

eighty
seven

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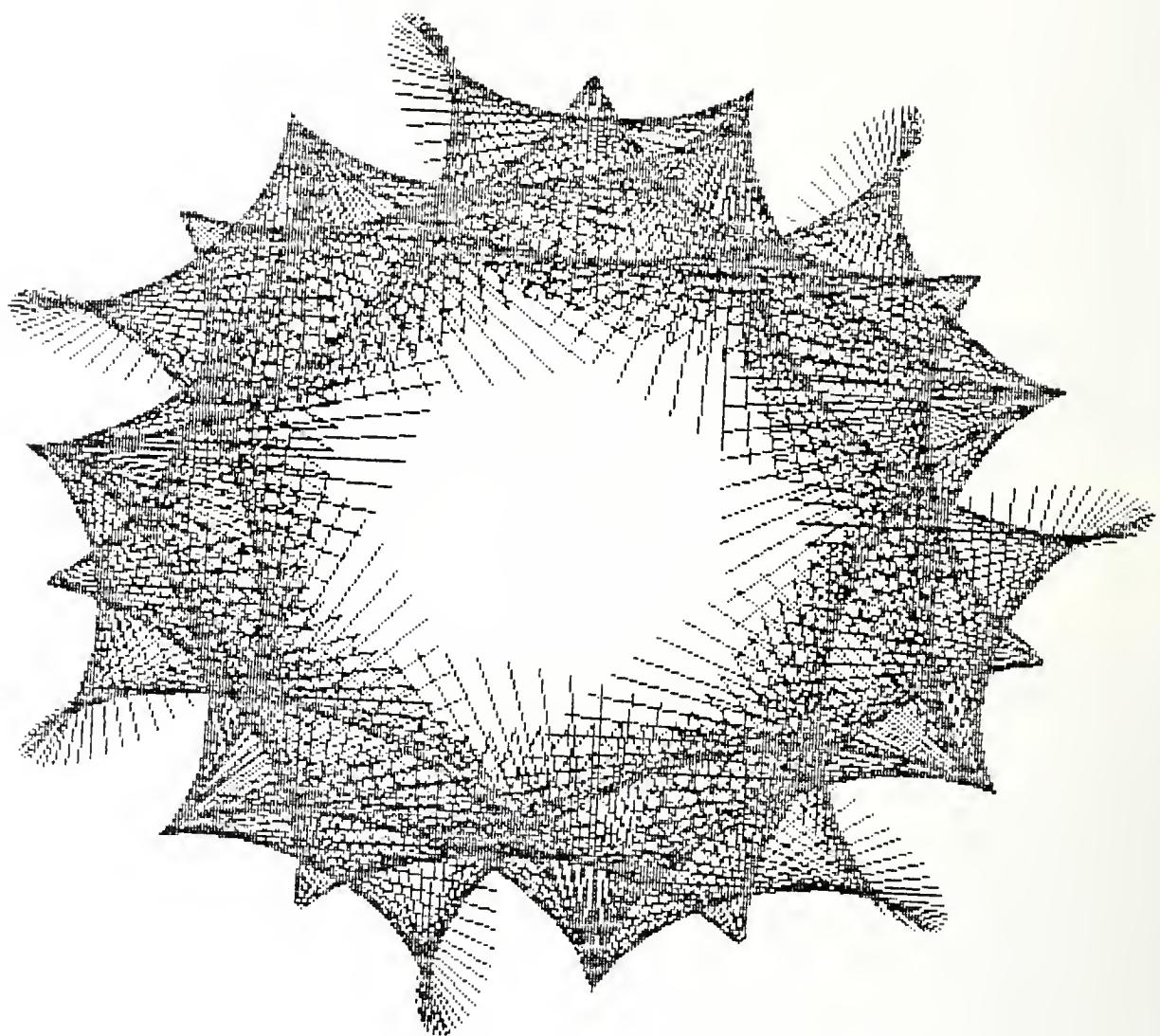
Rowan Technical College



Spectrum 1987



P.O. Box 1595
Salisbury, NC 28144



DIMENSIONS



di • men • sion (di • men' • shan) n.
(1.) any measurable extent, as length, width, depth, etc. (2) (pl.) measurements in length and width and depth. (3.) (pl.) a) extent, size, or degree b) scope or importance.
In **Spectrum 1987**, we hope to show the dimensions of Rowan Technical College. Individuals, groups of us working together, the place itself, and the inter-relation of these parts — these are the length, width, and depth of Rowan Tech, its dimensions. **Spectrum 1987** will capture the extent and scope of our year here together.

SPECTRUM 1987

This year's Spectrum is volume 22. Twenty-one years' worth of yearbooks have been, for the most part, the same. The books have pictured faculty, staff, and students involved in campus activities and organizations. A few years ago, we even had pictures of the RTC Basketball Team. The yearbook hasn't changed much in the past two decades. Rowan Technical College, however, has changed.

More accurately to reflect the changes of the years, the 1987 yearbook is different. It is different from past Rowan Tech yearbooks. It is different from high school yearbooks. The reasons are simple. The typical RTC student is no longer someone right out of high school. Now, that student is typically working, older, often with a family. In other words, our typical student in 1987 had little time to devote to on-campus activities or organizations or sports . . . little time to devote to

things that usually fill yearbooks.

"Dimensions," this year's theme, we hope will capture what this book will try to do. We have tried to cover the full extent of the experience of being part of Rowan Technical College. We have done this by exploring different angles of people and of their activities on and off campus. As a record of who was here, we have preserved the section of photographs of students and staff. To explore other dimensions of RTC, the rest of the book is divided into two main parts. One part is a selection of feature stories about people, activities, and events. The other part is a selection of works — photos, writings, art — by students and staff.

This combination — individual pictures, features, reflections — we think will better chronicle the Dimensions of Rowan Technical College, 1987.



ANNUAL STAFF

This year's annual staff included Alesia Cook, Dana Eddleman, Tina Haverstick, and Kim Turman. Ms. Carolyn Schneider was the advisor.

The staff is enrolled in ENG 121, Writing for the Media, and receives credit as they learn the process of production, layout, and copywriting.







The Main Dimension: People

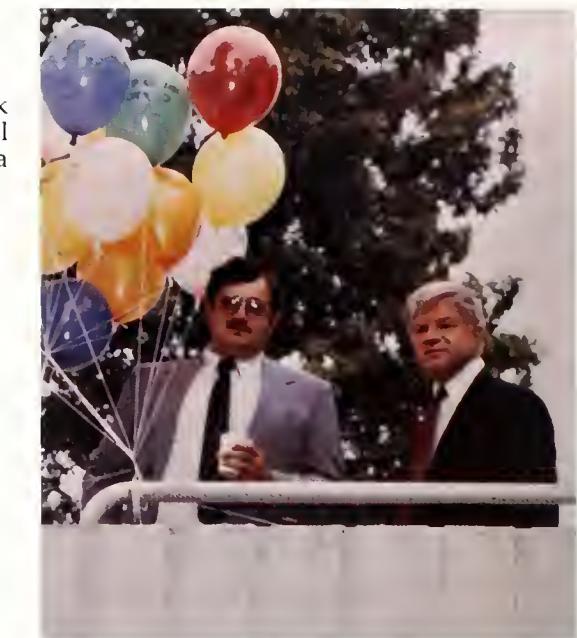
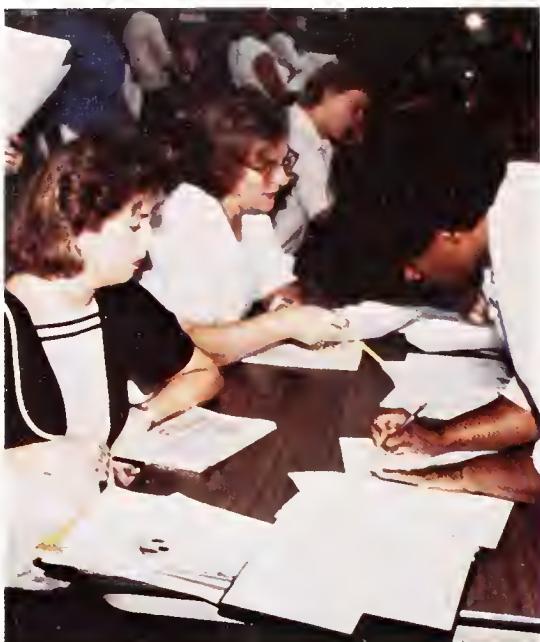
There is no "typical" Rowan Tech student or staff member. Each one has a special talent or ability, a unique sense of humor, a friendliness. Separately, we come to

Rowan Tech to learn, to work. Somehow, all these diverse personalities and abilities come together and form a special community.



ORIENTATION

"Up, up, and away." Dean of Instruction, Jack Lanning and President Richard Brownell survey the scene. This year's orientation was a celebration!



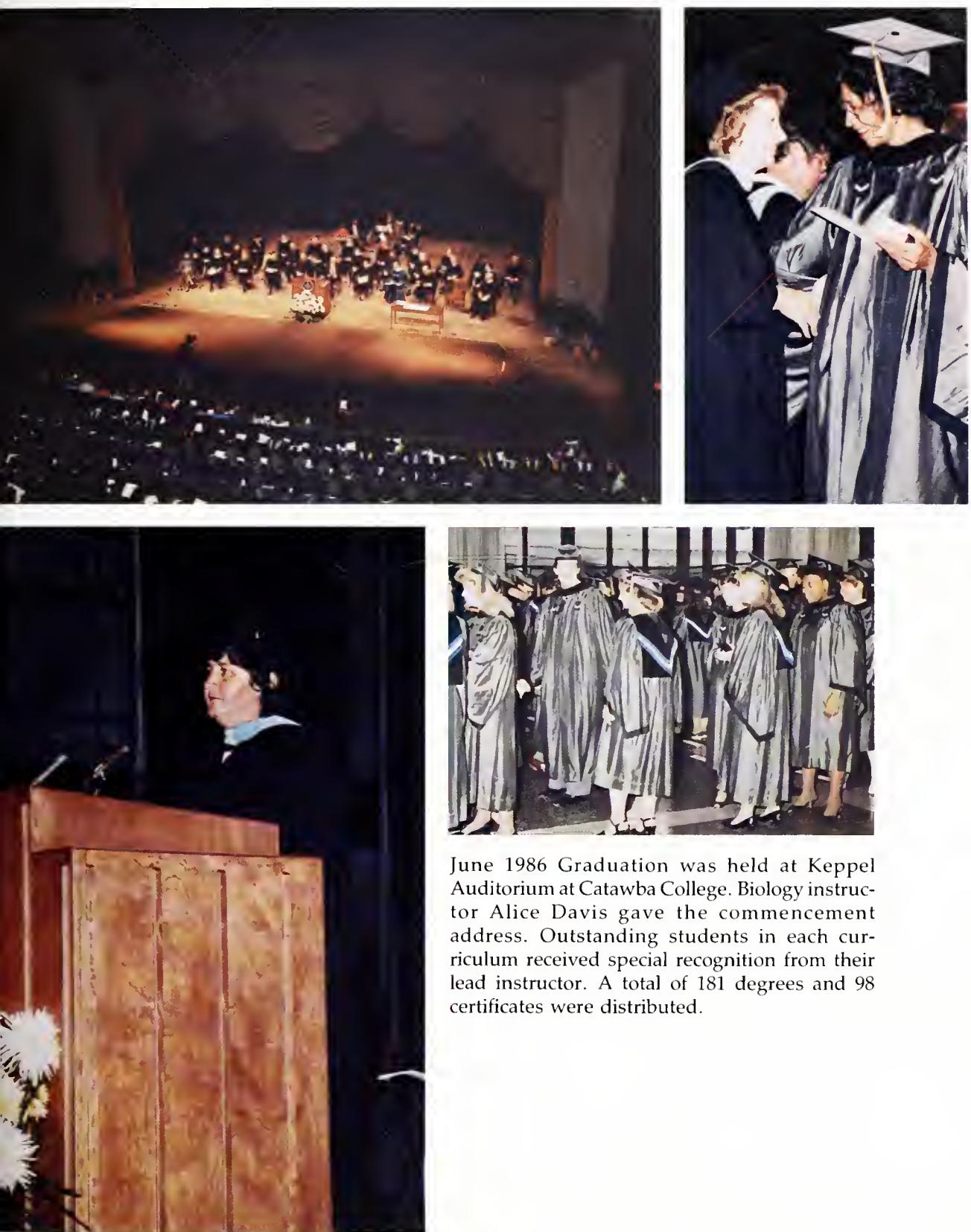
Are you ready for this? Fill in those forms! Sign the dotted line! Wait . . . wait . . . wait!

