the...?"
Jay Romano

"Darling, is that a Gucci toga?"
Kate Hafsoos and Rocco Domanico

"You make me wanna SHOUT!"
Julie Aus

"Dancing in the Sheets"
Laura De Luna and Lori Schofller

Lisa Jamason, Alyson Evans, and Dan Musca

Gloria Gargiulo, Tina Raimondi, Camie Trafficanta and Lisa Albo

John Banico, Rory Shannon, Paul O'Malley and Denise O'Brien

Robin Boman and Wendy Holst
Halloween Party

"Trick or Treat?" Loyola students dared not utter these words for fear of ghostly pranksters! No doorbells were rung, no Snickers bars or candy corn were handed out, but the holiday spirit did not pass us by. The Romans may not have understood all the commotion at 114 Via Massimi but as usual, that did not deter the festivities. Back in the States, children covered themselves in shaving cream as they ravaged their neighborhoods, while we here at Loyola delighted ourselves with spirits of every variety. Potions were concocted all night long and the dancing never stopped. It was all quite a sight! Where else could you have seen the Colosseum boogie, a metro ticket remain unused, vineyards buzzing on beer, Hitler getting bombed, Gumbies turning green or pasta quite so hot! Though no candy was collected in those black and orange bags, for many the night was not totally without its treats!
Susan Saunders, Debbie Behnke, Denise Sullivan, Phyllis Mogenski, Kathy Mark, Vicki Gustafson and Melinda Rupp

"It's rough having girls fall all over me."

Tony de Nicola, Adam Jones and Sandy Vettez

Matt Ricoi, Tom Neville, Kathy Nageotte and Keith Greer

"Rutio? No problems here!"

Vicki Gustafson and Susan Balcerzak

Hal and Robin Rupp

No Ruby, Hal doesn't fool around on first dates!

Solita Pandit, Mike Smith and Anne Carini

"It's rough having girls fall all over me."

Carnivale Party

In keeping with the true spirit of LURC a chance for a party did not pass us by. Carnivale was the season and once again we sported our strangest. Everything from hats to rubber noses were the style of the evening. The Rec Room rocked to the sounds. The spirits flowed and the Roman nightlife was at its peak!

Monica O’Keefe, George Relais, Peggy Leen, Tony de Nicola Crane, Lenny Schmidt, Adam Jones and Ruben Rucoba

Pre-party

Robin Rapp and Eva Pusateri

"I thought it was their legs the Italians didn't shave."
Our Roman Playground

Somewhere around Latitude 42° north and Longitude 12° west it lies. It's on the famous boot peninsula rising out of the Mediterranean on spaceship earth: our Roman playground, no admission gate, no closing time.

By day we went to the Pantheon, threw the frisbee at Villa Borghese and ate ice cream at Giolitti's. By night, we went to the bars. We all had our preferred niches and common watering holes. The Zodiac in season, Giovanni's anytime, Vincenzo's when the heat was on, the Bironia as #2 in the triple crown. Old Godoni's until the law caught up with them, the All-Night-Bar followed by a dough stuffed face via the All-Night-Sakery all became ritual.

How many classes missed by the Litré Club? How many trains missed by all? How much beer bottle philosophy belched forth? How many megalomaniac plans for world domination discussed? We are all better off not knowing the answers to these questions. But we laughed ourselves silly and spread happiness and love; it's the only thing that there's just too little of. So here's to it; another cheer, another chance, another beer, another dance, another long silent prayer for this madness called mankind.

Dan Gasmann, Denise Sullivan, Martin Doublesin, Vickie Gustafson, Susan Bakosak, Tom Neville and Lenny Schmidt
How many people can you cram into a Giovanni's booth at once?

Joe Morgan, Mike Smith, Solita Pandit, Paul Sullivan, Anthony Gargiulo and Chris Morzin
"Quick, while the others aren't looking!"

Scott Kockos, Julie McCormick, Margaret Warwick and Sean Grant
"We think he's in love."

Joe Morgan, Mike Smith, Solita Pandit, Paul Sullivan, Anthony Gargiulo and Chris Morzin
"Quick, while the others aren't looking!"

Julie Coleman, Celeste Sully, Milly Donohue and Paul Sammarco
"German beer, um, um good!"

