


ATHENA
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The College Green Ohio University

The West Green







Court and Union Athens, Ohio



The good old days that really weren't

Story by Linda Wenmoth

In Athens, Ohio (that's somewhere down among the hills of Appalachia) there's this university. It's called (among other things) Ohio University, which makes it one of the few universities in the country named after a state that isn't "University of . . ."

This distinction, along with the fact (often proudly repeated by University officials) that Ohio University was the first university in the Northwest Territory, are about the only outstanding features that the majority of students, faculty, administrators and "friends" could ever repeat of the history of Ohio University. The rest is buried somewhere, in old yearbooks or, worse yet, in the University Archives, that verboten place over in the library that is rarely if ever frequented.

To understand better the forces that shaped the University, many of which have contributed directly to the very issues forcing a "crisis" at Ohio and other universities, it is necessary to go back, not to the dry statistics that fill unopened history books, but to the timely descriptions of life and problems of the University along the various stages of its development.

The "good old days" really weren't, at least according to the records kept by the University. Until late in the 1890's, all University students were required to attend chapel twice a day, seven days a week, with the morning devotional being at 5 a.m. In 1851 there was a move to change the starting time to 5:45 a.m., a move that barely passed over loud outcries bemoaning "the lack of christianity of today's students."

Chapel was quite the important



The Street in Old Athens We Trod
Most and Looked at Most.

Are You Going to College?

Some Facts About Ohio University, Athens, O.

Ohio University

Established in 1804 by the Ohio Legislature

It is the oldest school in the Northwest. The faculty consists of 57 members. Nearly 1500 students were in attendance last year.

Only 4 of the 27 reputable Colleges and Universities in Ohio had larger receipts and expenditures according to the latest reports.

The College of Liberal Arts Includes

The Classical Course, degree A. B.
The Philosophical Course, degree Ph. B.
The Scientific Course, degree B. S.
There are also two-year courses in Civil and Electrical Engineering.

The State Normal College

- 1—Courses and Degrees
- a—Course in Elementary Education, Diploma.
 - b—Course for Secondary Teachers, B. Ped. Degree.
 - c—Course for Principals and Superintendents, B. Ped. Degree.
 - d—Course for College Graduates, B. Ped. Degree.

2—Departments.

- a—The State Training School.
- b—The Kindergarten Department, Diploma.
- c—The Public School Music Department, Diploma.
- d—The Public School Art Department, Diploma.

Other Departments of O. U.

The School of Commerce.
The College of Music.
The State Preparatory School.

NOTE:—To graduate from the College of Liberal Arts requires four years, or the completion of 2500 hours. Of these, 1500 are required and 1000 elective. Bright students who work hard and attend three sessions of the Summer School can graduate in 3 years.

Expenses

Tuition is free.
The only charge is a registration fee of \$6.00 a term.
Free tuition is equivalent to a "free scholarship" for every student.
Good board and room can be had for \$3 25 a week.
Each year about fifty students earn their board in various ways.
Ohio University is the College for the poor boy; it is also a good place for the sons and daughters of the rich.

Athens

Athens is one of the finest towns in Ohio. There are no saloons in Athens. The water is pure. Typhoid fever is unknown.
Athens is 76 miles south of Columbus, 37 west of Parkersburg, 159 east of Cincinnati. Three railroads enter the town.
Athens is an ideal place for a University; it is free from the temptations and distractions of a large city, and yet has all the convenience of modern civilization.

Further Information

For general information about the work of the University and for complete catalogues, write to Alston Ellis, President Ohio University.

For information concerning courses in the College of Liberal Arts, write to Edwin W. Chubb, Dean College of Liberal Arts.

For information concerning courses in the State Normal College, write to Henry G. Williams, Dean State Normal College.



'Athens had always been a stronghold of temperance . . .'

thing in a student's life. The disciplinary records of the time reveal that, in effect, "a student who got gloriously drunk was usually let off with a reprimand, while one who whispered in chapel and was unashamed or made a noise like a reprobate in the halls without manifesting any penitence was often sent home in disgrace."

Percentagewise, there was a great deal many more expulsions in the early days of the University, possibly in an attempt to protect its fledgling reputation. A person could be sent packing for reasons ranging from "inattentiveness" to "tardiness" to "laziness" to, heaven forbid, "missing a lecture." Participating in activities outside the University was also an unhealthy activity as witnessed by the two faculty members fired in 1840 for

attending a political meeting and the unfortunate student who was canned for enrolling in a dance studio.

Censorship was enforced quite heavily back then. A student was forbidden to have "any lascivious, impious or irreligious book or ballad nor sing or repeat verses of like character." Other offenses for which a student could be called on the rug for included lying, profaneness, drunkenness, theft, uncleanness or playing at unlawful games.

There was special attention given to the drinking habits of Ohio University students since according to the rule book "no students shall go to a Tavern, Alehouse, Beerhouse or any place of like kind for the purpose of entertainment or amusement without special permission from someone of the

faculty . . ."

This really didn't present as much of a hardship as it seems because in 1850 Athens was a stronghold of that savior of mankind—temperance. Keeping with this, in 1854 the citizens of Athens voted to outlaw the sale of liquor within the town.

The Athens Messenger hailed this move claiming there is "no surer way of avoiding the vices so common to College Life which have forever blighted the ten thousand brilliant intellects, then by taking and sustaining the pledge of Total Abstinence from all that can intoxicate."

But Ohio University's history is not totally one of restrictiveness. In 1873, University officials "shocked and outraged" the townspeople by admitting a woman to its student body. However, they did not totally commit themselves to the idea of equality. For the first year she was enrolled on the campus, Margaret Boyd was everywhere listed and referred to as "M. Boyd" in an attempt to conceal her sexual identity. Miss Boyd not only "integrated" Ohio University, she was also the first to break through the coeducational prejudices of colleges throughout the country.

This was not the only time the townspeople were outraged by the activities of the University. Town-gown relations today are enviable compared to back in 1843 when University President McGuffey was allegedly stoned by the citizens of Athens for taking an active part in the struggle for reevaluation of University-owned lands in hopes of raising the taxes on them.

Before too long after the University was unveiled students began to have a bit of leisure time on their hands and began to look around for more rewarding ways to occupy their time than just studying. In 1841, that seemingly undying fixture on college campuses, the Greek organization came to life in Athens.

The first fraternity, Beta Theta Pi, was established at Ohio University in 1841; their first sister organization came into being in 1876, Kappa Alpha Theta sorority. But even then, such organizations were composed of only a small portion of the campus population. To counter the activities and influence of the Greeks, in 1904 a unique counter-organization was established—the Barbarians.

The group's somewhat unusual nomenclature stems from the historical fact that "in the days of ancient Greece, the inhabitants of that proud and justly proud nation were wont to refer to all who were not of their own blood as Barbarians." A strictly social group, the Barbarians grew in size of both members and activities and popularity. Although many of the Greeks complained they were dedicated to "poking fun at the traditions and honors of the Greek system;" according to club reports, they really just wanted to have a good time without the financial and time responsibilities of the fraternities and sororities. As their charter states, their purpose was "to bring about harmony and unity, and develop a close bond of fellowship among the students."

But they were forced to bow under pressure from both the Greeks and University officials who thought the group "undistinguished" and the group disbanded, discarding its "rough and low" title.

The group later got back together under conditions much more to the University's liking, with the distinguished title of "The Ohio University Union."

Along with the advent of the Greeks, another leisure activity came to the fore, athletics. In the late 1800's, during its formative years, the athletic department never had any outstanding (winning) teams. But an effort to remedy this situation and also to bring athletics under closer supervision was undertaken in 1909 when

two committees, the Finance Committee and the Athletic Committee, each composed of five faculty members, were entrusted with the awesome responsibility of "having full control of all athletics and of the extra dollar each student and faculty member pays for athletics at the beginning of each term." And that was even before the dawn of inter-collegiate athletics!



The Greatest Star of All.
Jimmy Osmond—Our Boy.



F. H. Hough, A. B.

Jamestown, O.

Student at Wilberforce two years, Wilberforce Base-ball and Basket-ball Teams.

“HENNIE”

This son of Ham was pursuing his education at Wilberforce, when the class of '09 sent for him to come and relieve the monotony of our color scheme. From the exterior “Henny” is a decided brunette; but on closer examination you find that he is “white inside.” He hasn't decided yet, whether he'll be a Baptist preacher, or an end-man in a minstrel show. Going on the theory that a man is guilty until proven innocent, we presume that he'd steal a water melon if he got half a chance, and speakin' of chicken, O Lord!



William Thomas Morgan, Ph. B. Maynard, O.

Athenian Lit., Eng. Club, German Club, History Club, Inter-Soc. Debate, Alternate on Inter-collegiate Debate, Sec. Y. M. C. A.

“PEE-WEE”

This little hero comes from Maynard, Ohio, which place is connected with the United States by a stage coach. From childhood “Pee-wee” was the victim of spasmodic insanity, and at the age of twenty was probated to the Athens State Hospital, but landed in Ohio University by mistake. He has been here ever since, and finally the authorities have allowed him to graduate, not knowing of any other way to get rid of him.



William E. Alderman, Ph. B. Athens, O.

President Class '09, Inter-collegiate Debate '08 and '09, Pres. Debating Union, Pres. Philomatheans '07, Pres. Y. M. C. A. '07-'08, Gen'l Sec'y Y. M. C. A. '08 - '09, Athena Board, Glee Club, O. U. Quartet, Del. to Niagara-on-the-Lake '07.

“WILLIE”

Behold our President! The sanctimonious Alderman! “Willie” of the spotless life. “Willie” came to Athens from Gloucester, and, like his fellow townsman, “Fuzzy” Blower, expects to enter the ministry—he will undoubtedly feel called to the place that offers the largest salary. The entire class envies his future congregations their long Sunday morning naps.

“Willie” has held almost every office in college politics, when nobody else wanted them. He is not an orator.



Malcolm Douglas, Ph. B. Waverly O.

Delta Tau Delta, Philo Lit., Oratorical Contest 1st prize '07, 2nd prize '06, Debating Union, Intercollegiate Debater '08 and '09, Senior Foot-ball, Literary Board Athena, English Club, Dramatic Club, Class Poet.

“MAC”

Sir Malcolm hails from Pike County. From the beginning of his pantalooned prime he has been bold to believe in the egregious excellence of the “ego,” and since his advent in Athens has strenuously striven to proselyte the professors to his persuasion. The pedantic pomposity of this loquacious linguist is extravagantly erratic.

Women's Intercollegiate Debate



AFFIRMATIVE TEAM

Mary Powell

Helen Leech

Amy Evans

Etta Ayers

OHIO vs. OTTERBEIN

QUESTION:—Resolved, That Woman Suffrage Should be Adopted
in the State of Ohio.



NEGATIVE TEAM

Ruth Wilson

Mabel Nesbett

Leota Norris

Stella VanDyke

OHIO vs. MUSKINGUM

Part of the reason for this great concern with athletics was the showing (?) Ohio's football team made in 1907. Playing such distinguished teams as the Parkersburg Y.M.C.A., the Bobcats won four, lost five and tied one. Their most stunning defeat was a 60 to 0 rout at the hands of the Marietta Correspondence School Ringers; their greatest glory came during a 47 to 0 victory over the Deaf and Dumb Institute.

But even when the "other" school in Ohio was permitted to join the "big guys" in the Ohio Conference in 1910, everyone still wasn't satisfied. Now the team had more worthy opponents, better playing conditions and all but now they also had to play under certain rules and regulations, many of which weren't to their liking. Their biggest beef was against the rules regarding rank and standing of athletics in the University since it "forced athletes to put scholarship ahead of their sport."

But not all the fun was taken out of college life, during this period relations between faculty and students, and administrators and students were at an all-time, unbelievable high. It seems no one was safe from the

Calla E. Cooley,
Α Γ Δ
"Collie"
Philosophical

Louise K. Walls,
"The Faculty Kid"
Classical

Virgene Putnam,
"Putt"
Pedagogical

Wade T. Watson,
"Wattie"
Scientific

Charles Stewart,
Δ Τ Δ
"Scotchie"
Scientific

J. V. Bohrer,
Scientific

Clark O. Melick,
Δ Τ Δ
"Doc"
Scientific



"roasts" printed in the yearbooks of the early 1900's. The arrival of Dr. Alston Ellis as president of the University occasioned this yearbook blurb:

"Dr. Ellis to porter at B. and O. station: 'To my residence!'

Porter: 'Where is it, please?'

Dr. Ellis: 'To My Residence!!'

Porter: 'Y-Yes—but wh-where—'

Dr. Ellis: 'Do you mean to say that you do not know where My Residence is?'

Porter to cab driver: 'I guess you'd better take him to the asylum!' "

Dr. Ellis went on to capture the hearts of the students and alumni during his period as chief University executive; a building, Ellis Hall (naturally) was completed in his honor in 1908 and was the largest building on campus at that time.

Town-gown relations, student activism, rights and equality, lower tuitions, troubles with the state legislature—all these are problems which have faced Ohio University throughout its history, face it today and probably will face it in the future. And it all started when someone got the idea to build a university in Athens (that's somewhere down among the hills of Appalachia) . . .

Student Tutors for Educational Progress

For many, it is the best experience of their college careers. The Student Tutors for Educational Progress (STEP) has been on campus for two years now and are continually growing in both number of tutors and the demand for them.

The tutors, the majority of whom aren't education majors, visit a child twice a week in one of the Athens area schools. Although they are officially assigned to tutor a child in a specific subject, most often the real value of a STEP tutor is in the attention and friendship he gives the child.

But the only person who can really evaluate the worthiness of the STEP tutor is the child himself. Included in this section, then, are comments from children in the STEP program giving their opinions of their tutor, the STEP program and, in some instances, education in general.

Photographed by Patrick McCabe



6 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1

STEP is:

"She's nice. She teaches me nice things." John

"I think it is great." Roger

"I think she is really good at drawing. My mother says I am drawing better. I can draw a horse now. Thanks to Sally." Holli

"I think you are being nice by coming out. I hope you can come next year. I would be happy if you do." Larry

"Sally comes and helps us. I like her. She gives us ideas when we don't have anything to draw. She let's us work with clay. She takes us outside. She is very helpful. I think all people will like her." Theresa





"I think STEP is wonderful. I enjoy our art class very much. It helps us to learn to do many new things we wouldn't have learned if STEP hadn't sent our art teacher." Patrick

"I think it is really great. You're a nice girl and you're smart." Howard

"I like you because you help me improve my math homework. Ruth reads to us. I like when we made the puppet because I like her. I like the games we played." Barbara

"You are O.K. I learned a lot. I learned a lot of spelling words." Perry



Photography was one of the many ways STEP tutors were able to introduce art projects to their tutees. The children interpreted their world by the photographs taken when they were given a roll of 16 exposure film and a Diana F. (A plastic camera costing \$1).

These Amesville students, from grades three through five, enthusiastically related their schoolground surroundings through the pictures they took that are on the following pages.

Elmer Balch, 10, took the photograph to the right.





Photography is not limited to professionals as is witnessed by the following photographs taken by elementary students: upper left—Deitra Tabler, 9; upper center—Marvin Mayle, 9; middle center—Elmer Balch; lower center—Bobbi Nelson, 9; lower left—Elmer Balch; opposite page—Donzel Matheny, 9.







Sharing time, attention, love

"I like Jack because he lets us play basketball in the gym. I like his car. I like the way he teaches us the arithmetic because he shows us a short way. I hate the way he makes us read." Billy

"I like it because you get out of class and I like Jack. I've learned a lot. I like arithmetic better than I did at the beginning of the year." Bruce

"It's a great association to send her out here. She helps us get to 5th grade and on our way to real education." Dan

"I like to have a tutor because she takes me places and she works with me too." Lorrie

"I like my tutor because she helps me." Tammy

"We like having them come. They did a good job. I think we should have them to continue coming and having more tutors to come. The reason I think

they should come is they are good tutors, we need them." Teresa

"I like this program because it was fun having University students. The students were nicer than our teacher. Our teacher was nice but they were nicer. Please come back again." John

"I liked the program. I had writing and science tutors. I think they did a good job and I think the program should go on. Myself I think should not have another tutor." Jeff

"I like having the tutors come. I liked both of my tutors, I think they did a good job. I think we should keep on having them come. I'd like more tutors for science, writing or anything else." Nellie

"You should come more often because I like having you for gym. You couldn't do a better job because you are

doing a very very good job." Brent

"I liked my tutor to come. He did a good job helping me. I would like him to come more often. I would like more to come and help me. To help me on maps and other things." Jeff

"Our class enjoyed having the STEP tutors. They helped a lot of kids learn about many things. They should continue to come and help us learn. I would like more tutors, for science, p.e., math, writing, art, English and Social Studies." Lisa

"We liked having them come. They did a good job. We should continue to have tutors. We should have tutors for everybody who needs one." Greg

"Yes, they did a very good job. I like Sue very well. It was nice having them. Dan did a very good job too. Pat did too. They were good with the kids. They helped us learn about new things." Kippy

"This tells what I think about STEP tutors. I think STEP tutors are fine. But the children should be allowed to study the subject they wish to study and have fun studying that subject." Jacquelyn Jo.

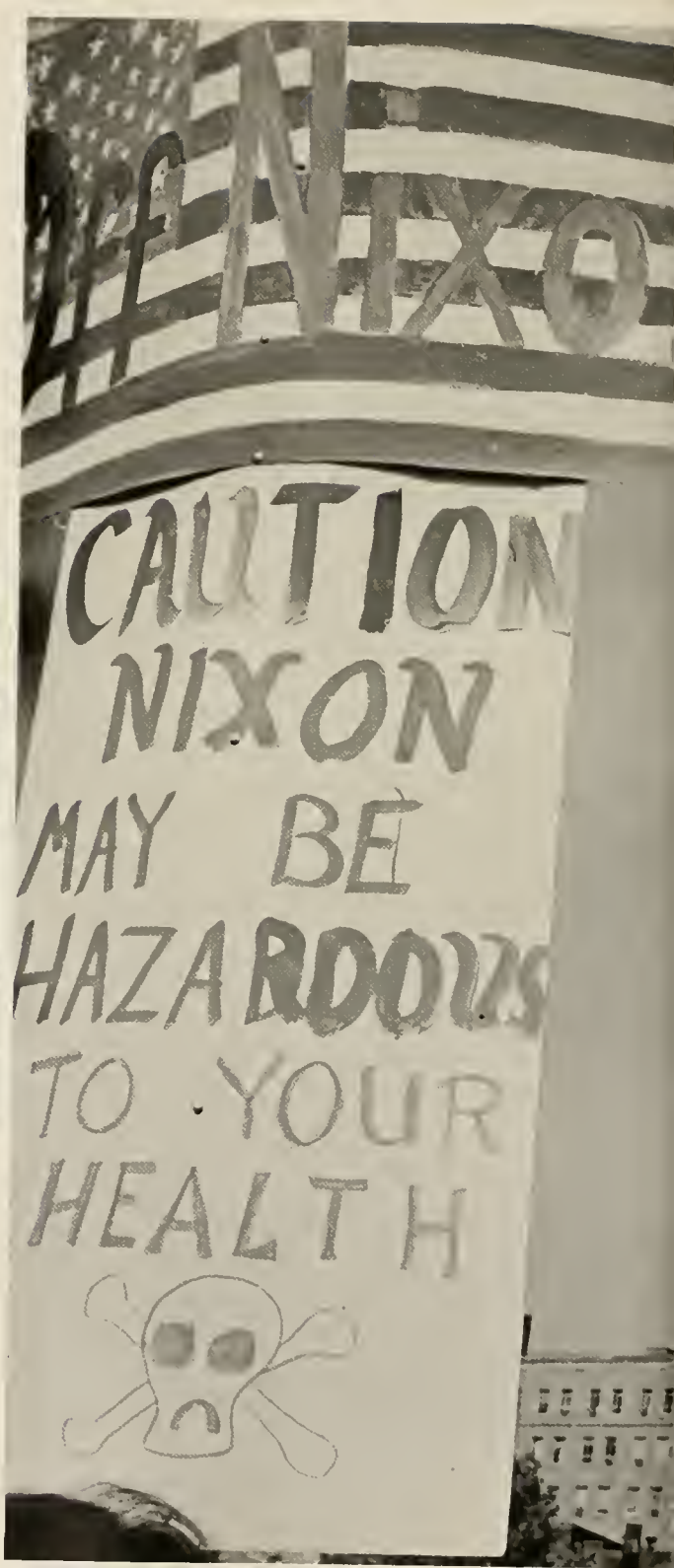


Return of the 'whistle-stop'



Whistle-stop type campaigning was resurrected last Fall as both Vice President Spiro Agnew and President Richard Nixon stomped the country in favor of Republican candidates. In early October, Nixon made a stop at the Columbus statehouse on behalf of Robert Taft and Roger Cloud.

*Story by Linda Wenmoth
Photographs by Patrick McCabe*



WELCOME
NIXON

Off  gne

DEFEND
THE
PANTHERS

WANTED
for
GENOC
HOMIC
CONSP
RICH
NA

EE ALL
POLITICAL
PRISONERS

STOP
THE WAR







Politics and football topic of Nixon talk

It had been that kind of campaign—the politicians spouting rhetoric, the students identifying it and answering “Bullshit.” The Republicans were in trouble and something drastic had to be done. And something drastic was done—the President let loose Spiro Agnew on the voting public. And when that didn’t produce the results he wanted, Tricky Dick himself bucked political precedence and began campaigning in earnest for a “select” group of candidates.

In four days he did the modern-day version of “whistle-stop” campaigning; at each stop extolling the virtues of the Republican Party in general and whichever candidate happened to be running for the grand old party in whichever place he happened to be. And Spiro T. just went around castrating all those candidates who weren’t promising to be a blotter for the White House.

As part of this saturation speech-making, Nixon himself came to Columbus to sprout the virtues of senatorial candidate Robert Taft and gubernatorial hopeful Roger Cloud, both of whom were running poorly. There were reports that Agnew had volunteered for the job but had been politely refused by the candidates.

About a week before, a move-

ment to “Go to Columbus” had started on all the college campuses in Ohio. At most it met with apathy, for marches and demonstrations have become passe. But at Ohio University, the mood was different. The Ohio University Student Union held meetings, urging people to go to the state capital and telling them the best way to get there. Leaflets were passed out giving emergency numbers and advising what the most appropriate and safe dress and identification were. An air of tense expectation covered all these gatherings; everyone had heard about the “notorious Columbus pigs” and the time seemed right for a possible showdown.

But the majority of those involved kept pleading for a peaceful protest, using the main argument that violence would play right into “Tricky Dick’s” hands and could definitely spoil the chances of gubernatorial hopeful John Gilligan, the idol of the campus set.

A rally was planned for 11 a.m. the day of Nixon’s visit; but until the march got started, only about 200 people had shown up. All one had to do was add a bunch of trees and the war memorial and the rally could have been at Ohio University instead of OSU; the vast majority of those in attendance had made the early morning trip up from Athens. As one student put it: “He (Nixon) could have saved us all a lot of trouble if he’d decided to come to Athens. He’d probably draw a bigger crowd, too.”

The march finally got started with the lead being a huge banner “NIXON: War Maker, Strike-Breaker,” and various others such as “Free Angela Davis,” “Save the Soledad brothers” and the usual ones urging workers and students to unite to fight oppression.

Whoever planned the pre-speech entertainment (everyone knows that politicians need a warm-up act) had predicted the audience very well; a former Miss Ohio sang the whole repertoire of patriotic songs, fluffing "This is My Country" twice; a band and chorus from a local old-age home played as if they were on another "really big show." And the majority of the audience loved every minute of it.

A group of grandmother-types sang along spiritedly and applauded vigorously at the end of every star-spangled song. An elderly matron, with tinted red hair, turned to one of her companions after singing "God Bless America" and remarked: "These are the real Americans. When I see kids like those (referring to a marcher who had just passed by), I'd just like to get a machine gun and kill them all."

And then the big moment: Arms outstretched and raised, clasping the hands of Governor James Rhodes and his hopeful successor Cloud, the man himself stepped on stage.

The speech itself was a typical Nixon speech; comparing his trip to the White House with Ohio State's trip to the Rose Bowl, a few quips about not being able to get tickets for the OSU game and the rhetoric of inflation-unemployment-law-and-order-and-getting-out-of-Vietnam. But then he got down to the real purpose of his visit to "the heartland of the Mid-West" plugging the flagging campaigns of Cloud and

VICTORY Y
UNDER
GOD



Taft. At every break in his script, the students took up the chant "Bullshit, Bullshit, Bullshit" and finally got the notice they desired when the President made a remark about the "vocal minority" who wouldn't listen to facts and reason, only to the cries of "revolution."

