

The Archway

1991 Commencement Issue



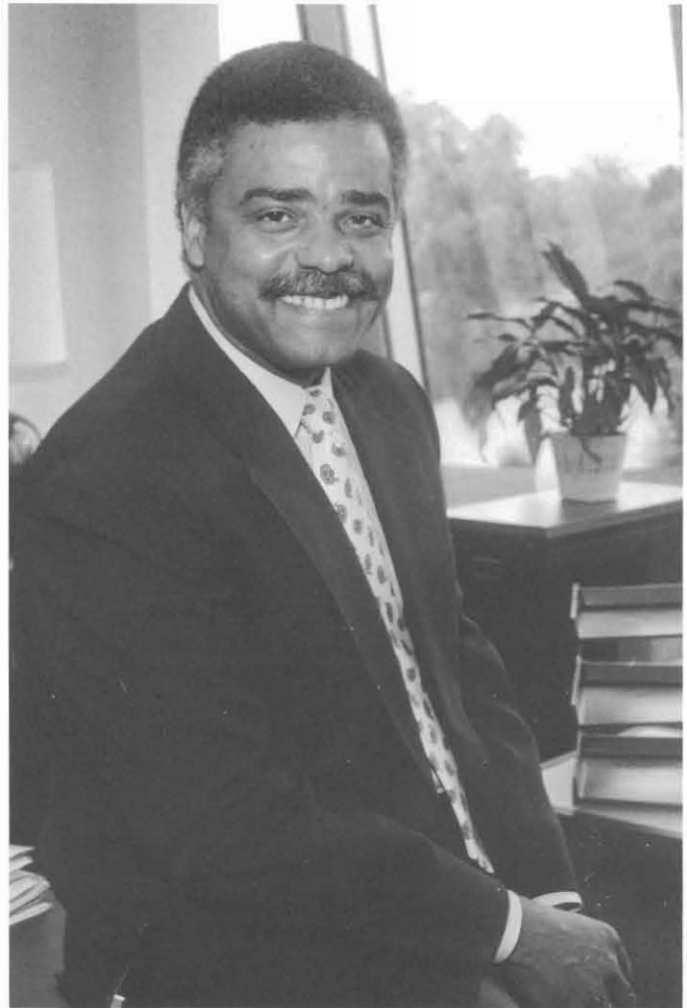
From The President: Dear Class of 1991:

Congratulations! We are pleased and proud to welcome you to the Bryant Alumni Class of 1991. Your participation in the classroom has contributed to intellectual life at Bryant for the past several years, and your involvement in extracurricular activities have enriched our community. We will miss you as an individual, but we will take pride in your future accomplishments. Bryant College's reputation and prestige is built upon the success of our graduates. Let this be the beginning of a rich relationship with your Alma Mater, which will span the decades to come.

While Commencement may represent the end of your formal education at Bryant College, it is only one important milestone in what must be a lifelong process of learning. In a world of rapid technological change, mere mastery of facts and techniques is not sufficient. The Bryant College curriculum is designed to prepare our graduates for continuing personal growth. Let us continue to be partners in this process through continuing education, alumni programs, reunions, and other means. We value our relationship with you and want it to continue.

The Class of 1991 faces special challenges. The economy, at this stage of the business cycle, is not as hospitable to graduates as in some other years. Longer-term changes in the business world place more responsibility on individuals in shaping their careers as corporate paternalism becomes a thing of the past. Fortunately, you have several advantages.

By choosing Bryant, you demonstrated a sense of directed aspiration at an early age, and your admission to Bryant was a vote of confidence in your ability. Your Bryant degree is our reaffirmation of your distinctive talents and your academic accomplishments. Through a broad array of courses, you have honed your ability to reason and to communicate. Your business courses provide the special advantage of familiarity with the concepts, terminology, and principles of business.



We are very proud of you and have great confidence in your ability to succeed. On behalf of the trustees, faculty and staff, best wishes!

Sincerely,
William E. Trueheart
William E. Trueheart
President, Bryant College

Table of Contents

- 4 1991 Senior Reflections**
Nine members of the Class of 1991 share some of their special memories of Bryant College.
- 8 A Few Words on Real Life**
Words of wisdom about the "real world" from John C. Quinn '87H.
- 9 Watersheds and Crossroads**
Visions and hopes of the future for the Bryant class of 1991.
- 10 The Good, The Bad, And Our Friends**
The past four years in review. Take a trip back to some of the events that made the last four years so special.
- 13 The Archway... A Bryant Tradition**
A look at the history of the Arch, the center of Bryant tradition.
- 14 A Gallery of Modern Heroes**
Bryant College's 1991 Honorary Degree Recipients.
- 16 Commencement Awards**
Honoring some of the finest from the Class of 1991.
- 18 Sports**
A Toast To Bryant Sports and Senior Varsity Athletes
- 19 Last Words... and... Goodbyes**

THE ARCHWAY

May 18, 1991

Bryant College, Box 7, Smithfield, RI 02917

Editor-in-Chief
Associate Editor
Guest Writer

Michael Calleia
Karen J. Bernard
John C. Quinn H'87

Contributing Writers: George Angus, Joanne Giovanelli, Stephen R. Godbout, Brenda Gonzalez, Travis Niles Gray, Douglas Higbee, Anna Jchick, Richard Miner, Bonnie J. Moore, and Donald Thomas.

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From The Editor:

While working on this, the ninth edition of *The Archway Commencement Issue*, I have been given the opportunity to all but relive my four years here at Bryant College. Through the hundreds of pictures I have reviewed, countless words I have read, and the stories I have been told, I have received a rare and precious gift.

As one of Bryant's many traditions, I present to you this year's *Commencement Issue* on the day which we pass through the gates of the Archway. I only hope that it brings back as many fond memories of Bryant for you as the work of putting it together has for me.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank everyone who has contributed their time and efforts to this edition of the *Commencement Issue* and I leave you with the following words.

As we make our advance through the Archway, down Jacobs Drive, and into life, we must follow our dreams. Henry David Thoreau put it thus, "If one advances confidently in the direction of his dream, and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours... If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them."

But, take heed, only by pursuing these dreams with a passion, with a thirst comparable only to a cactus in the desert, will we attain them. For beyond the protection of our bubble is a world filled with others searching and struggling to reach their "castles in the air." This world beyond the guard booth is littered by the traps of a recession, an overgrown deficit, and a dying planet. The hostile world of *reality* exists far from our dreams. But, through work, integrity, and ingenuity we can build the foundations which will support our dreams.



Michael Calleia
Editor-in-Chief

Senior Reflections 1991



Stephen R. Godbout

Commence

That long, uphill, winding road
Has at long last come to an end
It is now time to look ahead
As we leave this place with lollipop
lights
Surrounded by purple bushes, red
buildings
And rolling green fields
One last time we gaze upon
This mystical fortress 'round a glass
bubble
That has seen so many changes
In ourselves and in our world
The intention was to innovate and
educate
To fill a chasm in our minds with new
ideas
We analyzed, criticized, and
revolutionized
What was black and white, wrong and
right
We found new modes of perception
Good friends used coat-hangers as
bookends
And there was always enough time
To tell someone what was on your
mind
Over Busch toasts
or burnt toast
We learned from each other
And grew through one another

We lost some battles and loved ones
along the way
But gained deeper understanding of
the world's ways
We leave this place with stony solace
For we know what we leave behind
But the memories that are forever ours
Rest comfortably in the recesses of our
minds
We know it is time to gracefully end
And descend that long, winding road
with strength
One last time we stand together as
friends
With courage and confidence we now
commence.



Bonnie J. Moore

As I stand at what my mother calls
another "path in my life," I reflect back
on four exceptional years at Bryant Col-
lege. Now I know what Keirkegaard
meant when he said "life may be lived
forward but only can be understood back-
wards."

As Freshmen, we attempted to impress
and shape the perception of those around
us. As Seniors, we leave with a sense of
our own perception, found through four
years of education.

