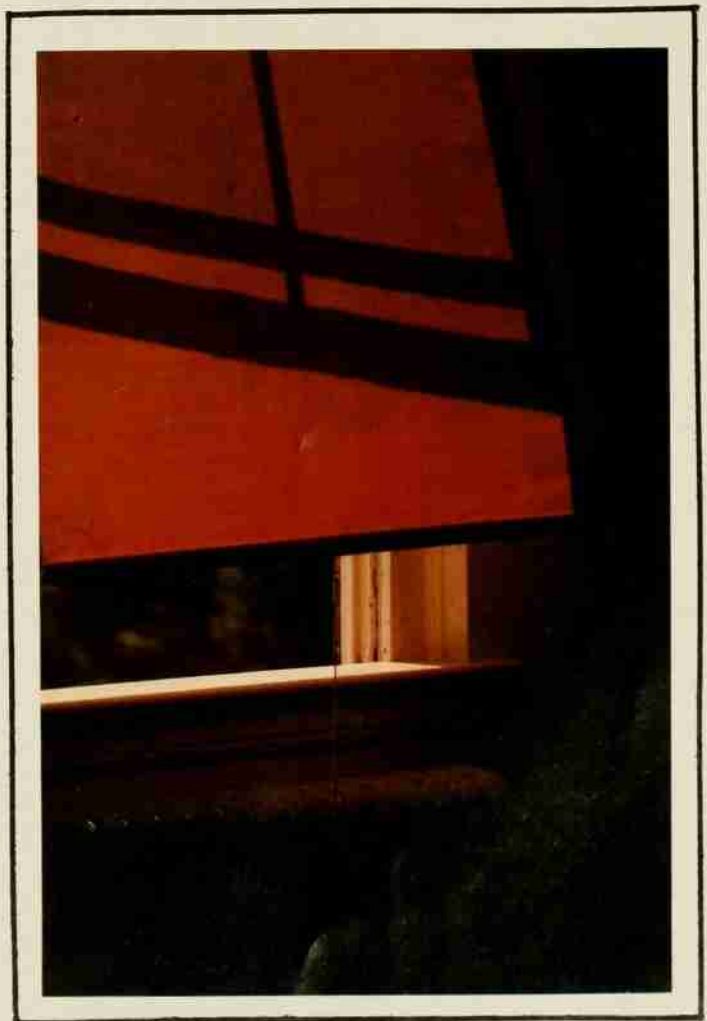


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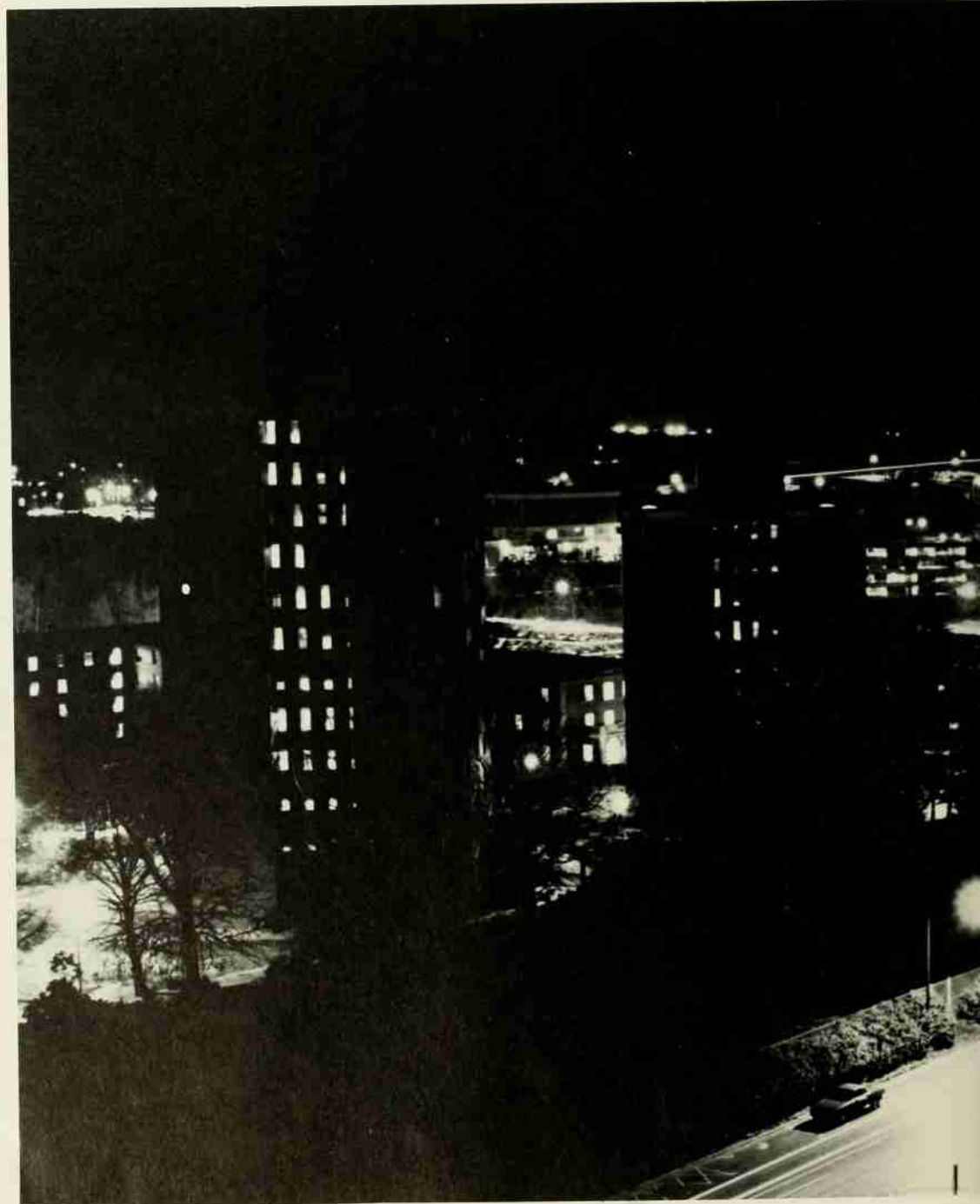
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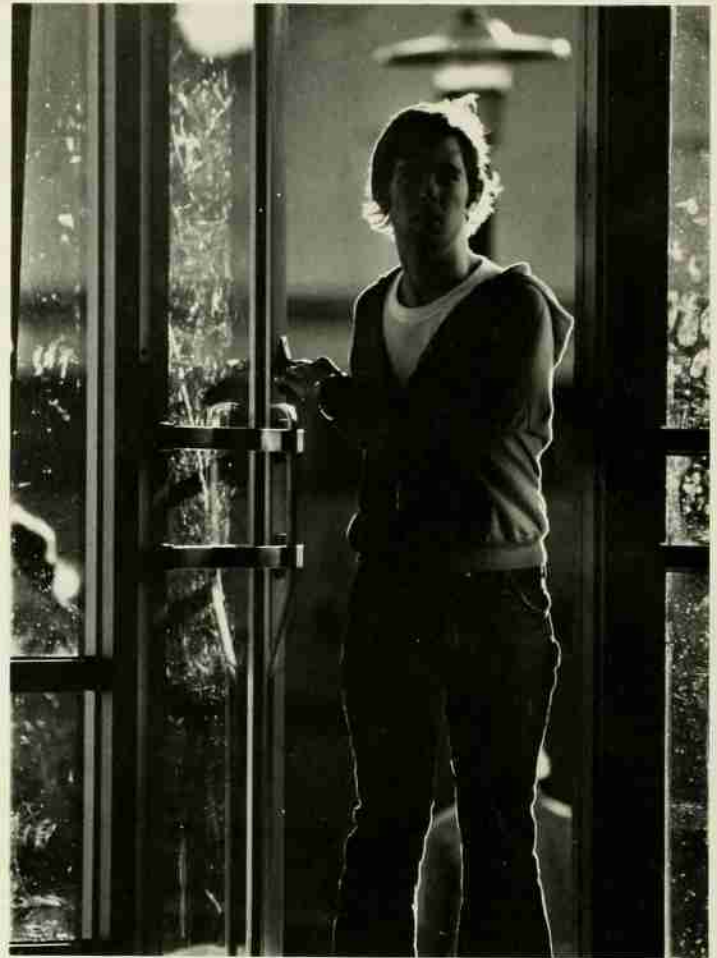
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Morning Stories



I am nowhere. I float numbly between everything and everything else, feeling like a guy who's just taken his last step along a diving board that was one step shorter than he imagined. Not falling yet, but no longer fully in contact with anything solid.

A sense of urgency underlies it all. There's something I have to do...But what is it? And who am I, anyway? The urgency burns in the back of my mind like radio white noise, becoming louder, more demanding.

Now, quickly, the static solidifies into a raucous buzz, a tone calculated not to be in the slightest fashion pleasant. The curtain of darkness and amnesia is ripped down the center, and I open my eyes to behold my red-and-white alarm clock on the floor where I have apparently cast it, conveniently about six inches beyond my reach. Insulted but uninjured, the device continues to broadcast general alarm into the carpet.

Turning it off turns out to be a simpler operation than I had thought, carried out at the end by a leap from the bed.

I weave unevenly to the bathroom and search for white untinted by pink in the general area around the iris of the eye that's open. Finding none, I return from whence I came, where the young woman until recently lying beside me is still gently

bobbing in the waves left by my sudden departure from our waterbed. I pause to marvel at the rapidity with which I came from a state of total rest to relative activity. My self-congratulation comes to a rapid halt as I turn the now passively ticking clock over and it mutely comments that it will be 8 a.m. in fifteen minutes or so.

"Shit," I reply. The young woman opens her eyes and gives the indignant squint of all people awakened before It's Time to Get Up. Her first class today is at 10 a.m. Mine is in fifteen minutes or so.

She rolls over and says something I don't quite catch to the pillow or is it the hinge holding two of the waterbed frame boards together?

Being a simple dresser (but blessed with an admittedly complicated chest-of drawers), I am already working on the only part of my wardrobe which takes more than ten seconds to prepare, my shoes. I realize fully that it takes at least 23 minutes to get from where I am now to my classroom on campus, and I tell myself that I wish I had a car so I couldn't park it like everybody else.

I make my trip to the gleaming white shrine with the cool air spilling out and remove a red-and-white coke can. I can't leave before I fix this dry throat. I'm addicted to these things, I tell myself. It's not

natural to drink as much of it as I do; the carbonic (?) acid isn't good for my stomach lining, and I've been promised ulcers by a variety of reputable physicians. Further, the caffeine is making me a nervous wreck. Hell, it even tastes awful this early in the morning. I drain the rest of the can and head for the door.

As I gently close it and lock myself out, I wish I could have left her a note to tell her how much I love her. She likes them, and gets lonely very easily. But there's tonight.

Even before I look at the clock I know that this is the first morning in quite a while that the clock now happily ticking on its shelf back in the apartment has been less than 20 minutes fast. This one insists that it is 7:47. I marvel again at my speed realizing that there are those who won't. That asshole will doubtless come up with something like "Well, Mr. — Ah — (looking up my name, as a tactless reference to the infrequency of my attendance, then mispronouncing it) — so you've decided to join us after all. Do come in."

All of which is very strange, I tell myself. He should feel complimented that I took the effort to come in, knowing I would be late. When people run to keep from missing very much of your class you have nothing to worry about, and nothing to gain from ridiculing them except enemies. When you should worry is when they wake up, see it's time for your class, and go back to sleep.

I wonder to myself why so many professors here think they're such hot shit. It wouldn't be so bad if so many of them weren't right. You can at least

laugh at someone you know is full of shit. The people who are very good you can only listen to. Still, it's a pleasant change from high school to find not only instructors who know about their subjects, but know a great deal about them.

A girl passes with hair that looks like it belongs on a Barbie doll and an outfit to match. I wonder why I'm the only person on campus who looks like he just woke up at 8 in the morning. These people take showers after they get up and I understand that some of them even eat breakfast. My system automatically convulses at the thought of food before noon, and the portions of a pizza, Cheetos, ice cream, Coke and Laughing Cow Cheese ingested the previous night within a one-hour period and not as yet undigested remind me that they're ready to make a break for it at the first opportunity, in case I get any funny ideas. I look around hopefully for Ken, but see no one in the surging crowd fitting the description. I amuse myself with the notion that he's already in class.

Having made the seventeenth turn against the flow of the crowd (no matter which way you turn, it's always against the flow) I find myself in the correct building. The clock hanging from the suspended ceiling reads 8:14. As I leave the stairwell and land in the hall outside my class, I notice with little surprise that I'm the only one in it. The door is closed, of course. I open it and step quietly (but never meekly) inside.

"Ah, so Mr. — ah — Burnette — will be joining us after all this morning. We've been waiting."





I wake at seven. No alarm, no nothing, just seven. I try to make my eyes focus, but I know that the clock will be making its same horried little face. Somehow, I'm just not the person who rises and shines, so I wake and smoke. It's just a good excuse, "good", justified in a smoker's mind, to stay in bed for another 15 minutes, petting the cat, figuring out what I should have done and didn't, and glad that I got as much done as I did.

One of these days after I've married and divorced an Arab sheik, I'll have a maid who chooses my clothes, makes up my face, and does my hair. (I'll brush my own teeth.) For the time being, I have to do these things myself so making up my face consists of washing it and doing my hair of brushing it. (I still do my own teeth.) After dressing (putting on any two clean articles of clothing that I can find) I locate my shoes, and stagger down the stairs and out the door.

After discovering no chauffeur-driven limosine, I climb into my car, sad and battered that it is, praying that it'll start. It hasn't failed me yet. The radio that sounded so good yesterday when I was out of school and liberated from work with a whole free night in front of me, blares and fits badly into my morning mood, especially since all the neighbors can hear it, or could if my mufflerless engine didn't drown it out.

Motoring up Gardner Street, my eyes scanning the sides for a parking place (I failed to pay \$35 for a non-existing parking space on campus), I have to make the same old decision. Can I stand the pressure of parking illegally and, perhaps, coming back at the end of the day to find my car spirited away to Zebulon? Or shall I legally park eight blocks away and trudge? Being the nervous worrier, trudging always appeals to me more. Walking toward school, I pass many Irish-Spring-smelling people who look bright and alive. Mostly I watch the sidewalk cracks passing under my shoes and dream of motorized wheel chairs and ski-lift contraptions hanging from the telephone lines, free for poor students.

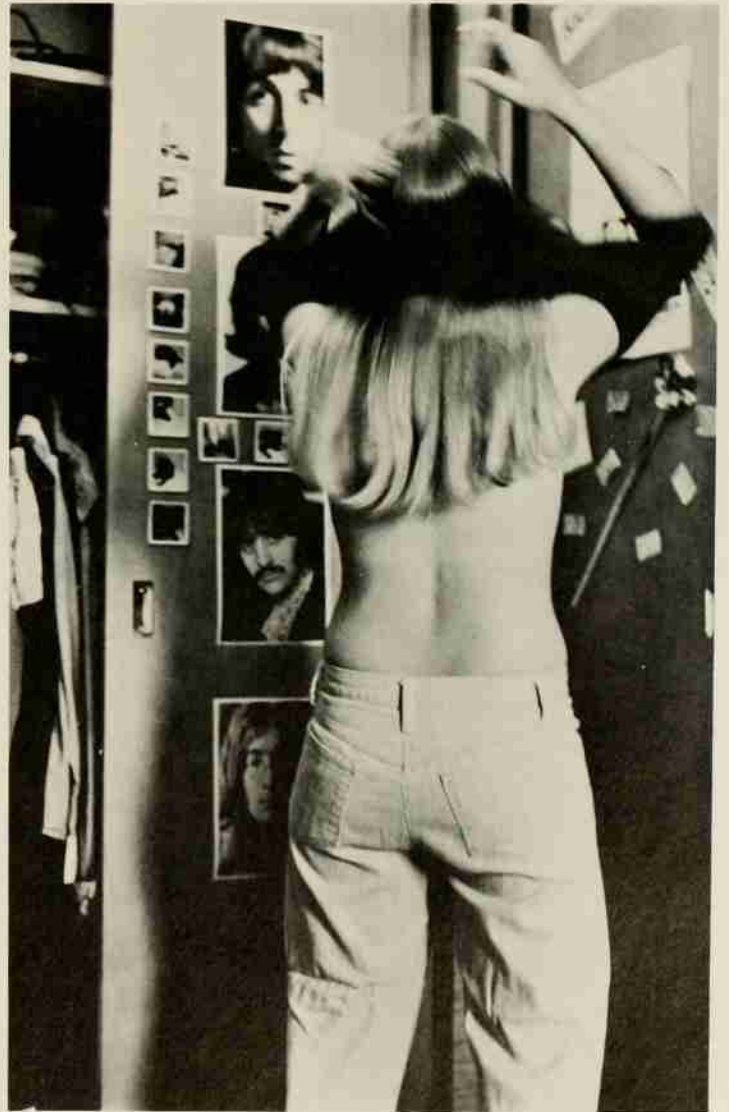
The Old Union, smelling suspiciously like scrambled eggs, bacon, and breakfast, stops me long enough for a cup of coffee. I've been working on a technique of pouring coffee and getting cream and sugar without putting my books down. By this time I have permanent spiral notebook scars on my inside forearms and my back and arms are bent around them.

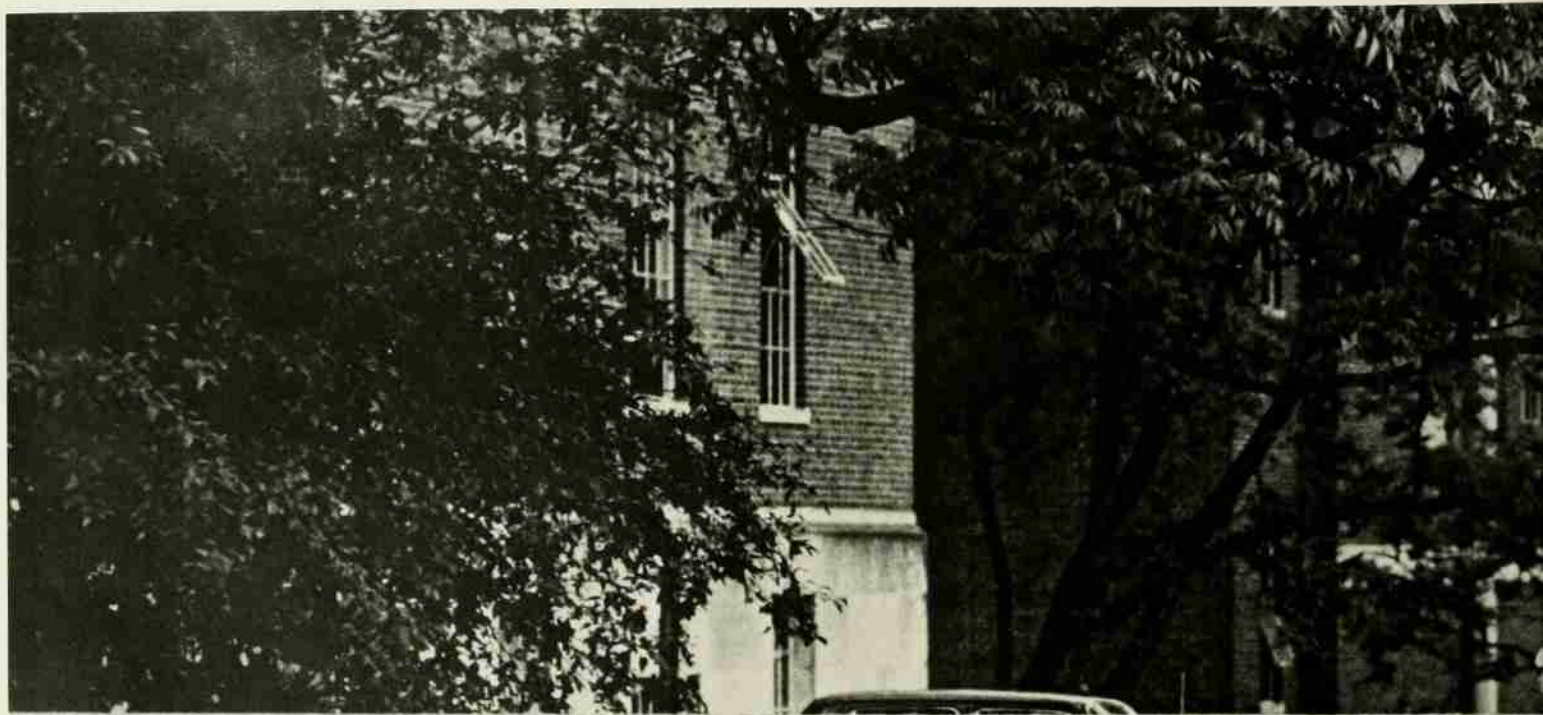
I saw an aerial photograph once of the brickyard and, at the time I wondered how the photographers arranged to have no people on the place when they took the picture. Upon closer inspection, however, I could see little blobs of humanity that blended into the bricks. This small blob makes her way across staring again at the mosaic designs.

As I reach and enter the right building, the first bell (ten minutes to go) always catches me directly under it, shattering the otherwise hurrying silence. The class door is locked so I collapse against the opposite wall where I smoke, drink my coffee, (well stirred by the motion of my walk), and wait. Cursing 8:00 classes that really aren't so bad when you get there, women who look beautiful in the morning, and ten-pound textbooks that have to be brought to class, I sit and restore the circulation in my arms, still waiting.

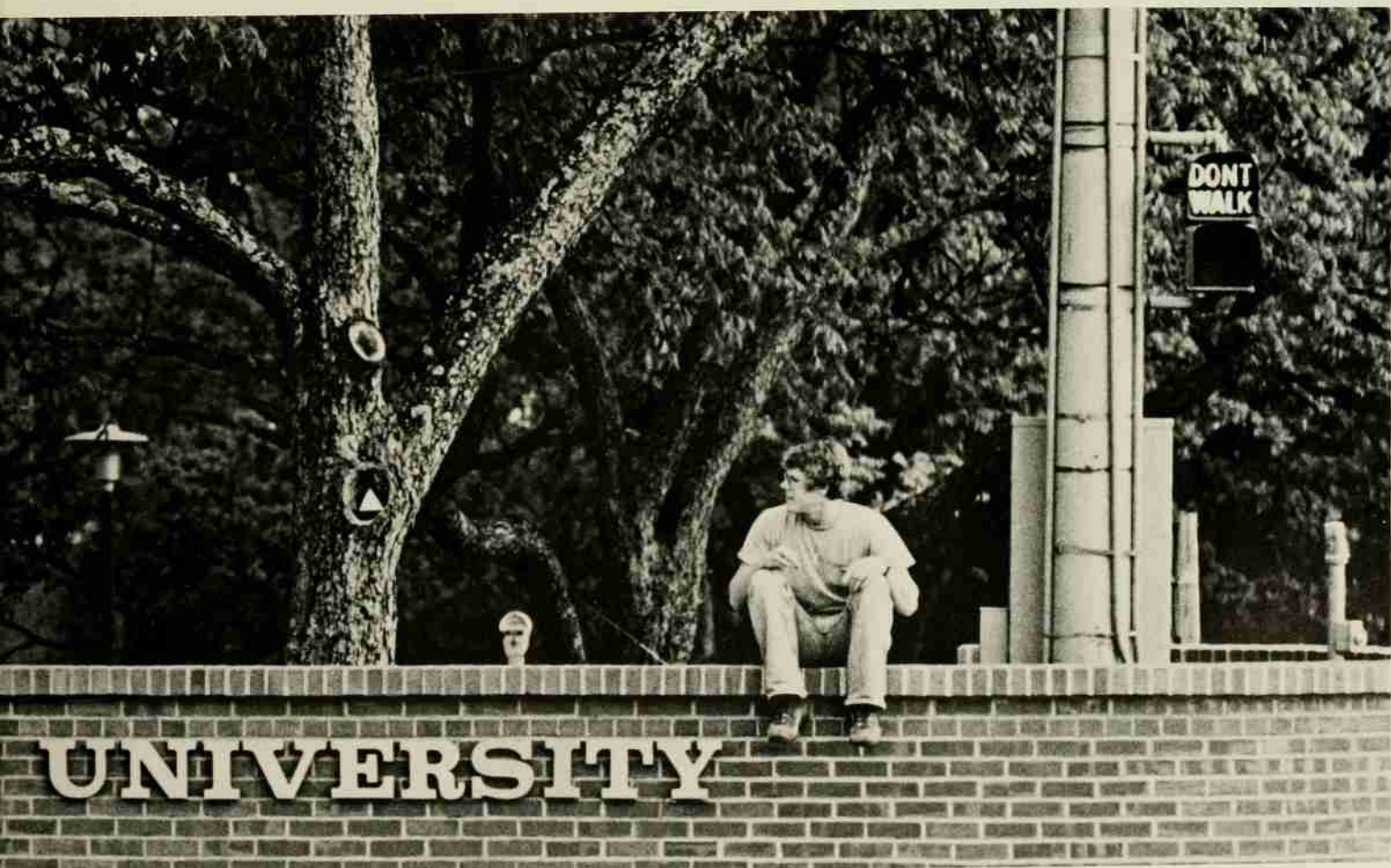
Just once I'd like to see my professor enter yawning, bleary-eyed, and rumped. But starched, alive, and crackling, he comes stepping down the hall, opens the door, and prepares for his class. I struggle to my feet, slip into a front desk (because if I sit in the back I can with easier conscience go back to sleep), open my notebook, and begin.

Good Morning! (sic)





NORTH CAROLINA STATE



7:00 AM: Oh, God, no. Not yet. You'd better. OK, go piss. Umm. That's better. Cold this morning. Get back in the bed...snuggle up a minute. Just three minutes. God, she's warm...can't get close enough...fine ass...just three minutes. What was that dream? You were waiting for a train, and ...

7:36 AM: Oh my god! How long did it jump; get up! Time: oh, shit. I was going to grade a few more quizzes. Too late now. Wake Helen, let her help. "Come on, Love: time to get up. I overslept." Well, hell, let her sleep. It's your problem anyway, not hers. Shower. No — coffee first. Hmm. We should have a houseboy to wake us with coffee and breakfast in the morning. Cigarette. Where are matches? Hell, use the stove. Gas, you're wonderful...Quit walking in circles. Where am I? Naked in a fog, dumbass. Move it! Shower. Shave.

8:08 AM: That's better. How long did you stand in there? Hmm, 8:08. You'll never make it in time to get a parking place. Coffee's ready. Helen's up. "Hey, I was going to let you sleep. But thanks. I'm late." Coffee, beautiful coffee. Now go dress. Your heart seems to be working...

8:38 AM: Car won't start. That's all I need! Battery. Where's the last — oh, that got it! Better check your battery today. Sure, along with everything else. Those kids are going to be pissed not to get mid-terms back today. You've had the papers a week now. Maybe I can do some between 10:00 and 12:00. Get all of them back on Friday. OK. But wait. What have you got today? Academic Standards Committee at 2:00. Pointless, no doubt. Busywork. Jordan coming by for advice about grad school at 10:15. Somebody else wanted to see you...who? Oh, that one who sits by the window in your 12:00 class. Name is either Lacy or Luther. If they'd come by more often, or speak up in class more often, you'd know all their names.

This is the longest stoplight in Raleigh. Try a different way tomorrow. You wouldn't be impatient if you hadn't overslept. Move it, Lady! Asleep at the wheel.

What else? No time for anything now. First things first. What are we doing at 9:00? "Self-Reliance." That ought to turn them on. Hell, if they had to read about it, Raquel Welch nude in a waterbed wouldn't turn them on. They'd say it wasn't real...or, they couldn't identify with it...or, the sentences were too long...the words too big...it was too deep. Well, Emerson is difficult, I guess. So go in and translate. What else?

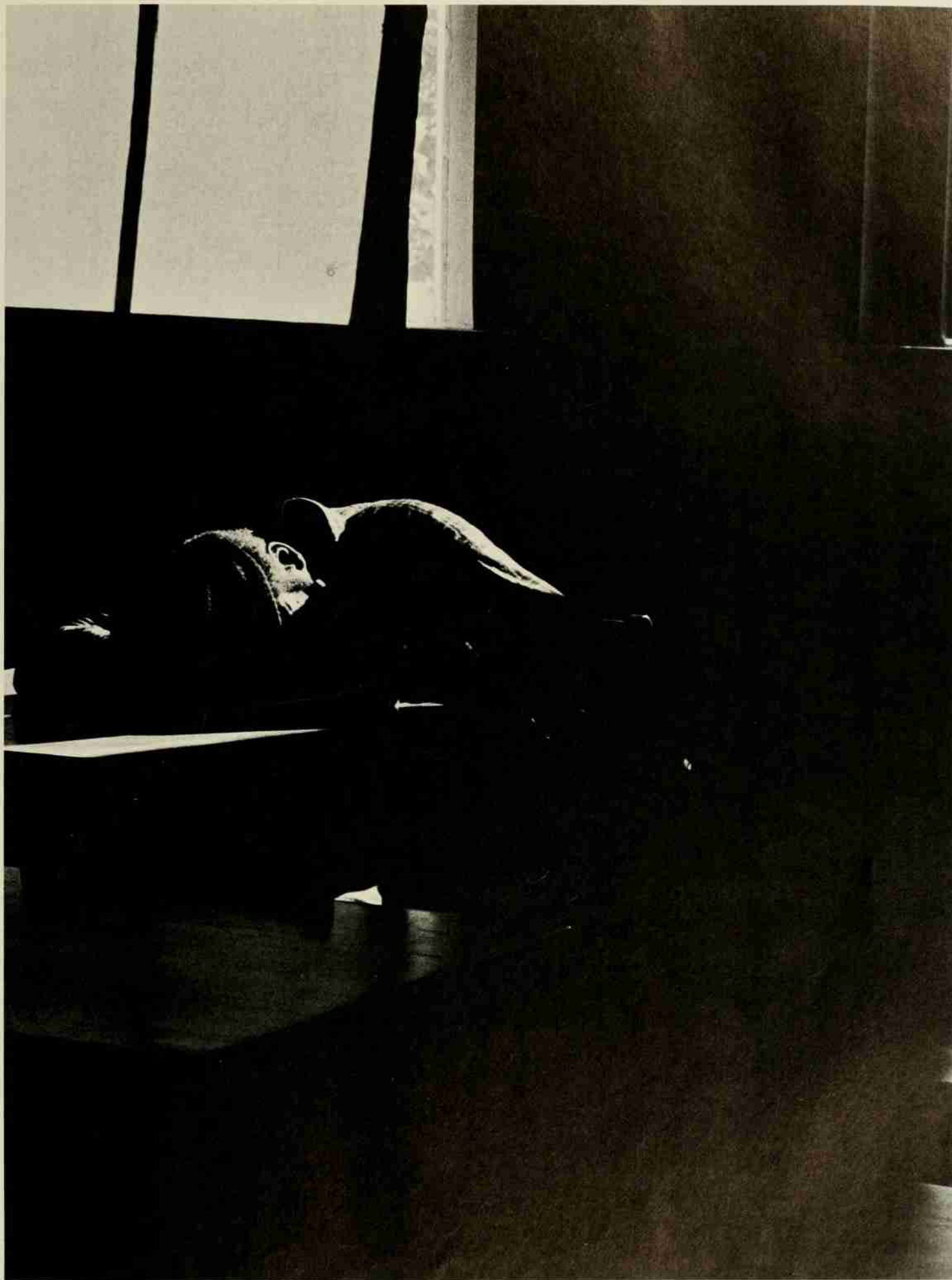
8:55 AM: I knew I wouldn't find a place around here. Don't fuss. Go to Riddick. Why the hell won't they read this stuff? Because you're a pushover. You don't make them do it. You're too damn lazy to give pop quizzes; you don't embarrass them with direct questions; you don't yell enough. Why should I make myself a bastard just to get them to do what they should be doing for themselves? Forget it. You won't change and they won't change. Accept it and work with your givens. Work on positive motivation. They want to act helpless: see if you can make me do what I haven't the will to do on my own. If you can, you're a good teacher; if you can't, a pushover. Won't play that game.

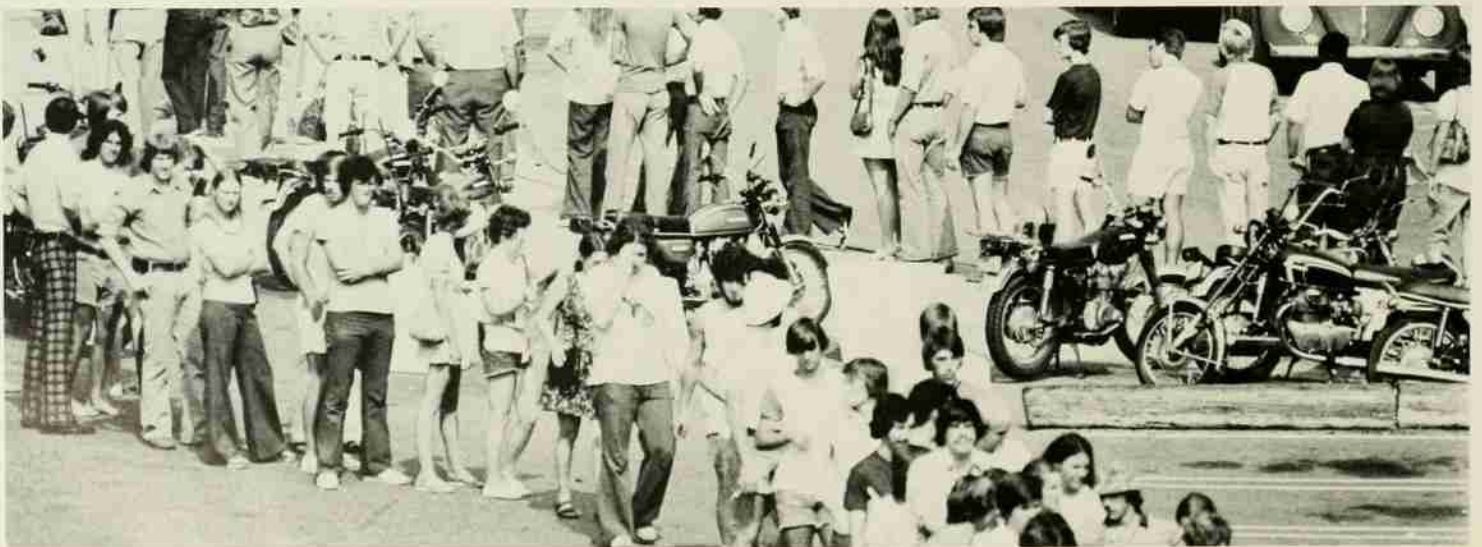
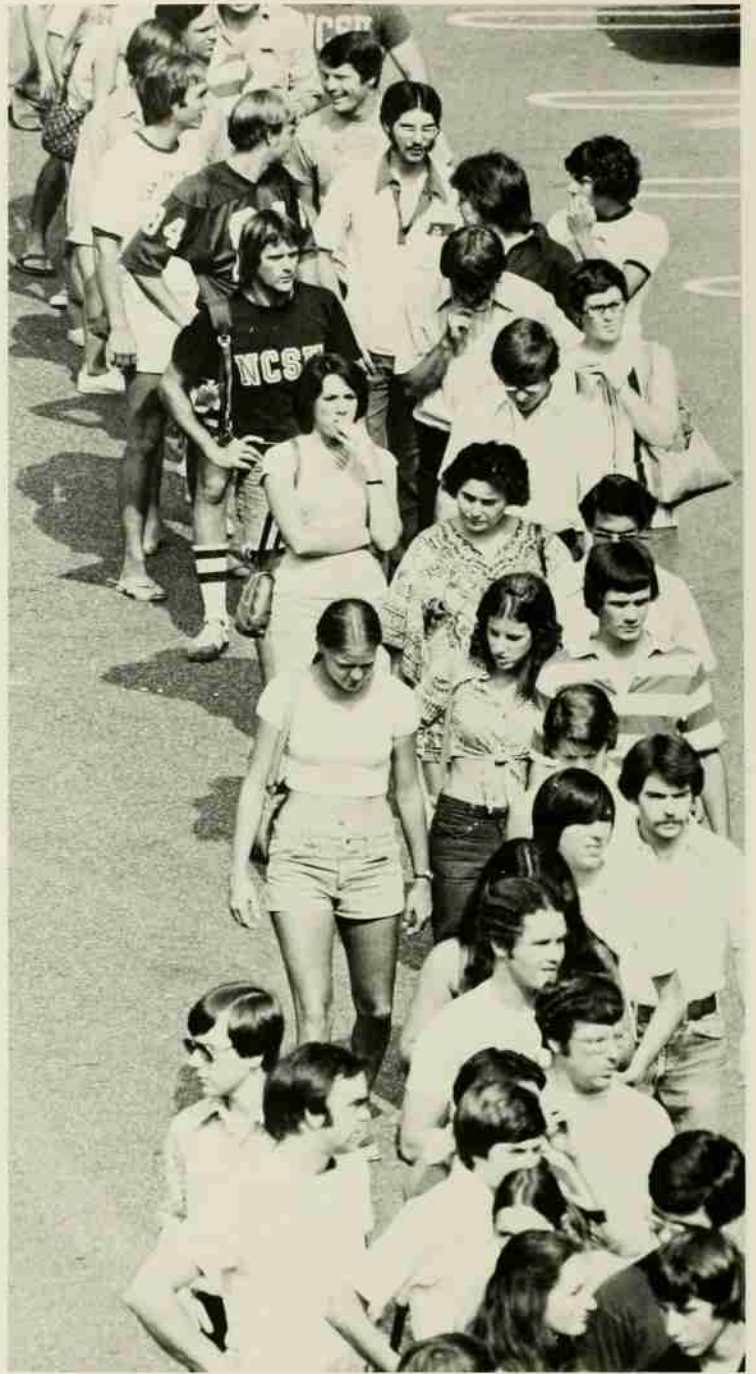
9:02 AM: Finally. Where the hell is Sam? He's here, anyway. Did he plug in the coffeepot? Yeah, yeah, yeah. A little coffee, a short smoke, and then into the breach to counter ignorance with Emerson. What kind of weapon is that? Water against a sword. Water wins. Notes. Look over notes. Calm down. Plenty of time. Deep breath. Settle in. Emerson...

9:09 AM: OK. Clear your head for a minute. Amm. Amm. Amm.

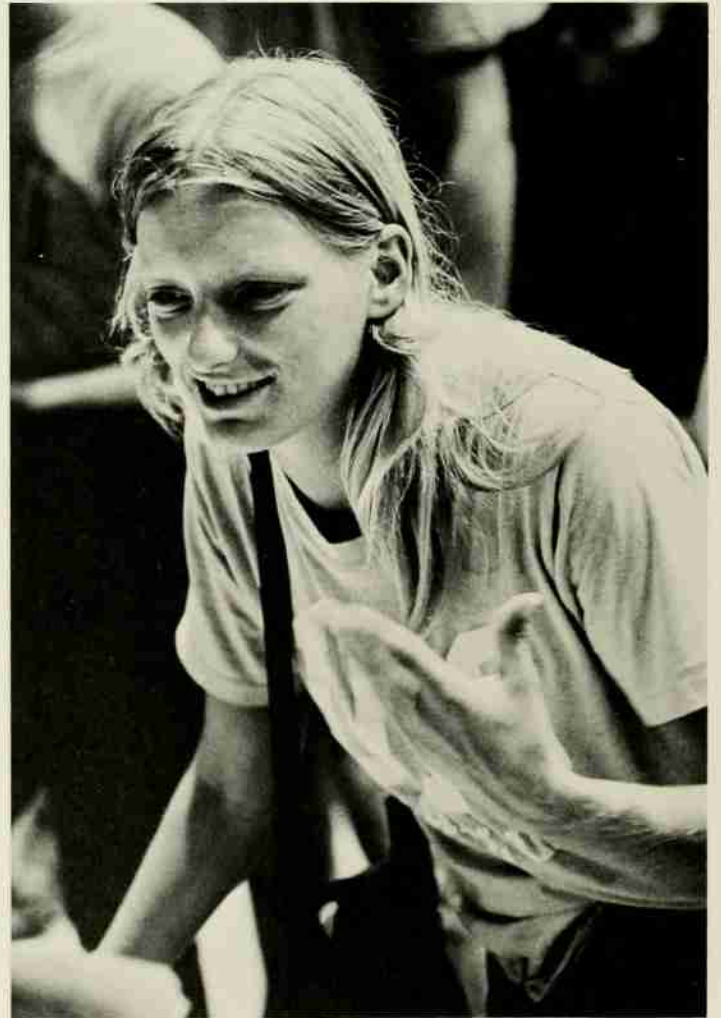
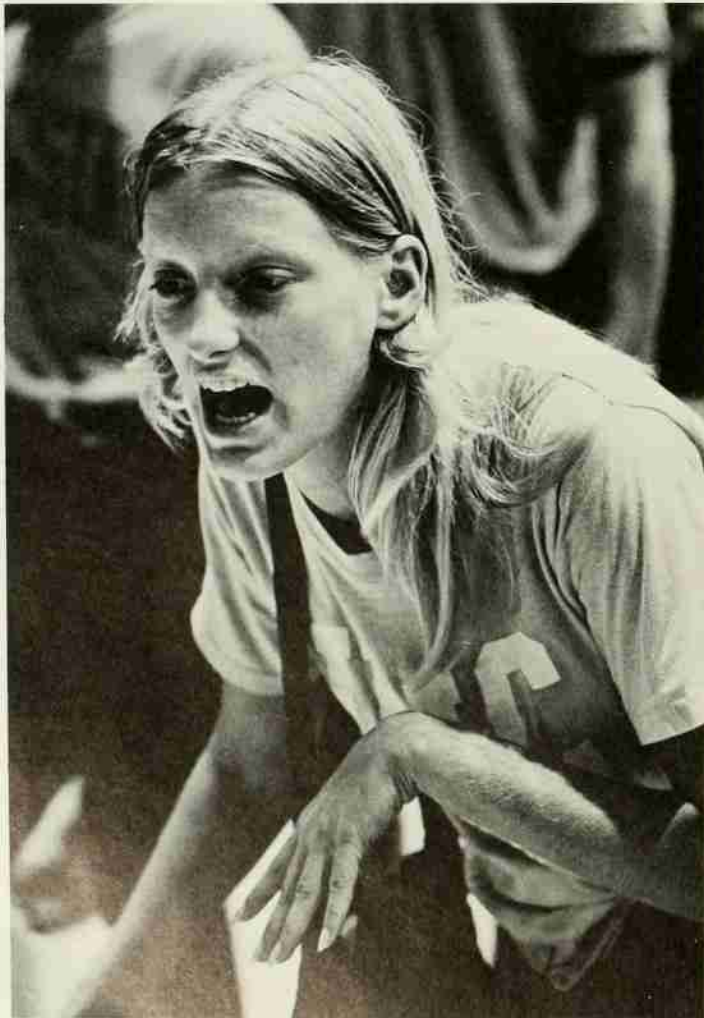
9:10 AM: Go meet those cheery faces. Now... "Good Morning."

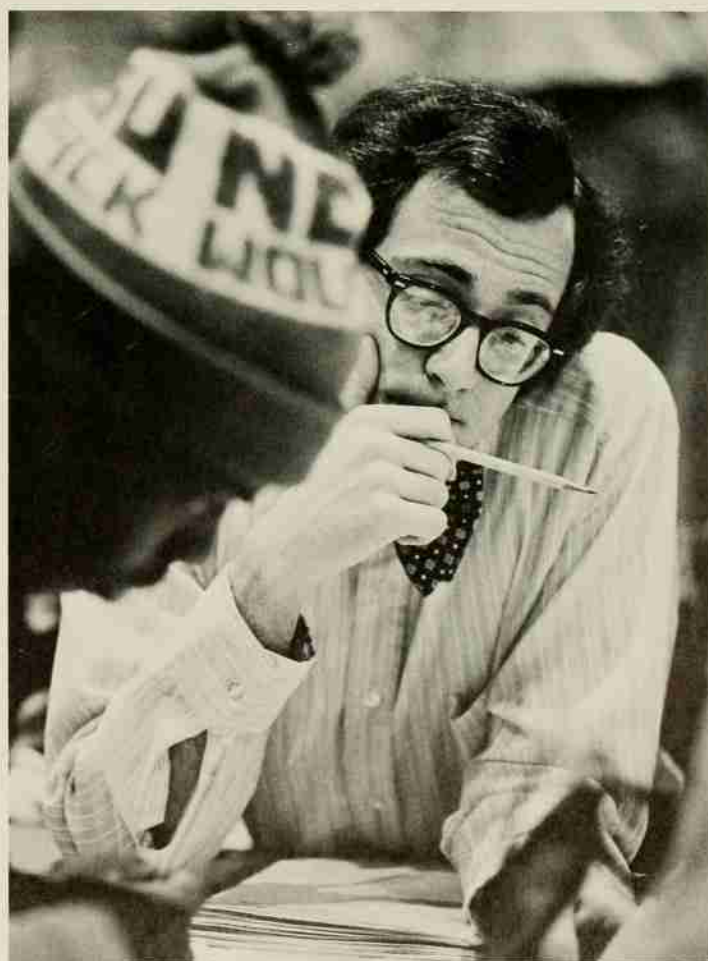
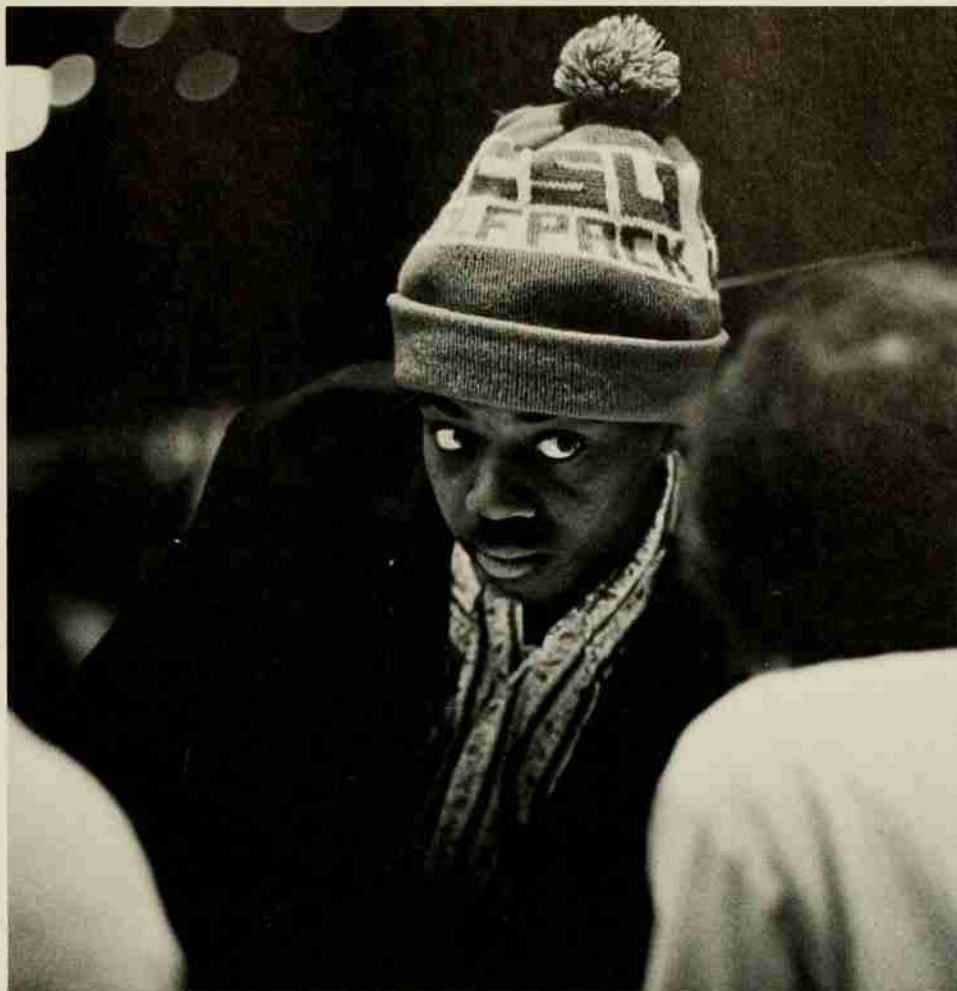




















$\rho + f_{as}$ Alumina
Al

composite $\frac{E_c}{l_c} = E_c$ 36.5%

10 cm
3.65%

The diagram shows a grid representing a composite material. A horizontal line passes through the grid, with several circular shapes representing fibers or particles. Some of these circles are shaded or have internal patterns. To the right of the grid, there are several circles and mathematical symbols, including a plus sign and the letter 'E'. A line points from the text 'composite' to the grid.



Higher education.

It simultaneously draws avid praise and acid criticism. What is it? What should it be? Where is it taking us? All are valid, seemingly perpetual, and certainly difficult questions. And all prompt a plethora of widely diverse answers.

Much of the self-examination of higher education from within, and criticism of it from both within and without, stems from the fact that the old adage of past years, "if you want to get a good job, you've got to go to college," simply is not as much a truism as it once was.

Not nearly as much.

And it is not only the liberal arts graduates, traditionally a group for whom teaching their major is the only option, for whom a degree does not guarantee employers-in-waiting from which to choose.

No, today even those who attain degrees in natural sciences—ask someone who graduated in biology or geology last year how many job offers he or she had—or even the traditionally job-solid areas such as civil and chemical engineering do not breeze into the fat contract with the big company. Indeed, increasing numbers of these "marketable" graduates are finding themselves with no job offer of any sort in their field, leaving them the alternative of hustling for work in the

"blue collar" job market, or perhaps going on to graduate school.

Obviously, many graduates who find themselves in this position, regardless of what their degree is in, wonder why they spent the time, effort and money to gain a diploma. What, some bitterly ask, is the value of a framed piece of paper? Why not frame a paper towel? What would the difference be?

It is impossible to blame those who feel this way. They were told all of their lives that if they wanted to get ahead, if they wanted to get a good job, if they wanted to attain "success," they would have to study hard and get that college degree. It comes, you know, complete with two cars, a big house, flashy clothes, good Scotch and a weekend retreat in the country.

And therein lies the problem.

Over a period of years, people have actually come to believe that college is a rainbow and a degree its pot of gold. More significantly, many feel that the purpose of a college education—the only purpose—is as a conduit for attainment of financial security.

Such is a perversion of the purpose a university once did, and should always, serve. If one's only interest in education is the financial rewards it theoretically will offer, then that individual should

enroll in a trade school or technical institute. The purpose of institutions of that nature is not to educate, per se, but to train in a specific field, exclusive of anything unrelated to that specialized area of study. And that is not to frown upon technical institutes, for they perform a valuable service in producing skilled people who may consequently support themselves and their families through honest, meaningful labor.

So what is the purpose of a university if not to serve as a sort of hybrid trade school?

Simply stated, the purpose of a university is to educate human beings, and here it is important to differentiate between the terms "education" and "training."

"Training" is described in prior paragraphs. "Education" defies definition in any but a partial fashion. But the difference in concept can be grasped.

In the lengthy interviews John Caldwell granted the "Technician" for a special issue marking his retirement, this subject of broad education versus narrow training came up, and the former chancellor offered food for thought on the matter; excerpts from that conversation follow:

There are some things I feel about higher education in general that are applicable here and I wish from time to time that I felt more adequate to deal with them. I wish I could make more impact on it.

We've made some move in that direction in the Division of University Studies. It is a creature of some of these feelings that I have. I think university graduates, regardless of the field of interest they graduate in, should have much more understanding of the world, the society, than they do and ought to care a little bit more.

People bring their own lives to a campus. They have career interests or things they are interested in and we don't really . . . there's no way in the world to make people be interested in something that they are not interested in.

You can put a little salt there, like in the old

saying "you can feed a horse salt and make him want to drink." Well I am not quite sure how a big diverse campus that offers over 2,000 different courses, has over 75 bachelor's degrees and 50 some odd masters degrees and 40 PhD programs and varying degrees of specialization and so forth . . . I never have known how we could achieve this business of having a university graduate coming out of here with a bachelor's degree and really having some sort of a feeling about the Far East, the world food problem, really comprehending a little bit more of the energy problem and not taking a short sighted view of it . . . Feeling some real responsibility for making the democratic process work, being concerned.

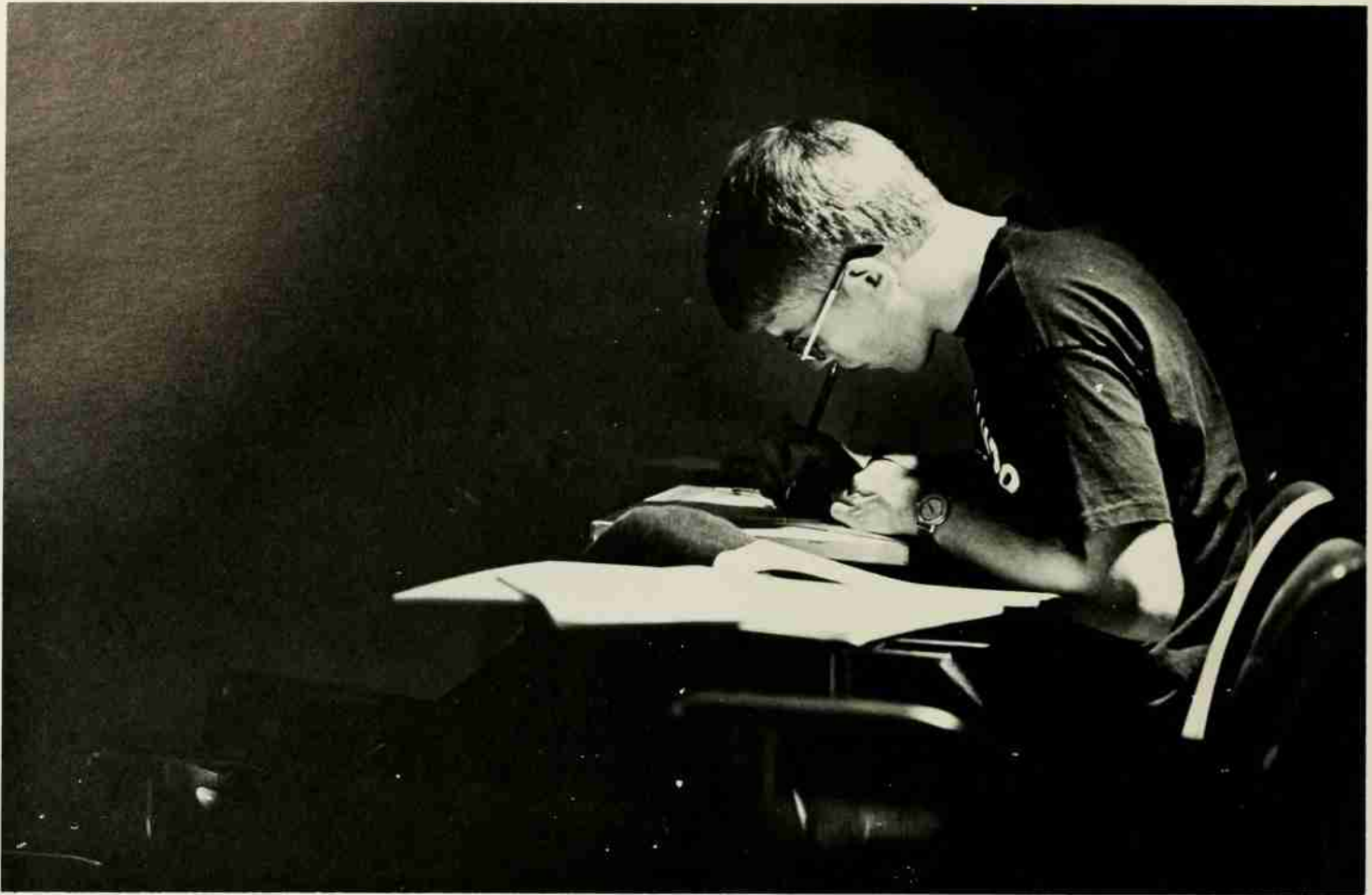
Well this is a kind of frustration I feel about higher education.

I just think that maybe we still have too much specialization . . . no, we don't have too much specialization, I believe in specialization, but I believe that right along side that specialization there ought to be more impact of the other fields of knowledge. And I apply this both ways; I think the student of English literature can be as narrow as a student in Nuclear Physics. And I think the ignorance of the typical liberal arts person about science and technology is sometimes more dangerous than the general ignorance, if you want to call it that, or lack of exposure, of so many of the scientists and technologists to the humanistic and social science side.

I think we're always talking about the liberally educated person as if we wanted to make every engineer a liberally educated person and we talk about that so much that we forget that we have a lot of so called liberal arts graduates who are just unrealistic and far too ignorant of the world of science and technology.

They either expect too much of it and sometimes they fear it and sometimes they misjudge it completely far more than the people





in the sciences and technology who also know what ought to be feared and what ought not to be feared about the sciences and technology. But here you have all these other folks over here who make great judgments and great announcements about it and are just as prejudiced as the dickens about it but don't know anything about it. I have hoped that our Division of University Studies in a small way could broaden these comprehensions and bridge over some of these cleavages but I don't think we work hard enough at it and it's very difficult to get your hands on it.

One of the things I like about the kind of campus we have here is that we have the opportunity, whether we take full advantage of it or not, students or anybody else, for these two cultures to be in contact. I wonder how we can do it more . . .

Perhaps the most singularly significant statement made by Caldwell in that discourse was ". . . I believe in specialization, but I believe that right along side that specialization there ought to be more impact of the other fields of knowledge . . ."

That, in a handful of words, spells out the difference between "education" and "training," the reason why inter-departmental academic requirements should be at least maintained, indeed, if not increased, and finally, what the purpose of a university education is beyond its job/money oriented aspects.

It is important to note here that this is not a denouncement of those job/money oriented aspects of higher education just discussed. That part of it is real, necessary, and appropriate.

Moreover, those who feel that anyone who comes here should do so purely and totally for a "learning experience" in disregard of any career interest are just as narrow and wrong-headed as those who are their antithesis.

It comes down to this: the shift in emphasis, at least since the late 1940s, in higher education has been towards the "training" aspects. The pendulum should swing back more towards the "education" aspects, though not to extremes that neglect realism in terms of future employment.

A balance must be struck . . .





HEY, MAN! LIKE, I HEAR
YALL ARE LOOKIN' FOR SOMEONE
TO, LIKE, WALK THROUGH YOUR
PAGES. YA KNOW? WELL, IT'S LIKE
THIS, MAN... I'M IT, YA KNOW?
LIKE, I COULD REALLY TURN
PEOPLE IN TO WAB HAPPENING.
IT WOULD BE REALLY ORGANIC!