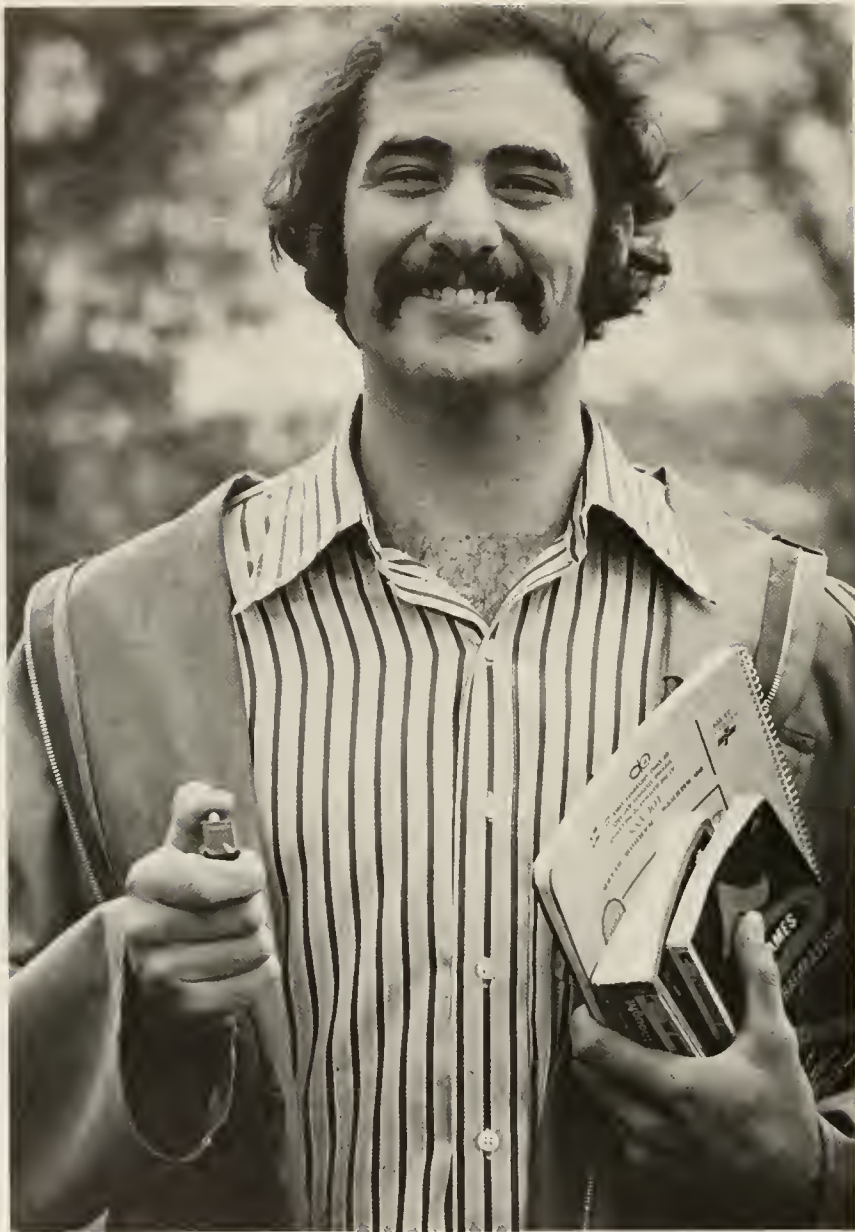
After the main attraction was over there were other speakers; Rhodes and Cloud and Taft and Columbus' darling, Woody Hayes, but the crowd just kind of drifted away, back to their offices and television sets and for the 500, the long walk back to the campus.

And Nixon went on with his trip and made a few more afterwards, the most famous being in California when he was stoned by a bunch of dissenters. No one will know what really happened or rather how big the incident actually was; the police chief, White House spokesman, Republican Party spokesman, newspapers and Nixon can't seem to agree. But it almost was the GOP dream of a real law-and-order crisis on the eve of elections.

But the haziness of the facts plus a video confrontation between the Republicans and Democrats made the issue shrink back to normal proportions. For, no matter how hard his PR men tried, Nixon just couldn't match the cool, poised, knowledgeable impression given nation-wide in the fire-side-type chat by Senator Edmund Muskie of Maine.

And when the votes were counted, 15 of Nixon's elite 20 had been defeated; the Republicans claimed an ideological victory, the Democrats claimed a numerical victory and most students just kept saying "Bullshit."





I'm a jovial lad who loves his books. In certain situations, I would rather take a book to bed than various girls. I treat my books as objects, and in these days of liberation, you cannot do this with girls. For we all know: Sisters ain't objects.



Oink!



"I am a rainfall at the summit of beginning, waking hours of sunlight left unfinished for the remainder of the day."



Who am I clinically—biological man, society's societal subject on red neck recoil.

People as they see themselves

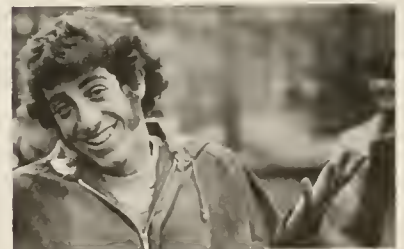
People are always complaining about being stereotyped. Most feel that they themselves are the only ones who can describe their uniqueness. A camera with a remote control for self-portraits was provided and people were given the opportunity to describe themselves in words and photographs.



Honesty, integrity, and a lot of bullshit.



A dulcimer player trying to emulate Richard and Mimi Farina. A peasant trying to keep his head above the water and what not.



What can I say?



The staunchest, dirtiest piece of Mississippi delta silt.
—Boofer—



What a nice jewish boy!

I am the sensous man, I am the only
"Chinese Jew" in Athens, Ohio.



AAAAAAAAARRRGY! CRAZY CRAZY CRAZY
CRAZY CRAZY CRAZY CRAZY



A greater man once said that a great man
never recognizes himself and yet another
fool once said pride is but the precursor to
the fall. I therefore consider myself verbose
and humble.





I am a pencil for your machined environment.



Once said to be 20 going on 65. After three hard fought years has finally become a junior.



I wear the serious look of a pragmatic optimist with potential as a cover girl for Time magazine.



My name Alex Santora, and I'm a political activist.



It's me. I'm a human being. I'm alive and I love to live happily. If you ever want a new friend, I'd like it to be me.



Myself. Who or what am I? I don't know and maybe I don't want to.



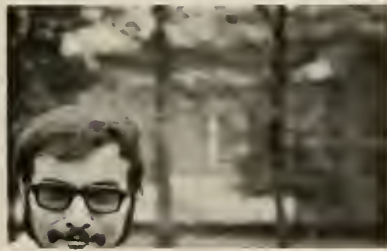
Read between the lines, see page 206.



I am younger than I look, and older than I feel.



A sexagesimal, saturnine quadrumariate, and don't try to figure it out.



I am a mean son of a gun. Just look at me once and you know what I mean.



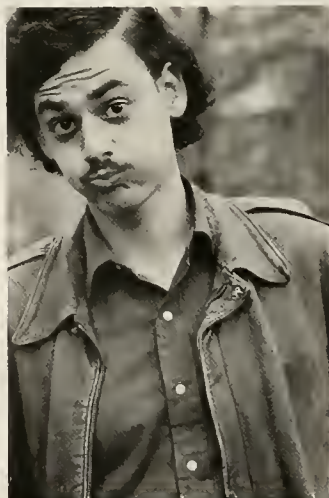
The type is different. Due to the fact that everything is something I would say that it is something that only I know and shouldn't really explain.



Self-confidence is self-deception.

Cancer and Scorpio—passionate, spastic, fluid, flutter bies, off & on, up, down, sunshine, shadows, the Post.

Far out! If I could describe myself I probably wouldn't be here.

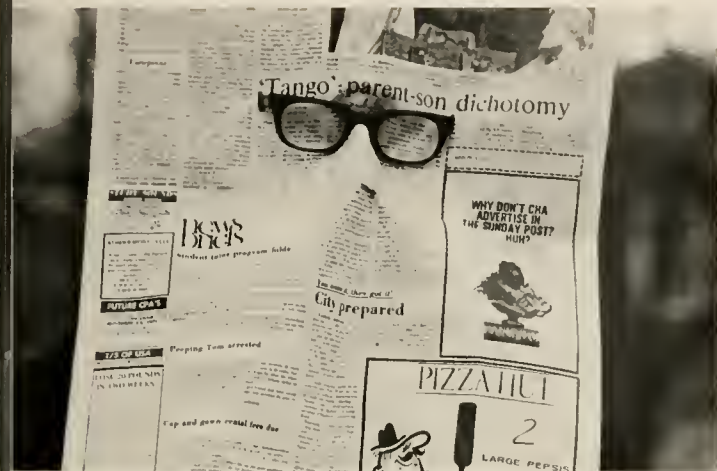


A victim of lovely confusion.

Smilin' mini-photographer.

Soon to be the wind.

I think, therefore I am, (I guess).



B.S. in introspective communications or McLuhan Masochism.



Sunshine—don't let the Bible fool you!!



I am a "self" person—an individual, sometimes filled with contradictions . . . very idealistic . . . sometimes in a maelstrom "flowers of evil."



"Ohio is a four-letter word."



Looking for an affectionate, young female on the college green.



When you're smilin' the whole world smiles with you!



I am an obscene being with skinny legs.



I am a leftist, radical freak. Don't tell anybody, 'cause I don't want my friends to find out.



Introverted, self-styled genius, loving and kind, good people.



- stable, steady as a jellyfish
- common attributes of a Swali warrior
- devoted husband-to-be
- loves children and goldfish
- alias "Mr. Potato"



I love life!



Who are we? We are Christians on the campus. We believe in God and Jesus Christ, and you can, too; if you only ask Him for forgiveness of your sins and Him to live in your heart. Praise the Lord!



My highest aspiration is to enjoy living, to keep myself free from martyrdom, to do that which best expresses me . . .



Under-exposed, over-developed, and slightly out-of-focus.



Who would believe—an Ohio University soccer-playing, not so easy rider—on a Honda 90?



I am an architecture major—color me gone!



FRICK & FRACK! We came, we saw, we conquered?



We don't need girls, O.U. screws us every time.



Lethargic and insane



A coke-float at Baker Center makes you sterile.



I am a product of my mind, spirit and memories.



I'm a musician. That's basically all I am. Everything I see, everything I do, is done in terms of sound. Talk to me and I'll sing you the answer to anything you want to know. I love you.



I am very confused but shall be released.



Trying to be an aware administrator.



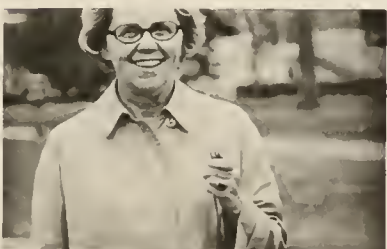
Long-haired, yippie, Commie pinko. Mean, tuff and sexy. Dig me.



"Stinky" senior, Athens Apts.
1. magnanimous and a kill-joy.
2. once had great ambition, but while washing dishes in Frisch's it went down the drain.
3. Omnipotent with universal appeal.



With the state society is in, I'm the apathetic student walking away from it all.



Director of Organizational Activities sleuthing on the College Green.



Goddamn intellectual snob.



eccentric & all together(?)
effervescent & solemn
dry & outgoing!

And yet again dry as I
write this little note. And that
my problem. No one knows how to take me.
I got even my red SOB!

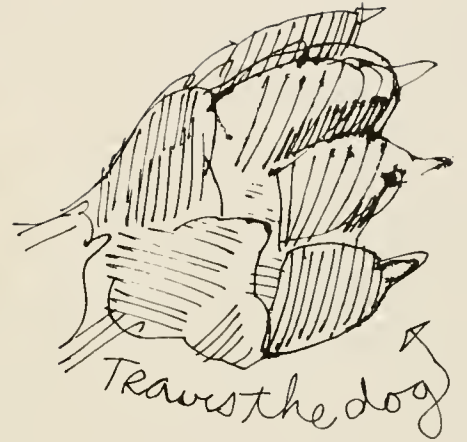
AN ANARCHIST eccentric



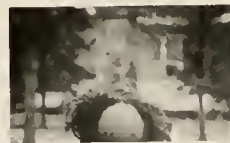
Captain Impeccable
LIVES

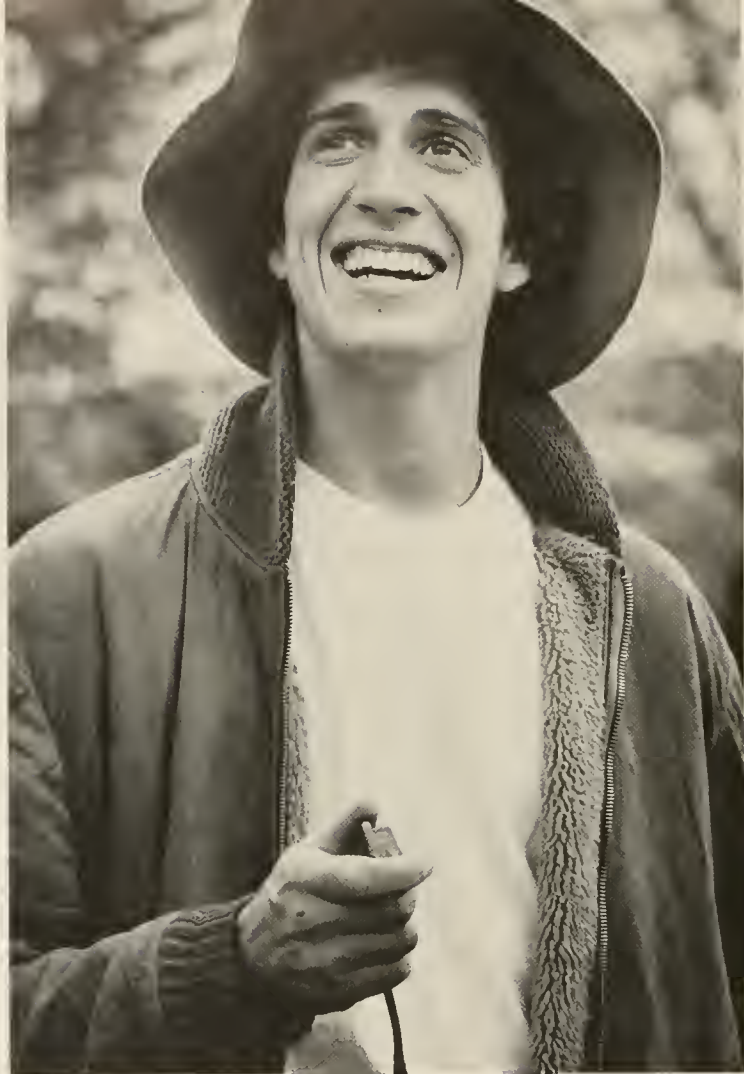


Count Luther Chittenden Grant



Travis the dog





1. Trucker 2. Second trucker 3. Look, a

Today I'm a raindrop, a dry raindrop with a yellow film covering. I always smile when it's necessary. I'm in love with the world and myself. Bullshit ain't it.



I have: the soul of a poet
the courage of a bullfighter
the mind of a prophet
the heart of a mountain climber
and the nonchalant "joie de vie"
of a New York City cab driver.



Confused, bemused, infused, and occasionally defused.



Clarence Darrow wouldn't have defended me.



"Retired" professor enthusiastic about Ohio University—its students and faculty.



nera! It is taking a picture, yeah!

He came into town for just one day but before he left, all the women knew him (in the Biblical sense).







First phase—carefree individual getting ready to rip in town.
Second phase—all of a sudden I thought of my accum and all the make up work I have to complete.—studious and astounded.



Horny as hell.



Local Athens Degenerate searching for reality.



I would describe myself as a lonely person that has already gone crazy. Ask anyone that knows me.



I am undescribly unable to describe how or what I am, but this picture is worth a thousand words. Figure it out yourself.



A phantasmagorical conglomerate of sensitive perception and insight affecting flux throughout internal and external experiential living.

Little girls are carefree. They aren't proud. They have no worries. They laugh as rain splashes on their faces. They are always looking for fun. I feel like a little girl today. I dare ya all to come out to play.



From 1962 until 1972, Raymond Shepard (left) occupies the mayor's seat at council meetings. But last spring he lost in the primary. Ed Tuckerman and Jack Green (right) both on the Water, Sewers and Garbage Collection Committee, won their primary bids.



Athens City Council: Model of Jefferson



In a college town such as Athens, the city government and the University are bound to intermingle. As one councilman put it, "The University is the town's main industry." Once each month the city, school and county officials meet to hash over the problems that naturally arise from two bodies which both have a population around 18,000.

Athens' city government is probably as truly representative a body as any Jeffersonian could want. A typical city council member, if he isn't a native, came originally from nearby places like Parkersburg, W. Va., or Middleport. The councilmen represent the townspeople, established and conservative (the town is heavily Republican), opposite of a liberal university community.

The "town-gown" relations, a popularized term in past years, haven't always been of the best quality. But, as outgoing veteran (1962-72) Mayor Raymond Shepard contends, "the talk is more serious than the actuality. These two groups are very different, and it's hard to find much in common between them," he said. "You can't expect students who come here to study to be interested in the local residents."

Following a strife-torn spring in 1970, many feel that relations are better, and toleration increased.

"Now the long hair and dress is becoming an accepted thing," Councilman Brad Davis said. "You can't legislate opposition to someone's life style, it's his freedom. We have to set aside personal prejudices, it's the only way to get problems worked out."

At-large representative Fred Weber, an Ohio University graduate, claims to have looked at the situation from every angle. Students operate with much more freedom here than they would at home, he said, which makes local residents apprehensive about what can happen.

"If students recognized how the 'townie' feels, it might help. The violators get too much publicity. I like the kids, we need Ohio University," he added.

sonian idealism

The more you get the cap-and-gown and natives together, the better, Ed Tuckerman, second ward councilman, said. A few troublemakers can spoil things for everyone, he feels.

"This is a period when kids are making decisions about their life, looking to the left and looking to the right, molding their life; most of them for the better," he said.

Activities during 1970-71 which brought all the Athens people together were the Autumn and Spring Trade Festivals, conceived by Council President Harry Crewson, also an economics professor at Ohio University.

"We never anticipated such a large response," Crewson commented after the first effort. "This might be a semi-annual event in the future."

While students are busy planning their future, the council would like to plan on getting more business into Athens.

"I've seen many efforts made by local groups and the council to draw individuals businesses here," Tad Grover, chairman of the finance committee, said. "It all gets down to sites for land, or having enough people to work. Up until now the highway system wasn't too good, which is one of the many factors companies weigh in deciding whether to come here."

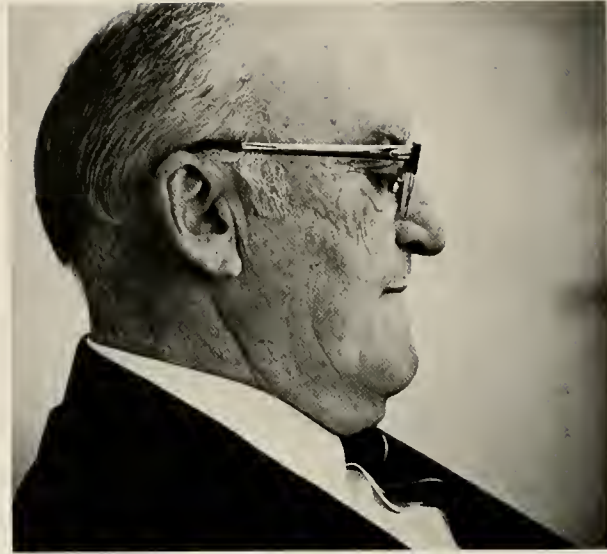
Athens is handicapped by the Hocking River floods and the terrain, Tuckerman pointed out. Athens has to prepare housing, school systems, churches—all things a company looks at, he said.

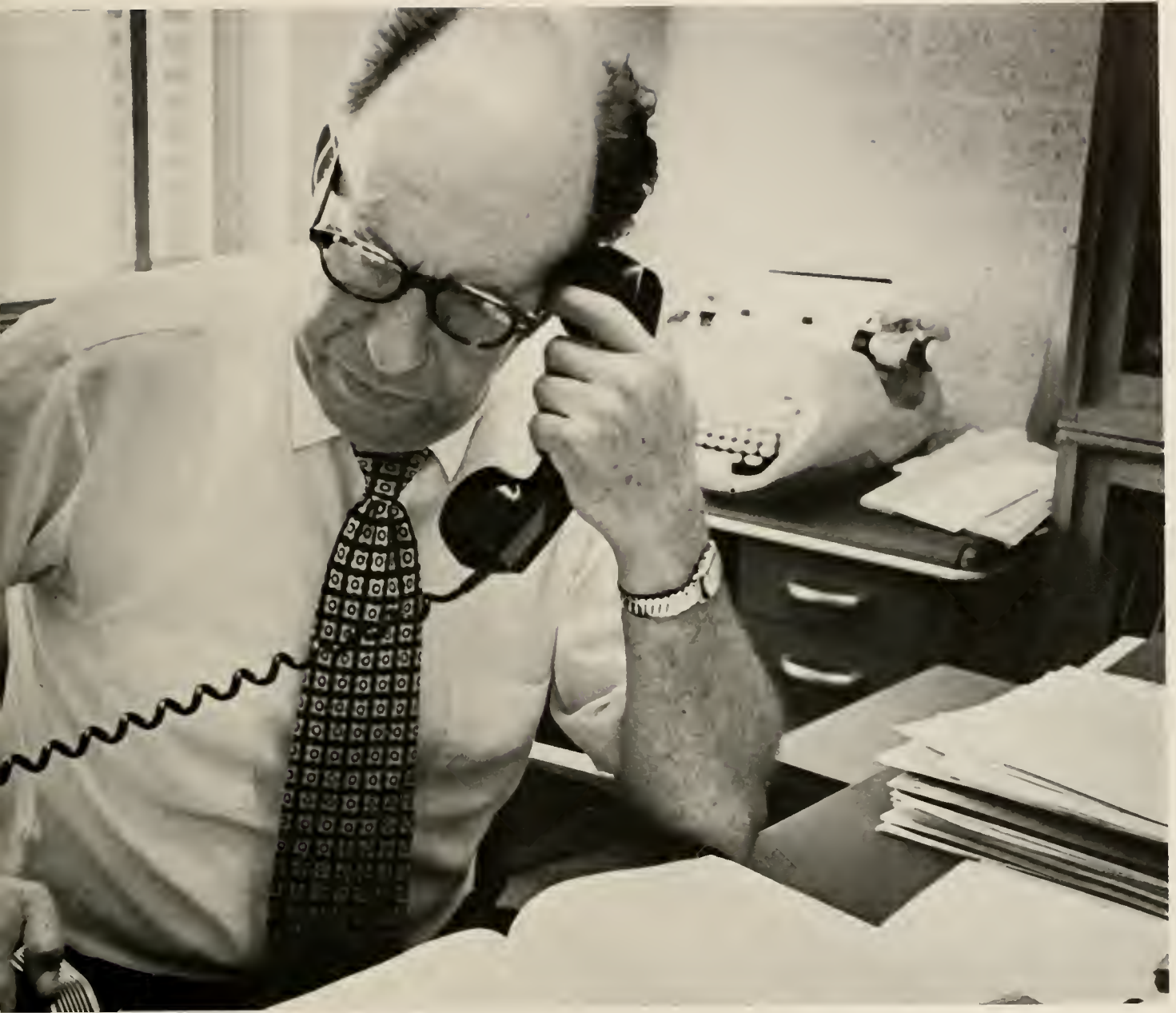
"We probably are short of housing," he admitted.

He'd like to see Athens have a more diversified economy, Weber noted, but since "it is dependent on the University, it doesn't have a broad economic base."

Athens is a unique community, Weber thinks, since it's between small and large.

It has a metropolitan influence because of the University, Grover said, but





Mayor Shepard (top left) indicated he will return to his dry cleaning business in 1972, an enterprise he opened in 1932. Tad Grover (bottom, left) directs the important Finance Committee, and Council President Harry Crewson (right) is also an economics professor at Ohio University



"you don't have to drive very far to get somewhere."

"I've got two kids, 13 and 14 and I don't think I'd want to raise them anywhere else. They receive a broad education because of the influences," he claims.

While the council members like a small community, Tuckerman realistically appraises "Things can't stay the way they are. The Plains will be probably part of Athens in several years. If something could support enough people, before long we could expand to Albany."

Asserting that "new people brings new ideas," David "likes to see progress. One of our major problems in city government is we're having growing pains," he aid, "We could use help from other phases in solving our problems."

One problem the city had trouble coping with—the Mill Street bridge's removal in the spring of 1970, which cut off a major traffic route to the East end and rerouted much of it down Richland



Avenue.

"The city didn't own the bridge," Grover said, "We thought originally the new bridge would be finished earlier, but it ran into problems. "The city," he said, "was negligent in not trying to upgrade Richland Avenue in time to solve the traffic situation."

People often fail to realize what is involved in legislation, a consensus of the council shows.

"In a small town, people often have faith in their elected representatives, and don't say anything publically about an issue," Grover commented. "They'll talk to you privately, but won't speak at a public meeting. That's one of the factors in our government, that we have a rural influence also."

If there's anything separating town and gown, it would have to be drug usage. President Sowle estimated marijauna usage to be about 70 percent of the student body at a press conference in February.

An ordinance before council this summer proposed changing the laws on possession of drugs, with marijauna hashish, LSD, DMT, mescaline and other

drugs a misdemeanor on first offense and a felony on subsequent arrests.

The drug problem is present, Davis, a pharmacist, explained, "and we can't ignore it because we have to face reality. I don't know why we have it," he said, "it's something like alcohol, and the newness is involved."

Differences in life styles and political beliefs seem to occupy most of the rhetoric concerning town-gown relations. But as far as the latter is concerned, most councilmen feel it is completely blown out of proportion.

"Politics don't mean a thing to us," Tuckerman said, reflecting council opinion. "We kid about politics. Here, you get down to work and think about the people of Athens and the area."

Grover outlined it best. "I think anyone in a community has an obligation to put something back into the town he lives in," he said, "and that means more than just money. A community is as good as the people want it to be."

"If we could all set aside selfish goals and worked for the common good, could you imagine how good Athens could be?"



Dwight Robinson and Fred Weber (left and right) are fairly new to council while Ed Tuckerman (center) has been on council over a decade. Robinson is service-safety director, Tuckerman is second ward councilman and Weber, an at-large representative.



Abortion: solution or new problem?

Story by Rudy Maxa
Illustrations by Erich Barnes

"July 4 will be a very hard day. That's when he was due. You know, there is something maternal about it, no matter what the psychology books say. I don't think you can ever come completely away from it . . . at least I can't. I have found myself almost apologizing to him because we had blown it.

