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mellowed systems,
softened dreams

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softened dreams

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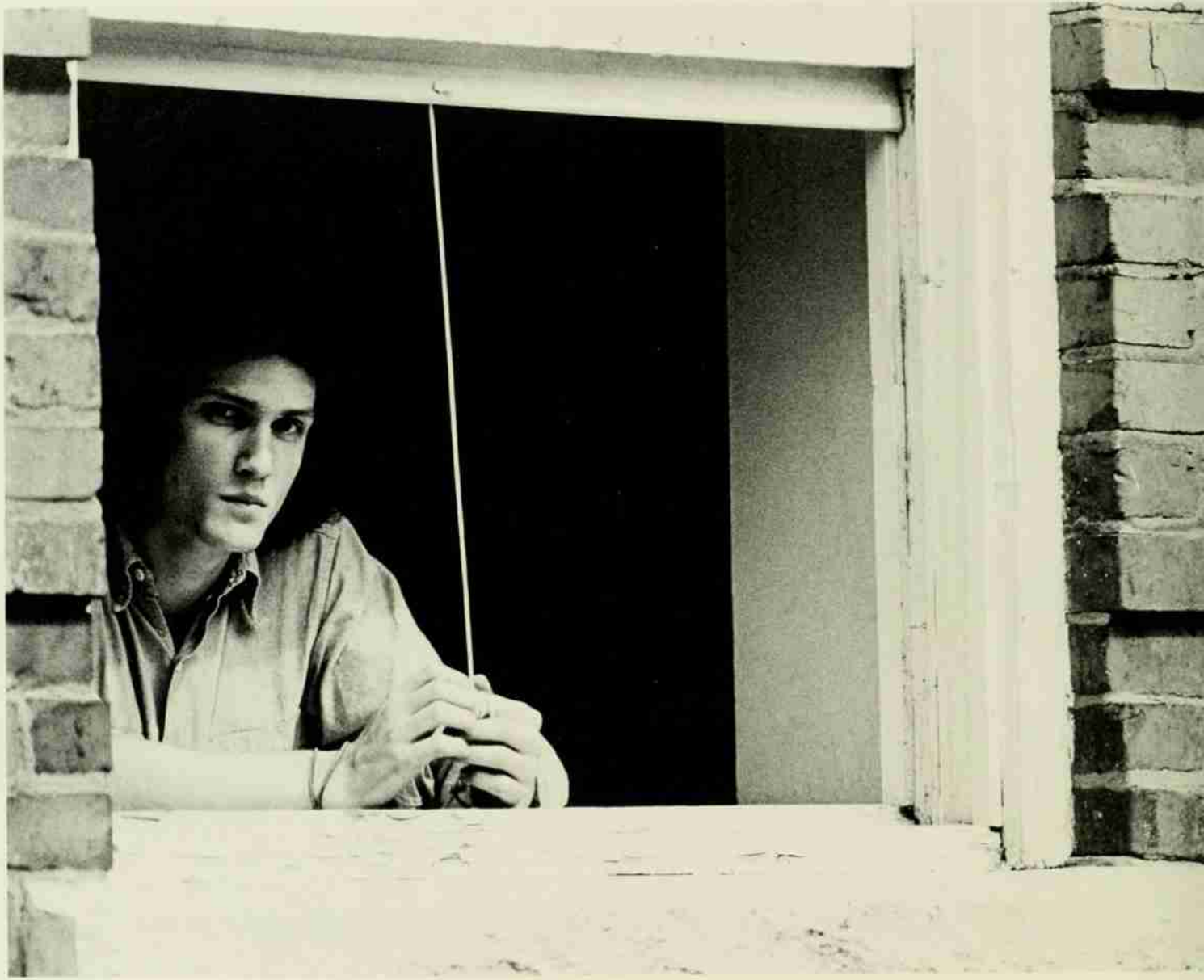
BY THE STUDENT PUBLICATION BOARD OF NORTH CAROLINA STATE UNIVERSITY, RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA


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OF JIM DAVIS OR THE ASSISTANT DEAN OF STUDENT DEVELOPMENT.

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My ongoing question is where I am in the world. It is hard to define what is me when all that surrounds me seems to be disjoint and unrelated fragments of living, things not consistent, things not continuing, not enough. My feelings are deep, yet sometimes I think I'm not having the opportunity to fully extend my capabilities - of what I can do or feel. There is always more there that hasn't quite been touched by anything outside. As if it were forbidden. Often I contribute this not-quite-enoughness to my being a woman living without benefit of a man in a world-built-for-two. Other, wiser, times I know my feelings and needs while necessarily being feminine in gender are much more strongly human being. All the time I wonder what people are about. I don't want to go through my life inspecting surface details with scientific preciseness, absent-minded and ignorant of what more is there, not visible, but even more real, important, and individual than what my eyes can see in the mass, humanity.





Part of the whole. Or are you? Are you separate, or are you alone? An identity? Where? You are part of 15,500, a tiny part at that. Your teachers can lose you; the computer can lose you - you can even lose yourself. Look at the crowd. Do you see a crowd, or do you see people alone? Perhaps you are frightened today; perhaps you have forgotten who and what you are - maybe you haven't known for some time. Your identity is inert in a room filled with cotton candy, smothered in alikeness, drowned in nothingness. Is this really where you find yourself; is school the tutor of yourself? Go to class. They will teach you something, quantum mechanics, the Carolingian Kings, Ferlinghetti. Go to all your classes, go for the entire week; did you learn anything about yourself? Anything to affirm who you are, or what you might be?

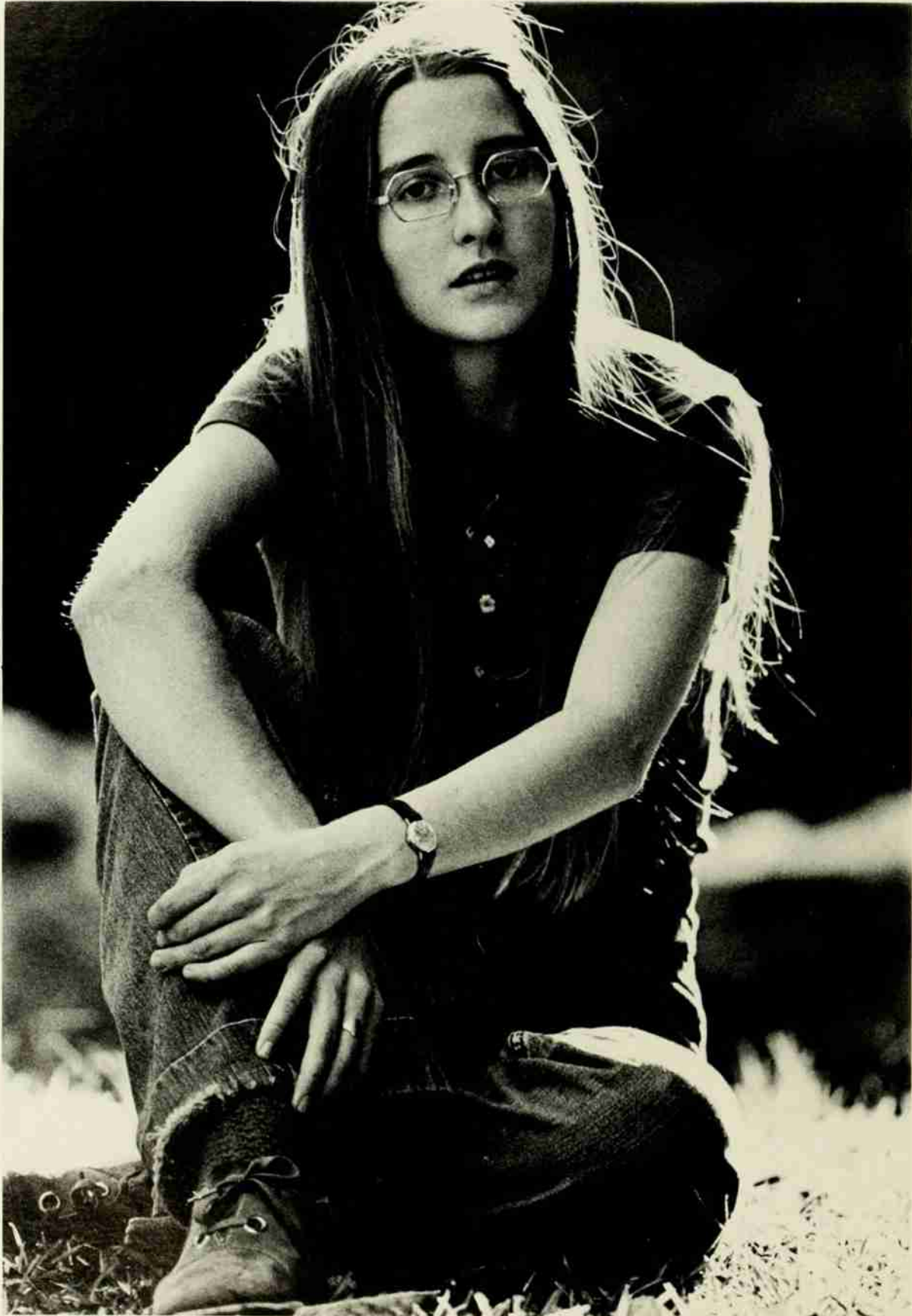
Why are you here? Why are you being filled with so much yet learning so little? Why are you surrounded by so many yet so alone?

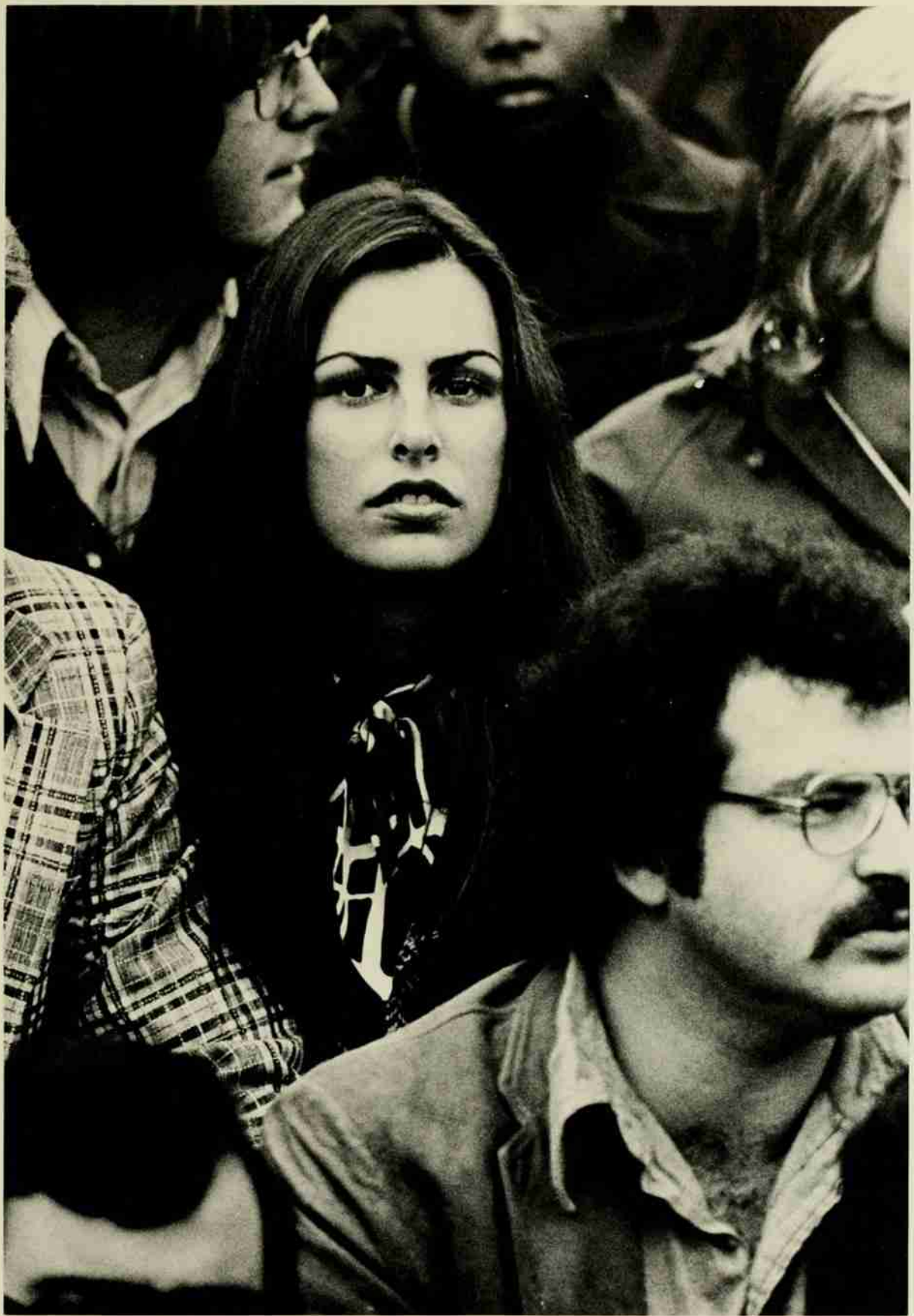
Forget the Carolingian Kings (they're dead); forget about quantum mechanics (they'll surely displace it); forget about Ferlinghetti (he's no longer in style).

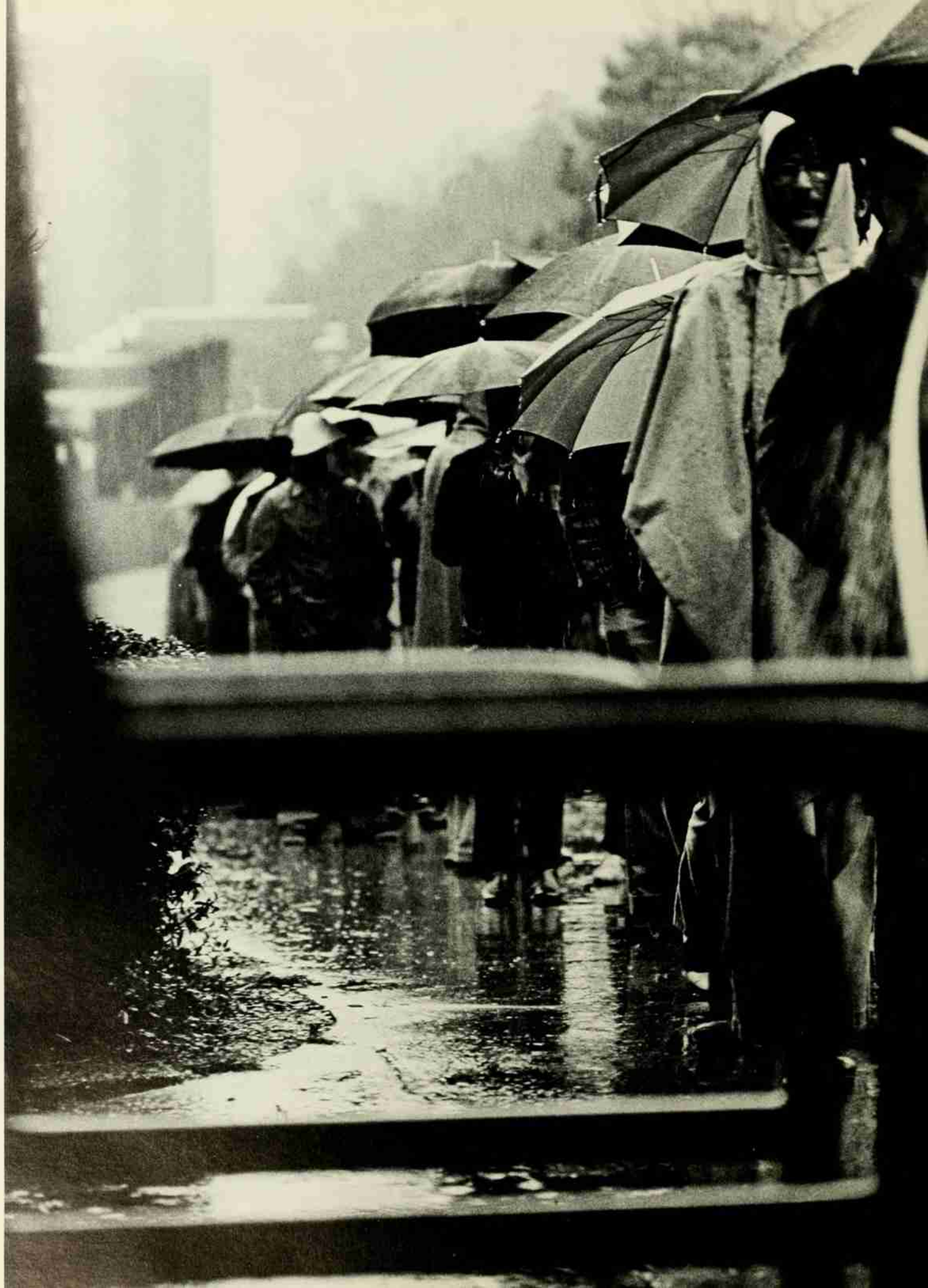
Laugh. Laugh at it. How can anyone take it seriously? They are all frauds; they claim to be educating you, but you don't know anything - nothing, not even as much as a child because their endless repetition of endless facts has drowned your senses in ennui. Damn it they're bullshitting you; they claim to be adding and instead they're subtracting; you're getting dumber by the minute. Throw it up; leave it all: skip class, sleep till two in the afternoon, play a little handball, drink, gossip, date, sleep around. And you are just as empty as you ever were. Oh, you're free all right; but you're still empty; you still don't know who you are or even if you are. So creep back into school, with stealth and a little cunning, looking behind you all the while. Ease into the chair when the professor's back is turned and listen to what he says and then listen to how his words apply to you. Ask questions about them, and force him to answer the person in you who is trying to come out. Take the courses which educate you: not what you want to be, not what you might be, but

what you are. Make them tell you who you are. They can't of course, only you can do that, but they can help. Now! Now, damn it; live right now; you are not going to grow up and be something - you are something right now. And they are stealing from you the something you are, and you're not only letting them, you're helping them. So creep back into class and listen closely to what they say; listen closely inside yourself to know if, once again, they are betraying you and if you are betraying yourself.

You are not empty; you are not going dead inside; you are not alone, merely...









REGISTRATION DATA
DEPARTMENT OF REGISTRATION AND
NORTH CAROLINA STATE UNIVERSITY
P. O. BOX 5126, RALEIGH, N. C.

As a part of our computer registration system at NCSU, we need the registration process. Please complete the information below and

Print

1. Name

_____ Last _____ First _____ Middle

PERMANENT ADDRESS

If it is requested that you enter your parent's or guardian's correct home address, if neither of these addresses are appropriate, enter the address you consider your permanent home address.

2. Street:

Enter house, box, or route number and street name.

3. City & State:

4. County & Zip Code:

5. Phone:

6. Name of High School Where Graduated:

7. Year Graduated from High School:

8. Location of High School: Enter city and state.

9. Sex: F D Female, M Male. 10. Marital Status: S C Single, M D Married.

SEX - **MARRIAGE**

15. Ethnic Background:

16. Religious Preference:

17. Father's name:

18. Y N Yes No. Father living? N, D, O.

Mother:

DEPT. NUMBER	COURSE NUMBER

APPLICATION FOR READMISSION
NORTH CAROLINA STATE UNIVERSITY
Readmissions Office
P. O. Box 5126, N. C. 27605, Raleigh, N. C. 27605

DIRECTIONS: Application must be filed at least 30 days prior to intended admission. Print in ink or type all information except signature.

1. Mr. _____ Ms. _____ Last Name _____ First Name _____

2. Current Mailing Address _____ House, Box, or Route Number and _____ State _____ City _____

3. SEX/MARITAL Single male _____ (1) Single female _____ (2) Married _____

4. APPLICANT'S ETHNIC GROUP: Ethnic identification is required for compliance with the Americans with Disabilities Act. Health, Education and Welfare to assure compliance with the Americans with Disabilities Act. All applications are considered without reference to race or ethnicity. AMERICAN CAUCASIAN _____ (A) AMERICAN NEGRO _____ (C) AMERICAN INDIAN _____ (B) AMERICAN ORIENTAL _____ (D) _____

5. Date of birth _____ Place of birth _____ Are you a legal resident of North Carolina? Yes _____ No _____ Have you maintained your domicile in North Carolina for _____ months? No _____ Yes _____ If you have not maintained your domicile in N. C. for _____ months, attach a copy of your tax records for the _____ state or country are you a legal resident of _____ State University _____

SCHEDULE REVISION FORM
PLEASE PRINT - USE BALL POINT PEN

Print _____ Last Name _____ First _____

Classification _____ Curriculum _____

- To be valid, this form must be dated and signed by the student and the department adviser.
- Student must obtain from teaching department a copy of the present schedule to be revised.
- Student must have copy of present schedule to Department of Registration and Advising.
- Submit form and all course cards to Department of Registration and Advising.

DROP

Course Title _____ Date Added _____

ADD

Course Title _____ Date Added _____

Signed: _____

School Dean (If Applicable) _____

NORTH CAROLINA STATE UNIVERSITY
REGISTRAR'S COPY

READ CAREFULLY THE INSTRUCTIONS BELOW

INSTRUCTIONS TO THE STUDENT
1. All items above must be completed.
2. STUDENT MUST BE OFFICIALLY REGISTERED AND ENROLLED IN THE COURSE FOR WHICH HE/ SHE IS REQUESTING CREDIT ONLY (REGISTRATION AND ENROLLMENT APPROVAL MUST BE TURNED IN TO THE DEPARTMENT OF REGISTRATION AND ADVISING WITHIN THE 30-DAY PERIOD OF THE REQUESTED PERIOD AT THE TIME OF THE CREDIT-ONLY GRADING).

- Complete this side of the form.
- Print all the information requested.
- Obtain your adviser's signature.
- Double check to be certain that all information is correct.
- After completing this side of the form, turn in this side of the form to your department adviser. Then record your course you are requesting credit in the SMALL SQUARE BELOW IN THE PROPER COLUMN. Indicate in the proper column that the form is the student's copy.
- Turn your fully completed form in to the Registrar's Office during the official pre-registration period.

Information requested below immediately to the appropriate person.

CURRICULUM CHANGE FORM
NORTH CAROLINA STATE UNIVERSITY

First _____ Middle _____ Identification Number _____

INSTRUCTIONS TO STUDENTS

CURRICULA: Secure the signature of the Dean of the School which is currently enrolled (releasing Dean).
 _____ Date _____
 _____ Date _____
 _____ Date _____

Parents' Confidential Statement
Academic Year _____

REGISTRATION SCHEDULE REQUEST

CLASS	HOURS CREDIT	TIME	DATE

After you and your adviser have decided on the courses to be taken, fill in the spaces provided.

You have indicated the correct Call Number for each course. When you turn this form, turn it over and complete the information in the "Hours Credit" column also; this is the number of credit and those you wish to audit. Mark the correct semester or summer session for which the request is being made. If you are requesting a substitute request if appropriate, attach a Substitute Request form in to the Department of Registration and Records during the registration period.

NORTH CAROLINA STATE UNIVERSITY
REGISTRAR'S COPY

Adviser's Signature _____

REGISTRATION FORM

PLEASE PRINT - USE BALL POINT PEN - PRESS HARD

NAME: Last Name _____ First _____ Middle _____
 ADDRESS: _____
 PHONE: _____
 CITY: _____ STATE: _____ SEMESTER/SESSION: _____
 ZIP: _____ YEAR: _____

CLASSIFICATION: _____

APPLICABLE COURSES:

Course Title	Dept. Abbr.	Crse. No.	Sec. No.	Cr.	Hours	Grds.	Blgd.

Signed: _____
 School Dean of Applicable _____
 Student's Adviser _____

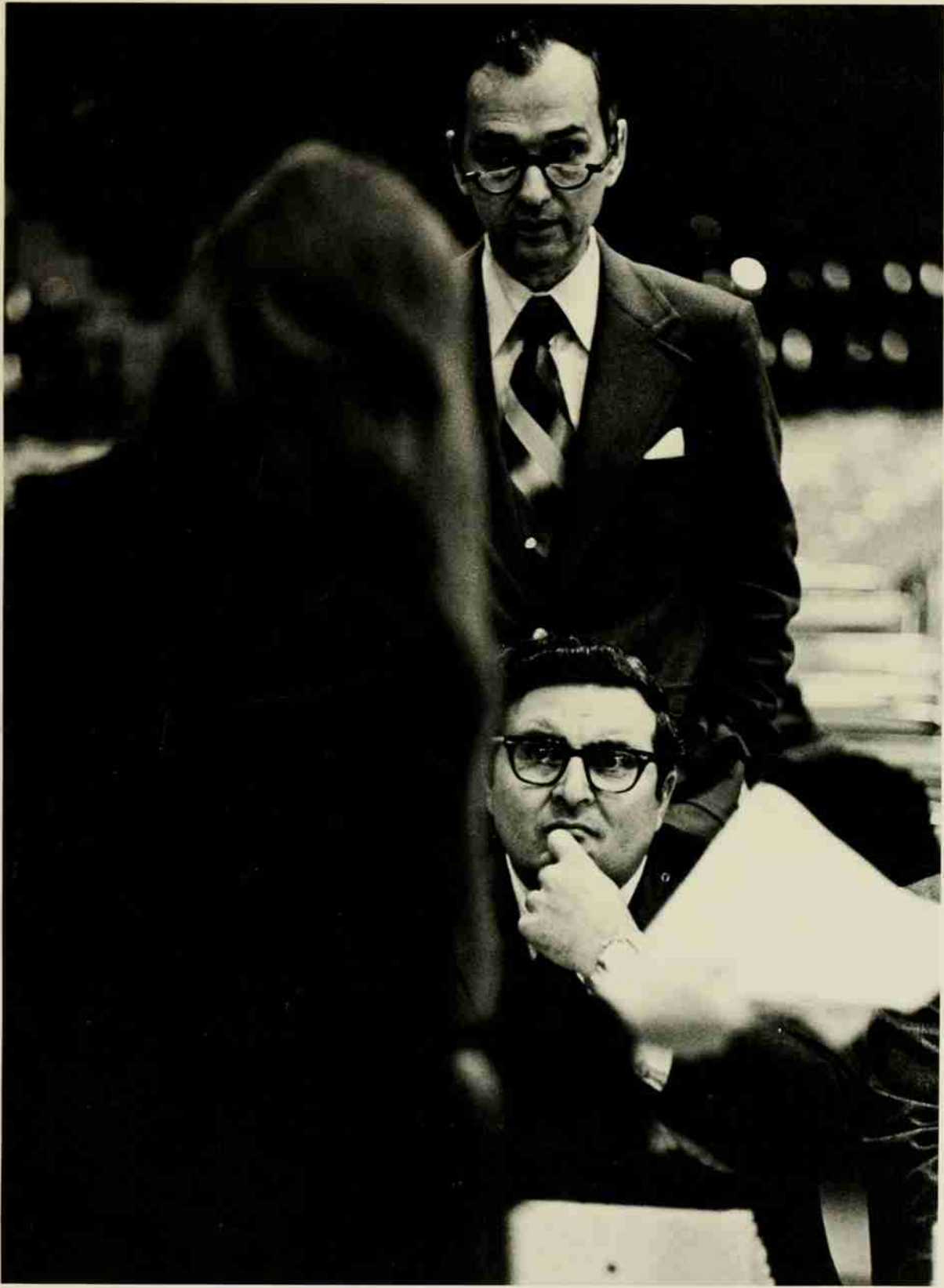
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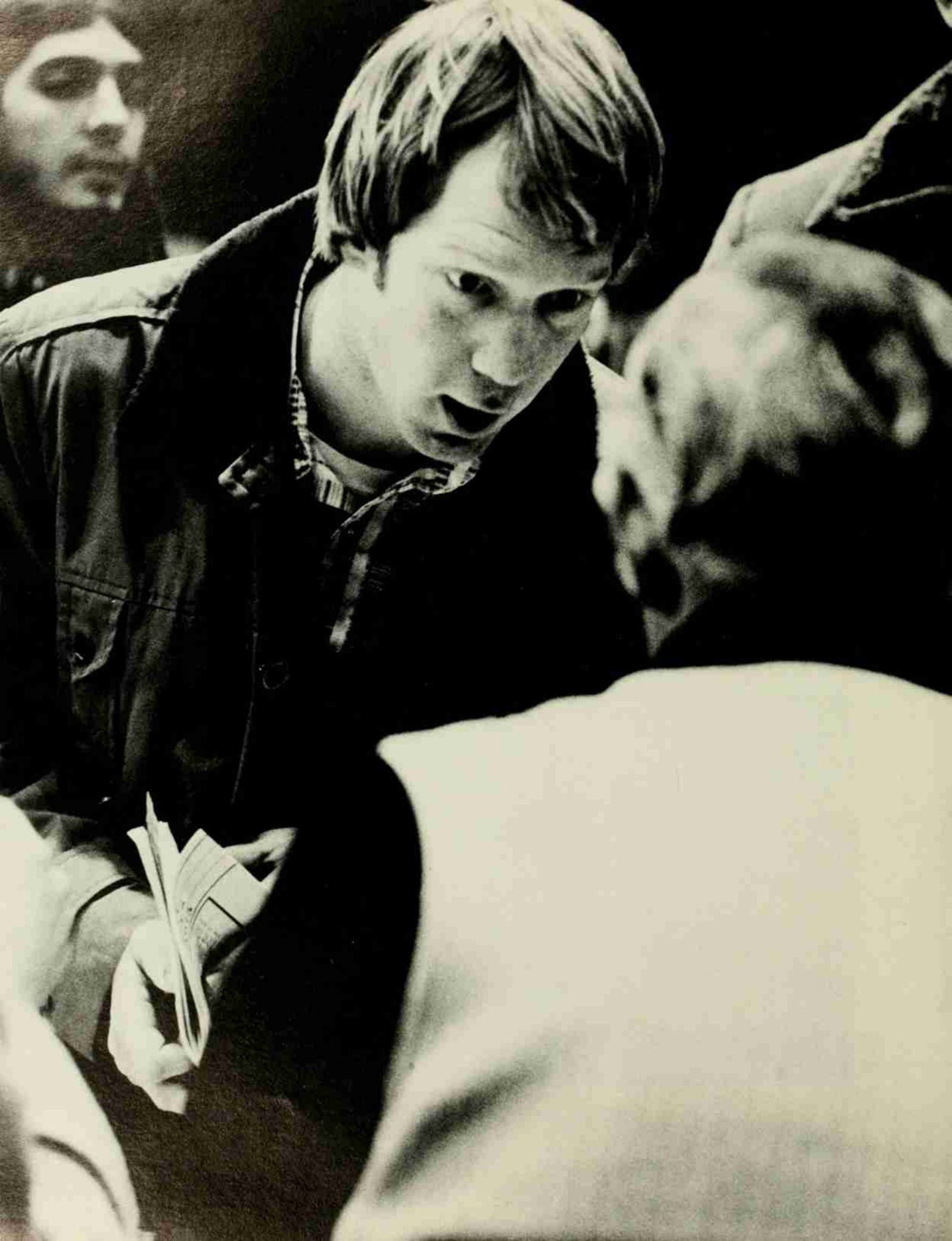
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COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIP SERVICE
OF THE COLLEGE ENTRANCE EXAMINATION BOARD

REGISTRATION
INFORMATION







B-001

closed

B-002

closed

B-003

closed

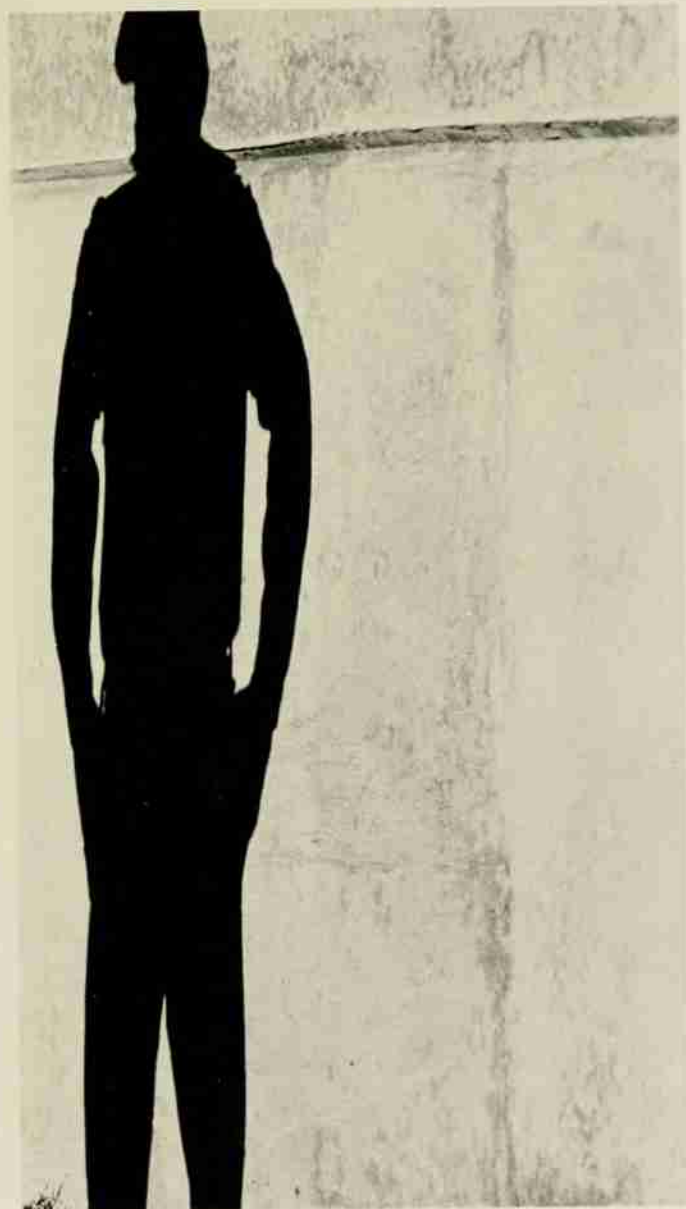
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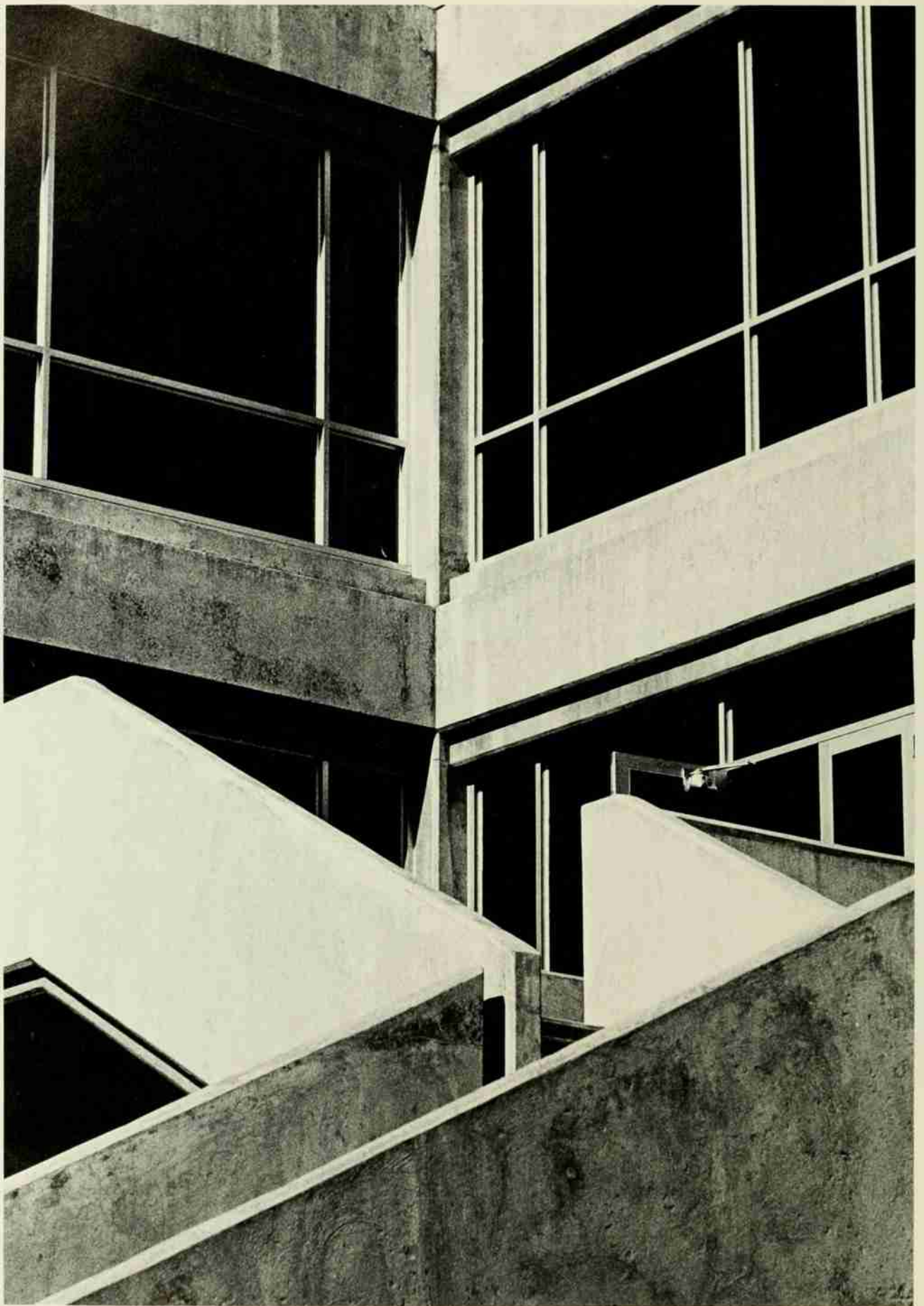
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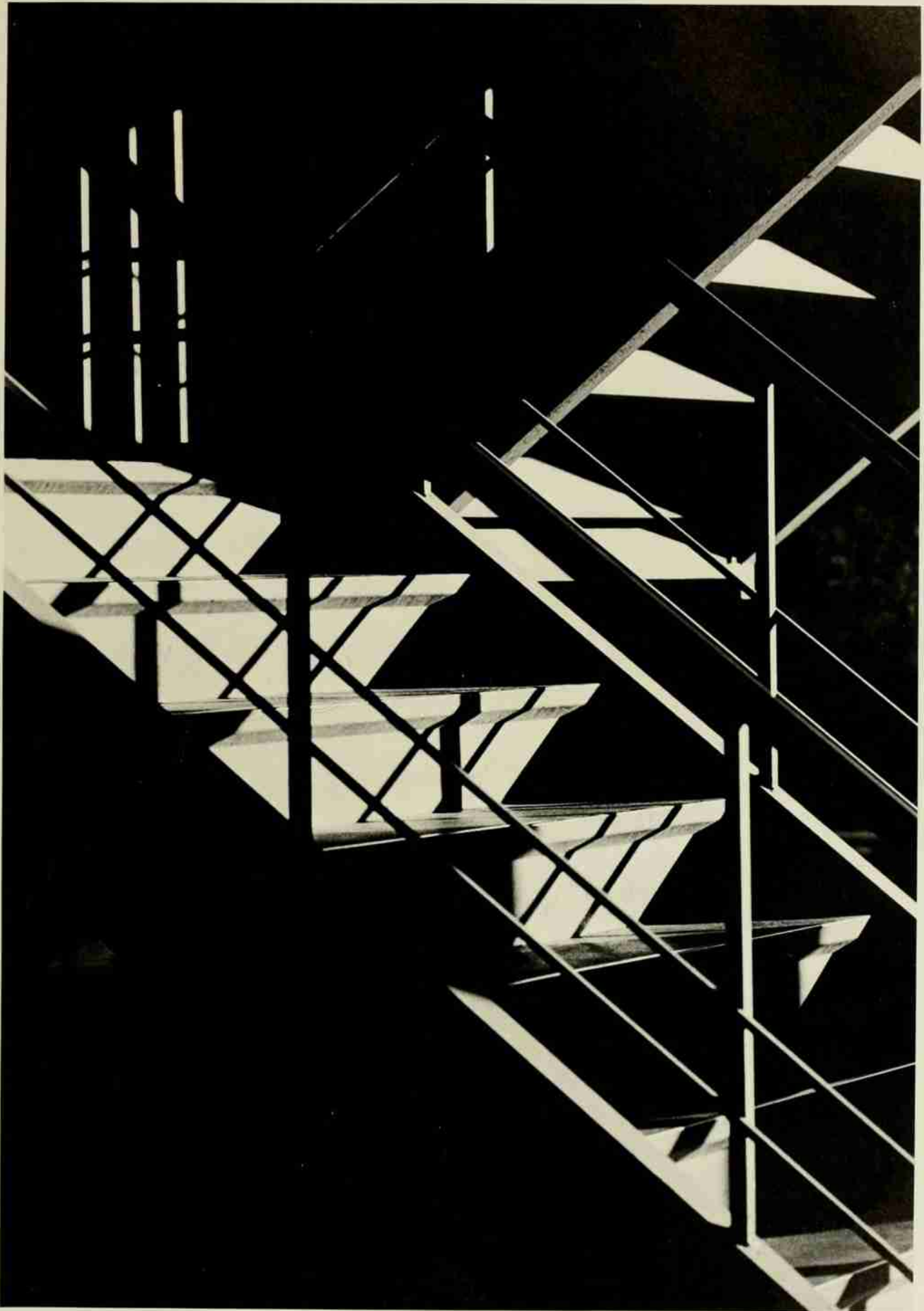
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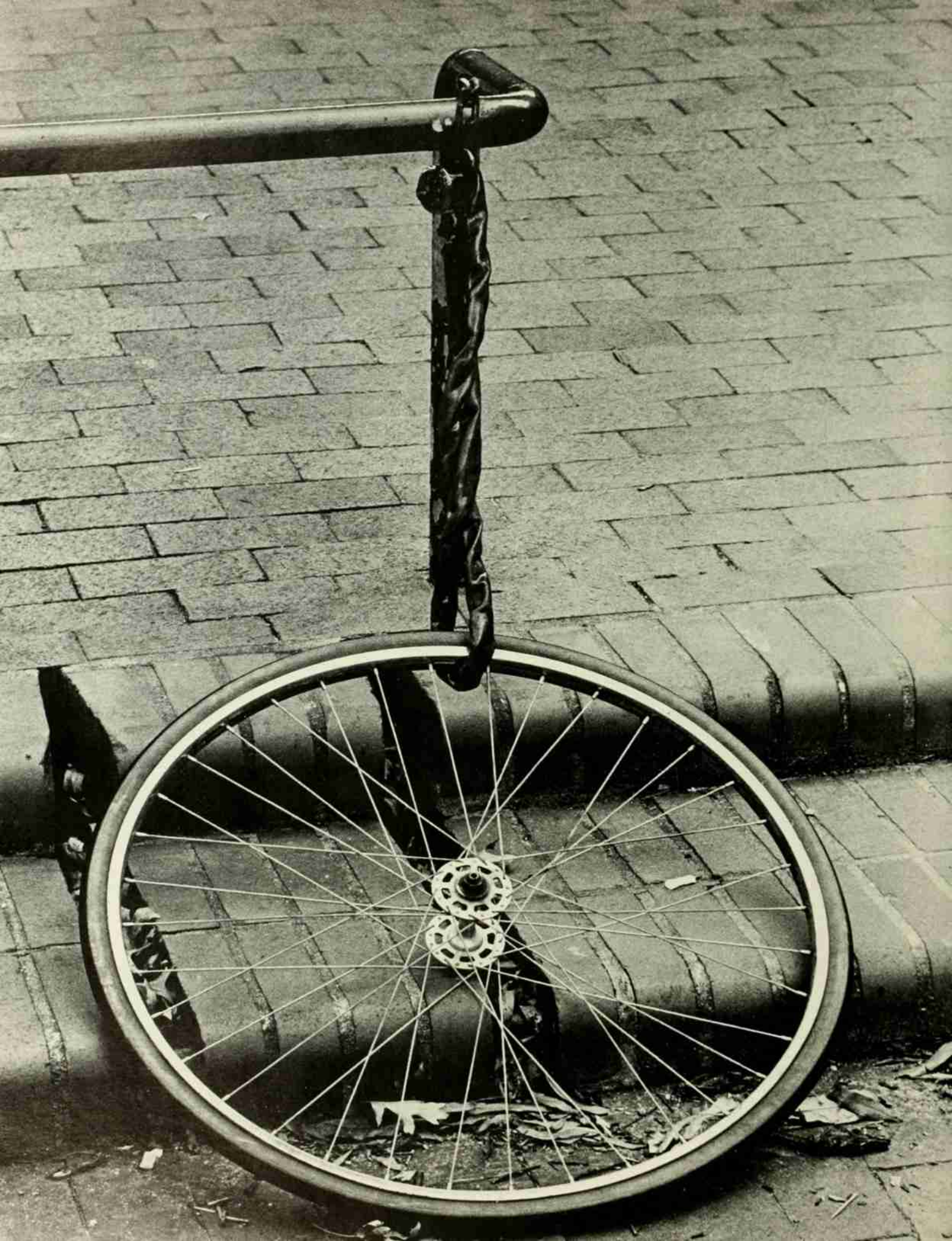
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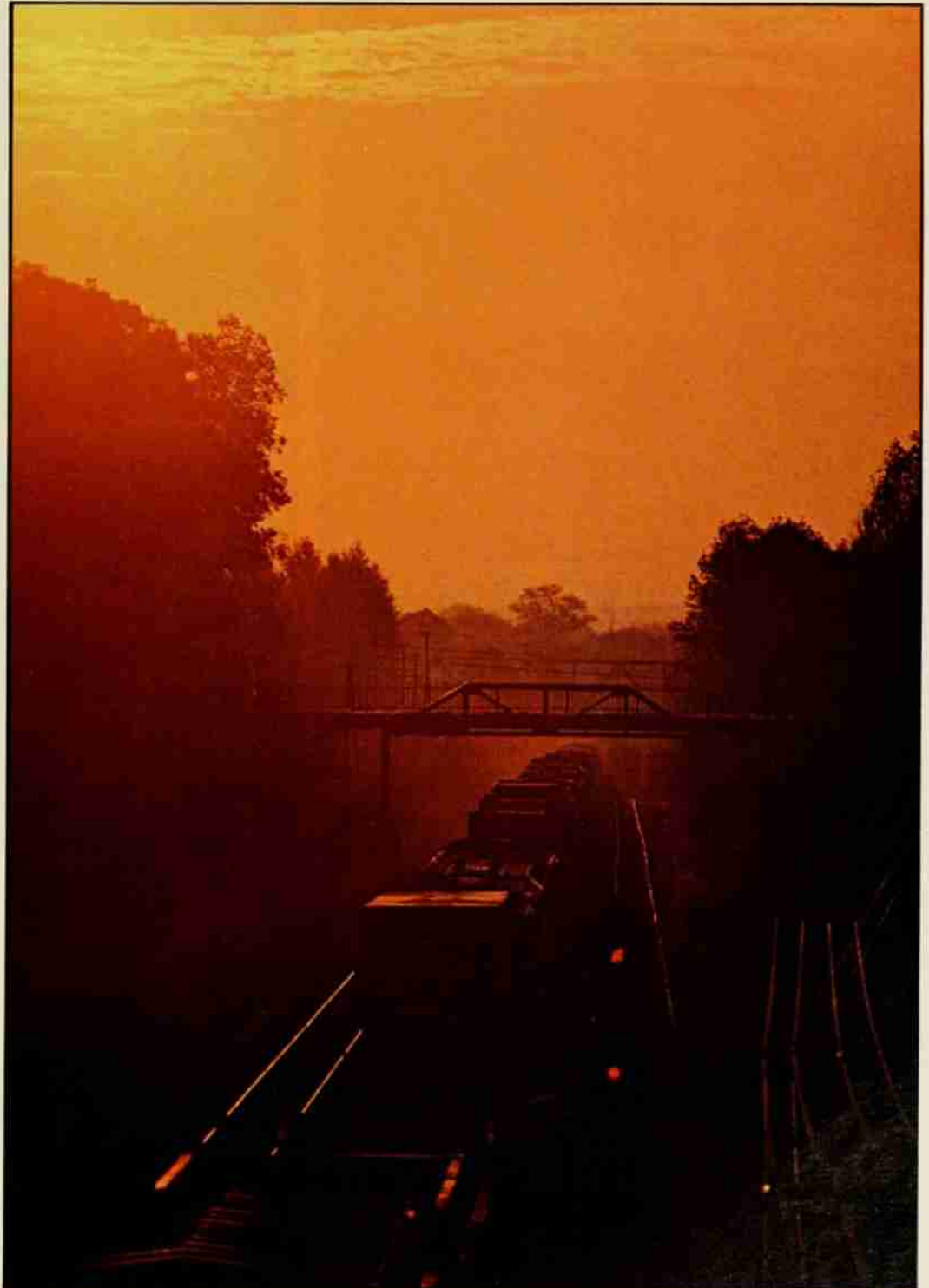
If you are graduating now, you entered the school world around 1970. Things were pretty good then: the economy was healthy, women's lib was thriving, there were only blacks instead of niggers, and we had even forced Nixon to wind down the war in Vietnam. Things were pretty good: you wouldn't get drafted, your city wouldn't get burned, and anyone worth assassinating had been assassinated (and you wouldn't be forced to go through that trauma again). You could protest still - maybe even change the world. You could go through the diploma mill and score a certified meaningful job. It was all black and white; so simple. You could be anybody you wanted to be; when you left school, the world needed your highly trained skills; they didn't care who or what you were or, particularly, what you stood for; their technocracy needed you...Guess what? They don't need you anymore. The world has changed. We just had Watergate; we just lost Vietnam - it doesn't matter that some of us never gave a damn about either, what matters is that the world outside our world is tittering. Oh, and that guaranteed meaningful job? It isn't there anymore; Not enough jobs to go around. Your degree may be worthless; we may dig a few ditches before all this is over - really. Scared? Aren't you scared just a little? as this neat pat

world crumbles and transforms itself anew? But still there's the womb, mother college, where nothing ever happens except your grades, your lovers, and occasionally, your parents. Mother college, a place to learn to be something or someone. A chance to grow with other people.

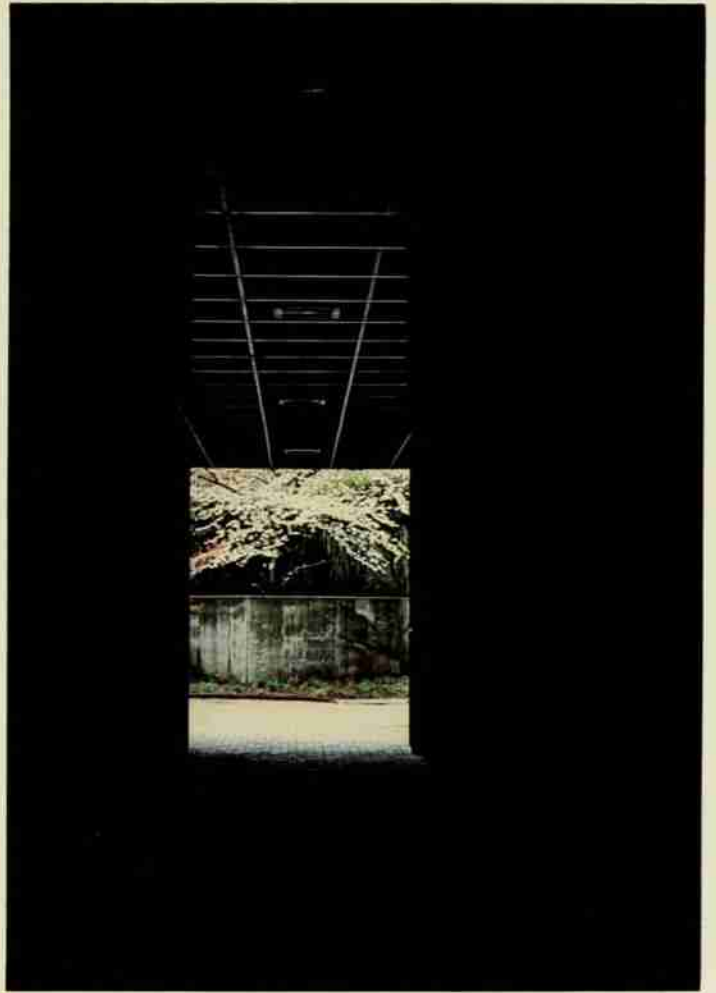
This is a book about people. The people were here at State in 1974 and 1975; some have since gone, though many remain, but most of that really doesn't matter. What matters is that they were people, people among us. People we knew, or perhaps didn't know, but people who shared an experience in common with ourselves. The words and pictures that preceded and the words and pictures which follow are those from and of people like you. Look around inside them; you may find yourself there, or you may find a part of you you never knew about. I hope so. I hope a few of your friends and a few of your experiences are here; I want this to be your book.

Early in the morning, he would quietly ease from his girl's room in Bowen, maybe she was still asleep or maybe they came together gently and made love quietly, softly to one another before he left. But he would slip away, carrying a few books, slinging his Nikon over his shoulder, hurrying back to his dorm room to begin playing student once again. Passing over the bridge, once he caught the train in the early morning light, striking, touching inside, making a day which might have been dull with classes and repetitious with bricks. Bricks. It seemed like there was nothing but bricks—but no, no, it really wasn't like that at all. Other things, there were other things besides bricks. Tiny spots, crystal teardrops of color amidst a campus all too much alike. These he would remember too.

Maybe you caught them; they are there you know: poignant colors, piercing shadows, monotones and rainbows. Worlds in miniature, fantasies to dwell upon, fantasies to live inside. Oh, we have our pathways, even our interesting buildings, but look beyond them. Look inside the tiny parts of his world, of your world. See it. Touch it. Let it touch you. It's more than brick, really; it's quite beautiful you know.









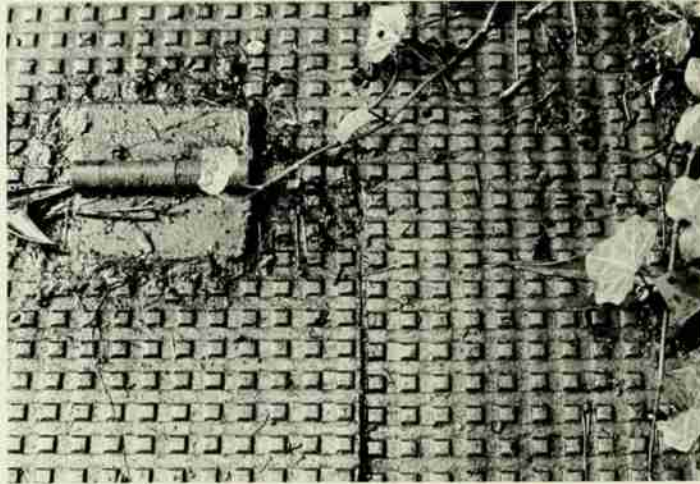


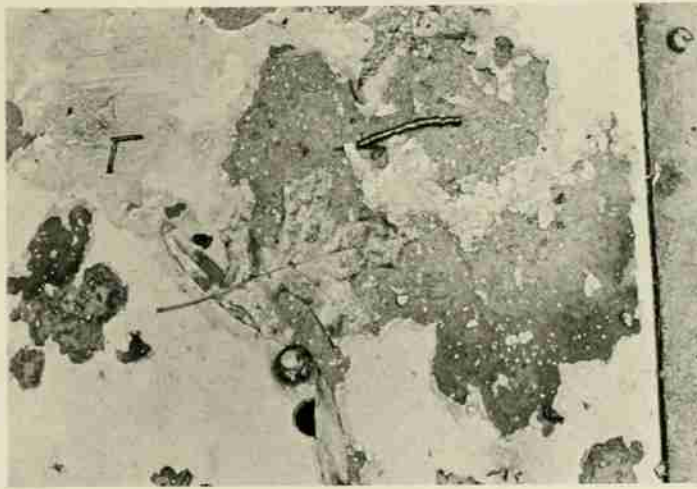
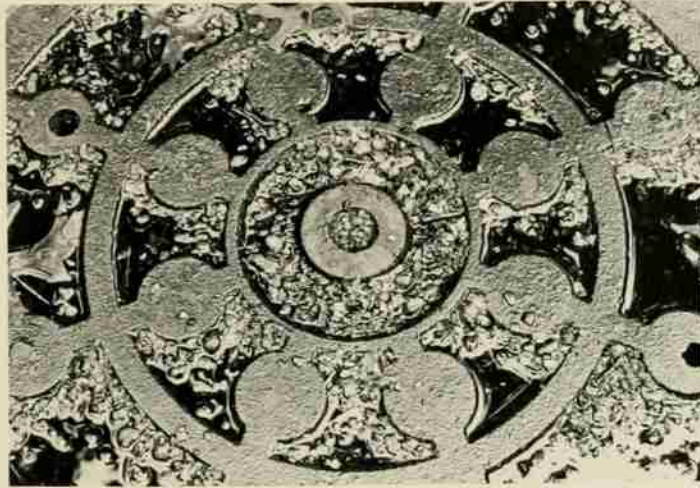




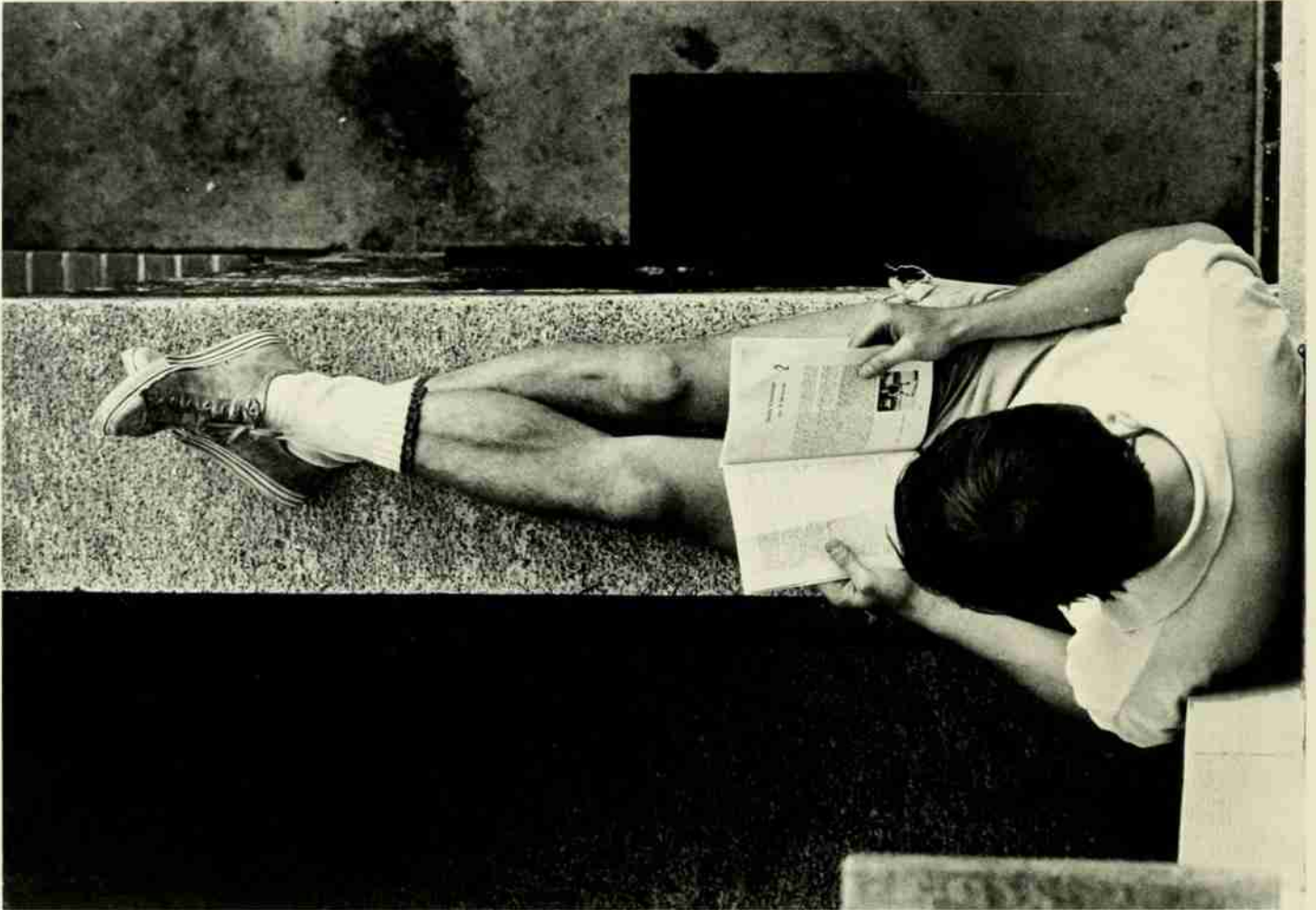








Learning Stories



Did you learn anything at all here? And if you did, how did you learn it? Just what is the college experience, what are its values, and what are its faults? What is the true worth of these four years? Four teachers and

administrators were asked these questions, and the following are their replies. The answers they gave are not simple, nor are they pat, for all found these innocent questions quite difficult to answer, and all

thought for some time before answering them. (If you haven't already, maybe you should ask the questions of yourself; you might be surprised at the answers, just as these men were.)

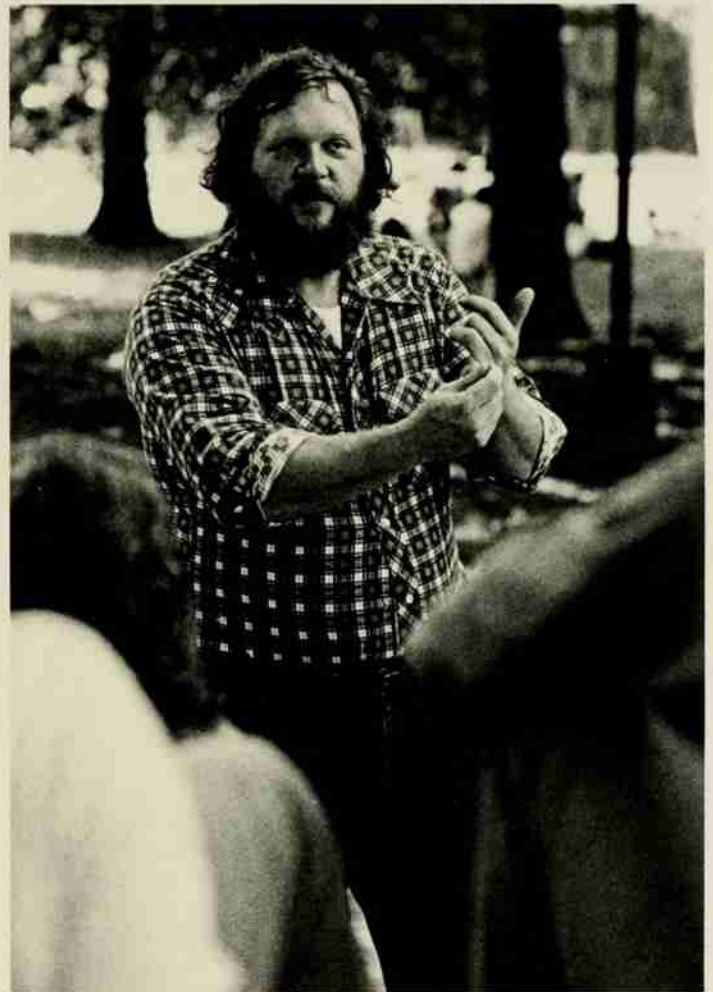
One

After four years we leave with more questions than we arrived with. Four years ago we knew where we were and why. Today we know neither. After wondering for four years about the sign reading "No Pass Outs," we wonder now what we've passed through. We're impelled now to ask, "What's the point?" We demand of our education that it change us; but we are not changed. We demand that it prepare us; and we are not prepared for what we discover. We demand that it make us productive; but we do not produce what we were trained to produce. We ask what we did for four years. We ask what the instructors did. We ask what the university did. We keep our eyes focused outwardly and project on the world what we feel inside. We look inside and find nothing which corresponds to what we see outside. We ask, at the end of this, "What's the point, if all was pointless; just what is the point?" And in five more years, ten years, more questions...no end to this.

So what is the point? The point of this is the point of everything we do. In a period of concentration and expansion, faith and doubt, contemplation and action, for four years we presumptuously ape the mind of God--favorite exercise of the mind of men--in learning about ourselves, our lives, the lives of others. Here inside we play at life while it is still safe to do so, for our real lives, we feel, don't begin until we step outside. We came to be shaped, to be formed, to be fitted for the world outside; and we came to shape ourselves, little

knowing we were shaped before we came. We find as we leave that we are what we always were, always will be, yet at the same time as impressible as whirling clay. The motion is circular, turning outward perpetually yet at the same time inward upon ourselves in ways we never know. We thrive on action, are smitten by spectacle, and come to know that the action of the mind, the spectacle of the intellect at work and at play, are merely different forms of action and spectacle returning from outside in, perpetually renewing themselves, perpetually renewing and confirming ourselves. We grow and change, in four years, expand and contract, learn and unlearn--yet remain the same. We circulate about that center present in us at conception and seldom turn and face its reality. Here, in an easy contemplative atmosphere, instructors, counselors, classmates, friends conspire to force our turning in and out so that that center might at once be acknowledged and ignored, but trusted.

So what is the point? The point is what it always was, what it always is: that still point of our turning world that keeps us turning, changing, growing, remaining the same until we are glazed and ready to be fired--a function the university never subserved however much demanded. Time for glazing comes soon enough. Better that the university do what it has always done: keep our clay wet and keep us turning.





Two

These perceptions about the University experience follow a two-year intermittent conversation with Jim Davis... a conversation that has included: information versus knowledge, teaching versus learning, looking versus seeing, producer versus consumer, and role versus goal. I cannot separate Jim from these perceptions for they have been provoked by his questions of himself, the School of Design (which he was in briefly), the University (his current environment for development), the establishment (that thrust him into an incredible situation in Viet Nam), and society (to which he feels a unique sense of responsibility). His request of me to put into an essay, without platitudes, the essence of those discussions has been a challenge.

As the universe is the aggregate of all existing things, then the university is a microcosm of our universe... all in one small community. It is structured around bodies of knowledge reflecting the institutions of society and set in the system of operation and governance to facilitate human development in the broadest sense. So for you, the student, this seems an ideal place to learn. It offers you people and resources arranged in a setting to enable your intellectual growth.

Your personal development began some years ago, but it can take on new meaning here... why? You have been compelled to spend twelve years in some kind of educational system, so why invest another five percent of your life and twenty thousand dollars-plus in such an experience? There is no performance contract and the institution guarantees you neither wisdom nor affluence upon the completion of your investment. In a time that encourages you "to do your own thing", the pursuit of truth and knowledge seems like a rather worthless hobby.

So, what motivates you to want this university experience? Is it society that subtly tells you that a college education is required to "succeed"? Is it your parents who want you to have opportunities not available to them? Is it your contemporaries who believe that it is necessary in order to get your share of the action in tomorrow's world? The answer is all, some, or none of the above.

As a body of students, you all have made a decision to be here, but for individual reasons and with varying degrees of commitment to your personal development. Pressures from many sources surround you, emphasizing that you are legally an adult and that you should have a clear set of goals with a career path firmly established. If you are that self-directed upon entry to the institution, then you will probably not use fifty percent of what the university has to offer.



This is a place and a process of learning...both provide the freedom to satisfy your intellectual curiosity. You can investigate all bodies of knowledge, acquire skills, develop the ability to think, to analyze, and to challenge; and you can learn to identify problems. You will make decisions about yourself, identifying your strengths and weaknesses; and you will develop a set of values that ultimately determine what you will do with your knowledge and abilities.

This is not just a place of conventional education: lectures, seminars, and laboratories, one hundred and twenty-nine credit hours and a degree...it is more. Beyond the transfer of information in the classroom setting, your uniqueness will be supported by unconventional learning experiences: unstructured encounters, personal relationships, being a member of this community. That unconventional education helps you develop a process through which you approach problems--the recognition that problems are not going to be categorized in discrete disciplinary terms such as sociology, mathematics, psychology, physics. Problems will involve people who will not be clearly labeled and easily found in departments as in our university structure.

