Ye Domesday Booke
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GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY
WASHINGTON, D.C.
We started in the sixties and finished in the seventies. We saw the end of some things; we walked in on the middle of some others; and we began some ourselves. Surely, we have lived in two different worlds. Perhaps all graduates can say somewhat the same thing. But no class in recent memory has seen so deep-seated a metamorphosis. Our concept of what is lovely has changed. Is that so important? Well, it is a part of the way we look at things.

How has it changed? There is certainly more of it, whatever it is. And it is not susceptible to soft words like swift and lovely. Its sounds are heavy and mystical. Light riffs and regular beats have lost their way in search of more deeply-rooted origins—their own sort of classicism. Very little is novel. At best, old things are shaken into new patterns—jammed if you will—and therein lies inspiration.
How to reconcile the precise and the inspirational? One can only answer, by the sheer power of Kubla's decree. Less is left to faiths which obscure tenuous foundations. Mists of smoke are not permitted to obfuscate, but only to permeate that which is concretely founded. And just what is that? Indeed, it is POWER—that which can be amplified—the pleasurably mystical but securely controlled. Each of us has demanded ownership of massive energy. The results have perhaps been a million fetters and an omnidirectional fragmentation, but also include more rigorous standards. Perhaps there have been no changes in basic principles, but the refinements have totaled to a different perspective. We may still have lived by a river, but we have seen it differently.
Our energy is no longer the exuberance of the sixties. That enthusiasm was one of the things we walked in on, and along with the blind faith it implied, saw the end of. Washington no longer seems the exciting capitol, complete with ghetto. The naive thrill of "watching history" while a city burns can no longer be. As we graduate, opportunity does not seem as readily at hand as it once was.

But the meanderings of the past have left their marks. Surely, we seem to be constantly conscious, though often only in small ways, that there is something big and dark and ugly out there. Some have learned to identify with it and find joy in the hope it needs imply. Needless waste seems even more ugly. Others simply ignore unnecessary, uncreative things. Still others ignore everything. But something has worked its way inside us—a Jiminy Cricket in its grossest form—which challenges us to make our ignorance deliberate. It will not let us be comfortable with Pinnochio dreams.
Conditions and ethics have conspired to make us learn that we must work harder for what we get, and be satisfied with less. Gains must come from somewhere inside ourselves. We may fashion dream worlds, or we may see darkly into the composite dream of mankind resident in all simple things. At best, something creative is done. It is an individual thing.

Ambivalent? To be sure, we have not seen a unified movement. So not that much has changed. Shutting down the capitol turned into a springtime party, the new Junior Prom. But who can forget tear gas during final exams? Our own peaceful gardens have been disturbed by the sounds of war.

Our pleasure domes are no escape from weathered habitations. Good work is done quietly. The bandwagons are gone. But pictures of old tries remain.
The biggest change? The *energy*. All youth is seeking, energetic and unsettled. But we saw a power surge. Sublime energy became the key.

Perhaps it was born on the strings of Dylan's guitar. But the "folk" was amplified into The People. America caught the power of the British experiments and found plenty of reasons to amplify further. Hendrix and Joplin carried us to the edge, and there we teetered. The Who fell over; Crosby *et al* channeled their work back into regular patterns, trying to blend the old and new; *Superstar*, one supposes, tried to put it all together. And throughout wafted gently the smell of grass. Through some coursed hard energy.

It was all supposed to turn out right. That was our heady optimism. (So very different from
the sixties after all?) At least we had the courage to plunge deep and to live high. Any way to get more of life was right on. And forward we went, picking up solid—multiplying energy—on our way.

No one was untouched. All were pulled into the furious wake, though many were spun out again.

Anything went. The crescendo was built with the crash of old restrictions. Good and bad fell before subjective experience. The thing was to appropriate for oneself the measureless and the massive. If sharing did not diminish one's holdings, so much the better. And so came the protest of '70, the strike and the lobbies—and it failed. And so did the economy. The spring of '71 seemed a gasp by comparison. We quietly stepped over the sleeping bodies in the halls.
We have probably crested, a bit scared by the end we saw coming. If our own passions did not get us, the power of the opposition or the sinking economy would. Altamont was not the shooting of Doctor King and the April riots. "They" did those things, and it was comprehensible. But the Stones were ours. We pushed the plunger. We shot past Woodstock. Perhaps it is time the shooting stopped.
Maybe we have traveled an old and worn circle. We will have to sort it out. For if the four years left us with more of anything, it was a wary self-consciousness. The dream-world has worked its way down inside us, begging to be reborn from the ambivalent depths. We can certainly never forget, nor will Georgetown be the same. The decrees of the future must reflect the meanderings of the river of the past. One hopes the best turns are taken.
WHAT DID YOU GET OUT OF GEORGETOWN?

The following is an edited transcript of a Domensky Booke interview with five seniors, two guys and three girls, one from each undergraduate school. Their names have been edited out to protect them from recriminations as a result of their opinions.

First of all, do you think Georgetown was worth the money in the long run? Did you get something out of here that you wouldn't have gotten if you'd gone someplace else?

If you’re speaking in terms of actual dollars and cents, I think the price is way too high, but perhaps, being a private school, it has to be. But in terms of whether or not it was worth it to come here, I think Georgetown does have a lot other schools don’t. I am personally glad I came to Washington; the diverse student body here, with people from all over the world, and all over this country, was worth it. In particular, my education at the Business School, as opposed to others, is better than it would have been elsewhere.

In dollars and cents, and frustration too, I think the rewards should have been more immediate. A four year nursing school is such a greater burden financially than a two or three year program.

Whether it was worth it financially is almost a question we should ask our parents.

The value of this school is not the Georgetown education per se; it has to include the whole of Washington, what you learned here.

Do you think Georgetown has a blown-up reputation?

I think so. “Foreign Service” sounded great in those naive days of high school. Now we know what we’ve experienced, but we don’t have much basis for comparison.

The SLL is supposedly the best language school in the country, but in my experience, it just hasn’t lived up to the reputation.

They say the same about Nursing; but when I went home to Utah, I felt like an idiot; the kids in two year schools knew more than I did.

Was there someone in the University complex who really gave you more than you expected to get? Or someone who screwed you badly?

The head of my department has given me no help at all, maybe even negative help, as in not letting me know basic program information. I didn’t know we had a teacher’s certificate program in Languages until after I preregistered for Fall of senior year. By that time the possibility was closed to me.

Anyone who directed you positively?
Yeah, Quigley; looking back, he was good, because he was different. Everyone else was like a continuation of high school. He woke you up; he was different.

In the Business School, there seemed to be two extremes. The teacher is either someone with a business education himself who couldn't make it in the business world himself, so he came here and is a lousy teacher who doesn't know what he's talking about and can't relate to stuff outside the school, or the other type, who fortunately are in the majority. This is the professor who has become a successful businessman in his field and is dedicated. That group of teachers has been really good to me.

I transferred to Philosophy from Chinese, where the people were sort of anonymous figures, because in Philosophy every teacher I met was so good. They have office time for their students and show an interest. They make the students reach towards things that are relevant to their daily life.

The only person who was a real motivation in the Nursing School was Professor O'Keefe, and he and the Nursing School don't get along.

**Has the Nursing School become a business school, just do your work and get out?**

Well, no, they’re going now on the concept that health is more than the absence of illness, but that it’s well-being. O’Keefe was just so dynamic. First semester he scared the shit out of us, but he really motivated us. Because the rest just taught us, “You can’t do that.” “It’s not the way its done.” “Why isn’t it the way it’s done?" “Because that’s not the way we taught it.” One of the big gripes was that over at Columbia Hospital for Women they wouldn’t let us go down and see the Birth Control or Pre-Natal Clinics, because that’s not how we’re supposed to be taught. And there are doctors more than willing to teach us. Georgetown has a very traditional, Catholic attitude towards Birth Control, Abortion, the whole thing. We told them Catholicism per se is not part of the nursing profession; your duty is to impart knowledge. Some girls take Catholic doctrine as the letter of the law. One girl had a fifteen year old pregnant patient, and she wouldn’t bring up the subject of birth control with her. She felt it was against her conscience. But I think you’re going to be no help at all if you give your patients your hangups.

**While you were here, you all grew up. What were the social changes you went through, and those Georgetown went through these last four years?**

It has changed incredibly. I think so too. Nobody goes to mixers and that kind of junk anymore. Even the calling up for a date thing is gone. I think there’s been a general change in consciousness.

It’s probably safe to say we’re the last class that will really stump.
We are between the old Hoya and the new. Do you think we came in drinking beer and we're going out smoking dope?

Not precisely. We're not doing either exclusively. We are right in the middle, and you can take that all the way down the line. We really are a transition class. And maybe every class says that, but I think it's particularly true of us. As freshman we seceded from the Yard, right? And that helped unite all the schools into one undergraduate student government, right?

But we're still stumping.

When we came the girls had to wear dresses to class and in the cafeteria. There were curfews, mixers, the Junior Prom at the Washington Hilton . . . We were the first junior class to not have a Prom.

. . . And we were all in love with upperclassmen. Going out with a senior was the coolest thing you could do.

Yeah, freshman guys all hated you for it, too.

But I don't think freshmen now are missing anything. They have their experiences too, and some that we missed out on.

But freshmen now aren't as easily impressed as we were. When I came here I was the archetype of the naive little kid from a girls' school, who came to Georgetown, and wow! Upperclassmen! The freshmen now are so blase.

Well, we still sit at the stump and we still go down to the Tombs.

We sure have come a long way, haven't we? What about growing up in a very personal sense?

The first week I came here a girl, another freshman (she must have been really wise or something) said I'd be so surprised at how much I'll change in four years. I was really taken aback, thinking oh yes, I'll change, but it will be in a lot of little ways, I won't basically change that much. Then coming back after Thanksgiving freshman year was so traumatic, an epiphany in my life. It was interesting but a very hard period to live through, in college away from any kind of support, you didn't have family to fall back on, and sometimes friends just aren't the kind of support you need. The world was changing, and it affected me very strongly. After all the marches for peace and the things you were so idealistically involved in then, in a way that had a really beautiful optimism about it, I came back sophomore year and just looked at my freshman year and rejected it. I asked myself how I could be so phony and started at the other end. All I wore was jeans. I sat in on the ROTC office, and everything was mea culpa, mea culpa.

That's another way we've changed along with something else that's greater than us. Freshman and sophomore year you had the whole idealistic
Moratorium, and then the awful realization that came with Kent State, Cambodia and the student strike . . . Now it's so apathetic.

I was so disappointed in Georgetown, or in kids, last year at May Day. The people involved were there mainly to see how much dope they could do; they weren't there just for a goal like before.

May Day struck me as a big social weekend . . . kind of the replacement of the Junior Prom.

But in the last two years it all starts to balance out. Freshman year you try to continue the high school clique set up, and sophomore year you react in the opposite direction, being so anti-establishment, and you're really just as intolerant of other people. Then you realize that there's so many people in every group worth knowing.

The growing up is sort of sad, though. My parents live in D.C., and my mother said, I think you're starting to understand the politics of reality. It was really beautiful to be so idealistic, but the reality has to hit you and maybe now we're finding our places in the established order. But in a different way from before.

That's the challenge, isn't it?

One of the things that really helped change us socially from the old-style Hoyas was, I think, coed dorms. Copley living really changed my whole social life. You had to learn to live with boys as friends, not just as people you saw mostly on weekends and in class. It was great. Now boys and girls relate to each other as friends, which I think was totally missing a few years ago.

Yeah, you don't have to put on a show for each other anymore.

Georgetown is supposed to grow to ten thousand undergraduates. Do you agree or disagree?

No. It will be bad. It will lose a lot. I think Georgetown would be a lot smarter if it took the money it had and made what we have now excellent instead of trying to do everything. Like English and Philosophy could be just outstanding if they would do something innovative instead of waiting five or ten years.

Expansion is to help the administration out. It will put them in a better category for getting things like grants, and of course it will bring in more of that lovely tuition money. But I think it will be at the student's expense.

They may have to start having Saturday classes. And I can't see making lecture classes any larger than they already are.

It seems to me that Georgetown is a good size now. It's large enough to provide a diversity of people and disciplines that's stimulating, but small enough so that
you know most people in your class, so that everyone can feel some kind of a unity. Some universities are so huge that you can easily be lost. Here even unaggressive people can have their own identity within the whole student body.

I don’t think Georgetown could physically handle many more students than it has without losing much. The campus has little enough green space left as it is. Since we’ve been here they completely demolished the hill by the Observatory to build the new Physical Plant building, and the new library closed the campus in even more with buildings. Of course these were necessary, but expanding the size of the school will mean maybe loss of one of the playing fields, or Copley lawn, or other spaces that we can’t afford to sacrifice.

And they don’t even have the facilities now to accommodate the large freshman class that’s presently here.

That’s another thing the freshmen might be missing out on. There class was so large. What was our original class?

It was under a thousand. You knew just about everybody.

About, if I may, Jesuits. We have a new Directory of Campus Ministries. Do you think we should increase the Catholicity of this campus?

I think if anything it is on the decline.

I think it’s sort of pointless since they’re supposedly trying to make the student body more diversified, as in less Catholic.

But it’s more than that. I don’t think they’re trying to make this place more Catholic, but rather trying to improve what religious life exists. There’s still a lot of people who need that type of thing.

No one is going to wave a banner and say let’s hear it for Campus Ministries. But I think on a personal level, if this place is going to be Catholic, it might as well be good Catholic. You know, forward-thinking.

Do you think Georgetown prepares you very well to live in the outside world?

(Unanimously): No.

Whose fault do you think that is? Do you think it’s your fault for not taking advantage of the things Georgetown offers and things outside the campus, or do you think it’s Georgetown’s fault for making things too soft?

Like you can live in the dorms for four years. You don’t have to go anywhere except to classes. You don’t have to work too hard because once you’re here, you’re usually going to graduate. They don’t flunk out forty per cent of a class by the end of freshman year. They only accept people who will graduate and they do offer a pretty good thing.

Would you say that this is fair to the student who has to go out and make seven, eight, nine thousand dollars
a year when he gets out? It's an awfully big push.

The question seems to me to be whether you can develop your views and values during four years in a special type of pressurized environment, and then face the challenge of taking them to the world and see if you can maintain them there.

It's becoming more prevalent now that people have to get out and earn a living. Do you think Georgetown is cognizant of this?

In my major, which is accounting, I feel any firm which hires me is going to expect that I know what I'm doing, and the courses I take here are doing a good job, I think, of preparing me. The Business School has a program between semesters where you actually go and work for an accounting firm.

In the case of the Foreign Service School, about eighty or ninety go on to law school. The way it's structured, it prepares you for grad school. You're getting the tools to go on for more education. If you don't want to or can't go on in school, the careers, practically speaking, open to you are extremely limited.

In the Language School, what you get to take out into the world with you is dependent mostly on what you've done outside of class, especially if you've traveled and/or studied abroad where the language is spoken. The school does not make it explicit that you should work on the outside.

So that if you merely went here for four years you might be the real loser as far as getting a language facility?

Definitely.

What about the College? What do you do with a philosophy major?

That's why I posed the question about developing ideals and values in four years that you can test in the outside world under pressure. You will have a boss and have to get things in on time and have to learn how to get along. But I'm sort of an antiquarian; I like the old society where everything is within walking distance, the whole damn town is maybe a thousand people, and you don't have to go too far for anything. That's the premise of the Georgetown type of system. Is there maybe some value in that? Maintain the old ways. Why meet society on its own terms?

When you get into the real world, you've got to associate with a few people, not thousands and thousands. Your circle of friends is going to narrow. Even in a large city, it'll only be a community of people.

You don't sell your degree, you sell the training that you got. Do you feel confident?

Oh yes, without a doubt! The thing about philosophy is that you choose it not because you want to sell it, but because it somehow speaks to you in a way that you think is going to fulfill you as a person. That's the reason I studied it, and I think that no matter what your field, they all point to a truth about life and about interpersonal relationships, and you take them from any number of different aspects. All subjects are talking about men. I'm really content with what Georgetown has taught me, because I think I'm going to be able to cope with people. This is what your living is about whether it's done in a little town in Vermont or somewhere in Southeast Asia.
Nightly at 11:15 the disciples enter the dark church to participate in what is popularly known as the “Mystery Mass” of Father Thomas King. People have told him they’ve walked out in the middle because they were afraid. Others swear that the candles stand still at the Consecration. Father dryly remarks that he thought that would be more effective than if he kept the flames still throughout the Mass and then have them flicker at the Consecration. He is surprised at his strange reputation.

People come to me and ask me how they can get in touch with the Church of Satan. Am I supposed to know? I just try to say a Mass with a fair amount of devotion and provide a meditative atmosphere.

The stereotyping of Father King has gotten a little out of hand. Every day someone asks him if the Jesuit in William Blatty’s The Exorcist is modeled after him. In self-defense he has refused to even read the book.

Father King’s popular course, “Explorations into the Spirit”, attempts to give students a spiritual understanding of their own lives, and “to comprehend our own intuition. Theology must be based on our own awareness and experience and always work in that context. When it becomes simply an academic discipline it is no longer Theology. It has to give us an understanding of who we are, what we are working for, our power to love.”

His other interest as a teacher is the Theology of Evolution. With Teilhardian optimism, Fr. King feels that spiralling world problems are being exceeded by the knowledge explosion, which is moving man towards a more human recognition and into an “international society.”