And wait some more.



S.G.A. representatives were ready to answer questions for new students. Each SGA rep. wore an "Ask Me" t-shirt. They helped serve free Pepsis and ice cream in addition to helping with information.

GRADUATION



June 1986 Graduation was held at Keppel Auditorium at Catawba College. Biology instructor Alice Davis gave the commencement address. Outstanding students in each curriculum received special recognition from their lead instructor. A total of 181 degrees and 98 certificates were distributed.



Our first annual tricycle race was held Fall Quarter. Teams from the different curricula and two faculty/staff teams competed. The S.G.A. sponsored the event, Ms. McConnell and Ms. Davis co-ordinated it, and the Early Childhood Center provided the racing vehicles.

PRE-FIELD DAY EVENT: TRICYCLE RACE



Associate Degree Nursing won first place in the Fall of 1986's tricycle race. Below are Mr. Coca-Cola and Ms. Schneider struggling to make it to the finish-line.



Mrs. Rash and Susan Bumgarner hooked at the legs and can't decide who is going to go around the corner first. Those slippery floors . . .



Watch out Bobby Allison, here comes Mighty Trike!!



FIELD DAY FALL OF '86

Hotdogs . . . Sack Race . . . Volleyball . . . Life-Saver Pass . . . Tire Roll . . . Egg Toss . . . 3-Legged Race . . . Tug-O-War . . . Softball . . . Fun . . . Lots 'O People . . . NO CLASSES!! . . . Tired . . . Aching Muscles . . .



Nearly 200 people signed up for the three events of volleyball, softball, and tug-o-war. There were nearly 500 entries into different events.



More than 70 people—faculty, staff, and students—helped with the event. Student Services indicated that over 450 people were there to eat. Door prizes were drawn from over 340 attendance cards.





Alison Amos



Jodi Bost



Paula Coble



Dee Dee Corns



Pat Fisher



Wendy Fraley



Robin Harwood



Lou Ann Jarvis



Amy Ketchie



Tammy Lovings



Teresa Shue



Lori Walls

MISS ROWAN TECH



DEBBIE TAYLOR

Along with Field Day and the Halloween Party, another dimension of Fall Quarter is the Miss Rowan Tech competition. Each curriculum nominates a student representative. Their pictures are posted in the student lounge, and posters appear across the campus. The entire student body votes and

the winner is announced during the Monday activity hour. This year's winner, Debbie Taylor, represented the Associate Degree Nursing Program. Her duties as Miss RTC included representing the College in local Christmas parades.

HALLOWEEN



True colors . . . be your true self!

At the Halloween Party, costumes varied from being a nun, all the way to. . . . The S.G.A. provided for snacks, entertainment, and sponsored cash prizes for the costume contest. Sharon Rouse, Kevin Swisher, and Lisa Roseman were the winners.





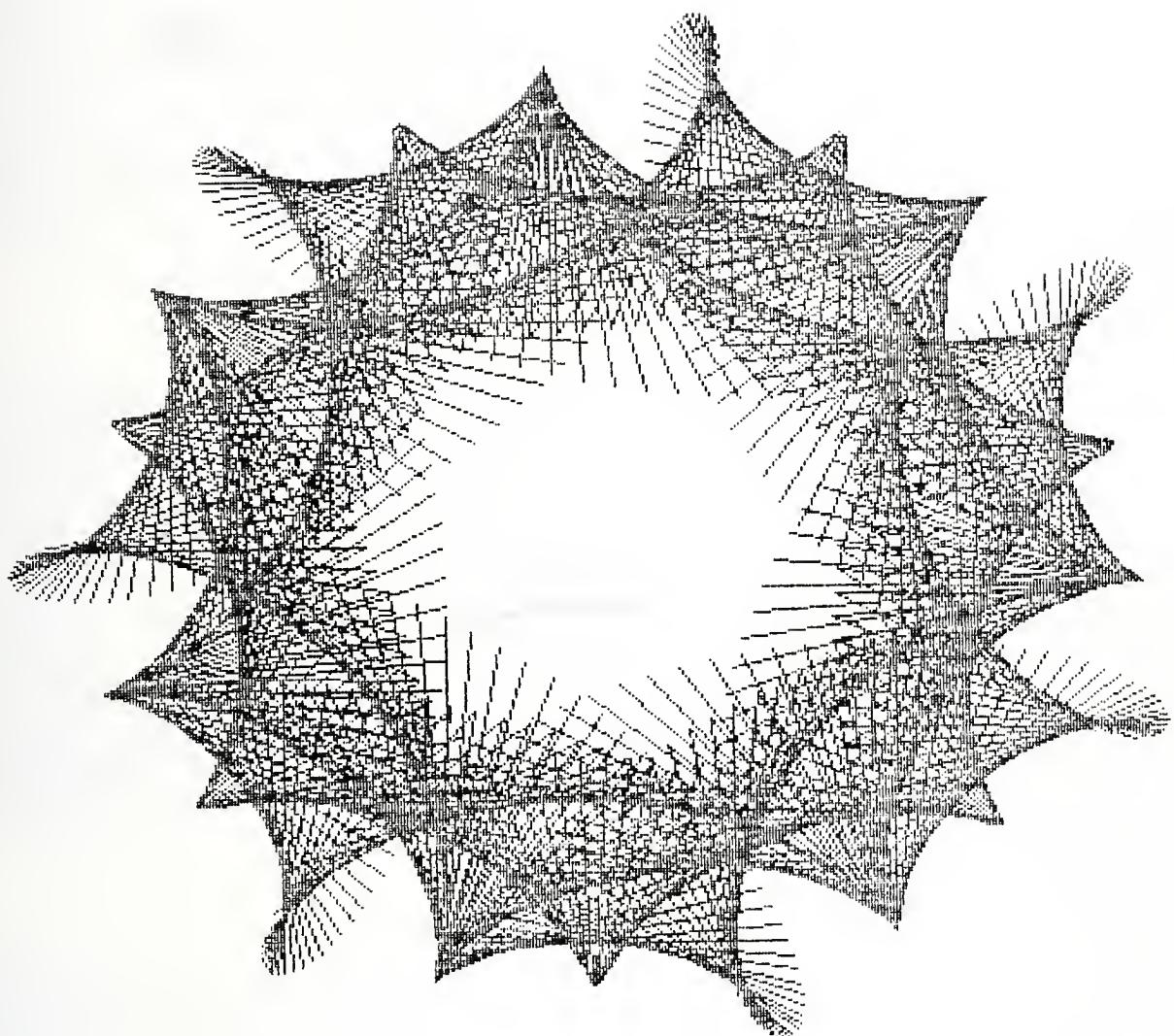
Top left: Conway's Twitty Bird??? Above: The first, second, and third prize winners. Below: The troops are in line for S.G.A.-provided chow.



There's a little bit of the devil
in us all!