"The "him" to whom the person above is referring would have been named Carl. But six weeks after Carl was conceived in Ohio he ceased to be in New York City. His mother, an Ohio University sophomore who became a junior in the spring of 1971, joined the army of young women who journeyed to New York City for an abortion.

For the purpose of privacy and convenience, the mother's name was Mary. She lived in a dormitory at Ohio University and she had a grad student fiance. Mary was the third of five children in a self-described middle class family from Cleveland. She termed the family "conservative and moralistic." Her father completed two years of college while her mother graduated and has since taught high school science. The parental education difference, Mary said, was sometimes the cause of "high friction" at home.

And it may have been this friction or it may have been the fact that Mary had always been the spotlight of attention as a bright, competent, likable student that Mary's younger sister freaked out on drugs as a high school junior and ran away from home. Whatever the reason, Mary's family was in a state of confusion and grief in the fall of 1970. It was at this time that Mary, at the age of 20, lost her virginity to her fiance one weekend away from Athens. She got pregnant.

"I didn't practice any birth control other than rhythm for one simple reason: stupidity. It would have been an admission, you know, especially being Catholic. Basically, it was naive . . . it's one of those things that just doesn't happen to you and I know that sounds trite. Incidentally, good old rhythm doesn't work."

Mary was lucky in some respects. She told her fiance as soon as she discovered she was pregnant and as soon as she was able to convince herself her missed menstruation was not the by-product of worry. From this point Mary's story begins to resemble the story of literally hundreds of Ohio University women during the past academic year.

Mary contemplated her options. Marriage was out because of extreme complications with her fiance's scholarship and family. Giving the child up for adoption was ruled out because neither could bear to have their child raised by an unknown person. An abortion was decided on by Mary with the news from home of her sister's psychological problems providing the

final catalyst.

After a medical check at the University's health center confirming her pregnancy, Mary took the advice of a close friend and visited Rev. Tom Jackson at the United Campus Ministry. Jackson, who estimates he sees two to three girls per day during most of the academic year, was not in his office when Mary arrived.



X

X
CANCHELLI

'The worst part was not knowing'

"The thing that bothered me the most was not knowing. I'm the kind of person who needs information," Mary said. Her major was business oriented and her personality and manner fit her major. She is very precise in movement and speech. Even on the delicate and personal topic of a past abortion Mary does not blunder for words. She speaks with candor and a sense for expression.

"I really didn't know what to expect. I was uncomfortable but Tom was my only hope," Mary recalled.

Jackson recommended a visit to the University's Mental Health Center. There she discussed her options with a doctor and decided finally that an abortion was still her best alternative. The doctor referred her back to Jackson and then, after a hassle to raise the necessary \$200 fee, she was on her way to The Big Apple for a legal abortion.

Since the New York General Assembly liberalized its state's abortion laws some critics have taken to calling the state "an abortion mill." Pregnant out-of-staters have flown in one night and flown out the next morning not pregnant. The treatment one receives depends largely on how much you know.

The agency through which Jackson works, is relatively inexpensive and thorough. Others charge twice the

price, give little attention to the patient and refuse to consider post-operational treatment.

Still others charge even more and pick you up at Kennedy Airport in a limousine and whisk you away to a Broadway show and dinner and a plush hotel before the doctor does his work the next morning.

Naturally there are some agencies in the business for pure profit. The Ohio University Post joined some 200 other college and underground papers in the late fall of 1970 in running abortion referral ads, over the vitriolic objections of some readers. (Mary saw them after her abortion; she turned to her roommate and said "Shit.") After consultation several months later with health and campus ministry representatives, The Post discontinued the ads in lieu of a special "human sexuality" supplement and continuing public service ads listing local referral agencies. But though commercial ads have been discontinued, the debate still rages over the morality of abortion.

No one has yet offered the definitive answer on when "life" begins. Some claim it is a crime to allow an individual woman to determine the fate of her newly-conceived and potential offspring. But, for some like Mary, the question was not a moot one; it was resolved. And given the same situation, Mary said she would do it again.

She slept a great deal the days previous to leaving New York. Then she, her fiance and a close friend who had a car drove non-stop to New York. That night the three walked around the town. At 7:30 the next morning Mary and her fiance went to the address Jackson had given.

At the hospital Mary saw "one of the saddest things I've ever seen. Every-





body had someone—father, mother, boyfriend—yet everybody was there for the same thing.” She felt frightened, sad, and apprehensive all at once.

The actual abortion took two minutes. Mary said she felt no pain except for the cold and pressure of the instruments. “They came on in such a natural manner it bothered me, because it was not so natural,” Mary commented afterwards.

“At the end, a nurse said, ‘Well, you’re unpregnant.’ I cried. She asked if that wasn’t what I wanted. I told her I had no choice.”

Mary slept all the way back to Athens and the day afterwards. When she woke she said she felt as if she had been on a Caribbean cruise, the pressure of mothering a child had been so great.

“I can’t help but feel that I did take the life of a child that could have been. I asked myself ‘Am I rationalizing? Am I making it sound good to myself?’ But then I think of just what kind of life I could have given him and the effect it would have had on my parents.

“It comes up sometimes. I don’t think about the rightness or the wrongness . . . but I knew it would affect me for a lifetime; I knew that before it happened. I don’t sit and cry about it. I am sorry about it. I think I’m a stronger person for it. There is nothing I want more than to help somebody through it.” Toward that end, Mary does volunteer work at

United Campus Ministry.

In about a year Mary will join her fiancé and they will be married. She said the abortion experience brought them closer together. She still goes to Church. As a matter of fact when she told her priest about the abortion at confession, he took it calmly and told her it was something with which she would have to live. But Mary and her fiancé do feel they made one error.:

“We made one big mistake in that we named it Carl. I have always wanted a son named Carl. He was due July 4. That will be a very hard day.”







110 Marching Men of Ohio

"Say, hey! Guess what, kiddies.

Ohio U. is gonna be just like all them Big-Time bands.

No more green blazers. No more chicks playing clarinets (and trumpets and saxophones, etc.). No more majorettes.

Our all-male marching band is going to be wearing real neatsie-keensie black and white BAND uniforms just like Michigan and Ohio State and all those other marching bands of distinction. And every male band member will have a real BAND hat with a pretty white plume on top.

Total asininity.

That's all it is.

No longer will we be able to watch a Valery Welch or a Joy Washburn strut her stuff and lead a unit of GOOD (female) majorettes to entertain us at halftime.

No longer will we be able to applaud at halftime when an excellent and DIFFERENT (perish the thought) band marches onto the field in MODERN dress and performs an entertaining and MODERN show.

Now we're going to be able to be just like every other University.

Our band will look like every other university band, and, therefore, probably sound like every other university band.

We're getting rid of the women because men can "work harder" and build a "greater esprit de corps."

Ha!

Total asininity."

—The Post, Mary 5, 1967



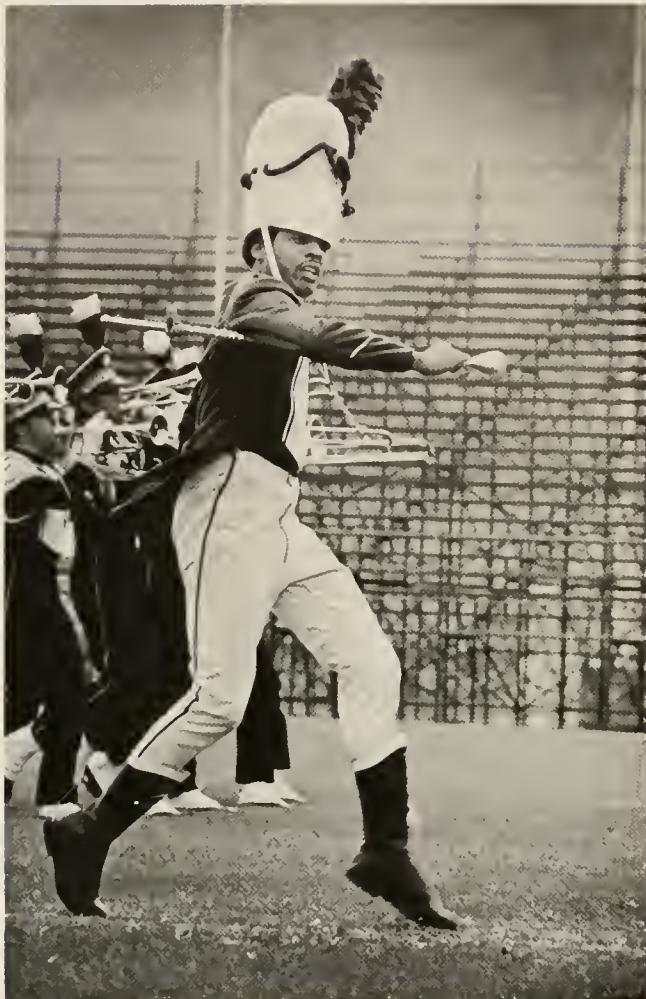


It's been almost four years since this editorial appeared in *The Post*; similar editorials were in the *Athens Messenger* and "we took quite a lot of abuse when we decided to switch to all-male," according to Gene Thraikill, former band director. "The only thing that finally took the pressure off the band and me in particular was the student government elections that spring."

Drummer Mike McCormack agreed with Thraikill, adding "there was a lot of bitter feeling . . . the women felt slighted. But the band was nothing until it went all-male. We felt we could do a better job—that something new, and exciting, was going to come out of it." As an afterthought he concluded, "I guess we can all agree that it did."

Why would 110 college men sacrifice so much of their time and energy towards an institution with the stigma usually associated with a "marching band?" The answers are as varied as the men who make up the band.





A group



ied together by pride

"We really enjoy it ourselves. The best way to entertain is by enjoying what you're doing. Everyone in the band is a performer, an entertainer; it's something in the blood that makes us do it. It's hard to put into words, but I feel it enriches a man," commented drum major Dave Fowler.

McCormack went on from this, saying "sometimes during the week you feel it's not dropping out. He (Thraikill) expects you to put out 100 per cent at every practice, because he feels you have to put out more than 100 per cent to put the seven-minute show over. You have to be ready to fall on your face!"

And the effort seems to be paying off. Since the conception of the Marching Men of Ohio, they have become one of the highlights of the football season. Whether the Bobcats win or lose, fans can always count on a winning, exciting half-time show from the men in green.

According to Fowler, "people get enjoyment out of hearing pop tunes; seeing something different from the game sparks interest and excitement and rounds out a game." He went on to say that instead of getting a coke or a hotdog, people will stay in the stands to enjoy the show.

Ohio University holds the distinction of, besides being one of the few marching bands to play current tunes, being one of the only bands which does not repeat a number, other than the fight song, from one year to the next.

"Popular demand from students, faculty and alumni forced us to make an exception though, this year," Thraikill noted. "There was such a tremendous amount of response given our 'Aquarius/Let the Sunshine In' routine that it has almost become a trademark both of the band and of Ohio University. That's why we had to include it in this year's program."

The band plays "Aquarius," concluding it by dropping on one knee, heads bent, instruments down. Slowly the drummers start to rise, beating a tattoo. The rest of the band responds, slowly getting up with a long note from each instrument. When all are standing, they break into "Let the Sunshine In." Fowler breaks into a dance; the fans break into wild applause. And even in the rain, for a while the sun is shining.

The drum section is the focal point of the "Aquarius" number and of many others as well. "One of the biggest differences in our band is the percussion section, it gives it that extra boost and feeling and the mood of what's happening. It lends the beat of what's going on today," according to Thraikill.

And, since he's in one of the best positions to judge, McCormack stated that the Marching Men "have one of the most gifted drum sections going." He attributed it to the pride and drive which is found throughout the band and laughingly remarked that it also had to be one of the loudest drum sections. "We break on the average of one drum head every two weeks. This might not sound like much, but when we're not playing in a show we've found it to be almost impossible to break a head otherwise."

The energy required to break a drum head pays off when producing a great sound for, as Thraikill put it "what the percussion does, plus the rest of the band, is what puts our band on top. The guys have built that unit to one of the finest drum sections in the country.

"But if they didn't want to do it, no matter how excited I am, we couldn't have what we have today," he added.



The young director stressed this idea of group participation saying "the kids don't feel it's my band—it's 'our' band. The feeling of doing something well is contagious. How can we expect people in the stands to get excited about our performance if we're not? It all goes back to the matter of having pride in what you are and in what you're doing."

One of the biggest moments of pride for the band this year came with their "Peace and Love" show. The men march into concert formation playing "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." While the crowd is trying to figure out what is going on, for our band to be playing such an unusual number for them, the men start to move, so quickly that no one quite realizes how or when it happened, a peace symbol is formed by 110 men in green. And the music switches to "New World Coming"; then half plays the "New World" tune, the other half "United We Stand." But both join into the haunting "Save the Country" with the tempo building a climax until the final thread of "Save the Country—NOW!" catches all in a frenzy of emotion and feeling, moving many into tears.

"That show served two purposes," according to Fowler. "Number one, it got the younger people to think about things and making a commitment to the ideals they profess to and number two, it also was to inform the older folks of just how hypocritical they've been.

One of the problems of such a show-stopper as "Peace and Love," Thraikill mentioned, was "what to do next.





When Gene Thrailkill first became band director here, he underwent a great deal of criticism for changes he made, most notably the switch to an all-male group. Last season was the final one at Ohio University for Thrailkill. He has accepted a similar position at the University of Oklahoma, which doesn't have an all-male unit—yet.

"It's quite a challenge to try and keep with what's going on. I get a lot of help from the guys in the band. For the dance numbers, Dave (Fowler) and the guys will work something out and then teach it to me. They figure if I can do the steps, anyone can," Thrailkill laughingly said.

One of the highlights of the band for the past two years has been the dancing of the drum major.

"According to tradition, the primary function of a drum major is strictly to front the band, give tempos and show leadership," Thrailkill revealed. "It was hard to find a major for an all-male band but Dave gained the men's respect; they work for him. And it gladly took a lot of pressure from me."

The respect the men show for Fowler is exemplified by the sentiments expressed by McCormack. "Dave is a show in himself. During the last two years, he's really gotten into it—and helped the band get into their Motown thing."

Fowler puts it this way, "a metronome leading the music is not my image of what a drum major is. The whole thing goes along with what my style is; why do what everyone else has—they don't know anymore than me. I wanted to create something, to make the job more than what it was."

What it was, according to Fowler, was one of two alternatives, neither of which appealed to the handsome black.

"Drum majors have always been of the military style. The only other alternative, previously, was being effeminate. I just couldn't see myself doing either," he emphatically stated.

His mood is reflected throughout the band and he was characteristic of all 110 men when he said "I love pop music and performing. I get a big thrill every time I step out on the field—that's my thing. I have to make more out of music than just playing; it should be something physical, with more spirit than just sitting and playing notes.

"I dance when its time to dance. I do the

dance as it should be done, something that's impossible for 110 men to do," he added.

Not all aspects of the Marching Band are applaudable. A problem that has bothered Fowler and which others have mentioned is the noticeable lack of blacks in the band.

"One thing that really hurts me is the fact that in my first year, when there were only three other blacks in the band, I promised myself to try and have at least twenty by the time I was a senior. But this year there are only seven," he stated. "The black community would rather watch and criticize, than get out and do it themselves, mainly because they're scared. They didn't get the spirit in high school and its hard to change those feelings."

On a more optimistic note, Fowler does feel the band as it is now has impressed the black student body, which he claimed as being "my major goal" with the band.

The only solution he sees to this problem is for the band to travel more and perform in the inner-cities. But this is very limited by the universal problem of funds, or rather a lack of them.

"There is no one on this campus that we (the band) couldn't go to for a favor—as long as its not financial," was the way Thrailkill subtly put it. "In the past we've been financed by the Athletic Department, but for the rest of the year we're on our own. Our big money-maker is the Varsity Show. We're about ten to twenty thousand dollars behind the budgets of the other league bands.

"You know, it kind of scares me to think what we could do with a budget like that," Thrailkill reflected.

At the first award banquet for the band, held last fall, President Sowle was reported to have remarked as to how he was amazed at how good the band was on such a small budget. And while the majority of those on campus might not be aware of the band's financial woes, they are aware of the superior quality of the Marching Men of Ohio.

Total asininity?

Ha!





Peace





Three artisans in pursuit of



he same goal

One hundred and fifty years ago, it seems these three artisans might have been working their way west to build a home and settle down. Instead, here in 1971, they've turned up in Athens, Ohio.

Court Street's two leathersmiths and lone jewelry maker are skilled craftsmen, but perhaps more importantly, fascinating people as well.

Joe Limoli, one of the two leather-smiths in town, operates "The Underworld" located near Koon's on Court St. He doesn't particularly dig business—"It bums me out"—but smiling fondly at the racks of leather fringed vests on the wall, he admits that "God you get a feeling of satisfaction."

"I can walk down the street and pick out things I've done and that's a hell of a feeling," Limoli relates.

He's twenty-five now and a graduate of Ohio University. He left Athens for a year to teach industrial arts at a Cleveland junior high school but returned because he didn't like the hassle of the city. He came back to begin the subterranean level leather shop.

"Not too many people are too eager to come in here and plunk down \$30 for a pair of hot pants, not too many at all," Limoli admitted, and then while petting his pet dog "Blue," he pointed to the other bigger room behind the wall where the Underworld sells retailers' bells and shirts. "I wish I didn't

have to sell that bullshit," Limoli laughed.

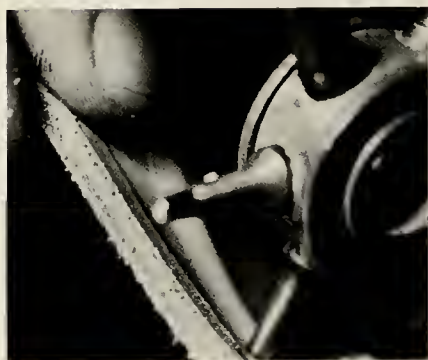
But for now, that "bullshit" helps to pay for the operating expenses of The Underworld which Limoli says is still in debt.

"When you start a place like this, you don't eat for a long time. You got to learn how to be happy poor."

"But I want to uncomplicate my life as much as I can," Limoli says. "Right now I have a telephone at home that I can call out of but can't receive calls on. It's nice to know that telephone won't ring, 'cause telephone calls usually bring bad news. So I don't want to get it fixed."

Limoli defends his shop against any other he's seen. "Hell, in New York or even Columbus, you'll get charged twice as much. And it's really junk, too."







Down the street, above the Candle Cellar, another leathersmith, Gregory LaVelle works between classes at his shop called "Smiles." Because he has no sewing machine, LaVelle sticks to making sandals, belts and hair berets in his rather small shop. He speaks casually and slowly, seemingly timing his words while sitting in an old barber chair in his shop.

LaVelle remembered his first sale in Smiles. "A girl came in and I sold her a braided head band," he recalled, and then added shyly, "she was also my first date here." That was two years ago when LaVelle was still the only leathersmith in town.

LaVelle's interest in leather work began while he was serving a hitch in the armed service in Key West, Florida. While there, he watched a local leathersmith and from that brief encounter, "I was hooked."

Customers usually are able to choose what they want from the racks of belts and other leather goods LaVelle displays on the wall. He can make about 28 belts from one side of a cow but occasionally the leather he receives is of poor quality. So, as of late LaVelle has begun to inspect the leather before he buys it from a Columbus dealer. "If you look hard enough you can find some pretty good stuff."

He was a member of the Hocking Valley Crafts Club for a while but "got tired of little old ladies who brought in painted birds. I didn't want to associate with people like that."



Jack Bradt, Athens, only jewelry maker operates a shop called Pod. Like LaVelle, he became interested in hand crafts while in the service. As a college graduate, Bradt was placed in special services and for a while "was stuck playing sports" for Uncle Sam. But he finally got out of that and into a special crafts class, where he learned how to shape silver.

Molding a ring is a long process, Bradt explained, claiming that a single piece of jewelry can take as little as 10 hours to complete or as long as 40. "Most people don't know what they want when they come in, but they do know what they don't want."



Bradt arranges rap sessions with customers to get some idea of their preferences but dismisses "type casting of people. You can't say that because that person looks pretty freaky he'll like a really wild ring. Some people even go as far as looking at the way a person walks, you know symmetrical or not, and make a ring from that but I can't do it," he explained. "I'm always surprised at what people like."

Though his jewelry shop is highly personalized, Bradt admits that most people are "really afraid of having something one of a kind. People are afraid to wear something that they're not sure is good."

He explains that he isn't technically a silversmith because all of his work is done out of wax molds. After conferring with the customer he sets to work on the wax model. Later a special plaster is applied, the mold is baked in an oven at temperatures up to 2000° Fahrenheit and then set in a centrifuge system where the sterling or gold is applied.

Bradt is planning to become a theater technician, but says that he'll never be able to give up his ring making. "Everyday is an adventure in here. I get up at about noon everyday, never sooner, and work at this all day."

"All my life I've been doing something with my hands. When I was in college, I tried to sell fly rods but I never sold anything."

The shop doubles as his home and his box of Raisin Bran is conspicuous among the tools he uses for the jewelry. "The place is half-kitchen and half workshop," Bradt jokes. The shop's name was chosen because "a pod symbolizes germination and growth and I think that's pretty good."

None of the craftsmen is getting rich here in Athens, but as Limoli put it, "I've never enjoyed anything as much as working with your hands and creating something."



'Anyone Barnes

He once threatened to have "payable upon availability of state funds" imprinted on his checks to protest the legislature's role in limiting faculty salaries; and for Dr. James Barnes, this is exemplary of his type of rebellion.

"My idea of how to change society is very non-violent," the soft-spoken government instructor revealed. "People, especially in the college community, must constantly raise questions about society. We should concern ourselves not with the tools, but with the people themselves."

Encouraging and equipping people to raise questions is the job of the university, according to Barnes.

"The way the university touches the world is in the quality of the students it turns out.

"Actually, the university should be a constant challenge to the society—and society is therefore rebelling against the crux of university life," he said, shifting in the hard-backed chair to a more comfortable position. "To some degree there is a battle between the two. But the university must provide a critical examination of society."

Universities, though, must change internally if they are to meet the demands of the students and attempt to question and challenge a wavering society, he feels.

Although Barnes was a member of the University Council, he does not feel that faculties can effectively run schools. This, he feels, should be left to the "specialists"—the administrators. But he also warns against the

can move a mountain'

danger of "overspecialization," which Barnes fears will lead to clashes in perspective among faculty, administrators, and most importantly, students.

"There shouldn't be any administrator who can't or doesn't teach a class. That is the type of atmosphere we have to get," according to Barnes, who feels there is a lack of an "academic atmosphere" on most campuses.

This lack is caused by students' great concern with relevancy and their questions concerning education in general, in his opinion.

Barnes' views on the subject follow the patterns set by John Dewey. That is, education should be a democratic proposition with students and faculty sharing in curriculum decisions.

"The 'teacher' is a body of knowledge and data for students to draw upon, as are professional colleagues and journals," he said. "There should be student input, a healthy kind of interplay" to better education.

One very practical way to implement this, according to the former NATO political officer, is through things such as the Curriculum Council. But, unfortunately, "students usually have neither the time nor expertise for such activities," he related.

In addition to more student-faculty involvement, the most pressing need of higher education to him is funding. "The financial burden of higher education is ruling out a certain class for opportunity in education," the govern-

ment professor said, clenching his pipe between his teeth. "What we need is more state aid; more subsidies to eventually establish a financially free University.

"The basic problem is that education is viewed as a short term gain for society. Today's perception (by society) of what a liberal education is won't get you a job anywhere," he said, with the afterthought that he's "really not convinced it is the education that is lacking.

"My greatest fear is of the technocratic elite that is developing. They are not concerned with social problems at all; they are more concerned with



production than with equal distribution," the black instructor revealed.

Barnes is leaving the campus for a while, to become director of the study program abroad in Tours, France. He'll be working with students from both Ohio University and Bowling Green, helping them to discover the even larger society they may one day have to question and challenge.

"Anyone can move a mountain, if they really try"—according to the song. The ten people in this section have, to one degree or another, moved a mountain—the mountain of conformity.

Those included are a sampling of people in the University community who have contributed greatly to it by their willingness to be creative and innovative.

*Story by Lindo Wenmoth
Photographs by Andy Burriss*

Rollins

For Mark Rollins, the current University set-up of classrooms and "sleep-a-tories" is not only "very unnatural" but also "just not healthy."

"People just don't learn things that way," the young English instructor explained. "Living and learning are usually together, that's why we're trying to get people where the two are coincidental."

Rollins' plan for getting people together is through the Residential Experimental Program (he's quick to point out that it's not a college since that would "involve a dean and all that kind of red-tape stuff"). The program, which has passed the Curriculum Council and will soon be in effect, involves 144 students who will all live in the same dorm on the new South Green.

Each of the residents will follow a Modular Curriculum; each student taking a total of 10 credit hours in courses designed by himself. Five additional hours will be taken within the usual University curriculum.

"Where this differs from independent study is that you don't have to hassle to find a faculty member, we've got a staff of 40; and you don't have to take one subject for the quarter," he explained. "Instead of the usual parallel structure in education, this is kind of a serial structure where the student deals with the subject as long as he wants and then goes on to something else."