Former dean of Foreign Service and inverterate bicycle rider Dr. Jesse Mann stands out as a scholar intensely interested in youth and the world that envelopes both young and old. June of 1972 marks Dr. Mann’s twenty-fifth year at the university. The diversity of his interests and involvement with Georgetown sometimes shadow his contributions as a teacher.

Education, especially higher education, is seen as an end in itself by Dr. Mann. The university is the place for “knowledge for its own sake.” But in a broader sense, education brings us in touch with the world and opens our minds to its possibilities. Dr. Mann’s idea of a “humanities lab” like a biology or language lab, is one of the specific offshoots of this type of educational philosophy. As human beings, we are intimately connected with the world we live in; there exists a reciprocal relationship which must be confronted in order to bring.

“I cannot be myself without being my own history. I do not see any human being as capable of existence in isolation. You realize your being by being in your world, in your time, in your place and with your people.

“I believe young people today are more cooperative than they are competitive. They are showing us ways of sharing and being and celebrating and being able to forget for a moment or so the disease of competitive achievement that has crept into us.”

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“I believe young people today are more cooperative than they are competitive. They are showing us ways of sharing and being and celebrating and being able to forget for a moment or so the disease of competitive achievement that has crept into us.”
Miss Gail Moriarity has brought new enthusiasm for professional nursing to her students this year. An instructor in Maternal-Child Health, a junior course, she is most valued by her students for her "sincere enjoyment in conveying knowledge and her genuine excitement over (their) clinical and theoretical growth in the pediatric field.”

Miss Moriarity expresses her concern for the ongoing role of nursing as a unique profession and stresses the importance of recognition of independent nursing actions both in the community and in the hospital. She feels it is the task of every baccalaureate nurse to help abolish the “doctor’s maid” image of the nurse and promote professional nursing not only by verbalizing her role, but also through personal example.

Henry W. Briefs, Associate Professor of Economics, B.S.S.S., Ph.D., Georgetown University, former chairman of the Economics Department.

This is how the College Catalogue presents the man, the teacher and the advisor. But any teacher is much more than a degree and a department. He has the ability to instill in his students a respect for his discipline and a desire to piece the instruments of that discipline into a larger picture related to concrete problems. This is the area in which Dr. Briefs excels. Quoting him:

“No claim for economics as a super-science is intended. Rather by focusing on alternative solution possibilities and by providing methods for considering trade-offs among the costs and benefits involved, economics serves to bring into play all the various disciplines relevant to a given problem. In this light, Economics and Political Science are in fact the instrumental disciplines.

Georgetown has rightly moved away from a tendency to treat undergraduate work primarily as preparation for more advanced, specialized study. There clearly is growing interest in putting together the knowledge gained (and to be gained) from specialized research into the larger frameworks needed for the concrete problem solving so badly needed today. I am thinking particularly of the economic, political and social problems that confront us daily in newspapers, magazines and the related news media. There can be no doubt that the curriculum reforms introduced at Georgetown reflect this new interest.”

A German class with Professor Fink involves more than grammar and diction. Herr Fink discourses on the culture and contemporary issues of the German people as often and as well as he lectures on sprechen und verstehen.

Professor Fink came to Georgetown bearing impressive credentials. Educated in the Teacher Training College in Austria, he originally came to New York as a Fulbright scholar. He later taught English and German in Austria. Three of Professor Fink’s 12 years of teaching have been at Georgetown. He is now finishing a Ph.D. in Linguistics and hopes to specialize in training language teachers.

Conversations with Herr Fink invariably turn to the environment which he considers a prime and vital issue in the minds of many today. Herr Fink believes that too much is said about ecology and too little is done. He suggests that personal responsibility seize the initiative: “People should not walk by beer cans on the ground and not even see them! They must show their awareness by doing something!”
The first day of general psychology, Father Juan Cortes, S.J. offers you a quarter to change sections. He comments that the added teacher will also pay a quarter. “That’s fifty cents you make; take it!” he chuckles. So far there have been no known takers.

Thus begins for most the first organized field trip into the mind and the first encounter with the incredible id of Juan Cortes, S.J. As the course progresses, the student discovers the wide range of psychological deviations which plague his self from masochism to manic depression. He reassures his students that we all share some deviation from the accepted norm, and it is precisely this that makes us individuals. His positive attitudes stress “love and work,” a view he shares with the late, great Sigmund Freud. Although he is interested in what man is, he longs to see each man realize his own potentials.

His amusing and sometimes incomprehensible accent stems from his Spanish background. He received his Ph.D. at Harvard in Clinical Psychology, and has been at G.U. since 1962. The speed with which he can speak is matched only by the rate at which he consumes cigarettes, which in turn is matched only by his enthusiasm for his subject matter. The theme of his course and his life is the attainment of a state where the individual is “100% inner-directed and 100% other-oriented.”

Hoyas of the future, who will enjoy the luxury of learning for its own sake, unhampered by grades, will have to thank professors like Dr. Richard Nochimson. His belief is that “in a community of scholars and students, grades represent a nuisance whose main function is to interfere with the process of learning ... learning for its own sake remains secondary even for the most serious of students.” He is not blind, however, to the risks involved. Since the pass/fail option remains in the experimental stages there is no proof that students would not be encouraged to be lazy; he does not want a system that will increase the extent of student irresponsibility. For this reason he believes there should be a gradual increase in the number of courses available to students on a pass/fail basis and, for the time being, these should not be in the realm of the students’ major.

Dr. Nochimson is a man who pleads guilty to the accusation of being an idealist. The ideals of learning for its own sake and cooperation rather than competition imply the even greater ideal of a society of people working together for common purposes.

“If there is any chance at all to attain an ideal, there’s still a responsibility to make an attempt ... If we want it to happen we can make it happen, by working as patiently and even as obstinately as possible.”

The mood of the nation is changing drastically: Georgetown is a microcosm of these changes. Professor Walter Wilkinson, thirty year veteran of Georgetown, is perhaps among the most qualified to assess these changes. As a historian and expert in Renaissance humanism, he believes that change is relevant to our modern world, but that this change must be tempered by tradition.

Dr. Wilkinson and his ever-present pipe are a Georgetown institution. During his teaching career here, interrupted only by a tour of duty in the Armed Forces between 1942-46, he has served as a reassuring father-figure to countless Hoyas. After a detailed lecture on the exploits of Henry the VIII or the activities of the Inquisition, he sends his students on their way with a “cheerio, pip-pip, and have a good day, boys and girls”. He also makes it a point to know and remember the names of all his students, an admirable feat, considering his large class sizes.

The nadir of Georgetown life, according to him, was the events of May 1970. Here the Georgetown students and faculty alike showed no respect for tradition, thus violating the basic principle underlying his concept of history.

Dr. Wilkinson does, however, have respect for the Georgetown students, saying that they show better judgement than many of their professors, because “they are more honest and closer to reality.”
Dr. Louis Dupre is a philosophy professor at Georgetown, the author of a soon to be published, six-hundred page book on religion, and the father of a twenty-one-month old boy. A man of quiet smiles and stunning declarations, his presence in class or on a panel ignites the stage and leaves the audience pondering dilemmas of all varieties. An aura of almost mystical charisma surrounds his diminutive figure. But when he opens his mouth to speak, the mist clears and he is a giant of incomparable stature.

"What I would stress in the education of my own child—or at least what I would wish him to have most—would be an attitude of total openness towards life. An openness that is not based on lack of standards but a spontaneous trust that life is basically good. There is one idea that I would by all means prevent him from having: that he is the most important thing in the whole world."

Mrs. Muriel Fraser has been in the United States for five years, the past three of which she has spent with the Women's Athletic Department. A native of South Shields, England, she earned her degree at the Chelsea College of Physical Education. She taught high school physical education for almost five years before coming to the United States with her husband and children.

Since Mrs. Fraser has been at Georgetown, she has been the coach of both the Women's Field Hockey and Tennis teams. She has especially noticed an increase in involvement in Field Hockey since she came to Georgetown.

Mrs. Fraser enjoys her work and finds the girls very enthusiastic. In a school where no great emphasis is placed on women's athletics, she believes the girls enjoy the social side, as well as the competitive side of sports.

Professor Kevin J. Madden returned to Georgetown last year after an extended stay in his "spiritual home," Ireland. He notes considerable improvement in the state of Georgetown's intellectual community and especially praises the English department. However, in Professor Madden's opinion, the university would benefit from greater emphasis in interdepartmental disciplines.

He feels that teaching constitutes his contribution to this world. He enjoys introducing his students to writers and seeing friendships develop between them. Alert and receptive to their problems and needs, this interesting pedagogue often offers his students some advice. He counsels them to examine their minds and the things with which they come in contact, for "Apostles of the unexamined life" irritate him. He advises Georgetown students to take advantage of Washington, D.C. and the cultural and political world outside the university.

Not surprisingly, this fourth generation Irishman enjoys Anglo-Irish literature. He especially sympathizes with James Joyce, about whom he is very knowledgeable. Dr. Madden is also a travel and ski buff, but reading is his first love. His hell on earth: a fire in his library.
Dr. Shaligram Shukla has taught in Georgetown's Linguistic department since 1968. He enjoys the intellectual and academic freedom to choose what and how to teach here.

He accuses the world of too much time spent in non-creative activities and too little time spent reading and writing good poetry and fiction. Man's downfall, he warns, will be his failure to desire creativity.

Dr. Shukla enjoys paintings, beautiful girls, talking about life, and listening to others, as well as literature. Nevertheless, he is bothered by a gap between what he is and what he wants to be: a novelist as well as a linguist. The gap will be closed shortly when his book, *The Rhinoceros Never Came*, is published.

Professor Shukla likes young people and advises them to read good literature selectively and more than once: "If in all your life you only once made love..."

Dr. Roland Flint is one of the major creative figures in the English Department. A good poet in his own right, Dr. Flint has been published in many literary journals and reviews, and is awaiting publication of a volume of his work.

But perhaps more important for Georgetown, he actively encourages creativity in his students. In his highly successful workshop courses, and his regular literature classes, he demands an imaginative approach to the works being examined.

In the extracurricular field, Dr. Flint is responsible for the widely acclaimed series of poetry readings which have taken place in Copley Lounge and the new University Center.

Michael Skigen announces at the start of his course that he will be a Turk. Later the student discovers the one qualification: provided you know your material inside out. This dry humor runs throughout his courses. Rarely is any student indifferent in his opinion of this man. Mr. Skigen arrived at Georgetown via Lehigh, N.Y.U., Pace College and George Washington University, where he was George Houston's thesis advisor.

Since Mr. Skigen has been a CPA in Maryland for five years, his courses abound with "examples" from his practice. He freely admits that he is on an ego-trip in the teaching environment. But his ego extends to his expectations of his students. He values honesty as the supreme virtue, which combined with hard work and attention to detail yields a successful person. Anything less is a fault which must be eliminated early.

Mr. Skigen has noted an interesting phenomenon among students since he came here in 1967. He thinks the student body has traveled full circle from conservative, to radical, and now back to conservative again. Very interesting.
Mrs. Charlene Koch, Nursing: “The professional nurse of the future has many responsibilities—to her patients, her fellow professionals, the community, and to herself. To the new graduates who will soon be confronting obstacles in establishing the unique and professional role of the nurse, may I pass on this prayer: 'God grant me the courage to change the things I can, the serenity to accept that which defies change, and the wisdom to recognize the difference.'”

Dr. John Radner, newly arrived at Georgetown, teaches two freshman courses and an elective, “The Experience of London”, which studies literature centering around the British capital, the only British cosmopolitan area until the mid-nineteenth century.

While much mention is made about student creativity, or lack of it, today, Dr. Radner has found much original thought and exposition among his freshmen writers, in surprising contrast to mechanical and often stilted writing in the upper division literature groups.

“It would be good to have as a standard thing and an adjunct to literature study, rather than as a separate creative writing course, exercises in writing in various styles; if a student studying the Elizabethan sonnet were to attempt one himself, he would discover things about the process of writing and understand, perhaps, just what a sonnet is. This is an aspect of appreciation rather than creativity for its own sake. Creative thinking must precede creative writing, and this brings us to a problem: There is a mystique surrounding the latter, and every student wants to be a writer. All the emphasis goes into creative writing, and creative thinking, creative living aren’t stressed as they should be.”

Doctor Michael Krupensky, Professor Emeritus of Russian language and literature at Georgetown, died of cancer on November 16, 1971.

Dr. Krupensky, born in Russia, attended the Imperial Lyceum in what was then St. Petersburg, and served as an officer in the White Russian Army during the Revolution. After the Communists came to power, he fled to Czechoslovakia and studied history and economics; later he worked for the International Relief Organization in France. He joined the Georgetown faculty in 1952 and taught Russian literature and culture courses until June, 1971.

By merely saying hello to him in the hall you could get into a long conversation with him and leave thinking he was your best friend.

“The Krup” will not be forgotten by those who cared most for him.
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“A person’s life is his own ship, and he must decide how it should be sailed,” philosophizes Dr. George Farre, admirer of people who are simultaneously the masters of their own destinies and free of the vice of singlemindedness. In his opinion, academic life offers an atmosphere conducive to his ideal; it is “one of the best forms of civilized life left.”

Dr. Farre has been part of Georgetown’s philosophy department since 1960. Previously he taught at the University of Virginia and Johns Hopkins University. Here at Georgetown, Professor Farre is able to pursue his own interests and be largely autonomous, yet he is always available for discussions with his students. He takes great pleasure in exchanging ideas with his pupils, urging them to spend time on what they want to do and on what is valuable to them. Citing his favorite example of a person who seemingly squandered his time watching movies, but then went on to become a famous film director, Dr. Farre stresses that no one is the judge of others except in his particular area of competence.

In this “one of the best forms of civilized life left,” a champion of individuality such as Dr. Farre is an added comfort.
Dr. Gino Parisi, since coming to head the Spanish department a year ago, has tried to implement throughout the curriculum his theory of language instruction: Before the student can go into advanced and creative work in a language, he must first show a solid foundation in basic language skills. This means intensive, highly structured language learning courses.

While Dr. Parisi feels students right up through graduate school welcome a demanding, structured course, he realizes they also miss the stimulation of an advanced one. Unfortunately, this cannot come without the year of austerity and discipline that builds up long term values.

The Spanish department still needs a larger staff than it has. Dr. Parisi teaches the only section of Intensive Advanced Spanish, and the resulting horde of students in one classroom makes the course seem highly regimented. Ideally, his staff would strike a balance between native and non-native speakers of Spanish, and he would like to see more solid offerings in the areas of literature and culture.

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ADMINISTRATION

"Without freedom of thought there can be no such thing as wisdom, and no such thing as public liberty without freedom of speech; which is the right of every man, as far as by it he does not hurt or control the right of another; and this is the only check it ought to suffer and the only bounds it ought to know."

Benjamin Franklin
No other group of individuals within a university is more difficult to appraise than the administration. For many of the men and women who formulated the policies now affecting ourselves are no longer here. Others have just recently arrived and have not received ample opportunity to demonstrate themselves. Most are simply unknown; save for a name on a desk and a Centrex listing. Each administrator makes a daily contribution to the continuance of Georgetown. Whether or not his actions are beneficial is often a matter of personal bias. Yet the increasing complexity of higher education will force both students and faculty into greater dependence upon their collective success.

As president, Reverend Robert Henle's foremost concern will always be the financial survival of this university. Money and administrative paperwork will continue, then, to prevent him from experiencing greater student-faculty contact. When he first arrived on campus three years ago, Father Henle announced a policy to meet with any student within two weeks. To date he has fulfilled that pledge. But many a student comes away wondering why he bothered in the first place. Father Henle may someday become a president. His initial exuberance was overshadowed by obvious uncertainty and nervousness. He remains overworked and simply watching him as he addresses a group gives proof to the continued stress within him. But so long as he continues to appear as one stalling for time or trying to avoid an issue, Father Henle will not inspire the respect and confidence one expects to find in a president. Of course continued irrational demands by student government, faculty senate, alumni, and the surrounding community only aggravate the situation. A university cannot be a situation where the dictum, *Rex non potest peccare* can hold.
Every institution deserves the presence of a grand old man who can represent its achievement. The *New York Times* for example, retains former Washington bureau chief Arthur Krock at age 84. Georgetown University possesses Reverend Edward Bunn at age 77.

As chancellor, Father Bunn watches the continuing evolution of the university he directed for some twelve years as president. Today his primary responsibility is to sustain the friendships that have developed between Georgetown and countless alumni across the globe. The warmth of his personality and the depth of his concern for individuals can be witnessed each evening as he walks from the steps of Healy to visit those confined to the university's hospital beds. More than anyone, "Doctor Bunn" is the epitome of one who has accepted Georgetown with its imperfections and has dedicated himself to refining its greatness.
Presiding from a desk in the imposing Hall of Cardinals on Second Healy is Daniel Altobello. Though he implied to the Georgetown Voice last year that he possessed no power within the University, the validity of his implication is debatable. By virtue of his position as secretary of the corporation and a member of the Board of Directors, he has more to say than most in the affairs of the University. But it is the added role of being assistant to the President that places Mr. Altobello in a critical position.

Father Henle, like any other chief executive, must rely heavily upon his administrative assistant for information regarding various problems requiring a Presidential solution. That all of the information reaches Henle is the prerogative of his assistant, as well as the speed with which it is made known. The position of assistant to the President has inherent shades of influence and Daniel Altobello is not one to be regarded slightly.