1

AWWWW, MAN!! DON'T YOU
TURKEYS PAY NO MING TA
DAT SIVE. WHAT YOU NEED
IN YOUR BOOK IS CLASS.
MAN. YOU NEED A
BLUTHA! DIG?



2

CLASS IS OK, BUT
COOL IS BETTER. PRAT
PRAT'S ARE COOL. TAKE
IT EASY!



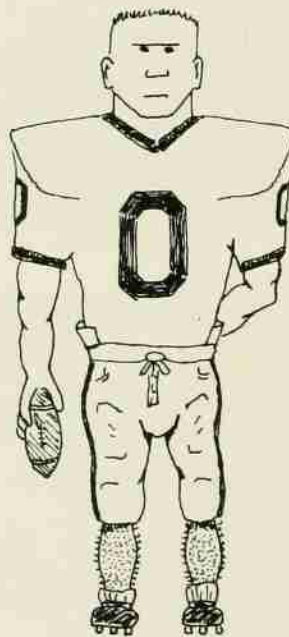
3

HI YA, FELAS! THE NAMES
COOLIGE... JOE COOLIGE
I DON'T REPRESENT ANY
OF THE GROUPS ON CAMPUS
LIKE THESE GUNS. THAT'S
WHY I'M YOUR MAN.
WHAT SAY, HUH?



4

SURE TING, COACH.



0

WHO DO YOU
THINK IT WILL
BE? DYING TO
FIND OUT? ...
JUST FOLLOW THE
FOOTPRINTS.



July

1

Jackson Rigney, Dean of International Programs, becomes acting Chancellor upon John T. Caldwell's resignation.
Kay Yow begins work as State's Coordinator of Women's Athletics.

August

19

The UNC system files a 140-page report with HEW denying charges of "foot-dragging" with regards to desegregation and UNC's plan to locate its new veterinary school at State rather than predominantly black A&T University in Greensboro.

25

Registration Day. A record enrollment with HEW denying charges of shortage and class scheduling problems. Bars are jammed.

26

Change Day. Over 5,000 students, another record, express dissatisfaction with their class schedules by attempting (somewhat hoplessly) to have them rearranged.

27

First Day of Classes.

28

Neighbor's of Charlie Goodnight's Saloon file a complaint, centered around "those State College boys who come over here and get boozed up and then...break bottles in the street, and go to the bathroom in public view," according to the group's spokesman.

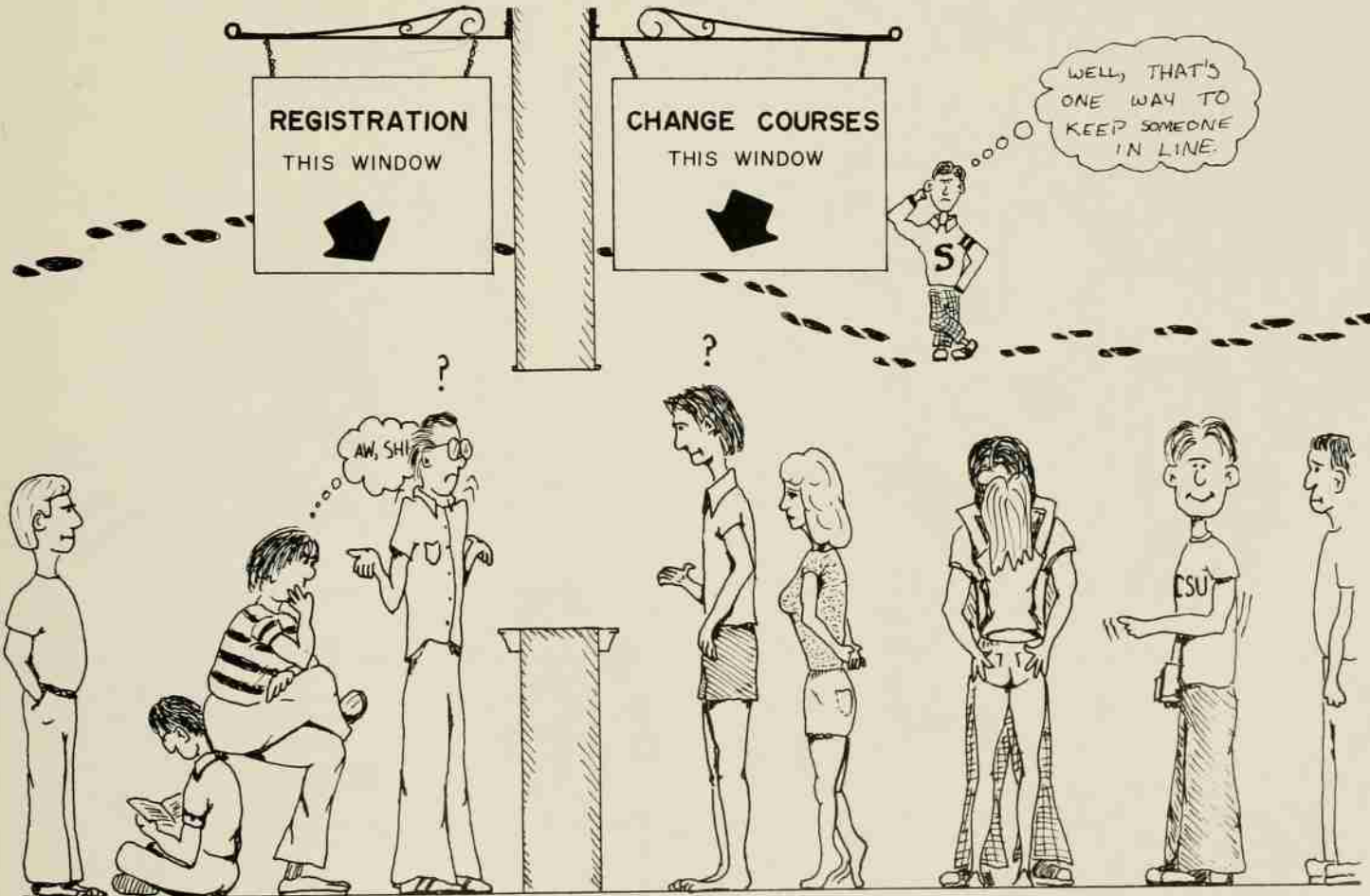
September

3

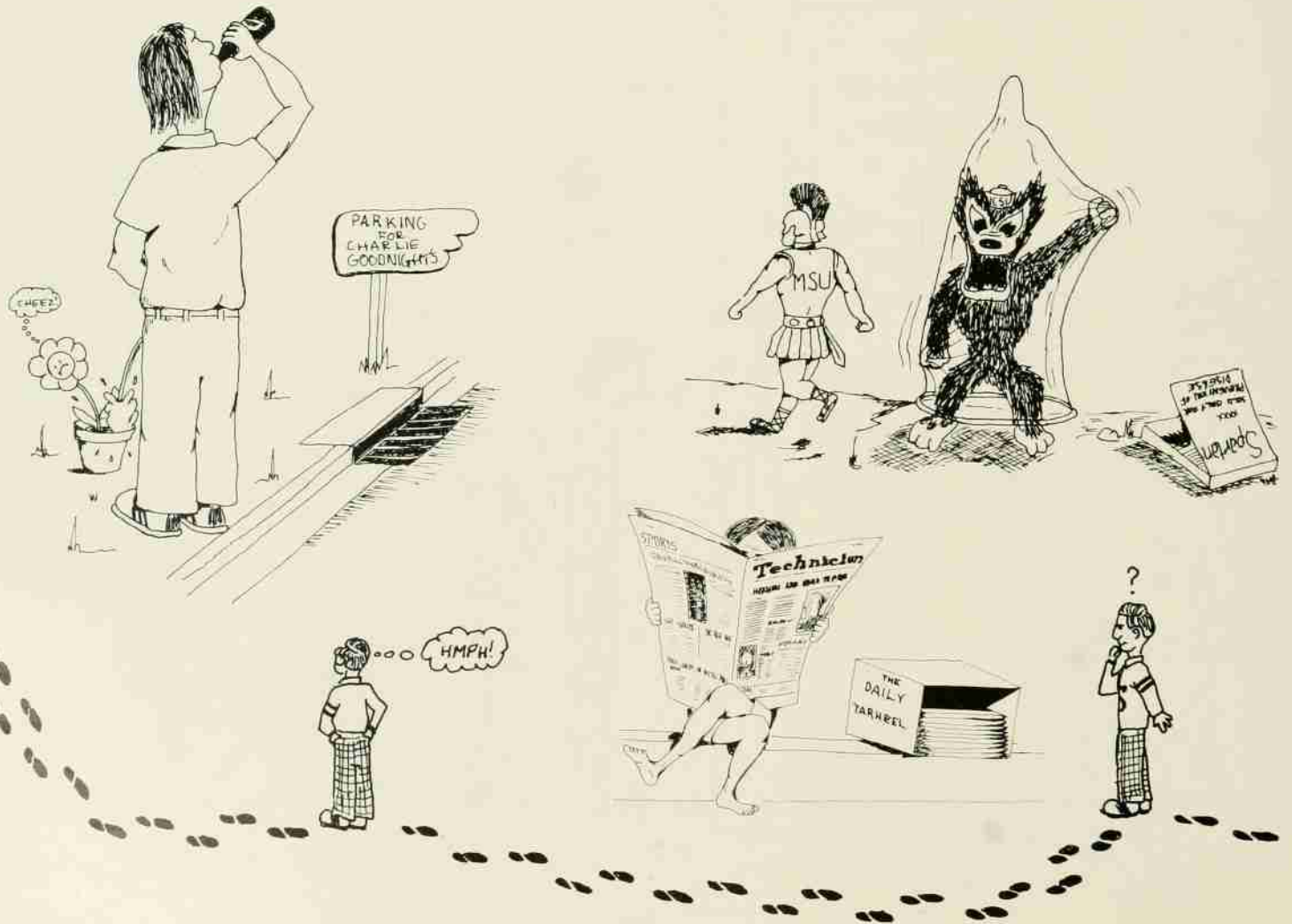
Fire does \$500 damage to Room 505-C Lee.

6

Football team defeats ECU, 26-3, in Carter Stadium.



- 8** Twenty-thousand copies of the Technician are distributed on the campus at UNC in Chapel Hill as UNC's newspaper, The Daily Tarheel, ceases publication due to a fund cutoff by UNC's student government.
- 9** Daily Tarheel resumes publication as UNC student government member Mike O'Neal backs down and releases funds.
- 12** Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz visits State's student government treasurer.
- 13** Wake Forest upsets State in football, 30-22.
- 18** Patty Hearst arrested in San Francisco after outwitting the FBI for 19 months.
- 19** Agromeck 1974-75 is a hit as 8,000 copies run out in 2 days. A reprint is called for.
- 20** Wolfpack upsets 13th ranked Florida, 8-7, in Carter Stadium. One week prior to the official announcement, a board of Trustees member leaks the name of Joab Thomas as the recommended new Chancellor.
- 26** UNC President William Friday announces that Joab Langston Thomas does indeed have his recommendation to succeed John T. Caldwell as Chancellor. The UNC Board of Governors unanimously approves in a special meeting in Stewart Theatre.
- 27** Michigan State embarrasses the Wolfpack, 37-15, on regional TV.
- 28** Members of the Campus Crusade for Christ refute criticism of their operating practices, made by three University Chaplains in a signed letter to the Technician.
- 30** Ali overcomes near exhaustion for Christ refute criticism of their in 14 rounds in Manila.



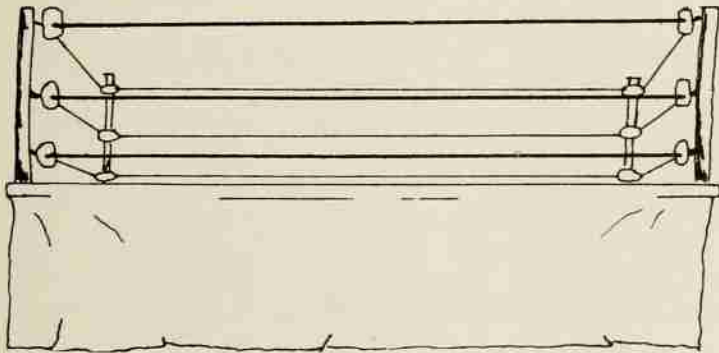
October

- 2 UNC President Friday travels to Washington to meet with HEW officials in the ongoing dispute over the location of UNC's new Vet School. HEW reverses its position, accepting the UNC plan.
- 3 N.C. State celebrates the 86th anniversary of its founding.
- 6 Fights break out as students scramble for tickets to the October 18 Jogger Robert Ramsey, a math professor, is arrested while attempting to run rings around the State football team.
- 11 Maryland defeats Pack, 37-22, in College Park.
- 18 State tops Heels, 21-20, as UNC goes for two and fails with 12 seconds remaining.
- 25 Pack demolishes Clemson 45-7.
- 31 Halloween. Also last day to drop a course. Trick or treat!

November

- 1 Homecoming. State edges South Carolina 28-21, scoring with nine seconds on the clock. Homecoming Queen becomes "Leader of the Pack", and the two winners, decidedly male, receive a silver tray in commemoration.
- 4 James Wallace, an Associate Professor at State, is elected Mayor of Chapel Hill.
- 5 Randy Hester, an Assistant Professor at State, is elected Mayor on the Raleigh City Council.
- Charges against insistent jogger Robert Ramsey are dropped.

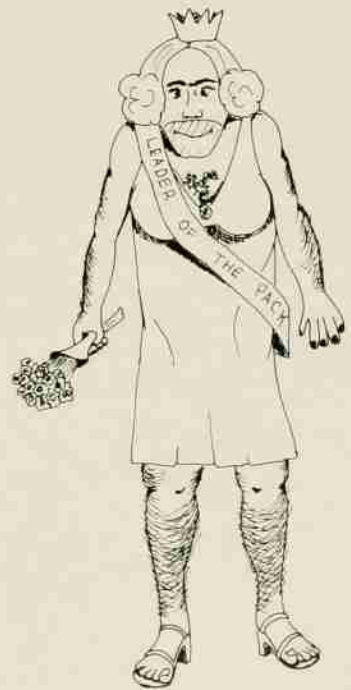
LINE STARTS HERE
FOR
CAROLINA GAME
TICKETS



I THINK
I'LL WATCH
IT ON TV.



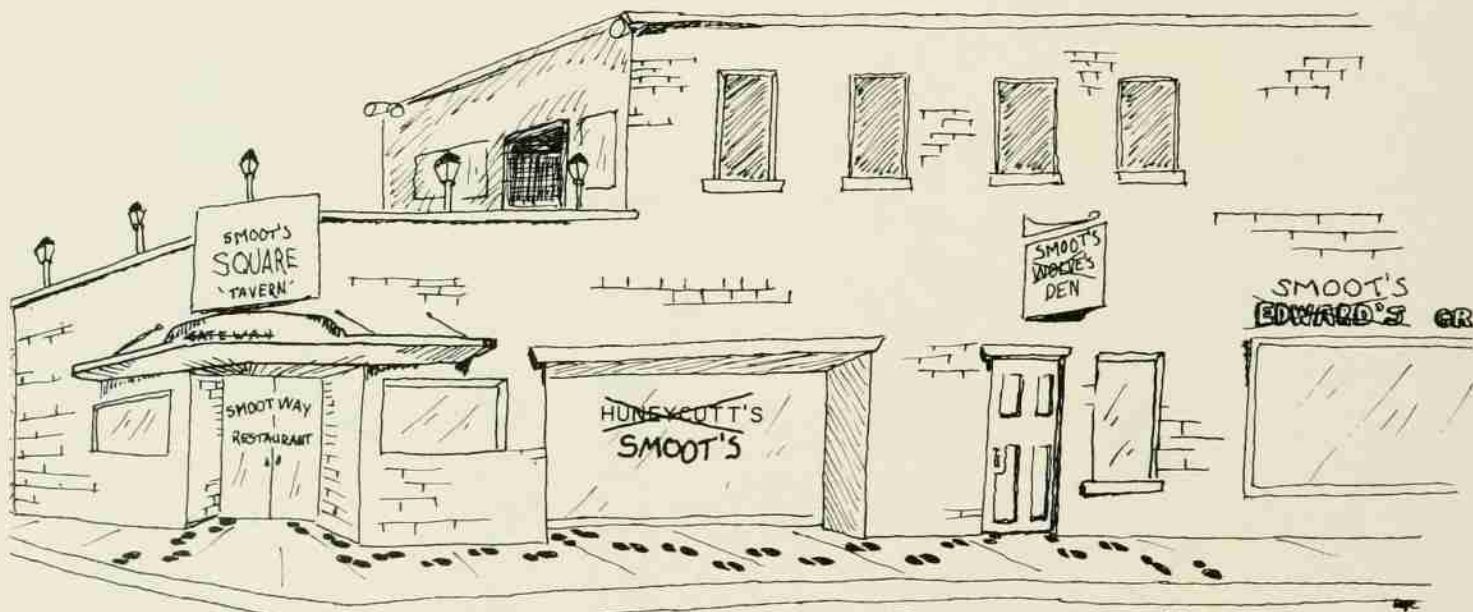
I THINK
I'LL GO ON
TO THE NEXT
PAGE.



8 N.C. State 15, Penn State 14.
 12 Singer Janis Ian dazzles at Stewart Theatre.
 15 State, Duke tie 21-21. Pack receives invitation to Peach Bowl nonetheless.
 18 Annual Paper Airplane Contest held in Student Center lobby.
 22 Surprise snow flurries — a little excitement before exams.

December

1 Edward's Grocery, the last business remaining in the Hillsborough Street building purchased two years ago by businessman David Smoot, follows the Wolves' Den and Huneycutt's in being forced to close due to large rent increases imposed by Smoot. No plans are announced for the vacated areas.
 5 Last Day of Classes.
 8 Exams begin.
 17 Holiday begins (officially).
 29 Wolfpack Club purchases College Inn Motor Lodge for \$1,255,000. The facility will eventually be used to house athletes.
 31 Comeback effort fruitless as West Virginia tops Pack in Peach Bowl, 13-10.



5 Col. Edwin Jones, commander of the N.C. Highway Patrol, is clocked by one of his own troopers at 69 m.p.h. in a 55 zone. He receives no ticket.

16 Leo Kottke concert. Bo Rein takes over.

23 Former President Nixon in China.

25 Barry Goldwater, on nationwide TV, suggests that if Nixon "wants to do this country a favor he might stay over there."

27 Player's Retreat celebrates its 25th anniversary.

28 Wolfpack wrestling team takes its first conference title ever, while the swimming team notches its sixth consecutive championship.

29 Aaron Copland conducts N.C. Symphony.

march

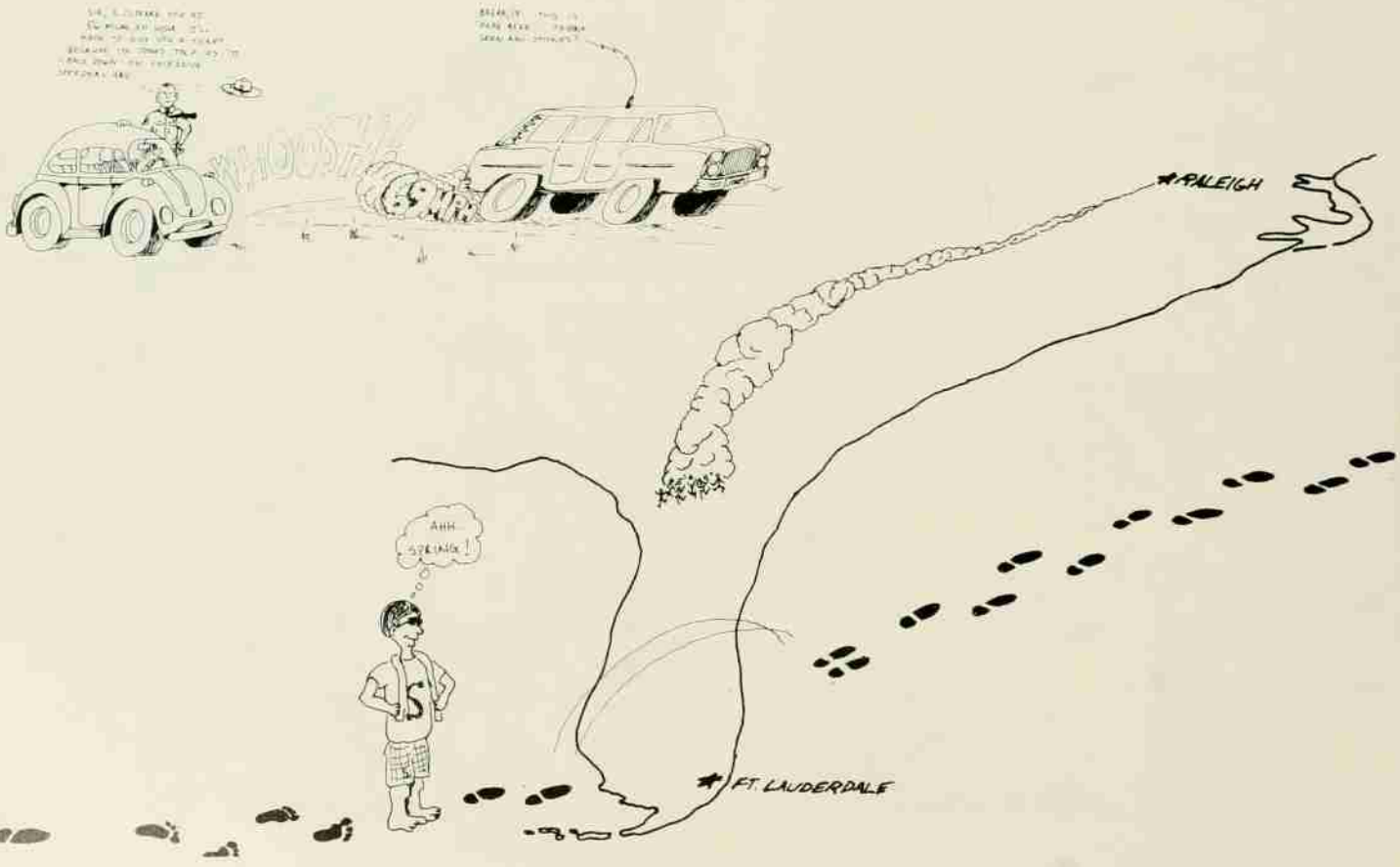
5 Spring Break begins. Campus resembles the opening sequence of the old television series "Rawhide."

15 Spring Break ends.

23 Ronald Reagan, Jimmy Carter win in N.C. Primary. Turning point for previously faltering Reagan candidacy.

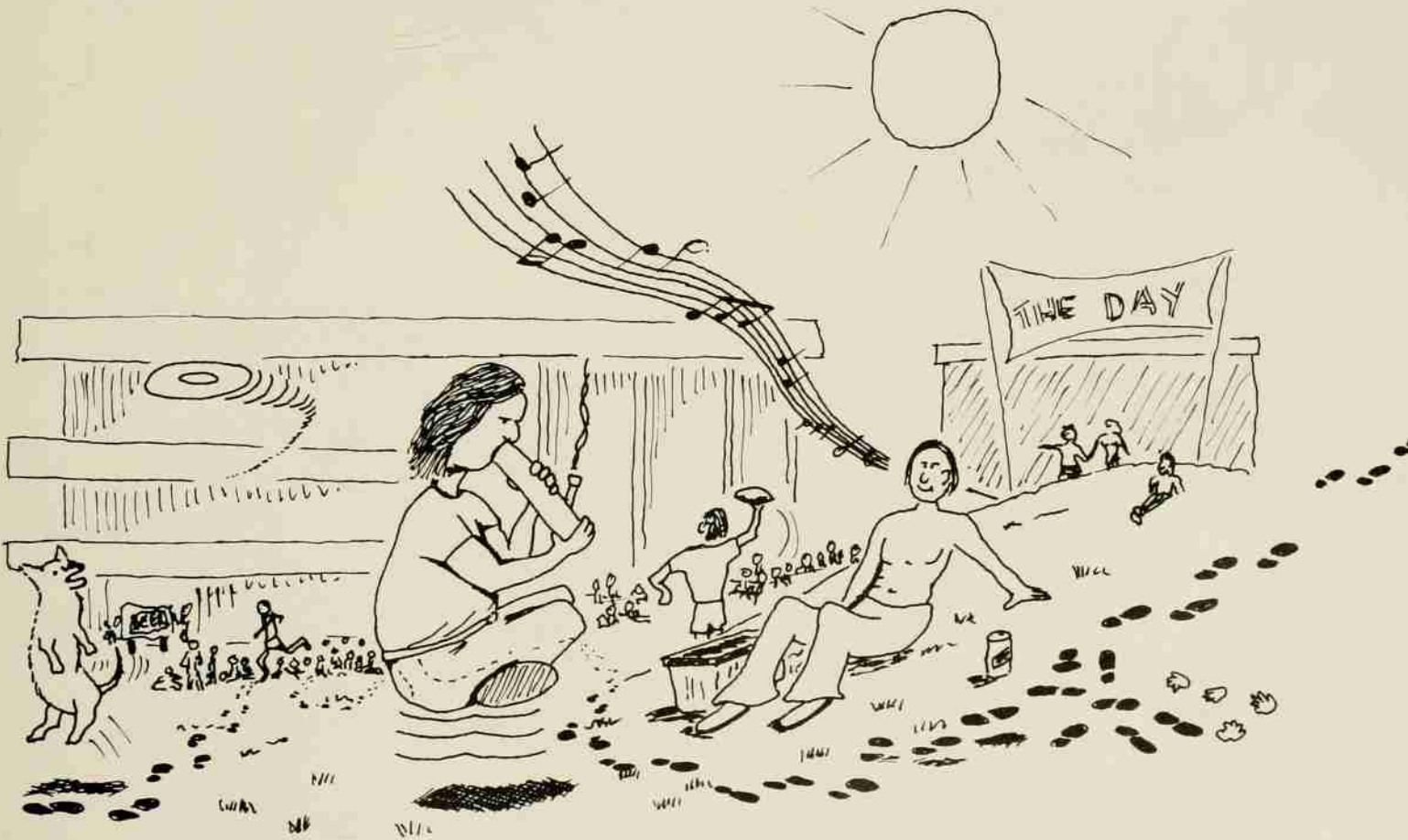
27 Swimmers place sixth in national meet in Providence, R.I.

31 Faculty Senate proposes shortening drop period to two weeks. Pan African Festival begins. Cleo Laine mesmerizes Stewart Theatre audiences.



April

- 1** 1,717 — about 10% — vote in Student Body elections. April Fool!
- 2** City loses in effort to acquire Pullen Park land for new Pullen Road bridge as judge Henry A. McKinnon dismisses condemnation suit.
- 7** Student Senate calls for boycott of classes in protest of Faculty Senate's proposed grading system changes.
- 8** Emmy Lou Harris rocks in Stewart Theatre.
- 11** Emergency meeting of Student Senate called to reconsider proposed boycott of classes attend anyway. Brickyard rally draws approximately 750.
- 13** Students attend anyway. Brickyard rally draws approximately 750.
- 17** Track team takes second in conference meet behind perennial champ Maryland.
- 24** An estimated 4500 celebrate The Day by absorbing liberal quantities of beer, sunshine, and music. Women's softball team takes State title, 11-7 over UNC-Greensboro.
- 25** A second straight(?) day of music and intoxicants of various sorts on the Court of North Carolina.
- 28** Chancellor Thomas approves new grading system featuring a four-week drop period and the return of the "D".
- 30** Last Day of Classes. 17,000 students crash and burn simultaneously.



may

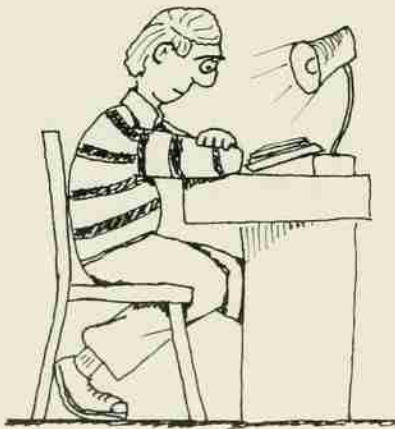
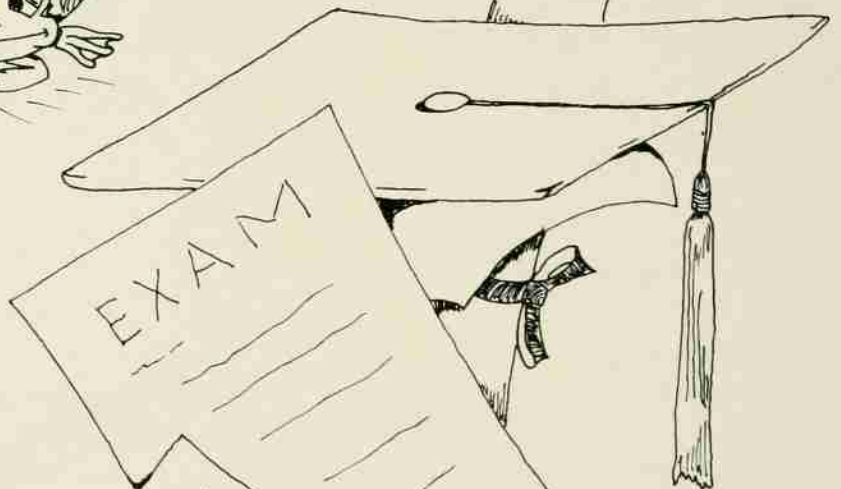
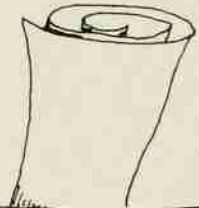
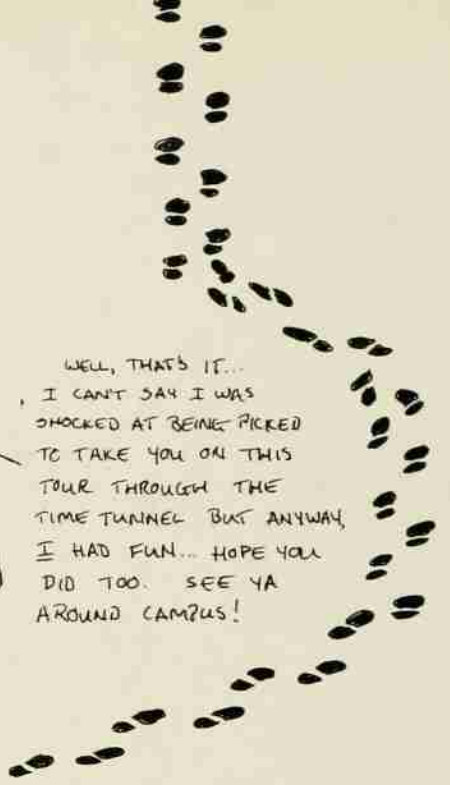
1 3-12 15

Governor's Frog Jump, Dorton Arena.
Exams, exams, exams.

Commencement. Graduation is called "commencement" because it marks the beginning of one's voyage through the "real world," but most remember it as the end of an incredibly eventful phase of life. Maybe we should start calling it "termination."

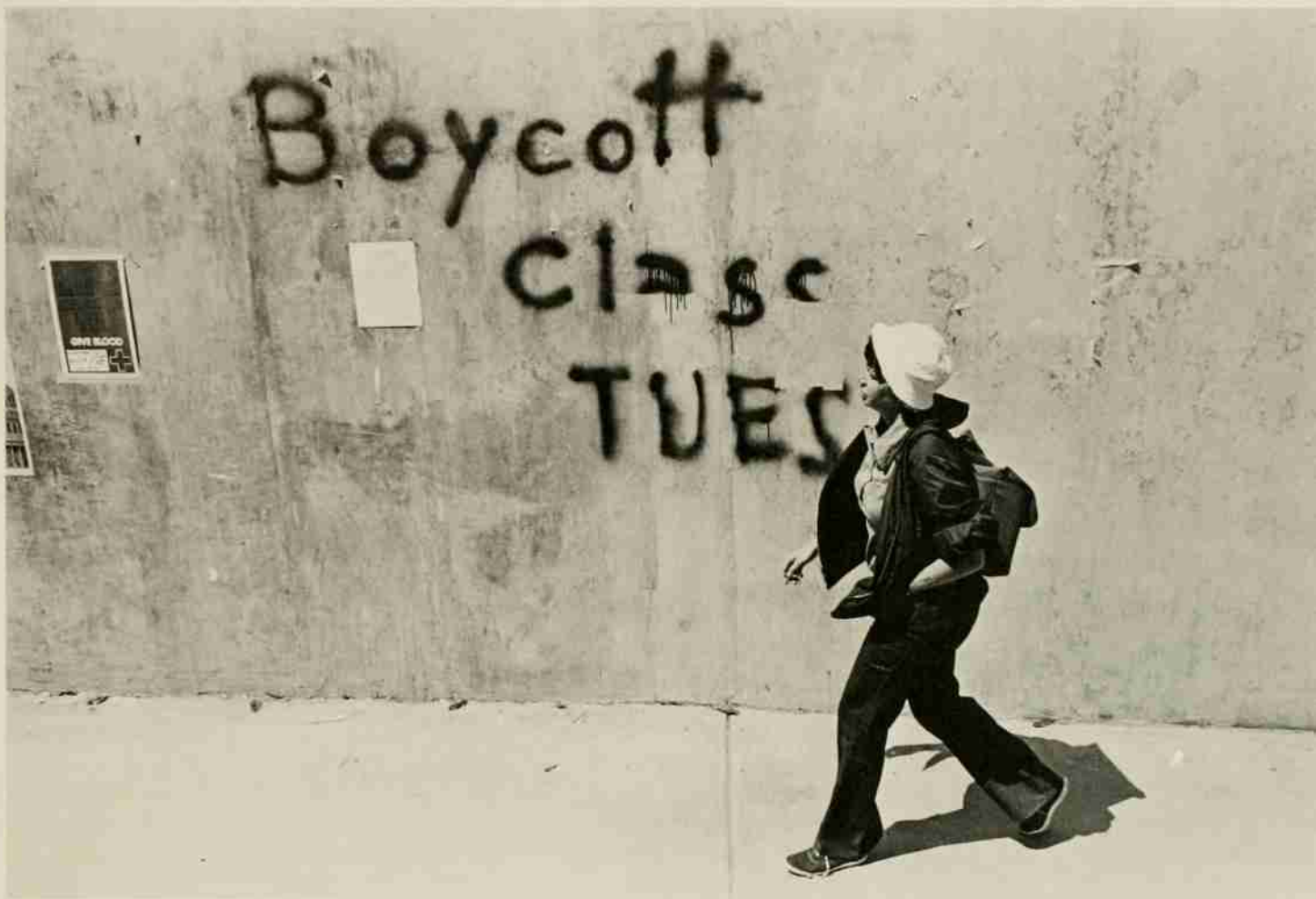


WELL, THAT'S IT... I CAN'T SAY I WAS SHOCKED AT BEING PICKED TO TAKE YOU ON THIS TOUR THROUGH THE TIME TUNNEL BUT ANYWAY, I HAD FUN... HOPE YOU DID TOO. SEE YA AROUND CAMPUS!



HOW WELL I REMEMBER!





During the course of the school year there occur any number of newsy events which serve to set that year in a class of its own and give it a distinction removed from mere academic pedantry and the pursuit thereof. These events though often quite dissimilar are at least marked by one familiar vein: idiocy and childishness. Filled with bombast, armed with ignorance, deadly with boredom and righteous administrators, teachers, and students rush into the fray each trying to descend to the lowest possible level of intelligence and rise to the highest possible level of foolishness. Since it is the same each year, we will scarcely bother to treat these petty tempests with anything more than a raised eyebrow, a fiendish smile, and a pen dipped in cow manure. We give you the news of our year.

the Leader(s) of the Pack . . .

I knew who had won the Homecoming Queen contest before they announced it at Carter Stadium that day.

I was in the dorm room trying to broil my turbot (purchased from the A&P at a nominal figure) and make some French Mashed Potatoes on the side when I took time out to switch on the television which my roommate had so thoughtfully brought to school with him.

The picture faded into view and the ABC man was telling me and the rest of the viewers at home to stick around for the halftime show. I turned the set off. So they had won.

A few days earlier I had found out no-one would

football games and cheerleaders and spirit contests. Give 'em hell, Old Men!

Where this whole thing really started was a couple of years ago when beauty contests started getting a bad name. After it first occurred to the Women's Lib people, a number of students really wondered what use it was to pick somebody who looked pretty to represent the school at Homecoming. After all, being beautiful shows nothing more than an accident of nature. Being more beautiful than another girl doesn't make a girl better than her or more qualified to represent the school or anything. Students looked hard at the contest.

Faster than a speeding ballot . . .

be told the results of the election for what had previously been called the Homecoming Queen before it was announced at the game. Nobody, that is except a few officials and ABC Television. ABC, you see, knew a good story when it saw one and was going to cover the entire halftime ceremony if the two old men won.

I figured that ABC's clumsy hint then, would be a fair indication of who the winner would be, and found out in a few seconds without turning my turbot or drying out my mashed potatoes. It pays to listen.

I also figured that that would be the end of the arguments about the Old Men's candidacy.

But alas, it had all just begun. It seemed that few of the people who had been doing the speculating on the merits of the question had speculated that the two people in the rubber masks would win.

Chief among the disparagers of the pair were the fraternities who had sponsored the lovely ladies who ran against the old men. It was unAmerican, they observed. These two were making a joke out of the whole thing. Sure, this was for fun in the first place, but not that kind of fun. There were some things that you just didn't joke at or make fun of. Just think how those girls must have felt, taking the time out to run and being sponsored by a frat, to lose to two men in rubber masks?

The freaks though it was hilarious. It served them right. This really showed how the school felt about

In order to save its ass as an institution and a tradition, the Homecoming Queen people started billing the contest not just as a prettiness competition, but also as a spirit and service contest. A girl did not have to be pretty. She should have done a lot to improve school spirit and be an all-around outstanding person. Of course they and everybody else knew that the prettiest ones would get the votes. They sat back and waited to see whether people had bought the argument or not.

They did. The Homecoming Queen contest continued and everything was all right again. For awhile. This year, though, it backfired. Two people (male) who had been appearing in old man masks, yelling their heads off and trying to get the crowds stirred up at the games heard the argument that it as a spirit, not beauty contest, and, therefore, decided to run.

The Homecoming Queen people were stumped. Either they were telling the truth about the spirit thing being the only criterion, in which case there was no earthly reason to keep these people from running, or they weren't. There was nothing to do but swallow hard and let them run.

When these people actually won the election (this, like the "man bites dog" stories, was one no

. . . more powerful
than an institution . . .

. . . able to leap good intentions in a single bound . . .

editor could resist), the reaction among some people was as if they had kidnapped and raped the other contestants, rather than merely beating them in an election.

The incident was the beginning of the end for the Homecoming Queen/Leader of the Pack contest, they said. The Old Men should be ashamed for doing that to all those nice girls. Not to mention that nice contest.

The implication was that the two had somehow tricked everybody, stolen the election, or otherwise done mean and nasty things. What few people commented upon was the fact that the students elected these people in a fair election.

The really strange thing was that the whole idea of running seems to have been a perfectly innocent one. Far from trying to bring the Homecoming Queen contest or even Football itself to its knees, these two appear to have been rabid fans and enthusiastic cheerleaders who just thought it would be nice to run, since it was a spirit contest.

So the cheerleaders flipped their hair off their shoulders and said they would have just died if it had happened to them. The freaks took another token and said that was really great; that would show the jocks. And the rest of us took a last look at the chapter in Stat we were supposed to read last night and turned to Page 3.

A Modest Proposal Concerning the Disposition & Ordering of Students Throughout University Residence Halls

The Administrative type folks at State U. seem to have decided—unilaterally—that it would be neat to make a dorm more than just a place to live. It all started about 1970 with the Living and Learning program for freshmen in Bowen Hall. Never mind that freshmen had been living and learning on their own since man first gathered together in universities. (And will continue to, since the process is inexorable, Programs Starting With Capital Letters Notwithstanding.)

But back to our story. Soon (1973) came Transition, again for freshmen, but this time with Becton-Berry-Bagwell Quad as venue. Participants join each other not only for extra-curricular activities, but for classes as well. They take special English and History course together. Sounds like high school.

Having taken care of the freshmen, our story now turns to another disadvantaged minority—International Students. Beginning this year, students who stood up when flags other than the Stars and Stripes pass by can go directly to Alexander Hall without passing anything while the University collected \$180 (American).

The trouble was, more than two-thirds of Alexander's population—most of them returnees from the previous year—is of domestic stock. The dorm officers were natives, as were all of the "old hands" at

planning and executing social functions. The International Students were just living where Residence Life put them.

Details will be spared here, but when the dust settled, incessant bickering and squabbling over the administration of such things as cookouts and dorm pinball machines had brought the resignation of Alexander's very fine Head Residence Counselor. He has been caught in the middle, between the residents' desires for a degree of control and self-determination, and the degree of Residence Life's determination to control the residents' desires. There's a lesson here, somewhere.

Being realistic, however, one must remember that desk jockeys all over the world—university administrators included, feel they must continually be doing new things to justify their existence. This being incontrovertible fact, the rational extension of all this nonsense is that at some point in the future there will be a program for every dorm and a dorm for every program.

The trend seems to be toward segregation of students by the types of activities they pursue or by the types of lifestyles they choose to lead. Fraternities and sororities are a case in point—and they are making a comeback after several years when their image was just not "in." And now even the jocks have their own place—a motel, no less.

Forthwith, a few ideas for dorm program which the administration will totally ignore. Remember, they feel they have to come up with their own ideas to justify those paychecks.

Going from west to east (as the world turns)

SULLIVAN—As Sullivan is already apparently inhabited largely by undomesticated fauna, concentrate all the beasts there. A convenient electrical switching station nearby can be tapped onto for an electrified barricade surrounding the area, to protect innocent West Raleighites.

LEE—Situated hard by Doak Field, "the greatest expanse of grass and sunshine between the Bragaw Snack Bar and the West Lot," Lee Hall is the perfect place for State's ever-improving crop of sun-bathers. Several good recruiting years have improved the quality and quantity of these ideological descendants of the Aztecs, so they deserve a place of their very own.

BRAGAW—Cross-shaped Bragaw Hall is the perfect place for all those Children of God who deign to enlighten our fair campus. Put the men in the north and the women in the south, and let them congregate in the middle and distribute literature to each other.

BOWEN & METCALF—These fortress-like towers shall be the safe retreat for those who refuse to give up their pre-college ways. You know the type. They would live at home if it were close enough. They have decided to try some alcoholic beer—someday. Maybe. They spend their free time doing laundry. Put the males in one dorm, the females in the other.

TUCKER & OWEN—Here we have the exact opposites of the goody-goodies in Bowen and Metcalf. Beer. High school jocks who think they still have it. Good ol' boys. Come to think of it, they may not all fit in two buildings.

CARROLL—Lest we forget, there are also quite a few hell-raisers of the feminine persuasion. Put them in Carroll, next to Tucker and Owen, and schedule party raids. Give them all the open house hours that Bowen & Metcalf won't be using.

TURLINGTON—Turlington will be Nerd Hall,

desirable because of its proximity to the library and the central campus classroom buildings. Programs in Turlington could include bridge and class tournaments and seminars on the treatment of calculator finger.

ALEXANDER—The International Dorm idea seems to be a hit, so let's keep it. Since there isn't a dormful of international students available, and since tensions between humans of different socio-ethnic backgrounds is not uncommon, we recommend that every other room be filled with ROTC cadets. Sort of buffer zone. The cadets should feel right at home—Alexander is really a barracks, not a dorm. Really.

BECTON—Due to its proximity to Pullen Park's wide open spaces, Becton is the ideal place to house a low-profile but very active minority—frisbee freaks. Students of the Wham-O flying disc have long needed a place to come together and compare calluses.

BERRY & BAGWELL—A very large segment of the campus population—the heads—has seemingly been overlooked thus far. Most heads are only parttime, though, and belong to one of the other groups already mentioned. But the full-time, hard core heads deserve their very own smoke-filled rooms, of which Berry and Bagwell dorms have a plentiful supply. We propose a division: Berry for the "artistic" heads, and Bagwell for the degenerate hippie freaks. Cookouts will probably be a big item here.

SYME—Since the designos have practically annexed Syme already, let's go ahead and make it official. Activity card money for the first year will go toward implementation of a new architectural concept—an above-ground tunnel to Brooks Hall.

GOLD & WELCH—Campus luminaries—student government office-holders, publication staffers, union officers, in short, the who's who of whoever is anybody, can live here. That way, all protests and effigy-burnings can be conveniently consolidated. Might as well go ahead and program them.

But, like we said earlier, nobody will listen to these ideas. Besides, if this scenario came to pass, soon we'd have to implement forced busing to achieve social desegregation.

"Everybody acted like assholes"

The importance of the running battle between the Technician editor and the student body treasurer would have to be considered, in the words of Mark Twain, "greatly exaggerated."

It all started when the Technician editor paid some of his staff members more than the \$100 per month limit previously set. The Publications Authority, incensed that editor Kevin Fisher had usurped some of its power and was trying to put something over on them, called him on the carpet and set off an argument that lasted at least several hours and meetings longer than it should have.

Fisher explained that the people were receiving a regular salary of less than \$100, but were being paid extra for extra work. Above and beyond the call of \$100, so to speak.

Somewhere during all of the name-calling Fisher mentioned that he thought the \$100 was too low. The editor at least should get \$150. This set off a new wave of arguments. Former Agromeck Editor Jim Davis arrived on the scene to speak against the proposal. After all, he said, all we got my year was \$75 per month.

Fisher commented that it was an effort on Davis'



part to play the martyr, having already missed his chance at the extra bread.

The discussion continued in this vein with the participants striving to add insult to injury at every juncture, and most succeeding. When the smoke cleared, Fisher had his raise, and Davis, never a particularly sore loser, congratulated him for getting away with such an outrage.

Round 2: Smelling glory and votes close at hand, Student Body Treasurer took the fight to the Student Senate, a body with absolutely no authority over the publications whatever.

Delighted with a chance at public pomposity and stirred by Jerry Kirk's tearjerking account of how that fiend was misusing Student Money, the senate enthusiastically passed a resolution condemning Fisher's outrage and calling upon the Pub Authority to reconsider its ill-advised actions.

Sensing an intrusion into their territory and not above pomposity of its own, the Pub Authority jumped upon the unfortunate Mr. Kirk's proposal and verbally beat it to a pulp. The only question

during the meeting was how the reply was to be worded. The final reply told the Senate to mind its own business and stuck by the original position of the Pub Authority. Perhaps the Pub Authority, remembering that the last time it tried to reduce the salaries paid, it had wound up giving the editor a \$50 raise, and decided to leave well enough alone.

The Technician added a little pomposity of its own, calling Jerry Kirk a "turkey" a one point, and the battle was joined. Participants on both sides wandered around with vindicated looks on their faces.

Perhaps a good idea of the impact the debate had on the average student can be gleaned from the following exchange:

Jerry Kirk was given a ride by two students one day. Recognizing the name one of the students said, "Haven't I heard of you before?" Kirk explained who he was. "Oh, yes," said his benefactor. "You're the one who wants to put the pub in the Union."

Sometimes you just can't win.

On Jogging and the Ramifications Thereof

(or how the entire university coupled with the national news media ran circles around themselves)

The so-called "jogger incident" came out of nowhere and erupted into the spotlight before anybody realized its importance (or even its lack of importance).

Dr. Robert Ramsay of the Math department went down to the tartan track which circles the football practice field to jog, as he was accustomed to doing, and found his way blocked by a security officer who allowed that nobody was allowed on the track since the football team was practicing and Lou Holtz didn't want anybody spying on them.

Now Ramsay could plainly see that the football team was practicing. Yep, that was them running back and forth into each other and piling on top of that defenseless, inflated porkskin ball. But what he couldn't see was how his running around them in wide ovals (and not into any of them) could make any difference in the point spread in the next ball game. Nor did he care.

So Prof. Ramsay went jogging a couple of times around the jocks to demonstrate that he wasn't trying to cast a magic spell on them and about the second time around was intercepted by the Security Officer who told him he would have to leave.

Now Dr. Ramsay had never heard anything so ridiculous, or if he had, it didn't come to him at that moment and he got a tad aroused. He wasn't going to leave until he was arrested, he said. The Security Officer got mad and pushed, in 'approximately that order, and the professor got madder and arrested, in approximately that order. But the prof didn't get arrested for trespassing (which was what he wanted, knowing back there in the recesses of his mind how ludicrous a conviction would look for the University), but for resisting an officer (by which they meant shoving him and not leaving when he said to) and for this offense they had a pretty good case.

Within minutes the news media had pounced on the prof's dilemma and everybody, including CBS News, reported that he'd been busted for trespassing on school property, which seemed pretty ridiculous too. One Raleigh paper came out with an editorial blasting Lou Holtz for his part in having the good professor incarcerated.

Lou Holtz' fault it wasn't. Poor Lou couldn't figure out why all these people were suddenly against him after being for him when he won all those games. He hadn't had the man busted for trespassing like everybody said; the Security cop had busted him for

shoving him. Cops are like that. They bust you for indignities that other people would shrug off and walk away from. It's supposed to get you to respect police officers. (Actually, if they were respectable, people wouldn't want to do all those mean things to them.)

Holtz just couldn't understand what all the commotion was about. All he was trying to do was hold a closed practice like any other big-time coach. He wasn't accusing the Maryland coach of spying on him, but then again it never pays to take chances. He was more than vaguely insulted by all this, not only by his being unable to hold a closed practice without static, but also by the fact that everybody seemed to hold him responsible for that guy getting arrested trying to crash his practice.

The issue died out with a few rumblings and grumblings. Dr. Ramsay admitted he had let his temper get the best of him and apologized to the Security Officer he shoved. The charges never were dropped, as everybody in the area reported, but the DA had better things to do than prosecute a professor who shoved a Security Officer while trying to get into a track at his own university. Acting Chancellor Jackson Rigney acted, making a strong statement supporting Holtz, and soon vacated his office.

And so did Lou Holtz. While the students were arguing about fencing the track area, the New York Jets asked Lou if he was interested in working for them. Of course he was.

Memories of the "jogger incident" were immediately resurrected. If we had been nicer to Lou when he was here, some said, he wouldn't have gone to New York. Others, such as one soul in the Athletic Department to remain unmentioned, stated, before Lou's decision became public that if Holtz didn't want to stay here, to hell with him.

Of course it's easy to get simplistic about things like this, to be satisfied with what is obvious than trying to sift through all the possibilities and worrying about what really happened.

For instance, the matter in the beginning was quickly boiled down by many astute observers to a fight between brain and brawn, between the bookish types and the jocks. What didn't occur to many was that the good professor was somewhat of a jock himself, or he wouldn't have been so intent on getting his jogging done.

For our part, we can't help but think the advantages of coaching the New York Jets, a pro team

paying more money, based in New York, on national TV all the time, might have had at least something to do with Uncle Lou's decision.

Meanwhile the students listened to the maneuverings in preparation for fencing the track and were told that of course once the track was fenced the Athletic Department could of course not guarantee it to be left open at night or on weekends. Naturally.

Holtz had been wondering why he couldn't have his closed practices like all the other big-time coaches. The answer, of course, was that most of the other big-time coaches had their own practice fields to play

with. There are, of course, several other practice fields the team could use, but Lou didn't want to use them. The one inside the track was better.

Many students wondered exactly how important winning football games was, if the football team had started representing itself rather than the students. And if so, they wondered if they should choose between what would benefit them and what would benefit the team.

But they needn't have worried. The Athletic Department had already made that decision for them. The fence goes up next year.



Grating Policy

The real substance of the Grading Policy issue didn't really congeal for me until the summer, when the shouting was already over.

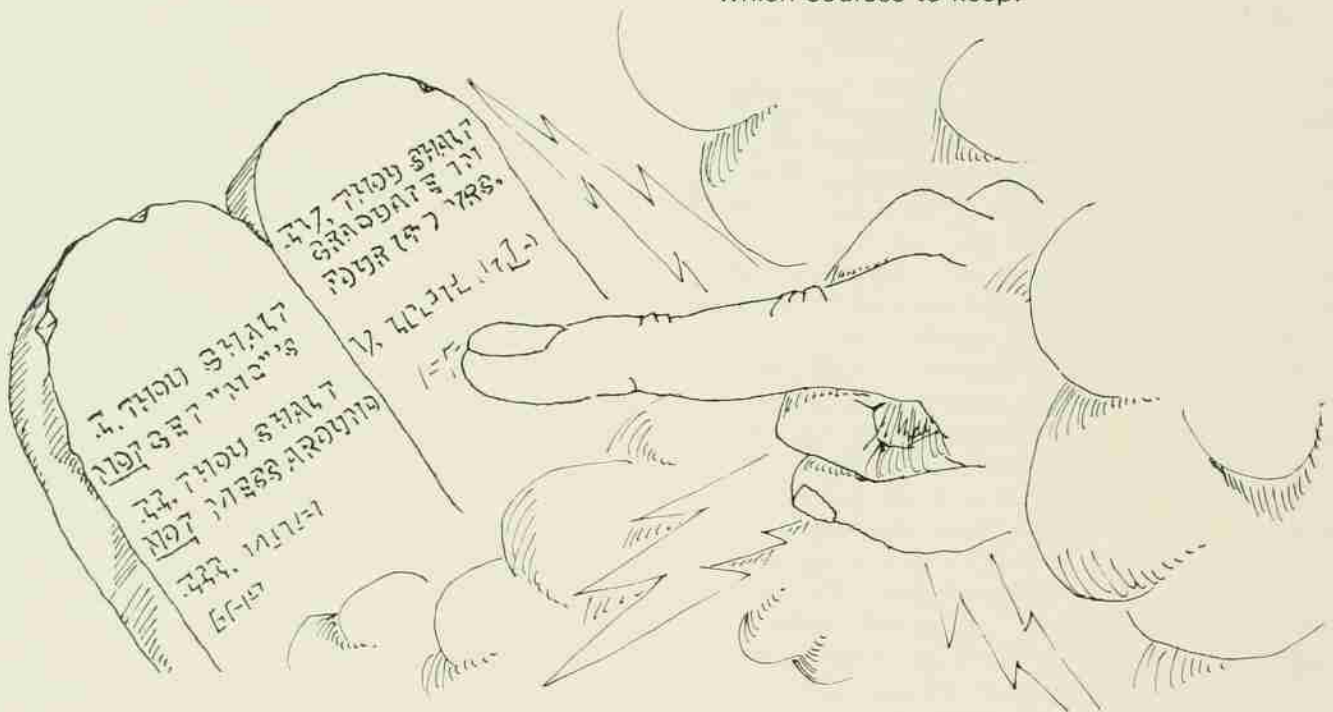
I had gone home to get married and found a note from the University inviting me to come and pre-register by June 11—otherwise I wouldn't be allowed to attend in the fall.

Now I was some 500 miles away from our alma mater at the time, with money enough to get married and get back on the 14th. This precluded a bus trip there and back to preregister. Besides, the last I'd heard, you could still preregister as late as Change Day with a \$20 late fee.

the fact that most people nowadays were taking five years to get out of here rather than the traditional four.

The obvious culprit (obvious at least to everybody but the students who lived under it) was the liberalized drop/add period, so despite protests from the head of the Math department (whose courses are among the most dropped here) and others, the new grading policy was passed.

Well not quite. At first it was left at two weeks. This figure was so patently ridiculous (Faculty Senator Elkan called it "noxious") that even the stuttering and stammering student strike got the message across. So here we are, left with four weeks in which to decide which courses to keep.



Taken aback by the stern tone of the note and incensed by the arrogance of the University in changing the rules at the last minute on me, I put in a call to the Man In Charge of Preregistration. I had no more than halfway gotten through spilling out my indignation to him when he interrupted me to say that it would be fine for me to preregister late. He understood that I'd been sort of busy during the Official Pre-registration Period and would put me on the Late List. "Of course," he added, "what we're trying to do is flunk people like you out."

He was half kidding, of course. But it was the part that wasn't kidding that gave me a stir. That, it occurred to me, was what it was all about.

During all the controversy over the new policy the arguments that surfaced most often centered around

The message with the 12-hour full-time minimum and the new drop period was, though the University continued to piously deny it, "Get out or we'll flunk you out."

Perhaps the most interesting argument against the 9-week drop period came from our brand-new Chancellor in a monthly Chancellor's Liaison Committee meeting. It was he who said he didn't think the North Carolina taxpayers would stand for it.

Now this was a new one. The Taxpayers form a new boogiemanager on whom to blame unpopular and/or logically indefensible policies. Funny that we never heard of them when other decisions were made despite the objection of the taxpayers. Like allowing students off campus during the week. Or adding coed dorms to campus. Or adding coeds to campus. And

how about integration? Anybody who thinks the average red-blooded (white) North Carolinian would have voted to have little Johnny or Suzie go to school with niggers hasn't been here long.

The idea is in the least interesting, though. Using the same criteria (moving students through the educational machine and pleasing the average redneck) maybe we can predict what the upcoming changes will be.

Dorms will be locked at 10 p.m. and bed checks made. Televisions and radios will also be banned, giving the student no choice but to study. It will also help with the energy crisis. Visitation will of course also be banned (you can't study and do that at the same time) as an extra concession to the N. C. citizenry. Incidentally, students will be allowed into the dorm after 10 p.m. with a note from their advisor.

Students will no longer be allowed to leave campus except to visit home. Since students apparently like it so much here, maybe having to stay on campus all the time will get them out sooner. Along the same line,

Along the same line, fans will also be banned. After all, that's the way it was when Daddy went here.

It goes without saying, of course, that beer will be banned on campus. That will cut down on absences from class. A roll will be taken and every absence after the first three will count off one letter grade.

Student Government will be disbanded. After all, if the students have a voice in how their University is run, they could come to like it too much. Changing it to a complete dictatorship would give them incentive to move on. Besides, it was the students who brought this on in the first place, with their liberal ideas. It wasn't that way when your parents were in school.

If this sounds silly, it's only because the original premise was stupid to begin with. The taxpayers don't run the University, and they shouldn't. The students have to live with it, and the students are the ones whose lives will be based on what they learn here.

