



Out of the cradle endlessly rocking,

Out of the mocking-bird's throat, the musical shuttle,

Out of the Ninth-month midnight,

Over the sterile sands and the fields beyond, where the child leaving his bed wander'd alone, bareheaded, barefoot

Down from the shower'd halo,

Up from the mystic play of shadows twining and twisting as if they were alive,

Out from the patches of briers and blackberries...

A man, yet by these tears a little boy again,

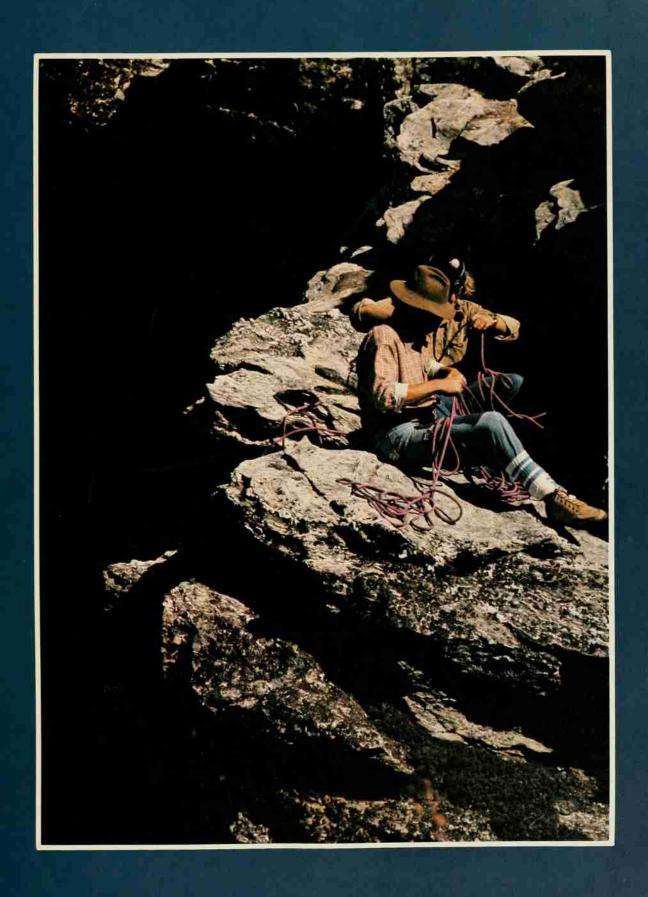
Throwing myself on the sand, confronting the waves,

I, chanter of pains and joys, uniter of here and hearafter,

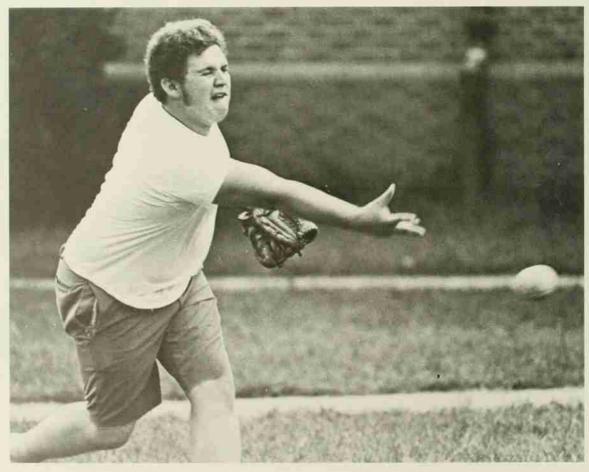
Taking all hints to use them, but swiftly leaping beyond them,

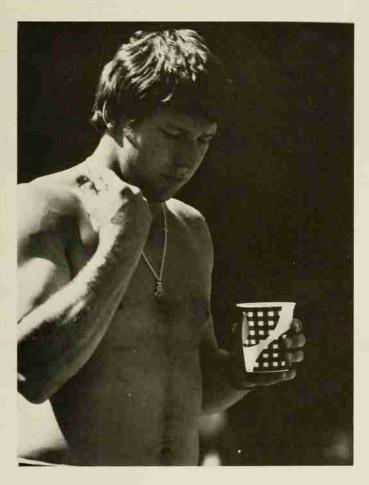
A reminiscence sing.

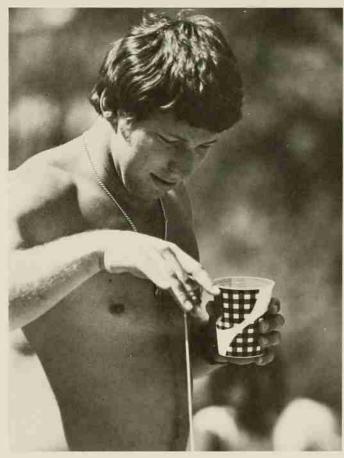
---Walt Whitman

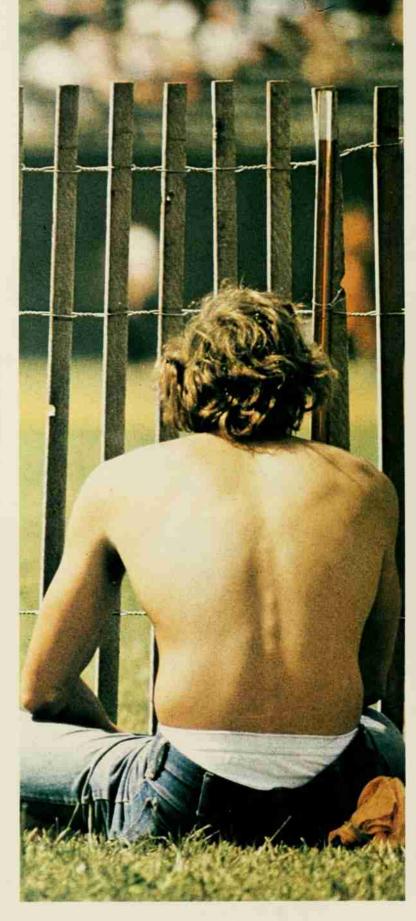


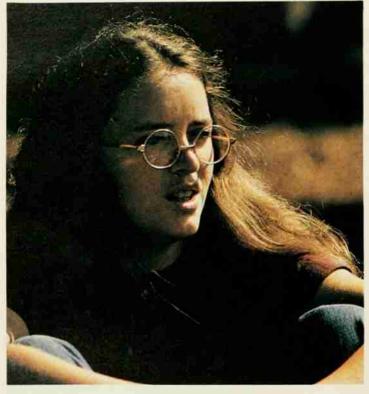




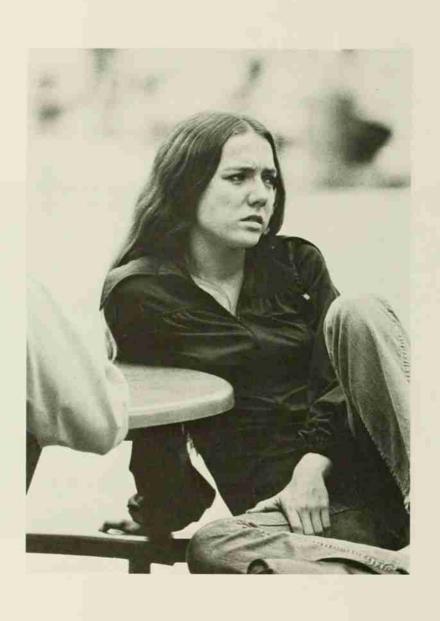


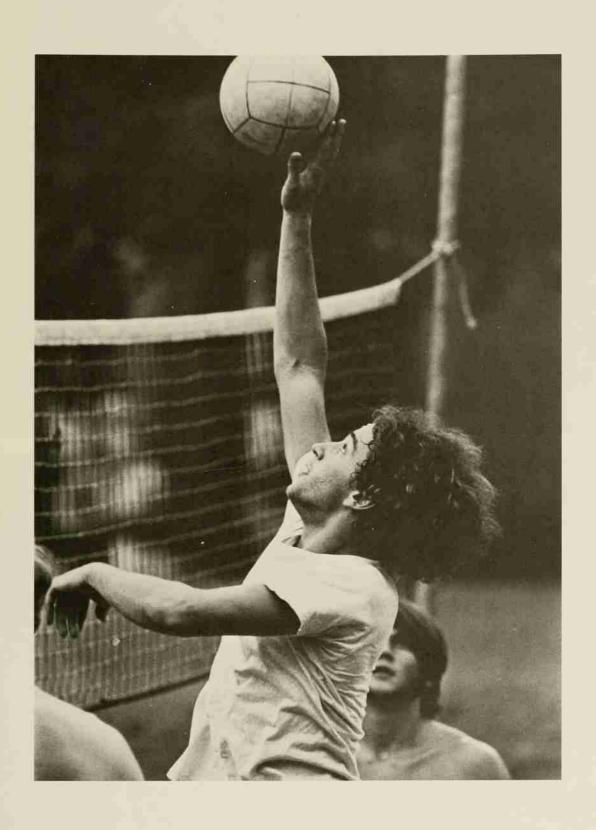


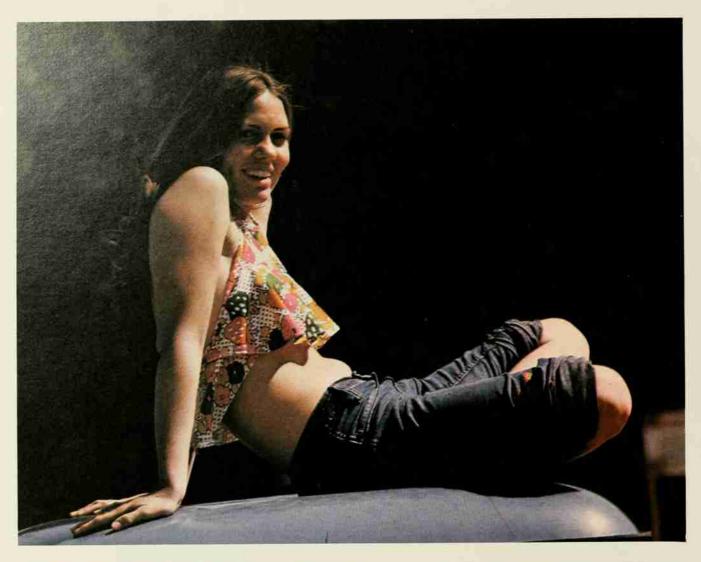


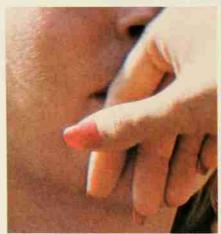


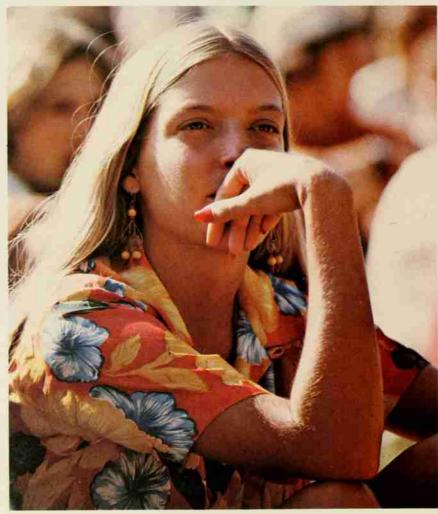


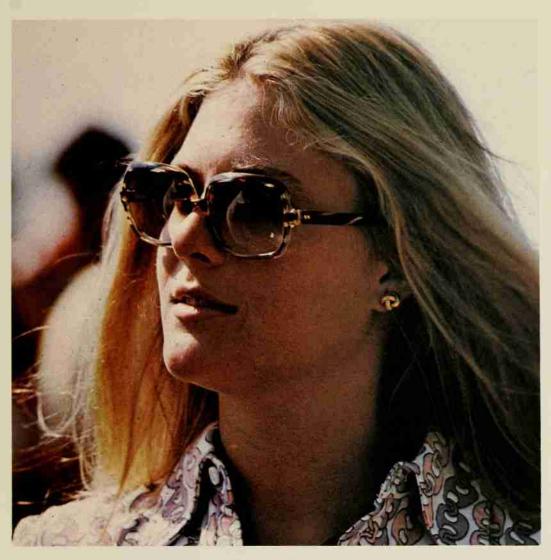


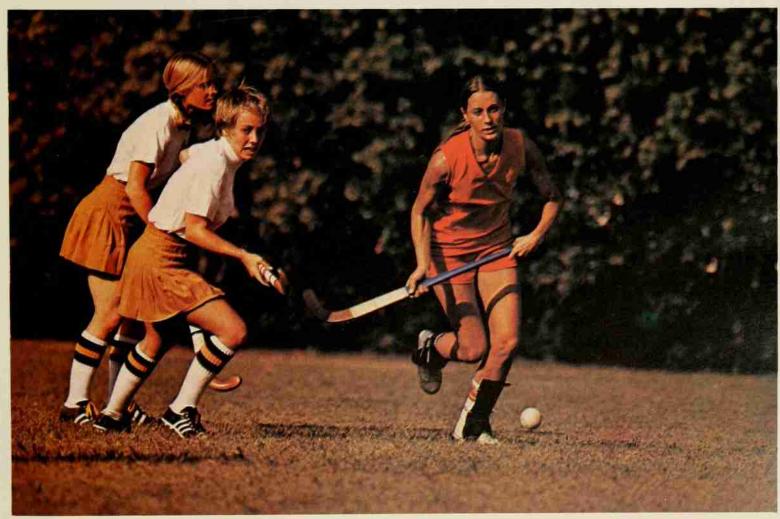


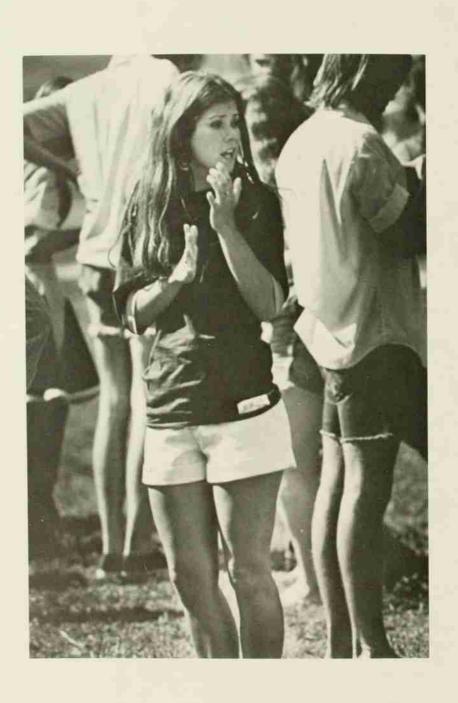


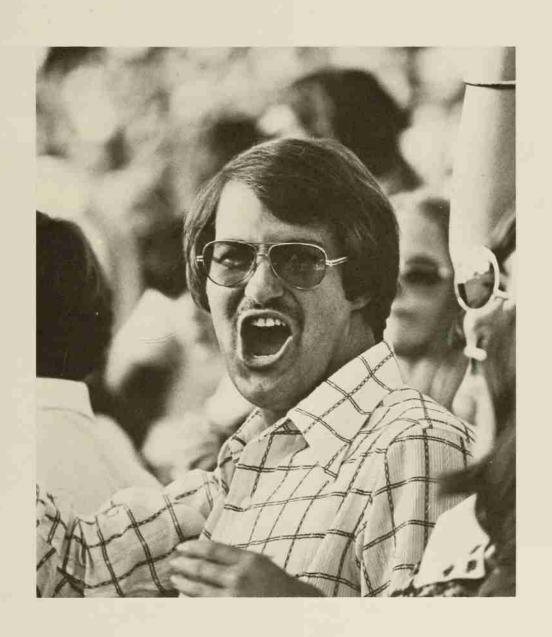


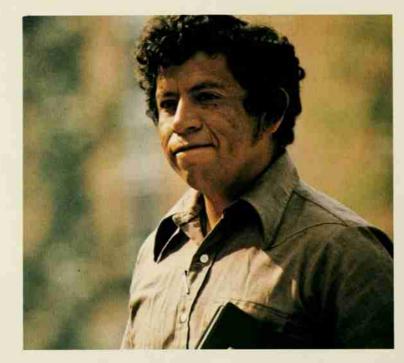


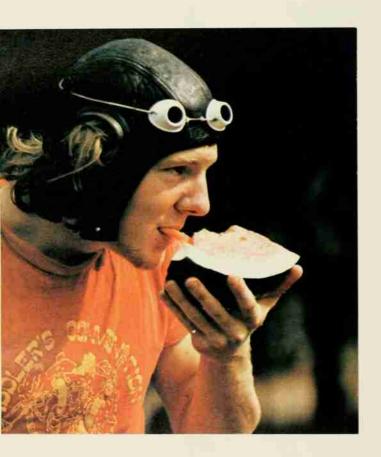


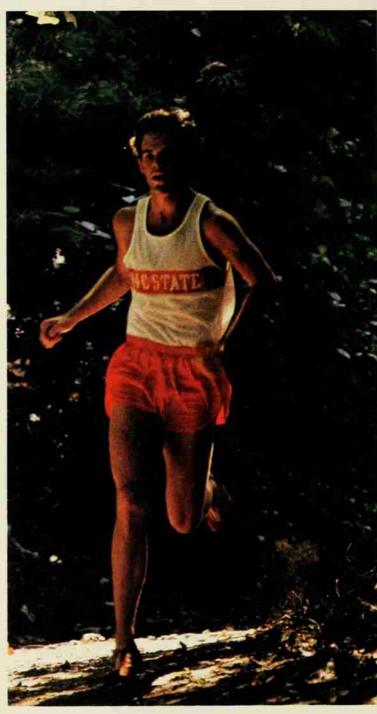










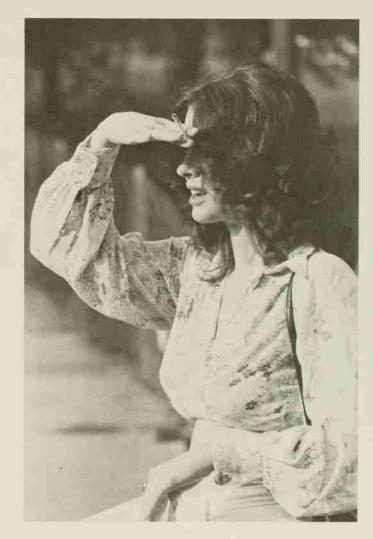


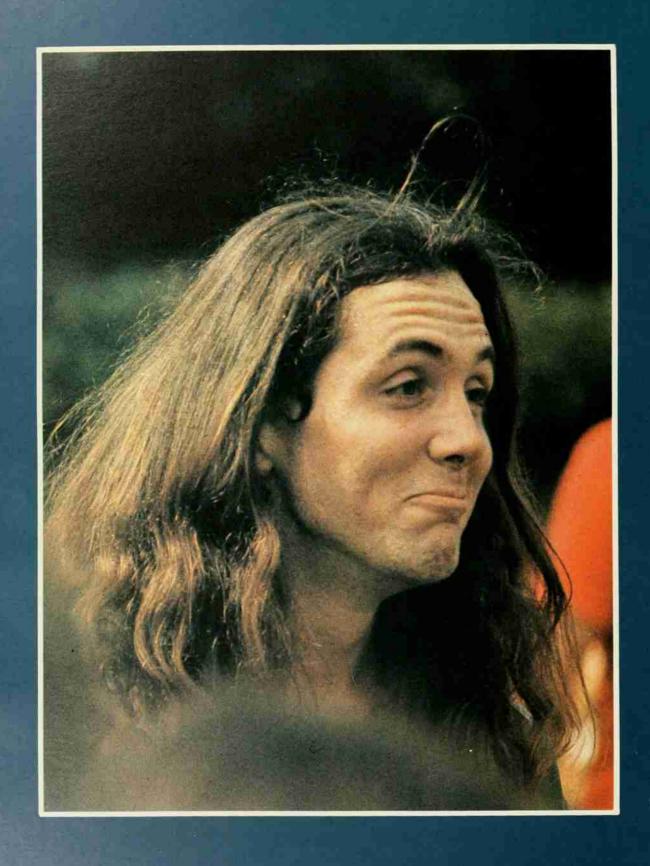










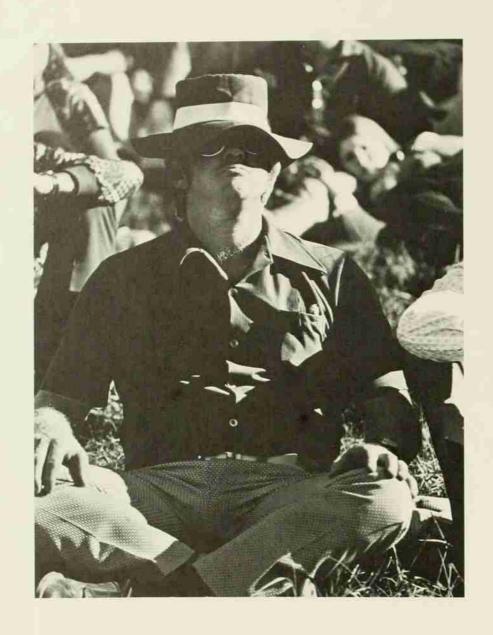


We are the children of a violent decade in American history. Before most of us figured out what our genitals were for, a President had been assasinated in Dallas. We watched Civil Rights demonstrations on television, saw racist Alabama cops turn German Shepherds loose to tear into Black flesh. We were vaguely aware of the constant voice of fearful national leaders urging our countrymen to build air raid shelters in preparation for what was thought to be an imminent holocaust.

The years of our early adolescence catalogue horrors that have not left us unaffected today. We are the Americans who grew up during the Cuban Missile Crisis, the Berlin Wall, racial riots, and the murder of Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King. Death and violence were familiar to us as we matured; we witnessed the gaunt faces of starving Biafran children, had flashed on our televisions and splashed on pages of our newspapers the tragedy of My Lai. Our country was gripped by national schizophrenia as we approached mythical adulthood, with Vietnam reaching a bloody climax, years of sublimated racial tensions becoming explicit in middle America, and the gradual advent of a continuing and anxiety filled economic downturn.

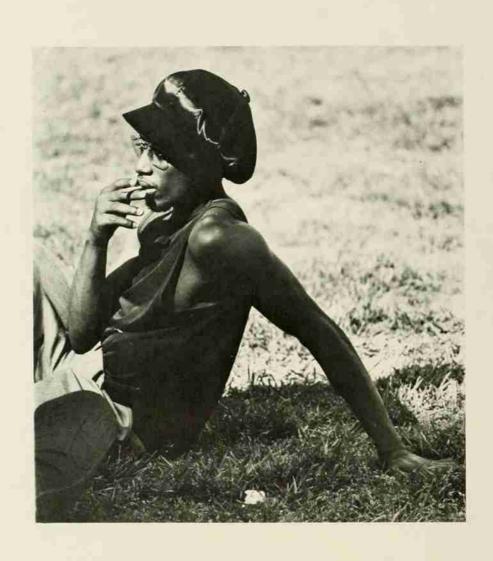
We forget sometimes that we were starting to shape ourselves emotionally, intellectually, and spiritually while all of this was happenning. All of the violence, all of the fear, the sense of tragedy and uncertainty are somehow parts of who we are now.

Many of the events which have molded our lives occurred while we were still living in the relative security of our homes, with parents to guide us and institutions like public schools and churches to salve the psychological wounds we were incurring. But now we are out of the proverbial womb, and we must reevaluate all that has made us the children of this decade. We must confront the realities of where we have come from to understand who we are and to learn how to go from here to the making of tommorrow.