Problems are cross-disciplinary and will stretch your ability to extrapolate what you have learned here and to apply it to a wide range of experiences.

While the university is to facilitate your development, it does not afford you the luxury of being spoon fed. It challenges you to accept a substantial responsibility in your own development if you are to optimize your investment here. That exercise of responsibility is directly transferable to the roles you may choose to play in the future. As a passive consumer you may expect one kind of return in success or self-satisfaction, but the return will be valueless unless you take the risk of reaching out for that which is not readily apparent.

If your objectives are limited to a chosen career with income projections to insure a high level of creature comfort and material wealth, then an investment in a university experience is questionable. There may be more efficient ways to meet your objectives. If you come here with more questions than answers about your career, self-discovery, and responsibility to society, then you are on your way to a time of growth, fulfillment, and celebration, a celebration of learning which will become a celebration of life.



Three

"Hey, how about writing something about the University?" Yeh, or the Defense Department or Richard Nixon or Jesse whose too stupid to write about, or that little man in Washington frequently referred to as "reliable sources" or Ford or people who make dangerous baby toys or screw poor folks or destroy animals and the air and the water. I'll write, but why not listen to Nader or Dylan or Rollo May or Joni Mitchell or Lenny Bruce or Barry Mintzer (Where are the poets? -dylan, and my English Lit friends think that's bull-shit). (Where are the blacks--I thought about that after realizing they are missing--the invisible man--and that tells me something about where I am about awareness of blacks...and I don't know whether to feel bad about that or not.)

Some great shit about primal screams, baring your soul (and all those sick healthy--healthy sick people who have the strength to recognize they are compelled to tell us about their fantasies of loneliness and being unloved; and here is the institution, another one of those warm breasts that we want to love and want to love us and it goes on, more than most, telling us in manipulative terms and non-threatening faces how

it is going to care for us and nurture us and fight for us and stand exposed for us and make us smart and whole and peaceful in our minds and all the exciting sensual parts of our body (whatever they happen to be for you) and even the most sensible and cunning and wise among us, intellectual yet so vulnerable can't see the seductive crap for what it is. And, of course, the anger, when it forces itself out, if covered with so much anxiety and guilty and expressed so ambiguously that we never feel we have squared away this Ying Yang love-hate crap. Can anyone say they hate their mother? --Why can love be stated without qualification while hate is never flat out good old hate? --or is there really a difference?

So you want to know what we've done to you--or perhaps who has done to you. Somethings not right. Well, we--they have all done it to you from the time you were told to keep your hands out of your crotch and everyone else's crotch. What is so repulsive about all this is it makes no difference if you mother and father love you--yet they do and it is so fuckin' rare when both you and they feel it and percieve it at the same time. But, the really perverse stuff is that just about everything else could give a shit about you and they probably tell you they love you more than your folks do or did. But

those folks hungry for power and love, knowing that love and perceived love between you and your mother and father have crossed so rarely can do with you what they want and they know you are going to take it out on your mother or father or husband or wife or lover or friend or child and, obviously, on yourself.

So where are we...somebody give me a good line to say it all and then I'll make this all sound like a shitty interview with Erica Jong or a shitty yearbook with great pictures and the words of the poets--obviously I'm fighting hard to avoid using something like "you don't need a weatherman to know which way the wind blows"...which might work here.

If you know where this all is, then there's nothing I can say anyway...for those who will know what this says, I'm sorry...and for those who will never know--I'm sorry for the rest of us.

Four

Every now and then society finds itself in a strange mood that causes it to abandon some of its best-tried and most satisfactory assumptions and substitute an attitude of melancholy bewilderment. Higher education, which has long been one of the foundations of western civilization, is currently being regarded in the most curious way, as if it were a recent innovation that had proved unworkable if not fraudulent. Its critics frequently speak with the self-righteousness of someone who has been cheated by a door-to-door salesman--they complain of promises unfulfilled and wonder (to quote a recent headline in the **Times**) if it isn't all a "rip-off."

The educational establishment brought some of this on itself, to be sure. In the two decades following the second World War, it became rich, powerful, and swollen with pride. Quiet campuses became cities called "multiversities"; faculties and administrations boasted of the dollar-worth of their programs: the professor changed his image: the contemplative scholar with mis-matched socks sitting in his disorderly study gave way to the intellectual super-star with a government grant and an attache case boarding the plane to fly to a conference. In short, powerful and wealthy universities managed to suggest that they could bestow power and wealth.

In the late 1960's they paid for that, finding themselves charged with being the chief accessory-before-the-facts of militarism and social injustice. Now, in a quieter time, they are paying again as their students wonder (understandably) why all these towers,

laboratories, computers, reactors, Ph. D's and vice-presidents for one thing and another can't manage to turn out an employable graduate. And so the questions: what is the true worth of all this? Why are we here and what are we gaining from it? And the answer, curiously enough, is just what the answer always has been, whatever universities pretended to be, were asked to be, or were accused of being. One goes to a university to develop his potential as a human being. Part of that potential is the ability to earn a living, to be sure, but just as a human being, at his most highly evolved, in something more complex than a trade school. It attempts to develop the whole human being--to reach and nourish not only the vocational, but the moral, intellectual and physical man. Its end product is not a man in a job but a man in humanity. If all the uncertain factors of teaching and learning permit, he will be not only a man with a vocation, but a man possessing reason, discrimination, and generosity of feeling, able to communicate these qualities to and encourage them in others. To put it simply, our hope for a better world rests on him.

But the factors **are** uncertain, and the job of producing such a man is usually half-botched. In times like these, when our tastes are uncertain, our values are confused, and our economic security is doubtful, universities--like the rest of us--are a little bewildered. Yet their role is clear enough: to go on being what they always have been, the place where one can go to begin to find out how to be a fully developed human being. No other institution does that so well.



John T. 1959-1975

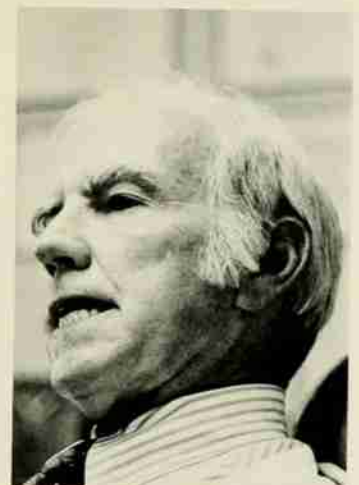
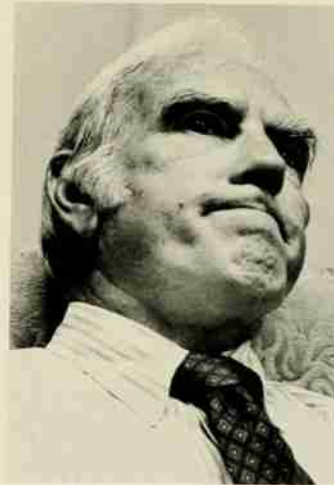
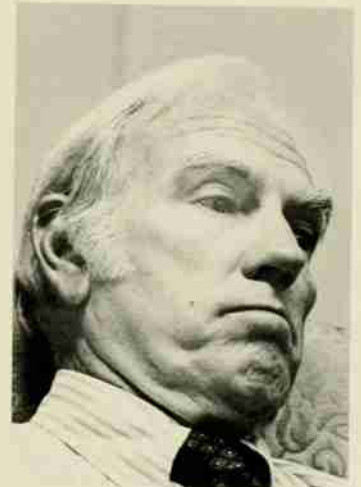


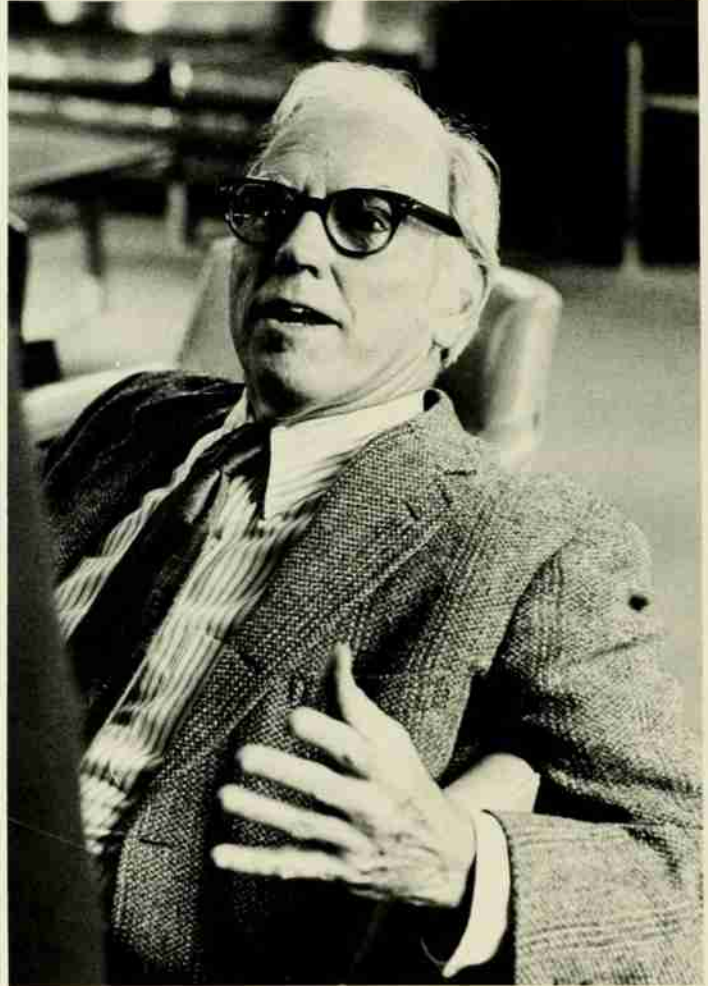
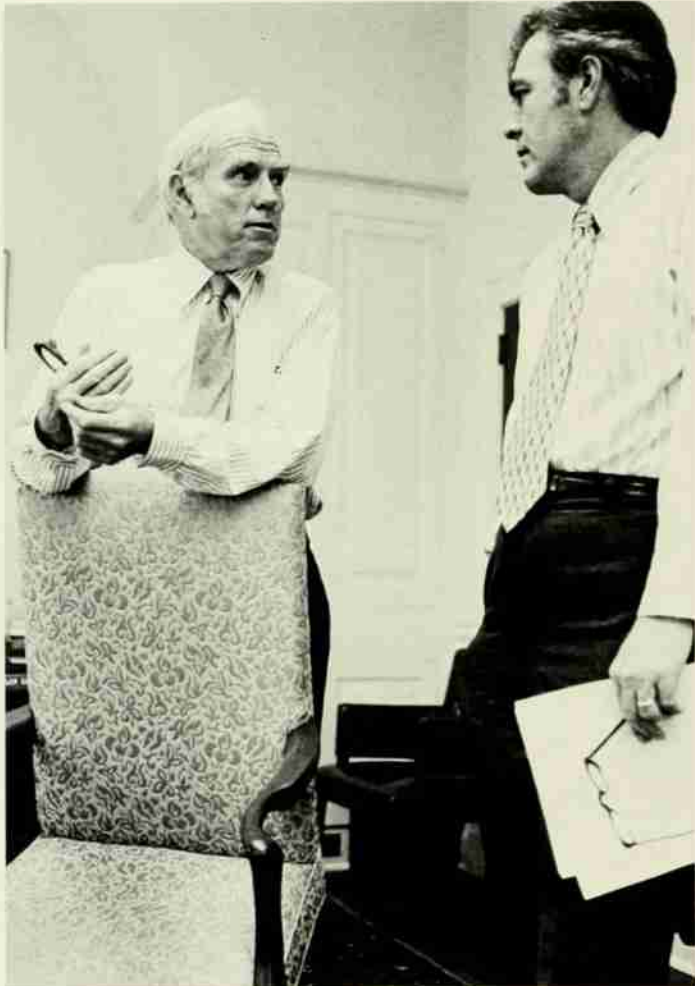
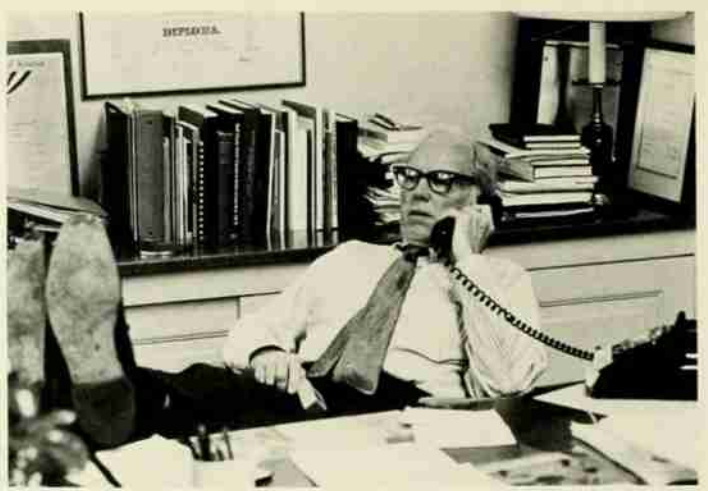
John Caldwell concluded 16 years of service as Chancellor of North Carolina State University upon stepping down from the office this summer. When Caldwell took the reins in 1959, North Carolina State College had an enrollment of 6100. There was no School of Physical and Mathematical Sciences, no School of Liberal Arts. Fewer than 200 coeds enhanced the scenery of an institution where every male undergraduate was aiming for a Bachelor of Science degree—the only kind offered.

In his installation address, Caldwell said:

"Man's greatest enslaver has always been ignorance. Man's greatest emancipator has always been truth understood. The transformation of ignorance into comprehension of belief in knowledge, surely is one of the truly dramatic processes of life. North Carolina State College is dedicated to the process of freeing men's minds."

John Caldwell lived these words as Chancellor, and will continue to do so. He is a gentleman, dignified, and with respect for all whom he meets. No one comes to know him without being much the better person for it.



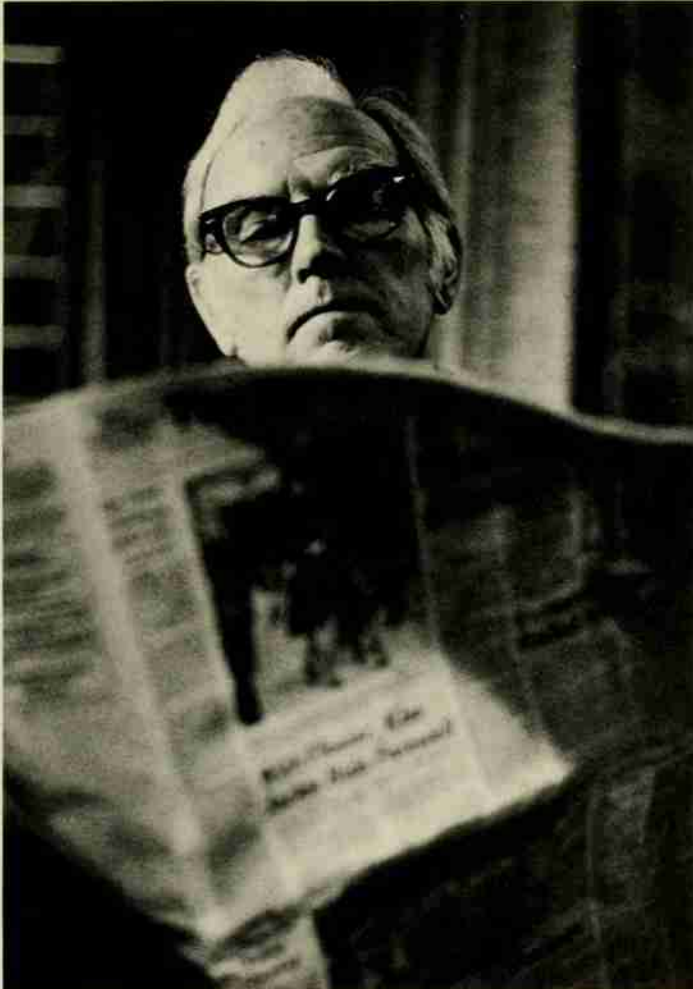


Ask someone who knows him what one word they would use to describe Caldwell. "Charisma," "dignity," and "gentleman" come up most often. Actually, of course, no one word can encompass all that is John Tyler Caldwell. Nor can any number of words. Words are too futile, too inadequate. To know what kind of man he is, one must know the man himself. The more contact with him a person can boast, the more fortunate

he may consider himself.

The man has incredible energy. Bicycling, jogging. He walked to his office many days, and frequently walked to meetings and campus functions from there, though motor transportation was always available. Many times he could be seen striding briskly up the sidewalk toward the Student Center, purposefully concentrating on an upcoming appointment. Yet, not only was time found to meet

with students, he probably spent more time talking with students than with others inside and outside the University community. Any student was welcome to come to his office to discuss any topic or problem, and he rarely passed anyone on a sidewalk without stopping to chat. Pretty unusual for the head of a large university. But then, those who know John Caldwell accept this as expected behavior.



I got a new roommate spring semester, and I remember not long after he moved in we were talking about something one night, and somehow the subject of Chancellor Caldwell came up.

I mentioned that the Chancellor was sharp as hell; and that if he ever got the chance, he should meet him—to which my roommate replied “I have—in fact, I had lunch at his house about a month ago.”

Well, my new roommate was a freshman from New Jersey who had lived off campus first semester, so the obvious question was how did someone in that situation come to have lunch with the Chancellor and Mrs. Caldwell?

“It was like this,” he said. “It was the Sunday of exam week, and I had gotten up that morning and walked to IHOP to have breakfast. I was walking back up Hillsborough Street after I ate, and he had just come out of the Christian Scientist church. He crossed the street and smiled and said ‘Good morning.’”

“I said, ‘You look suspiciously like the Chancellor.’ He laughed and said he was so I introduced myself, and we went on down the street talking about school and Christmas and things.

“Well, we got to the Chancellor’s residence; and I was starting to say ‘Goodbye, it was nice meeting you’ and that sort of thing, then out of the blue he said, ‘Won’t you come join Mrs. Caldwell and me for lunch?’”

“Of course, I accepted, right after I got over the shock. Like I said, I’d just had a big breakfast, but I wasn’t about to say no.

“We went in the house where I met Mrs. Caldwell, and we had a great lunch—ham and potato salad and stuff—and then they showed me around the house.

“He asked me about my major, which is forestry, and how I got into it. I told him I got interested in it as a Boy Scout; and as it turned out, he had been an Eagle Scout himself, and he asked me about New Jersey and things.

“Then we went in the den and watched the “Norm Sloan Show” and the Christmas tree was in there, and we had talked about my being a forestry major, so he said ‘Guess what kind of tree that is?’”

“I didn’t have any earthly idea—felt like a real idiot. Well he told me what kind it was and how it grew in the mountains of North Carolina and all...

“Anyway, I was there about two hours and it was fantastic. I really enjoyed it. He’s a great guy.”



Every year right before exams at Christmas, the Gold Tabernacle Choir holds its annual afternoon rehearsal (pronounced, drinking session) in the lobby of Gold Hall and then that evening proceeds on to Meredith, Peace, and St. Mary's and spots around campus, spreading the Christmas spirit, and, simultaneously, drinking the Christmas spirit.

Making its rounds on a cold, rainy night during the Christmas season of 1974, a member of this august group suggested that the Choir go to the Chancellor's house and sing a few carols to the Caldwell's.

This suggestion met with wide and enthusiastic approval, and indeed prompted numerous cries of "I'll drink to that." That in itself, however, should not necessarily be taken as a tribute to the Chancellor, for most members of the group would drink to dysentery.

At any rate, the Choir marched (stumbled) to the Chancellor's front door, fell into formation, although some merely fell, and began its rendition of 'Silent Night.'

Soon the Chancellor and Mrs. Caldwell appeared at the door, perhaps expecting a student uprising. Actually they were smiling broadly, and applauded heartily at the end of the number, although it wasn't really necessary to do so because the Choir has developed a habit of applauding itself with much enthusiasm.

But then a strange thing happened. As the Choir was about to break into 'O Holy Night' the Chancellor interrupted. Many members of the group would later recall they thought he was about to threaten police action for disturbing the peace.

The group fell silent as Dr. Caldwell spoke. "It's so cold and rainy out here," the Chancellor said. "You must come in the house and sing around the fire."

To say the least, the response to the Chancellor's statement was positive. Indeed, the Chancellor and Mrs. Caldwell narrowly escaped injury as the Choir charged the door. Once assembled around the fire, the Choir put on a memorable performance, singing every number in their Christmas carol songbooks, which, by the way, had been stolen from the King Building that afternoon.

Following the performance, Mrs. Caldwell, always the epitome of grace, distributed her own homemade chocolate chip cookies among the group.

As we left, the Chancellor shook hands and spoke with each member of the Choir, although several were unable to speak back.

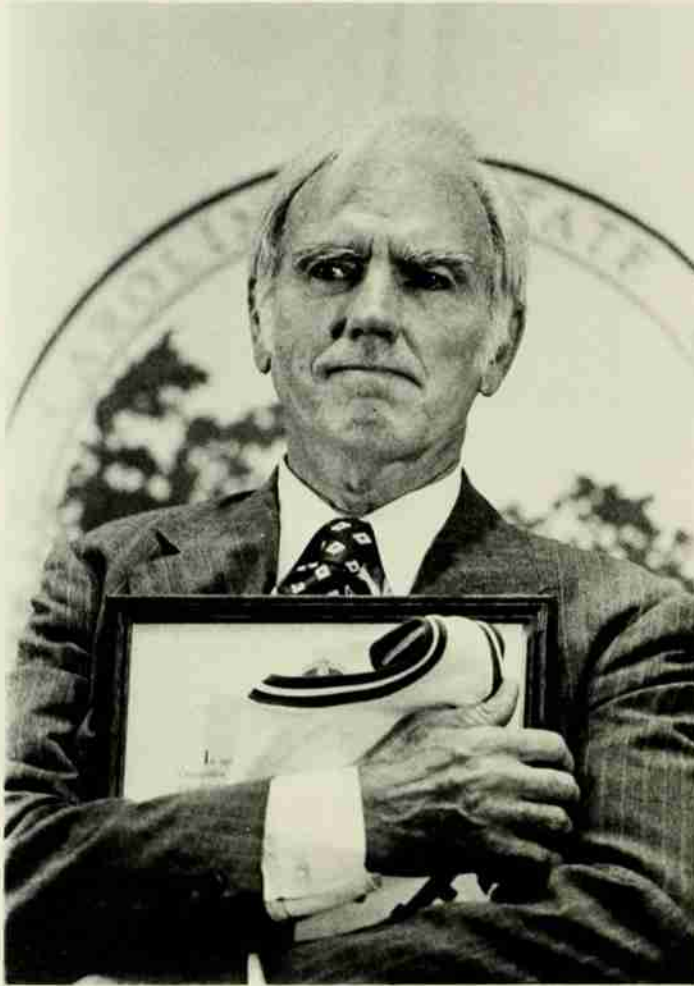
Truly, North Carolina State University will miss John Caldwell. So will the Gold Tabernacle Choir.



It was virtually impossible to transact business in Holladay Hall, where the offices set aside for the chancellor of this university are located, very frequently without eventually being accosted by the Chancellor for a few moment's conversation. A friend of mine—a typical student, not involved in anything extracurricular, one who merely went to classes and drove home afterward—told me once of running into Caldwell “nearly everytime I go to the Student Bank. He always asks me how my classes are going and, you know, stuff like that.”

Well, I didn't know. I didn't know any chancellor of a large university took the time or had the desire to fraternize with students to this extent. Surely the demands of the office are such that opportunities or inclination to meet students, rank-and-file students like my friend, are nonexistent, and joviality is left somewhere in a top drawer.

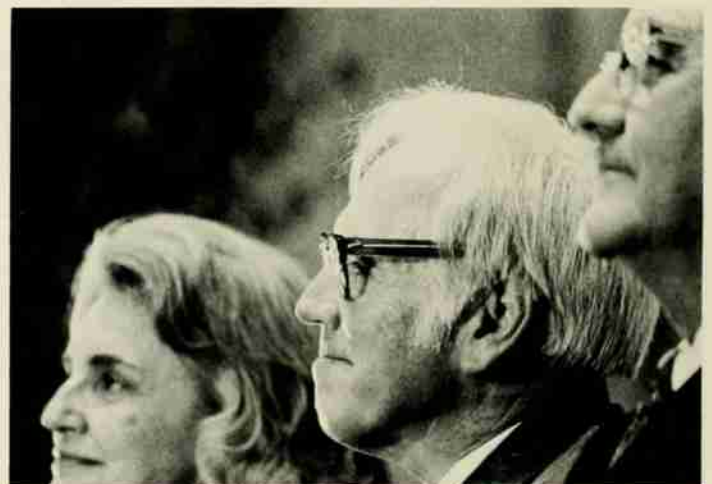
Maybe so for ordinary men. However, it has been proven beyond doubt these last 16 years that John Caldwell is no ordinary man.

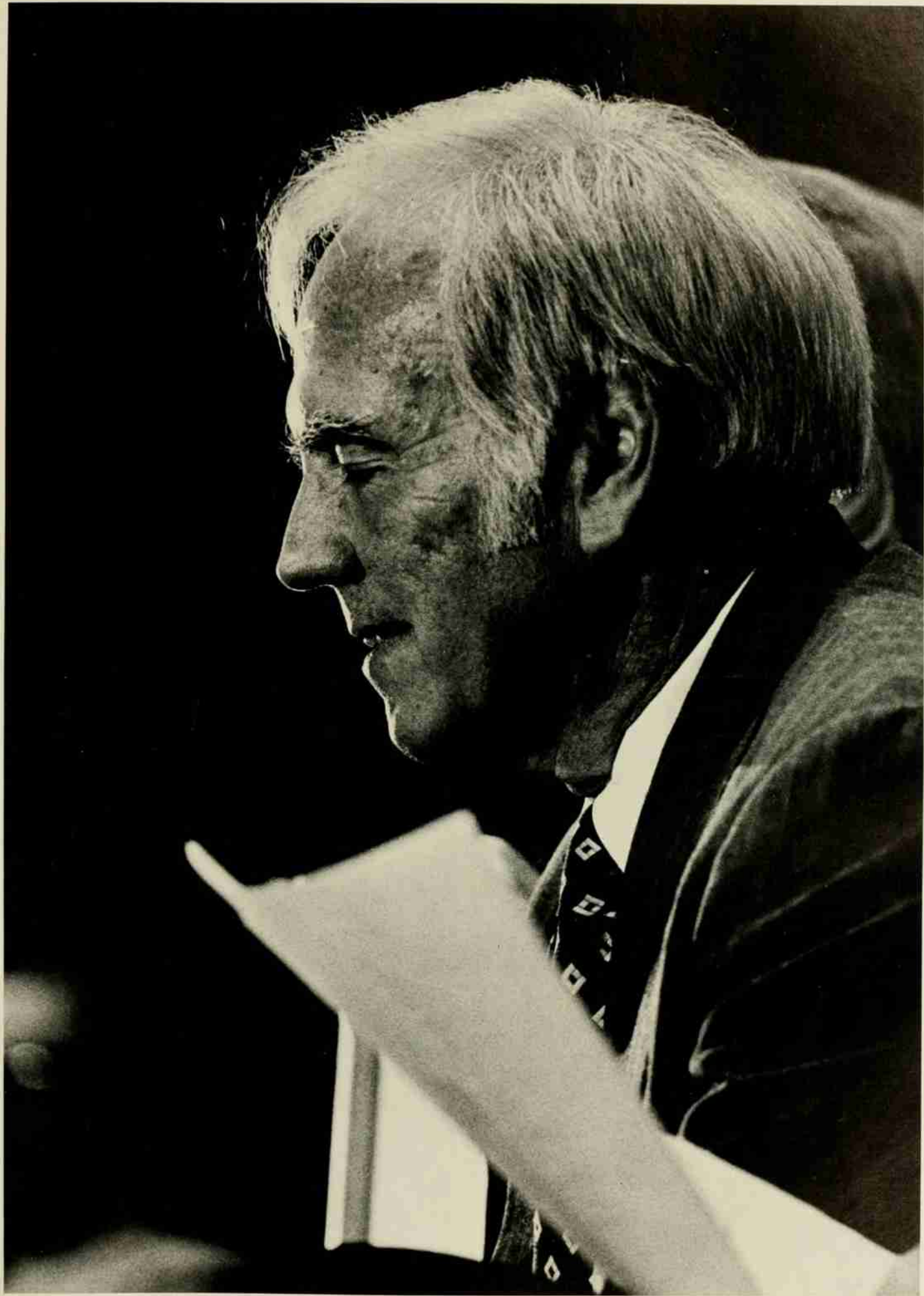


The feelings toward John Caldwell of those who have known him in any way, and his feelings for them, inevitably include admiration, esteem, respect. Most associates, however, would probably admit there is something beyond respect. Undeniably, what Caldwell gave this campus, most of all, was love. He loves all students as his own children. This University is his family; any problem, no matter how insignificant or personal, taken to heart. Though his responsibility was to oversee a restless and growing community that numbers upon his departure some 20,000 individuals, he somehow found the time to treat each as if they were his closest friend.

As Dr. and Mrs. Caldwell have tirelessly lavished their love upon North Carolina State, its faculty, its students, indeed all whose lives they touched, some of that love must necessarily come back to them. If any love could approach that of the Caldwells for this university, it would be that of this university for the Caldwells. The Chancellor himself focused on this point in his address to those gathered in his honor at a special farewell in Reynolds Coliseum. He concluded a very emotional speech by holding his wife Carol close to his side and saying simply, "Thank you for making us feel so loved."

At that moment, thousands silently sent those same words to this man who had given 16 wonderful years of his life to his fellow men.

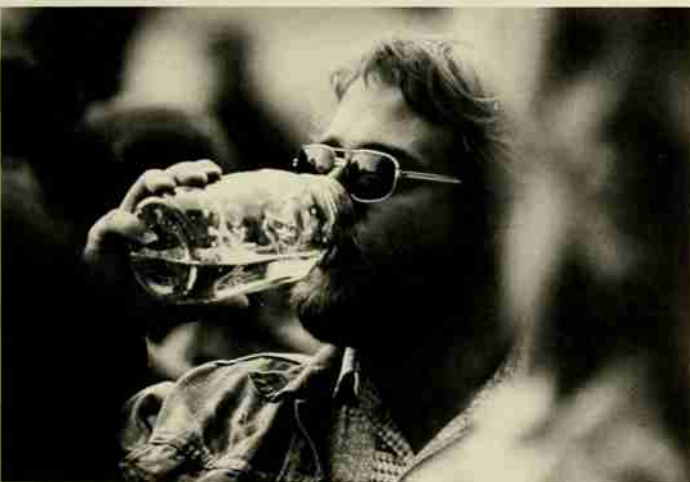
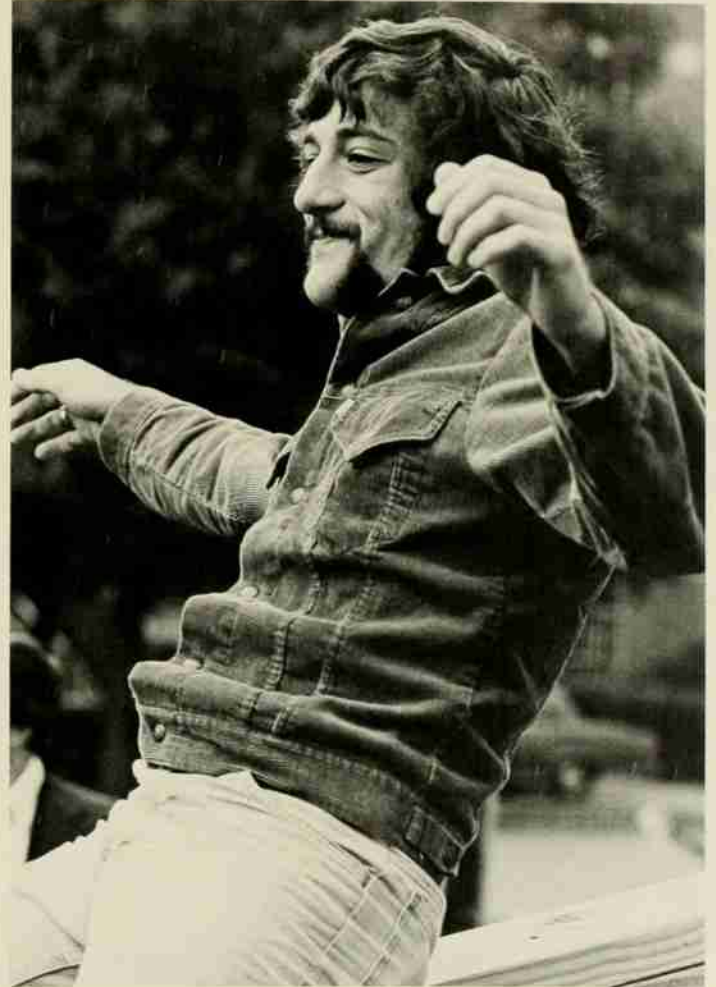






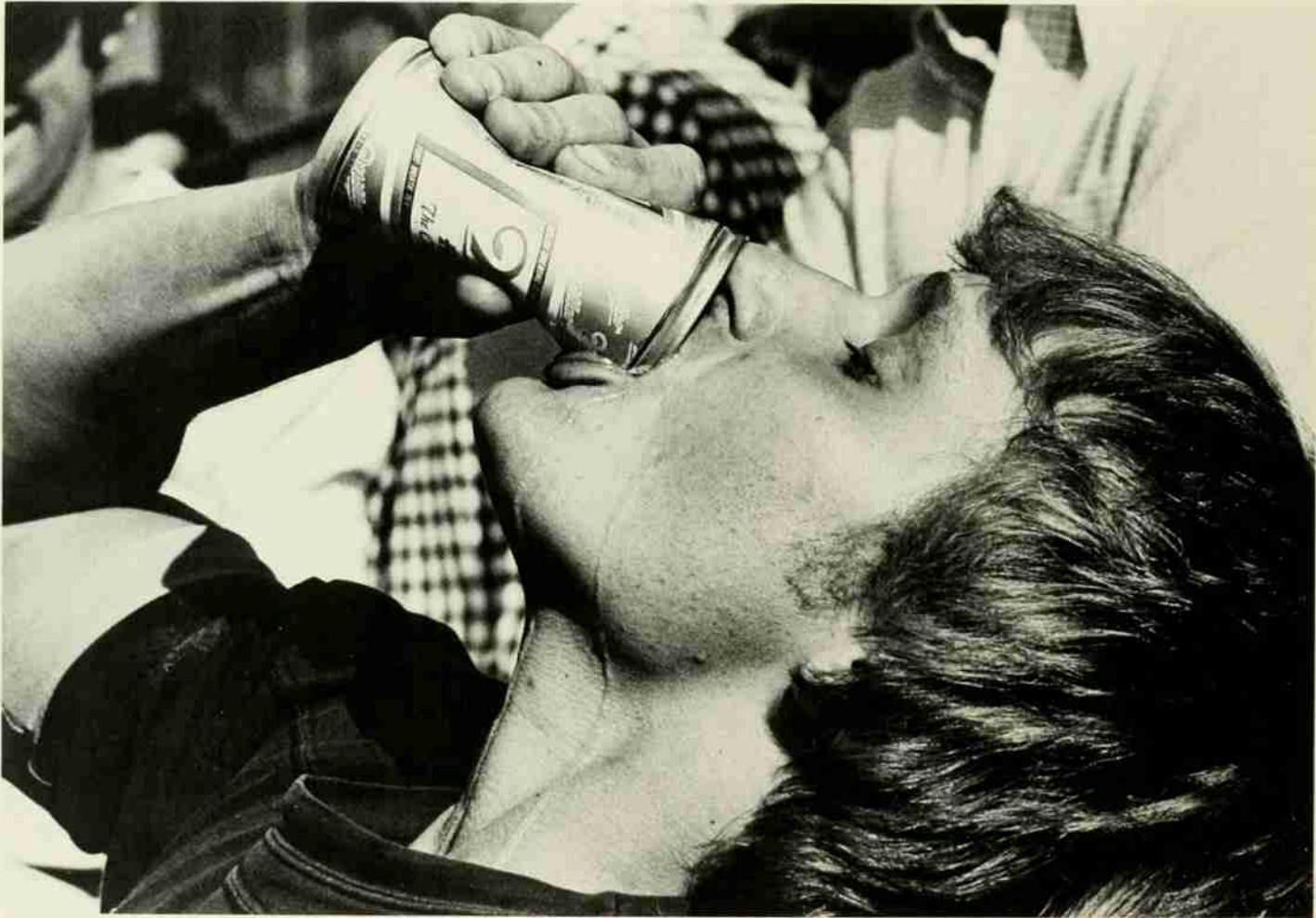
Zoo Day



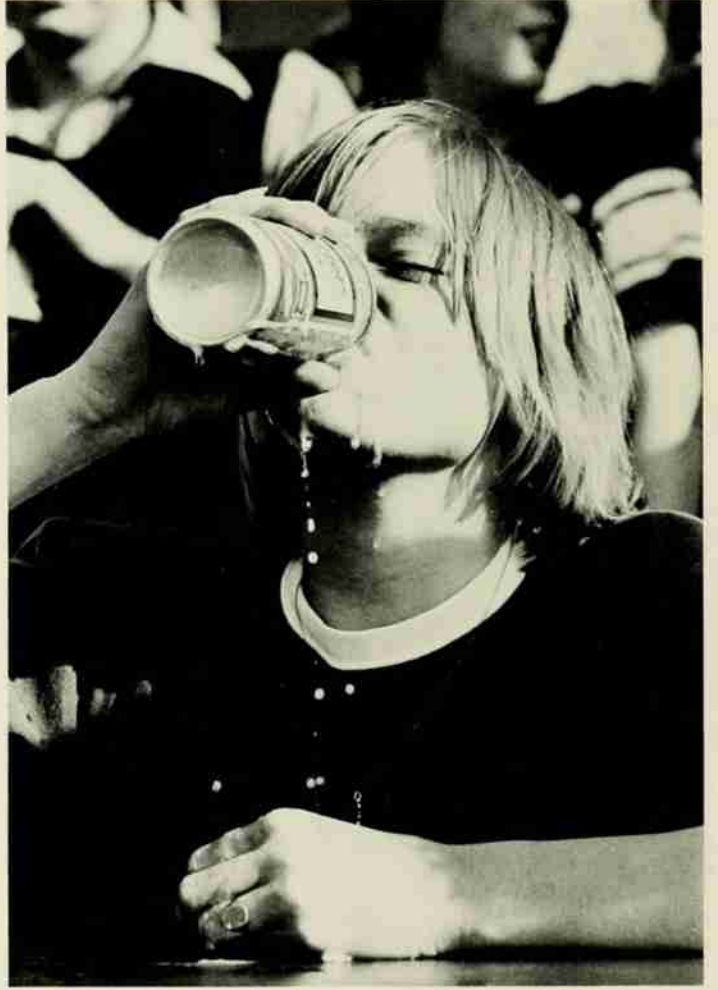
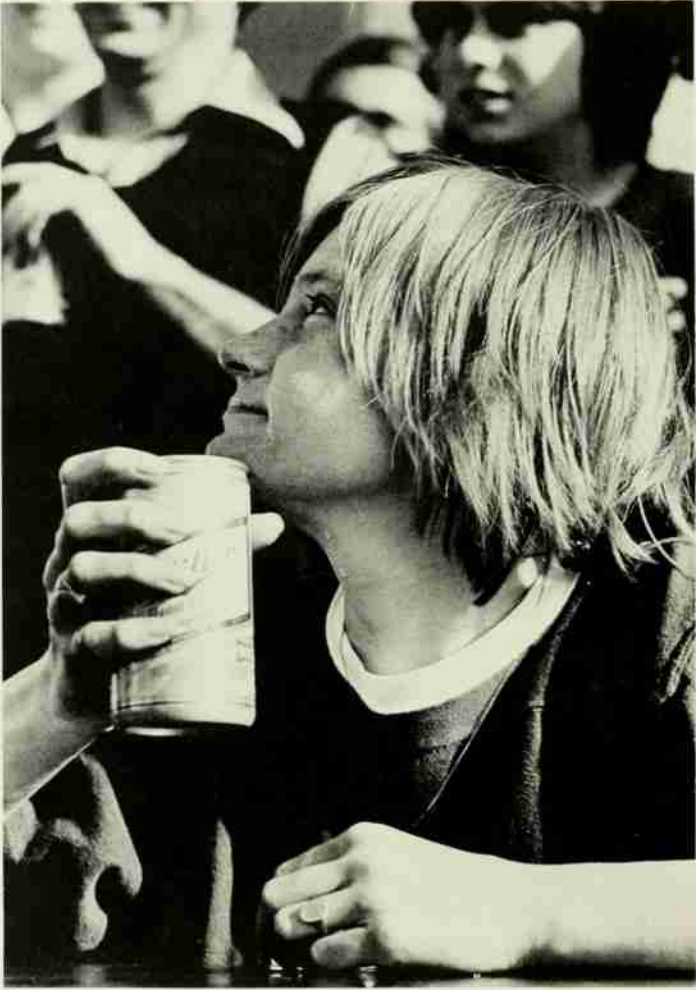


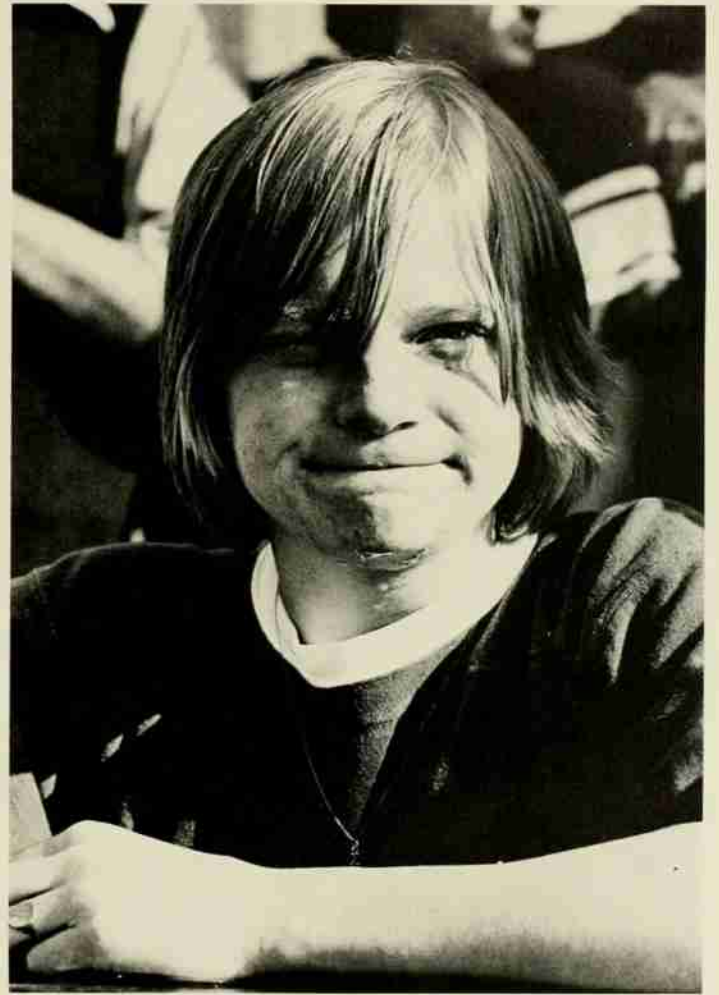
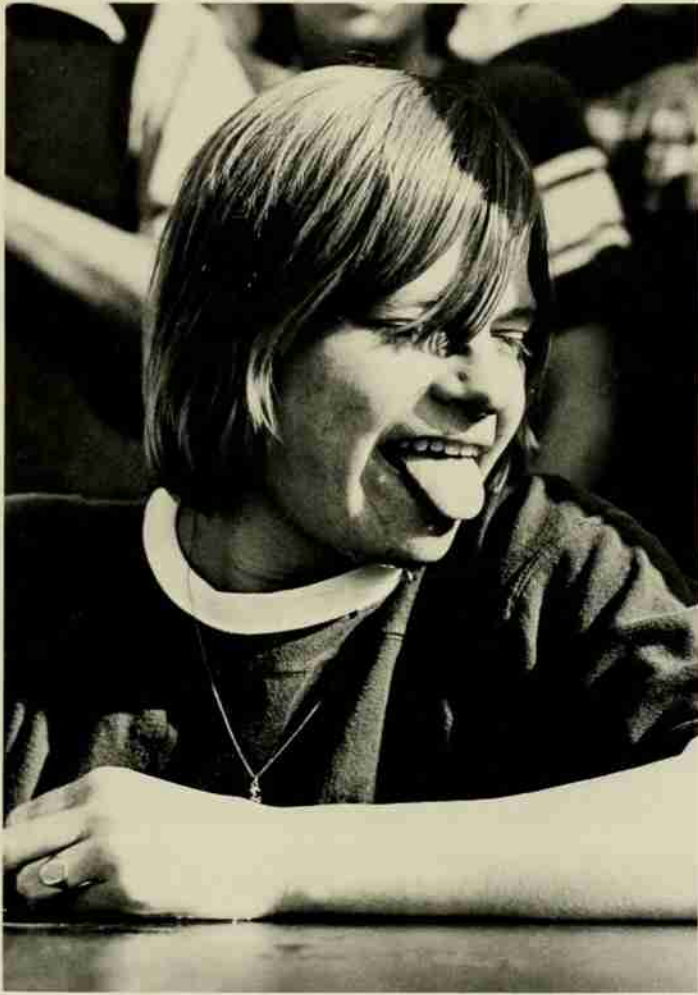


Greek Week







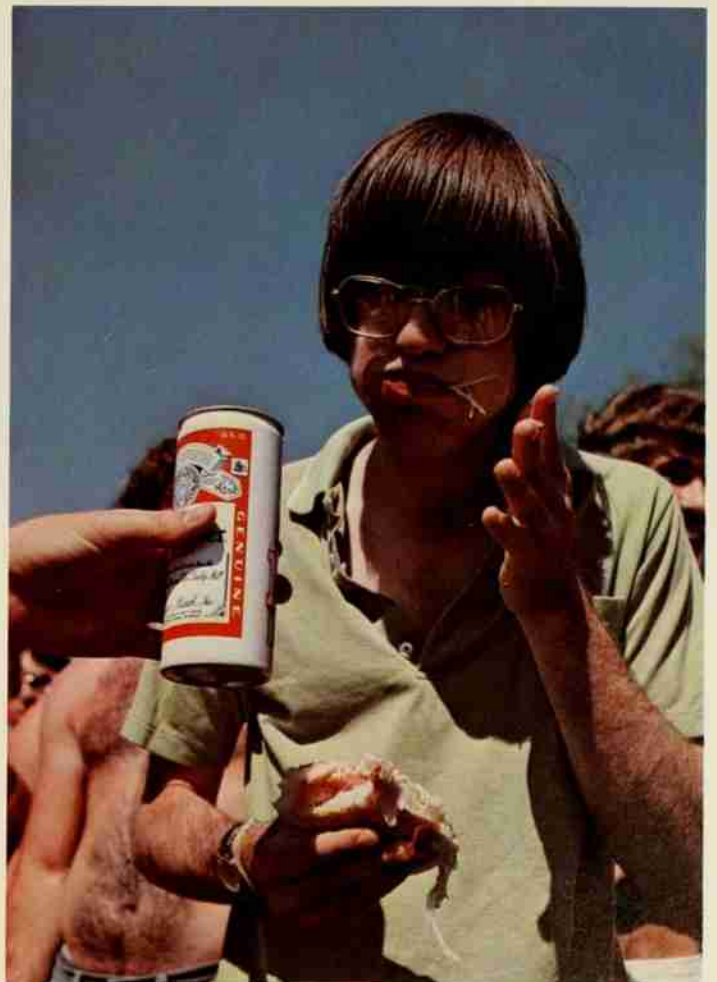


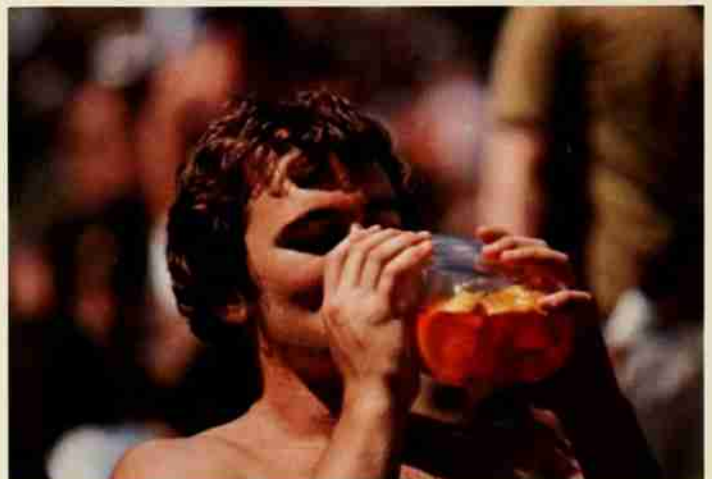




The Day

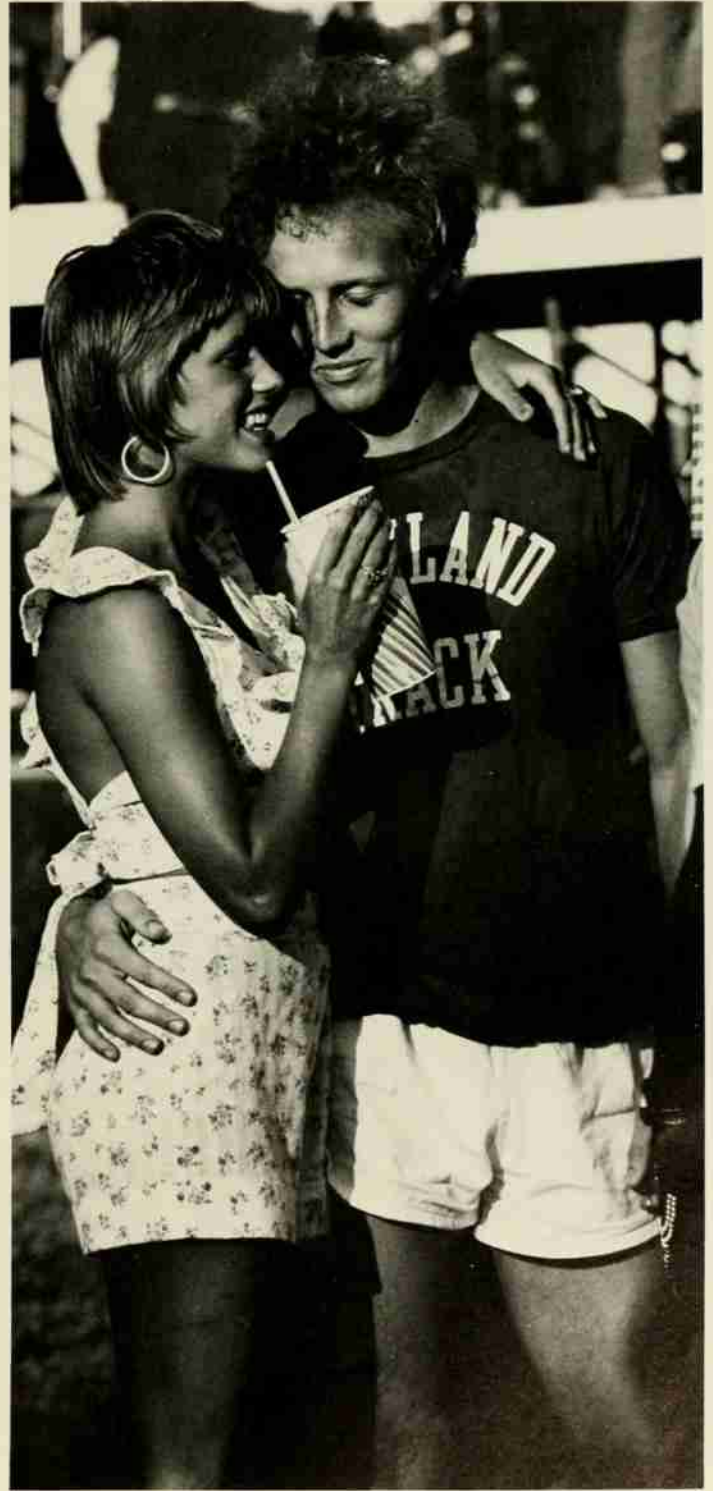


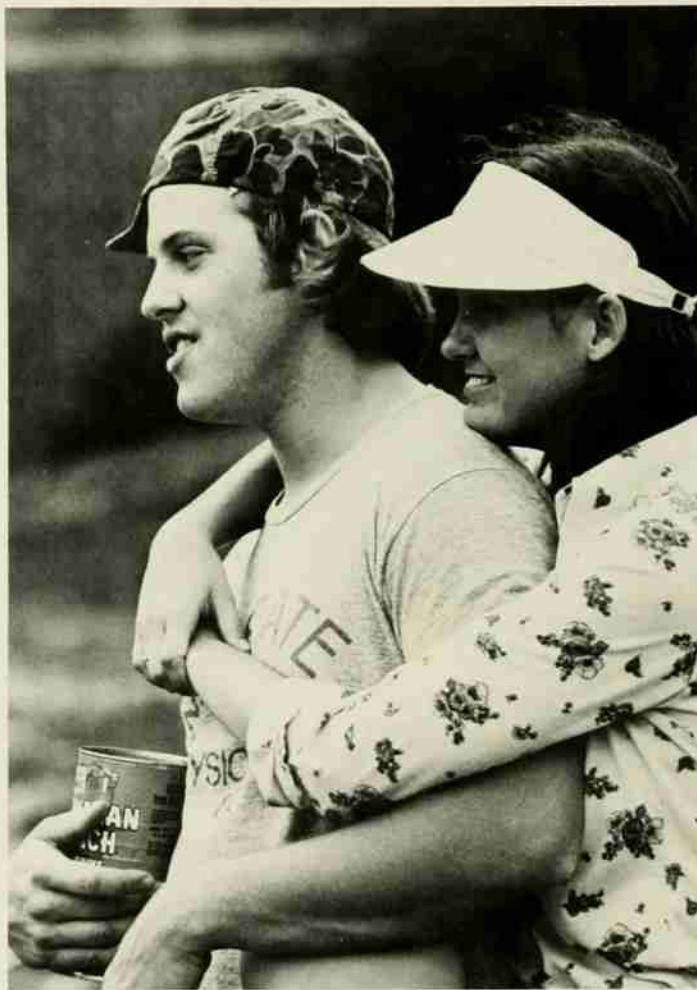


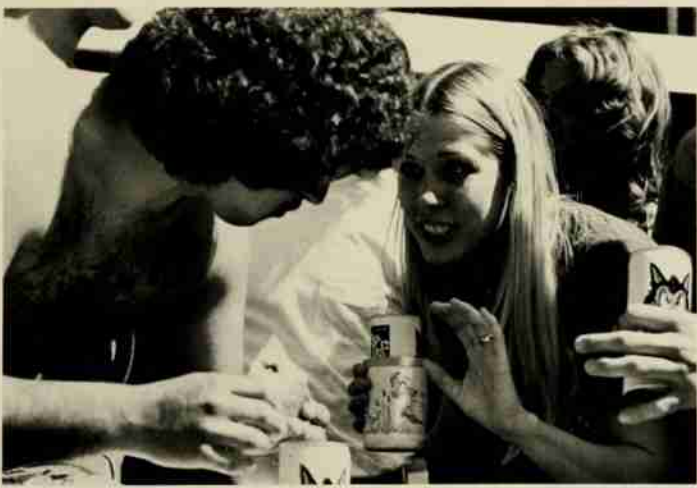












Sports

I can remember back to those crisp autumn days when Dave Buckey was over center calling out the signals. Most of the time success was the rule, but there were those few times that really hurt.

The crunching of pads was especially tough to take in Chapel Hill that cold and rainy day. Yet there was still the playing of Stan Fritts to take pride in all season long.

Basketball did not produce what we all wanted, but David continued to excite us with his spectacular performances. That dunk in his final home appearance gave State fans a spine tingling moment to remember in the four greatest years of David's life.

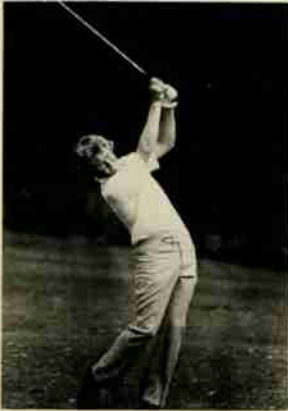
Sitting in the sun out at Doak field with a cold beer in hand was the greatest, especially while watching the Pack baseball team compile victory after victory. Even having to travel to Carolina to watch State take a third ACC crown in as many years was well worth it.

Then there was the capacity crowd in the Natatorium the day of the Tennessee swimming meet; the great showing in the Atlantic Coast Conference track and field meet on State's own tartan track; whipping the Tar Heels and Maryland on the mats in Reynolds Coliseum in wrestling, the first conference victory in tennis in quite a while; a trip to the NCAA golf tournament that proved State a national team; and more.

There are thirteen National Collegiate Athletic Association sports for men on the State campus and the single women's basketball team, and sports at State in 1974-75 offered me and just about everyone else on the West Raleigh campus more than a moment of glory. When we talked about the Pack being number one, basketball was not the only athletic event State fans bragged about.

You could brag about all of them, take pride in all of them. Taking pride in all our teams was something everyone should have done.

I did. They deserved it. They earned it.



GOLF TOURNAMENTS

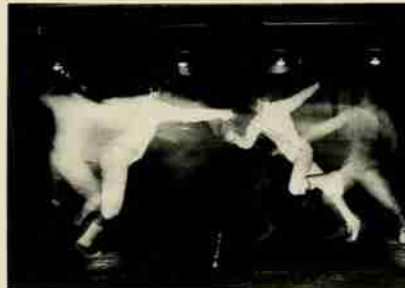
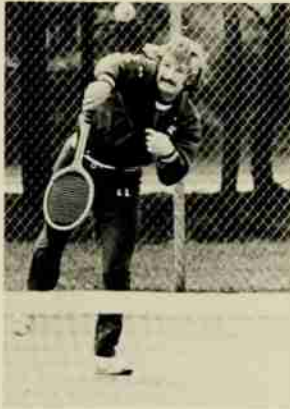
2nd	BIG FOUR	1,486
5th	PINEHURST	1,162
4th	ELON	308
3rd	PALMETTO	1,136
4th	IRON DUKE	933
3rd	FURMAN	899
2nd	ACC	1,135
3rd	CHRIS SCHENKEL	1,079
14th	NCAA	1,213



STATE	WRESTLING	OPP.
19	PEMBROKE STATE	16
33	PEMBROKE STATE	11
17	CAROLINA	24
43	HOWARD	0
27	VIRGINIA TECH	9
7	VIRGINIA	29
27	COLGATE	12
39	CAMPBELL	5
33	DUKE	12
29	APPALACHIAN STATE	9
22	MARYLAND	18
17	EAST CAROLINA	23
21	CAROLINA	19
20	EAST STROUDSBURG STATE	14
19	TEMPLE	15
15	FRANKLIN & MARSHALL	24
13	WILLIAM AND MARY	25



STATE	LACROSSE	OPP.
6	SALISBURY STATE	19
8	CAROLINA	23
5	WILLIAM AND MARY	8
14	NEW HAVEN	3
10	FROSTBURG STATE	3
15	V.M.I.	3
2	ROANOKE	14
11	GUILFORD	3
10	HAMPDEN-SYDNEY	3
15	N.C. LACROSSE CLUB	11
6	DUKE	17
10	RANDOLPH-MACON	9
4	WASHINGTON AND LEE	19
7	VIRGINIA TECH	9



STATE	TENNIS	OPP.
7	EAST STROUDSBURG STATE	2
8	DARTMOUTH	1
1	WAKE FOREST	8
8	M.I.T.	1
6	NORTHWESTERN	3
7	EAST CAROLINA	2
9	ATLANTIC CHRISTIAN	0
8	HIGH POINT	1
6	CLEMSON	3
1	DUKE	8
2	MARYLAND	7
3	VIRGINIA	6
0	CAROLINA	9
9	ATLANTIC CHRISTIAN	0

STATE	FENCING	OPP.
4	NAVY	23
9	PRINCETON	18
11	PATERSON STATE	16
19	KEAN	8
25	VMI	2
12	DETROIT	15
9	MARYLAND	18
22	CLEMSON	5
19	VIRGINIA	8
15	DUKE	12
8	JOHNS HOPKINS	19
14	STEVENS TECH	13
14	WILLIAM AND MARY	13
8	CAROLINA	19

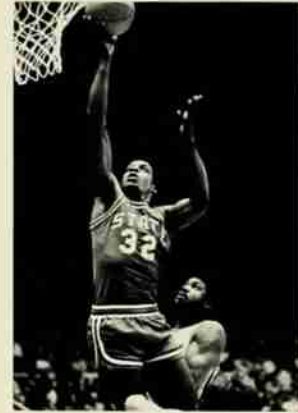
STATE	CROSS COUNTRY	OPP.
24	CLEMSON	34
15	APPALACHIAN STATE	45
45	DUKE	18
22	EAST CAROLINA	39
40	CAROLINA	19
17	VIRGINIA	42
45	WILLIAM AND MARY	18
18	EAST CAROLINA	45
15	VIRGINIA TECH	50
48	MARYLAND	15
19	CATHOLIC	38
17	MT. ST. MARY'S	45



STATE	BASEBALL	OPP.
2	UNC-WILMINGTON	3
5	UNC-WILMINGTON	0
2	EAST CAROLINA	3
7	EAST CAROLINA	0
6	OLD DOMINION	2
2	OLD DOMINION	5
2	HIGH POINT	1
14	WAKE FOREST	1
2	CAMPBELL	0
2	PFEIFFER	1
2	DUKE	1
12	CAMPBELL	7
7	PEMBROKE STATE	4
6	MARYLAND	2
4	PEMBROKE STATE	3
3	CAROLINA	2
8	HOWARD	7
5	CLEMSON	6
3	CLEMSON	1
10	DUKE	3
5	MARYLAND	6
2	VIRGINIA	0
4	VIRGINIA	1
5	PFEIFFER	1
5	WAKE FOREST	3
2	CAROLINA	1
ACC TOURNAMENT		
12	DUKE	0
13	WAKE FOREST	5
7	CAROLINA	2
3	CLEMSON	2
NCAA REGIONAL PLAYOFF		
3	TEMPLE	4
16	THE CITADEL	3
4	TEMPLE	2
3	USC	4



STATE	SWIMMING	OPP.
74	DUKE	39
50	TENNESSEE	63
68	MARYLAND	42
78	SOUTH CAROLINA	35
72	WAKE FOREST	41
60	TEXAS-ARLINGTON	53
45	INDIANA	107
45	SMU	48
72	EAST CAROLINA	41
75	CAROLINA	38
668	ACC MEET	1st
334	EASTERN REGIONAL	2nd
41	NCAA MEET	12th



STATE	BASKETBALL	OPP.
98	EAST CAROLINA	81
111	UNC-ASHEVILLE	68
144	BUFFALO STATE	88
101	VIRGINIA	72
86	OREGON STATE	73
95	DAVIDSON	79
99	KENT STATE	61
86	PITTSBURGH	70
78	WAKE FOREST	83
82	CAROLINA	67
119	WESTERN CAROLINA	61
85	MARYLAND	103
88	CAROLINA	85
106	WAKE FOREST	80
95	DUKE	71
97	MARYLAND	98
92	CLEMSON	89
101	GEORGIA TECH	66
102	FURMAN	87
59	VIRGINIA	46
89	WAKE FOREST	87
92	DUKE	78
70	CLEMSON	92
74	CAROLINA	76
103	UNC-CHARLOTTE	80
91	VIRGINIA	85
87	MARYLAND	85
66	CAROLINA	70



STATE	TRACK	OPP.
100	VIRGINIA	63
67 1/2	ACC MEET	2nd
25 1/3	INDOOR ACC MEET	3rd



STATE	WOMEN'S BASKETBALL	OPP.
57	VIRGINIA	45
71	OLD DOMINION	78
47	CAROLINA	74
76	WAKE FOREST	63
59	DAVIDSON	64
76	ST. MARY'S	46
70	METHODIST	21
77	MEREDITH	57
71	ST. MARY'S	51
68	METHODIST	35
85	DAVIDSON	45
51	CAROLINA	85
70	OLD DOMINION	60
70	VIRGINIA TECH	67

STATE	SOCCER	OPP.
1	CAMPBELL	2
0	EAST CAROLINA	3
3	UNC-WILMINGTON	1
5	JACKSONVILLE	3
9	ELON	0
7	GUILFORD	0
0	DUKE	1
3	DAVIDSON	1
1	MARYLAND	3
2	CAROLINA	3
1	CLEMSON	10
0	VIRGINIA	4

STATE	FOOTBALL	OPP.
33	WAKE FOREST	15
35	DUKE	21
31	CLEMSON	10
28	SYRACUSE	22
24	EAST CAROLINA	20
22	VIRGINIA	21
14	UNC-CHAPEL HILL	33
10	MARYLAND	20
42	SOUTH CAROLINA	27
12	PENN STATE	7
35	ARIZONA STATE	14
	ASTRO-BLUEBONNET BOWL	
31	HOUSTON	31

NCAIAW "B" TOURNAMENT CHAMPIONS

69	DUKE	66
68	CAMPBELL	57
65	CATAWBA	48

Football



When we got in the car to go to Wake Forest did either of you think we would have as good a season as we did?

No, I didn't because we didn't have the beautiful bodies like Willie Burden and Charley Young and all that, but we did have Stanley.

I thought we would, but the question in my mind was could the offensive line perform? I know we had Serfass and Everett, not Serfass, I mean Blanchard and Everett, and they were,

you know, real good. I thought the offensive line was the most important thing, and they did come through. But when you have Stan Fritts and Roland Hooks behind you, you don't have to be but so good to be competitive.

You know what I remember about the game against Wake Forest was that one pass that was thrown to Marshall, and Marshall went to the end zone, and there was that wall over there...

And that Wake Forest player fell over the wall.

But it was raining that day, or it started to.

You know, Wake Forest scored 15 points, and we were real surprised, but they came through and showed how good they were by the end of the season.

We were being big about it, and made a game of it.

Yeah, we did, like the rest of the season, we pulled our first team if we were winning big and gave them a chance. But you know



like Carolina, they leave their first team in until the last second in any sport that they play.

Who did we play next?

Well, we played Duke at home.

I can't remember anything, it must not have been too impressive.

Wait a minute, I want to say something about that Wake Forest game. How the atmosphere was. It was not a sell out crowd. And you remember going into the stadium, I reached in my

pocket, and you did the same thing, to pull out the tickets, and I got my wallet out, and without even pulling out the tickets the guy at the gate said, "Okay, come on in."

They were begging people to come to games at Wake Forest.

That was the first time we saw the black Deacon up there jumping around. He was going wild. That was the best part of the game. That was the only thing Wake Forest did that

was any good.

And there was the wet parking lot, driving all over it.

You've got to challenge these people, Pom. That's where that phrase originated. You've got to challenge these people.

Getting in and out of stadiums was tough.

Did I say "Break his body Banther" at that game?

Yeah.

At least once or twice. That's where we got the beer to come home with.

But after beating Wake Forest, we came home.

The duke game was the next game?

Yeah, at home. And we sat...

I remember that game because Bomgardner, the Duke fullback was giving everybody cheap shots every opportunity he got, and he tried to give one to Jack Hall...he just thumped him on the ground like and insect.



Jack Hall thumped Bomgardner on the ground? Yeah.

Was that the game where you sat at the end of the row on the isle, about 10 feet away from the Chancellor? And you kept cussing and screaming, and after the game you said, "Pomeranz, next time you're sitting on the isle."

That was it, because Terry Sanford was over there with him. I would stand up and make comments about Duke heritage, and there was Terry Sanford sitting right over there.

Mrs. Chancellor was screaming, too.

Yeah, she was there singing the Alma Mater and cheering.