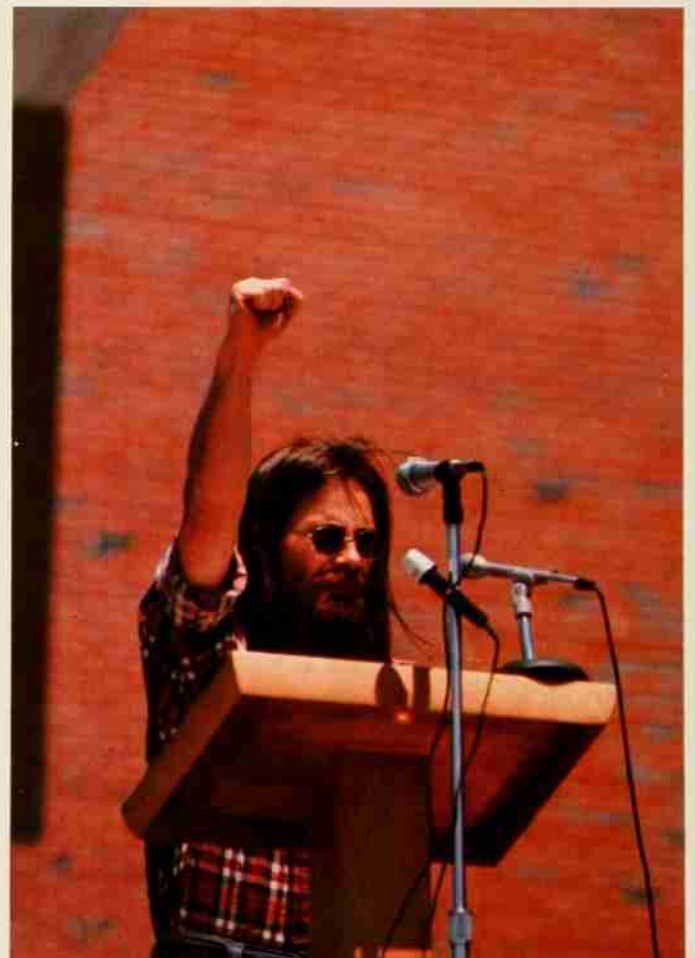
It seems sort of odd, too, that the taxpayers are so anxious to have students here graduate and go out into the world to compete for jobs—with them.



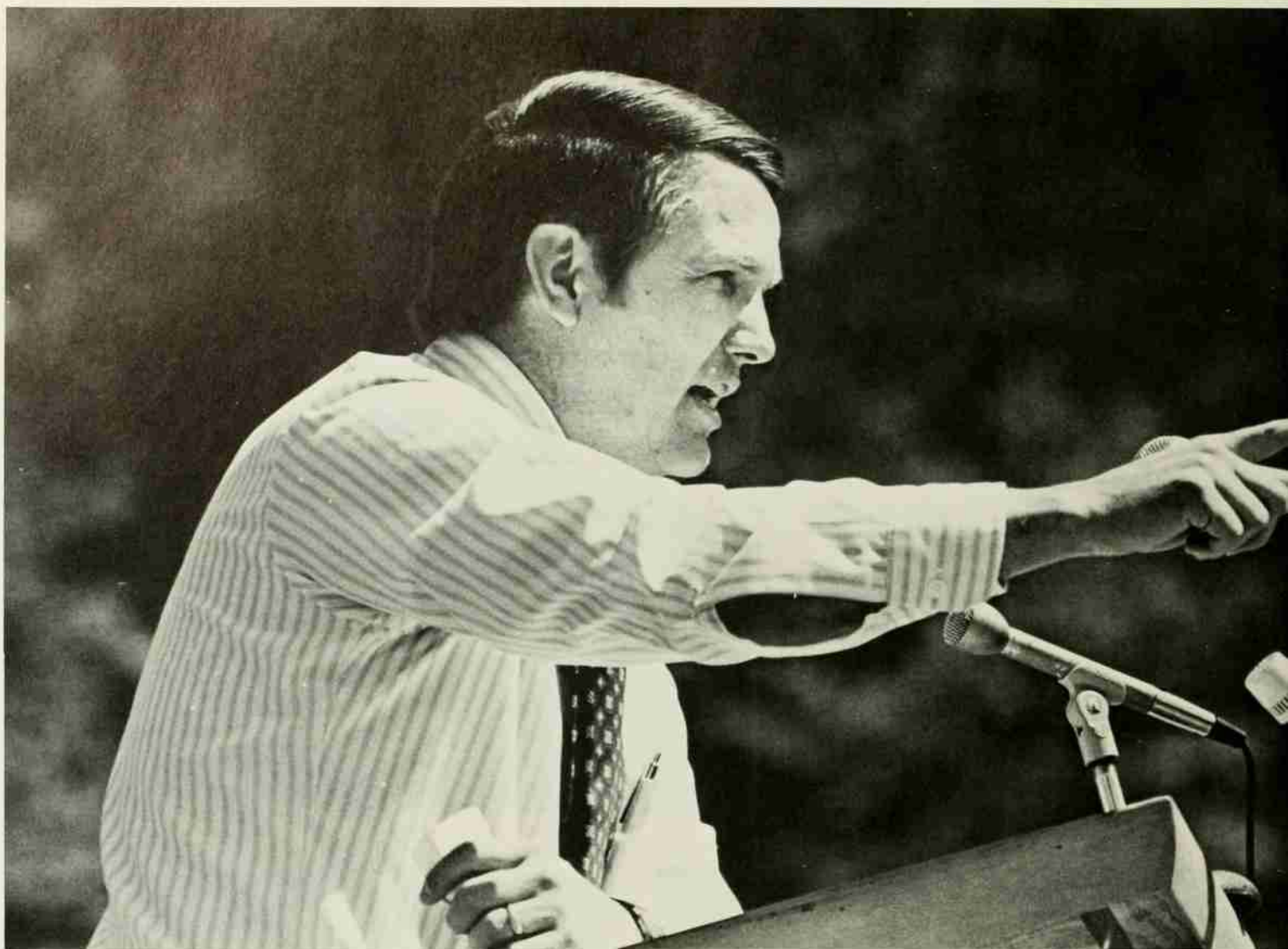
STRIKE! (?)

What happens is there is this student strike, which is, in itself, ordinarily a big deal. So you tell all your photographers and writers to descend upon this happening and bring back all these little bits and pieces of it. "Shoot lots of pictures. Generate reams of copy." And you await a veritable flood of dramatic photography and matchless prose. And you get all this material back, right. But there's just a little something wrong...I mean, I mean like the skateboards and the uncrowded crowd. No waving banners, no impassioned foes of injustice, no harbingers of what the future might hold. Oh, there was this one dude, fist held high, beard flying in the April breeze, delivering his message in the manner of a fundamentalist minister or a vice-presidential candidate. He did draw a loud cheer, but it was probably more for the colorful performance than for any sympathy with the rhetoric. After all, this audience was in junior high school when fist-waving and message-delivering and, yes beards were last popular.

Meanwhile, back at the office, early reports from the field indicate that this great event just didn't happen, that it was a miscarriage, a non-event, a campaign without an issue. How do you deal with a





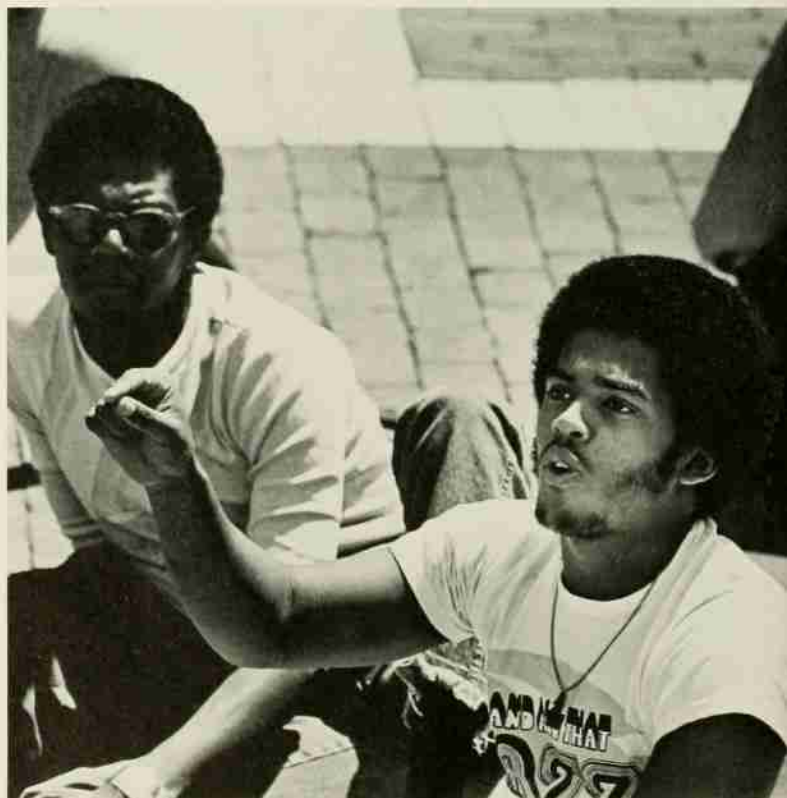


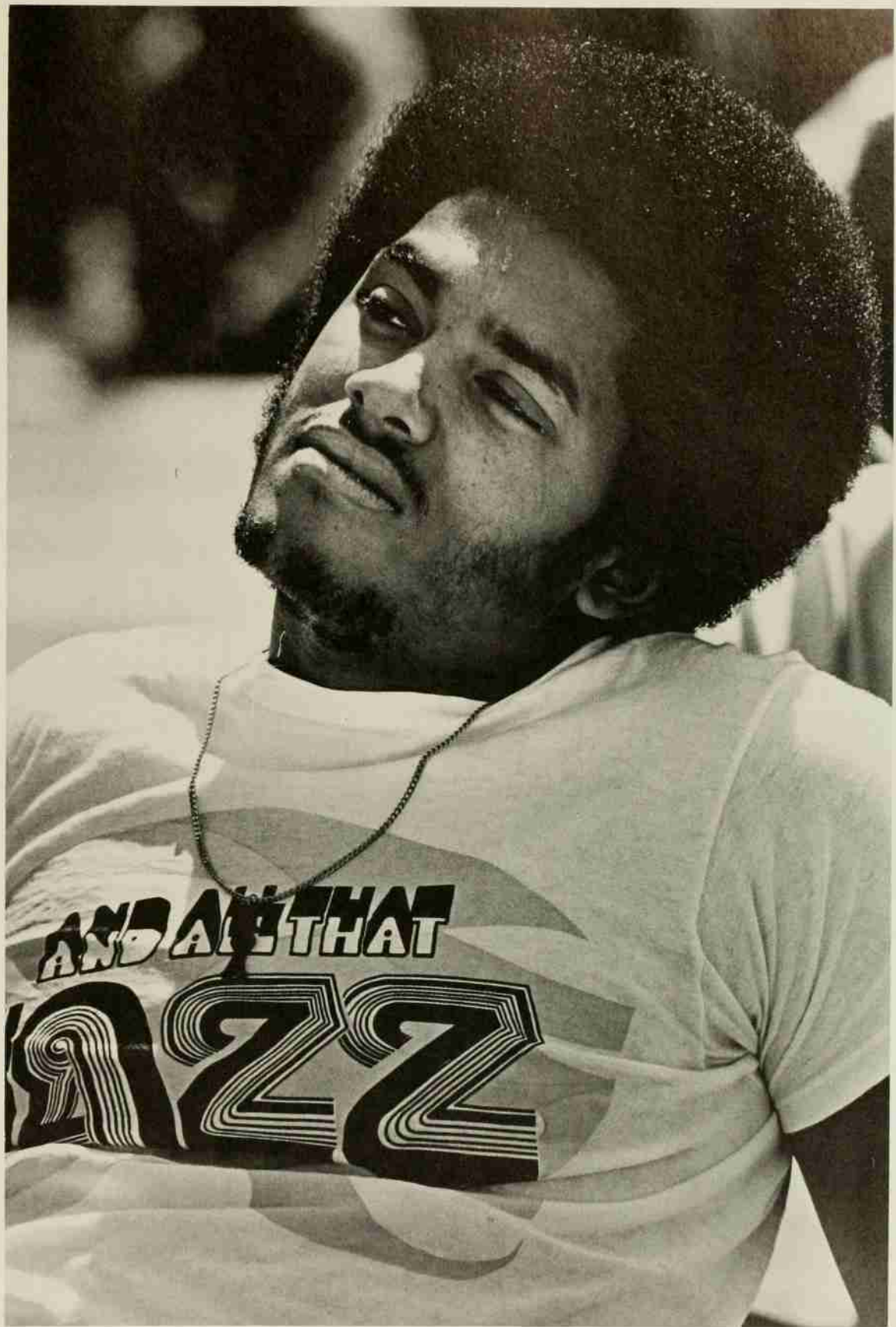
non-event? Non-coverage? That's it! We'll run blank pages. No, that won't go over. And we do have some decent feature shots. Besides, something actually did transpire; so maybe we ought to deal with it somehow.

The student strike really started in the Faculty Senate. The debate on the proposed grading policy occurred there, and the whole unpleasantness was as a result of their first decision.

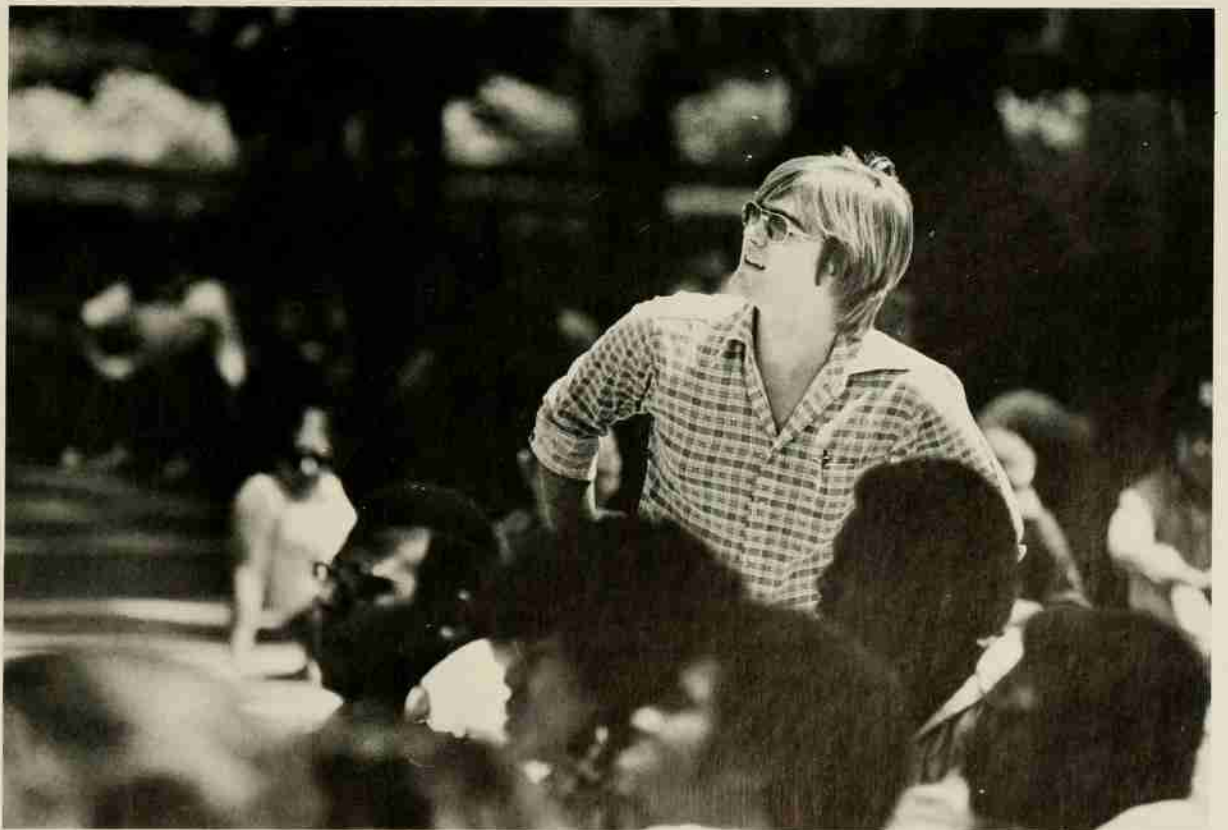
Though not many know it, the debate on the grading policy was a long and bloody battle. People got mad at each other. Mostly the people not in favor of some of the changes got mad at the people who proposed them. There was more than one in favor of leaving the drop period at 8 or 9 weeks. Those on the other end wanted two weeks free and two more with a "W" grade on the transcript. The two-weekers called their idea a four-week plan. The Nine-weekers called it a one-week plan because it takes a week for most classes to get cranked up and order the texts.

And neither side seemed to understand that it was the ABC/NC grading system itself, rather than any alarming drift toward flippancy on the part of the student body, which was largely responsible for the dramatic increase in course drops. The fine line between a C ("average") and an NC ("flunk")









precipitated many bail-outs at midsemester.

Nobody liked the fighting in the first session and it was generally understood by at least some people (including Your Humble Narrator) that there would be peace and harmony in the next meeting following the adoption of the obvious compromise—a four-week unlimited drop and maybe two more with a W.

It didn't happen. the 2/4/1 week plan was passed over the strenuous objection of the head of the Math Department, who called the old (4 week) system "Barbaric" or something like that. I was struck by one senator who called the Senate Solution a "noxious" policy and wondered if the students knew what they were trying to do.

They did. The Student Senate immediately passed a resolution calling for a rally to protest the proposal, as well as a strike, as in absence from classes.

The Student Body President wasn't so hot on the idea and there were rumblings about the executive portion of SG trying to sabotage the plan. The Technician was likewise accused. They firmly straddled the fence on the question because they liked the rally and petitions but not the strike itself (since it was getting toward the end of the semester and some people couldn't afford it). At the same time, the newspaper couldn't bring itself to condemn the strike for fear of being accused (and guilty) of sabotaging it. So the paper magnanimously told the students they could do what they wanted to do to protest the policy, as long as they did something.

Mainly what they wanted to do wasn't to boycott classes. But people did sign petitions. The funny thing was that the Chancellor didn't like either the Faculty Senate or Student Senate (9 week) proposals and told them to reconsider.

What we wound up with was a 4-week period, which was the logical compromise in the first place.

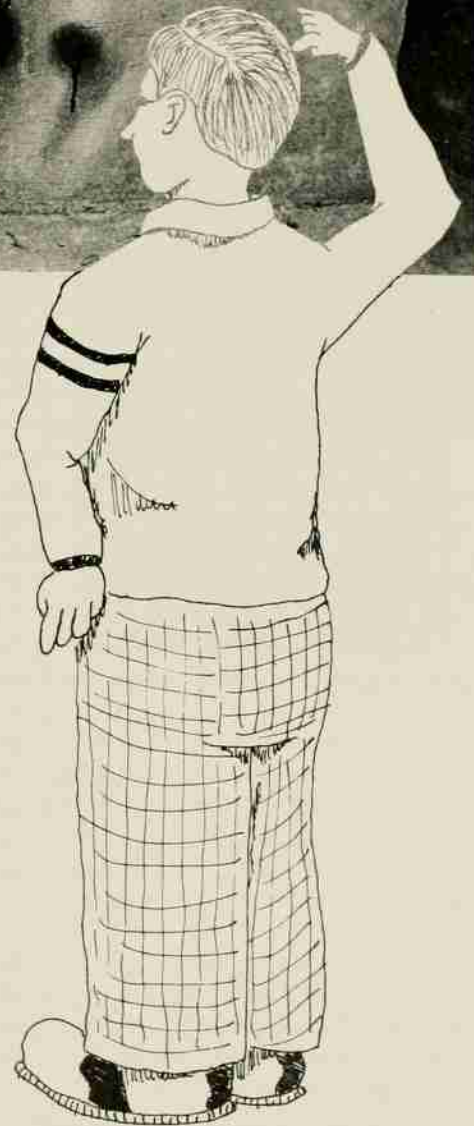
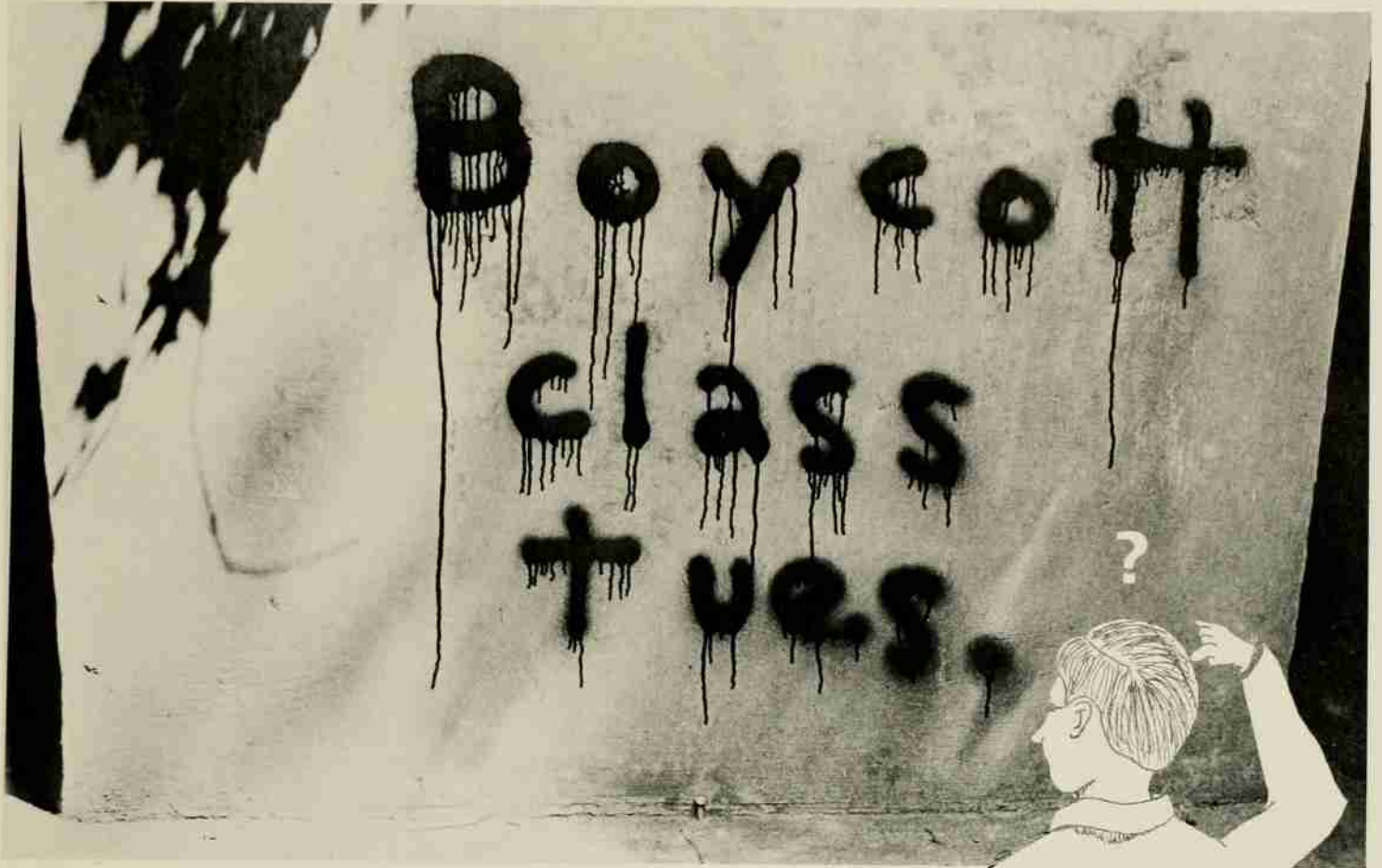
The Faculty Senate could have prevented most of the brouhaha if they had voted for that a few weeks earlier.

There were those of us among the Students who didn't particularly care for the four weeks either, but preferred it to nothing. We noted that it was not unheard of to be able to drop until the week of the final. But we can live with four weeks. And here we are back where we were two years ago, before the noble experiment with ABC/NC.

What comes out of all this nonsense is a reinforcement of the recent trend—or maybe it's not so recent—toward apathy. Simply put, no one gives a damn about anything anymore unless his own hide is directly threatened. Self-interest reigns supreme; people are moved to action only when such action is necessary to cover their own asses.

Here was an opportunity for students to demonstrate collectively (the only way they really have a voice) their concern over policies of this university which directly affect them. Here was an opportunity for the faculty and administration—professional educators, and well-paid ones, at that—to demonstrate an abiding concern over the quality of the education that they were offering to the students. Yet precious little wisdom and leadership emerged during the entire ABC/NC experiment, a debacle spanning two years.

Passions were provoked, animosities generated, ill will fostered. Except for the histrionics, we would be right back where we started. But no, things are not back to where they were two years ago. Two years ago we didn't have all this ill will and all these pictures. Our non-event...our media event...no one gave a damn about anything except the photographers, no one showed the slightest concern about the quality of the education they received or imparted.



Sports

One of the most well-rounded and exciting athletic programs in the nation is located in Raleigh between Hillsborough Street and Western Boulevard, and the memorable moments of the 1975-76 athletic year will remain with State students for many, many years.

Even though it seems unfair to single out performances when so many contributed to the overall excellence of the program, the events which stand out most in one's mind are the Peach Bowl in Atlanta, State's fourth straight trip to a post-season game; the second-place ACC finish in basketball (after the team was picked much lower in preseason), and an NIT appearance; a surprising wrestling title that came with unbelievable ease in Chapel Hill; another routine swimming championship which was captured the same day as the wrestling crown (and just across the street); and the sudden rise of an impressive women's program, which produced a basketball team that already borders on national prominence.

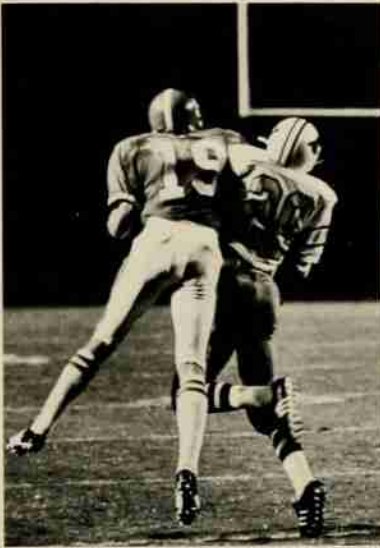
But the list doesn't begin to end here. Nearly every sport which isn't on the brink of gaining a spot in the national limelight is fast approaching that point.

Athletic Director Willis Casey deserves much of the credit for working toward the goal of building the nation's best athletic department; the coaches and athletes deserve the rest, working toward the same goal, sacrificing time, effort and the sweat of their brows.

The other factor behind the coaches, players and administration which so consistently pushes State into the winner's circle is the students. Fan support has an immeasurable effect on team and individual performance. At State, the fan support can be cited as a key reason for the recent success of its athletes and its program.

There is not enough space in this entire book to mention the outstanding feats of Wolfpack athletes over the 1975-76 season, but on the following pages are glimpses of the athletic picture that makes up Wolfpack Country.





FOOTBALL

NCS		Opp.
26	East Carolina	3
22	Wake Forest	30
8	Florida	7
15	Michigan State	37
27	Indiana	0
22	Maryland	37
21	North Carolina	20
45	Clemson	7
28	South Carolina	21
15	Penn State	14
21	Duke	21
PEACH BOWL		
10	West Virginia	13



SOCCER

NCS		Opp.
1	Pfieffer	3
3	UNC-Wilmington	1
5	High Point	3
3	East Carolina	3
2	Davidson	0
6	Campbell	1
1	Duke	1
0	Maryland	2
0	Clemson	10
4	North Carolina	3
2	Virginia	1

FENCING

NCS		Opp.
13	UNC-Chapel Hill	14
6	Navy	21
23	St. Augustine's	4
21	Virginia	6
22	VMI	5
12	Maryland	15
16	George Mason	11
18	Georgetown	9
13	Duke	14
19	William and Mary	8
14	Clemson	13
13	UNC-Chapel Hill	14



WOMEN'S FENCING

NCS		Opp.
7	North Carolina	9
12	Virginia	4
12	George Mason	4
11	Georgetown	5
10	Maryland	6
8	William & Mary *	8
13	Clemson	3
12	Longwood	4

NCS wins with fewer touches against, 47-55

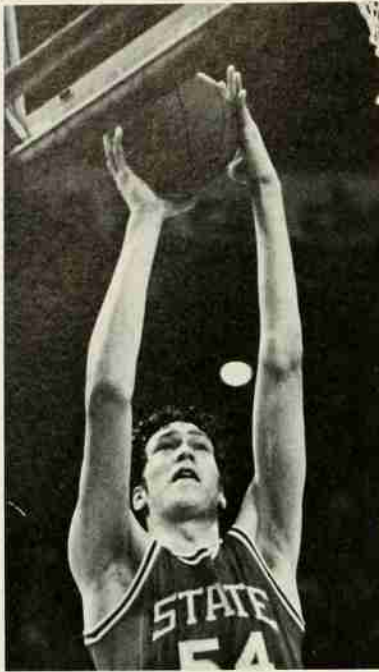
WOMEN'S SWIMMING

NCS		Opp.
94	East Carolina	33
68	St. Mary's	54
80	Duke	33
56	North Carolina	75



SWIMMING

NCS		Opp.
93	Virginia	19
69	South Carolina	44
65	Clemson	39
77	Duke	36
68	Maryland	44
70	East Carolina	43
78	Wake Forest	35
88	UNC-Chapel Hill	25
52	Alabama	61
	First in ACC	

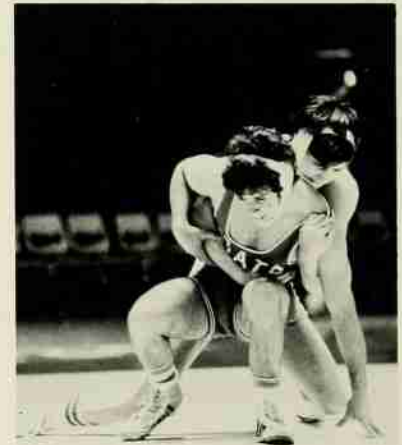


BASKETBALL

NCS		Opp.
103	The Citadel	75
117	East Carolina	81
111	UNC-Asheville	60
109	Western Carolina	94
95	Michigan State	75
110	Western Kentucky	98
79	Auburn	74
104	Duke	95
78	Wake Forest (L)	93
82	Appalachian State	51
79	Rollins	75
69	Maryland (L)	87
78	Virginia	71
68	UNC-Chapel Hill	67
106	Duke	101
84	Maryland (L)	102
75	Virginia	73
97	Clemson	89
97	Clemson	89
102	Furman	76
67	Georgia Tech (L)	78
67	UNC-Charlotte	64
87	Wake Forest	85
96	Duke (OT)	95
90	Clemson (L)	103
79	UNC-Chapel Hill (L)	91
96	Wake Forest (L)	98
ACC TOURNAMENT		
63	Virginia (L)	75
NIT		
78	Holy Cross	68
79	UNC-Charlotte (L)	80
74	Providence	69

WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

NCS		Opp.
61	North Carolina	74
70	Pfeiffer	78
68	College of Charleston	64
84	East Carolina	83
80	UNC-Greensboro	71
88	Old Dominion	46
68	North Carolina	58
67	Duke	57
60	Virginia	38
79	Virginia Commonwealth	48
65	Maryland	69
91	Davidson	62
82	Pfeiffer	71
78	Duke	35
71	Wake Forest	76
101	Old Dominion	79
80	Appalachian State	60
83	Western Carolina	57
NCAIAW Tournament		
77	North Carolina	74
76	Appalachian State	56
AIAW Region II Tournament		
82	Eastern Kentucky	88
86	Tennessee	85
74	Norfolk State	67
NIT		
65	Wayland Baptist	94
59	Indiana State	58
69	Nebraska	72



WRESTLING

NCS		Opp.
30	Duke	5
36	Pembroke State	9
34	Appalachian State	12
24	West Chester State	18
55	Howard	0
31	York	6
45	Pitt-Johnstown	5
22	Millersville State	13
22	Virginia	18
15	UNC-Chapel Hill	19
9	Lehigh	26
35	Pembroke State	5
17	Maryland	19
42	Campbell	11
36	Virginia Tech	8
18	East Carolina	22
22	UNC-Chapel Hill	9
17	William and Mary	6
ACC Tourney		1st

BASEBALL

NCS		Opp.
7	Old Dominion	8
0	Old Dominion	0
11	William & Mary	0
9	Campbell	6
4	Howard	3
0	Howard	5
8	Atl. Christian	1
1	East Carolina	6
1	East Carolina	3
1	High Point	3
4	Campbell	0
4	Campbell	3
20	Pembroke State	6
8	Dartmouth	2
7	Dartmouth	1
11	Dartmouth	3
4	North Carolina	6
1	Maryland	4
2	Virginia	3
5	Davidson	2
8	Pembroke State	0
4	Clemson	7
0	Clemson	8
8	North Carolina	1
12	Atl. Christian	1
3	Maryland	1
8	Virginia	3
9	Wake Forest	3
6	Duke	2
10	Duke	0
6	Davidson	0
6	Wake Forest	10
3	ACC Tournament	
	Wake Forest	7



WOMEN'S TENNIS

NCS		Opp.
5	East Carolina	4
0	Davidson	9
2	Clemson	7
4	Campbell	5
2	Appalachian State	7
2	Peace	7
8	Coastal Carolina	1
0	Wake Forest	7



TENNIS

NCS		Opp.
9	Penn State	0
4	South Carolina	5
4	Alabama	5
8	Purdue	1
9	Swarthmore	0
9	Bloomsburg State	0
9	E. Stroudsburg State	0
9	High Point	0
9	Virginia Tech	0
1	UNC-Chapel Hill	8
7	Clemson	2
8	Davidson	1
9	Atlantic Christian	0
8	East Carolina	1
4	Virginia	5
9	Appalachian State	0
4	Wake Forest	5
6	Duke	3
5	Hampton Institute	4
5	Maryland	4
	ACC Tournament	4th

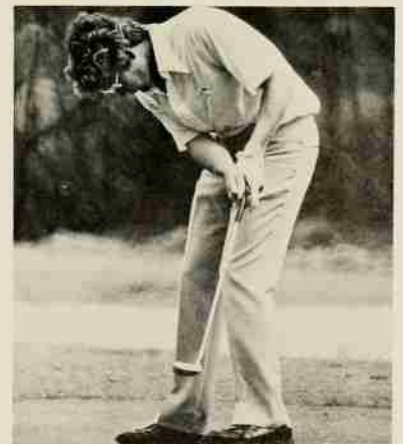
LACROSSE

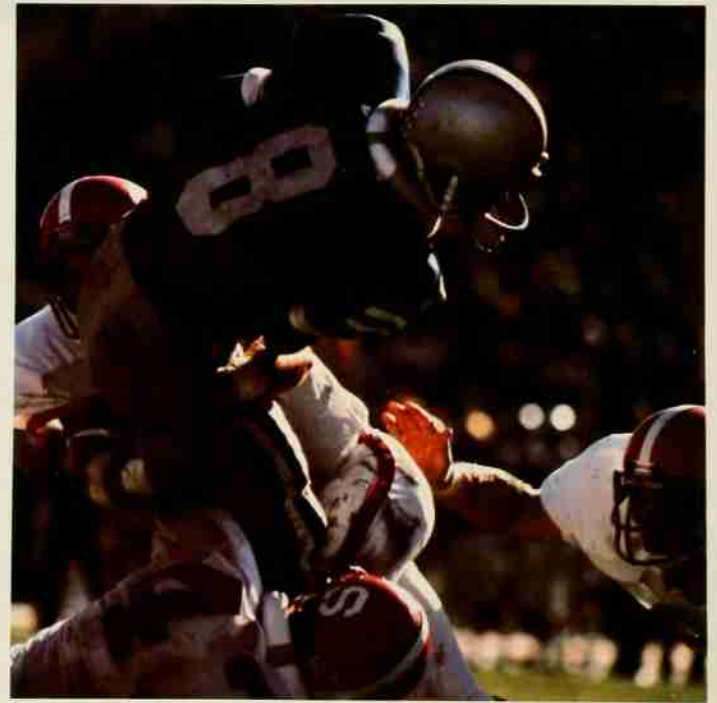
NCS		Opp.
3	Washington & Lee	20
20	Atlanta LC	4
19	Georgia Tech	0
15	Georgia LC	4
8	Yale	16
4	North Carolina	19
10	Baltimore	11
8	Gettsburg	10
10	Duke	16
17	North Carolina LC	8
10	Vermont	4
15	Virginia Tech	7
15	Virginia	7
19	Randolph-Macon	5
18	Hampden-Sydney	4
6	Roanoke	17
11	William & Mary	13



GOLF

1138	Pinehurst	5th
1127	Palmetto	5th
1114	Iron Duke	2nd
1489	Big Four	2nd
1110	ACC	3rd
1100	Chris Schenkel	13th





State football provided more excitement than a three-ring circus in 1975, making last-minute comebacks and close calls so often they became almost automatic.

Senior quarterback Dave Buckey displayed calmness under pressure like none before him had and like few who followed could. It was Buckey's mastery of the two-minute offense that saved game after game. He played the last seven games of the season like the All-America billing he had received in preseason. He picked apart Maryland's proud defense for 375 yards and 25 first downs. He directed an incredible last-minute drive against South Carolina that led to the winning touchdown with just seven seconds on the clock. At Penn State, where the Wolfpack had always struggled valiantly but had never emerged the victor, Buckey marched right over the Nittany Lions in the

final two minutes of the first half and on the first possession of the second half then let the defense do the rest. Probably his most incredible feat came in the final regular season game against Duke. With a minute and a half to play, the Wolfpack trailed Duke by eight points, had the ball 65 yards from the goalline with no timeouts, and Buckey led the Pack to a touchdown and a two-point conversion to tie the game in the waning seconds.

Dave Buckey...a four-year leader as quarterback for the Wolfpack....excellent operator of the veer....hero in every sense of the word. As went Dave Buckey in '75, so, it seemed, went the Wolfpack.

Of course Buckey wasn't the only hero of Wolfpack football. There was his twin brother, Don, who established nearly every receiving record the school could find. Middle guard Tom Higgins, a third-team





All-America who finished second in ACC Player of the Year voting, was certainly invaluable.

Freshman running back Ted Brown, who came onto the scene in the fifth game of the season and rushed for over 900 yards, established himself as one of the nation's premier rushers. Defensive end Ron Banther earned notation for his prehistoric style of play, attacking enemy runners like a savage cave man. The list, of course, goes on and on.

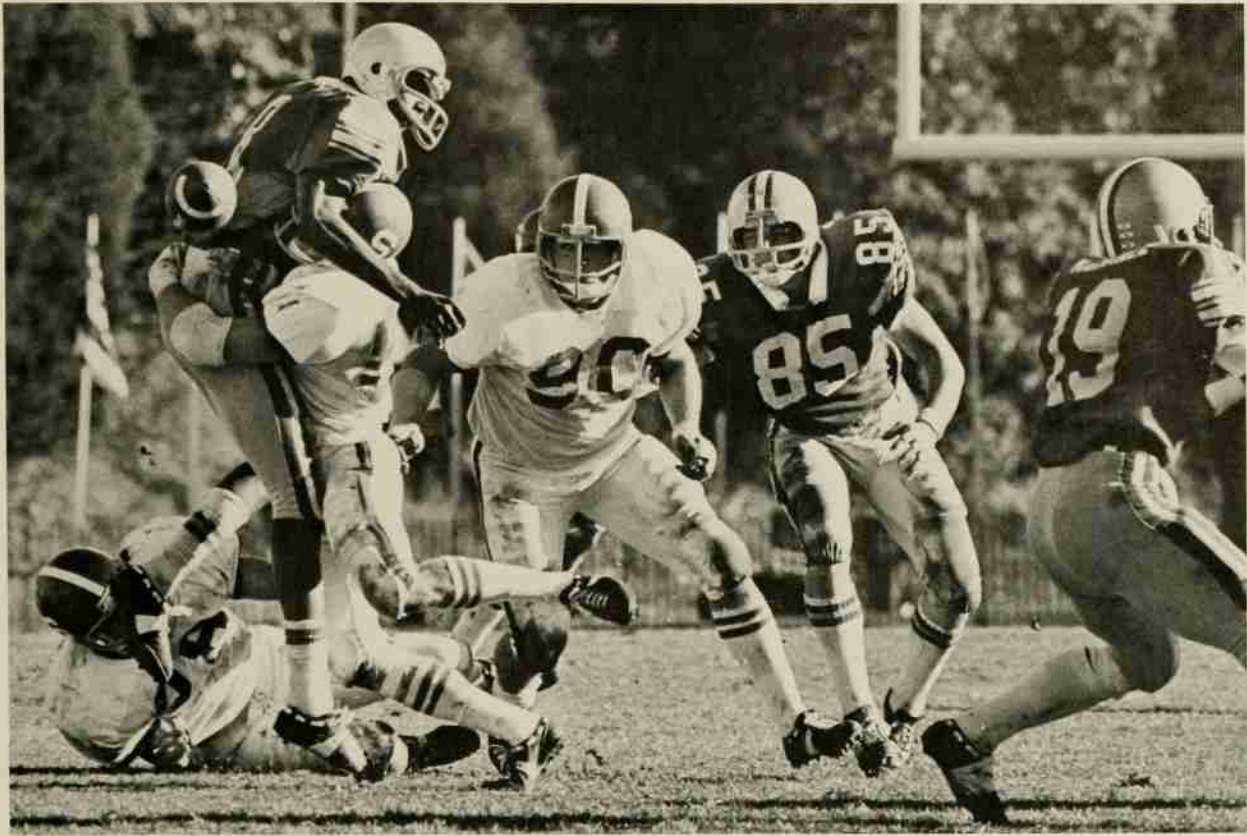
The Wolfpack made its fourth straight bowl appearance in 1975, though it turned out to be a disappointing 13-10 loss to West Virginia.

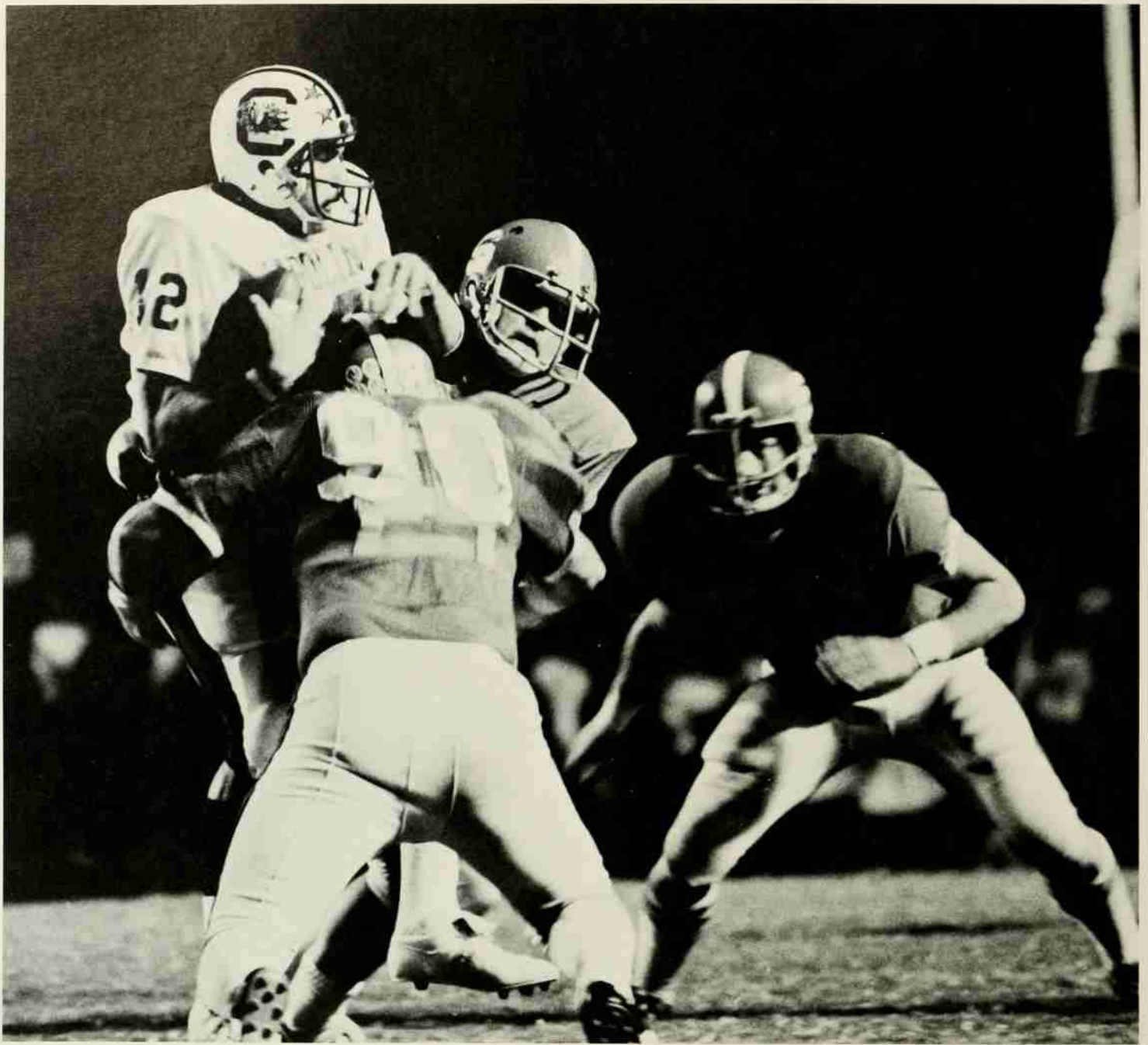
The season, like all seasons in any sport, began with a number of question marks looming before the Wolfpack's eyes. Would Johnny Evans be successful at fullback? Would the defense be improved? Is the schedule too tough? Is an undefeated season possible?

State opened with a 26-3 drubbing of East Carolina, a team which would improve immensely before the season was over. In fact, ECU Chancellor Dr. Leo Jenkins was quoted later as saying, "We'd beat State by three touchdowns now." While the Pirates did get better, a six-touchdown reversal doesn't happen every day, and it must be realized that the Wolfpack, which didn't use Ted Brown or Scott Wade in the first several games, would also improve.

One of the biggest upsets in State history occurred the following week. Lowly Wake Forest, which had barely won a game in three years, stunned the heavily-favored Pack 30-22, snapping a 17-game Carter Stadium winning streak. It was the only game Lou Holtz had ever lost in Carter Stadium.

A week later, however, Higgins put on a defensive exhibition second to none as State edged Florida 8-7





on Evan's late two-point conversion.

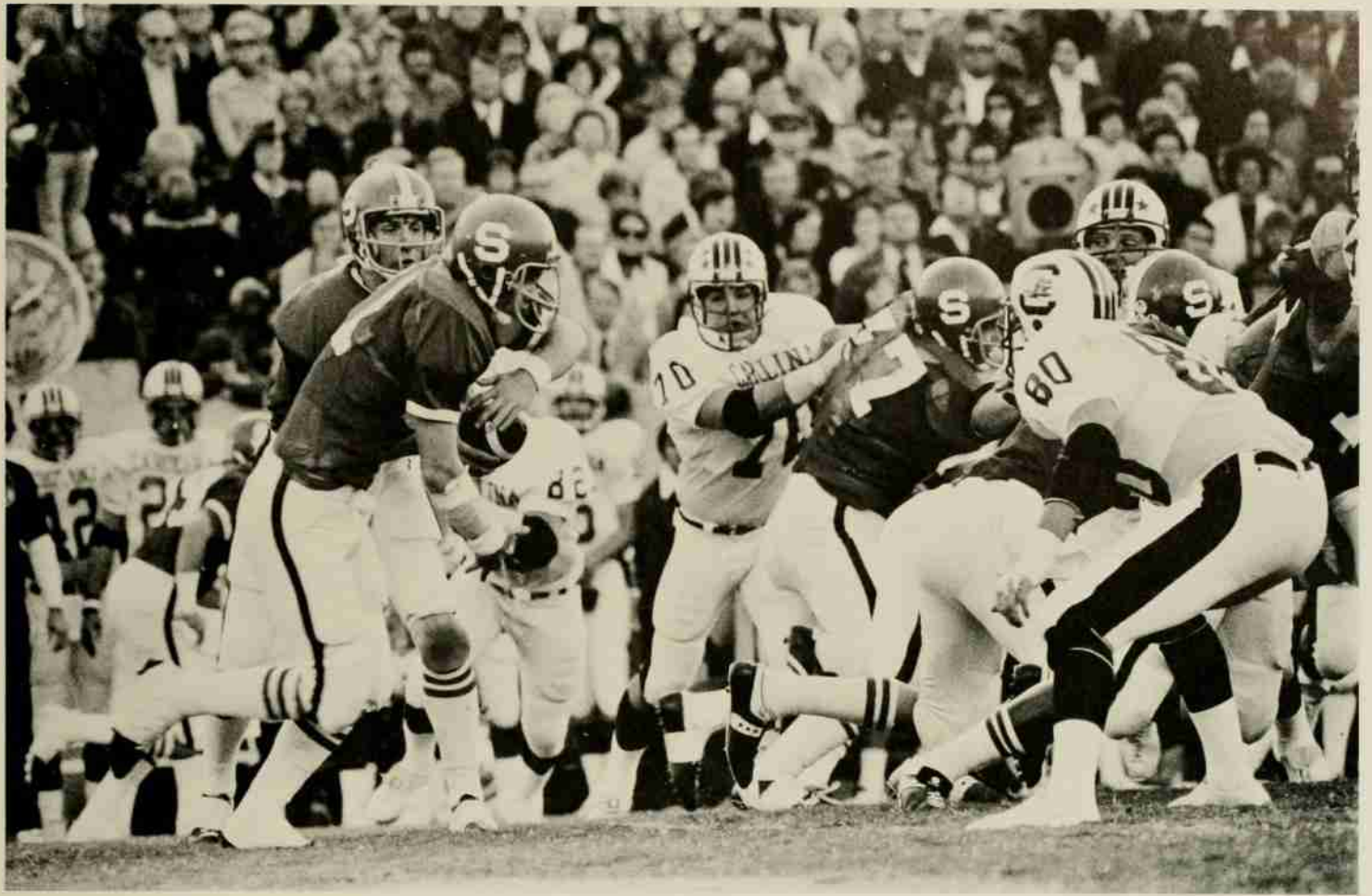
The season's turning point, if such exists, came when State was literally kicked out of the state of Michigan 37-15 by Michigan State. The Wolfpack fumbled the first four times it got the football, leading to a disastrous 24-7 first-quarter deficit. In Murfreesboro, N.C., the State junior varsity, behind Brown's five touchdowns, routed Chowan. That game would have more significance than anyone watching it could have ever realized.

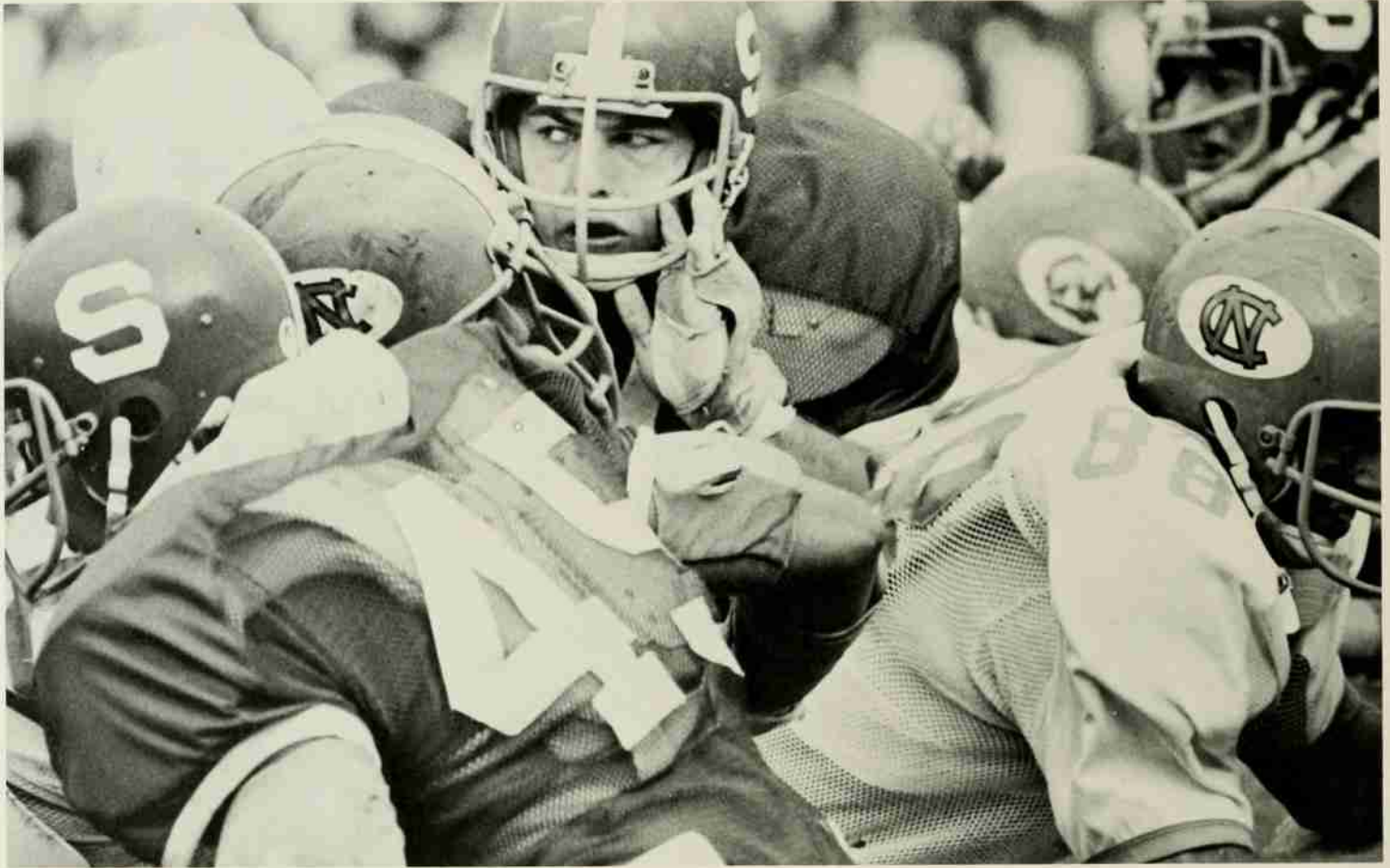
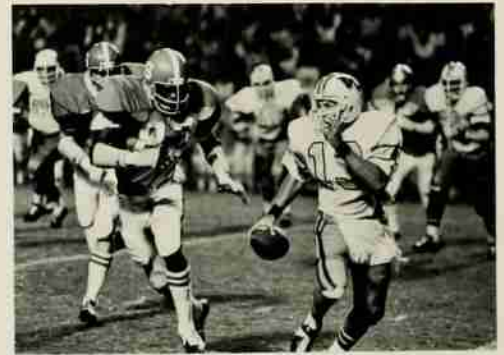
Brown had shown what he could do, and against Indiana he was promoted to the starting running back position with freshman Scott Wade at fullback. Evans was shifted back to No. 2 quarterback and freshman Rickey Adams and sophomore Timmy Johnson became the alternate ball carriers. The "Baby Backs" were born.

Led by Brown, the young backfield led the Pack to a 27-0 rout of Indiana, with Brown's 121-yard performance in his first game overshadowing the defense's brilliant shutout.

State piled up 375 yards in total offense and 25 first downs against mighty Maryland, but the youthful backs demonstrated one of their drawbacks---fumbles. A pair of bobbles in the third quarter opened the flood gates for the Terrapins, who had also benefitted from a 96-yard kickoff return, and State fell 37-22.

A thrilling 21-20 victory over arch-rival North Carolina started the Wolfpack on the upswing once more. State's Higgins-led defense foiled the Tar Heels' two-point attempt in the final seconds to preserve the win. Carolina coach Bill Dooley created an uproar when he accused State of holding on the two-point play. Holtz pointed out, and showed the





films to back up his contention, that Carolina had lined up illegally on well over half its offensive plays throughout the game. Besides, nothing Dooley said could take away from the Wolfpack's celebration.

For the first time in the season, State won two in a row, drubbing hapless Clemson 45-7 behind Brown's 227 yards rushing, a school record.

State passed only three times in the game and rushed for 409 yards, also a school record.

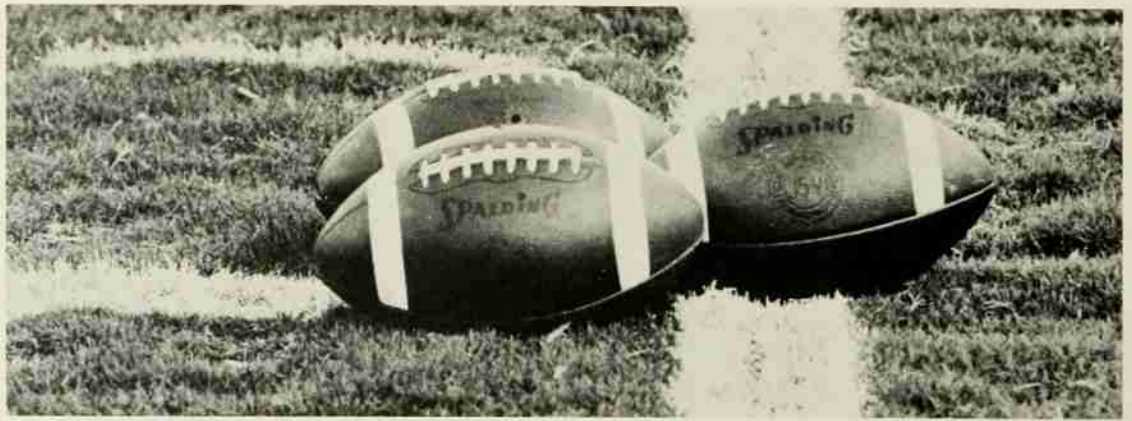
Bowl scouts were now beginning to take note of the Wolfpack's progress, and several were in attendance when State met South Carolina in a regionally-televised contest. Coach Jim Carlen had turned the Gamecocks around in a single season, and they possessed one of the nation's top quarterbacks in Jeff Grantz.

The South Carolina game turned out to be one of

the most exciting single games in any sport at State all year. Three backs rushed for over 150 yards. Brown picked up 164 and caught nine passes for 97 more. Grantz passed for a two-pointer with 1:24 to play, giving the Gamecocks a 21-20 lead. But Buckey directed a thrilling drive to the end zone which ended in Timmy Johnson's plunge and two-pointer of their own, pulling out a 28-21 victory for the Pack.

