1985

Loyola University Rome Center Yearbook 1984-1990

Loyola University Rome Center

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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
A BRIEF HISTORY OF LURC

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 Gronchi, 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 University centers abroad with Father Small and Dr. Wozniak. Though there were study programs abroad elsewhere, none existed in Rome.

During the summer of 1961 the number of students interested had swelled to 92. 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 former President of Italy, Senator Giovanni Gronchi. These degree conferred signified the University's and thus the Center's, growing position of prestige and acceptance within Italian society, a position maintained today.

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 1950 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 Massimi from the Dominican Sisters of St. Catherine Siena, the present and fourth campus of the Rome Center.


"Between the idea and the reality, between the conception and the creation, between the potency and the act... Falls the Shadow."

T.S. Eliot

Integrity, resourcefulness, dedication, patience. These are just a few words that come to mind when you reflect on what is necessary to nurse an idea into fruition. The idea is a foreign studies program for American students in one of the most important cities of Western Civilization. It's fruition in Loyola University of Chicago's Rome Center of the Liberal Arts. All along Kate and John Felice have been instrumental in this realization. Whether it be major or minor, dozens of times each day, thousands of times each year their decisions influence the course this Program takes. With this in mind the Rome Center students of the 1984-1985 school year wish to acknowledge their importance by dedicating our yearbook to them.

Mr. Felice's involvement with the program can be traced to the very beginning. It was he with the help of other faculty and administration from Loyola University of Chicago, that shaped and defined the program as it exists today. In the student handbook of 1967 Mr. Felice writes, "Our aim is that by studying, travelling, and living abroad the students' interests may be broadened and their sympathies enlarged so that we may look back to the past to better understand the world of the future. "His twenty-two years with the program have ensured that over 6000 students have, to whatever extent, striven for this aim.

Kate, his wife of ten years, was a student in this program during its first days. Enthusiastic about the program's worth she returned to it later as a Resident Assistant, and still later served as a secretary in varying capacities to the program's Directors. Last year she became Registrar and Associate Director. It is Mrs. Felice who painstakingly and carefully tends to the important paper matters necessary to the organization. And more than a few students have received solid information from her on travel, accommodations and -- oh yes -- shopping!
"Not much of a personality, but oh what a body!"

Pete Lorenz

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

Julie Conner, Margaret Clark and Sara Garcia

"Melinda, Chew your food before you Swallow!"

Betsy Syme and Kerry Bradford

Carol Nugent and Michele Bennett

Mike Guerra

Sara Galehouse

Just aim and shoot???

Charles Haslet

"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 Scanlon, Hilary Taylor, and Kathleen Morrison
"PROST"

Jeanne Davini, Mary Beth Fox, Liz Hills, Deirdre Dews, and Suzy Sack
"No train yards for us, this time".

LURC'S ANGELS — Scott Allyn, Dennis Fisher, Chet Chappell, and Tom Kenny

Mary Murray

"Formaggio!"
Ann Marie Lamparillo

Julie Bell

Molly Donahue in Greece.
"If I see one more ruin..."
Jim Prendergast
Mary Metzger, Liz Ristau, Molly Donahue, Carol Arndt, Patti Stinn

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

Teresa Trunzo

Tom Donoghue
"Mr. T."

Teresa Schultz

Kristen Pavkovic

James "Hal" Haloran
"Hey dude..."

Phil Kujawa

Molly Donahue, Maureen Dougherty, Carol Arndt and Julie Aus

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

Chuck Carroll
"Going to the soccer game!"
Judy Pearson and Tracey Lemon
"Ok, so it's not an Alfa Romeo"

Eric Wanger
"Dr. DeVoto couldn't make it today, so..."

Michael Reiner, Giannetto Ghivretto, Tom Walsh and Neil Kennedy
Rome never looked so good!

Don Touhy, Terri Rossi, Tony Clew, Ann Baker, Lisa Gasppo, Bonnie O'Malley and Lisa Phillips

Monica O'Keeffe, Karen Farmer, Peggy Leen and Lenny Schmidt
Group rates are always better than singles!

Maria Velasco and Nancy Fish
"Franco Special"

Debbie Dziallo
"Look mom-no cavities!"
"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 Rosemee 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

Doug Johnson and Kate Hafsoos
"Yeh Si!"

