

CARDINAL 1978




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Sunrise and Sunset views from the yearbook office are among the best advantages of working on Cardinal '78. As the last of the faculty leaves McMahon Parking lot for the day, third floor St. John's is just beginning to come alive. Photo by P. Scudner




The Catholic University
of America

These records certify that
Frank Zych
has completed the requirements
set forth by the University
for a Bachelor of Arts
Degree.

James W. [Signature]
June 8, 1978



CARDINAL 1978

CONTENTS

<i>OPENING</i>	1-15
<i>STUDENT LIFE</i>	16-89
<i>ACADEMICS</i>	90-121
<i>SPORTS</i>	122-143
<i>GROUPS</i>	144-191
<i>SENIORS</i>	192-273
<i>CLOSING</i>	274-288

1978 ... Coming At YOU!

by Nancy M. Anderson

With temperatures in the 70's, freshman John Ahlgren leads a FAC fall bicycle clinic trip to enjoy one of the last days of good weather

before a long snow-filled winter. During the first few weeks of school with work loads light, students were able to relax and enjoy some time

with new friends and talk about the long summer with old acquaintances. photo by C. Wilkinson





The annual Flather-Spalding football game which brings together guys from both sides of campus at the beginning of the fall semester ended in a 14-14 tie this year. Terry McAuliffe and Pat Coggins try to stop Brian Duffy, and Jon Wright as they sweep left for a short gain

for the Flather dorm team. While this game was taking place the varsity baseball football, field hockey, soccer and tennis teams were all starting to warm up for their respective seasons. photo by P. Seudner

It seemed to be the calm after the storm. Following academic strikes, tuition protests, and security concerns, the campus certainly looked more subdued. That judgment, however, was in appearance only, for 1978 was a year coming at you.

Residents found a new director of housing, intent upon enforcing parietals, as dorms were filled to capacity.

The housing office also found itself in the midst of controversy. Dr. George Wanko was alleged to have distributed \$35,000 in free rooms for 1977, a charge that remained unreported until September when it made *Tower* headlines for three straight weeks.



With the Bicentennial year behind us the Smithsonian was still drawing record crowds. Students flocked downtown to see all the museums including the original centennial exhibition in the old History and Technology building. The biggest attraction by far was the new Air and Space Museum. Other places of

interest were the National Visitors' center and the Hirshorn Museum. The Matisse Exhibit at the National Gallery and the Frank Lloyd Wright exhibit at the Renwick Gallery were among the more popular attractions of the year. photo by P. Seudner.

1978 ... Coming At YOU!



LEFT: Intramural football is very competitive at C.U. Teams start practicing for the season as soon as they return to school in the fall. George Fetkovich is congratulated by Ed McNamara after catching a clutch touchdown pass which was thrown by Charlie Nugent. The touchdown led to an early season victory for Sigma Pi Delta Fraternity. As the intramural football season grinds to an end a playoff is held to determine which team is the champ in football. The winner gets the opportunity to represent the school in an extramural football playoff. This year, as in the previous year, the Beaver Cadets won the title. photo by V. Mandile

RIGHT: Residents of Spalding and Reardon dormitories collaborate in a game of street hockey on the tennis courts behind Spellman Hall. A team composed of students from New England accepted challenges from other teams for an informal match. Engaged in this competition are Tom Monroe, Bill Callahan, Mark Antonuccio, Dave Michela (goalie), Bill Gearty, Tony George and Joe Lombardo. Impromptu activities such as these may lead to broken bones but also initiate new friendships and serve as a healthy release from the routine of resident life at C.U. photo by D. LaComb

BELOW: Throughout the year fraternities and sororities provide a variety of social and community events on campus. In an effort to raise sorority funds, the sisters of Kappa Tau Gamma held a car wash in the parking lot of Spellman Hall during the fall semester. Junior Patti Bagliivi seems to have mistaken Kathy Sullivan for an automobile as a patient customer looks on. Fundraisers such as this carwash are an essential part of Greek life at Catholic University in the development of team spirit as welcome as financial profits. photo by D. LaComb





The fall orientation program provides for a smooth adjustment of freshmen and transfer students into the social circles of Catholic University. This year's program consisted of a spaghetti dinner, a scavenger hunt downtown, a block dance held in front of Mullen Library, and

a picnic behind Theological College. The highlight of the picnic was the annual squamish game. Albert G. Winchester III was awarded the most valuable player award. photo by V. Mandile

As men moved into Rear-don Hall and women shifted to Ryan, the image of the neighborhood was also undergoing changes. Though subtle, the revitalization of Brook-land made side trips into the shopping district inexpensive and convenient.

Across town, Georgetown's Hoyas found the Cardinals coming at them in the first football game of the season, and C.U. turned out more fans than its host could. The momentum of that underdog victory was not sufficient to carry the team as far as it did the previous year.

Excitement generally re-served for fall sports was transferred to the baseball team as it captured the city championship for the first time in three years.

1978 ... Coming At YOU!



RIGHT: Flanked by Danny Joyce and Gerard Goeke, kick-off specialist Brian Wickes kicks the ball into St. Vincent territory. The ball was not moved past the 50-yard line by St. Vincent during the first half of play. Goeke, who was last year's starting quarterback, moved to the defensive backfield and specialty teams making room for Steve Stanislav to run the offense. photo by V. Mandile

LEFT: Running back Tim Lisante carries Danny Jackson of the Cameron school to the center of the field for the toss of the coin. Danny was named honorary co-captain for the game, and he and several of his classmates stayed to watch the Cardinals defeat St. Vincent's of Latrobe, PA 37-2. The Cards ended the football season 5-4. photo by V. Mandile

Surprise decisions in academics kept coming throughout the month of October.

The first layman ever to head C.U. announced his plans to resign the presidency by August, 1979. Clarence C. Walton advised the board of trustees to set up a search committee to choose his successor as soon as possible to better facilitate long range planning and fund raising.

Within the same week that Walton's resignation plans became public, Eugene Kennedy, dean of the School of Arts and Sciences, recommended the phase-out of the speech pathology and audiology department. This move would take place over the next two years and was estimated to trim the budget by as much as \$141,000 and cause 40 students to transfer to another college.

Proposed budget cuts for all departments were accompanied by the prediction that tuition would rise \$250 in the fall.

In the annual Homecoming parade, Phi Kappa Theta Sweetheart Lorrie McGlynn, Homecoming Queen 1977, is attended by Jayne Neubauer and Cindi Vian, both little sisters of Phi Kap. photo by V. Mandile

OPPOSITE BOTTOM: After several successful seasons, 1977 football games drew large crowds. Donna Dougala, Domenica Galati, Rob Brennan and Linda Waring are part of the largest Homecoming crowd recently. photo by J. Lombardo







1978 ... Coming At YOU!

C.U. sponsors women's varsity athletic events ranging from field hockey to swimming. Kathy Colatta, a sophomore varsity member of the field hockey team is one of the many young women who have taken advantage of the varsity competition. Despite the limited practice facilities, the women manage to field a competitive team which has produced all star players such as Mary Beth Stablein and Bettie Watson. The women's field hockey team kicked off the year of sports followed by Volleyball, Track, Basketball, Swimming, Tennis, and Softball. photo by P. Scudner

Although the temperatures occasionally hit the freezing mark on football Saturdays Cardinal fans made the new Alpha Delta Gamma beer concession a success. Jim Jordan, Charlie Maillet, and Craig LaBelle man the taps for thirsty fans. At thirty-five cents a glass it had to be the best buy in town. Although the beer concession idea was originally met with skepticism, all went well and the fraternity had a good fund raiser on their hands. It may have been coincidental, but the crowds at this year's games were among the biggest in recent history. photo by P. Scudner





The Harvest Festival is a popular event during the fall semester. This year the Fine Arts Council sponsored a "Great Pumpkin Cut Up" contest. Second year Architecture student, Fred Heiser displays his proficiency in the competition, photo by C. Wilkinson

Fourth year Architecture students Jim Ogden and Mark Antonuccio hit the drawing board in an effort to meet a project's deadline. Consecutive all-nighters are common among architects. Completing a project is rewarding as well as a relief, photo by V. Mandile

Rich Brody and the cross country team came at you this year in a special light. Over the course of the season, Brody won five out of eight meets and broke records in three of them. The young and inexperienced Cardinals shocked their circuit by finishing with a .725 record.

Cross country wasn't the only thing that appeared in a different light. The Not-Ready for Hartke Players were granted a contingency of \$1000 from the Undergraduate Student Government to put on two productions in the Social Center. The plays provided a forum for freshman who don't get the chance to reach Hartke stage.

Sharing the spotlight in the Social Center was the annual No-Talent Show, the featured highlight of the Harvest Festival. The first of two yearly charity drives, the Harvest Festival basketball game and variety show raised more money in 1978 than its history.



1978 ...
Coming
At YOU!



The Undergraduate Student Government considered changes in its constitution and approved them before the end of the first term. The amendments equalized power among the three branches and also established a presidential veto at the recommendation of outgoing President Gerry Seery.

Change came at you, also, in a disappointing sense. The football team started its season with a 4-1 record giving every indication that it was headed toward a season as successful as the last. Finishing 5-4, the Cardinals produced exciting events with senior Terry O'Connell's best season.

Sororities and fraternities held their semi-annual initiations. The resurgence of interest in Greek organizations over the semester was only one indication that the tone was different, too.

The snow-covered intersection of Michigan Avenue and Monroe Street provides a perfect background as Jimmy Dean and Gretchen McHale, both residents of The House, prepare to launch an impromptu snowball attack on the

Spalding-Conaty complex. The excessive snow accumulations of this year initiated a variety of activities including snow sculpture on the mall and traying-down the hill adjacent to University Dining Hall, photo by J. Lombardo

Due to an unprecedented snowfall in the District of Columbia this winter, school was canceled on two different days, and afternoon classes were dismissed several times. Taking advantage of

the lull in the normally hectic routine, Bill Mulholland and Donna Suozzi stop to talk to Kathy O'Toole, photo by J. Lombardo





Beaver Cadets Dave Wayland, Bob Dalton, Jim Bobinski and Mike Tanguay hold a pregame conference with the entire team before the intramural football championships. The Cadets went on to

beat LaRaza, winning their second title in as many years. In extramural play they lost to the University of Maryland. photo by V. Mandile

Shields and Conaty dorms met head to head to decide the intramural soccer championship. Traditionally played on Sunday mornings, this was the first year points were awarded to the winner.

Conaty won with the help of Karyn Dolan who is seen attempting to recover the ball from above Maureen Lynch's head. photo by D. LaComb

An unpredicted snowfall ignites a spurt of outdoor activity. Ryan Hall residents Kathy O'Toole, Terri Marchese, and

Regina Garvin incorporate the fashion of summer with the frolic of winter. photo by J. Lombardo





1978 ... Coming At YOU!

This year board games such as chess, Monopoly, and backgammon have grown in appeal on campus. Backgammon seems to have been the most popular amongst game players. Bill Rensel and Ellen Nagle take a study break with backgammon. photo by V. Mandile



During December the Germany tour makes its annual Christmas visit to the White House. Ayl Mack belts out a holiday tune as Diane Lambert and Denise Correa look on. photo by M. Jones

Christmas comes twice a year for the C.U. student - once before finals and on the national holiday. Senior Mary Sefcik uses the break between the two to study for a med tech course. photo by C. Battiata

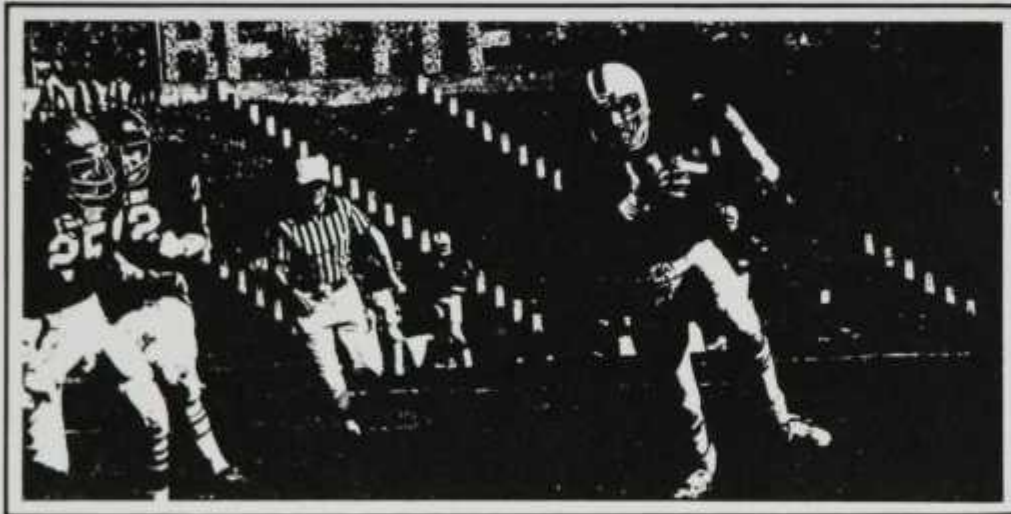
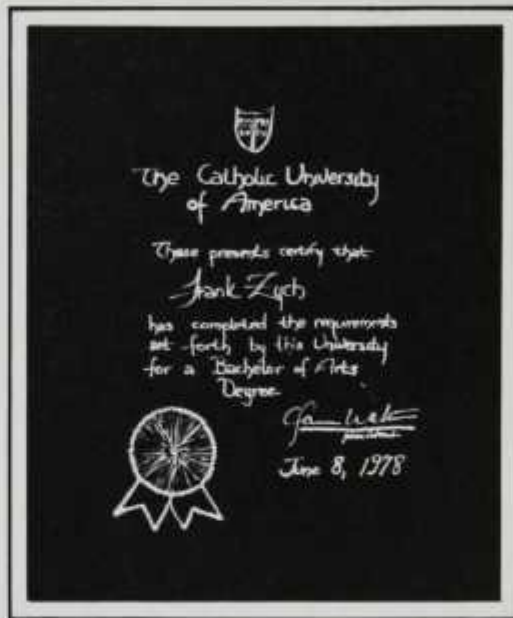
First semester drew to a close almost as subtly as it opened.

Students began preparation for finals week by choosing either the stacks or the Law Library as quiet study halls.

Although the year was trying at times, the mood on campus reflected the trend prevalent on most throughout the country. The swing to the new right by students signified the direction in which second semester would follow.

While it didn't claim strikes, protests, or security as major concerns, 1978 was a year coming at you.





When classes were cancelled on a Monday night because of snow, Spalding residents Tony George, Pete Mackey, and Pete Scudner took advantage of a few hours vacation. photo by J. Jurado

STUDENT LIFE

The 1978 Cardinal highlights the special and the normal aspects of the day to day routine that comprises student life at C.U. The record of '77 left off as we look at summer in the city. From there you are invited to examine the concerts, the shows, the ups, the downs, the weather, the study breaks and the events that become more than the typical attributes of college life.

The contributors to this section are the students themselves. The recorders of student life coming at you are given both photo and by-line credit.

Hot Time, Summer in the City

by Karen Van Ravenswaay



Many C.U. students spent the summer of '77 in the District. Social Work Graduate student, Cathy Costantino, was able to lifeguard at the Brookland Holiday Inn. photo by R. Tomasso

Hot times indeed! The temperature in the District hit record highs more than once this summer. For those students who felt it necessary to brave the heat and stay on campus, it was possible to have a good time, whether working, taking classes, or just hanging around. Days were spent at Lane Bryant's, a specialty store for tall and large women, in architects' offices in the District, Bethesda, and Rockville, in museums and museum shops, in government agencies as civil service employees, in hospital wards, in hotels as desk clerks, and at pools as life guards. You name it - there were students from C.U. working there.

Some students even found jobs on campus as housekeepers and as Summer Orientation Advisers. In exchange for free room and a salary, several

spent the summer months keeping the University's dorms clean for summer students and visitors. Groups from all over the country found C.U. an inexpensive place to stay during sight-seeing tours of the Nation's Capitol. While this meant increased revenue for the University, it also meant jobs for students.

With its five sessions, the Summer Orientation program kept the housekeepers busy, while it gave the summer OA's themselves a good workout. The three-day sessions involved everything from cook-outs and volleyball to lectures and academic advising. By August, 450 new students had learned a little about what they were letting themselves in for.

But the work was not all bad and the days off were worth the rest of

the week. After all, the beaches weren't that far away - Rehobeth in De., Ocean City in Md., and Assateague in Va. - and the Holiday Inn pool was closer.

And the nightlife! Georgetown - watching the high school students watching the residents. Hitting Bojangles and Deja Vu just to dance and eat popcorn because you're too broke to drink. Standing in line for hours to see *Star Wars* and *Annie Hall*. Shows at the Kennedy Center and the grand opening of the Brookland-Newtown theatre were new experiences. Summer was a chance to do all those things you couldn't find the time to do during the school year.

Summer proved one thing - C.U. students can endure anything. After all, they survive the year.



Academic counseling is a major facet of the summer orientation program at C.U. Jimmy Dean, a senior psych major and a summer O.A., offers advice to a group of incoming students concerning the preregistration for the fall semester. photo by V. Mandile



Volleyball was one of many activities enjoyed by new students during the summer orientation program. Mike Early and Mike Sweeney look on as Rob Brennan implements the return that made him famous on the field from May until August. photo by V. Mandile



Everyone is in on Orientation, including Dr. George Wanko and Bro. Nivard Scheel. Administrators and faculty alike attempt to quell some of the fears parents of freshmen might have. photo by V. Mandile



Before the opening of classes, a large percentage of a student's time is spent moving into his respective dormitory. Larry Quirk, a fourth year architecture student, is in the process of moving in to Gibbons Hall. photo by R. Tomasso

Adjustment and Readjustment

by Nancy M. Anderson

You know you're back when you hear the first "How was your sum-mah?" that comes straight from the boroughs and outskirts of New York City.

After packing suitcases and boxes, saying good-byes to friends and giving out Cardinal Station addresses, coming back gets closer to the first day of classes every year. The day of departure for the first-year student, though, can seem the most traumatic part of college. "I was so scared driving down from New Jersey with my mom and dad," said Terri Marchese, "that I forgot how excited I had been all summer about going away to school."

Freshmen are traditionally the first to be seen unloading cartops and trunks since they are encouraged to

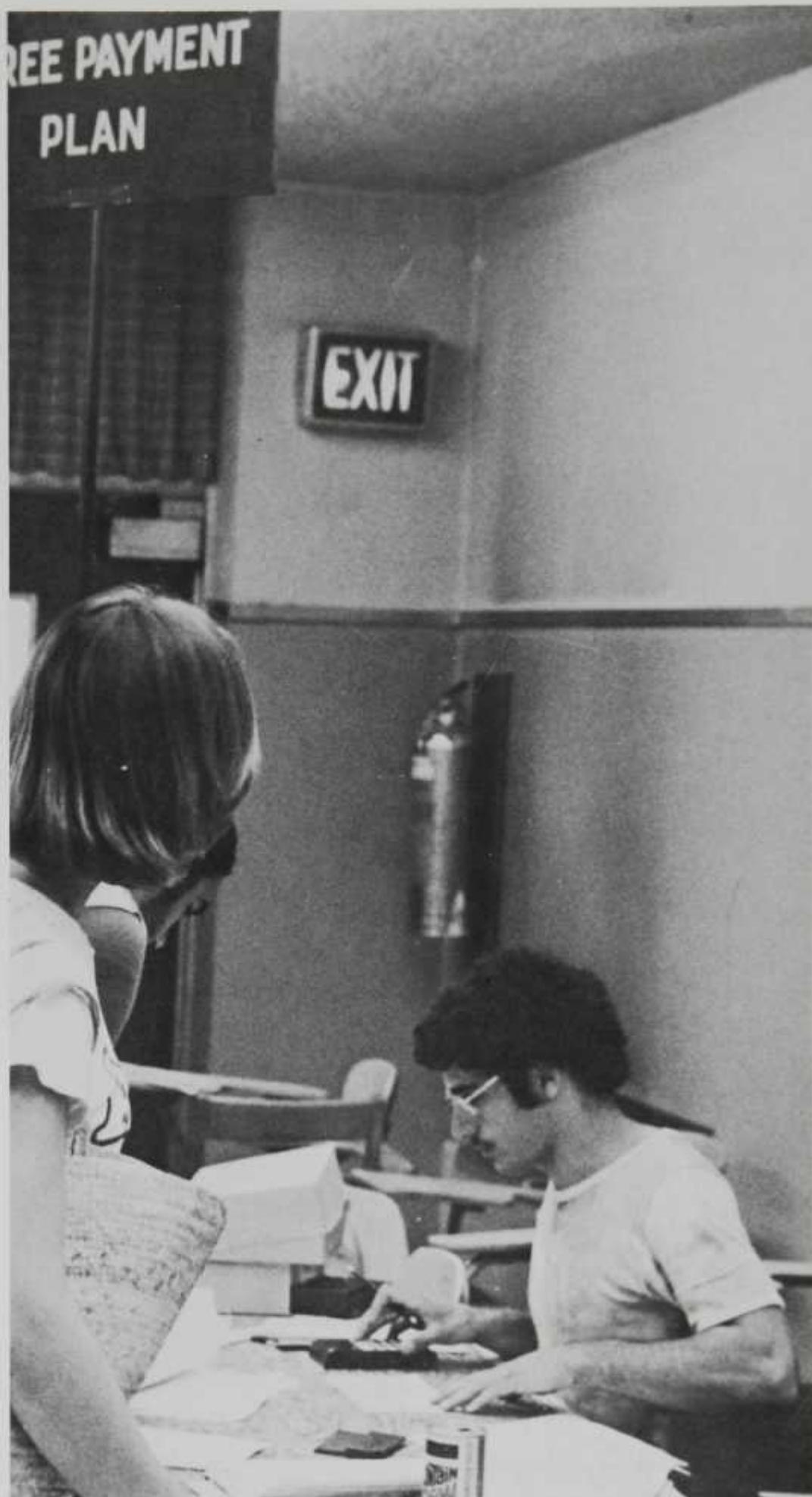


report three days early for a period of fall orientation. Dads, brothers and anyone else in the vicinity are recruited to carry steamer trunks and a greenhouse-worth of plants up endless flights of stairs. As always, the Spellman elevator was broken again this year making the girls with the only mechanical means of indoor transportation curse the heat and their lack of conditioning as much as the other dorm residents did.

Unpacking the crates that will turn an empty, cinderblock room into a home away from home takes more than a few hours. Deciding where to hang a poster and how to arrange the furniture requires the help of a roommate and while waiting for his or her arrival, most students begin the process of readjustment.

New pre-registration material issued in the spring eased some of the confusion for students in the department of nursing, music, and engineering and architecture. Shorter, simpler forms made the lines move faster for those undergrads enrolled in the three programs not connected with the School of Arts and Sciences. After seeing the results, a decision was made to incorporate the system into all segments of the registration process. As temperatures hit highs of 90's, the majority of students had to muddle through the usual conflicting signs and face the innumerable lines.

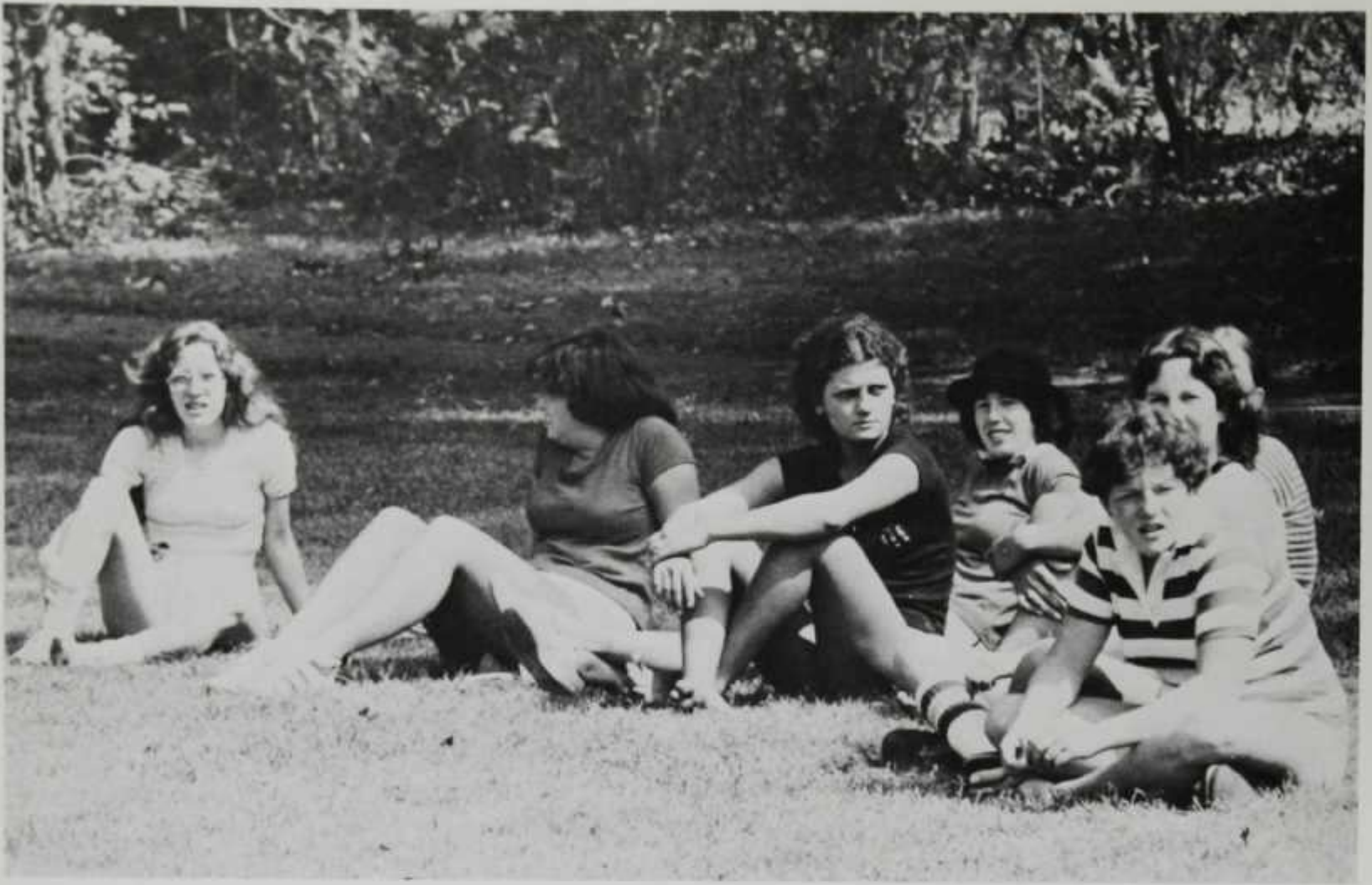
With a record number of 1132 students signed up for board, the wait for a meal book was the longest. After a summer of eating home cooking, re-



The hassles of registration wears on any student who has ever bothered with it. Here Rich McKenna, and Jim Michalowicz attempt to dispose of student's woes. photo by V. Mandile

The high cost of a college education makes paying bills in one payment difficult. Jeff Rubin is seen here figuring out one option, the three payment plan. photo by V. Mandile





Adjustment and Readjustment

Catching the rays on the grounds of Theological College while watching pick-up football games is second nature to some during the first two weeks of school. Ellen Nagle, Margaret Poswistilo, Rosie Adami, Michele O'Hora, Kathy Kelly, and Sue McNamara take advantage of a 94° day as SPD plays ADG. photo by V. Mandile

Purchasing books for Fall semester is a necessary procedure for all students. Freshmen Steve Jackson pauses to converse with senior Jocko Avolio upon returning from the campus bookstore. photo by P. Seudner

turning to institutional food took quite a toll on the stomach, according to senior Jim Hanley. "Standing in line for Macke was the pits," said Hanley, "but having to eat it again was worse."

After checking sectioning forms, car registration forms, board forms, and payment forms, the bookstore becomes the next nightmare the returning stu-





Buying private telephones for their room are Kurt Eidemiller and Marty Borowski. Private phones are becoming an increasingly popular item on campus. photo by V. Mandile

The CU Bookstore, located in the basement of McMahon, is an important stop for students prior to the commencement of classes. Phyllis Brala, a junior drama major, was hired as an extra cashier in an attempt to accommodate the additional influx of customers. photo by V. Mandile



dent has to contend with. While some prefer to wait until the first day of classes to find out what books the professor will assign, most students pass through the double doors in the basement of McMahon during adjustment days in the hopes of picking up needed texts before the stock became depleted. Junior Phyllis Brala cashiered at the first register the first few days and found the highest bill to belong to freshman politics major Patrice Gallagher. Including the 10 required books for introductory Politics 101 with Dr. Michael Robinson, her final bill came to over \$140.00.

More cash registers were added this year, according to manager Robert Fordham, to ease the congestion in the early weeks of school. In an effort to reduce the amount of money the student must pay for texts, U.S.G. established a Book Co-op behind Dominican House which sold used books at half the bookstore charge.

With the money saved on books by the two hundred students who used the Co-op, the rest of the week could be spent drinking pitchers of beer at the Rat and Fred's with old friends and new ones. Hearing Franklin call you "sweetheart" and having Ludwig buy you a frosted mug belong only to C.U.

Scenes of Oktoberfest Weekend





The Random House Handbook

By Mary Pat Bergenn and
Gretchen McHale

Why random? Just ask anyone who's stayed a spell at the House on the corner of 8th and Monroe.

The House is home for some wild, random people, especially for Director Jimmy Dean. For two years, Jimmy worked hard to either flow with or harness the House's "random" energy. He mediated between Campus Ministry, the House staff, friends, and droppers-in. He helped establish the laid-back atmosphere of the House; evidence is his personal dent in the livingroom couch.

Gretchen McHale also called the House her home this year. She was the marathon spaghetti sauce maker and nurse-in-residence. The youngest member of the staff enjoyed the process of randomization so much that she is returning as Director next year.

Marty Leibowitz was senior member, Phi Kap brother, great cook, and all-time Philadelphian. He mixed business with pleasure and found time to run the income tax program, coordinate "toilet bowl", an exclusive House game, and still have time to relate to stuffed animals.

Jimmy Hansen, a wild and crazy



Rhode Island man described with having "heart and hair of gold", stole the hearts of many and the spot on the social scene with his debut as the sole flasher at a third floor Spellman Flash party.

799 Monroe was also the home of Mary Pat Bergenn, the "talent behind the mike" at one of the Back Doors - but, more often she was the "brains behind the mike" who ran the operation. A smile or laugh from Mary Pat caused other smiles to appear in the

room, and her presence in the House was always welcomed and helpful to the rest of the staff.

Finally, there was the Resident Minister of the House, Louie Natlitzia. It would be difficult not to like Louie's jovial personality. Louie showed concern and care for the House members, its friends, and visitors. He was the House's "closet wildman."

Among the many programs it held, one of the most popular was the spaghetti supper which was held on Thursday evenings. Students wined and dined, basically escaping the ever-present grind. Each supper combined energy of people creating, serving, and devouring much spaghetti and wine.

At the Back Door Coffee House, many student artists shared their talent with friends from behind the mike. Here was the place to unwind with friends with lots of music, spirits, and fun, no matter what side of the microphone you were on.

Other programs included the After Dinner Discussions. These in-depth, informal exchanges between some of the great minds of C.U. were interesting, but only a few in number. The House also held the Study Marathon which saved the minds of students with quiet and caffeine.

The income tax program also channeled energy of those who volunteered to help untangle and fill out the 1977 tax forms for the underprivileged.

Other House events included all-night talks with a break for studying,





all-night studying with a break for a game of the ever-continuing "toilet Bowl", study breaks spent watching "The Godfather", and breakfasts, lunches, and dinners featuring leftover spaghetti. During Study Marathons, water and flour fights provided release of tensions and problems.

The House also hosted floor dinners and an informal Mass, both of which helped to bring together different students from around campus. It was also a place to drop in to say hello on the way to Fred's, or to say "Goodnight, Irene" on the way back.

The House means a lot to many people. This was shown by a "Save the House Week" a response by commuters, KTG, concerned students and faculty members to possible cut of the House from Campus Ministry, its sponsor. But it looks as though the efforts of these random, fine people are allowing the House to continue.

OPPOSITE PAGE - Above: Marty Leibowitz, Senior in Electrical Engineering. Left: Jimmy Dean, Senior in Psychology, and Gretchen McHale, Sophomore in Nursing.

THIS PAGE - Above: Jimmy Hansen, part-time Freshman in Religion. Below: Mary Pat Bergenn, Junior in Special Education.

Photos by Jaime Jurado



Suites Swap Sexes

by Nancy M. Anderson



How does it feel to undergo two sex changes over the course of 17 years? While Reardon Hall would never make the annals of Swedish medicine, it has changed the gender of its residents twice since the dorm opened in 1961.

Reardon originally had been built as a men's dorm when males were restricted to the southern side of campus. In 1971, Conaty and Reardon switched partners with Flather and Spellman to achieve an equal balance between men and women on both sides of campus.

With the implementation of Title IX of the Higher Education Act, C.U. was obliged to make an air-conditioned dormitory available to men. Since there were no four person suites assigned to them, Reardon became the logical choice according to George Wanko, associate dean of students.

Although men could have been placed in Zimmerman Hall, a dorm with similar qualifications, to comply with the rules, it would have created an imbalance of men and women once

again. "For security reasons," Wanko said, "there must be an equal balance of men on all parts of campus."

The announcement of the change in residents led to a protest by the female residents last spring. Several unsuccessful attempts on the part of the girls to sway the decision found them in Conaty, Cardinal, and Spellman this year. "Don't remind me how much I enjoyed Reardon," said senior Lyla MacDonald who lived there for two years. "Cardinal is nice," she said, "but there's no privacy. It's too hot in the summer and too cold in the winter."

The men who moved into the dormitory behind Spellman used the same superlatives to describe the living condition as did the previous residents. Senior Bill Smiek feels that Reardon is the perfect option among man's residences. "I lived in Flather for a year and I was too isolated," said Simik, "Gibbons is too antiquated and Spalding far too noisy. Reardon is the ideal location and quiet, too."



Since Reardon has switched from being a female dorm, many male students like Dave Michela have flocked to the air-conditioned suites and quiet seclusion that Reardon has to offer. photo by D. LaComb.

The relaxed atmosphere of his own sitting room and T.V. provide Mark Antonuccio with comfort not unlike that of home. photo by D. LaComb

When fall unleashes its rustic charms and tennis players search for a better climate, out come the hockey sticks of Dave Michela, Bill Gearty, and Tom Monroe, who seem to thrive on a fast moving game of street hockey. photo by D. LaComb



DROP BOMB
HERE

PETE JONES

HOLY CROSS

Hartke

HARRING ROAD

ENTRANCE

DINING

MUSIC

LAW

PARKING

WHEELER

ST. JOHN'S

RAMSON

LIBRARY

ST. DOMINIC

ST. JOHN'S

ST. JOHN'S

ST. JOHN'S

ST. JOHN'S

RANDOM
AMPHIBIOUS PARKING

AVOID THIS
PLACE

FRISBEE
FIELD

VICTOR
PARKING

LIBRARY

ST. JOHN'S

ST. JOHN'S

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FLAMES

REAR

MAINTENANCE

UNIV
DINING
HALL

TERMS

DEATH VALLEY

STADIUM

GYM

POWER PLANT

GEOGRAPHY

FANCLER

NURSING

BIOLOGY

MALONEY

ENTRANCE

ST. BONAVENTURE

MICHAEL AVENUE

DEATH ALLEY

MINOR STREET

ST. JOHN'S

BONG CITY

SPALDING

FLAMES

REAR

MAINTENANCE

UNIV
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UNIV
DINING
HALL

TERMS

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FANCLER

NURSING

BIOLOGY

MALONEY

ENTRANCE

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FLAMES

REAR

MAINTENANCE

UNIV
DINING
HALL

TERMS

DEATH VALLEY

STADIUM

GYM

POWER PLANT

GEOGRAPHY

FANCLER

NURSING

BIOLOGY

MALONEY

ENTRANCE

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FLAMES

REAR

MAINTENANCE

UNIV
DINING
HALL

TERMS

DEATH VALLEY

STADIUM

GYM

POWER PLANT

GEOGRAPHY

FANCLER

NURSING

BIOLOGY

MALONEY

ENTRANCE

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SPALDING

FLAMES

REAR

MAINTENANCE

UNIV
DINING
HALL

TERMS

DEATH VALLEY

STADIUM

GYM

POWER PLANT

GEOGRAPHY

FANCLER

NURSING

BIOLOGY

MALONEY

ENTRANCE

ST. BONAVENTURE

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FLAMES

REAR

MAINTENANCE

UNIV
DINING
HALL

TERMS

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GYM

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UNIV
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TERMS

DEATH VALLEY

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GYM

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BIOLOGY

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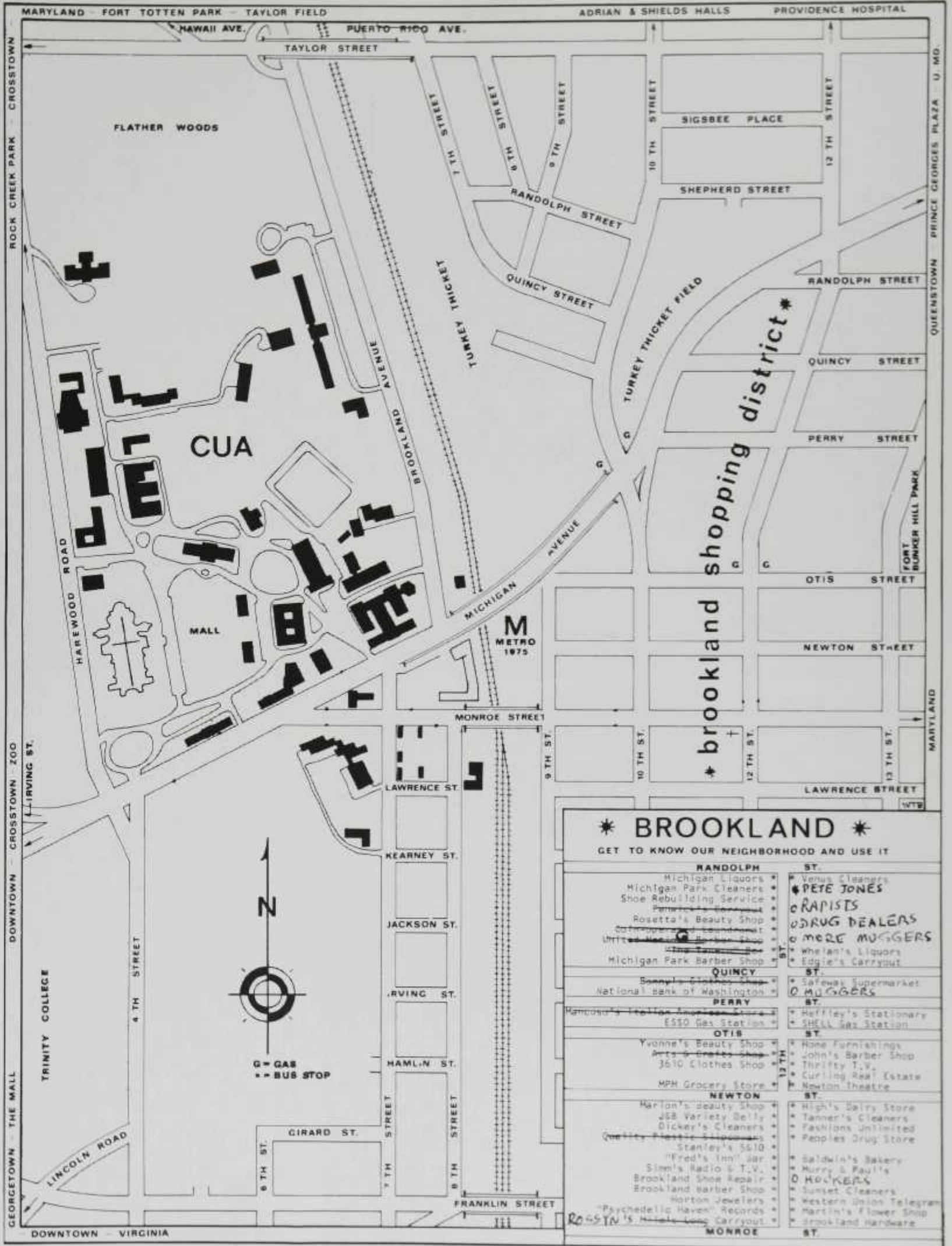
DEATH VALLEY

STADIUM

GYM

POWER PLANT

GEOGRAPHY



*** BROOKLAND ***
GET TO KNOW OUR NEIGHBORHOOD AND USE IT

<p>RANDOLPH ST.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Michigan Liquors Michigan Park Cleaners Shoe Rebuilding Service Parsons's Restaurant Rosetta's Beauty Shop Continental Sound UNITED... Barber Shop Michigan Park Barber Shop 	<p>ST.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Venus Cleaners * PETE JONES * * DRUG DEALERS * * MORE MUGGERS * Whelan's Liquors Eddie's Carryout
<p>QUINCY ST.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Bonny's Cleaners National Bank of Washington 	<p>ST.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Safeway Supermarket * MUGGERS *
<p>PERRY ST.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Randolph's Stationery Store ESSO Gas Station 	<p>ST.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Hefley's Stationery SHELL Gas Station
<p>OTIS ST.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Yvonne's Beauty Shop Art's Grease Shop 3610 Clothes Shop 	<p>ST.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Hone Furnishings John's Barber Shop Thrifty T.V. Curling Real Estate Newton Theatre
<p>NEWTON ST.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Marton's Beauty Shop J&B Variety Belly Dicker's Cleaners Quality Plastic Signposts Stanley's 5610 "Fred's Inn" Bar Simm's Radio & T.V. Brookland Shoe Repair Brookland Barber Shop Horton Jewellers "Psychedelic Haven" Records ROSSYN'S Hair & Long Carryout 	<p>ST.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> High's Dairy Store Tanner's Cleaners Fashions Unlimited Peoples Drug Store Baldwin's Bakery Murry & Paul's * MUGGERS * Sunset Cleaners Western Union Telegram Martin's Flower Shop Brookland Hardware



Those Old Beer Bash Blues

by Nancy M. Anderson and Robert Eldridge

In addition to music by the Collins brothers the KBG Beer Bash offered additional entertainment. Jon Gadant delivers a variety of off-beat humor to a group of awed students. photo by D. LaComb.

Fund raisers such as the KBG Beer Bash are an important part of greek life on campus. In addition to increasing sorority funds the event enabled the sisters to work as a team in its organizing and implementation. Phyllis Brala stamps junior Gary Baker as Patty Rafferty collects the \$2.25 admission fee. photo by D. LaComb.



Dancing and drinking on a hot Saturday night in a crowded room is a C.U. institution. Kappa Beta Gamma National Sorority sponsored their annual "Thirst Quencher" on September 17 to uphold this tradition.

Signs posted around campus advertising a "surprise attraction" enticed freshmen as well as perennials to drink fifteen kegs of beer at the first weekend bash of the year. Being the second organization to utilize the Memorial Gymnasium caused problems for the Eta chapter sisters.

John DeZinno, an honorary of the sorority, characterized the general consensus toward the new location. "Using University Dining Hall was much easier last year," commented DeZinno, "But the sisters of KBG came through."

The overhead to hold this function proved to be the greatest source of worry to the sorority. "With the addition of the security guards, the increase of rental fees, and having to pay housekeeping," said Liz Grady, treasurer for KBG, "we had to increase admission from the standard \$2.00 to \$2.25, netting a profit of

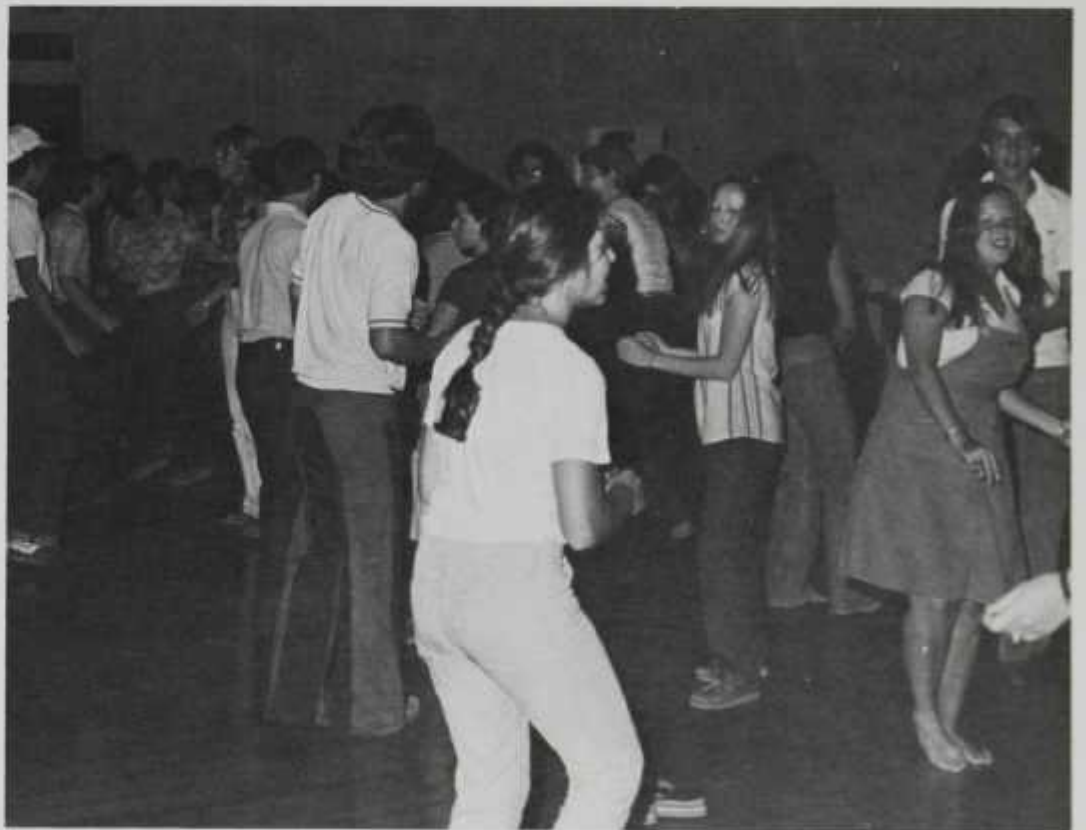


\$300.00." Dave Bottegale and Bob Eldridge, two SPD brothers, were forced to pay by check.

Nancy Anderson, a junior in the sorority, termed it the most expensive bash she ever attended. "I got in for free," stated the sorority's rush mistress, "and ended up having to pay \$500.00 in dental bills." Spilled beer on the gym's hardwood floor made walking analagous to ice-skating. Anderson slid while cleaning up and chipped three front teeth.

The evening, however, satisfied most. The added attraction was the addition of a local comedy troupe. Paula Johnson, KBG alumna, and a fellow performer entertained a crowd, more concerned with drinking than listening, for fifteen minutes. Clamors for more music halted the performance but the innovation was appreciated by those plagued by the same old beer bash blues.

Blues, Bruce Springsteen, and Beatles were the mainstay of the music played by the Collins Brothers. Bob, an honorary, and Tom provided the mixers that kept the crowd on their feet from 9:00 to 1:00.



Seeing women behind the taps is as pleasant a sight as the beer itself. Regina Raspert pours yet another brew while Nancy Anderson hands Karen VanRavenswaay a slightly foamy beer. photo by D. LaComb.

Dance is always one highlight of a beer bash and this is no exception as crowds flock to the dance floor for a spin. photo by D. LaComb

The Minute We Walked In The Joint

by Wild Bill Wallich



With a newly instituted happy hour price mixed drinks run \$.75. The saving of approximately \$100/drink, as compared to downtown bars, is one of Fred's many attractions.

It is a Wednesday night at the Rat. Franklin has just sounded last call. Linda has already started to clean up. People gather their possessions as they make last minute decisions: "Should I go back to Ryan?", "Let's go to the Dub.", "There's a party in Zimmerman!" Then you hear it: "Who's going to Fred's?" "They just left for Fred's," "Fred's?" "Let's go to Fred's!"

The car tires squeal as we pull out across Michigan Avenue. We pass groups of migrating students as we speed down Monroe Street. We are certain of beating the rush. The Monza hustles into position in the lot behind Rosalind's Food Extravaganza. We are just as much lemmings as the people walking.

This is it: Fred's Inn. We enter through the back door, carefully avoiding the mud-filled puddles. We pass through the gamut of grime as we file down

the corridor that leads to the back of the bar. Doc and Bruce are frantically started rolling: Rehoboth has attacked the Foos-Ball table, Walter is wolfing several orders of Fred's fries, the sound of pinball machines fill the air as Ludwig commences what will be a long evening of pestering.

Leek goes up for two pitchers as we settle into one of the bright, vinyl orange booths. The crowd arrives in groups and slowly covers up all the space on the black and checkered linoleum floor. The noise rises to a dull roar and the sound coming out of the blown-out speakers can barely be identified as Jimmy Hendrix.

A groundhog, known only as Higgins, jumps through one of the two archways which divide the room. We think back on how well Fred's has survived its new decor. The tacky brick facade is certainly an improvement over

the days of blacklights and day-glow zodiac signs. The dead asparagus fern over the bar, that used to shed its needles into your Cutty and soda is another part of the past. But the neon martini still shines brightly in the front window, reminding regulars that Fred's will never change.

No one ever goes to Fred's for atmosphere anyways: "If you come here to be mellow, you better turn around and get the _____ out right now!" informs Ted Nugent on the juke box, which sends a table of third floor Spellman girls into uncontrollable, screaming hysteria. Oh no, someone is up on one of the slippery formica tables. It must be another two-beer screamer — probably an R.A.

Suddenly the lights come up and last call is

Then Fred's waitress goes about her routine of pushing, kicking and forcing beers down



people's throats to the cry. "Drink 'em up!" People squint and stagger as Fred's is brought to a close.

Joe suggests a chugging contest in an effort to obtain the deposit on our pitchers. Bruce locks the front door and we stumble out the way we entered. The next stop doesn't matter — most likely Jack-in-the-Box. "Fred's is such a dump!" we overhear a Spalding Freshman say as he trips through the lot. Much truth in that statement, but Fred's never professes to be anything else, and that's why we love it.



Both CU students and neighborhood residents frequent Fred's Inn which uses the logo, "Where friends meet." Ludwig Seefic, a Fred's regular, shares his worldly advice with Joanne Bateman and Paul Carter.

While it's decor may not equal Rive Gauche Fred's facilitates table "table-hopping." Karen Frederick leaves her table to talk to Pat Connor and

Employees at Fred's often stay past working hours to enjoy the atmosphere of the customers. Waitress Kelly Fitzpatrick joins atmfriends from the University of Maryland for a quick beer

Cafe by Day; Club by Night

by Wild Bill Wallich

Thomas Babington Macauley, in his *History of England*, wrote extensively of the London coffee-houses during the Restoration: "... The coffee-houses were the chief organs through which the public opinion of the metropolis vented itself. — Every man of the upper or middle class went daily to his coffee-house to learn the news and discuss it." 1977-1978 saw the first successful year of Catholic University's *The Loft* coffee-house. Under the superb management of Brian Kennedy, the upstairs Cardinal Center was transformed into an arena that could very well be mistaken for one of the gathering places that Macaulay describes.

The Loft's distinctive lime green walls, hanging plants, cafe tables and gallery lamps, helped create an atmosphere that was both social and conducive to study. Although the stereo system continually pumped out WAVA, reading was not impossible. Several copies of *The Washington Post* along with an issue of *The New York Times* arrived each morning with a generous assortment of doughnuts and pastries. Backgame sets are a popular table attraction.

Aside from producing the best mocha on campus, the coffee house menu boasted: tea, hot chocolate, milk, a variety of soda and juices, baskets of pretzels and potato chips, and cookies.

