Nineteen hundred eighty-four
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In the twentieth year of his reign as King of England, William the Conqueror commanded a minute and searching inquiry into his land and its people. So impressive was the thoroughness of this inquest that his subjects deemed it comparable to their day of judgement — the "domesday." Thus came the survey's public record to be known as "Ye Domesday Booke." Since 1908, a modern-day version of this chronicle, Ye Domesday Booke, has related the deeds and details not of a kingdom's populace, but of a university's.
You see the Tower first. From nearly any direction, you are suddenly taken by this slender bit of Gothic in a city which otherwise lives by white marble and monstrous pillars. If you approach from Virginia, the Tower calls the first warning that a city is about to encroach upon the Potomac, a city that leaves the banks in a dizzying rush, spewing before it politics, bureaucrats and, of course, white marble.
But the Tower separates, sectioning off another Hilltop and another pace of life. There, the only right time is clock-tower time, and the hours start at fifteen after and end at five past. Here the year has only two component parts, each subdivided into Procrastination, Midterms, Anxiety and Finals.
You differentiate between the seasons by looking at the Lawn. Not the foliage, of course — only backdrop — but the Lawn itself. It is a place to sit and watch, to find those friends of last semester and exchange stories as the green of summer begins to color. The yellows and reds of autumn blaze, and then slowly fade, leaving only a few hardy frisbees, a lone dog, and a benchful of loyal admirers smoking and conversing between classes.
The Lawn in winter is what you pass as you dash between Lauinger and the Basement, a silent strip of land to remind you that the University has not yet conquered all of nature. When it gets too cold, the Lawn moves into Healy Basement and hibernates. From the shadow of the Tower into its underbelly flow all those who move and shake. And at the end, of course, stands the Pub. A haven of procrastination on the path between Vittles and the library, and a favored spot for all those who prefer to do their scoping indoors — a perfect opportunity to meet and greet and destroy your shoes, all at the same time.
In summer, though, it blossoms. Izods, Ray-Bans, bright shirts, plaid shorts, short skirts, bare feet, tanned noses and good scoping, all swept away by the sound of laughter and the smell of beer. A lawn but much more than a lawn. The only lawn so important that the death of one tree becomes a major news event.

You see lots of people on the Lawn. Sit in the right spot and eventually they will all come by. The basketball team, the Jesuits, your English professor, the ROTC cadets, your chemistry T.A., the guy in your communism class, the girl who studies in Pierce, the ones heading straight for the Pub. Georgetown.
Amazingly, though, the Pub expands; the Basement and the Library open, and the lawn spills out far beyond the limits of 37th and O. Although seduced at times by the appeal of the Tower, by its invitation to a life of academia, Georgetown nonetheless pushes through the gates and explodes into the city. The speakers come in, and the students go out. Gaston echoes with the words of national leaders, and the streets of D.C. ring with the sounds of G.U. In the shelters, in the schools, in the alleyways and grates hidden behind the marble facade. Along the halls of Congress, behind the walls of St. Elizabeth's, Georgetown exists, with internships to enrich the lives of students, and volunteer programs to enrich the others amidst whom the University stands.

On Halloween, at Redskins games, in the clubs and pubs around the city's most famous intersection, Georgetown the students bring Georgetown the city alive. And when the thousands of fans leave campus and head for the streets, the whole city joins the parade, and it is not just Georgetown University but all of Washington, D.C. that jumps and screams and basks in the glow of the toilet-paper draped, champagne-drenched glory.
And then, somehow, the mob disbands and the individual emerges. The all-American, multinational whole touted by Admissions reduces itself to a single denominator. Among the horde of club presidents and intramural champs, there gradually arises the few, the one. The Jesuits call it the whole man, the one who writes his thesis on genetic engineering on his way to happy hour, the one who can dash through Congress as easily as around the halls of academe, and still remain a person.

Seeped in the disciplines of science, and schooled in the arts of business and politics, this individual can still manage to create a world where instinct can conquer reason, and Machiavelli falls prey to St. Augustine. Here, science is not an end but a means, and the desire to help and to heal colors the environment of learning.

The Tower teaches, but it also nurtures, molding not only practitioners but humanists as well, people who have learned to look beyond the matter and see the man. And everywhere, it seems, these creatures of the Renaissance lurk at Georgetown. They assume all forms, all means of disguise, but they exist and prosper on the Hilltop.

And when it all has faded, when the names and dates and formulas have slipped from the mind and Georgetown becomes a blurred nostalgia, the experience will remain; what are now tangible realities of the Lawn will linger on in the form of mindsets and emotions and memories. Memories of those who taught and cared. Memories of those with whom you shared these years. And memories, of course, of the Tower.

Debora L. Spar, SFS '84
There it was, looming tall, straight and white in the distance, as I took in my first vista of Washington, D.C. from a taxi, crossing the now familiar Key Bridge. From the start, the Washington Monument symbolized the implacable goodness of America as well as the nobility and purity of her ideals. It demands the fulfillment of that holy maxim, “All men are created equal.” Four years of living in Washington have painted a larger picture which grants me a vision quite different from the one with which I arrived. While the Washington Monument still functions as a symbol of the altruistic ideals upon which our nation was founded, I now see it as a reminder of the stark contrast which exists in this city, of the ugly poverty dappled with gaudy white affluence. The simultaneous cries for food, shelter and social justice, and the loud speeches of men and women on Capitol Hill seeking means of enacting such justice blend strangely into an often unbearable cacophony.

An abrupt right turn onto M Street quickly draws my attention. I see people, some smiling and carefree, strolling from one shop to the next, others leaning listlessly against Little Tavern or peering out from amid their rags to the riches which are within their reach, yet beyond their grasp. Such is the contradiction which comprises life, or rather the lives, in Washington, D.C. Like the Washington Monument, M Street, too, is a breathing pulsating paradox. The lane of specialty shops and quaint cafes is frequented by refined folks, yet serves as the concrete home of a not-so-quaint breed of folk — the homeless. For me, four years of CAP, Capitol Hill, Southeast and bum-laden M Street have become a monument to the subtle and complex contrasts which are the reality of Washington, D.C.

As students we are taught to look beyond simple black and white distinction. In order to understand our world we must first realize that underlying the ostensibly simple dichotomies — whether it be in Faulkner, in Physics or on First Street, the simultaneous cries for food, shelter and social justice and the loud speeches of men and women on Capitol Hill seeking means of enacting such justice blend strangely into an often unbearable cacophony.
N.E. — lies a complicated network of human factors. These are comprised of a whole process of preconceptions, ideas and decisions which, with time and perhaps purblind indolence, becomes belied down and lost in mere categorization. The situation, then, only appears to us as black and white, rich and poor, good and bad, his and mine. As we know, however, this belies the complex human reality with which any “simple” problem or circumstance is infused. Hence, it is easy to tell the bum to “get off his ass” and get a job. In D.C., I’ve seen how easy it is to lay blame: confronted with myriad characters and lifestyles and the conflicts they create, it seems natural to respond with criticism, to pass by the situation by passing the buck. This is a natural reaction to the complexity of life around us.

Yet, when one sees the tall, clean power of the Washington Monument and around the corner a feckless derelict, the concept of laying blame or of distanced criticism becomes not only naive but irrelevant. For while one is inanimate, the other is quintessentially “animated”. He is imbued with the very same spirit that enables his congressperson to get up every morning, and to try to do his job, to transcend the flaws in the system just as his counterpart who sleeps beneath the Key Bridge does. Similarly, the black woman in Southeast, mother of seven, struggles to stretch the two pounds of chicken, while the Georgetown sophomore worries whether Dad’s check will be enough for the road trip as well as the Bruce Springsteen album.

Contrast? Dichotomy? Without a doubt. But four years later, I begin to make sense of the apparently senseless, to appreciate the unity beneath the dichotomies: everyone is struggling toward some form of happiness. Inevitably, some are more conscious of reality than others. But in D.C., “reality” defies stasis or conventional wisdom. For whatever reason, all have been brought together into this Capitol City. Each person — whether he dines at La Nicoise or a soup kitchen — is his own human reality, a living monument to the spirit common in all men and women. All survive within a city dirtied with contrasts of black and white, and uniquely characterized by a vast array of personalities, individuals striking out at the world in mercenary bitterness or perhaps merely striking out, some to land a job, some just to lend a hand.

Thomas J. McCarthy, CAS ’84
... the black woman in Southeast, mother of seven, struggles to stretch the two pounds of chicken, while the Georgetown sophomore worries whether Dad's check will be enough for the road trips as well as the Bruce Springsteen album.
Sunglasses were invented in 1637 by Christian Huygens, sometimes called the father of modern optics, in Amsterdam.

Now, this is the only fact I know about sunglasses (and I'm not even sure that it is correct), but it goes to show an important point: sunglasses are a vital element in a college career. The fact that Christian Huygens invented sunglasses is one of the facts. One of the all purpose nuggets of wisdom that when used indiscriminately gives the ring of truth to an essay, and covers a multitude of sins (no studying, skimming the textbook, a lobotomizing hangover; you get the picture.) Good old Chrissy H. has saved my bacon on final exam essays ranging from Philosophy (Relativism and the Renaissance Scientific Method) to History (Science and its Impact on Dutch Seapower) to English (Shakespeare Through New Eyes: The Dutch Interpretation). Nothing impresses a professor like trivia, and no trivia impresses like shades.

Of course, you can imagine that if mere trivia on sunglasses is helpful, how vital sunglasses themselves are. They act as a buffer between you and the world, and when things go bad, what can be more important than a buffer?

Like the time I took the most boring course ever taught. We've all seen it: Ethics of Retail Accounting for Foreign Service Students — at 8:15 a.m., three times a week, with a lab at 7:00 a.m.

The professor is a former Marine Chaplain who learned to teach at the Navy interrogation school. His favorite sport was giving oral quizzes on the second semester of the course (it's only a one semester course, but you'd already guessed that).

How do I sleep through a class taught by a drill instructor? How do I keep him from asking me any questions? How do I surviv—Sunglasses. More to the point, mirrored sunglasses.

You see, if you're wearing mirrored shades two things happen. One, no one sees if your eyes are closed. Two, the professor never asks you any questions. Why? Well, think. When the professor looks at you, what does he see? Not you, but two images of himself. And he already knows the answers. So why bother to quiz someone who already knows the answers? So he ignores you. It's simple really. And if you don't believe it, check my transcript.

Of course, sunglasses are also indispensable to your social life. I met my first college girlfriend because I was wearing my shades in the Pub. I had been trying to
make conversation with a ceiling support post (it was awfully dark in there), and had gotten discouraged because it wasn't saying anything in return. I turned to leave and there she was.

No, I didn't exactly see her. It was dark and I was behind my glasses. I bumped into her. I sent her flying, too, right into the bar. Six stitches to the scalp. But that gave me plenty of time to visit her and bring her flowers. Besides, she didn't recognize me as that "clown in the glasses who sideswiped me." I never felt it was safe to enlighten her. By now you begin to see my point. Shades are indispensible. Always useful. Beginning to end. And next May when I get to leave this veil of tears, I'll be sure to be wearing them. After all, it wouldn't do to show emotion about leaving this place.

Now, would it?

Scott M. Laikert, CAS '85
By now you begin to see my point. Shades are indispensable. Always useful. Beginning to end.
Do you know what the words *Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam* mean? *Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam* is the motto of the Society of Jesus, a rallying cry like *E Pluribus Unum*, "Workers of the World Unite," and "Long Live Rock!" The words are inscribed on the wall behind the stage in Gaston Hall, and they say a lot about how deeply matters of faith, Church, and the Big G influence the environment our Jesuit tutors seek to create for us.

Face it. You couldn't get away from religion at Georgetown if you tried. It's not the kind of thing you think about that much, but we run into religion every day. From the priest who sits like a totem pole in Healy Circle to the real-life clerics we rub shoulders with all around; from the huge *Pax Christi* relief on the side of Reiss building to the 68% or so of us (it's only a goal, right?) who carry the sacred marks inside, religion is something you end up coming to terms with.

I find it hard to generalize about religion; to do so is almost against the terms of a contract which (in the case of Christianity, anyway) sells itself largely on the glorification of particular things. The falling sparrow, the unclean leper, the one true and worthy Son of God. Even so, we can point to shared experiences. More than once, you've been part of the exodus out of Lauinger Library around 10:10 on a Sunday night. You've either heard or heard tell of Fr. Burghardt's famous three-part sermons. Hardly a one of you has not crept, stopwatch in hand, to a crypt beneath Copley in search of Freeze's Breeze.

All of which points to a sort of ritual activity that serves to mitigate the pressures and din of life in and around our university. In fact, the connection between ritual and religion is highlighted by the name often used to designate a religious event — "rite." The palliative virtue of rituals is worth considering because in all cases — from something understood as broadly as karma or as strictly as the Holy Spirit — religious codes speak of an abiding intimacy with universal rhythms of life, death and rebirth. The ritual context which these codes provide can teach us when and how to laugh and cry, or when...
From the priest who sits like a totem pole in Healy Circle to the real-life clerics we rub shoulders with all around; from the huge Pax Christi on the side of the Reiss building to the 68% or so of us (it's only a goal, right?) who carry the sacred mark inside, religion is something you end up coming to terms with.

just to endure. They suggest ways of making sense out of day-to-day happenings. Indeed, without some powerful (call it spiritual) experience to bring together me and the crowd, inside and out, then the pains and frustrations of life, as well as its joys and successes, become meaningless isolated events.

