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Cherry Tree 1981

THE YEARBOOK OF THE GEORGE WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY
September

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Student Life
Labor Day Festival

October

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Halloween
Drama-Fall

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A yearbook is forever. It is a collection of memories which become a part of one's life. It means history for those who lived it. It enables one to cherish the four years of life which have been spent at the George Washington University.

It is with this, that we, the Cherry Tree staff of 1981, proudly present your volume of memories. Many long hours filled with hard work and dedication were put into this yearbook. It was all done with love—a love for GWU, the students, as well as the city.

Now the book is yours to cherish for many years to come. We think it is a good recreation of what has happened during the 1980-1981 academic year. We have included everything from the election of our nation's President to the election of our student government president, from the first days of returning back to campus in August to the last days of the year leading to graduation. There are many happenings described in the pages of this yearbook. We hope that each page will have a special meaning for everyone of you, depicting your unique experiences here at GWU.

We anticipate this book will become symbolic of your years at GWU, and in twenty years from now, you will return to your Cherry Tree and experience the same feelings of nostalgia and memories contained herein.

It is for now, however, that each one of you will be able to recap this year, remembering what you did at GWU during the 1980-1981 year.
September
COMING HOME

As August turns into September, college students across the nation start their journey back to the school of their choice. G.W.U. students being no different than the rest, start to arrive in Washington via car, plane, and bus. For some it might be the three hour drive down I-95 from Philadelphia, for others it's the fourteen hour bus drive up from Atlanta, yet for others it is the twenty-four hour train ride from Chicago or maybe the forty-five minute shuttle in from New York. No matter which form of transportation you use the destination is the same — Washington, D.C., G.W.U. The campus which just the week before was empty as a party where the beer has gone dry and the stereo is broken, becomes alive with the sounds and movements of thousands of people trying to make their way to their respective abodes. The G.W.U. campus has a schizophrenic personality; for 8 months out of the year it is alive with all sorts of people but for the other 4 months it goes into hibernation. But now, it is time for it to awaken again for another year is ready to begin.

Things haven't really changed much from last year — the Academic-Cluster-to-be is still just a hole in the ground, the Quad still doesn't have any grass and the Uruguayan Embassy next to Thurston is still flying its flag. Some things are different; the white paint on Stuart Hall has been stripped off leaving the red brick which was aesthetically more pleasing (people wondered why it was ever painted anyway) there is a new bust of George Washington by the Foggy Bottom Metro Station not to mention the brand new I Street Mall completed during the summer.

Over at Thurston Hall a brand new class of freshman are lined up waiting to move in. The girls do not go unnoticed by select groups of Upper classmen who have gathered on Thurston beach to witness this event. It is amazing how the sidewalks of G.W.U. take on the look of a massive flea market, as people pile up their belongings waiting their chance to get into the buildings. Wide eyed students are seen sitting on suitcases next to a stereo system, racks of record albums, and a mini-refrigerator waiting for the rest of their party to come back from parking the car and help carry it up the stairs. Why is one elevator always broken?

Of course, the day is sweltering hot like most Washington summer days. You begin to sweat when you're just standing outside, let alone when you're carrying 25 lb. boxes. Finally, after waiting your turn in line for a room key and a good stuff box, then waiting again for the antiquated elevators to take you up to the 4th floor, you eventually get everything into your room. Now, comes the even more enjoyable task of taking everything out of its boxes and suitcases and putting it in its place. This is the time when every student wishes that they were interior decorators. You have a whole blank room to play with, but you can't think of anything to do with it. As you start unpacking you think, "God, I just packed this all up last night!" The whole day's activities have made you wonder, "What am I doing here?"
I LOOK FORWARD TO AN AMERICA WHICH WILL STEADILY RAISE THE STANDARDS OF ARTISTIC ACCOMPLISHMENT AND WHICH WILL STEADILY ENLARGE CULTURAL OPPORTUNITIES FOR ALL OF OUR CITIZENS. AND I LOOK FORWARD TO AN AMERICA WHICH COMMANDS RESPECT THROUGHOUT THE WORLD NOT ONLY FOR ITS STRENGTH BUT FOR ITS CIVILIZATION AS WELL.

JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY
REUNITED

But, as nightfall comes, you become settled in and old friends begin to drop by. Everything seems worthwhile. You gather up a group of friends and head out to one of your favorite watering holes to toast the summer gone by and the year to come. The conversation ranges from Linda’s experiences as she backpacked through Europe to Jill’s adventures in Atlantic City, each person in the group getting the chance to tell the stories that have accumulated during four months of vacation. While listening to the conversation, your mind begins to wander. You think how great it is to have such good friends. Even after four months of being apart, it seems like you never left each other. The bonds of friendship that have grown over the past years have become strong with time. The people you are with have seen you grow and change through the years of college. They have seen you through the thick and thin of your days here at G.W.U.

There are people here that have known you each year that you have been in college. Even though you really can not call college home, these people make it feel like one. They are a surrogate family that gives you the feeling that you have a home. You know you have people that you can depend on in times of need and in the time of joyful celebration. You are quickly brought back down to Earth by the simple action of the waiter handing you the bill for the drinks. After digging up enough money to pay the bills plus to leave a tip, the group heads out and decides that the night is still young and Georgetown awaits your presence. You start that familiar walk down Pennsylvania Avenue past Washington Circle and on to M Street into Georgetown. You notice that since the summer, the M Street bridge has actually been finished and once again it can be crossed without endangering life and limb. Continuing down M Street past Geppetto’s, home of the best deep-dish pizza in Washington, Mr. Smith’s, where the best daiquiris are made, and Ikaros, home of the Gyro, you finally arrive at the corner of M and Wisconsin. It seems as though action at this corner is constant. Indeed, every religious group under the sun is trying to sell you flowers, side-walk musicians are demonstrating their various skills and people from all walks of life are heading in all directions. You decide you must satisfy a craving for one of American Cafe’s delicious sandwiches. Your friends agree with your decision, so you turn right and head up Wisconsin. All of a sudden, even though just yesterday you were miles away from this point, you feel at home here. The different areas of Washington have become second nature to you and you know just where you fit in. After a roast beef sandwich at American Cafe you decide that it is time to call it a day. Walking back to your room or apartment, or taking the Metro home to the suburbs, you feel secure in the fact that Washington is still there and you and your friends are ready for another year.

Once home, you realize that you left half of your belongings unpacked and that your stereo is still not set up. You proceed to unpack the remainder of your clothes and try to make your room resemble a livable place and not the warehouse of the local Salvation Army. After setting up the stereo, you search for a fitting song to end the night, finally deciding upon Barbara Striesand’s Memories.
For the students who stayed in Washington throughout the summer, the rude shock that the long 4 month vacation is over and the school year is about to begin, is brought into focus in a different manner. There is only the calendar and some tell-tale signs that signal the end of summer. The sports fans can tell that school is about to begin by just glancing at the sports pages. Headlines tell of the Pennant Races between Philadelphia and Montreal and Houston against Los Angeles. Those who suffer from hayfever can tell that summer is ending by the fact that their noses begin to run as the level of pollen begins to rise. But the best way to tell is to just take a walk through campus. The streets are again full of life. All the cars that you saw last May loading up and driving out of the city are back again. Back again are the sidewalk vendors that have been gone all summer. Once again, you can quench your thirst at the natural lemonade truck, fill an empty stomach with food that takes your taste buds on a world tour to China, the Middle East, and back to the good ole U.S. of A. for a frankfurter. One can buy any kind of tee shirt with assorted causes and slogans printed on the front ranging from “No-Nukes” to “Support Your National Zoo.” Just last week, while walking down G Street on the way to a friend’s apartment all you saw was a local resident walking a dog, and the firemen washing down their trucks. Now the street has transformed into a major artery with a multitude of human activity. There is only one thing that can be deduced from this scene: yes, the school year is about to begin. After resigning yourself to this fact, you settle in with a group of buddies, who are shooting the breeze outside the library.
DO NOT PASS GO

Once you readjust to the fact that the year is about to begin, those of us who did not go through pre-registration sit down with the infamous class schedule book and course catalogue to try and form a schedule that is as masterful as any produced by the great Renaissance artists. This might be a harder task than Rembrandt had, since all he had to do was design a painting. As a student making a schedule, you not only have to pick courses, but they must all fit in and not overlap each other, leave time for that part-time job, not begin before 11:00 AM, or meet on a Friday. Add to this the facts that certain courses must be taken, others want to be taken and still others are so easy they are so hard to pass up. As you can see, registration is something to be dreaded! It takes hours of deliberation and many phone calls to friends to get the lowdown on the courses one is choosing from. Finally, the schedule that will make this semester the best ever is formed. But, as you go to fill in that last course, you find you are taking two courses from 2:10-3:25 on Monday and Wednesday. This calls for more switching of courses. After shuffling around a little, you come up with a schedule that fits; it is not as perfect as the one before, yet you will leave perfection to next semester.

With your schedule fixed, you begin the registration process. The first stop is Building K to pick up your registration packet. Yes, that small packet that reduces all students to a computer card. After filling out the different cards, it is off on the quest for your departmental class cards. It is annoying how large G.W.U. campus becomes on this day. Wasn’t it just yesterday that you were telling a friend of yours how small and easy it is to go from one end of campus to another? But on this day it seems as though God miraculously expanded our campus. Everytime registration arrives it seems as though five buildings have been added to the campus. Each year, you enter into buildings you never even heard of before. It becomes almost comical. Where is building RR?

After collecting all the necessary cards, you give yourself a pat on the back and wonder what new buildings will be discovered during Spring registration. Now with the packet complete, you are ready for step three, getting your Dean’s approval. The only problem is that many of your peers have also hit this
stage of development. The line has grown so long, that the office is only a dim vision on the horizon. The time is passed by talking to others in your same predicament. The topic of conversation is similar in all schools, whether it is SGBA, Columbian College, Engineering, or SPIA, everyone is thinking to themselves and saying out loud, "God, I knew I should have pre-registered. Next year I am going to do it for sure."

Having gotten your Dean's approval, or one of your Dean's Secretary's approval, you are ready for the final step in the game of Registration. It is time to pay tuition over at Smith Center. This is probably the only game in the world where the winner is the one that gets rid of his money first! You enter through the main doors and proceed around the maze that leads you to the cashiers desk. There are two guys at the doors screaming, "Make sure you have your Dean's and Advisors' signature, or go directly back to the beginning. Do not call Lloyd Elliot, and do not collect $200.00." Along the maze are all sorts of tables to keep your walk interesting. There is the GWUSA table, Cherry Tree, DC Pirl and other groups. The last one is the table seniors delight in going to, and everyone else yearns for. This table is where you petition to graduate, and get measured for your cap and gown. You then walk through the main gym, and proceed down the line of tables. Here the total amount to be paid is added. The cost of another semester is circled on the bottom of your payment card, and you take a large gulp and head on to the next table. This is where the options are built in. One can go to any number of tables now depending on what method you are using to pay for this semester, be it loans, scholarships or grants. Finally, after getting all the necessary papers signed, it is time to hand over your packet at the cashier's window, pay your bill, and receive your registration card stamped PAID.

At this moment, one is declared a winner at the game of Registration. A winner being anybody who has escaped with at least half his mind still intact. You walk out of the Smith Center relieved by the fact that you will now be able to participate in another year of cerebral enrichment.
Registration completed you rejoin your friends in the many celebrations that are taking place around campus. Everybody has realized that there is a whole weekend left with nothing to do but relax and enjoy the freedom. The options open for partying are countless. There are an infinite number of frat parties around campus. They are easily recognizable by the hordes of people gathered out in front of a townhouse with beer in hand. A stranger may wonder what draws people to these parties. The music, if any, is easily supplied by a stereo, there is only beer to drink, and there are no activities planned. Maybe there is a common theme bringing these people together: to try and forget that summer is over and the school year is just around the corner.

There are many hellos to be said, as there are many people there who you have not seen for ages. Everybody is asking the same questions. “What did you do all summer, did you have fun?” These questions might seem a bit trite and dull but they are only a lead into conversation; as the parties usually last well into the night. If one doesn’t enjoy this kind of activity there are numerous other activities taking place. There are various individual parties all over campus. Plus, the city of Washington has many hotspots that one can experience. The Kennedy Center, National Theatre, Warner Theatre and the Capital Centre offer many different avenues of entertainment not to mention the countless clubs, bars and restaurants around town.

Nighttime is only the half of it. Washington is full of things for daytime fun. Only four blocks from campus is the famous three mile long mall. This area includes the Washington Monument, the Lincoln and Jefferson Memorials, the Smithsonian Institution, and is capped off by the U.S. Capitol at the end. The time one can spend here is endless. The Smithsonian offers something for everyone. The second floor of the History & Technology building is packed with memorabilia that will make any Communications buff drool. For the person that wants to relive the late 1800’s the original Smithsonian building is for you. If you want to see the world from a unique angle the movie To Fly at the Air and Space Building will satisfy you. If it is Van Gogh, Picasso, and Renoir you want, the place to be is the National Gallery. But this is only the tip of the iceberg for the wealth of the Smithsonian is endless. Then again though, if the wealth of the Smithsonian is endless then Washington’s is infinite. Away from the mall, there is the National Zoo, The White House, Arlington National Cemetery, The F.B.I. Building and the list can go on and on!

It is amazing how some of us will spend up to four years of our lives as a student in Washington but almost no time as a tourist. There are students who if placed five blocks from campus would not know where they were but still feel secure in the fact that there is a city out there if they want it.

The sightseeing finished, we head back to our living quarters to reaquaint ourselves with college living. After four months away from school it is surprising how quickly we can readjust.
LABOR DAY FESTIVAL

With everybody moved in, friendships reunited, and schedules fixed, everybody gathers in the Quad for the annual Labor Day Festival. This is when G.W.U. looks most like a college with a campus. Frisbees fly everywhere, stereos are blasting, beer is being imbibed, and people are just plain having a good time. H Street is closed off and the endless line of traffic that usually rolls through it is replaced by an outdoor mall with sidewalk vendors offering food, drink, T-shirts, plants, etc. . . . and a massive amount of students. This year the Program Board, which sponsors this event had numerous activities planned. For the adventurous students among us who wanted to demonstrate that there are other ways to move around than just walking, there was a roller-skate rental truck. The entertainment was enjoyable and varied. WRGW supplied music during the whole day. Frisbee performers from the Good Time Frisbee Show supplied us with a memorable show of disc talents as they flipped Frisbees back and forth from many different positions. After the performance, G.W.U. students were allowed to demonstrate their own disc throwing skills. A contest was won by senior Don Treeger, as he out distanced all his competition. Senators Tom Kapp and Brad Heffler offered their juggling skills to the crowd. A new event was heralded in this year. The Yearbook staff sponsored the first annual Cherry Pie Eating Contest. The object of this contest was to consume a cherry pie in the least amount of time. The contestants were chosen from the various frats, sororities, and student groups on campus. Bob Fulkerson from SAE won the title as the master muncher of GWU. Students also showed their own initiative in thinking of ways to keep busy, there were hundreds of people gathered there for the same reason as you: to reintroduce themselves to friends that they had not seen for while. All week long since you first arrived back at school, you have
been constantly meeting old friends. The Labor Day Festival supplies you with the opportunity to see many more, as it is a central gathering point for everybody.

As the sun goes down, people begin to realize that this is the last night of summer. For each person this means something different. The seniors might be thinking about beginning their last year, and the freshmen might be thinking of their first. The thoughts are totally different, but the fears and apprehensions very similar. Rather than face the realities of the future, our minds focus in on the music of Tex Rubinowitz and the Bad Boys, and The Fabulous Thunderbirds. As early morning approaches, everybody returns to their rooms or apartments, knowing that tomorrow morning an alarm will sound, signaling the beginning of another academic year.
The alarm rings signaling the beginning of another semester. You roll over in bed, turn it off, and head over to the bathroom to wash the last remnants of summer vacation out of your eyes. Without even realizing what you are doing, you shower, dress, stuff some food into your mouth, grab a pen and an old notebook and head out to your first class in four months. Yes, you once again must enter the world of academia.

You seat yourself in the back row of one of C buildings larger classrooms so you can see the whole room. You notice some familiar faces, and prepare yourself for the arrival of the professor. The professor enters and begins with the usual opening dialogue. It seems as though every teacher starts the first class off in the same fashion. Just once you would like to see it done differently. The opening diatribe completed, the teacher proceeds to hand out those little 3 X 5 index cards on which you are to put down your name, rank, student number, and past educational history. These collected, the syllabus is then passed out. This is where the teacher has supposedly charted out for you the time table for the course. He fails to mention however, that the only day that he will stick to that time table is today, and that from now on he will either fall way behind or decide to cover five more chapters of the textbook. If you are lucky, the teacher will dismiss the class early because he has the same distaste for the first day of classes that you do. But for the unlucky ones whose teachers believe that a wasted minute of class time is a cardinal sin, you open up your notebook and proceed to take notes about the sexual habits of Aborigines in the jungles of Australia. Finding this less than enthralling, your mind begins to wander off into thoughts of more exciting things. Every so often you drift back to the lecture just to make sure you are not missing anything important. Finally after an hour and ten minutes of straight lecturing, the teacher finishes. You let out a sigh of relief and head towards your second class, where the process will be the same. You spend your class-time looking around at all the other people in the class.

There are always those people who think that every word the professor says is gold, and write down the lecture verbatim in their notebooks. Then there are the people who listen for awhile, dream, and then listen again. Finally, there are the students who pretend to write something down but are really more interested in whether the person in front of them is involved with someone, and whether that gorgeous creature is busy this weekend.

Classes done for the day, you head back to your room feeling relieved because you made it through the first day. Once in the peace and quiet of your room you sit back and reflect upon the day’s activities. All in all, your classes weren’t that bad or that hard. Looking out your window at the rush hour traffic heading home, you think to yourself, “Wow, the year really has begun, and I’m ready for it, well, almost ready for it.”
You eat, do the dishes, and sit down to watch the 7:30 repeats of M*A*S*H on Channel 5. Even though you have seen this episode seven times already, you still laugh at the screen as Hawkeye and the rest of the cast go through their zany activities. As the last joke finishes, you decide to look over your syllabus for each of your classes to see what your workload is going to be like this semester. After you make the unfortunate discovery that 23 books are required this semester, you reluctantly move "BOOKSTORE" to the top of your list of things to do.

With a check in your wallet, you head down to the basement of the Marvin Center and enter the bookstore. In front of you is mass hysteria. There are lines everywhere. Once again, because you procrastinated, you must spend hours doing something that should take minutes. After walking through the maze of books, you collect all the ones you need. Of course there are those that are either sold out or not in stock yet. By now the line has grown as long as I-95, but you have come this far already, so there is no turning back. Finally, you reach the cashier and as she rings up book after book, you wonder how much it will all cost. With the push of the last button, the total pops up on the screen $158.53. Begrudgingly you reach for that check in your wallet and proceed to write it out. You think to yourself, "Boy I could buy 50 Boneburgers with that or 25 albums." Anything seems like a better investment than a book entitled, All You Wanted to Know About Keynesian Economic Theory, But Were Afraid to Ask. You exit the bookstore thinking, "Why did I buy all these books, I'm probably not going to use half of them anyway. I wonder if I'll be able to sell them back at SERVE." After getting back to your room and setting them up on the shelf, you decide that at least they make you look intellectual. After two weeks of classes have gone by, you realize that if you leave them in mint condition they will be worth more when you sell them at SERVE, but you must remember that one is also at college to get an education. You decide this is as good a time as any to start your studies. You take your books, notebooks, and pens and head over to the library. When you reach the library you notice that it is no longer called the G.W.U. Library but the Gelman Library. This inspires you to turn over a new leaf and really do some heavy studying. Driven to study, you head up to the fourth floor fish bowl and proceed to get totally enthralled by the Freudian reasons for having an Oedipus complex.

After an hour passes you become slightly restless and head out into the hallway to take a well deserved break. Of course, three of your friends have the same idea, so finding something to do is not hard. You sit down in the lobby and say hello to your friends who pass by and lament how long you have been studying and how much more you have to do. Finally after the fifteen minute break that turned into a one hour party, you decide it is time to return to those lonely books. Later, you leave the library feeling proud of yourself for actually doing work and not going to the Program Board's showing of Electric Horseman.
The Electric Horseman is not the only activity that Program Board has scheduled for one’s enjoyment this month. There were many other activities ranging from the movie “10” to a night with Gordon Liddy. This event was probably the most memorable, you remember G. Gordon Liddy, he was the leader of the plumbers’ group, who, under orders from the Nixon re-election committee, tried unsuccessfully to bug the Democratic Campaign Headquarters at the Watergate Hotel. This event generated lots of opinion on the usually apathetic G.W.U. campus. There were many people who believed that it was not right to reward a man such as Liddy by paying him to speak just because he was involved in a famous crime of espionage. The best response to this question was given by Liddy himself, when asked this question during his speech, he responded, “Nobody forced anybody to come here. I just offered myself. If people want to hear what I have to say then fine but if you don’t nobody forced you to come.” After reading background material on him, one had built up an image of him. Well, to many people’s surprise, Gordon Liddy did not appear to be like the man expected. His speech was laced with comical references, he exhibited great knowledge of history and the classics, and great devotion to things that he believed in. When he entered Lisner Auditorium to begin his speech, he only received a sparse applause, but when he finished, he exited to a partial standing ovation. Although one might not have agreed with what he said, one had to admit that he was very impressive and entertaining.