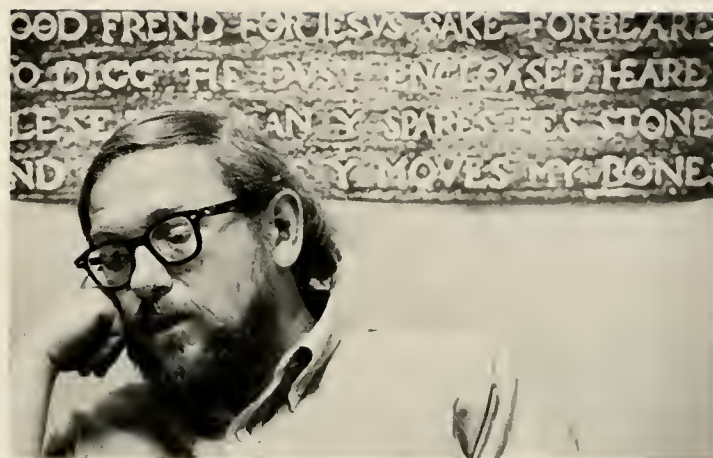
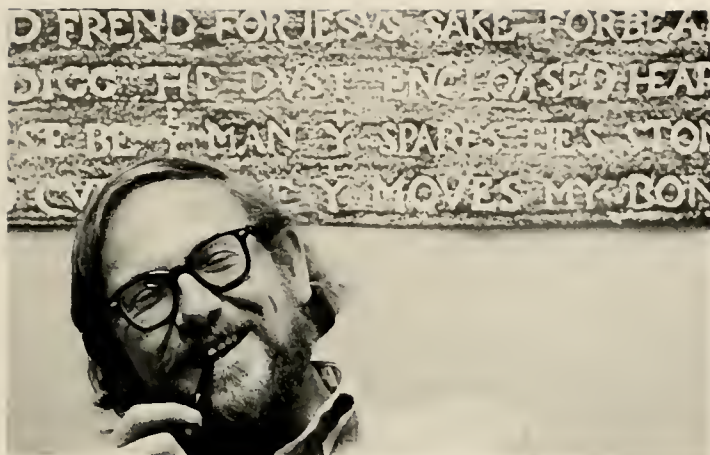
The main goal of such a set-up is to



allow the student to choose his own course of study, to learn to be independent, according to the young instructor. "We want to start a student on his own as soon as possible. Once they're on their own, they don't give a damn how they get what they want in education as long as they get it."

He described this program as the first step towards the ideal of "decentralization of education." Today, Rollins explained, a faculty member's only loyalty is to his department, and the only thing that ties the department together is "we all read books, sometimes on the same subject."

"There is just no attachment to students at all," the Cambridge graduate said. "You're a human being and I'm a human being but you'd never know it. For a faculty member to go to a student's room or vice versa is unthinkable."



Rollins came to Ohio University from the University of Massachusetts where he taught for two years in a similar program. The feeling that such an education was sorely needed at Athens was what prompted him to come here.

"Ohio University, in fact almost all universities, offer a good vocational education but are not good for a liberal education. They are turning out well-trained people with good depth but little breadth to them."

His main thing is to make people happy. In education, he thinks students are being tyrannized by grades, degrees, requirements and he would like to remove that "Sword of Damascus" from over their heads.

"In my classes now I do provide a syllabus simply because I'm better equipped to do that than most students," Rollins said. "But I don't give exams; grades are decided by the

student in consultation with me. They pick the grade they think they deserve and then they must justify it to me."

The Residential Experimental Program is just a start, according to the progressive-minded educator. The "ideal" situation for him is the "Oxbridge Model"—a group of independent colleges, patterned after the situation of Oxford and Cambridge. All colleges are self-existing but they cooperate with one another in sharing resources and facilities. Courses are conducted on the tutorial basis which involves one or two men working together, he explained.

Such a proposal is not totally ridiculous for Ohio University despite the large number of students here, Rollins claims. "This is just as economical as teaching 500 people in 5 or 6 classes a week. If you spend one hour a day, five days a week with students that adds up to a great many students," he

said. "And this way, each student can ask the questions that have been bothering him. If they tried to do this in the normal situation with up to 100 students in a class, nothing would be answered and nothing would be accomplished."

These innovative programs Rollins believes in won't help prepare students for the world of today where according to the instructor, "Automation is so pronounced, they are training people to be mindless. An assembly line worker turning the same screw every day may be satisfied, but a college trained scientist working on a computer just punching buttons won't be. So he builds up a feeling of frustration and turns to drugs or booze."

A "cultural revolution" will end this dilemma and Rollins fully believes that it can and will happen soon. So he's doing his best to prepare people for it.



Wimmer

On the wall of her home is a poster that reads "Today is the first day of the rest of your life." And for Miss Shirley Wimmer, this philosophy has guided her through an exciting and productive life that is always "just beginning."

"My whole goal in life is to live as fully as possible," Miss Wimmer explained, emphasizing the "now" of the philosophy. "I don't mean that one should live life hectically; on the contrary one must have time to meditate, to ruminate, to just be."

The meditation is necessary because she feels it is essential for one to see



himself as one in the wheel of life, a kind of continuum. She believes everyone has something special to give others—her gift being the art of teaching dance.

"Dance is essentially a human activity," according to the newly selected University Professor, disclaiming the theories of those who claim animals dance; saying distainfully that it is merely "rhythmic activity."

The auburn haired dancer went on to explain why dance was so essential to man. "The arts, of which dance is one, are a sensory means of communication; today we are all greatly concerned with breaking down communication barriers.

"Through dance we try to set up a situation where they (the dancers) feel comfortable, feel free to express themselves," she explained, becoming quite animated. "This is the heart and soul of what we're all about. Otherwise, we're nothing more than robots. The life of man is his creative spirit."

The threat of automation is quite vivid to Miss Wimmer who feels many people are being "trapped" by machines. She feels that the monotony of many of today's jobs causes a split between mind and body, which, in her estimation is the cause of much mental illness.

The cure Miss Wimmer suggests, of course, is dance. Because dance involves coordinating the activities of the mind and body, this previously mentioned dichotomy will disappear. The mind controls the movements, but in this activity, according to Miss Wimmer, "the only instrument used is one's own body."

In dance, as in other subjects, according to the instructor, no one actually "teaches" the students. "The teacher does a presentation to stimulate the students," Miss Wimmer said. "The actual meaning of the word education is 'leading out.' And that's what teachers should do, lead people to choose what they want for them-

selves. We can't mold people, that's ridiculous to assume."

Contrary to popular belief, the School of Dance is not attempting to produce the next Rudolf Nureyev or Dame Margot Fonteyn. "We just give them the fundamentals. We train them to know their craft, its background, its basics and its possibilities," Miss Wimmer explained. "Of course those who have the talent, the energy, the perseverance, the dedication, can go on to a professional dancing career. But it's their choice."

The relevance of dance to university curriculum is something the sprightly instructor feels very strongly about. "A university education involves the Arts, Humanities and Sciences, and dance is one of the arts, a very important one."

the country as Miss Wimmer proudly pointed out, does have the whole-hearted support of the students, but, she regretfully pointed out, doesn't receive the financial support necessary.

"The facilities here (in the Cline Building) are really a problem. We have only two studios, one of which is fairly small," she lamented. "What we try to do is turn out a good group of dedicated majors in dance. But we'd really like to reach more non-majors.

According to Miss Wimmer, there is a great deal of interest by non-dance majors in the offered courses. She attributes this to a growing interest in dance throughout the country and feels it is "very desirable" since it "gives young people a deeper sense of themselves, of their mind-body rela-



She agrees with educator Harold Taylor that the arts should have a central position in any university.

"Aside from the craft itself, the teaching of dance involves its relationship within culture, within society. The study of dance expands into other arts," she explained.

Ohio University's School of Dance, which is rated among the top ten in

relationship."

Miss Wimmer has been teaching and/or dancing for a few years now, and yet, for her one of the greatest thrills and feelings of accomplishment is "when I teach a good class, when I know I have and they (the students) know I have; that is a high point for me. The art of teaching is a gift, it's all a question of giving."



Tabashneck

Ever since the first “town-gown” clash in 1355 in Oxford, England, people in college towns have been lamenting the state of relations between the two vying groups. But few have actually done anything to ease the existing tensions.

In Athens, these conditions have existed as long as the University has been part of the town. Finally, though, someone is trying to do something about it.

Bruce Tabashneck, a graduate of Ohio University, instigated an ad-hoc type office dealing with University-Community Relations, last year.

“Most people who have negative feelings are those who have had no contact with the University and those for whom the University has done nothing,” he explained. “Even if in just small ways, I’d like to start changing that attitude.”

When he started, he “was the only one concerned at all with community relations. They gave me complete freedom, I’ve been able to do whatever I wanted,” he related.

One of the largest and probably most successful programs he’s initiated was the “Cop-In” held last winter. The program grew out of Tabashneck’s travels around the country last spring and summer.

“Everywhere I went, with almost everyone I talked, there was this hostile feeling toward cops,” the boyish-looking government major said. “There was a lot of misunderstanding, a lot of dealing in stereotypes—on both sides.

“I figured that increasing individual contacts between the two groups

would help improve communication and understanding.”

For a week, under the Cop-In program, students were encouraged to ride along in a patrol car with one or two members of the Athens City Police. There were also several guest speakers and panel discussions on related matters.

“Only 500 were directly involved on campus but it still was a very successful means of communication,” Tabashneck related. “I know the Athens cops were affected, they finally were able to meet students in an informal atmosphere that wasn’t a hostile confrontation.

“On an individual basis, I think it really did accomplish something great. But it can’t be a one shot deal, it has to be a continuing thing,” he added, noting that plans for next year’s “Cop-In” have already been begun by another group.

Through his work with Cop-In and his travels, Tabashneck has “sort of decided” to apply for a position with either the Los Angeles or Washington D.C. Police Departments.

“Why I want to do this, mainly, is to work with them for a while to find out how and why they think as they do,” he commented.

But he added that he’s also interested in working on the 1972 Presidential campaign or for Nader’s Raiders.

“Whatever I’ll be doing it’ll involve working with people, that’s the greatest thing there is,” he explained. “The thing I dread most is boredom, I have a lot of energy and I have to utilize it as much as I can.”

To combat this boredom and also to further his goal of improving human relations, Tabashneck has undertaken a wide variety of activities. Among

them were a Political Week with various speakers including Senator Robert Packwood and former New Haven Police Chief James Ahern; a Children’s Day at the Athens Spring Trade Fair and the nostalgic visit of Buffalo Bob of the old Howdy Dowdy Show.

“I enjoy dealing with people on a mass level but the individual relationship between two people is the most rewarding,” he reflected. “Its probably the most difficult thing to obtain but its the thing most worth it.”

Tabashneck has dealt with people from all walks of life such as when he organized a group of students to work as poll workers during last year’s United Mine Workers election. “Many of the places we went to, we were met with total distrust and sometimes even hatred. It was really terrible, what happened to Yablonski (defeated candidate for UMW president who was later murdered) but the whole thing was a tremendous learning experience,” he said.

Tabashneck feels activities such as these are necessary to get the University more involved with its surrounding community. “This University tends to be too bureaucratic, too wrapped up in PH.D’s and Master’s,” he said. “A lot of the courses offered are too wrapped up in intellectual masturbation.”

But Tabashneck is concerned with the outside world and the people that are in it. And he’s trying to get more people concerned, to get more people together, and especially to help improve communication and understanding.

Mulford

The setting should have been in an old country store, around a pot-bellied stove; or it should have been on the porch of a farmhouse, with rockers and lemonade or perhaps "hard stuff." For Bill Mulford is one of those unique and excellent examples of Americana, the philosopher who spices his "words of wisdom" with stories that sometimes approach some deep shades of blue.

"I've been workin' here (in Baker Center) ever since it opened. In fact, I helped bring in the original furniture," he says with a trace of pride. He's also quick to point out that his working career here has spanned "16 year, 10 month—that makes me the last of the original bunch.

"When I leave come June, ole Luck (another janitor) will be the 'old man' around here, he's been here for 'bout 15 years."

Before coming to work for the University, Mulford worked as a powerhouse manager for a local mining company. "I started when I was 16, I was supposed to have a federal license for it, but since I weren't 21, I had to use some other guy's," he related with a sly wink.

Mulford worked there for 37 years, making \$6.24 an hour, 12 hours a day, 7 days a week. "It really wasn't so bad though, during the Depression I was pretty well off. In fact, during the hard times, I helped support my three brothers and one of my sisters."

He sold his stock in the company when he quit and with the profits bought a farm which he still owns and operates.



He jokingly says he "does as little work as possible" on his farm, but actually raises "Jerseys, white-faced herefords and horses."

"What I really like to do most, though, is to go coon huntin'. It's a lot of fun and I sell the skins," Mulford related. "I go coon huntin' when the 'Indian' in me comes out."

Nowadays Mulford doesn't have too much time for coon huntin' since he still works the early shift in Baker Center. Although the physical structure of the building hasn't changed much during the "16 year, 10 month" he's been here, he strongly believes the internal change has been great.

"When I first came here, the upstairs was a women's dormitory and we had a cafeteria that fed 550 a day.

They used to be a lot stricter then, for one thing, when a boy said good night to his girl, he was only allowed to kiss her once. And the housemothers, they made sure the rules were kept," Mulford explained.

In his opinion, student attitudes haven't really changed much, just their dress and mannerisms.

"I can't say that I agree with all that they're doing now, but they got their life to live, I've got mine. I can tell them what to do but it won't do me any good," he said.

One of the things that has changed that "rankles" the seventyish janitor is the move towards more beer and entertainment. "A little entertainment is all right but not if it interferes with their education. That's what you're here



for, to get an education."

Mulford feels that everyone's entitled to "as much education as you can get" but he also feels that education isn't worth much if a person's not physically fit.

"I've kept as fit as I have by doin' exercises every day. Riding my horse, chopping wood, lifting things, just doing a little muscle work has let me go on as long as I have," he said, proudly flexing a still hard arm muscle.

This exercise is what's going to help Mulford outlive any of his relatives, he claims. "I was raised by my great-great grandmother and she lived until she was 108. I expect I can best that," he matter-of-factly states.

Speaking of his family, he "recol-

lected" the great-uncle who worked with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show and his great-great grandmother's sister who was the bride of Manasseh Cutler.

Helping those less fortunate has been one of the major activities Mulford and his family has engaged in. In his lifetime, besides his own 4 children, he has raised 25 to 30 foster children or, as he calls them, "the little unfortunate ones."

"We like to help as many people as we can. I've got some money, so I like to give it to them that don't. You just can't get a man who's down and push him down farther and expect him to come up," the rural philanthropist explained.

Mulford's been a friend to many who've passed through Baker Center,

because of his friendly manner and willing helpfulness. A few years back, on his own time he helped the Athena staff install a tile floor in their office.

He's done many things for many people and few forget him. When former University President Vernon Alden was back on campus for a visit, he made it a point to stop in and say "hi" to Mulford.

He doesn't try and hide the fact that he's "really gonna miss this place, especially the people" come June. But he plans to ride his horse, spend more time with his grandchildren, do some coon huntin' and in general all the things he's always wanted to do. Especially, he'll tell you with a mischevious grin, he'll "do a little more drinkin'."

Daniel

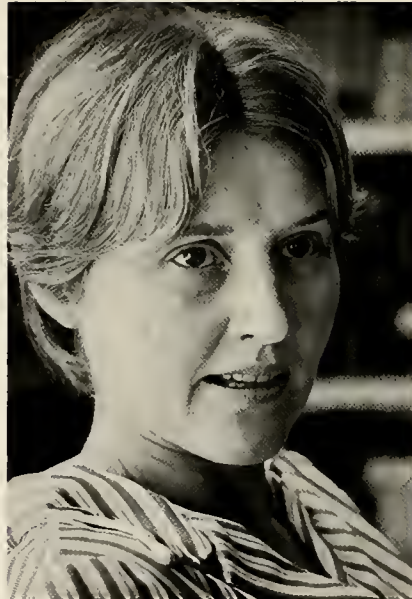
The clash between the traditional role of wife and mother and that of liberated female has caused Mrs. Barbara Daniel to re-examine her and other women's role in today's society.

A part-time instructor in the social work department, full-time mother and wife, an active member of the Women's Information Group plus a candidate for city council has for Mrs. Daniel helped "establish my individuality, instead of just that of a housewife.

"For me, though, the pattern has been set, it's very difficult to change the people around you to fit a different lifestyle," Mrs. Daniel explained. "But I couldn't only do housework, so I tried to combine it with something else."

Feeling that women are "no longer busy enough at home" Mrs. Daniel began teaching a course in Social Security. This is one way she feels she is able to express herself and have a kind of "rewarding hobby."

"My course mainly deals with the system in relation to the poverty question," Mrs. Daniel, who holds a masters in economics, related. "The main trouble with the system is that the people in it don't understand how the economy works or why people are poor."



Saying that the system currently tries to "change people to fit in the system," Mrs. Daniel advocates a revamping of the out-of-date Welfare bureaucracy.

"Complete federal control of the program would help. The present system is an increasing burden to the state governments and the standards and procedures vary immensely from one location to the next," she commented.

Other programs she feels would

greatly aid the poor in this country are the negative income tax and the proposed Family Assistance Plan.

Her interest in politics goes far beyond advocating legislative action. The pert young woman has been very active in city government and is currently running for Council on a platform of "better city planning."

"I ran for Council once before, six or seven years ago. I feel women should take a more active part in politics, and by continually having women on the ballot we'll eventually wear the public down," she added with a laugh.

"Besides, I like politics, even if it is sometimes depressing."

Running as a Democrat in highly Republican Athens is not helping her chances of being elected, she admits. A few years ago though, she helped on a drive which would make city government non-partisan since she believes that party politics have no place in the city level.

In politics, as well as everything else, Mrs. Daniel feels it is a matter of difference between individuals, not between sexes. "Men claim that women are too emotional for politics. This isn't exactly true, since many men are highly emotional and as we're in the spotlight more and more we'd learn to handle our emotions just as they have," she explained. "But perhaps some sensitivity to humanity is needed in government."

When the Women's Information Group (WIG) became more active in politics, though, Mrs. Daniel feels they lost a great deal. As she put it "we became so concerned with structure, with who was going to head what committee for how long, that we lost much of the cohesiveness of the group." Now WIG as an organization has disbanded but the women involved still meet for informal rap sessions.

Within the women's movement there is a split, according to Mrs. Daniel, between the "radicals" and the more conservative. "The role of women is changing so rapidly, young people are struggling to cope with this. A woman is no longer busy enough at home; she needs some way to express herself," Mrs. Daniel stressed. "Some young women are looking for a different way of life, which is fine."

While she approves of the idea of husband and wife sharing responsibilities of home and child raising, she does not think the communal idea will work because of the need for privacy and also because she feels "young people are terrificly monogamous."

According to Mrs. Daniel, her family has mixed feelings concerning her activities. "My husband (who is also a professor in the University) accepts things intellectually, but I'm afraid he doesn't emotionally. We don't share as much as I feel we should in home activities, which occasionally leads to conflicts."

As far as her three children go, she feels they are "more sensitive to a woman's needs because of how I feel but they still regard me mainly as 'Mother'."

Women are making progress, in her opinion, although many women's libbers wouldn't agree. She explained how women now compose one-third of the labor force and more and more are having a professional goal in life other than just a family. But she does not predict a major re-ordering of society. Rather she feels women will have to work within the system, for change from within.

"Laws will help speed the progress a little," she related. "But how can you change attitudes; that's the hardest job we face. Women just have to get brave enough to try."



Dinos

A belief in God, numbers and the potential of man is the motivating force behind Dr. Nicholas Dinos, professor in engineering.

"The universe would be meaningless; there would be no meaning to life; no particular comfort or strength without a belief in God," according to Dinos.

An Elder in the Presbyterian Church, Dinos "worries about spiritual growth and spreading truth throughout the world."

It was while he was an engineer at the Savannah River Plant, in Georgia, working with the problems of nuclear fission that he decided to go into teaching.

"I knew God wanted me to be somewhere else—not as a missionary but as a practitioner of engineering," Dinos explained. "I had been unhappy making nuclear materials. While I was, and still am, excited about the development of nuclear deterrents, I was tired of making something no one will hopefully ever have to use."

Besides his work with the Church, Dinos is trying to "spread the gospel of engineering to non-engineering people."

"I don't see how someone can be a 20th Century citizen and not be aware of what engineering can do," he stated excitedly. "The interaction of technical and social science will produce a new type of art, socio-engineering."

He went on to explain that "socio-



engineers" are non-engineers who are interested in various aspects of engineering.

According to Dinos, engineers themselves should be concerned with more things than just numbers although "numbers are an incredible journey."

The mode of transferring knowledge or beliefs is a very vital aspect of education to the engineer, who is Chairman of the Engineering Graduate Program.

"One has to be involved with those you teach, to learn from them even though it might sometimes be painful. Its all a matter of humaness."





Although he claims to "be still finding himself" Dinos has already initiated several innovative ideas in the Engineering Department. He is attempting to fulfill his goal of "building bridges" with different disciplines through exchange courses with other departments. One, working with the Biology Department, is exploring the use of mathematics in biological processes.

Another project the two disciplines have united on is the development of a process which would convert petroleum to protein. According to the young engineer, "it would only take three per cent of the world's total oil production to take care of the entire protein deficiency in every country. Can you just imagine that?"

Projects such as this, which would benefit large numbers, provide excellent reasons to attempt a "marriage of all the sciences. There is a great need for interdisciplinary disciplines."

Despite the personal progress he's made, Dinos still feels he "hasn't done the fundamental work I should have done."

"I've taught my subjects faithfully, I'd even like to think I've excited some minds to the possibility of engineering. Academics need not be dull, profs are human," Dinos stressed, in explaining his concern for students.

This concern is reflected in his "ideal" class, in which he would be able to choose students with different majors. By limiting the enrollment to 20 students, he feels he would "get people who really cared. This would produce a group that would be welded together by more than just a course."

Dinos feels that even if the course was a "year long bull session" it would be valuable since it would involve alive people.

All that he does, whether in the Church or classroom, appears to reflect Dinos' conviction that "man is more than simply a collection of molecules."



Jackson

The Rev. Tom Jackson was once asked not to return to the seminary, asked to leave a parish in Englewood, N.J., had his home and family threatened and has decided to leave his vocation. And yet, he feels that in the real sense, he still "loves the hell out of the Church."

Jackson has been co-director of United Campus Ministry since 1969, soon after UCM started. He came here because he liked the idea of the Ministry, the rural area and also felt the "people were pretty honest."

He previously had been a parish minister in Englewood until asked to leave because of his inter-racial adopted son and his "anti-war thing." It was mainly a bunch of trivialities, nothing momentous that caused them to ask us to split. For a while, though, I was a Cause Celebre on the East Coast."

"I guess in a sense I have been successful here (in Athens). The United Campus Ministry now serves more people and offers more services, such as Draft Counselling, abortion counselling and referral," Jackson reflected. But suddenly becoming excited, he revealed that, in his opinion, "the Church has had it."

"The Church has had its time at bat. Logically, emotionally, we are in a post-Christian era," he explained without showing regret. "Pro-football has partially replaced the Church. It's a way of honoring people—the greatest honor we could show to Vietnam amputees was giving them 50-yard line

seats at the Super Bowl—there are even revered people, such as 'St. Lombardi' who after every victory would say 'without God we couldn't have won.'

"It serves the purpose of being a chance for people to get together, much as the country club has become a type of cathedral for the upperclass and the university for students."



But, he doesn't see this as a negative thing, since he feels there are a lot of different ways to "celebrate life." He's leaving the ministry not with any hard feelings but because he feels that "after four or five years I really am feeling burned out."

"The clergy is one of the few vocations that is not seen as being very important but on which super-human demands are made. I'm just not a super-human guy."

A lot of his friends in the clergy are also finding other vocations, he said,

which is positive in the biblical sense of the "worker-priest."

He would like to see more of the Bread & Wine festivals outside the Church, such as the Mass for Martin Luther King that was held in the Frontier Room of Baker Center. He feels this is "a chance for a lot of people to do an embarrassing thing together—to say all the things they actually feel."

over the world in their belief and hope in America. Literally centuries of Asians are going to be affected by it. Even people who are on our side will be affected; the French also blew it over there but they admitted it whereas we haven't.

He went on to say that he "really does love this damn country even though I sometimes get terribly ashamed of it. Our only hope is that we will become very humbled which can be a positive thing. We won't be, and I don't want us to be the most powerful force all the time. We can view our humility as a positive thing and it won't destroy us. When someone hits bottom they suddenly discover what great power they do have and how to use it; I hope that's what happens with America."