A second-straight victory over Penn State was almost inconceivable to Wolfpack followers. But obviously it wasn't to the players. Two machine-like scoring drives, a brilliant defensive effort and a Jay Sherrill field goal early in the fourth quarter lifted the Wolfpack to a 15-14 win over the Nittany Lions and stunned 80,000 fans. A strategic quick kick by Evans which covered 83 yards late in the game was the game's turning point. The victory wasn't sealed though





until North American Soccer League Rookie of the Year Chris Bahr missed his fourth field goal attempt of the game, from 45 yards out with 13 seconds to play.

Battered and bruised after a physical meeting with Penn State, the Wolfpack entered the Duke game longing for a rest. The Blue Devils, off a 42-14 whipping of Wake Forest and with Maryland off their schedule, could smell a conference title. Putting two and two together, one can see it would be Duke's day and not the Wolfpack's.

But even Gator Bowl rumors couldn't get the Pack in gear. Duke dominated the game from the outset and apparently had it won, but Buckey's last-minute heroics salvaged a tie and a Peach Bowl invitation.

Remembrances of a 49-13 walloping it had laid on West Virginia three years earlier must have been too vivid in the Wolfpack's mind. No last-minute heroes

emerged, although it appeared the Pack would pull it out until a Buckey to Elijah Marshall pass at the 12-yard line was nullified on an illegal procedure penalty. A sore-legged Ted Brown did all he could, providing the Atlanta Stadium crowd with a couple of the finest runs the doubtless had ever seen. But a pair of Mountaineer bombs, both completed through State boo-boos, lifted West Virginia to a 13-10 victory.

While a 7-4-1 record was a disappointment to many, the entertainment provided by Wolfpack football in 1975 could not have disappointed anyone.

Lou Holtz



Announcements and speculation that Lou Holtz was leaving State became so commonplace that no one seemed to believe it when it really happened. Either that, or no one wanted to believe it.

A crafty magician, a master of the one-liner and a peerless football coach, Holtz turned the game from a plodding albatross to a soaring falcon, from a Saturday afternoon of misery to a carnival of fun.

Most were sad, few were bitter and all were understanding when Holtz made the tough decision to leave. An opportunity like the New York Jets

doesn't come along every day, though Holtz had reportedly been offered every coaching job in the country and most of them more than twice.

Anyone who knew him personally will miss him as a friend more than as a football coach. For while he was a remarkable coach he was a more remarkable man.

Lou Holtz did a lot for State and State did a lot for Lou Holtz. It is fitting that both have benefitted from their relationship. Isn't that what friendship is all about?



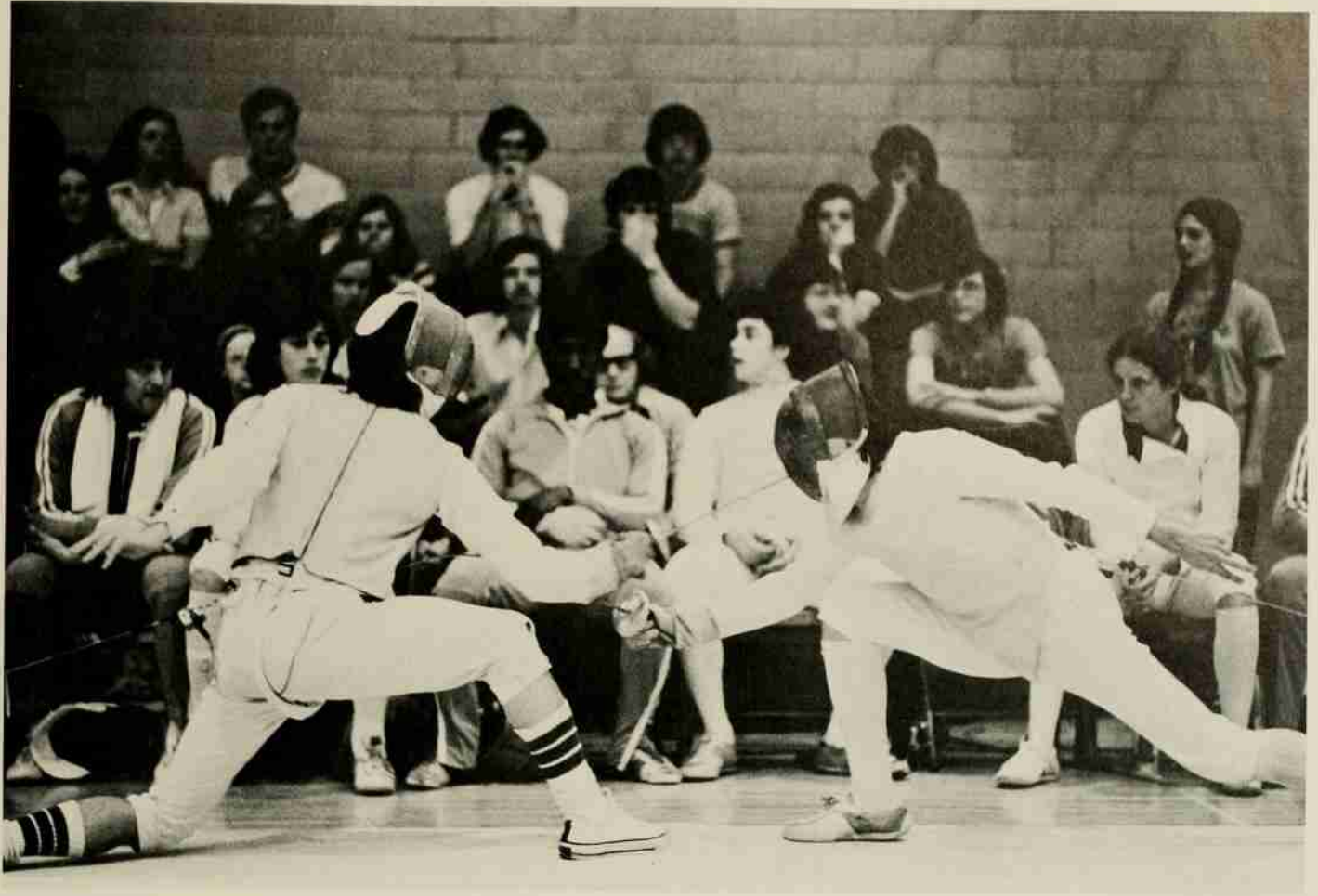
The picture in the Technician of Pete Mitchenfelder's bloody broken nose had to be one of the grossest sights of the season. It was also one of the most inspiring. Something about the mutilated, torn, soggy, crimson tissue portrayed the reckless abandon with which the State soccer team strove for victory.

Forced to stand in the humongous shadow of "American" football, the world's most popular sport struggles for recognition but not for success. Not any longer.

Coach Max Rhodes has turned a once dilapidated program into a winner, carving out a 6-3-2 mark last season, including a thrilling 4-3 victory over North Carolina. State finished 2-2-1 in the ACC but felt it should have done even better.

In the opinion of those close to the scene, a 3-1 upset by Pfeiffer in the opening game of the season should have never happened and neither should a 2-0 loss to Maryland on a muddy field or a 1-1 tie with Duke. Suddenly State's should-have-been record is 9-1-1.





Most students have to plead ignorance when it comes to a discussion of fencing. The only fencing terminology they seem to know is "Own gard!", "Tooshay!" and "Your sword is rusty!"

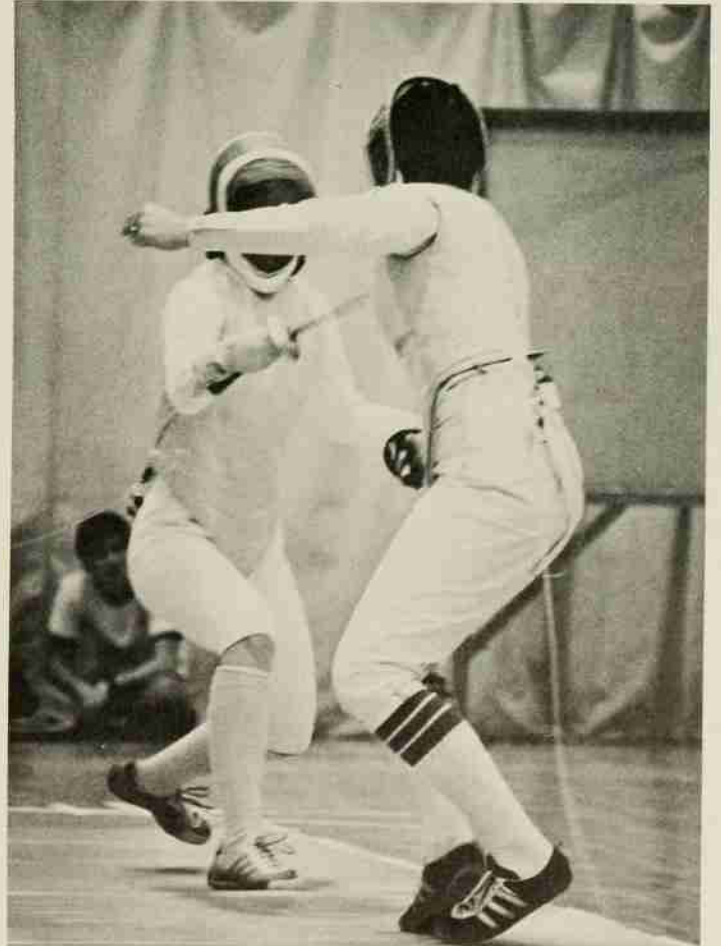
When it comes to fencing (better known to students as sword fighting), people remember that Boris What's-his-name was kicked out of the Olympics for doing something to his epee.

The fact of the matter is, the average joker on the brickyard couldn't tell you about fencing.

The fact of the matter also is that State's fencers were 7-5 last season, 2-4 in the ACC. They lost three games, duels, bouts, matches, whatever by a single point and one by three points.

Under second-year coach Larry Minor, State finished third in the ACC, while Rodney Irizzary in foil and Gary Upchurch in epee made All-ACC.

Touche.





An already established, nationally-recognized swimming program reached its highest peak ever in 1975-76 by virtue of medal victories in the Olympics and the Pan American Games and a sixth-place finish in the NCAA tournament.

Junior butterfly Steve Gregg and sophomore backstroker Dan Harrigan were the medal winners, but there were many other dedicated, finely tuned athletes contributing to the overall success of the Wolfpack swimming.

Gregg, who had won a silver medal in the 200-meter butterfly in the Pan American Games in October, set an Olympic record in qualifying for the same event in July. His record was short-lived however as it fell in the finals, but Gregg finished second and won an Olympic silver medal to complement his earlier acquisition. Gregg also won the 200-yard fly in the NCAA championships in March.

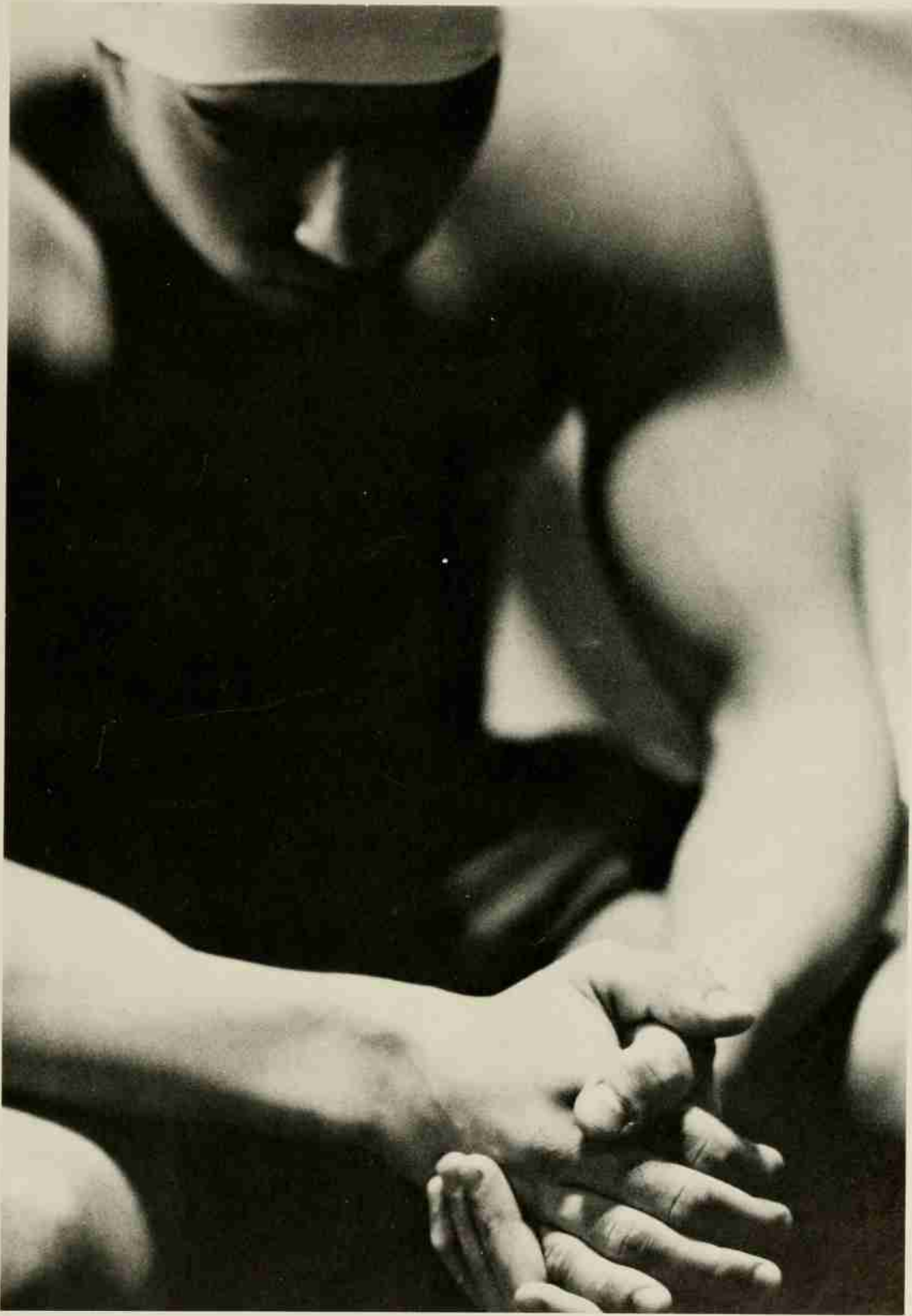
Harrigan copped a gold medal in the Pan Am

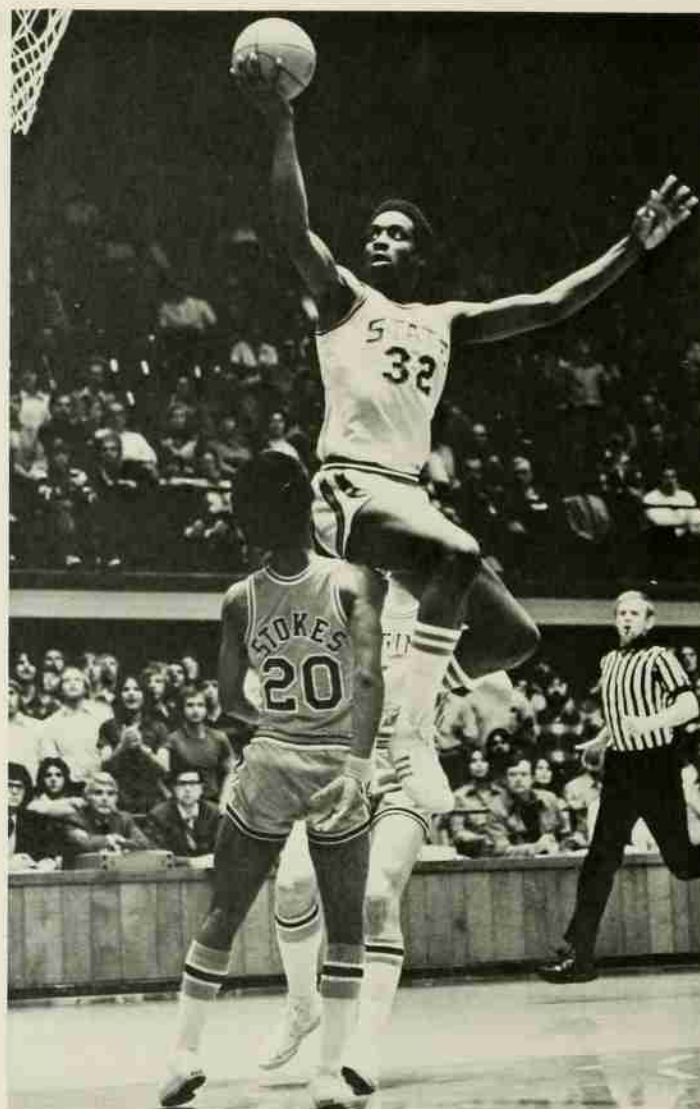
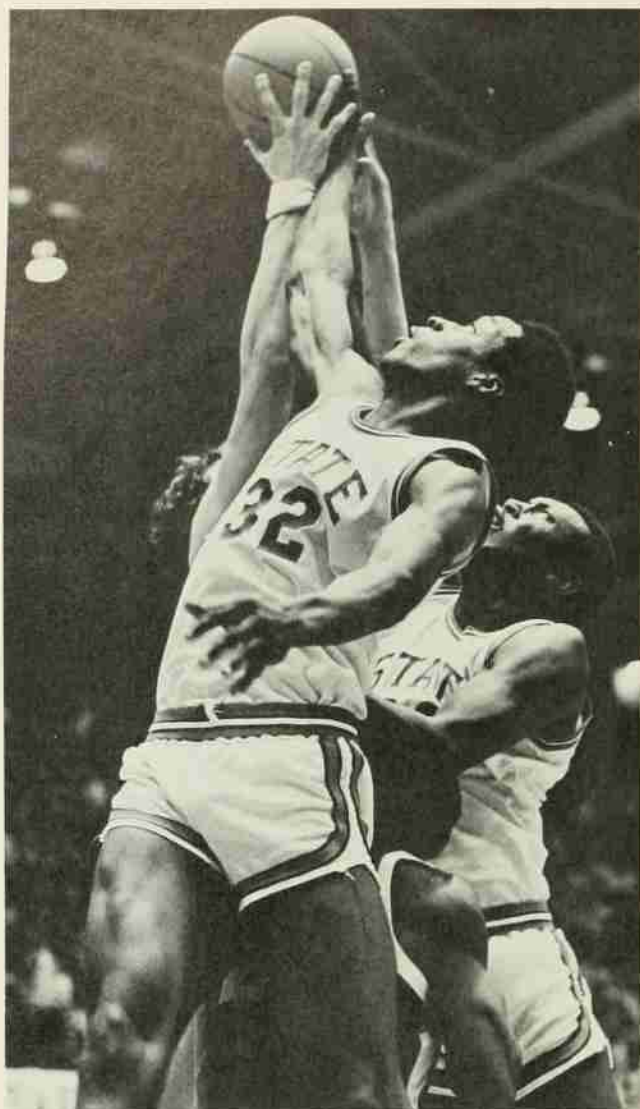
Games, yet it was an expensive trip to Mexico City for the supersoph, for he contracted hepatitis and was forced to drop out of school, causing him to miss the entire regular season. But the determined Harrigan fought back and took a bronze medal in the 200-meter backstroke in Montreal.

A new face in the Wolfpack pool which is certain to cause plenty of excitement in the future was British freshman breaststroker Duncan Goodhew. Also an Olympic participant, Goodhew suffered a fall as a child which caused his hair to fall out. His was an easy profile to spot around campus.

Other swimming highlights included the school's 275th all-time dual-meet victory, coach Don Easterling's 100th career victory and 50th win at State, and the school's sixth straight Atlantic Coast Conference title and 10th crown in the last 11 years.

The dedication required to produce a powerful swimming team seems to fit in with the atmosphere of N.C. State.





Considering its youth and inexperience, State's basketball team's 21-9 record of 1975-76 should be a tribute to its determination and to its coach, Norm Sloan.

Not only was the Wolfpack without the greatest player in ACC history and one of the best ever in the nation, David Thompson, it was also minus starters Monte Towe, Moe Rivers and Tim Stoddard from year's past. Also, reserves Mark Moeller and Craig Kuzmaul had departed. They had left behind the mere skeleton of a nationally prominent team.

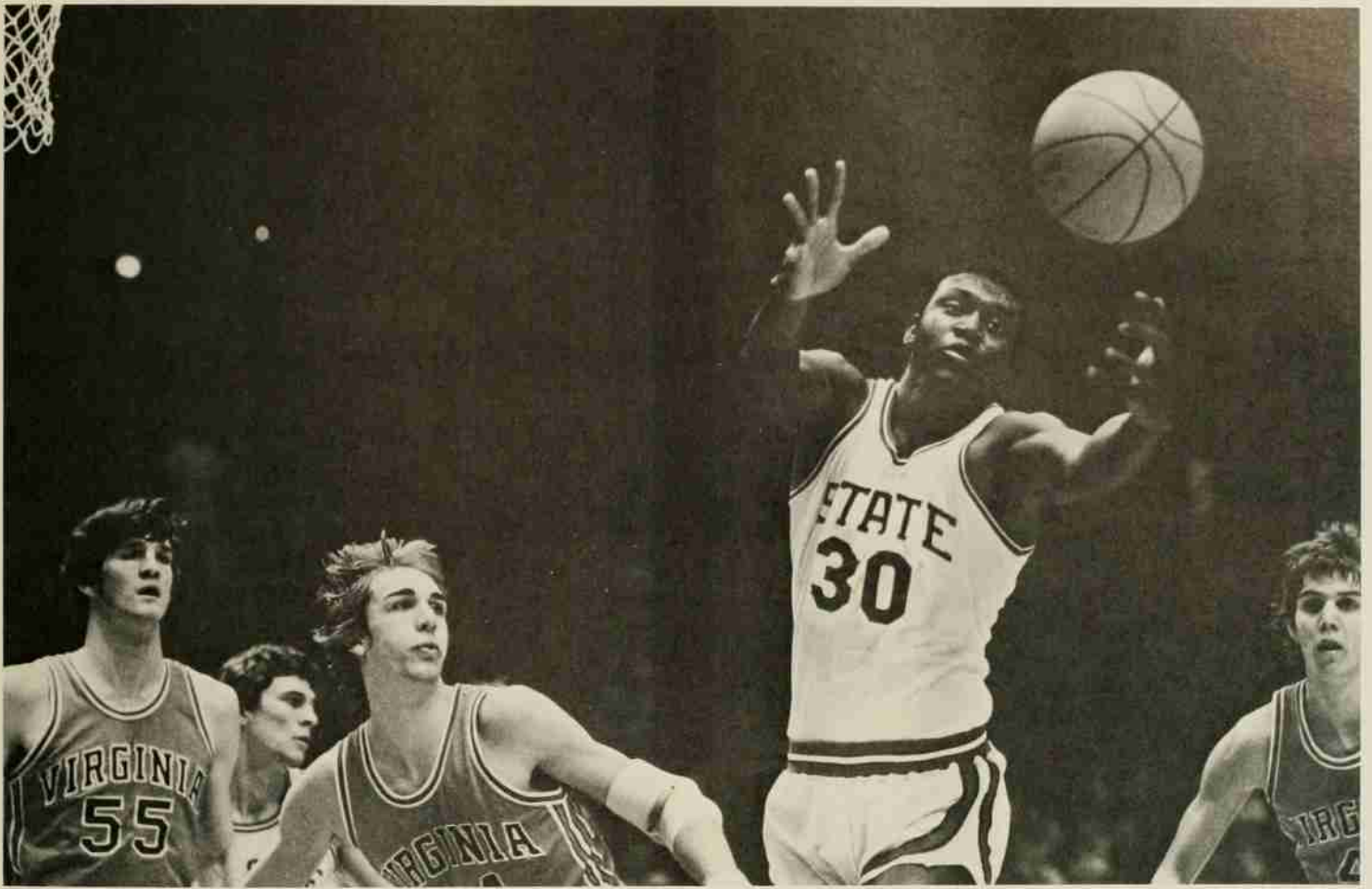
But Sloan took the inexperience and the youth and molded it into a unit that stayed among the nation's best until the final weeks of the season when it slumped out of the top twenty for the first time all season.

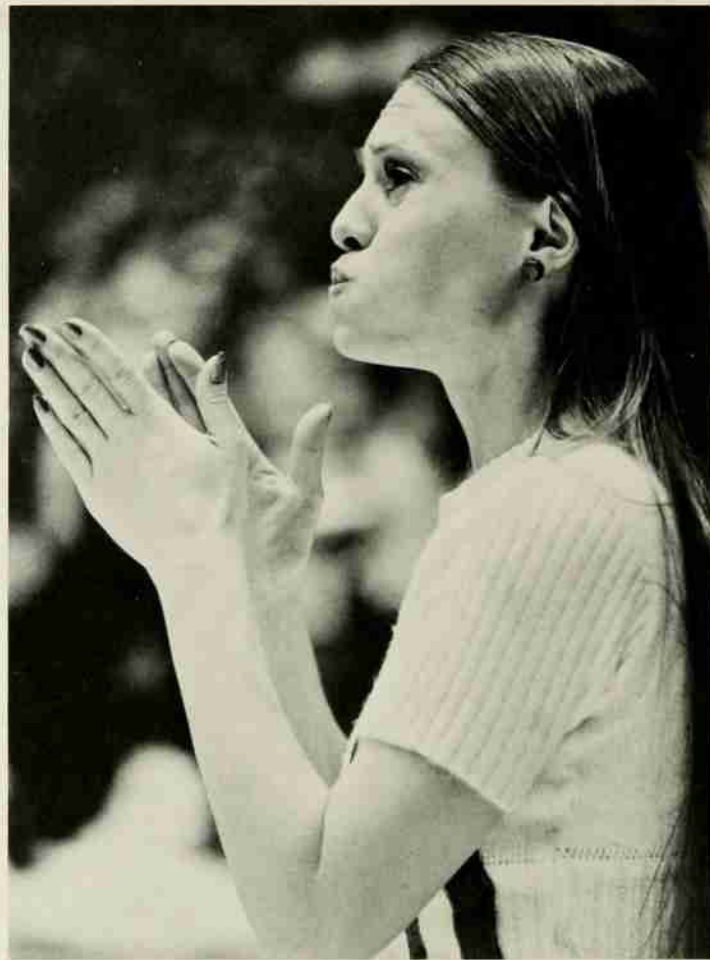
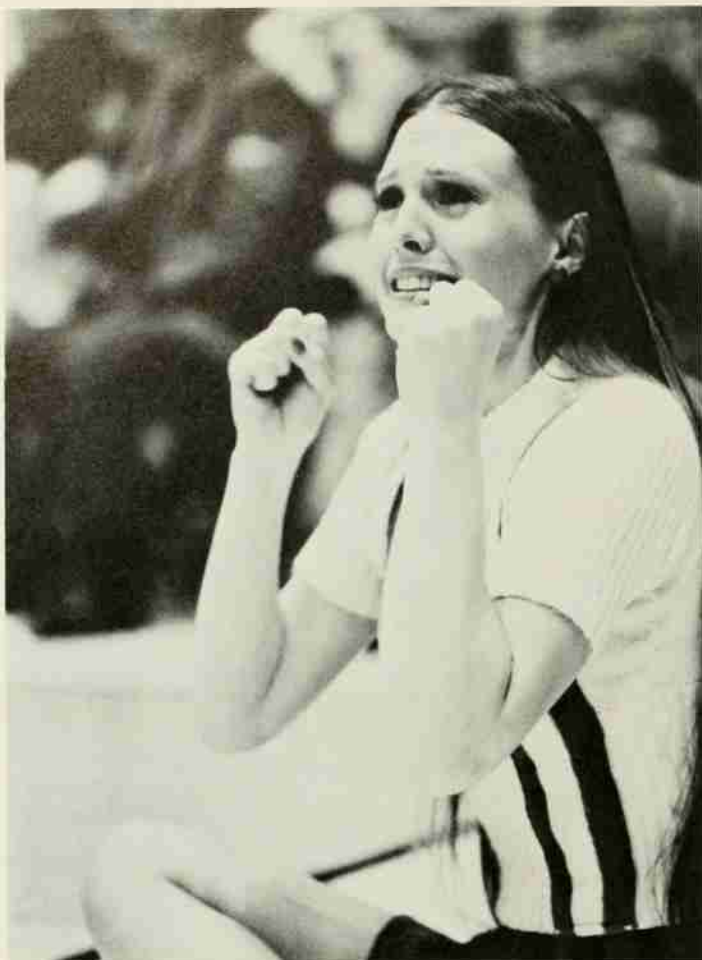
State had just two seniors---Phil Spence a three-year

performer at State and Darnell Adell, in his first year with the Wolfpack. The rest of the team was composed of the following: sophomore Al Green, a transfer from Western Arizona Junior College, entering his first year of major college basketball; sophomore Craig Davis, in his second year with the Wolfpack, counted on to be the floor leader though he had seen only limited action as a freshman; sophomore Gary Stokan, another transfer; sophomore Kenny Carr, a starter as a freshman but beginning just his fourth year of basketball; sophomore Bobo Jackson, a reserve used sparingly as a freshman; and freshmen Glenn Sudhop, Dirk Ewing, Steve Walker, Eric Agardy and Sotello Long.

So young, so inexperienced, yet so willing, able and determined.

By the season's end, Carr had established himself as





the conference's top scorer and third leading rebounder. He topped off his brilliant season with the Wolfpack by making the U.S. Olympic team and returning from Montreal with a gold medal.

Green had developed into one of the conference's most exciting players, leaping to heights which reminded Reynold's Coliseum faithful of the incredible Thompson. If Green never scores another point, he will always be remembered for his free throw against Carolina with no time on the clock which gave the Wolfpack a spine-tingling 68-67 victory over the heavily favored Tar Heels on Super Sunday. A national TV audience was tuned in to the battle of the league's top two contenders, and Sloan would later remark that the victory was one of the five he remembered most in his star-studded career.

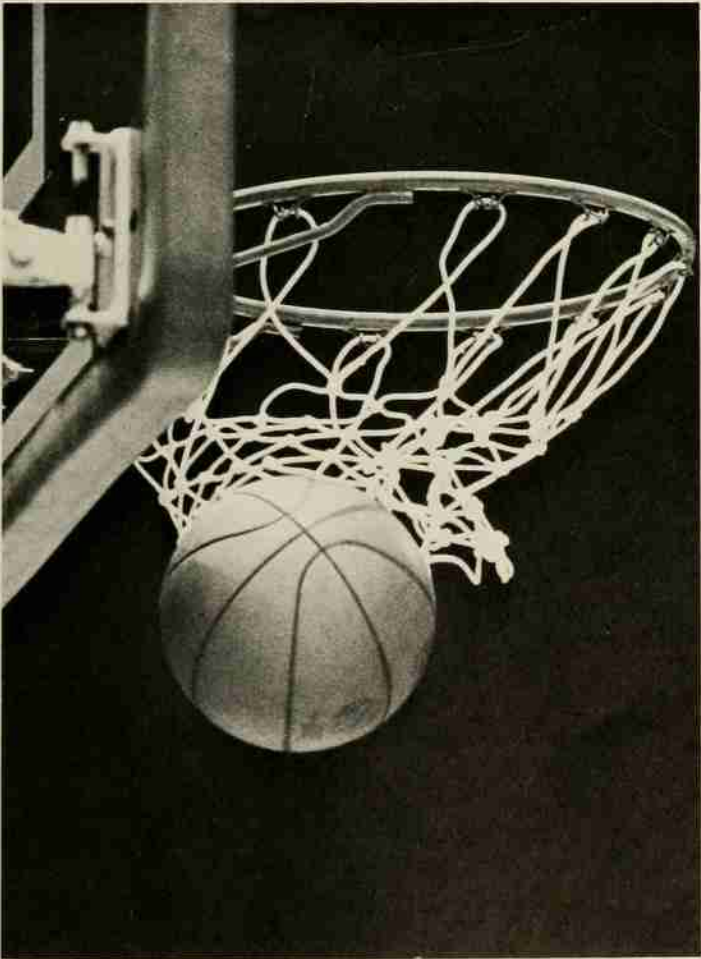
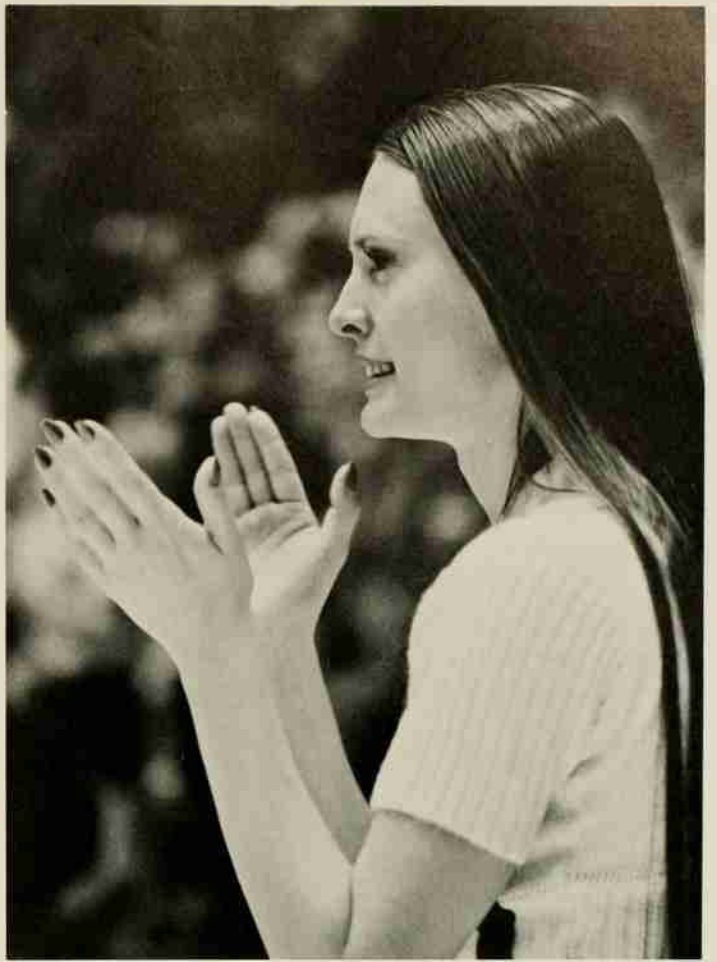
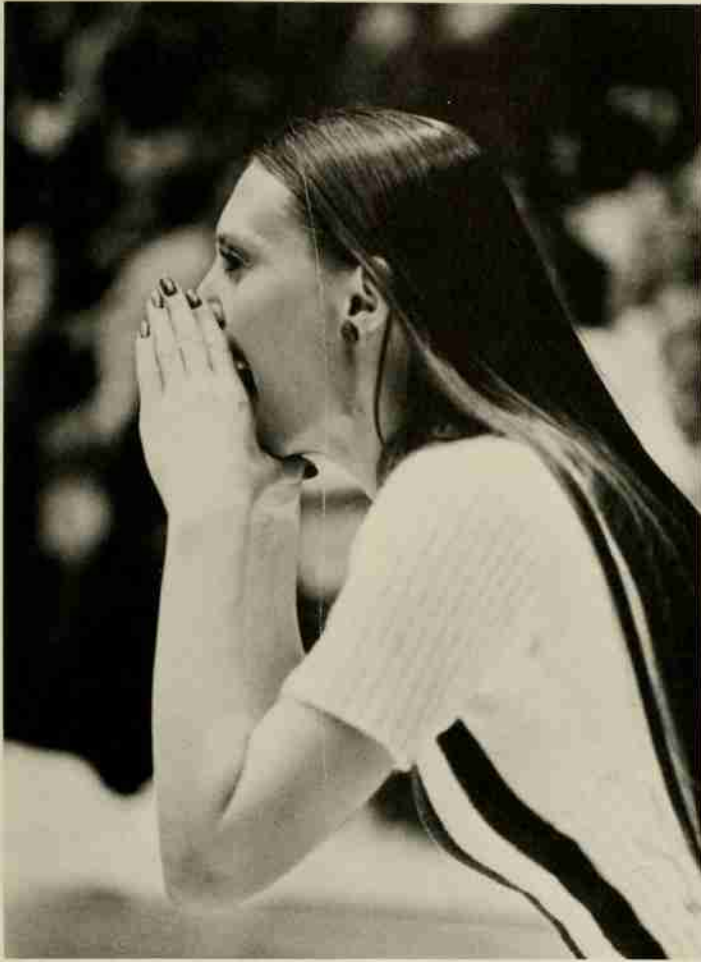
Sudhop showed signs of progress. It would only be a matter of time before he would become one of the

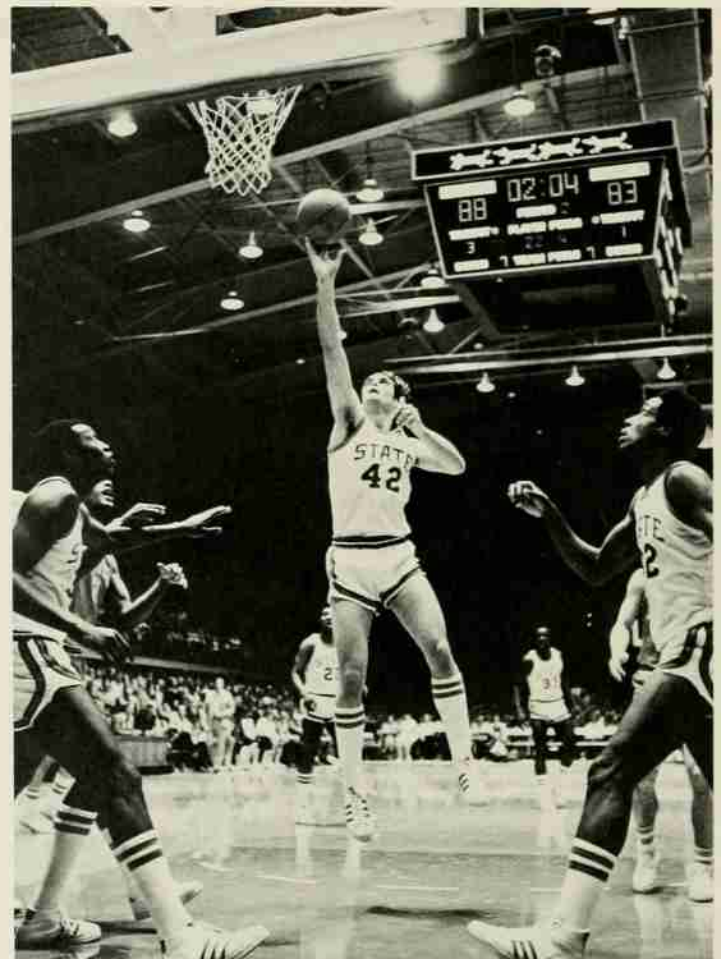
nation's top big men. His accurate shooting touch coupled with his desire to play the game made him stand out to the spectators.

Davis, though not a scorer, handled the ball with professional savvy. No one in America could steal the ball from Craig Davis. There wasn't a press anywhere he couldn't break.

Adell, one of only two seniors, was one of the favorites in his brief one-year stint at State. His quickness allowed him to move like few others can on the basketball court. In fact, at season's end, Adell was invited to tryout by the Dallas Cowboys of the National Football League.

Spence made more clutch baskets in one season than anyone could seem to remember. Particularly notable were last second rebound baskets against Virginia and Wake Forest. Spence gave three solid years to the Wolfpack, and he finished his senior





season as the team's second leading scorer (14.6) and rebounder (9.1).

A team generally chosen to finish in the middle of the ACC race, the Pack posted a 7-5 league mark and tied favored Maryland for second.

Holding a 7-2 record, State was the only team challenging first-place North Carolina as the season began to draw to a close. However, during a slump, the Pack dropped its last three ACC games and was eliminated from the tournament by eventual conference champion Virginia in the opening round, spoiling what could have been a much more successful season.

State received an opportunity to save face, though as it was extended a bid to the National Invitation Tournament in New York.

The Wolfpack burned Holy Cross 78-68 in the opening round, giving Sloan the 400th victory of his

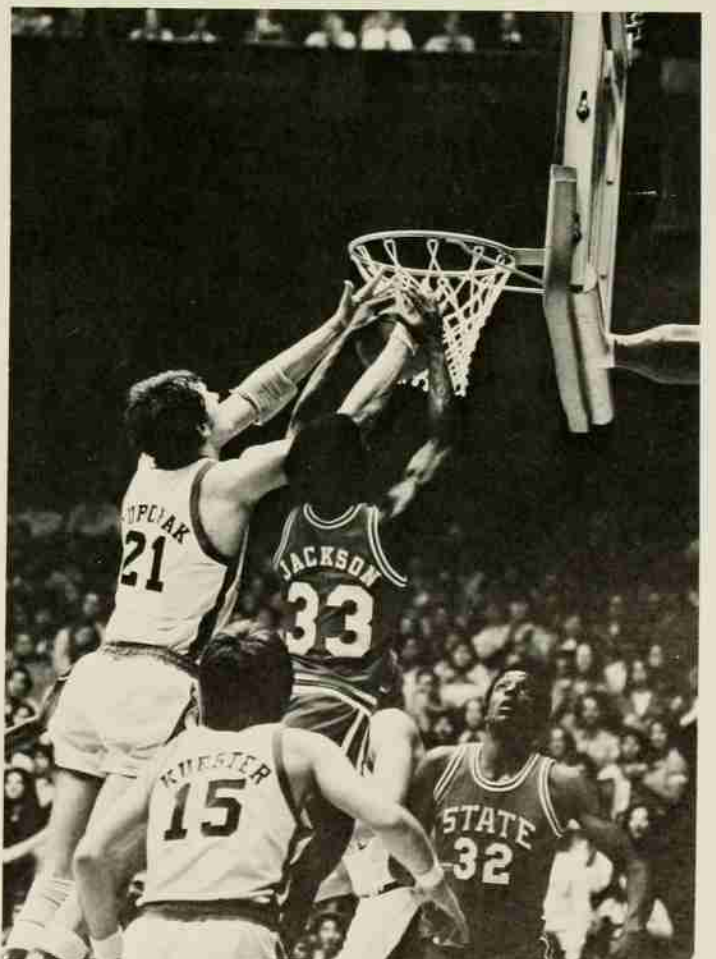
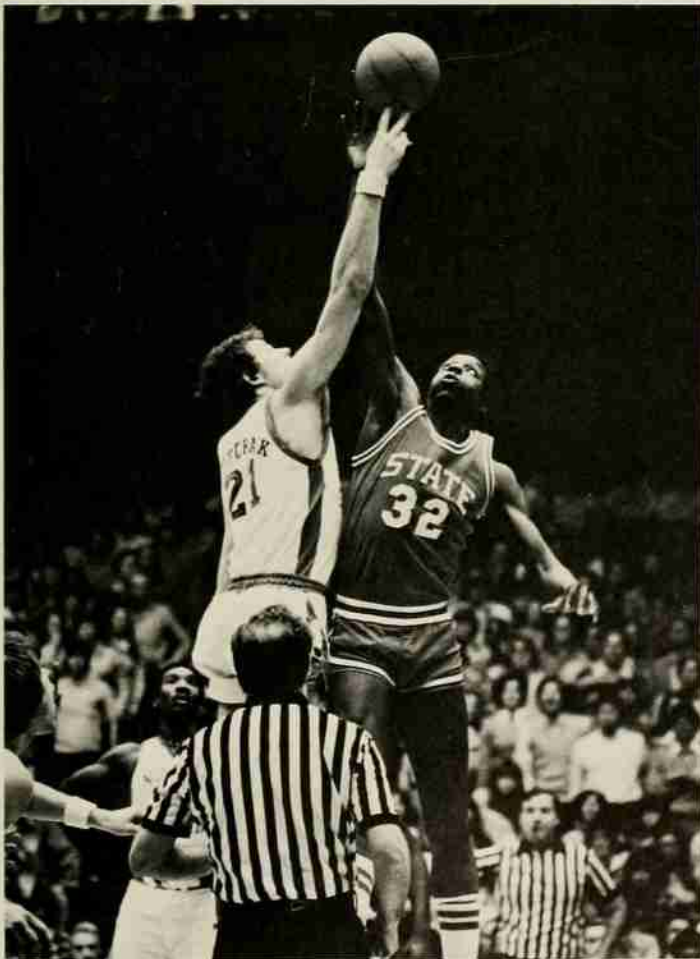
career. A tough UNC-Charlotte squad stopped State in the semifinals of the NIT 80-79 when a half dozen last-second shots wouldn't drop. The Pack bounced back to end the season on a winning note, topping Providence 74-69 for third place.

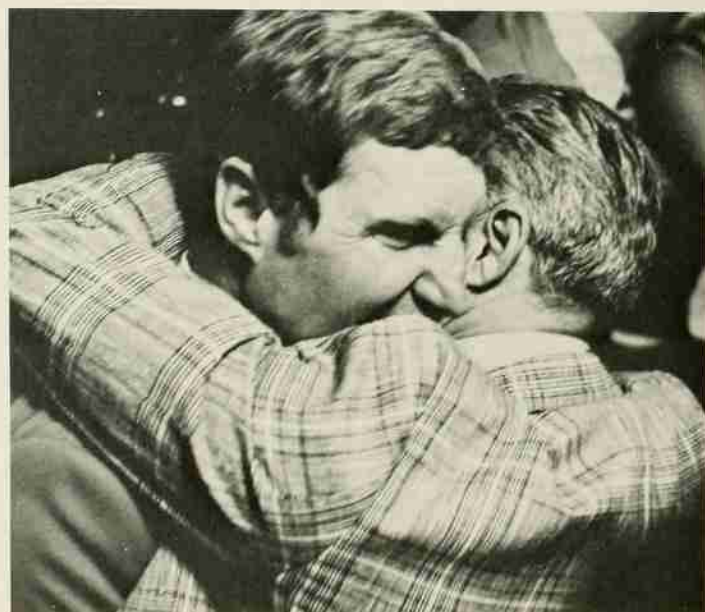
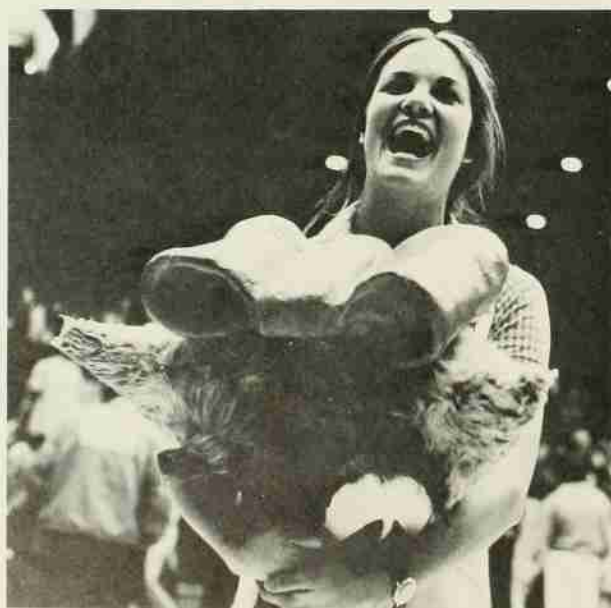
Despite one spectacular performance after another, Carr finished second in voting for ACC Player of the Year. Carolina's Mitch Kupchak, whose teammate, Phil Ford, made first-team All-America honors all over the country, was chosen the conference's best player. Carr was tops in the league in scoring and third in rebounding. Kupchak, while barely finishing ahead of Carr in rebounds, was not close to Carr in scoring.

While fans moaned over the selection, they waited for a chance to show who was best. Carr and the Wolfpack have two more years to do that.

12 FORD 6'2"
15 KWESTER 6'2"
21 KUPCHAK 6'10"
24 DAVIS 6'5"
45 LAGARDE 6'10"

422 BRAGHW SAYS
FIVE FOOLS
= FOUR CORNERS





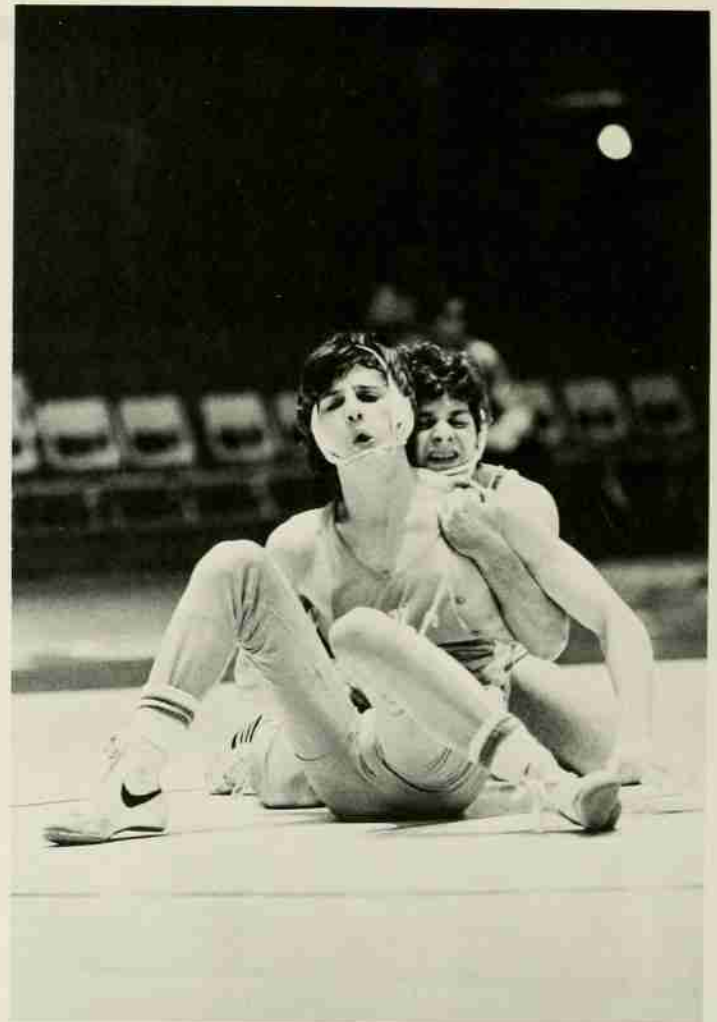
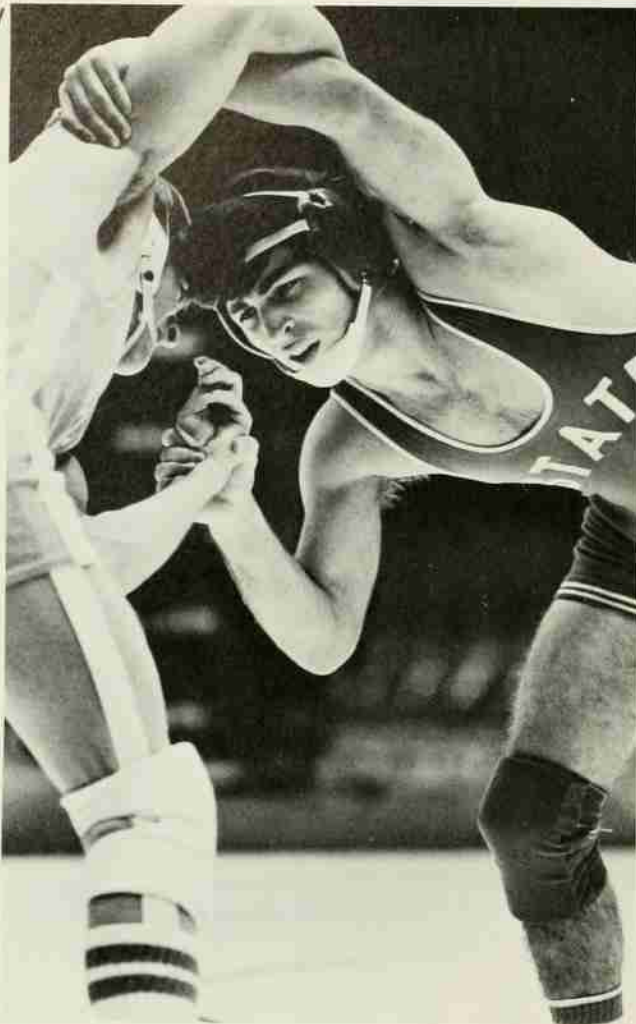


pack tars 'heels

State 68

Carolina 67

WRESTLING



Perhaps the most surprising and most devastating ACC title of the season was brought home by coach Bob Guzzo's wrestlers. The surprise came not that the Wolfpack won, for its talent was certainly obvious. But it was the decisive manner in which State marched into the unfriendly confines of Carmichael Auditorium in Chapel Hill and dynamited what was supposed to be a four-team logjam for the championship: that was shocking.

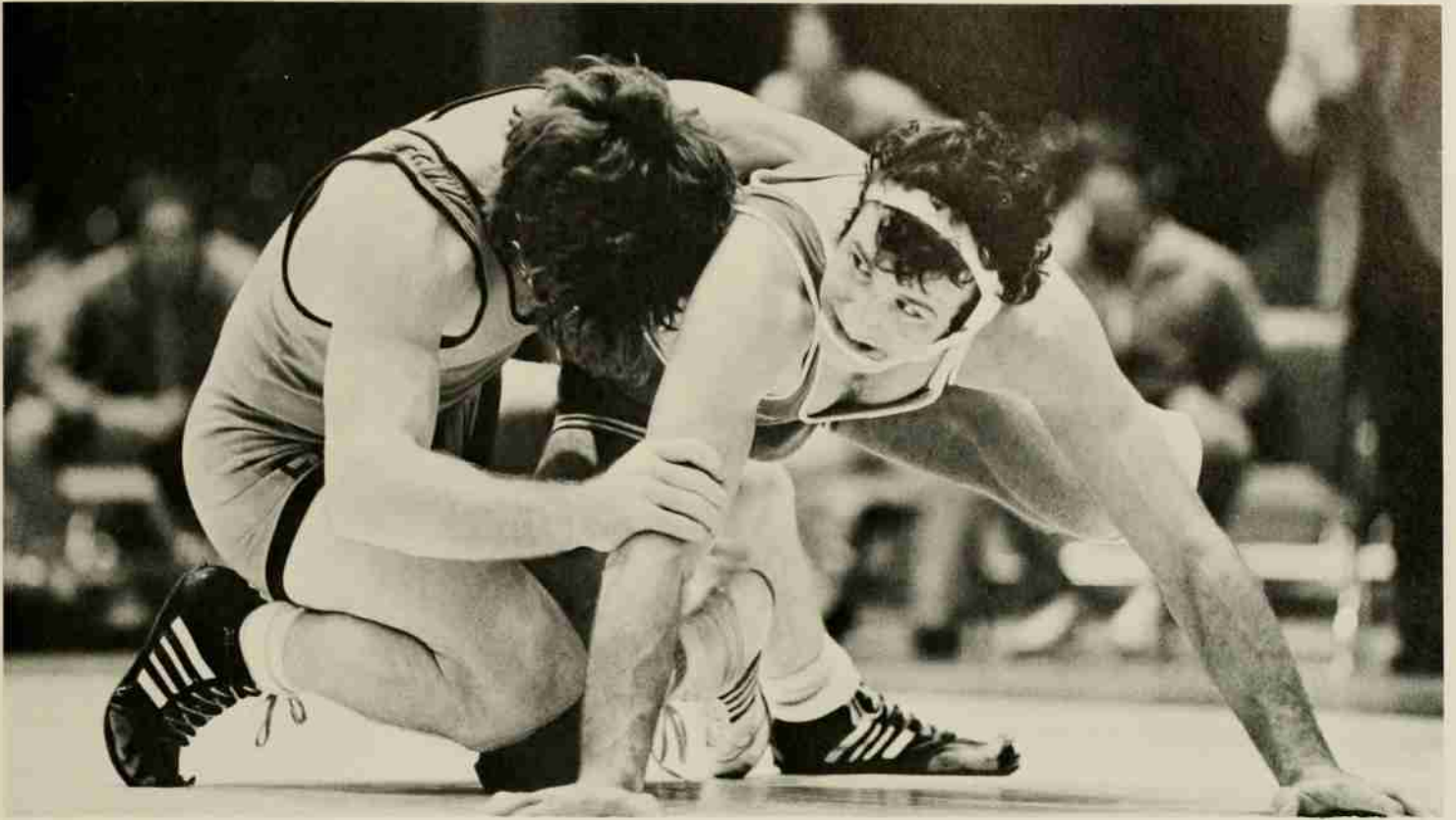
Eight, yes eight, wrestlers won semifinal bouts to nearly clinch the title before the first bout took place on the final day. As it was, the Wolfpack had it wrapped up when a Virginia wrestler lost in the consolation round, eight bouts prior to the first final-bout. Reportedly the Cavaliers were in contention for the crown along with Maryland and host North Carolina. Maybe Guzzo didn't read the papers.