Upon entering Bryant, we escaped our
guardians and inevitably joined together
in our little plastic bubble in Smithfield.

We joined organizations (Robyn-
WJMF will never be the same after Barry
Sobel, thanks for being my sidekick for
three great years) and learned the unwrit-
ten rules of Bryant College (GFC-
Thanks for the memories).

We lived together and adapted to each
others lifestyles. From the Freshmen
Social (uh, Study) Lounge, to the Senior
townhouses (D-Block ruled- thanks
guys). We even survived two "sweet"
years in dormitory village (Lori, it can't
snow inside- thanks for being a great
friend and roommate!) and tortured our
taste buds with ARA's fine cuisine
(Those are clam-cakes? ahahaha).

We experienced life, death, love, hap-
piness, and hatred. We grew together,
and we grew within ourselves. We saw
our friends come and go (Michelle, you're
one in a million) and helped each other
while building our own confidence for the
"real" world. We became adventurers in
every respect as we journeyed abroad to
England, Australia, and even spent the
summer on Cape Cod to broaden our
horizons. (Robyn- thanks for the best
summer of my life- you're the greatest)

We took "Road Trips" to Maine, New
Jersey, (Mom Rotella- you're the best
cook) New Hampshire, well almost, and
countless others.

Bryant has been a stepping stone in the
pond of life. We have grabbed the hands
of friends to help us along through the
water. As we leave, we will continue to
step on the right stones, the ones that are
sturdy and strong enough to hold us.
There will be new friends up ahead to
take our hands, but we will not let go of
the ones from behind- the important
hands that held on tight.

I have written this reflection with the
unconscious help of my friends and fam-
ily. Because of them I am able to look
back fondly on my time at Bryant. Mom,
Dad, Bob, Jay, and Joe- Much love and
thanks for your compliments, criticisms,
and most of all, your encouragement.



Travis Niles Gray

I found out on a hot, late-June afternoon in 1989, the summer between sophomore and junior years at Bryant, that one of my classmates had been killed in an auto accident. The world seemed to come to a halt when I was told it was my best friend, Laura Crenshaw, that had been killed.

As a pall-bearer at Laura's funeral, I wondered what the purpose was in an intelligent, athletic, beautiful, and youthful 19-year-old dying. What was the meaning behind it all? After the ceremony was over and as I prepared to leave, I hugged Laura's Mom good-bye. She asked me to finish Bryant for Laura and always remember her.

Well, here it is, two years later and I am about to graduate from Bryant. Laura was so much a part of my Bryant experience my first two years here, that it almost seems like I attended two separate schools. As I look back on my college career, I was wondering what I would say to Laura if I had the opportunity.

I could tell her about what has changed at Bryant... Dorm 16 has opened, Dr. Trueheart has become President of the College, the new townhouses opened. I could tell her about what has happened in the world... the Berlin Wall fell and

Eastern Europe is now free, we invaded Panama, there has been a war in the Persian Gulf. Or I could tell her what happened to me... I went on Spring Break for the first time, I became News Editor of *The Archway*, I'm about to become an uncle.

But then I thought for a while about these things. Laura already knows all these things. Given another moment, I thought I should be more personal. I could tell her I've matured a lot, I'm a bit scared to leave the safety of college for the real world, I now know what a real friend is; thanks to you Laura.

Yet, I realized she would know this too. So after some more thought, I realized I would just hug her and tell her I miss her. I'll get a chance to tell her these things someday anyway.

This one's for you Laura— Thank you.



Donald Thomas

I have so much to say— so many people to thank— for the gifts I have been given in the brief course of my time at Bryant College that space is too limiting. The gifts of knowledge— of self knowledge— fostered by the people of this institution that have changed me seem too profound for mere thanks.

Space does not permit a full and comprehensive acknowledgement of all the people who have touched me in a deep and meaningful way. While I understand the inadequacies of a list, the chance of thanking at least a few is irresistible.

While the Financial Aid people (Fred Kenney, Doreen Rose, et al), may have just "been doing your jobs," doing them so well facilitated my education. I thank you with all my heart for I truly adore you.

The faculty of the Accounting department's superlative teaching gave me the knowledge and skills needed to get a job in Manhattan. I applaud you.

An Old Salt, Dean "Pete" Peterman always had an open door. I bid you fair winds and following seas.

A historian extraordinaire, Judy Littoff. You have been one of the most instrumental forces in my education. Your teaching and ideological discussions ignited the fire in a fledgling "pragmatic-populist-radical-libertarian" (figure that out!) and taught him the importance of learning what happened to keep it from happening again.

Spa-cee-ba Jim Estey. You, more than anyone, taught me to think clearly and critically by asking more of me than I wanted to give. I thank you and salute your poise.

Few I know are living examples of power like Kris Kennedy. You personify strength and grace and it is my supreme honor to know you.

An eccentric attorney, Albert Sarkisian. It is you who inflamed my passion for and interest in constitutional law, I thank you and appreciate your prodding.

A woman of compassion, Judy McDonnell. Your class was the high point of my Senior year and your passion for equality has further fueled mine.

Should I ever have the chance to do anything to change this crazy world and leave a mark, your marks shall be inscribed upon mine. Thank You.



Brenda Gonzalez

I have been waiting for this day to arrive, but now that it is here, I realize how fast my school years ended. A lot of people do not understand why I would ever want to graduate a year earlier. Well, the only thing I can say is that it was worth it. I worked very hard to reach my goals and to do my best.

Since I have lived in many countries, coming to Bryant College was just another adventure. But, now that I am done, and it is time to go, I find myself feeling "School Sick." Already I miss choosing classes, sleeping late, and partying most of the nights.

It seems like yesterday when I came to Bryant College. I can see myself in Dorm 15 trying to stay out of trouble. My late night talks with Kim Collins and Dave Burke seem to have just taken place. I recall those Friday nights drinking with the "Puerto Rican Connection." I also remember almost flunking my Accounting class and getting A's for English and Math.

Sophomore/Junior year were also very special. I became very good friends with Jeanne Rivera and Maricarmen Toro. I met my boyfriend, George Angus, and formed a "serious relationship." I spent my time trying to prove to my teachers that I knew the material and to prove to my Dad that I was independent and could make him proud. I remember trying to get to the Comfort and those long party nights where everyone forgets "little details."

When Senior year arrived, I thought it was going to be the easiest, but it turned out to be a lot of work. Even though class work was hard, I enjoyed senior year to the maximum. I never stopped partying!

I owe thanks to my parents for supporting me and for being very understanding. George Angus, thank you for making me happy and for all that "good advice." Jeanne Rivera, thank you for being patient and for being the "best of friends." I also would like to thank some individu-

als who inspired me and helped me grow to be what I am now: Laura Latimer, Dr. Mary Lyons, Judy Claire, Elaine Goodwill, Maricarmen Toro, Shelley Smith, Fernando Fumero, Dave Burke, and everyone who has been with me for these three years.



George Angus

December, that was my deadline for putting in that last-ditch effort to experience it all, while trying one last time to get those grades up— and get a job. Writing this "Reflection," therefore, takes on a completely different meaning. I am already looking back on my "Bryant career" from a different perspective.

I wish that I had cemented friendships with some, I'm eternally glad that I met others. I have some regrets... sure, I regret not doing more with my time— especially now that my life is my job. I am sorry, also, that I did not experience more diverse things as a student; did not do more, see more, encounter more.

There is another side to this coin though, I have some truly life-long friends. Some of these people have left a deep and obvious mark in me. I also feel that the education I received here was second to none. I feel the best way to thank some of the professors that I have had the honor of being taught by, is to make a success of my life and realize my objectives. You all made a big impression on me. I can now thank you for pushing me.

My memory has its usual rosy tinted glasses on, making sure I forget the worst parts and remember the best. I like it that way, I want to forget the worst. The shameful, halfhearted, idiotic things that I've done. Any advice, dear reader, that I could possibly presume to give, would be to try to fill your life with actions that you would prefer to remember.

