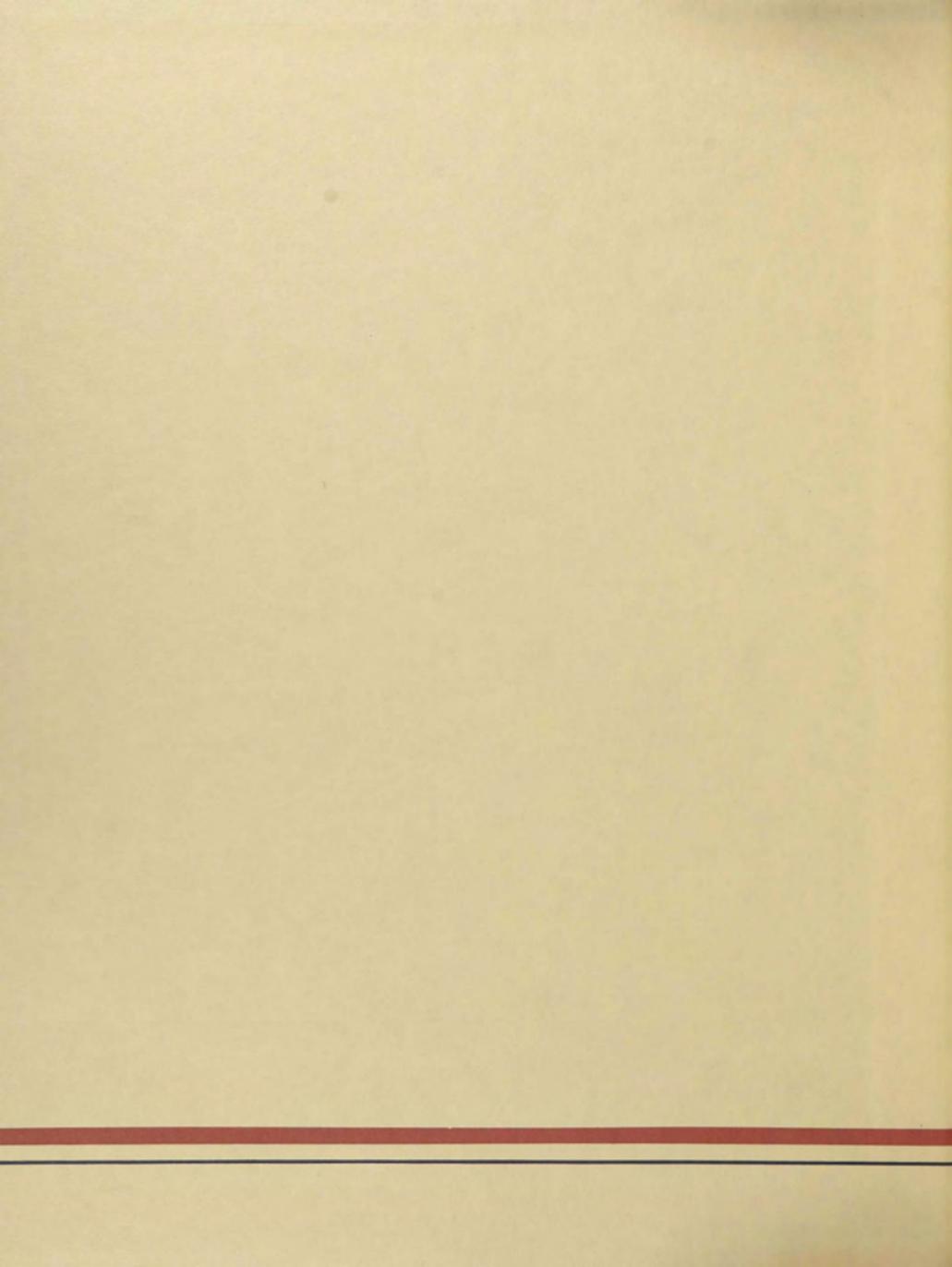


RENAISSANCE 1983



URI

RENAISSANCE 1983
UNIVERSITY OF RHODE ISLAND
KINGSTON, RHODE ISLAND 02881







E. Tinkhauer



Something special happens when Route 138 suddenly stops passing through Rhode Island's rural country-side and begins to form URI's southern border. After miles of cow-filled clearings, barns and tiny hamlets, a university with hundreds of buildings and thousands of people unexpectedly appears.

At first glance, it seems a bit out of place with its surroundings. One wouldn't expect to find the state's largest university nestled in a pastoral setting with country stores, historic homes and turf farms. But on second thought, (or possibly a few years of getting to know this place), it's not hard to see that URI fits in perfectly.