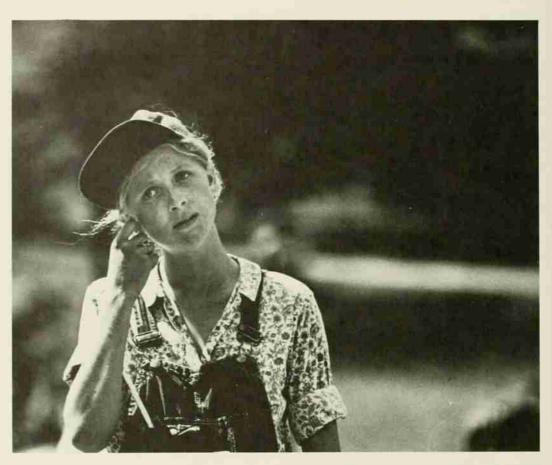






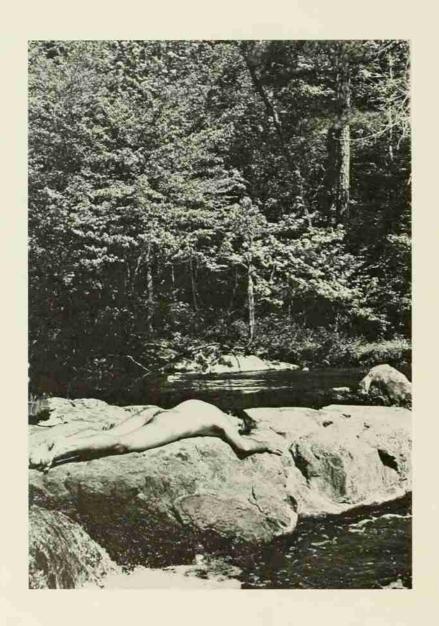




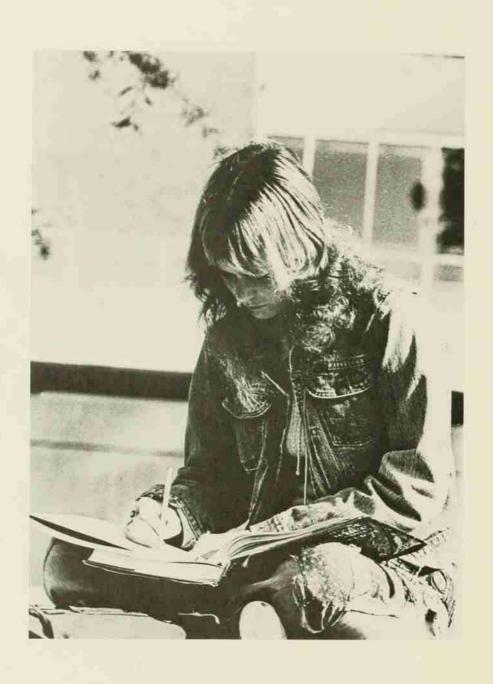


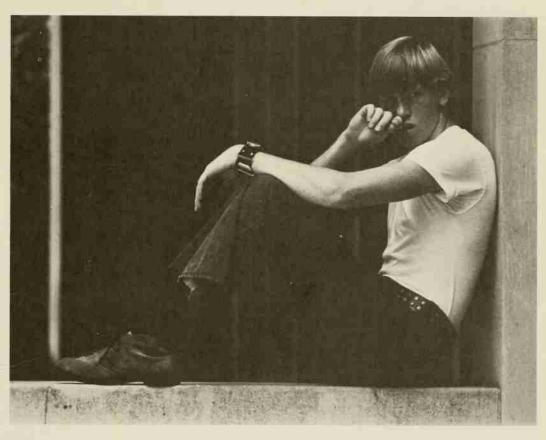




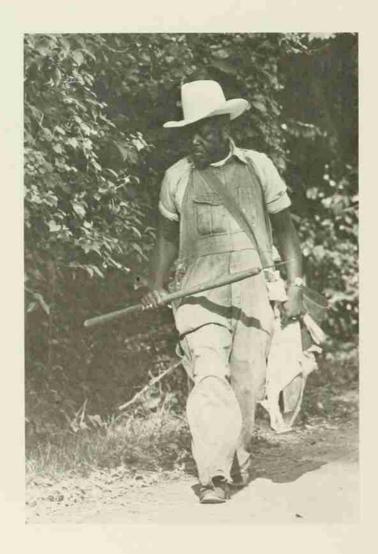




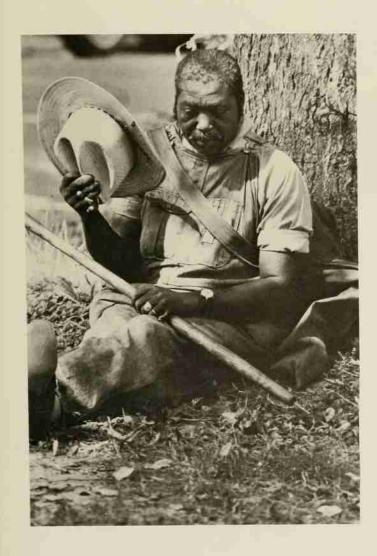




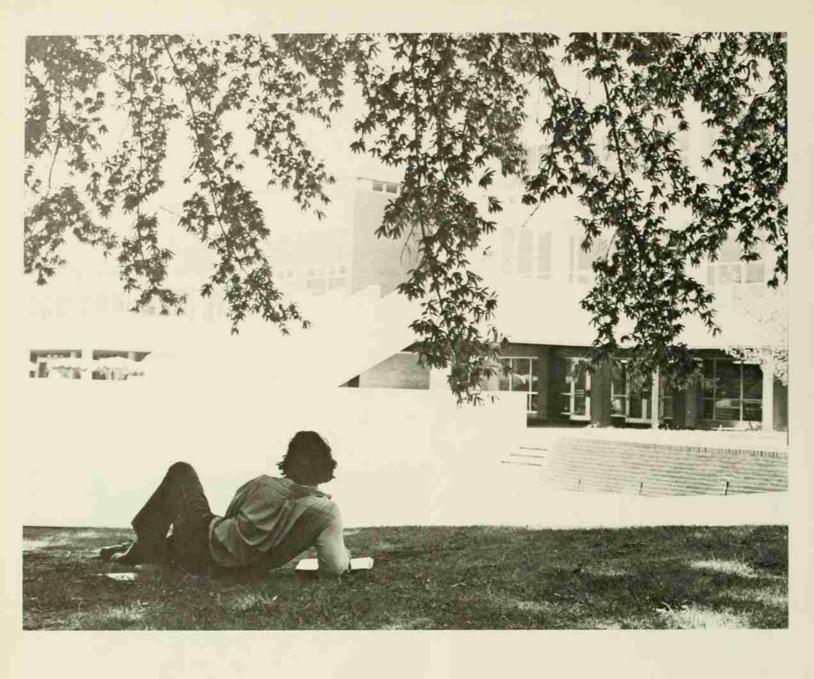


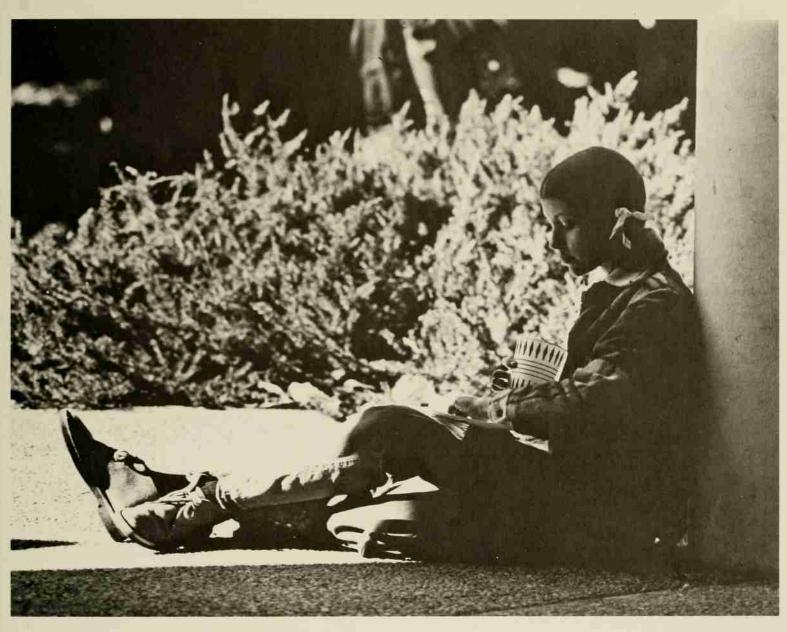








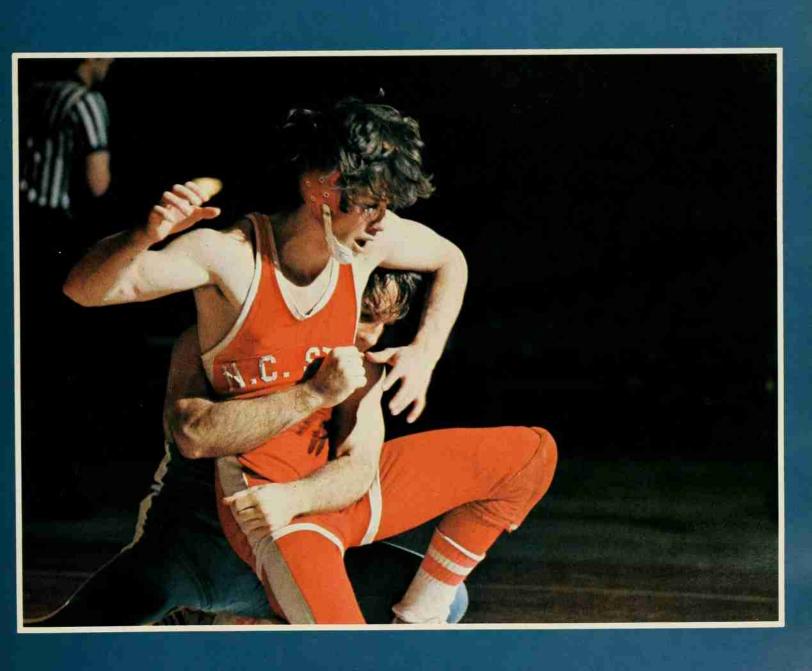


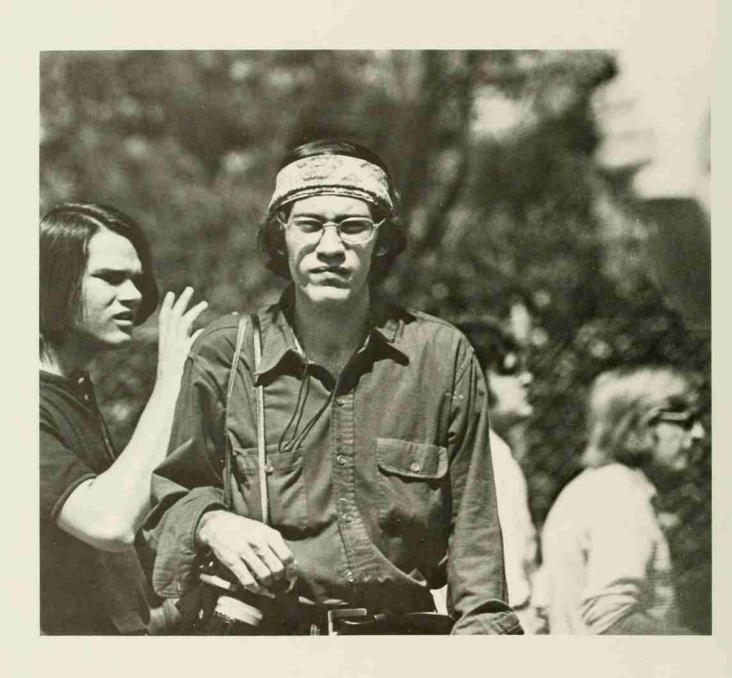


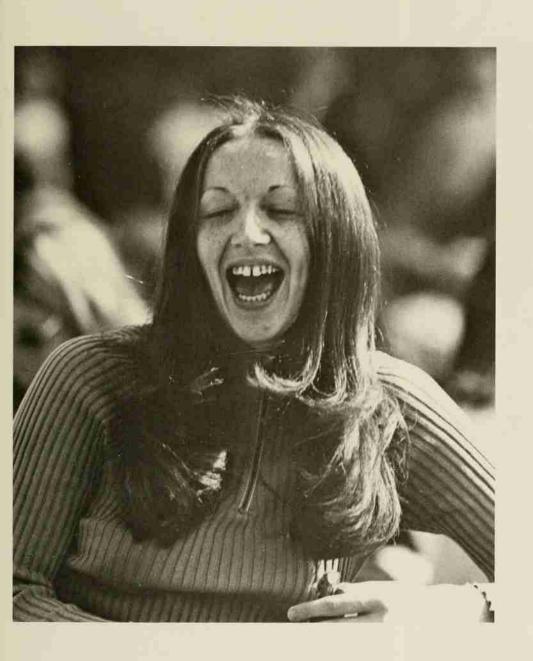


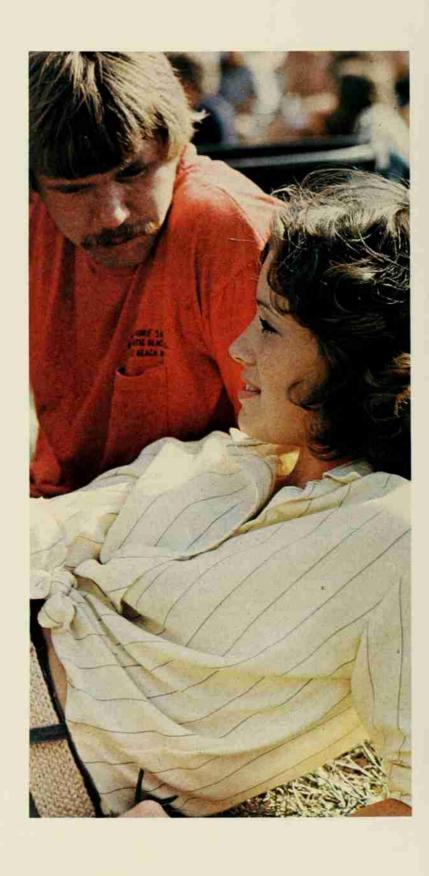
Whether we live in the Renaissance, or in thirteenth-century France, or at the time of the fall of Rome, we are part-and-parcel of our age in every respect. . .its wars, its economic conflicts, its anxiety, its achievement. But no "well-integrated" society can perform for the individual, or relieve him from, his task of achieving self-consciousness and the capacity for making his own choices responsibly. And no traumatic world situation can rob the individual of the privilege of making the final decision with regard to himself, even if it is only to affirm his won fate.

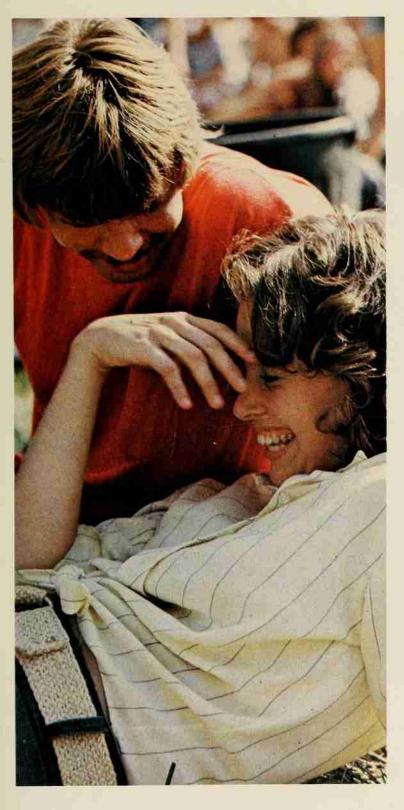
---Rollo May







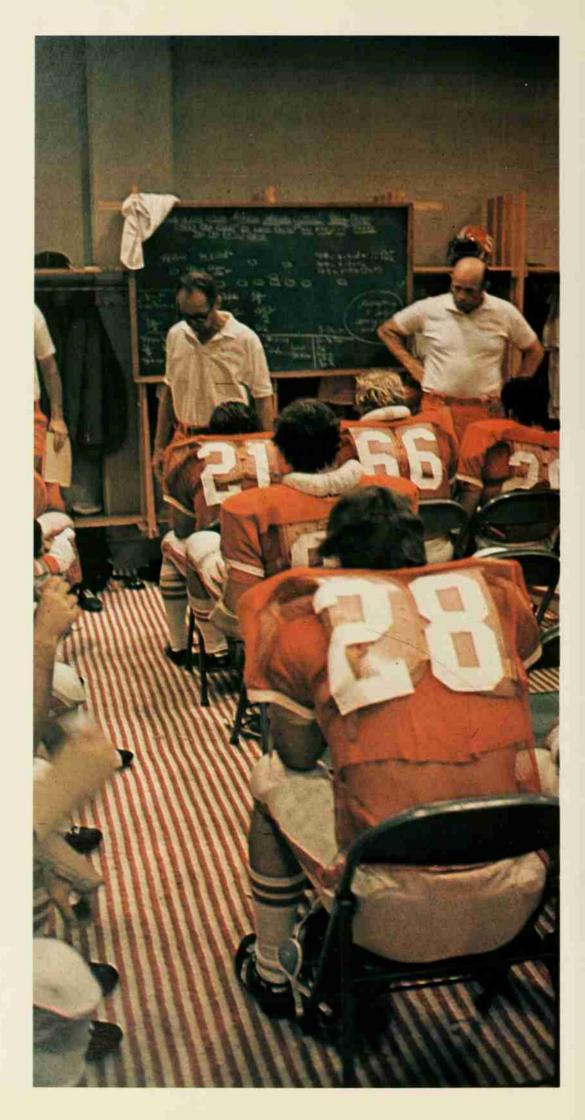


















What conditions of the mind, the physical body, and the environment produce happiness? And if one is happy, is that not like pain or sleep. . . does it not pass away as any other emotion that focuses momentarily and then evaporates as quickly into another mood or condition?

What concepts or standards or principles or systems of morality or behavior are you holding up before yourself and saying, "This is the true light, this is the way?" What is it that takes your perceptions of who you think you are and what you think you want and feel and tells you that these approaches are right or wrong, and tells you that they lead to happiness or the opposite of happiness?

Why don't you find these ideas? They are probably made up of such elements as your religious heritage, the Western concept of man's social role, and the American dream of "making it." All of these ideas are tied nicely together by other people's concepts of what is real, and by their notions of what one has to do to be good, to be happy, to be, in a word, right.

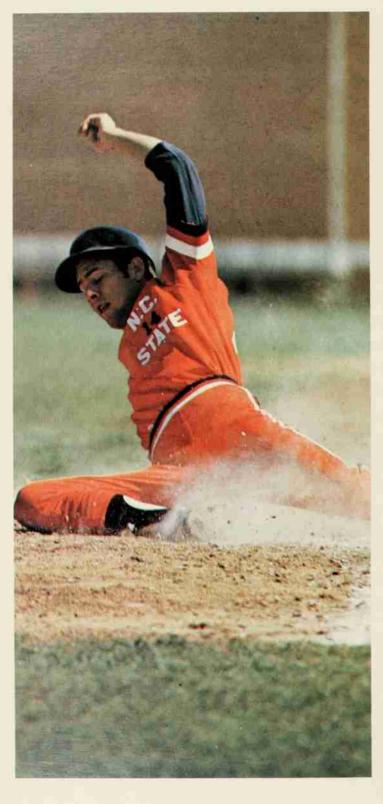
Being happy, or better, being at peace with oneself is a terrible, painful undertaking. Most people do not even try. They mask life over with a million little petty things which constantly, almost perfectly, protect them from confronting what they are and what life is. And of the few who

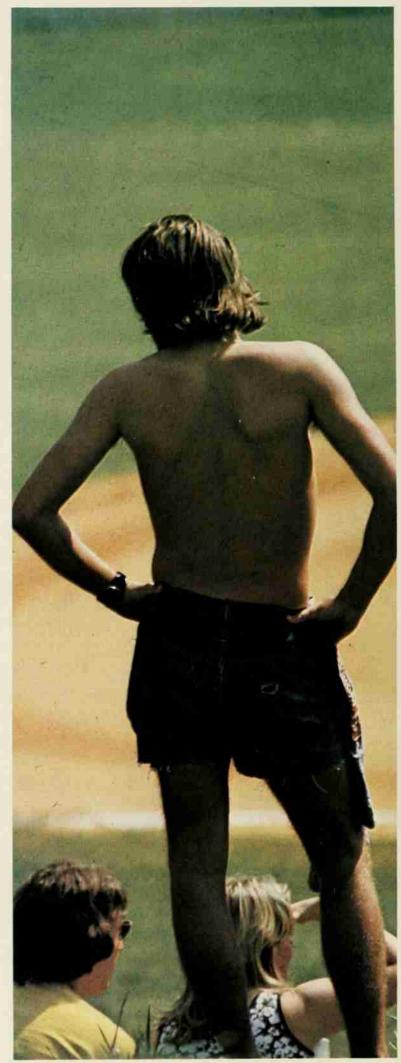
cannot accept this approach to coping with reality, only a very few ever achieve lasting personal peace with themselves or what they come to know as themselves.

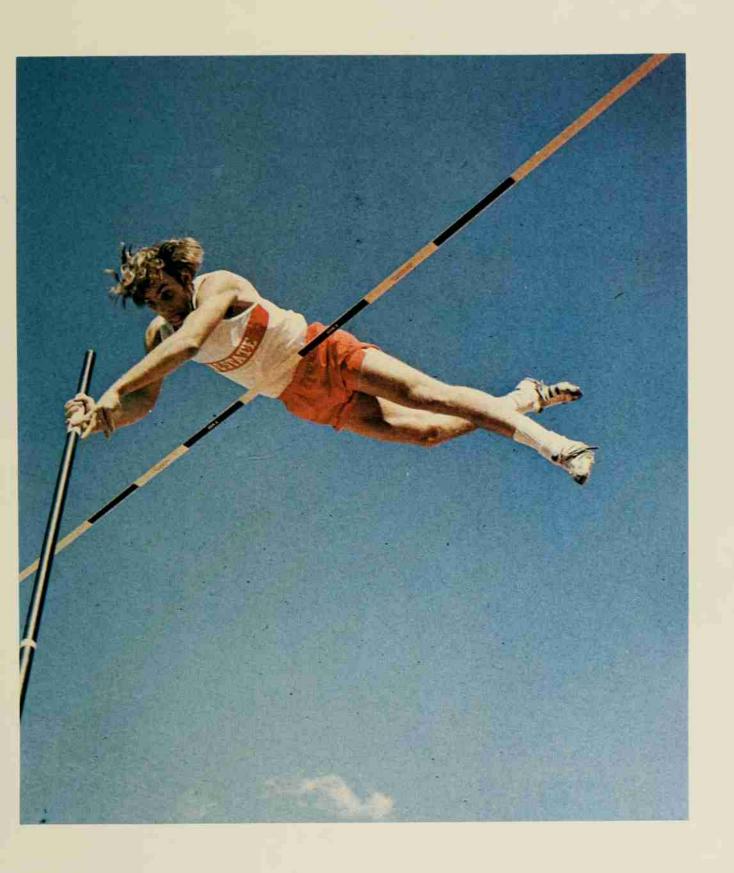
The task of happiness requires that we confront ourselves on a plane where there is nothing and no one but ourselves. Seclusion, late night walks, an abrupt visit to the ocean or the mountains give us precious increments of time to pursue this important task.

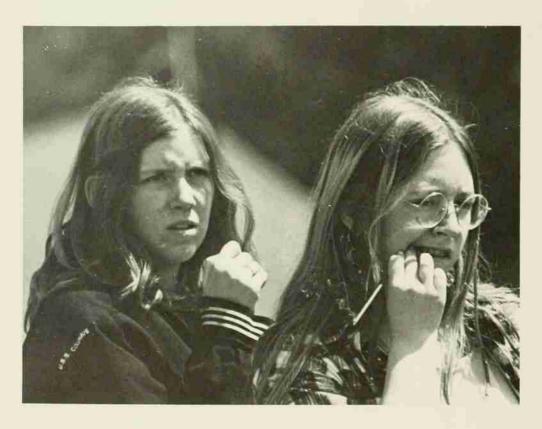
When we find ourselves on that lonely plane, we must embrace what we find there. First, however, we must strip away everything. . . all the history we know of how man has lived and what he has strived for. . . all the things we have been taught by our parents, and even more importantly, the example of their lives. . . all the concepts we know of good and evil, right and wrong, beautiful and ugly. After stripping all we can away, we must embrace what we find because it will be us.

If ever we should complete such an undertaking, we must promise to be true to what we have found, no matter what that may be. We might find some measure of peace in this, although perfect peace would probably indicate that we had misjudged our discovery. All of our discoveries will be different, for they depend on who we are and how courageously we pursue the ephemeral self.

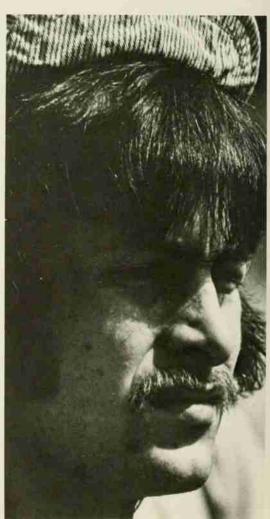




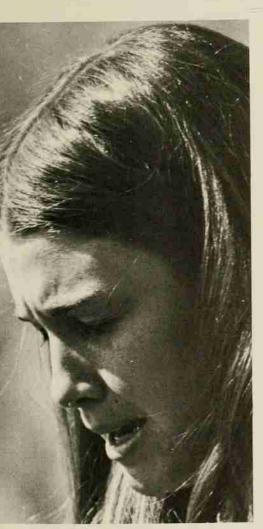


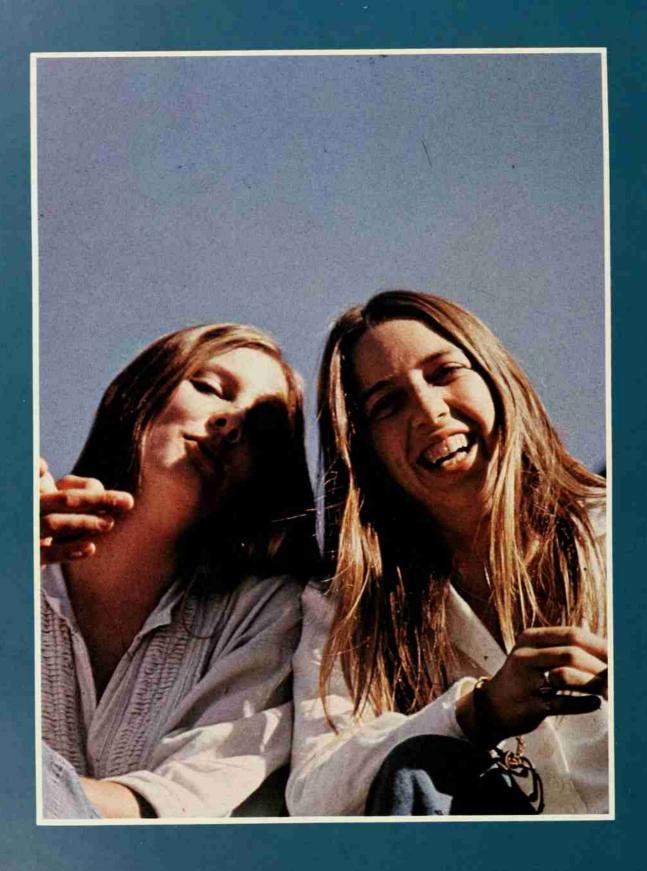












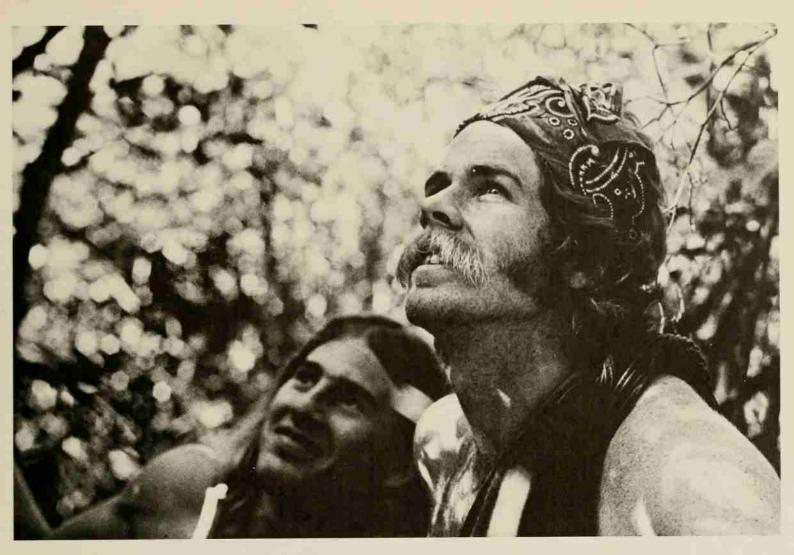
I have a little piece of my personality that is public; my image...the me that I want people to know...the me that controls how I act or interact with other people. It is my idea of what I think I should be according to contemporary morals and ethics, but not necessarily what I would really like to do. This is the mask that I wear; the way most people see me. I make it exactly what I want it to be. I hide behind it and it is my defense. I protect myself from the unknown with it. It is my crutch to lean on when I'm hurt. It is fake and false, just a little, superficial part of me.

then there are a few little parts of me that I cling to preciously and only give toothers sparingly. Love and hate are down in one of these little parts. I surrender these pieces slowly and fearfully, searchingly and hopefully. ..praying that someone wants to share those parts of themselves with me too. I need help within me to make it. I can not do it all alone. These are the private parts of myself that I share with a very few people. I put my life in their hands. This is most of me, this is what I am. These are my private places.

Then there is one very, very little part of me that is just me, the me nobody knows. Down deep inside me where I'm all alone because no one else can go there. . .terribly alone against fear and anxiety. This is why, I am. Satisfaction is the only barrier against dying down there. When I do something I know is good, there is a temporary respite from the battle. No one else can satisfy me, just me. But anxiety still always gnaws there. I'm the only one that can know this part of me. Other people can be close, real close. They can help, or hurt; love or hate. It is down there all alone that I set and accept the challenge, to be what I want to be. Only by coming closer to the person I want to be can I be satisfied. Only by making myself a little bit of a better person can I fight the anxiety.

It does not matter what my outer self does. . .I could be president, it is only me that knows if I am successful. Only really deep inside alone can I be satisfied.

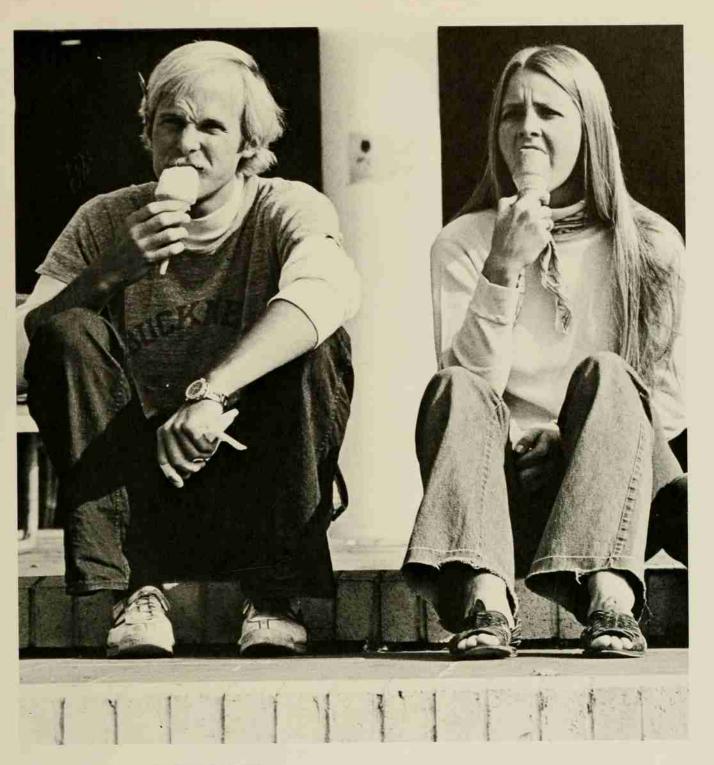






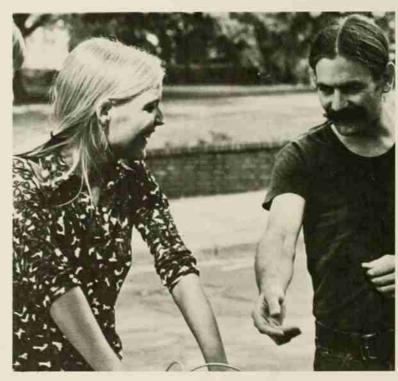






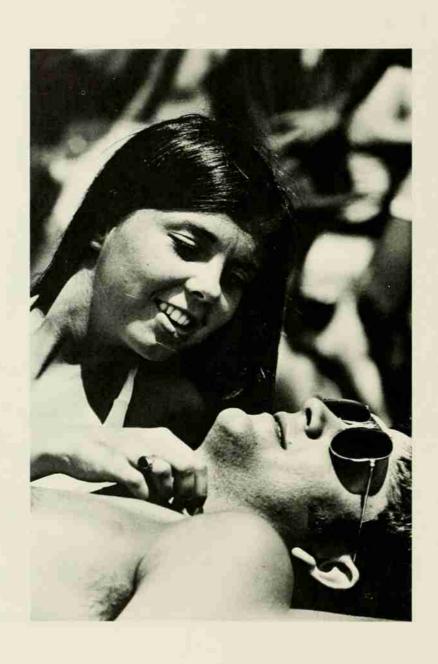




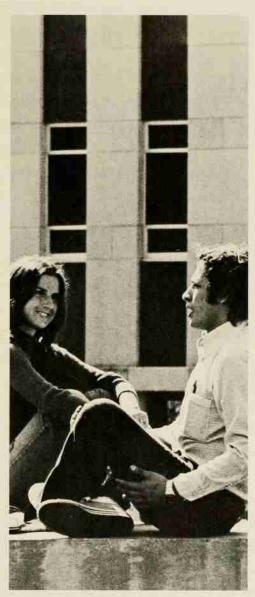












Even though we both had more pressing responsibilities that night, it was decided without argument that we would go drinking. We had been friends for almost a year, having met last semester under the most peculiar of circumstances in the student union.

We stood on opposite sides of every issue, dressed differently, talked with different inflections, and had friends who would have hated each other. As the year slipped on, we somehow managed to become very close.

Exams were upon us, and although we both had papers to write and pages to read, there was an urgency neither of us could make specific. We had to be together, drunk, and alone one last time.

After having been friends for nearly a year, and especially after having been drinking friends for nearly a year, we had chosen a regular bar to drink at, after much experimentation. It was almost raining as we walked across campus, bullshitting about the events of the day and complaining about the tortuous days to come.

Finally, we crossed the broad, neon-bordered street which stood like a demilitarized zone between campus and the city. Not bothering to cross at the corner, we dodged headlights, threading our way across the street where we stood together looking up at the familiar staircase with unabashed smiles.

It is a peculiar fact of life that people can be frequent associates, even to the point of spending all their free time together and never know the really important things about each other. It is especially ironic that two people who are close can sometimes be close for all the wrong reasons, like the attraction of opposite magnetic poles.

So, there we stood at the base of the stairs thinking we really knew each other. We made the trek up the stairs, took the double left at the top of the climb into the bar and seated ourselves far in the back of the small drinking place.

The jukebox roared hideously to our right as we attempted the rudimentary beginnings of our usually deliberately profound conversation. The first pitcher of beer took some time to down, neither of us being first class sots. Shortly after about our third beer, the conversation started to move at a nice page.

School is such a drag to me, but my parents don't see it my way. I told them last time I was home that I wanted to quit. But dad said if I did he would throw me out.

Yeah, I've felt like that a lot myself. But really, school is an easy way to live. No matter how much crap you have to tolerate, you still have more free time to screw around than most people.

Sure, free time. . .but time is important to me. I know that someday I will die, maybe tommorrow, and I want it to have counted for something. We are so disgusting, always drinking and smoking. I'd rather climb a mountain.

Climb a mountain? That's ridiculous. What do you prove? Are you trying to prove to me that you got what it takes or something?

You don't understand. You come from somewhere other than me or something like that. Time for another pitcher.

My turn to buy. Sit tight and I'll be back in a minute.

You buy? That looks strange...you buying.

Shut up and wait till I get back.

The roaring jukebox didn't matter anymore. When you begin to get drunk you can somehow shut out noises and people that would otherwise really bother you. The fresh pitcher of beer sat on the table, drooling suds down one side from where it had been filled a bit too full or tipped a little too much by an increasingly unsteady hand.