At first the number of choices scared me, then, as I interviewed and began working towards objectives in my mind,

they became more manageable. Day by day I am working to fulfill my dreams. That was my attitude going into college and it served me well, it remains my attitude now.

Thank you Bryant for the most enjoyable years of my life.



Karen J. Bernard and Anna Jchick

"Well, Anna, this is it, the quickest four years of our lives have passed before our eyes."

"I know, Karen, I can't believe it's over. It seems like just yesterday we were neighbors on the second floor of Dorm 15."

"Good thing we had all of the same classes, too."

* * *

"Who else would I drink 70 cups of coffee and pull all-nighters with before every exam?"

"Study, Anna? We ended up finding every church in Rhode Island on one of those nights because we decided that religion was our only hope!"

"But, Karen that road trip did beat the 3 a.m. journey to McManus's! I'm sure your roommate will agree!"

"After all, Anna, freshman year was when we had our first taste of independence."

"Yeah, but we didn't have our choice of professors first semester remember?"

"Anna, you think anyone would have chosen a professor who asks a question about Carvel's Fudgy the Whale on a final exam or who eagerly swills his students' Goombay Smash and Polish Power Punch on Spring Weekend? Not."

"Karen, I don't want it to end. We're not ready."

"Don't worry, Anna, we have three more years."

* * *

"You know, Anna, I was afraid our friendship would change because I moved to Dorm 4 and you were way across campus in Dorm 10. Luckily, it didn't."

"One thing did change sophomore year, Karen. We didn't need to use our knapsacks to go to Washington Hill anymore!"

"Anna, you were lucky you were "legal" since you were twelve, but some of us had over a year to go. At least everyone is legal in London."

"But it wasn't all fun and games, Karen."

"That was when we all found out what our chosen majors entailed, even if you didn't like business, it sure beats dissecting pigs for a living."

"Anna, I don't want it to end. We're not ready."

"Karen, we're only sophomores."

"Karen, we missed you junior year when you were in London. The crowded suite parties, our oh-so-relevant Communications classes, and even John Cafferty and the Beaver Brown Band just weren't the same without you."

"The entertainment in Europe was a little better but I did miss you guys and my only pre-registration number that was below 300."

"Karen, I don't want it to end. We're not ready."

"We still have next year, Anna."

"Senioritis struck really early this year, Karen. We should have known when the weekends started on Tuesdays at the Comfort."

"I bet you can't count the number of days we woke up desperately searching for the aspirin while swearing we would never drink again."

"Yes I can. It's probably the same number of times we've heard a professor explain Maslow's Hierarchy of Needs and Pat Cottrell has played at the Comfort."

"Anna, how is the job search going? Is dissecting pigs looking more attractive every day?"

"Well, Karen, some of us know what a resumé and a cover letter are — and if you still think they are Halloween costumes, I suppose law school is your best option."

"All kidding aside, Anna, it's almost time for us all to emerge from the Bryant Bubble."

"And, Anna...I believe we're ready."

"Karen, I sure hope so...they just called your name."

As we walk through the Archway, we reflect over the past four years. Our original motivation for attending Bryant College was to receive an education. We now discover we have left with much more than a diploma. The close friends we have made, the knowledge we have gained, and the unforgettable memories will remain

with us for the rest of our lives. We would like to thank the Bryant community, the Class of 1991, and especially our parents for the role you have played in shaping what our lives have become.



Richard Miner

As we embark into the real world, six large words stick in my head... "Why do we have to leave?" Tucked into a peaceful little nook of New England, void of many if not all of life's 9 to 5 pressures, and free to enjoy four years of higher education, we the Bryant College class of 1991 are experiencing mixed emotions. Sure, the \$50,000 job offers are pouring in for me, too, and professional sports are a distinct possibility, but something inside of my head tells me it's soon to enter the "real world." A world where taxes are more important than the Simpsons, where ties replace tie-dies, and where the only CD's of interest are the ones with the highest rate of return. But, since I wasn't blessed with the wealth of Merv Griffin, I'm going to have to leave sooner or later.

As I write this, I begin to remember some of the highlights of my four year "career" at Bryant, and I realize that my GPA wasn't one of them. I will always seem to remember more clearly Spring Weekend sophomore year, Thursday nights at the Comfort, an undefeated season in Lacrosse (yeah, right!), and The Rip Van Winkle Motor Inn. I'll remember Northpole football, Bob softball, and Shabadu basketball. I'll remember good food at Parente's, bad food at ARA, and good times at both places. But more than anything else, I will remember all of my professors, all of the yellowmen, all of my roommates, and all of my friends.

I met more people and made more friends in four years than I ever did before, and ever will again. Unfortunately, I will never see half of them again. Some I will not miss, but to the rest, I hope you all have healthy and happy lives, and that anything you wish for comes your way—unless I want it.



Joanne Giovanelli

In reflecting upon my years at Bryant, I recall feelings of mixed emotions. Emotions of joy and sadness flood my thoughts as I reminisce. Bryant has been my home for four years, including winter-sessions and summers.

Summers at Bryant were unforgettable. Working in Residence Life, meeting the Patriots and staff, Public Safety, and receiving the nickname "Chopper" are memories which will remain in my heart forever.

Another highlight of my years at Bryant was the day I was appointed to the Strategic Planning Committee. It was a great honor and I have gained a tremendous amount of knowledge from the committee members.

The most important experience I have had is being a part of the RA staff for the last two years. It has given me memories which will last a lifetime.

Even with all this happiness, there was sadness. RA training ended and my senior year was upon me. A year which had a roller coaster effect on my emotions. I was looking forward to the best year of my college experience, yet I was sad to be leaving a place that has been my home. So many laughs, so many cries, and so many times that nobody will understand except the people who were close to me.

There are three special groups that have gained a permanent spot in the "Chopper Heart", and they deserve congratulations as I graduate.

First is the Office of Residence Life but especially Bob Sloss and Nadine Schiavo. You guys are an inspiration to me. Being an RA was the best experience for me! I love you and will miss you.

Second, to Leslie—my partner in crime. We have been through everything. I could not have done it without you. Thanks, I love you.

Last but most importantly, my family. Through these four years you have showered me with love that is priceless. I love all of you.

A Few Words on Real Life

Commencement is a great milestone in your lives and can only be described as the source of many significant sentiments.

— For you, the satisfaction of your campus years, the confidence of a fine college education, the comfort of escaping the tortures of the Tuppertown faculty.

— For your families, the pride in your

worlds, cling also to the lessons of those who have gone before you. Build upon their experience and meld their teaching into your new learning about life. Thus success will grow for you as you grow in you're commitment to listen to others, think for yourselves. Think about just a few of those wise words worth heading.

— On Attitude, the words of my grandfa-

— On paying the price, the words of Irving Boesky, before his fall: "You can be greedy and still feel good about yourself."

— On commitment, the words about Bryant's founder Henry Jacobs: "He developed Bryant brick by Brick and book by book through a combination of wizardry and resourcefulness that left other presidents a little breathless."

— On Confidence, the words of my late mother, a Bryant student more than 70 years ago: "Think well of yourself. If you do not, who else will?"

— On success, the words of Desert Storm General Norman Schwarzkoph: "I can't describe to you the emotions in all of our hearts."

— On Loving Life, the words of a beloved college President. "Learn early to take your laughter seriously... If you have the proper understanding and respect for laughter, and take laughter seriously, you will be prepared to solve most of the problems you will encounter on the journey you begin today."

— On compassion, the words of my late son, Chip Quinn, who taught his fellow news staffers: "Care. Care. Care. Take it and show it."

— On leadership, the words of St. Dominic, my mentor from my crosstown days at Providence College: "It is better to be the hammer than the anvil."

So please, Class of 1991, heed these words and the many other teachings that will echo from your early years and help guide you through the adventures ahead. Always look onward and upward, but never ever let go those treasured traditions that are rooted back on the side of the graduation gates.