"Extra curricular Activities"

Teri Messner, Ida deRosa, Nancy Eddinger, Tha Raimondi, Hilary Tailor and Lisa Albo
*So what are we going to do for the next 23 hours?*

"So what are we going to do for the next 23 hours?"
Allyson Evans

Lindia LaSala and Rosanne Zammuto

Doug Johnson and Kate Hafsoos
"Yeh Si!"

Extra curricular Activities
Mike Giovanola, “Chicks dig me because I rarely wear underwear.”

Suzanne Selenta and Cecilia Alvetro
“OOh! La fermata dell’autobus è QUA.”

Chalonda Roberts and Teri Messner in Venice

Theresa Ritsai and Mary Murray
Study Break

Chalonda Roberts and Terri Messner in Venice

Suzanne Selenta and Valerie Nibler

Liz Radar

Amy Krupinski and Monica De Blase

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

Pete Beanland and Frank Pescialardo
“Pete, I like Amsterdam!”
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. Flaminia Addis-Italian Language
"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. Timothy Austin-English
"In sober sadness any thing is better than England, and I am infinitely amused with my pilgrimage as far as it has gone".
Lord Byron, 1809

Dr. Richard and Nancy Bowen
Psychology and Finance
"Buy Lire while its cheap!"

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

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..."

Rev. James C.L. Armand, SJ
Director and Academic Dean
"Il formaggio grande"

Ms. Maria A. Luti Compagni - Business Manager

Mr. John Felice - Associate Director and Dean of Students

Ms. Kate Felice - Assistant Director and Registrar

Dr. Martin Molnar - Rome Center Librarian
Ms. Sandi Franciosa  
"You want it when?!!"

Anthony Gargiulo, Beth Elliot, Joe Morgan  
Resident Assistants

Mr. Pulvico Procelli  
Business Office

Ms. Barbara Angioletti  
School Nurse  
"Lisa sakh."

Patrice Franken, S.J.  
Chaplain  
"Are we happy campers?"

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

Mr. Mario Catini

Mr. Franco Tedesco  
"Ciao Bella!"

Mr. Aida Schiavone  
"Pronto"

Mr. Domenico Baron

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 'do' 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 workshopping 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!
Accomodations

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.

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

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

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

WASH
WRING

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 LLURC.
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 team-work. Even though our thoughts often drifted towards home, we made the most of our holiday.

"No, No. That'll NEVER work."

"No, No. That'll NEVER work."

"Told you I could play with the boys!"

"Told you I could play with the boys!"

"Okay, so I dropped it."

"Okay, so I dropped it."

"Cheers - Libby"

"Cheers - Libby"

"Kicks Are"

"Kicks Are"

The Agony of Defeat

The Agony of Defeat

The Thrill of Victory

The Thrill of Victory
Julie Gaery and Gari McMahon
"What do you mean YEARBOOK!!!"

"Typical"
Marie Trafficante and John McInerney

Marianne Lynch, Tom Kenny, Neil Kennedy, and Kathy Nagyette

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

Roomies - Diene Wallace,
Chris Criagulli
and Judy Hymel

CUBS '84 - Bleacher Bums

Rob Cateria, "Il conto per favore."

The 3rd Floor Gang

"Higher Education"
Ruben Rucoba, Lenny Schmidt, and George Rebilis
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.

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

"ANTSII!"

"Why did I wash all my clothes?"
Dan Musca

"Ah, Life is sweet."

"Very Dangerous"
Alfonso de la Moresca
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 no one would ever 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."

“Hit touched me”

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 Posturepedic 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. Peter's 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!”

Y ou can dress them up, but you can’t take them out! Michael Ryan and Frank Bartenc
Piazza Loyola

In keeping with Rome's tradition of great piazzes, 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.

Filomena Campana, Sue Wainwright, and Cheryl Hinshew

Paul O'Malley

Mary Jane Laster
"No, Mary Jane, Carnival is next week!"

Susan Saunders and Melinda Rupp
"Dove il happening discoteca?"

"R.A.'s are not there to create disorder, they're there to preserve it"
Scott Kockos, Paul Maxwell, Joe Morgan, Sean Grant, and Steve Gallagher

Veronica Murphy, Kathleen Merklin, Ann Baker and Lisa Ban

Jim Lynch and Damon Anderson
"So I tell you, this girl was gorgeous..."
One hot September morning, the 990 bus, stuffy and sticky from a previous night’s rain, rambled 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 teary, 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?"

