

Theodore de Narayen
1926

James
Abraham

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NATIONAL LAMPPOON

APPALACHIAN MEN

Appalachian Women

Sports Illustrated

Southern Living

academics today

People
yearly

A.S.U.
GAZETTE



*Bicentennial
Food Services
Campus Security
Infirmary*

*Parties and Beer Joints
Rally
Fraternities
Hang Gliding*

*Coed Dorms
Appalachian Men
Sororities
College Life Styles*

*Men's Sports
Women's Sports
Intramurals
A.S.U. Marching Band*

*Concerts
Artist's and Lecture Series
Coffeehouse
Plays*

*College of Arts and Sciences
College of Business
College of Education
College of Fine and Applied
Arts*

*Faculty
Student Publications
Who's Who
Clubs and Organizations*

Mug Shots

Commentary on ASU Food Services
Bathroom Graffiti Bicenntennial News Facts

NATIONAL LAMPPOON®

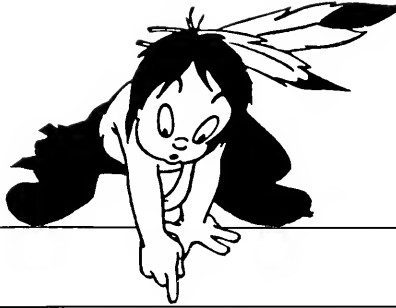
MAY 1976

THE HUMOR MAGAZINE OF ASU

\$1.00



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Cover Design By Cecil Reid

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Dear Students:

This book was not my idea. The administration made me do it. They held my paycheck over my head and threatened to send it to Billy Graham if I didn't produce this yearbook. Personally, I think it's dirty, done in bad taste, has vulgar words in it, and obscene pictures. It should be a great yearbook, but remember, I didn't want to do it. Every dirty thing in this book is the imagination of our administration. God will not like them anymore.

But being an humble person by Nature, I will take all the credit for this book. I would really hate to see our administrators lose their jobs simply because they have bad taste. Me, I'm out of a job anyway, so what does it matter? My future isn't as important as theirs is. Broughton always did look like a nice place to live.

And since I am taking the credit and responsibility for this yearbook I want to thank the powers that be for giving me freedom of the press and the freedom to produce what the administration feels the students will appreciate and like. This book is done for you, the students. By doing this book we hoped to please the majority of the students on the ASU campus. And so, if any of you students would like to express your opinions about this book (please, my bones break easily), send your comments to the Rhododendron offices, in care of the State Hospital, Morganton, N.C.

Sincerely,



Miriam West
Editor-in-Chief
(of this trash)

EDITORIAL PAGE

Everywhere I look I see another G.D. ism poking its ugly snout into my business, uprooting a lot of unsound ideas about God and love and grocery bags until I want to shout, "That's it! I've had enough of your nosing about." "It's ism this, and ism that. Pull another ism out of the hat" until my hatband has faded to gray. We've got to do something, and the sooner the better. No time for panty waist, ad hoc syllogisms or post-fetal dream schemes. Everyone's waiting with bad breath already. We need to take a stand now. A grandstand! Let's see, there's one in Philly, and how appropriate; just in time for the last Bicentennial minute and the most disgusting ism of all, "commercialized patriotism." Boo! Boo! to you who do still cover your heart with your hand.

See where it's gotten you? Defended by Bert Parks and Paul Harvey! (Makes me want to tie-die Kate Smith's bra and wear it as a back pack!)

And so I say arise. Arise and give your cheeks a break. Faint heart never won Hollywood Squares in this or any other epoch. Bring on the "ersions" and put lust back in our nostrils: Perversion, subversion, and henny help the hindmost. We need blood!

Yours truly,

Rev. O. Lution

Guide For Freshmen

1. Purchase a pair of Earth shoes
2. Buy your first John Denver album
3. Hang around Highway Robbery
4. Mill about the student union in large numbers
5. Throw frisbees on Sanford Mall

6. Get closed out of everything but 8 o'clock classes

7. Curse Boone residents for the no beer ordinance

8. Thumb out to the Rock for beer

9. Date a high school honey for homecoming

10. Publicly destroy John Denver albums

11. Get screwed by local landlords.

12. Get snaked by a senior at Antler's

13. Bounce a check at Yogi's

14. Receive an incomplete in Fokit psychology

15. Renounce God on weekends

16. Pray to God on exam days

17. See Doc Ashby about birth control

18. Curse this year's yearbook

19. Ridicule the next crop of freshmen

Editor-In-Chief: **Miriam West**

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Contributing Artists: **Steve Yaeger, John Lee, Ruthie Belasco, Gary Wilson, and Cecil Reid**

Editor of Camera-Ready Paste-Up: **Susan Jones**

NEWS ON THE MARCH



Conversation With George and Martha

Martha: Alright, George, I want to know where the hell you've been all winter.

George: Valley Forge, Martha.

Martha: Yeah, sure, and I'm the little red hen.

George: No, no, Martha, you don't understand. My troops were snowed in here at Valley Forge.

Martha: Oh, come on. Do you expect me to believe that 25,000 grown men camped out during the coldest winter in 20 years?

George: It's true, Martha. It was miserable. Frostbite. Chilbain. Starvation.

Martha: George Washington, you'd do anything to get out of Christmas at

Mother's, wouldn't you?

George: You've got me pegged all wrong, Martha. I'm Father of our Country.

Martha: Just what do you mean by that, George?

George: I mean that's what everybody calls me.

Martha: And why do they call you that, Mr. Stud Washington?

George: It's not what you think, Martha. I haven't seen a woman in three months.

Martha: And what am I, chopped liver?

George: I don't mean to imply anything of the sort, Martha. It's just

that I've had a rough winter, and I need to thaw out.

Martha: So you think you know what cold is? Well you just don't know Martha Washington. It's going to be a cold spring, George. I guaran-dam-tee that.

George: Don't be unfair, Martha. We're embroiled in a revolution. We've been working on a Declaration of Independence to free us all from the British pigdogs.

Martha: Is that right?

George: Cross my heart, Martha.

Martha: Okay, George, you go ahead and declare independence, but I want you back in this house by 9 o'clock. You savvy?

George: Yes, Martha.

Embarrassing Moments in History

200 YEARS AGO TODAY

American History is filled with humorous situations, particularly the Revolutionary War. This almost eight year long struggle was permeated with incidents, most stemming from the disorganization of our forces, especially the militias, and the typical fun-loving spirit of the American people, no less evident then than now. Most of these anecdotes, possibly not so hilarious then as they are today, will be lost forever. To avoid total amnesia of the lighter side of American History, here we present true facts, embellished as they may be, for your education.

The war was almost begun prematurely in Boston with an event infamously tagged - "The Boston Massacre." British soldiers were sent to Boston to act as police. These men were scattered throughout the city in rented quarters, rather than in common barracks, and this led to constant quarrels with the citizens. Bostonians have never been known to enjoy persecution without revenge, so fights in bars and alleys were common. One afternoon, some citizens allowed their usual ostracization to escalate into a full-scale snowball fight. Soon, some rebel decided rocks flew better and so exchanged ammunition. Tempers rose, and the group turned into a mob. Taunting and harassing the soldiers, soon shots were fired into the crowd. Five citizens died as a result. Rumors ran rampant and soon this "massacre" inflamed the people to the point that they poured out into the streets and the militia was called out. Quick action by Governor Hutchinson quieted things down, though,

which was quite lucky, as they were almost five years early.

To say the battle of Trenton was chaotic would be an understatement. Four thousand men ran from house-to-house and marched up and down the streets in the rain, hail, sleet, and snow. As the British marched through the town, they readied their muskets in anticipation of the enemy. The Americans were ready, however. They hid in the attics of houses on the streets, and took pot-shots at the foreigners as they marched by. The British were helpless as their guns were wet and wouldn't fire. Yankee ingenuity pulled us out and struck a powerful blow to British morale. Washington moved in with his troops and we won the battle. To think that three regiments of England's finest were forced to surrender to a handful of rough-shod militia roused the Americans, and the militias grew rapidly.

A rather embarrassing incident preceded the demoralizing defeat of the American forces at Camden. Billed as "the most disastrous defeat ever inflicted on an American army," at least partial blame can be placed on the unfortunate condition of the soldiers. General Horatio Gates ordered full rations for his men the night before their intended charge. Unable to get the rum he had promised his men, he settled for a different "medicine" - sourghum molasses was brought down from Virginia, and his men feasted (?) on half-cooked meat, bread, and corn meal mush mixed with the molasses. This had a rather potent effect on their digestive tracts, and when it

came time to advance, the soldiers were literally caught with their pants down.

At the battle of Princeton, the Americans pulled yet another sneaky trick. British General Cornwallis had forced Washington and his troops into somewhat of a trap. Night fell and Washington had been able to hold off the enemy. This was little consolation, though, because he knew that the rest would bring another charge at dawn, probably ending in his defeat. In a valiant, although whacky, attempt to win, Washington decided they must escape during the night. He assigned 400 men to dig trenches, making lots of noise, to fool the British. Tremendous bonfires raged throughout the night to strengthen the hoax. At one a.m., the troops departed. The wheels of the cannon and wagons were wrapped with rags to make them silent. Muskets were handled carefully, and orders passed by whisper. The entire army escaped down the road immediately in front of the British lines and fled to safety in the dark.

No doubt you've heard of that great American hero, Paul Revere. Well, old Paul really enjoyed his evening, yelling about the redcoats and all. According to the history books, Revere was not really the savior. Another citizen was appointed to warn the city in the event of an attack. Revere decided he wanted to help, so he followed close behind. Apparently, the bars were rather crowded, as Revere stopped at about four or five taverns. When the redcoats finally arrived, Revere was found drunk in the streets, and captured.



Dear Readers:

Thought that I would write and let you know that Dad is getting along fine, he only limps on election days now. Contrary to rumors, he is not getting a face-lift; he's trying to save all the face he can. David and I are getting along famously (we held hands again this week).

Love and kisses,
Julie and David E.

Sirs:

Great is our bliss and blessed is our campus. Our infirmary's doctor maintains that he's never seen a case of syphilis here. Our chancellor has never heard of a case of rape at ASU. And a bicycle race across the state is beginning in Boone. Surely Liebnitz was right; this is the best of all possible worlds.

Doctor Pangloss

Sirs:

In response to your personality profile on me last month, I wish to note that I arrived on your campus long after the football team lost its fight. I did not eat it.

E. Gibbons

Sirs:

Since I first got into the multi-media business, I have never seen such structured chaos — sound, sight and odor-wise — as Appalachian State University. It is a pleasure to be here.

Marshall M. McCluhan

Sirs,

All in all, I would say, this year's *Rhododendron* fills a much-needed void.

T. Capote

Sirs:

It is with great pride and genuine warmth that I make this announcement to the pig-dogs of American society: there is another man in my life besides Charles Manson. It all started innocently enough with my protest over my earlier failure to subpoena Charlie as a witness in my trial. I refused to enter the courtroom under my own leg power at that point. That's when Mr. Right came into my life. That pig-dog fascist judge assigned Mr. He-Man Big Muscles to carry me into court each day. Secretly, I stopped protesting the point early in the trial, but enjoyed the bodily contact so much that I kept up the act. Now we are engaged to be married as soon as I am released from prison and after Mr. Right burns the Supreme Court in effigy. Don't tell Charlie. He might do something drastic.

Love, Squeaky

P.S. We're going to name our first child Gerald.

Sirs:

I can't take it any more. Every time I tell a lie my nose grows another inch. Already I have the best hung nose in Watauga County, and the end is nowhere in sight. My problem regards my nose. I have had a large number of indecent proposals from campus coeds, which I don't mind, but lately I have come to the conclusion that they only love me for my nose. What can I do?

R. Nixon

Sirs:

Lately I have experienced the most unusual behavior. Every time I hear Gerald Ford's name mentioned, I break out into uncontrollable fits of laughter. The public library has threatened to take away my library card, and NBC is trying to hire me as a one-man laugh track. I'm not a traitor, am I?

S. Ervin

Sirs:

After all, who is the bull goose loony here? Chief Broom starts an escort service to save potential rape victims. He wants to tone things down, avoid a

scare, a panic. Has the Chief been undergoing shock treatment? Next, he'll have his geese forming vigilante committees to round up all blacks on campus after dark. Sometimes I get a great notion to choke Chief Broom.

Cuckoo K. Kesey

Sirs:

Imagine what it's like, being one of a kind, an endangered species in this area. I have no one to discuss my troubles with, no one to enter into consultation with, no one for empathy. It all makes me sick. Why can't we have another campus doctor here? We could hire a full-time doctor and make a beginning towards establishing a campus dentist on what the popular programs committee spent on Linda Ronstadt and tried to spend on Stephen Stills. What will I do if there's a buddy-check?

Dr. E. Ashby

Sirs,

I am in love with my Philosophy professor who is not of my religion or nationality. He is divorced, a hard drinker and thirty-five years my senior. Do you think I should marry him, and if so, what color dress should I wear?

Baffled

Sirs:

What kind of school is ASU anyway? The flavor of books in the campus library is strictly cottage cheese. I haven't eaten this blandly since my apprenticeship days in Pat Boone's private library. Hey, I've come a long way up the ladder. I've paid my dues. You don't do this to a worm of my standing. Perhaps you folks don't know the rules. Perhaps labor management would like to hear about my situation. Stop putting so much attention on the woolly worm and get back to basics, man. It's all a hoax, anyway. Every worm knows that. Just a good PR man in the woolly worm studies.

So wise up. Spice up the content. Increase the pagination. You're building a reputation of drab.

Concerned,
A. Book Worm



PREPARED BY THE...
Ketchup
NET WT. 1.5 OZ (42.5g)

FOOD SERVICES A GUT ISSUE

The Appalachian gourmet has a vast variety of culinary experiences from which to choose awaiting him on campus. Perhaps the most expensive (per volume) nutriment facilities are the numerous quick snack machines scattered about the campus like restrooms. At these machines one may purchase candy bars, such as Grounds, Reese's Cups (36 C), Mr. Goodbad, or others. Some machines also dispense cheat crackers and peanutbuttercrackers. Other machines merely dispense with the hungry snacker's appetite (or his money). The drink machines available contain canned drinks (two cents worth of can and eleven cents worth of Dr. Pecker, Peppi, Mt. Drew or Roca Rola) for thirty cents. Gum (arabic) and occasional sandwiches (for all occasions, perhaps, except meals) are also available. Popcorn, peanuts and cookies fill a few of the better machines, and if you're not averse to the old tilt method, some of these machines provide lots of action.

Unfortunately, crowds often congregate about these machines, the greatest concentration of which may be found in the Appskelter in the student center, and discuss marinated moon pies or the proper wine to accompany milk. When these unfortunate episodes occur, the hungry App may have to resort to the more stable munching facilities on campus, such as the ice cream bar in the Appskelton, where many flavors of frozen milk are available, along with G.I. coffee and doughboy nuts or cigarettes (for the light eater).

Another place (designated nutritive consumption area, for those in the College of Human Learning and Development) one can find a nutritious meal is the Bavarian Inn (B.I. or Grease Hall), where overpriced hamburgers, yogurt, drinks (non-alcoholic, of course), pies, pizzen and French Flies are served round the clock, round the table and rounded off to the nearest five dollars. The university provides entertainment in

the form of a soulful juke box and Montezuma's Revenge.

For the discriminating feeder, the university cafeteria, managed by Genghis Khan and Herod, offers vegetables, frozen fruit, meat, desserts, milk and other assorted miracles of the kitchen. The lines are never longer than two hundred feet, the food never worse than a jack rabbit caught in a window fan. One of the miteating novelties of the cafeteria is the noise, perhaps the loudest anywhere on campus, with the possible exception of the B.I. (see previous box score). In the cafeteria, one can dine among students, administrators, professors and hang-on vagabonds just off the North bound



freight (which doesn't come within fifty miles of Boone). Jazz musicians, garbage men, poets, jocks (the athletes, not the supporters), flat rats, beauty queens, queens, book worms, hook worms, grad students, undergrad studs and an occasional famous person or two can all be seen rubbing salad forks in this well lit repository of food that you just wouldn't believe.

The Gold Room: Home of magical food and the salad bar, land of fiery fudge cake and the rinky tink piano of David Ballour, sanctuary of mushroom infested steaks and non nuclear submarines. With a breath taking view of the tops of spruce trees and

waitresses as gorgeous as Kate Smith and Golda Meir, the Gold Room offers the most convenient opportunity for the hapless undergraduate to dispose of his meal tickets before he knows what hit him. Many famous gourmets, including King Gargantua, Squire Westen, and Linda Lovelace have allowed their names to be used in connection with Appalachian's famous Gold Room.

"Opulence": What do you think of when you're hungry and you hear that word? The restaurant on the mountain, the Top of the Mark, none other than ASU's Center for Continuing Motel Education, where gentlemen in red coats and foxy coeds lead you to your table and serve you steaks, baked potatoes with globs of fresh butter, cream cheese, bacon bits and cloves, but no wine. (That only goes on in the rooms, such as the President's Sweet loops, indiscretion ***) You can sit between the huge picture window with its panoramic view of the Southern Highlands and the tremendous mountainstone fireplace and sip teal tea among conventioning educators (many of whom have not seen a student face to face since Kent State) and swap gossip with state legislators and their "daughters." You can stand under the black shellacked carriage and listen to the tranquilizing white sound muzak, sit in the chair that Richard Nixon sat in for his coronation and perform you ablutions in the identical rest room used by Robert Penn Warren, Bill Duntlap, John Foster West and Marilyn Chambers.

From these examples, you can infer that ASU does not lack for variety of eating places, and no one has ever committed suicide in an ASU relectory. According to all reports, all fatalities in these facilities have been involuntary and unexplained. The Boone Police and ASU security guards couldn't explain them unless they involved parking violations. But don't take our word for it, *bon appetit!*

Put Downs Downs

Midnight Rituals

For six months workmen chopped and dug, poured and pounded, smoothed and poured and pounded more on the east end of Sanford Mall, and the result is a huge, ornate stone fountain, a structure that certainly enhances the campus' complex. And the huge circle of stones also has its functional purpose; it is used by the astronomy department to take star shots, thereby predicting eclipses, astral collisions, sidereal occlusions and other miscellaneous heavenly machinations. No doubt the extent of our scientific knowledge will be broadened by the nocturnal calculations that occur among the trilothons and lentils of the fountain.

By day, young lovers lounge about the spewing waters of the fountain, soaking up the sun and wind, listening to the sun's serenade through the sieve of the frothy spray.

All these benefits of the new construction we appreciate and enjoy, yet we feel that we cannot endorse the further activities that occur amid the carefully hewn rock.

By night, when the astronomers are abed and the lovers are curled in the waxy fist of sleep, certain celebrants in hooded robes bear torches to the fountains. Chants older than the gods themselves soar like bats among the skeletal branches of the few remaining trees, and the priests and devotees of obscene rites enter the quadrant to enact their grotesque mysteries, to perform their homages to idols on the stones they use for an altar. This periodic performance is an abomination and a slur on the reputation of our university, and we strongly endorse immediate vigilante action to eliminate the barbarous threat to our health, sanity and security. These bearers of the blade raised at midnight must not be permitted to walk among us by day and abduct our precious virgins by night for their profane rituals. They must be halted, and the task is in our hands. Fellow students, arise and erase this blot from our Laundry Services. Take arms amid this sea of troubles and attack!

Rhodo Rejects

The only group on campus to bring home a national championship was the 1975-76 version of the varsity Reject Team. The squad was comprised (by national requirement) of offbeat, multi-untalented, bottom-of-the-deckers who aspire to make nose-picking the national pastime. This year's Reject Team, which coincidentally doubles as *The Rhododendron* staff, is captained by none other than Miss Reject ASU, Miriam West, known affectionately by her squad as "fearful Leader." She is pursuing a fine arts degree in Bungle. Several followers believe that she has fulfilled the requirements for the degree already, summa cum laude. Assistant to the Captain, Don Smith, has equally impressive non-qualifications, dazzling enough to be selected for an unprecedented fourth consecutive year to the All American Reject Team, First Squad. Smith, ASU's Fool-in-Residence, also known as Drivel Don, rejected six-figure offers from the NRL to turn pro, opting instead to return to the ASU till where he keeps his hands in gold as business manager of the *Rhododendron*. Many people are convinced that Smith will be taking a big cut in payola if he signs the six-figure contract.

Next in line, the village idiots, the Tweedle-Dum and Tweedle-Dee of Tweedledom, the Frick and Frack of misplaced modifiers, the Mutt and Jeff of comic book mentality, *Rhododendron* copy editors, R.T. Smith and Jack Dillard. Not since the days of Amos and Kingfish and the Mystic Knights of the Sea Lodge have two slovenly, shoe-shuffling four-flushers ascended the throne of incompetence with such fanfare. All of Boone and America are cheering in classic Bronx style the perverted antics and the anti-literary hi-jinks of this foul pair of Bukowski disciplines who couldn't pick a dangling participle out of a tub of Baptists. It is doubtful whether so much pomp and ceremony choreographed, produced and directed by this pair has ever culminated in such lack of achievement anywhere on the

face of this earth. In obnoxiousness they simply have no peers.

Picking up the fallen crest of inadequacy at this point and carrying it to new heights are the two layout editors (and they lay-out in all contexts), Brenda Burris and Steve Yaeger, know-it-all laureates as different as East and Mae West. The Botch and Bunkum of the burlesque stage known as ASU, Burris and Yaeger have directly caused the rewriting of all Polack jokes. Masters of buck-passing and buck-spending, these workhorses, on loan from the Washington zoo, form the nucleus of the ASU Reject offensive squad, which was voted "most offensive" by a panel of Avon salespersons from Bundtcake, Nebraska.

Completing the first team, resident red-head and Howdy Dowdy lookalike, Mike Dupree, voted most underrated lout on campus by his peers, revels in his perpetration of tedium at ASU. The walls of Workman Hall reverberate with Mike's proverbs of inanity. These very walls violate Boone litter laws and probably the first through fifth amendments by displaying Art Editor Mike Dupree's juvenile attempts at art that he calls "art Nouveau." Go ahead and put a fancy name on it, Mike, but it still receives the same criticism: "art no-go."

Normally, a Reject Team makes it or breaks it with its first string, but the level of incompetence and foul-play was so extreme on ASU's varsity that Coach McCaskey felt that some due mention should be made of the second string and of the fact that a scrimmage of the two squads was headlined across the nation as the "Reject Game of the Century." Controversy arose during the quarter-finals of the NCAA play-offs over the status of the staff photographers who hold PhD's in Ineptitude. The amateur standing of these squad members was upheld when Editor West revealed samples of their work which dispelled beyond a shadow of a doubt all accusations of their professionalism. The trophy was ours.

Downs

Downs

Downs

Downs

Paper of the Year

The *Appalachian*, campus newspaper at ASU, was given the singular honor of Student Newspaper of the Year by the John Jay Audubon Society. In a poll taken at the 51st Annual Convention and Suet-Toss, *The Appalachian* was selected by a majority of bird lovers as the newspaper most frequently used to cover a bird cage bottom.



Lost and ?

BULLETIN: Broome-Kirk Gym . . . Melinda Lou Pushy, an up and coming freshman at Appalachian State University, was listed missing today by her parents, Claude and Odelia Pushy of Bushy Fork, N.C. Fearing another kidnapping a la Patty Hearst, the Pushys contacted the State Bureau of Investigation, the Salvation Army, Billy Graham, and then attempted to reach Broderick Crawford by long distance. A bit hysterical, Mrs. Pushy related that "Melinda Lou never even spent the night away from home before we brought her to this place." According to observers Melinda Lou was last seen at registration in Varsity Gym somewhere between the Philosophy Department and Folk and Social Dancing. She was seen at that time pulling her hair and chewing on a number 2 lead pencil.

Boone police interrogated all on-the-scene, suspicious characters, infuriating more than twenty professors who were already late for supper.

Take Out or Throw Out

In a report on campus expenditures, consumer advocate Ralph Nadir unwrapped a discrepancy in funds spent in the ASU cafeteria system. After completing a Gold Room meal of cottage cheese croquettes, marinated left-overs, and Crapple Pan Doughty, Nadir questioned the wisdom of the allocation of \$2000 of student fees for the purchase of doggie bags.

I Predict:

Predictions for '76-'77 by Joan Dixon

1. Everything will get worse before it gets better, especially sex after eighty.
2. Chocolate will melt in the sun.
3. Aliens from Planet X will descend upon New York looking for typical human specimens and return to their planet empty-handed.
4. Gene Shalit will shave his head and moustache to reveal his true identity: Daffy Duck.

5. Henry Kissinger will bring peace to the Mid-East but receive walking papers from wife, Nancy.

6. This year's yearbook will win the Nobel Prize for Literature, and copy editors R.T. Smith and Jack Dillard will casually decline it.

7. A Second Renaissance will emanate from the ASU campus and spread to all corners of the globe.

8. A brighter day in the job market: World War III is just around the bend.

9. Gerald Ford will appoint Euell Gibbons Secretary of Agriculture, and the wild hickory nut will become the national nut.

10. Woody Allen will portray Charles Manson in Sam Peckinpah's version of *Helter Skelter*, and he will subsequently be attacked by the Daughters of the American Revolution, then drawn and quartered, pleading insanity all the while.

Appalachian North Apartment's Lease

The undersigned, hereafter known as the leachee, agrees to comply with the terms of the lease as set forth by management, hereafter known as the leacher, for the period of one year. †

1. Leachee will put on deposit, also known as damage and clean-up fee, the sum of \$1000 to defray the cost of any damage which may occur to the apartment during lease period. The deposit will be returned immediately on the unlikely event that the following conditions are met:

- A. Leachee will re-upholster all furniture
- B. wash and wax the kitchen floor beneath all kitchen appliances, i.e. stove, refrigerator, without moving them
- C. mow the entire lawn of Appalachian North Apartments
- D. resurrect Jesus from the dead
- E. bring peace to the Mid East

2. In the event of death of leachee or non-payment of rent, leacher reserves the right to sell the corpse of leachee to Duke U. Med School.

†except in the case of leap years in which case the lease period extends to the life of leachee



CECIL REID

Help Support Your Local Police

(Hang A Cop)

A Personal Interview With Officer No. 70

JS: Why don't you begin by giving us a little personal background about yourself?

#70: Because that's classified information.

JS: How is it classified?

#70: As trivial, irrelevant and hypothetically incredible.

US: But what did you do before you became a guardian of peace, parking spaces and the American way?

#70: Well, I spent ten years in the Marines as a mess officer. When I was discharged from the service I became a parking lot orderly with the City of Hickory but rose rapidly through the ranks to become a cop with a badge and gun and a tendency toward astounding statistics.

US: Like what?

#70: I apprehended more non-offenders than anyone else in the history of the force. I lost more pistols in a year than Barney Fife, and I cut my head with a razor eighty-six times in my three-year effort to precede Telly Savalas as the bald bombshell.

US: What, sir, is the foremost duty of a campus security officer?

#70: The first duty of an ASU campus security officer is to aid maidens in distress and ameliorate any sexist disputes that may arise within his jurisdiction or plain eye-sight.

US: And in the absence of maidens?

#70: To make chalk marks on suspicious tires, do wheelies in the Cushman vehicles, put yellow locking devices on any vehicles alleged to belong to hippies, impound any recreational chemicals stipulated as illegal by the State of North Carolina, the

City of Boone, the ASU Security Office, the Code of Hammurabi or the Order of the Arrow, and to direct traffic away from any area where a fellow officer may be involved in an activity of amorous or obnoxious nature.

US: Have you killed a man in the line of duty?

#70: In the line of duty? No, I can't say as I have . . . I did, however, with a double-bladed ax purchased from Farmers' Hardware, decapitate and thus dispatch an illegally parked horse in front of Whitener Hall. For this act of valour (Br. spelling), I was decorated with streamers, Japanese lanterns, bows and the Congressional Medal of Horror.

US: How do you perceive your relationship with the students on this campus?

#70: Through sunglasses.

US: Have you ever considered yourself an ambassador of good will?

#70: No, I'm as legitimate as the next fellow.

US: No, you misconstrue the question . . .

#70: I never touched her. She made lewd suggestions, but I never laid a hand on the girl!

US: No, wait officer. Let me paraphrase. . .

#70: You'll have to step into the rest room for that. Innocent exposure is in violation of campus moral code 66666, which also states that it shall be illegal for any adult or college student to wear a mask in public.

US: I'll put it in simple language: what do you think the students think of you?

#70: Well, to benign with, I suppose

they see me as a farther figure, a fine fiddle of a man, a lone ranger alert for the major offenses that can begin a revolution and as a counselor who might guide them to a better way of life.

US: And what do you think of their fads and interests, for example, transcendental meditation?

#70: It will make hair grow on the palms of their hands and drive them crazy. Will also make them important and unable to have Apps of their own some day.

US: What about drinking?

#70: I'm against it. It's becoming an over-rated feature of our suburban culture that begins in the formative years. And God does not approve.

US: What about the brief costumes worn by the co-eds in the spring and early fall.

#70: Now I can't see anything harmful in that. A man would have to be perverse to think vile thoughts about those little girls who run about with their tawny underbellies soaking up the sun, their sleek thighs rubbing up enough friction to start a forest fire, their posterior hemispheres bobbling about like two possums in a sack . . .

US: Ok, officer, ok . . .

#70: Their sleek melons swaying like metaphysical truths ungirded to the elements . . .

US: Stop, somebody stop him, call security!

#70: Their rosy tongues stroking their prurient lips, their fuzzy . . .

#70: Armpits unfurling sensual tendrils in the wind, etc.

continued

US: Officer, is there any single important statement you'd like to close this interview with before we terminate this interview?

#70: Yes, support your local police. The life you save may be your own. Execute Manson. Canonize JAWS. Legalize howitzers and vote "no" in eighty-foh. Wallace for King.

US: (In conclusion, we asked the following question to Lary Gorgon, Head of Campus Security): Sir, what will happen to the apparently deranged officer #70?

LG: In concurrence with our usual procedural method and conjunction with university regulations, my whim, and the will of God, he shall be promoted.

SCENE: CONTINUING ED CENTER; CONVENTION OF CAMPUS COPS, STATEWIDE

TIME: WEEK BEFORE FALL SEMESTER

Spokesman: Okay, men. Welcome to Boone. Now, how are we going to get back at those freaky student Communists who have taken over everything? How are we going to screw them to the wall?

(Hands rise enthusiastically)

Man in Front: Let's compile a list of names of every greasy longhair in the state and really gouge them *every time* they near a campus.

Voice from the back: Good start, #9. And then we could give twice as many tickets on Friday afternoons when students are preparing to leave for home after classes.

Another Man: How about if we give out tickets after five o'clock?

Voice from the back again: Yeah. Good one. IN THE RAIN.

(Group breaks out in hysterics)

One officer finally speaks out: What else? How else can we get those freak punks?

Voice: Let's clamp their tires so that they can't go anywhere, and then lay low so that they can't find the man with the keys.

Spokesman: Good touch, Officer #1. Real good. The old man with the keys routine. Nothing short of classic.

Voice in the middle of a loud laugh: What about the tow truck?

(Pandemonium)

In unison: The tow truck! The tow truck!

(Stomping feet in unison)

The tow truck. Oh God!

Voice: On homecoming.

Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.

Voice: At the football game!

(Roar)

Oh God. The football game.

(Celestial mirth)

Voice: Shooice. They'll sure squeal like stuck porkers.

Officer #3: They'll be hotter'n hell. Cussing and crying.

(Entire convention in tears of joy)

Spokesman: Oh Lord, it looks like we'll get 'em this year for sure.

Voice from rear: Especially if we act like #1 gapers when they come to argue and then again when they're resigned to pay the fines.

Spokesman: Oh man, that's heavenly, 9. And why don't we hire the bitchiest secretaries in Watauga County?

Voice: In the world.

Another voice: Never let up.

(All collapse from exhaustion for laughing so hard)

We got 'em. We got 'em We got 'em.

(Pounding fists on the floor)

BULLETIN:

Ivy Hall . . . Appalachian State University senior Charles P. Froneyberger yesterday took his life attempting to pay off ASU traffic fines before graduation. Froneyberger, a four year resident of Ivy Hall, gave his eighth pint of blood this week to Appalachian South Blood Bank in an effort to raise enough funds to clean his slate at the traffic office, and in so doing, pushed his life signs past the danger point. Roommate Rodney Smithwicker related to newsmen how Froneyberger had sold his '59 Studebaker, cashed in his life insurance policy, and raided the Pantry's soft drink bottle bin in his unsuccessful drive to pay his fines.

ASU officials issued the statement, "We wish all Appalachian students were as dedicated to compliance with our traffic ordinances."



What is able to hide tall buildings with a single sign?

What goes up faster than a speeding bullet?



What causes more commotion than a locomotive?

A Super Bigger Burger Franchise.

"just look for the golden bun in the sky"

If you're into burgers (and who isn't these days?), then you owe it to your palate to sink your back molars into our Super Bigger Burger, the butcherman's delight. So have it our way: a side of beef dragged through a produce bin and doused in our special sauce of mustard, ketchup and Mr. Pibb. We unconditionally guarantee a soggy shirt, or your money back. Get your arnis around our jumbo sesame buns, the softest, warmest buns since Jill St. John's all day vigil and sun bath in the nude, and dig-in if you can lift it. Hernia insurance optional.

So come on in. You. You're the one. We do it all for money.



NOODS

DID YOU EVER FIND YOURSELF AT TWELVE MIDNIGHT SUNDAY STARTING TO STUDY FOR A FINAL TO BE GIVEN AT TWELVE NOON MONDAY? YOU MIGHT HAVE TAKEN THREE NO-DOZ AND A GALLON OF COLA.

GEE, I HOPE THAT STUFF STARTS TO WORK SOON. I HAVE TWELVE HOURS TO MEMORIZE 500 PAGES!



WELL, I'M STILL AWAKE. AND ONLY 250 PAGES OF THIS @#! TO GO. CAN'T SEE WHAT THE @*! GOOD ALL THIS STUFF WILL DO. I'M A HISTORY MAJOR AND WHAT DO I NEED WITH MONKEYS?



THIS ISN'T SO BAD. JUST TAKE A BREAK, HAVE A BREAK, HAVE A SMOKE!



MAYBE TAKING THREE WAS A BIT MUCH! I WONDER HOW MANY OF THE KIDS IN CLASS ARE UP STUDYING NOW? MIGHT BE KICKS TO CALL AND SEE! CAN'T SIT STILL TO STUDY!



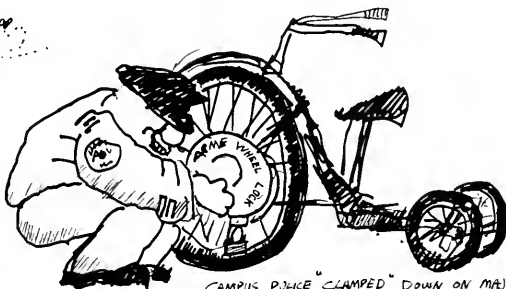
WELL, I'VE MEMORIZED 250 @*! PAGES AND I CAN SURELY FAKE THE REST! MEAN WHO CARES ANYWAY! I'M GONNA GO HAVE A BEER!



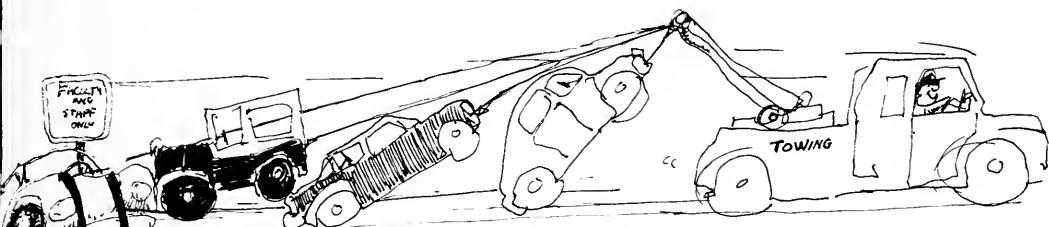
THE CONTINUING ADVENTURES OF NO. 7



OR MORGAN'S MARAUDERS RIDE AGAIN

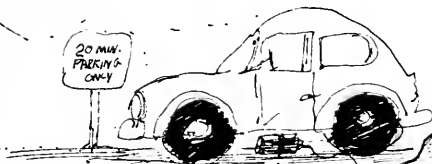


CAMPUS POLICE "CLAMPED" DOWN ON MAJOR CRIME IN 1975.



PROGRESS WAS MADE IN THE AREA OF PARKING ON CAMPUS. STUDENT VEHICLES WERE "RE-ARRANGED," ALLOWING EASIER ACCESS FOR THE MORE IMPORTANT MEMBERS OF THE EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM.

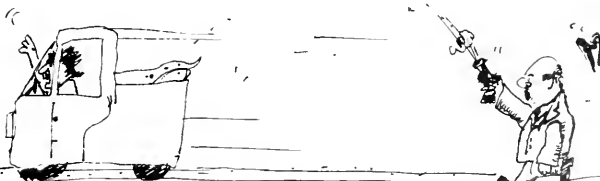
20 MIN. PARKING ONLY



1975 SAW NEW TRAFFIC LAWS AND REGULATIONS IMPLEMENTED AND ENFORCED!!



AND WHO KNOWS WHAT THE NEXT SAGA OF SEVEN WILL BRING TO THE ADVENTURE SEEKERS WATCH FOR UPCOMING TALES OF LAW & ORDER!



Letters We Would Like To Receive

(but never do)

Dear Senior Art Majors,

You have been selected to serve on Bill Dunlap's Model Selection Committee for the coming school year. As a member of this committee, you will be asked to scrutinize carefully the nude bodies of the hundreds of volunteers. It will be your responsibility to ascertain the relative merits of each body as you conduct private interviews firsthand. You will be allowed to take photos at your discretion to enable you to fulfill the obligations of the post.

Sincerely,
Larry Edwards
Chm. Art Dept.

B.Y.O.N.

Dear Second-Semester Freshman,

Your pre-registered schedule has been accepted by the computer as complete. Every first choice course you requested was filled to your time specifications - no Tuesday-Thursday classes, no classes before twelve o'clock or after three p.m., optional Friday lectures. In addition, each professor you designated personally requested in writing your presence in his section. It certainly is an honor to have you here at ASU.

Dear Student,

The campus observatory will hold private sessions this year, and you are one of a select few who will be allowed to participate in our "Gaze at the Heavenly Bodies" astronomy series. During the hours of 9 PM to 1 AM, our telescopes will focus on some of the shapeliest of the celestial formations. From the observatory, for example, every dorm window on campus is visible. We invite you to check out our new telephoto lens as we zoom in on the Big Dipper or Lapis Buns.

As always,
The Science Dept.

Dear Students,

Whitener Hall has received a truckload of X-rated films by mistake. They will be shown for a month and then be auctioned off to students.

Administration

Defendant No. 195-A-301, Narc. Div.,

It is the duty of the Watauga County Superior Court to inform you that your case has been nol prossed. It has been brought to the attention of the Superior Court that the kilo of evidence being held for your case was

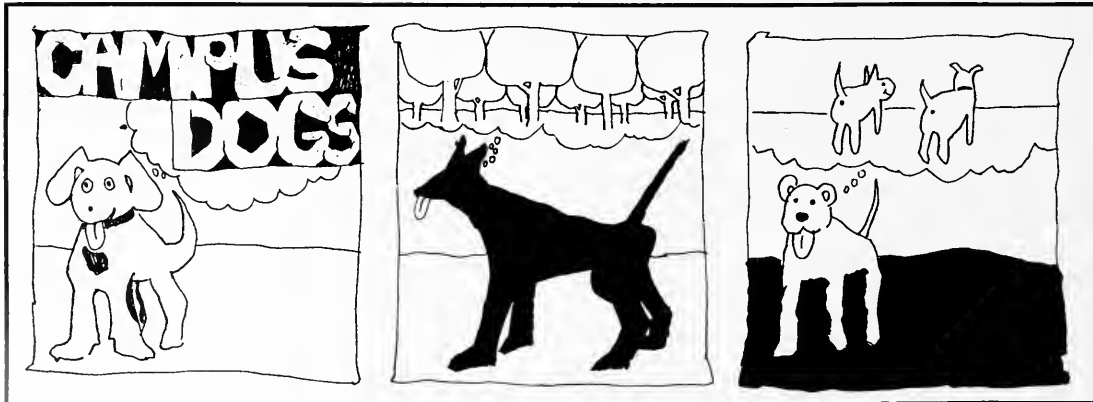
misplaced during this year's annual Police Officer's Christmas Ball. All charges have subsequently been dropped.

Dear Student,

The Traffic Bureau of ASU proudly recognizes the major role you have played (and paid) in the last three years at ASU in making the Christmas bonuses for traffic cops so large. The board of directors has deemed it fitting, therefore, to name the new undergraduate parking lot in your honor. Ribbon cutting ceremonies will be held at your earliest convenience.

Dear Student,

The registrar's office has uncovered a mistake in your favor. Last semester it was recorded that you received a letter grade of D in all your major subjects. Recently updating your file, we noticed a discrepancy. Your grades were in fact all A's. With this correction we removed your name from academic probation. The Dean of Academic Affairs has sent a personal letter of explanation to your parents and a personal letter of apology to you. As well, you will find enclosed a scholarship application for next semester. We beg your forgiveness.



Do-Nothing Profile



Name: Mike (The Chief) Broome

Age: historically indeterminate

Profession: author, public speaker, demagogue, model, clown, prosecutor

Last Book Checked Out: MEIN KAMPF

Favorite Entertainment: escorting girls across campus after 11:00 p.m.

Favorite Movie: THE CHEERLEADERS

Favorite Song: "You're So Vain"

Most Recent Accomplishment:

Favorite Scotch: Hop

Ambition: Governor of Alabama

Quote: "As they talked, his words were many."

Excuses For Cutting Classes

MONDAY
1
DEC 1975

APPOINTMENTS

2-01

80.3

MANE 22 133

501 1286 292 F

MONDAY
1

11:00 AM
12:00 PM
1:00 PM
2:00 PM
3:00 PM
4:00 PM
5:00 PM
6:00 PM
7:00 PM
8:00 PM
9:00 PM
10:00 PM
11:00 PM

Multitraped
red 15/10

↑
look

My grandfather died
grandmother
Aunt
Uncle
Other Aunt
Other Uncle
dog
alarm clock

got sick from BI food
that time of the month
flu
cold
measles (German)
tonsillitis
cancer *

my ride left at 9 am +
I had a wreck
my car had a flat
ran out of gas

pants ripped (on way)
glasses broke
bad case of acne (clean)
lost my car keys
lost my wallet

hangover *
cold for 4 days
the shakes

+ more things
only in an emergency



NEWS

1. CANDIDUS SH...
2. TRASH AFTER ... shots
4. LAD
5. THE SCAR ... (housing) ... WITH THE SGA.

Trash after a movie night in ...
wonder

More Put Downs

In Case of Emergency

Scene: ASU Infirmary. Two thousand students are wedged inside the waiting room. Several bodies are suspiciously stiff and silent. Nurse Snook calls out a name periodically and patients shuffle through doors marked "In Case of Emergency, Use Other Door."

The front door slams open, maiming two dozen malingerers who are laying out of foreign language lab. A figure, almost recognizable as a man, worms its way to the reception desk. The figure has no arms or legs and is completely covered with blood.



Figure: I need to see a doctor.

Nurse Snook: Sign the register, sonny. No preferential treatment here.

Figure: I can't.

Nurse Snook: No signee. No helpee.

Figure: I can't because I don't have any arms.

N.S.: You ought to see a doctor about that.

Figure: I'm trying to.

N.S.: Would you classify your illness an emergency?

Figure: Yes, I would.

N.S.: Well, fill out these emergency forms in triplicate and turn them over to me.

Body breaks down in tears. At this point, a Clara Barton of the freshman class steps forward to assist the body.

One by one the patients are treated until only two forms are remaining. Nurse Snook reappears.

N.S.: Richard Mortice.

Obviously not our limbless hero.

N.S.: Is Richard Mortice here?

Figure: I believe *that* was Richard Mortice, but he hasn't moved since I've been here.

N.S.: He must have had a rough day.

Figure: I don't think he'll have to worry about that anymore. May I go on in?

N.S.: Wait your turn. Mr. Mortice is next.

Figure: But he's dead.

N.S.: Let's not get personal.

At this point the emergency door swings open and Dr. Ashby Evans emerges in full medical regalia.

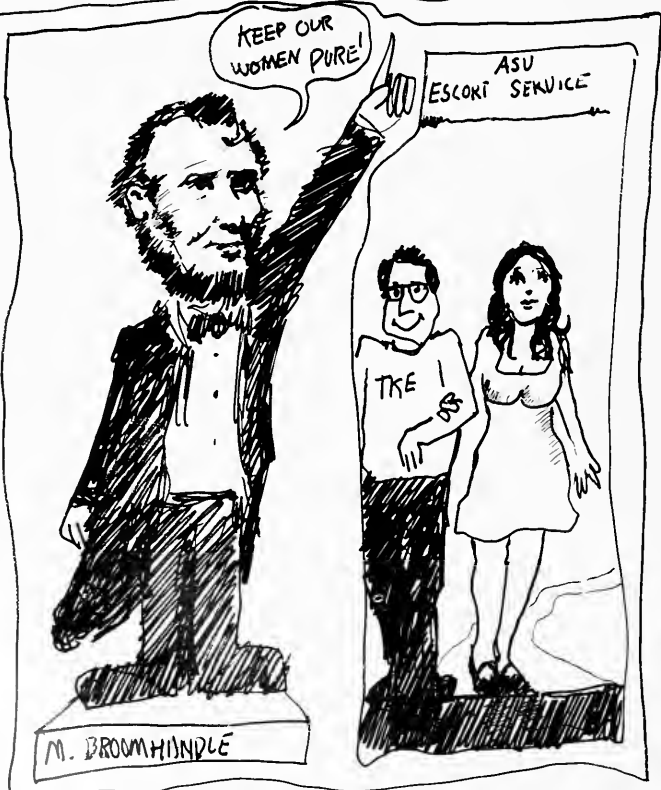
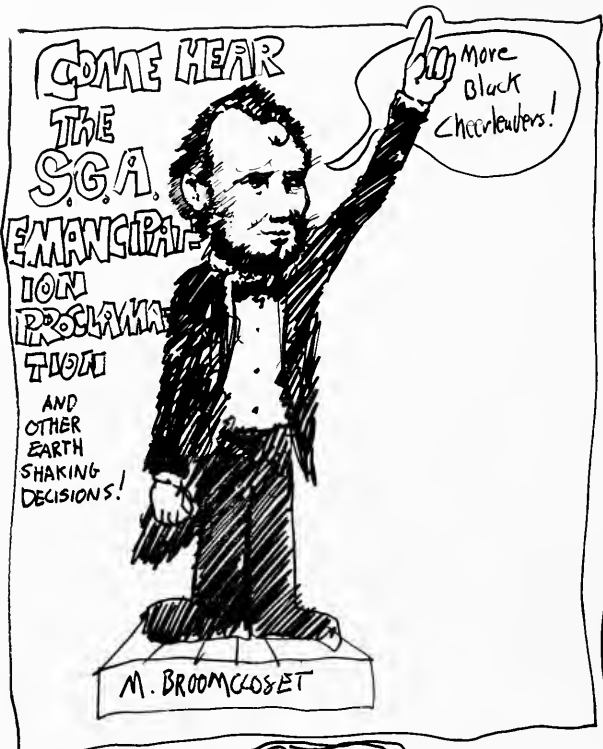
Dr. Evans: Follow me, son.

Our hero flops off of his chair and squirms towards the back examination room. There Evans begins the examination.

Evans: What's your problem, sport?

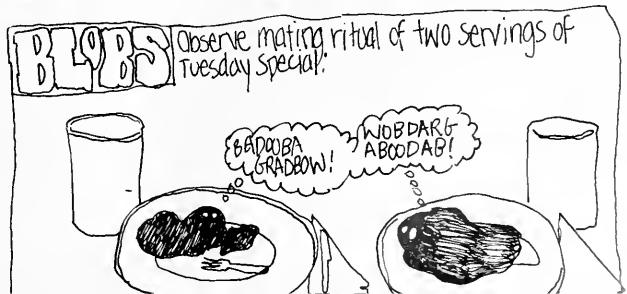
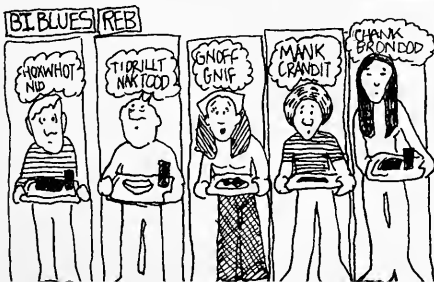
Figure: I lost my arms in ar. accident.

(continued on page 23)



GA FUNNIES

THE TRUE STORY THAT HAPPENED TO MARY IN THE AD BUILDING ONE FINE DAY!



Bathroom Graffiti - Water Closet Philosophers

Scholars are at odds when discussion turns to criteria for evaluating a university. Purists cry "curriculum" or "faculty." A minority of savants promote the library and the number of available volumes as the only criteria by which to measure an institution of higher learning. Other factions offer for consideration the reputation of the graduate school, the number of incoming transfer students, the average yearly earnings of graduates, and, occasionally, the football coach.

Recently, however, a covey of upstart leftovers, a misguided group with recurring dreams of legitimacy, has proposed the layman's point of view. It is the group's contention that the best way to judge a university is not by scrutinizing the subject matter within the walls of any great institution but by scrutinizing the very walls for those telltale signs of notability.

Spokesman for the group and compiler of a one thousand page tome of bathroom homilies and blasphemes, Porter Farce justifies the proposal. "We seriously doubt that every student on campus has waxed eloquently on Keats, or Kant, or Bernoulli's Principle. We doubt that the entire student body of any university has stepped foot in a library. We even have misgivings about whether or not the entire body of students has ever been awake at the same moment, but we have no doubts that every student has seen the insides of a bathroom stall."

Convincing enough. Every school has a few home-spun philosophers who prefer the shadows of anonymity and the form-fitting seat of the porcelain throne. Every man and woman alive, presumably, has gripes, complaints or curses to register, albeit perhaps, away from the public eye. Probably every serious student of life has drawn at least one home-spun proverb from a cinder block wall, a veneer slide-lock door, or a pink marble partition and incorporated the thoughts into his or her own philosophy and probably been better off for it. At a time in history when training a pet rock is sane and spouting Spinoza or Kierkegaard is weird, the world needs more bathroom graffiti to perpetuate the tradition of Plato, Aristotle and Big Bird. We need philosophy that is non-exclusive. Common man needs his medium, too.

It is, then, in this vein, in the serious pursuit of purpose that we, the copy staff of the *Rhodo*, have set about to chronicle the wit and wisdom of ASU stall philosophers as a means of evaluating our university. No seat, no stall door was left unturned in our relentless pursuit of the way it is. We offer our findings to you, the students, the water closet philosophers.

It matters not what price you've paid,
You can't get gladness ready made.
To get the real and lasting kind,
You have to grow it in your mind!

It is only immoral to be dead-alive, sun
extinct, and busy putting out the sun
in other people.

Cosmos is:

1. Mick Jagger's french poodle
2. the 6th day of a 5 day deodorant pad
3. the 10th commandment
4. Marlin Perkin's summer replacement
5. Truman Capote's middle name
6. liver and onions
7. polyunsaturated fat
8. Marlin Perkin's winter replacement
9. 4 more years
10. ethnic abbreviation
11. only if you think so
12. ASU 35, USC 0
13. the green meat in the lunch room
14. getting out of school
15. open minded professors

God is dead. -Neitszche
Neitszche is dead. -God

God is love
Love is blind
Ray Charles is blind
Ray Charles is God

What we need in the white house
instead of a Ford is a two year old VW.
They go a long way on a little gas.
Don't cost much to maintain. And fit
into tight places with ease.

Life is like a bowl of prunes
It's hard to get a date

To do is to be. Aristotle.
To be is to do. Descartes.
Do be do be do. Sinatra.

Don't throw cigarette butts in the
toilet.
It makes them soggy and hard to light.

Life is not time, life is not a mere fact.
It is a steady and ceaseless process
and an unseen goal.



Birds do it, bees do it
Dogs do it and get stuck to it
I do it and hope you do it
But damn those who don't do it.

The only good pack is a six-pack. Go Heels!

Don't eat yellow snow.

This door is a reflection of all the stupidity of mankind. Why can't man forget his material or physical being and replace it with what is whole — the spiritual aspect of man.

How much meaning can "I love you" have if it's an answer?

The most intelligent response is no response.

How does one escape from a society that dictates one must go to college? I want to travel!!

-an insecure freshman

How do you keep a polack busy



How do you keep a polack busy

More Put Downs (continued)

Evans: Well, how do you tie your shoes?

Figure: I also lost my legs.

Evans: Well, God sure works in mysterious ways. (turns to get placebo) Look, son, I'm putting a box of Tylenol in your pocket. Have someone give you two tablets every four hours. And here's some Robitussin to stop that terrible cough.

Figure: But I don't have a cough.

Evans: See. Works every time. And, son. . .

Figure: Yes, Doc Evans?

Evans: Next time you crawl in here, use the back entrance. Nurse Snook just waxed that floor.

Peace of Mind

Maharishi Mahesh Yogi descended upon the United States with a commodity known as "Transcendental Meditation" which was conceived and designed especially for the American counter-culture mentality by Hype Inc, a division of Mattel that also brought you "Pet Rock." With promises of peace of mind, tranquility, and creative intelligence, Maharishi, better known to citizens of Whipdog, Texas, (his actual hometown) as Findley Dunk, carries the message and a fifth of Jack Daniels under his stately Hart, Shafner and Marks cassock. Guru Yogi, whom you may have seen as a losing contestant on the Dating Game years ago, spreads the gospel of the mantram, a form of meditation that utilizes the soothing meditative effect of sound repetition.

It has been the practice of the Maharishi and his followers not to

divulge the mantra publicly on the sacred grounds that a plague of lip warts would descend upon the revealer and all his close friends. The copy editors of this book decided, warts or no warts, the truth must be known, so we hired a complete stranger to uncover the facts about meditation and mantra. Below is the as yet unpublished account of his probe.

Procedure: Meditator is to sit on a rug in an upright position with legs crossed and with arms resting on the legs, palms upward. Meditator closes his eyes and begins deep breathing. Then, for approximately twenty minutes he repeats his mantram as revealed by his meditatee or guru, concentrating on nothing but his breathing and the repetition of the mantra.

The most widely used mantram, developed a millenium ago on a Boy Scout camping trip to the Tibetan grass lands, is the Buddhist chant "O-wah, tie-goo, Siam." This mantram should be repeated smoothly and softly until the meditator sees the light.

The Damndest Thing Happened

A tragic event occurred on the campus of Appalachian State University when eight students, celebrating a crucial football victory died suddenly in a bizarre tale of terror. Al Grosserman, roommate of one of the male victims, related to newsmen the unusual details of the tragedy, "I tell you it's the damndest thing I ever saw. The tube was on. President Ford was getting ready to speak to the country; everybody in the room was loose, but appeared to be healthy. I stepped into the john to void myself, and when I returned, dead bodies were strewn all over the place. It is my understanding from reading the investigative reports that death occurred just after President Ford tripped over a network power line and swallowed his microphone."

The Coroner's report filed in Watauga County Courthouse revealed that the students were victims of an irresistible urge to laugh themselves to death.



Who's Boo Boo's

Every year each school tabs honored seniors to Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities. Just once we would like to see a selection of students based on something other than service, integrity, and scholarship. Therefore we submit our choices for the ASU-Who's-Boo-Boo's, 1976.

George Mmerrglizzle, a barb freak who never once articulated his name well enough for anyone to comprehend.

Spudhead Bronkowisky, 240 pound Mountaineer tackle who agreed to serve as punching bag for the P.E. department after he raped the old heavy bag, thinking it was Hilda Bunswumper, his steady.



Punks the wonder dog who chased Officer Delbert O'Malley up a goalpost during halftime of homecoming '75.

Amy Dink, biology lab technician and departmental research assistant who isolated seven strains of VD on the ASU campus without using her microscope.

Don Diego DelGata, freshman, who slept under his bed for his first semester because Art Department Chairman Larry Edwards told him it was an ASU tradition.

Philosophy professor, D.G. Sparks, the walking Desenex footpowder commercial who leaves behind a puff of smoke with every step he takes.

Aristotle Thunderbunk, campus noodle-mind who applied for a

copyright on God and subsequently was invited to speak at Harvard commencement.

Spunkie Bokenight, human statue, whose sneeze in class after four months of absolute silence and motionlessness caused John Foster West's scalp to sprout red curly hair.

Lanny Nagurski, co-captain of seven ASU athletic teams, who held more letters in sports than he had mastered of the alphabet.

Percy Fresh, junior business major, who spelled out the Preamble to the Constitution in hickies on the belly of Lucy Poovey, his sometime steady.



Pheefie Foefum, transfer student from England, who organized a protest march in behalf of minority giants by laying, first, a golden egg and then the junior class.

Borefurt Yawn — The worst joke-teller in the business since the days of George Ivey, Jr. caused a riot in the cafeteria last semester when he forgot the punchline of a joke for the thirty-first consecutive time. Borefurt, in the employment coup of the century, was recently hired as a

script-writer for Lawrence Welk. Wunnerfull. Wunnerfull.

Charles Bukowski, Jr., for his aesthetic efforts in ridding the world of ugly by trading his face for a Bill Dunlap halloween mask.

Piney Sagbrest, French major and guardian of the key, who sold her memoirs of her love life to Parker Brothers.

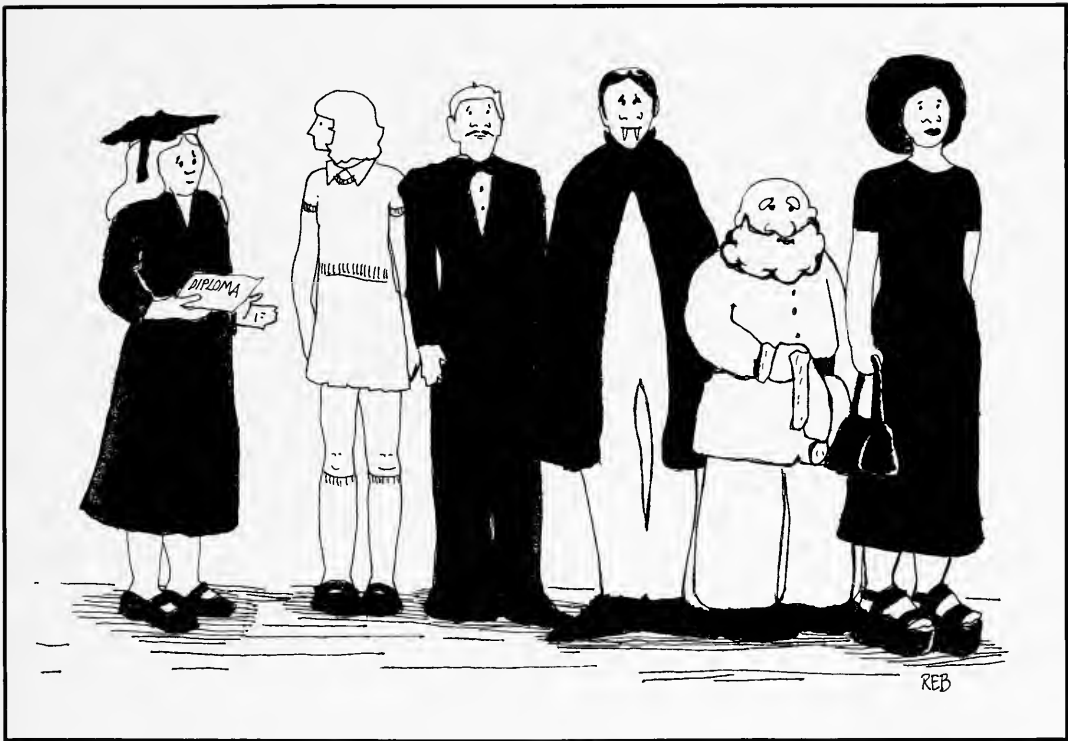


Marsha Mallow, a regular at the Psychological and Counseling Center, who was thrown out of school for sitting in Dr. Wey's cup of hot chocolate.

Sammy Davis, Jr. Jones — a one-eyed "Peace-Love-Dove" guy from the bead and bangles school of dress who cannot decide whether he is white or black. One day he digs Don Cornelius, the next day Dick Clark. One day it's dark meat, the next day it's white. We say turkey's turkey anyway you slice it.

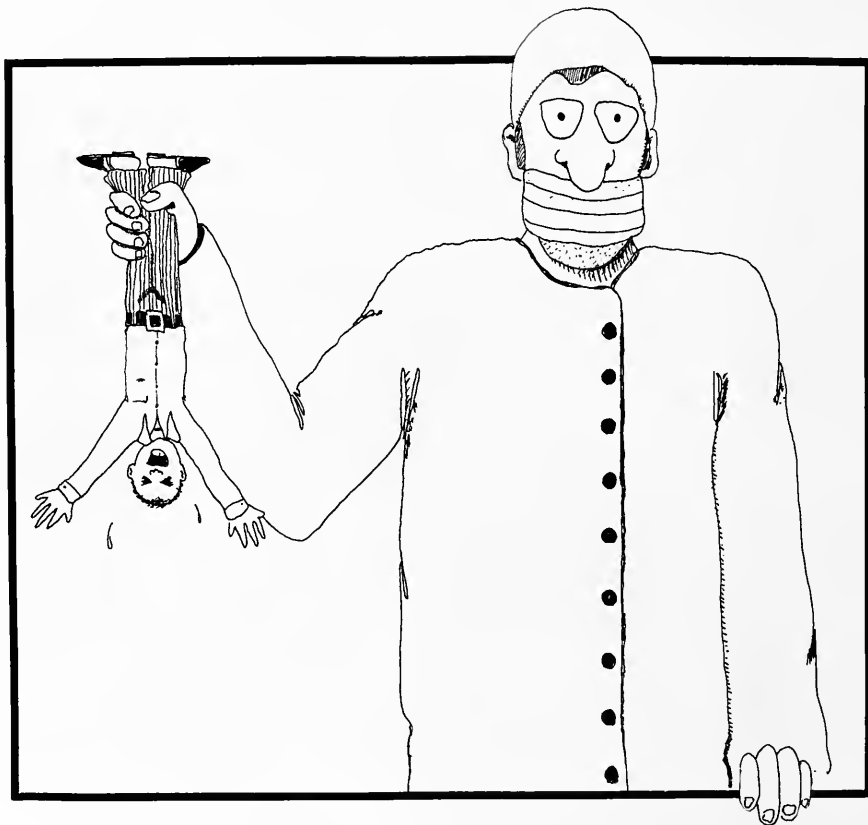
Oreo Brown — Caucasian coed from Nabisco, N.C., has a sweet tooth for the black athletes, preferably two at a time. Oreo, whose father is a dentist, claims that although her penchant for sweets has caused a proliferation of cavities, she has no trouble getting her cavities filled.

STUDENT PLACEMENT SERVICES



*Let Us Help You Find
a Job (at the end of an unemployment line.)*

DRAWN & QUOTED



A radio talk show at one Winston-Salem station had turned its discussion to loose morals on some college campuses. One woman got extremely excited and called the station to give her "Christian viewpoint" concerning streaking.

She said that "if the Lord had meant for people to run around naked we'd have been born that way."

JAWS meets LYNDA LOVELACE

The two most famous
movies of our time
seen together for the
first time in a major
motion picture.

Held Over



No one under
45 admitted.



**Shows Monday - Friday
2-5-7-9**

**Saturday and Sunday
3-5-7-9-11**

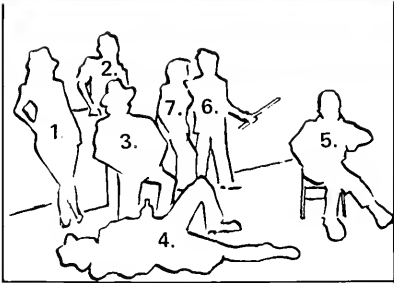
**The Sick Theater
705½ Main St.
795-1112**

**See if you can answer the question:
Who's the biggest attraction?**

Can you spot the Weed Filters smoker?



©1976 T.J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.



ALMOST EVERYONE IN THE CLASSROOM HAS A GIMMICK TODAY. FIND THE ONE WHO DOESN'T.

1. No. She's Choo Choo Jones, daughter of K.C. Owns one of the nicest cabooses in the business, but insists on pulling the train by herself. Smokes without a light.
2. No. He's Greece Pitts, son of Arm & Peach Pitts. He's into carburetors, overhead cams and Choo Choo when she's in the mood. Smokes Valvoline.
3. No. He's Ringo Shaft. He's into transcendental laxatives. Gives the impression of the quiet type but really blows it out on weekends. Puffs on empty Charmin spools.
4. No. He's Crash Enscratchett,

part pointer, part bottle collector, part Venus Fly Trap. Crash is into catching flies in his mouth while feigning intoxication. A million of laughs at a party, Crash points to a joke when he sees one.

5. Right. Norbert Sneezee. He goes back to nature for his highs. No gimmicks for Norbert. Just a long drag off a Weed Filter and an occasional nose hit.
6. No. He's "Ugotta B. Kidden." So named by campus coeds, Ugotta is BMOC with emphasis on the B. Owns a key to every boudoir on campus. Ugotta has his head into sugar doughnuts. Rolls his own.
7. No. She's Pimpess Midruff, Ugotta's manager and social secretary. Keeps Ugotta booked up months in advance. Admires intellectuals with good heads. Smokes in bed.



Weed Filters.
They're not for everybody
 (but they could be for you).

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
 That Pot Smoking Is Good For Your Head.

19 mg. "THC," 2 mg. stems av. per joint, FTC Report MAY '76

APPALACHIAN MEN



MAY DAY PLAY DAY • A LOOK AT MEN'S DORMS •
GETTING HIGH ON FLYING • THE GREEKS: A
CHANGING IMAGE • INSANITY AND THE SEMESTER
SYSTEM •



WHAT SORT OF MAN READS APPALACHIAN MEN

A man with the courage to be different. Whether he is an agile and alert young pledge or a quaint and cunning old pro, the man who seeks mental stimulation through the fiction advice in the reviews and "ASU After Hours," or wit in the cartoons is the debonair and suave aficionado of APPALACHIAN MEN. Whether he is a magician, a musician or a Mexican, the reader of APPALACHIAN MEN is always found in the most stylish establishments about Boone and the Rock—seldom ignored, seldom alone, always arresting and alluring. And he is inevitably handsomely endowed.

BOWIE · EGGERS · COLTRANE · TOWERS · GARDNER

APPALACHIAN MEN

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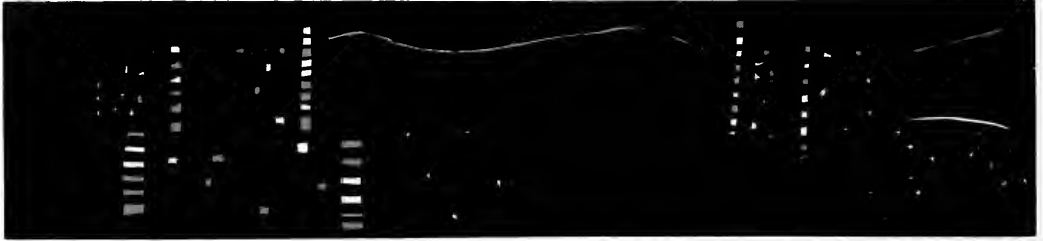
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ASU AFTER HOURS



The new mountain "sign" announcing the existence of ASU to the world is becoming known as Appalachian's answer to Stonehenge. The edifice is probably representative of an equal amount of mystery and savagery as the structure on Salisbury Plain. The proper place for worship at ASU seems to be the gymnasium.

Appalachian is reported to have more square feet of sidewalk per library book than any college in the state.

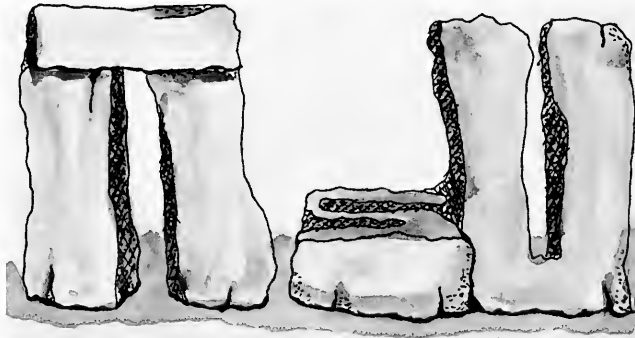
A recent survey which appeared in *The N.C. State Pulp Times* on sex on college campuses revealed that perverse sexual activity on the graduate level had reached an all-time high. Interesting. Especially when you consider that the article next to this survey headlined, "Graduate Assistants Take Big Load Off Faculty."

Next year will be the first year that beer can be sold in Boone. (It will also be the year that mysticism is offered as a course in the math department, Muhammad Ali becomes king of France, Burt Reynolds has a sex change operation, and Boone landlords undercharge students and repair broken pipes in the same week that they break).

A bumper sticker that caught the attention of one staff-writer read "Light the world with your faith, burn the church of your choice."

Then there's the one about the Boone Police Department in which a previously required intelligence test was dropped from the books. It seems the department could not find anyone who could grade it.

Doc Ashby tells the one about a recent freshman coed who came to him for advice. She wanted to know if you can get pregnant by four or five guys in the same evening. We want to know if she is curious about sixes or sevens. We would also like to know if Ashby came to any conclusion that afternoon.



The heist of the century occurred fall semester in Broome-Kirk Gym locker room where 25,000 athletic supporters were pilfered in broad daylight. Funny thing though, the theft went undetected for two months. Whoever made the heist must really have "a lot of balls."

A special thanks went out to Doctor Evan Ashby from Justice Dorm and the football team for his special efforts in helping to spread a lot of happiness on the ASU campus, in the back seat of station wagons, and the baseball dugouts.

An inside source at Belk Library informed our staff that each year between 12 and 20 students are actually caught engaging in sexual intercourse in the stacks. What we would like to know is how high do they stack? and do you have to have a library card to join?

Hear the rumor going around? Some freak slipped into the cafeteria and spiked the spaghetti sauce with his own hand-picked mushrooms. Officials became suspicious when students came back for seconds.

Apologies go out to ASU's resident old man and harmonica virtuoso, Robert Bradshaw, a fixture on the Bookstore Wall of Fame, who was hauled in inadvertently by Boone police on charge of singing obscene ditties to passing freshmen co-eds. Although after looking at the three complainers, the chief of police dismissed the charges immediately as a case of simple inarticulation and wishful thinking.

On the final exam for a driver's ed. course the question was posed, "If you were traveling down the mountain on 421 to Winston-Salem at the speed of 55 m.p.h. and your brakes gave out and your emergency brake proved ineffective, what would be your next course of action?" One student answered the question with what he felt was an "A" answer: "Honk if I loved Jesus."



Blowing Rock offers several popular dive-houses for the week-end inspection and enjoyment of Appalachian students and their dates. Among the foremost of these reputable establishments is The Villa Maria, whose mock-Spanish arches and ornices welcome those attracted by dim lights and loud rock music. The Villa, as the establishment is more familiarly known, is most reknowned for the basement area, where the cultured collegian may cluster amidst the smoke and noise to exchange the newest news and the oldest jests. The finest beers and ales are available at the Villa, and the atmosphere is thickened by the hustle-scene aura emitted by both males and females travelling in groups of three or four.

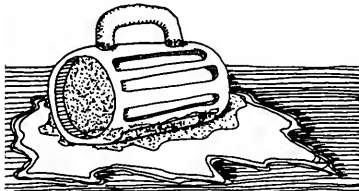


The Library Club in Blowing Rock is the home of juke box jivey, small talk politics, and beer guzzling revelry, and you don't need a library card to check out the place. If you have one dancing bone in your body or the gift of blarney in your tongue, you owe it to yourself to mingle with your contemporaries. You just might find the outdoor furniture, the elevated dance floor, and the "damn good" sandwich to your liking. There's no doubt that you'll like the parade of fresh warm bodies that passes by your table. If your bag is beer, the bump, or butt beholding, drag your butt to Blowing Rock. Some nights the Library Club is better than a good book.

For the counter-culture cruiser, Holly's tavern provides the most comfortable climate. Whereas The Villa often features live rock and soul bands, the only live music at Holly's is the new bluegrass, with its fiddling and banjo picking. Customers



sit at huge oak tables, lean back in their ladder back chairs and discuss the absurdities of philosophy courses or the confusions of adolescent psychology. Holly's, like all the other thriving night spots of The Rock, has its game machines, but they are not so frequently used nor so numerous as those of The Villa. One of the most attractive features of Holly's is the villainous Holly's hot dog or chili dog. A night on the town in the mountains is hardly complete without a cold mug of Bud or Schlitz and a tasty 'Holly's dog.



Where within easy access of Boone



would Warren Beatty wine and dine a campus beauty? Falling Water Motel, you say? Perhaps. But if your idea of dining consists of something more than forbidden fruit, you might take your Eve to the Smoketree Inn, the last word in gourmet dining. Located outside of Linville just off of Highway 105 and adjacent to Smoketree Lodge, the Inn features tasty morsels for every hungry epicure.

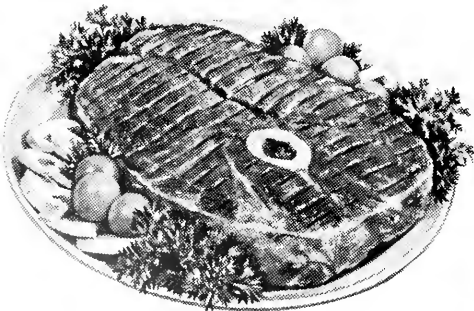
Inside the Inn, high ceilings, exposed beams and wide, stone hearth create a meal hall-ski lodge atmosphere that arouses hearty appetites only the Smoketree chef can appease. The walls of Smoketree Inn have recently become a showcase of the works of local and semi-local artists as the proprietors have sought to unite the craft of the canvas, the art of architecture, and the majesty of the natural landscape. The attempt is commendable.





The real treat, however, comes when the customer is led to a reserved table where he is seated by the hostess. Then and there he is tempted by the menu's selection of entrees before he proceeds to the appetizer buffet and salad bar. Chunk ham, artichoke hearts, French onion soup, edam and gouda cheese, and homemade loaves of bread are spread over a long oaken table as the feast unfolds. The next course consists of garden fresh vegetables, tossed and topped with a tasty dressing. Shortly, the main course arrives by way of an elegant waitress. The main entree—your choice of New York strip, prime rib, rib-eye, or red trout—is served with a buttered baked potato and green bean almondine. Then, that second cup of coffee puts everything into perspective.