The guys and girls who wanted a cheap place to take a date, went of course to the Program Board movie series. For either a dollar or for free, you could treat your friend to a movie in the Marvin Center Ballroom, or if you are lucky, in Lisner Auditorium. If the latter is the case, you even get to hear the movie, as we all know how wonderful the sound system in the Marvin Center Ballroom is. Going to a movie at GW is a unique experience. The audience really participates during the showing. They throw additions into the dialogue such as “Go For it” as Dudley Moore eyes Bo Derek naked for the first time in the movie “10”, or cheering each person as the credits roll by.
George Washington University
 monumental
 PRESENTS
 Fall '80 Film Schedule

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All films are in the Marvin Center Ballroom unless noted by a *.
*Shown in Lisner Auditorium.

The story of Antonia, who uncovered her husband's secret lives, one by one...and then began to live them herself.

Marcello Mastroianni
Laura Antonelli
Wifemistress
The days begin to get shorter, and the hot temperatures of September begin to cool. As you walk through the mall, you notice that the trees are no longer green, but have changed to all different shades of brown and yellow, and have begun to lose their leaves. These are the tell-tale signs that October has arrived. On campus, many things coincide with this. If you venture over to the Marvin Center, you are treated to a unique experience; for October brings with it Senior Portrait Week. This is probably the only time of year where if you position yourself outside of the yearbook office, you will be able to see the seniors of GW not in their usual clothing, but dressed to the hilt for the picture that will identify them to others for eternity. For some it really is not much of a change, for there are those whose wardrobe comes right out of the Bloomingdale's catalogue. But, for most of us, it means taking off our Levi's and flannel shirts and donning our best clothing. It is quite amusing to see Lon, who nine days out of ten is in jeans and a T-shirt but is getting his picture taken in a three piece suit.

For the seniors getting their pictures taken, the process is very nerve-racking. After you have picked out exactly what you are going to wear, and filled out your card with your name and major, you are taken into the photographer's room. The room is draped with black robes, with bright lights in each corner and a chair in the middle. You sit down in the chair and wait for the picture to be taken, but of course the photographer does not like the way you are seated. He proceeds to point your face, move your arms and legs and tilt your head until he is finally satisfied. He then walks away saying, "Smile and don't move." That is a lot easier said than done, for you have been placed in the most awkward position. However, you hold it long enough for him to shoot the picture.

Another common experience for all G.W.U. students is the influx of mid-terms into your schedule. The time has come when each of us must prove to our professors that we really do understand John Locke's Theory of Government or Maslow's Hierarchy of Needs. All of us study in different fashions and forms. It is amazing how many different ways students can find to study. In the end, the process is very similar for all of us. We go to the bookstore, pay our dime for a blue book and head over to the test. The professor hands out the test, you read the first question, and proceed to answer it. Whether you know the solution or not, the highest grade goes to the student who has best hidden the fact that he did not know the answer.
Project Visibility is sponsored by the Student Activities Office. Project Visibility is where all 150 of GWU's student groups are asked to come and explain their organizations to the students of the university. The Marvin Center ballroom is transformed into a maze, which is outlined by each group's table. As you walk from table to table, you realize there are groups on campus that you never knew existed. You see a man dressed in the garb of a Middle Ages knight, representing the Medieval Society. There are groups such as the Veterenarian Society, B'hai Club and many other representatives. There is a group to satisfy the needs and interests of everyone. It would be quite hard not to be able to find one group that didn't stimulate your interests. After sampling each group, and signing up with the two or three that interested you most, you went over to the beer table, downed a few glasses, and left to go back to your room.
INTRAMURALS

For the frustrated athletes among us, GWU offers a long list of intra-mural sports during each season of the year. On any given weekend, if you walk down to the corner of 23rd and Constitution Avenue, you will see your fellow students knocking heads in an intra-mural football battle. These games are taken very seriously by its players. The intensity level is that of the Super Bowl, not the relaxed Sunday afternoon game you might expect. Supposedly, the game is touch football, but any observer would be forced to admit that someone has forgotten to tell the players of this slight detail. The action is constant, as teams strive for that all important touchdown in these defense dominated games. Not surprisingly, each quarterback believes he is the second coming of Johnny Unitas, the wide receivers think they are the Lynn Swans of GWU, the defensive linemen think they are the Rosy Greirs of the 80's and so forth for the rest of the positions. The unfortunate thing is that none of them are whom they think they are since they lack only one ingredient: expertise. The will to play and have fun is in everybody. This year's champion was Hyper Tension.

Back at the Smith Center, GWU students are playing their own version of indoor floor hockey. The games are played in the auxiliary gyms, meaning that the players are encased on all sides by walls. This makes for non-stop action except for the occasional goal or penalty. As hip checks, cross checks, and the sometimes illegal slashes are exchanged between players, the action moves up and down the floor. These players do not take the game any less serious than the football players do. There was the time when Bill, although he is an engineering student, found time to play a game the night before an important test. He did not do that well on the test, but his team won the game. For the second year in a row, a team named White Lady, captained by Tom Segroy successfully overcame a challenge by Quasimodo, and won the championship.

There are also individual sports such as Ping Pong, Racquetball and Squash. This year Senior Brad Hefler was a dual champion in both Ping Pong and Racquetball. Although, the competition was tough, he held out in both sports with dramatic last day victories over his challengers. Coach Edeline was the squash champion.
Fall is also the time for many of our varsity athletes to exhibit their skills. For many of the teams, the fall season serves as a warm-up for the Spring. That does not mean that practice gets any easier. If you have nothing better to do at 7:00 am, and you go down to the Smith Center, you would be able to witness their preparation for competition. The practices are long and hard. It is hard enough just getting up at 6:30 am, let alone knowing that in a half hour you have to run, jump, stretch and physically strain yourself. It takes a great deal of dedication and discipline to keep up the daily monotony of practice. Whether our teams win or lose, the athletes deserve our recognition and support for just participating.
WOMEN’S SOCCER

This year, GWU welcomed a new sport to the Varsity level, becoming the only school in the District to offer soccer for women. Under Coach Rue Davidson and the leadership of Co-Captains Carrie Domenico and Kathie Wagstaff, the team jelled into a tight cohesive unit. Led on defense by All-American Teresa Dolan, and on offense by Beth Schel, the team was in every contest to the final minutes. Among the highlights of the season were Sandy Rex’s hat trick against our arch rival from the North, Rutgers University, and Karen Vanhorn’s hat trick against Mary Washington College. As Coach Rue Davidson said “The team has a lot of togetherness; we have a nucleus of players that are establishing a really super team. With an excellent crop of freshmen recruits the team has pledged itself to being a national contender in a few years.” Women’s soccer is a team of hard working, all out hustle players striving to improve themselves. With a year’s playing experience behind them they should greatly improve next year and it probably won’t be long till we are a power to be reckoned with.
MEN’S SOCCER

On the men’s side of the soccer coin, the 1980 season was dedicated to the seasoning of a new group of freshmen players. With 12 freshmen on the squad, ten of which were Americans, the team was in the midst of a rebuilding season. Coach Edeline, in his eighth year at GW (he has compiled an excellent 58-34-2 lifetime record), viewed this season as a transition period. Coming off a respectable 1979 season where the team had reached 11th place ranking in the National polls before a late season collapse, many people expected a great deal from the team. But, there was an enormous amount of youth on this team which will need a year or two of experience before they reach their potential. But, this year did prove that the ability was there. With a little luck in the
beginning of the season the team could have greatly improved on its 6-6-2 record. The team was led by Co-Captains Tim Gudry, Meiku Stewart and Senior Mohsen Miri who left his position as an All American Defensive Back to move to the front lines, where he was the team's second leading scorer. Also, giving the team top flight performance were freshmen Yared Aklilu who led the team in scoring and junior back Michel Vaugeois who was the mainstay of the defense. With only three players graduating and a year-round training program which includes a fall season, a winter weight-lifting program, and a spring season as a Club, Coach Edeline looks forward to a very successful season next year.
The Women's tennis team had the most successful season among all GWU athletic teams. They became the first team ever to go undefeated throughout the whole fall season. The team dominated most of their matches. During one span they beat their three area rivals, George Mason, Georgetown and American by scores of 9-0, 4-2, and 5-4. Two new freshmen, Laurie Lafair and Sue Casper, made the transition from high school to college very smoothly, with Sue Casper a walk-on going undefeated throughout the season. Top seeded junior Linda Barney played consistently throughout the entire season. The highlight of the season came in the Tennis Life Tourney. The team finished sixth, its best ever. Coach Hoben was very pleased with her teams placing, "The teams that beat us all have extensive programs. This is our best showing and I think the best the team has ever done in a tournament of this caliber." The team is looking forward to another record season. As Coach Hoben said, "We have worked to eliminate all inner team rivalries and are playing together as well or better than any team GWU has ever had."

WOMEN'S TENNIS
WOMEN’S VOLLEYBALL

The women’s volleyball team also had an outstanding season in 1980. When Coach Pat Sullivan arrived in 1978 the Volleyball team was a competitive small college team. The nucleus of a potential winning team was evident in the dedication of the ’78 squad. Today, as a Division I competitor, that potential has blossomed, as talented players have been added to complement the dedication already evident. Senior Captain Linda Barney is the sole survivor of those days. She expresses the growth best by explaining the nervousness Maryland’s team exudes when playing GW now, as opposed to the intimidation the Colonials felt in previous match ups. Indeed, Maryland should be nervous as they lost to the Spikers four times this season. But, Maryland girls are not the only ones who were nervous. With GW’s 43-11 performance this year, they made many teams nervous as well. The reward for all the handwork was a fourth place ranking in the Eastern Region of Division I. In a season as good as this one there are many highlights. Early on in the season the Spikers defeated Maryland at Cole House in a grueling two and one-half hour match that went a full five games with the Colonials taking Maryland 17-15, 15-8, 8-15, 9-15, and 15-10. This match gave GW an early season record of 17-2. Another highlight was the sweep of a Quad match at the United States Naval Academy boosting the teams season record to 39-11; GW didn’t lose one game. With Lori Ondusko and Trish Schlapo leading the team through victory after victory during the whole match. Finally, they closed out the season by sweeping the First Annual GWU Classic. The tournament included area rivals Georgetown, and the U of M and four of the top six teams on the East Coast. The team dominated the tournament and the wins were a great way to close out a fantastic season.
OCTIVITIES

The Red Lion, which this past summer had moved down I Street to atop the Bone due to GWU construction, suffered from a fire on October 7. The early morning blaze forced the Lion to close its doors for good to the public. For a lot of us, this meant the end of an era. The Lion had been the place to go for a drink or sandwich with friends. Many of us had spent long hours enjoying the atmosphere. There would be nights during the week when there just wasn’t space enough for another person inside. The Lion was a quaint little bar, with a fireplace in the middle and intimate tables against the walls. The walls were covered with memorabilia collected over the years. The deep red wallpaper gave you a feeling of warmth. When you were in the Lion, it didn’t feel like you were just in a room filled with people; it gave off its own unique atmosphere that many a GWU student enjoyed. You can remember going there on a Thursday night with the gang or by yourself for a quiet lunch during the week. The closing of the Red Lion meant that the future GWU students would not have the privilege to experience it. The Red Lion, however, will live on in the memories of GW students. As those flames engulfed the confines of the Red Lion, it not only destroyed a building but also brought an end to an era.

The Program Board was by no means quiet during this month. They brought us many memorable events. There was the candlelight walk, which was co-sponsored by GWUSA, which was to bring attention to the dark and dangerous areas of G.W.U.’s campus. They demonstrated this fact by walking to the various dark spots on campus with only candles guiding their way. Daniel Elsberg delivered a speech and answered the questions of G.W.U. students. Papa John Creech and the Legends were among the bands that packed the Rat. Popsinger Steve Forbert delivered an enjoyable concert at Lisner Auditorium. The audience appreciation of the music could be clearly seen, as they sang and danced along with the music. One of the most memorable moments of the month was the party held in honor of “Montie” at the TKE house. George Washington University is probably the only school in the country that can boast that they had a charity party for a dog. Montie is the white dog seen around campus, sometimes followed by his owner Steve Berkowitz. The party was given when, last June, Montie was struck by an automobile. The accident resulted in a broken left foot which did not heal properly. The dog necessitated a complicated and expensive operation so that he could walk again. Steve, not being able to afford such an operation, decided to seek help from the GWU community that loved Montie so much. On October 11th, a party was given to raise money for the operation. It was a complete success, over $600 was raised, and the party itself was one of the best of the year. Montie had the operation and can now be seen once again prancing around campus and playing with whomever is around at the given moment. The students of this university came through in the clutch, and Montie has them to thank for his good health.
HALLOWEEN

With the month all but done, there was still one more celebration to take place, Halloween. This day has always brought with it an air of festivity for all of us. It is a night of trick or treating, costumes, and a multitude of parties. There are many traditional ways that G.W.U. commemorates this night of ghosts, witches, and warlocks. A costume is necessary garb for the evening, and the more imaginative the better. With your costume adorning your body, you head up to Massachusetts Ave. and Embassy row, to go trick or treating, this is where you get the most imaginative treats. Where else can you go trick or treating and receive treats on elaborately designed gold and silver platters. This year the Japanese and Indian Embassies get the prize for the most unique treats. Each served a native delicacy along with proverbs from their respective philosophies. As you continued down Mass. Ave. on your way into Georgetown you branch off and go to houses of such famous people as Elizabeth Taylor, Hamilton Jordan, and many others. Once in Georgetown, the scene is indescribable. Traffic is snarled and people everywhere are dressed in the most outrageous costumes. It is as though the Pied Piper walked throughout the nation collecting the most uncommon costumes and the craziest people, brought them to Georgetown and released them. There were parties everywhere, and as the streets became the outlet for the hoards of people, the area took on the look of Mardi Gras.

Georgetown isn’t the only place where a big party is being thrown. In the first floor cafeteria of the Marvin Center, the Program Board is sponsoring its largest party of the year. As you walk back through campus one cannot help but notice the party atmosphere, as goblins, death voooods and pirates have taken the student’s place. Once inside the cafeteria, the variety of costumes are overwhelming. There are playboy bunnies, clowns, military figures, sports personalities and your usual assortment of Halloween getups. It’s amazing how different your peers look. You see things you never noticed, for instance, that Ross could pass as Fidel Castro’s brother. As the night progresses, a costume contest is held and won by two people dressed as Sperm cells. But, as the witches return to their covens, and the ghosts to their graves, we returned to being students; for this is the disguise that fits us best.
Greece is at war; sons and husbands are dying on the battlefield. The women are tired and war-weary. One Athenian woman, Lysistrata, has a plan to bring peace to Greece — all the women will abstain from pleasing their husbands and remain in the Acropolis until peace is made. When the pressure becomes unbearable, even the most stolid Spartans relent and abandon war for sex.

This is the plot of Aristophane's comedy *Lysistrata*, which was performed at the GW Theatre, October 14-18. A total of 47 students were involved in the production, including cast and back up crew. A tremendous amount of time and effort was put into the production of *Lysistrata*. This was reflected in the creative costumes, make-up, sets, and lighting.

The set created by Bradley Sabelli was meticulously designed using lighting as well as a backdrop to create a unique atmosphere. The costumes, designed by Bill Pucilowsky, were created so as to characterize individual personalities as well as coordinate with the rest of the production. Make-up was complicated yet carefully applied as to be effective in portraying age as well as beauty.
WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?

The University's second theatre production this season was Edward Albee's "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?". It is an intense drama dealing with life's problems and how one couple deals with them. The setting is a small college town. The couple, a professor and his wife, return from a faculty reception around midnight and entertain a new young professor and his wife. The play centers on what happens that night. Although only four characters are involved, the depth of the talent presented was superb. Each character was believable and extremely effective in their roles.

GEORGE GROVER GARDNER
MARTHA DEIRDRE LAVRAKAS
NICK PHIL BAKIN
HONEY KATHY DAVIDOV
November
Nobody for President
DECISION — 1980

The campaign had started many months back. In fact, for most of the candidates it had started years back. The challenger, Ronald Reagan, started his campaign for the Presidency 16 years ago, as he finished a campaign speech for then Republican nominee Barry Goldwater. At that moment he knew what he wanted, and started his quest for the Presidency. Incumbent Jimmy Carter started campaigning for his second term four years ago, on the first day of his first term. But the days had dwindled down to a precious one. As the sun began its trek across the continent, Americans awoke Tuesday to an unfamiliar sound — quiet. The speeches had been made, the plans and programs recited. Hoarse and bone weary, candidates for office everywhere hauled themselves out of bed; principals in the long drama, they now could merely join the audience for the final act of voting.

The day brought a million repetitions of a single paradox: casting a ballot is an intensely private act of enormous public consequence. The electorate had scarcely sat down to watch itself on television when it had learned what it had done: an incumbent President had been defeated. The voters had given Ronald Reagan a place in history as his successor. The rippling effects of November 4th will be felt for years, yet it all stemmed from choices made in a voting booth, that unique envelope of solitude. This peaceable allocation of vast power was as ever, the most remarkable aspect of Election Day.

On a personal level, Election Day meant watching the results that night or doing some last minute campaigning for the candidate of your choice. But as the sun began to set, and Election night arrived, most of us settled in to watch Walter Cronkite deliver the returns of what was supposed to be a tightly fought battle for the highest office in the land. There were probably only a small group of people who would have predicted otherwise. Why just that morning, the headline of the Washington Post had read “Election too Close to Call.” But no sooner had you sat down in front of trustworthy Walter, did the news of a landslide start to come in. Yes, landslide: stunning, startling and astounding. Beyond the wildest dreams and nightmares of the contending camps, beyond the furthest predictions of the armies of pollsters, pundits and political professionals. Even Professor Wayne, GWU’s own Presidential Whiz Kid had predicted a hotly contested election. The American voter had acted and struck again. The ponderous apparatus of the television networks Election Night coverage, was able to declare Jimmy Carter the loser, and Ronald Reagan the winner as early as 8:15 pm EST.

Whether you supported Reagan or Carter during the
election, your chin still fell to the floor in amazement. It was a savage repudiation of an incumbent President not seen since FDR swept away Herbert Hoover in the midst of the Great Depression. America chose Ronald Wilson Reagan at 69, the oldest man ever to be elected President. As you watched the tidal wave of the landslide roll through Carter’s native South and into the nation’s industrial heartland, it became evident to even the most amateur political soothsayer that Jimmy Carter was going to lose. Being in Washington gave you the opportunity to attend all the election night parties. As Walter announced that Jimmy Carter was going to deliver his concession speech at 9:45 pm, you raced out to Pennsylvania Avenue and caught a taxi up to the Sheraton on Connecticut Avenue. You arrived only to learn that one needed tickets to get into see his speech. Not to be lured away, your friend Andy came up with the devious yet brilliant plan of getting in. Following closely behind him, the group quietly walked around to the kitchen entrance, and into the big hall. Once inside, one felt a warmth of democratic feeling. In front of you were thousands of people loyal to the Democratic cause and Jimmy Carter. They had come to see their man deliver what would prove to be one of his most sincere speeches. There were Carter/Mondale posters everywhere, and the band tried to revive the crowd’s spirit by playing the old Democratic Party fight song, *Happy Days Are Here Again*. But the mood was too sullen, for on this night, the 40 year New Deal coalition that FDR had built during the 1930’s, was breathing its last breath. Nobody could or would predict its chance of resuscitation at this moment. Jimmy arrived followed by his closest aides, supporters and family, baring a smile on his face which seemed to lift the crowd’s spirits. It must have been hard for him to hide his true feelings of total dejection, but he did — except for a few lapses during his speech. As he spoke, you could hear an occasional yell of support from the audience of “We Want Jimmy,” or “Four More Years,” but everybody knew these were just hopeful thoughts of loyal Democratic supporters. His speech was all class and well done. As he finished, and the crowd gave him one last standing ovation, you tried to position yourself for one last handshake. Positioning yourself perfectly, you achieved this feat, and after he left, Pat Caddell, Jimmy Carter’s own pollster, was saying that he had told Jimmy Carter of the outcome two days earlier, and after hearing it, Jimmy and Rosalynn had broken down and cried. Once again, you felt a deep admiration for him.
After leaving the Sheraton, the group walked down Connecticut Avenue to the Republican celebration at the Hilton. Once inside, you noticed a 180° turn in the mood of the crowd. This mass of people were celebrating a victory. Their man had won. It was quite amazing that only four blocks away, one party was very sullen, but here was a party loud with cries of victory oblivious to the other. There were people all around, drinks in hand and smiles on faces, just basking in the glory of victory. As you walked through hall after hall, you noticed many small parties in individual rooms. One of your friends commented that you did not get the same feeling of togetherness in this hotel as the other. You agreed, and added that even though everybody was enjoying the thrill of victory, it seemed as though the people were suffering the agony of defeat were much closer, and cared more about one another.