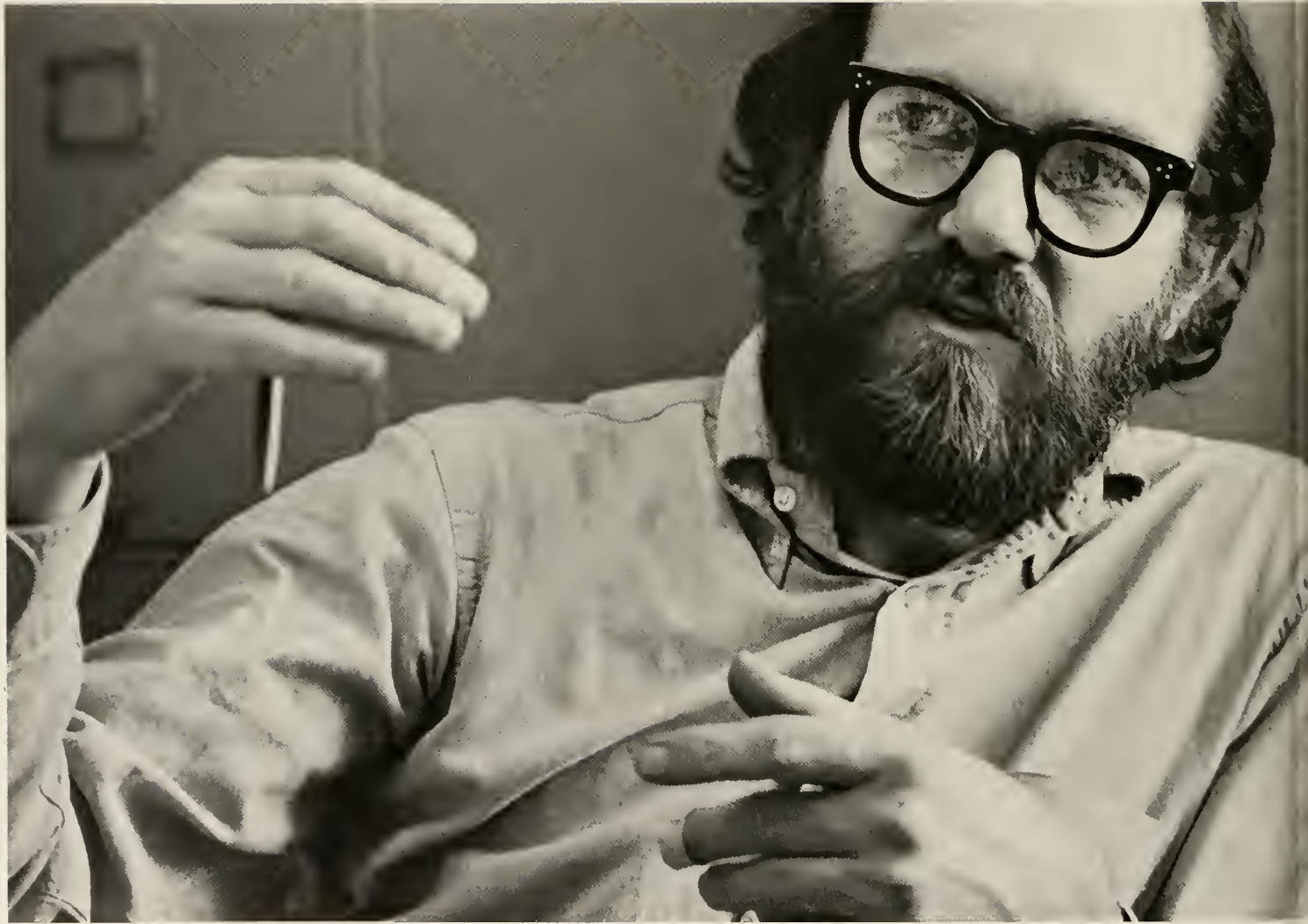
For Jackson, his new life will be in either law or the field of communications. But his real goal is "to celebrate life, to be as fully human as possible. I want to more fully discover how beautiful my humanity can be—that way it's not so easy to destroy another's."

But those who have known Jackson believe he could never destroy another person's humanity, it wouldn't fit his life style—that of celebrating life.

While Jackson doesn't have many regrets at this stage of his life, he would like to have taken a greater role in the anti-war movement. "I think the Vietnam War will be seen as the great event of the 20th Century, more than World War I or II or any inventions or discoveries," he said.

"It's not a great tragedy in the traditional sense because we do have control over what is happening. What is the great tragedy is that we don't know we have control.

"This war has radicalized people all



Kokis

Claiming the system makes him nothing more than a “house nigger,” Dr. George Kokis is attempting to change the system from without.

“Even though sometimes when you go outside the system you have no influence, when you go through it you will inevitably be swallowed by the system,” the ceramics professor explained. “There are things that must be said and no matter how nicely they’re put, the system will still feel itself threatened.”

One of the “systems” Kokis speaks of is the University bureaucracy. Because of the way education is conducted, Kokis feels it is training people to be cripples in a way.

“Especially where grades are concerned, people are becoming proficient at conformity. It’s become almost impossible for them to react to a new idea. But this place is an alternative, a kind of haven.”

“This place” refers to the ceramics studio where Kokis attempts to teach people “to try and follow their subjective instincts” through creation with clay.

The idea behind this method is, according to Kokis, “not to teach the student something but to create an atmosphere whereby they can discover for themselves what they want. It’s not a matter so much of learning new things as it is of eradicating blocks in the mind.” Kokis said.

He went on to relate “ceramics are an expression of self; into each piece is built the artist’s uniqueness and rich personal history. With clay you’re dealing constantly with unknown factors which force you to be creative.”

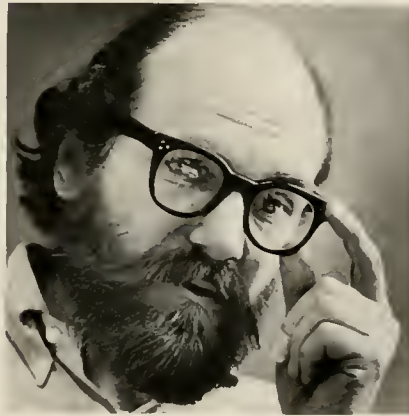
For this reason, Kokis does not believe in grading since after encouraging students to be objective about

their work, he would be applying subjective values. He does, however, evaluate a student’s work, but “doesn’t judge it.”

“People are becoming aware that they’re being used as system-maintainers; that today’s education is creating dinosaurs to fit into the present system, which, due to scientific advances, is constantly changing,” Kokis related. “A good example is the aerospace engineers. Here are highly trained people out of work because they are highly trained—but only in one thing.”

Kokis feels that by working in fear, by using your particular art as a stage to confront your fear, one can become a formidable person who is more aware of life.

Instead of the University smoothing the way towards such awareness,



Kokis feels the administration “spends all its time covering themselves so they can’t be ‘called on the carpet.’ Programs are thwarted and put through so many study committees that by the time they do get to it all the interest and vitality is gone.”

An example of this is last year’s “Cerebration,” according to Kokis. It

offered people an opportunity to discover things for themselves, he explained but, unfortunately, “the system kept most of the people too busy to educate themselves. The idea of Cerebration shouldn’t be for just one week, it should be for always.”

To Kokis, the highest good is a responsiveness to humanity. He feels it is intolerable to be indifferent. So he is trying to show people there are alternative ways to discover themselves and what they want to put into and get out of life.

Jorgensen



Jorgy. By that name he's known to everyone at Ohio University, most everyone in the city of Athens and quite a few people around the state.

But few, if anyone, knows, or rather can explain, the true character that is Bruce Jorgensen.

One of the reasons for his situation is that, by his own admission, Jorgy is "always changing."

"I'm always changing, not always for the good but I must always be in the state of change," the former Post cartoonist related. "If there is one thing I fear about old age it's that I won't be changing or else that I'll really understand something. You can't get locked in; the whole joy is not knowing what you're going to do; you just have to let it happen."

Originally intending to be a photo-journalist, Jorgy started cartooning "just for kicks, there was nothing else worth doing at the time."

Since then his cartoons have become an Ohio University legend for their sometimes satirical, sometimes biting but always humorous look at the campus, administrators and the world.

"My rap against the media is that journalism is not a tool of truth, there are too many outside forces swaying what is said or how it's said," he related, settling back in the chair, one leg draped over the arm. "But cartoons don't pretend to be the truth, they're a fantasy medium."

Because people believe this, Jorgy feels cartoonists can present the truth because "no one expects it."

In drawing a cartoon about a situation, he "takes it as it is, which is already absurd—carries it as far as I can and then draws it."

"There are as many cartoons as there are people and things; every person is a million cartoons." He

went on to say that he never has trouble finding a subject since "this country is the biggest cartoon there is."

No matter what the situation, though, Jorgy feels quite strongly about preserving his integrity. "I could never draw a cartoon which disagreed with my opinion; if I ever got into that situation with a boss, I just wouldn't draw anything on the subject."

Currently in San Francisco trying to get an underground comic book together, the former editor of *Silt* (known to readers as "T.D. Nerd") has for his biggest ambition to "lay a happiness on someone else. Essentially all you're doing is making someone's happiness.

"One small way is by smiling at people. When I say smile I don't mean just flashing your teeth, I mean something that you really feel inside. Then you can really communicate with another person," Jorgy related.

Another means of communication for Jorgy is through the horn. He had been in a jazz quartet with his friend Sheeps but had to cut something out when he got pressed. Eventually though, he'd like to get his lip back.

Communicating with other people has been his greatest experience while at Ohio University, he feels. "One of the reason I hate this place (Ohio University) is because I see the ghosts of other me's. My head has gone through a tremendous change since I came here, most of which was precipitated by people I've met. What they've given me makes the University worth it, if you can sit on your ass and do mostly shit things for four years."

For the young cartoonist, dope is just a giggle, the real kick is getting to know someone through communicating both verbally and non-verbally.

He feels that as long as dope doesn't mess up your mind permanently, it's a fine thing to do.

But Jorgy's got many fine things to do. With his wife Debbie he's in California waiting to hear from a publisher concerning a book of cartoons he was invited to put together. Although he sometimes thinks his true calling was as a motorcycle mechanic or a shoe salesman, he says he'll stick to cartooning until he comes up with the perfect cartoons—"one that hasn't got any words and one that makes someone mad as hell. Makes them so mad that they have to come back and see that they're wrong."

Until then, he'll keep changing and trying to "lay some happiness around."

Ib bib.



Happiness is hockey

Running down the field with their sticks waist high, and their knees reaching for the sky, the combatants look neither like the animals they aren't nor the girls they are.

It is a strange breed of women who play field hockey for Ohio University. They are called "jocks" by many. And while they disclaim the title, they are proud of their activity in women's sports. Many are majors in physical education and tell you so proudly, other participate for the fun.

*Story by Barbara Kaufmann
Photographs by Patrick McCabe*







The game of field hockey is played between two teams of eleven players each. The object of the game is to hit the ball into the opponent's goal. Each goal counts one point.

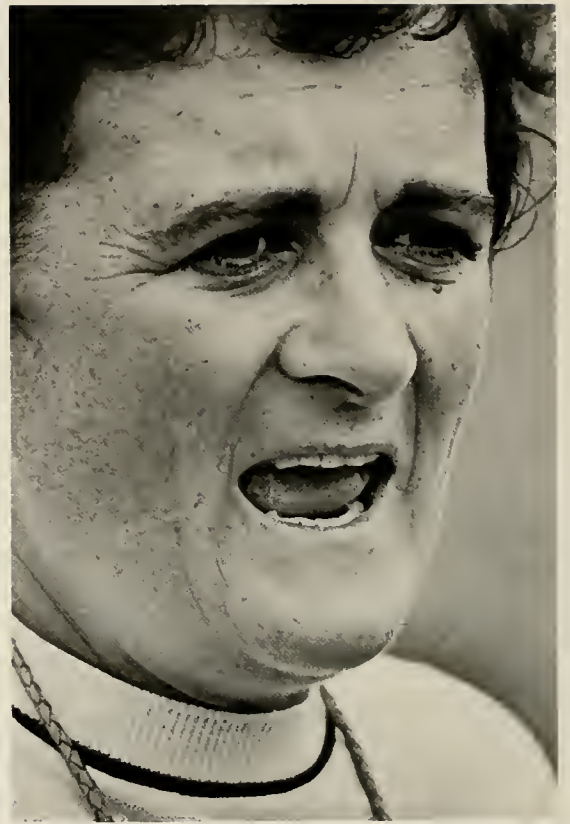
Each player has a stick, shaped in a "J," with a rounded and flat side. The flat side is used for hitting the leather ball. It is illegal to use the other side of the stick. The goalkeeper usually wears protective equipment.



Some of the players consider the game of field hockey "ladylike," as Cathy Seipel, one player, called the game, but it is exhausting and seemingly brutal to play two thirty minute periods with only a brief break between the halves.

The contradiction comes when the girls play the game. They play well and hard and their winning season shows it. There is a determination to win on the field. But once off the field the smiles appear on their faces again as they exchange pleasantries with their opponents and offer food and drink to them.

As much as the game is brutal and exhausting, it offers beauty as well to the viewer. The home of Women's Field Hockey is a field beyond the Lakeview Complex. The hills with beautiful fall colors serve as a backdrop. One could lose his thoughts in the view and forget the game eagerly in progress.





Field hockey is a very exciting and fast-paced sport, one which demands a viewer's constant attention. The girls practice long and hard to perfect their game under the supervision of Catherine Brown, (left) a physical education instructor and coach of the team.

The game is played in halves with no time outs. The time of the halves depends on the age and experience of the players; it can vary from 15 to 30 minutes.

The team, consisting of five forwards and six backfield members, plays on a field that is rectangular in shape and divided into four parts. The center line, which divides the field in half, is used for a "bully" which starts the game. A bully determines possession of the ball between the opposing center forwards.

The ball changes possession often, and thus the game requires stamina as the players run the 100 yard field.

The penalties are varied in the game. Two umpires catch the offenses.

A surprisingly lady-like game

But the meager sideline audience at the games—friends, relatives and other physical education majors—are like those who attend the school pageants, they come because of their ties to the game and the players.

The game of field hockey is played between two teams of eleven players each. The team consists of five forwards and six backfield members. The object of the game is to hit the ball into the opponents goal. A goal counts one point.

It seems strange to a spectator new to the game to watch a sport without all the trappings that accompany football and sometimes basketball. The game moves quickly, and any time the spectator turns away, the ball is bound to change possession or a goal could be made. When watching the game the first time the action is much too quick to see any of the teamwork involved but at later games, on closer inspection, one can see that field hockey takes time and consideration in trying for each goal. There is no one star on the team, but rather a well-practiced, hard-working team.

The same dedication the women have towards the game while they are playing doesn't end after the game is over. The team coached by Catherine Brown, a physical education instructor, practices for an hour four days a week. Often the games are played at other schools which involves more time as well as personal expense for the women.

There is no bitterness for the time and money spent, only anger for the University which by its non-support seems to delegate women's sports to a back seat position.

The budget last year for women's field hockey comes out of the \$1040 allotted for the women's intercollegiate budget. Field hockey is only one of eight sports sharing the money. The others are swimming and diving, basketball, volleyball, track and field, golf and softball.

This year field hockey shared a \$1000 budget with the other sports.

Margaret Redmond, a senior active in physical education, said the distribution of the women's budget must cover traveling expenses to away games, officiating costs, meals and expenses while on the road and living expenses for away games while staying on other campuses.

Kay McDonald, a physical education major, estimates she spent approximately \$100 of her own money this season. She has travelled to several tournaments including one in Philadelphia over Thanksgiving recess.

Fall Saturday afternoons at Ohio University traditionally mean football, the band and a packed Pedan stadium. However, for a small dedicated group of women, it is their chance to show what they have been practicing for all week to their opponents and to their friends on the sidelines.







Political workshop- classroom to action

November 3rd began October 20th for Gene Bisbee and Debbie Duchon.

That was the day a routine, lecture-discussion course broke the bonds of a stifling classroom to become a "political work shop" in a display of relevancy and activism unsurpassed by most other University courses. A day during which they began to actually take part in campaigns for candidates of their choice, instead of being relegated to helplessly talk about them.

Following in the footsteps of universities including Harvard, Princeton and Yale, Ohio University initiated the workshop last fall, for politically-motivated students to exercise their ambitions in a meaningful manner.

Under minimal direction by instructor of government, James Tilling, the students waited out a "required" two weeks of discussion and lectures. Then, October came, and the class slowly dissipated as students left for New York, New

Story by Paul Zach
Photographs by Patrick McCabe



Jersey, Illinois and other states, cities and districts to campaign in the "political world" of their choice.

The private "political world" of Gene and Debbie, for three short weeks, was Meigs County, a sprawling, sparsely-populated area hugging the bank of the Ohio River at the tip of Southeastern Ohio. Their work centered around the largest town in Meigs, Pomeroy, only 30 miles from campus. Here, they would campaign for Democratic candidates. Rural Meigs County is notoriously Republican.

Gene explained why, "We were mainly interested in Appalachia, and one day Paul came into class to get help for his campaign headquarters. We figured it'd be a switch from what would be happening in Athens."

Paul was Paul Gerard, described by Gene as an "off and on" student who had the monumental task of directing Democratic headquarters in Meigs County.

Debbie and Gene had volunteered





Distributing hand-bills, talking with local voters and putting up campaign signs were all part of the "curriculum" Gene Bisbee and Debbie Duchon followed in the political workshop course last fall.



. . . if they
vote Democrat
their ancestors
will turn over
in their graves!

to the personable man with the hopeless campaign.

What followed in the next three weeks remained muddled in Debbie's mind. A conglomerate of mood, disorganization, and people.

She and Gene spent some afternoons hanging signs for John Gilligan, Doug Arnett, Tom Cady, and the man they worked closest with, James Bailey, Democratic candidate for Meigs county commissioner, owner and operator of Bailey's Sunoco Service Station on the main street of Pomeroy.

Gene recalled putting up his signs one day when "a man came up to us and said he thought Bailey had a good chance of winning, because his signs managed to stay up longer than Karr's."

Karr was, of course, the victorious Republican candidate.

Then there was door-to-door soliciting.

Gene and Debbie found the Meigs citizens genuinely friendly and sometimes surprisingly sympathetic.

An interesting encounter occurred in "either Minersville or Syracuse." Debbie couldn't pinpoint the exact location because, "You can't tell where one city stops and the other starts."

In Minersville or Syracuse, they came across a quaint grocery store owned by a nameless old woman and her "right-out-of-Americana" old husband, who, while she minded the store, decorated it by sitting in a made-to-order chair, in a corner, pipe in mouth, and an old dog at his feet.

When Debbie approached the woman, she learned that she had never voted.

A subsequent lengthy conversation between the young lady and the old woman was periodically interrupted by the latter's husband who contended, "By God, if you're old enough to fight, you should be old enough to vote. Why should young kids be fightin' and not be able to vote for a representative. It's ridiculous," with an angry puff of his pipe.

On November 3rd, the "radical old

couple went to the polls for the first time in their lives and voted Democrat.

"I feel in a way it was a victory just getting someone like her to vote," Debbie remarked.

There were also handbills and pamphlets to circulate.

"One of the former mayors of Pomeroy, and one of the few that was a Democrat, Delmar Canaday helped this phase of the campaign by giving dollar bills to anyone who would deliver some of our materials to bars, pool halls and other establishments around town," Gene recounted.

Culmination November 3rd, Election Day '70. A memorable panorama of people and drama.

Pomeroy Democratic headquarters were located in a vacant store-front under the dental offices of a Dr. Brown.

When Paul Gerard arrived ending a hectic day, he revealed his precinct had "come through in some ways." Democratic candidates had lost by far less than they should have.

The assemblage eventually gathered at Democratic headquarters, a veritable haven for useless left-over campaign propaganda, warmth, coffee, donuts, people, and an unusual contingent of partisan flies.

Already casually propped in a chair for the vigil sporting his working clothes and a blue and orange button which announced, "I'm a Metz fan" was a precinct worker from Syracuse, Nial Salser.

"I think a lot of you young people are wakin' up," the unprovoked Mr. Salser announced. "For a hundred years this town's been solid Republican, but with the help of you college folks its gonna change."

"People in this town are afraid that if they vote Democrat their ancestors will turn over in their graves," he revealed.

"It's too bad we can't import Democrats, we sure could use them." I'm sure we'd find room and board for 'em."



Mr. Salser relentlessly continued, "As far as the local government goes, why if you're a wino, and on the right side, and a Republican, you got it made."

Mrs. Bailey, wife of the candidate for commissioner, also arrived at headquarters with her portable T.V.

Gene and Debbie, though, decided to get a first hand account of the precinct returns at the Pomeroy Courthouse.

When the couple arrived at the ancient asphalt building, the smell of election night hung in its halls.

Nearly a dozen old Republican-looking people crowded the corridor, hands in pockets, jingling change and loose keys, already assured of their candidate's victory and just gregariously waiting for it to be announced. Taft buttons decorated their

hats and jackets.

A nervous murmur superseded the jingling when Gene and Debbie entered the courthouse to request the early returns. The precinct count, announced over a single P.A. speaker to the empty streets, showed only one of ten had gone Democrat. But, Republicans weren't winning by as great a margin as they had in the past.

Curious eyes were suspiciously turned on the young couple as they copied the results. The voice from the megaphone abruptly stopped, and the sound of the keys and chains again permeated the air as Gene and Debbie headed back to headquarters.

Metzenbaum
for U.S. SENATE

BOB AMETT
FOR CONGRESS

For Governor
CALLAHAN

JAMES
BAILEY

Metzenbaum
for U.S. SENATE

Only make the difference



DONAHEY



Metzenbaum
for U.S. SENATE

JAMES
BAILEY





The campaign propaganda jumped at them mockingly as they entered the room where seven people clustered around the table where Mrs. Bailey sat futilely calling precinct after precinct to see how many votes her husband had lost by.

Her husband arrived about 11 p.m. prepared to concede. He had lost by a substantial 667 vote margin.

Mrs. Bailey surmised that "not 20 people worked for us, those kids worked the hardest," and wondered,

"Well, how broke are we now, Jim?"

Debbie remarked, "I think if we'd had less classes and more campaigning it'd been more worthwhile. By the time we got down here, two weeks before the election, there wasn't much we could do to help."

And Mr. Salser, persistently wearing his "I'm a Metz fan" button, got in his last remarks, "You shouldn't get involved in this county if you're a Democrat. We're a minority group. Over in Mason County 'cross the river the people are still votin' for a Republican named Chief Comstock. Hell, he's been dead for 20 years."

Mr. and Mrs. Bailey mechanically packed up their portable T.V. set and left with a "Thanks everyone."

Mr. Salser sauntered out the door and into the night.

Gene and Debbie got into their red Volkswagen and headed back to Athens to join other losers and a few winners enroute to campus.

Only the flies remained at Democratic headquarters.

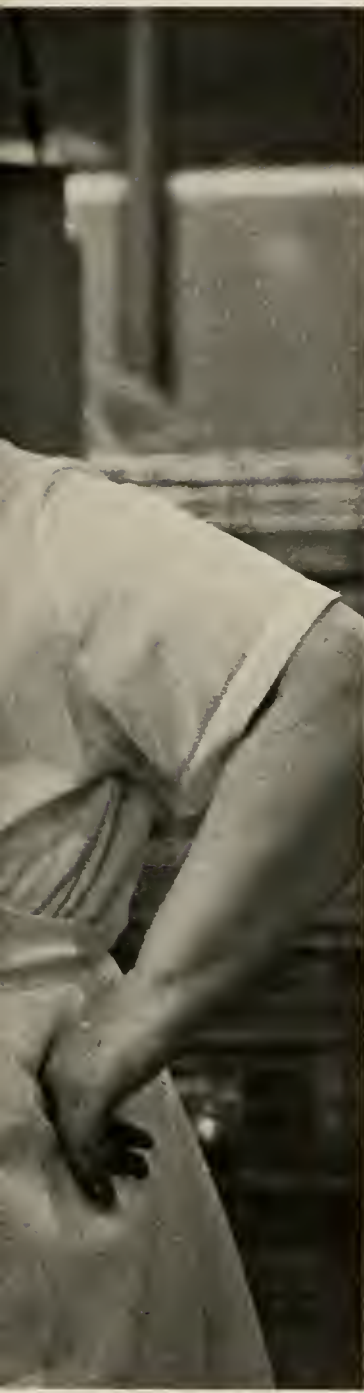
November 3rd ended at 1 a.m. on November 4th in Meigs County.







Non-academic workers 'invisible' but essential



Flossie Hysell and her husband Elmer, devote twelve hours of each day to the Ohio University community, yet their work goes for the most part unnoticed by the very people they serve.

Neither of them will be remembered by having a library named after them, by titles of professor emeritus, or for living in a big white Park Place house from which they run the University.

But without them the University would cease to function, as they are two of its over 900 "invisible" non-academic workers. Flossie is a line supervisor in the Nelson Commons Cafeteria complex and Elmer is coordinator of the janitors there.

They leave their home in Rutland, Ohio every morning at about 8:45, and travel 30 miles to Athens where Flossie works her eight hours supervising proper food service and Elmer watches over maintenance of the dining halls. They don't get back to Rutland until about 8:30 p.m.

"Of course, it's a lot of time and work," Flossie noted with a wrinkled smile and a southern twang. "But we enjoy the work. We have to. We live for the job. We don't have any other life. But we both like it so it doesn't matter."



Story by Paul Zach
Photographs by Charlie Nye



"A friend of ours was working at the University, and brought us here to show us around. We found out the pay was better than what we had been making and we've been here ever since," Flossie said.

Elmer added that he finds the work here "a lot easier and a lot cleaner than coal mining."

Better pay isn't the only reason the congenial couple have become permanent employes of the University.

"I like the youngsters, and I enjoy working with young people," Flossie admitted. "I just love to be around them. I have the equivalent of 16 of my own grandchildren, you know."

She candidly continued. "The hair doesn't bother me like most older people who just gag when they see it. I look at what's inside the person. The appearance doesn't bother me as long





as they're clean. A lot of people say it's a fad, but I think it's here to stay."

Though Odessa works alongside Flossie on the cafeteria line, her frank opinions are drastically different. "I've been working here for 17 years and you better believe the kids have changed since then. Nowadays, all they want to do is bitch about the food. Let's face it, they've had too much. They didn't have as many food choices back then as they do now. They just ate it and went on a lot easier."

Local union 1699, which represents the University's non-academic workers, nearly brought the normally invisible workers into sharp focus with the threat of a strike over a contract dispute last Winter quarter and is another point of disagreement between the pair. Flossie and Odessa are well-representative of the wide variety of feelings non-academic workers exhibit concerning the function of the union.

"I just don't believe in it. But if someone else wants to belong to it, it's their business. I never tell anyone to drop out, of course," were Odessa's sharp words for Local 1699.

"I just can't see any advantage to it. I belong to the civil service, which works through the legislature. Can't get any pay raises unless it goes through them. The workers don't usually discuss it, though. I'm here to work, that's all I do. Union or non-union, the work's the same."

Flossie, on the other hand, thinks the union is "a good thing" which has "done a lot for the non-academic worker on this campus."

