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CAROLANA '72







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*Carolana*  
*Spartanburg Campus*  
*University of South Carolina*  
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U&C-S has  
a new look this  
year. Our school  
colors have been  
changed to purple  
and white, and  
hereafter we shall  
be known as the  
Spartan Rifles.

This name change  
was decided in  
order to bring us  
closer to the  
Spartanburg  
Community, the  
home of our  
regional campus.



Following our heritage to the beginning of the Revolutionary struggle in 1775, a large number of people living between the Broad and Saluda Rivers were not sympathetic to the Patriot Cause. Henry Drayton and William Moultrie were commissioned by the Continental Council of safety to visit this section and explain the disputes between the colonies and the mother country to their tenants.

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Stopping at different places to address the people, they reached Upper Fair Forest, within the present county of Spartanburg. Here they found a patriotic people who believed in the principles of freedom. On August 21, 1775, a barbecue held at the Wofford Iron Works produced a regiment two hundred strong under the leadership of Col. John Thomas. The first service of the Spartan Regiment was rendered against the Loyalist forces at the Battle of the Great Cane Break.





Beginning December 2<sup>nd</sup>, it lasted through December 24<sup>th</sup>; and the Americans captured about a hundred of the King's men. During this time, snow began to fall, and continued until it covered the ground at a depth of two feet. They called this struggle the "Snow Campaign"; and it was remembered because it was fought without benefit of tents, wagons, or shelter other than saddle blankets.



# WALNUT GROVE



Many heroic battles were fought in which the Spartan Regiment had a part. By far the most brilliant engagement fought on Upper District soil was the Battle of Cowpens on January 17, 1781. In every stage of the battle, Spartans, led by Daniel Morgan, had heavy responsibilities, and dealt a death blow to the British campaign, ending serious fighting in this region. In spite of the fact that Daniel Morgan was a Virginian who returned to that state following his victory at Cowpens, grateful Spartans erected a statue in his honor:



"Major General Daniel Morgan  
Departed this life

On July 6<sup>th</sup> 1802

In the 67<sup>th</sup> year of his age.

Patriotism + valor were the prominent  
Features of his character

The Honorable services he rendered

To his Country

During the Revolutionary War  
Crown him with glory + will remain

In the minds of his

Countrymen

A perpetual Monument

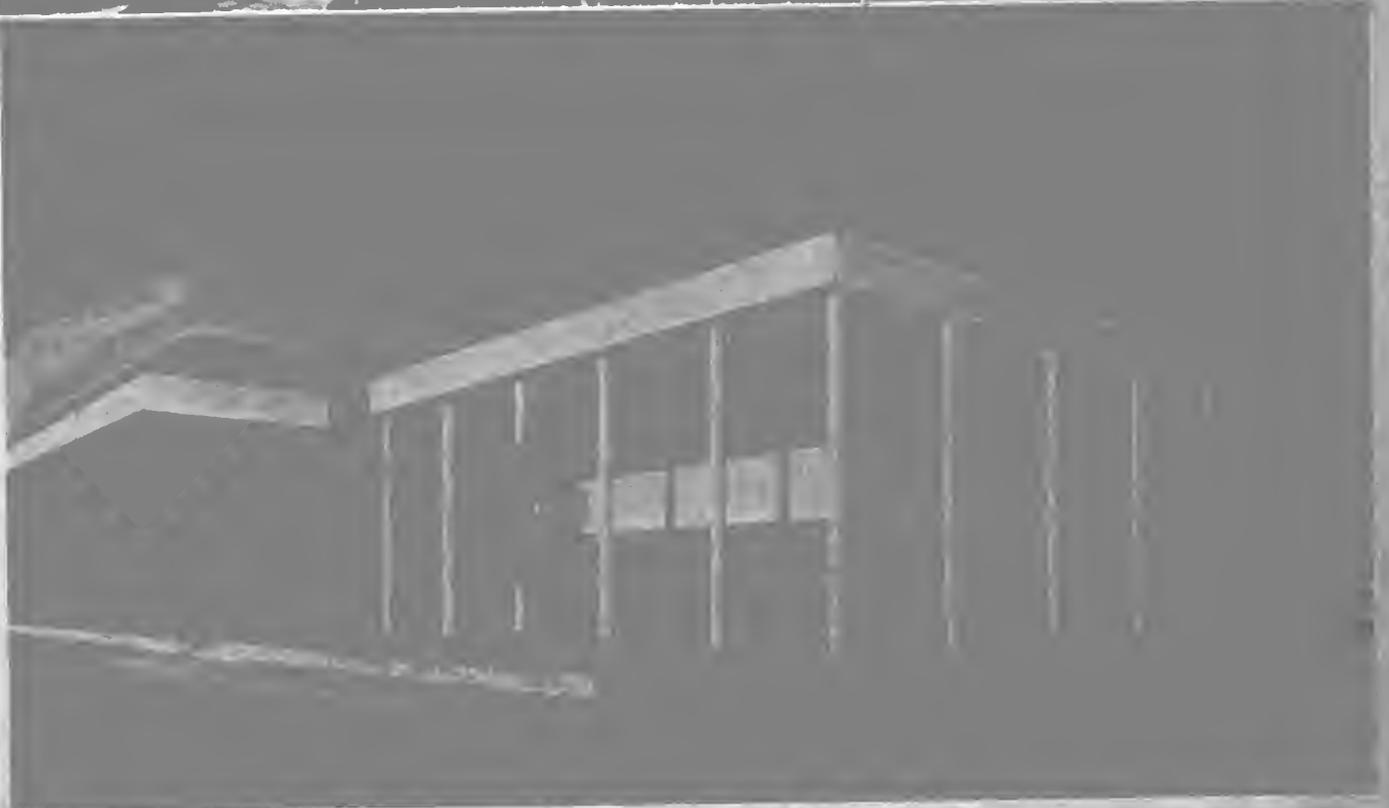
Memorial

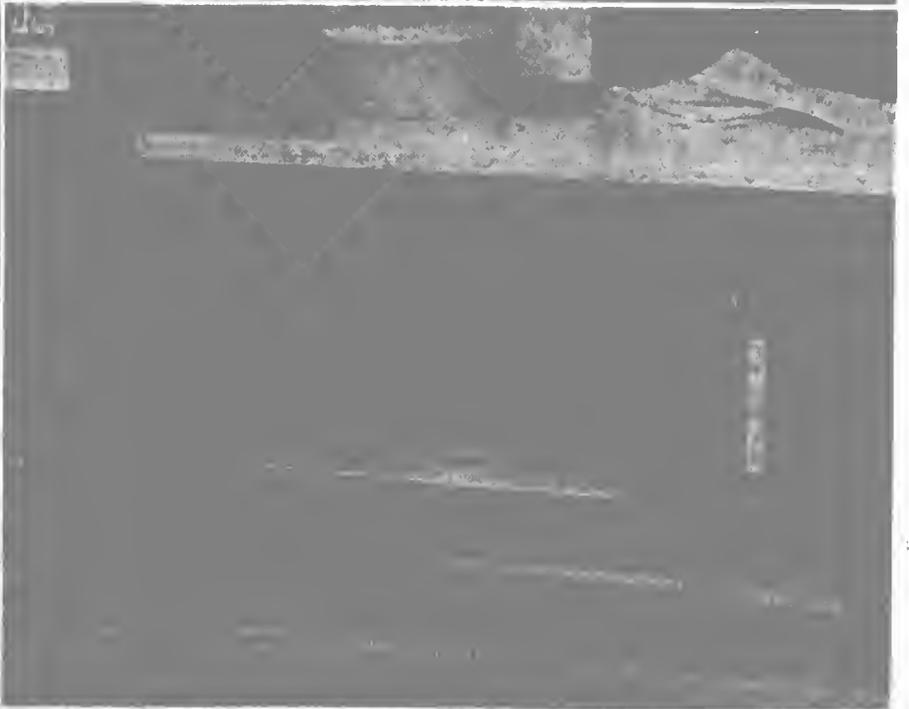
The Spartan Regiment dispersed after the Revolutionary War, and almost one hundred years later re-appeared as the Spartan Rifles. When it was convenient to do so, they fought sporadically in the Civil War, a tradition of apathy preserved by UNC-S students today.

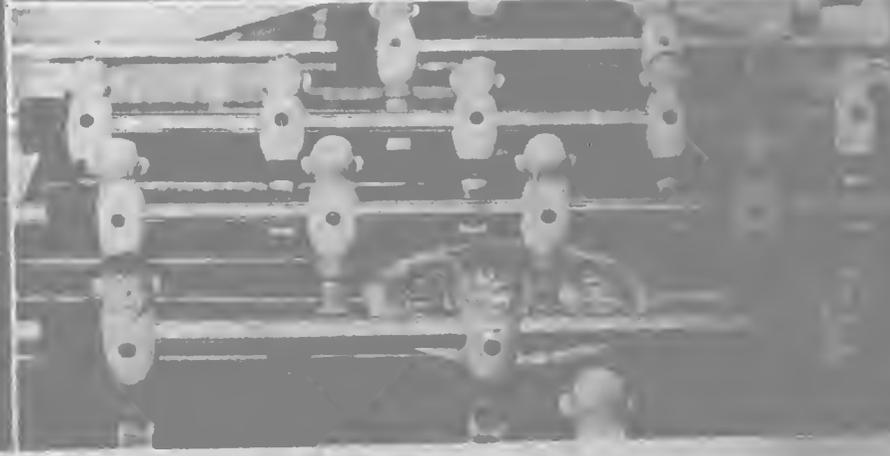




*In fact, today isn't so  
different — or is it?*









To err is human  
to forgive  
is not  
company policy



Dr. Thomas F. Jones  
President



Dr. G. B. Hodge  
Chairman

Dr. John Duffy  
Assoc. Provost

Dr. Reginald Brasington  
Asst. Provost





Dr. William H. Patterson  
Provost

COUNTY COMMISSION: BACK-E. S. Lake, C. S. Harley, J. L. Cobb, J. P. Coan, G. S. Brooks. FRONT-L. P. Howell,  
G. B. Hodge, W. J. Burroughs.



# ADMINISTRATION



Mr. James Sloan, Asst. Director



Dr. Norbert Stirzaker, Director



Mr. Paul Mack, Admissions



Mr. Charles Boswell, Business Manager



Mr. Tom Davis, Student Affairs



Mrs. Jane Johnson, Librarian



Miss Judith Sessions, Asst. Librarian



Mrs. Betty Ebert



Miss Marian Murph



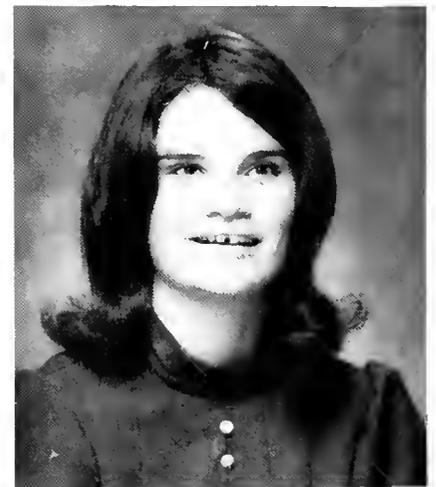
Mrs. Jackie Sherbert



Mrs. Peggy Rowe



Miss Sherry Philson



Miss Charlene Pearson



Mrs. Ruth Shiplett



Miss Francis Hackett



*Academics*

B  
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Miss Margaret Lesesne



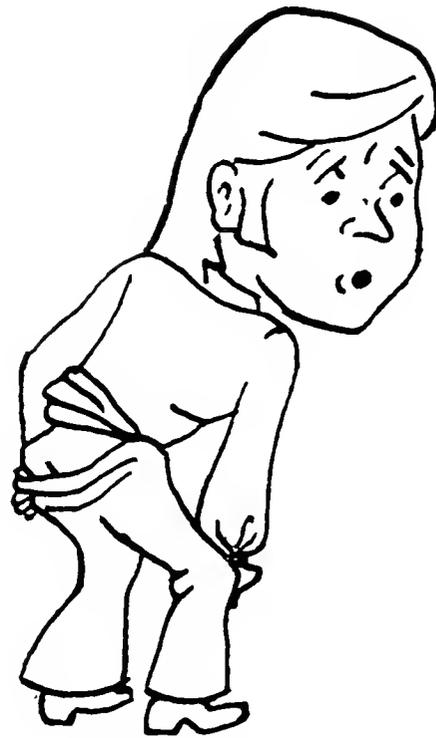
Mr. William Kissell, Co-ordinator



Mr. Eric Jolly



# WHAT IS NURSING EDUCATION LIKE IN 1972?





Miss Dolly Weeks



Co-ordinator Mrs. Helen Biehl



Miss Alice Deal



Mrs. Lois Marriott





Assistant Co-ordinator  
Miss Marion McGrath



Miss Nancy Babb



Mrs. Cecelia Cogdell



Mrs. Marian Larisey



Mrs. Gwen Felton



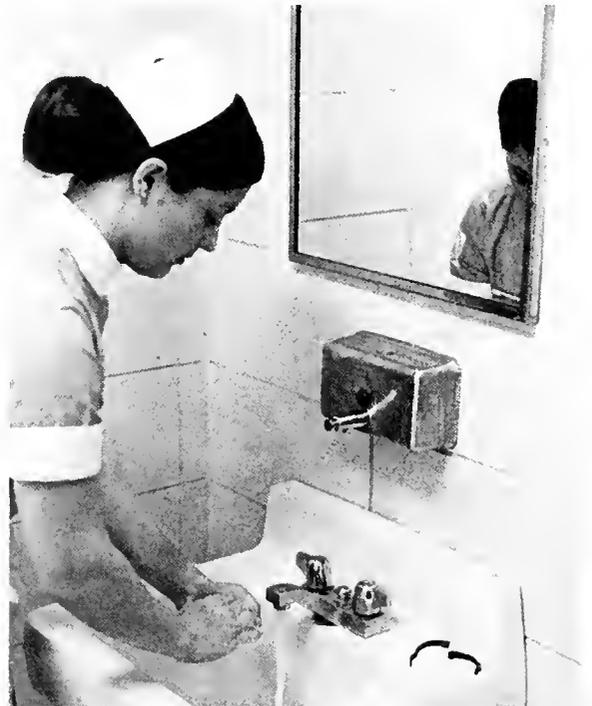
In the Associate Degree in Technical Nursing Program, a student has the unique experience of studying theory on the campus and immediately applying this knowledge at the hospital.

