1985

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
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. Gronchi (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 Italy. At that day they boarded a greyhound bus from Loyola's Olympic gas station beyond the center area to New York City. They then boarded a flight to Rome. After making key connections in Rome, Mr. Felice proposed to Father Mulligan in September, 1961, a one-semester experiment of study abroad in Rome, from February to June, 1962. By mid-December of 1961 Mr. Felice had 76 willing and qualified students, well beyond the minimum the University thought necessary for granting final permission. By February 20, 1962, the number of students interested had swelled to 92.

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.

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 degrees conferred upon the University and thus the Center's, growing position of prestige and acceptance within Italian society, a position maintained today.

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!

A dedication is really more than that -- it is an appreciation also. 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, Signore e Signora Felice!
"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!

Thi s must be their first train trip!

Carol Nugent and Michele Bennett.

"Melinda, Chew your food before you Swallow!"

Betsy Syme and Kerry Bradford

Mike Guerra

Julie Conner, Margaret Clark and Sara Garcia

Sara Galehouse
Just aim and shoot???

Charles Haslet
"Awe... 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 Devlin, Mary Beth Fox, Liz Hills, Deirdre Dowley, 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 Lamparelli

Julie Bell

Molly Donohue in Greece.

"If I see one more ruin..."
"Hey you guys, look at the ragazzo in the corner!"

"Hey dude..."
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, Giannmo Ghivretto, Tom Walsh and Neil Kennedy
Rome never looked so good!!

Don Touhy, Tami Rossi, Tony Clee, Ann Baker, Lisa Gallipo, Bonnie O'Malley and Lisa Phillips

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

Mary Clare Greene, Anne Corini, Solita Pandit, Hap Burke
"Look mom-no cavities!"

Maria Velasco and Nancy Fish
"Franco Special"

Debbie Dziallo
"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 Zammaro

But I thought that you invited the guys!
Lind a LaSala and Rosanne Zammaro

"Yaah.
Doug Johnson and Kate Hatfield

"Yah Si!"

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

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

Extracurricular Activities
Mike Giovanola, "Chicks dig me because I rarely wear underwear."

Suzanne Sokora and Cecilia Attivato, "Oooh! Le femine dell'autobus è QUA."

Chalonda Roberts and Teri Meuser in Venice

Theresa Rittsai and Mary Murray
Study Break

Colleen Sulty and Valerie Nibler

Liz Bradley

Amy Krajewski and Monica De Balse

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

Pete Meyer, "You're so pretty, you're so nice, I think I love you - I LOVE YOU!"
"OH! Good evening Fr. Arimond!"
Jim Lynch and Lenny Schmidt

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

A night out at Zodiaco.

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

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. 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 endlessness anything 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 it's cheap!"

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

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

Dr. Richard and Nancy Bowen
Psychology and Finance
"Buy Lire while it's cheap!"
Rev. Murel Vogel, S.J.
Bacchus?

Dr. Ardis Collins
Philosophy

Dr. Thomas Coe-Modern Languages
"Tu parli inglese?"

Mr. David Kerberle-Fine Arts
"See Rome, but also listen to it."

Rev. John Kilgallen, S.J., - Theology
"Look both ways before crossing a Senex Unico!"

Dr. Ardis Collins
Philosophy

Dr. Michael Concarino
Political Science/Economic

Rev. John Kilgallen, S.J., - Theology
"Look both ways before crossing a Senex Unico!"

Mr. David Kerberle-Fine Arts
"See Rome, but also listen to it."

Dr. John Nicholson
Fine Arts/Bookstore

Dr. Gloriana Palesa-Italian
"Devi studiare!"

Dr. Timothy Lukas
Political Science
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. Maragert Renehan - History
Mr. John Ray - Fine Arts
Dr. Giovanni Scichilone - Classical Studies

"Remember: looking at Classical Architecture is absolutely free."