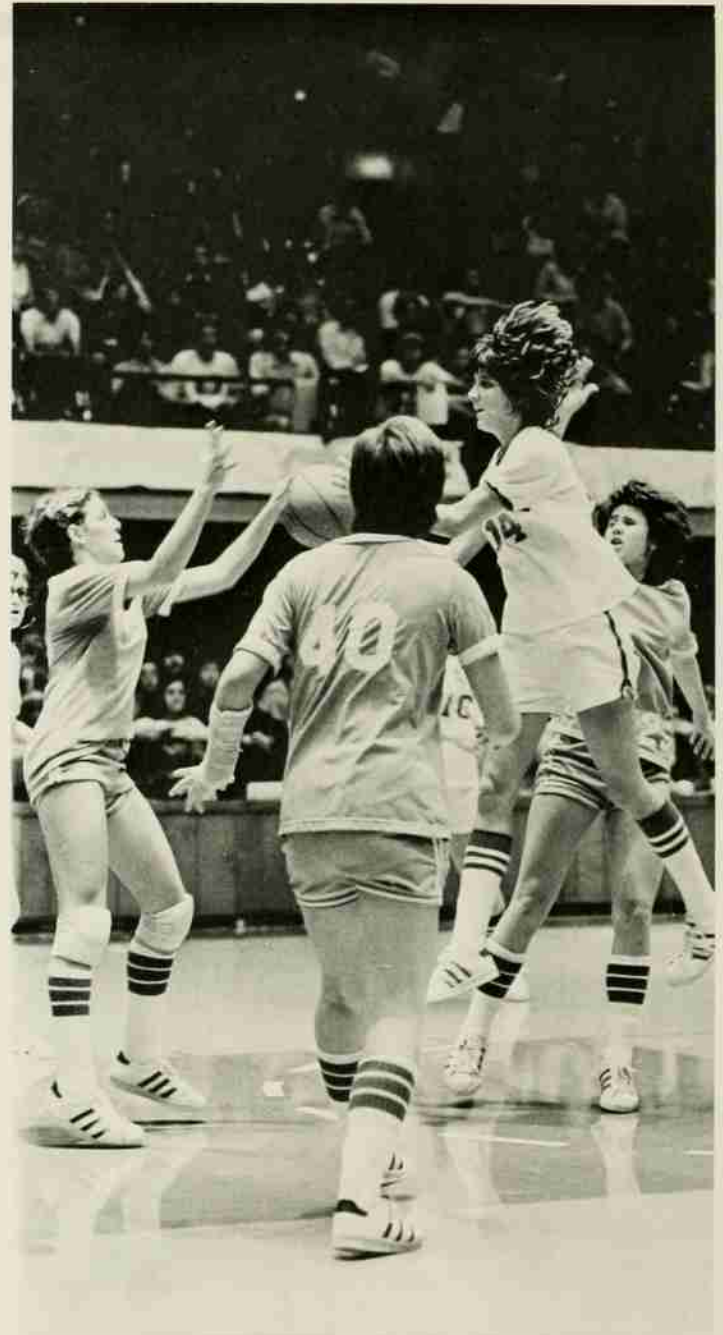
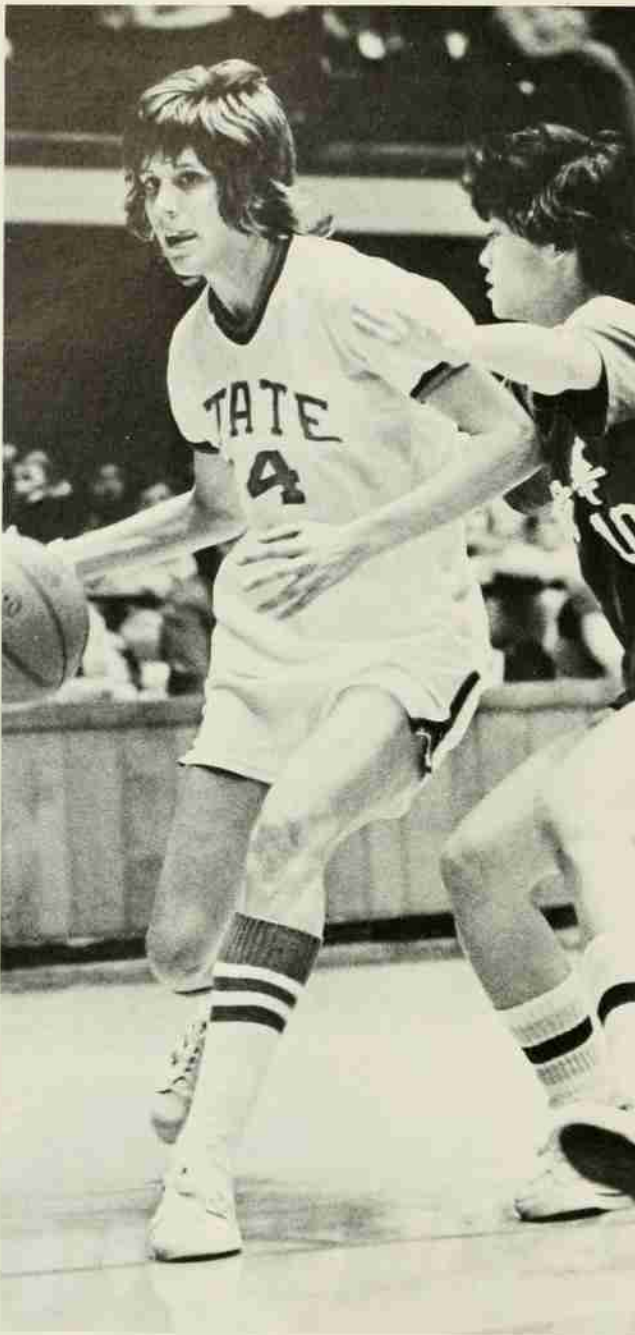
Only three of the eight finalists won titles, but it was more than enough for an incredible, masterfully conceived dream to come true. Mike Zito, a 118-pounder, Terry Reese, at 158, and heavyweight Tom Higgins were the Pack's individual champions and advanced to NCAA competition.

Higgins upset the eighth seed in the national championships and reached the quarterfinals before falling. Reese and Zito lost first-round matches but Reese struggled back and won more bouts in the consolation round.

Of State's four losses, three were by four points and one way to nationally powerful Lehigh.

Wrestling appears on the verge of national prominence, proving what can be accomplished in a short time if one has a mind to do so.





The women's athletic program was born at State in 1974 when basketball became the first varsity sport for women---complete with scholarships. In 1975, the women's program began to walk as Kay Yow was hired as its coordinator, and five additional sports were introduced.

The popularity of basketball increased 10-fold from a year ago when it won the state Class 'B' tournament and struggled helplessly against teams like Carolina. When Yow brought her winning style from Elon along with All-America sister Susan, stellar guard Sherri Pickard and star recruit Cristy Earnhardt, the Wolfpack immediately became successful.

State lost its opening game of the season, a 74-61 decision at Chapel Hill. It also dropped a close call to Pfeiffer before it picked up its first win of the season against College of Charleston which would later

become champion of the state of South Carolina.

The State women made history on Jan. 24, 1976, when they played Carolina in Reynolds Coliseum. It was the first women's game ever televised in the state of North Carolina. The Wolfpack thrilled 3,200 enthusiastic spectators with a 68-58 win over the Tar Heels. The Pack was in the midst of a seven-game winning streak, but Maryland ended it in the semifinals of the Virginia Invitational Tournament.

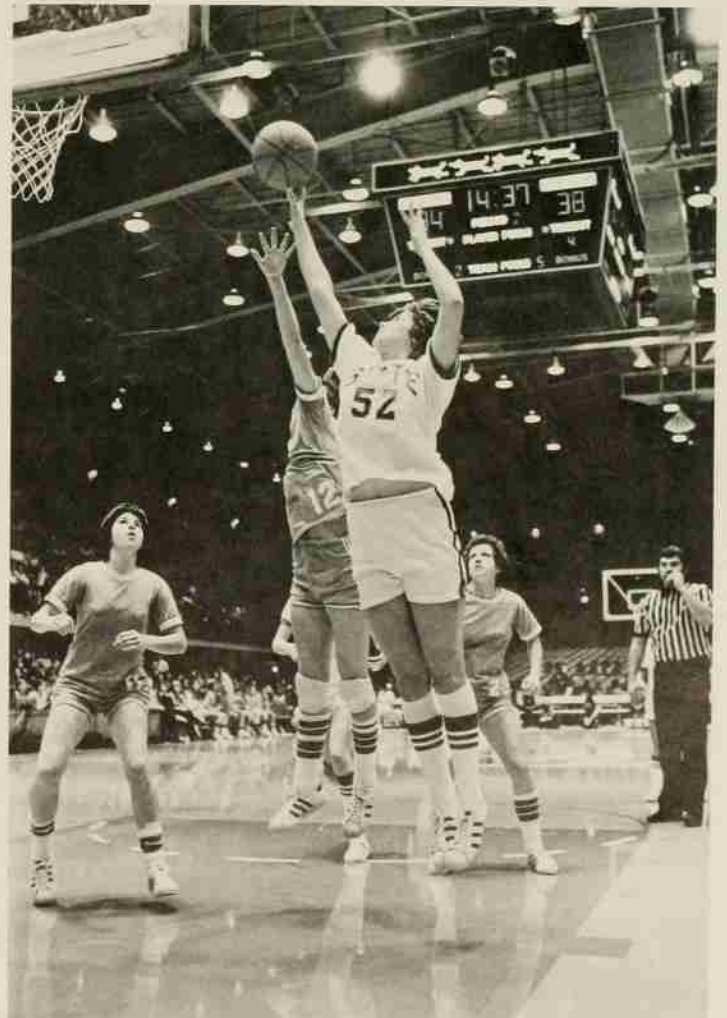
Who would have believed a year earlier that 3,200 people would want to see State's women play? But that was not the largest crowd the Wolfpack drew. When a China Air Lines team, which had defeated fifth-ranked Queens College, visited the coliseum, 3,400 turned out for the confrontation. State pulled out a 71-70 victory which Yow pronounced her greatest ever.

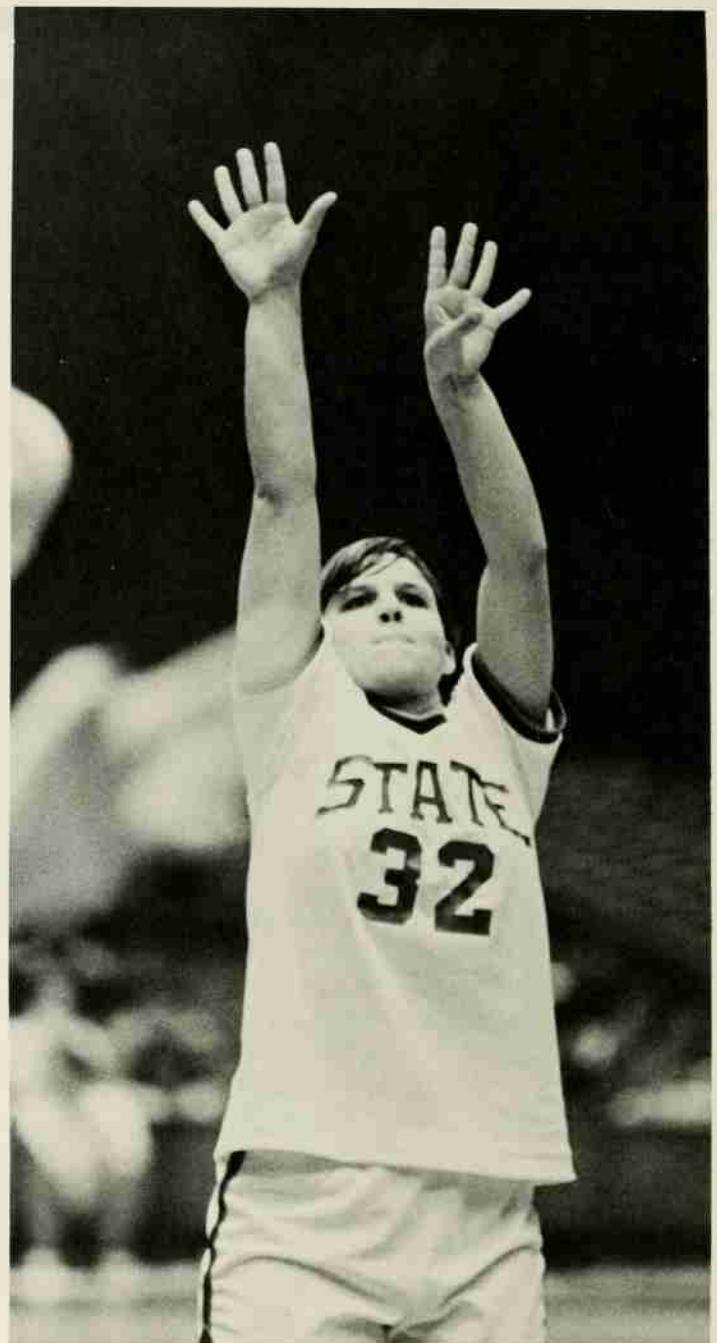


With new-found confidence, the Pack roared through the regular season with a 14-4 record and won the NCAIAW title in Chapel Hill. In the AIAW regional tournament in Cullowhee, State fell to Eastern Kentucky 88-82 but bounced back to finish fifth in the tournament.

State was extended a bid to the National Invitational Tournament in Amarillo, Tex., to allow the Wolfpack an opportunity against competition of national caliber. The answer was provided by Wayland College which crushed the Pack 94-65 in the tournament's opening round. Wayland has won all eight NWIT titles. State came back to nip Indiana State 59-58 but lost to Nebraska in the fifth-place game.

The season, however, had by no means been a loss. A 19-7 record, two televised games, a national tournament, a state championship all for a crop of





young players who had never experienced anything comparable before in their lives were big, big steps for women's basketball at State.

The incomparable Susan Yow excited Wolfpack crowds like few women, particularly athletes, ever had. She made All-America for the second consecutive year and received the same honor at the NWIT in Texas where she was also voted their Rookie of the Year award.

Freshman Earnhardt was all-state and possesses all the talent necessary to become an All-America. Sparkplug Lulu Eure joined the team after the season had begun and provided it with a floor leader it so desperately lacked. The unbelievable contributions by the most inexperienced players, like Joy Ussery and Lorraine Owen, really made the difference in State being merely a good team or being the championship

team it was.

Of course, basketball was not the only successful sport. Softball also won the state title. Pickard, the school's lone three-sport star, was a crusher on the diamond. Gloria Allen, Dee Doub, Connie Langley and Eure were some of the others who gave softball a successful inauguration as a varsity sport.

Swimming, long a stronghold for men at State, began to show it was headed in the same direction for the women as well. Coach Don Easterling pushed the team to a 13th ranking in the National AAU meet.

Volleyball finished third in the state and posted an 18-15 mark in its first season. Yow and Pickard again starred. State competed in tournaments as far away as Cookeville, Tenn.

Tennis, under J.W. Isenhour and Ginger Oakman, struggled in its first season, but the upward swing of



the men's program should help the women bring in the necessary talent to field a successful team.

The fencers, led by the exceptional Louise Ackerman, posted a superb 7-1 record. Their only loss was a 14-13 match to Carolina.

New sports will be added for women in '76: cross country, track and field and golf are those mentioned most often. But whatever sports are added, you can bet the Wolfpack women will approach each the same way...the winning way.





No scene in sports is quite as exciting as a neatly groomed baseball diamond. There doesn't have to be any action on it. There doesn't even have to be any people on it. Just being there, the grass trimmed precisely to the proper height and marked off in the proper width, a baseball field needs nothing more than itself to inspire the heart.

The national pasttime, which was dominated in ACC play by State for three years straight, did not provide the successful season as it had in the recent past at State; fortunately though, the Wolfpack made a mid-season surge and prevented total disaster in '76.

Reasons for the slump that dropped the Pack to fourth in the league are vague. Perhaps the departure of pitchers Tim Stoddard, Mike Dempsey and Lew Hardy from the 1975 team took a greater toll than many thought possible. The '76 staff, however, had an impressive ERA, but Tom Hayes and Richard Spanton, the veterans of the staff, posted dismal won-loss records of 3-4 and 2-5, respectively. Hayes had a remarkable ERA of 2.01, and Spanton's was an effective 2.78.

Was it the lack of timely hitting? That seems to be the best answer as the Wolfpack left too many men on base in close games.

The bright spots of the season were third baseman Tom Crocker's league batting crown, which he captured with a .398 average. A hit in his last at bat of the season would have pushed him over .400.

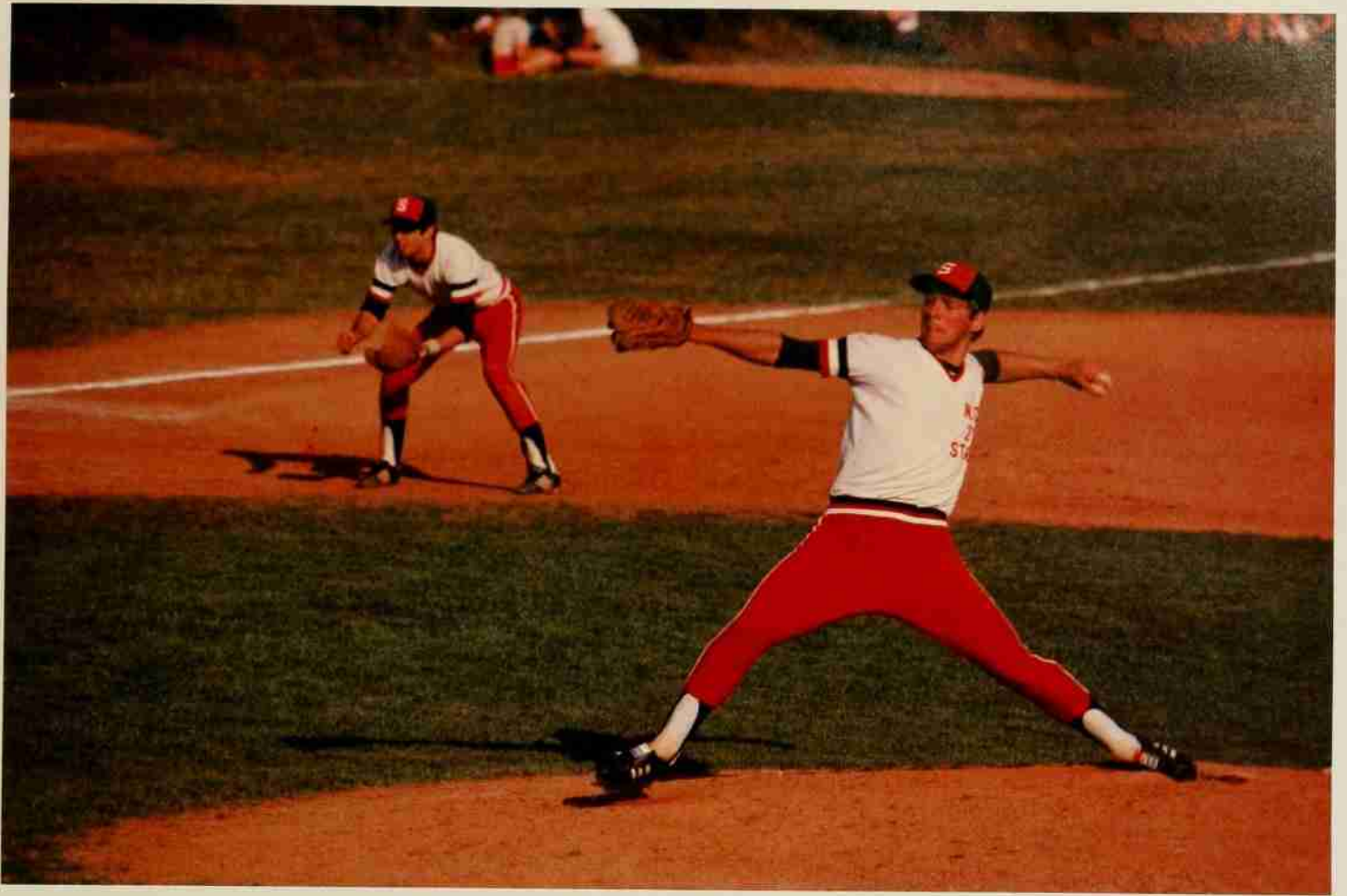
Rightfielder Dick Chappell (.339) was one of the team's top all-around players, fielding adroitly and stealing a team-high of 11 bases. Chappell and Crocker were selected second-team All-ACC.

Youngsters who brighten coach Sam Esposito's outlook for the future include pitchers Doug Satterwhite and Bobby Harrison who posted 3-0 records and ERAs of 1.57 and 1.82, respectively.

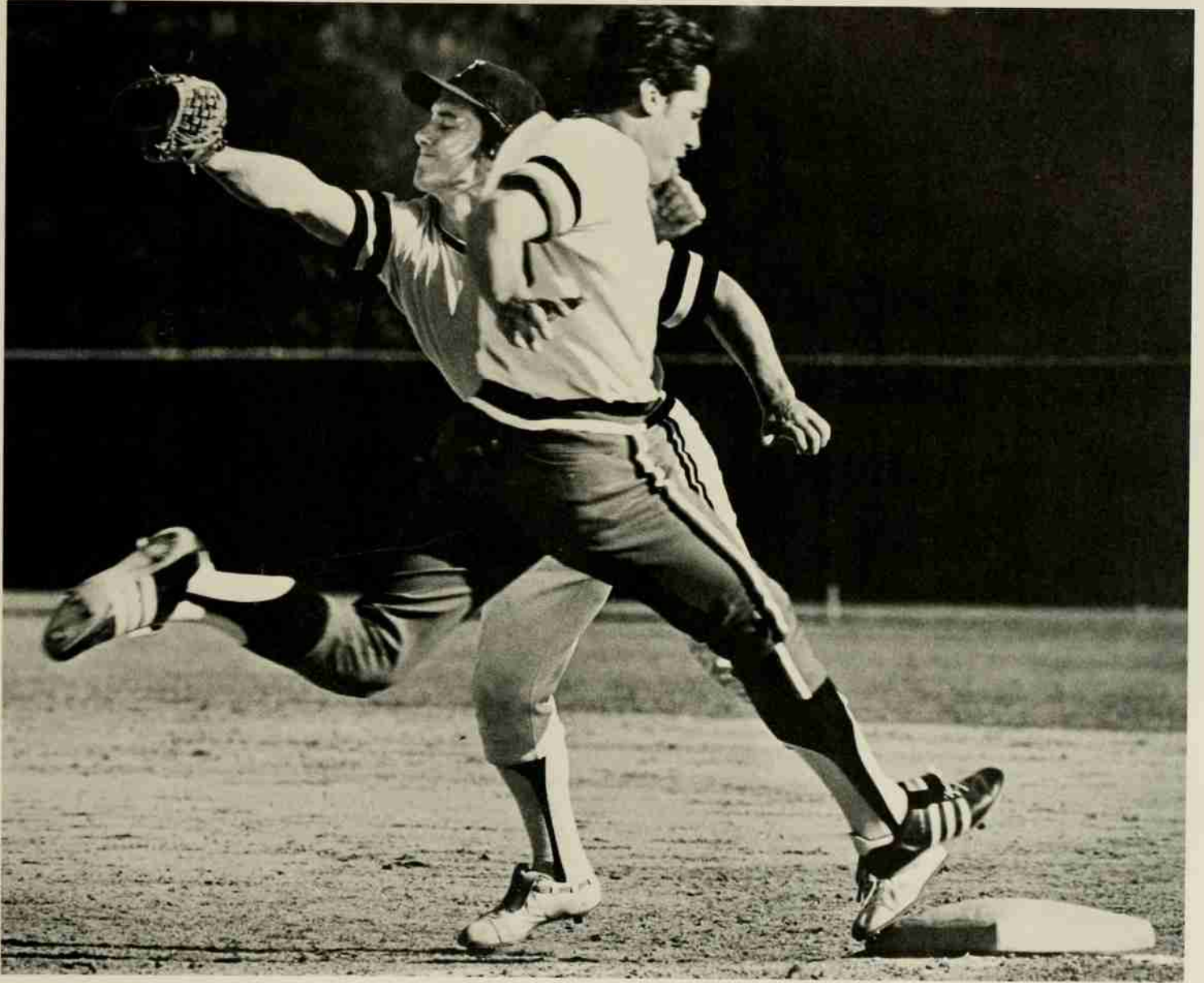
Although the services of reliable shortstop Kent Juday will be missed, Esposito will no doubt find replacements for any weak spots that might crop up.

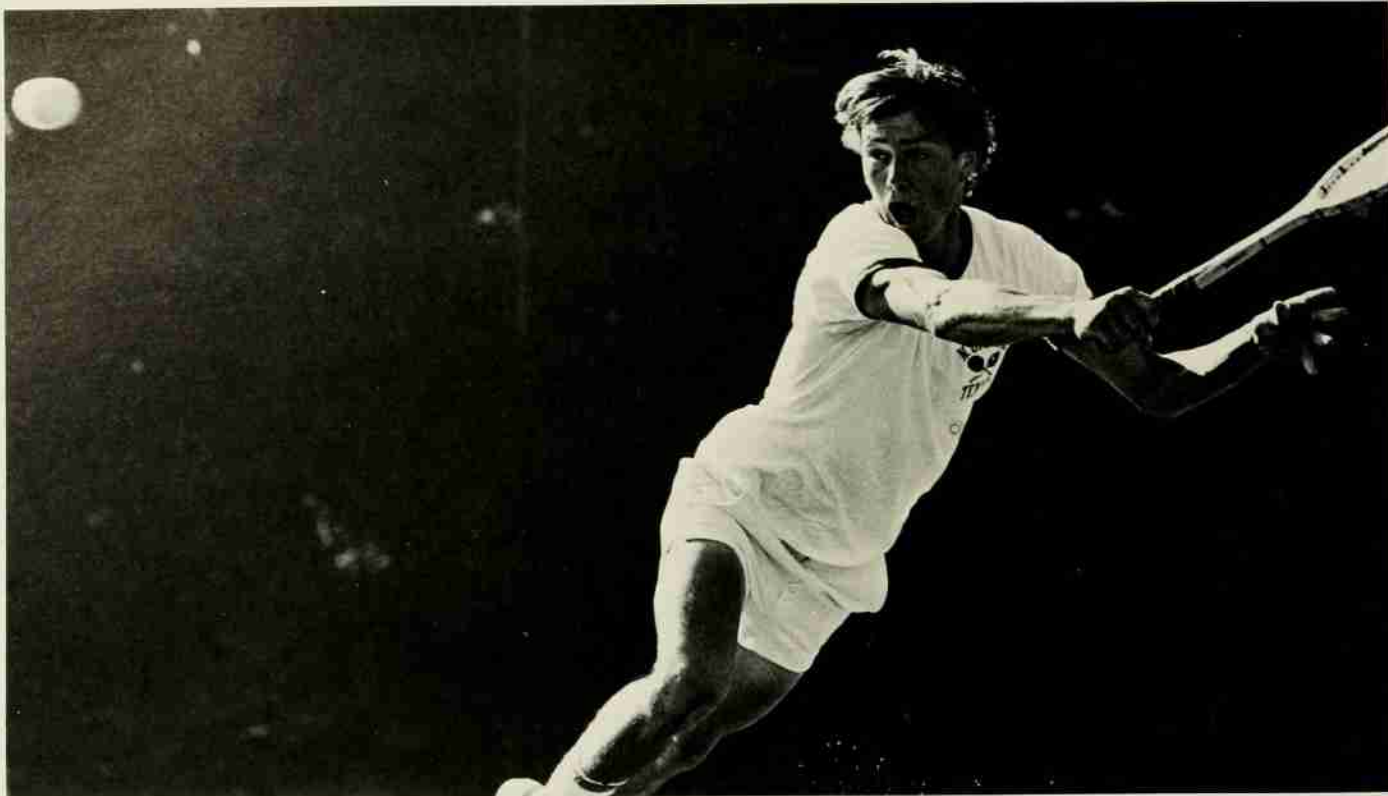
The '76 team, after falling to 0-5 in the conference, clobbered Carolina in Chapel Hill, 8-1, and finished the ACC regular season 6-6. But Wake Forest spoiled State's bid for a fourth straight league championship, downing the Wolfpack 7-3 in the tournament's opening round.

Anyone familiar with Wolfpack baseball knows that the call of "Batter up!" will again have a ring of excitement next spring.









What sport made the biggest comeback in a single year? No contest here. It was coach J.W. Isenhour's up-and-coming young netters.

For years the doormat of the ACC, the Wolfpack, behind the likes of John Sadri, Scott Dillon, Carl Bumgardner and Bill Csipkay, climbed to fourth in the conference tournament. State won more than one ACC match for the first time in years, capturing three of six matches and dropping two by narrow 5-4 decisions.

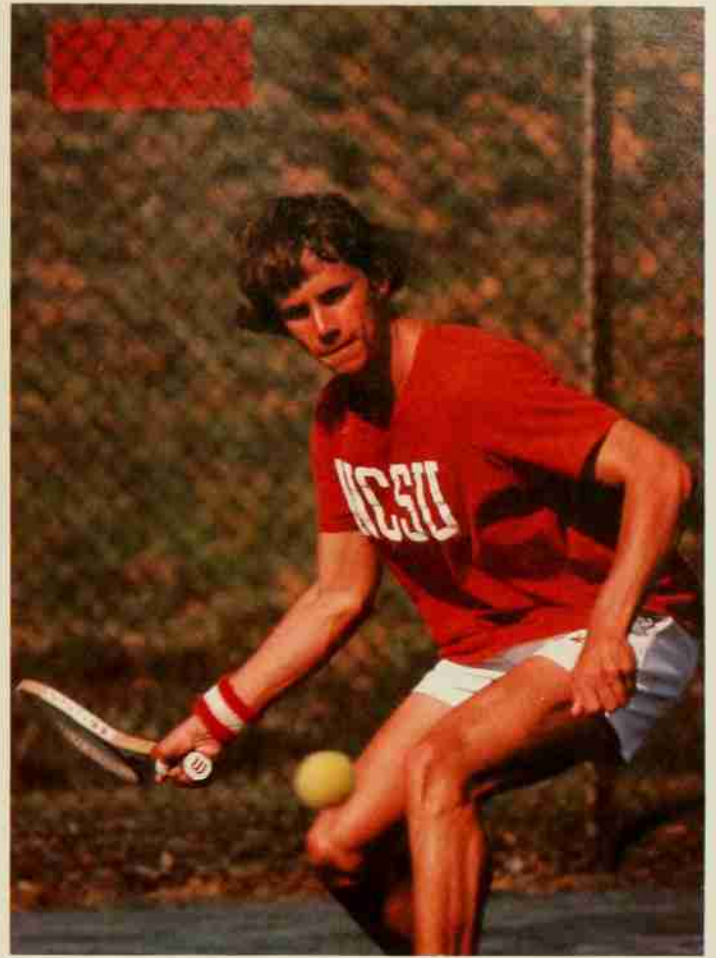
The doubles team of Sadri and Dillon won the league title, and the pair went on to the NCAA championship in Corpus Christi, Tex., and moved the Pack into the top 40 teams in the country.

Although drubbed 8-1 in their regular season match State had put a noticeable dent in the gap between the Pack and perennial conference power North Carolina. The Tar Heels took several close matches which could have gone either way. In the NAAs, Carolina tallied four team points, the Wolfpack three.

The Pack's top four players all return for the '77 campaign. Sadri and Csipkay will be juniors, Bumgardner and Dillon sophomores.

Tennis anyone? The Wolfpack is ready.







The essence of individual competition seems to surface most vividly in track. How fast one can run, how strong one is, how high one can jump, how far one can jump---those are the basic physical quantities everyone wants to know.

There is less equipment in track and field than almost any other sport. It's man against man, man against nature, and man against himself.

Track at State has emerged from a group of challengers to conference king Maryland to become sole possessor of second place the last two seasons.

Shot putters Bob Medlin and LeBaron Caruthers were the big names on campus and perhaps the strongest. Haywood Ray was one the smallest and definitely the fastest.

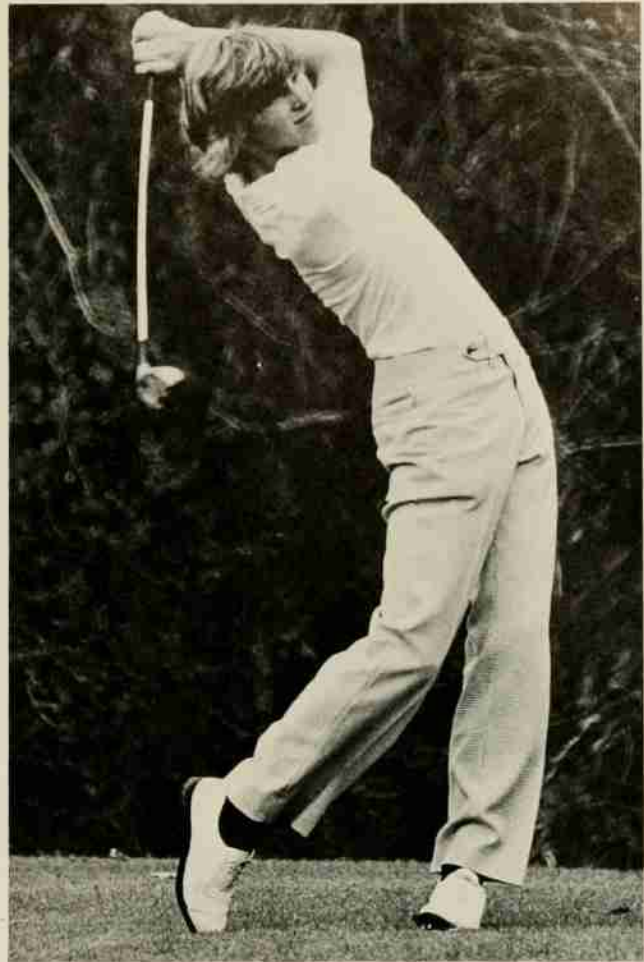
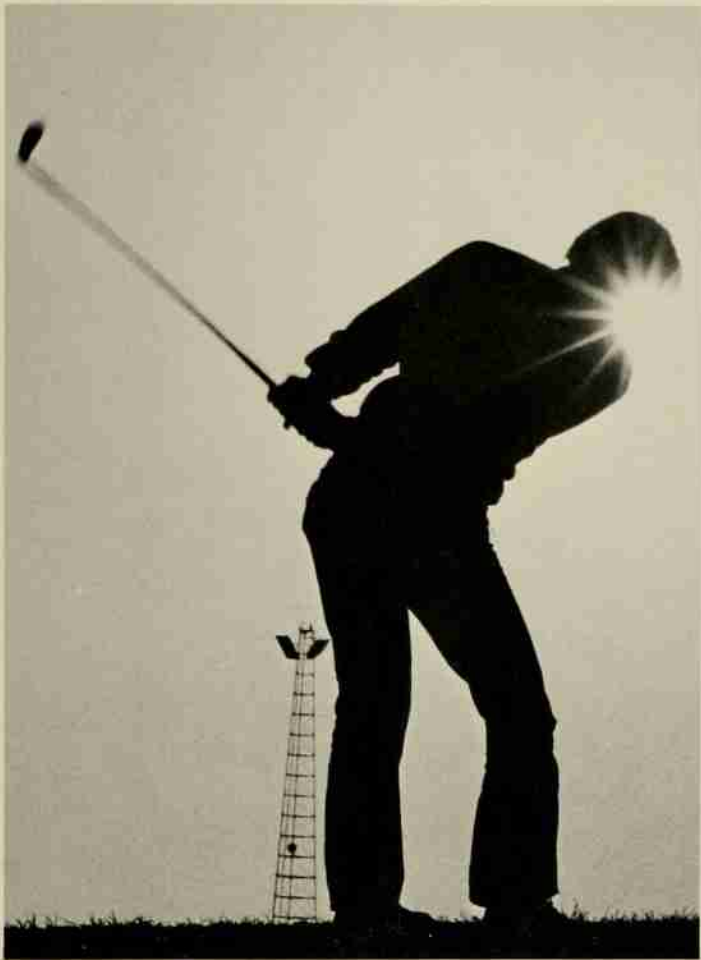
Medlin and Caruthers both made the finals at the NCAA indoor meet in Detroit in March and then became State's first track All-Americans, placing fourth and fifth, respectively.

In April, Medlin won the shot and Jerome Napier the 400 meters while sparkling State to its second-place finish in the ACC outdoor championship.

The Terrapins reign supreme in ACC track circles, and their dominance is not likely to end soon. But when it does, coach Jim Wescott and his Wolfpack will be snarling, ready to assume the pinnacle.

Speed, strength, endurance, agility, courage, peace of mind. Every sport requires these attributes, but track requires them most.





If tennis was the pleasant surprise of the year, golf was the big disappointment.

It seemed like the State golfers could never get untracked following a 14th place finish in last year's NCAA tournament, the first time a State team had qualified for the NCAA in golf.

But the same team that finished 14th in 1975 didn't qualify in '76, dropping from second to third in the ACC behind national power Wake Forest and Maryland.

All-American Vance Heafner provided the brightest moments, but even Heafner was not up to his par of a year earlier.

State finished behind rival North Carolina in the season's first two tournaments, Pinehurst and Palmetto. The Wolfpack claimed fifth place in both events, disappointing finishes.

Things appeared to be on the upswing after the Big Four tournament when the Pack crushed Carolina by over 20 strokes just two weeks before the ACC tournament. Maryland posed a threat to take the league's second spot in the NCAA tournament, Wake Forest was conceded the crown. But after the Big Four, the Wolfpack was confident it could come out on top in a head-to-head confrontation with the Terps. It was wrong.

Maryland outpointed the Wolfpack by 10 shots and was invited to the NCAA tourney.

State coach Richard Sykes has a strong golf program and he's not pushing the panic button because of one disappointing season. The cry from the Wolfpack is "Wait 'til next year!"



Think they don't know fencing? Wait 'til they see lacrosse!

It's like hockey and soccer combined into one sport. It's rough like both, there's a ball like soccer, you move it with a stick like hockey, there's goaltenders like both, it's on a field like soccer, it's fast like hockey. Yet one thing beats them both...it's high scoring like neither. None of this 1-0 stuff in lacrosse, nosiree. It's 19-7, 16-11, 10-8.

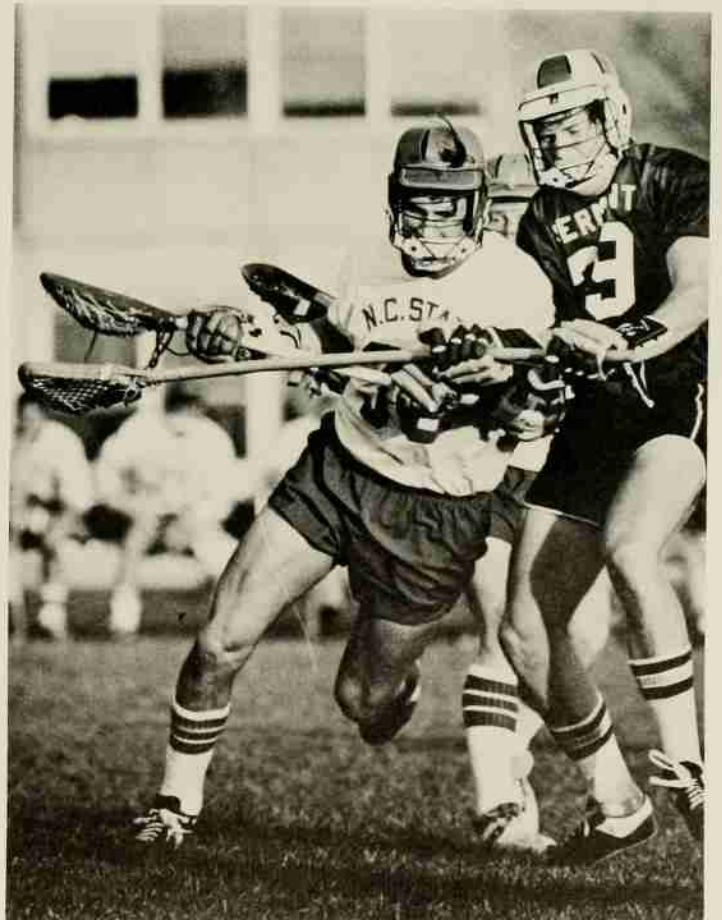
State reached the .500 mark for the second time in its four years as a varsity sport. State was 8-8 overall and 1-4 in the South Atlantic Lacrosse League.

Highlights of the season were the team's first shutout, a 19-0 win over Georgia Tech, a narrow 11-10 loss to heavily favored Baltimore and the selection of Larry Rice as the school's first all-star player. Rice made all-South Atlantic as a midfielder.

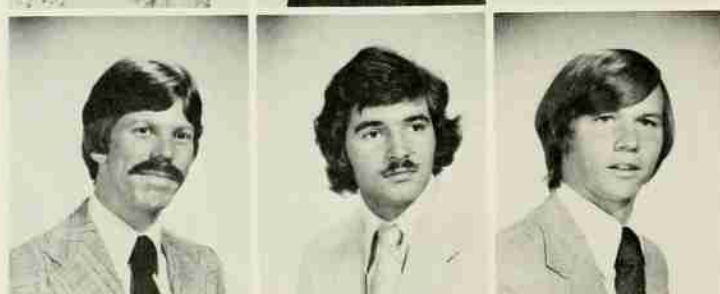
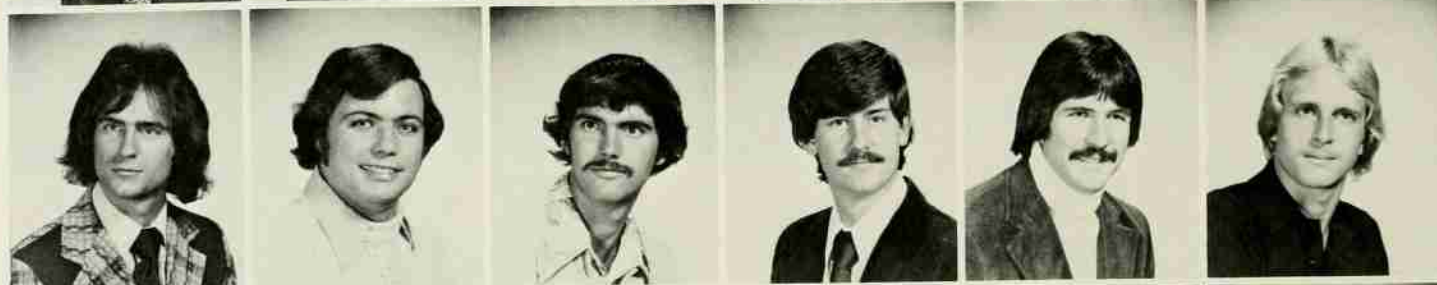
The Pack's leading scorer was freshman Marc Resnick. He led the team in goals and assists. The future shapes up optimistically since Mark Swanby was the lone senior on last season's team.

Isn't a stickman what they draw in first grade?





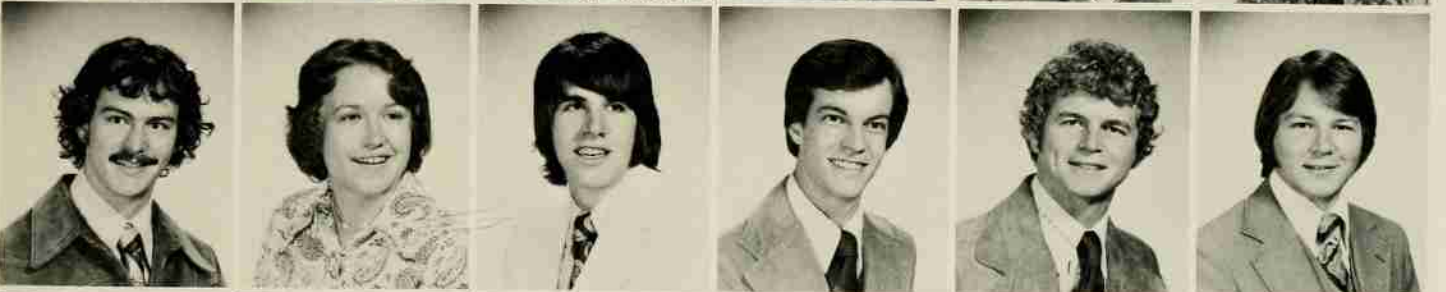
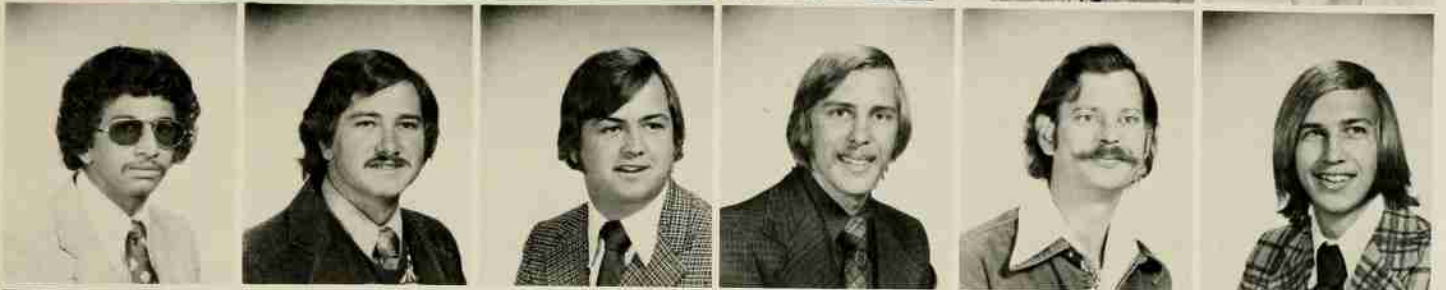
Ag Institute



ROW ONE: John B. Baity, Michael D. Beeson, Landis C. Brantham. ROW TWO: David B. Carroll, Bill C. Clarke, Thomas H. Corriher, Randy A. Cutchin, Patsy J. Fisher, Patterson B. Gibson. ROW THREE: Richard K. Henley, Murray C. Hester, William L. Huerth, John

R. Humphrey, William B. Knowles, James R. Ledwell. ROW FOUR: Anne E. McCluney, Benjamin L. Nelms, Daniel I. Oglesby, Dovellet Outlaw, Clifton R. Parker, Billy R. Ramsey. ROW FIVE: George J. Robinson, Jr., James B. Tolston, Sherwood R. Wheeler.

Ag and Life



ROW ONE: Mary L. Albert, Richard D. Alston, Julie A. Angerman. ROW TWO: Joseph M. Arce, Joe M. Ardrey, George R. Autry, David F. Baker, Ted B. Banther, Robert B. Barber. ROW THREE: Lee R. Barnes, Andrea J. Barthalomew, Thomas A. Barthalomew, Benny R. Bell, Gordon E. Bennett, Kenneth R.

Benton. ROW FOUR: Robert T. Benton, Debra D. Berry, Victor M. Beverage, David Biller, Lola E. Bowen, Julian D. Brake. ROW FIVE: Troy G. Brawley, Mary W. Brellenthin, Ann T. Brelsford, James C. Brewer, Micou M. Browne, Albert S. Bugg.



ROW ONE: Daniel M. Busby, Philip D. Buton, Caesar P. Campana, Sherrill S. Cannon, Rex B. Card, Roger A. Caris. ROW TWO: Nona B. Carroll, Donald R. Carter, Ricky W. Chamblee, John L. Chow, Dennis E. Chrismon, Angela F. Christmas. ROW THREE: Carol L. Clark, Sharon E. Cloninger, Mildred L. Cochran, Wayne

Colliher, Jr., Kimberly A. Collins, Lynda G. Collins. ROW FOUR: Lois K. Combs, Ronald D. Cook, William E. Cook, Conrad F. Cooper, Lyle R. Cooper, Tonya J. Cattrell. ROW FIVE: Neal A. Cowan, Jim M. Cranford, William F. Crowle, Sandra W. Cummings, Donna W. Daniels, Lu Ann Daniels.



ROW ONE: Donald A Davenport, Paul H. Davis, Jerry P. Deakle, Terry M. Deakle, Robert F. Deal, Robert L. Delapp. ROW TWO: Gay R. Dickens, Darrell K. Duball, Gary A. Ducharme, Richard W. Duckwall, Dale A. Dutcher, Thomas A. Eaker. ROW THREE: Debra D. Earley, Linda J. Eddy, Stephen E. Edgerton, Daisy D.

Ellison, William D. Ennis, Donna R. Etheridge. ROW FOUR: John D. Evans, Deborah Farah, Diane C. Fearn, Douglas E. Flemer, Eleonora Fornasier, Samuel T. Franklin. ROW FIVE: William C. Freeman, Sandra J. French, Eugene C. Frye, Edward P. Gainor, Martin G. Gardner, Nancy L. Gay.



ROW ONE: Timothy W. Gibbons, Gay Gibson, Greg H. Gaber, Richard Godfrey, Bryte H. Goodnight, Jr., Richard I. Gough. ROW TWO: John B. Graeber, David M. Grant, Richard R. Grant, Earle H. Graves, Grace G. Greenlee, Robert A. Griesmer. ROW THREE: Camille B. Griffin, David E. Grimm, Betty D. Groce, Ricardo A.

Guaqueta, Richard C. Haggerty, Jr., David G. Hall. ROW FOUR: Robert E. Hamlin, Mike H. Hancock, Tracy R. Handsel, Ledger N. Harrell, Cynthia M. Harris, Hiram R. Hart. ROW FIVE: Richard W. Hawkins, Kathryn A. Hayes, Melody L. Henderson, Melinda J. Henson, Kirby Heritage, Harold H. Hicks.



ROW ONE: Robert D. Hicks, Susan C. Hill, William A. Hogelin, Ronald G. Honeycutt, Karen L. Hooker, David R. Hoxie. ROW TWO: Dottie L. Hughey, George L. Hunnicutt, Charles M. Huskey, Barbara H. James, John R. James, Gary S. Jenkins. ROW THREE: Joseph L. Jessick, Ronald A. Johnson, Mark K. Jolley,

Rachel M. Kahn, Gary A. Kasper, Carol F. Keating. ROW FOUR: Jerry W. Keith, David J. Kilpatrick, Kathleen R. Knapp, Rebecca A. Knipple, Carol A. Koury, Leon T. Lamm. ROW FIVE: Roland V. Lanier, Marion W. Lawrence, Evenette R. Lewis, Clifford W. Loflin, Patricia A. London, Steve W. Lowler.



ROW ONE: Martha H. Lowe, Michael S. Marafine, Connie E. Martin, David F. Martin, Susan E. Mattoon, Guy R. Maxwell. ROW TWO: Richard F. May, Carol A. McAllister, Gary E. McCord, Catherine F. McCormick, Calvin McNeil, John R. Mease. ROW THREE: Jeanne S. Meekins, Craig A. Meisner, Bruce D. Michael, Jerry

R. Miller, Michael H. Miller, Don R. Mills. ROW FOUR: James R. Mitchell, Teresa M. Modlin, Jo E. Moore, Ran'll W. Moreadith, Carolyn L. Morgan, David E. Morrison. ROW FIVE: Noah D. Mullins, Caryl J. Murdock, Terrence L. Myers, Laura L. Nichols, James M. Nussman.



ROW ONE: Russell M. Oates, David R. Palmer, Marty Palmer, Douglas L. Parks, Alexander M. Patterson, Bonnie S. Pearce. ROW TWO: Walter E. Pence, Maie Peterson, Joseph W. Piatt, Robert C. Pierce, Beverly D. Plonk, Richard D. Plonk. ROW THREE: Carol P. Poindexter, John S. Powers, Robert E. Ragland, Billy

R. Ramsey, Michael T. Ray, Donna L. Roberts. ROW FOUR: Richard A. Robinson, Samuel A. Roebuck, Peter A. Romanosky, Carolyn A. Rose, Lorraine M. Ross, Doane A. Rouse, Jr. ROW FIVE: Jamie A. Rowland, Lawrence E. Rudisill, Anne E. Sager, Rita J. Schalk, William M. Schiebel, Barbara J. Scott.



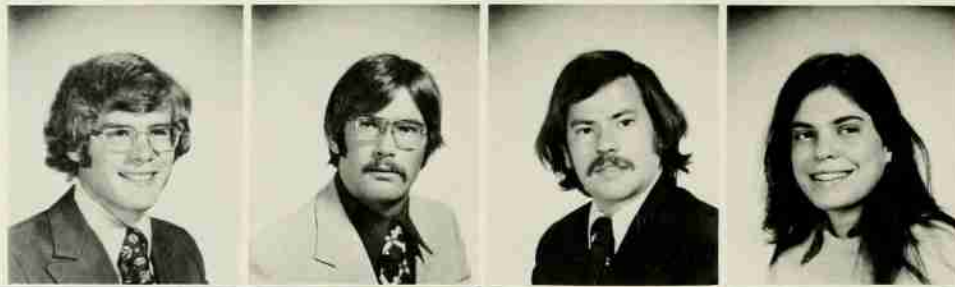
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James S. Staton. ROW FOUR: Kathleen D. Stephens, Stephen M. Stringham, Kitisri Sukhapinda, Jeffrey J. Sumpson, Robert H. Sutton, Gayla E. Taylor. ROW FIVE: Richard T. Thayer, David C. Tilson, Gilbert A. Tinkham, Thomas J. Todd, Robert E. Tomlinson, David K. Turlington.

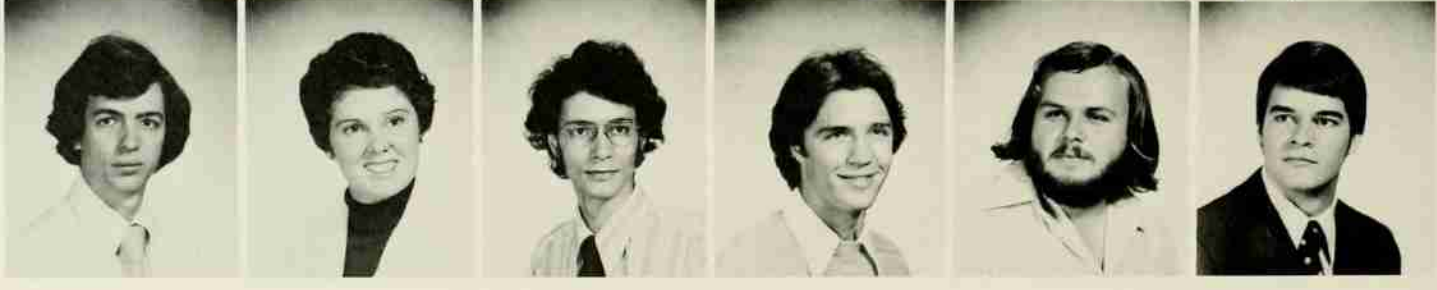


ROW ONE: Gary C. Turner, Gary D. Upchurch, Thomas P. Uzzell, Roy L. Vick, Jerry W. Vickers, Kenneth N. Waddell. ROW TWO: Thomas L. Walden, Kimbrel B. Warren, Mary C. Warren, Deborah T. Watts, Louise Watts, Steven W. Weaver. ROW THREE: Elizabeth G. Welles, Joseph G. Whitehead,

Rebecca B. Whitehead, Warren L. Whitlock, Linda L. Wiksell, Lee Williams. ROW FOUR: Margaret R. Williams, Ralph A. Williams, Sharon L. Williams, Susan J. Williams, Anna R. Williamson, Karen L. Wilson. ROW FIVE: Lu Ann Wingate, Landon B. Winstead, Barbara L. Wood, Ellen A. Wyszynski.



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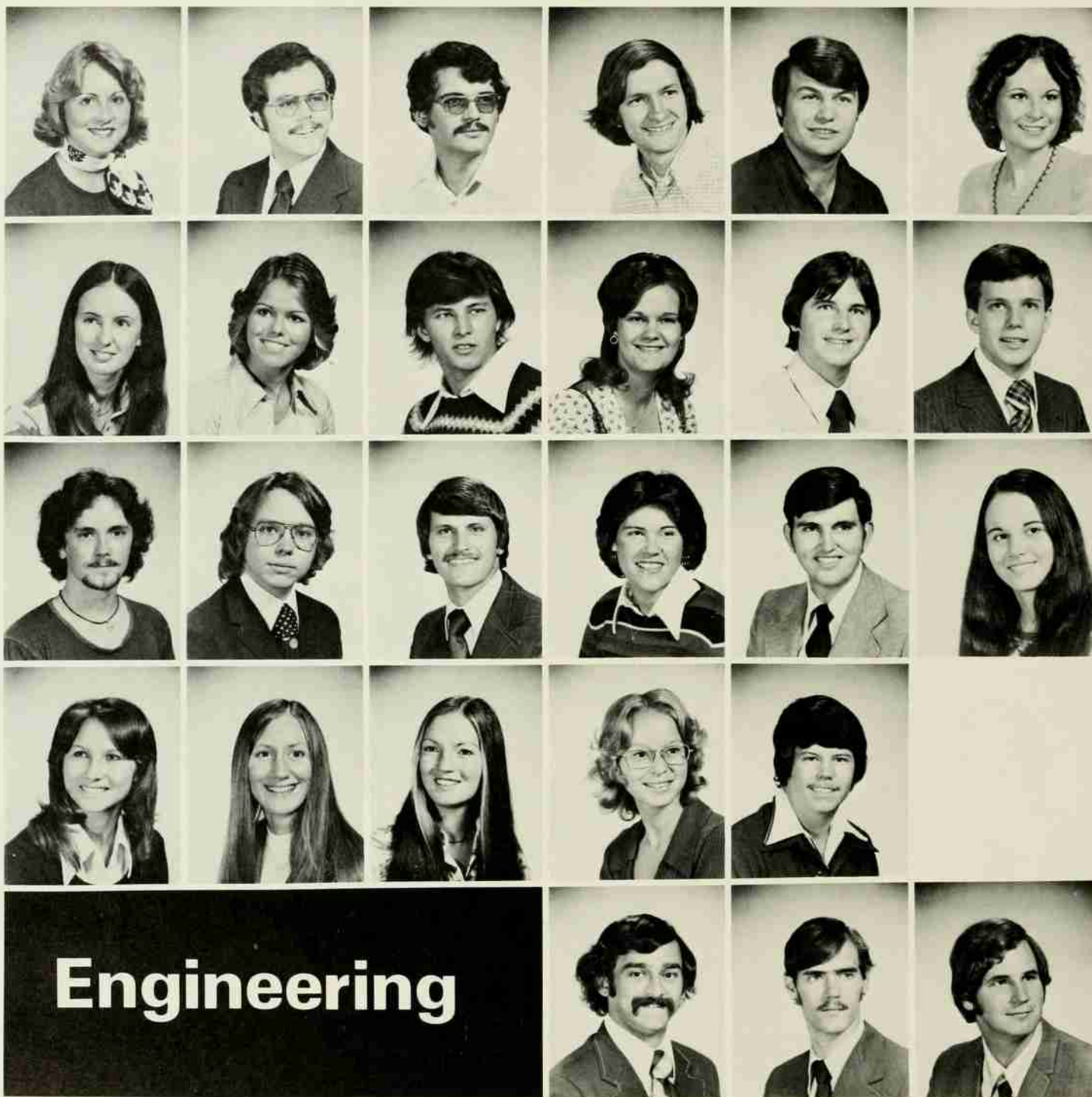
Hemric, Linda J. Hinds, Charles D. Holdsclaw. ROW FOUR: Lynn P. Hopley, Joan W. Horne, Jerry L. Hunt, Carolyn S. Jeffress, William S. Kenne, Charles D. Keller. ROW FIVE: Jackie L. Kelly, Michael H. Kennedy, Michael A. Keziah, William C. Kirkland, Charles D. Lamb, Steven R. Lawson.





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Michael N. Ward, Connie P. Watkins, Charles H. West, Cameron C. Weston. ROW FOUR: Sue E. Wheeler, Pamela G. Wiggins, Ann Winesett, Karin L. Wolfe, Michael C. York. ROW FIVE: Michael R. Adams, Roger A. Agnew, Donald M. Aldridge.



