

The Anchor



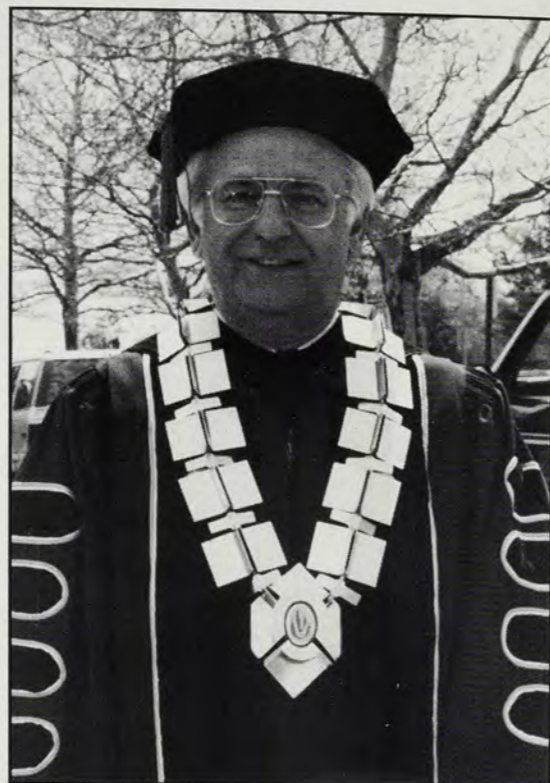
Commencement 1995

Rhode Island College • May 20, 1995

"You are prepared for a new beginning..."

Dear Graduating Seniors:

Congratulations to each of you for having achieved the goal of attaining a baccalaureate degree. For some of you, this has been the end of four years of work and study; for others, it has been a longer period of time. In any event you have attained this milestone and Rhode Island College is indeed most proud to have been part of your life and your learning experiences. The faculty and the administration are confident that you are prepared for a new beginning- be it in your field of preparation, in graduate school, or in whatever career or endeavor you undertake. Remember well what you have learned at Rhode Island College and make use of those skills as you assume your role as responsible citizens and leaders in your community.



We hope that you will always look back upon your experiences at Rhode Island College with pleasant memories and it is our hope that you will serve as ambassadors for the College. Go forth and make a difference not only in this state, but in this nation and the world. Set goals high, persevere, get involved in whatever you do. Use your time well and keep all your activities in balance.

We hope that you will continue to maintain a strong relationship with the College through its Alumni Association. Your support, in whatever form it takes, will be very important to Rhode Island College and its future.

Good luck to all!

Sincerely,

John Nazarian
President

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THE ANCHOR

1995 Commencement Issue

Editor John Valerio *Photos* Fred MacDonald
& Dayna DeFeo

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Goodbye RIC, hello world

Welcome to The Anchor's third annual *Commencement Issue!*

With this issue The Anchor continues its tradition of honoring seniors on the day set aside for them. If you are unfamiliar with Rhode Island College, The Anchor is the weekly newspaper at the college. The

Foreword

paper is entirely student-run, by volunteers from any and all of the school's departments.

Commencement is a time of reflection for graduates and their families. The four, or more, years of studying has come to an end. And for most of our graduates, the end of juggling part-time (and often full-time) work with a hectic class schedule.

College graduates of the last several years have entered the working world with a high level of anxiety of what awaited them. The Class of '95 is no different. Many students will be routed into jobs unrelated to their field of study. Others will find no permanent job at all.

In the 'professional' world, though, Rhode Island College graduates have an edge on their competitors that cannot be found at any other school. RIC graduates know what it means to work two, sometimes three jobs, and go to school. RIC graduates know what it is like to take a semester off because they cannot afford it. And many RIC graduates know what it is like to raise a family, hold a job and attend classes. The fact is, RIC graduates work harder for their degrees than any students in the state.

Leave Rhode Island College today knowing that you earned your degree through hard work in and out of school. And that's why you will succeed.

• • •

A special thank you to those seniors who contributed written reflections and photos. Your insights will serve as a reminder of the time spent at RIC for your class.

Congratulations and good luck to the Class of 1995.