That was a good game.

They were really high for us. It was one of the best games they played. I knew they'd get up to play us.

That's when we went to Frisbie's after the game and played "Tennessee Stud" and said that was Stanley.

"...the color of the sun, and his eyes are green. He had the nerve and he had the blood, but there's never been a hoss like Stanley Fritts."

And the thing was that went on through the whole season. Everytime he ran we sang the "Tennessee Stud." That was his label.

Yeah, "Studly Stanley" and "Roland, you're beautiful."

I've never seen anyone react at a football game like you, Terri Thornburg, sitting there and in a high voice would yell, "Roland, you're beautiful."

The thing about Roland is that he's got such potential. He never stops improving. Everygame he got better.

And he's so pretty.

And by the bowl game he was just super. Every game he was unreal, taking those pitch-outs with one hand. He'd just get it, and he was gone.

Who'd we play next?

We played Clemson and were losing at halftime, 10-9 I was listening to the

radio that game.

No, we all went to the game together. I looked it back up. We went to the following games together: Wake Forest, Duke and Clemson, East Carolina, Carolina, South Carolina, Penn State, and we saw the Arizona State game together over at the house.

Clemson... I don't remember a whole lot about Clemson.

All I know is that we were losing.

I remember, they had that great big orange Tiger paw that they spread out on the field.

And we said, "What is that?" Was that the first game we had those howling wolves in the stadium? That was the best thing I have ever heard in the stadium, all those wolves howling. It was an eerie feeling.

It was, and if we had had that at Carolina it would have scared the shit out of them, and they wouldn't have known what to do.

The thing about some of these first games we went to in Carter Stadium was that we never had a seat outside the 35-yard line.

The worst seats we had were either at Penn State or East Carolina.

It was East Carolina.

At least we were out of earshot of Jeff Simpson. As long as I was out of earshot of him I was in a good seat.

Every now and then we would have to stand up and yell, "Shut up Simpson, we can hear you." But other than that it was good, we were out of earshot. No one paid any attention to him except the fratty baggers anyway.

Hah, hah, hah, hah...

The year we had Joe Langley down there with Lou Holtz' daughter was good. We should have had her back.

And Frisbie would stand up and say, "Bless Lou Holtz."

Well, it is sort of a prayer that Frisbie's friend, Don Stewart, says at meals... "Bless this food and Lou Holtz."



Y'all missed the next game. It was the best trip I've ever had.

That was a winner. We listened to that while we were watching Terri's cousin play over at Ravenscroft. People would come by and say, "What's the score" thinking we were listening to the Carolina game. And we would say "Maryland 45, Carolina nothing at the end of the first quarter." And they'd go, "Oh no-o-o-o-o. Well, what's the State score?"

And we'd say, "State 50, Syracuse nothing midway through the first quarter." They didn't like that.

I drove up there. It was the craziest thing I've ever done driving 12 straight hours. The trip up was pretty tiring, but when we got up there, it's the craziest thing, you know, Syracuse, a big football power, used to be, a big name in football, no one knew who they were playing. At least no one I spoke with. I was walking

around campus, and someone would ask where I was from and I would say, "North Carolina State." The person would ask, "What are you doing here?" And I said, "We are playing a football game tomorrow." The person asked, "Where, in Buffalo or someplace?" "No," I said, "right over here in Archbold Stadium."

It just shows that our Yankees are better than their Yankees.

Well, football is more concentrated in the South

and the Midwest. And it's significant that we had three teams in the bowls, and another two that could have gone, because I think that if Carolina can go then Clemson and Duke should have gone.

Let me tell you something that happened up there. We got to the motel where the football team was staying and there was a sign that said, "Welcome North Carolina football team." I went in there and told them to change it. They either

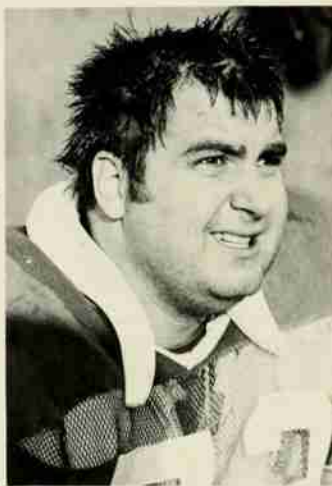


had to take down the North Carolina or put up N.C. State, or change it somehow to get North Carolina off. And the guy did it. I told Holtz about that when he came in, and he said that was the best thing that could have happened. He said the team would have had a let down if they had seen that.

The East Carolina game came up next. Is that the one that they were beating us as halftime?

I went to the men's room

at halftime and there were all these fools, would-be students from East Carolina, jumping around the bathroom, being obnoxious as they are inclined to be, yelling, "33 to 18" or whatever that score was that they beat us by a few years ago. And then here comes Carlester Crumpler strolling through the men's room and I made the statement that the difference between State and East Carolina was that Charley Young was in Dallas

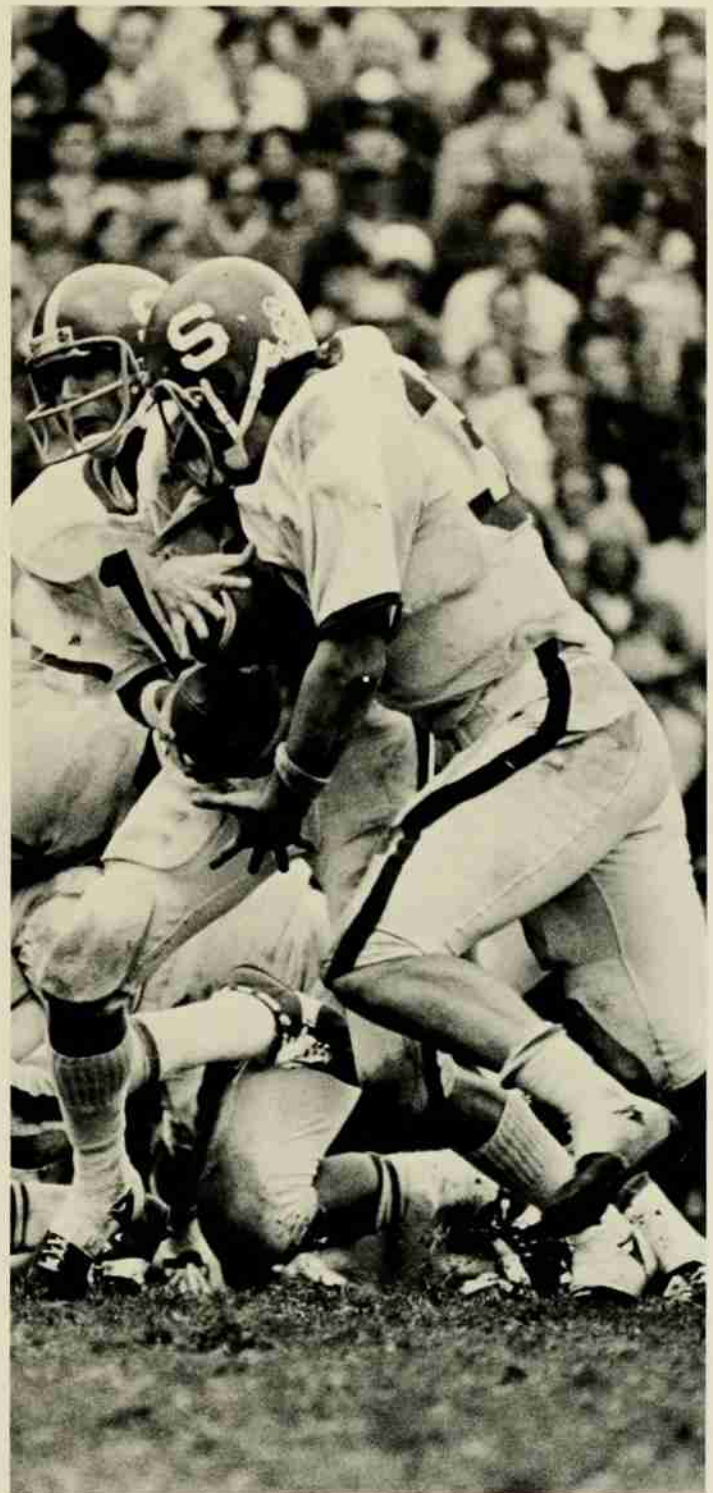


playing for the Cowboys and Carlester Crumpler was in the men's room at Carter Stadium.

I remember that game as the one with the sea of pom-poms.

We were gonna pick you up and shake you. But you're not red and stringy enough.

That was the game that Bateman got in line at the wrong time, and we had seats right behind the band. But as it turned out the seats weren't as bad as we



thought they'd be. Bateman didn't show up because he was embarrassed. He knew where the seats were. He and Donna watched the game on T.V. It was in the afternoon.

And we killed them, too.

As we were leaving the stadium those people from East Carolina came by the car and started yelling, "Moo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o..."

And we said, "Yeah, moo-o-o-o-o-o-o..."

I asked the girl, "What's your major, P.E.?" She shut

up and got in the car. Obviously she had to be majoring in P.E.

I guess State fans are proud to be called Cow College.

The game after East Carolina was at Virginia, and I got up there.

We were going to Rock Hill to play a club football game, and had five guys from State in the car—all of us die hard State fans. We almost said to heck with the club football game and went to Virginia, but we decided

to go play. We were about in Asheboro when we scored that second touchdown. We almost wrecked the car. Lee Thornburg was crawling on my shoulders, beating me in the head while I was trying to drive. Chris Morgan just about ripped the front seat out. I ran off the road. The same thing happened to another car load. They had to pull over and stop.

That was really our first golden horseshoe game when we were so far behind and pulled it out at the end.

That was the wildest game. Losing for so long and then all of a sudden, just like clockwork, the score was 22-21.

But the thing was, Pom, is that it was all apples and apples. Tough break Sonny, you still ain't worth a flip.

And because we were able to come from so far behind, as we were wont to do, I understand that in the next game they were never confident until the last eight seconds. They always thought we would come



back and pull it out.

That Carolina game, you really can't say much about that except that it was gloomy. The reaction of the State fans at the Carolina game...I've never seen a group of fans down so low.

That was almost the whole season. It was so important to beat Carolina.

The hard-cores were there. Those sitting around us were the hard-cores, the pro-State people, the people that had pulled for State all of their lives as we

have since our parents went to State.

Carolina loves us. They've always liked State as long as State remembered its place, and remembered that it was existent in order to lose to Carolina. They've always said, "Well, we like State." They have this condescending tolerance of us as long as we remembered our place that we were supposed to lose to Carolina. And it's that condescension State gets, they say, which is its role,

which is what it's supposed to do. But if we beat them it makes them so insecure because they can no longer feel superior which is why they felt so down the last three years. They have no sense of identity any more if State is not there to beat. If State is beating them their whole world has disrupted. Chaos is engendered.

Remember when Tim would be eating his Cracker Jacks, and at a crucial moment in the game and he was shaking his Cracker Jack

box and yelling, "Damn you Bill Dooley" and Pom would yell out, "What'd you get?"

If there was ever a trademark to us going to the football games together, the two things were Leith taking his Cracker Jacks and me asking him what did he get, what kind of prize. And the other one was leaving the games, in the parking lots, driving out saying, "You've got to challenge these people."

Then there was the next week in Maryland, I was



about to cry in the press box, even though it was so evident that we would lose. That was a pretty hard fought game.

But we were in it all the way. They worried about us the whole time.

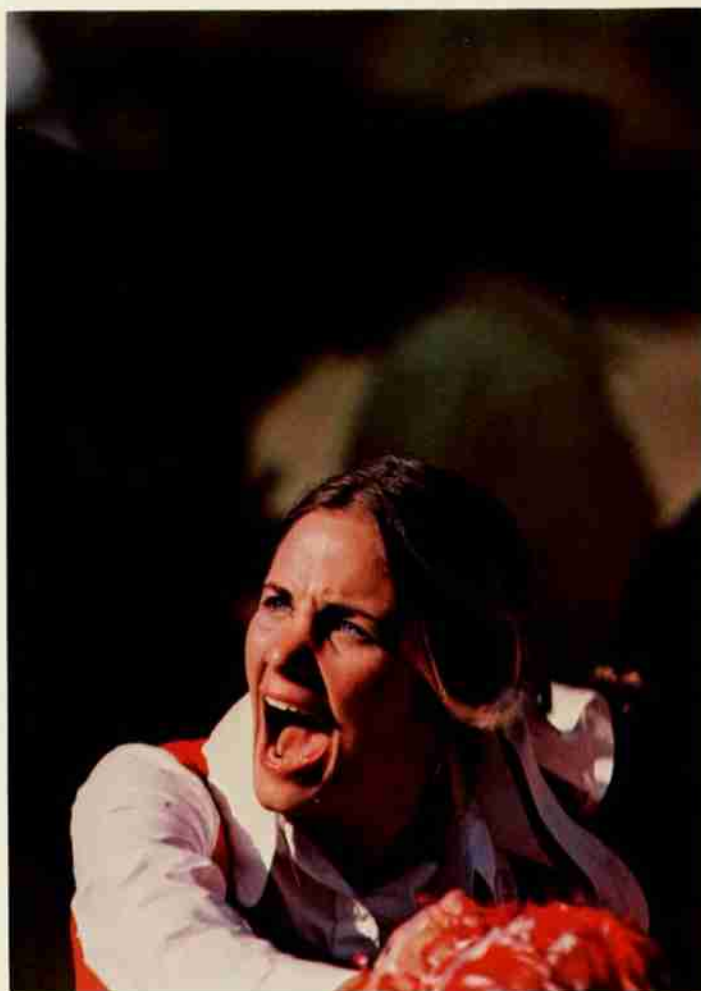
I can remember one particular play that Buckey took the snap and roled to the left. Randy White was playing left defensive end which is in the opposite direction that Buckey went in. And members of the press, the Maryland press,

started yelling out, "Get'm, Randy, get'm. That guy caught up with him.

Just... Buckey picked up the snap and went left. He had half of a line on him. He had a good five yard edge on Randy White and Buckey was just running around end. And here comes Randy White. He grabbed him from the back and that was it.

But the next week we beat the 'Cocks.

They really hate us because they have not been able to beat us when they've



had their Jeff Grantz.

And while we've had our Stan Fritts, Dave Buckey...

...and Bobby Murray Chevrolet.

It was close until Banther intercepted that pitch-out and ran it all the way for a touchdown.

It took him about 10 years to run that 84 yards.

And then came Showy Paterno. And what was so great is that it was hot, and they didn't know what to do.

They got better though as the shadow started coming

over the field.

I think they liked it down here though.

You know, for our home games the three of us and maybe a few around us were constantly standing up and yelling. People looked at us like, "Sit down you idiots."

You've got to have the hard-core people with you. The ones that remember the lean years.

We remember the lean years when we won three games. We beat Miami at the end of the season.

I think I went to every game except Arizona State this year.

And that was when we got to go to your apartment and watch the game.

It was just as wild as if we were there.

By then we had a lot of confidence in the team. We knew we would beat the Sun Devils.

There were a lot of people over at the apartment watching the game, at least 20. Have you ever seen as many people yell at a T.V.

set. And you know what was good about that game is that we didn't have to listen to Chris Schenkle. We listened to Nick Pond and Reese Edwards. They did an excellent job, just what we wanted. I don't guess it really matters if you're at the game or if you watch it on T.V. It all depends on who you watch it with.

Tying Houston in the Astro-Bluebonnet Bowl was not all that bad when you think about it. Maryland got beat by Tennessee, and



Carolina got beat by Mississippi State.

There was no question about that.

A lot of fans went to that game. They drove down there, they flew down there. I flew down. People drove 24 straight hours to get there.

Houston was the biggest team I've ever seen us play against. They averaged 15 pounds heavier per man than the Houston Oilers.

I knew we would pull it out, but I thought we would

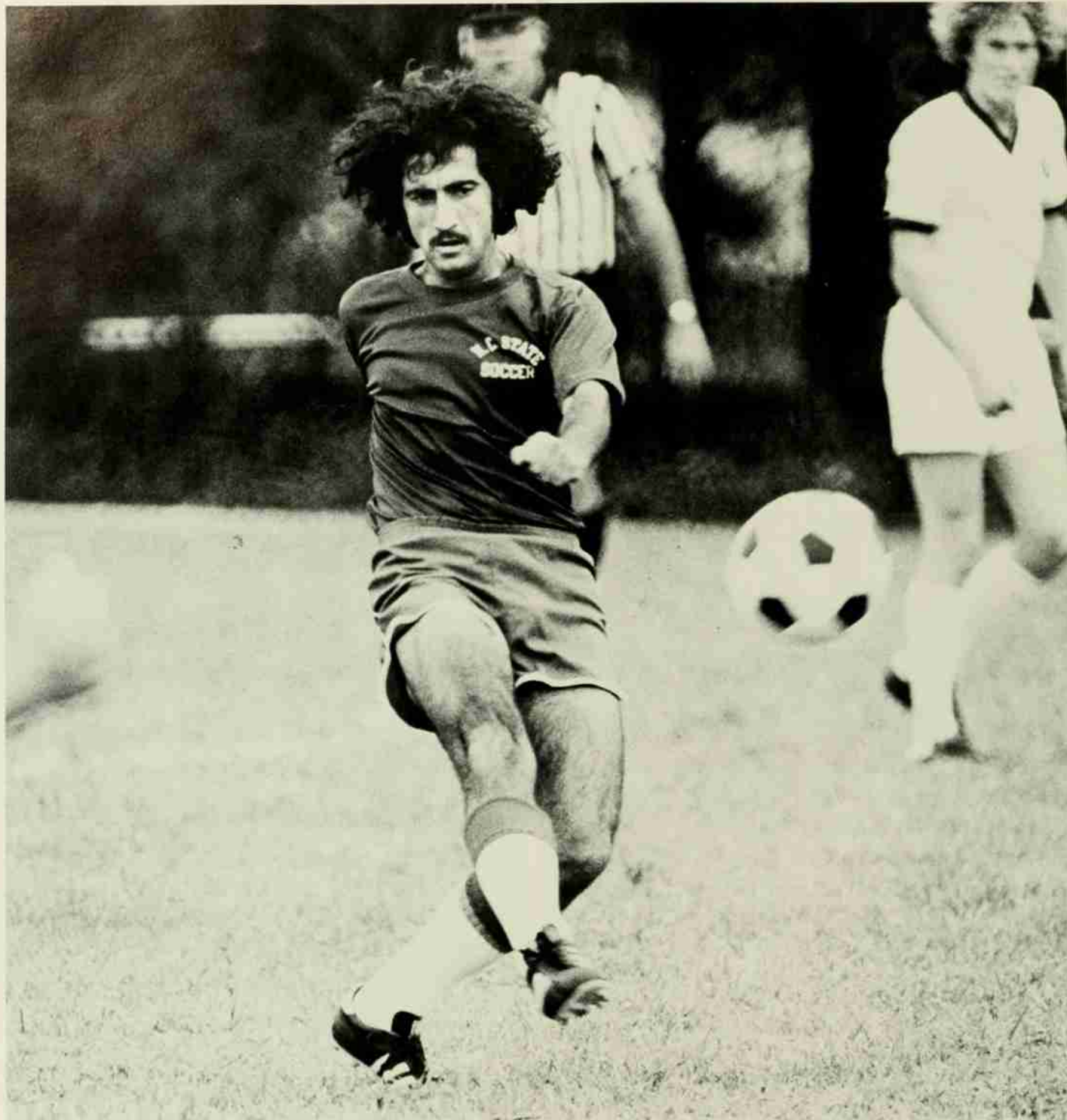
pull it out and win it.

I lived through the inside kick at Carolina and I lived through other calls that if they had gone our way we would have won the game. I accepted all of that, you have to because when you go to Chapel Hill you have to expect that kind of stuff.

But in the Astro-Bluebonnet Bowl when the Houston runningback got the MVP award that really hurt me.

That's alright, Buckey will get it next year.

Yeah, next year...



Soccer

"We really looked good until the last four games of the season. We played Maryland and our regulars got hurt. Rajal Kayal got a bad sprain, Neil Reeves bruised his ribs, and Patrick Ndukuba injured his knee.

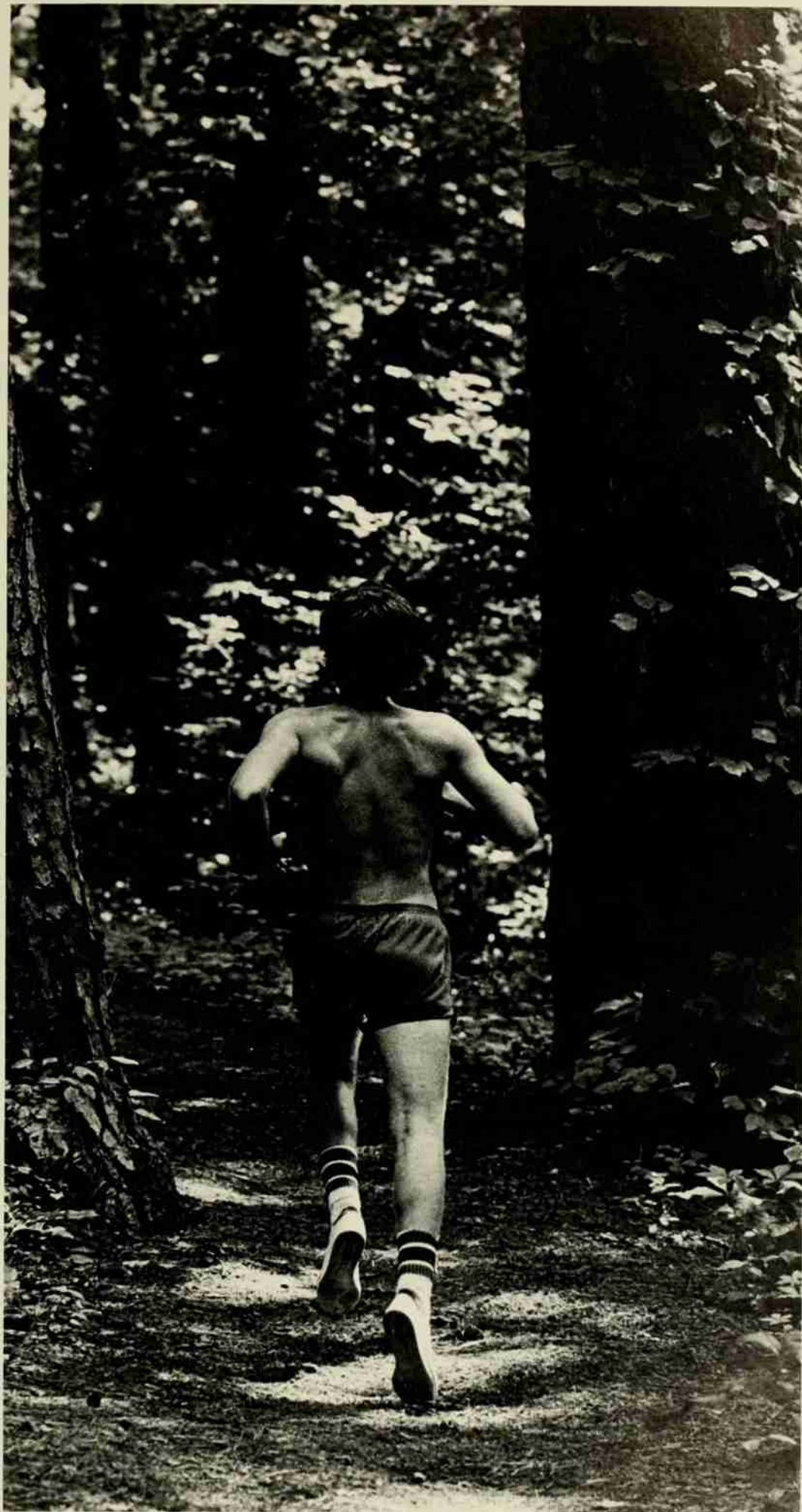
"We lost some key people at the critical part of the season, but you can't hide behind that. We just had to hobble through the end of the season.

"The most consistent players were probably Gino Olcese, Ken Gray, Tetteh Aniteye, and John Spivey. These guys were consistently outstanding and really contributed a lot to each game.

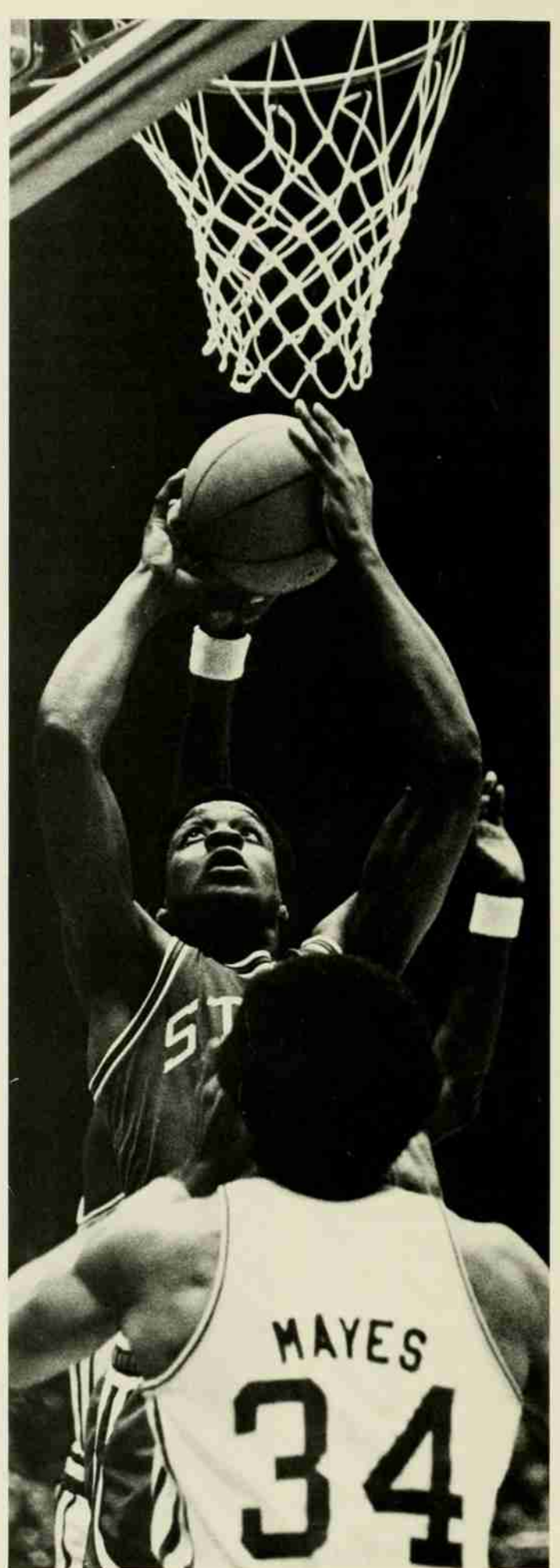
"The team as a whole and the players were very pleasing. We need to recruit some boys for next year who can compete with other ACC players. We need more boys just so we will have a strong reserve squad."

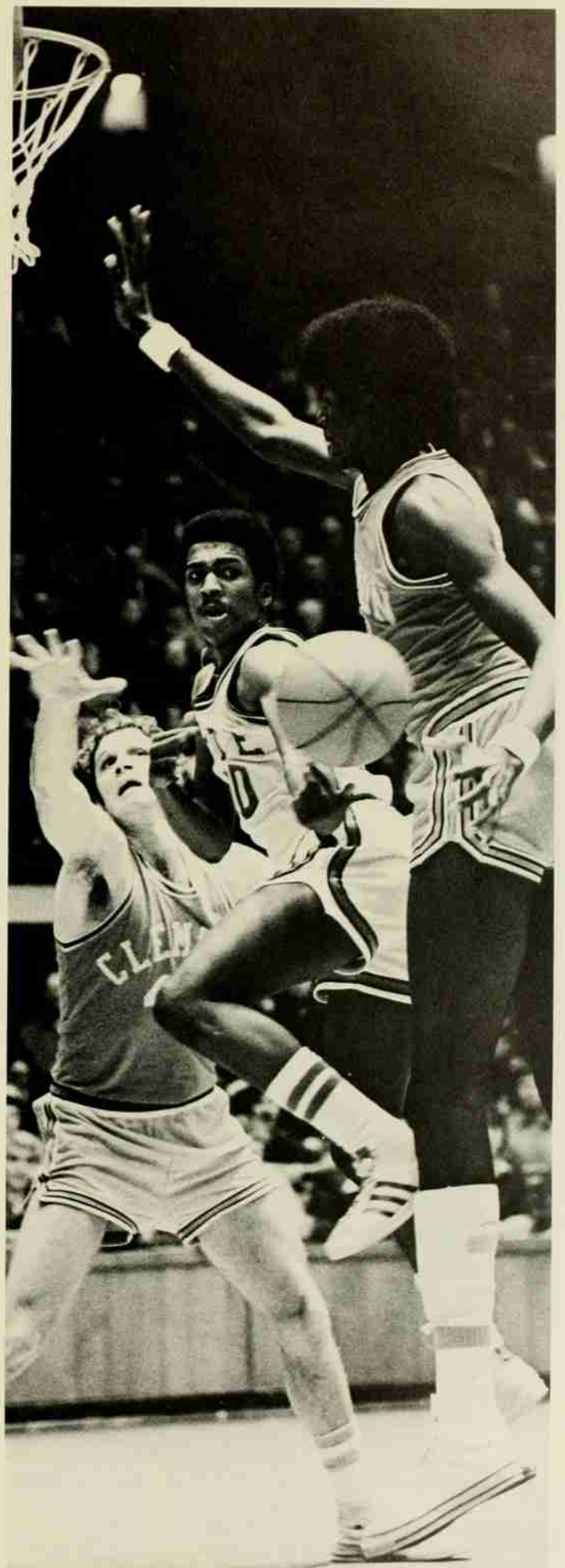
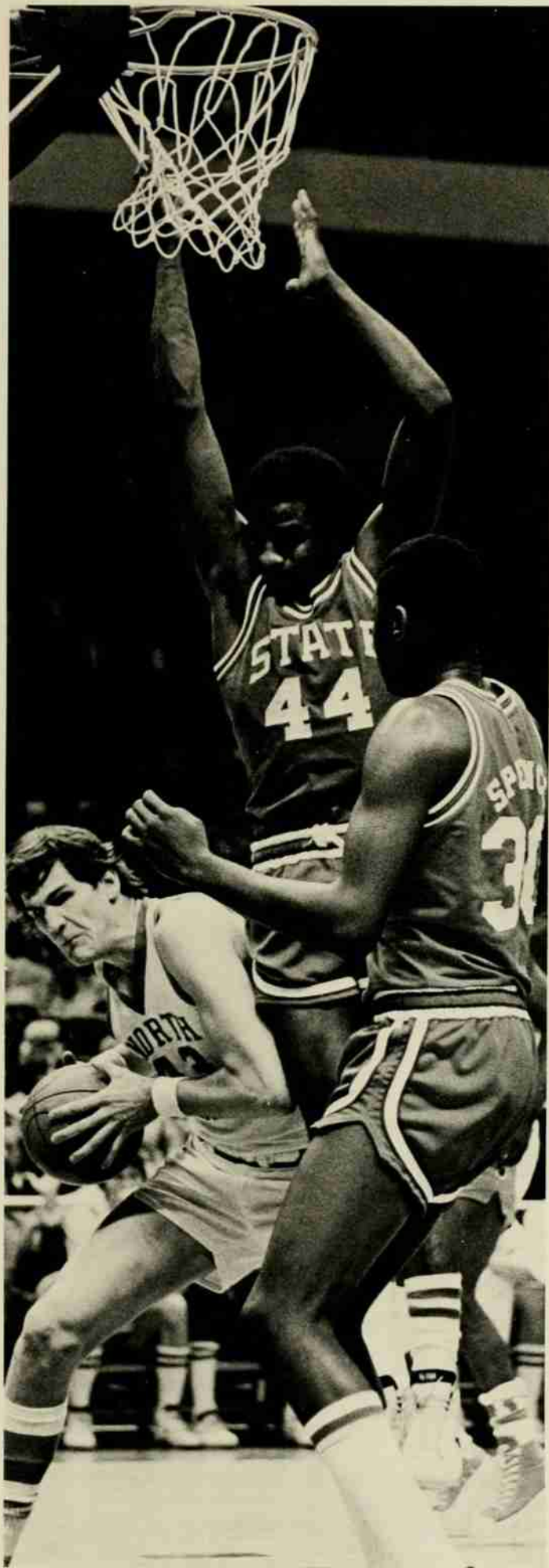
Cross Country

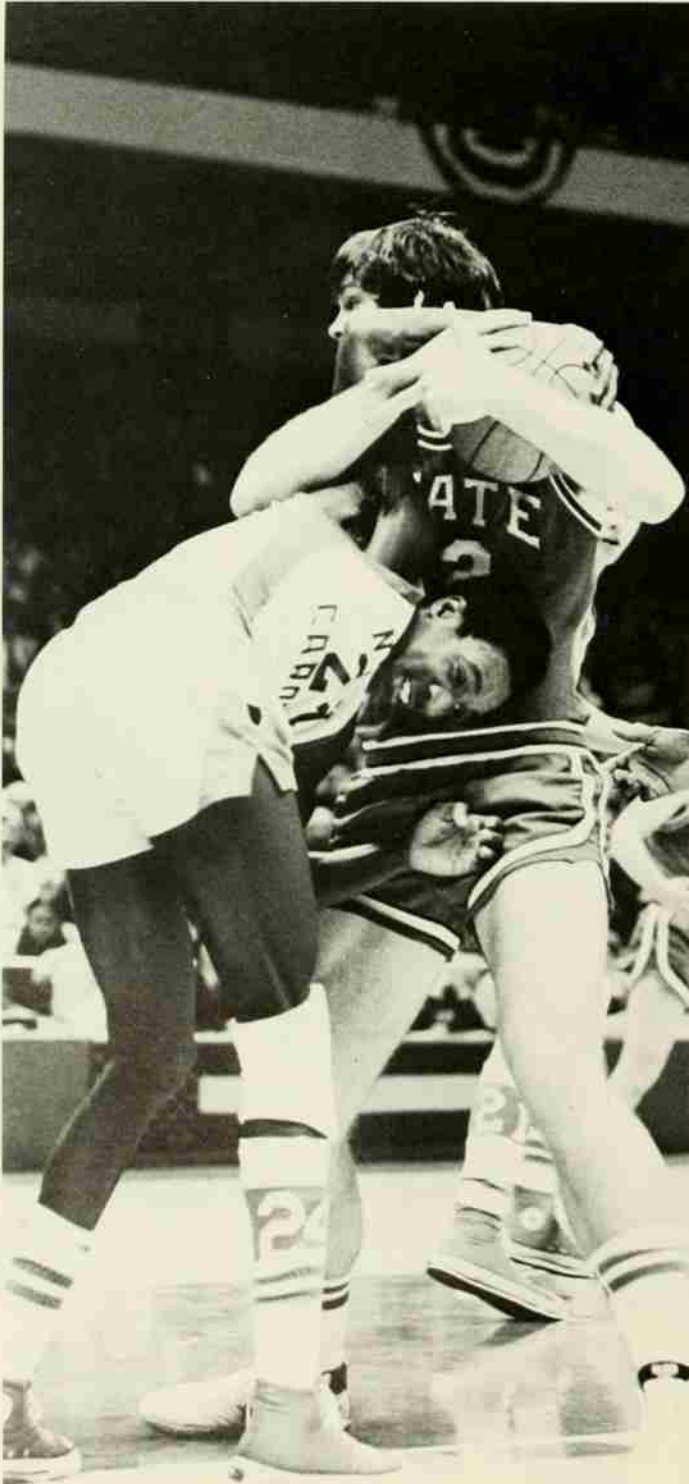
Cross country is a lonely sport. Simply, it is a sport in which one proceeds over the countryside—yet not by tracks or roads. Where one races through forests, across streams, around trees, down hills. A sport so arduous that it takes hours of physical and mental preparation to keep muscles from straining beyond to the point of utter exhaustion, to keep the mind from acceding to the grueling monotony of running and quietly surrendering to the battle to keep up a brutal, deadening pace. Yes, cross country is a lonely sport, the loneliest of sports. Run.



Basketball

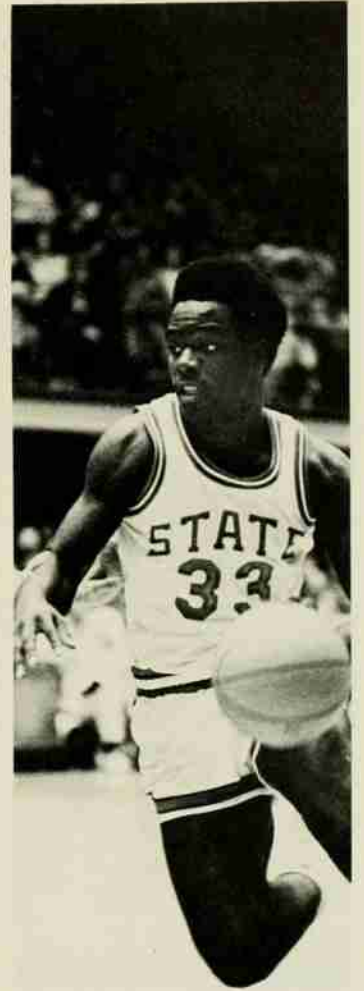
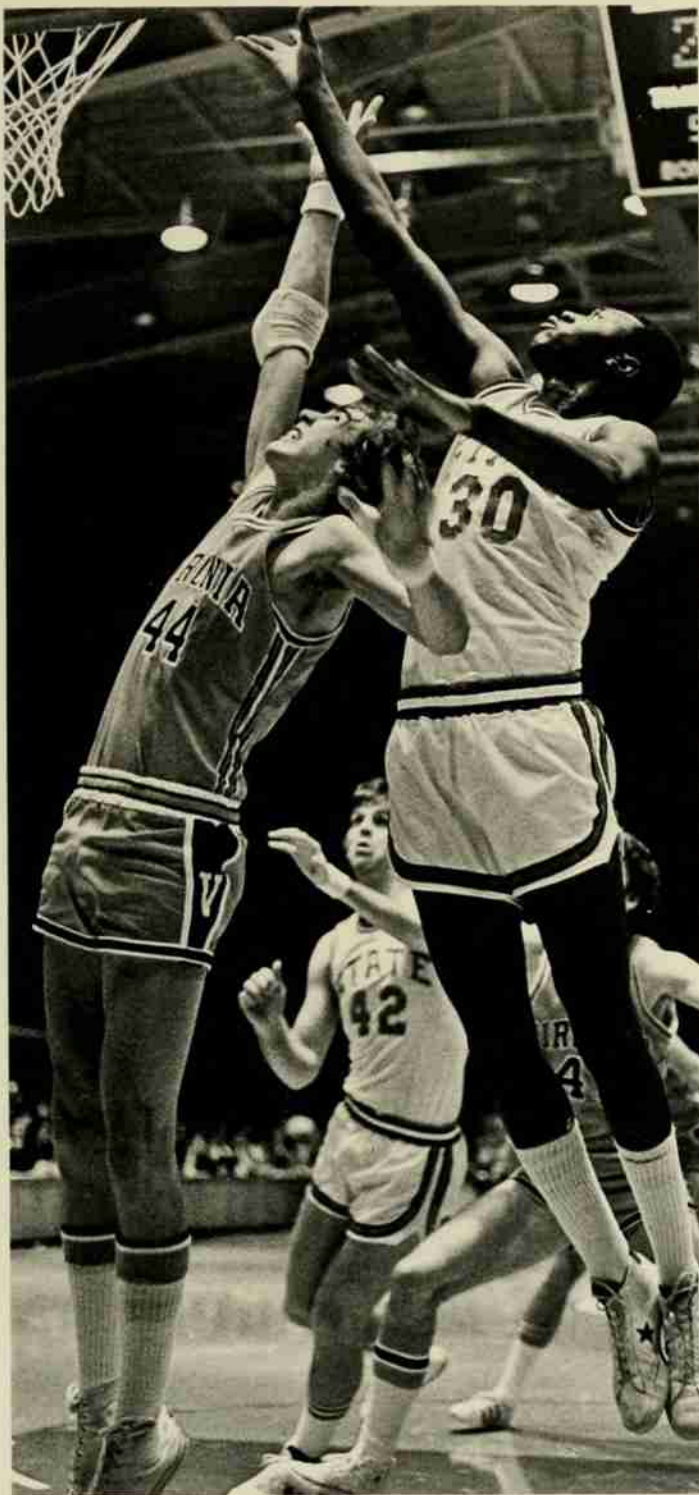






"Give me your honest impressions about the 1974-75 basketball season."
 "Basketball season this year? I've got you a one line impression on basketball this year, I think..."
 "We did pretty well with what we had to work with."
 "This past season? 1974-75?"
 "Yes."
 "I think we needed to trade Norm for two first round draft choices."
 "Why?"

"You're right. Two may be too many, let's not press our luck and ask for too much."
 "The magic wasn't back."
 "Oh, that's corny."
 "And the answer is 'what's basketball?'"
 "I felt cheated."
 "Why?"
 "Because I wanted that home game with Maryland."
 "The win?"
 "Yeah."
 "My impression? You know what mine is."

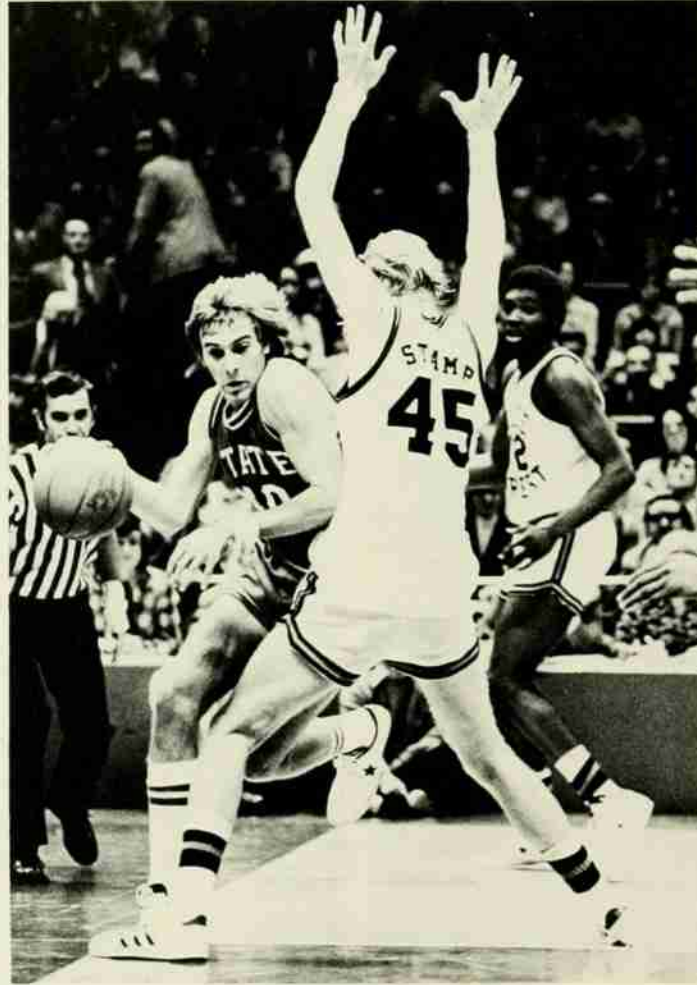


"No, what's that?"
 "Get out of my office and don't come back...and you sit still. Put that in there too."
 "My impression was that too many people talked down Monte Towe. He was not out of shape at the first of the season. He just didn't do as well with the absence of a 7-foot-4 center. Monte hustled as he always had. I got sick of people talking down Monte Towe."

"Timmy Stoddard had the best body in the ACC. Our favorite cheer was: You don't fuck with Tim Stoddard unless you're a girl!"
 "Craig Davis was great when he stopped acting like George Karl whenever he was called for a foul."
 "My impression was...remember that cutline about Hartofelis?...Does this look like Hartofelis? Well, it is."

It's Elaine Hartofelis, State cheerleader, telling all Wolfpack fans attending the Carolina game Saturday to wear red."
 "My greatest impression was 'that sounds like 40 year old plumbing' and getting kicked out of that party at the North-South Doubleheader."
 "Moeller didn't play that much because there was no one like Barry Parkhill to guard. No one in the conference could guard Parkhill like Moeller."

"Kuszmaul wasn't the same after they took away his sticks and knives."
 "The comic relief was by Bruce Dayhuff wearing Vann Williford's number."
 "I had a bad season...it was a bad period of my life. We called David 'Dr. D' instead of calling Julius Erving 'J.E.'"
 "Should have played Moeller more."



"I don't know why Norman Sloan has his job when in the Carolina game over there all he could tell the team at a crucial timeout with two seconds on the clock was 'Let's try to get the ball in and get off a shot.'"

"We had Bobo, Moe, Yo, Tow, Fouwtie Fouw, and Tim Stoddard was Oh!"

"Go grab a Deac and Beat it!"

"I really think the team was just overrated and probably played up to it's greatest potential. There was the absense of the dominant figure in Tommy Burleson. Even though David and Monte continued to show fire in their eyes, this past year was more of a let down to the team as a whole. Those who started most of the season that played on the national championship team last year might not have been

as hungry this year since it had all happened the year before."

"The younger players who did not really participate in the final games the championship year played hard when they went into the game."

"But the younger players were not as experienced and that really matters, especially when you are matching the game plans of Norman Sloan and Dean Smith. That Carolina coach

sure knows how to get the most out of his players."

To those fans that witnessed the great happening of the previous year, the 1974-75 season was surely a let down, but you can't expect a national champion from year to year, except maybe on the West Coast."

But that is not to say the team was not loaded with winners. They all were winners."



& Monte

For four years he was the little guy on the court for the Wolfpack.

While winning the hearts of State fans young and old, he used his speedy basketball talents to help lead the Pack to a national crown.

Coming to Raleigh in the fall of 1971, he was determined to break into the tall man's game of basketball on the collegiate level - in spite of the fact that he only stood 5-foot-7.

In his freshman year, he was the darling of the court. Aside from gaining many people's affection, he put fans on the edge of their seats in hope of seeing one of his quick moves and passes. He was a "little sparkplug" who blended in well with sure to be all-America David Thompson and the ever growing Tim Stoddard.



The following year the challenge of starting as a varsity player confronted him, but it was met with determination, and he proved that in a land of giants that the quick dash down court was just as helpful as the rebounding of 7-foot-4 teammate Tom Burleson.

In 1974, it was the little guy's determination and never-say-die attitude that was crucial in State's capturing of the national championship.

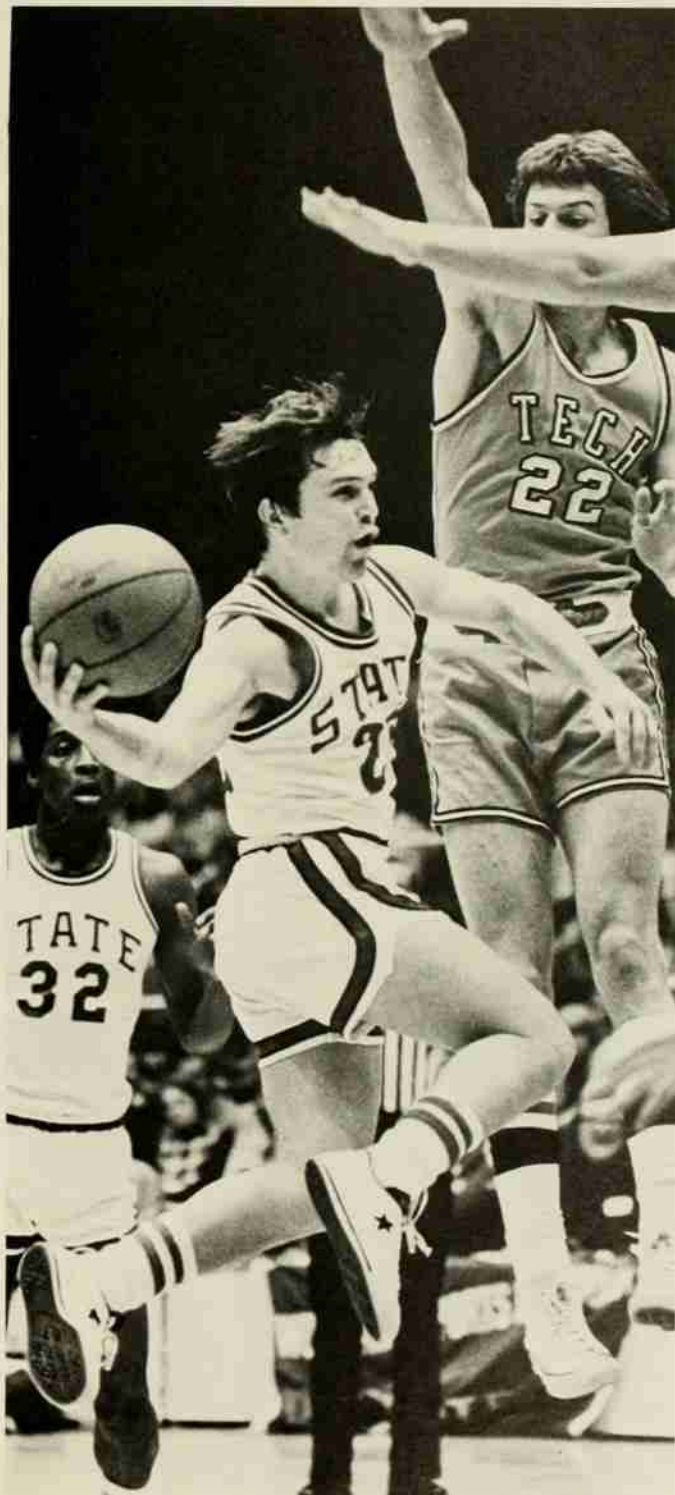
And even though the 1975 campaign was not as fruitful as the previous year, he "hung in there" and continued to show the same determination and desire he had displayed his freshman year.

And for his four great years as a Wolfpack basketball player he was rewarded with a one-year, no-cut contract to play professional basketball with the Denver Nuggets of the American Basketball Association.

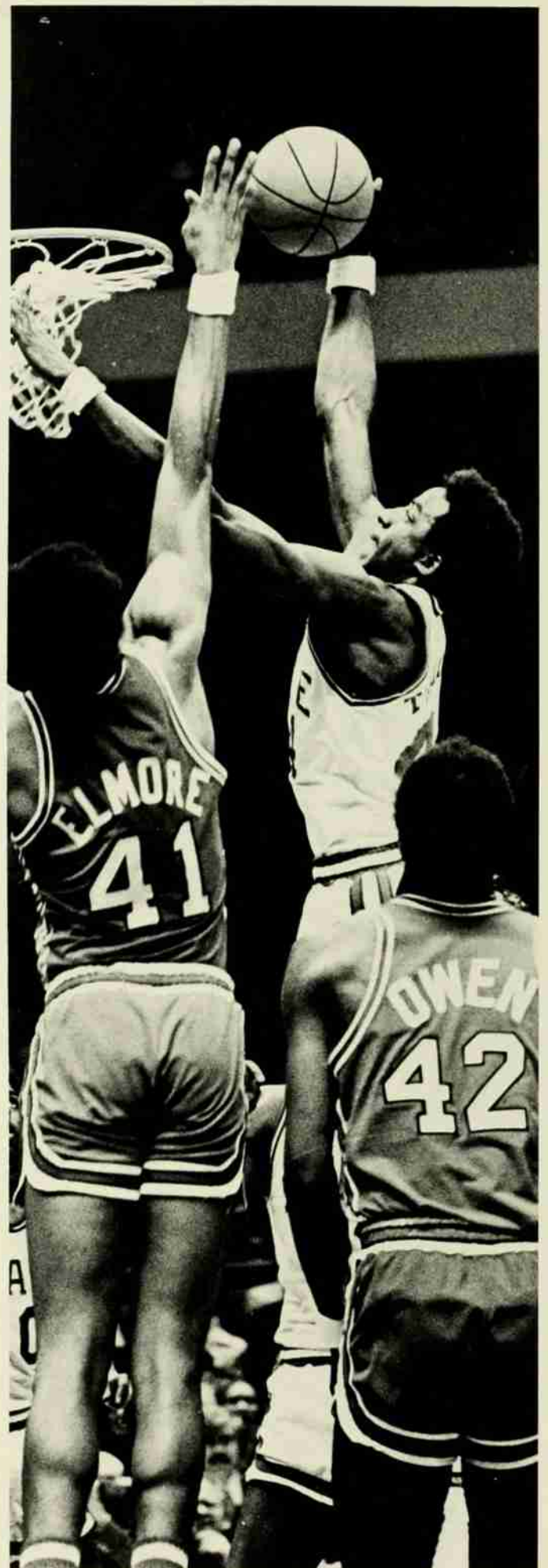
He is the "little guy" who people all across the nation and around the world talk about. He was and still is the sweetheart of many basketball fans, young and old, throughout the world.

There will never be anyone like him for years to come, for he is and always shall be North Carolina State's own.

Monte Towe.



& David





In his three year varsity Wolfpack career, David Thompson played in a total of 86 games, scoring a total of 2,309 points for an average of 26.8 per game. He also pulled down an average of 8.1 rebounds per game. David hit 55.3 percent of his shots from the floor and 76.3 percent of his free-throw attempts.

In his freshman year, he dazzled crowds while enroute to a 35.6 points per game scoring clip. His rebounding average was 13.6 that year.

North Carolina State's record during David's three year varsity career was quite remarkable. In 1973 the Wolfpack finished 27-0, winning the Atlantic Coast Conference championship and finishing as the second ranked team in the the nation. The following year David and the Pack took it all, winning 30 of 31 games. David and State were the National Champions. In 1975, the Wolfpack basketball team compiled a 22-6 record and was the ACC runner-up. Those three years are considered as being the finest three-year period in North Carolina State basketball history.

There were 18 games during which David scored 35 points or more. His high of 57 came against Buffalo State. There have been only 13 other occasions which Wolfpack players scored 35 or more points.

David now owns three Atlantic Coast Conference records: the most points scored in a game—57 versus Buffalo State, December 5, 1974; the most field goals scored in a single game—27 versus Buffalo State, December 5, 1974; and the most career points—2,309, 1973-75.

To add to the above records, David also owns six other N.C. State records: the most season points—838; best season scoring average—29.9; the most season field goals—347; the best career scoring average—26.8; the most career field goals—939; and the most consecutive free throws—31, accomplished in five games his sophomore year.

David also contributed to seven Atlantic Coast Conference team records: the most game points (two teams), most field goals scored in a single game, the highest season scoring average, the highest season scoring average margin, the most season 100-point games, and the most season consecutive 100-point games.

Other N.C. State records which David helped establish are: the largest margin of victory, the best season field goal percentage, the longest season winning streak, the most consecutive wins, and the most season wins.

It is very much evident that David Thompson has left his mark on North Carolina State University and the Atlantic Coast Conference—a mark that should be remembered for years to come.

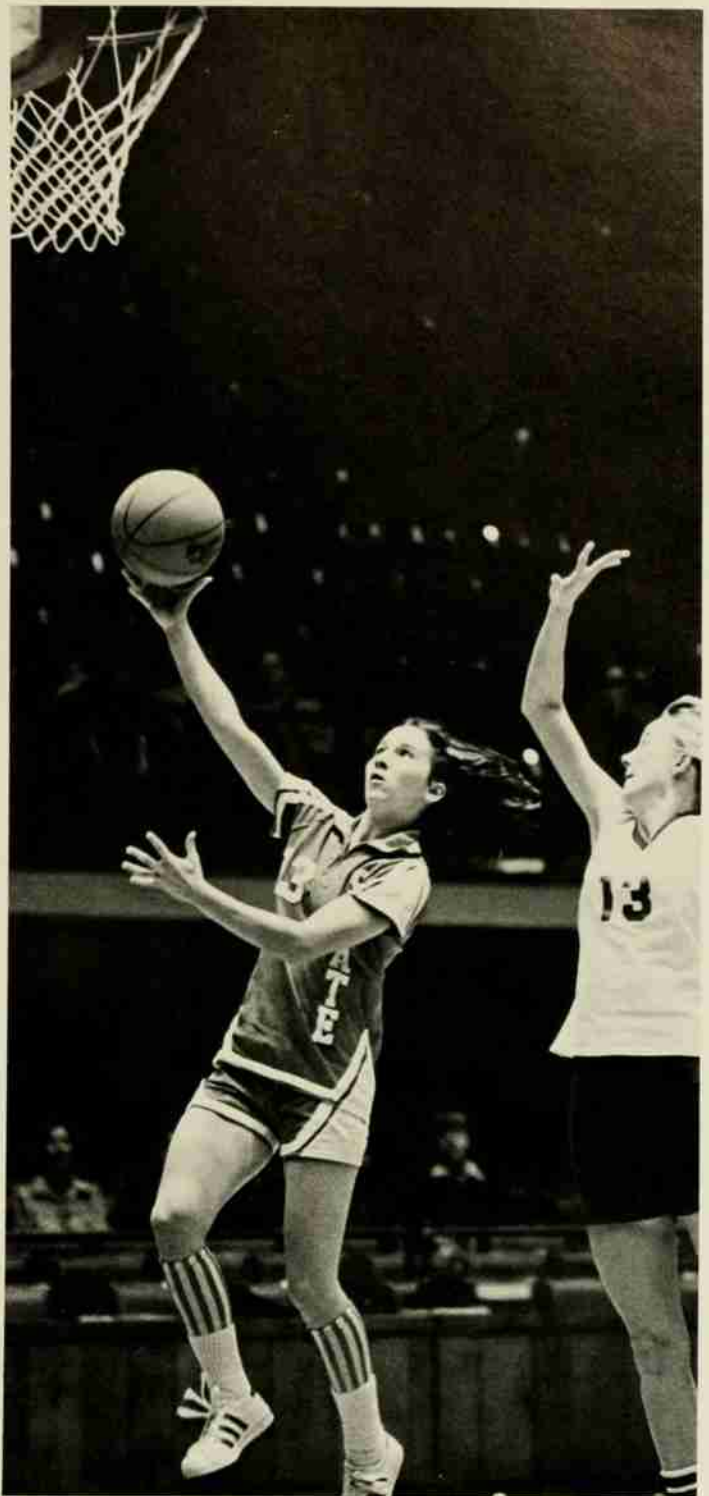


Women's Basketball

"You've come a long way baby!"

The truth of the women's basketball program is in the saying.

But to make that saying come true, a large measure of the credit goes to the intense, aggressive style of State coed Genie Jordan. As a freshman, Genie found herself looking at and participating in a program



of women's athletics which consisted of little other than intramurals; and with her basketball her forte, she was determined to build a program to its greatest possible heights.

Through two years of struggle, her sophomore and junior years, the women's basketball program grew from non-existence, to a club sport with tee-shirts for uniforms, to being a member of the Association of Intercollegiate Athletics

for Women, which competed in a statewide tournament, resplendent with snazzy new uniforms, to the acceptance by the Athletic Department as a varsity sport.

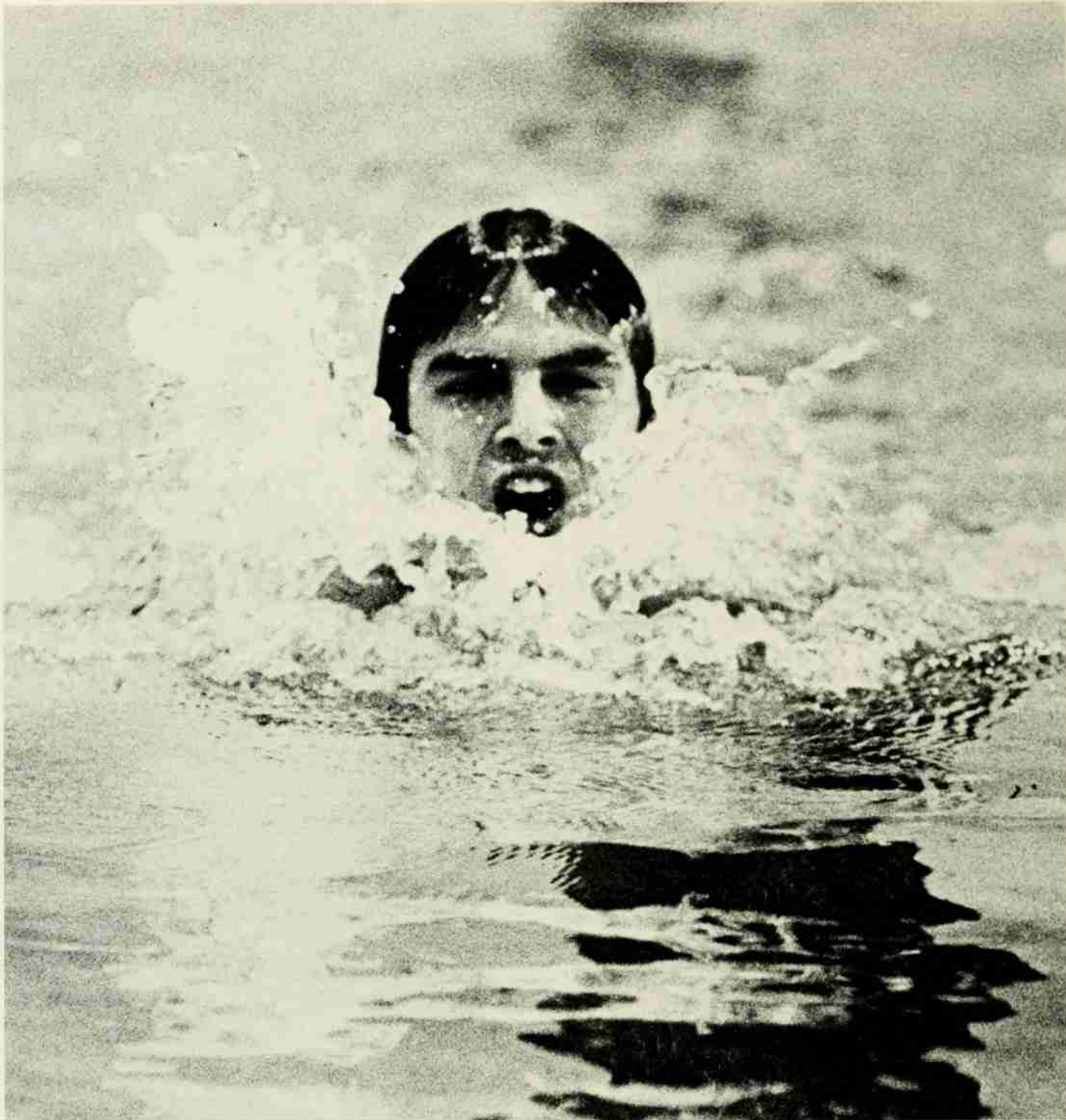
But no varsity sport can survive without a varsity coach, and that individual was found in the man of Peanut Doak. The new coach was confronted with a disorganized team, a team whose potential as a varsity competitor had been largely ignored by former coaches,

a team which was as interesting to watch as "an automatic Coke machine on a rainy day."

Doak, along with the much needed guidance of Genie Jordan, transformed the team into a championship squad with that familiar, favorite Wolfpack playing style: run, run, and play sticky defense. It took most of the season to transform the old style to the new, but it was done and the state "B" division championship was

State's.

Yes, the program came a long way, and even though this year's action was played mainly in front of 12,000 empty seats, as the program progresses and as even more women's athletics are added to the athletic budget, the success and impact of the women's basketball team on the State campus will become immeasurable.



Swimming

For the first time in three years, the State swimming team returned to Raleigh from the NCAA Championships and found itself locked out of the nation's top 10.

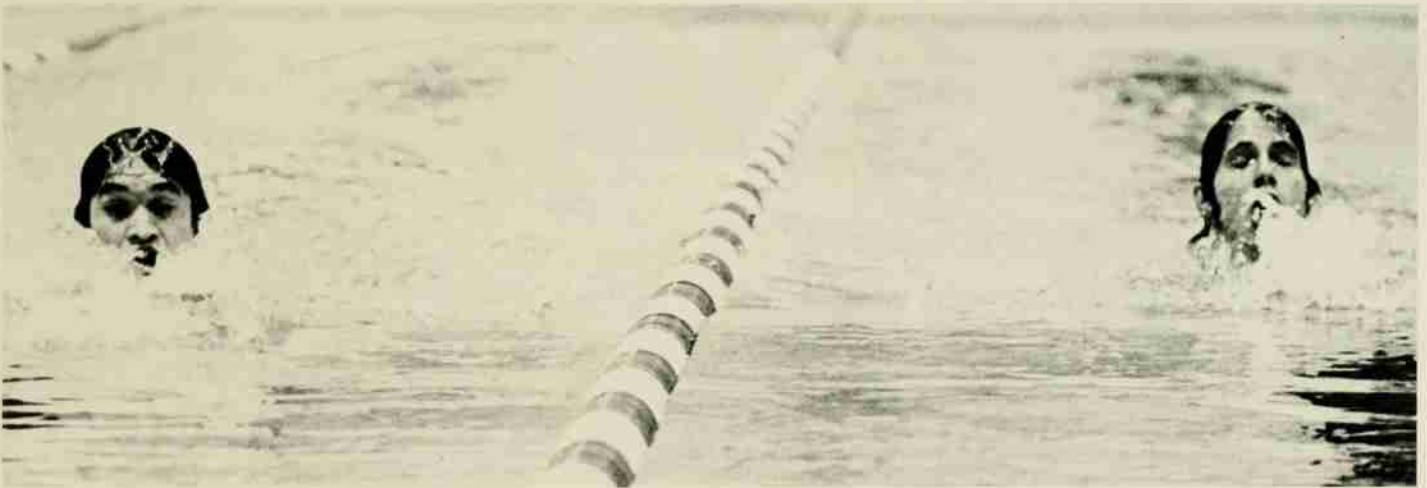
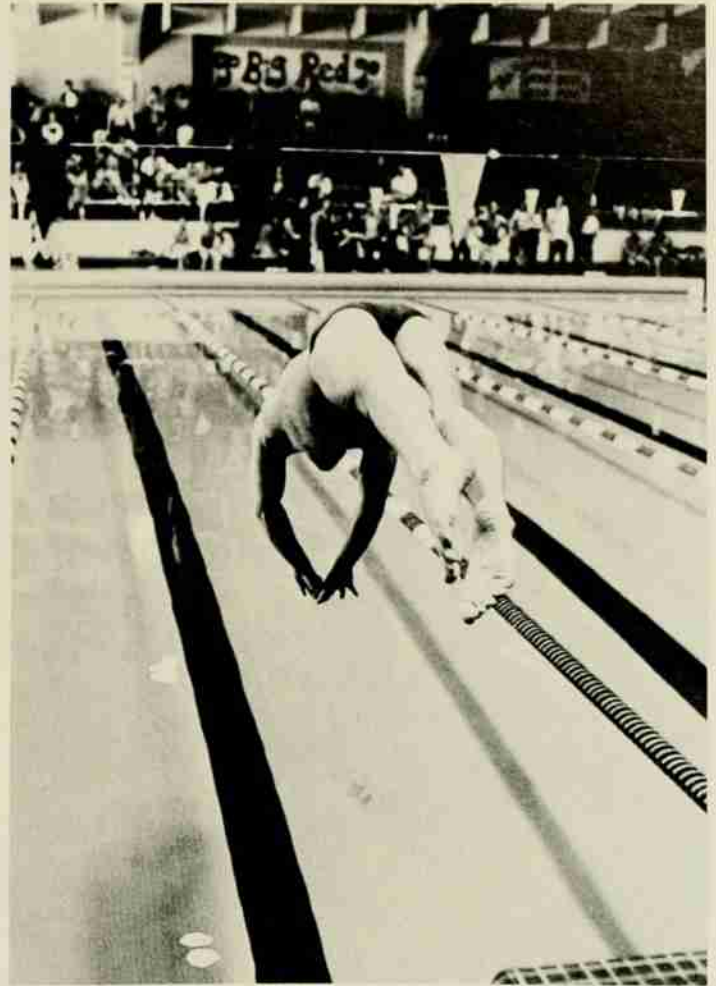
Wolfpack swimmers broke numerous conference marks at the national meet as well as during the regular season in dual meets; but while State was getting fast, the rest of the nation was getting faster, and 12th was as good as State could manage.