STUDENTS

ACCOUNTING



Regina Black
Accounting



Donna Braswell
Accounting



John Cooper
Accounting



Sherry Dover
Accounting



Carmen Driggers
Accounting



Audra Ferguson
Accounting



Kathy Haynes
Accounting



Linda Horton
Accounting



Sherrie Jarvis
Accounting

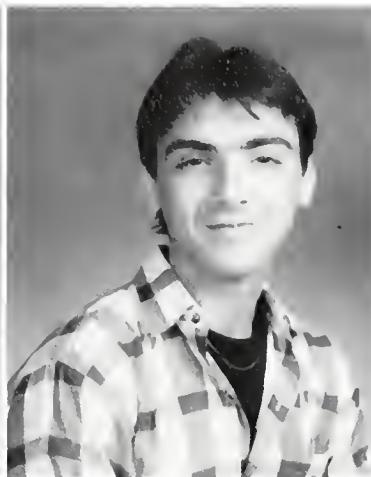
ACCOUNTING



Lenora Keller
Accounting



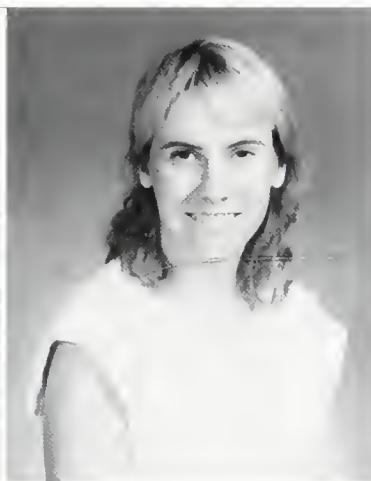
Joni Martin
Accounting



Barry O'Neal
Accounting



Judy Plummer
Accounting



Toni Rodgers
Accounting



Angie Shinn
Accounting



Leea Smith
Accounting



Margie Smith
Accounting



Gale Spry
Accounting

ACCOUNTING/AIR CONDITIONING



Sheila Starnes
Accounting



Frank Stewart
Accounting



Leah Storm
Accounting



Suan Strider
Accounting



Barbara Wagoner
Accounting



Angie Walter
Accounting



Brenda Wilson
Accounting

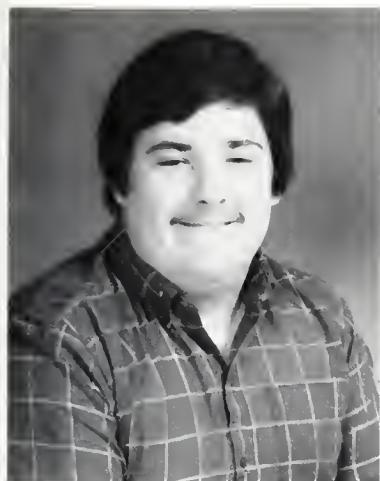


James Angelley
AHR

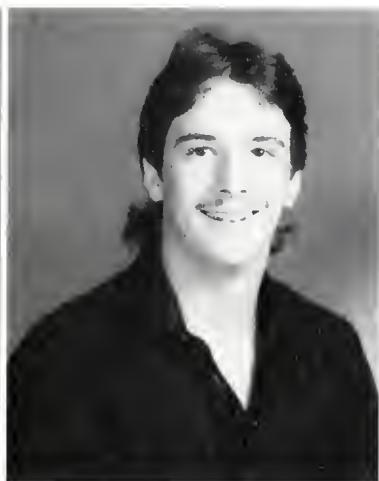


Thomas Bradford
AHR

AIR CONDITIONING



Thomas Craven
AHR



Gray Dabbs
AHR



Ernest Dunlap
AHR



Don Evans
AHR



Mark Lucas
AHR



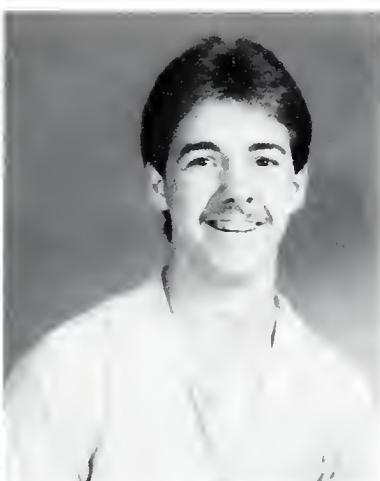
Donnie Merritt
AHR



Kenny Miller
AHR



Tommy Puryear
AHR



Eddie Ritchie
AHR

AIR CONDITIONING/NURSING



Roger Ritchie
AHR



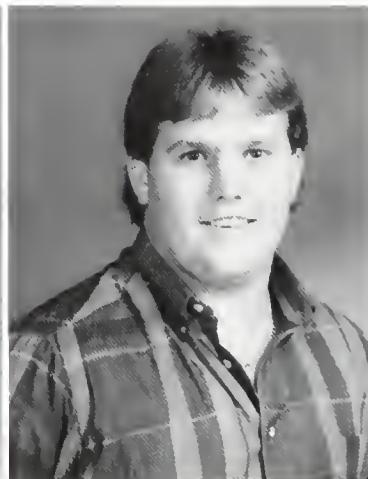
Jeff Saine
AHR



Teddy Shoe
AHR



David Shores
AHR



Charles Starnes
AHR



James Tutterow III
AHR



Lawrence Witherspoon
AHR



Dorean Allen
Associate Degree Nursing



Lisa Bentley
Associate Degree Nursing

ASSOCIATE DEGREE NURSING



Tammy Brown
Associate Degree Nursing



Gary Burleyson
Associate Degree Nursing



Laura Butler
Associate Degree Nursing



Kelly Caulder
Associate Degree Nursing



Debra Childress
Associate Degree Nursing



Julie Deberry
Associate Degree Nursing



Joanne Edgison
Associate Degree Nursing



Cathy Emberton
Associate Degree Nursing



Sonya Foster
Associate Degree Nursing

ASSOCIATE DEGREE NURSING



Rita Goforth
Associate Degree Nursing



Frances Goodman
Associate Degree Nursing



Kellie Graham
Associate Degree Nursing



Lynn Hairston
Associate Degree Nursing



Regina Head
Associate Degree Nursing



Marilyn Howard
Associate Degree Nursing



Christine Johnson
Associate Degree Nursing



James Jordan
Associate Degree Nursing



Debbie Ketner
Associate Degree Nursing

ASSOCIATE DEGREE NURSING



Sheila Knight
Associate Degree Nursing



Elizabeth Loman
Associate Degree Nursing



Marlene Martin
Associate Degree Nursing



Beth Menius
Associate Degree Nursing



Jean Miller
Associate Degree Nursing



Linda Miller
Associate Degree Nursing



Lisa Montgomery
Associate Degree Nursing



Belvey Norman
Associate Degree Nursing



Annette Norris
Associate Degree Nursing

ASSOCIATE DEGREE NURSING



Donna Patterson
Associate Degree Nursing



Mary Pickett
Associate Degree Nursing



Susan Reavis
Associate Degree Nursing



Anne Sanders
Associate Degree Nursing



Lynn Shoemaker
Associate Degree Nursing



Ron Shuping
Associate Degree Nursing



Cassandra Smith
Associate Degree Nursing



Kay Stokes
Associate Degree Nursing



Debbie Taylor
Associate Degree Nursing

NURSING/AUTOMOTIVE



Annette Williams
Associate Degree Nursing



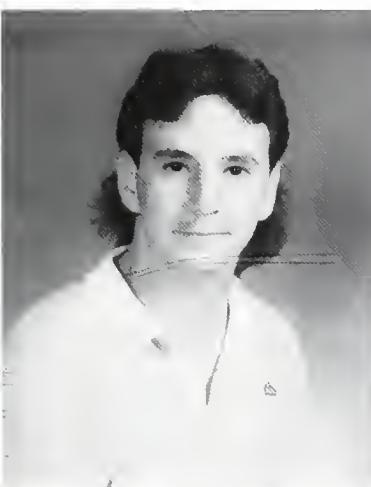
Mary Williamson
Associate Degree Nursing



Odiest Beavers
Automotive



Daniel Boone
Automotive



Derek Bost
Automotive



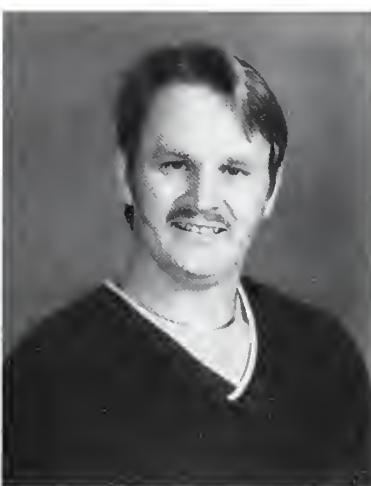
Wayne Brown
Automotive



David Cannon
Automotive

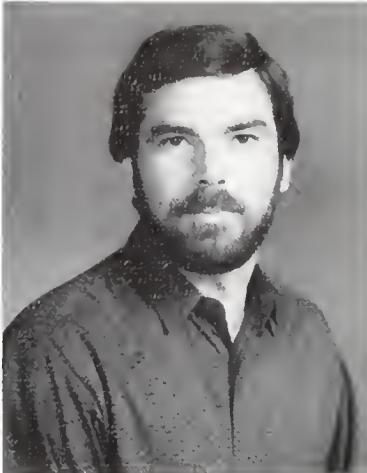


Tim Corriher
Automotive



David Hagaman
Automotive

AUTOMOTIVE/BUSINESS



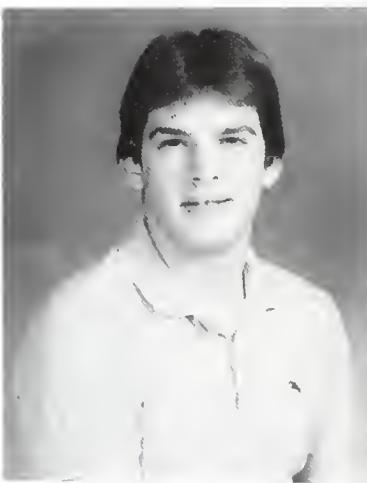
John Hardison
Automotive



Audrey Honbarger
Automotive



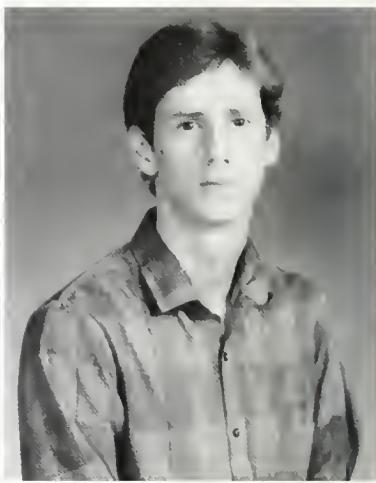
Dien Hwynh
Automotive



Tim Kirk
Automotive



Johnath Mowery
Automotive



Joel Norris
Automotive



Jimmy Sloop
Business



Wayne Ellis
Business



Amanda Faucette
Business

BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION



Larry Gipple
Business Administration



Wendy Hardin
Business Administration



Patricia Jacobs
Business Administration



Kelly Jones
Business Administration



Tyra Jones
Business Administration



Lorie Kluttz
Business Administration



Lisa McCombs
Business Administration

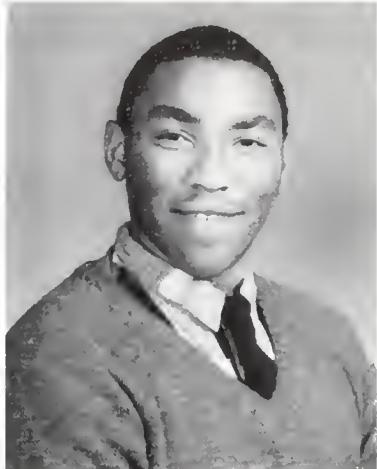


Mary Noseworthy
Business Administration



Sarah Payne
Business Administration

BUSINESS COMPUTER PROGRAMMING



Patrick Ramsue
Business Computer
Programming



Chris Rankin
Business Computer
Programming



Kim Riley
Business Computer
Programming



Brian Williams
Business Computer
Programming



Perry Austin
Business Computer
Programming



Ann Baker
Business Computer
Programming



Janie Bowman
Business Computer
Programming



Susan Bumgarner
Business Computer
Programming



Kay Cohen
Business Computer
Programming

BUSINESS COMPUTER PROGRAMMING



Pamela Connor
Business Computer
Programming



Iris Daugherty
Business Computer
Programming



Mary Donaldson
Business Computer
Programming



Debra Everitte
Business Computer
Programming



Sherri File
Business Computer
Programming



Pat Fisher
Business Computer
Programming



Tammie Ford
Business Computer
Programming



Deborah Goodman
Business Computer
Programming



Sharon Goodman
Business Computer
Programming

BUSINESS COMPUTER PROGRAMMING



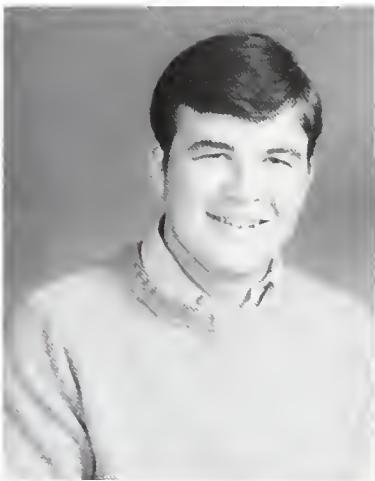
Jennifer Grubb
Business Computer
Programming



David Halpin
Business Computer
Programming



Cathy Harrison
Business Computer
Programming



Johnny Harrison
Business Computer
Programming



Christina Haverstick
Business Computer
Programming



Richard Hestwood
Business Computer
Programming



Sherry Hill
Business Computer
Programming



Wanda Hopkins
Business Computer
Programming



Lisa Hunter
Business Computer
Programming

BUSINESS COMPUTER PROGRAMMING



John Jordon
Business Computer
Programming



Timothy Lockhart
Business Computer
Programming



Dale Mahaffey
Business Computer
Programming



Billy Marlow
Business Computer
Programming



Debbie McPhone
Business Computer
Programming



Constance McMahon
Business Computer
Programming



Jacqueline Mills
Business Computer
Programming



Molly Moody
Business Computer
Programming



Julie Murph
Business Computer
Programming

BUSINESS COMPUTER PROGRAMMING



Lisa Roseman
Business Computer
Programming



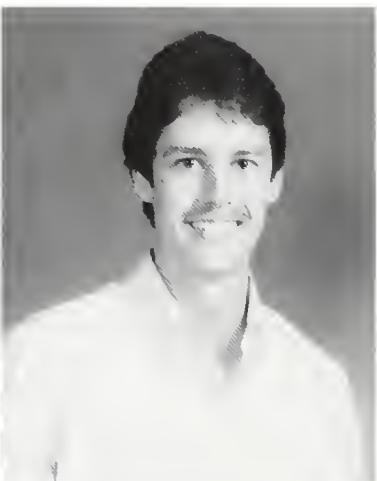
Judy Safrit
Business Computer
Programming