Rhode Island College to award five honorary degrees during commencement season

The 1995 Rhode Island College undergraduate and graduate commencement ceremonies will have the flavor of the international and the local as over 1,700 students receive their degrees. Judith K. Sweeney, RIC class of 1972, who has been recognized nationally for her innovative teaching style and science curriculum initiatives, addressed the graduate ceremonies on Thursday. Today's ceremonies will feature the world renowned geographer and special correspondent for *Good Morning, America's* "Geographically Speaking" series, Harm J. de Blij. Three other honorary degrees will be awarded during today's ceremonies.

Harm J. de Blij, world renowned geographer and *Good Morning, America* correspondent to address undergraduates

Television producer, writer/editor, university professor, author, co-author and editor of 33 books and world traveler, Harm J. de Blij has been recognized by the Association of American Geographers for "outstanding service" as an American geographer, and shares a 1993 Emmy award with others from the network television show, *Good Morning, America*. He will receive an honorary degree of Doctor of Humanities.

His distinguished broadcast career has brought him into the homes of thousands of Americans as a regular correspondent to breaking news stories in hot spots around the globe, such as the recent unfolding events in Bosnia and Somalia.

A former editor of the National Geographic's science journal, *National Geographic Research*, he has worked tirelessly to inform and educate the public on matters relating to the world around them, using the classroom and the media as forums.

Born in the Netherlands and educated in South Africa, he was awarded his master's and Ph.D. from Northwestern University. de Blij taught at Michigan State University during the 1960s and has served as professor of geography at the University of Miami since 1970 and distinguished professor of geography in the School of Foreign Service at Georgetown University since



Harm J. de Blij

1990.

He has worked in or visited more than 100 countries, with most of his efforts concentrated in Africa. Publications that he has authored, co-authored or edited have been translated into several languages ranging from Chinese to Italian.

During the 1970s, de Blij became interested in the geographical aspects of wine production, consumption, tradition and culture, and has published several books on the topic. He writes a regular wine column for the journal, *Focus*.

1995 Commencement Video

It took you a long time to get to your degree, so don't let graduation pass you by without having something to remember and show to your friends and relatives.

RIC-TV is producing a video of today's undergraduate degree ceremony.

Order your video now!

Only \$20 each

COMPLETE ORDERING INFORMATION ON BACK.

RIC-TV



Eugene Edward Lee

will receive an honorary degree of Doctor of Fine Arts.

Lee has produced designs for several movies, rock concerts, and has collaborated with British director Peter Brook. In the Rhode Island community of his theater colleagues, he is referred to as "a cultural and artistic resource for the state."

Lee holds a bachelor of fine arts

Willy Heeks

Another Rhode Island native, Willy Heeks, who was a neighbor of the college while growing up in the adjacent Children's Center, recently used Bannister gallery as the site of the exhibit of the first career survey of his works as his "homecoming."

Heeks, an international contemporary artist, who was educated at The Whitney Museum of American Art in New York and the University of Rhode Island, BFA (1972), will receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Fine Arts.

The 44-year-old critically ac-

claimed artist's works are in the permanent collections of the Museums of Modern art in New York and San Francisco, as well as in the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, D.C., the Boston Museum of Fine Art, the Brooklyn Museum and the Peter Stuyvesant foundation in Amsterdam, the Netherlands.

Heek's one-man and group exhibitions number in the hundreds.

Among the many honors and awards he has received include the Artist Fellowship from the National Endowment for the Arts, 1978, 1987 and 1989.

you can recognize instantly. I've always thought that that is what the stage designer should have. At base, we're artist and craftsman with a tradition. I have always thought there should be a point of view."

His point of view "resides in the relationship between the performer and the spectator; all else is secondary."



Willy Heeks

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Sister Carol McGovern

The honorary degree of Doctor of Public service will be posthumously bestowed upon Rhode Island's "champion of the poor," Sister Carol McGovern, who died of cancer April 5 at the age of 53.

Sister McGovern's life belonged to those less fortunate. She was one of the state's tireless advocates for the powerless and destitute. As executive director of Amos House and president of the Rhode Island Coalition for the Homeless, the Sister of Mercy spent her energy feeding

the needy and working to alleviate some of the struggles faced by those who could take comfort in her kind words and ever-present smile.

