

1976 · 1977

- a. Agro·vate
- b. Agro·mac
- c. Agro·meck
- d. Agro·moo
- e. None of the above



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I MOVE IN. I MOVE OUT.

The time
in between
is now,
and
however
impermanent,
the place
is
home.

1977 ~~AGROMECK~~

EDITOR

Daphne Hamm

ASSISTANT EDITOR

Michael O'Brien

PHOTO EDITOR

Hary Lynch

LAYOUT EDITOR

Doug Cole

PRODUCTION MANAGER

Martin Ericson

PRODUCTION

David Blythe

Jim Davis

Carol Edwards

Barbara Ellington

Jeanie Stocks

PHOTOGRAPHY

Norman Doggett

Steve Gaines

John Gough

Tom Lehnberg

Neill McCormick

Michael O'Brien

Mary Temple

John Tsantes

David Turner

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Printed in the United States of America

by Hunter Publishing Company,

Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

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WHERE I BELONG—AT LEAST FOR NOW

To try to write all the things that I wanted to say through this book to which I have given a year of my life is difficult. I am afraid that I will leave something out, be wrongly translated or misunderstood. I wanted to give you something of yourselves to keep forever, for as you change and grow you may lose the uniqueness of this single year at N. C. State. Though no one perhaps can touch or recreate your experiences directly, I have tried to reach into the year with both my hands and to bring you the tiny bit that didn't sift through my fingers.

I remember coming here for orientation and thinking "My God, how did I end up here? This is the ugliest place I've ever been." But that was before I had seen the Court of North Carolina at eight a.m., dewy in the sunlight. That was before I heard the ominous hum of the Physical Plant or the midnight clanging of pipes that vein the walls of buildings that keep me warm. My negative thoughts came before I smelled the cold, gloomy dampness of much-trampled tunnels or the sultry thickness of greenhouse air, heavy with dirt and fertilizer. And before I had tasted the milk in the little triangular cartons, milk produced by State's own cows. (I couldn't get

over that.) It is true that there are other hums and clangings, other tunnels and greenhouses, other cows and milk. But State's are a little different, just because they're part of where I belong—at least for now.

The sights and sounds and tastes and smells are only a tiny part of this university and its specialness. The biggest part is the presence of people—friends, roommates, hallmates, suitemates, housemates. People with whom I am close. People with whom I am not. People alone and people together. Walk across campus early some Sunday morning and feel how the absence of people makes every place seem hollow, flat, still.

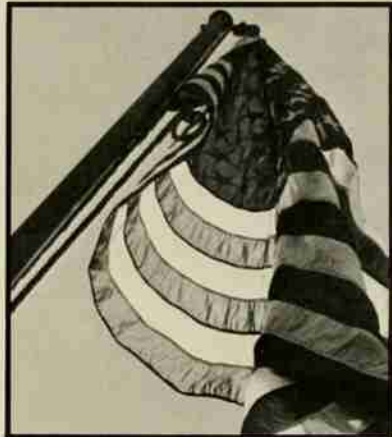


But sometimes I can get lost in all the people. They can seem hostile, frightening, boisterous, closing in around me. Or they can be friendly, accepting, reaching and drawing me in. At other times I can simply sink into oblivion among so many people. Try slipping into the Erdahl-Cloyd theatre some Wednesday night to achieve true anonymity.

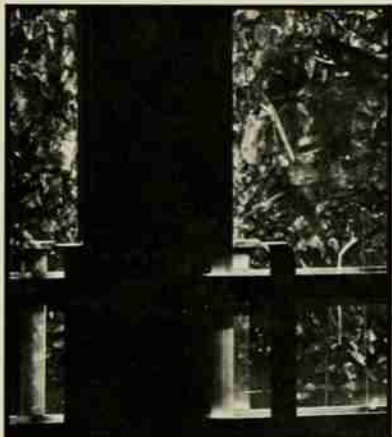
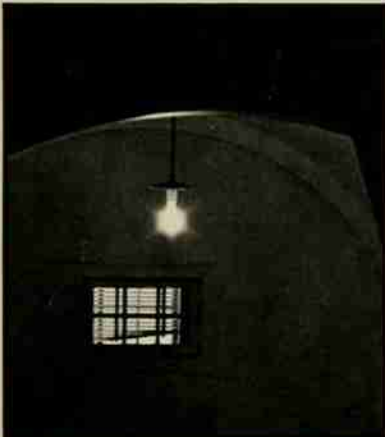
I don't always want or need people around me. Their presence is sometimes confining, frustrating, irritating. But their existence and gathering here gives the university landscape its purpose and its essence.

Articles in this section by:
Daphne Hamm
Jim Davis

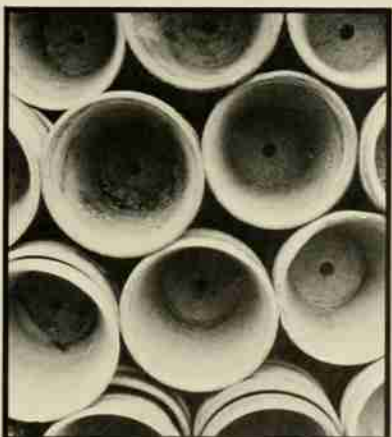
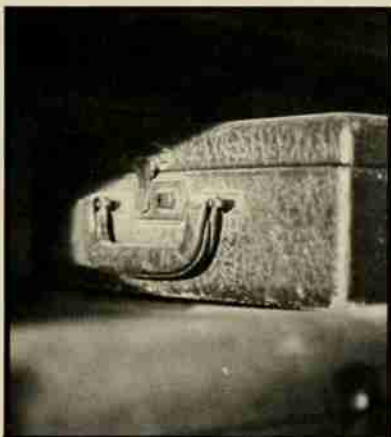




NORMAN DOGGETT
ELIZABETH PRESTON
HARRY LYNCH
MICHAEL O'BRIEN
MARY TEMPLE

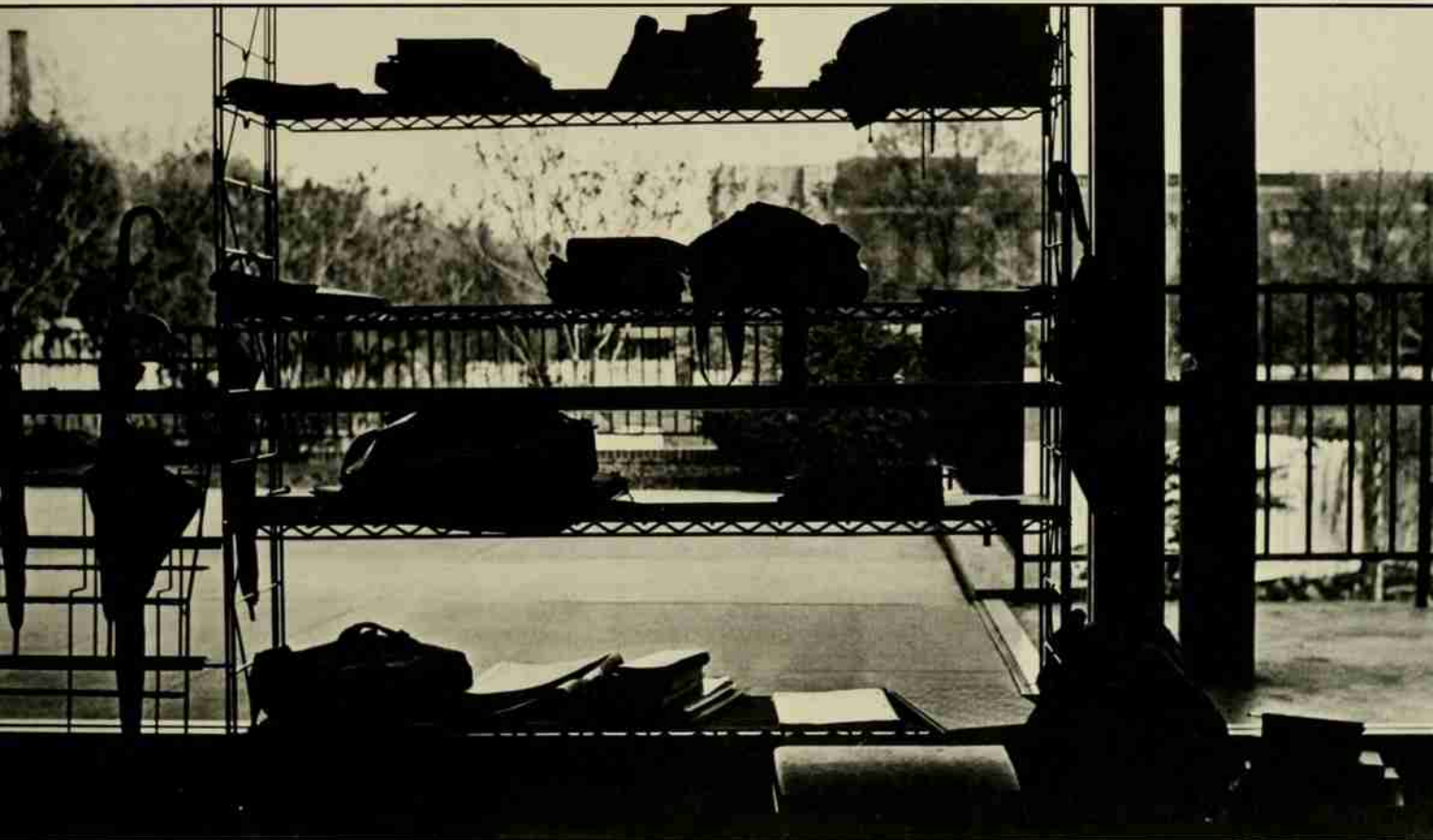


Mary - Steve said it would be very nice if you could stop by tonight after shopping, if you so desired!
Don't let me forget your
821-5908
Alice, Have gone to Steve's will probably see you





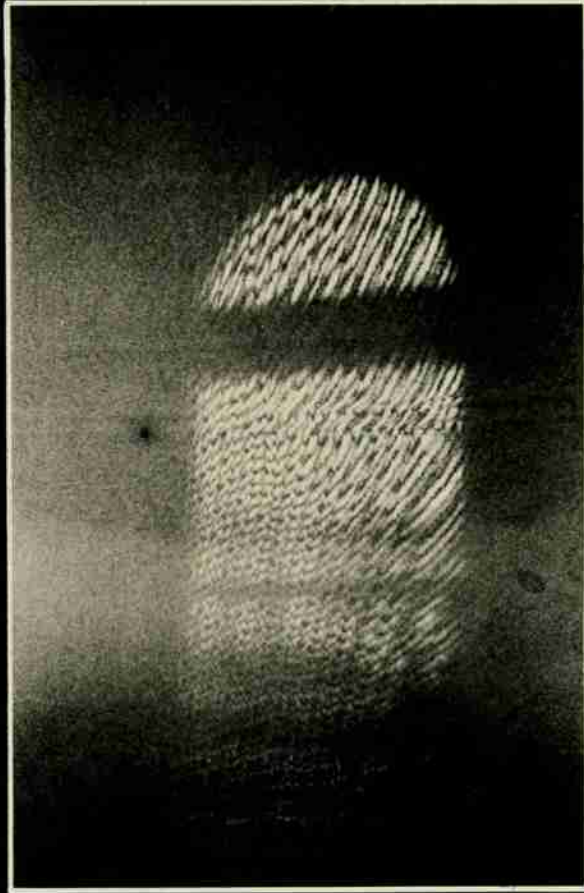
MICHAEL O'BRIEN



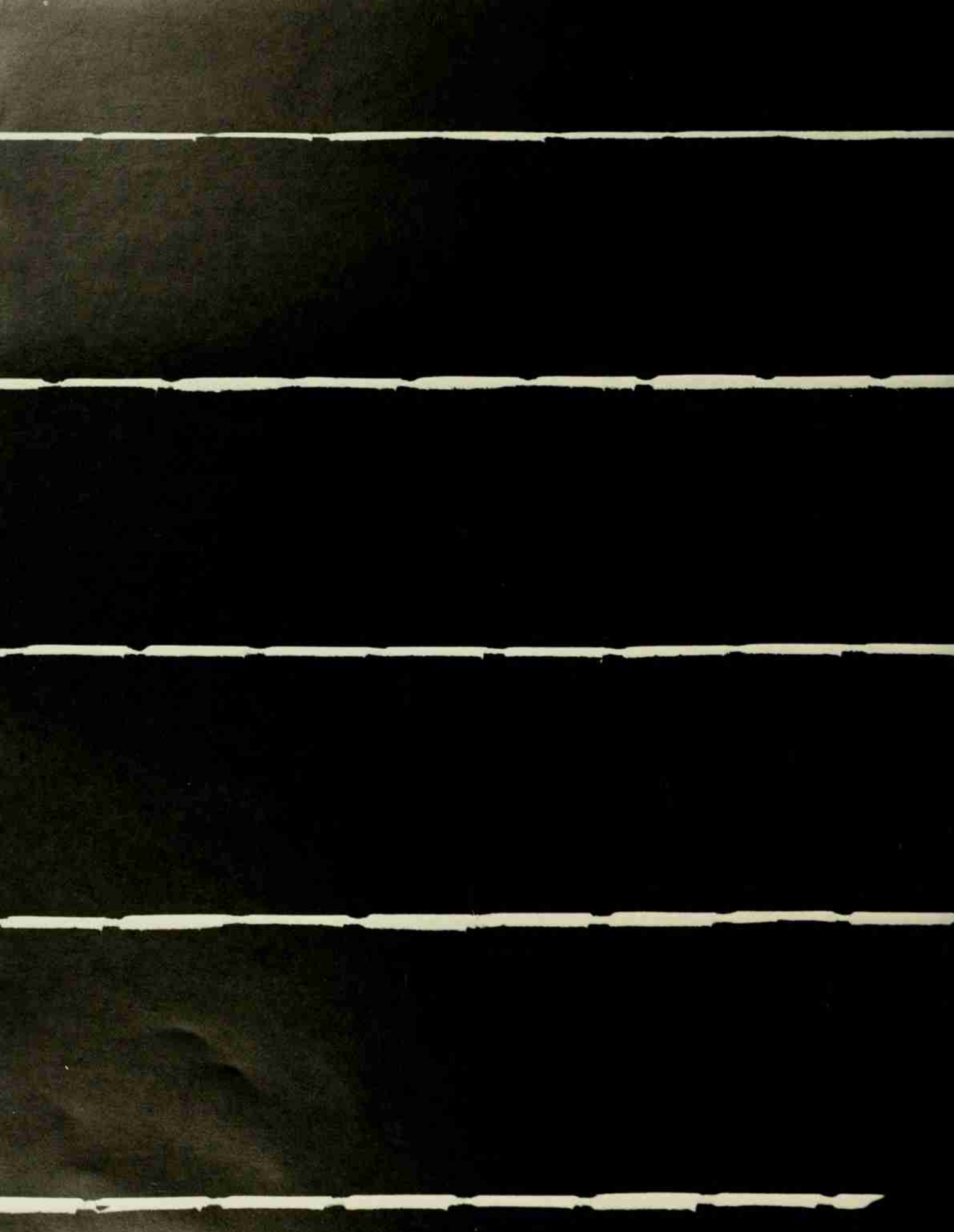
MICHAEL O'BRIEN



FIONA INGLIS



FIONA INGLIS





How do you want it, Sara? Do you want it softened, the edges blurred, rounded, lines fading away; the whole thing dreamy and wistful? Is that how you feel it should be? I often felt that was how it was. Some mornings in the fall coming down the walk behind Carroll and Metcalf with the light all yellow, the shadows long, wet leaves pasted on the sidewalk, and the grass under the trees there the brightest of greens—nothing was more real and I didn't want to be alive anywhere else but here because for once I felt I belonged.

Do you remember when I was here the first time? I didn't belong at all. So alone and scared. All I can remember is walking around in circles inside Harrelson and almost never finding my class until I was late, only to come in with all those strangers staring straight at me. And knowing I was most surely failing every course I took. If I was ever in a lonelier place the memory escapes me. From that time I truly cannot remember a

single face. There must have been sunlight that semester, a fall as beautiful as they always are here, but really I cannot remember anything except being always lost, always alone. I guess the day after exams ended summed it up perfectly: it was raining, it was snowing and it was god awful cold. But I guess that was years before I met you, Sara. By our time I knew every spot of sunlight, the best shade trees, and all the empty classrooms where we'd talk over our nights before and wonder how we ever became involved with each other. Funny in a way, we always were involved no matter whom else we were with—but that's another story.

Yes, you could swing through the tunnel after you passed behind Carroll and as you came up the stairs behind Harrelson there would always be a big plume of snowy white steam, golden edged with sunlight against an electric blue sky over your right shoulder. Maybe I would attend a class or two—

(I understood Harrelson by that time, though I fervently prayed that each fire alarm would herald its complete destruction) and then wander over to the library to a carrel facing east on the fifth floor so I could cheat on physics and read poetry—Cummings, Browning, Whitman—or about Hemingway when I was bored. Chair propped against the carrel behind me, sunlight sweeping over the page—hot on the coldest of mornings—I'd just bunch up and read. Not worth anything at night really with all that cold fluorescent light and all those poor souls studying; the whole room full and everyone all alone or so it seemed. No, just in the mornings with all the sun and the maids, and the whole floor belonging to me.

Leaving at eleven, I'd go and sit in the grass outside in front of the library. Just sit on that concrete pipe cover in my down jacket and get warm from the sun (I had the only orange down jacket on campus for two years). Just sit there in the sun, pretending to study, and maybe wander over to the old union for some tea or a **Technician** if any were left. Thinking about Laurie or this weekend.

Always got the seat closest to the window, near the front if I had to pay attention, in back if an A was in the bag, but always near a window so I could listen outside and feel the breeze or the cold against the glass, the wind shaking them if it was winter. Coat, hat, books, just strewn about the desk—maybe the next desk too. Given a chance I would've staked out the entire classroom. It just felt so good to know, to know the assignment and the professor and to like both; like some sort of private club which always eluded me in high school and in



FLOKA INGLIS

college the first time.

After English, I'd meet Laurie at the PR where the beer was very cold and the french fries excellent. That's all I ever ate and drank there and for two years afterwards my stomach would heave at the smell of a french fry. Yet it was good—dark like those places are supposed to be and noisy enough to drown out promises we made to each other. No one cared if we made out. And besides, the beer would set me up for the next big class and I'd always fall asleep half way through unless I had Knowles that semester—he was a trial and I imagine he still is.

What time would it always be? Always four-thirty or five and if it had taken that long I had certainly flunked it. All I knew about psych could have been written in thirty minutes, but I sometimes took an hour and a half. I wonder if the professor understood what I had to say or if he just gave up trying to decipher my hand writing. Oh hell with it. Down the stairs, on coat, on hat, on gloves, grab books. Bunch of grey light in Poe in the afternoon, filtering through the big windows and reflecting from the marble and concrete, very soft and peaceful, especially in the autumn or early winter. The pines across the street were now in shadow, the sky orange

behind them. Creaking in the wind, they cannot be heard inside, but still they sway and whisper, creaking in the wind that sweeps down the hill. If you go to the eleventh floor to those classrooms on the south side, the windows are huge and run the length of the rooms, and you can see forever, a good place to meet friends and be alone, for no one ever goes there during fall semester. Often I'd meet Laurie after she left Winston on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Laurie...

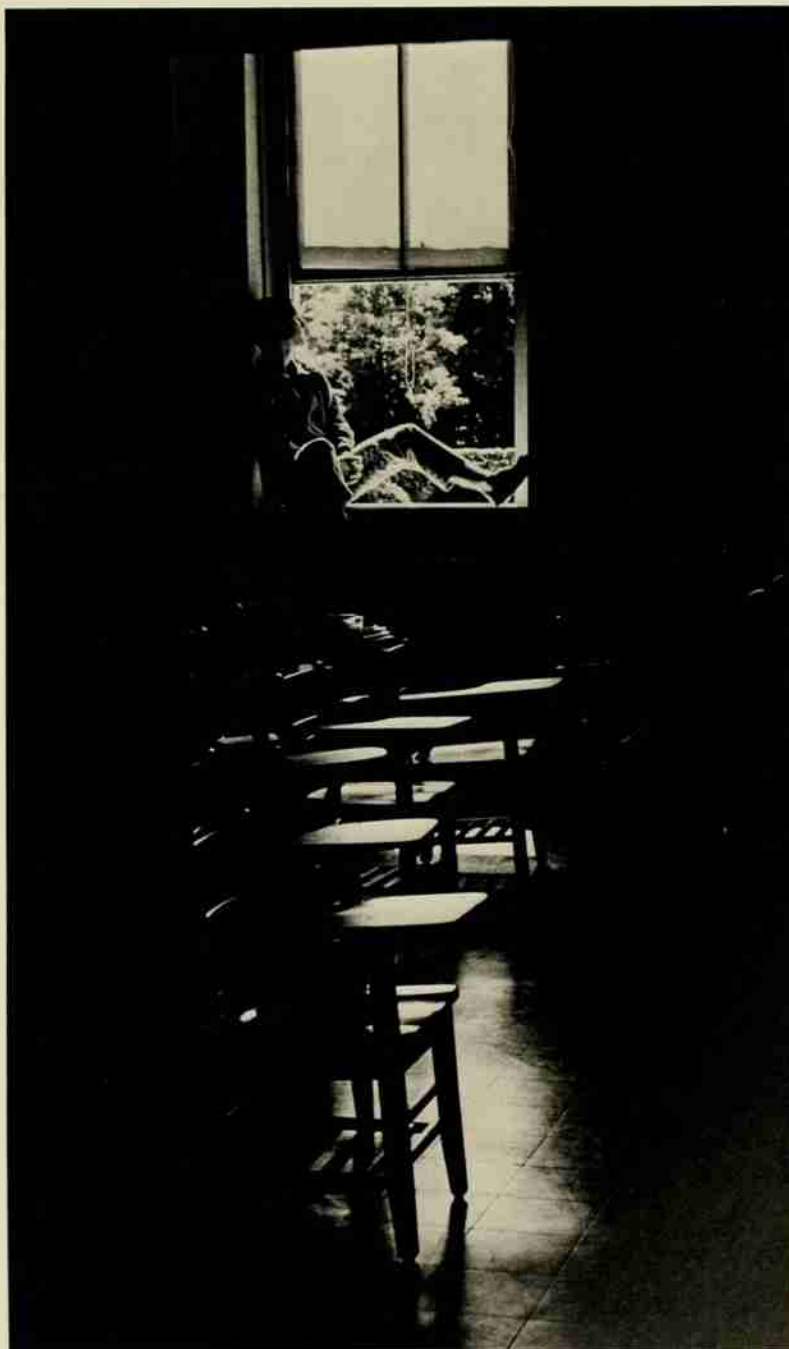
I wouldn't want to go back to my room; it was just too lonely, the backpacks, the photographs of old lovers, my books, none of that made it like a home, just a museum. But Laurie's was different, across Hillsborough, in an old house off Brooks. She would get out of lab in Gardner at five and I'd be sitting on the terrace behind the old union and see her as she walked across the way. And we'd meet and go to the A&P, buy some cheap cuts for shish kabob and some tomatoes, and bell peppers and big white onions, and some Gallo burgundy and walk to her place with her pushing her bike beside me. Always went past this old two-tone Healey resting in someone's frontyard and it'd be almost dark. When we got home I'd begin to marinate the meat and later, start the fire

while Laurie would be showering—she'd smell so bad from the lab she'd refuse to touch me until she had her bath.

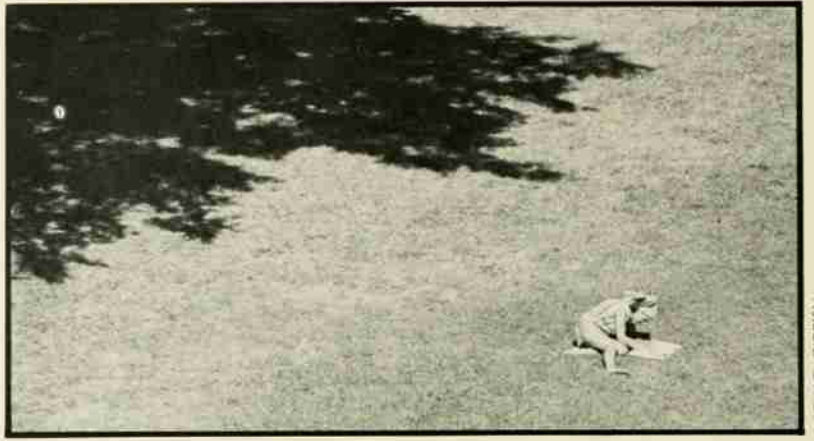
I'd just be standing in Poe daydreaming and realize Laurie had left already, and I'd bolt and be running, running to meet her.

But you know I never could sleep at Laurie's. I'd always go there in the afternoon but I never could stay. It wasn't mine, it was hers and I couldn't belong at someone else's. I wanted a place, a life, a time of my own. Oh, we'd make love and then fall asleep holding each other, but at one or two I'd awaken and just lie there surrounded by her and then just creep away. I never stayed over, but sometimes in the morning I'd return and crawl back in bed with her. If it was spring, there would be a breeze playing through the curtains, maybe a squirrel on the limb right outside the window and two old bird dogs in the yard below searching for the doves they could just barely hear and no longer see. And in the mornings, I'd belong, if for just a little while.

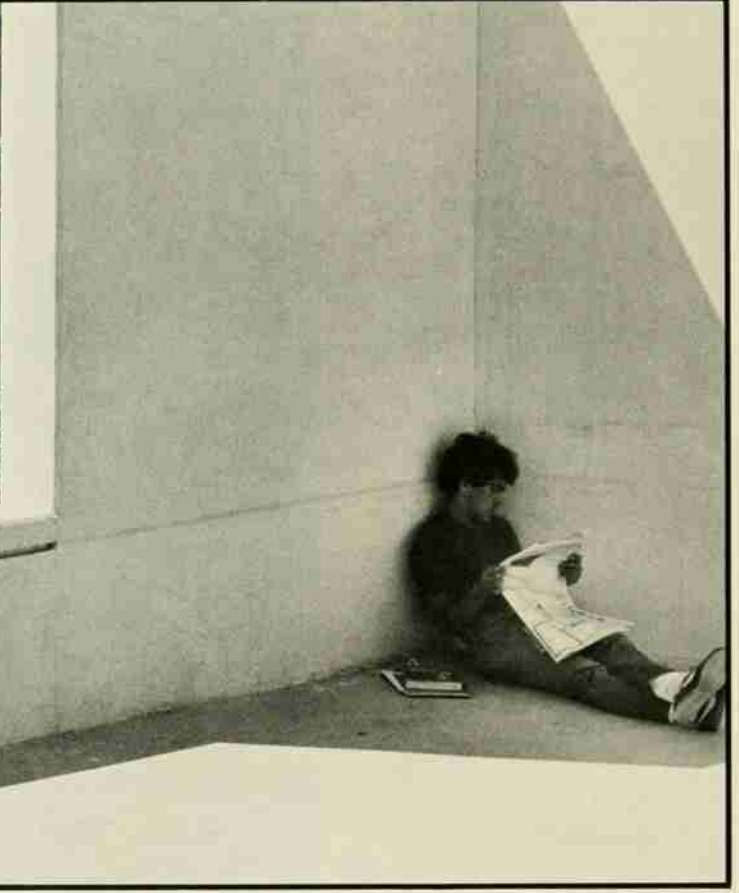
I miss her, Sara, and I miss the places that I'm no longer a part of. Once again, searching and waiting.



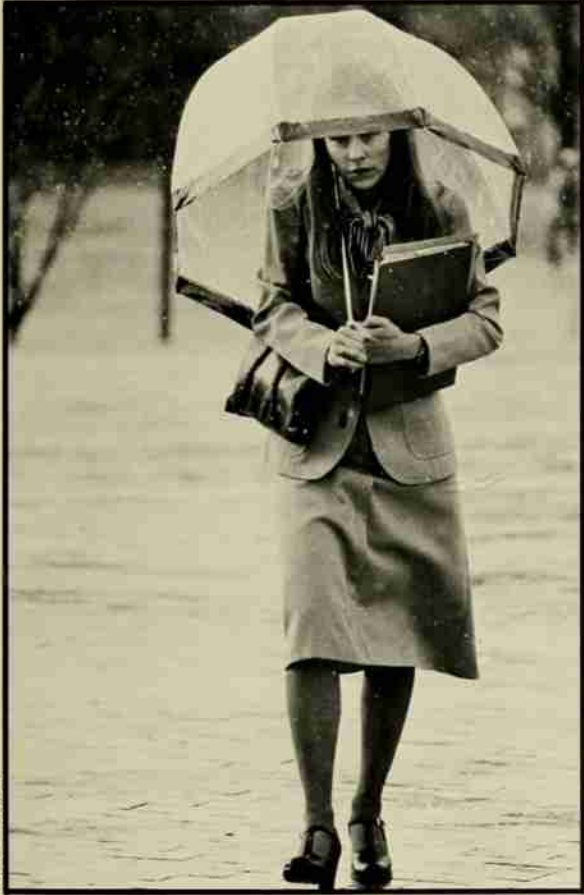
HARRY LYNCH



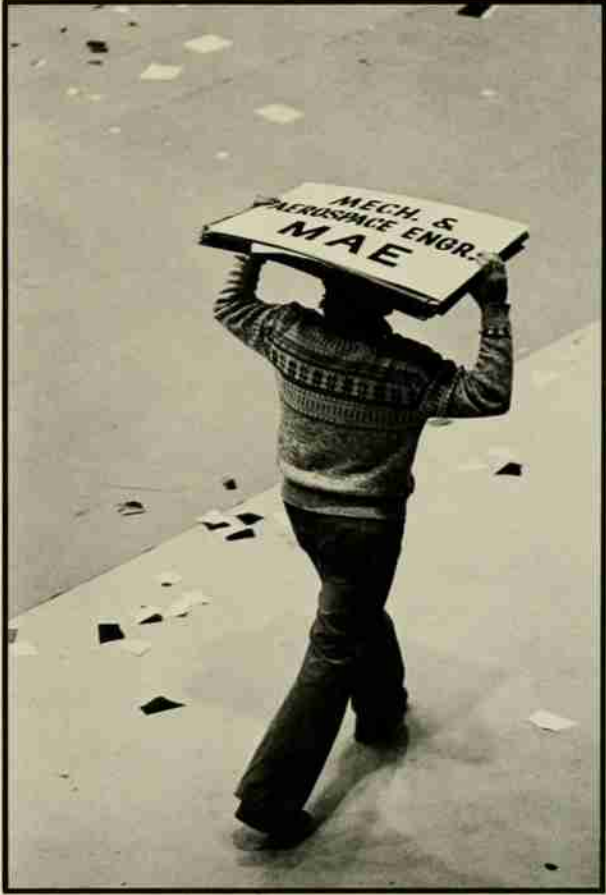
MICHAEL O'BRIEN



HARRY LYNCH



DAVID TURNER

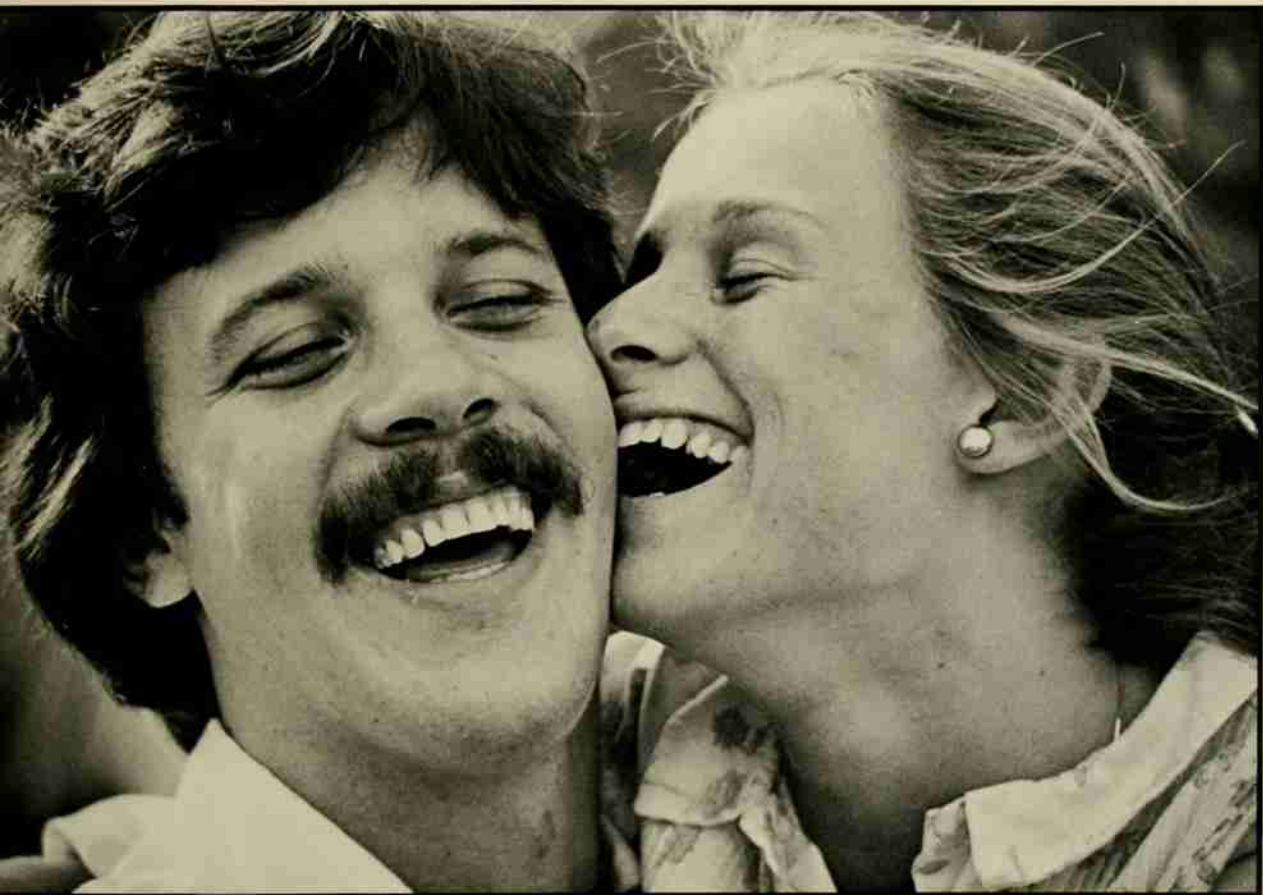


MICHAEL O'BRIEN



HARRY LYNCH





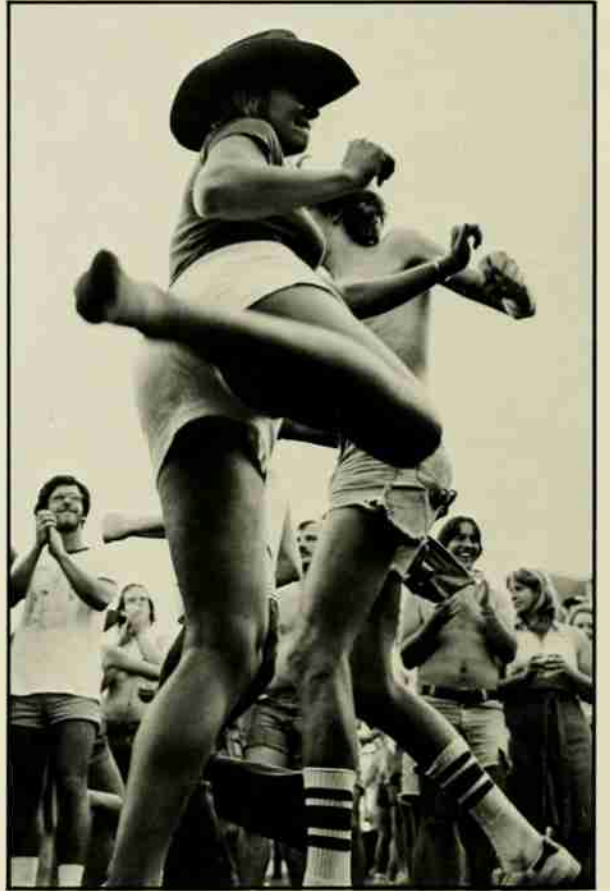
JOHN TSANTES

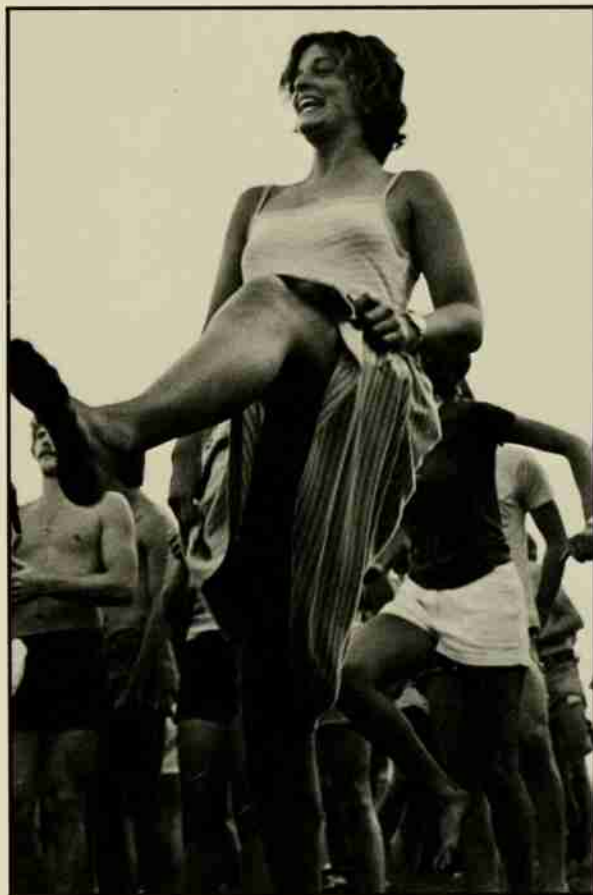


CHRIS SEWARD



HARRY LYNCH





ALL SENY NORASINCH

A LOT OF THINGS THAT HAPPENED

The year went by measured in events. What we went to, wanted to go to and participated in are the reference points for our feelings and memories. "When was the last time you went home? Well it was the weekend after the Leon and Mary Russell concert. When was that? Well I don't know."

The year didn't seem to be a great one for entertainment. But maybe I'm too busy looking at the trees, and the forest of fun and nightlife has escaped me. Besides, everyone has his own calendar of events. Many memorable or not-so-memorable things happened to people during the course of the year that may or may not have had anything to do with university activities. A lot of things that happened happened with friends or lovers. Some things happened to you alone. Some things were good, and you want to remember. Some were bad. You'd rather forget.

But where did the time and extra energy go if you had any left after classes from eight to two and a lab on Tuesday and Friday? You probably did a lot of drinking—most people around here do. Maybe you passed around joint after joint until you were having fun at whatever you were doing, if you knew what that was or cared to know.

Entertaining yourself involved a lot of coming and going. Sometimes everybody gathered in a single place like Stewart Theatre, many pouring into the campus from points outside. Lines of cars plugged the entrances to campus as they struggled to reach Reynolds Coliseum. Traffic whistles and strings of car lights punctuated the Saturday night darkness. Often you went forth from your home in search of something to do. Most of the time this included eating out, which is a form of entertainment in itself. And a pizza at Brothers' or a roast beef hero at Sadlack's could always possibly lead to something more interesting. But usually it didn't. Sometimes you wandered to the union in search of something to do.

Played pool or foosball. Watched the pinball machines pick your pockets. Caught the late movie.

An event meant anything from hanging around on the sidewalk in front of Crazy Zack's to attending a Friends of the College performance.

Entertainment also involved staying right where you were. A few friends and some beer and music in your room could make a Friday night. (Wine and cheese was nice too, but less common.) Sometimes friends would come around and think of things to do—play spades, drink, watch TV, drink, play more spades. Sometimes you would have to amuse yourself. While many needed the release of a rousing (or carousing) activity such as a basketball game or a



night club night, others were content in quietness. You could stretch out on the bed with a good book that you didn't have to read or turn out the light and listen to "Hotel California" in the dark. You might even stay late in a chem lab if that's your idea of entertainment.

The events that are touched here are only the activities provided in the school setting for you to take or leave. Some of them are familiar to most everybody. Some are not. A few left lasting impressions, and others you have already forgotten. But they are all only touchstones for the experiences of your own year, which are the real events. Aren't they?

Articles in this section by:
Daphne Hamm
Harry Lynch



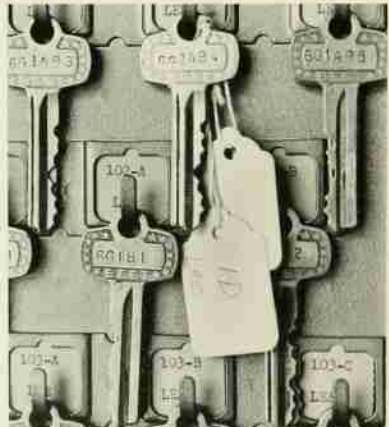
MARY TEMPLE

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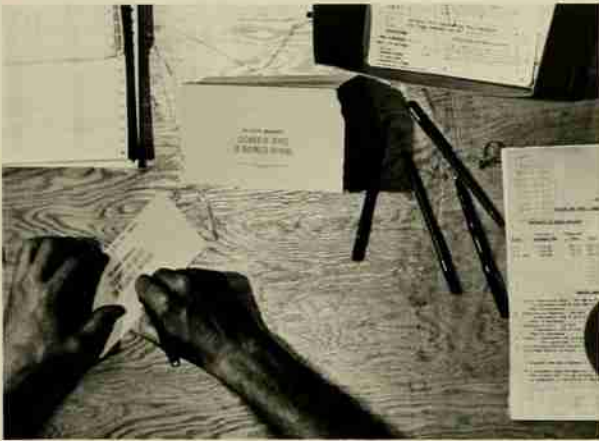
August was hot and sticky. Students came trailing to Raleigh, city of red dust and dried-up grass. Signs met us on bathroom doors calling for short showers and thirsty plants. It seemed to rain everywhere but Raleigh, with nature occasionally teasing with a spattering of raindrops. Miserable though it was, we still had to file through the Coliseum to register, and some spent hours in the sweltering mess called change day. But at night stereos blared from lighted windows into cooler air. Some people grouped together to descend to Hillsborough Street, joining the lines at Brothers, Two Guys and Darryl's; dancing at the Square, and drinking everywhere. Some stayed in their rooms enjoying the peace of strange or familiar surroundings.



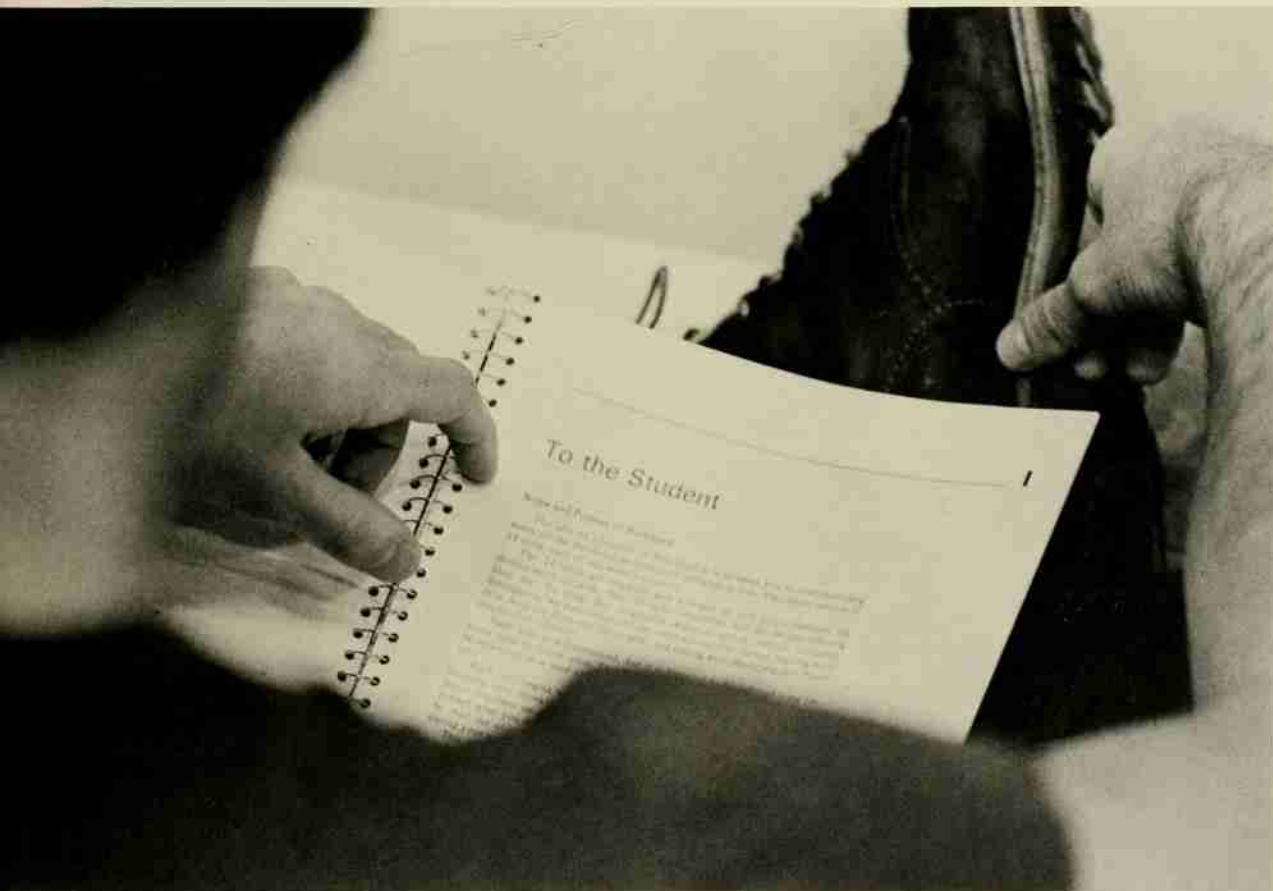
MICHAEL O'BRIEN



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25 REGISTRATION



ALL HARRY LYNCH

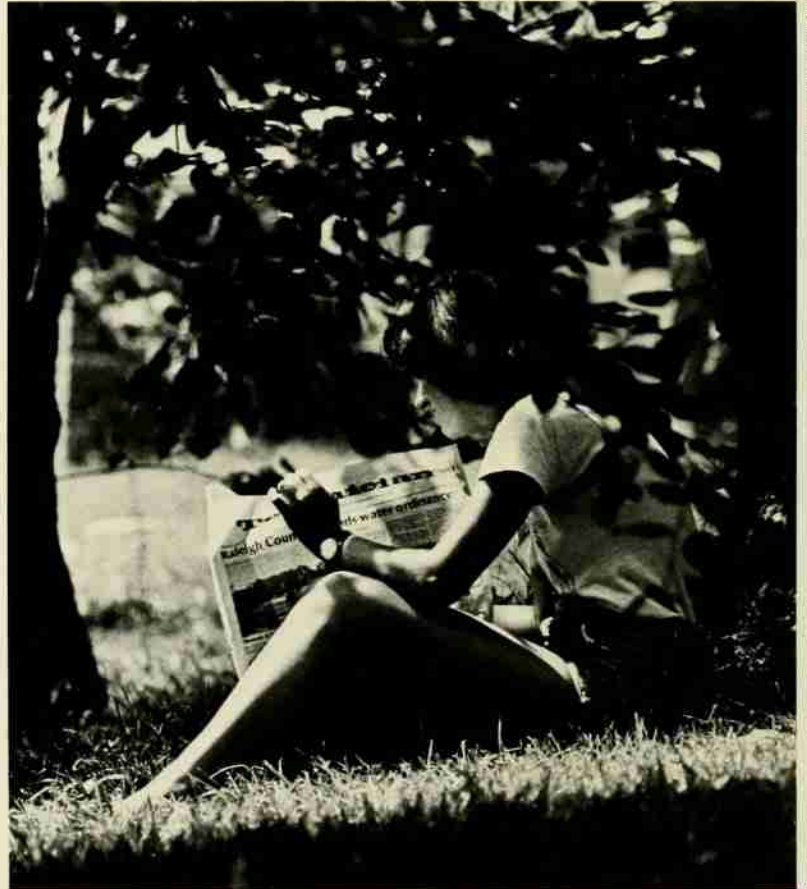
29 FIRST DAY OF CLASS

HARRY LYNCH



9 JULIAN BOND

September brought rain, and the water shortage ended. Labor Day weekend was summer's farewell celebration, and most deserted the campus. Coming back on Monday we got ready to settle into classes and semester routines. Organizations began to pull themselves together. Fraternities and sororities wined and dined prospective pledges and clubs and societies called for members. Posters and little cards on Union tables kept Josh on our minds as did the "Josh is coming" signs on the classroom blackboards. The O'Jays did a concert and there was a ripsnorter (!?) in the Bagwell pit. Political machinery hummed on campus, and national & state politics confronted us from bumpers, booths and bulletin boards.



MICHAEL O'BRIEN

17 END OF RALEIGH WATER SHORTAGE

HARRY LYNCH



19 BOBBI HUMPHREY



21 FLEA MARKET



ALL MICHAEL O BRIEN

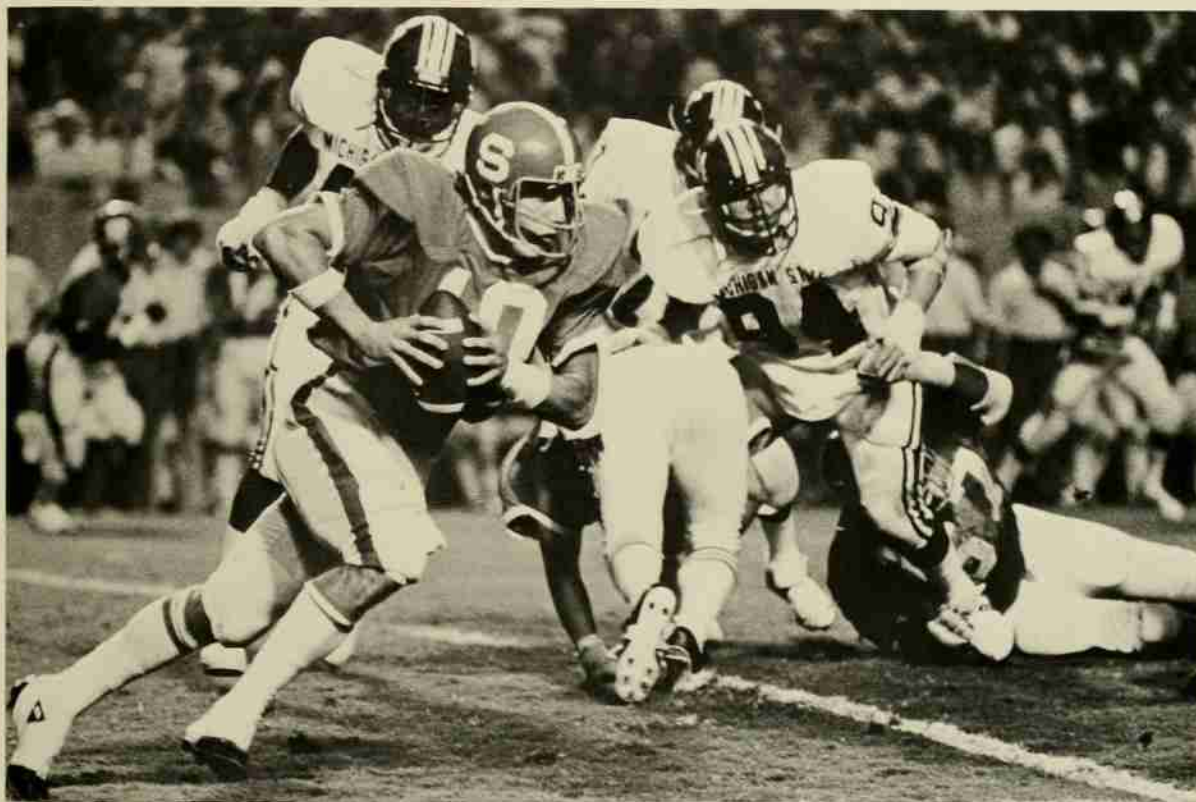


S E P T E M B E R 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

22 BETTY JONES'
"DANCES WE DANCE"

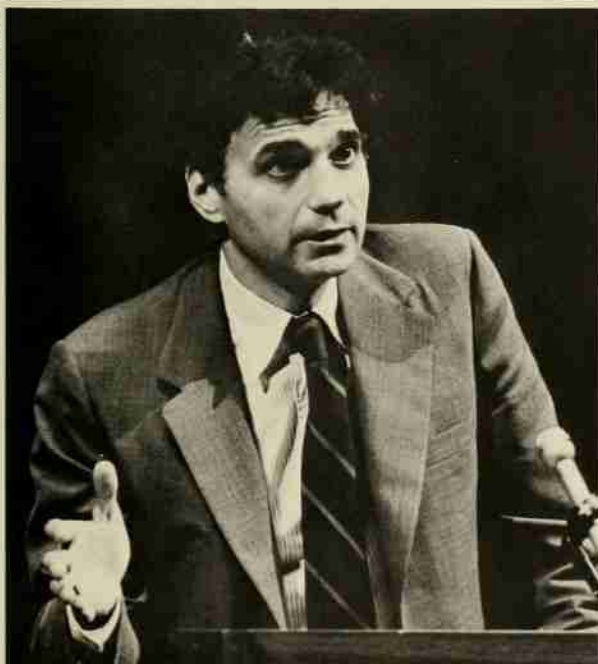


HARRY LYNCH



DAVID TURNER

25 FOOTBALL—MICHIGAN STATE



HARRY LYNCH

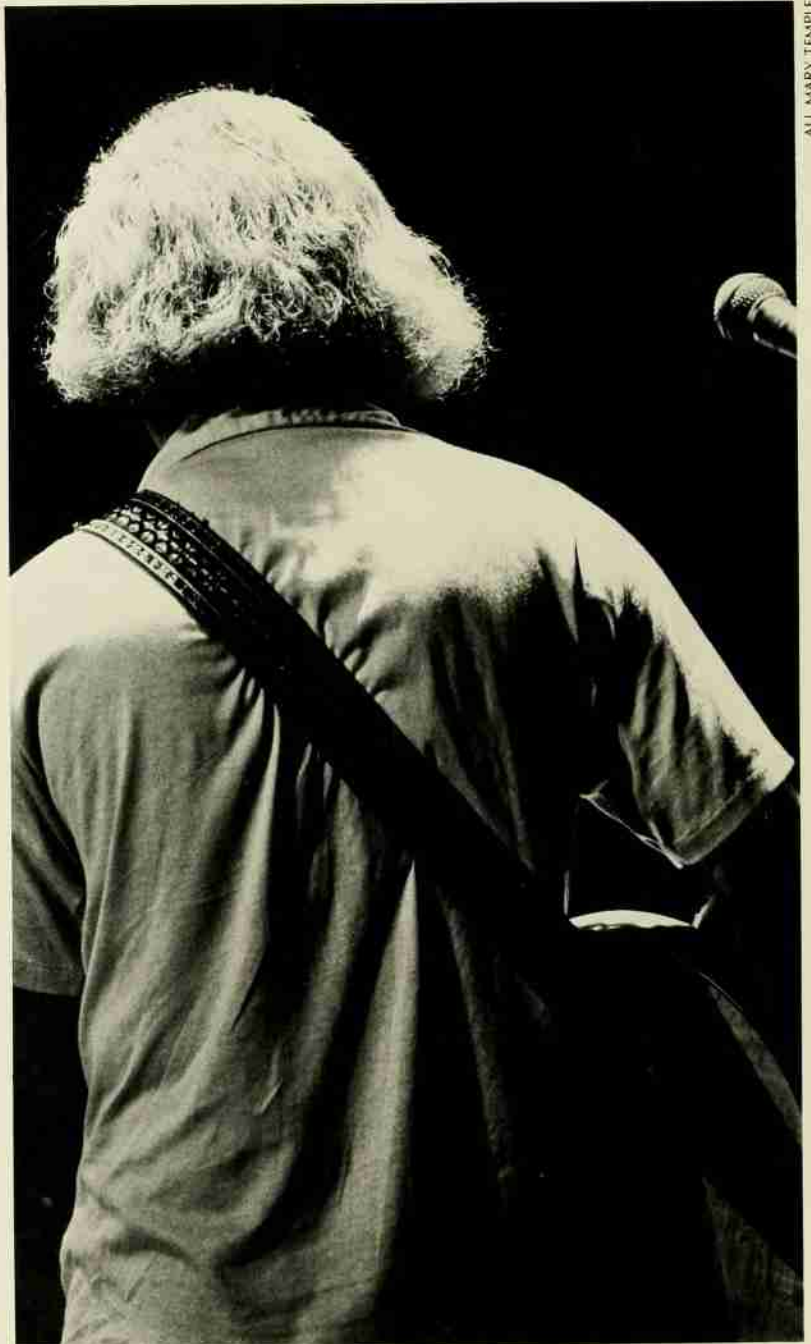
29 RALPH NADER



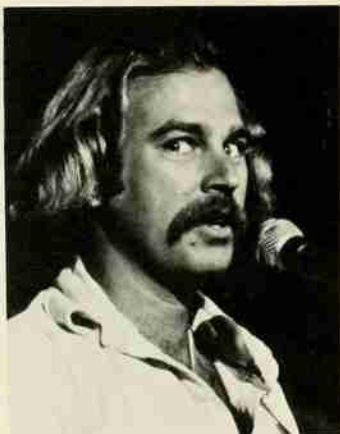
7 DOC WATSON

O C T O B E R 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13

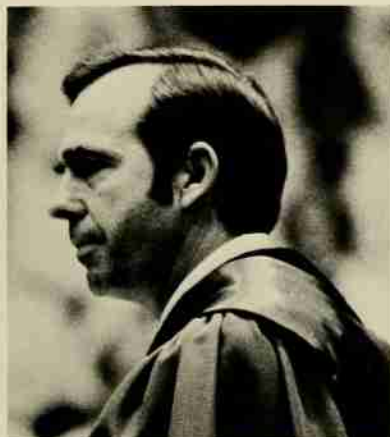
The first true fallness happened in October. The semester wore thin and a whoop of relief burst forth when fall break (our first) finally came. Stewart Theatre began its musical series in earnest with *A Little Night Music* and *Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope*. Thompson Theatre people did skits, pantomime and one-liners on the brickyard to entertain old Union Lunch-eaters. Willie Nash's paintings were on exhibit in the cultural center. Halloween began a week early with the Haunted House scaring everyone who entered to death, with the Student Center being almost as bad. The information desk was manned by clowns and other bizarre creatures, who had turned back into normal people by November 1st.



ALL MARY TEMPLE



13 JIMMY BUFFET

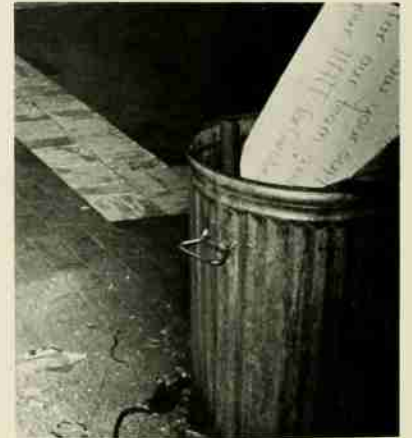


10 INSTALLATION OF CHANCELLOR



HARRY LYNCH

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14 PEP RALLY



HARRY LYNCH



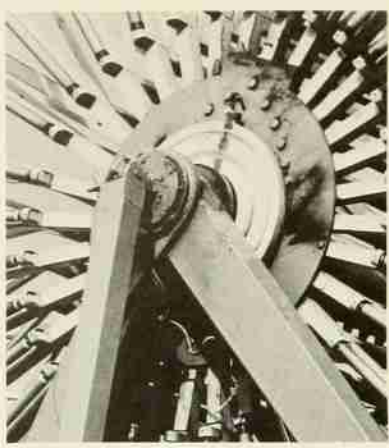
HARRY LYNCH

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DAVID TURNER



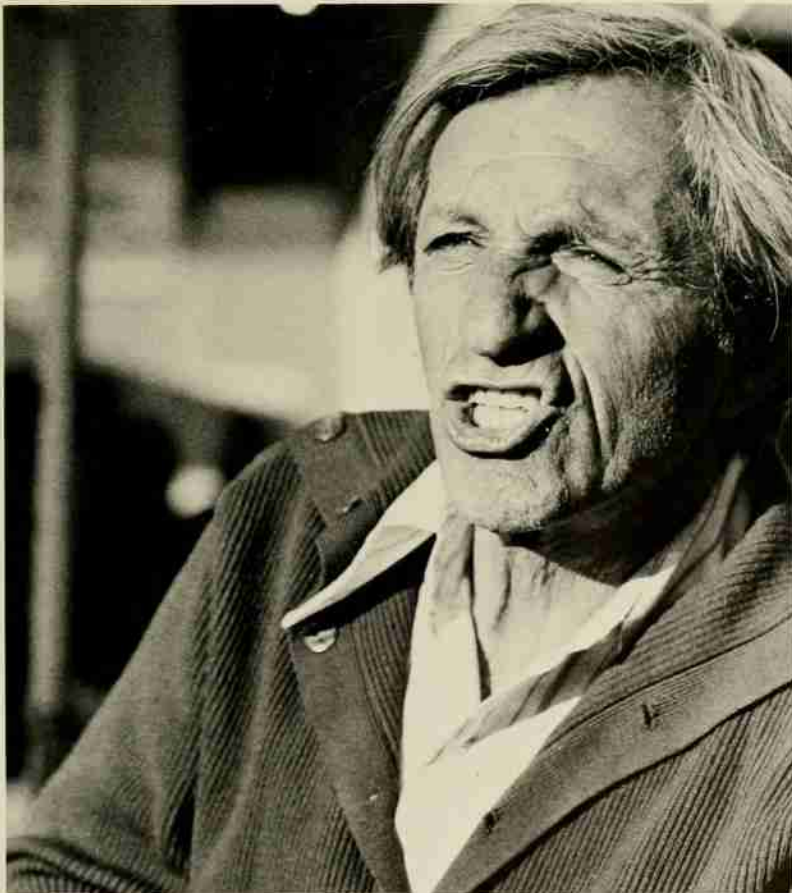
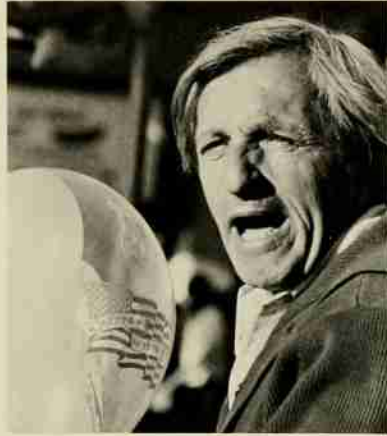
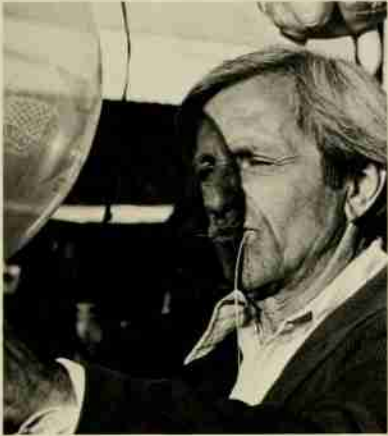
16 FOOTBALL—
CAROLINA



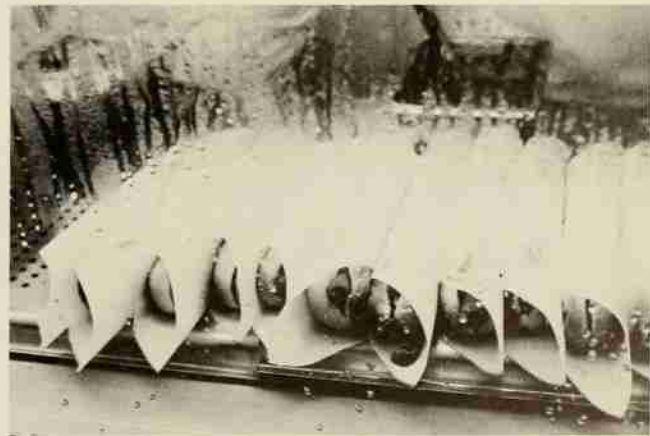
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18, 19, 20, 21, 22 STATE FAIR



MARY TEMPLE



HARRY LYNCH



21 STANLEY TURRENTINE



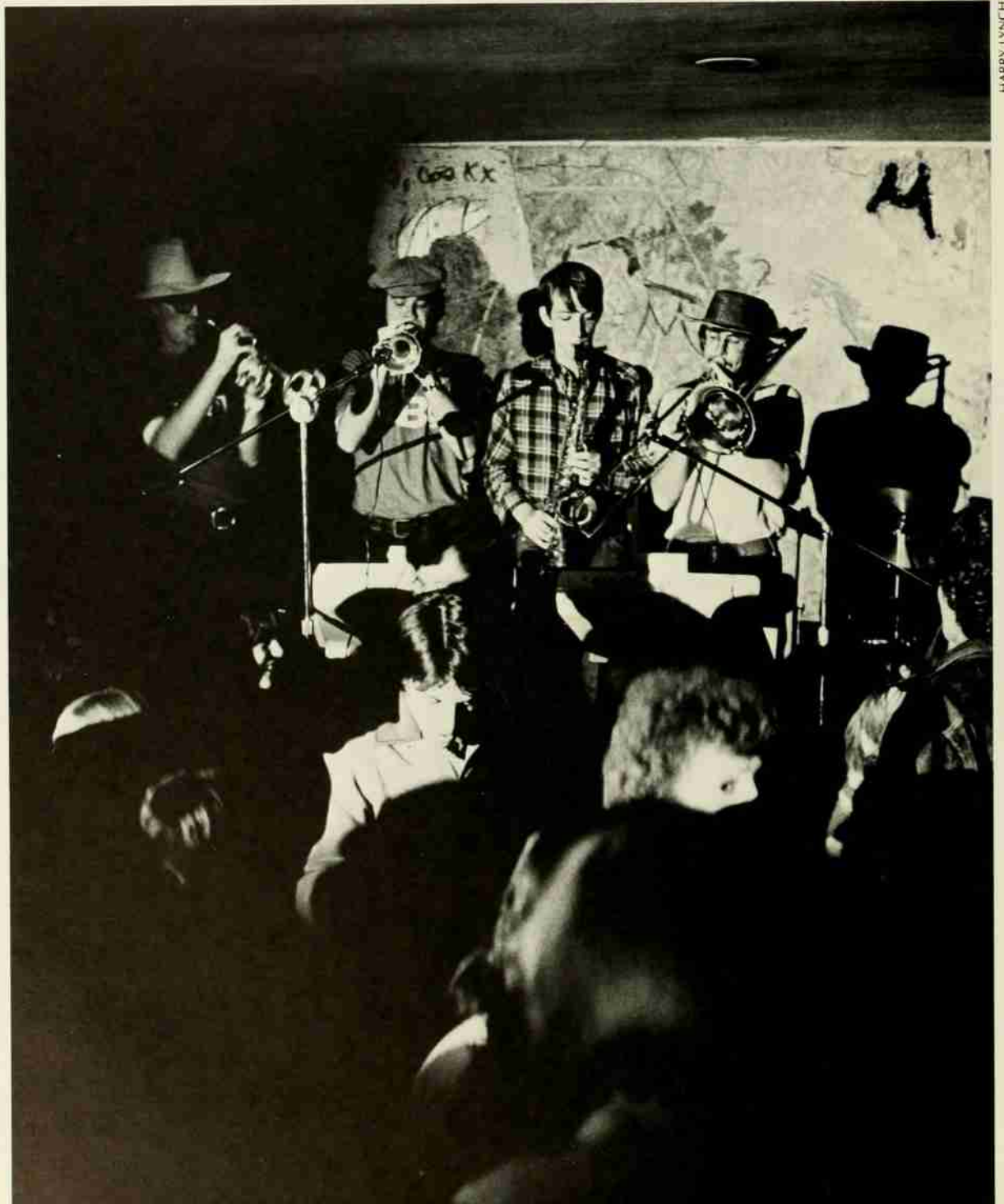
ALL HARRY LYNCH

22 ZOO STORY



22 ORCHESTRE DE PARIS—FOTC

STEVE GAINES



HARRY LYNCH

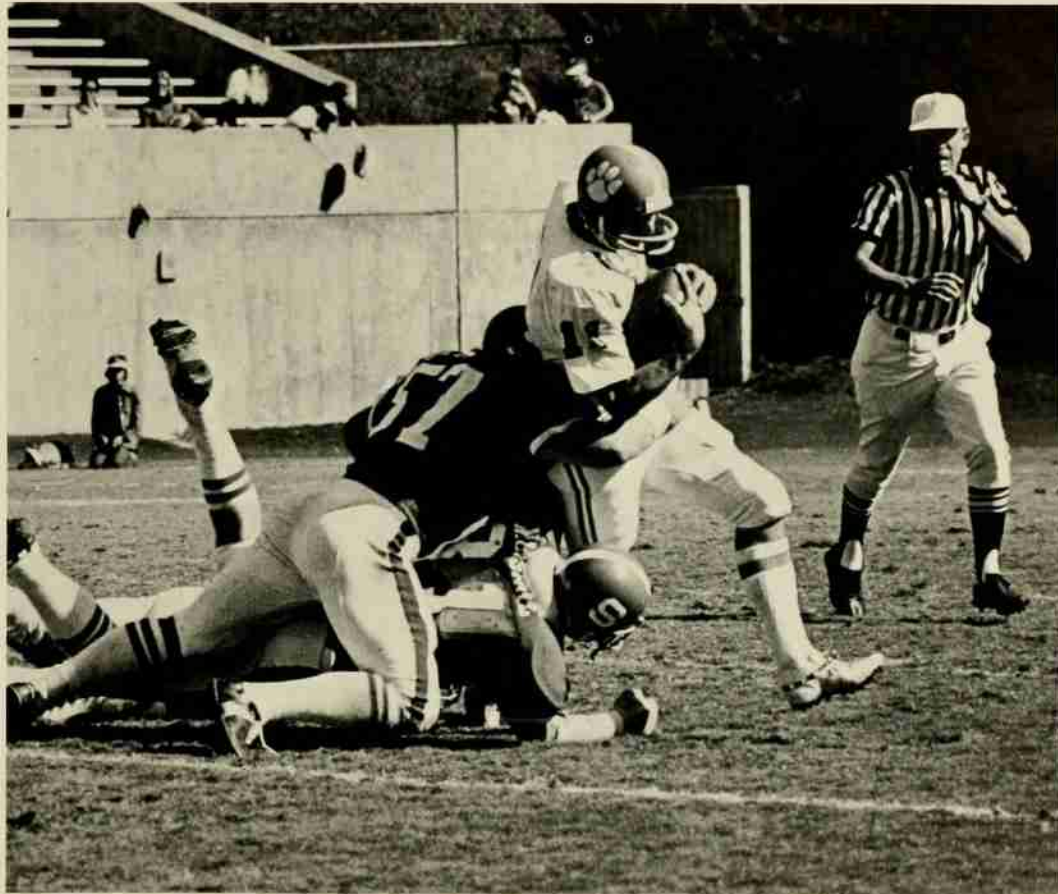
22 OKTOBERFEST

CHRIS SEWARD



HARRY LYNCH

8 N.C. FOLK FESTIVAL—FOTC



23 FOOTBALL—CLEMSON



NEIL MCCORMICK

31 HALLOWEEN



JOHN GOUGH

4 NAUGHTY MARIETTA—FOTC

N O V E M B E R 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

We got the first taste of a long bitter winter by whipping icy winds and low temperatures that made us roll down sleeves and turn up collars. Football season was winding down and Homecoming with Duke was our last game. The Norm Sloan Dinner at Owen dorm and the annual slave auction at Carroll dorm helped make it all bearable. Stewart Theatre's musical series presented Absurd Person Singular, and Thompson Theatre rehearsed for its fall major—Twelfth Night. Some sat up all night watching election returns, wondering if their vote really made a difference. The Big Four Tournament followed on the heels of a welcome Thanksgiving break. We were into basketball season. Heaven help us.