We were primed by now, ready to jump with both feet into any issue that presented itself to our tipsy heads. After drinking together some twenty or thirty times, we had come to pride ourselves on the innate decency of most of our drunken interviews.

But on this night of nights, this finale of the school year, something was wrong. Instead of the usual ease in speaking which came with each new beer, we were both stilted. It was as if conversation had become irrelevant; we had said all that we could possible say to each other. Our store of neat topics and personal anecdotes was depleted.

So we sat there, drinking and looking at each other. Even though it would have been appropriate earlier in our association to have touched, we couldn't now. We were friends. That was all.

Our communication took the form of playing songs for each other on the jukebox that had always previously been anathema. After an exchange of maybe five songs apiece, we just sat staring at each other. We would tell from the looks on our faces that we both wanted desperately to say something, but as friends we dare not utter an obscene word.

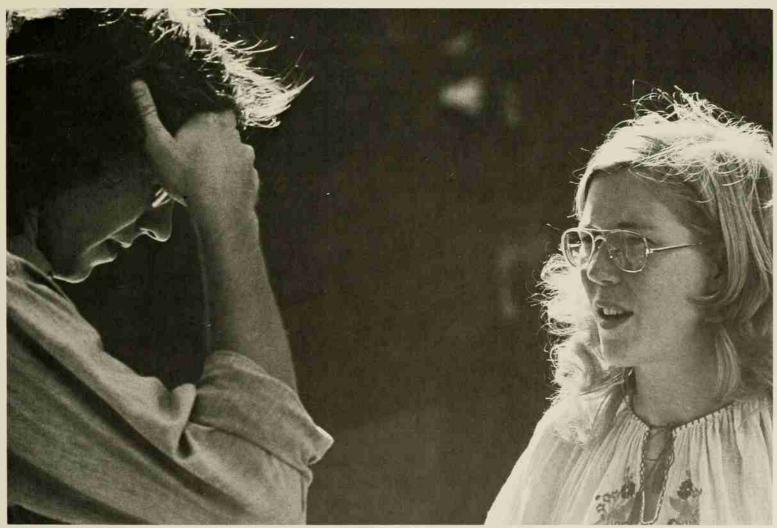
By then, we were quite drunk. Our thick tongues made occasional attempts to change the unspoken subject, but to no avail. It was the best we could do to tell the bartender to refill our now more frequently empty pitcher.

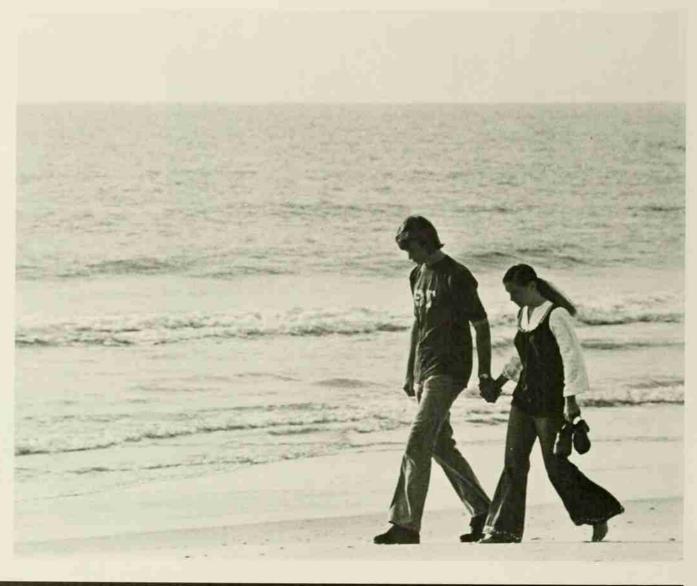
Through the crystal clear, half full pitcher of beer, we saw the sugar shaker and listened to the familiar cry of the familiar song, "When will those clouds disappear?" We sat at the formica table in a smoke laden bar room, gazing at each other as if we were transfixed in an apparition of something mutually hideous and beautiful.

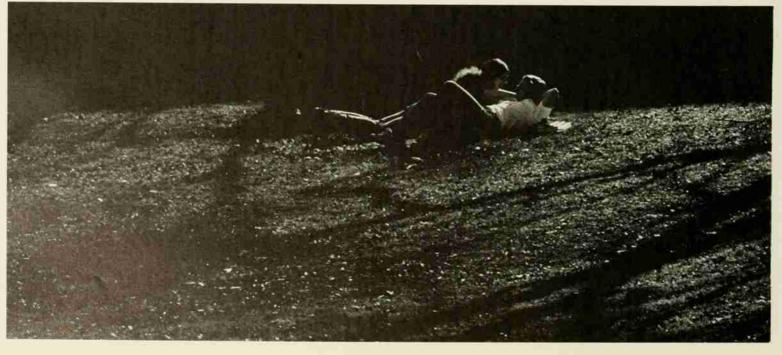
Our gaze became increasingly cloudy, although our vision was more acute than ever. We sat there suddenly aware of the sad fact that we were so far apart and could not, as much as we wanted to just then, ever bridge the peculiar, inexplicable gap.

Without speaking, we both drunkenly arose when the last sip of beer left the pitcher. We walked for nearly an hour without talking, aimlessly but earnestly. We had, after all, both been to the same place, but a long, long time ago. Neither of us was ready to go back there that night, maybe ever again. We walked to campus and said goodbye.







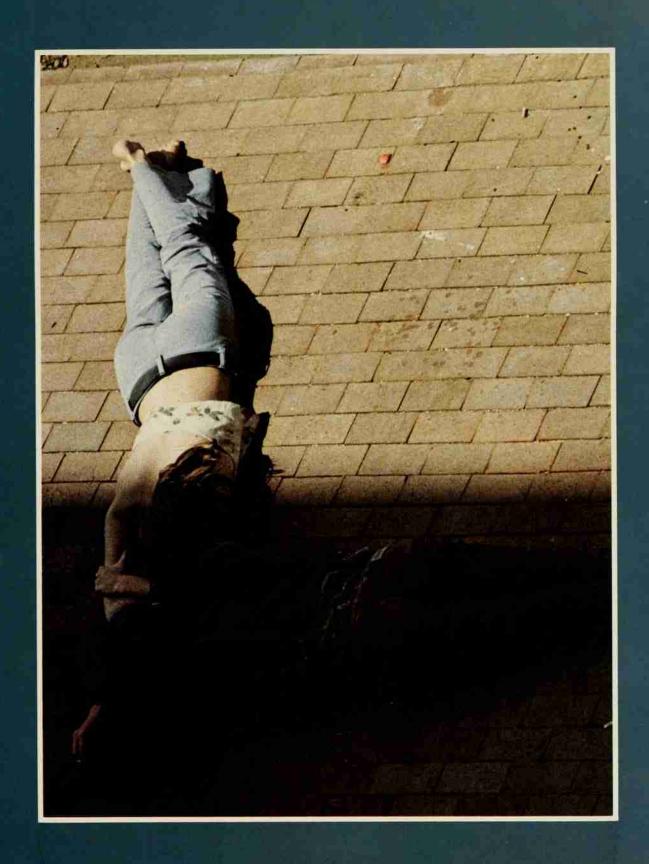


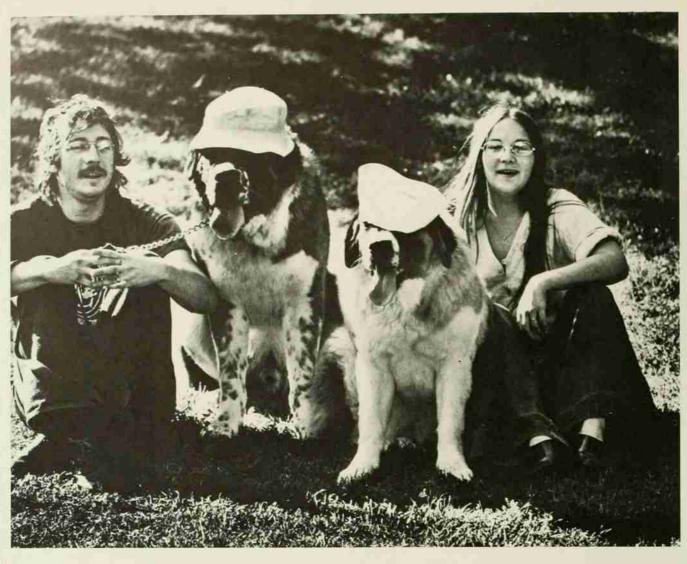


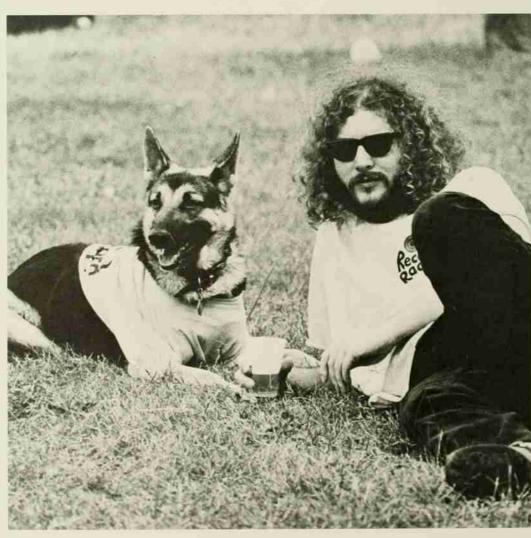


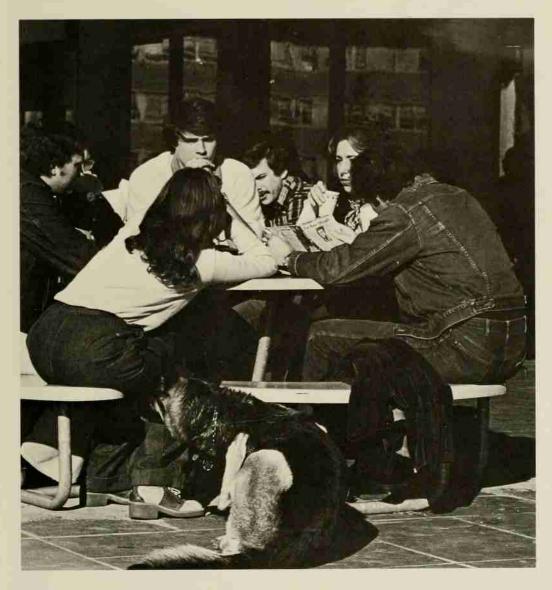


The white man fancies himself as a practical person who wants to "get results." He is impatient with theory, and with any discussion which does not immediately get down to concrete applications. This is why the behavior of Western Civilization might be described, in general, as "Much Ado About Nothing." The proper meaning of "theory" is not idle speculation but vision, and it was rightly said that "Where there is no vision the people perish."







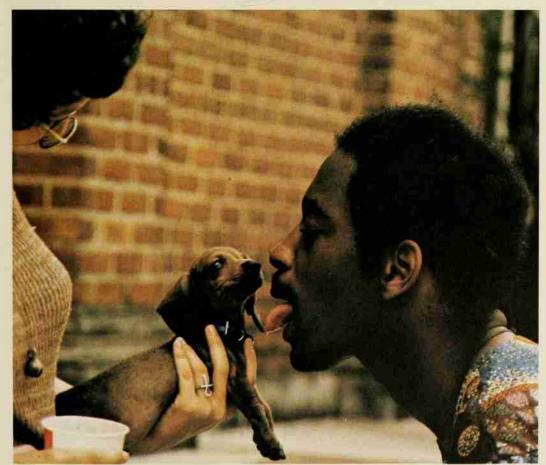




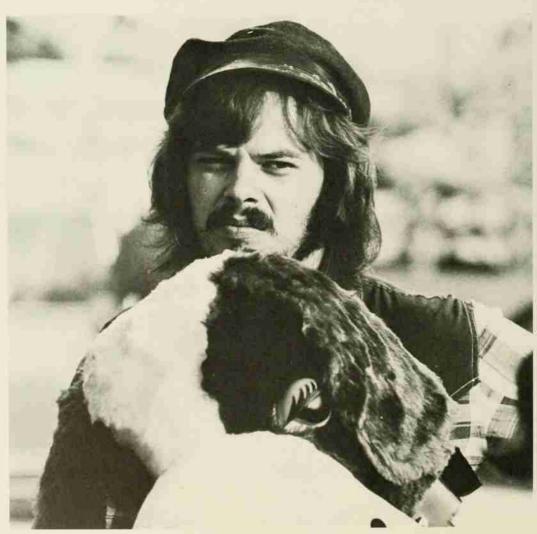


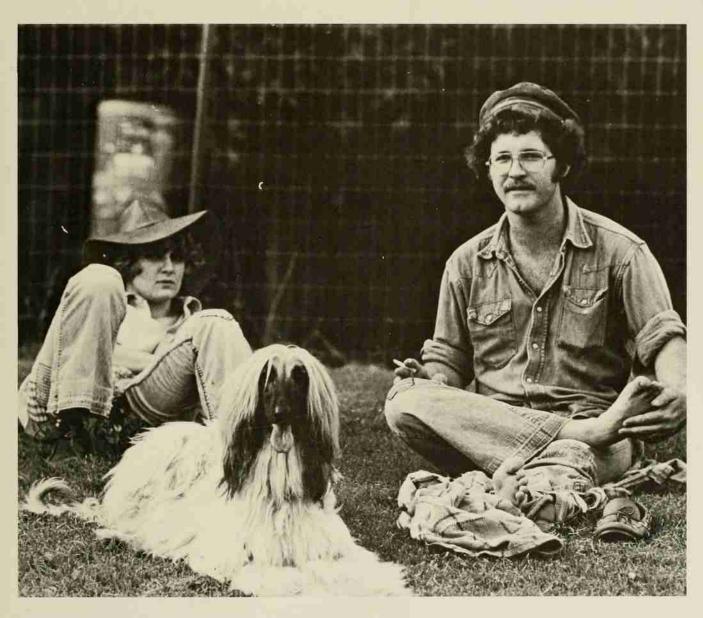




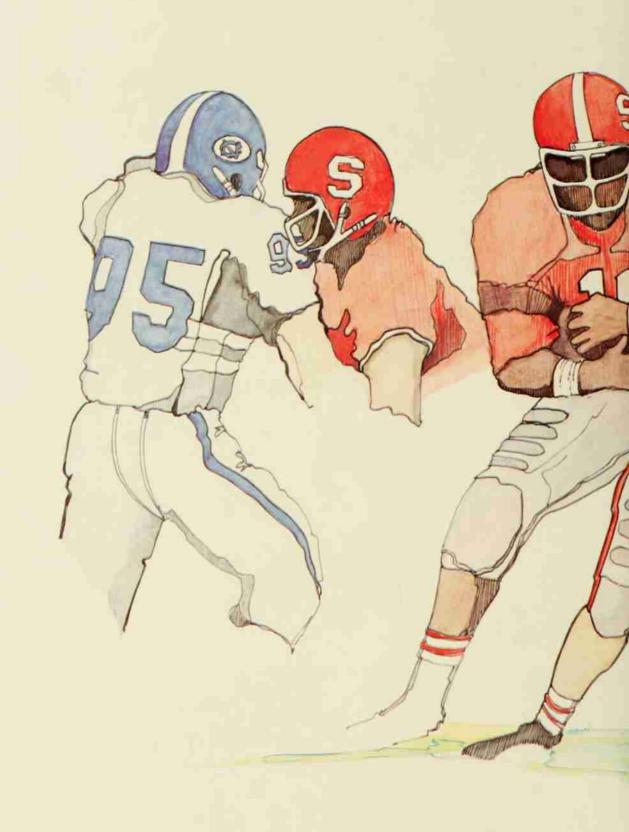














We are the hollow men
We are the stuffed men
Leaning together
Headpiece filled with straw. Alas!
Our dried voices, when
We whisper together
Are quiet and meaningless
As wind in dry grass
Or rats' feet over broken glass
In our dry cellar. . .

The eyes are not here
There are no eyes here
In this valley of dying stars
In this hollow valley
This broken jaw of our lost kingdoms

In this last of meeting places
We grope together
And avoid speech
Gathered on this beach of the tumid river
---T.S. Eliot

"Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools..."

What has become of us, individually and as a people? Each day that passes brings with it so much negative change in myself, in my friends, and in the people and institutions of my culture. The times speak eloquently and without mercy to us. They tell us so much about our situation—our seemingly desperate predicament.

We are drifting in a multitude of conflicting directions, further and further away from ourselves and from each other. Once, long ago in simpler days, there was consensus, some shared beliefs. That does not seem true today. We have developed a kind of infantile insistence on specificity, the sickness of scientific and technological societies.

Some years ago this emphasis on specificity, this compulsion to be exact, correct and verifiable was rejected precisely because it was infantile, sophomoric, rigid, unfeasible. We have thrown ourselves into a chasm of doubt, without faith, without even rudimentary faith in ourselves, in others, in our minds or our language.

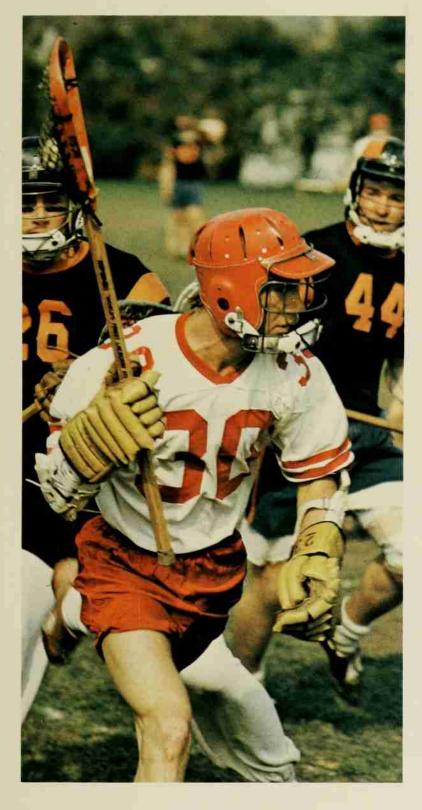
We have "murdered to dissect"—our being has been ruptured, laid open to the prying but limited minds of the empiricists who have infested every discipline with their demands for systematic and logical explanations of who we are and what we think and know and feel. This is not only foolish, but wrong and cruel. It sends shocks into our fragile, intuitive understanding of self. This attempt to push, pull, turn, lift and examine things which can be felt but never understood is pushing us to the precipice of cultural insanity.

"For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, untruthful, unholy, without natural affection. ..having a form of godliness but denying the power thereof. . ."

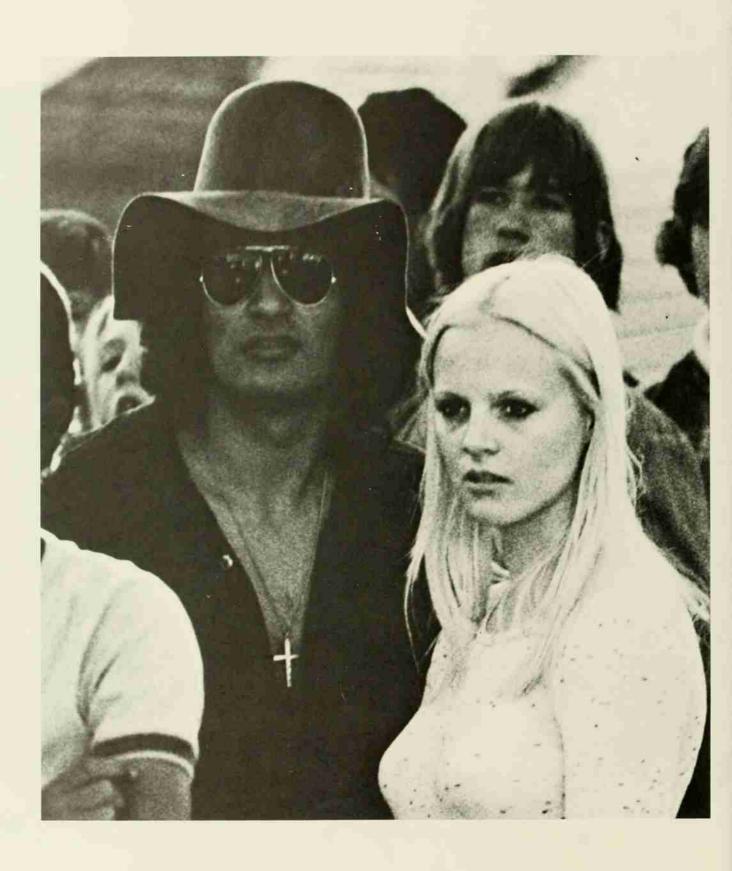




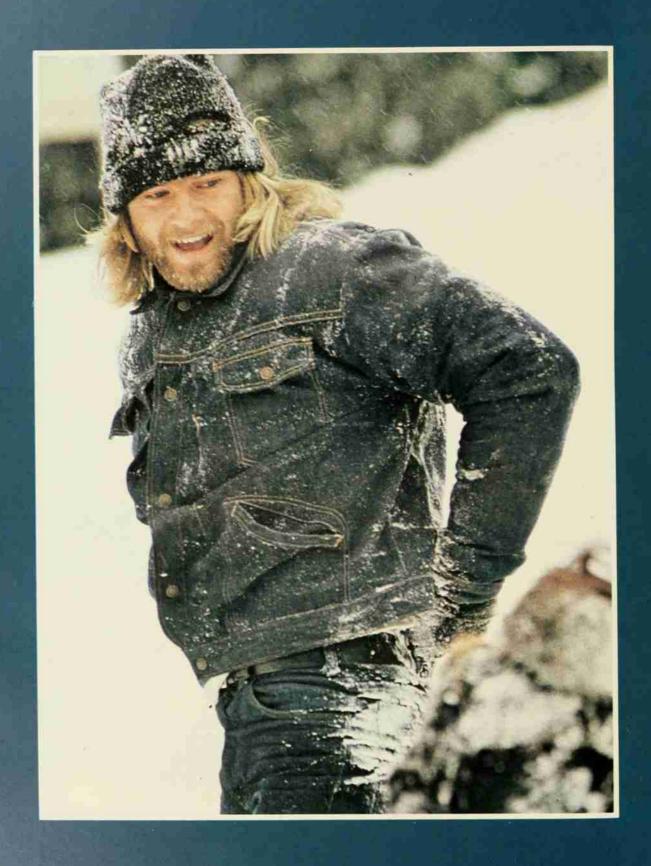








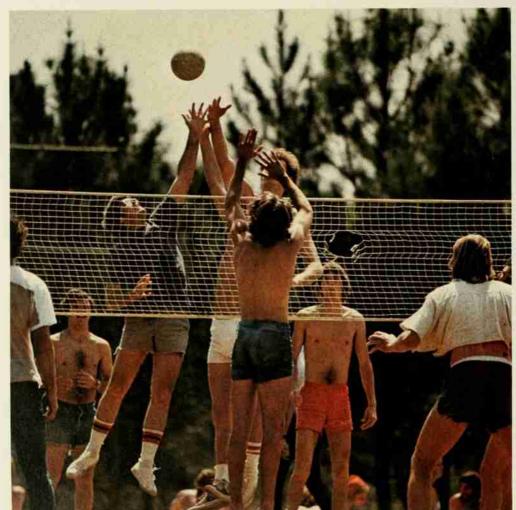


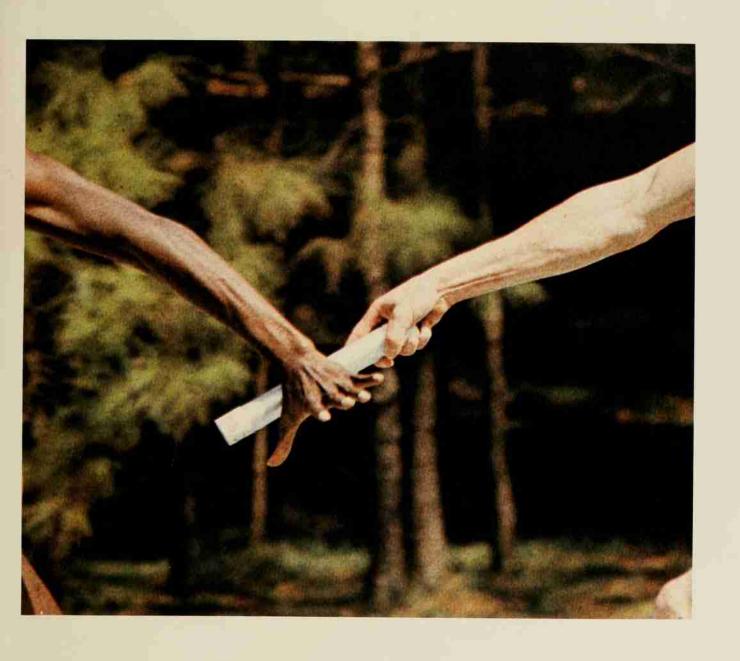


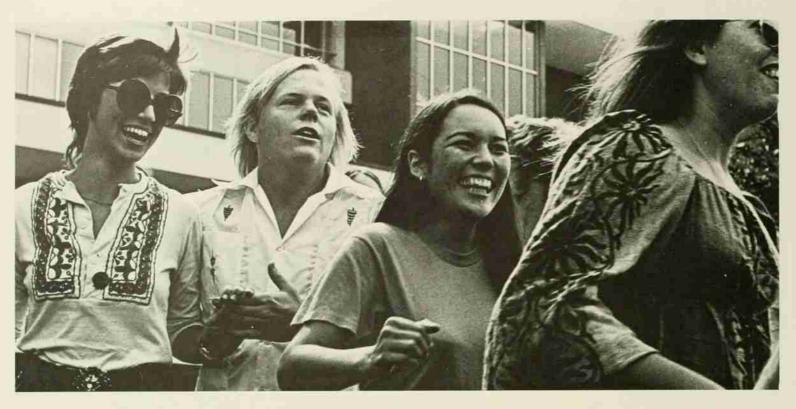
Lay your sleeping head, my love,
Human on my faithless arm;
Time and fevers burn away
Individual beauty from
Thoughtful children, and the grave
Proves the child ephemeral:
But in my arms till break of day
Let the living creature lie,
Mortal, guilty, but to me
the entirely beautiful.