A 1964 graduate of Salve Regina University where she earned her degree in education, Sister McGovern took her final vows into the religious life three years later. She earned her master's degree in religious education in 1974.

Considered a friend by people from all walks of life, she "possessed a softness about her that allowed her to speak the truth."



Sister Carol McGovern

Eugene Edward Lee

Internationally recognized scenographer, Eugene Edward Lee, who brought attention to Rhode Island as a scenic designer for Trinity Repertory Company for more than 25 years will receive an honorary degree of Doctor of Fine Arts.

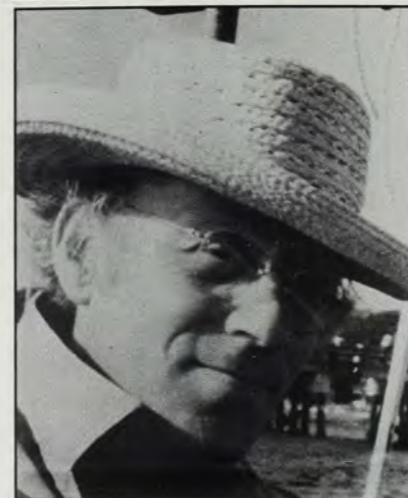
Lee has produced designs for several movies, rock concerts, and has collaborated with British director Peter Brook. In the Rhode Island community of his theater colleagues, he is referred to as "a cultural and artistic resource for the state."

Lee holds a bachelor of fine arts

degree from The Art Institute of Chicago and Carnegie Mellon University, and a master of fine arts degree from the Yale Drama School.

Drawing his style from within, Lee says, "artists have styles that you can recognize instantly. I have always thought that that is what the stage designer should have. At base, we're artist and craftsman with a tradition. I have always thought there should be a point of view."

His point of view "resides in the relationship between the performer and the spectator; all else is secondary."



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Willy Heeks

Looking back at 4 years of work

by Dawn M. Chearino

Graduation Day. May 20, 1995. The warm and sunny day that I have been pondering for four years of my life has finally arrived.

RI College meant a great wealth of things to me during the four years that I have made this campus my "home away from home" from early in the morning - four or five days a week.

The academics were great! Putting in 110 percent of energy and effort into classes gave me such a sense of accomplishment upon completion. Parking? well, that's a whole other story.

During my freshman year the feeling of a whole new world at 600 Mount Pleasant Avenue wasn't appealing at all. I was scared. What I once referred to as a teacher was now a professor. I was in a whole new league. "Oh God," I thought to myself momentarily. "These people are larger than life. I'm with the almighty of my future. Post secondary education for the next four years!" Aside from the fact that I had my doubts about the faculty, I was prejudicial and thought that I was going to be another face or number in the crowd. Needless to say all of that would change in a very short time.

That was the year that everything was new, clean and fresh to me. Becoming very active in RIC activities took care of some of the shyness and intimidation that I was feeling and helped alleviate the fear of the next three years.

During my sophomore year, I

started tagging on to professors in my major of communications and concentration in English. I remember seeing the general education classes from a horrible perspective. I felt as if I was in high school for the second time. The only focus during this year was getting classes for the next semester and the typical ritual of parking my car on the campus.

When I started my junior year, I was prepared to venture out into the real world and worked as an intern in various locations to gain the necessary experience that I thought was needed and in demand. Aside from working part time and doing several internships, I was also concentrating more on school and became totally engaged with the professional aspect of what the internships were doing for me. This was a time that I felt my focus grow and strengthen. I started to become concerned with the employment outlook for 1995. Unfortunately, reality didn't seem too promising, (even among the most competitive) so I resorted to more volunteer work.

By the end of junior year I felt as though I knew it all. I knew what was ahead of me, as well as what I now had under my belt. During this time I started to see how much I sacrificed to excel in school. I worked, volunteered, studied late nights - all while seeking the guidance and assistance of my professors and career counselors. One more year, and it would all come to an end.