NORMAN DORCETT

6 LEON & MARY RUSSELL

DAVID TURNER



8 FREDDIE HUBBARD

HARRY LYNCH



12 TWELFTH NIGHT



JOHN TSANTIS

13 HOMECOMING PARADE

N O V E M B E R 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

12 PEP RALLY



JOHN COUGH

HARRY LYNCH



13 HOMECOMING QUEEN—
BETH QUINN

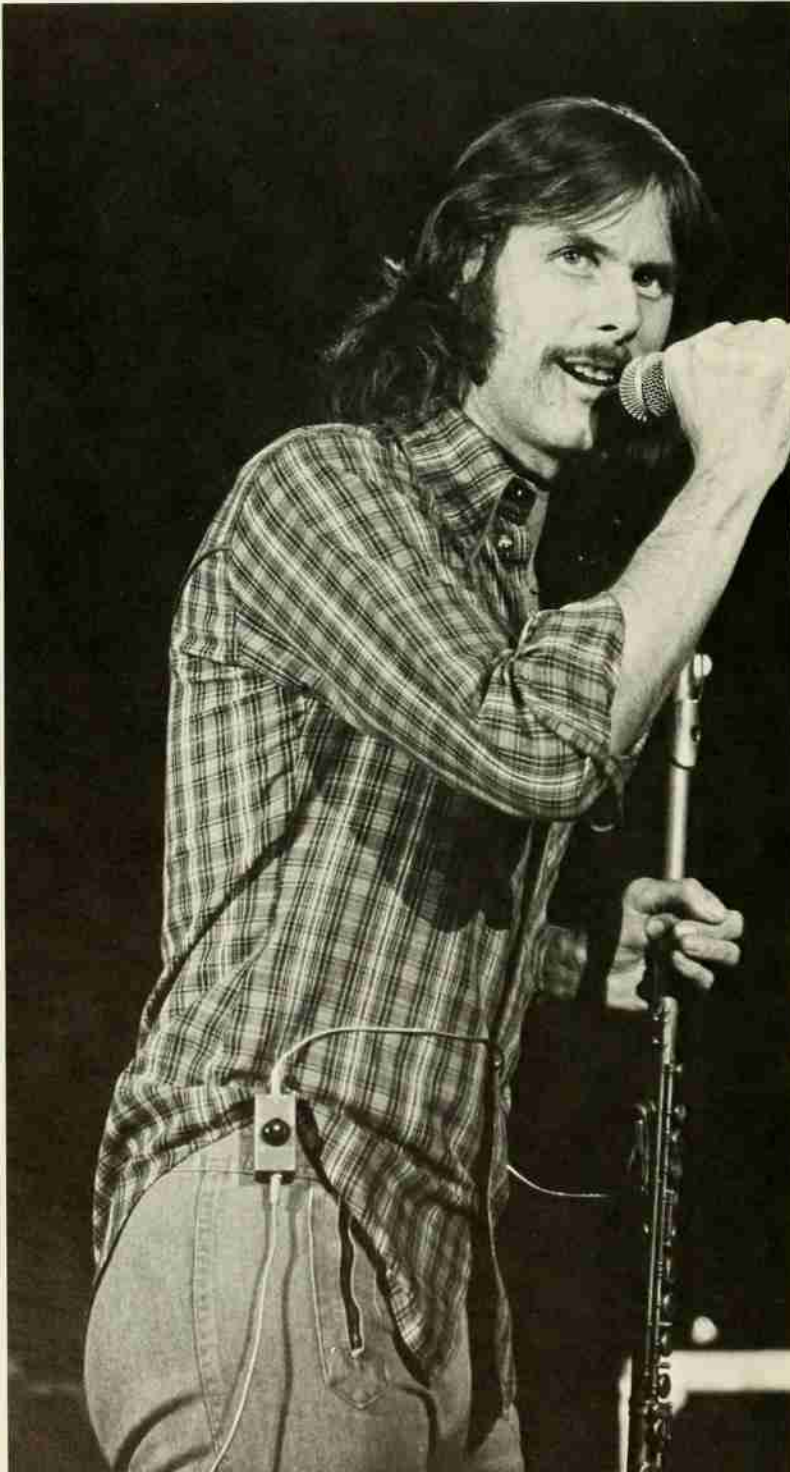
13 HOMECOMING GAME



JOHN TSANTES

N O V E M B E R 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

MARY TEMPLE



17 TIM WEISBERG



21 INTERNATIONAL NIGHT



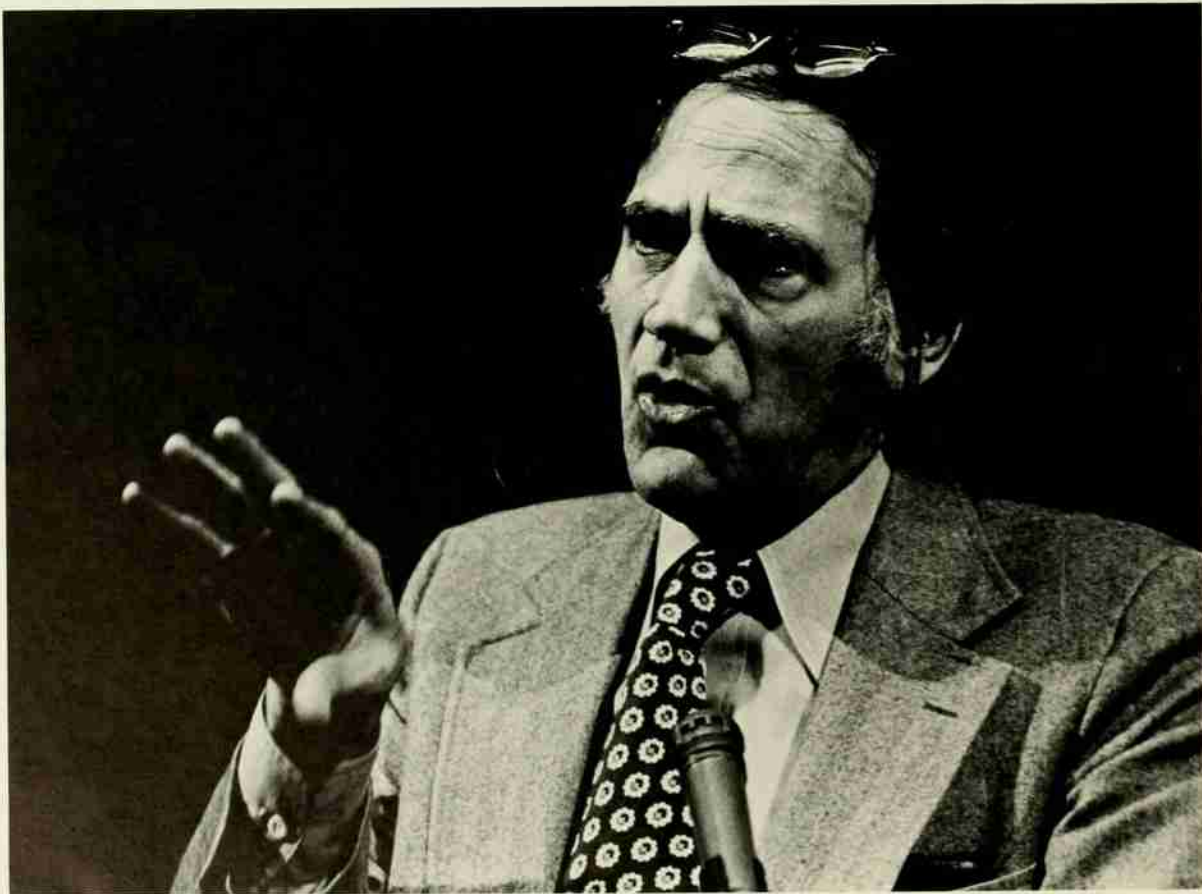
ALL JOHN GOUGH

Although exams were not far away, December was a party time of year. Christmas packages had to be mailed by the 3rd and cards by the 10th to insure in-time delivery. We had our first snowfall. The indoor sports—wrestling, fencing, track, swimming & basketball—were rivaled by snowballing, the favorite outdoor sport. Joyful noises were finally heard after long semester exams dragged on almost to the Day itself. Then

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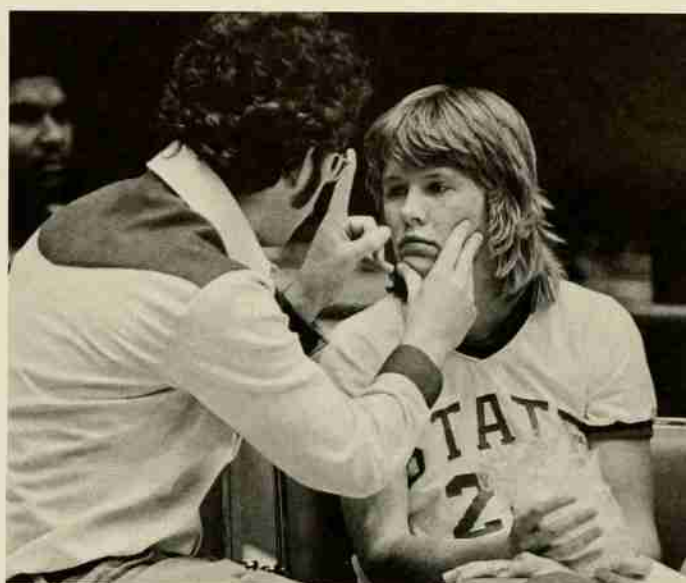
many friends parted as December graduates left the old alma mater to make their way in the world. Some left as late as the 21st. Collegiate pilgrims scattered—some seeking home, family and friends to spend the season with, and some searching simply for a good fifty-inch snow base.

1 WILLIAM KUNSTLER



HARRY LYNCH

DAVID TURNER



MICHAEL O'BRIEN

6 WOMEN'S BASKETBALL—UNC-CH

ALL HARRY LYNCH



8 THE STRONGER—
THOMPSON THEATRE

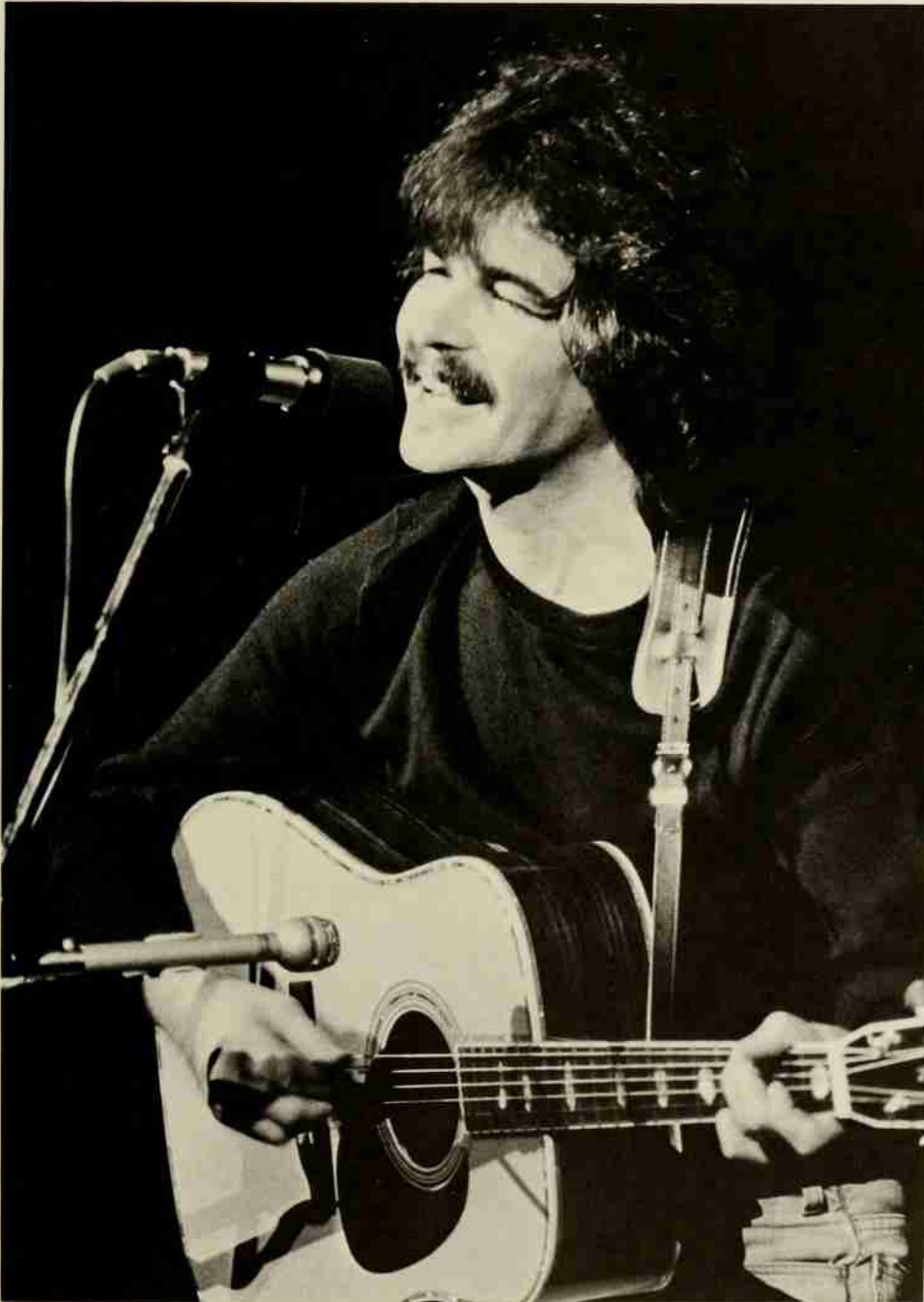
8 SOMETHING UNSPOKEN—
THOMPSON THEATRE

NORMAN DOGGETT



10 CHRISTMAS CHORAL CONCERT

14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31



10 JOHN PRINE

MARY TEMPLE



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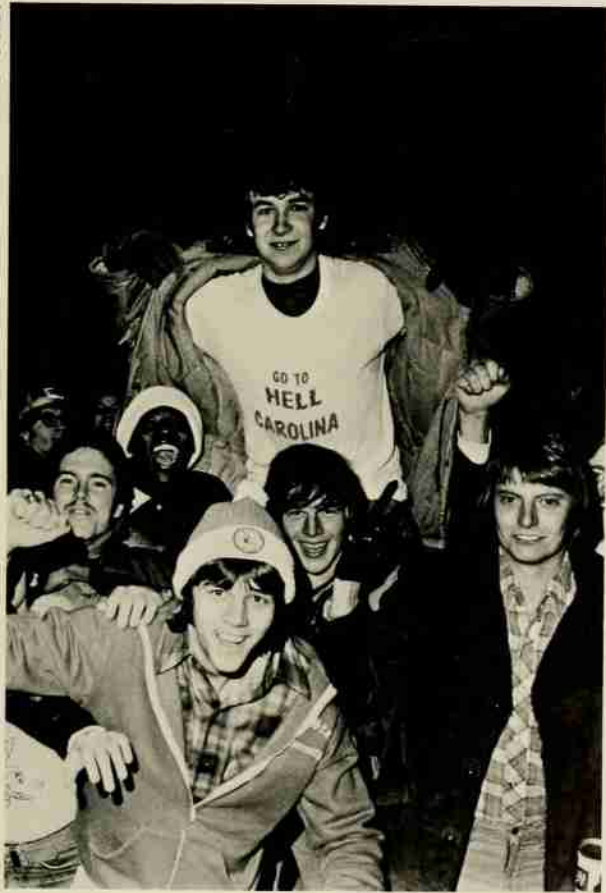


January was a month of bursting water pipes and overburdened floor heaters. Coffee tasted good and Baxley's started closing early for energy conservation. We came back from Christmas and trailed through registration and change day again, not nearly so eventful as the first time. Some came back to new roommates—some rejoined old friends or enemies. Things became too hot for the Studio One as it caught fire for the second time. Indoor sports dominated again and hypnotist Ricky Penn entertained in Stewart. The brickyard became an impasse for two days and more than one unknowing soul busted his (or her) butt on the ice. We had our first big snowfall on the 25th. People got to go home early from work. Snowmen and snowball fights sprang up everywhere.

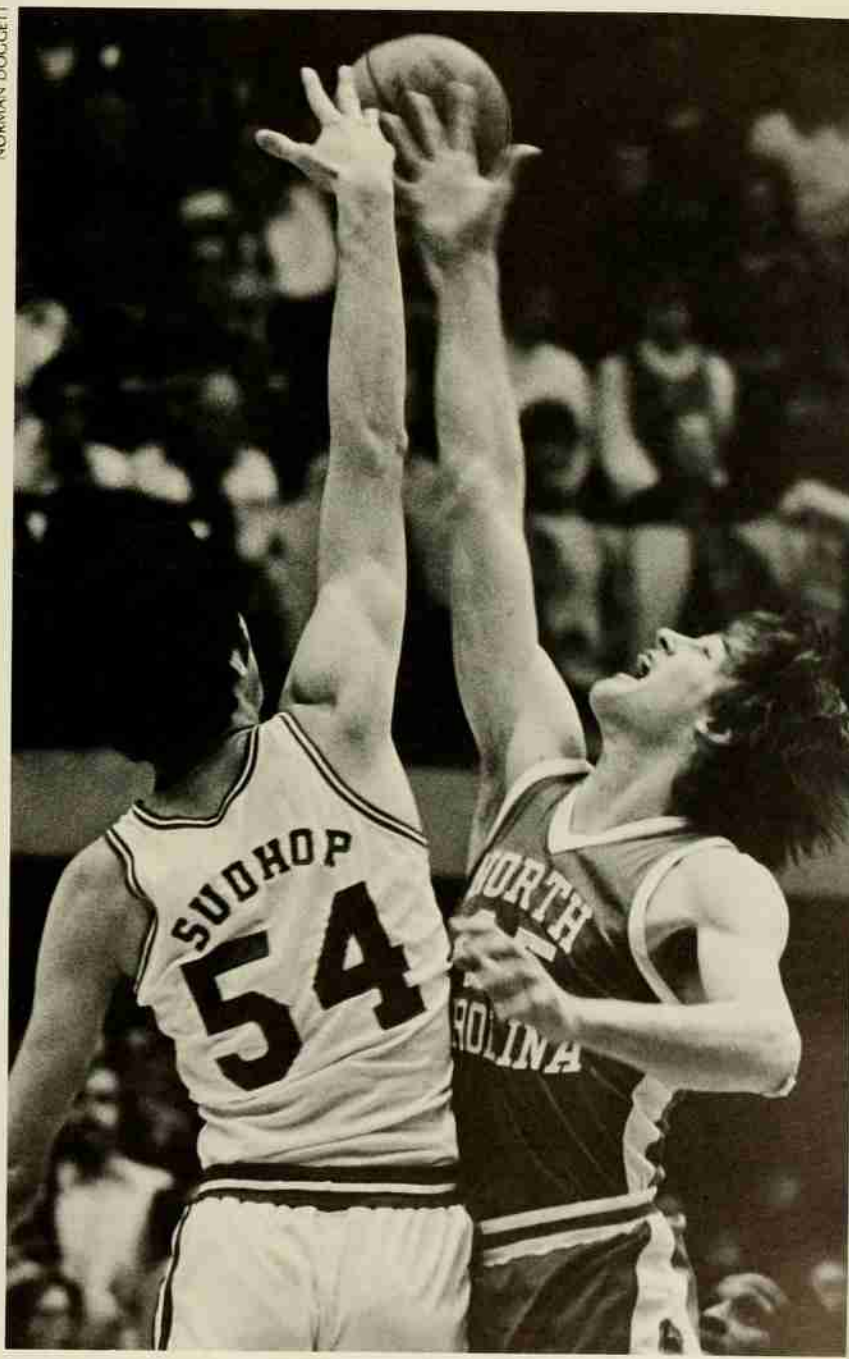
10 REGISTRATION

19 BASKETBALL—CAROLINA

DAVID TURNER



NORMAN DOGGETT



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22 OSIPOV BALALAIKA ORCHESTRA—FOTC

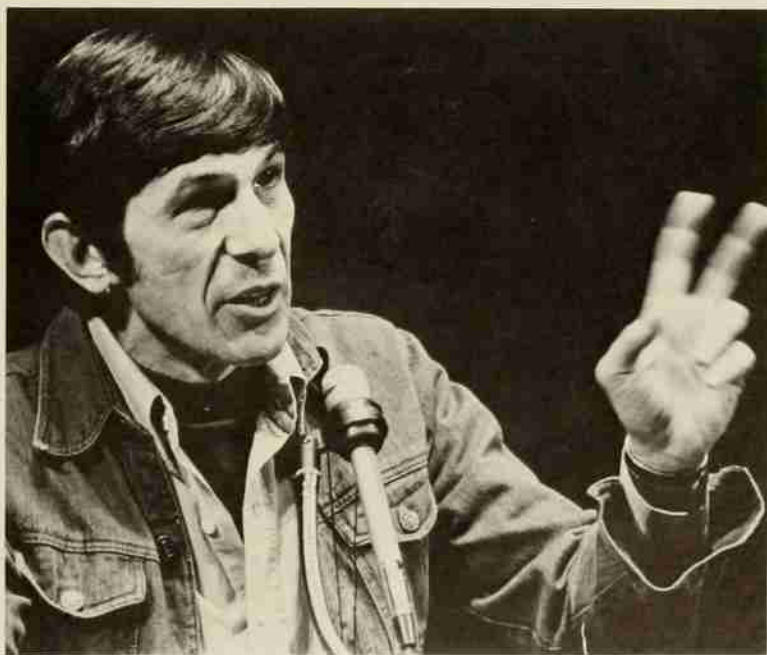


HARRY LYNCH



NORMAN DOGGETT

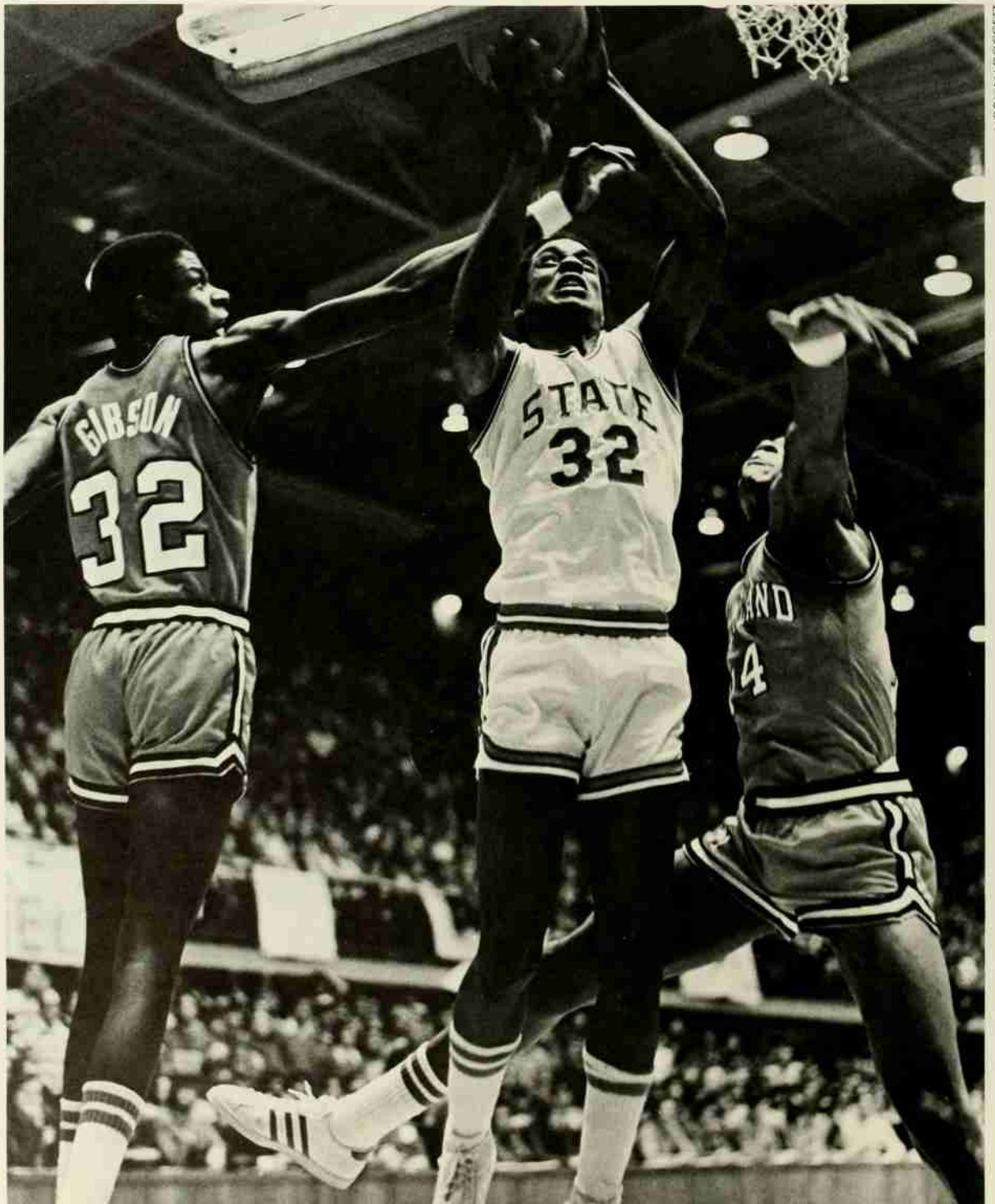
25 DAVE BRUBECK



HARRY LYNCH

26 LEONARD NIMOY

27 BASKETBALL—
MARYLAND



NORMAN DOGGETT



HARRY LYNCH

30 INDIA NIGHT



HARRY LYNCH

The Groundhog saw his shadow. The bitter cold was still with us and spring break not yet in sight. Most of us hovered indoors with the February blues. Wearing a toboggan and two pairs of socks was still the order of the day. It was a cultural month filled with choral fest, the varsity men's glee club and symphony band, the choir and fanfare band, as well as the Raleigh chamber music guild. Love was once again shared through the mail as Valentine's Day arrived. Basketball was coming down to the wire and many of us, too used to our creature comforts, passed up standing in the freezing cold lines for basketball tickets and sat instead in the warmth of our cubbyhole rooms, watching the games and eating popcorn.

4 ST. HEDWIG'S CATHEDRAL CHOIR—FOTC



HARRY LYNCH

NORMAN DOGGETT



THE ACTING COMPANY—STEWART THEATRE

4 THE KITCHEN

12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28



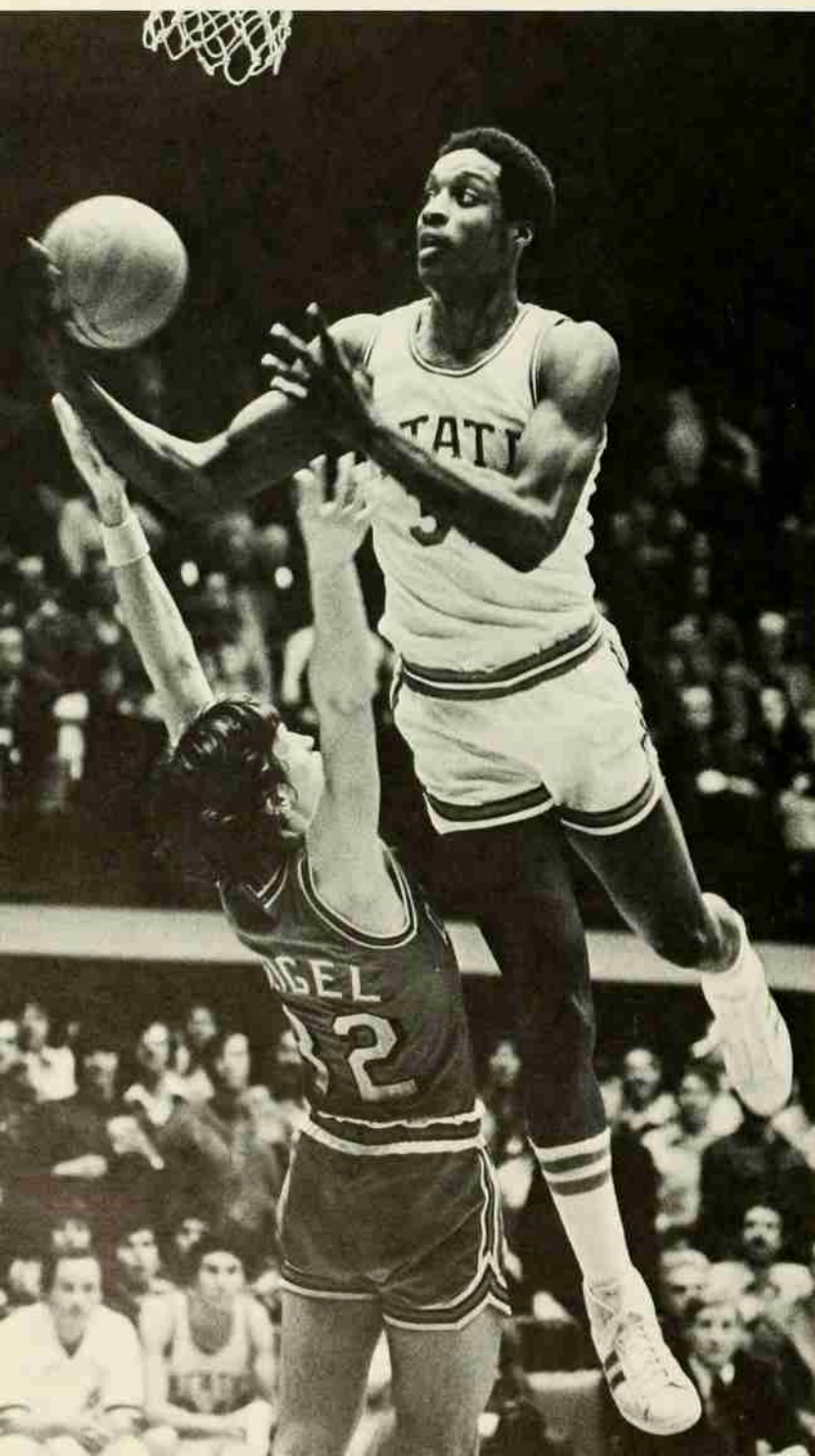
MARY TEMPLE

5 CAMINO REAL

HARRY LYNCH



6 LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST



DAVID TURNER

10 EL CAPITAN—STEWART THEATRE

MICHAEL O'BRIEN

9 BASKETBALL—DAVIDSON

HARRY LYNCH



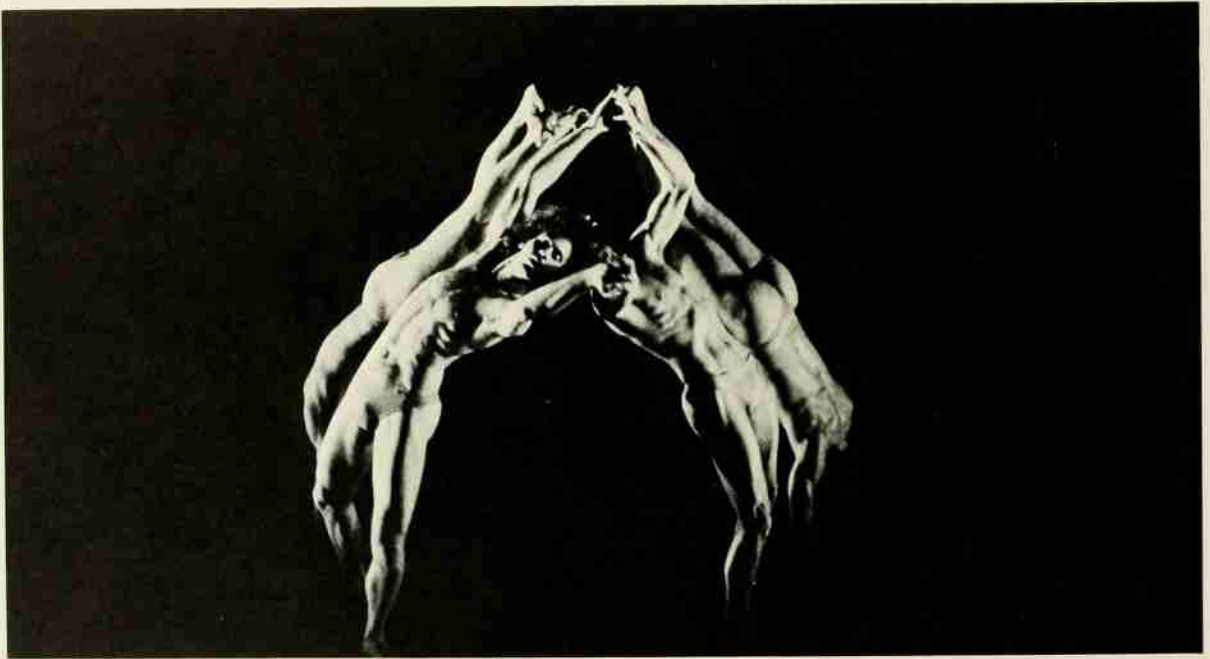
9 HOUSE OF BLUE LEAVES—
THOMPSON THEATRE

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NORMAN DOGGETT

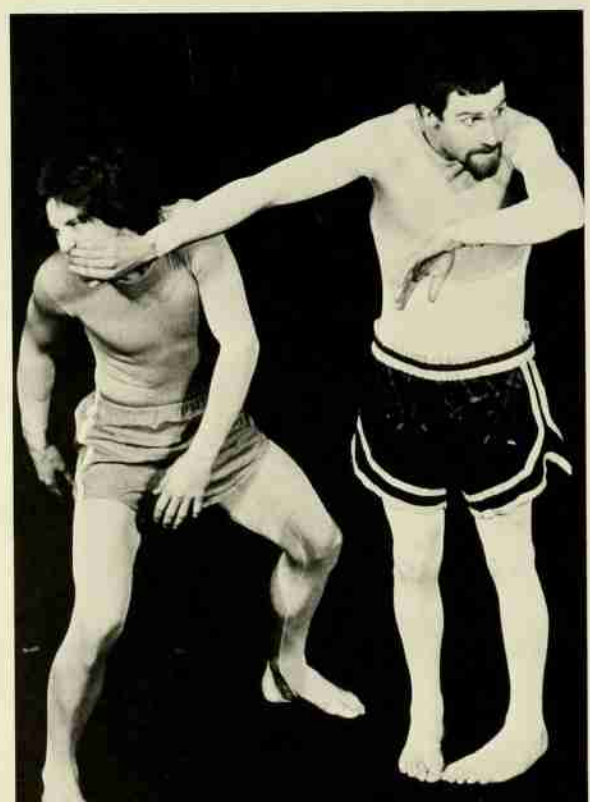


18 MUSIC FROM THE BRITISH ISLES



ALL HARRY LYNCH

11 PILOBOLUS DANCE THEATRE



NORMAN DOGGETT



14 VALENTINE'S DAY

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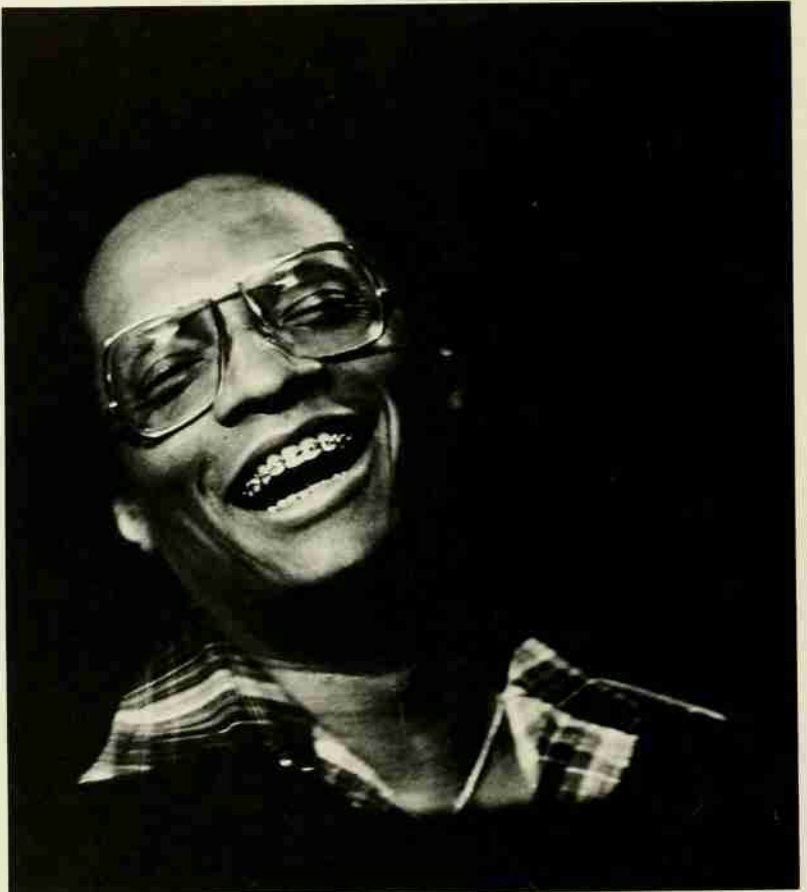
JOHN GOUGH



13 CHINA NIGHT



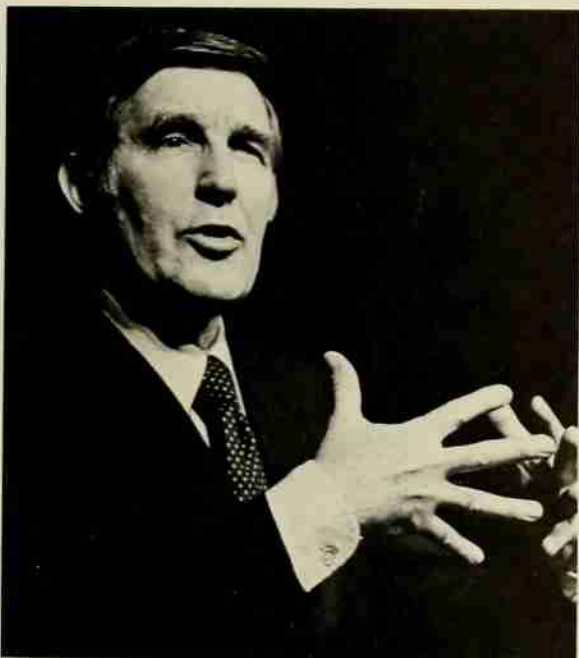
MARY TEMPLE



19 RAMSEY LEWIS

12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28

HARRY LYNCH



22 MORRIS UDALL—SURVIVAL SYMPOSIUM

23 ALVIN TOFFLER—SURVIVAL SYMPOSIUM

JOHN GOUGH

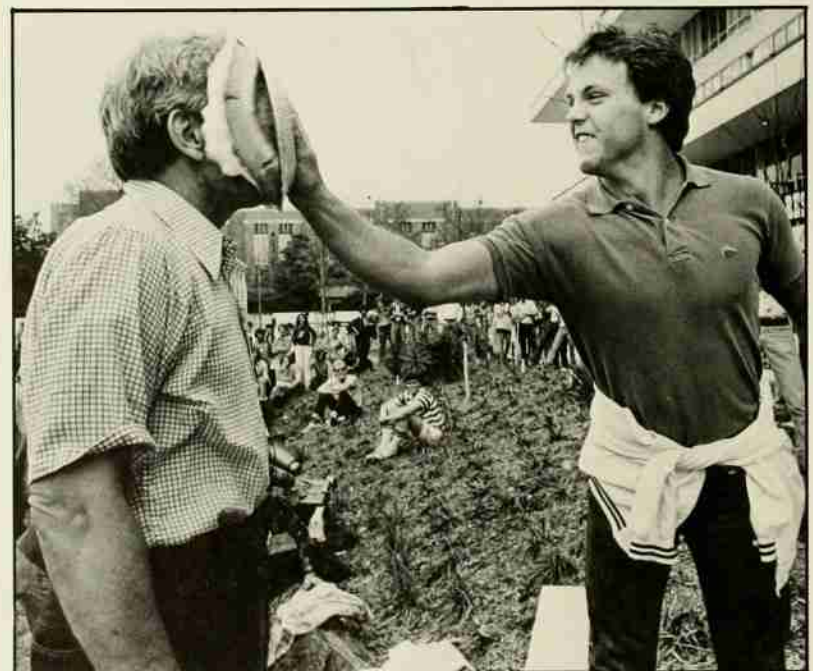




ALL MICHAEL O'BRIEN

M A R C H 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14

The world began to thaw in March and with it our spirits. We had a nice long spring break for which we were more than ready; and with that breaking out, began to externalize our worlds. Many watched the ACC Tourney on TV—a lucky few experienced it firsthand. The air was still nippy but some weren't deterred from donning gym shorts or bathing suits to expose themselves to the elements. Tennis became THE game and the hill in front of the courts was peopled regularly. Baseball began in earnest along with lacrosse, track & field and women's softball. As the joyful OKLAHOMA! rang through Memorial Auditorium, chess enthusiasts pondered and competed in the silent Green Room of the Student Center.

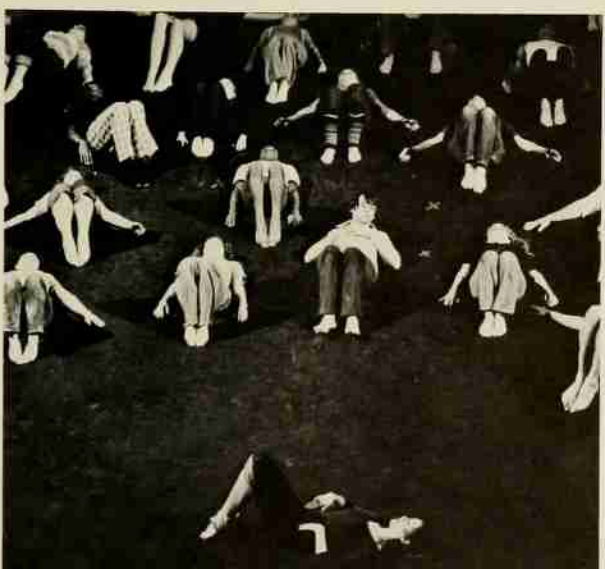


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MICHAEL O'BRIEN

HARRY LYNCH



14, 15, 16, 17, 18 MIMI GARRARD DANCE RESIDENCY

M A R C H 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14



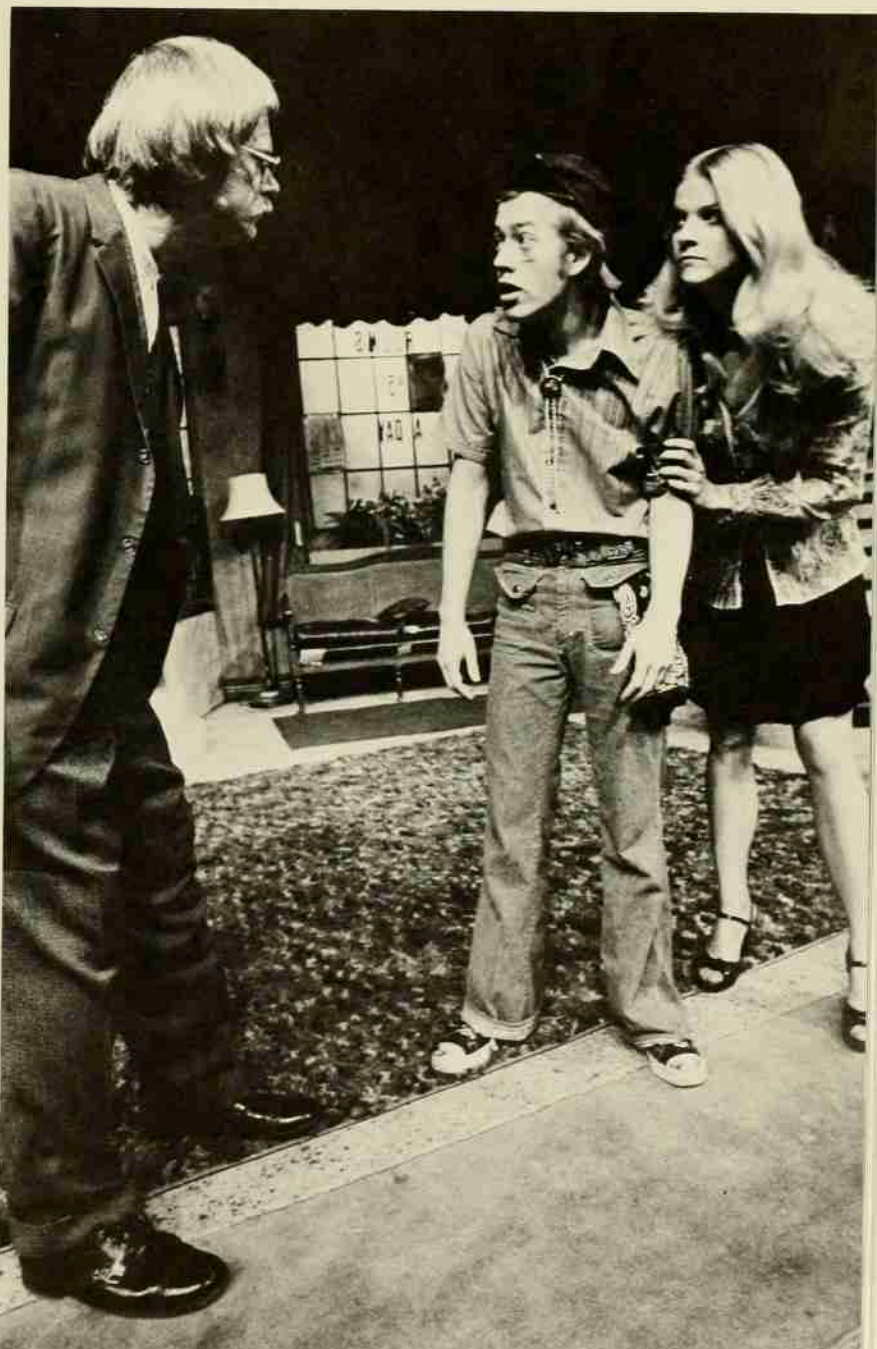
HARRY LYNCH

PAUL KEARNS



HARRY LYNCH

21, 22, 23, 24 DERBY DAYS

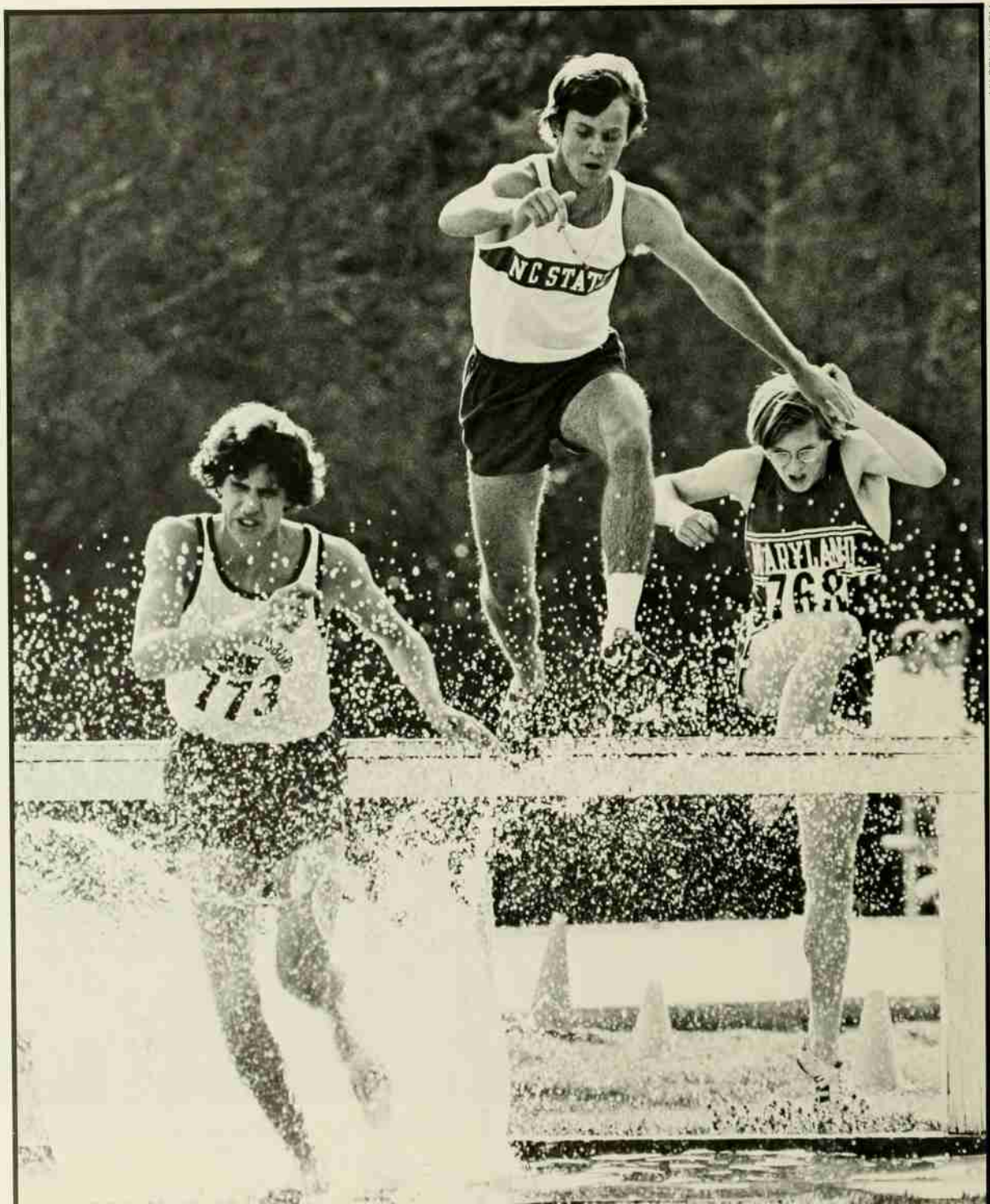


DAVID TURNER

25 HOT'L BALTIMORE—THOMPSON THEATRE

HARRY LYNCH

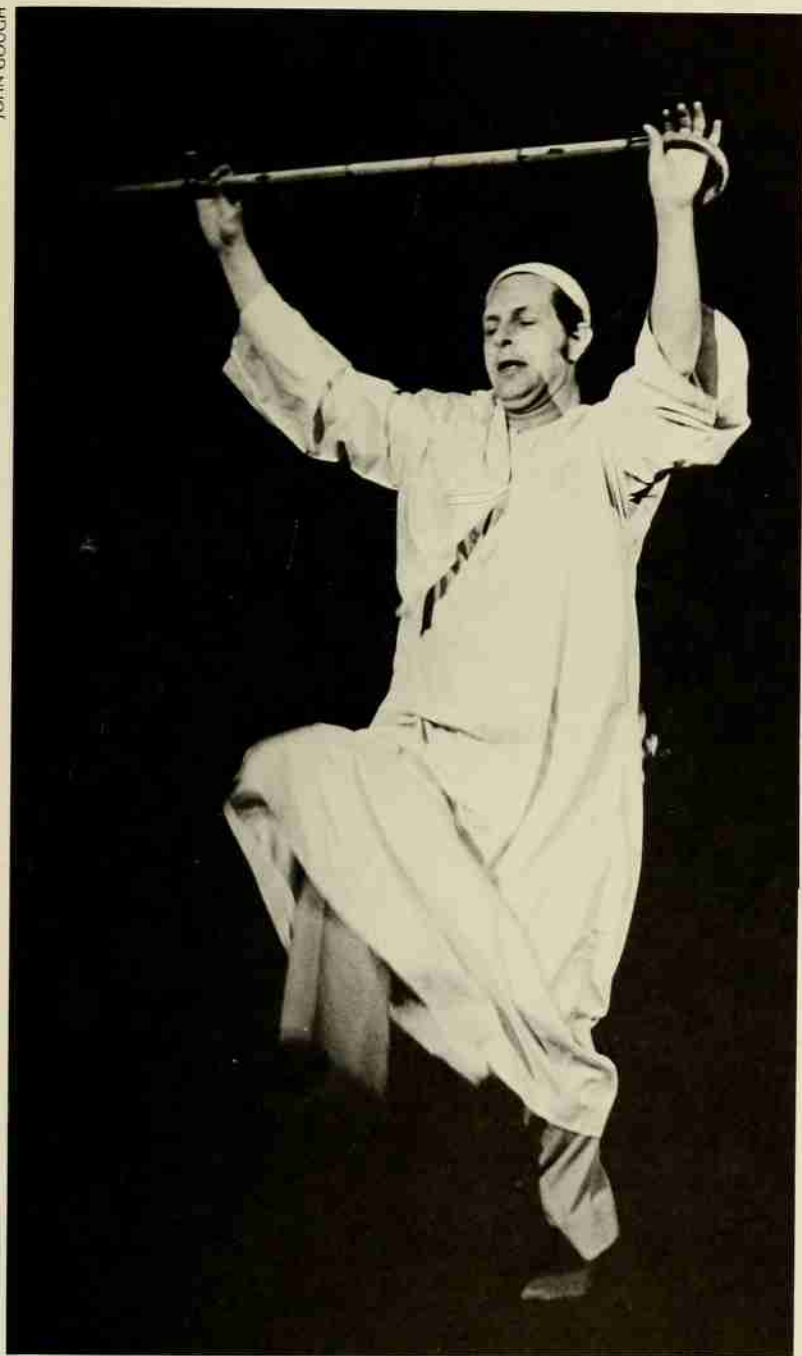
26 ATLANTIC
COAST RELAYS



HARRY LYNCH

15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31

JOHN GOUGH



20 ARAB NIGHT

April was fickle, teasing us with warm weather and shocking us with chill and wind; but unseasonably hot days brought everyone out for the outdoor festivals and arts shows. Animal Science Day brought students and their animal friends together. Easter brought egg hunts and a short vacation. The year began to close, pinching many with their procrastinated work loads. And classes ended.

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HARRY LYNCH

1 ANIMAL SCIENCE CLUB DAY

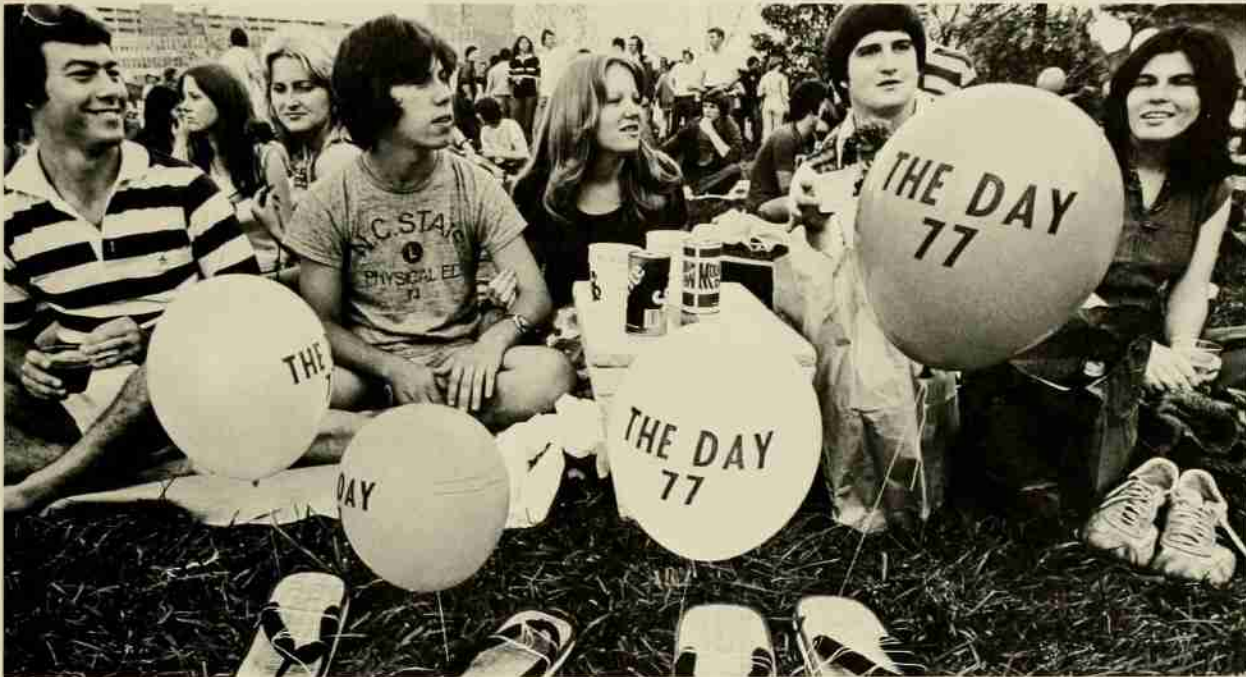


NORMAN DOUGETT



7 SIGMA PI
EASTER EGG HUNT

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MICHAEL O'BRIEN

3 THE DAY

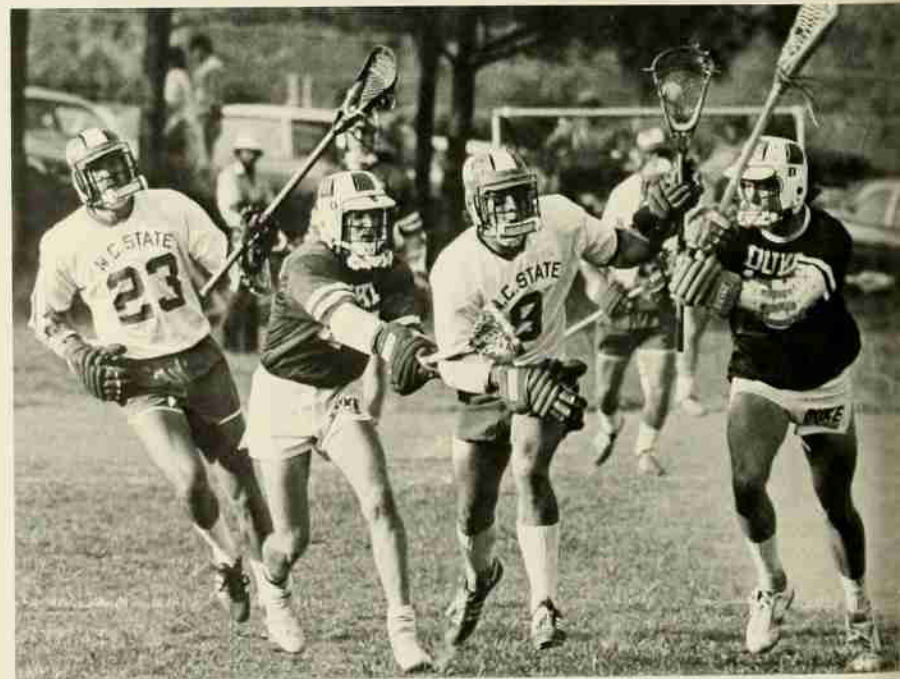
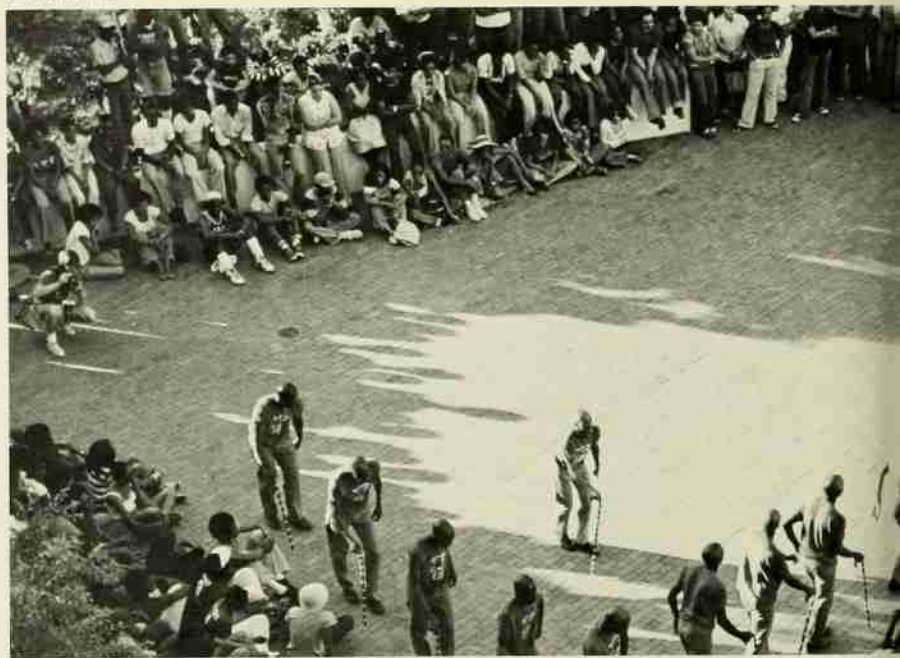


MICHAEL O'BRIEN

JOHN GOUGH HARRY LYNCH



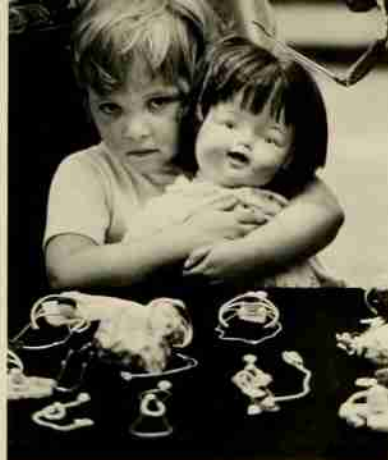
12, 13, 14, 15, 16 PAN AFRICAN FESTIVAL



13 LACROSSE—DUKE

HARRY LYNCH

JOHN COUGH



15, 16, 17 SIDEWALK ART SHOW

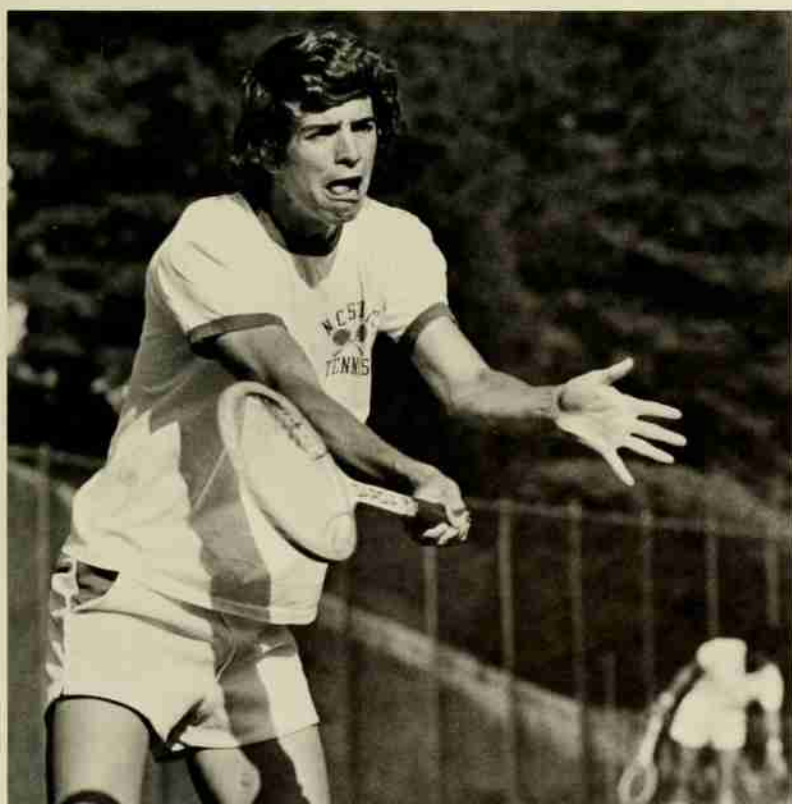
15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30

JOHN TSANTES



16 PERSHING RIFLES INVITATIONAL DRILL MEET

HARRY LYNCH



15, 16, 17 ACC TENNIS TOURNAMENT



A P R I L 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14



18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 25 LUNCHTIME POPS



ALL HARRY LYNCH

25, 26, 27, 28, 29 GREEK WEEK





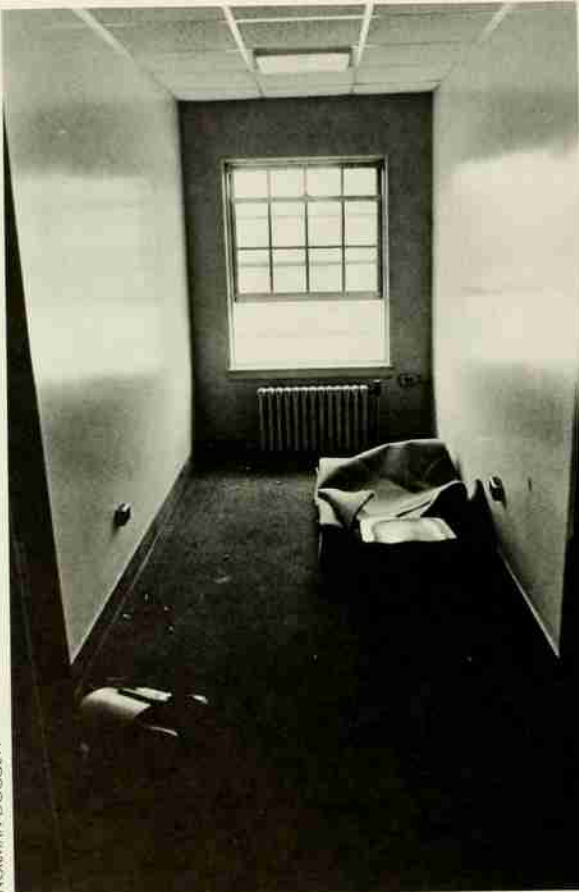
NEILL MCCORMICK



May was more than just exams. For many it brought the realization that they were actually graduating. State grads turned their tassels at commencement Saturday and the campus became a backdrop for those inevitable graduation photos. Even as some were leaving, others were beginning to move back to the vacant campus. In summer school the living and learning process would begin again.