Throughout the year, *The Loft* provided weekend entertainment in the form of live bands: Joanne Dodds, Natalizia, et al. It was then that the coffeehouse took on the appearance of a



Saturday night at the Loft is a viable alternative to a beer bash or a trip downtown. Local entertainment, such as Joanne Dodds and her band, is both cheap and relaxing on the 2nd floor of the Social Center.



nightclub, complete with multi-colored spotlights.

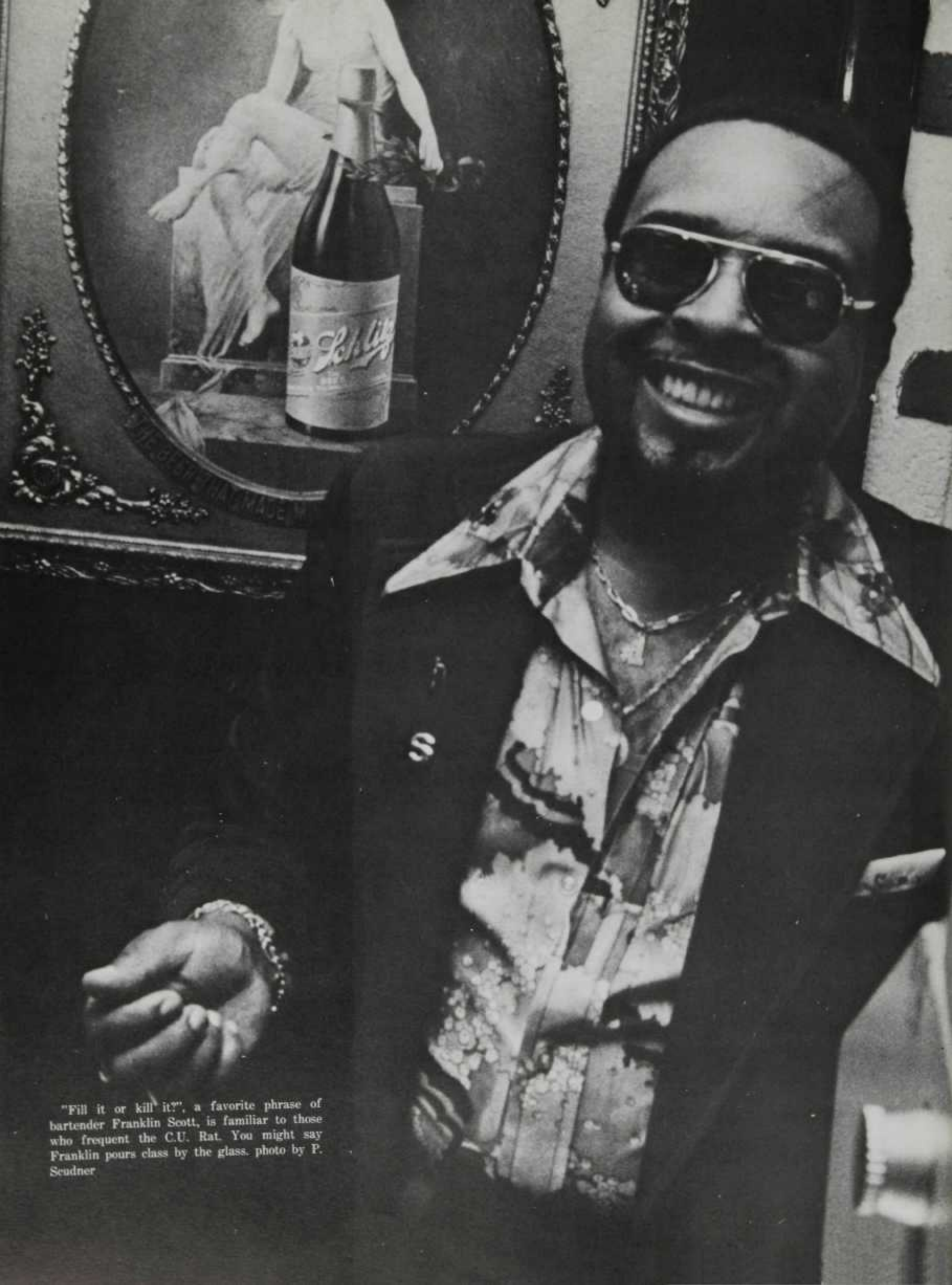
The Loft remains protean in nature. It is whatever the students want it to be: A meeting ground for professors and students, a forum for groups and organizations, a place to show films, a place to play backgammon, a place to eat, sleep, or even study. It is a wonderful alternative to the Shrine cafeteria and the Rat. Could you ever forget those twenty-four hour sessions with free coffee during exam week? Certainly not *The Loft's* loyal staff.

Even the employees get a chance to relax upon occasion. Although tips are few and far between Dominic Aquilante and Maureen Lowe get to soak up some good blue-grass music during a lull in service.



Saturday and Sunday shows feature home-grown bands and wine/ale. Sheepshead Bay was a frequent performer at the Loft this year.

photos by J. Jurado



"Fill it or kill it?", a favorite phrase of bartender Franklin Scott, is familiar to those who frequent the C.U. Rat. You might say Franklin pours class by the glass. photo by P. Seudner

Talk to Me Baby, Talk to Me

by Sean McElroy

Sooner or later in one's college career at C.U., the average student is confronted with the question of how to spend a Wednesday night. Five years ago the choice would have been simple.

At that time, the Catholic University Rathskellar tapped more Schlitz beer than any other bar in the country. Rated number eight in the nation in a *Playboy* East Coast drinking contest at that same time, the Rat was filled to capacity every night, according to Joe Sullivan, alumnus and former bartender.

As students became more grade conscious, a good number of them preferred to pursue academics in the Law Library or musical bliss in a Ward Hall cubicle. Still, a surprising horde of seemingly carefree students converge on the Rat Wednesday after Wednesday.

The Rat is located in the basement of the Cardinal Social Center complex. Two blue telephone booths and a red cardinal-shaped trash can are the only indicators of its entrance. Apparently the phenomenon of a sign had never appealed to the management. How-

ever, the Rat's subdued external appearance is no indicator of the wild abandonment within. Finding the place on a Wednesday night is no difficult task despite the lack of a sign - just follow anybody who's smiling, or rowdy and the chances are good you'll find it.

Although various events (e.g. SPD Night at the Rat, AIA Night at the Rat, Sophomore Night at the Rat, ...) attract various minorities (e.g. fraternity and sorority members, architects, members of various classes, ...) the great majority of people are attracted by the seemingly endless flow of beer combined with a relaxed, if not crowded, atmosphere. How can a crowded, noisy cellar provide a relaxing atmosphere? After a few glasses of beer, all these awkward situations somehow magically disappear and everything seems normal again ... well, almost normal. The fact that you have to pay fifty cents to get into the Rat on a Wednesday night might perturb a pinball fanatic because fifty cents covers the cost of the music and the pinball machines are too noisy to be able to hear it. On the other hand,

with a firm grip on her flippers, who needs music?

Some of us, however, like the music and some of us like to dance. If it's dancing that you like, you're in for some heavy treading (if not heavy breathing). And if you don't like dancing, why not visit Fred's Inn on 12th Street in Brookland, a five minute walk from the Rat.

Of course a special consideration is fitting for the employees who keep things running at a steady pace. Among them are Jay Corcoran, Mark Weidmann, Linda Koponoff, Terry Kennedy, Bob Beckman, and the infamous Franklin Scott. Franklin, a third grade teacher by profession, doubles as a flamboyant bartender at the Rathskellar. His friendly personality and cheerful good humor portray the easy atmosphere of a Wednesday night crowd. What would the Rat be without Franklin and his outlandishly stylish wardrobe? In truth it just wouldn't be the same Rat. For when Franklin tells you, "... talk to me ..." take his advice or it may be your last call.

Nights at the Rat usually operate with a theme. The Brothers of SPD used the Galactic Rat to attract as many Wednesday night drinkers as they could as Scott Cranston and Matt Burns made music. photo by P. Seudner

Although many complain about the amount of disco played at the Rat, the predominant mode of dancing seen on the floor involves hustles and contacts as displayed by Phyllis Brala and Kevin McCobb. photo by P. Seudner





Cards Bury Hoyas on their Hilltop

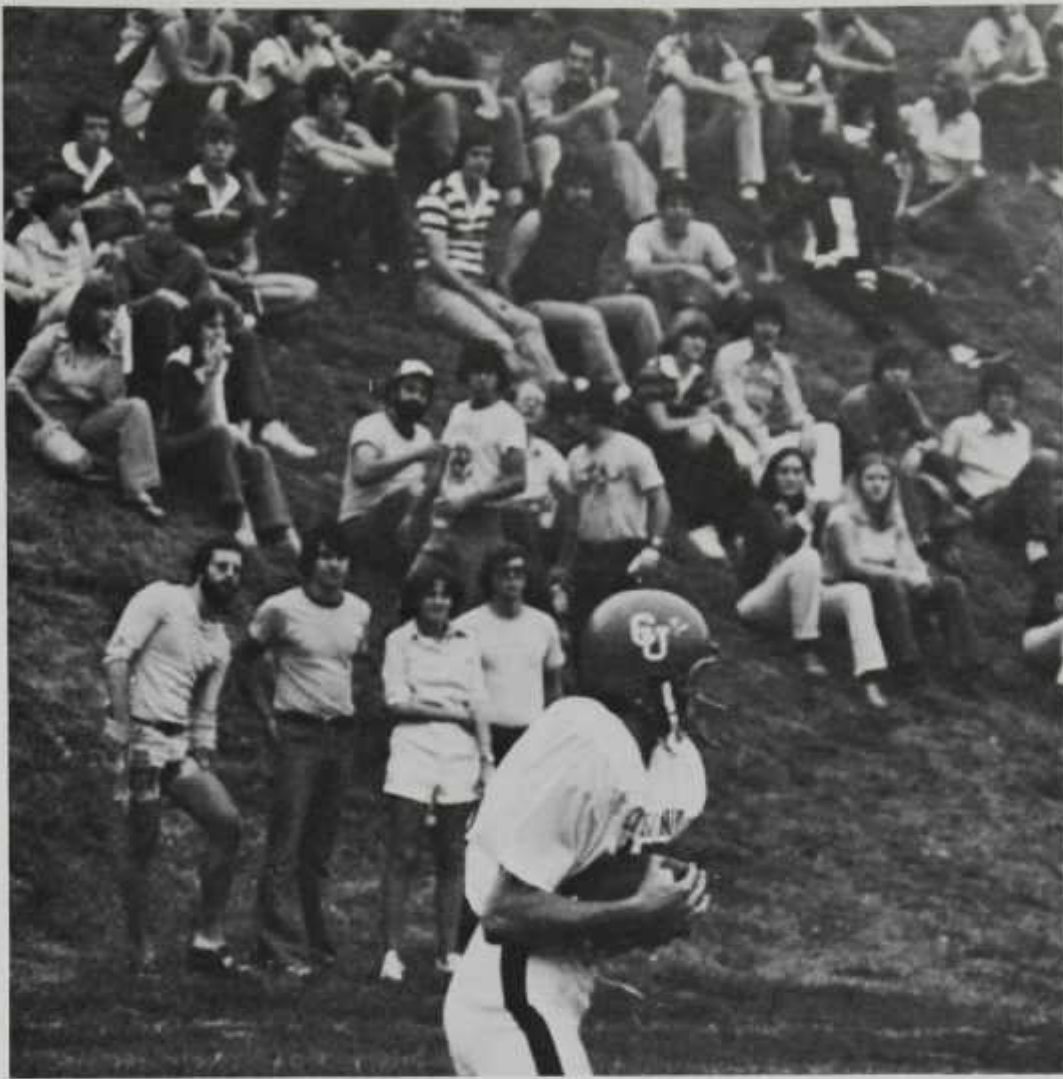
by Terry Bennett

The banner which heralds the rivalry between the C.U. Cards and the G.U. Hoyas hangs behind its creator, Mike Graham. Originally hung from 2nd floor Spalding, the banner was brought to the game but was later ripped down by Hoya fans. Photo by P. Seudner

"What the Hell's a Hoya?" was the battle cry of nearly one thousand Cardinal fans who attended C.U.'s opening football game against Georgetown. The immeasurable enthusiasm of the crowd drove the Cards to their first of three consecutive victories.

They came in hordes. Those who weren't fortunate enough to come by car were overpacked into three chartered buses, which didn't arrive at Georgetown until the Cards and the Hoyas were already well into the second quarter of their battle. Because some construction work was being done on Georgetown's football field, the game was held on their baseball field, which had been temporarily converted to suit the occasion. A small section of bleachers was barely filled with Hoya fans, while more than twice as many loyal C.U.'ers were forced to sit on a grassy hill above the end zone.

One Georgetown student, who failed to attend the game herself, explained the lack of Hoya supporters by saying that "except for a certain crowd, football games aren't really a big attraction here. Students have a lot to do, and going to a game rarely takes top priority." If the C.U. crowd on that September afternoon was any indication, it is apparent that this attitude does not prevail here.



To further test our endurance, some sporadic showers during an intensely hot and humid day provided something less than ideal football weather.

Despite these setbacks, the general emotional levels were at an exhilarating high. Some banner-wavers and several impromptu cheering sections kept the crowd active. Sophomore Vince Kelly, a resident of third floor Flather, described how his floor helped maintain this rowdy atmosphere. "We all chipped in to buy two kegs of beer, and there was no one unwilling to help out. People are usually pretty excited about our first game, and this was third floor's way of showing some spirit and trying to get other people in the right mood." To insure that this would be accomplished, several fans supplemented third floor Flather's gift with their own private stock, carrying on a typical football tradition.

Initially, the spectators, especially the freshmen, may have been disillusioned with what appeared to be a spiritless football game, due to the absence of a marching band and various other traditional trappings. It soon became apparent, however, that a crowd of enthusiastic Card fans could produce a more intense degree of ex-

A huge contingent of dedicated C.U. fans outnumber the G.U. turnout and doubtlessly sparked the C.U. victory. Lou Ruggiero is seen here taking a kick-off for the Cards. Photo by P. Scudner

citement than any number of drummers or majorettes.

The cheering crowd was justly rewarded for its emotional support. The Cardinals played one of their most exciting games, in which they didn't regain the lead until there was barely more than a minute left to play. With their final touchdown, the Cards emerged victorious, scoring an impressive 27 points over Georgetown's 22.

This was a particularly special game for the Cards, being their debut as Third Division members of the NCAA. Although Georgetown boasted of a strong offense, and was the favorite with a wide point spread, "newly organized" (only four members maintained last year's position), proved them wrong.

After the game, as the fans left Georgetown, their enthusiasm remained with them. Back on campus, while the Rat provided free beer to all football players, parties were held in various men's dorms in honor of their resident team members. It seemed as if the whole school celebrated. Nobody was unaware of the fact that "C.U. BEAT GEORGETOWN." Likewise, no one remained untouched by the unifying sense of pride which prevailed that weekend.

The Cardinal defensive rush is on as Steve Richter and Mike Hubert eye in on the Hoya quarterback. Photo by P. Scudner



The Gentle Vampires by Maurven Heisse

"Everyone on campus is covered with blood."

What KTG sister Kathi Ford meant to say was that KTG has reached their quota with this year's blood drives. Every year, for the past 24 years, Kappa Tau Gamma sorority, with the help of Eric Schlesinger of student services, has arranged for the Red Cross to come to campus so that students and faculty can donate blood. When the quota of 175 pints is reached, anyone from Catholic University is entitled to any amount of blood they may need without cost.

The Blood Drive has become a major event on campus. Several students register and make appointments to give, but even more find their courage at the last minute. Naturally, the nurses don't refuse these walk-ins. There are a few volunteers, however, that are sifted out as undesirable. There is an extensive screening process that the Red Cross has developed and each volunteer answers a barrage of questions in order to qualify. In addition to the questions, which deal with the volunteer's medical history, there is a blood test, a pulse test, and a blood pressure test. When I gave blood at the Fall Drive on October 13, I rediscovered the joy of all those pinpricks. And that was only the beginning.

Actually, the nurses are pretty understandable. No one expected me to watch them insert the needle, so I calmly turned my head the other way. I was just about to laugh at the fact that every other donor was looking "the other way" as well, when my own personal nurse found my own personal vein. I suddenly wished that I had told them I had malaria.

The nurse was the calm one now. She recited the litany of sins to be avoided for the half hour after I had finished bleeding: no smoking, no taxing exercise, etc. For the next 48 hours

Normal body temperature is a prerequisite to donating blood. Father Gary O'Brien appears to be confident that he will have favorable results as he prepares to donate blood at the KTG Blood Drive. photo by J. Jurado

The blood pressure of future donors is an important screening factor. Frank Klein is seen here undergoing that process assisted by Danette DiPippa. photo by J. Jurado





I was to consume large quantities of liquids to replace the stuff I was pouring into that little plastic bag.

The Fall Drive wasn't as successful as the KTG sisters had hoped. Unfortunately, this year coincided with the flu season so that a lot of potential donors were forced to withdraw at the last minute. There were 185 volunteers who had registered, but only 151 were able to give blood. The Spring Drive was more successful, but still, at the end of the second drive, the quota had not been reached. Another spring day was set aside and after that third drive, the sisters of KTG were 85 pints over their quota.

As soon as I had given my pint and the nurse disconnected my arm from it, I set about the task of generating new blood cells. There was a table full of cookies and I was invited to drink orange juice or coffee to my heart's content. Four or five of us noble individuals (the worst part was over and it was easier to be brave about the whole thing) sat together and pigged out for awhile. Of course we had words of advice for those who still waited to give. There was a small commotion when one donor tried to get up too soon after he had filled his pint. Those in the waiting line looked almost as pale as the guy that had now been helped back to the couch. Before long he regained color and they did, too and the nurses went back to work.

I left the Social Center that day with a story to tell and a little red dot on my arm to prove I had really been there. Naturally, I headed for the Rat. After all, they had said to get plenty of liquids.

The final process of donating blood is in the actual giving. Miss Merideth Higgins R.N. carefully performs the final preparations on Paul Cleveland. photo by J. Jurado

RETRIBALIZATION: CU STYLE

by Nancy M. Anderson

Red bows, black derbies, straw hats, red ties. Philadelphia Magazine termed it a "return of hope, ambition, clean sex, short haircuts and happy endings" in a cover headline of its September, 1977 issue.

Over the past year and a half, C.U. has witnessed a resurgence of interest in Greek life. For this community, the emergence of anachronistic headgear and colorful neckwear signals the return of a semi-annual ritual known as pledging.

For many, it's time for discovering who they are. For others, it is merely

Alpha Delta Gamma pledges learn quickly what "To the track" means. Track master and fraternity vice-president Joe Janela lectures three pledges on their deficiencies as future brothers. Photo by P. Scudner



a social outlet and a chance to meet people of varied backgrounds and interest. Sue Machado, a sophomore pledge of Kappa Beta Gamma sorority, describes it as "an experience that helps me get to know a lot of people I didn't know before." She explained, "Asking someone I've been afraid to talk to for a year to sign my pledge book is an easy way to start saying hello afterwards. I'm getting to know a whole different group of people besides keeping my own friends."

The pledge abides by the rules in his/her pledging manual. Routine duties, such as signing in once a day, getting signatures in a pledge pool, and visiting active members consume a large amount of time and most pledges express the fear that their grades may drop. Few characterize it as easy.

The pledge is at the mercy of the active member with only limited chances for retaliation. A prospective ADG brother, Aaron Socrat, liked what this fraternity stands for. Socrat and his 16 fellow pledges found out the hard way what pledging stood for one night in October. The active members of ADG kidnapped all 17 and dropped them off on a dirt road in suburban Maryland, a good two and a half hours from school. Equipped with tire irons for protection and five dollars to make it back, the 17 pledges got directions to a store near their drop point from a cop who had stopped to arrest a speeder. They called all the people they could think



of to come get them but most were at a Halloween party in Reardon Hall. "It took us until 4:00 a.m. to get back," said Socrat, "but when we finally did we went up the frat floor and started kicking on doors, shouting "1, 2, 3, ADG." We got them back, I guess."

The hardest part for Brian Gibson, SPD pledge, is the waiting. Living on third floor Spalding with the brothers convinced Gibson to pledge but has also caused him to "take abuse from a lot of drunken brothers." For his fellow freshman pledge, Rich Riley, the hardest segment is remembering his derby. "It's easy to walk out without it or to have some girl take it from you when a brother is there," he commented. "Boy, do we get abuse."

Abuse is the key word for these people who have a strong desire to join whatever organization they chose. It's a time for putting up with things

The women of Delta Sigma Theta are perhaps the strictest Greek organization on campus. The Delta pledges wear identical uniforms and must walk in numerical order when two or more converge outside of buildings, such as Mullen Library. Photo by P. Scudner.

you come to hate, according to Lori Guottmiller, a sophomore KBG pledge. "You take everything with the idea that it all has a purpose and that you only have to do it for a short time."

Most of those who pledge don't come with the idea that they will. Living on a floor with Greeks or knowing someone in a fraternity or a sorority is the key to joining. Barbara Shaw, a freshman who decided to pledge KTG, decided to join after meeting a lot of the sisters. "Keeping up with my book is the hardest part," she said, "if I don't, I get demerits."

After an interlude of six to eight weeks, the pledge experiences Hell



Getting an active's long signature requires the pledge not only to know who they are, but also to get to know them. SPD pledge Tom Gerbo gets his book signed by Brother Gilles Burger. Photo by V. Mandile



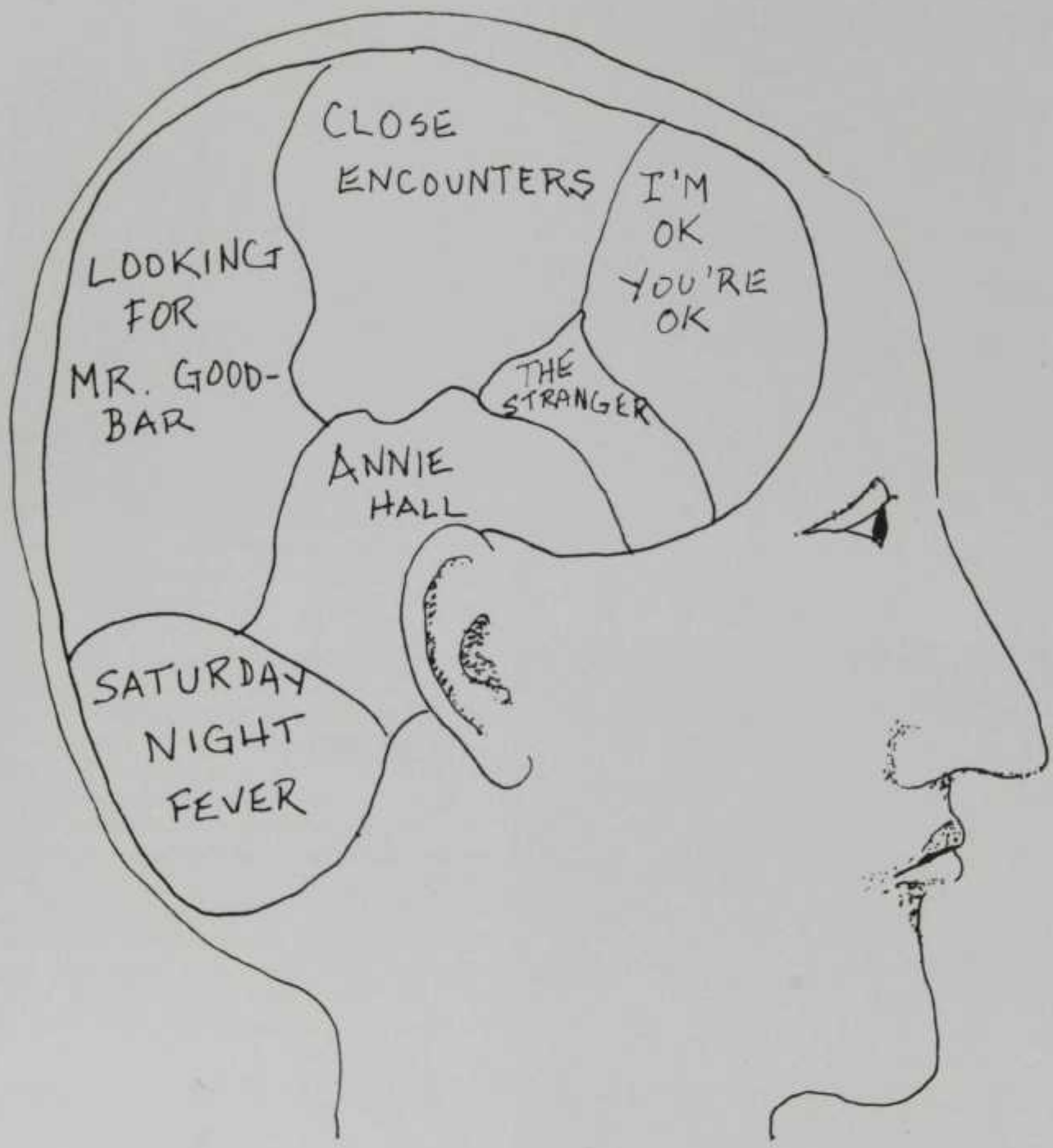
The book, the hat and the pen are all symbols of pledging to the brothers of Sigma Pi Delta. Although they rest on the table in Cardinal dining hall, they rarely leave the pledge's eyesight during the time he is required to wear them. Photo by V. Mandile

Week, climaxing in Hell Night. This varies between verbal and physical abuse, depending upon the organization where pledges show their strongest desire to belong.

After Hell night, the pledges are full fledged members with either a formal dance or a party thrown in their honor.

"Would I do it all again?" Most actives would answer in the affirmative, with their pins, hats and ties hanging on their bureaus in full display.

Matter Over Mind



Wholesomer than your kid sister. More conservative than a 30 year old businessman. Able to maintain grade point averages in the face of adversity. Student #078-22-1956 is part of a growing fellowship of realists who have invaded dormitories and classrooms with only a whispered introduction.

The transition from hippie to preppe, from Vietnam and Watergate to Cafe Vienna and Wall Street was the one-two punch that dealt the refugees from the Sixties their final blow. The changes on campus range from simple adaptations in fashion to subliminal realizations that the "they" of the protest years are the "we" of today.

The uniform of our predecessors hasn't been abandoned; it's just been modified. Our jeans are bluer and more expensive; our tee-shirts are cleaner and more socially significant; our gauze shirts are covered by Lord and Taylor vests. Annie Halls can be seen strolling the Mall with Tony Maneros.

We are the Pepsi generation in the midst of an identity crisis. We tend to be more looks-conscious, grade-conscious and job-conscious. We bust ass during the week and let our softly curled hair down on the weekends. We use alcohol more than art deco and we drop names instead of acid. We are trying to live in the real world.

Our conversations range from the Hill to the Pill, from the Pope to a Great White Hope and from third world peace to *Grease*. Our secret drug cultures are as open as our strawberry fields.

Our head music is being replaced by feet music and our friends now go to discos instead of jails. Quiana is more natural than yogurt cultures. Our individual life styles are as conformist as our slicked back hair styles. Our medium is no substitute for the message and our heroes of yesteryear can be bought at the corner deli.

We smoke cigarettes and sit in bars more than we drink espresso and sit in cafes. We change our majors faster than we change our lite beers. We are more concerned with the alligators on our shirts than we are with those being poached in Florida. We see more Moonies than militants and we acknowledge the existence of a supreme frosting faster than we do a Supreme Being.

Our sex is clean and our hair is short. Our SAT scores are lower and our expectations are higher. Our champagne is cocaine and our only contrition is lack of ambition. Our goals, our movies, our books are directed toward the real instead of the ideal. Our silver spoons have become golden shovels and our bibles are books to assure us that "I'm OK, You're OK."

We have shifted from cries for coed housing to it's alright to cry. The Sensuous Woman is trying to reach a median between the Liberated Woman and the Total Woman. The Sensuous Man is trying to reach an understanding of the Equal Rights Amendment and Title IX. We have witnessed a resurgence of interest in fraternities and sororities and we are not 99 and 44/100% pure.

Queen is more popular than *Cream* and the *Devil and Miss Jones* has given way to *Heaven Can Wait*. Our "Brave New World" is being turned into a Materialistic New World filled with test tube babies and strong implications of 1984 on the horizon.

We are making right turns on red and on political philosophies. We are more obsessed with Star Wars and the fate of R2D2 than we are with nuclear wars and the future of Rhodesia. We are fascinated by Roots and three-piece suits and we ignore the questions of race and the Bakke case. We belong to the largest group of human beings ever born in one single year.

Our days are numbered. Our Social Security fund could be depleted by the time we hit 40. Our children will be forced to contend with a population characterized by a majority of old people. Our world will be the transition point between democracy and socialism. Our beliefs are on the verge of being shattered beyond total recognition.

And yet we try. By tying a tie around a feminine neck or by piercing a masculine ear we feel freer. Janis Joplin sang that freedom is just another word for nothing left to lose. We've lost our virginity, our gullability, our feasibility and our sense of rebellion. We've gained status, sophistication, glitter and respect.

Our values, our styles, our hopes and ambitions have all changed, but deep down inside we're just as scared and confused as we've always been. See, some things never change.

by Nancy Anderson

Those Bust-Ass. Drop/Add Blues

by Ellen Newman

As the first hint of winter blew over campus, a perfect fall day was beginning to take shape: cool, crisp air, falling leaves, and students hurrying from class to class kept warm by layers of sweaters.

But all was not as it should be. Not only were the colors of the leaves changing, but so were the students' dispositions. The plague of midterms was taking its toll: an overworked architecture student here, a frenzied nursing major there — it seems everyone was complaining of his back-breaking work load.

Friday, October 21st was the official "midterm" date set by the university, and it stands as the last day that one may "resolve incompletes, drop a course without using the withdraw/pass, withdraw/fail procedure, and change a credit course to an audit."

In those two weeks that professors use to see if the students are still with them, the library suddenly becomes as popular as the Rat, and typewriters come out of hiding.

One of the first things that a new student realizes is that his dorm room — or even his room at home, if he commutes — is not the best place to study. Undergrads fled to the Law Library, and some of the more desperate ones even drove out to the University of Maryland. The House, famous for its Spaghetti Dinners and Back Door Coffeehouses, opened its doors to anyone who needed a quiet, comfortable setting with their traditional Midterm Study Marathon.

Midterm Madness found a new outlet this year with the opening of the Loft Coffeehouse. According to assistant manager Mike Lenahen, one of the purposes of the Loft was to provide students with "a place to grab a late-night cup of coffee." "We hadn't made provisions for midterms, though. There are usually only one or two people here when we close at 11:00 at night, but for a few weeks there, the



Breakfast lines were longer than usual during midterm week. Junior Diana Seely reviews her notes just one more time before her exam. photo by C. Battiata

For many students the Loft Coffeehouse, located on the second floor of the Cardinal Center, offered an alternative place to study. The atmosphere of the establishment seems conducive to senior Mike Pasquale as he reviews for an examination. photo by C. Battiata





place was packed. That's what the Coffeehouse is here for."

Lights illuminated various windows of the dorms into the early morning hours as students attempted to cram a half-semester's notes into their heads in one night. Freshmen soon realized that in no way did high school prepare them for the harsh realities of college academic life. Whether one is a senior or a sophomore, a business or an engineering major, everyone seems to have survived the trauma of pulling an "all-nighter" at least once, only to stagger into the dining hall for an early morning breakfast and find that there are no vacant seats. Everyone shares the same hope: that the food in their stomachs and that fourth cup of coffee will give them enough stamina to make it through the day, to the test which they have exhausted themselves studying for.

From another point of view, commuters, whose little brothers and sisters suddenly become too loud, often turn to their neighborhood libraries until closing time or bedtime, whichever comes first. The more resourceful day-students set up group study sessions at each other's houses, and sometimes even come to study and spend the night with a friend who lives on campus.

No matter how much one studies, or how little one sleeps, the best thing to be said about midterms is that everyone is in it together, even though each student suffers his or her own hell. Perhaps Cathy Dohrenwend, a freshman music major, best sums up the general "midterm blues": "All the papers, all the tests, all the work, it gets you so down, so upset, that you just want to cry. But once it's over, you're just so happy that you got it all done — and survived."

Yes, it's over. Everyone starts to smile again. You can sit where you please at breakfast, the library is no longer the place to go, and Wednesday night at the Rat returns with its normal crowds.

Yes it's over — at least ... until finals.

For many undergraduates, Mullen Library remained a popular place to prepare for midterm examinations. Senior Art major, John Conroy reviews his notes in the College Library reading room. photo by C. Battiata

Midterms did have one positive effect — it brought people together. Beth Holtz assists her roommate, Suanne Hannigan, in preparing for a politics examination. photo by C. Battiata



You Can Come Home Again

by Mark G. Ackermann

During the week, various organizations who have nominated homecoming candidates make the traditional presentations on the steps of McMahon. The brothers of ADG sing to their sweetheart, Karyn Dolan, at 12:00 noon. Photo by J. Lombardo

An unexpectedly large number of Alumni returned to C.U. for this year's Homecoming Ball. The crowded Sheraton ballroom did not dampen the party spirit of those in attendance. Photo by J. Lombardo

Curling irons and make-up mirrors appeared out of nowhere in the girls dorms and the path from Martin's Florist to campus was re-discovered. It was October 28, and the first big formal of the year, Homecoming '77, had arrived.

The week of preparation that climaxed that Friday night had been a busy one. Cardinal Center lounge was the scene Tuesday night as Mark G. Ackermann introduced homecoming king and queen candidates who represented fifteen different organizations.



For more than a week each organization had been presenting their candidates on the front steps of McMahon Hall, a tradition that goes back as far as most people on campus can remember.

To many, it seemed that this year's campaign for the candidates was the most active in years. Banners were hanging from almost every dorm and the Cardinal Center. Posters, flyers, and mobiles were hanging in almost every building on campus.

For the first time in recent history, a candidate was disqualified. The sweetheart of the neo-expressionist society was forced to withdraw because she did not exist. A spokesman for the society said, "We did it just to show the campus what a farce this homecoming queen thing is."

There were long lines at the voting locations many times throughout the day Wednesday. Voting seemed to be the heaviest in years. At Thursday night's pep rally it was announced that Spellman Hall's Terry McAuliffe was elected Homecoming King. The 1977 Homecoming Queen would be Phi Kappa Theta's Lorrie McGlynn.

The campus population grew Friday as hometown dates and alumni arrived. Students went out to dinner in small groups, then headed for the Sheraton Park for the Homecoming



Groups who have entered homecoming candidates spend hours making floats and decorating cars. Natalie Silva and Rosie Adami add the finishing touches to KBG's cars in Conaty's parking lot. Photo by V. Mandile

Advertising their nominee as the sweetest guy around, the sisters of KBG round the bend as Dave Martin toasts the crowd. Emily Stillmun and Regina Raspert carry their sorority's banner and balloons with Martin's name. Photo by V. Mandile





You Can Come Home Again



During the annual homecoming parade the brothers of PKT took on the pledges of PKT in their traditional chariot race. The pledges take a quick lead and hold it to win the race. Photo by V. Mandile

Catholic University scores another goal at the homecoming football game against Saint Vincent's to make it 18-2. Dave Higgins, Jim Mayhew and Steve Richter rejoice at the team's accomplishment. Photo by J. Lombardo

Ball. Meanwhile, alumni were renewing old acquaintances at graduating class receptions. Mary Elinor Smith was honored at a reception marking her 25th year with the university. The alumni then joined the students in the ballroom for the coronation of the 1977 king and queen, which included the presentation of thirteen former kings and queens.

Saturday morning the annual alumni basketball game was held in the gym. At the Homecoming football game the Cardinals were cheered on

by one of the biggest crowds in recent C.U. football history, and went on to crush St. Vincent 37-2.

The annual alumni awards banquet was held Saturday night honoring several alumni and unveiling plans for the new athletic facility. Charles Myler, '52, who was celebrating the 25th anniversary of his graduation, thought that the whole weekend "was delightful." He added, "The students here are basically the same."

After a Homecoming Mass on Sunday, alumni started saying good-bye for another year or so and students could be seen with suitcases in hand and home-town honeys next to them, headed for Union Station.

A battered St. Vincent's player is guarded by Jim Mayhew while Tim Lisante leads Lou Ruggiero on an end around sweep. The play lead to a Cardinal score immediately after halftime. Photo by V. Mandile

The Cardinal's new record is 5 wins and 1 loss as Joe Lofaro and Chris DiPasquale, after scoring 20 of the 37 game-winning points, congratulate each other. Photo by J. Lombardo



Baby, the Rain does Fall

by Pete Scudner



Monsoon season visits C.U. on the average of seven out of the 9 months scheduled for regular classes. A familiar sight to those working in St. John's is the red slicker of USG president Ovide Lamontagne as he makes a run for the hall's front door. Photo by P. Scudner

My alarm clock kept ringing; I didn't even want to get out of bed to shut it off. The rain was pounding the side of Spalding, just like Willard said it would last night and ahead of me was a 9 a.m. class in Marist. I knew it was going to be a bad day.

"Why get up," I thought, "I'll probably just drown." Then I remembered, I had missed class three times already and had only two more chances before my grade dropped a letter. I got up and began my lonely trek to the hinterland of Catholic University.

Things went well at first. My folding umbrella unfolded and the most recent application of silicon spray made my shoes look like the backs of ducks. Unfortunately, I reached the curb of Monroe just as a Metro bus put it into overdrive. The puddle it hit was everywhere; it seemed to reach out and grab me. Wet from the waist down, I made it across Michigan Ave.

The steps leading past Administration had become a foaming cascade - I struggled on. As I came around the social center the wind began to kick up. Images of Mary Poppins floating over London flashed through my head.

"No time for breakfast, I can barely make it as it is," I thought.

Then it happened. There in front of Mullen, the greatest of all rain trav-

eler's tragedies occurred. My umbrella flipped inside out and soon looked like a handful of tattered rags. There was no saving it. It found its new home in the mouth of the Cardinal trash can.

Onward I hiked, not even halfway there. The rain streaming down my face nearly obscured my vision. I grabbed a moment's rest in the doorway of McMahon.

Still ahead was Lake McMahon, that mysterious body of water, that hides the infrequently-seen McMahon parking lot. As I waded between the cars, I heard the Shrine bells chime nine. I could still make it.

All that was left was a small hill and the hockey practice field. I reached the hill, as I tried to determine if there was more water inside or outside of my shoes. From the top of the hill I could see that great, red building - Marist.

Sckwish! The field was as wet as a swamp and as slippery as ice. I still thought I could make it, when all of a sudden I fell into the drainage ditch that crosses the width of the field. I was soaked before I fell, but now I didn't even have my pride. Class was quickly becoming the farthest thing from my mind, all I wanted was someplace dry.

I picked myself out of the gully and jogged, slipped, and skidded to



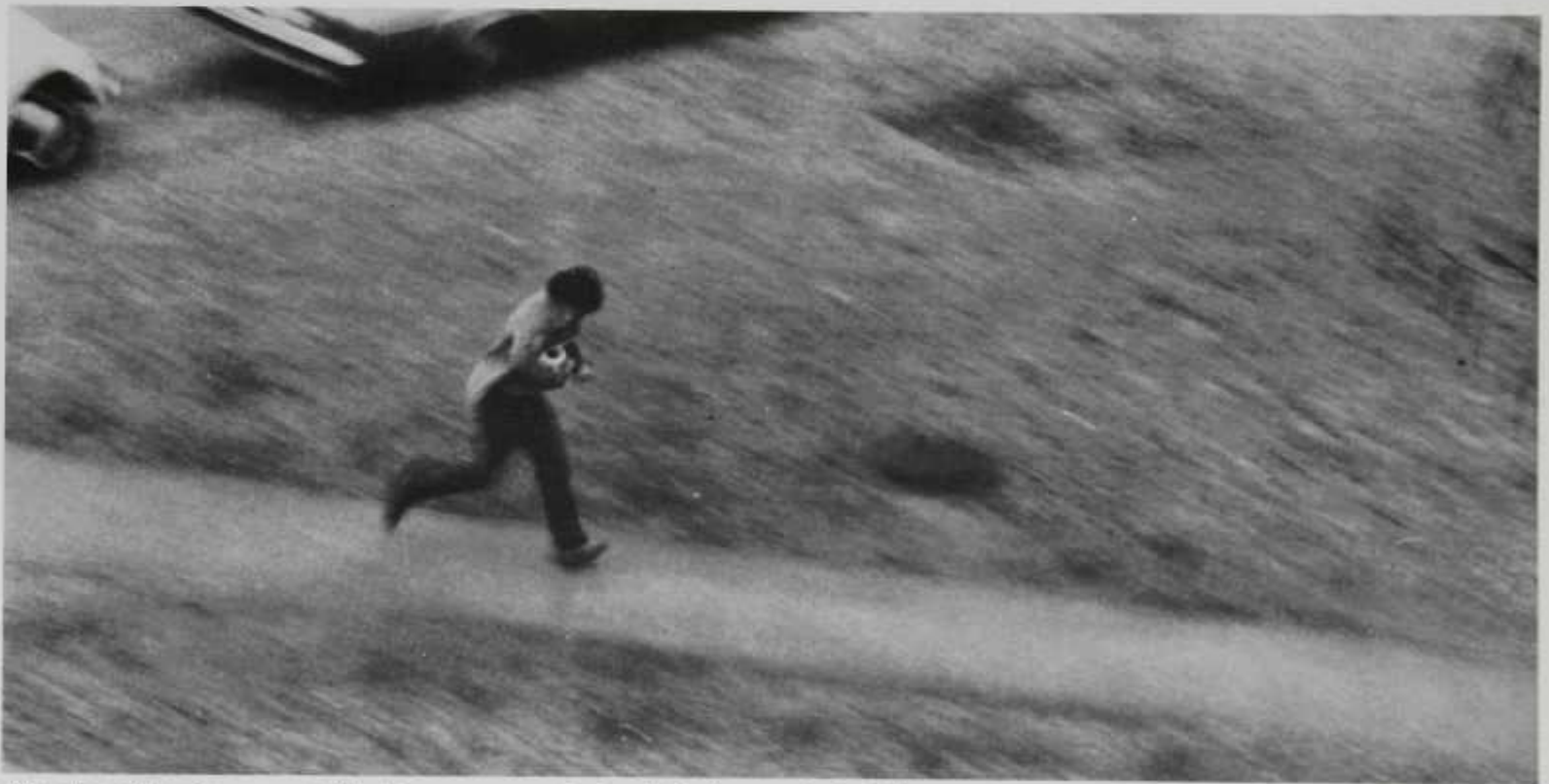
Even the evidence of winter won't preclude the monsoons from striking. Junior Sarita Moore carefully inches her way along the Conaty-Spalding path as she tries to avoid ice, water and Spalding mud. Photo by J. Lombardo.

Marist. I ran up the front steps and pulled open the door. Warm air rushed out to greet me.

Inside and slowly drying, I walked to room 109. But alas, it was empty. On the door hung a note, my dear Politics professor hadn't shown up.



Raingear varies from slickers to umbrellas to enclosures in automobiles at C.U. As the floods stream between sidewalks, those foolhardy enough to go out in the storm are only too happy to be in class. Photo by P. Scudner



When the rain begins unexpectedly, it's every woman for herself. Sophomore Cathy Cullotta makes a dash for Conaty hoping no one will get in her way. Photo by P. Scudner.

Dunking for Dollars



"So's your mother!" retorts Fr. Gary O'Brien of the faculty hoopers to referee Kevin Carlin.

When four soup cans paraded through the dining halls campaigning for donations for canned food, few students understood what Harvest Festival was all about. By the end of the week, however, everyone involved gained a deeper understanding of the meaning of Thanksgiving.

Harvest Festival was organized by the Dorm Councils of Conaty and Spalding in conjunction with Campus Ministry. These three groups contacted a social worker in North-east Washington to find the names and addresses of twenty-five needy families. Each of these families was to receive food and money. After Harvest Festival was over, over \$400 had been collected so that even after food had been bought there was enough money remaining for gift certificates.

Each year, the student-faculty basketball game and the No-Talent Talent Show attract students who pay admission with either money or canned food. This collection serves to supplement those that have been going on in the residence halls all week.

One of the highlights of the Harvest Festival is the Student-Faculty Basketball game. The game is traditionally somewhat less than official and the emphasis is on fun rather than sport. This year, for example, senior



Faculty squad lines up for tip-off.



With a small boost, this record-breaking dunk was one of the surprises of the night.



Undergraduate Student Government president Gerry Seery at the No-Talent show.

Terry O'Connell scored a touchdown for the student team at the end of the game. The student referees didn't seem to mind the sudden change in the game-plan, so the victory went to the student team.

One of the "soup cans" who helped organize the Harvest Festival was Kitty Higgins. Higgins was responsible for the No-Talent Show that followed the basketball game. Several students had put acts together – some musical and some not so musical – to entertain the Harvest Festival audience. The audience for this year's show, on Monday, November 21, filled the Cardinal Center Lounge.

When the basketball game and the talent show were over, dorm council members divided the food and money and delivered them to the twenty-five families in time for Thanksgiving dinner. Harvest Festival was over, but for some families in our community, Thanksgiving was just beginning.

Last Stop, Cardinal Station

by Nancy M. Anderson



The postal center in the basement of McMahon provides the vehicle for both conversation and purchases. A full range of postal necessities are offered by the staff, making life a little easier for the C.U. student. Photo by R. Foster

The Cardinal Station staff has been servicing C.U. for over 25 years. Mr. Jacobs, the most tenured member, helps senior Toni Fernandez decide which method to use to mail a package to Puerto Rico. Photo by R. Foster

Neither rain nor snow nor late afternoon classes can detain a student from making his/her last stop the Cardinal Station. For CU coeds, the trip to the mail box located either in dorms or in McMahon basement can be just what the doctor ordered to cure an acute case of homesickness.

Postmarks from New York City recall vivid images of the skyline as viewed from an Amtrak club car and turnpike road sign of Caldwell, New Jersey conger up visions of the backyard and the family dog. Although home is close enough to make one trip a month for the majority of students, most schedule return visits for major holidays only - Thanksgiving, Christ-

mas, birthdays.

Over 1000 post office boxes are rented during the school year in Cardinal Station alone. Mr. Jacobs and his staff, some of whom have been employed at CU for over 15 years, fulfill the needs of the University students by providing a full line of needed postal supplies and delivering that long-awaited care package.

Mail from friends lets one know that they still have ties with high school buddies and drinking pals when they return. Letters from Mom and Dad often bring money or the promise of a good home cooked meal within the month; it's a weekly additive to an otherwise plain bill of Macke cuisine. Reading letters at the dining table and having friends identify with problems or funny experiences at home tend to reinforce commeraderies within the dorm. Taking them back to the dorm either signals a love letter from "him" or indicates that bad news is in store. Some can judge the contents of a letter from Mom by the way the envelope is addressed. By weighing an envelope in one's hand, some can even predict how much the check is for.

The amount of mail that an average student receives fluctuates from season to season but declines as the years



go on. One freshman in 1976 received an average of 5 letters a day but was down to 1 a week by her senior year. Sometimes it gets to the point that a telephone bill is a welcome sight in an otherwise empty box.

The going rate for rental is \$3.00 per year and for some, it is the best investment they ever made. After all, where else with today's spiraling inflation can you get such a bargain for \$.15?



The lifeblood of the C.U. resident student is the care package from home. Disappointment registers on the face of sophomore Regina Raspet as she realizes that Mom's promise isn't a reality — yet. Photo by R. Foster



The boxes located at McMahon's back door facilitate meetings with friends from school as well as from home. Sophomore Mark McCabe checks his box as his floormate waits for him. Photo by R. Foster.

Here We Come A Kringling

by Terry Bennett

Students were barely able to settle in at C.U. after their brief Thanksgiving break before they were suddenly overcome by a glorious and dreadful realization: Christmastime was gradually approaching.

This first became apparent as strands of Christmas lights and other various trappings, cleverly smuggled from home, began to garnish dorm windows. The scenery was vaguely reminiscent of a pre-energy crisis neighborhood competition for "Best Outdoor Display." In those who took notice, a slight inkling of that "Christmas spirit" was aroused.

Of a much more traditional nature, the evening of December 6th saw the celebration of C.U.'s annual Christmas Party, held in the Social Center and

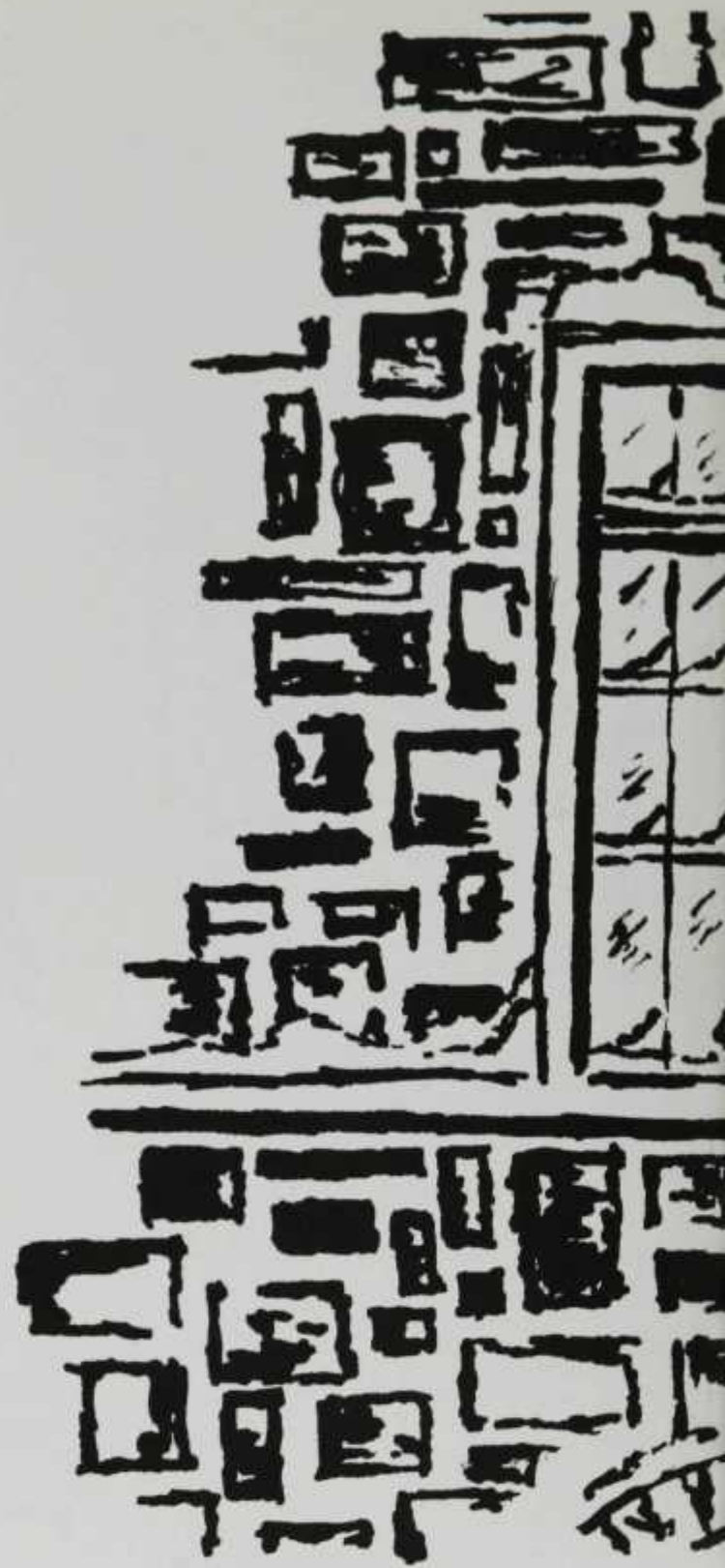
Kris Kringles, a traditional gift exchange between floor residents in every women's dorm, takes place even at the Social Center, at the annual Christmas party, presents are traded and quite a few mugs of eggnog are consumed as the tree is lighted by Dr. Walton. art by J. DeZinno.