"We've got to be disappointed not to be in the top 10," lamented coach Don Easterling. "You've got to be disappointed with failure, and I think we did fail. We assumed a lot of things and thought we'd have a good meet.

"We were swimming good during the year and you would have thought that would carry over somewhat into the NCAAs," he stated.

It was probably more of a disappointment for the seniors on the squad than

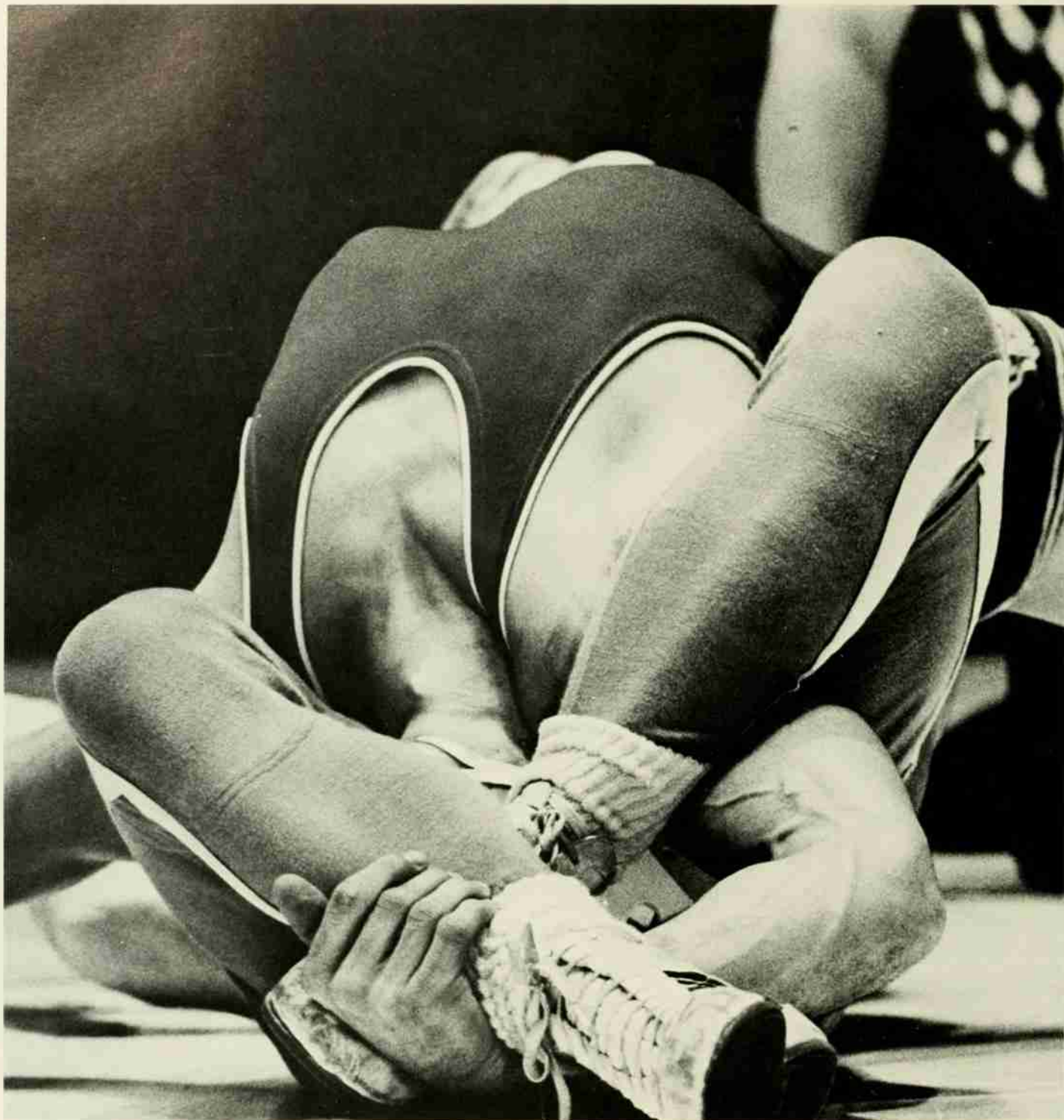


the coach. The coach has seen good teams come and go, but those swimming on the team as seniors had only seen a team that performed in the top eight nationally for four years. But this time it was not to be, and the seniors chalked it up to experience.

However, the school record setting times by the Pack swimmers were as good as national times had been just a year ago. Many times which wound up in the second 10 places this

year would have been in the top 10 last year.

Easterling says the problem might have been leadership since "great teams usually have good leadership, but we didn't have it this year." But that accusation could not be true. When the swimmers and divers perform up to what national standards were just a year ago and are knocked out of the top 10, leadership is not the problem.



Wrestling

Like muscles which grow stronger with every movement, State's wrestling team grew better with every match. While finishing only fourth in the conference tournament, two particular wins made the season a success.

The Pack pinned Maryland to the mat, a highly unusual event in the wrestling world, and then later put North Carolina

hurriedly back on a bus to Chapel Hill to lick its wounds.

"It was a very successful season," stated first year coach Bob Guzzo, "not only with the defeat of Maryland and Carolina, but also by managing a victory over the established program of East Stroudsburg State and coming within six points of beating East Carolina when they were 13th in the nation."

Guzzo brought many new faces with him in his first

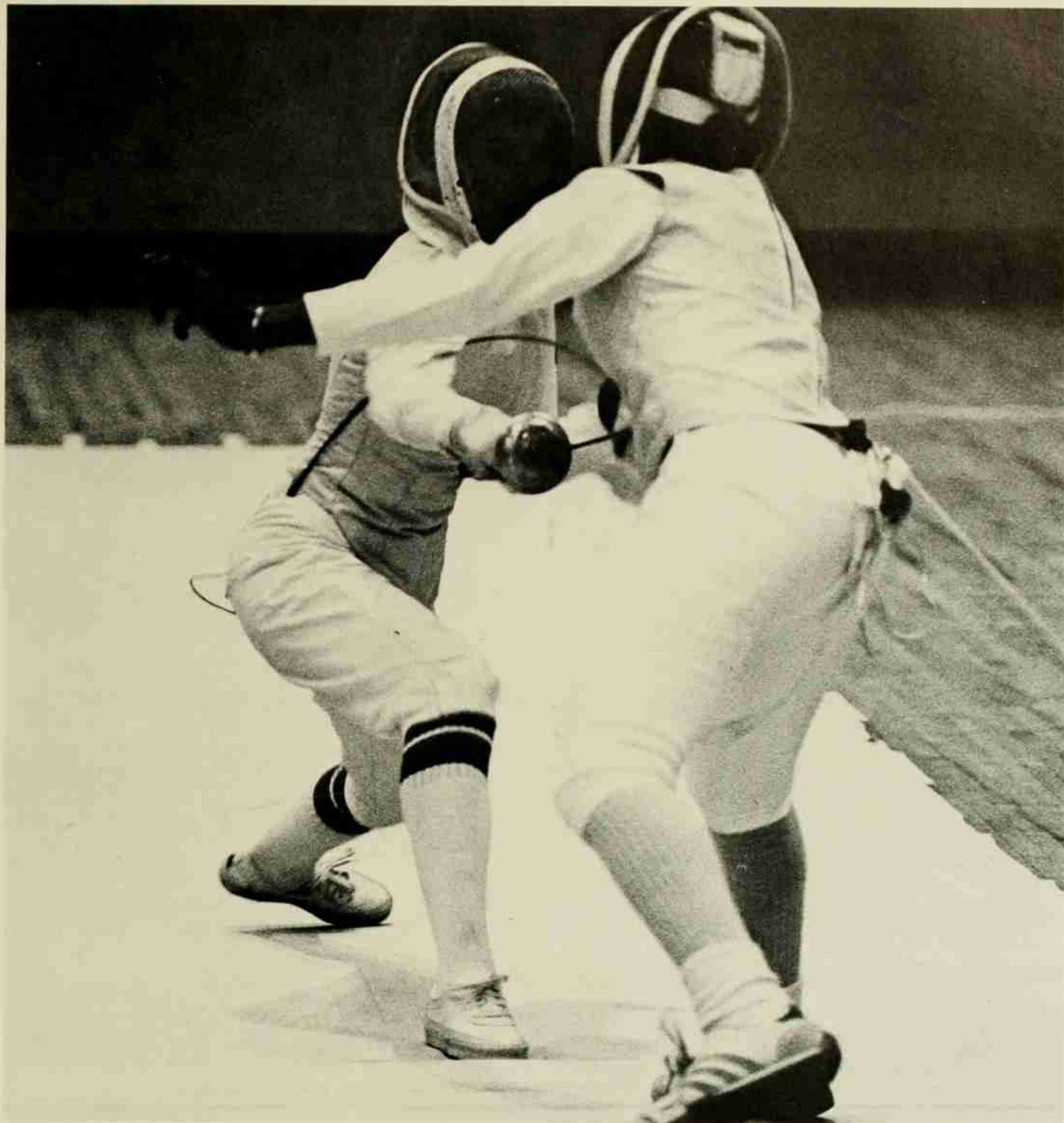
year, but with the likes of old-timers Paul McNutt and Tom Higgins, State had two of the conference's best performers.

"Paul continues to improve from day to day," praised the coach. "We are still looking for bigger things in the future from him. The team looked to him for leadership.

"Tommy was put into a lot of pressure situations," Guzzo said. "Without him the season could have easily been turned around. With

the heavyweights wrestling last, a lot of meets came down to him winning. He was outstanding; he came out with key wins.

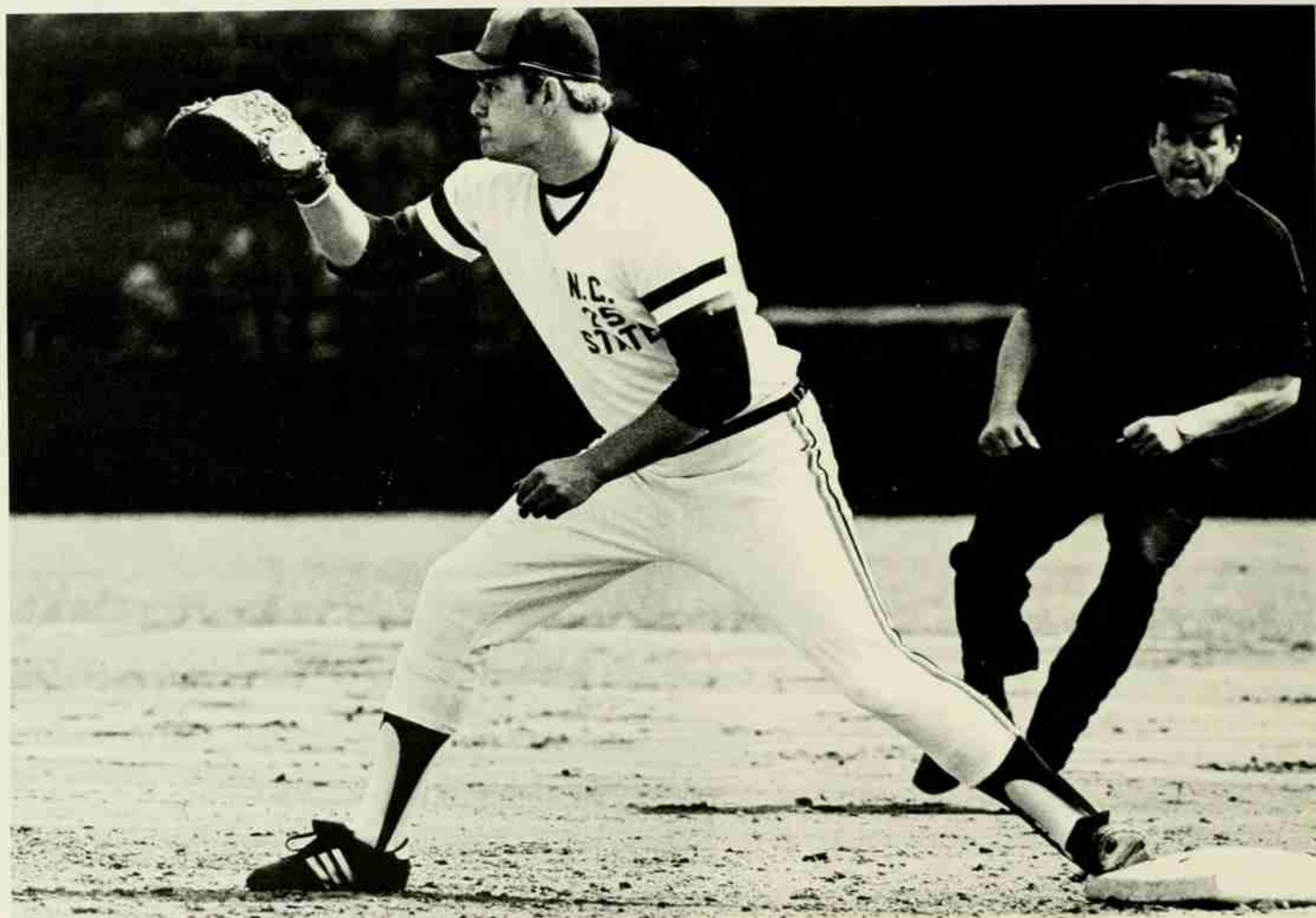
"There was all that pressure on one man, but I wouldn't want to put anyone else in that situation."



Fencing

Coach Larry Minor, in his first year as mentor—

“The team played above its ability. At the first of the season I said to myself, ‘We are in a heck of a lot of trouble.’ But we got to work as soon as possible. We had a chance to be a contender, but we were not experienced. Six of our seven losses came against teams in the top 15 in the nation. Yet we did well with a team that did not have much experience.”



Baseball

"'PACK POWER' TAKES ACC TITLE" glared the Wolfpack-red headline in the *Technician*. State had captured the conference baseball title just the day before, and the headline was ever so appropriate.

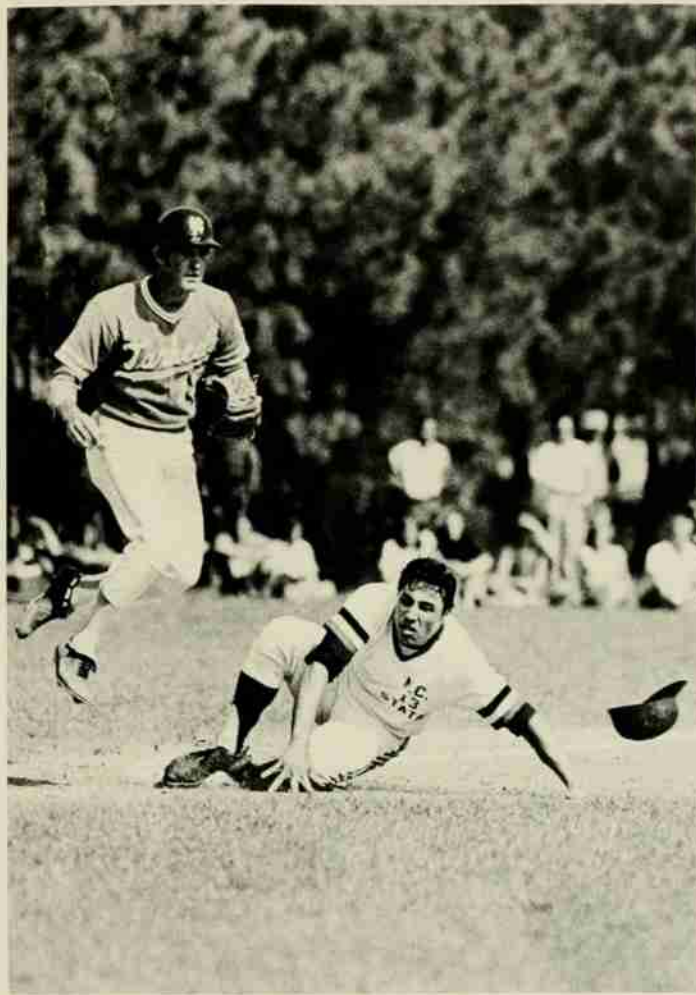
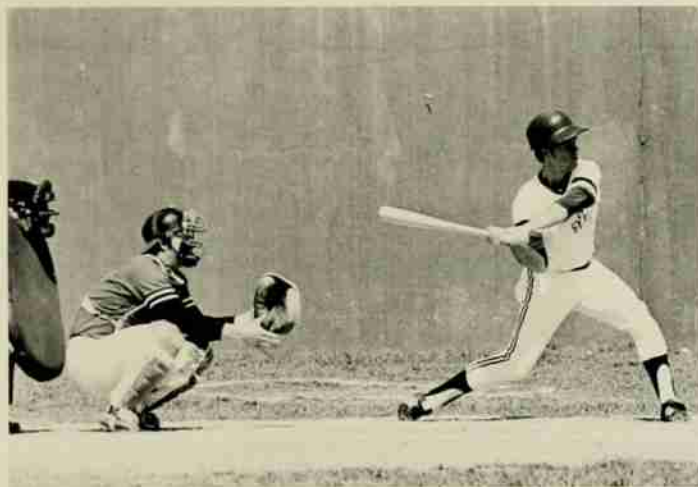
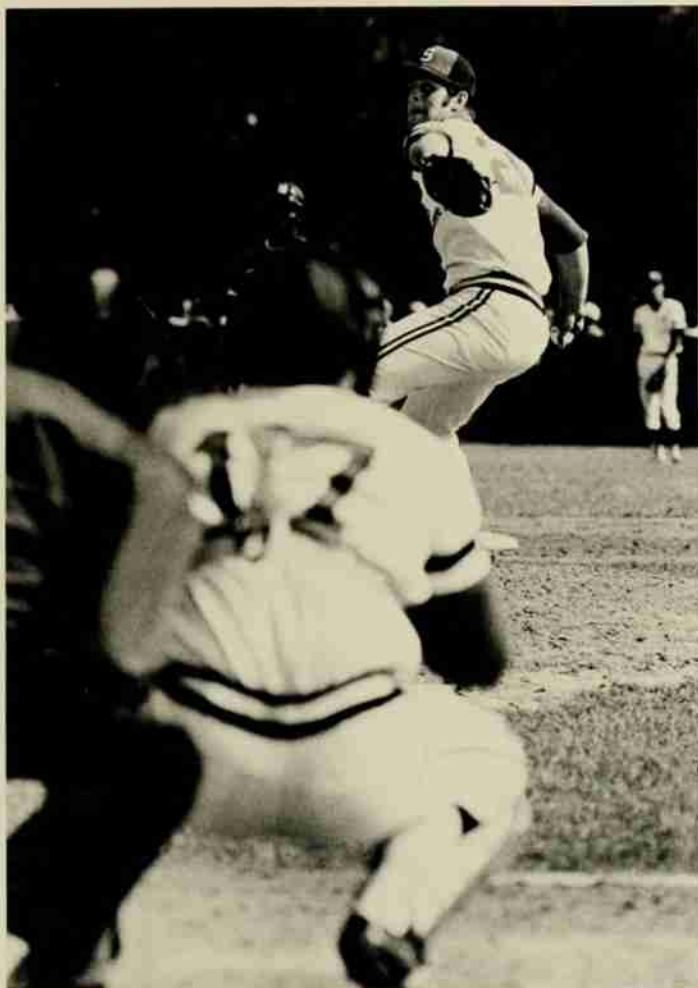
The Pack's bats had not been silent for four straight days as not a single game went by without some State player knocking the ball out

of Cary Boshamer Stadium in Chapel Hill.

The strong bats, along with the steady State pitching that compiled one of the nation's best earned-run averages (1.56), gave the Wolfpack a four-game sweep of conference foes, the Atlantic Coast Conference tournament, and an automatic berth in the regional playoffs—one step away from the College World Series.

For the regular season





and the tournament, State fell at the hands of opponents only five times. Three losses came in the first six games and it was the seventh game, a win over High Point College, one of the NAIA's best, that turned the season around.

From that point until the tournament, only Clemson and Maryland were able to draw Wolfpack bloos; but those losses were nothing more than State mistakes, mistakes which were overcome in later contests.

To set the record straight, it was the third straight tournament title won by the Pack, and the third time in a row the title game was against Clemson.

So when your team has the nation's second best ERA and when the batting average of the starting nine players is over .280, one would think a high national ranking would be in order. A telephone call to a magazine in Tucson, Arizona which ranks collegiate baseball teams proved differently

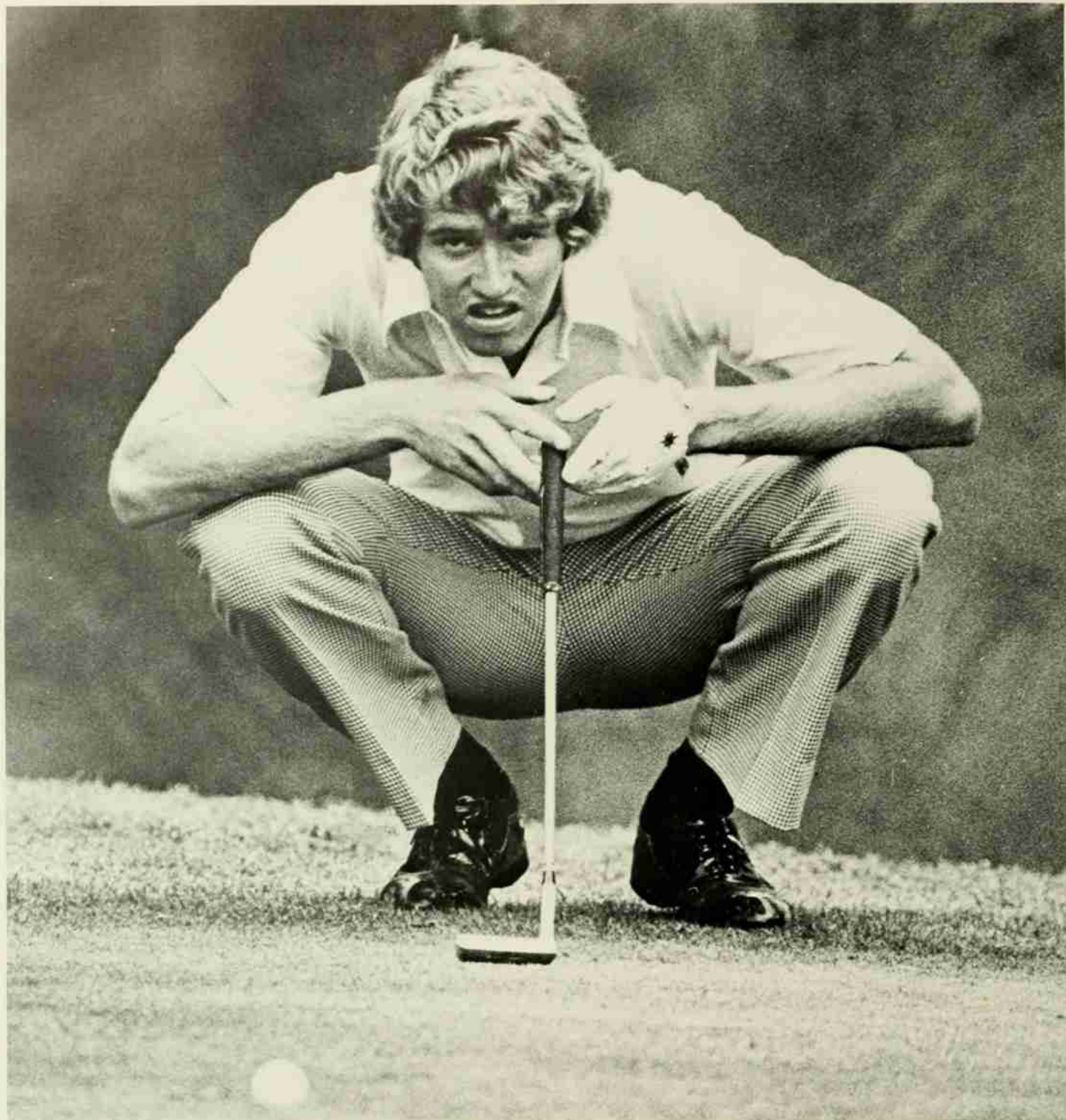
though: "Ma'am, could you please tell me where N.C. State is ranked this week?" the caller asked a few days after the title was the Wolfpack's.

"We didn't know State played baseball," the lady on the other end answered. "Clemson is ranked 11th, but N.C. State is not even in the top 33. We don't have any statistics on them."

A quick reading of the stats changed the situation as the Wolfpack was ranked 16th entering the district

playoffs.

Baseball turned out to be just another "nationally-ranked" pasttime for State.



Golf

The tough challenge of catching Wake Forest was almost met by the Wolfpack this year. But second in the ACC is nothing as compared to being ranked as the eighth best collegiate golf team in the nation by Golf World magazine.

"I can't wait to get a copy of the magazine. I'm gonna frame it," exclaimed coach Richard Sykes upon hearing the news. "It tickles me to death."

But the ranking isn't all that excited Sykes during the season. A junior named Vance Heafner lead the Pack in all tournaments and showed observers what Sykes was talking about when he continuously stated, "To tell you the truth, I've never seen a better collegiate golfer than Vance."

And for such superb undertaking on the links, State was invited to compete in the NCAA

tournament. Just another Wolfpack sport that has grown to prominence—golf.



Tennis

It's frustrating to compete in any sport over a long period of time and never be the victor. Being on the short end of 40-love to conference tennis opponents had been such an old hat that Assistant Athletic Director Frank Weedon couldn't remember when the Pack had defeated an ACC foe.

But that memorable streak came to an end during this season as State netters defeated Clemson, 6-3, midway through the season. It was like winning at Forest Hills or at Wimbledon for coach J. W. Isenhour and the team—especially senior Randy Merritt, who had played for four years at State and never saw anything but the bottom of the cellar in the conference race. As the season ending tournament approached, all

Randy dreamed about was the year coming to an end. The journey had been frustrating.

State did not perform up to its expectations in the tournament for evidently someone forgot to tell Virginia and Clemson that the Pack could finish ahead of them.

"Our guys played well," Isenhour stated. "I'm not making excuses; our guys played well, but I guess it wasn't to be."

The only Wolfpack netter to make it successfully out of the first round of play was sophomore Joe Merritt.

But the sport is coming out of the cellar, for Isenhour signed North Carolina's top high school prospect to play at State.



Track & Field

About all that anyone expected during the track and field season was for Maryland to win its 20th straight conference title—which of course it did.

But one of the unexpected occurrences was State's surprisingly easy second place finish in the ACC meet.

"It's the best team performance we've had in quite a while," stated coach Jim Wescott. "And even in the events that we didn't place in, we set some personal bests."

"(Freshman Tony) Bateman's (six-mile second place) finish started building up the teams confidence. After the quarter-mile relay (team ran a 42.3) and (freshman Paul) Buttermark's mile (of 4:02.4), everybody must have started thinking 'If

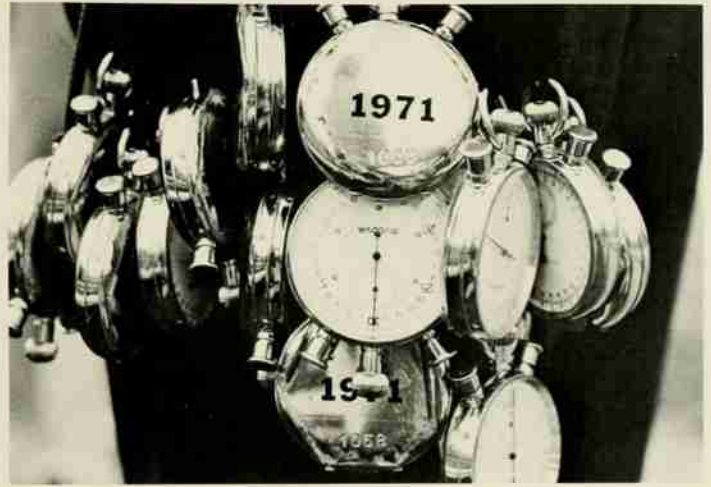
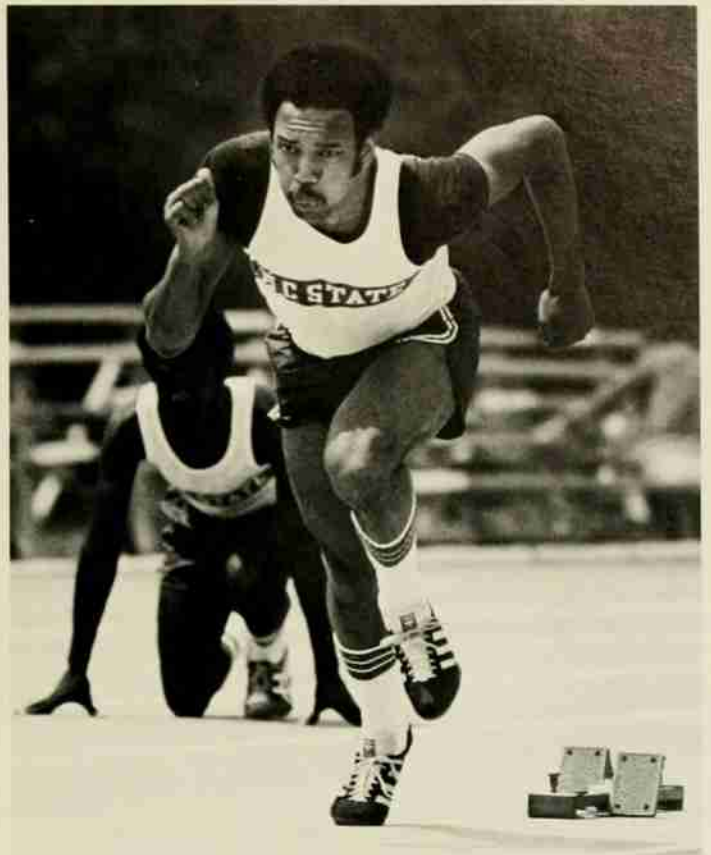
these guys can do it why can't I?'"

"(Freshman Jim) Bennett's run was a sweet surprise. It was exciting to see 47.7s in the 440 and a 48.6 split in the mile relay."

What was more extraordinary was the great difference in the final places and point totals in the outdoor sport and the totals in the winter version. Maryland had finished 20 points higher than all six other conference schools while track and field were

indoors. But outside State finished only 48 points back of the Terps and 19½ ahead of third.

Field events were improved with every meet during the season. Bob Medlin is no Brian Oldfield, but he reached the 59-foot mark, an outstanding accomplishment considering that his best a year ago was about six-feet shorter. And the discus took a new dimension with LaBaron Caruthers.



"It will be a long time before we or any other conference school catches Maryland," Wescott stated. "They just have too much depth. "We had quite a few points scored (in the ACC meet) by underclassmen. With the men we have returning and with a good recruiting year, we should have a respectable team.

"(More than one State thinclad qualifying for the NCAA meet was) an indication that the whole

team level is coming up. It also showed that there's not just one person carrying the team."



Lacrosse

It was only one year after winning just one match, but the Wolfpack regrouped and compiled a .500 season. The stickmen began the season with one goal in mind and that goal was to break even with wins and losses.

Though not as good as the other conference teams, State's season was as much of a success as winning the crown in any number of sports.

Lacrosse has not been very big at State in previous years; and in only the third season as a varsity sport, the Pack's celebrated success was highly contributed to team effort.

Just listen to the thoughts of the stickmen's highest scorer, freshman Bob Coyne, "We only win when we play as a team." How true, and this year they played as a team, and the results proved it; their attitude was perfect, and

even better scores may be expected next year: "Next year we'll be more experienced—plus we have several outstanding freshmen coming in. Give us two years and we'll be right up there with Virginia."

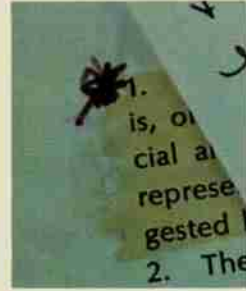
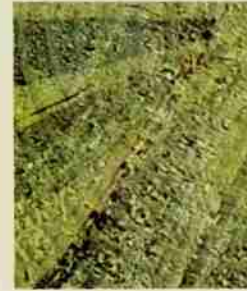




Rugby

There were the scrums, the lineouts, and the knock ons. Hookers and props were in evidence. As a matter of fact, there was one time that a hooker climbed over a couple of props right in the middle of a scrum and before too long a ball popped out.





There are approximately fifteen thousand five hundred students here at State; mostly there are anyway; the number varies—some graduate early, some marry, some just simply see another side of life and drift away. But mostly we have our fifteen and a half thousand looking about, searching for who and what they are in this, our world. The world consists of some twenty three hundred courses teaching you anything from dissecting frogs to existentialism; and from this jumble of intellect and knowledge, they somehow offer ninety rather clearly defined degrees. For the sake of convenience, for the sake of simply making sense from it all, we break down this myriad into nine major diversions: Agricultural Institute, Agriculture and Life Sciences, Design, Education, Engineering, Forest Resources, Liberal Arts, Physical and Mathematical Sciences, and Textiles. In the diversions, which follow are those who finally made it, got their degree. Took their two, or four, or six, or however many years and left knowing—who really knows what they left knowing. But they graduated and this fact, this fact we are recognizing here.





Agricultural Institute



Joseph Chandler



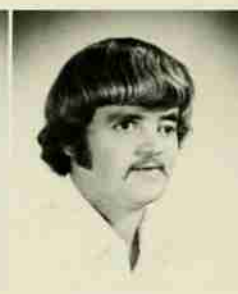
George Copland



James Davis



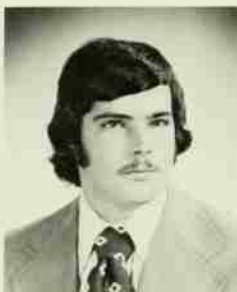
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James Doxey



John Gurkin



Douglas Hardee



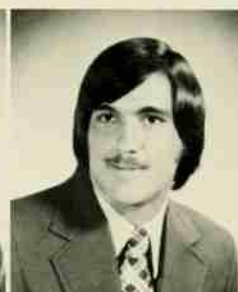
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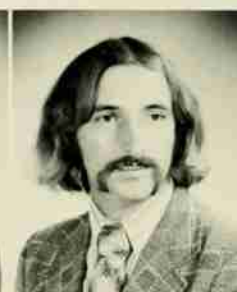
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Keith Hilliard



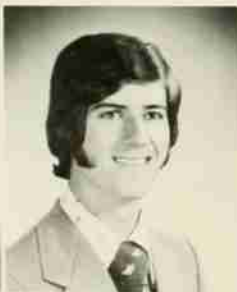
Gary McLaughlin



John Morrison



Benjamin Nelms



Charles Ogburn



Charles Robinson



Timothy Roberson



Marvin Stephenson



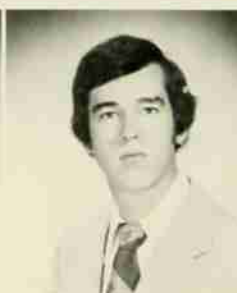
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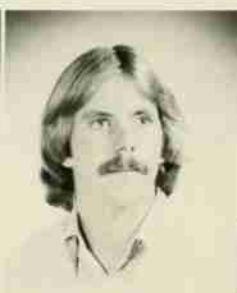
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Donald Tornow



Phil Walters



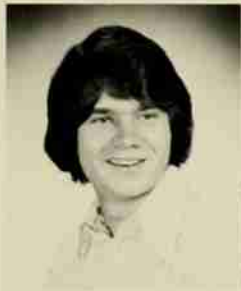
Charles Warmack



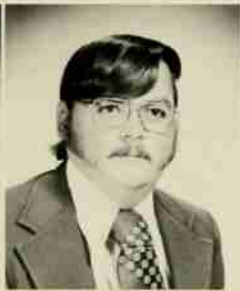
Carl Webb



Agriculture and Life Sciences



Joseph Adams



David Allred



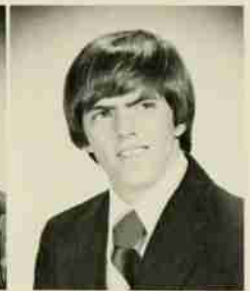
Alfredo Alvarino



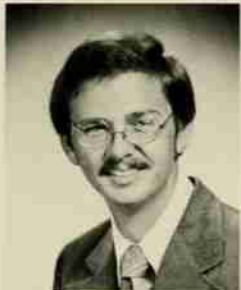
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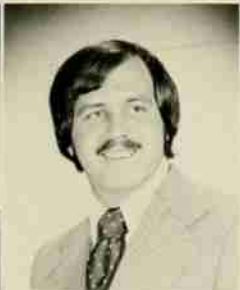
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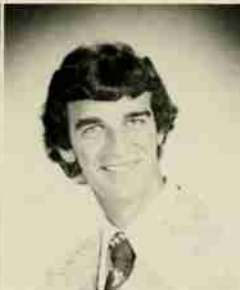
Charles Baldwin



Thomas Barbee



Phillip Bare



Walter Barefoot



Dorothy Bartholomay



Robert Bass



Stephen Bereznai



Thomas Bernard



Deborah Beury



Christopher Bigalke



Edward Blackwelder



Robert Blanchard



Milton Bland



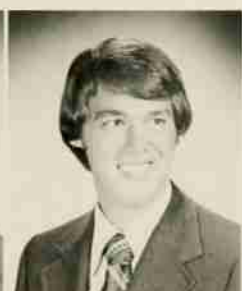
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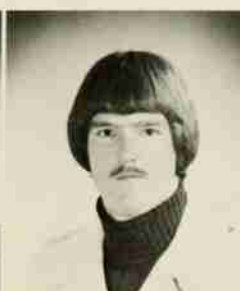
Philip Blount



Toby Bost



Richard Bradley



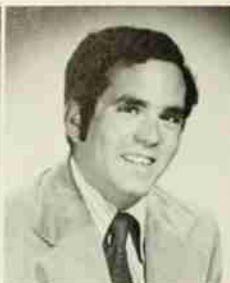
David Brantley



Rhonda Britt



June Brotherton



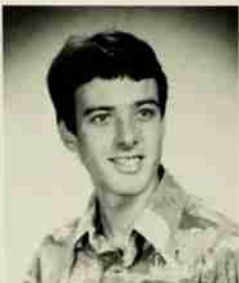
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Rebecca Buffaloe



Carol Bunge



Todd Burkhardt



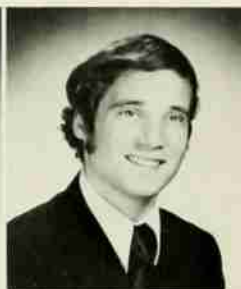
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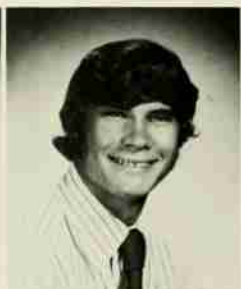
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Susan Butler



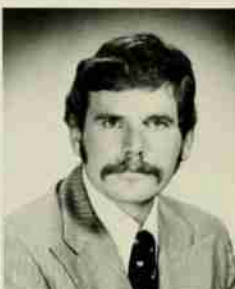
William Buttery



Carl Cahoon



Lucilla Campbell



Stephen Campbell



Mary Carlton



Douglas Carrigan



Robert Cashion



Thomas Chason



Larry Chewina



Rebecca Clapp



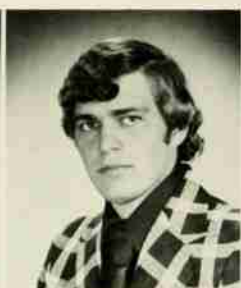
Marsha Clarke



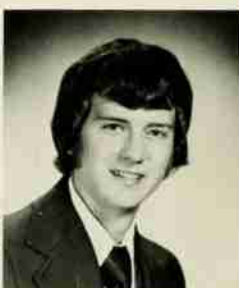
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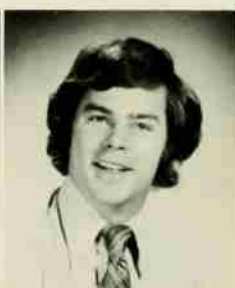
Donald Cobb



Steve Coble



Anthony Congleton



William Conn



John Cooper



Katherine Cooper



Dennis Cover



William Craft



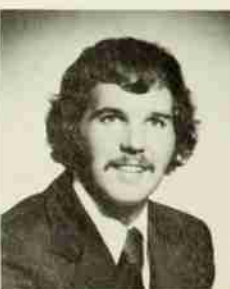
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William Crawley



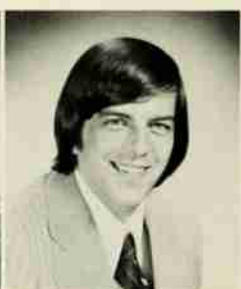
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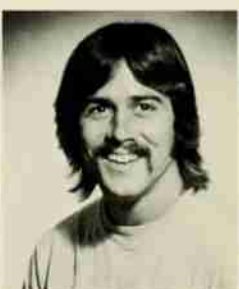
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Karen Davis



Jennings Dawkins



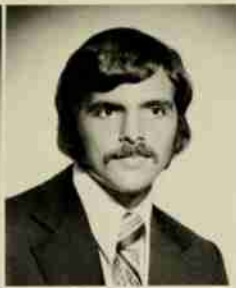
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Melinda Dellinger



Joan Demarco



Gary Denny



William Dorsett



James Duncan



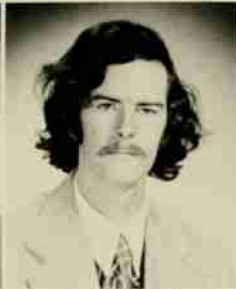
Phil Eddinger



Terry Edsel



Debra Evans



David Faugette



David Finley



William Firth



Cynthia Fischer



Deborah Fletcher



Jackie Fletcher



Rebecca Fortmeyer



Jerry Foster



James Freeman



Charles French



Michael Fultz



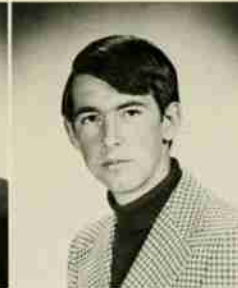
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Dorothy Gamble



Billy Gilbert



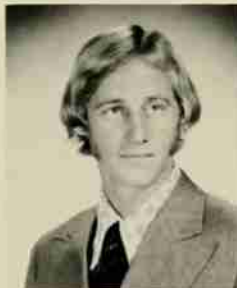
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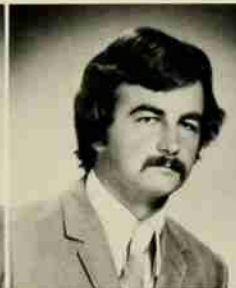
Hugh Gilliam



Audrey Gilliland



Roland Goldston



Garland Gooch



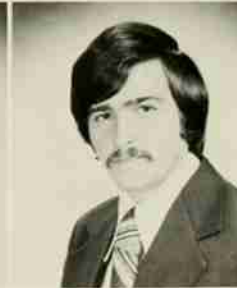
Richard Gragg



Clarence Greeson



Paul Gross



David Haddock



Jacalyn Hageman



Debra Hale



Deborah Hazel



William Helms



Price Heritage



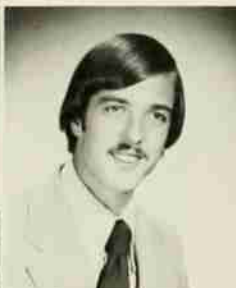
Karen Hester



Diana Hilliard



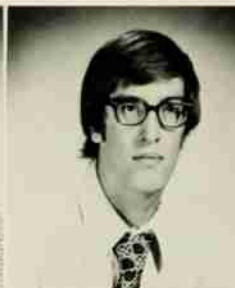
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George Hofmann



Herbert Holding



Richard Holland



Delaney Holmes



Robert Hollar



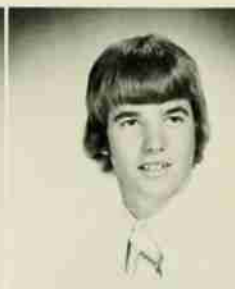
Stephen Howard



Stuart Howard



Christine Hunt



Gordon Ivey



Donald Jackson



Roger James



Jeannette Jenkins



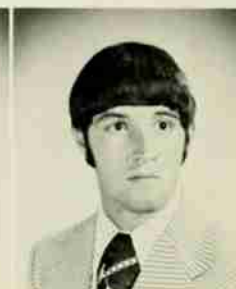
Brenda Johnson



Deborah Johnson



Roger Johnson



Cecil Jones



James Jones



Phillip Jones



Ronald Jones



Sheila Jordan



Pamela Keener



Robin Keller



Janet Klingenschmidt



Margaret Klutz



Joseph Langley



Patricia Lanier



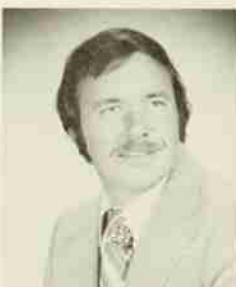
Ayden Lee



James Leggett



Fred Lemly



James Lemly



Myra Lent



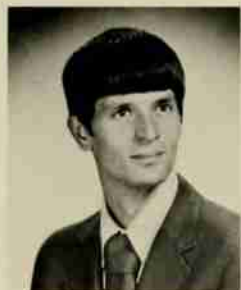
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Debi Leverton



Larry Locklear



Richard Long



Ruby Lynn



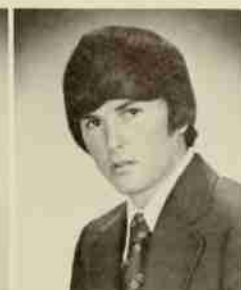
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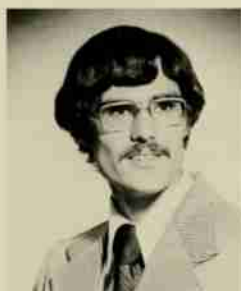
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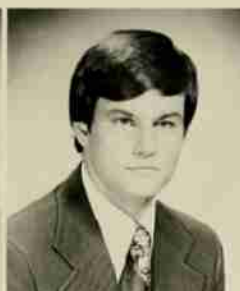
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Charles Martin



David Masee



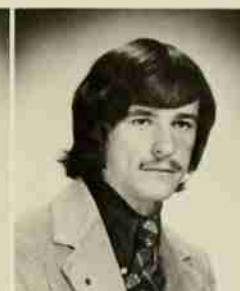
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Robert Matheson



Gary McCollum



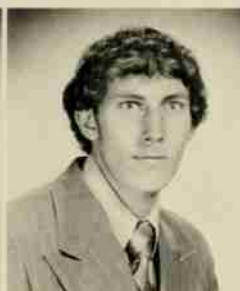
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Terry McElrath



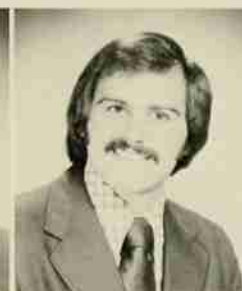
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John McFadyen



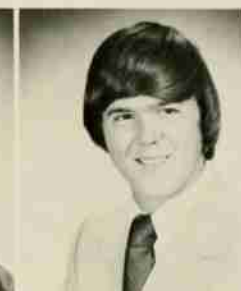
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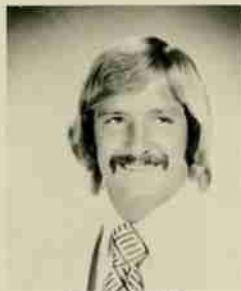
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Diane McLean



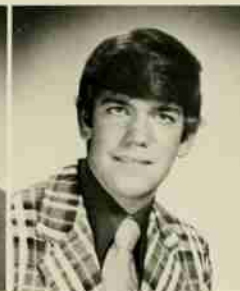
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Percy Merritt



David Millns



Douglas Moody



Charles Moore



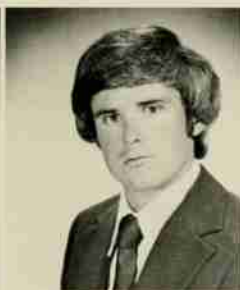
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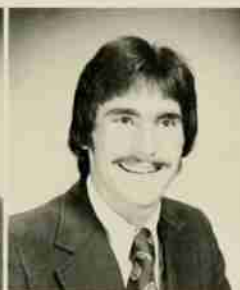
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James Moss



William Mulchi



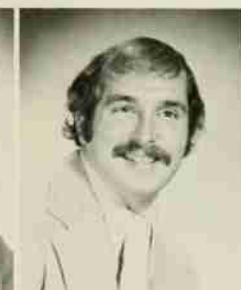
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Robert Narron



Christine Navolanic



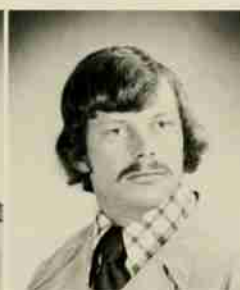
Donald Nesbitt



Sheila Nichols



Patricia Nixon



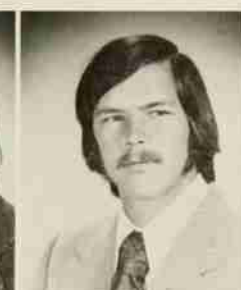
Donovan Olive



Barry Orrell



Edgar Parker



John Parker



Robert Perry



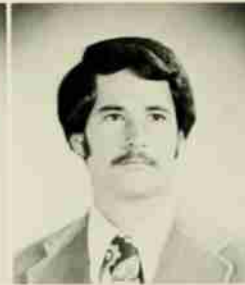
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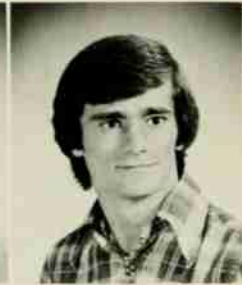
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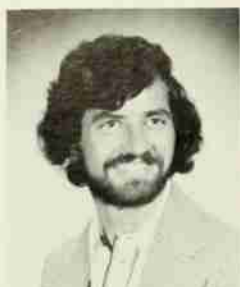
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Clarence Pointer



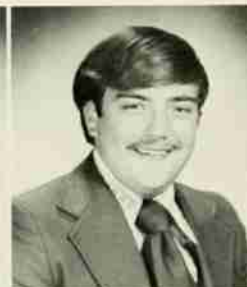
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Danny Potter



Ralph Puckett



Jerry Punch



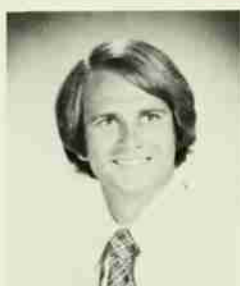
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Eric Radabaugh



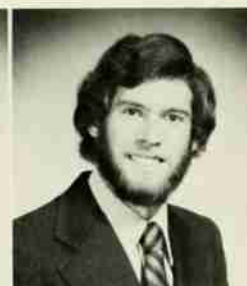
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Timothy Reid



Margie Reinitz



Jerald Reynolds



John Reynolds



Mark Rial



David Robertson



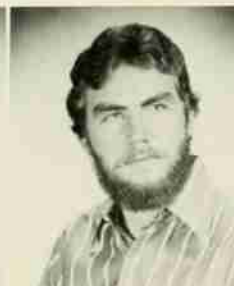
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Gerald Roney



Sandra Rowland



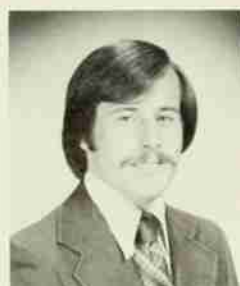
Barry Rudd



Takao Sato



Suzanne Schaeffer



Edward Schiller



Ann Seligson



Karen Sen



Mark Shambley



Charles Sharpe



Susan Sheets



Judith Sheldon



Donna Shepherd



Emmett Shoulars



Randolph Sigley



Robert Simmerman



Thomas Simmons



Henry Sink



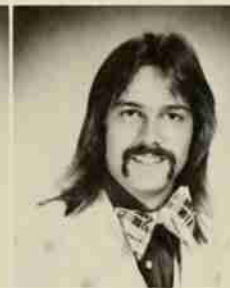
Mary Skeen



Brandon Slate



Sharon Smallwood



Kim Smith



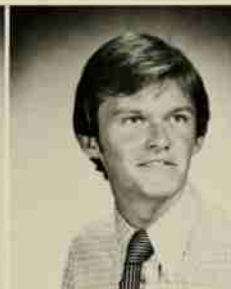
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Rebecca Smith



Suzanne Smith



Layne Snelling



Sara Spayd



Gail Spellman



David Spencer



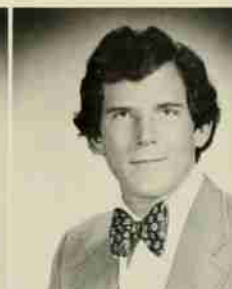
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Walter Spratt



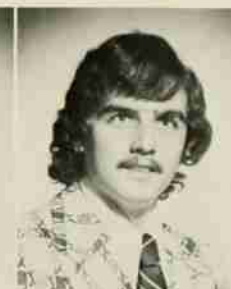
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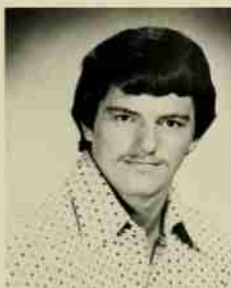
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Dwain Strader



Jerry Strickland



John Strider



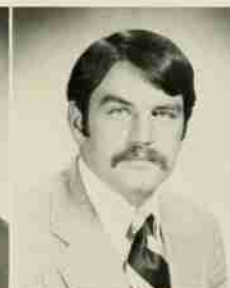
Janette Styron



Gary Sullivan



Len Swain



Randall Sweeting



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Hubert Thomason



Larry Tilley



Robert Tolley



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Blake Travitz



Raby Traylor



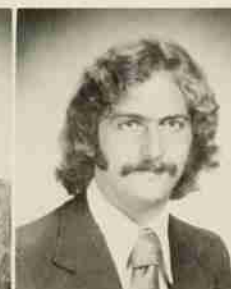
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William Underwood



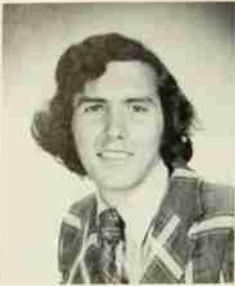
Robert Usry



Aubrey Vance



Edwin Van Riper



Garrett Van Wicklen



Robert Waddell



Ricky Wagoner



Judy Ward



Mary Warren



Roy Watts



Walter West



Victoria Wheeler



William Wheeler



Charles Whitfield



Donald Whitley



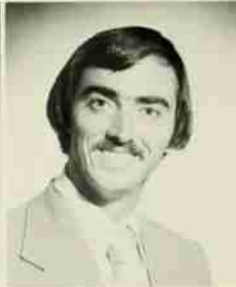
David Wilkinson



Charles Williams



William Williams



Curtis Williamson



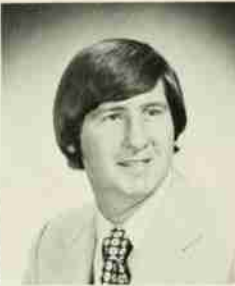
Martha Wilson



Donald Winstead



Bynum Wood



Allen Wooten



Lynda Wyatt



Darrell Yates



Eva Zimmerman



Design



Gareth Beard



Richard Belk



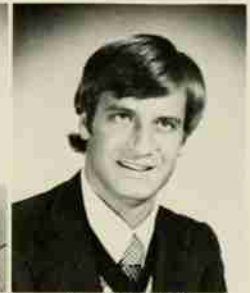
Gene Belkwit



Kenneth Boisseau



Hezekiah Bradley



Leo Campbell



Richard Chandler



David Chreitzberg



Larry Cook



Perry Dealy



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William Fallon



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Daniel Grady



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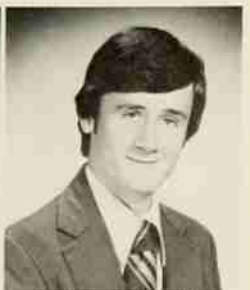
Laurie Henry



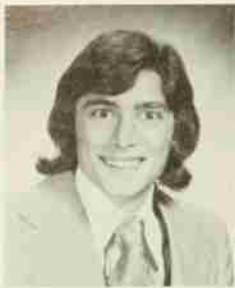
Jan Herlocker



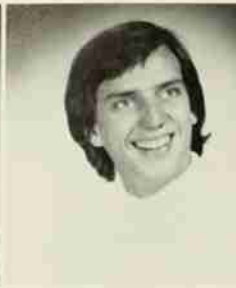
Jeff Hewins



William Highsmith



James Hite



John Hood



Lloyd Issacs



Edwin Jordan



David Kay



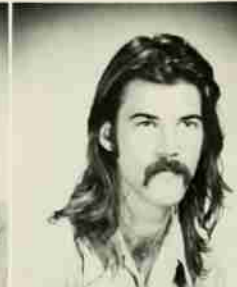
Robert Larson



Arne Laurene



William Lawrence



Jeffrey Lee



Grace Li



Larry Liles



Peter MacManus



Robert Macon



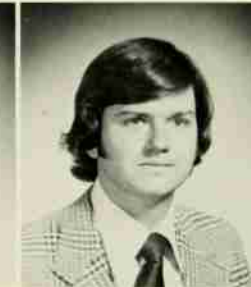
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Jim Mielke



Leslie Mitchell



William Monroe



Wendy Morrison



Kathryn O'Shea



Tony Pollard



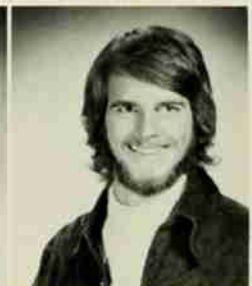
Sue Randle



Allen Reaves



Stephen Renri



Martin Schulken



Robin Shaw



Timothy Sherman



Cathy Simmons



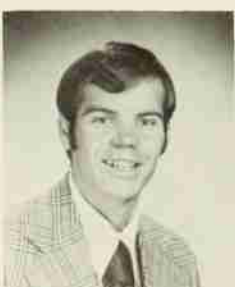
James Sink



James Smith



Lloyd Spaulding



Frederick Surret



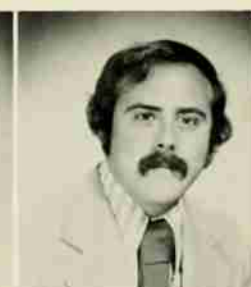
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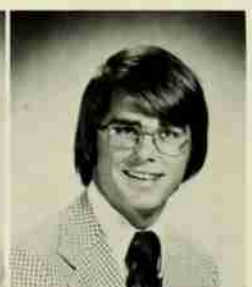
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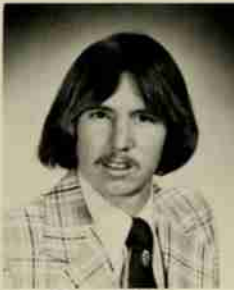
Andrew Terrill



Glenn Ware



Errol Warren



Marshall Wilson



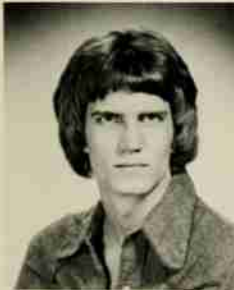
James Wise



Joseph Wohlmuth



Education



Barry Anderson



Joanne Ashe



Belinda Baker



Lillie Barber



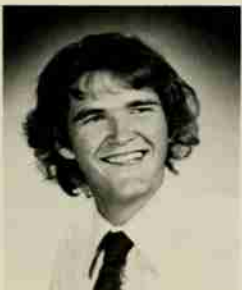
Edward Barnes



Sheila Barnes



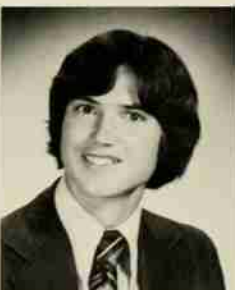
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Thomas Bland



Patricia Blue



Jon Boyette



Robin Bradley



Joan Brittain



Jacqueline Broyles



Cynthia Burt



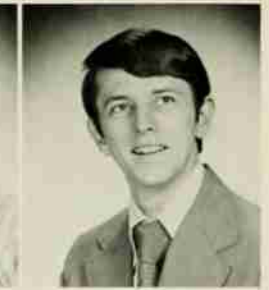
William Cameror



Barbara Cary



Andrew Cheek



Martin Chriscoe



Joanne Conroy



Rebecca Daughtery



Langley Dixon



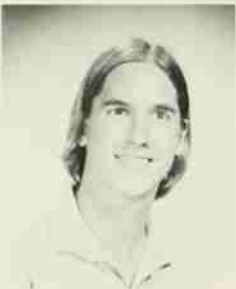
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William Duncan



George Edwards



James Eller



Franklin Frazier



Terry Frye



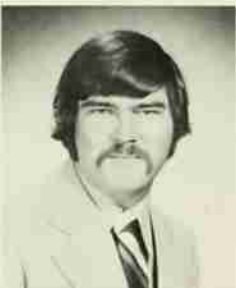
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Nancy Gibson



Sarah Gifford



David Gooden



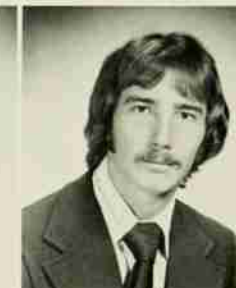
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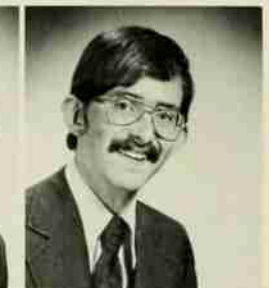
Jane Grissom



Billy Hales



David Harris



Doug Harris



Diana Hazel



Vickie Ivey



Craig Jarman



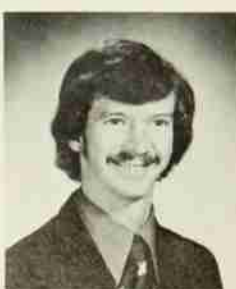
Nelson Jennings



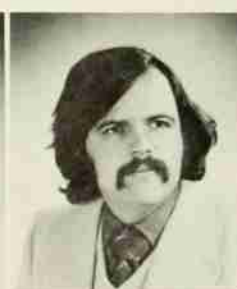
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Susan Jones



Allen Kerns



Richard Kinsey



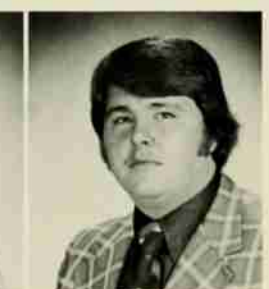
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David Leland



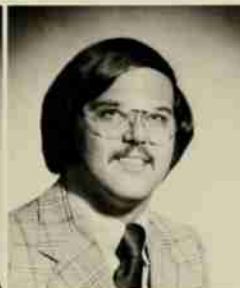
Sophonra Long



Donald Lundy



James Martin



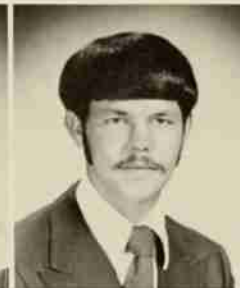
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Beverly Moore



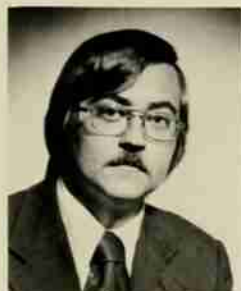
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Freddie O'Neal



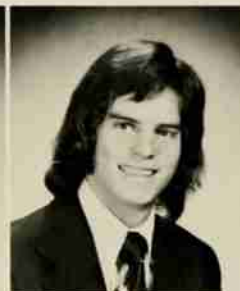
Patricia Owen



Howard Parrish



Mary Pate



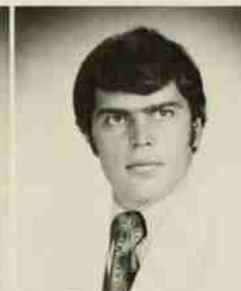
James Pearce



Sandy Pearce



Patricia Petteway



Ronald Powell



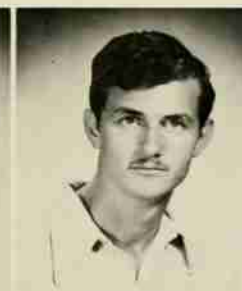
Jesse Price



Nancy Reeves



Janice Richardson



Jackie Russell



Deborah Scott



Franklin Shaw



David Sheets



Elizabeth Shook



Roger Sidden



Rebecca Singletary



Susan Sneeden



Gennie Sorrell



Susan Steagall



Raymond Stearns



Diane Strawbridge



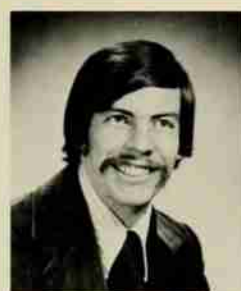
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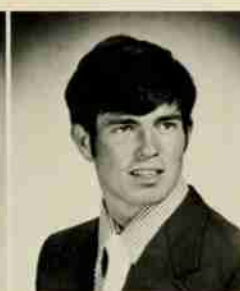
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Marilyn Sugg



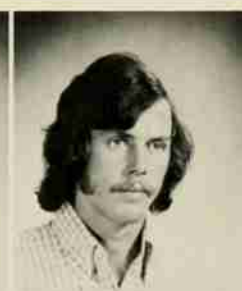
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Donnie Taylor



Susan Thompson



Timothy Thornton



Alexandra Tunnell



Roland Twining



Clara Wallis



Royce Weeks



Albert Wentz



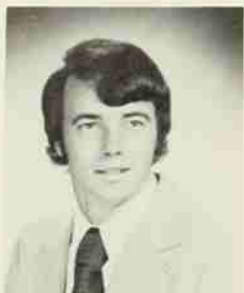
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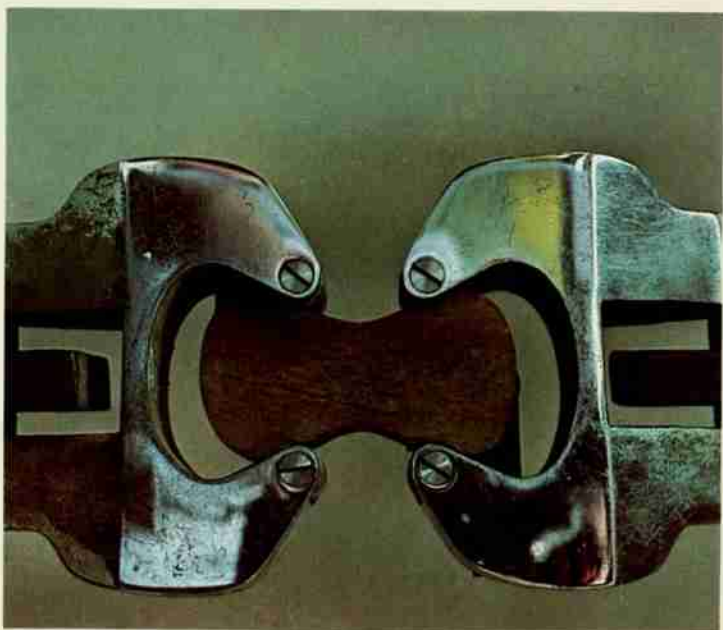
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Sidney Woods



James Worley



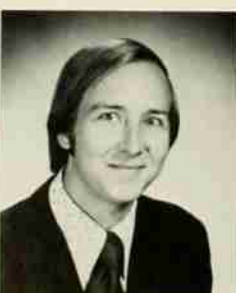
Engineering



Gary Abernathy



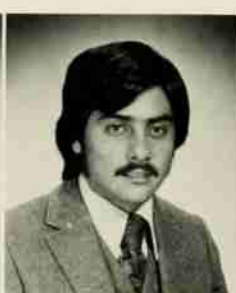
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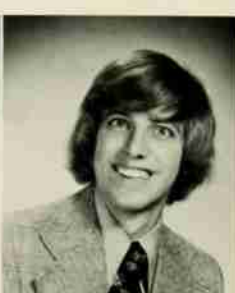
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William Abernathy