M A Y 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15

10 MOVING OUT



NORMAN DOGGETT



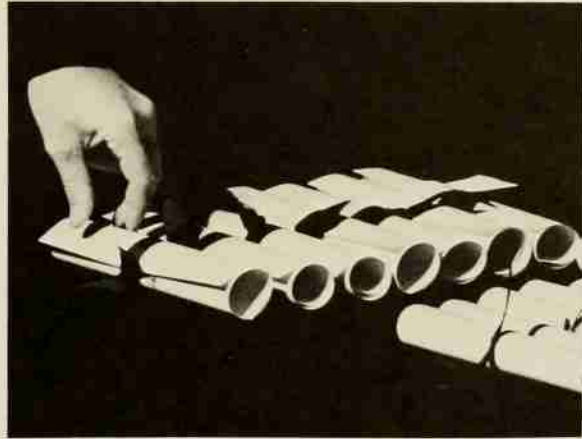
14 GRADUATION





NORMAN DOGGETT

16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31



14 ROTC—
COMMISSIONING
CEREMONY



ALL HARRY LYNCH

PEOPLE ALONE & PEOPLE TOGETHER

Home. The word prompts images of a place where we belong. Home is a place that we make for ourselves with family, friends or simply our favorite possessions. It's a place to which we retreat after being ravaged by the rest of the world—a place where we look for kindness and quiet feelings. It's nice to be among familiar things—our things, however shabby, tacky or insignificant they may seem to others.



Shutting the door which leads into the space that is ours, we can shut out the outside world. In that sense we can carry home around inside us, for home is somewhat a state of being. But usually home is understood as our niche—a place where we can be found, where our mail will reach us, where we maintain our base of communication. In my home I can think or study, watch TV, be alone or be with others. It can be a place into which I invite my friends, or don't. In the context of the university, my dreamy ideal of home may not always be realized. We are sometimes forced into being in situations that are different than what we would like for them to be. We have a roommate when we

would rather live alone. We live on campus when we would rather live off. Some things may alienate us from the place that we stay. So (sometimes) we may not feel totally that we belong in our space. Then our room is not our home. It's only a room.

But most of us have chosen the places and circumstances in which we live and are more or less comfortable in them. Our choices are determined pretty much by our characteristics, our likes and dislikes. Some people are independent, choosing to live away from the large groups of people that characterize a college campus. Some would like to choose the degree to which they're involved in parties and nightlife. The prospect of

"Get Down Tonight" pounding through the west wall at two a.m. doesn't excite everyone. But some it does. There are those who enjoy being around and among a lot of people. They get into friendships formed in and around a living arrangement, rarely-ceasing noise and all.

Home is an idea founded on relationships, too. Home is where the people we love can be found. Husband or wife, children, lover, roommate, fraternity brothers, sorority sisters.

Our homes may be apartments, dorm rooms, in fraternity or sorority house rooms or married student apartments. They are our homes.

Wherever we belong.

Articles in this section by:

Daphne Hamm
Jan Jackson
Susan LeFevers
Drew Kapur
Bobby Edwards
Joyce Burney
David Burney

OFF-CAMPUS HOMES

JOHN TSANTES



ELIZABETH PRESTON



ELIZABETH PRESTON





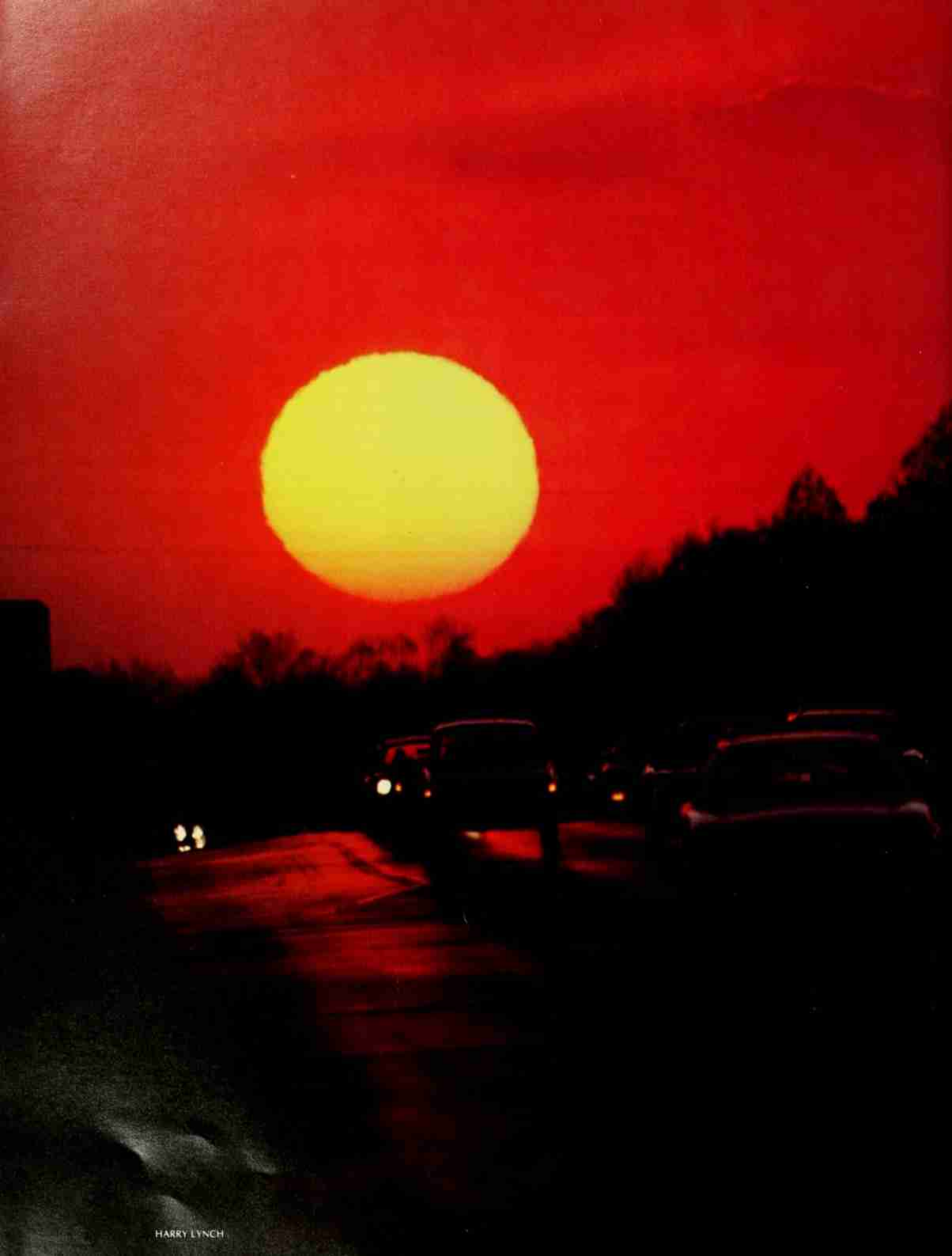
HARRY LYNCH

Off-campus students are easy to spot. They're the ones who still carry umbrellas at three o'clock when rain had been hinted at 7:30 a.m. Their faces are mazes of concentration when traffic reports flash on the radio. They become highly emotional when forced to purchase fringe parking stickers.

The surest way to pick them out is to check eight o'clock classes. They are always late or early—the early ones beat the traffic—the late ones didn't.

Traffic is the bane of any off-campus student's life. Any week-day morning the essence of this aspect of living off campus can be caught at the corner of Western and Avent Ferry. Cars vibrate, shudder and backfire up to the stoplight. Bleary-eyed drivers rest their heads against their car windows or sip coffee. Those who continue on to Dan Allen wave fellow drivers and Physical Plant trucks into their lane and then rail at inconsiderate West Campus students who wander across the street. And then there's mild panic as drivers wander farther and farther from campus in search of the commuter's ever elusive dream—the parking space.

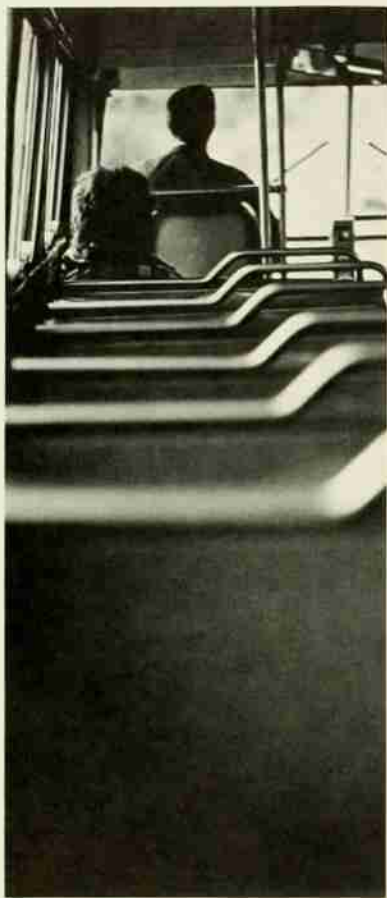
Of course, living off-campus is not all sweetness and cars. There is the renter's own game show, "Beat-the-Check". Can this college student give a bad check to his landlord after the





banks close on Friday and make it good before it hits the bank? Probably not, but it gives the student something to think about besides physics. An abbreviated version may also be played with CP&L when rate hikes or bad weather do strange things to even the most well thought out budgets.

The reason some people move off-campus is the reason many move back—quiet. A friend says, "I moved



NORMAN DOGGETT

off-campus because I thought I'd study more. I don't study any more, but it's easier to study. People don't bother you and you can study any time." Needless to say, off-campus students are very popular around exam time. "But when you don't want to study, your roommate always has a math test and doesn't want to do anything. Over in the dorm, there's always something to do if you don't want to study."

"The only reason I'd ever move back on campus is for the social thing, but I don't think I will," says the friend, winking at his girl.

Some people appreciate being alone, others are painfully aware that there are no spontaneous beers with the guys or someone under the roof to explain homework. Anything like that is a production entailing movement of automobile, location of parking space, and the knowledge the whole time you're doing anything that, no matter how cold it is, no matter how much fun you have, you still have the same process to go through to get home, maybe more if you cheated when you parked.

Nita lasted through summer school living with her aunt. It was sort of a last minute place to live. She seemed lonely all the time and dropped by to visit every day, sometimes for only 15 minutes, complaining about how she missed all her suitemates.

"It was terrible. Ugh, I hated it," she says as she sits on her bed eating a sandwich off of her desk, back in her beloved dorm room.

"I couldn't invite anybody there and there was nobody to talk to, so I ate out with Sonny (her roommate's boy friend) a lot and wrote a lot of letters, sometimes seven or eight a week. I painted and played with my fishies a lot." (Nita says fish may be played with by tapping on their tanks or letting them nibble fingers.)

"Yeah, my love life suffered a lot. I didn't meet anybody except in one class. It was just terrible."

The same high population density which makes those good buddies also makes R.A.'s, quiet hours, and no empty clothes dryers. Consequently, on-campus students often try to get off campus temporarily.

One kid spent every weekend living with friends off-campus to be near a washer-dryer, stove, and Cablevision.

It's never necessary for an apartment to stand empty either, as an on-campus friend will gladly occupy it as a place to rendezvous. In the commune-like dorm, to borrow one's sleep space is not an odd request, but when you ask an off-campus student, you are asking to borrow his home.

"My apartment seems more like home to me than where my parents live," says one off-campus student. "I'm not even comfortable in my parent's home any more. I always want to get back to Raleigh."

Eavesdrop on off-campus students talking among themselves and the subject will invariably turn to something they have added to their place. "Daddy promised me an eight-foot sofa. I can't believe it!



SMITTY HARVELL



HARRY LYNCH

It will look so good!"

"John and I put floor boards in our attic last weekend. It's not too good, but I'm proud of it. I had never done anything like that before. It was fun."

"I had to clean the bathrooms again this weekend. My roommate never does. I wouldn't do it anymore if I wasn't afraid mold would take over the bathroom."

When living off-campus, particularly if alone, there is no one to take up slack. If bills aren't paid, creditors get angry. Garbage multiplies. Newspapers and mail stacks higher and higher. It takes a lot more valuable time to set an entire apartment to rights than to clean a dorm cubicle.

There is another segment of off-campus people—those who live at home. They have regular meals, clean clothes, and no place to escape to on weekends.

With more comfort and security at home compared to the danger and excitement of trying to wing on your own, why stay home?

"Well, I'll tell you, it's money," said one homebody. "I just can't afford to go to school, if I don't live at home."

"It's strange, too. You have all the responsibilities you used to have, like helping to care for the little ones, and then school on top of that."

Students living at home still have more time than other students. Their homemaking, shared with their family, is not a full time duty on top of school.

People sometimes forget that not all students live on campus. That's odd since the majority of students (two-thirds) do live off-campus. But the off-campus students are at a disadvantage in any information exchange.

Technician dropboxes are inconvenient. Notices in the tunnel, Student Center, and library are useless to some students. The Association of Off-Campus Students is not effective, because meetings of any type are a chore for the off-campus student. By their very nature, off-campus students don't bond together, nor do they assimilate into campus life.

Along with the freedoms of living off-campus come the additional burdens. And

whether by choice or circumstance the off-campus student usually finds himself on the fringe of many activities. The university itself is not his home and this in some ways isolates him from the hub of university life.

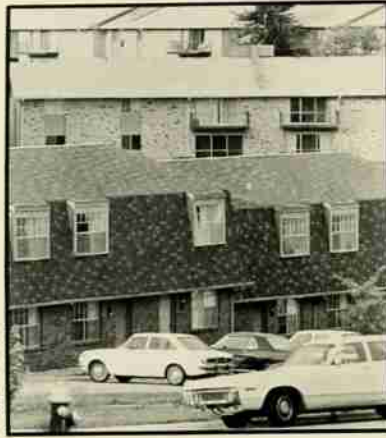
So as the bells begin to chime out five o'clock and the sun sinks beneath ten thousand visors, God bless you, gentle commuter.



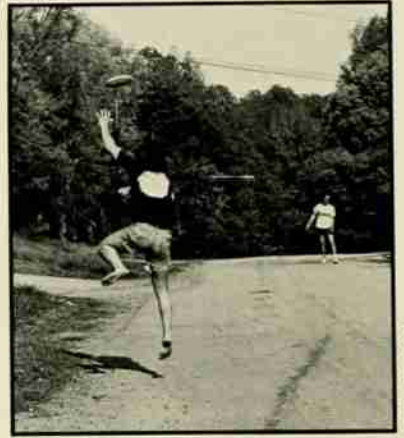
HARRY LYNCH



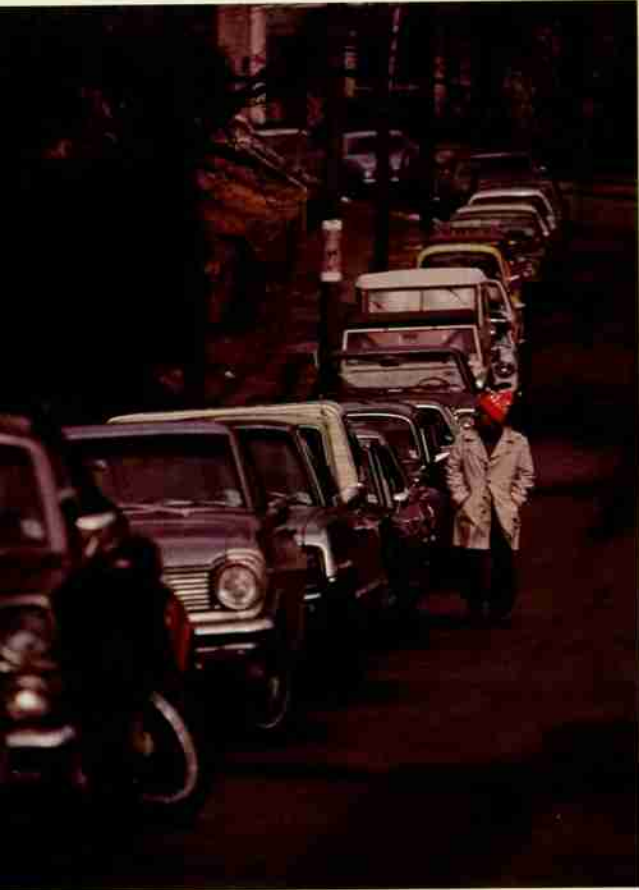
MICHAEL O'BRIEN



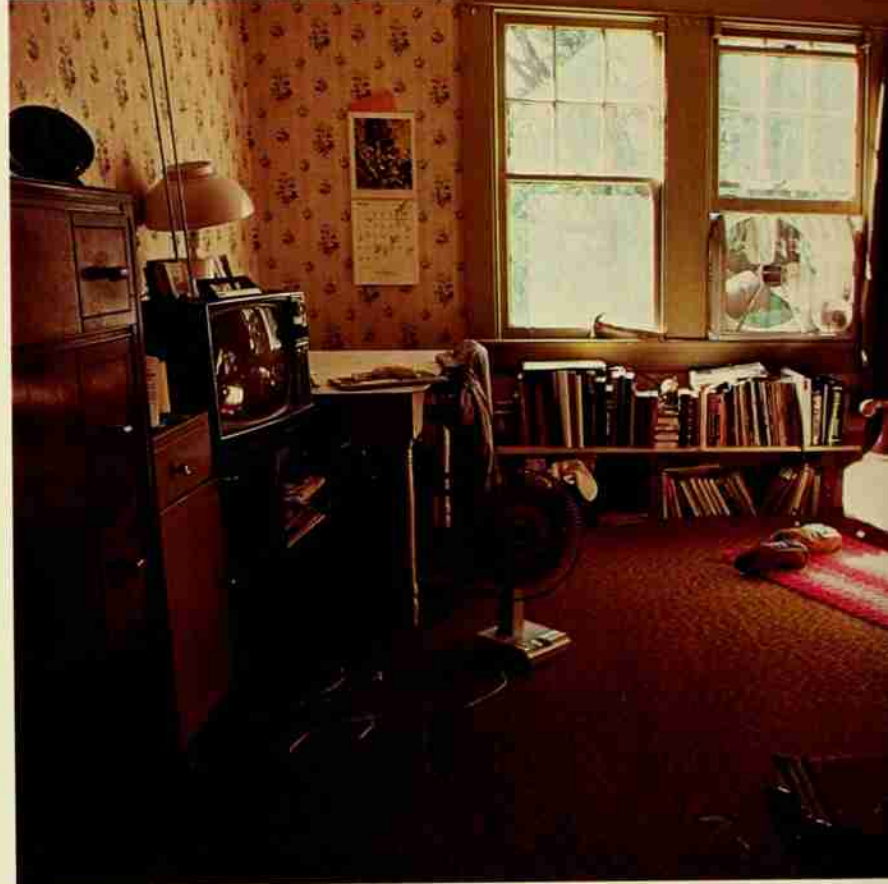
HARRY LYNCH



JOHN TSANTES



HARRY LYNCH

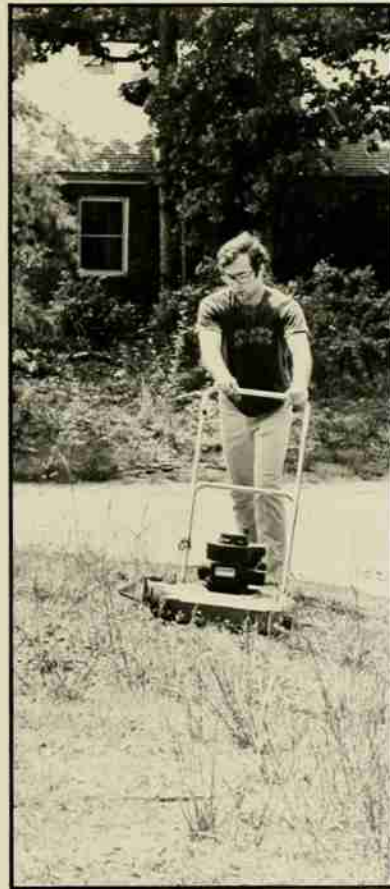
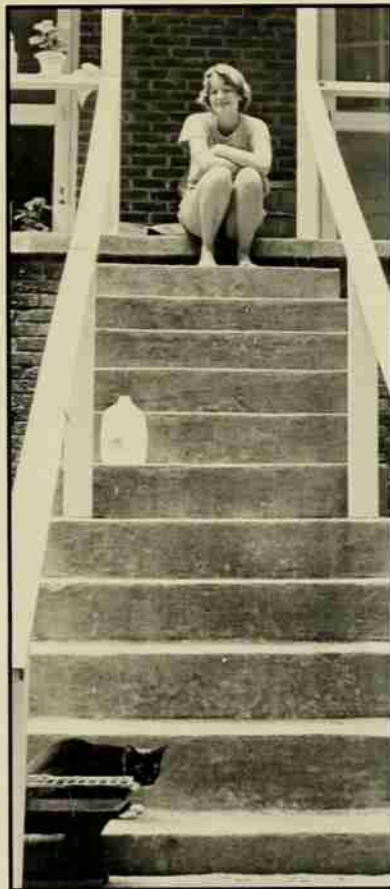


MICHAEL O'BRIEN

HARRY LYNCH



HARRY LYNCH



JOHN TSANTES



(Buzz) What What? (Yawn) the alarm...school...ho hum... Jump into the shower, no waiting in line. It's there! I drift into the kitchen...yep...a full-sized kitchen with a real breakfast table...open those spacious cabinets and think of all the spent grocery money.

Reflections of Two Guys and Akropolis dinners make me retch. I remember when Mac's golden arches were a treat and I had withdrawal pains from home-cooked meals.

Now I can cook anything easily...without blowing a fuse or burning bread by running from room to room checking on the food dispersed among my suitemates' plugs.

Sometimes, there's a yearning for that junk food and those obnoxious, silly suitemates.

Ooops, got to run...I have to leave 10 minutes earlier to use my hunting license in the deck.

Turn off the lights. We don't need the heat on today...got to get some gas...oooh those terrible off-campus bills. Whew, I made it to class.

Have Owen, Tucker and Metcalf had any waterfights lately? They did. When? Flashers and rolling trees, too? Dang! I hate that I missed it. Yea, you can come over and study. Of course it'll be quiet (if my roommate doesn't decide to have an unexpected party tonight). At least there won't be a dozen visitors dropping in to unburden their problems on us.

Can I come lay out with you tomorrow? Sure, we have a swimming pool at the apartment, but they haven't cleaned the pool for spring, yet. It's only March.

Got to run...go to the union and pick up the green sheet to find out what's going on...no service. Then, it's home to TV and the channel of my choice.

Aahh...going home to an apartment instead of a suffocating dorm room is such a free feeling. Pick up the paper at the door...review the news...pour a glass of iced tea...turn on the tube...enjoy my privacy.

My roommate is home. It is laundry time. We walk down to the laundry room. The machines are expensive, but there is no waiting in line.

We go back to the apartment, light up the grill and put the pork chops on. We chat with the neighbors...enjoy the trees...listen for the crickets to begin their serenade. A dog barks, a child laughs. We complain about the electric bill.

After dinner, we load the dishwasher and sit down in the quiet living room to study. The doorbell rings. It's my roommate's boyfriend. The phone rings. It's long distance for me. I go back in the bedroom for a private conversation.

This really beats sitting on cold cement and hugging bicycle spikes in the hall closet. It's nice to say "I love you" without competing with the flushing johns and squealing suitemates.

Moving the books into my bedroom...without begrudging the company...thanking my lucky stars that there is a studying retreat other than the library.

It's midnight and I'm pooped. Lying in bed...thankful I'll get eight hours of sleep...thinking of things no longer missed...the train tooting...the third roommate (the second one's beau)...blaring stereos...outdoor shouts...the stumbling roommate at 2 a.m. and the smell of apple juice and tuna fish in the middle of a good dream. I fall asleep...there's a smile on my lips and a chuckle in my heart.

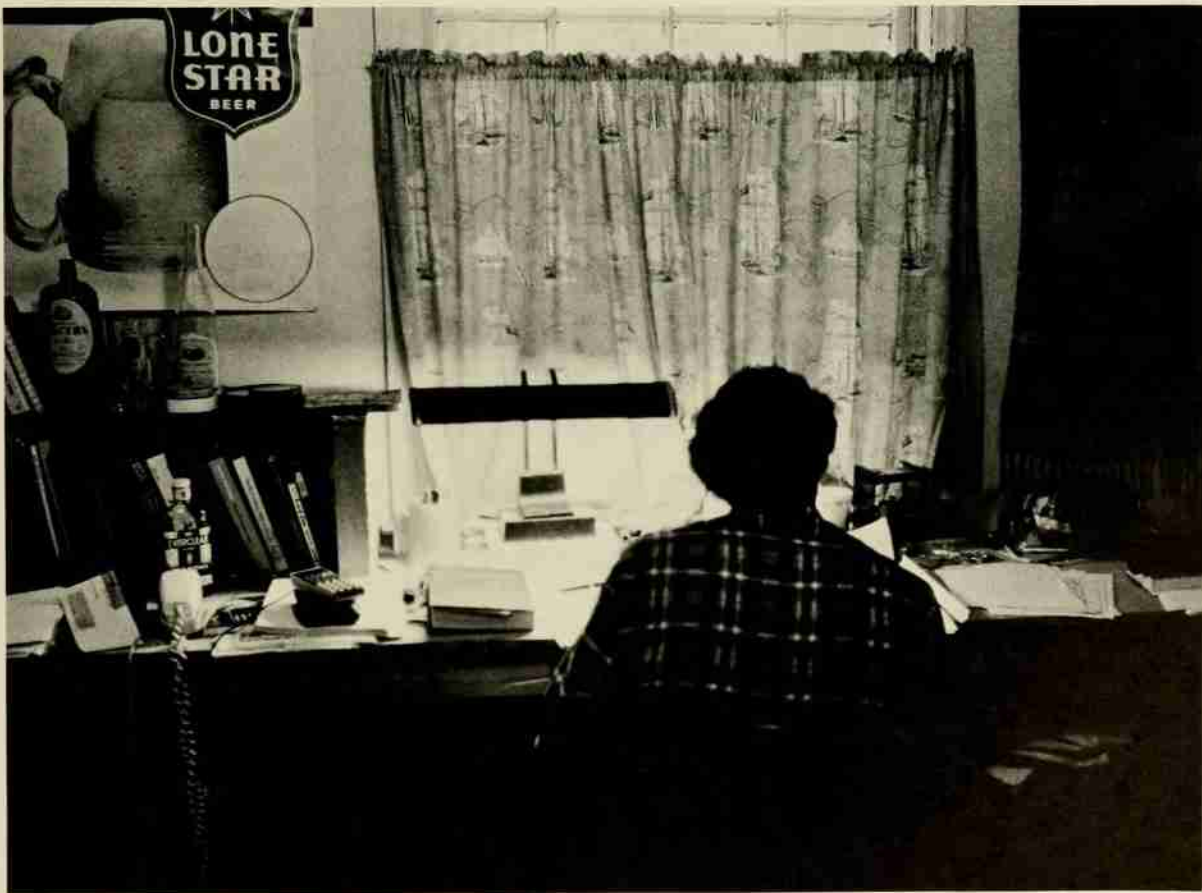




SUZANNE BECK



SUZANNE BECK



JOHN TSANTIS



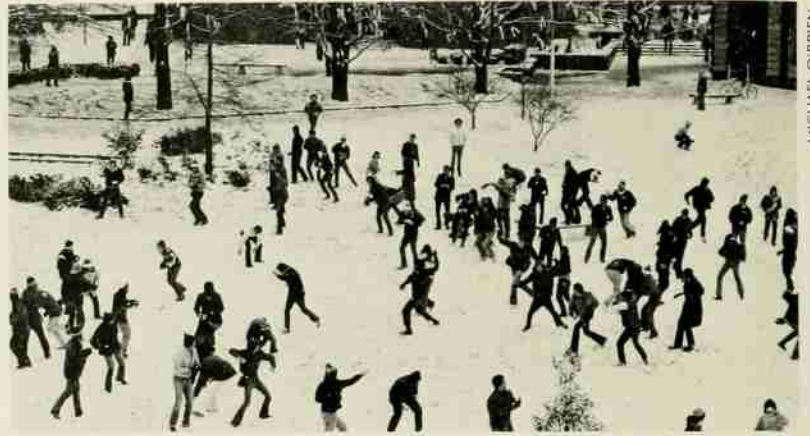
NORMAN DOGGETT





HARRY LYNCH





CAMPUS HOMES

For students who live in university residence halls, opportunities abound. These opportunities, or experiences, are both unique and rewarding and make dorm life what it is: educational and fun.

Despite the paradox, life in any one of State's 16 dorms offers the opportunity for residents to meet socially and enjoy the company of others in an educational setting—educational not only in terms of academia, but educational in terms of shared experiences and life styles.

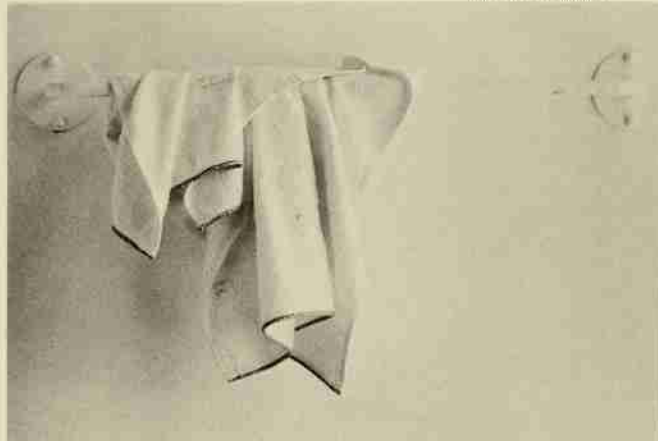
The dorms offer a place where students from rural and urban North Carolina—not to mention the country and the world—enjoy the same comforts or suffer the same pitfalls and inconveniences. Where else is one afforded easy access to classmates and university facilities, while, on the other hand, shaken out of bed at 2 or 3 a.m. by roaring freight trains and mischievously rung fire alarms?

For these reasons there seems to be a certain "esprit de corps," that bonds many dorm residents. This feeling of "oneness," or devotion to common cause, despite claims of "brotherhood" and "sisterhood" by certain organizations, is unique to the dormitories.

The most important function of dorms though, is giving students the opportunity to live and make friends in a community similar in many ways to the ones in which they will eventually live and raise families. From this "community atmosphere" comes feelings of friendship, where one is able to choose those with whom he will become close; freedom, where within certain limitations one may live the type of life that he chooses; and security, where one is afforded the comfort of knowing that, in the solitude of study, he is not alone. He knows that he and his neighbors are passengers in a common carrier and will weather the same storms.



NORMAN DOUGETT



MICHAEL O'BRIEN



MICHAEL O'BRIEN



HARRY LYNCH



MARY TEMPLE



MICHAEL O'BRIEN



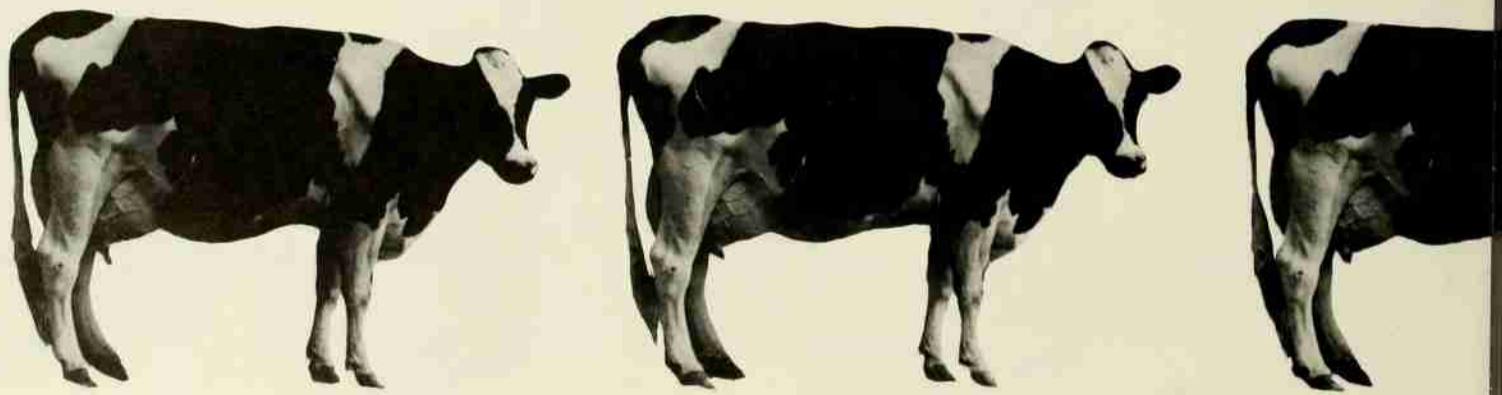
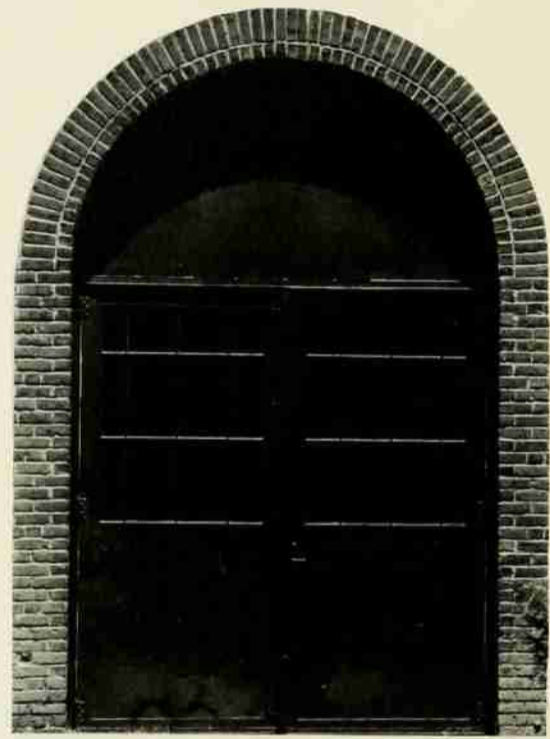
DAVID TURNER

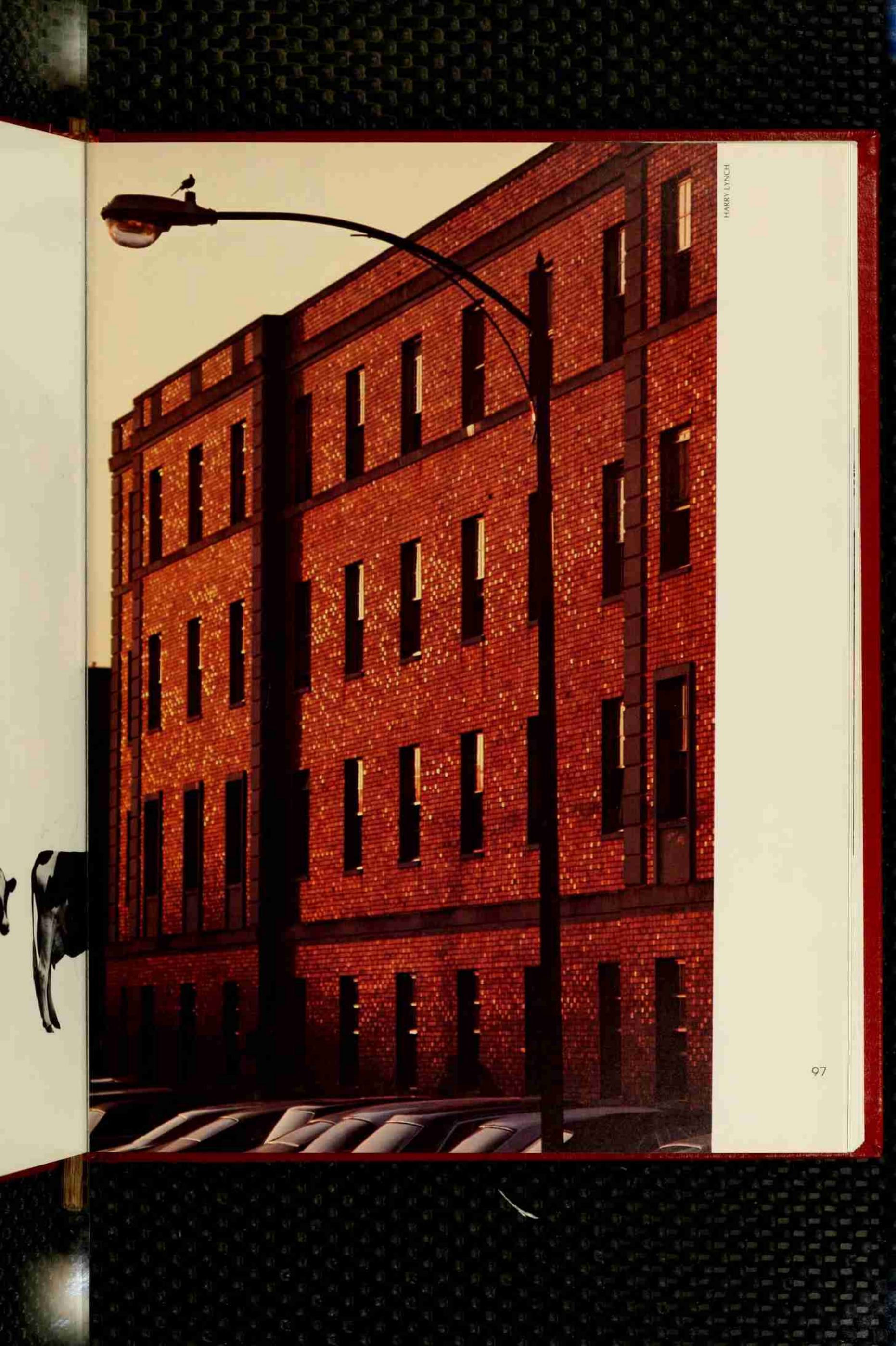


HARRY LYNCH

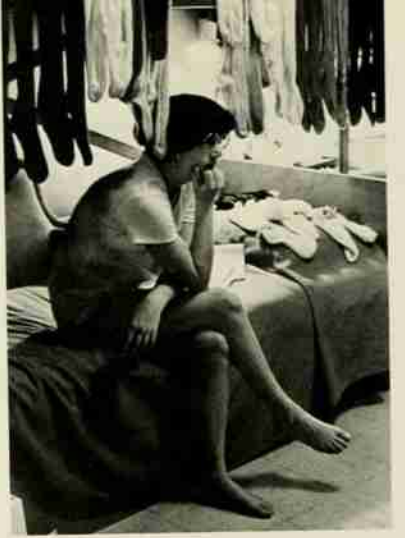


HARRY LYNCH





HARRY LYNCH



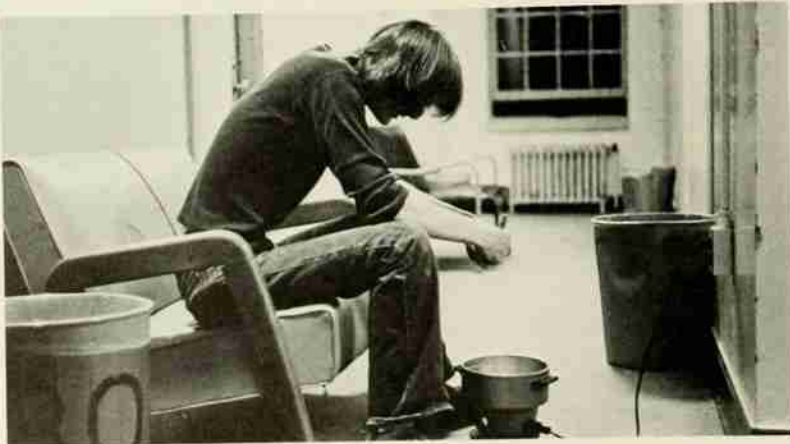
MARY TEMPLE



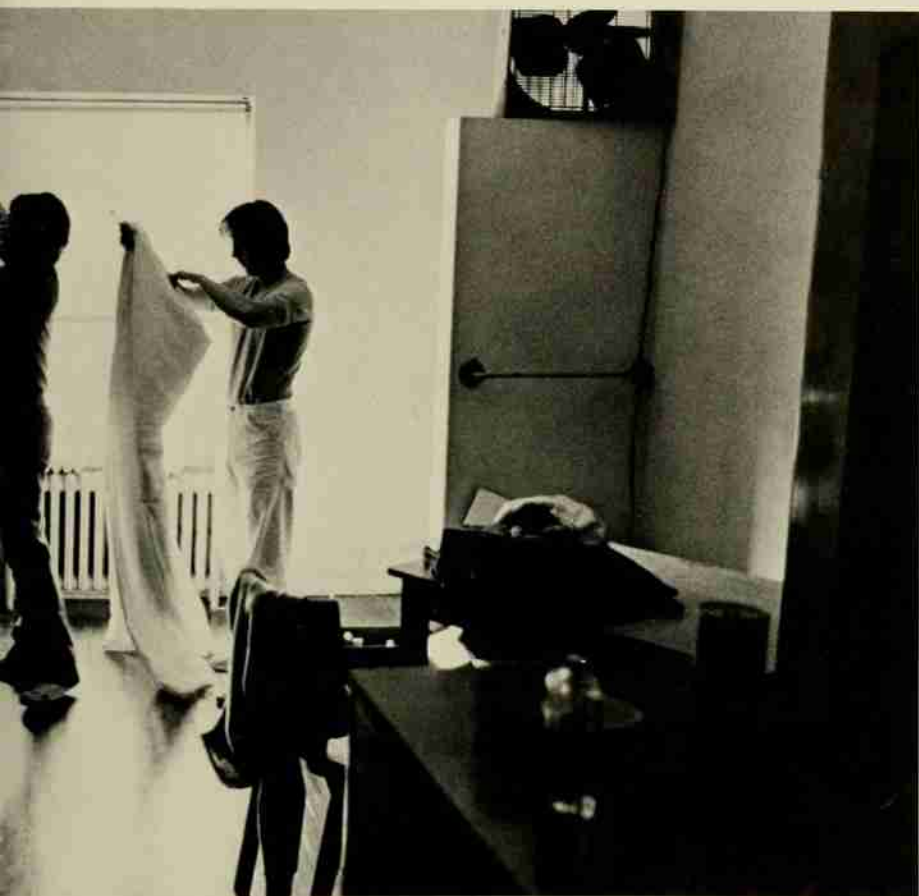
NORMAN DOGGETT



TOM LEHNER



JOHN TSANTES



NORMAN DOGGETT



JOHN TSANDES

Waking—sunlight streaming through my single window, I have a sense that it is late. My roommate's bed is rumpled, the tangled quilt mostly on the floor as usual. She is not there and I feel a mixture of relief and mild disappointment. Doors slam farther down the hall and people call their plans for the day to one another and exchange "Have a nice Day's". The hollow whooshing of the toilets and the clanging of buckets tells me that the bathroom's being cleaned. I think it must be around 10 o'clock. It is. The whine of the vacuum cleaner begins, at first far off and hushed but becoming slowly closer, louder and more maddening. Soon it will be nudging my door, nibbling at the space between the door and the sill. Needing to escape before the vacuum intrudes. I gather my robe and towels, deciding to shower. I have missed my first class. I may as well take my time. The bathroom door, propped open to create a draft between the exhaust fan and the hall window, reveals a cubicle of luminous chartreuse and white. The color stabs my eyes as I flip on the light. Funny how I am shocked by that color each time I open the door, though I do that at least five times a day. Ragged off-white excuses for curtains hang limply at each stall offering a remnant of privacy. The shower floor is gritty from that off-brand Ajax stuff with which it has just been scoured. The water is immediately warm. I always liked the way these showers worked, with one handle to control the degree of hot and cold. Safe. But I have forgotten to turn off the fan, and the breeze is chilling, no matter how warm I make the stream of water. Somebody comes in so I poke my head out and ask her

to turn off the fan please, which she does. I couldn't tell who it was because I don't wear my glasses in the shower. Deciding that I have been in long enough, and feeling sort of guilty for using all that water, I step out and dry off. My soap is cold and mushy, but I have to pick it up because I can't leave it in the soap dish. My room smells faintly of cigarettes, something I hadn't noticed when I awakened, I guess because I had been in there so long my nose was used to it. So I leave the door open, though I'm a funny, private sort of person who doesn't like people looking in at me most of the time. My roommate's absence is totally comfortable now. I am glad that I am not obligated to talk or listen, and the time that I have, just me and my room, gives me a sense of home and place that I need sometimes. I am reluctant to leave for class because I know that she will be here when I come back and my rapport with my tiny cubicle will be changed. But I do leave and tripping down the gloomy blue, black, brick and white stairwell into the sun, I am glad to be outside. I am apprehensive about walking through the courtyard because I am afraid and embarrassed by the verbal abuse that usually streams from the guys hovering in groups behind the innocent-looking windows. I consider going the back way and avoiding the courtyard altogether, but decide that that would be silly. So I cross my fingers and strike out. I get off pretty easy this trip with only a single catcall and proposition, which I am able to ignore. Over to Winston, over to Harrelson, back to Winston. What to do now. I decide to come back to my room, maybe to study, maybe to nap. Both are impossible. Volleyball noises sneak in my window. The voice

of Judy Collins floats through the wall. Squealing and giggling and mid-afternoon relief echoes from all corners of the dorm. So I decide to eat and read. My roommate is still not here. I feel that slight apprehension of being at ease but knowing that something is going to happen to tense you up. Sitting in the beanbag chair, just reading **Ragtime**, I take care of the lemon yogurt that I picked up at the snack bar, feeling slightly

nauseated as I get toward the bottom. I decide against the raspberry Zingers. Restless and unable to concentrate, I wander from my room to the balcony, wondering if I could get into the apparent joy of playing volleyball or sitting around half-nude drinking beer. I decide that I can't. I wander back from the balcony to my room. The room is sultry, and I lie on my bed, examining the dent in my ceiling and wondering



NELL MCCORMICK



MICHAEL O'BRIEN

how it got there. Thinking about other people living in my room is strange. I guess it seems that I have lived here always. Contemplating that deep concept of belonging, I fall asleep, despite Judy Collins and volleyball and the Flintstones. Waking—it is dark. How long have I slept? Long enough to keep me up all night I'm sure. Long enough to miss going to dinner. Long enough to miss the coming and going of my

roommate. **Gone to Alan's for dinner. Didn't want to wake you. Please tell Dan where I am if he calls. Back around 10.** The lights seem unnatural and harsh. Turkey or chicken pot pie. Turkey. No, chicken. I take the turkey pie out of the freezer and drag downstairs. Nobody is using the stove since most everybody's eaten, but the kitchen smells a little like green beans and the grease spatters on the surface of the stove

confirm that somebody's been here. The trash can's full of gross stuff—a Chef-Boy-Ar-Dee spaghetti box, two empty green-bean cans (aha!), some gluey egg shells, some cooked spaghetti noodles, a paper cup half-filled with grease, some Fanta cans. I add a turkey pie box. I put thirty cents in the drink machine and am surprised when the whirr and clunk delivers me a Dr. Pepper. Machines only work for me



about half the time. I am lucky today. Forty minutes is a long time to wait for supper in that dirty kitchen so I go outside to sit on the steps. Most people have gone in and the soft yellow glow from rows and rows of lighted windows is friendly, warm, safe. I belong here. I feel good here. A long-legged roach skitters across the sidewalk in front of me and I jump up and decide to go in. Dinner is ready and I carry it upstairs. I eat on my desk, listening to QDR and hoping for "Margaritaville." But before it comes on I hear the scratching of metal in my lock and yell "It's open." If the song does come on now it won't matter because I'll feel too stupid to sing along which is why I like "Margaritaville" in the first place. My roommate comes in and everything is suddenly different. Not really better or worse, just different. "How'd it go today?" O.K. I didn't get much done, just laid around. "Did you stay up real late last night or something? You didn't even move when I came in. I banged around and turned on the light. I thought you were dead." No, just sorta tired. "Well, let me tell you what happened to me today..."



NELL MCCORMICK

FRATERNITY HOMES SORORITY HOMES



DAVID TURNER

Damn! Seven o'clock already. Better get this alarm clock turned off before Big Boy wakes up. He always complains about me waking him up. How can I help it if I have to get up before ten o'clock. Sorry sot, all he does is party all night and sleep all day. Oh well, better get the move on. Want to get to the shower before someone else does. If anyone gets in there before I do, I'll be late for class. Good, no one here; everybody still in bed. I sure hope that there's some hot water this morning. Crap, no hot water! I'm going to bring this up at the house meeting tonight; we have to get this water heater fixed. Well, cold showers never hurt anyone...

I wonder what Mrs. B has for breakfast this morning. Her pancakes and sausage are the best. I hope that I can catch a ride to school. Maybe Lane will be going over...

Man! There sure are a lot of good looking ladies on campus this morning. Hey! There's that sweet thing I met at the mixer last week. Let me see now, was she from Sigma Kappa or A D Pi. Oh, what the hell! I haven't got time to talk this morning anyway...

Stroking it back to the house for lunch can be a pain, but anticipation of one of Mrs. B's good meals can make it all worthwhile—"What? Even The





Bird has managed to tear himself away from school to join us for a meal. What's that? Yeah. Yeah I know that I could take an example from you. Yes. I want to pull up the house average. Maybe you could say something to your pal Big Boy." Sheee—always on my back about my grades, but never a word to his pal Big Boy about his. Just because they went to the same high school together and Big Boy lets him drive his red bomb anytime he wants to go out—"ah, nuts to you Bird."

Ah ha, I see a B-ball game is forming outside. I think I will join for a little while. Never know, I may work off some of this beer gut. I need to start getting in shape for intramural season. We want to win that Chancellor's trophy this year and everyone has to do his part. Our pledge class has several good athletes in it. Yeah, those sorry, poor pitiful pledges. A misery suffered and endured only by fools and dumb-asses. How easy it is to forget about the time you spent yourself as a pledge. Oh the worries of pledging. And yes, do remind yourself of the fun of Hell Week, but I guess anything worth having is worth suffering for. Well, it's getting late. Better get those tables set before 6.00. I still can't believe it—dishes last week and suppers all this week...man is something screwed up. Damn you Python...Yeah...Dave it's all ready; you can call supper... "Any announcements?"..."Yeah, house function tonight." Oh hell, they remembered. Today's my birthday; no chance of getting away. Water hose, here I come!... Well, it's springtime, nice and warm, not like that night we threw Riley in the Meredith lake in November when it was 17°, all because he had asked this girl to marry him. Here they come! No use in fighting! Where's Riley? I know that he would want to be in on this. "All right fellas, take it easy—no, no Riley, just the hose! No ice water!—Ahhhhh."



JOHN TSANITES



DAVID TURNER



DAVID TURNER



HARRY LYNCH



DAVID TURNER



HARRY LYNCH

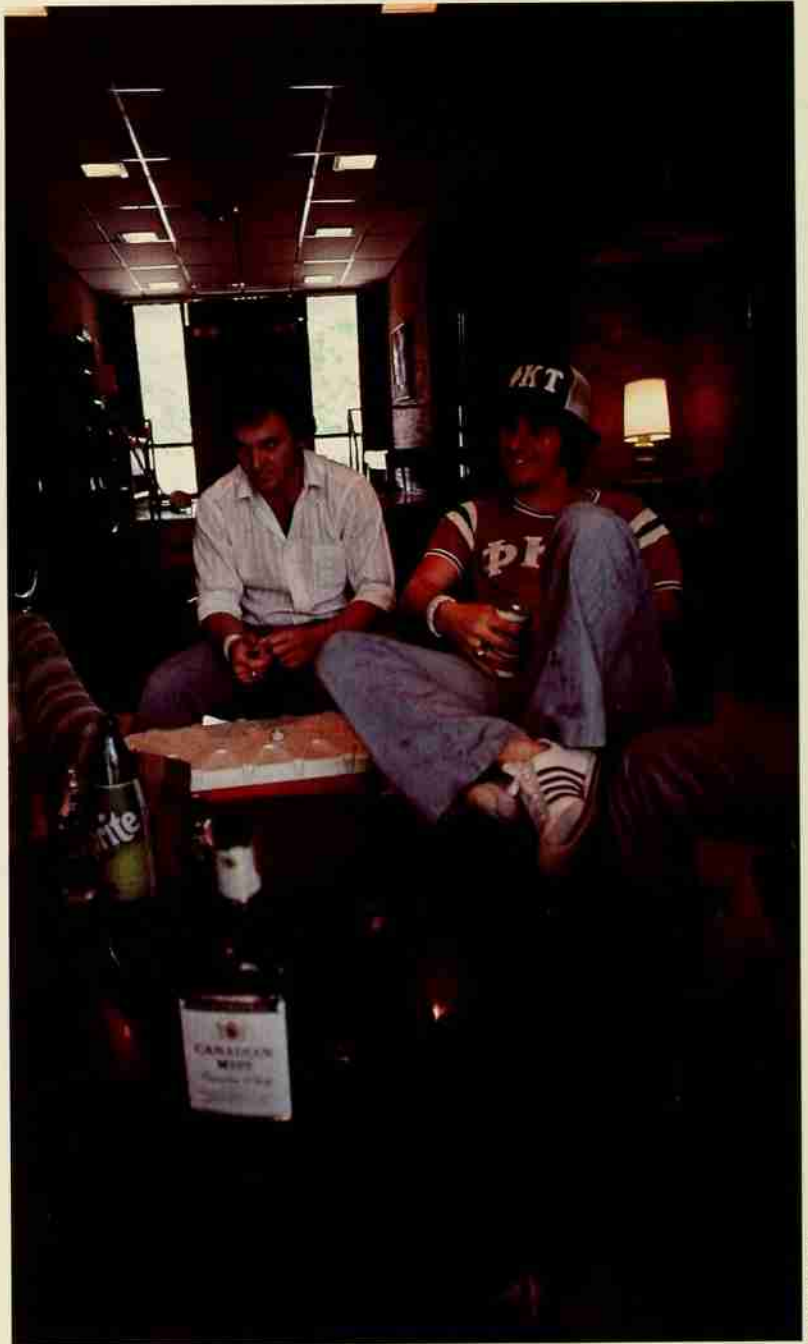


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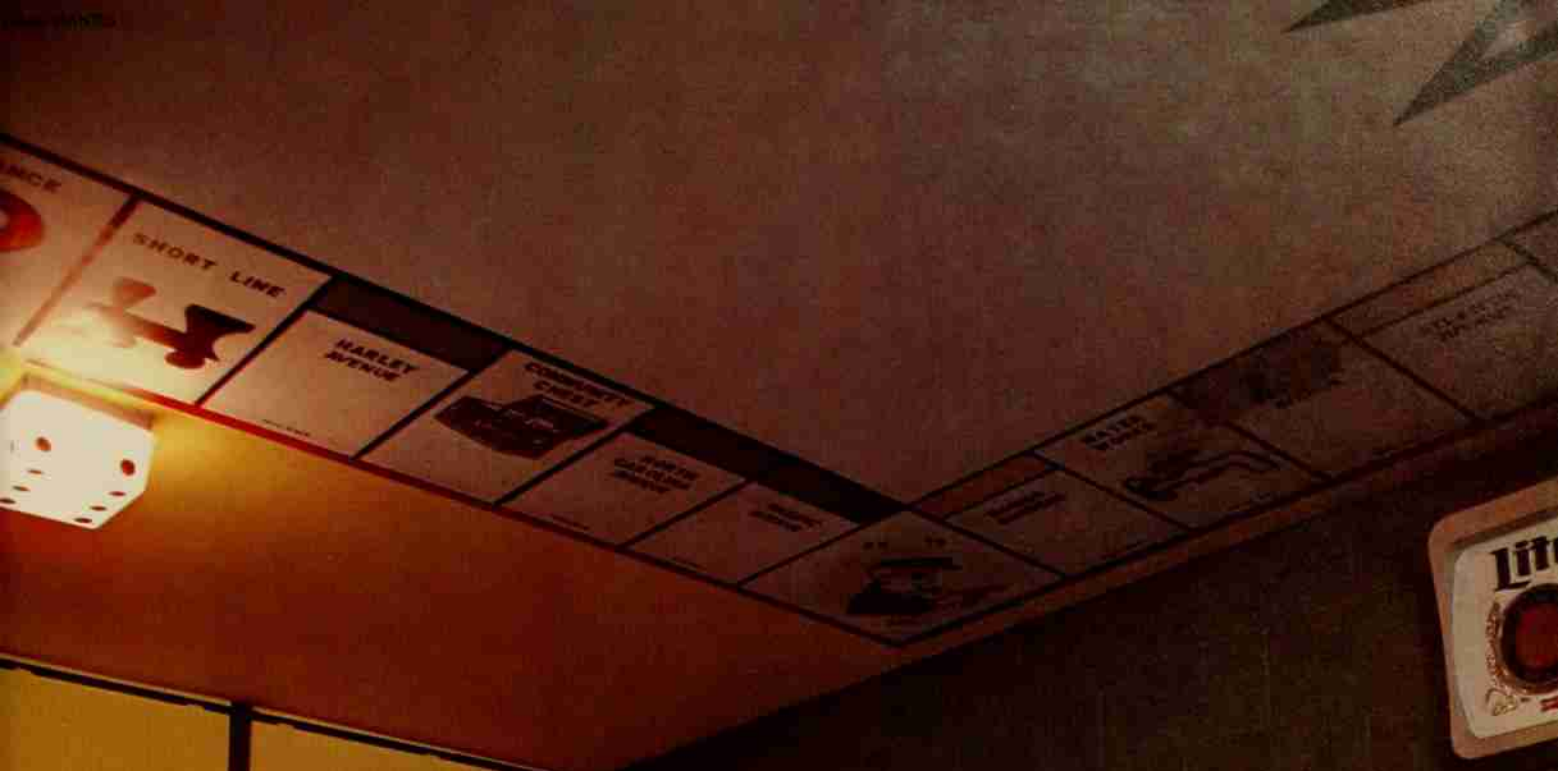
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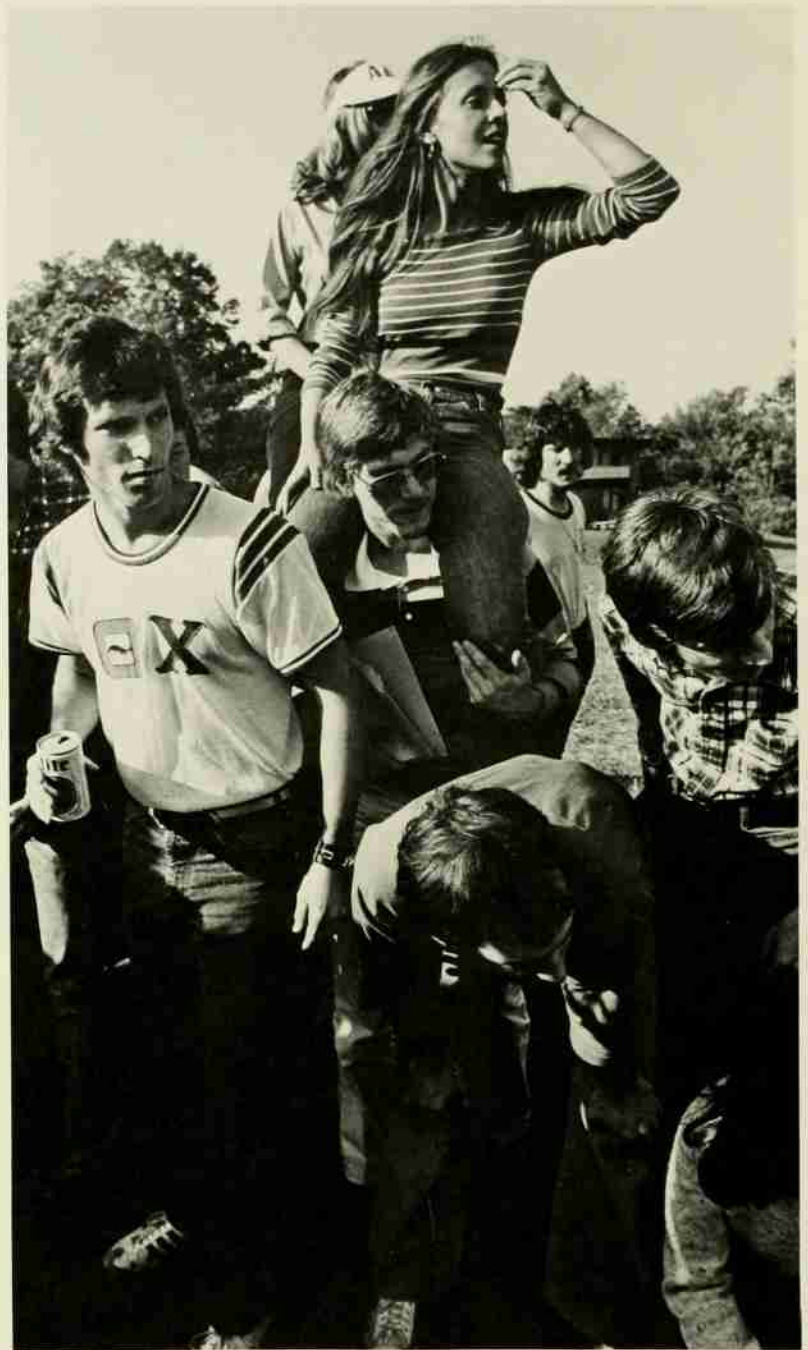
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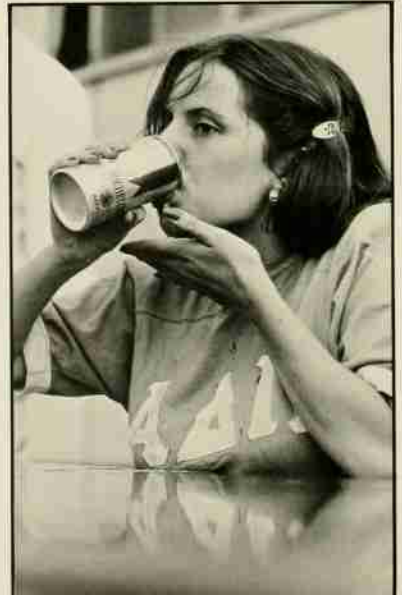
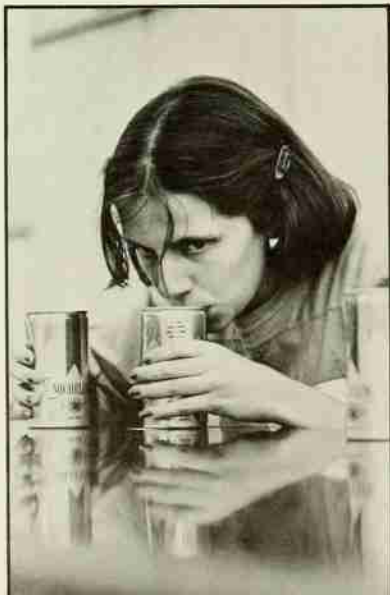
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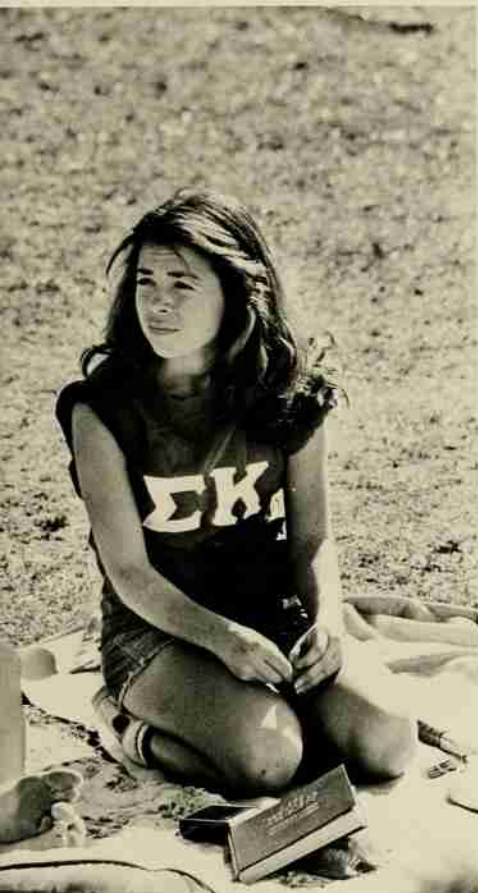
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ALL HARRY LYNCH





JOHN GOUGH



HARRY LYNCH



MARRIED STUDENT HOMES

**On Being Married While
Going to School or
What It's like Never Seeing the
Floor or
The Joys of Dishwashing or
What It's Like Being Married to a
Gourmet Cook**

David and I met last March 4th, the weekend before Spring Break. It was an unplanned sort of date that ended up in that traditional, bizarre, tying-down, responsibility-creating, maturity-finding, "love-joining," event called MARRIAGE.