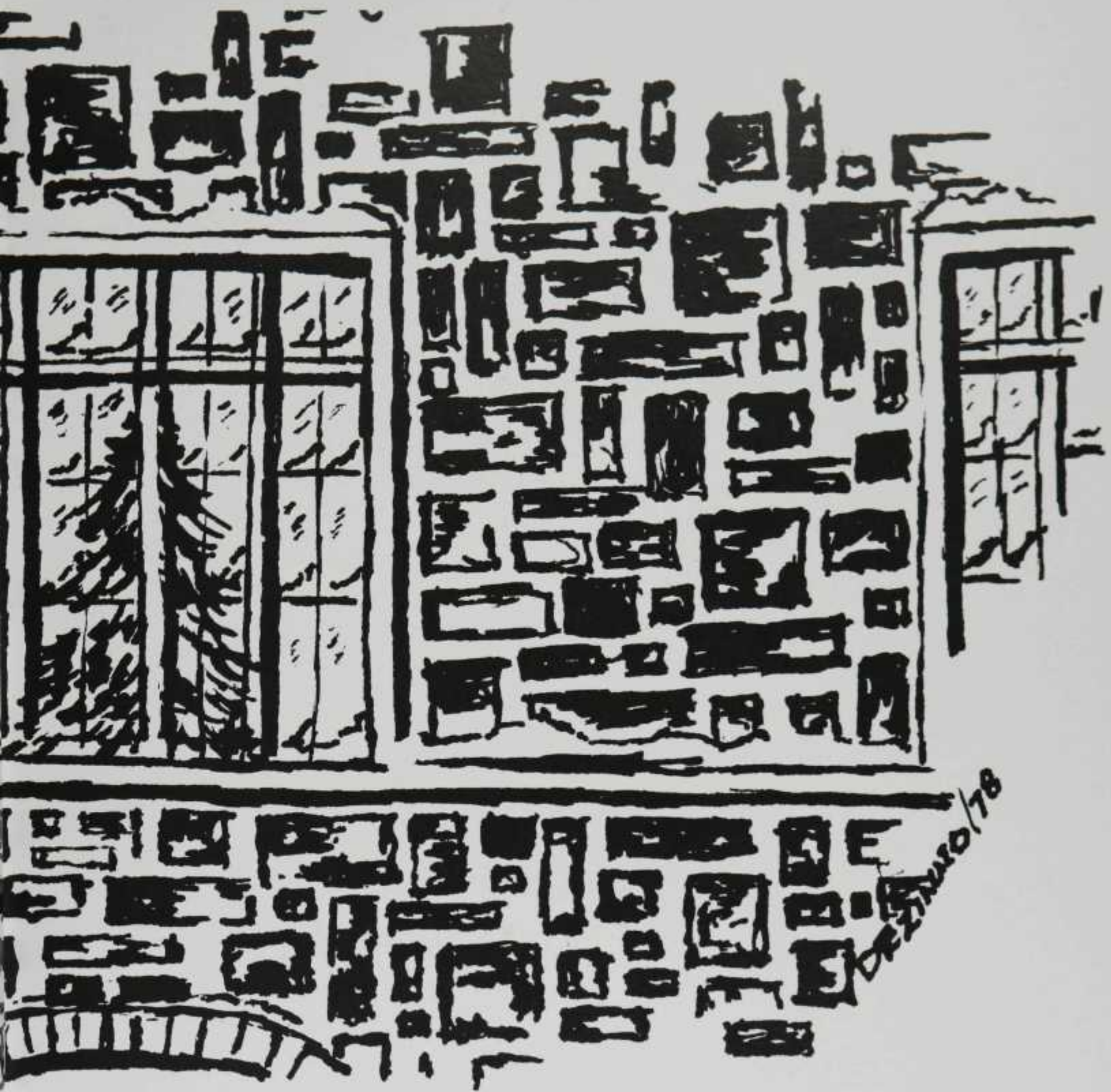
co-sponsored by several campus organizations. It was here that students, faculty, and administrators all came together just to enjoy themselves and, as junior Sue Reidy put it, "to revel in that feeling of camaraderie which the season instills, insuring that everyone has an excellent time."

Those who attended the party each provided an ornament for the tree, and then participated in a few moments of prayer, which this year was highlighted by the display of a new creche, masterfully crafted by junior Gary Baker. The evening continued with caroling, entertainment by the

Cardinalaires, and the breaking of a pinata. The party was essentially everybody's way of wishing each other a merry Christmas. The Christmas Party was a sign, to those who were previously unaware of the fact, that "the season to be jolly" was beginning to descend full force on C.U.

After this, no one remained untouched by the holiday atmosphere. Floor parties, dorm parties, and inter-dorm parties were constantly being arranged. Even Macke displayed some seasonal sentiments, serving the boarders a Christmas meal of Cornish game hens with all the trimmings, in-





DE SANTO/78

spiring spontaneous caroling in the dining hall. Television sets were widely put to use by those who refuse to miss Charlie Brown, Frosty, or the Grinch. Likewise, more than a few tears were shed among the crowd in Conaty's lounge, who watched as Rudolph was heartbroken for the hundredth time and Bing crooned "White Christmas" for the last time.

Moreover, several individuals had their own private tasks to attend to. While Jeff Rubin and Kathi Ford organized a Christmas party between ADG and KTG, Diane DiSanto, Mary Beth Seader, Jay Corcoran, and Beth

Gale were busy putting together this year's Appalachian trip. Maritza Juarbe attended to her duties as hostess, while sisters Linda and Susie Kim joined several other girls in displaying their talents as international gourmet cooks, all in preparation for the I.S.A.'s International Dinner Dance. A number of students made a trip to Prince George's Plaza to visit Santa Claus, and roommates Mary Wiley and Chris Murphy shamelessly wished everyone a "Mary Chris-mess" as part of their door decoration. The time had come when Christmas was a part of C.U. life.

At this point, students would have been perfectly content to spend the rest of the year decking the halls or jingling bells, but the end of the semester was looming directly ahead, preventing any slacking off. Although the library extended its hours and the House and the Loft remained open continuously for late-night cramming, few students had the motivation to extend similar acts of such good will during finals week. Nonetheless, everyone undoubtedly retained some glimmer of holiday cheer, to be manifested in post-exam and Christmas celebrations.

Catholic University On The Rocks

by Mike Crosbie

"Think we'll have classes tomorrow?"

That was one of the most frequently asked questions on the campus during the past winter months. The city of Washington was held in the grips of one of the most brutal winters in recent memories as it was punctuated with record snowfalls.

In the northeast corner of the District, that phrase echoed throughout the hallowed halls of Gibbons, Cardinal, and eight other dorms.

Some students became amateur meteorologists in their own right as they tried to determine what the final snowfall would be.

"Well, I always heard that when the flakes are small, it'll snow all night." "They say that when the sky is really pink, it'll snow for a long time." "Look, it's laying on Michigan Avenue now."

The winter weather presented special problems to the residents of Brady Hall and others living on the Varnum campus. Many students had to leave extra early to ensure punctuality in class arrival. Other students had decided to not deal with the problem and to sleep in. photo by J. Jurado

A lone automobile inhabits the parking lot of Hartke Theatre. The heavy accumulations sporadically pre-sented great limitations to campus parking facilities. photo by J. Jurado

Although the snow storms were frequent during the months of December through March, class attendance was not. Two residents of Spalding dormitory make their way to classes during one of the many snow storms that occurred. photo by J. Jurado



The lounges were crowded for the 11 o'clock news report. Finally, Willard the Weatherman revealed his map which was covered with plastic snowflakes and cryptic crowds.

"Brrrrr ... It looks like another dumping of at least eight inches in the District tonight and up to 10 inches in the suburbs." Outside could be heard the grinding of sand and salt spreaders while inside the yells and screams indicated obvious approval. At the con-

clusion of Willard's prophetic discourse, the question once again was raised: "Think we'll have school tomorrow?"

A senior rose from the couch and flicked off the set. "Nah, I can't see how." Seniors seem to know about such things.

With this each person filed out of the lounge toward predetermined rooms to engage in what had developed as the let's-get-wrecked-because-





we-ain't-going-to-have-classes-tomorrow party.

These parties continued far into the night until an hour or so before dawn. The general mentality of the celebrants bordered on complete inebriation by this time. Ultimately the participants donned jackets and caps and ventured to such frigid locales as Flather hill or the slope by the bank to go traying or just to engage in a snowball fight.

The snow had stopped by morning. The dorms were finally quiet and the only sound that could be heard was the muffled hum of the snowblowers.

Beneath a rumbled blanket a low groan was issued. A pale, thin hand reached from underneath, searching the floor for the alarm set two hours earlier. Empty gin bottles, half-full beer cans, clothes in a pile, and finally the phone. After dialing the number it rings twice.

"Campus security," a quick, gruff voice announces.

"Uh, could you tell me if there are classes today?"

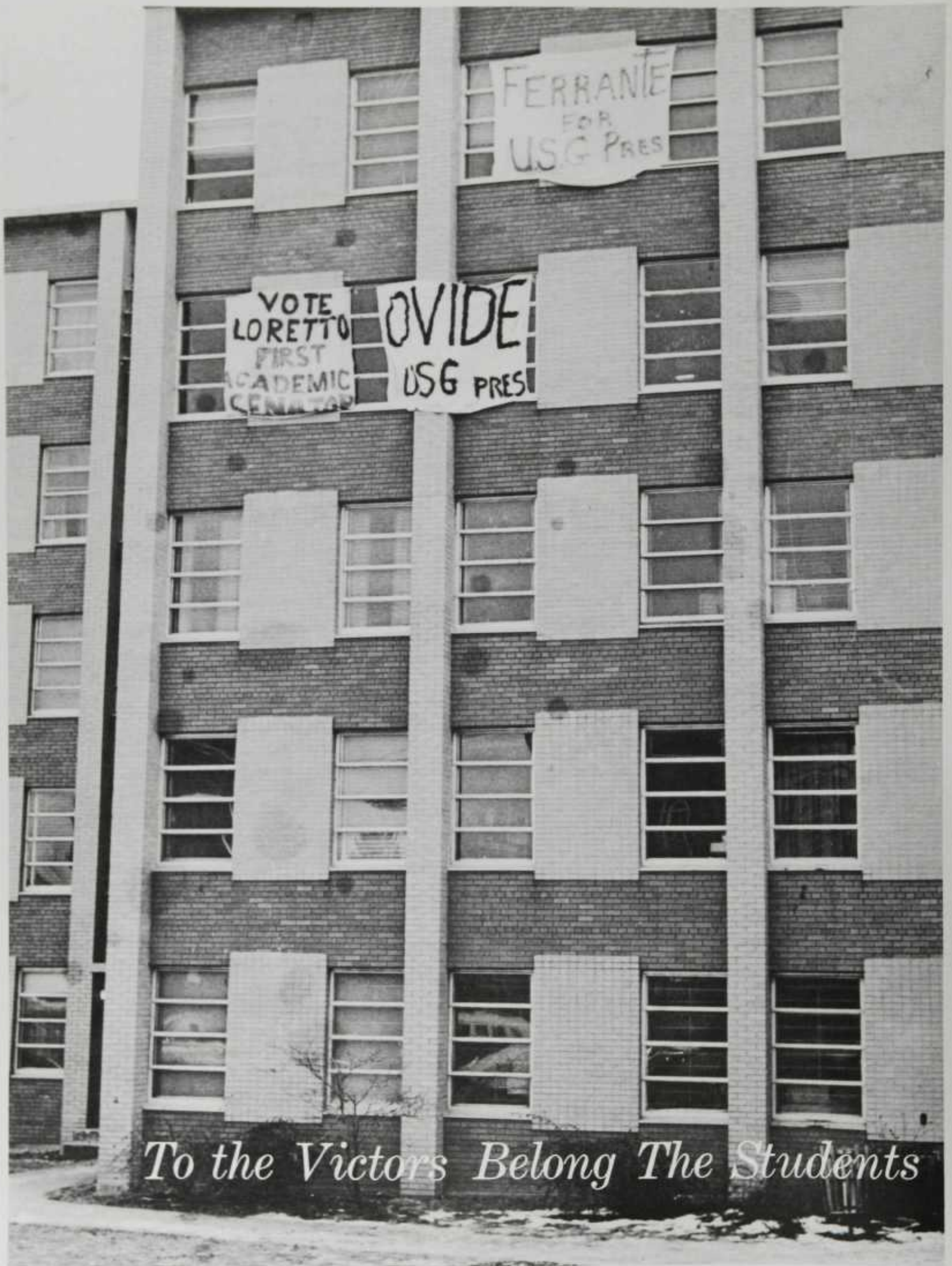
"The University will be open as scheduled." Click.

"Damn."

The winter opening of the Brookland Metro Station was well-received by the campus community. Many students and faculty members chose to partake of public transportation rather than attempting to drive in the hazardous road conditions. photo by J. Jurado

Students who live in Shields many times drive cars. The pile-up of snow in the parking lot at this Varnum dorm forced some to either hike in boots or take the campus bus to and from the main campus. photo by J. Jurado.





FERRANTE
FOR
USG PRES

VOTE
LORETTO
FIRST
ACADEMIC
SENATOR

OVIDE
USG PRES

To the Victors Belong The Students

Publicity during the campaign was at an all time high. Banners were hung from every dorm and social place on campus and Bob Ferrante sponsored a rally at the Back Door on Election Eve.

Two-timer USG delegate, Pete Jones, was the overwhelming choice for Treasury Board during the elections. Jones, who served as Vice-Chairman during 1977, captured more votes than any other nominee and went on to become Chairman of the 1978 board.



Election - 78

This year's USG elections brought forth a record 848 voters. For the first time in three years, the presidential race included more than one candidate. Juniors Bob Ferrante and Ovide Lamontagne rallied support for possible victory in what seemed like a second Homecoming. Banners of support hung from dormitory windows like flags on the fourth of July. At a reception held in the social center, candi-

dates in all the races spoke and responded to questions from a sparsely populated audience. The two presidential candidates, who spoke last, both promised an increased role for the student in the activities and responsibilities that could be shared with administrators in shaping this Catholic University.

A week later, after many parties, rallies, and handouts, Ovide M. Lamontagne, a psychology major from Man-

chester, N.H., was elected to the post.

Although energetic, this year's elections did not seem to cause the friction between opposite sides that occurred during the previous year's campaign.

Lamontagne's two years of previous USG experience, as an Academic Senator and Vice President, seemed to appeal to many as qualifying him. One of the main projects instituted by USG this semester was the student co-op. Under plans drawn up by the Legislative Comm., the Rathskeller bar, grill, pizzeria, and ice cream shop would be run solely by students under the direction of USG appointed board of directors. This project was expected to commence at the start of the Spring '79 semester.



Booths were placed at the entrance to both the Cardinal and the University Dining Halls to facilitate voting during the most widely utilized election in years. USG members Mark Meggison and Larry Mitchell were two of the volunteers who collected ID's and ballots from the 600 odd electorate who turned out to vote for one of two presidential candidates.

Faster Than A Speeding Bullet



The opening of the Brookland Metro in February offered enormous possibilities for both CU and the Brookland business area. Mayor Walter Washington and University Vice Provost Joseph Nuesse join the banner wavers before the dedication ceremonies. Photo by P. Seudner

Catholic University – it's your turn on line! Stand with your fare cards ready, for the great red arm of Metro has reached out to Brookland on its way to Silver Spring. Put in 40 cents and you can be at Union Station in six minutes, halfway to New Jersey. For another nickel, Metro will whisk you to the Smithsonian galleries of man and the universe.

Yet there was a time ten years ago, when Metro was threatened by an eight lane freeway. Those were the days of Tom Rooney, chairman of the art department, and the "Brookland Freeway Fighters." The citizens of Brookland organized and fought the city, which wanted to build route I-95 between the Holiday Inn and the Brooks Mansion. They won their fight and now after ten years, on February 4, 1978, Metro has become a reality in Brookland.

The effect on Brookland is as yet unclear, but the effect on C.U. is cer-



Brookland greeted the arrival of the Metro with flags that were eventually taped in windows from 12th Street to Conaty. Photo by P. Seudner

More Reliable than a Metrobus



The welcome from the CU-Brookland community came complete with cheers from the spectators and sounds of the brass cheer "Charge" from the band. Photo by P. Seudner



It takes 10 minutes to reach the downtown shopping district by Metro. Prerush hour riders at Gallery Place, located at 9th and F Sts. await their train. Photo by P. Seudner

tain. Metro means greater access to and from the University for everyone. More evening students are expected with Metro's presently, expanded evening schedule next September. Metro operates from 6 am to 8 pm Monday-Friday. Still, professors, and commuting students use the subway to get to school from Silver Spring and downtown.

Like the old, idealistic mailman,

Metro isn't daunted by weather. During Washington's city closing snowstorms this winter, Metro kept moving. When school closed one afternoon, students hopped the train down to the Smithsonian to enjoy the galleries free to tourists. Politics professor Mike Robinson used Metro to get from Capitol Hill to C.U. to work in his office, despite the closing of school one Tuesday.

Part-time job and internship possibilities increased greatly with C.U.'s own Metro stop. With Metro running past Capitol Hill and through downtown, students found it easier to work off campus. Whether interning at Congress or the State Department or working at the *Dubliner* or the *Smithsonian*, students rode the subway.

Going home for the weekend became easier too. Six minutes put you at Union Station. Nine minutes away, Metro center is only two blocks from both bus terminals. And National Airport, which once took as long to drive to from C.U. as it took to fly to from many major cities, now is only a 21 minute subway ride.

Despite its conveniences, many at C.U. are apprehensive about Metro patrons parking on campus. Security director William Nork has said he will watch for parking violaters. Plans are being formulated for stricter enforcement of campus parking next fall and possibly towing violator's cars.

Reaction to Metro's electronic entrance and exit system has been mixed. While most students don't have any complaint about it, problems have occurred in spots. Most complaints stem from system breakdowns. Junior

The motivating forces behind metro's construction belong to the Brookland neighborhood council. Tom Rooney, an art professor at CU and a long time Brookland resident discusses the far-reaching economic effects of the rail system with one of the designers. Photo by P. Scudner



Tony George noted how difficult it is for a rush hour crowd of 300 riders from one train to exit a station with only two working exit gates. Metro officials are optimistic about getting the bugs out of the system while it is in operation.

Overall, reaction has been favorable. The campus as a whole seemed to be anxiously awaiting the opening of the Brookland-Catholic University station. Now with a taste of Metro's convenience, C.U. is looking forward to evening and weekend service. With the new fall operating schedule, that desire will be partially satisfied.



The dedication ceremonies at the Brookland Station attracted students, news media and residents to the Holiday Inn, which faces the tracks of the station. Photo by P. Scudner



The early days of station construction proved to be one of the less aesthetic aspects of the high speed line. The muddy banks in the early 1970's provided innumerable seniors with a place for funny candid. Photo by G. Crump



Promises to reconstruct the Monroe St. bridge date back to 1972. The signs came down when Metro officially opened but the potholes stayed. Photo by G. Crump

FOOD WARS

by Mike Crosbie

The Great Cardinal Food War of '78 was in all respects a smashing success. Despite all of the claims and theories that surfaced after the event, the fact remains that the Food War was inspired out of curiosity more than anything else, curiosity as to what would *really* happen if the suggestion appeared in the TOWER.

I speak with relative authority as to the intention of that infamous unclassified, for it was I who wrote and placed it, at the suggestion of my friend and cohort, Jim, who came up with the idea after discussing the Food War of '68 with a well-known University administrator, who shall remain nameless.

Although we were aware of the wide-spread campus popularity of the unclassifieds, we entered the dining hall on that memorable Saturday evening not expecting a fight at all. We had thought that the diners would fail to follow through on our suggestion.

However, the tension that filled the dining hall that night could not be denied. As we inched along the line past petrified bowls of jello, it became increasingly apparent that the place was buzzing, and that Something Was Up. Past the entrees, past the milk machines and butter dishes, approaching the salad bar – it became frightfully convincing that people were gearing up for a Major Food War.

Macke personnel nervously paced the aisles, trying to deter what was obviously an inevitable confrontation. Bowls of olives and celery stalks lined the tables. Above each, the smiling, jeering faces of diners glanced at friends, winked, and checked the clock. It was ten of six.

We sat down at the most centrally located table that we could find, and

began to inspect the tables around us. Biscuits piled along each tray, croutons strategically placed, carrot sticks laid ready. A faction to our left was busy making mint jelly bombs out of saran wrap. The tension was so thick you could cut it with a knife.

"Jim," I whispered across the table, "I think we've done it! We've actually done it!!" A low rumble had started, and built in intensity as the clock neared six. Raincoats could be seen, and in some cases even ski masks.

Fifteen seconds. The table near us started the countdown. Five, four, three, two, one!!!

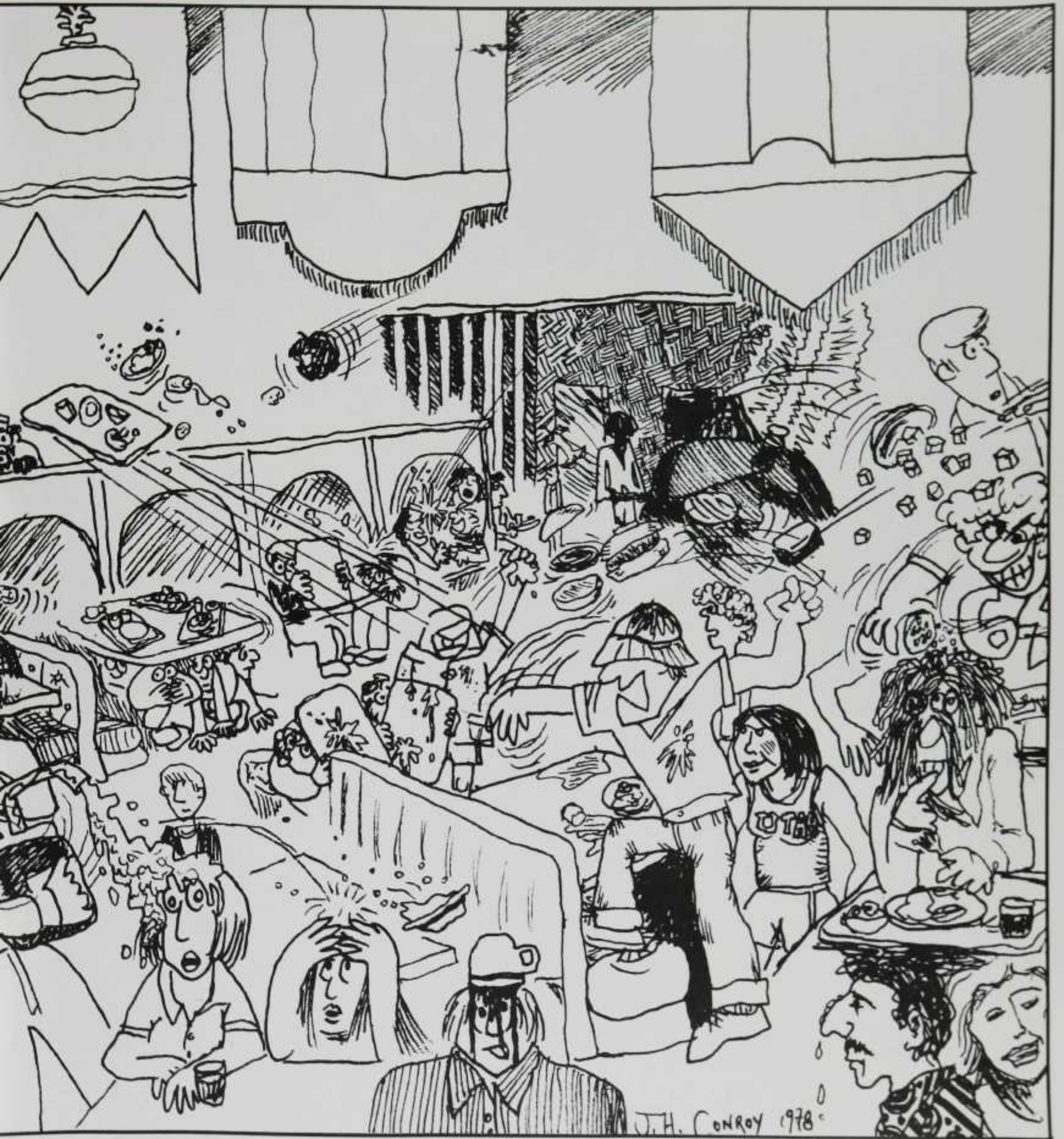
At that moment, screams could be heard as a handful of lettuce gently arched above Bob Beckman's head. People began shouting as more olives and biscuits began to fly. A pork chop appeared in flight from seemingly nowhere, smashing a light bulb. More screams. Lasagna was slung and salad bowls effortlessly tumbled through the air, smashing on the tile floor below. Radishes darted like mosquitoes on a hot August night.

It was at this point that we decided to make our getaway. As I rose I was splattered across the back of the neck with a handful of yogurt. Jim nearly escaped unblemished, but in the last instant was plastered with a bowl of spinach.

In another few minutes the food flinging ceased. Diners cleared out as new diners shuffled in among the ruins, looking for clean tables and seats, which were now nonexistent.

The Great Cardinal Food War of '78 had ended, but not without cole slaw stains on the drapes, grease on the floor, and a lot of students with something to tell their kids about.





J.H. CONROY 1978

Way Off Broadway

by Nancy M. Anderson



Homemade costumes, irreverent scores and green actors could never win Academy Awards but they could and did raise \$700 and entertain a capacity crowd for four hours in McMahon Auditorium on February 24 and 26.

The 28th annual International Cardinal Charities (I.C.C.) Weekend drew so many students and guests opening night that ticket takers had to turn people away at the door.

Tales of college life ranged from eating in the dining hall to facing graduation. The nine groups that participated had three weeks to write and rehearse scenes before they were ready to go on. "Rehearsals were the worst part of doing the shows," said Amy Grant, director of Kappa Beta Gamma's 'College Daze', "but they were almost as much fun as all we seemed to do was laugh and yell at one another."

Each show was judged on its creativity, originality, enthusiasm, and au-

dience response on Sunday nights. As a result, those who participated spent time on intricate dance routines and special effects as well as the largest amount of satire that could be squeezed into a 15-minute routine.

The brothers of Sigma Pi Delta adapted "Food Wars" from the movie that broke box office attendance records this summer. A tin-foiled C3PO and a mobile R2D2 were the robots who stole the show. Set in Mackeland, the force was with the Spald people as they successfully rid C.U. of the evil Darth Macke and all of his food and went on to win first place.

Alpha Delta Gamma fraternity captured second with their portrayal of the George Wanko incident entitled "What's Up, Doc?" ADG's innovative use of a movie made their skit the most creative in the opinion of producer Phyllis Brala.

I.C.C. shows tend to satirize problems that affect a majority of the students and so the third place winner,



Slapstick humor returns to the stage in Sigma Pi Delta's "Food Wars." In retaliation for Darth Macke's poor food choice, Mary Maxey gives Sean McElroy a taste of his own dinner selection. photo by P. Seudner

Kappa Beta Gamma Sorority presented a Freshman's view of campus life in "College Daze." Barbara Healy, Joyce Johnston, Amy Grant, Rosie Adamie, and Pattie Clark find that getting to the front of the line is an "Impossible Dream." photo by P. Seudner

Cardinal Hall, concluded their skit with a song reminding the audience that not everything should be taken literally. "Of Mice and Men" focused on two major problems that upperclassmen encountered during the year - too many mice and too few men in their rooms.

Although the themes are timeless in the skits that are performed, show that differed in format. The girls from Conaty produced a show illustrating the changing roles in the behavior expected of ladies over the years. Amid



catealls from the audience, the cast's finale was a strip tease done to Billy Joel's "Come Out Virginia."

If the shows were different this year, their fillers were more so. Kevin Waldron, Larry Martone and Charlie Azalina chose "Stop in the Name of Love" as their theme. Dressed as female impersonators, they became the Supremes, complete with wigs, black-face and satin dresses.

Patrice and Rachel Flynn, Hugh Dugan and the Cardinalaires each provided a musical interlude between acts. The first place prize went to John Smathers and Company. Smathers did an impersonation of Elvis Presley that eventually had the audience clapping and dancing in the aisles. Girls threw scarves and went on stage to kiss Smathers amid screams of "Elvis, oh Elvis!"

The judges this year were ones who were directly involved with the students. Brala selected Franklin Scott, Helen White, Gary O'Brien, and Sr. Mary O'Connell.

In Cardinal Hall's aptly-named skit, "Of Mice and Men," a mouse played by Hildegard Conte surprise the Housing Office Staff; Mal Paulin as Suhail Mirari, Suzanne Pelosi as Debbie Berlin and Bob Summerhays as Charlie Fey. photo by P. Scudner



New Jersey One — Night Stand

by Tom Daly

New Jersey Lives! On Saturday night March 11, Catholic University proved it. Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes, a ten-man band from the Jersey shore town of Asbury Park, played in Maloney Auditorium to capacity crowds. By the time the group had finished its second show, the entire audience was on its feet, dancing and singing to the South Shore Sound.

This show, like previous concerts at the Loft and the Aztec Two-Step concert during Homecoming Weekend, was sponsored by the USG Concert Committee. It proved to be the most successful. Eight hundred out of the possible one thousand tickets available were bought by CU students and visitors.

"It was the most difficult to arrange," said chairman Greg Frank. "Everything fit into place, though. The band had a great time playing here."

Both shows opened with Red Sales and the Sunsets, a local country-rock group, who performed with enthusiasm and a style all their own. They drew cheers for their fast-paced song "Washington", which described the District's "killer smog", the rush hour, and the tourists; among other things.

After a short intermission, Southside Johnny and hit the stage with light, sound and pure energy. The group played songs from their two released albums, "I Don't Want To Go Home" and "This Time It's For Real." Their Jersey-shore style similar to that of long-time friend Bruce Springsteen, was evident in the updated versions of "Fanny Mae" and "Got To Get You Off Of My Mind" as well as in their songs, including "Sweeter than Honey" and "She's Got Me Where She Wants Me." Springsteen wrote some of the songs performed, most notably "Love on the Wrong Side of Town" and "The Fever."

When Johnny started up "I Don't Want to go Home", most of the crowd was up on its feet, singing in agreement with the lyrics. The band ended its second show with a rousing sing-along of "Amen", which lead into the group's finale, "We're Having a Par-





ty." It proved that the New Jersey shore was alive and well at CU, at least for one night!

Bruce Springsteen and Southside Johnny both typify the North Jersey Shore Sound. One of the distinguishing features of the latter is his use of brass as backup in all his concerts. photo by J. Jurado

South Side Johnny's second encore, "We're Having a Party", brought the crowd to its feet. The people who attended the second show were much more responsive to the concert. photo by J. Jurado

The antics portrayed by Southside on stage make him a popular entertainer with those from the East. On Maloney stage, he once again goes into his routine. photo by J. Jurado

Friends For A Day

by Maureen Heisse



At the Candy Tree, Easter Bunny Mal Poulin and Jeannine Keyes watch as LaDonna Pavetti gives a lollipop to one of the special children. Photo by P. Seudner

On April 1, C.U. had some very special visitors – 300 mentally retarded children and adults from three area centers. These guests were treated to a day on the Mall as participants in Alpha Delta Gamma's Third Annual Hand-in-Hand festival with all the trimmings of a carnival.

The booths were everywhere. There was the Candy Tree in front of McMahon where Easter Bunny Mal Poulin helped the guests to lollipops and Milky Ways. Among the other booths at the opposite end of the Mall were the ring toss, sponge throw, and a petting zoo.

Highlights of the day included a visit by a Metropolitan Police Helicopter. Children were encouraged to climb aboard and feel the instruments once the plane had landed in the middle of the Mall. The police department also supplied a demonstration of its police dogs.

At one point attention was turned to a huge tarp that was lifted to release hundreds of brightly colored balloons. At the end of the day, Silver Spring, a band from the area, entertained the guests as they prepared to leave and volunteers cleaned up booths. Within a few hours, the Mall was back to normal and there were no signs of Hand-in-Hand remaining. No signs, that is, except for the smiles on the faces of the 600 volunteers.

ADG brother Bill Mulholland, chairman on the day felt that the festival was a great success this year. "We had great weather for the first time in three years," he said, "and all the students who volunteered were really great." Senior Bill Kilgallin who founded the day at C.U. said, "The program was better than ever," and promised more things that would be bigger and better next time.





Many activities were provided for the children who visited C.U.'s Campus. Chris and Connie Wilkinson's friend for the day asked to ride the cageball and they happily obliged. Photo by P. Scudner



Clownface was a popular prop for many of the volunteers who donated money as well as time. Ricky Ricardo provides ice cream treats for Diane Beliombe and her child. Photo by P. Scudner

The exploration of a Metropolitan Police Helicopter provided one of the many memorable moments experienced by Lisa Godfrey and her special friend of the day. Photo by P. Scudner

Surf's Up South of

Spring Break in Ft. Lauderdale is not complete without an appearance at junior architecture major Tony Abate's second annual "pina colada in your beak" party at his home in Plantation. Hundreds of people showed up this year, though not quite so many were thrown in the pool as last year. Towards the end of the evening, his parents were working the blender to keep the supply of pina coladas running. After the party, everyone headed back to the "Cotton Mouth Hotel" for after hours partying that lasted late. There were reports of a certain group of C.U. students trying to steal the live flamingo out of the pool in the lobby of the Jolly Roger Hotel on the "Strip."

The week ended well with people dragging back to campus with just enough time to take a shower and make it to their first class on Tuesday.

Some head for home to secure summer jobs; some of the less fortunate hang around campus for comps; but by far the majority of people toss their books aside, caution to the wind and head southbound on I-95 in cramped cars for a week of Florida sunshine. The partying begins immediately after pulling out of the parking lot with a stop at Whelan's for a fuel-up of beer, munchies, and other necessities to make a twenty-hour trip a bit more bearable.

And so the journey begins with caravans of cars packed with sun-wor-

shippers eager to drive into summertime. Along the way down the tedious trip is broken up by word games, counting "Stuckey" signs and, of course, sleep. Probably the greatest feeling of the whole week is falling asleep in a night darkened Georgia and waking up on a long, flat, palm tree lined Florida highway.

Orlando, St. Petersburg, Clearwater, Ft. Lauderdale. They were all scenes of C.U. action. A group of C.U. people followed the baseball team to Clearwater, knowing that good times and parties were not far behind. Rumor has it that someone even packed up their stereo to accommodate the festivities.

Farther south in Ft. Lauderdale, the C.U. contingent was whooping it up at the "Cotton Tail" (affectionately referred to as the "Cotton Mouth") Hotel. It was not uncommon to get a knock at the door at 3 AM and find two people standing there wanting to know if they can crash for the night.

And of course "The Strip" cannot go unmentioned. By day it was a haven for beach bums. The beaches were crowded beyond capacity. There were reports of people walking for miles along the beach just by stepping on stomachs. The Button was also a popular place during the day. Those who had had too much of the sun's burning rays could be found in this renovated dive, packed like sardines; which did nothing for the sunburn. Moving



Stopping to be photographed in the public stocks, Bob Ferrante and Jim Dean start their day at Walt Disney World, the World's largest amusement park, near Orlando.

Cinderella's Castle, the focal point of the Magic Kingdom, houses gift shops that were visited by many C.U. students during Spring Break.

In Adventureland, the house reggae band takes a break from their steel drums and kettles to take a picture with Bob Spurr, Mark Guittard, Jimmy Dean, Jim Hansen, and Bob Ferrante.



C.U.

by Sheila Grady



Bob Spurr and Mark Guittard embark on "Mr. Toad's Wild Ride," surely a bargain for a 'D' ticket only. Other exciting rides in Fantasyland include "It's a Small World," "20,000 Leagues Beneath the Sea," and "Dumbo's Flight."

around there was a problem: if you danced, you made it but you could not possibly walk through the place.

The Button has a tradition of throwing afternoon parties for the schools that are visiting for the week. C.U.'s party was held the same day as Marquette, Notre Dame, and Kentucky. This was fine except for the fact that Notre Dame and Kentucky were vying for the NCAA basketball title at the end of that same week. C.U. was barely audible above the din made by these two schools. We did, however, have Erin O'Brien enter as a contestant in the wet T-shirt contest.

By night, "The Strip" was one big party. Cars, vans, and even Winnebagos jammed A1A, cruising around at the speed of 5 MPH. People jumped in and out cars of strangers, meeting kids from other schools and partying. The bars that line the street were veritable saradine cans.



photos by J. Jurado



Tourists, native Floridians, and C.U. students abound throughout Walt Disney World during Spring Break. Attendance records surpass 35,000+ visitors on a typical day.

Famous gravestone at the Haunted Mansion.

Canoeing on the Crystal River, M.G. Blanch and Bob Spurr wind down from a hectic week in Florida.



Derby Wildness For A Day



The brothers of Phi Kappa Theta lead the parade as well as judge for the most spirited group along the parade route. Decoration cars and floats of the participants follow them down to Memorial Stadium.



April 15, 1978, 11 p.m.

Dear Mom and Dad,

Remember how you kept telling me to get involved? To make the most of my first year in college? Well, this girl on my floor, Ann, asked me to sign up for the Freshman Class team for Derby Day and I decided to take your advice. I'm not sure this is what you meant. You wouldn't believe the bruises.

Today was Derby Day. The way Ann explained it, Derby Day is a day of games organized by Phi Kappa Theta, a fraternity at C.U., to raise money for charity. In order to enter our team, we had to sell raffle tickets. That's the money that went to charity. Each year the frat picks a different one. This year, Phi Kap collected for the D.C. General Hospital Juvenile Amputee Clinic.

It was a lot of fun, really. We started out the day with a parade that went from the Metro station to the Stadium. There was even a local celebrity marching with us: Captain Twenty from a TV station here.

Anyhow, once we got to the stadium, they had the opening ceremony. Fr. Pat Collins (you remember him - he is the director of Campus Ministry) gave the invocation. They even sang the Star Spangled Banner. Then the fun began!

The fun I'm talking about is the games themselves. We competed with teams from fraternities, sororities and dorms. They were kind of like the games I played when I was a kid. We played Musical Chairs, only the "chairs" were tires and the centers were filled with ice. Aaugh!

Not all the games were party games. There was a beer-chugging contest and a hot dog eating contest. I might have entered the second one, only it was right after the train chug and I didn't think I could handle it. After I saw this one girl bolt from the hot dog eating contest, I knew I had been right.

Did I tell you that these were all-girl teams? That's part of the tradition, too. Even the frats entered all-girl teams. Yes, Mom, I know that's sexist - but it's all in fun.

The game I liked best (No, Daddy, it wasn't the beer chugging) was blind man's football. It was really kind of hard, but we managed to do okay.

It's a little hard to explain, but I'll try. One girl is blindfolded. She has to throw the ball to and receive it from another girl (not blindfolded). The blindfolded girl has one coach, to give her directions and help her catch and throw the ball to the right place. I don't know which is the toughest job. All three of us were really frustrated, but we loved it.

They had this disc jockey from WPGC, a local radio station. (They really did this up! I was impressed!) He did a really good job of getting the crowd rowdy and getting them to cheer the teams on. It really made it kind of exciting.

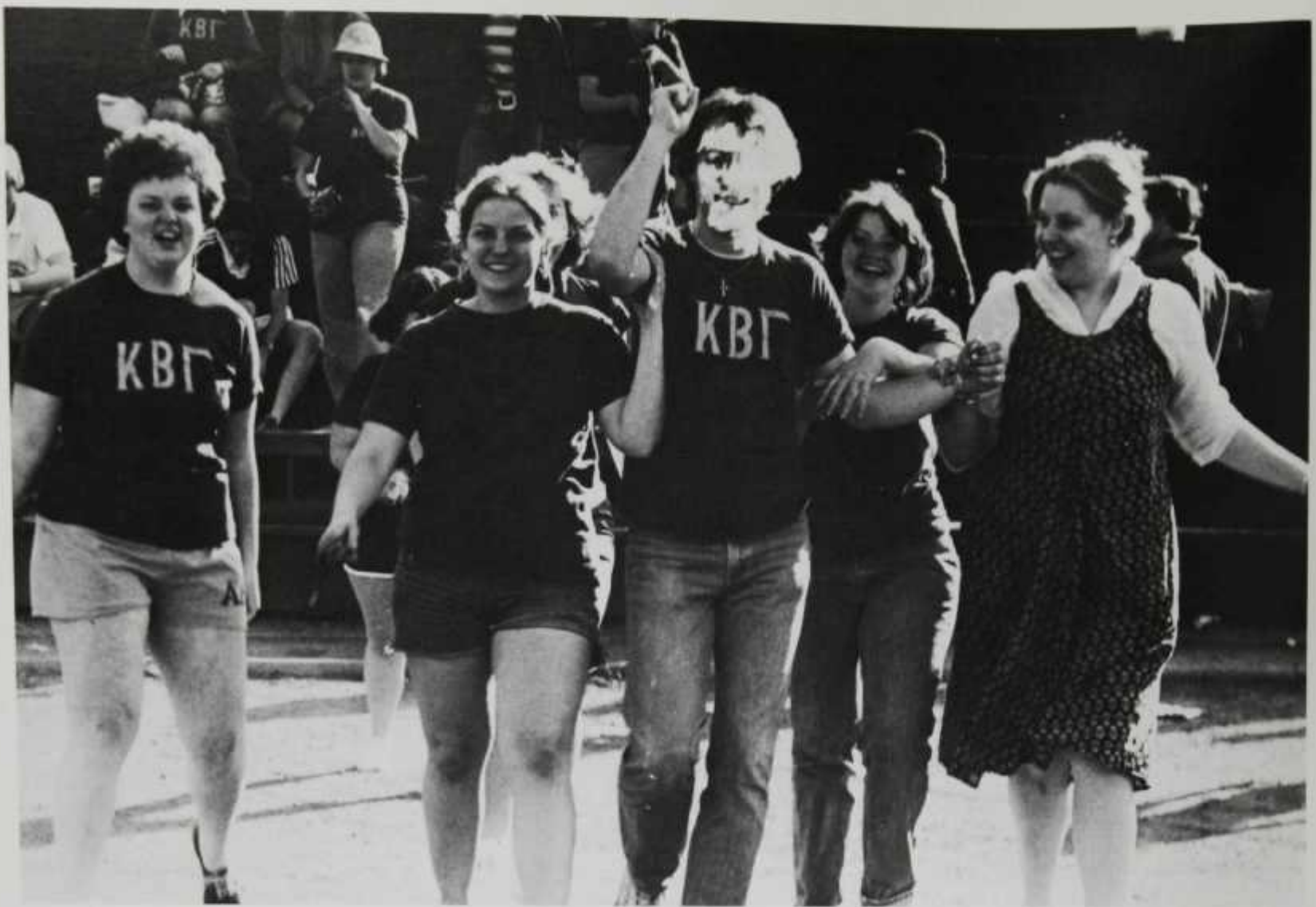
I just got back from the Derby Day Block Dance. They had a block dance at the beginning of the year, too. Did I tell you about it? It's a big mixer out in front of the library. The band is up in front of the library and that whole parking lot there is open for dancing. It was kind of cold, so I came home early. Besides that, I'm SO SORE from the games. The tug of war got a little rough. I'm really beat.

So, I'm going to get some sleep. Say "hi" to everybody for me. I miss you all. Finals start in a couple of weeks and then I'll be home. See - even with things like Derby Day, I still think about school sometimes. Good night.

Love,
Kelly
P.S. Thanks for the advice!

A new addition to the festivities was a "half-time" show provided by the Cardozo High School Band.

Transportation by cars belonging to PKT brothers, the band played louder than the speaker at football games.



Taking the spirit award for the 2nd year in a row, the sisters of Kappa Beta Gamma went to their initiation that night with sore throats and bad sunburns. Coach and honorary, Jim Hanley, found the Colgate Menthol Shaving Cream from Liz Grady, Pattie Clark, Amy Grant, and Nancy Anderson a "cooling" relief from the heat.

*A Day of
Zips, Sips and
Flips.*



The Cardoza High School Band on tour at Brookland Memorial Field



Kathy Jordan performs with the ease of a pro in the infamous "zip strip," no small feat even for an experienced freshman.

Article on previous page by M. Heisse.
All photos provided by J. Lombardo, J. Wright and V. Mandile.



One member from each team competes in the "adult" version of Musical Chairs. Danette DiPippa and Pattie Clark battle it out for top position and a first place for either ADG or KBG. Clark won, by the seat of her pants.

*50 Pitchers of Beer
on the Table,
50 Pitchers of Beer ...*

by Nancy M. Anderson



Curfews, junior comps and freshmen beanies may all be campus anachronisms but some C.U. traditions refuse to die. Once a year the men of Spalding Hall form floor teams in an attempt to out guzzle each other's gusto in the Spalding Drinking Contest. After a brief hiatus last year on its residents' front lawn, the site of regulation chugging returned to its birthplace. The pit located outside the Rat (which doubles as a sidewalk cafe during the heat spells in early April) was equipped with tables and chairs hours before the contest was scheduled to begin. This year, the festivities took place on Derby Day and crowds from the stadium stopped by and lined the sidewalk at the conclusion of Phi Kap's charity games.

Resident Director Tim Lisante, emulating Sylvester Stallone's *Rocky*

in garb, served as the official tabulator and scorekeeper as his dorm returned to the days of Roman orgies. Lisante began the hour long contest by chugging a quick cup and then waved the flag to signal that the competition was ready to start.

The men were arranged according to floors and one member from each team served as the "runner" while loyal supporters rooted for their own favorites. The crowds cheering for third floor Spalding, defending champions, vocalized the loudest sentiments as the contest was finally underway.

Ten minutes later the participants from ground, first, and second floors began throwing beer and cups at each other while third and fourth floors, traditionally the rowdiest in the dorm, methodically poured beer after beer. The crowd called to special team mem-

bers who would in turn pick up a pitcher and chug in its direction.

The first form of live entertainment appeared as John Smathers, a member of the second floor squad, jumped on a table removed his clothes, and gyrated to the aaahs and oohs of the female section of the audience. After 45 minutes of madness, Lisante stopped the contest and declared a tie between third and fourth floors.

An official protest was filed and third floor was declared the winner, having drunk 50 pitchers of beer over the allotted time span. Amid broken tables, chairs and pitchers, the residents of Spalding Hall picked up their paraphenalia and staggered across Michigan Avenue, vowing to outdrink third floor Spalding and its SPD brothers next year.



Four Years Plus One Week Equals Memories



The traditional countdown for most seniors starts the first day of school but the official one is posted on the lawn of St. Thomas' Hill 2 weeks before graduation. This sign is perhaps one of the sturdiest ever constructed as the MacNeil-Rosenthal creation lasted until two days before the ceremonies. Photo by M. Broussard.

Monday's rain forced the picnic into the gym. That night, the Block Dance was also a capacity crowd.

Saturday Night Fever hit the Seniors early at the Dinner Dance. After a buffet dinner, the dance floor opened up and "les Colours" provided the music for CU's very own disco babies. That evening, Lynn DeCarvahlo presented their class gift, a contribution to the athletic facility, to Dr. Walton. Eric Schlessinger also received a gift from the class he has advised.

Thursday night brought the Booze Cruize and another capacity crowd to a cruise of the Potomac. This is a new event for the Senior Week schedule. This year the Wilson Line came through for us, bankruptcy notwithstanding; but the future of the Booze Cruize is doubtful.

Parents began to arrive on campus Friday and that night, Dr. Walton was their host at the President's Reception in Cardinal Center. Drizzl-



The Dinner Dance, held at Indian Springs Country Club, is one of the most popular events offered every year. This time the dance floor was packed with facsimiles of John Travolta and Ginger Rogers as the Hustle and the Bump kept the crowd on its feet for the entire night, except of course while they partook of the buffet dinner offered. Photo by P. Scudner



This year Campus Ministry sponsored the first day of festivities by holding an impromptu picnic on the Mall following the Senior Week Mass. A group of friends, most of whom reside on third floor Spalding, enjoy the free food and beer as well as each other's company. Photo by N. Anderson.



Members of the Administration often frequent a number of Senior Week activities. Fr. Gary O'Brien, who entered CUlife at the same time as the class of '78 shares a beer and some barbequed food with Sr. Mary O'Connell and Joe Reum. Photo by N. Anderson.

ing rains around midnight gave Mom and Dad an excuse to pass up Fred's this time, and the Reception gradually brought Senior Week to a close.

The Wilson Line, home of the Booze Cruise, was declaring bankruptcy and every weather man in the area was predicting rain. For all intents and purposes, Senior week should have been a flop. But from the crowded busses for Kings Dominion and the disco dance floor at Indian Spring Country Club, it could hardly be judged as such.

Packets of tickets for Senior Week, limited in number by the restricted seating for Tuesday night's dinner theater were unexpectedly sold out in a matter of days. Several seniors made their own arrangements with Lazy Susan Dinner Theater and bought the rest of the packet from the S W committee.

Lynn DeCarvahlo, the Senior Class President, managed to pull things together and Senior Week went off smoothly. The activities began early Sunday morning as the first busses pulled into the parking lot at Kings Dominion. The Rebel Yell attracted the biggest crowd at first. The King Cobra seemed to pose a greater challenge. One fearless rider was overheard to say, "It was even better the second time when I kept my eyes open."

*Four Years
Plus One
Week
Equals
Memories*



The Dinner Dance, held at Indian Springs Country Club, is one of the most popular events offered every year. This time the dance floor was packed with facsimiles of John Travolta and Ginger Rogers as the Hustle and the Bump kept the crowd on its feet for the entire night, except of course while they partook of the buffet dinner offered. Photo by P. Scudner



While the graduation service took place in the Shrine, maintenance crews disassembled the chairs set up for the outdoor service. Ironically, the rain stopped after the ceremony was moved.

It may have been cloudy out on the mall, but the sun was shining in the Shrine when Dr. Walton officially conferred the 1,853 degrees. Hoods were donned and caps tossed into the air. It was May 13 and Commencement ceremonies and the years of work they represented were over.

Graduation, or Commencement, is a time of mixed emotions. This idea was best expressed by Dr. Walton. This commencement is his last as University president. In addressing the graduates, Walton spoke of his own feelings of excitement in the experiences that lie ahead and reluctance at leaving the scene of many wonderful

memories.

According to Lord Kenneth Clark, however, it was just the beginning. This year's guest speaker and the recipient of an honorary degree, Clark is best known for his book and television series, *Civilization*. He addressed the graduates as a historian and reminded them of the responsibilities they will be taking on and even offered some advice.

"At a university we still have a limited objective — to write a better essay, or run faster than the next man, in a limited group. But after commencement we

have the whole world to compete with. The great figures of the past tower above us — Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, Walt Whitman, Babe Ruth. In spite of all the confidence of youth we may feel very small — feel that our only hope is to sink ourselves in some institution. And the first thing I would like to say to you is, do not do so. Never sacrifice your individuality."



Frank Neuwicki and Laurie read graduation programs outside the shrine.



Lord Clark's speech drew close attention.



A graduate is helped with his hood as Dr. Walton confers the BA's in engineering.



Headed by Lord Clark, the graduation procession, and Dr. Neunsel leaves the shrine.

Clark's appearance on campus was an important event equal to Commencement itself for one part of the campus population. Dr. Joseph Williman has been teaching a minimester course based on Lord Clark's series for 10 years. When Clark attended class that Friday, Williman and several of his students from this years class and from past classes, enjoyed a chance to meet their star and ask his opinion on several issues related to the humanities. The exchange that followed was one of those brilliant educational experiences that happens once in a lifetime. Everyone present knew it and took advantage of that chance.

The administration was part of the ceremony, including Fr. Gary O'Brien and Frank Persico.

The University also conferred honorary degrees upon Gerard Coad Smith, Roy Wilkins, and Msgr. John Tracy Ellis. Smith is the Ambassador-at-Large of the United States and Wilkins is Executive Director Emeritus of the NAACP. Msgr. Ellis has been a Professor Emeritus at Catholic U. Ellis joined the faculty of Catholic in 1934 as a scholar in the field of American Catholic history. His achievements as a Church historian as well as those in the classrooms here led the University to confer his honorary degree "with great affection."