When James Kelly accepted the new post vice president for administrative affairs, he brought to the Hilltop a new kind of administrative stature. An able politician, he handles with ease the temperament of an often irate alumnus wanting to sue the University for harboring “Communists” during Washington’s frequent student demonstrations. A nuts and bolts bureaucrat, he does not long tolerate apologetics. Not one to be victimized by the petty intramural politics which have done away with more than one man involved with GU’s financial affairs, he fits the description of the man who doesn’t get ulcers; he gives them.
An academic vice president ingratiates himself with the student body on two occasions: when he is able to announce that tuitions will not be raised the following year, and again when he can proclaim an early Christmas vacation due to a flu epidemic. In recent memory Rev. Thomas Fitzgerald has been able to ingratiate himself only twice.

Father Fitzgerald has learned the value of a low profile. With quiet words and cool temperament he is able to avoid most of the usual frustration and abuse that goes with the job. One can't help but wonder if Nicholas Machiavelli had a man such as Fitzgerald in mind when he wrote:

"A Prince then being necessitated to know how to make use of that part belonging to a beast, ought to serve himself of the conditions of the Fox and the Lion: for the Lion cannot keep from snares, nor the Fox fend himself against the wolves. He had need to be a Fox, that he may beware of the snares and a Lion that he may scare the wolves."

Vice president for development and public relations Malcolm McCormack overseas the extensive operation of projecting this University into the public eye and then making a case for individual and corporate support to insure its continued operation. His greatest asset is Arthur Ciervo, who, as director of public relations, has demonstrated an ability to preside over every detail of a phenomenal amount of activity. Since 1967 Ciervo has worked to mold a minor press release operation into one of the finest university press relations systems in the country.

If only Donald Wittek could do the same for data processing.

"Whatever the world thinks he who hath not much meditated upon God, the human mind, and the summum bonum, may possibly make a thriving earthworm, but will most indubitably make a sorry patriot and a sorry statesman."
It is unlikely that the Board of Directors had Bishop Berkeley's sentiment behind their new addition to the administrative framework, the Office of Campus Ministries headed by Rev. Lawrence Madden. Financial considerations again enter into this step to improve the appearance of the oldest Catholic University in the United States. Moving into an arena surrounded by alumni outraged at the decline in the formal religious atmosphere on campus, Father Madden is faced with the prospects of bridging the chasm between student indifference and alumni expectation.

By bringing Sr. Laetitia Blain with him he has given this university the closest thing to a music department it can expect for quite some time. Also by assuming a good portion of the administrative load, Father Madden has enabled main campus chaplain Father John Bennett a greater opportunity to counsel students and offer his eternal: "So good to see you."

It has taken drugs, robbery, and repeated personal assaults to clearly define the roles of Rev. Robert Judge, S.J., and Valerie Berghoff as Deans of Men and Women, respectively. No longer should one's raison d'etre be a fourth for doubles or a prim and proper hostess for afternoon Darnall teas. Now they don't have to worry about doing anything creative to help students develop in ways other than academics with which to face the real world after graduation. For whether or not Georgetown was willing to venture outside of its gates to gain from the problems of Washington, the problems have demonstrated an uncanny ability to come inside the campus and take advantage of its opportunities.

"The criterion of competence sets the procedural rule for selection of persons to fill jobs. For this purpose, all sorts of admirable or regrettable qualities and achievement of an individual are irrelevant unless they bear on his capacity to meet the demands of a particular job."

*The Conduct of the Corporation,*

W.E. Moore
The traditional Hoya image conjured in one's mind are the delights of Trader Vic's, 1789, and the Georgetown University Shop. This is George Houston, but only a part. To the treasurer's office he brought a new dimension of personality and rapport with students which he acquired teaching in the School of Business Administration. More important, however, are the traits of the office he has sustained: candor, honesty, and integrity.

The Office of Undergraduate Admissions is placed last only because the undergraduate's contact with it fades after the beginning. Pressure comes from alumni wanting to get children and relatives accepted, demands for greater minority enrollment, and severe limitation in the amount of financial assistance which the university can use to lure capable students to come here. This year, under the guidance of acting director Charles Deacon and his associates, noticeably Billie Jones, admissions continues to do the same thing they do every year, to try to induce the right combination of personality, ability, and ambition in a student body which makes what all of the other administrators around here do worth doing in the first place.

"Efficient." That was one student's description of the university's administration. "They do what they have to do. They don't get in your hair. I've got no complaints."

He went on to express the opinion that the trend today is simply for people to get along on their own. Yet a negative note was struck when he added: "There's a great lack of community. The administration hasn't done beans for that."
The School of Nursing is unique among the Georgetown five in the high degree of relevancy of its curriculum to its goals. From her first day as a freshman, the nursing student learns things she will shortly be applying to her work. It is unique also in that aside from being a member of the council of main campus deans, the dean of the Nursing School is a member of the Medical Center Council and of the Administrative Council for Medical Center Affairs. Sister Rita Marie Bergeron, O.S.B., Dean of the Nursing School, feels this dual function broadens her area of relationships as well as her "opportunity for leverage". She is concerned about the future of health care in this country and the role of her graduates in promoting it. Of foremost interest now is setting up a system of public health care which would provide an alternative to the present hospital-private physician system. The new arrangement, based on self-care and positive attendance to health, operates through a medical team right in the community. The role of the professional nurse in this Comprehensive Care Cycle is the constant evaluation of patient's health situation, where presently a patient must see a doctor at his own expense, and usually only when something goes wrong.

The patient would move in this cycle of positive health, deviating only in times of critical illness to go to a hospital, which is outside the system, or to the one person who can be of assistance. The professional nurse would guide him to the right person, for she will know if its a surgeon or a specialist of some sort that is needed. Her acting as a liaison between the patient and the professional medical world avoids much frustration and waste of money.

The advantages of this independent self-care program are many. The patient, rather than receiving medical attention only when something is wrong, receives constant positive health care. Also, the cost is much lower. It frees the hospitals to serve the critically ill without having to worry about the chronicly ill who are cared for by the health team. In addition, positive attendance to chronic illnesses should lower the number of those afflicted. To the professional nurse the community system offers the opportunity to exercise leadership and initiative, traits often stifled in a hospital situation.

Hopefully, Georgetown will be part of and a leader in, this type of program. Sister Rita Marie is working towards it through a university committee and seeking funds from a federal sponsoring agency. Additionally she hopes to develop post-baccalaureate programs in nurse midwifery, pediatric nursing and family nursing. The graduate of such programs will be the professional nurse. The programs could be combined with undergraduate studies and be self-paced, so that a student could get more out of her undergrad program in less time and go on to one of the specialities.

The School of Nursing feels it has been blessed with closer cooperation among faculty, administration, and students than the other schools in the University. The dean attributes this to the relevancy of the nursing profession. "We have the advantage that in society itself health science is relevant; and hence, all aspects of the curriculum are important for nursing students. We are not likely to hear too many complaints except with regard to the heavy science load in the lower division. Nursing is the reality of life and it can't be disputed."

Mandate 81 holds the potential for many improvements in the Nursing School. The dean would like a chair of nursing, but most desirable would be a nursing building. At present the school's facilities consist of the first floor of Saint Mary's Hall, a women's residence. Sister Rita Marie feels the Nursing School would have much to gain from the proposed Academic Learning and Resource Center, such as the kinds of laboratory systems needed to completely implement the new curriculum and move towards the self-paced system. "We have a projection for our future which includes a learning lab which would be partly in that center; and also for a self-care lab and a curriculum lab where we could maintain and build theory content."

Sister Rita Marie has been successful in her other goal for the Nursing School, that of increasing enrollment of minority students. There are 19 blacks in the freshman class compared to three in 1970. Foundation support has been procured for the recruitment and maintenance of minority students.
BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

Like the Nursing School, the School of Business Administration trains its students to enter into a specific area: The purpose of the School is to turn out qualified businessmen. Dean Eugene Snyder, a pragmatist little inclined to the rhetoric that characterizes so many Georgetown administrators, reflects the temperament of the Business School in his attitudes. He became dean reluctantly and plans to return to teaching next year when he steps down from office.

He is casually confident about the School's present and future. In the process of growth now, the SBA will have a student enrollment of between 800 and 1000. Major curriculum changes passed in the spring of '71, to be implemented in the fall of '72, will prepare the School itself for this population increase. This is just a continuation of the consistent improvement within the School since the time of its founding. As a proof of the high caliber of the SBA, Dean Snyder points to the undeniable fact that its graduates have more success in finding jobs right after graduation than those of any other undergraduate school.

One of the few complaints Dean Snyder hears, other than that he is Dean, is that the School is short-handed. To remedy the problem he has asked for three new faculty members, which represents an increase of 20% over the present staff.

Dean Snyder does not share other's fears of possible overexpansion generated by the Mandate 81 plan. First there is a finite physical limit to growth on the part of the University. There will be no “quantum jump” in size as a result of Mandate 81, and the fear of such an increase is due to lifting statements out of context. In order for Georgetown to get approval for what it wants to do in the foreseeable future, it had to go to City Hall with a master plan proposing maximum expansion to serve a limited number of undergraduates, beyond which Georgetown cannot physically expand.

Even with maximum expansion Dean Snyder feels Georgetown “would not lose its innate charm.” The most important point to be considered in the politics of expansion is that “Quality is spelled M-O-N-E-Y” and remaining small and chic is no consolation for the loss of it.

FOREIGN SERVICE

The School of Foreign Service has been the most publicized of Georgetown's schools in recent years. If the whole University has undergone an identity crisis, then that crisis has been felt most acutely in the SFS. A new problem now may be overidentification, at least from the outside, of the SFS with the personality of a single man. Dean Peter Krogh. In the following excerpts of a Domesdays Book interview with Dr. Krogh, he elaborates upon his ideas of what the SFS is and where it is going.

Q: Why did you come to Georgetown?
A: I came here because I was looking for an opportunity and a challenge. Professionally I had reached the point where I was ready to try to be the dean of a school. The opportunity here converged with my own aspirations to be a dean. Also, it just happened that this school is down my line of country. It's what I'm interested in. It's what I know something about. It was, then, a real opportunity for me when this deanship came along. I hope it will prove to have been an opportunity for the School as well.

Q: When you came here, what were the areas in which you saw need for reform, especially in the light of the recent history of the SFS?
A: In a general way what I'd hoped to do was to get the School feeling good about itself again. This required the School to begin to think about its future rather than its past, and to take stock of its assets and begin to use those assets as a base for the future. It also required not only evaluating existing assets but beginning to work conscientiously on realizing their potential.

We've begun to show some progress in this first area of generating optimism; but that won't last very long without accompanying progress in curriculum development. The major current effort must be to press ahead with the modernization of the curriculum.

It's also important for the people outside of the school to have a positive attitude toward us. The School is in a perfect position by virtue of tradition and location to excel in the field of international relations and to be regarded by both practitioners and academicians in the field as a truly significant institution.

Q: How far along has the School come since you've been here?
A: Not as far as I had expected it to be after one year, but not far off from that expectation either. Of course, the first
two years are necessarily taken up with a good deal of internal diplomacy and politics. But the students and faculty are beginning to feel better about the School and we are close to the achievement of a curriculum reform which will enable this School to stay in the van of schools of its kind. In addition, the co-curricular program, which involves lectures, seminars, field trips, etc., has been greatly energized and expanded.

To show the success of the co-curricular program thus far, let me tell you about a field trip to Canada taken by the members of the new Canadian Foreign Policy Seminar. They met many Canadian officials who were extremely impressed with their poise and sophistication. Many expressed disbelief that these SFS students were undergraduates, and that they'd only been studying Canada for a few weeks. The highest Canadian official they met, an advisor to Trudeau, told me that the group was the most impressive student group he had ever met. Now that's exciting and shows the impression we can make when we reach out to do so.

Q: What can you say about the decrease in applications and what type of student is being appealed to come to GU's SFS?
A: The applications problem has been creeping up on us for the last five years. Applications are down, to a large extent because of a general national disenchantment with foreign relations. We've been trying to attract more applications through an array of efforts in this office and in the central admissions office. At the same time, I think there may be a swing back to interest in foreign affairs. With the pall of Vietnam lifting, people are beginning to see more clearly that there is much of good and interest to be done in the world.

I think we're a pretty difficult school. We demand more than other places. People who come here will be challenged. If we make this clear, I think we will attract all the applicants we need.

The SFS serves several purposes. One is to educate people who simply will become informed, effective U.S. citizens. They may not be involved actively in international affairs, but they will know a good deal about them and will make their important contribution in various non-vocational ways. It turns out that about half of our graduates fall into this category. Then there is the other group which becomes directly involved in foreign affairs. This group will be finding employment in a wider variety of internationally oriented careers than in the past as distinctions between domestic and international operations become blurred and all activities become increasingly international.

Q: What is your position on Mandate 81?
A: I would like to see the whole $53.5 million go to the SFS. We can use it and would know what to do with it. At the risk of sounding insubordinate, I do not regard the amounts designated for the SFS under Mandate 81 as setting a limit on our fund raising. If I could find $5 million for the SFS instead of the sum allocated to us, I'm assuming I wouldn't be reprimanded for doing so. I expect to give Mandate 81 all the time I can. After the new curriculum is underway, I expect to spend more of my time raising funds. For one thing there will be new programs within the new curriculum for which funds will have to be raised. I would be particularly interested in finding money for the new things we want to do.

Q: How about the sharing of facilities with other schools in regard to common university requirements? So far it sounds as though the SFS is quite independent.
A: There should be as much cooperation and sharing as possible between the schools. An example would be language study: some SFS students may want to avail themselves of the SLL's intensive language programs, at the cost of postponement of a required course or limitation of their free electives. What is needed here, if anything, is closer cooperation and communication. There may be internal competition between schools, but that's for the money. When it comes to educational opportunities for the students of Georgetown, each school ought to open its doors to the students of other schools, considering this an integral part of their job.
LANGUAGES AND LINGUISTICS

We opened the door of the School of Languages and Linguistics ourselves, and talked with Dean Robert Lado about some of the problems and potentials of the School. The SLL has presented a tarnished reputation for the past few years, but quietly changes have been taking place and it can be said that the School is still superior to others in its language and linguistics programs.

"When I came here, (eleven years ago) there were only 67 candidates for the B.S. Now we have 6000" said Dr. Lado. "We have nine language departments: five major departments (French, Spanish, Russian, German, Italian); and four critical ones (Portuguese, Arabic, Chinese, Japanese). We have more applicants for the first group than we can accommodate, and fewer in the second than we would like. Therefore we are working harder in enrollment drives for the latter. Ideally there would be ten students in a class, where there are now maybe only five.

"In the linguistics field, we aim to unify the three separate programs into one department without sacrificing the individual identities of those programs. The three are applied, theoretical, and sociolinguistics. The last is the most recent addition to the department and is going well. With linguistics we have the problem of serving two distinct functions: one for linguistics majors, the other for language majors whose objectives in studying linguistics are different: first to understand the linguistics of their language, and second, to understand the nature of language itself. But not just to analyze it as a linguist analyzes it. Rather they should be capable of understanding it in the context of a specific language and all its aspects, for humane reasons, such as helping people with language problems, rather than for the sake of science itself."

At this point we wondered just how successful Georgetown was in its programs, and how the SLL stands among the nation's language schools, since it once was, and by many still is, considered the best language school in the country. And as a corollary, what can SLL graduates do?

Dr. Lado explained that our graduates are highly qualified to teach languages and that there are teacher programs in every language department that satisfy the requirements for a teacher's certificate in most states.

How about non-teaching careers? "The School gives the student an excellent background in liberal arts with a strong specialty in language, thus equipping the SLL student at least as well as the college student to compete for positions that desire liberal arts majors." He cited the example of a French major who was accepted into an executive training program, and who, because of his linguistic skill, excelled over those from other fields in the computer business, and of a German major bank employee who rose in two years to head its foreign department.

As for the School's standing in the country, "We are number one from the point of view of mastering a language in a general sense with regard to speaking, reading, cultural appreciation, and writing, and especially considering the integration of linguistic science into the language program. However, if your objective is merely learning to translate a language with the end of becoming a scholar in some other field, then I cannot say we are the best. In linguistics, we are the best in applied linguistics where we have the most complete set of offerings. In socio-linguistics we are in the top three, and in theoretical linguistics among the top ten."

"We have problems. It would be highly desirable to obtain a distinguished new linguist, a brilliant man who would act as a catalyst to generate new linguistics from our department. We would surely like to attract distinguished faculty and obtain more scholarships so that no great student would have to turn us down. But our greatest need is, simply, physical plant. This School led the world in the development of the language lab. The standard lab of the world today was developed at the Institute. We have lost the position and will have to spend money to keep ahead physically. This is what we want Mandate 81 to do for us. Our faculty has worked out a physical plan and it is this: a building, or part of a building, that would have the most advanced labs and technology and also a cultural atmosphere for each language department. The difficulty is in obtaining the space we need. Each school thinks itself the most important and competition for allocations from Mandate 81 is almost a dog eat dog contest."

Dr. Lado has a problem with department heads, who wield a lot of power in the SLL. He contends especially with the large departments with regard to such matters as senior comprehensives, which he is against, and advisory programs.

"We also have faculty-student
Which brings us to the College, parent to the other Georgetown Schools and a vital factor in their continued growth. Besides educating its own students, it functions as a unifying force for all the undergraduate schools and helps keep the other four in perspective.