---W. H. Auden

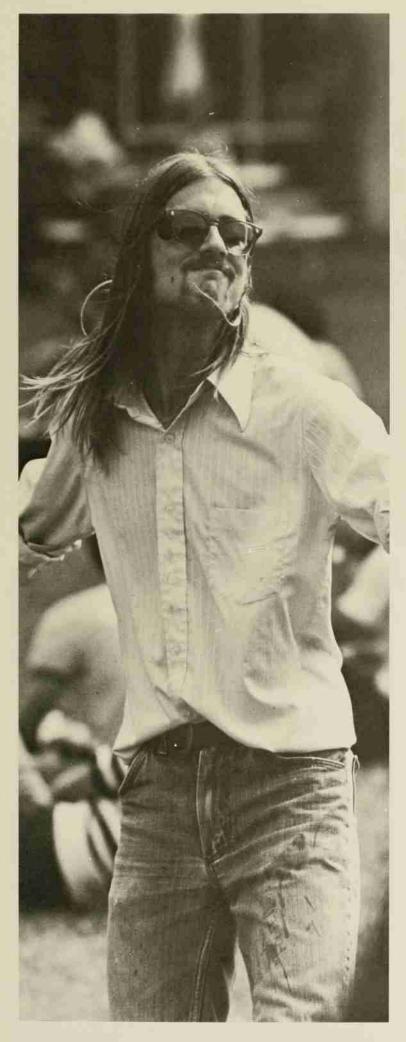




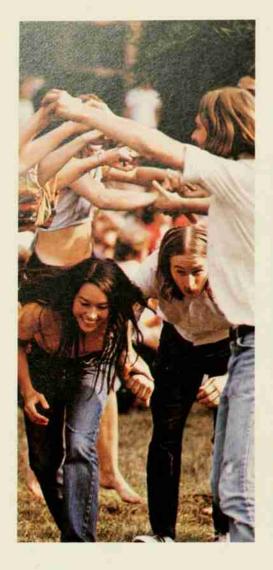




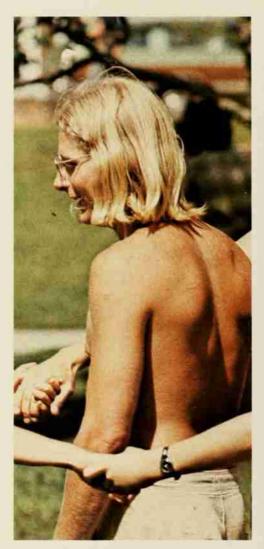


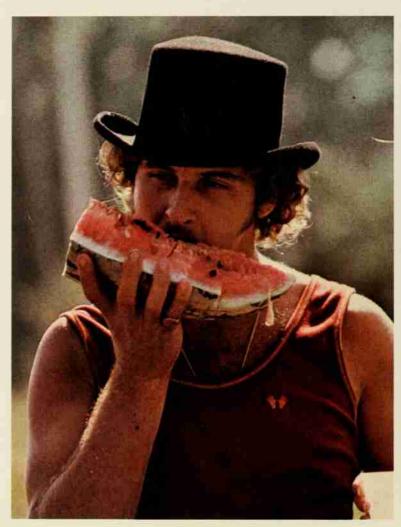


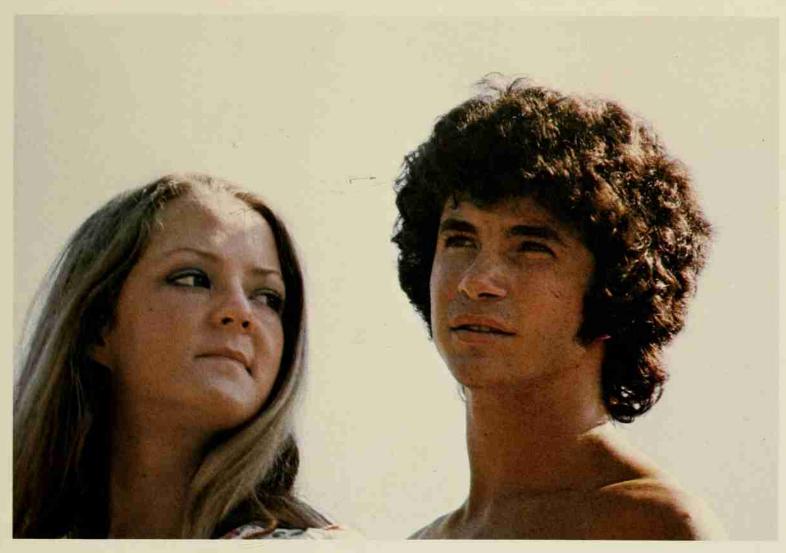


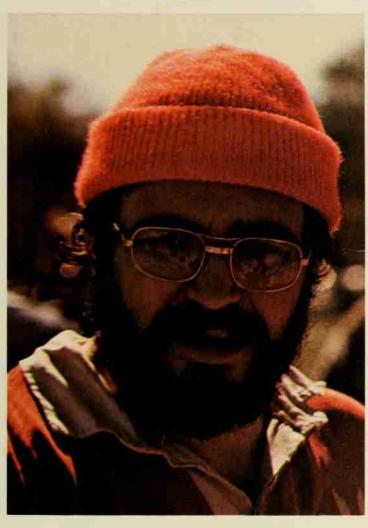








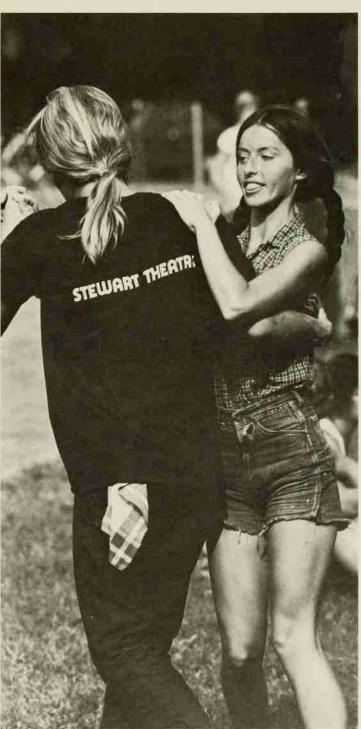


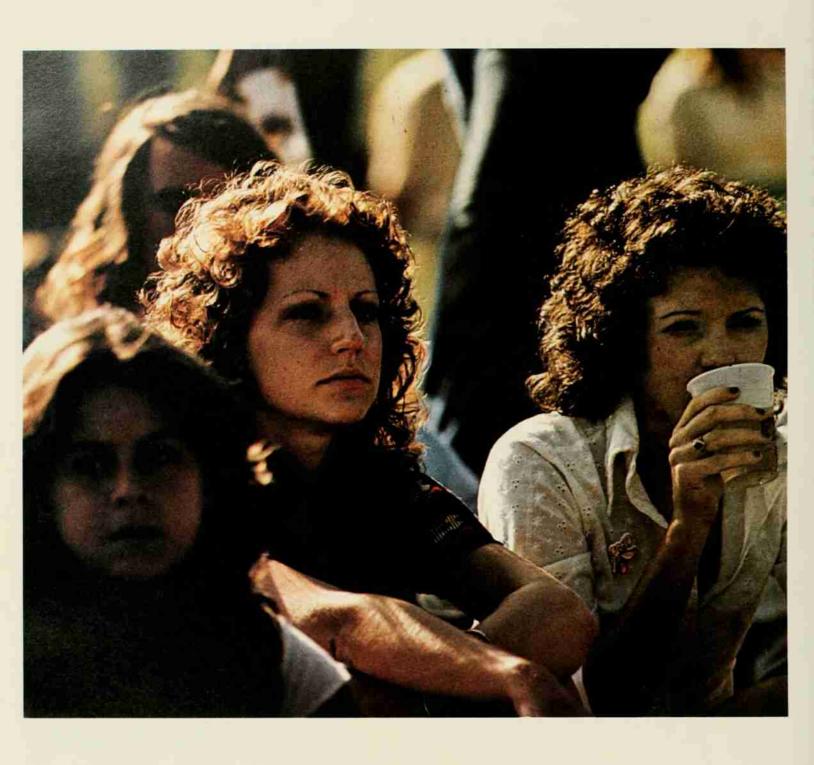


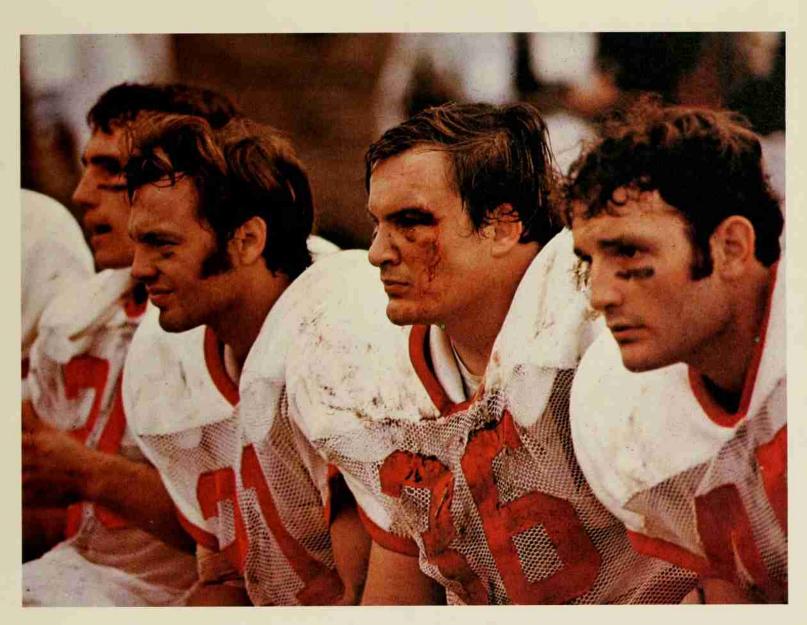








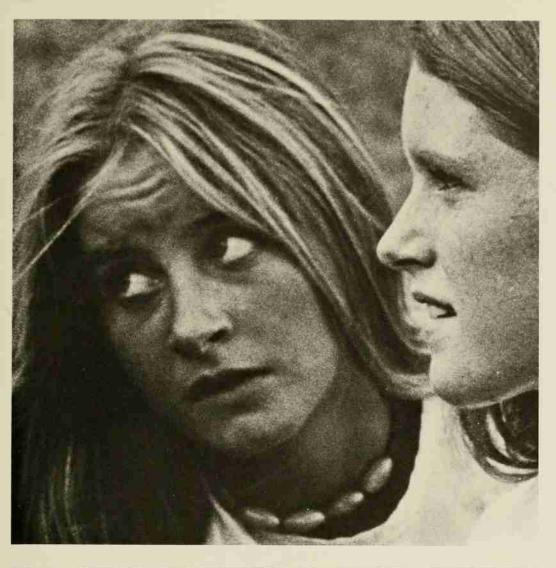


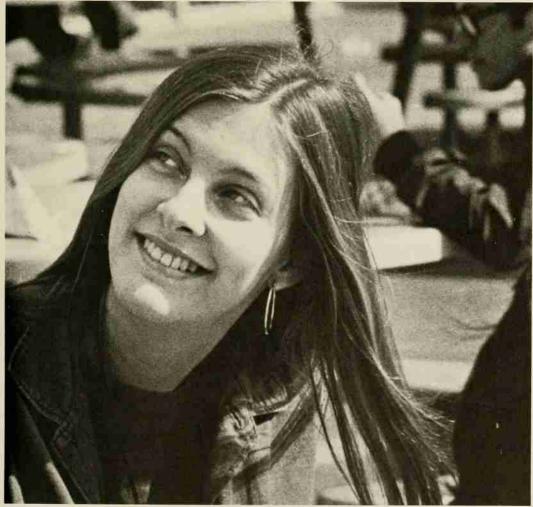


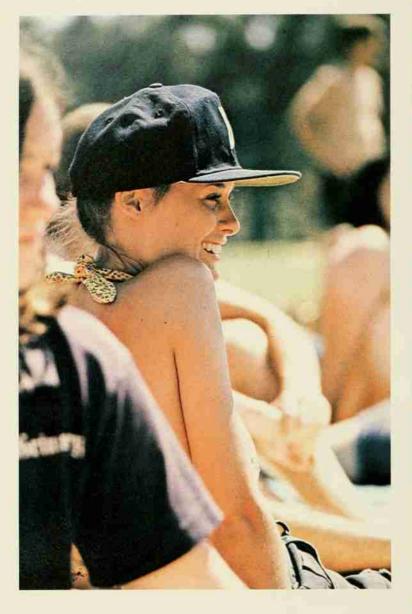


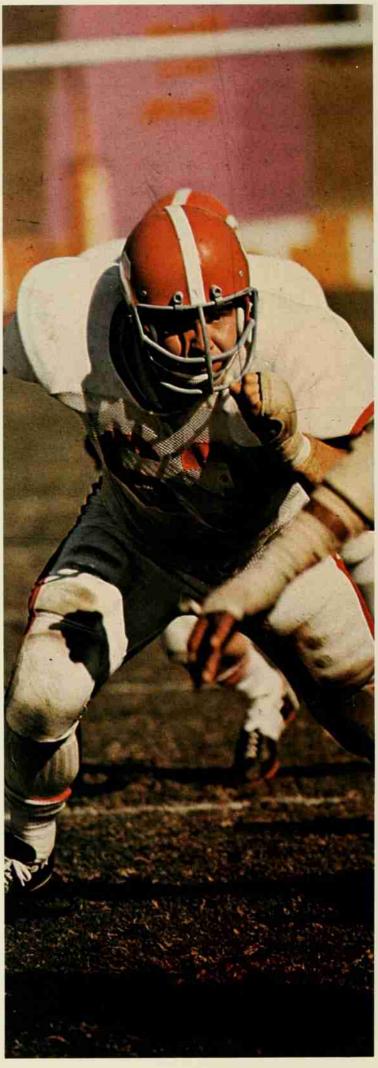
We fall in love with people and possessions only to be tortured by anxiety for them. The conflict is not only between ourselves and the surrounding universe; it is between ourselves and ourselves. For intractable nature is both around us and within us. The exasperating "life" which is at once...pleasant and painful, a blessing and a curse, is also the life of our own bodies.

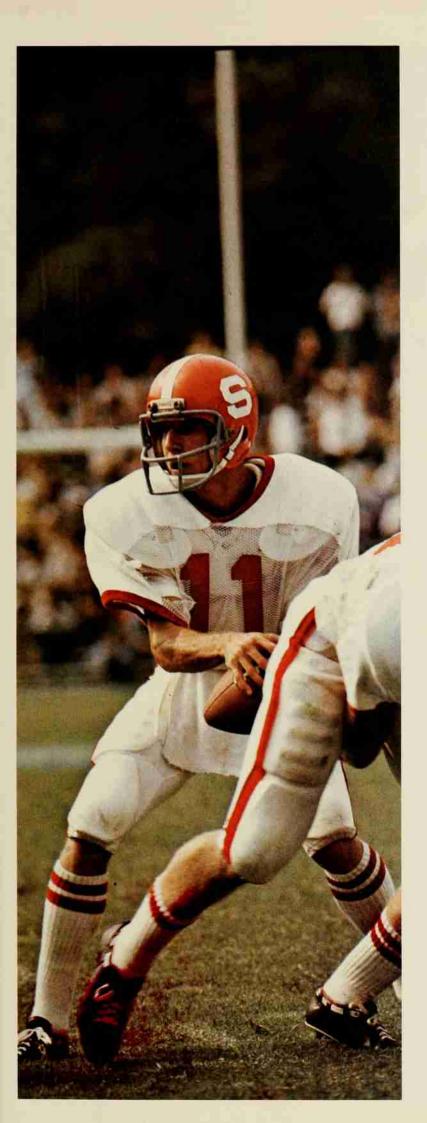
---Allen Watts

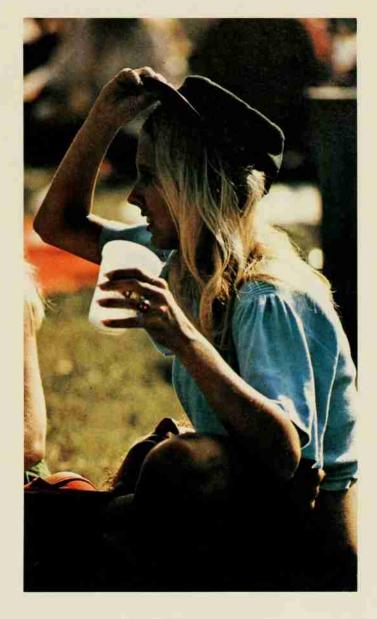


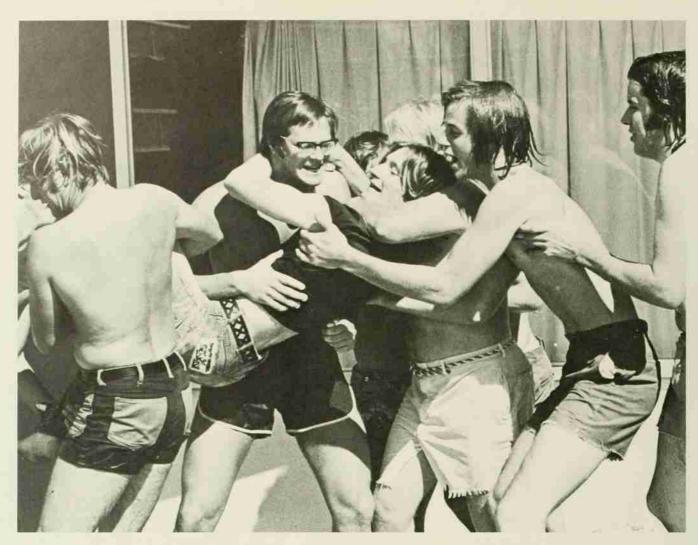




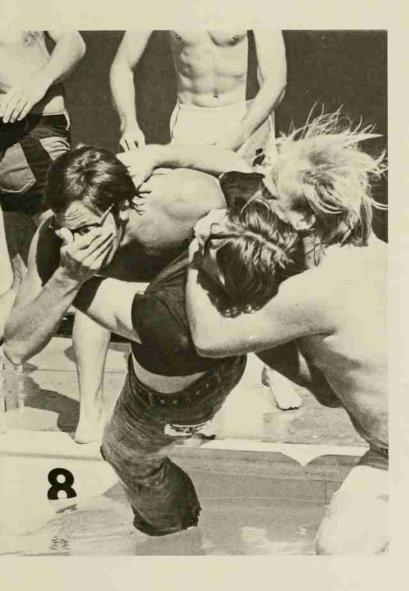




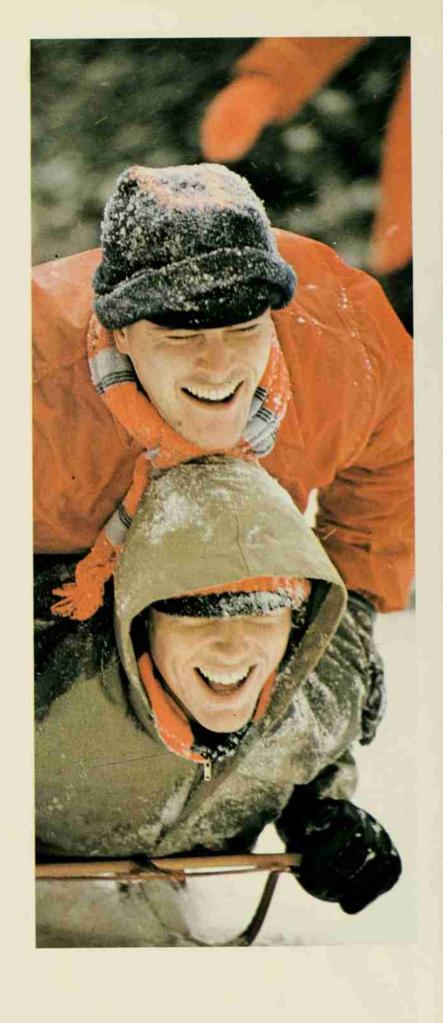


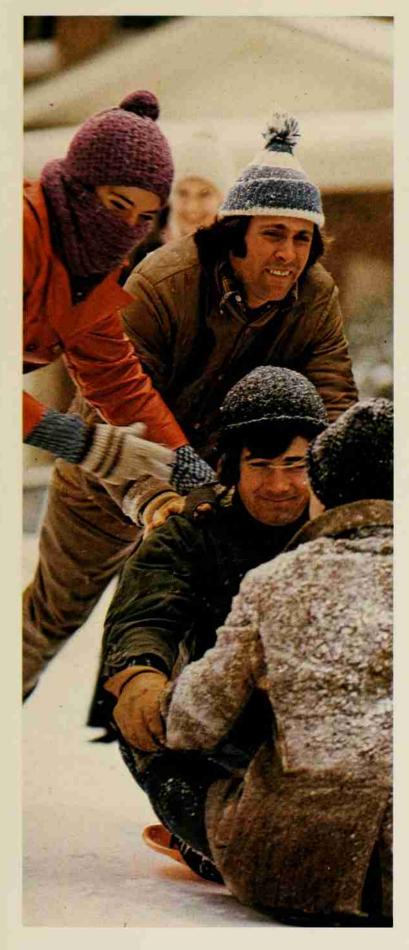


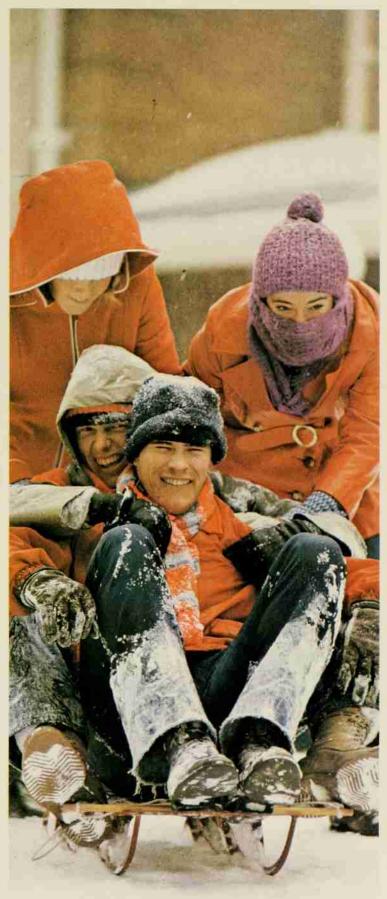
















I have desired to go

Where springs not fail,

To fields where flies no sharp and sided hail

And a few lilies blow.

And I have asked to be
Where no storms come,
Where the green swell is in the havens dumb,
And out of the swing of the sea.

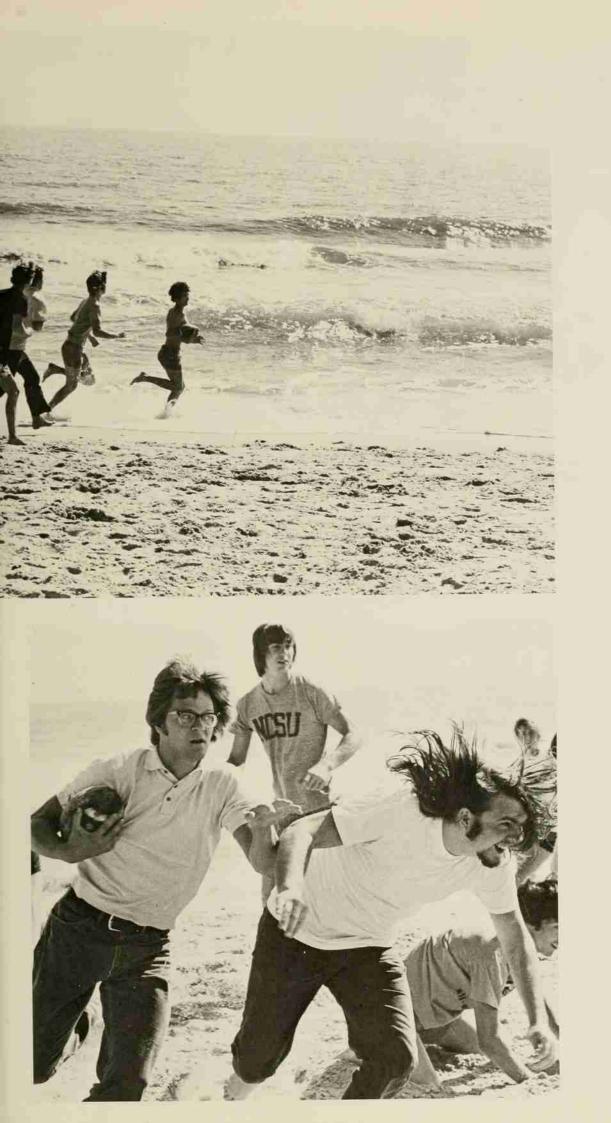


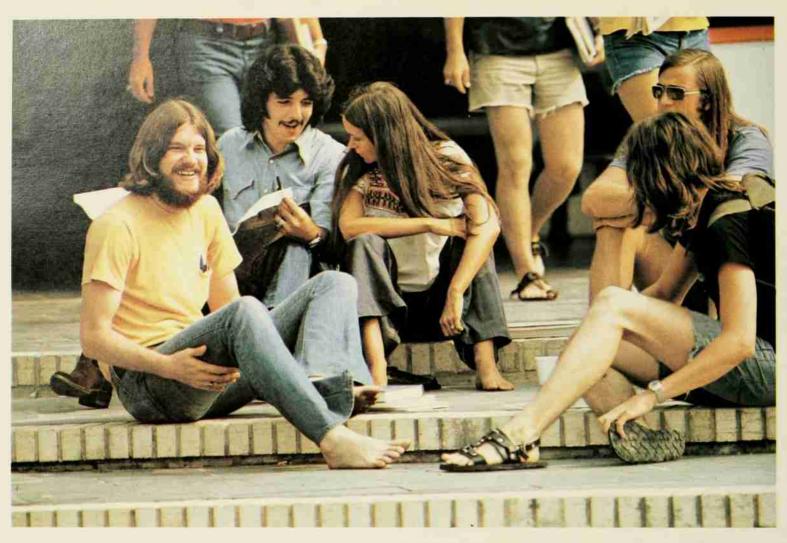


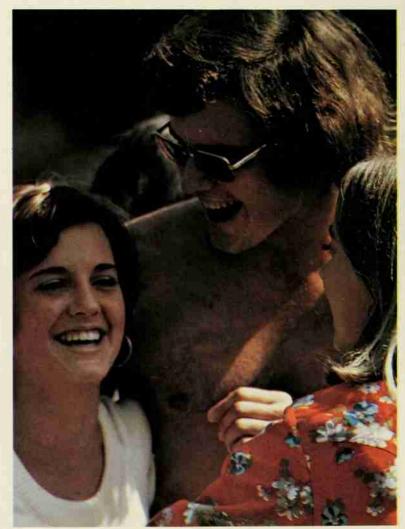




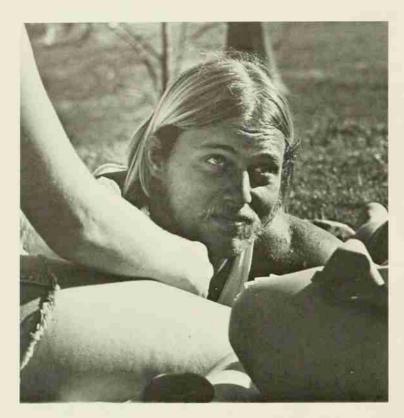




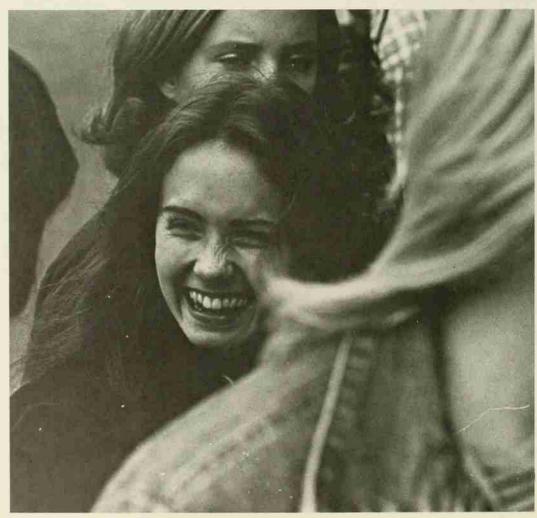


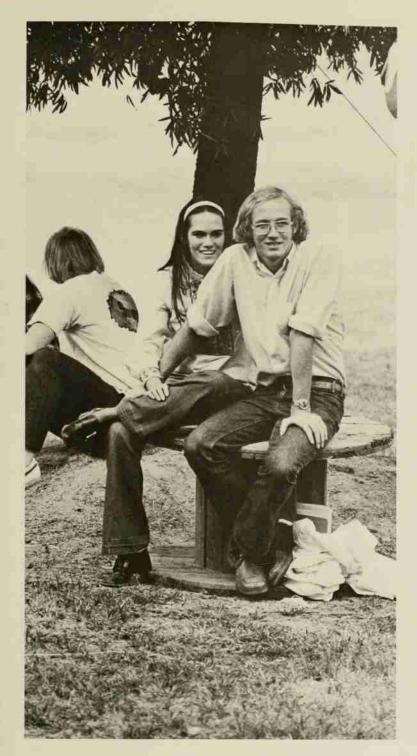






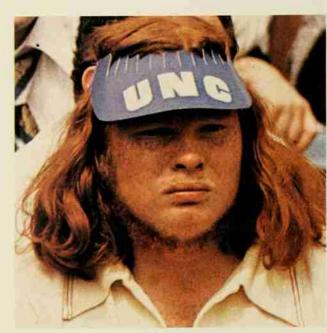


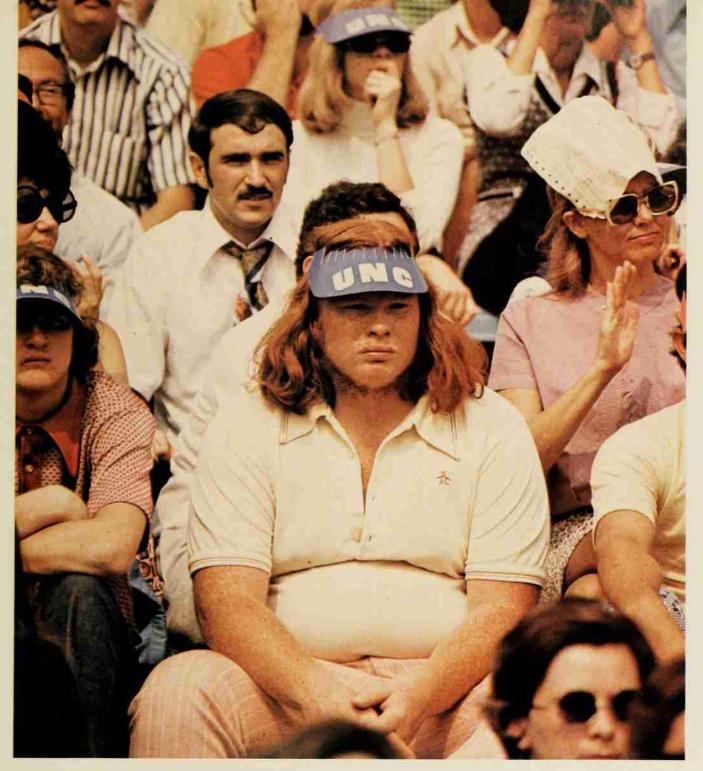














Aggression, it is said, is part of the nature of man. Our mere existence depends on our ability to fight off the ravages of a sometimes terrifying series of natural calamaties. In addition, we must provide food for ourselves, which often requires violence to the natural order: killing animals, destroying plants.

Our social life also requires some aggressive behavior. We sometimes must defend our honor, protect our families from wandering misanthropes, or compete with others for a desirable mate.

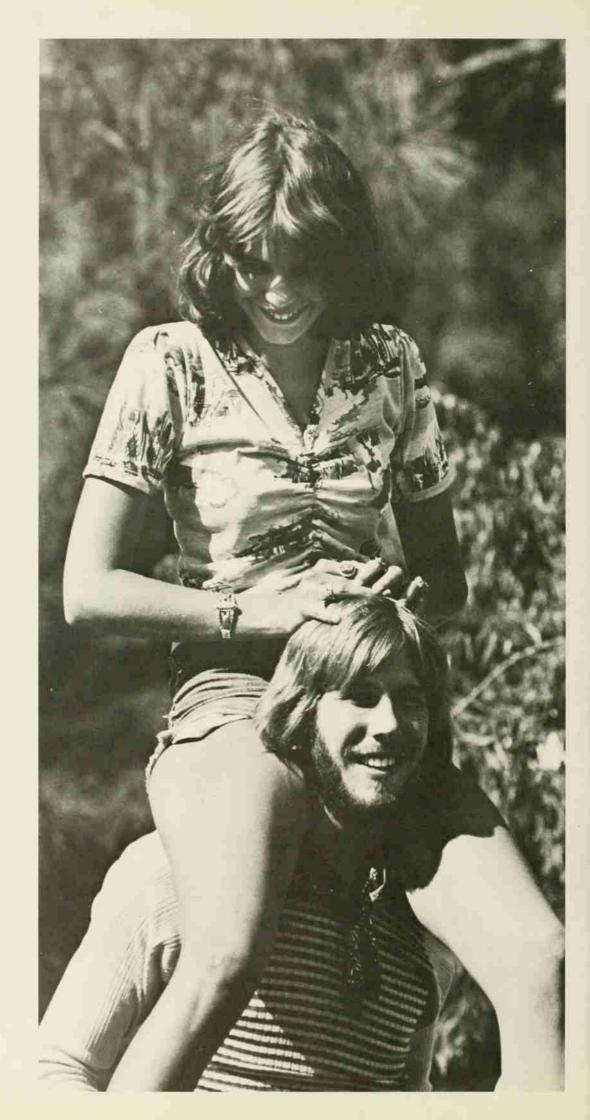
However, in our culture aggressiveness must be sublimated into acceptable channels. Surely, competition is experienced from the earliest part of our lives: our economic system is competitive; our educational system is competitive.

Nonetheless, competitiveness cannot be practiced as fully as our training would have us practice it, or we would have social catastrophe.

Athletics is largely a method of competition sublimation. The athletes, of course, get to practice competitive behavior to a degree most of us never will. But we can watch, we can make "the team" a part of our own emotional drive to fight, to compete.