After Cardinal Baum's Benediction was given, graduates met their families on the Shrine steps for hugs and picture taking. Individual diplomas were distributed by the deans in various auditoriums on campus and then more hugs and more pictures.

Their graduation had been rained on and Lord Clark had reminded them of their future responsibilities, but as each member of the class of '79 walked away with his parents and his diploma, his feet were nowhere near the ground — they were a little closer to Cloud Nine today.





Dr. Walton and Cardinal Baum after the graduation ceremony.



Dave LaComb grabs a shot of ... and her family.



Students pack for home as the dorms close.

All's Healthy At the Clinic



Blood-typing in Cardinal Center during the Olivian Society's Health Fair was one of the ways that the Health Clinic's members screened students.

The School of Nursing took a step forward in providing learning experiences for nursing students while providing invaluable services for the University community with the opening of the CUA Nurse Health Clinic in March.

Faculty member Charlene Miller and graduate student Richard Fehring chaired the committee of students which spent over a year planning and implementing the clinic. Its purpose is to extend health services to students, staff and faculty of the University while at the same time giving students an opportunity to fully develop

those skills necessary for providing quality well-health care, both individually and with other health care professionals.

Services offered at the clinic include screening, teaching, and counseling in areas of hypertension diet, cardiovascular risk reduction, stress management, and biofeedback.

Although the clinic offered only limited hours during the spring and summer of 1978, there has been a great response from the University community. Accordingly future plans include a systematic health survey of the campus, and clinics in the areas of

biofeedback, dieting, sexuality, mental health, and exercise.

The Nurse Health Clinic's first major contract with the University was at the annual Health Fair sponsored by the Olivian Society, which was once again, widely attended. The year drew to a close with the Senior Disaster Drill, this year held indoors because of bad weather, in which only underclassman nursing students participated, unlike last year's campus-wide search for "victims".

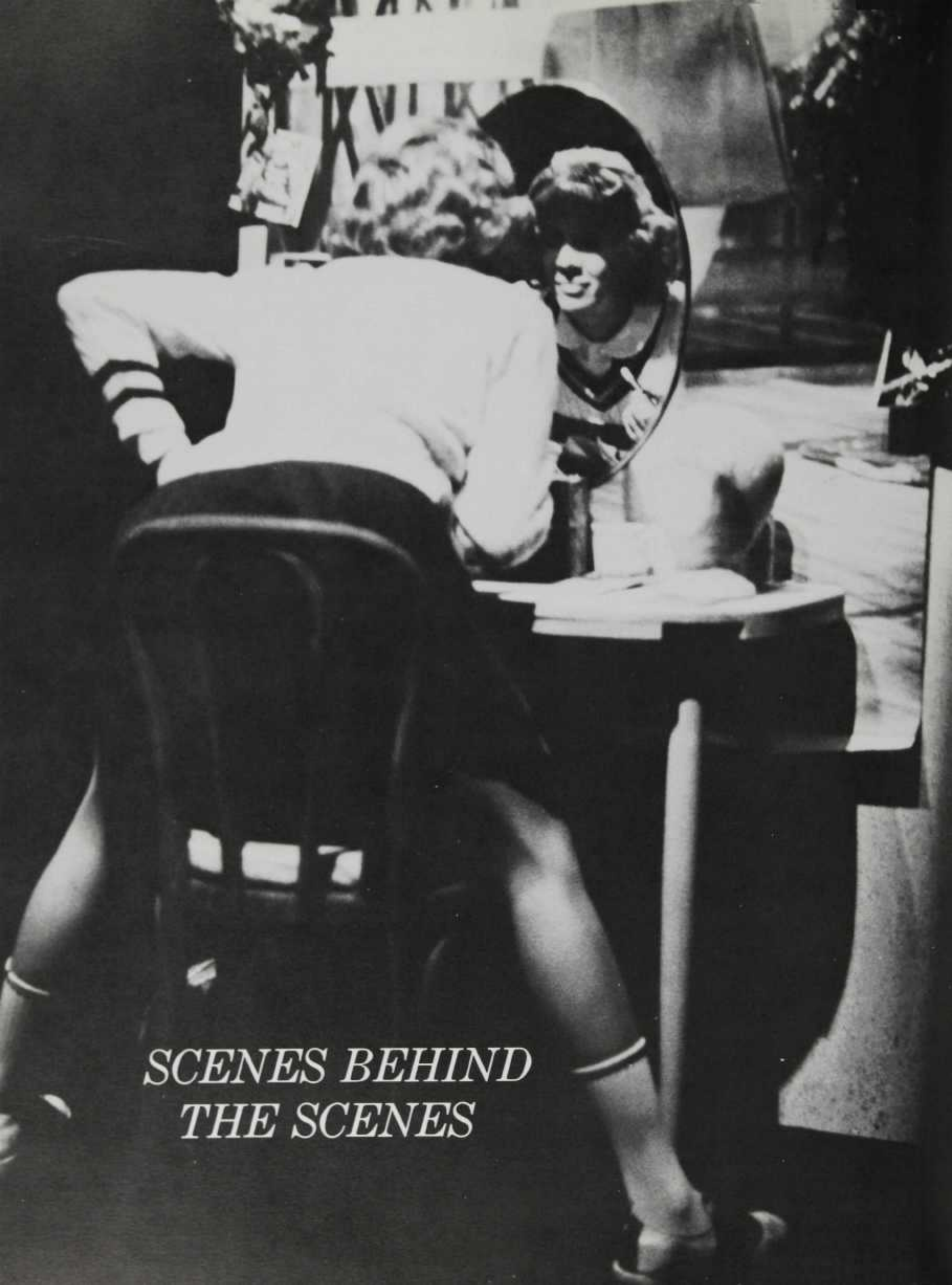
by K. VanRavenswaay



Mary Lou Silva explains to Mark Smith about the importance of public screening at health fairs.



Besides blood pressure screening, Mark Ackerman is having his sore throat checked out.



*SCENES BEHIND
THE SCENES*

The bright lights, the beautiful girls, the swelling of the crowd anxiously humming. You guessed it, you're on the more remote side of campus in the one and only Hartke Theatre, three doors up from the Shrine.

Although non-majors may chance upon a show or two here throughout the school year, the theatre building is often the second home for frenzied drama majors scurrying about until the wee morning hours rehearsing scenes, building sets, practicing monologues. And one of the most familiar faces around is that of William H. Graham, who succeeded Fr. Hartke as chairman this year, after Hartke's 40 years of service since the department's beginning in 1937.

During Christmas break Fr. Hartke took ten students overseas to entertain the troops with an original musical revue, *Here We Go Again*. After performing for the Carters at the White House, the group toured Germany for three weeks. When asked about the trip, Nick Leone responded, "The bars in Berlin were great . . ."

Did you ever wonder about that shiny lime-green truck that mysteriously appears every now and then on campus? Well, it belongs to National Players, a touring repertory company made up of C.U. students, begun by the department 29 years ago. They make financial security possible for every Exxon station from here to Logan, Utah.

The theatre also hired guest artists to work with the student actors, one of whom was Jarlath Conroy, whose work did not go unnoticed by area critics.

Stephen D presented scores of students with the chance to perform opposite guest artist JARLATH CONROY. Here Edie Kauffmann shares a spot in the play, directed by James D. Waring.

Richard Coe of the Washington Post hailed Conroy's performance in *Stephen D* and added that "Rolf Beyer's sets and the technical details complete a fine, finished production, an absorbing theatre experience for all."

Did you know there's another smaller theatre hidden over there in the theatre complex? It's called the Callan and is used by student directors for various experimental and thesis productions. *Vanities*, *Bus Stop*, and *Les Belles Soeurs* were just a few of this year's attractions. 1978 also saw the birth of the Experimental Theatre of Catholic University, a group of students who got together to produce an original play by a C.U. student. The student was Jack Hrkach, the play was *Goodbye Mama Jeannie*, and in March the group performed the play at the 50th annual D.C. one-act play competition. And won the competition.

All this is free! That's the price of admission at the Callan. So if you keep

your eyes and ears open you'll catch the chance to see your fellow students straining to perfect their art.

Yes, the bright lights, the beautiful girls, the swelling of the crowd anxiously humming. Words alone can hardly do justice to this almost mystical experience.

This year Exxon station owners and audiences across America cheered the players and their productions of *Richard III*, *The Miser*, and *The Boys from Syracuse*. One ex-tourie recalls of his year on the road, "The work is busy, even hectic at times, but provides some of the most thorough theatrical training around. You travel, set up, act, and learn to live or die with fifteen other people. I loved it." But of course every silver lining is not without its few grey clouds as Blaise Corrigan of this year's tour can tell you. In between two performances in Augusta, Georgia he broke his leg and was forced to sit out the next month in D.C. He was, however, able to return to the company in March when WRC-Channel 4 televised the Players in their production of *Richard III* for the entire D.C. to see.

Now let's get back to campus and down to brass tacks and gaffers tape. Any C.U. student can enjoy an evening of entertainment at the Hartke Theatre for \$2.50. This year audiences laughed and cried as the student actors crawled up from the coal mines of Wales, took a nostalgic trip through Ireland with James Joyce, and rocked their way through Egypt with *Joseph and his Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat*.



The theatre box office will sporadically bustle with activity. Mary Woods and Cam MaGee man the phones as ticket sales soar for *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat*.



During each holiday season the C.U. Drama Department sponsors a group of talented students on a charity tour of Germany. The group is pictured performing for President Jimmy Carter at the White House. photo by Drama Department.

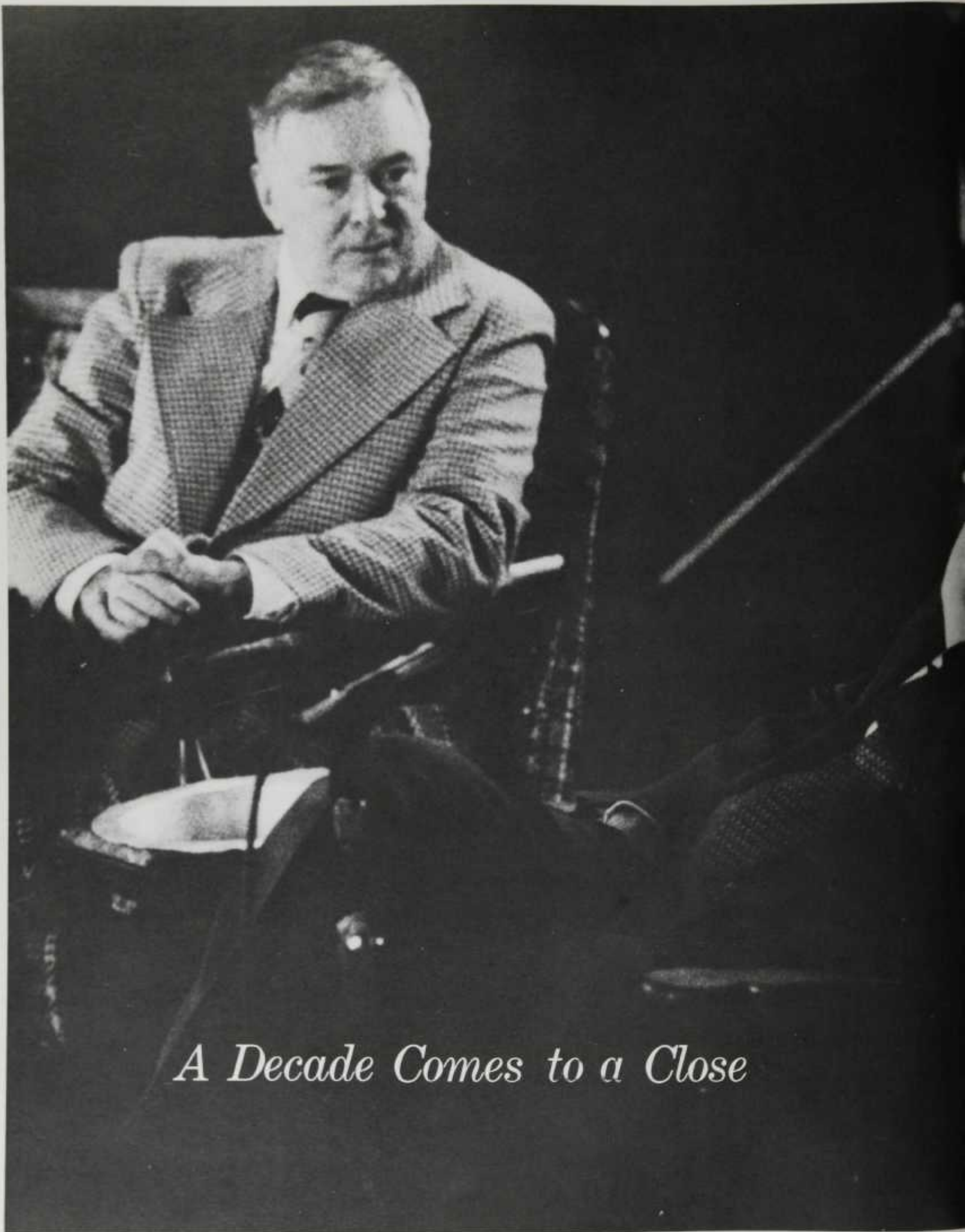


"Vainities," a Callan Theatre Production, about the growth and development of three teenage cheerleaders features Colleen Gaughn. photo by C. Lang.



*Scenes from
Callan Experimental
Theatre*





A Decade Comes to a Close



Editor's Note:

The following article is reprinted with the written consent of the *Envoy*. It is part of an interview held after Dr. Clarence Walton announced his intention to resign as president.

Q.: Now let's turn to an evaluation of your presidency. One must always keep in mind that you are the first lay president of this university, which for some 80 years had been headed by members of the clergy. No doubt you faced many challenges and more adjustments than most of your predecessors. What encouraged you to take on the challenge of being the university's first lay president?

A.: Aside from a great love for the university, the primary stimulus was the conviction that American higher education was becoming not simply more secularized but more homogenized as well. I happen to believe in the value of pluralism. Therefore, with a population of some 45 to 50 million Catholics in this country and with an extraordinarily rich spiritual and intellectual tradition, it struck me that The Catholic University of America had a continued vital role to play in our society if these traditions of pluralism were to be maintained.

I had been offered presidencies elsewhere which I rather quickly turned down. But when approached about the position here, it did not take me long to say that if the bylaws could be altered to permit a layman to become president, I would accept.

Q.: What did you perceive as the chief problems facing the university in 1969?

A.: What then were the problems of 1969? A decade ago, Catholic University suffered an ecclesial, political, and academic malaise. It was bleeding internally and it was important to bind the wounds and restore a healthy confidence.

The ecclesial malaise was due, in part, to a post-Vatican II mentality, when no one was quite sure how the Church itself would sort out its problems. Since we are Church-related, we experienced some of the overflow of

those problems. To this was added the big controversy over the encyclical on birth control and the perceived challenge to Papal authority by our theologians.

At that time, I thought many Church leaders were viewing the university with some skepticism and uncertainty. One job, therefore, was to win by action, and not simply by rhetoric, the confidence of the bishops and the Holy See in Catholic University, while scrupulously respecting legitimate freedoms. It was not easy but we gradually worked matters out rather well.

Q.: What did you perceive as the strongest assets of the university when you became president back in 1969?

A.: Three things – quality faculty, quality students, and a very important tradition of excellence and of value commitments. Those three special attributes were powerful. Notice that I did not mention location in Washington and things of that sort, even though they are also assets of no mean magnitude.

Q.: What do you consider to have been the main achievements of your administration?

A.: This is an invitation to an ego trip, which I shall try to avoid.

Overall, I think Catholic University is, despite growing financial problems, a better institution than it was a decade ago. Let me concretize:

Firstly, I have already alluded to one of my achievements – the creation of the School of Religious Studies. It has an eminent faculty and may soon even be preeminent. We also strengthened an already fine philosophy faculty so that it is today one of the best in the country.

Secondly, almost all of the professional schools have improved, and they are all accredited. The law and social

One of Dr. Walton's greatest coups was in bringing Lord Kenneth Clarke to campus as the 1978 commencement speaker. Walton and Clarke relax in the social center prior to the honors convocation. Photo by M. Jones

A Decade Comes to a Close

work schools are much better. Education has shaken off the doldrums of an earlier time. Nursing is expanding – perhaps too rapidly. Music has a superb faculty. Architecture thrives, and engineering, though hit by financial cuts, still holds to quality. It is harder to measure Arts & Sciences. Certainly we have more and better undergraduate students; certainly some departments have surged forward. But graduate strengths are uneven.

Next was the development of a master plan and its very deliberate fulfillment. We had, for the campus, no master plan before.

Enrollment has been increased without destroying academic quality. It was down 6,000 in 1971 and this year it was close to 7,800.

In my mind the creation of various new centers marks a milestone. Catholic University is a discipline – and school-oriented university in the common mold. Disciplines, despite the common misconception, do not often talk with each other. With problems becoming so complex, you need certain instrumentalities to bring multi-or cross-disciplinary efforts to bear. Therefore we began systematically to create centers.

First was the dramatic creation of the Boys Town Center for the Study of Youth Development. This enterprise has the potential of producing original and pure research that can have profound significance not only for the study of development in youth, but also for other stages of life, and for all education.

There is also the Center for Pastoral Liturgy. While we haven't gotten as far as we want to financially on this one, a great lot of good work has gone into it under Father Butler's able leadership.



Toward the end of spring semester, Brother Nivard Scheel hosted a reception in Memorial Gymnasium for students to express their sentiments to the departing president. Dr. and Mrs. Walton exchange feelings with senior Mary Young as Mike Marcineuk, Jeff Thomson, and William Nork wait in the background. Photo by M. Ackermann.

As the University began to close for the day, CU employees trickled into the gym. Leonard Small, a power plant employee, greets Dr. and Mrs. Walton at the end of the reception line. Photo by M. Ackermann

Recently there have been two further developments of note.

One is the Center for the Study of Pre-retirement and Aging, which is being led by Mary Flynn and other faculty of the National Catholic School of Social Service. With funding, I venture to predict a great future for this center.

Finally, there is one in which I have a direct interest, the Center for Organizational Ethics. After the Watergate, Gulf, and Lockheed incidents, it was obvious that big organizations create special kinds of ethical dilemmas. With our marvelous theology, philosophy, and humanities resources, we have something special to offer to the worlds of government and business, academe and unions.

Q.: What do you perceive to have been the most serious failure of your administration?

A.: Money, money. Recall that I said that this financial pressure was not perceived as a major issue when I first returned to the university as president.

Clearly, with inflation moving at that rate it has been, with energy costs skyrocketing, with declines or steady states in government support, I have not been able to increase diocesan collections sufficiently. I sometimes seek to exculpate myself – 1973 and 1974 were years I thought we could score – but recession and stock market declines hurt. I have not been able to get the amount of endowment we need. I hope my successor will be able to do so.

Q.: If you had to do it over, what might you do differently?

A.: There are always cross-points when you ask yourself, "Did I do this correctly?" One looks, for example, at the brouhaha over the appointment of Dean Garvey to head the law school. (Ed. note: Certain elements of the university community felt that Dr. Walton had not consulted them sufficiently in the matter.) There are times when I speculate that had I stayed closer to the enterprise, I might have avoided the confrontation. Once the confrontation occurred, I feel I did the right thing in meeting it.

Surely one debatable issue is this: While I always have had full-back plans, I have not publicized them. If fall-back plans involve certain kinds of surgery, publicizing them just creates enormous amounts of tension unless you're ready to move. There are some people who may feel that I've not been clear enough in stating the growth plans for the university. This omission has been deliberate. Perhaps it would have been wiser to have announced, "Here's our blueprint for the future; let's march." Rather, I've done it piece by piece, often on an ad hoc basis. To some, I think this has appeared to be reactive, rather than pro-active. I don't think that's true, but it's an impression some carry.

Q.: What do you consider to be the university's strongest points at this time?

A.: Let me answer, though not necessarily in priority ordering.

Firstly, we have a more supportive, more excited, and prouder alumni body. When I came here as president, the alumni were either indifferent or divided in their attitudes toward the university. There was a lot of politics going on. Now the alumni have regained their confidence in the university, and they're doing a lot more for us.

Secondly, there is a well-planned physical plant that is adequate for our needs, except for the library and athletic facility, and which makes a beautiful corner in this beautiful city.

Then there's our location in Washington, which is rapidly succeeding Boston as the intellectual capital of the United States. We're here, and our location ought to be exploited.

Another asset has come about from the breakfast seminars that we started and to which the top business and political leaders come. Through them, in large part, we have earned the high respect of the political and business leadership in the metropolitan area. When I came in 1969, we didn't have this respect because the university was almost unknown to local groups.

The National Capital Assembly, held on campus last November, which dealt with the ethics of corporate conduct,

produced a remarkable national impact for us. Its conclusions have been widely distributed and were also carried in the Congressional Record of February 9, 1978.

The assets that I found here when I came still remain – a dedicated and competent faculty, a high-quality student body, and a sense of tradition. In addition, our professional schools are, by and large, much better.

But there's another aspect that's less tangible. In selecting the university's next president, there is a willingness on all sides to look objectively for the kind of leadership needed for the future. There are no longer arguments like "it must be a bishop," "it must be a nun," or "it must be a layman." The question now is the right one: "Who will be best for the university?" That's healthy, and that is an asset.

Q.: What are the most pressing challenges facing the next president?

A.: Financing. Our endowment, as I've said, is inadequate. We need to have more endowed chairs to attract new talent and to give present faculty better salaries and recognition. We need more scholarships and fellowships to attract the best students and to help those who cannot pay.

Q.: Based on the foundations laid during your administration, how do you see the university changing in the future?

A.: The university will become more directly involved in studies relating to major policy areas of both the Church and the state. For example, there's the Center for Organizational Ethics which I mentioned before. When I was here as a student, those were the days of John Ryan, who exercised a powerful influence on Roosevelt and the New Deal. Today, this new center can provide powerful guidance on moral values and decision-making for large organizations.

The other new centers will also be factors. This will come slowly, but I suspect that our research will be more related to contemporaneous issues. Historically, we have been more tradition-and-past-oriented. While retaining this orientation, we shall also become more present-and-future-ori-

A Decade Comes to a Close

ented.

Q: What characteristics and particular talents must the next president have?

A: Enormous energy and patience, yet with wisdom to realize that he or she is not the biblical Job. The next president must have enough sense to get impatient sometimes, and to show it, because moving academic life is at times like moving sludge. This person will also need an ability to symbolize the university and to represent it effectively with learned societies, with government, and with the community. And there's that old word, "leadership." Faculty and students must be able to look at the president and say, "That person is good for us."

The appointment of Dr. Edmund D.

Pellegrino as the 12th President of The Catholic University of America was announced by His Excellency, The Most Rev. Philip M. Hannan, Archbishop of New Orleans and Chairman of the Board of Trustees at a press conference held by His Eminence, William Cardinal Baum, Archbishop of Washington and Chancellor of The Catholic University of America.

Cardinal Baum expressed that he was very pleased by the excellent choice of Dr. Pellegrino, whose distinguished career and great experience will greatly benefit the University. "He has the vision of The Catholic University of America," the Cardinal said.

Archbishop Hannan in announcing the appointment of the new President



said, "He is recognized for his scholarship as a philosopher, humanist and scientist. His numerous writings have repeatedly bridged the gap between the humanities and science. In an age of great scientific and technological advance, it is inspiring to have a man like Dr. Pellegrino take over the lead-



ership role of The Catholic University of America."

Dr. Pellegrino, in accepting the Presidency, said, "I welcome the opportunity to employ my academic experiences and my concerns for the future of both the humanities and the sciences in the services of Catholic

higher education."

Dr. Clarence Walton, who has been President of the University for the last nine years said he was most happy with the selection of Dr. Pellegrino, noting his rare combination of scholarship and administrative ability.

Proposer of the master plan, orchestrator of major changes in the academic curricula of C.U., Dr. Clarence C. Walton brings a decade of turbulence V. calm to a close.

The Changing of the Guard

The appointment of Dr. Edmund D. Pellegrino as President of The Catholic University of America is truly an outstanding one. The new President is that rare combination of scientist, humanist and philosopher whose career of nearly 35 years is marked by professional and personal achievements of the highest order.

Arriving at Catholic University after several years as President of the Yale-New Haven Medical Center and Professor of Medicine at the Yale University School of Medicine, Dr. Pellegrino has held both teaching and administrative responsibilities in higher education, as well as having produced more than 200 articles, books and papers in the field of medicine.

His achievements are further enhanced by the honors he has received and his service on national committees. In addition to nine honorary degrees, Dr. Pellegrino is a member of 25 professional and honorary societies and holds more than 40 other honors, awards and special lectureships. He now serves on or has been a member

of more than 60 national boards, committees and task forces in the fields of medicine, health care, humanities and higher education and is currently a member of seven major editorial boards.

Dr. Pellegrino is also listed in eight major publications including *Who's Who in America*, *World Who's Who in Science* and *Men of Achievement*.

Sheer numbers alone do not suffice to describe the professional career and personal achievements of Dr. Edmund Pellegrino. Upon graduation from St. John's University in Brooklyn, Summa Cum Laude with honors in Chemistry, he went on to earn a medical degree from the New York University College of Medicine, followed by an internship and residency at Bellevue Hospital in New York.

Dr. Pellegrino went on to military duty as Chief of Medical Service for the AAF Regional Hospital in Montgomery, Alabama, followed by a number of teaching and practicing positions which led him to a tenure of seven years (1959-66) at the University of





Kentucky College of Medicine as Professor and Chairman of the Department of Medicine and Director of Medical Service. During this time he also spent two years as Chairman of the University Senate and thus became very familiar with the needs and priorities of higher education.

Dr. Pellegrino spent the next seven years at the State University of New York, Stony Brook, beginning as Professor and Chairman of the Department of Medicine and becoming Dean of The School of Medicine, Vice President for Health Sciences and Director of The Health Sciences Center, during which time he also became Senior Visiting Scientist and Visiting Attending Physician of Brookhaven National Laboratories in Upton, New York.

Prior to coming to Yale University in 1975, Dr. Pellegrino spent two years at The University of Tennessee as Chancellor of The Center for Health Sciences, Vice President for Health Affairs and Professor of Medicine and Humanities in Medicine.

Concluding the chronology of his professional career to date with the words "humanities in medicine," it is important to emphasize the unique blend of science, philosophy and humanism in Edmund Pellegrino's background.

His research, papers and publications have included titles and themes such as:

- What Makes a Hospital Catholic?
- Human Values and The Medical Curriculum
- Educating the Humanist Physician: The Resynthesis of an An-

cient Ideal

- The Medical Uses of Philosophy
- The Right to Die - Should a Doctor Decide
- Medicine, History and the Idea of Man

Moreover, his memberships and positions of service have also integrated his philosophy and humanities orientation with medicine and the field of health care.

- Society for Health and Human Values
- Institute of Human Values in Medicine of the Society for Health and Human Values
- National Foundation on the Arts and Humanities, National Endowment for the Humanities
- National Commission, United Ministries in Higher Education
- Council on Health Manpower, AMA
- Advisory Committee on Social Ethics in Health, Institute of Medicine

Dr. Pellegrino currently serves on the Board of Trustees of Georgetown University as well as having done the same for St. Louis University.

Dr. Pellegrino has been married nearly 34 years to the former Clementine Coakley and has seven children.

As the President of The Catholic University of America he brings an enthusiasm for work and achievement growing out of a career which has successfully blended service through medicine, scientific research, and a concern for the needs of higher education with an emphasis upon the influence of ethics and human values in all professional pursuits.

CU acquired the next best thing to an "Ivy" title at the close of the semester; it selected Dr. Edmund Pellegrino as its 12th president. Coming from Yale to the NE leaves Pellegrino with a chance to institute the master plan.



MONTES LABORENT, NASCAETUR
RIDICULUS MUS
-MTB

The school of philosophy, and the distributional requirements thereof, have raised quite a number of questions in the minds of undergraduates. Different people vary in the way they view this pursuit: some find themselves entertaining questions that the great philosophers raised, concerning truth, beauty, morality, the good; others find themselves questioning the necessity of such a requirement in the first place.

Peter McDonald, a 1978 MA candidate in Philosophy who completed his BA here last May expresses a very positive view towards the education he has been pursuing. Philosophy is important, it affords one the "ability to minimize bias and consider all of the factors bearing on an issue in a relatively objective fashion. It teaches you to think and speak carefully and analytically." Other students are not so positive with their opinions on the subject, many question the validity of "having to study something so abstract" and don't feel that it touches their everyday lives significantly. McDonald suggests that this attitude is perhaps partly due to the character of the 201 & 202 courses which can sometimes present a lot of material and stress familiarity with it without emphasizing enough the understanding of the author's underlying

meaning or intention in writing.

Dr. Tom Pruffer of The School of Phil. suggest that the ideal purpose behind the 201/202 courses is to "teach the students to read and understand specifically philosophical texts in a specifically philosophical way, by examining the issues raised and presented by the various authors." Everyone has positions on basic philosophical issues, the purpose of the requirement is to draw those positions out into the open and to confront them with the major minds of philosophy. "No one can get around being a philosopher," Pruffer comments, "you can be implicit and sloppy' or 'explicit and rigorous'. The purpose of the requirement and of the teacher is to help the student be explicit by confronting one's own implicit understandings with the texts and questions raised by the great minds.

Some students comment on the value of philosophy as it relates to other subject areas. Mike Payton, a junior transfer concentrator in Philosophy who will receive his BA in 1979, sees the type of material in philosophy as such that it lends itself well to an overall sense of completion. "The material you are learning can apply to other areas and this helps to create a more well rounded student ... as you

proceed you become aware of improvements in your system of thinking, organizing, making distinctions, clarifying, communicating ... " comments Payton.

Fr. Leo Foley is one of the most well known Philosophy teachers in the University community. Foley has been with the University for 31 years. The class of 1978 shares this as his last semester in an official teaching position, although his professional role as teacher will certainly not come to a close. Fr. Foley considers The University as his home and raising philosophical questions, drawing distinctions, paralleling situations, relating disciplines, as a way of life. He will continue to reside on campus, being available to students and faculty. "I've gained a lot from my experiences here, but what you gain you can never keep, you have to pass it on ... " said Foley.

Fr. Foley has seen many people come and go at The University and many changes have taken place over the years. But one very important aspect which has remained constant is the open attitude of the students toward questions and toward building up their world view. They have a strong willingness to create "their own center of priorities yet leaving them open-ended, open for growth."

Elevations, Axonometrics And Perspectives

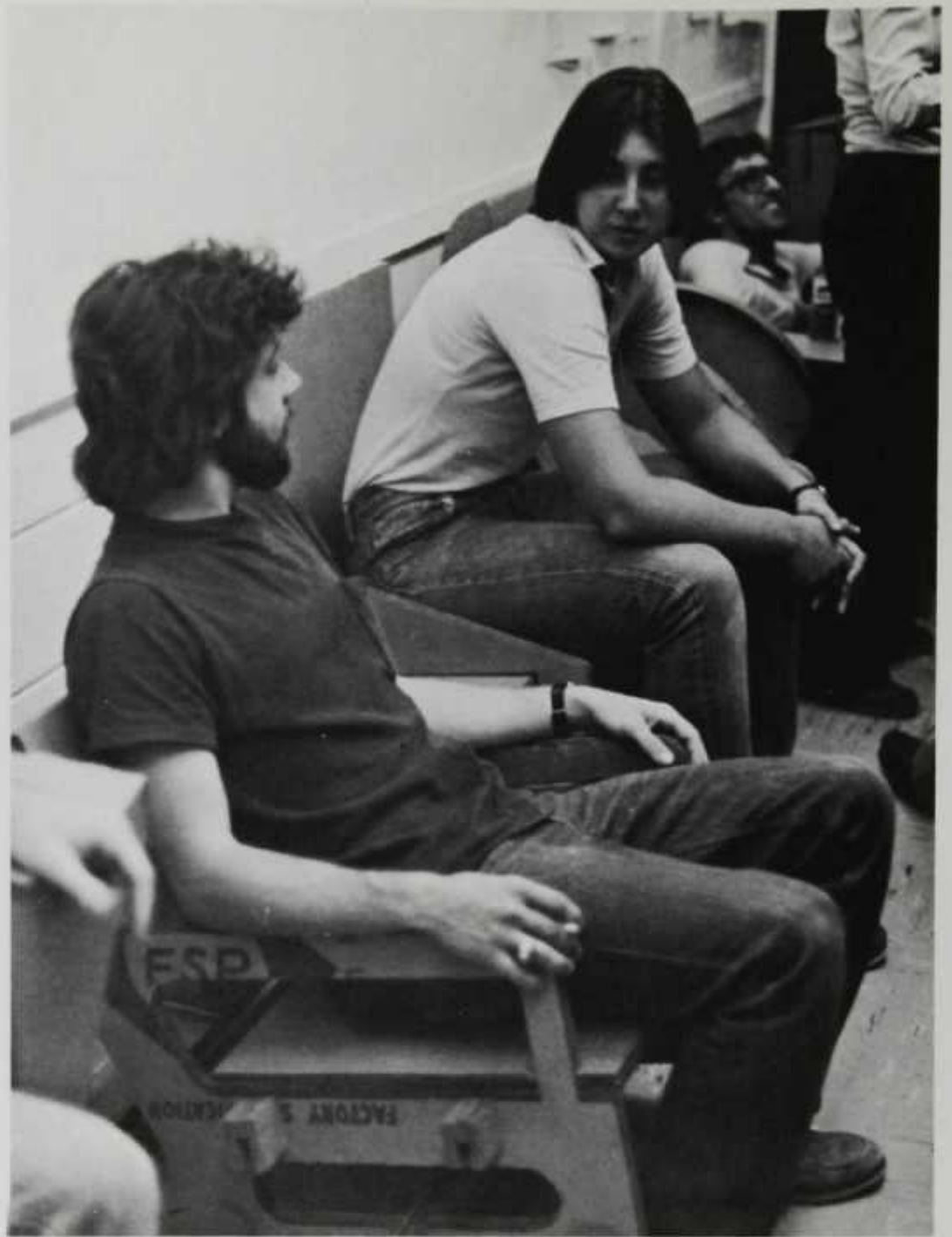
by Mike Crosbie

Senior architects Chris Lapp and Joan Dannema relax in their projects after a jury session in Pangborn. photo by V. Mandile

It is a beautiful Tuesday morning in early Spring. The sun has been up for only a handful of minutes, and slowly the campus is coming to life with the sound of alarm clocks and grumbling about eight o'clock classes.

Before the locked doors of Cardinal Dining Hall stands a small group of students, with red-rimmed eyes and ink-stained fingertips. They talk in slow muted tones, some draw deeply on bummed cigarettes. Finally the doors are opened and the group shuffles in and through the food line, hardly noticing what they have requested for breakfast. They sit together at one table and they speak of strange things such as elevations, axonometrics, and perspectives. As the meal wears on they become more talkative; at times jovial, occasionally outrageous.

Who are these people, and where did they come from? Those crazy people you have heard about all your college life, the ones that spend tons of money on projects which they complete seconds before they're due, and whose scholastic efforts are sure to be rewarded with the universal Architectural grade - C. They have crawled from



their messy quarters of Pangborn and St. John's for a morning respite from ink and clearprint, Strathmore board and Elmer's glue.

Perhaps no other group on campus is so misunderstood, overworked, or unlike any other major than the architects.

Other majors may complain about their academic situations, but none top the outright bitching done by the architects - and rightly so. They are a feisty group, and more likely to bodily attack their professors than any other contingent on campus.

The fact that the architects survive four years of college is in itself miraculous. No other major is filled with such pitfalls, which include impossible deadlines (90% of which are met), torturous workloads (which are somehow

borne), brutal injuries (a few of which have ended in near blows), ridiculous numbers of straight working hours (which read like basketball scores), astronomical expenses (which commonly exceed \$50 or \$60 per project), embarrassing grade point averages (most of which never reach 2.8), confounding technical courses (concocted on the lower floors of Pangborn), and perhaps the most perplexing of all, the fact that the study of Architecture is almost entirely theoretical - and subsequently totally subjective, meaning that there are no right or wrong answers, there are only opinions.

In the face of all of these seemingly insurmountable obstacles it becomes easier to understand why the architects tend to be perpetual complainers, but it also becomes more



The minutest details of an architectural project must be justified in a jury. The finer points of a Fontainebleau model are pointed up in the judging of the Foreign Studies competition project. photo by V. Mandile



difficult to understand why every architectural student has a loyalty to his major and to his fellow architects that is different from the participants in any other major on campus.

No matter what they say about their field of study, they are dearly in love with all aspects of Architecture. This is clearly evident in their willingness to stay with their program, the demands of which would send other University students scrambling to their advisors for a change of major.

The most enviable characteristic of the architects is their tightness as a group. They share a closeness with each other which is due to a number of reasons.

One of the strongest and strangest components of this brotherhood is based on the "misery loves company" principle. Since misery is a day-to-day sensation in most of the architects' lives, it is no wonder that they find comfort in relating with each other. It is a rare time when one finds a group of architecture students discussing their major without complaint.

The brotherhood is also due to the fact that over the course of one's stay in the School of Architecture, one collects a number of nights without sleep – commonly referred to as all-nighters. It is impossible to spend numerous nights-before-deadlines – working, complaining, eating, sleeping, and cursing – side by side with the rest of your class without feeling as though you are all a family, especially when this occurs over a span of 40 or more hours of wakefulness.

They work 'til they drop, party 'til they die, and bitch 'til they're blue – and when all of the screaming and hollering is over, they discover something they've known all along: that they have had the best four years of college that anyone could have.



One of the last projects in fourth year studio was to design a chair only cardboard and glue. At the jury, Professors Naos and Sacks discuss the strengths and weaknesses of each student's design. photo by V. Mandile

The studio serves as a second home to most architecture majors. What could be more friendly than a little abuse to help you through a long night of designing and drawing? photo by D. LaComb

On the Job Training

by Lorrie McGlynn

The Politics Department welcomed a newcomer to its curriculum this year, the Political Communications program. The program, which is designed to be a specialized sub-field of American Government, was instituted following a series of requests from students interested in the study of media.

In the past, C.U. students interested in this field declared inter-disciplinary majors such as communication arts for journalism and combined courses from the Drama, English, and Politics Departments. They also utilized the Consortium and attended classes at George Washington, Maryland, and Howard Universities. With the inception of the Political Communications program these courses and many new ones are now available at Catholic. Classes in magazine editing, reporting, and journalism law are a few of the options offered, as well as basic introductory courses. Concentrators are required to take four basic department courses and a minimum of nine but no more than twelve communications electives.



For most journalism majors, the only exposure they receive in academia at CU are the courses offered by Dr. William Lawbaugh, adviser to the Cardinal Yearbook. The four core courses required by the Politics department are supplemented by Lawbaugh's basics. Photo by P. Scudner.

The goal of the program is "to provide a basic understanding of both journalism and the political process necessary for fair and accurate reporting of public affairs and government operations." Dr. William Lawbaugh, Director of Journalism Studies, believes that a liberal arts education is essential and states, "You can come out of college as an effective communicator," Lawbaugh said, "but have nothing to communicate." Some suggested electives for the media student are Voice and Speech in the Drama Department, The Physics of Sound, Light, and the Arts, Photography, and Creative Writing. Dr. Lawbaugh is the coordinator of the program and has applied to the University for an adjunct professorship, permanent part-time educator.

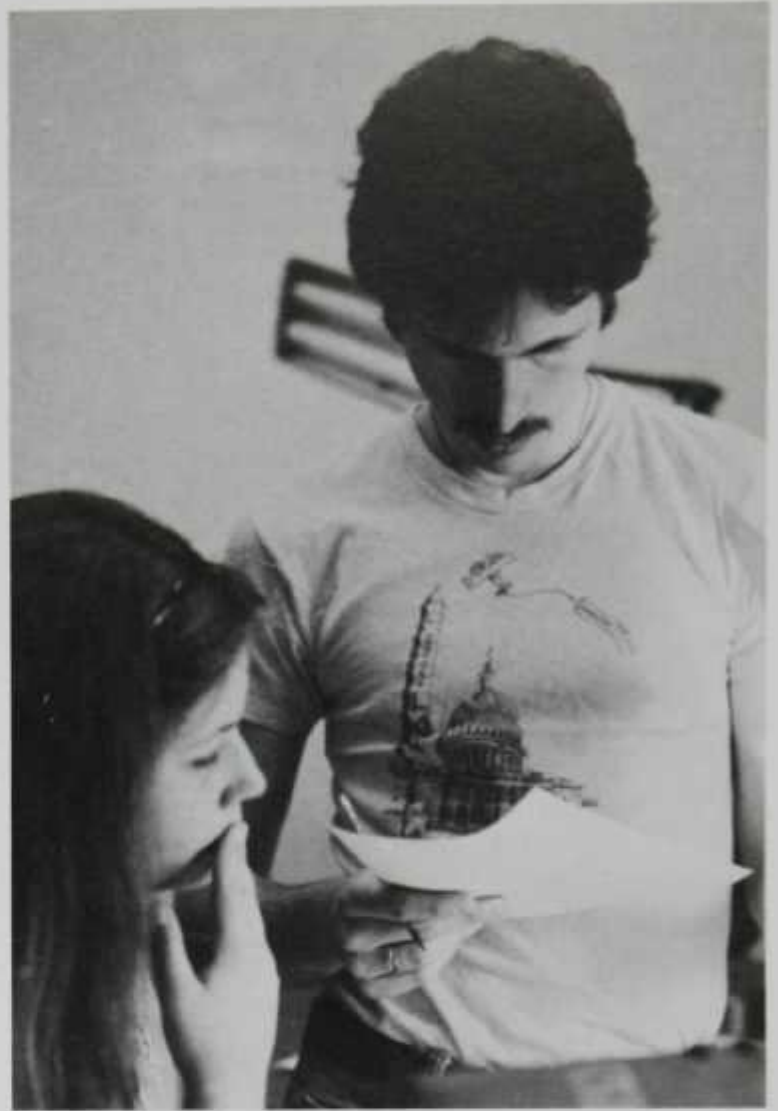
Lawbaugh says that Washington is the news capital of the world and encourages his students to take advantage of the job possibilities in the area. Several students have worked as interns in different areas of media and consider it an invaluable experience. Senior Mark Ackermann interned at WMAL Radio Station as a news assistant and reporter. Junior Lorrie McGlynn completed a semester's work as an intern newscaster at WWDC Radio and senior John Koppish interned at The Montgomery



A limited number of offerings is the catalyst for the guest speaker program in most journalism courses. An opportunity to question the senior counsel to the committee on minority affairs was supplied by Sharon Jackson, a student in *Basic Newswriting*. Photo by P. Scudner



Putting it all into practice on *Tower* production nights, Forum editor Loretta Woodward consults one of her textbooks in an effort to churn out an editorial. Staff members of both the *Tower* and the *Cardinal* usually take one of the newswriting courses, regardless of their majors. Photo by J. Wright



Designing a yearbook pulls the classroom work into channeled experience. Editor-in-chief Nancy Anderson reviews contact sheets with photography editor Pete Seudner as they decide which pictures best illustrate the story of the year. Photo by J. Jurado.



The deadlines associated with newspaper production vary slightly from Metropolitan Daily to College Weekly. Washington *Post* staff writer and *Tower* adviser James Rowe changes from an economics reporter to a sports typist. Photo by J. Wright

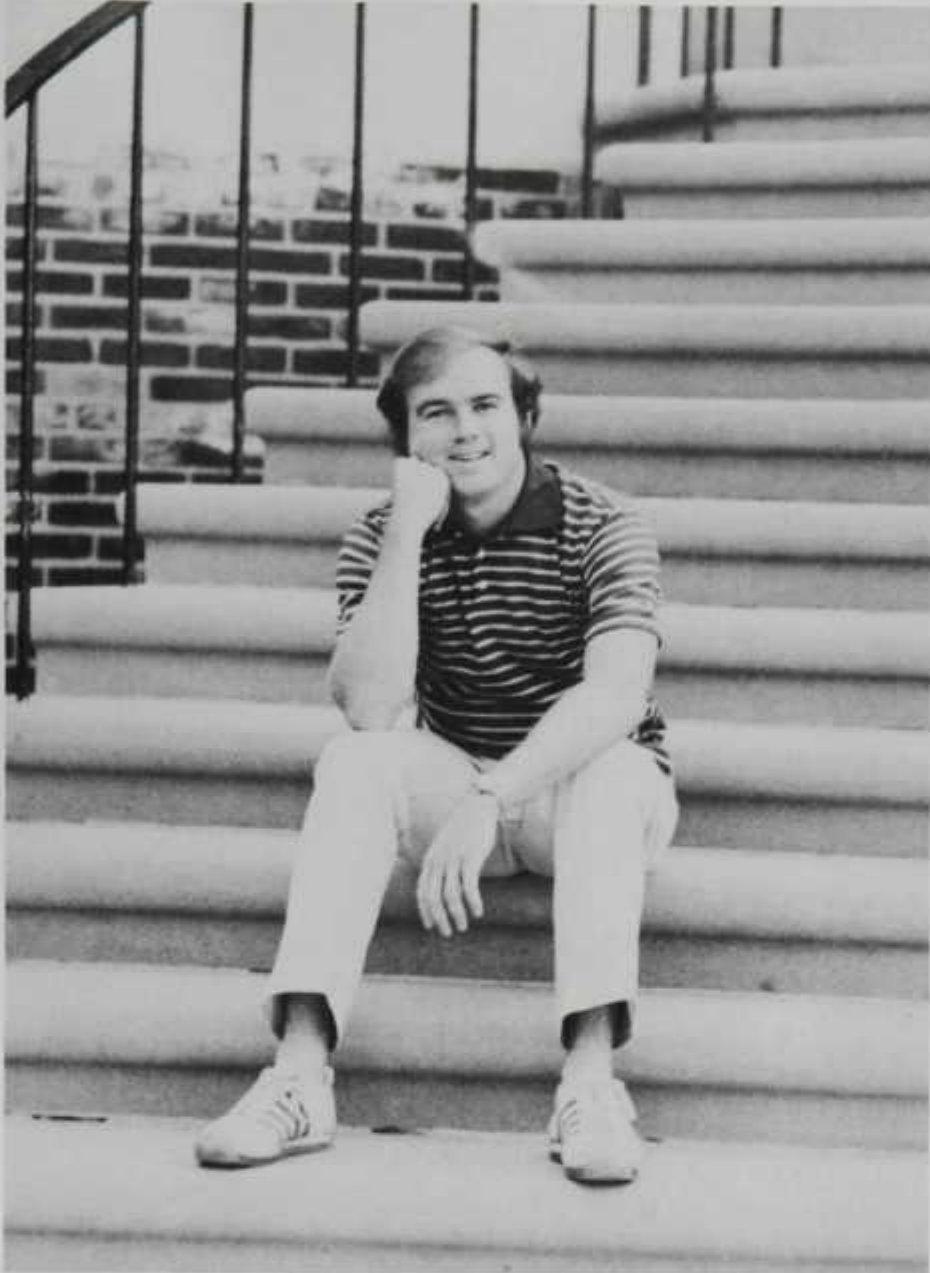
County Journal in Maryland. The "classroom downtown" is an exciting and profitable way of learning but if campus life is more appealing the *Cardinal Yearbook*, *Tower*, and WVCU campus radio station are always anxious for a helping hand.

Presently, there are approximately six people in the new program and they are very enthusiastic about it. Some feel that the advent of communications study at Catholic University will increase enrollment because of the increasing demand for journalism studies among college students. Though the job market is tight, Dr. Lawbaugh says, "It is, the most satisfying and enriching career in existence."



Gary O'Brien

*Minister at
Wild*



1977-1978

AUGUST

August heralded the beginning of the new school year, with the law students starting up in mid-August and the RA's arriving for training a week later. Students in the previous second summer academic session barely had ten days to recover before it all started up again. Late August to early September brought on the trials and tribulations of registration and orientation for freshmen and transfer students who didn't come to the earlier sessions.

September football games brought out the best of the beer-drinkers and referee-abusers.



Bob Somerhayes at Blood Drive

SEPTEMBER

With September came social orientation, featuring, of course, the traditional opening block dance. Classes began on the day after Labor Day. The Mass of the Holy Spirit, another university tradition, was held in the Shrine on that opening day.

OCTOBER

October brought Columbus Day Holiday. Most of the dorms were emptied during this three-day break; midterms started two weeks later and half of the semester was already over.

As October left, so did the warm weather. Five weeks later, this area was covered by three inches of snow.



NOVEMBER

Homecoming came with November with its many reunions and wild parties, not to mention the Homecoming Dance. The 23rd of this month delivered Thanksgiving recess to the university which gave a well-earned break for the students.



Homecoming Queen, Lorrie McGlynn, at the dance



Homecoming 1977 was, as always, a high success, marked with a crowded ballroom and near-empty campus.

DECEMBER

Final exam whoas were triggered starting on the Patronal Feast of the Immaculate Conception Holiday on the Friday before exams. Final exams ended on the 16th, and after one or two nights of crazy partying, students went home for recovery from the fall semester and professors began turning in grades to the Registrar's Office.

The Shrine of the Immaculate Conception as seen from the Theological College



Mike McNally drives in hard as starting center for the Cardinal Hoopers.



JANUARY

Registration hassles, the curse of every university, start-up again on January 10. Classes started on the 16th, and another semester was in the process of speeding by.

FEBRUARY

February just brought more snow to the campus and a three-day holiday for George Washington's birthday. The basketball season was well under way, as was volleyball.

MARCH - APRIL

Ten days before the Ides of March, Midterms were again upon the students. The only redeeming thing that occurred in March was a week-long Spring break. Cars were filled and packed and headed straight to Florida; they were spread everywhere from the Florida Keys to Miami Beach to Ft. Lauderdale to Palm Beach to Indian Rocks Beach/St. Pete - Clearwater Beach and a few places in between. Some people went in the opposite direction; snow skiing attracted many students to Vermont, Pennsylvania, and the Northeastern states. The end of April brought final exams with all classes ending on the 27th.



The entrance to Cardinal Dining Hall was covered with propaganda at election time for USG.

Southside Johnnie and the Asbury Jukes in concert during the spring.



MAY

May 5 was the start of Senior week, a week-long party for the graduating senior class. Every night included dining, drinking, eating and fun. The week ended on Friday night with the last

President's reception with Dr. Walton. Graduation ceremonies were held on the next day and the year was finally over.

Girls' Softball Still Good at Scoring!



Exciting moment during tense game.



Kim Ritschy warms-up on field.

Parents Overboard!!!



Phil Holzneet mans the dice at the Rat

Looking like a group of overaged college freshmen, students' parents boarded buses and headed downtown. Saturday afternoon at the Smithsonian was part of the annual Parents' Weekend held in March.

Hundreds of parents arrived on campus Friday evening. A presidential reception in Cardinal Center started the weekend. There, cocktails and hors d'oeuvres got things rolling.

Saturday after the bus tour, the Rat

was transformed into little Nevada. Crap tables, carnival wheels and blackjack tables lined the walls. Dice rolled, play money rippled and happy winners cried out with surprise.

Back to the rooms they headed, with barely time for a nap, shower and to get dressed before dinner on the town with the folks. A nice treat and break from Macke.

Memorial Gymnasium was unrecognizable as it was filled with tables and

a band for the evening's dance. The bar was open, the music loud and the night long.

Sunday morning brought everyone back to the gym. George F. Will, NEWSWEEK columnist, gave a lecture at the brunch.

The weekend was closed with a presentation to departing President Clarence Walton from the parents committee.