It was here. Quietly it came knocking on a warm August morning. The first day of my senior

years was staring me right in the face. Questions came from everywhere. They filled my head and for the first time I didn't have the answers to; "Where do I go next years? What's next? What do I do now? HELP!"

All these questions grow in my head. At times I felt as though I was going to hit rock bottom and would often ask myself, "Did I do the right thing. Did I choose the right major? Did I just waste four years of time, loans, energy, and a dormant social life for what I was hoping to be a prosperous future?" This was enough to send me in a frenzy.

With help from some of my professors and the faculty I managed to brush these feelings off, or at least suppress them long enough for me to get through this last year. I figured out that this was reality and I had to at least try and make the best of it.

I'm proud to know that I will be a Rhode Island College graduate. I am secure in knowing that I gave it my best. The sense of self satisfaction is shining on me as bright as the sun.

Although I will make my rounds prior to leaving, to extend my sincere appreciation to each and every person who in some way has touched me and made my life more meaningful, I would like to take that opportunity now to deliver that message in print.

The most important aspect was that I set out to accomplish x, y, z, and did it, and fell a self satisfaction that bears no monetary price. Unfortunately, I could never go back and recapture "the college years"

Continued on next page

It's time to say 'thanks'

by Marcela Astudillo

The time is here, and as opposed to being plain and simply excited, I am also beginning to reminisce about everything and everyone at RIC. Especially those people who offered encouragement along the way.

As I begin to think of all of those special people, I realize that there's too many of them. So, instead of trying to name them all, I will mention what they did to deserve some space in my 'unforgettable memories box.'

Some administration members went out of their way to tell me I deserved as much time as anything else on their daily agenda. Even as I called, sometimes last minute, I was greeted without the usual arrogance known to go along with being an administration member. This means a lot to students.

Some professors offered wonderful words of encouragement at times when I felt insecure about my writing abilities. There was a Writing 100 professor in particular, who took

Continued from previous page

but there will always be a large piece of my heart, soul, and mind that will always encompass me and follow me for the rest of my life!

My gratuity is extended to the professors and secretaries in both the English and communications departments. They have always given me their time and endless amounts of effort to assist me whenever possible. "You know who you are." In addition, a warm thank you goes out to the fine folks in the

time to tell me I was in god shape for a journalism career. She probably has no idea what her words of encouragement meant to me, but I do, and will always be thankful.

Okay, now I have to get specific.

First, my boss at Adams Library, Special Collections. Perhaps the nicest and most decent person I met while at RIC. Thanks Marlene.

I once thought that my problem with shyness would not allow me to pursue a career in journalism. So I sought an expert opinion on how much of a problem I had. As a result, I learned to accept and be comfortable with my personal qualities and realized that only I could create a barrier to a successful career. Thanks Dr. Lavin.

Finally, John Valerio, you probably don't know this, but you are the one who played a crucial role in my decision, early on in college, to be a reporter. The first time I came to you, I walked away with a story assignment which was later published on the front page of *The Anchor*. This was my first career

career development center who always gave me their undivided attention and helped develop my "out of the classrooms" skills for the real world. If I have missed anyone, please accept my apologies.

As I sit today I can see a light at the end of the tunnel slightly clearer. I now that I have been going in the right direction all along. Nevertheless, I can't begin to think of all the wonderful people that I'll be leaving behind. The faculty at RI College has shown tremendous support for me. Their guidance, their



Marcela Astudillo

step and you were an important part of it. I'll miss you and wish you the best of luck.

And now I continue to shed tears as I think about the great times.

Best wishes to the class of 1995.

During her tenure at The Anchor, Marcela Astudillo served as a staff writer, News Editor and Managing Editor. She is a Political Science major.

time, and their unsurpassed ability to listen to me has been a triumph in itself. I know that the road in life will get much more rocky with each new step I take. I know that there will be times when the world seems like an unfriendly place to be. Nevertheless, in those moments I will ponder in what I once had experienced during my college journey here and will forever hold these memories as the closest thing right next to my heart.

Dawn M. Chearino is a Mass Communications major.