There is a problem, though, with rites. The furrows of ritual harmony run deep, but they turn with deceptive ease into a stagnant rut. Think about those weekly marches up to Dalghren for Fr. King's 11:15. Make it a Saturday night instead of a Sunday and you could have a Winston's-bound crowd on your hands, no problem. You see, most of the time we just don't think about it much at all, which is probably the scariest possibility of all where religion is concerned. What most men and women at Georgetown end up with is "social religion," a disinterested trudge through the ritual paces — usually Christian (though not always), and usually Roman Catholic (though, again, not exclusively.) They are in a rut where the rules of the game don't hurt any more, but neither does anything else.

I don't know how much "religion," per se, is the cause of this ritual-own-rut. The sacred routine here could be just one more symptom of a generalized "give-me-and-leave-me-the-hell-alone" epidemic. One thing seems clear — religion probably makes things worse by tending to shut off inquiry, fascination and dialogue through deference to the imperious dictate of orthodoxy. I heard an old pastor of mine joke once, "Give me a kid for the first ten years and I've got him for life." Things are handled a bit more decorously here, but I think the same type of mentality is at work. Through a subtly compelling mix of constant conditioning and ritual inertia (whereby we ask those critical questions of faith and Deity in a "holistic," "balanced" environment, i.e. rounded out with regular church attendance), Georgetown churns out a yearly crop of "mature believers." Yet, how serious and how worthwhile can anyone's commitment to a spiritual program be when it consists of sleepwalking one's way through what, after shopping around, is determined to be the fastest mass this side of Las Vegas.

Then, too, there is a positively dark side to religion. Religion, rites and rituals are palliatives, true enough, but too often they can work as dangerous drugs. Religious codes transform the everyday, but they can also do violence to one's perspective.

Overexpose your sense to a ritualized point of view and things become disjointed, out of kilter. In Yeats' too- appropriate formulation, the center does not hold.

In the United States, Jerry Falwell and his unbalanced cohort of Moral Majoritarians stand out as a prominent example of people who use religion to underwrite secular programs with the misplaced terror of sacred conviction. Sadly, right here on campus we were witness of the same type of warped perspectives again and again this year. The stakes are considerably less in civilized Georgetown, but the results are essentially the same: people get treated with scorn, intolerance, and contempt in the name of the university. Reason: religion. The administration did all they could to stop the free distribution of the women's health guide during Women's Awareness Week this past spring. They hammed and hawed, threatened and censured. Women's Caucus representatives as a seeming matter of principle, and changed their position at least four times during the controversy. The guide was eventually distributed but the sticking point was, again, religion.

Such business, friends, is no gentle mediation of the bumps and jells of life at a university. It is, rather, religion — in retrograde and reaction. For while religion can give profound shape and meaning to an otherwise disparate collection of experiences, it can also leave you like the Right-to-Lifer who was cuffed and hauled away in April for trying to steal books from a Women's Caucus display — snarling and hateful.

To reflect on religion at Georgetown is to recognize a pervasive and inundating force. Of course, the extent to which it influences events on our campus should come as no surprise where the emblazoned motto is, "To the Greater Glory of God." At such a place there is bound to be lots of "religion" — both good and bad. Dogma junkies, though, are the exception, as are bona fide revelers in the spirit. Mostly, there is social religion, sedate and non-threatening, a big blotch of grey somewhere in between the two. I would only add this much: remember what those Latin words mean, and the next time you find yourself in Gaston Hall, glance up at the writing on the wall and ask yourself if the God of the Jesuit epigram is the same one as yours.

Kevin V. Meenan, CAS '84
One thing seems clear — religion probably makes things worse by tending to shut off inquiry, fascination and dialogue through deference to the imperious dictate of orthodoxy.
"W"arriors in the service of a lost cause are always the most fanatical," said a prominent Stanford University professor recently. While the remark was not so directed, it could easily have applied to students in American colleges and universities at one time period or another. This is particularly true of Georgetown students. Students prior to 1984 had the peculiar tendency of becoming most aroused in the service of lost causes. In 1964, for example, the most politically active group of students was the young conservatives for Barry Goldwater — a lost cause. In 1972, no group was more energetic than the students who rallied behind George McGovern's plea to "Come home, America" — a lost cause.

In both of these time periods, the political atmosphere was right for agitation. In 1964, the nation was in the midst of massive social change and several segments of the population, particularly that segment mostly heavily represented on college campuses, were anxious to maintain their privileged position in society. In 1972, the nation was led by its government into a war it had never adopted. The college youth reacted by turning to the radical liberalism of George McGovern.

In 1984, the students of Georgetown are no longer fanatics engaged in lost causes. The student population has been transformed instead into men and women in the service of selectively undertaken and moderately pursued causes. Causes by the very care in which they are selected and considered have a sustained vitality. This assertion is not only demonstrably false, it spectacularly misses the point. Georgetown students have shifted neither radically to the right nor to the left. We have, rather, taken a step back to consider issues and actors within the American political system in a more reasoned and restrained way. For the moment at least, the left-right continuum has become irrelevant as students look carefully at each element in the body politic in isolation towards a more comprehensive and dynamic view of the aggregate. This is what characterizes the Georgetown grad-

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The student population of 1984 was more aware of the complexity of the political environment in which he lives than those who came before. It is entirely because he or she takes a greater deal of time in examining the ramifications of policy options and candidate selection that he/she does abstain from impulsively swift action.

The Georgetown graduates of 1984 are uniquely methodical in their approach to politics. Ideas and causes are adopted with the greatest of care. Because of the painstaking reflection involved in selecting their beliefs, Georgetown graduates are moved by political ideas not of some hysterical mass but incontrovertibly their own. Indeed, the implicit hopelessness of those "warriors in the service of lost causes" cannot be said to grip this year's graduates. The phrase must be altered to reflect at once their decided optimism and the necessarily gradual nature of their attempts to affect change in their political world. Citizens in the service of causes truly their own are always the most moderate as to ensure that any results obtained from their effort reflect the excruciating mental and spiritual self-examination from which the cause originally emanates.

Daniel E. Eaton, SFS '84
We no longer burn draft cards, form exclusive societies, or manifest any other form of reactionary behavior. But this does not mean that we are utterly disinterested.
A sophist declared that universities are the union of students, professors, and books. Without even pausing to suggest the inclusion of deans and other groundskeepers, I should like to disagree.

A university — at least a great one — consists of something more than students, professors, and books. Above and beyond these crucial three, a great university possesses what I shall call "traditional institutions". As I define them, these are the peculiar accretions of philosophy, personality, and time which anchor themselves to the foundations and roots of a school. They are the durable vessels which encapsulate and perpetuate the ideals and truths we hold dear. At Georgetown University, our traditional institutions include such deeply-rooted accretions as the Society of Jesus, the Tombs, Ye Domestay Bawke, and Homecoming Weekend. Such institutions represent threads of thought held dear by Georgetown generations: Grace should be attained, tradition maintained, memories sustained, alumni entertained. The threads, woven together, form the rich tapestry of Georgetown life, the resilient fabric of our school.

Tragically, the tapestry of Georgetown has been seriously rent. Our predecessors in the late 1960's, a generation recklessly bold, recognized no generation but their own and rushed to destroy institutions six generations old. The 1960's saw the demise of the all-male tradition, the obligatory coat and tie, unquestioned Jesuit authority, the kind of civility that produced gentlemen at Georgetown. Though the passing of such institutions has been heralded as progress, the tapestry of Georgetown has grown noticeably thin.

To its credit, the Class of 1984 has been part of the process which will culminate in the reinstitutionalization of Georgetown. Between 1980 and 1984, nearly every sector of the University groped to identify certain threads of value and to weave them back into Georgetown life. Since our arrival on the Hilltop, several ideas have been embraced as good and transformed into institutions. Among these are loyalty to Georgetown, interaction among students, and service to man.

One of the University's chief means of institutionalizing ideals has been the construction of new buildings. The University has moved to strengthen the individual identities of the five undergraduate schools by giving each of them a particular physical presence on campus. Just as the College is identified with White-Gravenor and Nursing with St. Mary's, the SBA, the SFS, and the SLL will soon become synonymous with their new piles of mortar and stone. This kind of institutionalization will undoubtedly have a great impact on Georgetown and the way her five undergraduate schools relate to each other. New construction on campus may have reduced our green space, but it has certainly expanded our tapestry.

Another Georgetown notion expressed in stone is the idea that undergraduates should be loyal to Georgetown, and that
loyalty can be enhanced by improving undergraduate housing. Between 1980 and 1984, the Class of '84 saw the completion of three new dormitories — Village A, Village B, and Nevils — and viewed plans for a fourth — O'Gara. Within a few brief years, the administration hopes to build enough housing on campus to provide every undergraduate with a place to live. For Georgetown, improved student housing is not just a practical necessity, it is a means of institutionalizing an important ideal — the old school tie.

Participation in the reinstitutionalization of Georgetown has by no means been limited to administrators and architects. Students have contributed as well. During our years on the Hilltop, student organizations — which often outlive buildings — were founded on campus and will convey to the future the things we value today.

The Class of 1984 launched a new student government, brought back the Yard, and interaction among students increased. The Class of 1984 saw the creation of the Credit Union, the organization of GERMS, WROX put on the air, and the ranks of students serving students swelled. The Class of 1984 went to Nicaragua, taught at Sursum Corda, pledged Alpha Phi Omega, and the Jesuit spirit of service was renewed.

Clearly, the University as whole is slowly moving to fill the gaps created by the anti-establishment 1960's. Not all of Georgetown's new institutions will survive, nor should they. The important thing however is that the reinstitutionalization of Georgetown has begun. The tapestry of Georgetown is being restored, and the members of the Class of '84 have woven their lives into its warp. We will not live to see the product of our work, for the patterns we created will evolve over time. This much, however, is clear: The Class of 2084 will thank us for our labors.

Richard J. Cellini, CAS '84

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No names announce their presence. They are only faces.

They are collages of lipstick, mascara and blush speeding past to catch the bus that takes them to success. In the distance, you can see the vanishing backs of their heads. They are knotted foreheads nuzzling textbooks. They are vapid eyeballs paying homage to Pac Man machines. Everywhere they are mouths waiting to be fed or impatient nostrils waiting to be handed numbers to inscribe on forms. They salivate, they breathe, they smile; they are your classmates; your face is one of them.

I have spent time studying the faces of Georgetown. Some have even paused to converse with me; I have been lucky. Faces are the ambassadors of personality, the legates of good will. As such they demand consideration as the dominant form of communication on our campus.

I have charted the psychology of a generation in the changing of faces. I have seen the 1980's burn hard polygons from the warm, acne-spotted skin of high school libertines. I have seen rhombic hairdos carved from nonchalant frazzle and neatly tweezed eyebrows emerge on polished foreheads. I have watched the mature grimaces of lawyers replace the friendly adolescent dimples of seventeen years olds.

I have laughed at freshmen purchasing new personas every week. I have discovered femme fatales in lipstick at 9 a.m. and
I have watched the unshaven face of countless all-nighters in its timid rendez-vous with dawn; I have seen cheerful rows of teeth break through the haze of cigarettes at 5 in the morning. I have watched the unshaven face of countless all-nighters in its timid rendez-vous with dawn; I have seen cheerful rows of teeth break through the haze of cigarettes at 5 in the morning.

I have seen friendships spring from faces thrown together on the first nights away from home. And I have watched tears glaze the cheeks of those departing four years later.

Charlie Byrd, CAS '85

Eurofags from the Midwest in silky shirts. I have witnessed the harvesting of beards. I have been party to the cultivation of mustaches. I have seen the spiked crest of cockatoos erupt from lissom strands of golden hair. And I have seen composite identities emerge from cosmetic cocoons.

I have withstood the coarse face of authority. I have met the angry charge of Crazy Horse's unbridled mane outside Vital Vittles at 3 a.m. I have knelt before the administration's gazes.

I have celebrated smiles. I have observed the complex choreography of grins and frowns before econ exams and on national television during basketball games.

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Faces are the ambassadors of personality, the legates of good will.
A number of years ago I was asked by a friend, the education editor of a national news magazine, whether my students at Georgetown were as smart as “we” were as undergraduates. The question was not meant to be self-serving. In fact, I was unable to answer it, not because of any doubts about the abilities of my students here, but because of my increasing uncertainty about my ability to generalize about “us”, my generation, as we were during our college years.

Now that I reflect on the difference between today’s Georgetown undergraduates and the students of fifteen to twenty years ago I find myself no more sure about the validity of generalizations. The question that was posed to me, “Do you think today’s students are more materialistic, more self-centered than students of a generation ago?” conjures up the usual imagined opposition between these generations: the idealists vs. the materialists, the dreamers vs. the schemers. The fact that we continue to think and ask questions in terms of these generalizations indicates that, apart from their accuracy, they determine powerfully the way we think and to that extent are part of our present reality. So while I disagree with the assumptions behind the question I can’t ignore the fact that many of my students labor under these assumptions and think poorly of themselves because of them. I would, therefore, like to reflect for a moment on the generalizations about both generations, my own first and then yours, and see what, if any, conclusions I can draw.