Sound great? Well, if you're looking for anything from Botticelli to Beowulf to baked potato, the Smoketree Inn is your answer. Make reservations now for that special party of two. The Inn will wine you and dine you royally. But after the meal you're on your own.

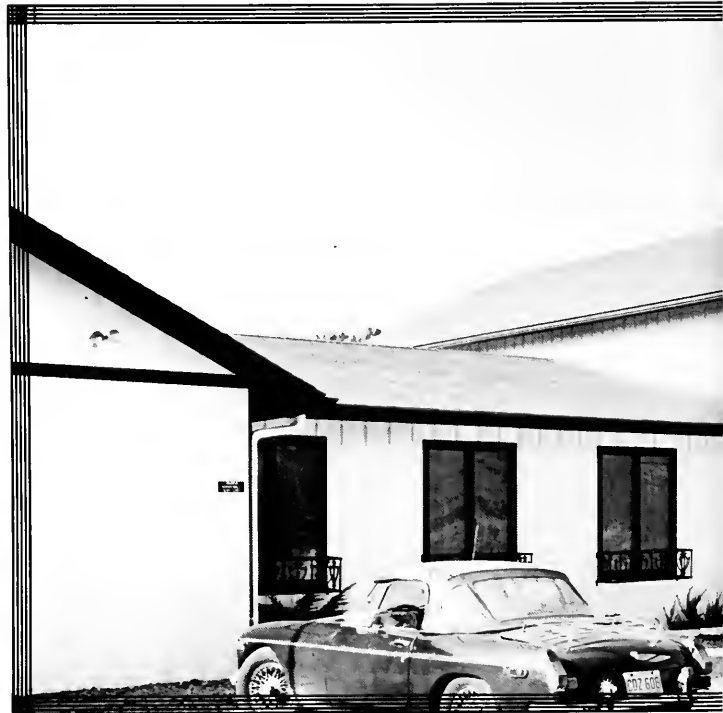


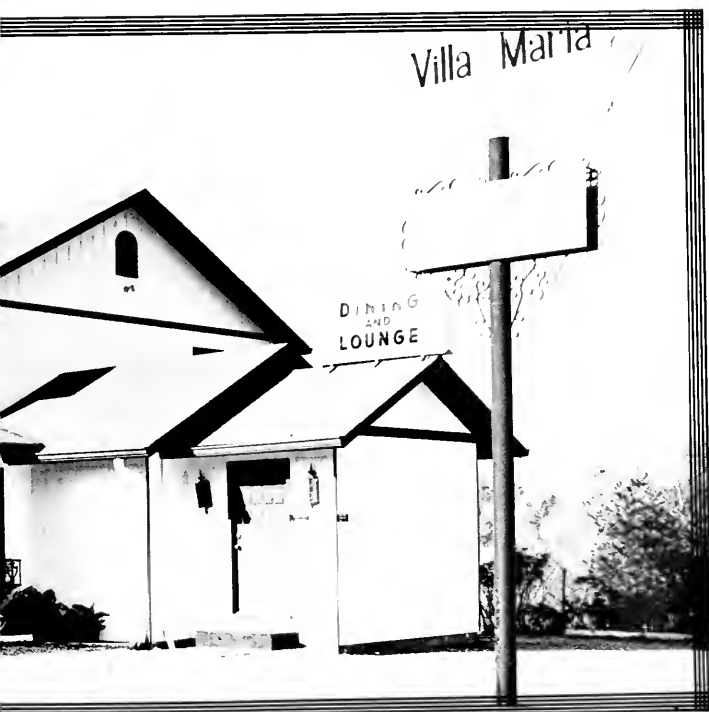
On any given night at the Hub Pub Club in Banner Elk, North Carolina you are likely to bump into a long-lost friend, a one hundred and five pound poet who trims mimosas in his off-seasons for beer money, or a traveling miscellany groupie in town for the annual Watauga County Volunteer Fire Department hoedown and clambake. And that's just a sampling of the crowd that frequents Banner Elk's finest restaurant-nightclub.

Could that be the provocative refrain of Jimmy Buffet's "Why Don't We Get Drunk" that we hear, or is it John Hartford's "Nobody Eats at Linebaughs Anymore?" Chances are it's one or the other. Anyone that is anyone in the country-folk-soft rock scene jumps at the chance to perform at this, the haven of down home hospitality and cabinet liquor. So put on your best duds and drive out to the Club for the best in entertainment—solo, stand-up and ensemble comedians are regular fare here where fresh mountain air and kick-ass Mountaineer spirit make for a festive mood.

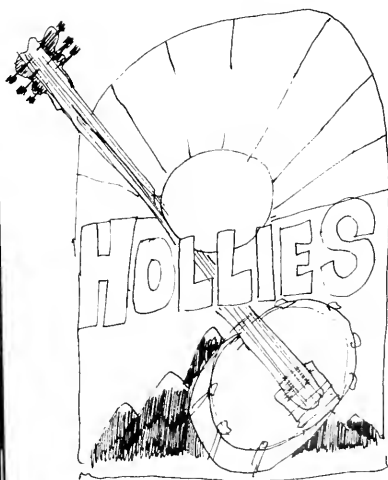
Come enjoy the intimate world of the Hub Pub Club where patron and proprietor alike engage in good-natured raillery and puckish shenanigans.

And while you're at the Club, try the specialty of the house, savory orange duck.





A "Damn Good Sandwich"





"I guess I've never been very good with words."

BURGESS MEREDITH

a candid conversation with a former 'Penguin'..

If this diminutive veteran of stage, screen and television was seen frolicking behind a hollow tree with a poke sack over his shoulder, he would most certainly be fair game to opportunists of the Irish descent. In his knit toboggan, denim jacket and jeans, and small elfish mocassins, Burgess Meredith strongly resembles any one of the "little people," the leprechauns right down to the pointed ears. Though he is small in stature, he is long in talent. His credentials reveal a remarkable longevity in the business—his career spans more than forty years. During that time he has appeared in major productions on the stage, in motion pictures and on television. Presently, between film roles he is touring college campuses with flutist Charles Lloyd in a presentation of readings from Carlos Castaneda, the Vedas, *MIND GAMES*, and other introspective works and of music from the virtuosity of Charles Lloyd.

Possessing a highly recognizable face and a familiar voice, Burgess Meredith is not exactly a household name today unless you consider the fact that he is the number one citizen of Stokely, U.S.A. and the voice-over of Stokely peas commercials. The role that made him most accessible to the general public was his portrayal of The Penguin on the weekly *BATMAN* series of

shaped during the Thirties and Forties and carried into the Sixties and Seventies. Today, a consummate character actor who has mastered enthusiastic eccentric portrayals, Meredith was a famous name on Broadway in the Thirties in such productions as Robert Sherwood's *IDIOT'S DELIGHT* and Maxwell Anderson's *WINTERSET*, a play which he later followed to the screen. A leading man in films of the Thirties and early Forties, Burgess Meredith perhaps made his finest sustained contribution to the industry in Steinbeck's *OF MICE AND MEN* (1940), generally considered a film masterpiece.

Meredith has appeared in the films of Otto Preminger and John Huston with such stars as Clark Gable, Norma Shearer, Lon Chaney, Jr., Gregory Peck, Michael Caine, and Jane Fonda. His long list of films includes *THE CARDINAL* (1963), *HURRY SUNDOWN* (1967), *MacKENNA'S GOLD* (1969), *SUCH GOOD FRIENDS* (1971), and more recently *THE DAY OF THE LOCUST* (1975).

The following interview is transcribed from a tape of an open interview subsequent to Meredith's presentation "Visions of Power." The bulk of the interview relates to the Castaneda reading, and the exploration of the inner world (or "psychonautics" as he refers to it).

Castaneda's *THE TEACHINGS OF DON JUAN* the same as the acceptance of fate?

MEREDITH: Acceptance of fate has a dour kind of vision to me. Let's get down to the power they're talking about, it seems to me a power in which you would not want anything but what is happening. You don't want to be anyplace else but where you are. A warrior just accepts everything as a challenge. I don't think I have a clue to the answer to that. I just simply think that happiness and fulfillment must lie in achievement of some sort of power that he talks about.

I think also this is the age of the seeking, trying to put the first man on earth, as it were. A new book that's out by Adam Smith covers the whole range of this seeking. *POWERS OF THE MIND* shows the rising research of the subject.

APP MEN: Do you have a far-reaching ulterior motive behind this presentation? Are you trying to accomplish something?

MEREDITH: Once we accepted the challenge, why, then it became very interesting to us. We're doing it for a brief period to see how it works. We get more out of it than anybody, and we touch a few people.

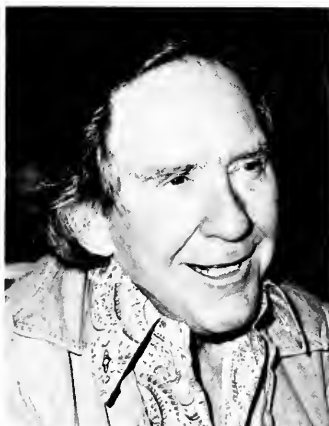
APP MEN: How has it worked for you?

MEREDITH: Each time we perform we learn something, and each time we become

APP MEN: Is the pursuance of power (Yacqui Indian terminology) from



"I just simply think that happiness and fulfillment must lie in achievement of some sort of power..."



"A warrior just accepts everything as a challenge."



"There is that other world, if you can somehow get through it. It's only separated by the flimsiest of screens..."

INTERVIEW (CONTD.)

more aware of what's working for us to meet the challenge of getting the word across. As we go on we find other works that we want to do. I felt very happy about tonight's performance. The fact is that we like to hear from the audience.

I would like to say that it always seems like a long way ahead to me. I think that getting there as they say is half the fun. I don't think you ever arrive at the fullness, even the state of high indifference. There's this man Merrill Wolfe I read still seeking and finding every moment of his search. It's beautiful. It's quite an inspiration to meet people like that. They never feel they have attained it, I suppose, until the final time when they shake off this coil, so to speak.

APP MEN: Can you experience meditation with the intellect?

MEREDITH: According to the sages there is very little you can experience intellectually or define it as you come back.

There is that other world, if you can somehow get through it. It's only separated by the flimsiest of screens, and still you cannot exactly mark the map or define what it is. Merrill Wolfe tells about those elements which you can remember, as it were. And the main part of it is that the relative world becomes less important or gets into its proper place — the subject-object world. And that you feel unafraid of its problems anymore. And that things balance more easily.

APP MEN: How did you and Charles Lloyd join forces?

MEREDITH: Well, we live a few houses from each other on Malibu Beach. I was interested in his music and he more or less had heard of me. We began to talk and found we were both reading Casteneda at

one time as well as others. He's got that flute synthesizer. I began to read, and he began to play. People said, "Hey," and we said, "Let's take a month, try it and see what happens."

APP MEN: Are Casteneda's books, in your opinion, based on fact?

MEREDITH: Does it make any difference? I don't know. It doesn't any more than in Gulliver's Travels. The truth is there. I think he must have met somebody. I don't think it's important. There are a lot of things in Casteneda that are over-written, but occasionally he really comes through.

APP MEN: For somebody who never experienced TM, how would you ever define it or explain it to perhaps try to convince them that its an experience that they also should have?

MEREDITH: I don't know. Not everybody can follow the same way. I found TM. Merrill Wolfe had kind of prepared me. Merrill Wolfe just hit me like a light. My brain was clarified by that man, so that I was ready. I use all the winds I can get to blow me across. That's very effective, the mantra, apparently.

APP MEN: How do you feel that your meditation has helped your creative capacities?

MEREDITH: I don't know. I have no idea. I have done a play or two since. I know one thing that it's very good for relaxation. I've been doing creative things for a long time. I don't always think the illumined man, the man that has seen the transcendentative, is necessarily a more perfect man. I don't know. But I think that in time it must mellow me. It makes me happier. I don't know how it improves me. Something doesn't bother me so much. I begin to laugh at things that used to bother me.

APP MEN: Do you attribute this achievement just to TM?

MEREDITH: I think that it has been a large part of the formulation. I think my friendship with John Lily has been a big experience. And the isolation tanks I've used. I use them a lot in Dr. Lily's lab. You lie in a coffin like thing and float in salt water kept at body temperature. That has been a great help. TM is good. Reading is good. I can't just reach the state with TM.

APP MEN: What precisely, then, is your goal?

MEREDITH: It just seems to me the only thing to do is to search for the breakthrough. The knowledge seems to me to be something that is damn intriguing. And who knows but what everything is a kind of preparation of death?

APP MEN: Do you feel the discipline involved in your work as an actor helps in the same way to develop your concentration?

MEREDITH: No. I would think it would be the opposite way. I would think that meditation probably helps acting, but I don't think acting helps anything. You've used your motions so falsely for so long, as it were, that it's hard for you to say, "Hey, is this an act?"

APP MEN: What are you going to work on in the future?

MEREDITH: I'm doing a film. Has THE DAY OF THE LOCUST played here? Did NINETY-TWO IN THE SHADE with Peter Fonda play? Then I've got 2 or 3 others coming out. I'm going to do a film up in Canada. BURNT OFFERINGS with Karen Black and Oliver Reed.

APP MEN: Are you going to work with John Lily in the future?

MEREDITH: I'm going to work with him very closely. We may all do this sort of thing together soon. A very close friend, he's dedicated his next book to me, which is quite an honor.

THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS

App Chancellor Herbert C. Wey
Took time out to publicly say
Despite rumors of rape
I stand here agape
'Cause not one's crossed my desk to this
day

Bonzo's friend Ronald has heart
And is ambitious, clever, and smart
Said Reagan to monkey
I know that I'm funky
So I'll try for a much bigger part

An heiress named Hearst went quite batty
And deserted her money and daddy
She went underground
With guerillas she found
And they made a monkey out of Patty

A girl in the bushes cries, "rape"
I've been grabbed by this sex-crazed ape
Said Officer Seven
It's almost Eleven
Time for my coffee break

The Rhododendron passed out a survey
To find where preferences lay
Some blushed in a minute
From the questions within it
How often? How many? Which way?

Our fabled key to fortune's door
Has left all our parents so very poor
And this golden diploma
Will lose its aroma
When we all get a job mopping floors



Coach Brakefield gave Dooley advice
If you want to win eight and lose thrice
Get hold of a quarterback
Who allows no fourth quarter slack
You'll win but you must play the Price

Somewhere between hip-hip and hooray
ASU cheering met with a delay
"We blacks don't want quotas
But we don't want all sodas
Cheering Devon on to play"

There was a coed from LR
Who never indulged in the bars
But she wasn't that fickle
So she just used a pickle
That she freshly picked out of a jar

It's a burger that's really a fright . . .
That gets my stomach on edge and up-tight
So the BI I shun
For I fear their big buns
Which are only a trashbin's delight

Two years after Crosby and Nash
Steve Stills was booked for a bash
Programs asked for five-fifty
Found Apps to be thrifty
"We want the Carpenters for that kind of
cash"

There once was a chief, name of Broom
In a novel by Kesey about loons
He kept the cuckoo's nest swept
(In the movie he wept)
And now he is living in Boone

Rally



1975

Although there had been some growing concern as to the success of Rally '75 prior to the event, there seemed to be little question left when the concert was over, and the enthusiastic crowd refused to leave. Rally '75 was somewhat shorter than previous rallies, but there was plenty of time for students and visitors to enjoy a weekend of partying, drinking, smoking, and dancing — plenty of time for people to ease aside their studies and celebrate.

Goose Creek Symphony took the stage at noon on Saturday, May 10th to kick off the weekend of Southern Rock. The seven-man group performed an hour of down-home country rock during which they played such songs as "Plans of the Lord," and "Hot Dog Daddy."

Following a short intermission, the Atlanta Rhythm Section took the stage to the enthusiastic applause of the audience. Their "down-home stompin' music" started the rally romp. Frisbees appeared and feet shuffled as the crowd reacted to the music. The group played a wide selection of songs including their hits "Doraville" and "Angel."

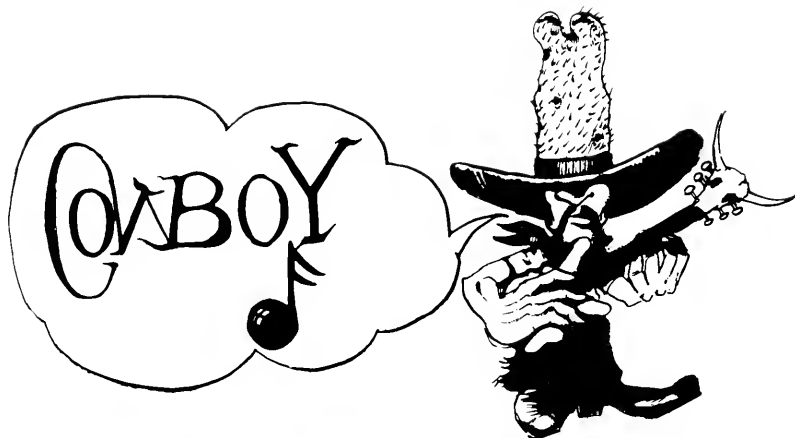
At 8 p.m. under red and blue spotlights, Cowboy took center-stage. This group, which had previously performed at ASU in December with the Gregg Allman Tour presented an hour of solid music ranging from rock to country.

At last with anticipation rising Elvin Bishop, appearing in full regalia, took the stage. Much of the crowd stood applauding frantically before the first chord had been played, and began to boogie to the driving beat of Bishop's guitar immediately. Bishop held the audience captive for two hours as they rocked and danced to the country-flavored rock of the Bishop Band. "Fishing" and "Traveling Shoes" were apparently the most popular performances as the crowd yelled, screamed, and sang along.

"Watermelon" proved to be another favorite as Bishop brought out real watermelons, took a bite himself, and then distributed the rest to the front row of spectators thereby confirming to all that he is just a "country boy" at heart.

Two hours of Bishop was not enough for the crowd who called him back for one encore followed by another. During the second encore Cowboy joined Bishop on stage and kept the crowd dancing for another thirty minutes.





AND



Art by Gary Wilson



MAY DAY



PLAY DAY



The sun was shining, the sky was cloudless, the grass was green (that being lain upon, i.e. Bermuda and crab, as well as that being consumed, unless of course one happens to be among those lucky few who possessed red or gold), and spirits were high for the festivities of May Day '75. There was music for the ear, food for the stomach, and bargains everywhere for the pocketbook.

May Day Play Day brought out large numbers of students who competed throughout the day for prizes. Many booths offered prizes of beer. The beer won, however, had to be picked up at locations off campus (say "The Rock" for instance). Precautions were made to see that the university policy against alcoholic beverages was observed. There seemed, however, to be an unexplained epidemic of beer cans and bottles sweeping the mall after the event.

From two until six o'clock, games were offered to those brave souls who were willing to risk embarrassment to win food or beer prizes. Some of the competition stimulators were events such as a three-legged race, a pie-eating contest (which developed into a pie-throwing extravaganza), a bubble gum-blowing contest, and a wheelbarrow race.

One of the biggest attractions of the day was the "Art" being produced and sold. An artist set up on the Student Union patio was showing to a fascinated audience his unique method of painting. Upon completing one of his paintings, the artist would flash a "give me five dollars" smile, get the money, and start on another "work of art."

Tied in with the festivities of May Day was a rally to protest a proposed hike in tuition increase. Dr. John Thomas, Vice-Chancellor of Academic Affairs, spoke of the faculty and the administration's part in protesting the proposed tuition hike. The rally began at 12:30 when Robert Leak, SGA president, explained the goals of the rally. The band Sheit provided entertainment for the rally. During their presentation, Leak entertained the audience with an impromptu blues song. The incumbent SGA president also spoke during the rally.



REVIEWS

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There is a great temptation for the choreographer of modern dance routines to rely on the cute, the obvious audience pleaser, and unfortunately, many of Mimi Garrard's compositions fall victim to this trap. In her dance company's performance at ASU, Ms. Garrard's dancers performed six multi-media routines, all of which were entertaining to some degree, but four of which were shallow, almost trite.

Every art form has its schedule of conventions, its expectations and patterns, but this reviewer was unable to discern the key to the code of modern dance through the Garrard company's act. "Six, and 7," a clever lightshow in which the dancers wore digital lights on their heads, evoked electrons and fireflies as a frame of reference, and the background slides bombarded the viewer with the arbitrariness of quantifiers. The spectacle and surprise were enjoyable, but the images were disjoint and frustrating through the abundance of sensa happening simultaneously on stage. The concept of beauty involves either formal or conceptual resolution or a movement beyond resolution into the realm of the profound. Yet none of these patterns was fulfilled in "Six, and 7."

Through "Suite," "Alla Marcia," "Phosphores," and "Video Variation," this reviewer was carried from constructs of scorpion, sphinx, faun and rorschach blot, but he was never truly moved. The best dance forces the viewer to respond, not just to react, but to participate somehow imaginatively and rhythmically, but these compositions failed on that count.

"Dreamspace" suited the education of this reviewer. It was an intellectual composition with allusions to Lewis Carroll, Don Juan and Eliots characters who have "measured out (their) lives with coffee spoons." The costumes and use of props aided the dancers in the execution of a witty but at times penetrating bit of social criticism and left a final pleasant taste in the viewer's mouth.

This year's big block-buster novel is William Gaddis' **JR**, a book that took twenty years to write and one that has been awaited with almost the same eager anticipation as Joe Heller's second novel, **Something Happened**.

Both books are satirical thrusts at the arbitrary and expedient methods of life-organization we have had thrust upon

ourselves by the prominence of the Great God Business. Heller's book is essentially a rehearsal of **Catch 22**, but his material is no longer dynamite, and we have been overkilled by the insistence by novelists that the crazy are sane and vice versa since Yossarian refused to fly any more missions. Gaddis' big gimmick is the fact that there are scarcely fifty pages-worth of narrative in a 700-plus-page monster. The whole thing is dialogue, and it's up to the excessively attentive reader to match up saids with sayers.

The plot of the book is simple. JR, a precocious elementary school boy who is attentive on his field trip to Wall Street, corners the market on (not Egyptian cotton) salable but unpublishable items, then sells for Big Money. All this conquest of the fiscal world is carried on from a telephone booth outside JR's school. Clever, no?

Anyway, the tedious bone-hunt for clues throughout the novel is often humorous, but when the comedy is on break at the water cooler, Gaddis tries to meticulate his reader to death. The book is hailed by those in favor of experiment as one of a kind (!), a successor to **Don Quixote**, **Finnegan's Wake** and **Gravity's Rainbow**

(Pynchon's mad mouse trap). It ain't that good. Believe me.

Much of the stir created in contemporary fiction involves that cathartic female liberation novel of exploration, the search for the zipless f**k and the new identity of the separated or divorced woman unleashed. Of these books, certainly not novels but disguised diatribe (not a new genre, by any means), the most talked about are Erica Jong's **Fear of Flying** and Judith Rossner's **Looking for Mr. Goodbar**. Though Ms. Jong's autobiographically-based heroine, poet Wing, is less adventurous than Rossner's protagonist, each seeks a sexual nirvana where identity and dignity can survive.

Both books suffer from pretentiousness of narrative and shallowness of characterization. Ms. Jong's soul is in especial jeopardy for making her persona a sensitive poet and intellect. In many ways, the reader who supports standards in fiction and sees form and scrutiny as moral responsibilities for the author, as well as seeing content of ethical import, finds himself almost wishing upon the authors the fates of the protagonists, although both return to marriage and death by psychotic swinger do seem a little harsh.

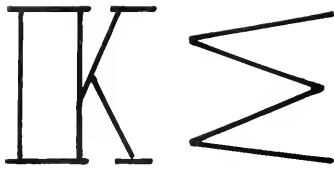


THE GREEKS AT ASU

INTER- FRATERNITY COUNCIL

Progress Through
Cooperation





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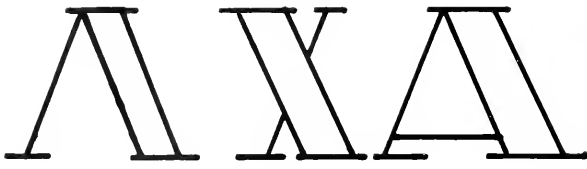
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THE FRATERNITY OF HONEST FRIENDSHIP



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Sherry Riggs
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Susan Thomas
Terry Tracy
De Anne Wright
Carolyn Williams
Cheryl Busick
Anne Coverly
Teresa Blalock



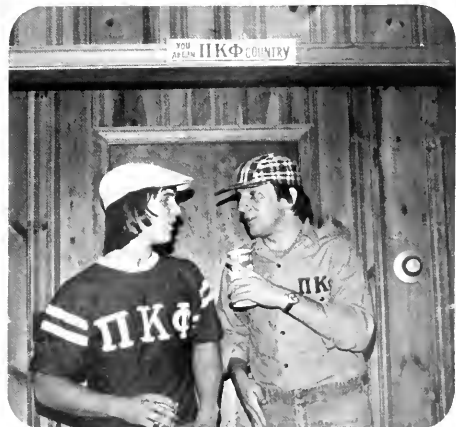
David Adams, Brad Adcock, John Allen - High Rho, Rick Alsbaugh, Blake Brown, Robert Brown, Art Cameron, Bob Christy, Lynn Carrell - High Epsilon, Mort Dark, Paul Fairbetter, Sam Faust, Charlie Gibbs, Gary Grady - High Delta, Michael Graves - High Tau, Terry Harper, Conrad Helms, Alan Holcombe - High Beta, Sig Johnson, Rob Kievit, Larry Lynch, Gary Musser, Jim Norris, George Lupton - High Alpha, Frankie Pope, Jim Pope, Mark Pope, David Reid, Jupp Rice, Billy Saunders - High Phi, Steve Shipwash, Gray Smith, Brent Stabler - High Gamma, Greg Vadnais - High Kappa, Bill Wade, Eddie Proctor - High Sigma, Robin Lincks, John Benbow, Jim Galloway, Randy Harrill, Steve Long, Ron Eury, Ron Stephens, Jeff Sutton, Wes Pence, Ron Johnson, Dan Franklin, David Cook, Kenny Norris, Gary Page, Grey Gaines.



Pi Kappa Phi-Delta Zeta Chapter



Π Κ Φ



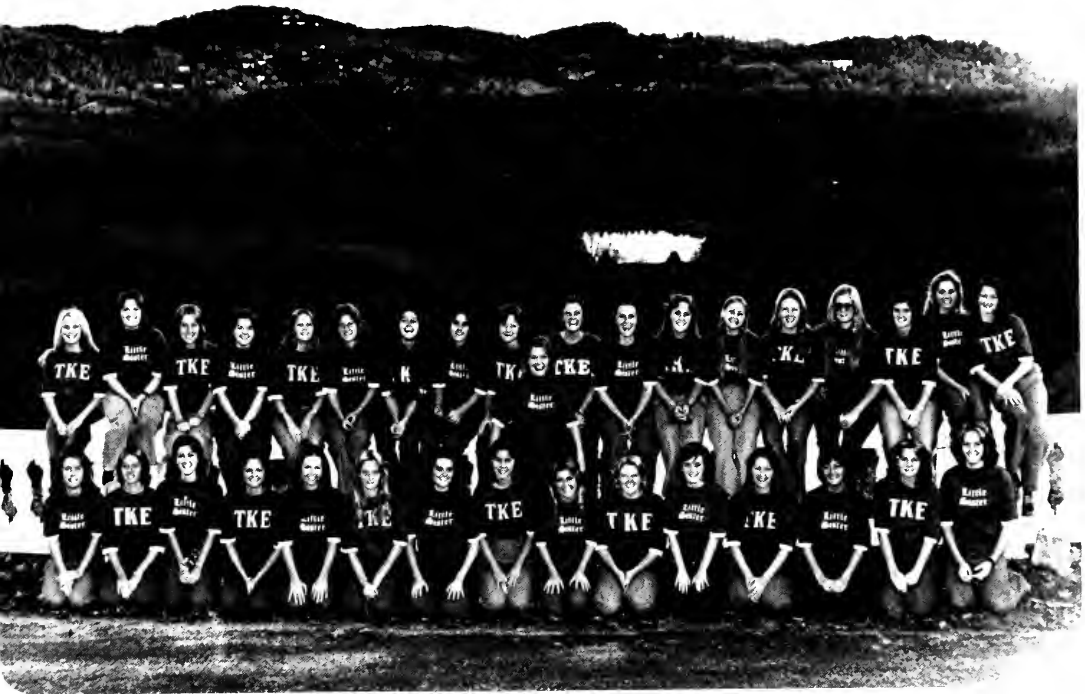
TKE



Ed Adams, Barry Allen, Bill Boggs, Mike Boone, Barry Bryant, David Bryant, Willie Cameron, Alan Carter, Nick Cline, Steve Corell, Danny Davis, Gil Fisher, Harvey Freeze, Reggie Gabriel, Ken Gatlin, Randy Gillespie, Joe Glover, Robert Harkrader, Jimmy Harris, Buddy Hartman, Jeff Hedden, Dennis Hefner, Dale Hubbard, Bill Ingram, Mike Inman, Mike Johnson, Al Klingenschmidt, Frank Lamm, Randy McCaslin, Tom McDade, Chuck McMahan, Larry Moore, A.W. Owen, Ron Poe, Buzzy Reece, Kenny Sain, Gary Scott, Robert Smyre, Bill Todd, Matt Turner, Steve Abernathy, Scott Dallas, Lewis Freeze, Mark Frye, Leon Hill, Jerry Ihme, Mark Johnson, Steve Knupp, Tony McKinnon.

THE FRATERNITY

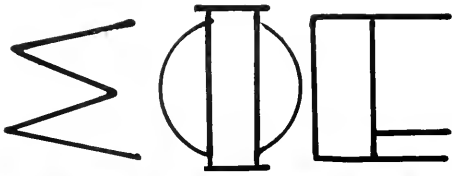
IN 76



ORDER OF DIANA: Janice Barbie, Crissie Boggs, Donna Cable, Robin Chambers, Anne Clary, Linda Clawson, Martha Dairs, Janice Dillinger, Amy Dorton, Lynn Esluck, Andy Finn, Jeanette Foushee, Kim Furr, Leigh Garrison, Dottie Glover, Donna Harrelson, Donna Harrelson, Rosie Harris, Alice Helms, Judy Henderson, Dayle Howard, Joan Kirby, Beverly May, Brenda McCaslin, Cristy McNeill, Cathy Moore, Cindy Mullin, Caroline Niven, Renita Parks, Marilyn Payne, Sherry Richardson, Dorothy Robertson, Debbie Webster, Wanda Winchester, Cynthia White, Sharon White.



FOR LIFE!



We the members of Sigma Phi Epsilon Fraternity believe that **BROTHERLY LOVE** must be given in order to be received, and that it cannot exist without triumph of the principles of **VIRTUE** and **DILIGENCE**, for these are essential parts of it.



CHARTERED NOVEMBER 1, 1975



SIGMA PHI EPSILON (ABOVE): Dale Miller - President, Brent Kanipe - V.P., Butch Wentzel - Secretary, Fred Hardiman - Recorder, Ed Scarborough - Treasurer, Bret Peterson, Hayes Thomas, Jere Rudisill, Randy Ouzts, Miller Wright, Hugh Blythe, Gary Poote, Bill McGee, Jeff McGee, Glen Bradsher, Chuck Buckle, Carl Dean, Bill Gilbert, John Privette, Leyland Jones, Tommy Lovell, Craig Lewis, Jackie Marble, Dave Dyson, Randy Miller, Hank Stewart, Wes Brooks.

THE GOLDEN HEARTS OF SIGMA PHI EPSILON FRATERNITY (LEFT): Pat Barnes, Gina Berini, Ellen Blair, Melba Cameron, Cathy Howard - Secretary, Joyce Hunike, Cindy Isley - Vice President, Dee Dee Kassing - President, Nancy Lewis, Cindy McPherson, Tonya Pendergraft, Bobby Ramsey - Treasurer, Cathy Shambley - Recorder, Tina Starnes, Debbie Stocks.



Born in the Cove Creek Community of Watauga County, Mrs. Iva Dean Day moved to Boone at the age of six. She has been here ever since and loves it very much. She attended Boone elementary and high schools but never went to college. Her husband was also born in Cove Creek and they grew up together as childhood sweethearts. He teaches eighth grade science at Hardin Part Elementary School.

The Day's have two children: Brett, 23, who is presently enrolled as a graduate student at ASU, and Lisa, 21, who hasn't decided on a college and is presently working in Boone. They are members of the First Baptist Church in Boone.

Mrs. Day enjoys her work as Desk Circulation Supervisor in Belk Library. She decided to return to work after her children were in high school and has been employed at ASU for 6½ years. She feels that the library is highly organized due

to the work of Circulation Librarian, Earlene Campbell; Head of Learning, Dr. Al Corum; and Head Resources Librarian, Richard Barker. The library has goals to meet annually and this year they are interested in constructing an addition to the present library to better accommodate ASU's growing student body and faculty. The library staff is "here for service" and always working to improve and to help the students and faculty. Mrs. Day commented that the suggestion box is always read and that replies are given when applicable.

Mrs. Day thinks the students at ASU "are a great bunch of boys and girls. They are studying more this year and are very sincere." She enjoys seeing them work and preparing for their lives ahead. She finds that there are very few problems concerning the students

and the library. Mrs. Day also thinks that Appalachian is very fortunate to have a "beautiful library for the students to use."

Mrs. Day "always looks on the brighter side of life. Nothing's as bad as it seems." Obviously, she is an optimist, at both home and work. She believes that "if people live according to God's rules, a good relationship with Him will always give you an answer to your problems."

Her hobbies are scrapbooks. In keeping these, she has preserved quite a bit of the history of Boone with newspaper clippings and pictures. Horn in the West and Tweetsie are two of these historical aspects that she has done extensive work on.

Upon leaving and wishing Mrs. Day a nice day, one of the students who works at the desk commented, "She is a nice Day."







MOUNTAINEER PARTY JOKES

Two Lenoir Rhyne students out deer hunting shot a deer and were dragging it by its feet toward the car. The deer's antlers were snagging roots and bushes making the task very arduous. Another hunter, who was from Appalachian State, saw their predicament and suggested that the LR hunters pull the deer by the antlers, thus ending their problem. This seemed like a good idea to the LR hunters and after a time, one of the hunters states that point and said, "You know, this was a good idea to drag the deer by the antlers, but aren't we getting further away from the car."

Did you follow my advice about kissing your girl when she least expects it?" asked the sophisticated ASU senior of his younger frat brother.

"Oh, hell," said the fellow with the swollen eye, "I thought you said where."

What is the difference between an LR coed and a fat dog?" asked a sassy phys ed major.

"I don't know," his buddy replied.

"Fat dogs don't snore."

Three doctors from North Carolina schools were discussing the ease of operations on their respective students.

Said the first Doctor:

"My students at State are easy to operate on." Being an engineering school, I can zip a student open and everything is coded and diagramed. You know, Part A-I into Part B-I, and zip them shut. A very easy operation."

Said the second Doctor:

"My students at Carolina are very easy to operate on. I can lay them on the table and snip them open, and everything is color-coded and texturized. All their systems are different colors, their nervous system is yellow, their digestive tract is green, their circulatory tract is red and so forth. Makes for a very easy operation."

Said the third Doctor:

"My students at LR are the easiest to operate on. Shucks, they only have two working parts an a***** and a mouth and they are inter-changeable."

A masculine coed of Boone
Asked a ladylike male to her room
They spent the whole night
In a hell of a fight
As to which should do what, and to whom.



Unabashed Definition — a carefree bachelor is one who doesn't care as long as it's free.

Getting married is a great deal like going to Smoketree Inn with friends. You order what you want, then when you see what the other fellow has, you wish you had taken that.

The lights in the apartment were low and so was the music. "You say you can read my mind?" the male math tutor demanded.

"Yes," replied his bountifully proportioned and beautiful tutee.

"OK," he challenged, "go ahead."

"No," she said. "'You go ahead.'"

During a particularly bitter spell of winter weather in Boone, a cheerleader whose charms were obvious even beneath her heavy coat asked to see a senior member of the ASU Physics Department. Professor," she asked shyly, "I wonder if you could tell me—ah—well—I uh mean, the exact temperature at which silicone freezes?"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, APPALACHIAN MEN, Workman Hall, Box 128, Boone, N.C. 28608. \$100.00 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected.



“Well you asked me what I learned in college.”

The Ultimate In High-Rise Living A.S.U.'S . . . ➤

By Bob Goans

The sun's glint off acres of shimmering glass, the appealing texture of eroded red brick, the pleasing symmetry of modernistic architecture . . . this is ASU, a man's paradise! Visitors to the rustic Appalachian State University campus are undoubtedly awed by the vast stretches of black asphalt, interlaced with artistic geometric patterns of white and yellow lines; the ever-present, convenient footpaths so characteristic of many of today's universities; and the scenic touch of a small, clear pond nestled in among the trees, providing a home for the wildlife that abounds in this area.

Ah yes . . . the twin worlds of artistic accomplishment and architectural excellence are carefully intertwined with the beauty of the Appalachians always in mind. And yet, the true appeal of ASU lies in those high-rise dwellings, those castles-in-the-clouds so symbolically called "dorms."

Many students have passed through the twin-glass doors of dorms and into the collegiate paradise beyond. The breathtaking lobbies attract a continuous stream of women - much to the glee of the residents. Shiny, attractive linoleum floors highlight these areas, while some floors are covered with luxurious thick shag carpet.



Luxuries in these high rise tenements include hot and cold running water (on occasion), a constant flow of warm, dry air (even in the summer), and windows in all the rooms to allow Mother Nature's own air-conditioning, the wind, to flow throughout. What a clever adaptation to ecology.

The interiors of these structures are amazingly similar, while their exteriors are astoundingly different. Some marvel at how an architect can design so many dorms of different shapes and sizes, using identical materials (brick and glass with sparse renderings of concrete), and still retain their functional aspects.

Most residents spend the greater part of their in-dorm time in their own, private rooms. These posh, roomy cubicles afford a habitat consistent with the quality of education at the university. Obviously, no expense was spared in their construction. Regal linoleum tile covers the floors, wall-to-wall. The pleasing geometric patterns created by skilled craftsmen in the medium of modern cinder block lend an air of sophistication.

Such pleasing colors as industrial green, washed-out yellow, Halloween orange, and dirty off-white are tastefully blended by top grade interior decorators with the scheme of the floors and the furniture to give the

overall rustic, "mountainy" appearance. Those charming, but important feature like the attractive red brick or slate window-sills, the contemporary effect of polished aluminum fixtures and window frames, and the chic elegance of gossamer-thin, fire-resistant vinyl curtains help to set the package off.

Nostalgia is expressed by the squeaky metal cots found in some dorms, reminiscent of the post-war era. In the higher-quality, more modern dorms, beds are built in with the natural look of real wood, very much in tune with ASU's overall theme of natural beauty. Bountiful shelf space is provided in every room for the vast array of clothing every well-dressed mountaineer owns.

The utilized quarters found in some buildings cleverly combine shelf and sleeping space to more effectively utilize the area and cut down costs without sacrificing comfort. In some dorms, nifty ladders are even provided for a more graceful entry and exit very popular with the ladies!

Most dorm rooms have been thoughtfully provided with sound-dampening acoustic tile and cinder block walls that permit riotous partying and concert hall orchestration without desrupting the conscientious student next door who may be cramming for his Quantitative Analysis exam. Other rooms have stylish stucco ceilings that add Ivy League touch-of-class.

Illumination is provided by glass fixtures in the ceilings. Switches are positioned at convenient locations around the room so students, weary of their late-night literature, can roll over and sleep without the hassle of hopping out of bed. In addition the easy-clean, non-stain formica-topped desks in selected dorms are provided with individual flourescent study lamps.

Bulletin boards, featured in some rooms provide space for class schedules, pictures of Mom and Dad, and the dog you left back home. And what room would be complete without several electric outlets? They are an absolute must for residents with stereos, refrigerators, ice crushers, fruit juicers, popcorn poppers, mixers, hair dryers, contraband hot plates, electric guitars, reading lamps, electric razors, hot lather dispensers, or other essential modern conveniences, since extension cords are banned.

The mountain view from dorm windows is frequently excellent. Depending upon which side of the dorm one is on, he can can awaken on cold, wintry mornings to peer for hours at the majesty of the hills, valleys, trees and streams, or ogle at non-aesthetic department stores, hamburger joints, signs, parking lots, and the rear views of other dorms.

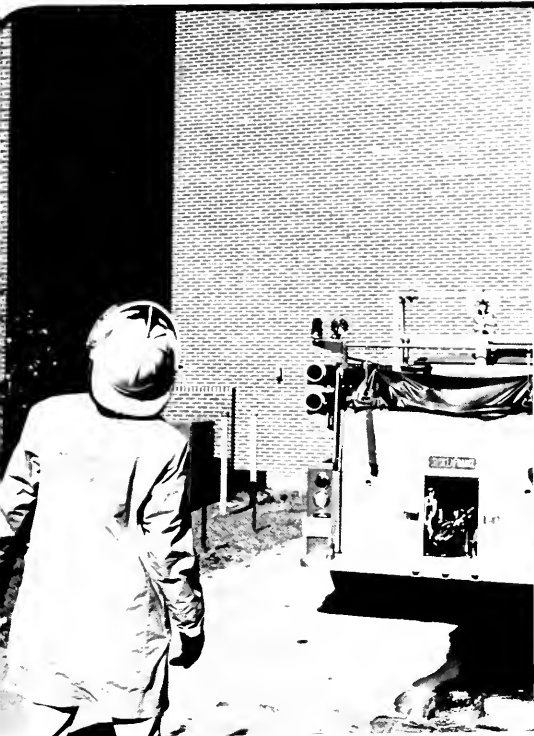


The sometimes overlooked features in these contemporary structures include lobbies on every floor with cold-water fountains and tables for friendly games of bridge or Old Maids, dual dependable hydraulic elevators, bountiful shower space with hot and cold water, gaily and attractively-painted metal shower stalls.

Some dorms have ping-pong and pool tables to keep residents physically fit and out of trouble. Comfortable lounge areas with large-screen color television for Friday night dates are standard fare. Laundromat-style washers and dryers are furnished for do-it-yourselfers.

Visitation policies are no inconvenience because the Administration is ever mindful of the rights and privileges of students. None of the immature restrictions on entry are enforced here. There are no power-hungry RA's and no thoughtless authorities to intrude on a student's "extracurricular activities." This is one of ASU's greatest assets. The Administration realizes they are paid out of student's pockets and their parents' taxes, so they strive to help students in every way possible. Mature college students can attend classes in the morning, study in the afternoon, and entertain guests at night, hassle-free.





FLYING



by Leon Hill

A handful of young men moved to Boone in early 1974 and began flying off Watauga County hilltops and mountain peaks. One of these men opened a shop in Boone and began teaching others to fly. Soon, daring ASU students, local residents, transients, and tourists began visiting the Blue Ridge Hang Gliding School in Boone. First they came to satisfy curiosity, ask questions, talk prices, overcome apprehensions; later, to take their first awkward leaps into the sky. Yes, hang gliding fever had finally come to Boone.

According to Chris Cox of the Blue Ridge Hang Gliding School, the fever originated on the California coast in the mid-1960's when Chris and Bob Wills flew off cliffs in crude and unsteady kites of bamboo and polyethylene. These precariously constructed kites were soon improved by replacing the bamboo with aluminum tubing and parachute material for the easily torn polyethylene.

By the early 1970's, hang gliding was a well established sport in California and the northern Appalachians. With the aid of Chris



Photo by HUGH MORTON

Cox of the Blue Ridge School on the Highway 105 Extension, John Sears, Manager of Kitty Hawk Kites on Grandfather Mountain, and scores of other "sky surfers," hang gliding made its debut in Watauga County in 1975.

On September 2, Grandfather Mountain was the site of the 1975 United States Nationals followed by the World Cup qualification meet on September 8. These are two major events in hang gliding competition.

The local hang gliders are beginning to gain the acceptance of local townspeople. Their sport is losing its reputation as a foolish and dangerous endeavor reserved for long-haired "hippies" with nothing better to do with their time.

The area hang gliding schools have been most successful in upgrading the sport. By mid-October 1975 the Blue Ridge School had given over 100 lessons with only one minor accident not requiring hospitalization. The Kitty Hawk School had over 120 students with no serious injuries. Because of records like these, the relative safety of properly supervised hang gliding can no longer be questioned. Who knows, the day may soon arrive when a student at ASU may choose to hang glide for credit through the Physical Education Department.

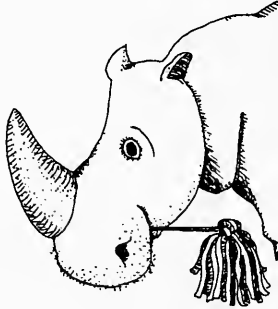


APP MEN POTPOURRI

events of interest and amusement

HORN OF PLENTY

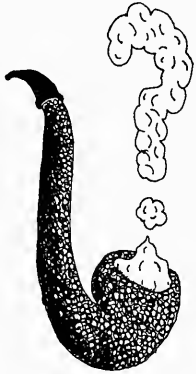
No, that thick-skinned hulk overseeing the construction of Sanford Mall's Fountain of Excess is not the corpse of Lavinia Beulington Bitesback, the cruel, yard-stick wielding elementary school librarian from the good old days. It's, simply, the carcass of a rhinoceros. Rhinos, you say, are not indigenous to the Boone region. Well, try to tell that to a rhino. Actually, the decaying carcass is all that remains of the Bill Dunlap-inspired movement to make the horned herbivorous thick-skinned perissodactylic mammal the school symbol replacing Yosef the Mountaineer. His reasoning was rational enough, "What can you rhyme with Yosef?" The movement was gaining credibility, especially in



the Philosophy Department, when little Billy Rivers of Lucy Brock Nursery asked meekly, "What rhymes with rhinoceros?" Bill is back at the old drawing board these days producing validity, but he'll be back on the scene soon enough.

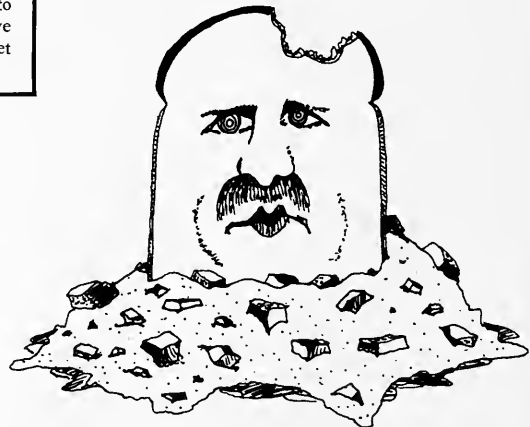
PIPE DREAM

Where do male grad students get off? The Crossnore tweed sports coats, the full Freudian beards, and the six year old Goodwill Hush-puppies have become axiomatic in the evolution of the male student from undergrad to grad. These essentials are hard enough to swallow. Johnny Wadd stuff by now. But what about the imported briar that hangs philosophically from the stern lower lip, the locomotive chugs of ambrosia breath, and the casual cosmic gaze to the stars? Come on. What's the angle? What's the payoff? When are you guys going to give with the wisdom? When can we expect revelation? Where can we get a good Meerschaum?



BELIEVE IT OR ELSE

To some people world records are merely reading matter or conversation info. To some, world records are admonished as capitalistic competitive sins. Still others go out and set them. Roger Brianfusser, sophomore music major at A.S.U. in Boone, N.C., is one of the record setters. In a fit of inspiration last week Roger ate 537 egg salad sandwiches at one sitting while his TKE brothers egged him on. When asked, "Why egg salad?" Roger replied, "Because I couldn't get tuna." Good luck to you, Roger, but we still think you're a bit soft-boiled.

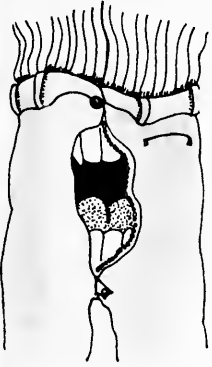


SHUFFLE ON DOWN

The entire city of Lubbock, Texas, and selected counties in Utah and Minnesota are picking 'em up and laying 'em down. No, it's not "Rednecks on Parade" or even the seven year itch. It's called the (get down, get down!) Reshuffle, the newest dance craze on the top pop forty scene. The Reshuffle, inspired by President Gerald Ford's Saturday night massacre and Cabinet reshuffling, makes the Ali shuffle look like the Nick O'Deemus foxtrot of "Amos and Andy" days. Archie Bell and the Drells pound out the boogie beat that is getting beaucoup playing time in juke boxes throughout the U.S. In the Boone area only The Antler's Restaurant can boast this disc. So try it. Even you white guys. P-8 at Antler's.



IS MY FLY OPEN?



Running out of snappy openers at the bars? Are you going home with nothing but a Malt Duck and a bulge? If your answer to either question was yes, you aren't living right. But Easy Beaver Publishing Company has been looking out for you losers. They've come up with the definitive text of one-liners for beginners and one-act plays for the heavy hitters. Try out any or all of the following and you'll be begging for more:

- 1) "Tell me your name's not Peaches."
 - 2) "Is my fly open?"
 - 3) "Haven't we seen each other's before?"
 - 4) "Would you dance with a dog?"
- Comebacks to A) "Yes" — "Arf, arf." (clever)
B) "No" — "Me either." (instant rapport)

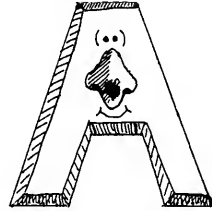
Easy Beaver is taking orders only on Sundays. That's the only day the bars are closed. Send \$2.95 plus tax to

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Slipswun Inn
Climax, N.Y.

You'll never again go home to an empty hand.

NOSE TO THE GRIND

Woolly worms beware. Your hours in the limelight are numbered. Sure, the Biology Department of ASU has milked maximum publicity from its brown and black rings/winter weather prediction experiments with the hairy one of many legs. But take a deep breath, Woolly. The graduate assistants of the English Department have recently completed a similar study of ten years that enables even laymen to accurately predict the oncoming end of a grading period. Data collected over the ten year period conclusively proves that there exists a direct correlation between semester's end and the physiognomy of freshmen English students. As the grading period unfolds, the noses of freshmen undergo radical changes in skin hue. The color changes range from the normal flesh tone in the first few weeks of school to khaki at mid-term and finally to dark under the last week of classes. John Foster West regularly shines his head whenever the little hand is on ocher and the big one's mahogany.



DUD STUDS

If you are one of the 3,000 men on campus who was voted by A.S.U. coeds as "Unable to carry a conversation in a wheelbarrow," or if you suspect you might be a borderline case in this consideration, it might do you well to do what millions of others have done to transpose yawns into yahoos — join Duds Anonymous, an organization inspired by Chancellor Wey and dedicated to the elimination of "ball score" dialogue on dates. Sign up if Pee Wee Reese is your idea of an informed source, or if Curt Gowdy is your daddy. DA works miracles.



THE SHADOW OF YOUR DIGITS

Had enough in the way of commonplace shadows on your walls? Have you found that you can no longer impress the ladies with your bunny rabbit shadow? Is it you who is slipping into the shadows of your sweetie's eye? Well, never fear, shadow sculpturists. The Adult Division of Caldwell Community College is organizing a course in advanced wall-shadow figures. The course is designed to instruct the student in rudimentary shadows with emphasis on half time band formations and epic battles. No bunny rabbit stuff here. Bring two bucks and your own hands and fingers to room 225 of the nearest warehouse. No extraneous fingers please.

APPALACHIAN WOMEN

It is no secret that history repeats herself, nor is it a secret that recurring patterns provide the astute student of history with an Aristotelian pleasure of recognition. But on the ASU campus, the cyclic nature of time manifests itself in a particularly delightful manner, for the women of ASU are mirrors for earlier prototypes, women who have been remembered by mankind for their particular treasures and poisons.

One group of Appalachian women can be seen as Nefertiti, Queen of the Nile. Cool, slender, aloof, these women move in a mist of mystery. The presence of one organizes any crowd; she becomes the nexus, center of the hive, cell of untouchable honey. Her clothes shape her like the drapery about a painter's model. Her eyes are dusty stars burning volcanically. She walks alone, speaks softly and little, smokes Benson and Hedges. There are four such women in Boone.

Next in our catalogue we find Melanie Carstairs: crinoline, pale, fluttery and sincere. She is appalled by the use of harsh language and loves to be coddled and catered to. It is her birthright as a Southern woman to be therapeutically lied to, gently mastered. She frequently seeks out a sorority and is prone to date frequently, though she does not date to be prone. Color her pink. She sells cookies in the student center, is an education major but hopes to get married as soon as she graduates. Melanie is a delightful Sherry, but does not travel well. Despite her pretensions, I think you will be amused by her bouquet.

Though ASU harbors many Melanie's, it barracks still more Brunhilde's. Brunhilde is often a deceptive type, for light years spent on the tennis courts and playing fields of Eton have gifted her with a slimness that, under clothes, might pass for delicacy. But she is as solid as the Rock of Gibraltar. Her hair bobbed short (for convenience in gym showers), Brunhilde travels in packs that roam from racketball courts to the field hockey field, dreaming of Wilma Rudolph. She is, of course, a P.E. major. She will teach P.E. in some high school or junior high or become a golf pro.

Her chatter is contra basso and replete with statistics, and her abundance makes one curious about what the P.E. department does with its xerox machines.

Xaviera, too, has her followers here; let us call them "Alice Thomas," America's first known lady of the evening. Alice is an interesting study, for she is nothing if not precocious. Her gum-smacking techniques and beer-swilling strategies would astound a catamount. She is so well-known that she is always slumming, always on the make. She is to be found, of course, at Blowing Rock, enacting her role as pinball wizard or table-hopper, and her equipage is not always characterized by a revealing paucity. Now, she's really "not that kind of girl," but only the slightest qualifications as prestidigitator are necessary for the guy whose eye she is the apple of.

Homer was Greek. So was Sappho. And Plato. Jimmy, too. I have no monniker for this girl, unless Arachne will serve. There are four sororities on campus, and women of all persuasions can be found in them.



Some even vote Republican. But the typical sorority girl builds her world about men and talk of men. Her dormitory is a powder magazine of energy channeled in two directions: frat boys and the internal politics and jealousies of "sisterhood." Really, the sorority girls here are not as bad as on some campuses. They are not social climbers (but then there's no social tree here). They are not waifs banding together for strength in numbers. They aren't even, for the most part, stupid. But they are caught up in a vortex whose logic seems non-existent to the casual observer.

Penelope. Weave and unweave. Her true love is at another campus, and she, the only twenty-year-old to ever experience the Real Thing, fends off all suitors and waits for Waldo from ECU (probably in pre-med) or Tippicanoe from Chapel Hill to invite her down for a weekend. She is patient, domestic, condescending to the heathens

who prefer lust to love. We leave her working busily at her loom, no, loom.

Madame Curie believes in the betterment of mankind and spends her days and nights in the lab or library or grinding out the little hours in her room. She may look normal, but she is a dedicated scholaress. No one knows much about her. She is a computer, a little prim and probably champing at the bit to have some other subject to study.

One of the most populated categories is Bonnie (of "Clyde" fame). Whatever the game, she's just one of the gang. When hippidom faded into the cocaine sunset, Bonnie was in the ninth and tenth grades, but she still remembers her older sisters and the newsreels and the photos, so she hangs around the bars, lives out in the country, wears denim skirts and shirts knotted at the waist, loves that weed and is full of pseudo-anything rhetoric. For the most part, she's as interesting as a 1969 copy of "Charlotte News."

Isadora Duncan. Now there was a woman. And Edna Saint Vincent Millay, Amy Lowell, Georgia O'Keefe: artists all. Our last stop on this inane hand-cart ride through paradise takes us to the art department, where large groups of original people get together and talk and act alike. The unkempt look is in. Sex is the big motif for expression. Isadora loves studio, loves rubbing elbows with other artists, loves women's art shows. A bit cynical and aloof out in the debris of the remainder of the campus, Isadora is a free spirit. She seldom wears a bra, abracadabra! She seems to believe that art is a social phenomenon and that crafts are art. She has good intentions, though. And whatever she does is valid, because she has talent.

Omissions? Hundreds of ASU women won't fit any of these categories. They either combine several or eschew all to be truly original. But the ones who are most original are most invisible; they don't need the campus for a dressage yard. The above categories are not meant to exhaust anything but the reader and to prove that history does repeat herself.



SEMESTERS:

YES!!

by Ted Morrison

The quarter system for dividing the academic year was almost the death of me. I'm a late starter, a strong finisher, a fourth-quarter player, and by the time I was warmed up to the subjects I was taking, B A N G, it was all over. The exams caught me in my personal lull before the storm or attack of mental facilities, so I almost always did poorly. Under the quarter system, I was just a number. I had to change teachers before my face and name got together in their minds; I had to buy books three times in nine months. I found that anytime I got interested in the subject matter of a course, it was about over. The teacher didn't have time to go into anything in depth, and neither did I.

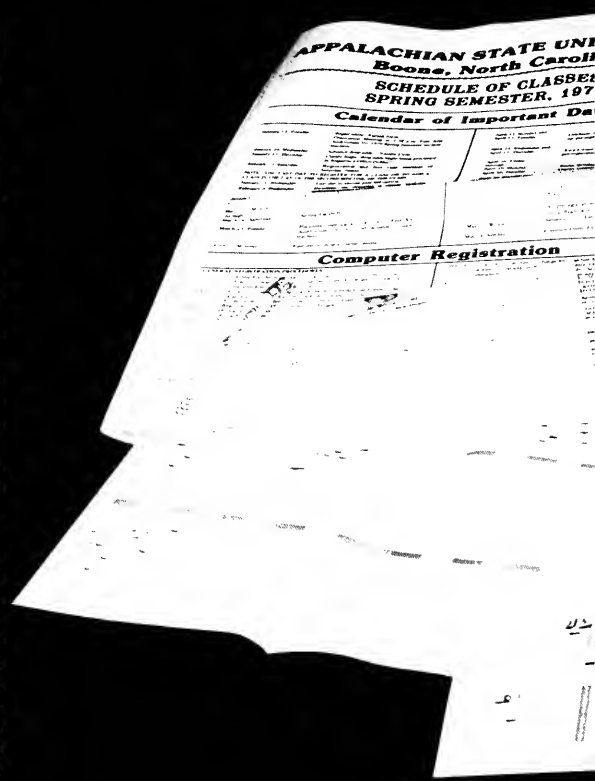
The holidays were screwed up during ASU's homage to shallowness — the quarter system. I spent Christmas of '74 worrying about papers I had hanging over my head like vultures. Of course, I didn't work on them while I was at home, but they bothered me enough to substantially reduce the amount of pleasure I had over the vacation. Now I can tie all the knots off before I leave for home and know that those ghosts from fall semester cannot touch me. I also have time to do a little part-time work while I'm at home and to take a deep breath before plunging into the sargasso of academia again.

Last summer, I got home for summer vacation at the end of the first week in June. Naturally, all the good summer jobs were taken up, so I had to work for my dad, who's a plumber, again. I hate that work. Under the semester system, I'll be able to compete in the summer job market with all the kids from the other sensible colleges.

Give me depth over breadth any day. In a semester course, we can make more like Jacques Cousteau and less like Marco Polo. We can explore and discover the more subtle aspects of a humanities course and delve into the intricacies of mathematics with the same prof who taught us the basics in an engineering course. When a class lasts for an entire semester, the instructor can plan supplementary activities and have enough time to enact them. That's an important feature for me.

I also like having a term that coincides pretty closely with football season. That breaks the year up nicely for me, since I'm a pretty devout football fan.

If the semester system had no other benefits, I'd be for it just because it reduces the number of times we have to go through the registration process, which I detest. I don't view man as a creature who should seek constant transitions. In the modern world, we have enough shifting goals, emphases, and systems that can't be eliminated. Why not stabilize a little where we can? As far as I'm concerned, the quarter system belongs in the community colleges and technical institutes. If we're going to quit being Appalachian State Teachers' College and begin to become a real university, we have to dedicate ourselves to depth, even if it means deferred graduation. Besides, now we'll only have finals twice a year!



TWO VIEWS

NO II

by Mickey Wingo

I loved the quarter system like a Siamese twin, because I'm an excitable person, an enthusiastic person. I get into things and go wild, then I lose my fury and tire of what I just last week loved. No stamina, I guess. Anyway, under the quarter system, I hit my pace just right and racked up a fine g.p.a. But I doubt that I will be able to sustain it in this new schedule. I function best when my activities are finite, and the semesters seem to go on forever. I like to get a new start frequently, because being human, I'm fallable and need a second (and third) chance whenever I can get it.

But my biases toward the quarter system are not limited to personal idiosyncrasies. Under the semester system, the student is asked to dole out over \$250 at a time. That sum is staggering beside the quarter payments, which were more like buying an education on the installment plan. And if something — illness, emergency at home, or a fit of uncontrollable apathy — strikes during the semester, it's good-bye money, and lots of money!

While we were on the quarter system, we had exam weeks — time set aside for the administration of final tests. In the semester schedule, there's no such provision, so the professors are given a wide open field to administer those all-important examinations whenever they choose. And they take advantage of that freedom in the most frightening ways. My exams during fall semester began in early November and ran all the way through the end of the term.

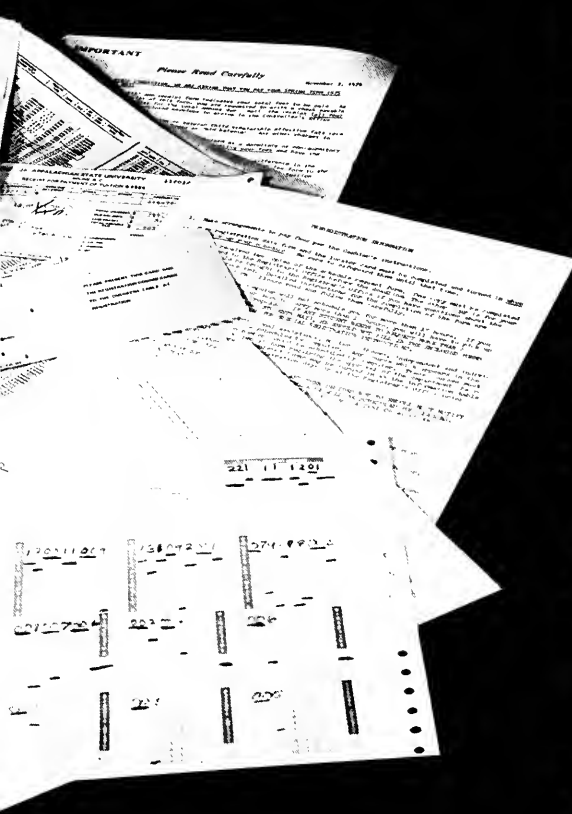
What if you get a teacher you just can't stand, whether it be because of his personality or his teaching style? Under the semester system, you're stuck with him almost interminably. The same goes for a course you don't like. Or classmates. Or schedule of time in class. Or anything.

You could sit out a quarter to work or play without seriously damaging your reputation as a student or throwing your graduation back another year. I'm not sure that the semester system offers that possibility.

Summer school was great under the quarter system. You could sign up for any number of sessions and get the work in a course done. And the first part of January, when we'll now all be at home twiddling our thumbs, is great for skiing. C'est la vie.

I like to work on extended assignments when I can give them my undivided attention. Christmas was an excellent time to do research papers, because it offered me the time to concentrate and the time to get to other university libraries. My papers were better for the fact that I wrote them then or for the fact that I wrote some earlier, let them incubate over the vacation and re-wrote them when I got back to school. Gone are those days.

The primary benefit of the quarter system for me was the regularity of fresh starts and the fact that one course could not demolish my grade point average, no matter how hard the teacher tried. And I can't foresee how the variety of course work under the quarter system can be matched. You can say all you want to about the way the courses themselves will be re-structured, but my schedule shows me that, whereas the English Department used to offer a quarter of Wordsworth's poetry, now it offers a semester on the same thing. Imagine . . . a whole semester of Wordsworth! It would have driven even Coleridge to drags.





They call it progress. We call it murder.



The New River is the world's second oldest river; second only to the Nile in Egypt. It is part of the great Mississippi River system. Unlike most rivers in the eastern United States, the New River flows from south to north and crosses the mountains from east to west. Geologists believe that because the New flows across the ridges rather than around them, it existed before the mountains.

In 1962 the Appalachian Power Company began studying the New River for a future hydroelectric facility. The project, to be known as the "Blue Ridge Project," was to be utilized only during peak periods. None of the power would benefit North Carolina and it was discovered that for every two kilowatts of power the station produced, it would take three kilowatts of power to operate.

If the ecological burden presented by the Blue Ridge Project seems heavy, the sociological burden will appear unbearable. Since the project will submerge 42,000 acres of northern North Carolina and southern Virginia, 3,000 families will have to seek refuge elsewhere. Certainly Appalachian Power Company will provide means for relocation, but how do you replace a family heritage built up over more than a century? Many families were originally granted land by King George III of England.

The flooding of this land will cause the loss of \$13.5 million in farm sales. This, in an agrarian area could easily cause a local economic depression. This is ironic in light of the fact that Appalachian Power Company produces such an overload of power already that they daily sell 1.6 million kilowatt hours to other entities.



Progress isn't worth a dam.

SAVE THE NEW RIVER

Visit ASU - NY and Peel the

Big Apple



The Art Department at Appalachian State University can give you New York City for forty dollars. That's right; you get Madison Square Garden, the George Washington Bridge, and the Statue of Liberty for two Andy Jacksons and a smile. And if you order before midnight tonight, for this meager sum the Department will transport you to and from the Big Apple and provide lodging during the interim. Chances are good that art instructor Bill Dunlap may even tuck you in at night or die trying in his effort to provide all the comforts of home. It is Dunlap, the head of the ASU-NY nonprofit venture, who promises to put you eyeball to eyeball with the world of art, culture, and finance that is peculiarly Big Apple.



Located on the southwest side of Manhattan overlooking the Hudson River, "The Loft" is A.S.U.'s home away from home. Within walking distance of Soho, Chinatown and Greenwich Village, the Loft is a crossroad to culture. If it's Shea Stadium, Central Park, or the Met you have in mind, the New York subway system will graciously escort you to your brand of madness.

Resident host and happy-go-lucky fellow, Robbie Tillotson directs the ASU-NY traffic to a wide variety of cosmopolitan experiences. As an ASU graduate and successful artist in New York, Robbie makes it a point to know the restaurants, theaters, nightspots, and galleries that will please and enlighten you, his guests. He is the perfect host.



If you're looking for the best out-of-town buy in town, see Bill Dunlap for details and give your regards to Broadway.





THE CORNDAWG (Corncobs, Cornlikker, and Coondawgs)

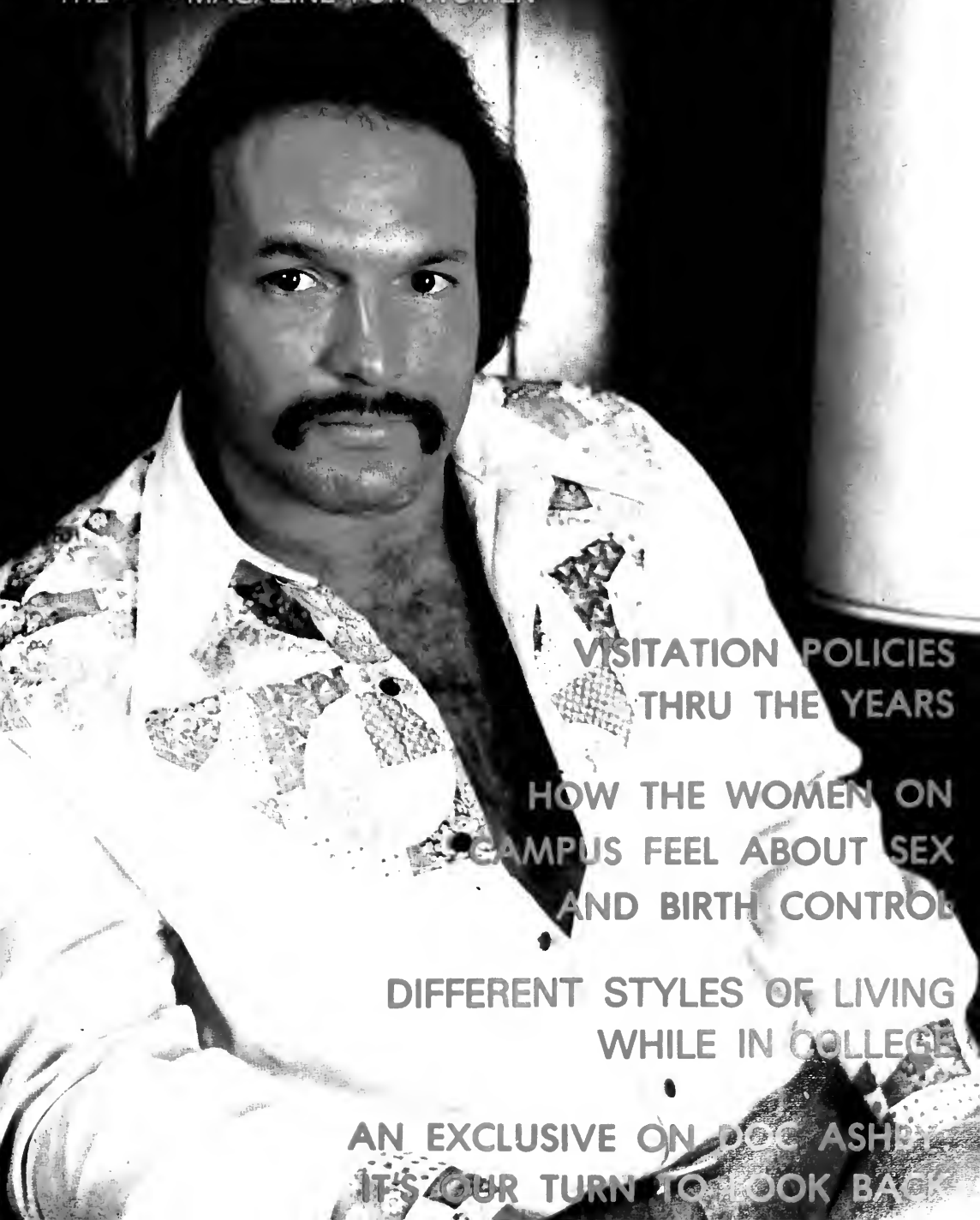
"Maybelle 'n' me, we always liked to run out twixt the meadow muffins an' sip a lil' bit a corn likker. Yesterday evening Maybelle got a wild hair in her ear an' she went an' dunked her corncob in her shine. She took one swaller an' her snoot lit up like Fred Hurtle's new color TV! She let out a big 'Yahoo' an' I did too. Boys, That corn likker an' corn cobs wuz good drinkin. Even mah coondawg Clem took a swig.

Maybelle an' me, we called it the 'Corndawg' an' we're still up here drinkin' it. If ya'll wan' to join us in some mean sippin' jus come on out here. Watch out for the pasture cookies...they'll ruin a pair of boots quick like. Better yet jes' stick ye a corncob in some moonshine and watch the hair grow on yer chest. Even Maybelle's got some."

MAY 1976 \$1.25

Appalachian Women

THE MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN



VISITATION POLICIES
THRU THE YEARS

HOW THE WOMEN ON
CAMPUS FEEL ABOUT SEX
AND BIRTH CONTROL

DIFFERENT STYLES OF LIVING
WHILE IN COLLEGE

AN EXCLUSIVE ON DOC ASHBY
IT'S OUR TURN TO LOOK BACK

Appalachian Women

Volume 54 No. 1



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APPALACHIAN WOMEN is a creation of the staff of the 1976 Rhododendron. All letters sent to APPALACHIAN WOMEN may be sent to Box 128 ASU where it will be fingerprinted by the Boone Police Intelligence Department (if he's not busy). Then it will be laughed at by the entire Rhododendron staff. You'll be the disgrace of the campus.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: If you want a subscription you can forget it. But if you insist, the price is \$12.00 for absolutely nothing.

Intercoarse

Editor:

What is with all this panty-raid stuff? I have never in my life seen guys falling all over themselves for a pair of panties like the ones here. And it seems to me that the girls are really degrading themselves by participating in such idiotic games. Let's at least have a change of pace and parade over to the other side so that we may decorate our walls with male paraphernalia. But I really don't savor the idea of jockey shorts adorning my mirror—I'd much rather look at myself.

Briefly yours,
Bonnie Lou Pushy
Fruit-of-the-Loom, N.C.
Hoey Dorm

(And so would the guys.Ed.)

Bird's Eye View

Dear Editor:

Is it true what I hear? Johnny W. Holmes, the porno star, is going to come on campus as a feature of the Artist and Lecture Series? I am well aware of his lengthy credentials, but what is he going to talk about? I don't think I've ever heard him spout distinguishable words. I'd like to be there when he comes. Sign me up for front row seats.

Lovie Kravezit
Horneytown, N.C.

P.S. Better make that second row.

Sour Grapes

Dear Appalachian Women:

Who does Burt Reynolds think he is anyway, dumping me for the young things? I happen to know from a good source (the grape vine) that his mother was a warm Georgia watermelon. Who needs the fruit, anyhow?

Dinah
Dinah's Place

(A watermelon a day keeps the doctor away.Ed.)

Dear Editor :

My husband doesn't know it, but I buy your magazine for him (and me)! If I watch carefully, I can find him in front of the mirror sizing himself up to the model in the centerfold. Naturally, he is bigger since your foldout is not life-size. This really turns him on, making him feel virile and stud-like. We end up making mad, passionate, wild love once a month when the new issue comes out. That is the problem! How about a bi-weekly edition?

Waiting in anguish,
Mrs. E.H. Campbell
Chapel Hill, N.C.

Love Potion #9

Editor:

In response to the article on the need for an effective and safe aphrodisiac (July 1975) I would like to offer a solution to those lustful souls whose loved ones are not likewise. After years of extensive and devoted research, I have developed the ideal love potion: a delightful blend of Spanish Fly, peanut butter, and PCPA, guaranteed to increase libido by 150%, with effects lasting up to 24 hours. It mixes well with both drinks and food. This wonder nectar may be purchased at 310 Towers between the hours of 4:00 and 9:00 P.M. Prices negotiable.

Madame X
Towers

Dear Editor :

I have never been so disgusted in my life. Since when do you have the right to show naked men for all the world to view? Even when we got married in '55, Harry and I kept the lights dim. So when I opened your magazine to the centerfold, I was utterly repulsed. I have written my Congressman and fully intend to prosecute. Pornography is a sin!!

Susie Bland
E.C.U.

P.S. Tell Harry to get his bare butt home, pronto.

Dear Editor

Once and for all I would like to straighten out the widespread rumors and perverted misconceptions about my relationship with Mr. Connors! For the record, we have no set plans for the future. We merely enjoy the noncommitment of a purely sexual relationship. He loves my backhand and my short strokes. I admire his serve and his follow-through. And girls, I mean to tell you, he swings a mean racket.