**Father Royden B. Davis**, Dean of the College, feels our Jesuit liberal arts tradition is important and relevant to the present and future of the University. "Tradition provides a basis from which to move. It sends out direction pointers. This does not mean it hampers expansion... An educational institution, much like an individual person is, I think, better off for having a sense of where it's been, what it is and where it will be. The liberal arts tradition is one of the essentials for this kind of University. I would hate to see Georgetown move toward a totally professional set of undergraduate schools. So far the others have kept their liberal arts thrust along with their own distinctive curricula. Something we can learn from our tradition is the kind of very vibrant distinction you can have among various schools, a distinction based on curriculum, how you put a program together. Sometimes I think we neglect to maintain this sense of relative smallness within bigness.

"There's also a kind of tradition that is undesirable, and this is the carrying on of non-essentials which limit your choices for the future. Every institution has certain superfluous accretions that might be nice to have stored, so to speak, in the attic of memory; but they shouldn't be of prime importance. It's a wonderful thing to browse through your children's books, but that cannot be all you read."

Within the college itself, curriculum and department growth are running smoothly. The college must share many of its facilities with the other schools, especially basic courses, but even so there are few problems. The English department offerings have been arranged so that the freshmen enjoy small classes. Theology classes are smaller and more popular than ever. Philosophy is one of the few departments that still struggles with large sections. The important thing is that as curriculum changes and requirements open up in the other schools, the College needs forewarning to make the proper adjustments to its departments.

The most immediate demand for growth in the college is in the psychology and sociology departments, which are still fairly small, but, "by their very nature are going to grow because of a demand for them and because of their youthfulness." Psychology majors alone rose from 8 to 160 in a three to four year period, and three faculty members have been added in the last year. For the first time, Georgetown's sociology department boasts a core of full-time faculty.

One real worry Father Davis sees at Georgetown is the danger of overexpansion. "The college in the last five years has grown by roughly 500 students and that worries me. Realistically we are limited on dormitories, faculty offices, and classrooms. If Georgetown loses the kind of reasonable, personal informality between faculty and student, between student and administrator, then we will indeed have lost one of the most important and distinctive marks of Georgetown. This is something that everybody, faculty, administration, and student, has to constantly work against. The threat of over-expansion is one of the side problems resulting from the existence of five strong undergraduate schools."

A couple of years ago, everybody seemed to be knocking Georgetown. Now a new optimism can be seen in all the schools. "Even the trouble of the spring of 1970 had the strange effect of bringing people closer together," says Father Davis. "It caused some divisions, but it was also an aging in an appropriate sense. One section of the Middle States report talks about student morale, and how it was obvious from talking to students that they were proud to be part of Georgetown."
COMPUTERS have little in common sense, but much utility. The IBM 360-40 used by the Registrar's Office is no exception. This monster’s appetite is larger than that of its predecessor, the 360-30, but its tastes are just as particular. It refuses to consider any bent, folded, or mutilated cards. It can’t cope with a double major. It disdains the cards of students with financial problems. It emphatically rejects cards containing wrong social security numbers. In its arrogance the 360-40 accepts only perfect cards, passing on all problem cards to its subordinates—the staff of the Registrar’s Office.

With the exception of Mr. John Quinn, the Registrar, the staff in that sprawling White Gravenor edifice are willing slaves to the machine. Much of their time is spent in preparatory clerical work, which is then fed into the computer. The fussy beast spits back anything it finds distasteful, so a good part of the staff’s remaining time is spent picking up mistakes. In addition to attending to the whims of the computer, these competent workers handle vital tasks which include taking ID pictures, checking Add-Drop slips, recording for both undergrads and grads, supervising withdrawals and readmits, consortium business, and the Selective Service status of Georgetown males.

The clerical work load of the office is expected to increase as a result of the new Selective Service Act. This legislation may spur many upperclassmen to drop to part time status, while many freshmen will be drafted out of school. To compensate for the predicted decrease in enrollment, more transfer students will be accepted at Georgetown. Their admission will entail extra work in order to confirm their permanent records and previous credits.

The Registrar himself, John Quinn, remains unaffected by the tirades of the computer. After twenty-three years of service, he knows he won’t soon be replaced, even though his dedicated work is unknown to most of the Georgetown students. This pleasant, white haired gentleman is busy all year round, organizing the schedules of courses and final exams. Scheduling is a multi-step process. Beginning in February Mr. Quinn confers with the various deans and department heads. He studies the Fall semester requirements for each student and the different course offerings and time slots submitted by the department heads. Mr. Quinn then attempts to arrange courses so that each student may schedule his requirements and necessary number of elective slots. After the chaos of the actual Fall registration period has passed, the procedure is repeated for Spring semester scheduling.

Final exam scheduling is an equally complicated process. Mr. Quinn accomplishes the seemingly impossible task of fitting twenty-five pages worth of courses into twenty-nine time slots with a minimum of back to back exams. When his systematic method of scheduling stumbles upon a bizarre problem, the Registrar relies upon his intuition, thorough knowledge of curricula, and, sometimes, a detailed check of names on an actual class list.

Mike Merrick, an energetic young man who was appointed Assistant Registrar in 1970, acts as the office spokesman, consortium contact, and advance man. He is largely responsible for coordinating deadlines. The English as a Foreign Language program has a new registration every five weeks. The Summer School catalogue must be out by December. Spring semester scheduling must be done in time for
November pre-registration. Mr. Merrick is also in charge of raw statistics on Georgetown's enrollment. These figures are used by the Jesuit Educational Society, the government, the Office of Institutional Research, and our own administration in planning.

A frequent target for student criticism, "Why did the Medical School get my transcript three months late and why does the computer refuse to acknowledge my existence?") the Registrar's Office has formidable defenses. First, the staff of thirteen has not grown since 1964, while Georgetown's enrollment has increased by one-third since that date. Second, the modern technique of using a computer and a small staff minimizes mistakes but dramatizes their presence. Moreover, when confronted with criticism the Registrar counters with some of his own. For example, this past Fall 40 to 50 percent of all registered students submitted a total of 8000 Add-Drop slips. Teachers slip away to Nigeria, conveniently forgetting to submit their grade reports. There is always the student who drops a course for which he is not registered or the one who hands in a paper three years late and wants his Incomplete immediately changed.

Despite these slights, the Registrar's Office continues to seek improvements for both students and faculty in the registration process. This year 3000 students were offered mail registration, but only 500 took advantage of this opportunity to avoid long lines, and to avoid the gym altogether. Next semester 1500 to 2000 students are expected to comply with the requirements for mail registration by pre-registering and pre-paying.

4304 undergraduates registered for Fall semester in 1971. In a large private university the business offices tend to lose contact with the teachers and faculty. By its nature the Registrar's Office sees itself as a link between Georgetown's administrative and academic factions and hopes to improve its service to both.
FOOD SERVICE
Scrounging for food can be a time-consuming habit on the Hilltop. Our stomachs would be better off if they didn't demand so much of us. Not only do they have the nerve to get hungry three times a day, they also ungratefully reject a steady diet of Charlie Weismuller sandwiches, 89-Market custard cones and Tang. As punishment we put our stomachs on the meal plan, and let them eat Macke.

The conflict between student and stomach is equalled only by the war between food service and boarders. A DOMESTIC DAY BOOKE survey turned up some interesting comments and condemnations of Macke.

Strange things have been found in the food in the cafeteria. Among the more interesting items are cockroaches, staples, mold, worms, and one tired bandaid staring through the chili.

Besides the element of adventure inherent in eating the food, few students found much to recommend. They did have a lot of suggestions for improvement which were received with more or less consideration by the management.

Heading the list was the hope that a lunch-dinner plan be instituted. Also mentioned were changes in the menu, especially entrees.

The management looks at the food service from the other side of the serving counter; students, they say, will always complain about food as long as there's no other hot issue to occupy their minds. (To this one sophomore replied, "If the food were issued hot, we wouldn't have to bitch about it.") Only U.S. graded choice meat is used, and the health ratings of the cafeteria are higher than Saga's ever were. [Three days after this interview, New South Cafeteria was shut down by the Board of Health for an indefinite period of time, after a number of student workers were hospitalized for dysentery.]

Another problem is environment. Kids simply get tired of eating in the same place all the time. To illustrate this, people cite the food at Marty's, where they eat by choice, as being superior to cafeteria food, whereas it all comes out of the same kitchen.

The management meets with a student food committee every two weeks to deal with complaints. "Just saying the food is lousy isn't a justifiable complaint," said a New South manager. A specific gripe can be dealt with, and Macke will react to any justified criticism. "Whenever you deal with large numbers of people you cannot possibly suit everybody's taste. We are competing with two thousand mothers. We try to please a majority but we listen to everybody."

The University is perhaps the happiest party involved. They receive 6% of non-board cafeteria profits, as opposed to 1% from Saga last year.

But let's let the big cheese have the last word on food. Mr. Aaron Goldmare, a 1964 SFS graduate and president of the Macke Corporation, spoke at the Fall 1971 Business Forum, whose theme was Corporate Responsibility. He told the Forum of that morning; as he was about to leave the house, his wife asked him why he was so late leaving for work. He replied that he was not going to the office but to speak at Georgetown. "You'd better be careful," she cautioned; "all those students will have just finished eating breakfast." To which he replied, "Courage is a part of social responsibility."

ONE TIRED BAND-AID STARING UP THROUGH THE CHILI
A dorm is a dorm is a dorm and on-campus life is still much the same zoo story it always has been. Darnall Hall still greatly resembles a girls' high school within; New North and Harbin Halls still yell obscenities and throw beer cans at each other; and everywhere, privacy is ever sacrificed to the will of the community in the grand old tradition of mob rule.

But it's not exactly the same as before. The biggest change has been the new life style that has come with relaxed rules: open and coed dorms are no longer a big deal, but rather easily accepted and assimilated as something that should have always been. The freshmen would not believe the furor that accompanied the birth of these changes, in the days three years ago when girls received demerits for PDA'S* and guys had to keep their doors open and turn in their IDs when female visitors were in their rooms (Friday and Saturday evenings only). But now in loco parentis we have a more natural and easy, albeit noisier, existence. Huzzah. No wonder the alumnus at Homecoming weeps when he goes to visit his old room on third Copley and finds it draped with frilly curtains and inhabited by two women and part-time by a number of men. He is not bemoaning the passing of the old order; he is insanely jealous.

But problems arise with the new order too. Where women are no longer locked airtight in high-rise chastity belts, risks are taken. In the fall, a few instances of assault and attempted rape in the cemetery by Harbin served as warning. But it took tragedies within Copley and Harbin to get the administration or whoever off their posteriori and security guards placed at entrances to all the dorms. Their effectiveness is debatable, but the incidence of violent crimes in the dormitories has dropped off since.

The current most pressing issue regarding dorms is their scarcity. Enrollment increases unaccompanied by planning for more living space results in boating more students out into the already acute off-campus housing shortage. One wonders how wise the physical expansion of Georgetown's academic facilities really is when women are tripped up and tripping over each other in St. Mary's and other students spend an hour and a half a day commuting from Virginia. Practicing to be executives, I guess.

But in the meantime the beer cans fly out the windows, a cluster bathroom on seventh Harbin is an eternal nylon stocking jungle, stereos call to each other like lovebirds across hallways, all-nighters are pulled, all pullers are knighted, and people continue to Meaningfully Interact in this residential section of that nebulous beast. The University Community.

*Public Display of Affection in lounges and other public places, which were the only alternatives to the Upper Field for the showing of affection or whatever.
A Copley Monday

In my dreams, something grabbed my ankles and dragged me out of bed in the direction of the window. My hands clawed at the blanket, but I was helpless, naturally, as in all my dreams. As I was pulled across the floor, the room elongated in front of me, the far wall receded to the vanishing point; dresser, refrigerator and bookshelves flew into my line of vision and rapidly into the distance. I had reached the window, and was yanked out. For a moment my body hung motionless, above the townhouses, eye to eye with fourth White-Gravenor, and then I floated gently down, like a feather, to land on Copley lawn. The jocks playing football stared through me, so I got up, walked back up to the fifth floor, and woke up.

Eight o'clock. Some dream. Probably more exciting than anything that will happen today. I open the door and shuffle down the hall to the bathroom. Both are disgusting, full of cans, garbage and stale smells from the weekend, during which half the sophomore class played floating population on the corridor. Taking a shower in a foul bathroom seems almost pointless. Long hair from any number of long-haired girls clogs the drain. I guess I'm adding some of my own now, but I'm not about to clean it any more than anyone else.

My roommate moans and rolls over at the sound of the door opening. Ah, the mundane activity that fills so much of our day! Tang, vitamin, stomach feels too weak to eat anything else; brush hair, off pyjamas, on underwear, ready to face my mirror image: "Oh gross!" "Ssorg ho!" it replies, in a balloon above my face. Slap on the makeup, rebrush the hair, jeans, sweater, make bed, socks, pile books, shoes, jacket, one more swipe at hair, leave—reenter (forgotten notebook). A stacatto of doors plays a scale up and down the hall as others awake and leave to make their 9:15's.

The elevator smells worse than the halls. I really should know better by now and use the stairs on Monday mornings. I wish I knew who the clown is who keeps relieving himself in it every weekend.

12:05 to 12:15 is a busy time, especially on Mondays, and especially today, because it's snowing. The fans are going wild, folks. Just look at those snowmen take shape. The front door of Copley is a bottleneck of people waiting to show their IDs in the interest of all us innocent young things.
not getting raped. I share the elevator with two maids, two
large garbage pails and a mop, and about five other students, all
laden with books. Everyone is intent upon looking though
they're not reading the fresh obscenity on the door. Two
boys paw the rug restlessly and bolt as soon as the door
opens on four.

The fifth floor has come alive to its usual bustling self. In
every other room liberated females are making sandwiches
for boys sprawled across their beds. Our own incessant
Muzak prevails—Oh Baby Baby it's a Wild World dances
cheek to cheek with Rag Doll Ooo. Some taste in music the
sophomore nurses have.

My room is filled with people. The girls are taking their
lunch hour here. Lots of female-type babbling, reminding
me of what we all might be like in fifteen years, lunching
together at Schrafft's before picking up the kids at school. I'd
like to think things like that won't happen, but it's naive to
think change comes that fast, and who knows. Anyway I'm
digging the small talk myself.

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Great smells issuing from the end results of short-cut
cooking coming from illegal but proliferate hotplates. Early
evening is a mellow hour and we are all talking intelligently.
Outside, the remnants of a rough snowball war between
freshmen and Copley residents. They've reached the stage of
throwing rocks in their snowballs and bottles and toilet
paper from the landing windows. Someone said the source
of the energy was the freshmen's reception that afternoon of
their lottery numbers. Three windows on the first floor have
been broken so far, and the Campus Cops still haven't tried
to break it up.

Kevin has come up to visit after dinner, and I am
enjoying his company, his talk of varied and unrelated
trivia, and his large body draped randomly across both
chairs. The only thing to spoil the hour is the Four
Seasons' Greatest Hits, going into its fourth revolution down
the hall.

I try to study in the lounge. A chain smoker at the other
desk and Frankie Vallee are driving me crazy, so I amble
down to Copley Lounge. Here it's so pleasant that it's
equally hard to concentrate. I always think I'm the master
of a Victorian mansion reading Lord Byron in the library
over a glass of cognac, circa 1895. But eventually I really get
into my book and surprise myself by finishing it in a couple
of hours. Two others look absorbed also, and one is asleep
in an easy chair. Someone has come in and started to play
Beethoven. He plays pretty well, and I let my thoughts
wander, far beyond Copley and D. C. and myself to some
sort of timeless mental gymnasium where they bend and
stretch, and roll around with the souls of Greek statesmen,
Aztecs and romantic poets, then yawn and fall like sparks
into the fireplace.

It's the late-night Bullshit Hour. The boys on the first
floor are playing golf in the hall. They're trying to make it
into a driving range. The Blimpie delivery man is knocking
on a door. Jack is standing with his hat and cane, talking
coolly to an admirer. This floor plays much better music,
and smells of sweet herbs and looks relaxed. The carpet
helps a lot.

The second floor is noisy. The jocks are throwing tennis
balls around and a locker room sort of rumbling seeps
through the doors to the landing.

Stop on the third floor. The TV addicts are all there, with
cokes and cigarettes, watching The Avengers. Someone is
cooking green beans (at midnight?) in the kitchen. A guy is
lying on the couch with his head in his honey's lap, and she
strokes his hair. Shades of Young Love.

Continue to fourth floor. Boy on landing window .sill
backtalking to his father. I pause only to say hello to Father
Curry, who is emerging onto the stairs. Father Curry seems
to be forever emerging onto the stairs late at night. It
seems he passes me everytime I'm on the telephone
engaging in meaningful dialogue with my parents.

Fifth floor is its eternal worn-out looking self. Surprise,
Kevin is waiting for me, with that Sensuous Hoya look on
his face, and since Kathy is conspicuously preparing to hold
a one-woman sit-in in the room, we hop down to his room
for a little end-of-the-day fooling around. Lights down,
music on.