Now don't get me wrong. So far I am not sorry we made the decision. After all, it's cheaper than living in a dorm, quieter, and there's a little more working space... Well, I know there have to be some more advantages, I just don't remember them right now.

And then, well, then there are the few disadvantages:

Buying groceries, cooking, washing dishes, dusting, emptying garbage, picking up David's clothes, changing the sheets, scrubbing out the toilet, bathtub and sink at least once a month, vacuuming, watering the plants, buying the groceries, cooking, washing dishes...

I knew David was messy and unorganized when we married. But for some strange reason I thought when we had a place of our own he would suddenly develop a little pride

in things and become neater for my sake. Well, to my surprise, I found out...

I WAS DEAD WRONG!

...but still I had hope...

Then, I had this theory—I'll just let his clothes pile up, leave his empty glasses and opened potato chips lying on the floor, towel thrown over the chair. I'll just pick up all my things and maybe it'll rub off on him. Well to my surprise, I found out...

I WAS DEAD WRONG!

But after all David and I do have a lot in common; we both have brown hair and eyes, we're both studying VD (that's visual design), we both like Dan Fogelberg, we both like sports, we both like our parents and family. I guess we have very similar backgrounds.

And yet, now I tend to think it was less our similarities and more our differences that created our marriage.

You see, David is somewhat of a comedian, a cartoonist, one of those people who just never grows up. Just the other night I went to call him to supper. He was out in the backyard playing kickball with a bunch of 4- and 5-year old kids, having just as much fun (or more) than any of them. Needless to say his game was more enticing than the thought of my "delicious meal." As I walked back to the apartment in desperation, a woman with three small

children asked me if David was my little boy. I replied, "He's not a day over ten!"

Then, as for myself, I guess I'm the member of the team that falls on the serious side (of course anyone would in comparison to David)—the responsible, punctual, list-making, industrious side. I take great pride in taking on many activities at once and getting them all done to the best of my ability. I suppose that might be stretching it a bit because occasionally I like to skip a class, go out to eat, let the dishes go unwashed for a day, or even not wash my hair. Oh well, nobody's perfect!

David's the kind of guy who can in Hugh Prather's terms "Enjoy picking lint balls off the carpet."

Punctuality. It was one of the little things I had to learn to live without. I guess it wouldn't be too bad except for the fact that David and I have all our classes together except one. That's right, all but one. That's because we're both so in love that we can't bear to be apart for one minute of the day. Actually, it's because we are both studying visual design and the choice of courses is rather limited. In that way our marriage is a 24 hour thing, except for most visits of the John and one 3 hour period/week.

There is one advantage to my being a bit more intent on punctuality than David. Every morning I roll out of bed first and drag into the bathroom to take a hot bath and wash my hair. You say what's the advantage? Well, in our apartment we seldom get more than one tub of hot water/morning. Therefore, I get hot clean water and David gets cold dirty water...

plus 15 extra minutes of sleep.

I never will forget the first night David and I slept together on our fold-out sofa bed in our "little" efficiency apartment, of course for some obvious reasons, but for one other one too. On our little sofa bed in our little efficiency apartment (kitchen, den, dining room, and bedroom all rolled into one) there were two steel supporting rods which uncontrollably cut through the mattress right into the small of my back and the middle of my calves, hardly the case of the princess and the pea!

After that night we have pulled the mattress off the couch and slept on the floor, and I'll have to admit that's one chore I don't have to do. However, the mattress usually remains on the floor at least 5 out of 6 days.

In all our time living here (at King Village) we haven't made any close adult friends; I guess that's mainly due to the majority of our time being spent in design studio. However we do have many friends in the children. The children here are unique, for most of them at ages of 3 and 4 speak two languages fluently, (as fluently as 3 and 4 year olds can speak). Regardless of their many home countries they all play together harmoniously, unprejudiced, unnoticing of their difference in color, feature, and accent. At

times I can really enjoy just sitting and watching them laugh and giggle, playing their games. Watching and playing with the children can be so much fun. They're so curious, observant, totally absorbed in what they're doing however pointless or silly it may seem to us. Filling a bucket with sand, pouring it out, filling it again...on and on...Maybe in their yet uncluttered, uncultured minds they know more than we.

Once you are married you no longer have any private, personal possessions except for, of course, old love letters and usually David doesn't monopolize my bras and panties. And there is one thing that I am never to consider ours—that's David's camera. I've almost come to believe it will take pictures for no one but him. Other than that, everything is ours. To put it lightly, this takes some getting used to, especially when you buy an \$18 rapidograph set and it suddenly disappears. Actually it's probably not missing, it's just become a part of David's six month mountain of paper, rulers, markers, etc. on and in his studio desk. Once something finds a vacant corner there, it can just as well be considered lost!

Last night David and I went to a concert. Somehow I just didn't feel as if I belonged to the throng of blue-jeaned, lanky legged people. They were probably my age or older, but for some reason I felt much their senior. I guess it must be the extra years being married has added to my way of looking at things.

For some reason or other, before we were married David's comments on my physical appearance were generally very ego-inflating. Now it seems I have lost the mystical aura of the sweetheart and "gained"

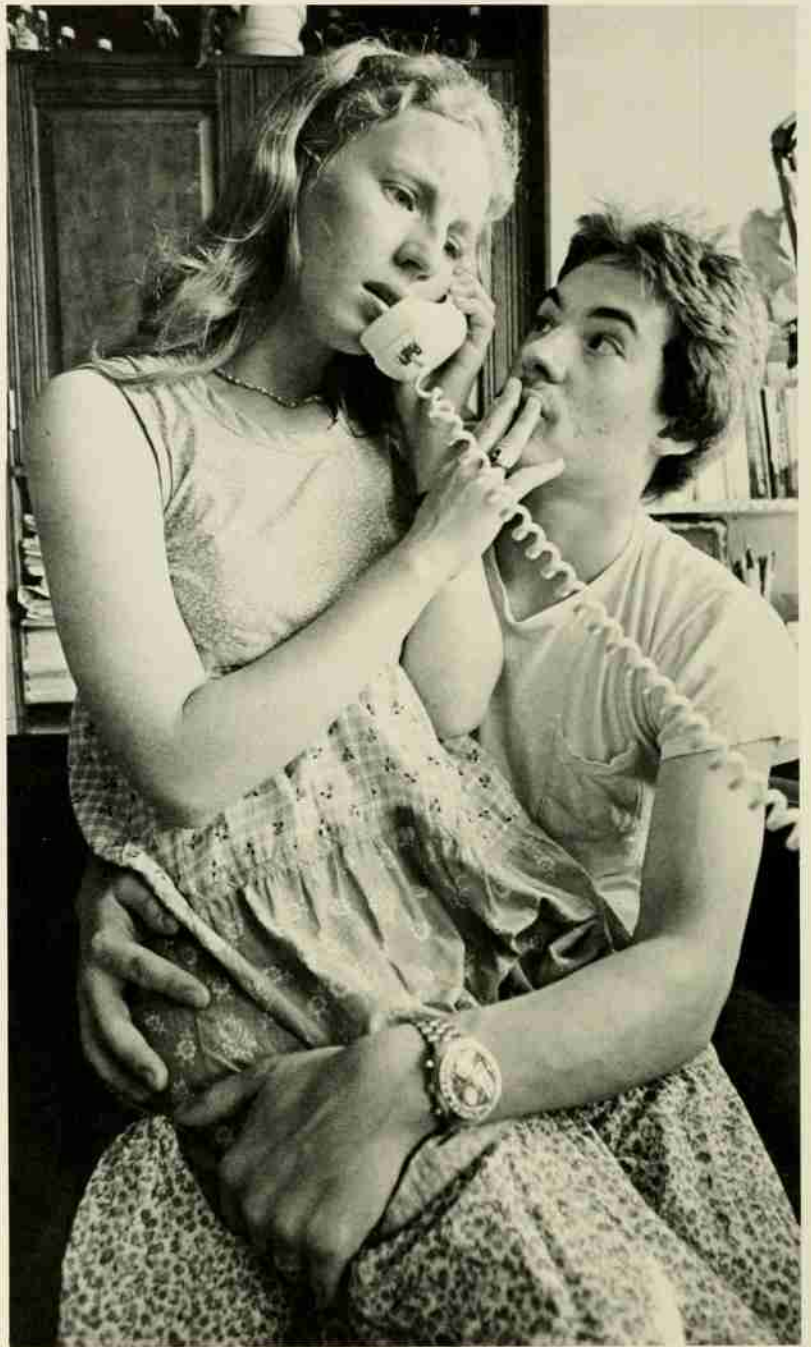
the status of a wife. Not a day goes by that David doesn't say to me, "I'll divorce you if you ever get fat!"

Before David and I were married (when was that?) he used to play me romantic love songs and we'd go on picnics by the lake. Now all I hear is "Fuzzy Wuzzy Worms" and occasionally, or shall I say rarely, he will fix me a sandwich.

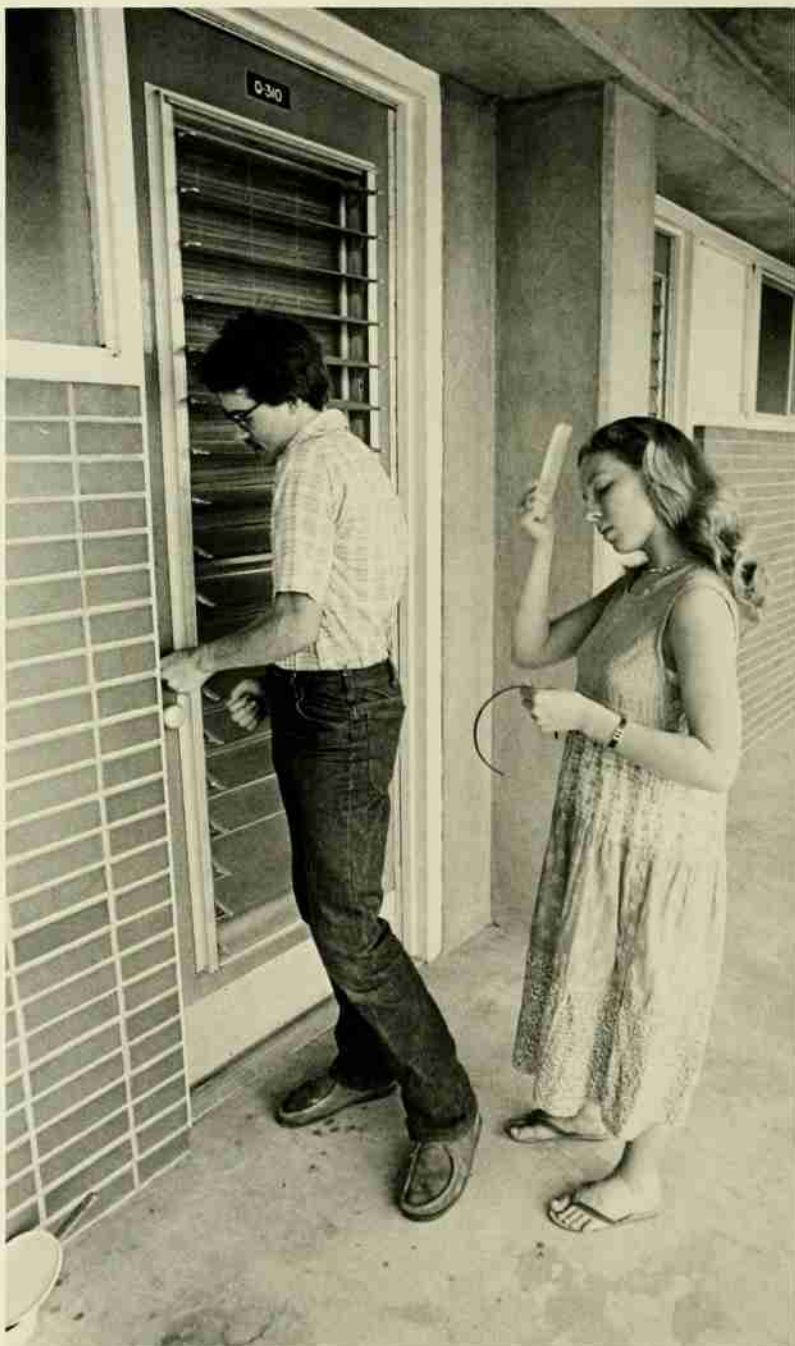
Monday nights I have a 3 hour class, so at the beginning of the semester we planned that David would cook supper on that night. In the entire four months, he cooked hamburgers once and we've eaten out every other time. Oh well, it was a good idea!

In conclusion, I must add a serious note. Being married and going to school overall has been a positive experience; at least for now I wouldn't choose to change things. That is not to say that I view marriage as a temporary arrangement. With love, work, and primarily a little give and take being married is a beautiful experience!

Love is an activity
not a passive effect;
It is a "standing in,"
not a "falling for."
In the most general way
the active character of love
can be described by stating
that love is
giving and not
Receiving.
—Erich Fromm







ALL MICHAEL O'BRIEN



am beginning to realize that I am not to leave my jeans on the floor. Doing this sometimes gets strange results. Joyce has even cried when I left my dirty socks on the kitchen table. I'll never understand women!

Joyce's sense of humor does not exactly coincide with mine. My comment, "Take my wife—Please!" holds no special place in her heart.

I am doing many things differently now. I usually eat better (before it was Two Guys three times a week. That's changed now and that alone is a good reason for getting married.) I sleep better (sometimes). I also still observe the opposite sex. But always with a more experienced eye.

I have learned that Joyce isn't exactly the perfect person either. She doesn't always smell of perfume now. Her hair is occasionally out of place. Her eyes aren't always perfect and now and then it is hard to get into the bathroom...

She stays upset more often now than before. She very often will voice her opposition to certain habits of mine that didn't disturb her so before we were married. One is my habit of popping my knuckles, fingers, wrists, elbows, neck, back, feet, ankles, toes, etc...

Saturday nights are different too. We used to go out and see a movie or go dancing or just over to the Square to sit and talk. Now we sit at home and watch Carol Burnett or read the past weeks' **Technicians**. One memorable Saturday night consisted of pulling out our wedding china and looking at it.

Sometimes it seems as though very little has changed. But that's when I realize that I will not necessarily turn from watching *Gomer Pyle* just because a woman is undressing in the same room.



I've learned a great deal since December 23, 1976. And though some of this could be credited to the wonderful and exciting education I'm receiving at North Carolina State University, I'm afraid that this alone is not the answer. You see, that fateful day was the day of my marriage to Joyce.

Indeed, I've learned so many things. I've learned that I am a rather "messy" person. I'm still not sure I understand, but I





AT LEAST ONE PAIR OF TENNIS SHOES

When it comes to sports I am a fairly ignorant person who was only initiated to their importance upon arriving at State. My previous experience consisted totally of being the only kid on the block with a concrete basketball court. Which didn't exactly prepare me for the Saturday afternoon mania in Carter Stadium. Or the wild anxiety of warm nights in Reynolds Coliseum. The coliseum did get warm.

Players change and fans change but some things about our love of sports never change. People are still willing to freeze their butts off spending the weekend around the ticket offices, sacrificing comfort and sleep in exchange for camaraderie and good seats.



They are still willing to fight their way through the masses for a one-foot space in the beating sun or freezing wind in Carter Stadium. And they even climb on dusty, grungy buses or get to take in the scenery on the beltline for about one hour longer than they'd like to. Once there, the players look like ants, for once again the Wolfpack Clubbers have bought up all the good seats, with the dregs left for the student. After all everybody knows students have better eyes, and are more adept with binoculars. The same thing happens in Reynolds, except that the distance from student to player is not so great. The players have grown to the size of Japanese beetles. Besides, some lucky students may actually get

sideline seats.

There are other sports besides football and basketball and they probably fascinate as many people as the major two, though never so many at one time. In the spring the hill facing the tennis courts was covered with people. The humid natatorium covered lots of fans as they egged on swimmers and divers. People flocked to the west side of Lee to follow lacrosse, soccer, and sometimes rugby. Armed with blankets and coolers, we established our territory on the sidelines and settled in for an afternoon of fun in the sun.

Watching sports was a lot of fun and took up a lot of our entertainment-allotted time, but participating was just as important. On a campus where

every room contains at least one pair of tennis shoes (probably Adidas), recreating was something most everybody did. Whether playing a varsity sport, a club sport, an organized team sport or a personal sport, we gave ourselves over to the sweat and breathlessness. We played tennis and intramural football and softball. We ran on the track, skateboarded, tossed frisbees, rode bicycles. We took PE courses in bodybuilding and badminton. We had a good time. We should have won an award for having the greatest number of physically fit people congregated on one campus in any given time.

Don't put away those tennis shoes.

Articles in this section by:

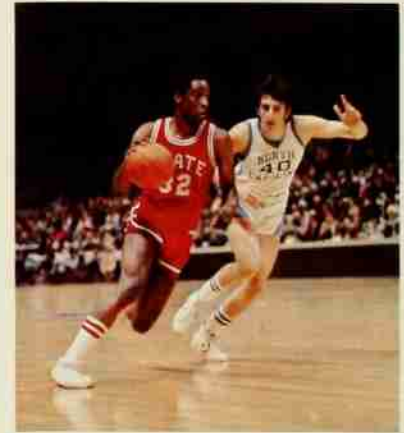
Daphne Hamm
David Carroll
Jimmy Carroll
Charles Lassiter



State's 1976 football team was supposed to have tremendous potential, but 10 weeks after the season started Wolfpack supporters left Carter Stadium with the bitter taste of a 3-7-1 season in their mouths. A program that Lou Holtz had guided to four straight bowl games plummeted under new head coach Bo Rein, with the Pack losing its first three games including the season-opener with Furman. State's football team seemed stunned and speechless by the slow beginning, not really showing its true potential before it beat North Carolina 21-13 in Chapel Hill. The Pack's only other victories were over less-than-ferocious Indiana and Clemson. There were numerous reasons for State's sudden downfall. Perhaps the Wolfpack's most glaring weakness was its treadmill of fumbles. They broke the ACC record for fumbles in a season, dropping 52. The defense, which seldom had enough time to catch its breath before heading back onto the field, gave up a whopping 400 yards per game. But all was not bleak for the Pack. Individually, sophomore Ted Brown ran for 1,088 yards, Johnny Evans was second in the nation in punting with an impressive 46.1 yards per punt average and senior Ron Banther sparkled with his spirited defensive play. So Rein is not about to push the panic button because of one disappointing season.



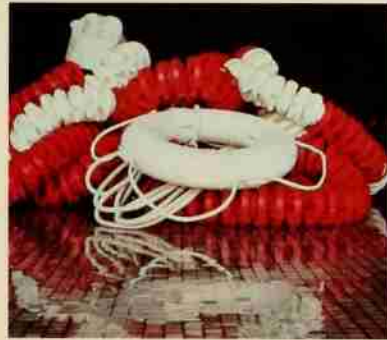
Americans usually consider themselves chic or hip. They normally catch on to the worldwide trend whether it be in food, music, clothing, art or sports. Stop, Jacko America. Look Again. Soccer, long the world's most popular sport and possibly the most dangerous, has taken a backseat to the American version of football thus far and all signs are that things will stay that way until the Orange Bowl freezes over. Nobody understands exactly why this is so, especially when you consider America's thirst for violence. Witness a soccer match and you'll see a reckless show of perpetual motion, without any protective helmets, shoulder pads, shinguards or mouth pieces to protect the athletes from the inevitable fate—pain. Torment is simply taken for granted in the sport that Pele has tried in vain to make popular in the USA. State's once dilapidated soccer program came of age in 1975, carving out a solid 6-3-2 mark including a thrilling victory over North Carolina. But this year the team reverted to many of its old losing ways, finishing the season with a mediocre 6-7 record after jumping out to a quick 3-1 start. The brightest moments of the season were a victory against Duke and a 2-1 overtime win at Carolina.



State's 1976-77 basketball season ran the gamut, including almost everything except a national ranking. There were big victories over second-ranked North Carolina, nationally-ranked Wake Forest and occasionally-powerful Maryland, embarrassing defeats to the Tar Heels and Michigan State, with a whole lot of heartbreaking losses and easy non-conference wins sandwiched in between. But despite the young Wolfpack's inconsistency, this year's team provided as much excitement, if not more than any of its predecessors. There was temperamental All-America Kenny Carr, who won the ACC scoring title for the second year in a row and destroyed his opponents with awesome sprees when he put his mind to it. There were the sensational newcomers Hawkeye Whitney, Clyde "The Glide" Austin, Tony Warren and Brian Walker who stepped right in and contributed immediately. After the smoke had cleared on a 17-11 season which ended with a 70-56 loss to Carolina in the semi-final of the ACC tournament, several players decided for various reasons to leave State. Dirk Ewing and Brothers Steve and Brian Walker decided to transfer to other schools because of personal conflicts with Sloan. Carr applied for hardship status in the NBA draft, while guard Al Green decided he would probably concentrate on track.



Fan interest soared, and with it, so did they. Reaching new heights, the women's basketball players made an even greater impression than a year before in Kay Yow's first season as head coach. The Wolfpack achieved another state championship, a third-place regional finish, a #10 national ranking and a 21-3 record. Sixteen players contributed, and all were talented. The team was close knit. Its three losses were to nationally ranked teams, Immaculata (95-90 in overtime), Maryland and Tennessee Tech. A three-point loss to Tennessee Tech kept the Wolfpack out of the national championship tournament, a fact that closed a brilliant season with a bitter taste. The highlight of the season was the eighth game, when 4,000 fans braved a miniature blizzard to watch Sherri Pickard hit an 18-footer at the buzzer to send the Wolfpack into overtime against third-ranked Immaculata. Though the Pack eventually lost, its rally from 19 points down in the second half proved its character. Two Wolfpack players were selected by the five coaches to the 10-man all-state team, freshman Genia Beasley and sophomore Cristy Earnhardt. Crowd favorites were the energetic Young twins, Kaye and Faye. Their hustle was enough for two people, and they slaved to improve on every facet of their game.



In the darkness before dawn, the well-conditioned bodies in the water pushed themselves harder, oblivious to the outside world that rested snug under cover in the icy early-morning hours of winter. They were training judiciously without any fanfare. Their swift movements were punctuated by an occasional shrill blast of a whistle or instructional barking from their drill-sergeant-like coach, Don Easterling, who has guided the men to seven straight ACC titles. They are State's men's and women's swimming teams, a talented congregation of three Olympians, 12 All-Americans and numerous Atlantic Coast Conference and state record-holders. They come from all over the country to compete in a program that has one of the best traditions in existence. This year the men swept through the ACC competition, rolling up an impressive 10-1 record before finishing the season ranked 11th in the nation. The Pack women, in only their second season ever, went unbeaten in regular season meets and finished the 1976-77 campaign as the eighth best women's collegiate team. Highlights of the swimming season were the men's team's victories over powerful Auburn and SMU and the men's and women's doubleheader sweep over Carolina. The swimmer's sterling performances indicated that for them dedication pays off.



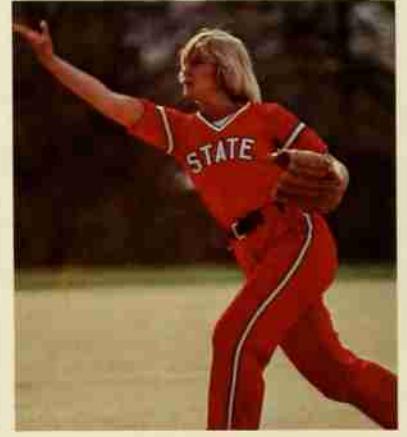
Nothing good comes cheap, and the recent success of State's wrestling program is no exception. The upswing of the program is attributable to the hard work of the people involved—the wrestlers and the coaches. In what could hardly be called fun afternoons, Wolfpack wrestlers spent countless hours conditioning. They practiced intricate moves and counter moves, hoping to find a key which could make them winners. In the toughest type of one-on-one competition, wrestlers strained against evenly matched opponents, hoping those hours of practice would pay off, trying to dominate, or at least to keep from being dominated. But it's often said that the best laid plans of mice and men often go astray. State ended up a good season on a sour note, as they failed to regain their conference championship, and scored poorly in the nationals as well. The Pack went into the ACC tournament with four top seeded wrestlers, and two second place seeds. As it turned out, State finished with three conference champs, and a fourth place finish in the ACC tournament.



In fencing, the sport that reminds most students of either sword fighting or The Three Musketeers, State had a year that was just so close to being successful. If only inexperience hadn't crept up at all the worst times, a 6-4 team that finished fourth in the ACC could have easily gone places. With a few more points here or there, this would have clearly been State's best fencing year ever. The youthful Wolfpack was lead by captain Rodney Irizarry, Steve Dickman and freshman whiz Bill Gelnaw in foil and Peter Vallerio in sabre. Gelnaw traveled to the NCAA tournament and came home with an impressive tenth place finish. The women fencers enjoyed a better season than the men, posting a solid 9-4 record and receiving an invitation to the nationals. Diane Knolbach, 49-9 during the regular season, led the charge with support from Kay Warren, Terri Younger and Mandi Bennett. The highlights of their season, as in all sports on this campus, was beating arch-rival North Carolina 9-7 in the final match of the season.



State's baseball team started the season with more anticipation than a politicians campaign workers. And the Wolfpack got off to a good start, harboring an 11-game win streak at one stretch in early March, only to give way to inconsistency in almost every phase of its game one ACC play started. State got off on the wrong foot when it lost a heart-breaking 2-1 battle at North Carolina in its first conference game. The Pack finished the season with an overall record of 27-12 and an ACC mark of 7-7, which was good for a mediocre fourth place finish in the conference standings. State's unpredictable play continued into the ACC tournament, with the Pack winning over Carolina in the opening round, losing to Clemson in the next, beating Maryland after that, only to be eliminated by the powerful Tigers. There were some positive aspects in the season, however, in addition to the win streak and occasional flashes of brilliance. Rightfielder Dick Chappell once again provided leadership and made All-ACC. Freshman pitcher John Skinner emerged as one of the best, if not the best, hurler in the league. And after going two seasons without winning the ACC baseball title, State appears to have the potential to challenge for the championship again.



Most people think of softball as a game played at a leisurely pace after a picnic lunch. But anyone who witnessed the determined efforts of the Wolfpack nine at cozy Red Diamond this spring knows that the State women didn't mess around. After capturing the state softball title in their initial season in 1976, the Wolfpack had a couple of bad breaks, but nonetheless still finished second in the state. Kay Yow's club piled up an impressive 25-4 mark and won the Appalachian State and N. C. State Invationals. Of course, the leader of the team was the school's lone three-sport star, second baseman Sheri Pickard, who hit with consistency and fielded with flair. Also giving solid support were third baseman Joy Ussery, outfielder Gloria Allen, first baseman Jan Moore and pitcher Connie Langley. You may not see them chewing tobacco and spitting it out like their male counterparts, but you can bet that State's women's softball team plays with every bit as much intensity as any baseball player.



As State tennis star John Sadri battled his way to the ACC number one singles title here before a howling, highly-partisan Wolfpack crowd, it was obvious from his sharp backhand and confident expression that tennis was on the verge of national prominence in Wolfpack country. Sadri had become the first State netter to capture an ACC singles title and the vocal Pack fans had shown their enthusiastic support. Additionally, State had won a number of other ACC matches and surged to a second place finish in the ACC tournament. Not bad for a team that was long the doormat of the ACC. There were many highlights during the regular season. There was an impressive 8-1 victory over nationally-ranked Georgia during the early portion of State's 17-3 year. There was the emergence of freshmen whizzes John Joyce and Matt McDonald along with the continued improvement of sophomores Scott Dillon and Carl Bumgardner. And if you think the Pack was good this year, just wait 'til they come on the courts next season. All of their players return and only one conference match is on the road. The gap between North Carolina and the Wolfpack had been closed considerably, with many people believing State can outdo the Tar Heels' string of titles next year. Tennis anyone? The Wolfpack is ready to serve.



State's golf team this year had its ups-and-downs. The State golfers rose to heights that they had never reached before, capturing the Duke Fall Tournament, the Greater Myrtle Beach Invitational and the Iron Duke Tournament while consistently beating perennial power Wake Forest. But they also sank to a tremendous low point in their season when they faltered and finished fourth in the ACC tournament behind North Carolina, Maryland and Wake Forest. At the end of the season, they finished third in the prestigious Chris Schenkel Invitational, faring better than many national powers that received invitations to the NCAA tournament. Senior Bill Hamilton and Tom Reynolds provided the brightest moments. Hamilton was the medalist at the Big Four Tournament while Tom Reynolds won the Myrtle Beach Invitational and came in second in the ACC tournament. Wolfpack coach Richards certainly has a strong golf program with a very bright future. With a couple of strokes of luck, they could win the ACC title next year now that Wake Forest's reign of invincibility seems to have ended.



Most people think stickmen are something bored adolescents draw in their notebooks while the teacher lectures about multiplication tables and the compound sentence. That is, if they haven't witnessed a lacrosse match. It's physical like football, except they don't wear padding. It's fast-paced like hockey, except they run on grass rather than skate on ice. There are goaltenders like in soccer and hockey. They move the little ball with a stick that has a net on the end of it so they can catch the ball like they have a baseball glove. Sounds interesting doesn't it? Sandwiched in between Doak field and Lee Dorm is State's lacrosse field, a place where quite a few people gathered to sunbathe, drink six-packs and watch the 1977 Wolfpack lacrosse team make great strides in its young program. They captured their first winning season with a 10-4 mark. They were ranked in the nation's top twenty for the first time, finishing 14th. They garnered their first ACC win ever, coming from behind to beat Duke, 16-14, in a very exciting game. In fact, State's victory over the Blue Devils, more than anything else, symbolizes the arrival of lacrosse on the Wolfpack campus. As was the case all season long, State's stickmen never gave up and wound up winning the game, and perhaps more significantly, winning the hearts of the fans.



The essence of endurance is that point of anguish at which those who have trained the hardest and have the most within themselves generally perform the best. It's one individual competing against another, with only his or her own flaws and nature intervening. You don't need a whole lot of expensive equipment in track and field. Just put on a pair of shorts and a tee shirt and go see who can do best the basic things that man had done since creation—running, jumping, and throwing. After finishing second to Maryland for two consecutive years, State dropped to third place at the ACC meet in the spring. All-America shot putter Bob Medlin attracted the most attention probably because he's proven he's one of the strongest athletes ever to perform in the conference, being ACC Champion four straight years. And Al Green, the leaping basketball player from Harlem, proved he was the swiftest, sprinting to the ACC 100 meter championship. All-America shot putter LeBaron Caruthers also achieved success and finished second to Medlin in the conference meet. Recently, the Wolfpack has appeared on the verge of becoming a powerful track team. With coach Jim Wescott's persavance and his athlete's total dedication, State probably has the best chance—if anyone ever does—of overtaking the Terrapins.



Rugby is the English version of football, and is one of the oldest and roughest sports in existence. Players throw the ball to teammates behind them as they move toward the goal line trying to score. When someone is tackled, they have a scrum, which consists of the referee placing the ball on the ground with the players circling around him, diving in, pushing and shoving to get control of the ball. The ball is somewhat rounder and larger than a football. Rugby is a vigorous game played with rare enthusiasm, endurance and spirit. Played for fun, rugby is not as organized as a varsity sport, yet draws a sizeable number of Wolfpack fans. Rugby is also one of the few sports that come to mind where the opponents go out and party with each other afterwards.

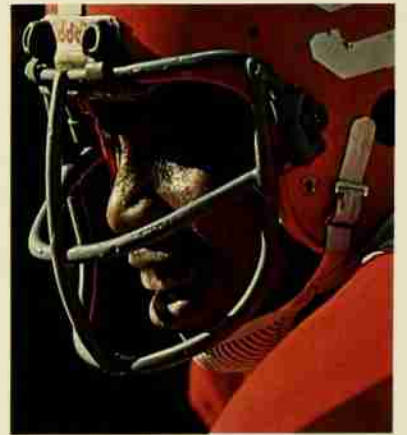
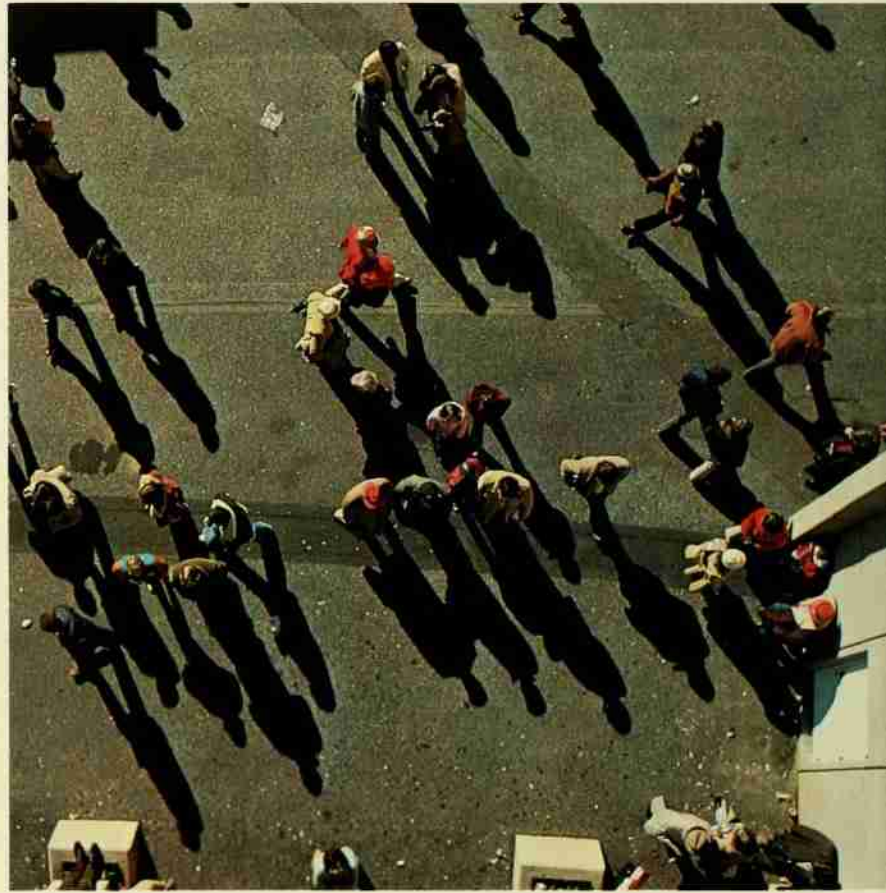
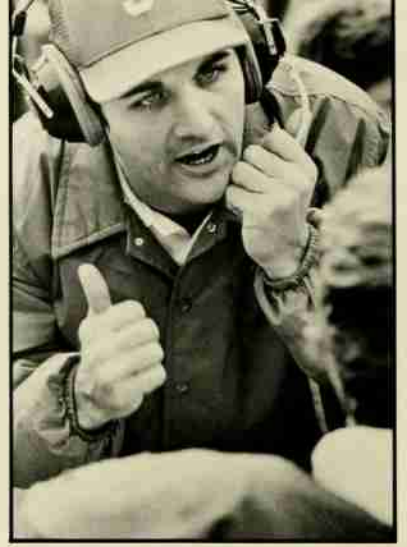


Participation. That is what sports is all about. You don't have to be a star who can sink a 25-foot jumper or throw a football fifty yards. You just have to want to have fun. That is what makes intramural programs at State so special. Whatever the sport, be it softball or tiddlywinks, if there are enough students who want to have an organized league they can have one. The intramural fields are dotted with players of many different sports on any given afternoon. There are fraternity teams, dorm teams and independent teams. Winning becomes a matter of group pride, often lending prestige to a particular dorm hall or frat group.



Exercise may sometimes mean straining your muscles and being out of breath. It may even make you sacrifice physical comfort. But for all the agonizing moments you suffer through running, jumping, lifting weights, doing sit-ups, etc. you get back a thousand times more joy by being healthy. Having complete control of your own movements. Being able to dance almost endlessly without panting or feeling dizzy. The simple thrill of being able to run around playing all day like a kid without going home feeling like an old man. In short, being able to experience life to its fullest, without giving way to tiring lungs, weak legs or a spare tire around your belly. It may not be easy to get healthy, but almost nothing worthwhile is attained without a little bit of anguish.

I'VE NEVER HAD TO END A SEASON WITH THIS FEELING. MAYBE FORGETTING IT IS THE BEST THING. MAYBE THINKING ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED AND TRYING TO CORRECT IT IS BEST. I DON'T KNOW.





ALL HARRY LYNCH





ALL HARRY LYNCH



HARRY LYNCH



MICHAEL O'BRIEN



STEVE CAINES



MICHAEL O'BRIEN

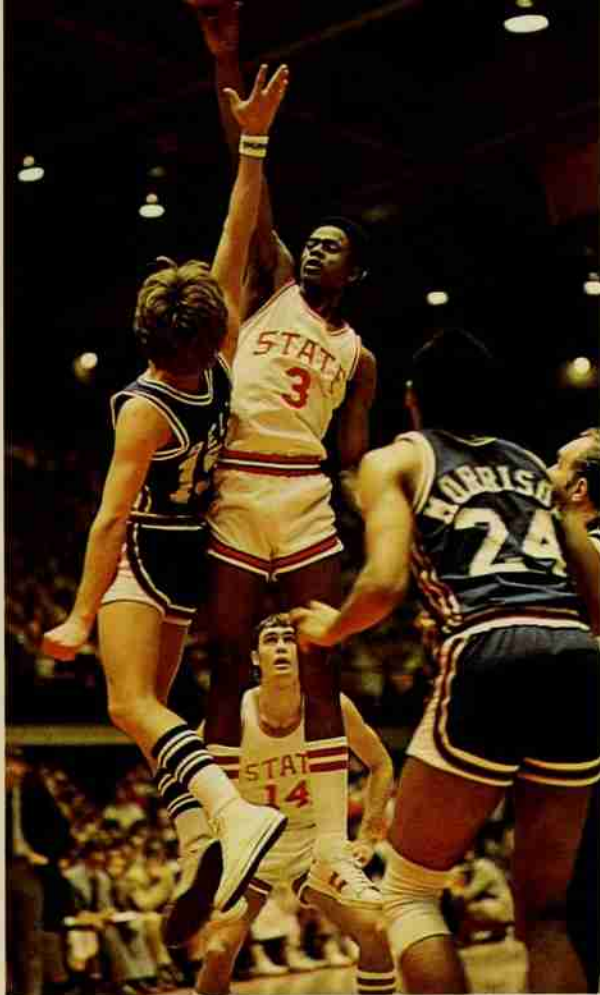
HARRY LYNCH



SOCCER IS A SIMPLE FLOW OF MOVEMENT AND ABSENCE OF PROPS. MINUS STICKS AND BATS, HELMETS AND PADS, SOCCER SEEMS TO SURVIVE ON COMRADESHIP AND TEAM EFFORT ALONE. FEET AND KNEES, SHOULDERS AND STRONG HEADS WILL DO.



ALL HARRY LYNCH



EVERYBODY HAS THEIR THINGS
IN LIFE. BASKETBALL IS MINE.
PEOPLE HAVE HOBBIES THEY
WANT TO GET TO WHEN THEY
GET OFF WORK. BASKETBALL IS
MINE.



MICHAEL O'BRIEN



HARRY LYNCH



MICHAEL O'BRIEN

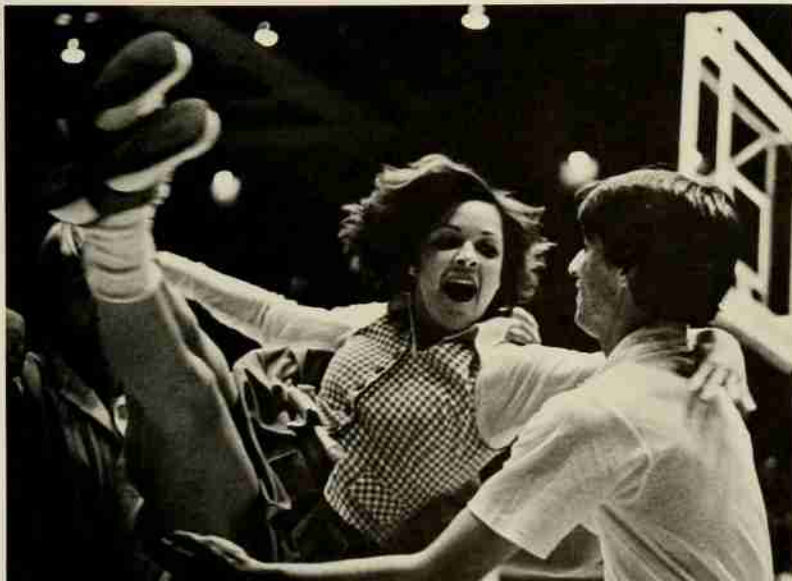




HARRY LYNCH



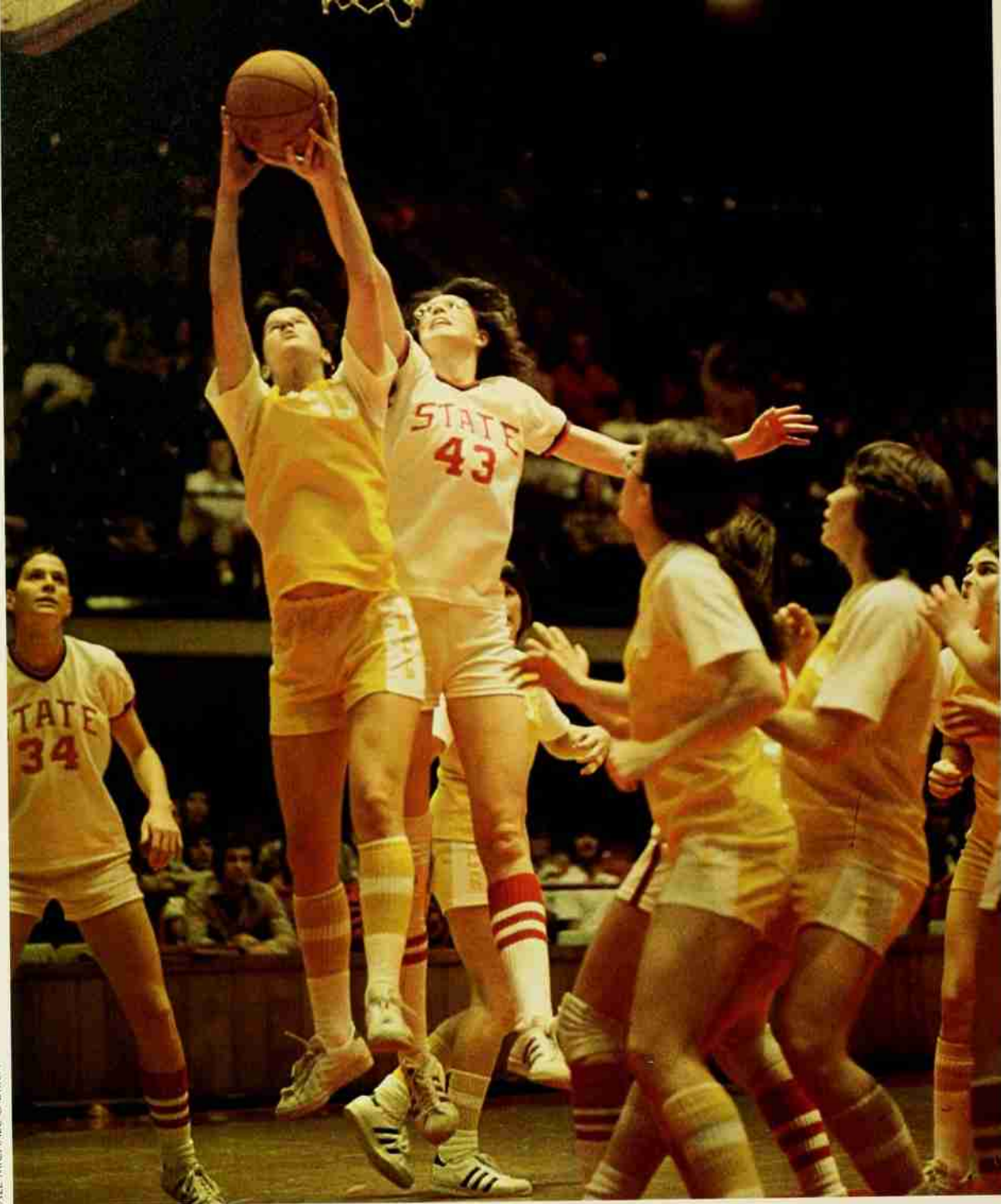
HARRY LYNCH



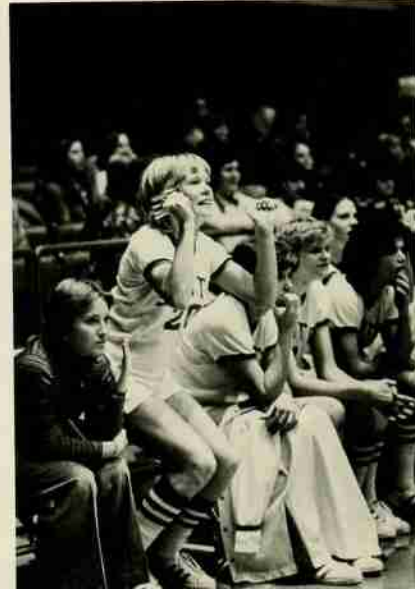
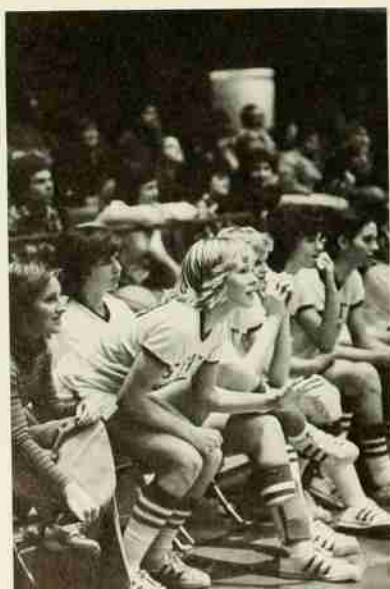
JOHN COULICH



HARRY LYNCH



ALL MICHAEL O'BRIEN





HARRY LYNCH



HARRY LYNCH

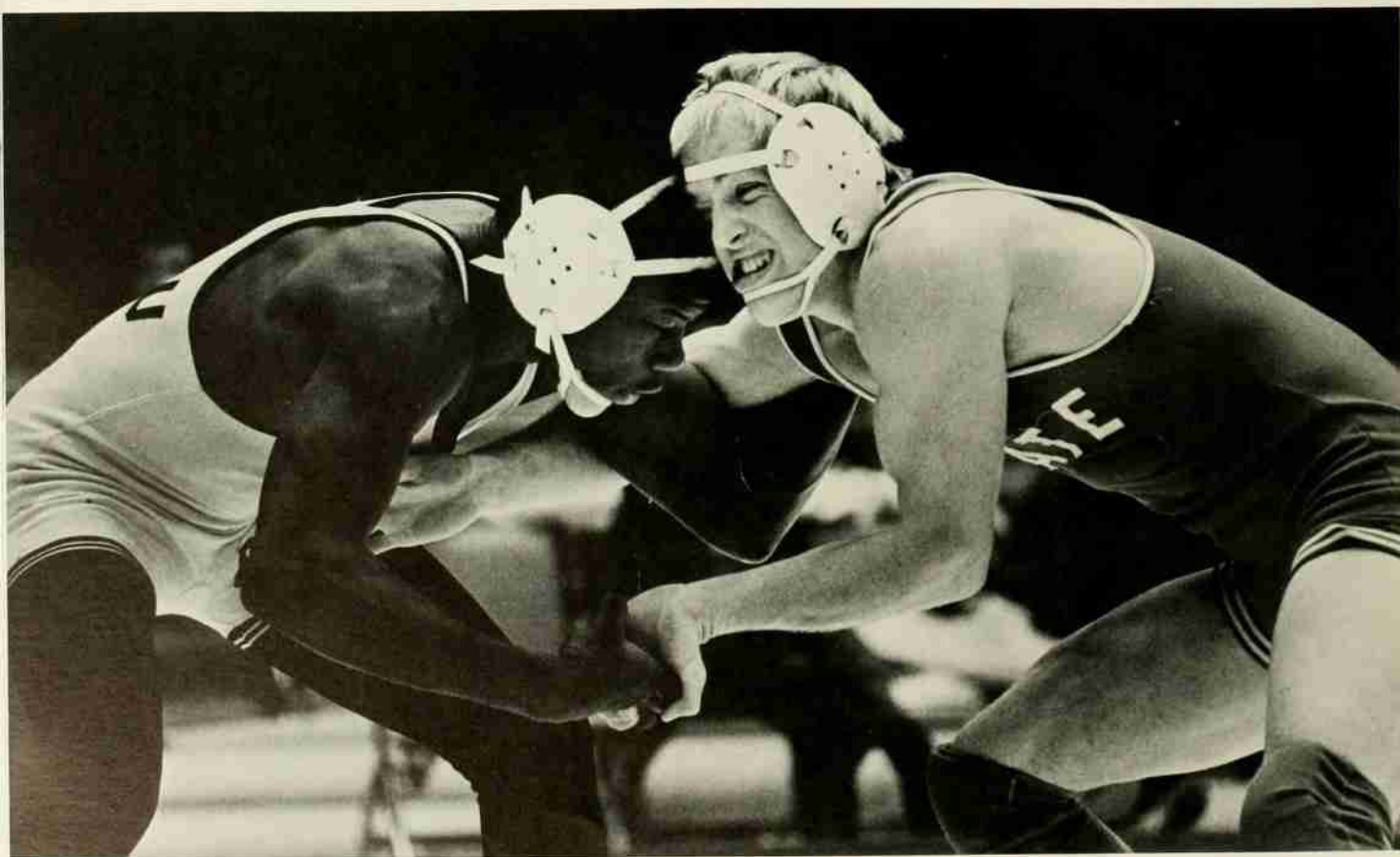


LIFE CAN'T BE AS SHALLOW AS A WON-LOSS RECORD. I KNOW THAT'S HARD FOR SOME PEOPLE TO UNDERSTAND, BUT I HOPE AT LEAST THEIR GOALS AND MINE ARE THE SAME. TO ME A WINNER IS NOT DETERMINED BY HOW MANY GAMES HE'S WON.

STILLNESS EXPLODES INTO
CONSTANT MOTION. IN THE
WATER SWIMMERS ARE PART OF
A DIFFERENT ENVIROMENT, THE
CLOCK DRIVING SUDDEN SPURTS
OF MOVEMENT. THE WHOLE
AREA IS AN ECHO CHAMBER.
CAN THEY REALLY HEAR YOUR
SHOUTS AT ALL?

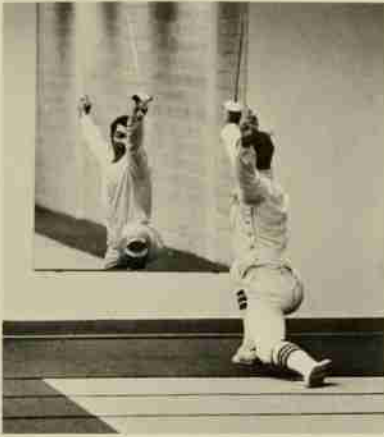


CHRIS SEWARD



DAVID TURNER

MICHAEL O'BRIEN



WE HAVE THE MOST TALENT WE HAVE EVER HAD AT STATE, BUT WE'RE A VERY YOUNG TEAM, MADE UP MOSTLY OF FRESHMEN & SOPHOMORES AND WE ARE EXPERIENCING THE TRIALS OF YOUTH.

MICHAEL O'BRIEN



HARRY LYNCH



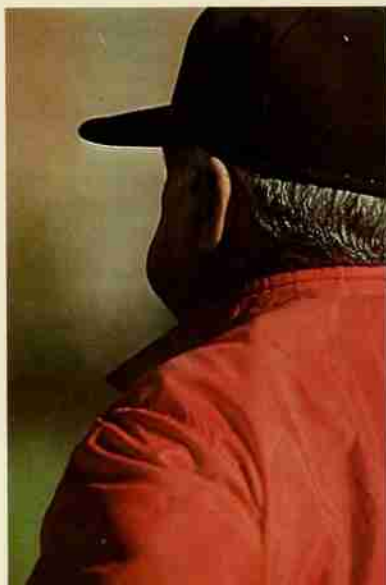
WRESTLING IS NOT TOO BIG DOWN HERE AND YOU JUST HAVE TO BUILD IT UP. PEOPLE FOLLOW WINNERS, AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT THEY TELL ME.



I REALLY ENJOY BASEBALL, BUT I LEARNED A LONG TIME AGO THAT YOU CAN'T ALWAYS HAVE THINGS THE WAY YOU WANT THEM. THE KEY IS TO GIVE WHATEVER YOU TRY YOUR BEST SHOT AND HOPE IT WORKS OUT.



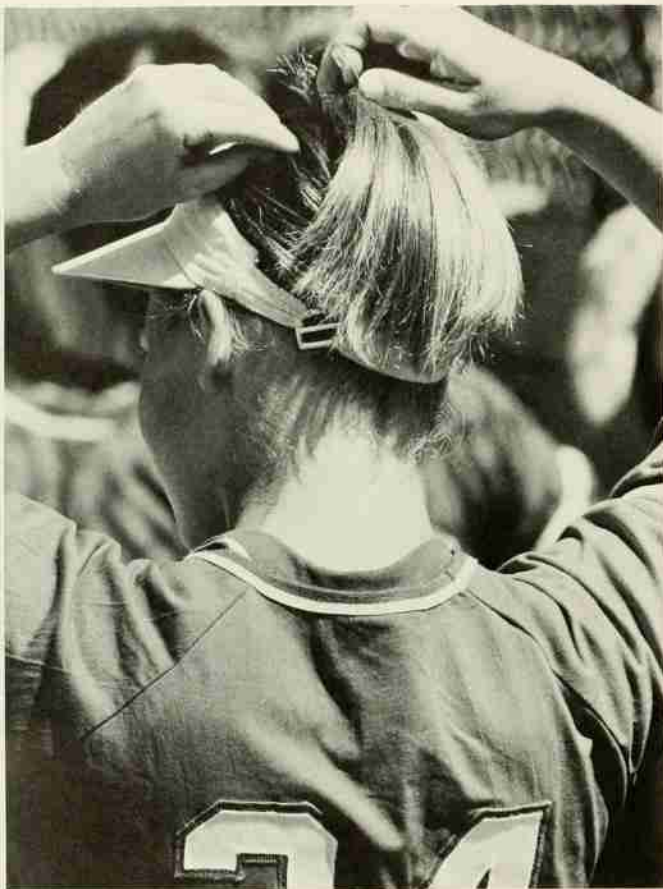
ALL MICHAEL O'BRIEN





THEY ARE UNIQUE—A SUBTLE BLEND OF JOCKNESS AND FEMININITY. THEY PLAY FOR KEEPS. BUT THEY LOOK LIKE THEY'RE HAVING SUCH A GOOD TIME—SINGING IN THE DUGOUT AND ALL THAT. THERE'S A SPECIAL FELLOWSHIP.

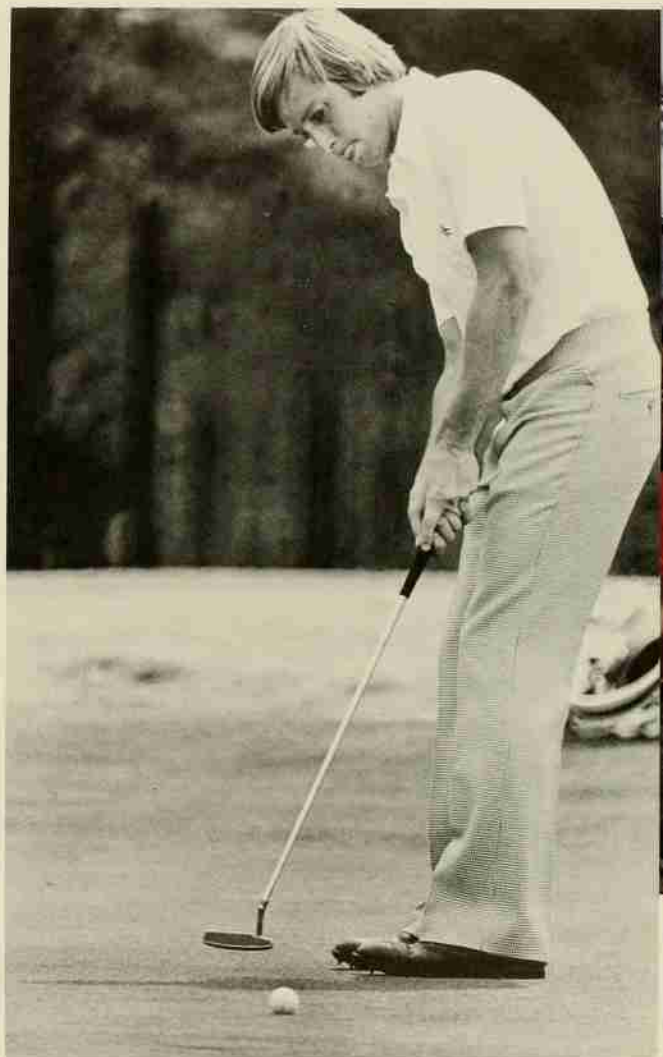
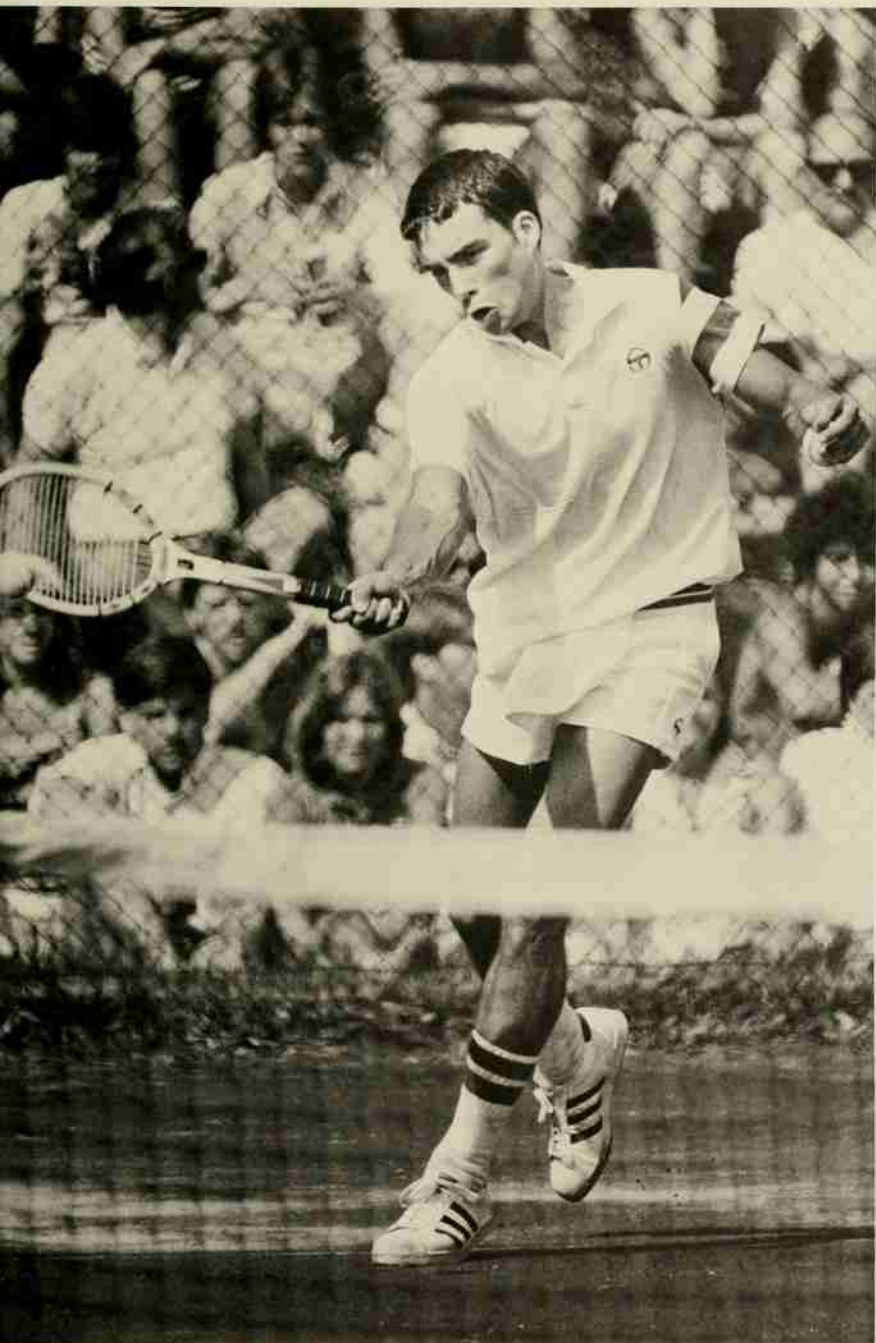




ALL HARRY LYNCH



IT WOULDN'T MATTER IF WE
LOST THREE MATCHES IN A
ROW BECAUSE WE'D STILL BE
OUT THERE FIGHTING JUST AS
HARD. IF WE EVER GET BEAT, IT
WON'T BE BECAUSE WE DIDN'T
TRY AS HARD AS WE COULD.



ON THE HUSHED GREEN ALL
CONCENTRATION IS FOCUSED
ON THE TINY WHITE BALL. THE
SINGLE GOLFER PLAYS NEITHER
AGAINST TIME NOR REALLY
AGAINST ANOTHER GOLFER. HIS
OPPONENTS ARE ONLY
DISTRACTION AND HIMSELF.



HARRY LYNCH

HARRY LYNCH



MICHAEL O'BRIEN



IT FEELS GOOD COMING BACK & BEING A WINNER. I'VE ENJOYED BEING A PART OF THIS TEAM & NOW PEOPLE LOOK AT US DIFFERENTLY—KNOWING THAT WE'RE A THREAT.



EVERYBODY'S LIKE A CLOSE FAMILY. THE GUYS REALLY CARE ABOUT EACH OTHER. WE ALL KNOW WHAT WE HAVE TO DO TO GET THINGS DONE, AND WE GO OUT AND TRY TO DO THEM. WE DEPEND ON EACH OTHER'S SUPPORT.

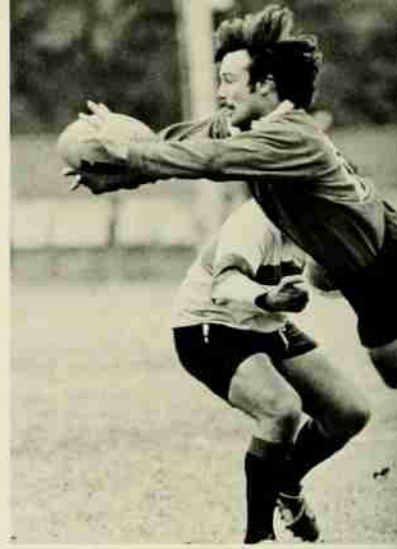
HARRY LYNCH



DAVID TURNER



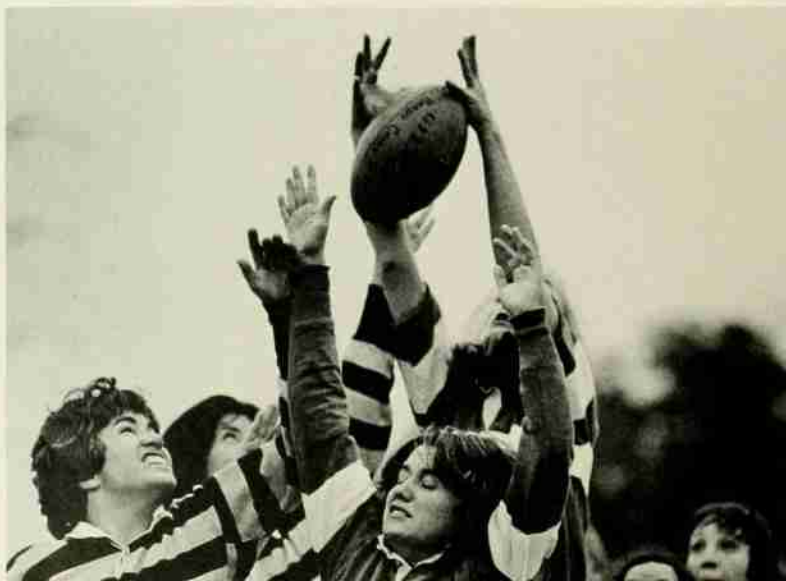




DAVID TURNER



HARRY LYNCH



RUGBY LOOKS VERY CHAOTIC, VERY DISJOINT, DISORGANIZED. FOR A SPECTATOR WHO'S NOT BROKEN IN, IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO FIGURE OUT WHAT IS GOING ON JUST FROM WATCHING ON THE SIDELINES. THERE'S NO SUBSTITUTION. THEY TAKE EVERY OPPORTUNITY TO INJURE EACH OTHER BECAUSE IF A MAN'S HURT AND DOWN HE'S OUT, FINISHED.