Sincerely,
Chrissie

*You Show Me Yours and I'll . . .
Baskin-Robbins Lovelace*

Editor:

In regard to your interview with Ms. Linda Lovelace, I would like to dispute the fact that she enjoys oral sex more than man-on-top-get-it-over-quick. In the first place, I have personally been with Ms. Lovelace on numerous occasions and as the enclosed filmstrips will disclose, she is quite proficient at 99 different positions, all of which are captured in technicolor.

Harry Rheams
Hollywood

Spicy Meatball

Dear Editor:

That was some spicy recipe in the center of last month's issue. Some ingredients! Mouthwatering! I haven't seen that much dangle to a hunk of meat since I quit work for Bruce the Butcher.

Sliced-Bologna-Just-Won't-Do
Pittsboro, N.C.

The Long & Short of It

Dear Appalachian Women:

THANK YOU! I am a 77-year-old woman whose husband died last month. My granddaughter brought me a copy of your latest issue and WOW! I didn't know what I had been missing for all those years that I was married to Henry. I didn't know they came any bigger. Thanks for opening my eyes (even without by bifocals)!

Ms. X
Climax, N.C.

CO-ED LIVING

Juliann Morris

Co-ed living — yes or no? — is a question that each individual must answer for himself. The answer largely depends upon the desires and expectations one holds. Co-ed living offers a lot to those who are open and receptive.

If you, as a student, prefer an abundance of privacy, if you are appalled by chance meetings of the opposite sex in the hall outside the bathroom, then it might behoove you to seek refuge in a single-sex dorm. In co-ed dorms you have the privacy of your own room — provided your roommate does not impose on you — and, of course, you have the privilege of segregated bathrooms. But people mill through the halls constantly, so caution and tact are essential.

Of the many diverse aspects of co-ed living, the opportunity for more interaction between females and males of different backgrounds and persuasions is its big plus, especially in the social sense.



“You constantly associate with the opposite sex and consequently learn to accept them as real human beings, quite a bit like yourself.”

You learn to accept their lifestyles and behavior. Co-ed life provides a chance for you to live an important part of your life in a situation where both male and female viewpoints are exchanged. Granted, these views are often similar, but when they are different you stand to gain through interaction.



“I would get tired of seeing only guys in the dorm all the time. Living here, a lot of the girls are just like one of the guys. But there’s a kind of intimacy that is beyond description. Really relaxed and easy.”

Confronting these people everyday in a relaxed atmosphere enables you to enjoy more friendships and to meet more people. (Often parties are more fun — your guest list is endless — everybody comes.) And these

CO-ED LIVING (continued)

friendships almost always develop into deep and meaningful relationships (whether you are one of the guys or not.)

Parents often get uptight about this situation because they feel that immorality runs rampant among the ranks of students who elect this mode of living. In defense of it, one participant remarked,

“This type of living situation is more natural — guys aren’t strange or just dates. They’re human and you are attracted to them in many more ways than just sexual.”

Students learn that there is more to a person than his physical

appearance. Subsequently, few relationships remain shallow or superficial. The students see how neighbors live in day-to-day routine and tend to accept them as is. Often these relationships develop into lasting ties as mutuality surfaces. As a rule, students do not choose a co-ed life to satisfy their sexual appetites. Because of the constant exchange of ideas and conversation, a great



“Because there’s always something to do, I’m never lonely or alone.”

CO-ED DORMS

CO-ED DORMS

CO-ED

CO-ED LIVING (continued)

many feel instead that it is a healthier situation in a co-ed dorm where people are not so excited by the proximity of the opposite sex. Others find it uniquely awkward to attempt intimate relationships within the dorm because of social pressures. A number of students have found that breaking down simple inhibitions is more easily accomplished in this atmosphere.

“You constantly associate with the opposite sex and consequently learn to accept them as real human beings, quite a bit like yourself.”



It is argued that the inhabitants of single-sex dorms keep more to themselves or to small groups. This is not the case in co-ed dorms because inherent in this set-up is the fraternal ideal. Most people follow an open-door policy which lets you know that you are welcome to stop in and talk. Naturally, this enhances the already friendly atmosphere and projects it further.

“Because there’s always something to do, I’m never lonely or alone.”

Some veterans of this way of life commented that having both sexes in the same dorm helped them adjust to the college scene more quickly. They cultivated friendships easily and as a result were better prepared to confront problems that arose. Some women felt safer and more secure knowing

CO-ED DORMS

CO-ED DORMS

CO-ED

DORMS CO-ED DORMS CO-ED DORMS

CO-ED LIVING (continued)

that there were men nearby if they were needed. And the men gained a view of women grounded in reality rather than mystery or romance. The residents huddled together to protect their small freedoms when threatened by outsiders who had little or no understanding of the living situation. Each looked out for the other to a large degree.

Both co-ed dorms on campus have liberal visitation policies which allow residents the freedom to entertain guests in their own rooms, an extra personal touch that promotes communication. The (virtually) open visitation setting is decidedly conducive to relaxed group study, and heated debate is a practicable alternative within an open dorm. But by no means is it a puritanical setting. The potential for party life has yet to be realized.

A consensus of past residents interviewed favors co-ed living as a great way for one to spend the college years. It promotes self-awareness and self-respect as well as awareness and respect for others. The advantages of co-ed living are numerous, the inconveniences mostly trivial. It's an opportunity for fun and education in a mature setting.



DORMS CO-ED DORMS CO-ED DORMS

MEN AT APPALACHIAN

LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THE DIFFERENT VARIETIES

Appalachian men come in all different shapes, sizes, and colors. There is such a vast array of talents, personalities, and brains in addition, that choosing Mr. Right, whether for a day or a life, is becoming increasingly difficult. Of course, all women are not exactly alike. I'll just assume that you're reading this because you need help in selecting a beau or you need a good laugh. For those of you who belong with the latter, skip to the last half of the article. In any event, this guide is designed to show the basic types of men offered on this campus. Since guys are so basic, anyway, they should all easily fit into one of these categories.

First off, these categories are listed in order of desirability, so naturally, studs head the list. *Studs* are the prime choice in college males. Whether you need an occasional sweep-off-the-feet or just want someone to flaunt in front of your friends, studs make excellent companions. Trouble is, since they are numero uno, finding one and keeping one are two entirely different problems. Satisfy yourself with a few dates, they aren't exactly the most loyal of the breed. If long term relationships are your thing, unfortunately you'll need to skip down a few levels. As I said, they come in all shapes, sizes, and colors. Predominately, whites with tall, lanky figures and blacks that can strut magnificently constitute the greater percentage. Silk shirts, leisure suits, low platforms, and open shirts typify the whites. They usually wear strange, foreign cologne and attempt to act debonair. Not so the blacks. Black studs must be cool, above all. Do not, in any way embarrass them, like yelling to them from across the room at parties. Pink is in, rhinestones abound, and platforms are outrageously tall. White suits are still a rage at big events, despite recent moves to overthrow conventional dress. (Perhaps you've noticed the daisheiki's, beads, sandals, etc.) Forget all that, those that don't, shouldn't be in this category, anyway. Both colors tend to sound very dull the

first time they call. They save all the fast talk for your date. At any rate, be calm, self-assured. Once they pick you up, it's okay to act impressed. Don't forget to drop little compliments to fuel their eyes. Anticipate what they're going to say because the ever-present jive is confusing. Learn their lingo, if you haven't already. Prepare yourself for such jewels as "foxy mama," "sweet thing," and "sugar britches," (not to be confused with "candy a**;" - see lesser men) and so on.

Jocks. Those gorgeous hunks of athletic achievement. Recently, there appears to be a separation among these he-men (read: animals). Some have become confident, macho-types, some are halfway intelligent, and for the freshmen girls, there is still a fair supply of the original big, dumb jocks. If you go out with a jock, only to discover too late that he's one of the macho-infested, masculine ones, tough luck. Odds are that if you have to read this article, you're going to find it rough to keep one on a leash for



long. Option-plays are their specialty, and watch for the backfield-in-motion. If you luck up and get the second variety, you're in for a real treat. Just imagine a jock with some brains, the best of two worlds! Truly the cream-of-the-crop, he may be anything from boring-as-hell to Paul Newman.

For the less demanding woman, we still have our share of dumb oxen. Just don't get too impatient with them. For one thing, interesting conversation may not be his strong suit. If you do go out with an ox, don't let him get mad for any reason whatsoever. Antler's is not a suitable place for body blocks and flying tackles. If he gets mad and sends a pitcher through four students, the wall, and a truck, it is only fair that you offer to stay and help clean up. Also, don't let little, insignificant habits like sucking his thumb, eating lunch in a three-point stance, or wearing cleats to bed harm your relationship. These things are easily overlooked.

Frat guys run a clost third. No one throws parties like a frat. Just think, 50 guys, all dressed in those cute, little matching jackets, and all the beer you can soak up. These guys do have their

drawbacks. Unless you're in a sorority, don't expect immediate success. Word-of-mouth is lightning-fast, which may be good or bad, when guys are so close. If daddy was a frat man, date a guy from his old frat and you may get that car for Christmas. Just don't let the conversation turn to roadblocks and walk-a-thons or you've

wasted the evening.

Rockers. This name comes from Blowing Rockers and is a very fitting name. These are the people that go to UNC-Blowing Rock, or the correspondence school version of ASU. Every night of the week they line the bars drinking and the streets thumping. They've found their nirvana



and you probably don't fit that description.

Partiers. There are guys on campus who eat, sleep, smoke, and drink party. Everything is a party. School is a party. Flunking out, understandably very popular with this group, is a party. If you like to party, this is your man, they can be a blast. However, be careful. Most of them are multi-talented. As the night wears on and you wear out, your reflexes slow. This is where the caution comes in. Most of these guys can drink three six-packs and smoke an ounce of Columbian and still be all hands.

Perhaps you've noticed that the further we get down this list, the shorter the explanations get. Well, from here on out, we approach rock bottom. If you go out with the types below, you can still dream about the real men.

Intellectuals. Every institution must have their snotty-nosed, stuffed shirt types. You've seen them around, they're the ones with the 3.92 GPA (the "B" in cold softball did them in) and an entire wardrobe of gray pants and button-down shirts. If you do meet one in the library (the only public place they frequent) and go out with him, don't talk much. If at all. If he seems to be staring at you in interest, he's just reading your mind. Forget this bunch.

BMOC's. Ask your mom. Back in the heyday of the raccoon-skin coats and raging school spirit, Elvis Pressley-types abounded. Their spirit has come back to haunt us in the form

of some misplaced rednecks. If you are naive enough to accept a date, don't get embarrassed when he comes squealing up to your door in a '53 Ford with the foam dice on the mirror. He'll be wearing his little cap and honking the horn, tapping his foot to the Ink Spots Greatest Hits. Your mom would love him, take him to see "The Graduate."

Cool people. These are those drifting souls, usually half-freaks, that just happen. They don't come and go, they're just there. Some of them are vegetarians or health-food nuts. Believe me, carrot juice doesn't make much of a cocktail and shelling sunflower seeds isn't much of an alternative to a dinner at the Fox and Hound. Some of them really have their thing together, but you probably won't understand it. These are the cosmic crowd. Far out.

Freaks. If that's what you want, so be it. Dozing off in class, in their lunch, or in bed, these clowns are in their own worlds. They best be left alone.

Jesus Freaks. Oh, God....

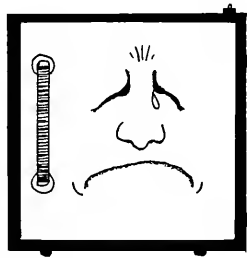
Freshmen. You were a freshman once, you don't need to ask why they're so far down on the list.

Lesser men. These are the guys (?) that suffer from weak muscles in the wrist, slight lisps, and a malfunction of the hip that makes them sway. Steer clear. They probably aren't interested in your kind anyway.

Eunuchs. Be reasonable.



You Can Do Just Fine Without Our Refrigerators.



. . . just fine, that is, unless you happen to enjoy having milk, butter, cream, cottage cheese, orange juice, oranges, lemons, Kool-Aid, tea, ice water, or a couple hundred other things, cold right there in your room.

For the past six years we've offered portable refrigerator-freezers to A.S.U. students at a low cost. During those years our price has changed very little and our quality of service hasn't suffered.

Renting refrigerators at A.S.U. is a good deal. Just ask the 850 students who did in 1975.

Refrigerator Rentals

Let Us Help You "Cool It" For a While.

Women's Dorms



You might be wondering why a guy is writing this article on women's dorms. I wondered about that myself. Who could be more objective about women's dorms than a guy? Right?

I have never lived in a girl's dorm, but why is that necessary to write about them? I mean, after all, I have visited them often enough. I have also known girls who spent all four years in college in dorm rooms, usually girls' dorms. I have also lived under a girl's dorm room with a connecting radiator from which I learned a great deal! This is my ammunition. I know all I need to.

Now, it's my considered opinion that any female . . . and I use that term loosely . . . who can live in a dorm for four years deserves a M.D.L. degree (Master of Dorm Living) in addition to the usual B.A. certificate in Home Economics or teaching.

I can imagine how much training and skill it takes to live in a girl's dorm room. Just take an average room. Do you know how hard it is to take three Mayflower vans full of hairdryers, clothes, potted plants, cooking utensils, make-up, books and assorted necessary??? paraphernalia and put all this into a twelve by twelve room? Have you ever seen the face of a father after he's single-handedly unloaded all that junk? But girls are real soft-hearted and they can see how tired their ol' man is, so they take some of that awful weight out of his back pocket.

And loading a girl's dorm room is only the initial part in getting that Masters in Dorm Living. How about the potted plants? I have been in some rooms that have so many potted plants that I wouldn't feel safe in there except with Johnny Weismuller or Rama, the White Hunter. I mean they have

Hanging SeaBiscuiticus, Clinging Gargantua and invariably some type of prickly ornamental cactus.

But maybe I should mention those girls that go the other route in dorm living. They go the posters and mementos route. They have all those mushy posters like, "Love is never having to share your peanut butter" and "Tomorrow is the first day of the rest of the month." This is probably the more traditional route toward the M.D.L. degree. Girls have their image to protect, and the mementos give just the right appearance. You know, Mom or the Great Aunt come to visit and they see the picture of the family and the picture of their little girl hugging so sweetly the neck of the family dog. I know no mother or doting father could ever doubt the veracity of a daughter who has those pictures in her room.

Dorm clothes are also a pre-requisite to gaining that

Masters in Dorm Living. You just can't get that degree unless you have a pair of fluffy slippers. You don't have to be rigid about those though. It's perfectly all right if they have the plastic eyes that roll around or if they are orange and black and striped like a tiger. But they do have to be fluffy and they can't be new. In all the years I have visited girls' dorms, I have yet to see a new pair of fluffy slippers. They have to have hair falling out before they work.

The house robe is another pre-requisite, but they can come in so many varieties, and all of them are acceptable.

Hair care is more rigid . . . and if you ever felt some girl's hair that's been sprayed, then you might take that literally. I meant that there are things that all girls in dorms have to do to gain the Masters in Dorm Living. If they don't clock at least three hours a week in the halls of their dorm with their hair "fixed up" then they haven't found the spirit of true dorm living yet. I have seen some girls with so many curlers in their hair that I could have plugged them into my TV and improved my reception considerably. New technological improvements have eliminated most of the traditional

hair ornaments; however, and hair-curlers and setting and styling implements have turned the tables on the old "curlers."

In addition to the curlers and clothes aspect, there is also the cosmetic story, but this was only a short article so we can't deal with that part of dorm living, except to say that if girls didn't buy all that cosmetic junk, the economy would collapse and we would probably have zero population growth.

Living in a girl's dorm also requires that certain activities be perpetrated if a girl is going to gain that Masters in DL. The Secret Pal drawing, for instance, where two





Women's Dorms (cont.)

girls who can't stand one another have to secretly do nice things for one another . . . sorta like asking Jack the Ripper to date your sister . . . you're asking for trouble.

Girls are also required to join the secret WHBD spy society. For you novices, that's What's Her Boyfriend Doing Spy Society. That's where you have to go out and inconspicuously spy on a dorm friend's boyfriend to make sure

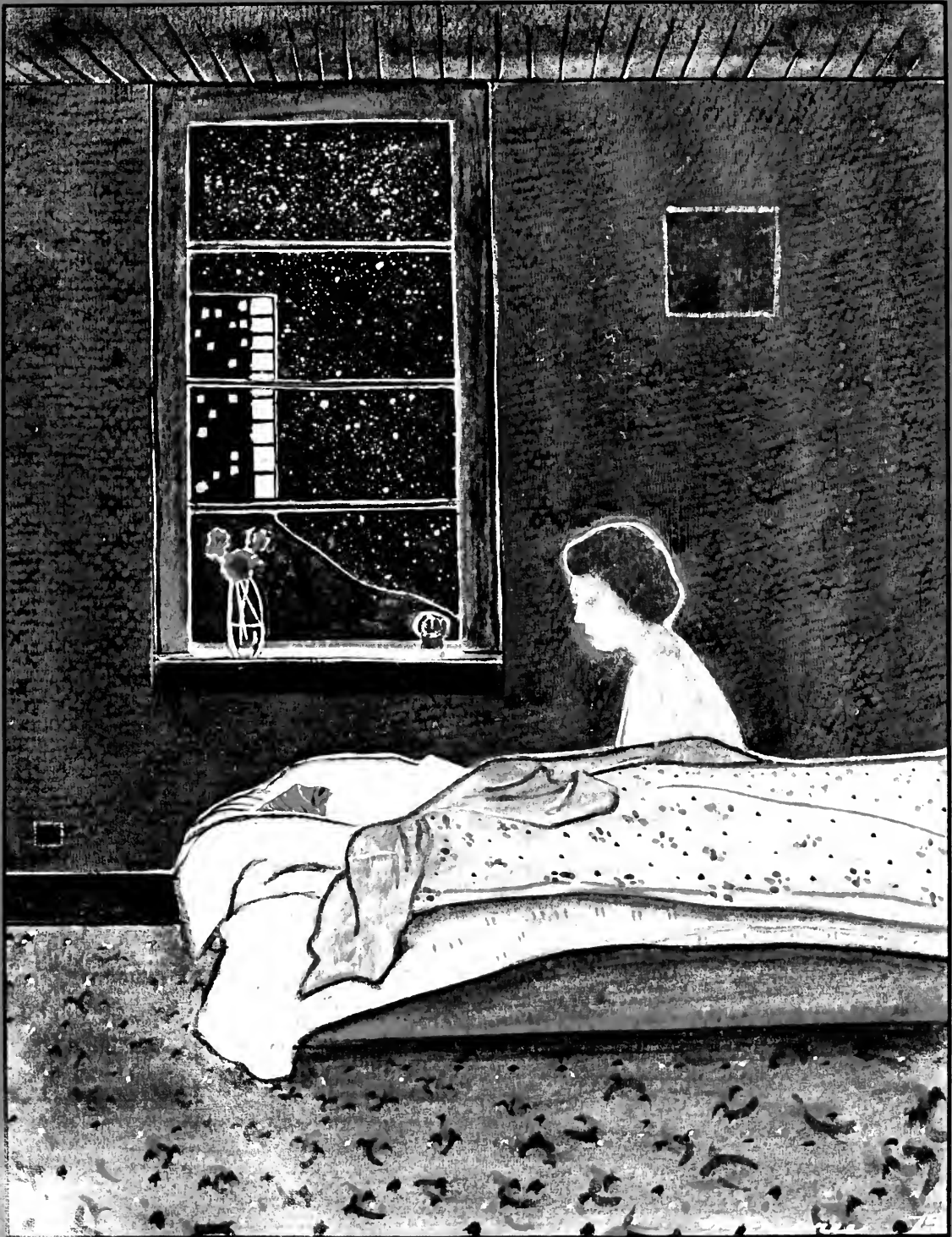
that he only puts his hands in his own pockets. This is a sure-fire romance killer for you guys that believe in sharing your charms. The only time this plan backfires is when the spy likes what she sees and the original girlfriend has lost not only her boyfriend but a dorm friend.

I could go on and on, but most people know about the popcorn binges, the gossip, and the fire drill fiascos. Finally, the only

major point left to cover is hiding the Baby-No-Make miracle pills from the roommate. On this point, I disavow any knowledge of the subject, as my Mother wouldn't want me to talk about it.

But dorm living is unique and I want to know a whole lot more about it, so if you have some interesting points to discuss about dorm living, then invite me up and we'll go over them together.





Survey: Views on Sex and Birth Control at A.S.U.

by R.T. Smith

Upon being asked to conduct a sex survey for this book, I bought a conductor's baton, rented a sextant and spent forty-eight hours composing my "Symphony for a Lubricious Afternoon." But I was then instructed that I should involve the opinions of women extrinsic to my imagination. At that point, I began to take the task seriously.

I realize that such a survey must be handled delicately for several reasons. An annual is seldom thought of as the place to reveal the results of such a survey, because the families and friends of co-eds may misinterpret the results. Further caution must be exercised in interpretation of such a survey, both because it is not the most scientifically composed or administered survey in recent history and because many of the answers were probably given in a spirit other than the one in which they were asked. However, the need for discretion does not exonerate from responsibility, candor or honesty. I have tried to abstain from projecting my own views onto the results any more than the original question selection has already done. I have tried to call the shots accurately. If I have failed, my mistakes are honest ones. At any rate, all quotes included in the results are real, and I have tried not to distort them by significantly altering the context in which they were given.

Let me mention here that I had assistance in the compilation of the results and in the composition of the survey. Jack and Ellen Dillard, Julie Morris, Leigh McDougall and Glenn Wilson all contributed to the question selection and wording.

Their cooperation was invaluable, but the choice of quotations below is indicative of only my discretion or lack of it.

Caution: remember that all percentages cited refer only to the sample of females who took the survey. It would be both foolish

and useless to attempt to draw sweeping conclusions concerning the entire female population of ASU from the results of these surveys. They can serve only as an indicator, a gauge.

The following is a copy of the survey as administered:

The Questions Are As Follows:

1. Age. 2. Class. 3. Marital status. 4. Type of residence. 5. Dating frequency. 6. Preference of dating style. 7. Are the men here different from those back home? 8. What type of men do you prefer? 9. Do you prefer aggressive men? 10. Where did you acquire your sex education? 11. Are you a virgin? 12. If so, why? 13. How old were you when you lost your virginity? 14. How many men have you had sex with?

15. How often do you have sex? 16. Do you enjoy sexual intercourse? 17. If not, why? 18. Have you ever had an orgasm? 19. Do you use any type of birth control? 20. What method?

21. Are you currently sexually involved with a man? 22. Do you love him? 23. Are you living with him? 24. What is your favorite position? 25. Where do you like to do it? (environment) 26. What type relations do you prefer: heterosexual, homosexual, solitary, or bisexual?

27. Have you ever been to an orgy? 28. What do you think about a person who would spend an evening composing this survey? 29. Do you have any further comments pertinent to women's attitudes concerning sex at ASU?

Results of the Survey

The average participant was a 19½-year-old sophomore (though 10 seniors did participate), single, living in a dorm. 33% date other than the listed frequencies, 30% on weekends, 28% occasionally during the week, and 10½% nightly. 74% of those polled prefer casual dates, 19% casual get-togethers and 7% conventional dates. 68% maintained that the men at ASU were different from those back home, with the differences fairly evenly distributed between positive and negative.

We did, however, get several interesting replies from the more verbal participants: "The ones here are not date-oriented. They don't know how to treat girls." "They want to get you drunk and then take advantage of you." "They prefer one-night stands to developing a serious relationship." "Rednecks at home; jacka*es up here." "The older ones don't give a d*** about girls except for sex purposes and the younger ones are too young!"

Concerning preferences in men, the majority preferred types not listed. Athletic, intellectual and older men received the best response of those listed.

Half the females taking the test preferred aggressive men, with 16% preferring them some of the time.

The order of information sources on sex was as follows: peers, home, school, literature, other and church. A few of those indicating other sources cited "experience."

Two-thirds of the women taking the survey said that they were not virgins, with nearly half losing their virginity at 17 or 18. About 80 of those answering "no" lost theirs

between the ages of 15 and 20.

40% said that they had had sex with only one male. 25% had done so with 3-5 men, 20% with 2 and 15% with more than 5.

42% of those taking the survey had sex on only special occasions, 30% on weekends, and 14% each frequently during the week and daily (if possible).

93% of those answering question 16 said that they enjoyed sex, and 80% said that they had had an orgasm. Among the reasons for maintenance of virginity were:

"Because I believe it is not morally right."

"I'd rather restrain from sexual activities until I find someone who'll last awhile."

"Because seduction is messy."

"I have not dated anyone I would like to have sex with."

"Highly irrelevant to you."

Two thirds answering question 19 used birth control; 75% used pills, with 10% each using condoms and withdrawal.

50% answering question 21 (and almost everyone taking the survey answered that one) were sexually involved with a man, and 70% answering 22 were in love with a man. Only 20% of those answering 23 live with a male.

By far the favored position was male superior, but many mentioned that they enjoyed a variety of positions. Most said they preferred sex in bed, and 7% preferred solitary sex, with 90% preferring heterosexual sex. No participant had ever been to an orgy, but one said, "No, but if you want to get one up"

Comments on the composers of the survey ranged from "horney," "hard up" and "perverse" to "cool," "interested in others," and "careful in making up the questions." Responses to the survey as a whole showed up here, and several participants were indignant at being asked the above questions, even anonymously. A few others expressed doubt that the survey was pertinent to the annual, and a few expressed interest in the composers.

Some of the most interesting answers appeared as "further comments:"

"ASU needs to ship in a couple hundred new guys!"

"Women are very likely to be raped on campus if more protection is not given."

"Most girls on this campus seem to be the pursuers instead of the men."

"I am glad more helpful info is coming out on sex. I hope women's attitudes are becoming unashamed of using the pill, so that it would be a symbol to them of protection than that of being a 'marked' person. Yet at the same time not take sex as just something to do. Women degrade themselves by 'using sex' instead of being who they really are and sharing that with someone they love."

"Foreplay is really great — especially if you aren't ready to get into a sexual relationship."

"If you were a w**** you'd have a tough time finding clientele with all the free beds available throughout the campus. Not that ASU's different from any place else, mind you. We virgins'll just stick it out around here til the guys wise up and want to find someone with a mind as well as a beautiful body that hasn't been worn out by repeated, meaningless relationships. Sincerely, The Only Prude in East."

Well, that's it. That's what the ladies said. As I warned earlier, any conclusions would be risky, due to the unscientific manner in which the survey was composed and distributed, but a close reader can discern certain trends, certain tendencies. If nothing else, the survey is adequate proof that many women at ASU would be interested in participating in a survey that might yield statistically reliable results. Until such time as that survey is taken, we'll have to content ourselves with guesswork as to how the evolution of sexual freedom and responsibility has affected the Appalachian woman.



“The Scarlet O’Hara complex is a rare case.
Only a few examples remain in isolated Southern regions.”

DUMBAPPSTROLOGY

Man of the hour in this issue of Appalachian Women is the disputatious advocate of grunt psychology, that controversial whiff in the wind, the Feces man. Omnipotent, the Feces man brings all men to their seats in tribute and relief. It has been said of Mister Feces that he has more control over men and animals than Ex-lax has chocolate fudgies. We cannot refute that statement.

Feces man, in our estimation, exemplifies all that we hold dear in that category of men known as "the establishment." Feces man is his own man in manner and in dress. He could give a poot about Emily Post or Amy Vanderbilt; he has gripes to register, so he unloads them at all hours of the day. We have all had brushes with the Feces man, and we have gained a measure of respect for his power. He is no tissue facsimile of a man; he is the real thing.

TAURUS: Exhale only today. Save your clipped toenails, for someday you may be famous. Defrost or repent. Drop ad.

GEMINI: Sell your clothes immediately and wander through Woolworths until you see a sign. Then go back. That's enough for one day. Topspin.

CANCER: When midnight comes, your fate will have been sealed in saran wrap. Take an oboe to lunch for a change of pace. If they don't serve it, make a scene. Punt on fourth downs. Peat moss.

LEO: Spell your name backwards and apply for a loan. Bite every nose you disagree with today. **BUT DON'T SWALLOW.** Fireness is only fleeting from your flame for halftime snacks. Write a song about bed slats.

VIRGO: Emulate hash-browns; it's not too late for the second act. Take up where mind meets meat and vice a versa. (Says plenty for Broadway.) Stick a feather in your cap and call it macaroni.

LIBRA: Refuse to give your knuckles to science at all costs. Be suspicious of anyone wearing ten-penny nails in the wrong places. Thumb your nose at a rat. Spindle a computer card. Qwertyuiop.

SCORPIO: Avoid large crowds of jelly doughnuts. Take a few chances — pick your nose with an x-acto knife. Start a breast farm and sell franchises. Flick your Bic.

SAGITTARUS: Meet the press. One who has opposed you in the past is sharpening his machete with his beard. Send all your money and art to the *Rhododendron* copy editors' office and lay low. Seek out a newt and squash it.

CAPRICORN: Play freeze tag with your mirror. Don't get caught with your face in someone else's pants without written permission. Close a car door on someone's hand. Start a religion that begins with the letter K. Burp out loud in church.

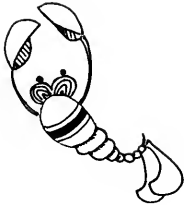
AQUARIUS: If a school of flounder flops up to you in a parking lot, do not speak to them — no matter how persuasive they seem. Your boyfriend will soon leave you for a sheep and you will never wear a sweater again. Beware of yellow snow.

PISCES: All is distant where the wind howls. A giant zit will soon appear on your back and you will have to cancel dates for the next month. However, you will sign a lucrative contract with Clearasil as a "Before" poster.

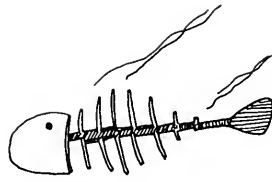
ARIES: Beware of hemophiliacs bearing red-eye gravy. Walk on only one side of the street at a time. Mercury just returned to Mars. Chrysler just returned to Detroit. Good weekend for amusement —



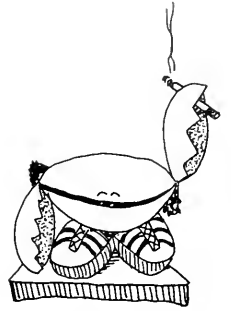
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SCORPIO



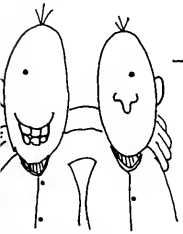
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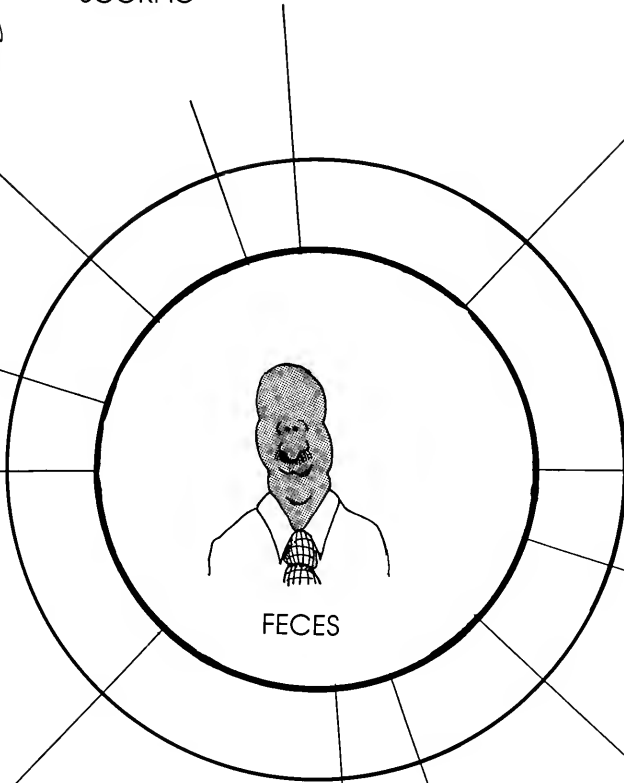
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TAURUS



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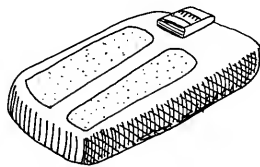
LEO



VIRGO



ARIES



LIBRA



CAPRICORN



SAGGITARIUS

PANHELLENIC COUNCIL

The ASU Panhellenic Council is a governing body comprised of two delegates from each of the four national sororities officially recognized on campus. The purpose of Panhellenic is to provide uniform guidelines and lines of communication for these sororities: Alpha Delta Pi, Chi Omega, Delta Zeta and Kappa Delta.



The Panhellenic Council also encourages a sisterly relationship among all of the represented sororities and establishes the rules for rushing procedures—parties, teas and meetings, as well as the final invitations, or bids, to prospective members. The ultimate goal of Panhellenic is to establish a stable and productive Greek system on the campus and to promote interest in this system. The current officers of the Panhellenic Council are as follows: President—Barbara Thomas; Vice President—Myra McClure; Treasurer—Robin Carpenter; Secretary—Susan Siler.



ΑΔΠ

ΧΩ

ΔΖ

ΚΔ



The histories and achievements of the sororities on Appalachian campus may be varied, but the aims are similar. The sororities, currently numbering four, all prescribe to elimination of those isolation factors that haunt the college scene. They profess belief in a personable approach to education and to life through comradery and common goals. Sisterhood, that opportunity to tap the source of humanity in close harmony with chosen others, is the backbone of sorority life. It establishes a valid base from which service and knowledge can spring. It provides the means to reach the worthy ends of maturity and wisdom.

ALPHA DELTA PI

Alpha Delta Pi Sorority represents both the old and the new on the Appalachian State University campus. As the youngest social sorority on campus, Alpha Delta Pi finds its roots in the Vernician Society, the oldest girls service club at ASU. In the spring of 1974, the Vernicians investigated the possibilities of affiliation with a national sorority. After hours of deliberation, the girls voted to petition Alpha Delta Pi Sorority.

After preliminary screening by Alpha Delta Pi, the Vernicians petitioned the local Panhellenic Council in the fall of 1974 for permission to affiliate with the national sorority. The request was denied. The local Panhellenic did, however, vote to review the Vernician's request in the spring, following rush.

By spring, the Vernicians had grown in number, from the original thirty to sixty-three. On Monday, April 7, 1975, the Vernicians petition was approved — Alpha Delta Pi had finally made it to ASU! Tagged the "Zeta Mu Chapter of Alpha Delta Pi Sorority," the sixty-three young women began their pledge period on April 27, 1975. It was to continue up to November 1975. After months of work, growing, and planning, Zeta Mu became a reality, when the chapter and its members were officially initiated.

Throughout the past two years, whether the Vernicians or $\text{A}\Delta\text{P}\text{I}$, this organization has strived for the same goals: high scholarship, service to others, and the development of the individual. The sisterhood which exists is special to each girl, who knows that she has been partially responsible for the inception of a new phase of Appalachian State University history.



ΑΔΠ

ΑΔΠ

ΑΔΠ



ΑΔΠ



CHI OMEGA

In the fall of 1973, Lucy Edwards and Terry Cutts decided to found another national sorority on the campus of A.S.U. Chi Omega was chosen because of its high national standing and purposes. After months of organizing and corresponding with Chi Omega, a group of about thirty girls became sorority, Omega Chi Omega.

On September 14, 1974, this local group with President Lucy Edwards, Vice President Terry Cutts, Secretary Colette Rawls, and Treasurer Teresa Tracy was honored with Chi Omega, a group of about thirty girls became sorority, Omega Chi Omega. On September 14, 1974, this local group with President Lucy Edwards, Vice President Terry Cutts, Secretary Colette Rawls, and Treasurer Teresa Tracy was honored by her National President, Mrs. LaRue Bowker.

On December 7, 1974, Omega Chi Omega was installed as Pi Kappa Chapter of Chi Omega. This installation was performed by Pi Kappa Chapter from the University of Tennessee. Many of the National Chi Omega officers and dignitaries were present for the installation and banquet which were held at the Center for Continuing Education.

Pi Kappa Chapter of Chi Omega has grown from twenty-nine members to its fifty-eight present members. The chapter is very active now in civic and service projects as well as campus activities.



XΩ XΩ XΩ XΩ



DELTA ZETA

The Delta Zeta Social Sorority, grounded in the bonds of friendship and devotion, is dedicated to making the college experience more than just a classroom happening. Since their inception as an affiliate of the national sorority, Delta Zeta has encouraged members to become involved in campus and community issues and activities. The ideal of the sorority is to prepare each sister to be a benefit to her community, an honor to her alma mater.

Delta Zetas work within the University framework, encouraging and supporting academic and cultural growth. The sorority sponsors a campus clean-up, helps support Galledet College for the Deaf, backs the Apps, and works with the Children at Grandfather Home. For a financial project they operate a popcorn business.

Each season Delta Zeta holds a traditional Candlelight Bal in April. It represents one last concentrated effort at sharing and fun at year's end, a reminder of friendships that will not soon be forgotten.



ΔZ ΔZ ΔZ ΔZ



KAPPA DELTA

Kappa Delta is a National Panhellenic Conference social sorority. The first Greek organization at A.S.U., the Epsilon Epsilon Chapter of Kappa Delta was installed on this campus in the fall of 1973.

Our philanthropy, both nationally and locally, reflects the deep concern Kappa Deltas feel for those less fortunate. Kappa Delta actively supports the Crippled Children's Hospital in Richmond, Virginia, as well as our very special needy family here in Boone. We manage to devote time to programs such as The March of Dimes, the Eye Donor Banks, the Developmental Evaluation Center, Unicef, and others.

Kappa Delta revolves around many facets of college life. Socially, we enjoy our annual White Rose Ball at Christmas, and our "Luau" every Spring, along with masquerade parties, mixers and teas throughout the year.

To categorize Kappa Delta Sorority is impossible. Kappa Delta is all these things and much more. It is lots of work and lots of fun. Kappa Delta is a sisterhood of varied personalities and interests joined by an unbreakable bond of true friendship.



ΚΔ ΚΔ ΚΔ ΚΔ



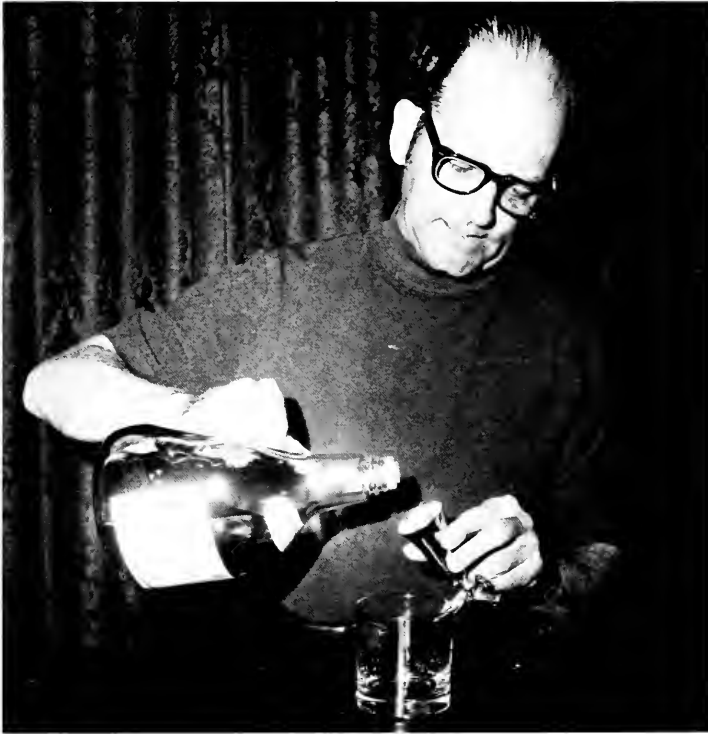
A. S. U.'S Man of the Year

Doc Ashby

It's Our Turn To Look Back

Appalachian Women photographers didn't exactly have to force Man-of-the-Month, Evan Ashby, M.D., to pose for a centerfold snapshot. As matters evolved, those concerned generally agreed that turn-about would be fair play. Doc Ashby, as he is affectionately known on campus,

has ogled (in the professional sense of the word) more campus goose flesh in his years of service than Mother Goose herself. So, in our efforts to eliminate such inequities in this woman's world and to entertain our gaping public, we reveal one of our favorite tales. Eh, what's up, Doc?



Ashby (a divorcee, girls) is a liberal man. He maintains that he has been a "libber" from the first. He believes that women should be self-sufficient and resourceful and should have every opportunity a man does to arrive at such a position in life. Ashby has championed the right of females to express themselves freely in sexual relationships. He has never hesitated to advise birth control. Though he says that the best method of birth control is an emphatic "no," he admits, "If you love somebody enough, it's hard to say 'no.'"

A free spirit behind the wheel of a

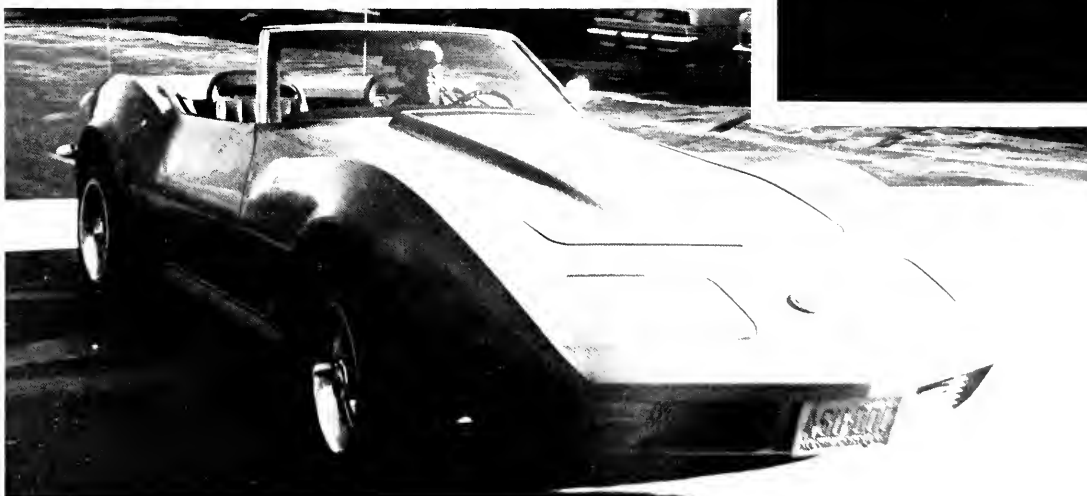
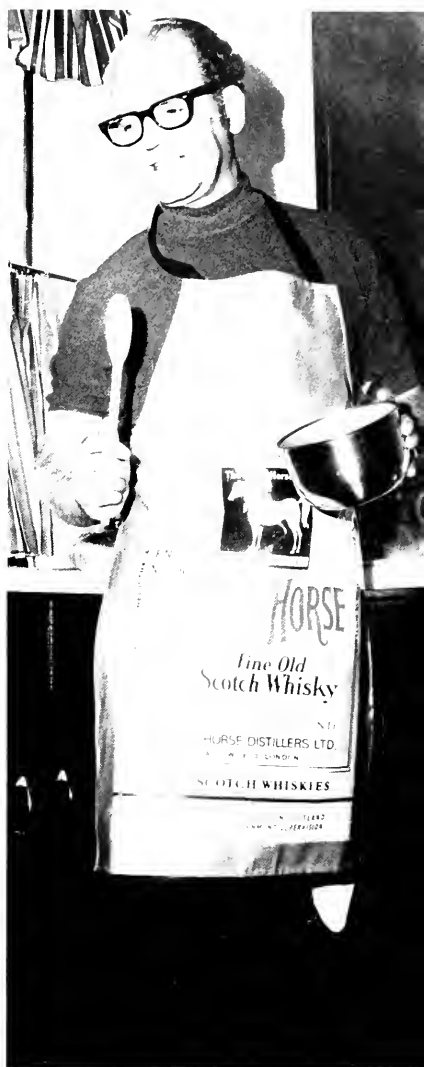
Corvette, Evan Ashby thoroughly enjoys an active life. Besides his numerous duties as county and campus medical authority, Ashby devotes enough time to his one main hobby photography to have invested in his own darkroom. So watch it, girls. Is that really an innocent plastic eyeball on the end of his stethoscope or is it a Rolleiflex?

Ashby sees himself as an in loco uncle or an in loco big brother to the female population on ASU campus. We tend to agree with his appraisal. All we can say is, if you're in need of a friend or a physician, girls, cry "uncle."

"Sometimes that which makes perfectly good sense by the warm light of the moon, by the cold light of the dawn makes no sense."



"I prefer to make love with the lights on anyway."







EVAN ASHBY, JR., M.D.



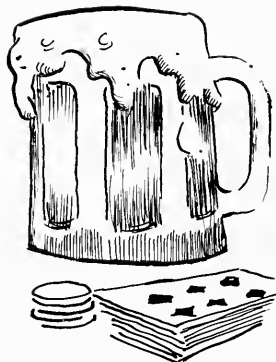


IT ALL STARTED



...IN THE CAFETERIA

SENSORIA

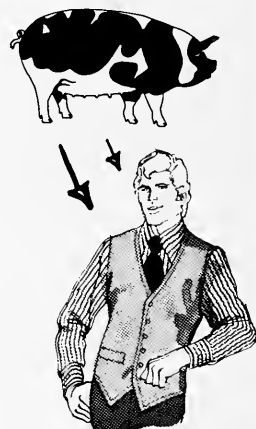


LET'S MAKE A DEAL

One local point of interest that does not frequently appear in the travellogs and tourist guide books is nonetheless a mecca for hedonists, card sharks, fun seekers, Fort Boone rejects, and just plain old good ole boys alike. Located at 1010 Appalachian Street in the heart of Boone, The House of Deal, or the Yellow Mansion as it is sometimes known, stands a monument to the chivalrous tradition and the Fred Kirby code of the west. Hosts Todd and John Deal are gracious and informative, and as friends, acquaintances, and Doc Ashby will attest, they have but one thing on their minds—your comfort. If you have a few minutes or a few days consider The House of Deal. John and Todd will conduct the grand tour personally from moat to mead hall to the master bed chamber. Take the plunge. Experience The House of Deal. Say hello to Heavy, Maid Marion, Sir Fatty Lou, Friar Robinette, and Sweet Kim of Charlotte in season. Fee negotiable.

RUN THAT BY ME AGAIN

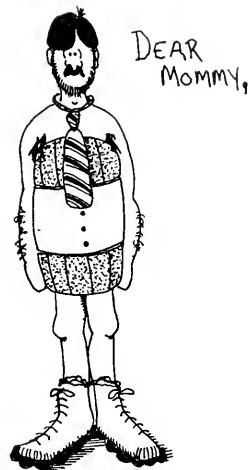
Have the dudes you date consistently turned out to be duds? Are the men in your life slow to the draw? Has Jim Nabors been signed to portray your lover in a feature film? If so, maybe you're not getting your message across. If that's the case, rest easy. The Living/Learning Program has hired Raquel Welch, Joey Heatherton and Bridget Bardot to serve as instructors in a course offering tentatively titled "Bumps & Grinds, the Universal Language," or "Who's Counting Syllables in the Sack?" Course organizers promise participants a working va-va-vocabulary of twenty-five non-verbal signals guaranteed to defrock a monk before vespers. Don't leave it up to App men to translate your veiled invitation; experience should tell you, they'll never put their fingers on it. Do it for them with Body Language.



MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE

Rumors and commercial slogans to the contrary, redheads have more fun, girls; if not quantitatively, at least quality-wise. In a survey of ten thousand men from every profession (Catastrophy Analyst to shine boy), redheads were given the nod (Biblical sense) five times to three over the nearest competitor (blondes) when the men were asked to rate the sexual performances of past partners. Redheads, it seems, corner the market on hair color fetishes, too. One out of every two make copy editors harbors the hots for the rosy ones. Our silent salute of the month goes out to "Red" wherever she may be. May there always be a thorn on your rose bush, Red.

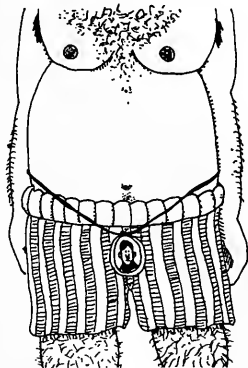
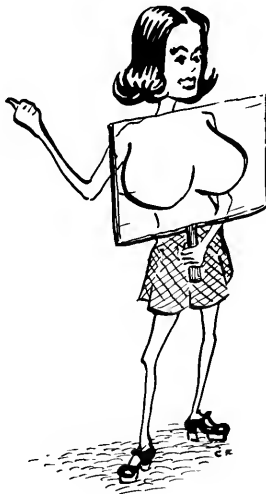
Are you one of those iconoclasts whose conception of semi-formal dress is Natty Bumppo? Do you harbor a Freudian revenge motive towards your parents for their renegeing on your allowance? Do you believe that all roads lead to Crossnore? If your answer is "yes" to any or all of the above, Attila the Hun is looking for a tag team partner. But if you believe in paying the small dollar for basics, we invite you to try on one of these ideas. 1) For those eight o'clock classes, slip into a pair of burlap longhandles. You might have to scratch somewhere between "Thanatopsis" and "Howl," but you won't fall asleep. Design by Gunny Sack. 2) The Shoe Box Look is big in Frisco. It won't get you in the Waldorf-Astoria, but you won't get blisters either. Fashion by Clementine. 3) Chunky ethnic jewelry worn and glued to the forehead. A diversionary tactic, this fashionable idea won't endear you to Bloomingdale's, but it will draw attention away from your acne. Division of Propa PH. 4) The Frederico Fellini fall line of wardrobes is the talk of the fifth ward. One day you're a produce bag, the next an appendix scar or a dwarf. It's all so bizarre, but that's Fellini. You'll be invited to all the parties; everyone will want to know where you are at all times.



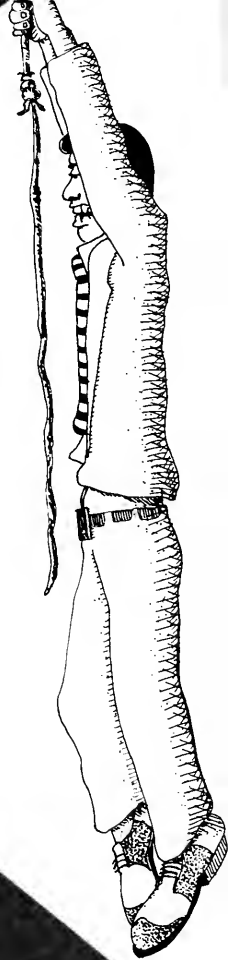
BLOWING ROCK OR BUST

Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert probably did more for the cause of hitchhiking than everything short of the Boone no-beer law. Their tete a tete (or rather pouce a pouce) hitch-out in the film classic "It Happened One Night" brought roars of approval from thousands in the 1930's, and hitching has received the thumbs up vote from college-aged nomads ever since.

Recently, we have heard of a new hitch in hitchhiking. Dr. Joan Lockard, a professor of neurological surgery and psychology, revealed the results of experiments that show that the size of a woman's bust is an important factor in whether she gets rides while hitchhiking. In these experiments women doubled the number of rides they obtained by using padding to increase their bustline by 2 inches. The question now is is there a similar experiment for men and, if so, what do they pad?



If you have tried to convince a mate simultaneously of your sensuality and your scholarship, you have probably run into snags. In most circles we know, one characteristic precludes the other. But if you're dead set on projecting this dynamic tandem image, look no more. ASU Industrial Arts and English Departments have united in a commercial effort to satisfy your wishbones and your vanity. Tandem Products brings you the last word in jewelry — a belly chain bracelet. Take your pick of scholarly charms that will leave no doubt as to your learning: James Joyce, Cotton Mather, Venerable Bede, T.S. Eliot, Donald Seacrest to name a few, complete with dactylic verse. Be daring and drape it around your pooch belly — and think of all the fun you'll have quoting Shelley between the sheets.



by Miriam West

Every student that comes to Appalachia has complained about the rules and restrictions placed upon them by the Administration. Ever since the school was first established in 1899 the Administration has always seen fit to put together restrictions on what the students than they would normally put on their own children. Although we, the students of 1976, complain loudly, I would imagine the students of the early 1900's complained even louder. Following is a list of some of the rules and regulations imposed upon the students of Appalachia since the school's origin. Read them through and consider just how lucky we are today to have coed dorms with open visitation and very few rules.

Appalachian State Normal School

Under the name of A. S. N. S. the students were required to go to chapel every Sunday. Attendance

records were kept and a student was required to have a very good explanation for missing a Sunday service. Women were there apt to look forward to these Sunday services because the Administration would then announce which athletic games the girls were able to attend the following week. Even when the women were allowed to attend the sports events, male students were required to sit on the opposite side of the gym. Absolutely no fraternizing between the two sexes was allowed. Only on rare occasions would the Administration allow the two sexes to sit together.

Men and women were not allowed to sit together at meals or chapel but could get together to study in the library. The women were not allowed to go across campus to the men's residence halls. In fact, they were never allowed to cross Krum Creek until 1969 when the Administration

Moral Codes From 1900

1924 1936 1945 1964 1976

started easing up on the women.

The men were free to come and go, but they were not allowed on the women's side of campus after 9:00 p.m.

As for dating, this writer wonders how the two sexes ever got together long enough to exchange names. Students were allowed to date on Sunday afternoons. If a man wanted to visit a woman, he first had to obtain a visitor's pass from the Administration building. After receiving permission he was required to present it to the dorm mother who, in turn, would permit him to socialize with his sweetheart (under close supervision) during the hours of 2:00-4:00 p.m. That was it.

As years passed and students complained ever louder, the Administration finally decided to allow the women more freedom. As a result, couples were allowed to go downtown on Sundays to a movie, but only in the presence of a chaperone. Big improvement.

Eating meals during this period was no fun either. At precisely thirty minutes before a scheduled meal (except for the noon meal), a warning bell would ring. Everyone was required to go promptly and quietly to the cafeteria and remain standing until the blessing was said. There was to be no loud or raucous talking or laughing at all during the meal. No couples were allowed to sit together unless they were chaperoned (called hosts and hostesses) sitting at their table. After the meal was completed, a warning bell would ring. All men were required to go promptly and quietly to their rooms. Another warning bell would ring when

was allowed to leave the dining room until the ringing of the bells. Food and equipment were not to be taken from the cafeteria unless special permission was obtained from the residence manager. Women were not allowed to loiter around the fountain or Administration building following supper. Sounds like fun, doesn't it?

Now let's have a look at classes. This writer never found any information concerning conduct in the classroom, but from my previous statements we may probably guess correctly what classroom behavior was like. I did, however, find information on the conduct going to and from classes. Women were not allowed to linger in the halls. They were required to go straight into and straight out of the classrooms. If they had no class, they were expected to go to their rooms and study their recitations. All students were required to join a literary society and study in their rooms when not in classes or church. No smoking was allowed on campus or in the Administration building. At one point they even required men and women to use separate entrances into the buildings.

When the men were finished with classes for the day they were expected to leave the campus, and women were not allowed to "attend" them on the way. The students were expected to walk on the sidewalks and not to create new pathways through the grass. Students were not allowed to drive cars on or through campus, and the women were never allowed to stop or loiter on the sidewalks, sit on the walkways, or walk along the highways. Some of the more general rules for the students

included: no car riding at all for the women unless they had written permission from their parents, no extended conversation was allowed when standing by an automobile, only two visits home per semester, and no more than two trips to the downtown area per week (never on Sunday or Monday).

Some of the dormitory rules were even more strict. At 7:00 p.m. a bell would ring and all students were required to go to their rooms to study. Lights had to be out by 10:00 week nights, 8:00 on weekends and 9:00 on Sundays. No student could ever spend the night in town unless he or she had written permission from his or her parents. The students were not allowed to call out their dorm windows, and no one could call up to them. One rumor about how the students bent these rules had the men hiding below the girls windows and whistling. At this signal girls would drop a rope made of tied bed sheets and haul the men up. B.B. Dougherty (then president of A.S.U.) heard about this little escapade and went down to investigate. One night he whistled; the sheets were dropped; and when the girls found out who was on the other end of the rope they quickly released it and never tried the plan again. Poor B.B. Whether this is true or not, one does not know. Suffice it to say that people will probably always seek ways to skirt the rules.

And that's the way it used to be at Appalachian. We, the student of 1976, should consider ourselves lucky for the visitation policies we do have.

1954 1970 1976

1776 1776 1776 1776

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

U.S.A.



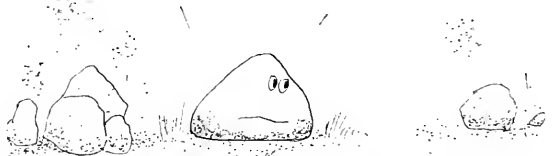
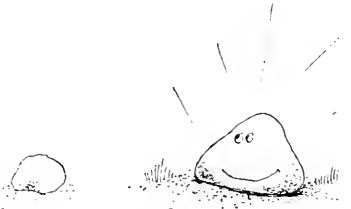
**IN THIS
BICENTENNIAL
YEAR**



**200 YEARS
OF PROGRESS**

1976 1976 1976 1976

PROGRESS



Married Students

By Jack Dillard

As more than fourteen percent of the Appalachian State University student body will testify, a common stereotype of the free-wheeling college student is not a representative one.

For over one-seventh of the University's student population is married — and with marriage come additional responsibilities and restrictions that greatly distinguish wedlock from "single-hood."

The percentage of married students among the full-time student population steadily increases with class ranking, from two per cent of the freshmen to twenty per cent of the seniors, and fifty-three per cent of masters degree students. Among special



students, a percentage of thirty-five is married.

Combining a college career with marriage affects couples in a variety of ways. Many find that it stabilizes their living environments, and makes studying easier. Others find it difficult to keep up with course work and manage the financial problems that economic independence from parents often brings. Most couples have negligible amounts of time for recreation. Instead, everything is geared to school and work.

Even though a large percentage of the student body is married, these students are almost forgotten in terms of activities and general planning. Many married student spouses are not students and are therefore prohibited from taking part in many University activities.

It is more difficult to organize married students because of their many responsibilities. The financial problems — or perhaps the added responsibility of children — make it harder for married couples to participate in standard University activities.

The University may be a difficult place for marriages to survive because of the tremendous tension unique to the college situation. Although many couples do find their married university years tough, Frank and Lucy Besterman,



both grad students, see marriage as a learning experience along with their education at ASU. And if a sizeable percentage of the other 1,227 married students on campus feel the same way, they can't help but go far in correcting the image of the free-wheeling college student and replacing it with a more mature model.



Married Living

Commuters



Appalachian commuters rejoice. Help may be on the way. P.V. Potatayo, the eighteenth century Italian symbolist and devout espouser of "travel for travel's sake and gravel for gravel's sake" was recently dubbed by the Deputy head of the New York Port Authority as "patron saint of commuters" in an address to NAC, the National Association of Commuters. Although Tucker Frank's remarks were spoken in a moment of levity when he was asked to comment on the peculiar problems of the Hackensack commuter, his canonization of Potatayo, even in jest, gives ASU students a breath of fresh air and this reporter an opening paragraph.

Perhaps now the guiding hand of St. Potatayo can steer circuit students clear of Tweetsie bumper stickers, blown engines, and Florida license tags. Maybe now the three to one-hundred and three

mile treks to Boone can be void of anxiety and white knuckles. Perhaps early morning commuters from Tennessee and neighboring counties can debate Paul Harvey commentary with their front speakers, meditate on prune danish and cafe au lait, or simply dig on life with a saint in the back seat.

Campus commuters are a group that comprises approximately one-sixth of all ASU students. The sub-strata includes weekenders who often fill fulltime jobs during the week, evening classes attenders who frequently are working towards teacher certification or master's degrees, part-timers who seek further education for a variety of reasons, and semi-local residents who choose to drive to campus for financial motives or other considerations.

The commuter is a curious breed who succeeds or fails in his studies based upon his degree of

dedication and his ability to resist temptation. A drive of fifteen or more miles offers ample time and temptation for the less-than-committed to stray or hedge from the rigors of academia: a modern day pilgrimage through the slough of despond and datspond.

The successful student-commuter transcends the agonies of traffic inconvenience, the toil of timetabled scheduling and the heartburn of on-the-go dining by focusing on the broader horizon. A well-defined purpose and a strong sense of self are two of the successful commuter's co-pilots in the occasional to daily journeys to the land of the Watauga.

Saint Potatayo, we lift our petitions to you in all sincerity. Put a blight on Sunday drivers. Saint Potatayo, we beseech you, put on your glasses and your kid gloves. ASU commuters need your benevolence and your magic and your Gulf card.

APPALACHIAN WOMEN LOOK AT:

Apartment Living



The Appalachian freshman pays one fee for room and board and has no further worries about meals, heat, electricity or the roof over his head, unless he's a heavy eater. But once one becomes a sophomore, he is faced with the choice—Shall I continue to live in the dorm and have to abide by rules I might not subscribe to, or should I take a risk, leave the nest and involve myself with the freedom and attendant responsibility of the off-campus alternative? Once, the ASU student had no option until his

junior year, but with increased enrollment and crowded facilities, the privilege of deciding dropped back a year to the sophs, as well.

But when a student goes out on his own and rents a house or apartment, what are the characteristics of these new life-styles beyond the reach of visitation policies and crowded showers? First of all, the student finds, in many cases, that his resources are taxed by the number of bills to be paid. Telephone, electric, oil, water—all these services may be

operated by different companies, each itching for his check by the end of the month.

The expenses are not only divided among several companies, but they are also, in most cases, far greater. When Miss Jones or Mr. Wilson digs deeper into his or her pocket (or that of his or her parents), what, exactly are they paying for?

Privacy. First and most important. No more constantly jangling phones, troops migrating from one room to another, parties

Apartment Living (continued)

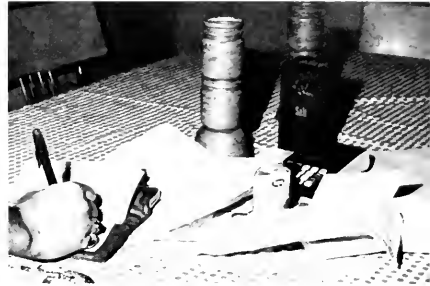
that grow like fungus and engulf the entire hall the night before a big test. Privacy for study, for thought, for socializing or for sex.



And choice. The apartment dweller seldom has to accept a roommate dictated by a computer. He or she is also able to get away from the noisy campus area and may find a place out in the country, or at least above the school on a hill like the locations of the Mountaineer Apartments or Appalachian South.

The apartment dweller usually has more space to move around, to park his car, to go outside and toss a football. Space to pile up dishes for a week, space to clean and space to lose keys, notes, stamps and all the other necessities of college life.

The off-campus living facilities in Boone range from rooming houses and efficiencies to two and three-bedroom apartments with central vacuuming, garbage disposals, dishwashers and wall-to-



wall shag carpeting, but many students prefer to move out to the country or to Blowing Rock where houses can be rented at reasonable prices and where one does not wake up every morning with the impression that she is in a strange motel.

But for the student who would escape the "preppie" atmosphere of campus, the discovery of a place that suits his or her needs to a "T" is a laborious task that often costs much in shoe leather and wear on the patience and only results in

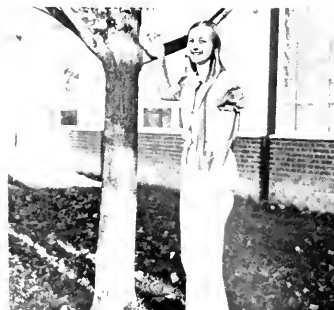
success just when the searcher is about to give up and go back to the sardine-can room on campus with its cablevision and camaradie of the casually oppressed.



ASU WOMEN AND-

Fashions favored by Appalachian women vary as widely as the personalities of the women who wear them, but there are three distinct categories that will serve to classify most of the apparel worn by females in Boone.

The casual observer will find low fashion casual wear at Appalachian that reflects current tastes as dictated by *Vogue* and *Mademoiselle*, and that casual wear is, for the most part, the same on the Boone campus as it is anywhere in the country. The light print blouses with a leathery or corduroy skirt and topped with a varicolored scarf are everywhere, and one trend this past fall was the jumper that fell to just below the knee. Usually freshman and sorority girls compose the majority of those who choose this traditional college-girl look to express themselves.



The clothing group that has perhaps the largest constituency at ASU is composed of those who attempt to, in some way, satisfy the unspoken demands of the counterculture. Most of the garments favored by this group would have been disallowed by a school dress code at many colleges as recently as the early sixties, but the "slack look" is definitely "in" in Boone. Those who subscribe to this pattern of dress range from the girls who favor clean, unpatched jeans and tee-shirts in warm weather to those who seek out the Crossnore used clothing store in search of too-long, ill-fitting house dresses and who consider their hiking boots by Vasque to be the most important item in a girl's wardrobe. These girls' dress habits are almost a parody of those who strive for neatness and chic.



FASHION:

WHAT ASU WOMEN WEAR

The third major group of ASU girls has been greatly influenced by the athletic orientation of the school. Spiffy looking warm-up suits and sweat suits have slowly become accepted wear for both classwear and socializing, and the average ASU female owes the acceptance of expensive tennis shoes for casual wear to this small but growing group of women.

Most of the students prefer long hair on both males and females, the longer the better. This tendency seems to have been dictated by the "back-to-the-earth" people, but there are still a few hard-core conservatives who trot off to the beauty shop for their permanents. Some App women have also chosen to keep their hair conveniently short in a bid for practicality and ease.



The bra-less look at ASU is not new, and many of the costumes worn by the girls in late spring and early fall are quite abbreviated and revealing, as well as colorful. But winter brings out the ski-jackets and sheepskin-lined coats. Boots with more sole-grip than high style also become vogue during the hard winter months in the mountains, and ski sweaters, jeans and warm hats become the common denominators that unite most ASU women during the months between Thanksgiving and March.

The only real difference in fashion between Appalachian and most other schools stems from the fact that the practical mountaineer look is always in. Both males and females emulate the natives in the area in dress habits, as well as in many other areas, and that is probably to be expected, for it is this leaning toward the primitive that gives the ASU Mountaineers their official identity, as well as their fashionable one.

Though historians may not label the 1970's as a significant period in the history of our country, it has been an exciting time to be on a university campus. The Viet Nam war years and crisis related to major student revolts have passed. Since "great" issues have not appeared to be at stake, many educators have indicated that the past several years have been marked with pacifist student behavior. I do not share this view. Though the loud cries of international human concern has not been prevalent, several undercurrents of major significance have surfaced. Students have been quietly, yet effectively and thoroughly, challenging and examining the ideals, goals, and values which have been culturally transmitted to them. They have researched and are validating or failing to validate the traditions, mores, and customs which have permeated our heritage.

Institutions of higher education have also been called upon to examine the total administrative codes and laws which have affected the citizens within the educational system. The 1960's brought emphasis and sweeping changes in laws and views related to racial problems; the 1970's may become known as the "Revolution of the Sexes." Administrators in institutions of higher learning have had to examine the academic, economic, physical, and social restrictions which have limited the opportunities for and lives of women on campuses. From this, many women have begun to realize and become more concerned with their own potential and their responsibility in relation to the decision-making process. Thus inspired, many women of faculty rank have begun to face the inviting challenge to progress to decision-making, management roles and have begun to equip themselves with management

skills to allow for this advancement.

Women students have begun to examine the codes and regulations which have affected their influence, or lack of it, in the academic community as well as in the political arena. In the areas of housing, financial aid, scholarships, and classroom management, as well as in the student governmental affairs, women students are challenged to take a more active role in the decisions and opportunities which affect their lives. An awareness of, and a willingness to exert assertive influence to change injustices which have occurred on campuses is being evidenced as women students and faculty seeking positive approaches to traditional problems.

One of the most promising factors to emerge from this significant era has been that many career opportunities are now open to women that were not prevalent in the past. Women students have broader vistas in relation to opportunities available and have begun to prepare themselves both academically and socially to respond to these new challenges. From this standpoint, it has been one of the most exciting times that I can remember in the history of working within an institution of higher learning. It is a time of challenge to all faculty, students, and staff women on campuses today to examine our roles, to evaluate our personal merits, to inspect our goals and desires, and become professionally prepared to meet the opportunities of the future. I am encouraged by the progress being made here at Appalachian State University. I am encouraged also by the positive support which males have provided to assure that both a liberated and egalitarian society might exist. Such response serves to elevate the level of human dignity and aid all humankind in reaching the highest level of potential known.

A LOOK AT: **Women in High Positions at ASU**

Doctor Jesephine Foster, writer of this article, came to A.S.U. in July 1973 from Virginia Polytechnical Institute. In her position as chairperson/professor in the Department of Home Economics she conducts departmental affairs in a way that not long ago only men did. Dr. Foster got her B.A., M.A., and Ph.D. degrees at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro.





< BARBARA DAYE—
Associate Dean of Students

"Women today have many more career choices than ever before. I encourage all women who wish to pursue a career to be prepared to accept the challenge to compete for these careers: examine the options, make wise choices, set flexible goals and work to obtain these goals."



^ ANN TONEY—
Assistant Director of Campus Programs

"I feel very comfortable in my position — but I am the only woman in my area. In general, I think that one should hire the person that is 'right' for the job whether they be man or woman."

< BEVERLY CHRISTIAN —
Grantsman-Comptroller's Office

"More responsible, better paying positions are being offered the woman employee today not suddenly she is more capable and qualified, but rather because she has shown in recent years a desire to be considered a permanent part of the working force to be entrusted with more responsibility commensurate with her abilities and qualifications."

THERE IS A PLACE 10,000 STUDENTS CAN ALWAYS CALL "HOME."



In the midst of all this world's toil and trouble, dates and deadlines, an oasis flourishes where the savage can bitch his camel and soak his weary feet: the Student Union. Campus nomads on pilgrimages from Chapel-Wilson to Sanford, Duncan to Hoey, take refuge in the fertile atmosphere of Plemmons Union, second floor, where souls are soothed by music, literature and

sport, and bodies are soothed by sofa cushions. Within the confines of this home away from home, wandering scholars may find relief from the heat as well as tips on the three-step delivery, the foot boogie beat of K.C. & the Sunshine Band, and the latest of Doonesbury's madness. Let your camel rest its humps. Check your turban at the door. This oasis is no mirage.

The
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of ASU

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MAY 1976 \$0.75

Sports Illustrated

On The ASU Campus



EXPLOSIVE YEAR FOR
MOUNTAINEER FOOTBALL



We Were the Vultures of the Road.....

...Now We're the "VULTURES" of the Turf.

Me and "Greaser," "The Sponge," and "Fatback" used to pound the A&P-to-Harris-Teeter beat in our hep-tankers back in the old days when loud mufflers and dragging tailpipes left chicks swooning in our exhaust. But times changed, and campus jocks moved in on our chicks. Bulging muscles and sweat were "in," and we were out.

That's when we read a poster about intramurals: "CAMPUS CHAMP IN TWENTY-FOUR SPORTS." We figured if noise wasn't gonna bring 'em back, maybe flag football and one-on-one basketball would!

Oh yeah . . . the chicks have 19 sports to try out for, and they got this gig called Co-Rec that offers 15 sports for dudes and chicks together. Now me and Tammy Lou can play sports together instead of footsies. Intramurals—it ain't half bad.



Cover photographs by Bart Austin and Bill White

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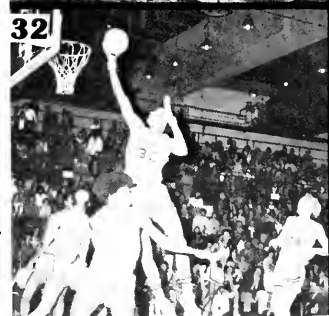
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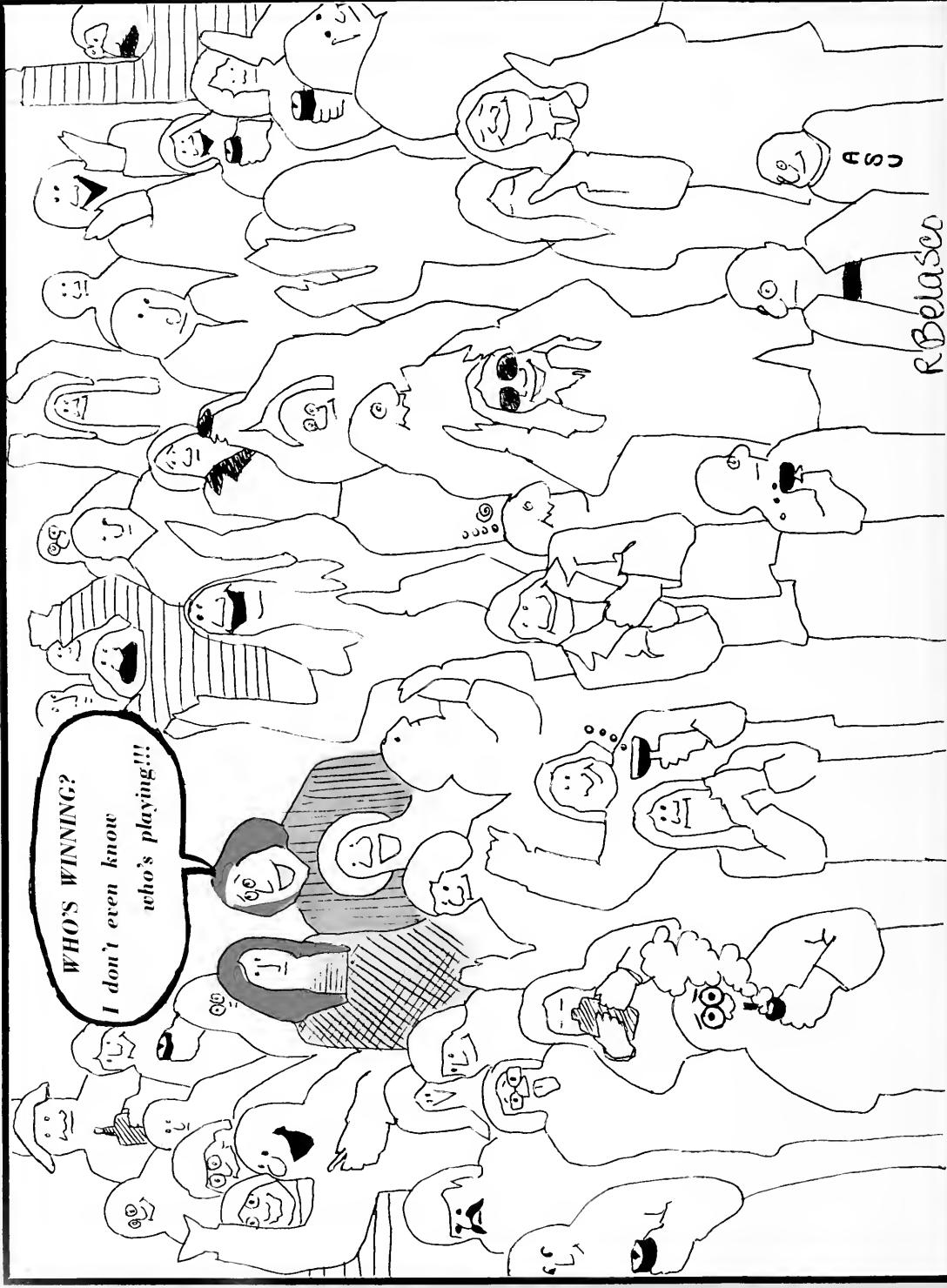


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WHO'S WINNING?
I don't even know
who's playing!!!