ROW ONE: Michael R. Allen, Darryl K. Annas, Henry A. Badgett, Gary C. Bailey, James F. Bailey, James R. Baird. ROW TWO: Michael T. Baker, Ronald K. Bales, Gary R. Ball, Richard D. Barham, Rick Barnes, Dennis G. Bass. ROW THREE: James E. Bean, Jr., Raymond T. Bean, Macon Beasley, James R. Beaver, Kendall C.

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ROW ONE: George M. Brandon, Paul D. Brothers, Stephen E. Brown, Daniel W. Bryant, Riley D. Burgess, David R. Bursley. ROW TWO: Curtis L. Byron, John C. Caldwell, Carlyle C. Campbell, Dennis C. Carignan, John R. Carpenter, David R. Carper. ROW THREE: Hubert N. Carr, Paul W. Carr, Eugene E. Carroll, Robert

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O. Emmanuel, Robert O. Evans, Simon J. Everett, Donald N. Ferree. ROW FOUR: Thomas W. Ferrell, Johnny E. Fitch, Jr., Benjamin H. Flora, Albert O. Flowers, Melvin R. Flowers, Robert H. Forbes. ROW FIVE: Wallace L. Forrister, Wayne G. Foster, Howard W. Frye, John M. Fuerst, Richard J. Fusco.



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Jonathan H. Jacocks, Artis C. Jenkins. ROW FOUR: Dennis Jenkins, Lyle D. Jensen, Courtney D. Johnson, Ralph D. Johnson, Eugene H. Jones, Keith L. Jones. ROW FIVE: Roger G. Jones, Jesse W. Jordan, Robin L. Kanipe, Ricky V. Keith, Danny M. Kidd, William H. King.



ROW ONE: Dale L. Krisher, Thomas M. Kubel, Kathy K. Kuta, Carl E. Landstrom, Jerry B. Latvala, Larry G. Lee. ROW TWO: David Lemor, Wayne D. Leonard, Michael J. Lewis, Monte Lewis, Daniel T. Lilley, Jerome Lofton, Jr. ROW THREE: Gerald A. Loignon, Jr., Joseph G. Lorek, Donald R. Lowery,

Nicholas J. Machnik, Richard W. Magness, Michael W. Malpass. ROW FOUR: William A. Martin, Wilmer C. Marvin, William G. Massey, Edmond L. Mathis, Emmett L. Matthews, Gary R. McCray, ROW FIVE: James A. McGee, Raymond B. McKeowan, Melvin A. McLoud, Billy W. Medlin, Michael D. Melton.



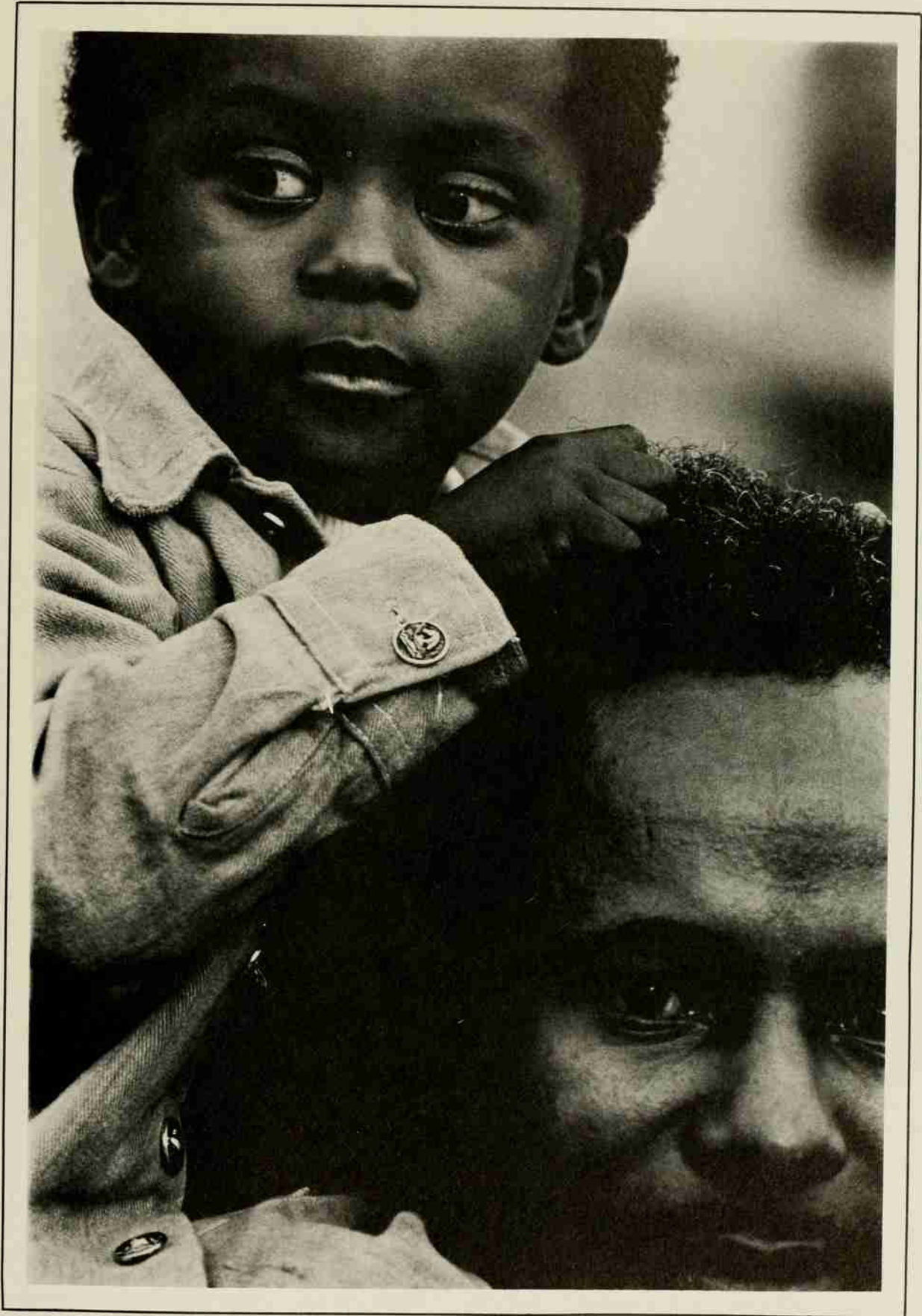
ROW ONE: William H. Merwin, Kenneth S. Millard, Willoughby D. Millard, David Miller, Thomas L. Miller, James O. Mills. ROW TWO: Clayton C. Mitchell, Jr., Jeffrey T. Mitchell, Joseph M. Monroe, Hayden O. Moore, Larry S. Moore, Chas B. Morrison. ROW THREE: David C. Morrison, Guy M. Morton, Arthur Mouberry, Peter W. Murgas, C.A.

Myers, Larry K. Myrick. ROW FOUR: Narayan L. Naik, Harold C. Nantz, David B. Nelson, Creech Newsome, Larry E. Nicholson, Mark A. Norcross. ROW FIVE: Paul J. Noduedt, James M. O'Brien, James A. Oldham, William T. Orders, Michael C. Pace, Allan L. Paddack.



ROW ONE: Donald I. Parker, Garris D. Parker, Jr., Harry Parker, Cecil V. Parks, Amit L. Patra, Lawrence E. Payseur. ROW TWO: Larry W. Pearce, Ronald G. Pendred, Katherine D. Perkinson, Richard W. Peters, James R. Peterson, Douglas Petrey. ROW THREE: Michael C. Phillips, Robert C. Pierce, George A. Piner,

Stephen G. Plumblee, Frank H. Powell, John A. Ray. ROW FOUR: Mutyala K. Reddy, Richard M. Reep, William C. Rhoney, Edward W. Richbourg, Jack O. Roney, Paul E. Roberts. ROW FIVE: Thomas C. Robinson, Mark H. Royal, Joseph W. Rush, Joseph H. Sadler, Jr., Karl W. Sass, John M. Schreier.





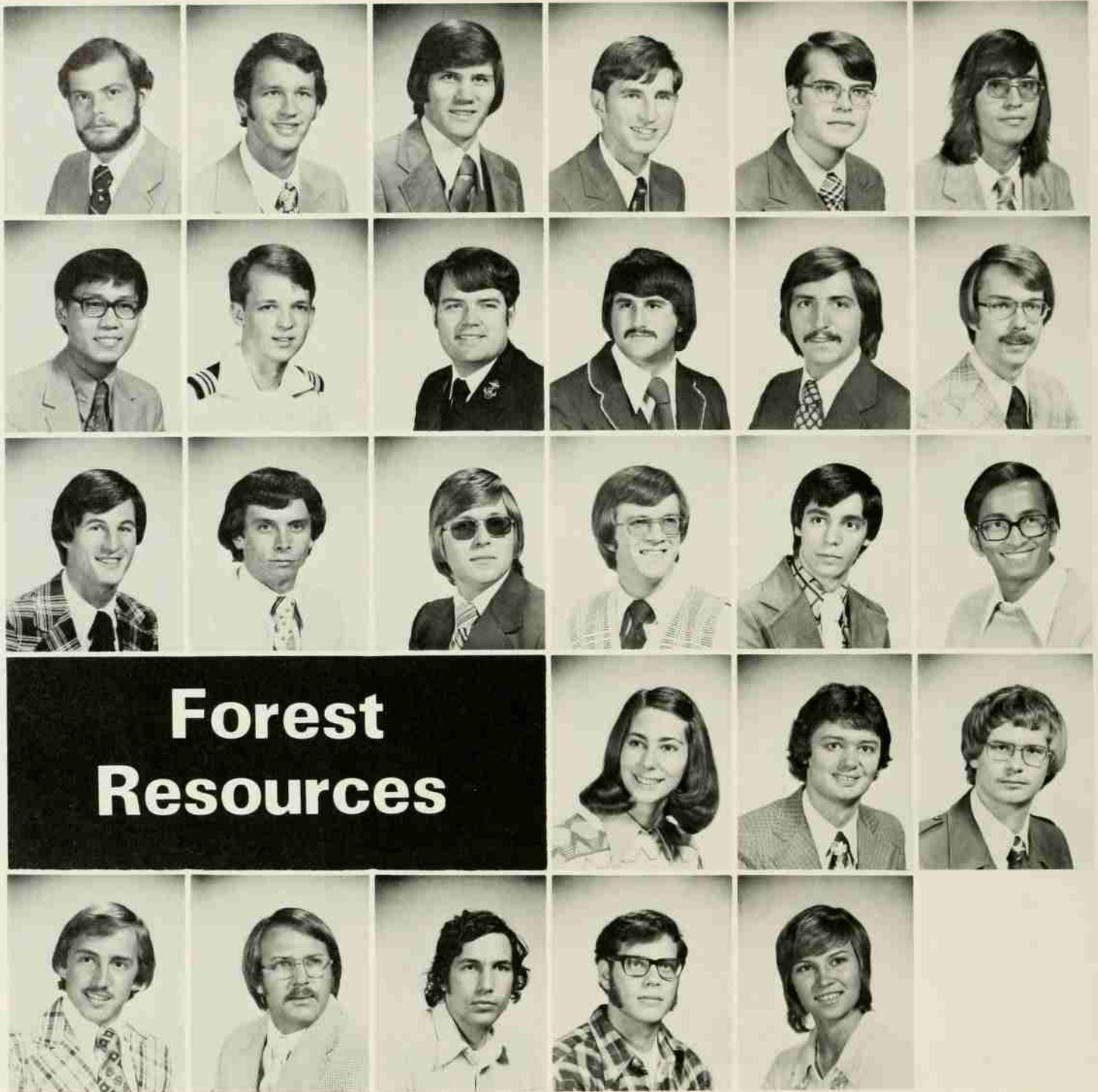
ROW ONE: William C. Schulz, Helen V. Setser, James C. Shambley, Chandrakan V. Shanbhag, Paul D. Sheehy, Steve R. Shelton. ROW TWO: Daniel C. Shields, Jerry S. Simmons, Richard F. Slawski, Michael R. Smith, Charles R. Southerland, John C. Spain. ROW THREE: Frank Stallings, Jr., Jeffry M.

Starling, Joan C. Starnes, John S. Stevenson, Terry L. Stewart, Edward W. Stinnett. ROW FOUR: Jacob L. Sugg, Joseph E. Sutherland, Michael S. Sutton, John P. Sweet, Stanley W. Teague, Samuel T. Terry. ROW FIVE: Ralph M. Thompson, Alan L. Tilson, Charles P. Tomlin.



ROW ONE: Garry M. Traynham, Steve K. Tribble, Jerry L. Tucker, Robert E. Tucker, John. W. Turner, Walter R. Tuttle. ROW TWO: James D. Tyson, James R. Underwood, Bruce H. Upton, Khosrown Vahdad, Harry E. Vanpelt, Meyyappan Venkatesan. ROW THREE: Philippe H. Vercaemert, Brian Vick, Brian H. Waldron, Michael E. Wall, Larry M. Wann,

Gary L. Ward. ROW FOUR: Michael L. Waters, Charles R. Watts, William A. Weant, Ronald C. Weathers, David W. Webb, Wilfred A. Wells, Jr. ROW FIVE: Curtis A. West, Robert A. Weston II, Mark W. Wheelless, Thomas O. Wheelless, Jr., Carson O. Wiggins, Craig K. Wilkes.



Forest Resources

ROW ONE: Christopher J. Wiley, Stan A. Wilkins, Dale L. Williams, Dale R. Williams, George G. Williams, John W. Williams. ROW TWO: Ricky A. Woo, Charles W. Wood, William S. Woody III, Gary D. Wright, Mike Wrublewski, Mike Wyatt. ROW THREE: William N. Young, Danny R. Yount, James

L. Yount, Wade R. Yount, Robert J. Zerrillo, Ashok G. Zopey. ROW FOUR: Susan C. Andrews, Richard L. Angel, William A. Barnes. ROW FIVE: Vessie D. Bass, Samuel D. Bishop, Jack C. Blakeney, David H. Boone, Kathy A. Bounds.



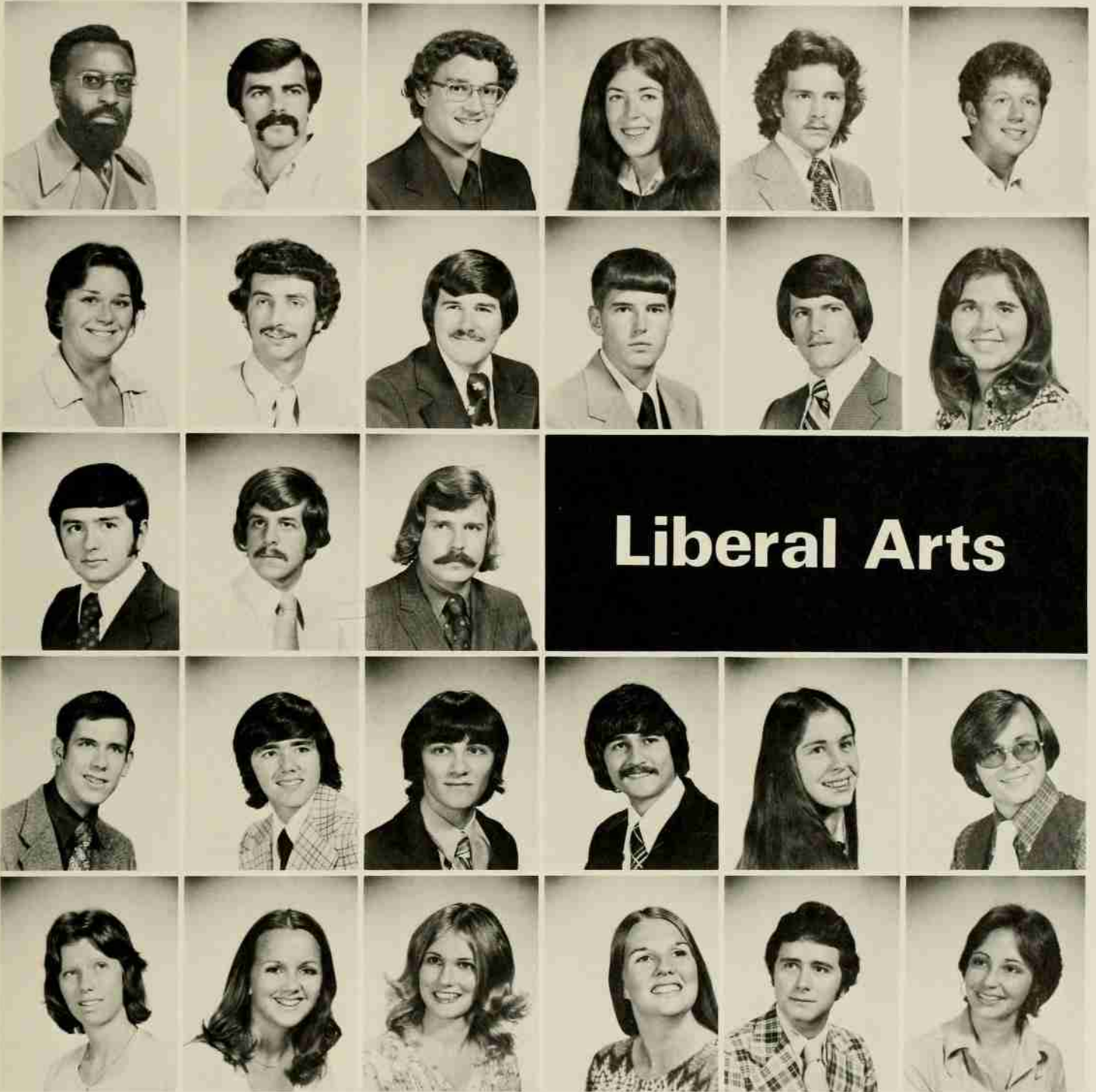
ROW ONE: Raymond J. Braun, Barbara Brunnemer, Teri Bundy, Franki W. Burnworth, James A. Buzzard, Carson Carmichael. ROW TWO: Richard N. Carroll, David C. Combs, Donna J. Cooper, Joseph L. Conrad, Ray N. Cossart, William R. Cross. ROW THREE: Peter T. Daniel, Harrison R. Dennis, Malcolm S. Dickerson, Robert E. Dillon, Deana F.

Doub, Benjamin E. Doughtie. ROW FOUR: Leo J. Edge, Frances T. Edwards, John R. Ellen, Carl E. Falco, Laura L. Gaebe, John S. Goobing. ROW FIVE: Charles B. Gregory, Wright H. Gwyn, Georgia K. Hagen, Paula G. Hallins, Tim V. Johnson, Henry K. Kirkpatrick.



ROW ONE: Kenneth P. Laws, Michael S. Leonard, Bruce Lingerfelt, Pamela A. Lojko, John M. Lynch, Jr., Wilbur C. Martin. ROW TWO: Melissa L. Matthews, Margaret T. McKinney, Donald H. McNeil, Harold G. Midyette, Thomas B. Monroe, Valerie S. Moore. ROW THREE: Dennis G. Morgan, Leonard D. Nelson, William S. Overby, Robert N.

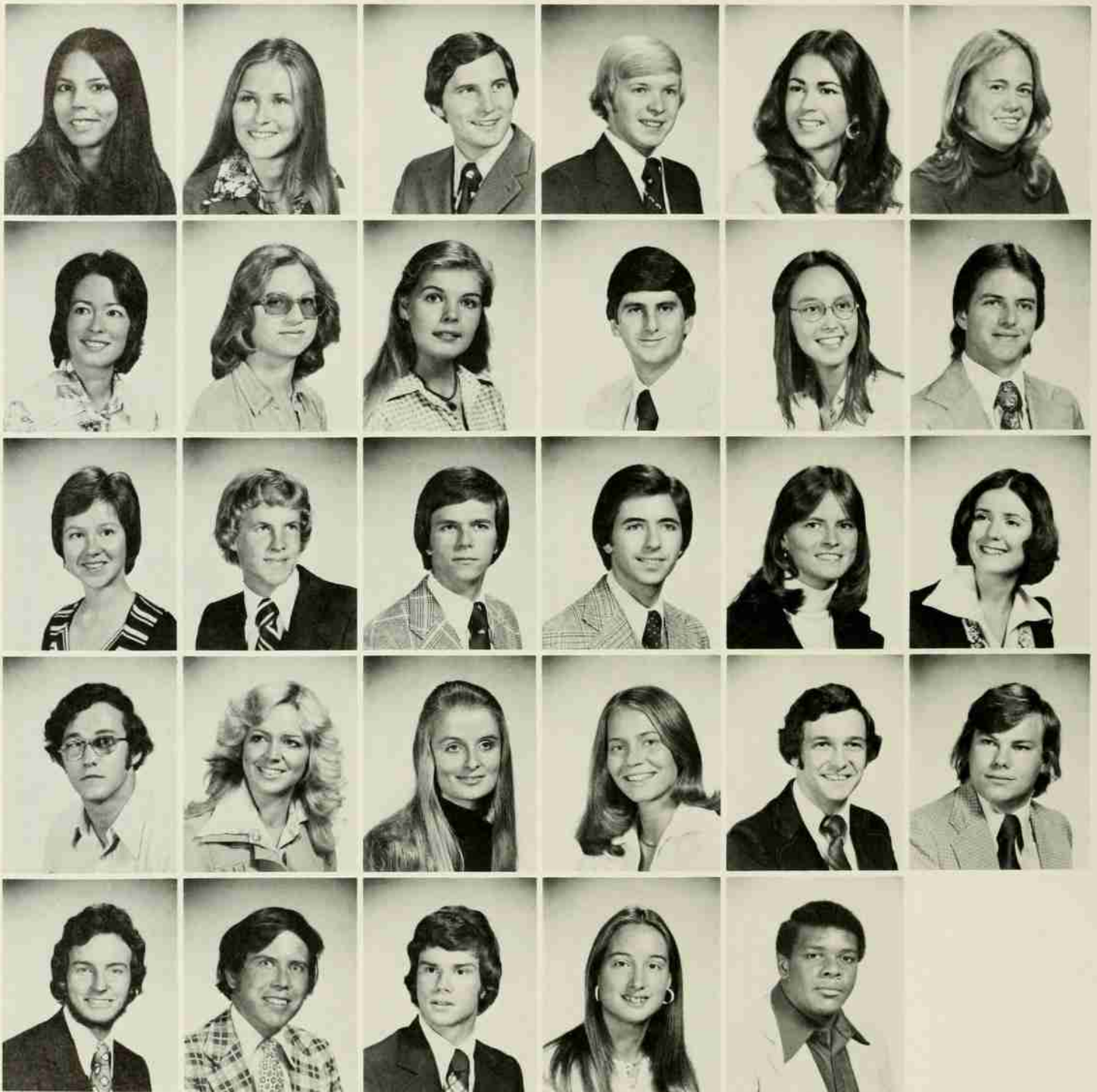
Panella, Rodney L. Pryor, Robert K. Reid. ROW FOUR: Michael H. Renfroe, Bradford A. Riggs, Lillian Ruedrich, Carl L. Russell, Sidney H. Shearin, Michael D. Sherrill. ROW FIVE: Joel S. Slesinger, Charles E. Sloan, Richard B. Standiford, Dale R. St. Denis, Phoebe J. Sugg.



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ROW ONE: David S. Taylor, Jr., Richard T. Thayer, Albe V. Thomas, Jr., Mary L. Thomas, Richard P. Thornton, Gordon L. Townsend. ROW TWO: Betsey F. Ulatowski, James K. Walsh, Timothy G. Ware, Michael J. Weisenberger, Robert L. Wetherington, Pamela A. White. ROW THREE: William C.

Wilkinson, Rodney C. Williams, Edmund J. Wray. ROW FOUR: John C. Adams, Tim Adams, Robert G. Adkins, Samuel V. Albea, Mary L. Albert, John K. Alexander. ROW FIVE: Sandy Aliff, Debbie C. Allen, Jane H. Allen, Sara B. Allen, Robert T. Allred, Susan J. Anderson.



ROW ONE: Carolyn E. Andrews, Martha L. Athay, Philip N. Bair, Michael J. Barnes, Hollis A. Barrick, Barbara J. Baxter. ROW TWO: Debbie K. Beckwith, Carol C. Bennett, Angela V. Berry, Richard W. Bethune, Edith C. Billingsley, Robert D. Black. ROW THREE: Rebecca G. Bohannon, James K. Boseman, Joseph W. Braswell, Myron K. Britt, Ramona J.

Bowling, Deborah A. Briley. ROW FOUR: Homer P. Brisson, Darlene Buckman, Belinda A. Bunce, B. Carol Burns, William B. Bushong, Donovan W. Butler, Jr. ROW FIVE: William M. Cameron III, James D. Carroll, Michael W. Carroll, Linda C. Carnes, Douglas M. Carter.



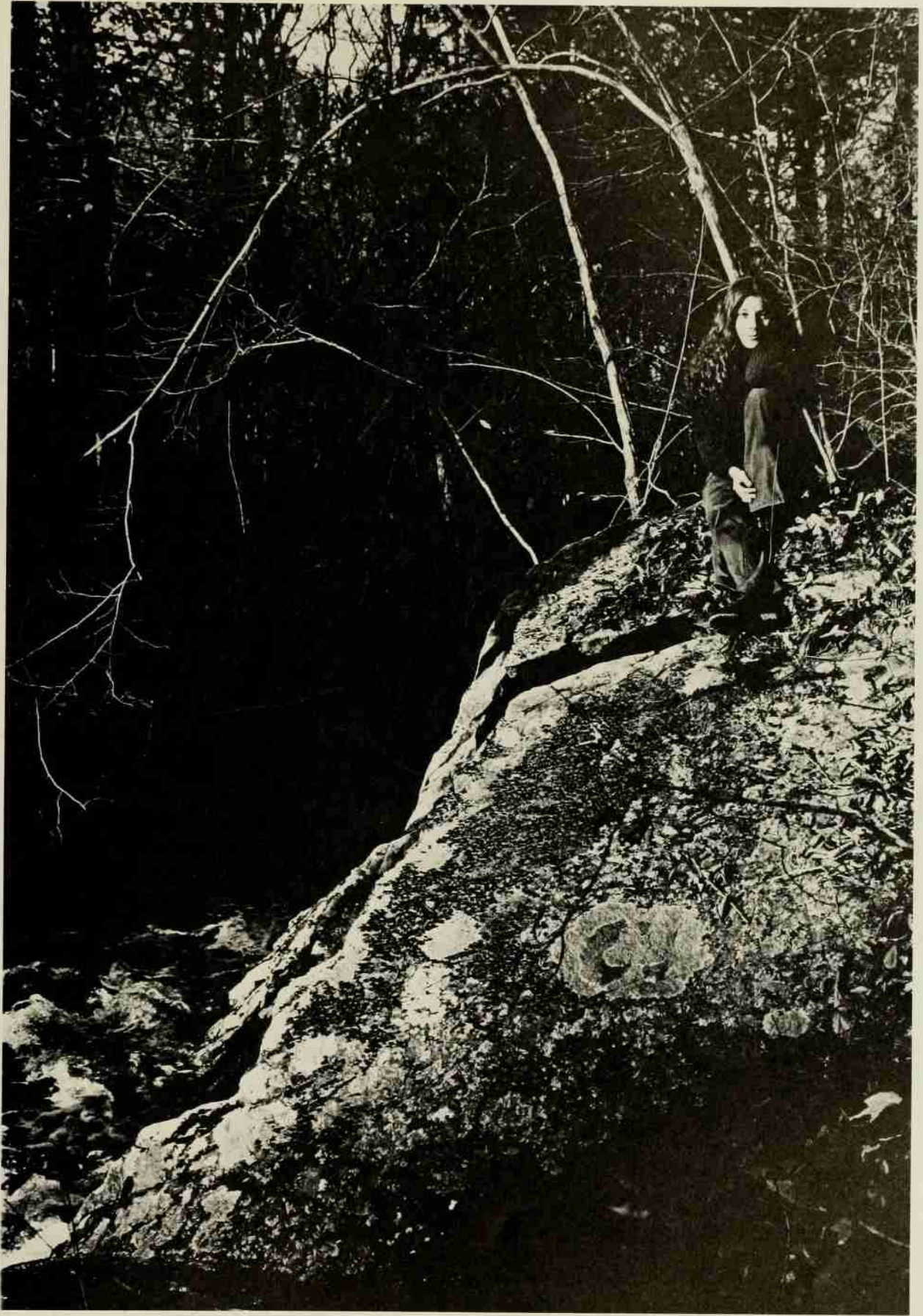
ROW ONE: Martha A. Carter, Ken Castelloe, Harold D. Caudle, Jean L. Cauthen, Bob H. Caviness, Cheryle B. Champion. ROW TWO: Marlie S. Choplin, Glennie R. Clark, William C. Clark III, Francis E. Clifton, Karen L. Cobb, Steven L. Cobb. ROW THREE: Richard S. Cochrane, Shirley G.

Collier, Al M. Conyers, Guy L. Cornman, Michael W. Cowan, Bernard J. Curry. ROW FOUR: Polly Dail, Nancy P. Davis, Philip K. Davis, Steve C. Davis, Robert B. Deal, Donald J. Deitz. ROW FIVE: Neil B. Denker, Larry C. Dix, Joseph R. Drew, John M. Eason, Robert D. Elliott.



ROW ONE: Roselle J. Evenson, Susan F. Everhart, Nadia Fahmy, Karen E. Fink, Hunter L. Fleming, Timothy G. Freeman. ROW TWO: Cynthia S. Feimster, Susan G. Foster, David K. French, Lilian F. Frierson, James B. Fulp, Tyrone B. Gahagan. ROW THREE: Ronald S. Gaster, Robert L. Geren, Dale B.

Gilbert, Martha J. Giles, Worth L. Godwin, Daniel C. Grady. ROW FOUR: Samuel R. Grafton, Mark L. Graham, Wilson T. Grant, Michael H. Gray, Sherry L. Greer, Ben M. Grimes. ROW FIVE: Michael P. Gwyn, Elizabeth E. Hammond, Scott L. Hammond, Donald W. Hamrick, Neill Harden, James E. Harper.





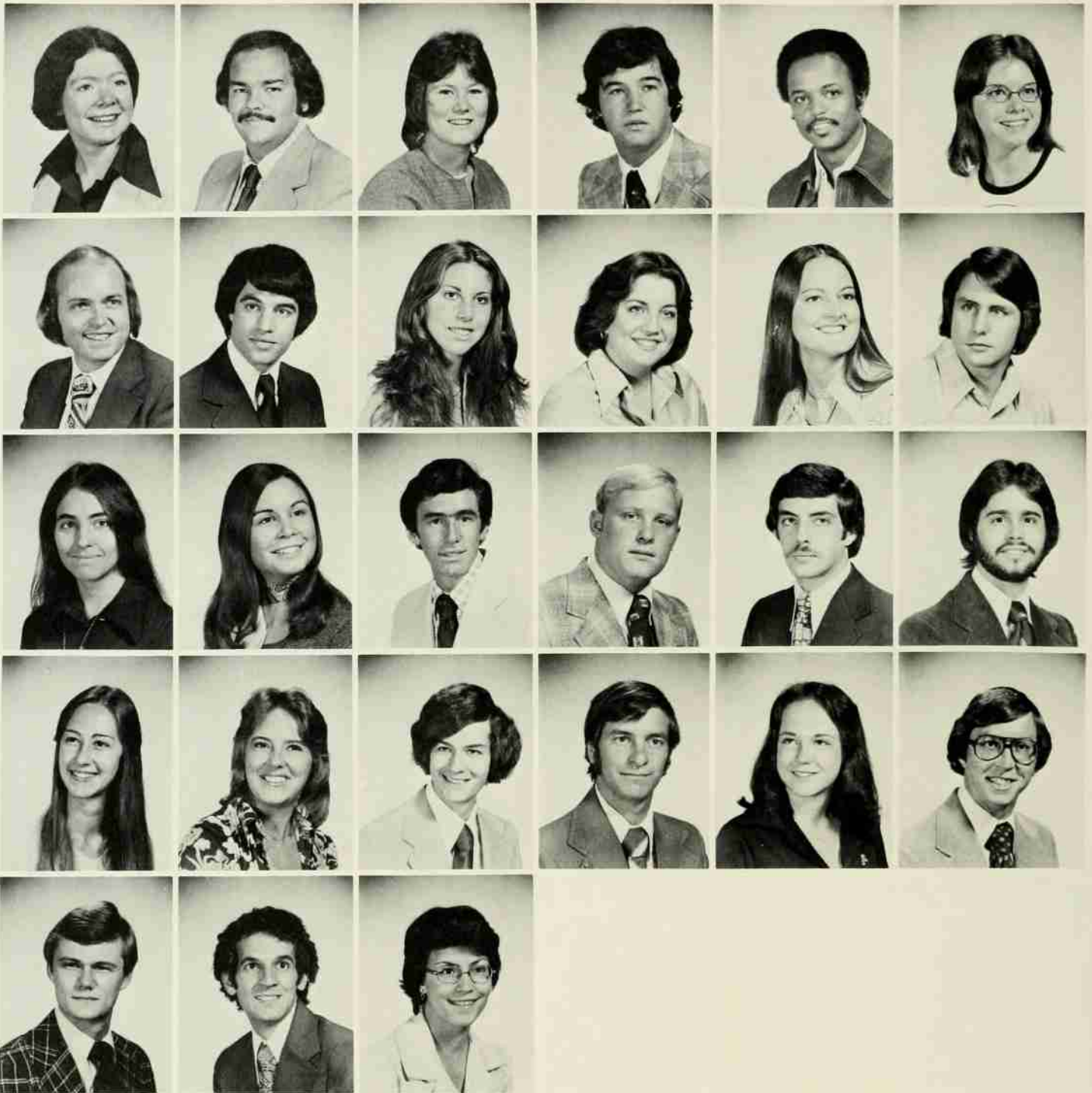
ROW ONE: Lawrence T. Harris, Deobrah A. Head, Edward W. Henderson, Steven Hendricks, Kathleen N. Herbert, Gary Hicks. ROW TWO: Billy R. Higgins, Kevin L. Hill, Gardner C. Hodge, Mark E. Holder, David E. Hollowell, Jerome L. Horne. ROW THREE: Kirk House, Sharon E. Houston, Lu E. Huntley,

Richard R. Hutaff, Jean F. Jackson, Charles L. Johnson. ROW FOUR: Gary A. Johnson, Harry C. Johnson, P. Jones, Mary D. Joyner, David H. Justice, Audrey D. Kates. ROW FIVE: Richard E. Kelley, Donald E. Keresztenyl, Danny R. Key, Jean M. Kilpatrick, Tanya M. Kimley, Susan B. King.



ROW ONE: Tracy C. King, Kenneth M. Kinney, Jerry A. Kirk, Susan O. Kirks, Rachel A. Koop, Constance R. Lael. ROW TWO: William S. Lawing, Daphne A. Lee, Richard E. Lee, Olivia R. Legates, Jerry B. Leonard, Charles L. Lewis. ROW THREE: John W. Lindsay, Wayne Lindsey, Chris D. Livengood, Michael R. Lloyd, Beverly Lyerly, Margaret E. Lyle.

ROW FOUR: James J. Lyon, Jr., Debra A. Madaris, Michael Maloney, John K. Mandrano, Kathleen C. Mann, Roy E. Markham. ROW FIVE: Philip M. Massey, Roberta L. Massey, William N. McCormick, Eddie E. McCown, Beth A. McCray, Dianne L. McCullers.



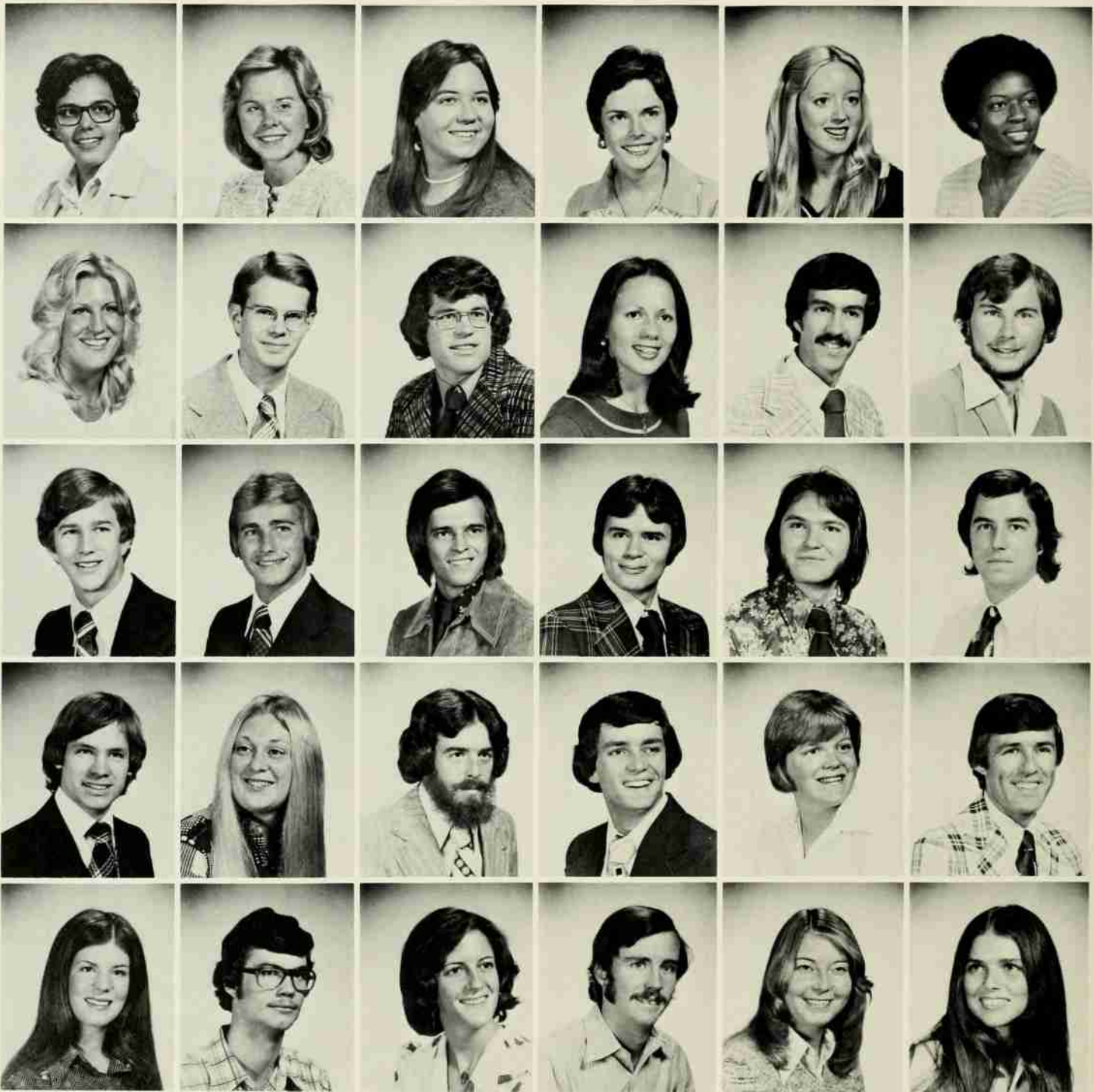
ROW ONE: Catherine E. McDermott, Jamie D. McGlaughon, Patsy McRimmon, Rudolph B. McSherry, Clarence R. Merritt, Jane Messer. ROW TWO: Rickey D. Metcalf, Eugene M. Miller, Jr., Martha W. Moore, Robin K. Moore, Kathy L. Morris, John T. Morrison. ROW THREE: Pattie M. Mullen,

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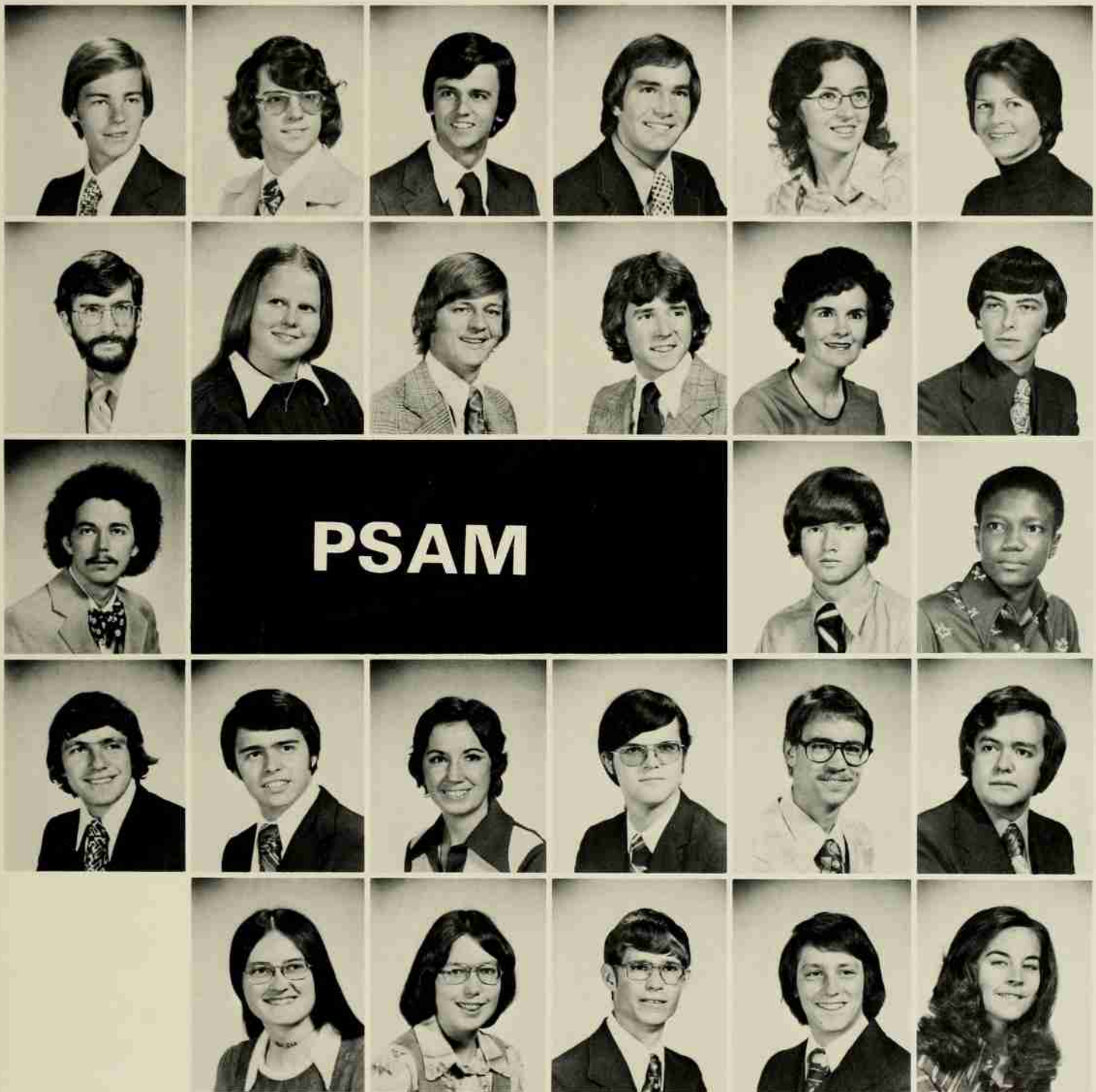
ROW ONE: James B. Pomeranz, Henry H. Poole, John W. Powell, Carol A. Preston, Connie J. Puckett, William K. Raburn. ROW TWO: Lois A. Rayfield, Lynn S. Reid, Chesmire Rhett, Candace L. Rhyne, Frank Roberts, Kathryn M. Roberts. ROW THREE: Edwin L. Robey, Dan W. Rooney, Gary C. Rooth, Kathy W. Sanders, James R. Sanderson,

Gina B. Sarirs. ROW FOUR: Terri Savage, Lynn E. Sayer. Kim J. Schoeck, Neal E. Sellers, Barbara H. Shoemaker, Jacqueline Y. Sifford. ROW FIVE: Jack W. Sigmow, Suzanne E. Silvers, Angela W. Skelton, Robert J. Smith, Jennifer L. Spayd, Sarah A. Spencer.



ROW ONE: Mary Beth Spina, Beverly R. Stahl, Cherly P. Staley, Sharon K. Staford, Vicki C. Stanely, Cynthia C. Steele. ROW TWO: Beth W. Stephanz, Mark A. Stevens, Gene C. Stewart, Nancy E. Stone, Jerry A. Strickland, John R. Stump. ROW THREE: Kendall Tant, David W. Tate, Eric L.

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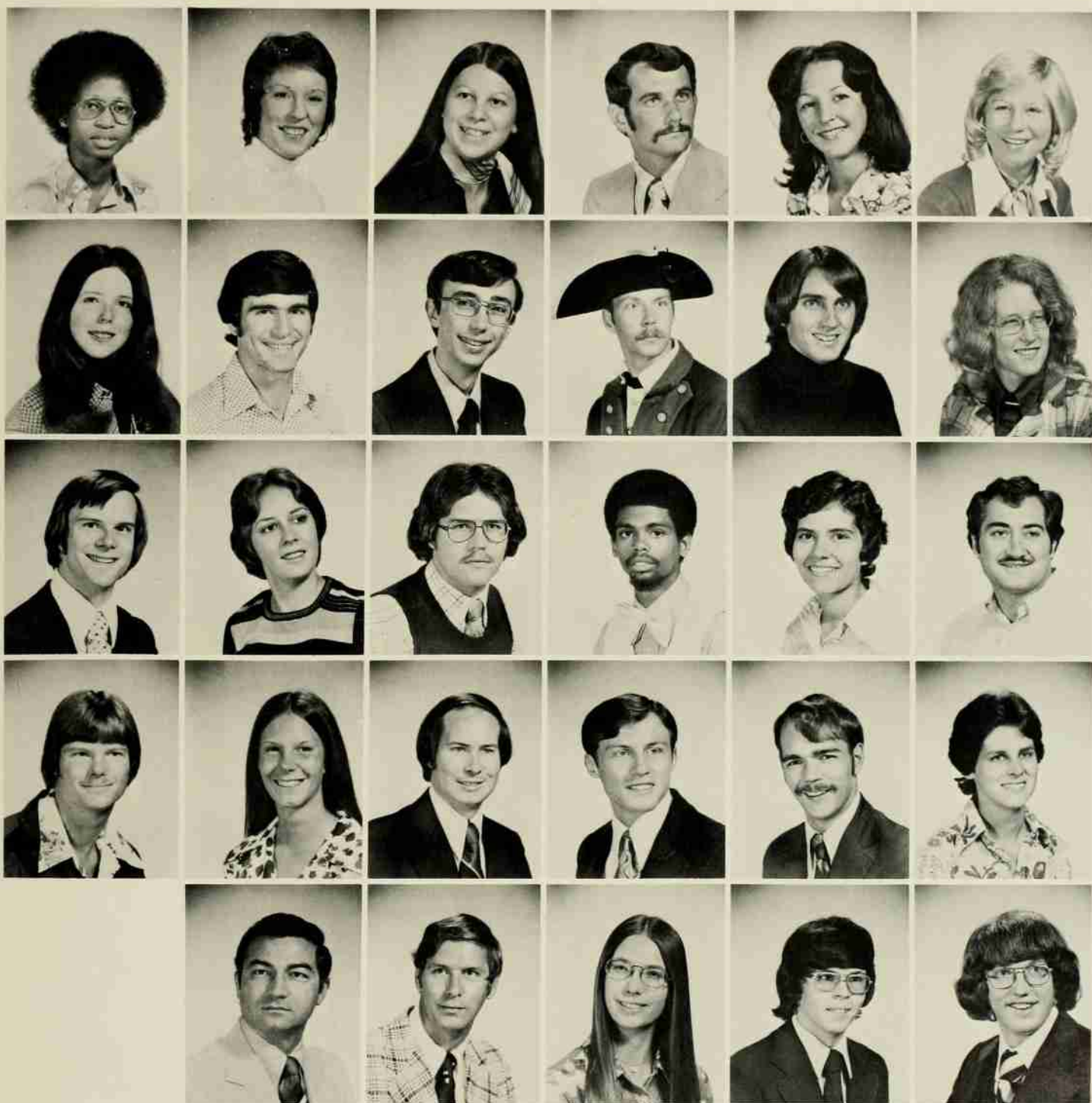
ROW ONE: Kenneth W. Wesche, Henry C. West III, Thomas E. White, Martin C. Whitley, Paula J. Whitley, Linda R. Williams. ROW TWO: Andrew A. Williamson, Elizabeth E. Wilson, James Wilson, Robert F. Womack, Sandra M. Wood, Kenneth R. Wooten. ROW THREE: John A. Worthington,

Douglas P. Allen, Pamela Banks. ROW FOUR: Jesse S. Benton, Fred D. Bidy, Olivia B. Booth, David L. Britton, Christopher W. Byrd, Ronald H. Calliari. ROW FIVE: Victoria E. Cameron, Betty J. Carpenter, Robert R. Chambers, Marvin Chaney, Jr., Cynthia Clark.



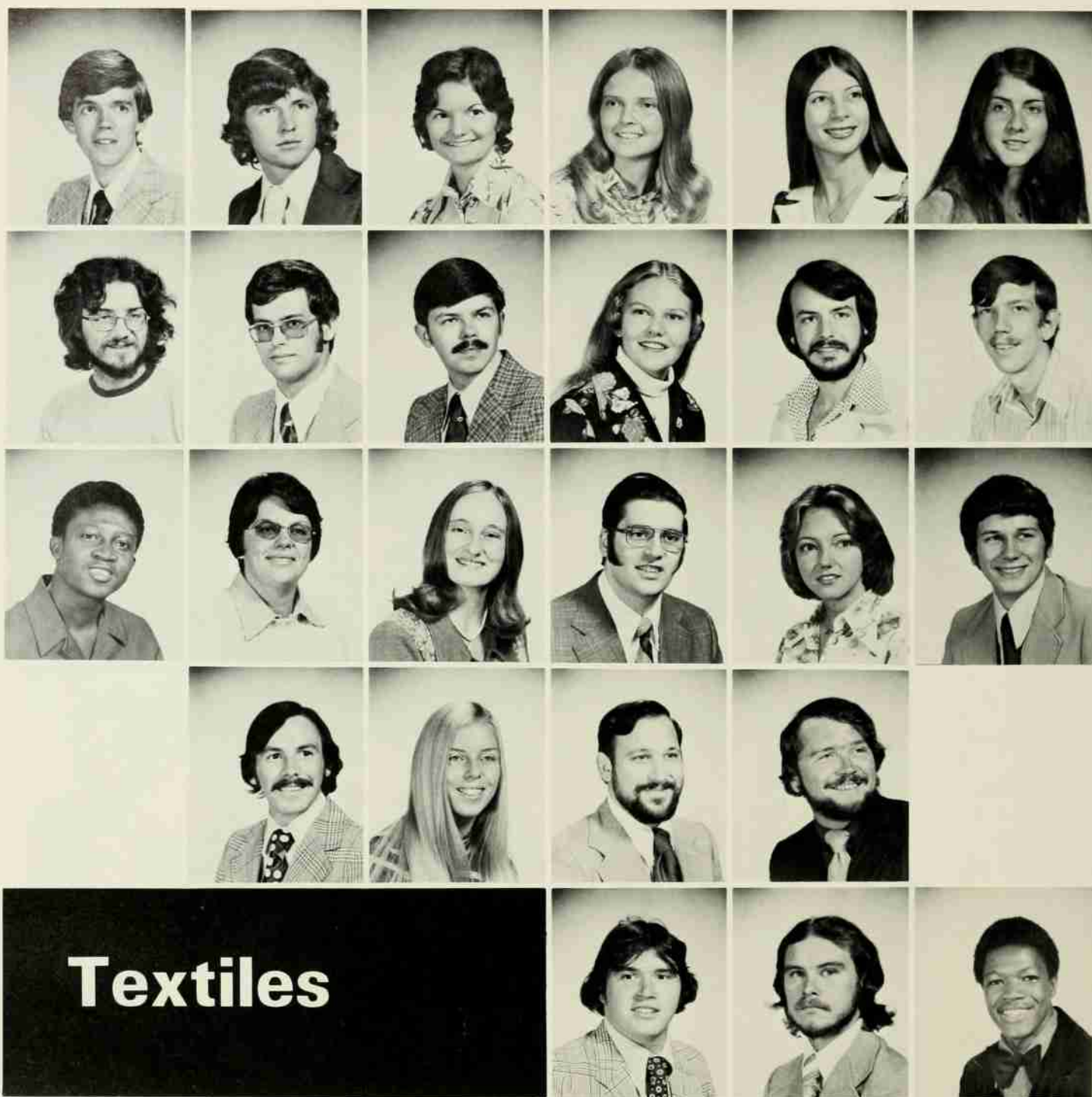
ROW ONE: Donna L. Clarke, Joseph D. Clay, Michael W. Cline, Peter R. Conant, Gregory A. Conway, Roger L. Corriher. ROW TWO: Mary L. Creech, John E. Crosland, Thomas A. Curran, L. Allen Dobson, Jr. Gary M. Dull, Richard R. Earley. ROW THREE: Barbara R. Early, Linda K. Edmonds,

Duncan L. Edwards, John E. Elks, William K. Felst, James C. Fletcher. ROW FOUR: Steven E. Frazier, Linda E. Fuchs, Theodore F. Glod, Susan M. Godfrey, Stephen J. Gunter, Fereshteh Haghightakish. ROW FIVE: Karen J. Harbin, Steven E. Hatley, Charles C. Havener, Glenn L. Hennessee.



ROW ONE: Priscilla M. Holland, Susan A. Honeycutt, Phyllis J. Howard, Michael L. Howle, Deborah S. Humble, Patricia A. Ingram. ROW TWO: Rachel E. Irvine, Darryl W. Jackson, Craig L. Jenkins, Stephen P. Johnson, Lawrence E. Key, Laura L. Kilpatrick. ROW THREE: John S. Kimley, Barbara

A. King, Dee King, Crawford E. Lane, Ellen Lankford, Jimmie L. Little. ROW FOUR: John W. McCarley, Lynn E. McClelland, Charles E. McCrary, Peter A. Morse, Jeffrey A. Nystrom, Donna A. Page. ROW FIVE: Hector S. Paredes, Glenn B. Parham, Gayle E. Parker, Michael T. Parker, John W. Petree, Jr.



Textiles

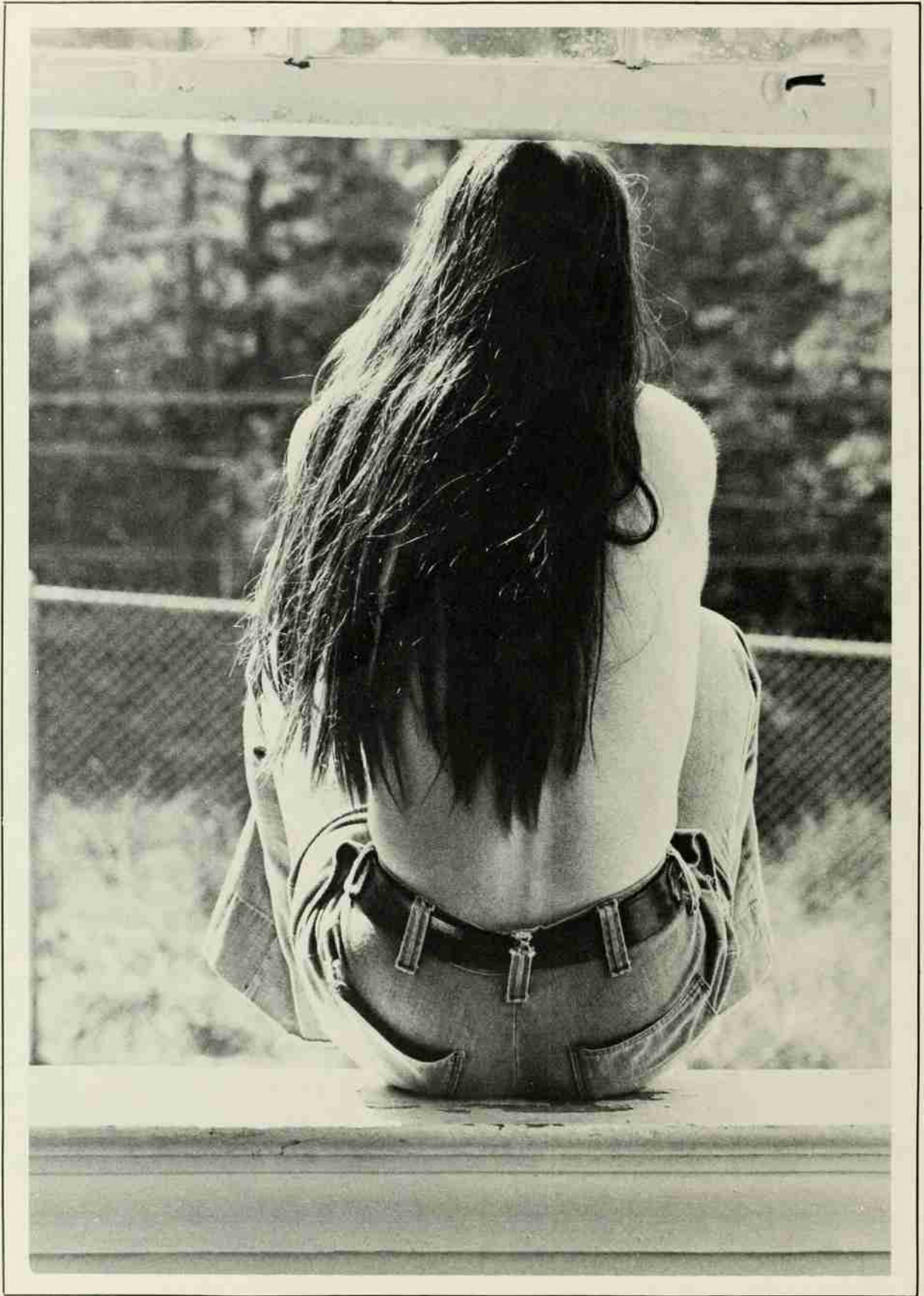
ROW ONE: John C. Renfro, Rowland G. Riddick, Jr., Nancy A. Ridenhour, Geraldine L. Rowland, Christine A. Sass, Patricia D. Simpson. ROW TWO: Dale Skeen, Miles T. Smith, Neal F. Smith, Harriet S. Steele, Claud E. Teeter, Charles A. Tipton. ROW THREE: Solomon H. Toweh, Elizabeth C. Wagstaff,

Marie S. Watts, William C. Weiss, Dorothy D. West, Gary L. Wilson. ROW FOUR: Paul D. Wylie, Sandra E. Yarborough, Harry W. Zellman, Charles E. Zimmer. ROW FIVE: Robert W. Amick, Thomas M. Barbee, Joshua Bethea.