Teresa Shue
Business Computer
Programming



Jimmy Sims
Business Computer
Programming



Brent Smith
Business Computer
Programming



Dianne Smith
Business Computer
Programming



Kitty Talley
Business Computer
Programming



Phillip Todd
Business Computer
Programming



Lori Walls
Business Computer
Programming

— COMPUTER PROGRAMMING/CRIMINAL JUSTICE —



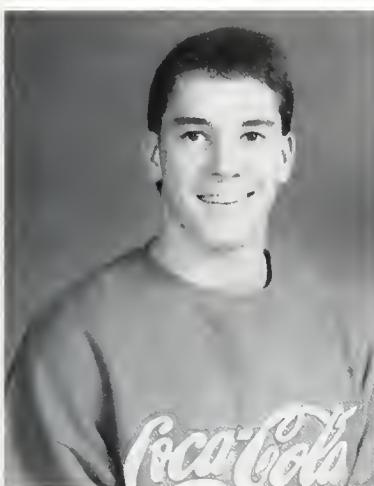
Bonnie Williams
Computer Programming



Sibylle Williams
Computer Programming



Jeanette Anderson
Criminal Justice



Marty Basinger
Criminal Justice



Margaret Beaver
Criminal Justice



Lisa Boone
Criminal Justice



Bruce Fesperman
Criminal Justice



Terry Fesperman
Criminal Justice



Robert Foster
Criminal Justice

CRIMINAL JUSTICE/DENTAL ASSISTING



George Henline
Criminal Justice



Mary Ruth Mills
Criminal Justice



Brian Rucker
Criminal Justice



Vicki Shulinberger
Criminal Justice



Kelly Shutt
Criminal Justice



Barbara Stirewalt
Criminal Justice



Rodney Tucker
Criminal Justice



Patsy Wiles
Criminal Justice



Dea Black
Dental Assisting

DENTAL ASSISTING



Jodi Bost
Dental Assisting



Tammy Dull
Dental Assisting



Sherry Ketner
Dental Assisting



Kathy Jacobs
Dental Assisting



Loretta Lambert
Dental Assisting



Elin Northrup
Dental Assisting



Susan Pennel
Dental Assisting



Darlene Seaford
Dental Assisting



Beverly Wiggins
Dental Assisting

DRAFTING AND DESIGN



Tim Byars
Drafting and Design



Daphne Clinton
Drafting and Design



Sammy Collins
Drafting and Design



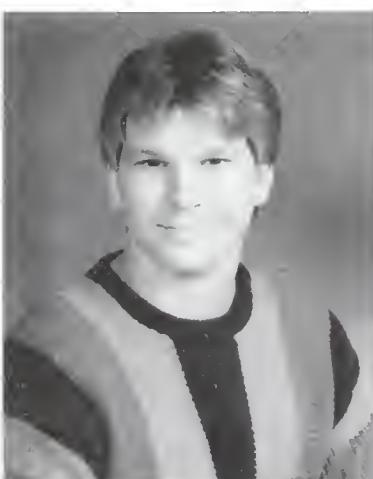
Danny Drye
Drafting and Design



Nada Furr
Drafting and Design



Don Gray, Jr.
Drafting and Design



Todd Grissom
Drafting and Design



Paul Halpin
Drafting and Design



Mark Harrison
Drafting and Design

DRAFTING AND DESIGN



Phillip Huneycutt
Drafting and Design



Dana Ingold
Drafting and Design



Barry Jacobs
Drafting and Design



Earl Kiser
Drafting and Design



Anthony Lowder
Drafting and Design



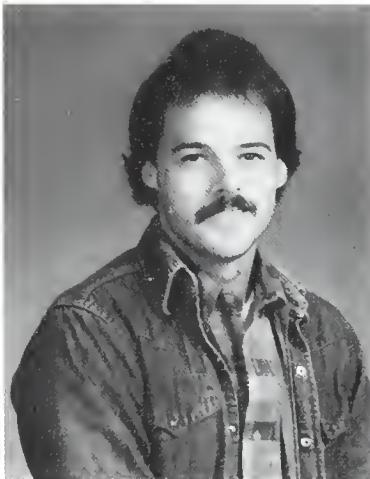
Chris Lowder
Drafting and Design



Mack Sapp Jr.
Drafting and Design



David Martin
Drafting and Design

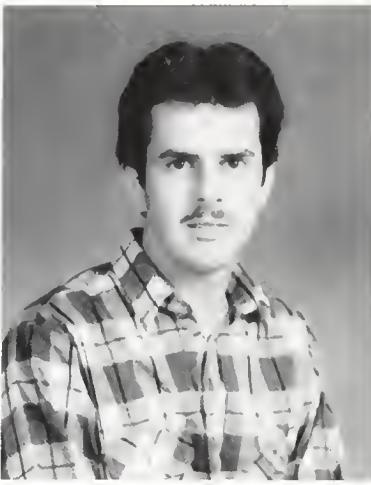


Kevin Shoaf
Drafting and Design

DRAFTING AND DESIGN/EARLY CHILDHOOD



Greg Smart
Drafting and Design



David Smith
Drafting and Design



Jerry Spencer
Drafting and Design



Paul Stirewalt
Drafting and Design



Kevin Swisher
Drafting and Design



Wayne Wirz
Drafting and Design



Tammy Anthony
Early Childhood



Michelle Blackwell
Early Childhood



Sharon Boyd
Early Childhood

EARLY CHILDHOOD



Elaine Burchette
Early Childhood



Christine Gray
Early Childhood



Freda Hellard
Early Childhood



Diane Leonard
Early Childhood



Melissa Overcash
Early Childhood



Mona Quattlebaum
Early Childhood



Delana Schenck
Early Childhood



Jacquelyn Roberson
Early Childhood



Anita Shaver
Early Childhood

EARLY CHILDHOOD/ELECTRONICS



Gail Sloan
Early Childhood



Sue Smith
Early Childhood



Nancy Trexler
Early Childhood



Dawn Wale
Early Childhood



Angeline Wood
Early Childhood



James Smith
Electronics



Roger Bowyer
Electronics



Stacy Earnhardt
Electronics



Matt Fink
Electronics

ELECTRONIC ENGINEERING



Danny Harris
Electronic Engineering



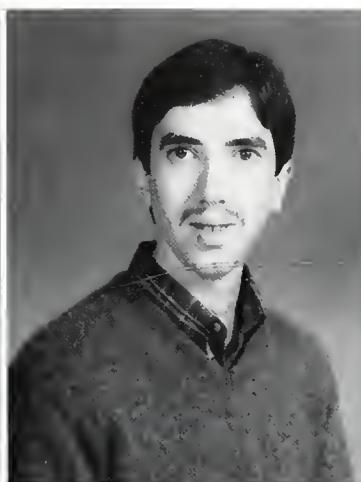
Lisa Jenkins
Electronic Engineering



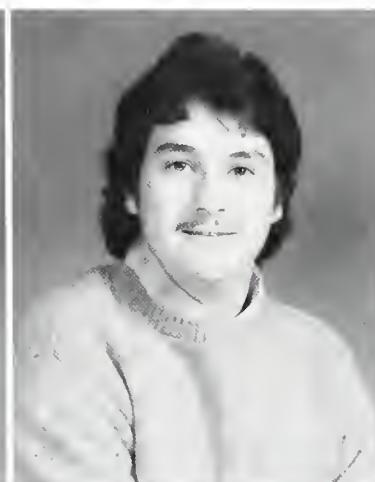
Cornelia Little
Electronic Engineering



Jerry McKnight
Electronic Engineering



Carl Ritchie
Electronic Engineering



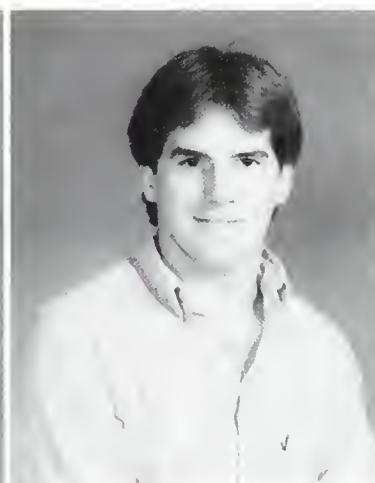
Tony Shaw II
Electronic Engineering



Marc Sywenki
Electronic Engineering

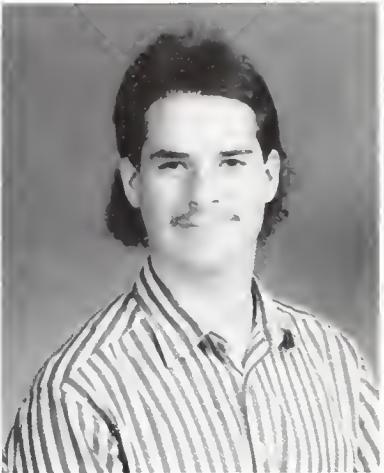


Chris Corriher
Electronic Engineering



Bobby Culp
Electronic Engineering

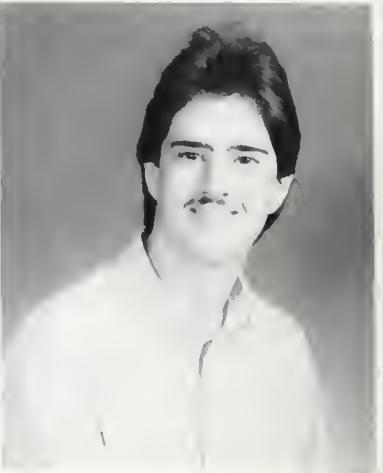
ELECTRICAL INSTALLATION/SECRETARIAL



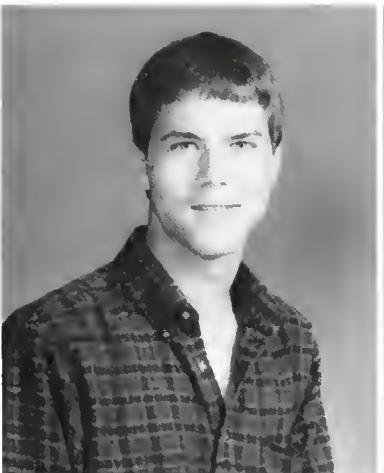
Chris Eagle
EIM



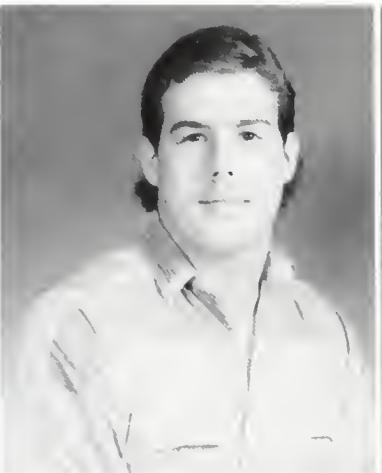
Ronald Fleeman
EIM



David Hoffman
EIM



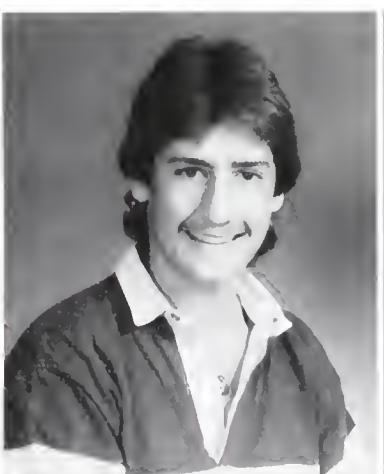
Patrick Holshouser
EIM



Hunter Nash
EIM



Joseph Patterson
EIM



Richmond Trexler
EIM



Debbie Barnette
Executive Secretarial Science



Lois Bowles
Executive Secretarial Science

EXECUTIVE SECRETARIAL SCIENCE



Becky Braswell
Executive Secretarial Science



Paula Coble
Executive Secretarial Science



Janet Coon
Executive Secretarial Science



Charlene Faggart
Executive Secretarial Science



Kim Felts
Executive Secretarial Science



Amy Ketchie
Executive Secretarial Science



Paul Moody
Executive Secretarial Science



Tabitha Overcash
Executive Secretarial Science



Betty Scery
Executive Secretarial Science

SECRETARIAL/LPN



Robbie Seaford
Executive Secretarial Science



Alison Amos
LPN



Donna Boykin
LPN



Annette Bratton
LPN



Verlee Bruce
LPN



Gail Cauble
LPN



Nancy Cauble
LPN



Brenda Cunningham
LPN



Glenda Funderburk
LPN

LICENSED PRACTICAL NURSING



Anita Hayes
LPN



Kaye Hunter
LPN



Latania Jones
LPN



Kathy Kicklighter
LPN



Lisa Lowden
LPN



Ava McKinney
LPN



Lillian Nicks
LPN



Sharon Nowell
LPN



Mike Pajak
LPN

LPN/MACHINIST



Sharlette Pinkett
LPN



Sharon Sanders
LPN



Kathy Shaver
LPN



Tamara Shoaf
LPN



Deborah Williams
LPN



Diane Wilson
LPN



Maggie Wood
LPN

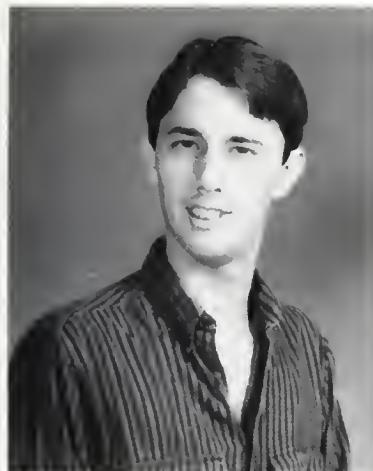


Patricia Correll
Machinist

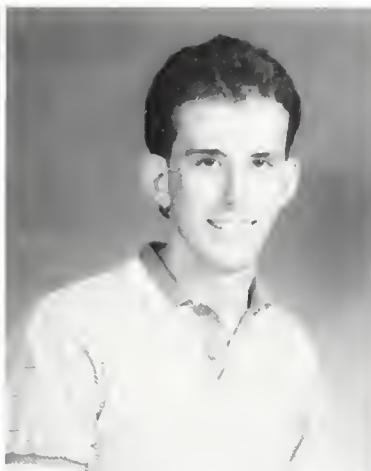


Jeff Dorton
Machinist

MACHINIST



Doug Fortune
Machinist



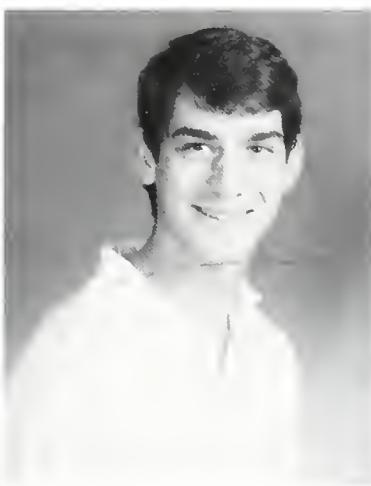
Scott Foster
Machinist



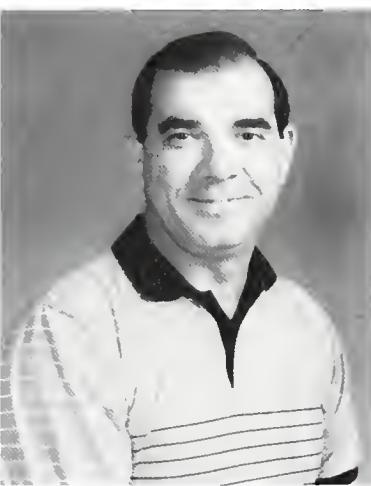
Rodney Goodman
Machinist



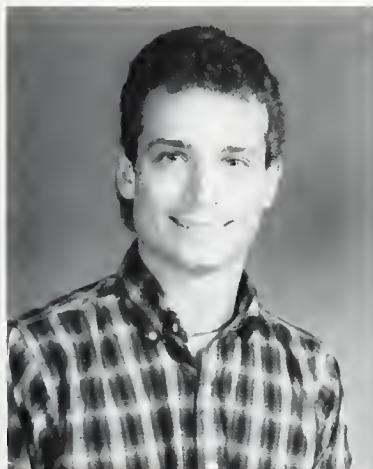
Lee Harrell
Machinist



Greg Hartsell
Machinist



Bobby Honbarrier
Machinist



Paul Miller
Machinist



Kenny Moore
Machinist



Katrina Myrick
Machinist

MACHINIST/MANUFACTURING



Jeffrey Parsons
Machinist



Bruner Rose
Machinist



Sharon Rouse
Machinist



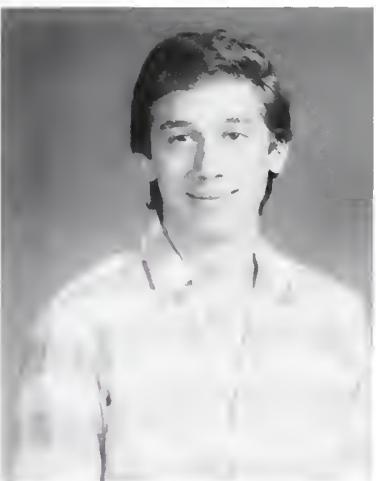
Kelvin Shaver
Machinist



Darren Steele
Machinist



Sherry Williams
Machinist



David Beck
Manufacturing

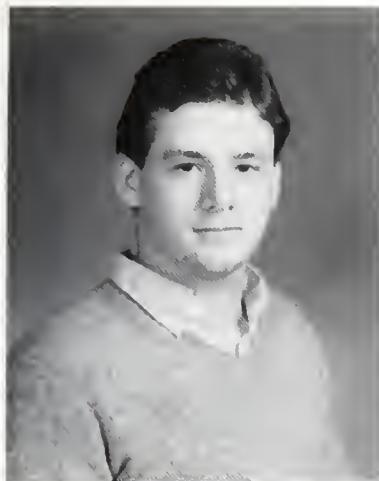


Bradley Cobb
Manufacturing



Ricky Doby
Manufacturing

MANUFACTURING/MARKETING



Terlin Johnson
Manufacturing



Curtis Russell
Manufacturing



Jamie Bame
Marketing



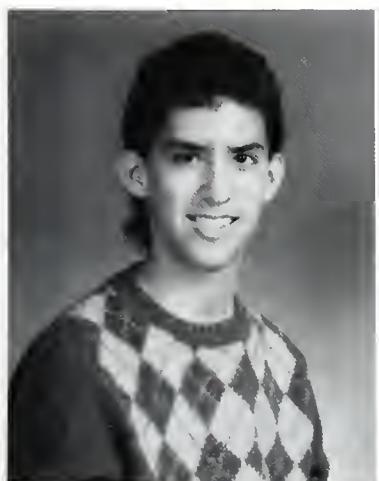
Monika Borras