Several things strike me as special about my generation, although they have more to do with the circumstances in which we grew up than with our characters. The first is the sheer size of my generation. How could we fail to have an enormous effect on the culture when there were so many of us? We grew up believing the world revolved around our preoccupations and it did. America seemed to dance to our music, adopt our style of dress, and the infant television industry seemed created to mirror and market our tastes.

We grew up believing the world revolved around our preoccupations and it did. America seemed to dance to our music, adopt our style of dress, and the infant television industry seemed created to mirror and market our tastes. By the time we reached college in the mid-sixties half of the population of the United States was under thirty years of age. We were used to being taken seriously, and consequently took ourselves seriously. It was natural, therefore, that when members of my generation announced that they had re-discovered higher morality, we expected the culture to share in our enthusiasm and to undergo a new great awakening.

Momentum, therefore, was and is a large factor in creating the enduring impressions that great things were accomplished by my generation. This is all the more reason why younger Americans who imagine themselves to be more materialistic or less idealistic than the previous generation should take a closer look at what
seem to be the current concerns of Americans between the ages of thirty and fifty. We seem to be obsessed with anxieties about status and aging, and the popular culture glorifies our concerns. For example, popularizers of sociology and psychology have begun to focus on the developmental phase of middle age. Television, which twenty years ago touted the virtues of Pepsi and acne remedies, now seems more concerned (if concern is measured in the percentage of advertising time devoted to kinds of products) with the problems of people who find themselves aging. Denture adhesives, face creams which make you look younger (thirty is now an ideal age to be conjured up wistfully!), exercise regimes, all suggest our concerns are still at the center of the culture. Middle-aged actors and actresses, fighting time and anonymity, appear in VISA and Mastercard ads suggesting that credit is the basis of eternal youth. Being fifty, once thought by us to be extinction, has been “discovered” by those voyaging to the outer reaches of the 60’s generation. Shirley McLaine’s “arrival” was celebrated by TIME; Gloria Steinem threw a celebrity studded “sweet fifty” party for herself in New York. Once again in this presidential election year a candidate has presented himself to the electorate as the representative of newness and the future; he’s actually in his late forties. Is it any wonder that being young must seem, at times, too “out of it,” or at least “after it”?

The other circumstantial factor which may distinguish my generation from yours is a changed sense of time. When we were in college time seemed on our side, just as numbers did. We seem to have been no less interested in successful careers and comfortable lives, but we assumed that they would come in our way as inevitably as did scholarships for our educations. We were not without status anxiety, but our self-assurance, ironically, made it possible to experience liberal education more easily than now seems possible at Georgetown.
For so many students time seems short; they feel driven to accomplish everything now. As Otto Hentz says, "They want to go to law school before they go to law school." We worried about grades, but not in the obsessive way in which many Georgetown students do. My parents and those of most of my friends seemed to apply less pressure or make fewer demands than do the parents of my students. Our parents were not without expectations, but among their wishes for us was a happiness based on more than wealth or social status.

What about my Georgetown students; are they more materialistic, less idealistic? I don't think so, although I do think the conditions under which you pursue a liberal education have changed. The pressures on you seem much greater than those under which we labored. Some of the pressure seems to have been created by the students themselves. For example, the increasing professionalization of the educational process may, in part, be a response to the anxieties created by greater freedom in the curriculum. Many students freely choose to narrow themselves, just as they imagine the present and the future to be narrow. Or, to cite another example (and an ironic one, given the fact that we are discussing the truth and/or value of generalizations). Georgetown undergraduates seem obsessed with the generalizations which are made about
them. There is an almost universal, unquestioned assumption that there is a Georgetown type, a HOYA. Most of the students I observe or talk to spend much of their time here either pursuing the imagined benefits of becoming "typical", or resenting what they assume is the institutional pressure to conform. The more sensitive among them wonder whether or not they should transfer, since they don't "fit". As one who did not go to Georgetown, I could be amused by the pretensions of the image if it were not such an obstacle to genuine education, and if I did not have to spend so much of my time freeing people from its tyranny. I wonder whether the materialism which the students imagine characterizes their lives may not result, in part, from the University's failure corporately to dissociate ourselves from certain images of success and value.

The other impressions I have of my students are heartening. Many of them undergo genuine educations, usually after they have passed beyond the abstractions and impersonal generalizations of degree requirements and entered into conversation with their peers and their teachers. In discussing literature with them I realize their questions are the fundamental ones: how do I love; what is happiness; what shall I make of my life. And many of them are making much of their lives, even while they are still here. The very pressures which sometimes make education less leisured, more hurried, seem also to accelerate the maturing process.

Students of my generation may have been involved in what now seems like a national crusade against a war, but contemporary Georgetown students are forced to make serious moral and value choices, frequently without social pressure such as hunger and nuclear disarmament. Going to Central or South America, Africa or Southeast Asia for a year or more of service doesn't fit the Georgetown stereotype; the fact that so many do such things should cause us once more to question the image we have of this place. And when I meet, as I frequently do one or two of my students, at 8:00 a.m. on the G-2, as I slouch to class and they return to campus from a night working in a D.C. shelter, I realize it is I who am receiving part of this education at Georgetown.

Hubert J. Cloke, Assistant Dean, CAS

Most of the students I observe or talk to spend much of their time either pursuing the imagined benefits of becoming "typical", or resenting what they assume is the institutional pressure to conform.
Some of the pressures seem to be created by the students themselves . . . Many students freely choose to narrow themselves, just as they imagine the present and future to be narrow.
Michael Foley, associate professor of history, died on June 2, 1984 of cardiac arrest. The following is an excerpt from a speech he gave in acceptance of the Edward B. Bunn, S. J. Award for Outstanding Teaching. He previously won the award in 1974, and remains the only professor to have received the award twice.

In a season... with so much advice, all of it free and worth as much, I will not pretend to any words of wisdom. Instead, I would make three wishes. Years ago, my mother used to tell us that any time we visited a new church (obviously, a Catholic church), we would receive three wishes. I'm sure there was no canonical recognition or ecclesiastical approval of such an Irish custom, but like our annual purchase of Irish sweepstake tickets, it created a certain hopefulness. Vatican II has done away with such customs, and in this age only corporate banks can afford to construct new buildings. Because of inflation and some shaky foreign loans, I'm sure the banks would discount our three wishes to one and one-fourth — with a large float in their favor. But I will abuse my privilege as the Bunn Award recipient, and attempt to start a new tradition, without the permission of the Dean of the College: three wishes granted at Tropaia.

If it succeeds, we may have to hold the 1990 Tropaia exercise in RFK Stadium. First, I wish you courage; not the courage to conquer great worlds or accomplish great things, but the courage to take the most simple risks, the risk of loving one another more than yourself, and the risk — equally great — of permitting yourself to be truly loved, as I have been loved by Eileen, my wife of nineteen years. If all the dreary data on modern marriage in America are correct, you will require a special courage to love and be loved. It is a risk many of your own parents can testify is well worth taking. Secondly, I wish you the capacity of a "loving foolishness," the type of loving foolishness required to become parents. A few years ago I was an attentive reader of a Washington Post story on the costs of being a parent. The extraordinary costs of bearing, nurturing and rearing a child through college age amounted to between $180,000 and...
$250,000. Based on these figures I should have been bankrupt long ago as the father of three children. The Post story made me feel less like the father of three than the owner of three worthless shares of stock in Anaconda Copper. No rational man or woman would choose to be a parent under these circumstances. Moreover, only a parent knows the great anxieties and tribulations of parenting, knows the true meaning of the phrase — to give hostages to fortune. So I wish you the loving foolishness of becoming parents, of knowing the joys of fears I know as the father of three children, now all euphemistically called adolescents (more precisely, the criminally insane), but the joys of being loved by your children. It is the joy your parents share today — it is the particular joy of loving and receiving which parents know, which defies all description, which is truly loving foolishness.

Finally, I wish you luck in your vocation. I realize I reveal myself to be a true dinosaur when I refer to vocations. You prefer to discuss your careers, your professions, your jobs. So be it. I wish you the great and good luck I have found in my work as a teacher. I hope you have the luck to find each day — in whatever craft you practice — the challenge, the great mystery, the rewards — that I discover each day as a professor of history, and as your teacher. And then, to be honored for practicing something so rewarding as teaching, to be honored as you have honored me today, is to be truly lucky. Thank you for this great gift you have given me. Bonne chance and Godspeed.

"A good man has died young, a man of great wit and intellect and steadiness and decency. A polestar. What we all know, is that here was a Christian, here was a man. What a lifetime of living he crowded into two score years. How many persons he touched so deeply. Thank God we had him with us and knew his wit and warmth and his love. God give him rest and raise up others who will walk as this man walked."

Emmett Curran, S.J.
June 5, 1984
I wish you courage . . . to take the most simple risks, the risks of loving one another more than yourself, and the risk — equally great — of permitting yourself to be truly loved.
In this section we attempt to capture some of the more prominent happenings of the past two semesters at Georgetown as well as in the nation and the world in general. Hopefully, what we have considered important and interesting will strike you in the same way and help you to recall many personal experiences from this year.

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Freshmen arriving for New Student Orientation weekend encountered congested streets and crowded hotels due to the 250,000 people who converged on Washington, D.C., for a march on August 27 to commemorate the 1963 March on Washington which was led by Martin Luther King, Jr.

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Construction of the Village B student apartment complex was completed a year ahead of schedule, allowing some students to move in as early as August; by January all 90 apartments were open. Village B houses 360 students and is supposed to allow the university to house up to 85%
of those students seeking on campus housing.

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The USSR shot down Korean Air Lines flight 007 on September 1, killing all 269 people aboard. The dead included 56 Americans and one GU undergraduate, Loc Hu Dang. The Soviets claimed that the plane had been sent on a spy mission for the US.

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A letter from Provost J. Donald Freeze, S.J., to the Director of Admissions recommending that a quota be set to increase the number of Catholics at GU elicited strong student opposition in late September. Fr. Freeze proposed to raise the percentage of Catholics to 68% from a current low of 59%. By December the idea was dropped when a new study showed the present level of Catholics to be 65%.

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For the first time in 132 years the US was unable to successfully defend its title to the America's Cup. In September Australia II and its innovative hull design rebounded from their initial equipment failures to strike a heavy blow to US sailing pride.

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Democratic National Committee Chairman Charles Manatt spoke in Gaston Hall September 20. He called for a mutual and verifiable nuclear freeze.

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A suicide driver drove a truck loaded with TNT into the US Marine compound in Beirut on October 24, killing 247 servicemen. French troops suffered a similar attack the same day. Despite increased calls for their withdrawal, President Reagan remained determined to maintain the US presence in Lebanon.

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One day after the Beirut bombing, US Marines invaded Grenada. President Reagan justified the invasion on the grounds of protecting 1,000 Americans in Grenada and as a response to a call for aid by six other nations in the Caribbean region.

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University president Timothy Healy, S.J., announced October 1 that GU’s endowment had
passed the $100 million mark as a result of a five-year capital campaign being conducted by the Development Office.

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The Gay People of Georgetown University lost their lawsuit which sought formal recognition of their group by the university, in a decision handed down in DC Superior Court in late October. The court found in favor of the university’s position that its “sincerely held religious beliefs” prevented recognition of the GPGU.

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The Student Entertainment Commission was abolished in October when a GUPS investigation revealed that an SEC official had embezzled $3,000.

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Debate director Professor James Unger was suspended in October when he came under investigation by the US Attorney's Office for misappropriation of funds. Charges had been brought against Unger in September by a former debate team member.

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A revised homecoming plan, boosted by the football team's victory over Fordham, was able to increase student participation. This year's homecoming was the most successful and best attended in recent years.

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Former President Gerald Ford came to GU on November 2 to speak at the rededication of Old North following its renovation. Old North is now the home of the School of Business Administration.

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A bill proposing to raise the drinking age in Washington to 21 for beer and wine as well as liquor aroused strong student opposition in early November. Local student groups formed the Association Against Age Discrimination to fight the bill. After holding a public hearing November 9 the City Council deferred consideration until 1985, effectively killing the bill.

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The Corp voted 3-2 on November 1 to lift its three-year boycott of Nestle products to better serve student interests. The boycott
was begun in 1981 in response to Nestle's unethical marketing of infant formula in underdeveloped nations.

Lauinger Library acquired its millionth volume in November, an original copy of Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

Despite the organized opposition of hundreds of thousands of Europeans, Great Britain, Italy and West Germany voted to accept deployment of US Pershing II and cruise missiles in their nations. The USSR responded to this action by walking out of the arms reduction talks being conducted in Geneva.

ABC-TV's controversial film "The Day After," depicting the possible effects of a nuclear holocaust, was viewed November 20 by students all over campus who took to heart the admonition not to watch the movie alone. The show added another powerful force to the already boisterous debate on US nuclear weapons policy.

A panel of conservative leaders representing such groups as the Conservative Caucus and NCPAC spoke November 1 in Gaston Hall. At the forum they presented their strategy for winning the 1984 elections.

Presidential aspirant Senator John Glenn attacked fellow Democrat Walter Mondale's "do everything" proposals as well as Reagan's economic policy in a speech delivered in Gaston Hall November 16.

Senator Gary Hart of Colorado, also seeking the Democratic presidential
nomination, gave a “major foreign policy address” November 17 in the ICC Auditorium. Hart criticized Reagan’s deployment of the Marines in Lebanon and Grenada and called for a reversal of the nuclear arms race.