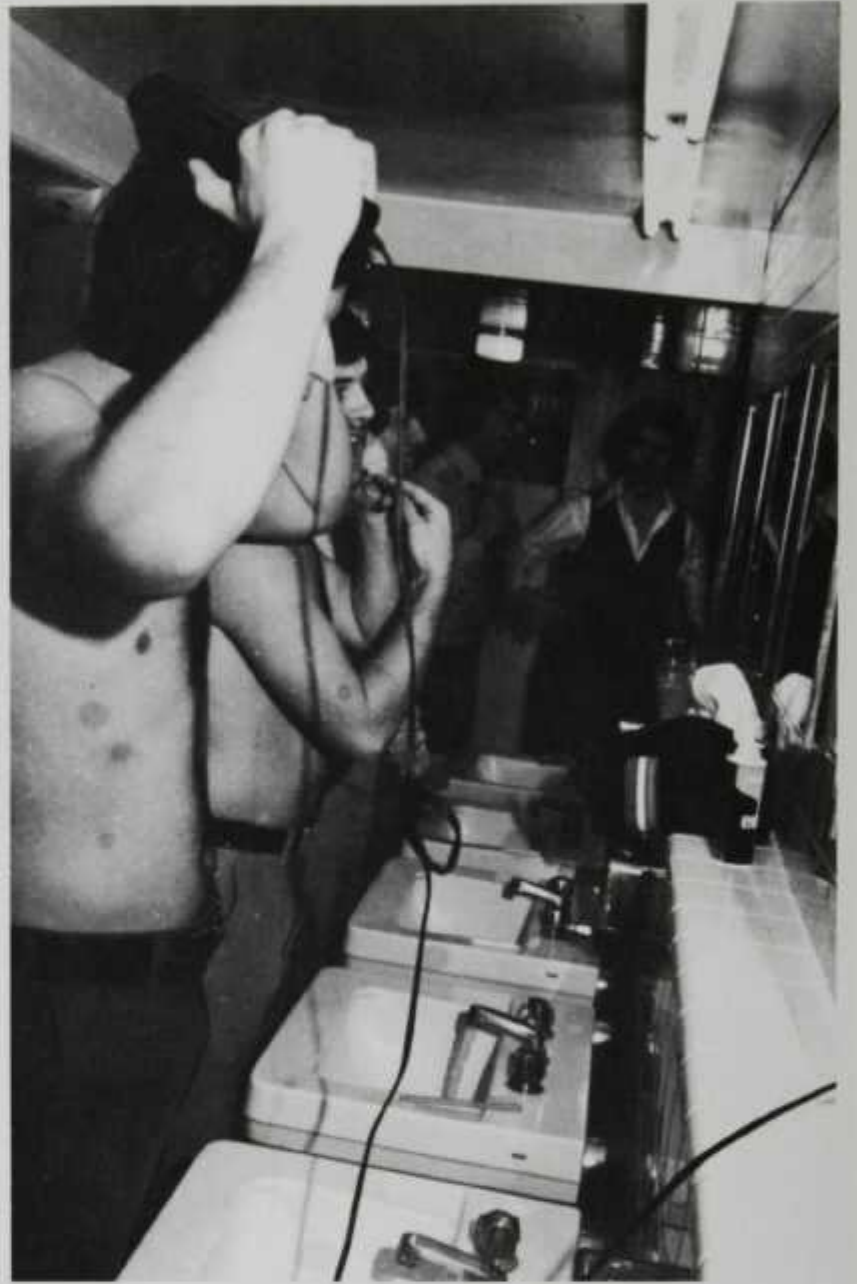


Dominic Acciani, Master of roulette, goes wild with excited parents on Friday night.



Sunday's Brunch in the gym with George F. Will.

Guys from second floor Spalding prepare for the dance
Saturday night



The dance, held in the gym, was
a huge success





Terry McAulliffe and Pete Jones, with their mothers, enjoying the dance.



Kevin McCobb, Joe Nichols, Jim Bilodeau, and parents visiting the well-stocked open-bar set up at the gym.

(Photos by P. Scudner)

Physics Just Keeps on Fizzing

Four physics professors announced two projects that brought C.U. national recognition this spring.

A new kind of glass that can be used for storage of potent nuclear wastes was unveiled in March by three of the professors.

The glass, which is called "a thousand times safer" than glass now being considered, was developed by Dr. Theodore Litovitz, Dr. Pedro Macedo and Dr. Joseph H. Simkins in the C.U. Vitrious State Laboratory. Dr. Litovitz, head of the laboratory, said glass now being considered by the government for storage of nuclear wastes leaks at an "unacceptably high rate and does not trap radioactive gasses."

Dr. Macedo noted that the new glass can absorb radioactive isotopes like a sponge, yet it has a tough, hard surface like steel. The process for making the glass is a six-step procedure that begins with ordinary glass and ends with the radioactive material trapped inside a glass rod with a tough surface.

Macedo predicted the glass could last a million years commenting, "The chemical durability of the new glass is a thousand times better than glasses developed previously."

The safe disposal of large quantities of high-level radioactive wastes is a problem of considerable importance to the continuation of life on earth. It has been estimated that some of the radioactive wastes could remain harmful for 20,000 years. The three Catholic University physicists feel that glass containers are the best way to store the nuclear waste.

The National Patent Development Corporation of New

York City has given the three professors a multi-year grant to continue research on the commercial uses of the new glass. The glassmaking process was tested for five months prior to the corporation giving their support to the research project. Further testing is scheduled for the Battelle Laboratories, in Richland, Washington, a government laboratory.

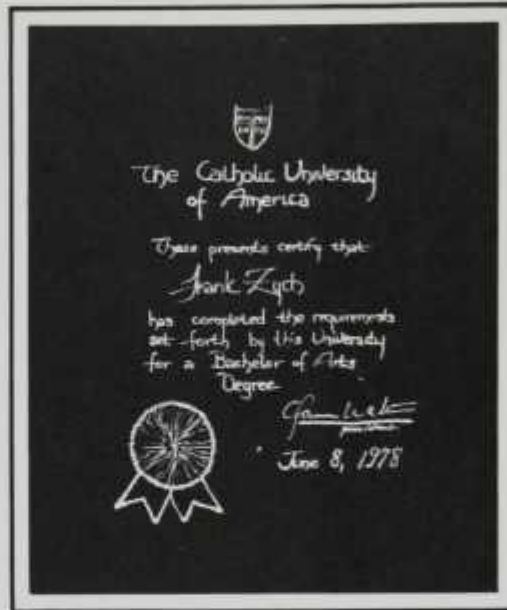
Jerome Feldman, president of National Patent, said the grant from his company will allow the professors to explore other uses of contained nuclear wastes, such as radiating the bacteria from sewage and preserving food without the use of chemicals.

The three professors have been exploring with different glass forms since 1968. Drs. Macedo and Litovitz previously developed fiber optic wire from glass, now being manufactured by Canada Wire. Dr. Litovitz foresees the possibility of glass automobile parts as another use of the latest glass invention.

In April, Dr. Herbert Uberdall, along with several other physicists from throughout the U.S. announced the first successful message had been sent using a beam of neutrinos, atomic particles capable of passing through the earth without resistance.

The project which is being run jointly by the Naval Research Laboratory, the University of Western Washington, the Fermi Accelerator Laboratory and C.U. could eventually lead to messages being transmitted on a neutrino beam 1,707 miles through the earth.

by Mark G. Ackermann



SPORTS

There's No Place Like Home

by Marty Hurney



A quick throw from the field sends Eric Beacraft sprawling and eventually back to the bench as coach Tim Me Cormick looks on in disapproval. photo by D. LaComb



The Cardinal's team spirit is unequalled throughout their league and senior Matt Kurkjian is a major influence not only on the team unity but also on the team scoreboard. photo by D. LaComb

The strong fielding attack, coupled with the respected batting ability of the C.U. baseball team, is the recipe which accounts for the success of C.U.'s kings of the diamond. Jim McGregor displays his fielding ability as he makes the put-out at first base. photo by D. LaComb.



Many opposing pitchers have grown to fear the bat of Val Vandeventer. Val has proven to be the leader in the C.U. baseball team's batting attack. photo by D. LaComb.



There were a lot of things different than in the past when the baseball team began practice for the fall season this year. The team had a new coach and a winning tradition to uphold, with memories of the 1977 playoffs still vivid.

The Cardinals went further than expected in the eastern playoffs in the spring of 1977, and the confidence carried over to the fall. But the team took on a new look, while still maintaining some of the old. It was just three months that separated Tim McCormick's career as CU's catcher from his position as head coach. Mark Travaglini, Val Vandeventer, and Matt Kurkjian are just a few members who played with McCormick and then had him as coach.

The position as team leader was not unique to McCormick, who was the captain of the Cards his senior year. There was some skepticism, however, as to whether the 23-year old CU graduate could command the respect he needed from those that he had played with just one year before.

It didn't take long for McCormick and the Cards to prove the skeptics wrong as they won the fall city championship. It wasn't a typical baseball situation, as the weather was freezing, but Catholic beat American University in the middle of October to capture the city championship for the first time since 1974.

The Cardinals ended the season as well as anyone could have asked. CU put together a seven game win streak

to boost their rating from third to first in the last two weeks of the season. And they ended up beating the team that helped them to get where they were. It looked as though George Mason would win the city title easily rolling along in first place with a two game lead over American.

But the Eagles took two of three games from Mason the last weekend of the season, and the Cards did their part beating Howard three straight. So when the regular fall season came to an end it was a three way tie, and a playoff.

McCormick and crew must have been living right, as the Cards drew a first round bye, waiting the winner of the American-George Mason game. American won, and when they came to CU for the Championship, the Cards were ready. The rest is history.

Joe Mayer got the win in the 6-1 championship victory, and had help from Travaglini, Kurkjian, and Vandeveter, both at the plate and on the field. After the game Travaglini told a Tower reporter, "We finally started to get our hitting and pitching together in those last few games."

The Cards ended with a 14-7 record, but more importantly got the winning attitude for the all-important spring season. Whether or not they will stun baseball fans in the east again remains to be seen.

But McCormick reached the first step in his young coaching career, and the Cards are on the right track.

Young Team Surprises Many

by Marty Hurney

Cross Country is an individual sport as well as a team sport. This year's cross country team took on the characteristic of one individual.

Rich Brody - free spirited, unorthodox, sometimes a little off the wall, but always a winner - was the leader of the cross country team and paced the Cardinals to an 8-4 record. But Brody brought something more to CU track than just winning, although he

The job of statistic gathering is left to coaches Rich Schaffer of C.U. and Phil Landers of George Mason U. photo by M. Getze



did that very well.

In addition to breaking three course records, the sophomore won five of eight dual meets. But although his first place finish became commonplace, the way he won was not known from week to week.

Before the Mount St. Mary's meet, Brody warmed up in a clergy outfit and a turtleneck sweater. He got the nickname of "Rabbi Rich" for that stunt, and went on to set a course record in that meet of 27 minutes. In that same meet, Rich's brother Brian fell over one of the course barriers that Brody had accidentally knocked down in the lead.

"Rich stopped the race and went back to see if his brother was all right and then continued the contest," said Coach Rich Schaeffer.

The rest of the team seemed to be bolstered by Brody's performance week after week, and Schaeffer had a few pleasant surprises come through for him during the year.

Probably the biggest one came in the person of Tom Hanrahan. Hanrahan worked his way to being second man on the squad, and was consistently in the top five places all season. One of Hanrahan's best races was also against the Mount, although his fourth place finish was not his best placing of the season. "He was a pivot-

al man for us in that race," said Schaeffer. "It was an obstacle course and that was his kind of course, because he used to run some steeplechase."

Hanrahan was just one of the Cardinal runners that ran well all season behind Brody. Junior Scott Cranston got a late start on the season, but was consistently a point producer for the team effort. Brian Brody, Kevin Aucoin, Chris McGee, and Mark Greenfield were also an active part of the team's success.

Although the team's record didn't set the charts on fire, there was hope of a strong finish, especially by Brody, in the IC4A's. All season long the Cards' ace runner was pointing toward the meet, but his dream didn't come true. On the morning of the race Brody came down with a fever, but still competed. Although the lanky sophomore seemed to be superhuman to his competitors, he wasn't. "We didn't know until the next day that he had a strep throat," said Schaeffer. "I wasn't going to let him run but he kept insisting."

That was the team spirit that Brody and the entire harrier crew had this season. The squad didn't lose anybody to graduation so the word is out for next year already, and Rich Brody will probably deliver it first.



Ace X-country runner, Rich Brody, takes on the last leg of a run which brings him to the final lap of the stadium track. photo by M. Getze

At the starting line for C.U. is (Left to Right) Kevin Aucoin, Chris McGee, Scott Cranston, Tom Hanrahan, Rich Brody, and Sean Higgins. Coach Schaeffer sets the rules of the meet. photo by M. Getze

All Ya Need Is A Good Swift Kick

by Marty Hurney

When the decision was made to move to Division 1 sports, everyone was talking about the effect it would have on Catholic's basketball and baseball teams.

But not too many people thought what it would do to the forgotten sport on C.U.'s campus — the soccer team. During the years when Catholic had no football team, soccer was the only fall sport on campus and received some attention, but as soon as America's pass time returned to campus life, the boosters seemed to fade away in the shadows of the gyn.

Before the past season, coach Steve Varsa said that the '77-'78 edition of the Cardinal kickers was the best in 15 years. Varsa has upgraded the soccer program on the strength of local high school players, so much so that the Cards can compete in higher competition than was possible in years before.

Three new players strengthened the squad this year, as Tim Manning, Mike Tucker, and Fred Shear joined the team, which was 6-7-1 the preceding season.

The first part of the season didn't quite stack up to what Varsa had hoped it would. The booters lost their opener to Division 2 Salisbury State, and then dropped three more to top-ranked Division 1 squads. The first of those losses came to a former national champion as Howard demolished Varsa's crew 9-0.

However, as they did the season before, Catholic came back with two victories in a row. The Cards hopped into the win column with a 2-0 victory over Georgetown. Pete Vache and Roberto Iraola scored for the Cards to bring home the first victory of the season.

The next game was a duplicate, as George Mason was shut out by Catholic 2-0. Rookie Goalie Chris Cardozo

posted his second straight shutout, and Mike Tucker and Jamal Al-Awadi scored goals to pace the team to its second victory.

The finishing highlight of the season occurred when Catholic defeated American in the final home game of the season 1-0, despite losing Shear with one minute left in the game when he was carried off the field to the hospital having sustained a concussion after a collision with an Amer-

Once again Pete Vache scored a deciding goal in a Catholic victory, being responsible for the only point on the board by scoring just seconds into the last half. The Cards finished the season at 3-8, which fell short of Varsa's hopes for the season, despite vast improvement over the past year — as it must continue to do with the competition increasing every year.





KEEPIN' THEM BOARDS



Second year coach Marie Wiles discusses team strategy with Cardinal standouts Bridget Bayly (far right) and Sharon Hodges during a tense part of the game.

While Jack Kvanez and his men's basketball squad have been fighting to make a name for themselves as a class division I competitor, Marie Wiles and her twelve women hoopsters have quietly become a winning unit in the women's basketball circle.

Wiles completed her second year this season as the Cards posted a 17-8 record, but more importantly proved that the 1977 12-4 mark was no fluke.

As she had the past three years, forward Bridget Bayly was the leader on the floor for Catholic, pumping in an average of 11.7 points per game and yanking down 6.3 rebounds. "We're certainly going to miss her," said Wiles of Bayly. "I coached her when I was at Regina and she was a big part of the program here."

Bayly was not the only local talent that Wiles had to work with, as the Cards were invited to the AIAW small

college Satellite tournament and hosted their own tournament in February with the other five local college squads.

"I was very satisfied with this season," said Wiles. "And I think that we're starting to get more support from the students. More and more people started to come and watch us whether it be before the men's varsity games or not. My girls gave me everything they had and they always worked hard at what we wanted to achieve."

Wiles has taken the women's basketball program nowhere but upward since she came to Catholic two years ago, posting a 12-4 mark in the 1976-77 season. That team was geared toward Bayly, but in '78 season the senior forward had help in all categories.

Sharon Hodges provided the height that needed in the middle, and the center made adequate use of every inch of her 5-11 frame. Hodges aver-

BUSY



Hodges drives hard to the hoop against Navy as the Cards defeated the Middies 57-52 in a well-played game. Hodges was the team's Number One scorer with 15.3 points per game average.

ages 15.3 points a game and was credited with 14.7 caroms a contest. 5-11 freshman Margaret Goetz aided Bayly at the forward position, contributing 10.3 points a game and 9.5 rebounds.

The back court duties were shared by ball handlers Patty Bell and Bernadette Kerley. Along with igniting the offensive flow at the Cardinals end of the court, the two sophomores combined together for an 18.6 point per game average, which any college coach

will take from their court general.

The Cards did well against other area opponents, walloping Gallaudet 91-42, and squeaking by Howard and Navy, 65-62 and 57-52 respectively. In fact, C.U. defeated all the area teams except for American University, who blew past the Cards 80-55.

"We did well against all of the teams that were in our class," said Wiles. "We played a tougher schedule than the year before and I'd say we

came out of it with a good record, I can't say enough about the girls on the team. They're a bunch of hard workers and I really enjoyed working with them."

Terry O'Connel didn't need any instructions from coaches Sonny Conrad (left) and Frank Slezak in the first game of the season against Georgetown as he scored the winning touchdown in the last minute on a 50 yard pass play. Photo by P. Seudner



Whoops — just a little bit too late. Cardinals backup quarterback lunges for Virginia Commonwealth linebacker after interception. Intended receiver O'Connell watches helplessly on knees at Catholic's 10 yard line. Photo by J. Jurado



There were some changes made going into the first game of Catholic's football season this year. Gererd Goeke, who had started at quarterback for three years was moved to safety. Mike Moriello moved from defensive end to middle linebacker, and Terry O'Conell slid from tight end to wide receiver.

These changes came with the move to division III competition and they proved to be successful for coach Joe Pascale and crew. Although the season was somewhat disappointing after losing the last three games, the Cards proved that football does belong on the CU campus.

From the opening game at Georgetown to the last at Brooklyn College, the campus was talking football. Catholic's wide open offensive attack might have had something to do with that as the Card's aerial attack was

enough to make even the strongest of hearts flutter.

Sophomore quarterback Steve Stanislav led the offensive assault throwing 197 times in nine games, completing 85. "We've got to be able to throw the ball to be successful," said Pascale at one point in the season. "We've got the personnel to put the ball in the air."

Stanislav threw for 1,146 yards over the course of the season and nearly half of those yards saw O'Conell at the other end. The quarterback receiver combo hooked up for 32 completions for 530 yards. O'Connell was one of the Cardinal heroes from the first game as the senior caught the winning touchdown pass in the last minute to beat arch-rival Georgetown. O'Connell's longest gain of 61 yards came in that contest, as the Cards shocked the Hoyas for the second year

running.

The ground game was just as effective, with a surplus of backs on the squad. Brothers Sam and Joe LoFaro were the top two ground gainers with Chris DiPasquale and Tim Lisante also seeing weekly action. Both LoFaros were workhorses for the offense as Sam carried 101 times for 468 yards and Joe 94 for 403. As well as averaging 4.6 yards a carry on the ground, Sam was the team's second leading receiver, grabbing 12 passes for 264 yards.

The most encouraging aspect of the Card's offense was the work of the offensive line, something that has been absent since CU's appearance in the boardwalk Bowl in 1966. The front five sprung Cardinal rushers for over 1200 yards and provided the protection for Stanislav to throw almost 200 times in the season.

Gridders Grind through Tough Season



It was a star performance for senior defensive back Bob Daly after picking off a pass during Georgetown game. CU fans flocked cross town to see Catholic whip Georgetown for the second year in a row. Photo by P. Seudner.



It's off to the races for quarterback Steve Stanislav with VCU linemen beading in for the sack. In his first year as starting QB, Stanislav led the Cards to a .500 season. Photo by J. Lombardo.

Dave Perkowski and Kevin Cahill lead the defense in interceptions, with four each. Perkowski returned the pickoffs for 108 yards and Cahill advanced 48. Goeke was the next highest on the squad with two.

The season was rilling along for the cards the first six games, as their only defeat came to the hands of their old nemesis, Duquesne. The Cards have never defeated the Iron Dukes and were looming for revenge from their only loss in the season before.

Going into the last three games of the season with a 5-1 record and coming out 5-5 has to be discouraging, and it was. The Cards found out what real division III competition is like as they ran into Canisius, Trenton State and Brooklyn. But with a couple breaks CU could have had victories in two out of the three, with the only landslide coming to against Trenton.

But the outlook for CU football can only be optimistic as Pascale has taken the squad from a struggling Club team to a respectable division III power. The Cards have taken the Steve Dean Memorial trophy the last two years for defeating Georgetown and the only team that they play annually which Pascale hasn't beaten is Duquesne.

"I'm not leaving here until I beat them," he said before the game this season. "I might be here for a while but I'm going to beat them." The rivalry between the Dukes and CU has developed over the last four years and increased as Duquesne was responsible

for the Cards only loss in the 1976-77 season. If it had not been for them CU probably would have been ranked number one in the nation and in club ball that year. As for last season, a winning record is never bad, especially when it's only your first year playing

with the big boys. The competition will be even tougher in the 78-79 season, but CU's squad seems to be getting stronger and stronger every year. It looks like football is finally here to stay.

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Thumping helmets and crashing bodies was the season near CU's bench in the Trenton State game. Trenton handed the Cards their fourth defeat of the season and gave them a taste of Division III football. Photo by J. Jurado



Abusement of opponents give fans amusement as confetti floats in stands. Catholic U. football fans have increased their support in recent years with the improvement of the program. Photo by J. Jurado



Head Coach Joe Pascale doesn't like something he sees on the field as he takes information from Cardinal assistants in the press box. Pascale headed Catholic gridders for the seventh year, but it was the first time ever in a division III schedule. Photo by J. Jurado



Catholic offensive linemen see the results of their work with a Cardinal touchdown. The 1978 offensive line was the strongest five in the trenches here in Pascale's tenure as head coach. Photo by J. Jurado

Tracksters Performing All the Way

The CU track team has always been composed of solid quality runners, with a few superstars thrown in to make things exciting. This year was certainly no exception.

Rich Brody, Kevin Serraille, and Chris Kolm turned in super star efforts week after week throughout the indoor and outdoor seasons, in both individual efforts and relay events. Brody, coming off a spectacular cross country season, was the distance runner of the squad, Serraille – the speedster, and Kolm, the man with the record breaking pole.

Serraille turned in one of his best efforts of the year in mid-February during the Card's indoor season. The meet was the Delaware Collegiate Open and his effort was 'super'. "He just ran a super race that weekend," said coach Rich Schaffer. "That's when he really started to come on strong."

Serraille turned in two outstanding times that weekend, one in the 440 and one in the 600 yd. run. Both were good enough to qualify him for the IC4A's later in February. The sophomore picked 'em up and layed 'em down, turning in a 48.7 in the quarter and 1:12 .6 in the 600. He missed qualifying in the half mile that very same day by 3/10 of a second.

Kolm also had an outstanding year, and a record breaking day at Princeton the week be-

fore. He broke the school record, which he had set earlier, with a 15-9 jump at Princeton. Kolm won the Delaware competition, and had finished second the night before in the Mason Dixon games in Louisville, Kentucky, with a pair of 15-6 vaults.

Brody was outstanding from the time the cross country team started training in last August until the outdoor track season ended in May. But Brody had his problems throughout the year, problems with bad luck.

Brody had problems with sickness over the Christmas break, and wasn't up to par for the first half of the indoor season. However, it looked as though he was starting to come around to his old form as the MilRose games approached early in February. But once again, Lady Luck just wasn't on Brody's side.

The Cards ace long distance runner sustained cuts and a banged-up knee during the week of preparation for the games, *when he fell through the boards at CU's board track*. But as he had done all year, Brody came back from his injuries, and was one of the squad's leaders in the outdoor season.

All in all, it was a season of up and downs, with mostly ups. It was a young team, with young superstars. And you can bet that coaches Jerry McGee and Schaffer will keep them coming in for years to come.

Golfers Getting Better

Coach Brian McCall called the 1978 golf team the best squad ever. And all that you have to do is look at the fall record to find out why.

While competing against local teams in September and October, the driving and putting Cardinal's registered an undefeated record in match play. Although they placed a disappointing third in the tournament at the end of the fall season, it was the most successful year at CU in recent history.

Bob Mullholland, Paul Carey and Jay Lally were the team's three leading players, with averages of 79, 81, and 83 respectively. "They were the three most consistent players all year," said McCall. "I could always count on them scoring in the high 70's or the low 80's. Mullholland was rewarded for his consistent play, with the team's most valuable player award at the end of the season.

After coming off such a successful fall season, McCall and his squad expected to perform to their highest potential in the spring. But it was not so, at least not in the beginning. "We got off

to a terrible start," said McCall. "We didn't start playing good golf until half way through the season."

The Cards dropped their first six matches of the spring season and it looked as though the outcome would be just the opposite of the fall. However, the men on the links proved that their undefeated string was no fluke, taking victories in six out of the last seven matches.

"The difference was the play of our middle men," said McCall. "They started to play well in the middle of the season and that's when we started to win again. You can't win matches with just three good scores. They take the best five out of seven, and we were losing off the fourth and fifth scores."

So Catholic finished the slant scoring with a 6-7 record, and a 12-7 mark in match play for the year. Most importantly, all seven will be back next year. It looks as though CU golf might be on its way upward.

The "Ol Swimming Hole"

by Chris Wilkinson

On any given day you'll find the University's only swimming pool, tucked away in the basement of CU memorial gym. Small as it may be, it is home for CU's army of dedicated swimmers and study hall for its trusty lifeguards. In a week the water can range from bath water to ice water and from light green to grey. The chlorine is often strong enough to remove the darkest tan.

In addition to the women's swim team, or intramural water polo teams, there is a non-professional sport played daily. It resembles a mixture of salmon spawning and the Metro subway system at rush hour. The pool has only four lanes but through sheer determination there have been up to eight tankers crammed in. If they all splash much, the water level decreases rather rapidly.

There are three types of swimmers; those who are cooling off from the sauna, those who are there when you jump in and still there when you leave, and those who take as much time preparing to get ready as they spend in the pool. There are a few swimmers who execute the "duck turn" or "tuck turn" at each end of the pool. A fine racing maneuver that often leaves the lifeguard quite damp after a few laps.

As for the swimmers themselves, a cross section of the university enjoys the pool. Undergraduates, law students, gymnasts, clergy, and university staff alike, find their way into the depths.

Until a few years ago the pool sported diving boards. However, the ceiling is so low that visiting teams, unfamiliar with the imposing structure and unsettled by the red paint just above their heads put there as a practical joke,

refused to compete at our pool. Subsequently, the diving board was removed.

By the time two semesters have rolled by, any swimmer with sense will escape to the one and only Holiday Inn pool. By comparison, the only thing the Holiday Inn's pool has to offer is no low ceiling and plenty of sun. Added attractions include the motel guests who can't figure out where all these people came from. The pool has the added feature of on-the-job training for the lifeguards in Spanish, French, German, Swiss, Esperanto, and a variety of sign languages for the lifeguards when they try to

explain to the numerous foreign guests why their children can't play on the pretty rope that divides the deep and shallow ends.

The pool lifeguards are among CU's finest. They keep themselves busy keeping track of 15-20 hyperactive youngsters who swim in water as if it were attacking them. In the ranks of the infamous CU/Holiday Inn lifeguards with Jantzen suits and Polaroid sun glasses are Mary Young, Joan Danneman, Nancy Arnot, Kate Megan, Ginger Smith, Jaime Jurado, and Tom Stack among the many others who have gone off to bigger and better things.



Enjoying the Holiday Inn Quarter-Olympic pool on a hot day.

Intramural



Fever



Just Look At What They Missed ...



Home field for the Cardinal power-hitters. The Cards also played on other fields, including away at St. Leo's College field in Thonotassassa, Florida. Photo by J. Jurado.

Everything was positive as the Cardinals faced the 1978 spring season. The team had won the ECAC District II championship the year before. It had lost only three players from that team, and had taken the fall Metropolitan conference baseball championships just some four months prior to the start of spring camp.

That's how the season started, but unfortunately, for first year coach Tim McCormick and his squad, it didn't end on that high note.

McCormick's crew won more games in the spring season than any other team in the school's history. But when

it came time for the ECAC committee to pick the teams for the District playoffs, the 16-6 Cardinals, who were also the defending champions, were overlooked.

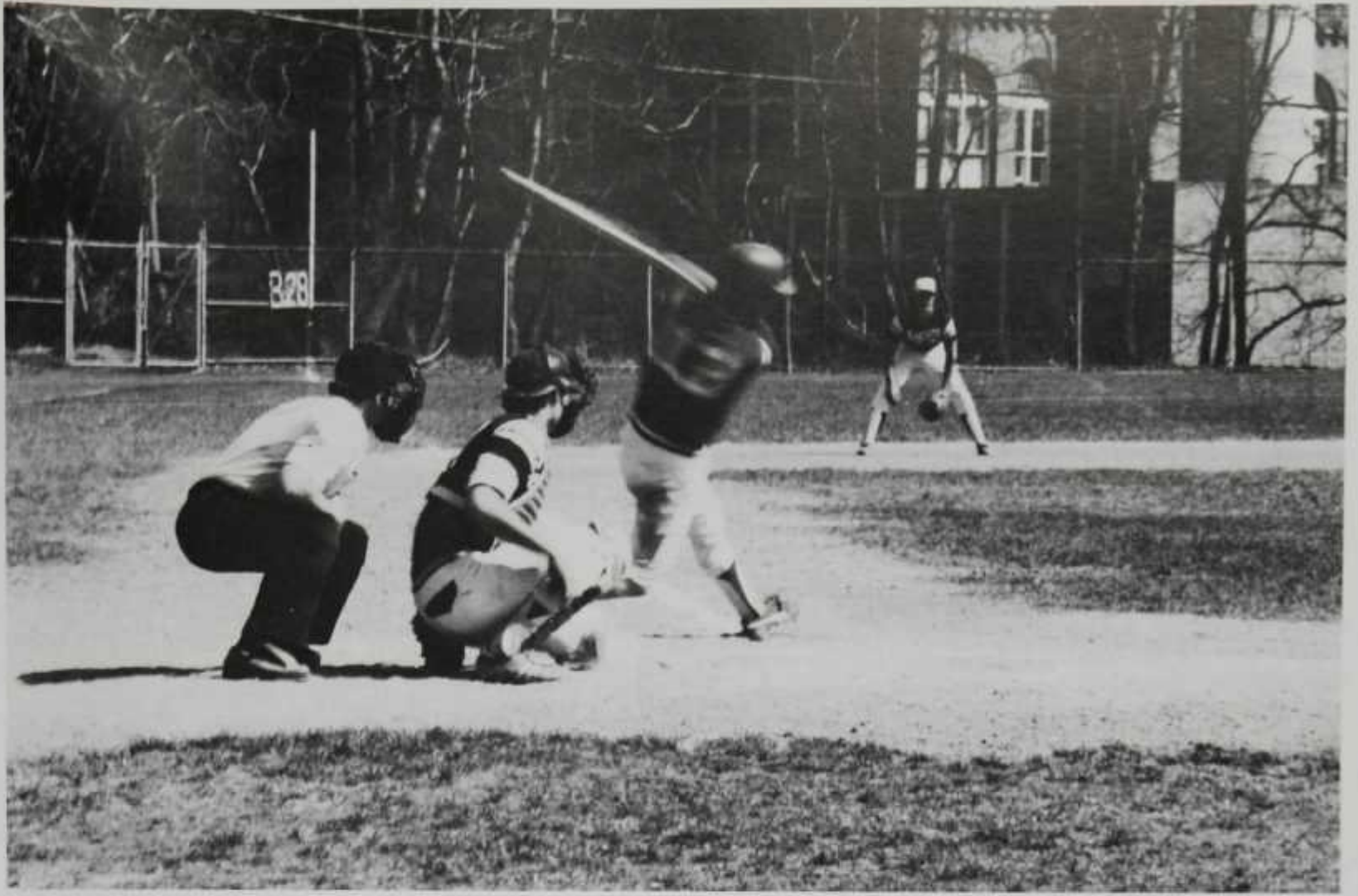
Various excuses floated around CU's campus, but none of which could explain why CU was not picked for the tournament. Some said it was because they did not have enough games on their schedule, some said it was because Catholic didn't have the big name as some of the other schools, and some said it was because of the amount of power some of the New York coaches carried. But whatever

the reason given, the reaction was the same — one of disbelief and dejection.

But other than the post season disappointment, the 1978 spring season was an overwhelming success, for Catholic's up and coming Division I competitor. The Cards saw center fielder Val Vandeventer get drafted by the Atlanta Braves shortly after the end of the season, and seniors Mark Travaglini, Rob Carney, Matt Kurkjian, and Joe Janella also finished their tenure as CU ball players.

Van Deventer finished the spring season with a .408 batting average, and Travaglini hit the .370 mark, along with taking on some of the pitching duties. Carney was the workhorse of pitching staff, hurling 63.2 innings in 11 games while posting a 5-2 record.

Matt Kurkjian led the Cardinals defensive assault in the infield, as junior Eric Becraft provided a stick at first



Top of the fourth inning in CU vs. Towson State game.
Photo by J. Wright



Coach Tim McCormick and Jim Ducibella, Sports
Information Director for CU, before start of a game.
Photo by J. Wright

with a .321 average and 26 RBI's.

All in all it was a successful year for coaches McCormick and Mike Maher in their rookie year. Both had been shooting for the ECAC playoffs the entire season, as was the team, so there was considerable disappointment when the Cards didn't make it. But both CU baseball and McCormick have an optimistic future ahead of them, and if the 1978 Cardinals are any indication of teams to come, the ECAC committee hasn't heard the last from Catholic University baseball.

by Jim Ducibella

"Almost but not quite"

"Almost but not quite." That's how coach Jack Kvancz described the performance of the 1977-78 basketball Cardinals.

With a little bit of luck, Catholic could have ended its second year of Division I play with a 20-6 mark instead of 12-14. They lost eight games by five points or less, and Kvancz still doesn't have an answer for all the close defeats. "I wish I knew. When we had to play well we didn't," said Kvancz. "We could play super ball for thirty-eight minutes, but when it came down to those last crucial two where we had to be tough, we fell apart."

The only game that the Cards were blown out in was against George Washington, who rolled over the second year Division I club at Brookland Gymnasium. Other than that it was down to the wire, losing by five



Above: Joe Colletta pushes towards opposing net.
Right: Kevin Dziwalski in action against Navy.



Above: Preventing 2 points
Right: Mike McNally controls situation

against Navy, one to American, three to Hofstra and one to James Madison.

"The Madison game was a good example of the season," said Kvancz. "We were up by three points with a minute to go and hold the ball. Our three best foul shooters go to the line and miss the front end of one-and-ones and we lose the game by a point."

Because of the close defeats, Kvancz described the year as disappointing. "To say we could have won four or five more games wouldn't be out of line at all," he said. "I Kvancz is in his third year of coaching at CU and has registered a 37-41 record. Catholic has been 12-14, 13-13, and 12-14, the first year being in Division II play. The coach's three years work was seen best this season in the play of center Kevin Kziwulski. The big man lead the team in scoring with an average of 17.4 points a game, and was second in rebounding with 6.8 a game. "He had a great senior year," said Kvancz. "He worked hard all season and understood what we wanted to do. He's improved greatly during the time he's been here."

Dziwulski is one of five players the Cards are losing to graduation, as he joins Stan Cooper, Pete Gruzinskas, Mike McNally, and Kevin Slattery. Cooper lead the team in rebounding and was second in scoring. And McNally, well anybody that went to Catholic games knew that McNally was the floor general. The point guard totalled 114 assists on the season, despite an injury plagued year.

"He had an inconsistent year because of injuries," said Kvancz. "When he played well we won, and when he didn't we lost. We needed him out there to control the tempo."

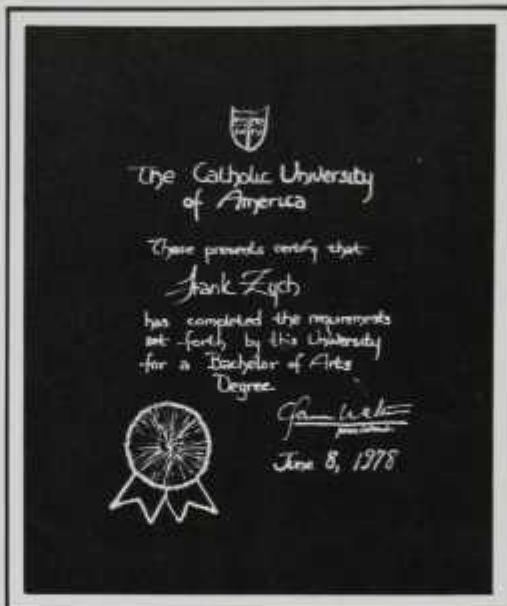
The Cards had some young recruits this year that they hope could develop into a 'control the tempo' player. One is guard Joe Colletta who came on like gangbusters at the end of the season. Colletta scored over 20 points in the last five of the season, and Kvancz hopes he'll develop more and more the next three seasons.

But despite the 12-14 record and the close defeats, Kvancz and company surprised many a CU fan. The Cards have been 13-13 and 12-14 in their two years of Division I ball, and statistics showed they weren't manhandles at all this year.

Season statistics show that the Cards gave up an average of 73.9 points per game and averaged scoring 72.9. The rebounding stats were just as close, with CU grabbing an average of 37.6 and the opposition 39.0 a game.

The Cards haven't had overwhelming talent, and have played a higher level of competition each year Kvancz has been here. "When we first started playing a Division I schedule it was a joke," said Kvancz "I really admire all the kids because they've worked hard and stuck with it. We were 1-6 at one point this season and the kids could have quit and packed it in, but they didn't. I haven't had any complaints with my players since I've been here."

Photos by J. Jurado



GROUPS

Ivory Gate



Montana Terrace Tutoring





*Third
Floor
Spalding*

Third Floor Conaty



Junior Architects



Delta Sigma Theta

Fourth Floor Spalding



Dave DiPippa, Justin Mineri, Adrian Hagerty, Bob Blair, Steve Cookson, Ralph Jubba, Larry Wahl, Bobby Rogan, Benjamin Naucika, Mike Denouter, Paul Carter, Jim Quinn, Terry McAulliffe, John Hampsey, John Bolcar, Joe Buck, Paul Maginnis, Jon Wright, Mike Grant, Jerome Blakes, Jaime Jurado, Jim Dulco, John Braithwaite, Jimm Bilodeau, Kevin Kist, Chris Nahas, Mike Stotz, Danny Stein

Spellman R.A.'s (Resident Addicts)



Mary Rose Hannon, Kathy Ford, Lorrie McGlynn, Katie Megun

Spellman 2nd



*Institute of Electrical and
Electronic Engineers*



"Play it Again Sam"

Mark Meggison, Jeanine Keyes, Vinnie Sasson, Lisa Godfrey, Margaret Jones, Terri McDermott

Diggy Mamas



Mary Beth Stablein, Deb Breach, Mimi McGuire, Chrissy O'Brien, Mary Sefeik, Mary Young, Joan Danneman, Anne O'Connell, Mary Sue D'Agostino



Fifth Floor Flather

*F
i
n
e*

*A
r
t
s*



Council

Reproduction Research



Jayne Neubauer, Jenny Bator, Thomas DeGraba and rats

Mama Anton's Boys



Vinnie Mandile, Dominic Dominoes, Dave Michela, Dave LaComb, Mark Antonnucio

Random St. John's People



"Come Blow Your Horn"



Jeanine Keys, Rosalind Flynn, Chris Murphy, Vinnie Sassone, Brian Tolle, Lisa Godfrey.

Ground Floor Spalding



Bosacua



American Institute of Chemical Engineers

Jaime Jurado, Fr. Leo Van Winkle, Carl Foresti, Pat Hurd, Bob Spurr, Steve Oberham, Rick Sonntag, Not pictured Bob Somerhayes, J. Fairheller, Kevin McCoy.



Second Floor Gibbons



ADG Derby Day Girls



Treasury Board



Pete Jones, Mike Fitzgerald, Joe
McDermott, Mary Coogan

Executive Committee

Terry McAuliffe, Ovide Lamontagne, Pete Jones, Tom Scanlon, Carol Callahan



Tau Beta Pi





*A
Gibbons
Nitche*

Third Floor Conaty



Fourth Floor Flather



We're Weird





*American Institute
of
Concerned Catholics*



Sigma Pi Delta

Senior Architects



Student Academic Senate



Judicial Branch



Dino Drudi, Vinnie Kelly, Terry McAulliffe, Tom Stack, Matt Twomey, Kevin Waldron, Bobby Rogan, Chris Battiata

Seniors at SPD



Tower



Second Floor Spalding



Tony George, Pete Scudner, Mark Ackermann, Larry Martone, John Ahlgren, Craig LaBelle, Vinnie Sasson, Ted Barry, Bill Killgeln, John Haffey, Tiny Chovibul, Charlie Azzalina, John Hargensader, Albert G. Winchester III, Mike Sweeny, Paul McAllister, Mike, Mike Giglio, Bill McDermott, Joe Janela, Terry O'connell, Joe Calletta, Bill Callahan, Jeff Rubin, Bob Mulholland.

First Floor Spalding



Matt Connolly, Joe Lombardo, Jim Jordan, Jeff Klein, Danny Furth, John Kvartunas, Jock A., Kevin McCoy, Mark Kvartunis, Steve Jackson, Mark Scarbeau, Tim Lisante, Lou Gerillio, Kevin Carlin, John Shirey, Tom Favrote, Gerry Seery, Armondo, Aarron Socrate, John Dourgherty

Second Floor Flather



Fifth Floor Flather



Girls' Softball Team



Third Floor Spellman



Fourth Floor Conaty



First Floor Conaty



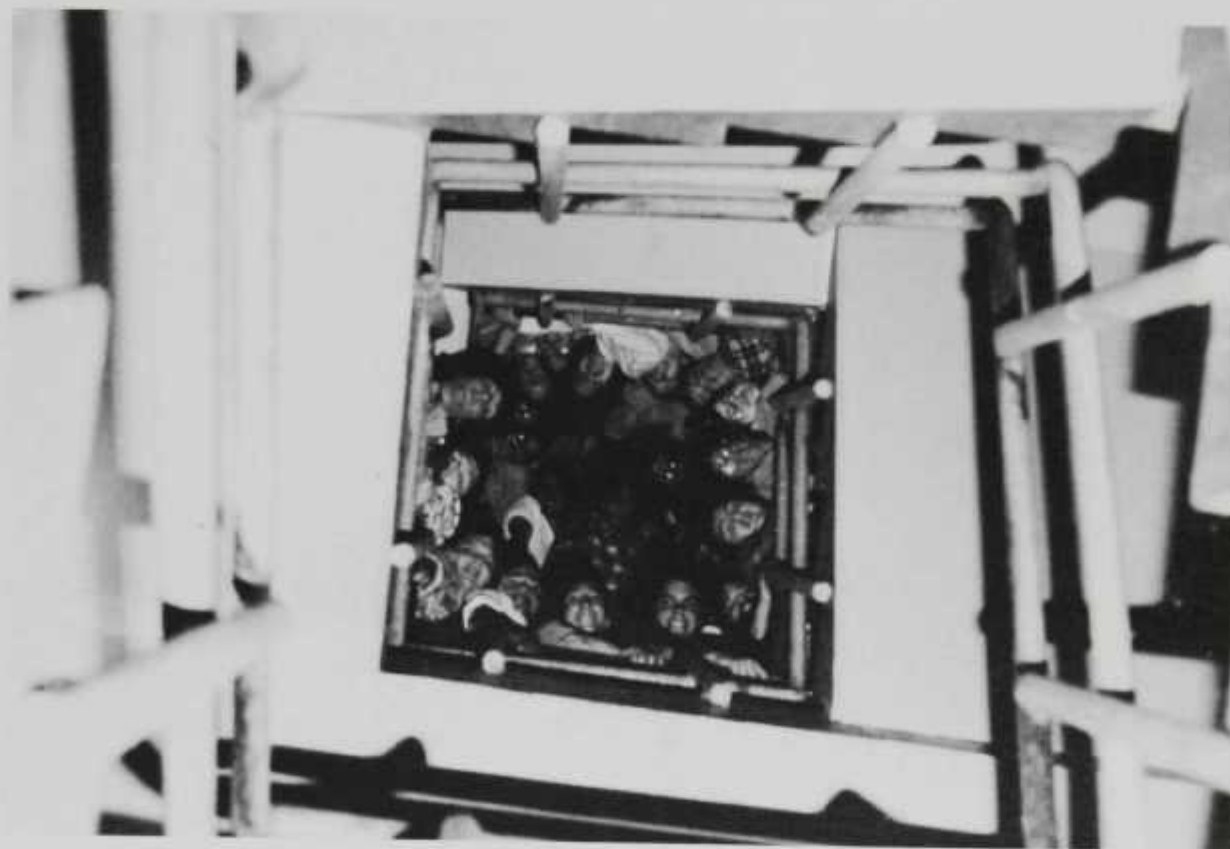
Sick People



Architects in Traction



Third Floor Flather



Gina's Girls



Fourth Floor Spellman



Sophomore Architects



KTG Derby Day Team



Cardinal 1978 Staph



Nancy Anderson, Editor-in-Chief



Tom Daly



Marty Hurney, Sports Editor



Doc Lawbaugh, Adviser



Marie Broussand, Senior and Groups Editor



Barbara Healy, Graphics Editor



Larry Mitchell, Co-layout Editor



Ellen Conway and John DeZinno



Marty Hurney, again



Marty Hurney, yet again

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Friends





The Students


Joan Holland
Annie Gomez
Diane Donnelly

Alpha Delta Gamma




Mark Ackerman, Bob Mulholland, Charlie Malliet, Matt Collins, Jeff Klein, Aaron Secrates, Mike Giglio, Danny Furth, Craig LaBelle, Bill Callahan, Bill Kilgallin, Karen Dolan, Joe Nichols, Joe Janela, Tony George, Jim Jordan, Paul Gorman, Walt Dwyer, Ted Barry.




The Catholic University
of America

These presents certify that
Frank Zych
has completed the requirements
set forth by this University
for a Bachelor of Arts
Degree.


John Walker
June 8, 1978



SENIORS



Jim Dayhoff, Jim Berard, Scott Cranston



Richard Kyle



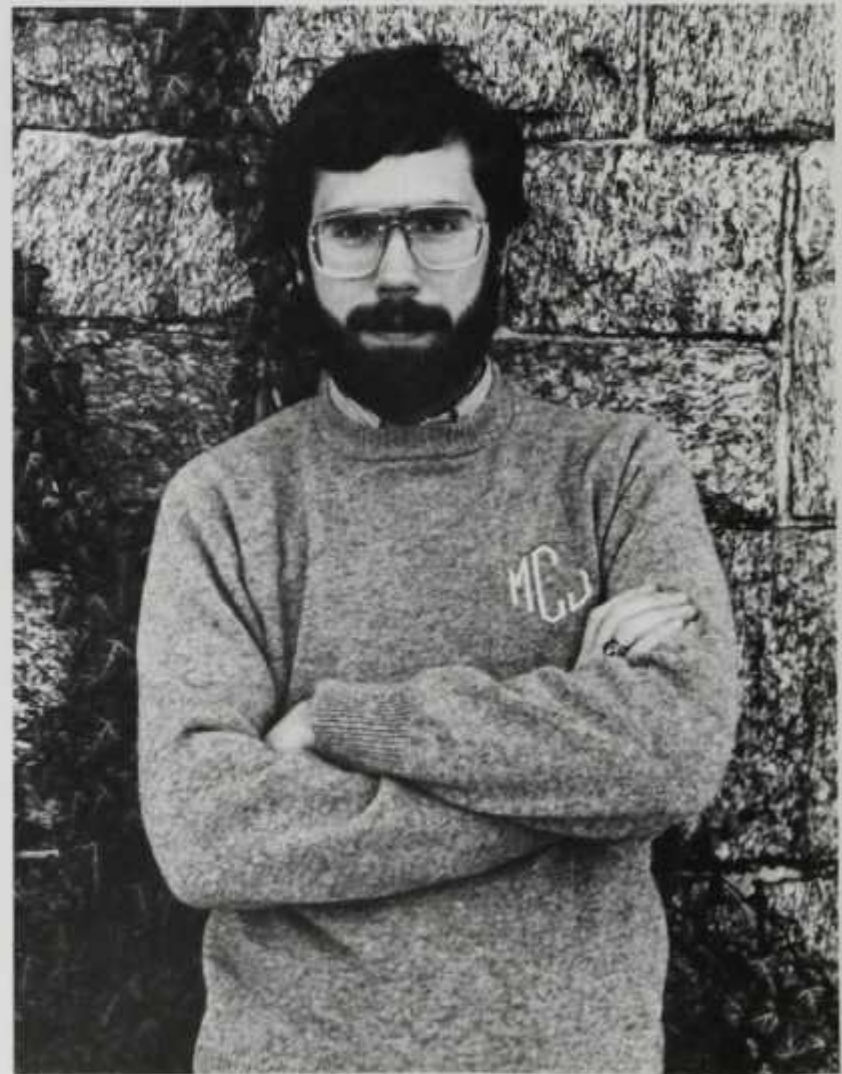
Gloria A. Joseph



Katie Megan



Linda Margaret Keeter



Michael J. Crosbie



Regina M. Colgan



Nash Roe, Jocko Avoldio, Frank Kestler, Dan Joyce



Nancy A. Martin



Maureen Daly



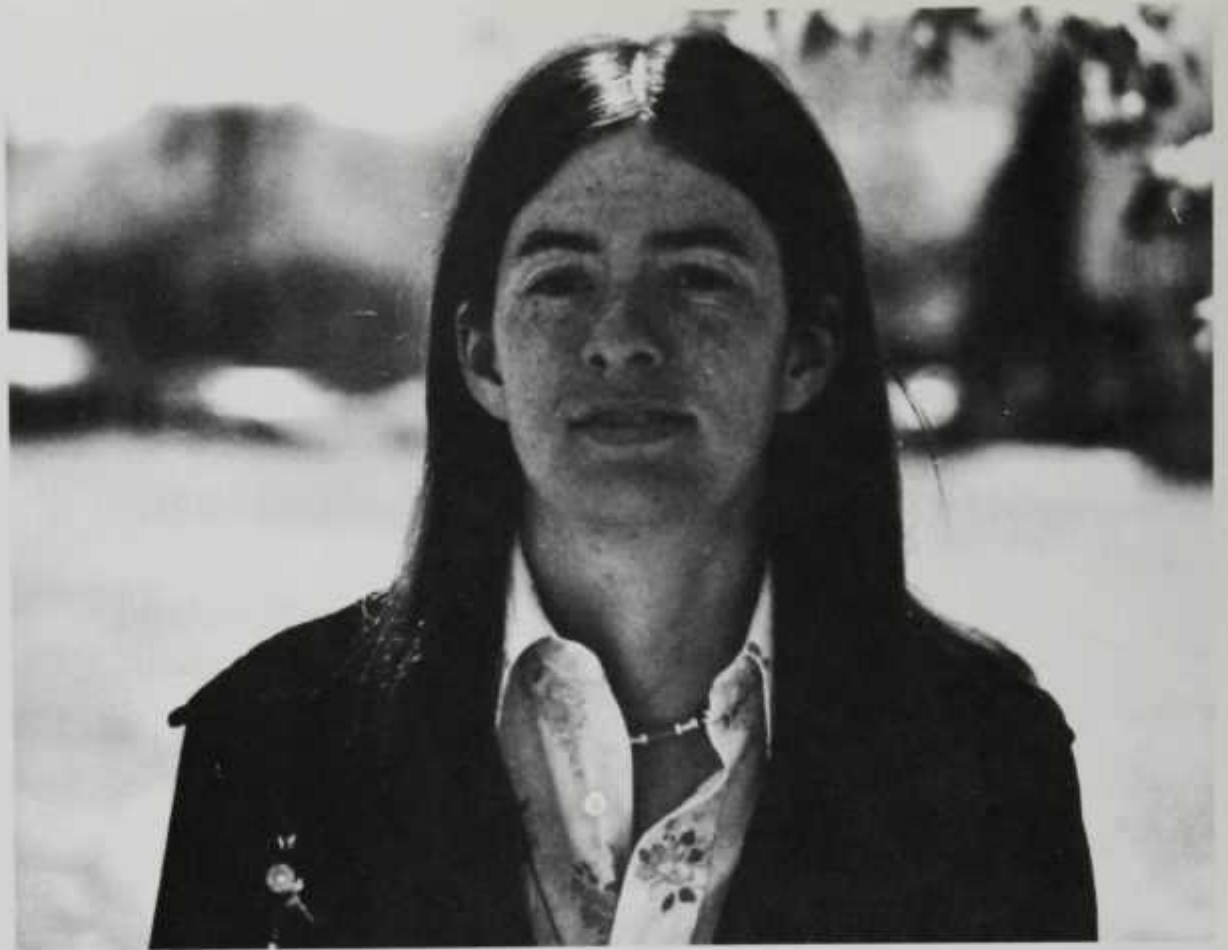
Debbie Spurlock
Alexandria, Virginia Drama



Dorothy Steimel



Maggie Gallogly



Maureen Lynch
Kensington, MD Medical Technology

Gerald B. Seery
Valley Stream, NY Economics





Theodore J. Olson
Washington, DC Mechanical Engineering



Francis X. "Skip" Smith
Washington, DC Psychology

Robert Steven Tano,
Stevensville, Maryland
Pre-Med Chemistry



Raquel E. Sheehi,
Vienna, Virginia Spanish
(for International Services)





Donna L. Keenan,
Fanwood, New Jersey Nursing



Sandra M. James
Washington, DC Accounting



Peter S. Maher, McClean, Virginia English
and
Truscilla Sue Shirley, Leawood, Kansas Music



Joe Durant, Springfield, Virginia Chemistry



"Quarter past what!!!! It must be time for senior comps."