HARRY LYNCH

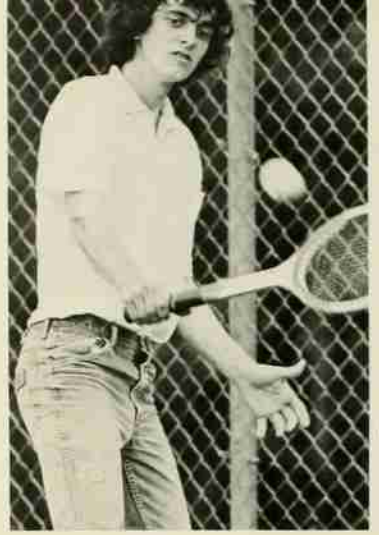
THE SOUND OF THE PIGSKIN CAN BE HEARD 3 OR 4 DAYS A WEEK ON THE LOWER INTRAMURAL FIELD. ONE DAY A WOMEN'S LEAGUE MAY BE IN PROGRESS, THE NEXT DAY THE DORMITORY TEAMS MAY BE FIGHTING IT OUT, ANOTHER DAY THE FRATERNITIES, WITH THE OPEN LEAGUE ADDING THE FINISHING TOUCHES.



DAVID TURNER



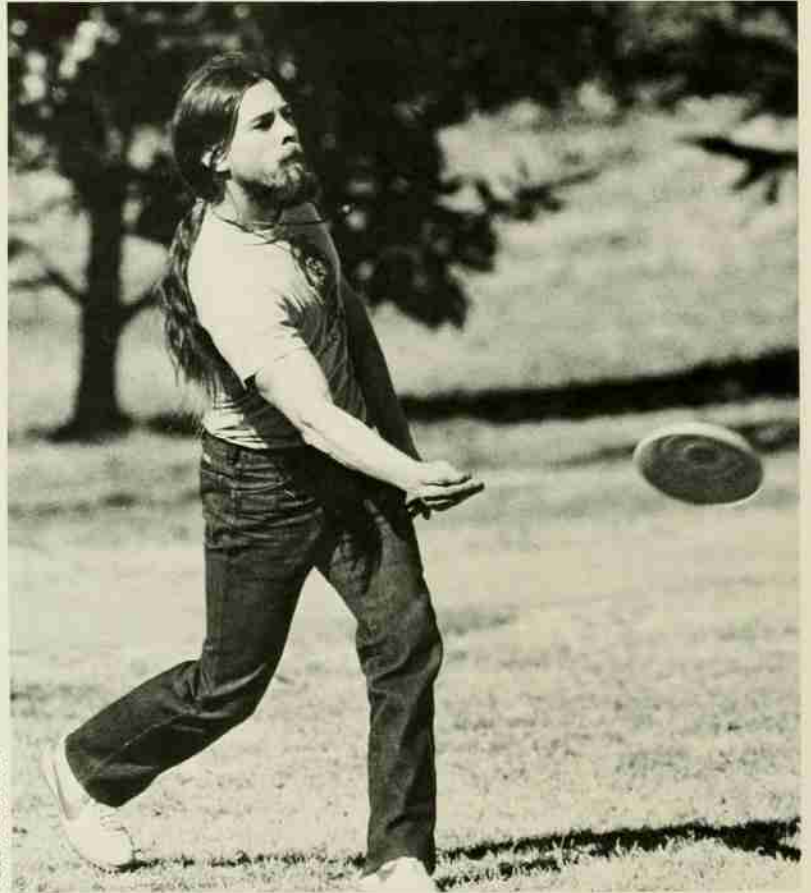
HARRY LYNCH



HARRY LYNCH



MARY TEMPLE

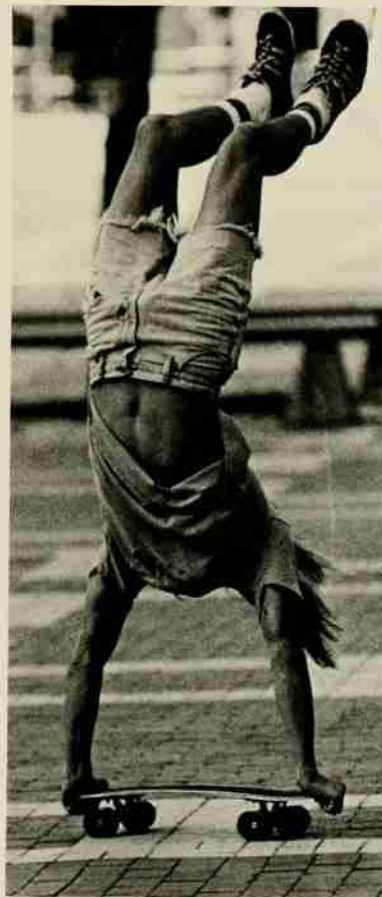


NEILL MCCORMICK



PAUL KEARNS

DAVID TURNER



NEILL MCCORMICK

IT'S WHAT YOU MAKE IT. A PERSONAL SPORT MAY BE A PASSION FOR WHAT YOU ARE GOOD AT AND TAKE PRIDE IN. FOR MANY IT'S DOING WHAT IS FUN AND MAKES THEM HAPPY; OTHERS JUST LIKE TO WATCH.

SOMETIMES I GET LOST IN ALL THE PEOPLE

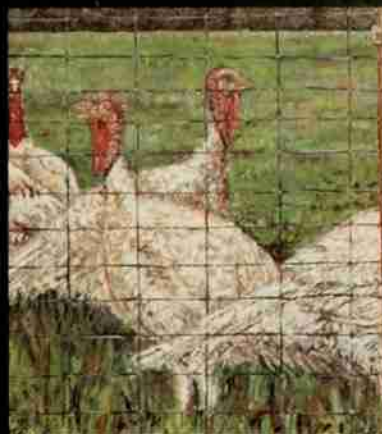
The rows and rows of faces —each caught in a millisecond of life are separated, classified, categorized. Just as we are drawn to certain types of living situations by our characteristics, likes and dislikes, we are drawn into different curriculums for the similar reasons. We may like the idea of seeing things differently, or want to be trained in old and long-practiced principles and methods. We may like to work with ideas and possibilities, or want to explore things we can see and touch and hold in our hands. All our attitudes contribute to our choice of our field of study. Our ideas about money, prestige, heritage and education itself all contribute to our choice of careers.

The some characteristics that led us into the School of Liberal Arts, the School of Engineering or the School of Agriculture and Life Sciences isolate us into groups apart from one another. On a campus this size people of one type interest may have trouble understanding what people in other interest groups are all about. What do those designos do in the basement of Brooks Hall anyway? What lurks behind the doors marked danger on the the upper floors of Dabney? Just what are they up to in those tiny Poe Hall lab rooms?

Our lack of familiarity with the activities of other curriculums leads us to stereotype groups by what we think they're like.

It's difficult to let go of the idea that all design students go around spaced out and barefoot in baggy paint-splattered peasant garb, and that all engineers wear horn-rimmed glasses and have a calculator hanging on their hips. And of course we all know that Ag and Life majors wear boots caked in manure and never learned to read past a fifth grade level. Don't we.

But believe it or not I know some designos who wear painter's jeans, and some math majors that go braless. I know some engineers that like Walt Whitman and some philosophy majors who have calculators. Which just goes to show that inside we are not always the



way we may appear to others. We may not always take on the characteristics of the stereotype group to which we are mentally assigned by people who differ from us. And they do not always fit our conception of them either.

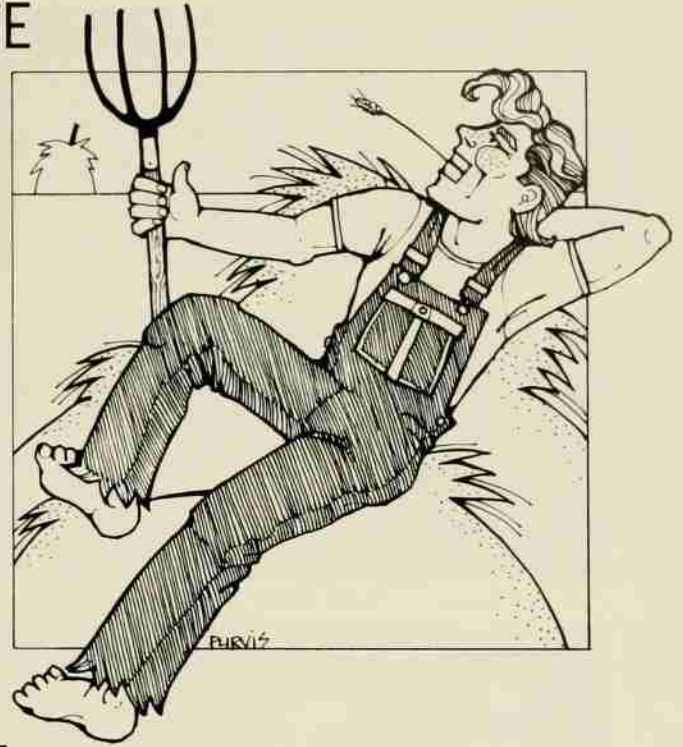
In all the people lined up here you may find some people that you know and many more that you don't. But all are like you in some ways and different from you too. And everybody's special, deriving some common characteristics from the down-home feeling of the campus itself—a feeling that can't be masked by categorizing and organizing the people who keep the feeling alive.

Articles in this section by:
Daphne Hamm
Chris Kuretz

Drawings in this section by:
Jay Purvis

AGRICULTURAL INSTITUTE

With long hours in the classroom balanced with long hours in the lab, the Agricultural Institute student moves steadily toward the definite place he envisions for himself in the community. Where will he be after graduation—farming that place down the road, managing a chain of food stores, ex-



panding and restocking a nursery, looking after the dairy? Experiencing an unusual unity as a group, the students share ideals and work towards them with a down-to-earth fervor that amazes some of us whose education has seemed more aimless, more uncertain. Motivated and enthusiastic about whatever he has chosen to study—turfgrass, livestock, food processing, equipment, plants—the Ag Institute student learns both the theoretical and the practical, always examining, questioning, touching, doing. Trudging from Williams to Polk or Kilgore or Weaver, his head full of problems and plans, he is thoroughly enmeshed in university life. He is a two-year student involved with the four-year students through dorms, clubs, fraternities and extra-curricular activities. Yet he is somewhat set apart by his commitment to fulfill his practical ideals.



Sherry Alston

Kothy Bowden

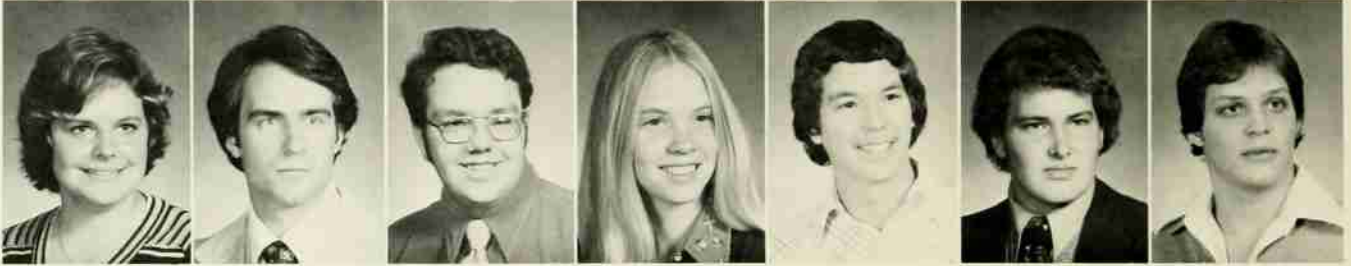
William Carter

Jenny Cox

Michael Drewry

Michael Edmonds

Marvin Everett



Constance Hart

Richard Henley

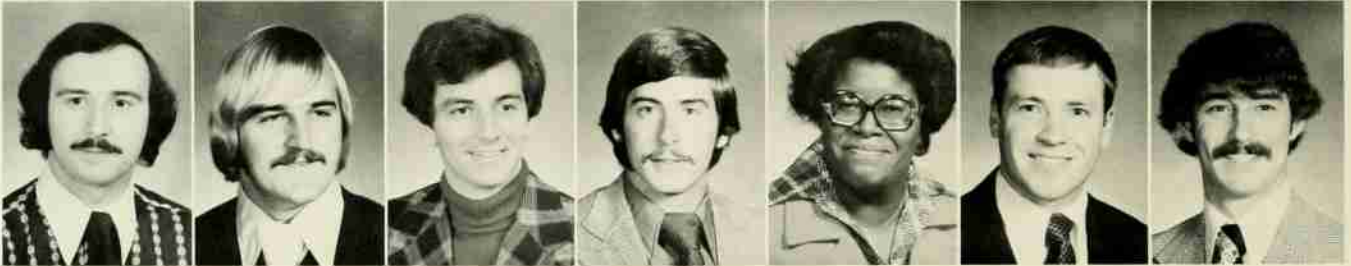
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Donna Jeffries

Terry Jones

Thomas Lilley

Lynn Massey



Roger Melville

Andrew Metts

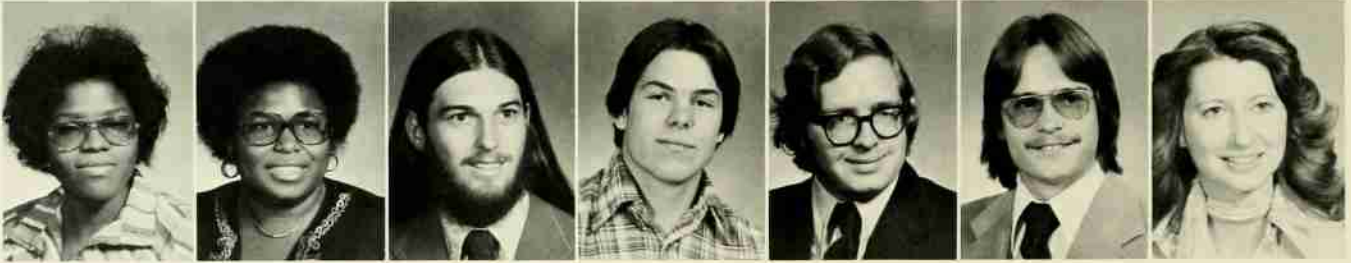
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Stephen Raynor

Denise Rowlett

John Sapp

Thomas Scarborough



Beatrice Seward

Leora Stencil

John Sullivan

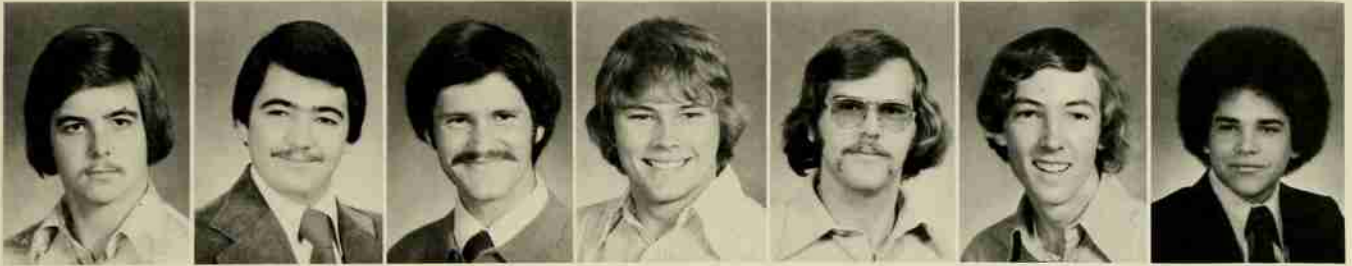
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William Ward

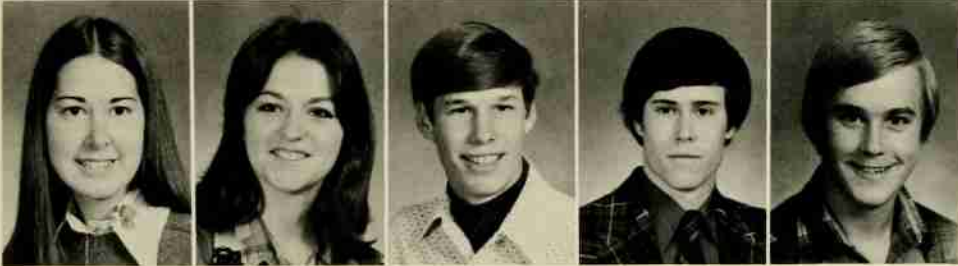
Troy Willoughby

Karen Yast

UNDER GRADUATES



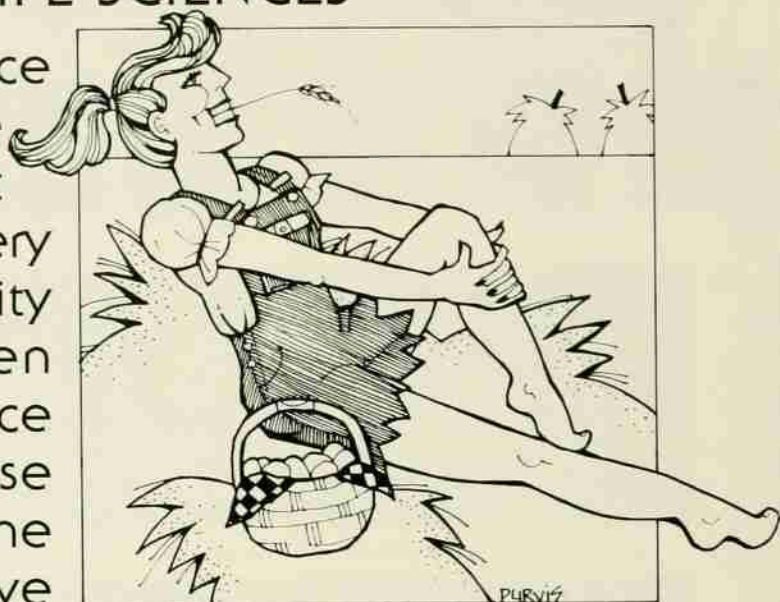
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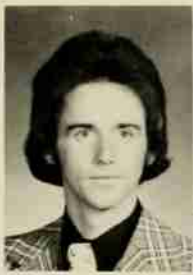
Lisa McNoldy Patricia Perry Walter Petty Burt Phillips Phillip Smith

AGRICULTURE AND LIFE SCIENCES

Just try to find a place on campus where the Ag & Life major is not at home! After all, the very identity of the university itself has long been connected with its science students, particularly those with rural orientations. The pet names that we have



acquired over the years, you know—Moo U, Cow College, Sow College, Tractor Tech—can all be attributed to the importance of the Ag & Life school. And its majors are everywhere. The greenhouse range with its steamy winter windows is full of them. So are the drafty barns that preserve a little bit of countryside in this area overburdened with concrete and bricks. But mostly they populate Gardner, Polk, Scott, Kilgore, Williams, Harrelson and Grinnells Lab, not to mention the eighth and ninth floors of the library. The Ag & Life majors by all rights should belong everywhere. Keeping track of the bovine beauties, studying the *Solanum tuberosum*, or examining the fetal pig, the “aggie” carries on the traditions of study and research that gives us our unique heritage and image.



Stephen Allgood



Joseph Almond



Lois Anderson



Julie Angerman



Sarah Auraid



Michael Aycock



Michael Baker



Stephen Ballard



Mary Baxley



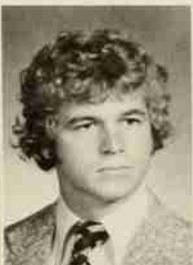
David Beard



Paula Bell



Amanda Bennett



Gordon Bennett



Steven Berry



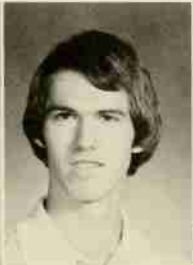
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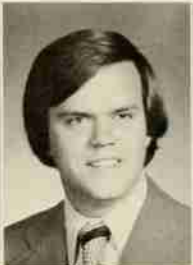
Murchison Biggs



Benjamin Bolick



Ricky Bordeaux



Gary Bowden



Julie Bowling



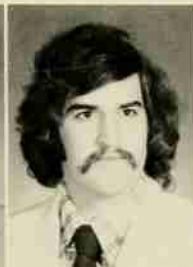
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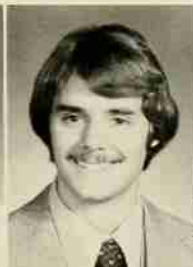
Carl Braun



William Britt



James Brooks



Forrest Brown



Pamela Bryan



Barbara Bryant



Jane Buck



Wanda Buffkin



Barbara Burchard



John Burke



Robert Busey



Carol Calloway



William Cameron



Angela Carr



James Carter



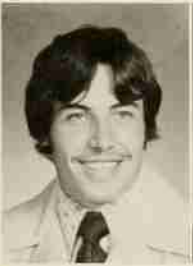
J. Antonio Castellanos



Kathryn Coton



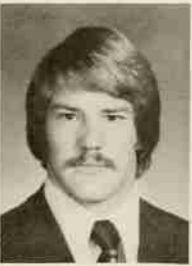
Mark Chamblee



Richard Chappell



Suzanne Chernaga



William Cherry



Richard Childrey

Charles Clark

Iris Clontz

Emily Coble

Leila Coleman

John Compton

Paula Compton



Hal Condrey

Calvin Covington

Susan Cox

Laura Crowell

Patricia Cruse

Terry Deakle

Dwight Deal



Philip Dean

Deborah DeMaria

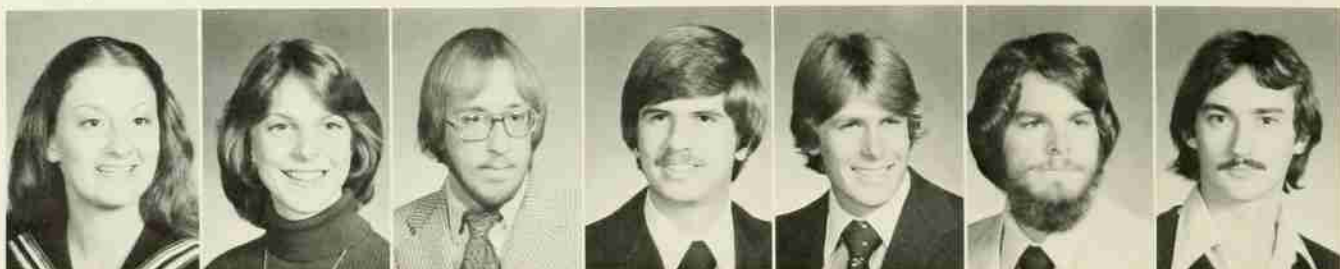
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Richard Dietrich

Ann Duncan

Sandra Edmonds

Carol Edwards



Phyllis Elkins

Ida Elliott

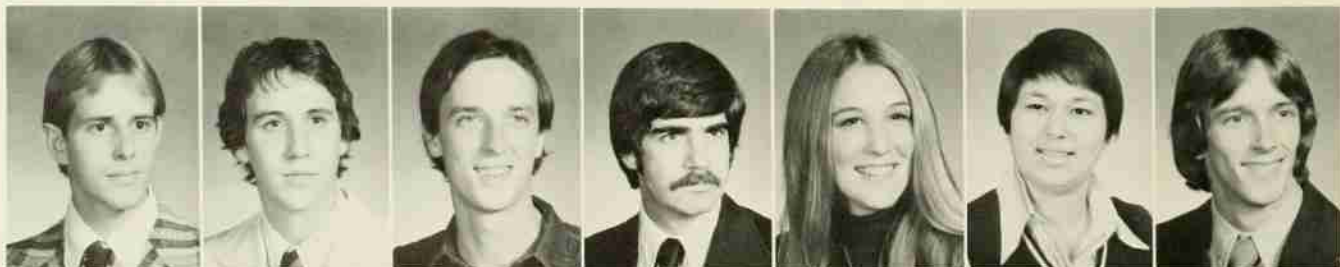
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Steven Evans

Charles Farabee

Graham Fidler

Bob Floyd



Mark Fortunata

Arthur Foster

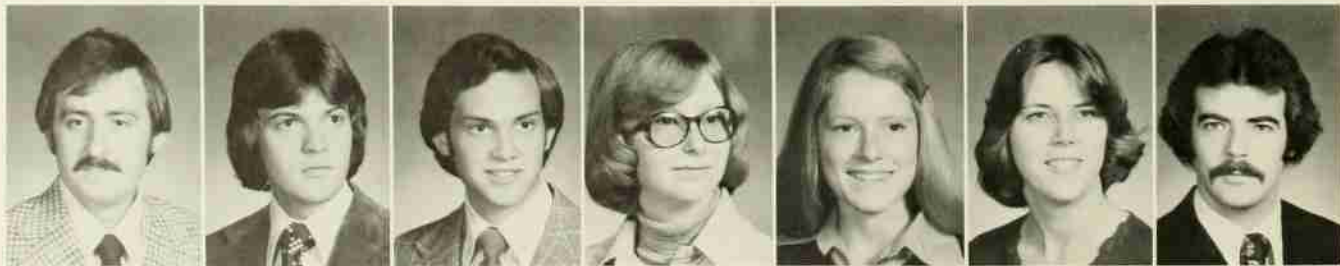
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Steven Friedlander

Clara Fulghum

Maria Fysal

James Garner



William Gentry

Marion Glover

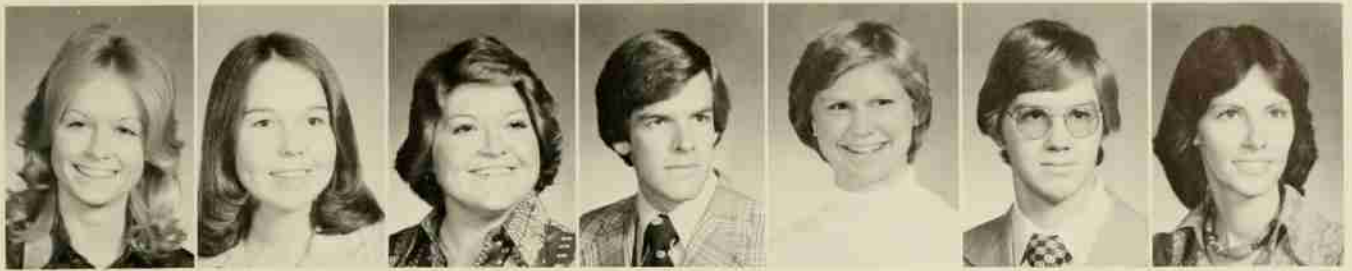
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Mary Goff

Jane Gordge

Cindy Graham

Larry Graham



Patricia Grainger

Donna Grant

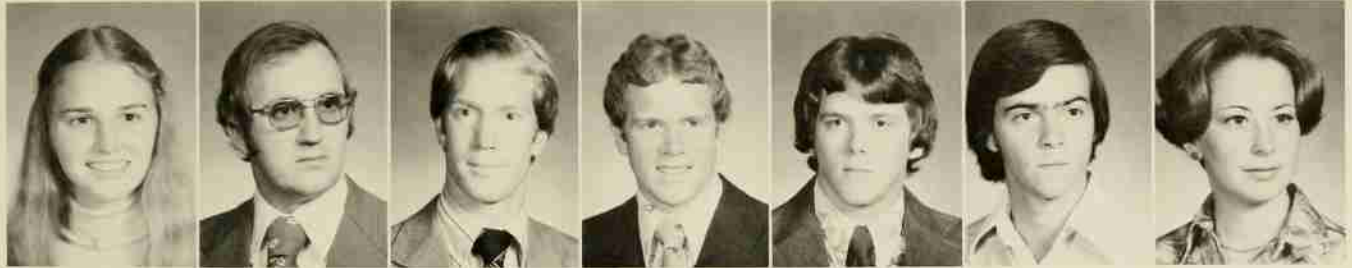
Cynthia Gray

Henry Griffin

Kirsten Gross

Steven Gross

Susan Guerrant



Amy Hogen

Milton Hardison

Jiles Harrell

Stevie Harrell

Paul Hart

Richard Hayes

D'Nise Hefrier



Laurie Henderson

Larry Hendrix

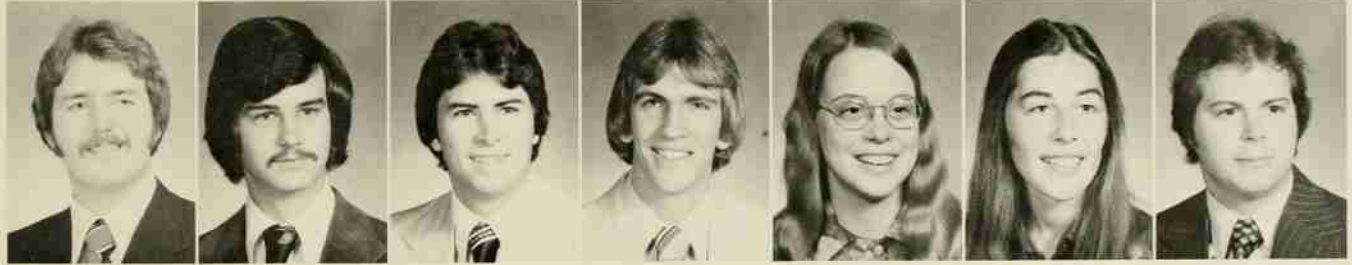
Martha Hinton

William Hobbs

Susannah Hodneth

William Hornovec

Claude House



Mark Hucks

John Hulin

Robert Hunt

Ronald Hutchens

Beverly Hutchins

Amy Iezzoni

Phillip James



George Jarvis

Thomas Jeffries

Gerald Johnson

Joseph Johnson

Peggy Johnson

Phillip Johnson

Stephen Johnston



Samuel Jolly

Cynthia Jones

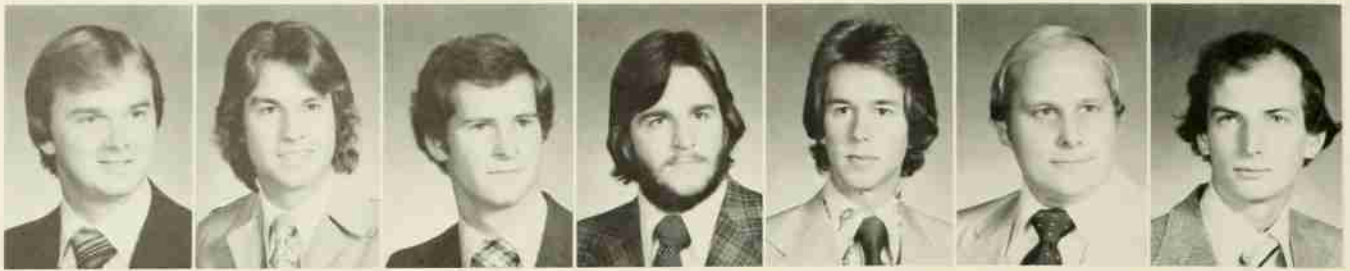
Cynthia Jones

Debra Jones

Gary Jones

William Jones

Ricky Joyner



William Joyner

William Joyner

Alton Justice

Philip Kaylor

Marshall Kemp

Matthew Ketcham

Harold Kimsey



Julian Kinlaw

Kenneth Knight

Garland Knott

Herbert Land

Debora Langdon

Dorothy Latta

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Hugh Leatherman

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Nancy Lohmueller

Glenn Lowder

Michael Lowery

Mary Lucas



Russell Lyday

Debra Lytton

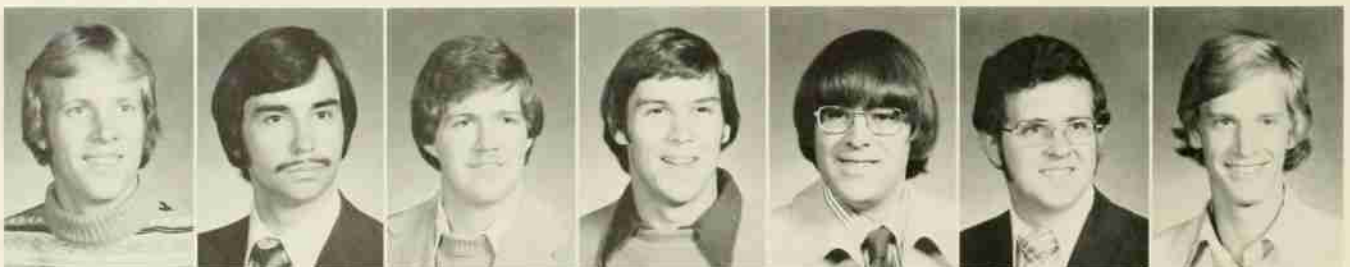
James Mackie

Harold Madden

Tony Madren

Yousif Mahdi

Carlos Manning



Douglas Marion

Alan Marr

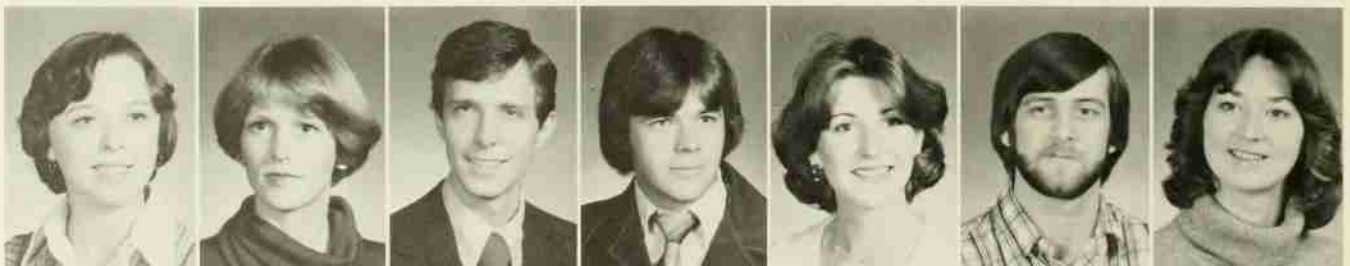
Richard Marshall

James Martin

Elliott Mascoop

Robert Massengill

Elwood Massey



Sherron Marthews

Nora McAdoo

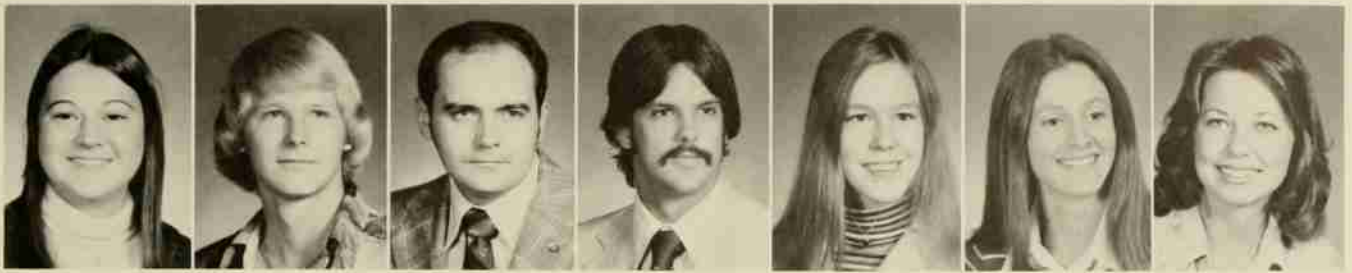
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Steven McNeill

Molly Meade

Ralph Miller

Linda Monteith



Laurie Moore

Steven Moore

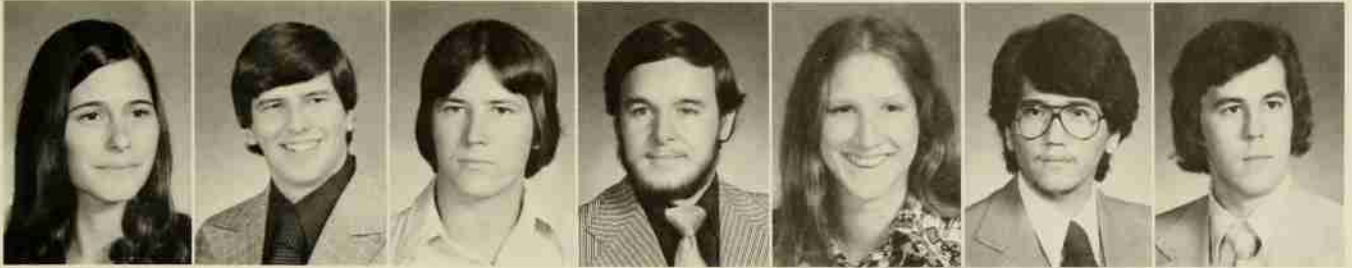
Bruce Morgan

Richard Morgan

Frances Murray

Sharon Murray

Sharon Myers



Valerie Nere

John Obermiller

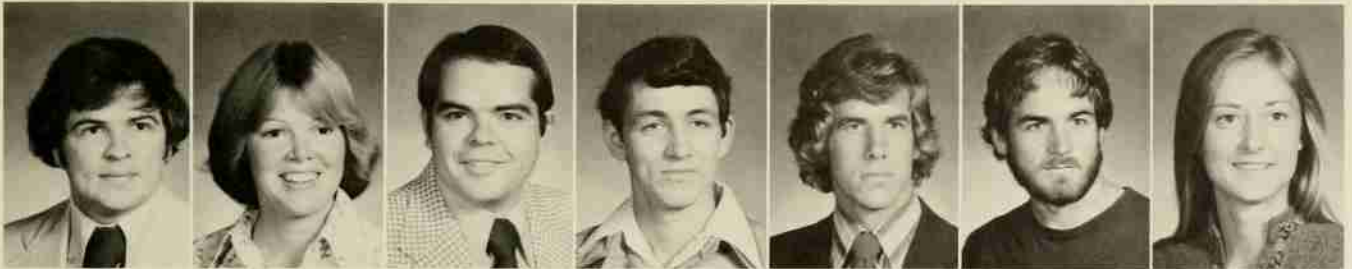
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Joseph Oliver

E. Karen Osteen

Charles Oxendine

Samuel Pardue



Douglas Parker

Linda Parnell

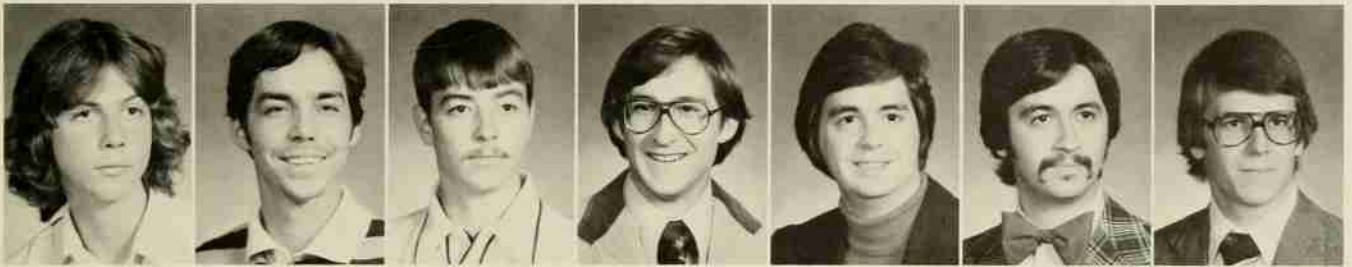
Robert Parrish

Bobby Parson

Richard Peat

Kirk Peters

Linda Phelps



Barton Phillips

Myron Pickett

Marion Pleasant

Larry Poe

Gregg Pollard

Milton Poulos

Larry Price



David Pritchard

Janet Proffitt

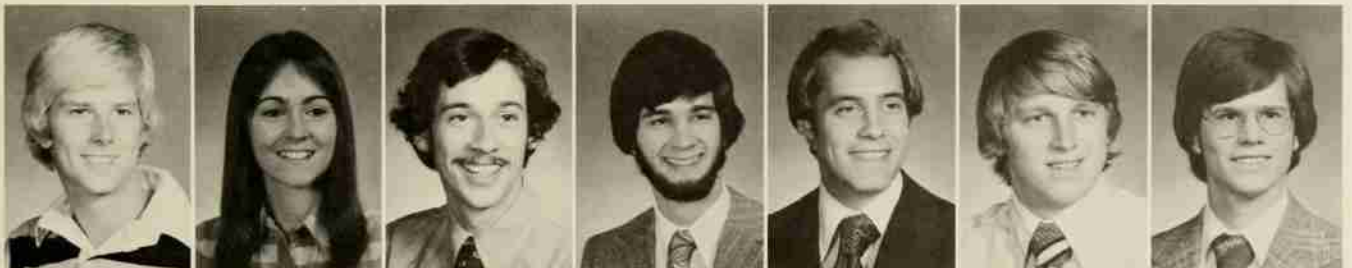
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Pamela Ranson

Robert Ranson

William Reid

Barbara Reineke



John Revell

Donna Roberts

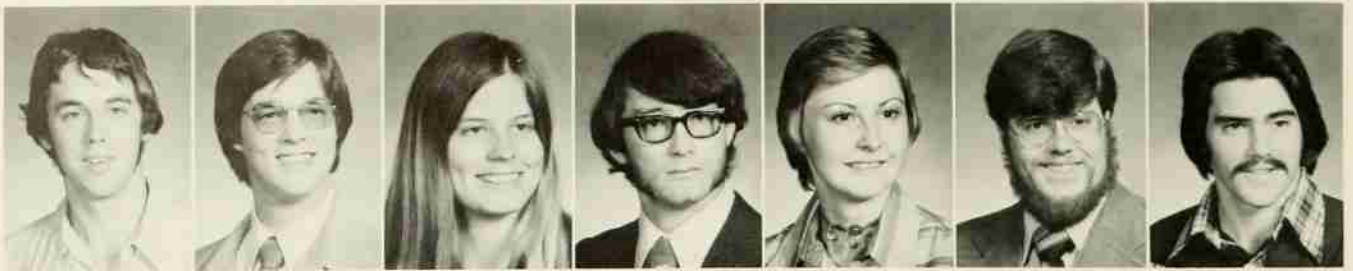
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James Robertson

James Robinson

Kip Robinson

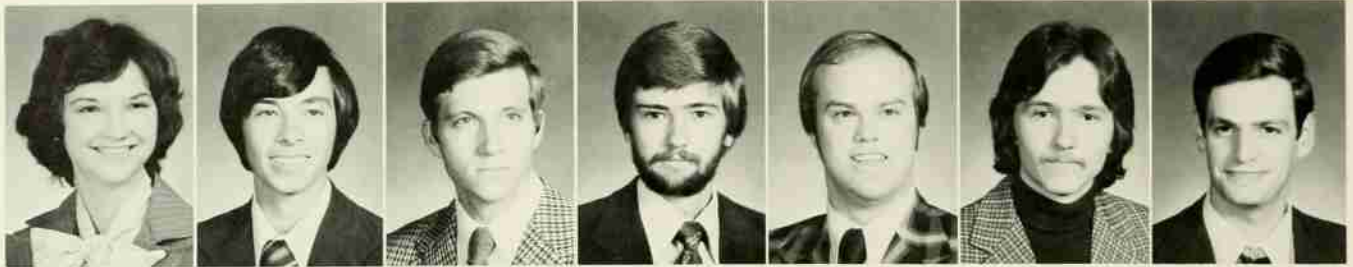
Steven Roebuck



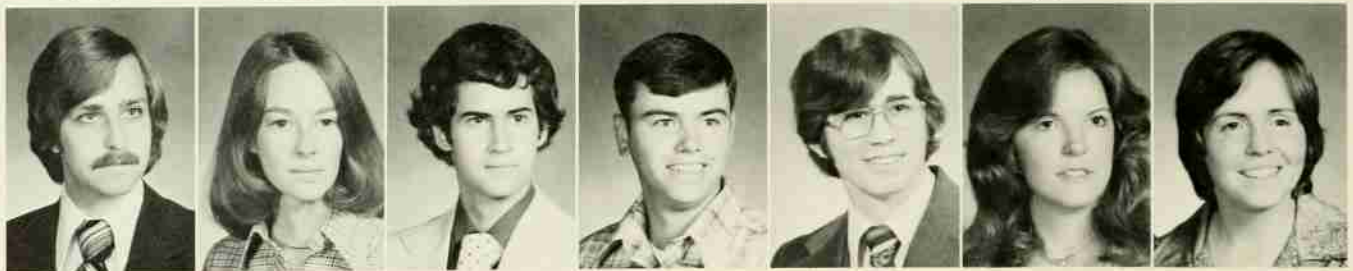
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Glenn Sheets John Sheinut Haynes Sherron Frances Sholar Patricia Silverthorne Benjamin Sims Frances Smith



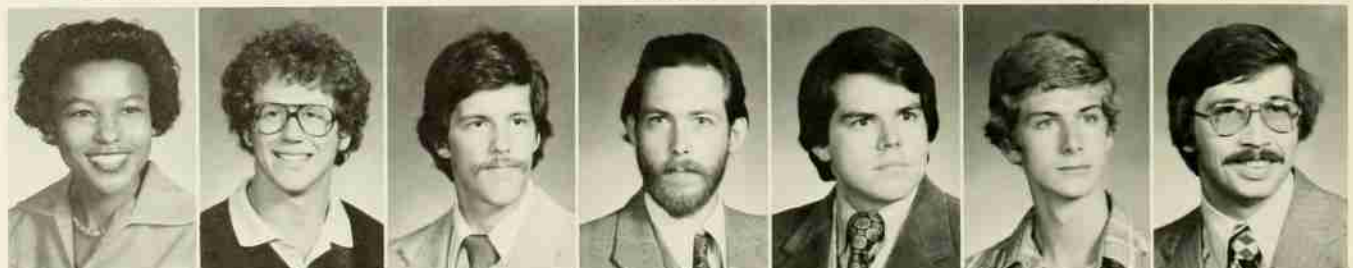
Lisa Smith Randall Smith Timothy Smith Charles Smithey Lincoln Southern Gary Spikula Peter Stenbuck



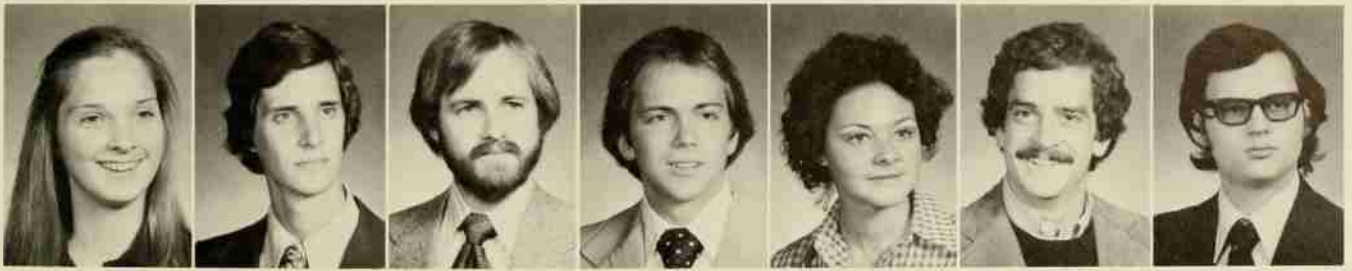
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Kimberly Terry Betsy Thomas Gary Thomas Cynthia Tice Deborah Tillery Janet Tilley Clyde Todd



Katrina Todd Gordo Townsend Thomas Townsend James Tuck John Tucker Mark Turik Charles Tyson



Mary Vanderburg

William Vanderlip

Robert Vanhoy

Samuel Varner

Vicki Verbyla

Woodrow Warren

William Warriner



Robert Wattendorf

Deborah Watts

Sharon Webster

Thea Weiss

Bruce Wham

John Wheeler

Elizabeth White



Kenneth White

Joe Whitehead

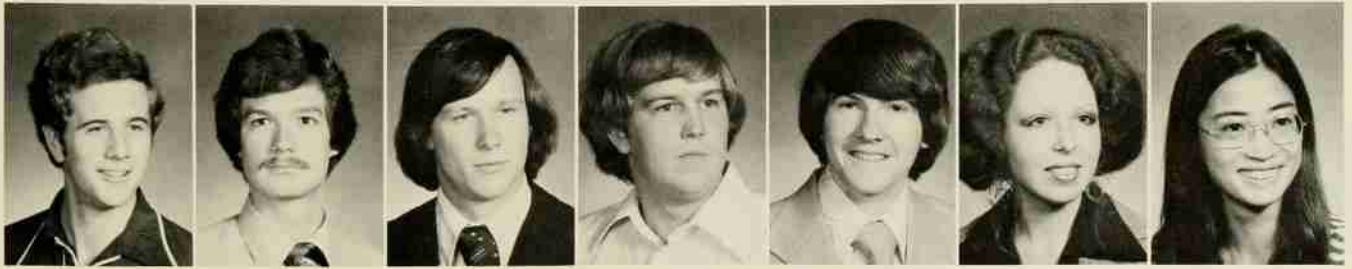
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Jeanie Whittlesey

Joseph Wiggins

Virgil Willard

Charles Williams



John Williams

Robert Williams

Ross Williams

Charles Willford

George Winfrey

Karen Winn

Susan Wong



Carol Woodard

Chandler Worley

Jack Wright

James Wright

Thomas Wright

UNDER
GRAD-
UATES



Penny Abernethy



Kathryn Acker



Robin Adair



Craig Adkins



Acquanetta Alexander



Alice Allen



Laurie Armstrong



Robert Averette



Gail Ayers



Cynthia Bailey



Coy Baity



Beverly Baker



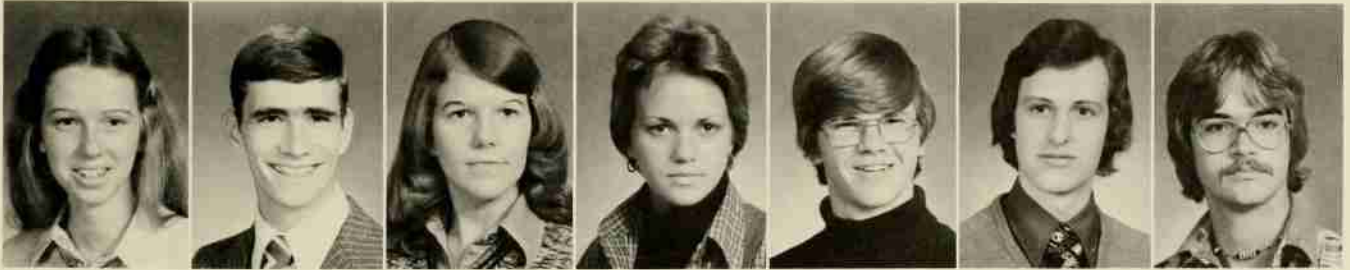
Mark Bell



Karen Biddle



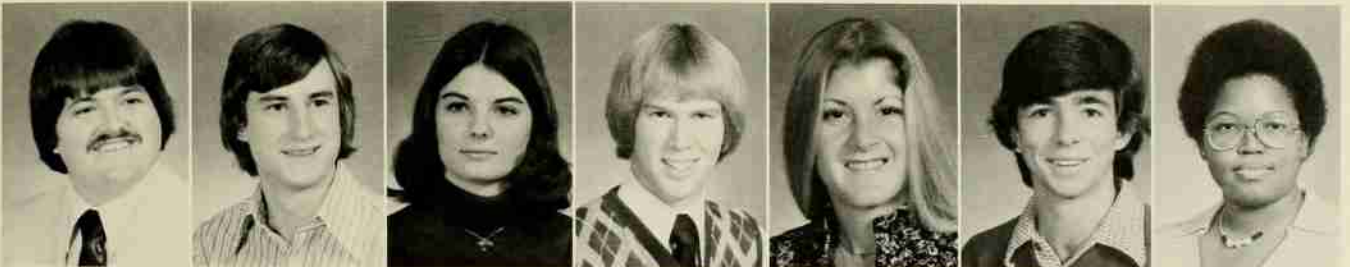
John Biernbaum William Biggers Candace Biggerstaff Wanda Billingslea Andrew Bizzell Roger Black Teresa Blalock



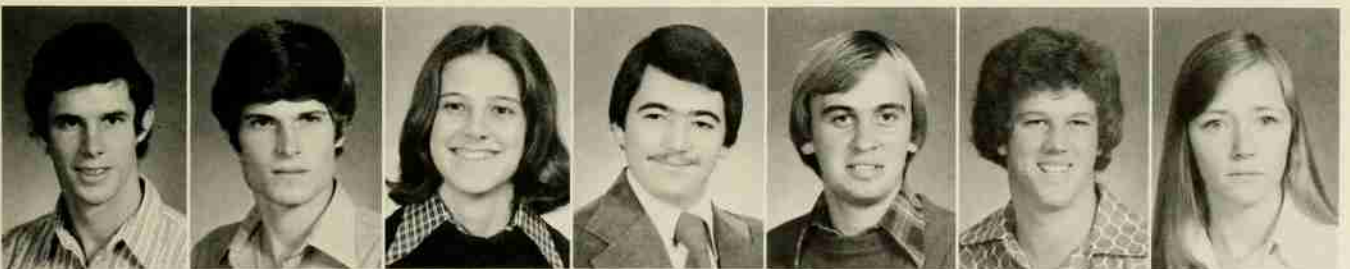
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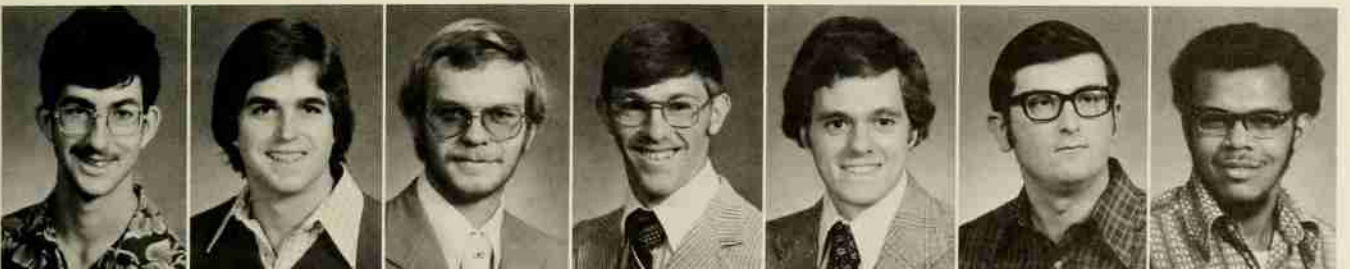
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Anthony Carpenter Matthew Caton Mary Cavanaugh Vincent Cheek Cynthia Childers Carmine Colantuono Doris Collier



James Cooley John Cooley Catherine Correll Eugene Crabtree Gregory Craver Clyde Dalton Patsy Daniels



Wesley Davenport James F. Davis Herbert Delaney Kenneth Dellinger Robert Dellinger Jessie Denny Dan Dhanpeshad



Michael Dillard Miriam Dillon Norman Doggett Mark Douglas Patricia Dye Caroline Edwards Susan Edwards



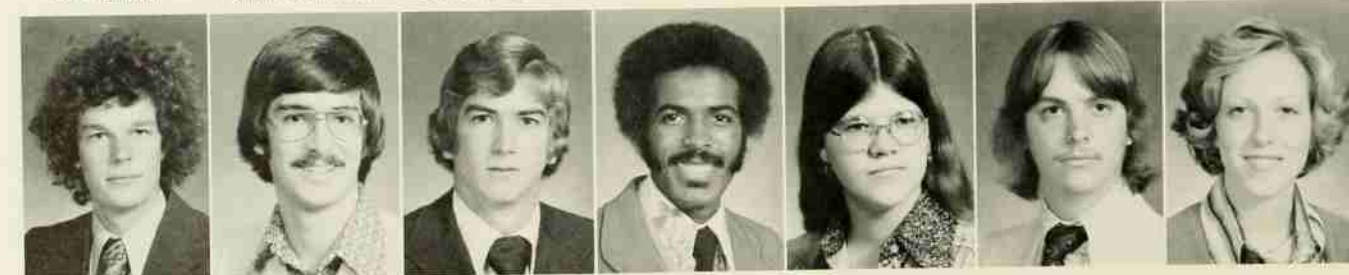
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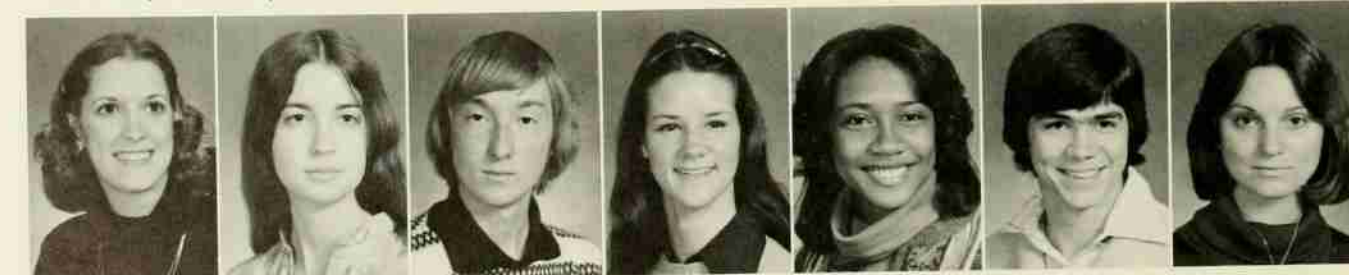
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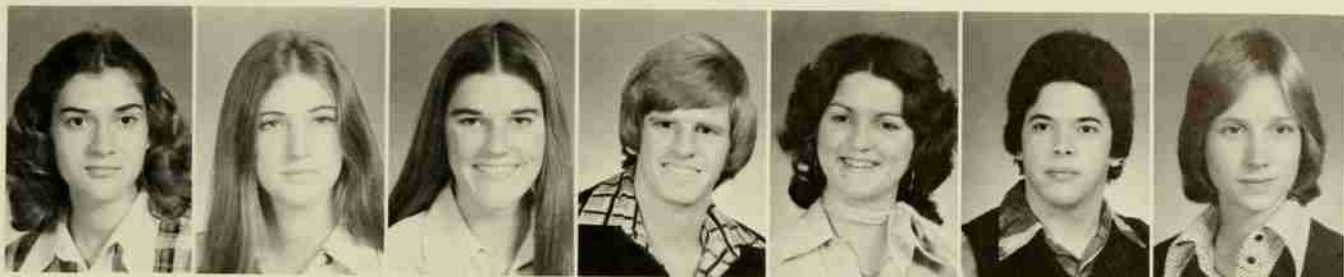
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Lee Gulley Stephen Habel Lynn Hall Reginald Hall Paula Hardee Charles Hardie Meriwether Harmon



Catherine Harned Melissa Harrell Charles Harris Mary Hasty Deirdre Hatcher Mark Hayes Julie Head



Marie Heafner Leslie Hedgecock Judith Henderson C. Thomas Hendrickson M. Wooten Herring Gene Hickman Marcio Hicks



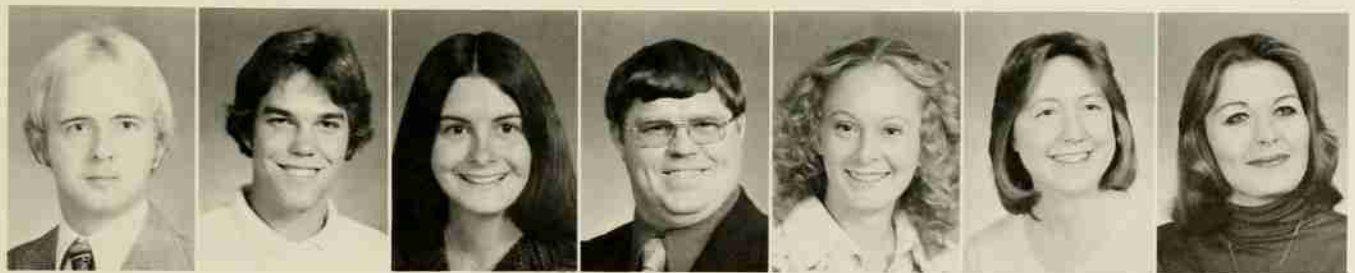
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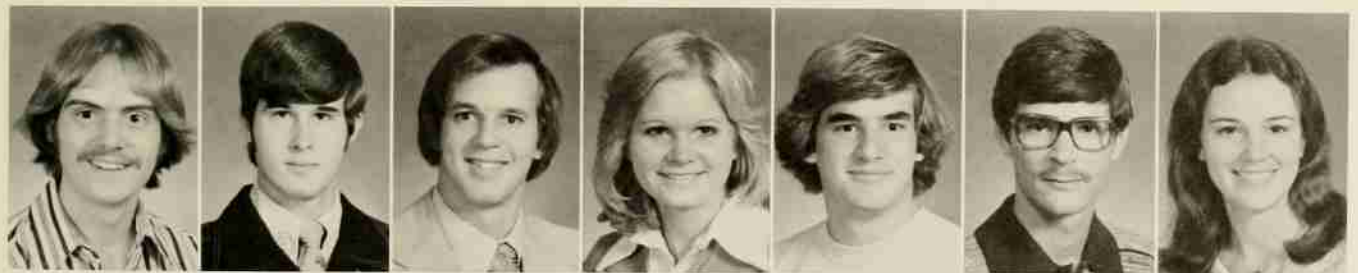
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John Hunt Debra Ingold Chris Ingram Shery Inman Martha Jerome John Johnson Susan Johnson



William Johnson Brent Johnston Peggy Johnston Gilbert Jones Kim Karriker Wanda Karriker Julie Khammash



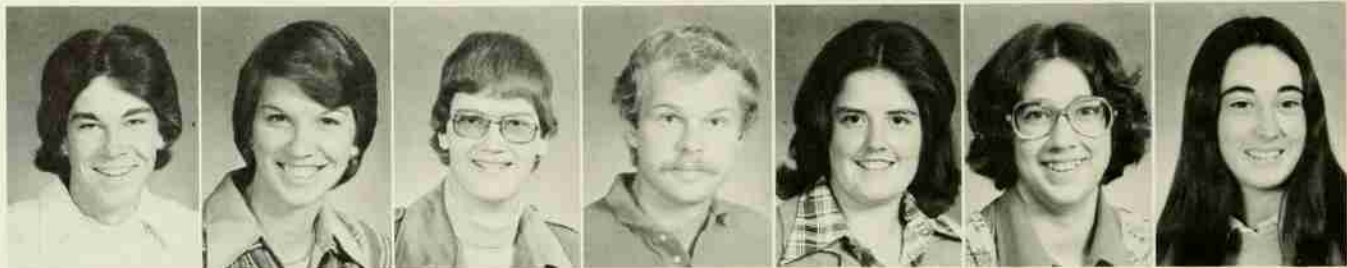
Jonathan Kita Roger Kornegay George Laing Mary Leatherman Fred Leggett Steven Leonard Laurie LePors



Walter Lewis Mary Lucas William Lovelace William Luper Ellis Lyda Pamela MacDonald Timothy Malburg



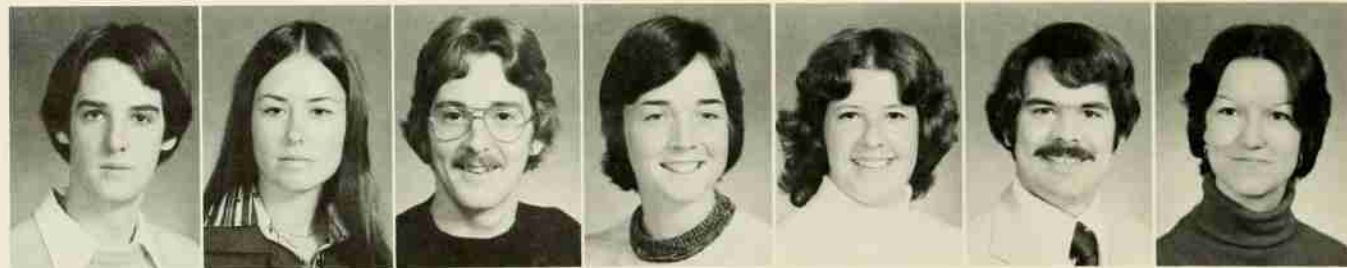
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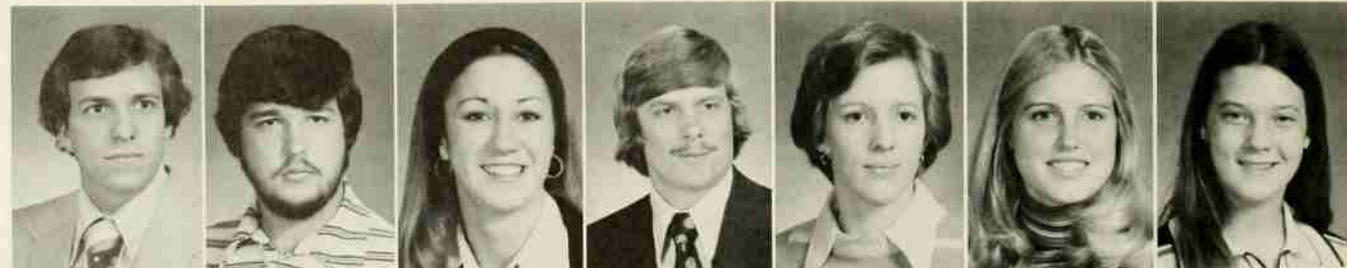
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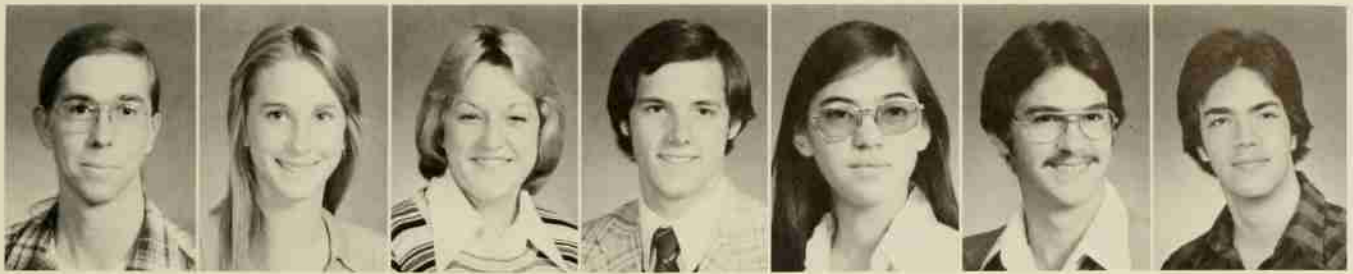
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Calvin Mitchener Cheryl Mock Timothy Monteith Sharon Moody Catherine Moore Jerry Moore Susan Moore



Mark Morgan Ronnie Mosley Elizabeth Myers Michael Myers Edith Neal Jackie Newlin Glenda Nichols



Philip Nisbet

Suzanne Nalley

Kimberly Olson

James Osborne

Janet Parker

William Parker

Timothy Paschall



James Patterson

Jay Peck

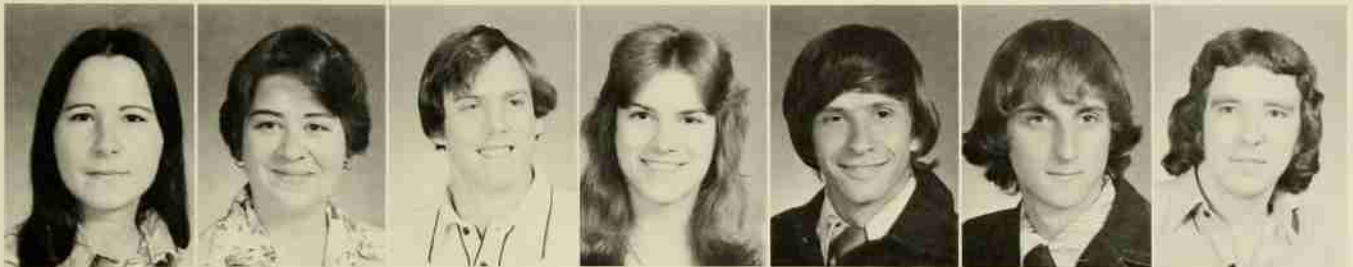
Erica Perry

Teresa Perry

Frank Petersen

Darryl Peterson

Teresa Phillips



Lynn Piron

Sherry Poe

Thomas Poe

Phyllis Poston

Lane Price

Tony Price

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Sharon Ramsey

Robin Rancer

Henry Reece

Karen Reynolds

Kathy Rhodes

Elizabeth Ridenhour

Gary Roberson



James Roberts

Kimberly Ross

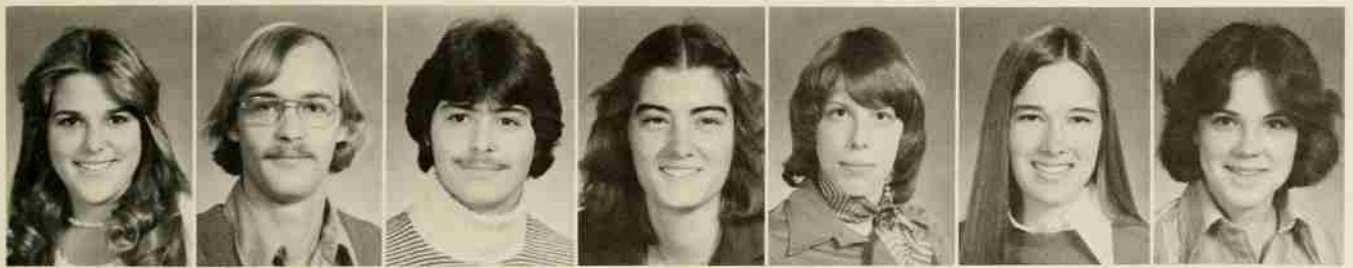
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Derrick Souls

Karen Scarborough

Laurie Schultz

Sydney Seymour



Karen Shealy

Charles Shoe

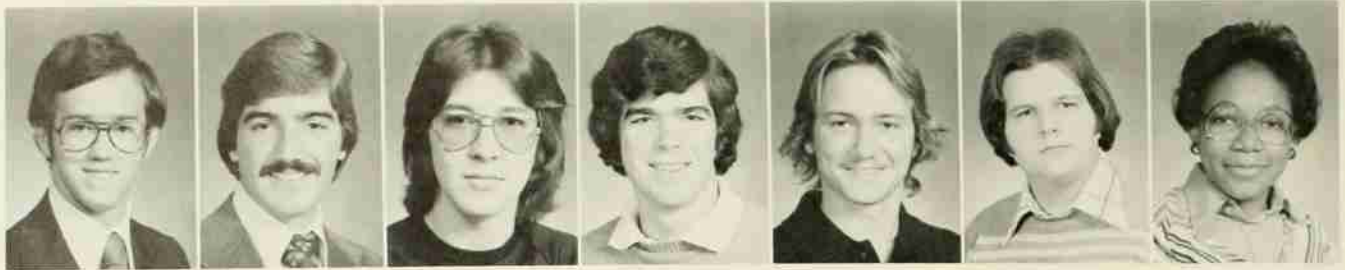
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Lorraine Siebenaler

Patricia Sigmon

Colette Simmen

Inga Simmons



Donald Sinclair

Homer Sink

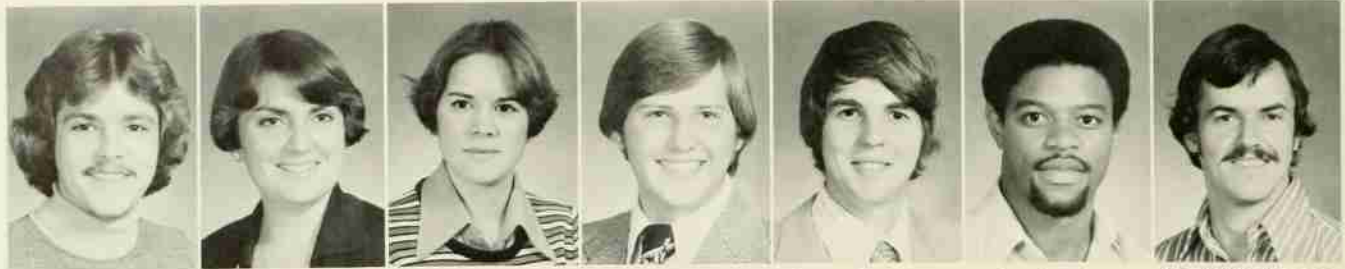
James Sloan

Frank Smith

George Smith

Dwight Smith

Paula Smith



Michael Southern

Emily Spilman

Bonney Stamper

Brian Steele

Charles Stephens

Stan Stephens

Donald Stephenson



Alida Stupalsky

Laura Stutts

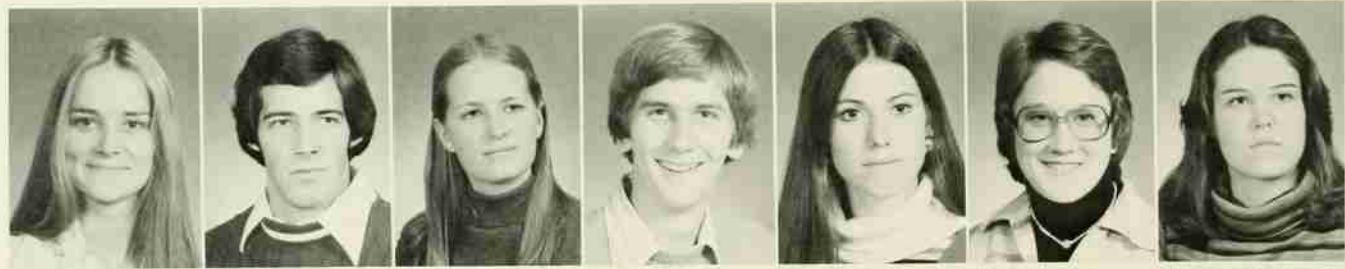
Elizabeth Suttle

Sophia Szymeczek

Rickey Taylor

Deborah Templeton

Sheila Thiipen



Barbara Thomas

Edward Thomas

Rosemary Tucker

Scott Turck

Sally Turner

Marianne Tysinger

Debroah Vancouver



G. Steve Warren

Connie Waterstradt

David Watkins

Wanda Watts

Kenneth Webb

Susan Welch

Connie Wells



Ruth Whanger

Cynthia White

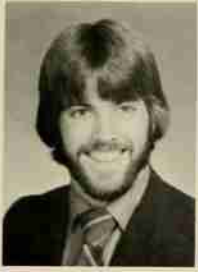
Arthur Whitehead

Martha Whittington

Wanda Wilder

Mary Williams

Barbara Williamson



Steven Wilson



Thomas Wilson



John Winstead



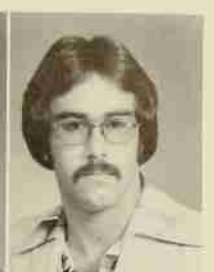
Willie Woodcock



Robin Wright



Woody Yates



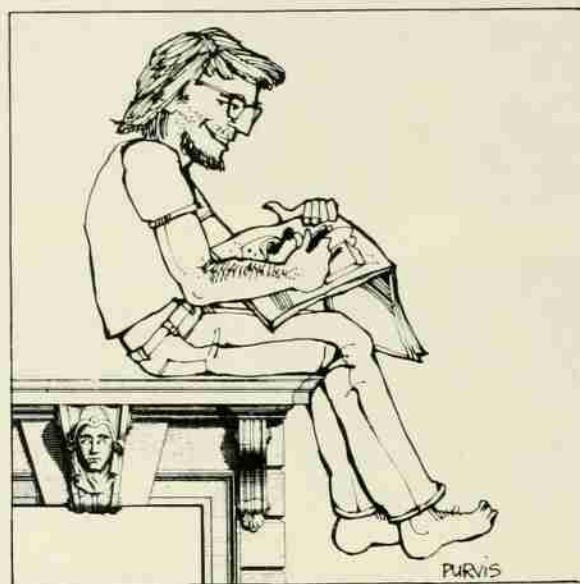
Jeffrey Zimmerman



Barbara Zobel

DESIGN

Upon entering Design one suddenly discovers that he's different. His differences manifest themselves in attitudes, mannerisms, tastes—in essence, lifestyle. Yet, at the same time, one is aware that despite his supposed isolation and uniqueness,



he is a definite part of this university. He can and does function as an overall well-rounded, regular-person "student." True, Design has a set of values and perceptions that most of the campus does not possess. Its student protégés without doubt pick up on these expanded perceptions to become little Duncans, little Vernons, little Rays. Perhaps this too is a mind-boggler for the non-designer—this unique student-professor relationship which exists only in the Design school.