Increasing Federal budget deficits continued to worry legislators and businessmen in 1983, but it was virtually the only fault that one could find with Reagan’s handling of the economy: GNP grew by 6%, inflation was held to 5.4%, and unemployment dropped about 2% from a first quarter high of 10.4%.

On January 1 the court ordered break-up of AT&T, the nation’s largest corporation, went into effect. It resulted in the formation of several regional telephone companies and allowed AT&T to expand into the rapidly growing field of information storage and transfer where it can compete with such corporate giants as IBM.

Financial Aid will rise 24.9% for the 1984-85 academic year. Although this will allow the University to continue to meet the need of sophomores, juniors and seniors, only 85% of the freshman class will be guaranteed full financial aid.

Reverend Jesse Jackson, seeking the Democratic presidential nomination, spoke to a standing room only crowd January 24 in Gaston Hall. Jackson stressed the role of youth and improved educational opportunities in seeking a “new direction” for the US.

Among many other construction proposals, the university proposed in early February that a new student center, to replace the Healy Basement, be incorporated into an underground parking garage to be built on the site of the Kober-Cogan parking lot. The administration preferred this site to the O’Gara site, the student preference, because revenue from auxiliary enterprises would prevent a
tuition increase.

Tuition is projected to rise 11.1% for the 1984-1985 academic year, pushing undergraduate tuition from $7,650 to $8,500. Including a projected four to five percent increase in room charges and a seven percent increase in board cost, total student expenses are expected to go up approximately $1,000 to $12,000.

Austrian President Rudolph Kirchschlaeger was awarded an honorary doctorate of humane letters February 27. In his acceptance speech he spoke of the need for disarmament and of Austria's role in building East-West confidence. His visit to GU was part of a diplomatic tour of Washington which included a formal meeting at the White House, the first by an Austrian head of state.

GU Student Government became GU Student Association upon the passage of a new constitution in the February 23 elections. The new constitution imposes stricter requirements on the senators, resurrects the Yard, and requires that all GUSA meetings be open to the student body.

The team of Paul Evert (SFS '86) and Marguerite Fletcher (SFS '86) won election to the offices of president and vice-president of the new GUSA on February 23. They aimed at assuring adequate student representation on the Five Year Plan board as well as student input in the planning of the new student center.

A charter for the new Georgetown Program Board to replace the disbanded SEC was approved in mid-February. The new constitution, though providing for a substantial number of administrative checks and balances of GPB's power, maintains
student control. SG President Flip Casper led the student Ad Hoc Committee on Entertainment which held a long series of meetings to develop the new GPB.

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The Georgetown University Student Federal Credit Union celebrated its first anniversary March 1. President Kyle Stevenson happily noted that GUSF-CU is "four to five times as big as we thought it would be." During its first year GUSF-CU accumulated 600 accounts worth over $300,000.

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The final "Sportsquiz" match was hosted by WROX March 3. Junior sports wiz Hank Stern led "We Owe You One" to victory over the "Center Pub" to whom "We Owe You One" had lost in 1983. The winning team was rewarded with a free trip to New York to watch the Big East Basketball Tournament. Sportsquiz attracted much media attention this year including coverage by Post, USA Today, and local television and radio stations.

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The GU Young Americans for Freedom encountered some difficulty when they attempted to hold a forum March 6 on upcoming elections in El Salvador. The US Department of State prevented the appearance of Roberto D'Aubisson, the most controversial speaker, because of his cruel and numerous violations of human rights. Furthermore, in response to a large student demonstration opposing the forum, the university issued a last minute order requiring YAF to hire efforts of GUPS and DC Metro Police, the facts of Buckner's disappearance remain unknown.

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The week before Spring Break Chris Buckner (SFS '87) disappeared mysteriously. He left suddenly, leaving no indication of where he was going and taking very little money with him. Despite the
additional security which they were unable to afford.  

The Hoyas entered the Big East Tournament having clinched the regular season title with a 14-2 record in the conference and emerged as the first team ever to win both the regular and post season titles.

1983-84 Hoyas was Houston and its formidable Akeem Olajuwon. Once again, what had appeared superior compared to other teams became less apparent when confronted by the talented, well-rounded Georgetown team. Hoyas 84, Cougars 75.

Following this championship victory, nearly the entire campus converged on Healy Circle from which it then made its way to the corner of M St. and Wisconsin Ave. where traffic was halted for almost
two hours while the celebration continued.

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The success of the 1983-84 basketball team did not prevent the media from bad-mouthing the GU basketball program. "Hoya Paranoia" became one of the most written about topics. Sports Illustrated writer Curry Kirkpatrick created a tremendous furor on campus with a March 19 article that reflected his frustration in dealing with Coach John Thompson's policy toward the press of limited access to his team.

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CBS sportscaster Brent Musberger complained about the overly aggressive play of Michael Graham and GU's intimidating style of play following the GU-Dayton game in the NCAA's. The next week at the Final Four in Seattle, Hoya fans subjected Musberger to the chant, "Say you're sorry!"

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2,500 cheering Hoya fans were waiting in Healy Circle when the team came home two days after the victory. Coach Thompson received a wild cheer when he announced that Musberger had apologized, "But who needs an apology when you have the national championship?"

Seniors Freddie Brown and Gene Smith spoke but Thompson ignored calls for Michael Graham to speak, saying, "You know that freshmen have nothing to say." So, Hoya Paranoia applies even to GU students.

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"Tuition Rebate Due From NCAA Title" read the headline of the April 6 edition of The Hoya. It was only an April Fool's joke, however, and the real Hoya appeared the next day.

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The Student Coalition Against Apartheid and Racism sponsored a series of activities during the first week of April designed to increase student awareness of South Africa's apartheid policy. Later that month the student Coalition for Responsible Investment sponsored a drive to collect
signatures for a petition demanding that the university divest all its holdings in companies that do business in South Africa.

This year's Senior Auction, held April 7, was the most successful ever. Nearly 1,000 students paid a dollar to bid in the auction which included such things as the right to live in a Nevils apartment (sold for $4,850) and a trip to San Francisco ($1,000), the two highest bids of the night.

Sophomore David Mudd took first place in his age group (19 and under) and ninth place overall in the Cherry Blossom Marathon April 8.

Carbet IX played to a sold-out Hall of Nations audience for five nights during the last week of April. The production showcased the artistic, musical, and comical talents of GU students.

Although the "Spring Fever" was not quite a "Blowout Weekend", the campus did enjoy an entertaining break before final exams began. Clarence Clemens and the Red Band Rockers played to an enthusiastic crowd outside McDonough Gym on Saturday afternoon; other activities included a Barefoot Ball that night and a talent show and an airband contest on Sunday.

The virus thought to cause AIDS was discovered in April by teams of researchers in both the US and France. This discovery will hopefully lead to a vaccine to prevent this disease which has killed over 1,700 since it was identified in 1981.

A graduate student was stabbed while studying in Lauinger Library on the night of May 3. The assailant, a former GU student, periodically employed by the library, apparently had stolen the knife a short while earlier from the Cafe.

This year's extremely successful Senior Week (complete with loads of mud trucked in for the Crawl) led the Class of '84 to its Commencement on May 27. Father Healy, fearing rain, asked the graduates to move to their school's respective rainsights. The united student body loudly refused, though, and graduation was held on the Lawn as the skies cleared. The South African playwright Harold Fugard, a leading voice against apartheid in his home country, spoke to the class.
Psychiatrists have noted that leaving home for college is one of the most traumatic events in a person's life. Needless to say, everyone's experience is different, but few from the Class of '84 made that journey four summers ago without some unsettling collage of feelings. There were the fears of academic failure. There were the apprehensions about what the roommate and living conditions would be like. Then there were the concerns, small for some, overpowering for others, that the entire challenge in this new environment filled with unknowns and away from the safety and comfort of home would be too great a hurdle to leap.

That was then. Looking back, many of the worries we had were just plain silly, though natural. Others faded quickly as we found our footing and became better acquainted with where we were, what we could gain from being here, and what was expected of us in various quarters of campus life. Then again, some of the less pleasant premonitions we had came true in forms more horrible than we could have ever imagined. It could have been the incompatible roommate, the failing grade, or something as serious as confronting an armed robber. And there we were, in the "big city" and mom and dad might as well have been light years away.

The tail end of the teen years are still growing years and thus there were the accompanying proverbial pains. There were the nights of overindulgence and the mornings of unbearable aches. There was love found, lost, found again, and then lost once more and only cloudy memories remained. There was the tense last-minute cramming and the chilling sensation of certain defeat. Sometimes the Lord had mercy and sometimes he didn't, but in the end, as Florida beach bum Jimmy Buffett once put it, it was usually our "own damn fault." Some of us shredded our laundry while others, attempting a fast break from institutional food, learned the cruel realities of Center Cafe lines, raw Roy Rogers burgers, or burnt home cooking. And then we thought of mom.

Through it all, however, we persevered. The comfort of having our parents' bedroom down the hall was no longer with us and thus we knew we had to make it on our own. We didn't give up because there was too much at stake, too much to gain, and too much ambition driving us to prove something or get somewhere.

The responsibilities which we had lightly taken for granted as ones for which the parents were responsible for soon became ours. After all, we really could not mail our dirty shirts home for cleaning. We were now responsible for feeding ourselves, and not just for most meals, but for all of them. No one would badger us to sit down at the dinner table. Within the space of just a few days, back in the early fall, 1980, the "space" we had to move in increased tenfold. We could come home on Friday night, or Wednesday night, or Thursday night ... What curfews we had lived under were gone. When we came home we did so because we wanted to, not because we were ordered to. We surprised ourselves, however, on those occasions when we went to bed before 1:00 a.m. because we felt like it, as tests, jobs or athletic extracurriculars urged us to get some sleep.

There was, especially in the beginning, the subtle realization that we were in this together. We all had gaps in our lives previously filled by someone else, including the people how brought us into the world. We sought warmth in others and offered an outstretched hand to friends in need, knowing that such a gesture could make the difference. We all struggled to stay on our feet, some succeeding better than others.

Fortunately, not only did we have one another, but we also had other special peo-
people and institutions to turn to: the corridor, Jezzies, the Counseling Center, freshman-year R.A.'s, and trusted professors, who helped us if we wanted them to. Of course, mom and dad were only a phone call away, but one cannot spend one’s life on the telephone, or at home, and we were coming to realize that. The frustrations and the setbacks took their toll and we wondered how we were going to make it through tomorrow. But we did make it through tomorrow, and the next day, and the day after that, and all the days that have since followed. There was something intriguing and important about this independence bit, Georgetown-style. The nest we left was always there to return to for encouragement, and we began to set the lining for our own. And we continue to do so today.

Bart Ede, CAS '84
Community Action Coalition is the largest student-run organization on campus. Since its creation in 1976 CAC has continued its efforts to bind the university and the city in which it is located, while benefitting the community. Programs include Sursum Corda Tutoring, helping at St. Elizabeth’s Hospital, shelter for the homeless and Lorton Prison. Perhaps CAC’s outlook can best be summed up as follows: “Good fences make good neighbors … but open doors make better ones.”
The District Action Project is located on First Copley. This serves as the starting point for its ventures “Beyond the Gates”. Every “DAPer”, whether they’ve gone tutoring, spent a night at a shelter or a week in Appalachia, returns to share experiences, creating a sense of community and a concern for others.

Since 1976, Alpha Phi Omega has provided many hours of service to the Georgetown community. The co-ed fraternity sponsors the popular “Ugliest Person on Campus Contest” and the Dance Marathon to raise money for the Edward E. Power Memorial Scholarship.
Casino Night
Winding out I-395, twenty miles from D.C., I make my way through the heavy traffic and depart from the freeway at Exit 55: Lorton and Gunston Hall. On the outskirts of the small Virginian town of Lorton, I enter a gravel driveway which takes me to "the wall" and head toward checkpoint. Once inside this small, gray building, I greet the security officer, sign the volunteer book, and wait for my name to be called into Control. Next, I pass through an electronic scanner, empty my pockets, open my back-pack, and outstretch my arms as the security officer frisks me. What has now become a routine procedure was at first an awkward situation: two hands methodically scanning me for contraband. After a quick reshuffling of my belongings, I follow a waiting guard who escorts me into the courtyard "behind the wall".

My classroom, small and stark, filled with donated cast-off books, a teacher's desks, and chairs, provides a sharp contrast to the spacious lecture halls and labs I encounter at Georgetown. Each day as I begin my classes, my view of "the wall" from the windows which line the back of the library provides me with a constant reminder of where I am. My background and the experiences in my life are extremely different from those of the men I teach, yet each week we spend two mornings together. I teach them how to read and write, but we both end up learning. They learn about books — I learn about life.

Teaching "behind the wall" is often frustration. I continually confront the challenge of igniting a desire for learning in my incarcerated students. Week after week I observe their struggles of wanting to learn, wanting to be productive, yet always having that twenty or thirty year sentence in the back of their minds — knowing that only then can they walk out the gate without the weight of handcuffs and legchains. I try to help them over-
come the obstacles they face daily and to penetrate their insecurities about learning.

My involvement at Lorton and in other CAC programs allows me to integrate my experiences at Georgetown with life in the inner-city. It has made a large impact on my four years at Georgetown. It not only gave me a new perspective on education but a deeper appreciation of what Georgetown has to offer as well. Although life "beyond Healy Gates" doesn't have to mean teaching "behind the wall" at Lorton Prison, CAC can provide the opportunity to integrate community and education through service.