Kathy pretends she's asleep, so I have to play the game
too and sneak around getting ready for bed. The city glitters
out my window—Capitol, Kennedy Center. Potomac and
beyond, what do you hold for me once I'm out of this
lookout tower? Or what can I bring to you? The D.C. transit
grumbling by the main gate is my only answer. The driver is
changing its nametag back to "Howard University." It's
going ready to make one more round trip.
Life off campus cannot be appreciated unless one has a) coexisted with the rats of the neighborhood; b) forsaken Chadwicks and the Apple Pie for the nitty gritty realities and comradery of the Ben Bow or the Peacock (thereby making the acquaintance of the various and sundry characters who constitute the clientele of those noble-in-their-own-right-if-not-so-haute brew boutiques); c) fought a guerrilla war against cockroaches (and they said Che was a waste of time?); d) slept under the aurora luminaris of a sodium vapor light; e) all of the above or any that only you know about.

That was a purposely arbitrary and not too precise sort of a detour to a definition. A lot of Georgetown students live in houses, apartments, hovels, garbage dumps and sewer pipes (depending on how soon they started looking) that are not owned and operated by the University (note well that I make no denial that many live in University cells that hover near the hovel level). However! The purpose of this is not to describe or define but to present an argument. I, for one (he said, anonymously), maintain a clear distinction between living off campus and merely rooming off campus. The distinction is not always obvious or blatant but nonetheless quite real and revealing. I ask you (he demanded), is shopping at Neam's for brie or the 89 East for Pate or the G.U. shop for the latest in nouveau-em-pseudo hype or going to la Maison (I've had enough of that crepe!) or buying a Quicksilver Times or going to the Tombs (oh my god) at night or all those other things one might do in the area bordered by M street and Wisconsin and extending out to Foxhall, part of what you could honestly (be honest now) call "off campus life?"

Admit it: Georgetown campus life is flavored/tainted (depending on your taste) by the atmosphere of this strange little utope (again depending on taste) and because of that it is very hard for the on-campus student to escape the lifestyle. And a strange lifestyle it is, half Martha Mitchell and half Ali McGraw. It is self-sufficient and exclusive (to the point of snobery and smugness), commercially rapacious and obnoxious, and in general rather repulsive to anyone who has any knowledge of the city of which it is a part. In short, Georgetown is a place of "things"—townhouses and
furnishings, stores and goodies etc. . . . rather than people. For all its quaintness and charm (for it does sustain the feelings of an easier era) it has no real personality. No guts; all face job. To sense life outside of this area, to know what living off campus is, you have to get away from all of the glitter of Georgetown. Going to the Philips or the Corcoran or the Smithsonian is a specious attempt at "knowing" Washington. Sunny’s surplus is Georgetown, the bakery is Georgetown, and what else needs be said when dope is as proper (expected) as Dubonnet?

If life off campus is to be a learning experience (as well as the opportunity to be free enough to learn) then you have to approach the daily ritual in a different and (for most of us post-suburbanitics) new manner. You have to ride a bus, or hitch a little, or walk with the wino who slumbered on your doorstep; go down to McDonald’s at 18th and Columbia at night, or play a little streetball in two or three languages, talk to an old Italian/Greek/Pole/Czech/Spaniard in a park that smells of pigeons; be a minority, have lunch outside with a bureaucratic/hardhat/stranger of any size, shape, and description, see-it, touch-it, smell-it, even if it’s slimy or dirty or foul or putrid or dead. Because that’s the way a lot of D.C. is, the collegium and all notwithstanding.

A lot of us have discovered the possibilities for growth that living off campus represents. The argument goes both ways: we say we know such life but they (the people who’ve lived it) could argue that we remain naive and sheltered. Perhaps that’s true, but the effort to learn about life by getting away from Georgetown is worth something. I suppose that Georgetown can teach one very much about life too, but the equation of the Georgetown routine with the daily life of the majority of the “Washington” populace is not only inaccurate but somehow subtly obscene. The best way to learn about Georgetown and to appreciate the good points and realize the bad is get away from it.
ARTS AND CULTURE
For a university with a minuscule fine arts department, Georgetown's arty efforts and offerings are incredible. Mask and Bauble, the Georgetown Symphony and the Various choral groups enjoy healthy reputations in the D.C. area and sometimes beyond. The various language clubs pull in all sorts of cultural surprises for those who care to partake of them. It says something about the motivation of those involved that almost all of Georgetown's artistic activity is purely non-credit and extracurricular.

The symphony remained intact this season, thanks to the retention of Louis Fantasia, its founder and director, and offered a lively variety of concerts, some accompanied by dramatic readings. Someone came up with the bright idea of using Dahlgren Chapel as a concert hall, and it proved to be a setting most conducive to the enjoyment of the audial and visual pleasures of the concert. The main problem concerning the orchestra is,
Ironically, its inaccessibility to students. Two dollars a ticket is a little steep for the average student, who can get a student ticket to a Kennedy Center production for the same price. It seems a shame the symphony can’t offer half-price to those with ID’s; they themselves would undoubtedly benefit by the increased attendance.

Some of our musical groups really get around. The G.U. Band traveled to New Orleans to perform at Mardi Gras, the Symphony spent a week or so on the road in the fall, but the most spectacular happening was the Glee Club’s Christmas trip to Puerto Rico, where they performed at Pablo Casal’s Villa for his 95th birthday.

Home performances for the Glee Club, under the direction of Washington Post music critic Paul Hume, included Henegger’s King David, performed with Hood College as a “theatre piece,” and a December concert at the Pan American Union, which was the source for a “Live-in Concert” album released in March.

Our drama society, Mask and Bauble continued to thrive this year. Its repertoire included classical shows by Shakespeare, Beckett, Ibsen, Grodeaux, Kopit; two one act plays by John Guare, who won the New York Film Critic’s award in 1971 for his HOUSE OF BLUE LEAVES; two original musicals, ONCE OVER NIGHTLY and SENIOR PROM.

Mask and Bauble’s most pressing need is for space; Poulton Hall is slated to be razed and it would like to relocate somewhere in the new Learning and Resources building. Ideally it would be given plain empty space, which members would convert into their own theatre, rather than an “auditorium” in the usual sense of the word.

The language clubs offer evenings in the arts related to the cultures where each language is spoken. The French chorus and drama group, Spanish choir, and Russian dance group, for instance, have their annual performances. But most outstanding of any language projects was the December performance of Chekov’s THREE SISTERS, in Russian by members of the Russian club. Members of the Soviet embassy honored them with their presence at the production and gave words of praise backstage.

One should add the fine musical entertainment by students to be found at the coffee house, and the films brought on campus by the Film Society and other groups, to bring the list of offerings in the arts closer to completion. But not quite final, for here there is always a new group forming, a new talent or art form being explored. It is all out there for those who wish to find it.
RUSSIAN CLUB'S
Three Sisters
GLEE CLUB

CHIMES
During the year the members of the International Relations Club regularly conducted seminars which served to supplement their course work in International Affairs. A particular area of concentration this year was the conflict in the India-Pakistan area. Members also participate in numerous simulation conferences held around the country, in addition to the Sunday afternoon Model Security Council meetings held in the multilingual room. This past year numerous meetings were also arranged for area high school students.

Developing an interest in International Affairs among secondary school students has been a particular area to which the club has been devoted. The annual North American Invitational Model United Nations has been a successful vehicle through which both members of the club and conference participants can gain a broader understanding of International Affairs. The Secondary School Teachers’ Institute, also an annual conference directed by club members, is designed to provide secondary school teachers with new insights into current problems in International Affairs and also to introduce the teacher to techniques of simulation.

This summer a number of club members will work on the Summer Institute on International Affairs which will be co-sponsored with the School for Summer and Continuing Education. The two week institute for high school students will be an intensive introduction to international Affairs and will end with three days of International simulations.
ROTC
ARABIC CLUB

SPANISH CHOIR
One of the most refreshing and accomplished groups on campus is the Black Student Alliance. Since its founding in 1968 with ten members, its population has increased tenfold. The list of its activities for the year is impressive:

—Congressman Fauntroy, Charles Evers and Dick Gregory were brought on campus to speak.

—A weekend was held for prospective black students. High school seniors from D.C. and out of town were brought on campus and given campus tours, as well as the opportunity to meet with deans and admissions interviewers. They participated in financial aid seminars and workshops with BSA members, and at night were hosted at dinners, parties and concerts.

—BSA members have been active in work for the Community Scholars' Scholarships and the Benjamin Banneker fund. The latter, the first student and faculty-run scholarship fund at Georgetown, presently has its first freshman in attendance. The BSA's March dance donated $2000 to the Community Scholars Scholarship Fund.

—The BSA organized its own B league intramural team, which was smashingly successful, not only in its win-loss record, but also in the spirit it generated within the group.

—Operation Christmas Basket collected close to $700 to contribute to D.C. welfare organizations. Included were the proceeds of a frosh-varsity exhibition basketball game.

—A program was set up this year giving BSA a Guidance Coordinator, Bob Richardson, under whom three seniors help black freshmen with any problems they may have, and
provide tutoring where it is needed.

—President Conan Lewis has been attending conferences of D.C. area black student leaders; their purpose is to establish communications between college groups and to help each other out. Georgetown's BSA is presently helping the Dunbarton girls get their organization off the ground.

—A dinner was held with African students.

The center of all these activities is the BSA house on O St. Since its acquisition in 1970, it has become a welcome gathering place, especially for day-hop students. The whole philosophy behind the BSA is to help black students become a more integral part of the Georgetown community, to get as much as they can from their experience here, and to give something to Georgetown in return.

Georgetown has come a long way in the last few years, thanks to the efforts of many. Perhaps the biggest change has been in admissions policies. Finally, the average black student can come to Georgetown, not just the exceptional, upper middle class, white prep-school educated black of yesteryear, and he has proved he can do as well as the white students. A good number of BSA members have brothers and sisters attending or planning to attend Georgetown. With the increase in numbers and the more relaxed atmosphere, the black student can choose to be who he wants, without the pressure to conform to a mold. Georgetown still has a long way to go, but clearly, a step has been taken that will mutually benefit Georgetown and its black students.
SERVICE AND HONOR ORGANIZATIONS
In a time when titles and labels are finally losing importance, Georgetown persists in maintaining a small number of fraternities, service organizations, and honor societies which to a great extent serve to bolster their members' egos by giving them a clique with which to identify. Fortunately for us, we have no purely social frats and sororities, although some operate as such beneath scanty pretexts. Those associations we do have can claim varying degrees of redeeming value, but there is still a demand of some sort for their existence, and perhaps that is their ultimate justification. People like to herd together in clumps, and so the clubs go on . . .

Of course, there is a place for recognizing academic excellence, and Phi Beta Kappa seems to be it. A salute, then, to the cream of the crop who made it; you do yourselves and Georgetown proud.

Of more dubious validity is the little-known Gamma Phi Epsilon, the national Jesuit women's honor society. Why the girls need their own honor society while the men have none is beyond me; it seems like a very patronizing and antiquated gesture on the part of the administrators who strongly support it: the tone set by them and the sorority itself is that these women will someday be outstanding community leaders, by which they imply wives and mothers. How the ladies are chosen to join is equally amazing. The three qualities of a Gamma Phi Epsilon are scholarship, loyalty and service. Certainly the members all have these traits, but there are equally outstanding, and perhaps more individualistic, girls outside it. (Secret: most of the latter are smart enough not to bother answering the invitation to apply.) Gamma Phi justifies its existence by providing one service project a year to the women of Georgetown. This year they helped organize the Georgetown Women's Conference: seminars on women in society, an apt program for this still male-dominated university.

The two service organizations on campus are the Collegiate Club and Alpha Phi Omega. The first boasts over two hundred coUegiates in its membership, and is invaluable in its services to students: it runs the Used Bookstore, works at registration, and helps at Freshman Orientation. Members are most obvious to the public in their capacity as ushers at lectures, sports events and concerts. What no one hears about are things like the work CCers do at the hospital's day-care center. There is still a place for such energetic groups here.

Alpha Phi Omega's services run along similar lines. Members work with handicapped children, answer telethon telephones and recycle newspapers. During the rape scare they provided an escort service for girls from the library to the dorms before anyone else did anything at all. The National Service Fraternity, Alpha Phi Omega, is a strange animal, a vestige of the days when SFS students felt themselves to be apart from the rest of the University, when the Collegiate Club was all-male and all-College, and when women perhaps needed the protection of a Gamma Phi Epsilon to assert their intellectual worth. Its activities, largely social, center around, or are directly involved in, the SFS: a Dean's reception. Career forum and speakers at the Prospect St. house share the agenda with the usual parties. It is uniquely unfunded by student government, in order to preserve its autonomy and freedom of activity. Thank the Lord we are getting together as a university fraternity and feeling the need for Greek clubs less and less. But we're not there quite yet.
WARNING TO CHILDREN

Children, if you dare to think
Of the greatness, rareness, muchness,
Fewness of this precious only
Endless world in which you say
You live, you think of things like this:
Blocks of slate enclosing dappled
Red and green, enclosing tawny
Yellow nets, enclosing white
And black acres of dominoes,
Where a neat brown paper parcel
tempts you to untie the string.
In the parcel a small island.
On the island a small tree.
On the tree a husky fruit.
Strip the husk and cut the rind off:
In the centre you will see
Blocks of slate enclosed by dappled
Red and green, enclosed by tawny
Yellow nets, enclosed by white
And black acres of dominoes,
Where the same brown paper parcel—
Children, leave the string untied!
For who dares undo the parcel
Finds himself at once inside it.
On the island, in the fruit.
Blocks of slate about his head,
Finds himself enclosed by dappled
Green and red, enclosed by yellow
Tawny nets, enclosed by black
And white acres of dominoes.
But the same brown paper parcel
Still untied upon his knee.
And, if he then should dare to think
Of the fewness, muchness, rareness.
Gratness of this endless only
Precious world in which he says
He lives—he then unties the string.

ROBERT GRAVES
TORTURE CHAMBER

MONSTERS

featuring:
CREATURE WOLFMAN
HUNCHBACK MUMMIES
FRANKENSTEIN DRACULA
AND OTHERS

Old English

National

Railroad

Company
Rugby and Soccer, Georgetown’s versions of the popular international sports, continued to attract adherents despite so-so seasons. Continually competing against larger institutions, the Blue and Gray more than held their own in head-to-head action. Soccer coach John Kennedy so inspired his charges that they practiced throughout the winter on probably the worst fields in the sport’s history; while rugby, the nearest thing to legalized murder available to Hoya jocks had the best-looking girls in the area in attendance.
PRESENTED BY

THE SCORE’S
THE THING
In the face of mounting criticism of the athletic department in general and the basketball program in particular, Jack Magee, the six-season veteran Hoya coach, resigned. The end of his tenure marked the end of an era in Georgetown basketball, which had seen the Hoyas rise to national prominence in a NIT season and then fall into one of the poorest seasons in university history.

Georgetown has always been a decent basketball school, sporting a .556 winning percentage prior to the start of this past season. However, between personnel losses and player inexperience, and considering the ravages of an inane road schedule that pitted the Hoyas against some of the nation’s top teams, and accounting for numerous player-coach-administration frictions, the Hoyas were just never in the ball game.

Specifically, Art White, who should have been playing his senior year, ended up playing in Belgium as academic difficulties and an indifferent attitude towards the program combined to chase him off the campus. Further, another Magee recruit, John Connors, transferred to Manhattan in the wake of a season’s-end suspension last year.

Consequently, the team was left with only one legitimate star candidate, senior forward-center Mike Laughna. Laughna had another good year, and highlighted his performances by garnering the university’s career scoring and rebounding records. However, he could not do it alone—and not much help was forthcoming from a small corps of talented but woefully inexperienced sophomores.

The schedule was ridiculous. Sixteen of 26 games were on the road, against the likes of nationally-ranked Marquette, Maryland, and Pacific. The scores were rarely respectable in the early going, with a losing margin of eight to Texas being about the closest Magee’s Marvels were able to get on the road swing. Despite claims by the Sigholtz Fact Sheet that the schedule was the result of calendar and coordination problems, the fact remains that the caliber of opponents and the length of the road trip was a gross miscalculation on the part of the powers-that-were. The subsequent sapping of player morale only contributed further to the decline in Hoya basketball fortunes.

In contrast to the NIT season of 1969-1970 when the Hoyas salvaged eight of their 18 victories in the last five minutes, the 1971-1972 Blue and Gray acquired a reputation for losing in the final minutes. It wasn’t a matter of folding; second halves of Hoya games were notable for their come-from-behind charges on the part of the Georgetown fives. Unfortunately, the charges, not unlike those of other ill-fated outfits such as the Light Brigade and the Detroit Pistons, most often fell short.

In the preseason, Magee had said that a major problem would be rebuilding his backcourt, which had been sparked by Donny Weber for the past three seasons. Nevertheless, Magee did come up with able replacements in the persons of Tom McBride, Vinnie Fletcher, and Tim Lambour. McBride does everything well and should be the offensive leader next year. Fletcher plays intimidating defense and is best in one-on-one situations, while Lambour’s speed, streak shooting, and ball-handling provide the necessary backcourt depth.