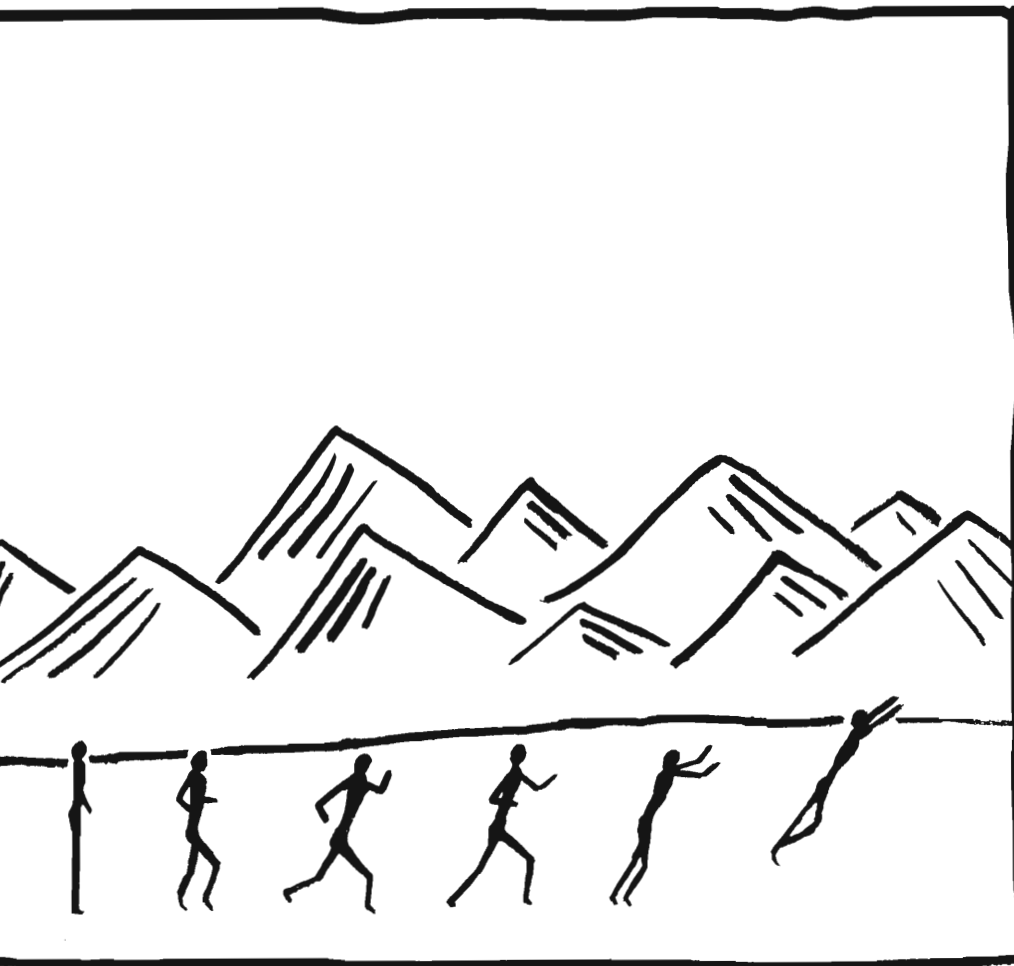
Be compassionate. Be confident. Be committed. Be the hammer, not the anvil. Be all of the above.

Then you truly shall achieve all of the greatness your families, your faculty, and your friends wish for you on this great day.

Godspeed, Bryant Class of 1991.

Written by John C. Quinn '87H.

Mr. Quinn is a member of the Bryant College Board of Trustees and currently sits on the Board of Gannett Foundation, the parent company of USA Today and many other local and regional newspapers.



accomplishments, the expectations of your future success, the hope that you will find a good job.

So go for it. And as you take that traditional graduation walk through those special campus gates, don't slam them behind you. Cling to your roots and nourish them. Here are just two reasons in particular.

First, as you move from student to graduate life, you share a special opportunity—indeed, an obligation—to help fire up the Bryant alumni spirit.

Second, as you venture out into new

ther, a self-made man and state senator—to me upon graduation: "Remember, young man, as you succeed, and you will, keep the mistletoe off your shirttails."

— On ambition, the words of Robert Browning: "Our reach must exceed our grasp, or what's a heaven for?"

— On principles, the words of Bryant's ethics guru, Dr. William Haas: "We must look beyond the narrow side of business to the larger issues, to the moral and human dimension of business, to curbing the general felling that you can make a lot of money by skirting the rules."

Watersheds and Crossroads

Graduation— at last. For most, the culmination of four years effort; for me, six years Naval service separated the first few and final three. Regardless of the path taken, those few moments on the podium and the diploma handshake shall taste of rapture for years. Now that we jointly enter the illustrious “real world,” what comes next?

Many will scamper off the hubs of commerce in search of personal growth, occupational success and the almighty Gold Card. That’s right, off the New York, Boston, Chicago— off we will wander in search of fallow ground to sew our seeds of hard work and dreams of success.

In time our lofty dreams and hard work might bestow a modicum harvest of financial triumph. Some may even be elevated to CEO, CEO, or C something O of a blue chip— Ah, America the Beautiful, the Capitalists’ dream; thank God for Adam Smith.

Wherever we go, we will find a planet unlike the one seen four years earlier. Indeed, significant events have occurred.

The past four years witnessed a major quake and several ensuing smaller tremors on Wall Street. “What do you do if you see a stock broker in a tree? Cut him down,” jokes proliferated as I disbursed my first \$10,000 in borrowed tuition to the Bursar. The unrelated and subsequent “failure of communism,” gave the fledgling capitalists much to celebrate— or, so it seemed.

Now, in May 1991, many anxious young applicants await affirmative answers from Wall Street, State Street, or Rush Street.

I was awaiting an interview recently. After what seemed an interminable delay I stated pursuing a copy of the *New York Times*. As I read about the Kurdish plight, all of my worries withered away.

Indeed, the situation is so grim in the Middle East, my personal tribulations seem trivial. Feeling powerless— a mere student— I examined the picture of a troubled tyke crying for food, shelter, protection, and perhaps even some love.

It was then, at that moment, I realized that Bryant College had done its job.

I consider myself an unabashed patriot. When I read our national rhetoric, something moves deeply within me. My own copies of the *Constitution*, *Declaration of Independence*, and *Gettysburg Address*,

help me to believe in the vision of the founding fathers.

Even in times of despair when our government engages in pernicious insanity (which I believe the Gulf War was) I believe in “Government of the people, by the people, for the people.”

And, even though a small group of white men wrote our rhetoric, I think the taste of oppression was so fresh that they meant for the freedoms to be enjoyed by all - so all could be equally equal and freely free.

More than once my writing has been characterized as mawkish pollyannic babble. But, I like happy endings. So I search for silver linings, thinking there is even good in bad.

The pollyanna in me wants to write a flowery piece that says everything will be alright: we will all find lucrative jobs, meet a perfect partner, stockpile CDs (monetary and musical); and, life will be dandy as we drive our blue Bimmers.

But, the pragmatist in me must face reality. And after all, isn’t that what graduation is all about: acceptance of responsibility and reality? We are entering the real world— reality— and being asked to accept responsibility for many things we never wanted: massive debt, trade imbalances, budget deficits, belligerent foreign policy and wanting domestic policy.

The problems seem so daunting the knee-jerk reaction is to disclaim responsibility. But, it is one we can ill afford. We have much difficult work before us. We must use our knowledge, our power; marshal our idealism and work for justice.

We are ready to leave the sweet innocuous days of Bryant college— where the biggest fear was a midterm exam. We will enter a world where many live marginalized lives— where even in America, some are without effective franchise; where some have no food or home.