Competition is the major precept of our social religion. Athletics is the ritual of that religion. We are the followers because, like all religious believers, we need to believe.





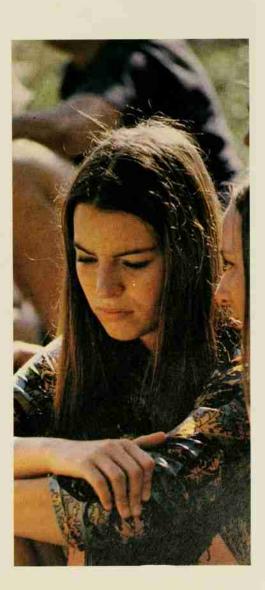






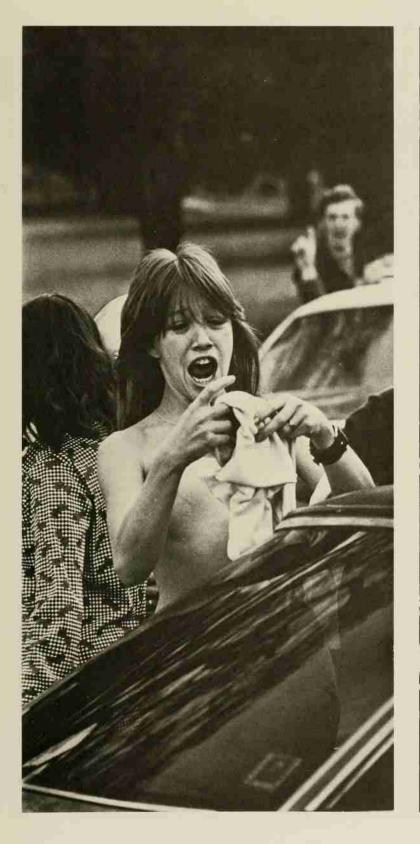






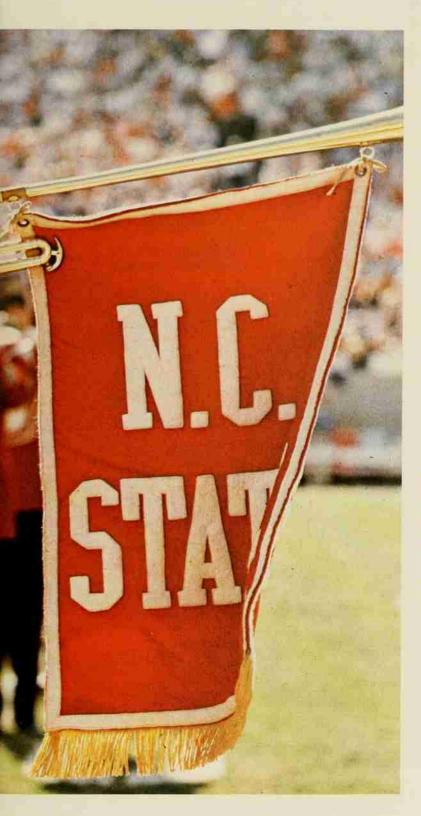


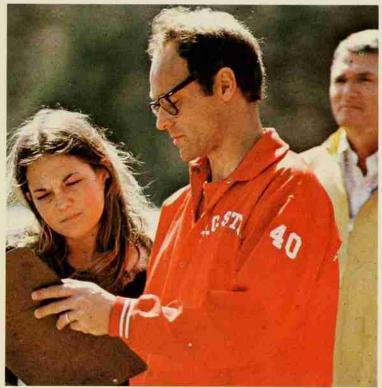












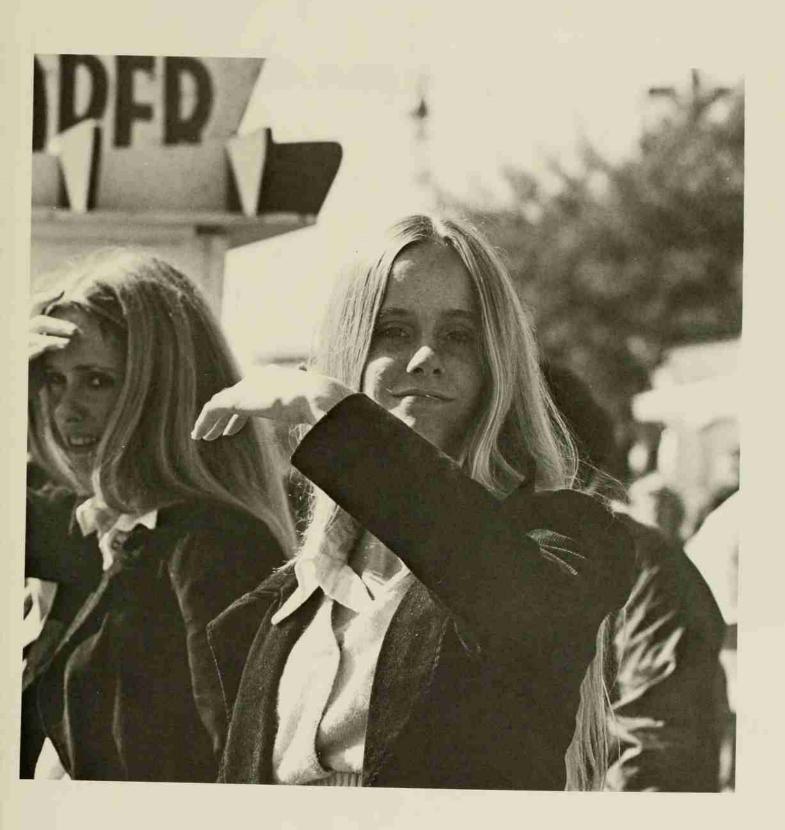
I think continually of those who were truly great.

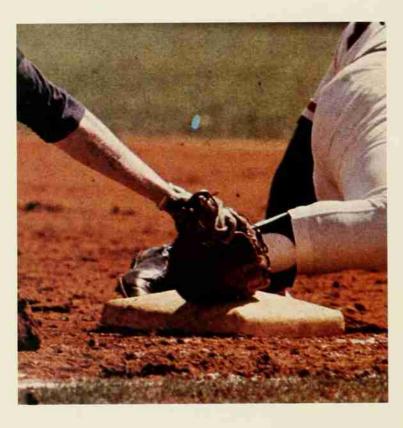
Who, from the womb, remembered the soul's history
Through corridors of light where the hours are suns
Endless and singing. Whose lovely ambition

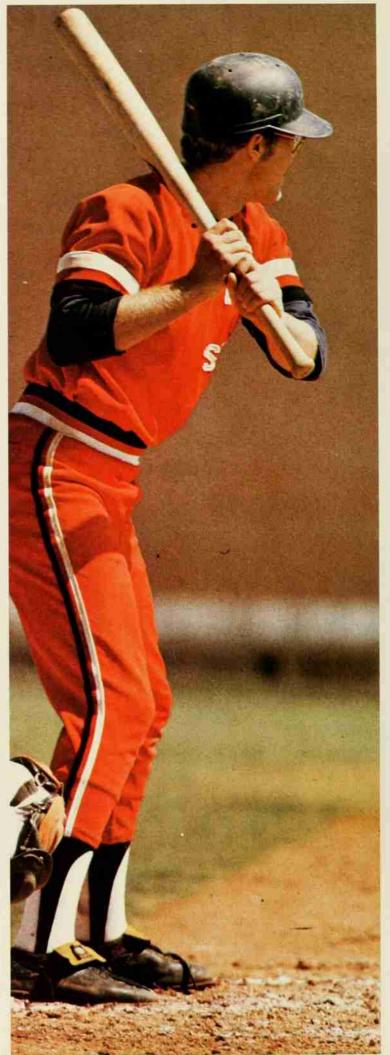
Was that their lips, still touched with fire,
Should tell of the Spirit clothed from head to foot in song.

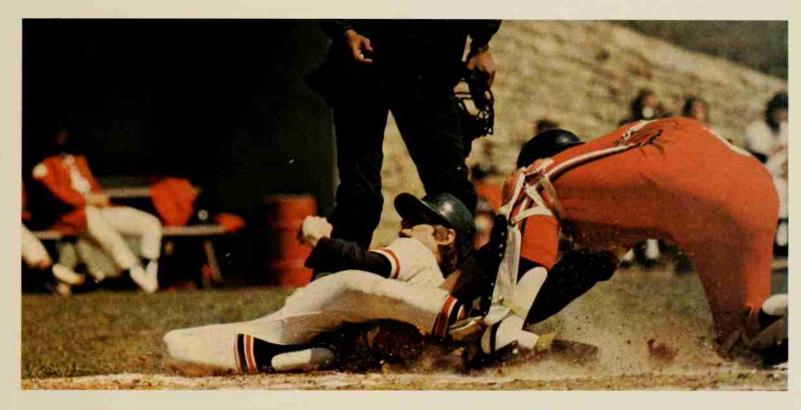
And who hoarded from the Spring branches
The desires falling across their bodies like blossoms.

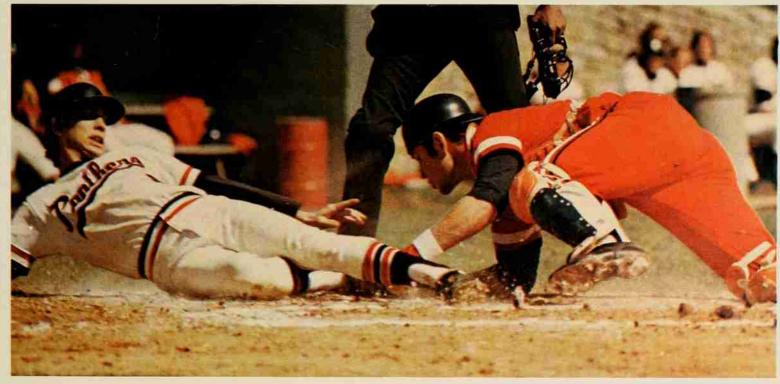
----Stephen Spender

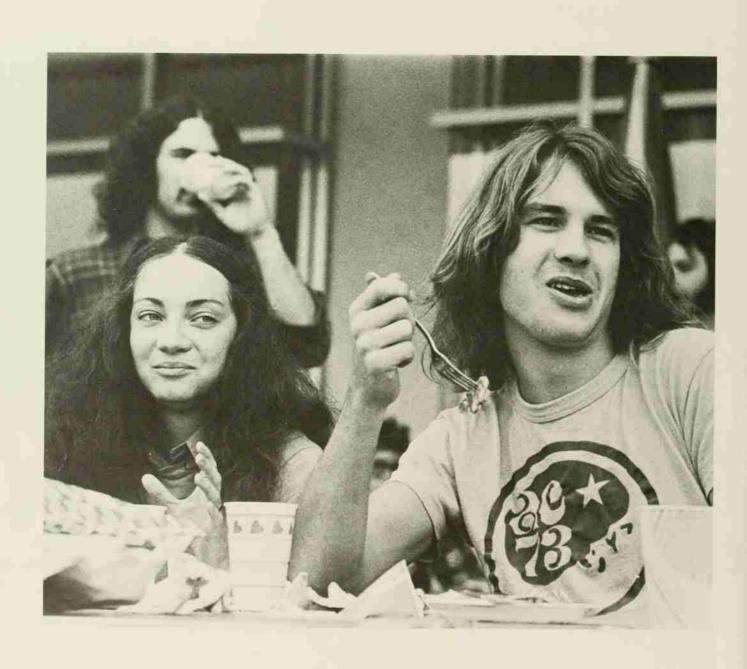






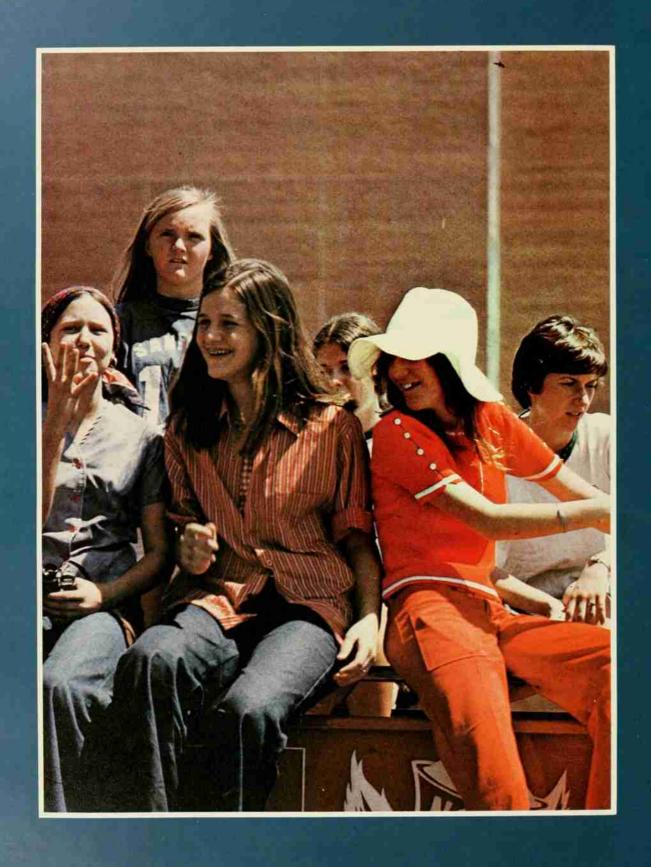






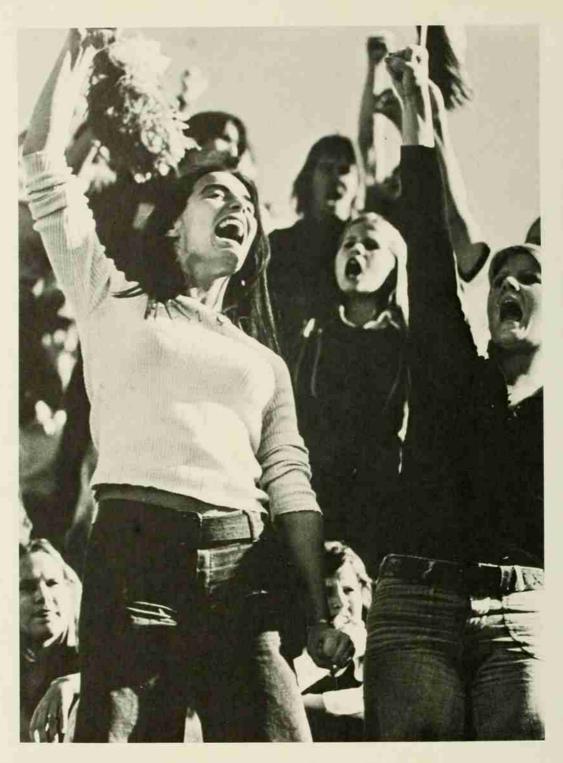




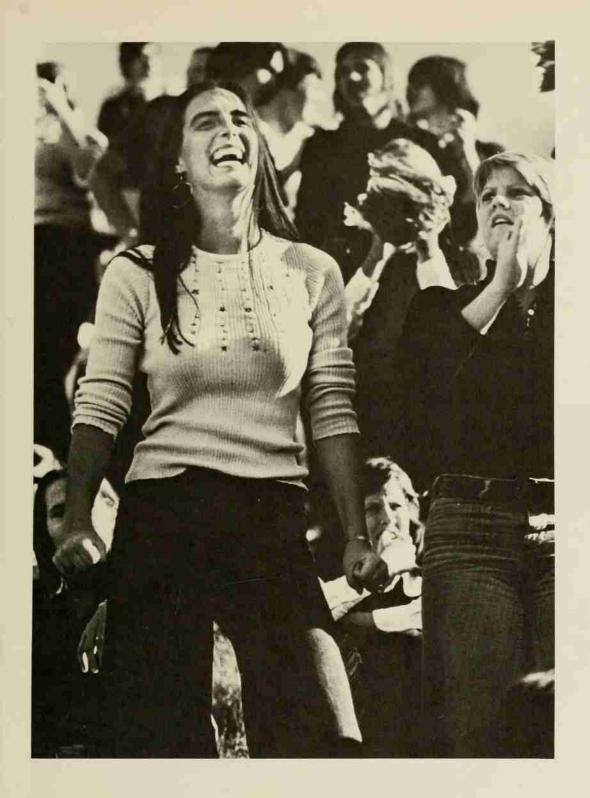


In company with people of your own trade you ordinarily speak of other writers' books. The better the writers the less they will speak about what they have written themselves. Joyce was a very great writer and he would only explain what he was doing to jerks. Other writers that he respected were supposed to be able to know what he was doing by reading it.

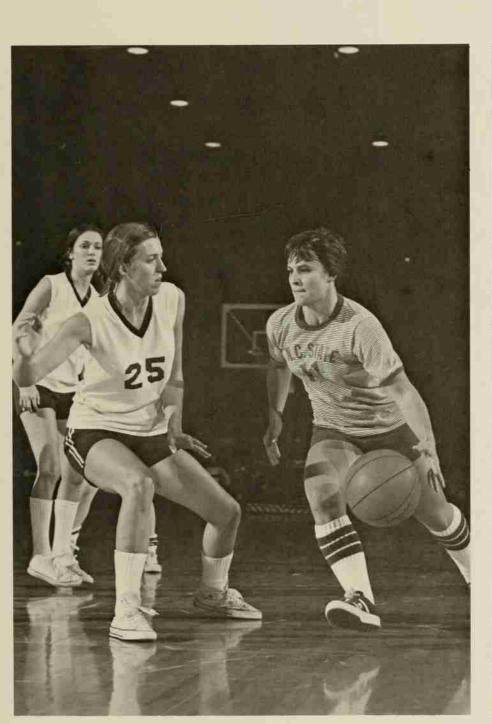
Ernest Hemingway Havana, 1958



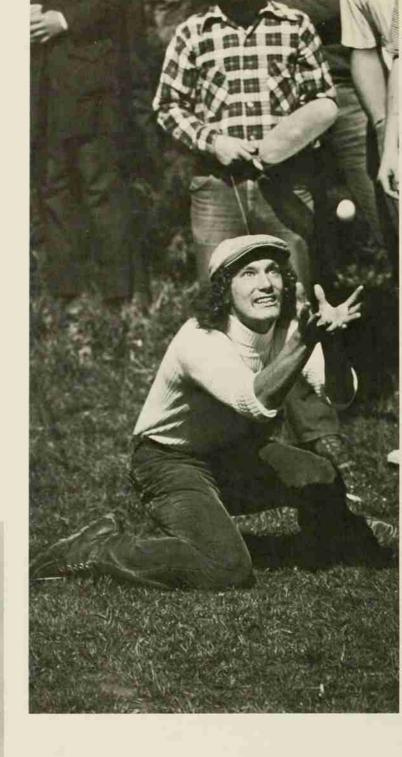








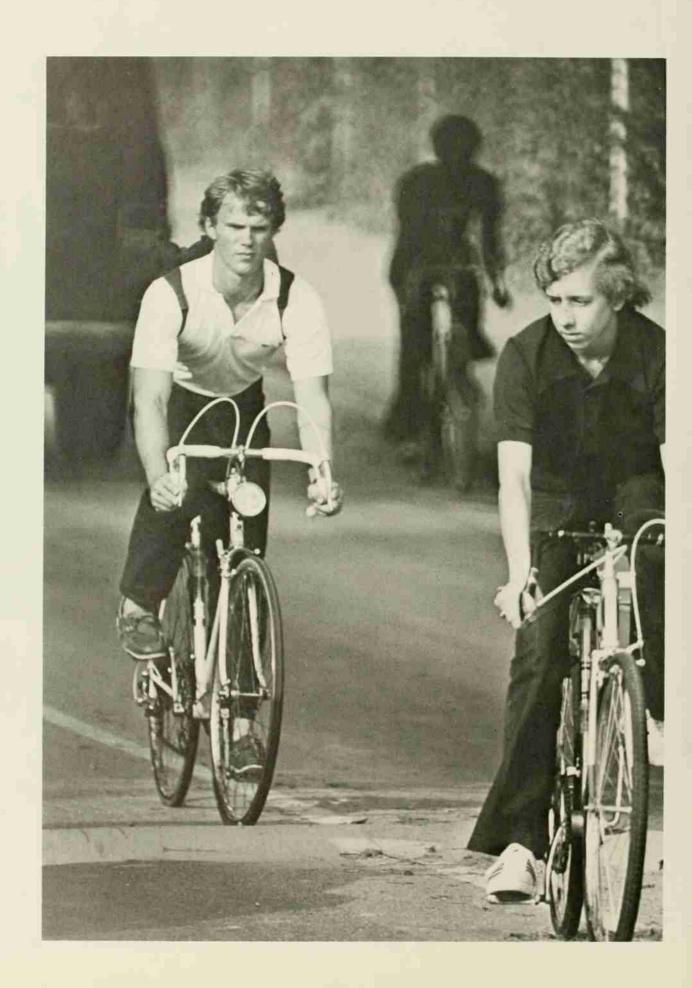








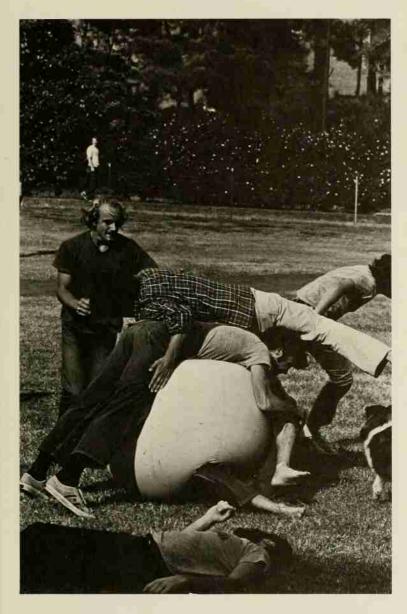


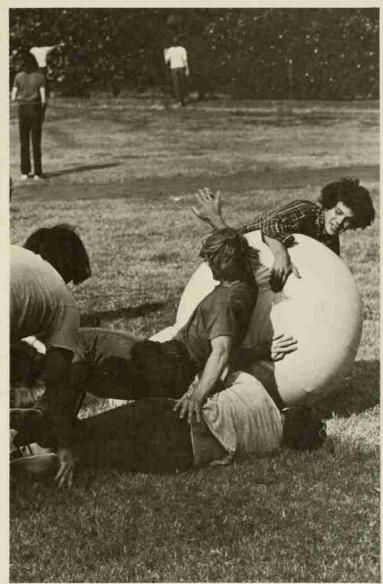


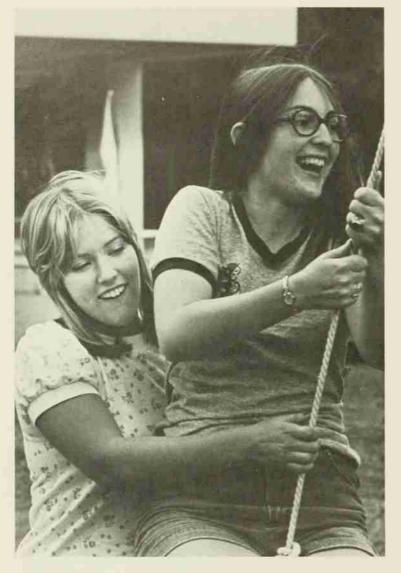




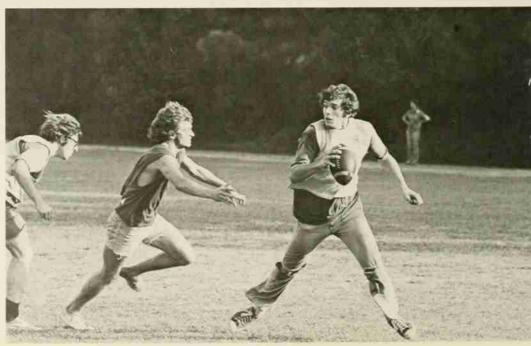


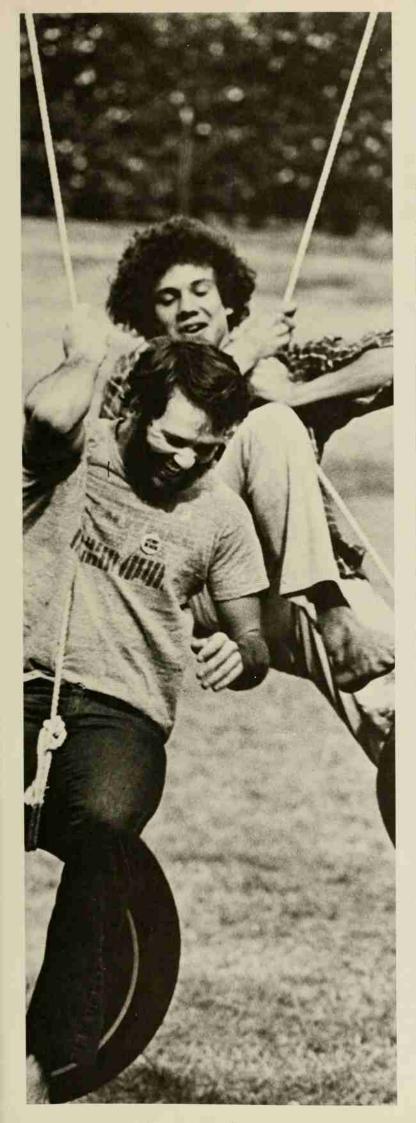


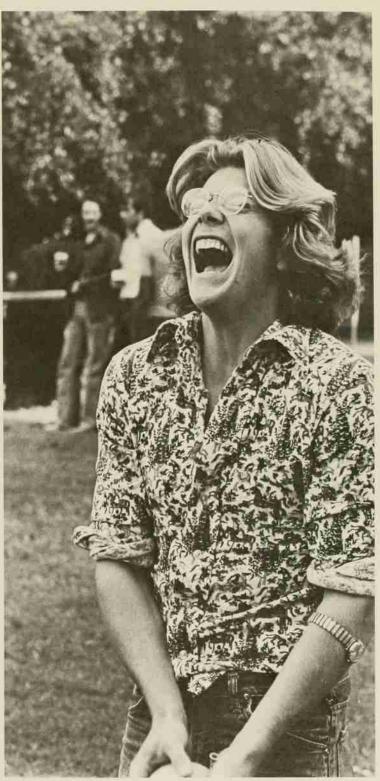








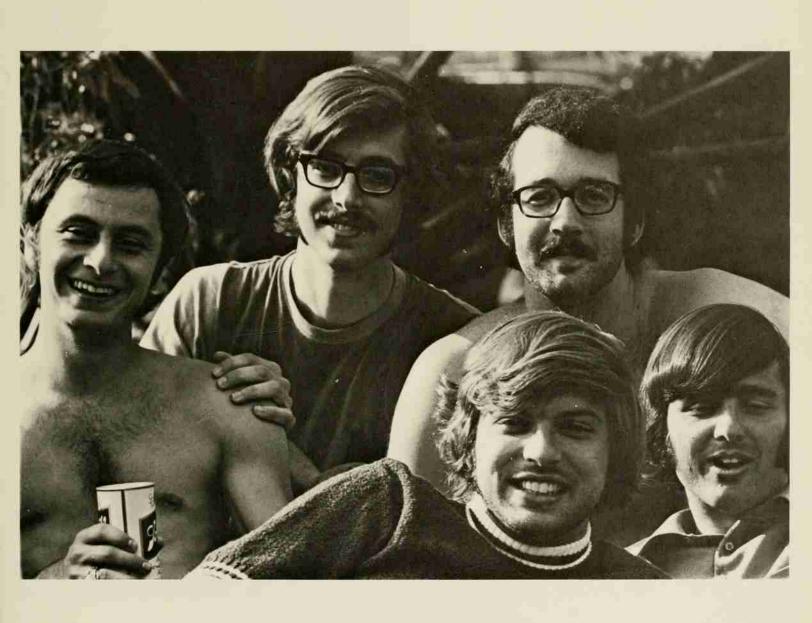


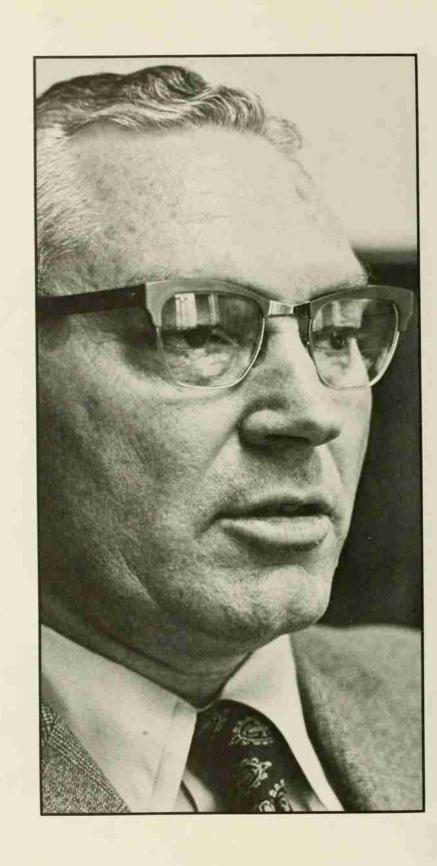


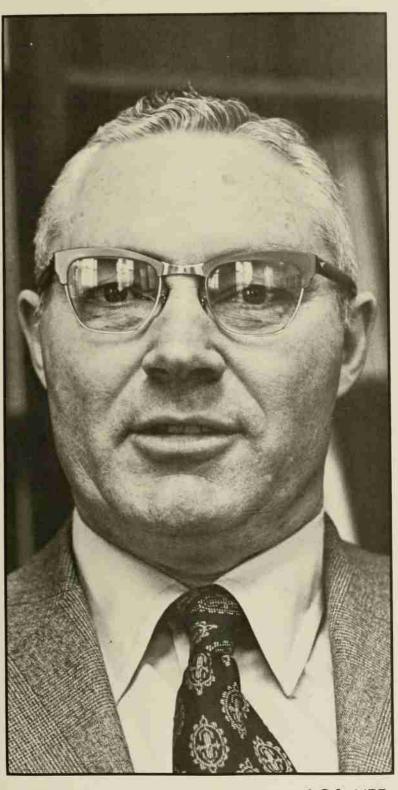
By good fortune, we live in a society which can afford to allow millions of young men and women the leisure to pursue learning well past their adolescence. The existence of such a leisure class, liberated at least temporarily from the necessity of providing for their food, shelter and clothing, goes far back into man's past, to the Sumerian cities of Mesopotamia in the fourth millenium before Christ. Freed by the art of agriculture from the daily need to seek the necessities of life, these men turned their attention to the heavens, to the natural world, to the organization of their society. They became the creators and sustainers of the civilization and culture from which we have evolved.