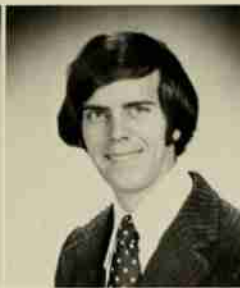
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David Ailor



Pratul Ajmera



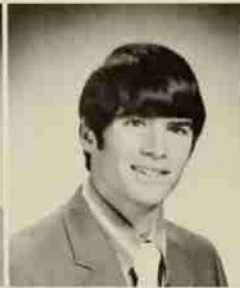
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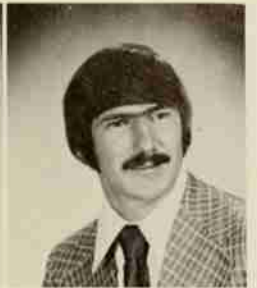
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Andrew Apostolopoulos



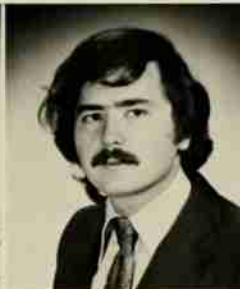
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Kenneth Atwood



Boyden Atwood



Danny Auton



Jonny Auton



Jahangir Azali



David Bagwell



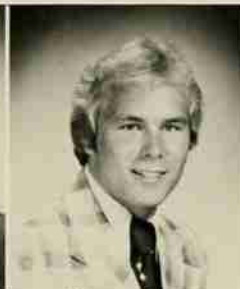
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Don Bailey



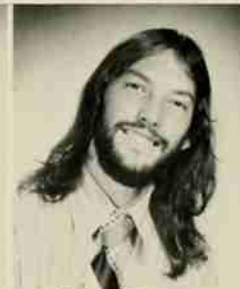
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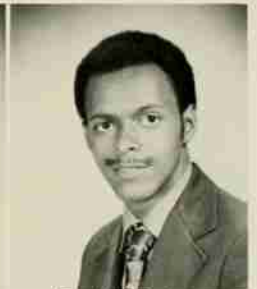
Clarence Bain



George Baines



Bynum Banner



Franklin Barber



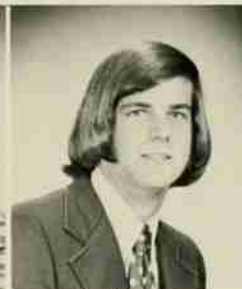
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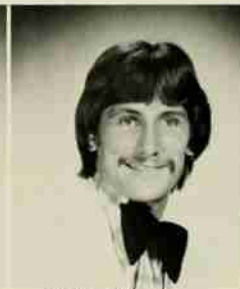
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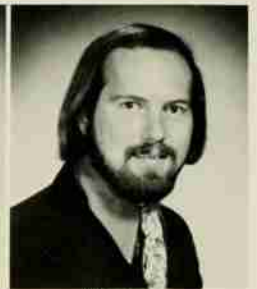
William Barkley



John Barringer



Robert Baugham



Hoy Beck



Danny Beeson



Craig Bennett



Steven Berry



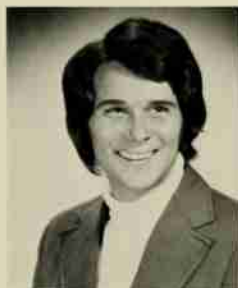
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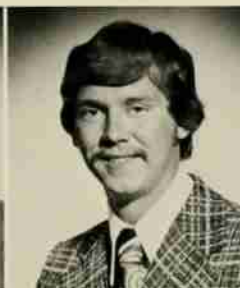
Edgar Blackmon



Dennis Blackwell



David Boroughs



Steven Bostian



Richard Boulifard



Charles Blackwell



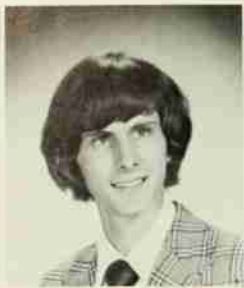
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Michael Briggs



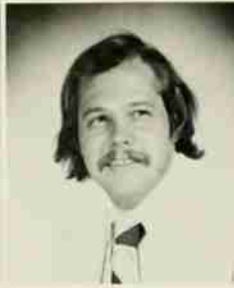
Rodney Briscoe



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Michael Brooks



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John Browning



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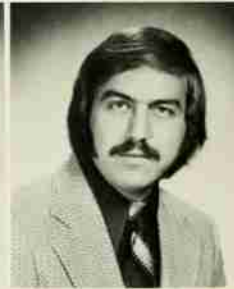
Michael Butler



James Byrd



Robert Cagle



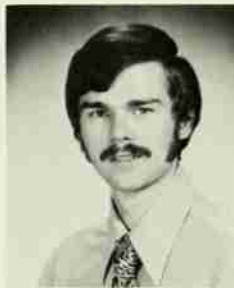
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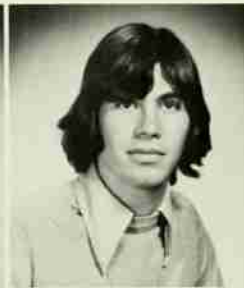
Micheal Campbell



Weldon Cantrell



Dennis Caringnan



Richard Carman



Terry Carroll



Donald Castellow



Barry Cates



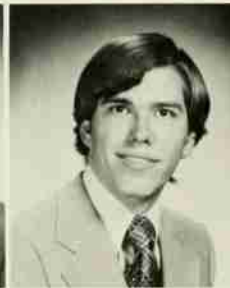
Juan Caudill



Phillip Cave



Roger Chambers



Gary Charles



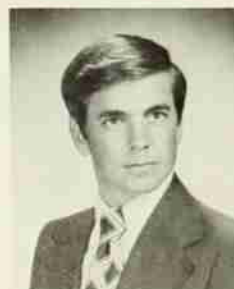
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Jimmy Clark



Max Clark



Clarence Clayton



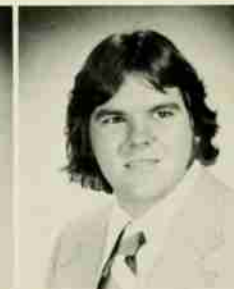
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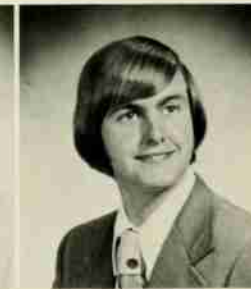
Wates Cole



David Colhrane



Robert Connelly



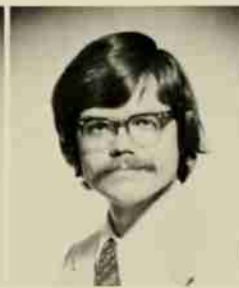
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Johnny Cornett



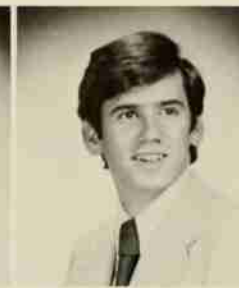
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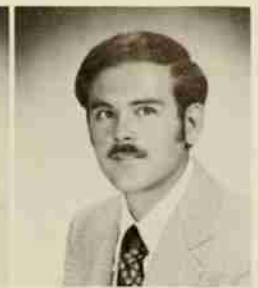
James Crook



William Cunningham



Danford Cutchin



William Dale



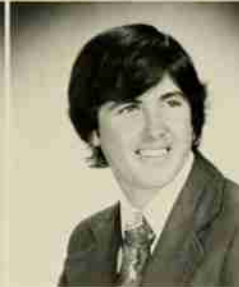
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Kenneth Davis



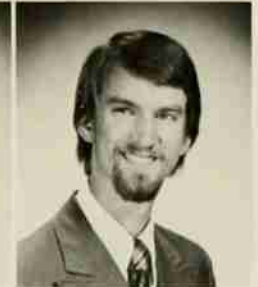
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James Delaney



Wayne Deremer



David Desrosiers



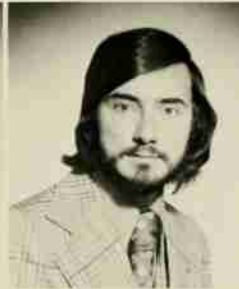
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Thomas Dornbush



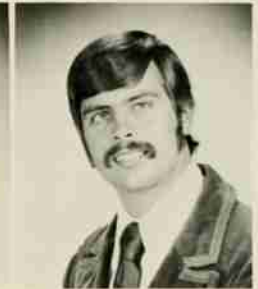
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James Duncan



Carl Durham



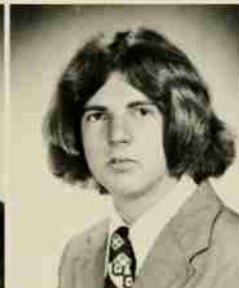
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Charles Eatman



James Ebert



Eddie Efird



Hassan Ehteshami



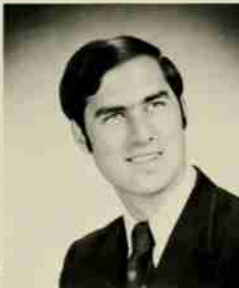
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James Eller



Donnie Ellis



Stephen Ellison



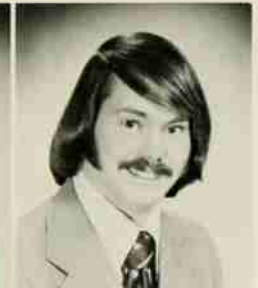
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Larry Exum



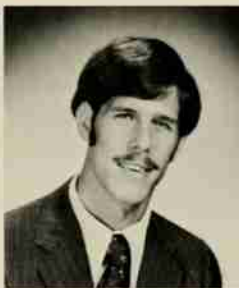
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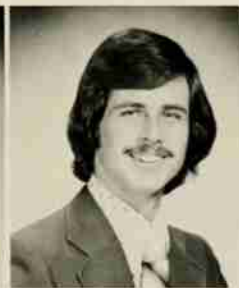
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Ronnie Flehan



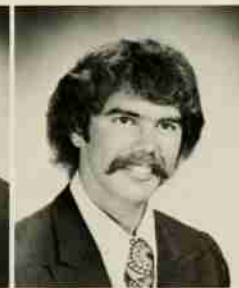
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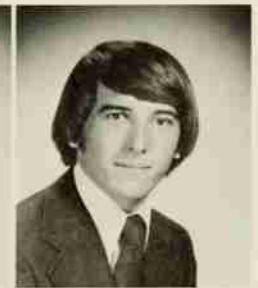
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Martin Franke



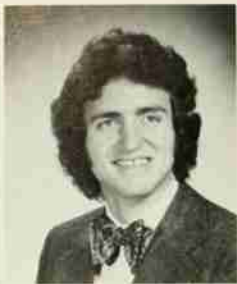
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Joseph Frisbee



Charles Fulp



Kenneth Fussell



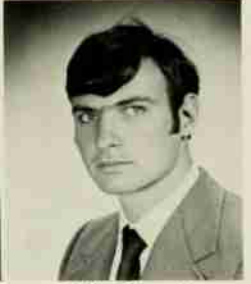
Robert Gardner



John Garrett



Edward Gerken



Walter Garrett



Paul Germeroth



Howard Gerringner



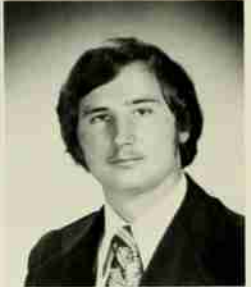
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Carl Gilchrist



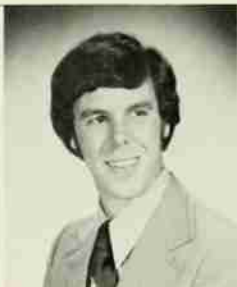
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Mark Glenn



Lars Godwin



Robert Gourley



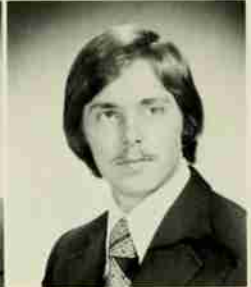
Waldo Gower



Sherry Grady



Michael Grant



Richard Grant



David Gray



Terry Greene



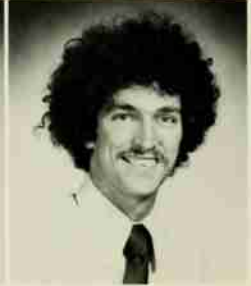
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Donald Griffin



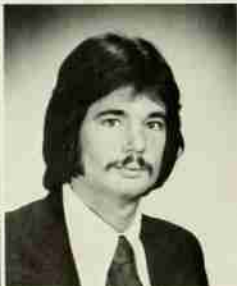
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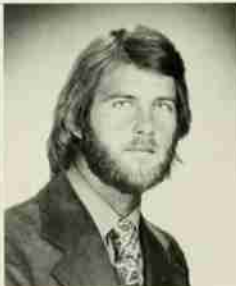
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Henry Hall



Robert Hall



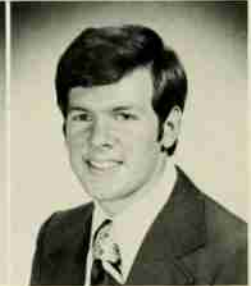
John Hardison



John Harman



Wade Hornbeck



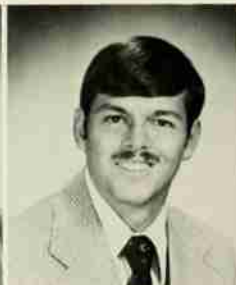
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Lee Harris



Mimi Harris



Scott Harrison



Willard Harrison



Allan Hatcher



Juergen Hauber



Michael Hemphill



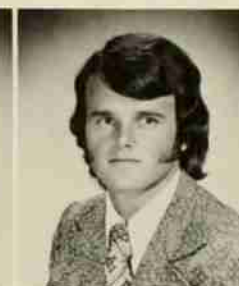
Charles Henry



Billy Hicks



John Hill



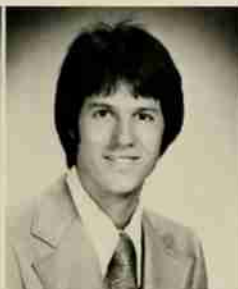
Harry Hilliard



Fred Hobbs



James Hobbs



John Hoffman



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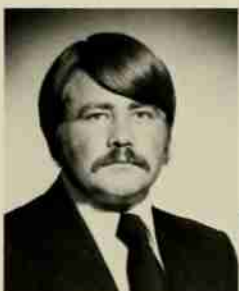
William Holler



Terry Holman



Henry Holt



Larry Hoover



Eugene Hudson



Edgar Humble



Francisco Iannetti



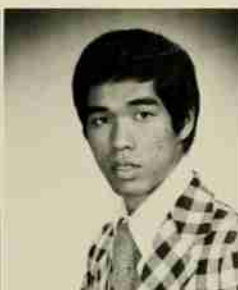
Gary Icenhour



James Ingram



Kenneth Isley



Jeff Iswandhi



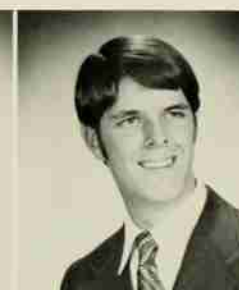
Don Jacobs



Brian Jasperse



Randy Jester



Sven Johnson



Adrian Jones



James Jones



Nollie Jones



Ronald Jones



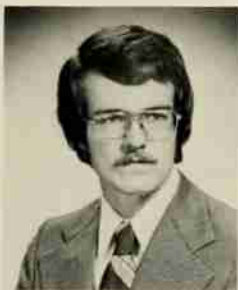
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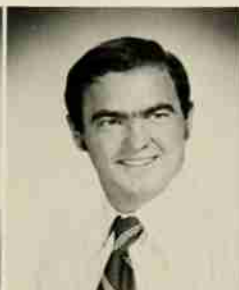
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Clifford Jordan



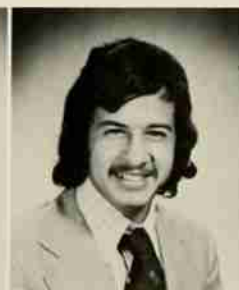
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Randall Kale



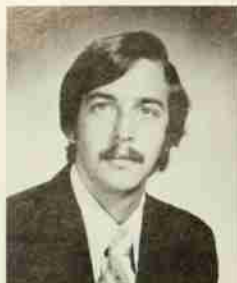
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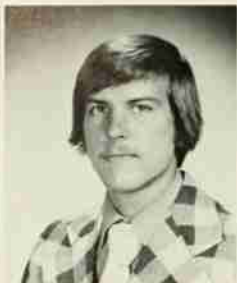
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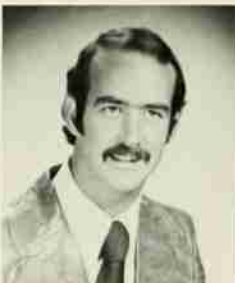
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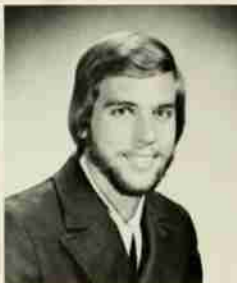
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Joe Kent



William Kimball



Gary King



Michael Kirkman



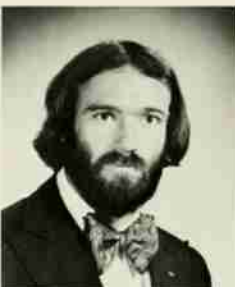
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Nick Kisley



Steve Knight



Michael Kohnle



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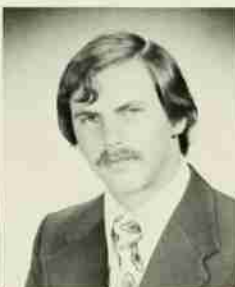
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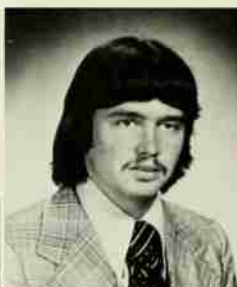
Charles Lambeth



Richard Lambeth



Tom Langley



Stewart Lassiter



Robert Latta



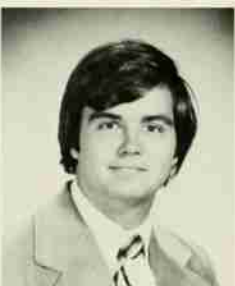
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Ricky Laurence



Douglas Layton



Laurence Leavitt



Michael Ledford



Larry Lee



Samuel Leffer



John Lentestey



Michael Lindsay



Roger Lineberry



Henry Liles



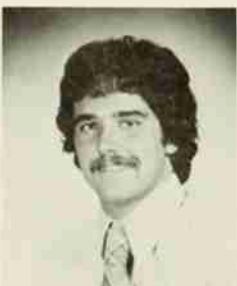
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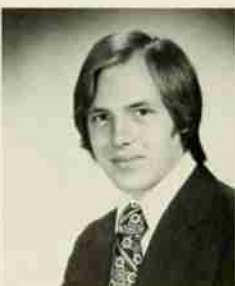
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Dale Luna



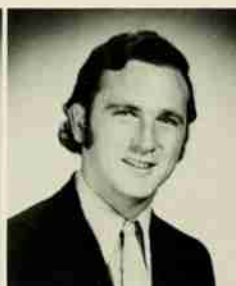
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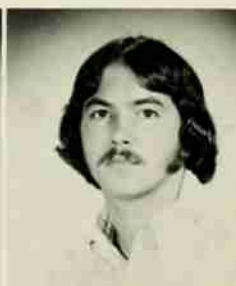
Charles Markham



Donald Marsh



Rex Marsh



Randy Marshall



Edward Martin



Joseph Mason



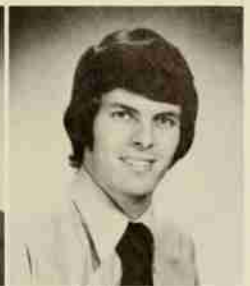
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Richard Maurer



Clarence Maxwell



William May



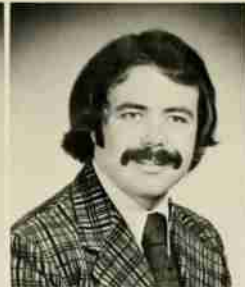
Larry McAllister



Leon McCaskill



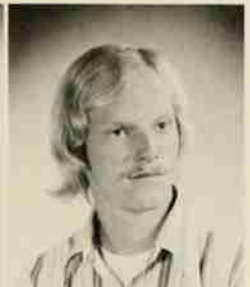
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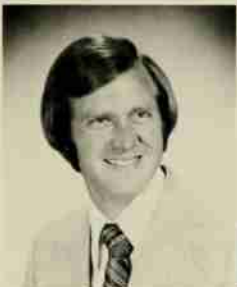
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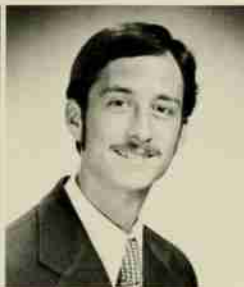
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John McEvoy



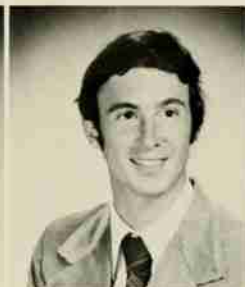
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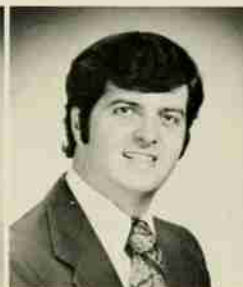
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Roger McPherson



Robert Meffert



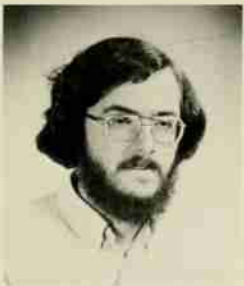
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Curtis Meredith



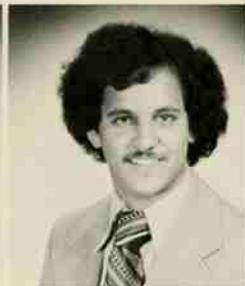
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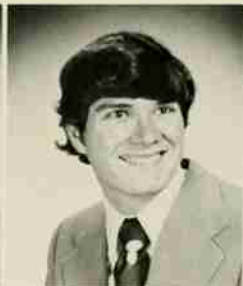
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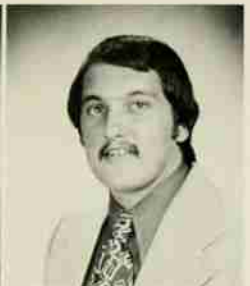
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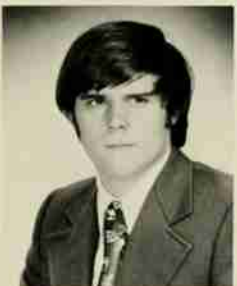
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Jeff Miller



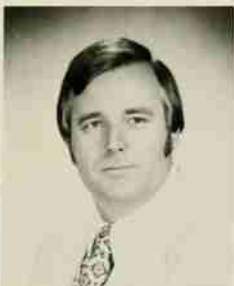
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Joseph Miller



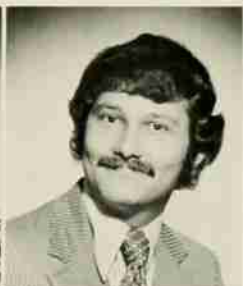
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James Mizelle



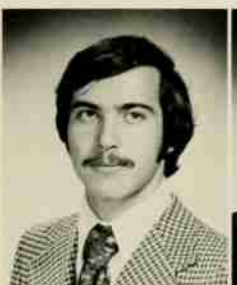
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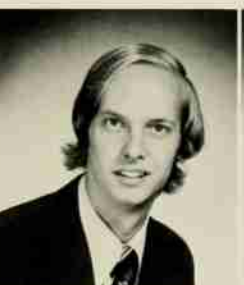
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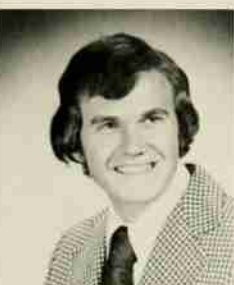
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Linwood Morton



Charles Moye



Roger Mull



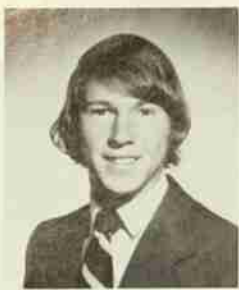
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David Nichols



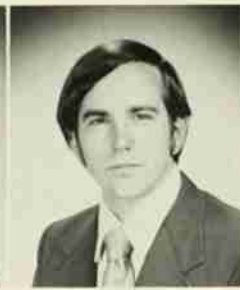
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Francis O'Dell



Richard O'Neill



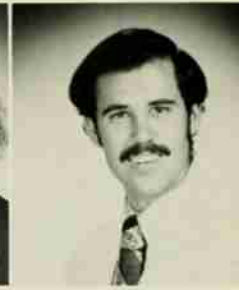
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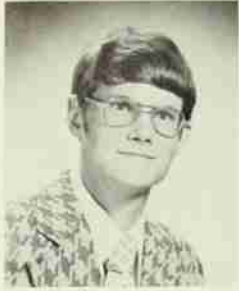
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Michael Pace



Ralph Palmer



Alan Patterson



James Patton



William Paules



Horace Pearce



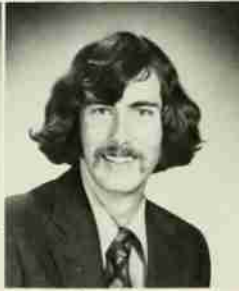
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Michael Phillips



David Phipps



Jerry Pierce



Ronald Pledger



Robert Pollock



George Poole



Richard Potempa



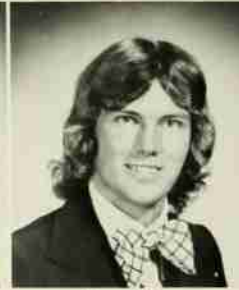
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Calvin Price



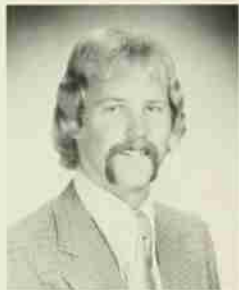
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Kenneth Price



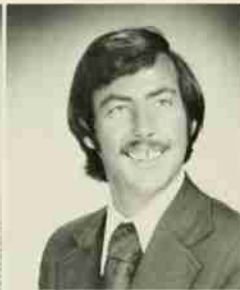
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John Pyburn



James Pyne



Bollie Ray



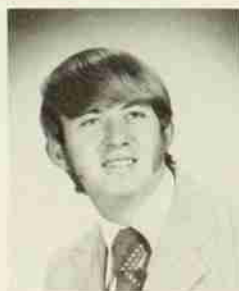
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Glenn Reeves



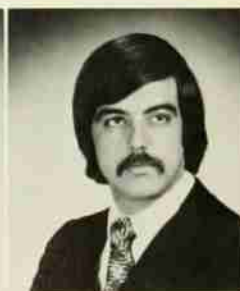
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Robert Reid



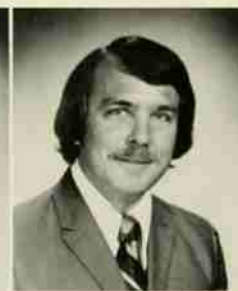
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Jimmie Richardson



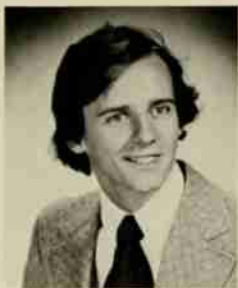
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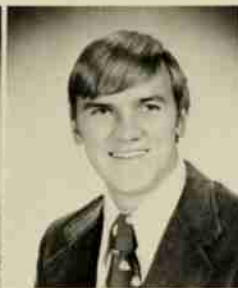
Dennis Robbins



Kenneth Roberts



Ricky Roberts



Rodney Roberts



Timothy Roberts



Michael Robinson



George Rogers



Roger Rogers



James Rowlett



Jacob Rudisill



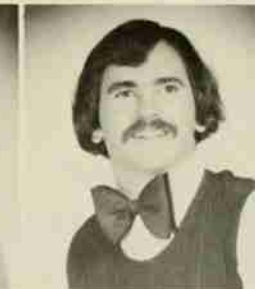
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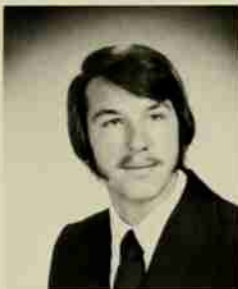
Abdul Sadat



Richard Sampere



Samuel Sarvis



Gary Saunders



Don Scarboro



James Scheld



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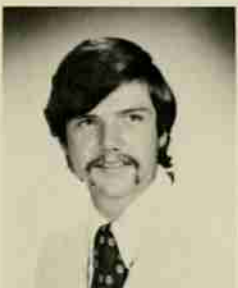
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Ruel Shaw



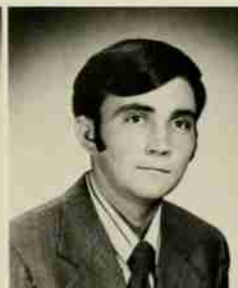
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Jerry Simmons



Donald Simpson



Kreth Sink



Larry Sink



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Stephen Sluder



Philip Smith



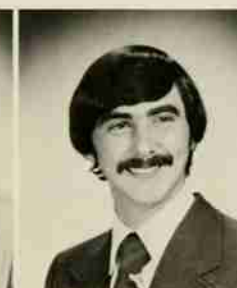
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Kent Snyder



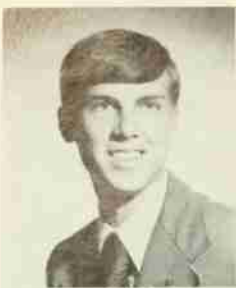
Thomas Souers



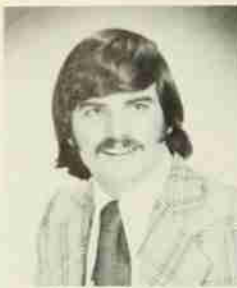
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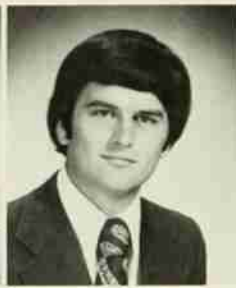
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Gary Stafford



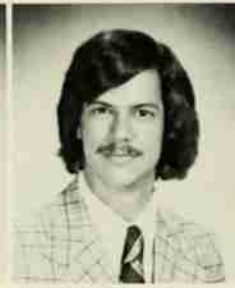
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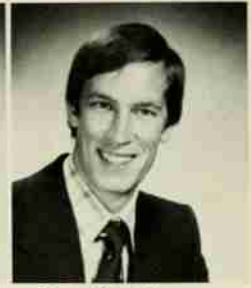
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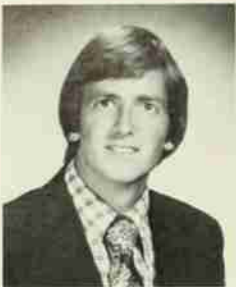
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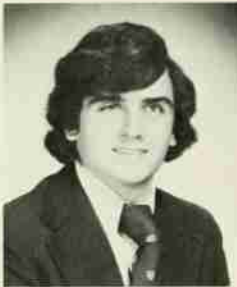
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Daniel Strickhouser



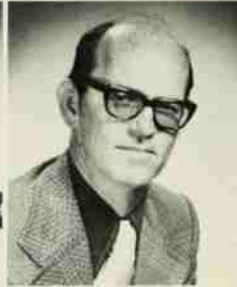
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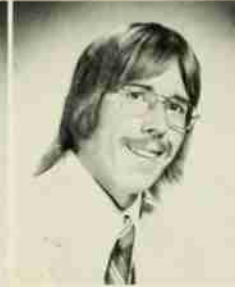
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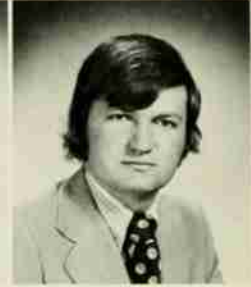
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Carlton Taylor



Jennings Teal



Willis Temple



James Thompson



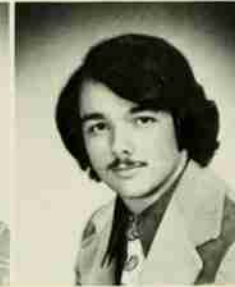
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Mark Tingen



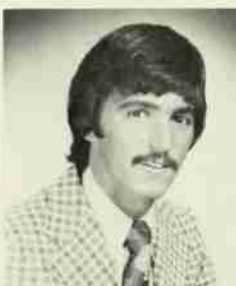
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James Turner



Kenneth Turner



Russell Turner



Carl Underwood



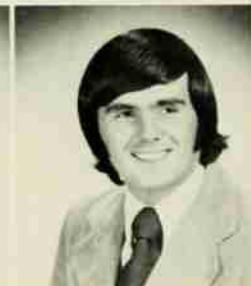
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Paul Van Gent



Rafael Varon



Ronald Varner



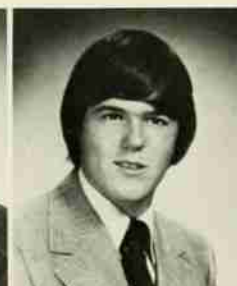
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Francis Von Dreahle



Darryl Wagoner



Claude Walker



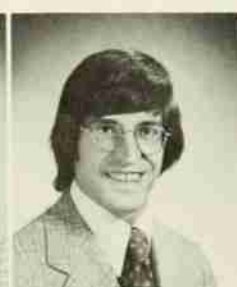
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William Waller



Larry Ward



William Ward



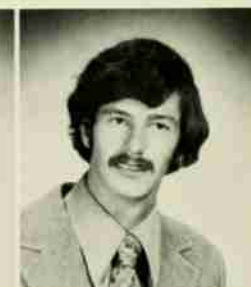
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Kim Warner



John Watson



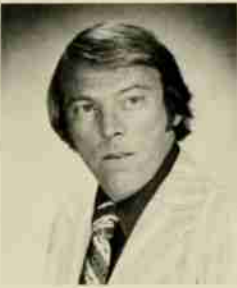
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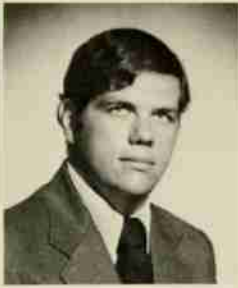
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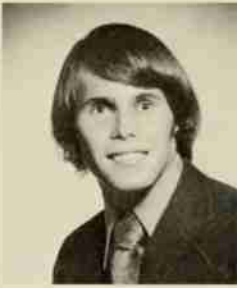
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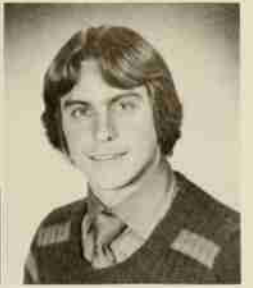
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Charles White



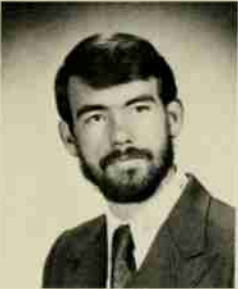
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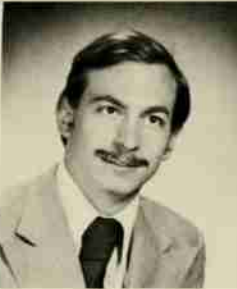
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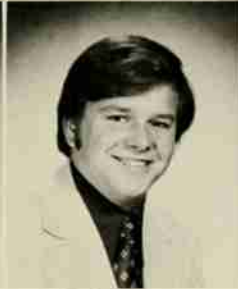
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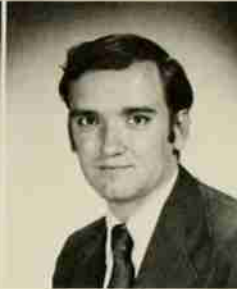
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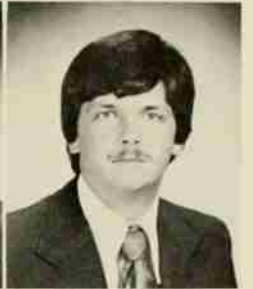
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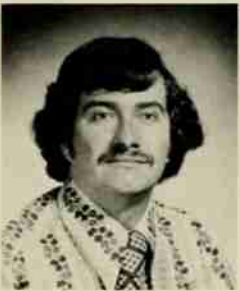
Carl Wilson



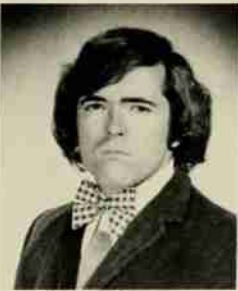
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Robin Wilson



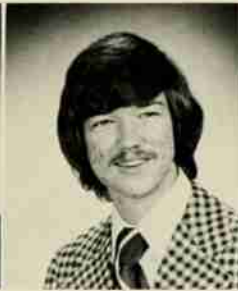
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Andrew Withers



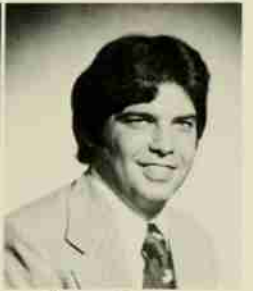
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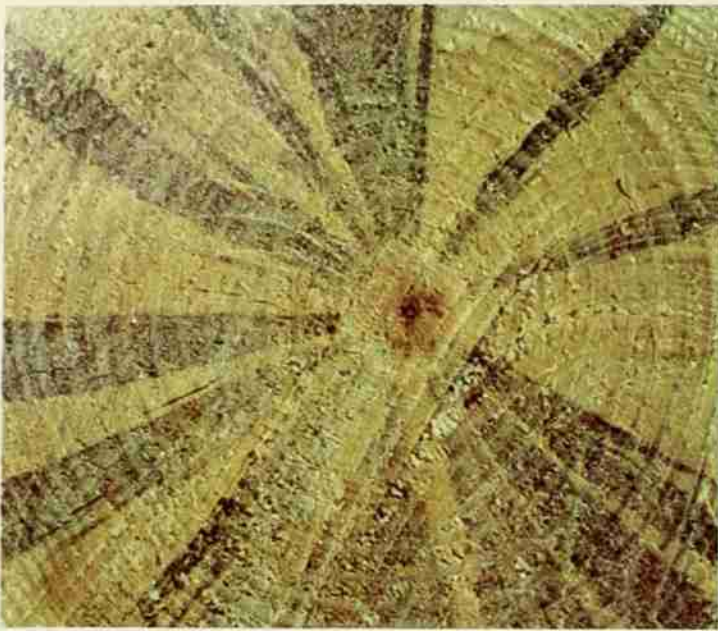
Dennis Young



Robert Young



Howard Yountz



Forest Resources



Robert Abee



Lillie Adams



Richard Allison



Pamela Anderson



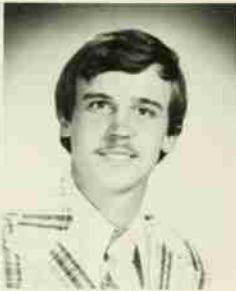
Ralph Armstrong



Kenneth Askew



Frederick Baggott



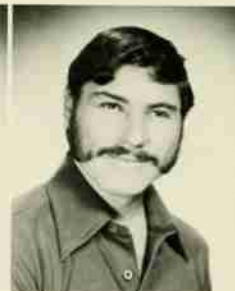
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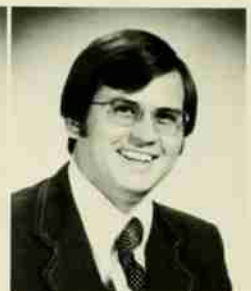
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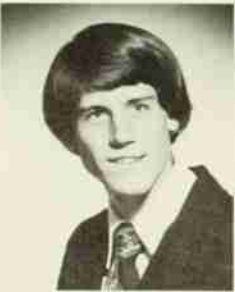
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Roy Billings



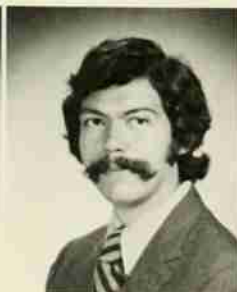
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Elton Brame



William Brinson



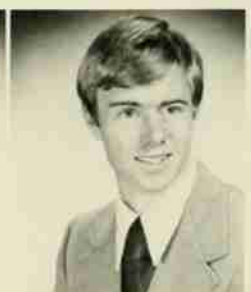
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Robert Browder



Bruce Brown



James Burnett



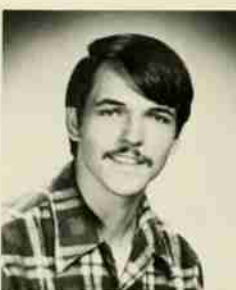
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Karl Busick



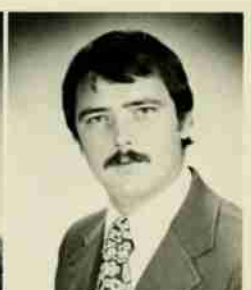
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Billy Champion



Russell Chesnutt



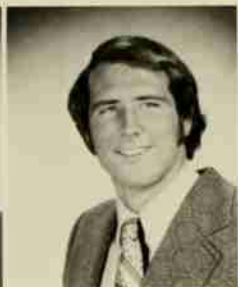
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John Cooper



Roger Corbin



Robert Corliss



William Cox



James Crane



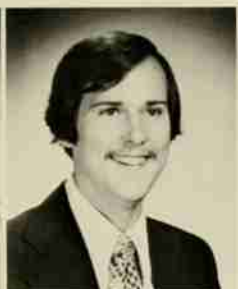
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Thomas Crews



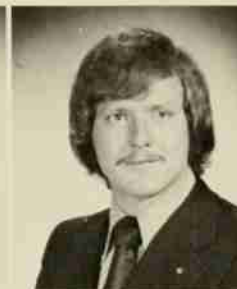
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Arch Davis



George Davis



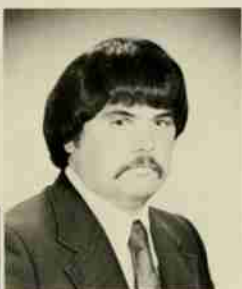
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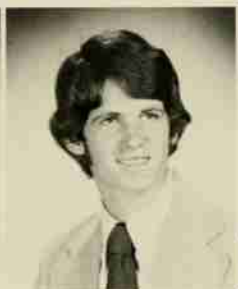
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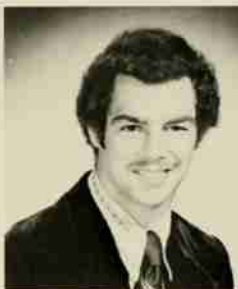
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James Donnell



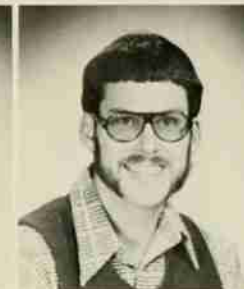
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Robert Durland



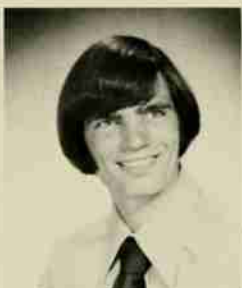
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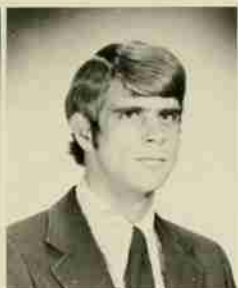
Bruce Fraser



William Gardner



Timothy Garrahan



John Gillette



David Goff



Frederick Gray



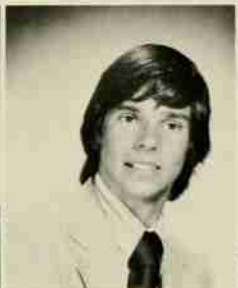
Kathleen GylInquist



L. Hall



Patricia Hall



James Hardin



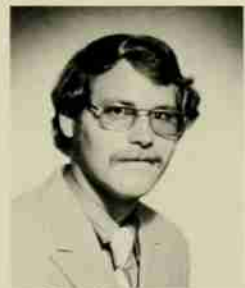
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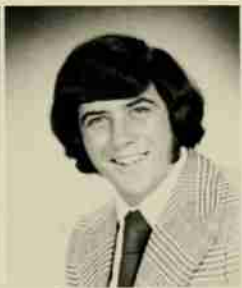
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Jan Harris



Douglas Hathcock



Stephen Heher



Mark Hendrickson



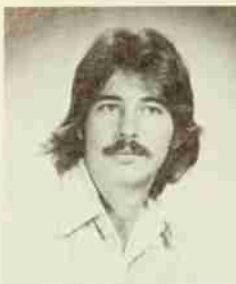
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Mark Horne



Bruce Howard



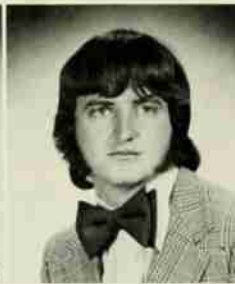
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Rebecca Howell



Henry Howerton



Kent Hudson



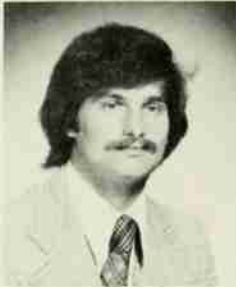
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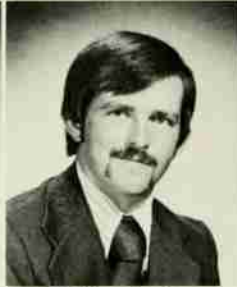
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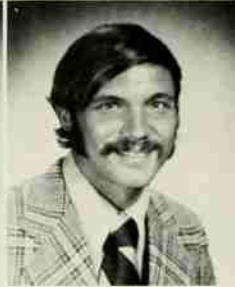
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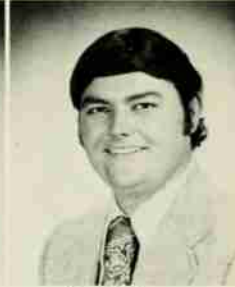
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William Jenkins



Jeffrey Jensen



Donald Johnson



Eugene Jones



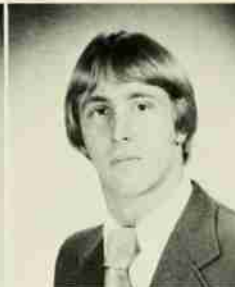
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Gary Justice



Judd Kaminskas



Joseph Kayler



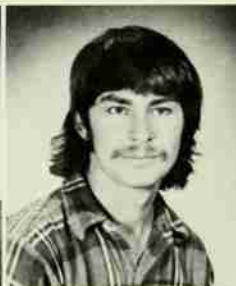
James Kea



Dennis King



Alan Krakowski



Robert Larpenter



Jerry Laws



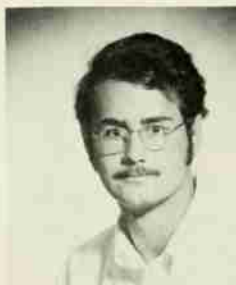
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Matthew Lojko



John Lollis



George Love



Steven Marafine



Dorothy Mayes



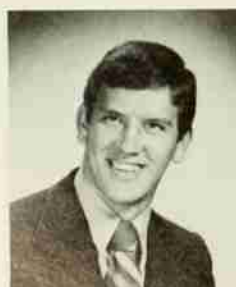
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John McCrary



David McGrew



Steve Melton



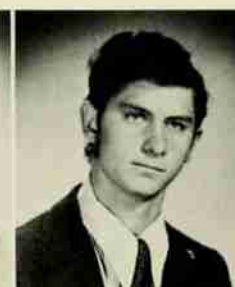
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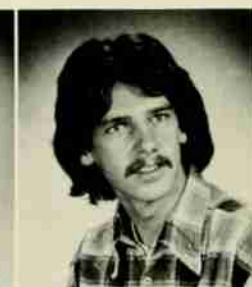
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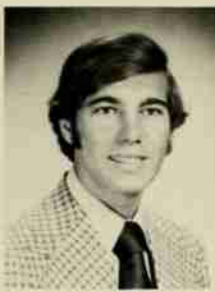
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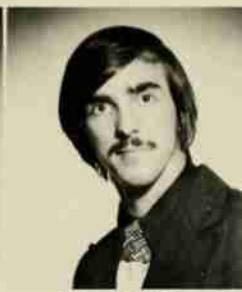
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George Newsome



David Nielsen



Johnny Nobling



William Noyes



Edward O'Brien



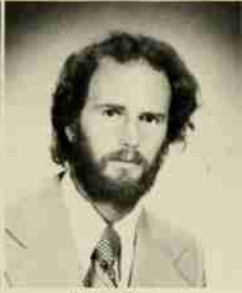
Harold Owen



Paul Owens



Michael Pace



John Peeler



Larry Platner



John Poole



Chesley Powell



James Rankin



Joseph Rector



Ann Reilly



Jimmy Reynolds



Lynne Riley



Mary Roberts



Pamela Rogers



William Scoggins



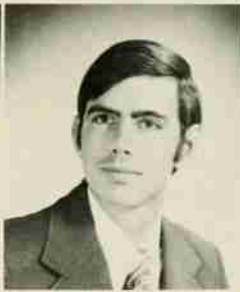
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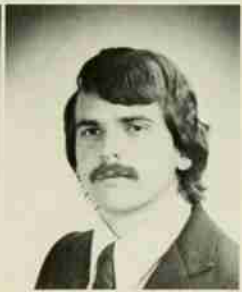
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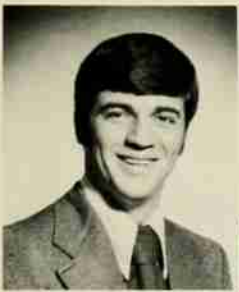
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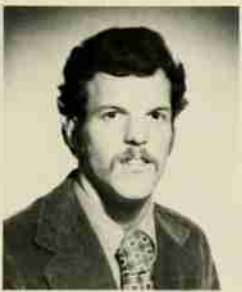
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Walter Skipper



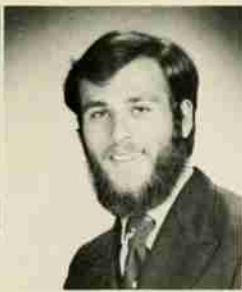
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Keith Snell



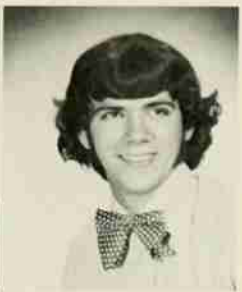
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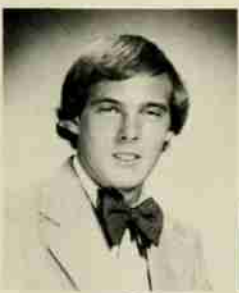
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Mildred Vick



Neil Vigilante



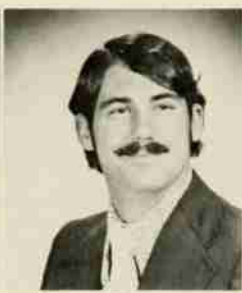
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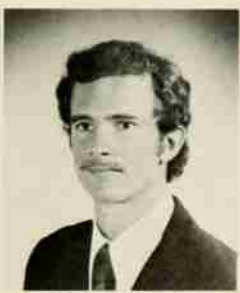
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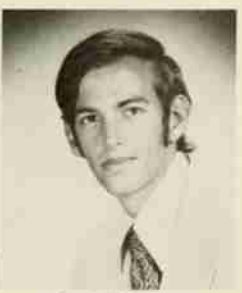
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Jeff Weaver



Steven Weaver



Grady Wesson



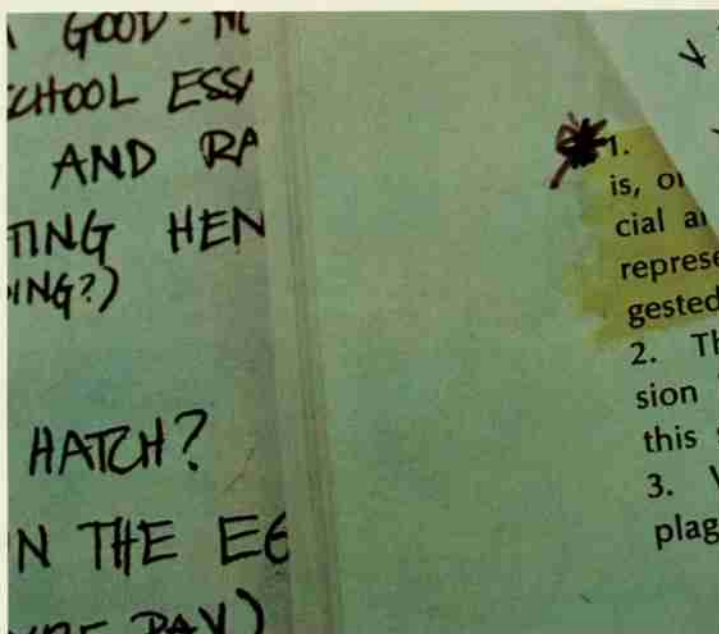
Dwight Williams



Thomas Wilson



Buren Wortman



Liberal Arts



Stephen Adams



Meena Ajmera



Nancy Allen



Donald Anderson



Linda Atkins



Cassandra Atkinson



Emmaline Aull



Mark Auman



Robert Auman



Sue Avery



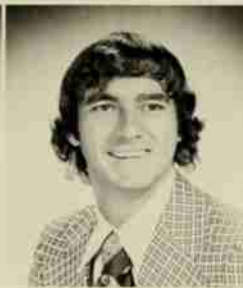
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Jeanie Aycock



Allen Ball



Terry Barefoot



Elaine Barnes



Karen Bartlett



Kathy Bass



John Bayless



Rebecca Beaty



Joe Biggerstaff



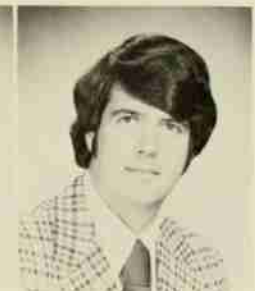
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Deborah Bissette



James Bolton



Robert Boone



Carlton Brady



Tommy Braswell



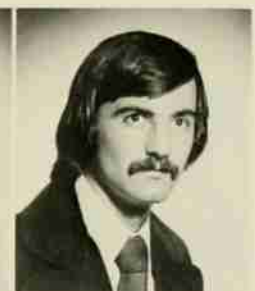
Robert Briggs



Nancy Brown



Patty Bulla



Robert Bumbarger



Brenda Burchfield



Arnold Butler



Sharron Butler



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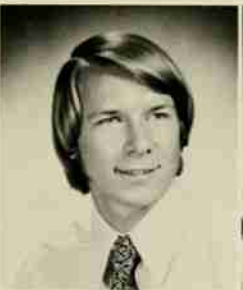
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Jeffrey Caldwell



Michael Calvello



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Malvin Carr



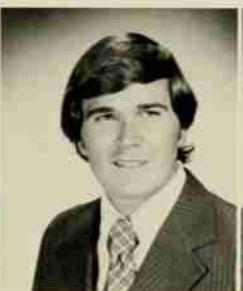
Jackie Carringer



Crismas Carroll



Jerry Carroll



Frederick Carter



William Carter



Lynne Cauthen



Robert Cauthen



Linda Chappell



Harold Chapple



Jeffrey Cheil



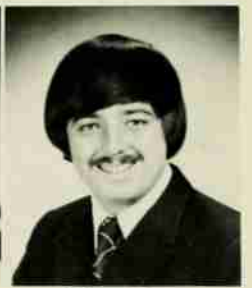
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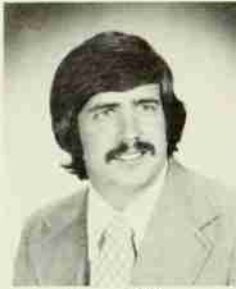
Ruth Cobb



Judy Collier



Edward Collins



James Collins



Joe Conely



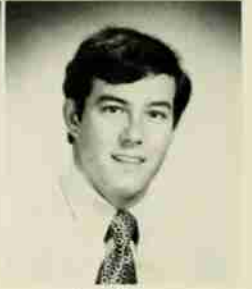
Ava Cook



James Cooper



Shuji Corey



Lee Cowper



John Craver



Dorothy Crouch



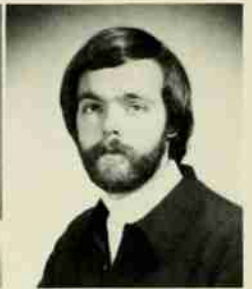
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Douglas Davis



Jim Davis



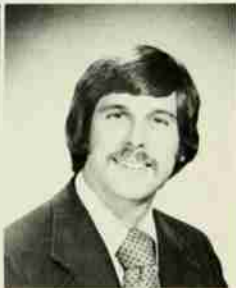
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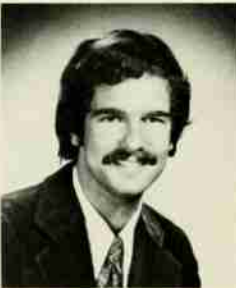
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Stephen Davis



Edward Debnam



Ray Deltz



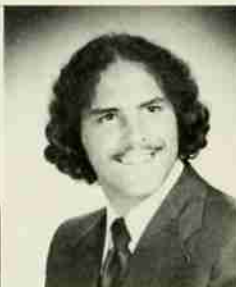
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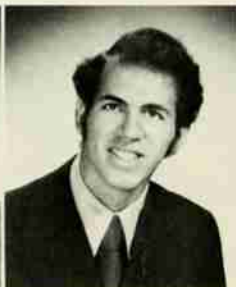
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Kathryn Easter



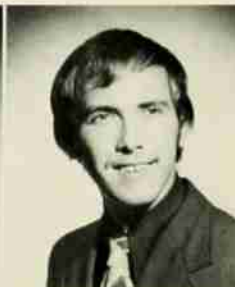
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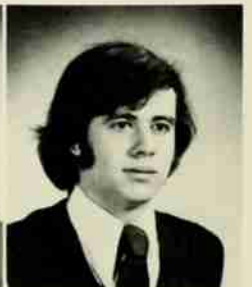
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Lloyd Eichorn



James Elmore



Robert Ennis



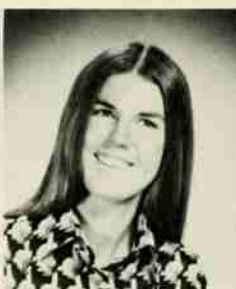
Anthony Evans



Katherine Evans



Walter Everett



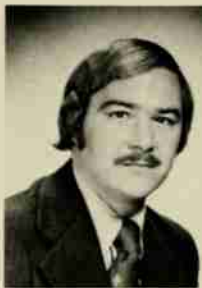
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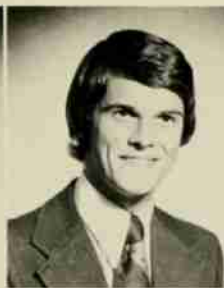
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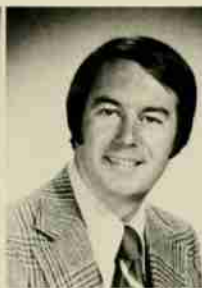
Patrice Fields



Thomas Fields



Fred Flynt



Rome Fontaine



Charles Fortune



Fred Foster



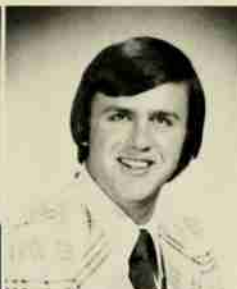
Bruce Foulke



Victoria France



Teresa Franklin



William Fuller



Rodney Garner



Deborah Gatton



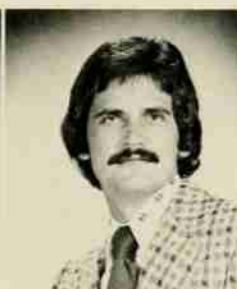
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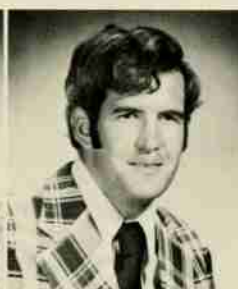
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Cleveland Gilbert



Guy Gill



Thomas Gill



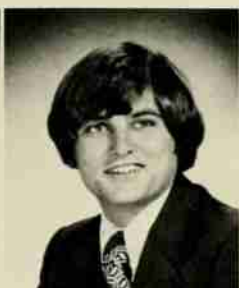
Stuart Glover



Winifred Goblet



Jose Gonzalez



Charles Gore



Richard Greene



Robert Greene



David Guth



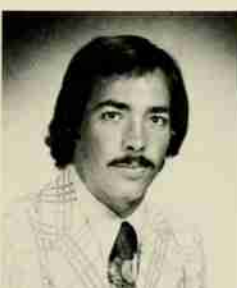
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Leslie Hamilton



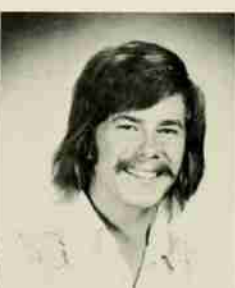
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Neil Harden



Julie Harding



Thomas Harrington



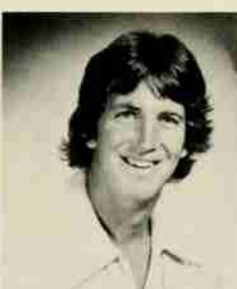
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Anne Harrison



Joyce Hartgrove



Greg Hawkins



Howard Hawkins



Bernard Hayes



Sherri Hayes



Brent Hedgpeth



Nancy Heffernan



Eve Hezyk



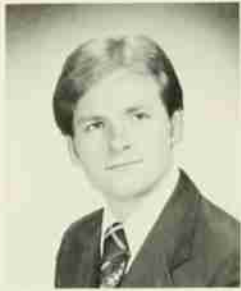
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Kenneth Hewett



Ivy Hickman



Jimmy Hicks



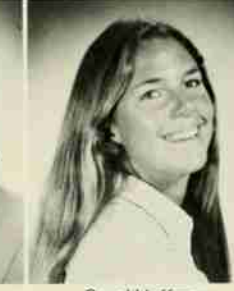
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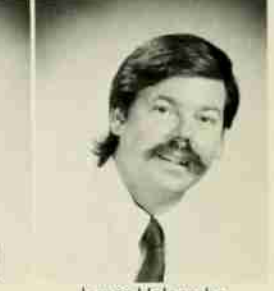
Janie Hinson



Mark Hitchcock



Carol Hoffman



James Holcombe



Robert Holden



Julie Holloway



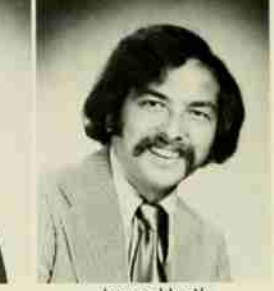
Donald Hooper



Joan Hoover



Marilyn Horney



James Horth



William House



Ray Houston



Andrew Howard



Cynthia Hubbard



John Huffman



Anderson Jackson



Sarah Jalley



Betsy Jenkins



Theresa Jenkins



Ronnie Jessup



Warren Jones



Charlene Jordan



Michael Jordan



Janice Joyner



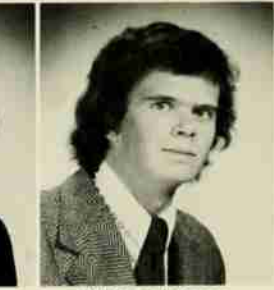
Perry Joyner



Elizabeth Johnson



Gary Johnson



Michael Johnson



John Phillips



Lane Pierce



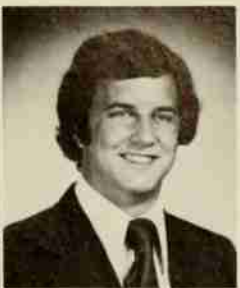
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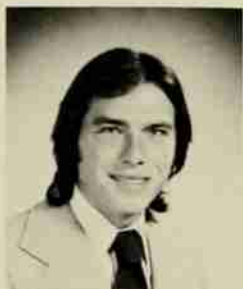
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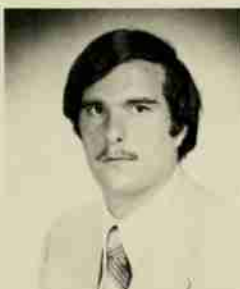
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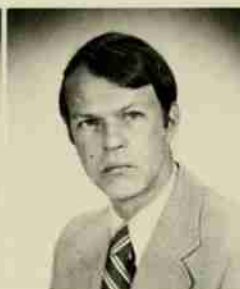
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William Pressley



John Price



Charles Prince



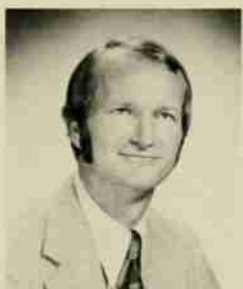
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Amy Rankin



Lucille Reaves



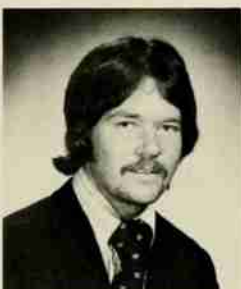
Bruce Richardsor



James Richardson



Sharon Rimm



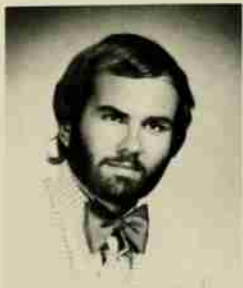
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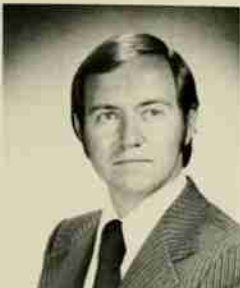
Teresa Roberts



William Rogers



Ralph Rognstad



Joseph Ross



Eric Rozier



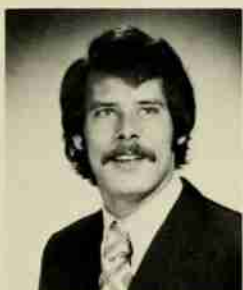
Frazier Rudisill



Karen Savage



Ann Sawyer



David Schafer



Harriet Sealey



Aileen Serosky



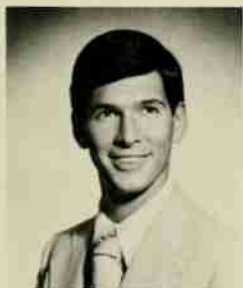
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Sarah Sherrill



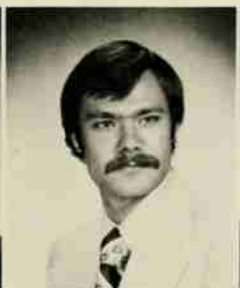
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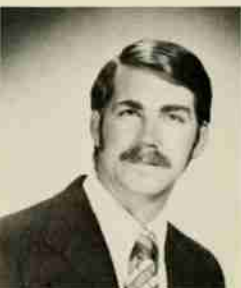
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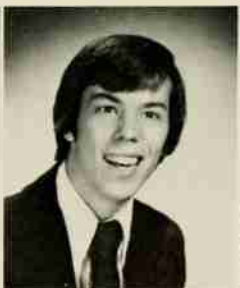
Millard Slate



David Smith



Jerry Smith



Lawrence Smith



Robbie Smith



Ronda Smith



Michael Spera



James Stauffer



Betty Stewart



Alice Styles



Mary Styles



Billy Sutton



David Sykes



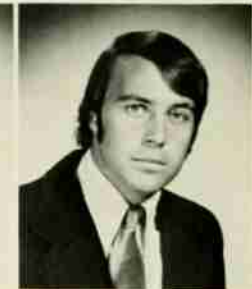
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William Taylor



Robert Testa



Jesse Thomas



Randall Thomas



Robert Thomason



Terri Tomlinson



Kenneth Torok



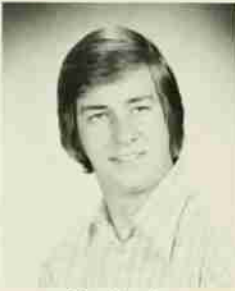
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Martina Tyler



Laurel Vaughn



Ray Vaughn



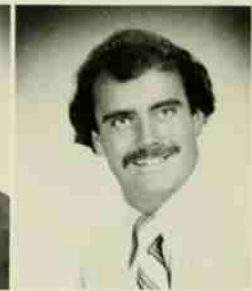
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Richard Walker