Just to be able to say you did not leave anybody out, you now ventured over to John Anderson’s party at the Hyatt Regency. This was probably the best one of them all. Though their candidate had been soundly defeated, the supporters were happy in that they were able to get their message out to the people — never thinking of winning John Anderson just wanted to make an impact. He did, and got just enough votes to qualify for matching funds. People here were out to celebrate the end of a long, but successful campaign.

Back in your room, you tuned in on to Walter to see the final results of the day. The news was shocking. The tidal wave had continued its roll throughout the West, and finally but reluctantly taking the Northeast, including Massachusetts and New York. When it was all over, Reagan had won the projected 51% of the votes, and an overwhelming 44 states with the staggering total of 489 electoral votes. Carter took 41% of the vote, and a mere six states, with 49 electoral votes.

Moreover, Reagan had carried Republicans to victory, or perhaps Carter had dragged Democrats to defeat. The Republicans took control of the Senate for the first time in 26 years and made substantial gains in the House, and created more conservative chambers for the Reagan Administration, and defeated many key Democrat stalwarts. The voters who cast their ballots for the President-elect who has pledged to reverse the tone and direction that have prevailed in Washington for almost half a century also retired such noble liberal Democrats as George...
McGovern of South Dakota, Birch Bayh of Indiana, Frank Church of Idaho, and John Culver of Iowa. Even Washington's Warren Magnuson, a fixture in the Senate since 1944, and number one in seniority among all 100 senators, went down in defeat. In the House, powerful Ways and Means chairman Al Ullman was defeated, as was Indiana's John Brademas, the majority whip. As Walter signed off around 3 a.m., you wandered into your bed in disbelief. Nobody had predicted such a domination by the Republican Party, least of all your average college student. Leaving the pondering of why it happened for another day, you got into bed contemplating what the night's results will mean for the activities of tomorrow.

Why did Ronald Reagan win so resoundingly? The causes stem from a multitude of reasons. Reagan's triumph did dismember the old Democratic coalitions. Jews, labor unions, ethnic whites, big city voters, all gave Reagan far more votes than they usually cast for a Republican candidate. The disaster left the Democratic party which has held the presidency for 32 of the past 48 years since 1932, badly in need of a new vision and agenda. The results brought down every comfortable assumption that the pundits had made about how Americans would cast their ballots. Among them: The growing premise that the American hostages in Iran would be returned. The closest thing to the October surprise that the Reagan camp had dreaded apparently did not help Carter a bit but probably hurt him. Independent John Anderson did not elect Ronald Reagan by significantly weakening Jimmy Carter. Rather, he had no effect on the election outcome as a whole. The huge number of voters who had told pollsters that they were undecided evidently broke down deciding for Ronald Reagan, thus confounding the conventional wisdom that disaffected Democrats in the end would come home to the party. Women, who had been particularly susceptible to Jimmy Carter's statement that Ronald Reagan was a warmonger, did not vote democratic in any of the numbers predicted.

Basically, what it came down to was that Americans were fed up with their situation, both at home and abroad, and were looking for a change. Ronald Reagan's victory is due as much from happenstance as anything else. Most of those votes weren't Pro-
Reagan but Anti-Carter. Reagan's brilliantly conceived line of "Are you better off today than you were four years ago? If not, vote for a new direction," was very successful. At home, Americans were worried by the high interest rates, inflation and unemployment rates. Foreign goods were beginning to dominate our markets and in many American's eyes, Jimmy Carter had proved unable to solve these overwhelming problems. Abroad, the people of this land were confused by the apparent lack of strength of the greatest country in the world. They no longer wanted to be branded a sleeping giant. They felt that Jimmy Carter was not strong enough to change this feeling. With the final weekend of news about the hostages' possible release, then the falling through of the plan, Americans were reminded about all the corrosive things that had been happening to America over the past year. The continuous pictures of Americans held captive, served as a visual reminder of our weaknesses abroad, that oil prices were climbing to unbelievable rates, and that it just plain costs more to live.

The election of Ronald Reagan possibly brings to an end the New Deal Era. President Reagan has pledged to begin his own New Era. He promises a stronger America; an America rid of the burden of inflation, and to get the government off the backs of the people. During the campaign, Ronald Reagan constantly quoted FDR, as he was trying to reassure the poor in America that his change in ideology and policy did not mean the survival of the fittest. President Reagan has promised to slash the budget, and balance it within three years, issue a thirty percent tax cut and build up Armed Forces. Will he be successful? Only time can answer that question. As we enter this New Era of supply-side economics and Republicanism, let us not forget the needy and the poor just because this voice is not loud as the Chrysler Corporation's. Let us not forget to give these people a chance to better themselves, for America is the land of opportunity.

The people voted for a change as much as for Ronald Reagan. Let us just hope that this new administration does not abuse its power, and hope that it leads America back on the path to renewal in all spheres of activity.
With the elections over and the commentaries written and read, everybody returned to living a normal life. In November, this means the celebration of Thanksgiving Day. Every year Americans across the nation gather with family and close friends to commemorate the good life that each one of us lives. For college students, Thanksgiving denotes a well earned break after a long, hard semester, and a needed vacation before the onslaught of finals. But, before one goes home for Thanksgiving, there are many Thanksgiving feasts on campus. This is fitting, for even though Thanksgiving is still a few days away, a commemoration of the day would be incomplete if you
did not celebrate it with the people who spend the year with you. Your friends here at school have over the years, become a very important and special part of your life. The people you have lived with along with your closest buddies, probably know you as well as you know yourself, if not better. They are people you can depend on, and enjoy the daily experiences that our world of college life presents us with. The holiday brings these thoughts into focus each year. The taste of turkey in November has become synonymous with many things, but one of them for most people, is the taste of friendship and what it means to have it.
"Look at the person to your left, and then to your right. One of those two individuals will not be attending this school next year. Welcome to the George Washington University."

Four years ago, the attrition rate at GW was approximately 50%. As a freshman, I was deeply bothered by this statistic. Why would almost half the people who chose to come here leave after just one year? Of course a certain amount flunk out, have delusions of campus greenery (the quad and the tree), and find themselves unable to adjust to the big city feeling of Washington. With concrete and marble edifices standing erect along Independence, Constitution and Pennsylvania Avenues like a regiment at attention, each building stands alone on acres of space. The majority are museums, galleries, bureaucratic agencies, or national headquarters. The actual business district is located on K street between 23rd and 12th streets N.W. This cannot be compared to the metropolises of New York, Los Angeles or Chicago and other cities of the like.

However, despite the fact that GW offers extensive studies in fields such as engineering, public and international affairs, government and business administration, medical sciences, and political science, the direction given to students is not vigorously supported by the administration. This is not to say the administration should coerce the students into participating in programs designed to utilize the abundant resources at hand. This type of attitude among the GW community should be prevalent as well as visible.

I entered GW four years ago convinced good grades would come easily, and working on Capitol Hill was just part of the political science program a majority of "poli sci" majors enjoyed. After two years, dismal grades and an education in the recreational use of time replaced these expectations. Only one of the six political science courses I had taken even suggested the use of D.C.'s resources. Of all my friends, not one had an internship or knew of the process for obtaining one. The only hint I had of its existence was in print on a political science requirement sheet. Neither professors nor peers discussed the matter with me. Hence, a lack of interest prevailed in my attitude. My father questioned the validity of furthering my education at GW. That concept struck a nerve in my spine. It was time to achieve.

Although my grades greatly improved my junior year, the same attitude persisted among the community at GW. How was I to get myself involved with D.C. itself, and more importantly secure an internship? I determined my best bet was to become familiar with my congressman's views. During the summer between my junior and senior years, I worked as a volunteer on my congressman's campaign at his district campaign headquarters. He is the honorable James Howard, District 3, D-N.J. I spoke with him on a few occasions, and became familiar with his position in Congress. According to the professor who coordinates the internships on Capitol Hill, I had to have an okay for my internship from Congressman Howard before the beginning of the semester. Two weeks before returning to school, I typed a formal letter to the Congressman outlining the details of an internship, and requested one. Ten days later, I was informed by his administrative assistant that I had been granted an internship on Capitol Hill in conjunction with GW, and that I would be working nine to twelve, Monday through Friday.

The only way that I prepared for my internship was to secure a wardrobe of interchangeable dress pants, shirts, ties, and a very comfortable pair of shoes. Otherwise, I really had no clue as to what would be expected of me. I was aware that somewhere along the line I would have to formulate a project paper concerning a piece of legislation proposed by my Congressman as part of GW's formal internship requirements.

The easiest way to get to Capitol Hill from GW is via the Metro. Since I live in Mitchell Hall, I decided to board at the Farragut West Station, which enabled me to take either the blue or orange line to the Capitol South Station. The first day I went to the office, located in the Rayburn Building, I gave myself an hour. When I got to the Metro, hundreds of people in a mass exodus were coming up the escalators. I had no idea of the numbers of people that commuted into D.C. from Virginia and Maryland via the Metro system. Even in this confusion, it took only a half hour from door to door.

Upon entering the office, I introduced myself to the secretary at the desk, Joy. She welcomed me "aboard" and then introduced me to the rest of the staff. I already knew the Administrative Assistant, Tim Sullivan, and the Legislative Assistant, Nancy, from the campaign. Then there was the receptionist.
Helen, the executive secretary who was Joy, the caseworkers Lisa, Glen, Carroll, and Rosalie, and the legislative aides Annette and Bill. Congressman Howard had an entire room to himself. Joy and Helen were in the room as you entered. Tim and Nancy were in another room, and the rest of the staff along with the interns were in another room. Everyone had their own desks and telephones, watts lines, and intercom systems. There were two desks allocated to interns, and since I was the first to start work, I assumed one of the desks to work at. Later in the semester another intern earning credit from University of Maryland, joined the staff. Other interns from Georgetown University and GW interned voluntarily one or two days a week. All of the interns lived in District 3 New Jersey.

I basically followed a routine while working in the office. First thing in the morning I would spend at least a half hour filling whites. Whites are copies of letters that are responses to mail received by the office. Approximately 35 to 50 letters are received daily which require an answer. Hence, it is obvious that much time is spent on the mail, and Congressman Howard feels that constituent mail is a vital aspect of his duties and gives them immediate attention. After the filing was completed, I would spend at least a half hour reading District 3 newspapers for local news of interest for the Congressman. Nancy gave me a list of such interests and then instructed me to clip these articles out of the newspapers for the Congressman. Actually, he reads these papers himself, plus an assortment of magazines every morning, so this is really a precautionary measure and for filing purposes. Any article I found that may have been of interest I was to clip out.

Once I completed these vital functions, the rest of my time was spent on tasks given to me by anyone in the office, including the Congressman. On alternating weeks I would specifically work with either the caseworkers or the legislative aides. For example, if a letter was received asking for a copy of a bill, I would call the documents room in the Capitol and request a copy for the constituent. Another example would be if a letter was received inquiring about federally funded programs for the construction of wind generators, I would call the IRS and acquire the appropriate information for a response to be formulated by the Congressman.

Besides these tasks, I was asked to perform many chores involving the various aspects of a Congressman’s job. I would run errands back and forth to the Capitol via the underground trolley connecting the Rayburn and Capitol buildings. One of the most memorable experiences I had on the Hill was when I represented the Congressman for a group of junior high school students and their principal who were visiting from the District. I accompanied them on a tour through the Capitol and had to answer a plethora of questions specifically designed for the situation.

Working on Capitol Hill in the fall of 1980 allowed me to get an inside view of the aura of elections. Literally, every weekend Congressman Howard would fly home to the District to attend to his campaign, and then fly back to D.C. for the week’s work on the Hill. Not only is this an extremely demanding position, but it adds a bit of tension to the Hill. Some staffers worry about their jobs, and people on the whole seem to be very concerned, with each passing day, about each thing that may have an adverse effect on the election. Congressman Howard won his election by one percentage point in a district that consists of over 200,000 people. All of us in the office feel this is a tribute to him because many of his peers did not win. His hard work and dedication for his district had not gone unnoticed. After the election, he had an informal chat with us explaining his feelings on this campaign. Since, I had worked all summer on it, I felt a closeness to what he said. It was a genuinely warm feeling.

In retrospect, the experience I gained on Capitol Hill was invaluable. While working on my project paper, I learned how to use the resources available to Congressmen. For example, I used the Library of Congress, the Congressional Research Service and dealt with specific agencies that would help me in writing my paper. These services are abundant and very accessible. Since the setting was a business type office, I learned the skills of patience, tact, etiquette and was given an opportunity to view society and all the people in it. Ultimately, I discovered how to absorb the depths of resources available here in our nation’s capital. We have come to Washington D.C. to study at an institution of higher learning, but, let us not be confined to its grounds. Go out and capture the opportunities only a stone’s throw away!!

Steven A. Zabarsky
Political Science Major
December
WEEK OF RECKONING

When Thanksgiving vacation drew to a close, all G.W.U. students came back to finish up the semester. Having seen our friends from home, stuffed ourselves with piece after piece of turkey, and watched 40 hours of football. Now we were ready to tackle the two days of classes left and the week of reckoning — Finals. Classes ended on December 2nd and finals came the following week. It seems every year the semester gets shorter. Most students thank God that some bright administrator has decided to give the students a study week. You know, that week between classes and finals when you are supposed to do nothing but study. For some of us it is a godsend. Without it we would never be able to goof off all semester. Others use it as an extra vacation to spend a week skiing or sunning. For the students who have
kept up with their work all semester it serves as a welcome break and prep period for finals. The only really bad thing about study week is that it is the harbinger of finals week, which is no joy to any of us!

For many people the last days of classes were special ones. The freshmen had completed their first semester of higher education and now it was time to prove to themselves and to others that they understood what they learned. For the seniors their last Fall Semester made graduating a reality. As everyone rushed about it was common to hear “Five more finals, then last semester, and it’s all over.”

There is always that thought in the back of your mind on the last day of classes, to “cut or not to cut.” Most of us usually end up attending the last day of class because there is always that enduring hope that the teacher will give out the questions or some unbelievable hint of what is going to be on the final.

Study week this semester was characterized by the same crowds one sees in the library every year. The library becomes the most popular spot on campus and the place to see all your friends. Students arrive at the library early in the day and find a seat, or have a friend, who is going early, save a seat. Is there a difference between the people who study in the Fishbowl and those in the carrolls (stacks)? No matter where one studies each area is equally crowded with students eager to calculate, memorize, outline, highlight and read all the materials assigned to them.

There are those people that find other places to study, besides the library. It is quite amazing, and sometimes humorous, the places you can find people studying. During study week and finals period almost anyplace you look on campus, in rooms or even bathrooms there are people with books and legal pads cramming for that all-encompassing test. The “Med” School has become so popular that you can no longer find an empty room. The time has come to buckle down and finally learn the reasons behind the laws of supply and demand.

As finals start, you can’t help but notice the change in mood and diet on campus. A feeling of anxiety tends to loom over everyone’s actions. Everything that we do takes on an important status and must be done now not later. One finds himself drinking more coffee and coke and eating more Three Musketeers bars than ever before; sleep becomes irrelevant. The cigarette or pen cap becomes an object of aggression as we release our pent-up anxiety. Finals are made even more anxiety provoking by their schedules. Each year it seems as though everybody’s first four finals are in the first three days of finals period and their last one is far away at the end. This creates intense pressure for those first four exams and an added anxiety for the whole week before the last exam.

Another truly frustrating situation during finals week is, after studying so hard for an exam, to find that the test has been made optional. The “blue book blues” is also a common phenomenon. Surely everyone has seen someone enter a final examination without a blue book. Panic sets in. Immediately they scan the room for those overzealous people, who seem to have everything, in their search for an extra blue
book. There are those with boxes of pencils, pens and numerous erasers who look ready for anything. Their only problem is balancing all of those pens and pencils so that they remain on the desk during the examination!

The "calculator syndrome" also takes place at this time. There are those people who bring a case of calculator batteries in case their calculator runs out of juice. Those people less prepared have yet another problem. They have no batteries and must be one of the first people in the room to get near one of the few electrical outlets in the room. Well, each year we face the same situations and each year we all vow to be better prepared the next semester.

As you hand in that last final and walk out the door of the classroom a feeling of complete relief flows through your body. This is followed by a feeling of exhaustion. The celebrations around campus are loud and happy as another semester goes into the records.

With the semester over it is time for the long awaited Christmas break. Yes, that glorious four weeks when anything goes. Most of us have made plans to go home with an occasional weekend trip to visit a friend or nearby attraction, and then there are the lucky ones who go to Florida, the Caribbean, or some other place where the warm sun shines. These people are highly visible when school begins. They are the ones with the dark suntans, not the pale white that you will be wearing. But no matter where you are going or what you are doing one thing is for sure, you are not thinking about next semester!
OUR MENTORS

Professors. What can you say about them? Teachers have been the source of commentary for ages. The Bible labels them the keepers of the faith. Plato remarks that they should be placed in the top echelon of society. Students through the ages have never given teachers much respect. They have in general tended to take them for granted. The students at GWU are no different than their forebearers. We came to college expecting professors that were learned in their fields and respected by their peers. There are of course some teachers that we have liked and have measured up to these standards. Then there are those teachers who fall into the category Woody Allen was referring to when he said, “Those who can’t do, teach.” These are the teachers that give us our afternoon nap. The classes one prays for after pulling an all nighter and being in desperate need of sleep. There are also those teachers who can put an entire class on the edge of their seats with their lectures. These are the classes that students walk out pondering the meaning of life. They have increased your knowledge and inspired you to fight for social injustice, bring peace to the world, or make your fortune.

Our professors are always willing to give us their pearls of wisdom but we hardly ever take the time to listen. After semesters of closing our ears, we will now give them a chance to give us advice for our futures.
BIOLOGY
Adkins, Merchant, Mescher, Packer, Timberlake, Donaldson, Burns
Hufford, Knowlton, Schiff, Johnson, Wells, Seifert

ACCOUNTING
F. Kurtz, F. Rooney, A. Mastro, D. Sheldon, M. Gallagher, C. Paik
BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION
F. Amling, G. P. Lauter, G. Black, W. Handorf, W. Breneman, N. Budy, P. Grob,

ENGLISH TENURE
D. McAleavey, J. Quitslund, J. Maddox, R. Combs, J. Reesing, S. Sten, A. E. Claeyssens, J., J. Alice, P. Highfill, G. Fassett

CHEMISTRY

CLASSICS
M. Tickn, J. Ziolkowski, E. Fisher
ECONOMICS

GEOGRAPHY
M. Gordon, A. Fitzsimmons, J. Lone, E. Pederson, C. Perin

EDUCATION
GERMANIC LANGUAGE & LITERATURE
K. Thoenelt, J. King, C. Steiner

GEOLOGY
A. Coates, R. Lindholm, F. Siegel, J. Lewy, G. Carroll

HISTORY

JOURNALISM
R. Wilson, J. Goldsmith, C. Blount, P. Robbins
MUSIC

G. Steiner, N. Tikens, R. Parris

MATHEMATICS


PHYSICS


PHILOSOPHY

R. French, P. Churchill, R. Schlagel, W. Griffith, J. Moreno
POLITICAL SCIENCE
Lichter, H. LeBlanc, S. Wayne, S. Carroll, J. Herig, C. Deering, C. McCintock, P. Kim
M. Sodan, B. Reich, B. Nimer, D. Sapin

RELIGION
H. Yeide, D. Wallace, A. Hiltebeitel, S. Quarlsland, D. Abshuler

PSYCHOLOGY
Meltzer, S. Karp, E.L. Phillips, S. Green, J. Mossel, E. Abravanel, C. Rice
SLAVIC LANGUAGES
W. Rowe, I. Thompson, C. Moser, G. Olkhousky, N. Nator, M. Miller, S. Ficks

SINO SOVIET

SPEECH & DRAMA
SCHOLARLY ADVICE

Always retain your sense of humor.
Prof. L. Robinson

A piece of advice from the Talmud, "We do not see things as they are, we see things as we are." Remember that.
Prof. L. Humphrey

Avoid war whenever possible!
Bob Doltzler (T.A.)