Up front, Laughna was joined by sophomore junior college transfer Ron Lyons. “Hollywood Ron,” an early season disappointment, came around in February. An instant crowd-pleaser, his vicious rebounding (highlighted by a 16-bounds-in-16-minutes against Assumption) and his numerous blocked shots brought McDonough crowds to their feet more times than any other player did in recent memory. Aided by the steady play of Mark Edwards, the shooting eye of Don Willis, and the defensive skill of Paul Robinson, Lyons should show even greater improvement.
From Potomac shores to the Perdenales,
From ’Frisco Bay to Beantown,
A strange destiny dogged our heroes . . .
The destiny of Harold Stassen, Elio
Chacon, Bob Short, and the GU Student
Government.
KARATE
The GU Sailing Association has won a major battle this year. After five years of thinking about it and three years of struggling for it, they have finally added three new boats to their collection of belongings. Three doesn't sound like a lot to the nonsailor, but when you compare three 420’s (sloop rigged, i.e. two sails) to ten Tech Dinghies (cat rigged, i.e. one sail) the 420’s come out way ahead in spite of the smaller number. It’s the difference between a Rolls-Royce and a Volkswagen—although some of us are rather partial to VW’s! Hopefully we will increase our fleet to five by next fall. We are working on it—working meant that we sold cokes, gave sailing lessons, sold Hoyas Unlimited memberships—but most of all we begged and borrowed! Thanks to a few magnanimous old salts we have our new additions.

Working together produced a closely-knit sailing association—a hard core of interested, willing people—beginners, competitors, workers, and organizers. This group banded together to host the annual meeting of the Middle Atlantic Association of Women Sailors (MAAWS) and the Middle Atlantic Intercollegiate Sailing Association (MAISA). It was the highlight of the year. We had coaches and undergrad reps from fifty schools here—all of whom enjoyed it immensely. The day began with registration and coffee in the front hall of Healy, and then we moved upstairs for meetings. At some point in the afternoon, panic set in as we heard a band warming up in the room above 201. Fortunately we were able to talk them out of practicing, but not before getting really nervous. That evening we moved on to cocktails and then a banquet. We had to show the rest of the Middle Atlantic schools our new boats, so what do you suppose we used for an ice bucket?—a 420 hull! Copley Lounge will never be the same. Our speaker at the banquet was Mr. Gau, a seventy-year old Frenchman, who has spent his life sailing around the world—a Maurice Chevalier type. He was outstanding, but he talked for an hour and a half! Once again panic set in until we were able to stop him. The after-party served as our goodbye to the visiting schools—who weren’t that anxious to leave—we were a success!

We are a three-part association: we compete intercollegiately, we teach beginners, and we sail for fun. Organized in this way we were once the largest student activity, and we are working toward that goal again. At our present pace we will be successful. We welcome everyone and offer something to any level sailor. Besides improving ourselves for the Georgetown student body, we are also active in the Middle Atlantic League which we belong to. The last three presidents of MAAWS were from Georgetown: Betsy Rugg, Candy Ross, and presently Susie Kennedy. Our coach, Madeleine, is the graduate director of MAAWS, and the secretary of the Board of Governors of MAISA. John Kennedy and Pat Grant introduced a new regatta to the MAISA schedule. All in all—active!

Our graduating seniors, especially the nursing foursome of Candy Ross, Ginger Sullivan, Jane Johnston, and Jeanne McDermott, have lots to remember... how they brought home win after win even against such stiff competition as the "Wilson duo"... and not so stiff but horrible gals from Textile and the flukey Schuykill... how we enjoyed West Point, Princeton, and New York Maritime regattas... how we loved to eat, especially mint milanos... how pooped we were after the Nationals at MIT and how sunburned at Coast Guard... Candy will remember skippering for GU when she was only a freshman and of her "sportrait" in the Hoya... Ginger will remember beating all the guys at NYSMC and how proud her coach was... Jeanne will remember crewing and capsizing with Betsy and Kathy at West Point, changing clothes and laughing a lot... Jane will remember being invited back to West Point on her own merits... they will all remember being officers of the GUSA and attending their last Nationals. We wish them a fond farewell!
DEFENSE,
DEFENSE!
Bring On Those ‘Classy’ Girls!

On the feminine side, distaff sports, under the guiding hands of Betty Underwood and Madeleine Disario, captured their share of Georgetown’s attention. Robbie Ley’s agility and grace, Libby Heskin’s tenacious defense in basketball, and Camilla Broderick’s cannon spike in volleyball are just a few of the reasons for the growing interest in the Hoyettes.
Who Was Dad Vail, Anyway?

GURA: Rowing On The River

The Georgetown University Rowing Association sported two of the finest small-college crews in the East this year. The Heavyweights were the Dad Vail defending champions and the Lightweights built one of the best lightweight crews in recent years at the Hilltop.

Graduation from the Class of '71 hurt both the crews, but Coaches Frank Benson and John Courtin rebuilt their varsity boats from the returning lettermen and a fine crop of junior varsity and sophomore carsmen. The heavyweights were hurt the most as they lost four oars and the cox while the lights lost three oars.

GURA, which is a student-run independent organization, promotes a nine-month training program utilizing the facilities on the Potomac and in the gym during the winter months. This year's president, Barry Smith, expressed the meaning of the association when he said, "We've worked hard, but when we're through everyone has a sense of satisfaction. Everyone has responsibilities to himself, the association, and his coaches and teammates."

The 1971 Heavyweight boat won the Dad Vail in fine style and this year's team sprinkled with veterans and strong prospects had to replace the strong 6-7 man combination of Eric Myers and John Devlin. They raced the finest small program crews in the East and some of the major powers including Princeton and Syracuse. Traditional rival Marietta College of Ohio visited the Hoyas in April, and provided the defending champs with stiff competition.

The lightweights, due to the rarity of lightweight teams, had to race the best teams in the country. They travelled to Princeton, Penn, and Rutgers, and raced the Midshipmen of Navy at Annapolis.
There wasn't a lot of hitting in the Hoyas attack this spring, but the diamondmen showed good pitching, and defense can win games. Billed by Tom Nolan as a "rebuilding year, a learning year" after the core of his outstanding 1971 team graduated, the '72 squad gave the Hilltop a lot to look forward to.
All The World’s A Stadium

It takes all kinds, and Hoya sports had them all. The spectators perched everywhere to enjoy the games; the victories; but most of all, themselves.
You could call it the Year of Rest without really passing judgment. The realities of world tension had reached the walls of our bastion and broke them for a time; now Roger Cochetti is making sure within the courts of the system that the Revolution shall not be curtailed in the future. But whatever the celebration in May accomplished, it succeeded in exhausting all of Georgetown's armies, both pro and con, on any given issue, and turn what energies were left to the pursuit of scholarship and decadence.

Yet those who wished to look closely could detect some sluggish political activity at Georgetown. The Grand Old Party in power first comes to mind. While rumored to have received a research grant from General Motors to further establish the fact of their existence, the Young Republicans nevertheless claim seventy-five who hold that Nixon is the One. They did promote a number of field trips to the offices of senators and congressmen, but the only contact made with the Republican National Committee was requests on its part for stamp tickers and envelope closers. There was some campaign stumping across the river and a bus trip to New Hampshire, where the primary for the One was said to be in contest. (Actually it was a party).

On the Other Side of The Fence we have the Young Democrats, or perhaps a better title would be the Conglomeration of Young Muskites, Young Jacksonites, Young McGovernites and Young Humps, who all total, number sixty-five, give or take a few, depending on whose hat's in, when. Unlike the enemy, there is no real caste system of leadership, just a large group of freshmen running around trying to hang their hats on everyone else's heads. But for all their apparent schism, the group has done quite a bit besides walking, talking and licking. For one, they set up an internship program on the Big Hill, where the first lesson might well be on how to smoke a fat cigar. Understandably, the drive to inform students of the array of colors to choose from has been a prime goal. To this end there burst forth a newsletter, some speakers, and a convention of national Youth Coordination heads representing the various shades of grey. John Kerry, of Vietnam Veterans against the War fame, stopped by in his bid for the presidential race of 1984. And then efforts turned to assuring there would be people to vote for the final candidate; a registration drive was undertaken with some qualified help from the Grand Olds. All in all, there was some life bubbling, which I guess is nice in an election year.

For those righter than the above, we talked to the leaders of the other groups, notably that club that makes the John Birch Society look like a Communist front, the Conservation Union. This happy amalgam of the Liberation Alliance and the Young Americans for Freedom is a small corps of elite who see a rise of interest in their own scared doctrines. We asked them what they have done this year: "Well, we're thinking."

Let us now mention our own political microcosm, Student Government. Hot issue of the year was procuring official recognition of the de facto custom of open dorms. But at least it kept the senators busy and in dialogue with Father Henle. We see its most important function as the allocation of $186,000.00 of student activity funds, even unto the point of long debates over $20.00 allocations. For this we commend our thrifty regulars.

The other side of the Student Government coin is straight undiluted "politicoing". Some issues are more important than others, but at any rate it's extremely difficult to get right down to specifics: generalities must be pulled down to specifics, and those specifics, hours and hours of tiring trivial. But they are trying to build a better University. Something for which a thank you is in order.
The University Center, now in its second year, has slowly begun to be what its designers had hoped it would develop into; a focal point where students can gather, a place that Georgetown has traditionally lacked. Today, it is a confluence of student activities and organizations.

The carpeted hallway and quiet lounges and conference rooms provide a relaxed atmosphere where students can meet with each other and with faculty. They've become, for example, an informal location for numerous seminars and discussion; in the fall, the sociology students held a reform teach-in, where students had the unique opportunity to meet with prisoners and former prisoners to learn what prison life and penal rehabilitation is really like.

The movie theater offers the opportunity for showing of both professionally produced and amateur films.

The art gallery, operated by the Fine Arts Department, has been used for the exhibitions of the University's Art Collection and as a showplace for work by faculty members, as well as presentations by Senior Art majors' thesis.

The most successful facility in the Center is the coffee house. On Friday and Saturday nights, the coffee house is host to folk entertainment, poetry readings, and dramatic interpretations. With the notable lack of social events this year, the coffee house has been a welcome place for students to gather and perform. The staff is expanding it into a music and arts workshop where interested people can learn guitar and piano, and numerous crafts. The room itself will soon become a work of art; plans call for a paint-in of its plain walls.

The less well known services are the ride board, message service, and activities board, a listing of all the upcoming activities to be run by student organizations.

For those needing their psychs or psychos attended to, there is psychiatric and psychological counseling, and for those wondering about a job in society or a job in the army, there is placement services and draft counseling.

In the future, the Center hopes to help the students' body as well as his mind, with plans for a student-run food service of modest proportions as a top priority.

The success of the University Center is dependent on the ideas and initiative of the students. With its good facilities and work, Georgetown could here have a common meeting ground, not by any means the traditional student union, but something uniquely ours.
JOURNALISM

It has more purges than Stalinist Russia, more last-minute work than Development of Civilizations, more frustrations than the New York Giants, and more fun than the DMZ. Yet its adherents number in the hundreds.

Yes! It's student journalism at Georgetown University. A hard-hitting, in-depth expose on this venerable institution would run the gamut of publications from the Hoya and the Voice to YDB, and from Three Sisters (not the bridge) to Copley's answer to WEAM. Gee Tec. It's a pretty fascinating story, if you like Marvel Comics.

The Hoya is still with us. Three years of turmoil within the ranks, starting with the great Secession of the founders of the Voice in the dark, dim days of 1969, have not brought this proud relic to its collective knees. A lesser paper, perhaps, infrequent, wry Impaglia review (where are you, C.I.?), are causing more and more giant paper airplanes to float from 8th Harbin than ever before.

It is nice, though, to have a woman (read lady?) editor, even if she was the only junior who survived the Great Purge of 1971. The farm system, according to insiders, is producing again, at least on the Double-A level, and lots of sophs and frosh give the paper a future to look forward to, if only somebody can learn to write editorials.

The Voice is growing, growing, gone, too. The International Agnewian Conspiracy took over the helm last year to the dismay of the campus degenerates, who spent their time vilifying the editorial board on toilet walls. To compete with the Hoya's collection of columnists (who will ever forget Don Caspar on abortion, Don McNeil on Coke, and Don Walsh on Jack Magee?), the Voice countered with something named Quigley (no, not the real one) whose inanities were only slightly higher than those of ill-fated Alternative. Oh, well.

The Voice did, however, come up with one of the best campus journalistic innovations since WGTB went off the air. The Voice Magazine, a sort of once-a-month version of the Post's Parade, shocked the campus with its revelations on such timely topics as "The Georgetown Woman" and "Sex on Campus"—anything in the Cosmopolitan cum Playboy mold. It is, however, creative and interesting, which around here is saying a lot.

Meanwhile, creativity was baring itself across the campus, where the likes of Bob Conrad and Greg Orfalea were combining the best of the Courier, The Georgetown Quarterly, and the Georgetown Journal into a new Three Sisters. Their ambition was boundless. They actually sought national reading audiences and sales around the country (as in L.A. to N.Y.C.). Miracles will never cease.

Yet you can't knock a good presentation. The first Three Sisters, Fall '71 (the only one out at press time,) had the usual op-pop-arty-craftsy photos and the too-many-but-sometimes-good columns of poetry. Some good original articles, such as that of the Hilltop's own Castro authority, Rolando Bonachea, co-authoring a piece from his just-published book on the Cuban Revolution lend credibility to the magazine's stated intentions.

The other denizens of Copley basement, the radio shack guys, were not
quite as successful in their pursuit of journalistic excellence. WGTB finally got back on the air and survived moderator troubles, staff rebellions, administrative problems, licensing difficulties and tower crashes before the first turntable was connected.

But come back it did. It now plays ostensibly at 90.1 on your FM dial, but can also be found at 98.7, 105.3, 126.5, as well as a lot of places on the AM dial; and as well as in miscellaneous coffee pots, hot plates, wall plugs, and fire hydrants.

It also failed to broadcast sports, specifically away basketball, for most of the season. The one good thing about its sports coverage was that it gave Station Brass Chowka and Co. a cross-country junket with the basketballers at Christmas time. Somebody even told us that they played the tapes once at seven a.m. in two installments ("Number 14's dribbling around, he gives it to somebody, some other guy steals it and shoots, it misses ... "). There's nothin like it!

All this time Ye Domesday Booke sat complacently by and watched. Suddenly, the inevitable purge broke out (who'd a thunk it?), and when the smoke cleared, there were three Co-editors surviving: Lynn McCarthy, Ceci Valente, and Paul Hilts. Throwing together the pieces in rapid succession, they dug up assistant Charlie Duffy somewhere in Buffalo, while sports chief Don (The Con) Walsh turned up from his Harbin refuge, and money man Tom Burns flew in from his Argentine bank to keep the operation functioning.

Unfortunately, they failed when gangland kingpin Bill Auth blew up the Nevils basement office, and the 1972 Domesday Booke was never published.
SPORTS
For McDonough Gymnasium, now in its' twenty-second year, the 1971-1972 year was one of controversy and chaos. The controversy was two-fold, consisting of both an internal and an external conflict. The external conflict dealt with problems of the athletic budget. Those who worked inside the gym felt that they were not getting enough money to finance the type of large-scale athletic program currently existing at Georgetown. The problem was further complicated by the fact that the University Administration continually demonstrated its ignorance of the problems connected with athletics. This caused tensions between the Administrations and the Athletic Director over the amount of money which should be appropriated for sports. However, these problems held attention only until December, for worse problems began to "crop up" as basketball season arrived.

With the coming of basketball, the lengthy controversy which has plagued Georgetown basketball for several seasons broke into the open: the conflict between Athletic Director Robert Sigholtz and Varsity Basketball Coach Jack Magee. For several seasons the relationship between Sigholtz and Magee had been strained; but this year the conflict finally came to a head. The problems started when Hoya Captain Mike Laughna was interviewed by the Washington Post. In the interview, Laughna raised several questions regarding the Athletic Department's budget and more specifically the basketball team's allotment of the budget. Dr. Sigholtz, after receiving some pressure from alumni and other sources asking him to answer the "charges" made by Laughna, released to the press a document entitled "Basketball Fact Sheet". The "fact sheet" listed several reasons for the problems Laughna outlines. Most of these reasons however, were viewed dubiously by university and local sportswriters, for, in effect, they merely presented one side of the basketball picture. The reaction to the release was one of criticism by members of the press for Sigholtz' obvious lack of concern for his basketball coach. Others saw the report as symbolizing an all out war between Magee and Sigholtz.

Two weeks later the war suddenly ended when Magee resigned citing the pressure of his situation as the principle cause for his resignation. Magee's resignation brought further speculation and chaos to McDonough, for, the internal problems soon became the concern of both the Administration and the students as well as the alumni, which had already exerted pressure to alter the athletic problems.

The complex nature of the athletic situation at McDonough were not just between Sigholtz and Magee or the Administration and Sigholtz; rather, problems existed everywhere. The Alumni was very much disturbed and continually talked about changes that "had" to be made; yet they failed to realize that actions talk louder than words. Since they criticized but never really attempted to alter the situation, a fact which bore itself out in the less-than-adequate attendance and contributions of the alumni, their accomplishments were virtually nil.

The students were just the opposite of the alumni, they said very little but showed concern for the virtually forgotten team by attending most of the home games. The Administration only began to take action after the conflict got out of hand, which only goes to prove their lack of ability in handling athletics.

After twenty-two years then, the future of McDonough Gymnasium and those who work and play there is shrouded in shadow. The problems of 1971-1972 still have not completely been reckoned with but hopefully change is in the offing. It is redundant to say that things must change but unfortunately true to say that things cannot get much worse.
Rienzo: Rebuilding A Winner

He's not building champions; he's building a team. Such is his goal.

Ending his third year as head track and field coach at Georgetown University, Frank Rienzo can look back at his accomplishments with satisfaction, finally realizing "good, solid representation in all events." Rienzo has not built champions; he has built a team. Such is his goal.