"Although, I really didn't understand what the big dispute was all about, I would have had to strike with the union, whether I agreed with it or not. The way I figured it, they were asking extra pay for not working. Personally, I've never had anything I didn't work for and I'm not asking for anything I don't work for."

One point Flossie and Odessa agree on is that their jobs "don't provide a 'good' living" but one that is as good as "anything else you can get around here."

"God, I've washed pots and pans and dishes. More pots and pans than you can ever see yourself comin' out of them," Odessa added.

While Flossie and Odessa cook in the kitchen, Ethel Elliott and Delmer W. Rhodes, both union members who have been with the University for about a year keep house in two dormitories next door to Nelson Commons.

"We clean the bathrooms and lounges for both buildings and a ten-room apartment in building No. 10," they said.

Though, exemplifying in their outlooks and backgrounds, the varied personalities and individuality of the "invisible" workers many people slough off as "maids" or as "janitors," Flosse, Odessa, Ethel, and Elmer came to a common consensus on the most

memorable moment of their careers here—the spring quarter of 1970.

"I think when I came in here and saw that bombing of Nelson Commons I was almost in tears," Flosse said.

Odessa asked, "Why would anyone want to do that thing? They knew that by destroying the cafeteria, they'd just charge more. I doubt very much if the people who did the bombing were from this school, but the students from this school end up paying for it."

"I don't believe in the Vietnam War and I don't like it, but I don't think burning a cafeteria down was a good way of going about protesting it," Flosse added.

Ethel said she'll never forget "helping to take tear-gassed sheets and stuff out of the buildings on the College Green."

When school finally closed in the Spring of 1970, all four were laid off by the University, until Fall quarter once again signalled the resumption of their "invisible" but vital roles.

When Belle Crowe celebrated her 25th anniversary of working for the University, her fellow workers decided to get her a commemoration of the event. The Shively Cafeteria workers presented her with a carved wooden horse with the number "25" engraved in it. Belle is proud of her gift and frequently brings it to work to show new people.





AS JOE STOONT WALKED FROM HIS CLASS AT MEDIOCRE UNIVERSITY HE PONDERED MOROSELY A QUESTION THAT HAD PLAGUED HIM OF LATE...



SO WHAT'S THIS WOMEN'S LIB STUFF ABOUT ANYHOW?

SUDDENLY..

WOMEN'S LIB??!

I'M GLAD YOU ASKED THAT QUESTION, BOY. (REALLY, THOUGH, THE TRUTH IS IT'S QUITE SIMPLE.)



WOMEN'S LIB IS JUST A NATURAL REACTION TO A SICK SOCIETY.

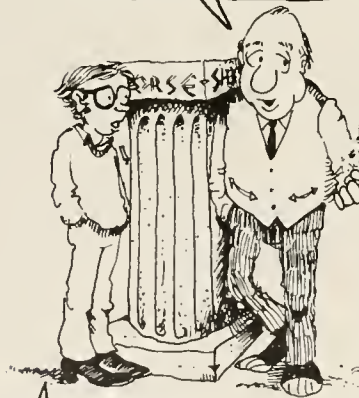
A NATURAL REACTION- UNDERSTAND? I THOUGHT NOT. NO MATTER... PHYSICAL MANIFESTATION AND EXPLANATORY TYPE VERBIAGE ARE MY FORTÉ.

SAY, WHO ARE YOU ANYWAY?



YOU SEE- THE MEDIA IS THE MIRROR OF SOCIETY. LIKE ALL MIRRORS, IT SHOWS EVERYTHING. FOR INSTANCE, TAKE A GOOD HARD LOOK AT THIS GARBAGE.

AH, BUT IF I TOLD YOU WHO I WAS, THEN YOU'D KNOW. CLEVER TRY, SON BUT NOT CLEVER ENUFF. LET'S GET ON, SHALL WE?

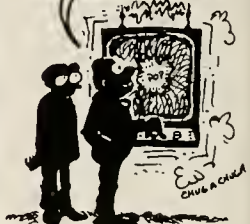


WHAZZAT

AN INGENIOUS INVENTION OF MY OWN DESIGN- MADE IT WITH A FEW THINGS I HAD LYING AROUND THE HOUSE...



..IT'S PURPOSE IS TO DEMONSTRATE SOCIETAL SICKNESS.



Goal of Women's Lib:

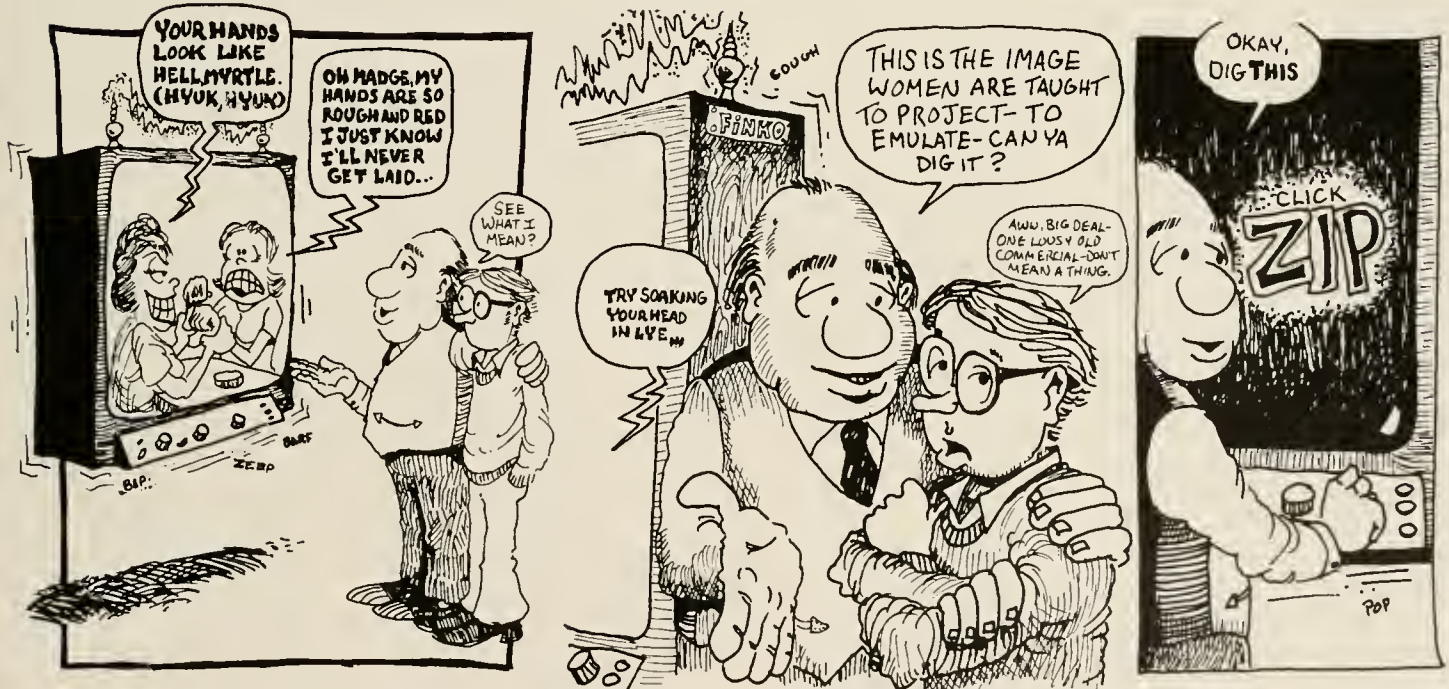
Human rights and freedom for all

"The whole education of women ought to be relative to men. To please them, to be useful to them, to make themselves loved and honored by them, to educate them when young, to care for them when grown, to counsel them to console them—these are the duties of women at all times and what should be taught them from their infancy."

—Jean Jacques Rousseau

Prefacing a description of the women's liberation movement invasion on the Ohio University campus with a quote by Rousseau may seem a little off the track. On the contrary, this quote comes close to summing up the reasons some people sought to support the movement while others shied from it as just so much more rhetoric in a society plagued with "bigger ills."

Many things that happened on campus last year pointed to the fact that although the revival of a large scale



Story by Susan Crites
Cartoons by Bruce Jorgensen

Myths exploded by awareness

women's movement was still in the infant stages, some impact had been felt by the feminine population of Ohio University.

The Rousseau quote sets forth one of the many masculine myths carried down through the years that was finally exploded with the increased awareness of a few together women. And while many others of the female population would rear in mock anger at such a blatant show of oppression, those same women are the ones who still perpetuate such myths by coming to college for the sole purpose of finding a husband and "filling the destiny" of womankind by raising a family.

It was the small number of women on campus seeking self-identity and non-exploitive relationships who patiently and academically began to give Ohio University a taste of the other side of women's liberation—the side that doesn't come out in the exploitive press as female frivolity characterized by bra-burning profanity and picketing.

The first group that fell under the liberation category was the Women's Information Group, (WIG), started last summer by a group of local women who just wanted to get together and discuss some common problems. The loosely structured organization picked up steam in the fall when students came back to campus and found there was a place to go to discuss such matters in a rational academic way with peers, and which was also free of the male domination that creeps into just about every other discussion held on campus.

By October the bookstores had finally decided there was enough demand for Kate Millett's "Sexual Politics" to order a few copies, only to discover that the demand was so great among students, faculty, and townspeople, the stores couldn't keep it on the shelves once they had it. The same was true of a paperback anthology emblazoned with a red liberation fist and titled "Sisterhood is Powerful."

At that point people still weren't bringing up the subject in mixed company, but they were certainly reading about it.

During that same month a women's liberationist from New York, Charlotte Bunch-Weeks, came to campus and spoke to nearly a full house in Memorial Auditorium. She told of life styles where men and women shared the duties of breadwinning and child rearing equally.

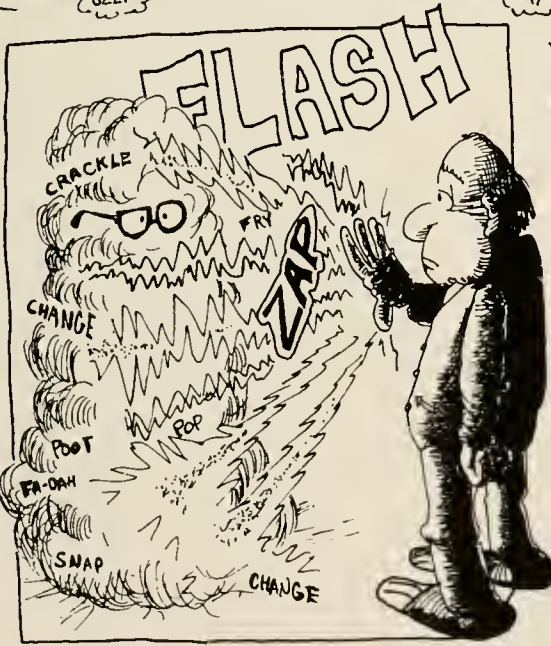
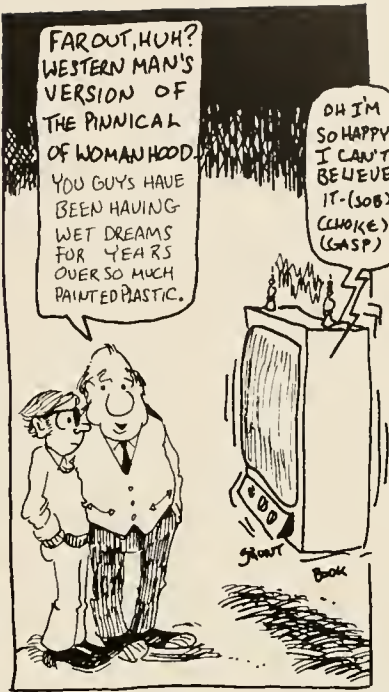
To some, the concept was a beautiful possibility; to others it was a pre-

posterous breakdown of male and female sexual roles—certainly to no good end except to throw out the normal order of things.

In late November, The Ohio University Post produced a special issue on women's liberation—done entirely by women on the staff. The writers discovered a Pussycat League, the beginnings of a Radical Women's Caucus and a lot of concerned individuals. But from the general University population the reaction was nil, amounting to a few sordid comments from men and one letter to the editor. Had the movement again been beaten back into the bush?

In winter quarter, the members of the Women's Information Group emerged again to offer a new course called Women In Contemporary Issues. It drew a large number of interested women and men and finally brought on some open frank discussion by a mixed class on the history, economics, and socialization related to male domination.

By spring, this university and others in the country had one more consideration to evaluate in terms of the new awareness level of women—abortions. This is perhaps the one demand of liberationists everywhere that almost all students can relate to in one way or another. The right to control one's own body had long been denied both legally and socially. Yet when students returned to campus in the fall last year abortions were legal in New York and other groups were lobbying to bring it home to Ohio.



A common cause had been hit upon—the right to choose an alternative to marrying and having children simply for legality's sake. This whole change of attitude also seemed to launch new thought into responsibility of men and women in relationships. People talked about things together, questioned their own impressions of male and female roles, and sometimes came up with thoughts very much along the lines of women's liberationists who after all only want human rights and freedoms for all people.

The University's concessions for the year were small compared to other colleges in the in the country. A women's literature course



was allowed to slip into the curriculum for spring, and women's hours were finally abolished. Period.

But there is no doubt that now the seed is planted, it will probably germinate into action by women on campus who want to take courses relating to the culture and history of women. They will want to see the University adopt a totally non-discriminatory practice in hiring and also in selecting students to graduate school. And these women will want to learn about alternatives to getting a college education other than merely finding a husband.

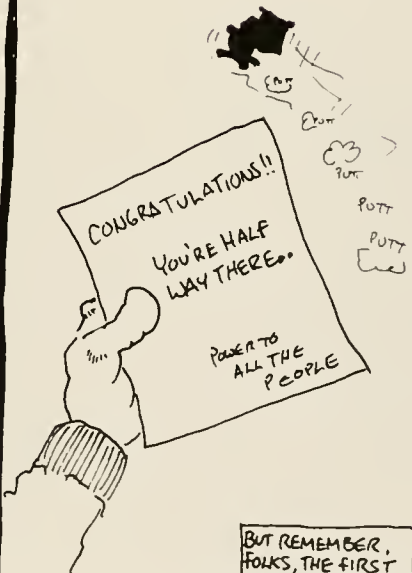
It may take a while for a large number of

students to come around to an idea of complete equality. Eventually, however, there will be a way to avoid rude awakenings for girls who find out many employers don't care so much about a college degree as they do about typing and shorthand.

For the first 5,000 years of history, women were regarded as equal or superior to men as the child-bearing perpetrators of the race. For the last 5,000 years, men discovered paternity and have reduced the female role to that of production. The fresh minds of college students finally exposed to the facts of oppression may be the ones who make the next 5,000 years a joint effort.

PEOPLE'S LIB WOULD BE NICE - SORT OF RADICAL THO - ANYWAY, YOU COULDN'T FOCUS ON HATE, BECAUSE PEOPLE ARE THE SOLE OPPRESSORS OF PEOPLE - AND WHO COULD GET INTO SELF HATRED FOR A CAUSE - NO, YOU'D HAVE TO RALLY AROUND SOME OTHER EMOTION.

WHAT ELSE IS THERE? LOVE?



BUT REMEMBER, FOLKS, THE FIRST HALF IS THE EASIEST... **THE END**

**The winning
skit—a packing
crate that turned
into a space ship**





J-Prom: 'As Children See It!'



Story by Barbara Kaufmann
Photographs by Andy Burriss and Patrick McCabe



Re-capturing the spirit of past childhood days

It is not like professional theater. It is not even like an amateur production. Despite the fact that they are performed in front of an audience, only nine people count. There are an extensive amount of rules surrounding the fifteen minute skits that are performed at the most three times. Yet the enthusiasm is great though the expenses are high. These hybrid theatrical happenings are the J-Prom skits which is the essence of the whole thing called J-Prom.

With few exceptions all the fraternities and sororities work in J-Prom and usually with each other. However, of this year's fourteen skits two were done by dorms working with each other with four others teamed with a Greek unit.

Though nine judges evaluated the skits and nine others the talent presentations of the King and Queen candidates, that is not all there is to becoming number one or King or Queen. The path to the top is strewn with obstacles; for every requirement or rule not obeyed point deductions follow. Marshalls follow the progress

of each skit and catch any infraction of rules. The judges' winner might not have been the same as the winner announced at the concert which followed the two days of skit presentations.

But this year the Alpha Delta Pi and Sigma Alpha Epsilon skit took both the Judges' Award which is before the points were taken off and the first place honor which comes after the points are deducted.

The tangible results of winning are a large trophy, the chance to put a sign in front of the house and a party celebrating the sign which says "Number One." The intangible results cannot be categorized.

For all the others at least they know they tried hard.

The groups involved are given the theme, chosen by the J-Prom committee, a \$500 limit on expenditures, a limit on the number of performers, a specific size for the performance area and a host of other rules. From these ingredients fourteen skits evolved this year based on the theme "As Children See It."

With fourteen skits all revolving around children the costumes got to be standard—short pants for the boys and pinafores for the girls, with assorted varieties of parents thrown in. However it was in scenery that the skits seemed to excel. The winning scenery by Alpha Delta Pi and Sigma Alpha Epsilon (also the first place winners) had an old packing box turn into a toy box and a space ship. Other scenery that caught the crowd's attention was the Delta Upsilon—Chi Omega skit which explained where babies came from; the Phi Kappa Tau—Alpha Xi Delta skit which showed kids in front of a very realistic school building; and the Beta Theta Pi—Pi Beta Phi which depicted a colorful forest made of tissue paper.

Chi Omega and Delta Tau Delta placed second for their skit. The third place skit award went to Alpha Gamma Delta and Sigma Phi Epsilon.

A common denominator of all the skits is singing to popular songs of the day with new words inserted and dancing. The best choreography honor was given to Phi Kappa Tau—Alpha Xi Delta whose skit took place during the recess period.

Another aspect of J-Prom is King and Queen selection. Ideally the King and Queen are to be chosen on the basis of their talent presentation and voting by the campus. But because of irregularities in the voting that aspect of the selection was abandoned. Therefore, this year, Lisa Rushing of Biddle Hall and Ken Richards of Delta





Tau Delta won the honor of Queen and King by the talent competition alone. For their hours of practice, appointments for picture taking, and two presentations in front of the judges, they took home a small trophy.

The third part of J-Prom is the concert. Even that did not go smoothly. J-Prom was to be held earlier spring quarter but Campus Entertainment Committee could not arrange a concert. The previously arranged Chicago date was then taken by the J-Prom committee as the final part of their 1971 J-Prom.

Practicing of the skits did not make goodwill ambassadors of all the participating groups. For example, near the end of the specified practice periods members of Voigt Hall which is next to the Kappa Delta house, put their stereos on at full blast to counteract the singing and sirens of Phi Kappa Alpha which had been sounded in front of the sorority house at 2:30 a.m.

A former participant in J-Prom feels "there is no purpose to J-Prom."

Laurie Forhan, an Alpha Gamma Delta member, said, "Its a lot of work for meeting people and one night of enjoyment."

But many other people enjoy J-Prom. Approximately 3000 people watched the skits the second night when they were performed in the Convocation Center.

Our choice for President—



Mickey Mouse!





Connie Crow commented that J-Prom was to "have a good time." And there was more than one person who echoed Jack Ruden's sentiments when he said, "it brings various organizations and groups together."

Dan Currin seemed to sum the general feeling up when he said "it's a lot of fun!"

But what is seen in a brief fifteen minutes has been growing since October 1970. At that time screenings were held for the co-chairmen of J-Prom. From there the two chosen, Chris Lamm and Becky Doggett went on to choose the rest of the committee. That committee besides dividing J-Prom into various divisions

to perform and they might be only for the benefit of nine judges but J-Prom nevertheless touches everyone's lives from the performers and the happy unit that wins to the disgruntled people who must endure the units practicing when quiet is preferred.

It is easy to knock those who spend so much time on something that is gone so soon but the intangible results cannot be judged.

Not everyone is happy or interested in J-Prom. But these hybrid theatrical productions are more if one keeps in mind that they are student written, produced, directed and performed.

Several of the skits dealt with the stilement of children's creativity. J-Prom often plays second fiddle to student demonstrations and mock political conventions. But all involve creativity, something which shouldn't be stifled in children of any age.



of work, chose the theme.

Early in winter quarter the rules and deadlines were explained to the participating units. At that time each group committed themselves to J-Prom by applying and giving a \$40 fee to the committee.

Soon after that point the groups matched themselves up and began to write their skits. The committee reviewed them to avoid complications.

The skits may take only fifteen minutes each





*Story by Randy Rieland
Photographs by Patrick McCabe*

A well-oiled machine with five vital parts

Ohio University basketball is, for most part, a valuable commodity during the dreary smugness of the Athens winter. Often, it alone serves notice to the town that the student population of the University has not been whipped into docility by the numerous rain-snow storms and the damp chills of southeastern Ohio. It being the bright spot of the winter for many, they parade into the homey green comfort of the Convocation Center to be entertained by ten men running up and down the floor. And so it goes year after year and probably for time eternal.

The 1970-71 season for the basketball Bobcats was no exception. In the record books, however, it will probably be written down as a "pretty good" season. Seventeen wins against seven losses; enough to keep fans and alumni happy, but nothing spectacular. For those who were there and were caught in the basketball syndrome, however, it was a season of near-misses.

Ken Kowall (far left) was the team's top scorer last season with a 20.9 average and shared Most Valuable Player honors with team captain Craig Love. Todd Lalich (left), a newcomer to the squad is the Bobcat version of Pistol Peter Maravich.



Occasionally, the Bobcats seemed to have trouble keeping control of the basketball. Bob Howell (left) suffered unfortunate injuries last season which hurt his play. Tom (T.C.) Corde (above) will be returning as next year's captain succeeding graduating Craig Love (right).

A one-point loss at home to Miami cancelled any hope for the Mid-American Conference title; the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow and the proverbial carrot on a stick that dangled seductively before all the MAC contenders. With it went the opportunity to play in the NCAA tournament and the chance to meet the big boys; the UCLAs, Marquettes, Penns and so on. However, Ohio University never made it to the NCAA tournament and UCLA won and so what else is new.

Even at that point, the more loyal Bobcat fans knew there was no reason to write off the season as a total loss. There was always the chance a second place finish in the MAC would bring an invitation to play in

the NIT (National Invitational Tournament); a tournament in Madison Square Garden for second place and "just missed-not quite" teams. So the Bobcats fought for second place, people kept coming to games, but the invitation never came. Thus, a fitting end to a just-missed season.

Ironically, most fans, when asked in the future to relate the 1970-71 season, will name players before they recall that the Bobcats almost played in a post-season tournament.

For all intents and purposes, the starting five players were the team. When a person mentioned the basketball team, he meant Craig Love, Ken Kówall, Tom Corde, Bob Howell and Todd Lulich. A sixth man never

materialized as the season progressed. Consequently, the starting five players were used excessively. Their faces and actions became so familiar that a substitution was often seen as a total stranger in the crowd.

For the players on the bench, getting game time was like getting into an exclusive social club. Instead of lacking affluence, they lacked ability.

From another perspective the starting five could be seen as a well-oiled machine that slowed and faltered when a new and unworn part was inserted. Basically, the machine that began developing in practices back in the fall never had the opportunity to slow down and mold in new parts.







Bobcat basketball frequently was highlighted by a rough-and-tumble style of playing. Lulich (left) and Love (above), both on the starting line-up, several times found themselves in foul trouble because of their over-aggressiveness.

"The only difference between a champ and a chump is the U!"

"Play in pain and don't complain"

"BE Agile, Mobile and Hostile"

"We'll win 'cause God is on our side"

Thus, the starting five virtually carried the whole burden of accumulating victories. According to Coach Jim Snyder, they played well together from the very beginning. There was no dramatic incident during the season that molded the team into a unit. All coaches like to say their team is close on and off the court, but in this case Coach Snyder could make that statement without stretching anyone's imagination. Most of the players looked for each other both on the floor and after the game. A very cohesive unit, recognized by some as the best in the MAC, had been formed and it was never really shaken, even during the more tumultuous periods of the season.

In line with the analogy of the well-oiled machine, each player served as an effective cog, but one that also had various distinguishing characteristics.



Lalich, Kowall and Howell (above, right and far right) all knew where they were going but something kept getting in the way. This was true for the Bobcats as a whole as they were blocked from another MAC title.



Craig Love, the senior center who attracted the attention of professional team scouts, was the only man on the team who had the height to continually do battle in the land of seven foot giants under the basket. For this reason he was sorely missed when he sat on the bench after getting into foul trouble for his over-aggressiveness. His ability to rip down rebounds and to shoot well under pressure was officially recognized as he was named to the all-conference team.

Fittingly, Love shared the honor of the Most Valuable Player award with the starting team's other senior, Ken Kowall. Both players shared the respect of the rest of the team as team leaders. Love and Kowall often picked up each other's slack, although they were two entirely different

types of players.

Unlike Love, Kowall could hardly rely on his muscle and size for an advantage on the court. His forte was his speed and what are popularly called his "moves." The scrambling guard spent as much time on the floor as he did standing up and he continually impressed spectators with his knack at weaving through hacking arms and flailing legs to get to the basket. Kowall, also known as a deadly shooter, was the favorite of statistics lovers who oogled over his 20.9 average (the first Ohio University basketball player to average more than 20 points a game). To some people it is important to note that Kowall is the seventh highest scorer in Ohio University history. Most people simply enjoyed the way he played.

The other three starting players will re-

turn next year to become the core of another unit.

Tom Corde (next year's captain), was the team's playmaker and top "hustler." Todd Lulich, a self-styled Pete Maravich minus the baggy socks, was the team "hot dog" as he played brawling defense and passed and dribbled in assorted manners. And Bob Howell was the epitome of the underdog, as a soft-spoken, injury-ridden, yet very talented player.