We must strive to do our best, even though our best may not be good enough.
Prof. Shieh

Unhappiness is the discrepancy between what you expect and what you get. Therefore, keep your expectations realistic.
Prof. R. Tanck

Read profusely; listen carefully; be optimistic about the future; and don't let an elephant sit on you.
Prof. S.O. Schiff

The most important thing in life, more than material rewards or professional or social recognition, is personal integrity.
Prof. R. Schlagel

I offer you the fond wishes extended to students departing from an ancient rabbinic academy — may you live to see your world fulfilled and may your hopes live forever; may your heart resound with understanding, your mouth speak wisdom, and your tongue burst forth in song; may your eyes radiate with enlightenment and your face shine with the brightness of heaven; may your lips utter knowledge and your conscience rejoice in right paths, and may your steps run to hear words forever true. (From the Babylonian Talmud, Berachot 1a)
Prof. D. Altshuler

Whatever learning and knowledge took place at G.W., put it to good use and continue your education both personal and professional. Education is an ongoing process — doesn't stop when you get a degree — so continue to learn and experience and I wish you all the luck in your future years.
Prof. C. Steiner

Honor your friends and family as we progress through the work of life. Jobs change. Friends and family do not.
Prof. W.C. Handorf
In your own selective fields, strive to keep up to date in trends and developments. Go all out to avoid obsolescence.
Prof. W. Torpey

Identify what you want to get out of the future and focus your energy on working toward obtaining it.
Prof. B. Reich

Rely on your own judgement. It's the best you're likely to get.
Prof. F. Amling

Make sure, every day, to find something to shock you. Almost everything "out there" will be conspiring to de-sensitize you, to render you docile, conforming and shock proof. Only a continuing capacity to be shocked, whether in pleasure, outrage or just plain surprise, can keep you trim, vibrant, and growing.
Prof. A.H. Smith

Never ask advice or take advice from anybody — unless you also seek advice from others as well. The single source story is the most dubious kind in journalism. And so it is in life.
Prof. P. Robbins

Be confident! You have had a good education, and you can succeed. Life after school can be fun. Set some goals, challenge yourself and be positive.
Prof. B. Burdetsky

Do not waiver in the pursuit of your career objectives. Enjoy your life along the way.
Prof. A. Mastro

Develop the ability to concentrate on anything and to question everything.
Prof. J. Hilmy

Don't be too proud to ask for help.
Dean Rutledge

Learn to play poker. It will convince you that no matter how many others you can fool, you will always pay dearly when you fool yourself!
Prof. R. Stephens
THE PRESIDENTS SPEAK

LLOYD ELLIOT

When you walk into Lloyd Elliot's office the first thing you notice is how calm and relaxed he is. This is surprising considering the awesome responsibilities he has as president of this University. He is constantly in motion throughout the day. He also has had ample experience to become a first rate university administrator. A native West Virginian, he has served on the faculty of the University of Texas, University of Colorado, and Cornell University in addition to having served as the President of the University of Maine. He assumed the presidency of George Washington University in 1965. "I guess you can say that I am a wandering academician," is how he describes himself.

The future of GW is one thing Lloyd Elliot feels very relaxed talking about. He feels very optimistic about the university's progress in the next few years. "I feel that in ten years we are going to be a first rate University in the same league as Harvard. You know, one important aspect of higher education is the resources that a university can make available to the student body, specifically the quality of libraries." He pauses a moment and moves his hand slightly to emphasize his next point. "GW is fortunate in that we have three fine libraries for the students to draw upon. Of course, students are lucky to be in the backyard of the Library of Congress."

The phone rings and he excuses himself to take the call in the adjacent room. Elliot's eighth floor Rice Hall office is certainly spacious yet it is not overwhelming.

"Now where were we", he remarks as he reenters the room, and picks up the conversation. A conversation which he seems to be enjoying. He seems to be excited to be talking to students instead of the numerous Alumni that stop by.

What about the student body?
"They are great. They are a diversified body, coming from throughout the world."

What about student apathy?
Elliot observes that the wide scope of the student body is one reason why the students can not be quite as unified as perhaps some other schools are. "You have to realize that a majority of our people are commuters and graduate students. They just do not have the favorable conditions to get actively involved in extra-curricular activities."

He relaxes for a minute and continues his analysis of the approximately 15,000 students under his leadership.

"But, you must realize that we do not attract the 'big state school students'. Our students are not the 'football and fraternity type' like Penn State. The GW student who comes from out of state is attracted by the school's location — the nation's capitol — and all that it offers our student body."

He adds that "... those who are involved, seem to get a great deal out of their work."

President Elliot must not only deal with the concerns of the student body, he must also deal with the school's alumni and the demanding Board of Trustees. You would think that one member of the Board would have some criticism of him, but they do not. In fact, as Charles Diehl, Vice President and Treasurer, remarked about his colleague, "He is great. We all love him."
We could tell that the mood of the campus was changing. It wasn't a matter of student apathy. That was old hat by now. The me generation, the generation that spoke of resumes with the same mingled awe and terror that the word draft once evoked — they seemed to be dying out.

It was something different. A new Conservatism was emerging, a new patriotism. Students actually hung American flags out of their windows to protest Iran's seizure of the American Embassy. Students were heard actually arguing for the draft registration, and, seemingly overnight, Reagan-Bush buttons bloomed on student's dark-blue pin-striped lapels.

And so Reagan got elected and the budget got cut. Federal financial aid programs — the backbone of higher education in the era of spiraling tuition — were to be slashed. Enter the Student Association.

Actually, in some respects, it was a student body president's godsend. It hit students where they lived. It got students angry, active, and involved. The Student Association launched on the biggest lobbying effort we ever tried. At information tables, in newspaper ads, on flyers, and even in the classrooms, students were exhorted to call their congressmen, write letters, and threatened even closer to home. Red Lion Row, a distinctive block of historic townhouses dating from the 1800's were threatened with destruction as the University announced plans to build a huge office building right on campus. After facing opposition from many quarters, including the Student Association, the University decided to incorporate the townhouse into the new building. What's more, responding to Student Association initiatives, they have promised to include a galley of student oriented businesses into the plans for the building.

There was a lot of give and take in dealing with the Administration, and reasonable people disagree on who gave more and who took more. We took a monumental tuition increase, seven hundred dollars in one year, but we got some glorious concessions in return. Students now hold two of the seven seats on the University Budget Committee.

We also took the University to court. A pizzeria was proposed for the Margolis property on campus. We even went up to Capitol Hill. Seventeen students attended a national press conference. Individual students met with their congressmen on specially organized student lobbying days. In one such meeting with Virginia Senator John Warner, he looked at me and charged, "You guys won't leave us the hell alone," I just beamed.

Lobbying was a new thing for the Student Association. We really only began it this year, but already our reputation as a lobby school is spreading. It doesn't hurt to be in Washington. Capitol Hill is but a ten minute Metro ride away. And so, when our National Student Lobby needs warm student bodies to roam the halls of Congress, they call us. We are hosting two national student lobbying conferences, and are seeking to organize all D.C. area universities into one powerful voice, representing some 115,000 students.

Student services were big this year. We began the first time-based computerized carpooling system in the country. A candlelight walk demonstrated the need for better lighting on campus. Project awareness publicized some of the difficulties faced by disabled students at GW.

The G.W.U. Student Association has just passed its fourth birthday. In the four years I've been involved with it, I've seen a marked change. People no longer wonder whether we are going to survive. And with the lobbying activities, the court battles, the zoning hearings, going to school in Washington, D.C. is just what I hoped going to school in Washington, D.C. would be.
LENNON
1940-1980

Sitting back in your chair watching ABC Monday Night Football and listening to the running commentary of Don Meredith, Frank Gifford, and Howard Cosell, one's thoughts were consumed by the actions of the players on the field. Shortly before 11 o'clock, something happened of a magnitude never before witnessed on Monday Night Football. Howard Cosell broke off his usual monotone delivery and announced something that would totally shock his audience. The event that he was referring to was the shooting death of John Lennon. Immediately one's thoughts shifted from the football game to the man himself. John Lennon represented in every facet of his life the passage of time from the '60s to the '70s to the '80s. Just as the radicalism of the '60s led to the inactivity of the '70s and into the hopeful rebirth of the '80s, John Lennon's life was a parallel of the times. He burst into the lives of Americans across the nation as he appeared, along with the rest of the Beatles, on Ed Sullivan's Sunday Night Show. The early '60s was a time of cruising in your Chevy Corvair to the strains of "I Want to Hold Your Hand." Beatlemania had begun to sweep through America. Their humor, wit and music had begun to bring the youth of America into a new era. Their music was on top of the charts, with such hits as, "All My Lovin'," "Please, Please Me," and "She Loves You."

As President Johnson and private citizens began to realize that it was time to help their fellow Americans with the institution of the Great Society Programs, John Lennon's life took a turn. He could no longer cope with the everyday happenings in his life. He was constantly on the move and under pressure. He called out for help. "Help me if you can I'm feeling down, I do appreciate you being round, Help me get my feet back on the ground, Help me, please, please help me."

American youth simultaneously began to see social injustices that existed in the world and also discovered themselves. John also noticed injustices in his life. He had spent four straight years with the Beatles, never taking a moment off for himself. Finally, he took off for Spain, and wrote "Strawberry Fields Forever." The lyrics represent his feelings. "Let me take you down where I'm going to, Strawberry Fields, nothing is real, and nothing to get hung about, Straw-
him out telling him not to return until he had matured. John left, as did the Youth, not knowing in which direction to point his life. He went out to L.A. where, with his friends Bobby Keyes, Keith Moon, and Harry Nielsen, he spent months in a drunken stupor. He then spent a lot of time thinking about what he had left behind. He decided that he could not live without Yoko. She was his friend, lover, mother, and wife, and he needed to be with her. After an 18 month separation, Yoko and John were reunited. He went back to the studio and recorded songs with the familiar themes of peace and love. The words “Love is the answer and you know that for sure, Love is a flower and you gotta let it grow” from “Mind Games” shows his deep appreciation for the feelings of people.

After that nothing. John went into seclusion. Just as the hippies, yippies, and protestors of the ’60s became silent with the ending of the war, that institution that had held the young together, John also became silent after he had set his post-Beatle life straight. The ’70s were a time of apathy: a silence had hit the nation. No longer was it fashionable to protest the establishment. The youth of the ’70s spent their time learning how to become part of it, instead of protesting against it. During this time, John spent time with his wife and son. He enjoyed the personal life he never had. He spent his time playing with his child, cleaning house, baking bread, and finding himself. It was the epitome of the “me generation.” Then, all of a sudden, he returned to the studio. Once again he was making music and the old magic was back. With the release of the album “Double Fantasy,” the world learned what he had been doing for the past years. Songs such as “Woman,” “Watching the Wheels,” and “Starting Over,” brought us in tune once again with his feelings. His loyal fans returned, and his songs were once again on the top of the charts. Talk of a concert tour began to fill the air. Then on that fateful December evening, while returning home after working in the studio, he was shot to death. The words of Howard Cosell echo in our minds, “Yes, John Lennon is dead, but the dream lives on.”
January
SNOW DAZE

Christmas and New Years have come and gone. Before you know it, it is time for Spring Semester. The four week long break has gone by so quickly that you only accomplished half the things you wanted to do. There were all the friends you wanted to see, the old hang outs to visit and the new places you wanted to try. You did however find time to get a haircut and pick up a new pair of sneakers. For those who returned from the South, the rude shock of the cold north winds served as a reminder that Washington is not the beaches of Boca Raton. The skiers coming back from the north wondered where all the snow had gone and why it never came.

The weather in Washington was unbearably cold. The occasional snow storm did not even make it seem worthwhile. The mercury in the thermometer hovers around ten degrees with a wind chill factor of under zero. With temperatures like that, people stopped venturing outside unless it was totally necessary. The streets became race tracks with students running from one building to the next to avoid the cold. The occasional snow does however, add a certain touch to Washington and the GW campus. The off-white color of the marble buildings combined with the snow on the ground make the whole city blend together. A white blanket of snow covers everything. The snow has the effect of calming everything. People and cars move slower for fear of slipping or sliding. The tree branches hang low, heavy with snow. Even the bust of George Washington has a sullen look on its face when it is covered with snow. But for the students, the snow brings a chance to regress to childhood. Snowmen, Angels in the snow and snowball fights break­out throughout campus. We forget for awhile that we are college students learning how to make it in the real world. We return to the fantasy world of childhood escaping for a moment our lives as college students.
“TIE A YELLOW RIBBON . . . ”

The two most important events of January were the return of the Hostages from Iran and the Inauguration of Ronald Wilson Reagan as our 40th President. It was quite ironic that on the day Ronald Reagan took office, Jimmy Carter experienced his proudest moment as President, the release of the Hostages.

All week long the news that there was going to be a break in the stalemate between American diplomats and Iranian negotiators on the Hostage issue had filled our ears. Americans tried not to get excited by these reports, remembering the many times in the past that our hopes had been dashed by the unsuccessful attempts to work out compromises. And, while Warren Christopher was in Algeria negotiating the release of the Hostages, Republicans from all over the United States were on a pilgrimage to Washington for the celebration of the inauguration. For the whole weekend before Tuesday’s inauguration consisted of parties, parties, and more parties. There was not a tuxedo or limousine to be rented in the whole city. Everyplace a native Washingtonian went there were thousands of out-of-towners. No matter where one turned there were dignitaries and other famous people to look at. Ronald Reagan wanted his inauguration to emanate class and it did. There were mink coats, diamonds and high class people all over the place. Washington was the place to be if you were a part of high society.

On the eve of the inauguration Jimmy Carter spent the whole night awake in the Oval office finalizing the deal that would eventually bring about the Hostages release and Ronald Reagan became the first President to host his own prime time television show. With Frank Sinatra acting as Master of Ceremonies, a stream of entertainers offered their dedications to the President. Performers such as Rich Little, Donny and Marie, and Ben Vereen and many more developed acts specifically for the theme of the evening — Ronald Reagan’s inauguration.

As the sun rose on Inauguration Day Americans awoke to the news that yes, finally after 444 days of captivity, the Hostages were coming home. No long-
er would every news report begin with the now familiar theme “American Held Hostage”. In a few hours the Hostages would be placed on Algerian planes and start their flight to freedom.

Ronald Reagan went to the White House for the customary breakfast between President and President Elect. From there they rode together to the West side of the Capitol for the Inauguration. This was the first time in history that the Inauguration was held on this side of the Capitol. People from everywhere came to watch the swearing in of the “Change” they had voted for. The subway was packed with people going to the inauguration, making it very hard to board the train. People were packed in as tight as sardines in a can. Once you arrived at the Capitol South Station, and made your way up to the escalator the crowd had engulfed you. There were people everywhere simply milling around, waiting for the action to begin. Most of these people were ones who had voted for Ronald Reagan and had come to see his presidency begin. There were also people who had just come to be a part of history. For this was a moment in history, Ronald Reagan was promising a new era and a new beginning and the crowd gathered to see the first step in his plan.
There were also those people who even though they were in Washington, did not see it in them to watch Ronald Reagan being inaugurated. They stayed at home and watched the day's activities on television. As Ronald Reagan began his speech, the first plane carrying the Hostages took off from Tehran Airport. Americans breathed a sigh of relief but with held total exhuberation until the planes had cleared Iranian airspace. The theme of Reagan's speech was reviving the American spirit of patriotism and confidence in the government. He spoke for 22 minutes and then went inside the Capitol where he signed his first Presidential Order — putting a stop to any federal hirings. President Reagan spent the rest of Inauguration Day lunching and reviewing the Inaugural parade.

Jimmy Carter left Washington, a private citizen, for the first time in four years. The burden of the Presidency no longer on his shoulders, but evident in the aging of his face. He had spent the last night of his presidency working to secure the release of the Hostages. There were bags underneath his eyes, and his voice was hoarse but he had pulled it off! He left a clean slate for Ronald Reagan to start with. The greatest moment of his presidency was also his last. As he boarded the plane to take him to Plains, Mrs. Langlin, the wife of one of the Hostages thanked him for gaining her husband's release. Jimmy Carter later commented that that moment made the whole four years worthwhile.

Throughout the day news coverage was split between shots of Jimmy Carter's flight home, Ronald Reagan reviewing the parade, and the Hostages flight for freedom. It was not a slow day for news by any stretch of the imagination.

As the sun began to set, everybody walked over to the Washington Monument for what would prove to be the most amazing display of fireworks ever. There were bombs bursting in air, and the rockets red glare gave proof to the fact that Ronald Reagan was still there. After the final blasts, those who were attending the Inaugural Balls went home to get ready. The rest of us returned to our T.V. sets to catch up with the Hostages.

Finally, at approximately 10:30 PM, the planes with the Hostages landed in Algiers, Algeria. For the
first time in a year and a half Americans saw the Hostages free at last. After a short ceremony they boarded American airplanes and flew off to Weisbaden, West Germany where they stayed a few days for decompression. Back in Washington, Ronald Reagan and his Republican cohorts were dancing and celebrating the night away.

With the day drawing to a close, the events of the day became part of history. It was a day packed with activity. A new administration had taken control of the government and the Hostages no longer were hostages but free men and women.

The Inauguration itself, though, was not the best moment of the day: rather the knowledge that once again the American democratic process had proved itself. There was a peaceful transition of power from one administration to another. No bloodshed or public outcry, just a smooth transfer in power. The system that our founding fathers developed 200 years ago had only improved with age. No where in the world can another country boast these same facts. This alone was the greatest action of the day.
MEN'S BASKETBALL

It began with a dunk and ended with a rejection. It was definitely a rebuilding year. It was 8-19.

It was GW's 1980-81 basketball season, and the Class of 1981 would rather forget about it. There were many question marks about the basketball team when it opened the season December 3rd at the Smith Center against Richmond.

Three starters had graduated taking scoring and rebounding with them. Coach Bob Tallent's tallest starter would be 6-6, and the team would have to rely on quickness in order to win. Before the season Tallent said, "I think we'll be a completely different team than we have been in the past." Unfortunately, these words proved true.

Oscar Wilmington's dunk in the opening seconds of the Richmond game was GW's lone highlight. After that it was all downhill. The diehard students of section 108 could not believe their eyes as Richmond trounced GW 92-69, the worst home opener in nine years.

"The worst display I've ever seen," Tallent said after the game. There was more to come.

Traveling to the Morehead State Eagle Classic in Kentucky, GW was defeated 69-58 by Tennessee State as the Colonials could not stop 6-7 forward Jonathan Green, who scored 28 points.

But the Colonials rebounded for their first win in the consolation game against Illinois-Chicago Circle. A balanced scoring attack paced GW to a 75-71 victory.

The Colonials returned to the Smith Center for a game against Georgetown. But there was no pregame hype or excitement because everyone expected Georgetown to blow us out on G street. Everyone but the players, that is.

Playing by far their best game of the season, GW almost beat the Hoyas. Oscar Wilmington's 18 footer capped a GW rally (down by 13 with eight minutes left) that sent the game into overtime. The Smith Center was rocking with noise as the teams battled through two overtimes, but GU's Mike Hancock silenced GW with a short jumper at 0:01 of the second OT. Final score: Georgetown 84, GW 82.

After coming that close against one rival, GW could not get psyched for another one, American. AU walloped the Colonials 96-86, the third straight loss at home.

With most of the school on Christmas vacation, the Colonials came up with two victories before sparse
Smith Center crowds.

But January brought road trips and losses for the Colonials.

Duquesne trounced GW 87-71 for the Colonial's first league loss. That was followed two days later by another Eastern Eight loss at the hands of West Virginia, 81-71.

GW returned home to crush Catholic 94-64, but this was not a good barometer for the team's performance for this was Catholic's last season in Division I basketball.

GW then visited the Rutgers Athletic Center and kept its perfect record there intact: 0 wins, 5 losses. Rutgers won 81-68.

The January 17th rematch with Duquesne provided the small Smith Center crowd with the opportunity to meet the Eastern Eight Hoopster Rooster, the league's zany mascot. But GW had nothing to crow about as they lost 89-82.

The season's most devastating loss happened the following contest when St. Francis nipped the Colonials 80-78 on a last second shot after GW led the entire game.

To begin the second half of the season, GW travelled to Charlottesville, Virginia, to take on UVA, the second ranked team in the nation. There is no need for details: 86-56.

Pittsburgh extended GW's losing streak to five with a 74-55 win that proved costly to the Colonials as two guards went down with injuries. Wilbert Skipper suffered a separated shoulder and Randy Davis twisted an ankle.

Without Davis and Skipper, GW met Mt. St. Marys, the top Division II team in the country. Oscar Wilmington was moved to the guard position, but to no avail as the Colonials lost again.

Randy Davis returned in time for GW's confrontation with Virginia Tech, a Metro Conference power. The Hokies demolished GW 92-67 before a crowd of 10,000 in Blacksburg.

With their losing streak at seven, the Colonials needed a quick remedy: a win. They got it against Massachusetts, the Eastern Eight's version of the Toronto Blue Jays. GW won 67-60, but they had a lead of 18 with two minutes left.

The Colonials then returned home for two important league games against Rutgers and Rhode Island. Although trailing by seven at halftime, GW stormed...
back to take a five point lead against the Scarlet Knights with seven minutes remaining. The key play was a coast to coast steal and dunk by freshman Steve Perry, but Rutgers called timeout and regrouped enough to pull out a 76-71 victory.

But a GW win seemed assured against the University of Rhode Island as the Colonials led the Rams 45-28 at halftime behind strong play by center Paul Grazca. Alas, Jimmy Wright's three point play with 10 seconds left boosted Rhode Island on top, 72-70.

GW's "son of a losing streak" reached three at Olean, New York as St. Bonaventure won 90-75. The silver lining for the Colonials was the return of Wibert Skipper after missing five games.