Liberal education is the fruit of that desire deep within them and all of us, which emerges when the other appetites are stilled. . . the desire to know, to understand, to appreciate, to love. The arts or skills which liberal education seeks to foster are those which facilitate our insight into what there is to know and into what there is worthy of our love.

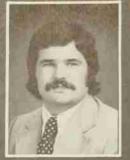
from the BULLETIN OF INFORMATION
University of Notre Dame







AG& LIFE J. E. Legates



Edwin Aarrill



George Adams



Baxter Aiken



Wesley Albritton



Edward Alderman



Ray Anderson



Carlos Arensburg



Teri Austin





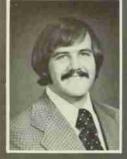
Charles Balducci



Terry Banks



Troy Banks



Phillip Bare



**Durwood Barefoot** 





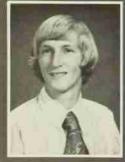
James Beck



Levi Beckwith



Scott Berger



Ronnie Best



Mary Bishop



David Bissette



Marsha Blackwelder



Ralph Blalock



**David Blanton** 



Lonnie Blizzard

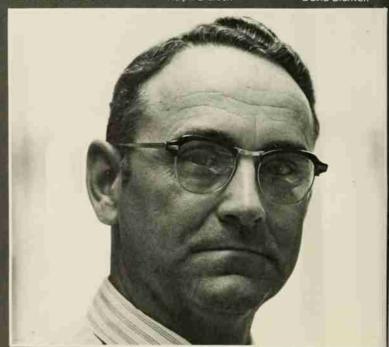


John Bowen



Henry Bradley





Dr. James B. Wilson



John Brake







David Bazemore







Henry Brice



Davis Buchanan



Samuel Buff



Laura Bunce



Jerry Burleson



Fred Burt



Dale Burton



Kenneth Butler



Carol Camp



Jody Chamblee



Georgena Chandler



Roger Clark



Sheila Clark



Grover Clayton



Robert Cochran



James Cook



Amy Cooke



Harriet Cooper



Paul Copeland



Michael Corn



**David Coston** 



Ronald Cowart



John Cox



Charles Crawley

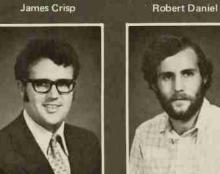


Carmon Cress



Dr. Richard H. Loeppert





Charles Deal



Stephen Delaplaine



Sandra Davis







David Driggs



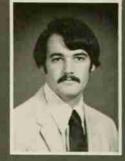
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Jean Eddleman



William Edwards



William Edwards



Bobby Evans



Kathy Ezzell



Janice Fipps





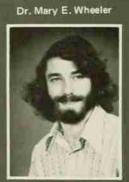
Lucy Ford



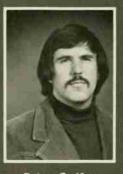
Elford Fox



George Fried



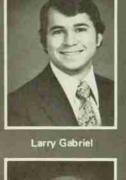
James Griffin



Robert Godfrey



Lannie Godwin





Lindy Harrell



Richard Gragg

Edwin Harrill



Richard Harris



Patricia Harrison



Brenda Hatfield

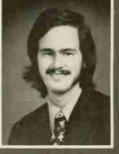


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Gregory Hedrick



John Hellmuth



Larry Hendrix





Darrell Hensdale



David Hickman



Ann Hilderman



Robert Hill



Ronald Hill





Dr. Catherine E. Moore



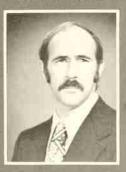
Dr. Mary C. Williams



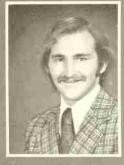
Timothy Hoffner



Michael Hoots



Jacky Houck



Charles Hoyle



Brenda Hudson



James Hudson



Robert Hunter



Lonnie Israel



Debra James





Joseph Jenkins





Everett Johnson





Joseph Jones



Michael Jordan









Deborah Lamm



John Lassiter



Billy Lee



Cyrus Lee



Edmund Legrand



Peggy Lever



Barry Lindley



Carl Lippard





Bobby Long



Gregory Loyd



Gary Ludi



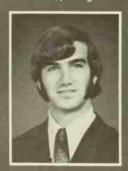
Charles Lutz



Jerry Mallard



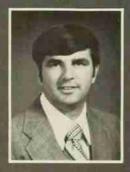
Jack Mason



Connie Mayo



Linda McAuley



Charles McBrayer



James McBride



Deborah McCall



Ralph McCrery



Michael McDaniel



Frank McDonald



Charles McGaw



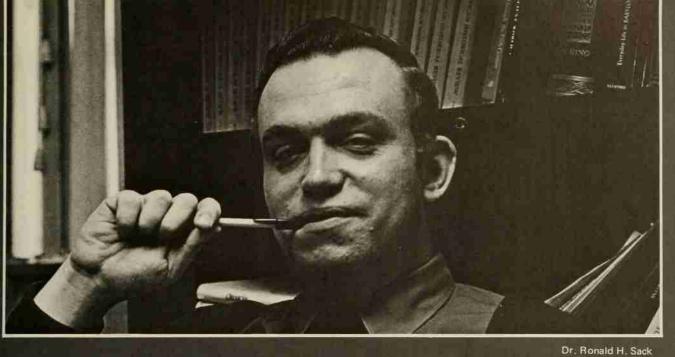
Samuel McLamb



Marsha McNeely



Edward McPhatter



Jack Messick



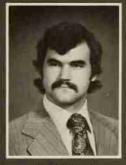
Susan Midkiff



Wayne Miller



Alma Mims



Ralph Modlin



Debroah Moore



Rusty Morris



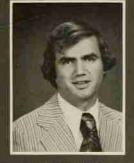
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Richard Moss



Brian Murphy



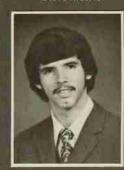
Robert Mapier



William Newman



Jean Noblin



Philip Normandy



Jeannie Ober



Mike Ortosky



Delta Osborne



Dennis Overby



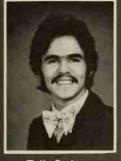
Jimmie Overton



Jerry Owens



Jesse Owens



Tulio Pacheco



Ellen Parker



Gary Parsons



Owen Peele



William Peeler



Thomas Pezdek



John Pierce



Jerry Pless



**Bruce Poland** 



Ann Powell



Phillip Pritchard



Richard Reich



Randall Renegar



Riddick Ricks



John Ridenour



Douglas Roach



Jerry Robb



Daniel Robinson



Rhodes Robinson



James Rogers



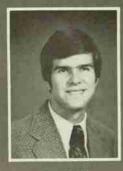
Edgar Rogerson



Gretchen Rosenberg



William Russ



Glenn Safrit



Henry Samet



Sharon Sawyer



Karen Schneller



Ralph Scott



Scott Shelton



**Donald Smart** 



Danny Smith



Giles Smith



Leslie Smith



Samuel Smith



Morgan Sommerville



Steve Sorrells



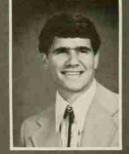
Ronnie Spach



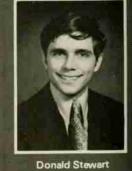
Nancy Sparks



**Liston Spivey** 



Earl Stanfield





Carol Stinson



Frances Stokes



Joseph Stotesbury



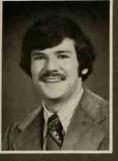
Leslie Sturmer



Frank Summey



Robert Sutter



Kenneth Swartzel



Ann Taylor



Ralph Taylor



Danny Teal



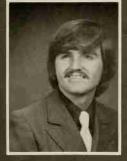
Jesse Tetterton



Stevan Thompson



Dennis Tinnin



William Toole



Steven Troxler



Joy Upchurch



Samuel Uzzell



Mary Vickers



Cauthora Walker



Charles Walls



**Ernest Waters** 



Lemuel Watkins



**Howard Weiss** 



Edward Wells



**Bruce Whitehorst** 



Don Williams



William Wilson



George Winslow



Calvin Winters



David Wise



Thomas Wright



William Wright





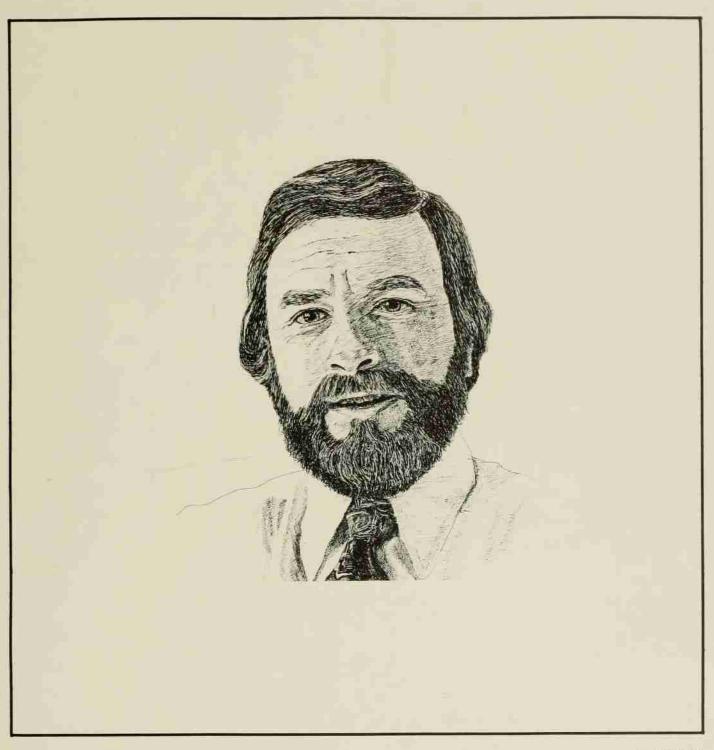
Darrell Yates



John Yates







DESIGN Claude E. McKinney





Larry Bennett



John Benson



James Bourey



Janne Bulla



June Chadwick



Ronald Clark



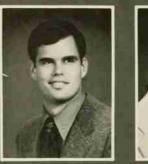
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Chester Cummings



Neill Dalrymple



Richard Eichelberger



Arnold Formo



John Fryday



Mike Funderburk



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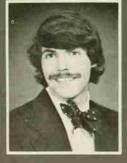




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Jane Johnson



Clyde Johnston



David Jones



John Leath



Lester Love



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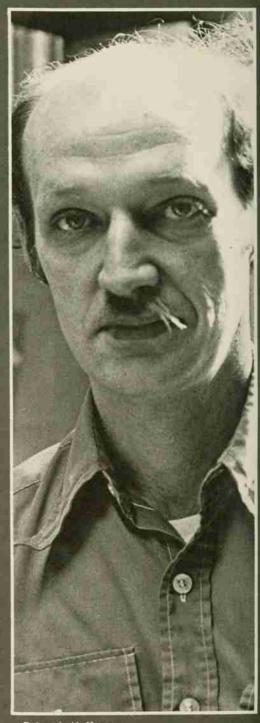
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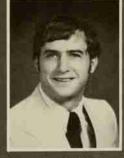
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Robert L. Hoffman



Malcolm Penny



Larry Ragland



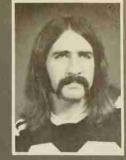
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William Rudolph



Charles Schofield



Kenneth Simmons



Michael Sorensen



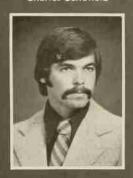
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Suzanne Stoffel



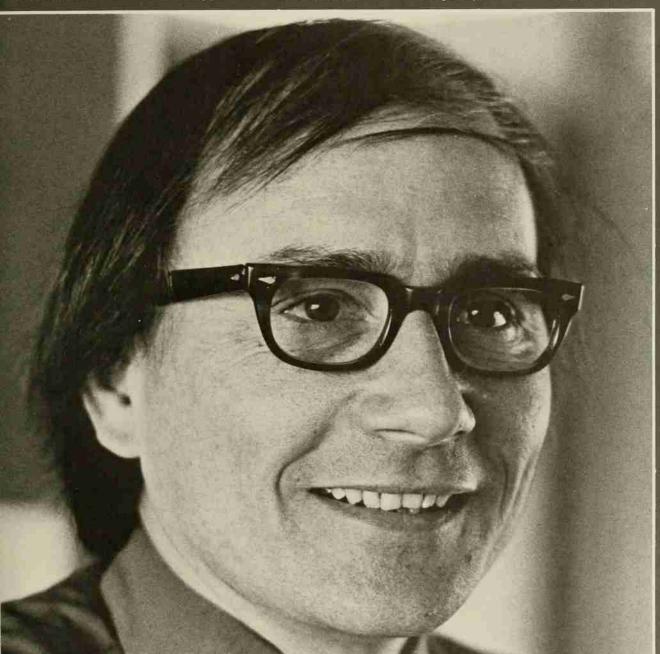
Hugh Sutphin



Roland Vause



Eric Walker



Vincent M. Foote



Steven Walters



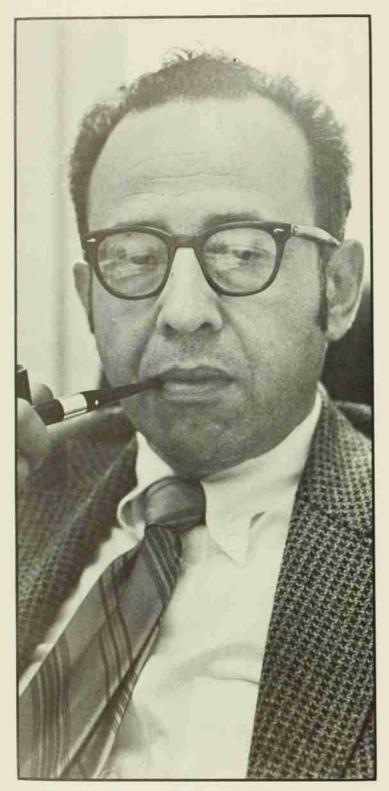
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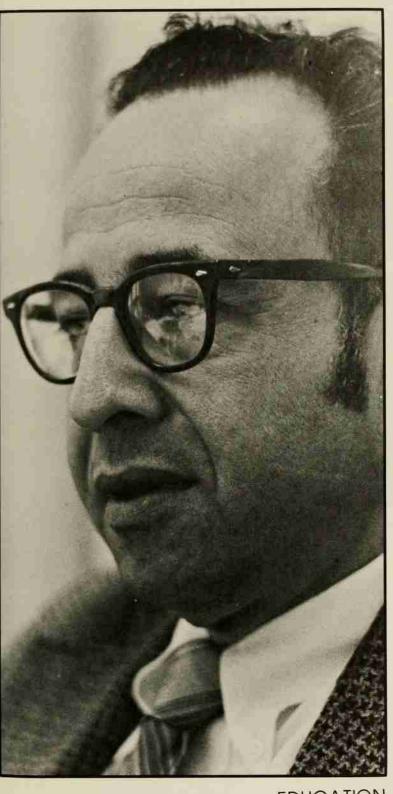
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Glyn Young







EDUCATION Carl J. Dolce



Donald Abernathy

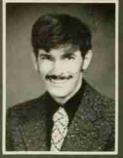


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Ronald Autry









Claudia Bennett







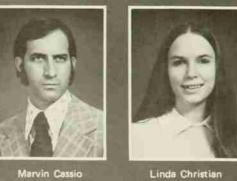




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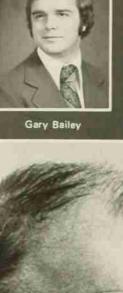
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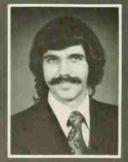


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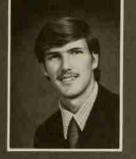
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Martha Cody





Gary Falacara



David Farlow



Carol Faulk



Edward Forsythe



Dewitt Gaddy



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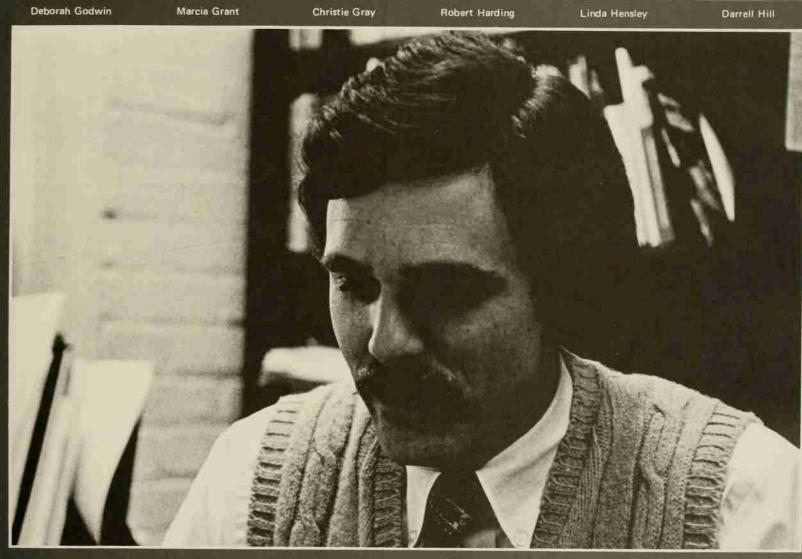












M.B. Machelroy



Roger Hill



Ralph Irace



Arthur Jenkins



Nelson Jennings



Linda Johnson



James Keene





Kenneth Lamb



Sara Lee



Eugene Lindsey



Jan Lomax



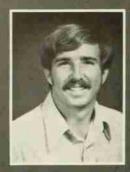
Janet McBride



Sandra McAnn



Marcy McKaig



Craig McMillan



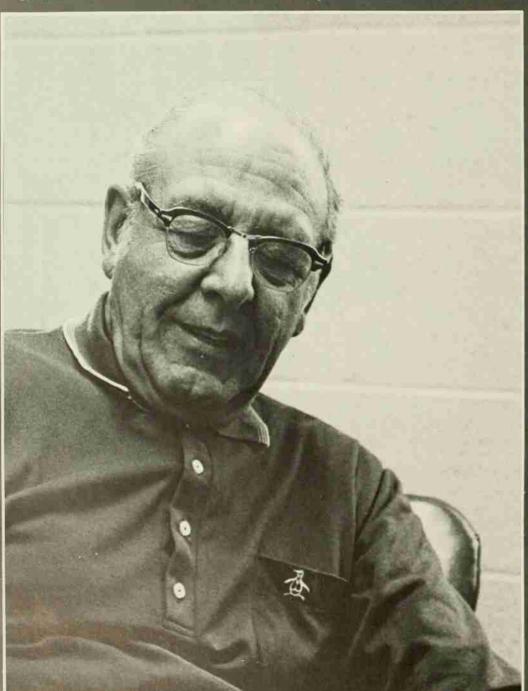
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Ann Mellette



Donna Messer



Dr. Howard M. Nahikan





Gwendolyn Moore



Vivian Moore



Joanne Morgan



John Newby



Margaret Obrien



Jane Overcash



Virginia Owen



Bobbie Parker



Glenn Perryman



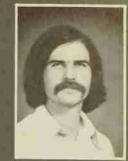
Judith Powell



Betty Price



Susie Rorie



Craig Sampson



Robert Schexnayder



Deborah Seate



Gene Sharpe



Charles Shirley



Carol Short



Debra Slack



Julian Smith



Linda Softy



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Sharon Stack



William Stone



James Taylor



Lynda Terrell



Clyde Thornburg







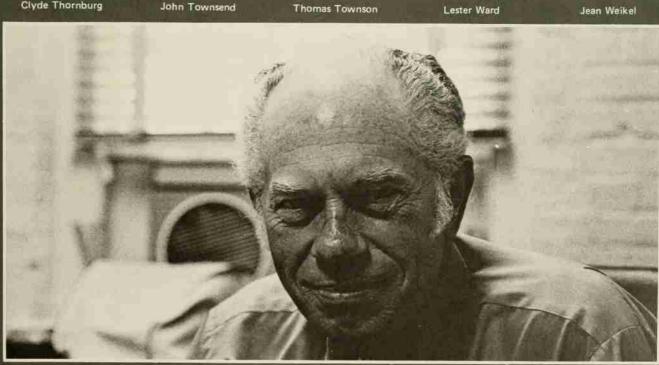




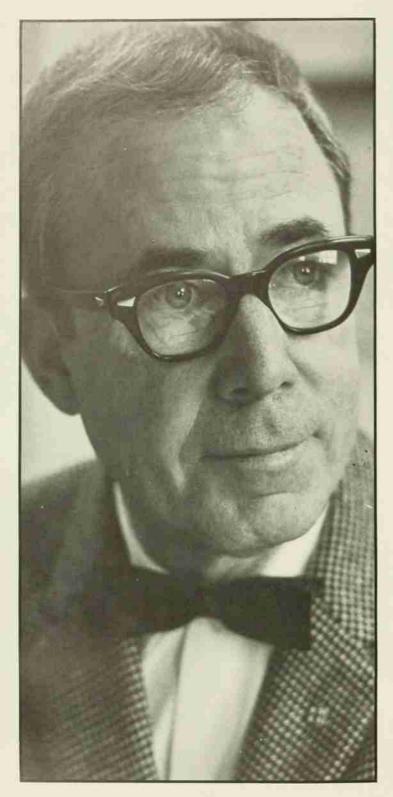
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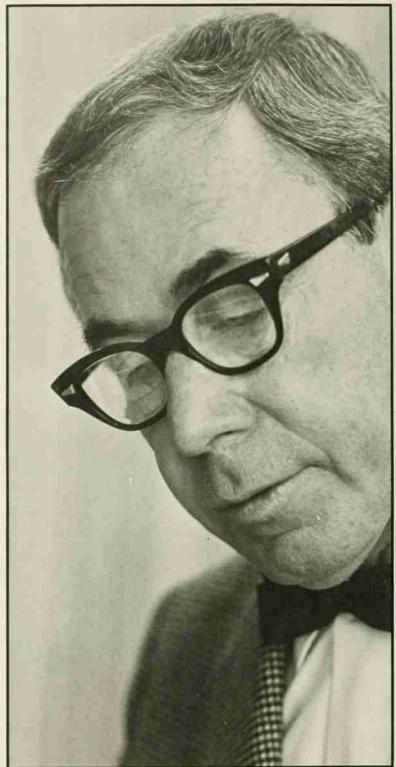


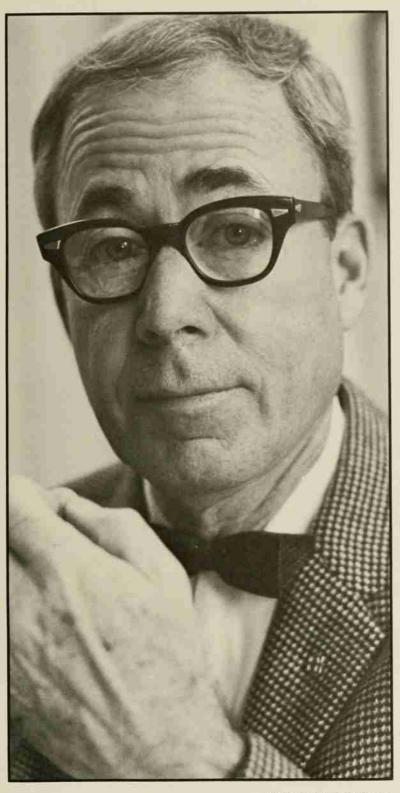
Jack Wright



Edwin A. Proctor







ENGINEERING Ralph E. Fadum





Mahnaz Ajamipour



Grady Allen



Lewis Allen



Kenneth Allgood



William Andrews



James Archer



Michael Atkins



Jahanmir Azali



Dale Babcock



Donald Babcock



Irel Ball



Jackie Banner





Thomas Barbour



Elizabeth Bare



Richard Barham



**Brooks Barkley** 



Albert Batts



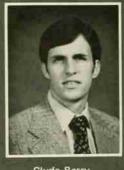
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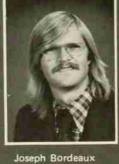
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Gray Booth





Richard Bostedo



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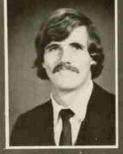


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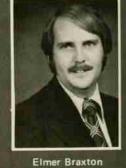


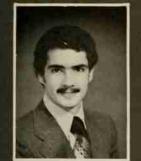


Clifford Brame



Richard Brandon

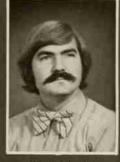




William Brooker



Jeremiah Brooks



Brent Brower



Phillip Brower

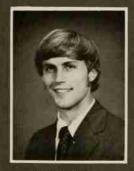


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Gene Bryson



Daniel Burns



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Merle Burton

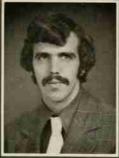


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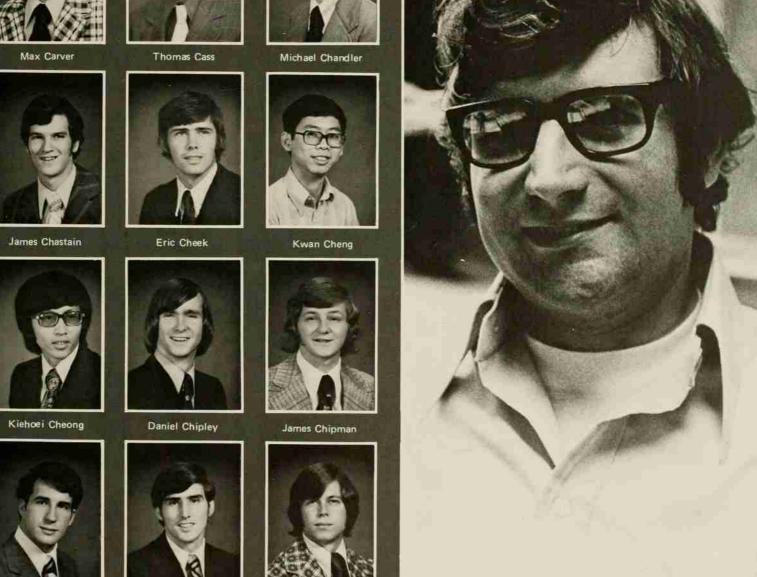
Charles Campbell













Mark Cigal



Roy Clanton



Jimmy Clark





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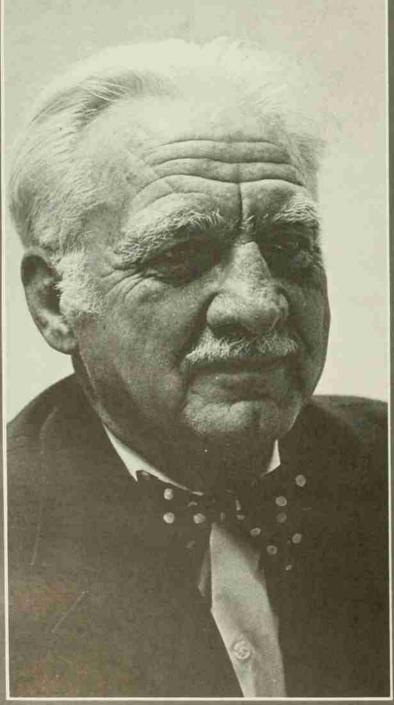
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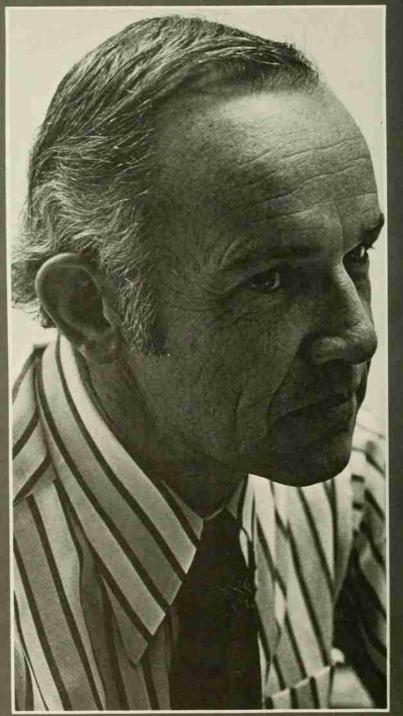
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Charles Cottrell



George S. Speidel 184



W. Curtis Fitzgerald



Donald Cox



William Cox



Joseph Craver



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Harry Davis



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Dr. Stuart Noblin



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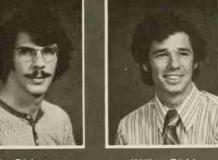
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Ronald Dick



John Dickerman



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James Edsall



James Elliott



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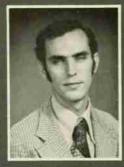
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William Ellis



Thomas Elmore



John Emerson



John Ervin



Robert Etue



John Evans



Jimmy Exum



William Fabry



David Finger



Steven Fipps



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James Fish



Richard Fleming



David Foster



Joseph Freeman



Steven Freshwater



John Freund



Gregory Gagarin



Presley Gaiwey



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Charles Gates



Robert Gemp



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Ricky Goodson



Wayne Greenway



Francisco Gutierrez



Robert Hall





Ronald Hardin



Edward Harris



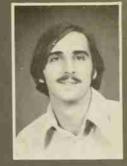
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Byron Harward



Juergen Hauber



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Loy Heavner



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Ronald Hickman



John Hill



Joseph Hill



Nathan Hilliard



Murray Hipp



Timothy Hoffman



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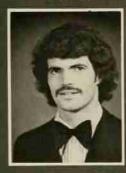
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Jerry Hollady