R. Belasco

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The Editor

Dear Readers:

Some of you who have never purchased or read a copy of **Sports Illustrated** may find our ersatz imitation to be impressive. Yet I can hear cries from those of you who are dedicated **Sports Illustrated** fans. Your cries of anguish do not fall on deaf ears for I, too, am a dedicated **SI** reader. Yet, we have hopefully accomplished our goal if we can make you feel just like a "jock" without actually being in one.

Man has several ways to express himself. Man can touch, see, smell, hear, and taste. If, when you read our issue of **Sports Illustrated**, you feel the same anxiety expressed by an athlete's face; you smell the sweaty odor of the lockerroom after a victory; you feel a thrill at the spectacle of competition; you hear the strains of bodily exertion; or you taste the sweet taste of victory or the salty taste of defeat, then we have reached YOU and our task is finished.

Through our pictures and articles, we hope to bring you close to the action. I hope that by the time you've completed reading our **Sports Illustrated** you will be knowledgeable about Appalachian Sports, even if the sport is one to which you have never been exposed. I hope that our coverage of Appalachian Sports will give you the insight to become an avid fan.

Sports competition has been with us since the dawn of civilized man, and when a new sports season arrives we anxiously await the results, much like parents who watch to see what kind of adults their children become. At Appalachian State University, we await the results of the sports season in much the same way. In this school year, 1975-1976, Appalachian can be proud of its football team and of the team's eight members who were selected All-Conference; of the soccer team which won their fourth straight conference title; of its valiant basketball team with our new head and assistant varsity coach; and of our cross country team who has made the term, "Ridge-Runner," a pleasing euphemism. I, along with the staff of this issue of **Sports Illustrated**, are proud of the Appalachian teams, and we hope that this issue will bespeak of our pride as avid fans.

Furthermore, I hope that avid is the word that will describe you, our readers, and that you will enjoy our magazine as much as I and the rest of the **Sports Illustrated** staff have enjoyed putting it together.

Morton Dark
Editor, Sports Illustrated
Steve Nelson
Assistant Editor

SCORECARD

WHEN IT WAS 36, IT WAS A VERY GOOD YEAR

PRO

In 1964 Larry Hand was named the Outstanding Lineman in Appalachian's conference. He was also named to All State and was named to the second NAIA All American team. He has gone on to be an eleven year veteran in the pro ranks as a defensive tackle for the Detroit Lions. We hope Appalachian will produce more pros in all sports in the future who will represent us as well as Larry Hand has and does.

S C STANDOUT

All-conference quarterback Robbie Price, from Goldsboro, N.C., has led ASU's Mountaineers to a distinguished position in national standings. Price has taken the Mountaineers to the 7th in the nation in total offense, 8th in scoring and 9th in rushing. Runner-up for the Southern Conference player-of-the-year, 5'9", 160-pound Price has helped the team through an outstanding season, ending with an 8-3 record including wins over South Carolina and Wake Forest.

NEEDS A REST ...

Appalachian State's SID, Pat Gainey has a cute way to get a rest. Upon his door he leaves a note saying, Pat Gainey passed away this morning, funeral will be held tomorrow afternoon at 4. Please send flowers only. Signed Pat Gainey.

PLAYBOY ALL-AMERICAN

Appalachian's famed punter Joe Parker led the nation in punting last year with his 44.5 yard-per-punt average. Named to the all-conference team both last year and this one, Parker has proved an invaluable asset. He was selected for an honorable mention all-American last year by the Sporting News and was picked by Playboy as a pre-season all-American. Hailing from Denmark, S.C., Parker is a junior and stands 6'1" tall and weighs 190 lbs.

It has come to our attention that the ASTC football team of 1936 had an outstanding football team. They downed Piedmont College 105 to 0 with their only loss coming to the hands of Catawba, 14 to 0. The most surprising fact is that their combined point total for games was 296 points while their opponents only managed 29!

CRYSTAL BALL

Soccer Field General Frank Kemo stated that he thought the Mountaineer soccer team would go undefeated if they downed the UNC soccer team in the season opener. Well they downed UNC 2-1. Finishing with an undefeated season leads us to wonder where Frank hides his crystal ball.

MVP

ASU is looking to forward Don Stringfellow for leadership on the basketball team this season. The 6'7" senior from St. Louis was last year's Most Valuable Player, averaging 10.8 points and 7.2 rebounds. He shot over 54% from the floor last year and has the moves to take the ball to the inside.

PRAISE

Francis Hoover is a familiar face in Appalachian athletics, from way back. Coach Hoover was in the 40's a football coach for the Mountaineers, and also in the 40's and 50's he served as the basketball coach. Coach Hoover now presides over the golf team. A tip of the hat for service is appropriate to Coach Hoover.

ALMOST A WINNER

Basketball at ASU, left little to be desired in '74-'75. It seems that if basketball fans want a winner they will settle for nothing less. Last year the Mountaineers played several overtime games, and also lost several games by fewer than 5 points. Alas, there are no almost winners in sports.

GIVE 'EM
GIVE 'EM

HELL
HELL

ANDS
ANDS



The Power and The Glory



The Mountaineers used their power this season to finish with an 8-3 record, eight all-conference players, and an honorable mention all-american

by Jack Dillard



The mythic Dame of Fortune plays by no man's rules. The official's whistle, the tick of the clock are meaningless whenever she takes the field. Whether the sport is football or the all-or-nothing game of life, she plays a hand in the final outcome. She lurks in the shadows anticipating the exact moment of weakness or indecision when she can strike down the pass, subvert the glory. Dame Fortune is a formidable opponent on any turf. Her game plan follows no discernible pattern; she plays by whimsy. She is everpresent, ever ready to wrest away the certainty of glory without

blinking an eye; she dines on men's lapses; she feasts on smug pride. In short, Dame Fortune plays a hard and cruel game.

The 1975 Appalachian State football squad fought hard and long with Lady Fortune. With dogged pursuit the Mountaineers stalked the great predator from one Saturday to the next, dissatisfied with only partial successes.

No opponent escapes the clutches of Dame Fortune. No team avoids her greedy grasp entirely; a team can only prepare itself for adversity with tough-mindedness and gutsy play. Occasionally a team will sustain its drive and determination well enough to contend with the whims of Fortune. Occasionally teams will forge successful seasons out of the rock of her rages. These are the teams that become legends.

Coach Brakefield and his Mountaineer warriors were armed with the battle knowledge of the previously hard-fought 6-5 season . . . a last second victory over arch rival ECU, a bitter loss to Western Carolina. These men bore their battle scars like armor into every confrontation. They carried with them the echoes of songs sung by Hefnerian soothsayers who touted the team as 10-1 victors and conference champions. These warriors dared to hound the heels of Dame Fortune behind the example of bonafide All-American hero, Joe Parker. In wishbone formation, the Mountaineer warriors staked their claim to fame.

Week in and week out, the Mountaineers carved an image that future followers could admire. Whether victory came from the foot of a sophomore kicking magician, the bone-jarring crunch of a defensive demon, or an inspired call from the gutsy sorcerer of cool, the evidence was clearcut; the victors were hell-bent on a fate of their own. Last second heroics became the trademark of these heroes, sheer determination their lance and shield. The Mountaineers whipped the Dame at her own game by anticipating adversity. The squad of young warriors stifled her cackles of perverse joy by pounding her into the pocked turf. Next season the Mounties will be veterans of the game, wiser and stronger. Next year Dame Fortune will come limping back to Boone.

Less than two weeks after his Mountaineer squad had skinned the hides of the Wildcats of Davidson in the closing game of the 1975 season, one of those successful seasons earmarked for further reference and drunken debate; less than two weeks after his boys had crowned the season with their eighth triumph, when by all rights and reasoning he should be basking in the glory of post season press clippings and favorable '76 preseason predictions; Head Football Coach Jim Brakefield was on the recruiter's phone talking shop. The only difference in this

behavior this year and that from recent less successful years was in the placement of the call. This year the call was incoming. Jim Brakefield is a popular man to call these days.

"I'll mark you down on my calendar for the fourteenth then. That's March 14. My assistants have already taken to the road, and I'll be out there tomorrow. Now that's the fourteenth. Yeah, that's right. Well, the Coaches Association encourages us to ask that price. One hundred dollars. For an assistant coach maybe less. We can work something out, I'm sure. Now what about this boy?"

In the twilight of an eight and three season which contained what those who should know say were the three greatest wins in ASU football history, Brakefield wasn't reminiscing those last few seconds at Groves Stadium or the final minutes of the Columbia cockfight. He wasn't ruminating over a missed tackle or a late hit call that could have made a difference in a score. Instead, he was negotiating for a full stomach in mid-March and seeking out game films of a possible blue chipper.

"What about size? Six-two. Two-thirty. Played what position . . . tackle? Played both ways. How are his grades, Coach? Yeah? That's what, a good C plus? What about his scores? He needs to get that done then. Okay, give me that name again. We'll want to see the boy. Thanks, I appreciate your call. Catch you when I'm down that way."

Soon enough he will be led into numerous cafeterias where he will dine on roast beef or chicken with green beans, mashed potatoes, and gelatin salad and where he will inspire the socks right off of high school quarterbacks, tackles and centers with his wit and wisdom. Soon enough he will be making direct pitches to All Star America and selected good boys. Shortly, he'll have to duck his head to plow through the masses outside his gate. In a short while he will attempt to discern the "sleepers" from the "snoozers" as he builds for tomorrow. Today, he graciously takes ten between phone calls to answer the questions of a copy editor/admirer.

"Yes indeed. We are enthusiastic about next season. We took home some big wins this year. But it's the job of the coaching staff to be enthusiastic, to inspire enthusiasm. Every team out there is after the same talent we are. We have to sell ourselves as well as the school."

Selling himself to young athletes and skeptical parents is no problem for Brakefield, a real trooper on the recruiting front. He came to Appalachian by way of Emory and Henry and Wofford where he was justly decorated for quiet confidence and Southern warmth. Resembling a taller, graying Hank Stram, Coach Jim Brakefield inspires instant respect as he relates his genuine love for his boys and a library wing of knowledge about the game of football. He is no less inspired when he talks about another of his loves, the town of Boone.

"You're exactly right. Boone and The Appalachian campus have a charm similar to Chapel Hill and UNC. Plenty of folks return to the area after their schooling because of it, too. Sometimes we get boys from up north who become discouraged about the social life and all that. But, you know, we've found that if a student sticks it out for that first year, he invariably falls in love with the area. This area is a decided plus to recruiting small town boys particularly."

It is not surprising that his players show so much respect for the man. He refers to them as "boys," "men," and "students." He shows genuine concern for the man as a whole and not simply as a two hundred and forty pound side of beef or a great pair of hands. When he talks about his boys, he becomes one of them.

"Look closely at this sheet of final national statistics. Gary Davis place fourteenth in total scoring. Robbie was 20th in total offense. There's Parker in fourteenth place in punting. Devon Ford, seventh in punt returns, and Gary, again, seventh in field goals. In the conference statistics three of the boys placed in the top ten in rushing offense. Emmitt Hamilton, first. Cal Simon, third. Robbie Price, seventh. And look at this. We held the top three positions in scoring. Davis, Hamilton and Price. You won't see that happen very often. Joe Parker was number one punter in the conference again. Ford led in punt returns again, and Price topped the Southern Conference in total offense. If you'll look carefully, I don't think you'll find another team on that sheet with as many different rankings."

Just one of the boys. Coach Brakefield comes across that way whether he's talking about his present squad or a future one.

"We're looking at a lot of talent. If I could have every boy on that recruiting board next year, we'd win some games in the next four years. Of course these boys aren't ours exclusively by any means. Carolina, State, Purdue, Virginia Tech are scouting them, to mention a few. In fact, no boy on that board is being scouted solely by ASU. We have a good shot at a back out of Guilford County who can really scoot. Reminds me of Devon Ford. But it's the big ones we plan to recruit heavily. The guards. The tackles. Defensive backs, too. Our number one priority will be defense. We only lose one starter from the offensive team, All Conference guard Tommy Sofield, so we'll emphasize defense."

The phone rings again.
"Excuse me, please. Hello. Brakefield. Sure, we'd love to see them . . ."

Thank you, Coach Brakefield, for ten minutes in the life of a successful Head Coach. If you, indeed, implement your conference leading offense with a squad of defensive bruisers, and if your 1976 record turns out to be indicative of your enthusiasm and planning, you may not have ten minutes to grant a nose reporter next year. In fact, you might think about buying a switchboard.











NOT YOUR EVERYDAY DYNASTY

Vaughn Christian must be a magician, guiding the Mountaineers to their fourth straight Southern Conference soccer title.

by R.T. Smith

Boone, North Carolina is not exactly a regular stop on the beaten path for American soccer fans, but the fault does not lie with young Vaughn Christian, coach of the App soccer team. Appalachian State's soccer team has won four consecutive Southern Conference titles in soccer and has compiled a twenty-four-win, three-loss and one-tie record over the past two seasons.

In 1975, the Mountaineers scored 52 goals en route to a 12-0 regular-season record, while holding their opponents to seven goals and posting seven shut-outs. The two Apps most responsible for the one-sided statistics were goalie Mike Sheperd and All-American candidate David Mor, who slammed twenty-four shots home during regular season. Field general Frank Kemo led the team in assists and was second in scoring with ten goals.

The 1974-version of the ASU soccer team frequently wowed the fans with their heavy-scoring attack, led by Emmanuel Udogu (29 goals) and Mor (27 goals), and won by scores like 7-0, 8-2, 8-0, 10-0 and 6-0. But last year's squad seemed unable to win against "name" competition, losing to Chapel Hill (0-2) and Duke (2-3) and fighting Davidson to a winless draw. Many fans feared that the Apps, hurt by the graduation of All-American Udogu, would not repeat as conference champs.

But the Apps came through. Players like newcomer Fernando Ojeda, Willie Hinson and Rolando Carbrera gelled with Mor, Kemo, Sheperd and others to give ASU a well-balanced team, a team that could utilize finesse and power and could overcome ACC teams like UNC-CH in Chapel Hill.

The ASU fans responded by coming out for night games, Sunday games, away games (and by beginning to understand the game a little). Soccer is a game that is played with violence, often with hatred, all over the world, and the spectators of Southern Conference soccer are beginning to catch that soccer-fever that leads to riots and lynchings of referees in some South American countries. Of course, one hopes that the Southern Conference will not become the scene of chaos and

indiscriminate violence, but the game is capable of raising the blood temperature and breathing life into passions that are, for the most part, dormant in this society.

Depth has been one of the strengths of the 1975 ASU soccer team. There are no time-outs in the two fluid halves of play, and frequent substitutions allow first-liners to rest and allow the coach to devise strategies in a game practically devoid of bench-dictated "plays." Soccer is more like basketball than football in its jig-jag patterns and swift pace. Because it is a low-scoring game, if the two opponents are nearly matched, the whole complexion of a game can reverse with one play, one stiff spike to the goal or one crucial save.

In addition to renewing their claim to the conference crown with a 3-0 playoff victory over William and Mary, ASU successfully defended its Emory Invitational Tournament title by defeating Florida Tech and Georgia State in two close games, 2-0 and 2-1, respectively.

Probably the only real threat to the Apps' claim on the SC championship was posed early in the season by dangerous VMI. In a muddy field, the Apps salvaged a 4-3 victory in what was their poorest defensive showing of the season.

Other season highlights included a 2-1 opening revenge victory over UNC's Tar Heels, a 5-1 win over last year's regional champions Belmont Abbey, and an impressive 4-0 triumph over old nemesis Davidson, a school where the soccer tradition dates back almost as far as the football tradition at ASU.

But where did it all get the Apps? Last year's team was the class of the conference, but was overlooked by the invitation committee for the regional championships. This year held a different fate for Christian's booters. Ranked in the top ten soccer teams in the South all season, the Apps received one of the four invitations to the Regional Tournament, which leads, for the winner, to a chance at the national title. Christian called the bid to play with the top teams in the area "extra icing on the cake," and the Apps flew to Washington, D.C., on November 10 for its



first crack at the Big Leagues.

Whom did the Mountaineers draw in their first real test as a national power? The most powerful team in the nation over the past three years, Howard University, winners of two national championships revoked over technicalities. Although the Clemson-Nigerian team was the most talked-about and highly-touted team in the region, perhaps in the nation (they were rated number one nationally), Howard had defeated the Tigers in a one goal shut-out in the Tigers' den. ASU had no soft shot at national prominence.

The result was unfortunate for the proud Apps, for their offense found Howard too tough a match, and the Mountaineers fell 3-1, after a hard-fought battle often in doubt. But ASU's hopes for national recognition did not fall in that single defeat. The team accounted well for itself against the eventual national champs and learned that there is no substitute for experience in post-season play.

David Mor will not be back next year, but other Apps will. And the spirit is here.





There's Tennis In Them Thar Hills

Despite Boone's famous spring monsoon season, App netters stroked their way to the Southern Conference title for the second time in as many seasons — and coaches.

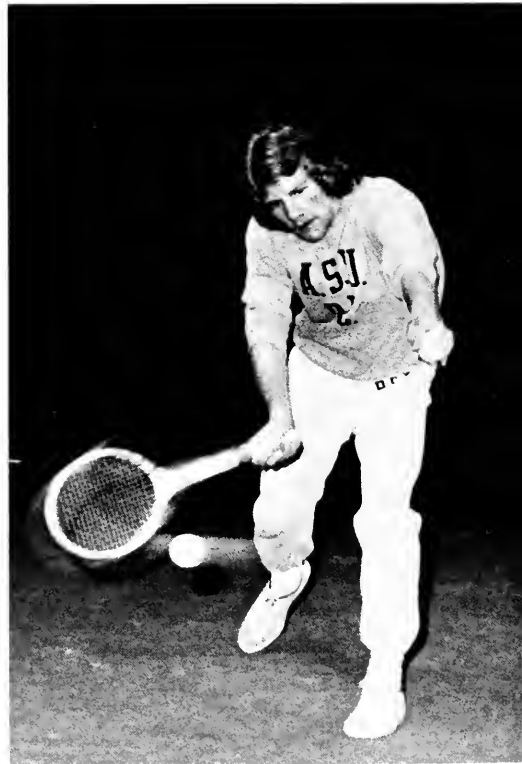
Alright gang, here's the quiz: who is the best tennis player in the history of the Southern Conference? For those of you who didn't answer Keith Richardson, an overhead smash to the ol' caboose is in order. Richardson, from Rock Hill, South Carolina, ended his varsity career in 1975 with a 102-10 record. His graduation (and along with it his 22-4 1975 singles record) was enough to bring tears to any coaches eyes.

Shedding tears is standard procedure for a university tennis coach. Pulling hair, however, is reserved for more drastic losses in personnel. If this be true, Appalachian State tennis coach Bob Light should now resemble Yul Brenner. Light's second and third seeded players, John Geraghty and Jasper Cooper, respectively, have decided to play elsewhere in 1976. Geraghty, from Miami, Florida, took his 24-2 record (49-2 over two years) to the University of Miami. Cooper went home to England to play in more prestigious tournaments.

This leaves Coach Light with much the same task his predecessor Jim Jones met several years ago: to build a winner from talented but young material. Light has Davis Babb from Charlotte and Graham Hatcher from Durham, his fourth and fifth seeds last season, to lead a group of bright young players into a challenging schedule. Two freshmen with promise are Randy Redfield from Asheville and Dan Weant from Salisbury.

"They're all conscientious and hardworking," says Light. "There is still some uncertainty about who will fill the remaining vacant spots on the team."

Light will be touring the east coast this year with hopes of matching last year's 22-5 record — a mammoth task. The Mountaineer tennis schedule, unlike in many other sports, is at its easiest within the conference, making it conceivable for the App netters to have a less-than-spectacular overall finish and still take a third conference title. This, says Coach Light, is what they're after.





**OUT OF
THE BLOCKS
AND INTO
THE FIRE**







Perseverance and a Little Heet

by R.T. Smith

Because The Kid thinks of himself as a sportsman (as well as a bonafide All American Poetry Team candidate), and because he walked to The Pantry one Sunday morning in time to be looking in the fresh fish store's window at the food colored lobsters when his friend silent Doug Moose ran by en route to Grandfather Mountain with a flock of other thin-clad marathon runners, and because he has promised to fulfill certain assignments in order to earn his monthly spoonfuls, he is now dressing in his Adidas blue satin "Continentials," out-of-style and prosaic grey sweatpants and his "Antihero School of Fine Arts" t-shirt (with Modigliani-looking logo compliments of Vic Moose) and planning to run over the river and through the woods in emulation of more conventional harriers. Now that he no longer thinks that "cross country" refers to the Bible Belt, The Kid is willing to pant and sweat through a cold Boone Thursday afternoon in search of whatever Nirvana is involved in running six November miles with hopes of returning to home base, complete with hot shower and Czech massage, before sundown. The Kid anticipates shallow victory or none in this quest of endurance and exercise in absurdity, but some college men perform this particular task regularly, often in less than half an hour, and enhance their own self-images in the process. Though The Kid expects no such transformation to take place for him, he does hope to be able to wear an "I-done-it-too" smile at the completion of this regimen.

First, the road. Cars flash fast, ignoring the fact that a mere mortal is within their realm. The Kid watches the sky shift, the cloud-hatched surface skid and evolve. He is almost hit by a yellow honda car. His pace is laughable, but he is too winded to even hazard a chuckle. He recites Poe's poems in his beleaguered mind, as he chuffs off the main drag and into a forbidding-looking stand of woods. His breath forms little puffs, like comic strip characters' dialogue-holding fists of cotton candy. His lungs burn with millions of minute pricks from the pitchforks of tobacco he has smoked and gin he has guzzled (The Kid really drinks bourbon, neat, because he is a gentleman, genus: Southern. But "gin" has a more decadent, hence more destructive sound to it.) His Adidas-clad feet begin to ache from the protrusions on the forest floor. Nobody this close to thirty should try so hard to develop such a bad habit as running long distances.

(But what if he just barely misses the Boat of Fame? Won't he have to run to catch up then? Of course, this is training.) Over hill, over dale

Creek, ice, sticks, bridge?, one slip . . . the baptism of Adidas. Only 2 miles down and the ridge yet to be mounted, and already The Kid's wet flesh cries for capitulation. The woods march on, but the runner slows, stumbles, slogs. He is down! One, two, three

(no mandatory count in this state), four: yes, he's up. He is risen! The Kid moves on, but now he's only walking. He covers stones, shades like a slow shadow beneath the carpal limbs of leaf-stripped trees, the birch skin shining sarcastically in halflight of the dusk. He struggles onward, down a thin Indian path, imagines files of bucks stalking home from the massacre. "By the shore of . . ."

The Kid, macho-maniac of the local literary scene, full of moxy and scruff, seems beaten, but there is no short-cut. He must follow the mindmap he was given, pursue the tricks of geography like any harried harrier until he is home. The faster he can move, the sooner . . . the cold closes in like a steel jacket. His legs seek warmth in motion, faster. Bloody, but now bowed, metaphorically speaking, he jogs for the safety of the den, for the father confessor of the typewriter. The Kid has known defeat under a wind-scrubbed sky in Boone. He has tasted the bitter pepper of humility and survives to tell all.

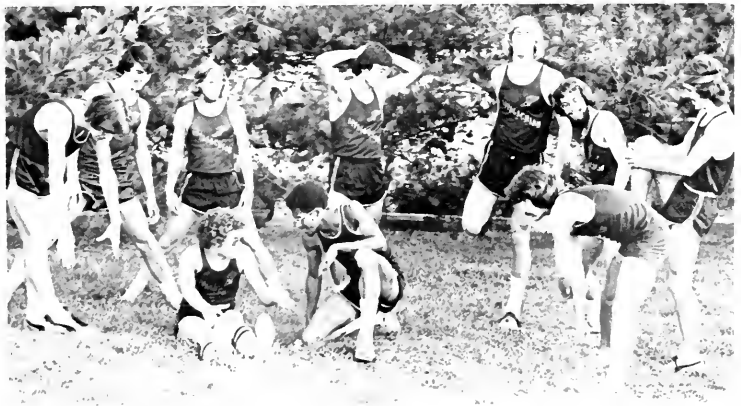
Out of the skeleton of his own doomed effort, The Kid seeks to construct a *raison d'être* for cross country. What is the morality of distance running? If only Allan Sillitoe were here to inform on the guilty parties, but he is not. Distance carries a quality of simple evil; it is obstruction to man's wishes, to his needs. He has overcome the threat of distance with his technology, but that is somehow a cheat on the universe, an admission of weakness. Certain men (and women!) thread their way overlaid every morning to bring the battle back into a more human arena, to combat the gods by sheer persistence, by the operation of

a well-tuned body and a mental toughness characteristic of some ancient saints.

And running is therapy, like the writing of marathon novels like **JR** or **Gravity's Rainbow**, or infinite poems like **The Cantos**. It is an affront to the perversities of limitation and finitude. It is the wall around China and the construction of a dynasty. It is the merging of quality with quantity. It is the attempt to bring God to human terms.

All this, The Kid thinks, while his housekeeper towels him down and forcefeeds him chicken soup. She is Jewish. He cannot help but admire individuals like App cross country coach Bob Pollock and his followers who question the tyranny of limitation. Runners like Louis Blount, Sean Gallagher, Gary Cohen, Norman Blair, Richard Wallis, Ric Shriver and Frank McNeill outdistance The Kid's efforts daily and do not collapse into the arms of their trainers half so desperately. The Apps challenged the Great God Distance successfully enough to finish third in the SC and fourteenth out of twenty-five in the District Three Championships. They make The Kid sick. They drive home his awareness of his age and his sense of mortality. His envy grows, and he considers omitting their names from his account. But The Kid's love of Fair Play triumphs, and he is consoled by the fact that most harriers could not identify a sestina if it was on a stick in front of them.

The Kid limps across the floor in bathrobe and slippers. His electric blue Adidas are in his hand. He tosses them into the noumenal depths of his closet. He has retired.



THE HANDICAPPED EAGLE?

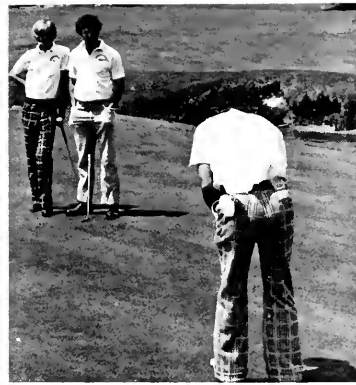
The course of the A.S.U. golfers' season unfolds with more undesigned hazards and traps than the Masters Tournament in Augusta, Georgia. Most golfers are familiar with the term "handicap" as it refers to their level of play, and each has at least one eye trained towards attaining or maintaining the mythic "scratch" handicap, but in the town of Boone and in the mind of A.S.U. gold coach Francis Hoover handicap has a double meaning.

The spring season presents the A.S.U. linksmen with distinct disadvantages. One unavoidable hazard is the need to frequent Lenoir's Cedar Rock Course in the early weeks of the season for practice. A.S.U. golfers play half of their scheduled matches before the home course even opens. The effect this handicap plays on the scores and rankings of the team and team members should be obvious: golf is a game of confidence, concentration, and momentum; A.S.U. golfers are faced with the prospect of a slow start and interrupted impetus with only part-time access to a golf course. When the highly unpredictable weather of Boone enters into the cat fight, players are practically asked to attack the links without a nine-iron.

Hoover, a coach of golf at A.S.U. for 22 years, has resigned himself to the handicaps of Boone golfing. "We have been fortunate here at Appalachian considering the factors we must overcome. I think the program is a good one. We have maintained a pretty good jayvee program in the past that enabled boys to gain some valuable experience, but we are going to try to do without it now to save expenses. The fact that the conference tournament was moved up a week should hurt us. The kids will just have to work extra hard to compensate."

Hoover, an accomplished fence straddler, predicted that his '76 spring squad would be a "pretty fair team." Continuing, he said that he foresaw nothing which would prevent his squad from at least duplicating the third place conference ranking of the 1975 golf team (E.C.U. nosed-out A.S.U. for second by one stroke in last year's conference tournament) if not actually advancing a notch or two. Furman, he continued, has everybody back and should be the team on the spot, but Appalachian fans shouldn't pack away their golf bags and their hopes in the attic; Hoover has three all conference golfers returning from last year's squad that managed an unblemished 7-0-0 record in individual matches with the likes of Davidson, V.M.I., U.N.C.C., and Western Carolina.

Returning are junior Mike Bright of Shelby (74.77 avg.), Sophomore Gary French of



Greensboro (76.77) and junior Robbie Isenhour of Norwood, N.C. (78.05). These three golfers who, along with Wayne Petty, Mike Wright, William Deck, and Ed Webb, led the team to a third place finish at the Etowah Invitation, a tie for fifth at a Four-Ball Tournament, a thirteenth at the Palmetto Invitational, as well as lower finishes at the Southern Collegiate and the Chris Schenkel Tournaments, should hold the top three posts on the '75-'76 squad. With help from newcomer Steve Sherman of Shelby, and Rick Alspaugh of Winston-Salem and Ken Hamlett of Roxboro, the Mountaineers should avoid the rough this season. If it wasn't for those handicaps

A LOT OF "IFS" FOR SLIM JIM

*The ASU Nine hope to have an injury free season
and to fill Ramsey's spikes.*

Most assuredly there were times last season when Jim Morris considered inviting Charles O. Finley to Boone for a pep talk. There were probably moments when Marcus Welby would have been more welcome than a clutch hit. Last spring was just one of those oddball seasons when even the stadium peanut vendors had to hand out promissory notes — one of those non-Pringle seasons when circumstances didn't stack up quite right.

Jim Morris is, of course, the head coach of the Appalachian State baseball team; a man who probably pulled out more hair during the course of the '75 season than a convention of practicing electrolysisists. And Charles O. Finley is the major league owner of the Oakland Athletics who helped resurrect professional baseball from the public cellar with his grand innovations (the DH, designated hitter and the DR, the designated runner) and his showmanship (handle-bar mustaches and a pet jackass). Where Morris would benefit from the Finley expertise is in the implementation of the DM and the DWM, that's the designated medic and the designated weatherman, respectively.

Morris' Mountaineers managed to forge a 20-15 record out of one of the few disasters that hasn't hit the drive-ins, but it took inspired coaching, the seasoning of a crop of rookies, and the emergence of a prospect to turn last year's disappointments into this year's artillery. Faced with an odd

assortment of pre-season and early season injuries and ailments, Coach Morris was forced at times to field a starting nine of as many as six freshmen. Consider the fact that Boone weather claimed the baseball field until after the season was in progress and you wonder why Morris and the boys didn't decide to "sit this one out" and swap baseball cards.

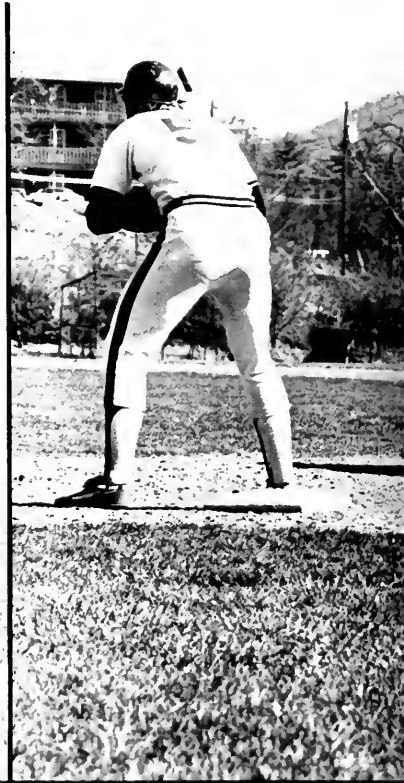
The key to a successful season at Boone U. has always been the good, fast start. Weather conditions necessitate the Mounties playing a disproportionate amount of their early conference games on the road; and so, when heartache struck Morris and his staff in the form of injuries to three key starters as close as two days prior to the season opener, the outlook for the conference championship was Boone cloudy. Despite the lack of intrascrimmage practice, the ASU nine swung south for traditional warm weather tour, only to discover that Old Man Weather had checked into practically every town ahead of them. At this point in the season Coach Morris was talking to his Louisville Slugger.

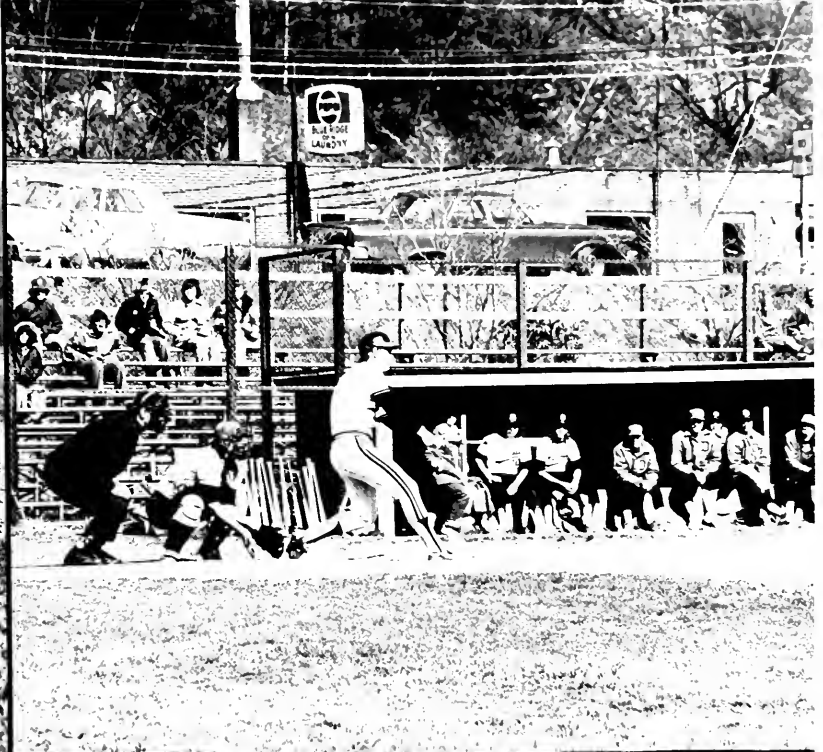
Most grown men would have converted their catcher's mitts into hanging house planters at this stage of the game and left the diamond for the Lou Brocks and the Luis Tiant's, but Morris and his team did not. The reason they did not fold was because Jim Morris was determined and because the team was talented and hungry. The team rallied around All Conference, All State, and All

Southeast shortstop, Mike Ramsey once he returned to the App line-up to negate its inexperience and early season tendency to make the costly mistake. With fine pitching performances from Mike Ellis, Alan Rudisill, John Monczynski, Keith Morris, Robert Stoker and reliever, Rick Dell; the clutch hitting of Randy Ingram (.323), Chris Carney (.317), Mark Dunn (.347), and Ramsey (.379, 27 RBI); and the overall speed of the squad (53SB); the '75 edition of the Apps managed twenty wins in playing what Coach Morris called "good ball" over the last half of the year.

The outlook for the '76 team is promising. Morris has a stable full of experienced players, including six or seven potential starting pitchers and a trio of good catchers. Add to that a good team attitude, a favorable spring schedule, a hot-shot replacement for Mike Ramsey (who signed with the St. Louis Cardinals) in Randy McDaniel, a number of hard working freshmen and a strong defensive infield, and the finger of fate points to a points to a possible championship in the balanced Southern Conference. If Morris can get consistent hitting from his outfield and consistency from his mound staff and avoid the dismal start, he may not need Finley, the DM, or the DWM. He has the talent to win it all. All signs point to a successful season, if only the peanutman's ship will come in.









THE SUPER TEAM NOBODY'S SEEN... YET

Appalachian holds quite a standing in national rifle competition. The ROTC rifle team ranks first in the nation and the varsity team seventh. Few people realize that there are two teams, but there are, and some members are on both teams. The ROTC team is, of course, limited to ROTC cadets, but the varsity team is open to all students. Competition for spots on the teams is fierce, though, as it has to be to maintain the consistently high quality standings they have.

The 12-member ROTC team placed first in the nation out of 291 colleges and universities, aside from placing first out of 105 in the region. The ROTC national competition consists of firing at a target 50 feet away with .22 caliber match rifles in three positions; prone, kneeling, and standing. In the national competition, the ROTC team scored 2,752 points out of a possible 3,000, for a 91 per cent average.

The Appalachian Shooters, the varsity team, are expected to place higher this season than their previous seventh. Last year, the team took the Southern Conference Championship and the Western Carolina Rifle Championship. Elizabeth Bowen Ashby is the captain of the team, voted to the position by

her fellow teammates. She is joined by All-Americans William Piatt and Dennis Smith from last season, as well as four returning lettermen, Edward Scarboro, Lee Ramseur, Beth Haines and Jim Bumgarner. Coach of the team, Sergeant-Major Harvey D. Webber, said the addition of newcomers Jay Stafford, Kim Schirman, Rudy Barlow and Colleen Murray will add strength to the already-championship caliber team to form one of the best squads in the nation.

Webber is an instructor in the Military Science Department, as well as coaching both the ROTC and the varsity rifle teams. Because the varsity team won top honors in the two conferences it participates in and placed seventh in the nation, Webber was voted Southern Conference Coach of the Year last season.

The team's captain, senior Liz Ashby, has proved a very competent, if not surprising, member. As one local paper put it, "Annie Oakley she ain't. A crack rifle (man, person, woman) she is." In just over one year, the Wake Forest native has earned several medals for her efforts, including ones for All-Southern Conference, third leading individual shooter in Southeastern Rifle Tournament Competi-

tion at Fort Lee, Va. and the Best Lady Shooter to enter the Kansas State Turkey Shoot. Liz says, "I started in this sport by taking rifle as a physical education course and when I did well in the course, I decided to go out for the rifle team." She adds, "A lot of people don't think a woman can shoot. For instance, a lady asked me recently if the guys minded me being on the team. I don't think they do because I'm the team captain." Liz set her all-time best record, a remarkable 579 out of a possible 600 points in a half-course event at East Tennessee State last season. "Most people don't understand the sport," she says. "Physically, the object is to put the shot in the bullseye of the target, but it isn't that simple. There is a great deal of pressure involved, but that's what makes a good shooter great, the ability to handle pressure." As for any other problems, Liz observes, "There is a great deal of concentration involved and there is a great need for body control. One of the things a shooter has to learn is the proper positioning of the body when you are shooting. It's a little tough to put your body in those angles because they seem so uncomfortable." Liz says belonging to the team offers no threat to her femininity and she had fired shotguns and

stols before, so she had no fear of the eapons. Liz says, "I'd like to qualify for the olympics in Phoenix this June, and after I nish school, I would like to enter open mpetition if I get the chance." The ROTC ad better be on their toes this season, as she ds, "I want to see the ASU team (varsity) in the national championship this year." here's a fair chance they will. Like I said, Liz as proved a very competent, if not surpris- ing, member. The surprise? Liz is only in er second season of competition!

The varsity team has competed against ough competition this year, with teams oming from North Carolina State, Wake orest, South Carolina State, Davidson, lemson, Furman, Wofford, Tennessee Tech, ast Tennessee State, Citadel and Presby- erian. The Southern Conference Champi- onship was held at Fort Lee, Virginia, like last ear, on February 28. The championship of e Western Carolina Conference was decid- ed April 3 in Spartanburg and the National hampionship was held at Wake Forest arch 6.



Mid-season found the ASU wrestling team, normally a contender for the Southern Conference crown, with a disappointing 1-4 record. The one win was a hard-fought 25-19 victory over Old Dominion, and the four losses came at the hands of Virginia Tech, Middle Tennessee, and powerful N. C. State and the University of Tennessee at Chattanooga.

Assistant Coach Fred Bauer, however, tries to look at the bright side of things: "I will concede that ASU's wrestling team is weak, but there are a few bright spots. Alfred Ash, a 190-pounder from Kings Mountain, has won all five of his matches impressively, four with pins. He's outclassed all his competition so far. Captain Dennis France, a Mt. Airy native who recently moved up to the 142-pound class, has won four out of five." Ash pinned his U. T. of Chattanooga foe in thirty seconds.

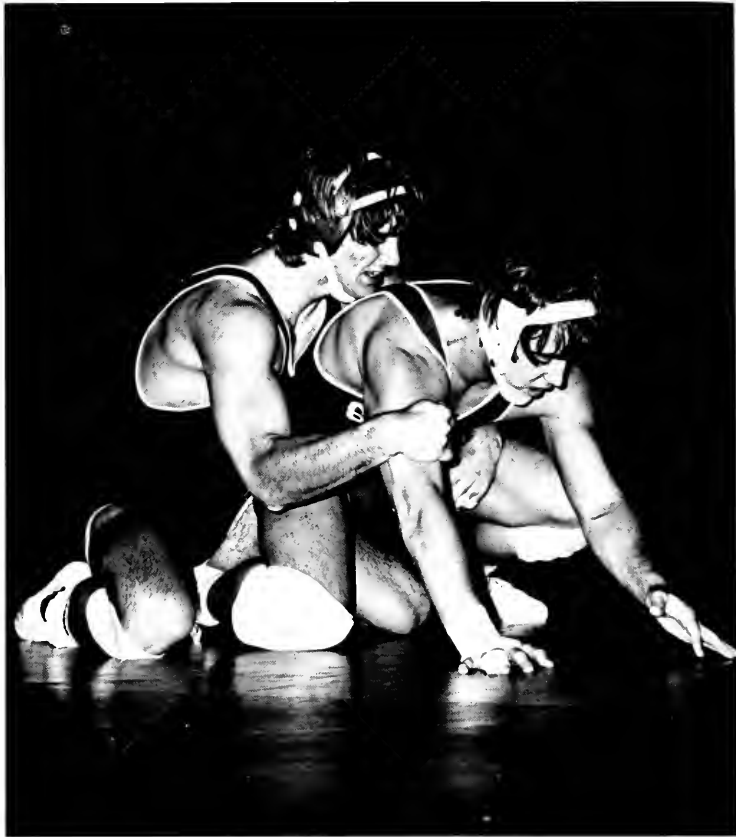
Bauer adds, "We have five freshman starters and won't lose but one starter by graduation. Tommy Lunsford's a good wrestler, but his competition has been real tough. Eddie Foster, another freshman and three-time N. C. State High School Champion, is really coming along. He's normally a 118-pounder, but he's wrestling at 126 because we're weak there.

"In the past, ASU was the power in the South, sharing the honors with East Carolina, but the power has shifted to the ACC schools, primarily UNC and N. C. State."

Bauer, a former ASU wrestler himself, explains the change in Appalachian's status: "The larger schools put more money in their programs. Because of the increase in out-of-state tuition at ASU, the wrestling program here has suffered immensely. We have only four full scholarships, and all of them are for in-state kids. But we practice hard anyway, and although our record is poor, our morale is still high. Coach Koenig knows his wrestling and has had national champs. Don't count us out yet."

Bauer predicts that the team could make a good showing in the conference tournament, "if we place four wrestlers high there," but admits that there's plenty of work ahead if the team is to be in contention. Bauer, who travels around the area a couple of times a week to referee high school matches, is enthusiastic about the sport, which is one of the earliest known sports for western man. "Wrestling gives the small athlete a chance to compete without any automatic handicap. It teaches the competitor rigid discipline and sacrifice. Sometimes these fellows will drop fifteen pounds in a week just so they can make a weight that is far below what their bodies are capable of carrying comfortably. And these kids we've got this year are easy to work with. They've got a lot to learn yet, but they're great guys."

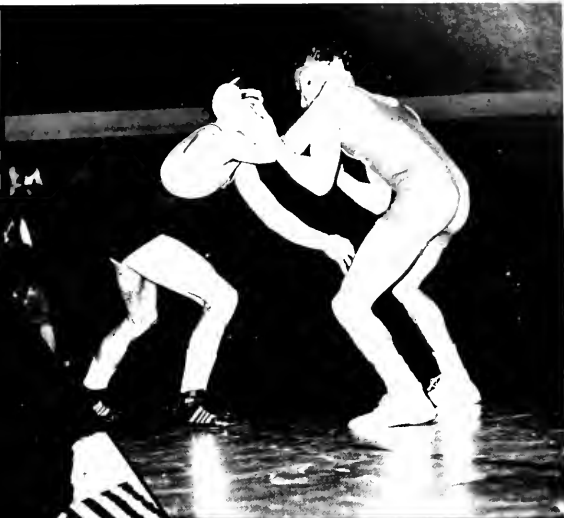
The team's primary goal is to place well in the Southern Conference Tournament, and neither Coach Bauer nor head Coach Koenig has given up.



Graduation Slips ASU a Half

**Coach Ken Koenig faces stiff competition
with two veterans and a lot of spirit.**

By R.T. Smith





ON THE WAY UP (WHERE ELSE?)

Maybe We're There Already

The office was still in its usual end-of-the-hall position. The clubhouse atmosphere it once had was now gone, as were the hundreds of photographs that had for three years adorned the walls. Instead, the office had a business-like quality about it — a couple of framed photographs, a diploma, a bookcase, a movie screen.

The office is that of the head basketball coach at Appalachian State University. It now belongs to Bobby Cremins, former playground star of the Bronx, former University of South Carolina backcourt ace, former assistant coach at USC, head basketball coach at ASU. Cremins came here with a winning tradition and a smile, well knowing that it takes time to build a winner out of 3-23 material.

Winning is in Bobby Cremins' blood. Unlike the Vince Lombardis' of basketball for whom "winning is the only thing," Cremins thrives on winning almost as much to see others cherish it as he derives satisfaction from it himself. "I don't put all of my emphasis on winning — that's a hazard in sports... so we (he and assistants Gene Littles and Kevin Cantwell) put our emphasis on other related things and hope that winning will be the outcome.

His concern for others and amiability contribute to instant rapport with fellow coaches and players. Cremins has widespread friendships which will (and have) benefited Appalachian's basketball program. He speaks of contacts with former teammates and friends who are "in the know" concerning high school and junior college talent.

When Cremins came to ASU, he had two formidable obstacles to overcome in recruiting talent. The first and foremost was Appalachian's losing tradition in basketball. The second was that of having only one full-time assistant who, at that, has to teach four classes in Physical Education. He did much to ease the problem of a losing image in his first season — spent all season near to or at the .500 mark in winning percentage.

Of the second problem Cremins said, "I think eventually they (the administration) will limit the number of courses we teach... I teach one course and I think it's great — I live it; but my assistant has to teach four or five and that's too much. I took this job knowing the situation and I accepted it as such."

At 28, Cremins is the youngest Division I head coach in America. He, his wife and two daughters live near Blowing Rock. "We like it here, we really do," Cremins said. He often uses the scenic environment as a recruiting plus. He noted that the urban players have adjusted quite well to the serenity of the North Carolina mountains.

In Bobby Cremins' last game as captain of his 25-3 South Carolina team, he received a thunderous ovation in Carolina Coliseum. It's a little less noisy, a little less obvious, but after only one year as head coach Bobby Cremins is well on his way to an ovation by Mountaineer fans everywhere.

"Let's be realistic, you've got to win to stay in this business," Cremins said. Right now there are thousands of fans ready to help Mr. Cremins unpack his bags and stay a while.

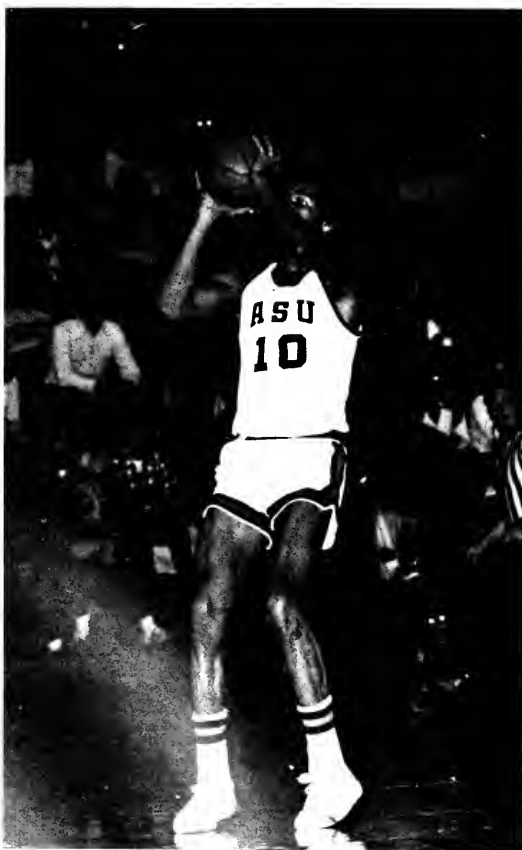




**The
Cremin's Express
hasn't slowed
in the least.**

"All aboard for the Bronx to Boone Express. Last stop, respectability." These words could have been the cry of an aged conductor who had one foot on a train stoop and the other dangling in sentimental allegory, but they were not. Instead they relate to the silent battler of Bobby Cremins, a man of drive and destiny, who was called on to perform miracles in Varsity Gym —put the train back on the track, so to speak.







The cry was his. It emanated from the store of pride he had cultivated in his years of dedication to basketball and to the team concept. If it sounded brash or presumptuous, his past successes dictated that it be so. He had a mission: to put Boone on the basketball map. His success can be measured by the degree to which he made his battlecry that of his assistants, his young team and his campus.

Gene Littles was the perfect complement to Cremins' dauntlessness. A man of experience and scope, Littles brought to Boone another measure of success, three All-American years' and seven pro years' worth, that made its stamp on the young Mountaineers. The battlecry was his. And Kevin Cantwell's. And Pat Gainey's.

And it became the players' rallying cry. They took it as their own to Raleigh and to Winston Salem and were soundly defeated by teams who knew first hand the power of similar cries. But these players were Cremins men down to their jockstraps. They were determined to keep the spirit alive.

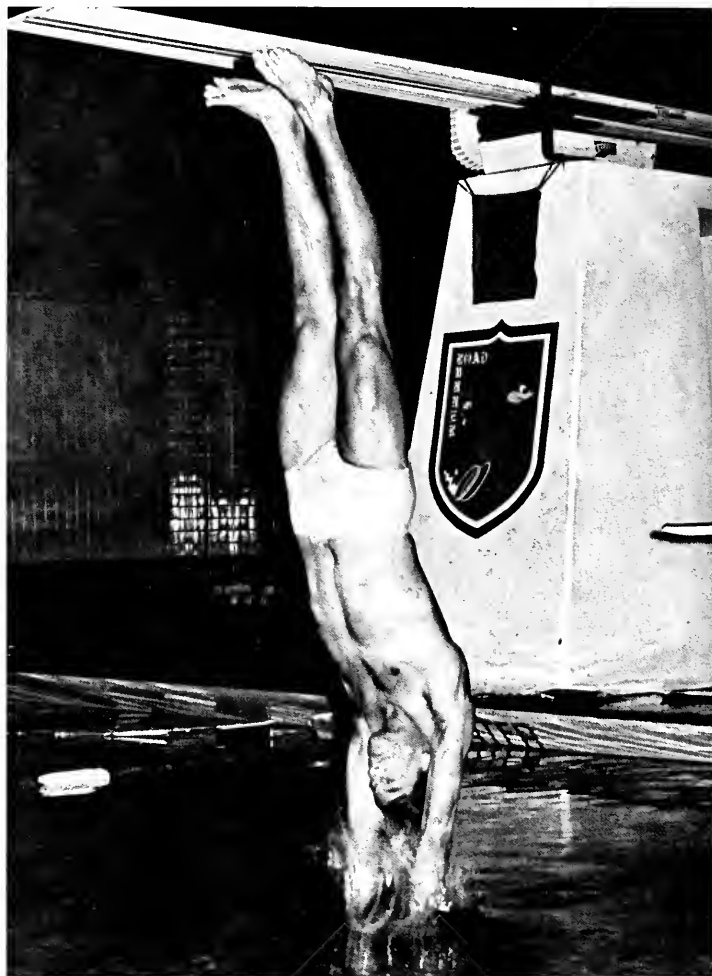
Behind Daryll Robinson, the first big recruiting break and passenger on Cremins' express, and junior college transfer Calvin Bowser ("midnight train from Georgia"), the Mountaineers defied pre-season oddsmakers with hustle, fresh troops strategy, and tough D. They set team records for Southern Conference wins, assists in a single game (vs. Furman), and at one point recorded the mark of five consecutive conference victories. The Cremins crew posted first ever wins against league foes Davidson, Furman and league-leader, VMI. On their way to a .500 season within the conference and a tie-for-fourth place finish, the Mountaineers scored satisfying home wins over East Carolina, Lenoir Rhyne and Western Carolina.

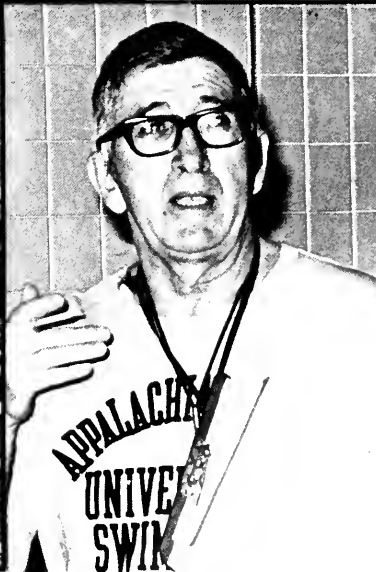
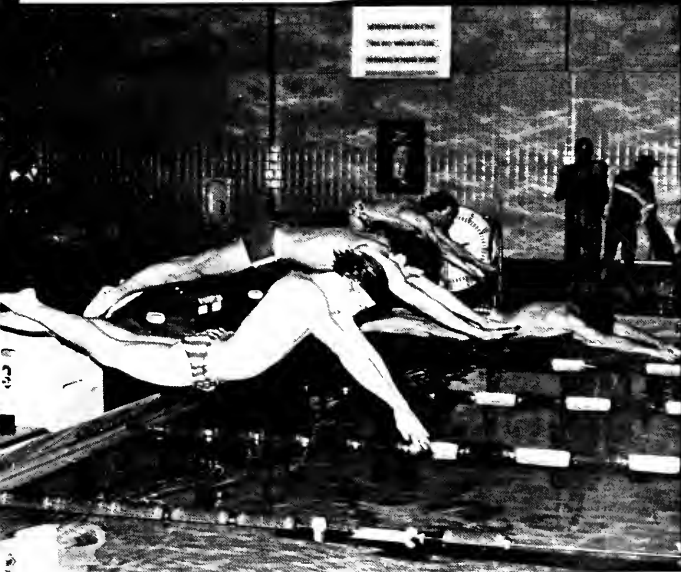
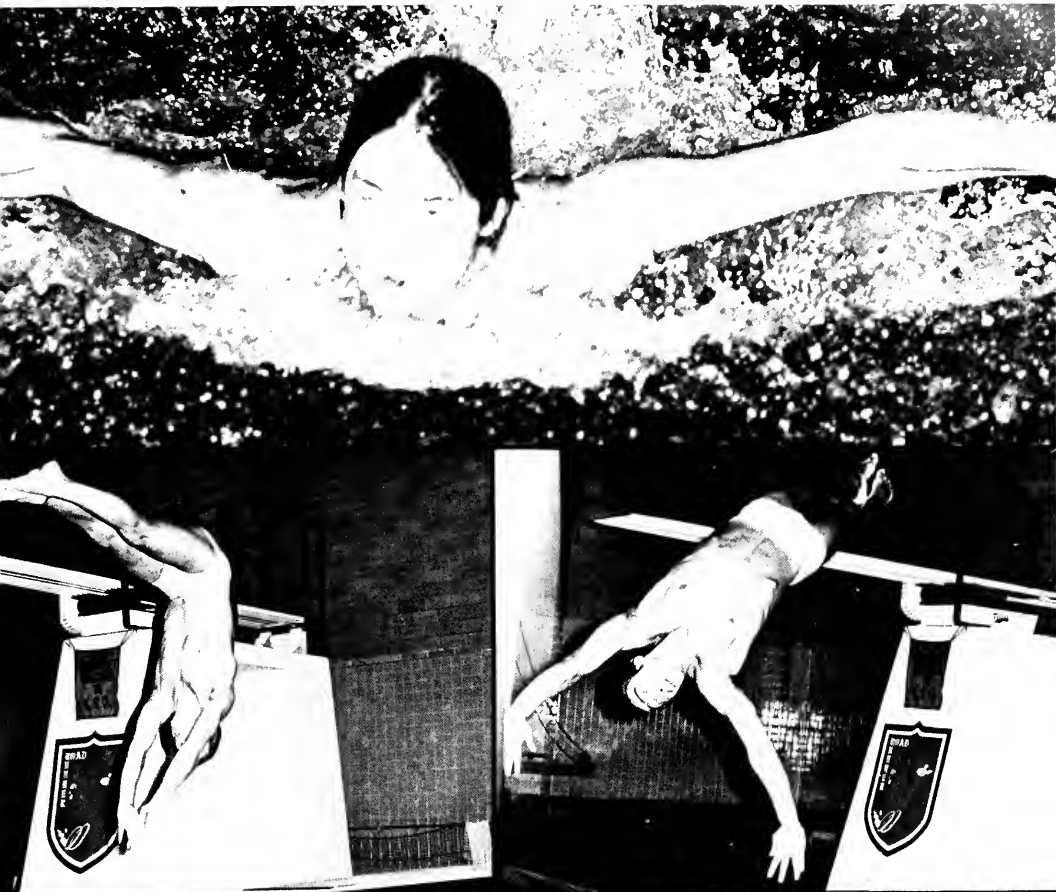
The revived Mountaineer spirit and the team's season long flirtation with a winning record and tournament seeding brought screaming, die-hard fans back to Varsity Gym. They came in droves to laud the miracle worker, Bobby Cremins and his band of Pullman devotees. They honored the team with record attendance in a game against last place Davidson and praised the Mountaineers with their loyalty. Revived at last from dismal winters of mediocrity and defeat, Apps picked up the chant and believed it.

Others believed it, too. By season's end the Cremins Express was taking coal at full throttle, and conference opponents were well-advised to avoid collision. The Mountaineers had proven that they could scrap with all comers; by tournament time they wanted the prize, the crown, the trophy. Bobby Cremins had turned the Boone Express around, from a choo choo to a freight train, and the freight was unqualified success. Conference ears were cocked and listening for the Cremins' "Bronx to Boone Express," one train rolling in ahead of schedule.

Next stop, championship.

WIN OR LOSE – IT'S A LOT OF WORK





MORT DARK LOOKS TO THE HILLS

*ASU proves to be
"Cool School USA"*

Greetings sports fans and welcome to the Mecca of Southern skiing. "Cool School, U.S.A." is none other than Appalachian State University, located in the center of all the name resorts in the state of North Carolina. It is no wonder that here at ASU there is an abundance of frozen precipitation, since it is located in the heart of the Blue Ridge Mountains. This makes it possible for every skier from Aspen to the Atlantic to journey to Boone for a four-year stopover to practice and compete in the growing sport of skiing.

The presence of skiing is felt throughout the year here in Boone, and it is possible to spot ski racks on cars as early as September and as late in the skiing season as May. With the first flake of snow there is a frenzied rush to the ski shops to pick up this prestigious symbol of skidom.

There are those here at ASU who regard the sport of skiing as seriously as one would regard a presidential election. Needless to say, these are the hard-core addicts of the sport who have attended college here primarily to have access to the slopes, and the school to fall back on in case their efforts on the snow don't match those of Jean-Claude.

In an effort to form a more perfect situation, a ski club has been formed at ASU for these hardy souls who seek a competitive outlet. The Appalachian State University Ski Club was organized five years ago, because skiing in the Southern Conference is not a varsity sport. The skiers receive no funds whatsoever from the University and must pay their own entry fees to compete against other schools and to practice twice a week.

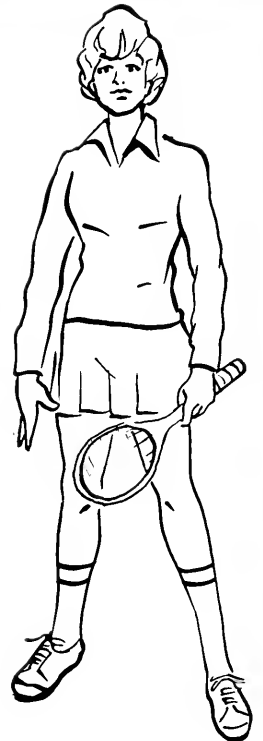
Club members start early conditioning in the fall and continue until the slopes open for "the real thing." The top ten club members form the ski team, which consists of five men and five women. These team members compete in events such as the slalom, giant slalom and the ever-popular downhill.

Presently, the ASU team is in the lead in the association standings for the 75-76 school year. Dedication and easy access to the slopes pay off, as the four other member teams may be finding out. Their mistake was made in not realizing that ASU didn't get the name of "Cool School" for nothing.

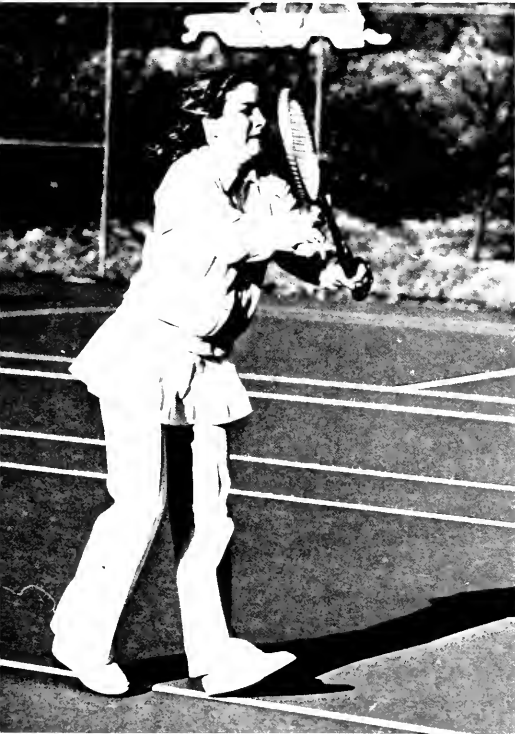


WOMEN'S ATHLETICS





BACK HAND ALLEY





FLAIL AWAY!!

WOMEN'S FIELD HOCKEY IS ONE OF THE ROUGHEST SPORTS IN THE WORLD. THE LADY APPS PROVED TO BE TOUGH ENOUGH TO KEEP THE BALLS GOING.



SPIKE DIGS
OUT



RACKING UP POINTS

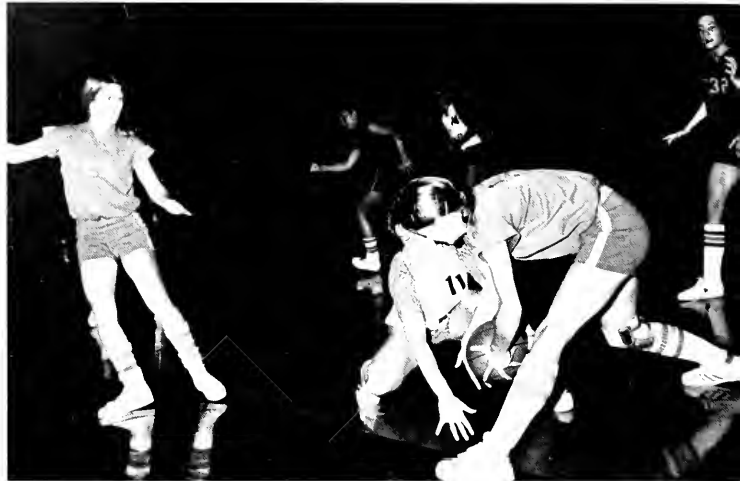
The winningest college basketball coach on campus this season is not Bobby Cremins. That distinction goes to Dr. Judy Clarke, the women's basketball mentor who has coached on the college level for eleven years, seven of which were at the University of Iowa. Under her tutelage the Lady Apps have become the strongest team since ASU first fielded a women's basketball team back in 1969. With the basketball season only weeks away, Judy Clarke expects her squad to finish first in the Large College Conference with a record of fifteen wins and a scant two losses; that record despite a slate of opponents that included tough teams from UNC-G, Carolina, Western Carolina, East Carolina, Virginia Tech and State.

The '75-'76 version of the Lady Apps was narrowed from forty-five talented enthusiasts to the final fifteen. Most of the girls on the squad were outstanding players in North Carolina high schools, a few of whom were granted basketball scholarships.

Coach Clarke runs her team through daily two hour drills, five days a week. She stresses the running game and a sticky, pressing, woman-to-woman defense. Obviously her team learned their lessons well. The Lady Apps averaged over 72 points per game while shooting at a 48 per cent clip. Those statistics are formidable in any conference.

The Lady Apps are paced by team playmaker, Fran Allen, the only senior on the starting five. Allen steadies the squad with her maturity and experience. Carol Almond, a freshman roundballer, is the leading scorer on the team with a fourteen-plus points per game average. Junior transfer from Sandhills, Cheryl Brewer plays tight defense and carries an eleven points average. The other starters are Janet Gordon and Jane Albright.

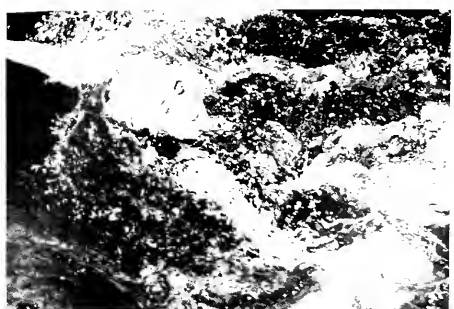
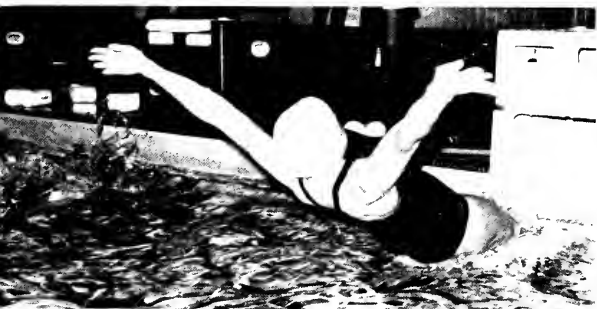
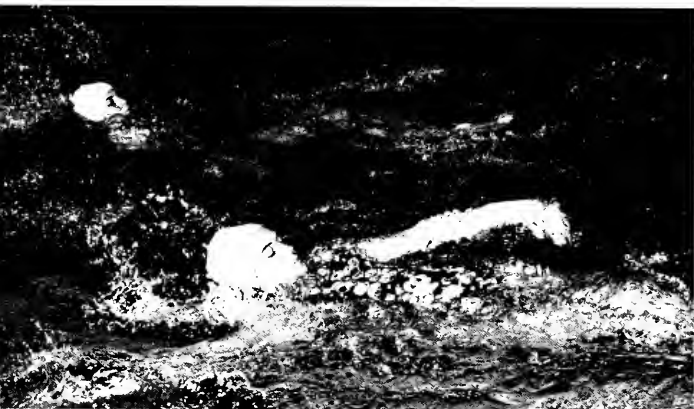
With this nucleus the Lady Apps distinguished themselves by placing second in the Winthrop Invitational Basketball Tournament, the oldest women's basketball tournament in the Southeast. They reached the finals against teams from Georgia, Tennessee, North and South Carolina. The outlook is bright for the Lady Apps. They only lose one starter from the best ASU squad in history, and they have another plus in their favor. They have Judy Clarke as a coach.



THE MOUNTAINEER MERMAIDS

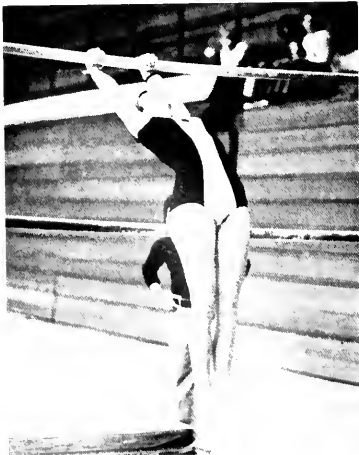
DAVEY JONES LOCKER IT ISN'T.....

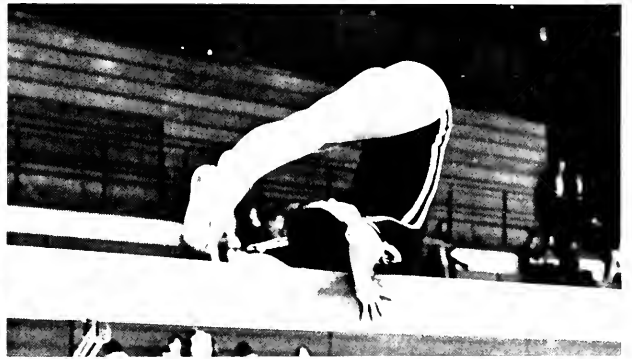
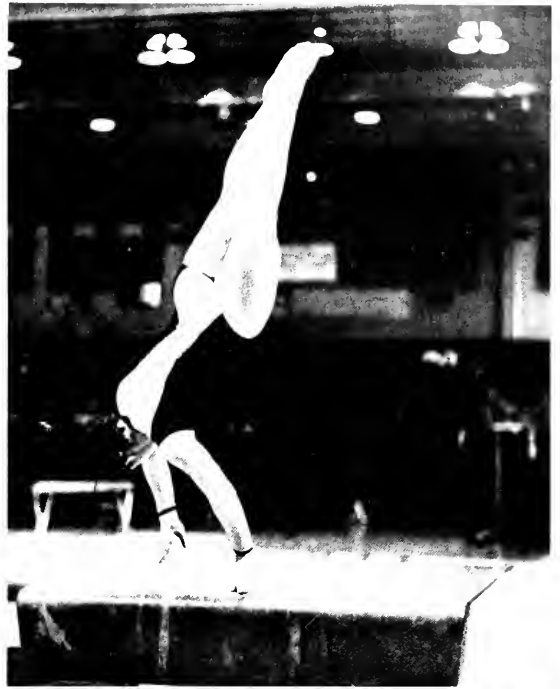
AT ALL!



Rings and Bars

Looks Like the Gracelul Contortlonists are at It Again





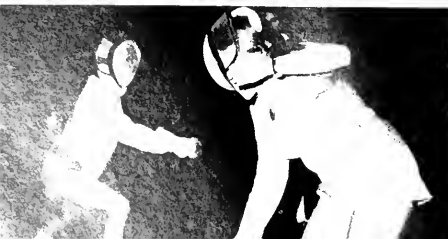


BUMPS BRUISES AND BROKEN BONES

The intramural program plays an important part of campus life at Appalachian. It meets the needs of students living both on and off campus. The program provides activities for team, individual, dual, co-recreational, structured, and unstructured participation.

The intramural bulletin board, in the lobby of Broome-Kirk Gym, contains current information relating to sign-up procedures, coming events, schedules, and team standings. Schedules are posted on Friday for the upcoming week.

Intramural Highlights is a weekly newspaper published by the Intramural Office. It contains coverage of games, standings, point totals, and coming events. The paper is delivered to each residence hall, the Student Union, Cafeteria, Bavarian Inn, Library, and the lobby of Broome-Kirk Gym.



THE ECSTASY OF INTRAMURALS

The organization for competition is as follows - Residence Hall Division, Club Division, Fraternity Division, Graduate/Independent Division, All Campus Championships, Wrestling-Track and Field, Team Handball, Team Tennis, and Individual Sports.

All male students registered at Appalachian including male faculty and staff members are eligible to participate in the mens intramural program. Most activities offered for men are offered also for women.

The Mens Intramural Council is formed by intramural representatives from each club, fraternity, residence hall, and independent group. The council meets on a monthly basis

to decide policies and procedures for the intramural program. It serves as a means of communication between intramural players and the intramural staff. Disciplinary matters are also handled

by the council. Each of the four divisions has one vote in the council.





STATISTICS

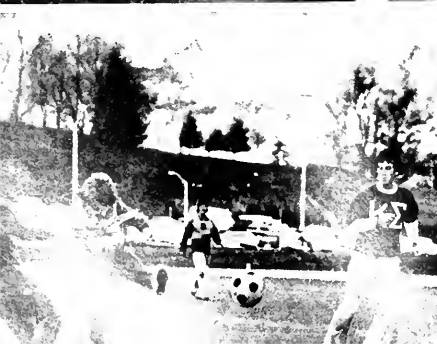


Innertube River Race: Warren Boyd—Julie Reid
 Flag Football: All Campus and Grad — Grizzlies: Fraternity — Lambda Chi Blue
 Chips: Club — ROTC Stars and Stripes: Residence Hall — Justice Wrecking Crew:
 Womens Champ — Cone Crawdads
 Volleyball: All Campus and Grad/Ind. — Iron Butterfly: Club — MTC High Jumpers:
 Residence Hall — Justice Spikers: Fraternity — Kappa Sigma: Womens Champ — Pucks
 Soccer: All Campus and Grad — A-Jacks: Residence Hall — Justice Jelters:
 Fraternity — Kappa Sigma: Club — Ski Team: Women — Broad Kickers
 Team Tennis: Tennis Torrids

Two on Two Basketball: Jimmy Allen, Carol Almond
 Tennis Mixed Doubles: Vanessa Veale, Dan Gruetter
 Racquetball Singles: Gary Juhan, Deb Hunter
 Handball Singles: David Rowe
 Horseshoe Singles: Mickey Thompson
 Horseshoe Doubles: Mark Freeze, Frank Overcash

Free Throw Shooting: Theresa Wigington,
 Alan Wyatt

One on One Basketball: Joe
 Robinson





Appalachian's marching band, widely known as "The Band of Distinction," is one of the hardest working groups on campus. The precision group practices regularly during the football season, and attends a pre-registration workshop in late summer to polish routines and practice the tight routines that have made the group so popular.

Most observers would agree that "The Band of Distinction" is far superior to most of the bands they encounter during the football season, and one reason for this is that the members take the hypothetical "contest of bands" at half-time as seriously as the players take the game itself. They refer to playing against other schools and take pride in their superiority.

Joe Phelps, director of the band, believes that talent and hard work must combine to make a band good. His musicians, flag girls, majorettes and drum major spend hours preparing for each encounter with the fans and the other bands. Phelps credits drum major Sam Powers with much of the cohesion and spirit of the band.

"The Band of Distinction" is not a show band relying of sweeping pageantry for effect, but is a precision marching group, depending on crispness and execution for its effect.