This time relief was spelled N-A-V-Y for the Colonials as they picked up win number six, 84-79.

Losses to Pitt and Towson State were sandwiched around a Massachusetts (who else) win as GW headed into its final game of the regular season against West Virginia University at home. Many GW fans wanted their team to lose so the Colonials could host a first round playoff game. It was a strange situation because Rhode Island, a first year member of the league, could not host a playoff game. If GW lost, URI would visit the Smith Center for the playoff.

Trailing 44-35 at halftime, GW played a tremendous second half and sent the game into overtime. The largest crowd of the season saw the Colonials win 85-82 as Randy Davis hit key shots down the stretch. For seniors Curis Smith and Curtis Jeffries, their last home game was a memorable one.

As the conference playoffs began, GW could not be taken lightly. The Colonials were playing much better in the last few games, and the team was ready to take on Duquesne in Pittsburgh.

Curtis Jeffries played a spectacular game scoring 21 points and Wilbert Skipper's scoring off the bench paced GW as it led throughout most the game. But the Dukes pressed hard towards the end of the game and forced an overtime period.

By the midway point of the OT period, three Colonials had fouled out, all starters. GW hung in, but Duquesne pulled out an 84-78 victory. Although they had nothing to be ashamed of, GW has yet to get past the first round of the Eastern Eight Tournament.

This weighed heavily on the mind of Athletic Director Robert Faris, and on March 4th he announced the dismissal of Bob Tallent as GW's headcoach after seven seasons. Faris said, "The program was not moving in the right direction."
WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

The GWU Women’s Basketball season could not be called boring. The season was a mixture of wins and defeats. The team started off the season by winning 6 straight games, followed by a 4 game losing streak, ending the season at 13-13. There were some star performances throughout the season. In the beginning of the season, junior guard Carol Byrd scored 18 points to lead GW past Navy and break a team losing streak. Junior Leslie Bond had the hot hand against cross town rivals American as she outscored everyone and shot GW to a 75-66 victory. GW showed their ability to build their team on one principle: HUSTLE. In the game against West Virginia, trailing with just over a minute left on the clock, they came back to win 70-69. Junior Judi Dirida positioned herself underneath the basket, and then successfully fought off opposing players for the offensive rebound and converted it into a game-winning basket with just four seconds left on the clock. Reference to the GWU Women's Basketball team would be incom-
plete without mention of Junior Trish Egan. For the third year in a row she led the team in scoring as she became the first GW player to score 100 points in her career, despite an early season leg injury. Trish typifies the women's basketball team as she is a hard working, and dedicated member.

The ending of the season marks the end of seniors Laurie Cam and Betsy Luxford's playing career. As a four year player, Cam finishes off the season with a career point total of 963, just 37 short of the coveted 1000 point mark. Luxford, who sat out for two seasons with a knee injury, returned to action late in the season to finish off on a healthy note.

With the loss of only two players, and the continued improvement of the program, the GWU Womens Basketball team has high hopes for the future.
The G.W.U. Wrestlers started out the 1980-81 wrestling season with 5 straight victories, despite numerous injuries. Leading the team through the winning streak were Bill Houser, Rich Ryon, and Joe Corbett. Unfortunately, the rest of the season did not prove as successful. The team would go on to win only a total of 3 more matches, ending the season at 8-12-1. There were, however, some further highlights during the season. The Grapplers did edge cross town rivals American University 22-16 increasing their season record at that point to 7-2-1. Once again, Joe Corbett and Bill Houser pulled out the clutch victories. According to Coach Rota the pin "was a big boost." The Wrestling team also won the District Wrestling title as they out pointed all their opponents during the Capital Collegiate Championships. Wrestling extremely well during the tourney were Jim Powers, Jeff Povello and Rich Rym. Co-Captain Joe Corbett explained the teams excellent performance: "We were definitely up for the championship." The teams poor showing during the
final matches of the season was due as much from injuries as from the lack of expertise. With only 8 wrestlers healthy enough to perform, the team had to forfeit 2 class weights per match. Coach Rota explained: "The lack of numbers hurt us all season. It affected our strategy and psychology. Forfeiting weights takes its toll on the Team." He compared it to spotting an opposing basketball team 15 points and then playing catch-up. With this disappointing season behind them, the team looks forward to next season. They are continuing to practice, even though the season is over, and with a good class of freshman recruits, G.W.U.'s Wrestling team can look to a vast improvement next season.
WOMEN'S SWIMMING
GYMNASTICS

Under the coaching of Kate Faber Stanges, the 1980-81 Women's Gymnastic team did plenty of flipping. Even though the season only produced a .500 record (6-6), many advancements did occur. The highest team score record was broken this year when the GWU women tumbled to a total score of 10,800 points. Other school records were broken in vaulting by freshman Lauren Davidson and Junior Joanne Heeke with scores of 8.0, and on the uneven bars by Junior Debbie Culbertson with a score of 7.0. Senior Captain Anita Lejnieks, along with Clairie Horrath, Toby Davis, Kathy Swoboda, Terri Williams and Holly Obernauer, added to the strength of the team. Next year's team looks very promising since many of the gymnasts will be returning for a healthy season.
WOMEN'S SQUASH
BADMINTON

80-81 was a building year for the GWU Women's Badminton Team. With the return of senior Jodi Schoechet, the team looked forward to a successful season. The team fought some hard battles, although the record does not indicate their efforts as the season record stood at 1-5-1. The highlight of the season came with the victory at cross town rival, Hood College. Kelly Flaherty led the way to victory with her resounding win over her opponent to clinch the match. Another highlight of the season came during the Drexel University game. The Doubles team of Anna Querral and Carolyn Chi-Om defeated their highly ranked opponents to clinch the tie.

Coached by Dr. Don Paup, an internationally known ranked badminton player, the team never lost sight of the drive and determination that it takes to win. Certainly, the 80-81 experience will guide the Women's Badminton Team to a successful next year.
WORKING OUT
February
After an eventful beginning of the semester, February blew in with its cold Canadian air (20° with a wind chill factor of -13°). All those remaining yellow ribbons reminded you that you were going to school in the nation's capital. An added attraction in the month of February was the celebration of George Washington's birthday (both the school's and the man's). In 1881, Washington would have been 251 years old; and the University celebrated its 160th birthday. As the semester progressed, moving dangerously close to midterms, campus events included Career Day, student elections, and Martha's Marathon.

The weather that weekend was perfect. By that Monday, the temperature was up near 70°. If you stayed in town during the three day weekend, there was plenty to do — Washington was alive! Monday was Winter Convocation for the Class of '80. Just one other reminder of how close The End really was. But the best thing about George Washington's birthday, especially if most of your classes met on Mondays, was having the day off. Some people liked George Washington's birthday holiday because it made up for not getting Columbus Day off. Like the Hatchet said, "It's not Christopher Columbus University."
Valentines’ Day was always fun on campus. You knew it was coming when Kappa Kappa Gamma set up a booth on the ground floor of the Marvin Center and, for a small fee, the sorority would make a phone call to your Valentine and sing your message of love. Or maybe you wanted to do something a little bit more personal. You know, in person. In which case Mitchell Hall was your answer. You could buy your sweetheart a Tuck-In, or impress a special friend, with this Tuck-In package. For 50¢, one got a tuck-in, a choice of radio stations, fluffing of the pillow, a goodnight kiss, an optional hug, and finally turning off the lights. Some people really have class!

If you wanted to be a bit more discreet, and you could not afford a dozen roses for the one you admired, the Hatchet offered you anonymity. The Thursday edition printed your Valentine message. Some messages were serious love offerings: “Debbie, after all that’s happened, I still love you more each day. Feel like dropping eggs out of the window March 8th? Love Pomo.” What does that mean?? Others were in code: Ya vac lubloo; or Oni Ohevet Otha. Strange, really strange! Some messages were cheaper by the dozen — the Valentine wish to Househer, Pods, Stairdivers, Smooth, ToothFairy, Indentured for Life, Dave Fusco, Marvin’s friend, Steve, Jungleman, Shell & Stan, and Cowlick. Who are those guys?? (What did Strawberry Yogurt mean when she said, If you’ll be my Valentine, I’ll be your lettuce????). If you could decipher the special meaning, you should aim for an intelligence job with the CIA.
Atwell elected in landslide victory

Wong rallies in runoff; captures EVP position

Mark Hill and Mike Moie led more than 400 student voters to capture the GUS UA Sludrait seat. "I'm going in," said Wong, who was leading in the preliminary runoff.

Within a week to reflect on his campaign, Hill said he was not satisfied with the outcome.

Gehlert to quit; blasts Post

Non-existent student elected OWUSA Engineering senator

Who is the real Morton Shapiro?

Non-existent student elected OWUSA Engineering senator

Gehlert's resignation that he was too busy with his campaign to remain president of the student newspaper, the Post, drew sharp criticism from other members of the Student Government Association.

The Post, founded in 1920, is the official student newspaper of the George Washington University. It is published weekly during the academic year and biweekly during the summer. The editor is elected by the Student Assembly, and the paper is financed through a combination of student and advertiser funds.

The Post is a member of the Washington Daily News Network and is distributed throughout the Washington area. It also has a limited distribution in other parts of the country.

The Post is available online at www.gwu.edu/post.
This year, George's birthday was celebrated a week early. During that shorter week, the campus began to change. It was rapidly being transformed into one giant campaign poster. (The signs told you...). The week before, the Hatchet gave out the first clue. After reading about the third fire in Thurston in two years and reading about the announced housing price hike, combined with a decrease in work-study, the Hatchet announced that "Election Campaigning begins today." After seeing the barrage of campaign posters splattered on every wall, trashcan and window, the Hatchet headline was a penetrating glimpse of the obvious! It's that time of year again...

Forty-five students paid $25 each to plaster their signs all over campus in the name of G.W.U. Student Association. As always, the Presidency was up for grabs and you had a choice between Mark Holzberg, Doug Arwell or you could "Stop, Look, Listen, for a Change, do it with Drucker."

One politico ran on a radical new rhetoric. Mortin Shapiro ran for Engineering School Senator. He was blunt about his hunger for power. He wrote in the Hatchet, "I want as much power as I can get..." He wanted to "... reign supreme over the GWUSA senate." Well, you guessed it, Morton won with a landslide of forty votes.

A week later a headline in the Hatchet revealed that Shapiro was a fraud. Yes, even GW has its own political scandals. Shapiro did not exist. Several students had submitted an election petition with fake address, phone number, ID and payed the $25 entry fee. At press time, the imposter was still at large, but released a statement "It's harder to get into the Smith Center than it is to become a candidate."

Leadership = experience... vote against apathy... longer library hours... a voice in the decision making process... All the candidates offered different solutions to gripping campus problems.

Among the plethora of signs there were some rather puzzling ones...
GOING, GOING, GONE

YOU KNOW YOU WANT TO. A week later, you were told, YOU KNOW YOU WANT TO BE SURE. What were these signs trying to tell you? Everywhere you turned, the Marvin Center, C Building, even in the Hatchet, the signs were there. Well of course we wanted to be sure, but these signs were not a campus wide appeal to use Sure deodorant. The signs were not referring to sexual desire either. Rather, it was a media blitz. A week later you knew you were sure, the signs told you. YOU KNOW YOU WANT TO BE SURE TO COME TO MARTHA'S MARATHON.

February 20th was the night for the 15th annual Martha's Marathon of Birthday Bargains. This is a benefit auction, sponsored by the Resident's Hall Association, aimed at raising money for housing scholarships. The event was also used as an excuse to crowd into the Marvin Center Ballroom, and watch people shout increasingly higher prices. If you did not live in a dorm, or you could not afford to bid, it was worth checking out. 50¢ got you in the door, the fun began, and if you did not like the beer, you could watch others bid on everything from Fantasy Night at Building JJ, to guaranteed racquetball reservations at the gym.

The bidding started off with a dinner for two at Adam's Rib, and two tickets to Arena Stage. This was just one of many dates you could bid on, if you had the megabucks. Some deals were excellent bargains — a $400.00 Evelyn Wood Reading Course went for about $100.00. The auctioneers were clearly disappointed by the low bids, shouting out, "This sucker is worth $400.00." Other times, you got the shaft, $210.00 for the 1st pick of the lottery at Thurston, and unlimited storage. (Can you imagine someone paying that much to live in the ZOO?!) Even if you could not get excited about the items up for bid, the beer, potato chips and auctioneers were worth 50¢. Dr. Schiff (almost as funny as he is in Biology) and Steve Weisel (RA in Key) were a riot. If the bidding was low, they let you know, "Boy are you people cheap." If that subtle tactic did not work, they resorted to Plan B. Plan B was designed to convince you just HOW GREAT the item was. When bidding for lunch with Senator Daniel Inouye of Hawaii slowed down, Steve Weisel shouted, "He is a doll, come on, you'll love him!!" and "He is a Democrat ... a liberal!" Well, it seems that was worth $105.00.

In addition to goading you on, the auctioneers also made accurate commentaries on the situation. When bidding for a guaranteed double in Everglades topped the $300.00 mark, Schiff noted, "I can smell the blood now." Bidding ended at $340.00.

Martha offered something for everyone. If getting
into Law School was for you, you had a chance to bid on a lunch with the Dean of Admissions at GW. Or, if you were into power, President Elliot offered to relinquish his throne for a day. If you were more interested in the leisure life, you probably bid on dinner for two at Maxime's, and an evening of Limousine service. After about 4 hours and 88 items later, the auction ended. The event raised $8200.00 and everyone agreed it was worth all the work. The RHA committee working on the auction had been begging for contributions since September, and they had come up with some great stuff. All in all, everyone had a great time.

Friday night was a success. But there was something different about it. Parents were there. This was also parents weekend, which meant, among other things, time to straighten up your dorm, apartment or house. After all, what your parents do not know...

The weekend of the 21st was also February Fest. Traditionally, Parent’s Day has not been successful, but this year, the 2nd annual Big Band Dance was sure to entice them.

If you were tired of Pat Benetar singing “Hit me with Your Best Shot,” or the Police saying “Do do do do, Da da da da,” then Saturday night’s Big Band Dance was for you. The dance, featuring the Widespread Depression Orchestra, was the culmination of parent’s weekend. For many parents, the Band’s songs were the very same music they had danced to in the 30s and 40s. This was your chance to hear all those great songs your parents had been talking about for so long. You know, “the good old days,” and, “they do not make music like they used to.” Saturday night was your chance to hear that big band sound in
person, and you know, it really was fun.

The evening offered more than just dancing. All across the cafeteria, several hundred different conversations were going on. Maybe this was your chance to tell your parents your plans after graduation. "What do you mean you want to travel?" Or repeat some of those jokes you heard in McCready's accounting class. Like all other GW parties, the dance gave you a chance to share stories with your friends, to talk about classes, and how much you were looking forward to Spring Break.

Earlier that day, a different jazz band had entertained the masses in the cafeteria. The GW Jazz Band, you know the group that plays at basketball games, played during brunch. There was also something else unusual about this brunch. International students were performing ethnic dances, not the usual breakfast fare.

The day long February Fest offered a little something for everyone. For Alumni, and anyone else interested, three lectures were presented on topics ranging from US Presidency, to the Origins of Life. If lectures were not for you on a Saturday, you had a choice of a free movie, free bowling, billiards, and pingpong. Or, better yet, an International Festival. The 3rd floor of the Marvin Center was the site for an International awareness festival, which included ethnic food and costumes.

February 21st turned out to be a festival with a potpourri of happenings. It was a chance for alumni to comeback to GW. It was a chance for your parents to see you between holidays. And most of all, you had a chance to have a great weekend, right in the middle of midterms.
Since 1977, Washington has slowly but surely acquired a satisfactory subway system, "Metro." Funded by money from the Federal government, Virginia, Maryland and D.C., it will, when finished, serve the entire metropolitan area. Presently, one can only ride on partial segments of the Blue, Orange and Red lines. But even though the system is not complete, it serves thousands of riders everyday. Among these are the numerous commuters travelling daily between home and the University. There are many characteristics of the subway system that distinguishes it from other cities systems. First, there is the use of a farecard instead of a token — a passenger must get a farecard from the computerized dispensing machines. A problem with these machines is getting change — if you only have a $5 bill, and your fare is 60c, you are stuck with a pocket full of quarters for the rest of the day. Secondly, there are the long escalators that connect the platforms to the street level. The escalator in Rosslyn is the longest in the world, and is frequently used by GW athletes as an
exercising machine, they run against the direction of the escalator. A third characteristic is the noise, or lack of it, that the cars make when entering the stations. In other cities, one knows when a train is coming blocks before it arrives; in Washington, the simple use of rubber wheels makes the trains arrive peacefully at its destination. Finally the major difference, is the design of the stations. They look like something out of a science fiction movie. With their large tunnels, and blinding lights designating the arrival of trains, riders could fantasize being Buck Rogers on a trip to Mars, instead of commuting to Dupont Circle from Silver Spring.

Granted, there are problems with the system. There is the fact that it still does not serve Georgetown or some outlying areas, but, with the opening of new stations in the future, this problem should dissipate. The system also cost millions more to run and develop than was projected. The trains do stop running at 6:00 on Sundays and Midnight the rest of the week, but this should also stop once people get used to using the subway and create the demand that is necessary for change.

All things considered, especially the age of the system, it seems to be working very well. As time goes by, and the small problems are worked out, the expanded Washington Metro could serve as a vital part of the city's transportation system. It could go a long way to alleviate the massive traffic problems this city has.

Always remember these words of advice: when the bells ring signaling the departure of your train, make sure you get all the way through the doors so you do not become a victim of the infamous "Subway Rider's Accident," losing your arm to the clenching jaws of subway car door.
Kappa Sigma

Delta Gamma
Located along 'G' street, between 20th and 21st Streets, is the GW version of Frat Row. The fraternity houses are lined up along the street hoping to attract potential members, who can walk down the street, like at a buffet table, and pick out the ones he or she likes. However, this is not the only place on campus where one can find the Greeks. There are Fraternity and Sorority houses dispersed throughout campus. At GW, Greek membership does not represent a sizable proportion of the student body. But, this does not mean they do not have any influence on campus life. Their community activities and parties definitely add to the spirit of the atmosphere around campus.

A Frat party is a special brand of entertainment. The setting is usually a townhouse, which means one large room and a few smaller ones. The dress code ranges from checkered slacks to boxer shorts. The music is typically provided by a raunchy rock and roll band. Drinks — what else, but beer and grain alcohol punch. But, in spite of this, they are fun. People attend these parties simply to have fun. And, fun is just what is had. Whether it's diving off fireplace mantles into the arms of onlookers, or just enjoying the atmosphere, the code word at all these parties spells entertainment.

GW Frats and Sororities also put a lot of attention into working with community societies and campus groups. They are actively involved with various charity groups, including the Leukemia Foundation and American Cancer Society. On campus, they help out with many activities.

To become a member of a sorority or fraternity, one must be rushed. This means a month, give or take a week or two, of service to the group or one individual member. As a pledgee, you have no rights except to listen and obey. Once you complete that stage of the process, it is just a month of memorizing some fraternity or sorority secrets. Then comes rush night — one big massive party for Greeks only, after which you are officially a member.

Even though most GW students are not members of an individual frat or sorority, most of us have attended their parties and celebrations. They are definitely a Force on campus!
Sigma Alpha Epsilon

Sigma Phi Epsilon

Sigma Mu
March
THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME

Every year in early March, the Housing Department holds what they call the Residents Lottery or what the students call "hell". The lottery is the University's way of distributing the rooms available to the students. The system does work, but takes a very long time — around 2:00 AM, 6 hours after the all-dorm lottery began, and after 3 days of preliminary lotteries, all the rooms are given out and, like it or not, you do have a place to lie your weary head come next semester.

For the student, the process is a long and arduous one, filled with many steps. The first step is finding a roommate. You know — the person you ask to leave when you want the room; the person who drags you to bed after a long, hard night of celebration; who picks up your dirty socks; and who guides you through more problems in one semester than Ann Landers would see in 5 years. Finding a person with all these qualities is hard but not impossible. The next step is deciding where you want to live. Of course, if you are an upperclassman the Everglades or the Key would be your first choice; Sophomores hope to get a room in Madison or Crawford Hall. If you are a glutton for punishment, or just like partying 24 hours a day, you would stay in Thurston. (It doesn't matter anyway, because you know that by the time you choose your room, your first choice will be long gone, so it is your second and third choices that really matter.) The next step is going to pick a number. This is the most important step. It is also based on luck. The number that you pick will decide in what place you get to choose your room. One reaches into the envelope, wishing desperately that the infrequent trip to one's chosen place of worship had been made the night before to receive the Lord's blessing. One should use everything available to assure getting the lowest number possible. It becomes quite easy to tell which number a person has chosen. The ones bounding out of Rice Hall with a smile 10 feet long obviously have picked a very low number. The ones who picked high numbers are the people who walk slowly through the doors, searching the Post for cheap apartments in the area.