Time is the factor which compels a nursing student to utilize each moment wisely, for she must learn all the necessary skills to practice in only five short semesters, where hours are long and study concentrated.





In the freshman year, learning begins with what is proper dress for a nurse. . . .  
 "Get that hair off your collar!"  
 "Was that YOU in the drug store with your cap on?"



Once properly attired, activities are recessed to the college nursing laboratory where our beloved Mrs. Chase keeps her constant vigil. Rumor has it that Mrs. Chase is, in reality, a sophomore posing as a dummy and doing a good job of it.

In groups of two we began learning basics...it's not everyday you can give a friend a bath. Somehow this program has the ability to complicate cleanliness.

As one student was overheard remarking. . . .  
 "I had to overcome seeing so many naked bodies!"



In the freshman year, many found the smiles of the elderly sufficient motivation to keep pace. Varied assignments presented opportunities and often frustrations.

Summer sessions provided each student with an insight into the miracle of birth.

"Did you see the look on her face when she saw her baby?"

"I can't believe I heard that baby's first cry!"

"It IS the miracle of birth!"

As the sophomore year starts, the student senses the bond which exists within the class - a special feeling. The Student Nurses' Association is busy planning the year's activity.



Work becomes more complex, and realization comes of how short time is and how little one knows.

A particularly proud moment is when the green strip is added to the cap signifying the sophomore level. Two years seems long, but before you realize it, orders are being taken for class pins, caps, and gowns.

\$25.00 to take State Boards?????

Dear to each student is the memory of those many hours necessary to write the patient care study on someone with eight definite diagnoses.

New experiences bring new reactions . . .

"The first day at East Annex I felt physically ill with fear-now I had rather be there than any other area."

"I had no idea isolation was so complicated!"



No one can describe how it feels to hold a sick child while a weary mother rests - neither can it be understood how different it is to give an infant an injection - until you have had that experience.

"One little boy smiling his appreciation to me - that one moment removed all doubts."



How talented the students are. Play projects for the Pediatric ward proved that.



The Associate Degree Program attracts the recent high school graduate, the young married woman, the middle-aged woman, the grandmother, and an occasional male. Because there is a common purpose, no generation gap exists. Friendships develop because we all need each other and we believe others need us.

These two years require everything you can give BUT it gives in return.

# SCIENCE AND MATH

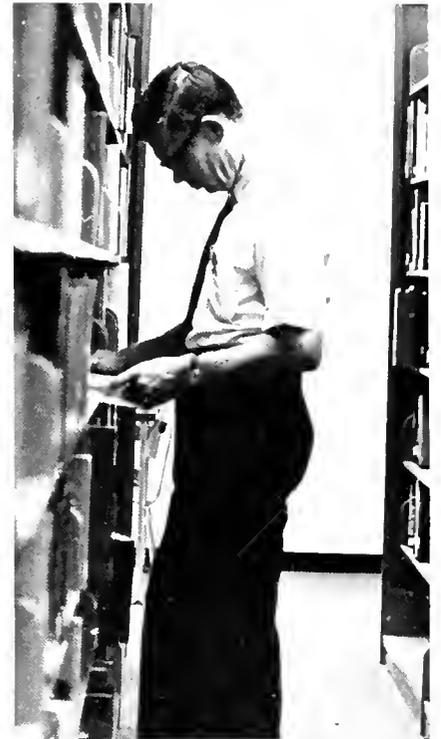


Dr. John Harrington, Convocation:  
"The wasness of the is"



Dr. Eugene Odum, Convocation:  
"Ecology for People"

Mr. Robert Harvey



Mr. David Taylor, Co-ordinator



Mrs. Betty Howard





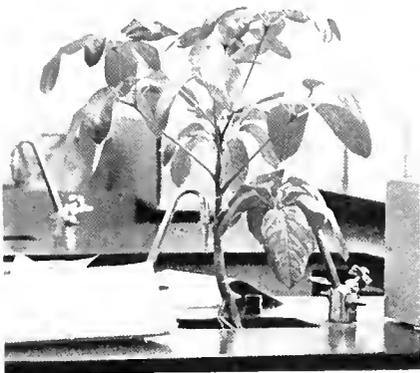
Mr. Charles Stavely



Mr. Guy Jacobsohn



Dr. Lawrence Moore



Miss Sally Snyder

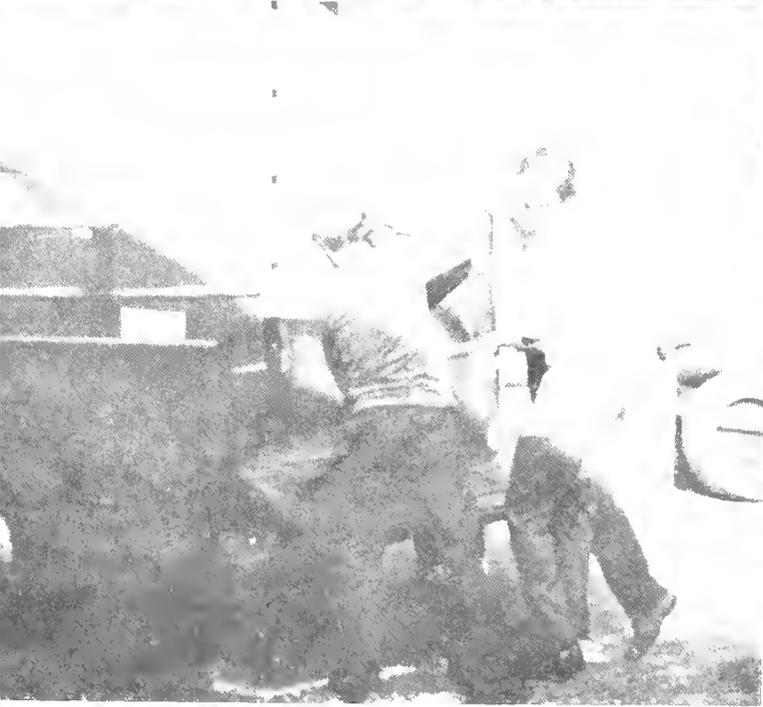


Mr. Dennis Roberts



Dr. Ross Clark









No! We don't spend much time on homework. Why, I only spent 7 or 8 hours on "thermo" last night. I would have spent more, but I had to get to my physics and calculus.

Mr. Gray said he would tell us when to start worrying, but we're advanced students; we started early.



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The engineering faculty and students have a close relationship that is reflected in S.E.S., their society. In between the statics and thermodynamics classes, the students in the Engineering Society somehow managed to offer their observations of what it's really like to be a student. Their comments appear as captions for these pictures.

Under the Society sponsorship, USC-S had its own "greasy spoon" as engineering students successfully sold hot dogs at registration. Their field trips to such places as Lockheed Aircraft, Duke Power's Marshall Generating Station, and the Computer Science Building were truly enjoyable.

Though they claim their courses are so hard they must cut out such luxuries as sleeping and eating, most students would not give up their studies in the area.

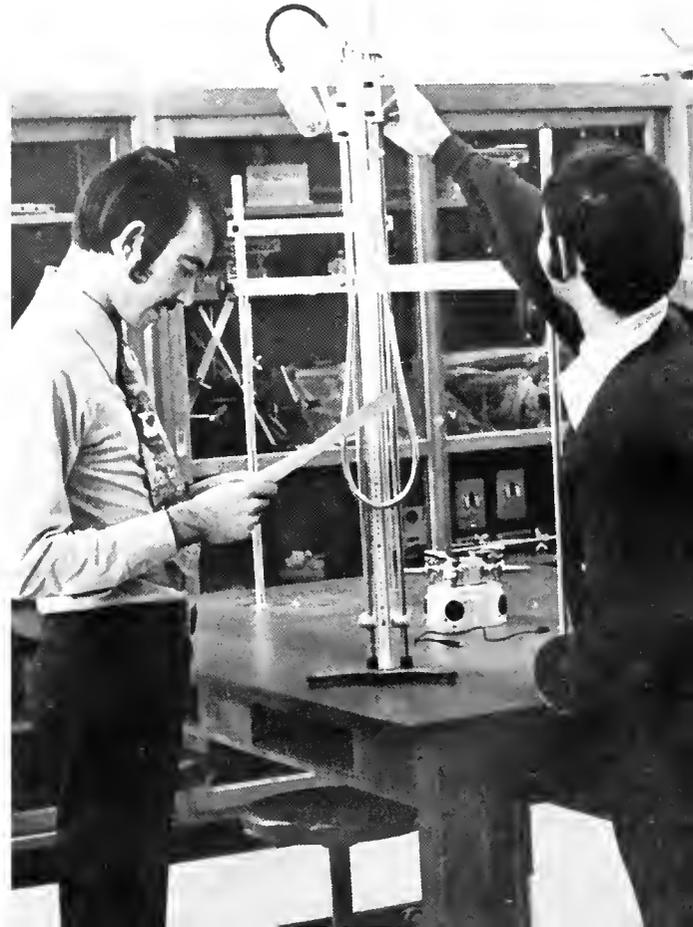
After two years in their courses, their books are still called "elementary", or "an introduction to." Sometimes they wonder if they'll ever get to the advanced studies. "But as sure as the sun rises, that blackboard will be full when we get to each physics class. It's not so bad being a full blackboard behind when coming to class, but I sure wish I understood the first one before the second one goes up."



Mr. Wimberly can completely go through two blackboards of highly complex formulas before we can catch our breath.

When I get a chance to take some of my electives, I'll take it easy and enroll in a "crip" course like chemistry or topology or something.

The Engineering Society feels that to become a good engineering student one must possess a deep desire to learn, a devotion to hard studies, and a definite background of schizophrenia. So says Steve Fowler, president.



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“... a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma.”

— W. Churchill



"A man said to the universe: 'Sir, I exist.'"

"O body swayed to music, O brightening glance, How can we know the dancer from the dance?"

"Hell is other people."

"I celebrate myself, and sing myself, / My soul has grown deep like the rivers."

"Do not go gentle into that good night, Rage, rage against the dying of the light."

"Turning and turning in the widening gyre / The falcon cannot hear the falconer; / Things fall apart; the center cannot hold; / Anarchy, loosed upon the world..."

"We have lingered in the chambers of the sea / Drown: "

"The sea is brown and red / With seaweed wreathed / In the chambers of the sea / Drown: "

"The center cannot hold; / Mere anarchy, loosed upon the world..."

"The center cannot hold; / Mere anarchy, loosed upon the world..."



Mr. Donald Knight, Co-ordinator

Miss Elizabeth Sikes



Mrs. Nancy Moore

Mr. Andrew Crosland





Mr. Charles Winston









"Good morning, Mr. Cox. Before you are past issues of the USC-S newspaper known as the CAROLINIAN. The future of this publication is in grave danger, for all past staff and advisors have departed. Your mission, should you decide to accept it, is to revive the CAROLINIAN and if possible innovate vast improvements in its publication."

Mission Impossible? Maybe, but without knowing the dangers that lay ahead the challenge was accepted by unsuspecting freshman Bill Cox. Under the advis-ship of Mr. Charles Winston the mission began. First a staff had to be found.

On TV a beautiful girl is usually enlisted, but The CAROLINIAN had to settle on Marcia Powell for assis-tant editor. Various other staff members were drafted--some lasted; some didn't. Newspaper work is incredibly dangerous, and the casualty rate is high. Transfers and drop-outs took their toll.

Unfortunately, some stayed on to produce exciting, informative, entertaining, or at least space-filling copy. Included among the brave regulars were Pearson Cooper, Howard Shanker, Paulette Davis, John Howard, Susan

Grimes, Jim Coates, Donna Hammett, Lee Brown, Susan Turner, and others whose names have been omitted to protect the guiltily.

The CAROLINIAN brought much needed stories to news starved USC-S students--such as an inside report on elevators and on outside report on outhouses.

The impossible mission force survived such calamities as the case of the missing publication room (no one bothered to tell even the editor about the secret). Thus, until the new building is completed, the CAROLINIAN will be created in the halls, in closets, in dusty overlooked corners, in crowded stairwells and anywhere else unsuitable. Neither rain, nor sleet, nor snow, nor dark of night, nor dogs, nor exams, nor nothing will halt the publication of the CAROLINIAN. Better luck next time.

### The CAROLANA

Tucked away in the corner of the bookstore is an as-sortment of unknown persons slaving hard over the type-writer and desks. Fear not, student body, this is the annual staff at work! Only they know what it's like to meet a deadline- or miss one. Taking pictures, mak-ing layouts and then re-doing them, and running down to the first floor to sharpen pencils are only some of the exciting jobs available.

This year the annual staff is truly fortunate in having the artistic talents of Pam Copeland, who did most of the artwork throughout this book. Under the leadership of Sandi McMillan, and advisors Mr. Knight and Mr. Crosland, workers Joe Shelton, Paulette Davis, Mar-jorie Floyd and Marilyn Hughes strove to meet their deadlines. Carrie George, Myra Ramsey, Linda Allen, Jim Coates and Danny Sullins contributed their talents. But only the student body can decide whether their ef-forts were worthwhile.



# ... AND LANGUAGE

Comparing voices in the language lab can damage the student ego. Mr. Lithard would contend that the South Carolina accent is a difficult obstacle to overcome. At any rate, people who take a language leave the course with a common experience: those earphones hurt like hell! Miss Wynn allows no such language in her classroom.



Miss Carolyn Wynn



Mr. Paul Lithard

# A R T

# M U S I C



## AEGEAN

## "Snake Goddess"

1000-1500 B.C.

In the round sculpture was used by the Minoans for religious ceremonies, and one of the principal deities commemorated three dimensionally was the earth deity of fertility, referred to as the Snake Goddess because of the snakes which symbolized the annual renewal of nature concept. This particular version is a clay figurine of about 1600 B.C. that was found at the Palace at Knossos. Like most of the existing works of sculpture, it is small in size, a factor related, perhaps, to the need for portability and ease of handling such figurines as sacred talismans. Measuring about eight inches in height, this colorful figure with a co-tailor of the style of the day is to be seen in the Museum in Heraklion on the Island of Crete.



