



"See Ya Later Seniors"

Photo By Anne Steinhauer



**It's Been A
Long Time.
But Guess
What?
You're
Finished!!!**

***Congratulations
Seniors***

Sentinel

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Letters to the editor are welcomed and will be printed upon request. All letters must be typewritten and signed, they will be edited only for clarity with no change in content. Names will be withheld upon request.

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The **Sentinel** will resume normal publications Summer Quarter. All major events occurring in the latter half of May through June will be covered in the next issue.

A Long Wackey Year

SPECIAL EDITION



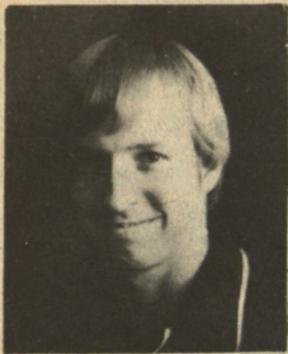
Sentinel

"Moving forward" Kennesaw College

Vol. 14 No. 9

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THE COLLEGE WAY, 1980



While the Russians prepare for more invasions and supernovas explode in outer space, Kennesaw College witnesses its first graduation class. Sixty-five ragged, rugged warriors, who have braved four years of college, are now finished.

Can you guys remember your first day in college? There you were with your Star Trek lunch box clenched tightly under your arm. "Wow, so this is college." With the beginning of college life students were filled with dreams, ambitions, and desires. But as years went by those goals changed. Except for between classes, there was little time for thinking. Suddenly, life threw itself into overdrive and those 186 quar-

ter hours were behind you. Many times you probably became so wrapped up in studies, jobs, and conflicts that your goals became distorted. Did the years go by fast? Were you satisfied?

If graduating from High School is anything like college graduation, then you all are in for a somewhat sensitive emotional experience. My graduation was very emotional, and it was a time for some big changes. There I was, standing in my cap and gown, wondering what the future would hold. The security of going to school every day was gone. Also, I realized that I was leaving a child's world and stepping into an adult's society. The days of "hey what are you doing after school" were gone forever. My society told me that people out of high school were supposed to either join the military, go to college, or get a job. Society said that I could no longer spend my afternoons riding tenspeeds and playing baseball. Grandmother use to pinch me on the cheek, "It's time to make a life for yourself sonny."

"So that's what it was all about," I said. Suddenly I realized that I was expected to go out and start chasing dreams.

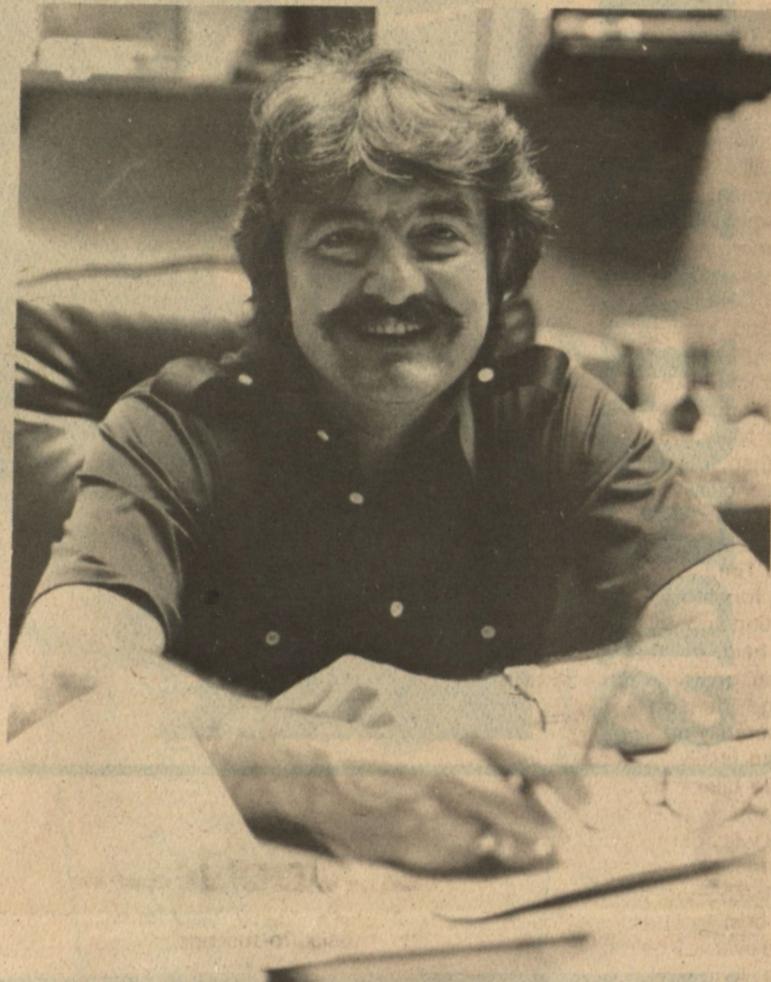
Well, graduates, now that your school days are gone, and now that your life has made a change, what will you do? Will you ever become used to not spending your nights cramming for exams or waking early in order to catch a seven o'clock class? And what will your future hold? From listening to others, I've realized that futures can sometimes become depressing, especially when people discover that there's more to life than just a diploma. However, futures aren't always depressing, but they're always scary. Certainly everyone is looking forward to graduation. Are we looking forward towards the life ahead? At least now you'll have plenty of time to think about such things. And that is probably the most frightening aspect of it all. With school over, brains which were used to being bogged down with chemical formulas and accounting equations will suddenly become free to think