The final step is the lottery itself. Everybody involved, which includes the students who are actually picking rooms, their roommates, their morale boosters and the housing officials, gather in the first floor cafeteria, prepared for a night of nervous anxiety coupled with long hours of waiting. As dorm after dorm becomes full, the observer can see signs of pleasure and depression on peoples faces, depending on how lucky they have been. When all the picking is finished some people, a distinct minority, have ended up with the room they actually wanted. Others, the great majority, have had to settle for what was left behind. The normal lottery participant leaves the Marvin Center wondering how to survive life in a small Madison triple for another year; plans for a spacious double in the Everglades being abruptly destroyed.

Yes, the system does work, but it does not quite leave everybody happy. But, then again, there are only a limited number of doubles on campus. For those of you whose luck was not apparent tonight, there is always next year or Crystal City!!
BLITHE SPIRIT

Beginning Tuesday, February 24, The George Washington University Theatre presented Noel Coward's BLITHE SPIRIT, the third production of the 1980-1981 season. It is a matchless comedy of manners from the pen of Britain's famed wit, actor, composer and playwright.

In BLITHE SPIRIT, Coward combines his customary relish for romantic folly with a touch of the fantastic. As the play opens, Charles Condomin, master of the mystery novel, joins his gracious second wife in a toast launching his latest book, The Unseen, the plot of which hinges on the occult. To discover some tricks of the trade he has invited to dinner a local eccentric who claims to be a medium. He gets more than he bargained for when the woman accidentally conjures up his first wife — as beautiful and wily as the day she died, and quite reluctant to go back where she came from. Matters are further complicated when it appears that she is determined not to go back alone.
THE THREEPENNY OPERA

This brilliant satire is filled with powerful music and unforgettable characters. Mac the Knife, Polly, Lucy, Jenny, Peachum and the others show us the struggles and hypocrisy in society, and the very fallible side of human nature.

Macleath ................................................. Jack Guidone
Matthew .................................................. Chip Howe
Jake ..................................................... Tim Campbell
Walter .................................................... Stratos Spyropoulos
Robert .................................................... Tim Crofoot
Jenny ..................................................... Pamela Rousset
Vasa ...................................................... Lisa Zarowin
Betty ...................................................... Mary Alison Albright
Dooly ...................................................... Suzy Friedman
Molly ...................................................... Barbara Zirl
Mr. Peachum ........................................... Grever Gardiner
Mrs. Peachum ......................................... Gyr Patterson
Tich ...................................................... Stuart Zamsky
Wolfgang ............................................... Eric Spector
Polly Peachum ......................................... Mary Jackson
Dirty Gerty .............................................. Lisa Fernow
Maddie ..................................................... Mary Tett
Tiger Brown ............................................ Terry Anastassiou
Smith ..................................................... Phil Bakin
Lucy Brown ............................................ Elizabeth Davis
Cousin-Est ............................................... Victor Casco
Rev. Kinkball ........................................... Andre Nicholas Lalias
Ballard Singer .......................................... Gil Nelson
Dean Body ............................................... David Harvey
The GWU Art Department, though not one of the largest departments on campus, actively created, studied, and exhibited works of art this year. Even the chemistry major is familiar with Art 31-32, *Survey of Western Art*, as a "meaningful introduction" course. From the courses offered, students can get their hands into clay, their fingers into paint, or their cameras into focus. This year the department exhibitions included a student show, Faculty Hangups No. 4, and the Kreeger Awards show. GW saw on the walls of the Dimock Gallery in Lower Lisner the outrageous, the serene, the grotesque, and the beautiful. These exhibitions revealed that GW may well have the Rembrandts, Westons, and Brancusis of tomorrow.
MARVIN CENTER

Rising on the corner of 21st and H Streets is the Cloyd Heck Marvin Center. This building is indeed the center of activity on the GWU campus. Within its walls is everything that a student, teacher, or administrator needs in a university center. There are cafeterias where you can grab a quick bite or the Rathskellar where you can go with a few friends to enjoy a beer or a Program Board sponsored Band. There is a game room which includes the latest in electronic pinball machines. It's easy to become addicted to this room, the only thing limiting your time here is the amount of quarters in your pocket. There is also ping-pong, pool, and bowling. Also located in the Marvin Center is the infamous fourth floor of GWU. On this floor are all the major student groups — social, ethnic, creative and political. If it is entertainment you want, besides the Rathskellar, there are movies presented in the ballroom, and theatre productions in the Dorothy Betts Marvin Theatre. Polyphony offers the latest in records and tapes and the Information Desk supplies info on Washington activities. The Marvin Center is also convenient for many other activities including studying or just sitting over a cup of coffee by the basement vending machines. All things considered, it would be hard to imagine GWU without the Marvin Center.
PRESIDENTIAL ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION

March 30th was a typical rainy afternoon in Washington, and here at G.W.U. The weather was miserable — it was pouring rain and there was a chill in the air. Most people spent the day dashing from building to building trying to avoid being washed away into the Potomac River, oblivious to the world that existed beyond the boundaries of their normal routine. But at approximately 2:30 PM, a simple movement by one person's index finger turned this once-normal day into one that would go down in history, and one that G.W.U. would never forget. As President Reagan was leaving the Washington Hilton Hotel, a man from the small press crowd, driven by a fiery passion, fired six bullets at the President. One bullet ricocheted off the President's car and pierced his left lung as he was shoved into his car. Another bullet tore into the head of Presidential Press Secretary Jim Brady. A third was blocked in its path to the President by Secret Service Agent Tim McCarthy who jumped out in front of the President and was hit in his abdomen. A fourth felled Washington Police Officer Thomas Delahanty, and two more bullets went astray, one hitting the Presidential limo and another a building across the street. The President, Jim Brady and Tim McCarthy were immediately rushed to the G.W.U. Hospital emergency room where a team of doctors specially trained to deal with such situations began to work on the victims. Within minutes, a large crowd of onlookers gathered around Washington Circle to witness, first hand, the monumental event taking place. Also gathering around the Circle were news reporters from all over the world. As the minutes passed into hours, the waiting people began to reflect on the moment. What has become of this society? In the past five months notable people such as John Lennon, Dr. Halberstam, Vernon Jordan, and now the President, had been shot. In Buffalo, somebody was killing black men indiscriminately. Statistics indicate that there is a murder committed every two minutes. Murder or attempted murder has become a commonplace occurrence and society has begun to take it in stride, as something inevitable. But, what has led society to this moment and what can be done to stop it from happening again? The future holds the answer to this question, but let us just hope that something is done to stop the senseless murders that we hear about almost every newscast.

By early evening, the President was in stable condition. Secret Service Agent Tim McCarthy was also in stable condition, but the news was not as reassuring for Jim Brady. The bullet had blasted through his brain and doctors could not predict his chances. The networks carried live reports, constantly, throughout the afternoon, but with the President resting comfortable they decided to return to normal programming. But, the scene on campus was anything but normal. The hospital was surrounded by patrolmen. There were Secret Service agents on the roofs of surrounding buildings and the Circle was packed with reporters. For the next 12 days, G.W.U. hospital was the “White House-Away-from-home”. Mrs. Reagan, Senators, Congressmen, Advisors and Cabinet offi-

Dear Mr. President,

THERE AINT NO REPUBLICANS OF DEMOCRATS NOW... WE ARE ALL FAMILY
GET WELL QUICK RON... WE NEED YOU! America

P.S. WE CAN'T AFFORD TO loose a CUSTOMER
cials were constantly arriving and students kept a constant watch to catch glimpses of these people.

As one looks back on this now infamous afternoon, it becomes hard to place blame on anybody. The assassin, John Hinckley, was not responsible for his actions — he was just a crazed man driven by a passion for actress Jody Foster. The Secret Service agents reacted to the shots just as they had been trained; and how can society be asked to take responsibility for all of its members? So, the answer does not lie in deciding who is to blame. That bullet has already been fired; the problem is stopping the next bullet from being fired. Unfortunately, as former president Harry Truman said, "being shot is a hazard of the job". It is almost impossible to stop a man from taking shots at Presidents. But what can be stopped is society's acceptance of that fact. Murder must not be accepted as part of society, like orange juice for breakfast. We must act to stop people from using guns and knives to solve their problems.
April
BUILDING THE FUTURE

CONSTRUCTION — any student that has lived on campus has come to dread that word. For, along with construction, comes the unstoppable, and ever present banging of pylons into the ground. This activity begins at the ungodly hour of 7:00 AM and acts as an unwanted alarm. In the last four years, every dorm has been subject to this unrelenting noise. There have been new buildings sprouting up in every corner of the campus, the latest being the Academic Cluster.

It is an interesting process that takes place. First, there is the digging of the hole. Each time a building is built, a giant hole is dug. As the hole grows larger and larger, one wonders whether they are mining for gold. As the actual construction on the building begins to take place, the building appears to rise out of nothing. It is amazing how quickly they can construct a building. This second stage is by far the longest, as cement wall after cement wall is poured, and the building actually begins to take shape. The last and final stage is that of making the building ready for habitation — a process which occurs with a blink of an eye.

It is ironic that as each building goes up everybody complains about the noise, dirt and general nuisance the construction is causing. But after it is done, everybody does an about face and applauds the opening of a new building. Think about it — where would we be without the Smith Center, Gelman Library and Marvin Center, each of which have just recently been built. In the long run, the pains of construction are more than adequately outweighed by the advantages that the building gives once completed.
BASEBALL

The George Washington University Baseball team's 1981 season began with a slow start. After the first eight games, the Colonials only had one victory. The Batsmen started the season in Florida competing against teams that had already been playing for a month. They lost many of their first games by one run. One of their best games early in the season was against the number one ranked team in the nation, the University of Miami Hurricanes. GWU had rallied back from a 4-0 deficit and had the tying run on base when the Miami second baseman made a spectacular catch on a line drive off the bat of Marc Heyison to save the game for Miami. As the season progressed, the team began to pull together and stopped committing those mental errors that had cost them games earlier in the season. The Batsmen swept
double-headers from Delaware State and University of Baltimore. The team began to play up to their potential. On April 8th, they played American University and won again, for their third straight victory over Washington area teams. This game probably characterized the whole season for the Colonials. They had fallen behind early, but in the ninth inning, Rod Peters roped a base hit to center field to score Russ Ramsey with the tying run. Then, in the tenth inning, junior Steve Doherty sent a base hit through the infield to score Rich Lamont with the game’s winning run. The Colonials finished the season by winning seven out of their last ten games, and improved their seasons record to 18-20.

This year’s team had many excellent players. Some of the standouts were senior all-American catcher Tom Masterson. Tom dominated runners all season as he proved to be the anchor of a solid defense. Senior Russ Ramsey also had an outstanding season and was nominated by the team as MVP. Sophomore Rod Peters served as the spark plug the team needed. Senior pitcher Kenny Lake gave GWU another excellent season, but that has become the norm for him. A lot of the players look upon Kenny as the team leader. Finally, there was senior shortstop Barry Goss. After laboring for two years on the bench behind star shortstop Billy Goodman, Barry blossomed into probably one of the best players GWU has ever had. He has been looked at by many a pro scout and the outlook for a pro career is very good.
WOMEN'S CREW
## MEN'S BASKETBALL

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MUNCH OUT!
THE FALAFEL MAN

BAKELVA IS BACK!

SPINACH PIZZA TOO!

CERAMICS FOR SALE

ALCOA 4.0 SEP 2017

ROLLS, FRIED RICE, BEEF, HOT DOGS

EGG ROLL FRIED RICE BEEF HOT DOGS
QUIET STUDY
GOING PLACES
May
When we think back, we can clearly remember the first days of our freshman year at GWU. We felt young and unwanted. We saw many of the older students staring at us, and heard them mumbling to their friends, "The freshman are getting smaller every year." During the first few days, we felt we couldn't make it around the school without a map of the campus. We saw so many new faces, and professors, as well as new buildings and facilities, but most of all, we were in a new home, a new city, a place where we planned to spend our next four years. We were excited yet apprehensive about our roommates and soon-to-be-friends. But, we soon discovered new friends, and a new and freer life style. There were so many paths to choose — so many activities, both social and academic, to get involved in. As time went on, we fell into a routine and became more secure with ourselves in our environment. We encountered life as never before. Life meant growth for it held more meaning than ever before.

As time passed, we kissed our freshman days goodbye, embarking upon our sophomore and junior years. Once again we had to adjust to new living quarters. Some of us moved off-campus into houses and apartments. We began to disperse throughout the Washington area. The separation had begun. For those of us who remained on campus, we found ourselves saying the same thing about freshman as had been said about us. Instead of asking questions, we were now the ones answering them. With one or
two years of attendance behind us, we began to pick up little tricks to make things easier. Our study habits were refined and honed to perfection. We learned how to deal with the bureaucracy that confronted us as freshmen. We also began to take advantage of Washington. At our disposal were vast resources of information to help with our studies and even more places to help make the time after studying happier.

As sophomores and juniors, it became time to choose a major and to really start to think seriously of what we wanted to do in the future. This decision which most of us had put off or made with idealistic thoughts was now a distinct reality. It had to be made; there was not much more time to procrastinate.

Along with the increase in responsibilities came the increase in friendships. We solidified friendships that were made freshman year and started new ones. The campus became smaller and smaller as we knew more and more people. But, as time moved incessantly forward, so did our progression through college. It was finally time to begin our senior year.

We had finally made it. People say that your college days fly be — Well, they do! But graduation still seemed a long year away. The migration from campus that had begun after freshman year had continued. More and more people had moved off-campus and found off-campus jobs and activities to get involved in.

With the beginning of our senior year, most of us settled in for our final year of college. We dedicated ourselves to making this year the best so that we could go out with style. Even though each year in college is different, senior year seems to be the most unique. For most of us it is our last year of formal education. It is a time filled with apprehension, decision-making, reflections, and the list goes on and on.

As the days pass by and graduation finally becomes reality, we reflect on the past four years. We have enjoyed laughter, friendship, and very special times, all of which hold special meanings for each of us. We try to hold on to today, but deep down we know we must go on. It’s time to leave our haven at GWU. We must enter into the real world. We must step up and forward out of this environment into another. Whether our choice is graduate school or to enter the job market, the learning process will continue in some shape or form. We have all grown to love this campus, and the people involved with it over the past four years, but the time has come to move on.

The world is at our doorstep, waiting for us to enter. There are new beginnings, new success stories to be written and a whole different world to experience. The opportunities open to us are boundless. It is up to us to use the best of our abilities, all the knowledge and experience that we have accumulated over the past years and go as far as we can take ourselves. Just remember, “Forever forward, never backward.”

The world is ours for the taking, don’t let it take you. GOOD LUCK CLASS OF ’81.
Douglas Abbey  
BBA Int'l Business

Jill Aber  
Ba Speech Pathology

Howard Abramson  
BBA Marketing

Richard Abramson  
BBA Accounting

Sharon Ackerman  
BS Zoology

Gwendolyn Adams  
BBA Personnel Mgmt

Marianne Adinaro  
BA Applied Music

Marie Adler  
BBA Marketing

David Agler  
BA Urban Affairs

Marc Agnew  
BS Engineering

Karin Akum  
BA Education

Dean Aldrich  
BS Biology

Donna Alexander  
BS HR/LS

Anthony Alexis  
BA History/Poli Sci

Maria Del Pilar Alfaro

David Allingham  
BS Zoology/Economics

Carol Aber  
BS Zoology

James Alterman  
BA Political Science

Tarek Alwazie  
BS Engineering

Chiaka Amadi-Onyewukwu  
BBA Marketing
Goodman fills vacated PB chairmanship

16,000 students to register this week

Flea market, bands and beer planned for Labor Day bash

Rushes: fraternities attract prospective pledges

Laboring to enjoy music and beer at pre-class party

Dismissal sparks discrimination case
George Washington University was founded in 1821.

GWU's Estimated Enrollment
- 17,000 total
- 6,100 undergraduates
- 8,500 graduates

Male/Female Ratio: 55/45
Black Students: 5%
Foreign Students: 10%

35% of undergrads live in residence halls: 1 male, 1 female, 6 coed.
35% of undergrads live in apartments (some GWU owned)
30% of undergrads commute
It seems so long ago that we were high school seniors. It applying for college admittance. We took the PSAT for practice. Then the big test, the one our whole future depended on, the SAT. The results would either elate or disappoint. No one is ever satisfied with their scores. The scores determined if we applied to Harvard or to the local community college. Only our grades could counter the SAT score. The class that hadn't mattered suddenly did. We filled out the forms, wrote the essays, and waited.

Finally the letter came. A thick letter meant acceptance and a thin one meant rejection. From George Washington University came a thick letter. Letters of acceptance meant an end to the waiting and the beginning of the fun of the senior year.

It seems so long ago that we were high school seniors. It seems so long ago that we were college freshmen. It seems so long ago, but the time passed so quickly.
Students to lobby for education bill

'Rat' name may be exterminated

Win!

'The Bank' begins excavation

Looking for a part-time job?
Liddy to speak at GW
Views on the Anderson candidacy
Lisa Bromberg  
BBA Marketing

Dorian Brown  
BBA Accounting

Terry Brown  
BS Medical Tech

Richard Bryant  
BBA Accounting

Martha Budisetianwan  
BBA Int'l Business

Robert M. Bushkoff  
BBA Int'l Business

David S. Byer  
BA Public Affairs

Jorge Calderon  
BS Engineering

Ruben Calderon  
BS Engineering

Lillian Calo  
BA Psychology/Span
There is a nine story building located on F Street between 19th and 20th Streets. From the outside it looks very ordinary, but once you have entered it, you quickly realize that you have entered another world. There are people coming and going, and noise resounds throughout the building. As you walk from floor to floor you encounter a multitude of activities. After exploring the building you ask a resident where you are. He answers, "Thurston Hall".

Whether it is a stereo blasting, a student studying, or a hall frisbee tournament, those of us who have lived in Thurston have come to the conclusion that everything is the norm in Thurston. It is probably the only place on campus that is awake and action filled almost 24 hours a day. Thurston is famous for many things; like great water fights, at 2 AM fire alarms, and a totally social atmosphere. It is something different to everyone. Whether you love or hate it, Thurston is a unique place to live.
Hatchet

GW Title IX procedures found lacking by U.S. probe

Collective suit filed against GW for '79 fire

WRGW switching to stronger transmitter

Health kick: moderation necessary

'HIGH STAKES': Liddy's view of his past, Watergate

Examining campus accessibility p.2
Update on higher education bill p.5

Not just another bag of hot air
Beating the battle with the bottle

Expert may testify on negligence in 79 fire

Faculty salary increases suggested

Annual Fund totals record $2 million

High school walls come down to let world in

Part-time lecturer resigns:
It was 'all a big mistake'

Groups of students not allowed to rent historic Lenthall houses

Red Lion destroyed in blaze

Update on University construction

The street looks at GW's past
"The next stop will be Foggy Bottom, exit at 23rd and I Streets N.W." This announcement was familiar to those GW students who couldn't use their feet or bicycles to get to campus. GW commuters were fortunate to have their own Metro station. The Foggy Bottom Metro stop which turned on its escalators in July of 1977, brought such hot spots of Northern Virginia — Crystal City, Arlington Cemetery (did you ever notice that no one ever got on at this stop), and Pentagon City — close via the Blue Line. That is, if the farecard machine accepted your wrinkled dollar. Later, in November of 1978, Arlington became more accessible with the Orange Line. Now everyone could visit the magical cities of Ballston, Clarendon, and Virginia Square, for only 60c. Commuters could also ride Metro in the opposite direction, all the way to beautiful downtown New Carolton. Addison Road, Fort Totten and Deanwood were just a farecard and squeaky brakes away. GW students never had it so good ...
AND THEN THERE IS THE BUS

... The subway was not the only energy saving transportation available. Other commuters used their Flash Pass on Metro Bus. Standing in front of the Medical Center, you could catch the 46 to Mount Pleasant, L-5, Chevy Chase Circle, or the D-2, D-3, or N-3 to other parts of Northwest. A block away, you could catch the 30 buses going down Pennsylvania Avenue into Southeast; or up Wisconsin Avenue, through Georgetown. The L-4 and L-2 were a short walk away on K street, ready to take you up Connecticut Avenue, to Van Ness, Chevy Chase Circle, and parts north.

You can't beat that!
Jonathan Garber
BBA Finance

Wanda Garcia
BBA Accounting

Lisa Gard
BA Environ Studies

Miguel Garriga
BA Geography

Charlotte Garvey
BA Journalism

Gary Garvin
BA Political Science

Irving Gaskill
BA Religion

Eric Geist
BA Statistics

Kim George
BBA Finance

Christoz Georgiadis
BS Engineering

Hate

Unforeseen deficits force record tuition jump

GWUSA senate Hike may cost students between $800 and $900

Lemonade vendors to fight unfair law

G Street firehouse may close

Tips on government jobs

Lemonade vendors to fight unfair law

GWUSA files brief in Margolis case

Tips on government jobs
Melvin Gelman, a native Washingtonian, graduated from Central High School and earned a BA in Government and Business Administration from George Washington University in 1940. After graduation he joined his father's construction firm, Gelman Construction Company, serving as vice-president. In 1954, after the death of his father, Gelman became the president of the company. During his tenure, Gelman firms built over 2000 homes, owned and managed a number of shopping centers including the Marlow Heights Regional Shopping Center, and managed 17 apartment buildings. Among the apartments Gelman owned and/or managed were the Towers in which he lived in a twenty room penthouse, the Yorktown, the Parkway, the Park Ellison, the Gelmarc Towers, the Elaine, the Macomb Gardens, the Alto Tower and the Elise.