The sophisticated remodeled office complex of Brooks, the continually changing gallery exhibits, the cool and efficient, yet elegantly comfortable library contrasts sharply with the haphazard student studios resplendent with junk ("I can't function unless all my stuff is completely unorganized.") Perhaps these two paradoxical images of Brooks Hall speak most successfully of the contrasts among and within the students who inhabit Design.



Marjorie Acker

Steven Arnaudin

Karen Blevins

Virginia Clarkson

Randal Cooper

Dorothy Davis

Gary Edmisten



Mary Ferguson

John Hall

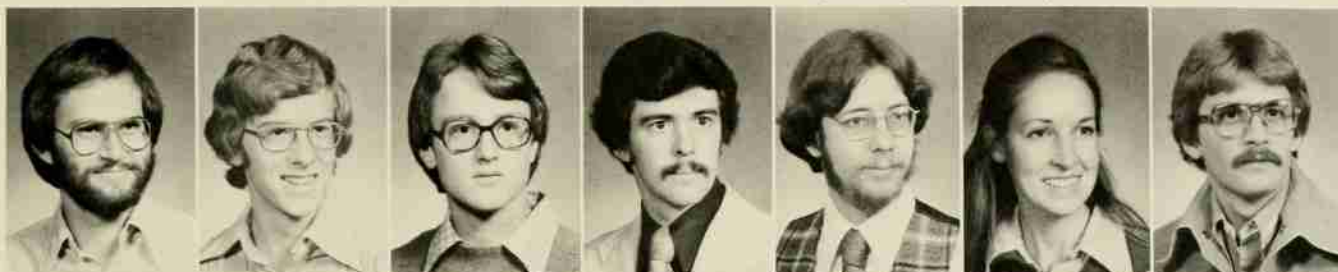
Larry Harris

Richard Henry

Stephen Hepler

Geoffrey Hoffman

Roland Klutz



Eugene Langford

Robert McCarter

George Moorefield

Glen Morgan

James Oates

Lynn Page

Danny Pardue



Quentin Parker

William Peek

Hazel Robinson

Lu Annie Rogers

Robert Runyans

Nancy Sasnett

Arthur Sepmeyer



Roberta Softy

Kenneth Stafford

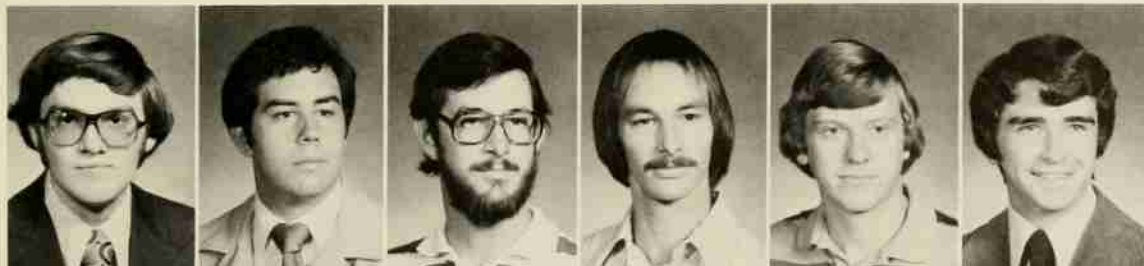
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Terri Thomas

John Thompson

John Thompson

Shirley Trent



Lorry Underwood

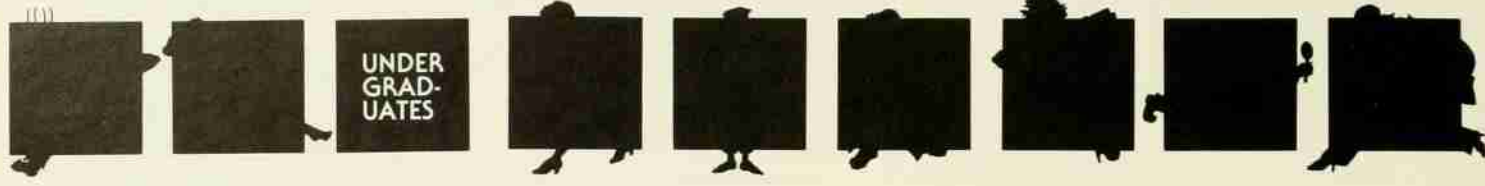
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Gene Wells

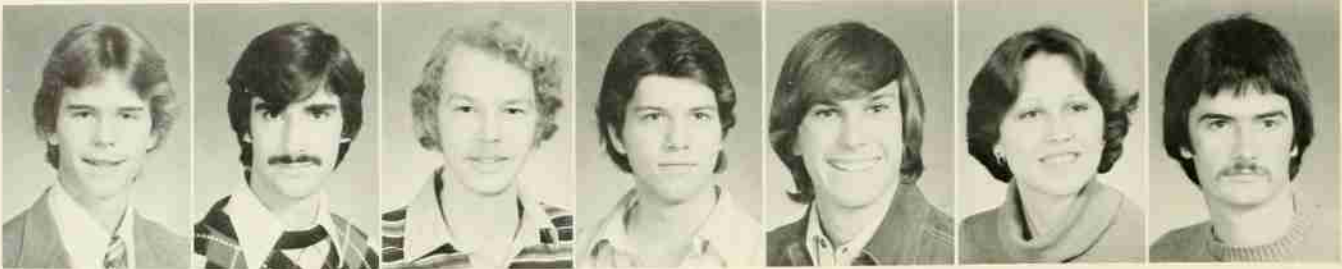
Timothy Whitener

Charles Wilson

Harry Wyatt



UNDER GRADUATES



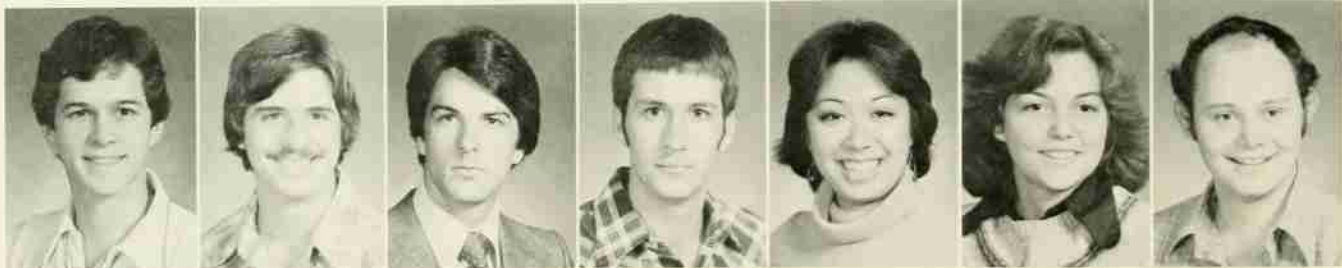
Richard Andrews Robert Barkhau Marion Bloodworth David Boyer William Bradham Dawn Branch C. David Burney



Jane Callaway Jennet Dame Thomas Duffy Cynthia DuRant Christopher Hays Peter Hester Ellen Holding



Karen Hunnicutt Jackie Johnson Timothy Johnson Patricia Kerlin Alan Kritz Richard Law Thomas Lawrence



Sanders Lee Chester Livingston Harold Massey Kenneth McLean Shirley Pope Rhonda Richardson Michael Smith



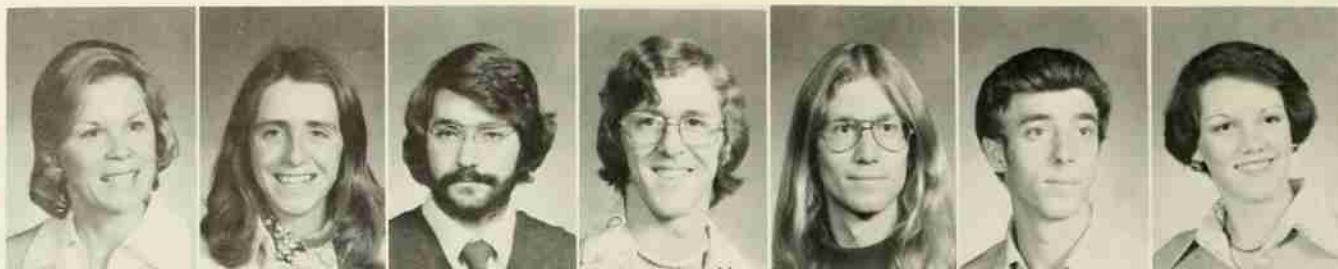
Rebecca Stacy Shaion Taylor John Thrower Joyce Watkins David Weaver David Wooten

EDUCATION

Standing before that classroom, a world of faces, some attentive some not giving a flip if you are there or not... Overcoming the uneasiness, heels clackety-clacking down newly waxed hallways in some backswamp school smelling of mildew and chalk dust...the teacher's desk...all part of



aspirations soon to be realized by the Education major. But those faces upturned for answers are too far away from the black leathery chairs that never wanted to fit very well under the seminar table in Poe. Sunlight streaming through the exposed west window in the lobby made bright diagonals on the slate gray floor. Hurrying students fumbling and banging lockers kept a racket in the shiny basement. The mosaic rhinoceros only stared when you panted up the stairs, already ten minutes late—learning to teach, learning to solve other people's problems! The psychology labs were always mysteriously quiet, doors marked and closed against intrusion. Inside that aggregate of concrete and wood behind the color coordinated doors people learned to help people, groping for answers and for ways to help others find them.



Patricia Beal

Cheryl Bennett

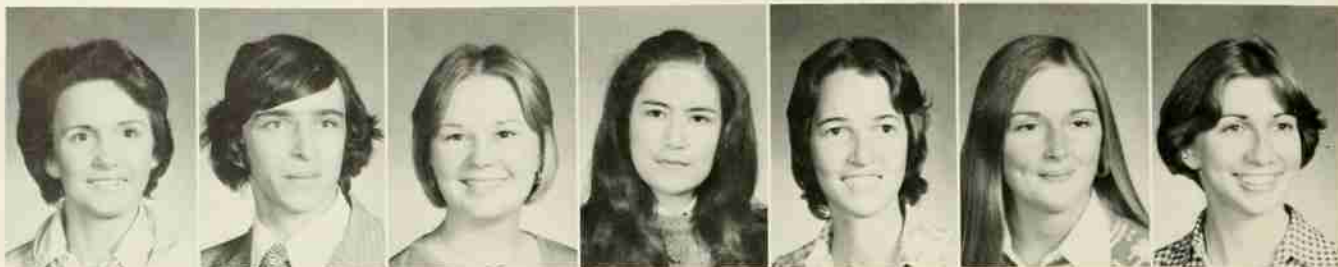
William Booze

Samuel Brown

Thomas Bryan

Paul Butler

Kimberly Carpenter



Mary Cheek

Herbert Copeland

Kara Davis

Vivian Davis

Rita Dixon

Meliane Evans

Jill Fishbein



Benjamin Forrest

Glenn Genis

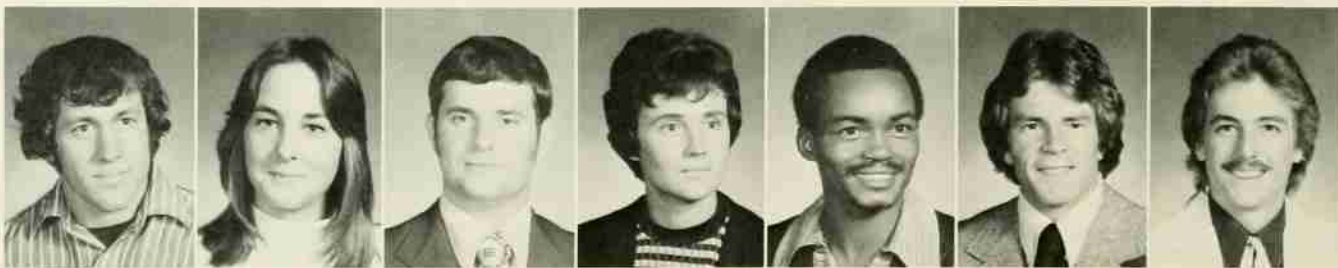
Michael Giconte

Donald Hairston

Michael Hare

Larry Harwood

Thomas Hogan



Steven Holladay

Susan Howland

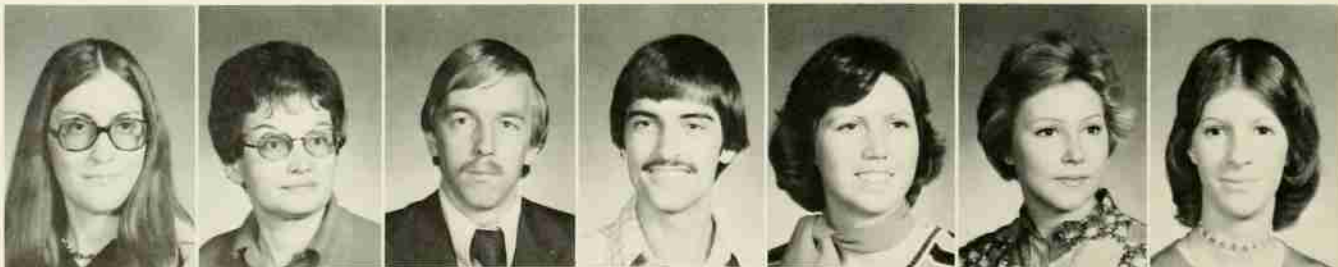
William Jones

Jacqueline Klima

Michael Knox

Fred Lloyd

Joseph Midgette



Susan Munn

Martha Murray

Larry Newman

Barry Oakley

Barbara Odom

Pamela Patsch

Ellen Paul



Esther Penney

Marie Pettit

Michael Phillips

Thomas Pruett

John Richardson

Stephen Riddle

Michael Robbins



Pamela Sansbury

Thomas Sherlock

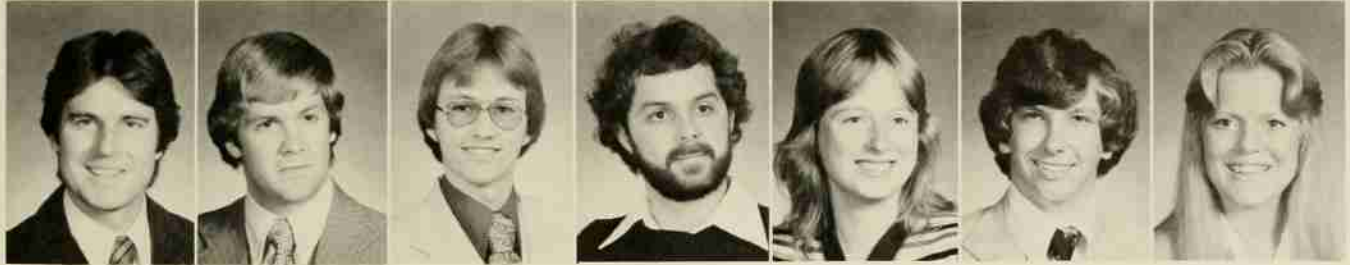
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Roberta Sloan

Patricia Smith

Alice Stocks

Linda Surles



Michael Tally

Alan Thomas

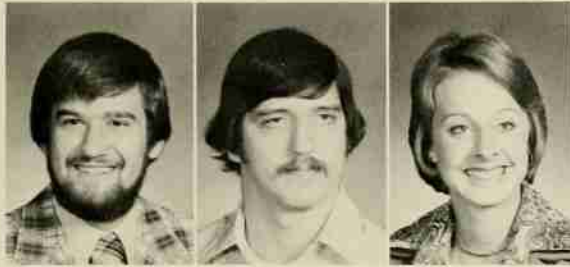
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Kenneth Treece

Patricia Turner

Caswell Wheeler

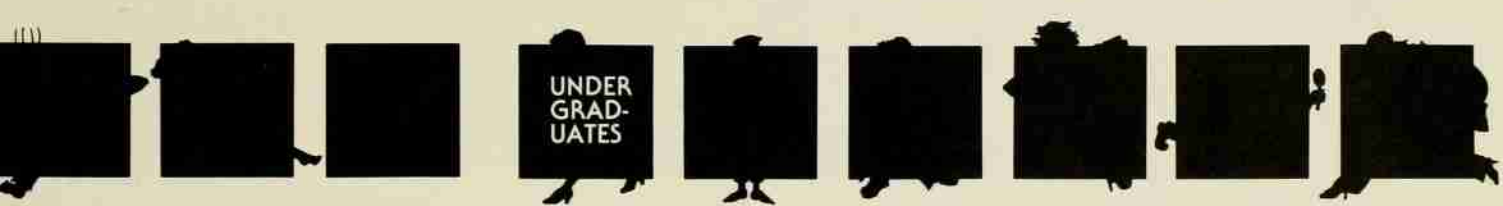
Beverly Willenborg



James Williams

Craig Xander

Mary Yarborough



Susan Beam

Jane Bernhardt

Beverly Brown

Debra Calloway

Miriam Canipe

Trudy Cooper

Gregory Danford



Margaret Elmore

James Etheridge

Mary Evans

Thomas Fahey

Catherine Faircloth

Michael Fields

Kimberly Fowler



Terry Galloway

Ricky Gardin

Wendy Gehrm

Roslyn Goetze

Kathel Hargrave

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Christopher Heavner

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Janet Hill

Nancy Hill

Cheryl Holder

Jane Holliday

John Holt



Nena Hood

Ella Inman

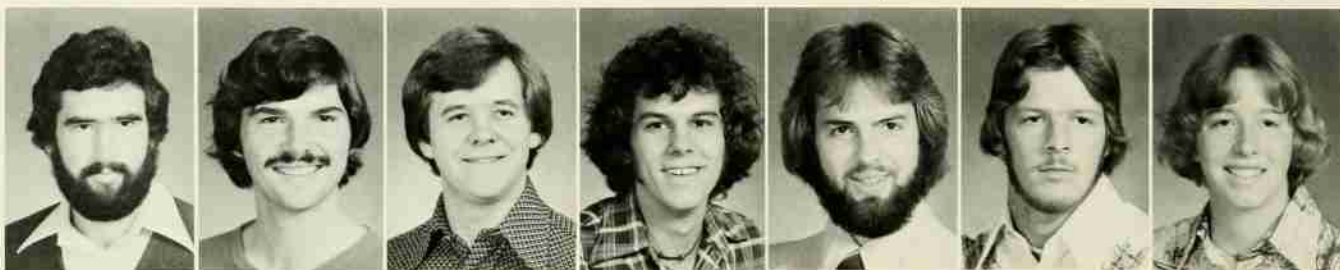
Jacinta Jacobs

Veronica Jenkins

John Kasper

William Kiger

Helen Koop



William Lambert

Frank Loney

Boyd Luther

James Manning

Donald Martin

George McGrath

Dionne Miller



Laura Moore

Robert O'Brien

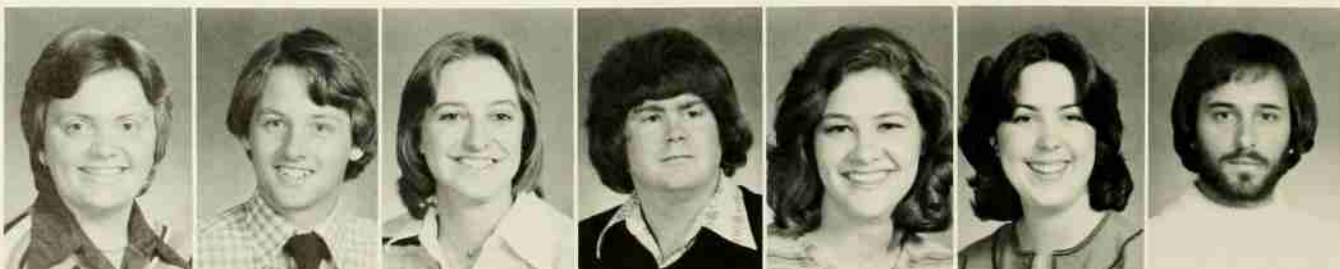
Deborah Pearce

Stephanie Pettiford

Robin Phillips

Charles Pittman

Laura Poindexter



Frances Pope

Mark Ratledge

Sonja Rhymer

Wilfred Robbins

Marcia Shackelford

Karen Shoffner

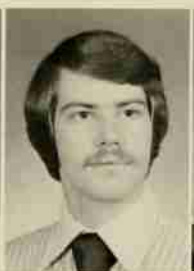
Danny Shuping



Eugene Smith



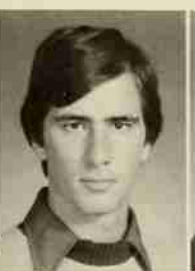
Jesse Smith



Charles Sorrels



Janet Spivey



Ron Stanley



Ava Stout



Donna Strickland



Susan Taylor



Terrilyn Taylor



Barbara Thompson



Mary Turnage



Cindy Vnencak



Rutha Walker



Wilbur Walker



Vicky Waller



Margaret Wallis



Mary Wallis



Louise Walters



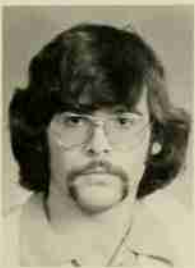
Timothy Warren



George Willis



Ned Wilson



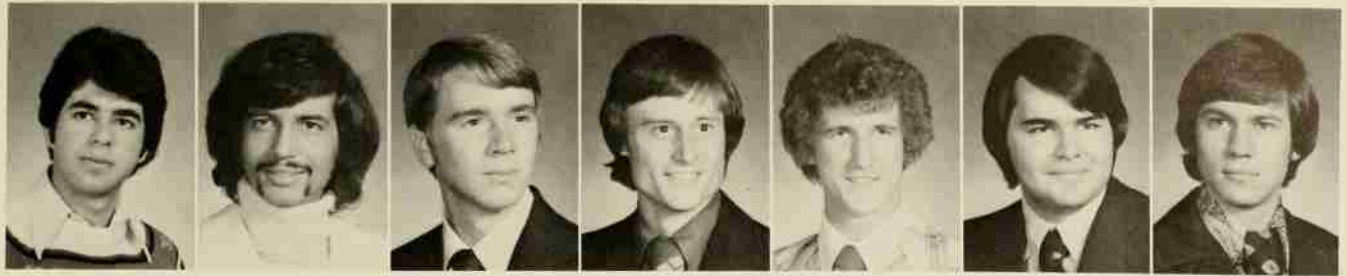
Dennis Worley

ENGINEERING

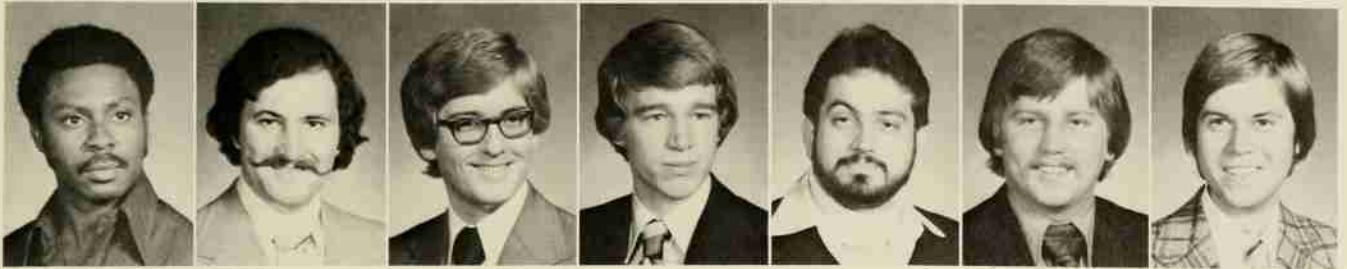
If people think of engineers as low on aesthetics and high on practicality, they're really missing it. Sure, you can walk through the endless white cinder block corridors of that exasperating maze called Broughton Hall and feel oppressed by the cold functionality. You can even find some curious non-functional anomalies, like the little windows on the lab doors in Mann Hall that require you to get on your knees to look through them. But if you look more closely you begin to find beauty, sensitivity and soul where you thought all was square. See the photo display in Mann, the Chem E wall in Riddick, cruise through Daniels and peek through the glass in Burlington. Take a look at the "Love an Engineer" t-shirts on campus these days. Maybe they should read "Engineers Love You." They do.

When I study a blueprint and see beyond it to the structure it represents, when graceful elegance enriches functionality in a structure, I really get excited. It's almost as neat as driving a train.

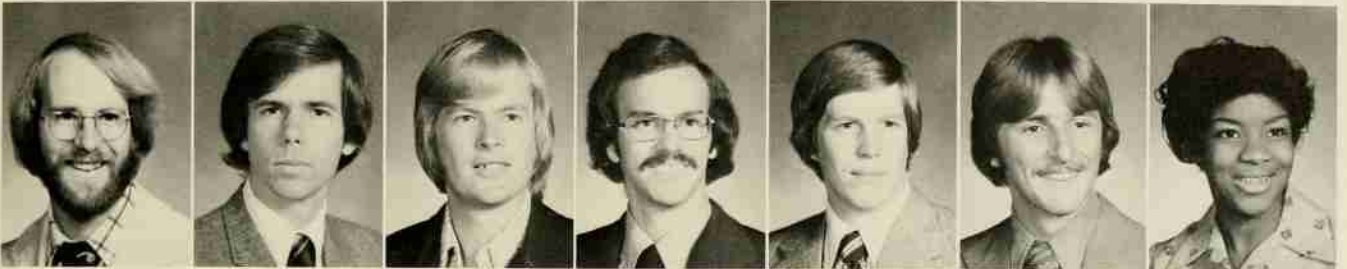




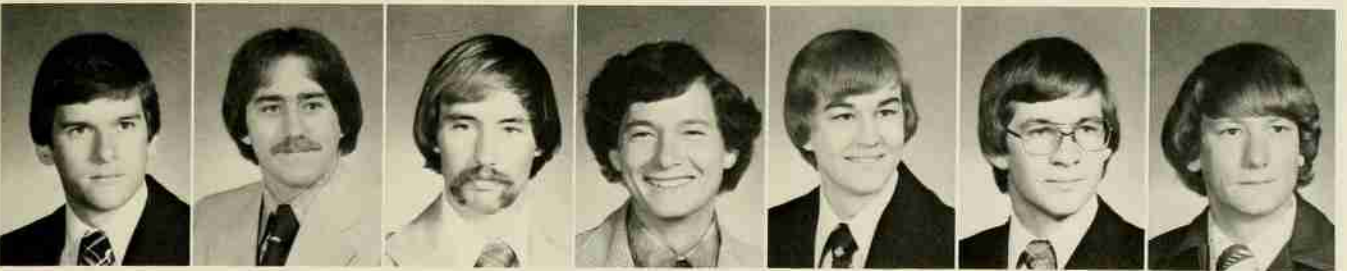
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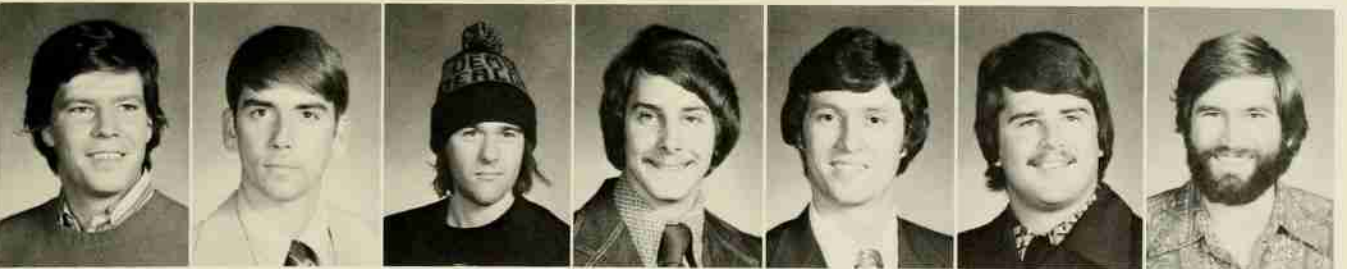
Tetteh Aniteye Kevin Annas Lawrence Arledge William Atchison Fernando Azpurua Larry Bailey Hal Barnes



David Barnhardt Jerry Barton Christopher Batchelor Paul Bauer John Baugh Darrell Beck Deborah Bell



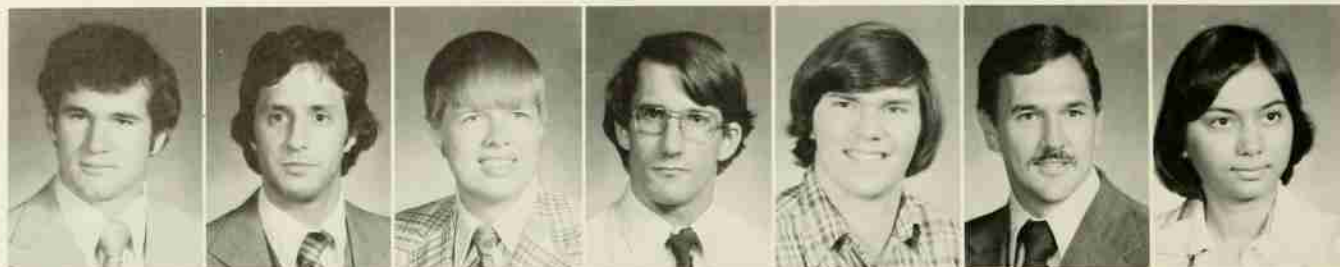
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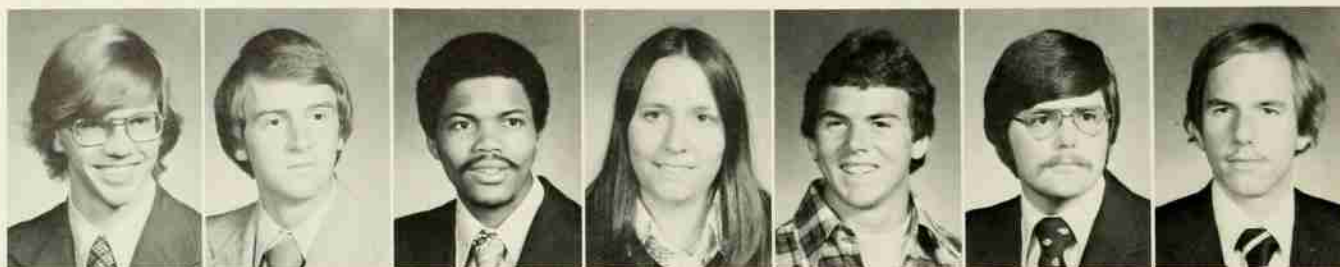
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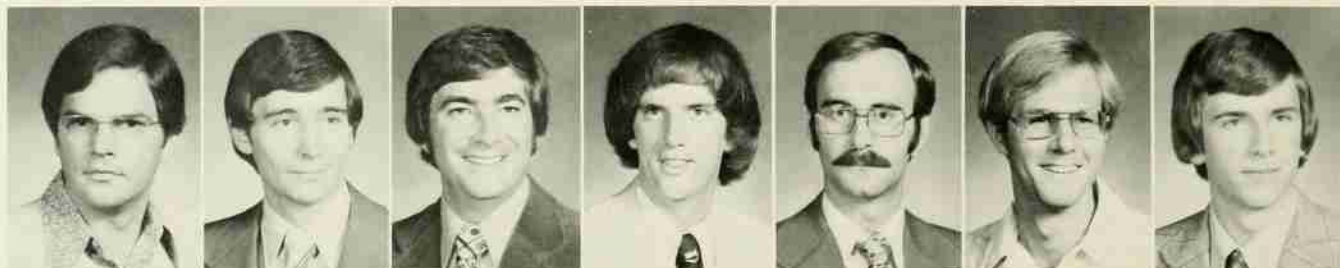
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John Clark Norris Clayton Norris Cole Kathryn Conner William Cook Rickey Cornett Stuart Coulter



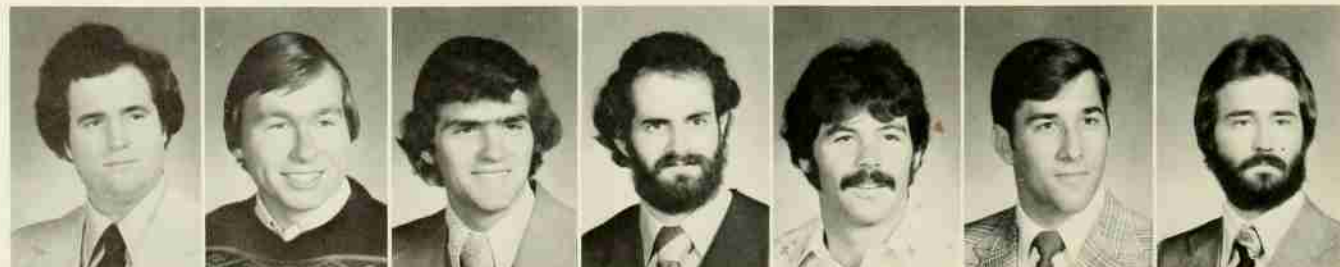
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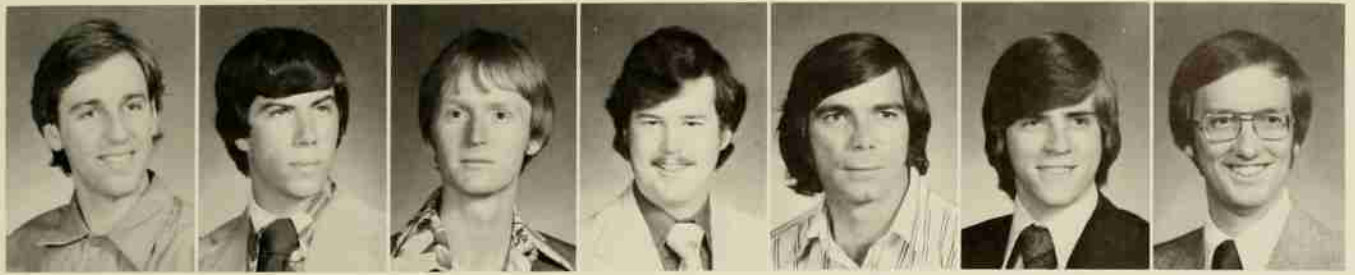
Kenneth Darney Daniel Dawson Glenn DeJang Patricia DiPasquale William Dixon David Doar William Datsón



Vivian Driggers Charles Dudek Robert Dumas Mark Earnhardt John Edwards Mike Edwards Paul Elliott



Robert Eure David Evans Michael Everett Emiliano Fernandez Johnny Fields David Fischer Hugh Fisher



Gregory Floyd

John Fox

Neal Frink

Robert Furnage

Terry Gallimore

Terry Gardner

Cecil Garrett



Joseph Glass

John Goldberger

Harry Grim

Mitchell Guthrie

William Haddock

Edward Hagarty

Ricky Hamlet



Robert Hankins

Robert Harding

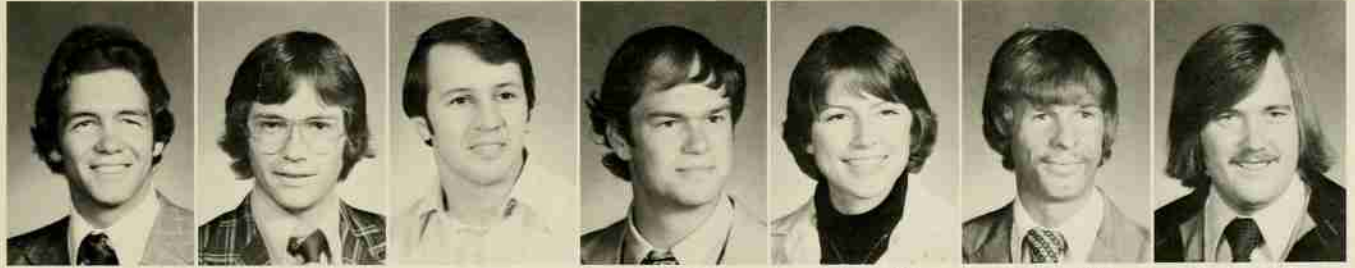
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Donald Horgette

John Harrington

Richard Harrington

James Harris



Buck Hatcher

George Hayworth

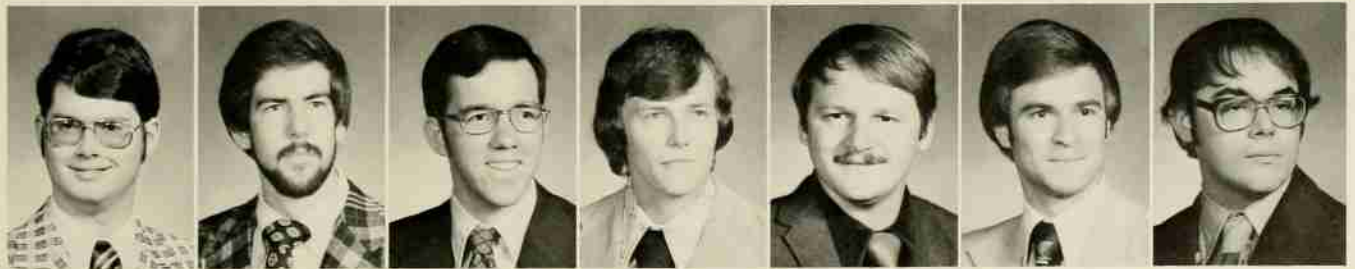
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Barbara Hill

Michael Hill

Reginald Hill



Robert Hobgood

Roger Holland

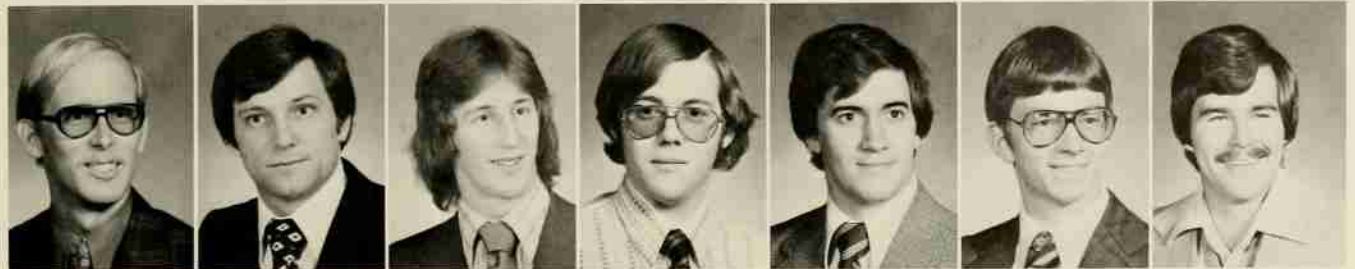
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Deems Hollingsworth

Terry Holmes

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Herbert Holzworth



Robert Hood

James Hopkins

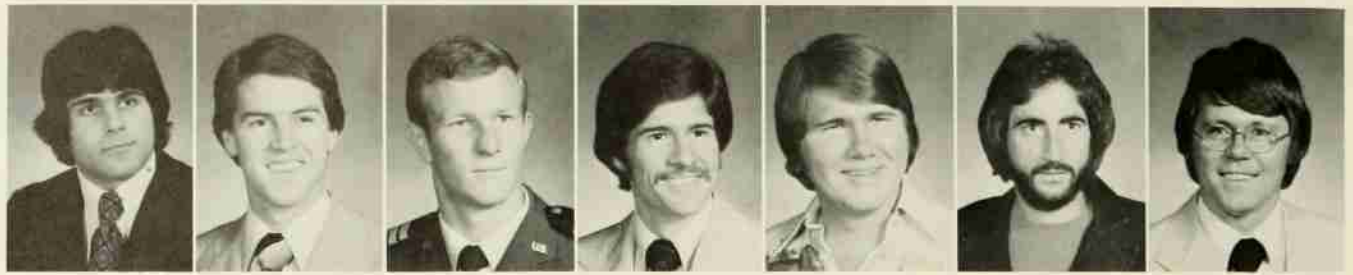
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Daniel Houser

Robert Hyder

Richard Ingram

Robert Jarman



Howard Johnson

James Johnson

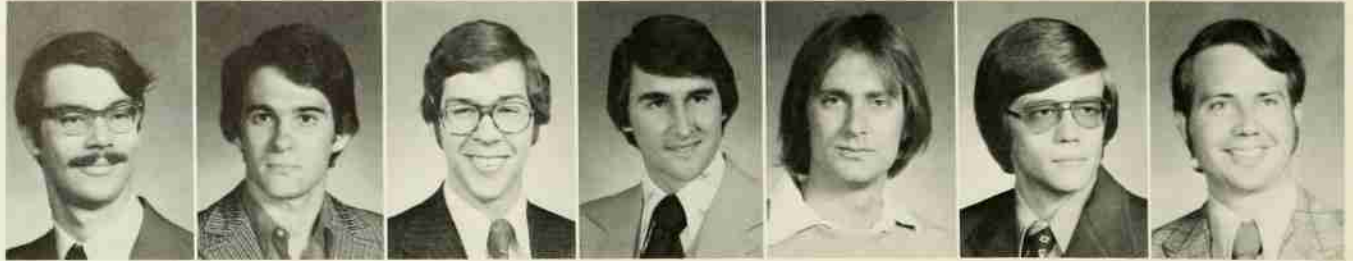
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Ector Jones

Timothy Jones

Raja Kayal

Robert Kaylor



Gary Keane

Robert Kennerly

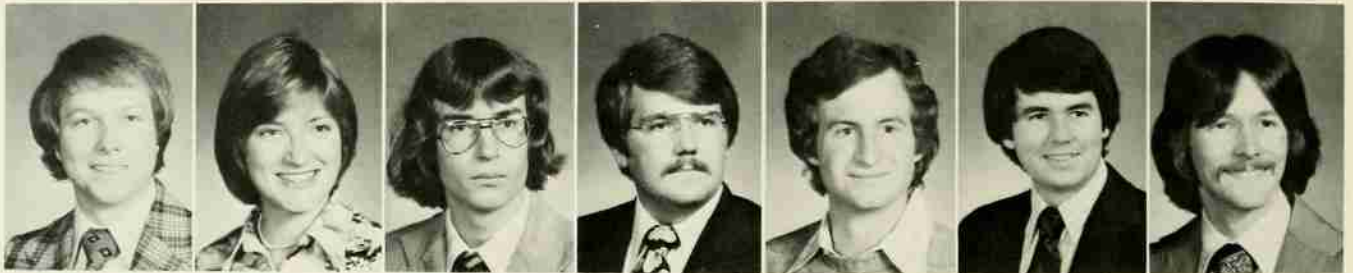
George Kilby

Robert Kirby

Ronald Klutz

Thurman Lamm

Sidney Lands



Charles Lee

Michael Leming

William Lisowsky

Michael Loftin

Rufus Love

Timothy Lovin

David Lynn



Wade MacDonald

David MacFawn

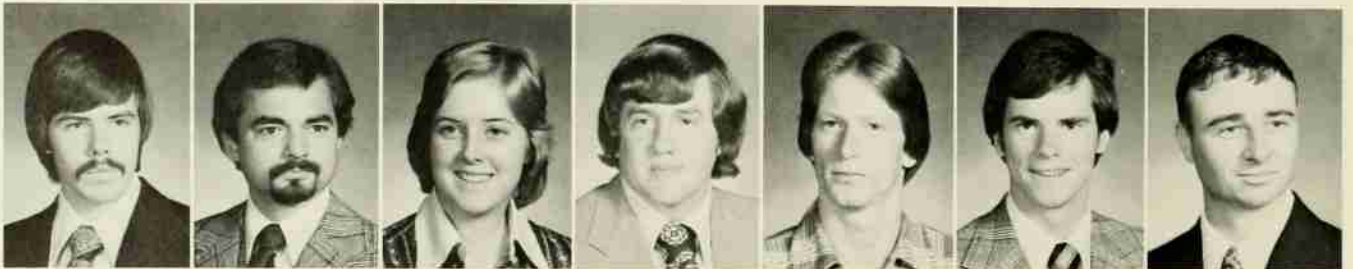
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Ricky Mathis

Clarion Maybee

Michael Mazejka



Lawrence McCachern

Stephen McCorkle

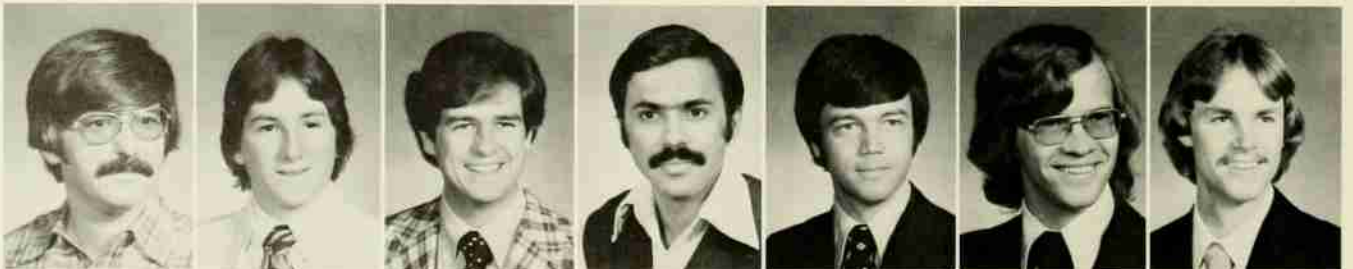
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Randy McNeill

Joseph McQueen

Malcolm McSpodden

Charles Meacham



Joseph Meeks

Michael Merrell

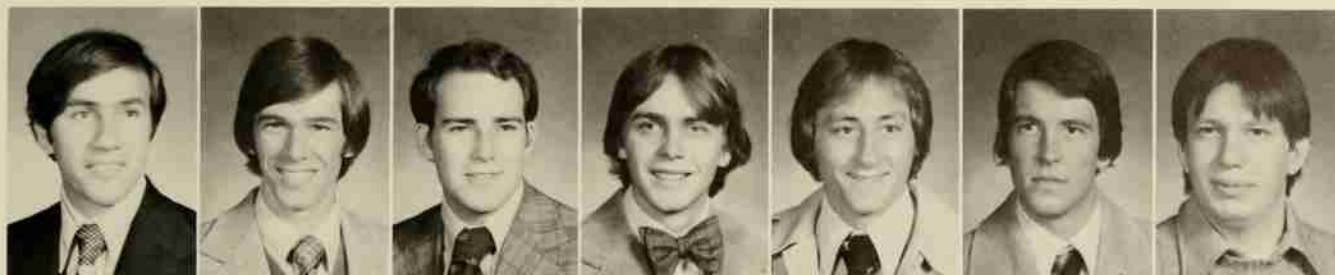
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Maroof Mian

John Milby

Jerry Miller

Larry Miller



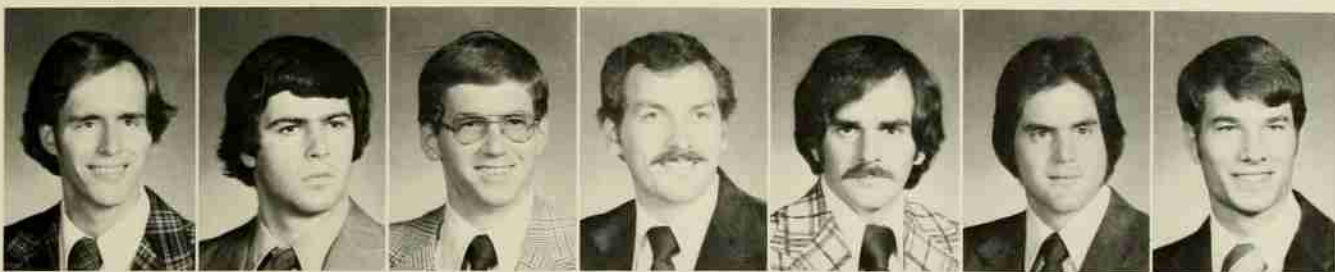
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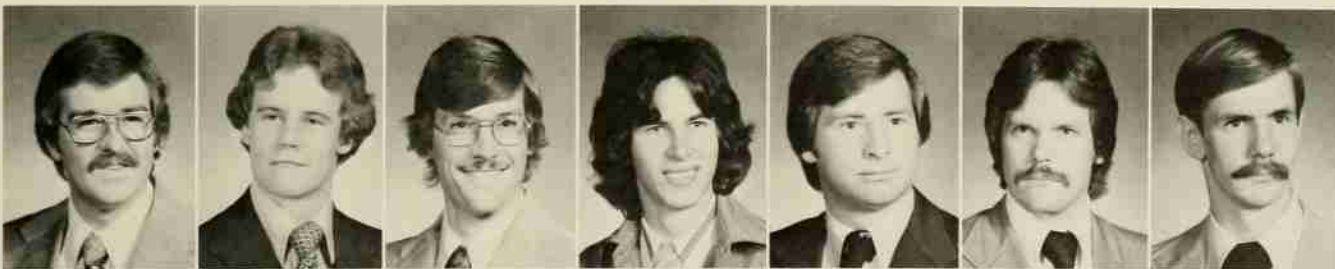
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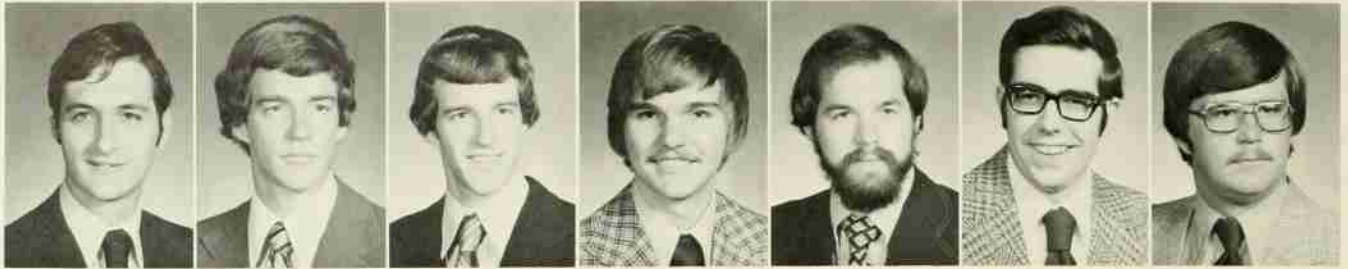
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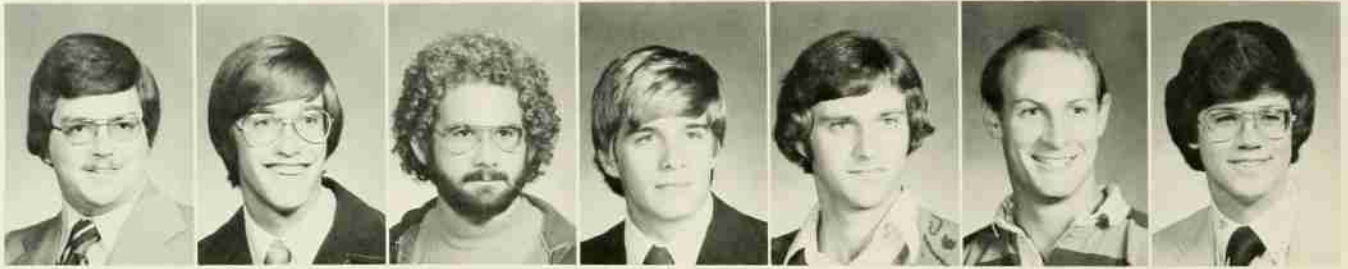
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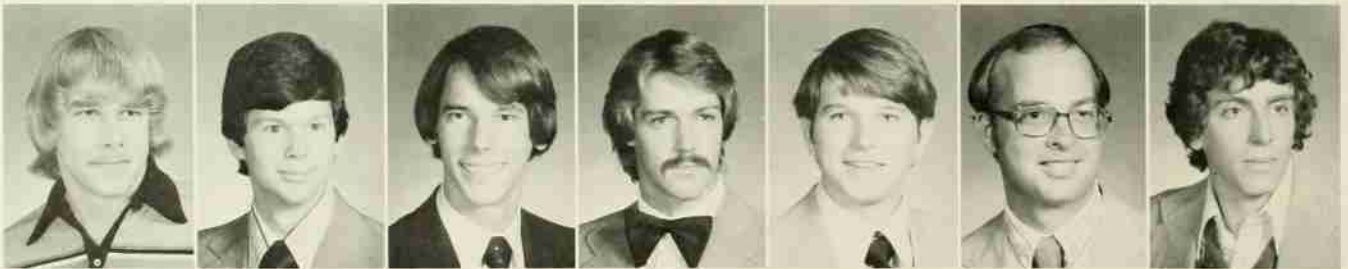
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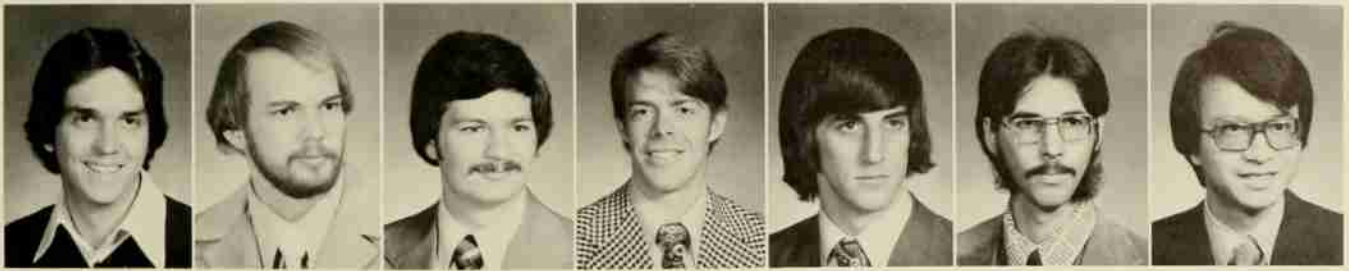
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Douglas Williams

Edgar Williams

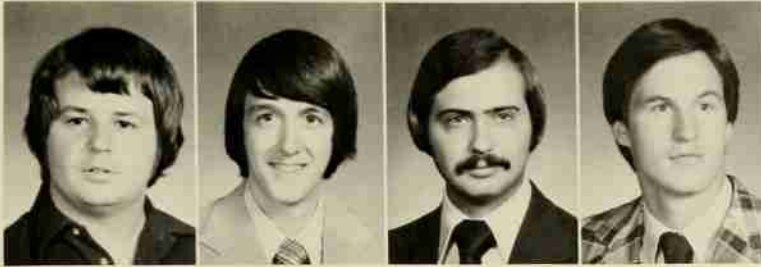
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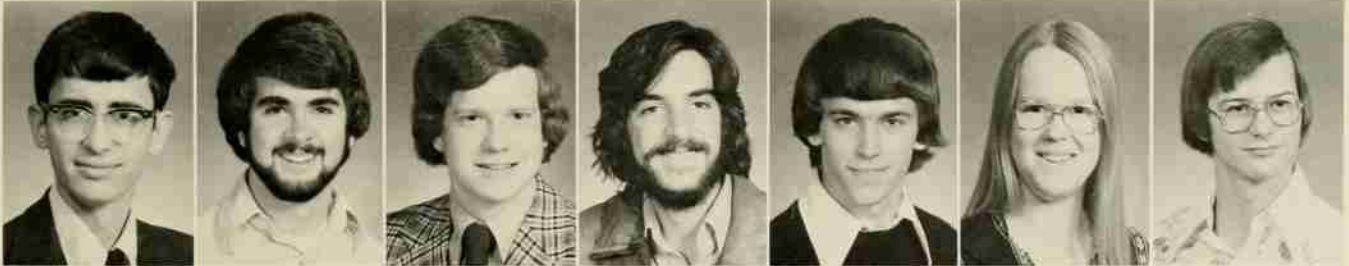
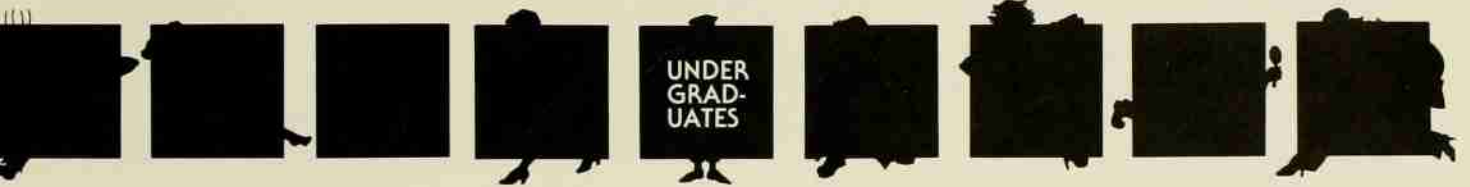


Scott Wood

Gregory Wrenn

Bobby Wright

William Young



Phillip Abeyounis

Andrew Anderson

Lowell Anderson

Sasan Ardalan

Melvin Arey

Margaret Ashley

Kenneth Bobb



Paul Bailey

Carl Baker

George Banker

David Barbee

Allen Beam

Kirby Bell

Stephen Bellamah



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Thaddeus Bowling



Ricky Bowman



Ernest Boyd



Robert Bridges



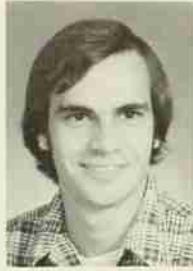
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Billy Brown



William Brown



Keith Bulla



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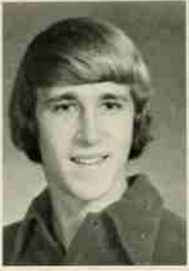
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John Carson



Haskell Cater



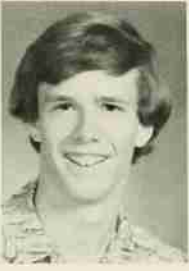
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Curtis Chambers



Jeffrey Check



Douglas Clabough



Robert Claytor



Anthony Cox



David Crawford



Harry Creekmuir



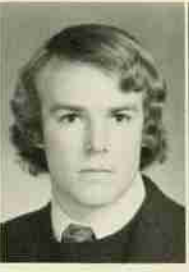
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Robert Cromer