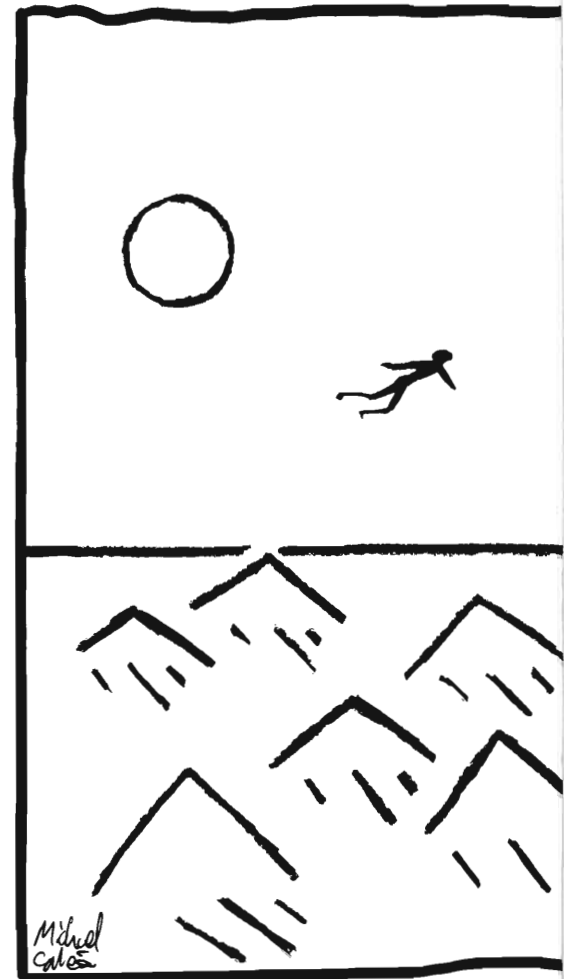
It is incumbent upon us, “The future business leaders,” when we drive down Jacobs the last time, to enter the world of commerce with compassion, idealism, and commitment to equality.

Bryant’s professors have given us the tools: the liberal arts curriculum fostered the sagacity to see injustice; the business curriculum facilitates the tools to end it. We have much work ahead of us.

First we must take time to celebrate and revel. Revel in the last four years: the

accomplishments and pitfalls; the parties and the hangovers. We should take pictures and hug with crocodile tears in our eyes— take our last drive down Jacobs as we prepare to accept responsibility and face the world head on. We should run, not walk, to the next leg of our journey.

In time we will be parents ourselves attending our children’s graduations. We



will be the leaders of America. Now we are but fresh faces with new and exciting ideas. This is our country, our culture, and our planet. We have the power to shape and mold our future. It all starts on May 18, 1991 when we leave Bryant.

We stand at one of the great crossroads, the great watersheds of life; we stand ready to accept the ultimate responsibility— the responsibility for our lives, our government, and our planet. I know we are ready.

Written by Donald Thomas.

The Good And All Ou

Freshman Year...

So, you want to go to Bryant College?... Hurry with the application... You better make the deadline... But the question is... Do they want you?!!... Yes!... You made it... Congratulations on your acceptance.

Pick your orientation session... Play the *dreaded* name game... Suffer through countless icebreakers... With that permanent fake smile (remember mom & dad are here)... Orientation Weekend is over... Promise to keep in touch with everyone over the summer... Summer is over and you never spoke to your orientation friends... Oops!

Cram everything you own into the family car and you are off to Bryant College... Say *cheese*, this student ID picture will be with you for the next four years... To like or not to like your roommate, that is the question.

Your college career has finally begun... Trumpets, please... *Dunt da na na!*... Classes begin bright and early... 8 AM... And you discover the same faces in all five of your classes... What a way to meet new and exciting people!... *Walk around the Arch.*

You meet your Upper Class Buddy (once if you are lucky)... Enter Salmanson and enjoy the generic meat patty... Are they calling it chicken or veal today?... *Yum, yum, yum...* *Walk around the Arch.*

No, that's not your alarm clock at 3 AM, 4 AM, and again at 5 AM... those are fire drills... *check for prints!*

The weekend officially starts at 3 on Friday... Greek Happy Hours... God bless the ATM.

Happy Hours galore and pass out at 7:00... The party scene was cool... usually in Dorms 1 and 2... Waking up in a stall face down... O.K. you have had your first *scoop*... Gee, this gives a new meaning to "sleep-overs"... When your roommate scoops, you fully understand "couch duty"... *Walk around the Arch.*

November 12, 1987... A day that shall live in infamy... The Class of 1991 has its first and only *snow day*... Sledding on ARA trays in back of the Unistructure... 6 pots of coffee later... you have completed your first all nighter and you still don't know anything!... *Walk around the Arch.*

Oops! bagged by the R.A.... March yourself right down to see Nadine... Wondering; Why Bryant? ...Off to Washington Hill... Bad Fake ID's in hand... "Yes, I expect you to believe that's me in the picture"... *Eat! eat! eat!*... Hello Freshman 15.

Mom always said "Separate your laundry!"... I guess it doesn't matter now, *everything is pink*... At least it matches.

During the week; knapsacks come and go... Full of books... On *weekend nights;* they go out empty and return about a case heavier!

Spring has hit... The patio becomes Bryant's beach... Not for long... Remember you are living in *Rain Island*... What do you mean I am 365 for pre-registration?

Safe Sex?... Sure, we have Condom machines in the Bryant Center... Happy Birthday to you... Happy... *Splash!*

Yuck... I will never be coaxed into a Wall Street Journal *again!*... Bryant's 125th printed on every envelope, pen, pencil and note pad on campus... *Walk around the Arch.*



The Bad, Friends...

Sophomore Year...

That first summer quickly came and went... but we eagerly moved our belongings into our new suite-style homes, the closest we will ever be to the Unistructure... New neighbors... New friends... New drinking games... Luckily, we still enjoyed ARA cuisine, though... This year brought the arrival and infamous chanting of the Hare Krishnas outside of the Bryant Center... *Walk around the Arch.*

Bryant begins to strive for its AACSB accreditation... which becomes the scapegoat for all unpopular new policies.

This year was a Happy Birthday as you narrowly escape being thrown in the pond-again... Our political consciousness was raised as we voted in our first election... Presidential, not Student Senate... Bryant lost a President... the nation gained one... We discovered the Comfort... too bad we were there only for a pizza... we discovered yet another use for the funnel.

Why is this laundry basket so heavy?... Shhh, it's our first keg... Oh, great... Written up again... *Walk around the Arch.*

Look at all this mail I got... Oh, forget it... It's just credit card applications.

Our second Unhomecoming brought Eddie Money... Exam time again... Welcome back all-nighters... Practicing our social skills with the locals at Kirby's... ARA strike... a blessing in disguise?

How does ripping open a fetal pig relate to supply and demand?... Exxon responsible for tragedy in Prince William Sound... First

realization that it is more profitable to sell books back *before* exam time... Yet not so profitable for your GPA... *Walk around the Arch.*

Junior Year...

Dorm 16 opens... Trueheart becomes President... More new drinking games... Back into the suites... New neighbors... Still eating ARA... Emerald Square Mall opens... Tiananmen Square Massacre.

Howie Mandel for Unhomecoming... More funnels... Berlin Wall falls... *Walk around the Arch.*

Acquiring taste for Busch beer... Dorm 1 fire... Greek News controversy... Nautilus opens... Finally learning the Bryant system... ATM machine goes to \$20 bills... and your account balance goes to \$2.56... *Walk around the Arch.*

Scruples opens... United States invades Panama... More frequent trips to Mac's/Washington Hill... Internships... Serious phone bills... We start turning 21... On our own driver's License.

Bryant still trying for AACSB... We almost lose the pool... Receive less and less mail (except for *Wall Street Journal* and bills from freshman year)... Introduction of the Presidential Walk... Or is it a cemetery?... Frisbee Golf... Formals and the semi-formal... avoiding the pond yet again.