about other things. Questions about life and futures will quickly fill the vacuum. Many will begin thinking about the years ahead, while others will become despaired because they've already used their lives up.

Graduation from college is a big thing. It's a time where changes intoxicate thinking and a time when yet another goal is behind you.

As Kennesaw's first four-year graduation class, this year's graduates will become a permanent part of our college's history. Congratulations and good luck!

Todd Daniel
Associate Editor



Congratulations on your significant accomplishment. I wish you every success for the future and encourage you to return to the campus as often as you can.

Godspeed,
Carol Martin
Dean of Student Affairs

Goodbye Sentinel

Dear Sentinel,

As May rolls into June it looks as if my days with the **Sentinel** are almost gone. Hey, if I had my way about it I'd stay on the staff until they forced me off, but my grade point average just doesn't seem to agree.

Well, anyway, I'd just like to say a couple of farewells. To Terri, I'd like to say that I think you're a good editor. When you decided to take on this thing you certainly proved that you were a true glutton for punishment. To the **Sentinel** staff I'd just like to mention the fact that I think you all are fantastic. Especially ol' Anne. For a while, Anne really had me worried because she was ruining our image by actually doing her assignments and handing them in on TIME! Rodney was alright too. That wild and crazy guy also tried to ruin our image by spending endless hours editing and correcting copy. Our staff even tried to ruin our image by writing a lot of quality stories. Yes, good ol' Guffey, Don, Phyllis, Jodie, Melodie, Tina, Brand, Wayne, Betty, Greg, Leo, Mike, and Kathy were always coming up with wild ideas and stories. Guffey was an excellent example. Why, that guy actually came up with the