Marketing



Cari Funderburk
Marketing



Sharon Goodson
Marketing



Tony Greene
Marketing



Rhonda Hinceman
Marketing



Lorie Jewell
Marketing

MARKETING & RETAILING/MEDICAL SECRETARY



Tammy Lovings
Marketing & Retailing



Amanda Melchor
Marketing & Retailing



Deborah Morgan
Marketing & Retailing



Charlie Powell
Marketing & Retailing



Sandy Smith
Marketing & Retailing



Kim Swinson
Marketing & Retailing



Tammy Barringer
Medical Secretarial Science



Lori Bemer
Medical Secretarial Science



Mon Brown
Medical Secretarial Science

MEDICAL SECRETARIAL SCIENCE



Alesia Cook
Medical Secretarial Science



Belinda Crowe
Medical Secretarial Science



Belinda Deal
Medical Secretarial Science



Dana Eddleman
Medical Secretarial Science



Wendy Fraley
Medical Secretarial Science



Karen Green
Medical Science



Tammy Haynes
Medical Secretarial Science



Judy Hinkle
Medical Secretarial Science



Seraphena Holtclaw
Medical Secretarial Science

MEDICAL SECRETARY/PFT



LuAnne Jarvis
Medical Secretarial Science



Karen Lawson
Medical Secretarial Science



Kim McCoy
Medical Secretarial Science



Hilda Plyler
Medical Secretarial Science



Kim Turman
Medical Secretarial Science



Eddie Wall
Physio-Fitness



Kevin Bailey
Physio-Fitness



Wendy Bogle
Physio-Fitness

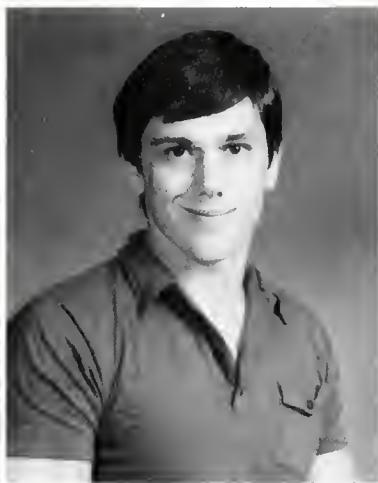


Terri Callahan
Physio-Fitness

PHYSIO-FITNESS TECHNOLOGY



Jeff Clark
PFT



David Cook
PFT



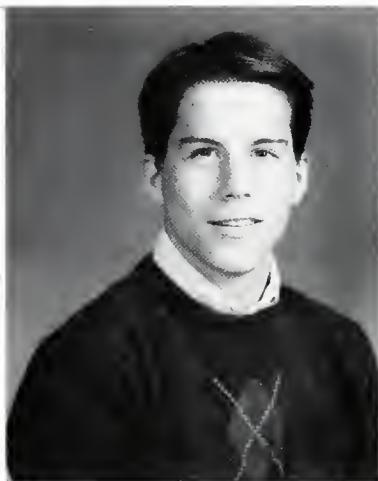
Charlene Corns
PFT



Lajune Gray
PFT



Angie McClamrock
PFT



Stephen Page
PFT



Rhonda Perry
PFT



Connie Seals
PFT



Suzanne Spinks
PFT

PFT/RADIOLOGY



Cynthia Stewart
Physio-Fitness



Melissa Arey
Radiology



Crystal Benfield
Radiology



Carolyn Biles
Radiology



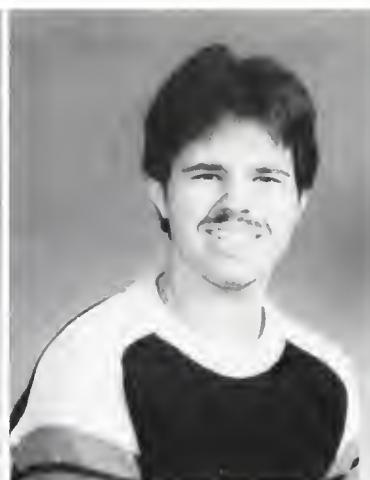
J. Henry Bost
Radiology



Sandra Douglas
Radiology



Rhonda Drye
Radiology



Larry Ehlers
Radiology



Sherry Fowler
Radiology

RADIOLOGIC TECHNOLOGY



Deona Goodman
Radiology



Ginger Huneycutt
Radiology



Marsha Johnson
Radiology



Carol Jones
Radiology



Susan Matlock
Radiology



Leah McCoy
Radiology



Mary Ann Miller
Radiology



Vicki Myers
Radiology



Cathy Sifford
Radiology

SPECIAL CREDIT/WELDING



Dawn Blackwell
Special Credit



Kim Cox
Special Credit



Emma Hunter
Special Credit



Patricia Kesler
Special Credit



Ruth King
Special Credit



Derek Lipe
Welding



Mitch Weaver
Welding



CABARRUS CAMPUS



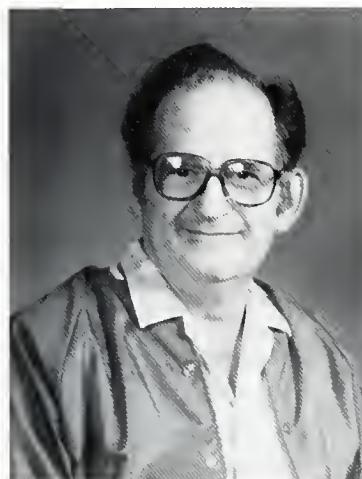
Marilyn Barnhardt



Thomas Barnhardt



Debra Dixon



George Sheppard



Alan Overcash



Carol Maxwell



Pressley Overcash



Tina Linn



Jane Overcash

CABARRUS CAMPUS



Cindy Taylor



Mary Williams



Emily Rogers



Judy Bumcamer



Ruth Hopkins



Tracy Armstrong



Tony McDonald



Donna Cochran



Sara Lowder

CABARRUS CAMPUS



Bernice Hardin



Bertha Moore



Walter Patterson



Larry Evans



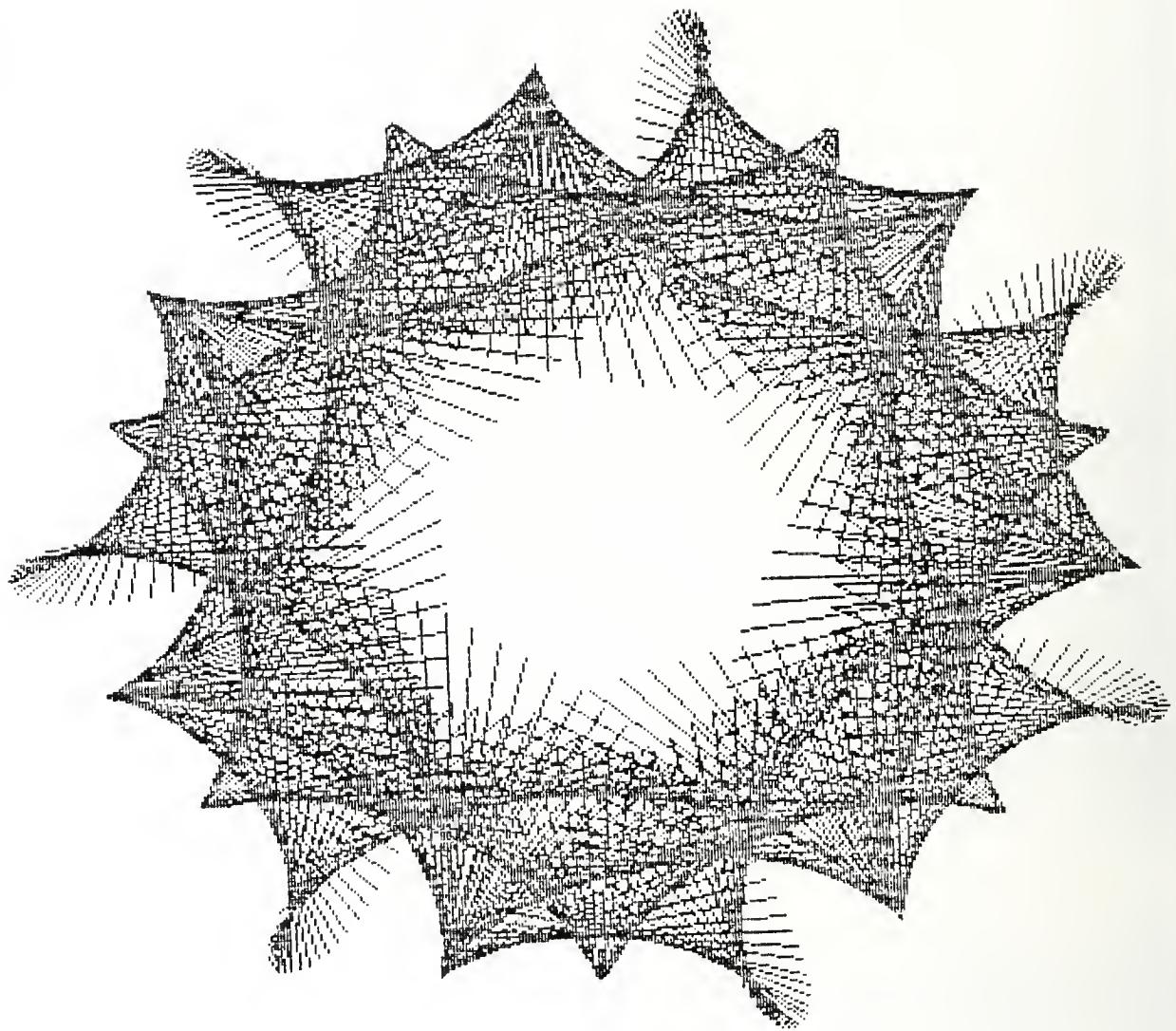
Tamie Livengood



Francena Perry



Barbara Broadway



ANOTHER DIMENSION



"Another Dimension" is a special section in this year's SPECTRUM. These are writings, pictures, and drawings by and about our students, faculty, and staff. While we don't have the full, active campus life of some colleges and universities, we do have full and active lives. We hope this section in the annual will begin to show Another Dimension of Rowan Technical College.

SHARING

I often recall a very serious but funny conversation my daughter and myself when she was 2½ years old.

One afternoon when I picked Drema up from the babysitter's, I was told Drema had a problem with sharing her toys that day. In the car, on our way home, I tried to explain to my child the importance of sharing. I said, "Drema, you've learned in Bible school, God wants us to share what we have with others; that includes our toys. You want to obey Jesus so He won't think you been an ugly girl, don't you?" Drema sat there looking at me with a thoughtful gaze on her face. Suddenly, she jerked back in her car seat, grabbed her doll to her chest, turned her little face toward the sky, and yelled defiantly, "Look at me, Jesus! I'm being ugly!" I was so astonished by her reaction, I was at a loss for words. And it was all I could do to keep from bursting out with laughter. This 2½ year old was a lot smarter than I had given her credit for.

Penny Owens, student

A TIME OF FEAR

For the crew of the heavy cruiser U.S.S. Fall River, Monday, July 1, 1946, was a day fraught with fear. After months of preparation, we were at last about to witness a historical event. The first atomic explosion aimed at a ghost fleet of unmanned navy ships was about to take place at Bikini in the Marshall Islands. The atomic bomb being in its infancy was not yet understood; therefore, as its unknown destructive force had not been proven, all were skeptical about their safety. First of all, everyone was concerned about the effects of the bomb because of speculations of ship-board scuttlebutt. For instance, it was rumored that the bomb could set up an uncontrolled atomic chain reaction that would destroy the earth. Although it was realized that such a catastrophic phenomena would not likely materialize both the sailors on the ship and their families at home were worried about the effects of atomic radiation. Even after Colonel Stafford Warren, Medical Chief for the Manhattan District announced, "The sterility and anemia dangers to personnel at Bikini can be written off. I'm going to be on the Mount McKinley myself and I've got post-war plans." The crew was still apprehensive. Consequently, it was no surprise when the servicemen began receiving many little knitted gifts of apparel that were lead lined for radiation shielding. Many of our other fears derived from tales about the survivors of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. It was said that not only were they burned until strips of raw flesh fell from their bodies but that their eyeballs exploded, and they were nauseous from radiation sickness. And next, there was our concern for the moral aspects of unleashing such destructive forces on our world.