It fits in because URI is dozens of things all at the same time. It's a school rife with history but looking toward the future. For example, while the stone buildings on the Quad are a link to the past, the Chafee Social Sciences tower is the tallest building in the county. And yet they fit together to make URI what it is physically.

It's a school dominated by students from Rhode Island, but still has an international flavor and thousands of students from out of state. Together, with staff from around the block and professors from around the world, they form URI's community of people.



URI

Those are just two parts of the Big Difference about URI — the special flavor it has when all its components are mixed together.

It's easy to think there are other schools like URI, but it's safe to say none can come close to matching it. There's something different about URI and this year's Renaissance is going to try and pin down just what that Big Difference is.

From the people to the place, from the athletics to the academics, from the happy times to the sad ones, from the campus to the Bay — it's all part of URI.







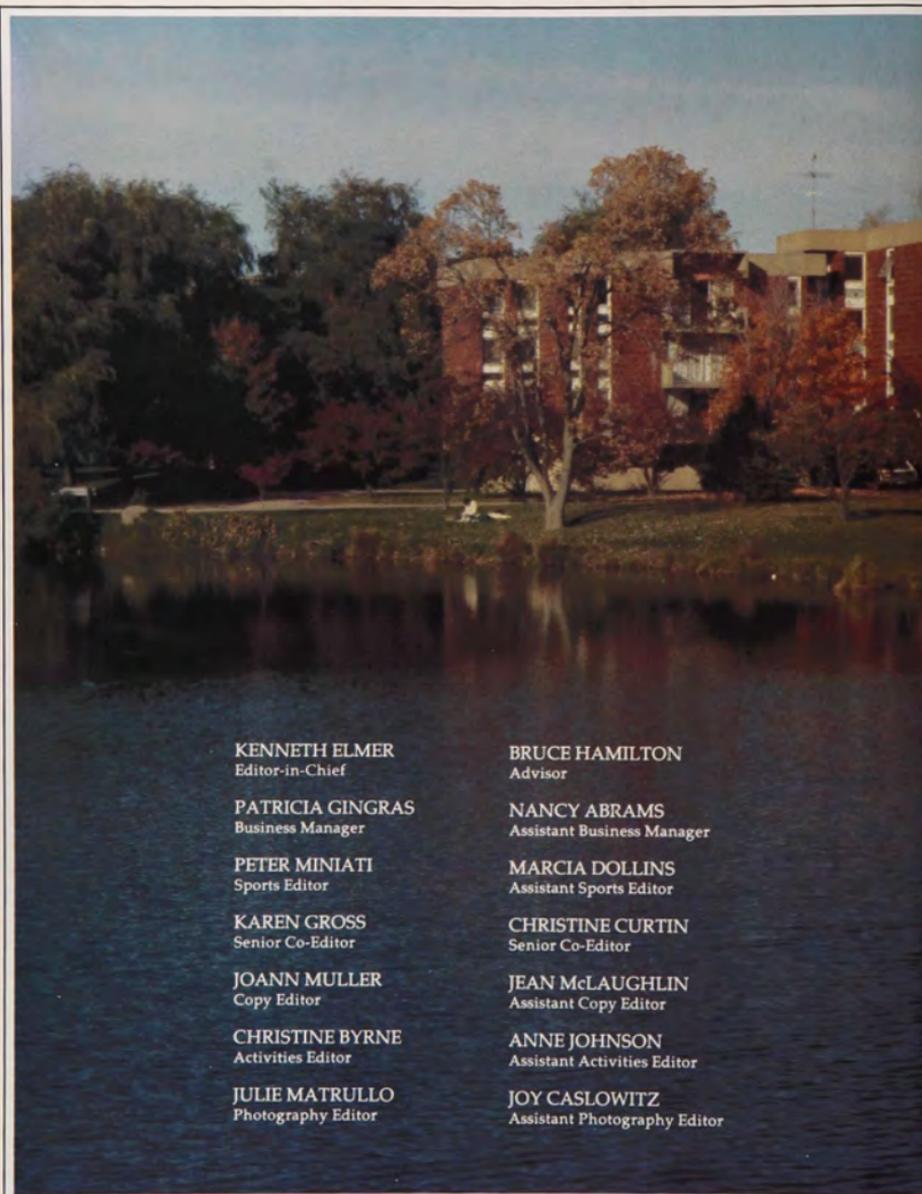


Maybe it's impossible to say exactly what the Big Difference is. The URI experience is unique to every person who has been to school here and each one will take something different away from it. But there are things common to all of us who have spent an important slice of our lives here growing, learning and changing.

Most likely, one will find the Big Difference is really a series of small ones we're all familiar with that come together to form a University community unlike any other. And the perception of those small differences will vary from person to person. But that's what it's all about.