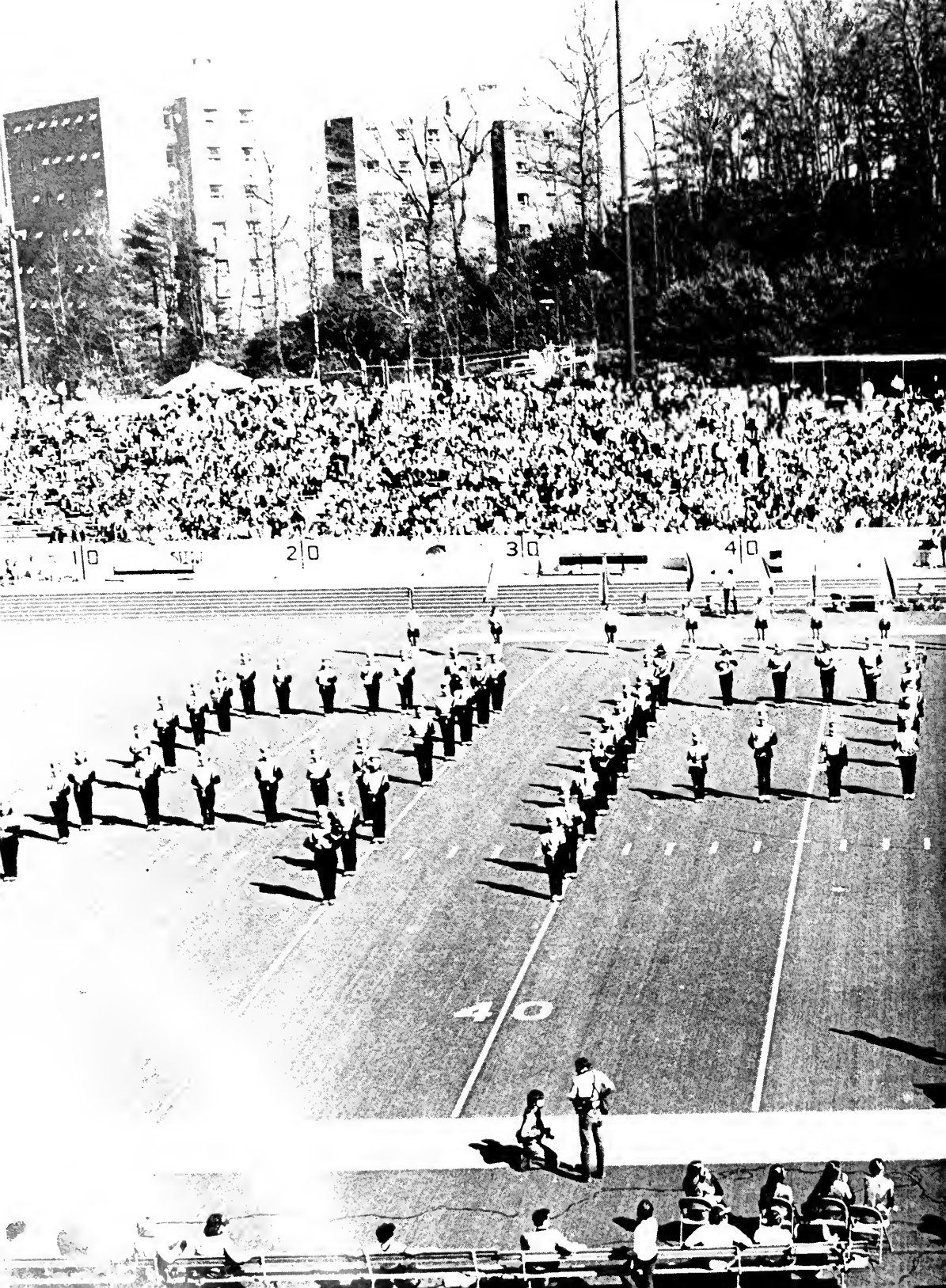
The members each receive one hour of academic credit, for which they march in the rain, endure angry football players running into them, and exhaust themselves during the part of a football game when many fans are at their least attentiveness. It all takes heart and dedication, and ASU's band has these, for it has the old-fashioned school spirit, almost to the point of overdose.

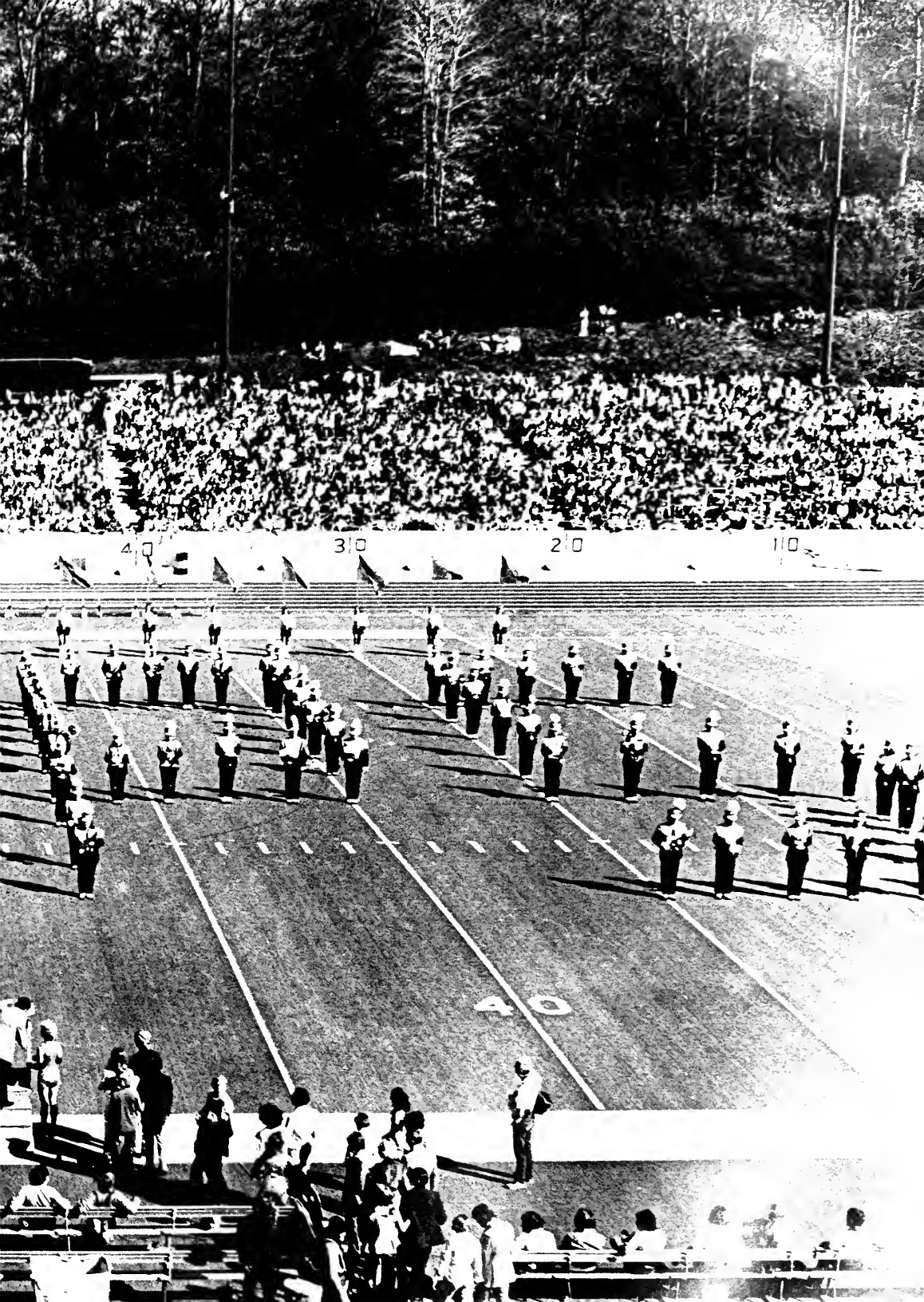
Last year the band played at Charlotte's Memorial Stadium, and this year they performed with Nelson Rockefeller at the BiCentennial Experience at Kings Mountain. All such recognition that the band receives is more than deserved.



SPATS AND BRASS

*Spirits rise with the cheer
"GIVE 'EM HELL APPS."*



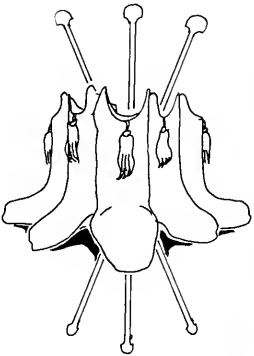


**APP
FLAGGERS
LEND
PAGENTRY
TO BAND,
HALFTIME,
AND
CONRAD**



Boots and Spangels

The majorettes really
liven things up



CHEERING: THE SPIRIT OF ASU

Trish MacDonald is a senior majoring in marketing. Her hometown is Clearwater, Florida. She cheered all through junior and senior high and has cheered for two years at Appalachian. "I've really enjoyed being a cheerleader. I feel like I've gotten a lot more out of the games."

Amy Poythress is a co-head cheerleader. She is a junior majoring in business. Her hometown is Raleigh, N.C., and she has been cheering for eight years. Amy says that this year's squad has a very high potential. "One of the hardest things about cheering is trying to get these ten people to agree."

Susan Elmore is a sophomore majoring in special education. Her hometown is Lawndale, N.C., and this is her fifth year of cheering. She says that cheering gives her something to look forward to.

Tom Swaim is a junior majoring in accounting. He is from Durham, N.C., and this is his second year of cheering. Tom says that on campus there is an attitude towards cheering as men are concerned that needs to be changed. "I'm proud to be a cheerleader."

Dale Dawson is a junior majoring in psychology. He is from Evansville, Indiana, and he has been cheering for five years. Dale says that it takes a lot of work with your partner to have a good squad. "Cheering is the longest lasting sport on campus."

Kathy Fleming is a junior majoring in math. She is from Hamptonville, N.C., and this is her ninth year of cheering. Kathy says that cheering keeps you in good physical condition. "I'm behind the teams and cheering is my way of supporting them."

Phillip Head is a senior majoring in biology. He is from Forest City, N.C., and this is the first year he has been a cheerleader. Phillip has enjoyed cheering and has met many people. "I try to pick the team up and when I do I feel more involved."

Daryl Davis is a co-head cheerleader. He is a junior majoring in banking and finance. His hometown is Marion, N.C., and this is his second year of cheering. "I enjoy it because I meet more people."





FOR THE RECORD

BASEBALL: Coach Jim Morris' baseball Mountaineers, led by two time, all Southern conference shortstop, Mike Ramsey, scratched out a 20-16 record and a fourth place finish in conference standings. Beset with early season injuries to as many as five key players, Morris' nine made a gallant surge in the second half of the season only to be derailed in a doubleheader at Furman. Morris predicts better things to come in '76.

BASKETBALL: Coming off a dismal '74-'75 season in which the highlights were only two — a home win over ECU and the season's final buzzer and reprieve — the ASU five was given little chance for even mediocrity despite the announcement of Bobby Cremins' hiring as head coach. Cremins, however, went immediately to work with assistants Gene Littles and Kevin Cantwell to re-establish respectability in Alumni Gym. On the heels of a successful recruiting trek to New York State, Cremins rewrote the chapters on strategy and attitude in the ASU book of basketball and employed the Normandy invasion tactic of fresh recruits and relentless pursuit. (Alumni Gym hadn't had such a transfusion since John Trimpey bit into a half-cooked B.I. quarter-pounder in 1973.) With a revived crowd and a legitimate team, the ASU Mountaineers pressed and pursued that elusive .500 season from opening tip-off to the last second of regular season. Records set during the historic season included one for the number of assists in a single game (ss vs. Furman), number of Southern Conference games won (6), and consecutive SC wins (4). Other achievements included the first road win in South Carolina (against Furman), and first ever wins over Furman, Davidson and VMI. In addition, Cremins' first ASU team recorded the highest finish (4th or 5th) in the school's short history in the Southern Conference.

BOWLING: The Rhodo Rooters, a team comprised of Steve Yaeger, Mort Dark, Jack Dillard and Captain Rod Smith representing the ASU school yearbook, struck and spared their way to the Intercollegiate Duck Pins Tournament held at Vasco de Gama Bowling Lanes, Newport News, Virginia. Their trophy is presently encased in the Alumni Gym showcase.

FOOTBALL: Jim Brakefield and boys completed another successful season in the Southern Conference (eight wins, three losses) and set a number of school and conference records in the process. Team records were numerous. ASU led the SC in total offense, rushing offense, and points scored. The Mountaineers humiliated Lenoir Rhyne with a record 654 yards on a record number (77) of rushes, fewest punts (0), most first downs (35), and most first downs rushing (31). Team season records included most field goals (15), most yards gained (3450), and most rushing plays (693). Individual records included most field goals (15 by Gary Davis), most points kicking (81 by Davis), longest field goal (51 by Davis vs. East Tennessee), and longest scoring pass (81 yards, Price to Ford). Robbie Price led the Southern Conference in total offense; Emmitt Hamilton was first in rushing; Joe Parker, first in punting; Devon Ford in punt returns; and Gary Davis in conference scoring. In addition, the Mountaineer gridders placed Robbie Price and Tommy Soffield on the Associated Press Honorable Mention All-American team and eight players on All-Southern Conference.

GOLF: Francis Hoover's linksmen stroked their way to an undefeated (7-0) season in dual matches in '75. They went on to place a disappointing third place (one point behind runner-up East Carolina) in the conference

tournament. Greg French and Mike Bright were selected to the All Conference team.

TENNIS: The ASU tennis team methodically wrapped up another conference championship ('75) behind the leadership of Keith Richardson, Mister Tennis at ASU for four years. Besides a trophy case full of gold, Richardson left behind a heritage of success and good sportsmanship to be emulated for years. While at ASU Keith Richardson set a record for the most career wins (103) as he became the first conference player since 1952 to win three consecutive singles championships along with two doubles trophies. His career record of 103-15 will be a footnote in the ASU tennis record books for some time.

SOCCER: The ASU soccer team under the guidance of Coach Vaughn Christian posted a fourth straight conference championship on the books and received the school's first NCAA postseason tournament invitation in that sport. During the course of the season, the ASU booters ran a consecutive win string to nineteen games as Christian, chosen coach of the year for the second year, was backed by five All Conference players (David Mor, Frank Kemo, Fernando Ojeda, Mike Sheppard, and Dan Harrell) including player of the year, Mor.

TRACK AND FIELD: Louis Blount and Rick Shriver scored impressive wins in the conference meet, respectively, in the two-mile and three-mile races as the ASU track team placed 4th in overall standings.

HIRED: As head coach of the ASU basketball team, Bobby Cremins, who at 28 became the youngest NCAA major university head coach, and Gene Littles, a three time small college All-American from High Point College and an original Carolina Cougar, as assistant to Cremins.

(continued on page 62)

FACES IN THE CROWD



1. Carol Almond, a freshman on the ASU women's basketball team led her team to a second place finish in the Winthrop Invitational Basketball Tournament. Carol averaged 17 points per game.



3. Randy Ingram, a sophomore was selected to the '75 All State baseball, second team as he compiled a .325 batting average. Randy played five positions.



5. Darryl Robinson, a 6-4 freshman from Brooklyn, was the leading scorer on the ASU squad (14.7 pts per game). Robinson was selected SC player of the week.



2. Conrad Helms, a junior and the captain of ASU swim team, stroked his way to victory in the 200 meter breast strole event and established a Southern Conference record in the time of 2:20.2 minutes.



4. Robbie Price, the junior quarterback on ASU's 8-3 football led the Southern Conference in total offense with 1639 yards and was promptly chosen to the All Conference team.



6. Louis Blount, won the two mile event in the Southern Conference '76 track meet and set a record at ASU in the indoor mile. Twice the captain of the cross country team and twice a tri-captain of the track team.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Editor,

Why, when other university's gymnasiums have such romantic names as Pauley Pavilion, Cameron Indoor Stadium, and Menges Coliseum, do we have to put up with "Varsity Gym." The Athletic Department must have had a contest to name the place!

"Bouche" Dagg
the B.I.

Editor,

Hey — how come you ain't got no minority boys on your baseball team? Who knows — there might be another Willie Mays, Hank Aaron, or Hector Lopez walking around up here. Get on the stick Appalachian.

L. Maddox
Atlanta, Ga.

P.S.—Do you have any extra broken bats I could have?

Dear Editor,

Of all the aspects of sports at ASU the least favorable is that d*** athletic fee. I'm a senior at ASU and I have yet to attend an athletic event, yet I have been required by this pickpocket fee system to pay to attend, nonetheless. I seriously doubt that I will ever attend an athletic event, that is unless they schedule one at the Rock or at a frat party.

You must be thinking that my view is rather extreme, well bear with me as I explain. The problem is my girlfriend, she's a true follower of Avery Brundage. Because of her strict dedication to amateurism she refuses to attend any campus athletic event. She maintains that because the jocks get free food, scholarships, fringe benefits, etc., that they are being paid or bribed to participate. Although she does have some valid points, I just can't come to complete agreement with her position.

To solve the problem I tried getting her food and drunk and dragging her to the game. That didn't work. When she gets drunk she becomes as friendly as a rabbit and we got delayed and missed the game.

Considering such circumstances, I don't mind missing the sporting events, (especially when I score more than the team does), but it makes me so d*** mad to have to pay for a seat I don't get to use.

Do you have any suggestions that could help me out of this dilemma?

Thank You,
Iza Dickinson
Blowing Rock

Editor:

Appalachian won't achieve any level of big time basketball until we get a full time recruiter-assistant. Why in Gehenna we need a water fountain in Sanford Mall and sidewalks around Duncan Hall is beyond me. If we put these funds into a good recruiter, we could generate more moolah by drawing paying customers to Varsity Gym. Get with it Trustees.

Editor:

I know you guys don't have centerfolds, but you could do a profile on Elizabeth Ashby, the cutest hot-shot on the ASU Rifle Team. Come on, guys. Set your aim higher. She's some target.

Sirs:

I just wanted to write and say congratulations to our soccer team. I think these guys deserve a big hand for all their accomplishments. Maybe next year they'll beat Howard University and become national champs.

Hilda Bumswumper
Eggers Dorm

P.S.—I'm really sorry they didn't get to pose for Playgirl when they had the chance. I surely would have loved to see them in the nude.

Dear Sirs:

Is it true that Lenoir Rhyne students voted to change the school name from Bears to Rednecks? All these years I underestimated LR's insight. My apologies to LR's RNs.

George Ledonk Roberts

Sirs:

I'm sick and tired of hearing complaints from students about how our jocks get a free ride through school. I, for one, am proud of our jocks. Our football team has finally given Appalachian a name. No longer do people ask me, "Appalachian, what in the blank is that?" I'm proud of our teams. And Coach Cremins has actually been able to give us a winning basketball team. At least we've won more than three games this year.

So quit complaining. Everyone knows that if you have a good athletic department, you've a good school. Just look at State, Carolina, and Maryland!

A Concerned Student

Editor, Sports Illustrated:

I am not an athlete but I have long been interested in sports. Here at Appalachian we have a great athletic program and I would like to thank everyone that is involved with athletics at Appalachian.

A strong athletic program is far more important than academics in establishing a school's prestige. This year has seen great strides of progress in football, basketball, and many other teams.

Again I offer my hardy congratulations and sincere thanks to all the coaches, athletes, and cheerleaders for making Appalachian a better school.

A.P. Sartor
Deep Gap, N.C.

Dear Sports Illustrated,

I want to tell everybody that something has to be done about the way the varsity gym is left after those poplar programs people get through with one of those concerts.

Those people that come to the concerts bring in bottles, cigarettes, and spill stuff and mess up the gym and ruin the floor. And something else, after one of those unruly crowds has been through there it makes it a lot harder on the gym's staff because they have to work extra hard to clean it up and they are a bunch of good old boys and I don't think it's fair.

That gym was built for us athletes and that's what it ought to be used for.

There are plenty of good places that those concerts could be held and I think that they would be better than the gym. I fully support the administration in their efforts to curb the concert crowd.

The gym should not be a concert hall. It is a place for the athlete, for sweating, for straining, for the depths of defeat, for the pincicle of victory. It is a place for the buliding of the temple of the body.

Thank You,
B. Musseled

Dear Editor,

We want to see more of "The Vuke." Can't he play bare from the waist up? We really dig his pecks.

Freida Ernest
Ursula Carswell
Cathye Underwood
Krissie Tuttle
Leslie Osborne
Rowena Osborne

Hooey Dorm

HONORED: By Playboy Magazine as a first team All-American, Joe Parker who led the nation in punting in '74.

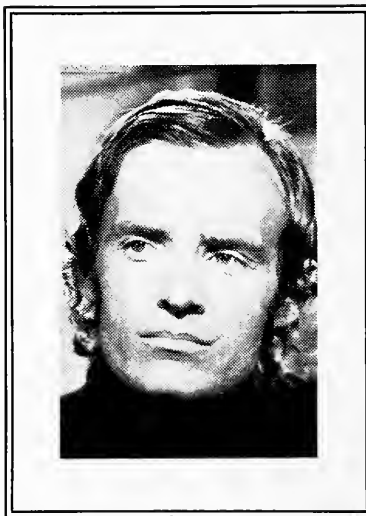
SIGNED: By the St. Louis baseball Cardinals in the first round of the annual college draft, two time, All Conference shortstop and '74 Southern Conference player of the year, Mike Ramsey.

SELECTED: To the All Southern Conference football team, eight members of the ASU Mounties (an all-time high): Robbie Price, Emmitt Hamilton, Tommy Sofield, Andre Staton, Gil Beck, Gary Davis, Joe Parker, and Quenton McKinney.

CHOSEN: By the Intramurals Office as players-of-the-year, John Barker and Wayne Cadick, who once swam on Sheraton Hills Swim Club championship teams, for leading Justice Dorm to the Intramural Championship.

INVITED: By the NCAA, the ASU soccer team participated in its first postseason tournament and lost to defending champion, Howard University, 3-1.

ESTABLISHED: A first in ASU Track and Field history, Rick Shriver and Louis Blount scored the first double win (in the two-mile and the three-mile races) in ASU Southern Conference history.



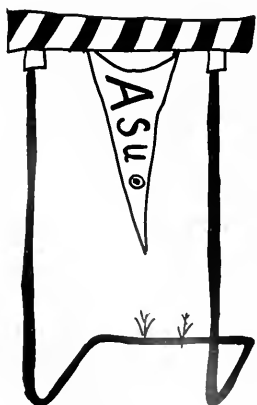
**KILLY
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**WHAT MAKES HIM THE SKIER'S SKIER
MAKES US THE SKIER'S UNIVERSITY**

**APPALACHIAN STATE
UNIVERSITY**

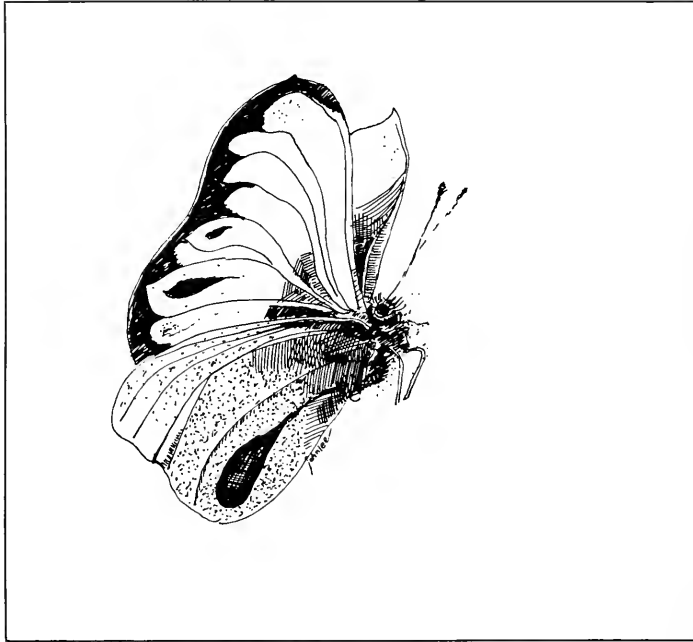
MOUNTAINEERS





UNIVERSITY BOOKSTORE SPORTING GOODS

Take advantage of A. S. U.'s sporting goods store as this rogue of an athlete has, preparing for a day of --- whatever.



What do you see here?

If You See:

- 1) Frank Zappa shooting a moon,
- 2) Two kidneys over Boone,
- 3) An orgy of bisexual warthogs,
- 4) Your own normal lipstick impression on a Kleenex, or
- 5) The decline of man and moose calls,

it may be too late for you. The next pilgrimage to Woody Allen's birthplace leaves in one hour. For those of you who saw anything else, take heed. Help cometh from within and from without. The Counselling and Psychological Services Center is professionally staffed to guide and counsel you in a personal setting. If anxieties, problems, or bad habits befall you, Jack Mulgrew and staff will be glad to give you an ear (on approval).

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AT ASU

MAY 1976 \$3.75



**Exciting Tourist Traps
In the Blue Ridge**

Cockroach Comment



AFTER

BEFORE

... Now I Do”

“Before I found Student Development I was perverted and worthless. Now I’m still perverted, but I’m not worthless.”

Phil Snurd
Miami, Fla.

“Before Student Development was through with me, I’d learned how to use a camera, write news stories, rent refrigerators, run for secretary, and cut classes!”

Irving Bletch
Raleigh, N.C.

STUDENT

DEVELOPMENT

“The Girls Said I Didn’t Have Experience ...

I was so puny I couldn’t wear wide-wale corduroy without getting lost in the grooves. I was the laughing stock of my dorm until I signed up with Student Development.

I lost 6½ inches off my inferiority complex, trimmed off 23 pounds of anxieties. . . and shaped up my personality. . .
Without Dieting!

(It is not a cream, not an artificial stimulator.)

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A tremendously exciting concept in career development. Hundreds upon hundreds of men and women throughout campus are reporting remarkable success in enlarging, shaping and firming their resumes. So make the most of the Student Development Center. Obtain academic credit through a variety of internships and independent studies. Sign up for a number of training programs. See Lee McCaskey, Bob Feid, or Tom Coffey in Workman Hall today. Stop leading an A-cup life when your dreams are 3-D.

Yes! I would like to join Student Development and gain valuable job experience.

Name _____

Address _____

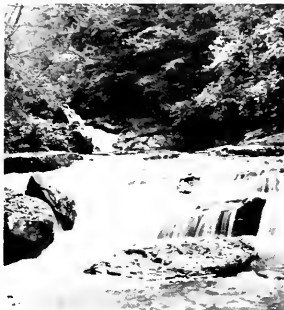
Phone _____

I understand that if I am not completely satisfied, I can always go back to being a nothing or join the Army.



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The Blue Ridge: A Heritage in Peril

The majesty of the Blue Ridge has been recorded in the aged tales of this land's first inhabitants. Songs of reverence and sighs of awe voiced in tribute to the sculpture and color of the landscape still wend ever-so-softly through chasm and ravine, eternal echoes of devotion. The tale goes: the Master Craftsman, the One Great Spirit, overseer of nature, true patron of all art, once paced the creek beds and doe trails of the Appalachian Range midafternoons and midnights to view the splendor of his handiwork. The Blue Ridge was the garden of his heart, a gift to man, his flower. The barn owl winging through spruce and hemlock, red bucks roving grassy vegas, the oxeye daisy winking at the sun, these were the pigments of his panorama; staccato of wood pecker, cree-scree-scree of cricket, and babble of brook, his soundtrack. The Blue Ridge was the masterpiece of his art, and man became both beneficiary and curator.

Cooper, cobbler, smith, potter, cook — all trades of men journeyed to the ancient monuments of Appalachia to seek their dreams and spend their passions. The Blue Ridge embraced them all. A natural bond developed as the spirit of the Appalachians — that

of independence, resourcefulness, and pride — became the spirit of the mountaineer.

Gifts of the Blue Ridge — Sour Johns, coarse linsey-woolsey, hoecake and hominy, molasses, corn meal mush — endeared the mountain people to the land. Mountain fiddles and five-string banjos celebrated the joys of the heart, as clear and lively as mountain streams. Men swollen with pride and devotion pampered and protected the land, their livelihood. Blackgum, sassafras, lady slipper, wild plum, spotted sparges; possum, otter, mountain sheep, beaver, wild pheasant — elements of nature became subjects of folk ballads and mountain yarns. The Master Craftsman was well pleased. He walked on, content.

This majesty of the Blue Ridge can yet be seen; its song can still be heard. The deciduous and evergreen trees are standing, but in smaller numbers. The mountaineer stock still sing "Sweet William," and highlanders still probe the blaze with fire dogs, but they've fled into the depths of Appalachia. There's sadness in their songs. There's resignation in their gait. A force has taken hold of their land, their



lives and deprived them of their pride and birthright.

Fiddle, bow, and banjo pick have been replaced by sledge and shovel; diesel roar and screech of brake have subdued the cricket's song. Water-mills no longer turn. Chestnuts go unbaked. The land of the Watauga has been abandoned by its reverent children, invaded by the infidel. Parking lots now stretch where quaint graveyards once marked the drama of the past. Bulldozers raze the raccoon's home, indifferent to its young. The laurel and the rhododendron have been sacrificed for neoned franchise and unsightly billboard. The Appalachian spirit has surrendered to the scourge of greed; the land is now fair game to speculators who sing a song of money.

Gone are the barn owls that once knew unpolluted skies. Gone are the red bucks to virgin timber. The Master Craftsman no longer strolls the range or riverbed in song. He is silent in his pacing. The echoes of past songs are faint but fading. Will they ever be revived?

"Don't it always seem to go
That you don't know what
you've got
Till it's gone
They paved paradise
And put up a parking lot"

Joni Mitchell



A VANISHING PRIDE



"I think that I shall never see
A billboard lovely as a tree
Perhaps, unless the billboards fall
I'll never see a tree at all"
Ogden Nash





"I will build a motor car for the great multitudes . . . But it will be so low in price that no man making a good salary will be unable to own one — and enjoy with his family the blessing of hours of pleasure in God's great open spaces."

Henry Ford





57

RODAR 80



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RODAR 80



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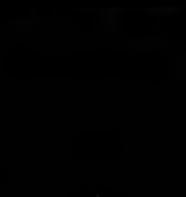
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ASU PRESENTS—POPULAR PROGRAMS

by Juliann Morris

Composed of a diverse group of students from the Appalachian campus, the Popular Programs Committee has been working hard to provide entertainment ranging from bluegrass to L.A. rock 'n roll. The committee has doubled in membership since last year. They have also spent more time advertising upcoming attractions which

has improved attendance immensely. All people attending the concerts have been following the smoking and drinking regulations very well.

September brought Vassar Clements, his fiddle, and his rock-a-billy style of music to ASU. Clements has played with the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band and Richard Betts of the Allman Brothers, and he has also played second fiddle in

the movie *Nashville*. Approximately 3,000 tickets were sold for the concert and the audience responded very well.

Linda Ronstadt, on tour through the Southeast, sold out all 6,000 seats in the Varsity Gym on October 24. Andrew Gold, lead guitarist for her band, opened the show and was followed by surprise guests, Goose Creek Symphony.

On November 2, Appalachia's own Doc Watson appeared before 700 locals to perform a fine selection of country-bluegrass-gospel music. Also playing with Doc was his son, Merle Watson. His talent on the steel guitar was greatly appreciated by all. They were both accompanied by Frosty Morn Band, featuring piano, bass and acoustic guitars, and washboard.





DOC & MERLE WATSON



LINDA RONSTADT



HOMECOMING

'75

ASU VS. RICHMOND



CULTURE COMES TO BOONE

WITH THE ARTISTS & LECTURE SERIES

The new University Auditorium, rising out of a Boone hill like an Incan temple, was the home of this year's Artist and Lecture Series, and many ASU students and professors, as well as community residents, attended the wide variety of entertainment presented there.

Headliners in the Major Lecture Series included syndicated columnist and Washington sex symbol Art Buchwald, who rambled about politics and social institutions with his humor-spiced monologue, Gene Roddenberry, producer of *Star Trek*, and Euell Gibbons, the charming nutritionist who can eat his way out of any quandry.

The Major Fine Arts Series offered several treats during the year. "Visions of Power," a mosaic of music and the sorcery of Carlos Castenada's *Don Juan*, brought Burgess Meredith and flutist Charles Lloyd to Boone. The Tokyo String Quartet brought the music of Bartok, while the Charlotte Symphony, directed by Jacques Brouman and accompanied by guest artist Grant Johannesen, played to a full house in late September. Afficionados of the dance enjoyed the improvisations of the Mimi Garrard Dance Company with their exotic lighting and multiple innuendo and nuance of movement in December; the Houston Ballet under Nina Papova pleased lovers of the more conventional dance forms.

Across campus, in the I. G. Greer Auditorium, music lovers appreciated the

Chamber Series in more intimate quarters. The series opened with the delicate artistry of the Panocha String Quartet from Prague, and after Christmas shifted to the solo performance of world-traveled harpsichordist Robert Hill, whose broad repertoire delighted the audience. The real change of pace in the series came in early April, when Kentucky dulcimer player and mountain music authority Jean Ritchie

brought a little foot-stomping to Greer. Her fame proved to be justified, as a large crowd turned out to enjoy her down-home renditions.

The Artist and Lecture Series attempts to bring both quality and variety of entertainment to the finely attuned university and town residents. This past year, they succeeded again.



Charlotte Symphony Orchestra



Tokyo String Quartet



RICHARD WORDSWORTH





BURGESS

MEREDITH



MIMI GARRARD



ART BUCHWALD





GENE RODDENBERRY



PANOCHA STRING QUARTET



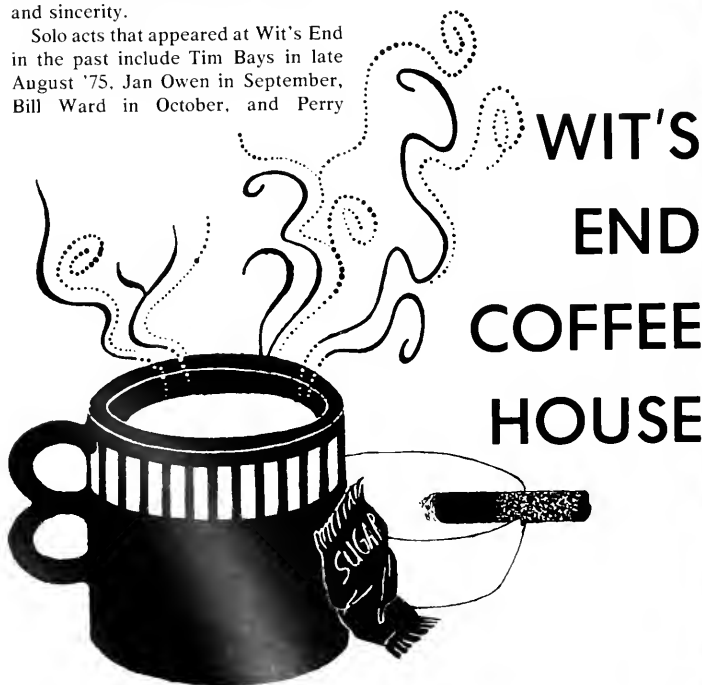
If acoustic guitarwork and live performance is your idea of entertainment in lieu of jukebox rock and roll, you're in luck. If on occasion you prefer mocha java to Pabst Blue Ribbon, the horse of good fortune is in your stable. Wit's End Coffeehouse, located on the second floor of the Student Union, offers live acts regularly and occasionally a few dead ones (but floors are swept each night). Approximately every other week for three or four nights, students may relax to a cup of home-perked coffee and assorted munchables while enjoying a variety of talent. The real bargain is the fact that the cost is nil, goose egg, skunk wages, your free boat to R & R.

What *if* the showmanship lacks commercial professionalism? The coffeehouse circuit has long been the showcase for professionals-to-be in the music world and the world of comedy. Accordingly, Wit's End Coffeehouse has sponsored acts which represent all stages of the professional career. Some acts are polished in stage presence, some have already achieved a professional sound, while others are in the process of adjustment and refinement, but they all have several common traits, including authenticity and sincerity.

Solo acts that appeared at Wit's End in the past include Tim Bays in late August '75, Jan Owen in September, Bill Ward in October, and Perry



Leopold, early November. Groups such as the Blue River Boys, Free Spirit String Bank, Stoney Creek, Hull and Roche, and Leather Britches performed to enthusiastic audiences throughout the school year. Don't be too surprised if one or more of these acts springs the Wit's End boards to million dollar concert tours, celebrity tee-shirts, and Merv Griffin. They're all intent on getting there eventually, but you can see them now while they're humble, Wit's End. The end in entertainment.





STANFIELD



HULL & ROCHE





SALLY SPRINGS



**THE GOOTMAN
SAUERKRAUT
BAND**



LEATHER BRITCHES

LEATHER BRITCHES



DRAMA AT ASU

In early autumn, The New York Touring Co. presented ASU students with its rendition of "1776." The bicentennial musical, written by a history teacher, starred Terry Di Marco as Benjamin Franklin, and Gary Marachek as John Adams. If slightly uncoordinated lighting, an inadequate sound system, and bleacher-type atmosphere could be ignored, the elaborate costumery and professional acting made an enjoyable and educational evening.

Chapel Wilson Auditorium held a sellout audience each night for the ASU production of "The Crucible" on October 21-24th. Arthur Miller's moving social comment provoked audience encouragement and insults. The play centered around the Salem witch trials of 1692 and starred Charlie Ross as Abigail, a blend of innocence and wanton determination. Other noteworthy characterizations were Tom Wilson's John Proctor, Kerry Knapp's cold Elizabeth Proctor, Jim Flynn's imposing Governor Danforth, and Chuck Roger's cringing Reverend Parris.

"THE CRUCIBLE"



The show was very technically impressive also; designer Peter Rose divided the stage into two areas each furnished with the plain furniture of the colonial period. Costumes, by Susan Day, conveyed the stark primness of the women and ministers. The striking tightness of production and casting under the direction of Ed Pilkington brought the audience to their feet after each performance.

Native American Humor compiled and directed by Linda Welden played several selections from folk literature on September 25 and 26. The pieces were introduced by Steve Burris and Julie Plott and interspersed with song by a five piece string band.



"1776"



The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn was a popular piece with Jody Parker as Huck. Twain's **Innocents Abroad** was well done by Tony Werst and Joey Toler. The final two selections from Richard Chase's **Grandfather Tales** were directed by G.O. Carswell. The final selection "Pack Down the Big Chest" was an obvious audience pleasing selection with a fine performance by Charlie Ross.

"Tales of a Different Color," an education class project was conceived as a teaching device utilization and was directed by Buck Knowles. Students of the class acted out tales of American folk literature for the children and adults.

"The Servant of Two Masters" by Carlo Goldoni was performed in Chapel Wilson Auditorium December 2-4, 1975. It was directed by an Appalachian senior, G.O. Carswell. To honors went to Mark Wilson in the title role of Truffaldino, the servant of two masters, and to Kathleen Fletcher, the costume designer.



"A SERVANT OF TWO MASTERS"



TALES OF DIFFERENT COLORS
 AS HEARD
 by
 THE HORSES MOUSE!
 (Decorative swirls)

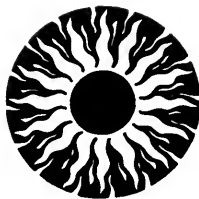


AN ORIGINAL CHILDREN'S PLAY
 OCTOBER 15 at 5:30 P.M. in WHITENER HALL
 An adaption of Appalachian Anglo American and
 Cherokee folk tales by Buck Knowles



A Funny Thing Happened
 on the Way to the Forum





Travel South



Vacation in Boone

If you are without wheels or ready cash and game for adventure, you might try this suggestion: with sunglasses propped on top of your head, mosey on down to the bus depot with a small suitcase and a Nikon camera, buy a bag of salted peanuts

and a copy of anything by Solzhenitsyn or Nabakov. At this point you are properly armed to convince any and all passers-by that you are nothing short of a seasoned veteran of the Trailways to America. Let them guess whether you're coming or going.

For that Oscar-winning touch you might step next door, select several exotic brochures from the travel agency and casually thumb through them. Bermuda, Hawaii, Del Rio. Who knows? You might just meet somebody with a bag of bucks who'll take you to your Shangrila. If not, you'll always have your dreams, and what better place is there to dream than here in the mountains of North Carolina.

Tweetsie

"Nauga-wanna-lay-sobad." These are the words of Chief Nauga-tuck, top dog in the Indian world for three counties, head hauncho of the Tweetsie Indians. Translated, they read, "Nauga invites all paleface to Fort Boone pow-wow to roast Fred Kirby. Ride Tweetsie. Spend wampum in shops. Dig on the dance hall squaws, and take bumper sticker home to the loved ones. Great fun for all ages, excluding the age of 15 when nothing is fun. Redheads given free guided tour by Nauga himself." (Scalping optional.) B.Y.O.F.W.

Julian Price Park

For the robust at heart with that dash of Euell Gibbons stalking in their veins, Julian Price Park offers choice campsites for tents, trailers and Winnebagos; Julian Price Lake for licensed fishermen, stone-skimmers, and unlicensed ducks; and marked hiking trails for the Edmund Hillarys, the Slewfoots, and the Camel smokers. This state park is located on the Blue Ridge Parkway approximately three miles from Blowing Rock. On a clear morning campers can often catch a glimpse of Smokey the Bear skinny-dipping with his girlfriend, Panda.

Horn in the West

Will Daniel Boone have a double hernia lifting that three hundred pound black bear? Will the Widder Howard entice Preacher Sims to the other side of the altar with more than a piece of fried chicken? Will the Red Coats attack Doctor Stewart and the settlers from Hillsborough before the mosquitoes do? See Boone's only outdoor drama, "The Horn in the West" for answers. Then Visit the surrounding gardens for a respite from the vacation grind.



Photograph by Hugh Morton

Mystery Hill

Mystery Hill, where wonders never cease, is acclaimed by thousands the pamphlets say. But acclaimed as what they don't say. Find out for yourself. Shoot a revenooer. Blow a few bucks on mountain crafts. Buy a helium balloon and make funny voices. It's all in a day's fun. You'll wonder where all your money went — those wonders never cease.

Ivy Hall

Ivy Hall, located strategically between Speedy's Pizza and Highway Robbery in downtown Boone, is an architectural wonder erected in the twentieth century by Fly-by-Night and Sons to punish lecherous taco vendors who loitered around the girls dorms in hopes of heating their tamales. Restoration is not in progress. Come see it, as is. Phone R.T. for guided tours.

Appalachian Ski Mountain

Appalachian Ski Mountain, located between Boone and Blowing Rock off 321, can take you right off the cow pasture, the grazing hills, and the County Grange and make you feel right at home. All beginners and intermediate skiers are welcome to break a leg here or have fun trying. Advanced skiers, you come too, and bring a bag of coins. Appalachian Ski Mountain goes to no expense to please you.

Beech Mountain

Ever want to hear a lion sing? Or see a mushroom dance? Drive out to Beech Mountain and just follow the yellow brick road. You'll see these events

Top left: Skiers hop aboard the chair lift at Appalachian Ski Mountain for a ride to the top.

Top right: The wooden-beamed walkway at Esceola Lodge in Linville welcomes well-to-do tourists.

Bottom: This hodge-podge collection at Marjon's antique store on Highway 105 is typical of the many tourist shops surrounding the Boone area.

occur and plenty more if litigation is resolved. Say hi! to Dorothy. Smile at her dog Toto. Spit at the Wicked Witch of the West. Spend time at the Land of Oz zoo and take pictures of a goat. It's great summer fun.

Blue Ridge Parkway

For a casual drive without the hassles of traffic lights, billboards or hot dog stands, you cannot beat a drive on the Blue Ridge Parkway. The scenery is breathtaking, the mood is serene — America as it was meant to be. Frequent overlooks allow sight-seers opportunity to stretch legs and to gaze in wonder. A favorite attraction of camera buffs. Fall season in the Blue Ridge Mountains is an event not to be overlooked or soon forgotten.

Grandfather Mountain

Take the kids to see Mildred the Bear in her natural habitat. Watch her cubs wrestle playfully to the audience's delight. Then swing in the breeze on Grandfather Mountain's mile-high bridge. It sure beats Pat Boone reruns. So take stock in America, steal a rock from the oldest mountain in the United States.

Howard's Knob

There is an unwritten requirement for graduation at ASU, a bylaw that is never broken. All students must visit Howard's Knob. It's an adventure in the mountaineer tradition, a prerequisite to full manhood or



womanhood. More desperate lines have been recorded on Howard's Knob than on Granny Hamner's aged brow. The view here is second only to the hills behind Hoey dorm. Bring your own binoculars.

Echo Lake

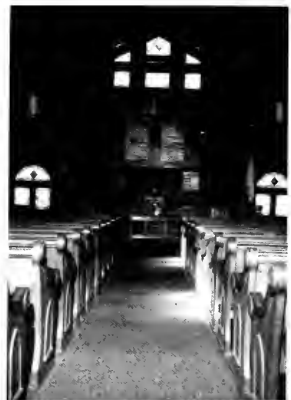
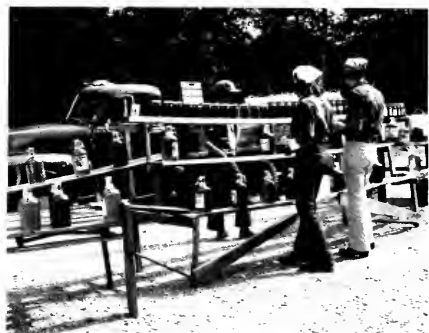
Not getting your share of obscene phone calls? Do you feel like all the world's a porno flick, and you're nothing but the newsreel? Then pack a lunch and head on across the Tennessee border to Echo Lake where you can create your very own obscenities. You don't have to worry about a phone bill either. So, go on. Double your pleasure. Double your fun. Gross yourself out at Echo Lake. (Do not feed the ducks.)

Brown Mountain Lights

Since the dawn of man curiosity and superstition have resided closely allied on the fringe of man's imagination. There lurks darkness, evil and surprise. There lurks fascination for the unknown, fear of the imperceptible. Brown Mountain Lights in the foothills of North Carolina's Never-Never-Land has created a stir of curiosities. Thousands have made the journey to Brown Mountain and thousands have returned dismayed, but wiser. What waits out there? Proceed, if you dare.

Regional Art Gallery

This region, itself, is a work of art with its rolling hills and patchwork quilt of red and gold leaves amid stark mountain crags and creek beds. It is a beauty too vast for one Canvas. The Regional Art Gallery in downtown Boone is a showcase of the creative efforts of local and semi-local artists. Pick out a masterpiece here or just browse in the gallery's friendly and soothing atmosphere. Take advantage of one of Boone's few cultural centers for your sake.



Top photo: Children and tourists enjoy watching the Cowboy and Indian fights at Tweetsie.

Middle left: One of the many tourist touring signs — this one on the yellow brick road to Beech Mountain.

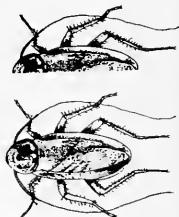
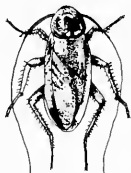
Middle right: One of the frequent roadside stands where local folks sell honey, apple cider, molasses, and other wares.

Bottom left and right: The stone hand-laid Presbyterian Church at Crossnore offers a quiet refuge.

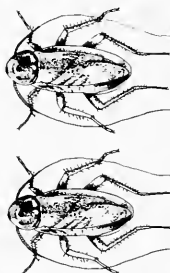
These ratings represent the editorial opinions of the Rhododendron staff. Our ratings are based on the quality of food and service as judged by students, not on any findings of any health department.

The Cockroach

PEPPER'S: A sub-sandwich shop with class. Good selection of eats and drinks. Personal service. Quiet atmosphere. Open seven days a week all year.



YOGI'S: The rumor that twelve Yogi's drivers have mysteriously disappeared in the last year is unfounded. They are still making their rounds. So hold tight. Nice mural while you wait.



HARDEE'S: Hardee Har Har. Gilbert G. is a fag. Stuff a huskie, Gilbert.

SPEEDY'S: Better anticipate your munchies ahead of time before dialing for delivery. Mushroom pizza is pretty good if you like cold pizza, and if you've really got the munchies you will.

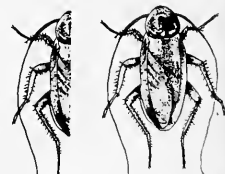
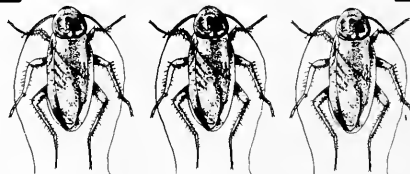
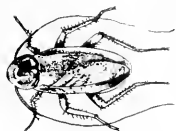


BIG E: Waitresses are required to be midway through menopause. Roloids vending machine for your convenience. "Try the Granddad E," the seventy-two-year-old hamburger.

TOWNHOUSE: Where might you find a squad car of "Boone's finest" in time of emergency? Boone Courthouse? Police Department? No. Try The Townhouse 24 hours a day. The only crimes committed here are gastronomic. Feel secure as you eat that none of the rednecks around you will ground your beef while THE MAN sips his Sanka. If "Boone's finest" eat there, it can't be all bad, right?



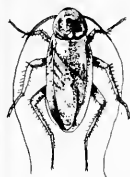
ORANGE LIFT: Best drink in Boone. The "lift" refers to method of imbursement from customers' backpackets. Requires a dictionary of obscure drivels to order, calculator to pay.



Comment

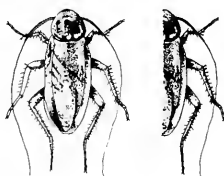
The cockroach symbol will denote the relative quality of food and service as follows:

1 cockroach: good establishment; 2 cockroaches: lacking in some areas of food and/or service quality; 3 cockroaches: food and service leave much to be desired.

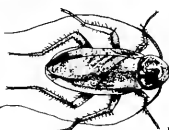
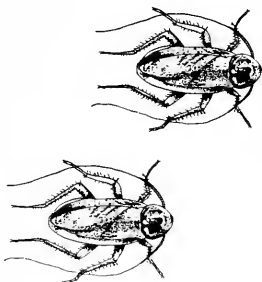


BIG BILL'S: A classic . . . a monument to self endeavor in the troubled times of franchise encroachment. Quiet, moody — the kind of place you took your parents to as a freshman. First name service. Louisiest juke-box south of Wilkes-Barre bus station.

BURGER KING: Hold the pickle, hold the commercials. Best franchise burger in town, worst T.V. ads. Runs onion rings around nearest competitor.

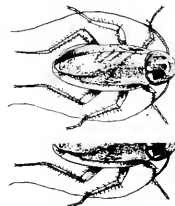
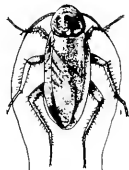
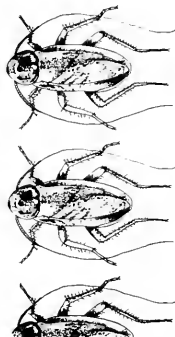


PIZZA HUT: Pizza Hut receives our Houdini award for customer ease in giving the slips. Food is hot on a regular basis. Head waitress spreads a mean table.



MCDONALD'S: Big parking lot. Big Mac. Big deal. E-I-E-I-O.

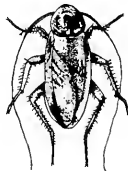
KENTUCKY FRIED CHICKEN: The Wesson oil surprise. Which bite will be greasiest? No oil shortage here.



MOM & POP'S: Cafeteria style service — cafeteria style heartburn. Only restaurant with two newstands.

DAN'L BOONE INN RESTAURANT: Come on in and sit on a famous ham biscuit baked by Dan'l himself. Family style serving. One obnoxious kid guaranteed nearby, just like at Grandma's. Excellent service. Good food. Bring your checkbook.

THE PEDDLER: Pseudo-class joint dedicated to raking customers' wallets over the charcoals. Pretty decent steak, fair spud, great salad bar . . . b.y.o.b.





Making the Most of Your Room

Walking into a room with three walls, one window, and a bare floor can be a horrible experience if you are not prepared to do some decorating and arranging.

When your dorm room is also your roommate's room, the lack of space and privacy can be unnerving. The best way to cope with this situation is to turn your close quarters into a sleeping-living complex, utilizing space-making ideas.

The furnishings are already there — two built-in closets, two desks, two beds and a dresser. It is evident that these were not made for space-saving or a great deal of mobility. There are

only so many ways to arrange what you have. The key is to produce as much room as possible without cluttering. A good idea is to place furniture so as to create two separate areas - sleeping and living. This adds a touch of privacy.

Obviously you cannot knock out the walls, but your room can be made to appear larger with the use of wall decorations, furniture, carpet, curtains, knick-knacks, and plants.

To give the illusion of roominess, keep as much open space as possible so the eye can move freely around the room; shy away from dark, dull colors. Your window should be free of clutter so you can project yourself outside or bring some of the outdoors right into your room.

Color schemes add life to a room. It is often hard to have dominating colors because you and your roommate do not



DOWN HOME COOKIN'

A delicious variety of folk cookery to satisfy your stomach and sooth your throat.

Don't let nobody tell you any different, they ain't *nothing* in this world like eating, be it a country meal of chick peas with pickle relish, chunk ham

right off the bone, followed by a flaky-crust blueberry pie, or be it a winter bowl of all-day soup and a plate of buttery biscuits. That's all good eating. You can be sure of that. But there's a way of cooking that's always gotten the short end of the ladle, and that's mountain cooking. You folks, though, are in store for a treat. Today's column is devoted exclusively to savory mountain dishes that readers sent in. Excuse me while I drool.

Raffleford B. Harwood

This first recipe comes from Mark Trail of Comique Strip, Tennessee, who writes, "When I was nothing but a youngun, my pappy, who was a rabbit hunter before me, showed me the right way to roast a rabbit. What you do is, you get you some young rabbits and stick them in a rotisserie where you can brush them with butter ever so often. To get the true, backwoods flavor, you don't put none of them fancy sauces on your rabbits — nothing but butter, and roast them just until they're tender. Y'all city people who have one of them new-fangled ovens can set it at 325° and roast your rabbits in an uncovered pan, the same way. They make for some fine eating."

An unusual but tasty recipe was sent in by Mrs. Doe Ross of Cherokee, N.C.

It was passed down to Mrs. Ross by her mama, who was a Cherokee Indian. Here's what she says about it: "When I was a girl, and our family lived in an old log cabin down by the Tennessee River, my mama used to fix all sorts of Cherokee dishes for us. One of my favorites was yellowjacket soup. To make this, you find a nest of ground-dwelling yellowjackets either early in the morning or in the late afternoon, and you gather the whole comb. Then you put it over the fire on the stove, right side up, until all the uncovered grubs are loosened. You remove them and put the comb back in the heat until it parches. Next you pick out all the yellowjackets and pop them in the oven so they'll get good and brown. You make the soup by boiling the browned yellowjackets in a pot of water with salt and grease. It's sure to give you a buzz."

Miss Aggie Lazarus, a 106-year-old native of Possum Hollow, S.C., sends an old family recipe for a dandy gourmet dish, batter-fried dandelion blossoms: "This was a favorite dish of my great-granny Lazarus, who used to serve it to the ladies of her village at quilting parties. She'd go out and pick the newest, tenderest dandelion blossoms — those are the best because the greens haven't got too bitter yet — and rinse them in cold, salty water. Then she'd cut the stems off, roll the



blossoms in sacking (most folks nowadays use paper towels) to blot up the water, and dip them in a batter she'd mixed up from a beaten egg, a cup of fresh milk, a cup of flour, and a little salt and pepper. After that she fried them nice and brown in some deep hot grease and served them right up hot to the quilting ladies. Sometimes she used squash or pumpkin blossoms. Whichever, they were famous all over Chitlin County."

This next recipe here comes from another woman whose mother was a full-blooded Cherokee, Mrs. Sally Muddywater of Teepee Creek, N.C.: "First you gather your hickory nuts and let them dry in front of the fire. When they've got dry you crack them — Ma would put them on a big flat rock in a basket and beat them with a little rock — and then you sieve them through a sieve basket. After that you put all the kernels and the hulls that came through the sieve in the corn-meater and mash them until they're fine enough so you can roll them into balls. You can save the balls for three or four days if it ain't too warm, and when you get ready for some soup you just put a couple of balls in a pot and pour boiling water over them, stirring the whole time. You can make a thick soup with dumplings or a thin soup to drink. Just don't drink the last bit because it's got hulls in it."

always like the same ones. Complementary schemes are usually the best to use as you build and add to your collection of room furnishings. Avoid repetitious coloring so that with some thought your color patterns can flow around the room.

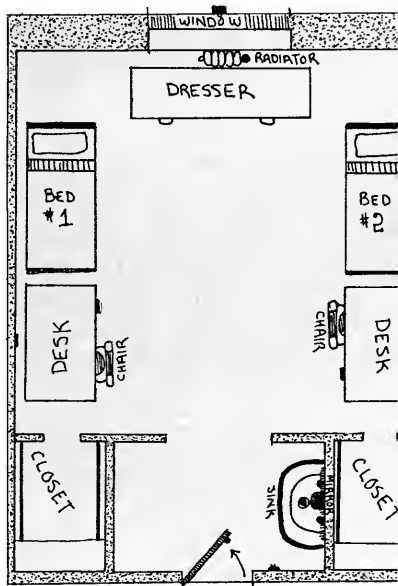
Cover the walls of your room with interesting posters, wall hangings and shelves. But don't over-do it because you might defeat your whole purpose.

Curtaining your windows can soften the total effect of the room. Curtains are more pleasant to look at than blinds and provide privacy from the outside. Adding plants to the window sill is a great way to cultivate a jungle and to bring freshness and variety into the room.

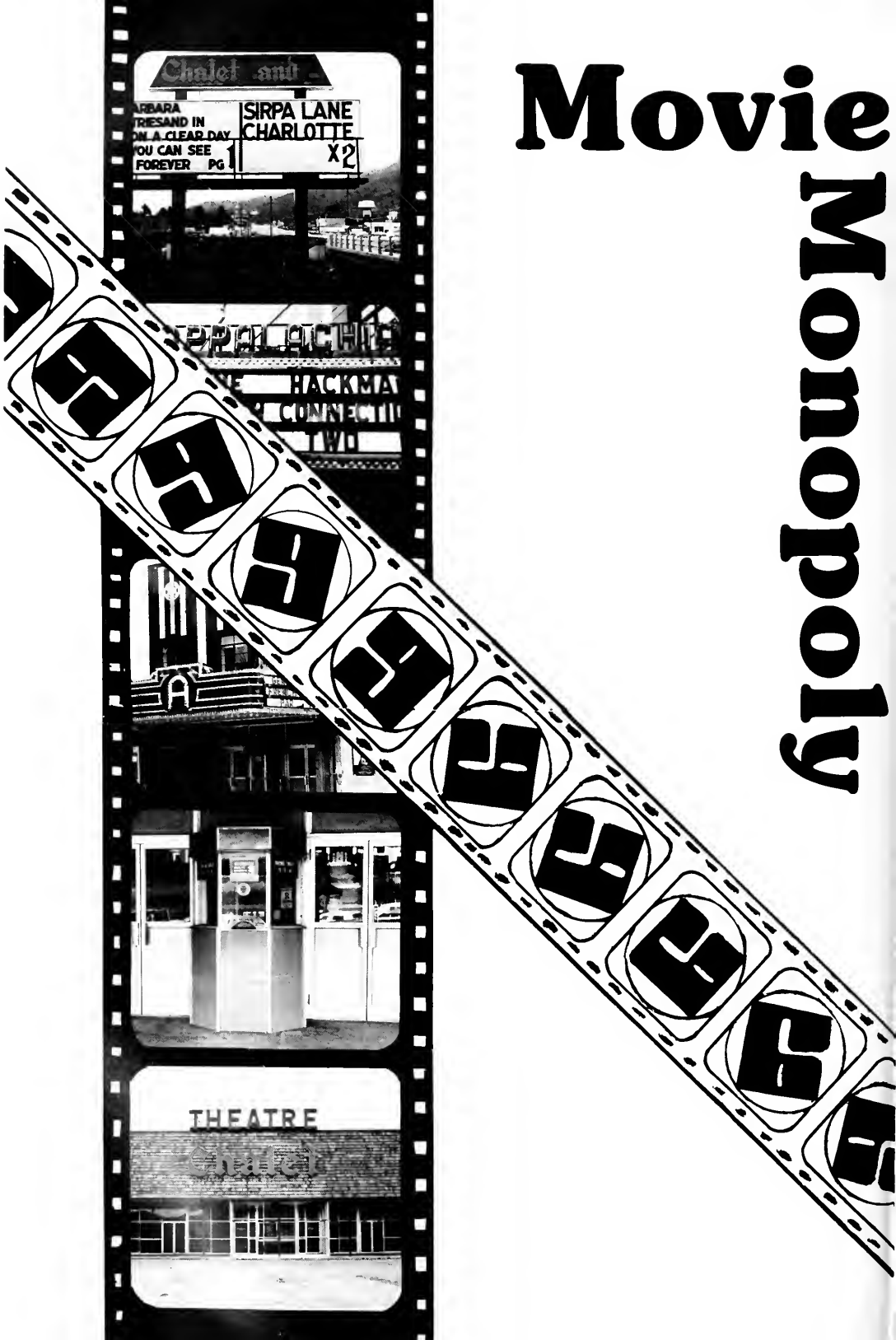
Indirect lighting gives your room a softer look and adds to the illusion of space. Lamps are a definite asset, as are pillows and throw cushions.

One of the best investments seems to be a stereo system. Also, if you plan to add any furnishings you might try component furniture. These are usually stackable and provide much-needed storage space.

Your dorm room does not have to be overcrowded, ugly, and unlivable. With some planning and work you can make it as comfortable as home, and if you watch what you are buying — looking for potential versatility — you can create a place that you enjoy coming home to after a long day around campus.



Movie Monopoly



Chalet and
BARBARA TRIES AND IN ON A CLEAR DAY YOU CAN SEE FOREVER PG 1
SIRPA LANE CHARLOTTE X2

SERIES
HACKMA
CONNECTICUT
TWO



In most college towns there are two possibilities open to film viewers: the local theaters and the on-campus films. Usually the theaters can be relied upon to present the newer movies, those currently touring the country, and the school film series can be counted on to present some of the movies that have lasted over the years and become classics. ASU students are subjected to an unhappy variation of this arrangement.

The three local theaters, The Appalachian, The Flick and The Chalet, seem to realize that they have a captive audience in Boone. With Charlotte, Asheville and Winston-Salem all close to a hundred miles away, the students must depend upon these three theaters to provide commercial cinematic entertainment, but all three theaters fall short of expectation. The Appalachian has two outstanding faults, despite its interesting antiquated construction: the manager seems partial to Disney-type films, and he has a tendency to play a hit to death. How long did *SAWS* play? Too long. How long did *THE TRIAL OF BILLY JACK* grace the screen? Too long. How many times was *THE APPLE DUMPLING GANG* played in Boone in the last six months? Three, for a total of five weeks playing time. The Appalachian also has a tendency to advertise pictures that never come, such as *THE DAY OF THE LOCUST* and *THE WIND AND THE LION*. The late shows could be a positive feature, but the offerings are slim: Burt Reynolds movies and losers that come cheap. Marx Brothers comedies and other classics used to appear regularly, but that era is over.

The Flick offers great hits like *BENJIE* and *WHERE THE LILLIES BLOOM* for weeks on end, delaying such movies as *CHINATOWN*, which I saw in Sante Fe in July, 1974. Saw it again at The Flick in the fall of '75, its first Boone run. The "Dirty Late Show" seems to be the most attractive feature about The Flick, and even the night owls get tired of the same pump and spew of sex, week after week. When was the last time The Flick showed a movie made from a good book? God knows — I guess.

When Rosalie Hanley managed The Chalet theaters, students had a good thing going for them. She tried to bring movies that suited the college

mentality to Boone and featured late shows like *THE BOYS IN THE BAND* and *WOMEN IN LOVE*, modern classics, the kind of movies that Pauline Kael actually takes the time to review. But that, too, has passed, for now we get *THE DEVIL'S RAIN* or *ATTACK OF THE GIANT SPIDER MONSTERS* regularly. Pablum. The Chalet did present Mel Brooks' *FRANKENSTEIN*, but twice in four months? Wouldn't it be nice to see a film with Alan Bates, Glenda Jackson, Lawrence Olivier or Jack Nicholson within six months of the time it premiered, at least before it becomes a cinema cliché? Unless the situation alters radically, the possibility of that is nil.

Perhaps we should expect the regular movies on campus to be old, worn-out slick films that come cheaper by the dozen. And perhaps we should be grateful for the occasional *FIVE EASY PIECES* that shows up at Whitener Hall. This year the film committee even presented *SHIP OF FOOLS* and *CITIZEN KANE*. With films showing every Sunday and regularly on Thursday and Friday nights, a few good ones are bound to show up. But the real salvation of Movie-goers (Walker Percy excluded) is the series of films that is shown on Tuesdays and accompanies the cinema appreciation class given by the English Department. Every semester foreign films by such artists as Bergman, Fellini, Kurosawa or Godard are shown, along with such American classics as *ON THE WATERFRONT*, *THE BIG SLEEP*, *TO HAVE AND TO HAVE NOT*. Unfortunately, the people who are in charge of the actual technical projection of these films are the same fumblingers who have become famous by screwing up the Sunday films. They have only a basic knowledge of the equipment and display unparalleled nonchalance when the film breaks or the speakers don't work or the reels are reversed. Sad, sad, sad.

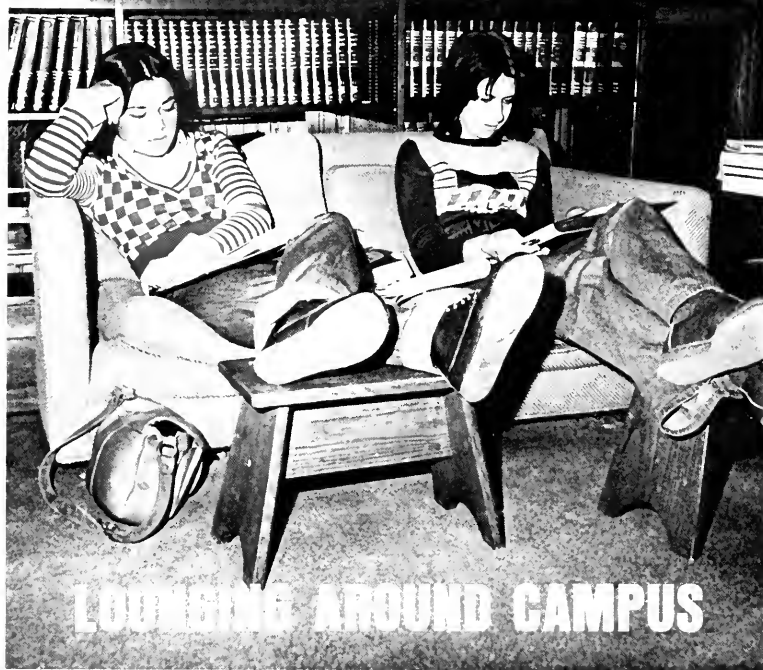
The sheer quantity and variety of films that the Boone viewer can attend is perhaps the only redeeming factor in a barrage of apathy and commercialism that confronts him. Some of the movies that come to Boone are good, but most are either glossy trash or they stay for only a brief time. Perhaps this condition reflects the tastes of the

Boone viewers accurately; perhaps it reflects the fact that theater owners are not the people who view film as an art. They might as well manage another hamburger joint. There's more money in it.



Cider Time

A recipe that's certain to be a favorite was given to us by Mr. Homer Mudphuzzle of Cow Drop, Tennessee, who writes, "Out here on the farm we don't have too much excitement. So, to add a little kick to our long winter evenings, me and the wife mix up a little batch of hard apple cider every fall. To do this, we just wash some apples, all different kinds, and mash them up in a tub with a piece of timber. Then we pour the juice into fermenting jars and add 2 Campden tablets, to kill all them germs, for every 1¼ gallons. If you want sweet cider, you need to add about one cup of sugar to the gallon. Next we add yeast with the nutrient and let it ferment till it's good and dry. We rack our cider in beer bottles we get free from my brother-in-law, who runs a pool hall over on the County Home Road, but you can put it in any kind of bottle as long as you prime each pint with a teaspoon of sugar. We usually let ours age about three months, but I wouldn't keep it no longer than nine months. You can count on about a gallon for every fifteen pounds of apples."



LOUNGING AROUND CAMPUS

Grand Central Station on this campus is located inside the Student Union. From this point one can sense the momentum of daily campus life as the ebb and flow fluctuates to the demands of scheduling. The Student Union is the great switching station as students pause to retrack between destinations and obligations or to derail upon completion of a mission. Quite often the Union snack bar becomes a refueling stop for the leg weary and the fed up. With the campus post office, the Dogwood Art Gallery, *The Appalachian* news drop, and the student lounge located within the confines of the Union, it is a natural spot to which students converge between classes and during free time. It therefore maintains this Grand Central hustle-bustle, especially during peak hours.

A game room on the second floor of the Union invites loafers and break-takers to try a hand at ping-pong, foosball or pinball for a respite from the daily grind. The campus billiard hall and bowling alley, as well, entice passers-by with their respective sounds. And the upstairs lounge with newsrack and music corner lures malingeringers and go-getters alike to soft couches and dim lights. There young lovers succumb to the Siren's

song of comfort and, thus, while away the fleeting hours in firm embrace and lip-lock. Students have always been quick to take advantage of the Union's many leisurely offerings and have through the course of time established it as the unofficial mecca of student lounging.

By no means is the Student Union the end-all and the be-all of loungery. The A.S.U. campus is known worldwide for free time antics and between-class frivolity on Sanford Mall and

around the Bookstore ogle court. On the square and on the turf the future Einsteins, Edisons, and Abzugs can be seen diligently pursuing frisbees in the sun or contemplating extra-curricular backslides in various states of sway.

On warm afternoons hill number nine, just above the mall, is regularly a patchwork of freaks, sun-worshippers, misfits, goddesses and gapers in numerous stages of repose and dress. Occasionally, the local chapter of Dogs Anonymous will honor on-lookers with its presence by performing acts and frisky, backdoor gags. These impromptu presentations inevitably highlight the social events of the day and leave the audiences stage-struck, yet aware of their own inadequacies.

The library, always considered the heart and soul of any educational institution of high learning, doubles on the A.S.U. campus as cell block/rec room/strato-lounger. In the sofa areas of Belk Library students find time to take a load off the dogs and tour slumberland. The accurate implication here is that the scholarly snooze is a cut above normal snoozing, the significant difference lying in the fact that a library couch has a certain academic exposure that home furniture does not. Then there is the library magazine rack and newspaper room where A.S.U. inmates keep in touch with current events, ball scores, and Ann Landers of the other world; where cell mates log time in scholarly masquerade; and where good behavior means time off of the four year sentence.



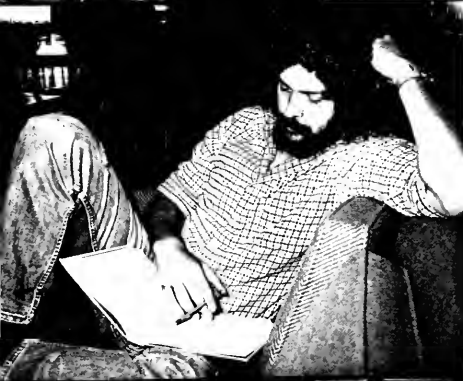


The hard-core and the two-time losers are necessarily confined elsewhere on campus. Regularly they appear in line-ups before the Student Union boob-tubes where they are subjected to mass doses of torture and pain — soap operas driven under the fingernails — in efforts of rehabilitation.

The last stop on the schedule of the lounge express is the B.I., that quasi-nightclub cafe with the short-order cuisine. Therein the moody, midnight of pen-light illumination, hungry caboose-niks may trade in their ticket stubs for everything from fun to judgesicles and perform the final act of student loungery. So prop your feet up. Sit a spell. There's plenty of time for study later.









Again students tackled the registration maze. The frustration of long lines was only surpassed by the disappointments often waiting at the end. Confusion and bewildered faces abounded, but in the end most students satisfactorily adjusted to campus life.



Registration --

A Chaotic Beginning For Appalachian Students

The students of Appalachian returned to Boone for registration this year during the last week in August and found the usual complications and extensive lines intensified due to the confusion involved in switching from the quarter system to the semester system. While the freshmen were busy confronting the novelty of registration, many of the veterans of previous campaigns found themselves concerned with general college requirements, completion of sequences, pass-fail option and adjustment of pre-registration schedules.

The over-nine thousand students also discovered that many of the courses required were closed out due to the unexpected increase in students. As a result, many had to settle for alternative courses or join already over-crowded sections.

Although the administration

claimed to have refined the registration process and eliminated prolonged waiting in lines, many students refused to be convinced. According to one senior, "The lines were as long as last year, and there were more of them. I especially resented standing in line for an over-priced parking sticker." Graduate student Glenn Wilson added, "This place is a circus for sure!" And a bewildered freshman, laden with forms and instructions and wandering from one table in the gym to another finally shouted, "Please God, help me!"

These difficulties with the academic end of campus life were accompanied by equal problems in the domestic realm. Many students arrived in Boone with carloads of clothing, books, furniture and other collegiate equipment only to discover that for them there was "no room in the inn."

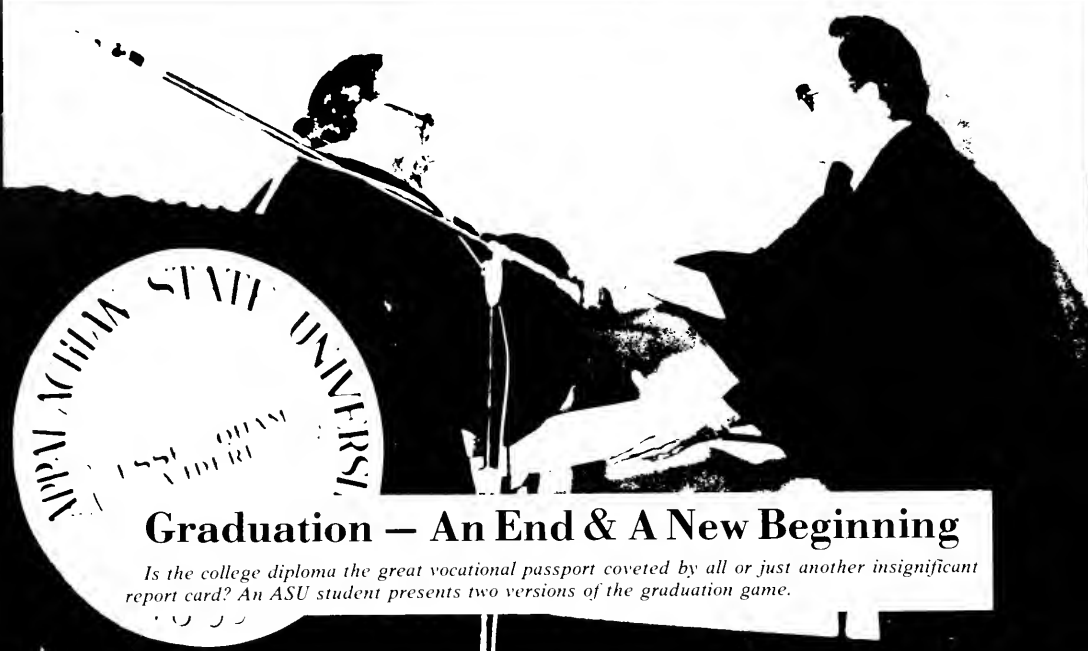
Those who had not reserved dorm rooms, apartments or houses often found themselves without a place to stay. Every year Boone swells to many times its natural size with the advent of classes, but this year saw landlords with the upper hand more so than ever before, for it was a supplier's market. Even the legendary Ivy Hall was full for the first time in a decade, and many dorm rooms held three students.