James Holland



Jeffrey Holland



James Horney



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Donald Ingram



James Ingram





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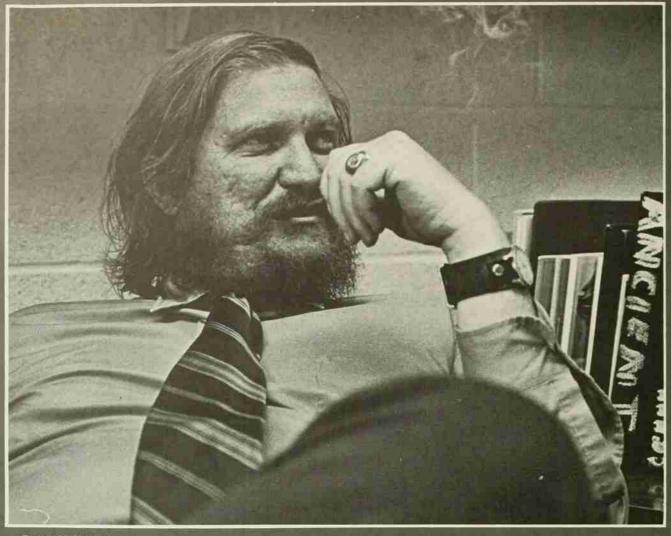


Richard Johnson



William Johnson





Francis M. Nichols



Lafayette Judkins



Michael Kirkman



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Michael Kerr



James Knott



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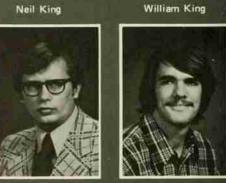
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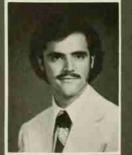
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William King

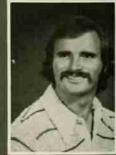


Frank Kramer



T. Koszarsky

David Lea



John Leatherman



Teddy Leonard



Arthur Lester



David Lewellyn



Tony Lineback



Bruce Liles



Ray Lipham



Anthony Little



Chester Litwin



Bindu Lohani



David Lowder



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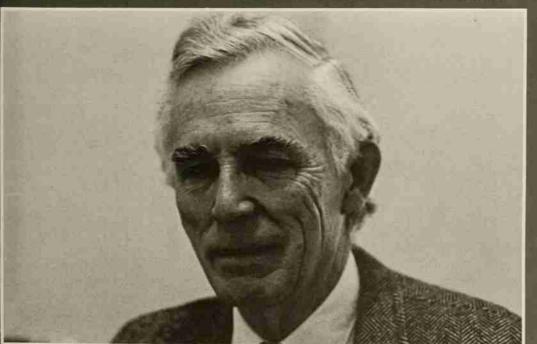
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Robert McCann



Grady McClamrock



Dr. Lyle B. Rogers



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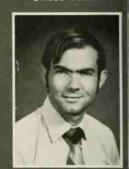


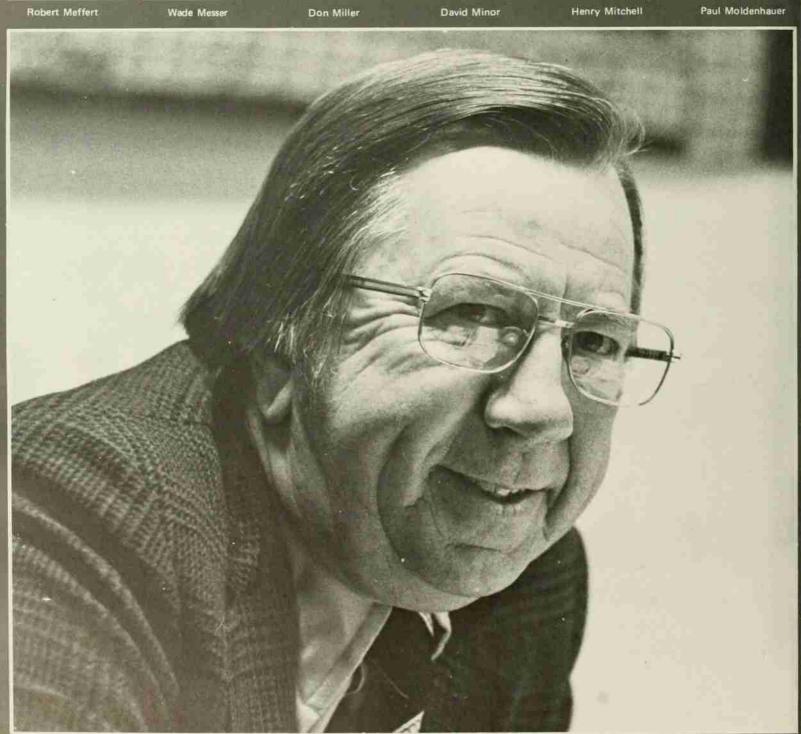












Rev. Oscar B. Wooldridge 190



Benjamin Moore



Glen Morgan



Masoud Motahari



Robert Moye



Richard Mull



Chris Mullen



John Nantz



James Nau



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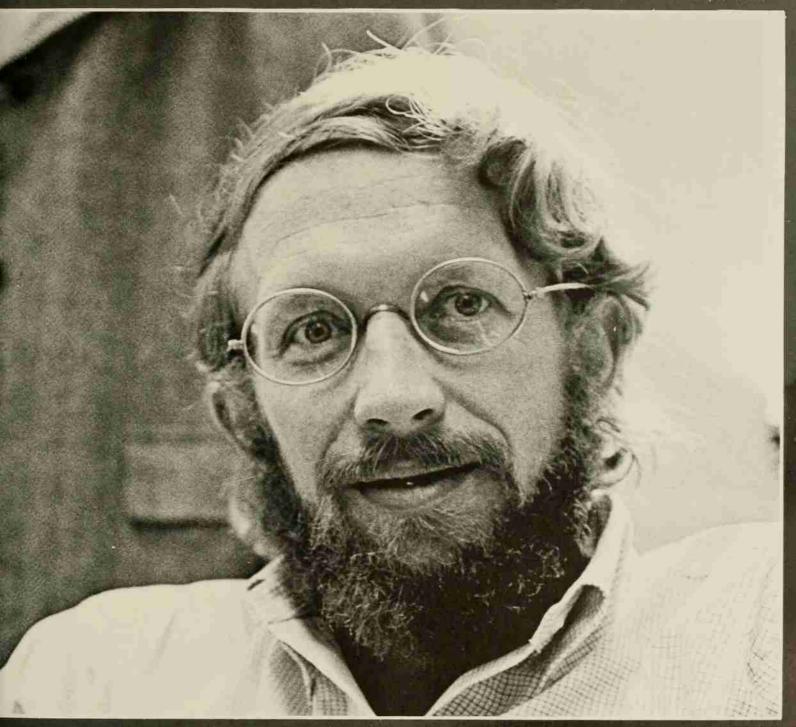
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Steven Norby



Stephen Moore





Leslie Moretz



Marcus Norris



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Gregory Parks



James Pearce



David Penn



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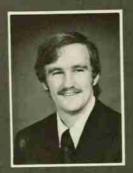
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Thomas Phelps



John Phillips



Richard Phillips



Richard Phillips



Jesse Pierce



Phillip Pierce



Shirley Pierce



Steve Plummer



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Paul Pressley



Jae Price





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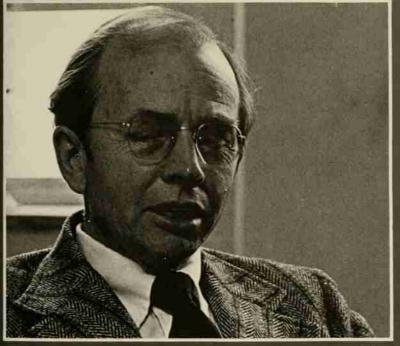
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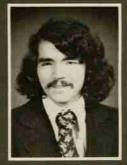
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Larry Reinhardt



Alan Reynolds



James Ridenhour



David Robertson



Richard Robertson



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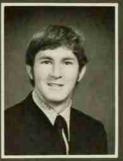
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Richard Roten



Suzanne Rowell



William Russell



Joseph Sanders



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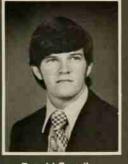
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Stuart Scott



Linda Sewall



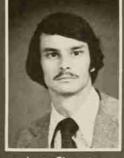
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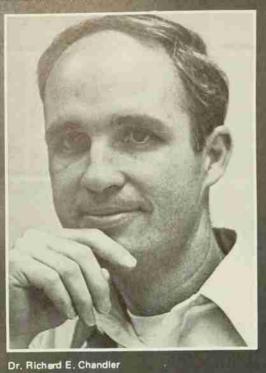


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James Shugart





Daniel Smith

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D. Stone

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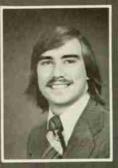




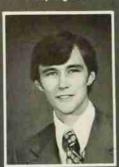


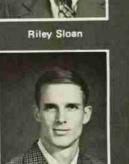
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**Tony Sigmon** 





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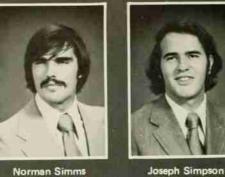


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John Straughn





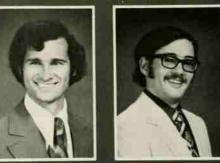
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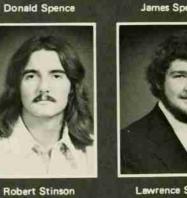
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James Spencer



Calvin Stafford



Lawrence Stoker



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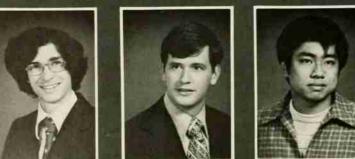
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Daniel Sullivan



Frank Sweeney



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William Troxell



William Tunstall



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Gary Tweed



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Joseph Vereen



John Vick



Gary Voncannon



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Robert Webster



Scott Weikel



John Weiss



George Whitesides



Barbara Wells



**David Wells** 



Thomas Werner



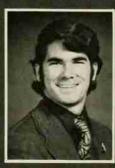
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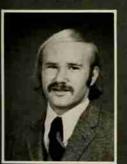
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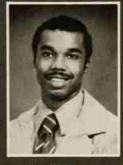
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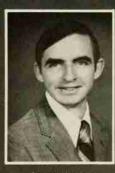
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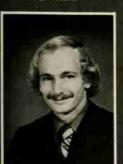
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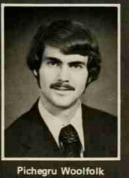
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Carrol Wilson



Michæl Winchell





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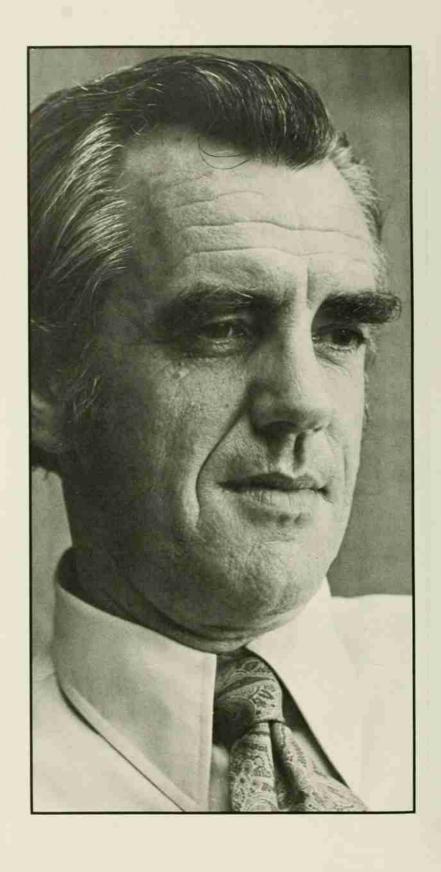
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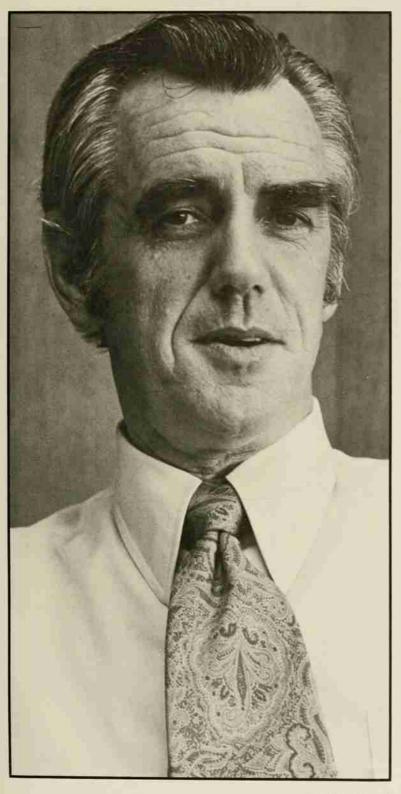


John Zollinger



Robert Zwicker





FORESTRY Eric L. Ellwood



Randall Aiken



Elizabeth Arey



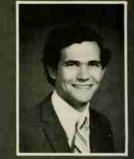
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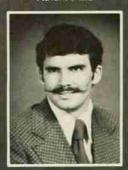
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Miriam Bailey



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James Barrett



Robert Blackwood



Nancy Branch



Eugene Buck



Michael Bunch



John Bunn



Richard Cahill



Elwood Cain



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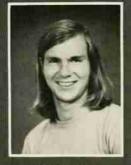
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Kathryn Chaves



**Gregory Conner** 



Lynn Coward



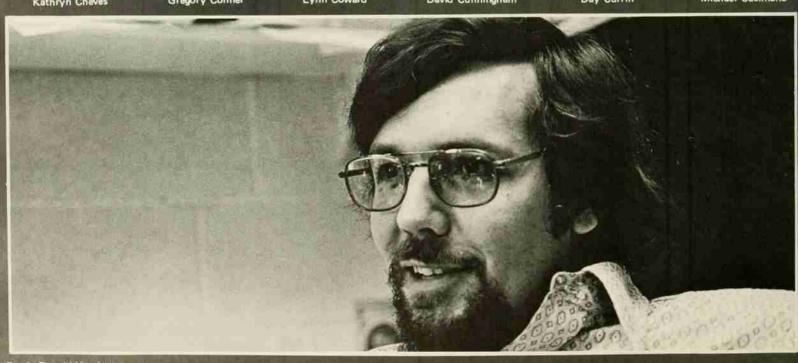
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Day Currin



Michael Cusimano





Mike Davidson



Carl Davis



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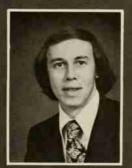
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Bruce Fraser



Michelle Garbarczuk



Robert Gardner



Candace Goode



Ted Graham



Patricia Hall



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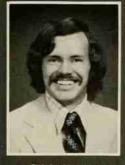
William Hardin



Thomas Harman



Rupert Hasty

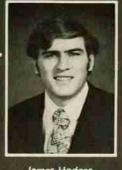


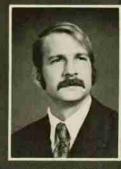
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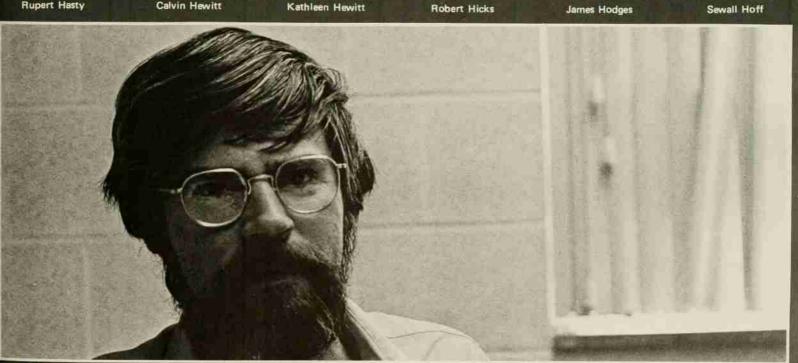


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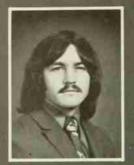




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Richard Hood



Dennis Hope



James Hopp



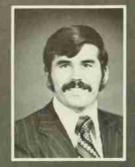
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Phillip Hunnicutt



Henry Johnson



Gary Jones





Mary Joyner



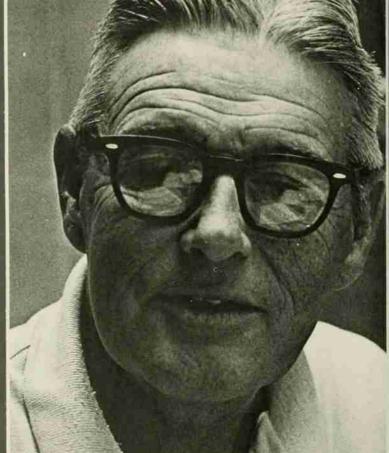
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Marshall Kestler



Catherine Knauff





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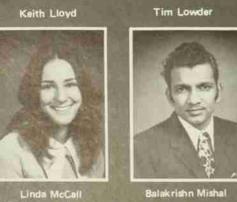


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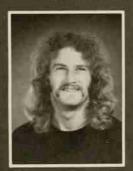
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Mary Pope



Charles Prince



Leonard Ragan



Daniel Riggs



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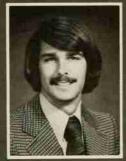
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Peter Roeck



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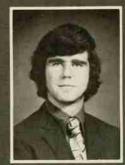
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David Seaford



James Semple



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Larry Thomas



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Phillip Wicker



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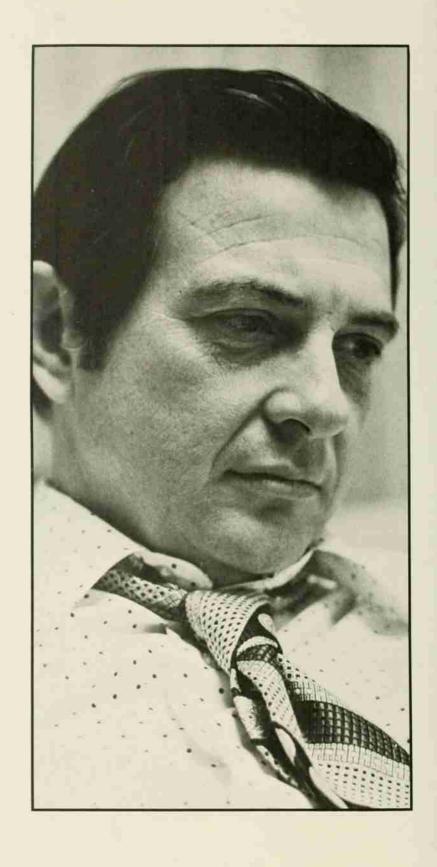
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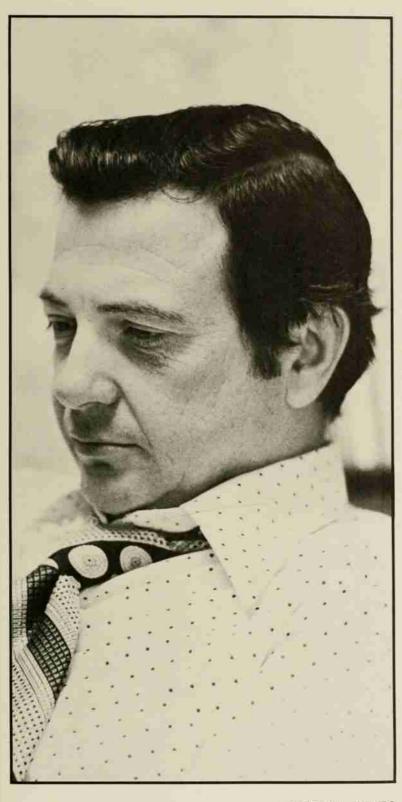


William Watts



Edmund Wray





LIBERAL ARTS Robert O. Tilman



Steven Alexander



Gregory Alicandri



Steven Alisbrook



Pamela Ashmore



Nanette Bales



Daniel Barden



Joseph Barden



Hilda Batts



Georgianna Baucom



Jennie Beasley



Jerry Beasley



Susan Benning



William Bollick



Amy Bolling



Henry Bousman



Marsha Boyd



David Boyette



Tommy Braswell



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Anthony Bullard



Willie Burden



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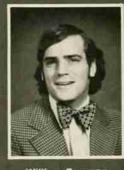
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Robert Butler



Dr. H. K. Perrin



William Cameron





Robert Byerly



Mike Calloway



Betsy Carter



Carl Cason



Robert Chadwick



Jimmy Chandler



Carol Chapman



Deborah Church



Terry Cleary



Edward Cody



Louise Coleman



**Edwin Congleton** 



Linds Cooke



Nancy Council



Charles Council



Vicki Craft



John Craver



George Crisp



William Crisp



Albert Daniel



Gaile Davenport



Susan Davis



Mark Dawson



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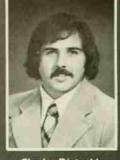




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Charles Dietzold



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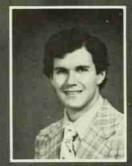
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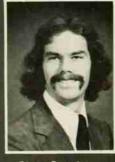




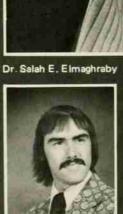
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Glenn Geraghty



George Gray



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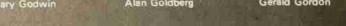
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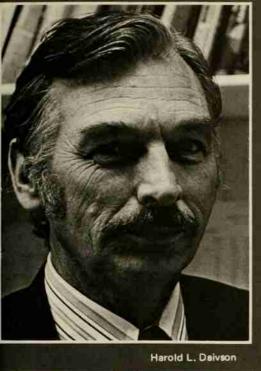






Gerald Gordon







Donald Hall



Winston Hall



Judith Hammond



Robert Harmond



Lloyd Hardison



Allie Harrington



Johnnie Harris



Brenda Harrison



Thomas Harrison



Willette Harrison



Joyce Hartgrove



David Hartigan



Frederick Harvey



Moses Heath



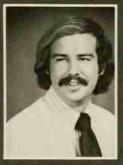
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Michael Hill



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Wesley Hilliard



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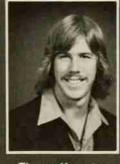
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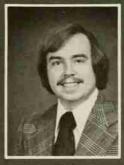
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Rhonda Johnson



Terry Johnson



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Stephen Jolly



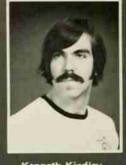
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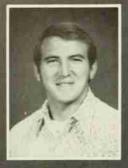
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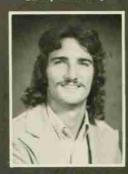
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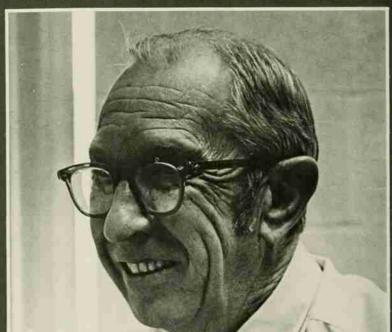


Donald Lightfoot



Sue Liner







Edwin Link



Kenneth Lloyd







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Barbara Martin



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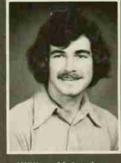
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Margaret McKay



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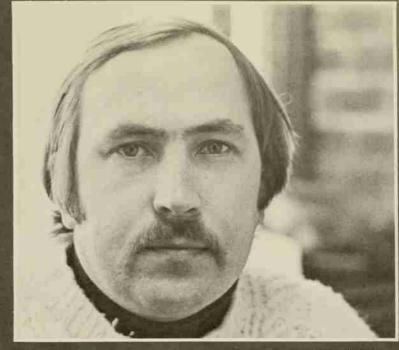


**Eubert McLeod** 





Dr. Paul A. Bredenberg



Arnold J. Aho



Pamela Mizelle



Barbara Mochrie



Louise Monte



Gerald Moody



Pamela Moore



Ann Morgan



Patsy Morrison



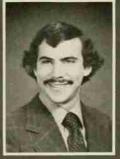
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Cynthia Mullen



Gregory Muntzner



Henry Needle



George Norwood



Mary Oldham



Lori Overington



Jason Parker



Alan Pate



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Beckie Pate



George Peacock



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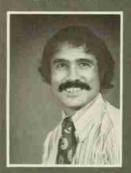
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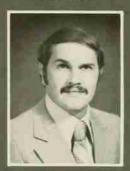
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Nancy Scarbrough



John Scott



Philip Sears



Becky Sellers



Donald Shirley



Larry Sigmon



David Smallwood



Barbara Smith



Sara Sneeden



Laura Southerland



Rebecca Spaine



Albert Stanley



Robert Starling



Janice Strickland



Terry Stout





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Larry Summers



Edith Szyperski



Sarah Tatar



Jonathan Templeton



Kerry Terrell



Deborah Tew



Terri Thornburg 210



Thomas Tripp



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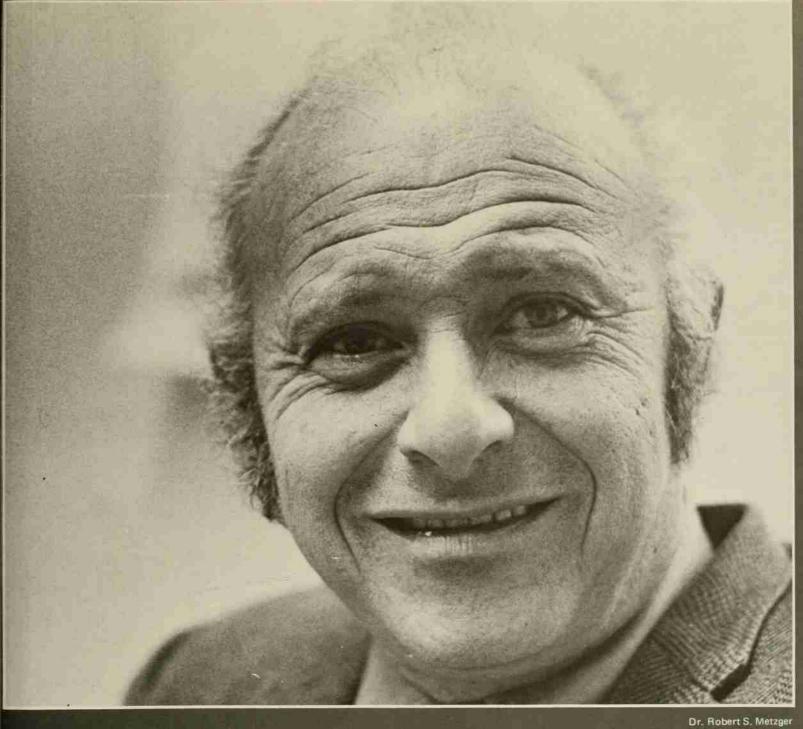


Needham Wall



Julia Wallace



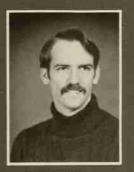




Kathy Warta



Marilyn Way



James Webb



James Wilkins



Dana Williams



Fonda Williamson



Jan Williford



Scott Wilson



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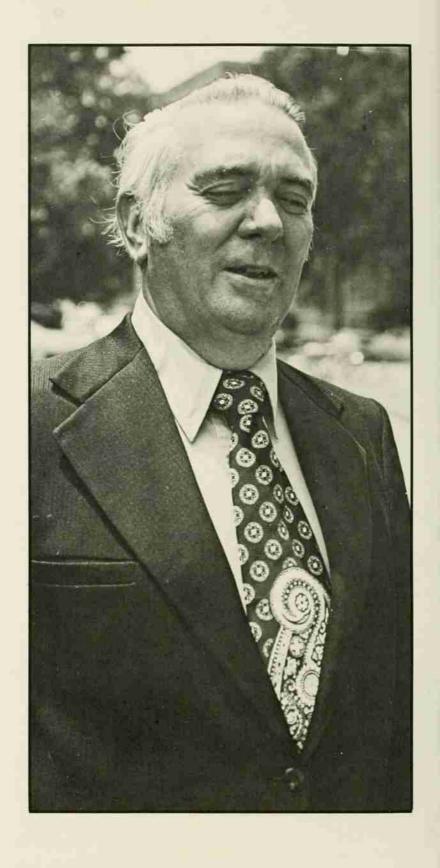
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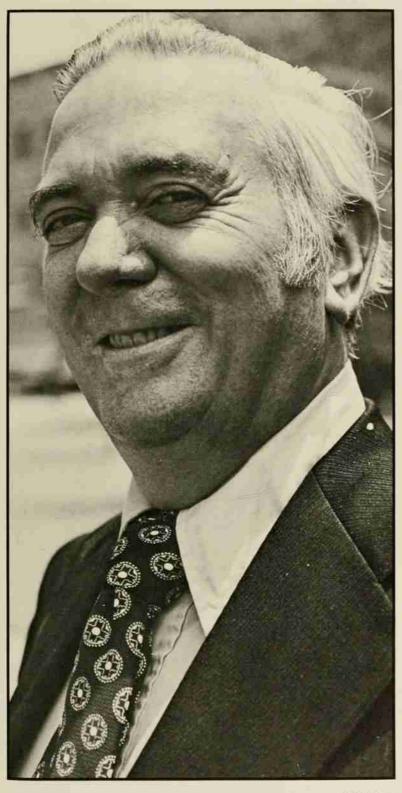


Debra Woolfolk



Jake Wright





PSAM Arthur C. Menius, Jr.