THE SCHOOLS of THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA and THE DEGREES OFFERED

SCHOOL OF ARTS AND SCIENCES. The School offers programs of concentration in the liberal arts and sciences leading to the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Science, Master of Arts, Master of Fine Arts, Master of Science, Master of Science in Library Science, Master of Teaching of Science, Doctor of Arts, and Doctor of Philosophy.

SCHOOL OF EDUCATION. The School offers programs leading to the degrees of Master of Arts, Doctor of Education, and Doctor of Philosophy. Courses for special students provide certification qualifications for advancement in teaching and administration.

SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING AND ARCHITECTURE. The various departments offer programs leading to the degrees of Bachelor of Science in Architecture, Bachelor of Chemical Engineering, Bachelor of Civil Engineering, Bachelor of Electrical Engineering, and Bachelor of Mechanical Engineering; Master of Architecture (first professional degree); Master of Architecture (Urban Design); Master of Civil Engineering, Master of Mechanical Engineering, Master of Science in Engineering, and Master of City and Regional Planning; Doctor of Architecture, Doctor of Engineering, and Doctor of Philosophy.

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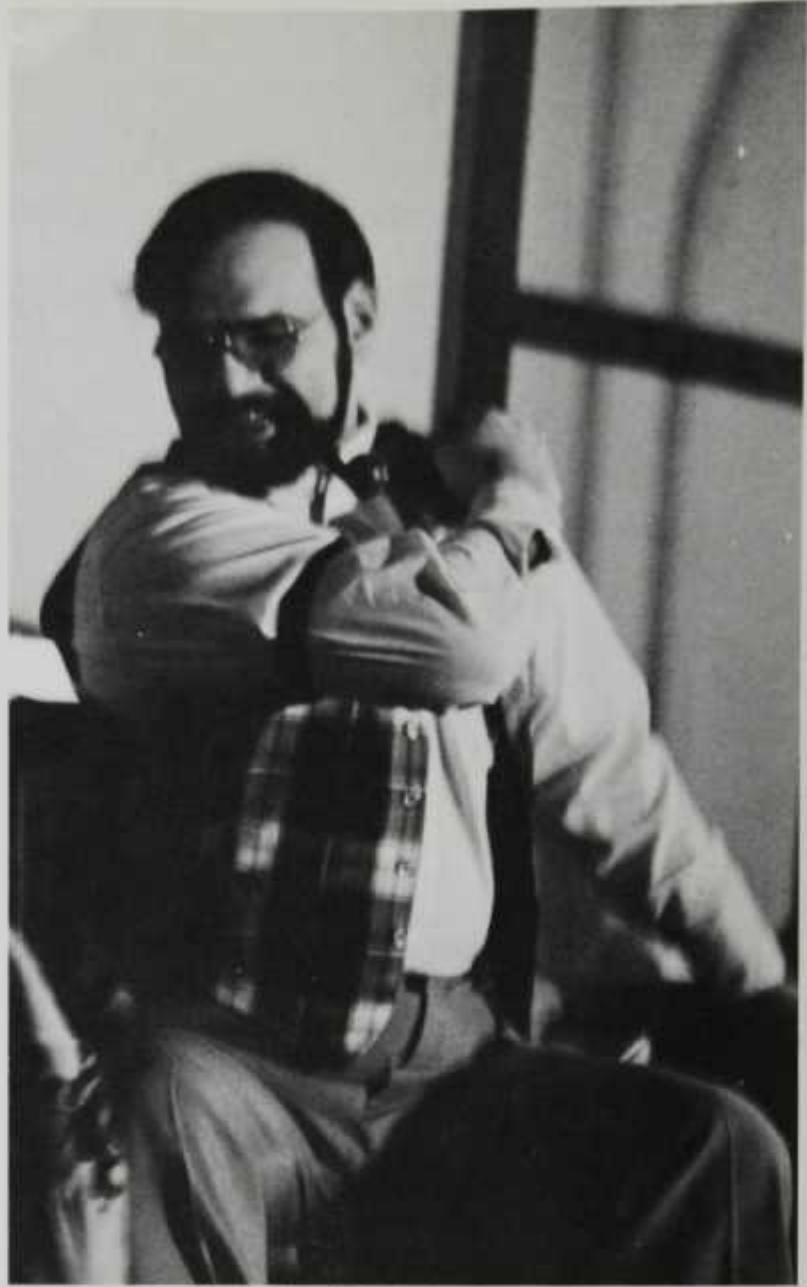
Master of Music, Master of Liturgical Music, Doctor of Philosophy, and Doctor of Musical Arts.

SCHOOL OF NURSING. The baccalaureate program, to which preprofessional and registered nurses are admitted, leads to the Bachelor of Science in Nursing degree. The graduate programs in clinical specialization, teaching, supervision and administration lead to the Master of Science in Nursing and the Doctor of Nursing Science.

SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY Programs are offered in philosophy and auxiliary subjects leading to the degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Master of Arts, and Doctor of Philosophy, and to the pontifical degrees of Bachelor, Licentiate, and Doctor of Canon Law and of Sacred Theology.

SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS STUDIES. Departments of Biblical Studies, Canon Law, Church History, Religion and Religious Education, and Theology offer academic and ministerial programs leading to the degrees of Master of Arts, Master of Religious Education, and Doctor of Philosophy and to the pontifical degrees of Bachelor, Licentiate, and Doctor of Canon Law and of Sacred Theology. Ministerial field training and seminars are provided in the Pastoral Formation Program. Theological College, under the direction of the Sulpician Fathers, is a residential facility for diocesan seminarians.

NATIONAL CATHOLIC SCHOOL OF SOCIAL SERVICE. Two year programs leading to the degree of Master of Social Work provide concentrations in Community Organization, Social Casework and Social Group Work. The program leading to the degree of Doctor of Social Work prepares for teaching, research, administration and advanced practice.



Dominic Acciani, New Jersey, Architecture



Connie Geiss,
New Jersey, Drama

A Gibbon's Comps Party





Marty Leibowitz Philadelphia, Pa.
Electrical Engineering



Rosalind Flynn Cranston, R.I. Drama
and Education



Joe Wagner Harrington Clark, N.J.
Politics, and Mary Jane Skinner



Diana Kerr Westerville, Ohio Nursing



Donna Suozzi Convent Station, N.J.
History



Bob Mulholland Montville, N.J. Social
Work

Prologue – His Story

I met her on a Squamish field. Her light golden hair gently moving in the breeze of that August afternoon. She did not notice me at first (she clung to her parents) but as we moved along the line of play I made doubly sure that she would see me and not forget. "Pritz!" I yelled, "I've got the Pritz!" She followed through as I knew she would. I could sense the legend in the making. She handled the pritz as I never knew a freshman could. She was, beyond a shadow of a doubt, skilled.

J. Jurado, D. LaComb, subject photo, P. Scudner.
P. Scudner, subject photo

Mary Ellen McGuire Seacliff, N.J. Drama

Robert Michael Clemens Annapolis,
Md. History



Stephanie Teeter Woodbury, Pa. Nursing
ing

Act I, Scene I – The Line

Oh God, there he was, again: that klutz from orientation. I hastily turned my back and studied my registration forms. Would he venture over? I hoped not. "Uhh, H-e-e-e-y there. Remember me?" I'll say. "I believe I met you over a pritz somewhere. You're in Spellman, right?" Conaty, keep my secret. "You know, I'm as close as Spalding." "What a klutz" I thought as I stared at those Two Guys doubleknits suspended three inches above his J.C. Penney wingtips. "I got Nolan for philosophy; How 'bout you?" Anybody who was anyone knew by now you took Foley. "H-e-e-e-y! Will I see you at the block dance Saturday night?" Gak! A sudden change in plans!

J. Wright, P. Scudner, P. Scudner, J. Jurado, R. Scotto, P. Scudner



Jerry Newby Springfield, Ky. Drama



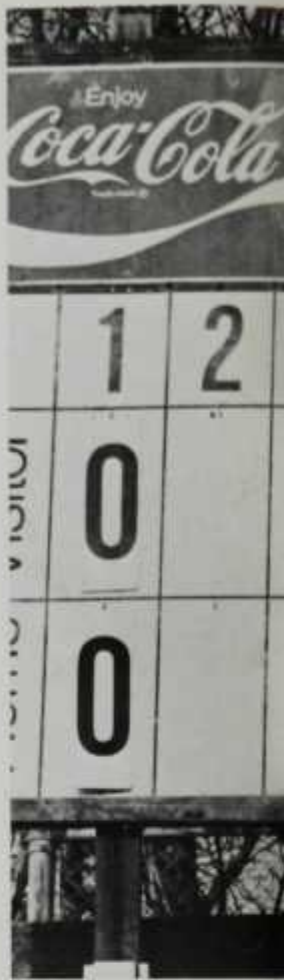
Mario D'Ambrasio Bethesda, Md.
Economics and Business



Luanne Smathers Temple Hills, Md.
Biology



Ellen Nagle Beltsville, Md.
Mechanical Engineering



Daniel P. Chin Clark, N.J. Architecture



Annie Gomez Point Lookout, N.Y.
Art



Scene II -

Wrong Foot Forward

Calculus III was at 8:00; arriving at the dining hall at 7 was a must. At 7:30 I was on my way to McMahon to be assured of a seat. When leaving Cardinal I saw her ... again. 'Say, do you have an 8:00 class?' She paled slightly and breathed "Nursing Auditorium?" 'Do I look like Florence Nightingale?' I essayed a manly laugh. She flashed her beautiful teeth at me and vanished into the crowd.

D. Chin, J. Wright, P. Scudner, P. Scudner
Subject Photo, D. Chin

Mary Young Natick, Ma. Biochemistry; and Anne O'Donnell Staten Island, N.Y. Biochemistry



Jude DeWyngaert Belford, N.J. Nursing



Nancy Campanile Silver Spring, Md.
Accounting



Steve Hinchey Newton, Ma. Economics



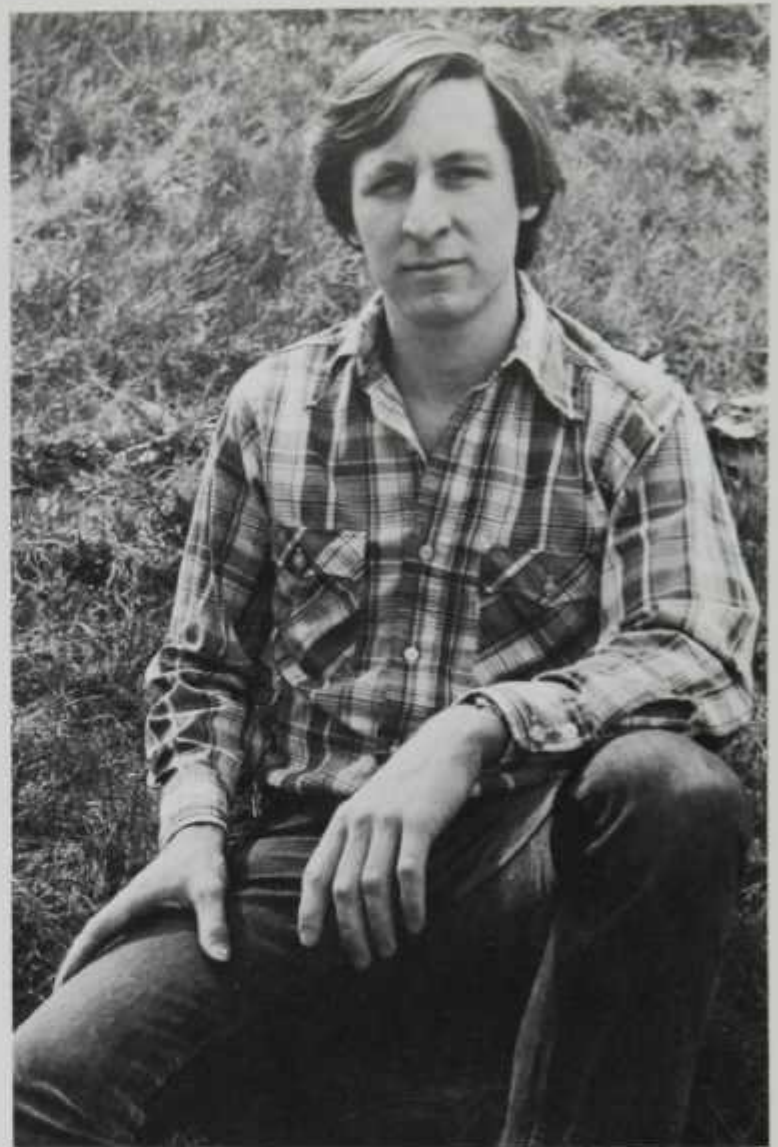
Marcia Casby Rockville, Md. Social Work

Carl Foresti Silver Spring, Md. Chemical Engineering, and Leroy





Carmen Vales Rockville, Md. Architecture



Vinnie Mandile South Yarmouth, Ma.
Architecture



Clara F. Sachs Silver Spring, Md. Drama

Scene III – For Whom the Bell Tolls

I spent Freshman night at the Rat avoiding him. Sully was in rare form that evening. After the usual removal of his trousers he sprited from table to table, BVD's flapping amid the clanging of Franklin's bell for last call. "S-a-a-y! Why don't we head on up to Fred's?" Dear God, there was no escape.

P. Seudner, D. LaComb, P. Seudner, D. LaComb,
P. Seudner, Subject Photo

Scene IV – Klutzboy's Complaint

Midterms came and went, now finals loomed ahead. Amidst these scholarly pursuits she remained distant and aloof. I tried to put her out of my mind, but neither cold showers nor the concerns of my first finals week seemed to quell my desire for her. When would it end?

P. Scudner, P. Scudner, P. Scudner, P. Scudner,
P. Scudner, photo subject, J. Jurado



Beth Holtz Davenport, Ia. Politics and
Sociology



Jimmy Dean Deer Park Heights, Md.
Psychology



Joan Holland Wilmington, De. Art



Antoinette Arrone Lanham, Md.
Speech and Hearing



Carolyn Mensi College Park, Md. Math



Glen R. Merbach Carol Stream, Il. Philosophy; Michael C. Schiefelbein Topeka, Ka. Philosophy; Daniel Knoerl Livonia, Mi. Philosophy; Robert J. Kovacs Union, N.J. Philosophy; Theodore

(Ted) Howard Dorr, Mi. Philosophy; William (Bill) Etheredge Aurora, Il. Philosophy; Theodore Basselin (portrait)



Ed Borgeois Pomfret, Ct. Drama



Mary Fran Miklitsch Lewistown, N.Y.
Psychology



Tina Vogel Bowie, Md. Medical Technology



Melanie MacAdams Labertville, Mi.
Drama



Daniel A. Varroney Hackettstown,
N.J. American History



Andrea Morris Trenton, N.J. Nursing

*Scene V – Close Encounters
of the Nerd Kind*

I thought that perhaps over Christmas vacation he would forget me, but no such luck. Chance meetings at Cardinal Station, "accidental" brushings in the bookstore, and carefully maneuvered encounters at the milk machine ... everywhere I turned, he was there. He bored me with accounts of his Design Studios with Ray Sluzis, and I dreaded the perennial weekend query "Are you gonna go to the movies at Nursing tonight?" I missed a lot of good campus movies that year.

C. Lang, P. Seudner, P. Seudner, P. Seudner, D. Chin, P. Seudner

Scene VI –

Astroturf Looks Greener

Macke took over where ARA left off, and the Sled Corporation was enormously popular. Just about the time of Spring Semi-Formal a Diversion presented itself in the form of Paula. She was a raven-haired beauty permanently clad in a monogrammed Dean sweater, bell-bottomed double-knits, and a plaid blazer – the essence of a "Trinity girl". We dated briefly – Dorm parties at Kirby Hall, weekend excursions to Georgetown, mad make-out sessions on the Trinity hockey field – but still I longed for Mary Margaret.

P. Scudner, P. Scudner, P. Scudner, J. Wright,
D. LaComb, C. Lang



Kay M. Dawes Gatlingburg, Tn. Nursing; and Bob, Bobbie and Tony



Joe Gimiano Danbury, Ct. Drama



Steve Sutton Portland, Me. Architecture



Lynn Marie Tresansky Kensington,
Md. Nursing



Nini Hanbrough Wheaton, Md. Nursing; and Jim
and Jeni



Paul Youssefmir Tereran, Iran Mechanical Engineering



Eileen Judge Frenchtown, N.J. Economics



Monica Rose Cain Washington, D.C.
English



Diane M. Donnelly Wayne, N.J.
Psychology



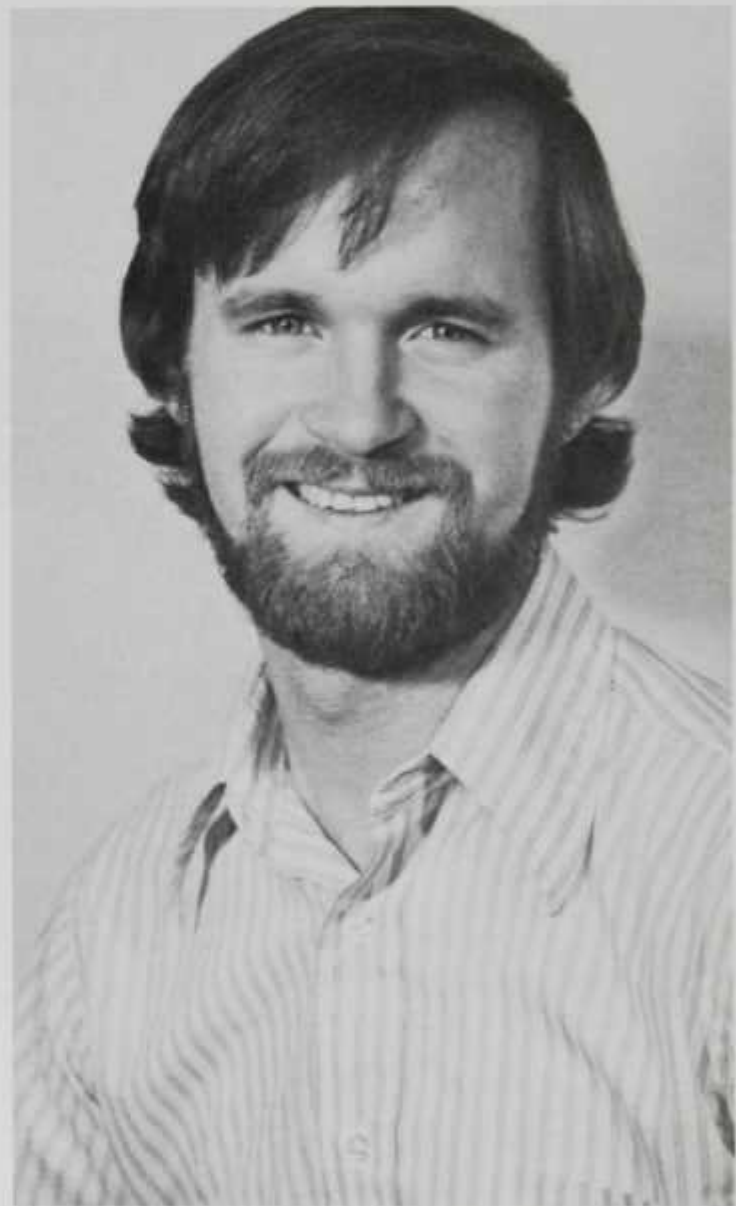
Scene VII – Springtime Nausea

I thought he was gone for good when he ventured across the street to the Trinity circle, but soon he was back with his tales of conquest conveyed in an air of obvious innuendo. Trinity had not changed him – he was still the creep I knew so well. Spring weather provided exposure of some of his more repulsive traits; clad in stupid T-shirts, he was constantly missing the frisbee and his plaid Bermuda shorts revealed knobby knees and hairy legs that only served to reinforce my original evaluation of him. Thank God summer and the Cape would soon rescue me from his amorous intentions.

Subject photo, P. Seudner, D. LaComb, P. Seudner, P. Seudner, subject photo



Franlíz Medina Vielma Maracaribo,
Venezuela Chemical Engineering



Kevin C. Gale Cheverly, Md. Politics



Caroline Donnelly Mitchellville, Md.
Music Education and Piano



Joanne Dekker Ridgewood,
N.J. American History

One Toke Over The Line

I thought the spring thaw would melt her cold, cold heart, but this was not the case. I saw her once more, at IBA day on the Mall. Her hand was wrapped elegantly around the shaft of a plexiglass bong. I was at first surprised that she smoked. I stared in shocked dismay as she placed it to her lips. But in this I saw an excellent opportunity to show her what I was really made of. I decided to approach her circle and made eye contact. What could I say to her? "Hey you guys *this* is Gerry. Why don't you sit down and join us?" She turned to Artie and said, "Fill a bong for Gerry." I have never smoked before, but this was beyond my concern. The shrine bells tolled the background and I knew what I had to do. "Hey Gerry, let Artie do the shotgun for you." She knelt next to me and said, "OK Gerry, pull really hard." As quickly as the tube had been filled with smoke, the shaft was discharged entirely into my lungs. My throat imploded and before I could take my lips from the bong, I sneezed and flaming dope sprayed over her tan knees. Artie rose - "A little too much for you kid?" "No problem," I wheezed, "fill it up again."

Photos by P. Scudner, V. Mandile, P. Scudner, J. Jurado, J. Wright, D. LaComb.



Mary Garlington Grand Rapids,
Mich. Drama



Antonio Jose Matta South Orange,
N.J. Architecture



Margaret M. Kilner Silver Spring,
MD Nursing



Michael D. Coleman Washington,
DC. Physics



Eileen Bowler Needham,
Mass. Sociology



Jim Hanley Clark, N.J. Architecture
Oh Say Can You See



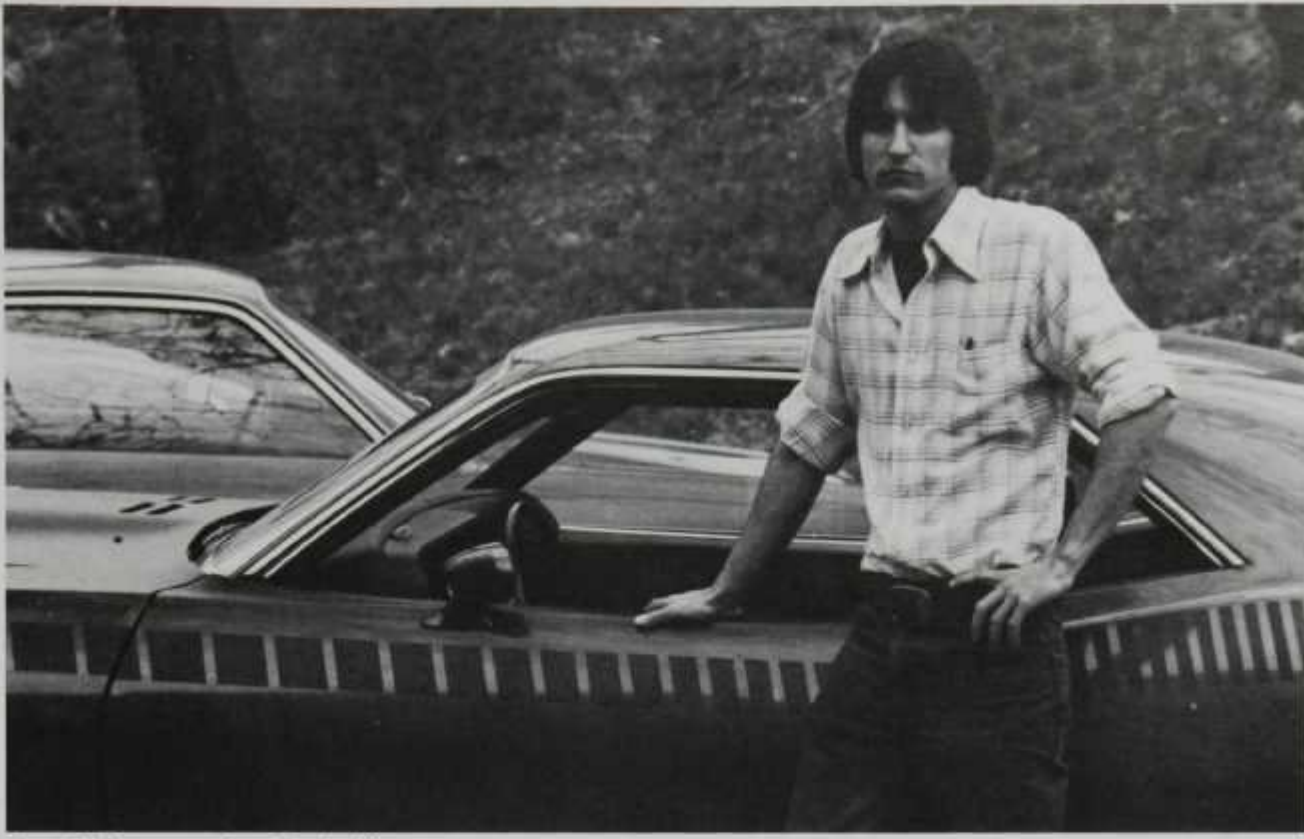
Elaine Olshefski Bowie,
Md. Psychology

The summer finally arrived and I made my long awaited excursion to the Cape, confident that he would be in New Jersey. Into the second month of vacation I found a box ominously postmarked Hoboken, N.J. The creep had somehow gotten my address. I opened the box to discover an array of red, white, and blue petit-fours, arranged in the configuration of the American flag. Inside was also a note, in which Gerry recounted his glorious summer moments, working in an auto-body shop in Teaneck. He was, beyond a shadow of a doubt the same klutz that I remember on IBA day, trying to mount a stray basset hound after 27 consecutive bongos. My mother entered the kitchen, "Oh, how nice," she said. "How thoughtful. Did that nice Gerald from school send this to you for a fourth of July present?" Who else would send me a ten pound candy flag? The summer would be way too short.



Mark Scarbeau Marchester,
Mass. Architecture

Photos by R. Tomasso, V. Mandile, P. Scudner,
D. LaComb, J. Jurado, J. Jurado



Frank Ferraraccio Rockville,
Md. Mechanical Engineering



Mary C. Sullivan Levittown,
Pa. Nursing



Israel Rozenthal Bogata, Columbia
Architecture

Return of the Native

I arrived in my new car, with my new stereo all set for another exciting year. I knew the ropes – registration was a breeze. Moving in took half an hour, so I went over to the Rat. No one was there at two in the afternoon, so I wandered over to the bookstore.

I saw Mary Margaret there, more beautiful than ever; her deep bronze tan setting off hair bleached almost white by the sun.

I hoped that she would notice my new moustache, but she was engrossed in the latest "TV Guide." She glanced up briefly, but then looked away. I resolved to have a date with her before the week was out.

Subjects Photo, J. Wright. Subject photo, Subject photo, P. Scudner, P. Scudner



Charley Lang Wayne, N.J. Drama



Jeanne L. Desrosiers Fall River, Mass. Medical Technology



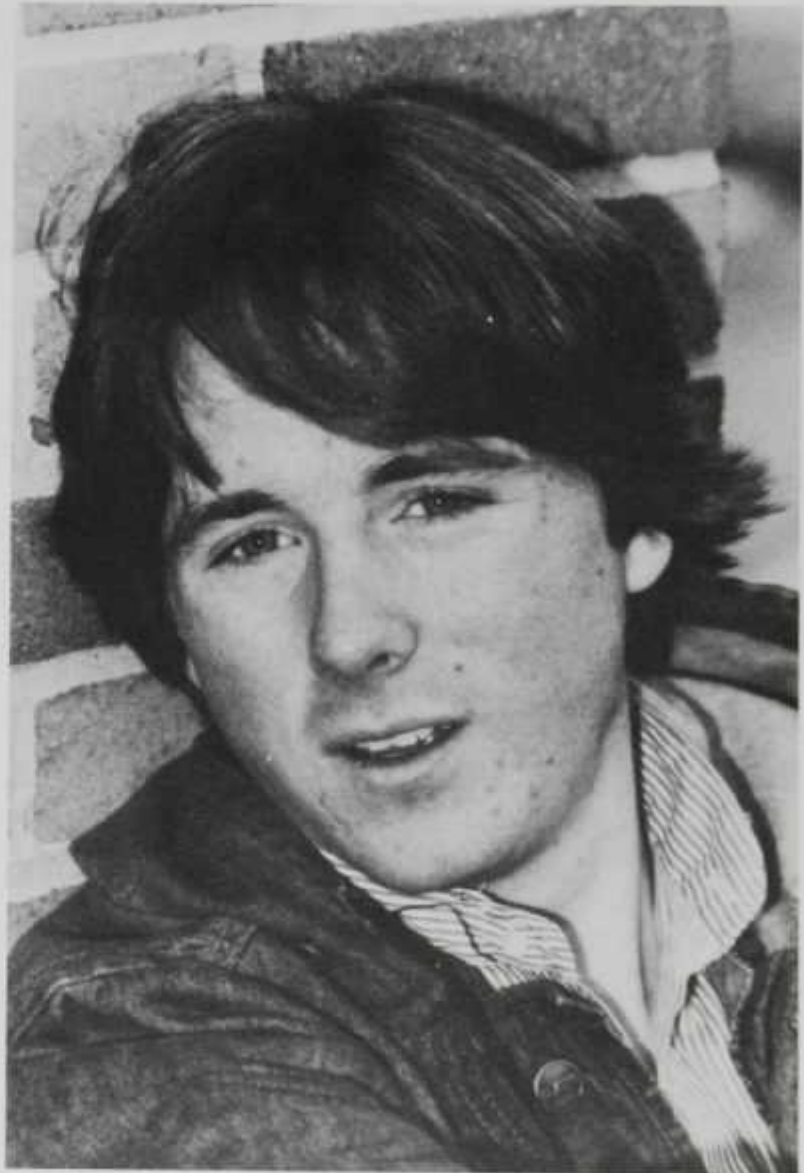
Kathleen Ann Walters Spring Lake, N.J. Nursing



Eniye-Mason Braide Bakana, Nigeria
Architecture



Joan Danneman Staten Island,
N.Y. Architecture



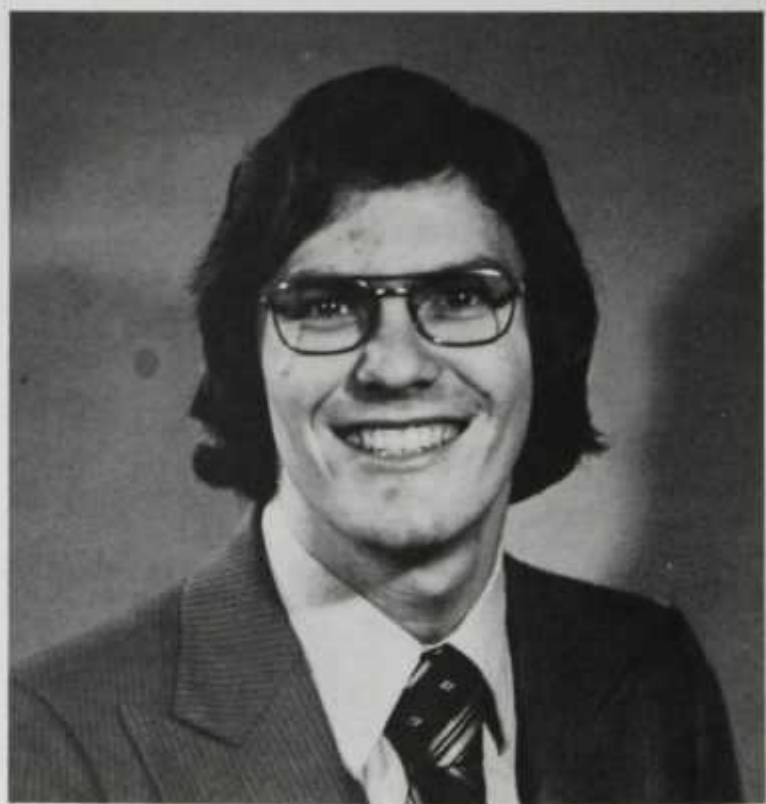
Joe McGuire Worcester,
Mass. Drama



Ginger M. Smith Polo, Ill. Drama,
and Henry Fairhurst



Colleen Ann Sheehan Commack,
N.Y. Nursing



Steven R. Harper North Canton,
Ohio German and Spanish



Maria L. Thomas Marlow Heights,
Md. Psychology

I Do Believe In Spooks . . .

I Do Believe in Spooks

I was so glad that my roommate and I had Baldicelli together at 12. Since there were only two seats left, we had to sit in the third row. I sat down and looked at the guy sitting next to me. It was that creep again, with a pencil-thin moustache. That will teach me to come in late to class.

When we got up to leave, he asked if I had eaten lunch yet. I told him that I was on a diet.

I went to the Halloween party at University, dressed in a flesh body suit and a cape. I won second prize as Lady Godiva.

I was having a good time dancing when we switched partners. It was that damn Gerry dressed in a toga. The room echoed with "Color My World" and I was hemmed in by groping couples. As his clammy hands inched around my waist, he leered at me and said, with his usual finesse: "Gotta date for Homecoming?"

Photos by J. Jurado, P. Scudner, P. Scudner, J. Jurado, J. Jurado



Mary Sefeik Ridgewood,
N.J. Medical Technology



John Koppisch Murry Hill,
N.J. Economics

Too Weird Polka

She turned me down for Homecoming – she said she was going home. So I took Melissa, a freshman commuter from Takoma Park. We went in my car, first to dinner at the Hideaway Lounge, then to the Shoreham. I received a devastating blow to the solar plexis of my ego, as I spotted Mary-Margaret in the middle of the dance floor. She was in the clutches of a 200 pound side of beef who played defensive tackle. I decided to drown my sorrows with Melissa's supply of Tango. After a bottle and a half, I

sauntered over to where She sat, banged my glass on the table and demanded a dance. It was a polka. We were a gyrotop on legs, and I pulled the string. On our third turn around the room, we knocked over the Class of 1925 – all four of them. We were moving too fast to stop, even when the music did. Mary Margaret came to a halt, took a deep breath, and in an icy voice, said "I have never been so embarrassed in my life.", turned, and went to help her grandmother get up off the floor.



Seyad M. Masashari Iran Architecture



Danette DiPippa Berwick, Pa. Nursing



Holly Santos Bollston Lake, N.Y. Drama



Aileen Scharmann Freeport, N.Y. Mechanical Engineering



John Synk Cleveland, Ohio Drama

Photos by R. Scotto, C. Lang, V. Mandile, P. Seudner, J. Wright



Bridget Bayly University Park,
MD. Nursing.



Suzanne Pelosi Wayne, N.J. Speech
Pathology and Audiology



Ellen C. DiGiulian Middletown,
N.J. Nursing



Armand J. Medina Valencia, Venezuela
Chemical Engineering



Clinton K. Good Fairfax,
VA. Architecture

*I'd Walk A Mile
for a Camooo*

I arrived home to find a 5-pound chocolate turkey. It was from that 135 lb. Turkey-Delupo. Mom, as usual, thought it was a sweet thanksgiving gesture. What did I have to give thanks for?

As I pulled the head off the only turkey at hand, with a vengeance, I found a note in the bottom of the box. All it said was, "Can you ever forgive me?" with 2 little boxes: "YES () , NO () , check one." Pity stayed my hand; I filed it in *The Myth of Sisyphus*.

Sisyphus never had it so good, he pushed that rock up that hill so many times. To Gerry maybe, I'm like that rock; after all he's been pushing me for a year and a half now. Why won't he give up? Doesn't he understand that I'm not interested? Why *ME!*

Photos by J. Wright, D. LaComb, Subjects photo, P. Seudner, D. LaComb, J. Wright.



Barbara Mary Raudonis Timonium,
MD. Nursing.



Joan Klish Alexandria,
Va. Psychology



Sami Altman Manchester,
N.H. Nursing; and Eileen Martelli
Wilmington, Del. Psychology

Jingle Bells, Mary Smells

She never even acknowledged my note. So I said to myself, "Gerry, give up. After all, there are other girls at CU." At the end of Baldicelli's final, she wished me a Merry Christmas. I just nodded and said, "You too."

It was nice to be on vacation. I went to my roommate's house in Vermont, and broke my leg learning to ski. What a New Year's Eve! But Bill talked me into joining the Social Committee. Maybe it will get my mind off of Mary Margaret.

Bill drove my car back to school, since my leg was in a cast. I had to learn to cope with crutches, books, ice, and seeing Mary Margaret, the last two being synonymous.



Dori Legg Chevy Chase,
Md. Drama; and Brigid
Cleary Camp Springs, Md. Drama

Photos by J. Wright, P. Sculner, C. Lang, V. Mandile, C. Lang



and Susan Becker Winnetka, Ill.
Nursing



Mike "Cos" Carey Miami,
Fla Education



Dave LaComb Syracuse,
N.Y. Architecture



Mark W. Ohnmacht Bridgewater,
N.J. Music Education



Jill Reese Augusta, Ga. Nursing



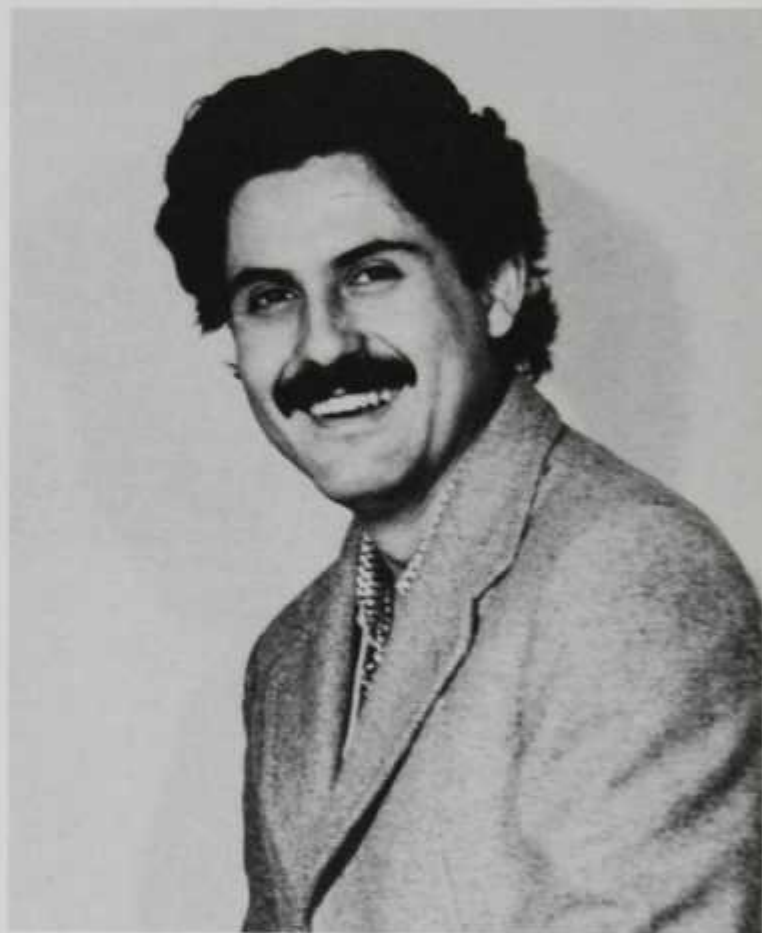
Dennis D. Byrd Washington
D.C. Politics



Monica S. McCabe Springhouse,
Pa. Nursing



Barbara Stocus Wayne N.J. Medical
Technology



Juan F. Hidalgo Quito, Ecuador
Civil Engineering

Dog Gone

I wondered what the matter was with Gerry, not even a Christmas card and barely a glance in Fr. Sullivan's class. I missed his little attentions more than I cared to admit at first. And it truly wrung my heart to see

him struggling along on the ice.

Why didn't he notice me? Why the sudden lack of attention? Did I turn ugly over the vacation? Why did he continually refuse all offers of assistance? I decided to get to the bottom of

this, so I joined the Social Committee.

I fully intended to dog his footsteps as he had dogged mine.

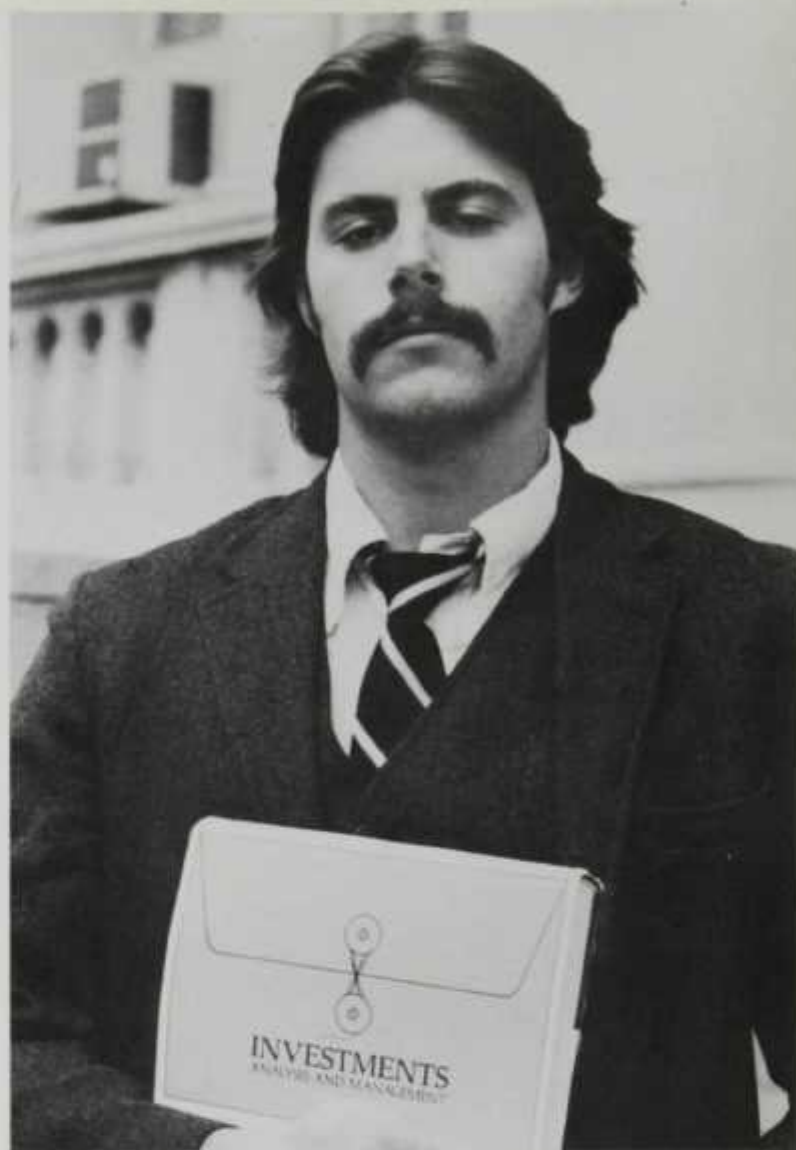
Photos by V. Mandile, P. Scudner, P. Scudner, P. Scudner, P. Scudner, P. Scudner, P. Scudner

P. Sean O'Conner Towson, Md. Accounting

... *Beyond all Recognition*

Well, my cast finally came off in time for FUBAR. Fourth Floor went all out, and Mary Margaret showed up! I decided to keep an eye on her be-

Joe Deandrea Far Hills, N.J. Architecture
Chris Lapp Rockville, Md. Architecture





Gerard Goeke Trenton, N.J. Accounting
 James Maye New Melford, N.J. Accounting
 Kevin T. Dziwulski Cheektowaga, N.Y. Business
 and Accounting
 James E. Slahery III Amherst, N.Y. Economics and
 Business

Mary C. Sullivan Levittown, Pa. Nursing



cause I knew how those guys could party. She ended up at IBA station #2, and stayed . . . and stayed . . . and stayed. When I sat down next to her, all she could say was: "Shann fah'rn gush ka?"

I interpreted this as a request for more punch. When I returned, she was in a fetal position on the floor, and her pupils did not respond to light. I decided then that it was time to take her home. It took me ten minutes to get her on her feet with her knees locked – and another twenty to explain to her that she had to unlock them in succession repeatedly to help me walk her home.

By the time we got to second floor, she had revived enough to be at least incoherent. She suddenly sat down on a clean step, and slurred, "Gerry DDeLLLLLupo, I – I hatechoo! I reeally donn' hatechoo, but I-I-I hatechoo." When I got her to the door of Conaty, she insisted she could open the door herself. We got in and I carried her up to the third floor. Just as we reached the door of her room, her eyes crossed and she blurted "Gnnshkrk!" Had I only known what that translated to, I would have put her down. That was one Tee-shirt destined for the trash can.



Barry Lenord Brandenburg Takoma Park, Md. English



Stephen Sutton Portland, Maine Architecture

Ya Snooze, Ya Lose

It was quite a while before I could look Gerry in the eye again. I missed Sullivan's class for two weeks straight, and my committee meetings too. I hid in the stacks and ventured into society again on the 16th for SPD's Mug in Hand Beer Bash. I took pains to avoid Gerry but he caught up to me during "Rosalita." After the dance, we staggered back to our mugs and drank. He offered to drive me home, so I said, "Sure, give me the keys." We finally located the car; a purple '63 convertible, and drove back to Spalding.

We parked behind Spalding, and I decided to see if his recent aloofness was an act or if he really had lost interest in me. I threw myself at him, but he was asleep.



Chris O'Brien Levittown, Pa. Civil Engineering

Sharon Daley Washington, D.C. Civil Engineering



Diane Zito Frankfort, N.Y. Drama
and English



Joan Marie Warfield Woodbine,
Md. Special Education



Lisa G. Miller Upper Marlboro,
Md. Music



Susan M. Byrne Syracuse, N.Y. Nursing

3's Company, Six is a Crowd

We left the Sheraton just in time to catch the rain on the steps of the Memorial Gymnasium. With the rain came the pain. I slipped on a wet stair and twisted my ankle in the opposite direction. Once inside I hobbled painfully through the noisy crowd of kids and their parents to an empty table my parents had spotted.

I sat down on someone's remains; a wet muddy footprint, and grimaced at my parents who were beginning to question me about my teachers. "Are there any here?" "See that old man dancing on the table?" I wondered how bad a size twelve black footprint looked on my white quiana.

As we listened to the Polish band from Emmitsburg, Maryland, I saw that Gerry Dilupo dancing towards our table to a tune which described them: "Roll out the Barrels." There was Doc Wanko over on the edge of the dance floor alone. I bolted to his side to avoid the oncoming barage of flailing Dilupo's. "What's up Doc?" I said in the friendliest voice I could muster up. I knew I was no better off when he replied in the friendliest voice he could muster, "Me!" The bar became my immediate and desperate destination. After knocking off two quick shots of



Myrna Mills New Rochelle, N.Y.
Speech Pathology



John Scherrepa Yonkers, N.Y. Biology

Jack Daniels, I felt much better prepared to face the rest of the evening, including the bumbling wops from Hoboken, who bore an, uncanny resemblance to some remote cousins from Steubenville, Ohio.

Gritting my teeth in embarrassment, I approached the table where I was greeted by shouts of joy from all four parents and Gerry's averted eyes. "Wonderful! Here she is!" "Why don't you two kids keep each other company while we go cakewalk!" They weaved away in red-faced glee and I sat down to chew off my Fabulous Fakes.



Latanya R. Seaton and Precious Hyattsville, Md. Art



Michael E. Gaughan Dover, N.J. Architecture

Photos by V. Mandile, J. Wright, V. Mandile, J. Jurado, J. Wright

Tim Lisante Education Queens, N.Y.

Tears on my Coasters

The purple Mustang pulled into the taxi lane at Union Station and screeched to a halt. Gerry jumped out, grabbed my bags and before I knew it, I was whisked into the alley on D. St. behind the Comondore Hotel. "We're going to the Dubliner. I think we need to talk," Gerry announced. As we walked through the front door, I



Stuart Barclay Camp Springs, Md. Electrical Engineering





D.L. & D.J. Santini Adelfi, Md. Architecture



Bill Gearty Politics Brentwood, N.Y.

reached for his hand. He made as if he hadn't seen. He lead the way to a table next to the stage, where the Irish Tradition was setting up to play brunch. We ordered two pints, then sat there making rings on the napkins. By the time we got to the end of our cottage fries, the ice still hadn't been broken, so I plunged in with both feet. "So Gerry ... you said you wanted to talk. What do you want to talk about?" "I've been doing alot of thinking since your telegram." There was a pause as the band began to play "Roll in my Sweet Baby's arms." I started to cry. Gerry excused himself for a minute and went to the men's room. As I sat there, tears running down uncontrollably, and thought, "I knew it would come to this. He didn't even answer my telegram. Mother was right. My head rested on the table for what seemed like an eternity. I hoped Gerry would never come back. I just wanted to be alone. A voice straight out of Brooklyn abruptly asked, "you got an extra cigarette?" I looked up and saw the blurred image of an accordion player grinding the filter of a Marlboro with his foot. I handed him a Benson and Hedges. He thanked me, kissed my hand, and I collapsed on the table in a burst of sobs.



Photos by P. Scudner, D.
LaComb, P. Scudner

Kathleen Moore Omaha, Neb. Civil Engineering
Peggy Bates Greenbelt, Md. Electrical Engineering

Feelin' Stronger

A dozen long-stemmed red roses were waiting outside my door this morning. On the note was the simple word "Always."

More than one of the tears in my eye was for the glimpse of the one-time adolescent wimp who had appalled me so thoroughly.

Well I'll call him because I couldn't go on guessing. "Hello, Gerry?" "Hi, Mary Margaret, what's up?" "Well, I just found these flowers outside my door, and I was wondering what they were here for?"

"Well," answered Gerry, "I wanted to give you something to remind you of me."

"Gerry", what are you trying to do for me," "I wish you'd decide what you wanted."

"Mary, I've always wanted you, but I think we should talk, Would you like to see *Rocky* tonight? Then I thought we could go to the Paradise Cafe for a drink or two."

"That sounds good."

"OK, I'll pick you up at 7. - Bye." That night we decided to go to Florida together

Mary P. Maxey Aruba, Netherlands, Natilles Nursing, Posie Belden Ellicot City, Md. Nursing



Progressive Architecture

January 1977 A Penton/IPC Reinhold Publication

The Future of Architecture



24th annual P/A Awards:

Mark "Rehoboth" Wiedmann · Gary Klacik · Jim Ogden · Tony Fierro

Etchings, Anyone?