Hap Burke and Paul O'Malley
"Keep your cool Hap, she's coming our way!"

John Dawen, Doug Johnson, Amy McDonough and Chris Morzin
"You want him? He's yours!"

Mary McGatag, Julie Coleman and Cathy Wanzel
"Say formaggio!"
Practical Information

"What do I need to take with me?" Before every excursion throughout the year, we pondered this question. As we traveled, we discovered what was essential -- in our "packs" and in our lives.

Thinking about what we should bring home, we filled our suitcases with memories and momentos. Europe had been conquered. We broadened our minds and discovered how much more there was to learn and to explore. We made countless friends about whom we will often reminisce...

"Here I sit alone and ponder. My thoughts are here quiet and somber. Where do I rest this night my Lord? Is it alone without those I came to know and love? My friends, my friends, where art thou now beyond it all? I miss you already for now I am home, far away from the eternal city. I thought it would never end. Now I see it only depends on thoughts, memories, pictures and friends. Let them always be present, never removed by trends.

I love you one, I love you all. Those I came to grow with and fall.

May the day come when we see and feel The times of youth again."

Dominic Vecchio
Janet Mraz
"PUT THAT CAMERA AWAY!!"

Robin Rapp and Eva Fuster
"We like everything BIG - big beers, big pretzels..."

Liz Crane, Mike Howard and Beth Rancic
"STEP into my office."

Janet Mraz
"PUT THAT CAMERA AWAY!!"

Richard Lancaster, Mike Howard, Laura Fransci, Paula Papetti, Brad Alexander
You have just entered the twilight zone.

Lila Radley, Teri Mosner, Imelda McGovern, Gina Ranallo, Teresa Trunzo
"Dear Mom and Dad, Camp is great!"

"Peter Haase, CBS News, Athens, Greece. Back to you Dan."

Joe Massetti, Italiano amico, John Gallivan, Keith Gaar
"So you want to learn about America? Grab a brewski!"

"Due birre per favore!"

Rich Guest
No Rich, that plane is going to Sioux City, Iowa.
Jenny Zoeller, Tony Lazzara, Colleen Lydon, Mary Mikit, Renee Giambra
"What nice oranges you have!"

Liz Crane and Peggy Leen
"Biglietti per favore"

Rob Boyd
"Faaaiit Scotty, it's alive!"

Collette Fitzgerald, Julianne Conner, Betsy Syme, Terri Schultz, Deb Pentcone
"Where did you say J.P. lived?"

Mary Jane Laster, Kathy Nageotte, Laura Deluna, Marianne Lynch, Paula Papetti, Juliet Sejedk, Karen Majoli, Laura Fanaci, and Susie Naftzger.
"Dove sono ragazz!"

For Sale: one dormant volcano, Pompeii Heights, see Don Pasek

Gelati at Gelattis
Francesca De Trans, Denias Sulhuri, Kate Garber, Deb Behnke, Tom Noorbaa,
Dawn Sepold, Phyllis Mogelaski, and Wes Mayhan

Mary Metzger and Suzanne Soletta

Monica Alberson
Bacio del Lupi

Kate Garber and Lynn Coyle
"Buon giorno!"

Lisa Baran, Veronica Murphy, Sheila Hanky

Laura Kiener
At least we all showered!

Parlta Italiano?

At least we all showered!

I'm in control.

It's Tammy Wynette and friends

The traveler's meal!

High Mom.
Amy Dwyer and Lynne La Torre

Mary Jo Gervase, Liz Keeley, Denise Kogut
"She knows Aunt Hilda."

Rocco Domanico and John Bianchi

Lucia Morabito

Monica Alberson, Tricia Rubino and Sheila Murphy

Olympic Hacky Sack Team
James "Hal" Helloran, Joe McKinnick, Jim Prendergast, Steve Gallagher

Amy Dwyer and Lynne La Torre

Monica Alberson, Tricia Rubino and Sheila Murphy

"More than two people constitute a party... Didn't you hear me?"