Coming to the Hilltop in the summer of 1969 as a near-legend in New York City schoolboy track, Rienzo was greeted with a disorganized, disgruntled squad of twelve athletes. Track had been suspended at Georgetown in January of '69 when the team revolted against the spartan training of Steve Benedek. Without any recruiting in his first year, Rienzo was looking to the future while trying to salvage whatever possible in his first lean year. Georgetown retained some of the outstanding individuals from the Benedek years, and 1969 did see a new University indoor mile record. The Hoyas also capped the Knights of Columbus two-mile relay indoors, as well as the sprint medley at the Penn Relays in April.

The track program got back in full swing in September of 1970 when the first crop of Rienzo recruits invaded the Hilltop. Arising from the coach's belief that everyone at Georgetown has the right to run for the track team, Rienzo scoured the campus for non-scholarship runners to fill out the skeleton squad. In just over a year, Rienzo had tripled the number of athletes competing for Georgetown.

It was still the individual stars who shined that season, however. Sprinter Bill Barrow challenged the nation's greats in cup races throughout the indoor circuit in the winter of '71. Mark Doykos rewrote Georgetown's hurdling record book and a freshman by the name of Justin Gubbins shocked the distance world with a 14th place finish in the Boston Marathon. Junior Joe Lucas capped his season off by leading the way to the tape in the prestigious IC4A steeplechase championships.

For the 1971 season Rienzo broke a long Georgetown precedent by not only recruiting sprinters, but finally seeking good performers in the field events as well. Because of this emphasis on an all-around team, the 1971 cross-country team fell short of the dramatic
improvement many fans on the Hilltop were expecting. Georgetown had moved from the policy of recruiting only distance stars. But the Hoyas were ready to flex their muscles in the indoor-outdoor season.

As the Hoyas close the books on the 1972 season, they sense a certain pride in rising from the complete chaos of 1969 to a point where the runners remain a strong foundation in the shaky world of Georgetown athletics. The quality of the team is still improving, the championships garnered by the athletes increases annually, yet Coach Rienzo points with most pride to the 55 athletes now competing for the Blue and Gray.

Very few are Olympians, though. In fact, with so small a recruiting budget, very few are even potential IC4A point-scorers. Yet the coach is satisfied.

Rienzo wants to win, but will emphatically state, "I don't consider winning a challenge anymore. I've grown from that stage. My real challenge is in developing the individual."

While developing individuals, Rienzo is also developing winners. Georgetown's athletic talent is now saturated in the freshman and sophomore years. Rienzo is immune from criticism when he confidently claims, "Georgetown's track program will all get better from here."
The highlight of the Hilltop sports season came early, as the Blue and Gray gridders, in their only second varsity season, compiled a sparkling 6-2 record. Area MVP Jeff Gray directed the devastating Wishbone-offense machine, which left a trail of crushed opponents and shattered records in its wake. A dynamic defense, driven by the Bill Brugger-led “Fearsome Fivesome” humbled quarterbacks, while linebackers John Kuhns and George Bernard repulsed any second efforts. With almost all lettermen returning, the Hoyas can look ahead to continued success.
FOOTBALL
RUGBY
SENIORS
John R. Bucinsley  
B.A. Business Management  
New Milford, Connecticut

Brian W. Bulger  
B.A. Government  
Chicago, Illinois

Brian L. Bunvia  
B.A. Government  
Tenafly, New Jersey

Francesca Anne Burke  
B.S. Nursing  
Chevy Chase, Maryland

Richard E. Burnham  
A.B. Economics  
Dumont, New Jersey

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B.A. Government House Council, 1; Crew, 1, 2; Origir; Rifle, 1; Philodemic, 3, 4; Orientation '73 (co-chairman); 2; Help Yourself, 3; HOYA, 3; Gov't Dept. Revision Comm. 3.

BRIAN L. BUNIVA
B.A. Government House Council, 1; Delegate Constitutional Convention, 1; Student Senate, 2, 3; CHIMN Appropriations Committee, 2; Football Team, 2, 3, 4.

NANCY KATHLEEN BURNS
B.S.F.S. International Economics.

STEVEN A. BURNS
B.S.B.A. Intramurals, 1, 2, 3, 4; Swimming 1; Washington Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.

SISTER SIMEON BUTLER
B.S. French French Club.

CHRISTOPHER A. BYRNE
B.S.F.S.

PAUL V. BYRNE
B.A. Sociology Crew, 1, 2, 3, 4; GURA Sec. 4.

RICHARD H. BYRNE
B.S. Biology.

J.V. Soccer, 1, 2; Varsity Swimming Team, 1, 2.

WILLIAM G. BYRNES
B.S.B.A. Finance.

SHERRY DEL BEYER
B.A. Government.

WGTB; HOYA; Young Democrats; Campus ADA; Junior Year Abroad; Voice.

SISTER SIMEON BUTLER
B.S. French French Club.

CHRISTOPHER A. BYRNE
B.S.F.S.

PAUL V. BYRNE
B.A. Sociology Crew, 1, 2, 3, 4; GURA Sec. 4.

RICHARD H. BYRNE
B.S. Biology.

J.V. Soccer, 1, 2; Varsity Swimming Team, 1, 2.

WILLIAM G. BYRNES
B.S.B.A. Finance.

SHERRY DEL BEYER
B.A. Government.
THOMAS WILLIAM CAREY
B.A. Philosophy
Rowing 1, 2, 3, 4; Roving Newsletter 3; Philosophy Club 3

EVANGELOS CAROKIS
B.S.F.S. International Affairs
Washington Club; Member of the Fussers

JAMES W. CARROLL JR.
B.S.F.S. International Affairs
Intramurals: HOYA; HOT LINE; Student Government: Chairman; University Hearing Board

LOUIS J. CARSON
B.S. Chemistry
Chemistry Club; Intramural Basketball

MICHAEL J. CARUSO
B.S. Psychology
Young Republicans 1, 2, 3, 4; Spanish Club 1, 2; I.R.C. 1; GUCAP 1, 2

JOHN CASEY II
A.B. Classics
Lacrosse 1970

CELESTE NOELLE CASH
B.S. Chemistry
Chemistry Club; Intramural Basketball

JOSEPH P. CASTIGLIA
A.B. Government
European Club 1970

MARK DOYKOS
B.S. Economics
Cross Country 1, 2; Track 1, 2

SEAN O. COFFEE
B.S.F.S. International Affairs
International Student House Vice-President 1968; Young Democrats 1968-1969: International Relations Club 1969

JEROME H. COLEGROVE
B.S. Linguistics
Manager of Georgetown Symphony Orchestra, Spring 1969-Spring 1970; French Club Fall 1971-Spring 1972

JANE COLIHAN
B.A. English

WILLIAM B. COLLINS
B.S. Sociology
Intramurals 1, 2, 3, 4; Athletic Director (Fillmore School) Tutor

BARBARA ANN COMERFORD
B.S. Nursing
GUCAP 1; Field Hockey 2; Nursing School Academic Council 3 chairman 4; SAB 4; Nursing School Executive Council

ROBERT COMPARATO
B.S. Greek

ANTHONY S. CONIGLIAO
B.S. Economics

KEVIN CONNELLY
B.S.F.S. International Affairs
Young Democrats 1, 2, 4; Student Government: Academic Committee 1; International Relations Club 1, 2; Free University 1, 2; College Club 1; Volunteer for Senator Muskie 1, 2, 4; Junior Year Abroad

EDMUND M. CONOR
B.A. English

JACQUBUS CORLESS
B.A. Government

WILLIAM C. CORLEY
B.A. Economics

CATHARINE T. CUNNIFF
B.S. Economics

JANE COLIHAN
B.A. English

JOHN J. CORLESS
B.S. Chemistry

JAMES M. DOYLE
B.A. Business Administration

JUDITH ANN DREELIN
B.A. Economics

MARK DOYKOS
B.S. Biology

MICHAEL B. DOWLING
B.S. Psychology

DIANE LOUISE DI GIULIAN
B.A. Business Administration - Foreign Management

RICHARD CORSON
B.S. Foreign Service

MARTIN TOM CRAMER
B.S.F.S. International Economics
International Relations Club 2, 3, 4; Georgetown Voice, Coordinating Editor 3, 4; Member, Board of Directors, Georgetown International Relations Ass. 3, 4

MARGARET SMITH CROCO
B.A. Philosophy

DANIEL LEES CRONNER
B.A. English

JOHN PAUL DARIE JR.
B.S. Economics

DAVID EDWIN DONOVAN
B.S. Economics

CHARLES B. DODSON
B.S.F.S.

RANDALL JAMES DICKS
B.S. French

JANICE C. DECKER
B.S. Economics

WILLIAM C. DALE
B.A. Economics

JEROME H. COLEGROVE
B.A. Economics

DIANE LOUISE DI GIULIAN
B.A. Economics

DIANE LOUISE DI GIULIAN
B.A. Economics

DIANE LOUISE DI GIULIAN
B.A. Economics

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B.A. Economics

DIANE LOUISE DI GIULIAN
B.A. Economics

DIANE LOUISE DI GIULIAN
B.A. Economics
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Degree</th>
<th>Major</th>
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<tr>
<td>ROBERT KIELY</td>
<td>A.B. Government</td>
<td>H.S.A. Accounting</td>
<td>International Relations Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Comptroller 2; Director of Simulations 3</td>
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<tr>
<td>MICHELLE E. KIERNAN</td>
<td>B.S. French</td>
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<td>French club 1, 2, 3, 4; Gamma Pi Epsilon</td>
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<td>DOUGLAS J. KINGSLEY</td>
<td>B.A. Russian</td>
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<td>Russian Club; Russian Choir</td>
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<td>MARK KIPFER</td>
<td>B.S.F.S.</td>
<td>Football</td>
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<td>BRIAN E. KLINE</td>
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<td>LOIS V. KOPALA</td>
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<td>RONALD J. KLUCK</td>
<td>B.S.B.A.</td>
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<td>GEORGE B. KNIGHT</td>
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<td>LINDA J. LA VINE</td>
<td>B.S.B.A.</td>
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<td>CHARLES ROBERT LANGE</td>
<td>B.S.B.A.</td>
<td>Accounting</td>
<td>Academic Committee; Golf Team;</td>
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<td>CHRISTOPHER D. KLEIN</td>
<td>B.A. Management</td>
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<td>JOHN LARSON</td>
<td>B.A. Economics</td>
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<td>JOSEPH ANTHONY LAFAY</td>
<td>B.S.F.S.</td>
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<td>BRUCE A. LAMMON</td>
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</table>
BOB SCOTT, ROYALTY ASSOCIATION OF THE U.S. NAVY.

Chapter of Scabbard and Blade Society, 1, 2, 3, 4.

MICHAEL J. MANION

B.S. Electrical Engineering

Chapter of Scabbard and Blade Society, 1, 2, 3, 4.

JOHN J. LOVE

S.N.P.L. International Affairs

GUCAP: 1; Young Democrats, 1; IRC, 1, 2; NAJMIN, 2; Conference on Atlantic Community, 1, 2, 3, 4; Co-chairman for Facilities, 3, 5; Admissions, 3.

GREGORY W. LUECKE

A.B. Economics

House Council, 1; Varsity Football, 3.

CONOR LUNDERGAN

B.S. Pre-Medical

Chapter of Scabbard and Blade Society, 1, 2, 3, 4.

CHRISTOPHER R. MALOY

B.A. History

Volleyball 1; DCSNA 2, 3, 4; Who's Who in American Colleges; Young Republicans 2, 3; Ski Club 4.

THOMAS McCauley

B.A. English

Student Senate, 2, 3, 4; Intramurals, 1, 2; Young Republicans 2, 3, 4.

AIMEE E. McCULLOUGH

B.S. Linguistics

Jeanne M. McDermott

B.S. Nursing

Sailing Association, 1, 2, 3; Secretary-Treasurer, Field Hockey; Dialogue Groups 2, 3, 4, Co-leader, College Club, 2, 3, 4.

MICHAEL T. McDermott

B.A.

John F. McDonald

B.A. English

Varsity Baseball 2, 3, 4, Washington Club 1, 2, 3, 4.

FRANCIS J. McDONOUGH

A.B.

Football; Course Critique, Exco College

PATRICIA ANN MEEVLY

B.S.F.S. International Affairs

HOYA 2, Young Republicans 2, 3, College Club 2, 3, 4.

WILLIAM A. McGovern

B.S.F.S. Accounting

Rugby 1; Executive Committee 2, 3; Academic committee 2, 3, 4; Spraker Rifles Drill Team 3, 4.

DAVID J. McGroarty

B.S. Biology

Page 222
JANET I. PITTINGER  
B.S. French  
Hoya, 1; Mark & Bauble, 1, 2; Russian Club, 3, 4; French Club, 4.

KENNETH PITTERLE  
B.S.F.S.  
German Club, 1, 4; Le Cercle Francais, 4; Junior Year Abroad; Tutor for Junior Village, 4.

LAWRENCE C. PODANY  
B.S.F.S. International Economics  
French Club, 1, 2; Washington Club, 1; International Relations Club, 1; ROTC.

BROOKE ANNE POETMANN  
B.A. English  
Collegiate Club, 3; Young Republicans, 3; Academic Council, 3.

DANIEL J. POPEO  
A.B. Government  
Young Republicans, 1, 2, 3, 4; Young Democrats, 1, 2, 3, 4; College Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; IRC, 1, 2; Stump, 3, 4; Philhemic Society, 1, 2; Karate Club, 1, 2.

TOD J. POPESKI  
B.S. Biology  
Biology Club; Sailing Club; Intramural Squash.

JONATHAN J. PLATT  
B.S.F.S.  
IRC, 2, 3, 4; Rifle Club, 1; Hoya Photographer, 3, 4; Karate Club, 1, 2; Young Republicans, 1.

FRANK J. PRIAL  
B.S.B.A. Management  
Varsity Soccer, 2, 3, 4.

JONATHAN EDWARD PRICE  
B.S.F.S. International Affairs  
International Student House Resident; International Student House Organization; Junior Year Abroad; Italian Club.

JO ANNE V. PRINCIOTTO  
B.A. English  
Washington Club, 2; Tutoring, 3; Donsday Book, 4.

ELIZABETH A. PURCELL  
B.S. Linguistics  
Russian Club; Russian Choral; China Forum.

JOSEPH R. PURITA  
B.S. Biology  
MAURICE J. PUZIENDE  
B.A. Economics  
MAUREEN V. QUINN  
B.S. French  

dent House Organization.

LOUIS JOHN RAFFETTO  
B.A. Government  
Class President, 1; Collegiate Club, 1, 2, 3; Intramural Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Turf Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.

PETER M. RAMAY  
B.S. Business Management  
Freshman Basketball, Intramural Basketball.

R. SEAN RANDOLPH  
B.S.F.S. International Affairs  
International Student House, 1, 2; Le Cercle Francais, 4; Chess Club, 4.

LOUIS RASPUZZI  
A.B. English  
Intramural.

BRIAN A. REARDON  
B.A. History  
Sailing Club, 1; Mixed Chorus, 2; Glee Club, 2, 3, 4; Asst. Bus. Mgr., 3; Bus. Mgr., 4.

MICHAEL JAMES REARDON  
B.S.F.S.  
International Affairs  
Young Democrats, 1, 2, IRC, 1, 2; Model U.N., 1, 2; Free Univ., 2; Junior Year Abroad.

JOHN I. REDDINGTON  
B.S.F.S. International Affairs  
Freshman Basketball, Intramurals.

JUDY REEN  
B.S. Nursing  

dent House Organization.

JOAN NOVAK REED  
B.A. Economics  

g Club, 1; Young Democrats, 1, 2; IRC, 1, 2; Stamford, 3, 4; Philhemic Society, 1, 2; Karate Club, 1, 2.

TOD J. POPESKI  
B.S. Biology  
Biology Club; Sailing Club; Intramural Squash.

JONATHAN J. PLATT  
B.S.F.S.  
IRC, 2, 3, 4; Rifle Club, 1; Hoya Photographer, 3, 4; Karate Club, 1, 2; Young Republicans, 1.

FRANK J. PRIAL  
B.S.B.A. Management  
Varsity Soccer, 2, 3, 4.

JONATHAN EDWARD PRICE  
B.S.F.S. International Affairs  
International Student House Resident; International Student House Organization; Junior Year Abroad; Italian Club.

JO ANNE V. PRINCIOTTO  
B.A. English  
Washington Club, 2; Tutoring, 3; Donsday Book, 4.

ELIZABETH A. PURCELL  
B.S. Linguistics  
Russian Club; Russian Choral; China Forum.

JOSEPH R. PURITA  
B.S. Biology  
MAURICE J. PUZIENDE  
B.A. Economics  
MAUREEN V. QUINN  
B.S. French  

dent House Organization.

LOUIS JOHN RAFFETTO  
B.A. Government  
Class President, 1; Collegiate Club, 1, 2, 3; Intramural Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Turf Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.

PETER M. RAMAY  
B.S. Business Management  
Freshman Basketball, Intramural Basketball.

R. SEAN RANDOLPH  
B.S.F.S. International Affairs  
International Student House, 1, 2; Le Cercle Francais, 4; Chess Club, 4.

LOUIS RASPUZZI  
A.B. English  
Intramural.

BRIAN A. REARDON  
B.A. History  
Sailing Club, 1; Mixed Chorus, 2; Glee Club, 2, 3, 4; Asst. Bus. Mgr., 3; Bus. Mgr., 4.