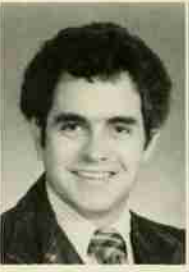
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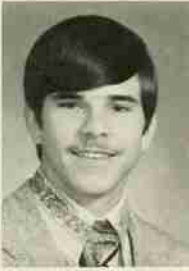
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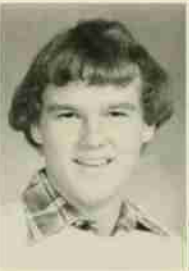
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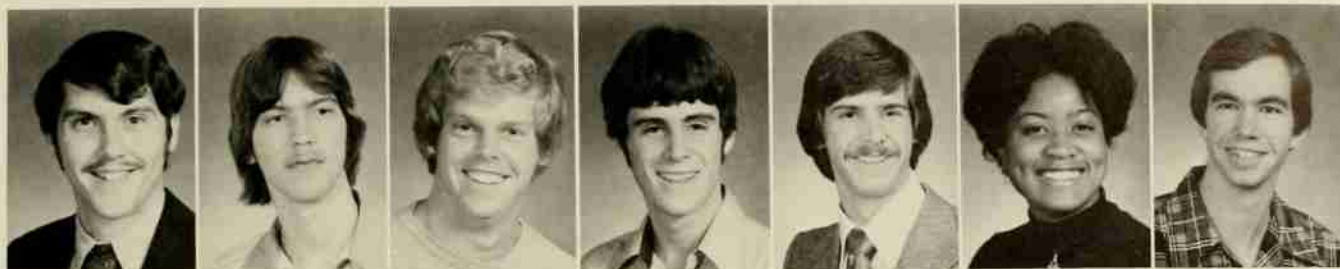
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Michael Ford



James Farte



Jeffrey Foust

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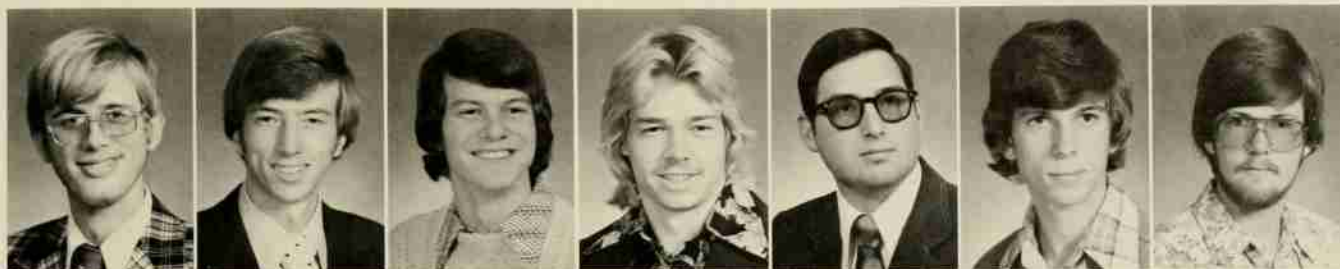
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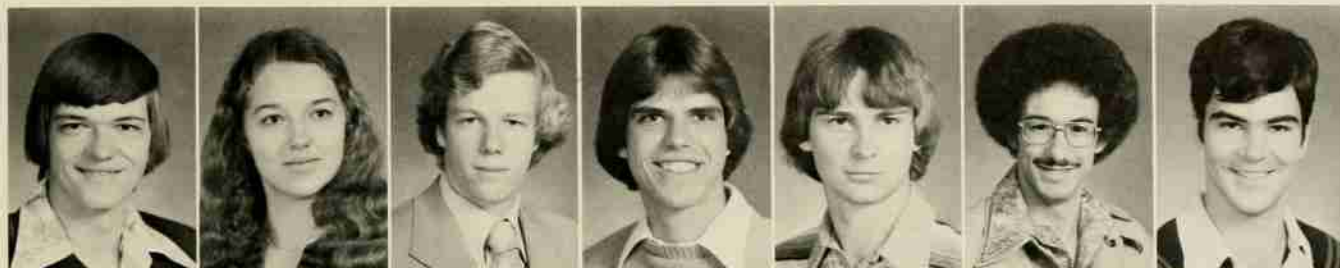
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Dale Goltare

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Ruth Graham

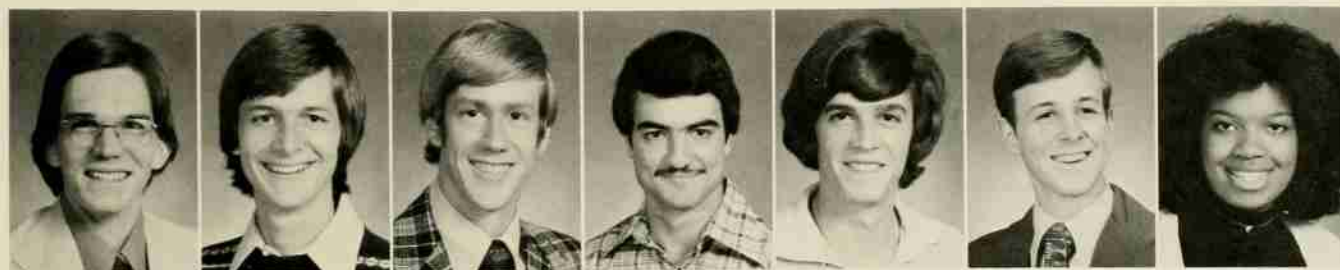
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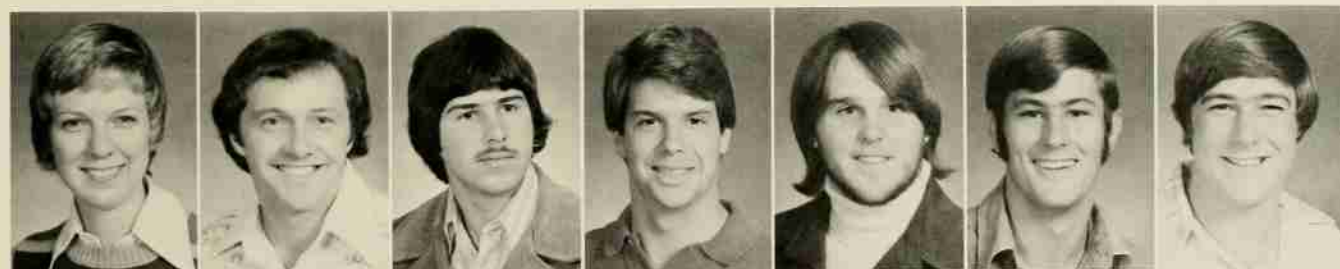
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Kim Hinshow

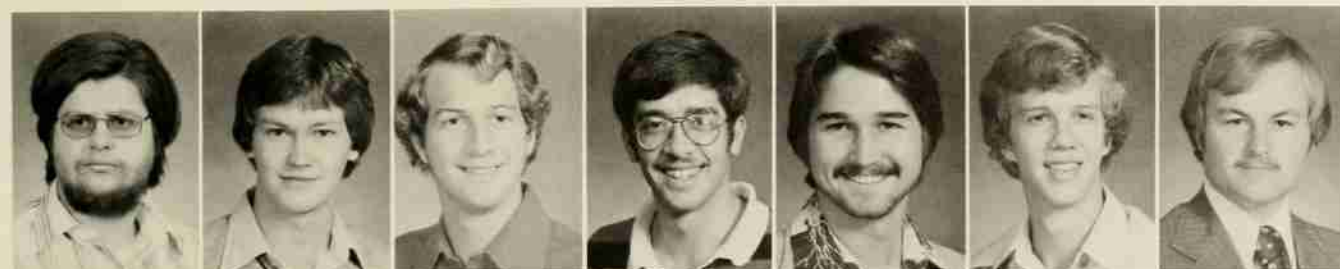
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John Hoening

John Hoke

Steven Holland

John Holley



Robert Hoy

Bruce Huffman

Randall Jackson

Thomas Jakob

Gary Jarvis

Robert Jenkins

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Charles Jewell

Brian Johnson

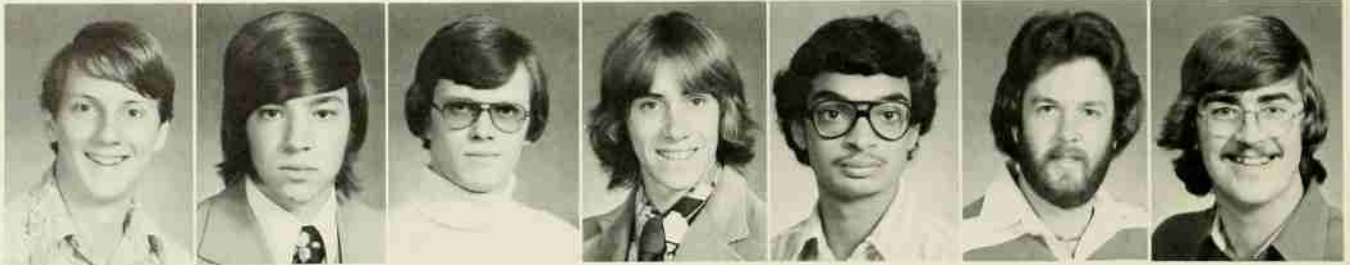
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Brian Jones

Malcolm Jones

Ira Jordan

D. Paul Kelly



Raymond Kerley

William Kincaid

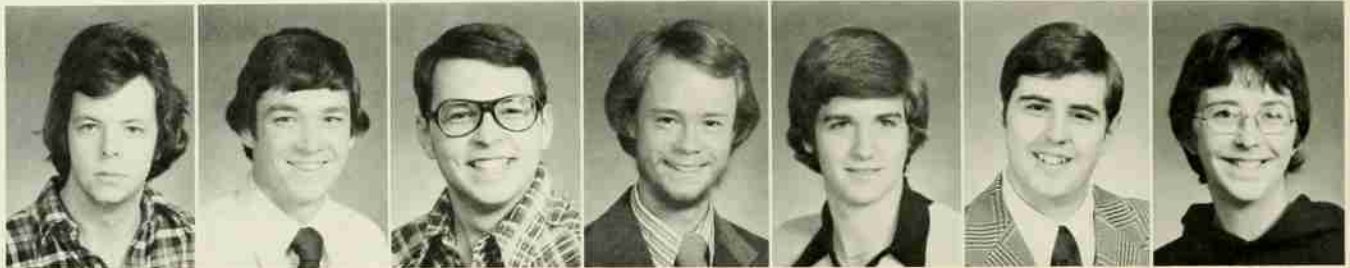
Don King

Keith Koutsky

Avva Krishna

Ben Lackey

Robert Lamb



Donald Lamonds

James Lamson

Richard Larkins

Eric Larsen

Robert Lee

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Franklin Lockamy

Lacy Love

Michael Lowder

Robin Ludlow

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John Marsland

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Maurice Mayes

James Maynard

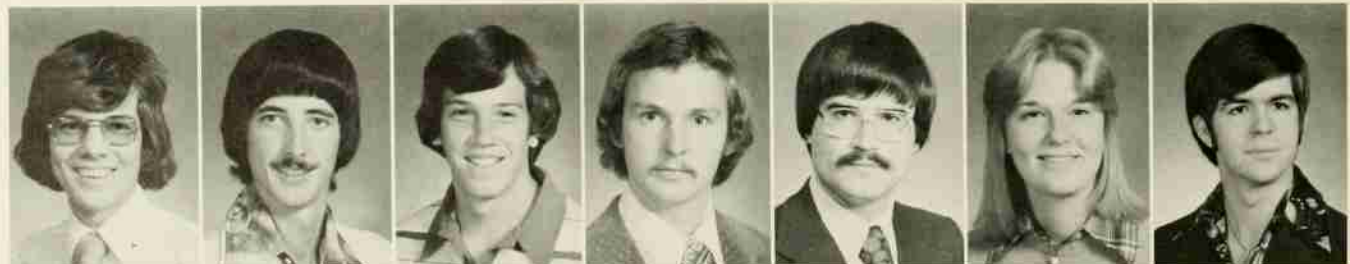
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Dixie McCollum

Barry McGee

Duncan McNeill

David Meachum



Joseph Meadows

Joseph Memory

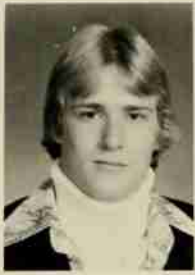
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Daniel Miller

James Miller

Jeri Miller

Max Miller



Arnold Moore



Charles Moore



David Musser



Gayle New



Gregory Pagett



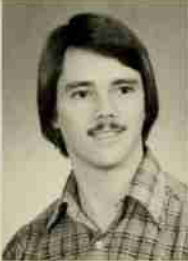
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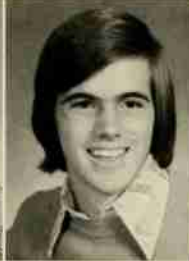
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Jerry Pendergrass



Gregory Perry



William Petty



Donna Phillips



Richard Pike



Charles Poore



C. David Pope



Charles Primeau



Jack Rahmes



Gene Reavis



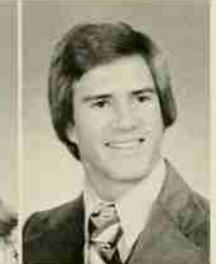
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Thomas Reimers



Cindy Rhodes



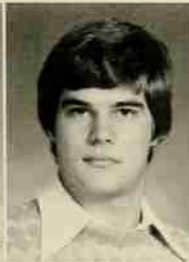
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Charles Robbins



James Roberts



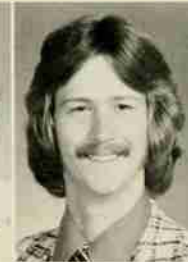
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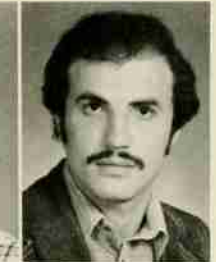
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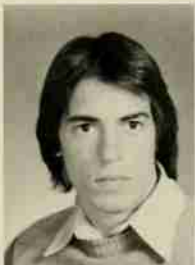
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Joseph Rucker



Hussein Sadek



Robert Sadler



Richard Sanders



Charles Self



William Sessoms



William Shepard



Luke Shepherd



John Shoemaker



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David Simmons



Michael Simmons



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Andrew Slate



Sharon Smalls



David L. Smith



Josef Smith



Arthur Snuggs



James Southard



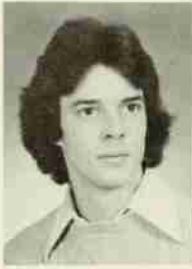
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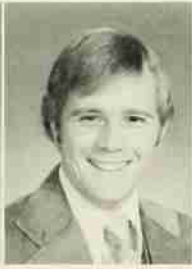
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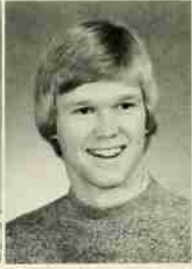
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Robert Stone



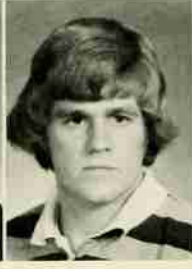
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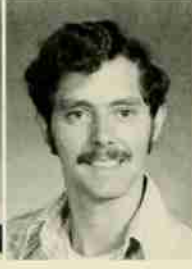
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Robert Thomas



David Townsend



Melvin Travis



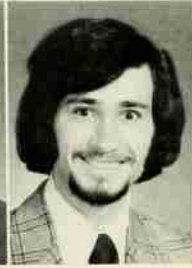
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Kenneth Tyndall



Eric Vestal



Emad Wahab



Marty Wakefield



Guy Waiding



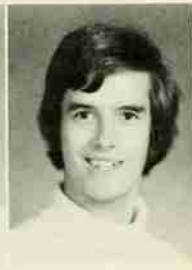
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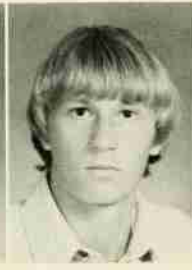
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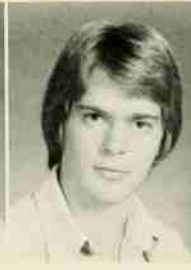
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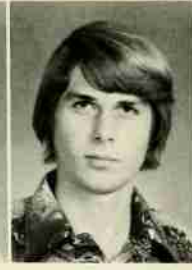
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Michael Wicker



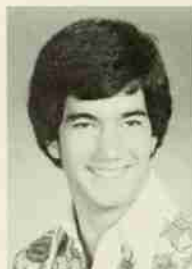
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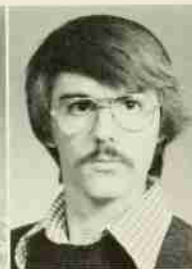
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Mark Wilkins



Charles Williams



Gregory Williams



James Williams



Phillip Williams



Debra Wilson



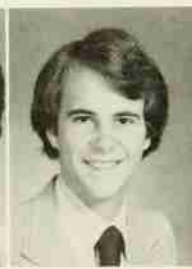
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Robert Wilson



Vivian Wolf



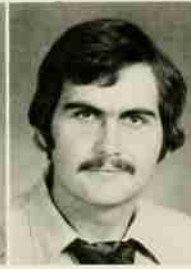
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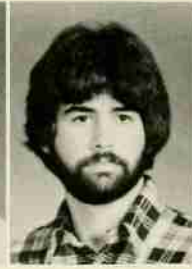
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Ross Wood



John Yarbro



Stephen Younts

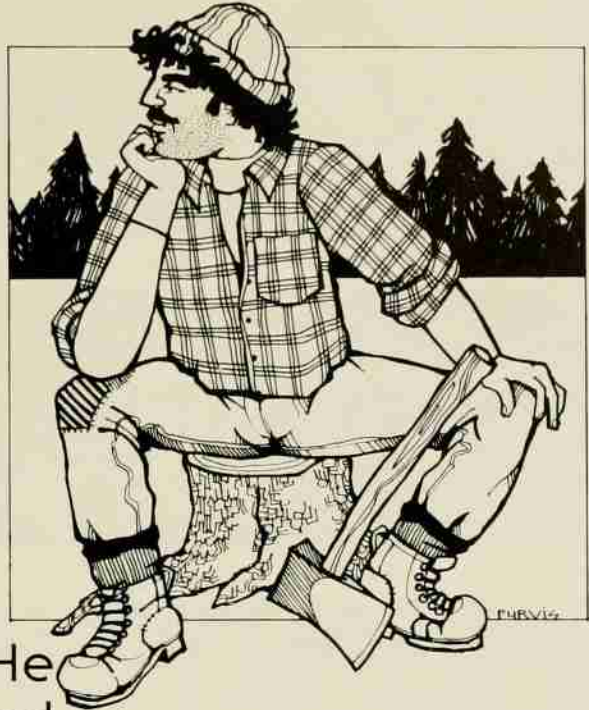


Yun Zubarik

FOREST RESOURCES

You can sit in the forestry library and look out across the athletic fields and see the rest of the campus, and it's almost like you're riding a bus along Western Boulevard, just catching a glimpse of NCSU. A fuzzy-chinned freshman fell asleep in this library once. He dreamed he was a felled tree being sawed in half by two flannel-shirted foresters manning the George K. Slocum Memorial Saw. God, those teeth! And old Smokey Bear watched benignly and warned them about matches.

Lab days teach you to watch and wait. You watch gauges and clocks, open and close taps, and at the right moment, open a valve to release a pressurized cloud of steam and sulfur dioxide. The awful smell makes you wince and recoil. You can observe real magic as the Tarheel Baby turns wood chips into paper. Feeding it, you feel like an ancient alchemist. And come to think of it, a subtle transformation has taken place with you as your fine hidden grain was exposed and polished and the bark was stripped from your latent talents.





James Alexander

James Bailey

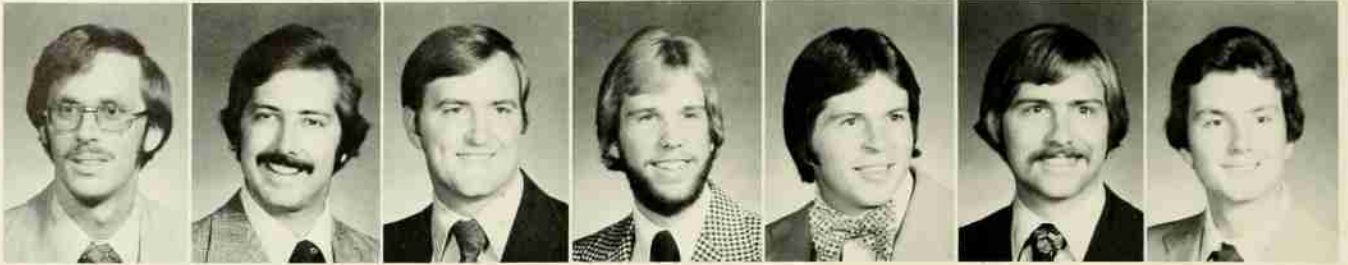
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Steven Berkman

John Blanton

Thomas Bowman

James Boyd



Scott Bradshaw

David Brande

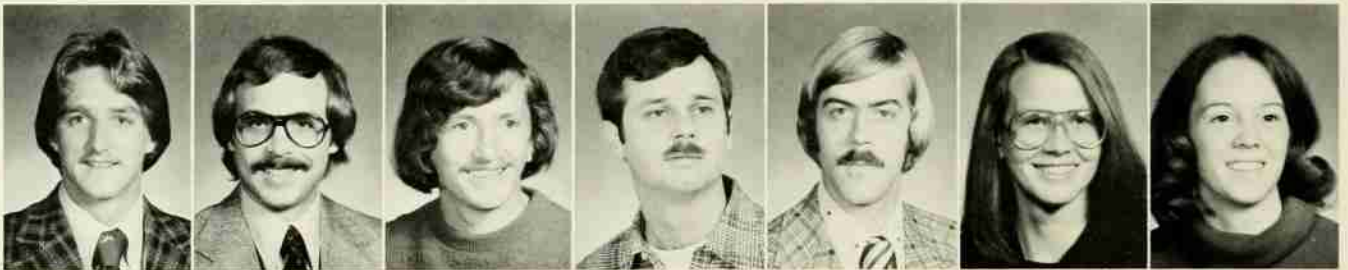
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Wesley Drogan

Lloyd Brown

Calvin Bucher

James Burgin



David Cantliffe

Carson Carmichael

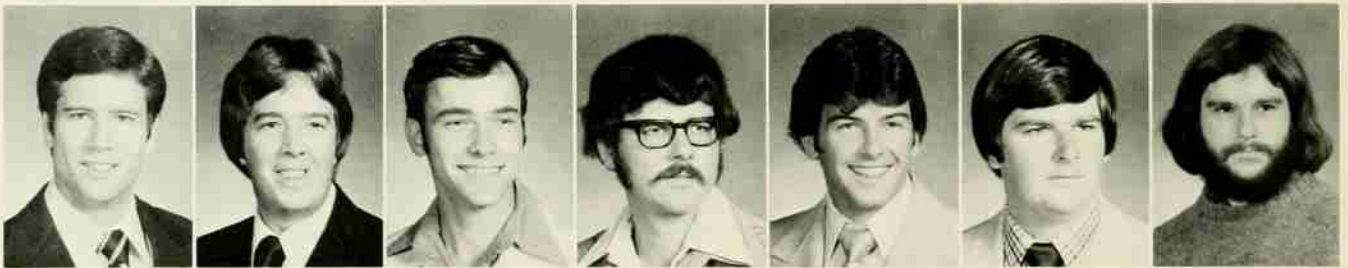
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William Carpenter

Phillip Carter

Cynthia Cates

Joye Champion



John Charlton

John Clemmans

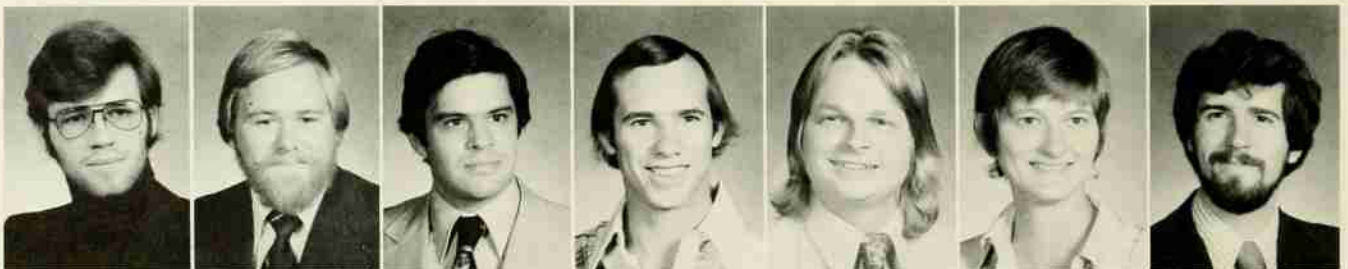
Thomas Cole

Orlando Comer

James Cook

Rocky Cooper

Steve Coutu



Gary Cramer

Jesse Crawford

Robert Damsky

H. Stephen Eccleston

Reginald Edwards

Laura Forrest

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Ernest Gaster

Bivas Ghosh

James Gordon

Tina Griffin

John Gurganiouis

Mark Hall

Mollie Hall



Douglas Hancock

Donald Head

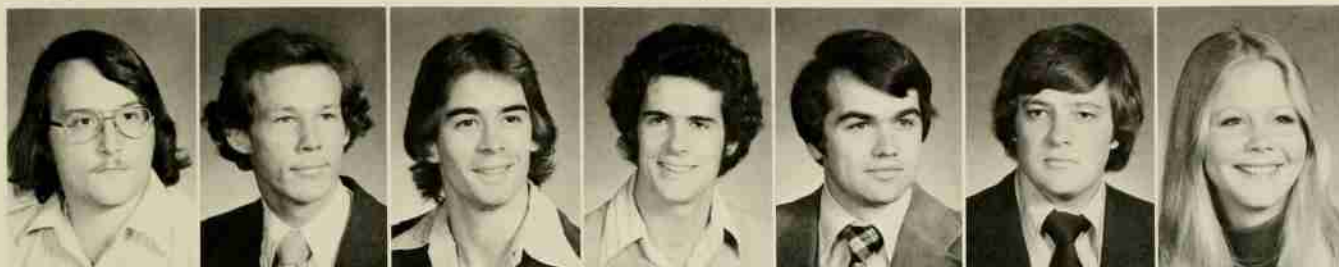
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Randolph Hopper

Daniel Hunt

John Joy

James Jennings



Marc Johnson

Joseph Kelleher

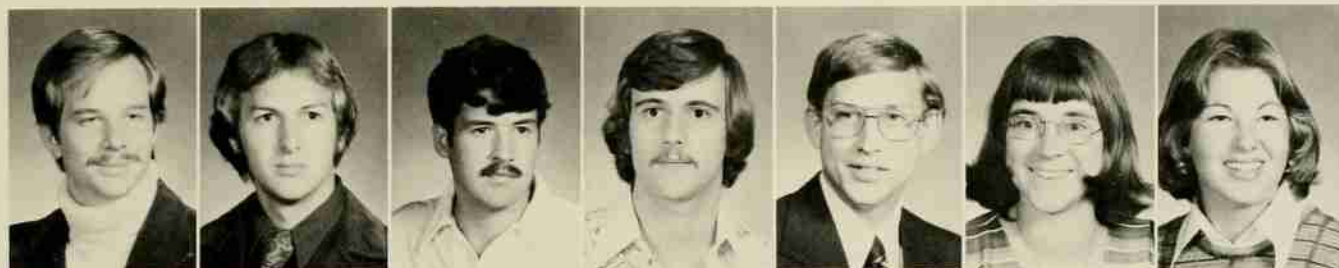
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Jimmie Lane

Thomas Lawson

Donald Ledford

Cynthia Levinson



William Lewis

Roy Lingerfelt

Michael Lipsak

Robin Lipford

John Lójka

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Raymond Mann

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John Matthews

John May

Jennifer McCall

Margaret McGrath

James McGurn



Philip Mitchell

Joel Monteith

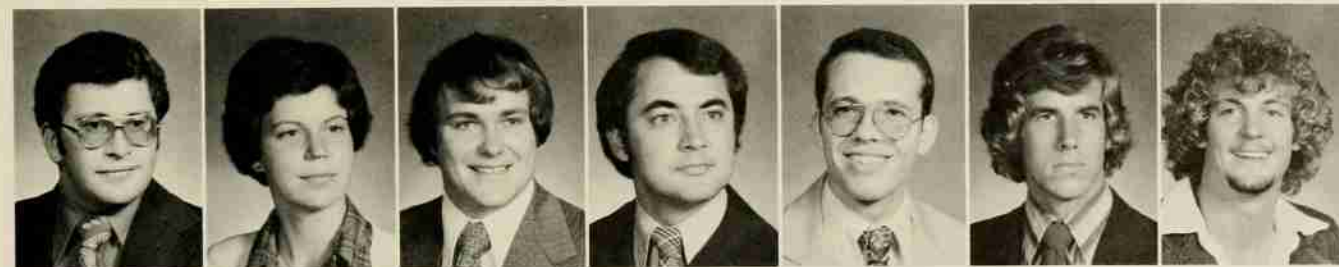
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Stephen Moore

Stephen Moore

Jeffrey Murgas

George Newsome



Earnest Osborne

Margaret Parker

William Parker

Anthony Paschal

John Patterson

Richard Peot

Dennis Person



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William Ray

John Richardson

Jeanette Roberts

Paul Robinson

Roger Sauerborn



Walter Schultz

Helen Setser

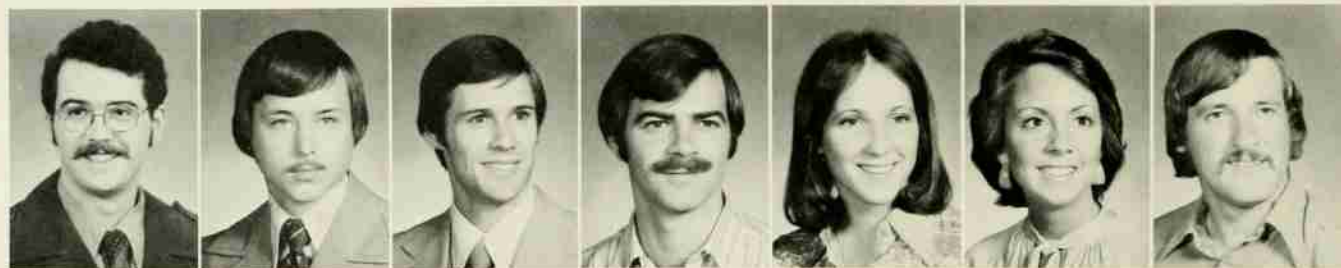
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Boyce Shore

Elizabeth Simons

Michael Smith

James Solomon



Herman Speece

Ronnie Spivey

Dale St. Denis

Richard Thayer

Kiska Thompson

Connie Trimble

Larry Tyndall



Corby Ulatowski

Robert Wallace

Clayton Walters

Michael Webster

Sandra Weinstein

Teresa Wiggs

John Williams



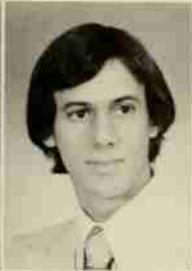
Mary Yates

Rodney Yates

UNDER GRADUATES



Tommy Andrews



Blas Arroyo



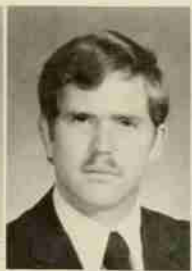
Joseph Bancek



Kathryn Borem



Beisy Brown



Timothy Burke



Joy Butler



Sheri Campbell



James Carter



Charles Church



Gail Clendaniel



William Copeland



Mark Crane



Douglas Daniels



William Daughtridge



Thomas Davidson



Robert Davison



Katherine Eberle



Candace Elkins



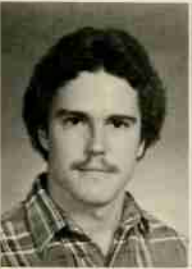
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Brenda Etheridge



Kenneth Farmer



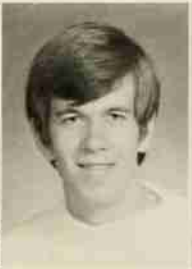
Kevin Fitzgerald



Mark Gardner



Victoria Gardner



Robert Green



Wright Gwyn



Marcia Hardy



Rebecca Harriett



Christine Hartman



Samuel Houston



Michael Jacobs



Michael Kerkhof



Abdul Kidam



Matthew Kinane



Karl Landgren

Lynn Larson

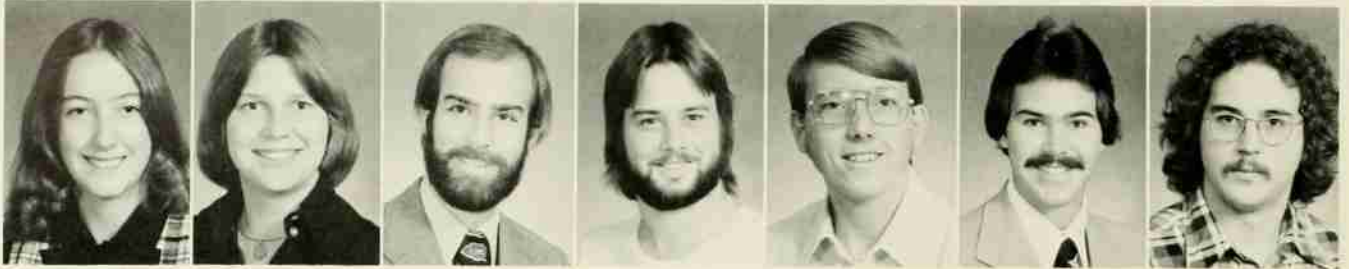
Carolyn Lewallen

Ellen Linn

William Mabry

David Malloy

Donna Martin



Julianne May

Andrea McAfee

Martin Moore

Lance Muse

Stephen Nielsen

David Osborne

Bradley Owen



Charles Parnell

Carson Phipps

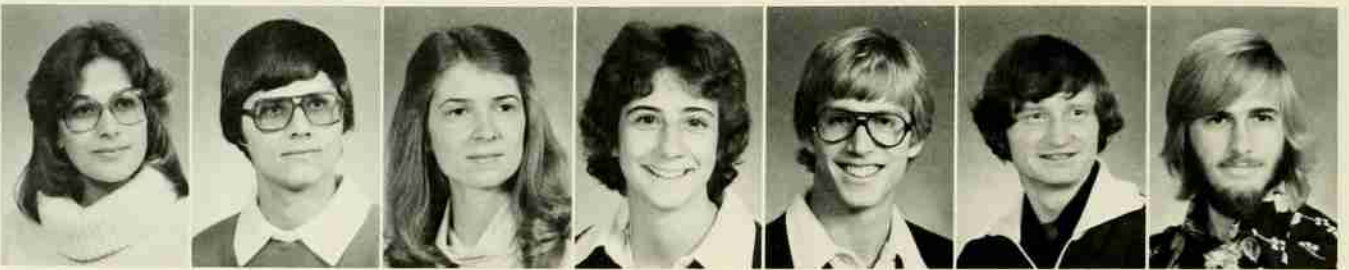
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Donald Pittman

Alice Powell

Harvey Reed

Melissa Richards



Tina Roscoe

Wayne Sigmon

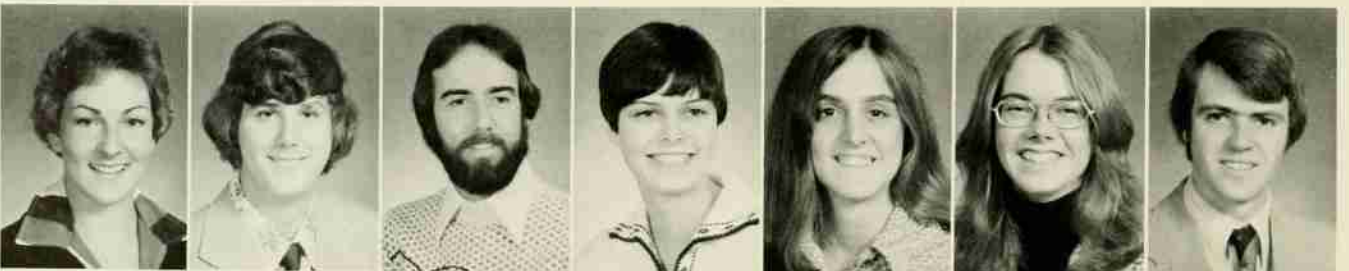
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Gina Spinelle

Howard Sproull

Kim Stargel

Keith Stevens



Rebecca Stefan

Eugene Staats

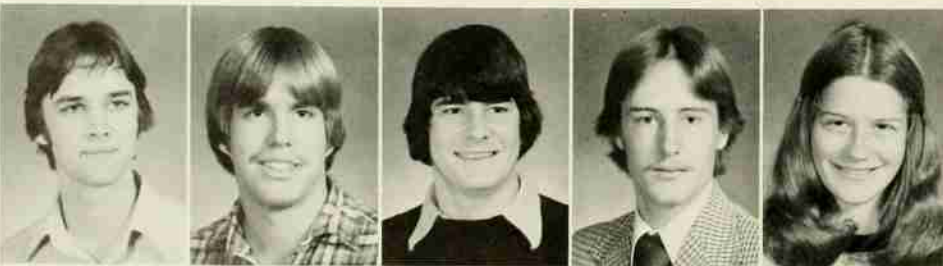
Charles Tillet

Kathryn Tolley

Carolyn Treece

Anita Varner

Harry Watt



William Wicks

Mark Williams

William Willingham

Joe Willis

Susan Woehle

LIBERAL ARTS

Day after day in the distorting glass of Winston Hall's double front door I saw myself reflected—bending, changing shape. Some times I saw myself more clearly than at other times. Moving into Tompkins, some aspect of myself always rose from that glassy floor, my image becoming part of the hallway. In Harrelson I never left any of myself. But I guess I took some of the place away with me—a chip of pastel paint on the bottom of my shoe and a revived appreciation for the wonder of the circle.

But even sterile, too hot/too cold Harrelson was a sort of home in an academic sense for me as a Liberal Arts major, as were Winston and Tompkins. The ideas and feelings, likes and dislikes which drew me to seek the classical education were touched and expanded there. I experienced frustration, confusion and sometimes understanding. They were all places in which I sat through some dull and wasted courses and through some whose value cannot be expressed in two hundred words or less.





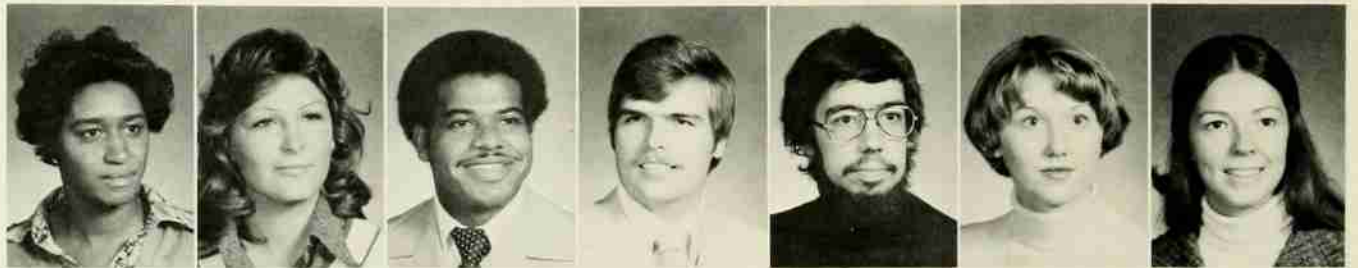
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Michael Allard Marilyn Allen Teresa Allsbrook Jihad Alsadek Juanita Altum Kenneth Anderson Rebecca Anderson



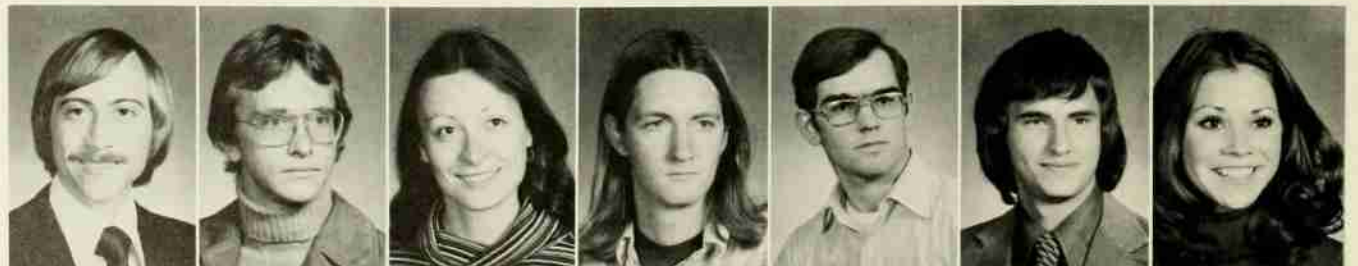
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Shelley Bell Connie Berger Tony Bethea Robert Birkmaier Lawrence Bliss Margaret Bogle Meloney Bonner



Dennis Bowie Clayton Bowman Wanda Boykin Shauna Brandon Edward Breeden Robert Brinkley Rosemary Brinson



Monte Bristow Kenneth Brooks Suzanne Browne David Brunner Robert Bryan John Bryant Mary Burdette



Daniel Busby



Nancy Cambell



Rebecca Capps



Vicki Capps



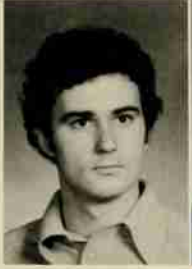
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Swade Carroll



Joni Carter



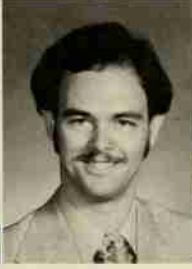
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Nancy Chambers



Cynthia Chamblee



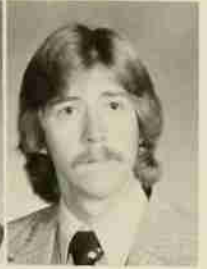
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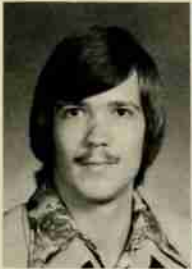
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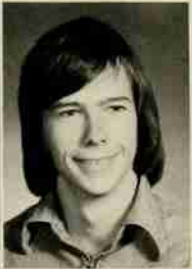
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Larry Clemmer



John Cobb



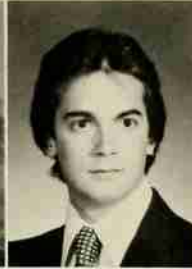
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Sandra Coffey



Lorraine Cohen



Buel Coone



Linda Copeland



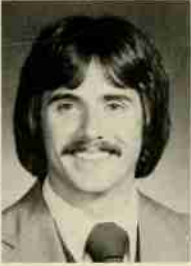
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Melody Cothren



Ronald Coxie



Thomas Crabtree



Lisa Crater



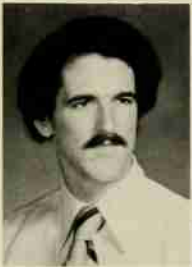
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Elizabeth Davis



Sheila Delbridge



Robert Dickens



Willie Dildy



Susan Doloboff



Scott Doolittle



Glenn Dazier



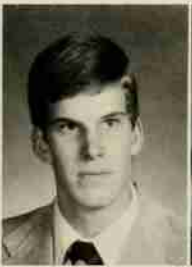
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James Dull



Sidney Dunlap



John Dunn



Betty Eichelberger



Susan Eller



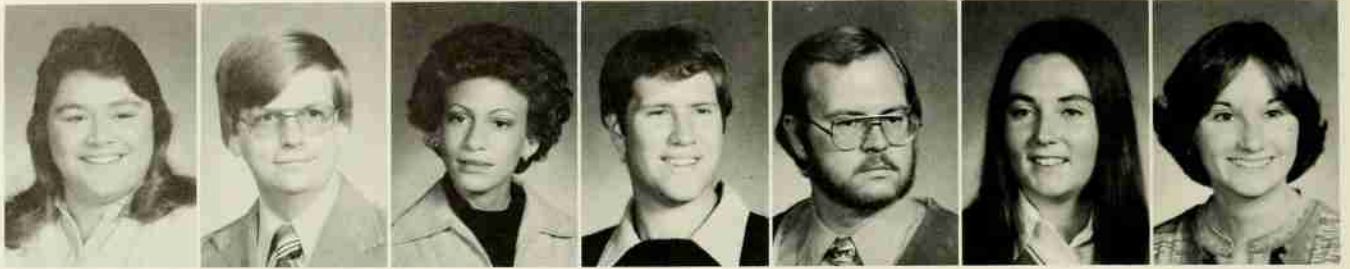
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Pamela Ellis



Susan Everett



Kathy Everhart

Philip Farinholt

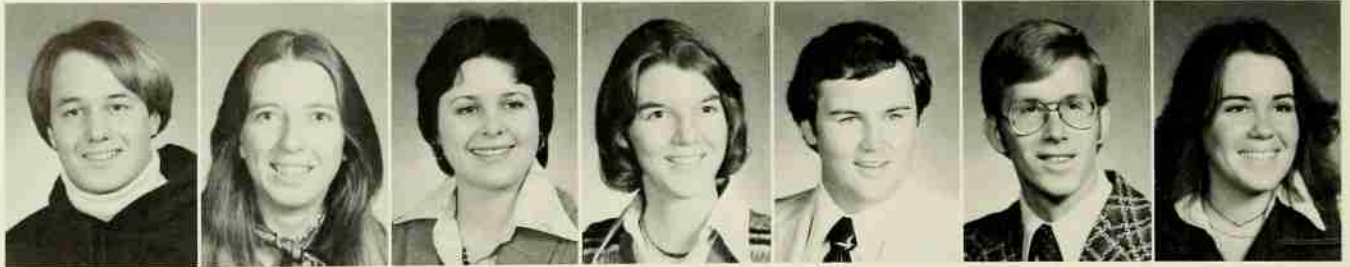
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Gerry Feldkamp

Thomas Filer

Sandra Finch

Lawrence Findlay



Jon Flaugher

Jonnie Flowers

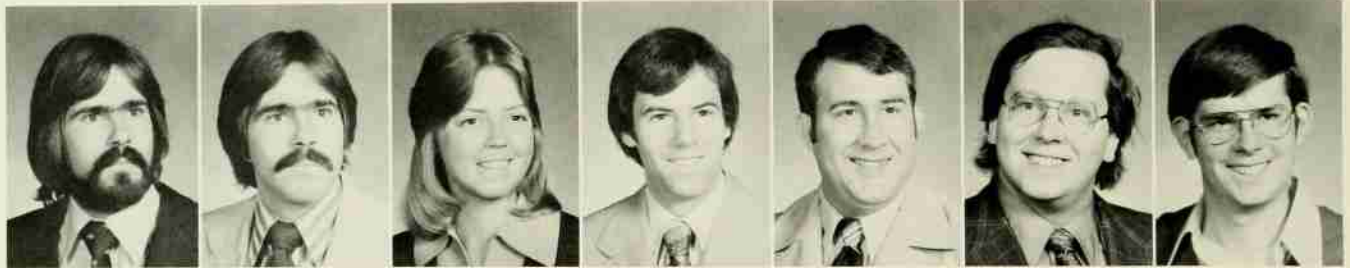
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Joanna Foster

James Foushee

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Olivia Fuhrman



Terence Fuhrman

Timothy Fuhrman

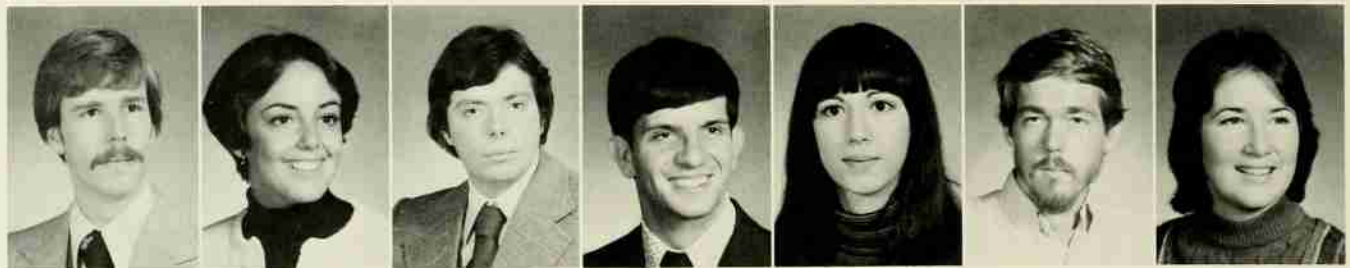
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Charles Garman

Samuel Gamei

Thomas Garrison

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James Gilbert

Neil Goforth

Dick Grandy

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Lisa Gregory

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Brigid Hagarty



Lisa Haire

Peyton Hairston

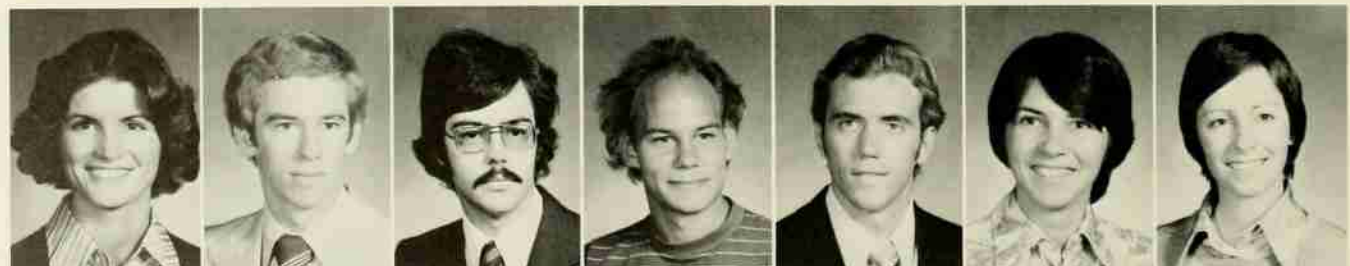
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Tara Hand

Terry Hardison

David Hargett

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Nancy Heard

Richard Hedrick

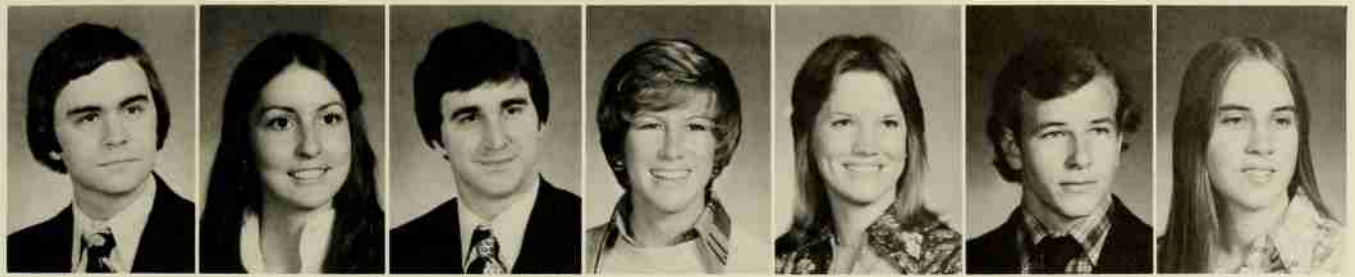
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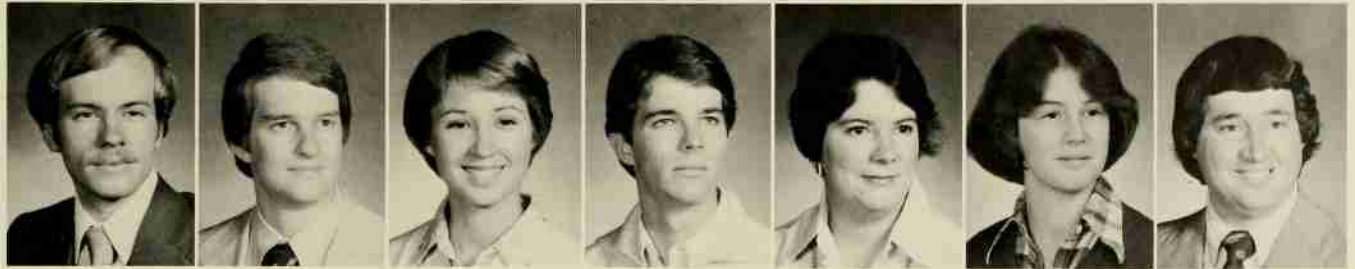
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Kenneth Jacobs

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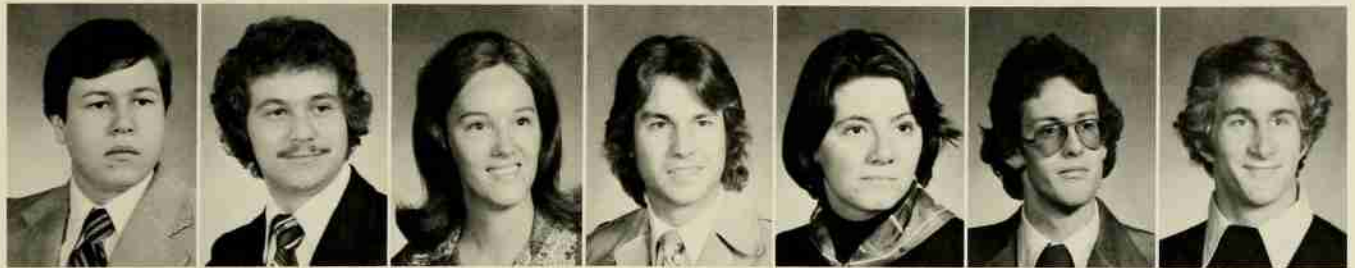
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William Jenkins

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Michael Joyce

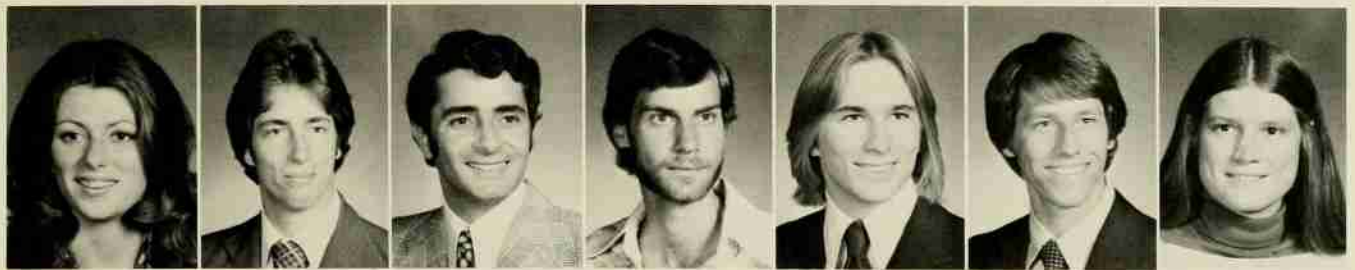
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William Joyner

Sandra Karns

Robert Kelly

Eugene Kendall



Susan Kennedy

Robert Kerns

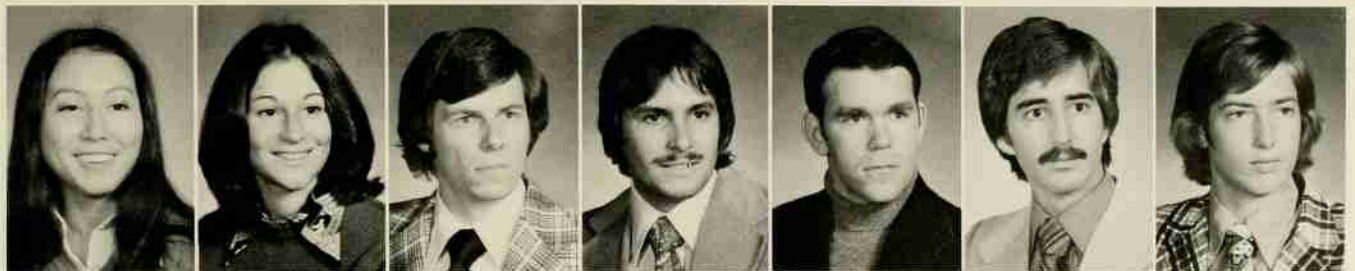
Mazen Khammash

Marvin Kibler

Rodney Kight

James King

Sara King



Elizabeth Koop

Susan Kootsher

Lawrence Laczko

Hal Leak

Michael Leal

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Karen Little

Barbara Lucas

Harry Lynch

Ellen Machesney



Sarah Major

Ronald Maloney

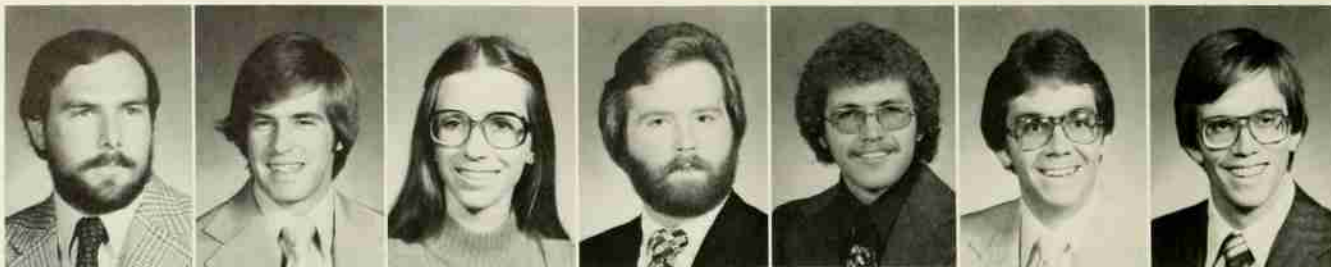
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Debra Mann

Cavaretta Martin

Robert Martin

Melissa Mathews



Robert Mayer

David McAdams

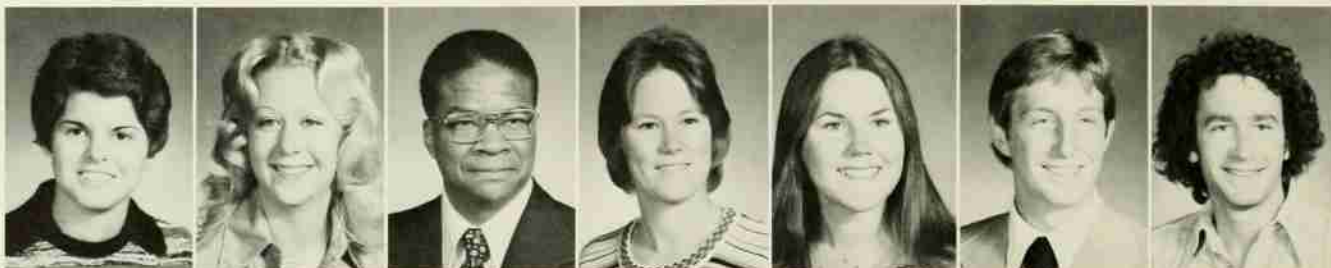
Nancy McCann

William McCormick

Danny McDowell

Phillip McDowell

Benjamin McGilvray



Debra McLawhorn

Mary McLead

Claude McMullen

Patricia McRimmon

Becky Meares

Joseph Merritt

Peter Michenfelder



Steven Minor

David Maazed

John Moore

Marvin Moore

Bob Moseley

Patricia Moseley

Frances Maye



Philip Nesbitt

Henry Newton

Richard Nixon

Richard Nordon

Charles North

Jonathan Nunney

Kathleen O'Neal



Dale Orrell

Linwood Overby

Michael Park

Tony Parks

Mary Patterson

Stephen Payne

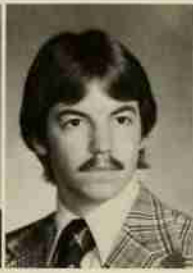
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William Pettit



Robert Pierce



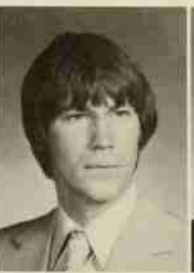
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Albert Pleasants



Charles Poe



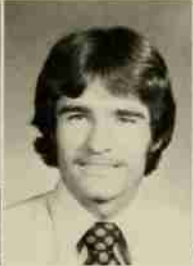
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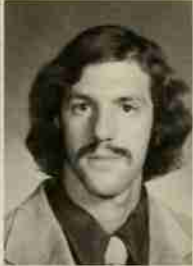
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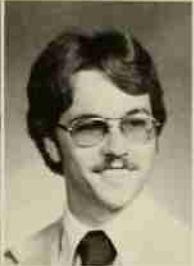
Frank Powell



Robert Regan



David Reitblatt



Albert Rhodes



Garson Rice



Donald Ritter



Brenda Robinson



Jamieson Rodberg



Kerrin Ross



Judith Rowe



James Schafer



William Shefte



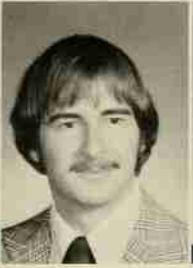
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Acey Smith



Barbara Smith



Marty Smith



Phyllis Smith



Sheldon Smith



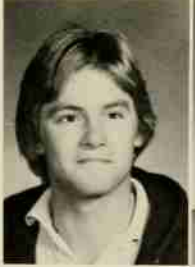
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Kathy Spencer



Donna Stapleford



Ronnie Starling



Larry Stephenson



Gene Stewart



Marian Stewart



Billy Stines



Charles Stone



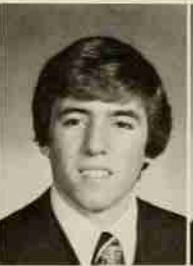
Bobby Strickland



Ralph Stringer



Mary Stupalsky



James Susong



Stephen Talton



Theresa Tardell



Karen Taylor



Mary Temple



Judith Thomas



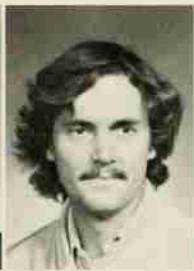
Mark Thomas



Ila Travis



Philip Treffersen



Paul Trembley



Carol Troxler



Marilyn Truesdale



Teddy Tsiolkas



Katherine Tyson



Ann Wagner



Gregory Wagoner



Steven Ward



Deborah Warren



Peter Warwick



Martin Wase



Leslie Wetherington



Claudia West



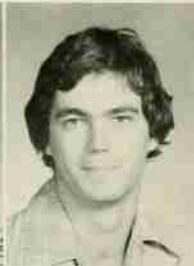
Marian Wheless



Arlyce White



Mary White



Dan Williams



James Williams



Laverne Williams



Rex Williams



Oliver Williamson



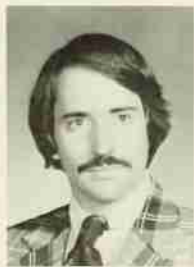
Chris Willis



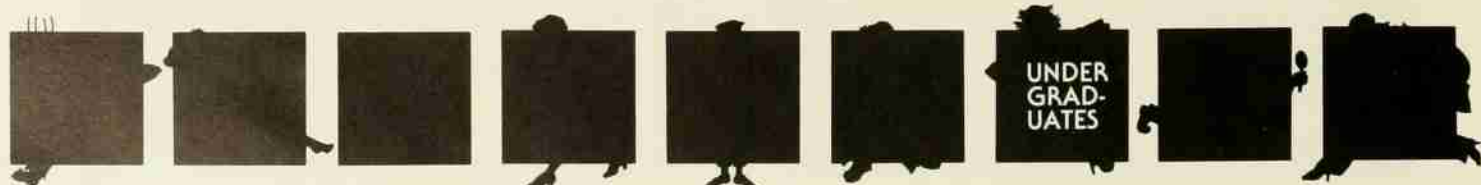
Edward Wamble



Albert Woollen



Alan Young





Kathryn Adams



Susan Adams



Sandra Alldred



Terri Allen



Deborah Altomare



Alice Arico



Karen Auger



Rita Auman



David Averette



Patricia Bailey



Karen Baker



Susan Barrett



Debra Barrow



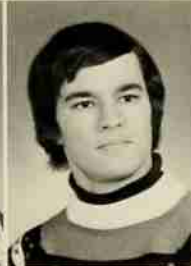
Michele Bartoli



Jennifer Bass



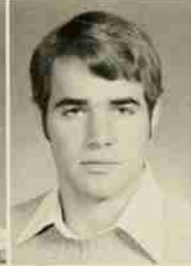
Sherrie Beard



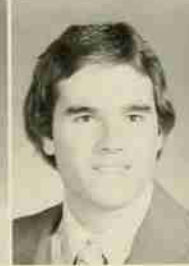
John Bendall



Deborah Benthall



Timothy Benton



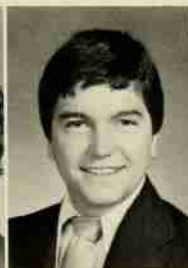
Jack Bisette



Christina Blackburn



Brenda Bledsoe



Norman Bolick



Elizabeth Boswell



Janet Boyd



Clara Brewer



Linda Brewer



Ronald Bristow



Howard Brock



Terri Brock



Robin Brooks



Dougie Brown



Judy Brown



Julie Brown



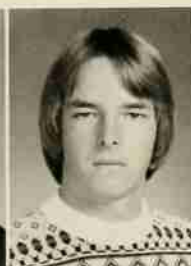
Peggy Bryant



Larry Bulluck



John Bumgarner



Jeffrey Buins



Robert Butler



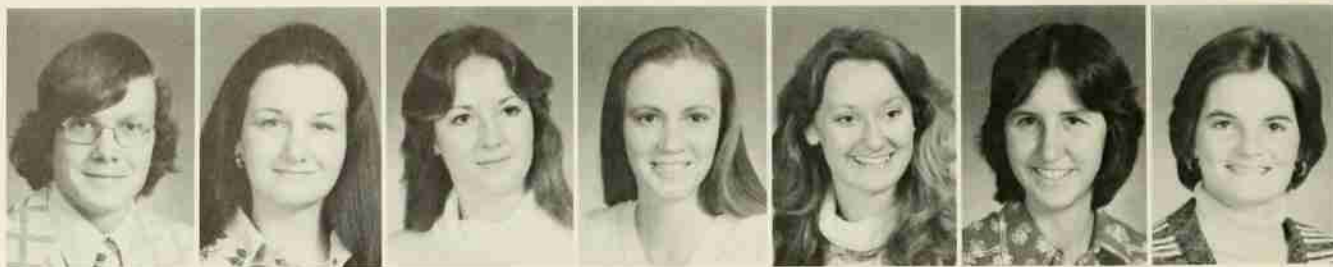
Rebecca Capps



David Carmen



Hugh Carrall



James Carroll Karen Childres Beverly Clark Debra Clark Elizabeth Clark Nancy Clements Mary Clodfelter



Robert Coggins Brenda Collier Paula Comby Rita Conrad Avery Cooke Pamela Cordell Williette Covington