Most of the group  
 became interested in  
 went in early 1954. It  
 mostly because of a  
 group called "The  
 Presentations made  
 appearance of long  
 a show at a basketball  
 the Christmas program  
 sponsorship of Fred  
 Further, Mrs. Collins  
 granted a new grant  
 for Sigma Phi



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Ferenc Nagy-"The Fight of the Intellectuals and Youth in the Communist World"



"Transcendental Meditation"



Nathan Wright-"Black & White Problems of Identity"



Rabbi Folb-"What is Religion and its place in the Modern World"



Nester A. Moreno-  
"The Forgotten Cuban Revolution"



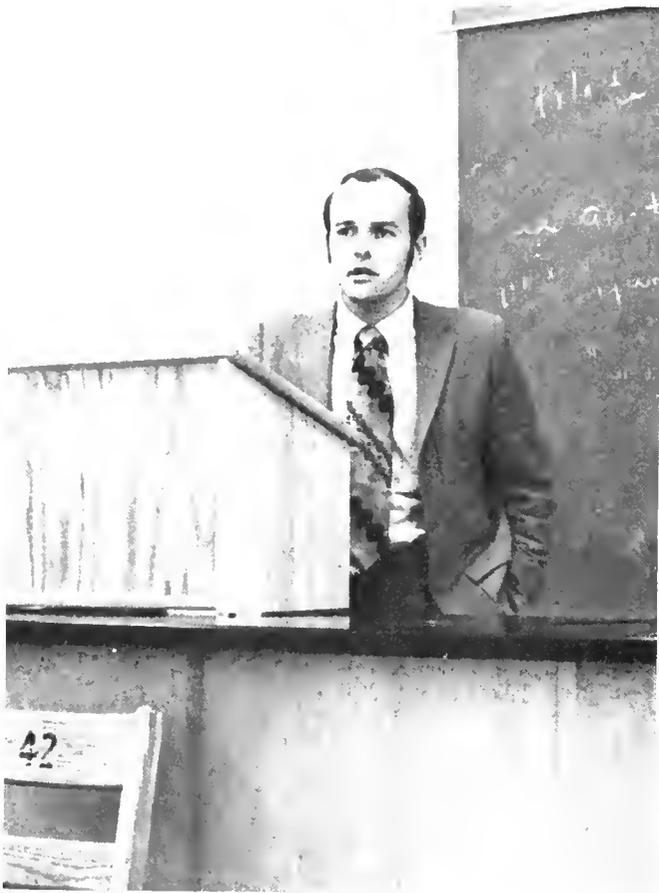
Chess Club

James Greenway, President



Thanksgiving Dinner given by the People for Cultural Awareness





Dr. Conway Henderson



Mr. Joseph Bowman



Dr. John Edmunds

Mr. James P. Sloan



Mr. Richard Spong



Dr. Tom Overton



Dr. Alice Henderson

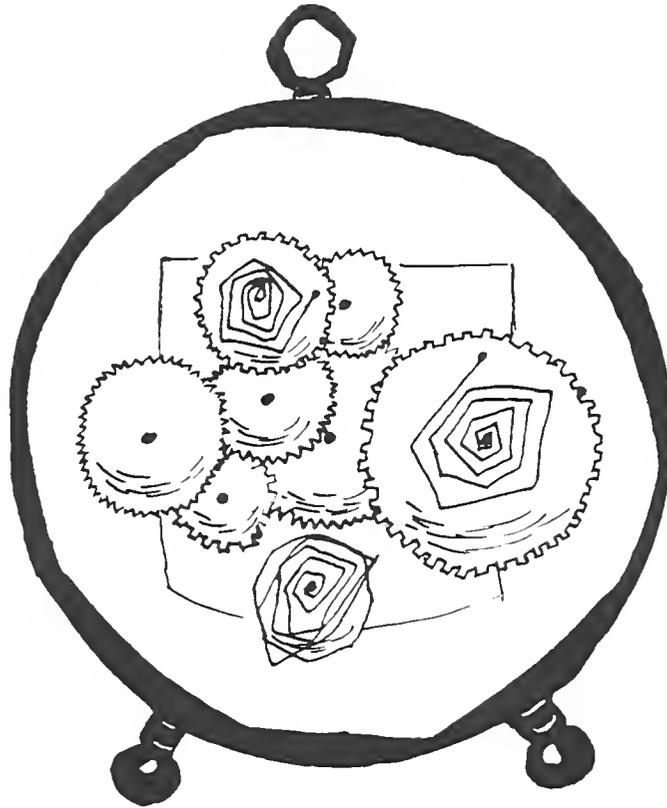


Mrs. Walda Wildman





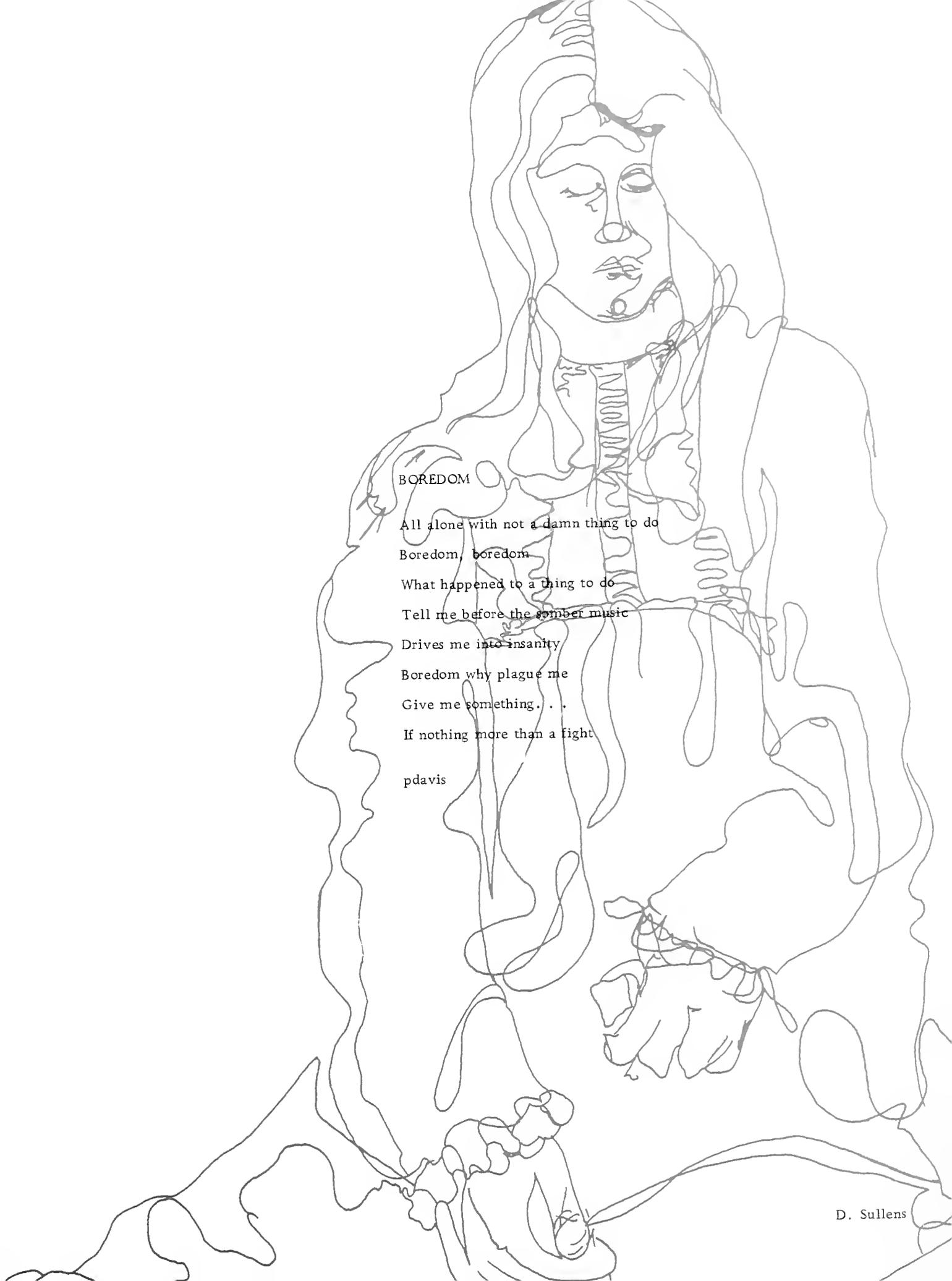
*Originals*



Art comes to you proposing  
frankly to give nothing but  
the highest quality to your  
moments as they pass.

Walter Pater 1839-1894

In the past USC-Spartanburg has published a literary magazine to provide an outlet, but now the CAROLANA is using a portion of its pages to bring enjoyment to its friends. Many students have labored--for art comes through hours of frustration--and have contributed a portion of themselves to this book.



BOREDOM

All alone with not a damn thing to do

Boredom, boredom

What happened to a thing to do

Tell me before the somber music

Drives me into insanity

Boredom why plague me

Give me something. . .

If nothing more than a fight

pdavis

## The Rocker

"Put some more coal in the heater," the old woman said. Coughing, she pulled her linty sweater closer around her and buttoned it all the way up.

The heat waves distorted the girl's features as she stood beside the big boy reaching for the coal bucket. A burnt wisp of paper floated out when she chunked the coal in. She stopped to shake the grate and watched the coals fall glowing and die among the ashes.

The girl settled in the corner of the couch, propped her tablet on the arm and waited.

The house was quiet except for the creak of the old woman's rocking chair and the noises the big boy made. Even the ticking of the wall clock was audible. Outside the rain was falling steadily.

"Turn on the light so you can see." The woman looked back at the girl.

"I can see, A'nt Mag," the girl said.

"No, it's too dark in here. Don't be straining your eyes, girl."

The woman rocked in thought. All the while the girl toyed with the pen, clicking it in and out. "You ready, Child?" The woman spoke at last.

"Dear son," she began, "just a few lines to let you hear from me . . . ."

The girl stood akimbo behind the rocking chair while her aunt looked at the letter. The old woman held it in her hands for a while, then took off her glasses and laid them so that their shadow fell on the paper.

"That's good," she said smiling. She touched her fingers to her tongue and creased the letter carefully before handing it to the girl. She watched as her niece sealed the envelope. "Well, that's your cousin Paul in Philadelphia." The old woman shook her head sideways as she leaned back in the chair.

The wind whistled and rattled the window panes. A grunt of thunder fell in the distance. And the rain pelted the ground.

Her head thrown back, her body pressed against the slatted back of the chair, her big-veined hands gripping its arms, the old woman hummed an old church song while she rocked.

Then she began to talk about her boy Paul. Paul did this and Paul did that when Paul was a boy. She talked about Paul's new house in Philadelphia, and the six children he had. "I'm going to have to go see my grandchildren one of these days," she said and lapsed into silence.

"Can I turn on the radio?"

"It's lightening ain't it, girl?"

"No'm, not around here." Already the girl had started for the box.

The news of the hour was on. The old woman remarked upon the growing awfulness of the world, so many people getting killed. She shook her head.

The clinking of the plates and the rattling of the pans stopped. The sink made sucking noises that sounded oddly loud in the quiet house.

The old woman had fallen over sideways in the chair in her sleep. The girl shook her softly and called out.

"You got anything else for me to do before I go? The rain's slacked up now."

The old woman looked up at the clock on the wall. "No. . .No. You better go 'head," she said. She pushed herself up and walked to the door behind the girl. They exchanged goodbyes, and the girl ran out into the drizzle. The woman stood shivering in the doorway and watched until the girl had disappeared around the corner.

Slowly, she closed the door and turned off the light and the radio. Then she went back to her chair and rocked in the dark.



“HYPERBOLA AND RUTHETTA” By Francena Loyless

Sienna

How generous of Humanity!

The Sanctuaries,

Reserves.

The wild, fierce Game

Slips back into the hogan

Where

Disease and

Famine

Find their prey.

And to the end He clings to his

Identity,

Ancestral Tradition;

As Man rebuilds the

Fences to restore

Dependence and

Stifle the Freedom.

Diane Kingery

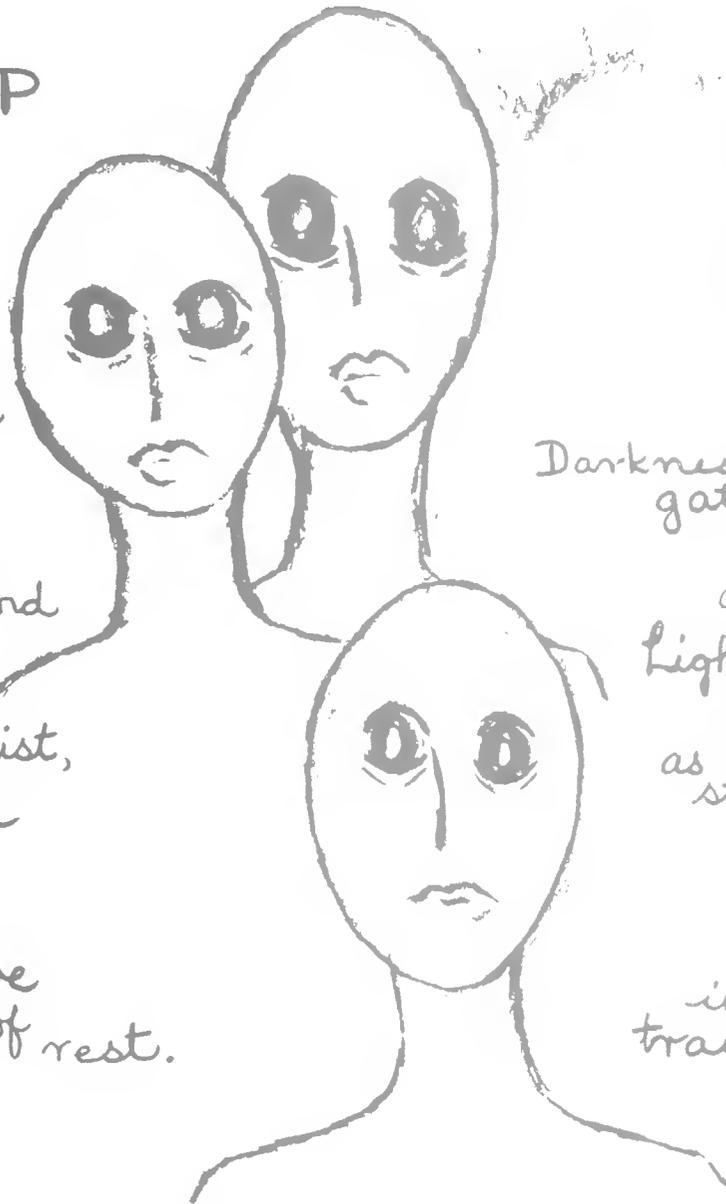


# SLEEP

Upon my eyes  
a leaden weight,

Upon my mind  
a veil of mist,

And  
over my body  
a wave of rest.