Although these pretest fears were real, it was however, the day of the atomic blast that the crew's nervousness reached its apex and their stomachs turned queasy with apprehension. As it was, on the morning of the test our ship maneuvered to bear 45° and 90° relative to the bombing. The order of the day was reveille at 0430 hours, and the ship was to be underway for the blast site at 0530. While underway, all hands were called to quarters, and the special sea detail for the test was set. When the ship anchored near Bikini at 1300, everyone anxiously waited for the countdown to begin. Tensions were high, nerves were raw, and many were having breathing difficulties, but there were not signs of panic. Because this bomb was to be exploded above the unmanned ships, the light from the blast would be bright enough to destroy one's eyesight; therefore, all hands lay on deck, covering their eyes with their arms, from zero minus two minutes until the explosion. Many of the crew of the U.S.S. Fall River, while lying there waiting for this awesome event to take place, wondered if they would survive the day. Finally, after the shock waves hit and all clear was sounded, there was awe-inspiring sight of a mushroom cloud rising and spreading for thousands of feet into the air. It rose like thunderheads with an eerie glow, spreading alarm among all who watched. What had man done with his scientific knowledge? Would our world survive? Only time will tell. This memorable historic time in the new atomic age was indeed a day of fear for the crew of the U.S.S. Fall River.

Hilton J. Swindell
Welding Instructor

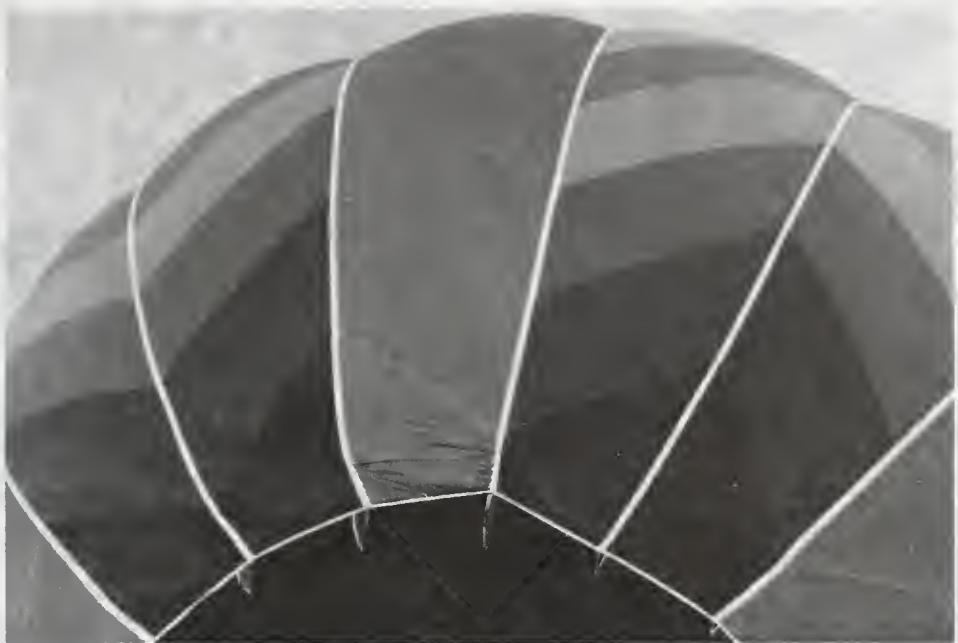
WHEN I WAS GROWING UP

I often think of the modern conveniences we did not have growing up. The first thing that comes to my mind is not having indoor plumbing. We had an outside toilet. You would freeze your behind off in the winter time. In the summer time you had to fight the wasps. The outside john was always clean. My father and some neighbors would dig a new hole every year. They would just put the old structure over the hole. The second thing that comes to my mind is not having a furnace. We had a coal and wood stove to heat and cook by. I had to make a fire every morning. The house would be so cold. As your feet hit the cold floor, your brain would freeze. I remember my mother cooking on the black wood cook stove. The food was always so good. The third thing I remember is not hav-

ing electricity in our house. When I was in the first grade I would have to read by a kerosene lamp. The globe of the lamp would often get black and my mother would take a damp cloth to clean it. I can still remember how the raw kerosene smelled.

We didn't have a washer and dryer. After we washed our clothes by hand, we hung them outside on the clothes line. Although we did not have many fancy things we had a lot of love. We always thanked God for what we had.

Emma Hunter, student



Photographs by Jimmie Melton, Dental Assisting Instructor

ORIENTATION OF NURSING STUDENTS OF 1986

The senior nursing students of 1987 gave us, the class of 1988, an orientation.

They did so by throwing a little party for us. First, they played a tape with Ron Shuping asking questions pertaining to the Nursing Curriculum. Each question was answered with a song, each different from the one before. They didn't play the whole song, only the part of it that answered a specific question in a funny way. An example is the following: "What does Mrs. Mills say when you give the wrong medication to a patient?" "Happy trails to you . . ." Second, the class of '87 produced a slide show by Ron for us. This consisted of all sorts of things from Ron wearing diapers to him lying in bed with a fellow female student, both wearing great big smiles.

They closed the orientation with a delicious dinner of finger foods. Everyone enjoyed the orientation very much.

Sonya Foster, ADN student

HOUSE OF MEMORIES

I remember a very wonderful experience that occurred at my house of memories.

It was the summer of 1950, the sixth day of June to be exact. I was home on leave from the Army and was not doing any particular thing when my friend, Ben, from across the street came over. As we sat in the living room talking, Ben mentioned having a date that night. Since I had nothing planned, I jokingly said to Ben, "If your date has a friend, bring her along." About 6 p.m., while I was sipping on a cup of coffee, Ben came to the door and said "I have a date for you." So I put on my hat and went down the walk with him to meet my date. She was sitting in the back seat of Ben's car. My date's name was Dawn, and she was a friend and neighbor of Ben's date. Well, I got in the back seat of the car with Dawn. Ben drove us around town awhile. We parked at the town lake where we sat and talked

while watching the reflection of the moon across the water.

After Ben took the girls home, he asked me if I liked Dawn. The answer that I gave Ben shocked him, in fact, it even shocked me. I told Ben I was going to marry Dawn. I guess that was a classic case of "love at first sight." I only dated Dawn twice that week. The next time I saw Dawn I was on my way to Camp Stoneman, California to be shipped to Korea. I was wounded in the fighting that took place in Korea and sent back to the hospital at Fort Bragg to recuperate, and Dawn and I planned our wedding. We were married in the living room of my House of Memories on the twenty-seventh day of April, 1951. We will celebrate our thirty-sixth year of marriage next April.

Ernest Galloway, student

Poem

Here is your sun
Looking over a wall
It's only half
For the wall's too tall

It's enough to wish you
Happiness in every way
And bring bright joys
Of each bright day!

Kathy Ann Cox, Student

Poem

I think of you often
I miss you too.
If you were dedicated to Christ
I'd be in love with you!

The devil paints a beautiful picture
He painted one of you . . .
But he will lose,
Not me you see . . .
For Jesus is the one for me.

And now you too,
Will come through
Because indeed,
I have love for you!
My God, My God, Save Him I say
He will! He will!
Perhaps today.

A home for you
A peace of heart
A life of love
And Joy with each part
Success you will find
All of this you will know,
I know!
Jesus told me so!!!

A.C., Student

ON GOING TO THE SPA

Leotard

Gee-ah'm-tard

I feel like a

Re-ah-tard.