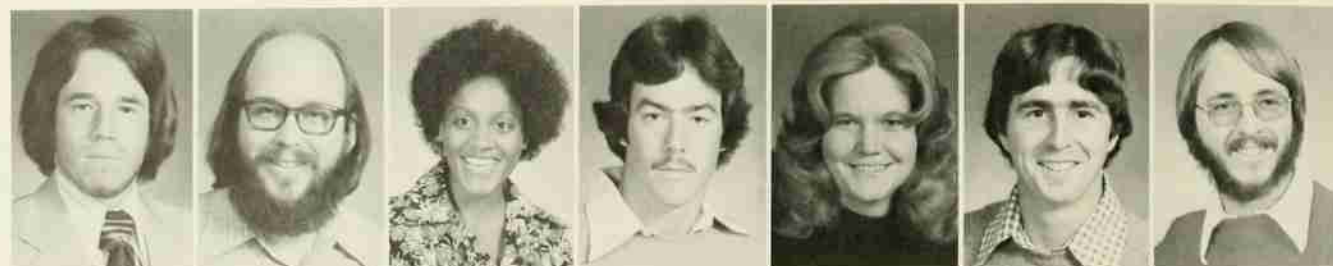
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Claude Davis James C. Davis Janet Davis Rhonda Davis Nancy Dean John Dicconson Sharon Dix



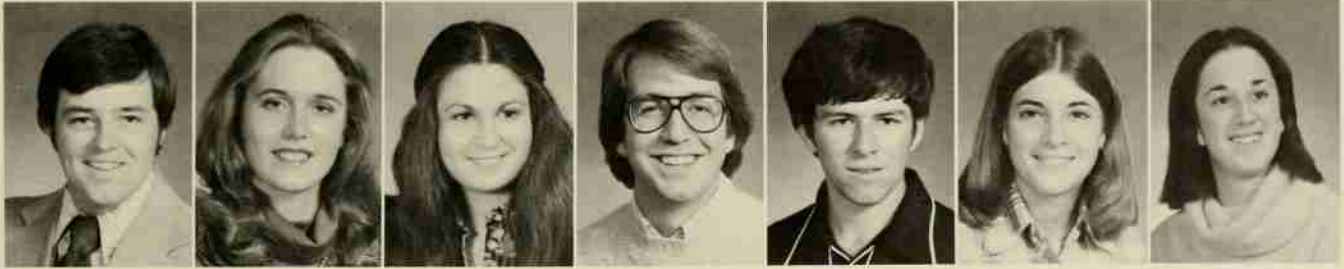
Lisa Dixon Candy Donnell Sarah Doupe George Drewry Belinda Durham Karen Edmiston Sherri Ellerbe



Timothy Emanuel Martin Ericson Yolanda Ezekiel Galen Ezzell Nancy Farrar Gavin Farrell Michael Felts



Reginald Fennell Clifford Ferrell Ellen Feuer Joyce Flowers Phyllis Foushee Cynthia Foust Katherine Frankos



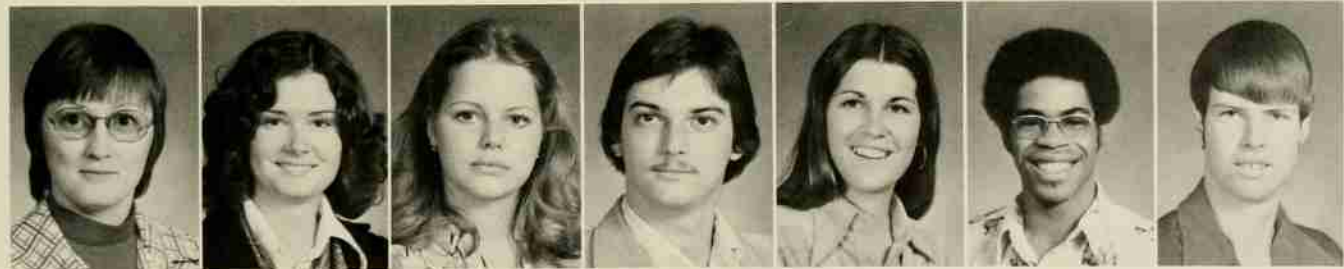
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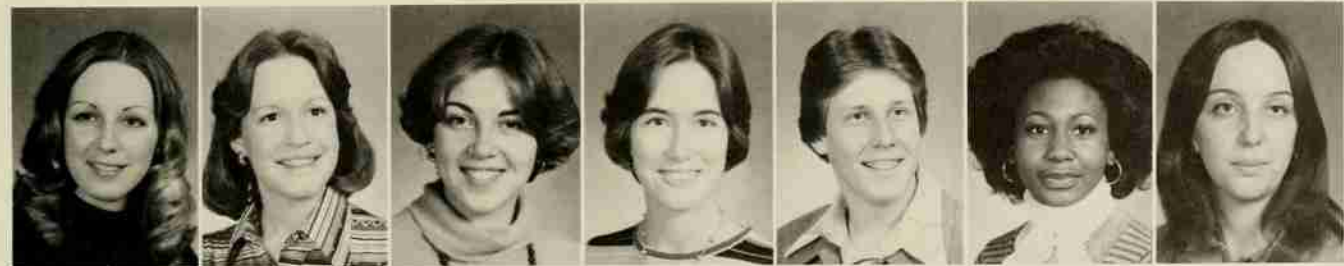
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Bob Harris Cynthia Harris John Harris Carol Hash Pamela Hawkins Donnie Hayes Robert Hayes



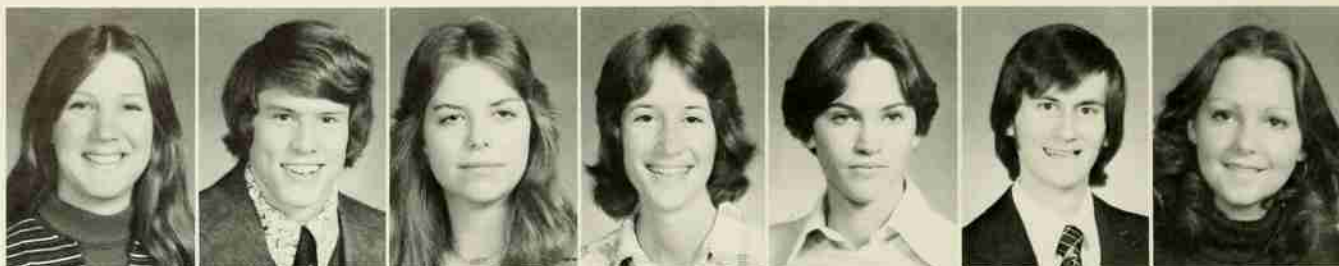
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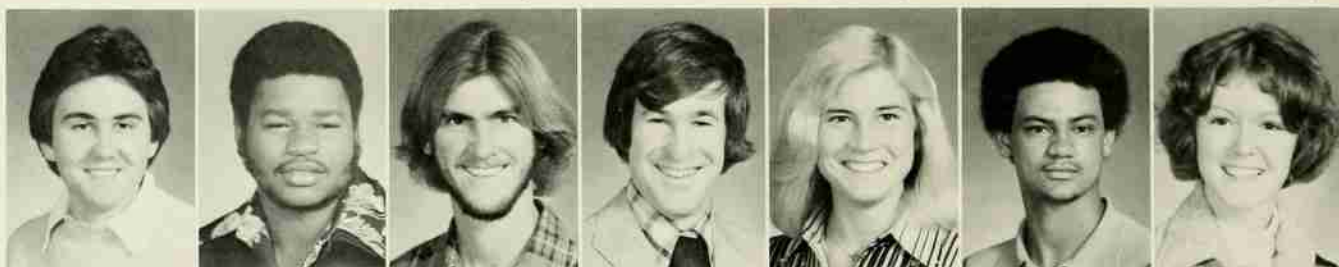
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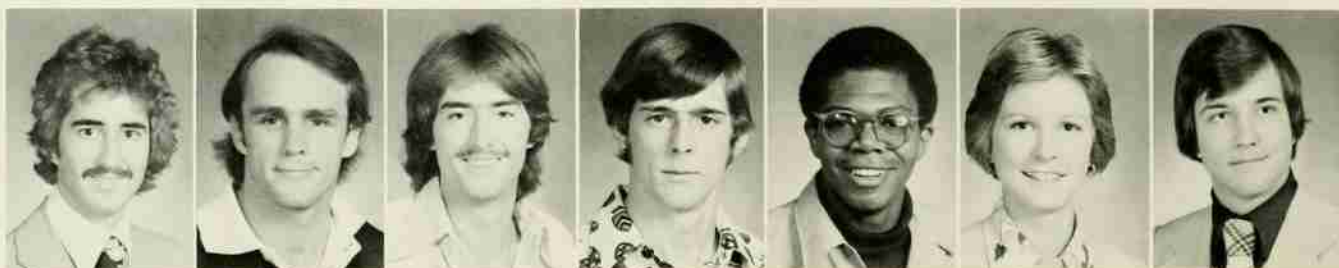
James Johnson Catherine Johnston Eddie Jones Ida Jones Janice Jones John E. Jones David Joyner



Heidi Karr Winston Kelly Sandra Kemp Annette Kerlin Virginia Key Marc Kiely Demetra Kiopekly



Jerry Kirk Antonio Knox Dean Kolbinsky Stephen Kutas Connie Langley Dwain Lanier Billie Lawrence



James Lee John Leonard Richard LePois Robert Lipe Gary Lipscomb Elizabeth Little Kevin Loftin



M. Elain Long Henry Lowder Belinda Martin Gary Massey Julian Massi J. Gail Mathews Sherry May



Beth McCall James McDaniel Brian McFadden Wayne McGillen John McIntyre Lynn McNair William Meacham



Melissa Meekins



Jane Mirenda



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Wanda Mobley



Walker Maffitt



Donna Moore



Andrea Moran



Linda Mullen



Deborah Murray



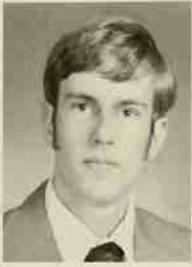
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Carol Nippert



Ann Noblin



Richard Nordan



Linda Northcott



Lila Nygaard



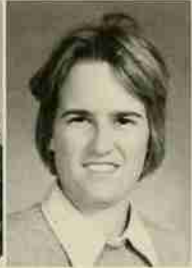
Michael O'Brien



Mike O'Brien



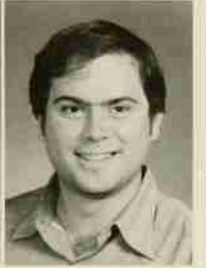
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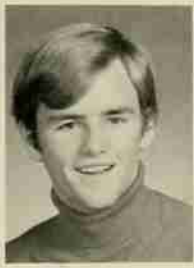
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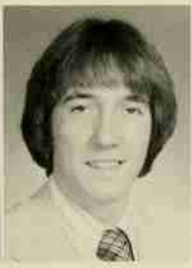
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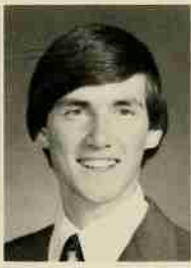
Brian Paren



William Parker



Bob Pellegrini



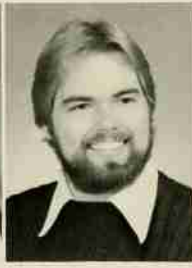
Russell Perkins



William Phelps



Karen Picard



Guy Pierce



Carol Powell



James Pridgen



William Proctor



Virginia Prongay



Donald Pulliom



Helen Quinn



Janet Quinn



James Raby



Julie Randle



Elveta Reid



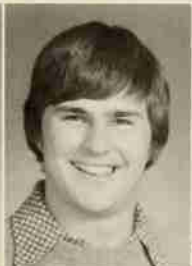
Sylvia Reinhardt



Holly Renegar



Janet Riggs



Charles Ritter



James Robinson



Leslie Rodriguez



Gregory Rogers



Sherrie Roland



M. L. Rowell



Susan Rubenstein



Robin Russell



Susan Sasser



Teresa Saylor



George Scott



Susan Sharpe



Janice Shearin



Sallie Shell



Timothy Shermer



Marilyn Shore



Aaron Silverman



Kent Simon



Cathy Skipper



Joseph Sloan



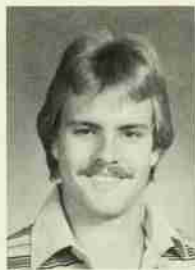
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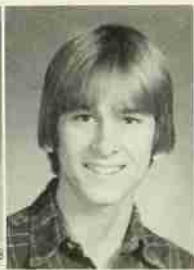
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Mariechen Smith



John Spain



Benjie Speight



Marjorie Spencer



Shelda Spencer



Gregory Starnes



Deborah Stephens



Walter Stephenson



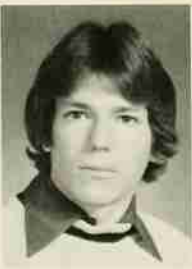
Martha Stikeleather



Nicholas Stratos



Mary Strickland



Tyler Strickland



Bryant Strother



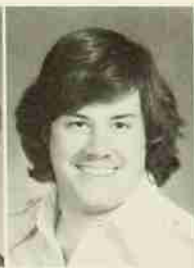
LuAnn Stump



Shirley Suggs



Jean Swinney



John Symons



Myra Tallent



Kathy Tatum



Carolyn Taylor



Lisa Taylor



Suzanne Thomas



Ricky Thompson

Audrey Tilley

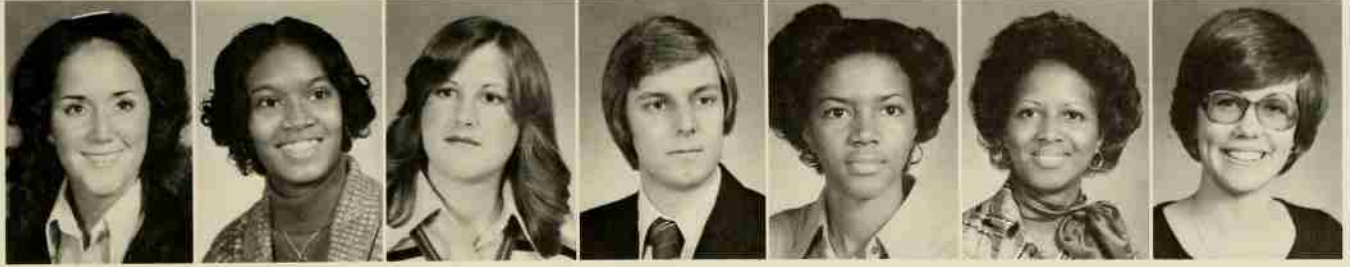
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Beverly Tucker

Mark Vaughn

Cynthia Vereene

Patricia Viperman



Gwen Walker

Linda Walker

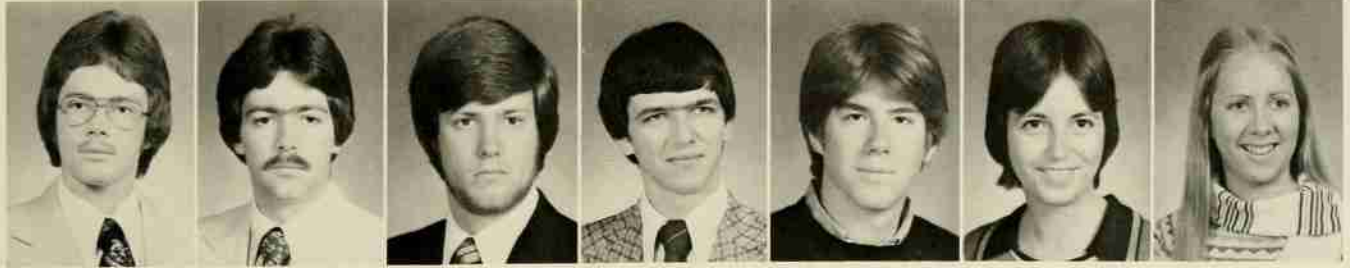
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Bradley Warren

Mary Watlington

Sylvia Watlington

Jennie Watson



Dennis Weatherman

Michael Weaver

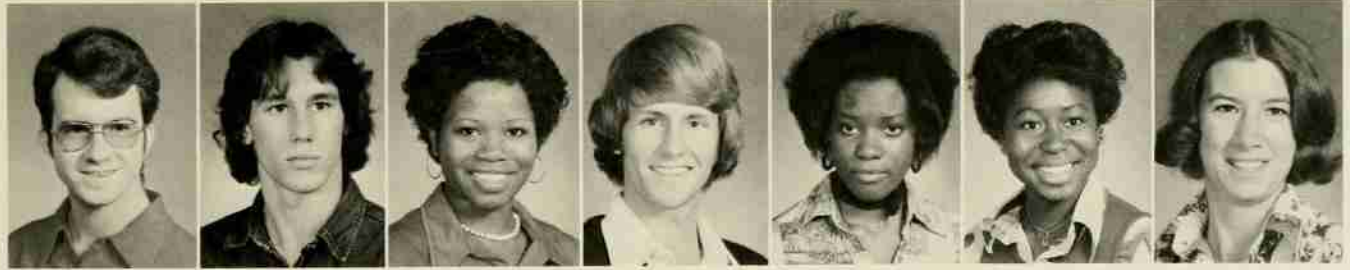
Robert Weaver

Hiram Wells

Thomas Wells

Cindy White

Cynthia White



Blake Williams

Dean Williams

Gwendolyn Williams

Mark Williams

Melba Williams

Sherry Williams

Sarah Williamson



Debbie Wilson

Joan Wilson

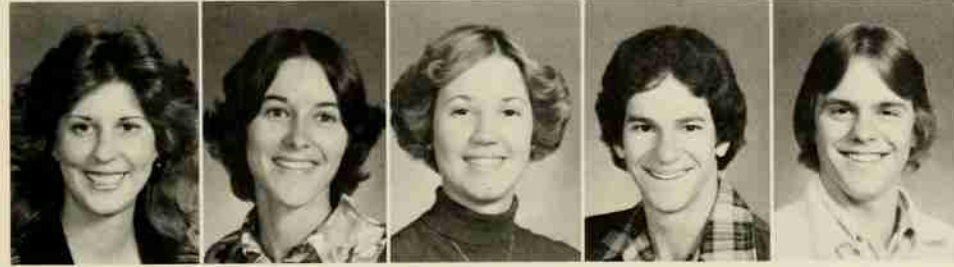
Joy Wilson

Karen Wilson

Carrie Winston

Jeannine Wish

Peggy Warrell



Deborah Worthington

Janet Wright

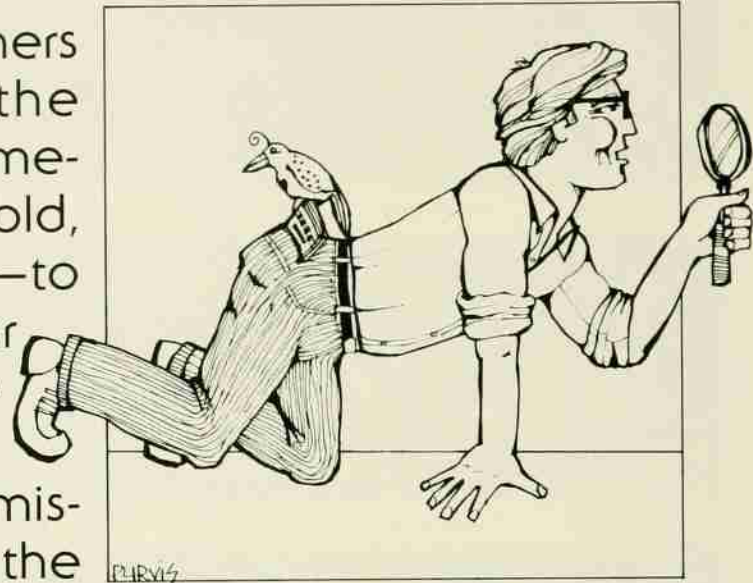
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Robert Zerden

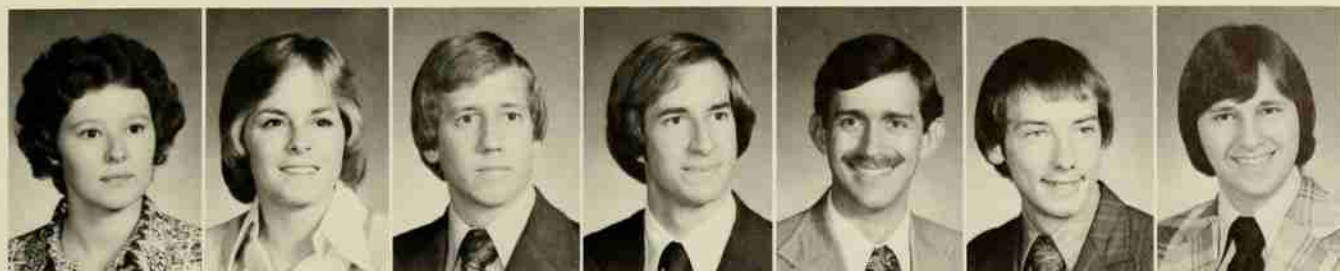
Patrick Zimmerman

PHYSICAL AND MATHEMATICAL SCIENCES

I've come to Withers Hall, home of the geosciences, to find something solid to touch, hold, chip off a piece of—to hug as a teddy bear when I'm afraid of the dark. The sciences that I live with—physics, chemistry, math—deal with the



essence of creation. But after four years of digging for essences I've come to Withers to find...a cartoon that reads "Vacuums, black holes, antimatter—it's the elusive and the intangible which appeals to me." Sometimes I sit on top of Harrelson and look at the patterns of light. Light—elusive. As I cross the causeway from Harrelson to Cox, I notice a broken window a couple of floors up—the angry expression of a victim of the microwaves. Intangible. I pass through the vaporous labs of Dabney and Polk, watch computer cards and print-out paper being eaten and regurgitated by machinery. And I realize I can't find things to hold onto because there are no things—only events. My education, too, is an event. Not a diploma or a passport to employment but a spectacular meeting in space and time between me and the world of science.



Carla Agreda Robbie Andrews Henry Angley Kenneth Barkhau Victor Black David Bowman Joel Brame



Mary Brawn David Britton Corbett Buckle John Bullock Donna Carter Roger Chilton John Cobb



John Cobb Karyn Cable John Collins Carl Calvard Alan Cope John Crosland Barbara Dare



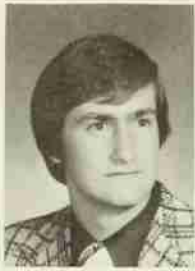
Ginny Dickens Sara Dull Sarah Fort Robert Hader William Hales John Hamlet G. O. Dustin Harbage



Gary Hicks James Hobbs Ruth Hollar Stephen Ingle Edward Johnson Jack Kemp Laura Kilpatrick



Herman Lipe Gregory Livesay Paul Love Richard MacManus Robert Mankoff David Martin Steven Martin



James Matheson



John McCarley



Barry McGee



Jo Carol McInturff



Henry McMillian



Boyce Morrison



Margaret Moss



David Pate



Jeffrey Quesenberry



James Rasette



Carla Russell



David Sanders



Robert Schlee



Matthew Shope



Betsy Smith



Kathy Spencer



Michael Stack



Cecelia Steed



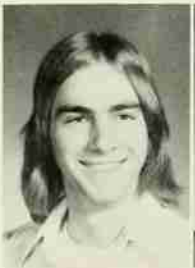
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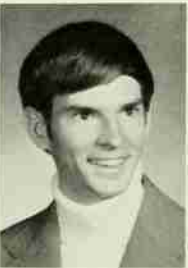
Donald Tew



Kay Thomas



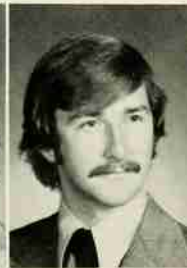
Michael Thompson



Steven Thompson



Patti Westmoreland



Mark Wheelless



Will Williams



Connie Woodliet



Sandra Worthy



Dana Wright

UNDER
GRAD-
UATES



Mary Abee



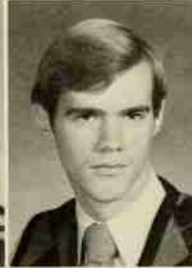
Vanessa Allen



Andrew Arrowood



Pamela Banks



Alan Belch



David Blythe



Diane Boone



Sherry Brazzle



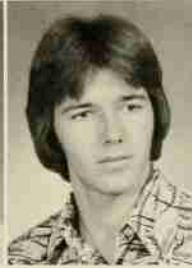
Sara Cabe



Susan Campbell



Sherry Cheek



Steven Collie



Roland Cooper



Mark Darholt



James S. Davis



Michael Davis



Maureen Droessler



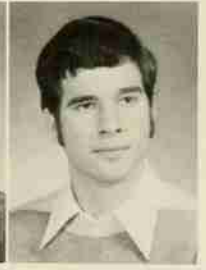
Barbara Evans



Cathy Evans



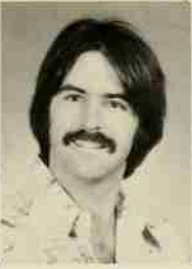
Barbara Fisher



Robert Fuller



Cynthia Gardner



Nat Garrison



Cynthia Glass



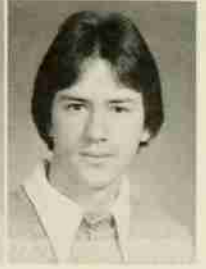
Debra Gustafson



Kenneth Hamby



Orlando Hankins



Mark Harvell



John Heib



Louis Heidelmeier



Margarette Hermanson



John Hobson



Sadie Holmes



Raymond Hopkins



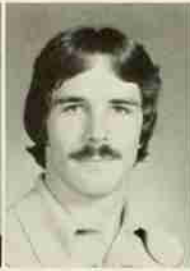
Richard Jarrell



Charles Jones



Tammye Joyce



Mark Karr



Jackie Liles



William Liles



Sharon May



Wayne McGillen



Pamela Menzies



Joel Mercer



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Deborah Norris



Donna Overman



Susan Phillips



Judith Porter



James Ralston



Harold Reichardt



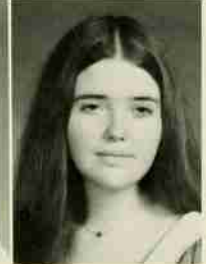
Stacy Rhodes



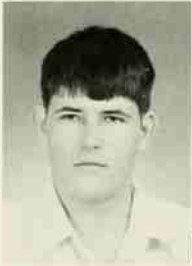
Paul Robinson



Paul Schlegelmann



Emily Sherrill



Steven Shouse



Donna Sigman



Thomas Sills



Tim Snider



Robin L. Strickland



Ludwig Stuart



Margaret Tatum



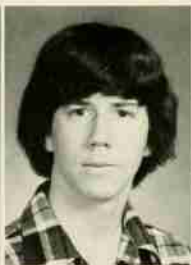
Jenny Taylor



Michael Thomas



Anne Tucker



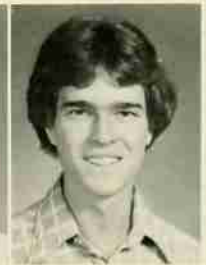
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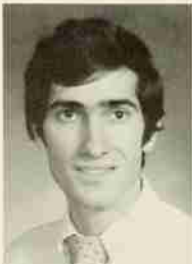
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James Way



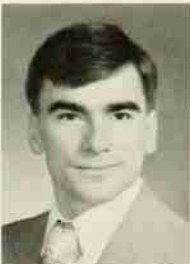
Stephen West



Donald Whitaker



John Willis



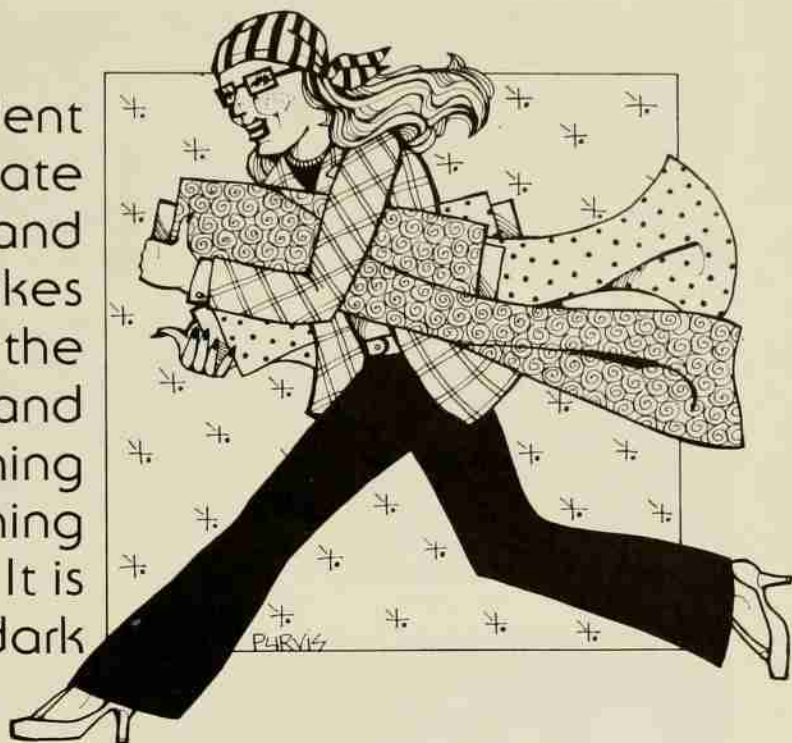
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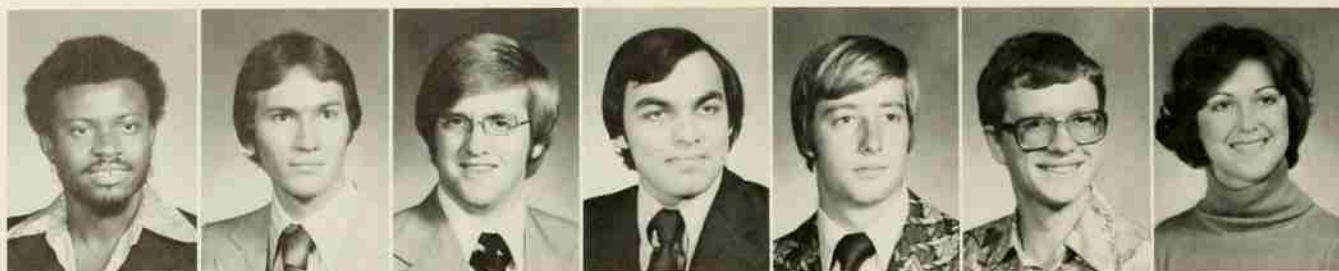


Susan Wright

TEXTILES

To be a Textiles student is to follow the separate threads of classes and labs and afternoon cokes with Archie Bunker on the TV in the Shuttle Inn and the cleaning man coming in to vacuum, drowning out Archie's bellowing. It is to walk through the dark corridors of Nelson Hall, over floors of worn black tiles and ancient grainy hardwood, to be suddenly overwhelmed by the window light and brilliant colors in the Yarn Labs. WALK IN WHITE LINE—PASSAGE WAY. You take for granted a place where you spend so much time: you get used to it and overlook its subtle beauty. Nelson Hall is a building of textures; its says Touch Me. You can leave one wing and enter another world, yet there is an underlying connective fabric, a cohesiveness. WEAR SAFETY GOGGLES IN YELLOW LINE. Scattered images of an education coalesce and form a memory, a feeling with substance like the Jacquard Weaving Laboratory and all the little photos on varnished wood blocks, all the terrible textile puns—SUPPORTING ATHLETES. Yet your presence here has shaped lives—your own and those you touched—lives as varied as the textures you wove.

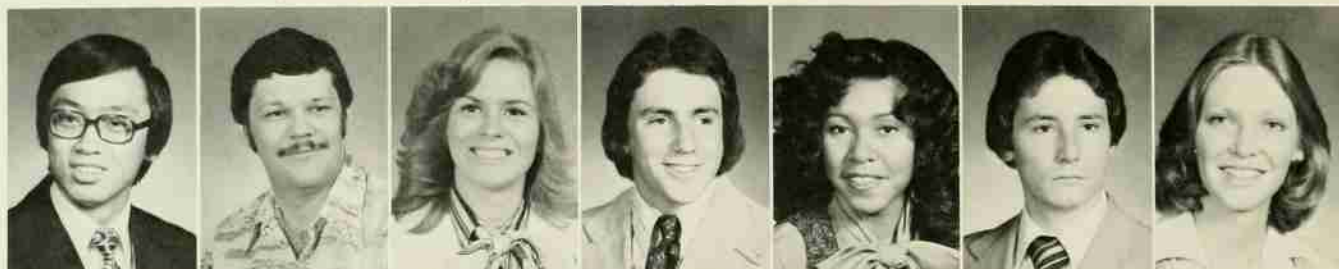




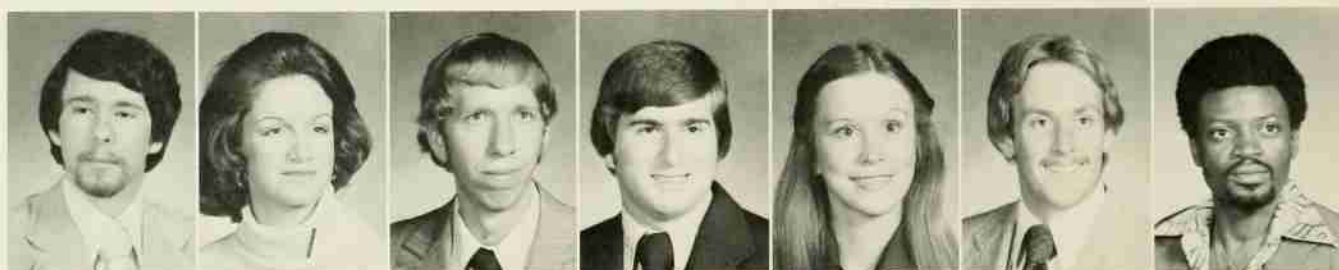
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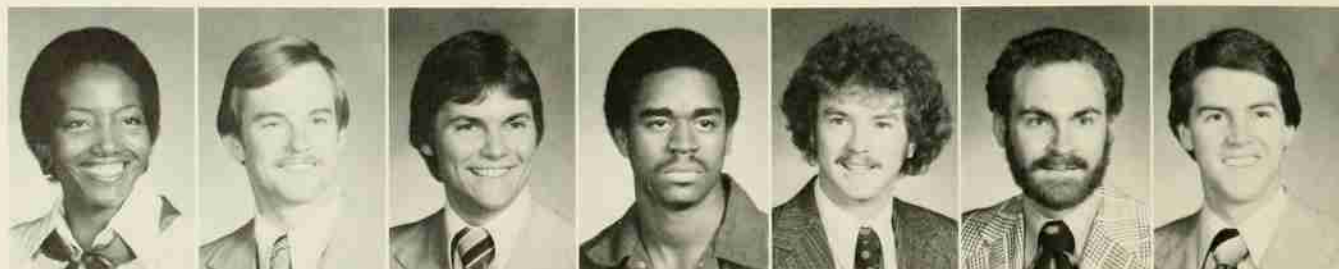
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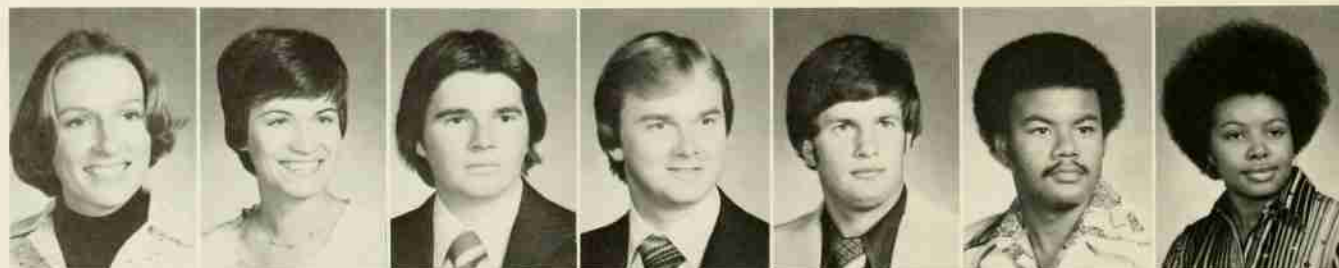
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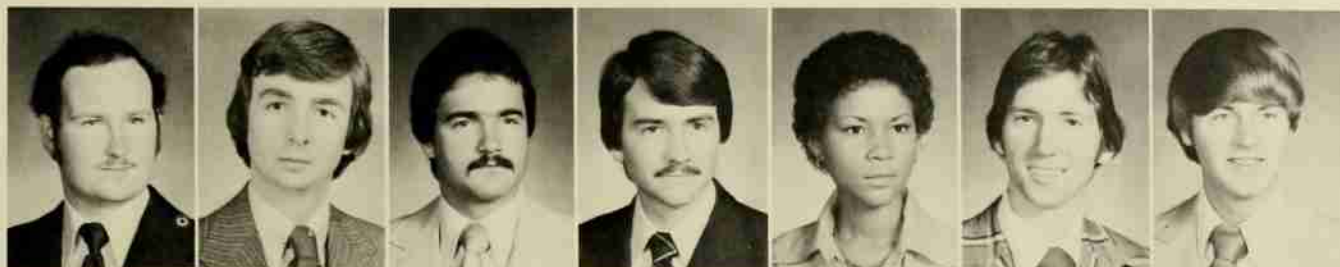
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Aldra Greene Elton Hardy Chappell Harris Alfred Hill Carroll Hoyle Dan Johnson James Johnson



Cynthia Jones Cynthia Jones David Jones William Joyner Roy Lambert Allen Lewis Patricia Maddox



Timothy Marshall

Kenneth Martin

David McHane

Joey McNeill

Jacquelyn Moore

Olin Moore

Alan Overcash



Darrell Pardue

Billy Patterson

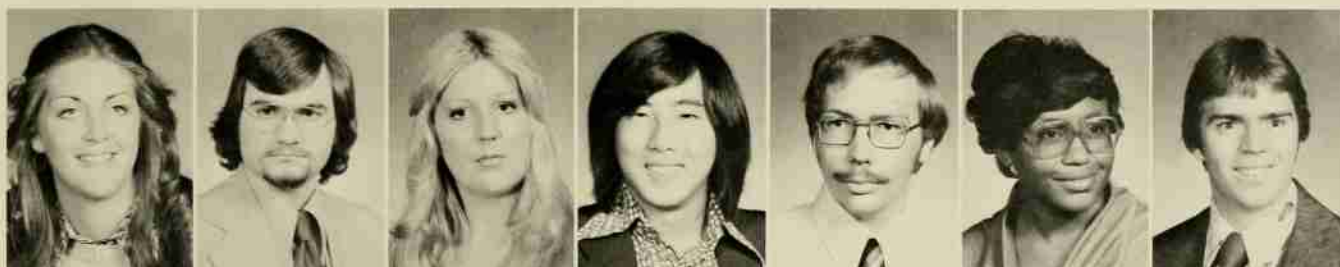
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Meiba Prince

Jo Beth Robertson

Michael Russell

Lawrence Sawyer



Karon Schrum

Robert Seriff

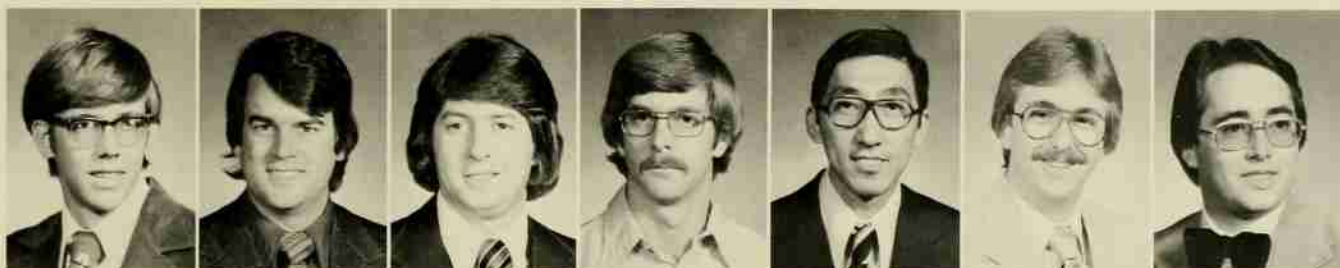
Cheryl Sirikietsaang

Vira Sirikietsaang

Arthur Smith

Debra Smith

Randy Smith



Charles Stewart

Julian Surratt

Nelson Sweezy

Everette Sykes

Paul Tai

Randolph Thomas

Thomas Vigorito



James Watson

Thomas White

James Wiggs

Daniel Wilson

Donald Wilson

James Wilson



UNDER
GRAD-
UATES



Laura Allred



Donna Atkins



Vikki Auman



Jill Auville



Marion Barber



Karen Barrier



Stephen Bateman



Elena Bestard



Alice Bishop



William Brady



Tommy Bridges



Leslie Brinkley



Robert Brock



Julie Bulla



Johnny Bulluck



Terry Caines



Phyllis Carpenter



Jennie Case



Amy Cashian



Jonathon Chester



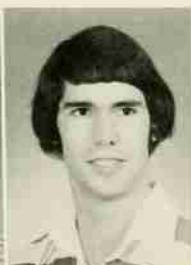
Robert Fleming



Linda Furr



Stephanna Garner



David Griffiths



Kim Guilbert



Harvey Hall



Sandra Hardin



Sharon Hargett



Eileen Harrison



Terry Hatcher



Floyd Hayes



Linda Hilton



Cathy Johnson



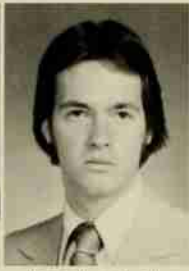
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Molly Joyner



Kathy Khan



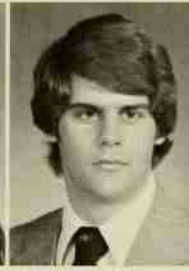
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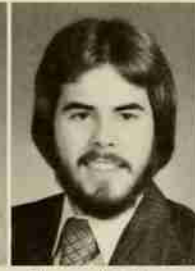
Pamela Markam



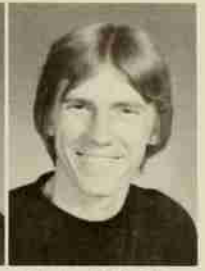
Jeffrey Matthews



Columbus Mayo



Thomas McClees



Charles McKnight



Gloria Miller



Debra Munson



Kristine Nagy



Bradley Pack



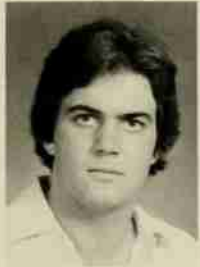
Clarissa Parker



Michael Pearce



Pamela Price



T. Craig Price



George Sawyer



Wanda Self



Gerald Stephens



Robin Strickland



Lisa Templeton



James Toompas



Kathryn Townsend



Dakeita Vanderburg



Rebecca Wagner



Kitty Wells



Barry Wilkie



Robert Wilkinson



Mark Wooten



Danny Young

EMPTY SPACES LEFT

What had seemed like a long, long year had suddenly gone away. We were all a little different, different than when we first drove up with our families in grossly overloaded station wagons. I was sad as I always am at endings, when the future is uncertain and I think about someone else coming along to fill my place. The graffiti on my desk in my two o'clock English class will entertain somebody else. They'll probably add a few more warts to the nose of the bald-headed man in black ink.

Leaving shouldn't worry me too much, I don't suppose. I have stayed my appointed nine months and I actually feel the need to move on somewhere else. But somehow I am worried. Leaving means more than just giving up my favorite spot by the window. It means losing a place that I have established as my own personal place to belong. I suppose that sounds like I'm never coming back. I am. But I'm not coming back to the same place. The sights and sounds & tastes and smells may be the same but I will be a little different. I will be surrounded by different people, and my environment will be slightly altered. Physical Plant will come along and cover up all the holes they dug this year,

and new holes will appear elsewhere on campus. The dorm bathrooms may get painted again and who knows what we can expect from that. (Fire-engine red was beyond my wildest dreams.) I will have to readjust.

For three years I have watched the campus fill and empty, fill and empty, the population each time growing and changing like the patterns inside a kaleidoscope. Some trends and fantasies are forever locked inside the year. Some music will be forever identified with this time and place. Will you ever hear "The Caissons Go Rolling Along" without seeing yourself done up in some form of red & white, leaping from a numbered seat? Some things

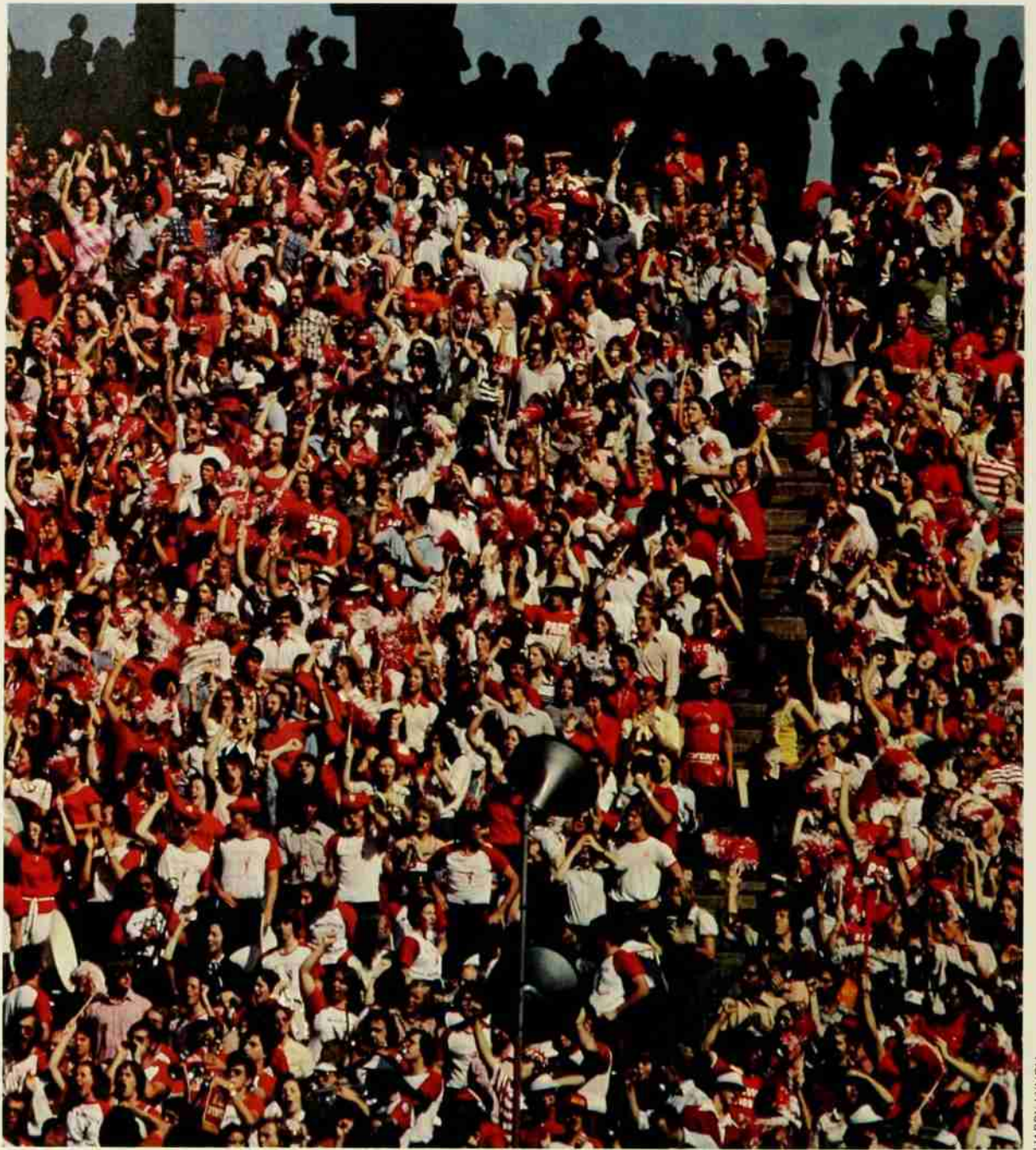


will change when we have left. But most of them won't. Seaboard Coast Line will still strain and shudder through at two a.m. The sun will still tickle the dewdrops on the Court of North Carolina. The tunnels will molder in their semi-darkness. Grass will have a fighting chance to grow in our established footpaths.

When fall returns so will many of us. Back to reestablish ourselves. Back to spill into the empty spaces left by those who didn't come again, and the power strains on west side of Raleigh will hum with the strain of our bustle of life, and the lights of Lee and Sullivan will signal to the world that we are here.

Articles in this section by:

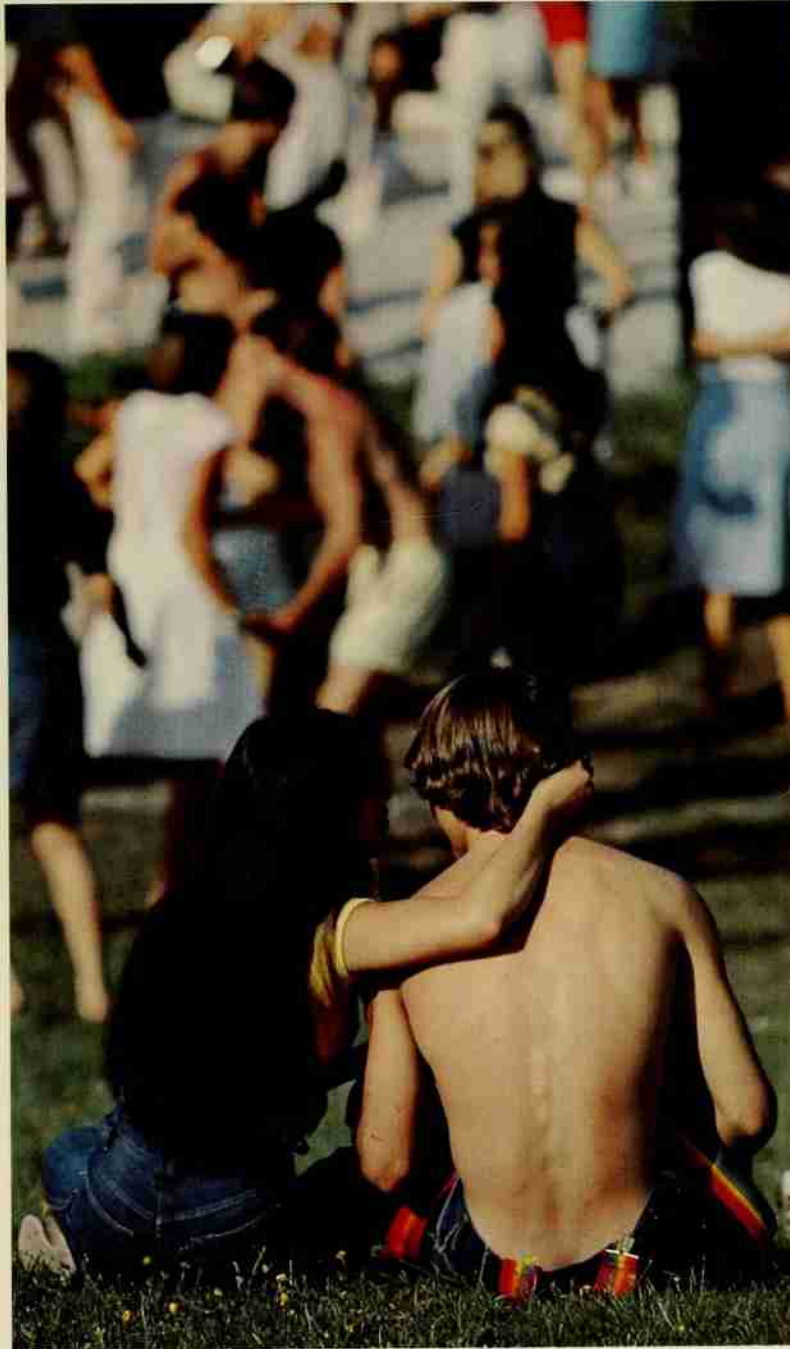
Daphne Hamm
Carol Edwards



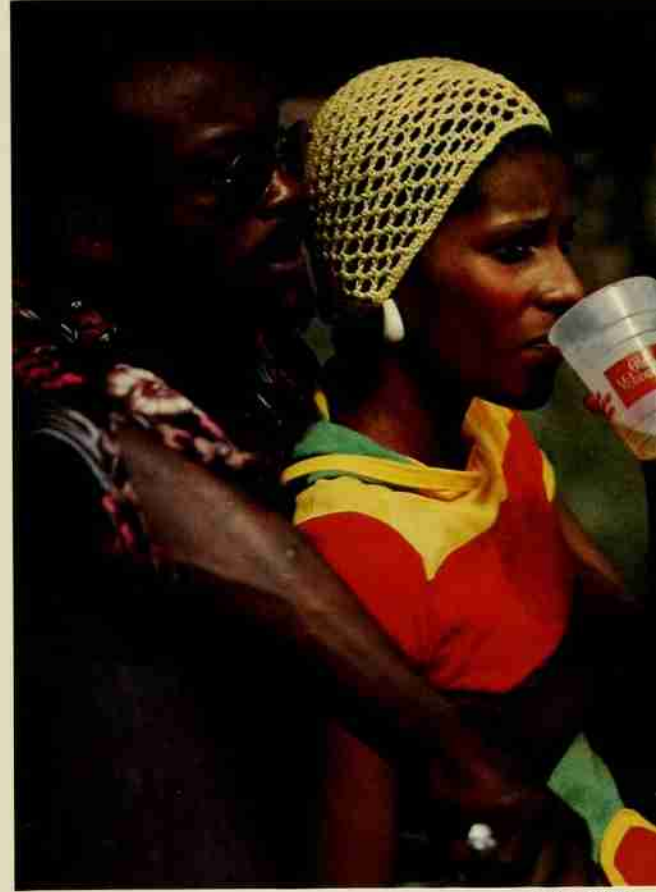
HARRY LYNCH



MICHAEL O'BRIEN



HARRY LYNCH



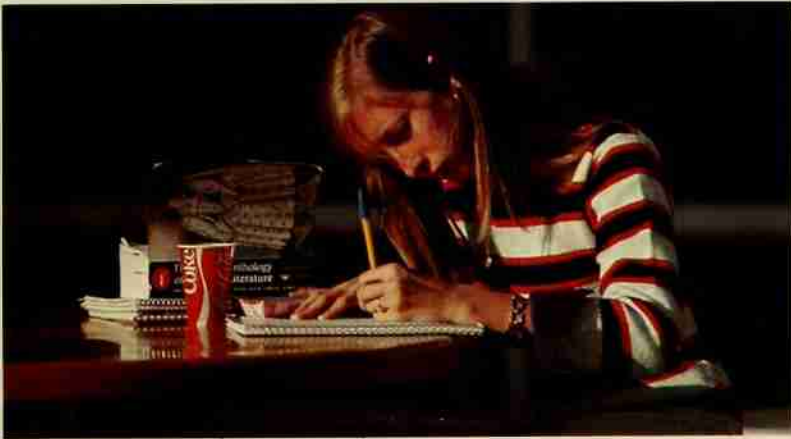
MARY TEMPLE



JOHN TSANTIS



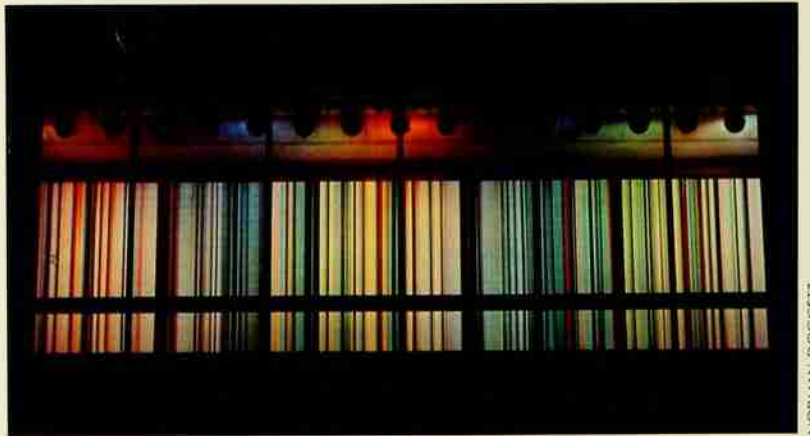
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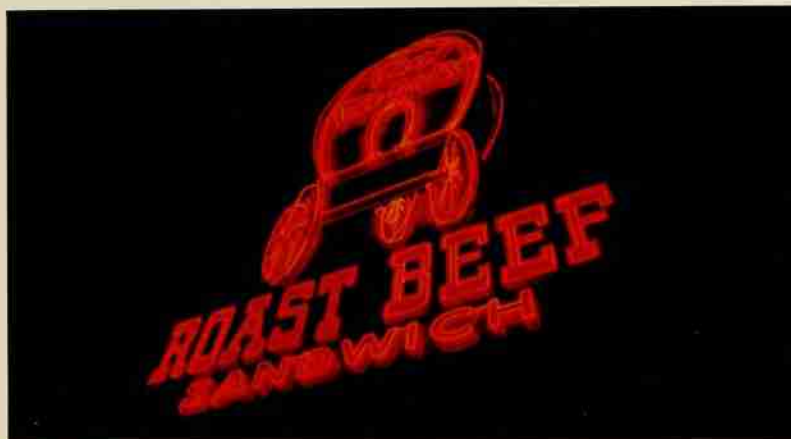
ALL MICHAEL O'BRIEN



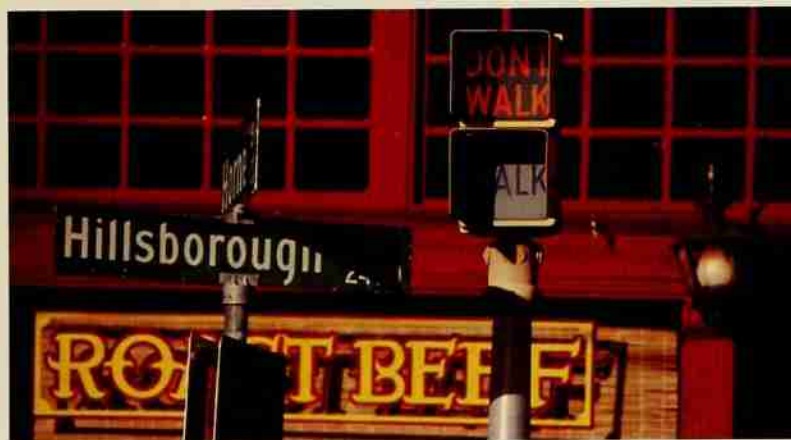
NORMAN DOGGETT



MICHAEL O'BRIEN



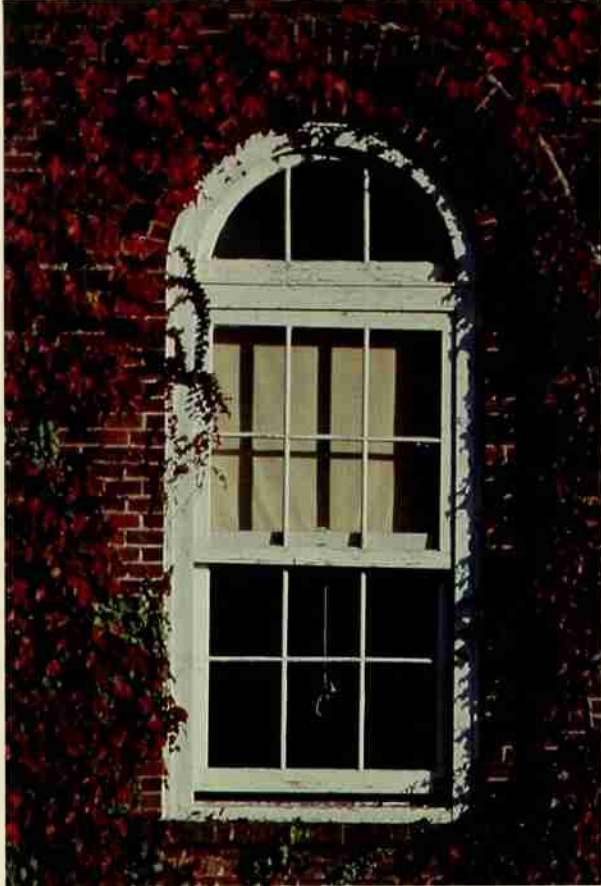
MICHAEL O'BRIEN



MICHAEL O'BRIEN



HARRY LYNCH



ALL MICHAEL O'BRIEN





MICHAEL O'BRIEN



TOM LENHBERG



HARRY LYNCH

...Each is only a character...from a list



HARRY LYNCH

as limitless as all the fanciful ideas coming and going in your

head...like dreams in the night...simply another endeavor.

Secure in one another's presence...we roll along the interstate. Filling up time...flying motionless in the night...Sharing dreams & silly songs...Passing thoughts like oncoming headlights in the dark...and playing games inside our smiles. Bored with books...restless in sleep...But secure in youthful adventure...we're riding instead, just riding.

Tell me, Tommy, of days gone by...and ponder our destination. The thoughts always couple with your wandering heart to tantalize your powers of imagination...and with you at the wheel...anyplace becomes as likely as another.

So with time unrolling in a ribbon of asphalt, we swallow the horizon...sharing dreams & silly songs.

Appalachian mountains—spread thick with Virginian wilderness—lay wrapped in evening darkness...as we climbed, anxiously, towards the two. The crisp, anticipating chill of an autumn night enveloped us...while our steps quietly brushed aside the wild grasses covering the rock-strewn hillside (caution's effort to keep our presence a secret). Straining to contain your excitement in whispers, your voice revealed an ecstatic fascination for the nearly perfect combination of beauty and strength...standing, a lifetime above us, on the hill's crest.

Captured unmercifully in the searchlight's blinding beam, the splendid pair stood frozen in silence. Eyes—fixidly gleaming at this light's unknown source—split the stillness of the night, and...like the eyes of lovers...momentarily grasped eternity with their lingering gaze. But suddenly bolting, the white-tailed buck broke his trance...and with tail flashing, fled. The doe, startled into motion, swiftly turned to follow. You were running now, in earnest, towards the hill's crest...determined to hold them in your sight...just within your reach...for a few moments more. But your frantic effort passed in vain. For the mountain wilderness swallowed them faster than even youthful strides could carry your heart.

So now...the evening breeze my intimate companion...I watched you—standing alone on the ridge—search the darkened landscape for a glimpse of something, which...though strikingly real just moments before...had suddenly become only a lingering vision. For they had vanished from the mountainside...Leaving you there—with only the memory of their presence remaining—amid the drumming night voices of crickets...Echoing tomorrow...as it perpetually calls out your name.

...Necessity finds us again...struggling through this jungle of shoppers...grabbing for our groceries like everyone else. You—doing your best to actually be practical about something—are clicking off price per ounce/best buy jargon, while I—dutifully listening—bump graciously into grocery-stuffed, people-pushed carts with unerring consistency...Nice you find Klutzes so terribly entertaining, Tom.

Tossing boxes of Alpha-bits & Raisin Bran to me from 20 feet—your confidence in my fielding abilities suddenly has me concerned...You ask why I prefer to dodge the sailing soup cans? Then some elusive soul—blatantly interrupting your grave deliberation over this week's delectable menu of instant dorm room dinners—flips a switch somewhere and instantaneously blesses all his hectic customers with pre-taped music that pours forth from the ceiling to float rhythmically around between walls of stacked groceries...inadvertently triggering a long-since-familiar sparkle in your eyes—informing me that your restless, searching imagination is, again, in control. Suddenly I find myself watching Fred Astaire dance...waltzing quite gracefully, as he expertly guides his lovely partner across the glittering ballroom floor. Lost in the music's flowing motion...you...your antics...swept along by my laughter...Totally oblivious to the bewildered stares of shoppers (now hastily dodging your performance) who, apparently, can see only some boy...energetically bounding about and spinning in circles, along Aisle 3 (Canned Fruits)...fondly embracing a roll of Scott paper towels.

...Good intentions, Tommy, (like great plans) certainly lead a hard life around here...Naturally, our academic objectives suffer foremost in the shuffle. Now I'm no push-over, but you're definitely a master at this art of persuasion...Always wanting to run around all over creation...do something different today...sit in a tree & take pictures...see the world...fool around...tinker on your car, your motorcycle...go someplace, any place exciting—or at least new. If I dare think you've actually settled down to study, the stereo (playing in the background) and the open textbook (before your eyes) conspire to fill your head with all sorts of wishful ideas. Trying hard to forget your student status...you suddenly transform yourself into a polished musician performing with exaggerated flair & skill as you heartfully strain to push a soulful sexy melody from an imaginary sax. Oh well...Could try the library...but such gallant attempts usually end in playful games of hide & seek amid the bookstacks...or paper fights across the carrels. But how could I complain? Whenever I watch your body being totally absorbed by its own youthful eagerness and your eyes radiating pure and ecstatic delight, I can only wish more people had your talent for plucking a passing idea from an ongoing progression of thoughts and making it so strikingly real in animated performance.

...And although—at any given instant, in any given place—you may suddenly express yourself as...Leonard Bernstein, feverishly conducting the New York Philharmonic...Clint Eastwood, self assuredly straightening his stance to squint his eyes in a look of cool defiance...or Groucho Marx, dumb jokes complete with dumb walk, dancing eyebrows, cigar & all...Each is only a character...from a list as limitless in number as all the fanciful ideas coming and going in your head...like dreams in the night...And each playful performance—spontaneous & unique in itself—is simply another



endeavor, another ploy, in your constant, contagious, and often desperate search for diversion & entertainment in a comforting realm of light-hearted love & laughter. . . while. . .

...Silver stars...sparkle...reflecting in your eyes those insatiable desires of your heart. Glistening...they dangle from your thoughts—as though they were chimes stirred into captivating motion by the winds of your imagination...compelling you forward—like the heros that thrive in the adolescence of your mind—to reach out and grasp secure the elusive aspirations of those desires...Even as the hand of reality—in its continual conquest against pretense—pulls them out of sight...beyond your reach...battling you with frustration...Until you, yourself, are ultimately caught in its perpetual progression and—as I, alone in the dark, stand powerless to hold you—are violently...and eternally engulfed.

Time creates its own afterlife...For though memories linger like homeless kittens...The echoes can only cease...when tomorrow stops calling out your name.

I never believed them when they told me how many times I would be in the Agromeck office when the sun came sneaking over the eastern horizon. I didn't believe them when they told me how many things would go wrong, how angry I would get, how impossible things would sometimes seem, how there would never be enough money. But I found out.

I was a terrible roommate, signing my occasional notes "the phantom." I was a terrible daughter, visiting my parents once every three months if that often—never writing, rarely calling. I was a terrible girlfriend, always ranting and raving about this and that, yelling and screaming. But I learned a lot.

I learned a lot about myself and compromise. I learned that

dreams are always trimmed and shaped, sometimes even bruised and battered in the process of creating reality. I learned that ideas must be communicated, then filtered, redefined and executed through the talents of others, that I couldn't do it all and that sometimes I couldn't get other people to do it either.

I guess I learned, too, how much I love this crazy place and the people who always held me up, filling in my weak spots, supporting me when the bottom seemed to drop out. Thanks to Diane Payne and Susan Gahagan for always putting up with my fiascos, to Doug, Harry and Martin for being the experts I needed when I needed them and especially to Michael for believing in me.

—Daphne Hamm