Ode to Steve Shaw

Robert Muir, a thirteen-year veteran of the Providence Police Department, is receiving his degree in Spanish today. He was one of the detectives assigned to investigate the death of Sgt. Steven Shaw.

This ode was submitted in both English and Spanish. Unfortunately, due to space limitations, only the English version has been published here.

Ode to Steve Shaw

Starry night, hidden place
two bodies lie together
lovers, husband and wife
they sow the seed of the future

bullet bullet, weighing nothing
shot shot, taking all

through the night, the crying,
happiness has arrived
he suckles at her breast
gentle is her lullaby

bullet bullet, weighing nothing
shot shot, taking all

run, run, don't be late
without education you'll be nothing
do what I tell you
you'll be famous one day

bullet bullet, weighing nothing
shot shot, taking all

Mothers day
lilacs dug up
a gift even though poor
rich with brothers and sisters

bullet bullet, weighing nothing
shot shot, taking all

Stars shining bright
reflected in the eyes
of his beautiful lover
tender caresses, bursts of kisses

bullet bullet, weighing nothing
shot shot, taking all

In the church of your youth
the bells are sounding
The father gives you
the flower of his life

bullet bullet, weighing nothing
shot shot, taking all

together in bed
flying in paradise
dreams of the future
kisses, caresses, love

bullet bullet, weighing nothing
shot shot, taking all

he goes, dressed in blue
armed protector
destined for heroics
his cheeks kissed

bullet bullet, weighing nothing
shot shot, taking all

your daily heroic acts
were all forgotten
and the Mayor yelled at you
"Your hubcap, where is it!?"

bullet bullet, weighing nothing
shot shot, taking all

The monstrous predators
flying through the streets
mounted on tires
one as a woman dressed

bullet bullet, weighing nothing
shot shot, taking all

two times they caught prey
other times they tried
the elderly they assaulted
from them money was taken

bullet bullet, weighing nothing
shot shot, taking all

to the protectors they called
for the thieves they sought
and the victims they guarded
in a known house they found them

bullet bullet, weighing nothing
shot shot, taking all

he entered the house
in darkness enveloped
with closed doors
and blind corners

bullet bullet, weighing nothing
shot shot, taking all

they heard a shot
and called out to Steve
bleeding to death
he did not respond

bullet bullet, weighing nothing
shot shot, taking all

Come out! Come out!
with your hands in the air
drop your weapon
with silence responded the darkness

bullet bullet, weighing nothing
shot shot, taking all

among bursts of gunfire
sulfuric smoke
shouts and cries
quiet remained the night

bullet bullet, weighing nothing
shot shot, taking all

river of blood flowing
many things on their minds
volley after volley, and then,
no more than the noise of the smoke

bullet bullet, weighing nothing
shot shot, taking all

in the room they entered,
to their partner they attended
the source of the river ran, flowing
his life was absent

bullet bullet, weighing nothing
shot shot, taking all

at home she waited
came the horrifying call
but deep inside they all
know this threat

bullet bullet, weighing nothing
shot shot, taking all

Death had taken him
man, lover, husband,
friend, son, brother,
partner, soldier

bullet bullet, weighing nothing
shot shot, taking all

soldier of the sea
defender of freedom
domestic soldier
defender of security

bullet bullet, weighing nothing
shot shot, taking all

outside the church of your youth
five thousand comrades stood
the snow fell, and the cold entered
through the scars deep inside

bullet bullet, weighing nothing
shot shot, taking all

A father supported his flower again
now the petals were withered
rose in her hand, snow and sorrow
thinking of lost caresses

bullet bullet, weighing nothing
shot shot, taking all

the snow fell in the gray sky
through the snow sounded taps.
partners at his side, gun burst salute
in this manner the hero was buried

bullet bullet, weighing nothing
shot shot, taking all

they left, and alone, he was left
with St. Michael in Heaven
guarding us always
the others and you, Semper Vigilans

bullet bullet, weighing nothing
shot shot, taking all

No, this shot, you are wrong
for always I have the memory
of friendship and great deeds,
and always I carry
the scars of my heart

Keeping
you
informed
every
week.