ROW ONE: Lynne Blanton, James T. Bone, Dale W. Bost, Raymond E. Bostian, Jose M. Brauerman, Charles M. Brigman. ROW TWO: Danny E. Britt, Charles C. Brown, Chuck Carpenter, Greg A. Cook, Morris F. Cooke, Jr., David H. Corriher. ROW THREE: Keith J. Corriher, John L. Cottrell, Donald R. Davis, Ronald L. Davis, Steven W. Deberry,

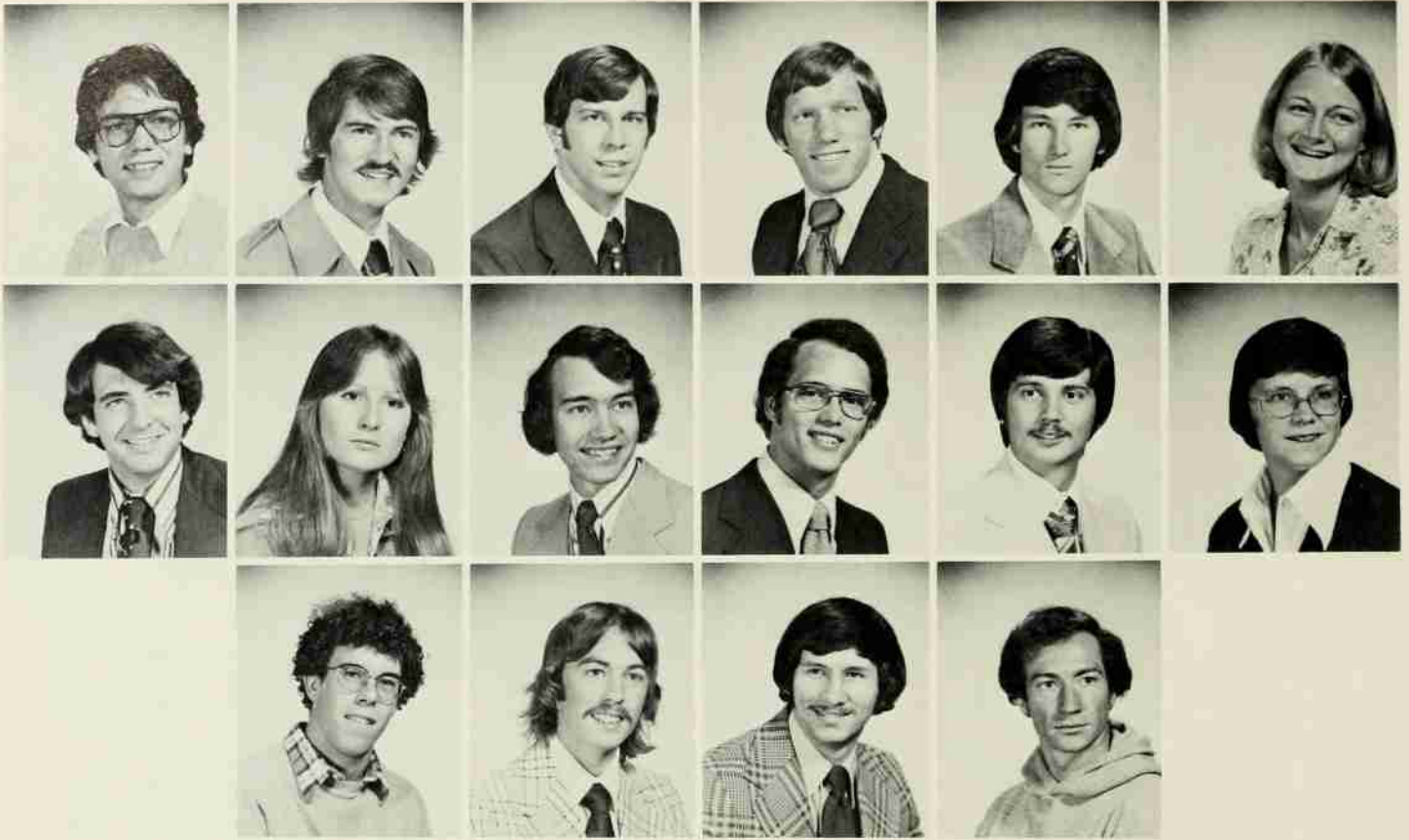
Gordon R. Dominy. ROW FOUR: Pamela R. Durham, Emmett W. Eagle, Jayne P. Fallon, Edwin C. Freeze, Donald R. Foushee, Henry L. Gairn. ROW FIVE: James R. Greeson, Steve S. Hall, Richard E. Hallman, David L. Hamby, Keith D. Hardin, Herbert P. Hartgrove.





ROW ONE: Charles K. Hobby, Kenneth D. Holt, Thomas S. Howick, Carroll D. Hoyle, April L. Jordan, Ronald D. Kaisen. ROW TWO: John A. Key, Rochana Kosiyanon, Arthur D. Lands, James P. Lee, Vickie D. Lewis, John W. McCaskill. ROW THREE: Walter M. Miller, Paul H. Mitchell, Lee W. Mozingo,

Kathy P. Mullis, Albert Oakley, Albert W. Ogle. ROW FOUR: James G. Owen, Patricia K. Owens, Thomas M. Padgett, Penelope A. Patton, Ted D. Peiffer, William B. Pendleton. ROW FIVE: Ray P. Penley, Dennis A. Pethel, Jerry V. Pittman, Forrest E. Putnam, Danny G. Rains, Charles E. Reeves.



ROW ONE: Coleman R. Rich, Jamie B. Richard, Roy H. Rimmer, David M. Roberts, William M. Rose, Cynthia D. Shuford. ROW TWO: Richard S. Simonson, Nancy L. Skids, Charles L. Smith, Paul M. Smith, Ralon K. Snider, Joann M. Steward. ROW THREE: James A. Ward, John A. Wolhar, Michael S. Yarborough, Jerry H. Zimmerman.

State has many organizations which this year provided a varied multitude of first class diversions for students (and the community as well). Whether one desired the classical beauty of Rudolph Nureyev's movie, "Don Quixote," or the intoxicated fun of The Day, 1975-76 was a year of interesting and exciting entertainment.

Few universities could boast the consistent flow of contemporary music that was heard at State. The Major Attractions Committee brought Chris Hillman, John Sebastian and Emmylou Harris to the campus. The Black Students Board sponsored a fine performance by Donald Byrd and the Blackbyrds, while the Entertainment Board provided students with Pot Pourri (an outdoor concert headlined by the Electromagnets) and a concert in Stewart Theatre by Leo Kotke.

One again the Interresidence Council sponsored The Day, an outdoor afternoon consisting of nothing less than pure fun with the music of Workshoppe and Glass Moon.

Stewart Theatre was the site of many fine jazz programs, including Raleigh's own Hard Times Jazz Band, Herbie Mann and the Family of Mann, Ramsey Lewis, the incomparable Cleo Lain and John Dankworth, and the immortal Ella Fitzgerald and Count Basie.

Students also had the chance to see and hear many concerts by the North Carolina Symphony, including those with guest performances by up and coming violinist Eugene Fodor, pianist Andre Watts and opera stars James McCracken and Sandra Warfield.

The Friends of the College continued in its tradition of sponsoring consistently superb cultural events with performances by the Chinese Folk Dancers and Acrobats, the Moscow State Symphony, Aaron

Copland and the North Carolina Symphony, the Pittsburgh Ballet, and the London Symphony with Andre Previn.

Among the many classic and contemporary movies shown at various places on campus were "The Maltese Falcon," "Fahrenheit 451," "Gone With The Wind," "Dr. Zhivago," "Blow Up," "2001: A Space Odyssey," "The Sting," "The Day of the Jackel," "Serpico" and Woody Allen's "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex."

On the humorous side, comedian Robert Klein, the National Lampoon Show and Frank Speiser (starring in "The World of Lenny Bruce") were featured in Stewart Theatre.

There were lectures by such notables as writer Robert Penn Warren, basketball greats Bill Russell and Tommy Burleson, actress Cicely Tyson and motion picture director Frank Capra.

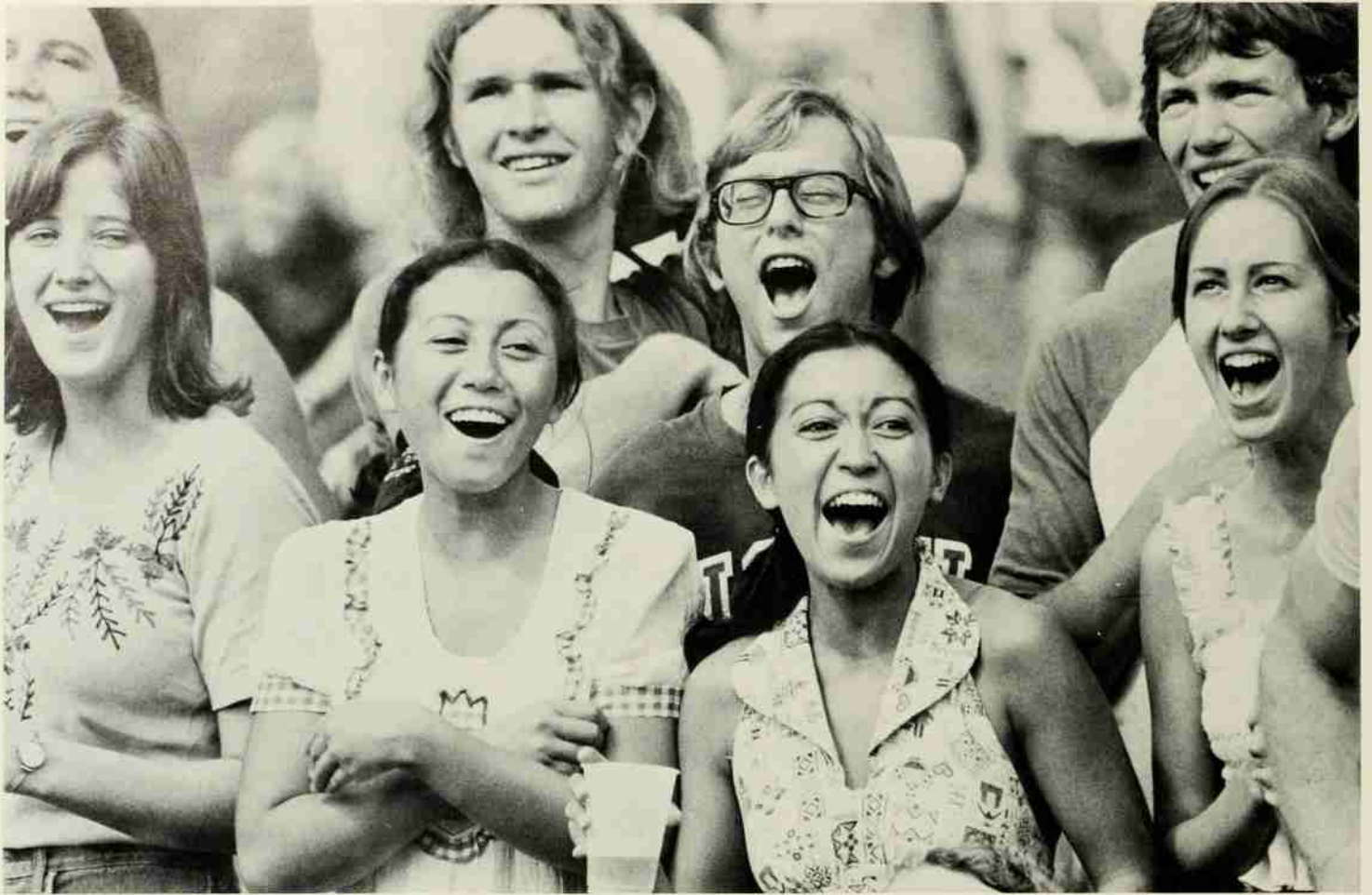
Not to be forgotten are the many fine plays that graced the N.C. State campus, including "1776," "Man of La Mancha," "MacBeth" (starring Anthony Quayle), the New Shakespeare Company's "Hamlet," "The Robber Bridegroom," "Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope," "Godspell" and the numerous excellent productions by Thompson Theatre.

Those interested in the art of dance had opportunities to see the talented Chuck Davis Dance Group, the flamenco of the Donn Phoren's Trio and the Hartford Ballet.

There were Oktoberfest and Springfest, music and beer festivals sponsored by Mu Beta Si, the university's music fraternity.

Couple all of this with a Paper Airplane Contest, a Skateboard Contest and the many off-campus places to go, and one can easily see that the N.C. State student was never at a loss for diversion.

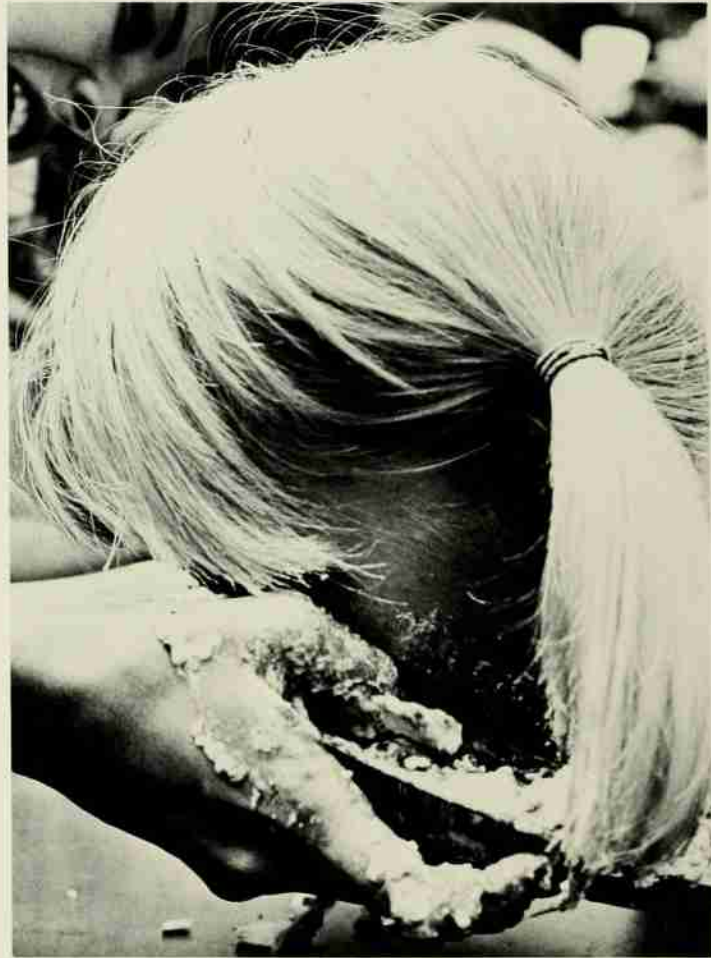


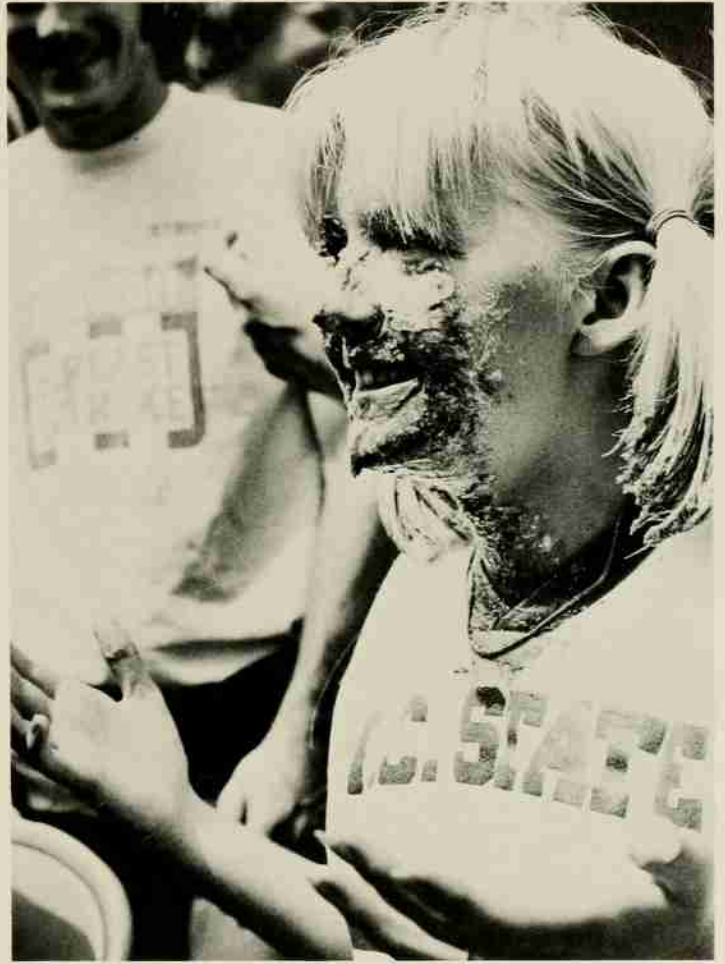


Zoo Day

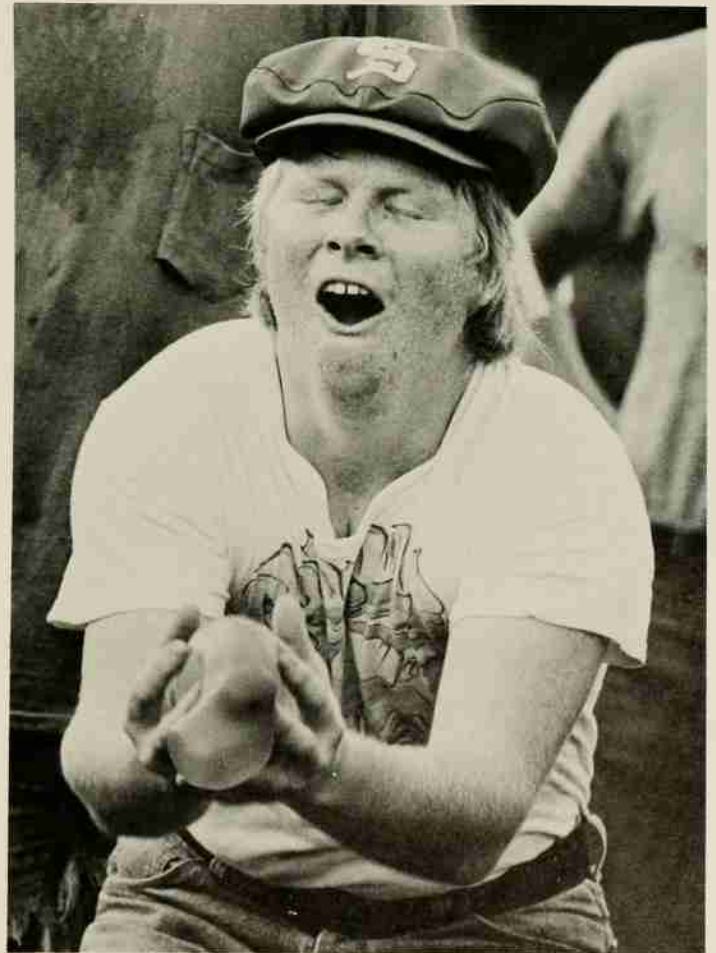




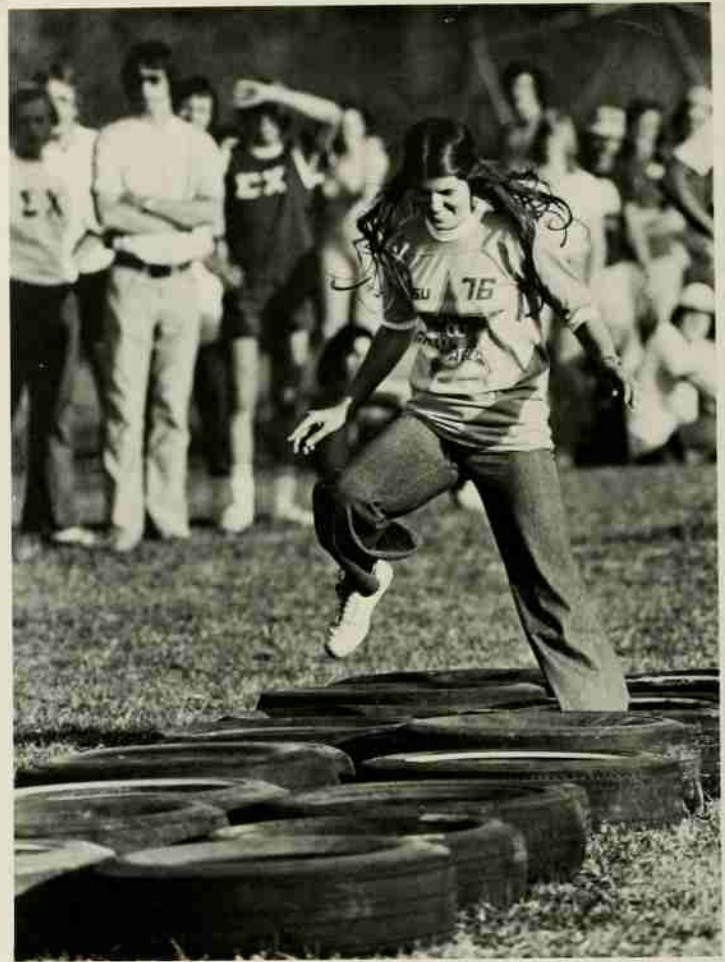




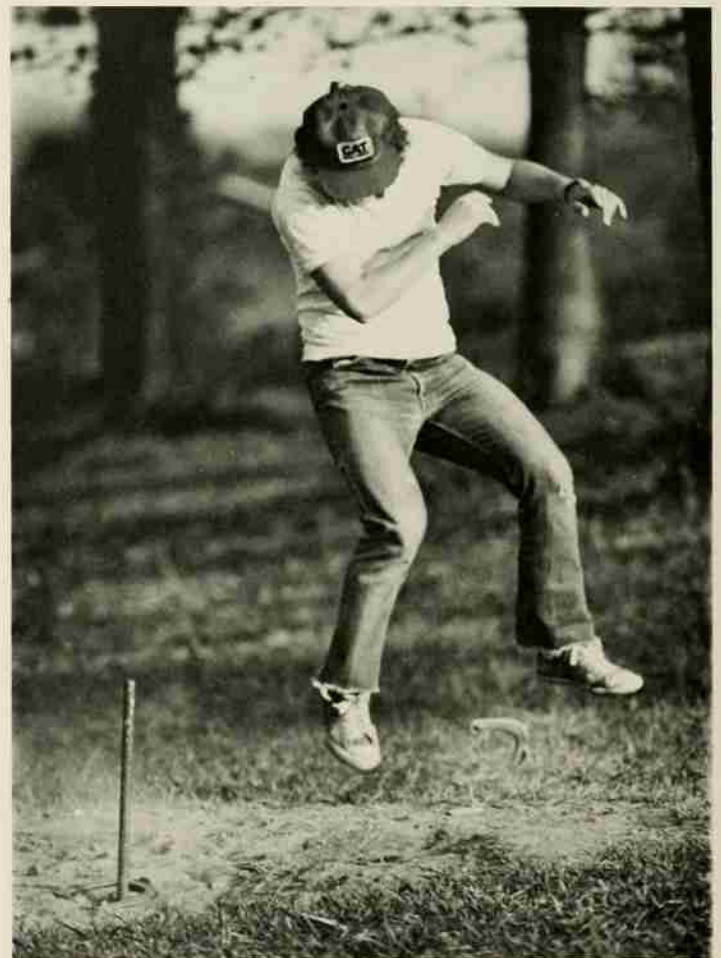
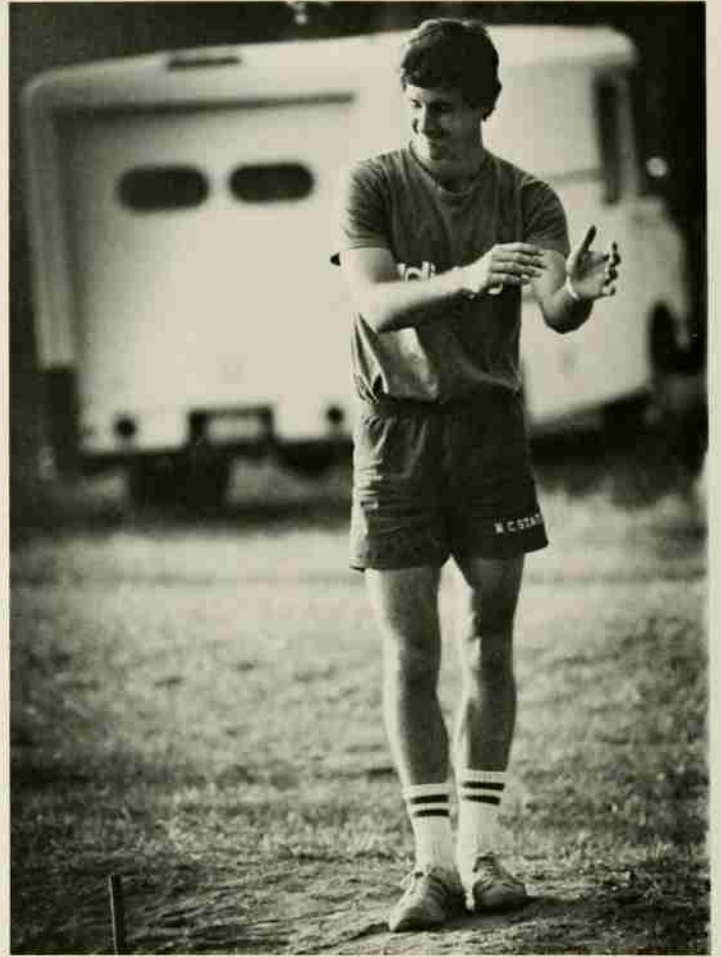
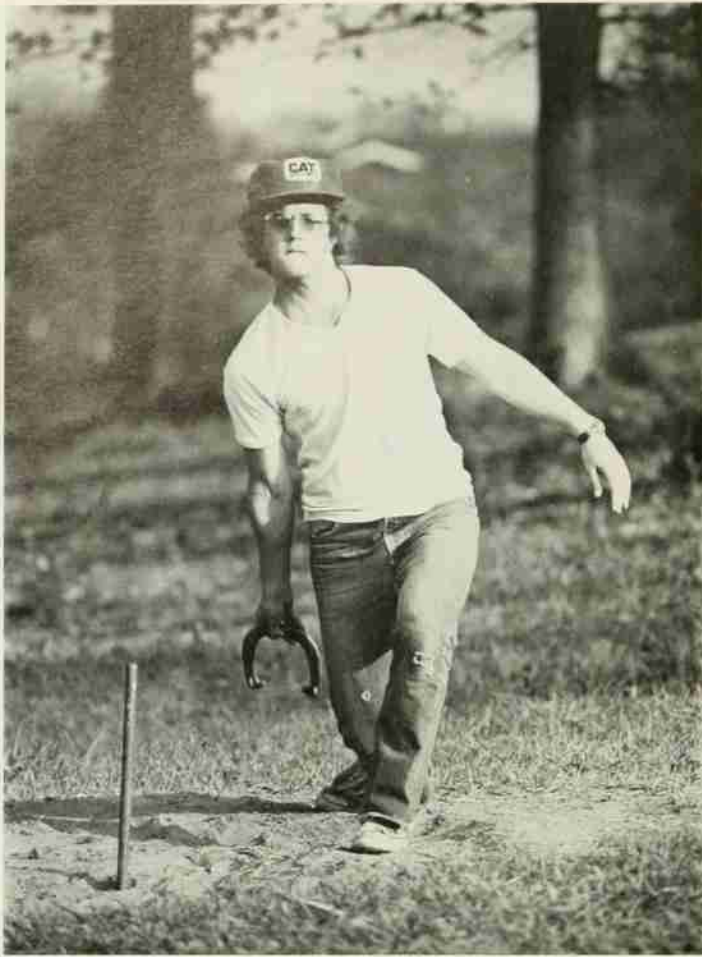


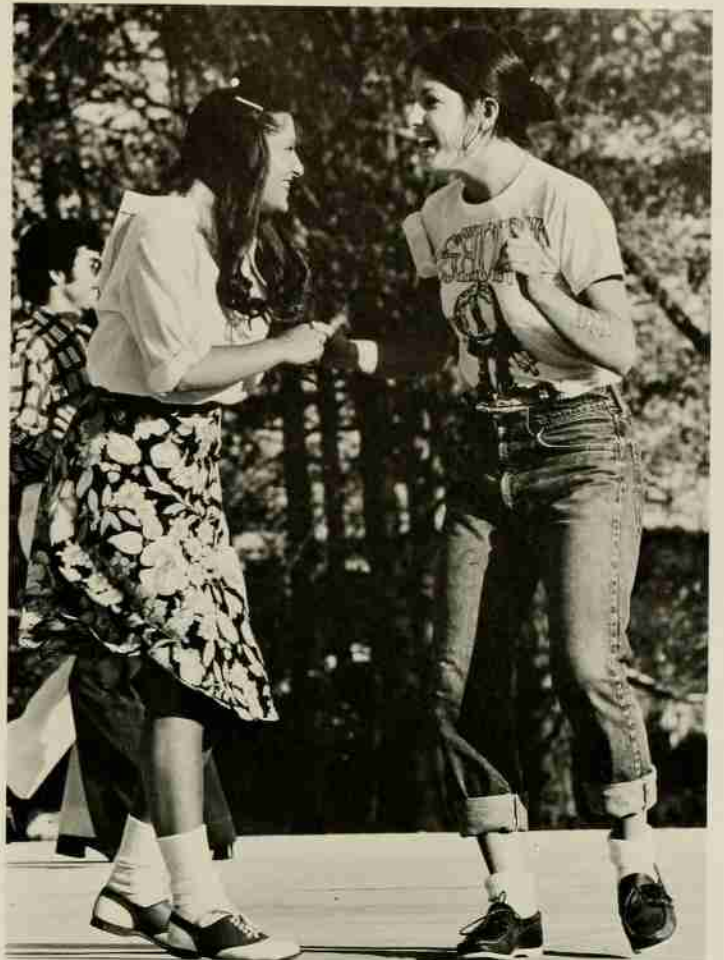
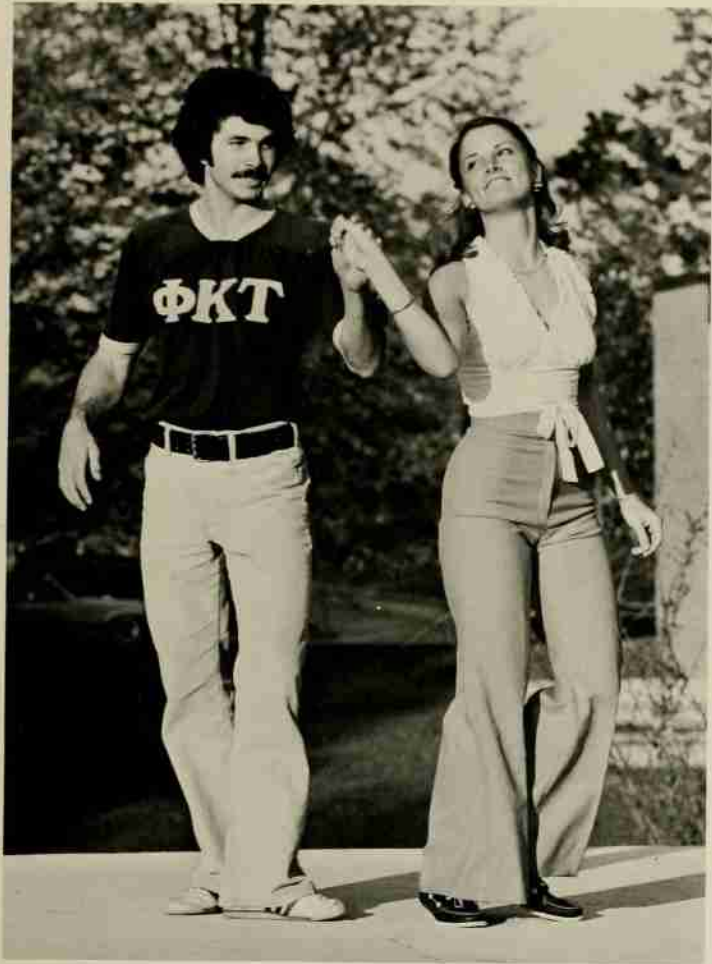


Greek Week

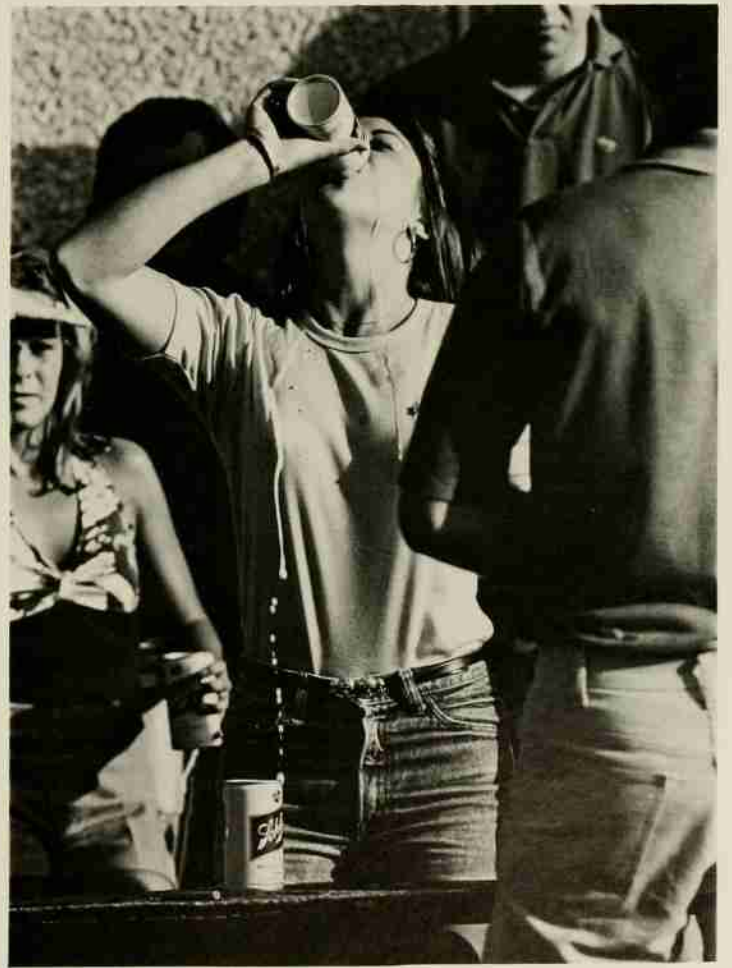




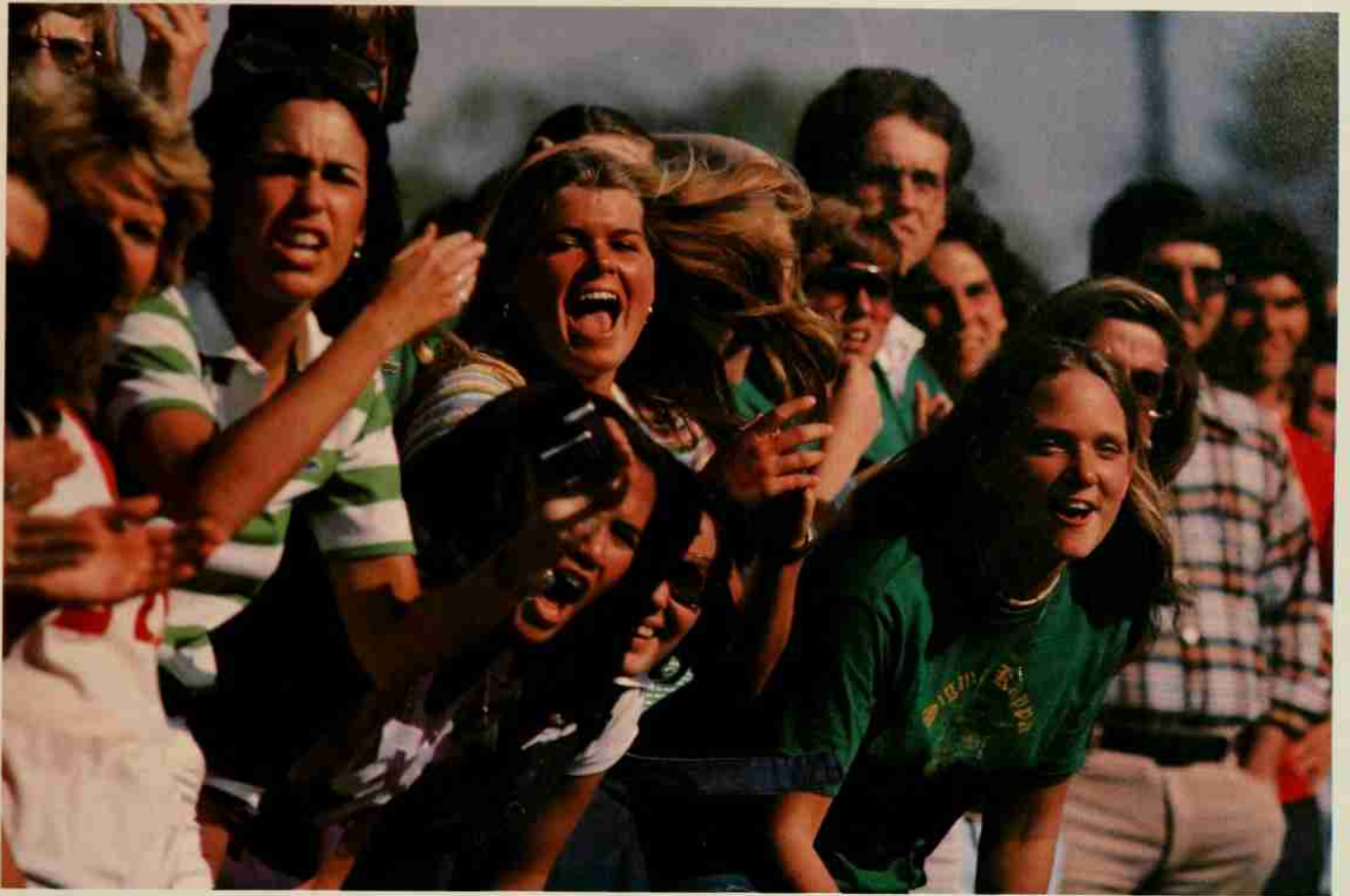






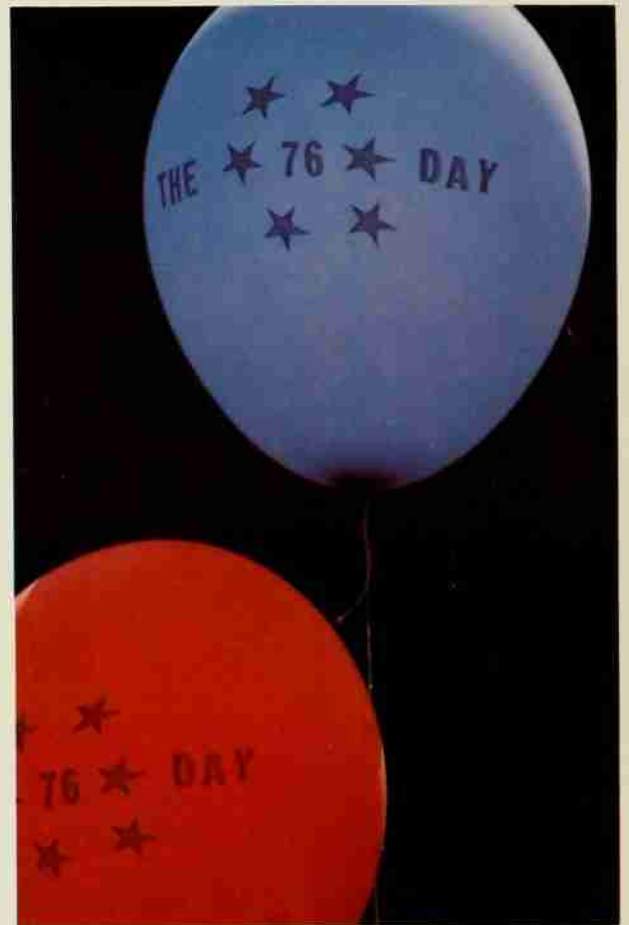


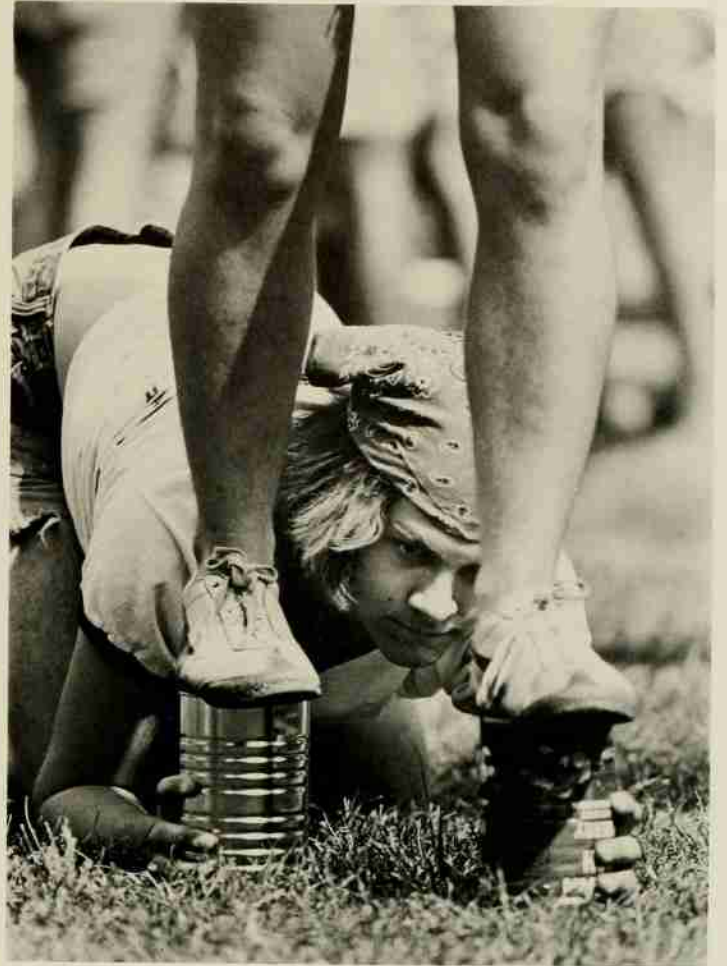
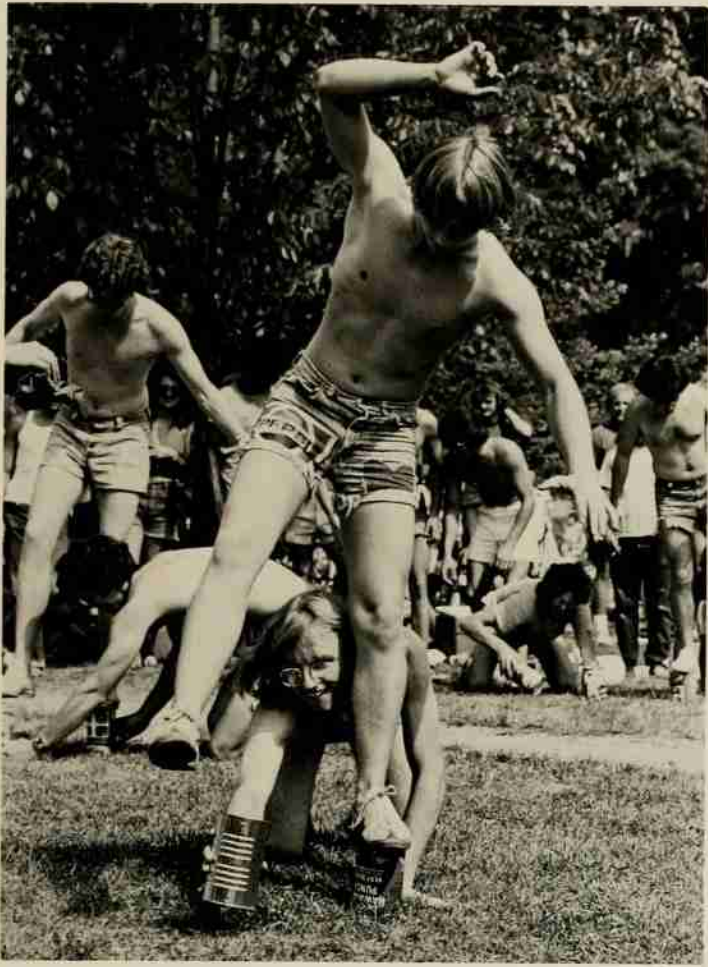




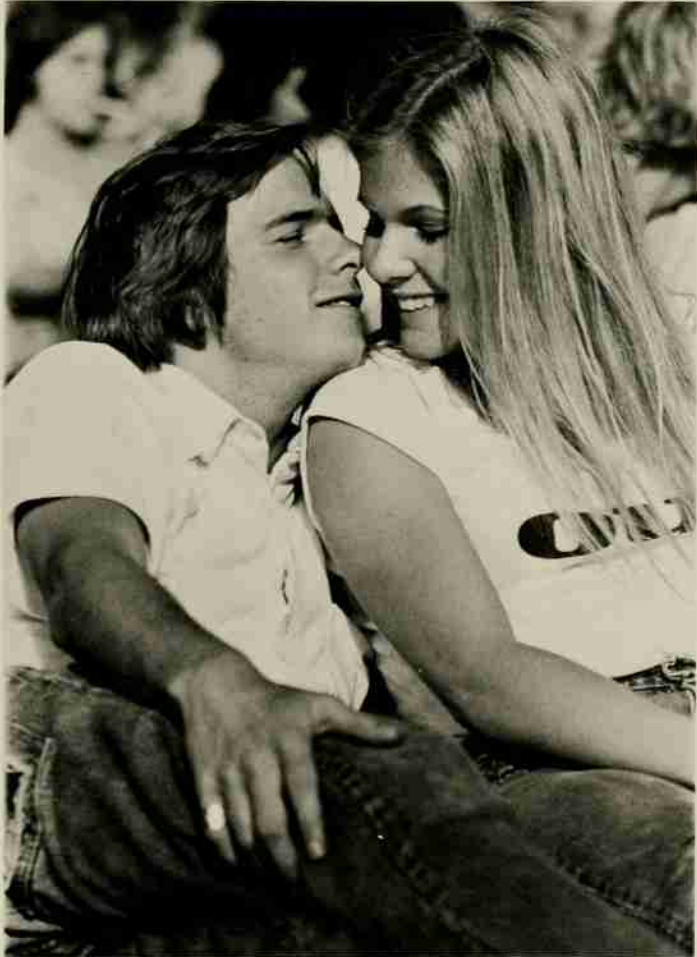


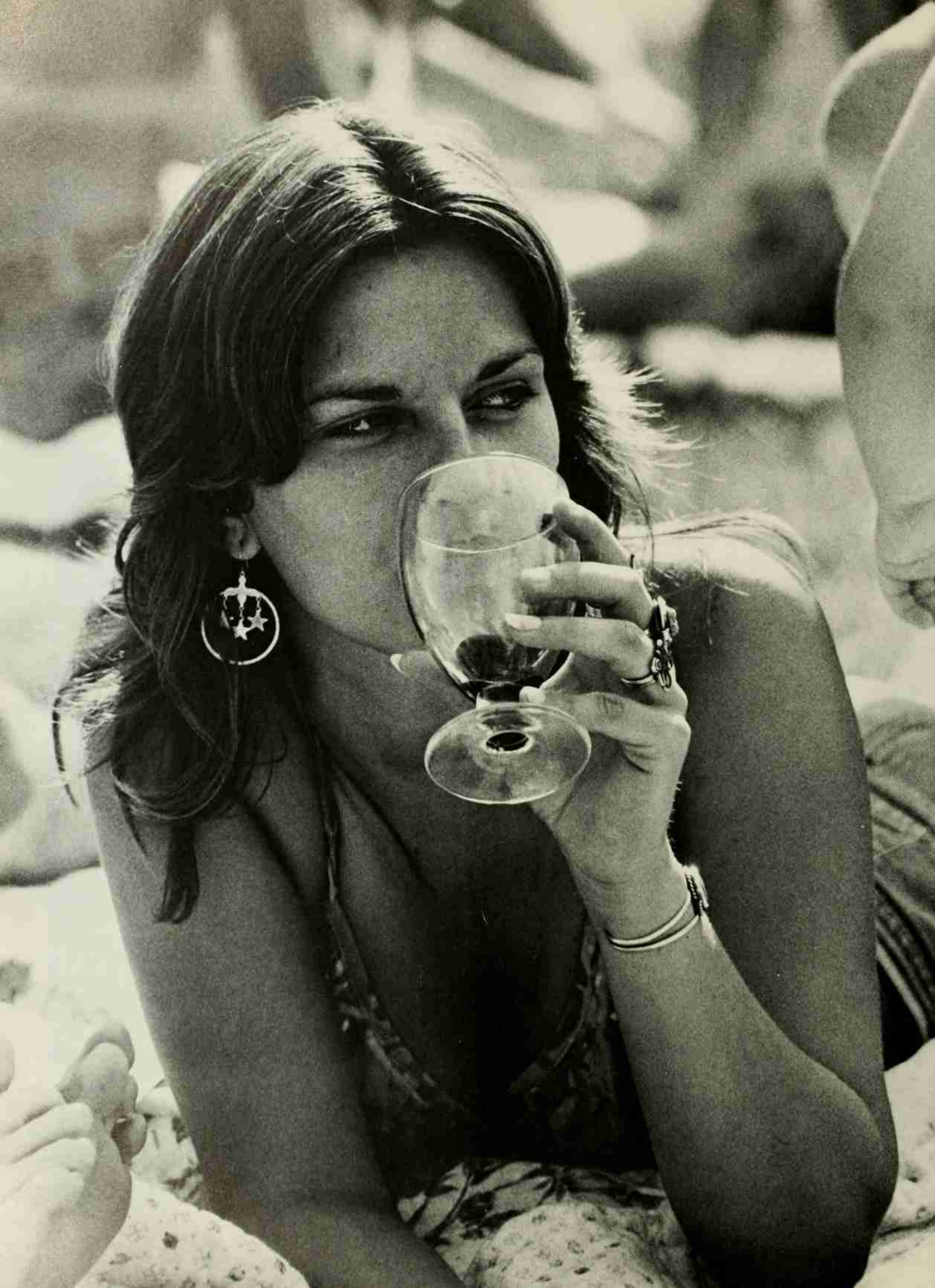
The Day





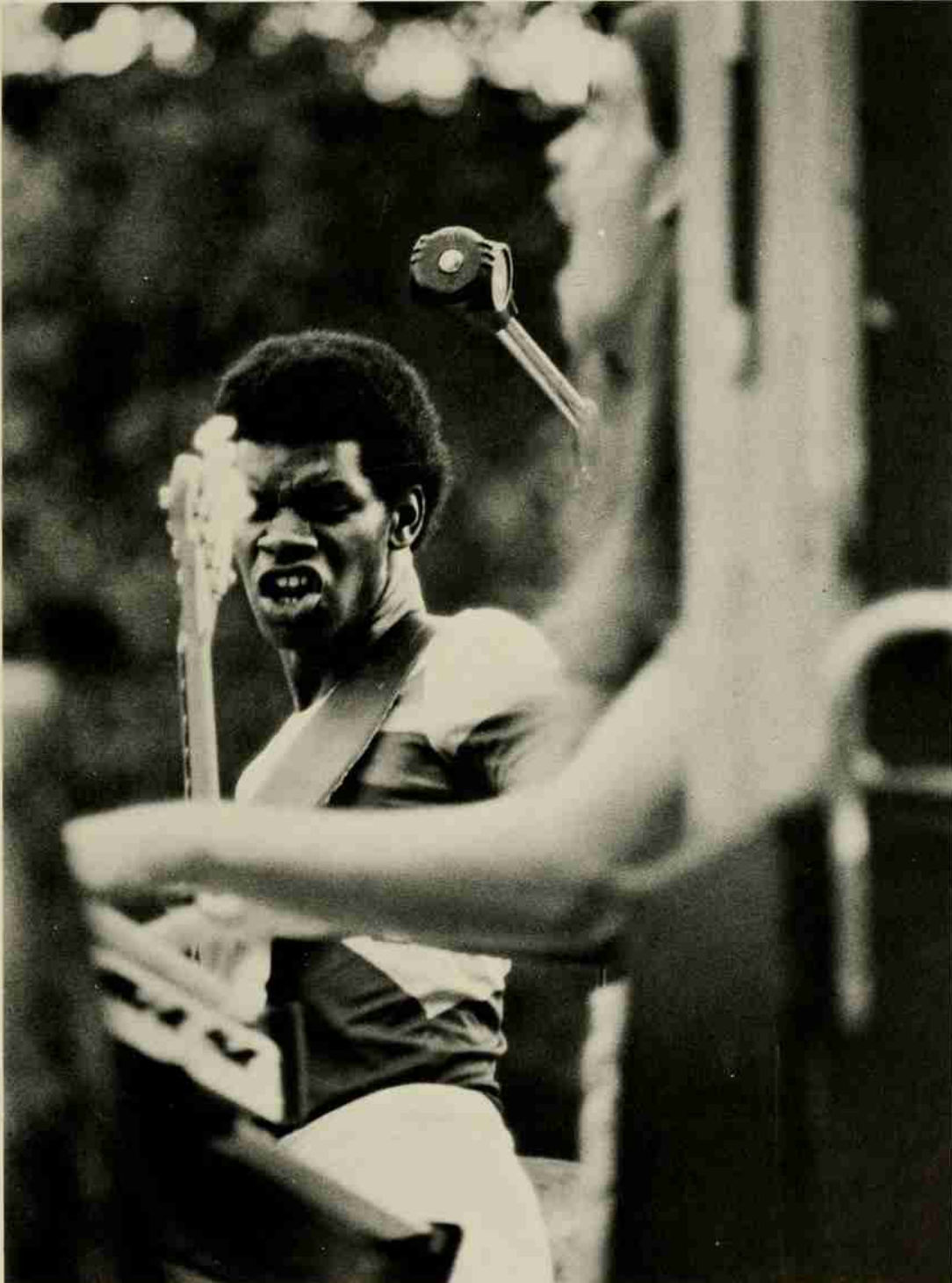
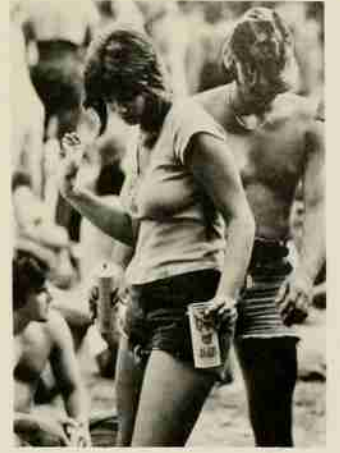