Darkness gathers  
as before  
a storm;  
lights flicker  
as stars  
above

while  
eyes close  
in deep  
trance.

Suddenly - lights - flashes  
of color  
in the  
mind.

Faces  
of  
friends and

foes in  
rapid succession

Then dispersed;  
chaos  
becomes a dream.

Beautiful fantasies spun in the mind.

Sunlight splashes glare over darkness  
and the world of day begins.

# A Sweeping Scene

Sweeping. I guess that I enjoy that more than any type of housework. Cooking is not work. It is creating and I do enjoy to eat.

Baby, please don't walk in my dirt. It's so odd, I can remember my own Mother yelling the same thing at me. And now I'm doing it and she will yell at her children. This house-funerals take up so much time. The church had a nice carpet, wish we could get one.

Mommie, what is the floor doing?

Nothing Baby, just getting clean or trying to.

Now I sing my ABC's-my child genius, at two she can say her ABC's in the correct order. Where is air? How do you explain that-it's all around, everywhere? No, that's really not a very good answer. Death, that will be hard to explain. She learns too much from television; gives her the wrong attitude. Like that little boy that cried so when he saw the corpse, they said he watches "Dark Shadows." I'm so glad that I didn't take the baby. He was trouble enough. Neither of us especially agree with the fakey funeral idea, but how can you say to them that you won't go. They hurt so easily. The food, I still feel stuffed. Seems as if we do an awful lot so they won't get hurt.

She was a God-fearing woman. She could recognize her sons by touching their hands. Many times she held mine, rubbing it-the minister spoke on.

Hands have a lot of feeling, but does a senile hand understand that feeling? I really don't understand why we are supposed to fear God. Granddaddy sincerely believed and preached in the "Great Fear," but he was a moonshiner too. Of course, mountain people tend to be that way. Sometimes, I miss them. It's hard for people, especially him, to understand about feelings for mountains. I wish the baby could learn to love and know their strength. This funeral was very much like my Grandma's funeral. I was so little and had never seen Mother cry. This was the first one that I've been to since then and they were so much alike. Both of the women were awfully old, lived hearty, and were buried in a small country church. At least I didn't get hysterical at his Grandma's. Controlled emotions, could that mean being matured?

Mother has gone to be with Dad and our brother. The oldest son's memorial speech. Of course, her children were upset-but he hasn't known his Grandma for the last four years. He's been that way since he was discharged. Not nervousness, just something that he brought home with him. I wonder if malaria would have been worse? At least we now have each other, it is so much easier to comfort someone near rather than try to in a letter. All this we go through to end up like them. They mourned for about two hours and the rest was eating and visiting.

-Rejoice, we are here to celebrate a victory. I wonder if the minister really believed what he said. For myself, I like to be able to feel and to be aware-she doesn't.

-Mommie, are you through? Sit down, read me "Appleseed Johnnie." What's on his head?

-Just a minute, Little One. A cooking pot. Hand me the dust pan.

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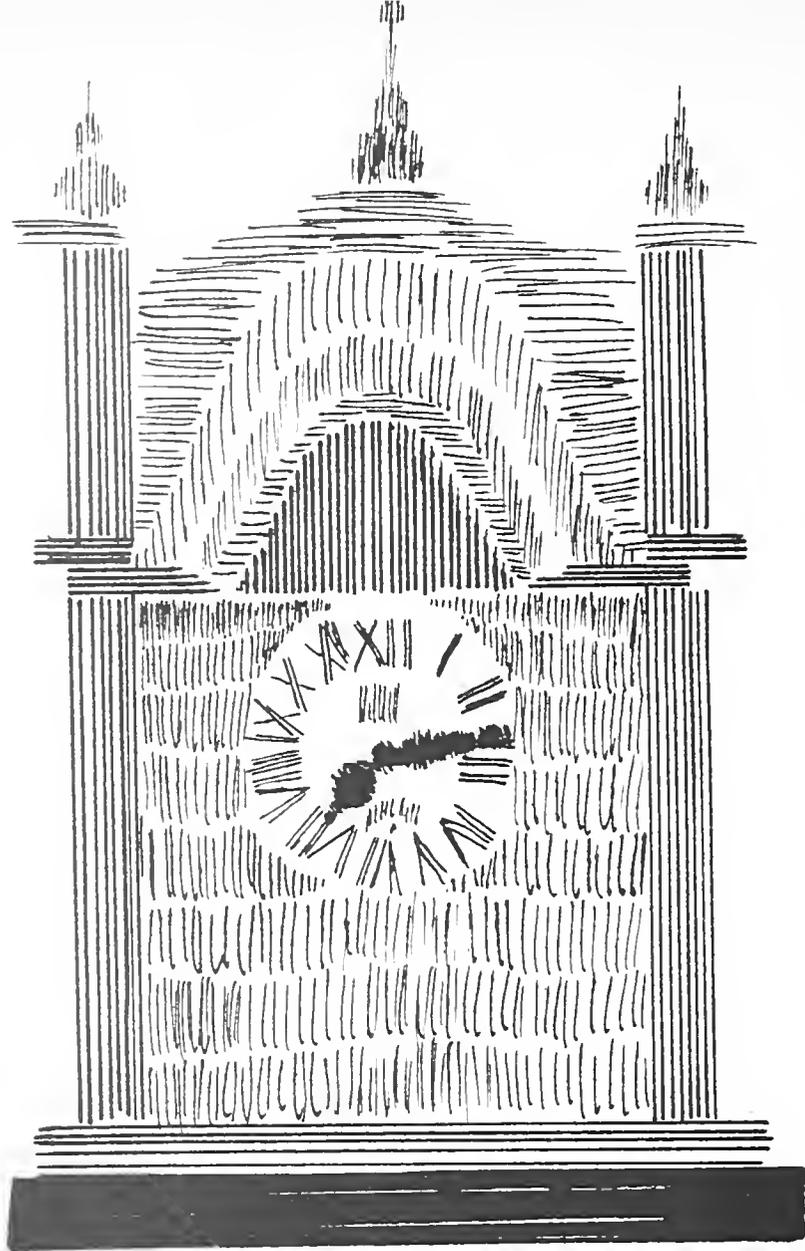
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B. Kerns

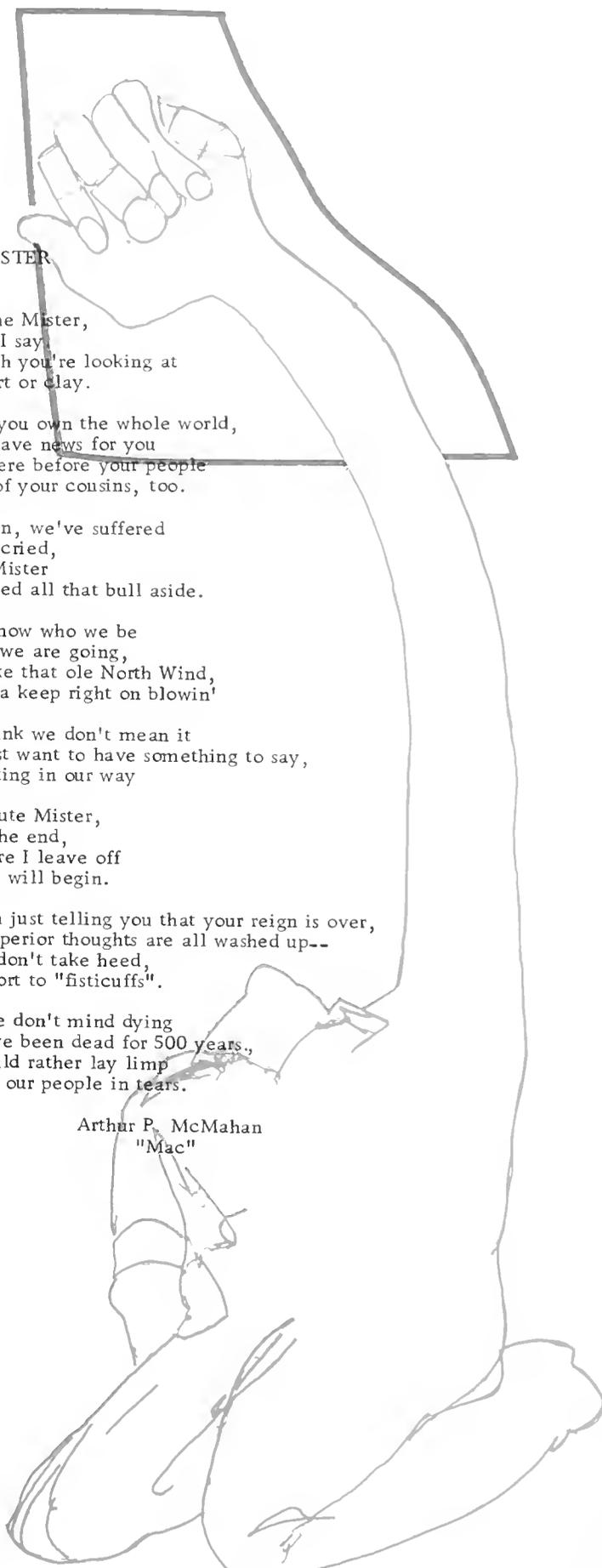


Pam Copeland

*PC*

LIFE

The burnt out clock on the wall  
says it was neglected  
It sounds an antique buzz  
what happened to the ticks?  
And tocks?  
An uncultured mound of behind the time  
a hypocritical keeper of the day  
It's not your fault clock  
just the way it goes .  
something called fate  
pdavis



LISTEN MISTER

Listen to me Mister,  
Here what I say,  
This is flesh you're looking at  
Not just dirt or clay.

You think you own the whole world,  
But boy I have news for you  
We were here before your people  
And most of your cousins, too.

We've taken, we've suffered  
And we've cried,  
But listen Mister  
We've pushed all that bull aside.

Now, we know who we be  
And where we are going,  
And just like that ole North Wind,  
We're gonna keep right on blowin'

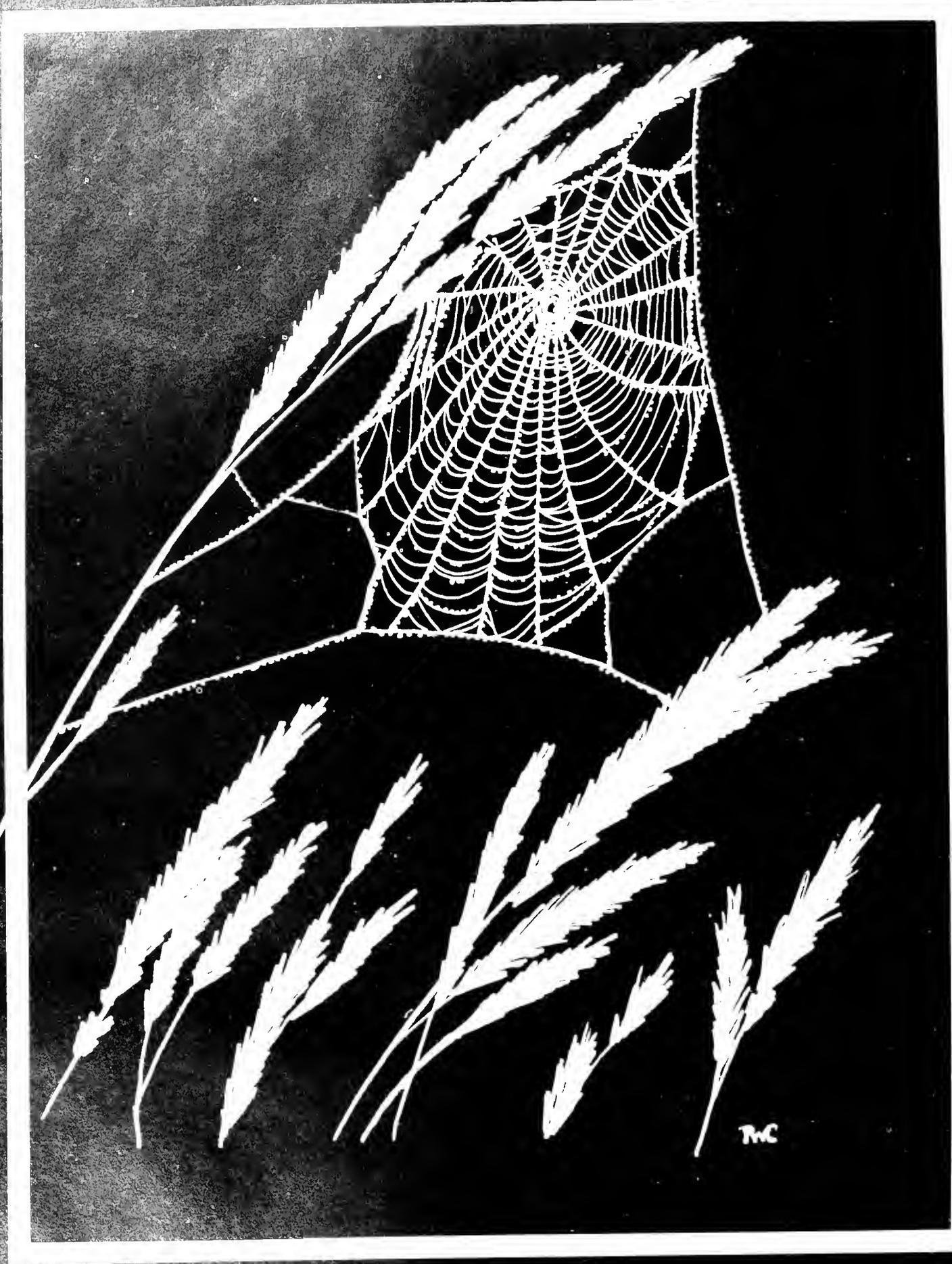
Oh, you think we don't mean it  
That we just want to have something to say,  
Just try getting in our way

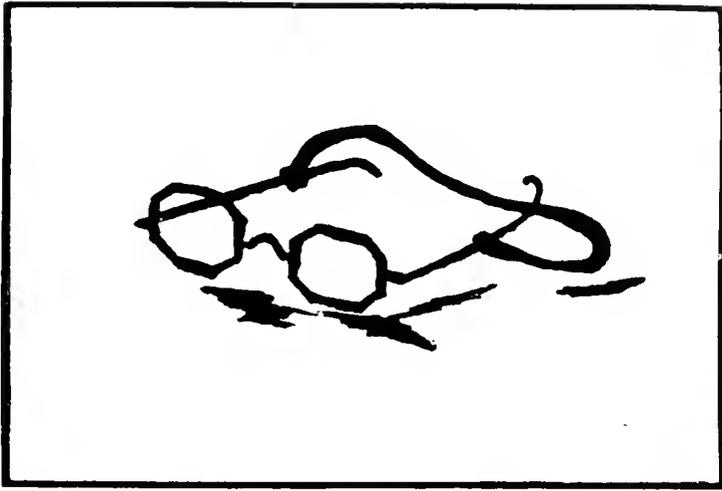
Wait a minute Mister,  
This ain't the end,  
'Cause where I leave off  
My brothers will begin.