The
Anchor

Four years not enough? Try graduate school

by Susan DeDentro

Now that I've gotten through four long years at Rhode Island College, I've decided that four years of college isn't enough. I've decided to head on to graduate school. If you wake up one morning and decide that more studying is what you want, here's some advice for you from someone who's been through it.

- Start looking into schools you may want to apply to. SIGI Plus in the Career Development Center is good place to start, as is a good book on graduate schools. You'll get an idea of the size of the school, how competitive it is, and where it is located.

- Talk to professors in the field at RIC and show them your transcript. They can tell you what your chances are, if your grades are good enough, what to expect, etc.

- Find out what tests you may be taking and find out when to sign up, when the test is, etc.

- Tour any possible schools. Call up the school for some information (catalog, map, etc.) Before you go, take two tours: the one given by the school and one on your own. You'll get the 'feel' of the campus, and you'll be able to take as long as you like and you may even get to talk to a few students. On the visit, take pictures. You'll need them to compare and contrast different schools.

- Decide what schools you want to

apply to, and how many (depending on your field, you may apply to as few as four or more than ten.) Sign up for your tests and start planning deadlines, transcripts, applications, etc.

- Begin working on any essays, and have at least one professor read them. It will take you at least two drafts before you can type them.

- Buy books that help you prepare for your standardized tests. Use them.

- Start recognizing your deadlines and sending your transcripts. Look into financial aid now.

- When you type your essays, proofread them multiple times. Sometimes, one error will disqualify you from acceptance into a particular school.

- When you mail out your applications, make copies, and mail out your applications certified return receipt. That is the most efficient way because you know your schools will get them.

- Relax and enjoy the moment when your acceptance letters come in. I did.

After months of hard work, I'll be attending Assumption College in Worcester, MA, in their Counseling Psychology program. It took GRE's, many tours of other schools, many essay drafts and a lot of stress.

But it was all worth it.

Closing the door to an all-so-familiar world

by Tracy Scudder

The day has finally arrived. It's the time when the old things end and the new ones begin. The many years of work determination all come down to this. That 30 second walk across the stage to receive the degree that at times seemed so far out of reach.

That 30 second walk will close the door to an all-so-familiar world. A world that became a secure environment in which we grew and prospered. We will be leaving behind friends, professors, and good times.

As the door to our once familiar world closes, the door to an unfamiliar world opens. A world in which we will, at times, feel insecure. One in which we will have to make new friends. There will be more good times, but they'll be different. Different because they are in our world.

Folks it's finally here! Today is **The Day**.

So take your degree and be on your way.

The door for success is opened to you,

It's up to you as to how well you will do.

Over and over again, you'll be put to the test.

Just do what you can do and give it your best.

Don't expect at every try to succeed,

But success will happen. It's guaranteed.

Congratulations and good luck Rhode Island College graduates of 1995!

Tracy Scudder is a Communications major.

When I See a Light

When I see a light I do not wish to turn it out, but wish to keep it bright.
For when I turn the next corner I should see my way.
For to lose my way, would be to lose my sight.
For to lose my sight would be to lose my direction.
The loss of my direction, would be to lose my goal.
The loss of my goal, would be the loss to achieve.
As achievement is to success, success is to self worth.
So should I not have self worth, I would have no spirit.
So when I see that light, I must keep it bright, and keep it close,
For this is the true spirit that should guide my way.

By Doris Corneau-Haskell, an Art Education major.

My fond memories of RIC (An accounting student's memories)