Richard Walker



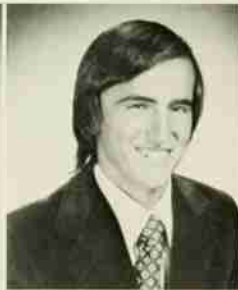
James Wallace



John Weems



William White



Gregory Whitfield



Vance Wilder



Charles Williams



Margaret Williams



Wanda Williams



Owen Willis



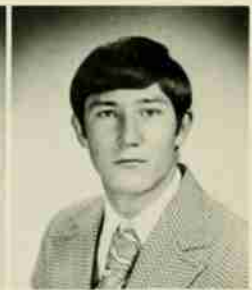
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Gerry Wolf



Margaret Woodin



Roger Woods



Kenneth Woody



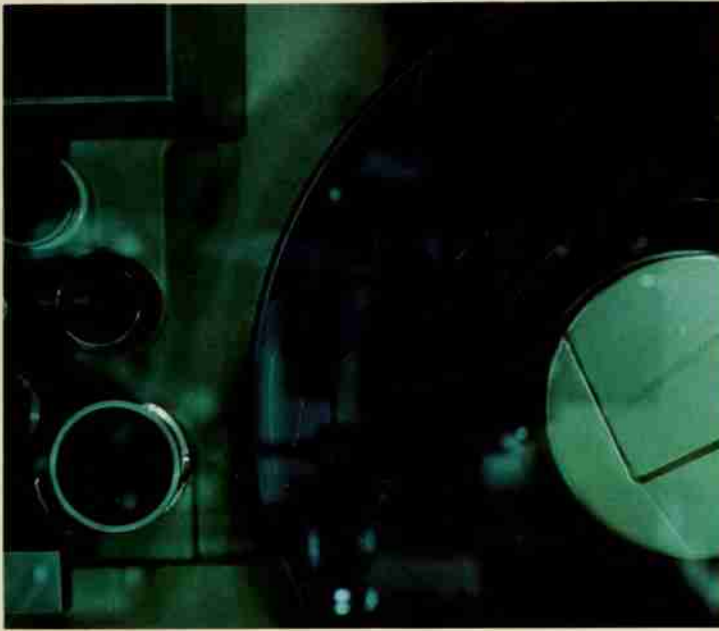
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Janet Wyant



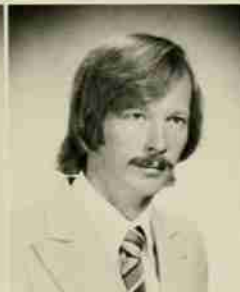
Evelyn Young



Physical and Mathematical Sciences



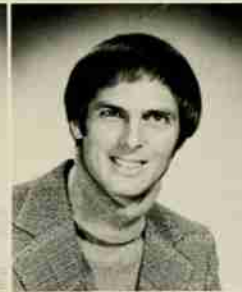
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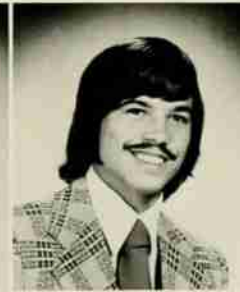
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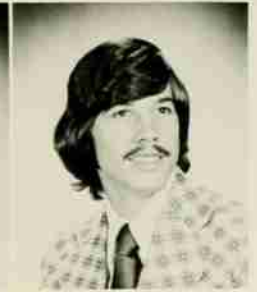
Donald Amann



Norman Arant



Lenard Bailey



Thomas Bailey



Albert Beyerle



William Blanchard



Karl Boldt



Martin Boone



Keith Bowers



Terry Brown



Ricky Carpenter



Lewis Carson



Susan Casada



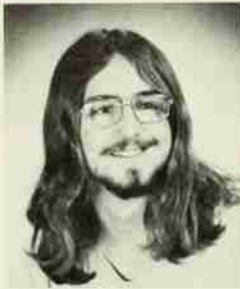
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Donna Coor



Kay Crawford



Bryant Dale



Joette Davis



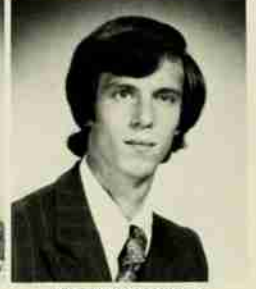
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Christy Dekle



Susan Dellinger



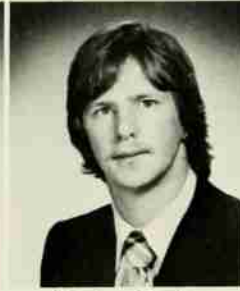
Mark Desrosiers



Michael Diccio



Donna Dickinson



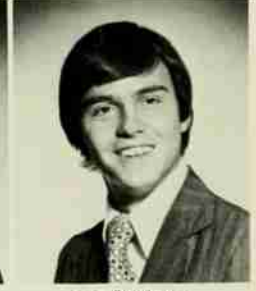
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Judy Digiacomo



Clara Dry



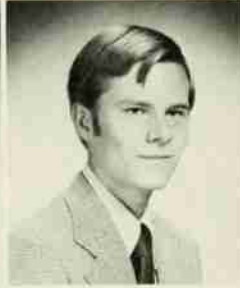
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Leslie Dyer



Albert Edwards



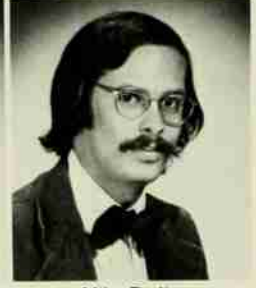
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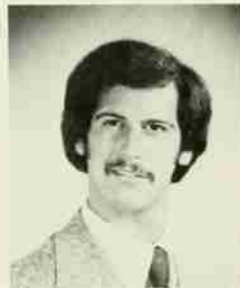
Patricia Finch



Christine Flynt



Mike Fralix



Glenn Fredman



William Freeman



Carl Friedlander



Lillian Frierson



Roderick Gilmore



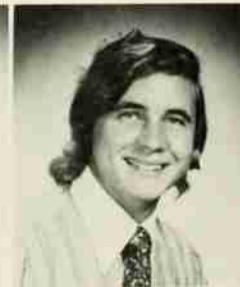
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Frankie Goodson



Suzanne Gordon



Stephen Gunter



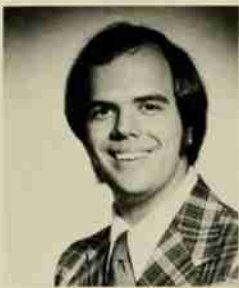
Craig Hackett



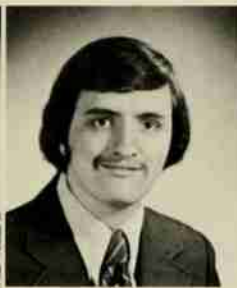
Vanise Hardee



Rebecca Harwood



Al Hawks



Gerald Helms



Robin Hill



Michael Holder



Cynthia Holding



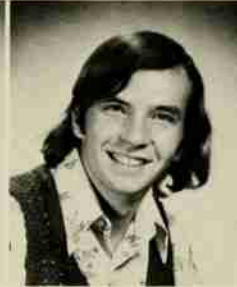
Harold Hutchinson



Donna Ingold



Robert Johnson



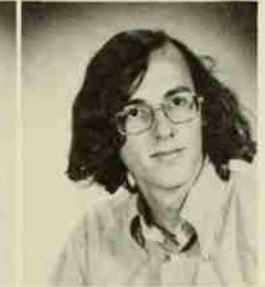
Arthur Jones



Stephen Jones



Jack Kearns



David Kelly



Judy Kittleson



Susan Krumroy



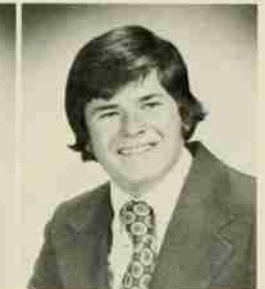
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Mary Little



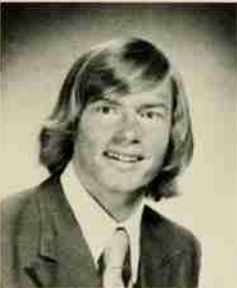
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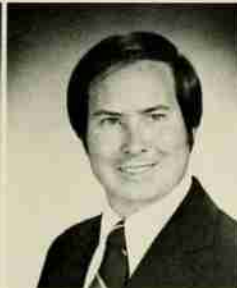
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Edwin Mantiply



Paul Marsh



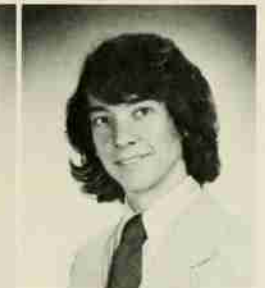
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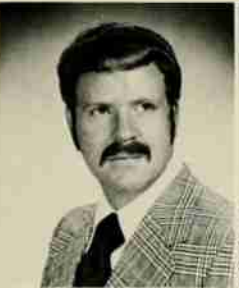
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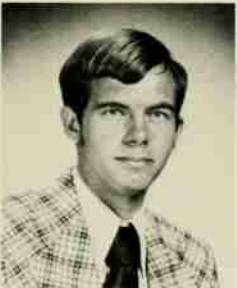
Timothy McGehee



William McGuinn



Wade McInnis



Carl Mills



Patricia Mullins



Robert Nix



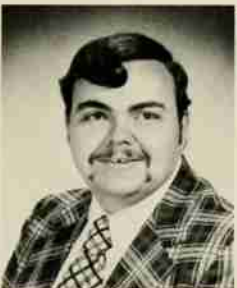
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Robert Patterson



Clyde Peedin



Ronnie Pennell



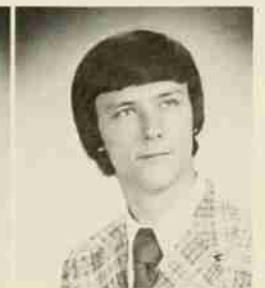
Carroll Perkins



John Peters



Reed Phillips



Joseph Pittman



Monica Polowy



Lawrence Pupkiewicz



Henry Ramsey



Donna Ricks



Steven Russell



Michael Shipman



Zandra Sledge



John Smith



Stephen Smith



Gilbert Sockwell



Robert Spillman



William Starnes



William Stewart



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Monte Wall



Gregory Wallace



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Katherine White



Robert Williams



George Wilson



William Wilson



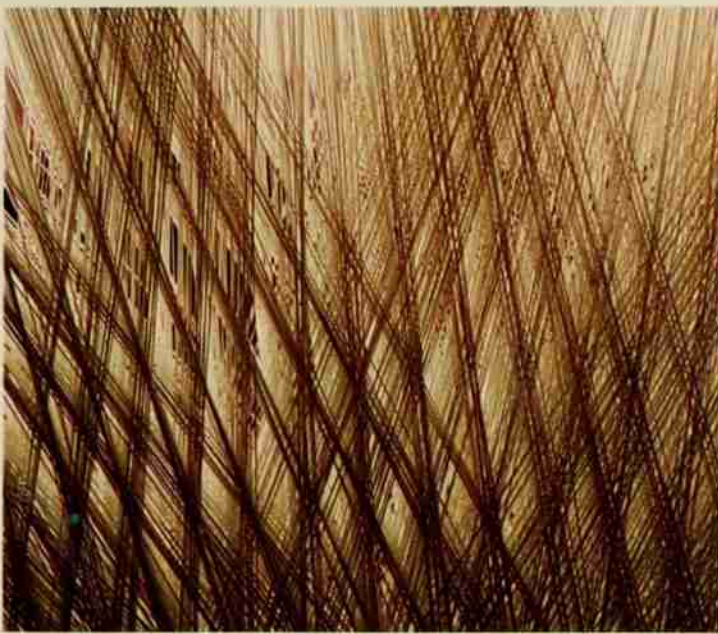
Michael Wood



Von Woods



Charles Zimmer



Textiles



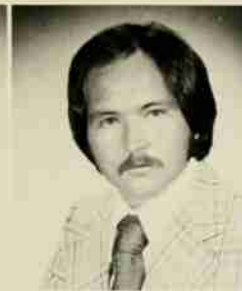
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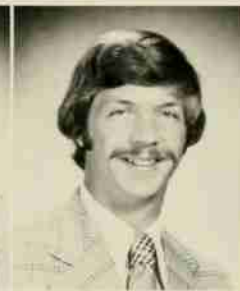
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Andrell Allen



Danny Allen



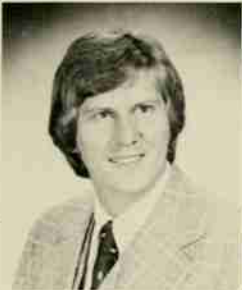
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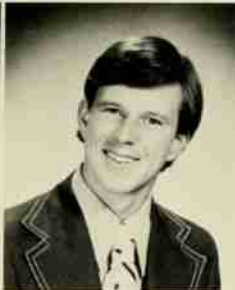
Elizabeth Arey



Janice Artis



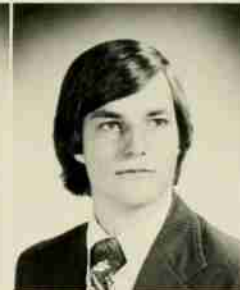
James Beck



Itha Best



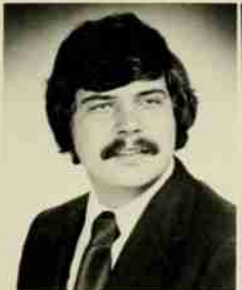
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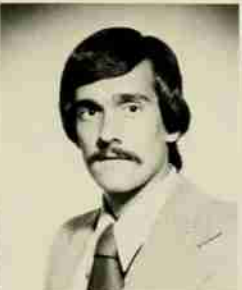
William Boyette



Donald Bringle



Kent Cooke



Randy Crayton



Marie Davis



Charles Donaldson



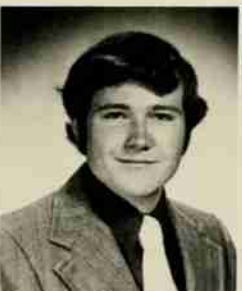
Eddie Duncan



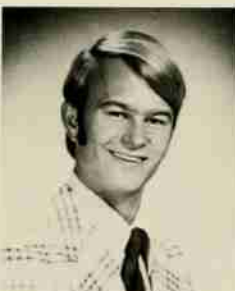
John Duncan



Sherri Eckroth



Kemp Edwards



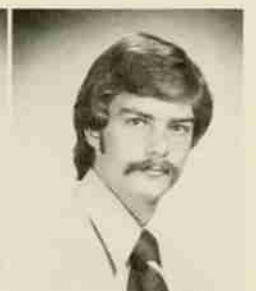
Dwight Fortner



Evelyn Gardner



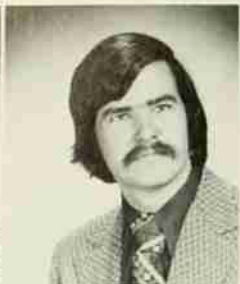
Jack Garrison



Richard Gibson



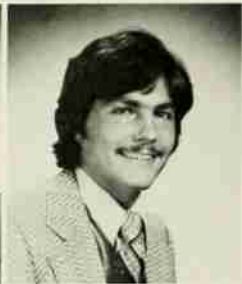
William Godwin



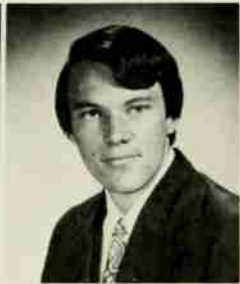
Dale Good



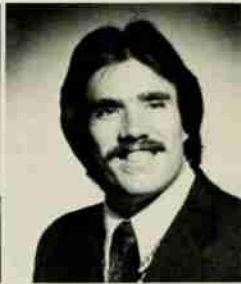
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John Graylee



Charles Greene



Michael Hamlin



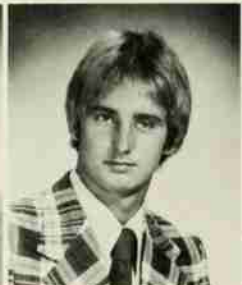
Randy Harris



Jeff Heavner



Gary Hefner



John Houston



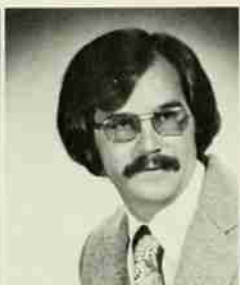
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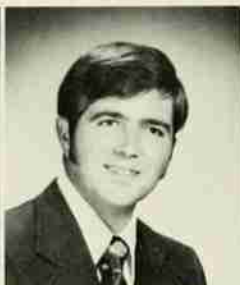
Nicholas Irwin



Don Jackson



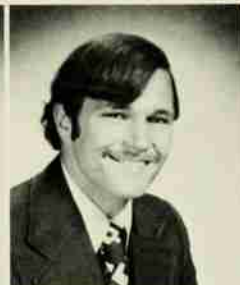
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Dennis Jordan



Said Kassaian



Ronald King



Robert Lambert



Billy Lassiter



Laura Laton



Alan Lee



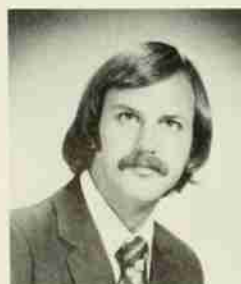
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David Marks



Philip Massengale



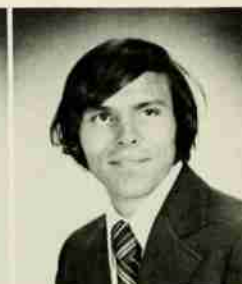
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James McCormick



William McPeters



James Mercer



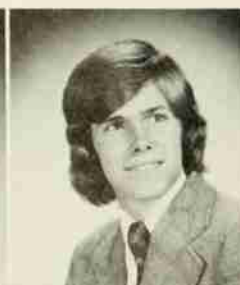
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Joseph Michael



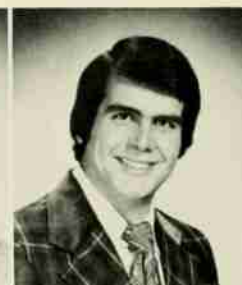
Donna Miller



Terry Montgomery



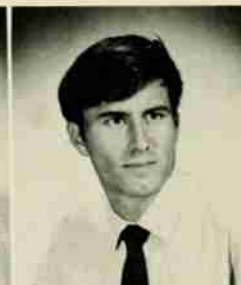
Johnathan Painter



William Patten



Dwight Payne



Irving Peeler



David Perry



Dennis Pethel



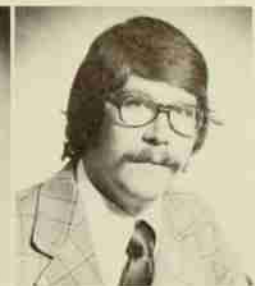
Claude Pinnix



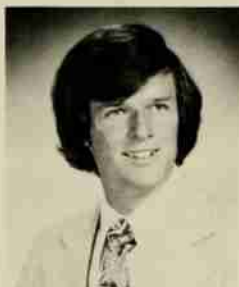
David Poovey



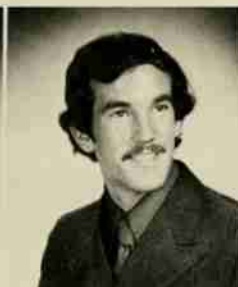
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Arnold Price



John Redding



Robert Ritchie



Charles Roberts



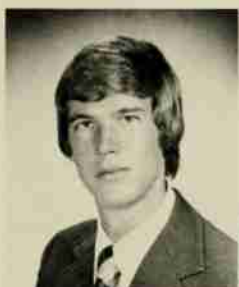
Benton Scarboro



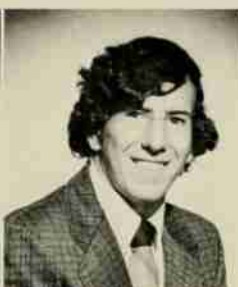
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Cynthia Sokol



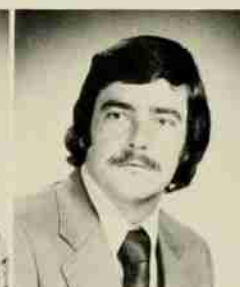
George Stanley



Gary Starr



Kenneth Stewart



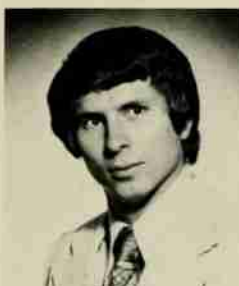
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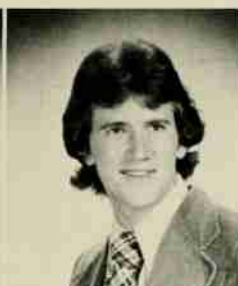
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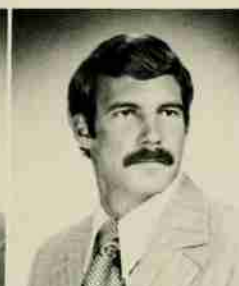
Boonchai Tanyavutti



Derek Taylor



Terry Tysinger



Steven Vaden



Chuen Yip



William Waters



Nancy Webster



John White



Robert Willis



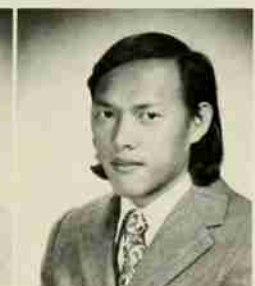
John Wilson



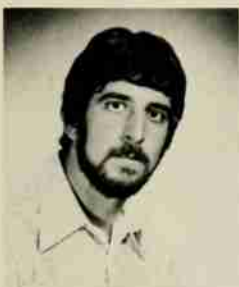
Donald Wimbrow



Richard Winslow



Somkiat Wongsirikul

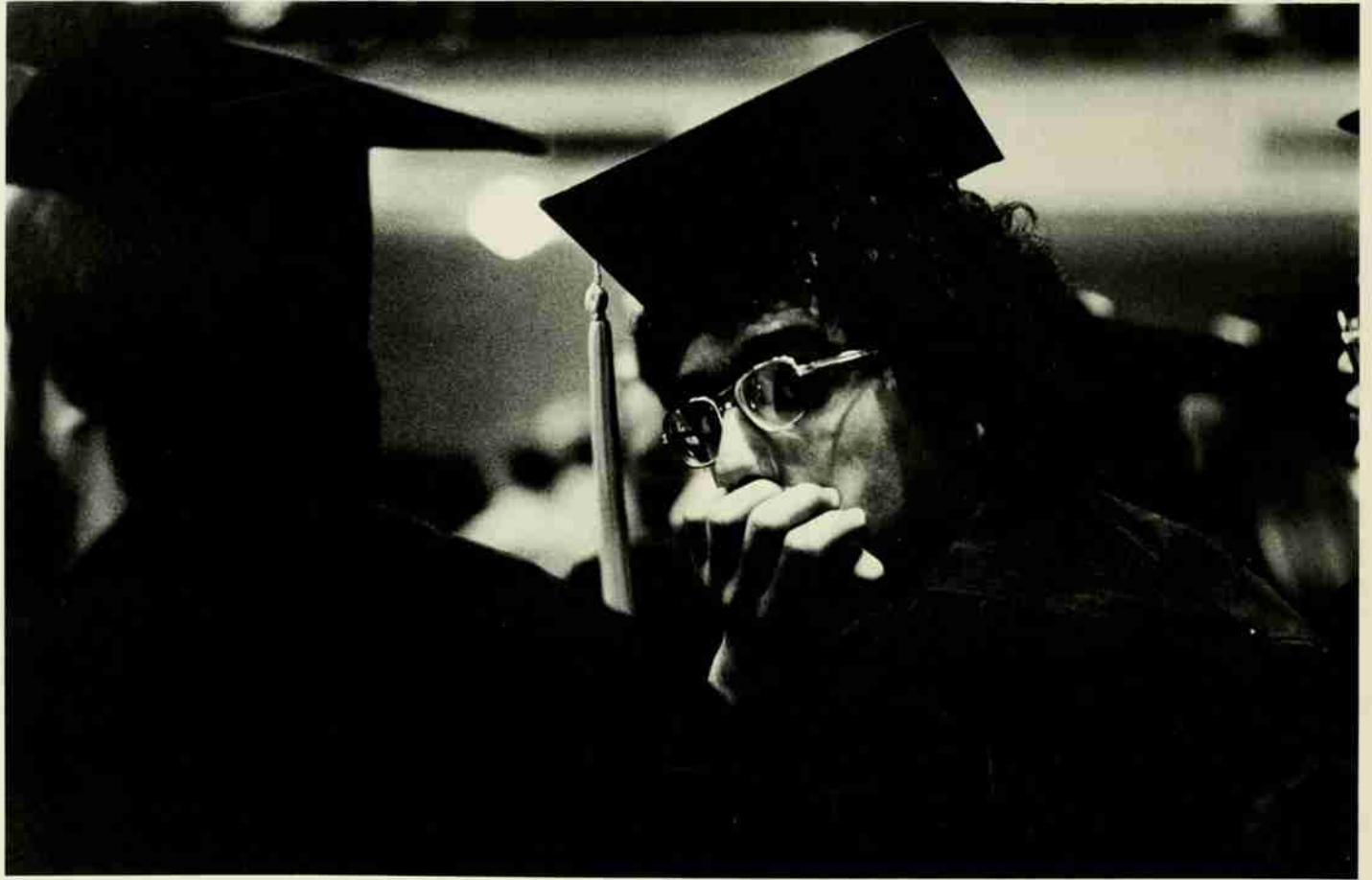
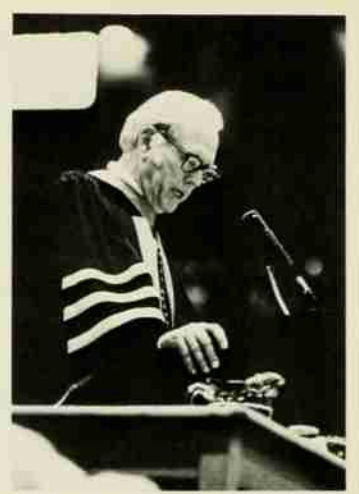


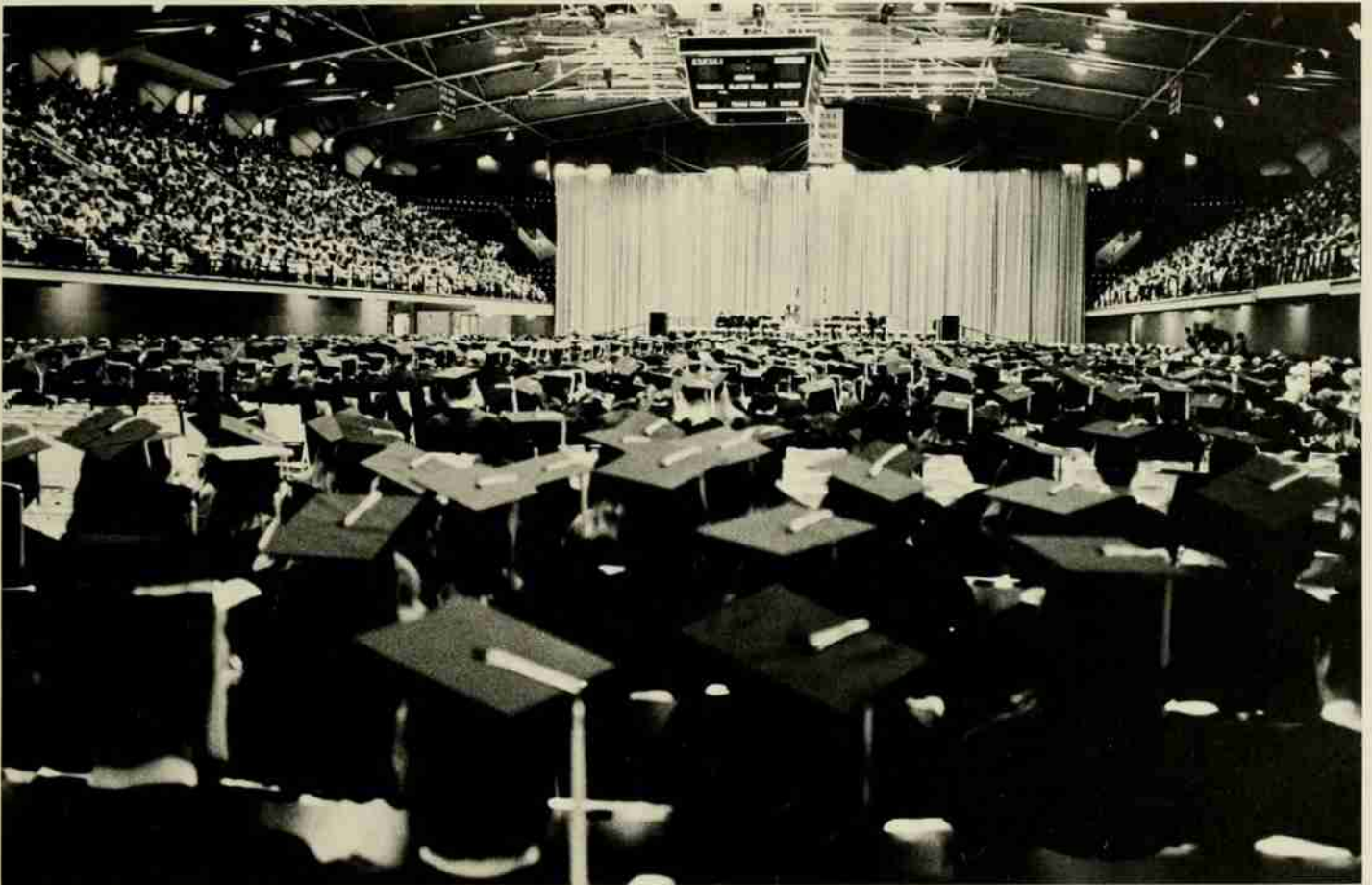
Stephen Worth



Robert Young

Graduation





We all came there. War-babies to a more or less degree. Hopes hopes hopes. Such fools we were and are and had to be because they made us that way. Regimentation. Institutionatism. Don't you realize that we had to do the insane, ridiculous things in order to preserve our sanity.

One has to feign insanity in order to survive in an insane, chaotic world. Just ask Hamlet.

We were all there. For, if no other reason, we all had four years to kill.

Why did they tell me for four years that I could do something and then, in the end - after the great exaltation, the great build-up - tell me that I could not. I had a degree in something I could not do. What could I do now but think it out? What of the next four years, the next

whole lifetime which unlike the past would not be mercifully/mercilessly regimented into four-year segments? What.



It's almost over now. Tomorrow is the last day of classes, perhaps the last day I may ever spend in a classroom and surely the last day I'll spend as an undergraduate at NCSU.

And I'm not sure what difference it has made. A lot has happened to me here. I met some of my best friends, maybe some of my worse enemies. I discovered that I wasn't ready to stay here. So I left. And two years later I returned. But why?

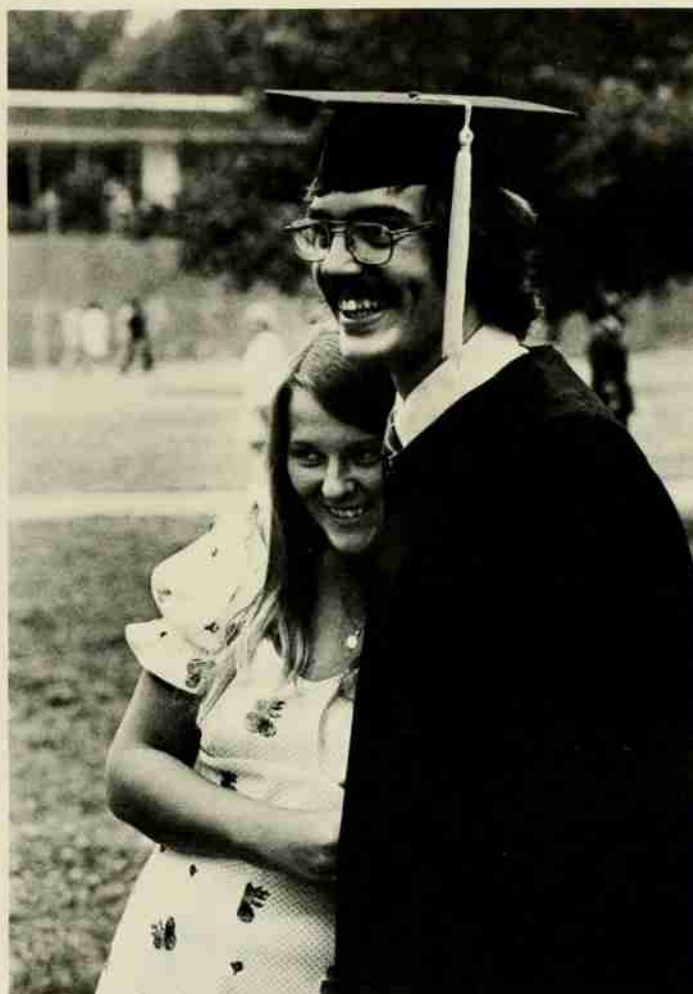
I guess I thought I'd learn a lot. I expected people, professors, anyone, to put things inside me that I couldn't put inside myself.

But now many things are different: I've realized that women no longer have to be second-class citizens; I've realized I've been involved with too many people for my own good.

And now it's all over, and I suppose I'm scared; I don't know what's in store for me, and I'm scared, anxious. I want to be myself. Moreover, I also want to be someone better. That's what it's all about I suppose, but I don't know.

Graduating is sad. It's also new. It's different. It marks time. It marks the end of an era.

Quite frankly I'm tired of all the classes and classrooms and lectures. But at least it has been a starting point. And I suppose I'll be looking forever for what I didn't find here. And adding to the things which I did. God I hope so. I don't want to stop; I can't ever stop searching . . . searching.



Stewart Theatre and Maggie Klekas



No one in his right mind would claim that Maggie Klekas was Stewart Theatre-she would either promptly murder them, or worse still, heap torrents of verbal abuse upon their frail minds. But despite the number of students and staff which worked so hard to make Stewart Theatre what it is today, Maggie was the driving force behind Stewart's success. Since this year was Maggie's last, the story is about her and Stewart Theatre, instead of merely the Theatre alone, for Maggie will be missed by all who knew her.

MAGGIE KLEKAS



CLEO LAINE

"The full story of my life can't be recorded until 50 years after my death," the spirited blond said humorously, "but I had my humble beginnings as a country girl."

Born in a rural community outside of Raleigh, she began life as Margaret Wilson. Margaret sang duets with her sister in church and played Little Red Riding Hood in the first grade play. As a teenager she broke ground with her father's tractor, and she learned to drive an automobile by chauffeuring a couple making-out in the backseat around rural Wake County. Somewhere along the highway of life, Margaret became Maggie.

Maggie attended

Meredith College. "I was there for a semester and I almost died. Then I went to Wake Forest." While at Wake Forest she dated Coy Privette, who is now head of the Christian Action League which strongly opposed Liquor By The Drink in North Carolina. Maggie recalls that under the Magnolia trees at the old Wake Forest campus, she had no premonition about Coy's future.

Maggie later dated the captain of the N.C. State basketball team. He told her that every time he rubbed his nose or touched his chin during a game he was sending a secret message of "I love you" to Maggie who was sitting in the stands. An agreement was worked out whereby Maggie would pay a nickle for every secret message sent during the game. "I was in ecstasy because he kept sending our secret signal. I paid him off by fixing him a steak dinner.

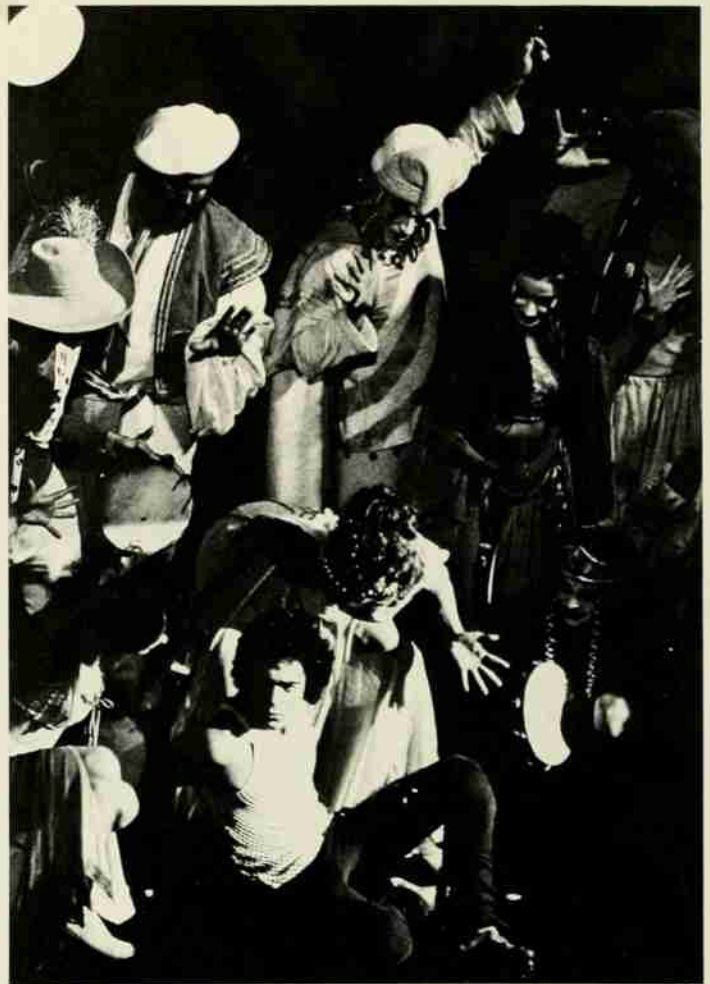
He later told me that the signals were not for me but a means of calling plays for the team. I was crushed."

After college Maggie performed for two summers in outdoor drama, playing at both "Unto These Hills" at Cherokee and "The Lost Colony" at Manteo. "They were the happiest summers of my life," she fondly recalls. From North Carolina dramas, she went to New York to try her hand at modeling and acting. "You should have seen me with my fake hair and capped teeth."

While in New York, she met Harry Klekas, a struggling young actor. Eventually they were married and moved to Los Angeles where Harry almost landed a starring role in "Route 66." Had Harry gotten the role, Magie Klekas might never have become Manager of Stewart Theatre.

Her marriage eventually broke up, and Maggie and her infant daughter Laura returned to Raleigh. Here she became program secretary at the old Erdahl-Cloyd Union. From there she went to Thompson Theatre as an assistant; and when the new University Student Center opened, she became the first Manager of Stewart Theatre.

In a show poster-filled office on the third floor of the Student Center, Maggie held court. Chain smoking Kents, she recalled some of the highlights of the theatre's first three years. "The largest show we ever was "No, No, Nanette." When the technical requirements came in from New York, they called for four star dressing rooms.





PHOEBE SNOW

Stewart Theatre does not have star dressing rooms since the theatre was designed as a repertory house. For "Nanette" we put the star in the Green Room (a backstage lounge for actors), but one elderly actress refused to go on unless she had a private dressing room. I thought of all the available rooms backstage - the lumber room, the paint room, the janitor's closet, the chair storage room. I decided that the janitor's closet was the only room we could turn into a dressing room. I frantically cleared the room out and brought a portable costume rack around to the room only to find it was too large to fit through the door. The actress eventually had to hang her costumes from the shelf that held the toilet paper, but she was happy with her 'star' dressing room. It was makeshift, but it was hers. I

just put my arms around her and said, 'I'm so glad you're here.' And you know she went out there and gave a great performance. I like to think that's what Stewart Theatre is all about."

Last season Maggie recalled that Cleo Laine was the most beloved of all the performers to come to Stewart Theatre. Since her performance at State was the first in the South for the star who is billed as the 'greatest singer in the world,' her agent came to Raleigh to insure that all went smoothly. "I had booked them into the Hilton Inn which I thought was the nicest motel close to campus. On the evening she was supposed to arrive, I got a call from her agent saying that the Hilton Inn did not have the rooms and that they had been booked into the Lemon Tree Inn, which I consider, never mind what I consider, Jim

might not be able to print that. Since everything was starting off on a bad note, I decided to go to the airport and meet her private jet which was scheduled to arrive at 1 a.m.

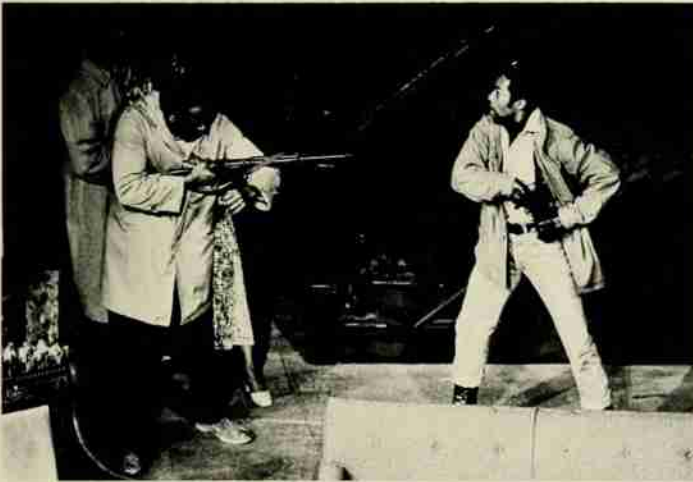
"We waited and waited and about 2:30 a.m. the plane finally arrived. The door opened, and this group of people just popped out of the small jet. The plane was packed with six people plus a bass and the luggage. Cleo Laine's husband, John Dankworth, came out first, and I fell madly in love with him on the spot because he was wearing a beautiful crushed suede hat. He had a camera and was going to photograph Cleo's departure from the plane. She was very lady-like, but she was letting her agent know exactly what she thought about having to land in Raleigh, North Carolina at 2:30 in the morning after a four hour plane trip from Vermont.

And I couldn't forgive her because she is a woman in her late forties and she looked absolutely beautiful at 2:30 in the morning, and I looked like an aging Cupie Doll." The next day Cleo performed for five hours straight and gave the best performance ever in Stewart Theatre.

Maggie has been the radiant force behind Stewart Theatre for the last three years. Last Spring she resigned to move on to bigger and better things in theatre. "The last three years at Stewart had to be one of the most productive periods in my life. To see the theatre develop and become as popular as it has is a great reward. I have mixed feelings about leaving; I'm very sad because of the close associations I have had with the staff and students, particularly the students who have worked closely with the theatre.



SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER



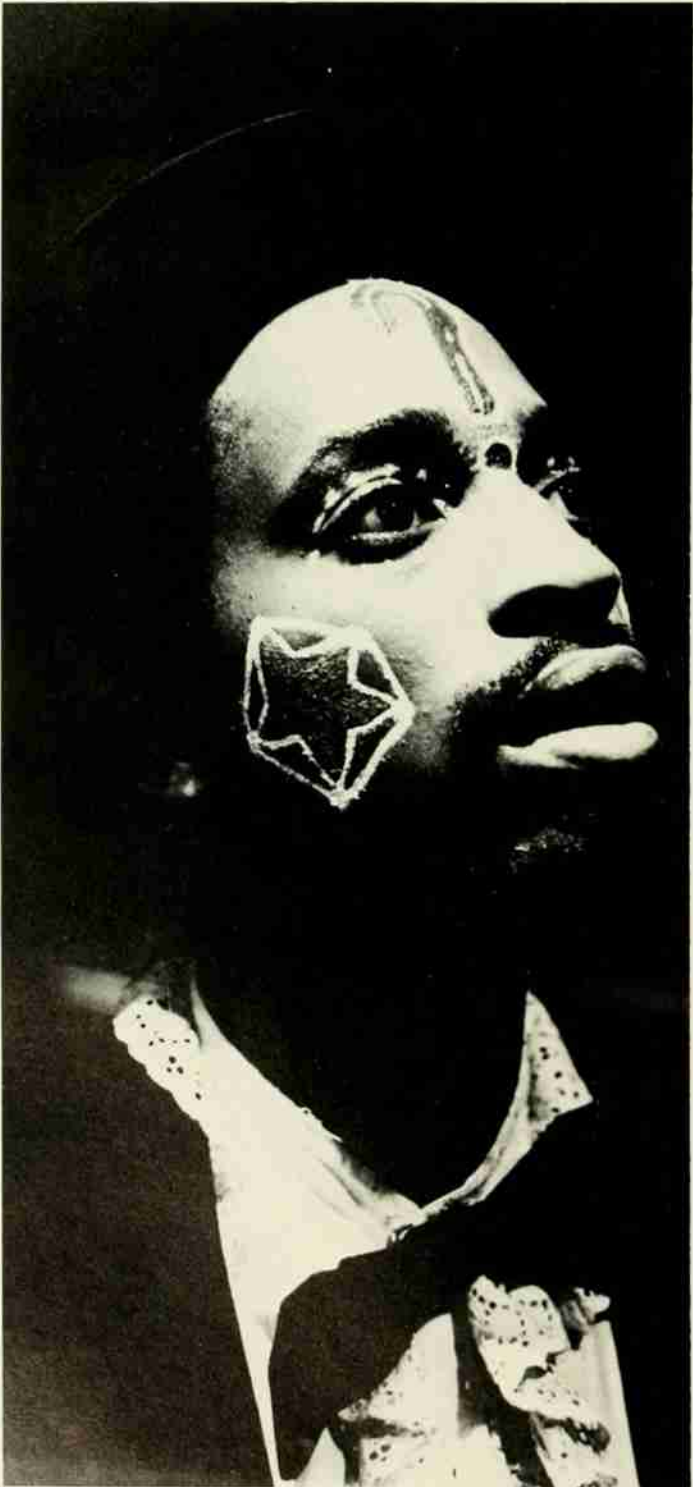
"I feel a time comes when you need a change, and I feel that I have reached that point. I have several prospects - from a beach bum at Key West to some rather attractive offers in theatre. I feel rather relaxed because there is a tremendous pressure to be completely in charge of a theatre where you have to bring in a box office that is cash across the desk of \$95,000. There have been so many companies that were booked close together - five in three weeks and three in one week. Right now I feel that it is time for some young blood to come in and keep things going.

"I think the theatre has settled down. We know what works and does not work. And I'm sure whoever replaces me will keep the high quality that the theatre has produced in the last three years. Because number one, the students will force them to keep the high quality. Students like the theatre, not only the ones that work in the theatre, but all the students. Students are proud of Stewart Theatre, and I think the future of Stewart Theatre is brilliant. It has already become one of the better houses in the South, and it has a long way to go. And it still can go up."

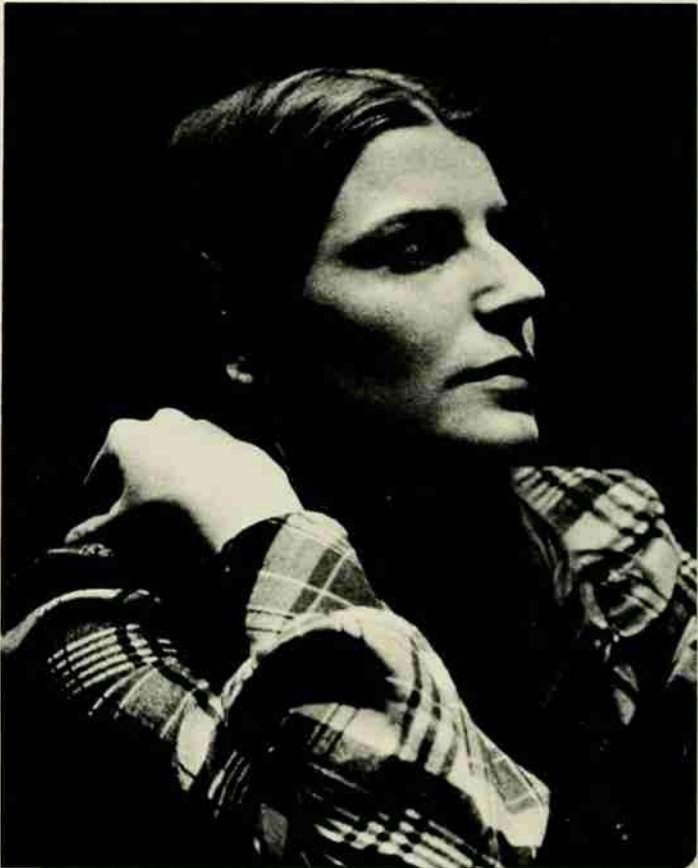
With a champagne toast to the future, Maggie left her office in style for the last time May 30, 1975.

Thompson Theatre

BRECHT ON BRECHT



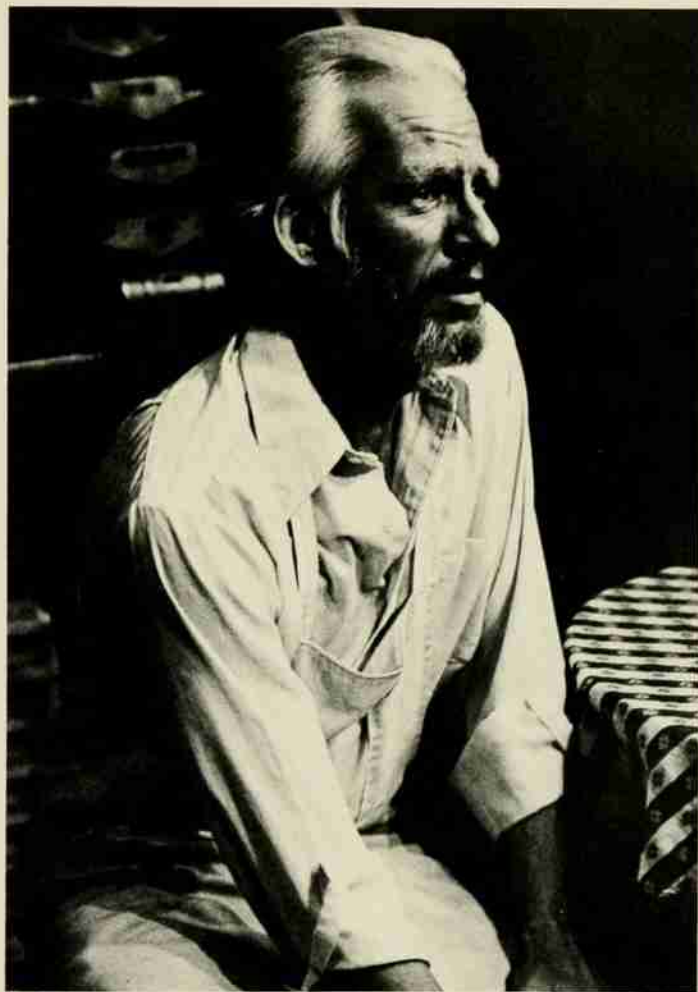
ANTIGONE



JOAN OF LORRAINE



SLOW DANCE ON THE KILLING GROUND



When someone begins learning to direct in the theatre, there are two initial step-off points he can choose between: theatre presenting mere entertainment or theatre exploring frustration. Whether or not he adheres strictly to one of these or the other is unimportant. What is of importance is whether or not the show is reflective enough of his own temperament to offer the young director ample grounding in his personal experiences and observations from which he might develop his show, for he must begin at that point and largely work from it to achieve any measure of success. Then there must also be an exploratory challenge to the work. Nothing teaches a young director more about his craft than struggling with the task of communicating the primary artist's message--in short, his art lies in developing the medium through which the playwright's art is presented. The techniques of directing are easily outlined and absorbed, but that is not the work of the director. He must struggle with the grain of other fields for others to have their bread.

Directing Tennessee William's "Outcry" forced me to develop within myself an observer's attitude towards frustration. It is a play written out of William's personal frustrations. In dealing with the frustrations of Clare and Felice Devoto over their lifetime of devotion to the struggle of theatre, my personal frustrations were deepened. Frustration exploring frustration had the nature of an X-squared curve, each point in the plot becoming a more intense peaking until both show and nerves had risen almost straight up approaching infinity.

The very craft of production was devastating. At best, the show was going to be difficult to cast, at worst, impossible: nine people tried out. First decision, first frustration. The casting was done with misgivings and hope; the next order of business was teaching my actors to act first as actors in real-life and then as actors playing a part. Double acting meant quadruple headaches.

I suppose everytime we slogged through the Devoto's schizophrenia we warped a little ourselves. "No, damnit!!" became a thorny switch they cringed from, and I began emanating madman effects from lack of sleep. They worked hard, but the number of potential characters we killed in the honing-down process was monumental. A lot of silent screams, unfinished sentences, and slowly closed eyes.

Because of frustration with life that did not blend well with the frustrations of theatre, the frustrations of this play in particular, and the frustrations of attempting a role which was too formidable to dominate, the first actress asked finally to be let out of the role of Clare. Dilemma, conflict, and crisis all came to a boil, and the syrup of frustration was even more finely distilled. After considering dropping the show altogether, an old friend came to the rescue. Anne Harer took over Clare's part, and Tim Hutcherson (alias Felice) and I breathed two deep breaths. The trio plunged into strange and bizarre games we never really understood.

OUTCRY



The construction of a set that had to look like an old empty theatre was another finely devastating problem. Four days after rounding everything up and one-and-a-half dumpster loads of Coke cans later there was a set, gargantuanly compact, with detail work that lasted until five minutes before final dress rehearsal.

The pressure of the final week was mentally and emotionally flaying. Certain elements of characterization, which I had given up on as hopeless and unattainable, developed themselves. Tim almost cracked; Anne could no longer scream. Me? Forget it: I was over the brink two weeks before.

Make-up and costuming were more fun than anything else. Everybody had hints about the Thirties, and we decked out in style, from five-dollar dresses and two-dollar suits to mascara movie-star eyes.

Final dress rehearsal audience was a bizarre combination of Dix Hospital out-patients and Charles Martin's Theatre Production class. The irony of the entire situation had us head-shaking for days.

Opening night we were all crazed with worry. Ten thousand friends in ninety-seven seats and I had to sit back and for once not stop the scenes I still felt ill at ease over. The show crept in, stared the audience in the face, and slinked out, leaving confusion, displeasure, and anger in its wake. Kind friends said nice things, but what we wanted to hear was what the Fat Lady In The Back Row had thought. And we listened in awe to Her, total strangers who disciplined their way next to us near the dressing room to say "I'm not sure I understand it all, but I felt a lot of things," and "I'm going to have to go home and think."

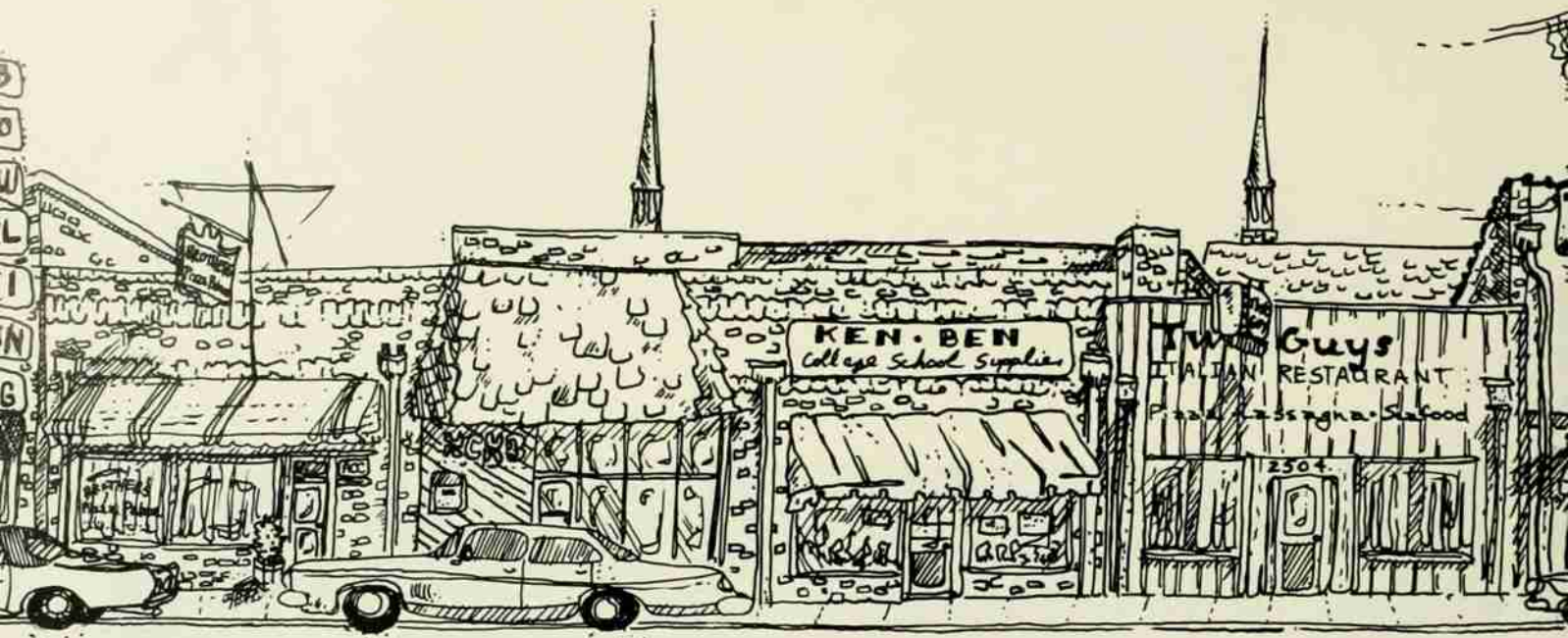
After the make-up was off, we slept apart from the show in the daylight, putting our sack-cloth of insanity around us again only in the evenings, until finally it was time for the show to leave as well as the people who witnessed its nightly resurrection from the ashes of the applause from the night before. We struck the seats, the lights, and the set. All the good and all the bad of the show were forgotten as we locked up and walked out while the Fat Lady smiled and gave us our last ovation.



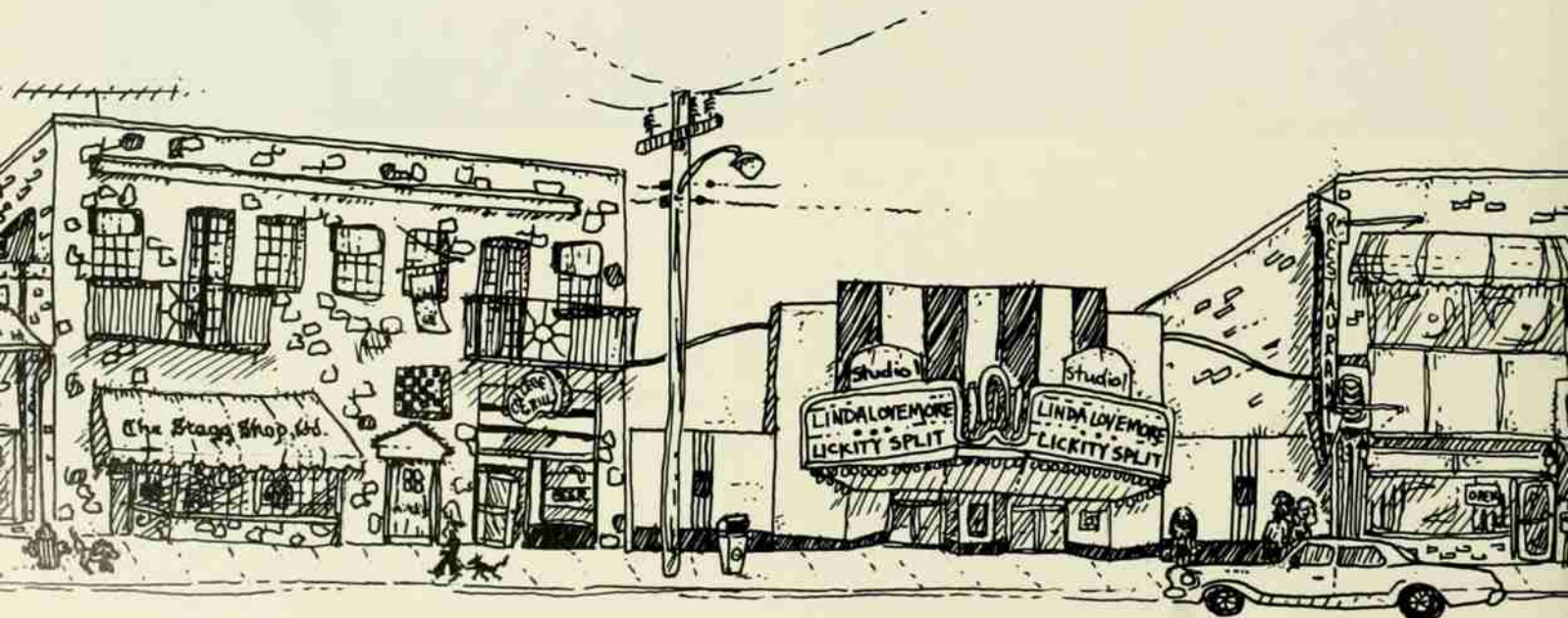


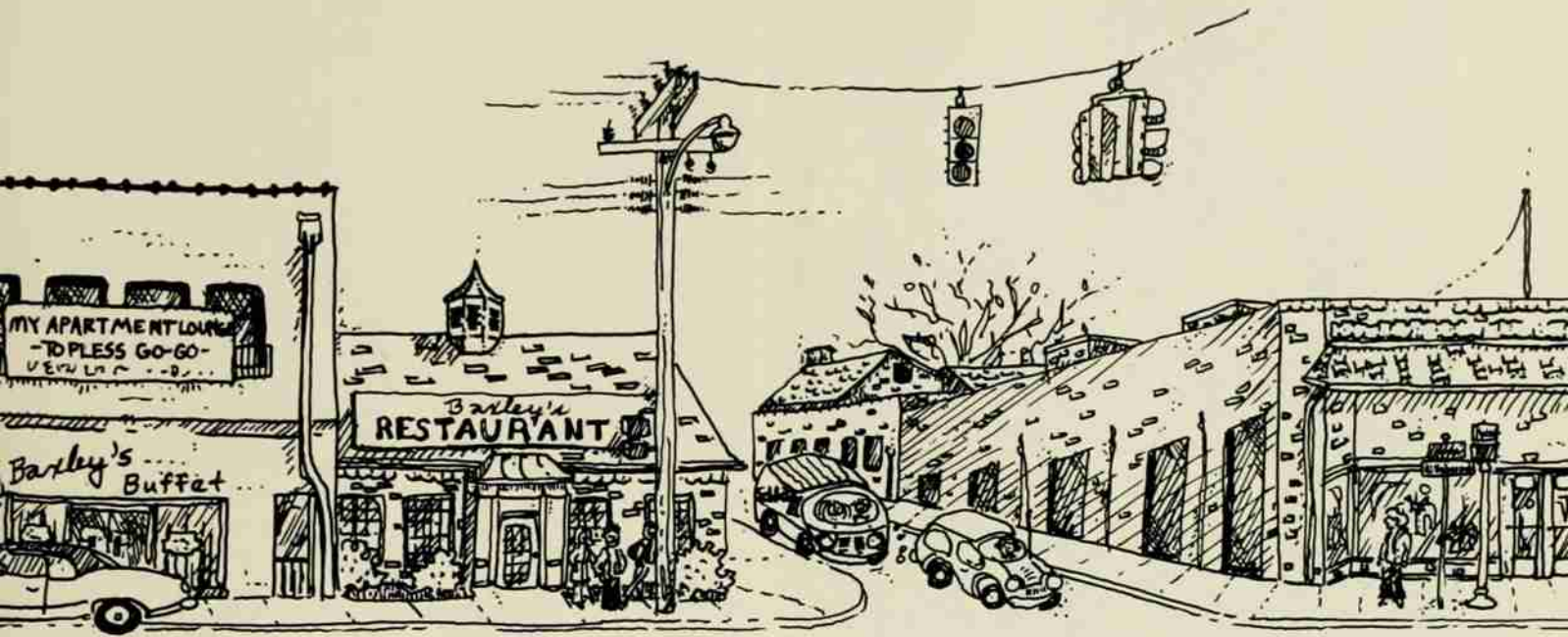
THE ROAR OF THE GREASEPAINT - THE SMELL OF THE CROWD





Hillsborough Street





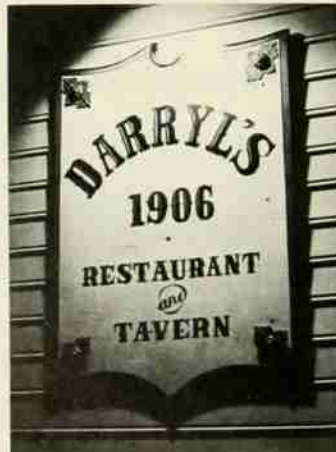


DARRYL'S

I had lost my woman. It doesn't really matter why, but I had lost her, and it hurt for I needed someone very badly then: I had a terror of being alone, and now I was alone and it hurt. That's when I met Sandy.

You can't stay down but just so long, and by Friday I was easing back up. I went out and traded a useless camera lens for an even more useless Winchester deer rifle. Don't ask me why; I just always go out and buy or get something big when I'm depressed, and the Winchester was it. Mike and I brought it home where I stashed it; and then I went back to the dorm and lay down for a while, immensely proud of my new toy and anxious to commit more folly or whatever. I remembered Sandy. We had been studying math a little that week. I had a B; she had a D; the test was Friday (today), and she decided

that I was the one to save her. I wasn't; she flunked anyway, but we'd spent a fair amount of time together that week. It was nice, and I wanted to spend some more so I called and asked her if she wanted to go to Darryl's. She had mentioned going out after the test was over, but I was still down and a little cool to the idea of bringing her down too. But now I wanted to be with someone--anyone really--and she, like me, was a little lonely. Sullivan



and Lee are close, and two people can meet where the walkways converge; there we met and walked to Darryl's while it was still daylight. Darryl's was, you understand, then a big deal. It hadn't been opened but a few months, and everyone was into all the little booths and the huge barrels. Dark, woody, intimate, with cheap beer, good music, and waitresses that wore white peasant blouses and mini-skirts.

(Once a friend asked one of them what she was supposed to be dressed up as. The girl snapped, "a whore," and, eyes twinkling, left--but that's another story.) The neatest thing was to get the booth that use to be an elevator -- and you know, we did. Ordering a pitcher, we began to talk. God, how we talked. No one could talk like Sandy, she talked about everything: but so did I. I don't remember what she said about her brother, her father's farm, her stepmother, and her bitchy relatives, and her boyfriend. Her boyfriend...they were drifting apart...everything they had together was quietly collapsing, turning sour into indifference and pettiness. Of course, it all sounded familiar -- still does.

We finished the pitcher and ordered another and a pizza. Beer makes you hungry; waiting forever makes you hungrier. We wiped out the pizza (Yes, they were as bad then as they sometimes are now) and ordered yet another pitcher, our third. Darryl's was full by then. There had been only a half dozen or so when we came, but now it was full. It didn't matter: we didn't know really. We had slowed down, the words still flowed, but the desperate rush to be part of someone else was no longer so urgent; it was there; and even when it wasn't, it did not matter. You were with someone...sharing,

belonging. In love? No, not really, but happy, open, mellowing gently, taking the edge off bad memories and hard work. A third pitcher came. Funny, we weren't big beer drinkers, and for us (we learned) that was an awful lot. I don't remember when we finished, maybe nine. But I do remember how cold it was and dark and clear as we walked back. She grabbed my arm and pulled me close to her. She was warm and I was warm, and together we must have been reasonably steady--I never could walk with my arm around anyone before but I learned that night.

Maybe the cold walk up Hillsborough sobered us; I don't know; but by the time we got back to my room, we were both pretty clear. She lay down on my bed, and I remember my surprise. I lay beside her, and she laughed and asked if I was ticklish. I was, and so was she. She said she didn't want to take all her clothes off, but she did. We held each other for the longest while; in candlelight too because I lit two floating candles in old beer goblets. After all, I had to see her. She dressed, I guess to leave, but I asked her to stay, and she did. Had the candles gone out when we made love? I can't remember. We slept well, warm together. I never did go to Darryl's very often after that.





P.R.

So what are two girls to do on a Saturday night in Raleigh?

The Square is packed full of horny guys and chicks waiting to be picked-up.

It soon gets old.