Great Spring Weekend weather... Wristbands... No cups... John Cafferty... Drunkenness... Beer Goggle... Townhouse lottery... *Walk around the Arch.*





Good (or maybe bad) pre-reg number... Beginning to actually like Busch, beer that is... *Walk around the Arch.*

Last summer job...have to get career related experience... As a last ditch attempt to build our resumes... low pay... lots of sun... keeping in touch with friends from Bryant.

Packing the car for the last time to go back to Bryant.

Senior Year...

Return from our last summer vacation... U.S. troops begin arriving in Saudi Arabia... As we begin moving into the townhouses.

Almost all of us are 21... We discover the Comfort, legally this time... We begin driving to the Comfort. We learn how to cook for ourselves... Record number of fire alarms... Food shopping at Almacs... No more ARA!... *Walk around the Arch.*

Discovering coupons... ARA not looking so bad after all... Public Safety Bunker still under construction... Rob Base and Bobcat Goldthwait for Unhomecoming... Last Winter Break... U.S. at war... Rhode Island in banking crisis.

Walk to Unistrukture getting longer... 100 days till graduation... Still no money... Getting interviews and second interviews... otherwise, save those valuable rejection letters for the Comfort.

Going to the Comfort on Wednesdays and Thursdays... *Walk around the Arch.*

Gulf War ends... Last Spring Break... Weekends begin on Wednesdays... Soviet Union?... Senior Gift- Welcome Sign- announced... Public Safety Bunker- finished?

First weekend in April... 88 degrees... party, what else... Another 'round the world... Toga... Last Spring Weekend... Meatloaf... Beer Garden... Kegs? What kegs?... Still no money, none left on credit card either.

This is how we will remember it all...

Long walk to Unistrukture... Creating new path by Dorm 16... Outdoor Happy Hours... Discovering Career Services... "Which Judy did you say you want to see?" ... Put on career services probation for being a bad little senior... *Walk around the Arch.*

Public Safety Bunker under construction... 'Round the world parties... Last Parents Weekend, lots of rain.

Purchase first suit... Begin the never-ending process of writing your resume... Weekends officailly begin on Thursdays... *Walk around the Arch.*

Senior Portraits... U.S. enters recession, just in time for us to graduate... Busch beer: as good as ever.

Rejection Letters... Senior night at the Comfort... Sneaking in the Comfort window... Pat Cotrell at the Comfort, again... Return of the mug club.

Senioritis sets in, in October... Last pre-reg... Trying to find bars in Providence... No money... *Walk around the Arch.*

Your mailbox is inundated by excellent offers... On new cars... Sounds good... Too bad you still do not have a job.

Starting to get that, "is this really almost over feeling"... Weekends begin on Tuesdays... Landing a job, for the fortunate few... More resumés and cover letters for the rest of us.

Richard Darmin announced as our Commencement Speaker... Counting the number of tests left on one hand.

Last class, for those of us who attended all of them that's 1,800 hours of classes at Bryant... Final, final exams, but who cares... "Can I stay if I fail one?"... No, no more money.

Less than ten days to be carefree and irresponsible... Returning mail box key... Senior Banquet... Packing for the last time... Where did all this stuff come from?... And took my stuff?... Our last night at Bryant... Just a little partying... Breakfast at Parente's... Lots of pictures...

Walk through the Arch.

Freshman and Sophomore years by:

Anna Jchick and Karen J. Bernard.

Junior and Senior years by: Travis Niles

Gray and Douglas Higbee.

The Archway... A Bryant Tradition

Most graduating seniors from Bryant College will admit to blindly partaking in an age old tradition, more commonly known as: *Walking Around the Arch*. This is not an exhibition of immense self control or even a form of mass protest. In fact, very few seniors even know why they do this. Over the years, the explanations for this tradition have faded. This time held tradition cannot simply be dismissed as silly superstition or peer pressure. The history must be revealed.

It all began in 1905. Isaac Gifford Ladd, an associate of Charles Schwaab the famous U.S. Steel tycoon, built the original structure which contained the Arch on Young Orchard Avenue in the East side of Providence. This \$1 million building was intended to be a sign of his endearment to his newlywed wife. She immediately expressed her hatred for this structure in her name. Ladd took the rejection personally and committed suicide.

The property remained unoccupied until Thomas Marsden transformed it into Hope Hospital. In 1935, Bryant College originally founded in 1863, stumbled upon this site in their attempt to relocate the facilities for future expansion. Upon arrival at Hope Hospital, Bryant-Stratton College was shortened to Bryant College. An addition was added to provide more space for classes and Hope Hospital became South Hall. Where it remained until 1971.

Earle S. Tupper, the inventor of Tupperware, generously presented Bryant College with 220 acres of vast hillside to create yet another new campus for Bryant College in October of 1967. Four years later, the campus moved to its present location in Smithfield. The wrought-iron grill work at the entrance to South Hall, was transported to the new campus by Frank Delmonico, then vice president of business affairs. He deemed this symbol representative of the continuity in the college's history. Robert Hillier, architect of the Tupper campus, and Delmonico relocated the Arch between the two ponds en route to the Unistructure where it stands to this day.

Immediately after the Arch was transferred from the old campus, students began to avoid passing through this out of place structure. As rumor had it, walking through the Arch before graduation mysteriously jeopardized chances of graduating. Quite a large price to pay for not adhering to the tradition. Most opt not to take this chance, as apparent by the worn paths which began to develop on the ground around the Arch.

After seventeen years of worn paths, the graduating Class of 1987, left a brick pathway around this sacred Arch. This facilitated the avoidance of prematurely walking under the Arch. This right is reserved for graduation day.

This tradition has shaped the behavior of Bryant College students for the past twenty years. Regardless of how trivial it appears, we will always remember walking around the Arch. More importantly, we will recal the one time we did walked through it.

A Gallery of Modern Heroes



Richard Darman, the architect of the Presidential budget, was raised in Rhode Island and Massachusetts. He has been OMB director and a member of President Bush's Cabinet since January, 1989. Before being named to the Cabinet, Darman was a managing director of Shearson Lehman Hutton, Inc.

Most of Darman's career, however, has been spent in government service. Among his posts: deputy secretary of the treasury; assistant to President Reagan and deputy to his chief of staff; assistant secretary of commerce in the Ford administration; senior policy positions in the HEW, defense, justice, and state departments.

Darman's other private-sector experiences have included serving as a director for several corporations, as a college and Brookings Institution trustee, and as a contributing editor for U.S. News and World Report. He is a graduate of Harvard Business School and Harvard College.

Oster also serves as chair of Cookson America Inc., of Providence, the largest subsidiary of Cookson Group, an international industrial conglomerate. The publicly held corporation includes 120 businesses in 60 countries. Much of Cookson's growth since 1979 is traced directly to Oster, who sold the family brass business, A.J. Oster Co., to the British firm in 1978.

Cookson has acquired more than 60 companies since the late '70s. And Cookson America has renovated the former Union Station in downtown Providence into a corporate showplace and a keystone of downtown redevelopment.

One of Rhode Island's leading business executives, Oster also is active in a host of community endeavors. He chairs the state's EC '92 Commission and the R.I. Convention Center Authority, and he has been a director, trustee, and member of numerous business, educational, civic, and charitable groups. Oster holds an industrial management and accounting degree from the University of Rhode Island, and he has attended Suffolk Law School and holds several other honorary degrees.



Henry Cisneros served four terms as mayor from 1981 to 1989 before opening his own company in San Antonio, where he was born and raised. As mayor, he was considered the leading Hispanic politician and top municipal-government leader in the country.

Cisneros also has served on the San Antonio city council and on numerous Texas, southwestern and national business, government, and educational organizations. For his efforts, he has been honored extensively nationwide.

An academic by training, Cisneros has taught at the University of Texas-San Antonio and Trinity University in Texas. He holds a doctorate in public administration from George Washington University, a master's in public administration from the John F. Kennedy School of Government at Harvard, and a master's in urban and regional planning and bachelor's degree from Texas A&M University.