All three will no doubt receive numerous plaudits next year, but until that time they, along with Coach Snyder, must start rebuilding. A new unit must be put together before people start pouring into the Convocation Center again.

Something in the history of Coach Jim Snyder says it will.



New outlook on religion

Story by Paula Cizmar
Photographs by Patrick McCabe





The' growth of the Jesus Freaks (pictured above) has amazed many people across the country. Their goal is to "become complete by knowing God, and the only way to do that is through Christ."

Religion.

Called at various times the opiate of the masses or pabulum for the people, too often the picture comes to mind of drugged millions waiting in an endless soupline for their daily bread to the tune of church bells.

Religion wears odd clothes in the small Ohio town of Athens. Religion does odd things and sings odd songs. And many who remember the silent and imposing reverent structures of their childhood hardly recognize religion at all anymore.

It's not surprising. Often times religion her-

People getting together

self doesn't go by her own name. Rabbi Norman Lewison at Hillel calls it "community." The Jesus People call it a "total life experience." Father Mike Zahorchak at the Catholic Student Center calls it "love."

Whatever the terminology, all agree on one point however—rejection of previously accepted structures in favor of a more personalized relationship with God in whatever form he takes.

As Father Mike puts it, "It's not that young people don't believe in God; it's just that they don't believe in the crap."

"Get Right with God" signs welcome the traveler to Athens as he drives in on the main highways, and it appears many people have taken it to heart. The various God-experience organizations on campus have found their numbers growing in past years—and at the same time have found their procedures radically changed.

"It is all part of the young people's quest," explains the rabbi. "We are getting it together here (Hillel) as a Jewish community. It's not always a spiritual thing—the key word is community, not just something that occurs on Sunday. It is a whole person kind of quest for identity."

Hillel activities range from student-run services to Shabbos dinners to campaigning on behalf of Soviet Jewry to rap sessions to the Fat Sandwich coffeehouse. But everything is initiated and done by students.

"I wouldn't call this a trend of going back to religion in the organized sense," Rabbi Lewison explains. "Specifically young people reject the paramount ideals in their parents' lives; they reject what their parents do in the





The Hillel House has become a community center, expanded from "something that just occurs on Sunday," according to Rabbi Lewison. Their activities include a Fat Sandwich coteehouse, campaigning for the freedom of Soviet Jewry, campus-wide speakers and Shabbos dinners (pictured here). All of these things, the rabbi stressed, are initiated and organized by students.





To meet the needs and answer the challenge of today's young people, religious services sometimes become a radically different experience. At the Catholic Youth Center, a special mass for children includes "story-sermons" and cartoons, both done by Kevin McCloskey (pictured here).



Religion is peace, freedom, love

name of religion—gaudy edifices, expensive celebrations. People associate these things with religion and turn off to them and look for exotic religions instead.

"This is the same difficulty that everyone has. Very often what people look for in exotic strange places are integral in the places they came from—they just haven't seen it. Mysticism is very much a part of Christianity and Judaism. The fault lies in their early education—they weren't shown the mystical in their own situations."

To alleviate the condition of strict God-fearing, and narrow religious training, Christ the King Catholic Church, serving mostly young people, offers folk masses, all-denominational services in the dormitories, sermons given by youthful participants and special masses for children.

"If it only could have been this way when we were young," says Father Mike, wearing a student-made vestment of blue denim with a motif of different colored hands joining in the form of a cross. University student Kevin McCloskey writes special "story-sermons" for the children of St. Paul's School and cartoons during the service to illustrate the stories. Pam Timmes plays guitar accompaniment as the children sing updated folk-hymns. They are all intense—they see their religion in a different light, in terms of peace, freedom, responsibility, love, truth.



"This generation is extremely religious," explains Father Mike, "if you think religion is a search for values and ideals. But the problem is not that this generation doesn't have faith—it's just the way they've been taught."

The Jesus people are rebels against established religions as well.

"You may have a lot of misconceptions, and religious garbage in your mind," said leader Roger Franks explaining the dilemma existing in the minds of many young people. "I did. You need to dig it out, Jesus will make it clear."

The Jesus people may have many religious backgrounds, may attend church services or may not, but nevertheless have one common bond—they believe that “knowing Christ is the only answer.”

Young people are all searching for something,” Franks said. “They turn to alcohol, drugs, even meditation. But these things don’t really meet their needs so they turn to Christ. A person cannot truly be complete until he knows God and the only way to do that is through Christ.”

Yet the Jesus people have met with criticism from others because of their denial that there are other means for salvation.

“They are fanatics,” says the rabbi. “They react to the pluralism that I can be right and you can be right, too. They care about converting you because they are personally hurt if people are not saved—their way. Yet, I’m not hurt by them. I’m very happy to see people so convinced of their faith.”

Father Mike comments, “They are fundamentalists. They’re going back to structure which is what everyone is rebelling against. They believe in one interpretation. They are the only answer.”

The structure isn’t important, it’s the spirit, Father Mike explains:

“Learn to love everybody. That’s a job enough in itself.”



“Story-sermons,” cartoons, guitar accompaniment to updated folk-hymns are all innovations in traditional religion aimed at eliminating the God-fearing, narrow religious training aspect of religion. From this, Father Mike hopes, children will gain a new insight into their faith in terms of peace, freedom, responsibility, love, truth.





Weekend of music aimed at 'freaks and fellow travelers'

David Bromberg is onstage during the second night of the Southern Ohio Folk Festival, listening to his audience and trying to tune. The noise inside Ohio University's Convocation Center is a continual roar, partly because a convocation center is recognizable by almost any student at a midwestern college as a synonym,

with appropriate acoustics, for basketball stadium.

Ohio University's basketball stadium is about a block long and looks from a distance like an overturned soup bowl surrounded by access ramps. On May 8th, however, it's full of freaks and fellow travelers, from the bleachers seventy feet above the stage



The Southern Ohio Folk Festival—a coming together of people from around the state and area to hear some of the finest entertainment today. Among the many performers were McKendree Spring (above, left); Jerry Jeff Walker (center) and Livingston Taylor (right).

Story by Eric Fralick



Folk Festival a coming together!

to the thirty rows of folding wooden chairs lined up carefully on the floor. Bromberg, looking resigned to staying out of tune, strums his guitar a couple of times preparatory to starting a song, then continues hitting the same chord as he notices something strange. In the front row, near the left side of the stage, there is a ripple of movement as one person, then another, folds up his wooden chair. As Bromberg watches, still strumming, the motion spreads like a current into the middle of the audience.

"Well," he says finally, "if you're going to do that I can give you some bluegrass music to do it by," and then slides into a breakdown as his listeners, looking from above like waving seaweed, pass chairs over their heads and into piles of ten and twenty. By the time he's finished half the audience is sitting on the floor, one of the promoters is working his way across the floor saying "I don't want any hassle," to the rent-a-cops in a hassled tone of voice, and the ushers have already begun carrying the chairs into the hallway. The audience applauds wildly for Bromberg, who just looks at them.

"That's not an audience," says Dave Van Ronk, returning backstage after watching the chair folders from the wings, "it's a natural phenomenon. It can be observed, commented upon, as in 'Did you see that hurricane yesterday?' but not related to."

In a large measure, Van Ronk is right. Although the weekend is billed as a "Folk Festival," most of the folk acts that the audience hasn't heard before are floundering to maintain attention, and for good reason; seen from the third tier of bleachers in the back of the hall, the ant-size figure singing about his troubled life in soft acoustic tones, no matter how pretty, doesn't command a lot of respect. Not when you're trying to sneak a smoke between your legs in order to avoid the flashlight beams being directed through the hall at offending tokers by the green-jacketed ushers, on duty at University insistence.

Being a student at a state-supported Ohio college has become trickier in the last year than just passing examinations. As a result of last spring's demonstrations and early summer's enactment by the Ohio Legislature of Bill 1219 covering campus disturbances, students returning to school in the fall found that they could, and were, being suspended for conduct that a year before would have earned them at the worst a stern letter home. One product of the new law has been a decrease in student political activity; another has been a growing conviction on the part of the university administrators throughout the state that any large student gathering except, of course, for athletic events, is cause for panic.

Thrown into this, a proposal for a student-run music festival that would attract its audience from around the state was about as welcome as a two-

day seminar on the techniques of explosives handling. University President Claude Sowle, who at one point announced that he was assuming the right to cancel the show at any time, delayed giving final approval for the weekend until the night before the first concert.

The weekend was sponsored by The Cavern, a student-run folk and rock club. Working with Mike Brovsky and Ron Shelley, two New York promoters who are known collectively as Campus Directions, they presented seventeen acts, starting with a handful of people who played The Cavern before and ultimately including Pete Seeger, Tim Hardin, Country Joe McDonald, The Youngbloods, Jerry Jeff Walker, Livingston and Kate Taylor, Doc Watson, Bromberg, Van Ronk, David Rea, a band called McKendree Spring, Rosalie Sorrels, Nick Holmes, Keith Sykes, Charles O'Hegarty, and Jeffrey Clain and, to act as m.c., Uncle Dirty. Top admission price for the weekend was \$6.50. "Hi," said Cavern Manager Ken Jurek to the near-capacity audience at the beginning of the first night, "Welcome to my graduation party."



Saturday afternoon was left for a music workshop and a craft fair. The workshop, coordinated by Dave Bromberg, was little more than an excuse for a loose jam; during the afternoon, Bromberg, Keith Sykes, Nick Holmes, Rosalie Sorrels, Jerry Jeff Walker, assorted backup men, a local mandolin picker named Lost John, and even one of the Columbus rent-a-cops got in their various licks, providing a good share of the best music of the weekend.

The craft fair, held in the circular hallway surrounding the main floor of the building, was open to exhibitors from around the state, and included health food and comic books, leather-working and beads, spiritual help from the Hare Krishna movement, a display of ironwork, a pottery-making demonstration by graduate student Corky Lillich and some nicely bouncing water beds.

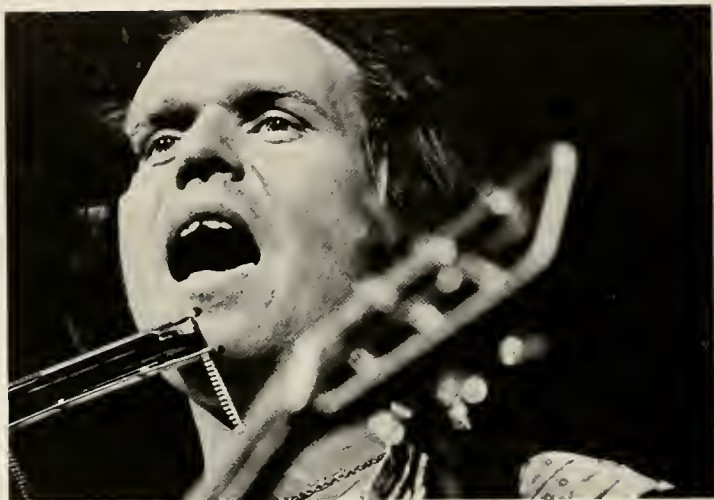
From a performer's viewpoint, it was a tough audience; either you captured a rapt attention with the first song or fought the noise of the crowd for an entire set. Although it was a folk-oriented program, the energy of the crowd seemed to demand something louder, and the best received acts were either electric bands like McKendree Spring and Kate Taylor, musicians using acoustic instruments but associated with rock and playing rock-influenced music like Country Joe, David Rea and Livingston Taylor, or non-rock performers like Seeger, Doc



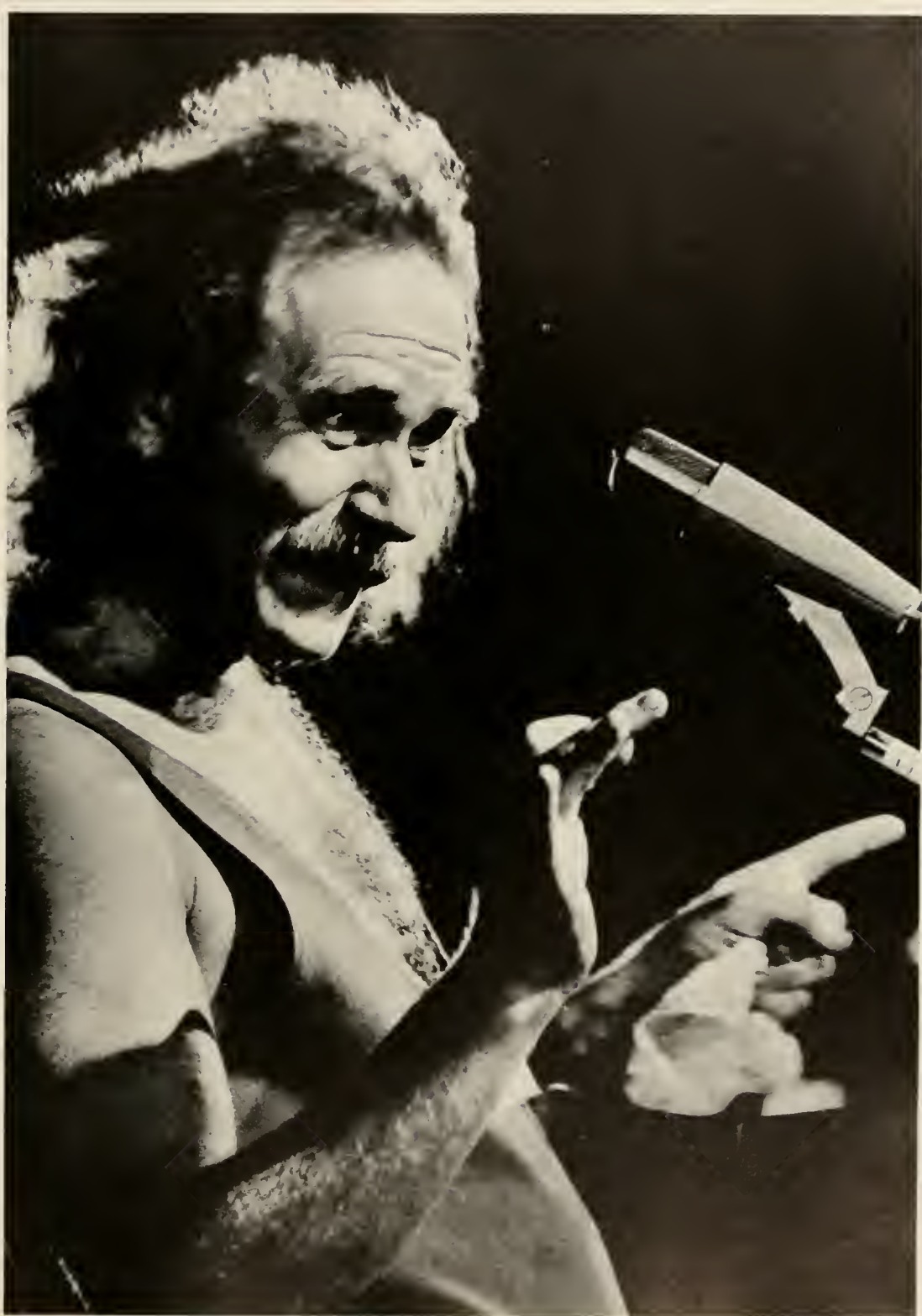
The Craft Fair held Saturday as part of the weekend activities, drew many exhibitors, among them Corky Lillich, pictured here demonstrating pottery-making, a graduate student in ceramics. Lillich is a member of the Hocking Valley Craft Association and has exhibited his work many times. His work is influenced by his interest in oriental art and he has done much along the classical lines of design.





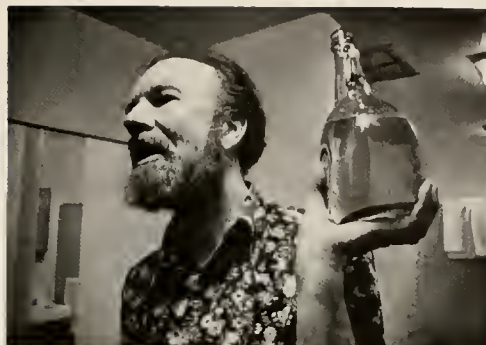


They came to the Folk Festival expecting to be entertained and few went away disappointed. Many had planned on camping out for the weekend, but their plans were drowned by the uncooperative Athens weather. So they slept whenever they could. The Festival was m.c.'ed by "Uncle Dirty" (far right) who interspersed comments on current controversies with the introductions. Among the acts which were very well-received were Country Joe McDonald (top left) and a surprise performance by a Columbus rent-a-cop, Frank McAllister (bottom, left).





Finally, some good music



Watson and Van Ronk who have been around long enough to have become cult figures of one sort or another.

The first standing ovation of the weekend was earned 80 minutes into the first show by a 5'7" freak incarnate called David Rea. With his blonde hair curling in rings past his shoulders, his wire-rims and colored scarves, he looks about sixteen years old on stage; he has in fact been a back-up musician and session man for almost ten years.

Rea's guitar work is equalled, later in the show, by a man named Arthel "Doc" Watson. Looking like neither a freak nor a cult hero, the blind guitarist shambles on stage, holding onto the arm of his son and accompanist Merle. He roars through a couple of instrumentals, flatpicking bluegrass and hill music double and triple time without missing a note or a beat, then settles back to sing, first a happy "Deep River Blues," and then Jimmy Driftwood's "Tennessee Stud." About half-way through a song called "Life Gets Teejus, Don't it," the thought comes that Doc would seem like a guitar playing machine if his singing and his talk between songs wasn't so friendly, at times almost humble. It's as if he ever did miss a note, he'd want to stop and apologize before continuing.

The audience is on its feet when Seeger appears so he receives, in effect, a standing ovation at the start of

his set. He opens with "Waist Deep In the Big Muddy," the song he has used as an opener for about the last ten years. An allegory on the world's precarious state and the mindlessness that has created it, it's one of his half-dozen best known songs. Its effect is a calculated arousal of half-humorous, fully outraged emotion, building verse by verse until the climax.

Usually the rest of the song is inaudible, drowned out by fervent, near-fanatic applause. This time, he reaches the climax, rolls it out over the auditorium, and receives—nothing. He repeats the verse, listening to it boom against the rare silence, finishes the song, and then it begins, the adulation due a true folk-singing hero, but not until his song is over.

Seeger managed to complete his captivation of the audience before he finished for the night, and it was recaptured on the second evening by a full and fine, 102 pound woman named Kate Taylor. Kate had been hanging around most of the afternoon, drinking wine and playing punch-the-balloon with Dave Van Ronk and Nick Holmes. Before the chairs went down during Bromberg's set, while there was still room to move on the floor, she was dancing in one of the aisles for a while, noticed by no one and looking like anybody else in the audience except for her yellow performer's badge.

She danced onstage, too, to the sound of her four-piece band, laid out a blistering rock song (on the advice of Van Ronk, who had preceded her) and then stood with her feet planted wide apart, nodding her head at the audience as she introduced herself.

"A lot of people here, they're saying, ah, Kate Taylor, got to see this, this is going to be interesting. Acoustic, sad songs, self pity . . . uh huh."

Kate has her own version of the Taylor voice, deeper than what you'd expect, smooth and well-controlled even at volume. Her band stayed tight behind her the whole time, complementing her without having to carry her.

It may have been for one time only, forgotten by winter. At the same time, it could turn into an annual rite of spring, attracting more performers and a growing audience coming from throughout the Midwest. Most probably some sort of show will be held next year, after that the festival may struggle on for a few seasons more before fading away in the face of disinterest and changing tastes. The only important thing now is that it happened at all; that in a year best remembered for the drab nothingness of *Playing It Safe*, there was finally some good music in town.





**Pete
Seeger**

Seniors

Abel, James
Abele, Jack
Abercrombie, Tom
Acker, Shirley
Acord, Craig
Acord, Timothy
Adaba, Thomas



Adams, Donna
Adams, Karen
Adams, Marlene
Adams, Suetta
Adams, Theodore
Addis, Sally
Adler, Susan





Ahmad, Raja
Albrecht, Suzanne
Ali, Frank
Allen, James
Allen, Margaret



Allman, Carolyn
Alsip, Joyce
Alvis, John
Amadio, Carolyn
Amery, Bonnie
Anderson, Gerald
Andrews, Billie



Appgar, Mary
Apple, Linda
Apple, Suzanne



Archer, Beth
Argabright, Gary
Argabright, Nancy
Argie, Estelle



Arko, Diane
Arko, Sharon
Armstrong, Chloe
Arnold, Avis
Arnold, Kathy Ann



Arter, Chet
Arthur, Brenda
Au, Yiu-Wah
Auer, Karen
Avon, Joseph
Azallion, Jeanne

Backus, Brenda
 Bailine, Richard
 Bair, Barbara
 Baker, George
 Baker, Mary Ann



Ballentine, Helen
 Banko, Linda
 Banks, Mary
 Bannon, D. Jean



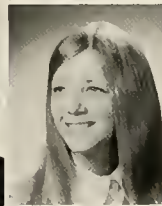
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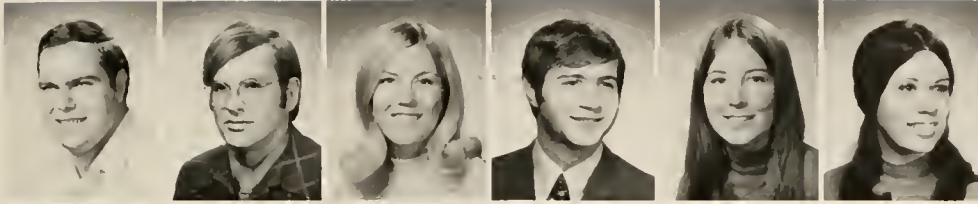


Bauer, Daniel
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 Beachy, Rebecca
 Beckemeyer, Barbara



Becker, Howard
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 Beckwith, Charles
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Bendel, Jeffrey
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Bernhardt, Jane



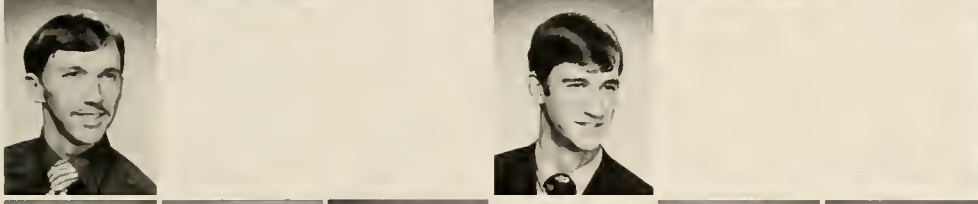
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Berry, Suzanne
Biederman, Michael
Bierbower, Linda



Bieth, David
Biggs, Gordon
Billfield, Murray
Bingman, Bonnie
Birch, Steven



Black, Kenda
Blake, Rita
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Blocker, William



Blunt, Ed
Blusiewicz, Eugene
Bogard, Mimi

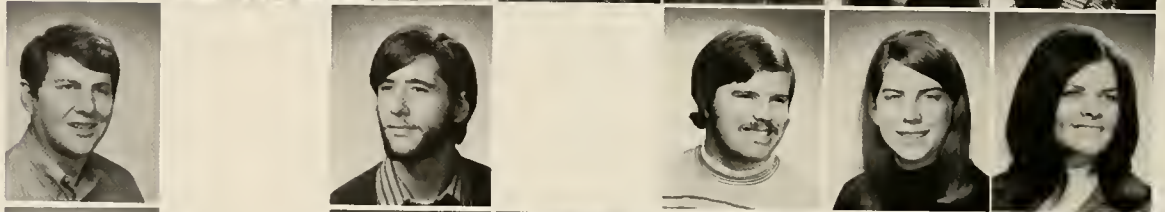


Bohanon, Margaret
Bohari, Sharkawi
Bolen, Cathie
Bonar, Craig
Bonar, Wendelin

Bonewit, Kathy
 Bonvechio, Jean Ann
 Boucher, George
 Borders, Linda
 Borlefi, Janice
 Boso, Nicolynn



Bourisseau, John
 Bowen, Robert
 Bowker, Thomas
 Bowman, Ruby
 Boyer, Becky



Boyer, Daniel
 Boylan, Betty
 Bradley, Joanne
 Brauel, Richard
 Brauel, Robert



Brazil, Bethany
 Breeding, Sally
 Breyer, Mary
 Breyer, Vicki

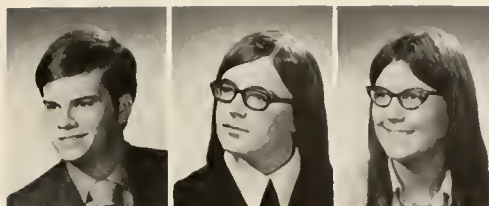


Brisker, Lillie
 Brogneri, Cesare
 Brookhart, William
 Brown, Brenda
 Brown, Darlene



Brown, Edward
 Brown, Michael
 Brown, Nancy
 Brown, Rita
 Brown, Thomas





Browning, Royce
Brownlee, Jack
Bryan, John
Buck, Roger
Bufwack, Marlane
Buhrow, Diana



Bukowski, Elizabeth
Bules, Jane
Buonpane, John
Burgess, Lillie



Burkes, Sandra
Burnham, Susan
Burns, Barbara



Burton, Janis
Bush, Gale
Bushnell, Megan
Busler, Roger
Bussmann, James
Butler, Sally
Butterworth, Jeffrey



Butz, Lloyd
Bunfill, John
Byer, William



Cade, Marcus
Cage, Russell
Callihan, Charles
Cannell, Kim
Carangi, Mark

Cardamone, Dale
 Cardot, Gary
 Carhartt, Lawrence
 Carlson, Bonnie
 Carr, Kaye
 Carter, Lorna