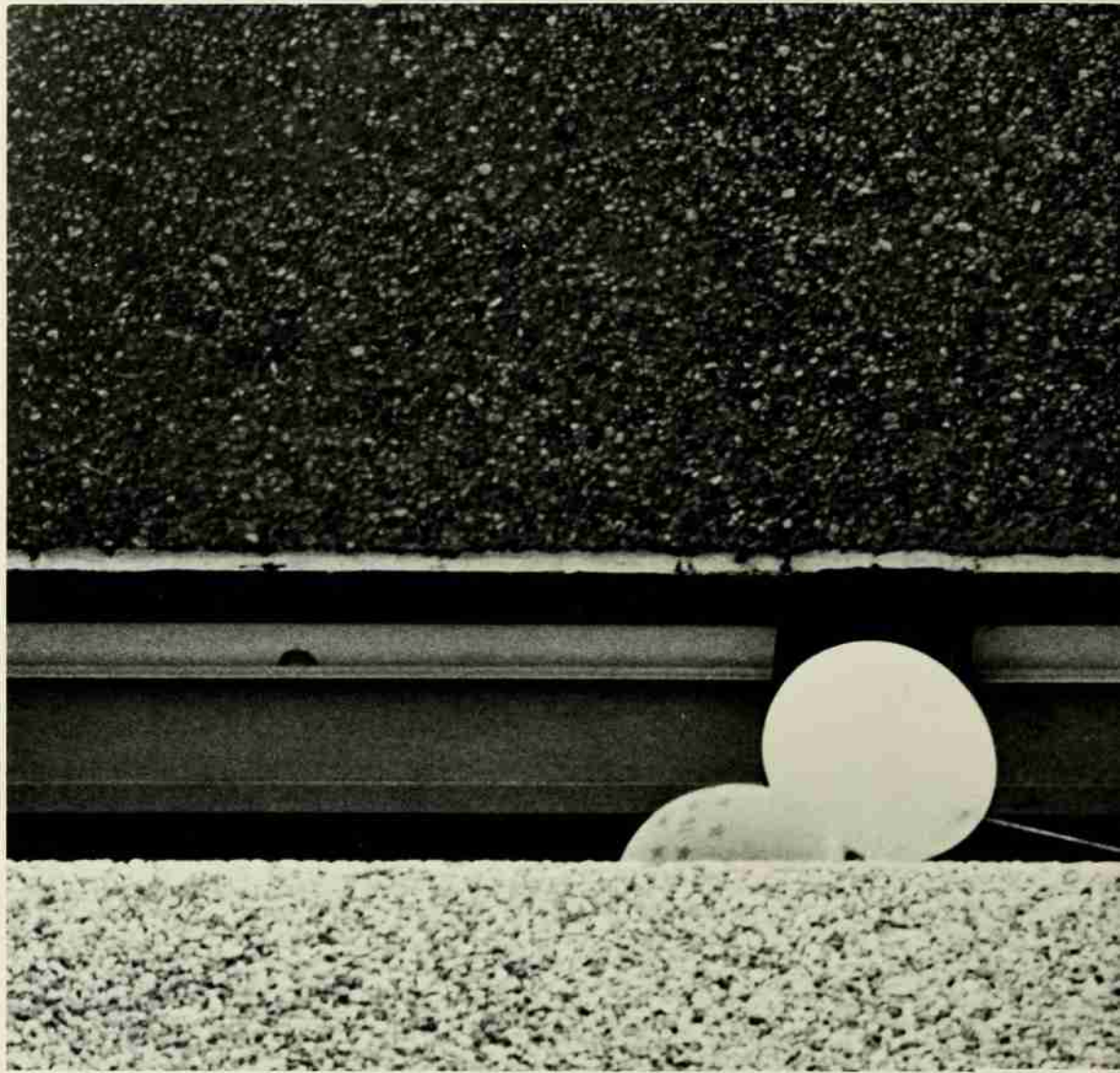


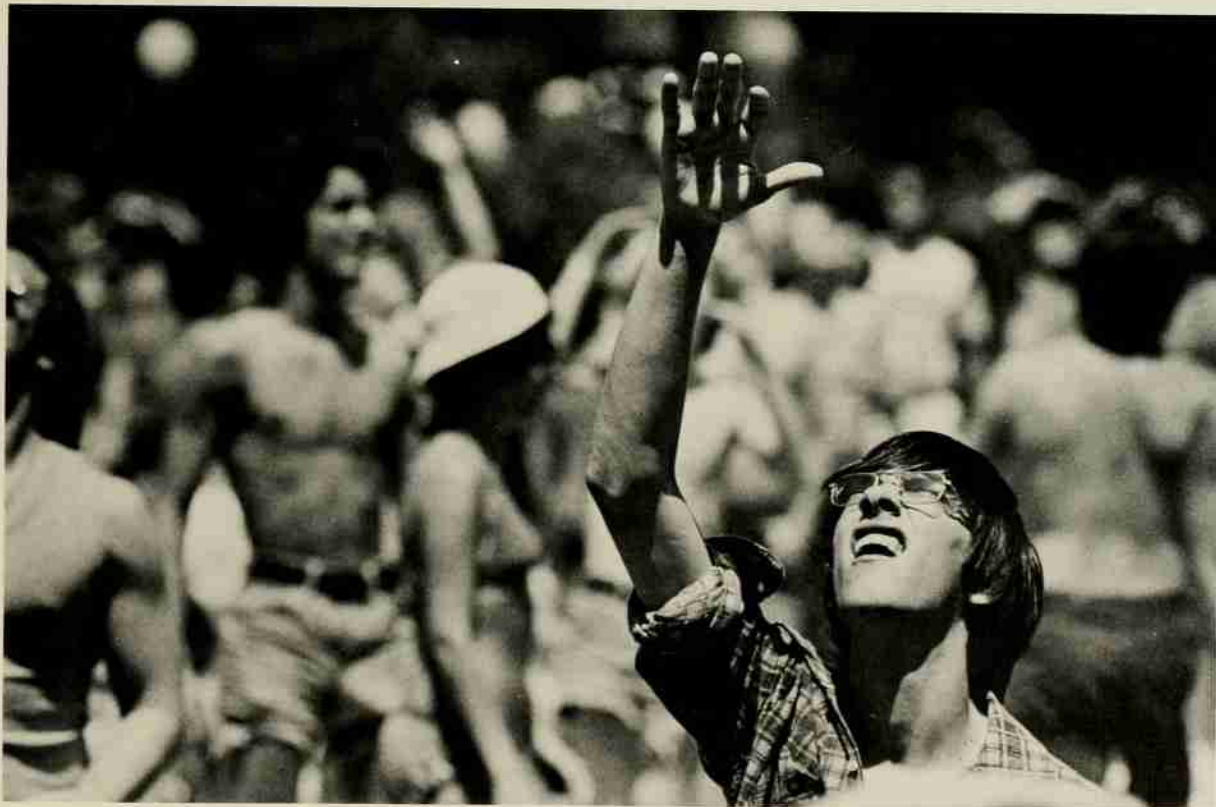












Friends of the College

CHINESE FOLK DANCERS & ACROBATS



WHITTEMORE & LOWE





PITTSBURG BALLET



"DON GIOVANNI"



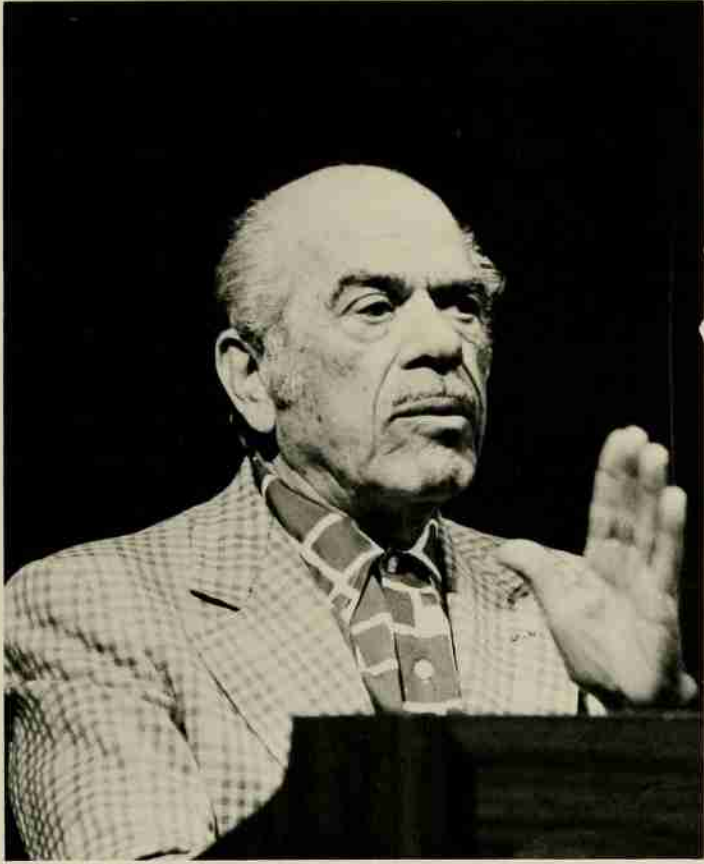
AARON COPLAND

CONDUCTING THE N.C. SYMPHONY



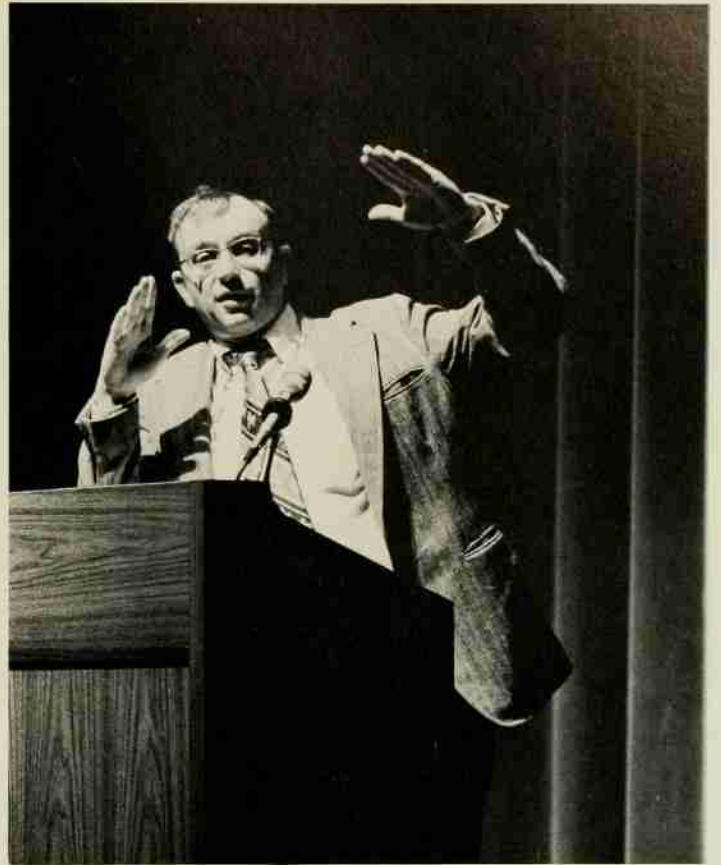
Stewart Theatre





BILL RUSSELL

FRANK CAPRA



AL LOWENSTEIN





BETTIE BARBOUR
& THE HARD TIMES JAZZ BAND





HERBIE MANN





THE ROBBER BRIDEGROOM

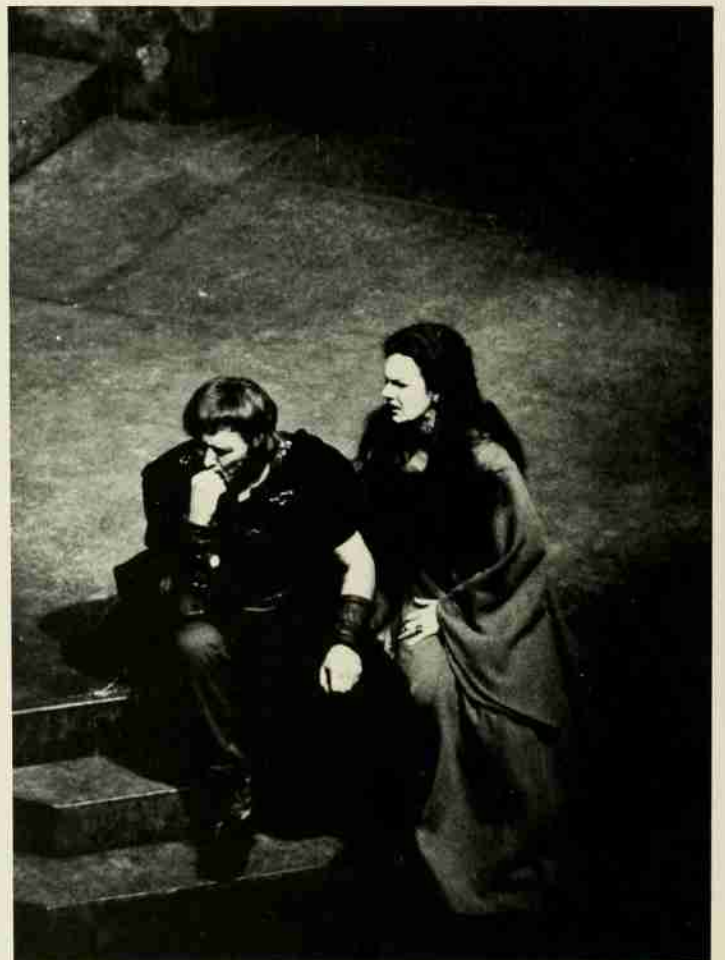




HAMLET



ANTHONY QUAYLE, MACBETH

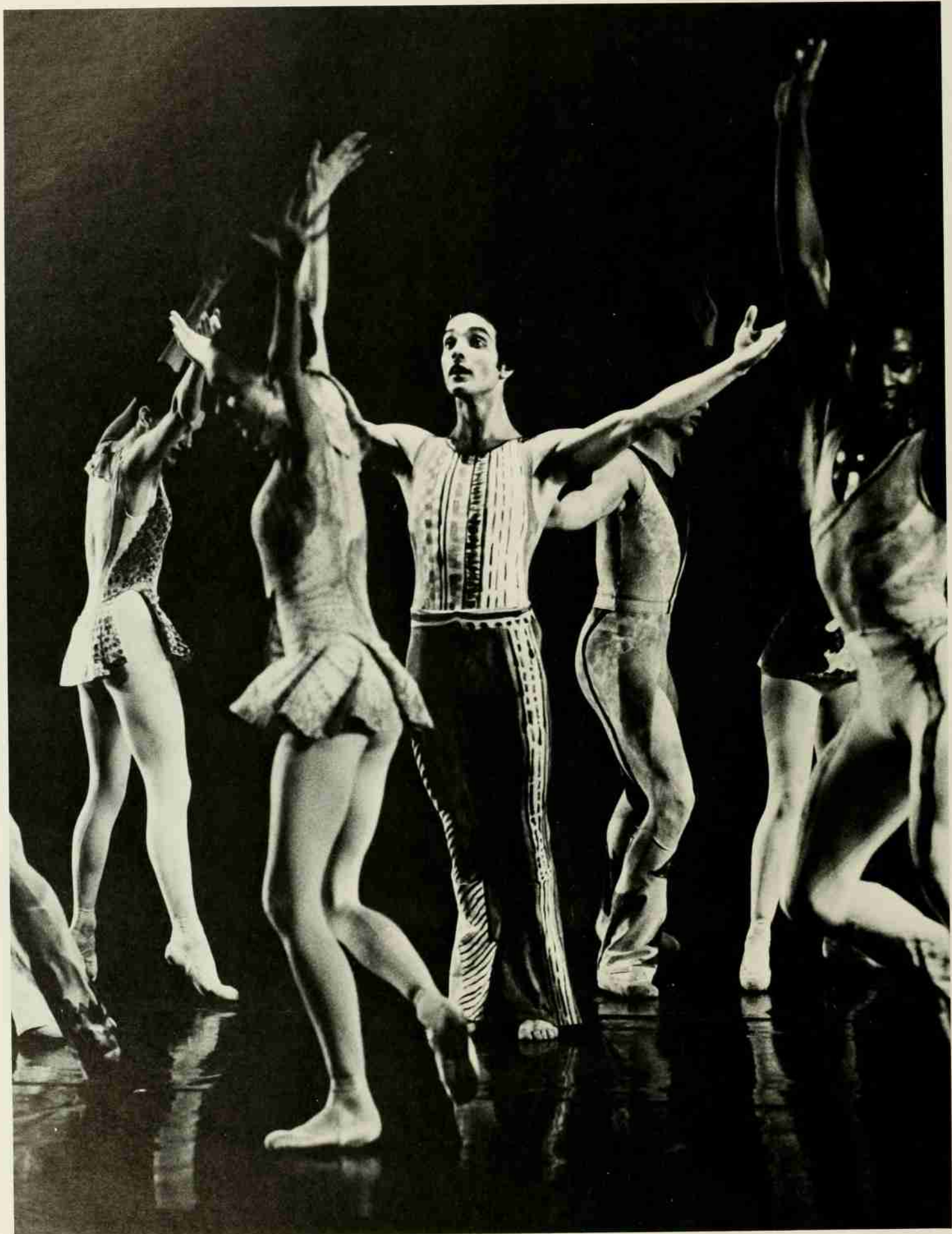


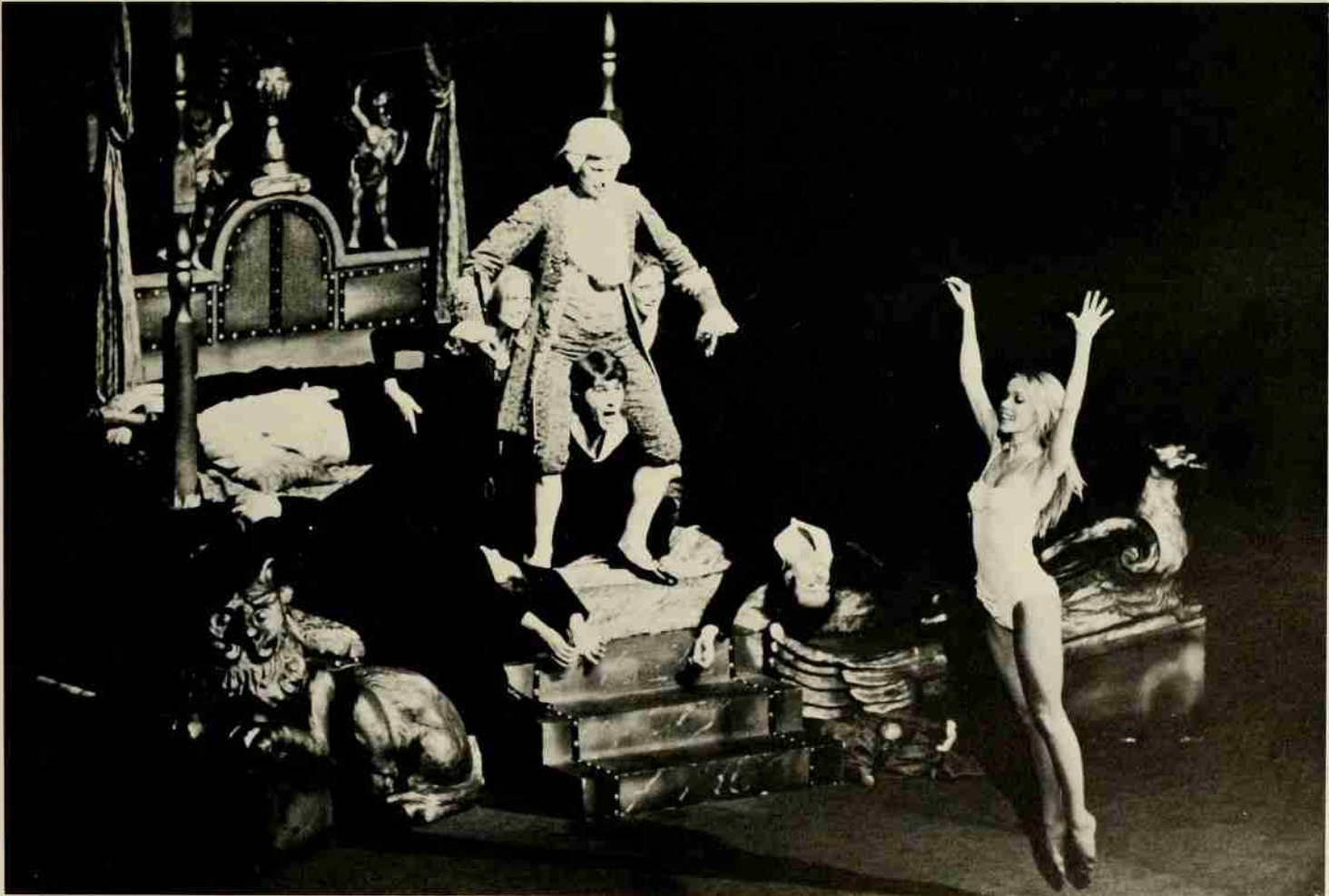
ARMS & THE MAN



THE WAY OF THE WORLD









JANIS IAN





EMMYLOU HARRIS





CLEO LAINE



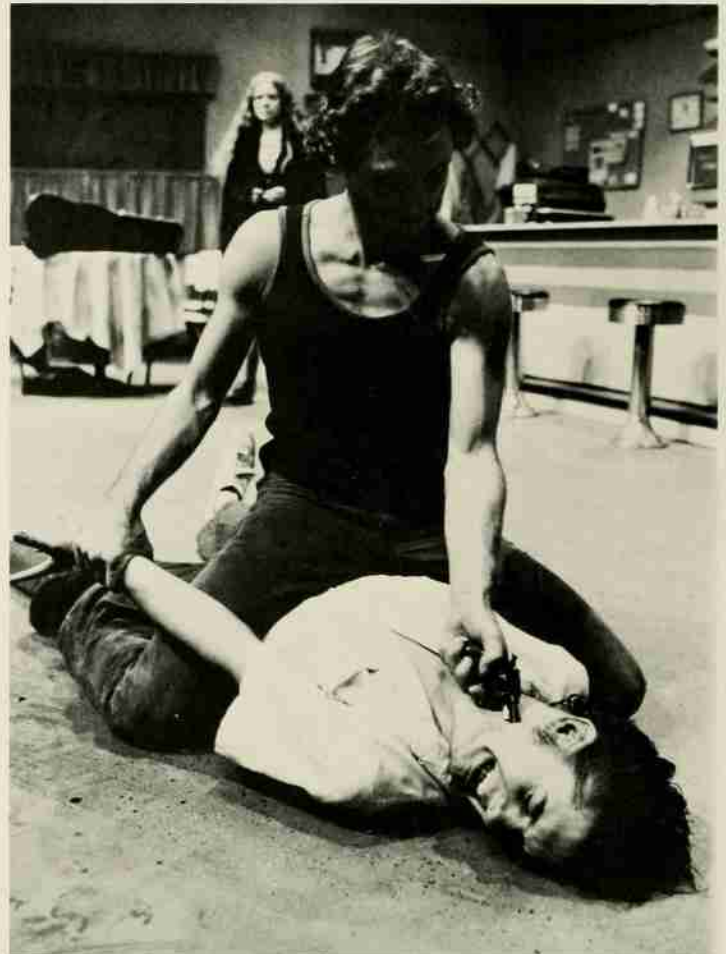
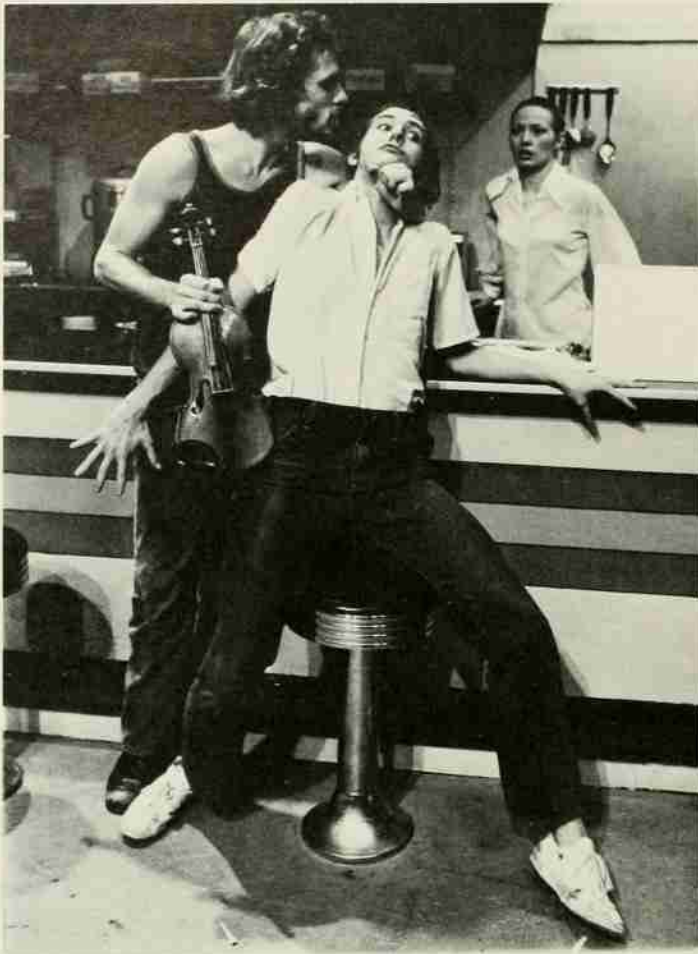
LEO KOTTKE

Thompson Theatre

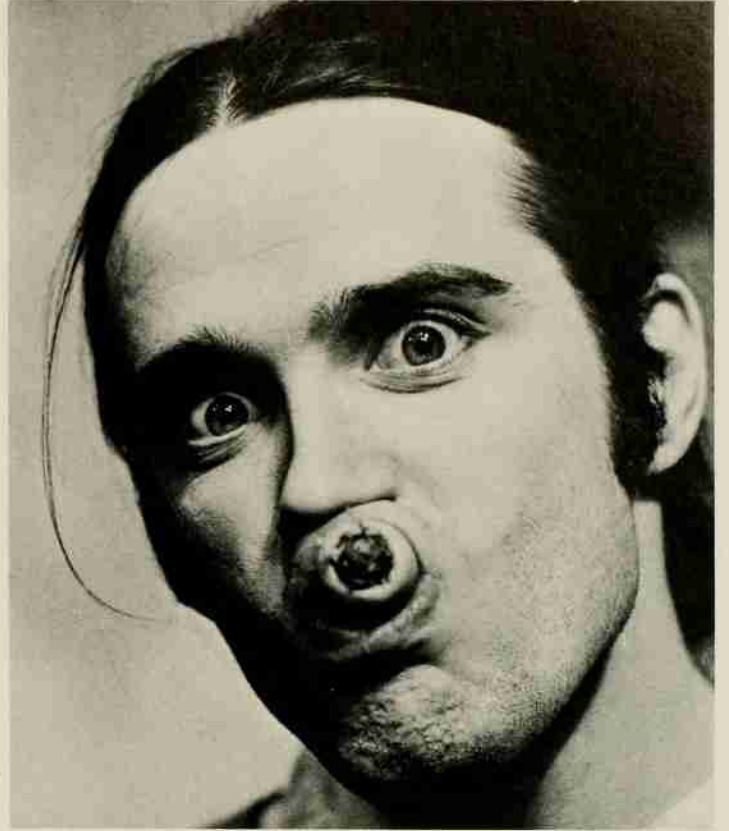
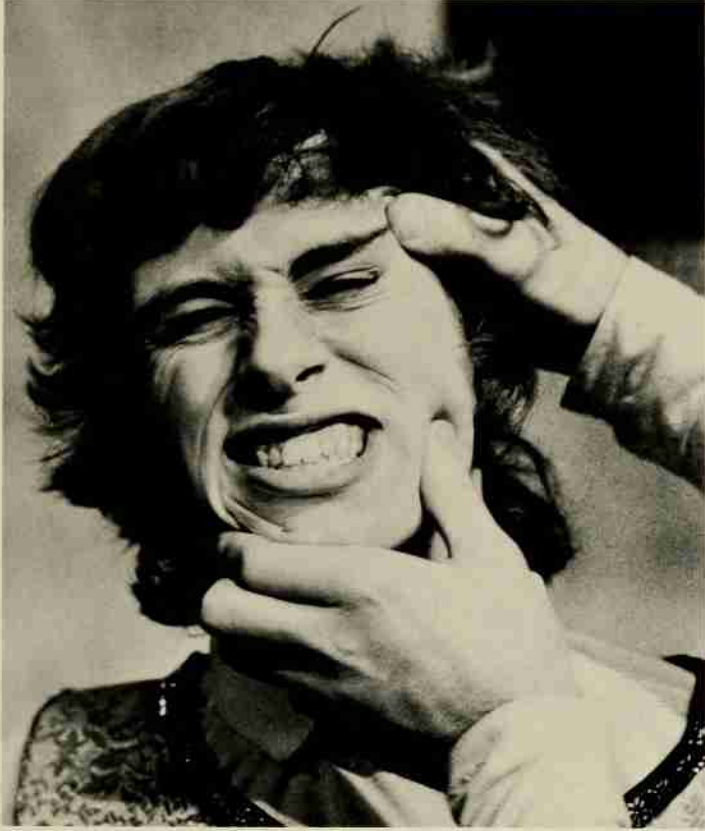
THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER



WHEN YOU COMIN' BACK, RED RYDER?

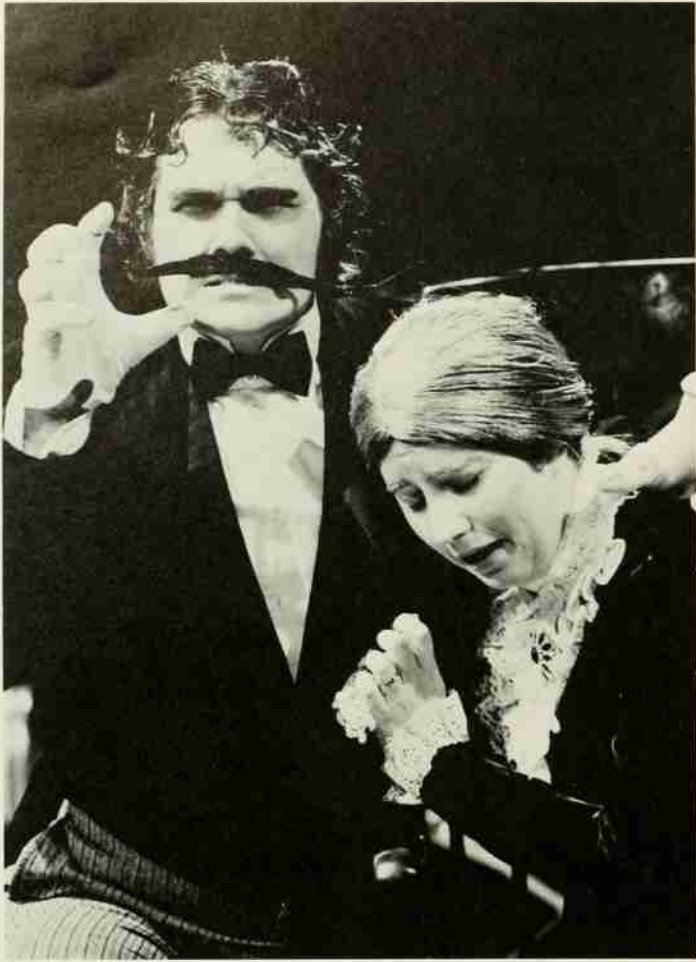


MANDRAGOLA



IN MEMORY OF





FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD

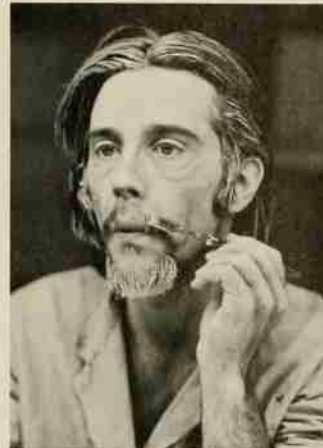


THE MAIDS



HARVEY





It is spring 1976. Those of us whose memories are not shortened by fear of moving on or too burned out from living the past few years mired in certain ideas can sense acutely that different truths are gusting about on the rising wind. The past still frosts the warming rain; sometimes the wind chills a little.

I have been at State almost five years. I came chasing after the Movement and only later realized I never knew what it was. I came looking for love and found I did not know what it was either. I came to be educated and learned that I would never know. Nothing much manifested out of little more. I have grown lonely as a new-born idea abandoned on the door step of a dream.

Four years ago I slid accidentally into the theatre and remained accidental for a while. The experience of assimilating my confusion in that environment has made theatre my metaphor for proof, my hinging point, my touchstone. Theatre is home for my head.

The tension generated by the conflict between apparent reality and apparent illusion is a tension that irks me into productivity. "There is only a question—no answers here." A precarious balance: social wounds stung and soothed, like boils of the conscience that scream for relief but secretly love the flaming pain.

Theatre of the sixties and early seventies was a hot-eyed bitch singeing her privates on the smoulder of social turmoil. She both fascinated and repelled, a Medusa who loved all her gall-tongued heads alike.

When I cast my lot with theatre I handcuffed my soul to the writhing tail of a dying beast. Certain truths crumble first and do not survive resurrection. Part of me has seared to ash.

What it comes down to is this: the dichotomy theatre creates is an attempt to crystallize and pin down essential pains. Then the grey area around them begins to question again.

A stiletto can be as deadly as a bomb provided it is wielded by the hand of an expert. An Aficionado can handle the blade and exercise textbook jabs and thrusts and parries, and anyone can light a stick of dynamite. There is a love of the game-now-playing, however, that knows the touch of steel to heart and the micro-nova of mountain driven up to dust and down to earth.

The truths of the monastery need the example of the world to prove them valid. Nothing exists without its context. They are a mateable as whales and camels: both are animals and both are equipped for reproduction but the trip between boudoirs is too overly distressing for perpetuation of the species. Yet they both live on in another imagination. Each polarizes the other like bawdy monks and divine ones.

I have been an actor all my life, and consciously for the last four years. Publicly I have been in that time at least two dozen people. I entered her slamming the screen-door of youth and now she is the old crone crying over photographs in the light of the full moon. I still love her but I see mother, sister, and spouse in her shadow. She is a towered fickle lover.

There are slug-trails staining my soul in ribbons of glue because of theatre. Soar and water don't faze it and tears barely scrape its surface. It is art that lives longer than life. And the questions always falcon their way back to their masters, the expanding questions, the answers that melt away begging to be resolved. Resolutions are to revolutions as brick is to sand; we salute the nobleness of the brick, the common strength of the mortar, and we long for the contest of seeing who crumbles first. It is that tension we seek, knowing the mortar strips itself of power first but withers knowing the brick has aged, too.

It is tragedy we seek, the falling of the supposed noble and pure into swine-stirred mud, all senses trampled before acceptance and tradition. I have been both boar and pearl, the unrecognized trampling underfoot the unrecognized, both audience crammed with fear and apprehension and actor accepting neuroses and baring them.

Five years ago, "Marat/Sade" tantalized audiences; I caught only the last whiff of its potential but that was enough. I have just done "Harvey" and have become an aging, prejudicial man of profession for a media-stroked public eager for the bread of entertainment. But I still long for the sensualists who damn everything but the circus.

I was one told "Leave 'em laughing or leave 'em lost". I hope I'm lost forever.



State Fair

In October the State Fair stopped by, stealing time from some but passing quite unnoticed by at least an equal number of others. Those who managed to neglect their calculus, physics, or English and sneak off to see the sights became a part of the magical world that was (and is) the fair.

Some went to challenge the giant pleasure-monsters that hurled them to ecstasy and brought them back again, and others went in quest of phosphorescent teddy bears and helium balloons. Many pursued the eating marathon, devouring dripping hot dogs, clouds of cotton candy and countless candy apples. Groups hovered about near the side shows, anxious to catch a glimpse of featured freaks and wanton women. A few surveyed the barns where unruffled cows indifferently stared, clumps of hogs grunted and whined, and fat, sheep modeled N.C. State jackets. Some explored the flower houses and stalked the paddle boats, and the brave and inquisitive fought their way through the craft centers watching old-timers ply their trades.

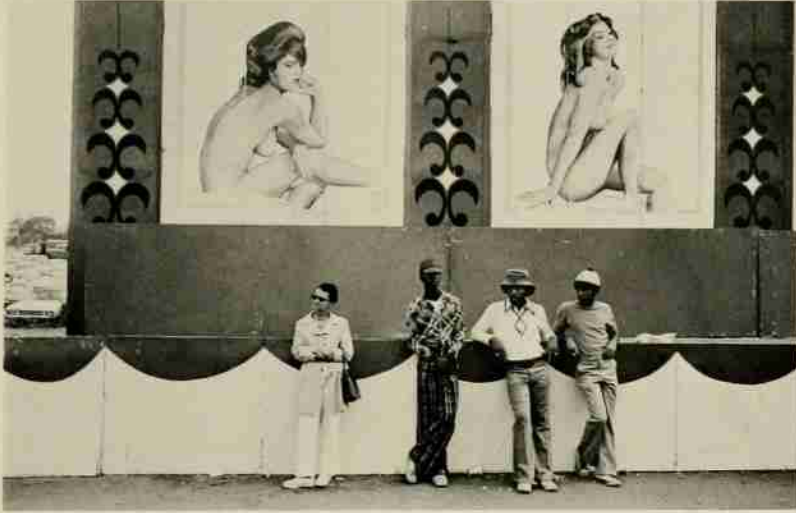
As mock-calliope filled the air and colors whirled and blurred and unwelcome voices called our names. Calculus, or physics, or English lurked on the edges of our consciences and threatened to invade our carefree adventuring. Coming down into reality, the music became a little too loud and the colors made us dizzy,

and somewhat weary of the hot dog smell and hard pot-holed paths, we made our way back to the familiarity of home-away-from-home. From a carrel on the ninth floor of D.H. Hill, the fair seemed very far away and looking out we could see only pinpoints of its light which became smaller and smaller and finally disappeared.











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Diane Payne Advisor and much more

Producing this yearbook caused lots of people to sacrifice much of their free time. There were ill tempers, hard work, long nights and lots of good times! I'm going to miss it.

There are several people—Bob Estes, Bob Page, Martin Ericson, Lenni Sullivan and Jim Davis—who took intangible ideas and turned them into a very real book. I can never thank them enough.

For example, one day I mentioned that I wanted a calendar (kind of the year in a capsule) and soon Bob E. had compiled it, gotten Bob P. to do the artwork, and soon I not only had a calendar but an illustrated one at that.

As for Martin and Lenni, they probably had it the roughest just putting up with Jim and me. Whenever one of them asked for an "editorial decision" they always got two answers—rarely the same.

And finally there was Jim—he always found the right photographs and copy to tie things together. I just couldn't say enough about what he did.

Outside of the staff I would like to thank my family, Vickie, Jean, Marcy and my friends for helping me through it all.

And most of all my thanks to Kevin for always believing in me. I couldn't have done it without him.

To produce a yearbook that covered every person, organization or event was virtually impossible. What we have done with the 1976 Agromeck is relate the year as we saw it—through our words, our artwork and our photographs.

I enjoyed the school year 1975-76 at State, for me it is a very special place, I hope you enjoyed it too. Thanks for letting me share it with you.

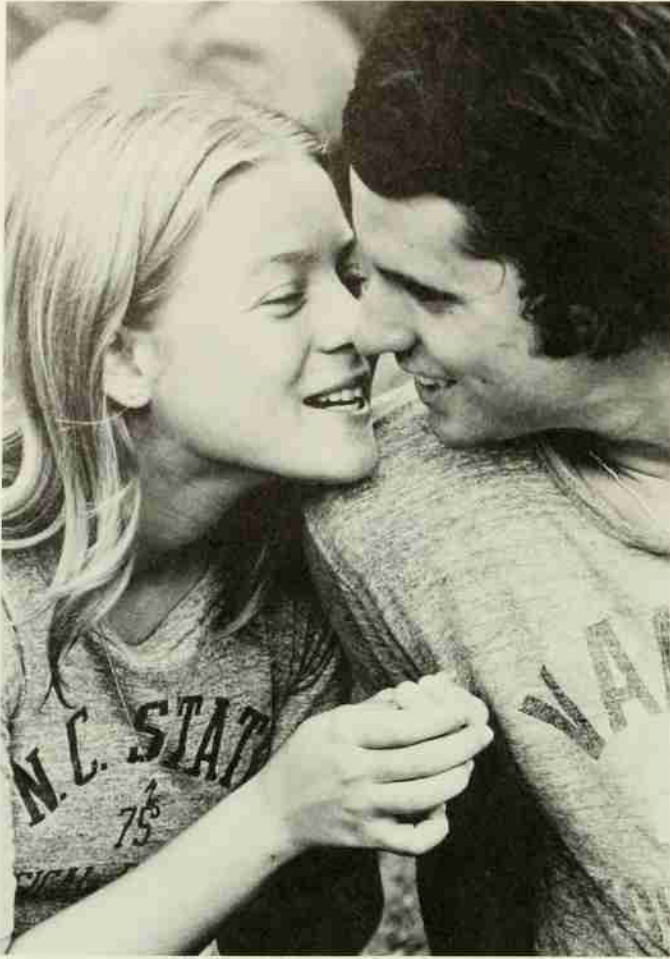
WELCOME
TO
LAKE MCKINNEY



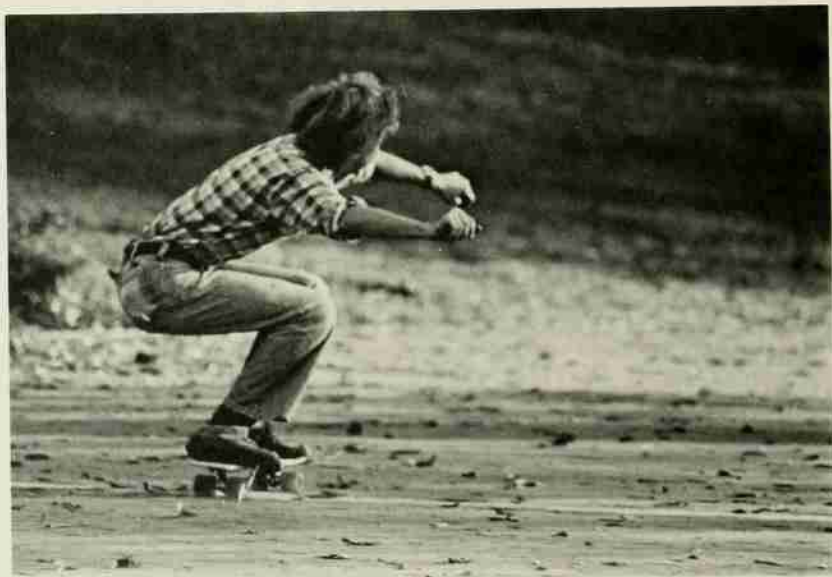
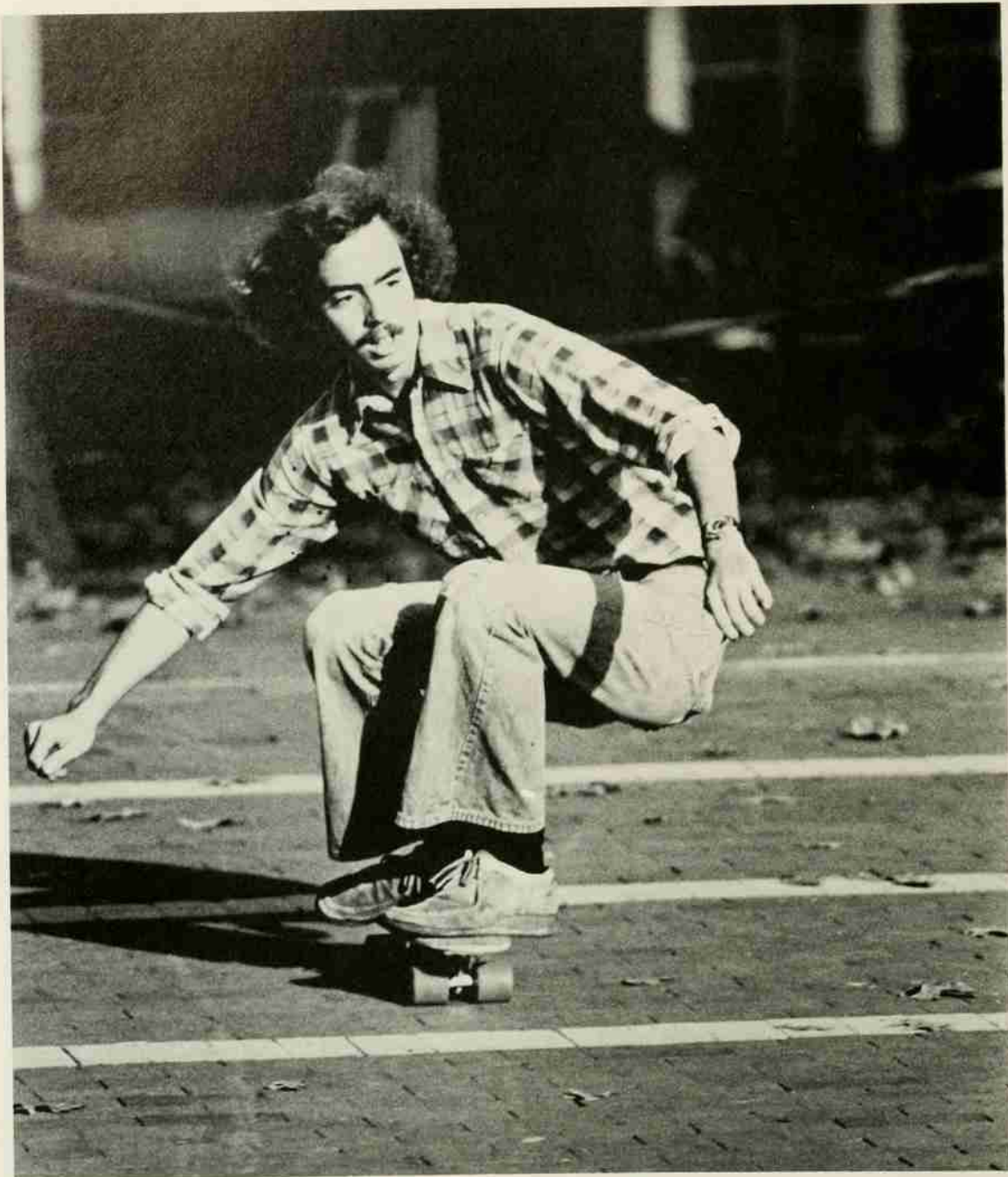


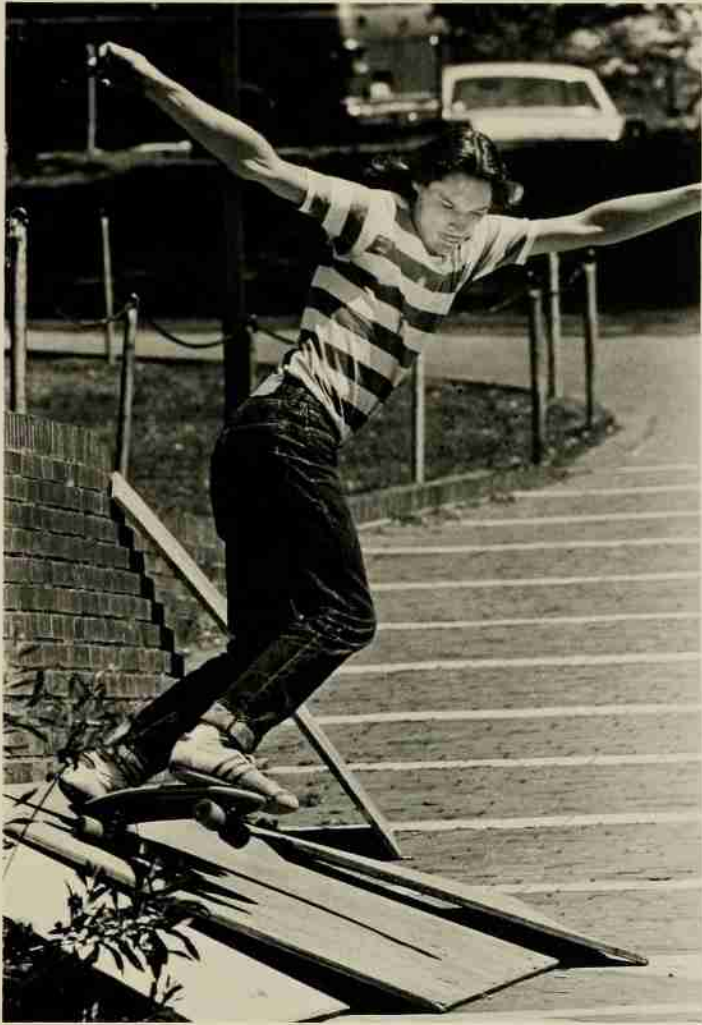
Friends





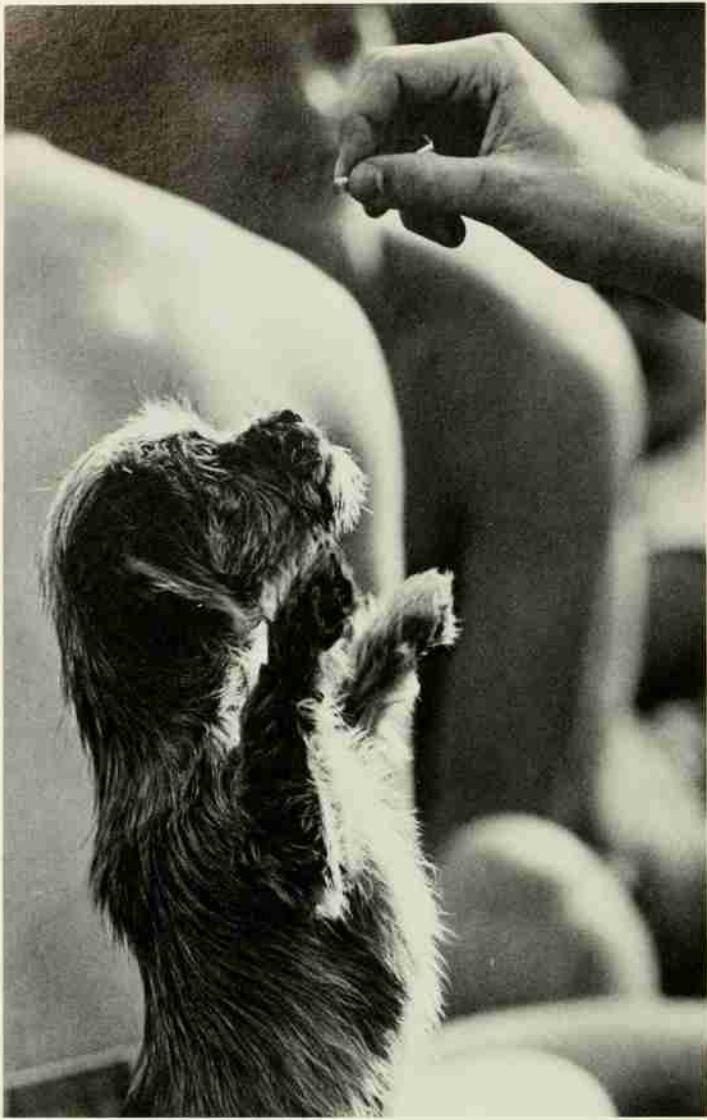


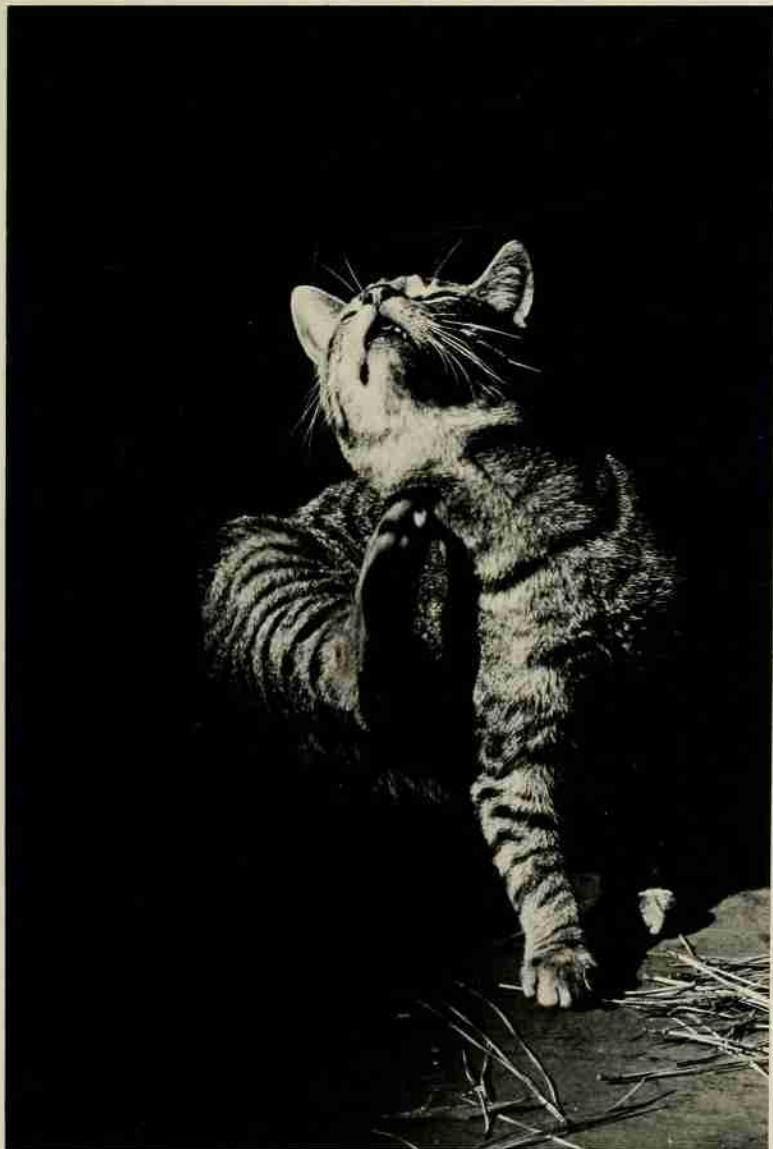
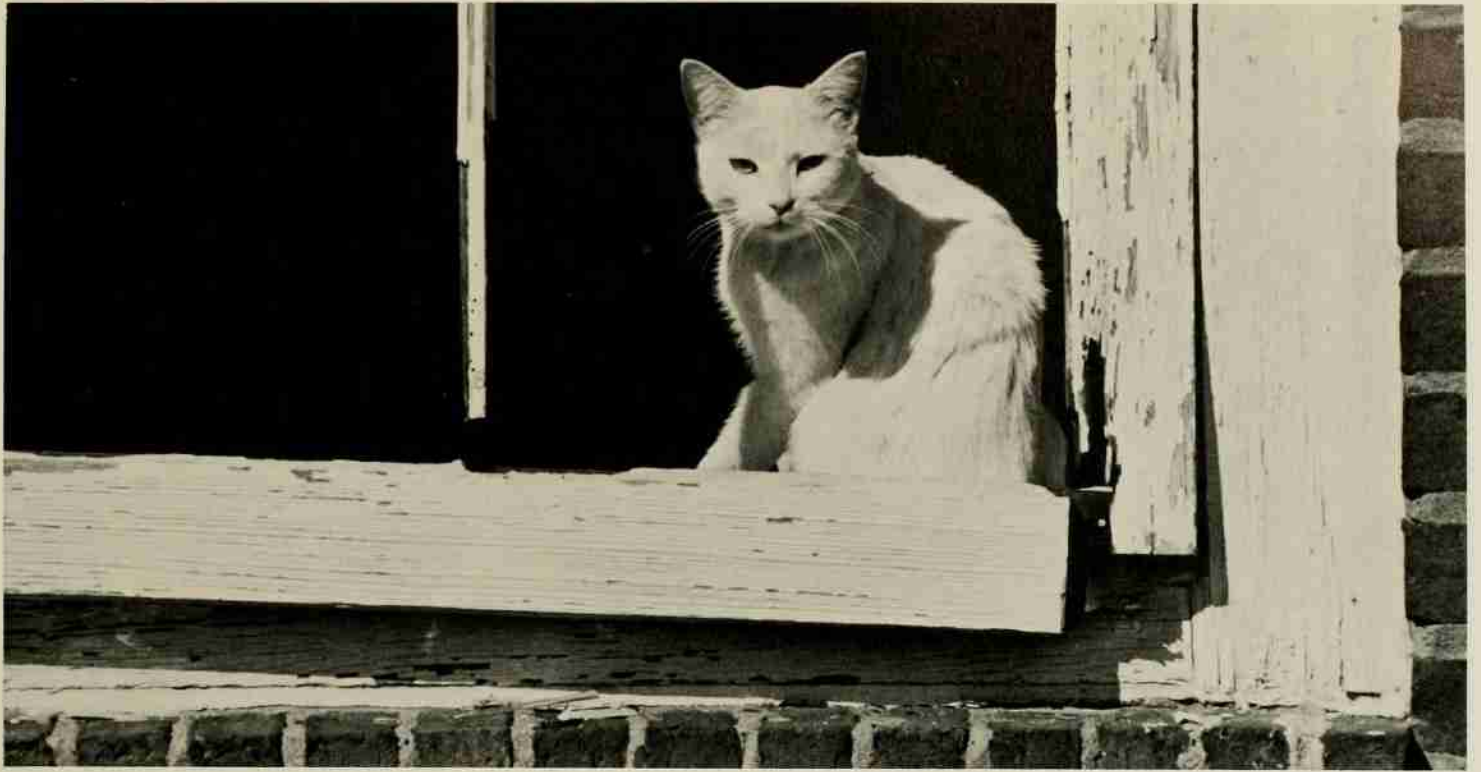




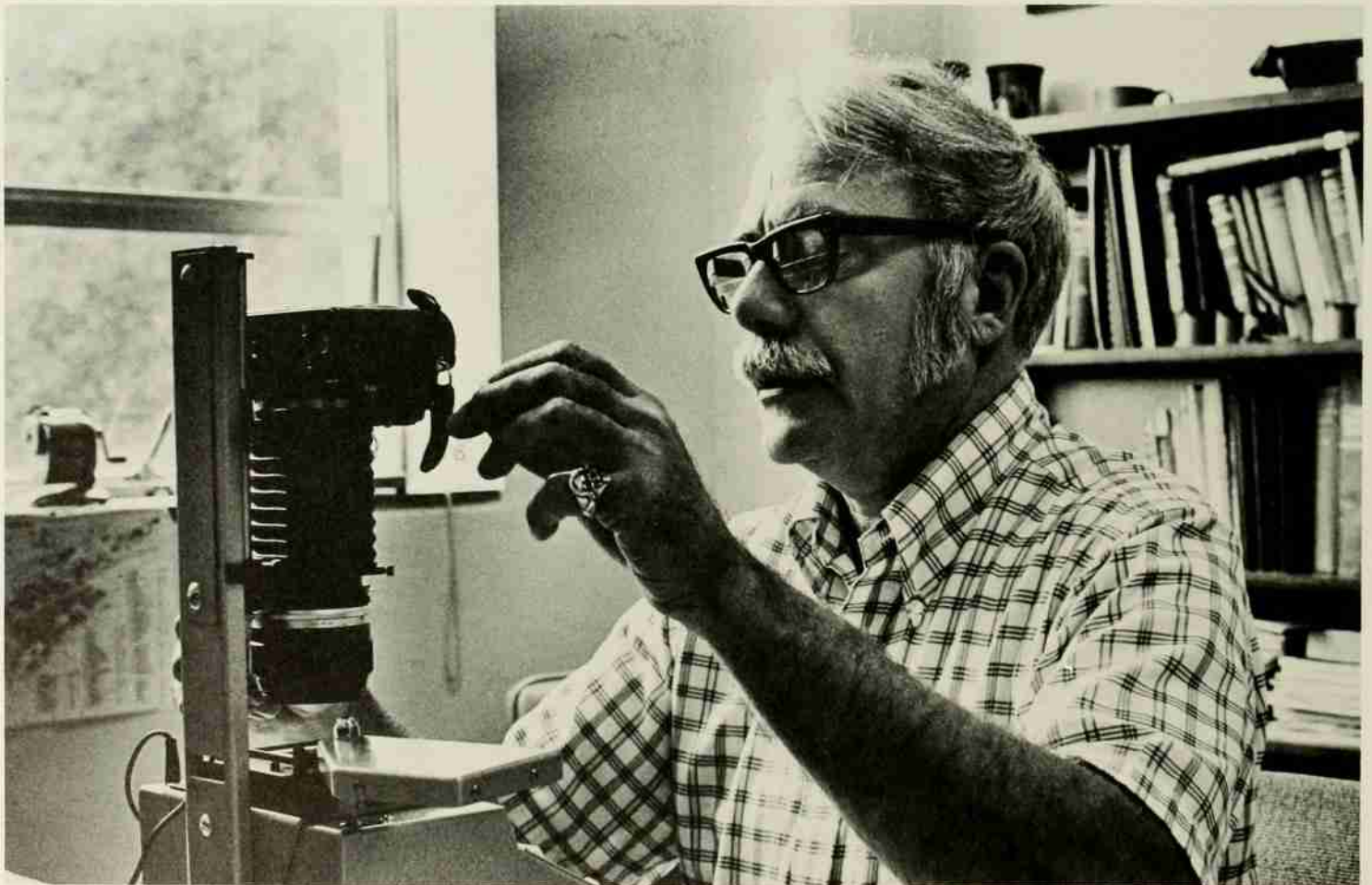








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