Slinging fat. Jumping jacks. "Go ahead." —
"no, don't do that."

Kick that leg. Bend that head. Roll around
and then play dead.

You ate that pie and
now you suffer . . .

Spread that arm like Gen'rl Custer!

On your mark. On your toes. That's the way
the story goes.

Until you work and work and sweat
a pound of flubber is all you'll get.

Rachelle Nicks, LPN Student

Parasailing

Parasailing is one of the most exciting things I have ever done. I had never seen anyone parasail until my first trip to the Bahamas. It was February in Nassau, but it was a warm, breezy day. I embarked on my journey by boarding a small ski boat. The boat sped through the water towards my final destination: a floating wooden deck in the middle of the ocean. As we approached the platform, I became increasingly nervous. Was I sure I wanted to do this? Of course I was! Two Bahamians quickly slipped the harness around me. "Are you sure this is safe?" I asked. They both looked at me and laughed. I can assure you that this did not make me feel more comfortable.

I looked up and the multi-colored parachute was billowing above. In front of me was the boat that would pull me through the sky. I was attached to this boat by what appeared to be the longest, thinnest rope I have ever seen. There was no turning back now.

The two men let go of me. I am so light that I shot straight up into the sky in seconds. What a rush. The view was spectacular! The beautiful emerald green ocean, that the islands are so well known for, looked far away. The boat was heading towards shore and I swung out over the beach. I looked down at the sunbathers, the umbrellas that lined the beaches, and the buildings that seemed to be approaching quickly to my right. I was now hovering over the hotel. How different it looked from this view, with its black roof and air cooling units. I was anxious to return to land as the boat headed for the deck where I was to land. The landing was easy and I was feeling triumphant as Nancy cheered my return. She had captured the entire event on film. I was glad to have done it and have continued to parasail on each return trip to the Bahamas.

Joe Ward, Student

Poem

I wanted to write you a poem today,
But I must have forgotten just what to say —
Here I am sitting with a pen in my hand
Jotting down thoughts of a very dumb man.

I thought and I thought as the hour went by
“I know I can do it” and started to cry —
You always knew how to get me your way
That’s probably why I can’t read to this day.

You see I stayed home when I needed to be
At a desk doing homework and learning to see
All the beauty that Life could endearly behold
If I’d just learn to be absolutely bold.

An advocate for Education, hmmm not that’s not
all that bad —
It beats being beaten, upset, robbed, and SAD.
I long for the day that I can be free
To read, sing, and write with all possibility.

Rachelle Nicks, LPN student

A Walk on Sunday

When I lived in Germany, Sunday was a special day for me. My mother and I took the city bus and drove out to the country. Our favorite place was a path through the woods. On the left side, a tiny creek flowed along the way, shimmering in the sunlight. On a hot summer day, I took off my shoes and pedaled my feet in the stream. The water felt cooling and refreshing. Further down in the forest was a lake, full of carp and catfish. My mom always brought one or two slices of old bread with us to feed the fish. It was so peaceful there. All we could hear was the water splashing when a fish caught some of the bread pieces. Heading back, both of us relaxed on a wooden bench. A mild breeze gently touched our faces. Other pedestrians passed by us, breathing the fresh unpolluted air. After a few minutes' rest, we walked slowly back to the bus stop. Before the bus arrived we couldn't resist an ice cream cone at the refreshment stand. Then we rode the bus back home. I miss those walks on Sunday.

Sybille Williams, student

Snow

Snow brings out the child in me. I become so excited I can't sleep. That's one reason why I always hope for snow during daylight hours. If snow is in the forecast, I begin skywatching, straining my eyes for what might possibly be just one flake. Sometimes I'm sure that I've seen a flake; I watch closely as it falls to the ground. Then I gaze — and gaze some more. My radio is on; I listen intently to see if forecasts are changing. I find myself hoping that the moisture movement is still in our direction. Oh what a feeling of disappointment when the chance for precipitation decrease! If indeed snow does begin to filter to the ground, I begin running from one window to the other, looking in all directions hoping to see all the flakes that are falling. If the snowfall is at night, I turn on my outdoor spots; I then strain my eyes watching for the crystals to float by the light. I find that if I look directly at the light, I cannot see the flakes well; however, if I block out the bright glaring light by holding my hand above my brow, I get a better sighting of any flakes that may fall. Since the temperature is such a critical factor, I alternate moving from the front windows to the back kitchen window where my indoor-outdoor thermometer is located. I keep hoping the mercury will drop to 32 degrees, or even better, lower; I want all the white stuff to stick — stick to the azalea bushes, stick to the grassy tufts on the lawn, stick on the driveway, stick on the housetops. I want it everywhere! I can't wait to see my surroundings become blanketed in the icy coat of white. But most importantly, I want it on the

road — a nice thick blanket on the road. It's only with the road covered that I can relax and enjoy to the fullest the remainder of the snowfall. Then I know that I can stay up all night if I wish to enjoy each flake of snow. With the road covered, I can be assured that school will be cancelled. I strain my eyes badly while watching the falling flakes; if I do close my eyes for a few moments' rest, I can still see the snow imprinted on my brain. Yes, I can actually see the snow falling with my eyes closed.

I can stand to be in the house only so long; then I must get outside to feel the wet icy flakes splash on my cheeks, to feel the snow pack under my boots as it crunches. I hold my arm outward, attempting to catch flakes on my coatsleeve. If I'm lucky, I can catch individual flakes and can observe the six pointed crystal formation. Sometimes I open my black-topped umbrella and let the flakes light on it; then I lower it to eye level and observe the varied crystal designs.

Then it dawns on me that I haven't called any of my friends who also love snow. So I rush in for a little while to make a quick call. We compare observations: "How much snow? How hard is it coming down? When did it start? What is the temperature? Have you heard any late weather reports?" Then I go back to my window watching, continuing to hope for that record-breaking snow.

Garry Watkins, Instructor



Poem

Asleep on the couch so sweet,
How fast he grows,
From his head to his feet,
I wish it was slow.

Time is gone for all the good
Sometimes it stops like it should
Fleeting moments become the past
The first soon becomes the last.

Leaves falling down so gently and still
They make a rustle in the hill
That they make to hide the ground
You rake for today and still they come down.

Sleep, eat, read, work, play
A new start for a new day.

Buy me this and that, he cries
Tears really trickled from his eyes
I give in and spend more hard earned pay
He smiles and is happy, at least today.

Sharon Nowell, LPN student

Sara

Sara was a beautiful teenager. She had her mother's blue eyes, her father's jet black hair and stood only five feet tall. She seldom wore a frown; she had a playful, impish grin on her face constantly.

Sara was fifteen years old, a sophomore in high school. And made excellent grades and had the "right" crowd of friends. She had the usual teenage "growing pains," worries about grades, boys, and clothes. Sara wanted very much to make other people happy. Her parents were very proud of her. Her grandparents loved showing off pictures of her to their friends.

Everyone knew that Sara would go far in life. She was so anxious to learn; she would be accepted at the college of her choice. She would be established in a career before she turned 25. Only then would she fall in love, get married, and start a family. This was Sara's fantasy; hardly a day went by that she didn't dream of it.

But Sara isn't dreaming of it just now. She doesn't feel very well. As she walked home from her pediatrician's office, one word keeps repeating itself in her mind: pregnant, pregnant . . .

Kelly Caulder, ADN student

Poem

As I walked in her room I thought it must be a
bad dream,
I didn't know whether to cry or to scream,
Clothes and papers were thrown everywhere,
I sat quietly down, but felt like pulling out my
hair
How can one child make such a mess?
I don't even want to venture a wild guess.
Where do I start?
Where do I end?
It breaks my heart,
Cause she'll do it again.

She smiles so sweetly as I speak,
She tries so hard to be meek,
She struggles with life day to day,
Her smiles she freely gives away.
Maybe she needs me to be there
Maybe she needs her smile to share
Maybe she wants someone just to say,
I love you a little more each day.

Sharon Nowell, LPN student

Together

The way I feel for you is
like a slow love song.
To be able to be with you,
was worth waiting so long,

I hope we can build dreams,
that will last forever.
I pray that someday love will,
place us together.

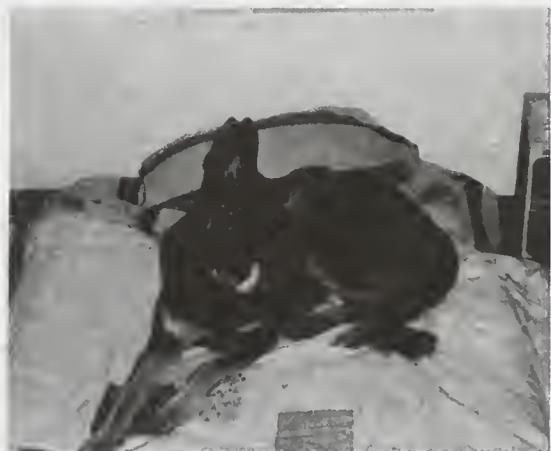
Deborah Kay Morgan, student



Robert Lester reads with Sally;
Alice Davis and Skywalker;
Carolyn Arey's cat Bobby (no tail!).



DIMENSION: RELAXED AT HOME



Dana Eddleman and "Puppy"; Jimmie Melton with J.J.; and Carolyn Schneider's famous dog, Julep.



RECOGNIZE THESE
FACES?





These kids are familiar to you . . . but as adults. Do you recognize them at a slightly younger age? They are members of the RTC faculty and staff. Pictured are (clockwise from the top left) Vernon Eanes, Air Conditioning Instructor; Robert Lester, Criminal Justice Instructor; Carolyn Arey, Early Childhood Center; Janet Leazer, Administrative Assistant; Carolyn Schneider, English Instructor. Below is Jim Yates, Associate Dean.



CITY OF



The Salisbury Fire Department was chartered on December 8, 1817. The Salisbury City Limit covered by the S.F.D. is 15.5 square miles. The average number of calls per year for the last five years was twelve hundred.



The training grounds have been on the Rowan Technical College grounds since 1965. That year, it was ideal because there was a Fire Science Technology degree offered here. At the present time, the S.F.D. is working on getting a State Certification Program in place of the old Fire Science Program.

SALISBURY

The Salisbury Fire Department consists of one chief, one assistant chief, five battalion chiefs, sixteen captains, forty-two fire control specialists, four communications people, and two clerical workers. The total of equipment pieces operated by the S.F.D. is five engines, two ladders, and one rescue vehicle.





The training done at the site on campus involves hands-on practice, hose and appliance work, and smokehouse practice. The special projects, new tools and equipment innovations, done at the research center involve doing surveys on different equipment. For example, if the S.F.D. were looking for a more practical airpack, the fire department personnel would check out several pieces of equipment according to size, comfort, adjustability, and the like.





The process of becoming a Fire Control Specialist involves passing a physical examination, a physical agility test, (including a variety of skill tests like climbing ladders, hose techniques, etc.). After an individual has been selected, he or she attends one week of recruit training. At the end of the training, a Firefighters' Examination is given. When that exam is passed, the person is then a Fire Control Specialist. The S.F.D. firefighters continue to improve throughout the years as new and better technology comes along. So when you see smoke billowing from the RTC campus, don't panic! It's the Salisbury Fire Department learning how to serve the City even better.

Photographs, layout, and story by Tina Haverstick, student.

Journal Entry

October 16, 1986 *

I bathed my first patient today during clinical at Cabarrus Hospital. She was an 83 year old female who had been in the hospital for over three months. The only patient review I was given was that she had a catheter. I thought, "No problem."

Well, that's what I get for thinking! She did respond to my questions, but not so I could understand her. As I laid her on her back, her spread got tangled under her, so I straightend it at the same time checking to make sure her catheter was secure. Well, was I surprised . . . she only had one leg. It had been amputated at the first of the summer. "Okay," I thought, "I can handle that." But later on during her bath, I discoverd that she only had one breast. The best is yet to come . . .she also had a bedsore on her lower back which I had to clean and place ointment on.

It wasn't as bad as it could have been, I guess. At least I got initiated into the field of nursing.