Mary Pieschel, CAS '84
Students of Georgetown, Inc., also known as The Corp, was organized by students in 1972 and is still owned and operated by full-time students. The non-profit organization is responsible for such services as Vital Vittles, Saxa Sundries, Student Travel, Corp Advertising, the Copying Service and the Typing Service. It employs some 120 students each year. In addition, the Corp organizes the semi-annual Book Co-Op and this year added a much needed Summer Storage Service to its repertoire of services. The Corp also awards two scholarships each spring to students exemplifying its motto: Students Serving Students.

The International Relations Club is a student organization dedicated to increasing knowledge and appreciation of international affairs among the undergraduate student body at Georgetown University. Besides numerous lectures and symposia, it also sponsors the North American Invitational Model United Nations (NAIMUN) each year.
AIESEC-Georgetown, the international association of students in economics and business management, is part of the largest totally student-run corporation in the world. 1983-84 was an outstanding year for the Georgetown chapter. Sales increased 200% AIESEC-Georgetown was recognized for its achievements by the national organization in December, by receiving an "Excellent" rating for the first time and an award for the most outstanding projects in the U.S.
In our years at Georgetown, how many of us really spent most of our time going to classes and studying? Georgetown students seem unique in the way that we are all almost hopelessly overburdened with outside interests, so much so that school often seems to be the last thing on our minds.

I guess in a way that is good; the things we remember about college are not “Introduction to Philosophy” classes, or reserve reading in “The Politics of Economic Theology”. Sure, there are things we miss by not focusing solely on academics, but studies aren’t always the most important thing.

For many people, one of the most dominant memories at Georgetown, aside from Thursday night at the Pub or late night gyro-runs, might be an internship in D.C., après-real-life visit into the wild, wacky, wonderful world of Washington. Can you picture it now? Young, naive sophomore, uneducated in the Washington establishment, calls a Congressman, and soon he’s directing national policy in the House. You say the media is important in American politics? Haven’t you dreamed of having your journalism internship turn into the next Watergate for the Post?

We all know it’s not going to happen that way. In fact, we’re probably all a little bit scared of what might happen if we did all that we said we wanted to. Nonetheless, each time we tell our internship stories, they get better and better, and we’ll look back with fond memories on something in college that actually helped us in the real world.

First of all, there was Capitol Hill. The Congress at our feet. Giving speeches, writing laws, engaging in partisan rhetoric with high political stakes and important national consequences. Or maybe we only opened letters and answered phones. But we didn’t mind; we were still there, where it all happens.

I can remember spending six months working for a Congressman who, as far as I knew, didn’t exist. He was campaigning back in Ohio, and hadn’t been seen in the office in months. A voting record? Policy stands? Be serious now.

Still, I’d write speeches that wouldn’t be given, letters that wouldn’t be sent, and brief myself on bills that my boss would never hear about. The wheels of government never stop.

When he finally did show up to give the beautiful floor speech you’d just written, he deferred at the end of it to his distinguished colleague from Louisiana, and the colleague, in the infinite politeness of Congress, told him to “Take his time and shove it.” Ah, the beauty of politics.

Then there was the next job. I figured public relations would be nice and peaceful. No media attack everyday, no lobbyist, no constituents, no pompous congressional aides? Wrong. My boss was a wild woman, a veritable hell on wheels. But the stories that circulated were amazing. About the time she went to lunch with a prospective male client, only to return with the previously-noted run in her stocking on the other leg. How about the time she entertained two clients at dinner, same time, same place, different tables? And they never guessed?

But there’s more than the work. Friendships come out, advice, connections, doors that swing open more easily, greased by that most important Washington oil, the knowing of “someone”.

74 / student life
Through it all, we loved it. It's Washington. Some of us won't be back, others will spend our lives here, but it will never leave us. The friends and the memories will remain. We know it was worth it, even if you did skip a little reading from history and didn't go to Yates like you promised yourself. But you're a part of something different. Yates can wait. You've got to do what you can, while you've got the opportunity. You'll never have a better chance than being here.

Kirk J. Nahra, CAS '84
The 1983-84 school year was one filled with milestones for The Hoya. The staff put out more issues than in recent years including Freshman Orientation, the Final Four and Graduation specials editions. As a result of efforts by the advertising and business sections in cooperation with the editorial side, the largest issue in the Hoya's 64 year history marked Homecoming in October. The Hoya news staff worked hard covering the campus and the local area.

The Georgetown Voice serves the campus as a news/features magazine, examining subjects of interest to the student body. The Voice had an excellent year, both financially and journalistically. Starting the year thousands of dollars in debt, the Voice ended up in the black. Also, two writers were given the Bunn Campus Journalism Award. The Arts Editor was awarded a scholarship for his work.
WROX completed its second year of service to the Georgetown campus this year. The AM carrier station provided music of a broad variety, informative news broadcasts and news features of special interest to GU students. WROX also sponsored the highly successful and extremely popular Airband Contest and Sportsquiz competition.
Piercing
The Night

Time: 11:45 p.m.
Place: Pierce Reading Room
Occasion: Routine Cramming
Click . . . Click . . . Buzz!
"Attention please! The Circulation Department is now closed. All other areas of the library will be closing in 15 minutes. The Pierce Reading Room will remain open until 3 a.m. Thank you . . ." Buzz . . . Click!
— Hey Dave! Check out that awesome blonde at the round table.
— Excuse me. Is this seat taken?
— Hey John! Up for a "Vittles Run"?
— Damn, it's hot as hell in here.
— Guys, I don't mean to bitch, but would you please mind going outside to talk?
— Rob! Rob! Wake up! You're drooling all over your chem notes.
— Click! Crack! Fizzzz! . . . Slurp, slurp— (coke cans being opened and consumed).

Sound familiar? If it doesn't it's time you reconsidered your study habits. Cramming in a dorm room is just not cool. It's too conducive to studying, it's a socially sterile environment and — God forbid — it really does improve your G.P.A.

Pierce instead . . . now that's the place to be! If you ever had a Stones-loving neighbor with a 200 watt stereo, a mountain of putrid laundry sitting in on your desk, a roommate with an incredible sex drive and a bunny as a girlfriend, a congenital allergy to the air in Med-Dent or simply an irreversible tendency to procrastinate, then Pierce is your best bet for some caffeine-induced late night cramming.

Indeed, Pierce is an institution, a way of life, a drug.

There are some things you'll never forget about Lauinger's 3rd floor social center and of the library in general.

One of these is the people.

There are all kinds of people in the library: losers, procrastinators, crammers, preps, euros, even Jesuits and bums.

The "born loser" is the cornerstone of the Georgetown library system. If it weren't for him the administration would have built a new Pub instead of Lauinger. The repulsive aspect of this alienated and shady character is that he really takes the library seriously. He actually goes there to study! His pastures are the carrel regions of fifth floor, his companions and friends are the bookshelves, his motto is "No Food or Drinks in the Library". He's the first one in at 8 a.m. when the building opens. Typically, he is a philosophy or theology major and will become a Brother his sophomore year.

At a slightly higher social level and completely oblivious to the loser's existence are a group of people whom every Hoya is surely familiar with. These individuals like to think of themselves as a part of the old continent. If someone asks them where they're from, their reply inevitably will be Britain, Paris (Paris, they will tell you, is completely different from France!), Belgium or Italy; you soon discover that they are really from New Jersey or Pennsylvania.

These individuals start their day at noon on the benches outside Lauinger. Around 5 p.m. they move indoors, to the benches in Pierce lobby. Smoking,
arguing. Walkmans and art are their favorite hobbies. French and Arabic are their preferred languages. Occasionally Italian, German or Spanish will suffice. English is used with reluctance and chagrin — only on their Medieval Architecture or Chaucer final. Walking into Pierce they are visible on your right side. The white socks, black loafers, Gitane or J.P.S., smoke and lots of noise are clues to their presence.

Among the most graceful frequenters of Pierce are those individuals living on the threshold between soap opera and real life. Usually referred to as the "beautiful people", they often form "perfect couples" among themselves. He's tall, tanned and well groomed, a G.Q. type. She's beautiful, blonde and impeccably dressed, simply awesome. They always sit within touching distance and in front of each other so she can see her beauty reflected in his mirrored "shades" which, rumor has it, he wears even to bed. Their stay in the library is never protracted beyond two hours: their beauty has been said to suffer from a prolonged presence in public.

The list of stereotypical Pierce frequenters is long and varied. As a permanent resident of Pierce I have come to know them all, from the hard-core neurotic premed to the somnolent and odoriferous M Street bum to the unintelligible and clueless exchange student from Ecuador. Despite the "Funny Farm" appearance, which might scare off newcomers and terrorize uninitiated freshmen, Pierce offers a warm hospitable environment in which to socialize, sleep and study.

The staunch "Pierceomans", however, are the true owners of the locale. They
arrive no earlier than 10 p.m., after their evening nap. Immediately upon arrival they pay due honors to their friends while simultaneously keeping an eye out for the rare and treasured vacant spot. Once they settle down in a seat the fine art of procrastination begins. Talking to friends is among the most common ways of helping time fly by. It is accomplished best and most skillfully by upperclassmen, especially seniors, who happen to know practically everybody in the library. With the greatest ease, they graciously slip from carrel to sofa to desk while engaging in long and pointless (but effective) time-wasting conversations with their innumerable acquaintances and friends.

A second way of procrastinating is to blankly stare into the distance or at the wall of your carrel. Often this practice is alternated with the activity known as "scoping". Mostly a male dominated sport, scoping is best performed from an open desk close to the "Durkin Collection" and facing the reference area. This arrangement offers a complete and unobstructed view of Pierce.
The half hour snooze, reading or writing graffiti, rearranging notes and devising (mind you, devising, not following) a detailed study plan are other favorite pastimes. Occasionally, between “Vittle runs” and visits to the periodicals section, some Pierceonians will hit the books. The best time of year for the true Pierce enthusiast is around finals spring semester. Mild weather and around the clock library hours allow them to enjoy such delicacies as Eggs Benedict at Au Pied de Cochon, greasy fries at the Georgetown Cafe (better known as the P.L.O. Cafe for its Middle East connections) or a microwaved pizza at Seven Eleven. Like Pierce, all these establishments are open 24 hours a day and are more than willing to serve the fuel and shelter necessary for a hungry and tired Hoya.

Whether it be cramming for an exam, dancing on the reference desk after the Hoyas’ historical upset of Kentucky or simply enjoying the beautiful sheltered life of college, residing in Pierce has been an unforgettable experience.

To all past, present and future Pierceonians from a true Pierceonian, remember the people you’ve met, the fun you’ve had, the things you’ve eaten and the caffeine you’ve tolerated. Remember all you’ve done at Georgetown and all you’ve experienced.

It’s that real world after Georgetown. Here we go Hoyas, here we go!

Richard Zen, CAS ’84
The Chimes, an all male vocal group, was initiated in 1946 and has been a Georgetown institution ever since. Their total membership exceeds 125, with seven performers currently on campus. This past year, they have appeared at a number of campus functions including Parents' Weekend and Freshman Orientation, in addition to their traditional performances at the Tombs.
The Georgetown Emergency Response Medical Service (GERMS) became formally established on campus this year. 45 active members are involved in GERMS operations; all are certified Emergency Medical Technicians. Fundraising this year has focused on the purchase of a needed second ambulance to expand their emergency service and the maintenance of insurance for the volunteers.

The G.U. Pep Band provided immeasurable support to the Hoyas this past year. Their faithful performance at the Cap Center boosted school spirit as the basketball team worked toward the national title. Band members travelled as far as Seattle where they rallied fans in celebration of the Hoya's victory.
The three of us embarked for Ireland first, armed with more than just our Eurail passes and travel brochures. We were all Americans studying abroad for the year and we all had claims to some degree of Irish blood flowing through our veins. We wanted this trip to the Emerald Isle to mean something, like it had meant to all of the generations before us who had told us the stories and sung us the songs.

And when we started our first walk through "Dublin's fair city", through the wet, tumbledown grime of the streets and the unattractive pubs equipped with juke boxes rather than minstrel singers, we shook off the initial disappointment and looked forward to moving west. The western counties were the ones that we had heard about anyway, more wild and rural, less populated. As we rode the trains through the poverty of the countryside, however, we braced ourselves for the possibility of shattered illusions.

Thurles, Ireland. No place we had ever heard of. We knew we were somewhere in the middle of County Kilkenny in the middle of Ireland. Thanks to the scarcity of trains, we had at least five hours to layover in Thurles before we would be able to finish the last leg of our journey to the west coast, and the promised rustic beauty of Dingle Bay. Chilled to the bone and sick of train stations, we decided to wander into town.

Thurles offered bleak prospects for excitement, to say the least. We faced one main street with suggestions of industrial origins, and a few blinking neon signs seemed to be the only indications of life. We chose a pub at random, and hurried inside for warmth.

The interior was decidedly unimpressive. In fact, what seemed to attract the most attention were the three of us dressed at TAT's (Typical American Tourists) and lugging heavy backpacks, we felt as out of place as we must have looked to that crowd of Thurles regulars. No one turned us away, however, and so we ordered a round of Guinness. And then another. And then another, until they were as used to us as we were becoming used to them. As the evening wore on, more and more rugged-looking men with ruddy faces and dirt under their fingernails began to trickle in, obviously ready for a few hours of deserved relaxation.