Jeff Schmidt
"I don't know!"

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

Getting There ---

Let's Go Europe 1984
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 Stacey Sacks

"Hey dolls, where ya going?"
Anthony Lazzara

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

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

ROUND ONE
Anne Keller, Joanie Davini, and Deirdre Deasy

"Munch-out!"
Lindsey Jackson, Bitty Syme, and Linda Logan

Chris Marais and Ellen O'Brien

Tom Polito and Louise Scalford
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

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

"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

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

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

Dom Vecchio, Pepi and Rex Houlihan

Vam-Man or myth?

Rex Houlihan, Kate Hefnoe and Cindy Johnson

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 revelling 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.

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Cervinia

"You can slip and slide down the mountain side in Cervinia..." The hairpin sums 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 Schenck, and Ann Metayer

"I got the moves!" Brenda Reeb

"Bill" in action
Martin Doublesin

"Wipe Out!"
Sergio Marci

"Kamikaze-Skier"
Donna Cardinale

"Teri Rossi and Dan Tophy"

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

Snow-Tanning
Italy provided opportunities for endless exploration. We were surrounded by the breathtaking peaks of the Vallee d’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.
One wrong move and... Woops!

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. Braving 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 equalled. 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.
Nightlife

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 du-
ing intermission with his speedy refre-
ishment cart.

Ristoranti: Dining out was a rare treat. Whe-
ther 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 re-
staurants in Trastevere. At times, even gelati
at Giolitti's constituted a meal out.

Operas and Concerts: For a more sophistica-
ted evening, students headed towards the
theatre. Yes, some people attended these
events because they wanted to (not everyo-
ne was lucky enough to take Music Appre-
ciation).

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 seemingly 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 Coyk

Donna Cardinale and Peter Haase

Ellen Barry

Tom Neville and John Sullivan "Class tomorrow...HAH!"

Phyllis Mogieliski, Wex Mayman and the Dancing Waiter

Laura Deluna "I was told it's the latest style in Paris!"
``I'm a magnet, what can I say?''

``Waste not, want not!''

Tony de Nicola, Laura Ferrari and Paula Paepiti

Lenny Schmidt, Elaine Lee, Ruben Rucoba, 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 partials 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 victims 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 could we have poured that poison down our throats and called 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!
"BOOFF!"
Collette Fitzgerald, Cindy Johnson and Betty Fahey

LURC's been short sheeted!!

"You make me wanna SHOUT!"
Julie Aus

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

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

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

Gloria Gargiulo, Tina Raimondi, Camie Traffica and Lisa Albo

Lisa Jameson, Alysson Evans, and Dan Musca

John Banco, Rory Shannon, Paul O'Maley and Denise O'Brien

Robin Boman and Wendy Holsot
Halloween Party

"Trick or Treat?!" Loyola students dared not utter these words for fear of ghostly pranksters! No doorbells were rung, no Snicker 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!
"It's rough having girls fall all over me."

"Ratio? No problems here!"

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!

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

"No Ruben, Hal doesn't fool around on first dates!"
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 Birreria as #2 in the triple crown. Old Gondolier's until the law caught up with them, the All-Night-Bar followed by a dough stuffed face via the All-Night-Bakery all became ritual.

How many classes missed by the Lire Club? How many trains missed by all? How much beer bottle philosophy belched forth? How many megalomanic 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: another cheer, another chance, another beer, another dance, another long silent prayer for this madness called mankind.

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

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

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

Mary McTague, Julie Coleman and Cathy Wansel
"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 though 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
Robin Rapp and Eva Fustanelli
"We like everything BIG - big beers, big pretzels..."

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

Janet Mraz
"PUT THAT CAMERA AWAY!!"

Marco Sainz
"She loves me, she loves me not..."

Carson Anderson, Eric Haase, Ken Frances, Laura Foscal, Paula Papetti, Brad Alexander
You have just entered the twilight zone.

Toni Rossi and Amber Colbert
"Due bine per favore!!"
Jenny Zoellner, Tony Lazzara, Colleen Lydon, Mary Mikit, Renee Giambra
“What nice oranges you have!”

Liz Crane and Peggy Leen
“Biglietti per favore”

Rob Boyd
“Fasir it Scotty, it’s alive!”