We move down to the P.R. (long for the Player's Retreat).

The crowd isn't as thick.

The beer is as expensive.

Maybe the guys aren't as horny.

Making our way to a booth, we check the place out.

"Ah, now the waiter has a nice little ass."

The waiters always have nice little asses, but they're on duty.

Why don't these guys trying to sit down at our booth have nice little asses?

"Hi. Mind if we sit down?"

"Yes, but you're going to anyway."

(They obviously glued themselves to the damn seats.)

"What's your name?"

Let's think of a good one.

"I'm Florence and this is Matilda."

Out of common courtesy we return the question.

"I'm Bad Bod Butch the Boxer and this here is Mousy Musician Mabe."

(Well, my imagination doesn't always fit the real names, so these are aliases.)

They continue to interrogate (or aggravate) us.

"Where are you from?"

"Would you believe Japan?"

Sure, they'd believe anything if it got them anywhere.

"My father is the ambassador to Japan and I'm going to attend Saint Mary's."

(Actually, my father is still back in the "swamp" and this wouldn't be in the **Agromeck** if I weren't going to Cow College.)

The bums are impressed. They begin to pile more shit onto the already mounting heap.

"Well, I am the piano player for the LORD KNOWS WHAT. We just played at the Pier. We'll be back after our tour."

(Of what — Cameron Village?)

It's Butch's turn.

"I am a professional boxer for the Kansas City Bombers."

He obviously thinks girls are dummies when it comes to sports, because I just happen to know that the Bombers are a hockey team.

As the bull-shit gets deeper my worn-out earth shoes begin to leak and my bladder gets weak. All of the money that we had

went for that last beer that we split and the pistachios.

To hell with the bastards who have offered to buy us another.

This half will do us in and the ropes that are attached to the bottles they offer do not thrill me.

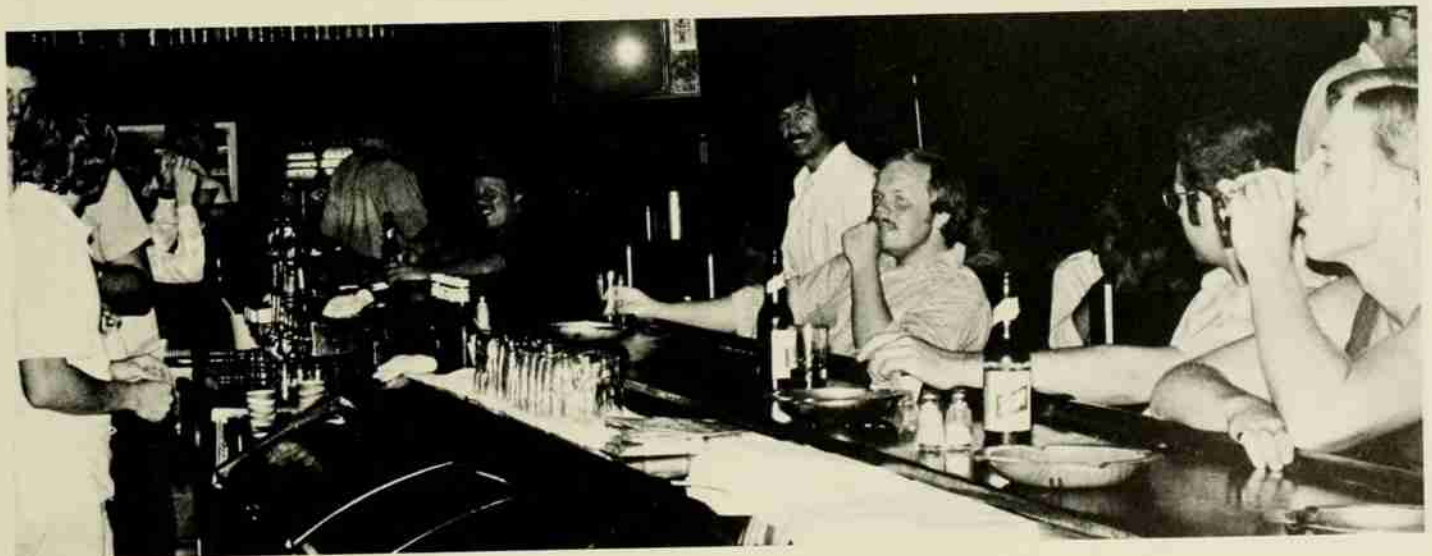
We stumble out of the booth with a promise of returning from the bathroom.

(They did believe that I was from Japan.)

Acquiring some more money, we found everything closed.

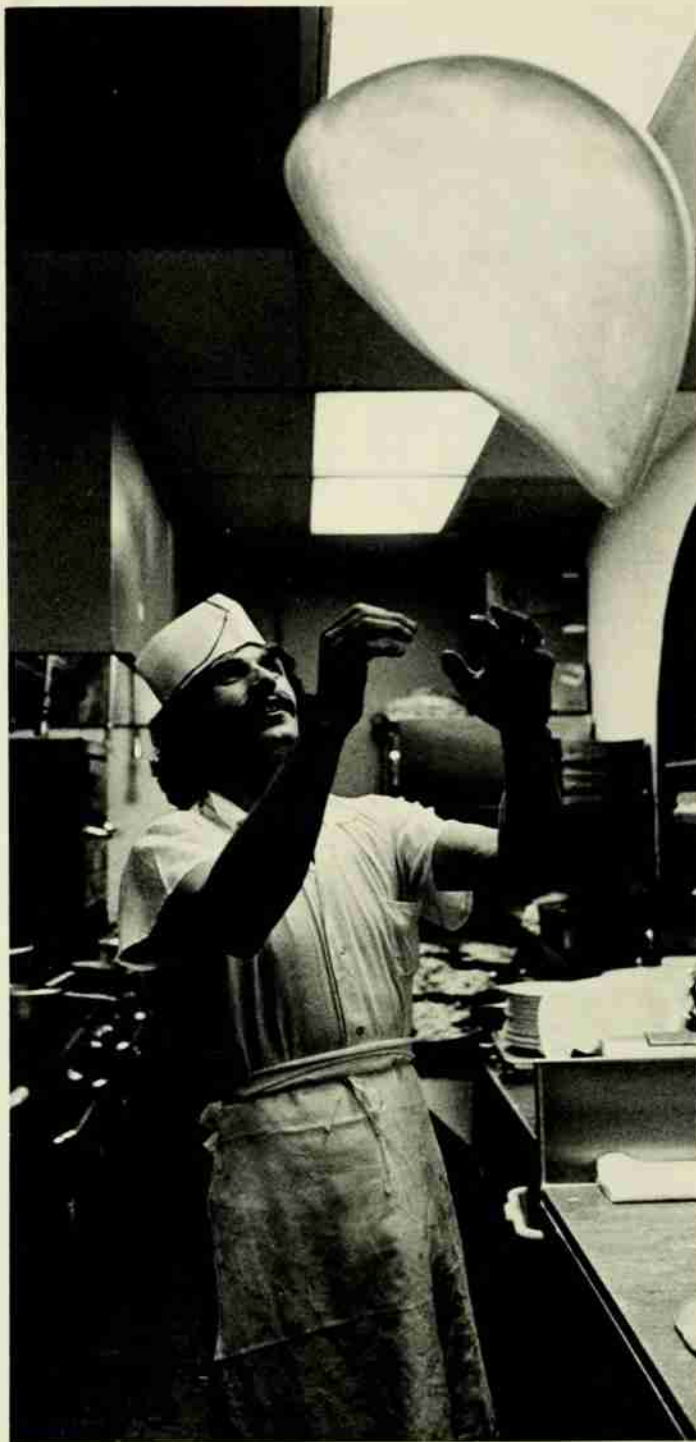
But that did not satisfy the munchies.

Sitting in Dunkin' Donuts, the cop beside me begins his rap...

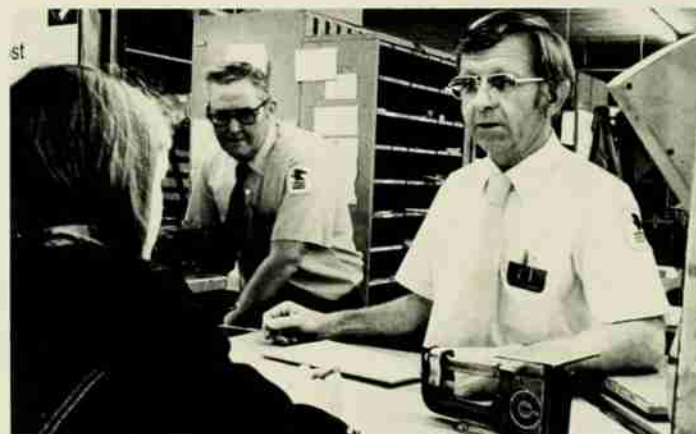




BLIMPIE'S



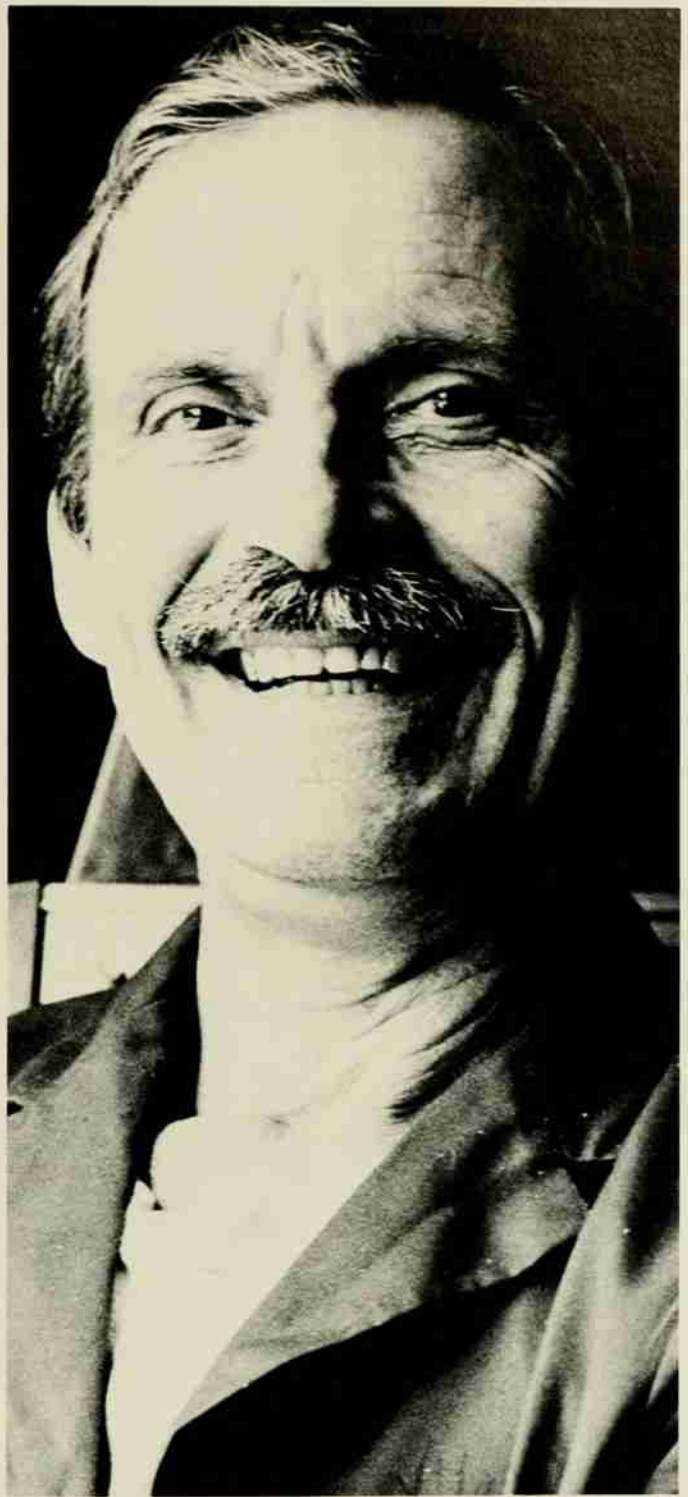
TWO GUYS



POST OFFICE

ELLIASON'S

--Eliason's wandering jews stretch for more sun.
--"oops." 2 mahogany arms punch through the doorway caressing 200 paper cups and glide to the kitchen. His batting eyelashes flash. His Aunt Jemimah scarf.
--"Did you leave a tip?"
--"No. Why should I? I only got one extra glass of tea."
--"I was a waitress once--I know; that's how they make their money."
--"Inflation--Besides, I can't afford it."
--As she walks back to put down an extra dime, "I left a tip."
--"Good boy."
--"What's musacha?"
--"I think it's something like stuffed grapevine leaves."
--"I split a dollar once with a razor, but leaves ...? Which one is our waitress?"
--"Ye-ah, yeah."
--Cool yer jets, Pop. Wha cha having? (I hate coming in here. It's just like the kind of place business men come...filtered with professors. I've only got a minute--there's a booth...nobody sits in the middle--too cold.) "Just a hamburger "D" and tea." (Bitch, she never smiles. Hey, baby, come here and sit with me. Ah-h, probably a dike anyway.)
--"The funny thing about it is...George soulfully switches the radio to QDR, and the black dude craves Greek music."
--Buzz, buzz
--"Wrong answer--you have to eat the Greek Salad." Ha Ha.
--"You gonna drink a beer?"
--"Yeah, you?"
--"Yeah, an I think I'll get the special, too."
--"What you have to realize is--it's going to be cold on the trail--Benny's going to bring the tins and a couple of bags--Jack's got the sacks. Sipp-p. Any questions?"
--"I love you. Being away from you for just one minute is like an hour. I can't stand it." She smiles shyly. He stares deeply into her eyes. Their cold hands clutch each other's fingers.
--"Lova, lova, lova, what you gonna eat? You no can live on lova. You needa food. I fixa you a biga steak, ah?" Z big smiles--"I--yi--yi--2 cupa coffee." George shuffles to the moneyclinker.
--"Life is not all that simple, Jim. We look at it like this; being able to comprehend someone's self means grabbing their inner synthesis by the tail--slipping in without them knowing and moving, **zip** to the eyes. Only **then** can you block what they see with what you see. I tell you, it's **Loa Loa**. Pure and simple."
--"Boink!" (I bump into those wandering jews everytime--you'd think they'd move...Full again, h-m-m. There's Leonard.) "Hey, Lenny, whacha doing? Waiting for Marilyn, and Mike, and Lynch. How about if I pull up..."
--"Oh! Hey, Stew...!"
--"You're writing a check for \$.50? How do you spell it? 'L-i-sons'?"
--"\$1.65." Thank you.





MY APARTMENT

the sign glares
"topless"
as you enter the door and
climb the stairs
at the top of which
you find
stares...

because Lynn or Cindy is about to come out
and all eyes are upon her as she starts to move it about

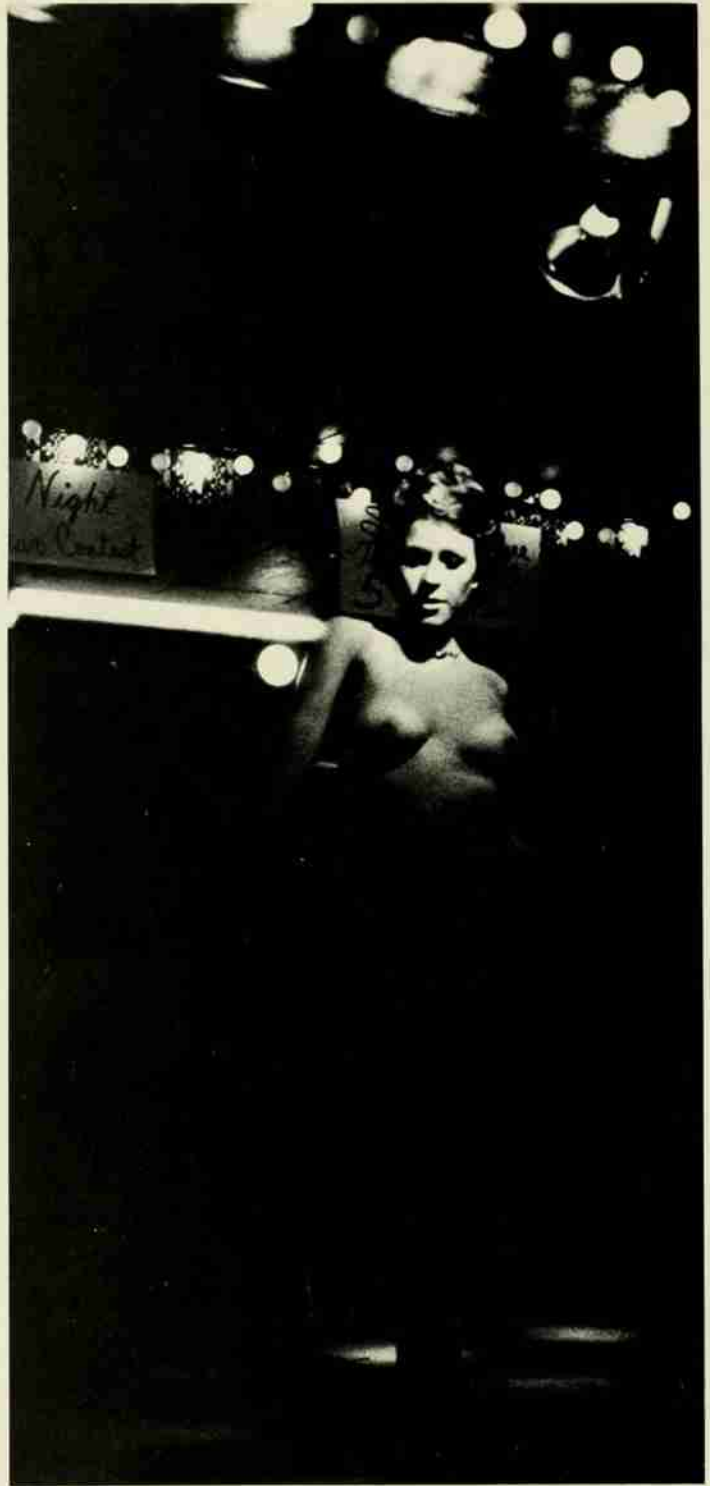
the older patrons appear ready to have heart attacks,
while the younger ones quickly have hard attacks...

and as the dancer teasingly tempts the clientele
the crowd does indeed begin to swell...

and besides that,
some more people are coming in

but as she bumps and grinds
there's a look in her eye
that seems to say:
"I'm wise
to the rise
in your
levis..."

but soon the show is over,
there's nothing more to see
so Joe College goes home
and beats his
brains out studying...





STUDIO I



D.J.'S

BROTHERS

It was cold in the early afternoon of a dim Tuesday. Everything seemed brittle, the grass, the trees, the clouds even, but especially ears and fingers. Classes and work were over for the day and Rick Lee (a roommate), and Dave Kelly (a friend), and myself decided to walk across campus to Hillsborough Street and grab a bite to eat. Although J. Ray (Stanley, Rick and mine's roommate) wasn't with us, we carried out tradition and went to Brother's to eat.

Bricks are harder when it's cold (or so it seems) and the wind was biting at any exposed skin it could find. The darker warmth of Brother's was a welcome respite, although temporary. We were inside, inside the door in line (nothing unusual), and when people opened the door to leave, the cold air rushed in to bite us again.

Inside, there were four guys together and two couples ahead of us. The couples were standing close together and in each couple talking softly to their date, their conversation inaudible to me. The four guys were talking loudly; the fat one in the football jersey complaining about a physics quiz, and a guy dressed up in nice clothes was talking about the "really good-looking" date he had last weekend rather smugly.

As each group ahead of us sat down, another group entered the door behind us; and if we were getting tired or drowsy, the cold air stimulated us (freezing the hair on our legs) and kept us alert.

It seemed like a long time; it always does when you're hungry, but we were seated just inside of ten minutes by the hostess, Marie, flashing her warm smile and a "Hello boys."

Maybe I should pause here to say that since early November of my freshman year I've eaten at Brother's on the average of twice a week during school, always ordering the same thing - hamburger pizza. My freshman year a small hamburger pizza was only \$1.80. The price has risen considerably. I figure I've eaten approximately 300-320 hamburger pizzas at Brothers counting summer school, etc. When the waitress Elsie appeared and asked how we were and, more importantly, what we would like to order. Rick and I decided to split a hamburger pizza (What else?), and Dave ordered lasagna.

We talked about the State-Clemson game and how Norm Sloan ought to kiss David Thompson's Converse basketball shoes after every game for helping him keep his job. All of us were displeased with the "tease offense" and felt that sooner or later



Norm was going to "tease" right out of a win.

"We damn near lost to Carolina," said Rick, "and it helped Clemson come back from a 15 point deficit and almost win."

Tea appeared before each of us as the waitress disappeared towards the back.

There had been a meeting of the "Nameless Order," a science fiction group, at Dave's last night. (I had forgotten about it, and Rick had offered me a front row seat to the Clemson game, so I went to the game.)

"How did the meeting go last night?"

"The best meeting yet."

"Really?"

"No, but Eric said to tell people that whenever they missed a meeting."

"Oh, so how did it go?"

"Cold. There were about ten people that showed up. Didn't you get 'The Shadow'?"

"No. I'm not sure if when I moved I gave Eric my new address."

("The Shadow" is "In The Shadow Of the Monolith," the Nameless Order's magazine, edited by Eric Larsen.)

"Oh yeah, have you found anywhere for the workshop?"

Rick had just finished his first glass of tea.

"You told me that you were going to check on campus and see what was available for the Library writing workshop to use."

"No...I checked, but Student Development said we had to be a campus organization to be eligible to use a classroom. I rode out to the North Hills Library Monday afternoon and told Joel Jackson the news. He said we might be able to get a church group to give us access to a room for the meetings."

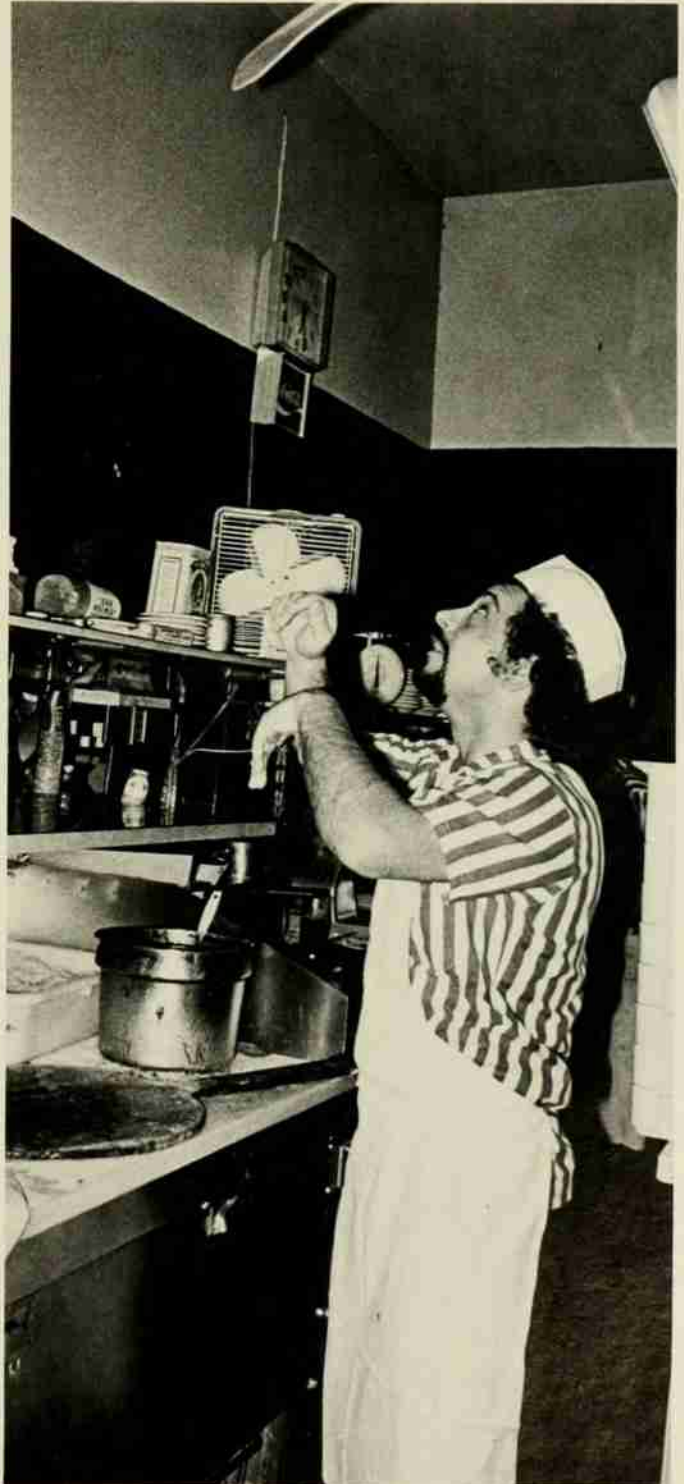


"Yeah," added David. "It was a pretty raw deal, the Library the group they had to find telling somewhere else so a ladies' club or something could use the room on Thursday nights."

"I'm disappointed in the University," I said. "All those empty classrooms at night unused. The public pays for those classrooms."

"It's not like you were going to tear the rooms up or anything," Rick was interrupted by the arrival of the food, and our mouths were full.

What can you say about the pizza? Of course it was great; it always is. And from the first piece to the last, it was a race to see who could eat the most the fastest. It didn't matter that it was too hot to eat. We gulped it down burning lips, tongues, and fingers, searing the roof of the mouth. Who cares; it was great. Glancing over our shoulders, we could see the line forming outside; it must have been freezing out there, and we dreaded to relinquish our seats to the hungry and the cold. We didn't leave much of a tip, but we left what we had, paid our bill, bought some mints, and headed back to the dorms. Later that night we'd wander back for a few beers to unwind after a night spent writing and studying. We liked Brothers, we always will.

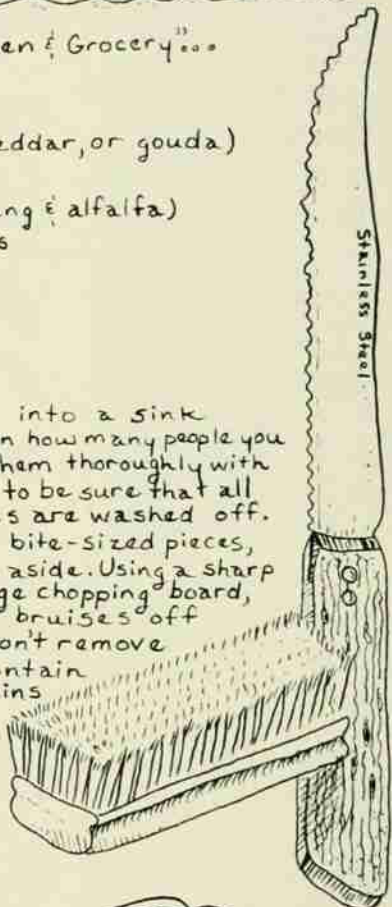
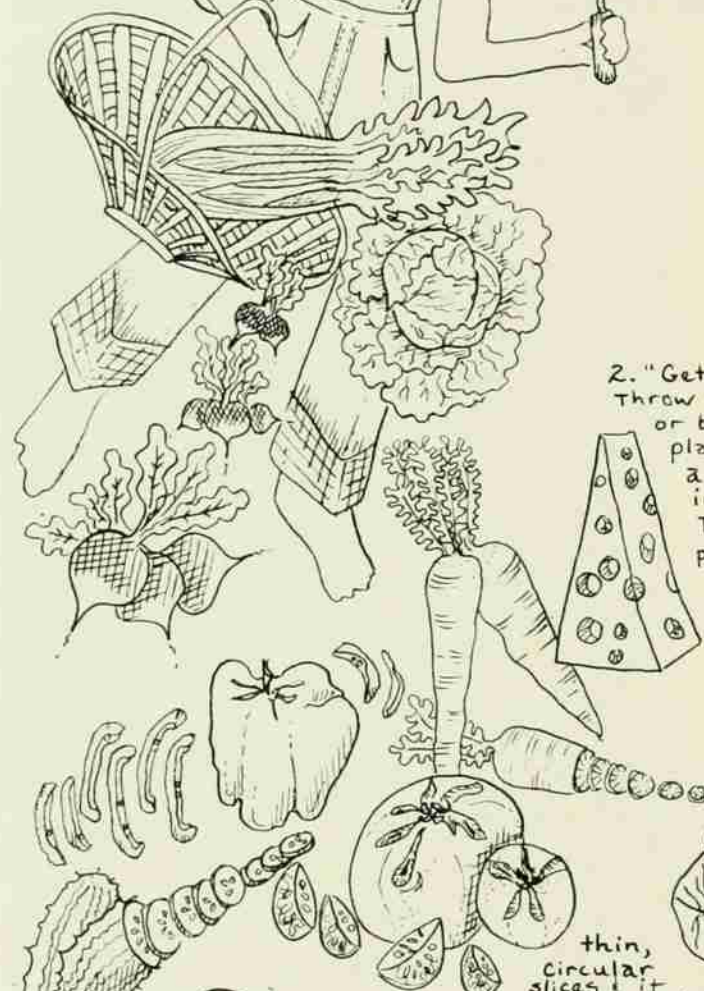




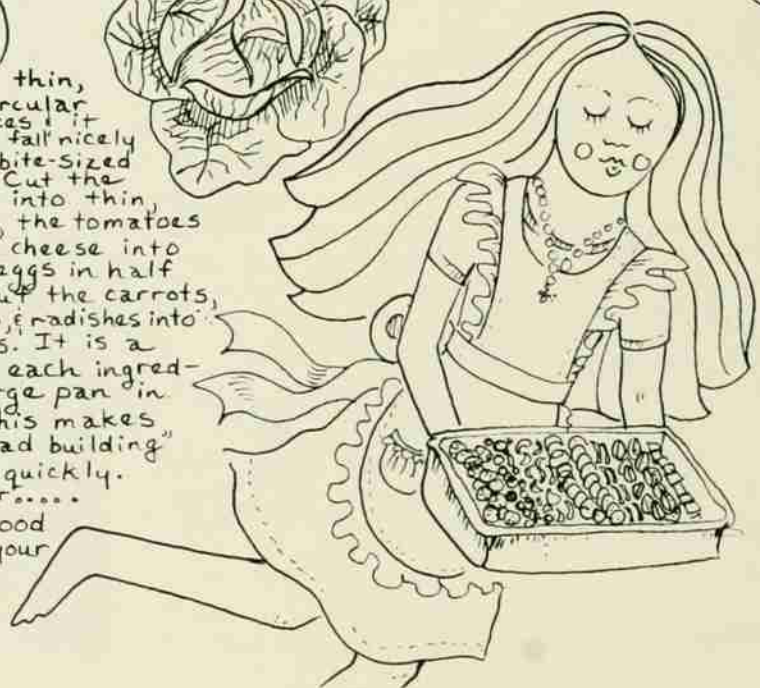
From the Pages of Mother Nature's Cookbook...
Protein Salad

1. "Goodies From Garden & Grocery"...
 cabbage
 carrots
 celery
 cheese (swiss, cheddar, or gouda)
 cottage cheese
 cucumbers
 fresh sprouts (mung & alfalfa)
 green bell peppers
 hard boiled eggs
 lettuce
 radishes
 tomatoes

2. "Getting it Ready"...
 Throw all of the vegetables into a sink or bathtub (depending upon how many people you plan to feed) & scrub them thoroughly with a stiff-bristled brush to be sure that all insecticides & beasties are washed off. Tear the lettuce into bite-sized pieces, put in a large bowl, & set aside. Using a sharp paring knife & a large chopping board, cut stems, leaves, & bruises off the vegetables. Don't remove any skins - they contain many valuable vitamins & minerals & are good for you! Cut the cabbage into large,



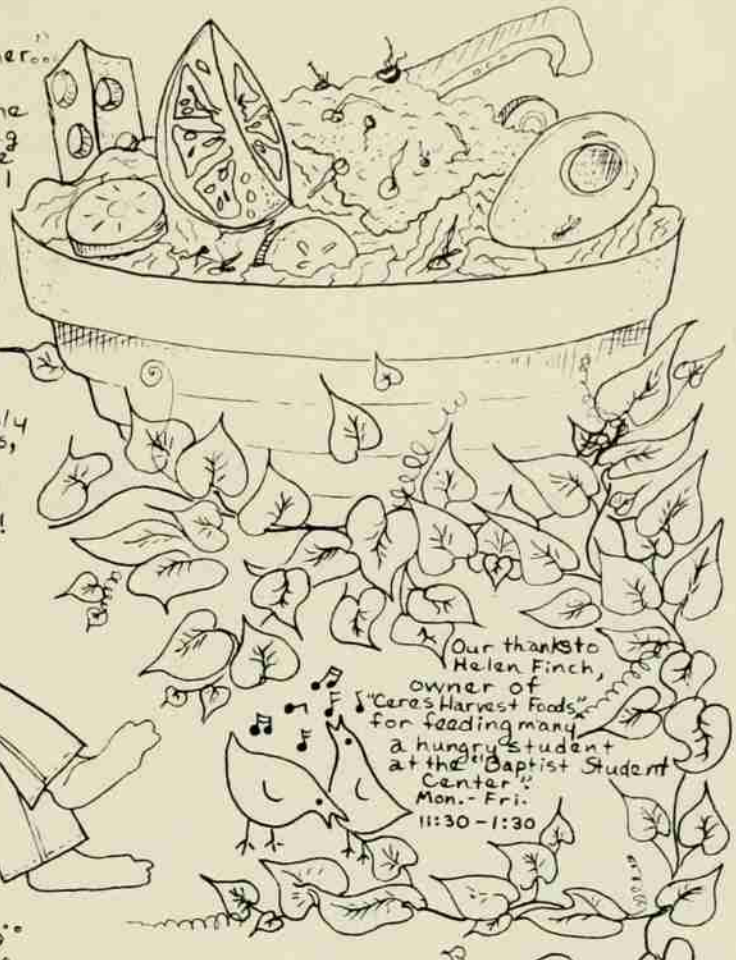
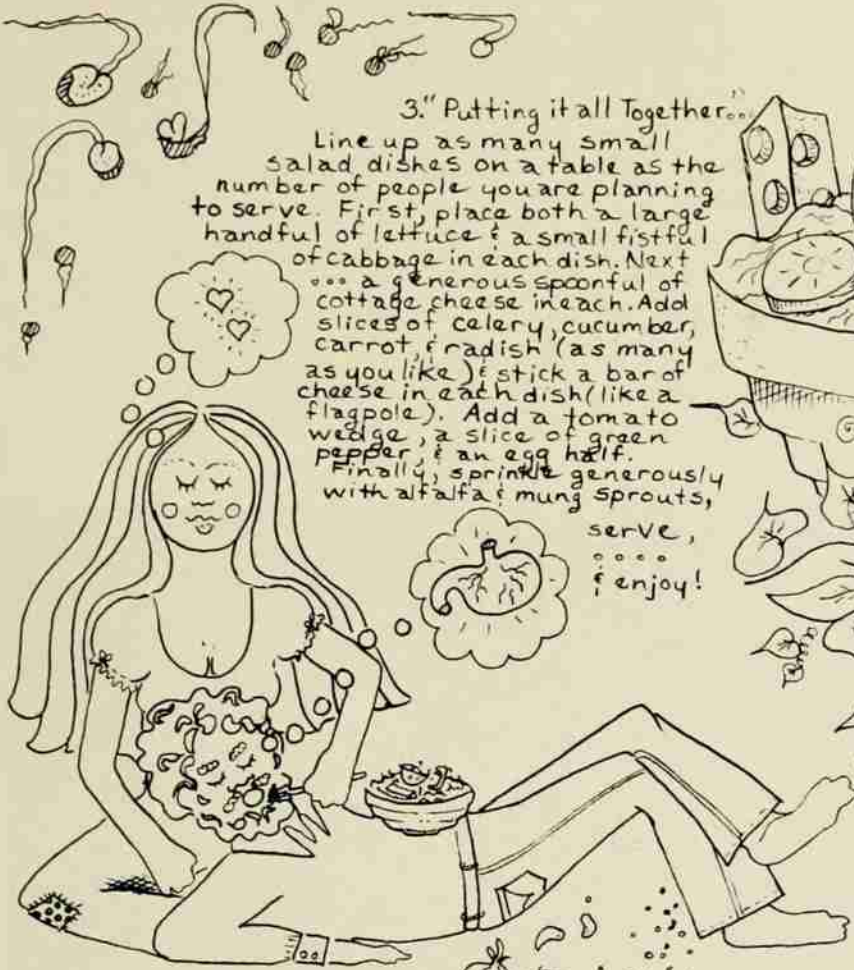
thin, circular slices & it will fall nicely into bite-sized pieces. Cut the bell peppers into thin, vertical slices, the tomatoes into wedges, the cheese into thin bars, & the eggs in half (after peeling). Cut the carrots, celery, cucumbers, & radishes into thin, circular slices. It is a good idea to put each ingredient into a large pan in orderly rows - this makes the actual "salad building" go much more quickly. And remember.... listening to good music makes your work flow more smoothly.



3. "Putting it all Together..."

Line up as many small salad dishes on a table as the number of people you are planning to serve. First, place both a large handful of lettuce & a small fistful of cabbage in each dish. Next ... a generous spoonful of cottage cheese in each. Add slices of celery, cucumber, carrot, & radish (as many as you like) & stick a bar of cheese in each dish (like a flagpole). Add a tomato wedge, a slice of green pepper, & an egg half. Finally, sprinkle generously with alfalfa & mung sprouts,

serve,
.....
& enjoy!



Our thanks to Helen Finch, owner of "Ceres Harvest Foods" for feeding many a hungry student at the "Baptist Student Center" Mon. - Fri. 11:30 - 1:30

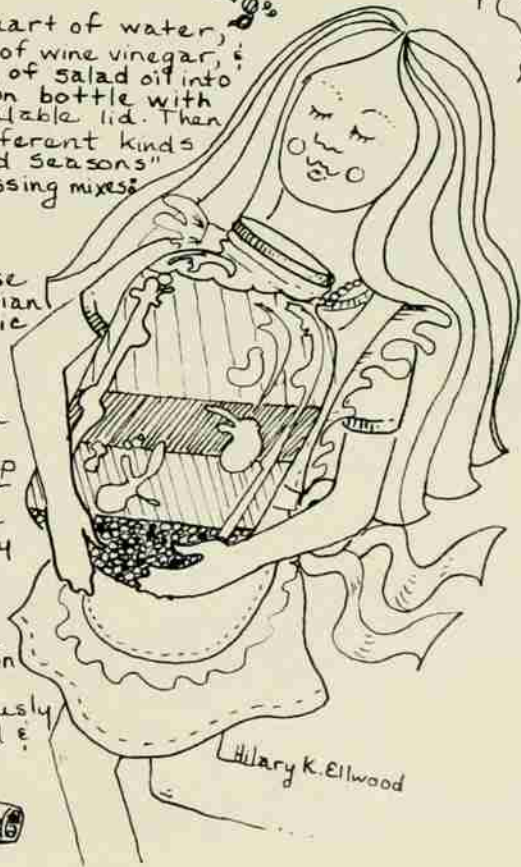
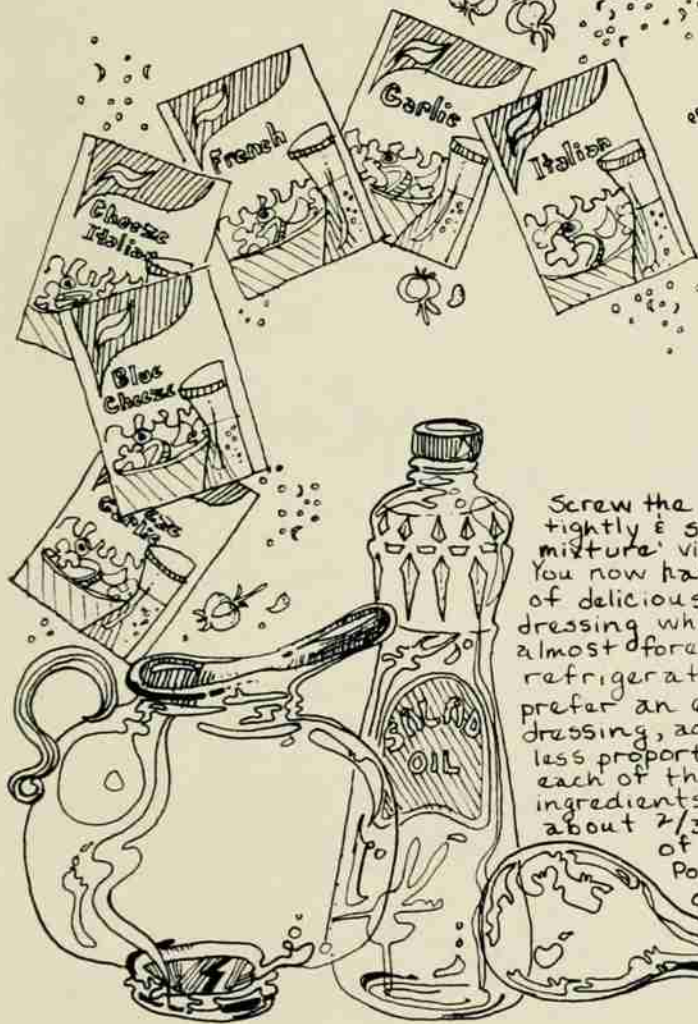
And to season that salad...
Ceres Salad Dressing

Pour 1 quart of water, 1 quart of wine vinegar, & 2 quarts of salad oil into a 1-gallon bottle with a resealable lid. Then add 6 different kinds of "Good Seasons" salad dressing mixes:

- Italian
- Garlic
- French
- Blue Cheese
- Cheese Italian
- Cheese Garlic

Screw the lid on tightly & shake the mixture vigorously. You now have a gallon of delicious salad dressing which will keep almost forever in your refrigerator. If you prefer an extra spicy dressing, add a little less proportionally of each of the liquid ingredients to make about 2/3 of a gallon of dressing.

Pour generously over salad & enjoy!



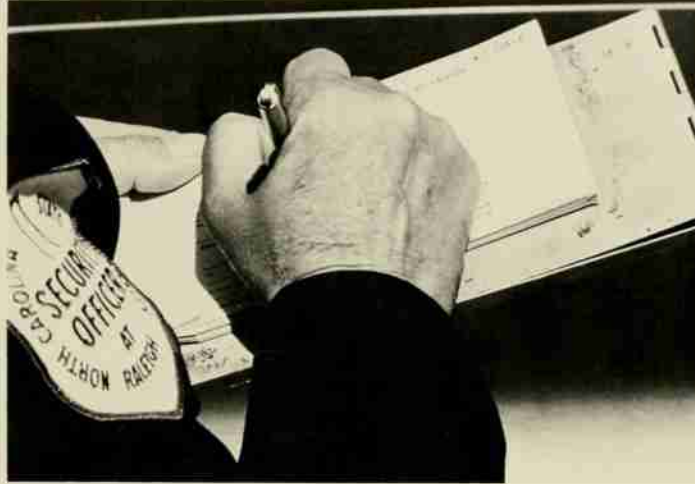
Hilary K. Ellwood

Campus Cops



Where is your car tonight? And did you remember to pay that traffic ticket you wadded up and threw in the floor of your car, or will it be costing you sixteen dollars instead of one? But really they did more than ticket and tow cars. They helped little boys, and found bicycles, and jimmed open your car door when you, like a fool, locked your keys inside. Like most good Americans we really don't like our cops. But how would anyone get off

campus at five o'clock if they were not directing traffic? How would you get your car and your date out of the parking lots if they did not have the car towed which had illegally parked behind you? If they do not always stop robberies, perhaps they deter a few. So you get a ticket, so you get your car towed, you were breaking the traffic regulations. Make peace with the cops; they have a job to do, and they are just trying to do it.



Campus Dogs & their best friends



JEANNE, GREG AND NORTON

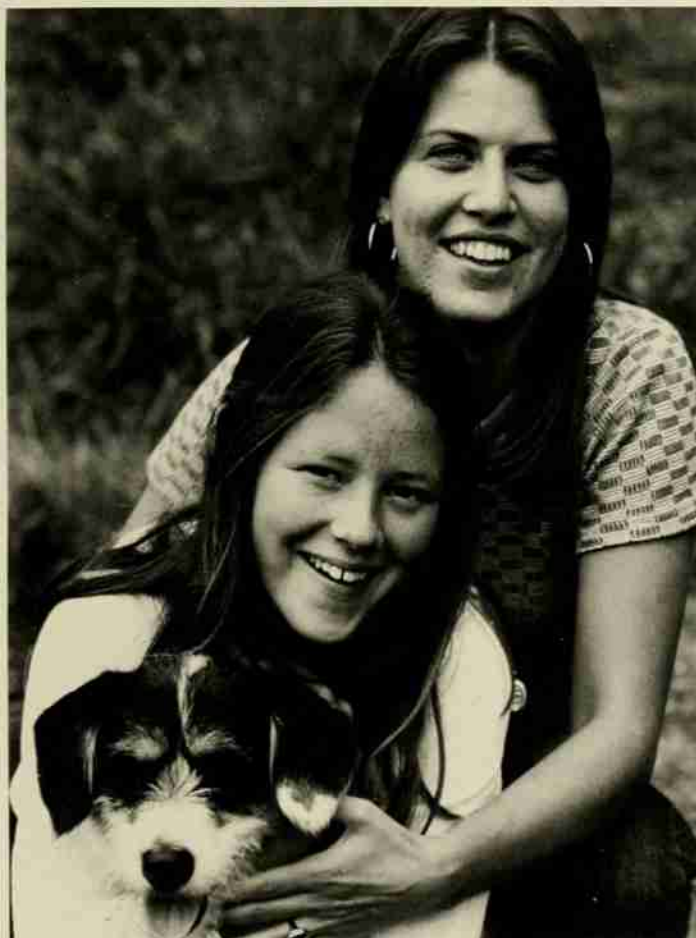


DIANE AND FOX

Mind you these are not all of our Campus Dogs; Lord knows if we had put all the Campus Dogs in here we would have had to leave out the senior section. But these are probably the most well known Campus Dogs, the ones who almost everybody knew and saw everyday. As a bonus, we threw in pictures of the owners. After all, everyone who ever fed Norton, that's everyone, knew from reading his tags he belonged to Greg Culpepper. But who knew Greg Culpepper? No one can forget Fox as she lounged at the Student Center door or romped about with Norton (they were lovers), but few knew Diane, her charming owner. Here they are along with irrepressible Sundance and her co-owners Pam and Debby; Casey, the mascot of the Quad and his owner Stewart; and the Bobsie Twins, Tim and Oz.



TIM AND OZ

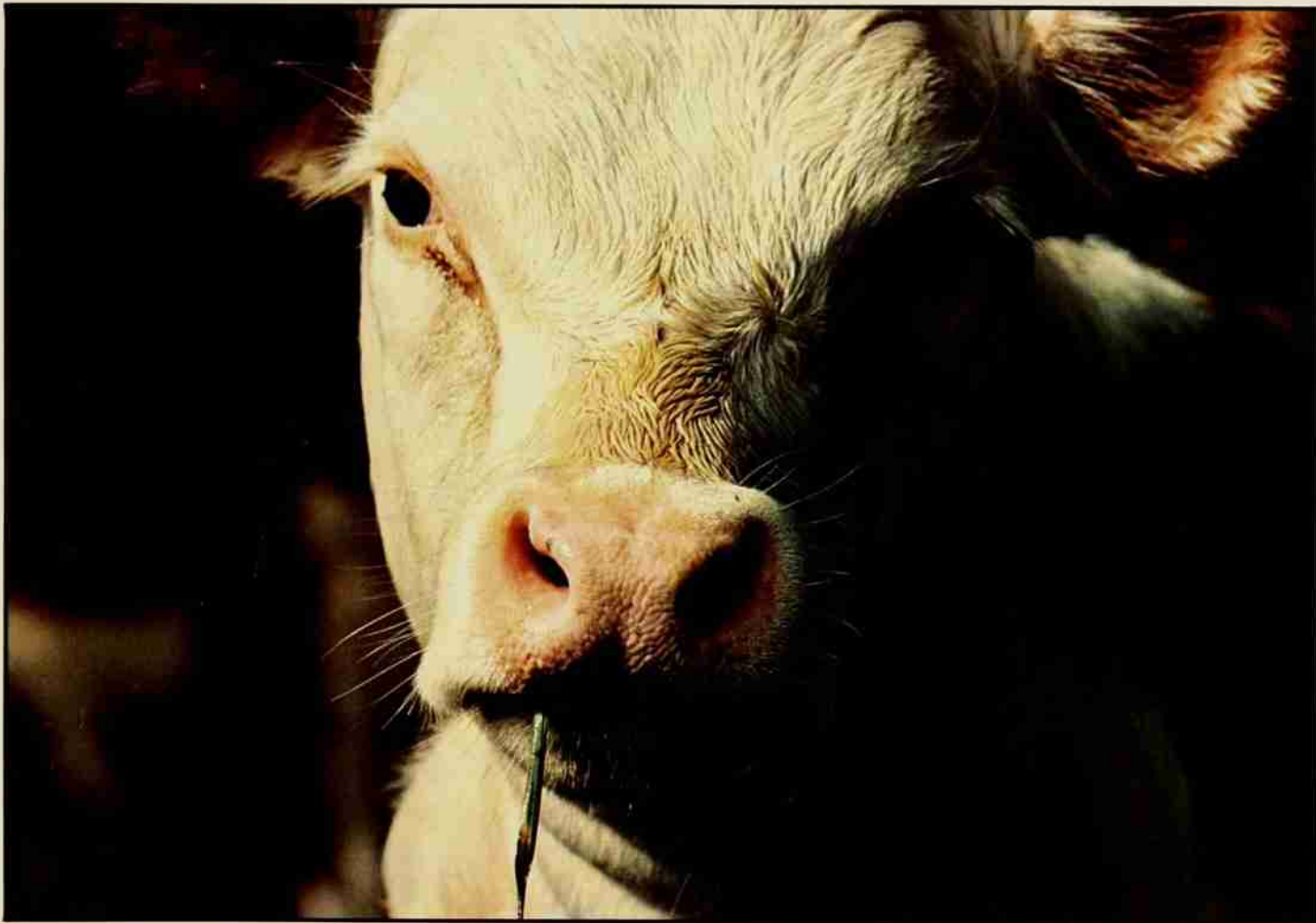


PAM, DEBBY AND SUNDANCE

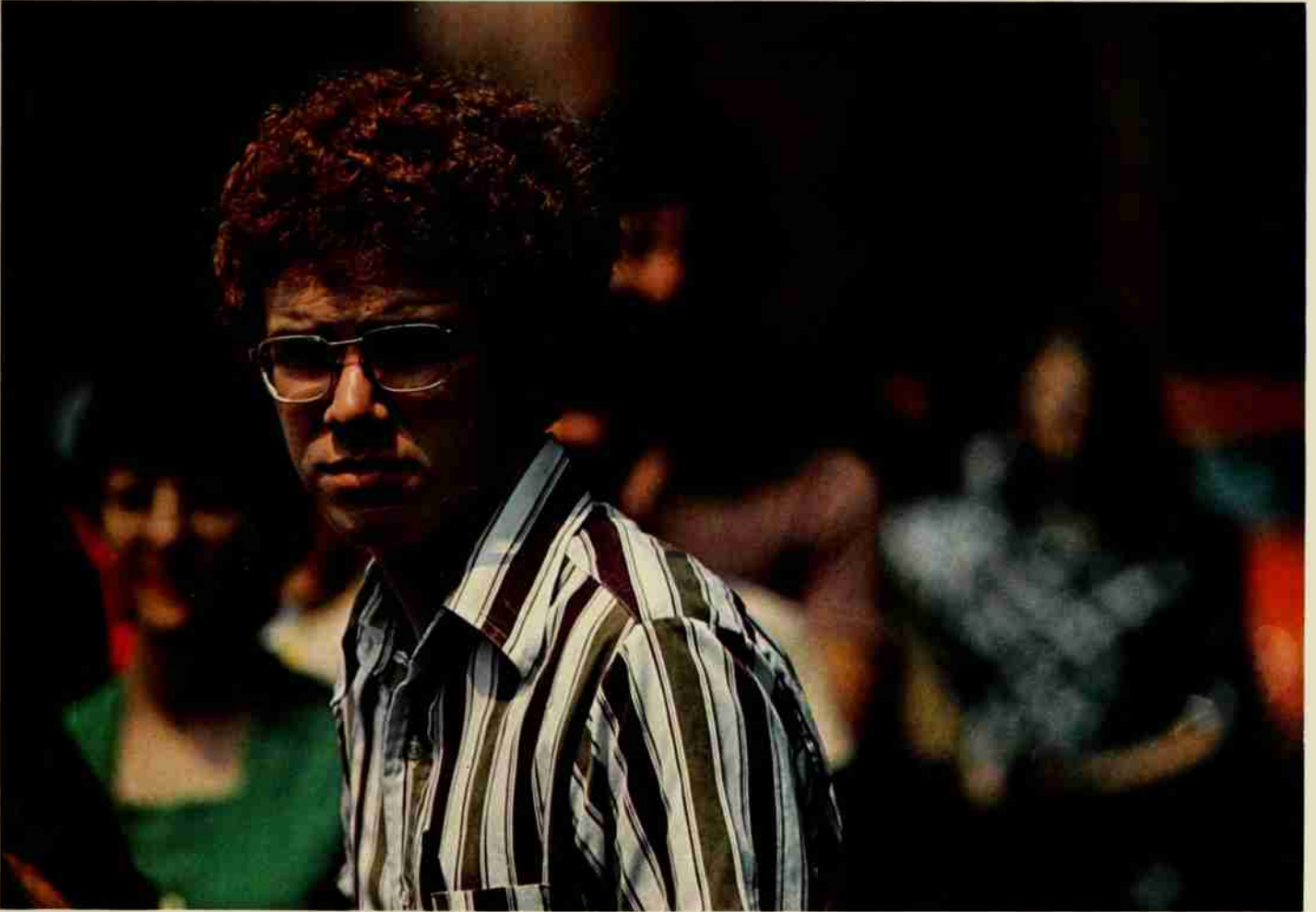


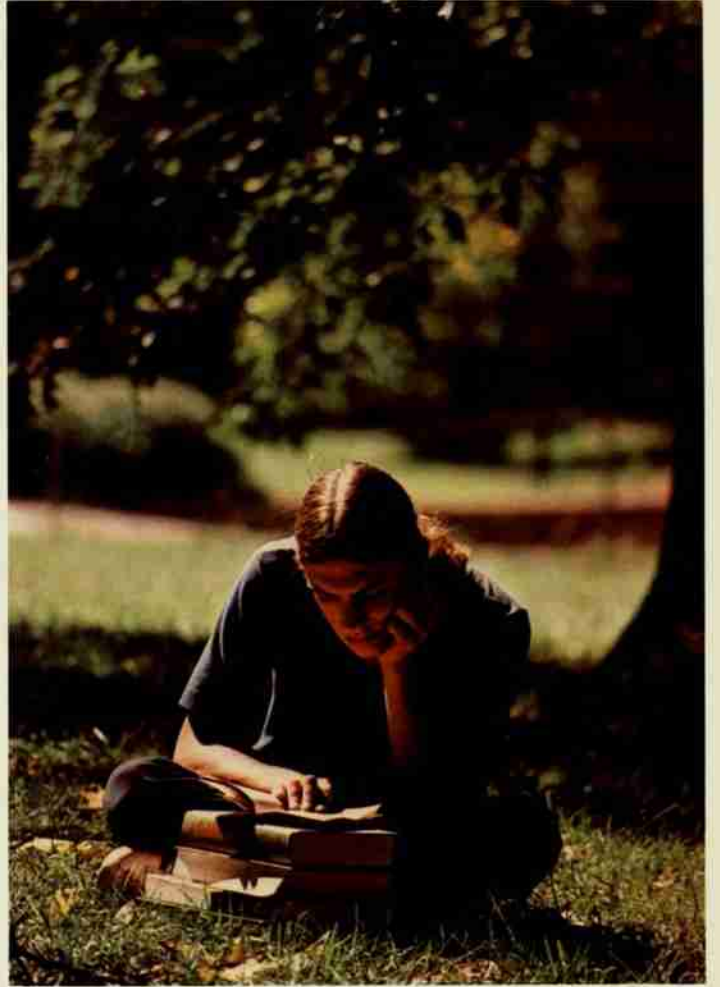
STEWART AND CASEY

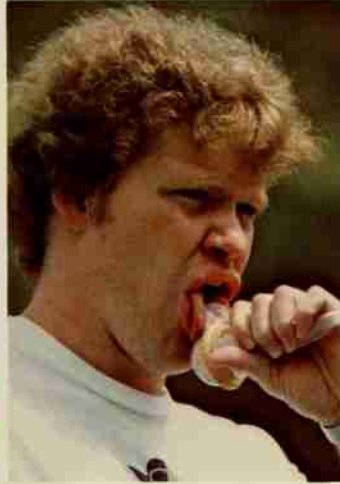
Local Color

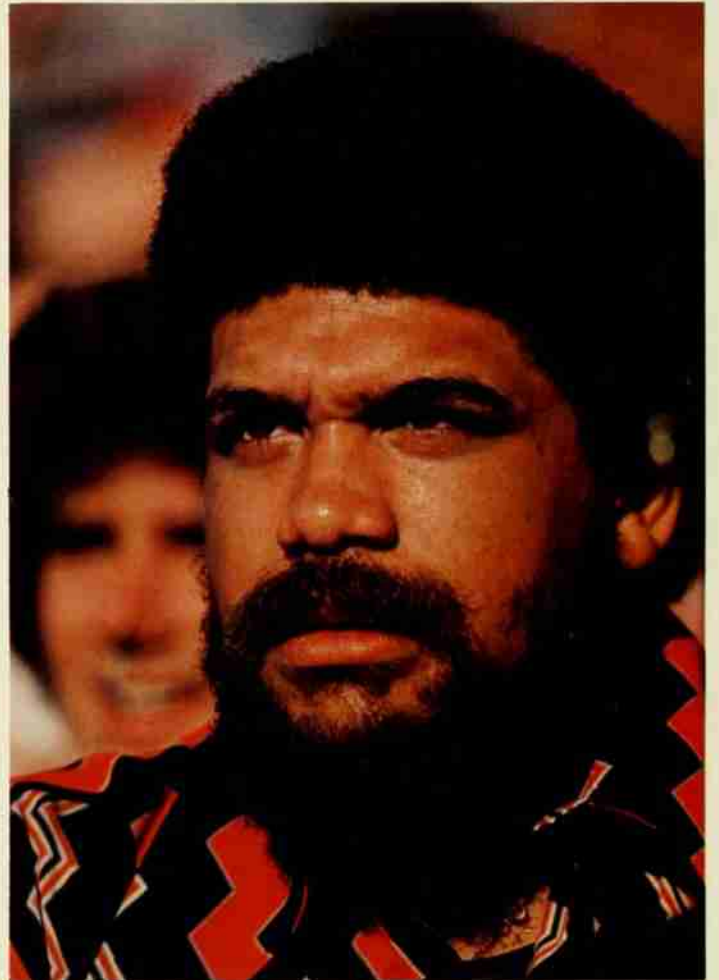
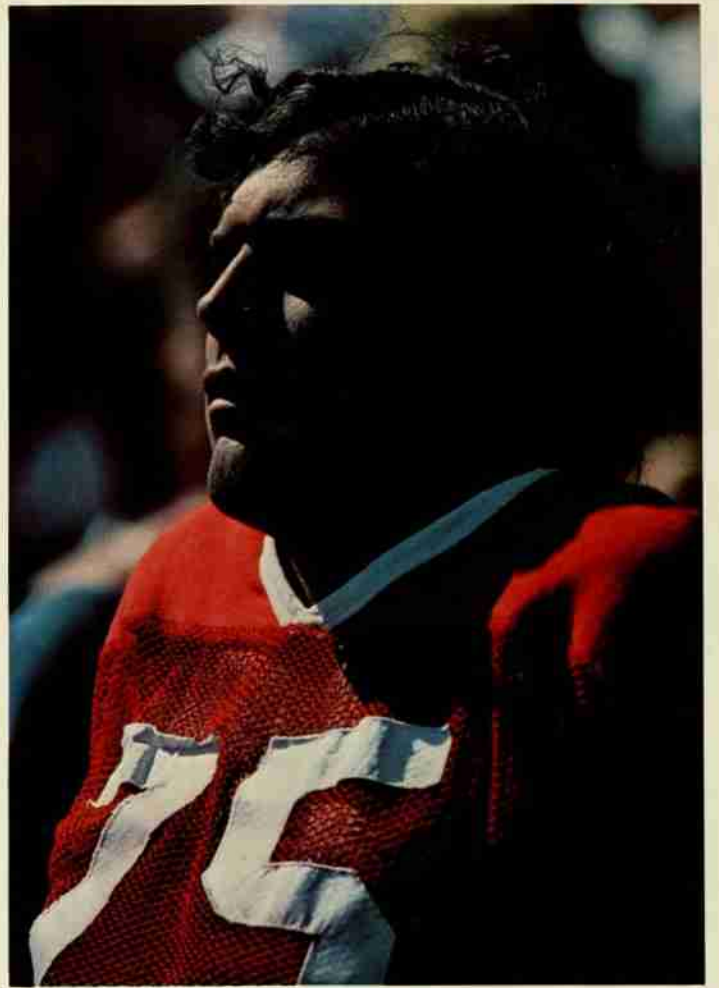


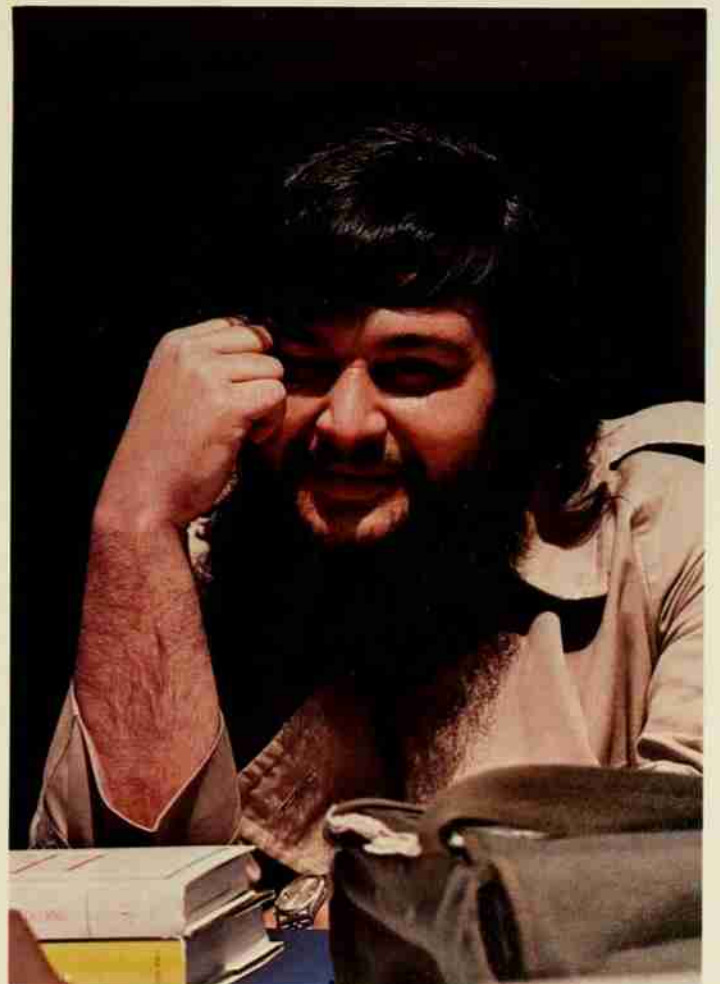


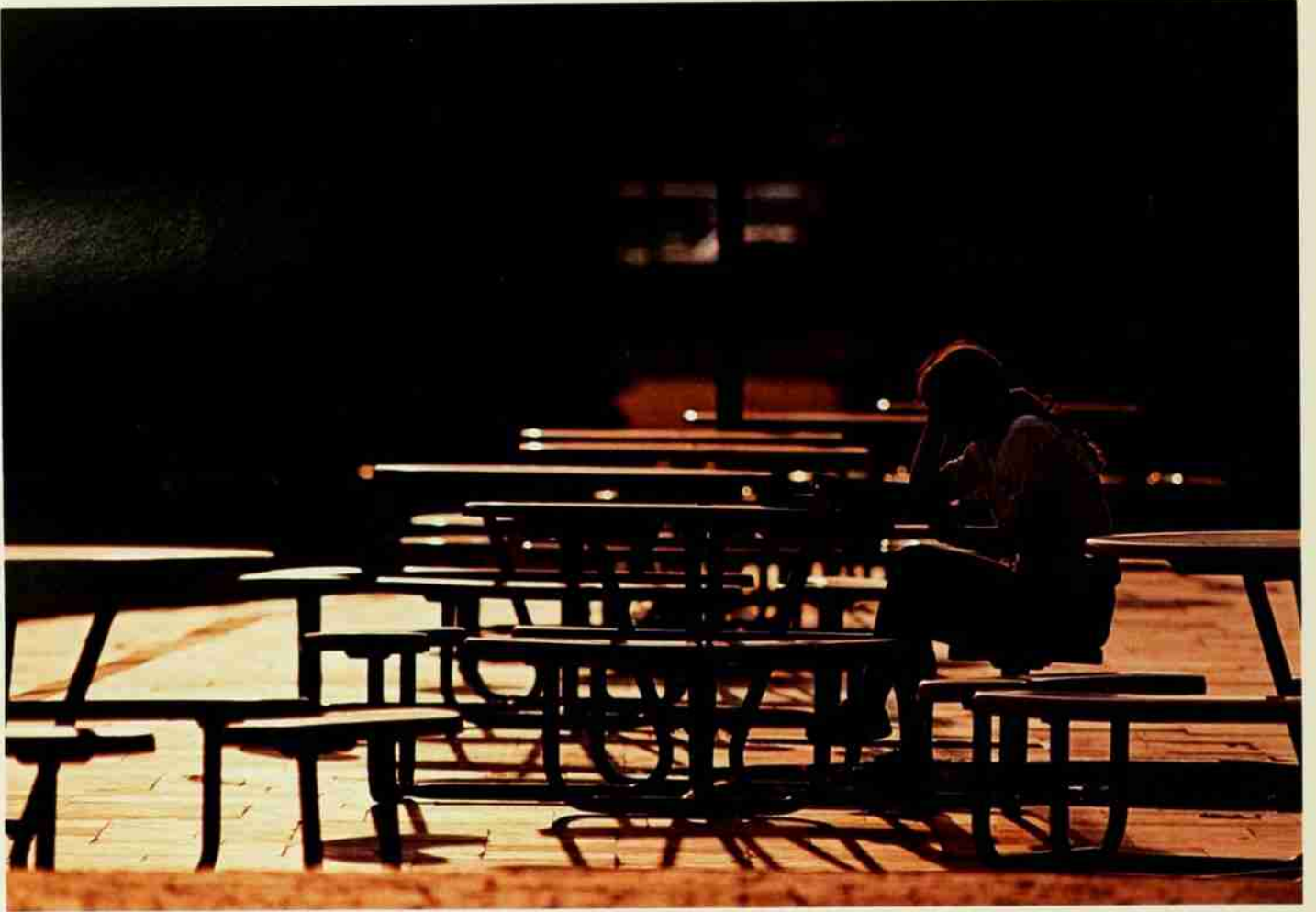




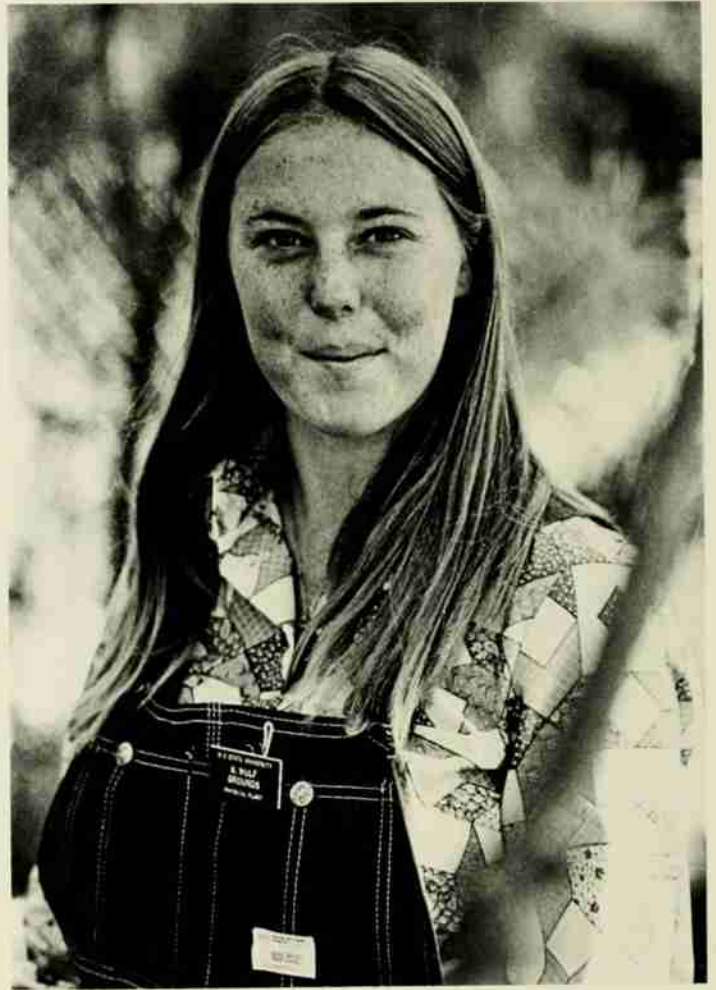
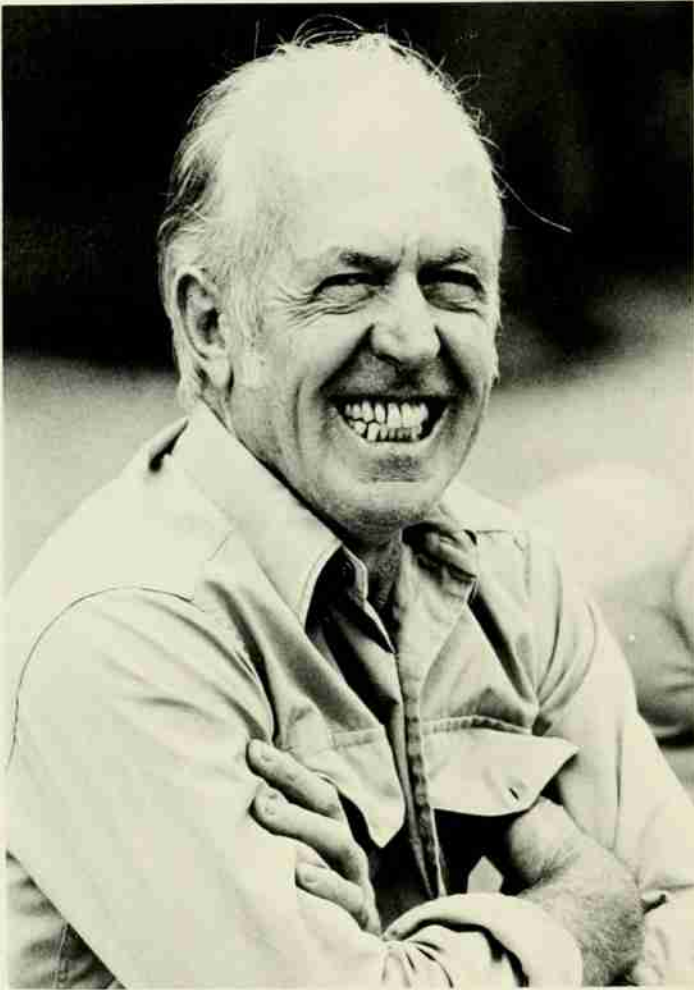