This Year's Bryant College Honorary Degree Recipients

Bernard (Ben) Mondor has owned the PawSox since 1977. He came out of retirement after a corporate business career to buy the failing AAA International League affiliate of the Boston Red Sox. Since the late '70s, he has transformed the PawSox into one of the sports world's most successful teams while saving professional baseball for the state of Rhode Island.

Canadian-born, Mondor grew up in Rhode Island. He acquired his first company in the late 1950s. By the early '70s, he had acquired six more companies. He retired in 1973 after selling everything over three years. His PawSox always sponsor a host of scholastic, charitable and recreational activities each season.



Karl Ericson, a 1958 Bryant alumnus, retired as a partner from KPMG Peat Marwick in March, 1990. He now serves as a business consultant. A Bryant trustee from 1981 to 1987, Ericson chaired the board for three years, and still serves as an honorary trustee. His commitment to Bryant was recognized with a meritorious service award in 1988.

Joan Toland Bok has chaired the New England Electric System since 1984 after serving it in other executive posts over 16 years. Bok also has been very active in the community. In addition to serving as a director for three corporations and the Federal Reserve Bank of Boston, she has served numerous business, educational, and civic organizations. Bok earned a Harvard law degree after graduation from Radcliffe College. She has studied at Stanford University and the University of Michigan, and holds three honorary doctorates.



Yuji Ijiri is recognized as a giant in the accounting world. His distinguished career has included authoring scores of books and articles. His professorship is the highest honor bestowed on a faculty member. In 1989, Ijiri was inducted into the Accounting Hall of Fame as its 49th and youngest inductee. He is the only four-time winner of the American Institute of CPAs' literature award.

Born in Japan, Ijiri came to the U.S. in 1959 after earning a bachelor's degree, a CPA certificate and working for the Price Waterhouse in Tokyo. He holds a Ph.D. from Carnegie Mellon, a M.S. from the University of Minnesota, and has taught at the Stanford University School of Business.

Class Charge:

M. David Lachina Gives The Word

Life means venture - to live is to risk. The person who takes no risks does not really live. This credo is one which we must carry with us always once we leave Bryant College. We are here today to be commended for receiving our collegiate degree, a great feat in and of its own. However, we must remember that this is but a stepping stone to the even greater accomplishments which lie ahead of us.

The world we are now entering is one of rapid change and fierce competition. As graduates of one of America's finest business colleges, we are thoroughly prepared to rise to and overcome these monumental challenges which lie ahead. It is *our job* to untangle the economic web which we find our country in today, it is *our job* to halt the ecological disasters

occurring worldwide, and it is *our job* to set the pace for the future generations to follow, in these and many other critical areas.

To rise up and take a stand on an issue is a difficult thing to do. Very few people are willing to stand apart from the crowd, even when the crowd is in error. However, we are America's future business leaders. We must stand up and be counted when the time to act is upon us. Albert Einstein once stated, "Great spirits have always encountered violent opposition from mediocre minds." Let us not allow those mediocre minds to stand in our way.

Our college has undergone many changes since we first arrived, and we, as well as the future graduates of Bryant will be served well by them. We are recognized as being the best in our field. There-

fore, much is expected of us. We should, however, expect, even demand, much from ourselves as well. The worst thing that we can do is to sell ourselves short, to fail to accomplish all that we can.

Our duty is to help shape the world of the future. We must have the ability, and the desire, to take big risks, because one cannot leap across a chasm in two steps. To quote Abraham Lincoln: "Every man has his own peculiar and particular way of getting at and doing things, and he is often criticized because that way is not the one adopted by others. The great idea is to accomplish what you set out to do."

As we leave Bryant College, let us set our sights on lofty goals, and let our own particular way of getting at and doing things lead us to success.

Commencement Awards: And Their Recipients

Donald Jonathan Desfosse
The Bryant College Award

This award is presented to the bachelor's degree candidate who, in classroom activities, has demonstrated significant improvement in critical thinking and research and who has displayed thoroughness in analyzing facts and figures.

Lawrence Elliot Jasper
Bryant College Good Citizenship Award

This award is presented to the graduate who has demonstrated the qualities of sincerity and vigorous industry in the interest of good citizenship and who has, by example, furthered better government on and off the campus.

Harry Hall Franks III and Mark St.Pierre
The George M. Parks Award

This award is presented to the bachelor's degree candidate who has done the most to enhance the reputation of the College through the intelligent use of recognized leadership qualities.

Douglas J. Higbee and Travis Niles Gray
The Henry L. Jacobs English Award

This award is presented to a bachelor's degree candidate who has maintained an outstanding record in the required and elective English courses that he or she has completed during four years of study at Bryant College.

Eva Birgitta Simpson and Michael Bruce Wrobel
The John Hancock Insurance Company Award

The John Hancock Insurance Award is presented to two students who have demonstrated superior achievement in the study of Applied Actuarial Mathematics.

Roger Nathan LeBoeuf
The Jay Harrison Manchester Political Science Award

This award is presented to the graduate who has achieved a distinguished record in the field of political science studies.

Kimberly Ann McDermott
The Jeremiah Clark Barber Award

This award is presented to the bachelor's degree candidate who has shown the most consistent record of improvement in mastering the subject matter of a specific academic program.

Michael Calleia
The Self-Reliance Award

This award is presented to the graduating senior who has shown desire in fulfilling a career objective through work experience and extracurricular activities. This person should work in a field that he/she will pursue upon graduation and in a position of responsibility. Academic excellence in a major area of concentration is another criterion to be considered. This award is given by the Brycol Student Services Foundation, Inc.

Class of '91 Gives an Eternal Welcome

Seniors— The time has come for us to say goodbye to Bryant College. The past four years have been an incredible time for all of us. From teachers, our friends, and ourselves, we have gained a vast amount of knowledge that will help us in years to come. Because of this we leave our Senior Class Gift.

The Senior Class Gift is something that every class leaves behind to represent the time that they have spent here at Bryant. It also enhances the campus and provides the school with a token of appreciation. The Class of 1991 has chosen to leave a Welcome/Information sign to Bryant in appreciation for what the school has done for us.

The Welcome/Information sign will be a general welcome to all visitors and students of the college. It will also provide them with information on programs and events being held here. The location of the sign will be on the East side of Jacobs Drive, preferably close to the Information/Reception booth. It will have the ability to display more than one message at a time and may have a reference map of the campus as well. The aesthetics of the sign will fit in with the design and materials of the front booth and will blend in with the landscaping of the area. It will be modest in appearance while reflecting a professional image. The sign will play an integral role in the entrance of the cam-

pus and will fulfill a needed service.

In accepting the gift to the school, President Trueheart stated, "The sign will be a fine addition to the Bryant campus and represents an ideal way of informing visitors about the daily events on campus." We are proud that the gift was accepted in this way and thank everyone involved.

As we leave Bryant College in 1991 we can go knowing that our presence on campus will be symbolized by what we leave behind. We can also leave knowing that we will be welcomed back for years to come.

Written by Theodore A. Rykoski, Senior Class Gift Chairperson.

Paul Thomas Capuzziello
The Kappa Tau Brotherhood Award

This award is presented annually to the graduate who has exhibited outstanding brotherhood and leadership in promoting policies that are beneficial to Bryant College and the entire student body. This award is given by Kappa Tau Fraternity.

Deborah Jeanne Travers
Leander Francis Emin Endowed Homestead Award

This award is presented to a graduate who has demonstrated scholastic excellence in accounting. This award was inaugurated by the family of Leander Francis Emin, Bryant Alumnus of the class of 1907, to honor his memory; his birthplace and home - the 1708 house; and the entire Emin homestead farm and airport - which has now become the campus of his alma mater.