Casey, Denise
 Castellano, Diane
 Cavicchia, Philip
 Cazal, Rose



Cerra, Susan
 Chadwick, Thomas
 Chapman, Linda
 Chapple, Donna
 Chandler, Jeffrey



Chasman, Jonathan
 Cherberg, Harriet
 Cherkes, Bob
 Chicatelli, James



Choy, Christina
 Christensen, Esther
 Cicora, Linda
 Cizmar, Paula
 Claus, Sue
 Clausing, Kathie



Clayton, John
 Clifford, Christina
 Clingerman, John
 Clyne, Richard





Clyse, Mary Jane
Coe, Ronald
Coffey, David
Coffey, Ronald
Coleman, Judy
Collins, Chris



Collins, Mary
Coltrin, Susan
Conard, Carla



Connar, Carol
Connington, Karen
Cooke, Larry
Cool, Becky
Cooper, Pamela
Corder, Robert



Corea, Chuck
Coriell, Jessie
Correll, Karen
Costein, Pauline
Crall, Leslie



Crescas, Barbara
Cronacher, Nancy
Crossen, Jonadine
Crow, Carson
Crow, Jacquelyn
Crowl, Linda



Cruciotti, Carol
Cuksa, Janice
Culbert, Susanne
Curtis, John
Curtis, Rebecca
Dackis, Grace

Danison, Ruth
 D'Antonio, Henry
 Davenport, Gregory
 Davidson, Mary-Louise
 Davis, Karen
 Davis, Lawrence



Dean, Steve
 Debnar, Donna
 DeFranco, Alfred
 DeLawder, Charles
 DelCiello, Joseph
 DeValle, Michelle



Delzingaro, David
 DeMarco, John
 Deonise, Deborah



Devereaux, Mary Beth
 Dew, Carol
 Dickerman, Janet
 Diedrichs, Virginia
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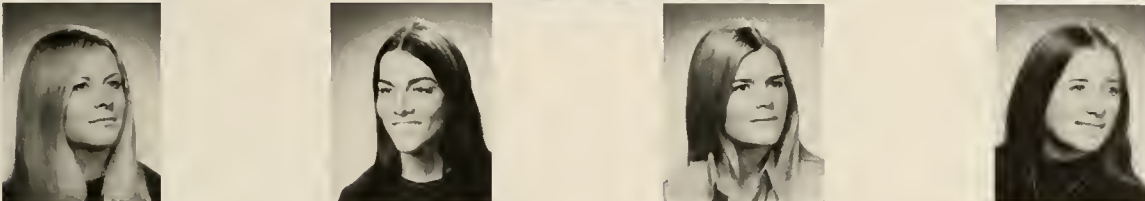




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Duchon, Sally



Dudek, Mary Joyce
Dukes, Sharon
Durack, Linda
Duval, Leslie



Eager, Michael
Eakin, Sinetta
Eastwood, Robert
Eaton, Barbara



Eberhardt, Cathy
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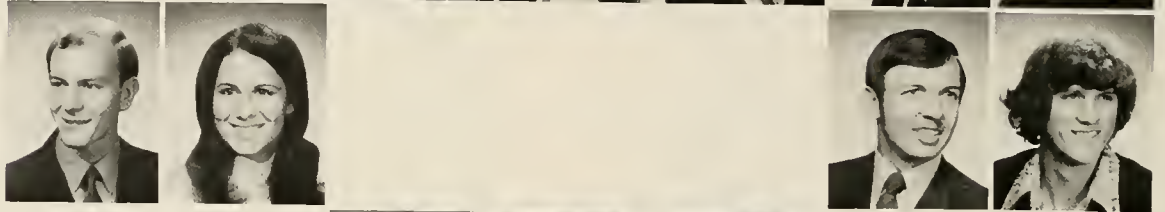
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 Ferguson, Pam
 Fessel, Robert
 Fielding, Lawrence
 Fields, Linda



Fields, Randy
 Fife, Kathryn
 Filipow, Wes
 Fina, Tony



Fisher, Alice
 Fisher, Guy
 Fisher, Jennifer



Fitchko, Robert
 Fitzgerald, Michael



Fletcher, William
 Floyd, Nancy
 Fobes, Ray
 Fogarty, Timothy
 Foreman, Ann





Forma, Paula
Forsstrom, William
Fortman, Jerry
Fortune, Jack
Foster, Jeanne
Fourman, Steve



Fragapane, Carolyn
Frank, William
Frankhart, Darlene
Franks, Jim
Franz, Susan



French, Susan
Frey, Hugh Jr.
Frischling, Martha
Galati, John



Gamwell, Pam
Gardner, Mack
Gardner, Michael
Garnaas, Steve
Gasbarre, Bea



Gatewood, Carl
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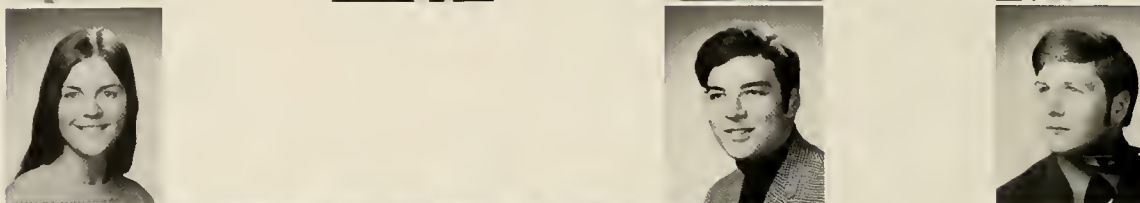
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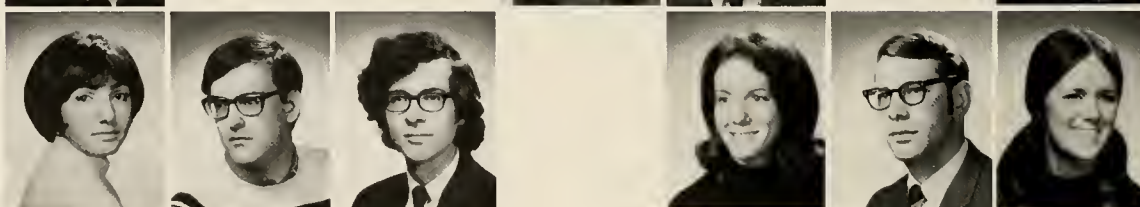
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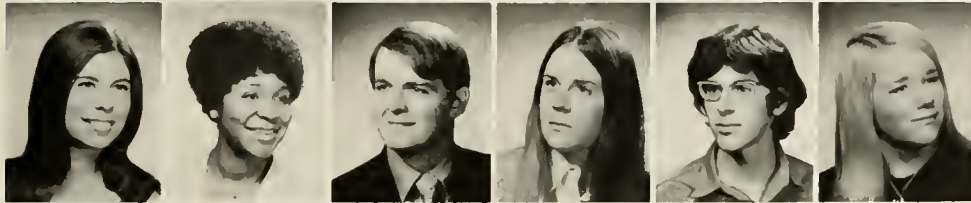


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Hackel, David
Hail, Janet
Haivordson, Nancy



Halderman, Daphne
Hall, Carol
Hall, James
Hall, Kathleen
Handelman, David
Handschuh, Cory



Hanneken, John
Harkavy, Russell



Harre, Myke
Harris, Diane
Harris, Marli
Hart, Timothy
Harvey, Constance
Hauenschild, James



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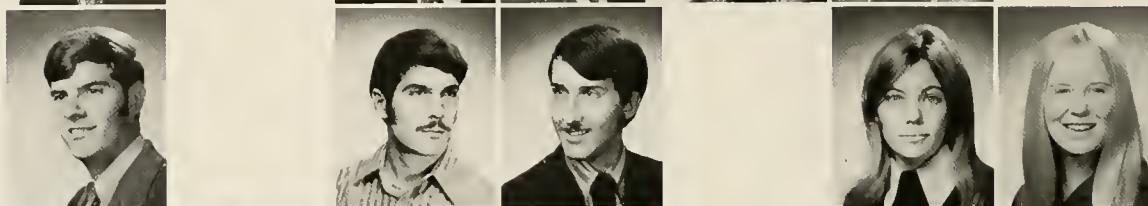
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Hickman, William
High, Chris
Hilborn, John
Hill, Emily
Hill, Marilyn



Hill, Marla
Hill, Pamela
Himebaugh, Patricia
Hinamon, Patricia



Hinkle, James
Hirtz, William
Hoffer, Antonina
Hoke, Carolyn
Holaday, Kathryn



Holden, John
Holdt, Douglas
Holdt, Lois
Holtz, Robert
Holzaepfel, Jan





Homolka, Susan
 Hope, Barbara
 Hopkins, Kim
 Horner, Allen
 Householder, Greg



Howell, H. Jane
 Hughes, Edith
 Hughes, Mary Beth
 Hung, Fonsa
 Hung, Pauline



Hunter, Dett
 Hunter, Garry
 Hunter, Larry
 Huntley, Michael
 Hurd, Sally
 Husa, Rick



Ibiwoye, Michael
 Ince, Deborah
 Irwin, Margaret



Jack, Kathy
 Jack, Susan
 Jacobs, Sherry
 Jason, Roy
 Jenkins, Dottie



Jennings, Brenda
 Jingle, Barbara
 Jöhler, Rex
 Johnson, Barbara

Johnson, Carl
 Johnson, Carol
 Johnson, Cynthia
 Johnson, Thomas
 Johnson, Walter



Jones, Joffrey
 Jones, Sara Jane
 Jordan, Beverly
 Jordan, Bob
 Joyce, Mary Catherine
 Kackloudis, John



Kahn, Randy
 Kamara, Allan
 Kaminski, James
 Kaminsky, David
 Kanzeg, James



Karagannis, Diane
 Kasproski, Roberta
 Kaufmann, Neil
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Keller, Dan
 Keller, Paul
 Kelley, Andrew
 Kemp, David



Kemper, Carol
 Kensinger, James
 Kenwood, Elizabeth
 Kerner, Charlotte





Kessler, Mary
Kessler, Steve
Keys, Jan
Kibler, Dorothy



Kimpel, Gordon
Kindregan, Marianne
Kirkham, Kathy
Kleeh, Edmund
Klein, Donald
Klein, Patrick



Klopper, Robert
Klos, Jarema
Knauth, Candice
Knepp, Beth
Knepp, Jack



Kodrich, Sandra
Kohler, Robert
Komanec, Robert
Kononczuk, Helen
Koudelka, Rhonda



Kowalak, Janice
Kozloski, Carol
Krajcovic, John
Kraus, Karen
Krause, Terry



Kremer, Deborah
Kroll, Kaye
Kubacki, Karen
Kubat, Edward
Kubinski, James

Kuchar, Vaneesa
 Kucsma, George
 Kuhn, Janette
 Kupper, Sherwood
 Kusic, Joseph
 Kutney, Nancy



Laird, Diana
 Lamont, Hugh
 Lamont, Marcia
 Lamont, William
 Lance, Cheri



Landis, Dale
 Lane, Jerry
 Lane, Leslie
 Lane, Peter
 Langley, William
 Lauer, Margaret



Law, Brenda
 Lawson, James
 Leach, Dianne
 LeBlanc, Robert
 Lechner, Susan



Lefkowitz, Jack
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Lemert, Jeff
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 Lennox, Barbara

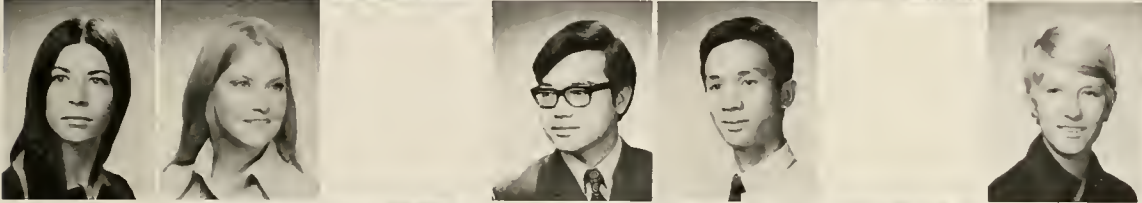




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Lewis, Karen



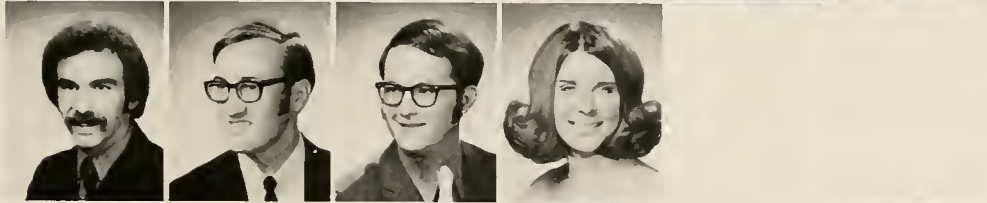
Lewis, Rita
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Lindimore, David



Lindsay, Anne
Linke, Nancy
Liu, Wing-Yuen
Lo, Hung Fat
Lockard, Karen



Lockard, Melinda
Lockwood, Pat
Loew, H. Charles
Lohse, Linda
Long, Linda
Loprira, Mary



Lorek, Dennis
Lorentz, Larry
Lovrak, Pete
Lowe, Dianne



Lubin, Stephen
Lucas, Linda
Ludlow, Sally
Luebeke, Joan
Lunnie, Pete

Lusin, Adrienne
Luttermoser, Gary
Lynce, Susan
Lynn, Lawrence
Lyons, Janet
Macey, Janet



Mack, Gail
MacPheason, Carol
Madvid, Harvey
Magyar, Susan



Majerus, Constance
Major, George
Malesk, Isa
Mandrell, James
Mangus, Patrick
Mann, Alan



Margolis, Lawrence
Marimberga, Cathleen
Markousky, Judy
Marsh, Marsha
Martin, Betsy



Martin, Gary
Martin, Larry
Martin, Tom
Marthey, Randy
Martino, Dave



Martino, Ellen
Marzano, Peggy
Mason, Katharine
Masterson, Madonna





Matey, Cindy
 Matthews, Barbara
 Matthews, Jeanne
 Maul, Dean
 Mauro, Kathy



Maxa, Rudy
 May, Jerry
 Mayle, Clyde
 McAndrew, Michele
 McArdle, Sheila
 McArtor, Christine



McBride, Mary Ellen
 McCabe, John
 McCarthy, Jeaneen
 McClelland, Rebecca
 McCormack, Michael



McCoy, Larry
 McCullough, Robert
 McFaddin, Patricia
 McKim, Mary
 McMullen, Genevieve



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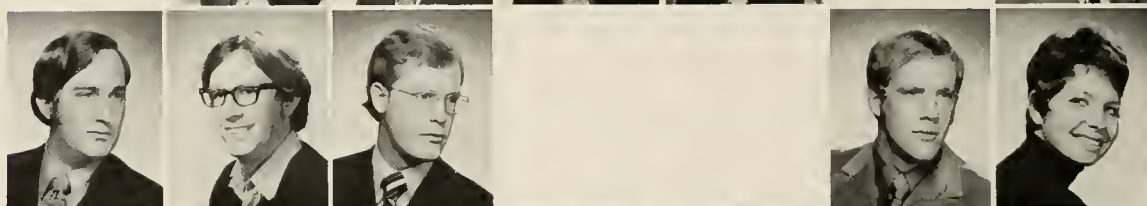
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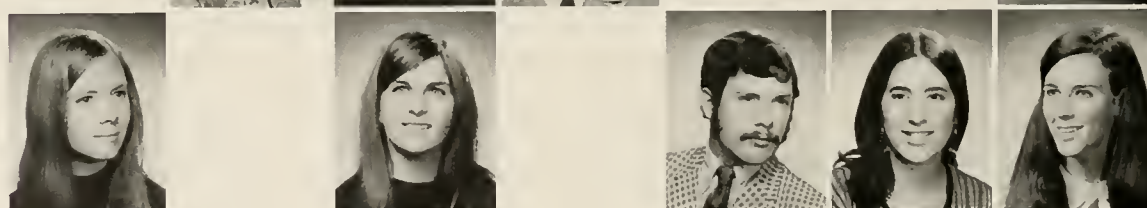
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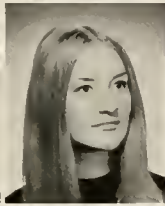




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Morris, Bunny
Morris, Ellyn



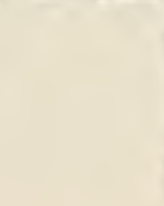
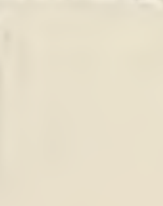
Morris, Jacqueline
Morris, Judy
Morris, Linda
Morrison, William
Morrow, Lester
Morrow, Sarah



Moskovitz, Tim
Mosure, Margaret
Mozena, Elizabeth
Muller, Frank
Murphy, Jane



Murray, Jim
Myers, Cheryl
Nadolski, Cynthia
Nadzak, Bill
Nakashige, Steve



Nalepka, Jon
Nameth, Frank
Narcisi, Gerald
Nardy, Philip
Narten, Martha

Nash, Darryl
Navari, Eleonora
Neal, Carolyn
Neely, Jack
Neff, Darrel



Nelson, Charlene
Nething, Roger
Neuhart, Kenny
Neumann, Howard



Newkirk, Judith
Nguyen, Loi Van
Nichols, Curtis
Nichols, Marcia



Nordstrom, Julie
Norris, Gregory
Norris, Terry
Norton, Susan
Novinc, Raymond
Novotny, Patricia



Nowalk, Linda
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Nutter, Kathy



Nye, Douglas
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O'Brien, Barbara

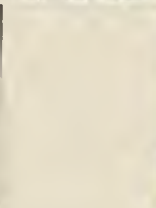




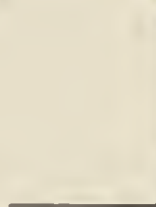
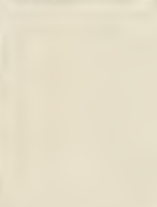
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 Ostervich, Maryann
 Oswald, Sharon



Otworth, Linda
 Ouellette, Aurel
 Pacyna, Eileen
 Padden, Patricia
 Page, Linda



Pakett, Allan
 Palermo, Ross
 Palshook, Marcia
 Parker, Eleanor
 Parker, Valerie



Partridge, Michael
 Pasqualone, Richard
 Patterson, Charles
 Patton, Linda
 Payne, Marie



Pearce, James
 Pearce, William
 Pearlman, John
 Pelikan, John

Pendergast, Barbara
 Perenic, Richard
 Perkins, Nancy
 Pester, Robert
 Peters, Harvey
 Petersen, Chris



Peterson, Carlotta
 Peterson, Lynn
 Petonke, Gary
 Petras, Marijane



Pfefferle, Philip
 Pflieger, Maryjo
 Pham, Ngoc Trinh
 Phang, S. Hylin
 Phillips, Deborah



Phillips, Martha
 Pickett, Paulette
 Piper, Patrick
 Pitluk, Sheldon
 Plotts, Elizabeth
 Poetsch, Patty



Poll, Elizabeth
 Pollock, Karen
 Pollock, Susan
 Popis, Annette



Porginski, Suzette
 Porter, William
 Posgai, Robert
 Pospisil, Jon





Potekhen, Tania
Potynski, Janet
Presley, Joan
Prinzo, Phyllis



Pushing, Linda
Prusinski, Henry
Pry, Mary Lou
Pugh, Susan
Pureber, Joan
Putnam, David



Pyers, James
Pyers, Pam
Quis, John
Rabbu, Ronald
Rammer, Helen



Randal, Kip
Randall, Robert
Rausch, Richard
Rawe, Barbara
Reamer, Linda



Reasner, Don
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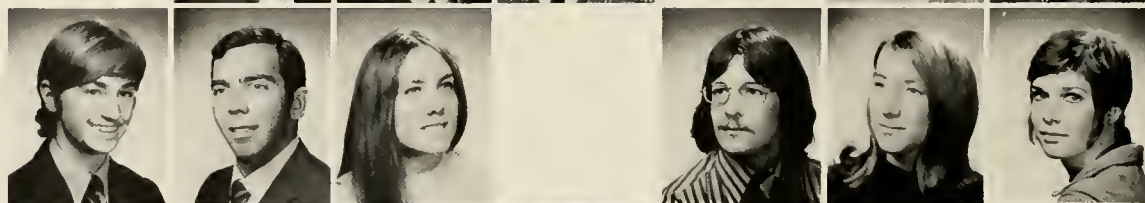
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Riffell, Gary
 Riley, Rhys
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 Riskay, Barbara
 Robbins, Deborah



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 Robison, Ann
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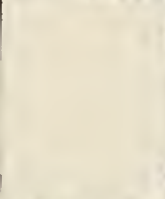
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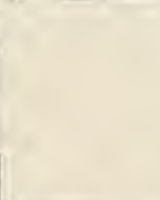
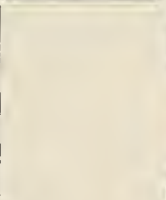
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Sabrinsky, Elizabeth
Sachs, Marilyn



Sachs, Teresa
Sage, Amy
Sanner, Kathy
Sarver, Lynda



Sattinger, Andrea
Saunders, Carol
Saunders, Carolyn
Saunders, Marolyn
Savage, Stephanie
Savino, Michael



Saylor, Charla
Sayres, Nancy
Scarlett, Lois
Scarola, Bob

Schaefer, Laurie
 Schaum, Shelia
 Scheffer, Elizabeth
 Schier, Dale
 Schmoll, Janis



Schmidt, Twila
 Schneider, Charles
 Schnieder, Richard
 Schneider, Sharon
 Scholl, Roger



Schomburg, Michael
 Schon, Cathy
 Schornstein, Richard
 Schreiber, Patty



Schuler, Gretchen
 Schwane, Betty
 Schwartz, Jill
 Schwendeman, Peter
 Sciarrino, Roberta



Scott, Jane
 Scott, Kenneth
 Scrivano, Anthony
 Scsavnicki, Donna



Sebald, Jama
 Sechler, Kenneth
 Seiter, Clarence
 Sell, Emma
 Sender, David





Serby, Stephen
Severance, Carroll
Shafor, Sally
Shamitz, David



Sharp, Max
Shelin, Thomas
Shenker, Janet
Shimp, Marilyn
Shirey, Becky



Shoemaker, Richard
Short, George
Siegwald, Karen
Siehl, Judy
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Smiley, Karen
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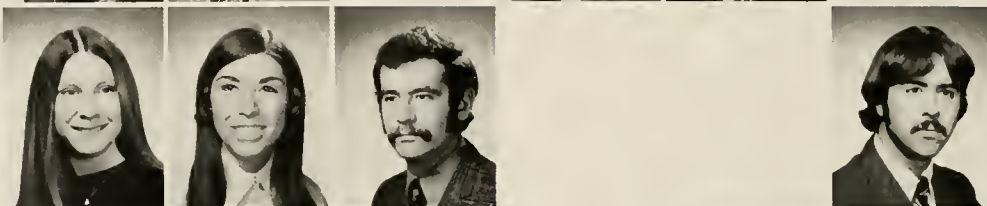


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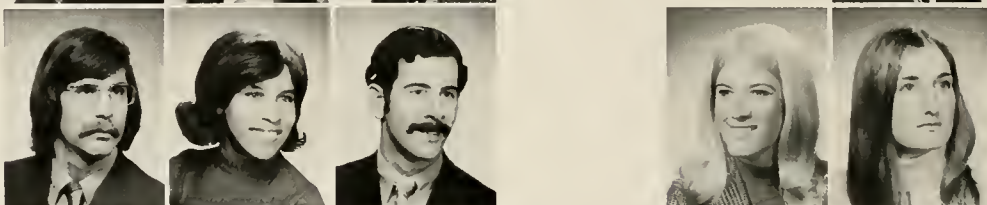
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Soergel, Donna
 Soroka, Joan Anne
 Spaeth, Philip
 Sparks, Kerry



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 Spicer, Audrey
 Spitalny, James
 Spurlock, Linda
 Stahl, Pamela



Staker, D. Daniel
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 Stammen, Kathy
 Stancher, Richard



Stanulonis, Sandra
 Stark, Jo Ellen
 Starn, MaryEllen
 Starner, Lawrence

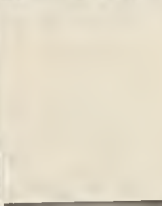


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 Steiner, Cynthia

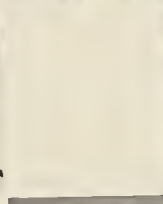




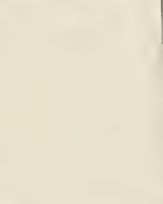
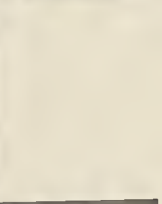
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Stern, Barbara



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Sticklen, Rose Marie



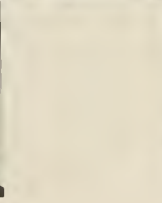
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Stroh, Leslie
Strom, Kenneth
Strubbe, Beverly



Studer, Elaine
Sucherman, Andrea
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Swendiman, Joan
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Swinehart, Sharon

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 Taylor, Douglas



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 Thapa, Baid Jung
 Theis, Dennis
 Thieken, Monica



Thomas, Eleanor
 Thompson, Rick
 Timon, Jessane



Titely, Ruth
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 Trufant, Sandra



Truong, Thanhdam
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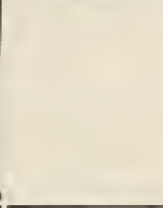




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 Van Voorhis, William
 Vabinder, James
 Vatter, Therese
 Ventura, Katherine



Vetrano, Joe
 Vinciguerra, Barb
 Vinton, Marilyn
 Viron, James



Voisard, Steven
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 Vu, Hai Duy
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Way, Rodgers
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 Weber, David
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