You see I'm just telling you that your reign is over,  
And your superior thoughts are all washed up--  
And if you don't take heed,  
We will resort to "fisticuffs".

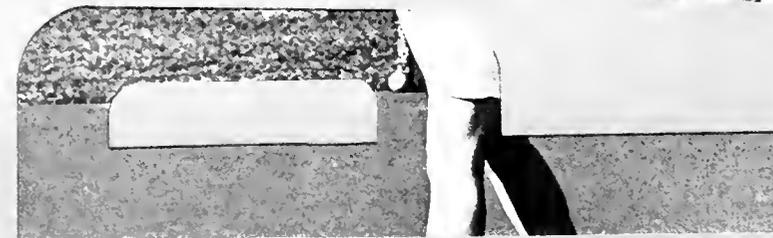
Hell no! We don't mind dying  
'Cause we've been dead for 500 years,  
And we would rather lay limp  
Than to see our people in tears.

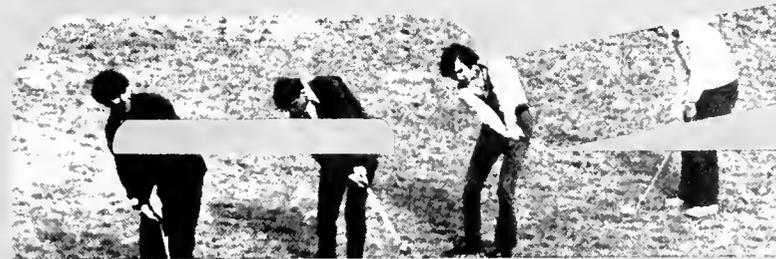
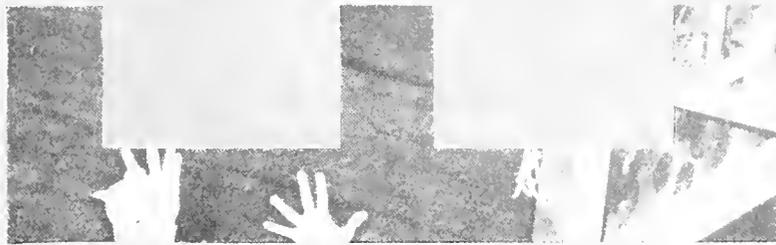
Arthur P. McMahan  
"Mac"





*Sports*





# OUTDOOR CLUB



One of the compelling reasons to take up outdoor sports is to better appreciate the environment. A serene view greets this hiker at Linville Gorge in western North Carolina.



Club sponsor Mr. Jacobsohn shows the correct rappelling technique. A rock climbing enthusiast must carry other equipment such as pitons, carabiners, and a heavy hammer.



Once up there, there's an intense relaxation that overcomes, and survival is the only thing to think about.



Although only picturing climbing, it is hoped that bicycling, snow skiing, and canoeing will also be included in the list of activities for the Outdoor Club.

# TENNIS TEAM



Through rain, hail, sleet, and hopefully, no snow, the match must go on. A wet court is difficult to play. Blow harder, boys, we start in fifteen minutes.



The first rule of tennis is to keep your eye on the ball--tsk, tsk, someone isn't paying attention.



A smashing serve from Yarborough shows good form. Notice rabid chipmunk scars on right thigh. (Who says tennis is dull?)



Are they frogs (ribbit, ribbit)? No, just the tennis team doing exercises to strengthen legs and wind. All this facilitates quick movements on court, necessary to a net player.

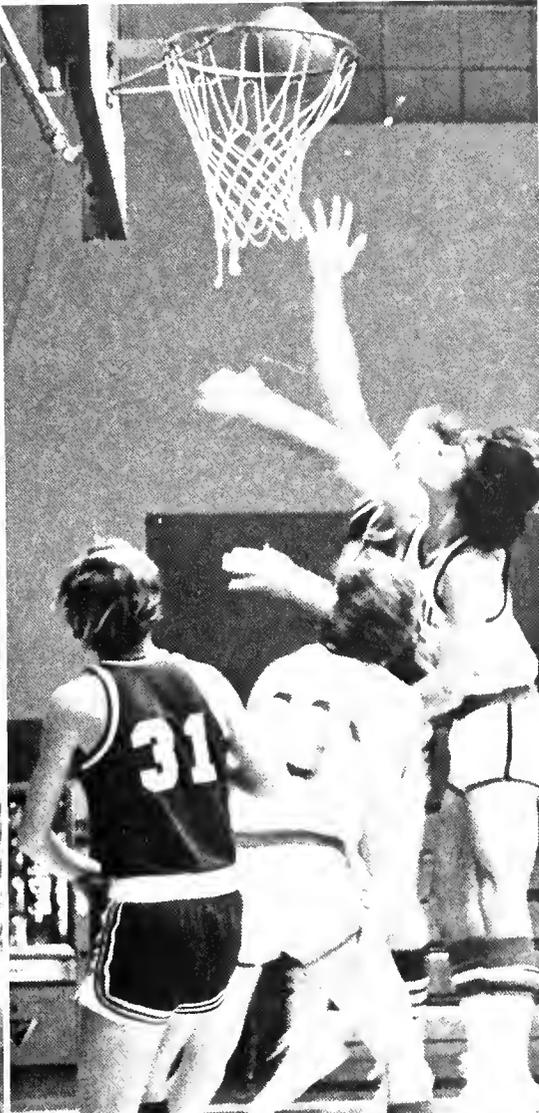


Coach Spong demonstrates the correct way to serve as he tells player to "Hit the ball at the top of your reach."



Pleasantly surprised by the large turnout as opposed to other years, Coaches Spong and Davis stand with their team: Left to right: T. Hindman, J. Coates, J. Kennedy, D. Anderson, K. Bailey, Second row: D. Yarborough, R. Montgomery, P. Kimbrell, S. Loftis, B. Meder, Absent: B. O'dell.





# BASKETBALL

The 1971-72 basketball season was to be both the beginning of a new era and the end of an old era.

In place of the red and black Bantams, a new team of purple-clad Spartan Rifles would take the court to represent USC-Spartanburg.

For the first time there would be an official conference to compete in, consisting of nine regional campuses of both USC and Clemson.

The new look also was accompanied by new enthusiasts to become the first champions of the Palmetto Athletic Conference. The odds were against the Rifles and many obstacles loomed in the future but throughout the year, the enthusiasm remained.

Problems began while the first game was still far away. Several key players that were expected to carry much of the load would not be among the new Spartan Rifles.

A lack of height now posed another obstacle and even more pressure fell upon 6-5 returning center Mike Hollifield. Coach Joe Bowman turned to a largely freshman group to begin molding a team.

"We want to place emphasis on the players we've got now and not count on anybody that's uncertain," explained Bowman of the players that probably would not be able to compete.

The Rifles would concentrate on defense and try to take advantage of the team's quickness in offsetting the lack of experience.

Hollifield and Greg Fowler, a freshman guard, were named co-captains for the year and with Steve Wood, Jerry Camp, Art McMahan, Andrew Hodges, Tim Conner, Rick Stone, and others all fighting to take up the slack, the Spartan Rifles set out to open the year.

Bowman predicted at the onset that USC-S would win more than it would lose. Unfortunately the Rifles established a pattern that would not accomplish the goal if it were not broken. For the first 12 ball games, they would win a game only after losing a pair.

The first loss came to Central Piedmont Community College in Charlotte by a 91-78 score after trailing by only three at halftime. As a small consolation, Bowman's freshmen began to show that they were ready for college basketball as Steve Wood fired in 22 points followed by Fowler's 16.

Palmer of Columbia greeted the Rifles a week later and had an easy time in taking a 107-70 victory before it was time for a victory.

Spartanburg's first win, like several, served to avenge an earlier loss as the Spartan Rifles battled from behind to whip Central Piedmont 79-69. The game marked the return of center Max Elliott who was one of the many question marks at the beginning of the year. Fowler tossed in 20 points but it was Elliott who sparked the win with 23 points. Unfortunately for the Rifles, his return would not last long.



Coach Joseph Bowman with his basketball team: LEFT TO RIGHT, G. Fowler, J. Camp, R. Dodd, J. Turner, C. Erwin, M. Hollifield, R. Stone, A. McMahan, A. Hodges, S. Wood, D. Pack, T. Conner



But it was homecoming, and the Rifles had some celebrating to do. They did it by outscoring the visitors 42-29 in the second half and producing a 69-60 revenge win with Hollifield, Wood, and Conner leading the way.

The pattern was definitely broken, but a new one seemed to be settling in. The ancient Greeks might have deemed it fate and proclaimed the jinx as the will of some Olympian god.

Against USC-Union it was undecided until the last three seconds if the new scheme would continue. The score was tied with only seconds remaining, and it looked as if Union would ice the game on a pair of free throws. But something went wrong. The shot was missed. Spartanburg hauled down the rebound, and the game seemed destined for overtime.

But the ball was fumbled away, or maybe the fleet-footed Mercury kicked it. At any rate the waiting hands of a Union player layed the sphere through the net with 0:03 left on the clock.

Now it was win one, lose one. Better than the first pattern, but still not good enough. The win came right on schedule with a victory over USC-Beaufort.

A loss in the next game would not do. The Rifles needed the win for a chance to tie for fourth in the PAC standings. Defeat would mean sixth.

By this time Sophocles was standing by with a modern-day classical tragedy in mind. Were the Rifles a victim of fate or was some tragic flaw spelling disaster?

In the pivotal game against Clemson-Sumter the tragic flaw came in the way of innumerable missed layups. Spartanburg controlled the rebounding but rebounds without points don't win too many games. When the final layup was missed the string was preserved with an 84-73 loss.

The other era had now come to an end. It was marked with a mock funeral but the mourning was far from the truth. Spartanburg had lost its last game in the old Evans Junior High gym. Next year the Rifles would be greeted by a brand new gym. A friendly place to call home.

Only two regular season games remained and all chance of finishing in the top half of the standings vanished with the loss to Sumter. The Rifles were now 7-11 overall.

They would not win more than they lost, at least not in the regular season. Coach Joe Bowman still believed that the team was vastly improved over past years, but so was the competition.

There was still a chance to turn a good season into an even better one. The Palmetto Athletic Conference lay waiting ahead.

Now it was time for USC-S to enter PAC competition and the first opponent was USC-Aiken. The Rifles fell behind early and were unable to make up the difference in the second half. The comeback attempt ended with a rash of fouling resulting in a 79-57 loss.

Palmer again completed the first cycle of the pattern by handing Spartanburg a 122-82 loss in a game that was never in doubt. At least it was time for a win.

The Rifles, now 1-4 and tired of losing, took out their frustrations on USC-Salkahatchie and produced their first conference win by a whopping 85-65 score. "We're improving steadily," reported Bowman. "Our freshmen are coming around and I think when they start playing good ball we'll be all right."

The next test would not be an easy one as a return match was scheduled with USC-Aiken, who by this time was leading the Palmetto Athletic Conference standings.

Spartanburg trailed 33-30 after the first 20 minutes, Aiken could gain no ground and barely managed to escape the upset-minded Rifles by a slight 65-62 score after watching USC-S hold the lead several times in the closing minutes.

"It was the best team effort we've had," lauded a pleased Coach Bowman. Aiken had been averaging over 100 points per game but were held to 65 by the Rifle defense. "Our improvement has been so great it's almost unbelievable. One less mistake and it could have been the other way around."

The enthusiasm could not be boosted as the Rifles had another game to lose before tasting victory again. USC-Lancaster gladly co-operated with the unfortunate pattern and handed Spartanburg an 80-62 loss.

The Rifles took their scheduled win against USC-Union by a 94-83 score, then continued the cycle with losses to USC-Coastal and Lancaster.

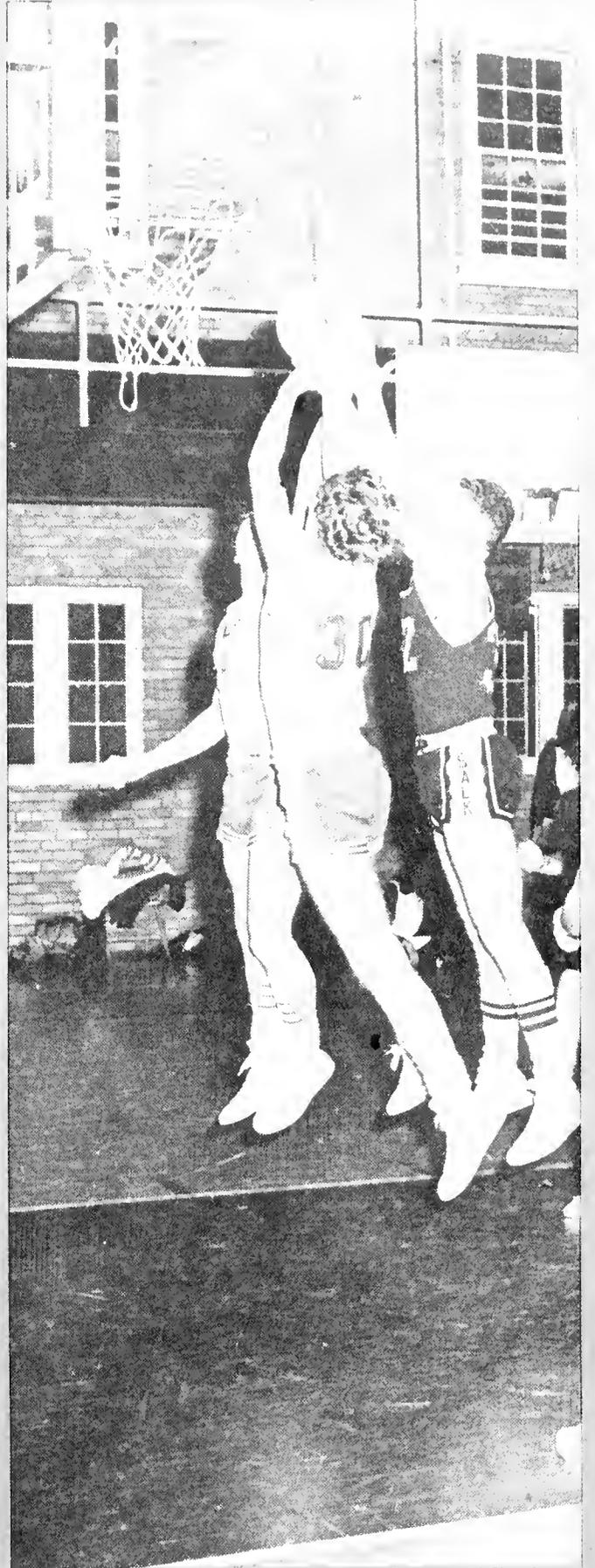
Spartanburg traveled to USC-Beaufort for a victory and then it happened. The pattern was broken and in the Spartan Rifles' favor.