Throughout this time Gelman remained active with GWU serving on the boards of the School of Government and Business and Judaic Studies. When he died at 60 years of age in August 1978, his wife was elected to chair the Gelman firms. She donated 1.5 million dollars from the Gelman Foundation to the University library in his memory. Lloyd Elliott renamed the building.

FOOD GLORIOUS FOOD

"Hello, my name is Kapp and I'd like to order two #13's and a #5."
"I'll have two packs of chicken and an order of fries to go."
"We have 5 minutes before class, let's stop at Leo's."

These are all phrases that are common to G.W.U. students, whether we are commuters or live on campus. They bring to mind places of culinary delight . . . the Bone, Roy's, Leo's . . . Mr. Henry's, the Falefel man, the Chinese-American food truck . . .

It doesn't matter why we grab a quick bite. Whether it was to quiet your stomach before Merchant's Biology class or to give yourself enough energy to pull the all-nighter, everyone has their favorite place. Each place has a distinct menu and atmosphere. They range from outdoors to a slightly darkened room. Even the food varies from hamburgers to Quiche Lorraine so everyone can find something they like.
Making the choice: Jimmy, Ron or ?

Carter wins, Anderson second in student poll

Anders on takes on the debaters

Showdown doesn't sway students

GW sued for $5 million by student injured in fire

Store proposed; violence disclosed

Grade inflation not severe

21st Street examines GW's freshman dilemma
I'm Not a Tourist, I Live Here or The Ten Favorite Places to Take a Visiting Friend

1. The Air and Space Museum (by far the most popular place)
2. The Lincoln Memorial
3. The Washington Monument
4. Georgetown (you have to eat)
5. The rest of the Smithsonian
6. The Capitol
7. The White House (tours are given too early to rank this higher)
8. The Metro Subway system (to anywhere — it's impressive)
9. Arlington National Cemetery
10. Embassy Row
ANC to oppose Red Lion Row

GWUSA still approves of University's Eye St. plan

Students shocked by Reagan win

Tentative figure for 1981 tuition hike set

No humor in Crawford Hall Halloween party

Hatchet
THE KENNEDY CENTER

Many historic Washington landmarks are located on F Street, both on campus or closely; Thurston Hall, the F-Street Club and Building II. But who can forget 2700 F Street, N.W.? You've seen it, next to the Watergate, looking over the Potomac towards Arlington, the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, of course.

The Kennedy Center holds many different memories. To many GW commuters, the parking garage in the Center provided the best solution when you were late for class (hangover or not, you still should have gotten up in time to get a space in the other lots). Some fortunate commuters using the Center got to know the attendants well enough to get a "discount" on parking tickets. This alone made waiting for the shuttle worthwhile.

For the men's and women's Crew Teams, the center had a different meaning. How can you forget stroking past the Center during those crack-of-dawn practices along the Potomac?

But what about the rest of GW: what special memories does the Center hold for you? Perhaps you were one of the 15 million people who toured the Center since its opening in September 1971. Did you know that the Kennedy Center was the second most popular tourist attraction in Washington?

Or maybe, you were one of the 10 million people who have seen some of the 6000 major productions since it opened. The Center satisfies a variety of audience tastes with the retrospective movies in the American Film Institute or a concert in either the Opera House or Concert Hall. Perhaps you saw a play or ballet at the Eisenhower Theater or the newer Terrace Theater. Perhaps you were one of the many GW freshmen who saw Steve Martin in September 1976 or Sweeney Todd in your Senior year. You have to admit, you can't beat the Center half-price student tickets.

Or maybe, the best part about the Kennedy Center was lying on the banks of the Potomac, enjoying the sunny spring days at GW.
GW expert spotlights decay of Red Lion Row townhouses

University receives $800,000 NEH academic grant

Lawyers dispute GW fire experts

Mitchell dorm theft uncovered

1980 music pro's and con's

Men's basketball staniles

Board passes sweeping tuition hike

Undergrad increases $700; Med School jumps $3,200

Campus security tight for inauguration day

Suspect arrested in dorm burglaries

Men's basketball stumbles

Duquesne overpowers men's basketball

Inauguration day

Students and money

Norman Leben
BBA Accounting

Chuck Lee
BS Engineering

ChungHee Lee
BA Medical Tech

Jodi Lehr
BBA Marketing

Gene Lehrhoff
BA Education

Alan Leinwand
BA Political Science

Anita Lejnieks
BA Sociology

Ronald Lenso
BBA Accounting

Mark Lerner
BA Political Science

Barbara Levine
BA Political Science
UNIVERSITY CLUB

Did you know that while you were eating lunch in the Marvin Center's first floor cafeteria, people actually enjoyed their meal only two floors above you? You've all walked past the Club on the way to a movie in the Marvin Center Ballroom. But how many of you knew that you could be a member of the posh University Club? That's right. Membership is open to all GW faculty, staff, alumni, grad students AND undergrad seniors who are 21. That means you. For only $3.40 a month dues, you could have been a member, enjoying meals during your senior year. As a Junior Alumni (within 5 years of graduation) you can still enjoy the drinks, lunch or dinner for $7.70 monthly dues.

You're probably thinking, "Why should I pay $7.70 a month just to eat Saga food?" WRONG. The University Club is a restaurant right on campus. They employ gourmet chefs, require reservations and cater weddings and Bar Mitzvahs. Besides offering its 1500 members food and prices that compete with area restaurants, the Club offers more. Every month, the Club has a Dinner/Dance which includes reduced drinks, a full buffet and music to dance the night away. There's another bonus. Every Monday through Friday, FREE coffee and donuts are served to Club members. (I said, Free Donuts) You can't beat that.

What are you waiting for? I said . . . Marvin Center . . . third floor . . . turn right off the elevator . . .
TO AVOID ACADEMIC PENALTY

LAST DATE TO ADD COURSES:

LAST DATE TO DROP COURSES:

LAST DATE TO WITHDRAW COMPLETELY:

JAN 16

FEB 9

MARCH 24

Rosalind Maynard
BBA Finance

Kelly McBride
BA Intl Affairs

Timothy McDaniel
BA Applied Math

Pitt McNeil
BA Intl Affairs

Warren Meislen
BA Journalism

Judith Menberg
BA Urban Affairs

Kathleen Mensah

Charles Mensah
BBA Economics

Nura Mared
BBA Business Admin

Nancy Merrell
BA Art History
THURSDAY NIGHT

Thursday night is sort of a special night here at GW. Since most students have no classes on Friday, Thursday night begins the weekend. Remember back when we were freshmen and the only place to be on a Thursday night was "The Lion." On a given winter evening you were lucky if you could squeeze your frozen body through the double doors. Sandwiched between the coat rack and numerous bodies you could peer into the dimly-lit room trying to find a familiar face. Since the closing of the Red Lion, the crowd has found new, and diverse corners to congregate. The Exchange has its regulars who are found dancing to the tunes of Southside Johnny or "The Boss," downing shooters, a beer or two, or playing pinball in the corner, or just plain hanging out. The Twenty-first Amendment is usually packed as is the Chinese disco at Day Lily's. Yet the real Thursday night experience lies at Scandals—a punky, new-wave bar in Georgetown. On any given evening this place is rather empty, but come Thursday night the side show begins: Leather jackets and leopard skin T-shirts, wrap around glasses, slicked back hair. Polo shirts, baggy pants, designer jeans and braided hair. This place has it all. The music of "The Cars" can be heard above the chatter as the people on the dance floor jump rapidly up and down as if on hot coals. The aisles become so crowded that if one person stops to talk to a friend, traffic is blocked forever. For a moment relief one can find his/her way into connecting Tramps discotheque—a low key disco mainly filled with foreigners. It's always easier to get to the bar in Tramps, and always fun to catch a quick spin on the dance floor. Back in Scandal's, the music pounds on and free space is a rarity. Yet all this is part of the Thursday night experience. Whatever one chooses to do, the evening is always a fun one.
THE GW Hatchet

Inauguration Day, 1981

Court hears debate in Margolis case

GWUSS strike

Fire evacuates Marvin Center

GW sends news tapes to former hostages

Row proposal rejected by Landmark Committee

Bayh: New Right's prominence alarming

Funds halted for several key groups

Monday a.m.: getting around Washington

Skipper: Davis missed in trip to Fox
EXTERNSHIPS

Remember, way back when, when you were a lowly undergrad, and even before that, remember how hard it was to find a job? Remember what you were asked? "Do you have any work experience?" Do you remember thinking, "How am I going to get work experience, if someone doesn't give me a chance?" Well, the Alumni Relations Office with the Student Alumni Career Services Office thought about that problem . . . and they have an answer: "Yes, I have been an Extern!"

The Externship Program, which began in October 1980, is a new twist to the traditional internship. The program places undergrads in all shapes and sizes: sophomores majoring in psychology, pre-meds (even pre-weds), freshman studying engineering, the list is endless, and matches them with Alumni sponsors. Externs get a taste of the working world in a career related job. Externships, which are both informal and flexible, vary from an exotic job at the DC Children's Museum to one as close-by as the GW Medical center. Student response has been tremendous (225 students applied for 50 positions). We all know how important these experimental work programs are at resume time, even if they are non-paying jobs. Once students are placed the opportunities for externs are limitless, but they have to be motivated, and they are.

In spite of each extern's interest and motivation, finding willing sponsors is difficult. Can you believe that some employers don't think that students are responsible, can't research, or can't answer phones? But we know better. And what better way to show it than by giving a little of your time in an externship.
Valerie Phillips  
BA Public Affairs

Thomas Pientak  
BA Journalism

Ronald Pinto  
BA Political Science

Gail Pitkoff  
BA American Lit

Emily Pitman  
BA Education

Amy Plisbin  
BA Sociology

Brian Poinsot  
BA Int'l Affairs

Alberto Pola  
BA Political Science

Rica Polansky  
BS Zoology

Linda Pollack  
BA Political Science

Iraj Poroshagheghi  
BS Engineering

Howell Posner  
BA Political Science

Patricia Potter  
BBA Marketing

Mary Pound  
BA Art History

Anne Pribulka  
BA History

Valerie Price  
BA Journalism/Poli Sci

John Principato  
BBA Info Processing

Phillip Proctor  
BA Zoology/Span Lit

Eugene Przyzko  
BS Engineering

Susan Pumphrey  
BBA Int'l Business
MOVIES MOVIES

Name a university that has two great retrospective movie theaters within three blocks of campus. For that matter, name the two great retrospective theaters. You probably guessed the Circle Theater, but what's the second? The American Film Institute (AFI) located in the Kennedy Center.

Anyone who's been to G.W. knows about the Circle Theater, conveniently located across the street from the Foggy Bottom Post Office; strategically positioned between Gille's 21 and the late Tammany Hall, 21st Amendment and Mr. Henry's. The Circle has been a Washington landmark since 1910. (The Theater moved to its Pennsylvania Avenue location in the '20s and is still decorated as it was remodeled during the '30s). Did you know that the Circle was one of the oldest — showing oldies but mostly goodies, since the 1950s? The Circle runs movies for two or three nights that are favorites of the staff or they believe are popular at the time ... Humphrey Bogart, Woody Allen or Kathryn Hepburn. Like all old things, the Circle has good points: the cheapest seats in town, $1.00 matinees or $2 at night (hard-core fans purchase books of tickets, 10 for $10). You take the bad with the good, that's right, name the ONLY repertory theater where your shoes stick to the floor!

Sheree Richard
BA Poli Sci

Jay Rigdon
BA Poli Sci Econ

Hilda Rivera
BS Biology

Miguel Rivero
BA Economics

Mark Robbins
BA Int'l Affairs

Sanford Robbins
BA Finance

Tracie Roberts
BA Public Affairs

Vernice Robichaud
BA Biology

Laurie Robinson
BS Biology

Matthew Rodakis
BA Zoology
The AFI, well, lets admit it, is classier. It is located adjacent to the Hall of States in the Kennedy Center, overlooking the Potomac, next to the Watergate, wedged between Georgetown and Foggy Bottom... class-y. How fancy is it? They don't sell popcorn.

The AFI differs from the Circle in many ways. Every month AFI features a theme either a Director (Gergei Eisenstein or Roman Polanski), a star (Fred Astaire or Laurel & Hardy) or a broad subject (marriage or Charles Dickens), and selects classics, or near classics, that fit the topic. AFI tries to reach out to a wide range of audience tastes each month. Interspersed between the theme movies are a number of "Misappreciated Films" — movies like "Badlands" or "Secret Life of Walter Mitty", somebody loved them, and AFI gives the film a second chance.

AFI has been in existence only since 1967, originally located at L'Enfant Plaza, moving to its current location in 1973.

AFI and Circle Theaters have something else in common. Although the theaters operate at a loss or near loss each year, they are dedicated to bringing their audience a cinematic stew. The Recipe includes popcorn, a large coke, a whacky director and a double feature of "Heaven Can Wait" and "Here Come Mr. Jordan."
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Major</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Steven Ross</td>
<td>BBA Finance</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Henry Rothkopf</td>
<td>BS Engineering</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Karen Rothman</td>
<td>BBA Marketing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pamela Roussel</td>
<td>BA Drama</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Edward Rubin</td>
<td>BBA Finance</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Howard Rubin</td>
<td>BBA Finance</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richard Rubin</td>
<td>BA Broadcasting</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Martin Rubinstein</td>
<td>BA History</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christopher Runkel</td>
<td>BA Political Science</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James Sandnes</td>
<td>BA Political Science</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Money shortage spurs financial aid cut-off

Med School tuition highest in nation, report shows

Experts reiterate support of Row

Jeffries claims to be thrown off Colonials - p. 20

Work-study funds to end tomorrow

44 declare for elections; PB chair unopposed

Senate debates concert funding bill

Muscular Dystrophy benefit set
THE COST OF A SOCIAL LIFE

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Activity</th>
<th>Cost</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Taxi Cab Fare (to Georgetown)</td>
<td>$2.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Metrobus</td>
<td>$0.60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walking</td>
<td>FREE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kennedy Center Theatre (½ price ticket)</td>
<td>$10.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First Run Movie Theatre</td>
<td>$4.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Circle Theatre</td>
<td>$2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Program Board Movie</td>
<td>Up to $1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prime Rib Restaurant</td>
<td>$14.95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>American Cafe</td>
<td>$5.95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Bone&quot; Burger</td>
<td>$1.65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Drink at a Local Bar</td>
<td>$2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Beer</td>
<td>$1.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A soda</td>
<td>$1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An Exclusive Disco</td>
<td>$10.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Abbey Road</td>
<td>FREE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bojangles</td>
<td>FREE</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

TOTAL COST (per person) $39.20
Election campaigning begins today

Controversy follows alleged GWUSA deal

Court overturns '79 Head conviction

PB cancels concert

Drastic student aid cuts imminent with Reagan plan

Library undecided on work-study jobs p.3
Montas a.m.: students and credit p.5
Burgers edge p.12

Library undecided on work-study jobs p.3
Montas a.m.: students and credit p.5
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Library undecided on work-study jobs p.3
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Library undecided on work-study jobs p.3
Montas a.m.: students and credit p.5
Burgers edge p.12
WHO IS THAT MASKED MAN?

What's 5'10" tall, has a 36" tall x 27" wide head and goes to Colonial basketball games? George of course, the mascot of GW's basketball team. What would a game be like, even a winning game, without the 249 year old George? I bet you've been wondering who's under that costume? What kind of person would dress up in a general's suit and dance around the court? What kind of fan watches every basket, shakes hands with the audience and cheers with the cheerleaders? Chris Murray of course!

Now you know. But who IS Chris Murray? This is your chance to meet Chris . . . up close and personal . . .

Chris, whose been the GW basketball team mascot for two years, is a BIG basketball fan (and I don't mean just his head). He loves the game, the excitement, the pep-band, the cheerleaders, and particularly to ham it up, especially if he's wearing a head that is 972 square inches.

Chris is a political science major (Class of '81), works part-time for a public relations firm, and is a brother in Delta Tau Delta. After graduating, he'll return to France, where they don't have basketball or mascots; perhaps, Lafayette or Napoleon will rise up at a soccer game. And speaking of soccer, Chris auditioned to be the Diplomaniac (mascot for the Diplomat Soccer team).

Chris loves being George, even though there are some drawbacks (No Martha for instance). He says it gets so hot inside the head that water vapor forms. The costume has a lot of padding, which takes a half-hour to put on. He cautions future Georges to safeguard against becoming dehydrated. When Chris was asked how he feels when the Colonials win a game, he said he couldn't tell us how it feels, because it's been so long. But when they do win, he really lets go. There are also advantages to being George. Whenever Chris gets irritated with the referees, he can say anything he wants, without fear of a technical, and only his head knows for sure.

What lies in the future for Chris Murray? He told us he'd really like to be the San Diego Chicken!!
Carol Tuszynski  
BA Int'l Affairs

Cindy Tyler  
BA Psychology

Linda Tyler  
BA Speech Pathology

Becchukwu Ukeje  
BA Psychology

George Urch  
BA Political Science

Kathy Ureles  
BA Political Science

Robin Vann  
BS Dance Therapy

Tamara Vartanian  
BA Economics

Denise Vecere  
BBA Marketing

Cesar Vettia  
BS Zoology

Andrew Velten  
BA Int'l Affairs

John Vena  
BA Political Science

Jonathan Ventura  
BA Political Science

Jean Verbillis  
BBA Business Admin

Deborah Vicini  
BBA Marketing

Carol Viehmann  
BA Int'l Affairs

Donald Vincent  
BA Political Science

Michaele Vodauck  
BA Int'l Affairs

Lorraine Voles  
BA Journalism

Nancy vulaggio  
BBA Accounting
The turnout
Voting picks up after slow start at polls

The response
Voters: no confidence in student government

Major academic realignment set for 3 GW colleges

Area groups blast Row development

Close election forces double runoff
Atwell, Holzberg in finals;
Engel, Wong vie for EVP

Entire new GWUSA senate elected; pledge activism

Martha's Marathon nets record $8,200

Fisher elected law association president

Mundo s.m.: rocky road for cyclists

GW denies allegations of Gehlert's ouster

Lisa Vuolo
BBA Personnel

Marcy Wagner
BBA Finance

Alvin Walker, Jr.
BA Psychology

Teresa Wan
BA Radio/TV

Elizabeth Weber
BA Public Affairs

Darin Weiner
BBA Accounting

Thomas Weiner
BA Int'l Affairs

Barbara Weinberg
BA Sociology

Danny Weiss
BA Public Affairs

Gary Weiss
BA Political Science
MEMORIES OF GEORGETOWN

Georgetown holds many memories for each of us. Though Washington offers various cultural, social, and even governmental facilities from which we can choose, nothing quite compares with the quaint atmosphere of Georgetown. Wisconsin and M streets are always vibrant. Anything goes — from prep to punk — Georgetown offers everybody something. From the light of dawn to the wee hours of the night, the streets are brimming with businessmen, students, tourists, and even politicians. The activity in Georgetown begins with early morning rush hour. (Try and find a student who's ever seen Georgetown before noon!) For most of us, breakfast sleepily turns to brunch which calls for a three-egg omelette at Clyde's or a mountainous chef-salad at Third Edition. On those days when nothing seemed to satisfy the palate, the Marketplace was the best choice for a little bit of everything. Pizza, eggrolls, ribs, or hotdogs. ice cream, pastries, Zeppoli's or the Chipyard ... nobody has ever left hungry.

Afternoons in Georgetown were often spent shopping. Stores range from the most traditional to the most outlandish. Walking into Britches, it was easy to get lost amidst the khaki pants, polo shirts, and topsider shoes, blue blazers and Mont Blanc pens. These stores epitomized the preppiness for which Georgetown is famous. Yet cross the street and stroll into Commander Salamander for the experience of a lifetime. Blaring punk music, salespeople with bright pink hair; the Fiorucci of the south. One never knew what to expect next in this place. One week it was leopard-skin shirts, the next, clear plastic pants. It was always a fun place to browse.