Collette Fitzgerald, Julianne Connor, Betsy Syme, Terri Schultz, Deb Penticone
“Where did you say J.P. lived?”

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

Mary Zoelner, Kathy Napolitano, Laura DeLuna, Marianne Lynch, Paula Papetti, Juliet Sejeda, Karen Magid, Laura Fanari, and Susie Naftzger.
“Dove sono ragazz”

Gelati at Gelatissi!
Francesca De Tran, Darla Sullivan, Kate Gerber, Deb Behnke, Tom Nootba, Dawn Seipold, Phyllis Mogelaki, and Wes Maynar

“Buon gismo!”

Mary Jane Laster, Kathy Napolitano, Laura DeLuna, Marianne Lynch, Paula Papetti, Juliet Sejeda, Karen Magid, Laura Fanari, and Susie Naftzger.
“Dove sono ragazz”

Mary Jane Laster, Kathy Napolitano, Laura DeLuna, Marianne Lynch, Paula Papetti, Juliet Sejeda, Karen Magid, Laura Fanari, and Susie Naftzger.
“Dove sono ragazz”

Lisa Baran, Veronica Murphy, Sheila Hanley

Monica Alberson
Bacio dal Lupi

Kate Gerber and Lynn Coyle
“Buon gismo!”

Laura Kiener
"At least we all showered!"

"Parlai italiano?"

"Parlai italiano?"

"Io sono in controllo."

"Io sono in controllo."

"Parlai italiano?"

"Parlai italiano?"

"I'm in control."

"I'm in control."

"The traveler's meal!"

"The traveler's meal!"

"At least we all showered!"

"It's Tammy Wynette and friends."
Amy Dwyer and Lynne La Torre

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

Rocco Domanico and John Bianchi

Lucia Morabito

Monica Alberson, Tricia Rubino and Sheila Murphy

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

Eileen King, Barbara Billhardt, Janet Mraz, Eddie Dettling, Dan Geesmann, Glorac Gangiaba
"More than two people constitute a party... Didn't you hear me?"

Jim Sullivan and Sandy Velez
Beauty and the Beast

Dennis "Easy Rider" Fraher

Giannmarino Ghivarello
The Marlboro Man

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

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

Terri Brower and Chris Zanche

"Watch out girls, we're hot tonight"

Lisa Baran

"Gettin' the Buzz!"

Lisa Baran

"Gettin' the Buzz!"

Filomena Campana and Joe Morgan

Kathy Mahoney

Anna Molle and Laura Deluna

Joe McKinick, Julie Barber and Bridget Gorman

Kathey Mahoney

Anna Molle and Laura Deluna

"Gettin' the Buzz!"
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 awakened 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.

Filomena Campagna and Rocco Domenico

Scott Allyn and Michael Ryan

Karen Magriff, Scott Naffezger, Cecilia Allevato and Tom Nootbaar

Sara Galigher and Aileen Hollis

Sofia Pandir, Anne Durkin, Molly Donough, Paul Samiento, Ann Kendal and Anne Canini

Harry Monaco, Denise Dessey and Denise O’Brien

Anthony Gargiulo Jr.

Paul O’Malley and Dominic Vecchio

Frank Barbieri

Kathy Gambill, Maggie Magnuson, Doug Johnson, John Degen and Brenda Reda

Alfonso de la Morena and Dan Musca
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 to always pull through. Thanks to those who gave of their free time through thick and thin: Ann Kendall, a woman of many words, endless lists and the immortal line, "I'm not sure if this is what you wanted," which it usually was; Lindsay Jackson who enlivened our late nights with the sweet sound of her typing and who added, added, added to our endless white space; Cindy Johnson, organized and spirited photographer of first semester; Sue Scanlon,drafter of layout after layout and quick with the quotes; and Pete Lorenz the man with just the right phrase at just the right moment. And to all those who did what they could, came through in the end and were always at our door ready with the words, "If you guys need any help..." Melinda Rupp, Kathy Mahoney, Pete Bearland, Ann Metayer, Chalonda Roberts, Lucia Mauro, Rob Catania, Joe Morgan, Anthony Gargiullo, Betsy Fahey, Vicki Gustafson, and thanks Dom, especially for the late night pizza! A special thanks to those who came to our rescue in the clutch with 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 Francisca 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 all share our memories. It is this which all of us at LET'S GO LOYOLA hope to give to all who shared this 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

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