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

Rev. Paul Robicheaux - Theology

"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"

Mr. John Felice - Associate Director and Dean of Students
Ms. Maria A. Lenti Campanari - Business Manager
Dr. Martin Molnar - Rome Center Librarian
Ms. Sandi Franciosa
"You want it when?!!"

Anthony Gargiulo, Beth Elliot, Joe Morgan
Resident Assistants

Ms. Barbara Angioletti
School Nurse
"Let's talk."

Mr. Anthony Gargiulo
Business Office

Mr. R. Diotti

Mr. L. Tommasini

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

Mr. Mario Catini

Mr. Domenico Barone

Mr. Franco Tedesco
"Ciao Bella!"

Mr. Aldo Schiavone
"Punto!"

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

Mr. Rinaldo e Nella

Mr. Mr. Diotti

Mr. Mr. Tommasini

Mr. Mr. Tedesco

Mr. Mr. Schiavone
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 allmighty 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 ema­nated 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 manic 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 161 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.”

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

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.

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

"OKAY - so I dropped it!"
Michael Secondo

"Kicks Ays"

"The Agony of Defeat"

"Told you I could play with the boys!"
Sue Scanlon

"Cheers - Libby"
Sara Galehouse and Joanne Lemhey

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

"Typing"
Marie Traffasanda and John McEneny

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

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

Roomies - Deanne Wallace, Chris Ciasgoli, and Judy Hymel

Rob Cateria, "Il conto per favore."

The 3rd Floor Gang

CUBS '84 - Bleacher Burns

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

"ANTSII"

"Ah, life is sweet."

"Very Dangerous"

"Why did I wash all my clothes?"
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.

Weezer's J.P.I.

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

Anne Borkin
"He 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!"

Rex Houlihan
"No comment -- for once!"

Sue Maiorano and Ann Metayer

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

You can dress them up, but you can't take them out! Michael Ryan and Frank Bartenc

Mike Egan
Piazza Loyola

In keeping with Rome's tradition of great piazze, 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 aroma 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? I've been there, how about Paris?

Bob: I'm going there over break, besides it's kinda far and I don't want to validate my Eurail yet.

Mary: I know, let's stay in Italy, it will be cheap and I haven't seen it yet.

Bob: I don't know, let's go where everyone else isn't.

Mary: 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).
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

"Hey dolls, where ya going?"
Anthony Lazzeri

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

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

ROUND ONE
Anne Keller, Joanna Davini, and Deirdre Deasy

Tom Polito and Louise Schaford
"Munch-out"
Lindsey Jackson, Briny Syme, and Linda Logan

Chris Marais and Ellen O'Brien
"Youth is the time to study wisdom; old age is the time to practice it."

Rousseau

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.

"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.
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 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.

Laura Faraci and Paula Papetti
Cappuccini per due

MaryBeth Fox
“Oh, it’s coins not loins in the fountain!”

Michele Darro, Sue Malorano and Mike Reimer

“Quiet, nuns at work”.
Chuck Laird, Mike Zaker, and Paul Maxwell

“When in Rome, do as the Tourists do...”

Venetian Fun

Chris Herkert, Kerry Christie, Terri Brower and Kris Zanche
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 Promised 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. Brevling 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.
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 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 LURIC 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 Gallivan

"Class tomorrow... HAHA!"

Phyllis Mogieliski, Viva Maynan 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!"

"Y'know what I say?"

"Wait, wait, wait!"

"And what can I say?"

"I don't know what to say!"

"What can I say?"

"And what can I say?"

"And what can I say?"

"And what can I say?"

"And what can I say?"

"What can I say?"

"What can I say?"

"What can I say?"

"What can I say?"

"What can I say?"

"What can I say?"

"What can I say?"

"What can I say?"

"What can I say?"
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 fire alarms and reduce our behavior to the level of dumb beasts? Why do men climb mountains?

Because as the wisemen 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 LaZara put together a batch of "Jo-nestown" 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?