Clemson-Greenville visited Evans gym and found itself the victim of a 73-44 demolishing as USC-S rolled to its fourth PAC win against five losses. Now there was a chance to draw even in conference play and enhance the Rifles' place in the standings. For the first time all year, USC-S had a winning string, albeit only two games.

It was not meant to be as Spartanburg traveled to Clemson-Sumter only to return with a 73-59 loss.

It looked as though the old 2-1 jinx was returning with USC-Coastal, a previous victor by 22 points, lined up for the next game. This time Spartanburg was behind by four instead of two at the half.







## HOMECOMING '72

Mary Easler was crowned homecoming queen for the 1972 school year during halftime festivities of the USC-Spartanburg versus USC-Coastal basketball game to high-light homecoming activities Feb. 12.

The roses and crown were presented to Mary by Dr. N. A. Storzaker, USC-S Director, with assistance from David Anderson.

Pat Jones, 19-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John R. Jones of Lyman, was named maid of honor from the court of eight contestants.

Members of the court and their sponsors are Maria Fernandez by Richard Dodd, Susan Grimes by Steve Wood, Mary Ann Fore by Jerry Camp, Valerie Henderson by Greg Fowler, Susan McGraw by Rick Stone, and Emily Williams by Art McMahan.

Serving as escorts were Mike Lowe, Jim Coates, Bobby Waldt, Stanley Taylor, Jim Young and Johnny Dawkins. John Howard escorted the queen and Gerald Smith accompanied the maid of honor.

Prior to the scheduled game was an exhibition contest pitting the USC Bantams against the USC-S faculty.

A party and dance at the Ramada Inn followed the games and festivities, which were held at Evans Junior Hig School.





*USC-S Bows  
To Lancaster*

*USC-C Rifles  
Are Edged*

USC-S Loses  
First Game

USC-S Rifles  
Score 85-65  
Cage Victory



USC-S  
Handed  
67-45  
Defeat

Spartan Rifles  
Are Downed

*USC-S Takes  
79-69 Victory*

*USC-S Rifles  
Fall To Aiken*



Cheering Squad: FRONT ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT) Kara Hender, n. Mar Easter, BACK ROW: Mar Ann Fore, Susan McCraw, Susan Grimer.

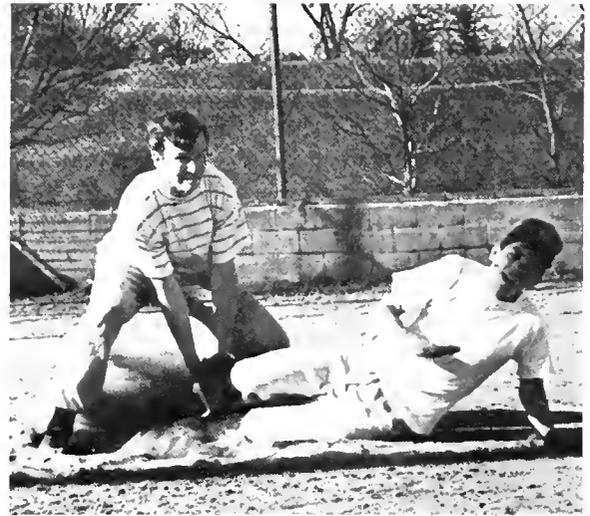


# BASEBALL . . .

Baseball is new to the Spartanburg Campus this year. With a brand-new competitive sport with no experience to fall back upon, it is difficult to predict the outcome, but Coaches Boswell and Mack have hopes of a good season. Out of thirty boys who tried out, seventeen were chosen to represent the University against several high schools, regional campuses, and Spartanburg Junior College. Working on batting averages and outfield, and physical fitness exercises at the City Recreation Park, the team hopes to compete in the PAC Conference held at Lancaster in April.



LEFT TO RIGHT: FRONT ROW, J. Ballinger, B. Denton, M. Lowe, J. Ramsey, D. Bishop, C. Burns, T. Commer, BACK ROW, Coach Boswell, C. Weeks, B. Reeves, J. Frady, R. Dodd, C. Erwin, A. Hodges, R. Stone. Not pictured: Coach Mack, J. Turner, R. Waldt, J. Rhodes.





## GOLF

This year the golf team has an excellent chance of bettering last year's winning record. According to Coach Bowman, the roster of games will include such varied schools as N. Dakota, Marshall, Brandeis, Saginaw, and a number of local colleges. Also new in the PAC Conference Tournament to be played at Gastonia. With high hopes riding on their talent, the team is composed of Tom Caldwell, Jim Brunson, Maurice Turner, Randy Humphries, Jack Turner, Tom Shropshire, Kent Edwards, John Bridwell, David Moore, Mike Moss, Jim Young, Steve Wilson, Jim Page, and Gene Rudisill.





# Spartan Rifles Ready For Home

By BILL COX

Herald-Journal Sports Writer

Funeral ceremonies were held Thursday night at Evans Junior High. In fact, it was Evans Junior High that was buried.

Prior to the basketball game between USC-Spartanburg and Clemson-Sumter, a simulated Evans was placed in a casket and escorted to its final resting place by a host of Spartan Rifle players, cheerleaders and fans.

The passing on was mourned by none. It was the last appearance for USCS at the old school.

Beginning next year, the Rifles will be playing in a new physical education complex located on the USCS campus. The facility will seat 2,145 spectators and will feature a Uni-Turf synthetic court similar to the Tartan Turf in Carolina Coliseum.

After five years of playing "home games" on the road, USCS Coach Joe Bowman feels there's no question that the complex will be a boost to the athletic program.

"It should make all the difference in the world. The problems in using Evans are unbelievable," said Bowman, pointing out the location of Evans and the disadvantages of having to practice at night.

"The biggest thing it will provide is a pride and an identity for the school itself. It should help our crowds since it will be closer affiliated with the campus.

Bowman expects the attraction of a modern gymnasium to help in the recruiting of athletes to the regional playing at a junior high school. With a new building we'll be able to interest students much easier."

The facility is expected to be ready at least by Dec. 15 so the Rifles will play away games until that time.

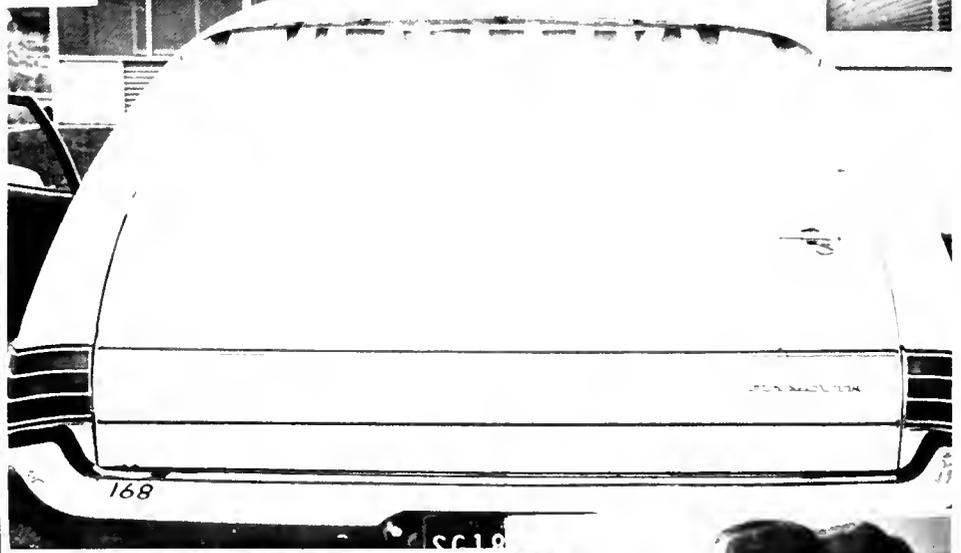
Fan support has been disappointing despite the fact that Spartanburg is on its way to what could be its best season ever. Bowman expects the situation and spirit to improve tremendously in the years to come.

"The burial ceremony was just in fun. Sort of like a farewell party," laughed the Rifle coach. "We really do appreciate the help and co-operation of District 7 and Evans."

"The whole thing is a very important step in the right direction. We have a good program now. All we need is the physical facilities to make it more attractive."

As the funeral procession concluded, a faint smile came over the coach's lips.

Frank McGuire has his house. Now Joe Bowman is getting his.





*Classes*





One of the methods used to help the student participate in the Student Government is an "open door policy" in the meetings. Any student may come in and voice his opinion on any issue. Not only will he be heard but his ideas will be considered as much as those of anyone else. Unfortunately, not many students have taken advantage of this opportunity.

In spite of the general feelings of disinterest, we have had activities where students were, on a whole, very active. The dances were our biggest events. Another successful endeavor was in the area of minority and low income student recruitment in which the SGA actively worked with the faculty, administration, and members of the community. Various other projects were begun, such as Student Volunteer Services, National Student Lobby, and official publication, rap sessions, and film sessions. It has been the policy of the Student Government at USC-S to carry the involvement of the student further. Voter registration on campus was part of this effort.









SGA SECRETARY Valerie Henderson



SOPHOMORE PRESIDENT  
Mike Lowe



SGA VICE PRESIDENT  
Mary Ann Fore



SGA TREASURER  
Kaja Henderson



FRESHMAN PRESIDENT  
John Howard

SGA PRESIDENT  
Paulette Davis



SOPHOMORE VICE PRESIDENT  
Susan Grimes

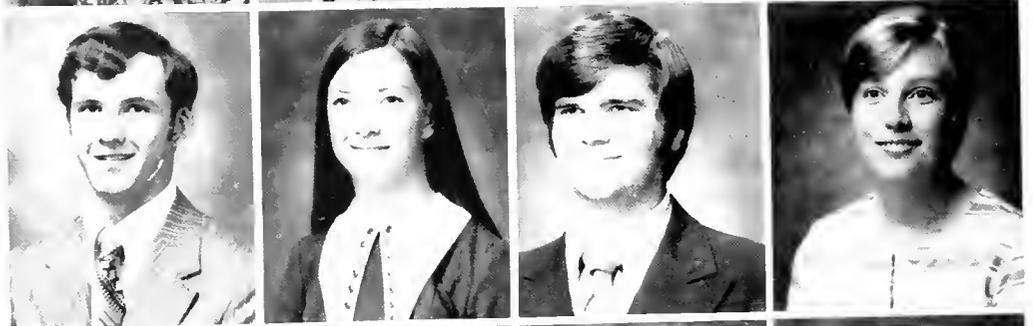


SENATOR Steve Wood

Becky Adams  
 Joe Adams  
 Karen Allen  
 David Anderson



Terry Atkins  
 Vickie Atkins  
 Karan Bailey  
 Freda Baker



Gary Baker  
 Lucy Ballenger  
 Susan Ballenger  
 Jimmy Ballinger

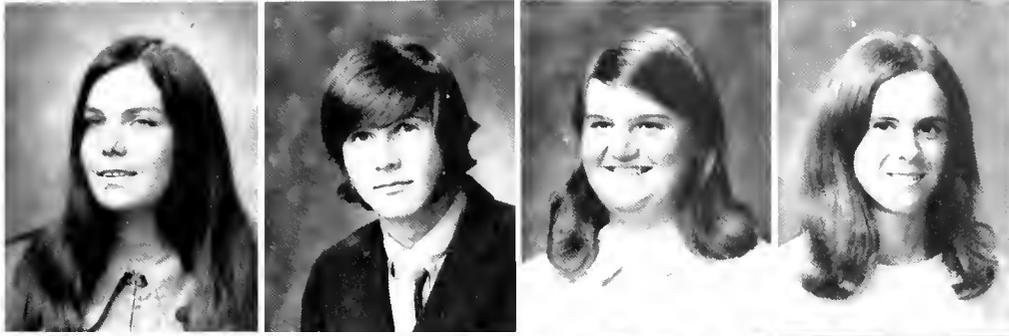


Bill Barnette  
 Larry Barnette  
 Frank Barnhill  
 Marian Bearden



Thad Beck  
 Steve Bell  
 Ricky Benton  
 Ray Billings





Joame Bishop  
Phillip Blackwell  
Jan Blalock  
Becky Blanton



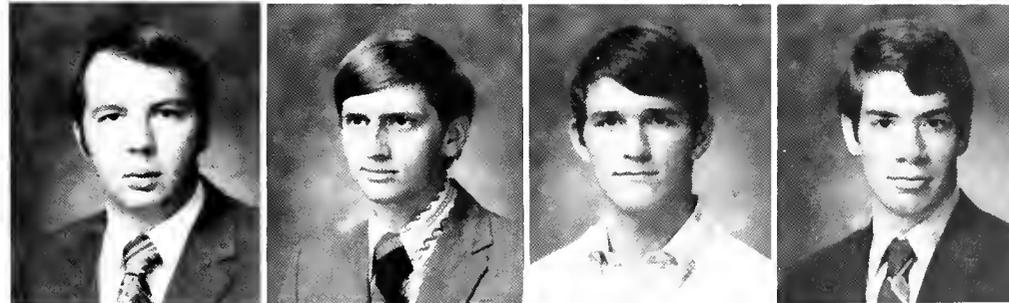
Rick Boozer  
Debbie Bradley  
Ollie Bramlett  
Kathy Brannon