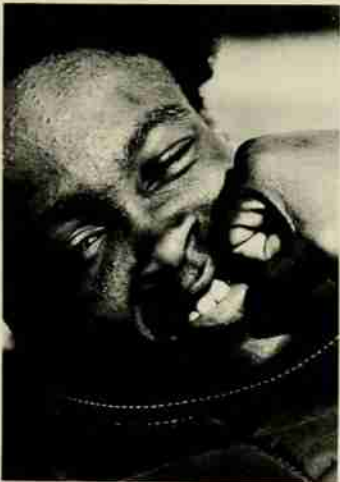


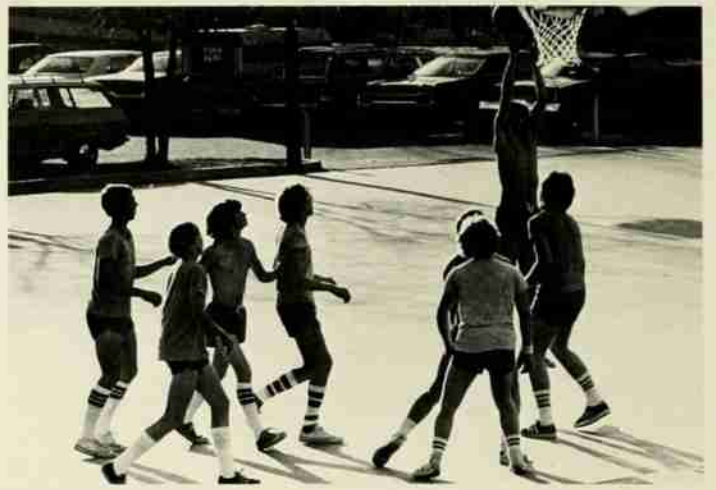


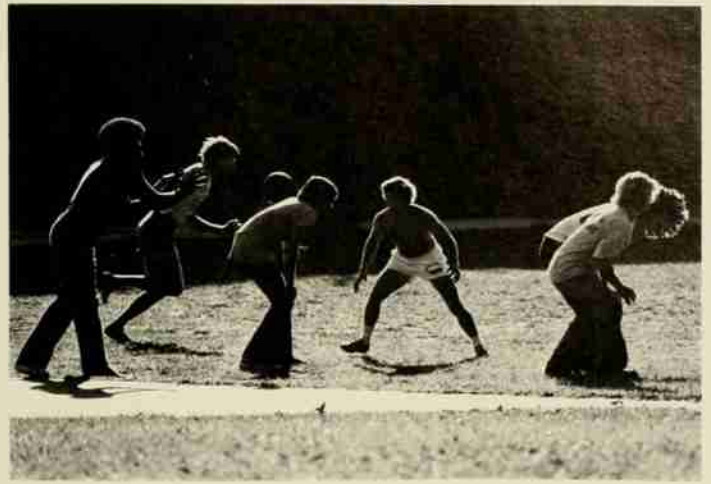


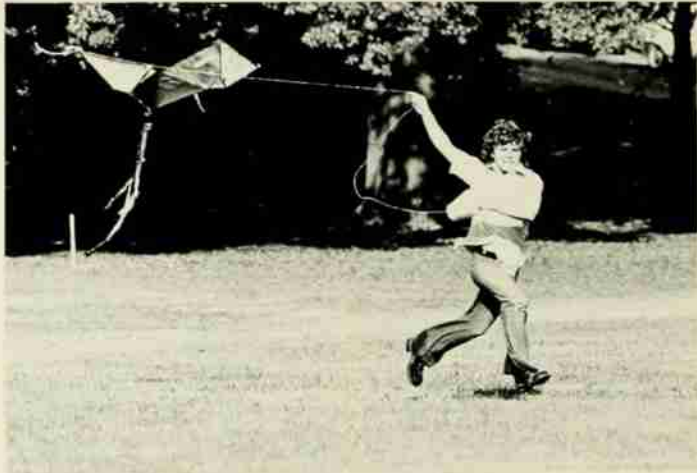




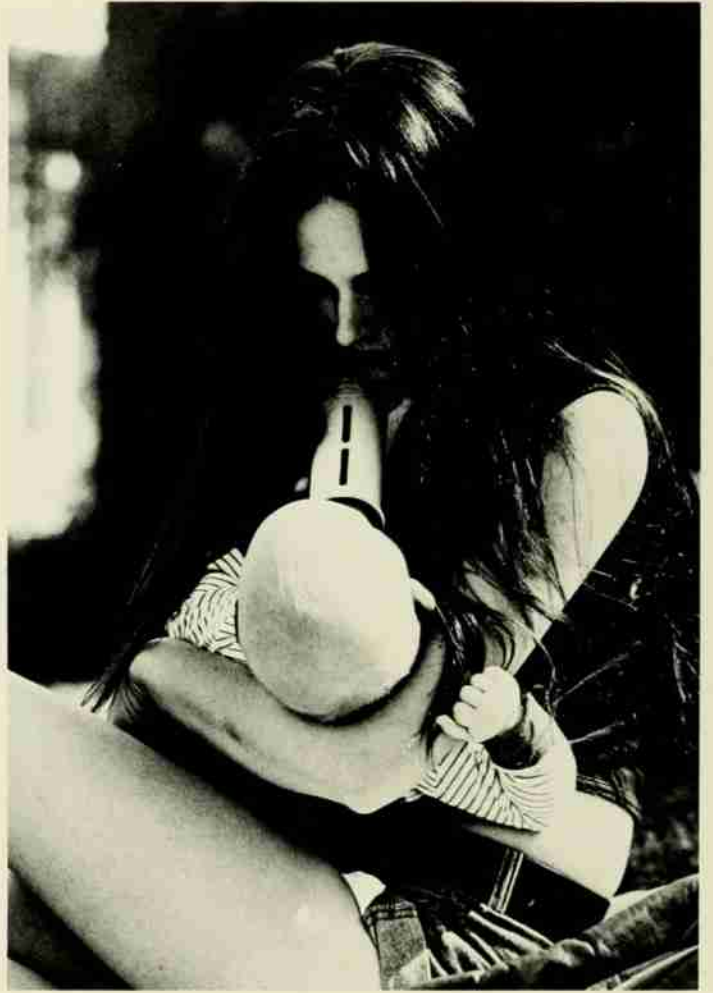






















Weekend Stories

What did you do this weekend? Were you up; were you down? Did you go home; did you stay here? Maybe you went out; maybe you were alone? Maybe you'd rather forget the whole thing, or maybe it was too beautiful to ever forget.

The stories that follow are the stories of what four people did over their weekends. They are jumbled, turbulent, orderly, peaceful stream of consciousness ramblings. They are also quite beautiful. Share with them; you may be surprised to find their worlds are a lot like yours.

"It's kind of weird wanting badly to live here while I'm here but at the same time wishing I were with one person someplace else. How long can I go on wishing I were someplace else? ... I wonder what she's doing."

One

Friday 9:00 AM: Man, I should be over at school working right now instead of reading. I guess I'll be doing what I want instead of what I should be doing--at least for now, anyway. Maybe I worry about it too much, but I do think my education is more than just going to classes--though I guess I could be into that part a little more. It's kind of hard after you've been plugging away for five years for some kind of genuine educational experience and you find out that most of what you want is found away from the usual system.

10:00 AM: God, what a day. Fall days have a lot of energy. Somehow people's faces broadcast it through their eyes and smiles. It's good to be here.

11:00 AM: It's kind of weird wanting badly to live here while I'm here but at the same time wishing I were with one person someplace else. How long can I go on wishing I were someplace else? ... I wonder what she's doing? I was hoping she would come this weekend, but I knew she wouldn't. When she wants to do something, she does it, and she wants to be free, so she's doing it. Don't we all want to be free--I do, but I can't be free from my feelings. My trouble is that I understand her--her desires, her needs...how can I argue with her method. She's only doing it the way she can. There are times when I wish I didn't have any feelings for her--that'd be too easy though. The only way to get beyond my sensitivity is to forget about it--hah, fat chance. The only thing I can do is work it out. Work and forget...for now.

11:00 PM: Quiet, mellow Saturday night...meditation, candlelight, dreams, words, Ernest Hemingway. Be here now.

Sunday 10:00 AM: I feel like I've wasted part of my day again getting up this late. I've got to do something about it (??) These fall days are just too much. There's something about living in a climate where there are 4 seasons, and you can witness and participate in their coming and going. Somehow the experience(s) distills a genuine appreciation of nature and our place within her realm.

11:00 AM: I need to start cooking food for the feast--our feast. mmm...good people--friends, good food, beautiful weather, close feelings--I hope it happens.

12:00 PM: Oh oh--I feel as though I'm going to feel in a hurry before I get to the picnic. Keep it cool and save the energy. Somehow I always get too excited when I'm awaiting some event or preparing for it. Bite my nails & pace--what an idiot--I can't even sit still! I know I'm going to enjoy these people and these times with them--but for some reason I can't be satisfied. There's one person who lingers on the edge of my mind without fail, and I always wonder what she's doing--if she's happy. Am I weirded out with my feelings for that one person? Maybe I can share it.

“No words can describe this--mmm...good people--friends, brothers & sisters, great food, beautiful weather, close, close feelings. It's happening. I want to fill myself with it.”

2:00-7:00 PM: No words can describe this--mmm...good people--friends, brothers & sisters, great food, beautiful weather, close, close feelings. It's happening. I want to fill myself with it.

8:00 PM: Nothing to do now but savor the spirit of the end of one sunny day and hope for more. A cup of tea, an easy chair, a headful of thoughts or just mellow energy, a book of words--Ernest Hemingway. Meditation--contemplation--is there a difference?

11:00 PM: I go to sleep looking forward to tomorrow's day. A brief weekend to any week.

7:00 PM: Going to Chapel Hill--just to visit. I don't want to be in a hurry because that tightens things up to the point where I can't enjoy it.

8:00 PM: Chapel Hill--the place that looks like a lot is going on. People doing things--but just as many people hanging around looking like they're doing something but actually waiting for someone or something to show them. ...people milling in the midnight air

some trying to live--some don't care. beer and talk...it's good. I keep thinking.

I feel like getting stoned, but no dope. It's OK.

Saturday 10:30 AM: Gosh, it's 10:30 and I'm just waking up. I've missed part of the day--I've got things I would like to do.

11:30 AM: Damn it, all I wanted to do was adjust the valves. It seems like every time I start to do something to that stupid van, I find something else wrong. I feel like selling it, but I know I won't. This really pisses me off. Once again I need a therapy of forgetfulness. Maybe going to the game will help...

I wish she had come. She said, "Why?" when she was asked. That cuts deep.

1:00 PM: Well, I've got to get around for a while without my car. That won't be so bad, but how in hell am I going to figure out how to fix it. I worry too much--about everything.

Oh no, now I'm even having some thoughts about school work. I've got to get to that game. Forget.

4:00 PM: I look at all those people around me and wonder if I could know them. I look around and feel separate, but I know I am a part of them, too. I like the tackles when you can hear the pads pop and the helmets smash. Blood & guts for all...It's a weird game--football--when you think about it--it's a body game but it's also a screw-the-other-guy game to win. Somehow I enjoyed playing it in high school to win. For fun.

6:00 PM: The only thing I can say about this game is that it isn't one to cheer about. We may have won but it left me with a kind of uncomfortable

feeling--dissatisfied, uncleaned, incomplete.

7:00 PM: The sunset can really mellow things out.

8:00 PM: It always takes me a long time to buy groceries. I hope the store doesn't close. I can't help but be concerned with what I'm feeding my body as well as how much I spend; besides, we've only got one body, so why not take care of it. Broccoli, honeydew, grapefruit, milk, cheese, soybeans. Feed me. I don't need crackers.

10:00 PM: There's nothing like looking at your refrigerator and cabinets full of good food after going to the store. Makes me wonder why I've got all this and many people can't even eat everyday; how does the imbalance continue to grow? Thanks for what we have.

“My dorm is so dead and quiet I can hear people talking in the suite across the hall. Sometimes I wonder if State’s the right place for me. It’s so studious and technical and everybody goes home on the weekends. They probably keep their clothes in a suitcase.”

Two

Friday 4:00 PM: I got out of lecture twenty minutes early and after I rest awhile am going to feel good as hell. I’ve got a headache and I’m hungry. I had a submarine sandwich at the snack bar, but that was a long time ago. I don’t understand why all these people leave in the weekends. It looks like a mass migration. My dorm is so dead and quiet I can hear people talking in the suite across the hall. Sometimes I wonder if State’s the right place for me. It’s so studious and technical and everybody goes home on the weekends. They probably keep their clothes in a suitcase. It’s sort of lacking in atmosphere too. I hope it’s just the time of the year that makes people so dull and apathetic.

6:00 PM: Paul has come and gone and my nerves are on edge. He has to work for a while tonight and that upsets me because he didn’t tell me before now. My stupid suitemates are chattering in the hall and the noise just gets on my nerves. I don’t care whether or not they order a Mark Eden course and I just don’t feel like listening to the discussion. Some perverts are singing jingle bells in the hall and that just infuriates me even more. We can’t stay together this weekend because Brad’s not going home and we’re tired of trying to sneak him in and out of my dorm. I’ll have to cook tonight because we don’t have enough money to go out. I think it’s going to be a real good night. My spirits have dropped to ten below zero, along with the weather.

9:00 PM: Paul is sick and so he’s in bed and I’m staying close by if he needs me. I don’t resent him any more. I’m glad we’re not going out because I’m feeling too depressed to be good company. I guess staying up until three o’clock this morning is catching up with me. This dorm is more deserted than mine. The few people that are here are wandering from room to room looking for something to do and somebody to do it with. Brad’s gone to get drunk and go to the movies at Stewart Theatre. He intrigues me in a strange sort of way. I’m not attracted to him but I’m always trying to figure him out. I sense that he is unhappy.

Saturday 11:15 AM: I slept with Paul despite the fact that Brad didn’t go home. He needed me so I stayed. We left Brad a note and he just came in and went to bed without bothering us. We spent a very restless night and neither of us got much sleep. He was miserable and I felt so helpless. I watched the shadows moving on the ceiling until they began to frighten me. So I held him and put his blanket back on when he kicked it off. He was warm and I felt safe again.
2:00 PM: We ate at the Student Center because we couldn’t afford to go anywhere else and we’re tired of ham sandwiches. Paul caught the dorm bus to the game and I’m spending the afternoon reading “Paradise Lost”.

“Paul was still asleep so I undressed him and put him under the cover where he will be warm. He is beautiful and defenseless in his sleep. But he leaves me when he sleeps and I am so afraid of being alone.”

I've eaten most of his Oreo cookies and he'll probably lecture me on getting fat. It feels sort of strange doing what I ought to be doing instead of what I want to be doing. I'm really beginning to resent the patterns that I'm forced to live by. I really don't understand why I'm here at State at all. I don't have any ambition or any interest in my classes. But I am not strong enough to break away. I think I'll take a nap. It'll help to pass the time.

8:00 PM: Bryan took us to Villa Capri and we had a super sausage pizza. Paul is still feeling a little weak so we're resting in my room for a while. My suitemates are all gone and the silence in here is nice for a change. If I hadn't lived in here for three months I would never have believed that 20 year old females could be so juvenile. They act so silly all the time, rolling up each other's hair and running around giggling whenever a male person comes into the suite. I'll be glad when I can get another room.

Paul is sleeping now, and I want to lie down beside him and hold him.

Sunday 1:00 AM: We were going to see the movie at Stewart Theatre but we went to sleep and now it's too late. Debbie's not coming in tonight and since we're already in here we'll just spend the night together. Paul was still asleep so I undressed him and put him under the cover where he will be warm. He is beautiful and defenseless in his sleep. But he leaves me when he sleeps and I am so afraid of being alone.

7:00 AM: We had to set the alarm for six so we could get up and out of my room before anybody saw us. We didn't want to have to stay shut up in my room until after twelve. It's very beautiful outside and we were the only people out and about. We're still too sleepy to do anything but sit here in the T.V. room and nap. I'm hungry but it's too early to get anything to eat.

9:30 AM: I had a cheese omelet at the Student Center. It was slightly raw so I just ate the cheese out of the middle and Paul ate the egg. The campus is still deserted. I hate the finality I feel on Sunday. It just seems that all Sunday does is push me into Monday.

3:00 PM: Paul and I ate at the K & W in Cameron Village and kicked through the leaves all the way back. We got into a discussion of his past relationships and I find that I just can't handle the thought of Paul with anyone else. I don't know why I feel driven to question him about details that only hurt me. I hound him until I make myself cry. I guess its just possessiveness, but it seems unnatural that I want to torture myself.

9:00 PM: Paul and I read and slept all afternoon. I have a book review to finish for tomorrow and he has a theme to write. I hated to leave him so early but I work much faster when I'm concentrating only on what I'm supposed to be doing. Things are fairly quiet over here and Sunday is closing in on me. I think I'll go to sleep. It will help to pass the time.

“Tired, bored, indifferent. Got outa class at one, school's over for this week. Coulda gone to philosophy alone, but some guy from class met Ann (a classmate) and I outside Harrelson and said Tommy had cancelled class due to lack of interest—only four people showed.”

Three

Friday 2:45 PM: Tired, bored, indifferent. Got outa class at one; school's over for this week. Coulda gone to philosophy at one, but some guy from class met Ann (a classmate) and I outside Harrelson and said Tommy had cancelled class due to lack of interest - only four people showed. Actually I could have cared less since there was no way in hell I was gonna climb three floors to be bored to tears by my last class of the week. Outa school; English test is turned in; maybe I should be happy, but man this has been a hardass week, and I'm finished. Went back to dorm, collected pictures for the Agromeck and went to their office. The editor, a guy called Davis, wanted some of my old war stuff for possible running in this year's book so I brought him what few pictures I had. I'm supposed to be some sort of ex-combat photographer or something, but you'd never know whether I was or not from my photo collection - the Army has and can have most of my work. I kept very little. Davis takes a few prints and we tell war stories a while - the son of a bitch was a photographer in Nam too. He masterfully evades how he found out about me and seems a little dubious as to just how he is going to use my stuff, but the talk was fun. Went back

3:30 PM: I met Amy on her way back from Biology class; no, I didn't meet her I waited for her outside her dorm; I needed her; I love her; and she, me; you might say we live together. We decided to go shopping, which makes me happy; it means a lot watching her buy clothes. She's always dressed so drably and now she's coming out: bright clothes, sensual clothes, clothes to give an external reality to an inner feeling. Sensuality of the mind. She's dressed up when I meet her, pretty, calm. We finally got started to Crabtree after some sickening foulups. I put her down a bit cause I'm still half asleep from the nap I just took, and she is slow since she's just had a hard day. She made good on chemistry; I failed to respond. She loses a quarter in the drink machine and becomes furious; I laugh at her. She forgets to make a phone call to her father's business. We argue over when I'm going to leave her place in the morning. Sounds serious. Sounds like Monday. But it isn't either; we're just grating a bit and it will cease. Not overjoyed, but happy.

8:00 PM: Dunno, just dunno, but I sure am tired. Incredible four hour shopping spree. Have you ever shopped with a woman going in all those feline feminine shops O.K.'ing, negating, looking, pushing, being bored? It'll get to you for sure. We bought boots, records, tops, hose, a nightgown (my God, that nightgown - right to floor, plunging V neckline, red, clinging slick nylon). We looked at tea pots, dishes, hats (hate 'em), pants, shirts, revolvers, belts, shoes, dresses, gowns, organic foods, material, belts (said that already), paintings, jewelry, pocketbooks, and candles. Saw a bunch of old friends, one (whose name I couldn't remember - hell I can't remember anybody's name) from last years ANT 305; saw the sister of an old girl friend who I still love (brother-sister type); Gene, a drinking and card playing buddy; Judy, fiancee to another friend who I'm extremely fond of (Amy liked her too). It was nice, but we got a little punch drunk from the incredible kaleidoscope of people and products we saw. A little ragged from the poor start earlier in the day too. But an inner glow came from seeing Judy once again and thinking how her friends pulled me up and out of myself and my bad trip this summer. God. Sometimes I wonder when I look at her; she's so fine.

“We spent maybe an hour and a half calming down and easing ourselves into each other and left for the dorm: her roommate is gone; I’ll sleep with her in Carroll tonight.

9:30 PM: Mellow, tired, but mellow. Finished shopping, went to Brother’s for pizza and beer - wanted Darryl’s, but Friday at eight is impossible. Nice pizza, Schlitz which is always nice. Talk was easy, non-heavy; we mentioned living together next semester, and tried to figure out how. We spent maybe an hour and a half calming down and easing ourselves into each other and left for the dorm: her roommate is gone; I’ll sleep with her in Carroll tonight. You know, it’s hard to tell where she leaves off and I begin.
Friday 10:00 PM:-Saturday 2:30 AM: Ripped, absolutely ripped. Came to Amy’s about ten after going back to my place and changing clothes. Amy was still cleaning her room when I got there. We listened to her new Deep Purple album and talked to Jane, her suitemate, for a while, held each other. Around eleven we went into the shower and scrubbed each other...held each other, and then it started. Phone rang, Cindy gave it to Amy; turned out to be Larry. Now this Larry is a guy she knew from the summer who now goes to Clemson. He’s a good man who helped her out of a bad spot, but he’s been on a down trip ever since she knew him, and he wants her along for the ride. It grates. Every time she’s up, he steps in with his load of maladjustments and blows her out, his self-pity seeps some two-hundred miles and destroys her very fragile world, and its been going on for two months. He’s down now, and he wants to come see her. He knows about me, yet he needs someone and he wants up next weekend.

And there we are standing nude in the shower with this poor bastard trying to reach out for her tenderness to rebuild an ego and build a life. He always reaches for her, and she can neither handle him or need him. I leave and wrap up on the bed waiting for her. After about twenty minutes, she comes to me and tells me about Larry wanting to and planning to come up. She couldn’t say no cause he was so far down - but that’s his tool; he waits until one can’t reject him, then he cries. I got up, fished the car keys out of my pants and threw them on the bed. (When I went for the keys, it was as if she turned to stone, for she thought I was going to leave.) I told her to go see him Sunday and tell him how it was. She agrees that it wouldn’t work if he came and decides to go. God, what a bitch: she wants a peaceful weekend by herself; I want a walk in the woods, and now we’ve got this shit to deal with. I can’t send her down there either; she’d shake to pieces going and coming. Oh, she’s cool now; she knows she’ll eventually level with him, but it’ll start rolling in and eating inside her. We go to bed, but it’s churning inside me. I give up the idea of asking her to go down to Clemson - the drive alone is a rotten idea, the confrontation with Larry, worse still. I get up. I sleep in the other bed, not going to sleep until two. I’m afraid I’m not cool about this; its just happened too many times. My way of dealing with problems is head on, kicking all the way; I rarely deal with anything - I charge. But she isn’t me, and she must be left to solve it alone. Patience isn’t my forte. I stay, and I guess I wasn’t too brutal, but it wasn’t good. We made love - it was too tense, too hurried - it was wrong. Bad, God it was bad, can’t you see?

“A fine montage of little moments: color, faces, warm words, jovial fellowship, expertise, laughing animals. It’s all good; it reminds me of when I used to be in forestry; the people and the autumn make me feel good inside.”

Saturday 7:00 AM: Just had about four hours sleep and I’m not up to going to that Forestry Club Rolleo or dealing with Amy. Mighty damn glad to be away from her; she’s got to be alone for a while. We barely said goodbye this morning, just promised to meet tonight and give Dave, a friend of mine, a birthday cake. I’m beat and unhappy. I can’t cope with Larry and Amy - it’s not my responsibility, and it hurts. And I can’t cope with can’t coping.

10:00 AM-3:30 PM: A fine montage of little moments: color, faces, warm words, jovial fellowship, expertise, laughing animals. It’s all good; it reminds me of when I used to be in forestry; the people and the autumn make me feel good inside: A puppy races my car down a country road, later he will push over children, bark at the other dogs, lick my face. Children in the afternoon sun stand on a barbed wire fence caressing horses and

ponies. A weimaraner barking at the log rollers as they slip into the water. A fine old man, wool coat, shock of grey hair, stopwatch in hand, looking over the students as though they were his children. Physical expertise, endurance: hurling axes, chopping, pole climbing, crosscut sawing, log rolling, things well done. Sleeping under an oak thinking of Amy. Talking guns, cameras, knives, boots, just talking. Fine to simply move outside my small world and be a part of other’s lives. Here were people at peace in their world; and I felt, for a brief moment, a part of it. They touched inside me.

3:30-7:00 PM: Real world - indifferent, harried. Searched out North Hills for pants, found one pair. Mind becomes a crazy jumble as I fight traffic and fools to the shopping center, while I shop, and as I struggle home. This thing about Larry is infuriating me; I know I’m being outrageous, but I just want to be rid of it all. I decide to go to Clemson tomorrow with Amy; I also decide not to. Go home, eat; unpleasant - parents out of sorts. The world around me drives me down inside my bad trip. Words terse, driving tight, suicidal; mind quick tempered and sluggish at the same time. (Is that possible?) What’s Amy going to do about Larry? What can I do to help her?

7:30-9:00 PM: Easing out, mostly indifferent, but easing out a little. Clean room, shower, open a beer, watch TV. Call Amy; Cindy answers; she’s baking a cake for Dave’s birthday; I leave no message. When she likes, she’ll call; when she’s ready, she’ll call. Nothing special, but I’m calming down. Amy calls, and she blew the cake. That hurt her feelings. Hesitantly she asks to come over. Please do. She’s coming, thank God, thank God.

“ ‘Do you realize I’ve been with you minus about fifteen minutes for twenty-four hours.’ The day flowed. We make love when we awake. Easy, unhurried, free. Lying atop one another, sun trickling through the windows.

9:00-12:00 PM: Yes. She’s here. We drink and watch TV. Quietly we talk. She’s very gentle to me, easing me out. She’s going to write Larry (I remember how she looked at me last night, how she said she knew I would go, how she would stay with me, and let Larry go his separate way. I never doubted, never thought otherwise. But she was scared of losing me though;

she thought I was going to jump. I couldn’t leave her; I could never leave her.) If he could handle knowing about our relationship - fine; if not - he would lose a friend. (Funny, the same thing exists with me - move for move, blow for blow with someone else.) It’s going to work itself out; she knows and understands. I leave her for a while to see my roommate who is with Dave. (She was so happy when she gave Dave the few pieces of cake she salvaged from a culinary disaster.) My roommate says I can have the room if I want it. Damn, I’m so tired it never occurred to me to ask for it; sadly, things have been so strained. I never thought anyone would want to be with me. I ask Amy to stay; she will; she wants to. Tonight we sleep on the same bed.

Larry is working itself out; our feelings for each other are working him out just as they have before. Belief, simple trust. It’s good; it’s fine. Happy - yes, you might say that - I’ve got some good people on my side, by my side. We made love. Sunday 7:00 AM-9:00 PM: “Do you realize I’ve been with you minus about fifteen minutes for twenty-four hours.” The day flowed. We make love when we awake. Easy, unhurried free. Lying atop one another, sun trickling through the windows. Showering together, a towel wrapped about her head as she scrubs my back. Amy lying nude reading the comics. I

dressing. A tease, she doesn’t want to leave she wants to stay in bed till twelve; I undress and we make love again. Going home with me; we cook breakfast (cheese omlet, bacon, toast, coffee, milk). Play in the kitchen. My parents love it. Beatles, John Hartford, Rita Coolidge, Boz Scraggs, Loving Spoonful. Lying in the living room, holding each other. Light from the open door, leaves clattering across the porch. She loves me and tells me so. Yes. Yes to all of it. Yes to her. Time to go home. Don’t ask me what I liked, and don’t tell me its all too sweet, it’s all too true and too close right now.

“Jesus, I shouldn't have cut that class. I've got to study for all those midterms next week. My ass. What I need to do is forget those midterms. I haven't thought of anything else all week.”

Four

Friday 3:00 PM: Jesus, I shouldn't have cut that class. I've got to study for all those midterms next week. My ass. What I need to do is forget those midterms. I haven't thought of anything else all week. I wonder what I'll do tonight. Maybe I can find somebody to go get some food with. Shit, I'm starving!

4:30 PM: It's depressing to eat alone. You're too much alone with your thoughts. I don't need that right now. I'll have ulcers by the time I'm 21. Nobody in the office, either. This place is so lonely when it's empty. Like death warmed over. God, I've got so much studying to do! Got to block it out. Can't think about it or I'll get psyched out. Maybe I'll go outside. Maybe somebody'll be here when I get back.

5:00 PM: Still nobody here. Why do people insist on telling me confidences? Now I've got to decide whether to tell her he's dating someone else. Maybe I'll give him the benefit of a doubt. It's none of my goddamn business anyway. I'll just keep my mouth shut for once and hope everything turns out all right. Why do I always get into these situations?
6:30 PM: I think this is going to be a lousy weekend. Already things are falling apart. The deal to go see the movie fell through. I wonder if I should get stoned. I'm getting pretty low. Why do I use it so fast? I'm getting to be a regular dope fiend. But why not? It's fun. I can get an ounce to last over spring break. Funny, I don't know anybody back home who sells.

7:30 PM: Wow. Throwing a frisbee is a four-star rush when one is stoned. Amazing. And we were great. What a team. He's a good friend to have. We have our differences, but he's consistent. I appreciate that. I'm glad he decided to go eat. I'm dying.
9:30 PM: I don't believe we actually did that. I didn't think we could throw it for so long. The parking deck was this huge, futuristic court where the rich go to indulge in a friendly frisbee match. I could even imagine the crowds up in stands, cheering us on. We could do nothing wrong. If one screwed up, by making a bad throw, the other made a fantastic catch. What a team.

10:30 PM: Lucky we stumbled onto the other two. We're both running a trifle short. But there's always more, at least in that dorm. Those Marx Brothers movies at the late show are going to blow me away in my condition.
Saturday 2:00 AM: Not bad. The cold air is beautiful. I loved those Marx Brothers movies, even if they weren't the ones I thought they were.
3:30 AM: Amazing. "In Concert" was such a blitz. Incredible vibes. I think I'll just blow the whole wad, roaches and all, right now. Get rid of it. Period. And wait for whenever to get some more. If I find some, fine. If I don't well, that's okay too. Anyway, it's a great way to end a day. Today was only Friday! I still have Saturday ahead. I'll wake up early to see the cartoons. Maybe I'll still be fucked up from tonight. Fucking hippie.

“The cartoons aren't any fun anymore. They all have some sort of social significance, some kind of message. And they suck!...Whatever happened to Bugs Bunny?”

9:30 AM: The cartoons aren't fun any more. They all have some sort of social significance, some kind of message. And they suck! Sure, they were stupid when I was growing up, but at least they were entertaining. Whatever happened to Bugs Bunny? Shit, I'm going back to sleep!

1:30 PM: Jeez, when I go back to sleep, I don't mess around. I can at least take a shower. Get freshened up a little.

2:00 PM: I don't know what to do. Maybe there is somebody at the office. That place is occupied 24 hours a day.

3:30 PM: Eating by yourself is miserable. Haven't I been here before? There is never anybody here when I am. I can at last finish my letter to Marlene. Sometimes I get very lonely here, even with

the place full. All these people are great to work with, and I love a lot of them, but sometimes you need someone you're in love with, to get you through the night. God, I miss her right now. It's been two months since I've seen her. God. I wonder what I would have done if I'd never met her before I came here. Probably I would have gotten involved with someone on the staff and gotten all fucked up like everyone else here. Oh well. I'm glad I met her, but I wish she was here.

5:00 PM: Throwing a frisbee outside is still a great way to lose troubles. Too bad he couldn't stay longer. Old friends are good to bullshit with. But throwing a frisbee was good, in spite of the breeze.

7:00 PM: Christ, I should be studying. I can do that tomorrow. Should I go to

the game? No, I don't feel much like it. I don't know. It is Thompson's last game in Reynolds. Oh well. Maybe I'll go to a dirty movie instead.

9:30 PM: Dirty movies are a good way to clean out your system. So to speak. It gets rid of all unpleasant thoughts. Now they want to go over to Teresa's and party. Maybe I'll go and get drunk for the first time in four months. Well, dope will get you through times of no money better than money will get you through times of no dope.

Sunday 1:30 AM: Is that all I can do? Smoke and party? I'm supposed to be getting an education. She seemed pretty preoccupied all night. I wonder what she was thinking about. She won't say. She's a strange girl. If something really matters to her, she won't admit it for the world. I've

been pretty moody myself recently. Maybe it's all of us. I'm glad next week starts spring break. What we all need is a break. We're all tired and irritable. It's a hell of a lot of pressure, besides school work. Maybe I should quit. But I know I won't. What I really need is to talk to somebody--somebody who really understands. There are so many secrets I'm hiding, not just about the staff, but about myself. I've never really talked to anyone here about myself, and you need to have someone who really knows you. I've gone for a long time being alone, and it's a miserable feeling. But in a week, I'll be home, where Marlene is. If I can hold out that long.

3:30 AM: Shit. I've wasted two hours just walking around and thinking. I'm going to bed.

12:30 PM: Shit. Going to work on Sunday can be a bitch. I just want to lie here and sleep and think. But there's nobody to do the work if I don't show up. I could at least eat something. I owe myself that much.

2:00 PM: I wasted an hour before getting here, and still there's nothing done.

None of the stories are done, and it doesn't look like they will be. What a pain in the ass. Oh well.

4:30 PM: Well, the front page looks like shit, as usual. Why can't anything go even slightly right for me? I've been thinking about quitting the

Technician more and more. Sometimes I wonder exactly how much I'd be missed around here if I left. Exactly how integral a part of the staff am I? If I suddenly left tomorrow, how much trouble would it cause? Not much. The paper can do without any one individual to a certain extent. What if I bomb out this semester?

There goes my financial aid, and I can't go here on my summer earnings. Shit.

Would I be missed as a part of a group? Would something be missing from the bullshit sessions because I was gone? I guess everybody wonders about things like that. I'll never know, I suppose.

8:00 PM: I'm tired. I'm always tired nowadays. It's not the work as much as the consistent lack of food and sleep. And the smoking. And the drinking. I haven't been drunk in four months, but I still drink. Because everybody else is drinking. This place is a madhouse. And I suppose I fit in. I wonder what will happen tonight. I wonder what I'll do. I should study. Shit if I am. I've got to forget. But everybody here has problems just as bad as I have. I just want to go home. But home is 500 miles away. In a few days, in just a few days.

10:30 PM: Well, that was a waste. Some weekend. I guess it wasn't all bad, but I just didn't have anything to say at the place we went to eat. Even the pizza was bad. I just don't feel like discussing much of anything right now. I can't even communicate with my friends any more. So here I am again. I'll never get all this studying done. Some education. It's a game, just to see if I can convince my professors I've learned enough to pass the course. Shit.

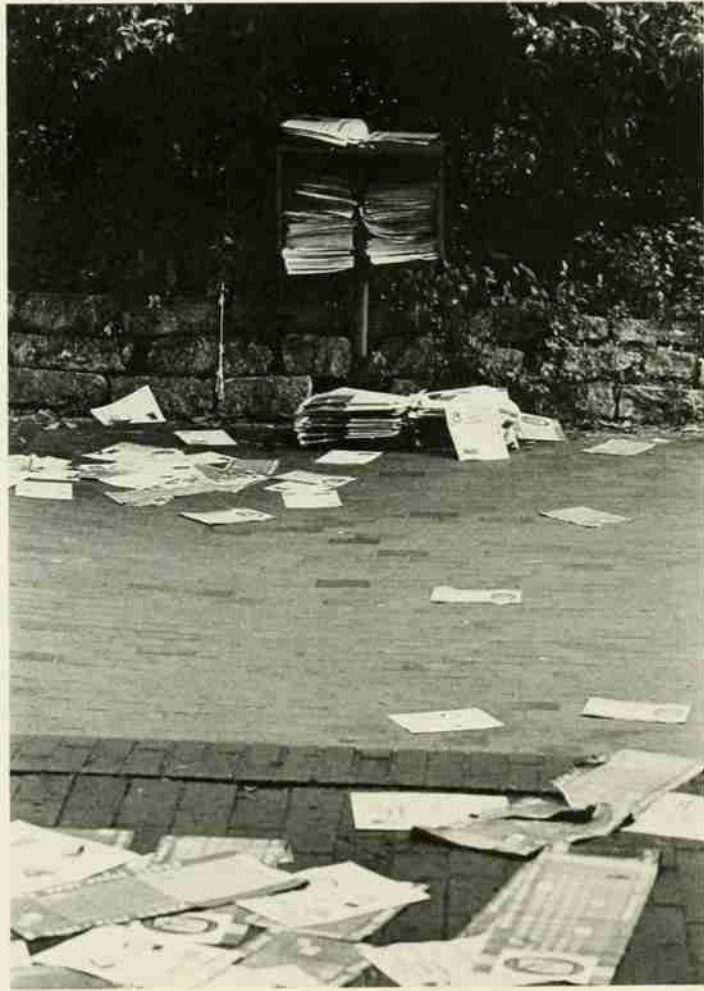
Monday 4:00 AM: Jesus. We must have talked for five hours. I'm beat, but it was worth every minute of it. It was like finding a long lost brother. Things just started flowing. One thing led to another, and we wound up talking over so many things that needed saying. We both really needed to **talk** to someone. I'm such a great listener that I seldom say anything about myself. We just let it pour out. I told him things and he told me things, and we **understood** one another again. Understanding, really knowing a person, is one of the most beautiful forms of love. We used to be close, but somehow we'd drifted away from the closeness we'd had.

Rediscovering a friendship is a beautiful thing. Suddenly, all the hurt, the hopes, the disappointments, the longing for friendship that I hadn't seen for so long came rushing out all at once. And I **understand**. It was one of those situations where you find yourself saying, "Yes, exactly! That's just how I felt!"

But the best, the most beautiful thing to come of it is that he considers me a **friend**.

That's one of the most precious things I have. So much for studying. Maybe someday they'll give grades for **growing**. I wonder if I'd pass.

"So much for studying. Maybe someday they'll give grades for growing. I wonder if I'd pass."



These are not all the wild places you could retreat to on a quiet fall or spring weekend; indeed, in a state as varied as our own, they are only a tiny fraction. But in their own way they represent all the places and some of the times which could be spent in nature in search of whatever you needed, communing with whatever you felt.

Finding a cliff edge on which to rest while you watched the hawks soar on the air currents rising from the Gorge; lazily wandering through the surf at the Outer Banks as the ocean sucked the sand from beneath your feet, full moon overhead; or uncorking a bottle of Mateus while your lover splashed nude in the shallows of the Eno were simple, joyful ways to escape the pressures of school and learn what books could not teach.

Linville Gorge



The first time I ever went there I had never **really** been out in the woods if you know what I mean—a place where you felt like you were the visitor and should respect it as home for others. A place in which you sensed the primal wildness in its fabric: huge old pines, mammoth ferns—yet delicate too, groves and groves of rhododendrons, a surging, boulder-strewn river, animals you knew were there but rarely saw, shafts

of light which infiltrate the trees and grew longer with the day. Your senses entered a world of exotic delight: green, green everywhere, calming to the eyes, a kaleidoscope of smells—musty sod, aromatic pine needles, cold water—gentle breezes whispering through the trees against the backdrop of the river roar, I can remember Linville Gorge as though I were there yesterday, but it has been almost a year.

I remember autumns when you could sit at Table Rock on top of the world and see all the power and majesty of this corner of God's creation and the splendor of the rusty-red-orange world with which we would commune did nothing but make me feel happily humble. You could make your way up along the powerful Linville River among the myriad boulders and catch a bottom view of Linville Falls minus the tourists. The

cooling mist which settled all around gave everything an extra lushness. In the spring, the winter-bare trees would begin to bloom with lime-green wildflowers appearing everywhere underfoot, producing an aura of rebirth; this was a time of birth.

The Gorge is an island, however, surrounded by developing land interests. In the fall, during bear season, hunters line the ridges of the Gorge and

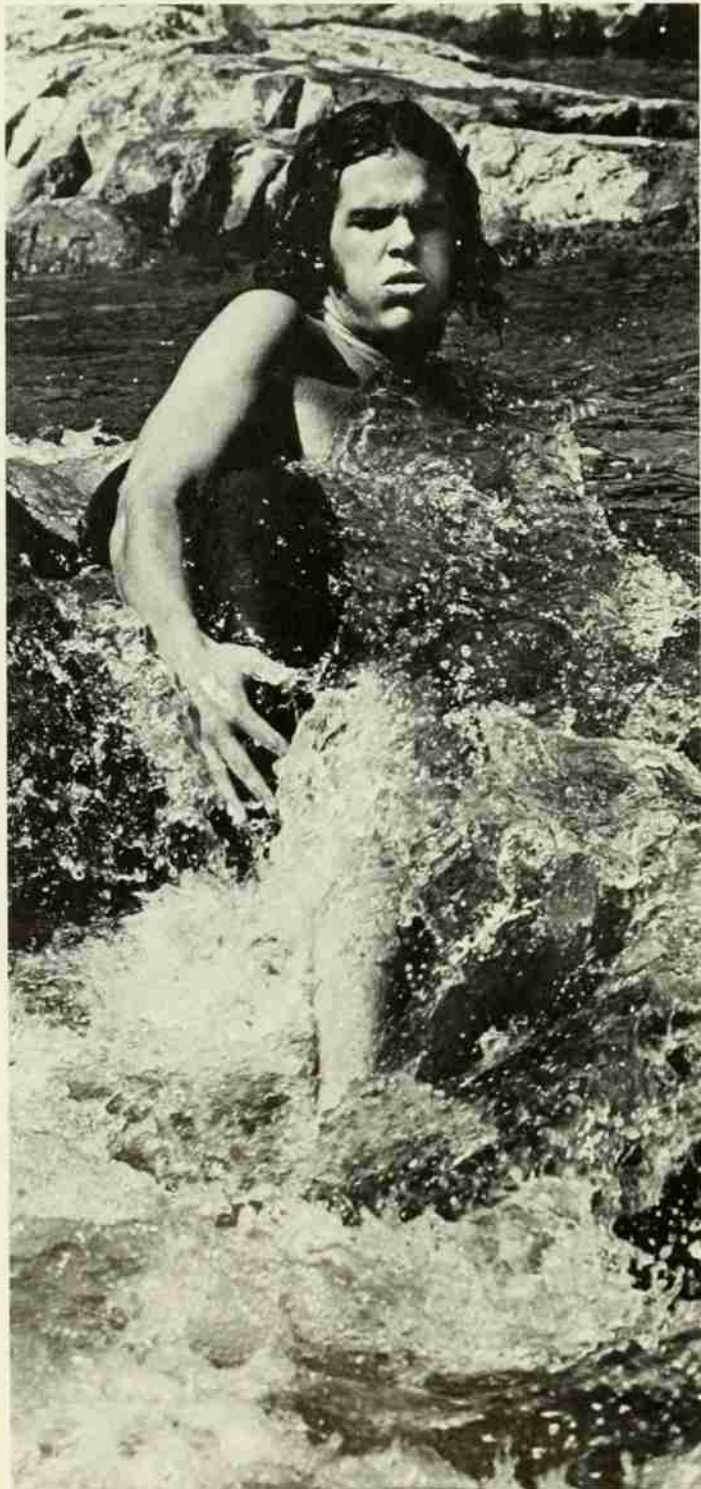


wait for their dogs to run the bear to them, while they carry on their "hunt" with walkie talkies...Once a bear came splashing across the river not more than fifty yards from us as we ate and scrambled up the other side to what he hoped was safety. He was running for his life. Five minutes later the dogs came and followed while the hunters discussed the bear's size on their radios...I understand now that a permit is required to enter the

Gorge, necessary, I guess, to control the growing crowds of people wanting to experience the wilderness. Linville Gorge is an era of my life that has passed. It no longer holds its spell for me with its permits, limits, and demands, but for others it holds beauty and charm beyond compare. Me?...I'll find another Gorge somewhere and relive my Linville Gorge memories many times over.

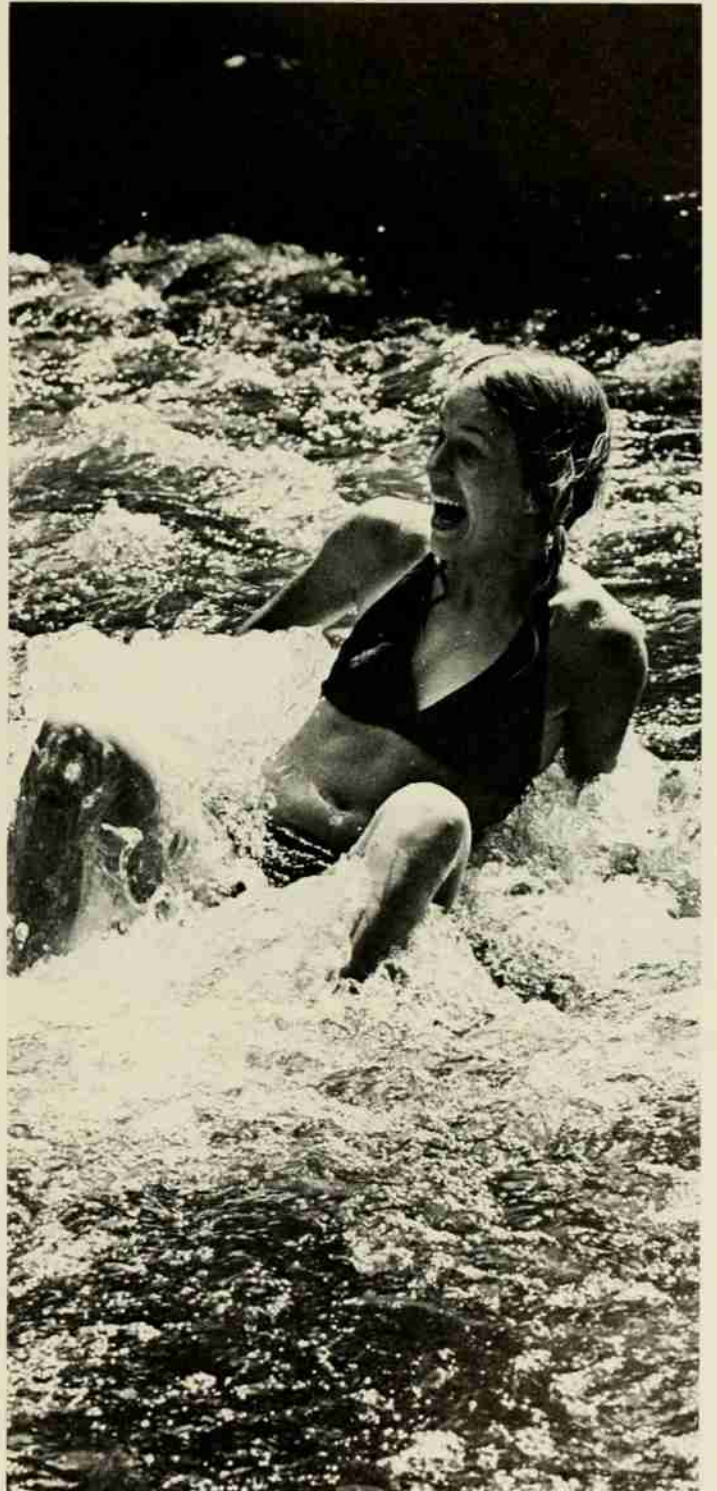
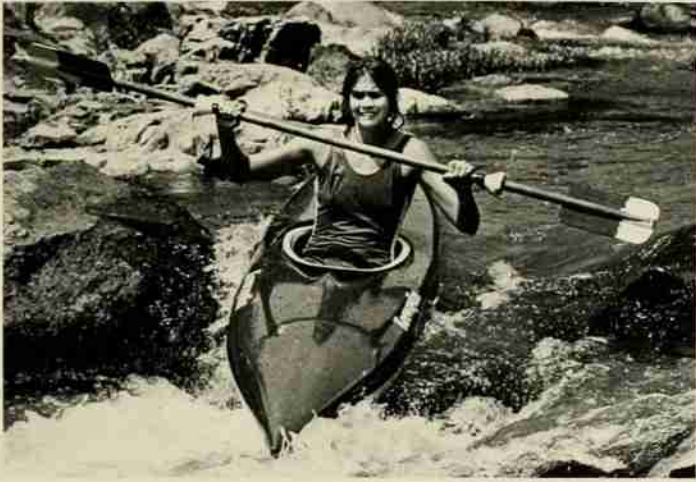


Eno River



Once we saw a deer, a brownish tan patch caught in a shaft of sunlight, racing and quickly dissolving into the forest. Janie missed it, which was a shame, for she had never seen a deer before. A year earlier and a half a mile further up the river, I had found a set of tracks printed sharply in the hard, white river sand. It was a puzzlement since there were no tracks leading there or out. Then walking across the sand, I turned to my friend and grinned my Jeremiah Johnson look, "See, the sand is so hard it won't track up. You can't see my footprint at all; but if a deer jumped and landed in the sand, he would leave prints. We must have just startled one or something." I was mighty pleased with myself over that. There were tornado warnings out that day, and later it began to storm; the rain coming down in sheets. I'd brought a pair of hats and a pair of Australian raincoats—and my own forgetfulness, for the rain soaked through them the same way it did in Vietnam. By the time Mary and I got back to Cabes Ford, it didn't much matter that the water which was ankle deep three hours ago was swirling about our crotches now, for we were soaked anyway. There were two boys on the bank, drenched, drinking beer.

What can you say about the Eno? The length, width, and depth of it just won't do. Mostly it is a series of etchings in your memory, each one special. Wading the river, three times in the same day, December cold biting into your feet. A kayak, then a canoe, another canoe, another kayak rounding the bend, sprinkled with early spring blossoms of rhododendron; the river running a deep blue through silver and yellow hills. A girl happy, then horrified with her kayak scraping over the rapids (Cal watching all along). Yes, the rapids; ass-busting as you rode down them on your innertube or your fanny; Janie screaming as the water tried to strip off her bikini, first the bottom then the top. Eighteen swallowtails, yellow and black, resting on a tiny river rock. I've watch the Eno in all its seasons, I know which flowers bloom first; I know which leaves change first. Perhaps it will snow this year. I've never seen it snow up there before.



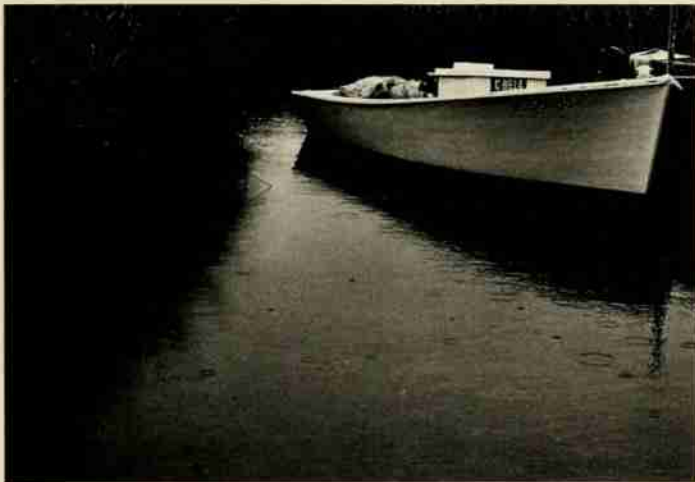
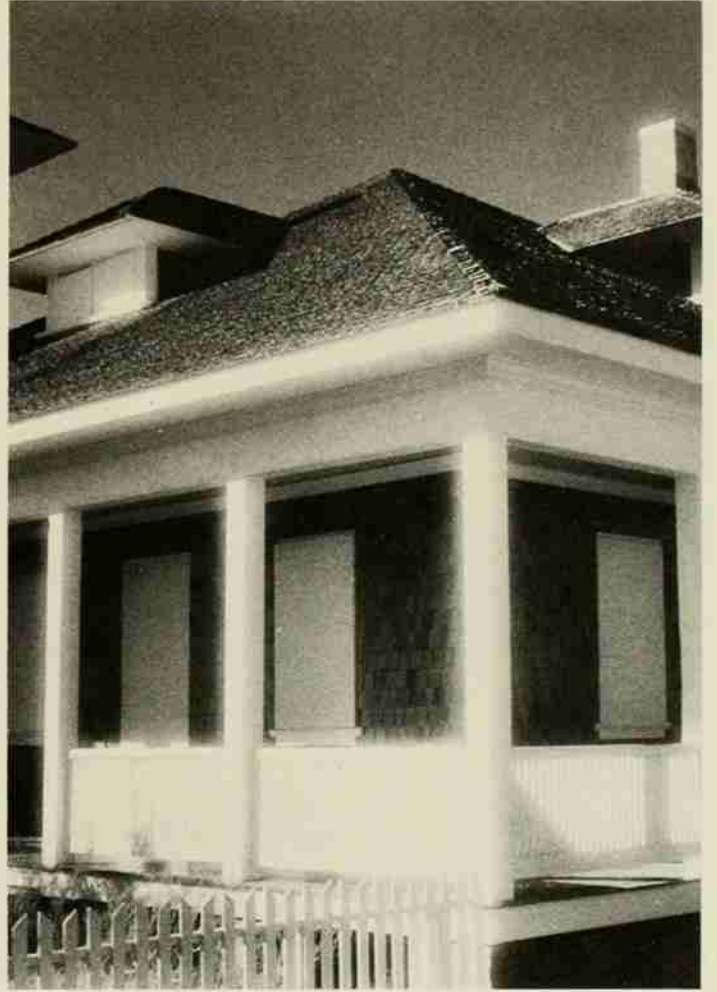
Outer Banks



Late afternoon.
The road to the point is a hundred yards shorter this year. Chunks of asphalt march at crazy angles toward the inlet and disappear into the surf. Seven new houses stare over the dune and wait. In time the Atlantic will claim them too. The only thing constant here is change.

A mile beyond the houses and fishermen we pick a small depression in the dunes. We talk quietly in the twilight. I marvel at her wisdom.
As the sun disappears, the moon rises from the sea.

Be here now. June's full moon, the summer solstice, the neap tide, the top of the cycle. Cosmic magic. We own the world. The space travelers wake to the buzzsaw whine of a small plane circling overhead. Off shore a menhaden fleet has materialized. We decide to return the Island to the fishermen, tourists, surfers and park rangers. It will be here when we want it. back.





Happiness and Reason

One's desire for true happiness and his ability to use reason must be linked hand in hand if the happiness he seeks is to be obtained. The power of reason, which is alive in each man, is like a torch that illuminates the darkness. If reason is put to use properly it will conquer its enemy, the physical desiring factor, and become the ruling faction who governs one's thoughts and actions. Having become supreme ruler, reason will bring one out of the darkness and enable him not only to find true happiness but also to correctly choose those actions and thoughts which will enhance rather than deteriorate this happiness.

The ideal happiness which I conceive is very much related to my ability to use reason and in fact can not exist if reasoning is not present. I will enjoy a true happiness if I am able to maintain a proper perspective of my desire to have a better knowledge and understanding of the Creator who gave me life and of the desire to enjoy this life by touching upon the beauty and splendor found on this earth. Because my happiness will thrive on this proper perspective of thought and action, reason will play a fundamental part by preventing one desire from extinguishing the other.

The need, within myself, to have a more meaningful relation with the creator of life is a very demanding one. Through thought and the study of works of those also concerned with fulfilling this need, I hope to acquire a greater understanding of my relationship to the giver of life. If I can gain this understanding, I will have a greater knowledge of myself and of the meaning of life on this earth. Though the need for a relationship with my creator is a very important one, it is only one part of the happiness I seek. The earth on which we live is a place of unique beauty and creativity though man falls victim to many vices which overshadow the actual splendor. To attain real happiness I hope I am also able to see and touch upon the true beauties of life on this earth. The creator of man also created the earth on which man dwells and I must have a relationship with those things, both tangible and intangible, which are a result of his creation or lead a life void of real happiness. This is the second basic portion of the ideal state which will make my life a happy one.

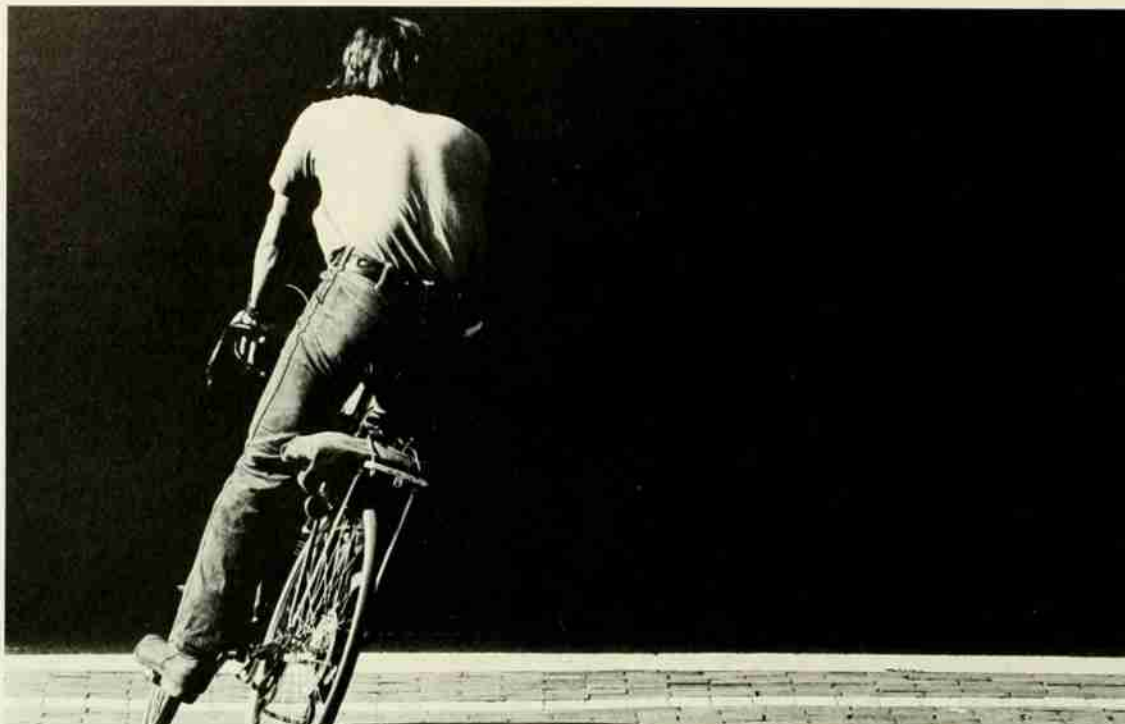
If I am to have the happiness which I so desire, reason must be the governing factor in my life. Through reason alone will I be able to enjoy the pleasures of life on earth and simultaneously come to some comprehension of my relationship to the creator. If I do not use reason properly, my desire to enjoy the pleasures of living could become dominant, having given way to gluttonous and lustful needs which would eventually crush my search for a divine relationship. Using reason properly, I can come to know the joys of life such as love, man's art, and natural beauty without allowing them to take control. If I am strong enough to do this the relationship with my creator can strengthen while I enjoy the life he gave me to the fullest. However, if reason is improperly used or overruled completely, I will be led by pleasure alone through a life of brief and illusive periods of "happiness." The search for a relationship with my creator will be misleading if carried on at all and unhappiness will be the actual result though it may not appear to be. Reason, as I stated before, is within all of us though each man strengthens or weakens it as he goes through life. By allowing reason to govern my actions, I believe I will be able to intensify my

happiness and my ability to reason. Thus, as reason helps bring about happiness it also becomes stronger making the state of happiness a much more constant one. The happiness I want depends on how well I use my ability to reason. If it is weakened or overthrown by physical desire, I will have been deprived of actual happiness.

Craig Lyon

editor's note:

A friend of Craig's asked that we run something about him - no black lines, no in memory of, but a celebration of life, a celebration of feeling. She remembered this essay, a favorite of his and a favorite of hers, and asked that we include it in our book. I never knew Craig Lyon, perhaps you did not know him either; but after reading this piece, I wish I had known him. Somehow I feel as though a part of me is missing for never having known the man who wrote and felt these words.



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If you haven't figured out what that design on the cover is supposed to mean (and it does mean something), you might just say it symbolizes all of my attempts to get to New Mexico over the past five years—all of which have been unsuccessful, by the way. Actually trying to go to New Mexico was how I got this job in the first place. You see, I came back to school, having quit for the second time, in order to make a little money on the G.I. Bill, put together a portfolio, and take a few courses which, hopefully, would solve a few problems inside my head. My intentions were admirable; as a matter of fact, I accomplished every one of my goals—there were, however, complications. You see I was into this relationship which was gradually disintegrating and at the same time I met someone else who was also into a relationship which was disintegrating—and we clicked. And at the same time, that bastard Holcombe, last year's editor, realized that the book needed an editor for next year and that I was the only staff member who was returning. All of a sudden, New Mexico wasn't that attractive. Now I didn't know beans about putting a yearbook together, still don't for that matter, but that didn't bother Holcombe in the slightest. He started whispering in my ear and soon enough I

ran for editor of the **Agromeck**. Which is no big deal—I mean I was the only returning staff member and I did run unopposed—which is no big deal either, every editor as far back as memory serves has run unopposed. No one in his right mind would want the job. Needless to say, I, unfortunately, won.

And that is how I got the job.

And if it seems I was a little bit less than serious when I took it, the realities of work and some incredibly painful personal tragedies soon snared and mauled my frivolous innocence. But knowing me, just barely, I'll forget the bad times and remember the good, and by God there have been some good times and some fine people. I guess it's the people who mean the most to me. Michael, the photo editor, was hired on faith alone - Buy a Nikon f2, a 300mm, and 50mm, and I'll hire you. And he did, and I did. Damn he's good; he's better than any of his predecessors. The pictures he takes will break your heart; I don't know Mike that well, but there must be so much inside a man who captures what he does on film. And Harry who knocked on the door asking about photography for the **Technician** and was hastily ushered in and hired for the **Agromeck**. Harry the faithful, always here, always working, always making you wonder if you were doing your job or if he had stolen it from you in his

zest for photography and people. Tommy I'd find hitchhiking out of Chapel Hill; he'd write the best stories; he'd start the book with an intimacy of feeling and understanding which I could only dream about. I forgot Hilary, two of pen and inks are hers; she, like Tommy, would put on paper that which I could only barely describe. I could keep on going because everyone who contributed was and is a friend, and their friendship is what made doing the book worthwhile.

It's really hard to believe; you just don't know how hard, but we'll be finished with this thing tomorrow. I really don't know what I'm going to do without the book hanging over my head. I've got seven incompletes, an empty bank account, no job prospects, and a new Yamaha. Guess I'll find Mary and go up to Linville and think it all over. But you know I've been trying to go to New Mexico for five years now, and I think maybe I'll start again—of course I won't make it, but things get so interesting whenever I try.

Towards the end, times got really hard, and there are two people who I owe an awful lot in helping me finish this book. Daphne and Mary were there when I needed someone to talk to; they were always there, and they were always very kind and understanding. No one could have better friends.







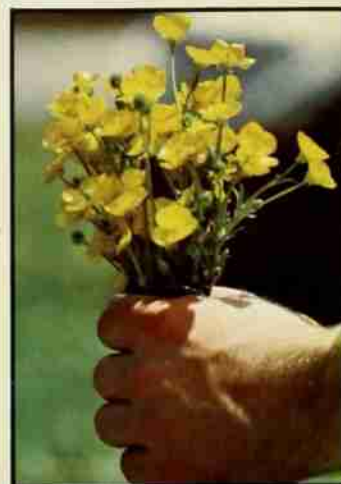
Hello!

It was beautiful for me though the skies were cloudy and the feeling of rainy dreariness hung about. I mean everything was complete today...everyone curled up in their chair and dozed almost—but the energies somehow stayed and the warmth of loving swirled through the room, touching us all. The darkness of the

day vanished and the mellowness of the group prevailed. And here it is, nine o'clock and I am still filled with spirit and that closeness I get from those people. My life is changing. My mind is enveloping new ways once more...and people, too. But, it still surprises me now and again how much of you is left within me and how it comes out when I begin touching

other people. I don't really want to talk with you about it...Maybe that's why I'll just be dropping this off instead of coming on in to see you...you always seem to talk about the deeper places and what is happening there for me. It's enough to say I'm doing fine and hope you're happy also. Again... Hello!

love,



Sam is a really fine person