Despite the crowded conditions, the confusion resulting from the conversion to the semester system and the swollen feet and frayed tempers, the students of Appalachian managed to settle down and enjoy the last weeks of summer in Boone, where the fall colors had not yet appeared and the inclination to study had not yet set in in many cases.



E Z H O I K A M N





Graduation — An End & A New Beginning

Is the college diploma the great vocational passport coveted by all or just another insignificant report card? An ASU student presents two versions of the graduation game.



Golden Fleece Job...

The quest for knowledge . . . romantic notion, noble venture, way of life, ideal. Certainly, a passion that has gripped countless men throughout time.

The quest for undergraduate diploma . . . diversionary tactic, big business ploy, franchise packaging, Never-never-Land.

Put a fence around your average U.S. college campus and what have you? A megalomaniac finishing school for American boys and girls. A handy sandbox world wherein witless thumbsuckers are weaned on propagandist pabulum to believe in the Holy Four Year Quest and a brighter day.

What is this quest, this buffer zone when examined closely? Four more years in the womb. Incubator politics at work. Shelter from the storm. Final preparations for Dick and Jane to leave the nest, protected by illusory promises of higher salaries, self-respect, smooth sailing.

What goes on inside the fence? Dreamland dances around the Maypole, each dancer gripping tightly his particular streamer of self deception. Articulations of fourth and fifth-hand thoughts. Pencil-pushing behind the guise of fulfilled requirements and better awarenesses.

Where does the four year trek lead us? Down the primrose path of deceit: flowery language, double entendre

. . . through the jungle of surreality; inner fence distortions of outer fence chaos . . . to the two-way mirror of disillusionment, reality.

What lies beyond? More sweat, more struggle, grad school?

How are we prepared? With cynical Gerber smiles, in our campus T-shirts.





OR Golden Fleece?

What is relevant to man, to students today? Scientific technology? Humanistic psychology? Music? Art? On a grand scale we might suppose as relevant those issues and subjects which specifically effect survival. Over-population. Water and air pollution. Mental health. Diseases. Assuming then that man desires prolonged life, we might generally reach agreement that these issues are indeed relevant. Cut and dried. Beyond that, however, when we delve into the realm of individual relevance, we must probe the province of subjectivity.

On this campus each student is the ultimate perceiver (active or passive) of his own particular brand of relevance. This premise we might extend to all of mankind, for what is man but a student of his teacher, time? We all pay tuition in that school. We all do homework.

For what, then, does four years of



college and graduation stand? What does it offer?

Behind the stacks of reference books and unspindled computer cards, lies a river of minds, of persuasions in which we may immerse ourselves. Beyond methodology and pedagogy, there is the silent fraternal call of nature reviving in us with its subtle persuasiveness our survival sensitivities.

In this four year interval we have the opportunity to construct or reconstruct our own realities, our own relevancies. We may contribute as a tributary to the stream of life that passes before us, and we may draw precious water in our thirst. It can all be relevant.

What then is graduation? To those who sought relevance, it is more than a certificate of attendance. It is more than a list of credits, a scrapbook of memories, more than a guarantee for better pay. It is an opportunity to evaluate our growth and maturity of four years striving in our eagerness to press on. It is a starting point for further relevance.

Reports of a new Irwin Allen disaster film of a revenge-bent mudslide purported to "have Boone's number," are only partially correct. Charlton Heston will *not* portray Channel Eight Weatherman Frank Deal, and it don't rain in Indianapolis

Weather

in the summer time. However, the township of Boone will play itself in the blockbuster dramatic interpretation of Daffy Duck's autobiography, *Nice Weather for Humans*. (All ancillary rights will revert to the Duck Pond Retirement Pension Plan for unwed campus ducks after the premiere showing in Boone.)

The plot-line goes something like this:

Precarious Weather, a worldly gypsy, played by Boone Arledge, predicts impending havoc for the town of Boone with the use of a weather balloon and a feather pen. No one heeds his warning except John Boy, the town idiot, played by TV's Mr. Whipple.

Soon, strange events occur. Gale Winds and Torrential Downpours check in at the Cardinal Motel. The campus breaks out in a horrible rash.

overtaken Boone from its blind side. Boone police turn a suspicious eye towards Precarious Weather who's only doing his job.

Townfolk cry, "Foul!"

Precarious says, "Strike two." And they're off and running. Precarious Weather disappears when Sunny Day strolls in from Hickory wearing nothing but a hat pin. The mud cakes thickly quickly.

Businesses close up shop. Yogi stops making meatball submarines. Hunt's Department Store *doesn't* have a going-out-of-business sale. Pete Moss hangs himself in a willow. The town turns desperate. (Desperate doesn't particularly care for it either.)

All the main heads get together and compare dandruff. Nobody wins.

"What can we do about Boone

weather?"

Just as the town spokesman starts to give up his spokes, John Boy speaks up, "I know the solution to the weather problem."

The committee falls at his feet in awe. "Aw!" John Boy makes them get out of it.

"What do you want, O Wise One?" they ask. (They learned their lesson from the last time.)

"A fountain in Sanford Mall erected in honor of me, two weeks paid vacation in the Adirondacks, and a drive-in date with Barbara Walters."

"Done!" cry the multitude, and the echo answers, "Done what?"

"We grant you all your wishes, O Great One. We are pawns in your hands, pissants beneath your feet, hair of your armpits. What is your humble solution? How can we be rid of the anathema of the low pressure front? From the far corners of your wisdom, from the depths of fair play, what, oh what, is the answer?"

"Move to Phoenix."

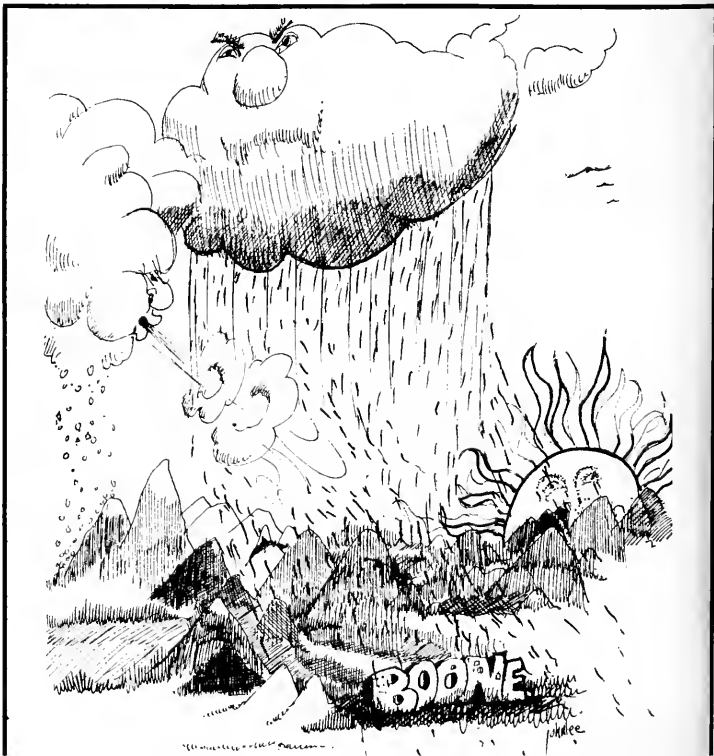
"Good night, John Boy."

The multitude proceeds to bludgeon John Boy to death with a dull pun. They all agree, it's better to have incimate weather than a smartass.



Doc Ashby, played by Robert Redford, calls it the worst case of mud puddles he's ever seen. In a matter of hours, rumors circulate about missing cars, lost students, and tracked-in mud as a result of a giant mudslide which has

44 Southern Living

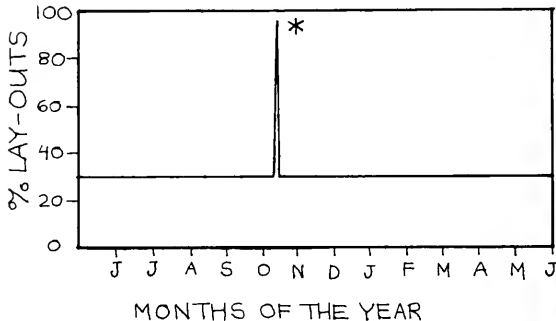




S. P. E. B. S. Q. S. A.

In the spring of '75 a group known as "Weather Monitors, S.P.E.B.S.Q.S.A." was commissioned by the State Board of Consolidated Universities to conduct a thorough and scientific experiment on ASU campus to determine the correlation between Boone weather and class attendance and to arrive at a suitable phraseology for the proposed acronym, S.P.E.B.S.Q.S.A.

The commission announced the startling results of their investigative nose-about at the annual Spring Conclave of Consolidated Figure-heads and Apprentices held at the Continuing Ed Center. The commission's figures revealed conclusively that there was no perceptible daily deviation of campus-wide class attendance; in other words, given a university of students in a setting with a broad range of weather conditions, i.e. Boone (torrential rain, golfer's sun, devil wind, etc.), class attendance remained constant. The graph looked thusly:



* the notable exception occurred Oct. 15 when coincidentally *all* the campus doors were marked "Do not enter. Use other door."

A faction of the committee, puzzled by the lack of deviation at a school known universally for its deviants, plunged suspiciously into the heart of the matter. Weather Monitors, S.P.E.B.S.Q.S.A. probed the essence of campus gyrations and unearthed an intricate network of subversives dedicated to skipping class and sleeping late. The perpetrator of "team ditching," Fudsy A. Biddlewafer, aka "FAB," aka "Fabulous Fud," was subsequently arraigned on counts of conspiracy, fraud, treason, and overdue books. "My scheme of time-tabled laying-out worked on the fancies and foibles of ASU students. Some preferred to lay out during the gloominess of monsoon season; some, the bitterness of the Arctic winds; others were tempted more by the prospects of a mountain sunny day," said the Fud.

As to the outcome of Fudsy's trial and the repercussions forthwith, I remain silent. All good intentions aside, the day of disclosure I was soaking up some rays in my backyard hammock. For a full report on Boone weather see "Jacket Today, Bare Tomorrow."



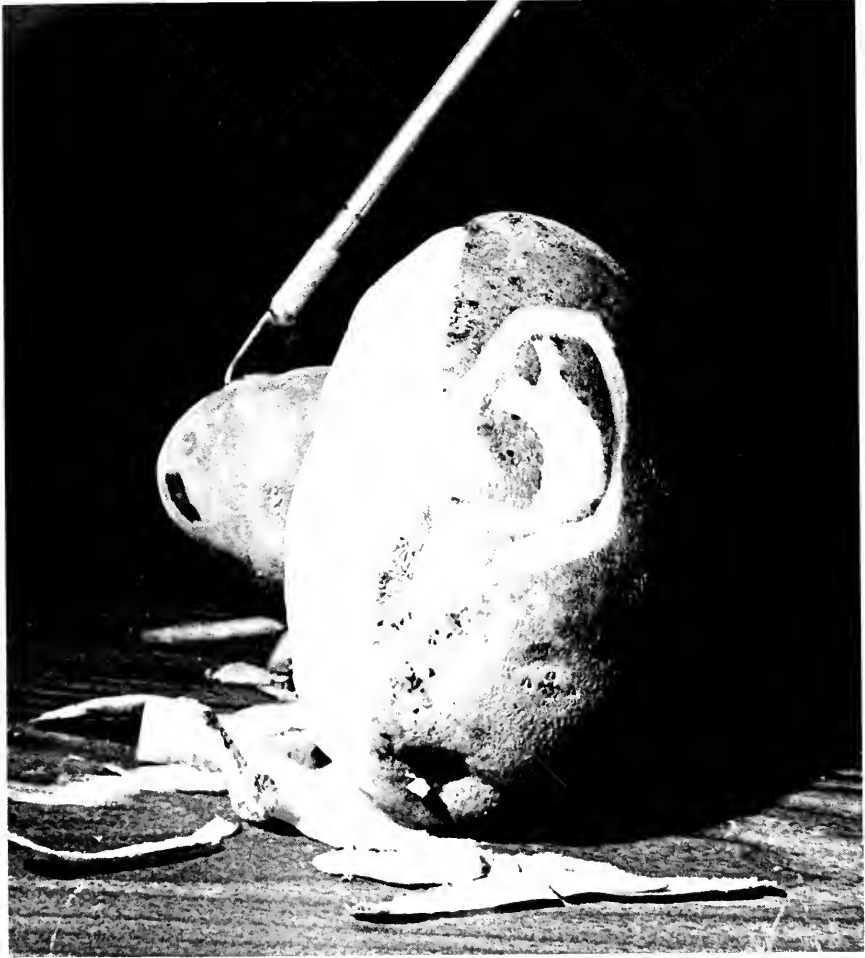


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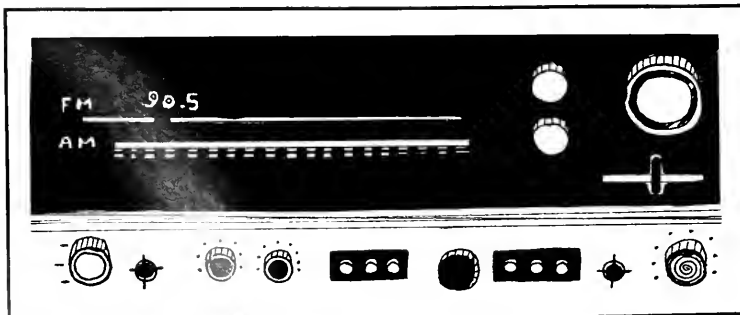


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MAY 1976

academics today

Wey's globetrot

Chancellor Wey visits universities
around the world

The Grad Track Meet

The College of Arts and Sciences

The Boom in Business

The College of Education

The College of Fine and Applied Arts

Watauga College: The Grand Experiment

Last Semester We Booked 8,000 Innocent Students



University Rentals



academics today

MAY 1976 VOL. 54, NO. 1

UNDERSTANDING THE HUMAN EDUCATIONAL EXPERIENCE AT APPALACHIAN STATE UNIVERSITY

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Though Appalachian State University does not have the financial stronghold on the North Carolina State Legislature that our big sister, Carolina or our mechanically-minded big brother, State, seem to have; the administration of our university has demonstrated its progressive thinking and conscientious planning, as exemplified by our growth in enrollment, high quality of our faculty, and the conservation and maximum utilization of those meager financial resources allotted to us.

Academics Today is here to portray the various departments and colleges that are the backbone of Appalachian State University. In no way, can we, the Editors of *Academics Today*, adequately express our thanks or appreciation to the various departments for their concern for us as students; we do, however, humbly hope that we have represented all departments justly and adequately.

4 **Wey's Globetrot** Herbert Wey took a six-month leave of absence from his duties at ASU to visit universities around the world and study their innovative practices in higher education.

6 **Winners and Losers: The Grad Track Meet** The major hurdles on each graduate obstacle course are tall and close-between. The graduate level courses require long hours of concentrated study and a 3.0 average.

8 **College of Arts and Sciences Master** the teachings of these departments and control the world. 9, Professors. 10, Biology, Chemistry, Physics. 12, Geography and Geology. 13, English. 14, Foreign Languages. 16, History. 17, Mathematics. 18, Psychology. 19, Political Science. 20, Philosophy and Religion. 22, Sociology and Anthropology.

24 **The Boom in Business** The College of Business is experiencing a high growth rate. Within the next 3 years, its undergraduate enrollment should climb to the 2,000 mark. Students who know their P's and Q's here will be the leaders in tomorrow's business.

34 **College of Education** Appalachian State Teachers College to Appalachian State University—only the name has changed—we still stress education. 35, Professors. 36, Administration, Supervision, and Higher Education. 38, Counselor Education and Research. 40, Educational Media. 42, Elementary Education. 44, Reading Education. 46, Secondary Education.

48 **College of Fine and Applied Arts** Rembrandt to rifles. 49, Professors. 50, Art. 52, Health and Physical Education. 54, Home Economics. 55, Military Science. 56, Industrial Arts. 58, Music. 60, Speech.

62 **Watauga College** The Grand Experiment; a living/learning residential college approach to education. Students and faculty find W.C. to be stimulating, challenging, and rewarding. Truly an exciting approach to the general education.

COVER: OIL PAINTING BY DEAN M. AYDELOTT
AS PHOTOGRAPHED BY BART AUSTIN



Chancellor Herbert and Mrs. Jeannie Wey dressed in the clothes they acquired during their travels.

During the first half of 1975, Appalachian's Chancellor Herbert Wey took a six-month leave of absence to travel around the world on a



Ford Foundation grant to study innovative practices in higher education. Dr. Wey spent the first nine weeks visiting thirty-seven universities in the continental U.S. and Hawaii and then began an accelerated tour of thirty-five foreign universities in Thailand, Iran, India, Holland, Sweden, Belgium, Scotland, the Phillipines and many other countries.

Wey was invited to participate in the study on the basis of ASU's emphasis on higher education, continuing education, and work credit; however, he discovered that ASU is somewhat behind its foreign counterparts in independent study programs and internships. The Chancellor noted that Appalachian "ranks very well" with foreign institutions on the basis of teaching excellence, but that we are far behind in establishing an education system that allows any person of any age to resume his studies.

While Wey was in Turkey, the students were striking against poor instruction, and he remarked with relief that we probably will not have that problem at ASU as long as the quality of classroom instruction remains as high as it is now.

Dr. Wey brought back many anecdotes and preferences from his journey and is quick to launch into

them. His decided preference among the nations he visited was for New Zealand, because the country is much like America must have been a hundred years ago. The Chancellor also greatly enjoyed Belgium, where he visited the open university of Louvain, an institution pioneering in the field of credit work experience.

In Bangkok, Wey was a guest at the opening of a new business school and sat cross-legged for forty-five minutes while a group of Buddhist monks chanted ceremoniously. Much to his embarrassment, he was unable to rise at the end of the ritual and had to be helped up by the holy men. World travel, he commented, does have its disadvantages, for he was ill during part of the trip and lost nearly twenty pounds during his leave of absence.

One school the Chancellor was especially interested in was a self-contained community with students and faculty members running most of the shops and services. This experiment demonstrated that ASU is not the only school that has to deal with the age-old "town-and-gown" problems.

Despite the pleasures and benefits of travel, Chancellor Wey was glad to return to the mountains, ASU and home. He is presently planning to publish a magazine entitled "Alternatives to Learning," a report on the alternatives to traditional classroom instruction available to Appalachian students. Each student will receive a copy of the magazine when it is completed and will learn more about the role that ASU's chief executive's journey will play in the life of our campus community.



WEY'S GLOBETROT

*After A Summer School Of World Wide Education,
The Chancellor Returns To Boone Somewhat
Harroved But Enriched With New Learning Alternatives*



FOR MOTION DISCOMFORT
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Graduate school at Appalachian can be as easy or as difficult as the individual student wishes it to be. The university offers approximately thirty degrees, including Masters of Arts, Masters of Science and Specialists degrees, beyond the Bachelors level, and financial aid in the form of scholarships and teaching and research assistantships is available.

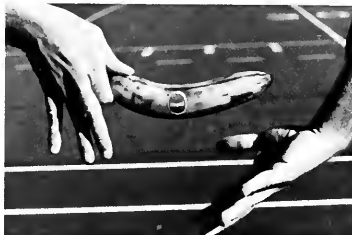
One labor, common to all graduate students from English to chemistry, from educational media to French, is a course in bibliography and research, a course involving hundreds of hours in the library. By the end of the course, the survivors are usually familiar with the reserve section of the library, the periodicals and research technique and technical writing in their particular field. This discipline is the first major hurdle on each graduate obstacle course.

It is no myth that graduate students must be more serious than they were as undergrads, for most of the courses require long hours of individual work, concentrated study that can be performed before the tv or in a crowded environment only by the truly gifted. Consequently, most grad students live off campus and have little involvement with campus affairs and politics. But there are substitute rewards; the graduate student finds himself accepted by some professors as practically a colleague and finds that a subtle bond (perhaps the camaraderie of the oppressed) unites all the fellow-sufferers in each department.

Tests in grad school at ASU are few and far between, for most of the courses are evaluated on the basis of final examinations and papers of both the research and concept varieties. Because most of the classes are small seminars, the grad student must be prepared to discuss and contribute to the progress of the course on a day-to-day basis. Once he gets behind, he must go at a suicidal amphetamine pace to catch up and often fails to. Grades are a touchy subject in grad school, for a student who falls below a 3.0 (or a "B" average) goes on probation.

Though most departments encourage the

student to take a wide variety of courses in order to gain a balanced knowledge of the field, the graduate situation offers the opportunity for a student to take independent studies in his special interest area. These independent courses occasionally result in publication of papers in academic journals. Here is a goal much more rewarding than the undergraduate's pat on the back from kin, a goal that many students sacrifice social life to attain.




Many grad students are appointed teaching assistants in their department and find themselves planning lessons and grading papers in addition to their own course work. This activity adds a further tax on the time of the grad student, who must eventually become a species of intellectual juggler in order to survive.

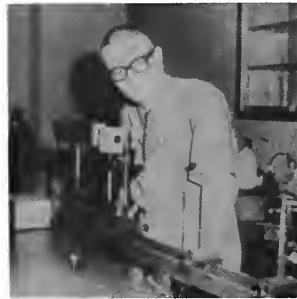
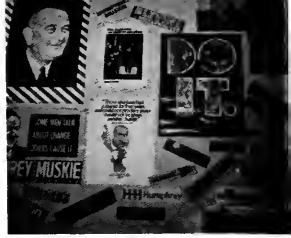
One ubiquitous pressure that hovers over every day in the life of a graduate student is the knowledge that he must pass a comprehensive examination in his area before he can be rewarded his degree. In some departments the comp is a formality, the period at the end of a laborious sentence, but in other departments the comprehensives bring out the predator latent in those quiet academicians. In the English Department, for instance, the degree candidate must pass a

foreign language competency, a two hour essay exam, a one-hundred-question objective exam, and a ninety minute oral exam administered by three of his major professors. It's all serious business and keeps more aspiring degree holders up all night than parties, sex or insomnia do.

But is it worth all the blood, sweat and years? What does an individual with an advanced degree get out of it, other than personal satisfaction, myopia and a penchant for withdrawal? A Masters degree further qualifies its holder for many of the same jobs that he could have performed with a B.A. or B.S., but he must be paid higher wages, thus causing many employers to prefer the less qualified holders of undergraduate degrees. An Appalachian graduate degree can serve as a stepping stone for a doctorate, but the ambitious scholar must have impressive scores on standardized tests, as well as an A- or better average, before he can begin to think about a doctorate at a reputable institution.

An undercurrent of anti-intellectualism seems to be forever sweeping this country, and one who prefers spending two additional years in college to finding a lucrative job is often considered suspect by his fellow citizens. There is a certain stigma attached to intellectual aspirations and involvements in a society which is moving away from articulation and toward code, away from art and toward diversion, and away from seriousness and toward a "laissez-faire" attitude about everything but tv and superstition. Yes, graduate work is worth the toil and frustration of late hours and blind alleys, but only if the student in prepared to become either a specialist in community colleges or, to romanticize, an outlaw in the mold of Bradbury's book people in *Fahrenheit 451*. 

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BIOLOGY CHEMISTRY PHYSICS



BIOLOGY

Required Courses To Control The World

The call of the Rose Breasted Grosbeak and a hearty, "That's your bird!" crackles through the crisp morning air as Dr. Frank 'Bird Man' Randall administers a final exam. Dr. Sandra Glover introduces her students to the fantastic world of creepy-crawlies, while fungi fairly dance across the room during a dramatization by Dr. John Bond. Treacherous swamps and bogs threaten the student's very lives as Dr. Marie Hicks and Chairman Dr. Bill Carpenter lead us on in search of *Anthoceros*. Dr. Richard Henson bestows the Sacred Starfish upon a worthy biology student. Such activities are commonplace to those Appalachian State University students who major in biology.

A biology major is used to the unusual. To student teach in the middle of a swamp in Okefenokee, Georgia is no rude surprise to an Appalachian biology major. They have seen the smallest living organisms in Dr. Dewel's class in Electron Microscopy. They have felt the hair of the 'famed' woolly worm. They have studied cultures in Dr. Montaldi's Bacteriology class. They have searched for algae for Dr. Mary Connell. They have studied animal physiology with Dr. William R. Hubbard and plant physiology with Dr. Frank Helseth.

These activities prepare Appalachian's biology students for many careers. Students can prepare for careers in environmental studies with course work under Dr. Derrick. A Biology major may enter medicine or become a naturalist with the U.S. Park Service. Students preparing to teach biology are instructed by the capable Dr.'s Green and Robinson.

To insure that Appalachian Biology students are well-prepared they are given a great deal of first hand experience in the science of biology. Biology caravans to England, Alaska and Baja, California increase the student's knowledge of the world around him. The use of the electron microscope and the biology department's 10,000-plus species herbarium also allow the student to experience first hand the thrill of discovery. With a new greenhouse that is to be built this year, Appalachian students will have further opportunities to study our living world.

-Debbie Ward



CHEMISTRY

This year the Chemistry Department has added general chemistry to its curriculum to help freshmen that have not had a very good background in high school chemistry. This should be a big help to most students.

Even though Appalachian has had a Biochemistry course for many years it has only recently acquired a Biochemist, Dr. W. Haye, who is presently teaching the course. Biochemistry deals with the properties and metabolism of carbohydrates, lipids, and proteins.

A very active research project is being conducted with the guidance of Dr. Soeder. He and several undergraduate students are trying to find the chemical constituents in ferns and are making very good progress.

Programs for a B.S. and a B.A. are offered by the Chemistry Department at Appalachian. The B.S. degree is designed for students that want to teach

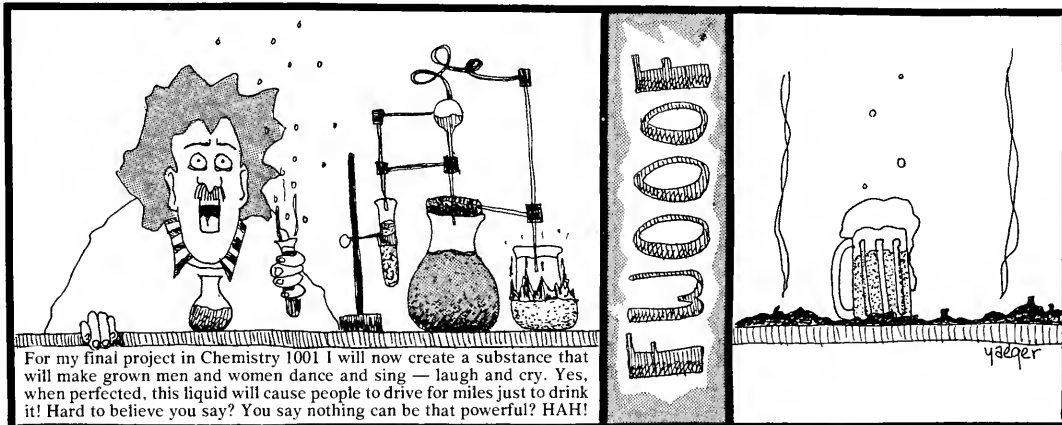
price of chemicals to soar. Even though the same amount of money is being allocated for the chemicals, materials are tight because the price of chemicals has more than doubled in recent years. So as far as progress in the laboratory and research, the Chemistry Department suffers along with many other university departments, due to lack of economical support. —Debbie Dorsey

PHYSICS

In 1883, Henry Augustus Rowland, in an address before the American Association for the Advancement of Science said, "American science is a thing of the future, and not of the present or past; and the proper course of one in my position is to consider what must be done to create a science of physics in the country, rather than to call telegrams, electric lights, and such conveniences by the name of science." That science of physics has been created and is extremely active on the campus of

are needed at nuclear power plants and in hospitals using radioactive isotopes. Applied Physicists are heavily involved in developing and applying lasers for practical purposes. The expanding interest in ultrasonic sound technology has also increased the demand for Applied Physicists. Medical Physicists, who have Ph.D.'s, can earn between \$20,000 and \$60,000 a year working in some of the larger hospitals, and, contrary to the trend in other areas, Physics teachers are still in high demand.

In addition, the Physics Department supports a great deal of supplies and equipment to accentuate the philosophy of the ASU Physics Department. It is much more useful and fun to experience things than to be told about them or to read about them. This equipment includes a well-equipped machine shop where much of the equipment used in the study of physics is made or repaired. The Physics Department also supports a good darkroom where astronomy students and



high school chemistry. The B.A. enables a student to act as a chemist in many industries or complete his education in graduate school. Former Appalachian students hold jobs in government agencies, various industries and universities.

No new equipment has been obtained for the Chemistry Department this year due to financial stress. Like everything else, inflation has caused the

Appalachian State University. Students enrolled in courses in electricity and magnetism, mechanics (study of all kinds of motion), heat, light, sound and quantum physics are preparing for interesting careers as physicists.

Those careers can be exceptionally rewarding to the physicist. Geophysicists are still high in demand with the intensification of the search for oil and other fuels. Radiation Safety Physicists

other physics students can develop and print their own pictures. The students in Astronomy also use the present roof top observatory which is under the supervision of the Physics Department. In addition, there will be a new observatory soon to house the newer 12-inch reflector telescope. There are also three computer terminals in the Physics Department. These terminals allow students to communicate directly with the computer center and to watch solutions appear on a graphical plotter, a cathode ray screen, or on a printed read-out.

The faculty of the Physics Department is also involved in research, professional writings in physics, and participation in professional organizations. The Physics Department faculty has published six research articles and twelve pedagogical articles in national and international reference journals. The department has also sponsored two national organization meetings on the campus of Appalachian State University. —Don Smith



Geography



Geography, from the Greek, means "writings about the earth." A most deceptive etymology for, though the Geography Department does not exhibit its efforts in concerts, contests or parades, it is one of the more active and exciting departments in the university. The overall orientation of the students and faculty in geography is toward practical involvement with the environment. Undergraduates may pursue a major in either geography or planning as they attempt to master the theory and techniques in order to assess man's possibilities for the present and for his progeny as he interacts with the natural environment.

Undergraduate majors may concentrate in one of several areas, including locational analysis, teaching and rural-urban planning. Each of these areas is heavily interdisciplinary. Graduate students (at present about fifteen) may specialize in applied geography or teaching, but both areas are research oriented.

The geography major learns cartography, urban and rural interaction and particular regional problems. One group of student geographers recently assisted the people of Valle Crucis in a study that led to a zoning policy that was conducive to be most efficient and

intelligent usage of rural land. Other students are involved in studying the suitability of land in Watauga County for septic tanks and potential for mud slides.

The department has a wealth of facilities, including a Ford Foundation funded lab, equipment for field studies, a huge map room, a departmental library, a photography lab, and study carrels for the grad students.

Awareness, analysis, assessment and control are the primary watchwords in the Geography Department, and the professors, in addition to their attention to the teaching profession, are as practical oriented as they encourage their students to be. One professor worked with his class on a Land Use Survey Analysis and Planning Recommendations for Boone, which was published and financed by a grant from the town council. Dr. Nichols edited a report on Planning a Tourist-Recreation Region for the Age of Leisure, after he gathered a group of experts on an issue that is highly germane to the area where ASU is located. Dr. Stillwell led a field trip of geography majors to the Rockies to study variations of land use from one area to another. And Dr. Ole Gade recently directed a conference on Planning Frontiers in Rural America. Despite its lack of flashiness and inaccurate mundane reputation that geography has among most students, the ASU Geography Department, chaired by Dr. Epperson, is one of the most practical and busy departments in the university.

Geology

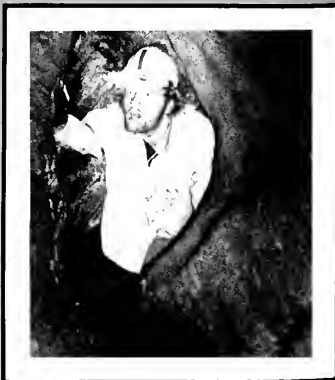
What, exactly, is the earth composed of, and how does it behave? What are rhodochrosite and chryso-phase? What is the difference between an igneous substance and a metamorphic one? How are fossils preserved and what do they tell us about the past? How does sediment form? What is the ocean floor like? All these questions fall under the auspices of the Geology Department, where students in classrooms and laboratories probe the mysteries of minerals that compose the earth's crust under the

direction of department chairman Dr. Fred Webb, Jr. and his colleagues. Both Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Science degrees are awarded by the department on the undergraduate level, and students may also earn earth science teaching certificates.

The department's purpose is four-fold: to provide students with the opportunity to learn basic scientific principles, to demonstrate the interconnectedness of geology and modern civilization, to provide majors with a sound background requisite for productive work in their profession and graduate studies, and to provide earth science teaching majors with the opportunity to become competent earth science teachers.

Many youngsters are rock-hound, collectors of various stones and gemstones, and they may further develop their understanding of this hobby into a productive career. The department has many unusual and beautiful minerals attractively displayed along its halls, and sponsors many field trips for the students. One approved geology summer field course is required for each major before he or she may graduate. A recent paleontology field trip involved a fossil dig where the bones of what is believed to be a Tyrannosaurus Rex were unearthed.

By the time the geology student graduates, he will be able to explain the genesis of landforms and to recognize various landforms through descriptive quantitative analyses, and he will be prepared to enter industry in an advisory or research role.



GEO —

FROM THE EARTH



ENGLISH DEPARTMENT:

Better Grades Still Key To Good Grammer

The English Department at Appalachian is known for its equally difficult intramural football team and freshman composition program, but it offers other, more essential experiences for the ASU student.

The English Honors program offers talented students the opportunity to investigate literature from Donne to Faulkner in small seminar groups. Another undergraduate program that is having expanding impact is the Quintessential Works course, in which different members of the department lecture on one book they consider both powerful and basic to a student's knowledge of world literature. This program brings in occasional members from other departments, as well as guest lecturers from other schools, such as Warren Wilson College's Dr. Frank Hulme, who lectured on Thomas Wolfe.


The English Department sponsors

two highly respectable journals, *The Cold Mountain Review*, a magazine of poetry and criticism, and *Appalachian Journal*, a regional studies magazine edited by Jerry Williamson. The *Appalachian Journal* has recently published a special Cherokee issue and is involved in publishing four issues that contain a serialized and edited version of Dr. Cratis Williams' dissertation on Appalachia in literature and the other arts. *CMR*, edited by R.T. Smith, has published poetry by faculty members and students, as well as by nationally known poets, such as Ann Deagon, Michael Mott, Charles Molesworth, Lyn Lifshin and Paul Ramsey. John Foster West, ASU writer-in-residence and author of *Time Was*, is also published in *The Cold Mountain Review*.

The English Department confers a Master of Arts degree, as well as the BA, and John Trimpey (otherwise

known as "The Dancing Bear") supervises the graduate students in their pursuit of scholarship and survival. The courses range from Chaucer to modern British literature, and the comprehensive examinations are administered in three parts and taken quite seriously.

Although department chairman Lloyd Hilton always wanted to be a major league pitcher, the English Department is staffed with diverse scholars and talented teachers and exposes the Appalachian student to a diversity of cultural and philosophical stimuli.

One unusual asset of the English Department is Rogers Whitener, an expert in Appalachian folklore and urbane world traveler. Under the direction of Whitener and others, the department takes interested students to England each summer for resident study of English literature. 

International Relations Improved Through Foreign Languages



The ASU foreign language department consists of four French instructors, four Spanish instructors, one Latin instructor and one German instructor. The faculty members are, however, versatile; most of them are multi-lingual. Dr. Powell, a French teacher, has taught Spanish in order to improve his own accent. Dr. Latour also teaches a course in mythology, as well as her beginning Latin courses, THE AENEID and Roman lyric poetry.

The department has a new chairperson this year, since the venerable Dr. Prince retired last spring. This new blood is in the person of Dr. Judith Rothschild, whose ideas have already begun to take shape and to give the department a refreshing look. Dr. Rothschild, who teaches French and German courses, has shouldered

the administrative responsibilities and is determined to re-vitalize the department. She has taught all over the country, most recently at Boston University. Among her reasons for coming to ASU, Dr. Rothschild cites the beauty of the area.

On October 10th and 11th, the ASU foreign language department hosted the 25th annual meeting of the Mountain Interstate Foreign Language Conference. During those two days of meetings, lectures, discussions and social events, Dr. Powell was elected to the time-consuming position of President of the association.

Dr. Patricia Eargle will accompany a group of French students to Paris this summer for a four-week period of study at the Sorbonne and one week of study of the city.

The department will offer intro-

ductory and intermediate classes in French and Spanish this coming summer.

From their eyrie on the fifth floor of Sanford Hall, the various members of the foreign language department, perhaps the least typical department in the university, attempt to convert the Southern American accents of ASU students to something resembling continental accents. Their task is Sisyphean.

The department consists of Dr. Rothschild, Dr. Jose Amaro, Dr. Ramon Diaz (a well-known author in his own language), Dr. Carl Brodon, Dr. Patricia Eargle, Dr. William Evans, Dr. Peggy J. Hartley, Dr. Kenneth A. Holsten, Dr. Helen Latour, Dr. Elton G. Powell, and several graduate assistants.





HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

An Interview with With Dr. Marv Williamsen

Dr. Williamsen has been at A.S.U. for the past three years teaching Chinese and Asian history. He was previously at the University of California at Berkeley. He lived in the Far East for four years, mainly in Taiwan, but also in Hong Kong, Japan, and Southeast Asia. Marv is a major in the U.S. Army Reserve. He received his doctorate from Duke. His research interest at the present is political systems in Chinese armies.

Marv particularly likes teaching here because of the natural setting in the Appalachian mountains (he started out as a forest ranger in 1956). He finds his job to be even more meaningful and important because most students he is involved with have had few opportunities to encounter Chinese and Asian people.

Marv, how do you feel about working at A.S.U.?

People make a working milieu either interesting and stimulating or boring and

unpleasant. Besides students and department colleagues I have encountered several other people at A.S.U. who have been both stimulating and supportive. For example, my department chairman Roy Carroll has encouraged me to teach interdisciplinary courses at A.S.U. and at other schools with which A.S.U. is cooperating. Dean Jim Jackson has provided resources for summer institutes in Asian studies and supports an Asian studies newsletter which I edit. It reaches 1200 teachers and scholars in the southeastern United States. Dr. Richard Howe, Assistant to the Chancellor, has demonstrated his dedication to international education in a variety of supportive ways. It's people like these three that make working at A.S.U. meaningful. The total combination of interested administrators, professionally well-prepared colleagues, and students who are interested in Asia make my job interesting.

What about teaching in A.S.U. classrooms?

I particularly enjoyed my teaching

experience in Watauga College, probably because of the spirit of participation in classroom learning that characterizes students there. Some of the students that I encounter at A.S.U. are as well prepared and as able as the best students I encountered at Duke and at Berkeley. It is also true that a much larger percentage of A.S.U. students have been educationally disadvantaged in their previous twelve years of formal schooling than was the case at those other two universities. In A.S.U. classrooms we are trying to bridge the distance between the small minority of very well prepared, high academic achievers, and a majority of students who have not been well prepared for collegiate scholarship. I am always impressed with the number of these persons that are able and willing to dig in, work hard, and expand their intellectual world in just a few years of intense experience. It's almost enough to permit an optimistic view of the future. Part of what I'm trying to say is that in spite of minimally low salaries, antiquated classrooms, and the lowest instructional budget of all sixteen state supported universities in North Carolina, the students make A.S.U. a fun place to teach. There are enough well prepared students to be stimulating. And there are plenty of poorly prepared students who make me feel needed.

Where do you think A.S.U. is headed?

A.S.U. is changing from the small isolated school that it used to be to the complete university that it will eventually become. While this is happening both students and faculty are struggling together to make the institution what we want it to be. We are all trying to make the school serve the interests that we know to be important. It is remarkable that so many in a community of about ten thousand people are able to be a part of programs and projects that they believe in. Almost anyone can discover opportunities to be involved in something really important at A.S.U. It is also encouraging to notice that educational change at A.S.U. is producing higher academic standards — whereas standards are deteriorating at other schools all over the country. So, I think that the future holds nothing but improvement for A.S.U. — things are getting better every year.

About the general atmosphere at A.S.U. compared to other campuses:

I have seen A.S.U. make really significant advances in quality of faculty and students. I look forward to the time when a greater percentage of A.S.U. students think of themselves as capable of significant intellectual contributions to their own lives and that of others. I believe that about half of what we call intelligence has to do with self-image. A human being, as such, is an "intellectual." I also look forward to the time when the University is a bit more self-conscious about the distinction between complicity with the times and the deeper, prophetic function of education.




MATHEMATICAL SCIENCES

by Bart Austin



If one were to stride slowly down the fourth floor halls of Sanford, many strange words of wisdom might be overheard. "F of X prime equals the derivative of two X plus five XY," might creep out a half opened door marked 404 while a crossfire from 405 might state that a computer compiler translates a user's program language into machine language. If you expected to hear "Me llamo Pedro. Y tu, como te llamas," you pressed the four rather than the five on the elevator control panel. Well, as long as you are here you might as well have a look around.

If you are working on your General College requirements you might find yourself in Introduction to Mathematics 1010, developing an appreciation for mathematical concepts in such areas as set theory and elementary logic. If you have a strong background in Algebra and Trigonometry, course number 1020 might be enjoyed.

A new degree program in Computer Science has been offered for the first time this year through the Math Department. Students in this degree program begin their courses of study with common applications of Fortran Four and Cobol. By the end of the four year program students will have written their own compiler and should be ready for a job that pays around \$10,000 or more. 





Far, far away (if you live on the girls' side of campus) . . . in a geometrically shaped building, there lies the domain of analyzed dreams and hypnotized students. A land dominated by right handed persons and left hemispheric thoughts; and doctors more concerned with schizoids than any cold one might have caught. This picture is odd, we must admit, but the strangest of all has not been discussed yet.

The leader of this "funny farm" country is a woman, simple and pure; Dr. Crouch her name. Her court (and courtiers) are as distinguished and honored by the same.

Ah yes . . . Psychology; the name even rings of foreign tastes and ideals. Of German, "Vats yer problem" and Freudian slips. Psychology, the ultimate study . . . of brains, functions and responses behavior, patterns and recourses, and last but not least, the total combined — it studies the human, heart, soul and mind.

Yet, let us look deeper in our "see-all" crystal ball. We will look closer and see who teaches this subject to all.

Why, could it be possible over there in the corner? The couple

holding hands . . . are they married or something? Or that man with his office desk positioned so carefully . . . could it be strategic for watching the girls' bathroom each day? Looking closer a man has one arm dropping, as if a bucket of sand were pulling it downward. And there, over there! Watch and see the professor torturing his students with Gestalt therapy. Another prof reading Playboy jokes to his class; finally resorting to baby films to finally get laughs. Another teacher is now coming into view, this one reputed to telling nothing new — no matter which course he is teaching to you.

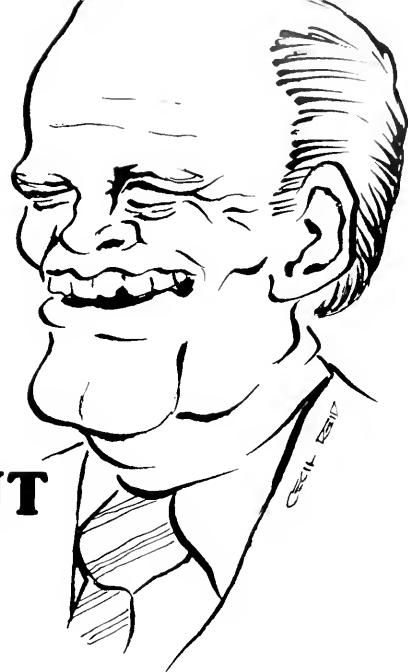
Students beware, we beg of you . . . unless you feel capable of working with monkey testers and Guinea pigs. They are a strange menagerie of persons, you understand, and we would not mislead you about this strange land. But in all fairness, we encourage your interests to try out a course and decide for yourself if you'd rather be:

- a) a house
- b) a factory worker
- c) a truck driver
- d) a ballet dancer
- e) all of the above

PSYCHOLOGY

by Joni Webb

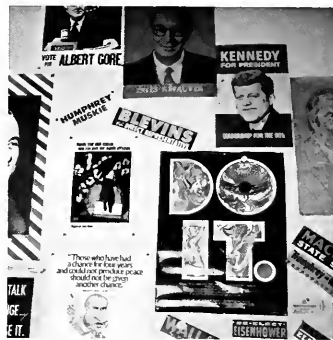




THE DEPARTMENT OF POLITICAL SCIENCE

by Leigh MacDougell

The political Science Department has many practically minded, involved citizens. The department's International Relations Association demonstrates the concern for the direction this world is headed. This association has frequent meetings with Sarah Trowbridge, the chairman. A number of times throughout the year they go on trips to various universities that have associations of the same type. This year they have been to Duquesne University, Georgetown University, and Princeton. At each university they set up model U. N. projects complete with mock security councils. They will take the position of a certain nation and discuss the policies and actions in the real U. N. Involvement in this association is an excellent way to meet people from all over the U. S. who are interested in politics. The



National Political Science Honor Society, created in 1976, invites juniors with a 3.0 average or above to join.

Another new happening in the department is the interdisciplinary studies for the international symposium which will bring political speakers to A.S.U.

Dr. Richter Moore — Chairman
Dr. Allen, Dr. Barghothi, Dr. German, Dr. Moy, Dr. Sutton, Dr. Hoffman, Dr. Rahhel, and Dr. Williamson

Need Humanities?

Try Philosophy and Religion

What does the H. in Jesus H. Christ stand for? How many mountains did Mohammad convert to the Islamic faith? Why did Bodhidharma have a beard?

Would you like to know these and other simple facts about the world's leading religions? Or

perhaps you prefer to spend hours mulling over and discussing real brain teasers dealing with both religion and science that have no set answers and require more complex analysis.

If God exists and he is a good god, then why is there acne? Is there really such a thing as a desk? Why didn't Bodhidharma have a beard?

Exciting, isn't it? Where is all this excitement taking place? It's all happening in the ASU Religion and Philosophy Department, with offices situated on third floor Sanford Hall.

Perhaps you've heard equally exciting rantings from other



departments, only to find out these departments possessed boring faculty members. Well, don't take our word for it. Here are several unsolicited testimonials, written by students like yourself, about just a few of the members of the fine faculty of the ASU Philosophy and Religion Department. These statements have been copied unedited and uncensored from the wall of the men's restroom on the third floor of Sanford Hall.

After having Ray Ruble for a whole semester I have learned that I might as well bag my whole argument.

Diddy Baggit

I lik dt. stines some mutch caas he diddut yus big werts I dohn unner unerste udderztan no watt thay meen.

Nuntue Bright

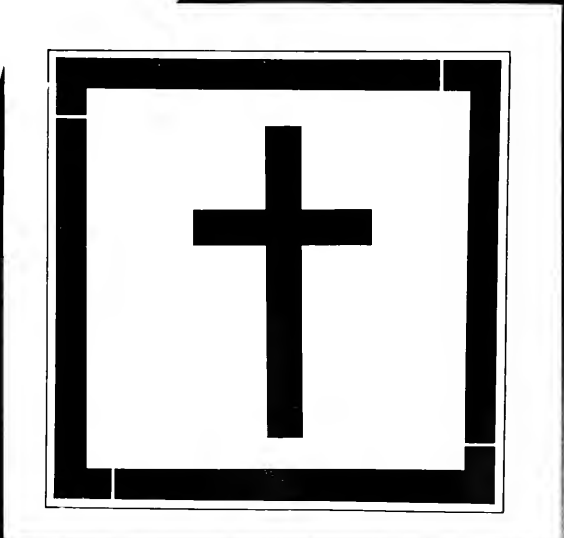
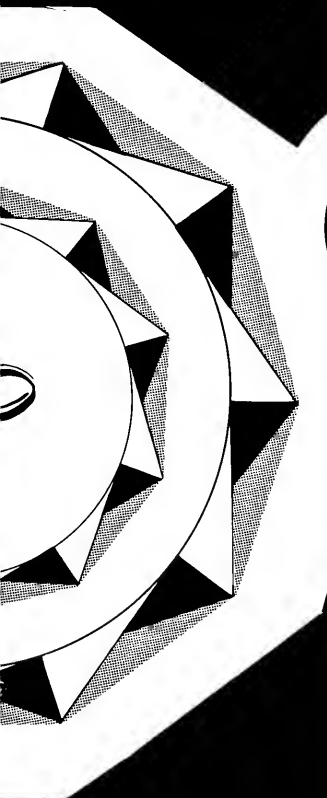
The thing I really dig about Rich Humphrey is that he's so cool you know. I mean he really understands black people. I mean he's almost a brother.

Uncle Tom

I honestly believe that Dr. Richter is one of the most intelligent, hardest working, and just plain nicest people at A.S.U. and anyone who doesn't agree is a Male Chauvinist Pig.

Richter

Yes. These are just a few of the testimonials you can find on the bathroom wall. But the faculty doesn't stop with these four. There's poor kindly Frans van der Bogert who was held back in the first grade because he couldn't spell his name. And for those of you who are tired of our western culture, O'Hyun Park and Anis Ahmad will teach you about cultures that apparently would rather be western. And to top it all off Dean O.K. Webb drops by occasionally just to keep it all respectable. So if you have to knock off some humanities, try Philosophy and Religion. You may never be the same again.



THE DAWN OF WOMAN

ANTHROPOLOGY

Traditionally, anthropology is defined as the study of humans, or *Homo sapiens*. The scope of this study is realized through several approaches, first from analysis of *Homo sapiens* as a socio-cultural being. The A.S.U. faculty represents research in such areas of the world as Yugoslavia, Africa, Mexico, the American Southwest, and the Appalachian region of the United States. In accordance with a recognition of the necessity for student awareness of vital issues in twentieth century western society, research seminars have been conducted in a variety of locales in the Watauga County area. Interdisciplinary investigations of the present status and role of women have been conducted at the well-known Library Institute of Blowing Rock. Seminars including investigation of drinking rites have been conducted at the House of Holly and have branched out to include the aforementioned Library Institute. Explorations of the basic question: "Is aggression intrinsic



to human society?" have been negatively affirmed through research on western "symbolic warfare." Seminars included analysis of "baseball magic," culminated in the famous Isenhower picnic, and of volleyball ritual at the Animal farm, culminated in a seminar conducted by the High Sheriff on the role of penal institutions in county political organization. Of particular interest to the research minded student has been the role of gossip in small group interaction in the elaboration and magnification of events.

The department of anthropology

at A.S.U. takes pride in the expertise and possibilities for practical experience offered in archaeology. Course work in the classroom is augmented by a summer field school conducted in Watauga County through which the student gains practical experience and expertise in the scope and method of investigation of early American societies. What may begin with analysis of archaeology may end with analysis of sexually dimorphic anthropometry. That is, six in the pits may find their fitting end with three in the picture, and if overexuberance is the note of the day, the family jewels may be revealed to the world.

A third approach to *Homo sapiens* explored at A.S.U. is that of *H. sapiens* as a biological being. Precisely what is included in the scope of this study is problematic, especially when it comes to the question of whether or not department chairpersons and university administrators should be included. The contemporary view is that such relative of *H. sapiens* should be included along with car batteries, electric toasters, and cattle prods in the classification of *Homo technoautomation*.

In summary, anthropology is a serious study of *Homo sapiens*, and the student looking simply for amusement and entertainment must look elsewhere. The faculty finds little to laugh at within its confines, and in fact finds most of its humor by looking next door at sociology.

SOCIOLOGY





The Department of Sociology, with Alfred M. Denton, Jr. at the helm, helps the student understand how the mature individual participates in society. Diverse courses encompassing

different situations are utilized: Delinquency, Collective Behavior, Propaganda, Ethnic Relations. A popular and practical first year Course is Marriage/Family Relations. This course analyzes

marital relations and sex roles in frank open discussions.

Aspiring teachers at A.S.U. will find courses in Sociology a valuable guide in the classroom situation.





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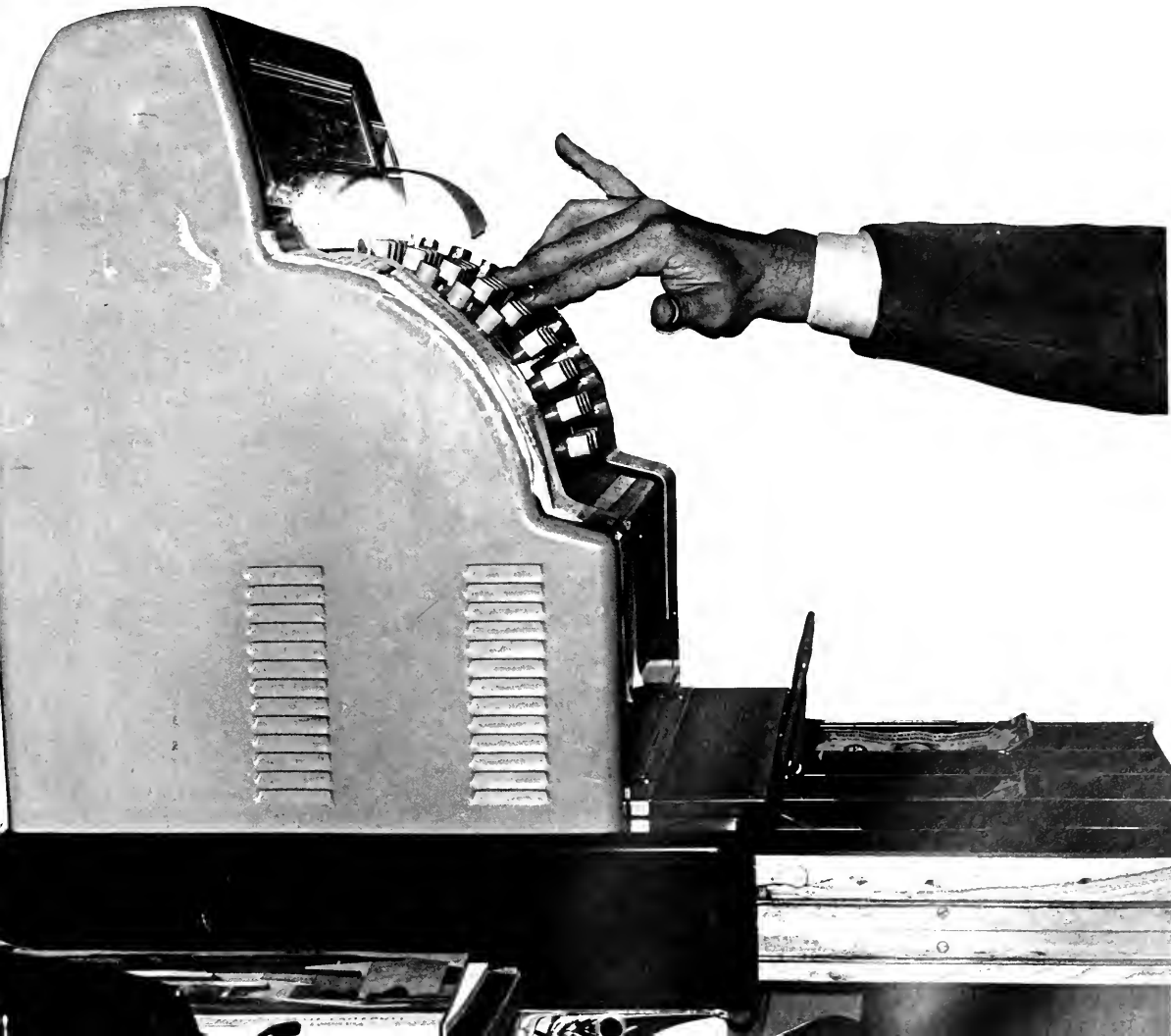
THE



IN BUSINESS

BY DON SMITH

In 1968, The North Carolina State Legislature established the North Carolina University System which transformed Appalachian State Teacher's College into Appalachian State University. The Business Department, always alert to change, quickly established the College of Business as of Fall Quarter 1971. At the end of the 1971-1972 school year, the College of Business graduated 243 business majors and by 1975 the number of graduating business majors had grown to 370 degrees.



BUSINESS

At the present time, 23% of all undergraduates entering ASU are business majors and with the rate of growth that the College of Business is now experiencing, the undergraduate enrollment in Business should reach 2,000 undergraduates, 200 on-campus students in the Masters program and at least 80 candidates in the off-campus Masters program within three years. Indicative of this expected growth is the knowledge that in the four years that the College of Business has been founded, it has grown to have the largest undergraduate

enrollment of any College of Business in the state.

Contrary to the usual results of such growth, the Appalachian State University College of Business has not only maintained high standards, but has actually improved the standards for each of the college's four departments. For example, the Department of Accounting and Finance has a higher percentage of accounting professors with doctorate (63%) and CPA's (75%) than other accounting departments in the state. The Department of Accounting prepares students for careers in corporate, governmental or public accounting and the fact that all of the big eight accounting

firms recruit on the campus speaks well for the reputation of the accounting department.

The Department of Banking and Finance is also recognized as a valuable part of the College of Business. Every year, the Department of Banking and Finance places graduates in professional positions in banks, savings and loans and in governmental agencies.

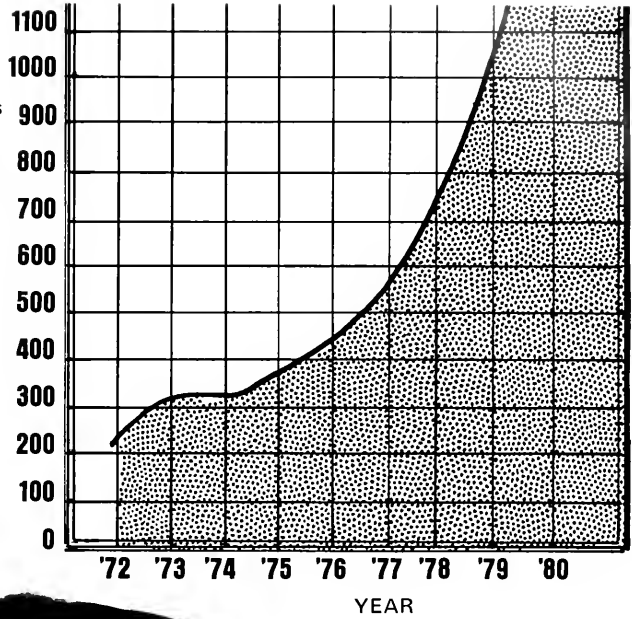
Furthermore, the Department of Banking and Finance, in conjunction with the College of Business and the North Carolina Savings and Loan League has sponsored the Savings and Loan Academy, a non-credit course for professional men. Over 250



graduates have passed this course of study which includes instruction from ASU faculty, leading professional men and representatives from government regulatory agencies. In recognition of this contribution, the North Carolina Savings and Loan League has given the College of Business a \$200,000 endowment to sponsor a chair in Savings and Loans at ASU. In addition, a Banking Chair has been endowed by the North Carolina National Bank and The Bank of North Carolina.

The Department of Business Education and Office Administration, the root from which the College of Business was formed, has been operating for many years.

Number of Students Graduating from the College of Business



BUSINESS

Many of the business courses taught in North Carolina high schools are instructed by graduates of this department. This department also graduates many highly qualified executive secretaries and office administrators.

The fourth department in the College of Business and certainly the largest is the Department of

Business Administration. This department includes those students with concentrations in management, marketing, real estate and insurance, as well as individually designed majors for those persons seeking a more specific background.

With an undergraduate degree in any of the above-mentioned departments, a person need not transfer to another school to add a graduate degree. The College of Business also offers a Masters of

Arts in Economics and Business degree which is designed to allow a concentration in one of four areas. There is a business related degree with a specialization in business administration which is the equivalent of a Master of Arts in Business Administration degree. There is also a concentration in accounting and finance, and economics. For those interested in a teaching situation in high schools or a junior/community college, there is also a specialization in





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ONE DOLLAR

BUSINESS

teaching.

To further enlarge the opportunities on the graduate level, the College of Business has instituted a field-based Masters degree program. This program is to allow students and professional men in the Winston-Salem area the opportunity to obtain a graduate degree by attending a course of study two nights a week for 2½ years. In the first session, due to begin in August 1976, 65 persons have applied of which 40 will be selected to participate.

The College of Business is also aware of the weakness of formal education with its abundance of theory and its scarcity of practicum. To circumvent this weakness, the Appalachian State University College of Business has adopted two programs to close the

gap between theory and practical applications. The first of these programs, the *Internship-In-Industry*, places students, usually in their junior year, in internships with business or industry to assist the student in formulating his career plans and to allow the student the experience of a learn-by-doing situation. Students who successfully complete this program receive both academic credit and remuneration from the participating firm.

The *Executive-In-Residence* program adds a new dimension to the formal study of business by allowing businessmen with varied experiences and backgrounds to act as full-time faculty members for a semester. This enables the business student to gain valuable insight into the real world of business. The College of Business has been fortunate to have had such notables as David J. Brunn,

President, Drexel Furniture Company; Lt. General Joseph Heiser, former Commanding General, 1st Logistics Command, U.S. Army; Jim Nelson, Director of Corporate Relations, McDonnell-Douglas Corporation; and Phillip Manck, Senior Vice-President, Federal Home Loan Bank, to participate in this program.

This is not to imply that the professors in the College of Business are lacking in experience, for the business faculty is endowed with multiplicities of talent in many areas. Most students aren't really aware of the many activities that are undertaken by our faculty. Research, curricula development, consultation with business and professional men, program appearances and professional writing are just some of the activities that occupy a professor's time after he leaves the classroom.

Nor should the physical side of



the College of Business be neglected. Though presently located in Smith-Wright Hall, the College of Business is awaiting completion of the new College of Business Building. This new building is funded by the state with a proposed cost of 2 million dollars. The new three story building houses several lecture and seminar rooms, a business machines room, and individual instruction laboratory, a dictation laboratory, a merchandising room, a computer terminal, 18 classrooms and 72 offices for professors, assistants and the dean.

The College of Business is also interested in assisting in the placement of graduating students. Dr. Melvin R. Roy is developing a program called the "Computerized Student Placement Program" which will allow data to be compiled about each senior or graduate business student wishing to participate. This data can be rapidly sorted and selected to allow businesses who are looking for students with certain criteria to determine who those students are. Compiled data on students can also be forwarded to firms who have openings. Thus, the College of Business can assist the student in finding his or her place in the professional world.

| WORKING-STORAGE SECTION. | | | |
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| 3 | AUTHOR. BART AUSTIN. | | |
| 4 | DATE-WRITTEN. JANUARY 31, 1975. | | |
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PROFESSORS





The Department of Administration, Supervision, and Higher Education expanded community education in 1975-76.

"We tried to blend the public schools with the community so the facilities could be used after hours," Dr. Alvin Hooks of the department noted.

The department offers a masters degree for school administration with a concentration in community education. The program trains people to be community school directors.

These directors in turn survey the community to find out what courses the people want and need. They set up the courses and hire instructors to conduct the classes. The classes may range anywhere from poodle clipping and cake decorating to typing and auto mechanics.

The department has plans to employ a qualified person to create interest in community education and to organize school systems.

The department also offers an educational specialist program for working people who want to go back to school to pursue higher degrees. Some of those programs already in operation include one in law, one in finance, and one in school leadership.

This program is now operating in Winston-Salem, Gastonia, Rutherfordton, and Lincolnton, North Carolina.

Department of Administration, Supervision, and Higher Education

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APACHEAN STATE UNIVERSITY
BOONE, N. C.

THE DEPARTMENT OF COUNSELOR EDUCATION AND RESEARCH



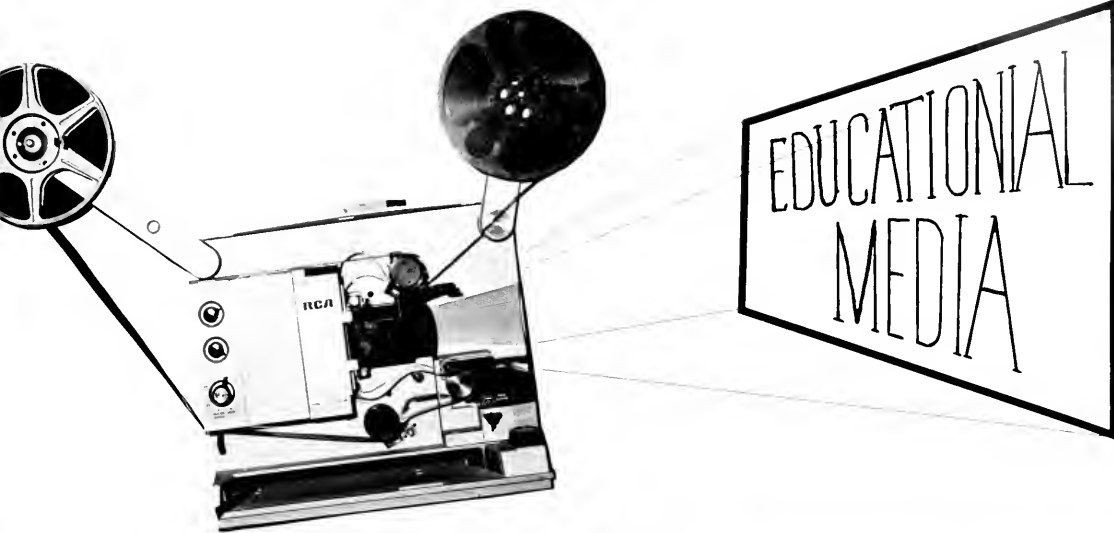
The Department of Counselor Education and Research, regarded by the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools as one of the top departments in the Southeast in the field of guidance and counseling, plays several functional roles vital to campus life. The department coordinates the educational research course for the College of Education and makes the areas of occupational outlook, marital counseling and enrichment, human sexuality, and psychological and educational testing their particular providence. Under the aegis of Fred T. Badders, Department Chairman, the department provides instructional programs in counselor education that lead to a Master of Arts degree in one of four different areas: certified school counselor, student development specialist,

agency counselor, and more recently, school psychologist. Headed by Jack Mulgrew of the department, the Counseling and Psychological Services Center, located under East Dorm, provides assistance and guidance to the A.S.U. student body.

A regular event on the calendar of the department is the fall semester department retreat frequently to the Valle Crucis mission. At this function, primary consideration is given to faculty and student communication and development in an informal setting. The latest techniques in guidance and counseling are demonstrated by professionals to participating retreaters. Role playing, dance therapy, small group interaction, the psychodrama, and hypnosis are typical subjects of demonstration.

The Counselor Education and Research Department is ably staffed by Drs. Fred T. Badders, D.T. Robinson, Harry Padgett, Glenda Hubbard, Ron Tuttle, Terry Sack, Jack Mulgrew, Ed Harrill, and Ben Strickland.





The Department of Educational Media has a new resident TV and film director, Joe Murphy. He is from the University of Texas and WLRN-TV. He says that he is exploring ways for the students to use media. The department has greatly increased the equipment for students. They now have eight new high-quality 35 millimeter cameras for the students to use.

Dr. Jeff Fletcher of the department says that there is an increase in the offering of photography classes, but hundreds of students are still turned away each semester.

There is now a teacher corps media faction of the department. Its function is to conduct workshops and classes for teachers on the use of media as a possible



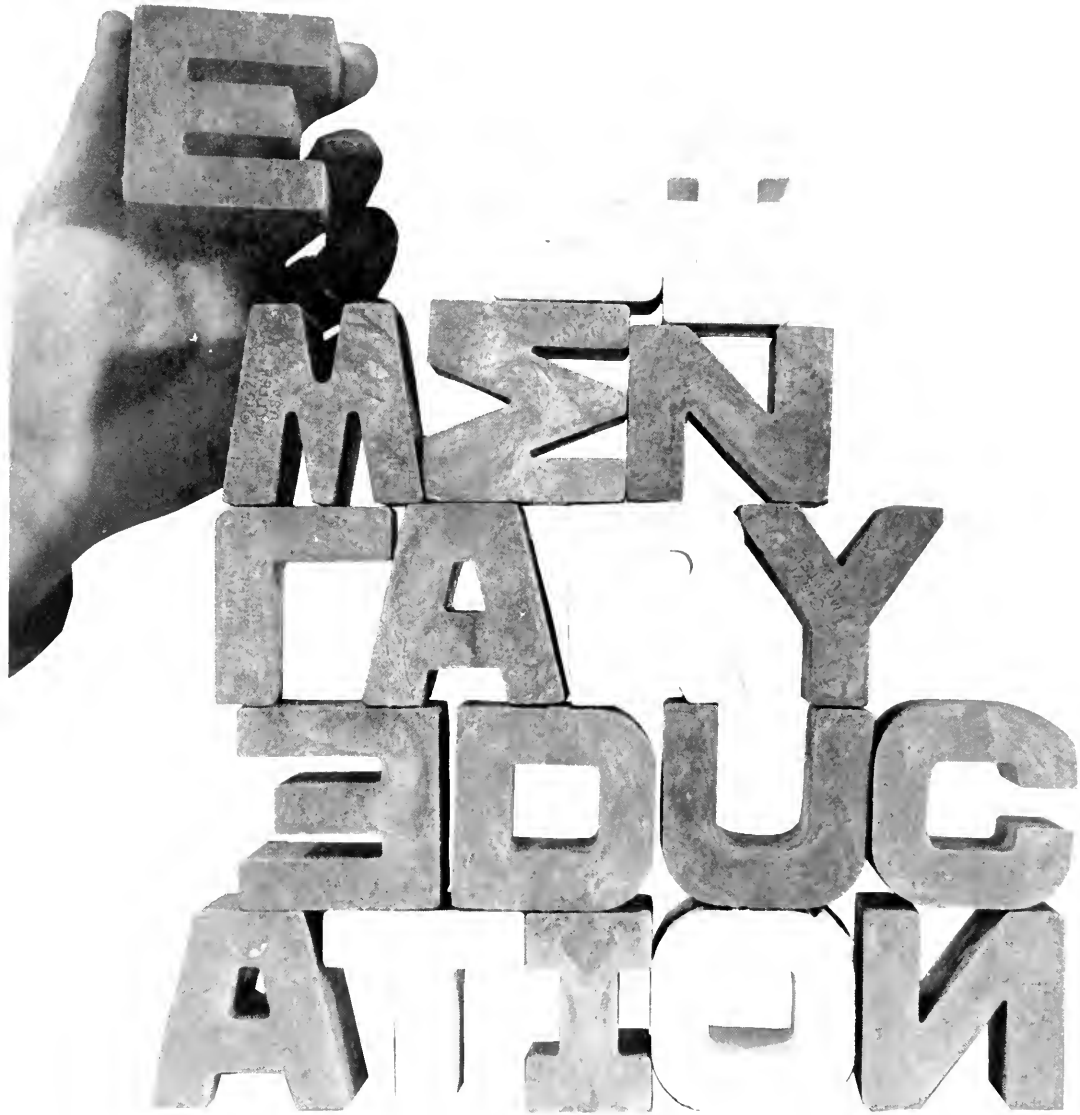
means of improvement of instruction. The department helps teachers make their own teaching aids and materials.

The department is trying to emphasize the undergraduate degree while de-emphasizing the school librarian program. In the basic audio visual class new sections have been started for special education majors. The department is optimistic of adding special sections for Science and Biology.

"We're trying new things with our class schedules," says Dr. Fletcher. Courses follow large block single meeting scheduling instead of the more convention two or three days per week scheduling.

Dr. Fletcher also says that jobs are available to educational media graduates who are willing to look.





The 100-150 students graduated each year by the Appalachian State University Department of Elementary Education have a variety of experiences behind them. This fact may account for Appalachian's placing a higher percentage of its teachers in jobs within North Carolina than any other college in the state.

Appalachian's prospective teachers climb a career ladder of practicums. Internships are

required of both sophomore and junior majors. The site for an internship may be areas such as Winston-Salem, Wilkes County, Catawba or Watauga County. The interns are given increasing responsibilities as they gain more experience. The culmination of all these practicums is student teaching during the senior year. Student teachers are placed in school systems in many areas of North Carolina; however, a few

adventurous ASU students have taught in England and Scotland.

The Department of Elementary Education prepares its students well for their practical experiences. Twelve full-time professors, seven of whom hold doctorate degrees, devote their time to teaching the most modern methods in education. One of the most prominent methods is individualized instruction to meet the specific needs of each child. These needs

Students Learn to



are diagnosed through formal and informal testing and directed observation.

In addition to the fulltime staff, there are several joint appointments to the department. These professors are charged with teaching methods in specific subject areas. Some of these include Edgar Greene in Biology-Science, Ruby Lanier in N.C. History, Jim Deni in Psychology, and Frances Fulmer in mathe-

tics.

Although elementary teachers are predominately female, males are much in demand as they provide a balance in the classroom and may compensate for the male figure that is absent in so many broken homes. Even ASU has its share of males in the field, and one, Eric Charling, has found a great deal of success as a graduate assistant in the ASU Kindergarten.

Practicums in addition to regular

course work prepare the students for the final step, that of finding a teaching position. Ninety-five percent of ASU's elementary education graduates were placed in 1974 with 90% being placed in 1975. Of course, many graduates choose to further their educations before assuming a teaching position.



Marilyn Furr

Teach the Young

Which department on the campus of Appalachian State University has a "Teddy Bear" hamster named Van Gogh? Where on the campus can you find creative bulletin boards that can range from the art styles of the neo-classicist David to the style of the impressionistic Monet? Upon the desk of whom can you find a jar of tootsie pops that would make even Kojak envious?

I can answer all of these questions and tell you more besides. Place your body on the threshold of the Department of Reading. Examine the interior closely. You'll note the care that's been taken in this office—the kind of care that's found in a home or in an office where the occupants spend a great



ON READING

by Marilyn Furr

**APPALACHIAN STATE
UNIVERSITY'S DEPARTMENT
OF READING EDUCATION**


deal of time. Such is the case for the Department of Reading, for they have a big and busy job and they are growing.

Since its creation as a department in 1974, the Department of Reading has strived to educate teachers in reading education on the undergraduate level. Requirements for the masters degree in reading may also be met. The program leads to graduate certification in reading in North Carolina from kindergarten through grade twelve and permits the individual to teach in the area of his undergraduate major. Through individual planning, certification requirements in other states can be met.