The cherubic old man at the bar was named William Langley, and, to hear him tell it, his ancestors had practically founded this country. Could he buy two pretty ladies and their handsome young escort a drink? And you're from Tennessee, are you? Have you heard the song "Sam McGee from Tennessee"? Frankly, we hadn't, but we eagerly asked if he knew...
any more Irish songs. Hey lads! These Americans want to know if we know any songs! I suppose you'll be wantin' the traditional variety, now, won't you? Laughter echoed around the room, as the friendly faces decided to establish a tradeoff. If we would sing a little Nashville country music, they would respond in turn with those old Irish standbys we craved.

And so the fun began. After a few nervous moments trying to remember a vaguely familiar Hank Williams tune on my own, everybody got into the act to help out. We were singing Irish ballads, they were singing country music ballads, and vice-versa. The beer taps flowed, while a forgetful, delighted bartender left the cash register untouched. And the highlight of the evening came when a short, scruffy blond fellow, who had been mumbling unintelligibly to us all night long, offered a ringing version of "Danny Boy" in perfect tenor pitch. It was the most beautiful rendition that any of us could ever remember hearing.

It all seemed too good to be true until somebody looked at a watch. We had five minutes to catch the train. We cried hurried, regretful goodbyes, promising to return, and rushed out into the night toward a train whistle deep in the heart of Ireland.

*Katharine Segenthaler, CAS 84*
The function of Georgetown University Right-to-Life is an educational one. Students, administrators, faculty and alumni attempt to promote life in all of its forms and stages. It deals with various issues in addition to abortion, such as euthanasia and in-vitro fertilization. To this end the group sponsored lectures on nuclear energy and abortion.

Amnesty International is a worldwide non-partisan human rights organization whose efforts merited the 1977 Nobel Peace Prize. It works for the fair and prompt trial for all political prisoners, the release of all prisoners of conscience and the abolition of torture and the death penalty. The campus group has worked toward the goal of abolishing the death penalty in the United States and the release of a Soviet student.
The Georgetown Young Americans for Freedom (YAF) is a non-partisan political youth group. It sponsors speakers and forums, as well as publishing information in an effort to develop those skills it sees as necessary for future leaders of the United States.
The swirling lights of the mirrored ball reflect off the black and silver palm trees and crescent moons and form a fantasy world in a room which only a few days before had been the lifeless Hall of Nations.

Throngs of people frenetically move about, dancing and yelling and pouring beer, the college students' ambrosia, down their throats faster than they can swallow. Enamored couples sway to the pulsating music of the band and let themselves be tossed into the frenzy of the excitement that characterizes the evening. And the champagne flows.

The Hall of Nations can barely contain such an atmosphere of explosive energy, dynamic entertainment and excitement. It is college life at its best. It is friendship and comradere among performers, band members and workers. It is magical. It is
The events preceding these five April nights begin in October, when a small group of possessed G.U. students decide to devote the next eight months of their lives to an event whose sole purpose is to entertain their fellow students. For the next months, these students commit time and energy to the organizational, as well as creative, aspects of the glorious five-night affair. It is considered by many to be the most outstanding event of the school year.

At last, opening night arrives. During the day, decorators scurry to ensure that the Hall of Nations will be amply disguised. Organizers set the tables up quickly and with precision. Nervous waitresses, hostesses and maître d's readily receive instructions so they will be prepared to handle the enormous crowd of happy, rowdy students. As it gets closer to show-time, performers gather backstage, some nervously wringing their hands, others calmly shooting the breeze. Band members stroll in and out of the area, confident of the songs on which they have worked so diligently.

Finally, the moment arrives. The band begins and the crowd grows more excited. The performers lock hands in a sign of support and the most fabulous night of entertainment at Georgetown begins.

*Cabaret* is not only a showcase for the most talented performers at Georgetown, but it is a long labor of love done for students by students. It is joy, it is love, it is laughter. We thank you for having shared it with us.

Arlene Lotii, SFS '85
and Tim Redmond, CAS '85
The student athlete has been the focus of much discussion at universities across the nation. Critics wonder if this strange beast, this combination of full-time scholar and dedicated team member, exists anywhere. Georgetown University goes to great lengths to prove that a student can participate in the competitive and pressure-filled world of college athletics without sacrificing the quality of the effort in either endeavor. Perhaps, though, there is another question lurking beneath this inquiry. When someone asks how a student can balance a full schedule of athletics and academics, he often follows this question by asking, "Why bother?" Even though it is possible to compete and study, can the strain that is placed upon the physical, mental and social life of the individual be worth it? Moreover, don't you miss out on the "college experience" by cluttering up your life with workouts and roadtrips?

Everyone knows someone who rows at Georgetown. Maybe it's the guy on your dorm floor whom you never see until Saturday night. Or perhaps she has the single in your Henle because you don't feel like seeing her off to practice at 5:00 a.m. In these situations, the question "Why row?" is often asked. This is merely a more specific version of the "Why bother?" question. Although I have rowed for three years, I still don't have a simple or straightforward answer. Most rower's response would include the concepts of competi-

Why Bother?
tion, extended physical and mental limits, pure enjoyment of sport, or friendship. However, the experience which I believe every member of the crew would cite in their response is the feeling of pride and enjoyment we get from representing Georgetown in competition.

To be a student-athlete is to make sacrifices. One of these sacrifices is to occasionally surrender your solitude and independence and to work as part of a team. I could not make it through our all-too-numerous workouts were it not for my teammates. In working together we achieve more than we ever could alone. This group effort fosters the athletic community which the crew is known for. But we, the crew, are part of a larger community of Georgetown University. When we travel we are greeted with respect and admiration, for the academic and athletic reputation of the University precedes us. When we race, we are individuals and we are a crew, but the blue and gray we wear attests that we are Georgetown.

The student-athlete necessarily misses out on a part of the college experience. Practices, roadtrips, missed classes and jobs all take their toll on our lives. But I’ve never met an oarsman who felt cheated upon graduation. We experience Georgetown in a different way. Our sacrifices are compensated for by our enjoyment of rowing, the highs of successes that come from our hard work and the pride we take in being Georgetown’s crew.

Neil L. Lane, CAS '85
Mask and Bauble
Anatomy of a Final Paper

9:20 a.m.: I'm up and out of bed, resolved to make good on my promise to Dr. Brown. I had assured her that the gracious extension she gave me on my 25-page paper would not be wasted. Of course, I knew when I asked for the extension that I would continue to blow off my "masterpiece" until the last possible moment — it was inevitable. The paper was due last week and she gave me until tomorrow to finish it. Luckily, I've already finished the research (at 4:00 a.m. this morning, to be exact). Now all I have to do is write and type it by this time tomorrow.

10:15 a.m.: Introduction not flowing. I think I'll go to Yates to meditate on the thesis sentence.

12:36 p.m.: After a lot of sweat and a few attempted slam dunks, I'm sure that Pat Ewing's spot on the team is safe. The intro, albeit rough, is done. I think I'll reward myself with lunch at the Cafe.

2:50 p.m.: The combination of Yates, lunch and last night's research has taken its toll. I'm going to take a nap. Besides, footnoting every other sentence is getting to be a bit tedious. Will get up at 3:30 to resume the work.

5:13 p.m.: My God, was I tired! I might as well go to Marriot first. One ordeal after another, it seems.

7:00 p.m.: Well, 10 hours later and I'm only on page 6. I hope Dr. Brown's late for her office hours tomorrow. Hopefully, I'll get on a roll soon.

9:41 p.m.: Leaving for a Vittles run. There better be plenty of Coke left or I'll have to rampage through Saxa's looking for Pepsi. Made it up to page 9.

10:10 p.m.: Vittles had been pillaged. I grabbed two six-packs of Mountain Dew and some of that General Foods International Coffee (Mint Mocha). Nasty stuff, but it should keep me going. I should call Marie to see if she'll type the paper for me.

12:07 a.m.: I don't even know what I'm writing anymore! I know I'm up to footnote 71 and page 19. The end is still not in sight. I think I actually did too much research . . .

12:34 a.m.: Going to watch Letterman over at Tom and John's. Page 21 is complete but at this point I'll have to omit the last chapter. Hope Dorothy doesn't notice!

2:06 a.m.: Just returned from Trincus! Tom and John twisted my arm into going. Those fools are taking a Con Law exam tomorrow (or should I say this afternoon?) I'm going to try to finish the conclusion by 3:00 a.m.

3:31 a.m.: Started typing. I downed a couple of cans of Mountain Dew trying to get the taste of Gyros out of my mouth. I'll call Marie to see if she's still up.

4:12 a.m.: Thank God, Marie made it over here. She agreed to type the paper in exchange for my firstborn or some monetary equivalent to be discussed at a later date. She's already on page 5.

6:22 a.m.: Marie's beginning to falter. I offered to take over but she just sort of snorted at me and kept bashing away. She's also depleted the supply of Mountain Dew and half of that awful Mocha.

7:45 a.m.: Starting to get nervous. I couldn't admire the sunrise — the paper's due at 10 and Marie just finished page 17.

8:15 a.m.: Marie quit! I guess it's because I suggested that she speed up. She suggested that I do something physically impossible with the paper. I'll show my
appreciation in a more suitable fashion later.

9:58 a.m.: The tower bell is tolling and I'm on page 21. I'll try to get it to her by 11:30.

11:14 a.m.: At last — finished! I hope she's at her office and not at some department meeting.

11:48 a.m.: How embarrassing! I interrupted a meeting with Fr. Freeze to give Dr. Brown the paper. She glanced at my appearance and wryly joked that I could use a few pointers from Horatio Alger in diligence, temperance and most of all, promptness. More than a little embarrassed, I agreed. I guess I'll start Father King's paper now — before I collapse. Then again, maybe tomorrow?

John F. Klopf, CAS '84
Sports
FALL SPORTS

Athletics play an influential role in the education of the young and their quest for self-realization. . . . I don’t see myself as a coach but as an educator.

Athletic Director Francis X. Rienzo, The Hoya, May 8, 1970 and Hoya Saxa, Volume 12, November 7 and 8.

Dedication. Practice. Self-Discipline. Both the intercollegiate athlete and the intellectual require each of these characteristics to effectively pursue excellence in their endeavors. Whether in the classroom or on the playing field, both the student and the competitor must possess an inner spirit of enthusiasm for the task at hand in order to drive them to persevere, even in the midst of torturous adversity.

From a Women's lacrosse game on the artificial turf of Kehoe Field atop Yates fieldhouse to a men's soccer match on the natural grass of Harbin field, intercollegiate sports are an integral aspect of the educational experience at Georgetown University. Indeed, in the most intense form of athletics on the university level, Georgetown's intercollegiate student-athletes strive for excellence in competition against opponents from institutions across the nation with, according to Georgetown's Philosophy of Athletics, "winning as a goal and not an end."

I am forever optimistic.

Men's Soccer Head Coach Mike Dillon, before the start of the 1983 fall season.

This simple philosophy proved consoling for Coach Dillon and Football Coach Scotty Glacken, as their squads encountered staunch competition and difficult times due to injuries and tough schedules throughout their seasons. However, first-year coaches Dr. Kin Ng, Director of Women's Volleyball, and Sandy Inglis, Director of Women's Field Hockey, garnered brighter results as the leaves changed colors around Georgetown.

— Invigorated by Freshmen Krista Blomquist and Kirsten Westenburg, the volleyball squad defeated hometown rival George Mason University 15-12, 15-11 and 15-8 on September 20th.
— Senior goalkeeper Don Wall shut out St. Mary's College on September 14th by the score of 2-0 in the soccer team's initial match, but the team yielded 3-0 to a more talented eleven from George Washington University on September 17th.
— Senior goalie goalkeeper Don Wall shut out St. Mary's College on September 14th by the score of 2-0 in the soccer team's initial match, but the team yielded 3-0 to a more talented eleven from George Washington University on September 17th.
— While holding Mount Vernon College to a mere three shots on goal, the Field Hockey Team's 30-shot attack produced a 4-0 shutout on October 13th.
— After three straight losses to start the season, the football team bounced back with victories over Fordham University on October 8th and over St. Peter's College on October 15th. Coach Glacken remarked, "... all of a sudden our gentle-
men found out they could play."
— George Washington University fell in volleyball three games to one on October 5th, as senior middle blocker Karen McGlothlin and senior serving ace Meredith Zatorski inspired the Lady Hoyas.
— The soccer team downed Villanova 3-1 on October 15th, with senior goalkeeper Alfredo Rabassa in the nets.
— Behind a pair of goals by Christa McGill, the Field Hockey Team tied American University, a tough Division I school, 2-2 on October 18th.
Football
Volleyball
Soccer
Field Hockey
WINTER SPORTS

When I die, if I can't go to heaven, then take my body back to Georgetown.

Men's Basketball Head Coach John Thompson, after the Hoyas captured the 1984 NCAA Championship

Indeed, on the night of April 2nd in the kingdome in Seattle, Washington, Coach Thompson felt as if he had died and gone to heaven. Not much else needs to be said, although many did try to capture the moment, the year, of Georgetown's ultimate triumph. In other winter sports, the Women's Basketball Team posted a 10-15 record under first-year coach Cheryl Thompson. Although this record was the same as that of the previous season, the team faced tougher opposition, including three Top 20 teams. In addition, five of the team's six Big East losses were by two points or less. Also, the Crew team continued its preeminence in the Washington, D.C. area.