After the "All You Can Stand Beer Bash" at Memorial Gym, Gerry and I went to Fred's for a few pitchers. I met a new person that night. His name is Ludwig and he gave me a neat nickname - Fluffy. He is such a nice man and his accent is so real, I

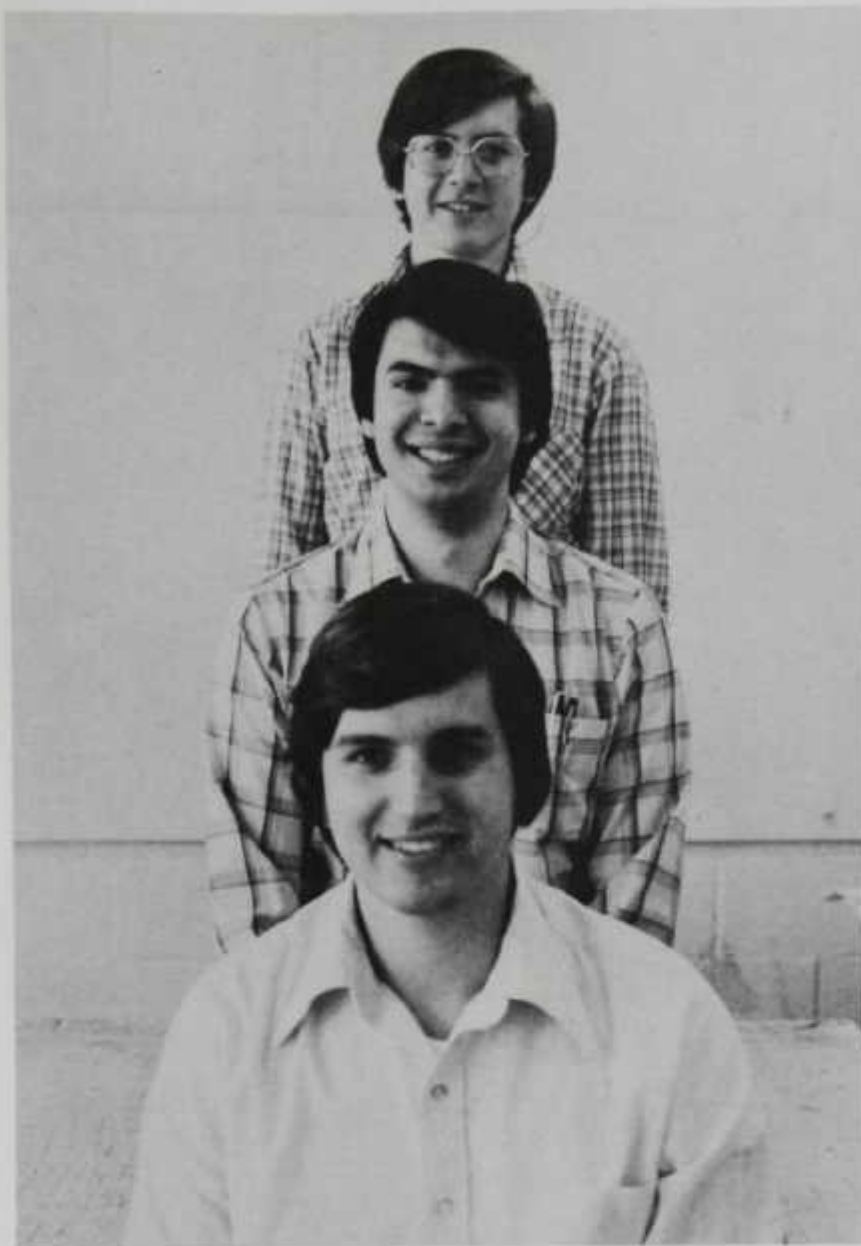
D. Anthony Galasso Hasbrouck Heights, N.J. Physics and Kaye Ladner



Mal Poulin Newport, R.I. Math



Kathleen McCarthy Washington, D.C. Math



didn't even notice all the beer I was drinking. When Gerry and I were crossing the Monroe St. bridge and while the train was crossing underneath, Gerry held me and kissed me on the lips.

We stayed atop the bridge for an eternity, swaying gently in our alcohol-induced stupor. Finally we stumbled into the chain link fence and Gerry muttered, "Let's go back to my room, It's more comfortable." Unsteadily we made our way towards campus.

The overhead light never made it on. With the Shrine dramatically framed through the bay window, Gerry began an exploration of my body that outranked Cortez and Columbus.

Talk about discovering new worlds! Gerry's tongue rapidly darted in and out of my ear in one second and was on my neck the next. Hands of obvious experience carressed and recarressed my entire being. The heat was rising deep within both of us. Within seconds, Gerry and I lay even more intensely exploring each others bodies. The Shrine whirled by me as Gerry's face came into view directly in front of me. I knew time was short, and so was my breath.

Luis Pitarque Quito, Ecuador Architecture
 Pedro A. Juanpere Falk Church, Va. Architecture
 Dave P. Recchio Baltimore, Md. Architecture



Robert Paul Brennan
 Newington Ct. Architecture

Photos by V. Mandile, D. LaComb, J. Jurado, J. Wright, P. Scudner



Eniye-Mason Braide Bakana, Nigeria Architecture

Mary Woods Arlington, Va. Drama



Donna Kudzy Speech Pathology



Photos by P. Scudner, P. Scudner, R. Scotto, V. Mandile, J. Jurado

Anne Baldini Bowie, Md. Special Education

Show Me the Way to go Home

Florida was a disaster. Mary Margaret ended up riding home with some Conaty girls. I drove Tara halfway back. We had a fight, so I left her stranded in a bar somewhere off 95N in Northern Georgia.

Catch A Buzz, Catch a Wave

I pulled up behind Conaty with "Tony Abbate's Party or Bust" written in shaving cream on the back windshield.

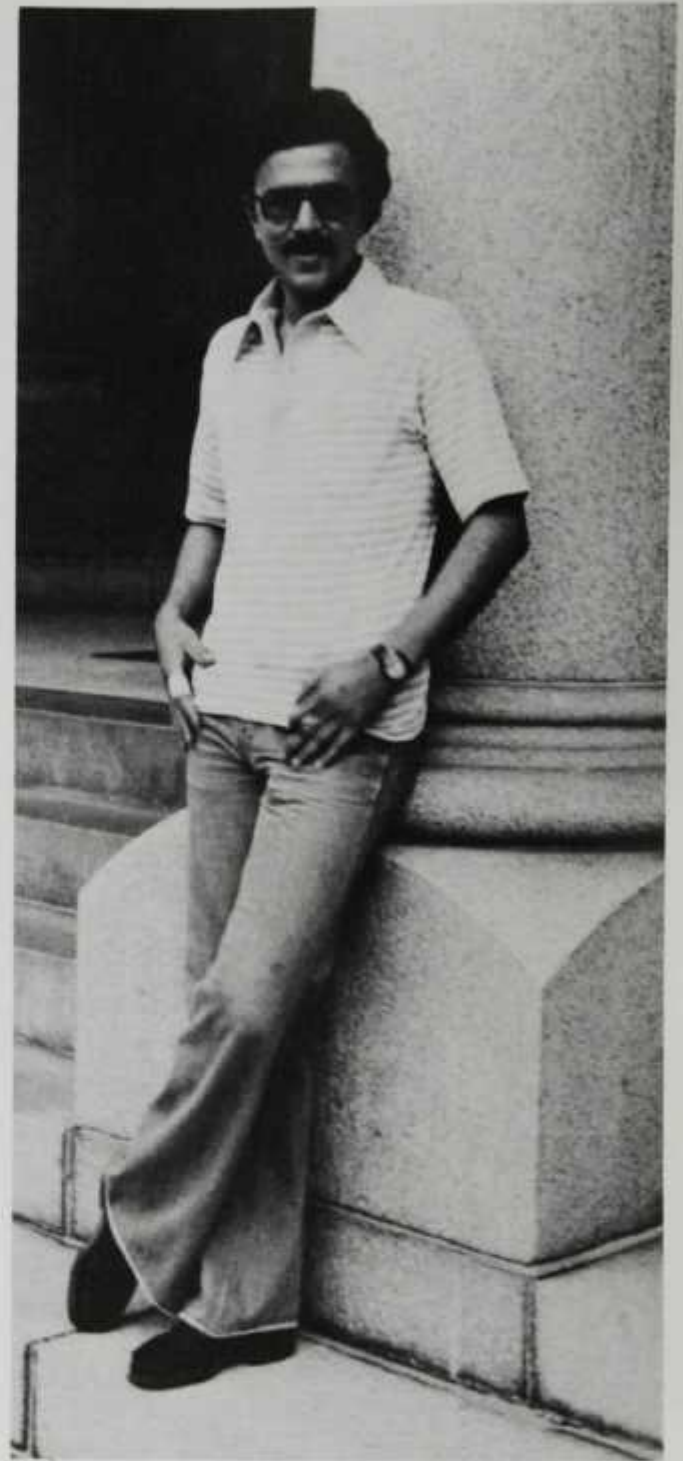
Mary Margaret had her bag packed with bathing suits and a cooler full of screwdrivers. They were gone before we hit the borderline of N.C. Twenty hours later we stood on the beach of Ft. Lauderdale, watching the sunset.

"Oh Gerry, just think! It could be like this forever," she breathed. I thought I detected the distant strains of "Love is a Many Splendored Thing," rustling through the palms.



Barry Messer Silver Spring, Md. Music

Photography by J.
Wright, P. Scudner, P.
Scudner, P. Scudner,
J. Jurado



Alireza-Kamali Iran Civil Engineering

Joan Jordon Allentown, Pa. Politics



James N. Suddeth Bethesda, Md. Biomedical Engineering



Rorne Egan Old Brookville, N.Y. Speech Pathology



Mary Majorek Omaha, Neb. Spanish



Paul Lizatte Craf-
tonmer Civil Engi-
neering and Nang H
Chang Shanghai
Civil Engineering



Jim Wagner New York, N.Y. Accounting and Fi-
nancial Mgmt. and Dave Martin, Chauffer



Ann Bruton Silver Spring, Md. Sociology
and
Rosemary Czapl Toms River, N.J. Nursing



Jane Schwedfegger New City,
N.Y. Architecture
Karen Fredericks Barrington,
R.I. Art



Meryl Schaeffer Massapequa
Park, N.Y. Drama

Moving off, Moving up

Moving off campus was even more of a traumatic experience than breaking up with Gerry. The small house I shared with three other girls on Quincy Street was infested with mice. Luckily, I could stay in Gerry's room until the problem was taken care of. It was nice to have a kitchen all my own. I didn't Macke at all. Now that everything is settled and we've decorated a little, things are really pretty nice. Gerry and a lot of other people spend a lot of time here visiting, and we've had a couple of good parties. The cops seem to spend a lot of time here too.

Due to an unfortunate accident, I ended up as editor-in-chief of the Tower for the semester. Gerry helped with lay-out when he could. Since Wednesday night was "our night" at Freds we usually had trouble getting to our 11:00 class on Thursday morning.

We settled into a rut soon enough as we became more domesticated than any married couple on the block.

Saturday Night Fever

"Mary Margaret, you look fantastic!" was what I wanted to say, but instead I just gawked. I knew I should have prepared myself more for her arrival, so I pulled myself together enough to ask her how her trip was and how her summer had been so far. She bubbled and bounced, but at the same time she was seductive and



Maureen Fitzgerald Baylead, N.J.
Art



Nick Leone Stratford, N.J.
Communication

wiley. "She's going to drive me crazy" was my last coherent thought before she slipped her arm around my waist. I chuckled inside, "You wild and crazy guy," I thought. "She's like putty kid." Needless to say we were quickly warming up to each other.

I ushered her through the front door but something seemed wrong. I don't know whether it was the embrace she gave my best friend Ernie or the one she gave my brother George that triggered the idea. But suddenly the thought of her sweet flesh pressed to mine was the most important thing in the world, and I vowed to have her before the evening was over. I quickly adopted that favorite strategy of horny young males known as "Getting the chick wasted."

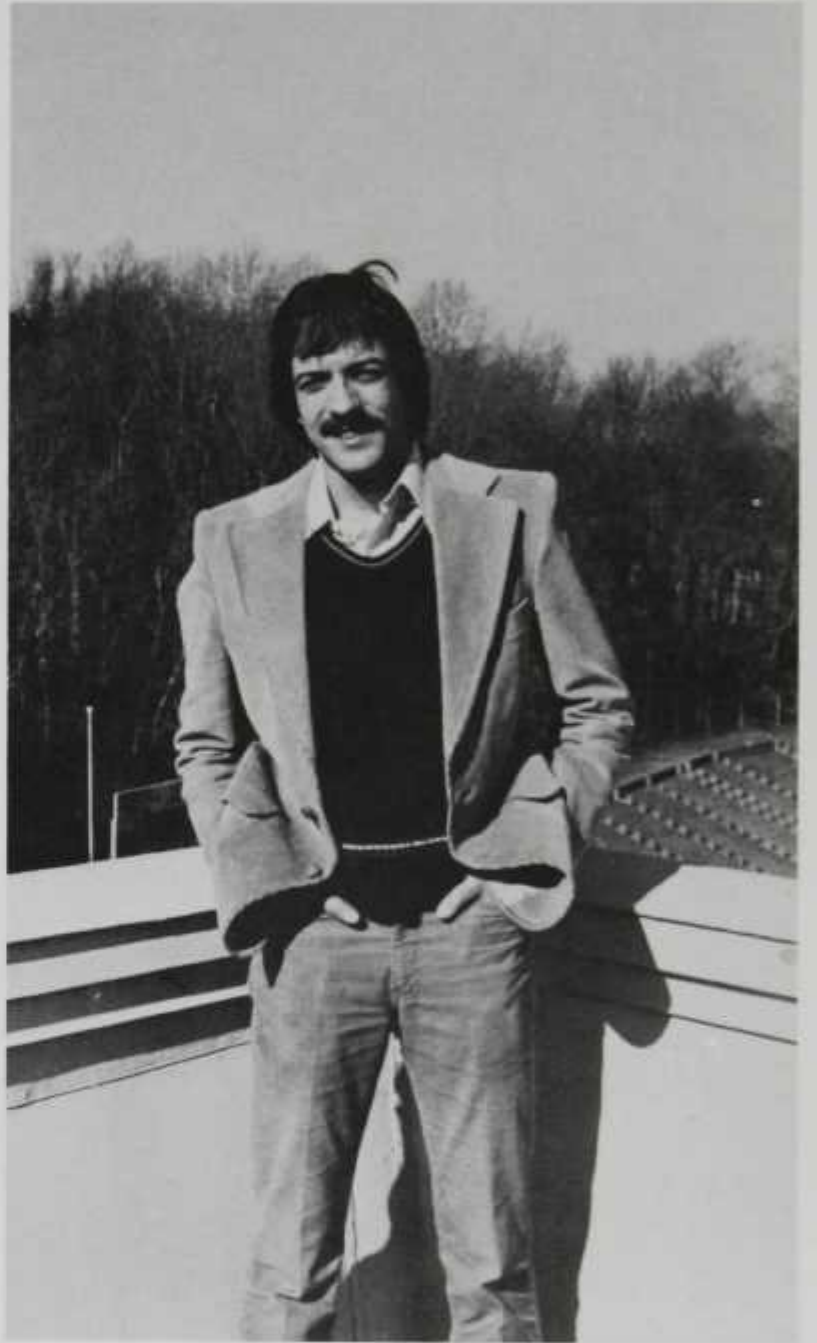
By midnight we were in my room drinking Michelobs and softly caressing each other. I locked the door and turned on an *Eagles* album. When I woke up Mary Margaret's tanned face was looking up at mine with a cheerful, satisfied smile.

"Good morning, Gerry"

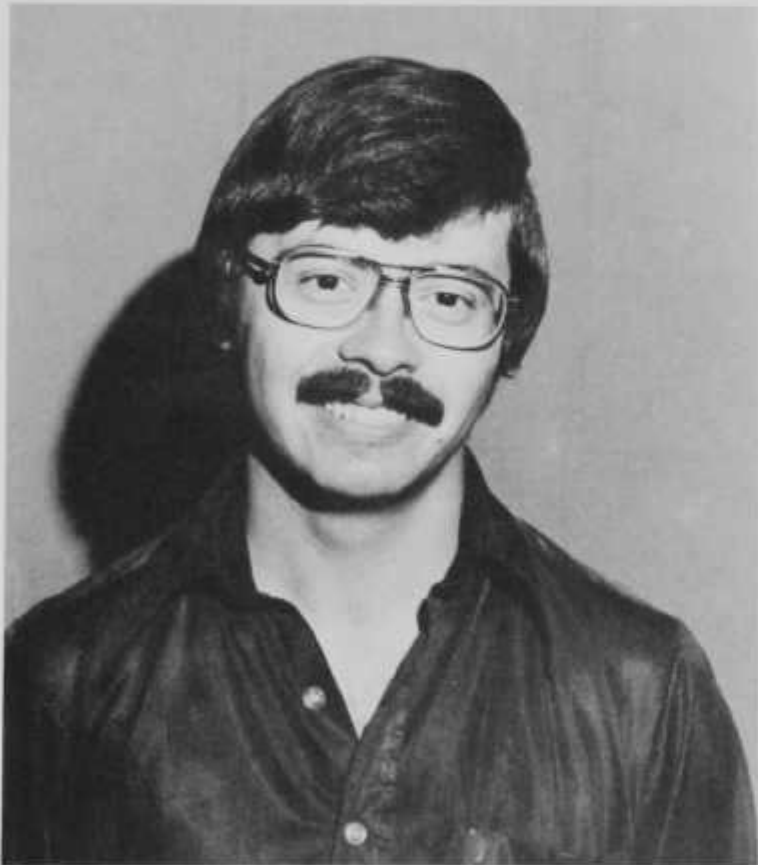
"I love you." I said.



Donna Artz Reading, Pa.
Nursing



Richard Stavely Hyattsville, Md.
Mechanical Engineering



Bill Rensel Parma, Ohio
Mechanical Engineering

Photos by P. Scudner, D. LaComb, V. Mandile, C. Lang, P. Scudner

Robert John Love Glastonbury, Ct. Architecture



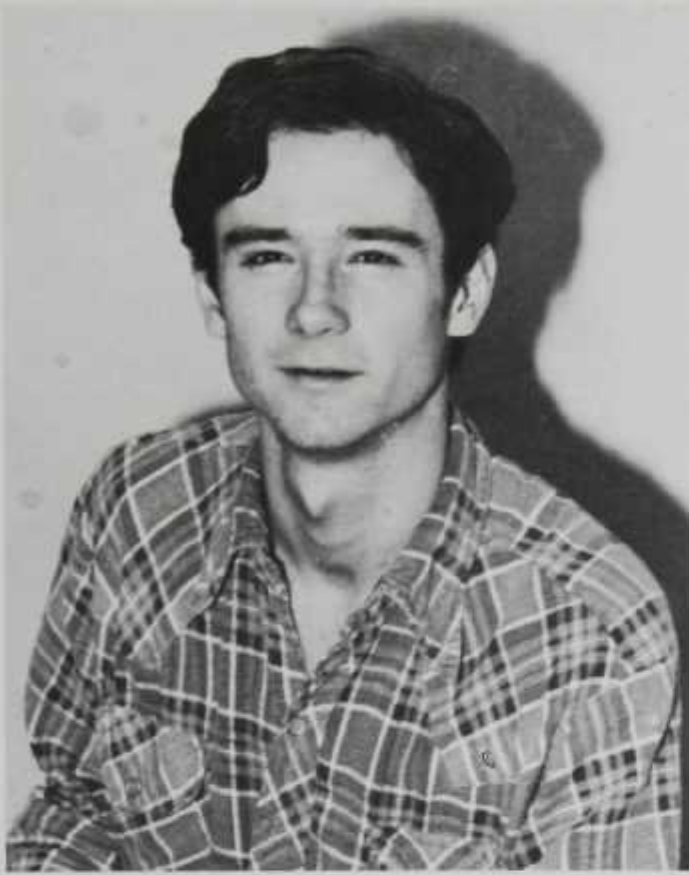
Photos by P. Scudner, P. Scudner, C. Lang, V. Mandile, P. Scudner, P. Scudner



Stephanie Pilot South Orange, N.J. Speech Pathology



Laird K. White Beltsville, Md. Music



Mathew Montavon South Bend,
Ind. Politics and Spanish



Marcia C. Horwitz Washington,
D.C. Architecture



Laura Giannarelli District Heights, Md. Drama

Undressed to Kill

Gerry sent me an invitation to a party at his parent's summerhouse. They were on a boat cruise, so he promised it would be wild. I hadn't made any plans for that weekend, so I drove down with a friend. I was interested to see if I could still have him, so my strategy was to drive him crazy. I arrived wearing a great tan and little else.

His eyes were popping out before I was halfway out of the car, and by the time I got to the front door, his tongue was lolling out of his mouth.



Patricia Meisol Maplewood, N.J. Politics



John A. Fearheller Ocean City, N.J. Chemical Engineering

Absence Makes the Heart Grow —

It's funny, but I thought that breaking up with Gerry would bring my social life to an end, but it's been reborn. I actually have to take time out from partying in order to study. I think that breaking up with Gerry was the best thing I ever did.

I must have been crazy to let her go. Especially over Tara! I hope I never see *that* chick again. I told Mary Margaret I'd write over the summer. Maybe I'll go visit her. I've never been to Boston.

Joan Koltonski Youngstown, Ohio Nursing





Philip Ajofoyimbo Palm Grove, Nigeria Engineering

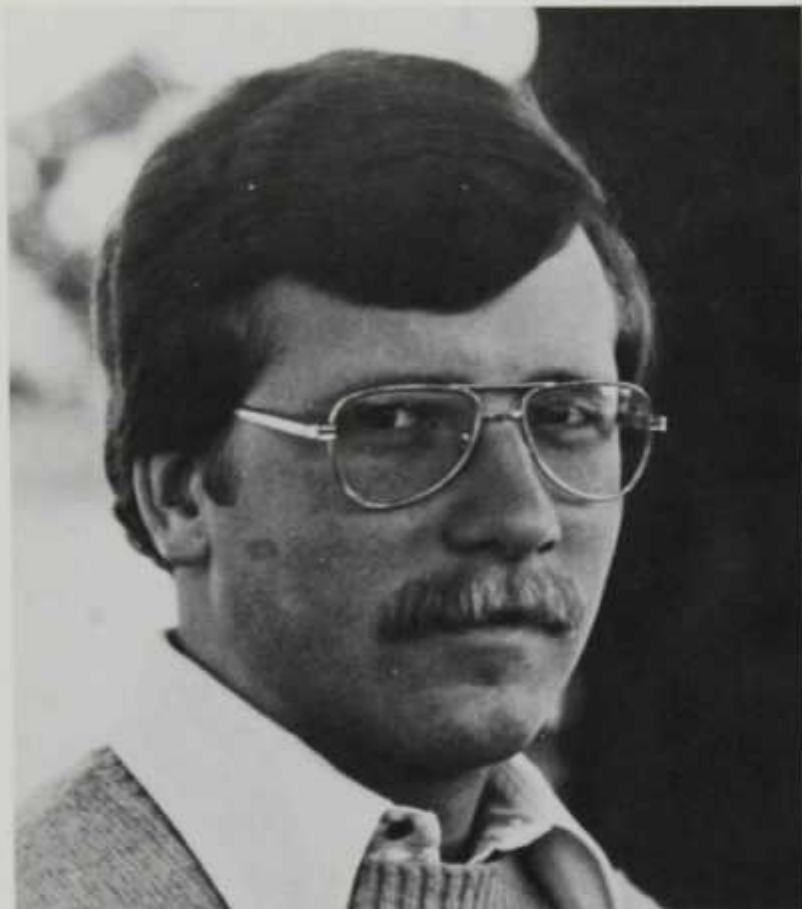


Susan M. Kubisiak Adelphi, Md. Nursing



Betty Chloe Washington, D.C. Economics

Photos by P. Seudner, P. Seudner, P. Seudner, J. Wright, J. Wright, P. Seudner



Mark G. Ackerman Hamilton Square,
N.J. Journalism



Gerrienne Basden West Va. French and Spanish

An Incurrible Party

The party was hopping when we got there. Everyone from CU showed up, including Tara. She came armed with two six-packs and a bottle of Old Smuggler. I lost Mary Margaret amid the maze of shorts and halter tops and ended up on the dance floor chugging with the infamous Tara. We did the scotch in three pulls apiece and in the process found ourselves in the bushes at the end of the pool, scrabbling in the dirt for the last cigarette we possessed between us. Hours later I awoke to the pitter-patter of Mary Margarets feet as she jumped up and down on my chest.



Susan Yager Bloomfield Hills,
Mich. English



C. Lang, J. Wright, J.
Lombardo, P. Scudner, P.
Scudner

Doug Overtoom Florham Park, N.J. Drama

Richard Tappen Madison, N.J. English and Music





Barbara C. Nugent Babylon, N.Y. Nursing

Terry O'Connel Bethesda, Md. Politics



P. Scudner, V. Mandile, P. Scudner,
V. Mandile



Lorraine Sangillo Cherry Hill, N.J. Social Work

CU-A-GO-GO

We spent the week sunning and surfing armed with cases of beer and tubes of bain-de-soleil. Happy hours were naturally spent at "The Button" and on C.U. day, Gerry and I dropped our beers when Tara, a C.U. legend, jumped onto the stage.

Her eyes seemed to be hanging on threads past her unfocused grin, dangling glassily against what I could only guess were enameled fredericks prosthetics. Gerry also remarked that it was an awfully funny place for a wart. I thought that I had seen everything, but no, that spectre of a looming goggle-eyed blonde bounded upon a nearby table and commenced writhing wildly to "Margueritaville." It was time to leave. "Let's go back to the motel and get ready for the "Pina Colada in your Beak" party."



Mary Louise Ambrogi Bethesda, Md. Piano Performance

Patty Lanchak Druxhill,
Pa., Special Education and John
Caruso Alexandria, Va. Finance



Rabbit Test

October passed like a hurricane through town. Mary Margaret and I continued our tempetuous, torrid affair. Nights in Conaty and Gibbons were intermixed with room #106 in the Holiday Inn. Mary Margaret was variety. On November 1st, I got a phone call at 2:00 AM. Mary Margaret sounded frantic.

"Huuuulloooo?" "Gerry?"

"Its me Mary Margaret, what's up?"

"Umm, Gerry, do you remember the time we were in your room back in September?" she paused and I tried to remember.

"What?" I asked.

"You know . . . that time." I thought hard.

"Ohhh, that time!" "You mean you're . . ." I gasped

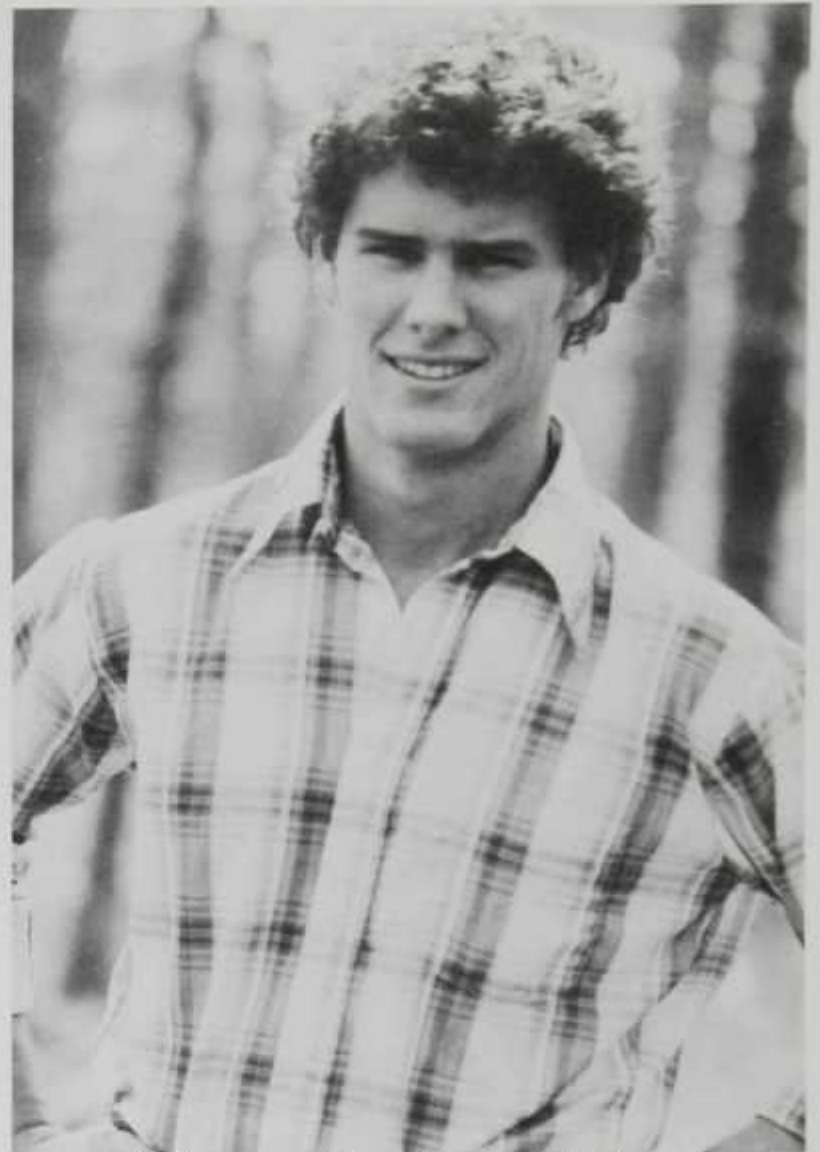
"I think so Gerry" her voice quivered and I nearly fainted.



Peter Longden Midland Park, N.J. Math



Carol Zogran Oxon Hill, Md. Nursing



Jeff Thompson Alexandria, Va. Biochemistry



Margaret Anne Craig Davis Alexandria, Va. Music Education

P. Scudner, P. Scudner, P. Scudner, V.
Mandile, P. Scudner



Heather Cassidy Brooklyn,
N.Y. Oceanography



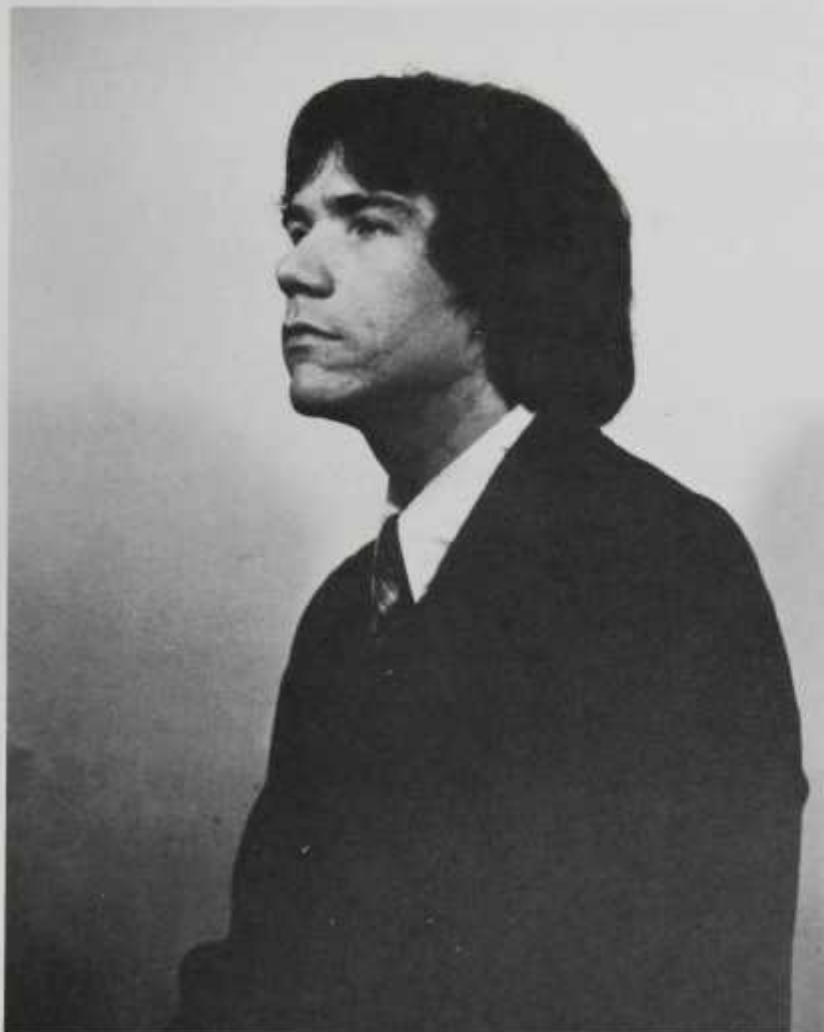
Andre J. Bevee Washington, D.C. Electrical
Engineering

Linda Sewell Falls Church, Va. Biology





Cindi Viam Morristown, N.J. Religion



If at First you don't succeed, try, try again

Mary Margaret snuggled all the way back to school while Maureen and Jack followed behind. I actually didn't mind driving through New Jersey. At first sight of the shrine tower thoughts of life in a single in Gibbons and a new year emerged in my mind. I had the feeling Gibbons, Girls, and Gerry were going to give new meaning to the words "single room." One girl in particular — Mary Margaret. Loud honking from behind brought me out of my reverie and I sped through the now-yellow light at 7th and Monroe and headed for Conaty lot, closely tailed by the O'Rourke's.

We slipped by the receptionist and entered Mary Margaret's unoccupied room. I closed the door without a word. It seemed like we held each other's gaze for hours, yet it was just seconds before we were wrapped in each other's arms and in a prone position on Mary Margaret's university cot. Just as my libido leaped to the limit we heard the key in the door.

In came P.J., Mary Margaret's drama roommate. The first words were inevitable "How was your summer?" Mary and I backed away from one another. I walked to the window which overlooked the connection of the two dorms, I wondered if there was any way I could walk across and escape to my room in Gibbons. Mary rested one hand on her favorite pen and the other on her left hip. I wondered what she was going to do. I was ready for a cold shower myself. "What were you doing?" quizzed P.J. As usual, she showed enormous perception and shuffled out the door hoo-hooing and saying how she'd return later. I turned to Mary Margaret and we resumed our position. I proceeded to unbutton her brown gauze shirt and much to my chagrin, she was minus her braziere. Ecstasy, pure bliss, my dreams were coming true. Then we heard her mother humming "Love is a Many Splendored Thing," outside the door.

Photos by P. Scudner, J. Jurado, P. Scudner, J. Holtz, R. Scotta

Bill Maniki Minola, N.Y. Music and History



Maggie Gallogly Wakefield, R.I. Politics



Bob Summerhayes Baldwin, N.Y. Chemical Engineering

Beach Blanket Bingo!

We arrived at the shore with the whole entourage including an overloaded station wagon complete with roofrack and wood trimmed doors. This of course, was all in addition to the U-haul from Laubagh's Lightning U-Hauls stenciled in shades of pink along the back fender.

We pulled into his gravel driveway singing "Row, Row, Row Your Boat" at the top of our lungs while I sank lower and lower into my seat. From the looks of the picnic grove in the back section, Daddy must have had at least two sixes of Ortlerbis beer.

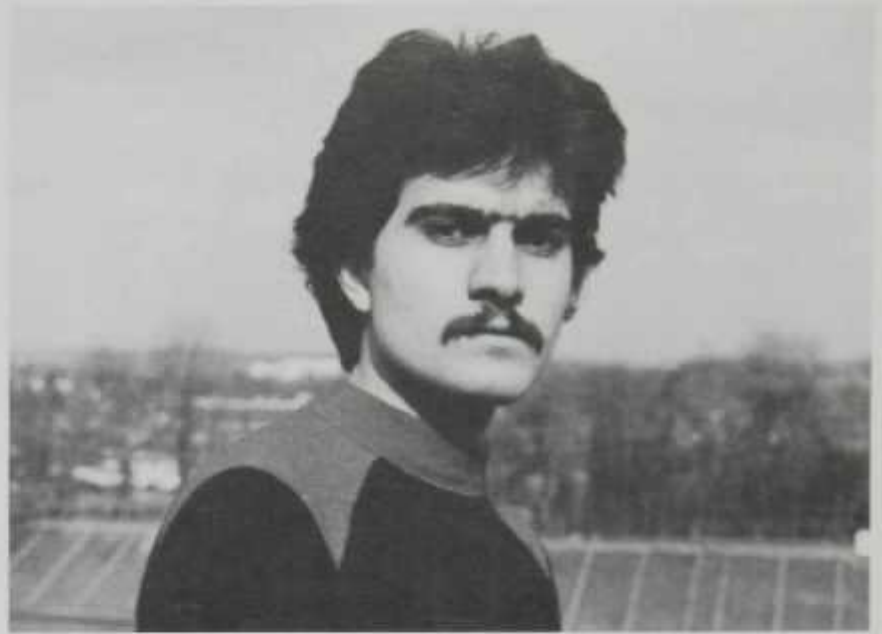
Imagine the waves rushing along the shore line, Gerry and I, nature, and the boardwalk. The moon was full and his hands were getting clammy. Memories of Moms and Dads were floating along the seabreeze. It was time to sit. We found a concrete support to the Bongo Room while Maureen and Jack O'Rourke and Rosie and Aldo DiLupo perched themselves on the metal barstools. Friendly Freddy, who had been behind the Bongo's Bar before it was constructed, handed



Cathy Cangiano and Susan Lane North Haven, Conn. Nursing



Desiiree Holubowicz Camp Hill, Pa. Pre-Law



S. Mendi Falsafi Tehran, Iran Architecture

P. Scudner, V. Mandile, P. Scudner, D. LaComb, D. LaComb, J. Jurado



Bill Kilgallen Conia, N.J. Politics

them bourbon and water before Daddy could even ask for his usual. Freddy handed Mother a quarter and she tottered over to the multi-colored Wurlitzer. Before long the four of them were singing, "Old Cape Cod" louder than Helen O'Connell. "Wanna take a walk?" In spite of the lump in my throat, I managed to smile and say "Sure!" I guessed this was it. We started off down the shoreline chasing a fiddler crab from time to time, making small talk to compensate for the nerve-tingling pauses. We had strayed much farther than we knew. Gerry lommed up in the moonlight. "Why don't we rest for a minute before we head back." Dune grass shimmered under the stars and whispered softly as it parted around our limbs. I was shaking all over - Gerry's voice pierced the throbbing in my ears. "Doesn't this look like a nice spot?" I sank to the sand. He followed . . .



Carol Haney Lexington Park, Md. Drama



Lynn DeCarralho Rumford, R.I. Speech Pathology



Regina Purcell South Orange, N.J. Politics



Mary Beth Stanton Springfield, Pa. Politics, and Laurie Sheehan Marlowe Hts, Md. Drama



Thomas J. Pirkl East Meadon, N.Y. Architecture

Photos by: P. Scudner, J. Wright, P. Scudner, P. Scudner, C. Lang, J. Jurado



Stephen Paul Leibham Sheboygan, Wi. Biology

Guess Who's Coming For the Weekend

Well, finals were a little better this year, but being home for the summer is a little difficult. I really don't understand why the girls I grew up with are looking me over like a fine prime broiled steak. I wouldn't mind so much but most of them resembled paraplegic baked potatoes, because they all felt we should go together.

The letter from Mary Margaret is just as bewildering. "Hi," it started "I guess you wonder why I'm writing." Wonder, I was stupified! It seems she had gotten my address from a friend who had promised to send me pictures from a Renaissance concert. She said this was the first she had missed school this early in the summer. I'm beginning to think she has a crush on me.

However, it felt nice to hear from her, and I warmed up to the idea of written correspondence — maybe it would work better than words had. My parents were tickled pink as letters appeared more and more frequently, and suggested I invite Mary Margaret and her family to our place at the shore for the Labor Day Weekend. I dismissed the idea, thinking they were not serious. They were serious, all right. They wrote themselves and to my amazement, the O'Rourke's accepted.

Gerry and the Terrible,
Horrible, No Good,
Very Bad Day.

After pulling three consecutive all-nighters I made my way to the jury in 301 Pangborn armed with a breakfast Jack leftover from the 2 a.m. run and the remains of three packs of Marlboros. The jury found me guilty as charged. When confronted with my project Mr. Dundin merely spat into his handkerchief. I trudged back to my room to a six pack of Pabst and a bottle of Kaopectate. Shortly after dose number four there came a knock at the door. "Knock Knock" "Who's there?"

"Joe"

"Joe who?"

"Joe Doe."

"Go Away"

"Payphone"

I staggered to the receiver.

"Junior darling? Surprise! We're here for parents weekend. We're at the airport waiting for you to pick us up in your nice little car."

"Shit."

"What dear?"



Tina Vogel Bowie, Md. Medical Technology



Peter Jeffrey Helms Katonah, N.Y. Architecture

Sandra Crickenberger Bethesda, Md. Math



John "Mad Dog" Coster Flushing, N.Y. Accounting



Deborah E. Breach Harrisburg, Pa. Social Work



Holly Soden Wrightstown, Pa. Architecture

"Nothin' Mom, I'll be right there."

Three hours later, after settling my parents safely at Holiday Inn, I settled down with an Art major from Conaty to a long night of ticket fabrication.

P. Scudner, J. Wright, V. Mandile, V. Mandile, P. Scudner, P. Scudner



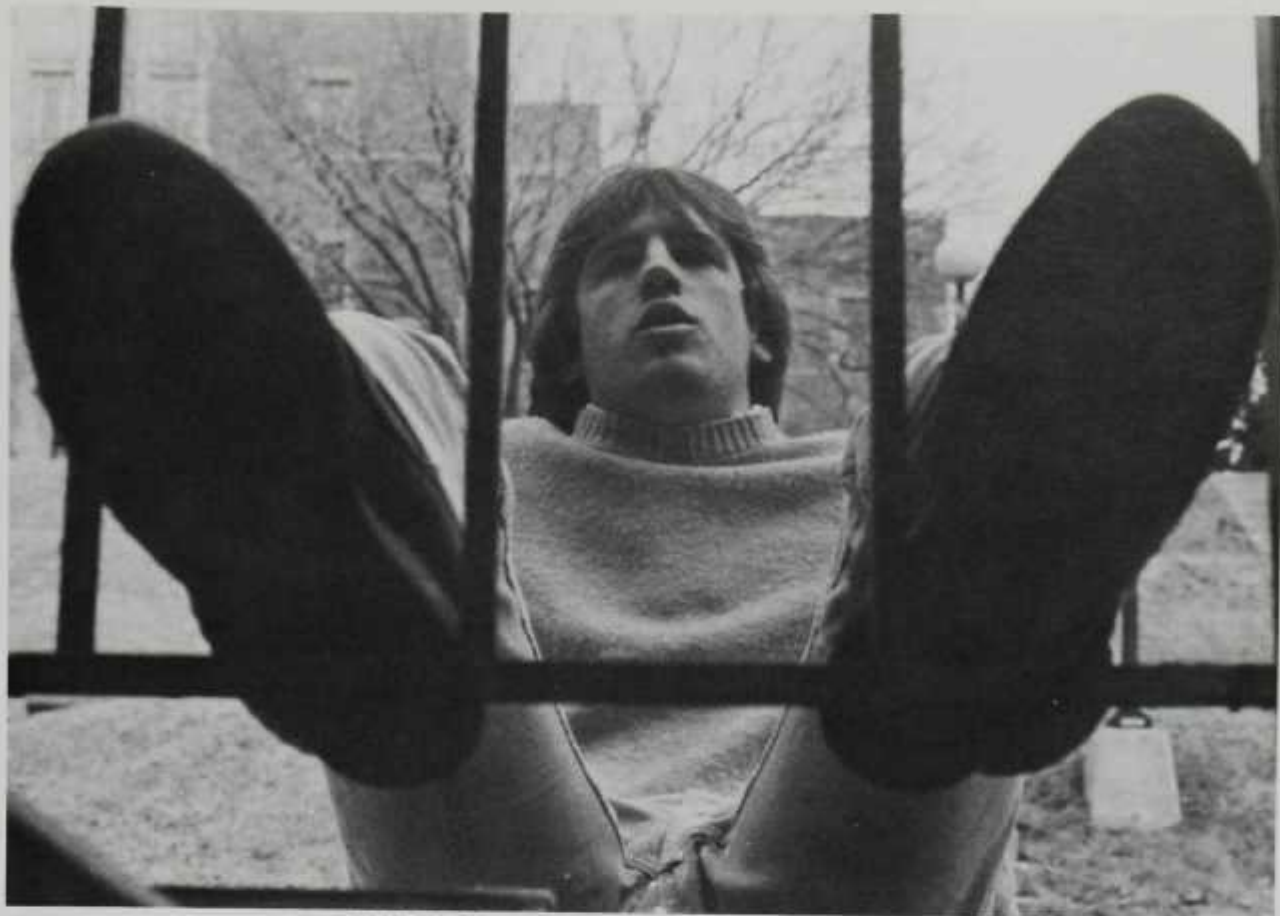
Julius Kenya Architecture



Jeff McNeill Severna Park, Md. Architecture



Charles Conner Business



Rich Walsh Irvington Park, N.Y. Drama



Ann Rose Kelly

Oh Poor Pitiful Me

Florida was absolutely the last straw. Dumps me, sends me flowers, takes me to Florida and betrays me. Well, no more of this, I told myself. If he lusts after tramps, he can damn well go elsewhere for dates. I've had it.

C. Lang, J. Wright, J. Wright,
J. Jurado, D. LaComb

William Shaffer Wheaton, MD. Physics and Margaret McGrane



Solomon Bamiduro Nigeria Biochemistry



Paul Kosla Severna Park, Md. Architecture

Photos by D. LaComb, V. Mandile, V. Mandile, J. Wright, J. Wright.



Dominic L. Dell'Erha Chillu, Md. Architecture (kneeling) and The Drug Lane Pit Crew (left to right): "Big B", "Strong", "Nicrojelly", "Willie", "The Dobber."



Larry Quirk Woodrige, N.J. Architecture

Wookies Need Love, Too.

Our Halloween party was a big success. I was princess Lea and he was a Wookiee from "Star Wars". I didn't think I'd ever get all that fake hair off his body before the cops came for the sixth time.

He has so many preliminaries and I have so many articles its incredible! Is Gerry becoming less important to me? It seems like it. I even said yes to a 250 lb. gorilla who asked me to ADG's Christmas party. God, was I drunk! I don't know what I said but it must have been good.



Kim E. Rietschy Lititz, Pa.



Libby Callahan Cleveland, OH. Speech Pathology and audiology

D. LaComb, P. Seudner, V.
Mandile, J. Wright, P.
Seudner



Terrie Modesto and friend Washington, D.C. English



Mark J. Antonuccio Cherry Hill,
N.J. Architecture



Joe Janela Landing, N.J. Accounting

Wasted Days and Wasted Nights

Life at 1310 Quincy was an experience. I did the laundry and Mary Margaret did the cooking. We ate dinner together every night as I couldn't hack Macke's cuisine. At least Mary Margaret could boil water. Sometimes I wonder if I spent too much time with Mary. She and her roommates are planning a Halloween party and I know I have a lot of studying to do. I would also like to stay for the night. I wonder if I should wear a costume?

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Double Vision

I asked my roommate for the name of a place for girls "with my special problem," and grabbed my purse and fare card and trudged off.

The office was surprisingly clean but the examination room reminded me of Frankenstein's novel. I had never seen equipment so harsh and unfamiliar in my life. I was told to lie back and I gazed into a small magazine, pictures of fallen leaves taped on the ceiling ... How peaceful, too bad I can't appreciate it.

Two minutes later the nurse returned with the verdict. "Well," she said as she cracked her Juicy Fruit, "we have to repeat the test, honey." "What," I cried, "again!"

"Damn straight," she said as she strapped my arms to the table. "Just relax and call us in a week."

All I Want for Christmas

The shadow of a fiddler fell across the table. When I looked up, they were both sitting down asking if I wanted a drink. Suddenly, Jerry was there. "I'm not gone five minutes and you try picking up two other guys. You can get your own ride home." I turned to him and said, "Go to hell, Jerry." The next thing I knew the brawny fiddler had lifted me up to the stage and turned towards Jerry with blood in his eyes. Luckily for Jerry, the manager kicked him out for creating a public disturbance.

Jerry: Halfway down Michigan Avenue, I caught a glimpse of a blue vinyl suitcase strap through the rear view mirror. Oh shit! I thought - her luggage. I decided to wait it out at Conaty and see just when she'd trot herself home. I almost couldn't bring myself to face her. But what I really couldn't face was the idea of running around with her bags and trying to find the least awkward opportunity of returning them.

By 4:00 A.M., I was cold enough and mad enough with my recent near-paternal fears that I could face her down as she tottered from a cab, arm in arm with the accordion player. It was time to play the faithful St. Bernard again. I felt it was now or never. "Mary Margaret," I called. She turned to look at me. "Oh, Jerry!" she cried and raced towards me. We embraced in mid-air and held each other tight.

"Let's go back to Gibbons," I whispered. We strolled to the car, arm in arm.

"I'm sorry, Mary Margaret."

"Me, too."



Mary Woods



Kathleen Lenahan



James M. Reidy Winchester, Ma. Architecture, John P. Carr Kansas City, Mo. Mechanical Engineering, Joseph R. Lofaro, Jr. Milton, N.Y. Mechanical Engineering, Mark A. Travaglini Wheaton, Md. Accounting, Christopher L. DiPasquale Berwick, Pa. Business Management, Matthew B. Kurkjian Bethesda, Md. Mathematics, "Fred", Michael B. Moriello Newburg, N.Y. Accounting and Business Management

Epilogue – Her Story

I finally convinced my husband, Mike, to accompany me to the tenth year reunion of my graduating class. The weekend of Homecoming '88 proved perfect for the attendance of such an event. The ballroom of the Washington Hotel shimmered and sparkled like a thousand diamonds. I gazed around the ballroom, sipping my drink and glimpsing among the reveling students faces that were more mature and half familiar. Mike rose to refill our now empty glasses. I took advantage of his absence to check my make-up. Digging in my pocketbook to find the compact, I set about my task. Suddenly, the light in the mirror was blocked by the reflection of a tall man, impeccably dressed in a black tuxedo.