by Ahilan J. Thurairasalinga

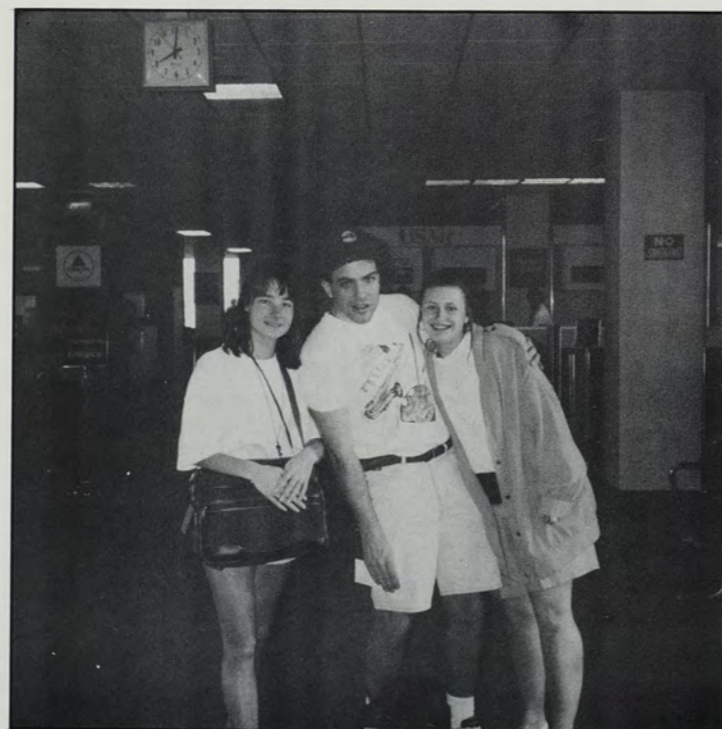
- 8 AM classes, and 6 PM to 10 PM classes (always made me fall, asleep and off my chair).
- Coffee, Pepsi, Jolt Cola, and anything with caffeine.
- Cumulative finals and group presentations.
- Off-campus interviews and group meetings at Adams Library.
- Perspectives on East Asia and Western History 101.
- Twentieth Century Art and Micro-Economics English Literature and Operations Management.
- Cramming, and cramming (only to forget absolutely everything the day after the finals.)
- Waiting for the professor to announce a curve.
- Wanting to strangle the nerd who threw off the curve by getting a perfect hundred.
- Donovan food and the CoffeeGround coffee
- The RIC chicken sandwich and Mama (The best damn state worker there ever was).
- Alger-Hall, Craig-Lee, Adams Library, and computer centers.
- Macs, VAX, PC's, and the server that keeps going down in Whipple.
- That stupid virus in the boot sector that kept erasing my term papers.
- E-Mail, Usenet, IRC, and MUD, too.
- The Economics and Management Office and the History Department.
- Professor Bartkowski and Professor Przybyla.
- Eps-approach to optimum capital structure and bond valuation methods.
- The Accounting Association, (and it's guest speakers from C.P.A. review classes who were worse than car salesman).
- And finally, the Student Government budget hearings (and fighting to get pizza money).

Ahilan J. Tingam is an Accounting major.

Senior Snapshots



(Left to right, from top) Nicole Lore, Pamela Prendergast, Susan Obara, Shelley Jones, Kristen Truax and Irene Rupert.



Kristen, Chad and Lisa ready for Spring Break '95.