It says something about a coach's priorities. You have never let these young men forget that there is something more important for their being at Georgetown than basketball.

— President Ronald Reagan, speaking to John Thompson after the championship.

— On January 16th, Ann Gothard of the Women's Basketball Team was named the Big East Rookie of the Week for a 20 point, 20 rebound performance versus Syracuse and Pittsburgh.

— At the conclusion of the Women's Basketball season, Diane Toliver was named second team All-BIG EAST Conference, while Ann Gothard was named to the Conference All-Rookie team.

— The Men's Basketball Team defeated UNLV 69-67 on December 30th to capture the Las Vegas Classic title. David Wingate scored 45 points, including 21 of 21 from the free throw line, in the two game tournament.

— After a heartbreaking double overtime 65-63 defeat at the hands of Villanova in game 15, an understanding Coach Thompson revealed, "I'm not angry or disturbed or mad at any of the kids. They're not machines... We're wounded but we're not dead."

— "I wanted to show all these people I could play," explained Freshman Reggie Williams after Georgetown's 80-67 victory over Syracuse University before 30,758 Orangepeople in the Carrier Dome on January 30th.

— "It's that time of year, you've got that February fever..." Bill Martin noted after a 23 point, 15 rebound performance against Brigham Young University on February 11th. "You just go out there and play hard and that's what I did today."

— Coach Thompson, after the Hoyas's 61-49 wallop of Dayton University in the finals of the West Regional of the NCAA Championship, exclaimed, "It's time to get emotional... we're headed for the Final Four."

— "Georgetown has a great team," a frustrated Houston Cougars' Coach Guy Lewis remarked after his school's third consecutive loss in the finals of the NCAA tournament. "We have nothing to hang..."
"John Thompson shares the University's understanding that the one game that doesn't end is the growth in heart and mind of these young men," University President Timothy S. Healy noted. "Georgetown knows he is doing a good job."

"This year has been the hardest year of all for me," Coach Thompson concluded. "All sets of circumstances went on... We won cleanly, and that means something. I think we made some mistakes along the way, but everyone does." I didn't have a master plan for being a coach. I wanted to work with young people; I wanted to teach; I wanted to be an educator. That gave me the freedom to do it a different way. It worked out. It's great."
The View From Seattle

Heaven for a basketball junkie is the Final Four, and for this long-time Hoyan, heaven is now located in the Kingdome, Seattle, WA. It was here that a deep and talented team from "John Thompson's little Catholic dunk factory" was crowned national champions.

It was so much a victory for teamwork that I hesitate to single out individual players, but, whenever I recall the Kentucky game, I will always think first of Gene Smith. The Wildcats built up a twelve-point lead in the first twelve minutes and seemed to have matters well in hand. Guy V. Lewis and his Cougars decided to return to their motel, confident they would be facing Kentucky on Monday night. Too bad, they missed some great basketball. You had to see it to believe it. Gene and his friends began playing Total Defense and before Guy V. arrived at his motel the Hoyas were up by fourteen.

Midway through the second half Gene raced through the Kentucky defense and laid the ball on the front rim. We watched it hang there a few moments, then fall in. We cheered and didn't notice that Gene ran off the court, limping slightly. He was not to return to the lineup. It was Gene's last play in a Hoyan uniform, and fittingly it was at top speed.

Brent Musburger was no favorite of Georgetown fans because of his ill-advised criticisms of Michael Graham, yet CBS set up their broadcast platform only a few feet in front of the Hoyan student section. This meant that Brent had to sit there, smiling into the camera at the end of the Kentucky game, and announce that Michael Graham had been named MVP of the game, while right behind the camera hundreds of students were chanting at him, "Say You're Sorry! Say You're Sorry!"

In the championship game I was struck by Fred Brown's play. With Patrick on the bench he moved under the basket to help neutralize Olajuwon. Fred came up with three key rebounds in the final minutes of the first half, enabling the Hoyas to increase their half-time lead to ten points. Then at the end of the game and at the end of his career it was very satisfying to see Fred go back onto the court to run the delay game one last time. He made both ends of a one-and-one, giving the Hoyas an eight-point lead and sealing the championship. When they cut down the net, it was Fred Brown who wore it off the court.

Afterwards, the arena was filled with scenes: Patrick going over to comfort a sobbing Olajuwon ... John Thompson at midcourt trying to hear President Reagan over a faulty phone hook-up ... an apologetic Brent Musburger trying to get the coach for a post-game interview ... was that really Mary Fenlon helping to cut
down the nets?

After the final game I ran into Eric Floyd at the celebration. It was slightly awkward. Eric’s team had barely missed winning the national championship two years before. I wondered if he appreciated how much he had contributed to this night’s victory celebration. It was a truth Coach Thompson voiced in the locker room after the game. How did we get to this point? It took twelve years of Merlin Wilson and Jonathan Smith, of Derrick Jackson and Steve Martin, of Craig Shelton and John Duren, of Ed Spriggs and Eric Smith, and many others. The year before John Thompson came, the Hoyas won only three games. This year they only lost three, while winning thirty-four. You could say he turned the basketball program around.

William C. McFadden, S.J.
5 a.m., Healy Circle. Some eighty or so of Georgetown's truest fans boarded GUTS buses for National Airport, bound for a weekend of Destiny. A once in a lifetime experience, no doubt. Fortunately, for a dozen or so seniors, we were getting a second chance.

We were seniors who still remembered the GU Basketball of old, of McDonough Gym, of Mike Frazier, of leaving one's dorm at 7:45 for an 8:00 tipoff. Many of us had traveled to four straight Big East tournaments as well as a fair number of road games over our four years. But a shadow hung over our morning, a shadow dated March 29, 1982.

There we were, weary from three days of euphoria amidst Bourbon Street, cross-country bus travel, and Pat O'Brien's, a thousand strong in the Louisiana Superdome. Eric Floyd's desperation shot had just faded into history, while Fred Brown's pass to James Worthy endured the first of a thousand CNS-TV replays. We watched the seniors of '82 watch with tears and agony, for they saw a dream fall sixteen seconds short. We, as sophomores, could only hope for better times when our turn came.

Our turn came not in the "Crescent City," but in the "Emerald City"—Seattle. But as Eric Floyd and the white home uniforms had faded away, so had something more important. In New Orleans, the Hoyas were the tourney's Cinderella, replete with stories about postman-turned hoopster Ed Spriggs, financier Ron Blaylock, and the freshman phenom from Cambridge. The Cinderella Hoyas were replaced by a circus of "Hoya Paranoia," led by a ringmaster from Sports Illustrated, and GU was now known as the Evil Stepmother of the NCAA's. The pressure was on as the seniors sat in Section 106... and waited for our turn.

There we sat on Saturday, the 31st, in the semifinal. Down twelve with three minutes to go in the first half. Was our senior year drawing to an unglorious end one game too soon?

Then, with the force of a mighty river, the game turned. Through a defensive charge Stonewall (sic?) Jackson would have been proud of, the next twenty-three minutes of basketball ruffled fans from Seattle to Syracuse. The nation's grandest college dynasty, led by two seven-footers, shot 33 times, but made three. Nine percent. Even Mr. Kirkpatrick could sense that Monday night would be special.
Akeem Olajuwon himself couldn't stop the mighty Hoyas, as Destiny looked eastward. And there we were in another Dome, the Kingdome, two years and three days later. And as Fred Brown left the court to an emotional bear-hug from John Thompson, we knew our second chance had come true. Though we were thousands of miles from home, we were part of something that no celebration on M Street could describe. Soon, the players would receive the National Championship Trophy and individualized gold watches...set, by the way, on Eastern Standard Time days earlier. Destiny, they say, is a funny thing, indeed.

The names of those seniors who made the journeys are soon forgotten, to be replaced with unfamiliar names. Yet those seniors who have followed the team right through this tremendous event will share a special bond that will live forever. No matter if the '85 Hoyas are 30-1 or 1-30, the Seattle experience can never be taken away from all those who were there, and especially from us, the seniors.

For four years, we heard of our Hoyas as "next year's champions." This year's Hoyas suited us just fine.

John Reagan, SBA '84
The View From The Floor

It was early on a Friday morning, and we were boarding yet another plane. This would be our third trip to the West Coast in as many weeks—the last such trip for some of us. True, being a member of the GU Pep Band has its fringe benefits, the main one being getting all expenses paid to accompany the Hoyas in post-season play. Yet I still couldn't help wondering how far behind I would be in my school work after this trip. However, upon reminding myself that this was the Final Four, and for me the final chance to see the Hoyas win a national title as an undergraduate, such trivial apprehensions were soon dispelled.

On arrival we found Seattle to be sunny and warm, a majestic, clean city full of beautiful old houses and abounding with flowers. There were “Welcome NCAA” signs everywhere, and the people were unusually friendly. They all assured us they were true blue Hoya fans before politely asking us exactly where Georgetown was located, as well as the customary “What’s a Hoya?” Luckily, many of the band members were equipped with printed cards which had a full explanation on them. Any feelings I had about being in unfamiliar surroundings left as soon as I found an El Torito’s located next to our hotel.

The Kingdome was a great place to watch a game: it seated about half as many people as the Louisiana Superdome, and the 2,200 Hoya fans got much better seating than they did in New Orleans. The members of our band swapped pom-poms with the band from the University of Virginia in an act of East Coast solidarity, while the band from Kentucky violated band etiquette by trying to play over us. Justice was soon served as the Hoyas played one of the most memorable halves of defense in NCAA history to come from behind to beat the Wildcats. If anyone had dared have any sense of doubt as to our success in the Final Four, it was all eliminated by the end of the game. Choruses of HOYA SAXA filled the air as we all readied ourselves for the last stop on the long road to Seattle.

Perhaps the most memorable aspect of the trip to Seattle was the camaraderie shared by all Hoya fans who made the trip. Being the band’s designated Sign Woman, one of my functions was to excite the crowd during the introduction of the opposing starting five. In addition to my usual signs of “Who’s He?” and “Big Deal,” the newly coined “Twin What?” and “Phi Slama JoMama” got great reactions from the crowd.

The favorite target of our bubbling enthusiasm was Brent Musburger, the CBS sports announcer whose criticism of Georgetown, and Michael Graham in particular, did not endear him to many Hoyas. Throughout the Kentucky game, and for thirty minutes afterwards, Hoya fans berated him with a barrage of chants, such as “Say You’re Sorry,” “Paranoia.”
“Michael Graham,” and “NBC,” which the band followed up with a rendition of the NBC Sports theme song. After the final game against Houston, fans gave Brent a “Hoya Paranoia” T-shirt, which he finally donned, in an act of both surrender and appeasement, to chants of “Put it on!”

Each victory was followed by all-night parties in the hotel ballroom, where media people of all types competed with each other in order to interview us. Words could not describe the feeling of exhilaration we all felt after the victory over Houston. Having missed a national title by a single point in my sophomore year, we had been vindicated as seniors, on the last of a long series of treks made to support our Hoyas.

More important than any victory was the common bond formed among all the band members — something that I will treasure long after the thrill of victory has subsided. It was only fitting that we got to share such a time of intense jubilation together. The city of Seattle is hoping to host the Final Four again in 1989. We seniors can only hope to celebrate our fifth-year reunion in similar fashion.

Ann Marie Garman, S.J. ’84
Women's Basketball

![Basketball player in action](image1)

![Basketball player in action](image2)
Swimming
That's the thing that made this season different than the other ones. The team really worked hard to try to improve the things you can't really improve just based on talent. Working together, trying to play better doubles, and letting each other know that when they go out on the court, they are playing for the University; they are going to try as hard as they can and they are not going to give up.

Men's Tennis Coach Rich Bausch, after his team finished with a 8-6 record. Along with Coach Bausch's Men's Tennis Squad, the members of Georgetown's spring sports teams traded hard work and discipline for continued improvement in 984. Coach Ken Kelly's Baseball Team triumphed in over 30 games, for the first time in Georgetown history, while Coach Kathy Kemper, in her third year, directed the Women's Tennis Team to a 4-5 record. An upgraded Women's Lacrosse Team under Sandi Inglis accomplished a 5 win, 4 loss record, and second-year coach Bill Garrow's Men's Lacrosse Team, against Division I competition, compiled 4 wins and 9 losses. Indeed, the hot sun brightened the outlook for spring sports on the Hilltop this year.

— Junior centerfielder Steve Iannini led the Baseball Team in batting average (.487), runs (54), hits (76), runs batted in (56), stolen bases (49), and home runs (8).
— Lopsided wins over West Chester State (20-8) and local rival Catholic University (23-6) ended the Men's Lacrosse season. Against West Chester, Junior Paul Murphy accumulated four goals and three assists while Senior Jim Nagle, last year's outstanding offensive player and second leading scorer, added five goals and one assist.
— Mount Saint Mary's College needed a prayer against the Women's Lacrosse Team on April 11th, as the Lady Hoyas dished out a 17-4 beating. Freshmen midfielder Brooke Howestein, top scorer for the team with 23, knocked in two goals and had four assists, while senior captain Virginia "Ginny" Poole (with 18 goals for the year) added two to the tally.
— "Our record could have easily been 4-10 rather than 8-6 and it is all because they (the team) played together; they really played for each other," added Men's Tennis Coach Bausch.
— In what Coach Kemper called "one of the most intelligent matches I've ever seen in women's collegiate tennis," sophomore Rose Vittone defeated her opposition to win the Flight C singles crown at the Mid-Atlantic Women's Collegiate Tournament.
Assistant Coach Walter Krookman, after the Men’s Track Team placed a mediocre fourth in the Big East Track Championships at Syracuse, New York on February 18-19, explained that “we didn’t get any bad breaks, but we didn’t get any good breaks either — there was nothing surprising.”