Under the capable guidance of Mr. Uberto Price, the department Chairman, the six full-time faculty members in the Department of Reading are placing 20 to 25 well-trained graduates a year in school systems from New York to Florida. The graduates have not only been exposed to courses aimed at the regular classroom teacher, but to courses that train the teachers of learning disabled students, the remedial teacher, the clinician, and/or courses aimed at preparing administrator/supervisors.

In addition to preparing teachers on the campus of ASU, the faculty in the Department of Reading teach field-based extension courses all over the state. The Department of Reading also sponsors an annual symposium in October that draws four to five hundred classroom teachers and reading specialists from all over the Southeast.

With all the success the department of Reading has had with their present programs, the department isn't resting on its laurels. In addition to their present graduate program, an undergraduate major in Reading is in the works, and the day will soon come when the department may have a Specialist Degree.

So, if you want my advice, and your future is undecided, then "Take a ride to the Reading... Department that is." You may find that they have the training that you've only read about before. 

EDUCATED DRIVERS ON THE ROAD

The Center for Safety and Driver Education is located in the stone building next to Chapel Wilson Hall. You've probably seen or heard the squealing of tires as students practice their skills in the parking lot below. Most of the classes involve teacher preparation for driver's safety and education. Up until 1971, teachers were required to have one class; now each teacher must take a number of classes and be tested on his competence in the field. A mobile lab is driven all over the state by Bill Preston and Jim Lipe to refresh teachers, or to give extension classes.

An adult driver's education program is offered for foreign students who haven't had a similar program.

Two interesting classes that are offered include the EMT (Emergency Medical Training) in which the student learns patient care, and the EVOC (Emergency Vehicle Operations Course) in



which one becomes certified to drive all emergency vehicles.

If you've seen motorcycles riding around the parking lot, it's not the Hells Angels taking over, but a motorcycle safety class. This is a much needed class taking into consideration the motorcycle accident rate.

Dr. Charles McDaniel has been the director since 1971. Dr. Harry McDonald and Ed Browning are instructors.



APPALACHIAN STATE UNIVERSITY'S DEPARTMENT
OF SECONDARY EDUCATION OFFERS UNDERGRADUATE
AND GRADUATE COURSES LEADING TO CERTIFICATION
IN THE VARIOUS FIELDS OF INSTRUCTION IN
THE SECONDARY SCHOOLS.

SECONDARY EDUCATION

by Ron Poor



The Department of Secondary Education offers students instruction in the field of professional education. Both graduate and undergraduate level courses are available in various areas.

In addition to the basics for teacher certification students receive instruction concerning curriculum development, educational materials, methods,

research, professional organizations and ethics.

Problems within the American educational system are analyzed and discussed along with the past and future of education in this country. From the one room school to current theory, students are presented the broad spectrum of American education.

Knowledge of subject alone does not prepare an individual to become a teacher. The Department of Secondary Education instructs prospective teachers in the art of teaching in the secondary school.

Appalachian was in earlier years a teachers college. Though the instruction has grown far broader in 1976, the function of teacher education is as active as ever.

The task of the high school teacher is far more than that of a lecturer. In ASU's Department of Secondary Education students are prepared to cope with the varied facets of the high school teaching situation.

The noun student teacher usually brings to mind an individual receiving on the job training. However in the Department of Secondary Education an individual in the role of the student is nonetheless a student teacher.





Special Education

by Ellen Tart

HELPING SPECIAL PEOPLE WITH THEIR SPECIAL PROBLEMS



The Department of Special Education of Appalachian State University is just that, a very special department, filled with special people all working together for a special purpose. The department revolves around the dedicated faculty and students working together for a common goal — helping special children find a place in life in which they can function best and be happiest. These are physically handicapped children, gifted children, emotionally disturbed children and mentally retarded children.

Each member in the Department of Special Education contributes to the common goal in his or her own individual way. Each have poured their own talents into the melting pot and as a result, Appalachian is one of the greatest Special Ed. departments in the country. It is guided by the department chairperson, Dr. Linda Blanton. Dr. Blanton, a very remarkable lady, arrived at A.S.U. in September, went right to work and soon became not only a friend to all the students, but also a great teacher. To add to her responsibilities, Dr. Blanton had a new son three months after she began work, but this hardly slowed her down. She is known and loved for her endless patience in helping students as well as teachers with various problems and difficulties.

In the area of mental retardation

is Dr. Ernie Lange, who works closely with the students in the Student Council of Exceptional Children. Others who have been a great help to the Council are Mike Ortiz and Carolyn Worley. Filled with students who are eager to help the handicapped, the SCEC has done much and is still going strong. They do everything from taking kids to the circus, to going to conventions to learn about new ideas in the field. One program which is very beneficial to both the students and the children is the Physical Education program held each Saturday morning in the gym. This program is headed by Dempsey Hensley, a man with a big heart and much care for the handicapped.

In the area of Emotional Disturbance are Dr. Art Robarge and Dr. Jim Tompkins. Both men are exceptional in their field and are able to bring in good experiences that their past has afforded. This makes learning much more than just "from the books."

Dr. Richard Stahl, in the area of Gifted/Talented is indeed talented. This area has just begun within the department, and Dr. Stahl has worked hard to make it into the unique program that it is. Many children throughout the country are benefitting from his efforts. He not only provides a good education for future teachers, but also has a program for gifted children.

The Department of Special Education at Appalachian gives its students an opportunity to work firsthand with the handicapped before they graduate. This is one element that puts the department a step ahead of all others. People responsible for on-the-job training are Jim Hosch, Ray Hyer, and Larry Larson at Western Carolina Center. These three men are doing an excellent job being "fathers" to students who are doing their internships. Others responsible for on-the-job training are Mike Ortiz and Ricky Connellee. Mike works with student teachers in Lenoir and Winston. Ricky works with student teachers in Charlotte. Their extreme interest and zest helps students in becoming true professionals.

A new addition in the department is Gary Timbers, and last but certainly not least are the secretaries, Kathy Kline and Kalyin Storie. These are by no means just ordinary secretaries. They're known to help in every way from giving baby showers to taking notes in faculty meetings. They listen to problems on the sides of both the teachers and students.

Indeed, the Department of Special Education is one of a kind. It is a great and true example of what can be done when teachers and students respect each other and work together toward a common goal.

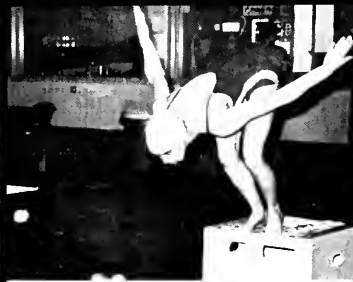


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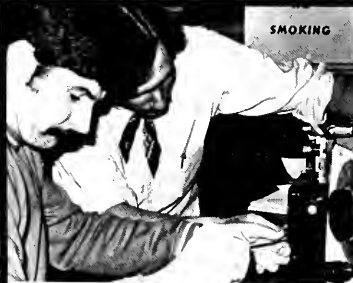
2 HEALTH AND PHYSICAL EDUCATION



3 HOME ECONOMICS



4 MILITARY SCIENCE



5 INDUSTRIAL ARTS



6 MUSIC



7 SPEECH

THE COLLEGE OF FINE AND APPLIED ARTS

APPALACHIAN STATE UNIVERSITY
BOONE, N. C.

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PROFESSORS

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ART!



If your idea of artists is one of "strange people shutting themselves in a dark room calling forth the creative spirits," you may be right. Then again, there are those artists who create art out of anything and everything they see. Even a place such as the ASU campus can evoke the creative abilities of the art students. Even the persons who drew with crayons on the sidewalks of campus this fall were aware that art surrounds us. Most of us are oblivious to this fact; we need artists to point it out to us. The women's art show demonstrated how aware they are, for most of the subject material was objective.

The Art Department this year, for the first time, offered a much-needed course on commercial design. This course gives many artists the opportunity to use their abilities out in the cold cruel world. "The Loft" is an incredible apartment for ASU artists to be able to see New York artists in the making. For the unbelievable price of \$40, students can be driven to and from New York and be given lodging for five nights. The Loft was begun in the Art Department, and is now available to any student group at ASU. There is an infinite amount of cultural and educational material in New York City, which The Loft has opened up to people who otherwise could not afford it.

Speaking of opportunities, the Art Department has become part of a new organization, the National Art Educational Association, which offers art classes of all types to children.



This year there has been a lot of room for publicity; such as Dr. Lorraine Force's winning second place in the N.C. Museum of Art and Judy Humphrey's winning the purchase award. Also, fall semester, the Art Department was proud to have David Itchkawich (one of the best printers in the nation) as artist in residence. The most prestigious event of the year was the National Drawing Competition, held on February 22. John Caraday, an art critic from the New York Times, was the judge for the drawings by students from all over the nation.

By far, the event that got the most publicity for the Art Depart-





ent's Bill Dunlap was the feature
article in the February issue of
Squire. The cover picture was a
mask of James Dickey, done by Bill
Dunlap when Dickey visited last
spring. The mask itself wasn't the

key to the publicity. Rather, a
mishap that occurred in the
molding of the mask inspired
Dickey for part of his new book.

The Art Department has
managed to pour out creativity

from a small building. The much-
needed new art building will be
completed in the fall of '76, but
who knows what will happen in art
when adequate facilities are
available?



The Department of Health, Physical Education and Recreation has been very busy this year. In addition to hosting the annual convention for the North Carolina Association for Health, Physical Education and Recreation, the department has instituted a presently-successful recreation major, a very innovative and unique off-campus Health Education Program and an unusual facility called the Laboratory for human Performance. The division of Driver Education and Traffic Safety has just completed the first phase in a grant-sponsored Emergency Medical Training program.

In addition to the year-old recreation major, several courses were added. These included courses in outdoorsmanship, self-defense, table tennis and billiards, conditioning, adult fitness, european team handball, selected recreational activities, consumer health education and public, private and commercial aquatics. A concentration in dance has also been instituted, as well as a recently-approved dance minor.

The North Carolina Association for Health, Physical Education and Recreation Annual Convention was a great success and over 800 members (more than has ever attended the state conference in the organization's history) attended. Mr. Roger Thomas, a professor in the department and past-president of the organization, served as the convention manager. Several faculty members gave speeches and many departmental majors assisted in co-ordinating the event.

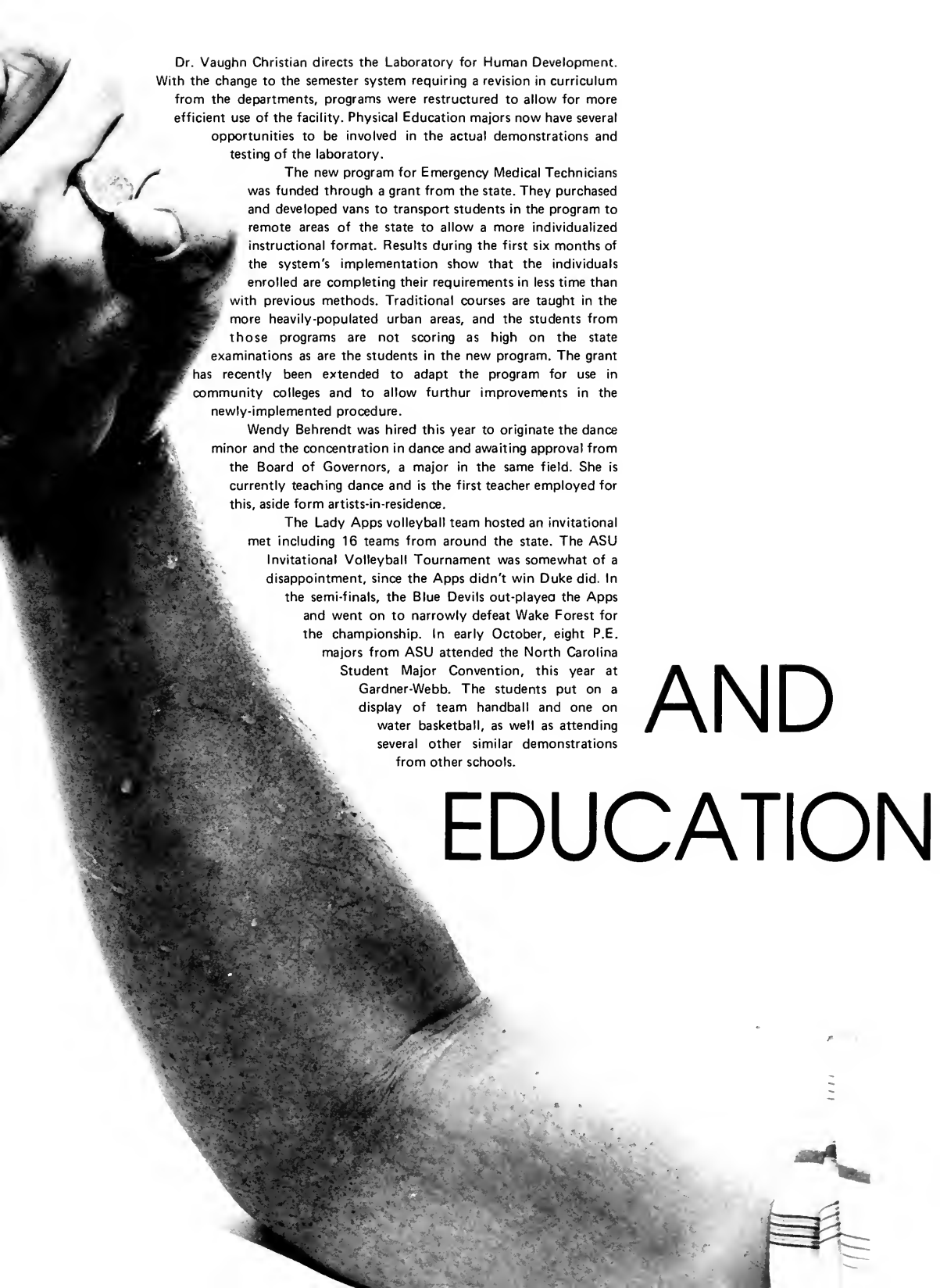
The recreation major is in its second year and has attracted over fifty juniors and seniors already. Surprisingly, the majority of the courses required for the major are taken in other departments. Internships are required for both juniors and seniors.

The unusual off-campus Health Education Program was initiated this fall. The program administers a specially-designed program of health education to area registered nurses in order that they may earn Bachelor of Science degrees in Health Education. The program requires the nurses to attend two night classes a week for three and a half years. The department says that it's the only program of its kind in the state, and it may well be the only one in the country.

HEALTH

PHYSICAL





Dr. Vaughn Christian directs the Laboratory for Human Development. With the change to the semester system requiring a revision in curriculum from the departments, programs were restructured to allow for more efficient use of the facility. Physical Education majors now have several opportunities to be involved in the actual demonstrations and testing of the laboratory.

The new program for Emergency Medical Technicians was funded through a grant from the state. They purchased and developed vans to transport students in the program to remote areas of the state to allow a more individualized instructional format. Results during the first six months of the system's implementation show that the individuals enrolled are completing their requirements in less time than with previous methods. Traditional courses are taught in the more heavily-populated urban areas, and the students from those programs are not scoring as high on the state examinations as are the students in the new program. The grant has recently been extended to adapt the program for use in community colleges and to allow further improvements in the newly-implemented procedure.

Wendy Behrendt was hired this year to originate the dance minor and the concentration in dance and awaiting approval from the Board of Governors, a major in the same field. She is currently teaching dance and is the first teacher employed for this, aside from artists-in-residence.

The Lady Apps volleyball team hosted an invitational met including 16 teams from around the state. The ASU Invitational Volleyball Tournament was somewhat of a disappointment, since the Apps didn't win Duke did. In the semi-finals, the Blue Devils out-played the Apps and went on to narrowly defeat Wake Forest for the championship. In early October, eight P.E. majors from ASU attended the North Carolina Student Major Convention, this year at Gardner-Webb. The students put on a display of team handball and one on water basketball, as well as attending several other similar demonstrations from other schools.

AND EDUCATION



Department of Home Economics

The Home Economics Department has long had the reputation of training housewives. If this ever was true, it certainly is no more. This year, an armed forces retiree is taking a course in Meal Management to better prepare his family's meals and to become a more efficient shopper — something everyone can use.

Part of the reason for this revolution in the approach to teaching home economics is our changing world. Department

Chairperson Josephine Foster says they have come a long way in tempering the programs offered to students' needs. Today, four options are offered students majoring in the department. These are Home Economics Education, Institutional Education, Food and Equipment and Clothing and Textiles.

Speakers from fields related to those students will be employed in, frequent the campus and the classes often visit locations similar



to the ones they will someday work at.

The quality of education in the department is shown by the fact that it is one of only three in the state accredited by the American Home Economics Association. The department's enrollment figures are astonishing, also. This year, 108 students entered the program — an increase of 100 per cent.

Student involvement is stressed as evidenced by the fact that students are represented on every board and committee in the department except the faculty appointing board. From this beginning, Foster hopes to get the students more interested in the college as well as on local, state and national levels. This is one of the major goals of the department — to train students to be successful citizens when they graduate.

An interesting, and somewhat unique, facet of the education program is the Home Management Residence. This is the large white house located across from Sanford and between the Faculty Apartments and the women's dorms. Home Economics Education and Foods and Equipment majors are required to spend half a semester in the house to gain practical experience. The participants share rooms and take care of the house as if it were their own.

Grants are constantly awarded to the department for research. One of their projects, which will be published upon its completion, is a study of microwave ovens versus conventional ones. The study will compare the average costs for operation, benefits of each method, preparation times and utensil costs, as well as the less practical aspects of taste and appearance of each.

The many varied opportunities open to the Home Economics major and the constantly growing number of available jobs (Figures call for an additional 70,000-80,000 dieticians by 1980) have made this one of the most universally-appealing and increasingly-beneficial programs available at ASU.



MILITARY SCIENCES



attract your attention earlier, you may be interested to know that being a member of the civilian army, brings in two or three

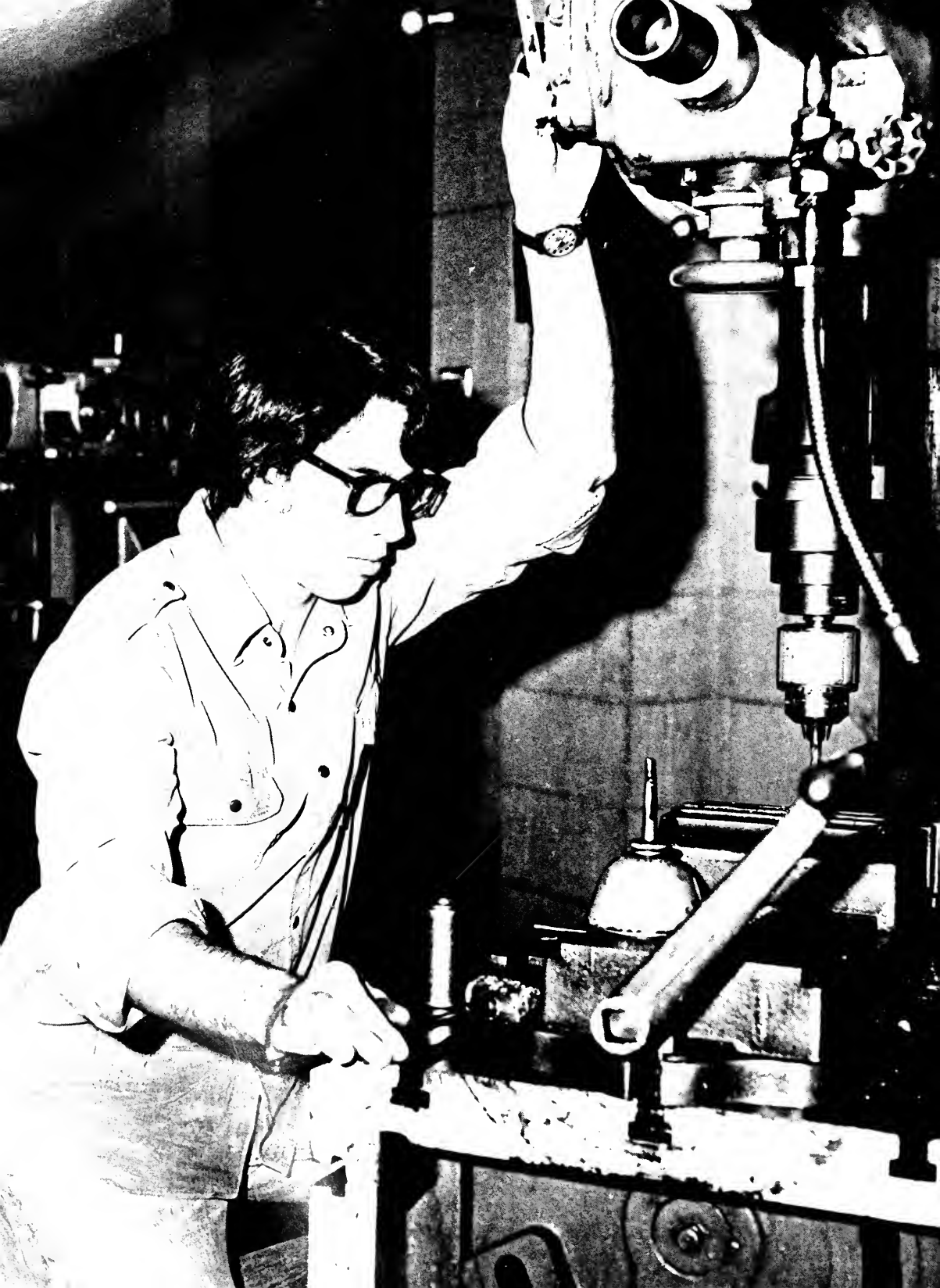


thousand dollars a year. Some of you may change your opinions of the students in uniform!

There are 163 'students in uniform' at Appalachian this year, 42 of whom are females. The fact that one-fourth of the ROTC students are females demonstrates the growing interest in careers for women. The cadets here get experience in teaching activities like rappelling. In a reversal of situation, they taught a company from the 82nd Airborne Division in Fort Bragg rappelling at Hound Ears. Students are used as assistant instructors teaching ROTC at Lees McCrae. Cadets have the opportunity to get fit through two new organizations: Run-for-your-life, and Swim-for-your-life.

The military science department has reason to be proud of their rifle team. In September they were named the number one ROTC rifle team in the nation, against 292 other teams. Keep your eyes open for the ROTC students. With their leadership capabilities and self discipline, they'll be going places.







There is a certain joy, rather, a self-satisfaction that comes from working with the hands. The philosophy of the Industrial Arts Department revolves around working and progressing in that work. Consequently, I.A. classes require long hours of lab work. Some industrial arts majors, rumor has it, have organized a communal set up in the building in their efforts to complete course work.

The I.A. department is alive and well and thriving on Faculty Street; this fall, three hundred students were left behind knocking on the entrance door. Obviously, too many chiefs and not enough tepees. There are a variety of reasons this department is in the vogue. For openers, the I.A. department has a large ratio of women to men. Add to that course offerings in leathercraft, jewelry and ceramics, drafting, metalwork, graphics, electronics and woodworking and you can understand the great attraction.



But a major in I.A. is no cakewalk. The entire curriculum requires mental discipline as the I.A. student develops an idea and carries it through the necessary research, planning, designing, modifying, evaluation, communicating, managing, layout, cutting, shaping, assembling, testing and reevaluation phases. In industrial arts, a high s.q. (skill quotient) or the ability to transfer concepts to new products and new manufacturing situations is a must.



I A





The department of Music

Any department, whose chairman says he isn't surprised that someone is doing their homework in the freight elevator, has got to be a colorful, if not a little wacky, department. And if that homework is practicing arpeggios on your cello, so much more the wacky. "The whole department is humorous, it's one gigantic laugh," chuckles Dr. Frank Carroll, Chairman of ASU's Music Department. "I don't mean that in the negative sense, I mean it's a pretty happy crowd. There's something usually humorous going on all the time. Benches for students to sit on that they usually end up sleeping on..." "Someone practicing in the elevator doesn't surprise me at all. Nothing surprises me anymore."

He explained how some student had just been in requesting permission to put an antenna on the roof and use his locker for a CB radio base station. "Lord knows the music program has as much opportunity for funny things to happen as anything could, because of the very nature of what people are doing; playing instruments that are subject to human failure, or singing—your voice is subject to

failure if you're singing."

Although sometimes people are a little light-hearted in the department, there is work to be done and the students are really put to the test. Appalachian has turned out some excellent performers and the department has a reputation for being second to none. "We have quite a few faculty members who are very fine performers. Any number of our members have experience in symphonies."

Carroll explains the goals of the department as paralleling those of the individual student. They have designed majors in Music Merchandising, Music Technology, Music Education-Instrumental, Music Education-Vocal, Church Music and an individually-oriented program in performance for students who just want to be professional musicians. The graduate level options offered by the department are in Music Education and in Junior College-level teaching.

The department offers a wide variety of performing groups for students to gain experience. For vocalists, there is the University Singers—a select group requiring auditions; the Chamber Singers—a small, more-select group also requiring auditions; the University Choral Society—open to townspeople, students and anyone

else without an audition; the Opera Workshop; the Men's Glee Club and the Women's Glee Club.

For the string player, the department offers the University Symphony; the University Chamber Ensemble; and various smaller groups such as string quartets and the like.

Brass, woodwind and percussion players may choose from the Wind Ensemble—an audition group; two large jazz bands; several jazz improvisation and percussion ensembles; the Symphonic Band—growing out of the Marching Band after their season is over; and the Brass Choir. Several miscellaneous groups are also included—bluegrass bands, piano ensembles and others.

These performing groups are not limited to music majors. Several excellent members are students in other departments, amateur musicians.

The opportunities for personal expression are limited only by the individual's time and willingness—there is no limit to the originality and individuality produced when combining dedication, humor, enthusiasm, talent and hard work with the tremendous number of varied courses and performing groups in the Department of Music.







The speech department has had a dilemma to face. Due to the inconsistency of Boone weather (and other variables), they still don't know if they'll be in their new building next year. For these extreme optimists, next fall will witness the move, but for the realistic optimists, next spring will be the date. In the meantime, classes must be scheduled in both places, even though the facilities in the new building will be much larger. There will be a learning laboratory with audio-visual devices that will afford the classroom more room. There will also be two TV studios for students to practice in.

The speech department includes speech communication, theater, and broadcasting. In all these areas, the hands on approach is taken, with emphasis on laboratory and co-curricular work. The broadcasting area has recently developed TV capabilities; the students

DRAMA,
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INTERPRETATION.
 ...APPALACHIAN STATE
 UNIVERSITY'S
 DEPARTMENT OF THE
 SPEECH...

have Channel 6 for use in student programs, especially news programs. The speech communications area works with other departments on campus trying to meet their communication needs. The major thrust in this area is to provide a proficiency program for teacher certification. For many students from small towns all around the state, there is a lot to be learned about the English language. One can't teach speech until some of that Southern drawl has been eliminated.

In the theater area, the hands on approach is apparent in the work of the children's theater. The readers theater has been active this year also. There are always numerous productions going on; as more and more people are going into theater.

Productions directed by Linda Welden, Ed Pilkington and Susan Day have made the Speech Department valuable to the entire campus population.



WATAUGA COLLEGE

A LIVING/LEARNING RESIDENTIAL COLLEGE



Watauga College is a residential, co-educational learning experience with a strong community atmosphere. It offers students the chance to share ideas and experiences outside the classroom as well as within.

Watauga College was founded in the fall of 1972 as an experiment in bringing the academic and social lives of students closer together. It evolved in response to the expressed concern over Appalachian State's loss of community oriented life style due to its rapid growth. There was genuine concern that people were becoming numbers — that students and faculty might not be able to fraternize outside of the traditional classroom roles; that the curriculum had become so fragmented that a sense of the interrelationship of knowledge was being lost; and that the growth of a total individual was threatened.

W.C.'s curriculum is interdisciplinary. Students and faculty members regularly meet for classes within the college in



"A NEW APPROACH TO EDUCATION"

informal settings to emphasize independent approaches to learning and life, but with the structure most people need to achieve their educational goals. A course of studies in Watauga

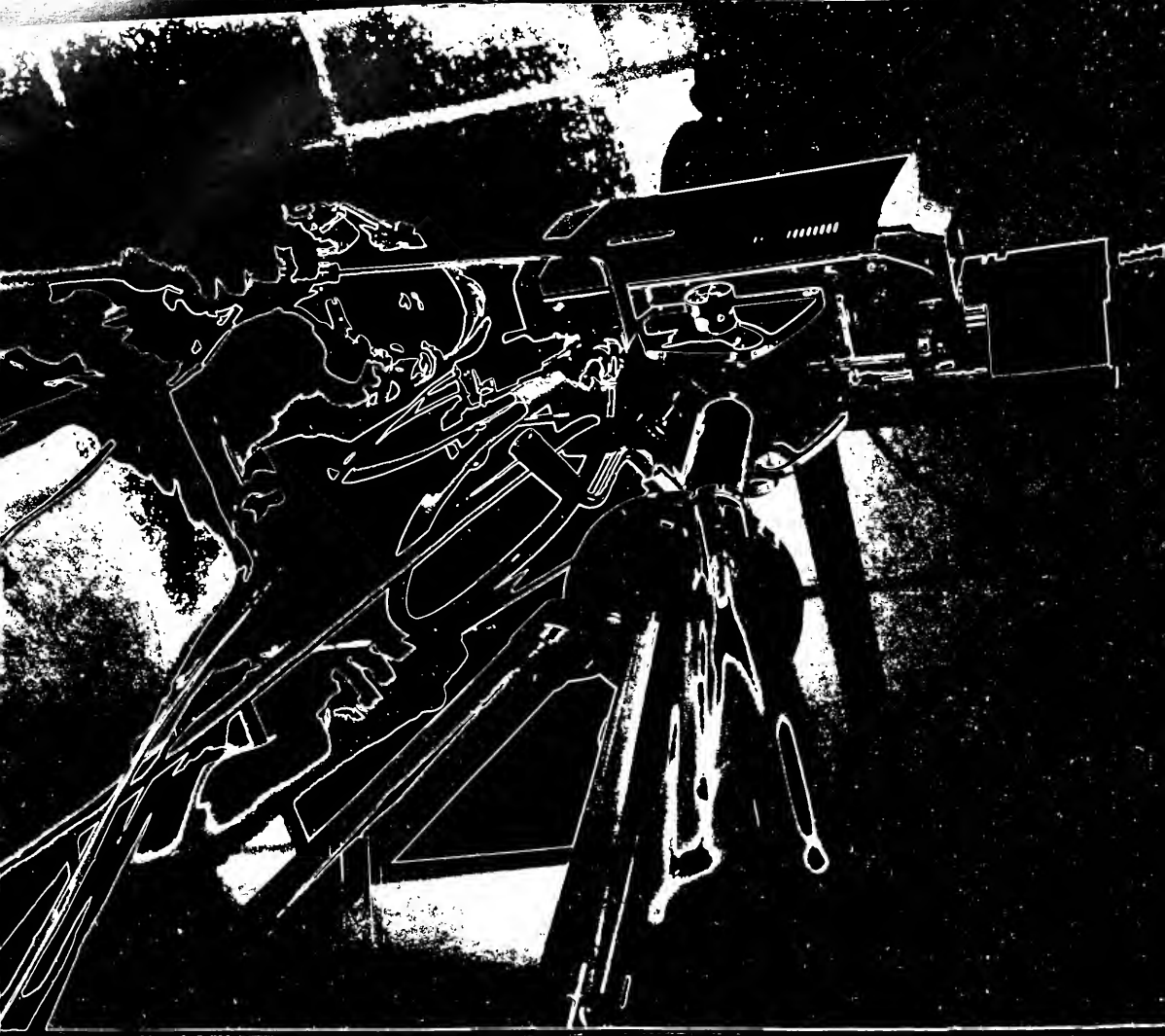


College is designed to challenge individual abilities and expand a student's capacity to solve problems and to communicate ideas and solutions.

Learning doesn't just stop in the Watauga classroom. There is an active and varied program of social events planned each year that is considered a vital part of Watauga's total learning experience. One must live while learning; and Watauga students do a lot of living. A "Beer Bust" or dance is occasionally held for Watauga College people so that faculty and students can get together in a non-academic atmosphere.

Watauga does not think of itself as a static program. It welcomes criticism and encourages students to take the initiative to implement new ideas and directions. No one is required to participate in this activity, but many who have ideas, do so. This is one good reason why Watauga does not wither away from apathy or fall victim to cynicism.

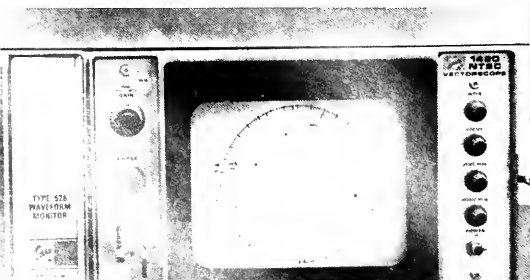




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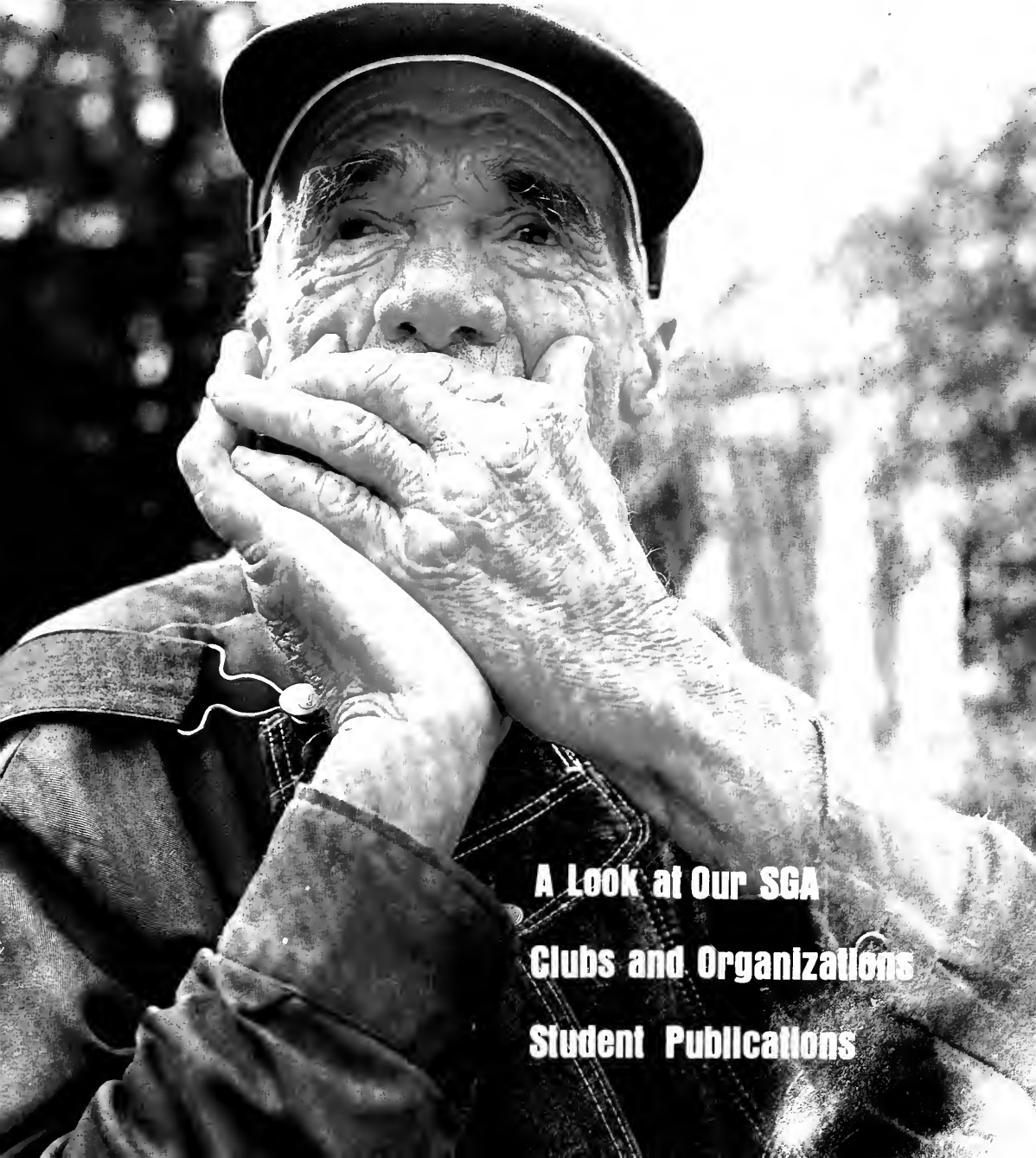


May 1976 • \$.50

People[®]

yearly

Robert Bradshaw:
"I'll do my best to
sing this song..."



**A Look at Our SGA
Clubs and Organizations
Student Publications**



Going To School Isn't Always Just Going To School

To some of us, the privilege of higher education requires not only summer employment, but part-time employment during the school year as well. As a branch of the Office of Student Development, the Student Employment Service aids ASU students and their spouses in procuring regular or short-term jobs. Since its establishment in 1971, the program has expanded to include not only the academic year, but also the summer sessions and summer job opportunities for students in their home areas.

All job opportunities are posted on a bulletin board in the Student Union. In contrast to its barren appearance during the '74-'75 unemployment crisis, the SES board has flourished with little white index cards this year. Over fifty students were employed through the program in September alone, with an increase in the following months.

To those students in need of financial help, the SES has become not only an aspect of education, but the very means by which they can obtain an education.

STUDENT EMPLOYMENT

People[®]

yearly

MAY 1976
Volume 54 No. 1

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF Miriam West

MANAGING EDITORS Brenda
Burris, Terri Mullins

ART EDITORS Michael Dupree,
Steve Yaeger

BUSINESS MANAGER Don Smith

PHOTOGRAPHIC CONSULTANT
Ernest Tedder

COPY DESK Up Front With Faculty,
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sing this song..., Jack Dillard; Student
Government Association, Leigh
McDougall; The Appalachian, R.T.
Smith; The Rhododendron Staff in
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4 MAIL

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biologist and historian with a love for the mountains
and Chinese cooking

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sings and entertains co-eds with harmonica and
conversation

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Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities



Little-John Flapps

Am I seeing things these days, or is Little-John Flapps, formerly of Little-John and the Exclusive Country Boys String Band, lurking in these hills?

Billie Bennett
N. Wilkesboro, N.C.

No, you are not seeing things. Little-John, an acclaimed country singer of the mid-sixties, is now a parttime student at good ole ASU, and he's still the best flat-picker in these parts, nose notwithstanding.

—ED.

Mystery Picture No. 5

In regard to Mystery Picture #5, I am in a position to disclose the essence of the shot because I was present when it was taken. (My hands appear at the edge of the photo right.) Number 30 is none other than Sonny Head, manager for the traveling chess team. In a daring boast Sonny announced that he would beat team captain Bruce Spassky with his eyes closed or eat his weight in s***. Whereupon Bruce proceeded to make Sonny eat his words.

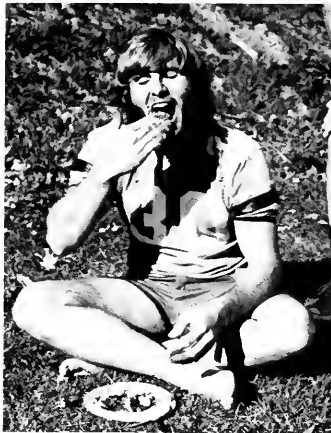
B. Fischer
Eureka, Calif.

I would like to shed some light on Mystery Photo #5. This event occurred outside the B.I. Fall semester 1975-76. The unfortunate fellow in the photo has been captured for posterity in the mid-convulsion shortly after he finished an unprecedented third B.I. burger. Fine photography.

S. McGreedy
Foscoe, N.C.

The man in Mystery Photo #5 is an Appalachian soccer player (#30 in your programs but #1 in your hearts). He is obviously just finishing a snack — a Tar Heel snack, after the team's 2-1 victory over Chapel Hill.

Yosef
Boone, N.C.



Mystery Photo #5—Solved! I am the gorgeous gourmet in the picture, and I am demonstrating the correct procedure for devouring a camel's liver.

Narouz Hosoni
Saudi Arabia

Boone Police

What ASU fraternity streaked Tweetsie Railroad?

Boone Police

We can't do your job for you. We can tell you the next streak location is planned for the Boone Police Dept.

—ED.

Craig White

What can you tell me about Craig White, that cute assistant editor of THE COLD MOUNTAIN REVIEW?

Monique LaFollette
Boone, N.C.

Craig White, who hails from Burlington, where his father is a newspaper editor, is a twenty-four-year-old graduate teaching assistant in the English Department. Though his name has been linked with several celebrities recently, he is still single. Craig attended undergraduate school at Chapel Hill and is now working on his M.A. He is a science fiction aficionado and enjoys mountain climbing, art movies and beer drinking. He has a notorious foot fetish.

—ED.

Ms. Sprunt

Whatever happened to Jo Sprunt, who was a graduate student here last year and was a remarkable young poet published frequently by SOUTHERN POETRY REVIEW and other poetry journals?

Bill Simmons
English Department

Ms. Sprunt was killed last summer in an automobile accident in Blowing Rock. She was a talented young woman who radiated warmth and friendliness wherever she went and who helped provide an atmosphere conducive to creativity and integrity on the ASU campus. She taught one English course and was loved by her students; she will be missed.

—ED.

UP FRONT

WITH FACULTY: Dr. & Mrs. John Bond



years now, John Bond has been teaching biology at ASU since they moved here. Mrs. Bond is a professor of freshman history. This professor team specializes in intriguing areas within their fields. Bettie is an Asian enthusiast, therefore she loves cooking Chinese food and hopes to make it to India in the summer of '76 to further her Asian interest. John is a mushroom connoisseur and is well at home in this region where the widest variety of edible mushrooms flourish.

Jamaica, Naasau, and Portugal are just a few of the overseas excursions the Bonds have made in their travels. And when the Bonds are not traveling they are busy keeping their animals and plants thriving and happy. Alex and Basie, the two tremendous cats, and Harley, the collie, complete the Bond's household.

Dr. Bond and Bettie, just one of the several husband and wife teaching teams here at ASU, are necessary for the growth and survival of the university community.



On many a fall afternoon in Boone at the residence of 416 Grand Boulevard Mrs. John Bond, Bettie, can be found cooking some delicacy from her many Chinese recipes. John, her husband, might be found examining his garden under glass or doing research on one of the many different variety of mushrooms which grow in this area. Dr. and Mrs. John Bond spend what free time they have away from the university in a wide range of hobbies and interests.

The Bonds have always been mountain people since both of them spent their undergraduate years in the mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee. Bettie and John did undergraduate work at Centre College in Danville, Kentucky. History, always one of Bettie's main interests since high school days was her degree and John focused on biology. Teaching, the aim of both the Bonds led them to continue their education in graduate school at the University of Kentucky and later at East Tennessee University. After moving a bit, marriage, and a few years in between, the couple ventured to North Carolina State University where Mrs. Bond received her Masters in History and John Bond finished his Ph.D.

Because of their mountain upbringing, the Bonds have fallen in love with the Western N.C. area and in particular, Boone. Residing in Boone for about five









Robert Bradshaw has become a legend in his own time. He can always liven up a boring day by playing the "Walbash Cannonball" on his harmonica. He settles down on the wall outside of the student union and is frequently heard saying, "I'll play you a little tune and sing you a little song." The small gray-haired man loves to talk, and he always has a ready listener. Students and teachers pick him up at his home and have been

bringing him to Appalachian campus for two years.

The eighty-three year old man was born and raised in Blowing Rock along with thirteen brothers and sisters. His father, a Baptist minister taught him to play and sing when he was twelve years old and he has been playing ever since. When asked about his days in World War I he quickly changes the subject, merely saying that those were unhappy times. He then tells us that

he has been a produce man for most of his life.

Robert loves to talk about his wife and four children. He is exceptionally proud of his son who is an engineer for the government.

With a twinkle in his eye Robert says that he wants to live to be a hundred years old. If loving life has anything to do with it, Robert Bradshaw will probably live long after that.

Q. How long have you lived in the area, Robert?

A. Practically all my life, off and on. I got a family.

Q. You like Boone then?

A. Why shore. I remember when there weren't many sidewalks. Not many people. Real quiet.

Q. What do you think about Boone's expansion in the last years?

A. Brings a lot more people round to hear me play.

Q. Then you don't mind all the tourism and commercialism that has taken over Boone and the surrounding area?

A. No. I don't like the traffic so much, but I mostly likes the people.

Q. People mean a great deal to you?

A. Why shore they do. I play for em and they pay me a quarter or a dime if they got time that day. Works out good.

Q. How many people do you know, Robert?

A. I know lots. But not as many as knows me. They all know my name cause that's easy. I don't know much names. I go by faces mostly.

Q. What kind of people do you like best, Robert?

A. Young ones. They have more time to stop.

Q. Is it important to you that people do stop to listen?

A. That's what I'm here for. To be with people and play my music. Pick up some quarters.

Q. Have you ever played with a group of musicians?

A. Shore I have. But mostly I play for folks myself.

Q. How many songs do you know how to play?

A. Hundreds at least. Over a hundred I suppose. I play some of mine too. Wanta hear Cannonball?

(Music interlude)

Q. What kind of harmonica do you play, Robert?

A. Small ones mostly. I've had close to a hundred in all I bet. Some people give em to me. People give me a lot of things.

Q. Why do you suppose they do that?

A. Cause I always play a song or sing a song just for em and they remember that. People remember when you do things like that for em. They 'preciate it mostly.

Q. Well I appreciate your time and your songs, Robert, and I will remember you for a good while.

A. Thank you, thank you.

“I’ll do my best to sing this song...”



IN THE NEWS



The Appalachian

Even *The Appalachian's* critics admit that it is a much-improved newspaper over last year's version. The paper performs the valuable service of informing students of upcoming events, reporting local news and acquainting the student body with issues that concern the college community. Guest articles by professors like Dr. Davis of the Philosophy Department and Dr. Coulthard of the English Department have increased the sophistication of thought and style in a paper that operates with the disadvantage of not having a journalism curriculum to draw staff members from.

Past volumes of *The Appalachian* have suffered because the editors were more involved with fraternities, student teaching or intraneine quarrels, but Bob McPhail's organization seems relatively free of these distractions. McPhail seems to be the first real administrator to fill the position in several years, and his ability to delegate authority has had visible effects. Though headlines are still occasionally bland, the readers of *The Appalachian* no longer have to consult a ouija board to discover which heads go with which articles.

Copy Editor Alan Dehmer has eliminated a great percentage of the misspellings and dangling modifiers,

though a few of each survive each proofreading session. Twice a week Bob Goans manages to dig up enough news to keep the ASU student interested and informed, and Sports Editor Jim Buice continues to improve his staff with quality writers like John Lattimore.

If there is a writing star among the newspaper staffers, it is probably Debbie Furr, a sophomore who specializes in straight news reporting. In the past, *The Appalachian's* news stories have contained more tacit editorializing than its say-nothing editorials, but Ms. Furr has a keen eye for significant detail and is quite capable of presenting facts, a certain virtue in journalism.

The editorial section of the paper, once an ignored bin of dusty opinions and syncophancy to the administration, has become a place where the reader may find a real opinion supported by facts linked through logic. This improvement is perhaps the single most important step for a newspaper toward major status.

Yet, *The Appalachian* still has its difficulties. "The President's Report," a regular feature written by Mike Broome, is regularly confusing and bombastic. The newspaper lacks any feature writing done with a real flair for the language and feel for people and events. Most importantly, the newspaper lacks a fanatic, an inconsolable reporter who refuses to accept surface appearances and who is involved in solid and crucial

investigative reporting.

However, *The Appalachian* is operating at a disadvantage. Though many of the students who work for it are paid, few are able to learn journalism from professional journalists. It provides a learning laboratory where the students themselves conduct the experiments, and they are learning.



The Student Government Association

The Student Government Association exists as the established voice and governing body of the students of ASU. SGA functions in policy-making procedures, settling student grievances, and in disciplinary measures. Each ASU student is, in effect, a member of the SGA. Students may make themselves heard by joining SGA committees, through informal conversations with SGA leaders, and by making their opinions known to their senators.

The Student Government President should act as the official voice of every faction of the population. The President, Mike Broome, selects a cabinet to specialize in many areas of work, and he appoints (with consent of the Senate) students to the various committees.

The Vice President, Dan Berger, is presiding officer of the Student Senate, where he tries to insure a student voice in all policy-making decisions.

The Treasurer, Mike Hawkins, handles the funds and must be consulted about the expenditure of student fees. Also, he is assigned the duty of working with community merchants and with students on check-cashing problems in the community.

The Secretary, Jane DeLance, keeps a record of all proceedings at

Senate meetings and prepares a permanent preservation of Senate documents.



STAR TRACKS

Clubs and Organizations of A.S.U.



Math Club

Billie Ashley
Teresa Black
Lois Bloesh
Luwanna Boyd
Danny Cash
Linda Cooke
Debbie Crocker
Bobbe Deason
Tim Echoes
Janet Everheart
Linda Farrell
Missy Faucette
Dayl Frye
Karen Hogan
Cathy Horn
Lillian Joe

Leland Jones
Randy Merritt
Joanne Mitchell
John Miller
Nanette Norris
Tarra Nowell
Betty Paysour
Sandra Richardson
Susan Roberts
Sandy Siler
Sandy Sluder
Pam Stamper
Eddie Whittington
Bob Wright
Speedy Gongalez

Home Economics Club



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Vice-President
Leslie Siddaway
Secretary
Malissa Kinney
Treasurer
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Reporters
Wanda Rhyne
Karen Weisner
Club Representatives
Sharon Eckerd
Linda Freeman



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Vice President-Doug Edwards
Secretary-Pandora Warren
Treasurer-Beverly Byrd

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Ramona Annas
Jan Edgerton
Tim Price
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Brenda Holt
Donna Roberts
Ronnie Cannon
Rittta Berry
Karen Powell

Betsy Roberts
David Thomasson
Dee Saleeby
David Windley
Walter Windley
Debbie Walden
Linda Waugh
Tony Harper
Nancy Lunsford
Betty Stowe
Susan Gabriel
Patsy Teague
Pandora Warren
Beverly Byrd
Steve Ray Matheny

Lynne Hayes
Jenny Gay
Mary Gordon
Danny Lazenby
Kathie Roper
John Schweighart
Ralph S. Grier
Robert E. Grier
Alice Bowman
Phil Key
Tim Easley
Jeff Johns
Don Lineburger
Mike Ellis



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Larry Burton-Vice President
Gene Eller-Secretary
Tom Hunter-Treasurer
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Ray Benefield

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Jack Horton

Lee Hurley

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Don Smith
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Secretary: Terri Elliott
Treasurer: Dan Woodyard

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Lambda Zeta Cast
National Honorary Dramatic Fraternity

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Stage Manager — Steve Myers
Business Manager — G.O. Carswell
Historian — Charlynn Ross
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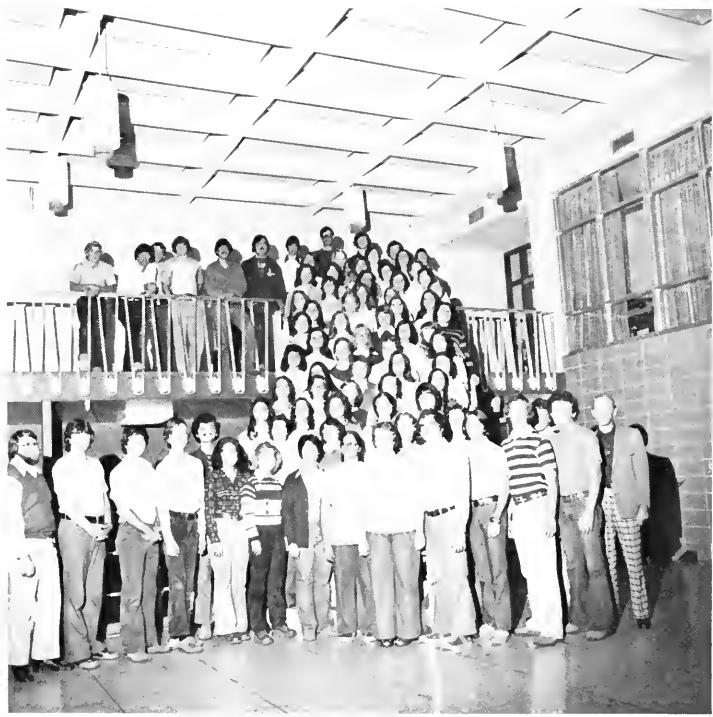
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Foster, Liz
Gilliam, Norma
Grubbs, Melanie
Hamrick, Summer
Helms, Pam
Helms, Dianne
Hinson, Mary Ann
Hill, Marsha
Harding, Kathy
Jacobs, Heidi
Isley, Susan
Jacobs, Connie
Jones, Derrick
Jones, Rick
Klein, Chris
Klein, Kathy
Lail, Sharon
Lambeth, Roseann
Manning, Karen
Meredith, McGill
McCarn, Joyce
Morgan, Sylvia
Miller, Teresa
Murchinson, Mary
Murphy, Marcie
Nelson, Carla
Nelson, Janie
Nelson, Karin
Parsons, Cindy
Patton, Carol
Prather, Pam
Ratlledge, Sue
Richards, Terry L.
Slate, Janet
Snipes, Wanda
Shoffner, Lyndall
Stefureac, Dan
Stocks, Debbie
Swicegood, Shelia
Tart, Ellen
Tatum, Laverne
Thompson, Page
Thacker, Ruth
Turner, Vicki
Turner, Elaine
West, Betty Jo
Warren, Pandora
Wilson, Kathryn
Williams, Teresa



ACCOUNTING CLUB



Nanette Allen- President
Sharon Triplett-
Vice-President
Dianne Delancey- Secretary
Bud Smith- Treasurer



REPUBLICAN CLUB

Karen L. Miller- President
 Bill Fletcher- Vice-President
 Tricia Bostick- Secretary
 Jack Horton- Treasurer
 Jackie Walker- Miss N.C.
 College Republican

Cindy Walker
 Leslie Siddaway
 Bobby Crumley
 Tony Haywood
 Jim Arrington
 David Harrison
 Pam Morton
 Shelly Tankersly
 David Michael



YOUNG DEMOCRATS

Walter Daves
 Janet Simmons
 June Kight
 Steve Porter
 John Heffren
 Sara Trowbridge
 Kent McCourry
 Bob Halbert
 Lee Hurley
 M'Cile Wilcox
 Jan Wise
 Lee Combs
 Roger Harris
 Freddy McGee
 Mike Lewis
 Chip Jones
 Danna Groce
 Mike Long
 Cindy Culbreth
 Matilda Patrick
 Carol Leach



CATHOLIC CAMPUS MINISTRY



President- Jim Pippin
Vice President- Lynn Bazemore
Secretary- Karen Albertson
Treasurer- Kim Owens
Club Committee- Sally Stevenson

| | |
|------------------|---------------|
| F. E. Isenhour | Judy Banks |
| Debbie Lannon | John Bridgers |
| Sylvia Morgan | Reba Calloway |
| Nina Morely | Eve Carmen |
| Suzanne Mallinix | Libby Collins |
| Flora McInnis | John Deas |
| Dave McMillan | Ann Dismuke |
| Mike McNeely | Norma Gilliam |
| Sherry Pederson | Mary Hearn |
| David Richardson | Del Hunt |
| Lee Wheeler | |

JAYCEES



KAPPA DELTA PHI



PHYSICS CLUB



COLLEGIATE CIVITANS

PHI BETA LAMBDA



SIGMA TAU EPSILON

FENCING CLUB



POPULAR PROGRAMS

| | |
|------------------|------------------|
| Leon McKay | Sid Bartholomew |
| Chuck Collins | Jondi Whitis |
| John Lewis | Lamar Harrison |
| Dan Cheek | Sherry Norman |
| Anne Allen | Arlton Baird |
| Gus Triantis | Laverne Tatum |
| Leon Hoey | Steve Ensley |
| Faith Whitney | John Leake |
| Amy Chavasse | Carmelita Smith |
| Erskine Smith | Jim Stowell |
| David Turner | Amy Eshan |
| Leslie Tibensky | John Logan |
| Michael Burnette | Karin Kincaid |
| Belena Skievaski | Duane Albert |
| Susie Perry | Sherron Dull |
| Bill Thomas | Margaret Roselli |
| Jay Griffith | John Roselli |
| Dan Cookinham | Dick Steelman |
| Ken Neaves | Maurice Williams |
| Bill Maron | Dawn McLaughlin |
| Laura Abdallah | Debra Query |
| Lynn Milholen | Deborah White |
| Linda Wortman | Sherry Banks |
| Mary Birch | Keith Bowman |
| Joe Johnson | Diane Martin |
| Nancy Green | Beverly Balowsky |
| Paul Bobal | Cecil Reid |
| Harriett Stevens | Tom Lee |
| Charles Hun | Ray Fan |
| Chris Sparks | Andy Hayes |





FORENSIC LEAGUE



**INTERNATIONAL
RELATIONS
CLUB**

BLACK CULTURE



BLACK



GROUPS AT ASU



CULTURE



IN BETWEEN SCHEDULES:







WHO'S
WHO
Among
Students
in
American
Universities
and
Colleges

LUCY EDWARDS
MAJOR: Speech Pathology
 Speech Pathology Club
 Alpha Chi National Honor Society
 Kappa Sigma Little Sisters
 Chi Omega Sorority

VAN MILLER
MAJOR: Biology-Teaching
 Asst. Manager Gardner Hall '75-'76
 President—Men's Intramural Council
 Highland Biologists
 Chairman—Justice Residence Life
 Committee
 SGA Student Senate
 SNCAE

WILDA GAY CAPPS
MAJOR: Health and Physical Education
 ZAPEA
 Varsity Field Hockey
 Varsity Softball
 Women's Recreation Association
 Intramurals

SUSAN JEAN WICKER
MAJOR: French-Teaching
 Alpha Chi National Honor Society
 Kappa Delta Pi Honor Society
 President—Pi Delta Phi Honor Society
 Resident Assistant
 Cone Dorm Assistant Manager
 Circle K
 Highland Biology Club

MELISSA CAROL FAUCETTE
MAJOR: Math-Teaching
Kappa Delta Pi
Secretary, Math Club
Chairman, Residence Life Council
Resident Assistant
Gamma Beta Phi

MARGARET AMELIA CUDD
MAJOR: Chemistry
Undergraduate Research Grant,
N. C. Academy of Science
Superior Scholar Award '71-'73-'74-'75
Outstanding Undergraduate Chemistry
Student, American Institute of
Chemists (1974)

JAN EARLEEN WISE
MAJOR: Political Science
Political Science Association
Secretary/Treasurer, Law Association
Young Democrat Club
Gamma Beta Phi Honor Society
Pi Gamma Mu
SGA Senate

GAIL WYNN
MAJOR: Sociology/Psychology
Alpha Chi National Honor Society
Alpha Kappa Delta
Pi Gamma Mu
Circle K Club
Junior Marshall

JAMES ALBERT COTTINGHAM
MAJOR: Psychology
International Relations Association
Appalachian Wesley Foundation
Secretary, Students' International
Meditation Society
President, SGA, South Georgia College

J. NELSON WHITTINGTON
MAJOR: Music
Men's Glee Club
Vice President, Madrigals
Business Manager, University Singers
Marching Band
Phi Mu Alpha
Talent Award Recipient

SUSAN CALDWELL ISLEY
MAJOR: Speech Pathology
University Singers
Campus Child Care Volunteer
Plemmons Student Union Programs
Saturday Program for Exceptional
Children
Brushy Forks Baptist Church,
Youth Director
"Miss Watauga County" '72

MARY GRAY MELTON
MAJOR: Social Sciences-Teaching
Gamma Beta Phi
Phi Gamma Mu
Kappa Delta Pi
Dean's List

GLENN GORDON SCOTT, III
MAJOR: Industrial Arts
Sigma Tau Epsilon
Assistant Instructor, Office of
Outdoor Programs
Broyhill Talent Scholarship '75-'76

EDDIE PAUL WHITTINGTON
MAJOR: Math-Teaching
Gamma Beta Phi
Kappa Delta Pi
Alpha Chi National Honor Society
Treasurer, Math Club
Circle K
Junior Marshal '75

KENNETH EUGENE NEAVES
MAJOR: Accounting
SGA Senator
SGA Treasurer
Vice-chairman, Student Affairs
Budget Council
Popular Programs
Senior Justice
Accounting Club
Bicentennial Committee
Student Development Maintenance
Supervisor

JULIA JO ROBINSON
MAJOR: Psychology
Alpha Chi
Curriculum Committee for Psychology





MARY FRANCES ALLEN
MAJOR: Health & Physical Education
ZAPEA
Women's Recreation Association
ASU Flag Corp—Marching Band
N.C. Association of Health, Physical
Education & Recreation
American Alliance of Health, Physical
Education & Recreation
ASU Women's Varsity Volleyball,
Basketball, and Golf

JANET ANN CAMPBELL
MAJOR: Elementary Education
Alpha Delta Pi Sorority
SGA Senator
Swim Team
Baptist Student Union
ACEI
Coordinator of Shelter Workshop—
Wesley Foundation

LINDA ADAIR WORTMAN
MAJOR: Speech Pathology
Resident Assistant
Speech Pathology Club
SGA Communications Committee
Popular Programs

ROBERT HAROLD CHRISTY, JR.
MAJOR: Political Science
Lambda Chi Alpha
International Relations Association
Law Association
Associate Chief Justice
Deputy Public Defender

DONALD ELISHA SMITH, JR.
MAJOR: Marketing Media Management
(BSBA)
Business Manager, RHODODENDRON
Public Relations Director, WASU—FM
Publicity Chairman, AMA
High Point College Alumni Association
Alpha Chi National Honor Society

JENNIFER LYNN WILSON
MAJOR: Speech Pathology
Gamma Beta Phi
Alpha Chi National Honor Society
NSSHA

BRADLEY THOMAS ADCOCK
MAJOR: Political Science
Student Government Association
Attorney General
Academic Policies and Procedures
Committee
Law Association
International Relations Association,
President
Political Science Association
Lambda Chi Alpha

WILLIAM ARTHUR CAMERON, JR.
MAJOR: Economics
SGA Senator '72-'74
SGA Vice—President '74-'75
Advertising Salesman, THE
APPALACHIAN
Lambda Chi Alpha
Inter-Fraternity Council

SANDRA FAYE RICHARDSON
MAJOR: Mathematics
President, Alpha Chi
Kappa Delta Pi
Math Club
Gamma Beta Phi
Baptist Student Union
Board of Directors of N.C. Council
of Mathematics Teachers
Chief Junior Marshal '75
Top Ten in Junior Class

ROBERT QUINCY McPHAIL
MAJOR: Philosophy
Editor, THE APPALACHIAN '75-'76
Copy Editor, THE APPALACHIAN
'74-'75
Advisory Council to the Bookstore
Alpha Chi National Honor Society

ANNE BOWLES FERRELL
MAJOR: History
Deputy Attorney General
Chief Justice
Forensics Union
Phi Alpha Theta
Pi Gamma Mu

CHARLOTTE LEWIS NELSON
MAJOR: Biology
Circle K Club
Alpha Chi National Honor Society
Junior Marshall





NANETTE NIFONG ALLEN
MAJOR: Accounting
Accounting Club
Alpha Chi National Honor Society
College of Business Curriculum
Committee



RAY ALLEN LYLES
MAJOR: Accounting
Accounting Club
Alpha Chi National Honor Society

LEVERNE S. FOX, JR.
MAJOR: Chemistry
ASU Marching Band
ASU Wind Ensemble
Phi Mu Alpha
Baptist Student Union
Alpha Chi National Honor Society
A.R. Smith Scholarship in Chemistry
Top Ten in Class '73-'74-'75

WILLIAM GILBERT CHEEK
MAJOR: Music Education
 National Association of Jazz Educators
 Music Educators National Conference
 American Association of String
 Teachers
 ASU Jazz Improvisational Ensemble,
 Wind Ensemble, Chamber Orchestra

JOANNE MITCHELL
MAJOR: Mathematics
 President, Math Club
 Kappa Delta Pi
 Gamma Beta Phi
 Baptist Student Union
 ASU Flag Corps

DAVID VINCENT FOX
MAJOR: Engineering Technology
 Residence Life Committee
 Video Tape Committee
 Honor graduate, AAS degree,
 Electronics Technology,
 Cape Fear Technical Institute

DAVID MOR
MAJOR: Physical Education
 ASU Varsity Soccer Team
 Outstanding College Athletes of
 America Award
 All Southern Conference Team (Soccer)
 All South Soccer Team

JOSEPH GRANT CHEEK
MAJOR: Accounting
 Gamma Beta Phi Society
 Superior Student Award
 Internship in Internal Revenue
 Service

MIRIAM RUTH WEST
MAJOR: General Studies—Graphics
 Features Editor, '75 RHODODENDRON
 Editor, '76 RHODODENDRON
 Sigma Tau Epsilon
 N. C. Bicentennial Committee

SHERRY CHRISTINE PEDERSON
MAJOR: Elementary Education (K-3)
 ASU Collegiate Civitans
 Senior Residence Assistant
 Residence Life Committee

CHARLYNN ELLIS ROSS
MAJOR: Speech
 ASU Playcrafters
 Alpha Psi Omega
 ASU Forensics Union
 Pi Kappa Delta
 Speech Department Representative,
 Fine and Applied Arts Readmission
 Committee
 ASU Theatre Productions

CATHY JENAE BEAVER
MAJOR: Elementary Education (K-3)
 Club Committee
 ACEI
 Resident Assistant
 Kappa Delta Pi
 Gamma Beta Phi
 Grace McNinch Council Scholarship
 Award

WILLIAM RAYMOND YEAGER
MAJOR: Health & Physical Education
 ASU Varsity Football





JERRY LEE AYSCUE

MAJOR: Banking & Finance
Gamma Beta Phi
Vice—President, Economics Club
Resident Assistant
Director, Refrigerator Rentals
Baptist Student Union

CAROL JEAN SAMILA

MAJOR: Home Economics Education
President, Home Economics Club
Kappa Delta Pi
Alpha Chi National Honor Society
Resident Assistant

JAYN LEIGH COX

MAJOR: Health & Physical Education
Gamma Beta Phi
Kappa Delta Pi
Alpha Chi National Honor Society
Co-President, ZAPEA

ROGER PARKS ALLEN

MAJOR: Biology
Alpha Chi National Honor Society
Kappa Delta Pi
Vice-President, Gamma Beta Phi
Highland Biologists
Beta Beta Beta

MISCHA HILL
MAJOR: French
President, Pi Delta Phi
American Translators Association
Foreign Language Association of N.C.
Alpha Chi National Honor Society
Kappa Delta Pi
Gamma Beta Phi

SAMUEL LEWIS FEEMSTER
MAJOR: Political Science
Pi Gamma Mu
Club Committee Chairman
Lambda Chi Alpha
Appalachian Black Student
Organization
Resident Assistant
Forensics

ARCHIE WILSON ERVIN
MAJOR: Political Science
Deputy Attorney General
Young Democrat Club
International Relations Club
Student Coordinator—ASU Big
Brother Program
Black Cultural Club

LESLIE D. HAMBY
MAJOR: English
Student Senate
NEA
National Council of Teachers of
English
Student Liason for Committee of
Institutional Studies and Planning

SHARON WILCOX GARRISON
MAJOR: Piano Pedagogy
Women's Glee Club
University Choral Society
Student Representative for Readmission
Committee (Fine and Applied Arts)
Pi Kappa Lambda
Alpha Chi National Honor Society
Honors Luncheon '73-'74-'75

DAVID W. BAILEY
MAJOR: Health & Safety
Chairman, Student Union Video
Tape Committee
Chairman, Student Union Recreation
Committee
Chairman, SGA Club Council
Stage Manager, University Auditorium
Resident Assistant

JAMES CARLTON WADELL
MAJOR: Speech Pathology
Who's Who in American Junior
Colleges
Top Ten Students

VALERIE SUZZETTE STRIBLING
MAJOR: Art
Resident Assistant
Art Talent Award (Winter, 1974)
Finalist in Sculpture Commission
Competition for ASU Library

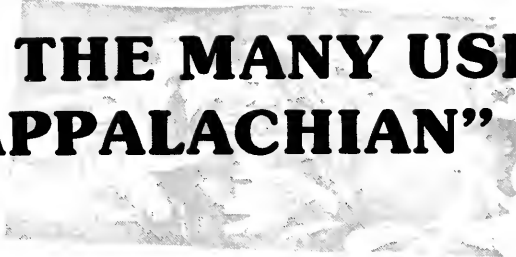
JAMES MICHAEL DOBBINS
MAJOR: Business Administration (BT)
Kappa Delta Pi
Scabbard & Blade
Director of Student Employment
Service
Phi Beta Lambda

SUSAN LYNN SINK
MAJOR: Speech Pathology
Chi Omega
Speech Pathology Club
Panhellenic Council
University Singers
Kappa Sigma Little Sisters



700 House topples Mounties

CHECK OUT THE MANY USES OF "THE APPALACHIAN"

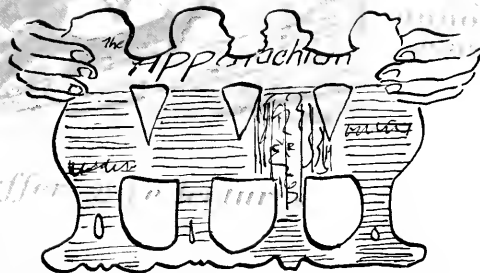


ASU

The Appalachian



New River opposition continues
Students petition Kleppe



Observer staffer

ASU gets grant



May 1976 \$1.00

A. S. U. GAZETTE



“WANTED”
On the Appalachian Campus






Picture Yourself in the



1977

RHODODENDRON



Come by Workman Hall This Week to

Sign Up

ASU'S GAZETTE '75-'76



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Grads

Mary Adderholt
Cathy Aldridge
Ortis Allen
Angela Alonso
Mary Amend
Kathy Armstrong

Lenoir
Norwood
Asheville
Boone
Charlotte
Charlotte



Mary Arnold
James Austin
Karen Austin
Frank Ballard
Paul Barnhardt
Jeanne Barnwell

Charlotte
Albemarle
Locust
Colfax
China Grove
Lenoir



David Benson
Carmen Bettis
Gary Biggs
Jeanne Bigham
Mark Bonn
Mohamed Bouras

Vilas
Boone
Banner Elk
Boone
Boone
Boone



Greta Boyd
Lynn Boykin
Robert Bradley
Michael Bradshaw
Alan Brantley
Harold Brewer

Boone
Raleigh
Augusta, GA
Lenoir
Raleigh
Laurinburg



Robert Broadfoot
Carol Brown
Mary Brown
Marie Brumble
Frank Bryant
Katherine Bryant

Wilmington
Weaverville
Hendersonville
Charlotte
Elon College
Reidsville



Elizabeth Buchanan
Melissa Buchanan
Robert Buske
Gerald Carpenter
Sue Cessna
Earl Church

Abingdon, VA
Carthage
San Diego, CA
Norwood
Charlotte
Wilkesboro



Bob Cload
Cathy Collins
Carol Conrad
Jane Cook
John Cornell
Cindy Culbreth

Chicago, IL
Franklinton
Lewisville
Charlotte
Roanoke, VA
Hillsborough



Nancy Culbreth
Sharon Currie
Charlotte Damato
Barbara Data
Emma Davis
Brett Day

Fayetteville
Raeford
Boone
Melbourne, FL
Conover
Boone



Toby Deal
John Deason
Loles Diaz
Ellen Dillard
Jack Dillard
Wiley Doby

Newton
Graham
Boone
Boone
Boone
Boone



Grads



Piper Edwards
Roger Edwards
David Emmons
Manford Farr
Janet Foster
David Fox

Bladenboro
Spartanburg
Albemarle
Morganton
Winston Salem
Wilmington

Carl Gammon
James Gladstone
Gail Glover
Gary Goodin
Lane Graham
Elene Greene

Forest City
Boone
Bessemer City
Union Grove
Salisbury
Mtn. City, TN

James Green
Collette Greer
Alan Hardy
Robin Harmon
Terry Harmon
James Harper

Zenio, AK
Boone
China Grove
Welch, WV
Brevard
Burlington

Terry Harper
Al Harris
Alycia Harris
Leigh Harris
Debbie Hawkins
Thomas Hemphill

Winston Salem
Greensboro
Charlotte
Banner Elk
Hickory
Canton

Boyce Hensley
Rob Hewitt
Ronald Hewitt
Laura Hicks
Marcia Hocutt
Ralph Hobby

Forest City
Newton
Newton
Mocksville
Clayton
Burlington

June Hollingsworth
Larry Holt
Dan Hoyle
John Huss
Teresa Hutchens
Betsy Hutson

Boone
McLeansville
Drexel
Hickory
Lawsonville
Durham

Lorenzo Jackson
Bonnie Jano
Claude Jenkins
Hubert Johnson
Shirley Jolly
Patricia Jordan

Wake Forest
Statesville
Hickory
Graham
Elkin
Kannapolis

Marsha Joyce
Kaylene Keen
Jayne Kaylor
Terry Kent
Sarah Keziah
Lynn Kobylenski

Charlotte
Spruce Pine
Lenoir
Sanford
Monroe
Riberhead, NY

Stanley Kowalczyk
Kathryn Knight
Eric Lanier
Janet Lee
Gloria Lindsay
Charles Lockee

New Britain, CT
Boone
Rocky Mt.
Mars Hill
Spindale
Lenoir

Grads

Michael Long
Becky Lott
Sarah Lowe
George Lupton
Marcus Morris
Steve Matheny

Winston Salem
Raleigh
Lenoir
Boone
Franklin, VA
Cliffside



Billy Mauney
Beth McCauley
Andy Melvin
Gary Millner
Arthur Moore
Vickie Moore

Taylorsville
Burlington
Winton
Winston Salem
Blowing Rock
Matthews



Philip Morris
Sam Moss
Bruce Murray
Dorothy Murray
Van Murray
Carl Nichols

Vilas
Rockingham
Mars Hill
Goldsboro
Winston Salem
Salisbury



Richard Noel
Nanette Norris
Robert Norwood
Jim O'Dell
Joe Ollis
Wayne Packard

Oxford
Fayetteville
Boone
Blowing Rock
Ingalls
Mooresboro



Jim Palmer
Tricia Parish
Sam Patterson
Stuart Penn
Bobby Phillips
Robert Powley

Fairfield, AK
Wendell
Greensboro
Morganton
Boone
Boone



Shirley Ray
David Richardson
Virginia Riddle
Judy Riggs
James Roberson
Kathryn Rominger

Boone
Boone
Spruce Pine
Mt. Airy
Newland
Winston Salem



Larry Rousseau
Lydia Ruppe
Paula Sams
Van Sawyer
John Saylor
Wesley Saylor

Winston Salem
Forest City
Mars Hill
Elizabeth City
Greenville, SC
Boone



Michael Scott
Carol Shannon
Judy Shaw
Dennis Sherrill
Reba Shumaker
Charlie Skinner

Knoxville, TN
Garner
Ennice
Lenoir
Statesville
Greensboro



Charlie Smith
Fred Snipes
Margaret Spicer
Ned Steadman
Ken Steele
Diana Styles

Stanfield
Spruce Pine
Elkin
Shelby
Mt. Airy
Burnsville



Grads



Jeanette Tarr
Jane Teague
Jim Thomas
Carolyn Thompson
Linda Thompson
Robert Thompson

Boone
Taylorsville
Mebane
Eden
Wilmington
Mt. Holly

Johnny Todd
Terri Tokaz
Aaron Townsend
Gerald Troutman
Susan Turley
Charles Tutterrow

Boone
Columbia, SC
Newton Conover
Rockwell
Norwood
Union Grove

John Uti
Vanessa Veale
Zenda Welch
Janet Wells
Craig White
Bob Whitley

Umutu, Nigeria
Bristol, England
Boone
Cedar Grove
Burlington
N. Wilkesboro

Freddy Whitt
Robert Wicker
Cynthia Wilcox
Thomas Wilkinson
Patricia Williams
Joan Winter

Mt. Holly
Asheville
Lenoir
Boone
Yadkinville
Sylva

Lewis Woody
Nancy Wrenn
Debra Wright
Henry Young

Burnsville
Mt. Airy
Sanford
Boone

Class of '76

Leslie Abbott
 Laura Abdallah
 Christy Abernethy
 Diana Absher
 Charlotte Adams
 Mary Adams

Lumberton
 Goldsboro
 Charlotte
 Crumpler
 Asheville
 Laurinburg



Michael Adams
 David Affleck
 Duane Albert
 Charles Aldridge
 Kathy Aldridge
 Kathy Alexander

Winston Salem
 Blowing Rock
 Winston Salem
 Burnsville
 Salisbury
 China Grove



Doug Alford
 John Alicki
 Brenda Allen
 Fran Allen
 Michael Allen
 Nanette Allen

Raleigh
 Lenoir
 Raleigh
 Raleigh
 Lexington
 Winston Salem



Rita Alexander
 Keith Alley
 Daniel Alman
 Glenn Alston
 Elizabeth Anderson
 Karen Anderson

Cedar Grove
 Concord
 Asheboro
 Warrenton
 Elizabeth City
 Montreat



Lisa Anderson
 Paul Anderson
 Robert Anderson
 Susan Andrew
 Becky Angell
 Pam Angline

Lincolnton
 Wilkesboro
 Thomasville
 Albemarle
 Asheville
 Asheville



Ramona Annas
 David Arant
 Karen Arrowood
 Steven Arrowood
 Margaret Arthur
 Elizabeth Ashby

Rhodhiss
 Charlotte
 Caroleen
 Mooresboro
 Reidsville
 Boone



Billie Ashley
 Terry Atkins
 William Atwood
 Jerry Ayseue
 David Bailey
 Gary Bailey

Mebane
 Winston Salem
 N. Wilkesboro
 Henderson
 Southern Pines
 Wilkes



Pamela Bailey
 Tenia Bailey
 Kent Baity
 Judy Baker
 Mary Baker
 Marcile Ballard

Staunton, VA
 N. Wilkesboro
 Mocksville
 Statesville
 Sanford
 Ft. Myers, FL



Wayne Barbee
 Janice Barber
 Terry Barefoot
 Ronnie Barger
 John Barker
 Pat Barnes

Concord
 Charlotte
 Garner
 Morganton
 High Point
 Raleigh



Class of '76



Jaye Barnhill
Brant Barnwell
Susan Beal
Martha Beard
Steven Beard
Cathy Beaver

Williamston
Burlington
Lincolnton
Newton
Fayetteville
Kannapolis

Donna Beck
Paul Beck
Bill Becker
Hansel Beeson
Sharon Beeson
Angela Bell

Lexington
Hillsborough
Asheville
Greensboro
Greensboro
Banner Elk

Richard Benbow
Kathy Benfield
Wayne Benson
Stephen Benton
Jacqueline Biddix
Ina Black

Raleigh
Newland
Concord
Charlotte
Spruce Pine
Crumpler

Samuel Black
Teresa Black
Camille Blackburn
Mary Blades
Ellen Blair
James Blake

Statesville
Lexington
Wilkesboro
Charlotte
Burnsville
Greensboro

Kathryn Blanton
Mary Blanton
Crissie Boggs
Rick Bolling
Stan Bolton
Danny Boone

Shelby
Harmony
Charlotte
Hickory
Hickory
Troutman

Thomas Booth
Nancy Bost
Gary Bowman
William Boyd
William Boyles
Karon Bradley

Hickory
Newton
Hickory
Boone
Lincolnton
Kings Mtn.