Ellen King, Barbara Billhardt, Janet Mraz, Eddie Destling, Dan Geesmann, Gloria Ganguli

The Marlboro Man

Gianmaria Ghivarello

Jim Sullivan and Sandy Velez Beauty and the Beast

Kitty Cirullo

Dennis "Easy Rider" Fraher
Joe Morgan, "Flounder" Sarmiento, Anthony Lazzara and John Bianco

Mike Connelly and Joe Maham
"Go ahead, make my day"

Terri Brower and Chris Zanche

Joe Morgan, "Flounder" Sarmiento, Anthony Lazzara and John Bianco

Anna Molle and Laura Deluna

"Watch out girls, we're hot tonight"

Lisa Baran

Filomena Campana and Joe Morgan
"Gettin' the Buzz"

Kathy Mahoney

Joe McKitrick, Julie Barber and Bridget Gorman
The Roman Sun: A Memoir

A postcard could not quite do it. Even a picture-filled book of the city couldn't quite conjure up the feeling that the Roman sun exuded.

I sat in my room in the family house in River Forest. On my desk rested some pens, various papers and a postcard I had received that day from an Italian friend in Rome. I stared blankly at the card, a photo of Piazza Barberini with Bernini's fountain in the middle. Why would be send a card of Piazza Barberini?, I had wondered. There were more grandiose places in Rome, certainly. But it didn't matter. More postcards were sent that year and I had had the same dull, quiet reaction. To feel the city, you had to be in the city. I wanted to return.

The sun illuminated Rome like it illuminated no other place. It put things in perspective. I remember how the citrus trees in our courtyard flickered in the light wind and how the sun provided a distinctive aura in this activity. There was no smog and I heard no cars. The sun was a warm friend.

Walking down Via Ottaviano toward the Vatican one could smell the "old country" as vendors squatted to roast their chestnuts, the beggars who along the curb and sidewalks made that sun sting with reality. (cont.)
And when the night came in and the sun faded away the city would take on a new identity. In comparison to most other urban centers Rome is a safe city. But with the absence of the sun there seemed to lurk an evil atmosphere. I didn’t know if I was safe; I waited for someone or something to appear. Once, at night, I found myself down near the Colosseum. I had wanted to sneak into the Forum nearby and see what it was like at night, without the sun and without the tourists. There was a high, formidable wall to scale down. I could only make it in there in my dreams and in a dream Tiberius might have appeared.

The phone rang in the other room. It was difficult to pull out of my trance, eyes still affixed to the postcard, mind caught up in a memory, I recalled receiving a phone call in Rome from a friend in the States once. It was five a.m. on my clock and I had been awaken from a deep sleep. I had panicked at the continuous ring of the foreign phone. The caller was at a party and I could hear him only faintly. I hung up in frustration. Soon the sun would rise.

Meanwhile, the phone at home continued to ring.

Anthony Gargiulo Jr.
The staff of LET'S GO LOYOLA was an ever changing group of individuals. The semester change-over along with constant outbreaks of the travel bug, exam cramming and the just plain "need" to get out and party, all added to a constant rotation of duties. It would be contrary to the spirit of the year to confine these efforts to a static listing of editors. It would be impossible to properly acknowledge all who added to the final outcome of the book. It is important to remember that those who were there in the beginning expressing their ideas and creativity were every bit as important as those who realized them and vice versa. First of all, thanks is not nearly enough for two who were there every step of the way, deadline after deadline: Beth Elliott, our Resident Assistant with the keys to the ever-beckoning Giovannis, and Aileen Hollis, the man with the quick wit and ready hands at the typewriter: Barbara Jordan, Kathy Nageotte and Carol Amott. A listing of all who added to this would be incomplete without acknowledging Mr. Felice who often stood lost between our ideas and those unyielding realities; Fr. Nash for the tedious task of correcting grammar and for the use of his radio; and last but by no means least, Sandy Franciosa for the use of her office, typewriter, paper...

The effort given by all in a project such as this, is one entirely different than that of any other yearbook staff. We each have personal memories, souveniers and photos of our European experience. This book is one with which we can share our memories. It is this which all of us at LET'S GO LOYOLA hope to give to all who shared the year. A link to the memories -- two dimensional images to help our imaginations bring back to life the times we spent together. To all who shared the Loyola experience, thanks for making our job so easy, it all just came from the heart. Yet, I think I can speak for all the crew by summing this whole thing up by saying we're just glad to get the damn thing finito! Now, LET'S GO... PARTY!

Aileen Hollis
Editor
With the Compliments Of...

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