Dr. J. Oliver Williams



Margaret Alired



David Atherton



Edward Austin



Roger Austin



Shirley Baker



Lynn Bancroft



Phillip Batten



Edward Beauregard



Richard Beck



Karen Benfield



Robert Bertram



Mark Bickel



Kathy Black



Joseph Boyle



Steve Brown



Peter Carroll



Lewis Carson



Charles Case



James Cathell



James Cauble



James Chapman



Ben Christenbury



Thomas Clapp



Clinton Collins



Timothy Conrad



Gary Denton



Roger Dillon



Thomas Duke



David Ellis



Susan Entenmann



Warren Faircloth



Daniel Faucette



James Folk



Andy Freeman



Glenda Freeman



William Gabbard



Don A. Masterton



David Gardner



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John Gibson







James Harrington



Larry Hill



Thomas Hines



Louis Hollowell



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John Humphrey



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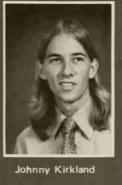


Arthur Jones



Jane Karriker





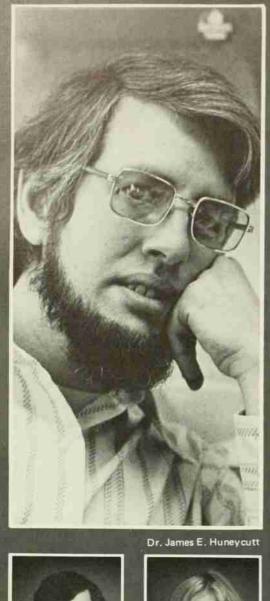


Tom Kleeberg



Mike Kowa











Lamonte Lee



Margie Loflin



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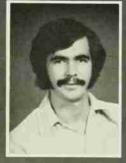
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Robert McBride



John McClure



Gary McCurry



Joy McGee



Benjamin McKenzie



Donald McQueen



Timothy McQueen



Debra Mixon



Jerry Morris



Henry Newkirk



Nina Norton



Deborah Ogden



Virginia Owen



Jack Penny



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Vasanthi Rao



Sandra Rhodes



William Riddick



Rhonda Robinson



Rebecca Rowe



Joseph Royal



Carl Scaringelli



Barbara Sellers



Larry Settlemyre



Stephan Sherriff



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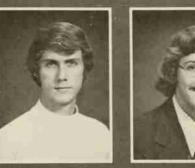
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Elizabeth Smith



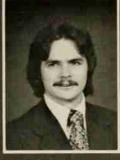
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Mary Stacy



Richie Stanley



Carl Staton









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Ronald Weiger





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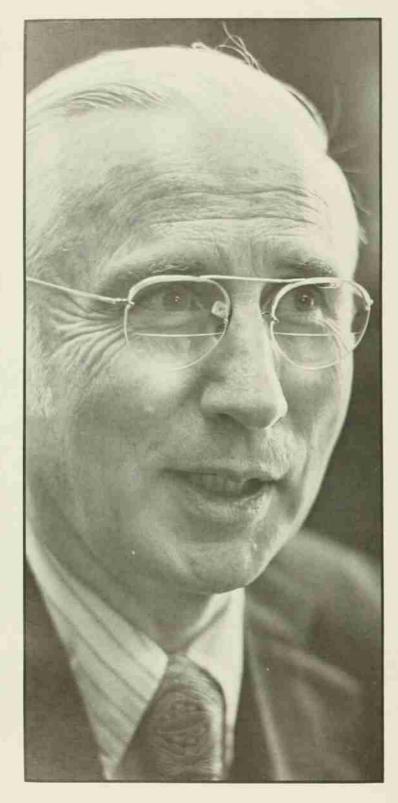
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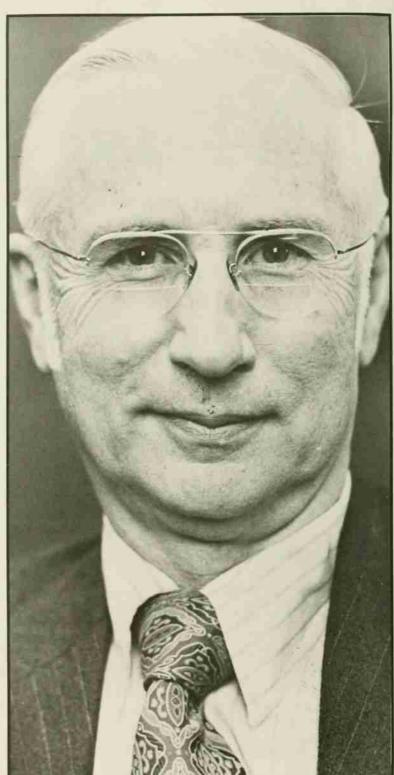


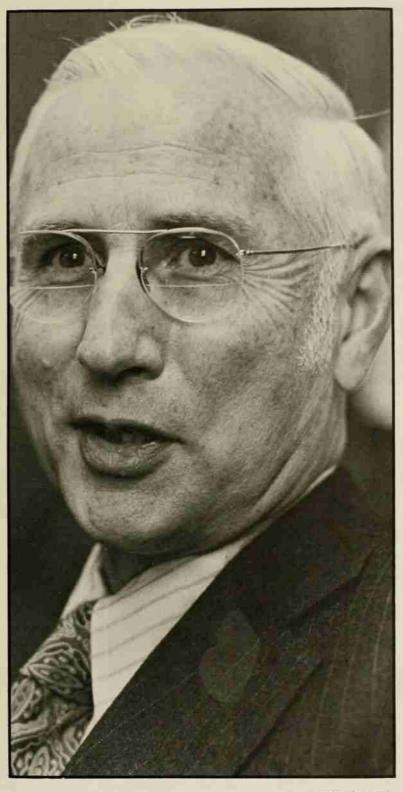
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Dr. J.S. Chappell







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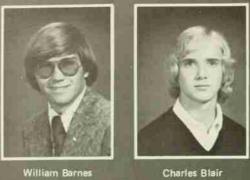




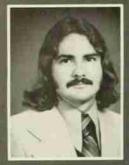
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Jeffery Atwell



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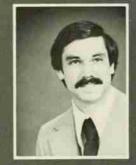
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Glenn Brinkley



Dennis Brown



Don Brown





Richard Brown



William Bryant



David Butler



Robin Butler



Norman Campbell



James Carpenter





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Lynn Clements



Stanely Clements



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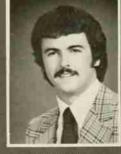




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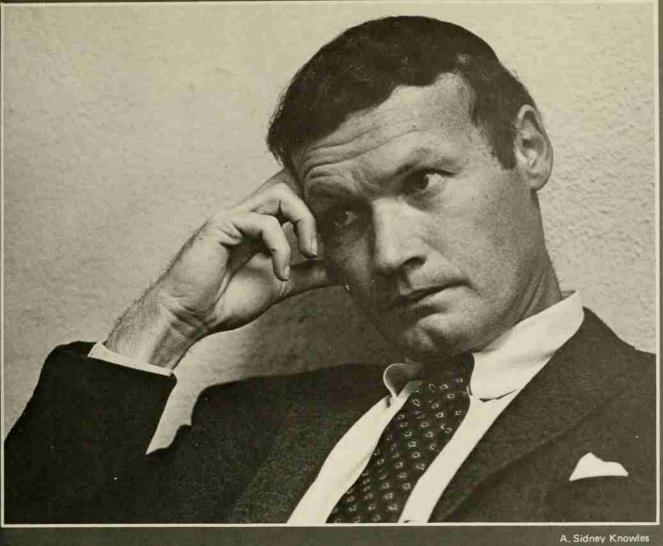
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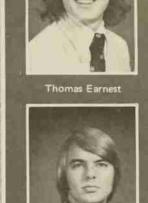


Robert Deal



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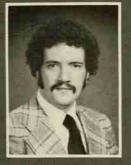


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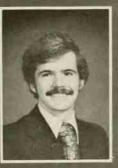
Stephen Fisher



Ernest Fleming



Stephen Graham



Charles Graves



Kathryn Hamilton



Carl Hardy



John Harper



Ronald Harrelson



Charles Hicks



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Archie Horton



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George Jones



Ira Jordan



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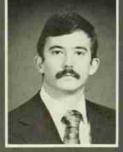
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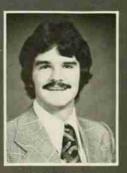


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Charles Miller





Dennis Nodine



Andrew Nordon







Martha Manuel William Love



Stephen Marks



Joe Lewis

John Mauney



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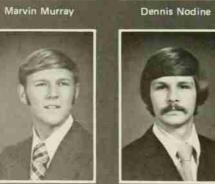


James Moore



Ivan Morrozoff





Gary Powell



Darryl Preston



David Prestwood



Johnna Parrish



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Timothy Sergeant



Clyde Smith



Curtis Smith



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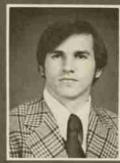
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Robert Stalls



Stanley Stefansky



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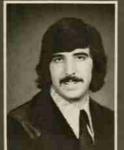
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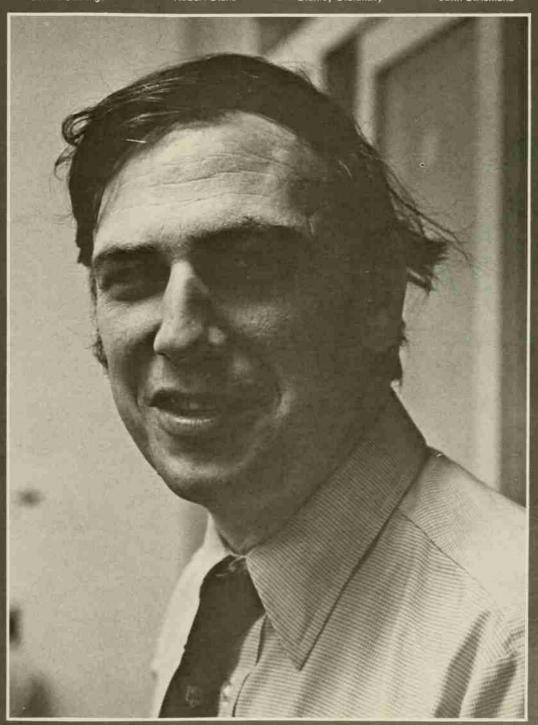
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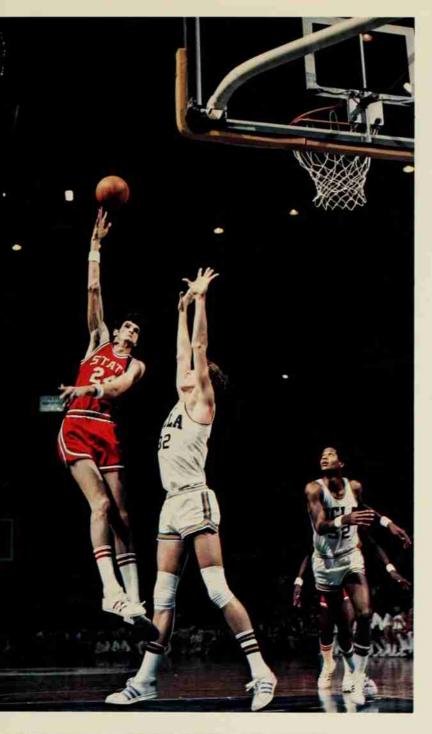


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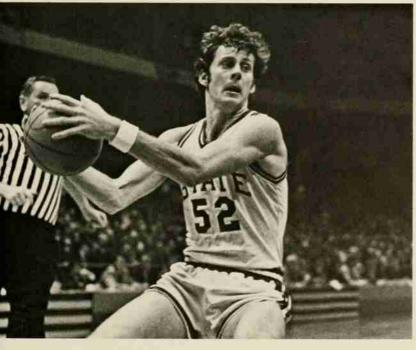


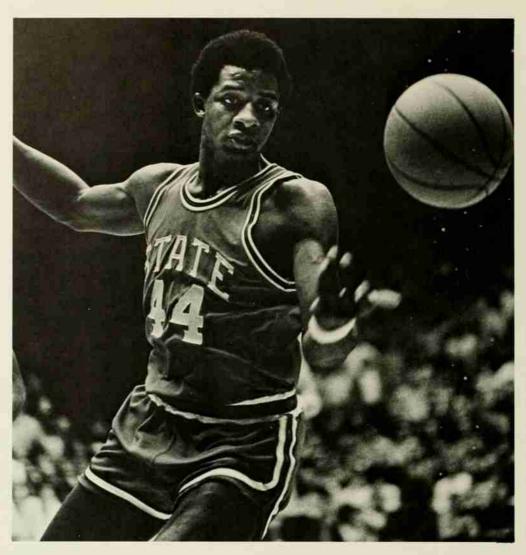
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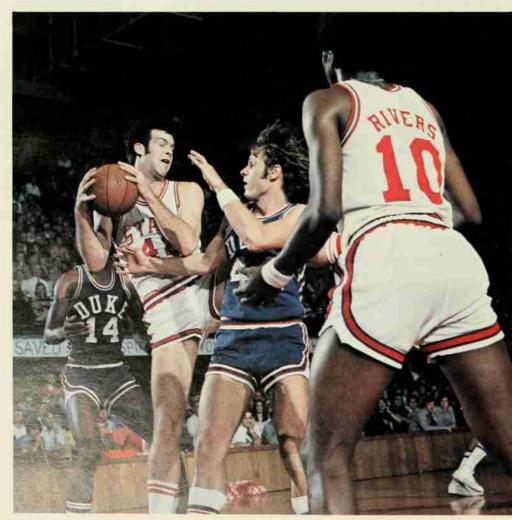
The Agromeck, the annual of North Carolina State College of Agricultural, Mechanical, and Athletic Arts, is published yearly under the auspices of the Publications Authority. The 1974 edition was printed in an edition of 8000 copies by American Yearbook Company, of Clarksville, Tennessee. Warren's American Yearbook Dull Enamel Offset 80 pound paper was used throughout. The cover is a natural finish buckram. The type styles used were Avant Garde Gothic Book and Universe. All body copy was set on a Compugraphic Compuwriter II and senior names were set on an IBM MTSC.



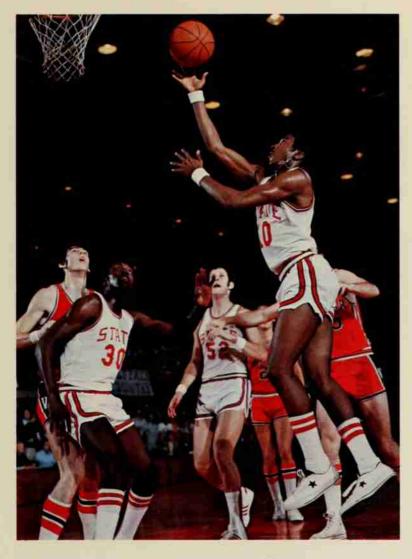




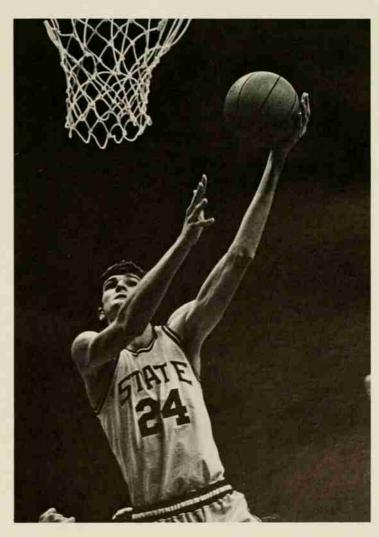


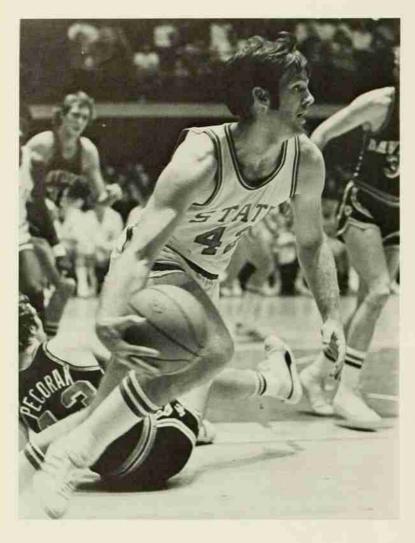


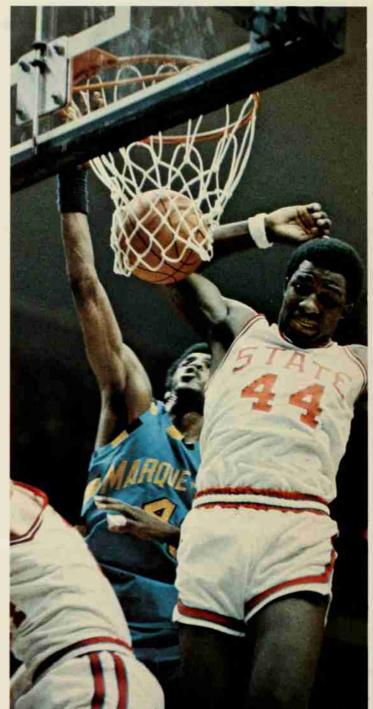




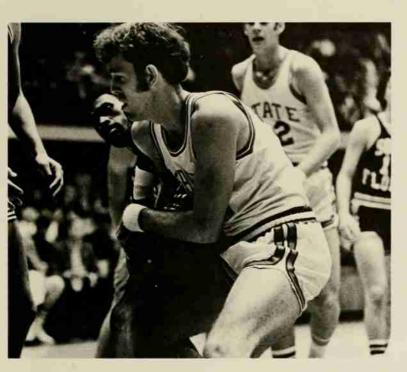


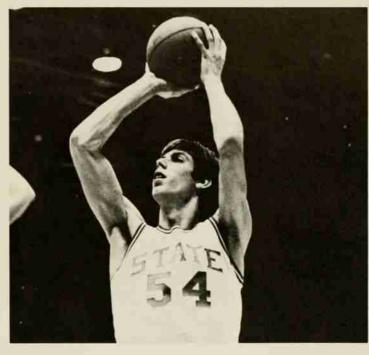










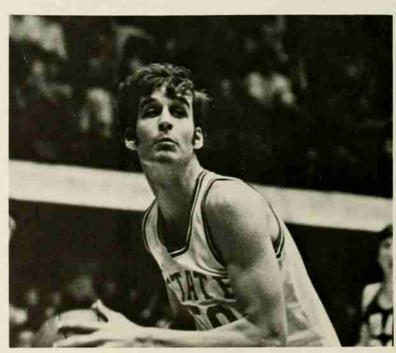


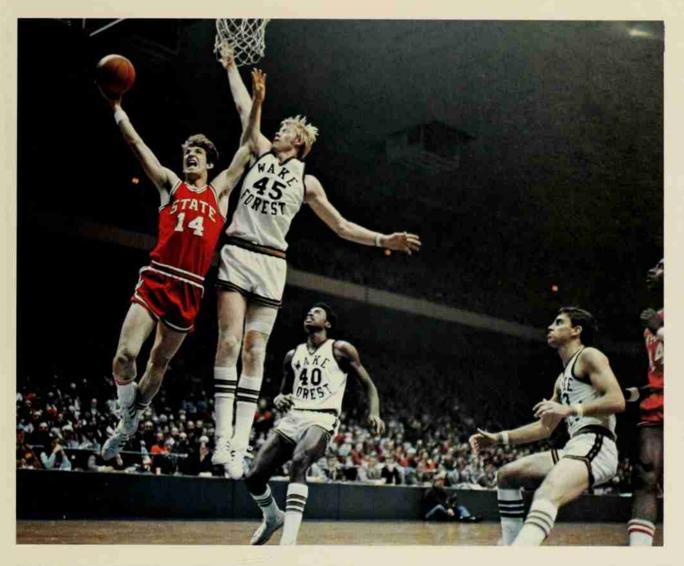






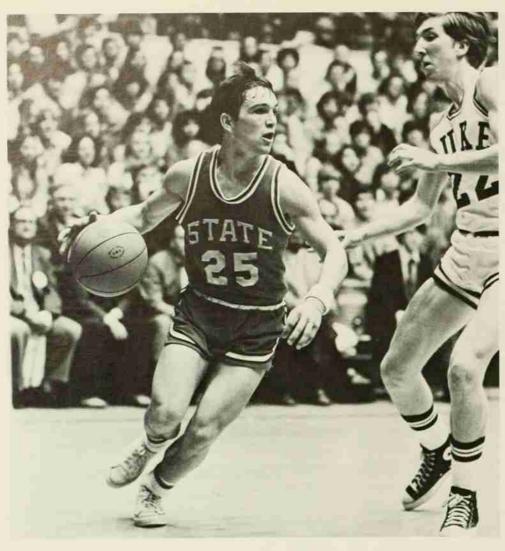


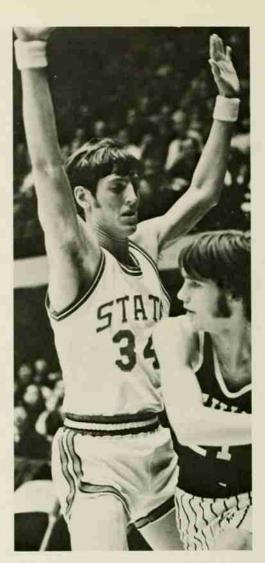


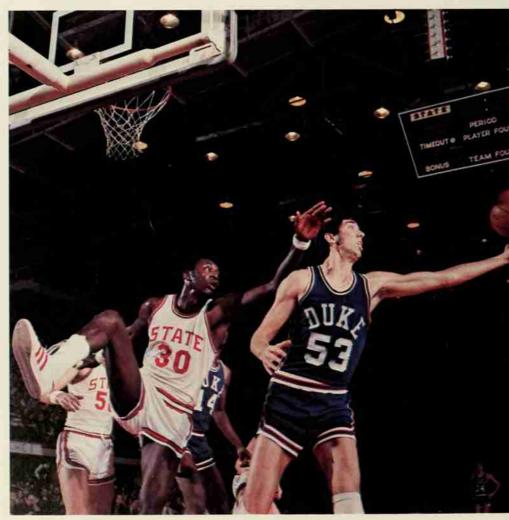


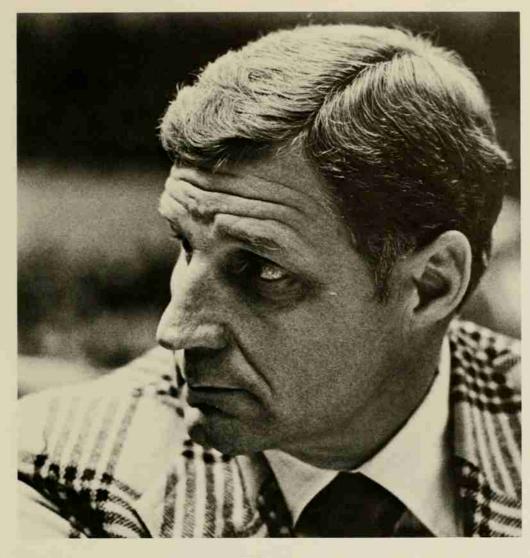


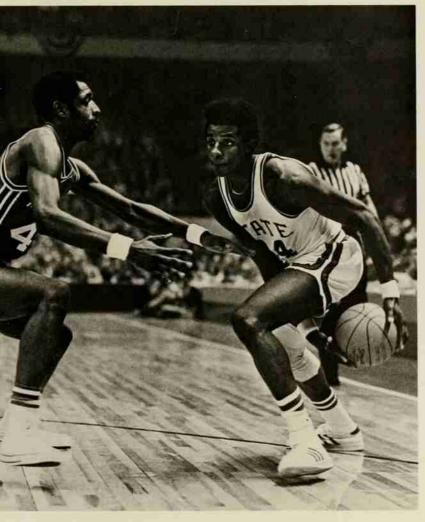




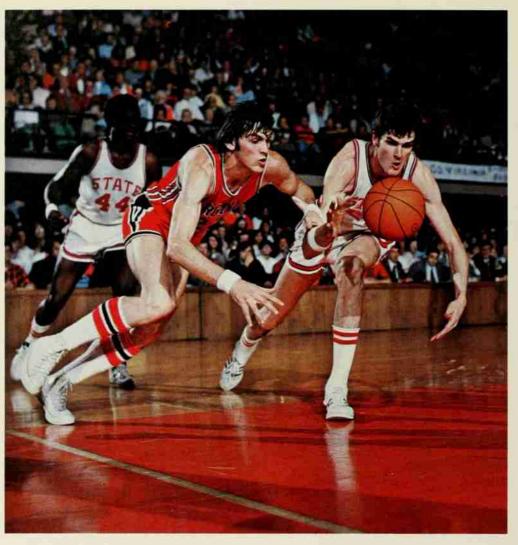






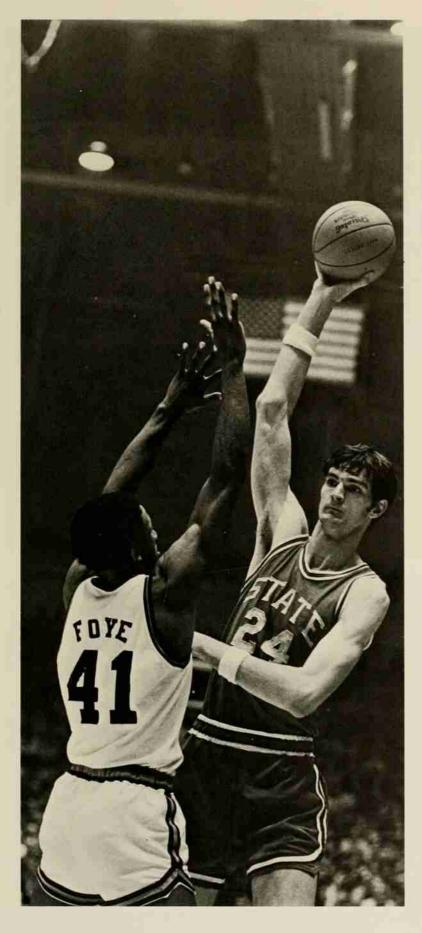


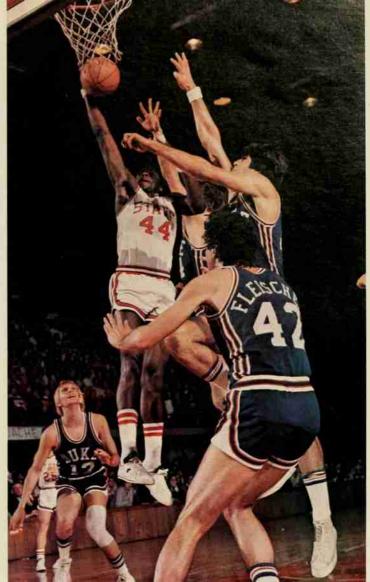




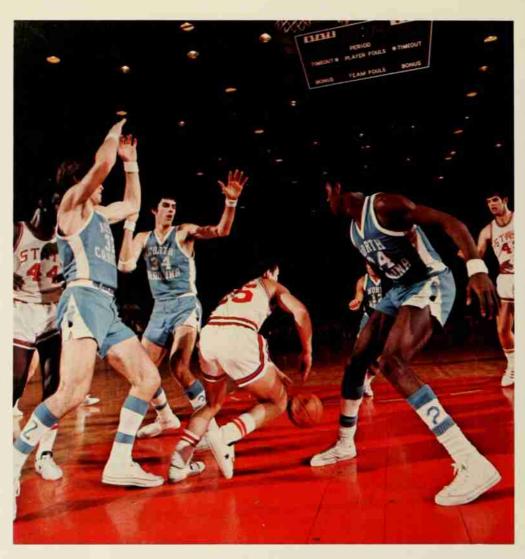














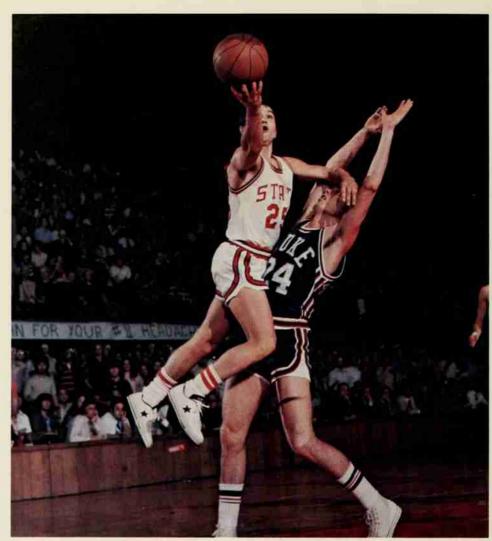






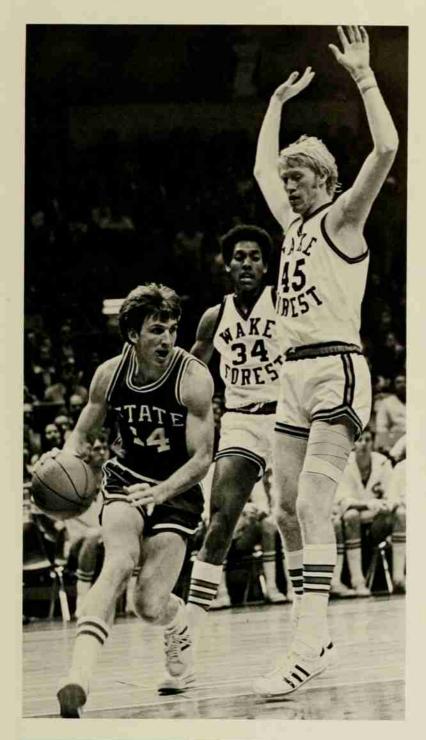


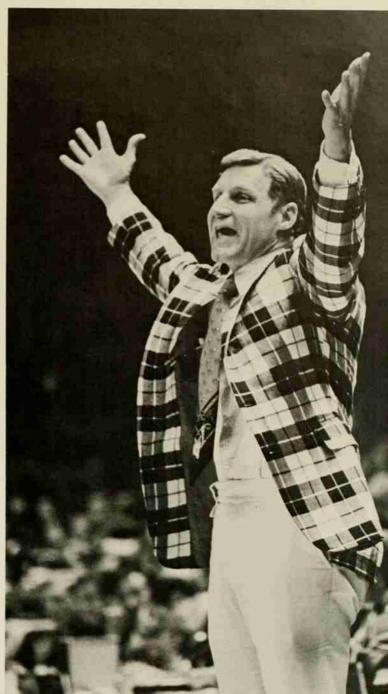


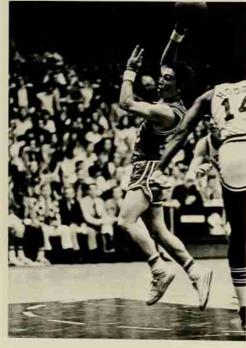














79 97	East Carolina Vermont	47 42
66	UCLA	84
94	Georgia	60
97	Villanova	82
98	Memphis State	83
78	North Carolina	77
91	Wake Forest	73
96	Clemson	68
80	Maryland	74
90	Virginia	70
104	UNC-Charlotte	72
83	North Carolina	80
86	Purdue	81
86	Maryland	80
105	Virginia	93
92	Duke	78
98	Georgia Tech	54
111	Furman	91
105	Davidson	78
111	Wake Forest	96
113	Duke	87
80	Clemson	75
83	North Carolina	72
72	Wake Forest	63
87	Virginia	66
103	Maryland (OT)	100
92	Providence	78
100	Pittsburg	72
80	UCLA (2 OT)	77
76	Marquette	64

1974 NCAA Champions Go to hell Carolina!