The nightlife in Georgetown was always a treat. How could you forget the Foundry's fresh fruit daiquiri's or an American Cafe pina colada, or Haagen-das chocolate-chocolate chip or Swenson's hot fudge sundae? Nor could you forget dancing to the disco beat at Tramps or the rock n' roll sounds at Winstons; or listening to the jazz musicians from Blues Alley or Charley's Georgetown to the multi-talented performers at the Cellar door or Desperado's? There's so much more. We will remember Georgetown as a large part of our college experience.
Reagan shot by assassin; 'stable' after surgery at GW

Doctors remove .22 bullet

President wounded near hotel

Shooting spurs quick action at GW

GW financial aid slashed 25 percent

Dept. of Ed. sets stringent cuts

Wiersenthal: rise of neo-Nazis disturbing

President's floor becoming extension of White House

GW doctors optimistic on Brady

GW Hatchet

SPECIAL EDITION

NO REPUBLICANS OR DEMOCRATS NOW. WE ARE ALL FAMILY

President's floor becoming extension of White House

GW Hatchet

GW Hatchet

GW Hatchet

GW Hatchet

GW Hatchet

GW Hatchet

GW Hatchet

GW Hatchet

GW Hatchet
Margolis wins case; Master Plan faces limits
Restoring cores was for restaurants

GW surgeons say Reagan suffered large blood loss

Compromise ends Pell grant freeze

U.S. commission opposes Row plans

Margolis wins case; Master Plan faces limits

GW surgeons say Reagan suffered large blood loss

Compromise ends Pell grant freeze

U.S. commission opposes Row plans

University negotiates for land swap deal

GW surgeons say Reagan suffered large blood loss

Compromise ends Pell grant freeze

U.S. commission opposes Row plans

Margolis wins case; Master Plan faces limits

GW surgeons say Reagan suffered large blood loss

Compromise ends Pell grant freeze

U.S. commission opposes Row plans
STEP FORWARD

Graduation brings to close four of the most unforgettable years of our lives. They have been years packed with fun, knowledge, growth, anxiety, tension, and countless other emotions. Throughout those years we knew graduation day would come, and while at times it seemed so far into the future, there were moments when we could not wait for the day to arrive. Yet now that graduation has arrived, and our undergraduate career is over, we are apprehensive and nervous about what our new lives will have in store for each one of us. We have grown accustomed to college life, and all that it entails as we have enjoyed our years at GWU. It is not the end of college that we fear so much, but it is the unknown future that makes us afraid. We leave behind all our friends, comfortable surroundings, and a life that has been with us constantly. It is comforting to know, however, that we can look upon our May 3rd graduation as the beginning of a bright new future. CONGRATULATIONS CLASS OF 1981 — WE DID IT!
Etc.
International Students Society
Asian Students

AIESEC
Americans for Democratic Action
Young Republicans

Progressive Student Union
Chess Club
Program Board
Wooden Teeth
Juggling Club

Square Dancing
Roadrunners

Bicycling Club
Commuter Club
Cherry Tree 1981 started out as passing thoughts and great expectations a year ago. Throughout this year, various ideas have been nurtured and changed and changed again. After many hours, days, weeks and months, these ideas finally grew into a reality.

This book captures, in the best way possible, a year of our lives at George Washington. This particular yearbook is probably the most diverse book that George Washington has seen in quite some time. There is, I hope, something for everyone. I realize that not everything in this book will please everyone, but I do think that the variety in our presentation is something to be proud.

Many people have made this book possible. To thank each one individually would be a difficult task. I hope then that all who have contributed in any way to this publication will realize my heartfelt appreciation for their assistance. I am grateful to all our benefactors, patrons and advertisers for their support, and to all of the members of the staff for their dedicated hours of hard work. Whether it be taking pictures, developing film, writing copy, designing layouts, soliciting ads, researching information or doing any of the varied things which made this book happen — Thanks. We have all worked hard to produce this book and I sincerely hope that you enjoy it now and throughout your life in recalling days gone by.

If it had not been for certain people on the Cherry Tree staff, this book would not be before you now. Each one of them deserves special thanks:

Scott Bushnell’s talent in graphic design are readily demonstrated throughout this book. His input as Layout Editor can be clearly seen in every single page. The results of this book are truly an accomplishment and I especially want to thank David Touger for doing more than his share on the entire book. To say, at the least, without him there would be no copy. As Photo Editor, Richard Ellis has been a creative and extremely dedicated contributor to this book, and I know that he will do a great job as editor next year. To Marcy Wagner, for her friendship and concern for me and the yearbook and for taking on the job of Advertising Editor and far exceeding my expectations. To Judy Membrek, who worked hard on putting together a creative and interesting senior section and the biggest that G.W. has ever had. Lorraine Maskin has the distinction of being the best business manager this office has seen in a long time. Sue Gruskin has done a great job in covering our fraternities, sororities, and organizations and always being there to lend a hand. Cathy Sontag was a tremendous help in putting together the drama section; Margi Fisher and Liz Bender greatly enlarged the coverage of our faculty; and Zev Lewis and Sharmini Ismail for helping out on those late night layout sessions.

A special thanks goes to Mark Thornton, John Bailey, Liz Panyon, Daniel Webster and the Publications Committee. Also to my housemates, a special thanks for always being there. And to my family, for constant encouragement and love.

I thank all of you for the hours spent working hard and for making this yearbook an experience I will never forget.

MARJORIE KRAMER
Editor-in-Chief
Cherry Tree 1981
you've just been SHOT!

by a Cherry Tree photographer

Scott Bushnell
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David Touger
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Cherry Tree 1981

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To The Class of 1981
The Kramer Family

Congratulations Marcy and The Class of 1981
Ruth, Edward, and Peter Wagner
Congratulations
To The Graduating
Class of 1981
Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon Blank
and Family

Congratulations
To The Class of 1981
From the Parents of
Warren Meislin

Dear Mitchell —
Congratulations
Our love and best wishes
are with you now and
always. May luck,
happiness, and success fill
your future.
We Love You
Mom, Dad, and Michele

Henry A. Davidson
and Elisan Cozen
Parents of Susan Davidson
"Congratulations,"
"Wellington-Woo-Dad"
We Did It!!
Love,
"Buckshot Bertha"
Bonnie Teschemacher

Congratulations Lyn
We are Proud Of You
Mom, Dad,
Diane, Susan, and Carol
Spiro

Congratulations To
Dean G. Belmont

We Add Our
Congratulations
To All You Receive Today
Dr. and Mrs. Stewart E.
Gilbert
and Family
Congratulations and Happiness
To Claudia Isaacs
From Mom, Dad,
Karen, Carrie, David

Congratulations Melissa
and The Class of '81
Gloria, Aaron,
and
Debra
Rosenblatt

Congratulations To Shari
Seltzer
and The Class of '81
From Mom, Dad,
Karen,
and
Beth
Congratulations and Best Wishes
To The Graduating Class of 1981
The Kamnitz Family

Tinouli,
Thank you for fulfilling our dreams beyond our wildest expectations and never forget:
Heads You Win — Tails You Win
Dad, Mom, and Panos
Joan and Rollin Sontag

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Mr. and Mrs. Felix H. Kent
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The Rhythm Masters
The Electric Horseman
Michael Guthrie Band
Willemistress
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Simon
Natural Bridge
Nuclear Energy Debate
And Justice for All
The Legends
Funny Girl
Funny Lady
Salsa Sensation Dance
Machu Pichu
Artie Traum/Pat Alger
Steve Forbert
East of Eden
Rebel Without a Cause
Papa John Creach
Daniel Ellsberg
Evening of Solidarity
The Jerk
Institute for Self-Reliance
An Evening with Oscar Wilde
The Birds
Psycho
Sarah Weddington
Root Boy Slim

Kenny Goodman
Ina Levy
Clady Robertson
Rick Kotzen
Ross Moskowitz
Brad Bryen
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Dan Herninger
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Pam Weinstein
Steve Berkowitz

Les Suckau
Ralph Davis
Keelie Meachum
Randy Mason
Brad Barnett

The Kids are Alright
Time After Time
Halloween Party
Winner, Winner, & Dancers
The Rockats
The Dispensers
Joe Kidd
High Plains Drifter
Jerusalem: The Torn City
The Seduction of Joe Tynan
Debbie Does Dallas
Third World Forum
Black History Month
Kramer vs. Kramer
Dr. John
Gevatron
All the Jazz
Commuter Club Wine & Cheese
John Hall
International Dinner
Trinidad Steel Band
Italian Folklore Group
Athens Mathos
American Indian Dancing
The Rose
Breaking Away
Easy Rider
Mash
Dog Day Afternoon
La Cage aux Folles
No Nukes
Attack of the Killer Tomatoes
Bedtime for Bonzo
Blushing Brides
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Birch Bayh
The Tin Drum
B. Willie Smith
I Love You, Alice B. Toklas
The Party
Being There
Mary Dent Crisp
College Bowl
Fame
The Good Rats
Bananas
Everything you always wanted to know about sex...
Quiet Riot
Comedy Concert
Jazz Singer
Yankee Doodle Dandy
Chapter Two
Natural Bridge & Dance Co.
Canselpell
Which Way is Up?
Parents Day
Widespread Depression Orch.
Little Miss Marker
Lord of the Rings
Fist of Fury
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Kentucky Fried Movie
Groove Tube
Dressed to Kill
How I Won the War
Alice's Restaurant
Clockwise Orange
2001: A Space Odyssey
The Last Waltz
Hopscotch
Kelly's Heroes
Dirty Dozen
Where the Buffalo Roam
Annie Hall
The Long Riders
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is the playground of the administration."

The George Washington University

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Class of '81

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WE DID IT
YOU ENJOY IT
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THE 1981 CHERRY TREE STAFF
LET'S GET PERSONAL

Dear C,
1-4-3
Love,
B
* Forever
P.S. Remember Florida, Phila., Syracuse, Thruston, 1/26/81 Horny, Betting, and 1,000,000 other great moments together.

To the Girls of Thurston Room 334, 1977:
Thanks for a Great Beginning!
Melissa

Dear Barry, Frank, and Rich,
Thanks for making May 3 possible — you know what I mean!
Lots of love,
Risa

Hi Guys
Been a lot of fun — Too bad it past so soon, keep it up. Keep in touch too,
Reza Beheshti

To the Boys of Lambda Sigma Delta:
Bush, Byrd, Delicious, Face, Headly, Harv, Liteweight, Moul, Nathan, Poco, Rock Blattage, Rusty, Scooter, Shroomage, Syl, Toasty and Trails ... Best Wishes for a Glowing Future ... Fare Thee Well
Ross: The girl from the Long Island part of Boston loves you always.

To Joe, Jay, and Walt:
You guys are all nuts ... and the greatest. Thanks for four years of sheer insanity.
Paul

Dear Sue Murdock,
I'm really going to miss you. Lots of love from your best friend and "sister" — Lorraine

Betsy,
From Ridge St., to Sunny Brook farms, from Thurston to the Key!
Are you following me? I hope so. I love you. XO Cathy

"I once shot a moose" Nathan

Dear Shari,
... We came as strangers and we leave as close as friends can be. From "train gauchos" and "Bible meetings" to "Pony" and "the stick," where have the four years gone? Are we ever getting a divorce?
Love, Sue

To Lyse,
From January 16, 1981 till eternity. We have our whole future together and I'm sure we will make the most of it.
Love forever, Howie

Bob, Like a miracle our lives were brought together. Our hearts have merged to one and our love will endure forever. Te Adoro, Freckles

Dear Melissa,
305, 508, 811 ... Thanks for being the best roommate ever. Hope you have loved it as much as I have.
Love you, Lisa

To P.J., E.J., Scott, Ken, The Slo, and Len Mann,
121 and I live on. May we be friends forever, no matter how far apart we get.
The Canandaigua Kid

B, Can you top this? Car thieves ... roles ... gun ... mocha chip ... It's just a jump to the left ... California rollerskating ... our third roommates ... Animal House ... prewar wiggle ... Darlin' ... flared nostrils ... and so much more ... a three year joint venture (sit to my left), it's been great. couldn't have done it without you.
Love always, H

Dear Ali Baba,
To our favorite window tapper and laundry partner, go home and get sticky!
Love, S and S

Mark —
GW will never be the same without crabapple and Beetroot, but at least we will be together!
I love you, Michele

To the Crew at 2312 S. 2nd St.:
Good luck guys in your future endeavors!
Kenny

last thing i remember i was running for the door, i had to find the passage back to the place i was before. 'relax' said the night man, we are programmed to receive ... you can check out anytime you like, but you can never leave ... Z-MAN

Tom,
Anytime you want to come over and study, come on. I'll always love you. XOXO Fluff

To Howie, Harris, Gumby, Matt, Torin, Pep, Andy, Jim, Vodka, Bernie, Grevey, Cilat, Dave — Best of luck in the future. Balls

Shoulder to shoulder to tests we go, sitting in the very last row.
When diploma time did come, instead of two they gave us one.

Dear Shari and Sue,
It's been a great four years together. Both of you are very special friends. Shari, you want to bet we live on the same block when we are 35? (i.e. camp).
Lots of love and kisses! Lorraine

Guyse,
You're the greatest! When true friendship was put to the test, you passed with flying colors. Best friends forever.
Your third roommate, Pancho

Dear Lisa,
Sarp to graduation, four years full of experiences. Thanks for the memories and to the ones that will follow.
Love, Melissa

BDS
ILU
SHW

Ralphie and Norton:
I think you guys are great Beautiful Best of luck and lots of love.
Peinstein

To the URPS of Tomorrow!
It won't be the same without you! The best of luck.
Risa (class coordinator, 1980)

To BEAR,
Fireworks CC. We're partners in a sure investment, though seemingly unsteady at times. I believe in you. I NEVER KNEW LOVE LIKE THIS BEFORE!
Love, BEARLEIGH.
A "Magic" E:
How are things?
The Short Lady
P.S. I'm nothing but trouble.

To the F-Up-Mother-Crew
Don't leave home without it
XO Snout
P.S. Salzburg was unforgettable and I'll always love the Portuguese grandparents!

Dear Sue and Shari,
Thank you for all the good times.
Love, Artie

MSM,
Madison Hall talks, shopping, Maryland, New York, Drinks, Jobs, and apartments. Only a beginning I am proud to be your best friend.
Love, MSW

Freckles,
I promised you the stars our senior year, now we've got the rest of our lives to share them, together.
All my love forever, BO

RFM,
Thanks for a grand finale Europa '81

To: Dr. Robert Baker Asst. Dean Education
I came to G.W. in 1977 as a foreign student and the personal help and human kindness of Dr. Baker have helped to make my studies very enjoyable. Thanks to you and the education staff.
Carmen McMahon-Dumas

Lorraine:
First T.Y., then G.W. and Stanley, Now Club Med. — What next? Love ya, Shari

Margaret, Sue and Judy —
What the Hell am I going to do without you guys?? I love you tons.
Rise

Dear Robert,
Just remember, I'm still waiting to see stars and hear firecrackers.
Love you always,
Lisa

Brad,
Thurston, VDNugget, 2/26, Closet, hearts, Madison, Flir.
Teeth Grinding, 01/26, jelly bellies, juggling, unicorn,betting, Hertz, Daytona graduation . . .
Thanks for the memories.
ILY
Carrie

Sue:
Four years filled with sharing and caring, laughing and crying, growing and learning, sadness and joy . . . That's is — I refuse, no divorce — you can't get rid of me so quickly.
I love you, Shari

A Mis Padres y Hermanos:
Gracias por la confianza, por el respaldo y por el amor que me ha mantenido. Esto es para uds.
Los amo, Lourdes

Greg:
As you venture into your future, hold and carry with you the special moments and memories of our life together. I love you now and always will.

To the Gummies,
May your flavors be varied and your nights be sticky.
XO, Yellow
Blue, Sweet Dreams, XO "you too"

Kenny —
It was those wonderful Red Sox that brought us together. I am with you in spirit all the time. I love you, DEB

Helenee —
I couldn't have done it without you! But then, you couldn't have done it without me either! Remember in 20 years we may not look back on school with fond memories, but we will look back on our times together —
Love, Bons

Dear Sue and Shari,
Birthday brunches, mocha chip, "liquor," dough, and a ton of other great memories. You were the best 3rd and 4th roommates ever.
Love, Lisa and Melissa

To snout, snatch, the Portuguese grandparents. Anibole, Carraci, Yes, the white house, weekey wekey, Gay who?, etc . . . da de da da da dah
Hey! Fred and the kids are dead

M —
We have gone through the past four years separately, but we have made it together. I love you —

Lorraine:
From typewriters and ambulances to Numbers and showers, we know the future will be filled with craziness and good times together.
Love, Sand S

Dorigible,
Thanks for the great times, the many memories, and the fun we shared.
K

Missy:
I only wish we had more time to putz together. I am thinking of you always. With Love, Deb

Lana M: CC'S, HD, AG, CK, OJ, dough, liquor, brunches and lots of love.
Sand S

Jodi, Donna, Eliza, Bobby K., John O., Elyse, All of you have made GWU a great place to be
I love you, Lorraine

My dearest Wizard:
I'll never forget the night at Prime Rib. Forever and ever, I love you.
Love always, Elyse

Hi Mom, Hi Dad
I did it. But it was all your help. Without you I couldn't. Thanks a million.
Love you, Reza B.

Dear M —
Thanks for those many long hours we've spent talking. You're a great listener and a fantastic friend.
Love you, L

Cath — When you find out what really matters in life, and when you find out what is real, please let us know.
M and M

P.S. Will you ever get our names straight?
**RETROSPECT**

**SAY WHAT?**

"What's doing?"
"Could you just die."
"Lloyd Elliot, who?"
"Meet you at the Bone"
"A New Beginning"
"Reach out, reach out and touch someone"
"Build a Big Mac today"
"Be a pepper"
"Fade away and radiate"
"Less filling, tastes great"
"Call me, Dr. Chapstick"
"Don't leave home without it"
"Tie a yellow ribbon . . . ‘"
"America's turning 7-UP"
"In space, no one can hear you scream"
"I'm in control here"
"I asked my daughter, Amy"
"Killer trees"
"And that's the way it is . . ."
"Nothing comes between me and my Calvins"

**COST OF LIVING**

**IN 1981**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Cost</th>
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<td>Blue Book</td>
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<td>Local Phone Call</td>
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<tr>
<td>Postage Stamp</td>
<td>$0.18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Washington Post</td>
<td>$0.20</td>
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<tr>
<td>Package of Gum</td>
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<tr>
<td>Chocolate Bar</td>
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<tr>
<td>Can of Soda</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cup of Coffee (Joe)</td>
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<td>Metro Ticket</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pack of Cigarettes</td>
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<td>Ice Cream Cone</td>
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<tr>
<td>Slice of Pizza</td>
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<td>Time Magazine</td>
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<tr>
<td>Gallon of Gasoline</td>
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<tr>
<td>Six Pack of Beer</td>
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<td>Minimum Wage</td>
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<tr>
<td>Quaalude</td>
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<td>Movie Ticket</td>
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<tr>
<td>Album</td>
<td>$6.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G.W.U. T-Shirt</td>
<td>$8.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cherry Tree 1981</td>
<td>$16.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Levi Jeans</td>
<td>$18.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>G.W.U. Sweatshirt</td>
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<tr>
<td>Running Sneakers</td>
<td>$35.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Designer Jeans</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ounce of Marijuana</td>
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<td>One Month's Parking (GW)</td>
<td>$55.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>N.Y. Shuttle (one way)</td>
<td>$59.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tuition (one semester)</td>
<td>$1800.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**IN MEMORY OF**

John Lennon
George Raft
Alexi Kosygin
Mae West
John "Bonzo" Bonham
Ella Grasso
Colonel Sanders
Bobby Sands
General Omar Bradley
Jean Piaget
Peter Sellers
Dr. Michael Halberstam
Steve McQueen

**PEOPLE IN THE NEWS**

Lady Diana
David Stockman
Warren Christopher
Richard Queen
Brooke Shields
Rita Jenrette
Alexander Haig
Billie Jean King
J.R. Ewing
James Brady
Mary Cunningham
Jerry Falwell
Bani Sadr
Young & Crippen
Margaret Thatcher

**ACADEMY AWARDS**

Best Picture — *Ordinary People*
Best Actor — Robert DeNiro
Best Actress — Sissy Spacek
Best Director — Robert Redford
Best Song — "Fame"

**HEADLINES**

Carter refuses to debate Reagan and Anderson
Gulf errupts into war — Iran vs. Iraq
Carter debates Reagan
Inflation rate hits 12.7%
Reagan sweeps election
Republicans win majority in Senate
Killer earthquake in Italy
Prime interest rate hits 21.5%
Oil reaches $41 per barrel
Hostages freed after 444 days in captivity
Reagan inaugurated as 41st president
Prince Charles selects a Queen
Attempted assassination of Ronald Reagan
United States launches first space shuttle flight
Dow Jones hits 1021
Jean Harris convicted of murder
Washington Post Pulitzer Prize scandal
ABSCAM
Cronkite signs off for the last time
Pope John Paul II shot

**SPORTS**

Philadelphia Phillies win World Series
George Brett hits .390
Muhammad Ali loses to Larry Holmes
Sugar Ray Leonard defeats Roberto Duran
George Rogers wins Heisman Trophy
Georgia Tech Number 1 in College Football
Oakland Wins Superbowl
Indiana Number 1 in College Basketball
Freedom wins America's Cup
Wayne Gretzky
Larry Bird
Reggie Jackson
Dave Winfield
Tug McGraw
Jim Plunket
Bjorn Borg
Tom Watson
Pleasant Colony wins Kentucky Derby