Yes Anne, the Ancient Romans really did wear togas, but it is a good thing that we only wear them on very special occasions.

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?

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!"
Collete Fitzgerald, Cindy Johnson and Betty Fahey

LURC's been short sheeted!!

"You make me wanna SHOUT!"
Julie Aus

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

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

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

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"Dancing in the Sheets"
Laura De Luna and Lori Schoeber
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!
It's rough having girls fall all over me.

no Robin, Hal doesn't fool around on first dates!

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!
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, Vincento’s when the heat was on, the Birreria as #2 in the triple crown. Old Goldoni’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 Lirte 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 those 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 Gasman, Denise Sullivan, Martin Doublesin, Vickie Gustafson, Susan Balcarra, 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 Gariglio and Chris Morezzi

“Quick, while the others aren’t looking!”

Dan Gasman, Celeste Sully, Mary Donahue and Paul Sarantino

“German beer, um, um good!”

Lori Schaefer and Tammy Gulio

“Tell it you say that to all the girls!”

Hap Burke and Paul O’Malley

“Keep your cool Hap, she’s coming our way!”

John Deneen, Doug Johnson, Amy McDonough and Chris Morizin

“You want him? He’s yours!”

Mary McGaug, Julie Coleman and Cathy Wanzel

“Say formaggio!”

Scott Kockos, Julie McCormick, Margaret Warwick and Sean Grant

“We think he’s in love.”
"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 mementos. 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."
"PUT THAT CAMERA AWAY!!"

"We like everything BIG--big beers, big pretzels..."

"STEP into my office."

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

"Dear Mom and Dad, Camp is great!"

"Due birra per favore!!"

"You have just entered the twilight zone.

"Due birra 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
"Faaaar it Scotty, it's alive!"

Collette Fitzgerald, Julienne Connor, Betsy Syme, Terri Schultz, Deb Perticone
"Where did you say J.P. lived?"

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

Mary Jane Laster, Kathy Nageotte, Laura DeLuna, Marianne Lynch, Paula Papetti, Juliet Sejged, Karen Majidi, Laura Faraci, and Susie Naftzger.
"Dove sono ragazz"

Gelati at Giolitti's
Francesca De Trano, Denisa Sulikova, Kate Gerber, Deb Behnke, Tom Nootbaar, Dawn Sepold, Phyllis Mogelaki, and Wes Maynan

Mary Metzger and Suzanne Salletta

Mary Jane Laster, Kathy Nageotte, Laura DeLuna, Marianne Lynch, Paula Papetti, Juliet Sejged, Karen Majidi, Laura Faraci, and Susie Naftzger.
"Dove sono ragazz"

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Francesca De Trano, Denisa Sulikova, Kate Gerber, Deb Behnke, Tom Nootbaar, Dawn Sepold, Phyllis Mogelaki, and Wes Maynan

Lisa Baran, Veronica Murphy, Sheila Hanley

Monica Alberson
Bacio dal Lupo

Kate Gerber and Lynn Coyle
"Buon giorno!"

Laura Kiener
At least we all showered!

Parlò italiano?

I'm in control.

The traveler's meal!

"Parital hours? Never heard of 'em."

"High Mom."

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

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

Rocco Domanico and John Bianchi

Lucia Morabito

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

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

Jim Sullivan and Sandy Veliz
Beauty and the Beast

Gianmarlo Ghivarello
The Marlboro Man

Kitty Cimello

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

"Go ahead, make my day"

Mike Connelly and Joe Maham

Terri Brower and Chris Zanche

"Watch out girls, we're hot tonight"

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

Lisa Baran

"Getting the Buzz"

Filomena Campana and Joe Morgan

Anna Molle and Laura Deluna

Joe McKitrick, Julie Barber and Bridget Gorman

Kathy Mahoney

Kathey Mahoney

Anna Molle and Laura Deluna
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 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.
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 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 Francisco 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 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 finished. Now, LET'S GO...PARTY!

Aileen Hollis
Editor