Head Coach Pan Famaritus characterized the members of the Women’s Track Team as “the deepest, strongest, most talented group of middle distance runners we’ve had in my six years at Georgetown.”

“I was quite pleased in our overall performance,” Coach Kelly remarked, alluding to the Hoya Baseball Team’s 31-17 overall, 6-7 ECAC South, and 1-2 ECAC South Playoff records. “As this team grows older and learns the really believe in themselves, they are going to be very tough to beat.”

Men’s Tennis Coach Bausch revealed his feelings at the conclusion of the spring season. “I’ve team did not have as much innate talent as it’s had in the past few seasons, but the players worked to overcome their weaknesses, and should be proud of their accomplishments as a team.”

The Georgetown crew won six of nine races on May 5th to capture the Cadle Cup, the Washington, D.C. Metropolitan championship trophy.

Thus, it has been this spirit possessed by the administrators, the athletic directors, the coaches, the trainers and managers, the fans, and the athletes themselves which led to the success of the 1983-84 intercollegiate athletic teams at Georgetown on the Potomac.

Sport summaries compiled by Joseph DiLeo, CAS ’87
Baseball
Men’s Lacrosse
Women's Lacrosse
Crew
Tennis
Track
Academics
The Jesuits and Liberal Education

In 1528 Ignatius of Loyola limped into Paris to begin studies at the University. He was thirty-seven years old and a two-time academic dropout. He hardly seemed the one to reform the education of Europe or to found a group—the Jesuits—that would eventually establish twenty-eight colleges or universities in the newly discovered land that would become the United States. But Ignatius had something going for him: he had discovered himself in his freedom before God and had made a free decision. Decision—juzgar in Spanish—became a key word in the vocabulary of Ignatius. He was free as new men are free. He even wrote a Baedeker for the process, The Spiritual Exercises. Its purpose was to lead one to an “interior freedom” wherein one would “not be influenced in one’s decisions by inordinate attachments.” By 1534 Ignatius had gathered a circle of friends who became the first Jesuits. They had no intention of becoming educators; it took twelve years before they established their first school. But before the death of Ignatius, Jesuits were teaching throughout Europe and the lands of Japan, India, and Brazil.

Ignatius frequently referred to himself as “the pilgrim.” It was an apt word for a flexible man who had risen above the nationalism that was dividing Europe. It was the spirit of the pilgrim that Ignatius left to his followers, a spirit not always understood. John Adams wrote to Thomas Jefferson complaining: “Shall we not have swarms of them here in as many disguises as the King of the Gypsies, Bampfylde himself, assumed? In the shape of printers, editors, writers, schoolmasters, and so forth . . .” (adding that if any group merited damnation it was the “company of Loyola”). Comparing the Jesuits to the King of the Gypsies was not intended as flattery, but at least the image recognizes Jesuit flexibility and its international character.

Both images—pilgrim and King of the Gypsies—could also tell of a liberal education.

Today most Americans take their political freedom for granted and modern technologies seem to free them from drudgery and want. Yet many Americans remained burdened by the servitude that they hardly understand. The “demands” of society leave them no time to ask what they are really about; meeting the expectations of others leaves them feeling their lives are not their own. Top-salaried executives can find that they have no identity apart from their work. All of these tell of “disordered attachments” of which Ignatius spoke. Ignatius knew that freedom cannot be given; it is something one must choose.

A liberal education can make a great difference. Here is how it works. There are literary texts that enable a reader to identify with ancient kings, medieval mystics and contemporary drifters. Through Plato we can share in the culture of classical Athens; through Tolstoy we can live in czarist Russia. A liberal education enables us to enter other cultures and other identities—and leave them. Gradually we come to sense that each of us is a pilgrim and gradually we see the many disguises that have been adopted by our common humanity. Aware of the wholeness of the human drama, we discover ourselves—a wholeness by which we have been made to love God. Through a liberal education we begin to see that loving our neighbor as ourselves makes sense, for our neighbor is ourselves. But here the Daedeker ends. Yet something is needed: a decision, a choice to love—that the free person must make for oneself.

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Peter F. Krogh
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Lucy B. Maddox
English
Jean-Max Guieu
French

Barbara Harding
German
F. Kathryn Connors
Nursing
Joan M. Kelly
Nursing
Donald E. Herdeck
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Government
Dorothy M. Brown
History

William F. McDonald
Sociology
Darlene V. Howard
Psychology
Jan Karski
Government
Henry W. Briefs
Economics

Thomas P. McTighe
Philosophy
George J. Viksnins
Economics
Seniors
Dear Janet,

Well, it's just about over. I can hardly believe that it has been a year since you graduated from here. And now Georgetown will be giving me a diploma and saying, "Walk, kid." I remember all too well the anxiety you felt around this time last year. You tried to verbalize it, and at the time I thought I understood. I understand much better now.

I also remember feeling kind of empty when you graduated, knowing that I wouldn't be seeing a close friend quite as often. Now all that's magnified a thousand times as I leave everyone to go our separate ways and the university which I've come to know so well.

This is beginning to sound like a funeral inscription.

Just to let you in on the setting, I'm sitting on Healy Lawn as I write this to you. It's a sunny day, my favorite type 'cause all the girls wear shorts and skirts. They also sunbathes on the lawn, which is wonderful if you have dark sunglasses.

I've been drinking more than I should, studying less than I should, and am practicing being apathetic. Basically I've been having a good time at the end of my wrap-up semester. About twelve of us have a road trip planned after classes end. We're going to the beach whether it rains or not. This should keep me from studying for finals.

Actually, I'm expecting my grades to be pretty good this semester. Strange things seems that the work is getting easier — guess I'm getting better at it. Now the trick is to motivate myself even though I'd rather sit on Healy Lawn.

Oh my God, there she is! I am ogling a girl that I've been in love with for four years. She is so cute; not beautiful, mind you, but cute. I don't know why she gets to me so much. I first met her as a freshman ... it's not like I don't know her. In fact, I see her all the time. She had a boyfriend for a while. I had one ounce of courage ...

Oh well, I'll be graduating soon.

"How about them Hoyas, huh?" Talk about kick-ass. I was so psyched that we won the national championship in my senior year. I'm convinced that it was by providential design that the Hoyas scored 84 points to win. (84 — you know, as in "Class of"). I'm glad I've been a season ticket holder ... it kept school in perspective.

No, I don't know what I'm doing next year. Yes, that does terrify me. No, I don't even know what I'm doing for the summer. I like Washington, but if I stay I need a job.

I've been getting along with the guys in the townhouse real well. Sometimes they can be a pain, but I'm really going to miss them. Did you know that my roommate was accepted to Harvard Law School?

I don't know about you, but success in other people really irritates me.

It's really going to be rough saying goodbye to my friends at graduation. I have this fear of completely breaking down. For now, I'll handle it the way I always handle matters of consequence. I won't think about it. It's really strange not knowing when you'll see people again, especially after having been able to just wander over to their places when you got bored of studying or just needed to chat.

I've got some government reading to do. I think I'll grab my books and study in the sun on top of Village A.

Hope you can make it to my graduation.

Yours,

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Ah, when to the heart of man
Was it ever less than a treason
To go with the drift of things.
To yield with a grace to reason.
And bow and accept the end
Of a love or a season?
— Robert Frost, "Reluctance"

Congratulations & Best of Luck
to our
1984 Graduates
School for Summer and Continuing Education

Pictured from left to right: Peter Montgomery, Tim Campbell, Wendy Liporace, Alexander Amrein, Rene Bernier, and Geoff Salinger. Not Pictured: Kathy Early, Melissa Locke
Good Luck

and

Good Health

from

The Student Health Service Staff

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<td>Claire Panke</td>
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<td>Business Staff:</td>
<td>Humberto Portillo</td>
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<td>Judy Darraugh</td>
<td>Tammy Tamai</td>
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<td>Lisa Mahoney</td>
<td>Rich Zeri</td>
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<td>Laura Roman</td>
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<td>Jodi Ann Tucker</td>
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<td>Photography Staff:</td>
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<td>Peter Belcastro</td>
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### Colophon

Volume 70 of the *Ye Domesday Booke* was printed by Hunter Publishing Company of Winston-Salem, N.C. in September 1984. All books are 9 x 12 inches, 344 pages; 2000 copies were printed. Books are Smythe sewn, rounded and backed. The cover was designed by Kyra Buchko and Ed French, and executed with embossed lexotone covering 160 point binders board. Except for the color sections which are printed on 100 lb. gloss paper, the book is printed on 80 lb. Cameo matte. The principle type is Baskerville Roman, for both body copy and headlines.

Senior portraits were done by Varden Studios of Rochester, N.Y. All other black and white copy photography was taken and processed as indicated. Color photography was processed by Colorfax Laboratories, Inc., and printed from individually separated transparencies.

Endsheets and dividers were designed and conceived by Chris Simms. Mike Malley wrote copy for the Year in Review section; Ed French wrote copy for the Student Life Section. All essays are attributed to the writer.

Funding for the book is provided by the Student Activities Commission of the Student Association, parent contributions, advertisements and book sales.
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Yearbooks have a unique readership, if "readership" is the right word to use at all. Paging through a yearbook most readers are looking for a certain picture taken at that happy hour in November or in Lauinger during midterms. If we don't see ourselves, it's a close friend or a favorite professor we look for. Or those shots of Healy lawn because we had seen her sitting on the lawn that day. Or pictures recapturing the action at the Final Four in Seattle. Photographs tell us stories and help us relive memories in a very personal way. A dedicated staff of photographers this year made those stories possible. Special thanks to those who spent innumerable hours in the darkroom or "on the street" capturing events and emotions during 1984.

But the pictures and feelings that mean so much today blur with the passage of time, and it is writing that bridges the gap between yesterday and tomorrow. In the 1984 Ye Domesday Booke, we tried to serve our readers by presenting Georgetown University in the words of students, the thoughts of faculty, and the ideals of Jesuits. We would like to thank the people who contributed their time and talent to writing for the book. Their reflections tell what a university is, what Georgetown University is all about.

There was an extraordinary amount of time given and energy exerted by the staff this year. Considering our own inexperience, we managed to work well together. Facing a lot of trial and error, we somehow muddled through. From senior portraits ("What's the difference between a contemporary and a traditional?") to senior proofs ("Is it too late to get my picture in the yearbook?"), to the yearbook party ("Someone stole a gallon of vodka!"), to Spring book sales ("How about a free poster?"), to late nights in Loyola basement ("O'Grady's and Tab, anyone?"), to yearbook party ("Someone stole a gallon of vodka!"), to Spring book sales ("How about a free poster?")), to late nights in Loyola basement ("O'Grady's and Tab, anyone?"), we tried to preserve our sanity and meet deadlines (Thank God for postage meters!), while reminding ourselves that this was supposed to be fun . . .

Thanks to our editors who often had to listen to several different ideas and directions at once. Judy Marrone and Mike Nicholson, who came on board more than half way through the year, put together the faculty section, including some great candids. Thanks, Judy, for all your perseverance. Sometimes professors are worse than students about handing in papers on time. Peter Comas and Michele Iavicoli had the dubious honor of editing the Student Life section, which was something new and encompassed everything, or so it seemed. Our sports co-editors, Peter Belcastro and Bernadette St. John established a close relationship with Sports Information, and did a fantastic job on the special NCAA section. Bernadette missed yearbook so much she came back after graduation, while Peter kept the office busy by bringing all his friends to visit. Sheila Duffy and Connie Karageorgis, co-editors of the Senior section, worked together beautifully, especially when they sang, "For the Longest Time ..." at 1 a.m. and 2 a.m. and 3 a.m. We really appreciated your enthusiasm and commitment. Mike Malley edited the Year in Review section adding creativity to pages that had been grey and dull.

Maria Montenegro was the Business Manager, and was lucky enough to house boxes of yearbooks in her Village A on numerous occasions. Thank you for your help — you did wonders with a hand truck! And of course, Ann Packwood. Without her our office wouldn't function. Thanks for doing what needed to be done before anyone else realized it needed doing.

Finally, we would like to thank each other for the cooperation which carried the book to a successful completion. Every once in a while, exasperations and frustrations took over, and it was all we could do to keep from screaming at each other. Sometimes we did anyway. But we tried to keep yearbook in perspective ("No more yearbook talk!"). and kept our friendship as well.

In the 1984 Ye Domesday Booke, we have tried to capture one year at Georgetown, from the ecstatic pride of the NCAA victory to the tragic loss of a beloved professor. We hope you find a little bit of yourself in these pages to help you preserve those memories, so that you may relive 1984 at Georgetown again and again.

Kyra Buchko
Mia Higgins
Ed French
GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY

1984 NCAA

NATIONAL CHAMPIONS

MEN'S BASKETBALL

HOYAS

THE BIG EAST CONFERENCE