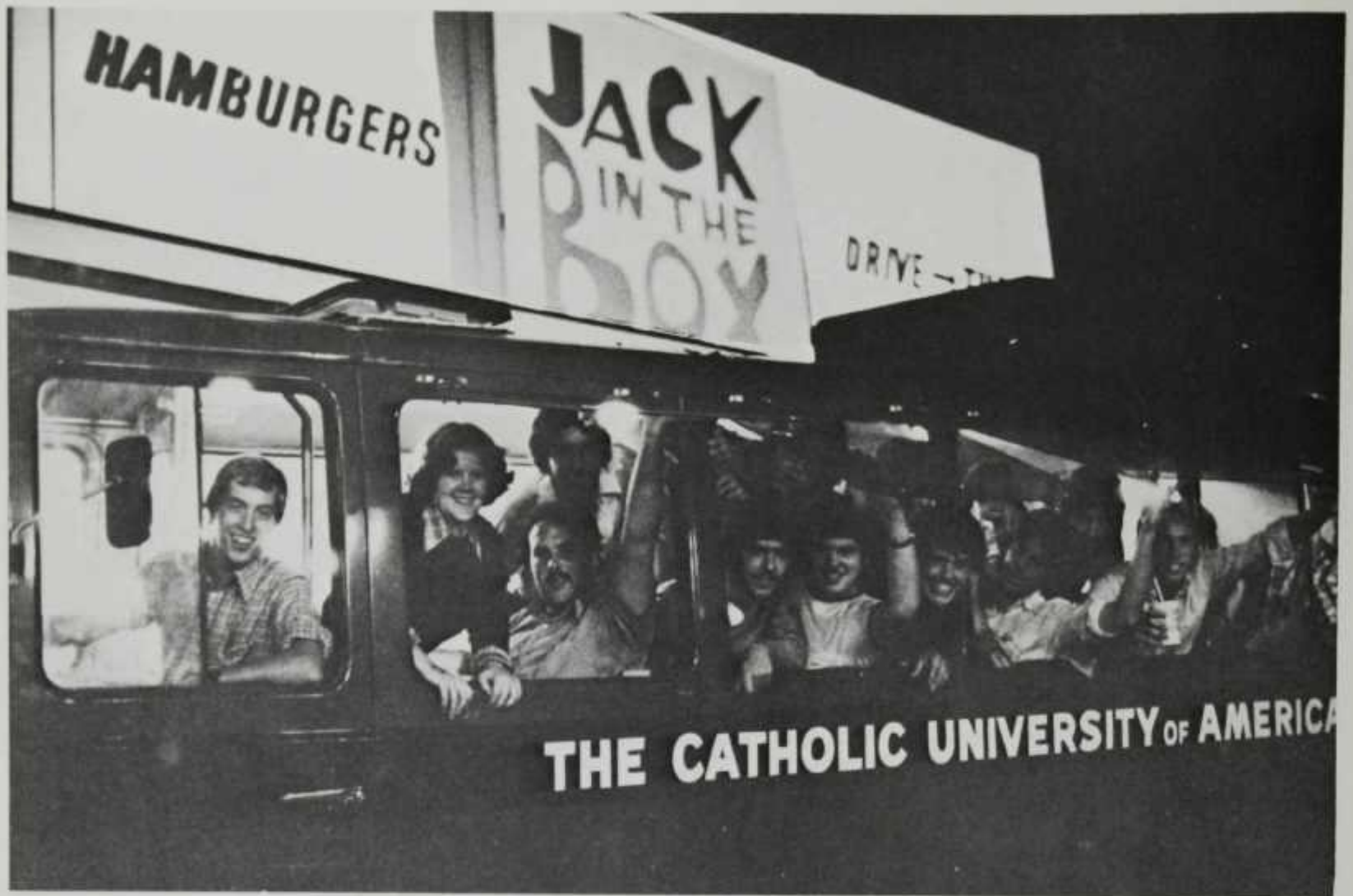
A well remembered voice whispered

from behind, "Would you like to dance?". Our eyes locked in the mirror and I spoke softly, "Gerry?", and turned around. He smiled and held out his hand. Before I knew it we were whirling amid the swirl and brush of evening gowns and three piece suits. We spoke simultaneously. "It's been a long time ... you look wonderful." He told me about his seemingly endless successes: his chair in the department of architecture at Yale, his current \$32 million hospital project in Puerto Rico, his years abroad as an urban design consultant for various underdeveloped countries. I related the details of my successes as well. My rise to the position of Features Editor of the "New Yorker" and my pending appointment as a professor of journalism at Colum-

bia. Soon the music stopped and we returned to the table. After a few seconds Jerry glanced at his watch. "I should be going," he said, and I knew he was right. He vanished into the crowd just as Mike returned to the table.

I saw him once more before I left campus that weekend. As we drove from the alumni reception past the mall, my heart skipped a beat. He stode up the grassy expanse toward a smiling woman who awaited him at the curb. He emanated a brilliance and vitality that was so very different from the boy that I had known. That is how I shall always remember him – head up in the shadow of the Shrine.

photo by P. Seudner

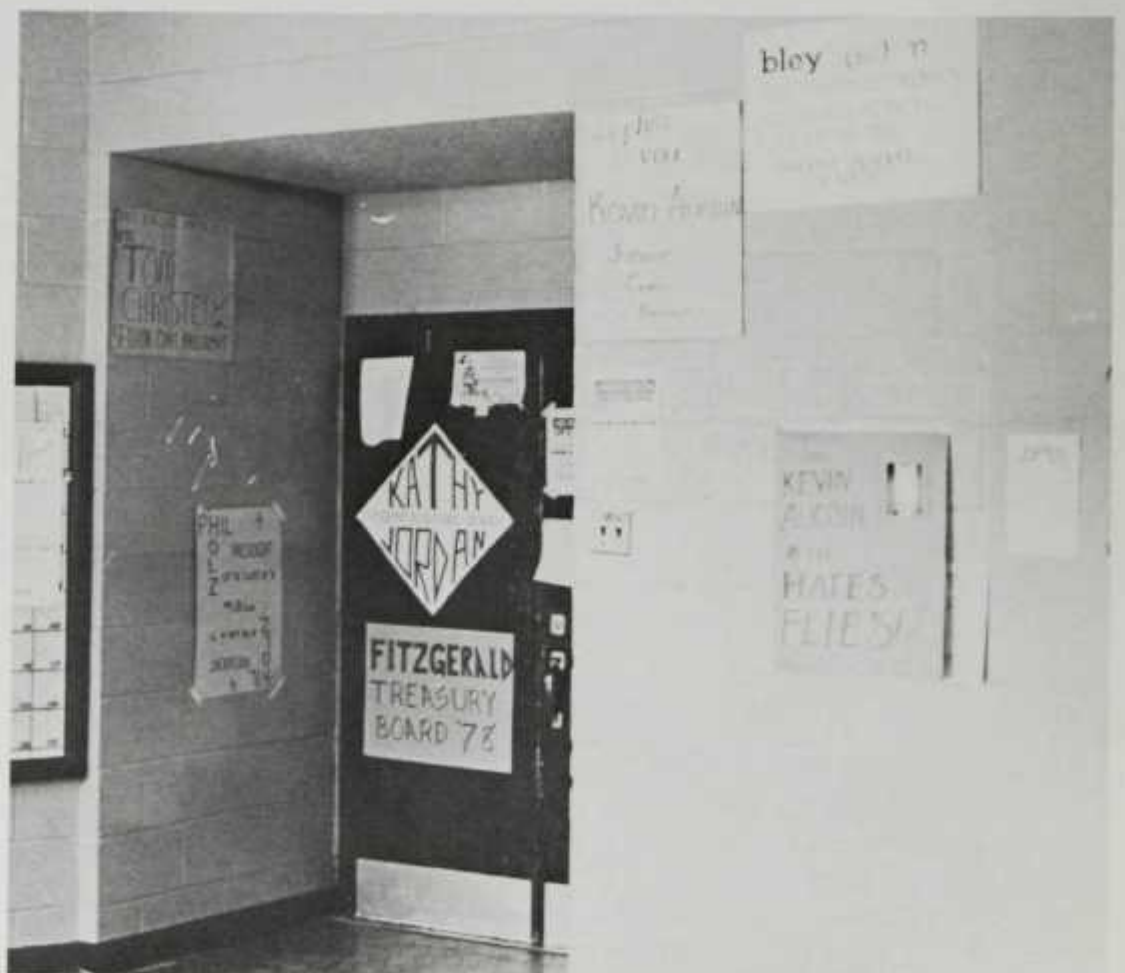


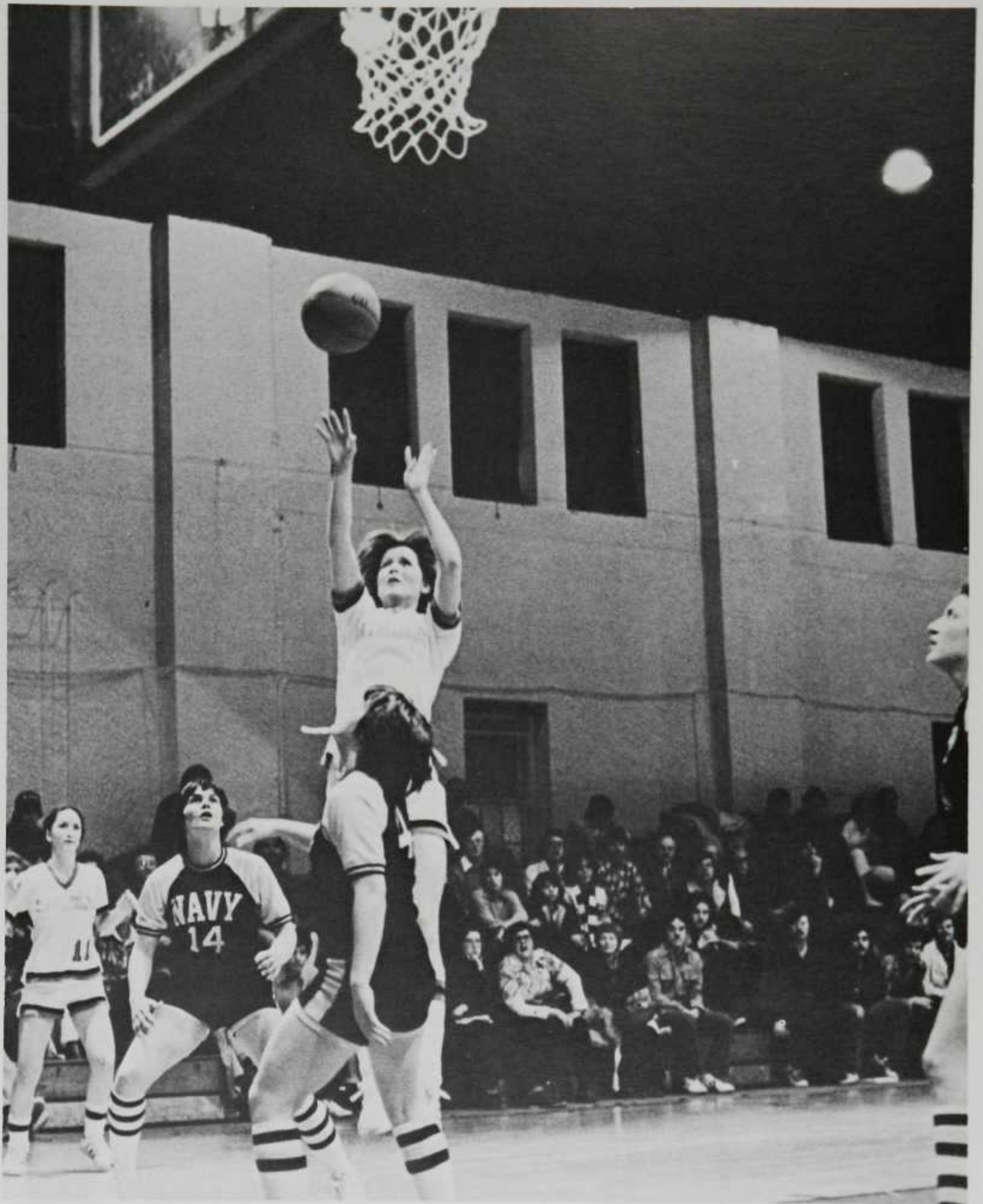
Talking to the clown at Jack's is a regular occurrence for C.U.'s variety of latenight people. Sometimes their extreme hunger forces desperate measures. photo by S. Smith

Budget cuts and retirements continued to be the big stories of the year. The House, a source of liturgical and academic help for a number of students, became the next victim in the series of possible cuts.

Campus ministry decided to take issue on the House, believing it to be the only way to balance its budget.

In addition to the probable closing of its main link with the students, Rev. Pat Collins, director of the campus ministry, also announced the elimination of one of three full time positions.





This years USG elections were among the hottest in recent years. More posters, banners and fliers then ever littered the campus for more than a week. The door to the Cardinal dining hall was a prime spot for the poster hangers. photo by D. LaComb

Bridget Bayly, who scored more points in her career than any Catholic University women's basketball player, shoots for two more as Debbie Trunnel and several Navy players look on. The Cardinals ended their season 17-10. photo by V. Mandile

1978 ... Coming at YOU!



Considered by many to be this year's most successful venture on the stage at Hartke Theatre, *Joseph and his Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat* played a two-week run to packed houses and standing ovations. The first effort of rock opera composers Andrew Lloyd Weber and Tim Rice, *Joseph* is signed to open the 1978-season at Olney Theatre. photo by drama department.

The crypt chapel of the National Shrine is the setting each year during parents weekend for the capping ceremony of sophomore nurses. Dean Conolly caps Kelly Tomko as Mary Maha assists her. Nurses receive caps and pins during their second year at C.U. photo by T. George.





Winter weather both alarmed and delighted the campus. While professors dreaded the cancellation of classes, students spent hours calling security and listening to the radio to find out if school would be off that day.

While the hardest winter in the past few years was witnessed by record snowfall in the D.C. area, the best undergraduate election in recent years took place. A record number 848 votes were cast in the election, an increase of over 300 more than last year's turnout. Ovide Lamontagne defeated Bob Ferrante by more than 450 votes.

On a more far-reaching note, the Brookland-C.U. Metro stop opened in February about a block away from campus. Although three years behind schedule, Metro has increased the opportunities available to students.

The neon lights of Fred's Inn in Brookland are a familiar sight to a large percentage of Catholic University students. Fred's serves as a traditional culmination of a Wednesday night at the Rat. The popularity of Fred's can be credited to the intimate atmosphere and the late hours it offers. photo by C. Wilkinson

As the last rays of the afternoon sun enter Spalding Hall, a resident of second floor, Rich Bausch, exits his room into an unusually quiet hallway. Spalding traditionally is one of the rowdier dorms and lived up to its reputation this year. photo by J. Jurado

A resident of Flather Hall returns home without companions after closing Mullen Library. The path between McMahon parking lot and the dormitory complex was formerly a high crime area on campus. photo by C. Wilkinson

1978 ... Coming At YOU!

Parietals and cooking in rooms weren't the only concerns of dormitory residents. The women in Cardinal Hall encountered an additional roommate throughout the year before Housing started to exterminate. One girl had as many as three mice in her room at one time.

Just under the mouse infested dorm was the other biggest complaint on the part of the students. Macke became a constant source of comic material in the ICC shows as well as more than dinner conversation. Petitions were passed around the dining hall during meals and eventually, the C.U. Macke supervisor was fired in an effort to find a solution to the problem.



D.C. PIRG and USG's lecture committee joined forces to bring consumer advocate Ralph Nader to campus. Nader, who founded PIRG in

the mid '60's, took time before his lecture on the evils of corporate power in this country to discuss consumer problems with a student. photo by P. Seudner

Constant complaints about the quality of entrees are highlighted by the expressions on

the faces of Joe Janela, Pete Seudner, Ted Barry, and Jeff Rubin. photo by V. Mandile

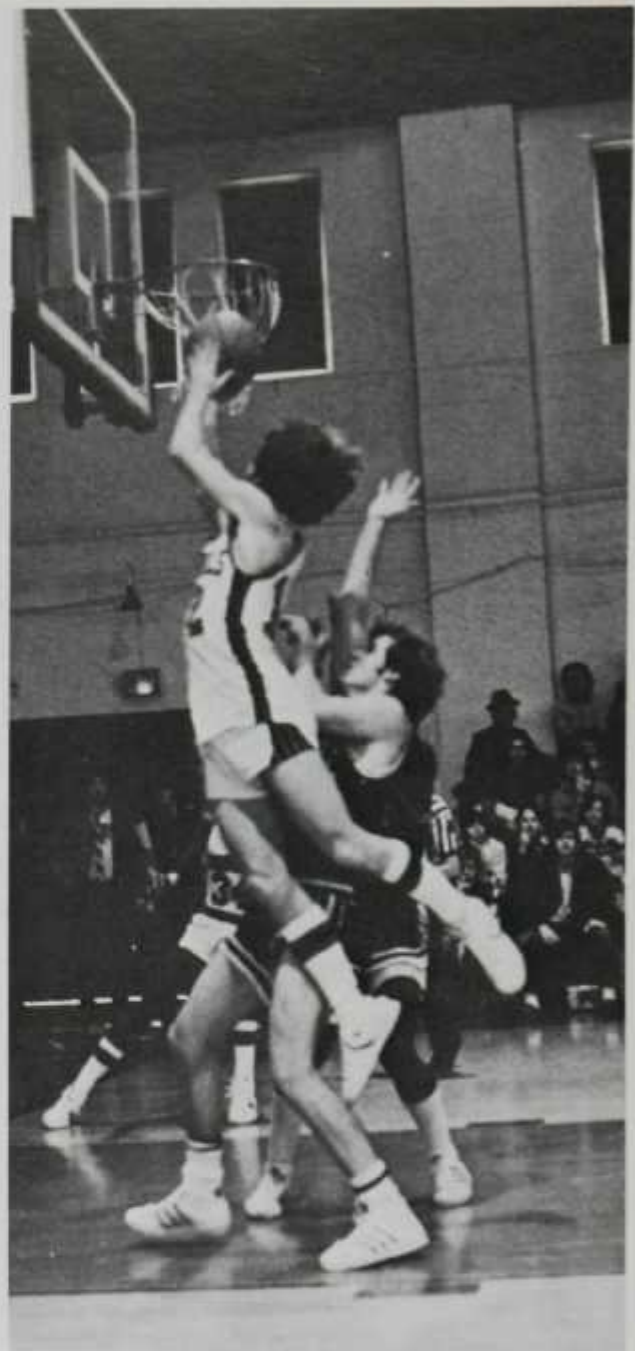




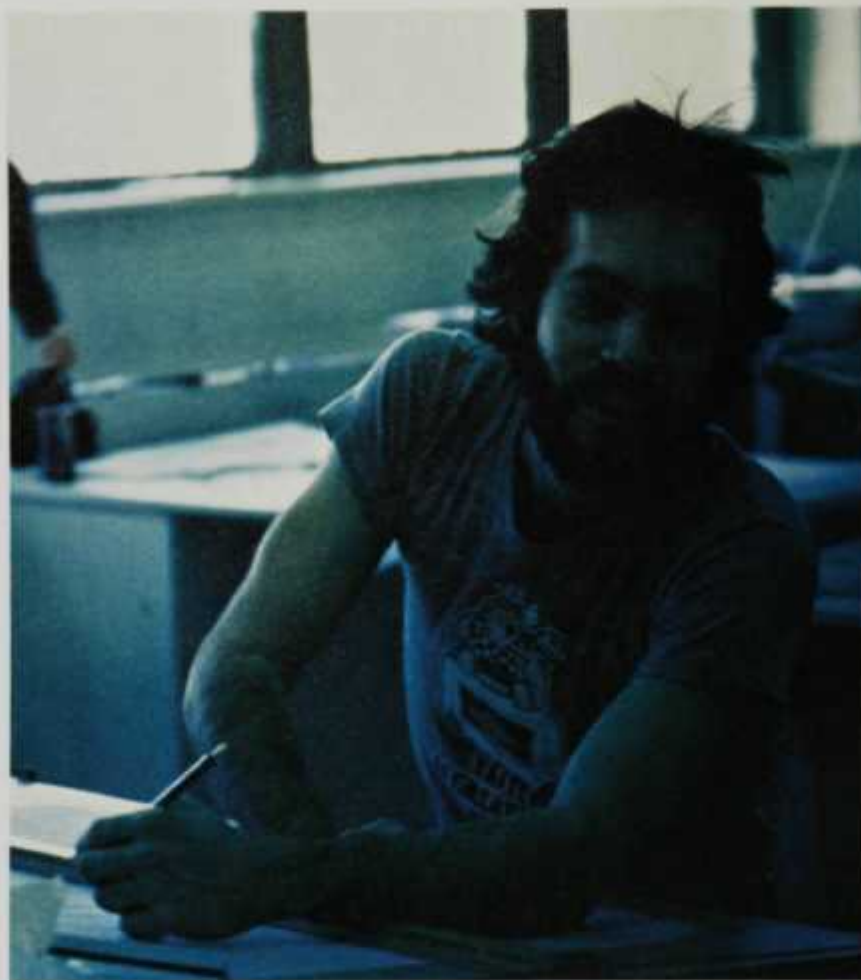
John Fearheller, a senior in chemical engineering, waits for his transportation into the city where he is employed by an engineering firm. The completion of the Brookland Metro Station opened the door for students to easily escape from the campus for a few hours. Brookland Station is one of the many stops on the subway which allows students to take advantage of the city, photo by P. Seudner

As Mike McNally put this shot in, the familiar voice of Mark Ackermann announces the play with "McNally for two." Mike has been the playmaker for the past four years and holds records for most assists in a season and a year. Coaches' Kvanetz and McNamera's efforts make next in season look very promising, photo by V. Mandile

In the usual student regard for rules around campus, residents of Spellman, Conaty, and Spalding Halls attempt to relieve the parking lot congestion by using the Spellman overhang as a makeshift carport. Tickets signed by Officer Markowski prominently decorate the vehicles for weeks at a time, photo by D. LaComb

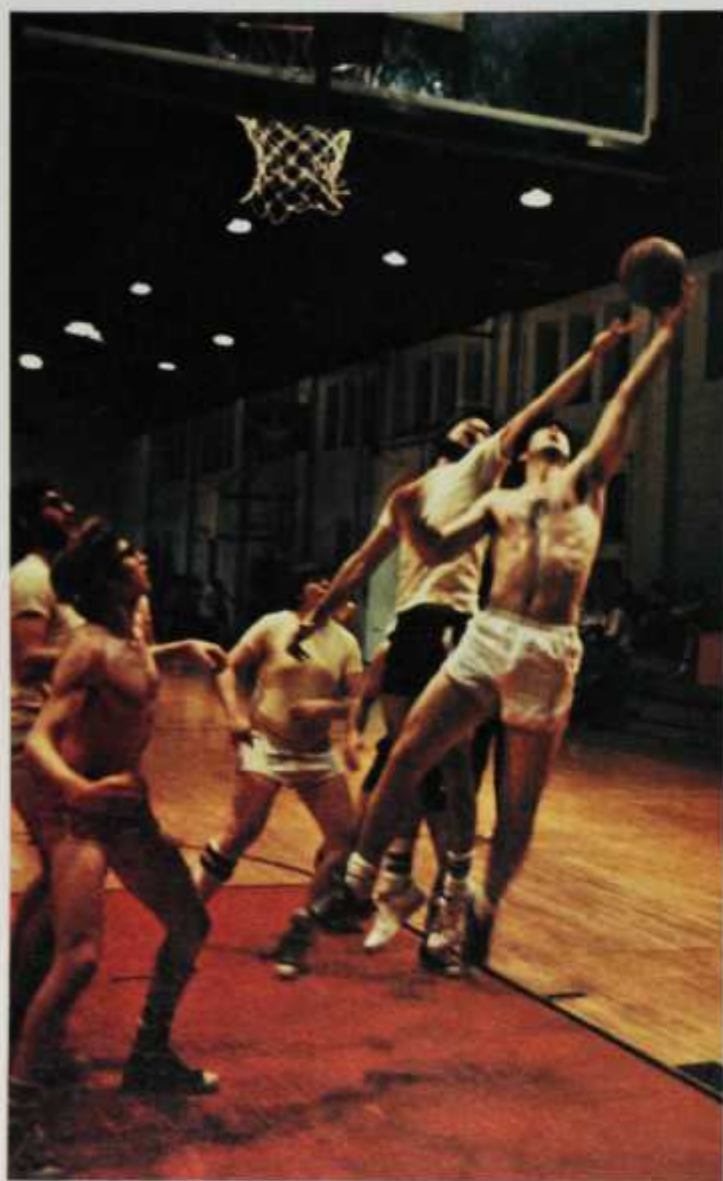


1978 ...
Coming
At YOU!



Architecture and all-nighters are synonymous terms year round. The final and major strain of the semester for fourth year majors is witnessed by the condition of Tony Fierro. Dishevelled and punch-drunk by the end of the project, most head for the Rat before they retire for a day of uninterrupted sleep. A superhuman effort to produce good work on time and stay sane is a requirement for those in Panghorn. photo by V. Mandile.

The C League of intramural basketball may not be the best but Bill Mulholland of the Red Thais certainly makes it look good. Rob Brennan, Bob Summerhayes, and Dave LaComb of Witty and Urbane watch the shot with Bill Garity during a playoff round. The Red Thais took second place and Witty and Urbane finished in fourth. Most intramural participants look on the games as a way of getting needed exercise. photo by P. Seudner



With more than 60 per cent of C.U. students involved in at least one intramural sport, it wasn't surprising that over 20 teams made up of fraternity brothers and floor residents took part in men's basketball. In this B league game, members of two teams from Theological College fight for a rebound in a game that decided which of them would go into the playoffs. Walking Wounded won the A league championship and The Team took the B league. photo by P. Seudner

Failure to begin operating on time made WWCU a name in the news early in the year. Adapting a format that airs from 3:00 p.m. to 12:00 a.m., one of the more popular shows belongs to Randy Plaxa who plays disco hits from 9-12 on Wednesday nights. Plaxa, "the Disco Duck", handles more requests on his show than any of the others put together. Questions about the station's appeal and viability caused the Legislative Branch to disregard the Treasury Board's recommendation and cut WWCU's request for funding to \$1000. photo by P. Seudner





The prospects for the basketball team appeared dismal according to some accounts at the end of last season when the Cardinals lost their star shooter, Glenn Kolonics. The team, comprised of five returning seniors, managed to allay the fears by posting a 12-14 record.

Following the resignation plans announced by President Walton, three other respected members of the community at C.U. announced their respective plans to resign also.

Elizabeth Kennan, associate professor of history and Byzantine studies, accepted the presidency of Mount Holyoke College in Massachusetts.

Father Leo A. Foley of the philosophy department announced his intention to leave at the end of second semester. Foley, who had taught at the University for 31 years, loves the students here and cannot leave entirely as he gives up only his teaching position.

1978 ... Coming
At YOU!

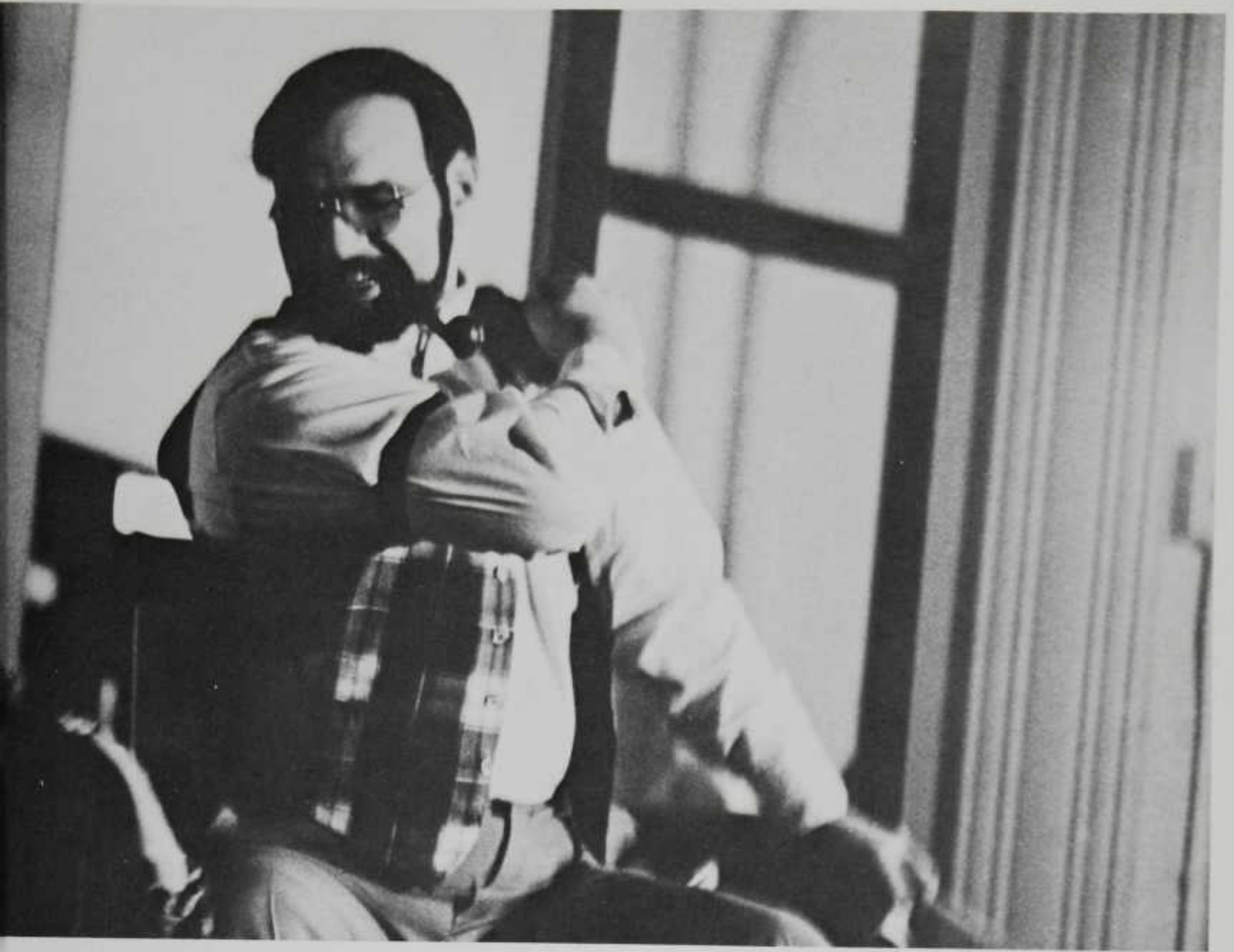


Foley has decided to stay on as moderator to Sigma Pi Delta fraternity and chaplain to Kappa Beta Gamma sorority.

Perhaps the most disappointing news to undergraduates was Father Gary O'Brien's decision to leave C.U. after five years here. Unlike Foley's personal reasons, O'Brien and his hastily decided move led to speculation by many as to his real reason for going.

The AD-HOC Committee for musical entertainment (ACME) brought name groups to campus. The concert staff hosted Southside Johnny. photo by J. Jurado





The International Cardinal Charity Show presented by Conaty dealt with the identity of women in our society. Chivalry abounds as Dom Acciani recognizes an equal partnership institution with Rosie Adami. photo by P. Scudner



Sigma Pi Delta's Galactic Night at the Rat celebrated the Fraternity's first place finish in the ICC shows. Celebrating the victory are Ed Harbet, June Pavaicich and Pam Carter. photo by P. Scudner

On Saturday afternoon of Parent's Weekend, Phi Kap sponsored "Monte Carlo" in the rathskellar. The excitement of winning and losing brings a family together as Dad watches his chips being collected by Pat DeGraba. photo by P. Scudner





1978 ... Coming at YOU!

Recently-purchased Mercedes-Benz buses make the main campus much more accessible to those living in the newly utilized Varnum Campus. Aleen Martin steps off at Mullen Library, the starting point for the expanded bus route that goes from Spellman hall to Marist and O'Boyle to the Brookland end of C.U. photo by J. Jurado

One of the most relaxing spring pastimes is watching the baseball team. Sunny afternoons in the stadium provide a worthwhile excuse to drink some beer and start on a tan. Shawn Pierson catches the attention of several spectators as he finishes a can of Stroh's while watching the playoff bound Cardinals. photo by J. Jurado



Spring came at you with Charity shows, games and community services under the auspices of dorms, floors and frats. A large percentage of students attended the International Cardinal Weekend follies and made McMahon auditorium a standing room only theatre on both nights.

Charity was the name of the game for two fraternities in the early portion of April. The brothers of Alpha Delta Gamma sponsored the 3rd annual Hand-in-Hand again this year as a day of student interaction with mentally retarded children.

Phi Kappa Theta made the raising of funds for charity entertaining as well as worthy. Derby Day's parade through Brookland attracted neighborhood residents as well as participants and spectators.

Week for the Economic Recovery of the Male (W.E.R.M.) provided a little comic relief before finals. The sisters of KBG and KTG sponsored the week for the House's benefit.



A major part of the success of the 1978 baseball team was the pitching staff. Shawn Conrad hurls a fastball past a Loyola College batter. Freshmen Mike Giglio and John Sevie played a major role in Cardinals 9-game win streak in the middle of the season. photo by J. Wright



Hand in Hand was held on the university mall under clear skies. The weather for the festival was the first warm spring day of the year. Bill Goeke entertained guests with his accordion while other Hand in Hand guests participated in over 30 other activities during the day. photo by V. Mandile.



This clown made Hand in Hand guests do more than laugh. Sharing fun, friends and a smile made the day for Georgette Marchese and her pal. Hand in Hand offered all participants a chance to communicate life by giving. At the end of the day the best reward was wondering in your heart if your guest gave more than you. photo by P. Schudner

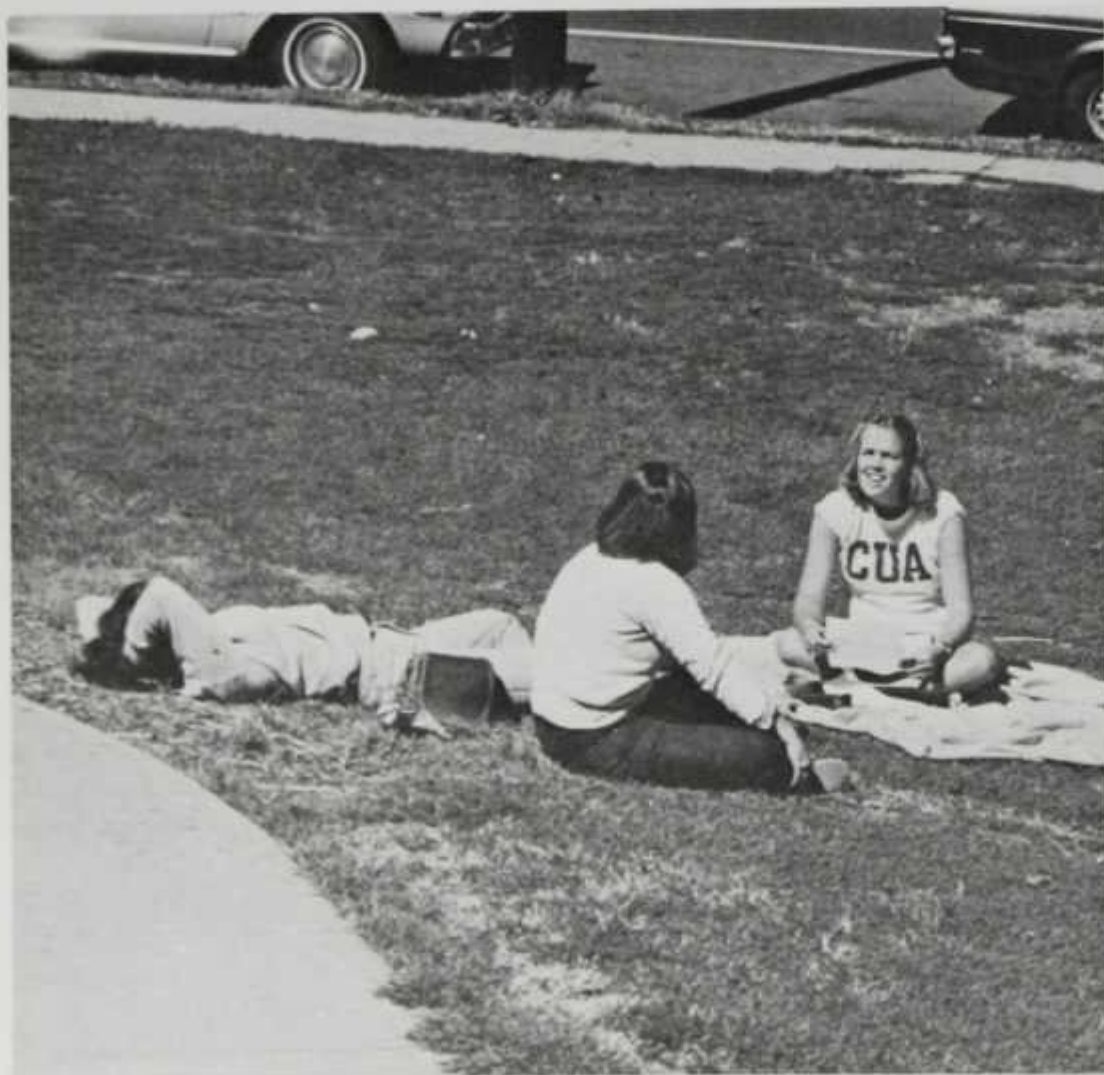
1978 ... Coming At YOU!



As the trees start to bud, maintenance man Roderick Rieffen begins to spruce up the campus for graduation weekend, photo by P. Scudner



Ft. Lauderdale resident Leslie Verville and friends Helen O'Donnell and Suzy McCann begin to work on Florida tans, photo by P. Scudner



Although blood givers are good at heart, freshman Brendan Haggerty skeptically awaits the needle he knows is coming during the KTG Blood Drive, photo by J. Jurado

Short hair and soft skirts were everywhere you turned. Flying frisbees and sleeping students flanked every square inch of the mall as the temperature hit the 70's and 80's.

Seniors were heard quoting graduation days, hours and seconds as the campus finally settled down to a few last weeks of partying and studying before exam week.

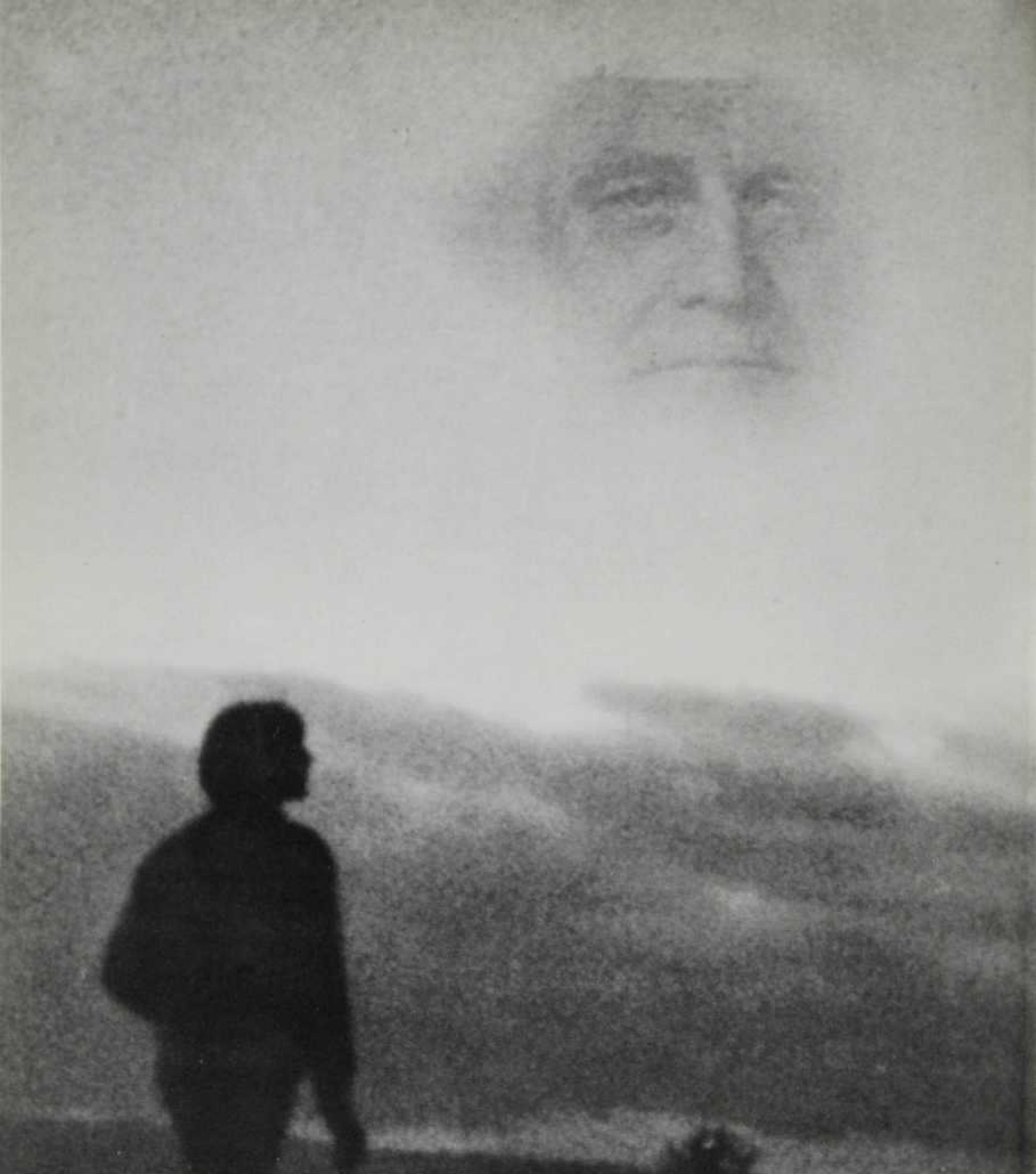
What you were going to do for the summer became more important than what bothered you about the school.

1978 wasn't a year governed by sensationalism. It quietly arrived and left. Hopefully, we've captured it coming at you as you remember it.



It was Florida or bust for many students during spring break. Jim Hansen enjoys scuba diving off the beach in Tampa Fla. Other students

spent their break in a variety of ways such as traveling to the Bahamas, Colorado or just heading home for Easter. photo by J. Jurado



The end of the year is a beginning for seniors, a time for them to move on. They take with them a diploma, memories and a yearbook. They leave, but they don't forget. These four years will always be something to look back on. photo by P. Scudner

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Academics 90-121
Acciani, Dom 283

Ackermann, Mark 50, 279
Adami, Rosie 22, 51, 172
Advertising 296-304
AD-HOC, Committee 282
Ahlgren, John 4
Al-Awadi, Jamal 129
Altman, Sami 222
Alpha Delta Gamma 50, 60, 172, 284
Anderson, Nancy 2, 13, 33
Antonuccio, Mark 6, 11, 28
Arrone, Antoinette 203
Aucoin, Kevin 126, 127
Avolio, Jocko 22
Azalina, Charlie 73
Baglivi, Patti 6
Baker, Gary 32, 60
Barry, Ted 278
Baseball 281, 285
Basselin, Theodore 203
Bausch, Rich 277
Bayly, Bridget 220, 275
Beacraft, Eric 125
Beckman Bob 39
Blanch, M.G. 78
Borgeois, Ed 204
Borowsky, Marty 23
Boltegal, Dave 33
Borgeois, Ed 204
Bowler, Eileen 211
Braide, Eniye-Mason 214
Brala, Phyllis 23, 32, 39, 72
Brandenburg, Barry Lenord 228
Brennan, Rob 8, 280, 19
Brody, Brien 126, 127
Brody, Rich 11, 126, 127
Brookland Metro Station 279

Burns, Matt 39
Cain, Monica Rose 208
Callahan, Bill 6
Campanile, Nancy 199
Campus Ministry 274
Cardinal Hall 278
Cardinalaires 73
Cardoza, Chris 129
Carey, Mike "Cos" 222
Carr, John P. 273
Carter, Pam 283
Casby, Marcia 200
Chin, Daniel P. 198
Clark, Pattie 72
Clemens, Robert Michael 196
Cleveland, Paul 43
Coggins, Pat 53
Coleman, Michael D. 211
Collins, Bob 33
Collins, Pat, Rev. 274
Collins, Tom 33
Conaty 283, 279
Conley, Virginia (Dean) 276
Conrad, Shawn 285
Correa, Denise 15
Conroy, John 49
Constantino, Cathy 18
Conte, Hildegard 73
Corcoran, Jay 39, 60
Cranston, Scott 39, 126, 127
Culatta, Kathy 10
Daley, Sharon 229
Dalton, Bob 13
D'Ambrasio, Mario 197
Dannema, Joan 108, 213
Dawes, Kay M. 206
Dean, Jimmy 12, 19, 79, 202
DeGraba, Pat 283
Dekker, Joanne 210



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 DiGiulian, Ellen C. 221
 DiPasquale, Christopher L. 53, 273
 DiPippa, Danette 42
 DiSanto, Diane 60
 Dohrenwend, Cathy 49
 Dolan, Karyn 13, 50
 Donnely, Carolyn 209
 Donnelly, Diane 208
 Dorr, Theodore 203
 Dougala, Donna 8
 Duffy, Brian 5
 Early, Mike 19
 Eidemiller, Kurt 33
 Eldridge, Bob 33
 Etheredge, William 203
 Feairheller, John 279
 Ferrante, Bob 79, 277
 Ferraraccio, Frank 212
 Fetkovitch, George 6
 Fierro, Tony 280
 Flynn, Patrice 73
 Flynn, Rachel 73
 Flynn, Rosalind 194
 Foley, Leo, A. Father 281, 282
 Fordham, Robert 23
 Foresti, Carl 200
 Ford, Kathi 42, 60
 Fred's Inn 39, 277
 Galati, Domenica 8
 Gale, Beth 60
 Gale, Kevin 209
 Garlington, Mary 211
 Gallagher, Patrice 23
 Garity, Bill 280
 Garkin, Regina 13
 Gatingburg, Kay 206
 Gearty, Bill 28

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Geary, Bill 6
Giglio, Mike 285
Gimiano, Joe 206
Goeke, Gerard 8, 285
Gomez, Annie 199, 198
Good, Clinton K. 220
Grady, Liz 32
Graham, Mike 40
Grant, Amy 72
Greenfield, Mark 126, 127
Groups 160-191
Guitaro, Mark 287
Guittard, Mark 78, 79
Haggerty, Brendan 286
Hanbrough, Nini 207
Hanley, Jim 21, 212
Hannigan, Suanne 49
Hanrahan, Tom 126, 127
Hansen, Jim 79
Harbet, Ed 283
Harper, Steven R. 217
Harrington, Joe Wagner 194
Hartke Theatre 276
Healy, Barbara 72
Heiser, Fred 11
Hidalgo Juan F. 225
Higgins, Dave 32
Higgins, Meredith, R.N. 43
Higgins, Sean 127
Hinchey, Steve 200
Holland, Joan 202
Holtz, Beth 49, 202
Hornyack, Peter 53
Howard, Theodore 203
Hubert, Mike 41
International Cardinal Charity 72-73, 283
Iraola, Roberto 129
Jackson, Danny 8
Jackson, Steve 22
Janela, Joe 278
Johnson, Paula 33
Johnston, Joyce 72
Jordan, Jim 10
Judge, Eileen 208
Joyce, Danny 8
Kappa Beta Gamma 32, 51, 282, 284, 72
Kappa Tau Gamma 6, 42, 60, 284, 286
Kelly, Kathy 22
Kennan, Elizabeth 281
Kennedy, Eugene 8
Kennedy, Terry 39
Kelly, Vince 41
Kerr, Diana 195
Kilner, Margaret 210
Klien, Frank 42
Klisch, Joan 222
Knoeri, Daniel 203
Kolonics, Glenn 281
Koponoff, Linda 39
Koppisch, John 217
Kovacs, Robert J. 203
Kurkjian, Matt 124, 125, 273
LaBelle, Craig 10
LaComb, Dave 280, 223
Lambert, Diane 15
Lamontagne, Ovide 277
Lang, Charley 214
Lapp, Chris 108
Legg, Dori 223
Leibowitz, Marty 194
Lenahan, Mike 48
Lisanke, Tim 53, 88
Lombardo, Joe 6
Lofaro, Joseph R. 53, 273
Loyola College 285
MacAdams, Melanie 205
Mack, Al 15
Macke, 278
Mackey, Pete 16
Maha, Mary 276
Maillet, Charlie 10
Mandile, Vinnie 201
Manning, Tim 128
Marchese, Georgette 285
Marchese, Terri 13, 120
Maritza, Juarhe 60
Maritza, Kim 60
Maritza, Linda 60
Maritza, Susie 60
Martin, Aileen 284
Martin, Dave 51
Martone, Larry 73
Mason, George 124
Matta, Antonio Jose 210
Mayer, Joe 124, 125
Maxey, Mary 72
Mayhew, Jim 52, 53
McAullife, Terry 5
McCabe, Monica S. 224
McCobb, Kevin 39
McCormack, Tim 124, 285
McElroy, Sean 72
McHale, Gretchen 12
McGee, Chris 126, 127
McGlynn, Lorrie 8, 52
McGregor, Jim 125
McGuire, Mary Ellen 196
McGuire, Joe 214
McKennis, Rich 20
McMann, Suzy 286
McMahon 277
McNally, Mike 279
McNamara, Ed 6
McNamera, Sue 22
Medina, Armand J. 220
Mensi, Carolyn 203
Merbach, Glen 203
Metro 277
Michalowitz, Jim 21
Michela, Dale 6, 28
Miklitsch, Mary Fran 204
Monroe, Tom 28, 86
Morielli, "Fred" Michael B. 273
Morris, Anorea 203, 205
Mount Holyoke College 281
Mulholland, Bill 12, 280
Mulholland, Bob 195
Mullen Library 277
Murray, Mary Rose 32
Murphy, Chris 61
Myler, Charles 52
Nader, Ralph 278
Nagle, Ellen 13, 22, 198
Naos, Dr. 109
Neubauer, Jayne 8
Nugent, Charlie 6
Newby, Jerry 197
O'Brien, Chrid 229
O'Brien, Gary Rev. 42, 73, 282
O'Connell, Terry 12
O'Connell, Sr. Mary 73
O'Donnell, Anne 199
O'Donnell, Helen 286
"Officer" Markowski 279
Ogden, Jim 11
Ohnmach, Mark W. 224
O'Hora, Michelle 22
Olsheski, Elaine 212
O'Toole, Kathy 12, 13
Pasquela, Mike 48
Pavacich, June 283
Pelosi, Suzanne 73, 221
Phi Kappa Theta 8, 51, 52, 283, 284
Pierson, Shawn 284
Plaxa, Randy 280
Poswistillo, Margaret 22
Paulin, Mal 73
Quirk, Larry 21
Rat 277, 280
Rafferty, Patty 32
Raspet, Regina 33, 51
Raudonis, Barbara Mary 221
Reurdon 6
Red Thais 280
Reidy, James M. 273
Reidy, Sue 60
Richter, Steve 41, 52
Riedy, James 273
Rieffen, Roderick 286
Rensel, Bill 15
Rice, Tim 276
Robinson, Michael (Dr.) 23
Rozenthal, Israel 213
Rubin, Jeff 66, 21, 278
Ruggiero, Lou 41, 53
Sachs, Clara F. 201
Sacks, Dr. 109
Searbeau, Mark 213
Schaeffer, Rich. coach 126
Schlefelbein, Michael C. 203
Schlesinger, Eric 42
Scott, Franklin 38, 39

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Scudner, Petie 16, 278
 Shear, Fred 128
 Sheehan, Colleen Ann 216
 Sefcik, Mary 217
 Schiel, Nirard (Bro.) 19
 Seader, Mary Beth 60
 Seely, Diana 48
 Sefick, Mary 13
Seniors 192-273
 Serry, Gerry 12
 Sevie, John 285
Sigma Pi Delta 6, 39, 72, 282, 283
 Silva, Natalie 51
 Smathers, John 73, 85
 Smathers, Luanne 197
 Smith, Ginger M. 216
 Smith, Mary Elinor 52
Southside Johnny 282
Spalding Spalding Hall 6, 277, 279
Spellman 6, 279, 284
Sports 122-159
 Spurr, Bob 78, 79
 Strablien, Mary Beth 10
 Stanislav, Steve 8
 Stillmun, Emily 51
 Stocus, Barbara 225

Sullivan, Kathy 6
 Sullivan, Mary L. 213
 Summerhayes, Bob 73, 280
Student Life 16-89
 Sullivan, Joe 39
 Sutton, Stephen 228
 Sutton, Steve 206
 Suozzi, Donna 12, 195
 Sutton, Steve 206
 Sweeney, Mike 19
 Tanguay, Mike 13
 Teeter, Stephanie 196
Theological College 280
 Thomas, Maria L. 216
 Tomko, Kelly 276
 Tranvaglini, Mark A. 124, 125, 273
 Tresansky, Lynn Marie 207
 Trunnel, Debbie 275
 Tucker, Mike 128
 Undergraduate Student Government 275
 Vache, Pete 129
 Vales, Carmen 201
 Vandeventer, Val 124, 125
 Varroney, Daniel A. 205
 Van Ravenswaay, Karen 33
 Varsa, Steve 128

Vian, Cindi 8
 Vielma, Franliz Medina 209
 Vogel, Tina 204
 Wagner, Joe 194
 Waldron, Kevin 73
 Walking Wounded 280
 Walton, Clarence C. 8, 281
 Warfield, Joan Marie 229
 Wanko, George Dr. 5, 60, 119
 Waring, Linda 8
 Walters, Kathleen Ann 213
 Watson, Betty 10
 Wayland, Dave 13
 Weber, Andrew Lloyd 276
 Weidmann, Mark 39
 Wickes, Brian 8
 Wiley, Mary 61
 Winchester, Albert G. 7
Witty and Urbane 280
 White, Helen 73
 Wright, Jon 5
 WWCU 280
 Young, Mary 199
 Youssefmir, Paul 207
 Zito, Diane 228

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