James Bradshaw
Deborah Branch
Carolyn Branson
Alan Brantley
Renee Brewer
Kathy Brinkley

Lenoir
Dobson
Thomasville
Burlington
Raleigh
Thomasville

Tommie Brock
Judy Brooks
Michael Brooks
Sandra Brooks
Wesley Brooks
William Brooks

Boone
Lansing
Candler
Lansing
Winston Salem
Gastonia

Annette Brown
John Brown
Karen Brown
Mike Brown
Regena Brown
Michael Bruckner

Dallas
Lexington
Wilson
West Jefferson
West Jefferson
Fayetteville

Class of '76

Darryl Bruner
Barry Bryant
Cynthia Bryant
Ava Buchanan
Randy Buchanan
Vicki Buchanan

Hickory
Jonesville
Lincolnton
Spruce Pine
Bakersville
Bakersville

Wayne Buff
Michael Bullock
Mike Bumgardner
Bobby Bunch
Tamara Burcham
Karen Burgess

Morganton
Burlington
Kings Mtn.
Asheboro
N. Wilkesboro
Greensboro

Linda Burgess
Rhonda Burgess
Rick Burke
Timothy Burleson
John Burnett
Susan Burnett

Coral Gables, FL
Huntersville
Maiden
Swannanoa
Boone
Boone

Diane Burnside
Larry Burton
Larry Burton
Barbara Burwell
Janice Busick
Gay Butler

Greensboro
Vale
East Bend
Winston Salem
Reidsville
Raleigh

Linda Byars
Eddie Byers
Wayne Cadick
J C Cagle
Tommy Caldwell
Art Cameron

Lexington
Gary, WV
High Point
Sylva
Huntersville
Greensboro

Melba Cameron
Willie Cameron
Janet Campbell
Marie Campbell
Barry Cannon
David Cannon

Winston Salem
Thomasville
Greenville
Boone
Hendersonville
Charlotte

Jackie Cannon
Patricia Cannon
Jack Canter
Sandy Canter
James Canup
Sheila Carmody

Ayden
Charlotte
Charleston, SC
Greensboro
Salisbury
Charlotte

Joann Carpenter
Susan Carpenter
Pam Carraway
Gregory Carswell
Patricia Carswell
David Carter

Albemarle
Lincolnton
Boone
Valdese
Valdese
Winston Salem

Margaret Carter
Cathy Caskey
Katie Cauble
Kathy Caudill
Cathy Caudle
Christopher Cawthon

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Harrisburg
Albemarle
Wilkesboro
Lenoir
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 Debra Childers
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 Boone
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 Mooresville
 Charlotte
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 Dale Christy
 Robert Christy
 Betty Church
 Tony Church
 Bonnie Clapp

Badin
 Kannapolis
 Boone
 Boone
 Millers Creek
 Siler City

Mark Clapp
 Rebecca Clark
 Cynthia Clayton
 Rick Clayton
 Robert Clawson
 Michael Climer

Greensboro
 Cary
 Winston Salem
 Forest City
 Belmont
 Charlotte

Glenda Cline
 Vickie Cline
 Dean Cole
 Robert Combs
 Anne Comer
 Richard Comer

Drexel
 Kannapolis
 Forest City
 Hickory
 Rockington
 Winston Salem

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 Laura Conner
 Bill Cook
 Jeff Cook
 Linda Cooke
 Martin Cooper

Morgantown
 Lincolnton
 Asheboro
 Mt. Airy
 Zionville
 Cary

Rebecca Cooper
 Steven Corell
 Jeane Cornett
 Andrew Corpening
 Lynn Correll
 Jim Costas

Reidsville
 Waynesboro, VA
 Newland
 Morgantown
 Kannapolis
 Greensboro

James Cottingham
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 Skeet Cox
 Woody Cox
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Boone
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 Washington
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Conover
 Kenansville
 Pikeville
 Brevard
 Boone
 Graham

Hugh Cummings
 Linda Cuthbertson
 Terry Cutts
 Harold Daniel
 Morton Dark
 Don Darnell

Burlington
 Newland
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 Burlington
 Siler City
 Charlotte

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 Hiddenite
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Dobson
 Lincolnton
 Clemmon
 Newton
 Winston Salem
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 Thomasville
 Mt. Airy
 Eden
 Newton
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Yadkinville
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 Huntersville
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 Hendersonville
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 Susan Duncan
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 Greensboro
 Mt. Airy
 Flat Rock
 Roaring Gap
 Greensboro



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Greensboro
 Old Fort
 Hickory
 Mt. Pleasant
 Burlington
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 Bryan Edwards
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Greensboro
 Stoneville
 Boone
 Chadbourn
 Sparta
 Sparta



Debbie Edwards
 Harley Edwards
 Lucy Edwards
 Rebecca Edwards
 Richard Edwards
 Sarah Edwards

Raleigh
 State Road
 Hamilton
 Lattimore
 Oak Ridge
 Greensboro

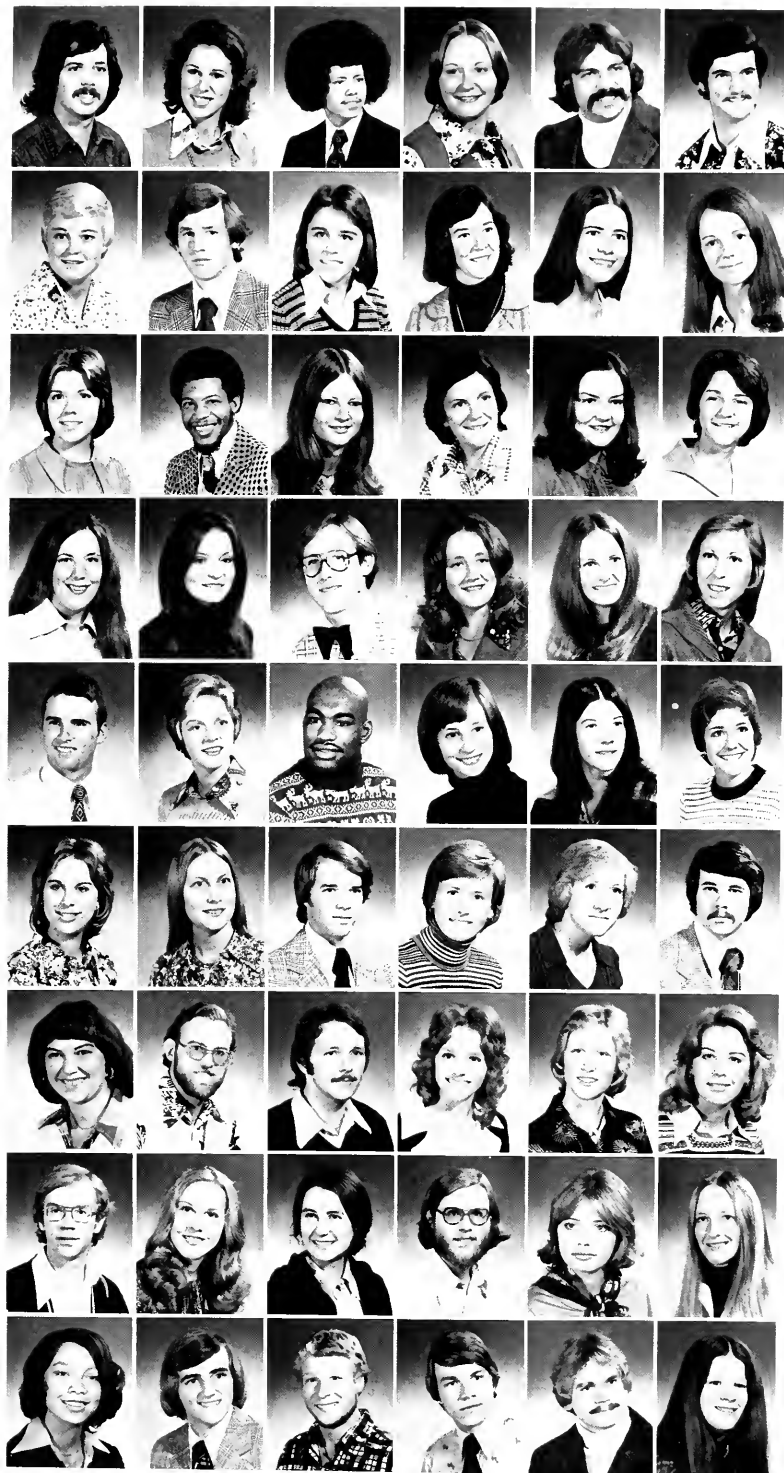


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 Everett Hord Shelby
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Rhonda Johnson
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Daniel Jones
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Janet Keller

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Norman Kennedy
Randy Kerr
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Boone
Boone
Burlington
Boone
Taylorsville

Cornelius
Burlington
Whiteville
Eden
Elizabeth City
Fairmont

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Gastonia
King
Miramar, FL
Wingate
Graham

Boonville
Glade Valley
Newton
Spruce Pine
Boone
Wingate

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Mebane
Laurinburg
Sparta

Charlotte
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Charlotte
Casar
Jamestown
Greensboro

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Harmony
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Ft. Lauderdale, FL

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Charlotte
Greensboro
Greensboro

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Lewis Ledford

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 N. Wilkesboro
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 Myrtle Beach, SC
 Forest City
 Forest City



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 Kay McCollum
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 Theresa McDowell
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Ellenboro
 Elizabeth City
 Kings Mtn.
 Kings Mtn.
 Boone
 Morganton



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Greensboro
 Charlotte
 Monroe
 Mt. Airy
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 N. Wilkesboro



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 Michael McKibbin
 Danny McKinney
 Larry McKinney
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 Fori McLean

Charlotte
 Honolulu, HI
 Burlington
 Asheville
 Asheville
 Charlotte



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 Wilkesboro
 Knightdale
 Sanford
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 Mary Miller Salisbury

Van Miller Salisbury
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 Sally Morris Statesville
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 Peggy Mosley Mt. Airy
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Wayne Myers
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Ken Neaves
Benton Neese
Brett Nelson

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Winston Salem
Jefferson
Winston Salem
Liberty
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Martha Nelson
Neill Nelson
Wanda Nesbitt
Greg Newlin
DeLea Newman

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Mooresboro
Eden
Boone



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Gary Nichols
Terrye Nichols
Terri Nicks

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Gastonia
Mt. Airy
Millers Creek
Millers Creek
Statesville



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Roger Odum
Joseph Odronec
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Jerry Ollis
Robert O'Neal

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Fayetteville
Orangeburg, SC
Newland
Ingalls
Bluefield, WV



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Jean Osborne
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Rhonda Overton
Kathryn Owens

Eden
Grayson
Shelby
Danbury
Sophia
Kings Mtn.



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John Pait
Teresa Pardue
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Sue Parks
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Greensboro
Mt. Airy
Fayetteville
Burlington
Troy



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Jane Patterson
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Dawn Pearman

Gaffney, SC
Granite Falls
Polkville
China Grove
Zebulon
Kernersville



Paulette Pearson
Sherry Pederson
Jonice Peele
Dan Peery
Sharon Peters
Elizabeth Phillips

Morganton
Greensboro
Southern Pines
Sanford
Charlotte
Lenoir

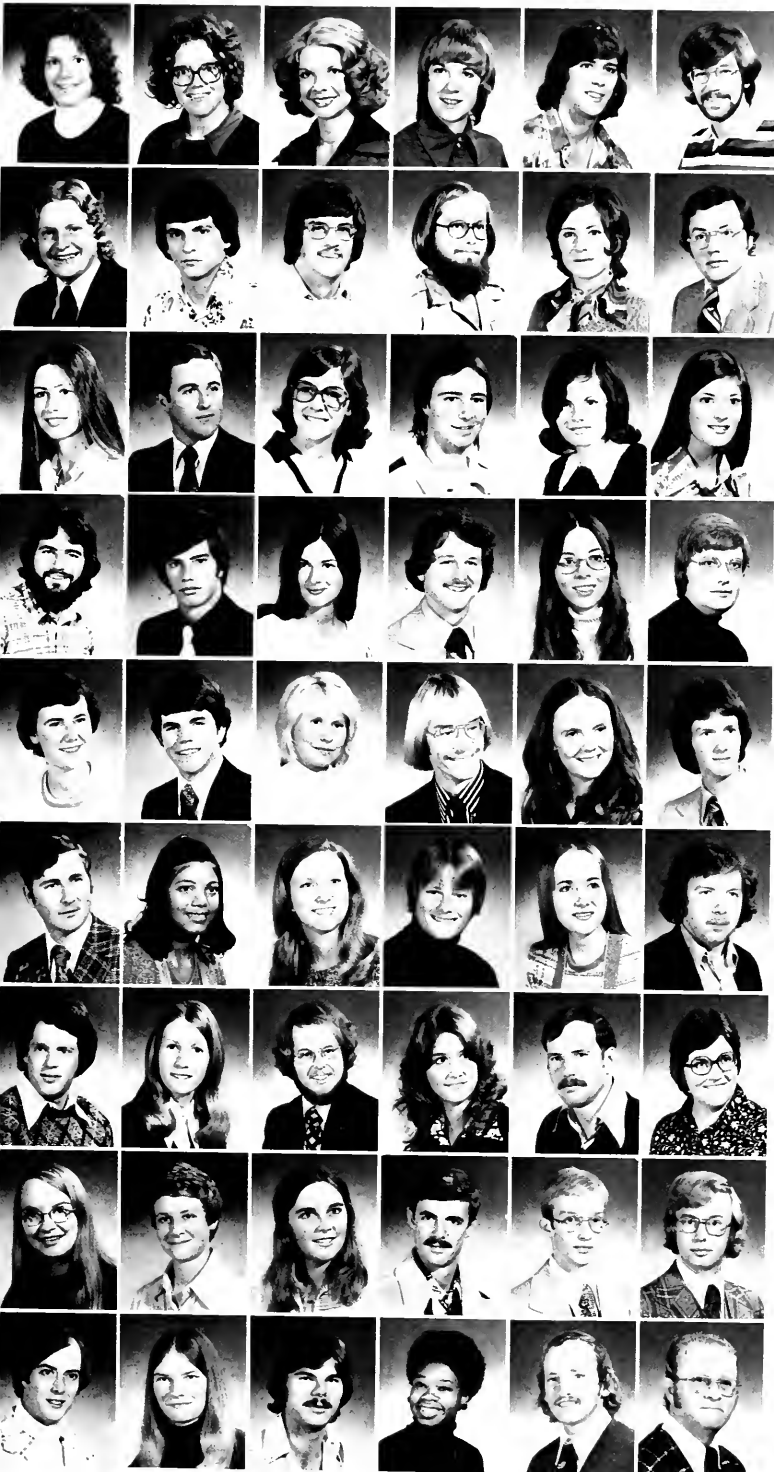


Martha Phillips
James Pierce
Sommers Pierce
Brian Pile
Steve Pilkenton
Jim Pippin

Winston Salem
Rock Hill
Charlotte
Pittsburgh, PA
Lenoir
Rockingham



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Robin Pittman
Evans Poindexter
George Pollett

Charlotte
Charlotte
Franic
Rutherfordton
Selma
Raleigh

Garry Poole
Jim Pope
Randy Pope
Steven Porter
Beverly Poston
Mickey Poteat

Statesville
Cedar Grove
Clemmons
Lillington
Wilmington
Morganton

Michele Powell
Roger Powell
Christine Prather
David Pressley
Debra Price
Melanie Price

Lincolnton
Vale
Blowing Rock
Canton
Monroe
Thomasville

Stephen Price
Timothy Price
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Anita Purvis
Jane Quick

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Winston-Salem
Suitland, MD
Laurel Spring
Bear Creek
Mt. Holly

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Lenoir
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Weaverville

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Susan ReMine
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Lenoir
Salem, VA
Purlear
Yadkinville
Lexington

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Ronald Ritchie
Rosemary Ritchie

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Randleman
Charlotte
Raleigh
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Concord

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Larry Roberson
Melvin Roberson
Rick Roberts

Creston
Charlotte
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Newland
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Boone
Boone
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Hickory
Hickory
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Roddy Smith
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Welch, WV
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Roger Tucker

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Thomasville
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Thomasville
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Charlotte
Charlotte

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Jewel Ward
Harold Warren
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Lenoir
N. Wilkesboro
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Chris Weant
Henry Weaver
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Deborah Wells
Donna Wells

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Marion
Weaverville
Oak Ridge, TN
Watha
Medford



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|---------------------|-------------|
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| Gesele Westmoreland | Thomasville |
| Michael Wharton | Boone |
| Betty White | Wadesboro |
| Cynthia White | Charlotte |

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| Heinie White | Columbus |
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| Sharon White | Charlotte |
| Michael Whitley | Fayetteville |
| Alan Whittington | Wilkesboro |

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|--------------------|----------------|
| Diane Whittington | Wilkesboro |
| Eddie Whittington | China Grove |
| Nelson Whittington | Smithfield |
| Susan Wicker | Southern Pines |
| Glenda Wilhelm | Statesville |
| Michael Wilkerson | Mebane |

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|------------------|---------------|
| Connie Williams | Robbins |
| Cynthia Williams | Robbins |
| Donna Williams | Raleigh |
| Janet Williams | Winston-Salem |
| Larry Williams | Raleigh |
| Peggy Williams | Statesville |

| | |
|-------------------|---------------|
| Sterling Williams | Madison |
| Gary Willis | Mt. Airy |
| Bobby Wilson | Winston-Salem |
| Carol Wilson | Greensboro |
| Cynthia Wilson | Morganton |
| Dan Wilson | Waynesville |

| | |
|-----------------|---------------|
| Jennifer Wilson | Brentwood, TN |
| Larry Wilson | Gastonia |
| Ricky Wilson | Marion |
| Shelly Wilson | Vilas |
| Debbie Winecoff | Concord |
| Kathryn Winfrey | Clyde |

| | |
|------------------|----------------|
| Donna Winkler | Lenoir |
| Janette Winstead | Roxboro |
| Jan Wise | Kannapolis |
| Cynthia Wodowski | Fayetteville |
| David Wood | Santa Anna, CA |
| Lori Wood | Smithfield |

| | |
|------------------|----------------|
| Kolouia Woodring | Lenoir |
| Sandra Woodroof | Roanoke Rapids |
| Pence Woodruff | Dobson |
| Horace Woolard | Greensboro |
| Kathy Wolfe | Dobson |
| Tony Womack | Morganton |

| | |
|---------------|----------------|
| Debrah Worthy | Durham |
| Linda Wortman | Morganton |
| Gail Wynn | Hendersonville |
| Steven Yaeger | Pafftown |
| Betsy Yarboro | Shelby |
| Bill Yeager | Fayetteville |

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Patricia York
Janelle Young
Janice Young
Melanie Young
Melissa Young

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Sophia
Danbury
Burnsville
Burlington
Boone

Theresa Young
Bruce Younts
Gayle Younts

Mooreville
High Point
High Point



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Gary Abernathy
Debbie Adams
George Adams
Karen Adams
Margaret Akers

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Durham
Winston-Salem
Laurinburg
Statesville
Charlotte



Curtis Albea
Karen Albertson
Cathy Alexander
Anne Allen
Barry Allen
John Allen

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High Point
Spruce Pine
Elon College
Wendell
Boone



Linda Allen
Rocky Allen
Sheila Allen
Arlene Allison
Deborah Allison
Keith Allison

Mocksville
Virginia Beach, VA
Lexington
Polkton
Durham
Hendersonville



Mitchell Allison
Cathy Allred
Kevin Alvarez
Joanne Amos
Wanda Anderson
Kenneth Archie

Matthews
Lexington
Fayetteville
Lumberton
Roaring River
Charlotte



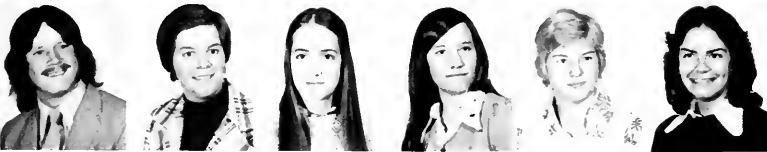
Philip Arrington
Kathy Ashley
Barbara Askey
Dee Atkins
Allen Austin
Bart Austin

Waynesville
Monroe
Miami, FL
Hickory
Durham
Matthews



Darlene Austin
Saundra Austin
Paul Auten
Joyce Autry
Shannon Awbrey
Rebecca Badgett

Albemarle
New London
Kannapolis
Stedman
Belmont
Mt. Airy



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Aletha Baker
Anita Baker
Beth Baker
Judith Banks
Sherry Banks

Southhampton, NY
Moravian Falls
Hillsborough
Hickory
Charlotte
Charlotte



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Mary Barker
Carmen Barlow
Barbara Barnaby
Edward Barnett

Millers Creek
Statesville
Cheraw, SC
Greensboro
Granite Falls
Asheville



Holton Barnwell
Norma Barnwell
Fredrick Battle
Jill Baughman
Lynn Bazemore
Grayson Beane

Burlington
Burlington
Lenoir
Lenoir
Daytona Beach, FL
Lenoir

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Gina Bennett
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Troy
Cleveland
N. Wilkesboro
Reidsville
Rocky Mt.
Lowell



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Mike Beretsk
Charlotte Berrier
Debra Beshears
Jane Bibey
Lana Biddix

Cary
Salisbury
Smoot, WY
Purlear
Whispering Pines
Spruce Pine



Vicki Billings
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Mary Birch
Janice Black
Steve Blackburn
Lisa Blackwelder

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Fayetteville
Hickory



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Linville
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Roxboro
Norwood
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Hugh Bogue
David Boone
Cathy Boozer
Robin Borneman

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Asheboro
Greensboro
Valdese
Columbia, SC
Greensboro



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Rence Bost
Patricia Bostick
Mike Bowlin
Leslie Boyd
Elaine Boysworth

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Norwood



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David Bradford
Gary Bradley
Rence Bradley
Tony Bradshaw

Bostic
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Rutherfordton
Rutherfordton
Pineville



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Ruth Ann Brancan
Donna Braswell
Frank Braswell
Karen Braswell
Ronald Brendle

Goldsboro
Sanford
Marion
Concord
Climax
Cleveland



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Laura Bridgeman
John Bridges
Alan Bridges
David Britt
Joe Brock

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Columbus
Rowland
Clemmens
Fayetteville
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Shelby
Boone
Charlotte
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David Brown
Garry Brown
John Brown
Mary Brown
Laura Lee Bryan

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Raleigh
Southern Pines
Rockwell
Raleigh



Michael Bryan
Bob Bryant
Charlene Bryant
David Bryson
Jim Buchanan
Renee Buchanan

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Boone
Laurinburg
Albemarle
Greensboro
Hickory



Chuck Buckle
Jim Buice
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Jimmy Bumgarner
John Bumgarner
Richard Bumgarner

Eden
Winston-Salem
Millers Creek
Nebo
Stanley
Stanley



B. J. Bunnell
Billie Burgess
Steve Burkhead
Rosa Burnette
Kathy Burrage
Mary Pat Burton

Elizabeth Cith
Asheboro
Candor
Locust
Concord
Greensboro



Steve Burton
Cheryl Busick
Jo Butler
Alison Butts
Anita Byerly
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Thomasville
Dunn



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Lindy Caldwell
Sarah Caldwell
Andrea Calloway
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Nancy Campbell

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Newton
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Lenoir
Salisbury
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James Carlson
Eve Carmen
Robin Carpenter
Pamela Carter

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Swan Quarter
Ft. Lauderdale, FL
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Linda Clark
Maxine Clark
Linda Clawson

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Valdese
Maiden
McLeansville
Roaring River
Traphill
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Thomasville
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Winston-Salem
Charlotte
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Anthony Cook
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Florence Corpening
William Corriher
Cathy Cosgrove

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Reidsville
Durham
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Elizabeth Craig
Roger Craig
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Swannanoa
Durham
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Blowing Rock
Kannapolis



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Penn Croom
Susan Crowder
Bobby Crumley
Karen Cuthrell
Reba Dale

Charlotte
Fayetteville
Roxboro
Pinnade
Manteo
Morganton



Susan Dallas
Maxcy Dangerfield
Patty Daniel
Johnny Davidson
Mara Davidson
Edward Davis

Cary
Mt. Pleasant, SC
Fayetteville
Statesville
Lewisville
Goldsboro



Elizabeth Davis
Katherine Davis
Martha Davis
Pam Davis
Robert Davis
Sabrina Davis

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Carrboro
Asheboro
Greensboro
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 Martha Deaton Statesville
 Brent Dees Burgaw
 Cindi Delisi Greensboro



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 Dawn Dennis Star
 Ricky Detter Lincolnton
 Ann Diamond Albemarle
 Pam Dilen Cary
 Ellen Dixon Boone



Roberta Dixon Mebane
 Jimmy Dobbins Asheboro
 Kevin Donovan Silver Spring, MD
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 Amy Dorton Concord
 Renee Dosee Miami, FL



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 Sheila Drum Lenoir
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 Robert Duncan Wilkesboro
 David Dyson Winston-Salem
 Debbie Dyson Greensboro



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 Debbie Echerd Hickory
 Tim Echols Kings Mtn.
 Steve Eckard Hickory



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 Randy Edwards Crossnore
 Roger Edwards W. Jefferson
 Stanley Edwards Wilmington
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 James Ellis Madison
 Thomas Ellis Statesville
 William Elmore Middlesex



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 Debbie England Raleigh
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 Forrest Everette Jefferson, OH
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 Wesley Faulkner Peachland
 Clinton Feemster Bessemer City

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Elizabeth Ferguson
Mike Ferguson
Jan Finger
Dean Fink

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Bakersville
Lake Junaluska
Jonesville
Kannapolis



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Elizabeth Fitzgerald
Kathy Fleming
Texie Susan Fleming
William Fletcher

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Ronald Forbes
Ellen Forest
Carol Forrester
Ginger Fortner

Charlotte
Southern Pines
Elizabeth City
Charlotte
Charlotte
Charlotte



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Lu Ann Foster
Misty Foster
Roberta Fowler
Tony Fowler

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Blowing Rock
Wilkesboro
Philadelphia, PA
Monroe
Dobson



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Madeline Frosch
Steve Fry

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China Grove
Mooreville
Winston-Salem
Charlotte
Charlotte



Dayl Fry
Kenny Frye
Mark Frye
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Thomas Fuquay
Judy Furber

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Concord
Asheboro
Hickory
Greensboro
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Freddy Futrelle
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Larry Gaither
Gail Gardner
Ren Gardner

Newton
Wilmington
Lenoir
Statesville
Ft. Lauderdale, FL
Kernersville



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Fred Garvey
Nancy Garvey
Jenny Gay
William Gay
Berley Gentry

Greensboro
Winston-Salem
Lewisville
Spring Hope
Monroe
Roxboro



Jack Gentry
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Randy Gillespie
Meg Gilmer
Lelitia Givens

Walnut Cove
Charlotte
Whiteville
Boone
Banner Elk
Charlotte



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Joe Glover
Paul Godfrey
Phil Goins

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Boone
Cramerton
Old Fort
Tarboro
Greensboro



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Margaret Gordon
John Gourley
Nancy Graham
Bill Grant
Janey Grant

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Marion
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Linwood
Burlington
Boca Raton, FL



Jill Graves
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William Gray
Heidi Green
Roger Green
Dale Greene

Charlotte
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Roanoke Rapids
Boone
Charlotte
Shelby



Richard Greenhill
Ralph Grier
Robert Grier
Michael Griffin
Vernon Griffin
Ben Griffith

Connelly Springs
Charlotte
Charlotte
N. Wilkesboro
Durham
Huntersville



Ruth Grigg
Johnny Groce
Jonny Grogan
Lynn Groseclose
Keith Guenther
Suzanne Haas

Clinton
Boone
Winston-Salem
Charlotte
Greensboro
Charlotte



Princess Haddock
Billy Hager
Lelia Hall
Lynn Hall
Gwin Hamby
Pamela Hamlet

Durham
Denver
Asheville
Lenoir
Lenoir
Asheboro



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Robert Hampton
Sandra Hampton
David Hance
Cynthia Hand
Rebecca Hannah

Boone
Kannapolis
Lincolnton
Charlotte
Penland
Waynesville



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Charles Hardin
Kathy Harding
Scott Harding
Tony Harper
Randy Harrill

Durham
Cylde
Tryon
Springfield, VA
Norwood
Forest City



June Harris
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Mike Harris
Wanda Harris
Patricia Harrison
Thomas Harte

Clinton
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Shelby
Mt. Airy
Winston-Salem
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Vickie Hawkins
Becky Hayes
Deborah Hayes

Wilmington
Raleigh
Norwood
Raleigh
Wilmington
Lenoir



Lynne Hayes
Tony Haywood
Mary Eloise Hearn
Kim Heath
Randy Hefner
Madeline Heine

Winston-Salem
Mt. Gilead
Laurinburg
Clemmons
Hickory
Charlotte



Alice Helms
Conrad Helms
Pam Helms
Teresa Hendren
Carol Hendrick
Jean Hendrick

Monroe
Charlotte
Charlotte
Hiddenite
Shelby
Shelby



Sandra Henson
Rhonda Herman
Steve Heron
Elizabeth Hester
Eddie Hicks
Leon Hill

Columbus
W. Jefferson
Durham
Morganton
Morganton
Asheville



Randall Hill
Kenneth Hines
David Hinson
Greg Hinson
Thomas Hodge
Jack Hodges

Terrell
Rutherfordton
Albemarle
Monroe
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Boone



Beth Hoffman
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Bob Holbert
Dana Holder
Ivan Holleman
Darnell Holler

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Star
Columbus
Mt. Airy
Winston-Salem
Union Mills



Greg Hollifield
Benny Hopkins
David Horton
Bryan Hovey
Darryl Howell
Teresa Hoyle

Faith
Williamston
Wilson
Boone
Shelby
Lincolnton



Harold Hudson
Ronald Hudson
Susan Hudspeth
Vivian Hughes
Janice Humphries
Thomas Huneycutt

Chester, SC
Mt. Gilead
Yadkinville
Pilot Mtn.
Charlotte
Albemarle



Joyce Hunike
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Roger Hunt
Paula Huntley
Lisa Hurt
Jeff Hutchins

Durham
Shelby
Hickory
Lenoir
Charlotte
Winston-Salem



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Jerry Ihme
Paul Ingwerson
Bill Ireland
Carolyn Jackson

Rutherfordton
Charlotte
Moncure
Atlanta, GA
Raleigh
Burlington

Charles Jackson
Debbie Jackson
Edwin James
Robin Jamison
Joanne Jenkins
Karen Jenkins

Raleigh
Nashville
Murphy
Franklin
Dallas
Shelby

Charles Jenney
Martha Jernigan
Becky Johnson
Betsy Johnson
Carol Johnson
Ronald Johnson

Charlotte
Elm City
Statesville
Charlotte
Vale
Hillsborough

Russell Johnson
Patty Johnston
Jennifer Jones
Kathryn Jones
Susan Jones
Faye Joplin

Wilkesboro
Chapel Hill
Lexington
Asheville
Clayton
Hudson

Denise Jordan
Pamela Keaton
Kathy Kelley
Evelyn Kelly
Frank Kemo
Suzanne Keplar

Gates
Eden
Richmond, VA
Louisburg
Trenton
Boone

Diane Kessing
Ellen Kincaid
Bobbie King
Ried King
William King
Jean Kinnally

Chapel Hill
Lenoir
Roxboro
Reidsville
Greensboro
Boone

Janice Kirby
Joan Kirby
Cindy Kirkman
Raymond Kirkman
Linda Kiser
Kathy Knight

Lenoir
Hendersonville
Greensboro
Mt. Airy
Icard
Lenoir

Joanne Koonce
Sandra Kootz
Sheree Kuykendall
Bonnie Kyle
Sharon Lail
Roseann Lambeth

Hope Mills
Boone
Asheville
Winston-Salem
Greensboro
Asheboro

Catherine Lane
Stephanie Lanier
Tom LaSalle
Danny Lassiter
Carey Latimer
John Lattimore

Charlotte
Greensboro
Albemarle
Fayetteville
Charlotte
Shelby

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Becky Lawson
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 Terry Leggins
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 Babbette Leonard

Spruce Pine
 Denver
 Jacksonville
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 Lenoir
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 Denise Lewis
 John Lewis
 Nancy Lewis
 Teresa Lilly
 Sharon Lingerfelt

Charlotte
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 Greensboro
 Vilas
 Burlington
 Rural Hall



Robert Linville
 Marie Little
 Mary Lockhart
 Tony Lorie
 Tommy Lovell
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Asheboro
 Denver
 Mt. Airy
 Dobbs Ferry, NY
 Lexington
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Debra Lucas
 Nancy Lyday
 David Mabe
 Leigh MacDougall
 Catherine Madden
 Becky Manning

Cary
 Greensboro
 Albemarle
 Charlotte
 Greensboro
 Rocky Mt.



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 Beth Marshall
 Betty Martin
 Debbie Martin
 Gary Martin
 Joyce Martin

Wilkesboro
 Cary
 Eden
 Biscoe
 Charlotte
 Smithfield



Nancy Martin
 Ruth Martin
 Cary Mason
 Charlene Mason
 Jim Mason
 John Mason

Charlotte
 Ronda
 Fayetteville
 Rocky Mt.
 Laurinburg
 Cary



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 Reba Mauney
 Beverly May
 Kathy Mayberry
 Sabrina Mayes
 James McCall

Winston-Salem
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 Winston-Salem
 N. Wilkesboro
 Granite Falls



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 Myra McClure
 Nancy McCord
 Joyce McCormick
 Debra McCune

Condor
 Aberdeen
 Canton
 Shelby
 Laurinburg
 Mooresville



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 Denna McIntyre
 Janice McIver
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 Ralford McLain

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Randy Merritt

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Asheville
Climax
Eden
Graham
Durham



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Lynn Milholen
Cornelia Miller
Janet Miller
Joyce Miller
Kalora Miller

Winston-Salem
Hendersonville
Laurel Springs
Charlotte
Hudson
Sparta



Karen Miller
Karen Miller
Thomas Miller
Denise Mitchum
Jane Montooth
Holly Mooney

Lenoir
Hudson
Charlotte
Harmony
Fayetteville
Fairfield



Evelyn Moore
Jeana Moore
John Moore
Mary Moore
Phillip Moore
Sharon Moore

Sylva
Charlotte
Wilson
Louisburg
Greensboro
Hickory



Sherrie Moore
Susan Moore
John Morcock
Sylvia Morgan
Ralph Morris
Susan Morrison

Kings Mtn.
Greensboro
Charlotte
Mt. Holly
Asheville
Hudson



Jeanne Mortonson
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Linda Murphy
Nancy Murray
Martha Muse
Steve Myers

Miami, FL
Winston-Salem
Wadesboro
State Road
Conway
China Grove



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Peter Nagel
Cindy Nanney
Mary Lynn Neal
Sheila Needham
Carolina Niven

Madrid, Spain
Levittown, PA
Hendersonville
Reidsville
Ash
Raeford



Sandra Norris
Sandra Norris
Wayne Norris
Patty O'Connor
Margaret O'Doherty
Fernando Ojeda

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Greensboro
Statesville
Greensboro
Miami, FL



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Robert Ostwalt
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Washington, DC
Troutman
Troutman
Gibsonville
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Bo Parham

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Reidsville
Asheville
Greensboro
Charlotte



Cindy Parsons
Susan Parton
Denise Patterson
James Patterson
Carol Patton
Pamela Payne

Chapel Hill
Burlington
China Grove
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Black Mtn.
Hickory



Marilyn Payne
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Nona Pease
Rennie Peay
Robert Pence
Jan Pennell

Charlotte
Greensboro
Albemarle
Monroe
Gastonia
Taylorsville



Susan Pennington
Allen Penny
Susan Perry
Jane Peterson
Katha Phillips
Bonnie Pike

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Boone
Franklin
Charlotte
Candler
Siler City



Richard Pinyan
Ronnie Pinhan
Cecily Pittman
Terry Pittman
Anne Poer
Terri Polson

China Grove
China Grove
Boone
Boone
Greensboro
Cary



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Henry Poole
Ronald Poor
Gary Poston
Susan Potts
Vida Potts

Forest City
Hickory
Brevard
Statesville
High Point
Wake Forest



Karen Powell
Amy Poythress
Gordon Pressly
Mary Prevost
Joyce Price
Robin Priddy

Candler
Raleigh
Charlotte
Carthage
Salter Path
Lawsonville



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Sherry Pritchard
John Privette
Mary Proctor
Barry Queen
Mike Quinn

Jonas Ridge
Montezuma
Troutman
Fayetteville
Stony Point
Marion



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Terri Ranson
Brad Rayl
Pat Reavis
Susan Reeder

Smithfield
Charlotte
Charlotte
Greensboro
Yadkinville
Charlotte



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Phyllis Reynolds
Kathy Rhyne
Jupp Rice
Meshelia Richardson

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Ft. Lauderdale, FL
Chapel Hill
Rural Hall
Greensboro
Hollister



Sherry Richardson
Pamela Rick
Jessie Ridenhour
Ken Ripley
Joel Ritchie
Melissa Ritchie

Knightdale
Mt. Holly
Burlington
Greensboro
Charlotte
Richfield



Donna Robbins
Carla Roberson
Donna Roberts
Richard Roberts
Thomas Roberts
Dorothy Robertson

Wilkesboro
Hendersonville
Troy
Asheville
Warrensville
Winston-Salem



Jodie Robinson
Jeff Rogers
Kathie Roper
Margaret Roselli
Lee Ellen Rumpel
Denise Rush

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Charlotte
Drexel
Roaring River
Kannapolis
Boone



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Jayne Russell
Terry Russell
Deborah Rutland
Rita Sain

Goose Creek
Morganton
Linville
Winston-Salem
Asheville
Vale



Deanna Saleeby
David Sanford
Betty Sasser
Bryon Saunders
Debbie Saunders
Robert Saunders

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Chapel Hill
Raleigh
Fay
Morganton
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Kim Schaub
Gary Scott
David Self
Judy Self

Matthews
Charlotte
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Asheboro
Boone
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Ashleigh Seymour
Walter Shaffer
Cathy Shambley
William Shearin
Carolyn Shelton

Burlington
Hamlet
Aurora
Durham
Warrenton
Vilas



Margaret Shepherd
Teressa Sherrill
Jan Shirley
Sheila Short
Michael Shouse
Dave Shumate

Vilas
Troutman
Winston-Salem
Charlotte
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Hickory

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Grace Sides
Avis Sigman
Barbara Sigmon
Jeff Sigmon

Canton
Kernersville
Charlotte
Hickory
Mooreville
Claremont



Sandra Siler
Lynn Silver
Michael Simky
Flo Simpkins
Becky Simpson
Martha Simpson

Greensboro
Old Fort
Greenville
Wilson
Lewisville
Lewisville



Alfred Sizemore
Beverly Sizemore
Donna Sizemore
Steve Sizemore
Mary Skeen
Odie Skidmore

Boone
Jamesstown
Charlotte
High Point
Millers Creek
Winston-Salem



Belinda Small
Carla Small
Phillip Smart
Angela Smith
Anita Smith
Barbie Smith

Morganton
Charlotte
Eden
Salisbury
Hildebran
Marion



Becky Smith
Denise Smith
Donita Smith
Kathy Smith
Marian Smith
Marianella Smith

Manassas, VA
Burlington
Drexel
Lenoir
Rockingham
Lenoir



Marilyn Smith
Michael Smith
Donna Snaidman
Joy Sorrell
Daphne Spainhour
David Sparks

Albemarle
Mt. Ulla
Roxboro
Fuquay-Varina
Lenoir
Hendersonville



Toni Sparks
Kathleen Speidel
Garry Spencer
Myra Spillman
Ricky Stack
Robert Stafford

Ronda
Raleigh
Engelhard
Yadkinville
Charlotte
Charlotte



Cindy Stager
Debra Stamey
Teresa Stamey
JoAnn Stencil
Marion Starnes
Susan Starnes

Durham
Valdese
Boone
Wilson
Concord
Hickory



Olivia Steele
Dick Steelman
Ramona Steffey
Scotti Stevens
Sarah Stevenson
Dorothy Stewart

Hickory
Hamptonville
Spindale
Hendersonville
Waxhaw
Roxboro



Class of '77



Frances Stewart Yadkinville
 Hank Stewart Charlotte
 Paula Stewart Wilson
 Deborah Stocks Tarboro
 Leslie Stogner Hickory
 Cheryl Stoker Charlotte



Jamie Stoneman Winston-Salem
 Becky Story Lenoir
 Betty Stowe Belmont
 Vicky Strat Richmond, VA
 Pat Stratford Burlington
 Angie Strickland Boone



Lynn Strickland Chapel Hill
 Rick Strickland Greensboro
 Tommy Strider Troy
 Holcomb Stroup Fayetteville
 Roy Studdard Eden
 Richard Stutts Mooresville



Thomas Summitt Charlotte
 Andrea Swaim Kernersville
 Jean Swanson Statesville
 Karen Talbert Albemarle
 Perry Tallent Lincolnton
 Ellen Tart Garner



Patsy Teague Taylorsville
 Ernest Tedder Boone
 Kent Teeter Albemarle
 Ben Temple Roanoke VA
 Rick Tesh Clemmons
 Jody Tester Jamestown



Kim Thacker Raeford
 Nellie Thacker Madison
 Lisa Thomas Jacksonville, FL
 Richard Thomas Franklinville
 Susan Thomas Asheboro
 Thomas Thomas Concord



William Thomas Carthage
 David Thompson Lenoir
 Deborah Thompson Rockingham
 Donna Thompson Newland
 Frankie Thompson Kings Mtn.
 Steve Thompson Jacksonville



Joyce Thornton Clinton
 Patty Tilley Burlington
 Marty Todd Lenoir
 Beckie Toney Mooresboro
 Judy Toussel Miami, FL
 Robin Trexler Wadesboro



Gus Triantis Greensboro
 Kathy Triplett Lenoir
 Travis Triplett Lenoir
 Seaton Trotter Greensboro
 Debbie Troutman China Grove
 Debby Troutman China Grove

Class of '77

Sara Trowbridge
Judy Tucker
Butch Turner
Kathryn Turner
Vickie Turner
Ed Uhler

Wadesboro
Statesville
Mooresboro
Alaskie
Burlington
Boone



Cathy Upchurch
Randi Vanhoy
Benjamin Vannoy
Dannie Vaughn
Jackie Vaughn
Connie Vernon

Charlotte
Charlotte
N. Wilkesboro
Fort Mill, SC
Greenville, SC
High Point



Chris Vest
P. V. Vincent
Sandy Vinson
Debbie Walden
Cynthia Walker
Dave Walker

Asheville
Boone
Highlands
Monroe
Marion
Mebane



Jackie Walker
Sheryl Walker
Kaye Wall
Cathy Walling
Mike Walling
Charlene Walls

Marion
Durham
Walnut Cove
Boone
Boone
Elkin



Karen Ward
Kathy Ward
Tim Ward
Brent Warner
Susan Warren
Rosemary Washam

Boone
Boone
Lincolnton
Charlotte
Erwin
Huntersville



Kent Washburn
Libby Washburn
H. Parker Watson
Donna Waugh
David Weaver
David Webster

Boone
Boiling Springs
Winston-Salem
Statesville
Gastonia
Graham



Debbie Webster
Sid Weeks
Rebecca Welborn
Kim Welch
Avery West
Betty Jo West

Asheville
Raleigh
Ronda
Conover
Roaring River
Roaring River



Harriet Wheelous
Lee Wheeler
MArtha Whicker
Mike White
Carlton Wilkerson
Paula Wilkerson

Franklinton
Statesville
Kernersville
Rutherfordton
Statesville
Eden



Brian Williams
David Williams
John Williams
Linda Williams
David Wilson
Luther Wilson

Catawba
Spruce Pine
Boone
Kernersville
Salisbury
High Point



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William Wilson
Robert Wineberg
Marcy Winecoff
Janet Wineinger
Mike Winfield
Terry Wing'o

Clinton
Boone
Concord
Wake Forest
Pantego
Boone

Kathi Winkler
William Winkler
Nancy Winslow
Roxanna Wofford
Theron Womble
Greg Wood

Hudson
Blowing Rock
Hamilton
Raleigh
Wagram
Wilmington

Sharon Wood
Steve Woodie
Morris Woodring
Racheal Woodring
Cheryl Woods
Irma Woody

Millers Creek
N. Wilkesboro
Boone
Granite Falls
Charlotte
Burnsville

Daniel Woodyard
Sheila Wooten
DeAnne Wright
John Wright
Rusty Wright
Mitchell Yates

Salisbury
Mooreville
Gastonia
Wadesboro
Gastonia
Banner Elk

Kenneth Yeglinski
Judith Yelton
India Young
Robin Young
Tommy Young
Mary Jane Youngblood

Brooklyn, NY
Newport News, VA
Raleigh
Bakersville
Walnut Cove
Charlotte

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Susan Abce
Steven Abernathy
Yvonne Abernathy
Lola Abernethy
Robert Abernethy
David Adams

Boone
Kannapolis
Hickory
Wheaton MD
Charlotte
Rockledge, FL



Ed Adams
Gayle Adams
Henrietta Adams
Sheryl Adams
Steve Adams
Chris Aldridge

High Point
Hendersonville
Laurinburg
Statesville
Asheville
Princeton, NJ



Ron Alessandrini
Betty Alexander
Kathy Alexander
Kim Allard
Cindy Alley
James Allgood

Salisbury
Charlotte
Morganton
Laurinburg
Greensboro
Cary



Clara Allran
Gayle Alston
Molly Ancelin
Roy Andrews
Leasa Annis
Julia Apple

Cherryville
Littleton
Roxboro
High Point
Newland
Hillsborough



Steve Archer
Joy Ariail
Evin Arledge
David Armstrong
Vonda Armstrong
Bob Arnett

Charlotte
Belmont
Winston-Salem
Gastonia
Lincolnton
Brevard



Kathryn Arnold
Greg Ashley
Melissa Ashley
Alan Atkins
Charlie Atkinson
Regina Atkinson

Charlotte
Lansing
Durham
Madison
Waynesville
Gastonia



Donna Atwood
Beth Ausley
Susan Austin
Cindy Avery
Davis Babb
Amy Badgett

Thomasville
Dunn
Chapel Hill
Greensboro
Charlotte
Winston-Salem



Boyd Baird
Becky Jo Baker
Ann Baker
Mark Baker
Sherry Baker
Wade Baker

Kings Mtn.
Raleigh
Concord
Madison
Charlotte
Apex



Peggy Bakken
Debbie Baldwin
Brian Ball
Randy Ballard
Stephen Ballard
Susan Ballard

Burlington
Sanford
Thomasville
Greensboro
Kannapolis
Fayetteville



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Beverly Balowsky Charlotte
 Amy Bangs Laurinburg
 Lane Barbee Concord
 Patricia Barber Boone
 Danny Barlow Mooresville
 Kathy Barnes Winston-Salem



Marcia Barnes Statesville
 Steven Barnes Dallas
 Richard Barnett Asheville
 Mike Barnette Charlotte
 Wayne Barnhill Laurinburg
 Connie Barrett Raleigh



Lynn Barrier Albemarle
 Saleta Barton Charlotte
 Edith Battle Boone
 Tad Baucom Charlotte
 Steve Bean Concord
 Don Beaty Charlotte



Donna Beaver Concord
 Tony Bebbler Statesville
 Shelia Belk Monroe
 Julia Bell Kingstree, SC
 Rhonda Benfield Wilkesboro
 Terry Benson Durham



Lenell Benton Swansboro
 Gina Berini Durham
 Randy Bernard Wilmington
 Lucy Bernhardt Lenoir
 Terrell Billings Greensboro
 Terresa Billingsley Monroe



Doug Bishop Hickory
 David Black Wadesboro
 Phil Black Weaverville
 Jeff Blackburn Jonesville
 Sherri Blakely Leicester
 Sharon Blalock Angier



Mary Beth Blanton Shelby
 Lois Bloesch Raleigh
 David Blust Greensboro
 Ann Bly Durham
 Blake Bolick Hickory
 Melanie Bolick Princeton, NJ



Nancy Boling Thomasville
 Holley Bolton High Point
 Sharon Boone Bakersville
 Teresa Boone Burlington
 Aliss Borngesser Raleigh
 Rebecca Bovender Hickory



Fred Bowers Glenalpine
 Lewis Bowers Raleigh
 Edward Bowman Hickory
 Barbara Boyd New Bern
 Cynthia Boyd Asheboro
 Nancy Bradshaw Boone

Class of '78

Terry Bragg
Scott Bramer
Phillip Branning
Pamela Brantley
Cynthia Braswell
Carroll Bray

Jacksonville
Asheville
High Point
Raleigh
Montezuma
Greensboro



Phil Bray
Sandy Bridger
Lisa Briggs
Joy Brooks
Sherry Brooks
Michael Brookshire

Burlington
Wilmington
Charlotte
Vilas
Boone
Lenoir



Alex Brown
Becky Brown
Harry Brown
Lynne Brown
Mike Brown
Mary Browne

Boone
Greensboro
Pinebluff
Hamptonville
High Point
Cherryville



Beth Bryan
Charles Bryant
Ralph Bryant
Ellen Bryson
Jane Bryson
Linda Buckner

Boone
Cary
Winston-Salem
Gastonia
Shelby
Marion



Bill Buell
Tim Bullard
JoAnn Bumgardner
Sharon Bumgarner
Kenneth Burgess
Lee Burgess

Hendersonville
Laurinburg
Mt. Holly
Purlear
Taylorsville
Wilmington



Debra Burleson
Rebecca Burnette
Allison Burns
Karen Burns
Larry Butts
Donna Byerly

Spruce Pine
Spruce Pine
Kinston
Boone
Lillington
Hickory



Barry Byrd
Deborah Cable
Donna Cable
Bruce Caldwell
Pat Caldwell
Richard Calhoun

Clarkton
Elk Park
Gastonia
Maiden
Huntersville
Creston



Reba Calloway
Richard Cameron
Elizabeth Camp
Ronald Campbell
Eddie Canter
Allen Cantrell

Raleigh
Shelby
Hickory
Greensboro
Greensboro
Black Mtn.



Dominic Cardella
Joel Carey
Susan Carlisle
Toni Carlton
Eddie Carmichael
Karen Carmichael

Burlington
Burlington
Morganton
Boone
Newton
Raleigh



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Mike Carpenter
Sidney Carpenter
Tim Carpenter
Triby Carrier
Rowena Carroll
Cynthia Carswell

Gastonia
Boone
Albemarle
Charlotte
Boone
Hickory



Angela Carter
John Carter
Joyce Carter
Rosemary Carter
Sharon Carter
John Cauble

Claremont
Shelby
Asheboro
Winston-Salem
Ferguson
Belmont



June Caudill
Kathy Caudle
Anne Caverly
Lee Charbonneau
Vicky Chilton
Debbie Chisholm

Waynesville
Lenoir
Fayetteville
Asheville
Greensboro
Pfafftown



Jack Chism
Joan Clark
Kathy Clark
Myron Clark
Nancy Clark
Kathea Clarke

Raleigh
Charlotte
Mt. Airy
Hazelwood
Monroe
Boca Raton, FL



Cathy Clawson
Debbie Claybrook
Jocelyn Clayton
Melinda Clement
Angela Clemmer
Karen Clifton

Clemmons
Stonesville
Boiling Springs
Raleigh
Greensboro
Burlington



Bridgette Clinard
Nancy Cline
Kay Clodfelter
Woody Clore
Medora Cocks
Benjie Cockman

Wilkesboro
Fallston
High Point
Winston-Salem
Charlotte
Greensboro



Quincy Cody
Vikki Coffey
Candy Cohen
Annie Cole
Richard Cole
Sophie Cole

Durham
Blowing Rock
Concord
Boone
Boone
Monrovia, Liberia



Marty Coleman
Ronald Coleman
Patsy Coley
Bobby Collins
Bonnie Collins
Ruth Collins

Greensboro
Greensboro
Stanley
Durham
Hendersonville
Marion



Martha Colwell
Theresa Compton
Joey Conder
Margaret Cone
Michael Connelly
Lisa Conner

Raleigh
Oxford
Huntersville
Raleigh
Morgantown
Ringgold, VA

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William Cook
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Marla Cooper
Robert Core
Rick Corn

Kannapolis
Winston-Salem
Asheville
Albemarle
Greensboro
Hendersonville



David Corpening
Joey Cortez
Ray Cox
Gordon Crandell
Gordon Cranfill
Beth Craven

Winston-Salem
Clinton
Weaverville
Clemmons
Winston-Salem
Purlear



Randy Craver
Julia Crawford
Rebecca Crouch
Joni Culler
Edna Cummings
Catherine Cunningham

Winston-Salem
Gastonia
Banner Elk
High Point
Fayetteville
Rutherfordton



Karen Currie
Tony Dalton
Burton Davis
Don Davis
Deborah Daniell
Melody Davenport

Southern Pines
Etoway
High Point
Charlotte
Chapel Hill
Roper



Catherine Davis
Deborah Davis
Lauralee Davis
Gina Deal
John Deaton
Jane DeLance

Boone
Fletcher
Burlington
Drexel
Greensboro
Rockville, MD



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Marlene DeWeese
Debbie Dillard
Steven Dillingham
MaryLu Dillon

Newton
Statesville
Asheville
Greensboro
Barrowsville
Kernersville



Lisa Dixon
Nancy Dixon
Hunter Dockery
Maria Domenge
Kirby Doolittle
Hilda Downer

Durham
Shelby
Greensboro
Hendersonville
Summerfield
Bakerville



Patricia Driver
Jean Ducey
Ronald Duckworth
George Dula
Mike Duncan
Deborah Dunn

Battleboro
Durham
Morganton
Boone
Greensboro
Hickory



Debra Eaker
Jo Eakins
Sharon Echerd
Renee Eddinger
Suzanne Edge
Janice Edgerton

Cherryville
Kannapolis
Winston-Salem
Thomasville
Burnsville
Burlington



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Lisa Edwards
Paula Edwards
Raney Edwards
Pamela Efrid

Greensboro
Hickory
Wilmington
Greensboro
Louisburg
Charlotte



Bobby Eller
Robin Eller
Teresa Elliot
Warren Elliot
Warren Elliott
Diand Elmore

Statesville
Ferguson
Shelby
Fayetteville
Hickory
Crouse



Kim Embry
Elaine English
Margaret English
Karla Epley
Lynn Esleeck
Virgil Evans

Thomasville
Gastonia
Charlotte
Drexel
Charlotte
Rocky Mt.



Dolph Everest
Candace Everidge
Debbie Faircloth
Billy Joe Fare
Christy Farrell
Barbara Felty

Charlotte
Mocksville
Stedman
Fayetteville
Charlotte
Cary



Joyce Fisher
Patti Flake
Ann Fleming
Bill Fletcher
Patrick Florence
Marie Florer

Richfield
Bessemer City
Smithfield
State Road
Graham
Banner Elk



Debbie Floyd
Laurie Fogleman
Mary Forde
Ann Foster
Liz Foster
Stanley Foster

N. Belmont
Greensboro
Laurinburg
Chesnee, SC
Winston-Salem
Lexington



Debbie Fowler
Carlton Freeman
Linda Freeman
June French
Mary Frey
Donna Frye

Elon College
Asheville
Hendersonville
Paw Creek
Fayetteville
Winston-Salem



Doug Frye
Sharon Fuller
Ivy Funderburk
Joey Furman
Debbie Furr
Greg Gaines

Greensboro
Raleigh
Gastonia
Charlotte
Asheville
Southern Pines



Sean Gallagher
Mickey Gallant
Jimmy Gant
Greg Gantt
Nancy Gardner
Susan Gardner

Garwood, NJ
Greensboro
Taylorsville
Lincolnton
Charlotte
Burlington

Class of '78

Donna Garren
Leigh Garrison
Mary Garrison
Susan Garwood
Ken Gatlin
Susan Gatwood

Flat Rock
Charlotte
Davidson
Mocksville
Belmont
Cary



Joy Gentry
Phil Gibbs
Elaine Gibson
Gina Gilbert
Chris Giles
Debbie Gill

Mt. Holly
Asheville
Jamestown
Greensboro
Gastonia
Rocky Mt.



Cathy Gillespie
Norma Gilliam
Cheryl Gilmore
Robert Glenn
Beth Glover
Russell Gobble

Graham
Old Fort
Gastonia
Greensboro
Lumberton
Thomasville



Carl Godwin
Karen Goff
Beth Goodwyn
Janet Gordon
Ceevah Gouge
Anne Graeber

Havlock
Gastonia
Durham
King
China Grove
Charlotte



Lynn Graham
Stan Grandy
Joan Gransee
Thomas Green
James Greene
Mark Greeson

Wallace
Winston-Salem
Charlotte
Rocky Mt.
Linville
Greensboro



Sheron Greeson
Casey Gregg
Joann Grey
Stephen Griffin
William Griffin
Gwen Griffiths

Boone
Bowing Rock
Charlotte
Durham
Hendersonville
Angier



Charlotte Grill
Annette Grogan
Denise Grogan
Michael Grubb
Paula Gruensfelder
John Gustafson

Drexel
Reidsville
Sanford
W. Jefferson
Boone
Charlton, MA



Jane Gwaltney
John Haar
Jim Hafer
Deborah Hager
George Hall
Rita Hall

Hiddenite
Fayetteville
Boone
Charlotte
Pine Hall
Burlington



Barb Halton
Robin Hamby
Jupie Hamilton
Summer Hamrick
Edward Hanson
Dick Hardaway

Charlotte
Valdese
Sanford
Asheville
Raleigh
Statesville



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Debra Hardin
Robert Harkrader
Donna Harrelson
Margaret Harrington
Mike Harrington
Cindy Harris

Greensboro
Salisbury
Statesville
Graham
Burlington
Lenoir



Gene Harris
Jo Harrison
Lamar Harrison
Gary Hart
Kathy Hartley
Myra Hartsell

Kings Mtn.
Winston-Salem
Boonville
Morganton
Linville
Kannapolis



Angie Hawkins
Lynne Hawkins
Michael Hawkins
Cathy Hawn
Linda Hawn
Cindy Haynes

Greensboro
Mooresville
Mebane
Maiden
Maiden
Fayetteville



Clarice Heavner
Albert Hege
Margaret Heilman
George Hellstrand
Deborah Helms
Dianne Helms

Lincolnton
Winston-Salem
Valdese
Raleigh
Matthews
Greensboro



Melody Helms
Melissa Hemphill
Pam Henline
Jim Henry
Bruce Hensley
Marie Herlocker

Charlotte
Charlotte
Canton
Wadesboro
Charlotte
Charlotte



Al Hiatt
Peggy Hicks
Jane Hill
Kim Hill
Roseann Hill
Mark Hillyer

Statesville
Boone
Charlotte
Kinston
Walnut Cove
Asheville



Mary Ann Hinson
Ken Hipps
Cynthia Hobgood
Leigh Hoey
Ken Holland
Brenda Hollifield

Smithfield
Waynesville
Boone
Palm Beach, FL
Gaston
Marion



Rebecca Honeycutt
Robyn Hood
Craig Hooker
Beth Hooker
Cynthia Hoover
Benny Howard

High Point
Charlotte
Thomasville
Concord
Burlington
Terrell



Cathy Horn
Barbara Howe
Ruth Huggins
William Hughes
William Hughes
James Hulin

Charlotte
Raleigh
Fayetteville
Burlington
Newland
High Point

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Mark Hundley
Reggie Hunnicutt
Becky Hunt
Jimmy Hunt
Sally Hunt
Banks Hunter

Eden
Durham
Charlotte
Denton
Lattimore
Raleigh



Debbie Huskins
Charles Hutchins
Susan Hysong
Jayne Ingram
Floyd Isenhour
Cynthia Isley

Saliabury
Gastonia
Hendersonville
Cheraw, SC
Kanapolis
Burlington



Ed Ivers
Audrey Jackson
Karen Jackson
Constance Jacobs
Heidi Jacobs
Jocelyn James

Charlotte
Jamestown
Hope, AR
Fayetteville
Greensboro
Asheville



Karen James
Daniel Jampole
Karina Jankavs
Richard Janke
Dodie Jenkins
Amy Johnson

Raleigh
Greensboro
Charlotte
Greensboro
Cramerton
Statesville



Johnny Johnson
Joseph Johnson
Kimberly Johnson
Lillian Johnson
Mark Johnson
Rebecca Johnson

Newland
Durham
Winston-Salem
Spruce Pine
Buies Creek
Glade Valley



Sig Johnson
Dianne Joines
Catherine Jones
Claudia Jones
Connie Jones
Janet Jones

Raleigh
Whitehead
Charlotte
Manteo
Burlington
Halifax



Jean Jones
Jill Jones
Karen Jones
Robert Jones
Rusty Jones
Sara Jones

Winston-Salem
Raleigh
Creston
Saliabury
Raleigh
Charlotte



Sarah Jones
Susie Jones
Ted Jones
Webster Jones
Jill Jordan
Sandra Jordan

Rocky Mt.
Rocky Mt.
Halifax, VA
Burlington
High Point
Charlotte



Nan Jorgensen
Kim Joyce
Judy Joyner
Glenda Justice
Randolph Kabrich
Tonia Kaczynski

Charlotte
Greensboro
Warrenton
Laurinburg
Greensboro
Westhampton, NY



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 Sandra Kearney Durham
 Pamela Keener Charlotte
 Staley Keener Hickory
 Judy Keith Greensboro
 Elizabeth Kelly Greensboro



Thea Kennedy Charlotte
 Stephen Kennerly Greensboro
 Cynthia Kent Charlotte
 Affie Kern Boone
 Cindy Kerns Huntersville
 Judith Ketner Monroe



Robert Kievit Hendersonville
 Larry Kiger Winston-Salem
 Karin Kincaid Charlotte
 Melanie Kincaid Bessemer City
 Scott King Jamestown
 Malissa Kinney Winston-Salem



Charles Kirby Winston-Salem
 Jeannie Kirby Statesville
 Tom Kirby Charlotte
 Karen Kiser Lincolnton
 Butch Kisiah Asheville
 Alan Kissell Raleigh



Annette Kivett Greensboro
 Greg Klein Gastonia
 Teresa Klisiewicz Fayetteville
 Mary Knipple Sanford
 Karen Knox Wilkesboro
 Frank Kretschmer Charlotte



David Kuck Lincolnton
 Terrie Lacen Jamestown
 Tom Lakeman Charlotte
 Val Lamberti Clemmons
 Jerome Lamm Wilson
 Bennett Landers Spartanburg, SC



Rhoda Landrus Morgantown
 George Laughrun Charlotte
 Charles Law Smithfield
 Preston Lawing Charlotte
 Richard Lawing Maiden
 Donna Lawrence Vilas



Sally Lawrence Boone
 Judy Laws Elk Park
 Lisa Lawson Eden
 Ellen Leach Charlotte
 Anne Lee Angier
 Kathleen Lee Fayetteville



Phil Leftwish Cullowhee
 Jonathan Leonard Rockville, MD
 David Lewis Asheville
 Melissa Lilly Garner
 Don Lineberger Charlotte
 John Liner Cedar Grove

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Linda Liner
Tom Linker
Pamela Little
Chuck Lloyd
Elizabeth Loflin
John Logan

Winston-Salem
Harrisburg
Charlotte
Sanford
Boone
Lake Lure



William Logan
Tom Long
Homer Lowdermilk
Jayne Lowdermilk
Teresa Lowe
Michael Lowery

Forest City
Madeira Beach, FL
Greensboro
Forest City
Greensboro
Hendersonville



Renee Lupton
John Lyerly
Steve Lynam
Dennis Lyons
Paula Madison
Carol Magrath

Durham
Spencer
Greensboro
Lexington
Hope Mills
Chapel Hill



Betsy Maret
Mary Marsh
Susan Marshall
Carol Martin
Daniel Martin
William Martin

Charlotte
Jefferson
Morganton
Lawsonville
Charlotte
Crossnore



Kathleen Mascaro
Mary Massey
Peter Masterman
Lynn Mathis
Cathy Mauldin
Bill Maxson

Port Royal, SC
Tarboro
Charlotte
Greensboro
Charlotte
Charlotte



Debbie Mayhew
William McCloud
Michael McCormick
Laura McCosh
Jan McCoy
Kirby McCrary

Charlotte
Raleigh
Rowland
Greensboro
Charlotte
Thomasville



Deborah McCraw
Allen McCree
Sara McDaniel
Jay McDonald
Henry McDuffie
Margaret McGibboney

Hendersonville
Sewalls Point, FL
Boone
Chilhowie, VA
Hamlet
Brevard



Flora McInnis
Jennifer McInnis
Jan McKaig
Wanda McKee
Cynthia McKinley
Melanie McKinley

Fayetteville
West End
Durham
Concord
Siler City
Salisbury



Tony McKinnon
Carol McMillan
Marty McNeil
Christie McNeill
Frank McNeill
Cathy McWhorter

Asheboro
Red Springs
Hickory
Sanford
Aberdeen
Monroe



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 Doug Mellon Shelby
 Jackie Melton Lenoir
 Cathy Meredith Durham
 David Meredith Greensboro
 Linda Messina Jacksonville Bch., FL



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 Steve Middleton Stokesdale
 Charita Miller Jefferson
 Crystal Miller Fleetwood
 Evelyn Miller Sparta
 Fran Miller Hickory



George Miller Winston-Salem
 Pam Miller Lenoir
 Teresa Miller Greensboro
 Thomas Miller W. Jefferson
 Winston Miller Burlington
 Kaye Mills Charlotte



Alexis Mitchell Fayetteville
 Beverly Mitchell Charlotte
 Deborah Mitchell Cherryville
 Jim Mitchell Cary
 Donna Monroc Charlotte
 Cindy Moore Boone



Cynthia Moore Boone
 Nancy Moore Winston-Salem
 Stephen Moore Hickory
 Christopher Moretz Boone
 Debi Morgan Asheville
 Steve Moricle Reidsville



Gina Morris Albemarle
 Juliann Morris Charlotte
 Stan Morris Charlotte
 Rodger Morrison Charlotte
 Susan Morrison Gastonia
 Jerry Morrow Charlotte



Mary Jo Morton Albemarle
 Lynn Moss Boone
 Susan Moss Charlotte
 Michael Motsinger Charlotte
 Michael Mountel Ft. Bragg
 Rene Mull Morganton



Mary Mundy Houston, TX
 Marcie Murphy Raleigh
 Colleen Murray Raleigh
 Yvonne Murray Boone
 Stephen Murray Boone
 Alan Myrick Greensboro



Brenda Nance Fayetteville
 Gary Nash Charlotte
 Sherri Nave Waynesville
 Ann Needham Boone
 Alesa Neely Charlotte
 Harriette Neely Charlotte

Class of '78

Steve Nelson
Nancy Nesbitt
Scott Nesheim
Debby Ness
Edith Newsome
John Nichols

Roanoke, VA
Charlotte
Gastonia
Medfield, MA
Marshville
Reidsville



Ellen Nicholson
Gail Nicks
Beth Nivens
Karen Noell
Mary Ellen Nolan
Warren Norris

Greensboro
Elkin
Gastonia
Chattanooga, TN
Raleigh
Greensboro



David Norton
Pamela Norton
Joe Norwood
Tarra Nowell
Beth Nugent
Dianne Oates

Asheville
Black Mtn.
Chapel Hill
Creedmoor
Lakeworth, FL
Gastonia



Dinah Odom
Dennis Oglesby
Karen Oleksa
Marty Oliver
J. G. Osborne
James Osborne

Newland
Farmville
Winston-Salem
Laurinbury
Julian
Grayson



Ebenezer Otokiti
Michael Outen
Mary Ruth Owens
John Painter
Rebecca Pardue
Nancy Parnell

Benin City, Nigeria
Hickory
Hickory
Monroe
Yadkinville
Belmont



Cheryl Parrott
Martin Patrick
Carol Patterson
Roger Patterson
Toinette Payne
Betty Paysour

Asheville
Winston-Salem
Concord
Lenoir
Roanoke, VA
Dallas



Mary Pegram
Wesley Pence
Tim Pendergrass
Lilly Penley
Paula Pennell
Melissa Penry

Charlotte
Black Mtn.
Carrboro
Boone
Lenoir
Winston-Salem



Andrea Perry
Nita Perry
Phyllis Petersen
Bret Peterson
David Peterson
Kenneth Petty

Durham
Elk Park
Charlotte
West Palm Beach, FL
Chicago, IL
Shelby



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Sherrills Ford
Sherrills Ford
Wilkesboro



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Alise Cavin
Denise Cavin
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Debora Chambers
Beverly Chandler

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Charlotte
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McLeansville
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Kathy Clark
Suzanne Clark
Tina Clark

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Oxford
Clarkton
Newton



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Haw River
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Gastonia
Mooresville
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Randy Collins
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Ginger Colson
William Colston
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Norwood
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Karen Cook
Mareca Cook
Dan Cookingham

Rockingham
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Zionville
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Warrensville
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Larry Cooper
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Phyllis Cox

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Ramseur
Brevard
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Teresa Cox
Chuck Crawford
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Raleigh
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Gastonia
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Vi Hege
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Burlington
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Marissa Honeycutt
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Charlotte
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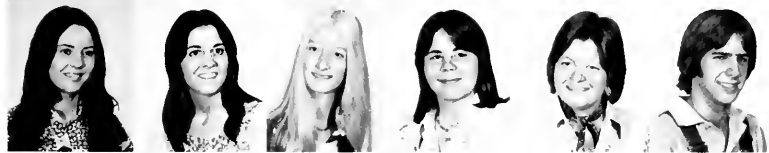
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EVERYTHING,
MAN!
- J. Denver

the print's
too small
- G. Ford

100-000000

Damn it.
- Lbd

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meditation,
Peasants in
debt,

The Copy
Editors of the
Rhodo Deserve the
Pulitzer Prize!
(Like Nixon
(like the
parade!))

The Rhodo in
Springtime
"pro quibus videri
nos loquos"
Get the hither
prude,
page 35 is
fiddle stuff.
- T.S.E.

WHEW

I WAS IMPREST
VIS DE VIMEN
- H. Kissenger



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