Ted Clark Dutter
The Pell Medal for United States History

This award is presented annually to a graduate who has displayed excellence in the study of United States history. Rhode Island's senator, the Honorable Claiborne de Borden Pell, presents this medal to honor the memory of his father, the late Herbert C. Pell, statesman and diplomat, who served the United States as Ambassador to Hungary and Minister to Portugal.

Jill Frostholm
The Reserve Officer Training Corps Achievement Award

This award is presented to a bachelor's degree candidate who has excelled in his or her military science studies and other courses and who has shown superior leadership potential in the military science program and in extracurricular activities.

Adozinda Ferreira Almeida
R.I. Society of CPA's Award

The Rhode Island Society of Certified Public Accountants Award is presented to the graduate obtaining the highest score on the American Institute of Certified Public Accountants Level II Achievement Test.

Anita Marie Singleton
The Roger W. Babson Award

This award is presented to the bachelor's degree candidate who has become distinguished within the college community because of character, orderly mind, sound judgement, and systematic business habits.

Russell Eliot Paley and Stephen J. Wietrecki
The Wall Street Journal Award

This award is presented to annually to a graduate who has shown distinction in the fields of economics, finance, and investments.

A Toast To Bryant Sports

Being a student-athlete is tough. Being a *senior* student athlete is even tougher. To successfully accomplish this task is something to be proud of. Not only do you have to go to class, study, and get good grades, but you have to attend practice, travel to games, schedule interviews, apply to graduate school, work part-time, go to weekly club meetings, and still have time for a social life. To combine all these activities demonstrates strong organizational skills, a will to compete and win, and a strong desire for an ulcer.

Athletics at Bryant College, although not nationally recognized, are extremely important to college life. Whether it is a varsity sport, a club sport, or even an intramural sport, it gives us the opportunity to vent our frustrations, take a break from schoolwork, and just have fun. Of course, winning is important for some, but to many it is secondary to the opportunity to have a good time in organized athletics while they still can.

Because after college, we may never again get the chances to compete the way we do here at Bryant.

We have many teams here at Bryant.

Whether it was Division II basketball, a national Golf tournament, an intramural hockey final, or even an Oozeball tournament, we all felt the same thrill of competition, the same desire to win, the same sense of teamwork, the same disappointment when we lost, and the same feeling of accomplishment when we won. In the pure sense of the word, varsity tennis is the same as intramural tiddlywinks-it is a sport.

So let's hear it for Bryant sports, and all of the graduating athletes. No matter what sport, no matter what division, no matter how much you played, you all should be proud of yourselves. You are an integral part of college life. In twenty years, nobody will care what your record was, but you and your teammates will never forget the experiences you have shared.

Written by Richard Miner.



Some did good, some did bad, and some did really bad. But none of them ever quit, all of them tried their best, and hopefully they all had fun trying.

Senior Varsity Athletes

Men's Soccer
Ted Hovivian

Women's Soccer
Lynn Phelps
Niki Taglione
Ann Roche

Women's Cross Country
Diane Gracey

Men's Cross Country
Scott McIssac

Women's Volleyball
Anne Colo
Donna Herk
Lori McLaughlin

Men's Tennis
Scott Jensen
Bob Meunier

Women's Tennis
Joelle Davis
Meeredith Molnar
Christine O'Connor
Amy Tucker

Golf
Scott Trethwey

Women's Basketball
April Peckham
Stephanie Cooper
Jami Emidy

Softball
Cheryl Hickey
Stephanie Cooper
Donna Herk
Michelle Kuczma
Denise Christen

Men's Basketball
Robert Fritz
Julius Sacko

Men's Track
Michael Hebert
Scott McIsaac
Mike Milko
Jeff Sparfvan

Cheerleading
Robyn Langlais

Last Words... and... Goodbyes

Lesie-Summer 90 BCP, SB, PS, JWTDM, YNT, PITW, LM, SO, SL- Love Chopper.

Kim, Barb, Diane- Yeah-eh! I Love You Guys! Love, Betsy.

Senior RA'S- Wish wish you the! You Cannot Touch This- Love Chopper.

Mahony, Amy, Dee, Larry, David, Glen, Scoot, Kristin and Pam- Love Joanne.

Kel, Nanc, Li- Thanks for the best year. I love you all! Lame-O.

N, K, T, L, and all Bryant was a great home, I had a great time! Love Simon.

Poles, D2, D1, Kev and Chad: Thanks for the memories! Love The Shack.

AC, TZ, DH and DC- Thanks for a fun three years! love ya! Poopsy.

Frank and Paul Congratulations and Good Luck! CR, KA, KL, AM.

Parker and Phis Thanks! You're the best. Good Luck! I'll miss you-It.

To Chunky: I wish you The Best In The Future. I will always love you From: "B".

To Pete and Karen: I hope that you achieved everything you want "B".

To Amy, Dee, Leslie- Good luck after Bryant- We'll miss 'ya XXO 96.

Nerd, sir, Kel, nan, Di- Congrats and Welcome! Love, Whoandroni.

Townhouee 3 thanks for the memories I loved it thanks MR2

Terri- Colored Soaps cont. You are an -ette! Keep Smiling! Smurf.

Congrats to my big sis Tracy, Hawaii awaits... Luv you-Quake.

Best Wishes To Tolla, Cliff, Jeff, Janelle, and Julius. MBSA..

Best of luck to the founding fathers of Delta Chi!

To mike white and my other bros... congrats and good luck -Denise.

Congrats VRAs Tim Michelle, Sandra, David, Leslie, Jeanette, Glen.

"Howard" Kakal- Congratulation! We'll miss you! Love, the Girls.

Michael C. Stickeyfingers LivingRoom CustomHouse BQ D+G KD CU BEN.

DB, MF, DL, And AS, Thanks for being there through laughter and tears. DT.

MS Powers thank you for helping me with transferring to days RL.

Nic, Car, Sand: Thanks For Taking Me In. Iits Been Great-A.

Good bye Archway- You have tought me a lot. Time will heal your wounds.

Gary and Taunton Uechi- Ryu: Never let the spirit die! Next belt?

Tony (President): You kept me sane! Spring Weekend '90! Fudance.

Robin, Moe, Lisa, looney: Always remember to live, love and laugh!

To Scoot- My big brother- I love you- Joanne.

To all who have touch my soul over these short but sweet years- M.C.

Office of Residence Life- Thanks for two great years. Chopper

Mom, Dad, Chrstine, Annete, Maryanne, And Gram- I love you- Joanne.

Leslie- my partner in crime and best friend. I love you Chopper.

Lynn and Niki- Thanks a million for your friendship- Love Bonnie.

Lori- Thanks is just not enough! Love you lots! Love Bonnie.

Robyn- Thanks for being my mentor, Confident and friend- Love Bonnie.

Hey D-2- Thanks for a great senior year! Best of luck- Love D-1.

Mom and Dad- I just want to say, thank you and I love you- Michael C.

Christine P- The best is yet to Come! See you on Long Island- TMZ.

Carrie A- To you, the best of luck and the greatest guy- Love Tricia.

To the class of 1991- I wish you all the best of luck- Robert Shirley.

Mom and Dad- Thank you for the best four years of my life- I love you!- Kristin.

M2 "Tools" it's been a most excellent adventure! Love Janice.

Dad, Mom and Aldo Thanks for all your love and support- Love DEN.

Ma and Dad- Thank you for everything! I love you Stacy.

Pam, my business partner- We kept each other sane- Thanks Karen.

Mom and Dad- Thank you for the moral support- Love Pam.

Nana- this one is for you. Wish you could be here.

Chris- thanks for your unconditional friendship- Love Karen.

Thank you Mom and Dad for every thing, I Love you Karen B.

Jeff, Thanks for the moral support. Love your honey.

Denise C- Good luck with every thing you do. I hope Life is always happy- TMZ.

Mommy and Daddy- thanks for everything- Love Karen F.

Thank you mom and dad for everything you've done for me, I love you- Loady.

Goodbye Bryant- I'm off to fight bigger, although perhaps not better windmills.