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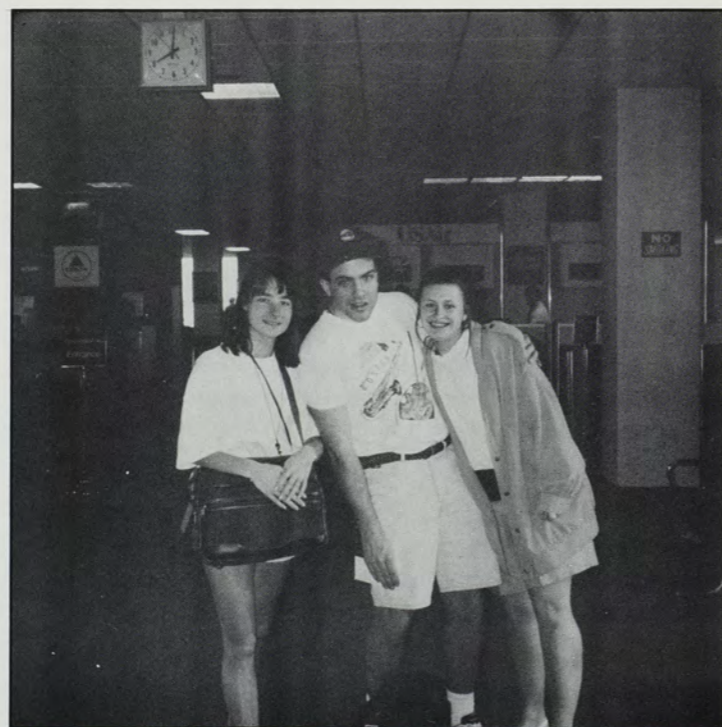
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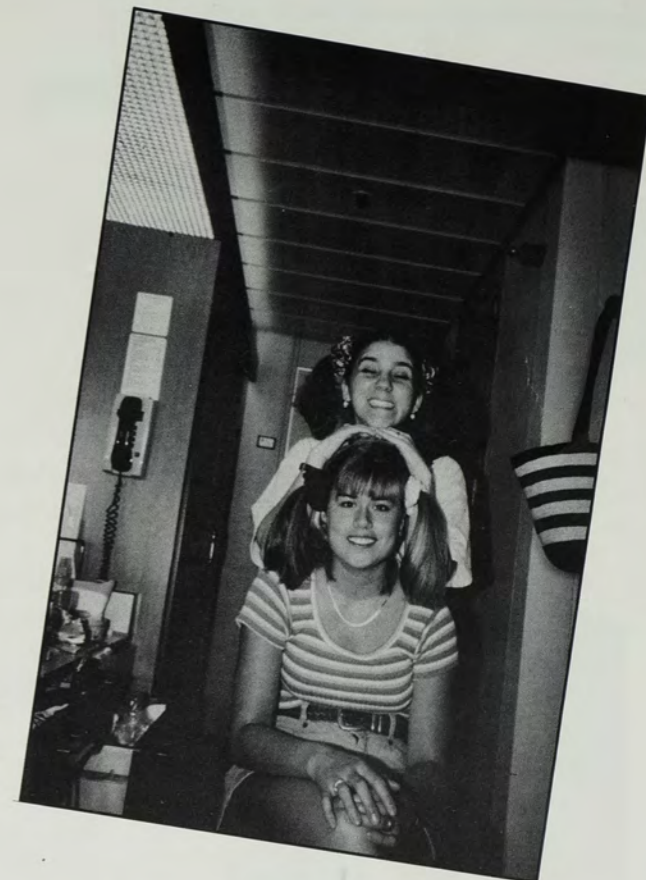
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(Left to right, from top) Nicole Lore, Pamela Prendergast, Susan Obara, Shelley Jones, Kristen Truax and Irene Rupert.



Kristen, Chad and Lisa ready for Spring Break '95.



Michelle Belcourt, Elementary Education and Special Education and Kerri Curcio, Photography and Communications.



Joye Cahill, Heather Skorski, Jodi Johnson and Shelly Allard.

Textbook blues

Come buy my pretty study books, the student did beseech,
You'll find a clever use for them, in your classes each.
Oh such fines tomes, immaculate, I set before you here,
With very few spaghetti stains and only small droplets of beer.
Oh, buy my pretty study books — they're almost just like new,
With annotated highlights in the very fairest hue.

I hate to rain on you parade, the dismal new to tell,
But all the teachers changed the books that you were going to sell.

To bookshelves, every one of them or they are useless all
(what once was loved in springtime, would not be loved in fall),
To gather dust and must and rust until that faithful day
When, moving for the seventh time they will be thrown away.

By Phoebe Martone

Lisa,

It's finally over, seems like it flew
by - right! No more fighting for the
parking spot at Horace Mann and
calling in classes only to hear "there
are no seats available." Summer's
here now, we could hit the beach but
wait we have a summer class, how
ironic. Well, at least we walked. See
you May 22.

Kristen Carney

As a nursing student since 1992 I
will always remember those stressful
days and nights in the library getting
excessive research papers together.
Also, struggling nights preparing for
the horrifying nursing tests.

Helena Pacheco, Nursing major



Michelle Belcourt and Julie Lombardi

The Anchor would like to congratulate the Class of 1995!

*And extend our best
wishes to Marcela
Astudillo and Fred
MacDonald, this year's
Anchor graduates.*

Good luck to all!





JAMES P. ADAMS
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