Emily Brashears  
Steve Brewington  
John Bridwell  
Janet Brock



Elizabeth Ann Brown  
Jayne Brown  
Lee Brown  
Ronnie Brummett



James E. Burnett, Jr.  
Mike Burrell  
Jerry Camp  
Andrew Cannon

Rita Carson  
Clary Cline  
Jim Coates  
Dick Cobb



Denise Coggins  
Jane Coker  
Kathy Collins  
Rosalind Collins



Tim Conner  
Smitty Cook  
Deborah Cooper  
Pearson Cooper



Ken Copeland  
Pamela Copeland  
Bert Correll  
Bill Cox



Stan Crenshaw  
Susan Daniel  
Brenda Davis  
Essie Davis





Paulette Davis  
Tommy Davis  
Richard Dodd  
James Dogan



Dennis Easler  
David Edwards  
Eddie Elliott  
Danny Emory



Lib Flowe  
Marjorie Floyd  
Mary Ann Fore  
Judy Fowler



Pam Fowler  
Jim Frady  
Mike Galloway  
Randy Gardner



Carrie George  
Gary Gibbes  
Jay Gibson  
Kathy Gilbert

Rhonda Gilmer  
 Betty Jean Glenn  
 Cathy Gourley  
 Kathy Graham



Debra Gwinn  
 Janice Hamilton  
 Donna Hammett  
 Karen Hanley



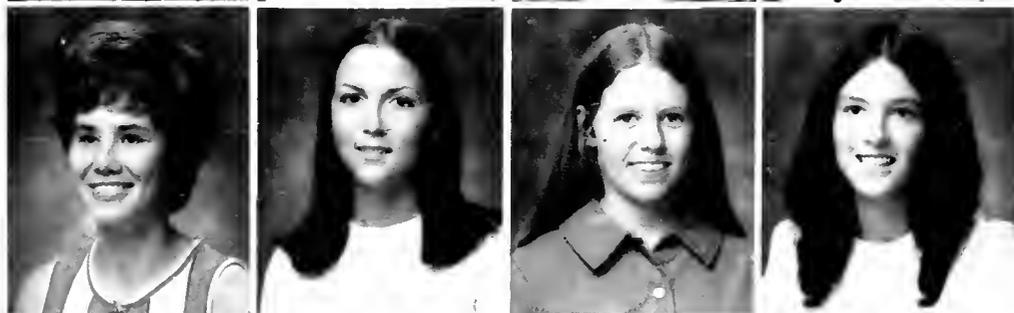
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 Kathy Harvey  
 Randy Hawkins  
 Cathy Hayes



Robin Haynes  
 Caprice Henderson  
 Kaja Henderson  
 Paula Hendrix

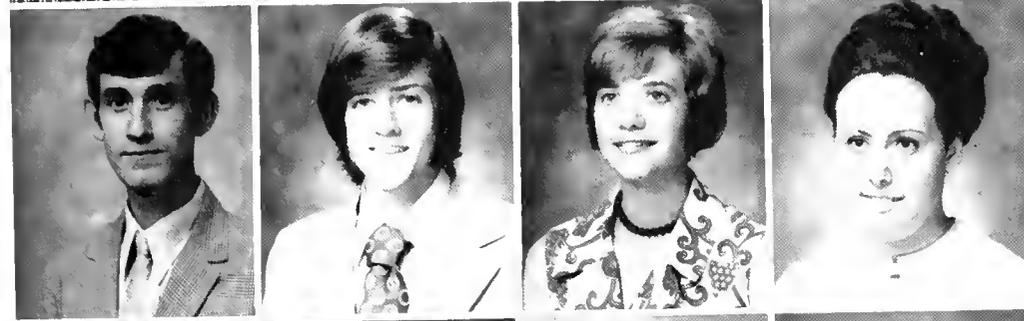


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 Janice Hill  
 Susan Hipp  
 Pam Hodge





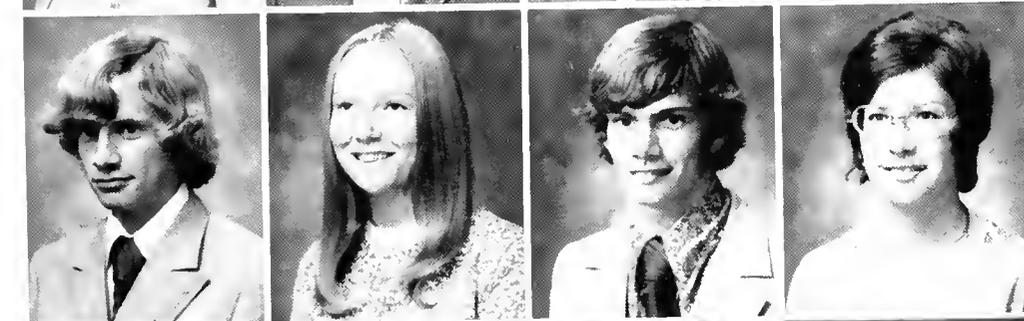
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Mike Hollifield  
John Howard  
Patsy Howard



James Howell  
Stanley Huggins  
Marilyn Hughes  
Judy Jacobs



Joy Johnson  
Michael R. Johnson  
Steve Johnson  
Scott Jolley



Gary Jones  
Pat Jones  
Thomas R. Jones  
Deborah Kimbrell



Brenda Kimmons  
Judy Lawson  
Gary Lawson  
Ricky Lawter

Patricia Lingerfelt  
 Duwayne Littlejohn  
 Chris Lock  
 Alice Locke



Mike Lowe  
 Brent McAbee  
 Karen McAbee  
 Vicki McAbee



John A. McArthur  
 Billy McCraw  
 Cora McCraw  
 Johnny McCraw



Susan McCraw  
 Norman McCurry  
 Steve McDonald  
 Mac McMahan



Chuck McMillan  
 Barbara McWhorter  
 Nancy Mabry  
 David Manning





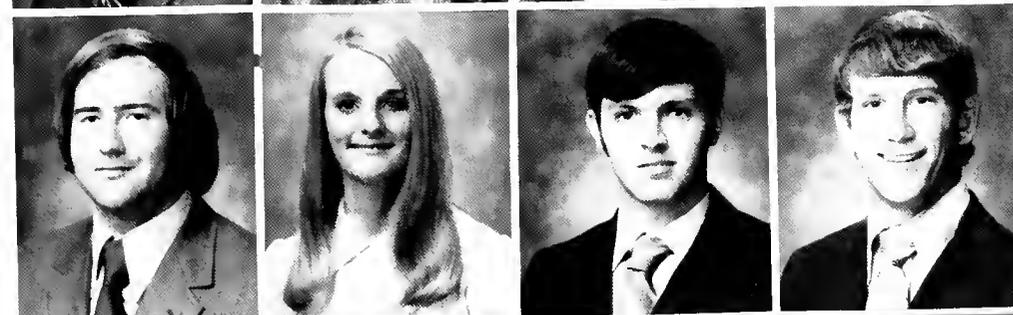
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 Susie Meeks  
 Robert Metz  
 Ricky Moore



Wayne Morath  
 Steve Morgan  
 Dale Morris  
 Mike Moss



James Murray  
 Vicky Nichols  
 Vicky Noblett  
 Ben O'Dell



Terry Owings  
 Karen Pace  
 Kenneth Paris  
 Hal Parker



Jane Parker  
 Fuchsia Parris  
 Johnie Parris  
 R. D. Parris

Mary Ann Patrick  
 Patsy Pattillo  
 Sandra Peterson  
 Hal Pettit



Ralph Phillips  
 Carolyn Poteat  
 Rebecca Poteat  
 Velma Potter



Marcia Powell  
 Charlie Felix Quinn, Jr.  
 Myra Ramsey  
 Sybil Reece



Bryant Reeves  
 Ray Renfro  
 Bruce Rhinehart  
 Howard Rhinehart

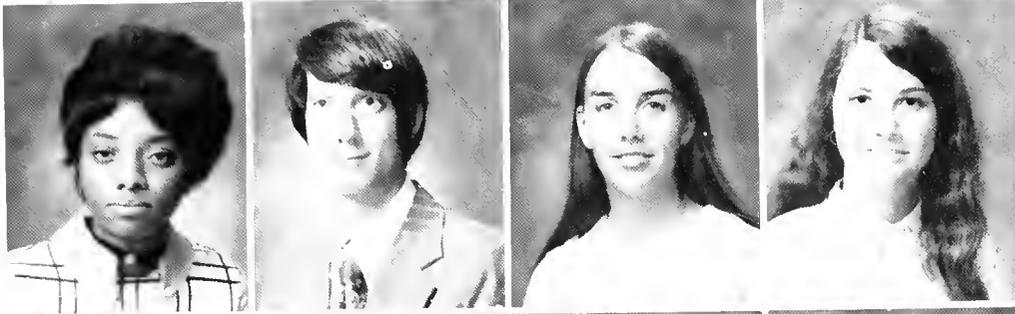


Beth Rhodes  
 Janie Rice  
 Naomi Rice  
 Douglas E. Robbins

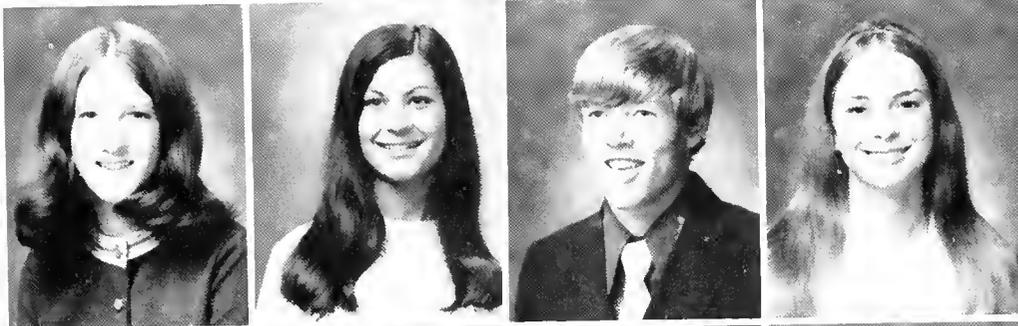




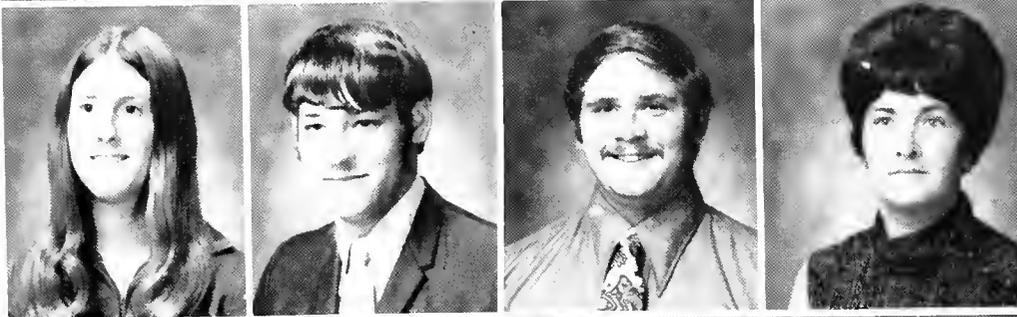
Pat Robertson  
 Juanita Robertson  
 Trelle Robinson  
 Wanda Robinson



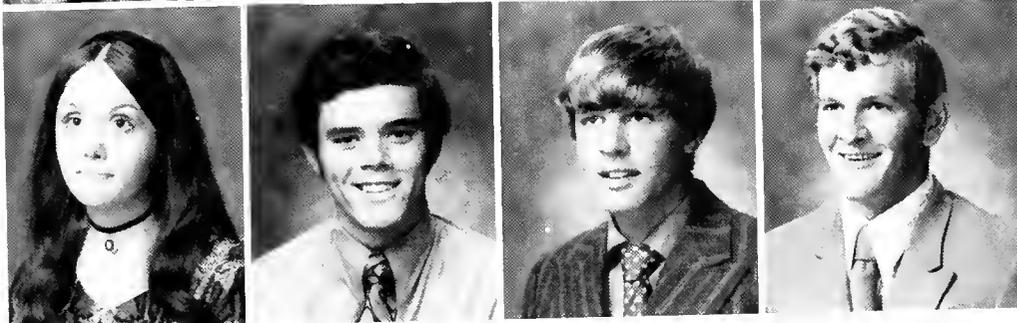
Mamie Rogers  
 Breck Rollins  
 Gail Russell  
 Cindy Sanders



Sheila Sanford  
 Patti Schmidt  
 Bill Schroder  
 Peggy Seay



Rhonda Sellars  
 Danny Settle  
 Mike Shelton  
 Helen Sherbert



Sally Shoemaker  
 Tom Shropshier  
 Mike Sickinger  
 Arthur Sizemore

Steve Skinner  
Dianne Smith  
Kay Smith  
Rena Smith



Steve Smith  
Stokes Smith  
Wayne Snipes  
Larry Souther



Betty Stephens  
Jim Stewart  
Louise Stokes  
Ricky Stone



Daniel Sullens  
Allen Switzer  
Mike Theo  
Debby Thomas



Karen Thomas  
Michael Thomas  
Ronnie Thompson  
Bobby Tillotson





Brenda Tucker  
Edward W. Turner  
Susan Turner  
Donna Varga



Nellie Vaughn  
Robert Waldt  
Jean Webber  
Chris Weeks



James Westbrooks  
Holly White  
Marlene White  
Warren White



Emily Williams  
Nina Williams  
Sheila Wilson  
Phillip Wolbrecht



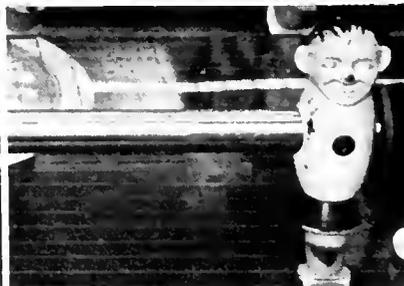
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David Yates  
Billy Young  
George Young

Marvin Young  
Stanley Zimmerman  
W.C. Fields

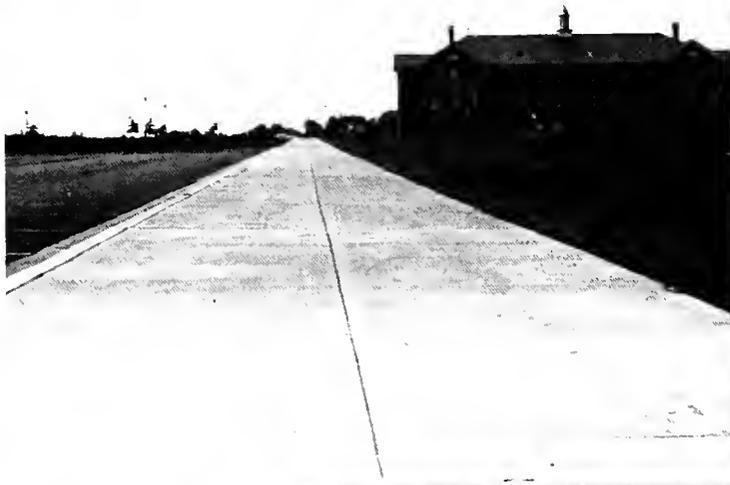


“Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.” ... And most won't sit for it to develop.