Kathy Kicklighter, LPN student

Poem

Test, test, test, all the time
I think I'm about to lose my mind
I've worn out twenty pens at least
The paper I've used could cover Greece
Study, study, study every day
I wish I could learn it another way
Just bore a hole in my head and pour it in
Wouldn't that be easier in the end?
How much do I really retain after all?
When the state boards are due, will I recall?
It seems to all run into each other
Sometimes I feel like crying for my mother.
Test, test, test all the time
No wonder I'm nearly losing my mind
It's only a year I hear them say
But I'm doing well to make it day by day.

Sharon Nowell, LPN Student

Local Color

As I entered the YMCA near Innes (rhymes with "tennis") Street of my small Southern hometown, a puzzled Y employee was setting down the phone receiver, shaking her head and muttering, "What a nut!"

It seems that a stranger in town had called inquiring direction to the YMCA. The employee had cheerfully begun the instructions: "Go straight down the street you're on, and then turn right onto Innes Street."

At this point, the caller interrupted irritably, "Which street?"

"Innes Street," the employee repeated politely.

With growing impatience, the caller demanded the name of the street again, and again the employee obligingly gave him the name.

"Look, lady," exploded the exasperated caller, "when I ask you which street, I want to know the name of the street. I don't want you to tell me to turn right on 'any street'!"

Marcia Carter, English Instructor

Journal Entry

Glad you reminded me to watch for Fall colors. As we descended below cloud level near Cincinnati, I looked up from my book and out to discover that surprising grey clarity—that clean, cold, sharp edged look that some fall days can have. Steely. Even more surprisingly, as I looked to the ground below to look for the familiar Kentucky landscape there were fall colors. I'd really forgotten about color—I couldn't believe the display beneath me. Clumps of color. Single, small, young trees wholly vibrant yellow or orange. (We used to attribute quotes to the saplings doing their first autumn.) Deep, deep reds—even maroon—yellows of grand assortment; fluorescent orange; a nearly-pink color, some of them. Over all, distant, their color is rust. Closer up I see a matching colored apron of leaves around each.

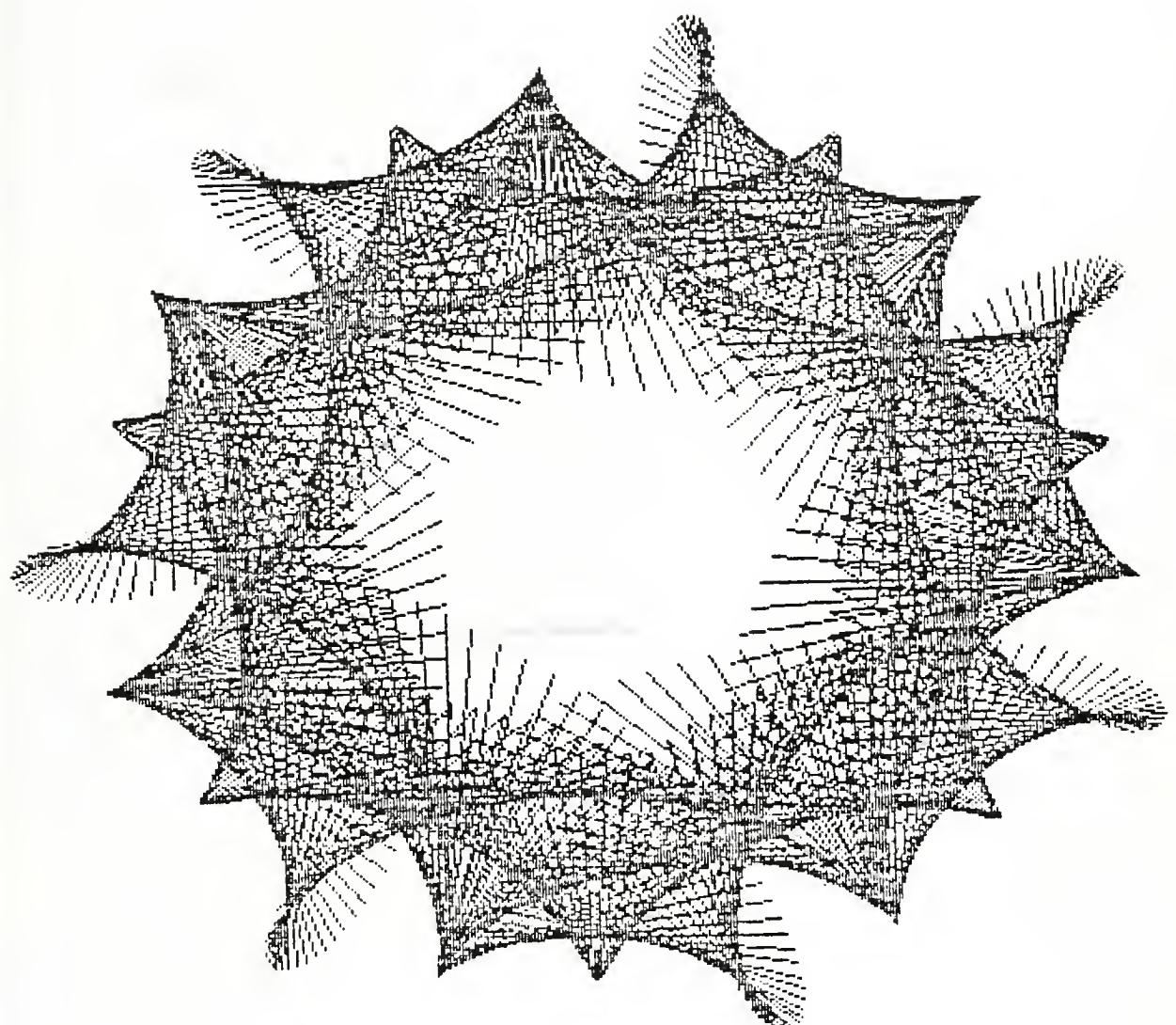
Barges, stocky lines, centered in the Ohio River. The

brown unmistakeable Ohio. I'll contrast, later, these Kentucky farms staking out, challenging this hilly terrain with their small plots and fields, neat tobacco plots. Ohio is sprawling, flat, commanding the land to conform to the farms, not the farms to the contours and rolls of Kentucky hills. Ohio—flat, flat—Kansas deserves only part of the reputation. It is utterly geometric as far as I can see, as if these farmers attended to the aesthetic symmetry of their fields, neighboring fields; to rows; to the exactness of line, intensity of contrast of colors of crop and soil. The only interruption is serpentine creeks, flashing as they catch the sun. Some of their crazy meanderings are softened by trees outlining their banks; from here, looking like soft moss beds along the water. Crazy Quilt. Ohio.

Carolyn Schneider, Instructor



Artwork by Deborah Morgan, student.



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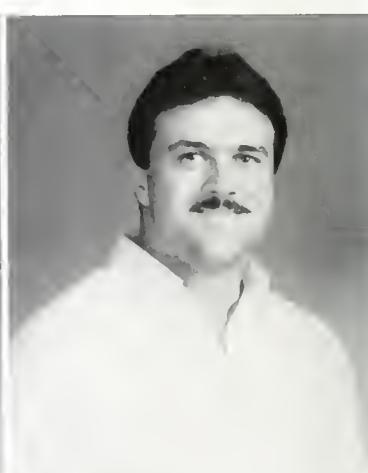
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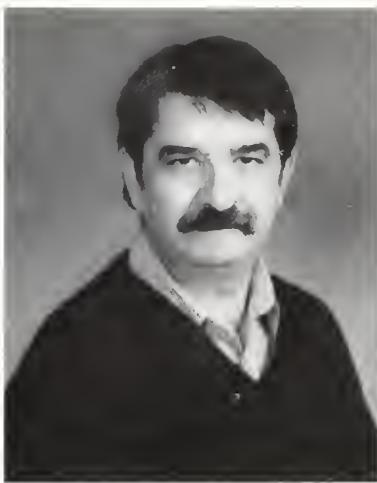


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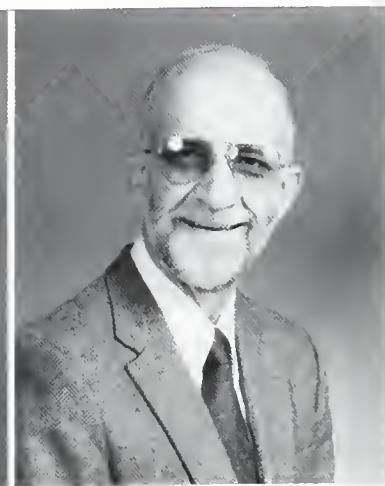
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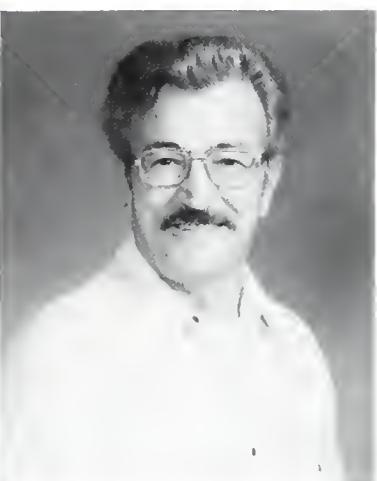
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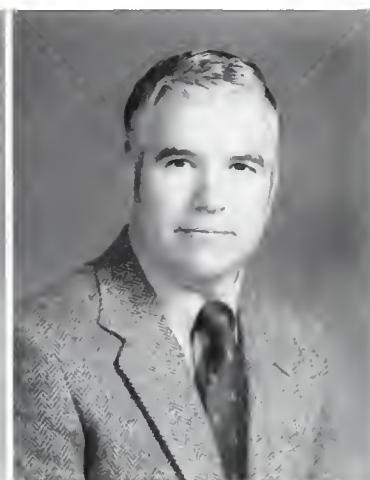
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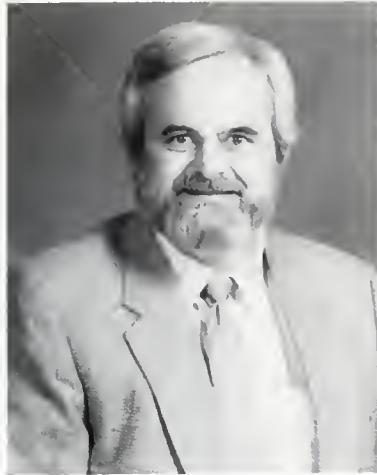


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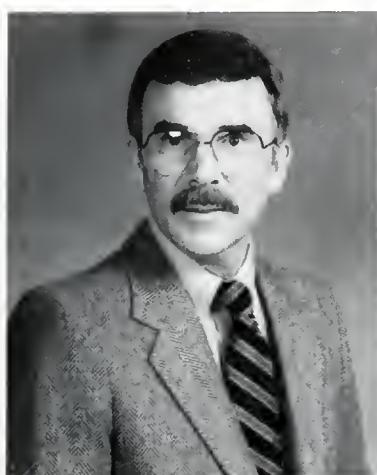
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This year's trustees are (standing) Raymond Johnson, Harold Kenerly, Richard Brownell, Sarah Singer, Larry Ford, Robert Waddell, Joe Rutledge. Seated are Sam May, Phil Smith, Marcelle Williams, Dr. John Wear, C.C. Brewer. Earl Bullard is not pictured.

Dr. Richard Brownell is the College president.

COLOPHON



The 1987 Spectrum was printed by Hunter Publishing of Winston-Salem. It was printed in a trim size of 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches by 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches. We had 450 copies printed, each with 112 pages. The cover is laminated, 4-color lithograph. The paper is 80 lb. embossed, except the special section, which is tinted paper in gunmetal parchtone. We used palatino typeset in Hunter Black ink. The endsheets are white and unprinted. Color pages are in the first signature and reproduced from color prints submitted in exact size. The color deadline was November 19, 1986. The final deadline was February 19, 1987.

Spectrum Staff

The students in ENG 121 and 122 produced the annual. They were involved in selecting the specifications for the book as well as determining its content and final form. These students were Alesia Cook, Dana Eddleman, Tina Haverstick and Kim Turman. A special thanks to those who gave their talents to our special section of features writing, and pictures. Thanks, too, to Mark Owensby of the RTC staff for his help with the photography, and to JoAnn Thomas of Hunter Publishing for her help, patience, and good humor.





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