MICHAEL JAMES REARDON  
B.S.F.S.  
International Affairs  
Young Democrats, 1, 2, IRC, 1, 2; Model U.N., 1, 2; Free Univ., 2; Junior Year Abroad.

JOHN I. REDDINGTON  
B.S.F.S. International Affairs  
Freshman Basketball, Intramurals.

JUDY REEN  
B.S. Nursing  

dent House Organization.

JOAN NOVAK REED  
B.A. Economics  

g Club, 1; Young Democrats, 1, 2; IRC, 1, 2; Stamford, 3, 4; Philhemic Society, 1, 2; Karate Club, 1, 2.

TOD J. POPESKI  
B.S. Biology  
Biology Club; Sailing Club; Intramural Squash.

JONATHAN J. PLATT  
B.S.F.S.  
IRC, 2, 3, 4; Rifle Club, 1; Hoya Photographer, 3, 4; Karate Club, 1, 2; Young Republicans, 1.

FRANK J. PRIAL  
B.S.B.A. Management  
Varsity Soccer, 2, 3, 4.

JONATHAN EDWARD PRICE  
B.S.F.S. International Affairs  
International Student House Resident; International Student House Organization; Junior Year Abroad; Italian Club.

JO ANNE V. PRINCIOTTO  
B.A. English  
Washington Club, 2; Tutoring, 3; Donsday Book, 4.

ELIZABETH A. PURCELL  
B.S. Linguistics  
Russian Club; Russian Choral; China Forum.

JOSEPH R. PURITA  
B.S. Biology  
MAURICE J. PUZIENDE  
B.A. Economics  
MAUREEN V. QUINN  
B.S. French  

dent House Organization.

LOUIS JOHN RAFFETTO  
B.A. Government  
Class President, 1; Collegiate Club, 1, 2, 3; Intramural Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Turf Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.

PETER M. RAMAY  
B.S. Business Management  
Freshman Basketball, Intramural Basketball.
FRANK PAUL SCHINCO
B.S./M.S. Chemistry
Chemistry Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Lacrosse, 1, 2, 4; Sailing Team, 1, 2; Intramurals, 1, 2, 3, 4; Biology Club, 1, 2; American Chem. Society, 3, 4.

AUSTIN SCHMITT
A.B. Economics
Rugby, 1, 2; Young Republicans, 1, 2, 3, 4; DC Young Rep., 3; Collegiate Club, 2, 3, 4; Football, 3.

JOHN F. SCHMITT, JR.
A.B. History
Rugby, 1, 2, 3, 4, sec'y, 3, Pres., 4.

RICHARD MICHAEL SCHOEMBS
A.B. Government
Rifle Club, 1; Mask & Bauble, 1, 2; Alpha Phi Omega, 1, 2, 3, 4.

JAMES ANTHONY SCHROER
B.S. Chemistry
Chemistry Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; House Council, 1, 2, 3, 4; Rugby, 1; Intramurals, 1, 2, 3, 4.

JOSEPH S. SCIABBARRASI
A.B. History
Ranger Co., ROTC, 2; Spraker Rifles Drill Team, 3, 4; Karate Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Alpha Phi Omega, 2, pledgemaster, 3, 4.

ANTHONY SCALMA
B.S. Biology
Hospital Volunteer Work; Biology Club, Young Democrats; Squash.

CLINTON EDWARD SCOTT
B.S. Business Administration-Finance
Rugby; Karate; Hoya; Delta Phi Epsilon; Judo; Army ROTC; GU Growth Fund; Finance Club.

JAMES E. SCOTT
B.S. B.A. Business Management
GU CAP; Help Yourself.

NEIL SCOTT
B.A. Government
Young Republicans, 1, 2, 3, 4; Student Government, 1, 2, 3, 4; WGTB, 3, 4; Polo, 1, Collegiate Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Phi Beta Kappa.

JOHN Z. SEDLINS, JR.
B.S.F.S. International Affairs
Friendship House Tutorial Project Leader, 1; ISH Organization, 1, 2, 3, 4; Resident Assistant, 1, 2, 3, 4.

DOUGLAS A. SHACHNOW
B.S. L. Russian
Russian Club; Young Democrats; Hillel.

JAMES ANTHONY SCHROER
B.S. Chemistry
Chemistry Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; House Council, 1, 2, 3, 4; Rugby, 1; Intramurals, 1, 2, 3, 4.

JOSEPH S. SCIABBARRASI
A.B. History
Ranger Co., ROTC, 2; Spraker Rifles Drill Team, 3, 4; Karate Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Alpha Phi Omega, 2, pledgemaster, 3, 4.

MARK W. SITLEY
B.A. Fine Arts
Walsh Area Class Pres., 1; Student Senate, 2.

MARTIN W. SLOMINSKI
B.S. Biology
Army ROTC, 1, 2, 3, 4; Spraker Rifles, 1, 3, 4.

FREDERICK J. SLOWICK, II
B.S.F.S.
Philodemic Society; WGTB.

JEFFREY S. SMIGIELSKI
B.S. Psychology, Philosophy
Intramural Basketball; Football; Baseball; GU CAP; Interaction; Valley Green Project; Hotline; Project USE.

BARRY E. SMIRNOFF
B.S.F.S. International Affairs
BARRY R SMITH
B.A. Government
Crew, 1, 2, 3, 4; Rowing Assoc., 3, 4; Treats, 3, Pres., 4.

MARY BRIDGET SMITH
B.S. Nursing

MARY THERESA SMITH
A.B. English

DEBORAH SIMPSON
A.B. Economics
Academic Representative, 2; Yearbook, 4; Junior Prom Committee, 3; House Council, 1, 2, Young Republicans, 1, 2, 3, 4.

LINDA S. SFINELLI
A.B. Economics

FRANK J. SISINNI
B.S.F.S.
Karate, 3, 4.

BARRY E. SMIRNOFF
B.S.F.S. International Affairs
BARRY R SMITH
B.A. Government
Crew, 1, 2, 3, 4; Rowing Assoc., 3, 4; Treats, 3, Pres., 4.

MARY BRIDGET SMITH
B.S. Nursing

MARY THERESA SMITH
A.B. English
Ye Domesday Booke; Mask & Bauble.

Nelson C. Smith
B.S.F.S.
Hoya, 1; Orientation, 2, 3; Mask & Bauble, 1, 2, 3; Delphi Club, 1, 2, 3; Pres., 3; Pres., WGTB, 1; SFS Alumni Survey, 2.

Gregory S. Sollitto
B.S. Psychology
WGTB, 2, 3, 4; Crew, 1; Founder SFS GURU, 2, 3; Intercollegiate Pulling Team, 1, 2, 3, 4.

Michael Soper
B.S. Mathematics
Tennis, 1; Intramurals, 1, 2, 3, 4.

Edward F. Spellman
A.B. History
College Club, 1, 2.

Mary Shaw Spencer
A.B. Government
Young Republicans, 1, 2, 3.

J. Sterling Stover
A.B. History
B.A. Economics

Edward F. Spellman
A.B. English
GU Film Society, 2, 3, 4; Guacamole, 1, 2; Collegiate Club, 2, 3; Student Government, 2.

Jacqueline Carone Snyder
B.S.L. Italian
IRS; Italian Club

Regis E. Staley, Jr.
A.B. History
Football, 1; Judo, 1; Hockey, 1, 2.

Andrew Stoehr
B.S. Psychology
Crew, 1, 2, 3, 4.

John W. Struble
B.S.F.S.
Young Republicans; Sailing Assoc.

Thomas M. Strzemien
A.B. Economics, American Studies
GU Rowing Assoc.; Soccer.

William L. Sturtz
B.S.B.A. Accounting
College Club; Yearbook Staff; SBA Academic Committee; Newspaper Staff.

Richard W. Stevens
B.S. Biology

Jane R. Stevenson
B.S.F.S.
ISH Organization.

Sterling Stover
B.S.F.S. International Affairs

William Styles
B.S. Biology

Gregory M. Suchan
B.S.F.S. International Affairs
Mask & Bauble, 1, 2, 3, 4; Contac, 3, 4; Capitol Hill Volunteer, 1, 2, 3; Delegate to Naval Academy Foreign Affairs Conference, 3.

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B.S. Biology
Hospital Volunteer Program; Young Republicans.

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B.S. Nursing
Young Republicans, 1, 2, 3.

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A.B. Government

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Virginia Sullivan
B.S. Nursing
Sailing, 1, 2, 3, 4; Co-cap., 3, Capt., 4; Young Republicans, 3, 4; Collegiate Club, 2, 3, 4; ISH Organization, 1, 2, 3, 4; Gamma Phi Epsilon; Sigma Theta Tau; Field Hockey, 1.

James Sweeney
B.S.F.S. International Economic Affairs

Dennis Sylvain
A.B. English

James W. Taglieri
B.S.F.S.
Guacamole, Student Government; Orientation '73; Junior Year Abroad.

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B.A. Economics

Madeline Tedesco
B.S. B.A.

Richard C. Tepel
A.B. Economics
Crew.

Mary F. Tennant
B.S. Psychology

Cynthia R. Thomas
B.S. International Affairs
French Club; German Club.

Margaret E. Thomas
B.S. Nursing

Program Planning Psychiatric Nursing, 3; Program Planning Public Health Nursing, 4; Sigma Theta Tau.

Bary L. Thompson
A.B. American Government

Mariah Thompson
B.S. Nursing

Andrew Thoma
A.B. History

David V. Toomey
B.S.S. Public Administration

Marjorie S. Toomey
B.S. Nursing

College Club, 3, 4.

Anthony M. Traini
A.B. Sociology

Mary B. Troiano
B.S.F.S. International Affairs

Edward Tropeano
A.B. English

Vincent J. Truglia
B.S.F.S. International Affairs

William V. Voorhees, III
B.S.B.A. Accounting

Accounting Society, 2, 3, 4; Academic Committee, 3, 4; Intramurals, 1, 2, 3, 4.

Christopher Vorderbruggen
B.S.F.S. International Affairs

Ishd, 1, 2, 3, 4; Course Critique, 1, 2, 3.

Ida Vorum

Cecilia Marie Valette
B.S.L. Spanish

Orchestra, 1, 4; Gamma Phi Epsilon, 3, 4; Domesday Booke, 3; Yearbook, co-editor, 4; Luso-Brasileiro Club, 2, 3, 4; Who’s Who in America Colleges.

Joseph E. Valenti, Jr.
A.B. Economics

Student Government; Economic Forum.

Alberto Van der Mije
B.S.B.A. Foreign Management

Matthew V. Van Hook
A.B. Government

Collegiate Club, 1, 2; Striver’s Local Chapter, 1, 2, 3, 4; Soccer, 1; American Society of International Law, 4.

Michael J. Vasey
B.S.F.S.

Alpha Phi Omega; Spraker Rifles.

Franz Veney
B.A. Business Management

Work Study Student.

David Barr Vermyleen
A.B. Economics

College Club, 1, 2, 4; Guacamole, 1; co-chairman Junior Prom, 3.

Gavin Viano
A.B. History

Varsity Crew, 1, 2, 3, 4; Intramurals, 1, 2, 3, 4; Orientation ’73, ’75; Hoya, 2, 3.

Michael R. Vich
B.S.F.S. International Affairs

Hoya, 3, 4; Executive Board, 3, 4; Circulation Manager, 3, 4; Young Republicans, 1, 2, 3, 4; DC Young Republicans, 1, 2, 3, 4; IRC, 1; Free University, 1; Collegiate Club, 3, 4; Alpha Phi Omega, 2, 3, 4.

Harry Viens
A.B. English

WGTB, 2, 3, 4.

Thomas A. Vineski
B.S.F.S.

SBA Academic Committee; Newsweekly Staff.

B.S. Biology

Robert T. Weber
A.B. Government

Philomene, 1; Crew, 2, 3.

George R. Webster
A.B. History

Hockey, 1, 2; Lacrosse, 1, 2; Rugby, 1; Junior Committee, 1, 2, 3, 4; Runching, 3, 4; Biking, 3, 4.

Ann M. Weise
B.S. Nursing

Edward P. Welch
B.S.B.A. Accounting

House Council; Academic Committee.

Mark N. Welsh
B.S.B.A.

Finance
Crew, 1; Lacrosse, 2, 3, 4; Finance, 4.

Jacqueline Weltner
B.S. French

Yearbook, 1; Hoya, 2; exec, sec’y.; Student Senate, 3, 4.

Paul G. White
A.B. American Studies

Football, 1, 2, 3, 4.

Verlin Ralph White, Jr.
B.S. Biology
Biology club: Intramural Basketball.

EDWARD J. WHITFORD
A.B. Government
Young Republicans, 2, 3.

JEROME D. WICHLAC
B.S.F.S. International Affairs
IRC, 1, 2, 3, 4; Young Democrats, 1, 2, 3, 4.

JOHN MICHAEL WILDMAN
B.S.
GUCAP, 1; Washington, 1; Young Democrats, 1, 2; Intramurals, 1.

DALE A. WILKER
B.S.F.S. International Affairs
Young Democrats, Congressional Intern; SMC: Mayday, Food Co-op.

DIANE HELENE WILLIAMS
B.S.F.S. International Affairs

BRENDA ANN WIRKUS
A.B. Philosophy

PHI BETA KAPPA, 3, 4; Undergrad Student Rep. to Dept. of Philosophy, 4; HOYA, 1, 2, 3.

MARK WIX
B.S.F.S. International Affairs

JOHN D. WOLIVER
B.A. Philosophy
Golf, 1; Young Democrats, 1, 2; GU ACT, (GUCAP), 2, 3, 4.

BERNIE WOLTER
A.B. German
German Club; Karate.

JULIANA HAVERTY WORK
B.S.F.S. International Affairs
Orientation Evaluation Committee, '73; Orient. Comm., '73; Vice Pres. East Campus Freshman Class; University Housing Commission; Undergraduate Adjudication Commission.

RAYMOND S. YACOBY
B.S.F.S. International Economic Affairs
APO, 1, 2, 3, 4; Language Club, 1, 2; Young Republicans, 1; Model U.N., 2, 3, 4; International Student Day, 1, 2; Orientation '73: Intramurals, 1, 2.

PAMELA MARGOT YAMADA
B.S. Japanese
Japan Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; ISHO, 1, 2, 3, 4.

ANTHONY YERKOVICH
A.B. English

WILLIAM H. YOST, JR.
B.S.B.A. Accounting
Golf, 1; Student Senator; Intramural Football.

ALAN ZEPPE
A.B. English
WGTB, 1, 2, 4; YGOP, 1; Voice, 4.

ANNE-MARIE ZIEGLER
B.S. Spanish
Free University; Interaction; Junior Year Abroad.

EDWARD J. ZIEMINSKI
A.B. Economics
Cross-country Team, 1; Indoor Track, 1, 2, 3, 4; Outdoor Track, 1, 2, 3, 4; Copley A.C., 4.

DONALD W. ZIENTY
B.S.B.A. Management

STEPHEN J. ZIVIC
A.B. History
Freshman Crew; Football, 3, 4; Young Republicans, 1, 2; German Club, 1, 2; Copley Athletic Assoc., 4.

RAYMOND W. ZRIKE, JR.
A.B. Government
Project Use, 2, 3, 4; Harbin House Council, 4; Young Republicans, 1, 2, 3; Intramurals, 1, 2, 3, 4.
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TAIL END
The year is over. The book is ended. The class of '72 is tucked neatly away in a thousand drawers: on top of '71, waiting for '73 to bury it.

So what does the staff have to say for itself? No apologies. Many people helped us out in our time of need, and many people let us down. But in the end, everyone who entered the office gave a part of himself, his personality, to the book. We called it as we saw it, and even when we contradicted each other, we all thought we saw it right. So there are many views of Georgetown, many voices of Georgetown recorded here.

I think one of the great advantages of a yearbook is that there is room for many different views of a school. If the book is done properly, there will be many views, each of them a permanent record of one way the school was in that year.

If you didn't like the way the book turned out, if you think we missed your particular insight into the way GU "is", come give of yourself, work on the book, and show the way you have seen Georgetown.

My thanks go out to all the staff members, upperclassmen, underclassmen, and alumni, for all the hard work they put into the book. Special thanks go to Wm J Keller Inc., the publishing company, for their patience with an inexperienced and changed staff, and to Fritz Hafner, Keller's representative to us, whose help and advice was invaluable, and without whom we could not have published this book.

PH.

What can I say about this book? The budget was cut in half; in spite of the appearence of the staff page, we were severely short-handed; leadership changed in mid-stream, just in time to avoid total disaster, leaving not one but three chiefs with totally different heads; and I myself had never worked on the book before this year. Given the above, in fact, even not given the above, I think we did remarkably well. We tried to eliminate some of the superfluities rampant in yearbooks, especially this one (i.e. underclass pictures that were far from complete, stilted group shots, tacky captions), although much remains to be thrown out or improved.

I, for one, never would have survived without a lot of help from my very literate friends. Can't say I've enjoyed the whole thing, but it's been real.

C.V.

This was a novel year for Ye Domesday Booke. With the loss of our Editor-in-chief, Bill Auth, in December, I wondered if the Booke would exist this, my senior year. The question of the worth of all the time and work we were going to have to spend of course arose. Was it worth it?

As you can see my answer was yes. I wanted a memory of Georgetown where I could look up home addresses of friends I lost contact with and just thumb through and remember—students, teachers, and activities.

I hope by forming this editorial board, we have produced a yearbook that the students will enjoy. I think we have, through the help of those who cared.

L. McC.