To the anonymous four hundred who never showed up, the following page is dedicated.











For Their Own Health and  
**SHOES:** Are Required to Wear



# Safety, All Students Shoes Inside the Building.

— Student Handbook





LOCKED.

PLEASE

PLEASE DO NOT ENTER  
USE LOBBY WINDOW

DO NOT ENTER

PRIVATE

NO SMOKING  
FLAMMABLE  
CHEMICALS

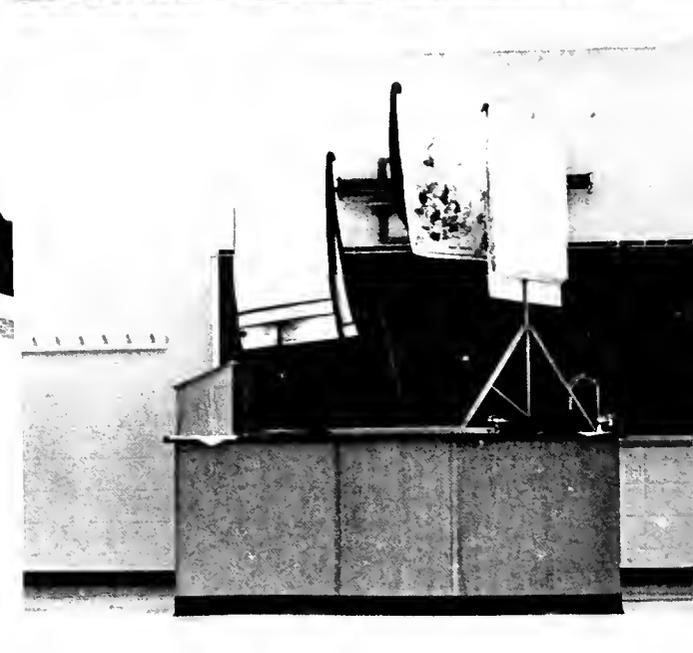
SERVICE DRIVE

DO NOT BLOCK

WHEN  
IN  
DOUBT...

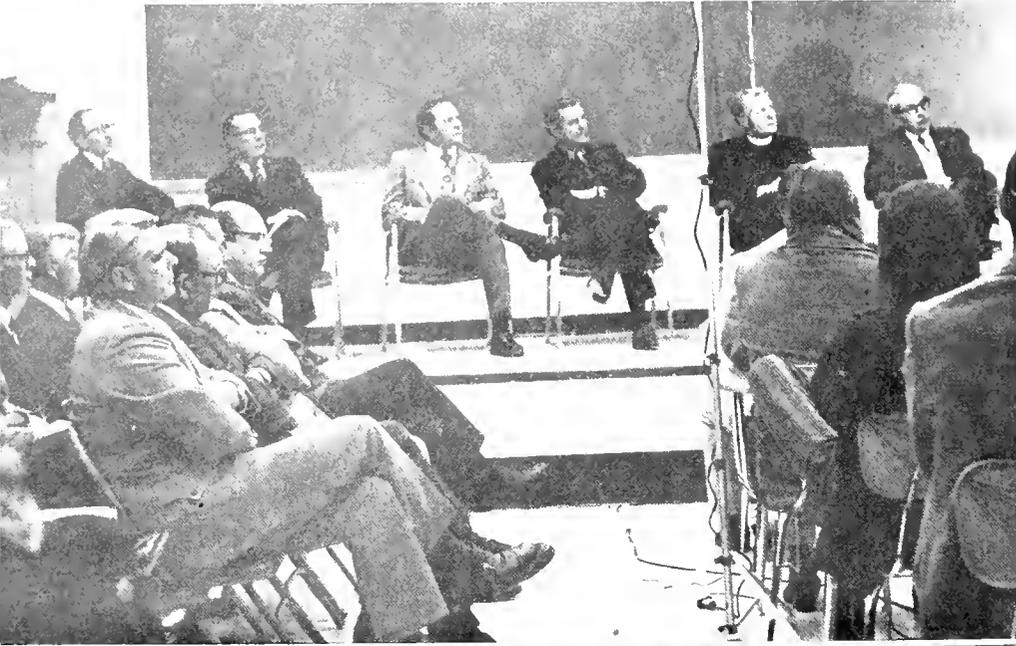
ASK  
A

BRARAN





# "SO SAD, SO FRESH,

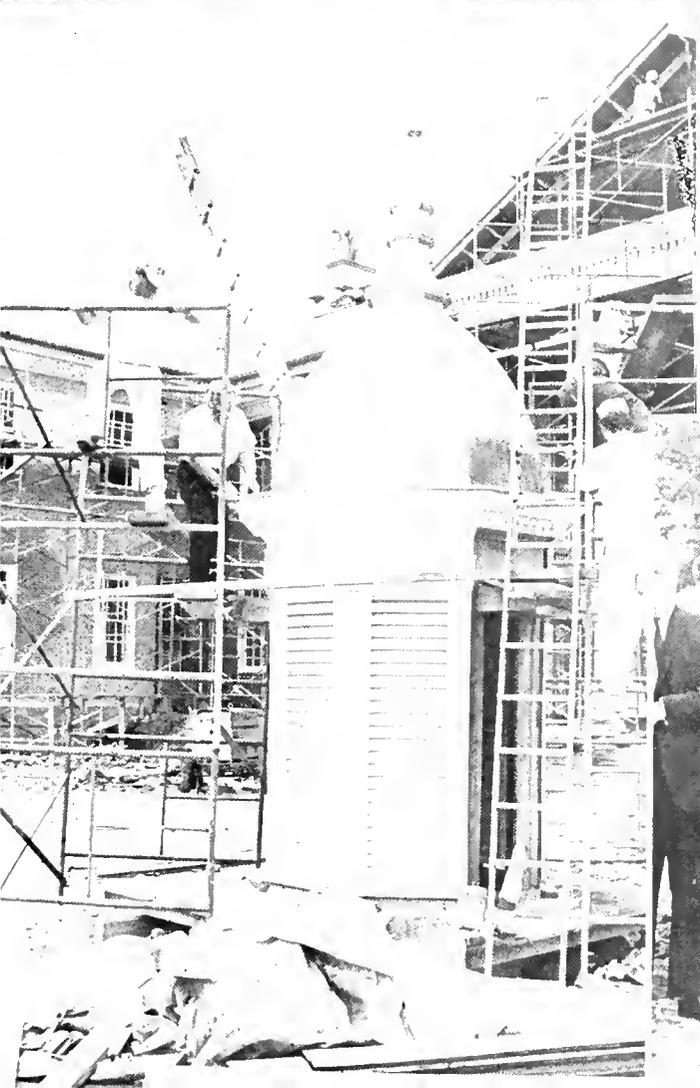


# THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE

—TENNYSON



UNIVERSITY  
OF  
SOUTH CAROLINA  
SPARTANBURG

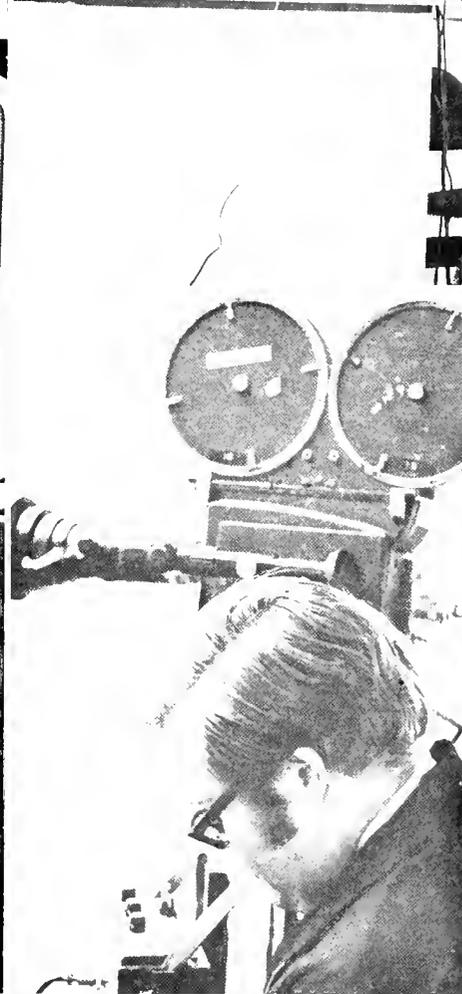




"Today's groundbreaking, of course, represents more than a step forward in professional health education in South Carolina. It is also an important milestone in the development of one of the state's most important institutions of higher education. The Spartanburg campus of the University of South Carolina has increasingly become reflective of the type of approach and philosophy our state needs. Today there are 600-700 students on campus, students from this region of the state whose special needs are met by this institution. It is a school where the particular needs of the community are met by an institution which is sensitive and responsive to local needs."

Governor John West  
February 14, 1972

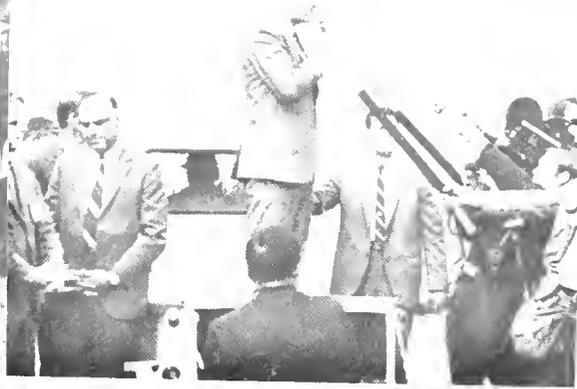


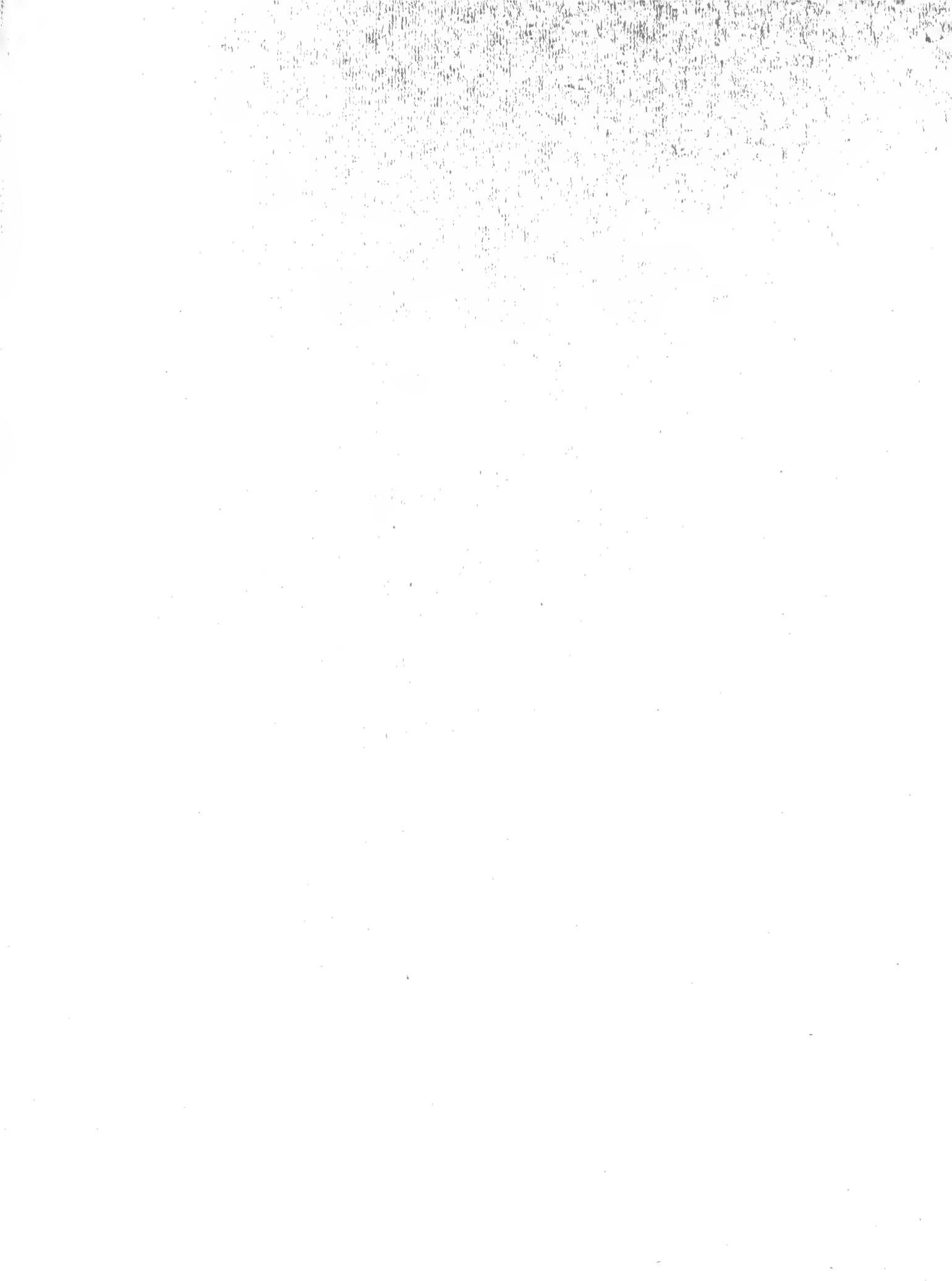


**NO  
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