Each section of this book will focus on those differences. Somewhere between the front and back covers the small differences will all fit together to form the Big Difference and you'll remember just how special a place URI really is. uri.edu

Mitchell Zuckoff



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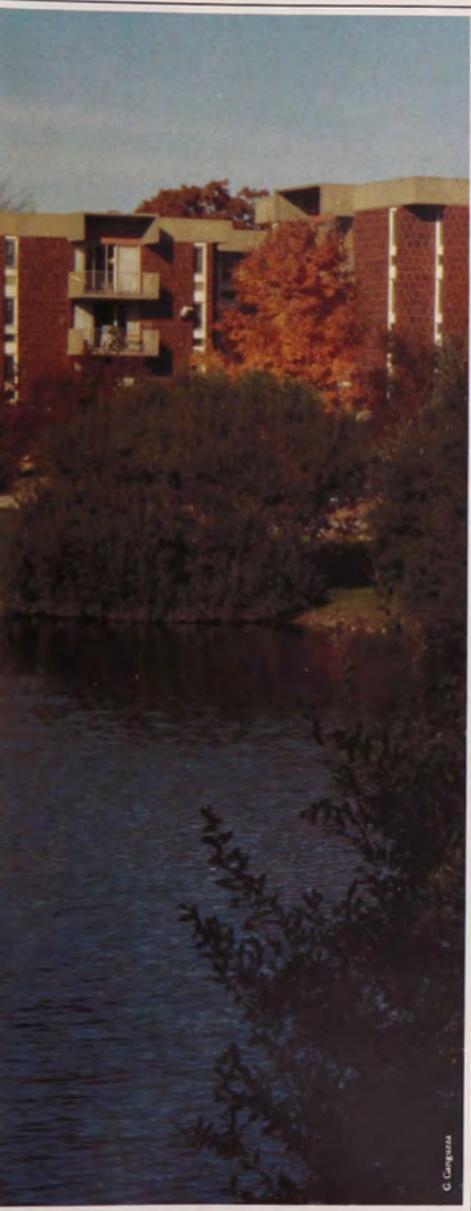
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Frank Newman
President
University of Rhode
Island
1974-1983

In January 1983, URI President Frank Newman announced his plans to resign from the University in August to work with the Carnegie Foundation. As he too is departing from the University, President Newman has written a special farewell message to the graduating class of 1983. He will be greatly missed.

To President Frank Newman —
The Best of Luck!





To the Graduating Class of 1983:

Often, as I walk across the quadrangle in the early spring evenings on the way home from the office, I am struck by the same sequence of thoughts. First, I am struck by the peacefulness and beauty of the campus — so different from the bustle at ten minutes to eleven — when the quadrangle is crawling with students as classes change. In the evening there is a different air. When it is crowded there is an air of excitement, of purpose that is gratifying. But the loveliness of the campus — with the pathways cleared and the benches emptied of their earnest duos — has a captivating, though gentle spirit. It seems a reminder that the life of the mind requires tranquility on occasion more than activity.

These thoughts usually lead, in turn, to a realization of the timelessness of the University. We laugh over the old fashioned clothes and stilted poses in those black and white photographs of students in 1911 or 1932, but beneath those surfaces they seem fundamentally the same as students now. They went to class, worried about their careers, did not write home enough, talked to each other until the early morning. In a time of confusion over public purposes, it gives one a sense of security to realize that universities, while they appear fragile, are in truth some of the most durable of institutions. I would bet that the University of Rhode Island will be a going concern in the year 2000 sooner than I would bet on General Motors.

Inevitably, this in turn leads me to the next thought — durable, yes, but constantly changing as well. How little the granite exteriors of the buildings reveal the tremendous changes inside. Passing Pastore Hall, I fall to thinking about the graduate students I watched, proudly displaying the latest in sophisticated instrumentation, and without quite intending to, revealing their own sophistication as well. Before long my memory cells pour out a mass of images: spectrophotometers, electron microscopes, computers big and small. But wait, the old brain says, there is stability as well. We are still teaching History and English and Philosophy. If anything, there is more emphasis on the centrality of these subjects and of the need for a liberal education than at any time in the last thirty years. Yes, but these subjects are changing in their own ways.

Suddenly, I am reminded of all those Faculty Senate debates on the curriculum. Fortunately, there is just time as I turn toward the graceful white house which serves as the President's residence, to realize that the Senate debates, as important as they are, the budgets and meetings, and meetings and budgets, are not the central parts of this grand old place. The central parts are the students — bright, cheerful, confused, learning, struggling — but inevitably optimistic . . . the faculty and staff — hard working, knowledgeable and caring deeply about the world of the University and the world beyond . . . and the ever-present beauty of the campus.

Graduation is almost here. It is hard to think of leaving this institution. My love for it runs deeper than I have realized.

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Frank Newman".

Frank Newman, President