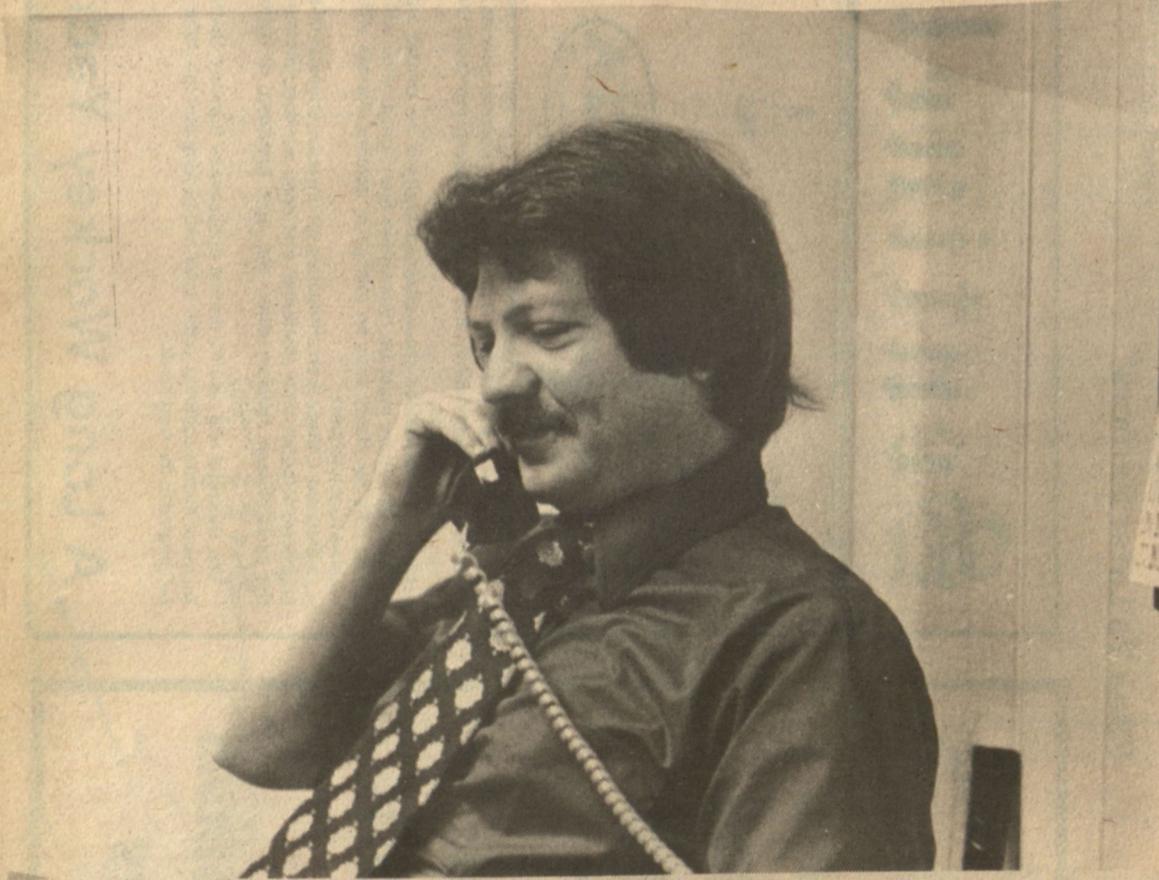
idea of devoting an entire section to sports! Imagine that! And I can't leave out Betty. That crazy woman created an entire entertainment section!

Star Printers are another group of people which deserve a tip of the hat. Good ol' Jim and Martha always gave our paper a little extra attention and they always broke their necks trying to get our paper out in time. I can still remember the looks on their faces when we said, "We have to have it by tomorrow."

Most importantly, I would like to say farewell to my readers. Nothing made me feel better than to hear someone say, "When's the next issue coming out?" Yes, it was our readers who were able to make a thousand copies disappear in an hour. I guess what I'll miss most about our readers is their willingness and eagerness to express their opinions. Especially opinions like, "I think your paper..."

Finally, I would like to say farewell to Frank, Dr. Hill (the "laissez faire" advisor), and our lovable administration.

Bye
Todd Daniel
Associate Editor



This is truly a momentous occasion. Being the first students to receive bachelors degrees from Kennesaw College, you are participating in an historic moment. I sincerely hope that your experiences at the college have been rewarding and that you will remember Kennesaw with fond memories. Finally, I hope that you will feel free to come back and visit us as often as you like and that you will become an active participant in the alumni affairs of the college. Good luck in whatever endeavors you have chosen to pursue.

Sincerely,
Frank F. Wilson
Coordinator of Student Activities

SENIOR LAST WILLS AND TESTAMENTS

I, Charlotte Bode, being of over-educated mind and neglected body, do hereby bequeath my last will and testament as follows:

To my sister, Janet, I leave the pleasure of taking all the wonderful business teachers and business courses that await you before you graduate—hope they are offered at better times for you.

To my sister, Carol, I leave my beautiful voice. I hope it helps you in pursuing your career in music. You may use it to the fullest extent.

To Mary Anne Wiseman, along with all of Cobb County, I leave the enjoyment of taking money and banking with Charlie Martin this summer - hope you can find a seat in class.

To Debbie Whitfield, I leave the joy and immense relief of completing Math 312 along with all my good study habits for your last quarter up here this summer.

To Mark Gasaway and Sammy Callahan, I leave the pool table of your choice at the appointed hour of 9:00 a.m. every day until both of you decide to graduate.

To Tim Frey, I leave behind, and look forward to, all our wonderful, exciting and enlightening talks that we held in the student center spring quarter, along with swimming lessons which you desperately need.

And finally, to any student who has to take a math course, I leave the advice - take Dr. Steve Scherer - you will not regret it. He has it all - great looks, great personality, great teaching ability, and one of the best friends and confidants there ever will be.

So long Kennesaw, it's been four years I won't forget in the near future.

Mystery Farewell

To Tom Roper, A halo and wings - because he is such an angel!

To female students, larger restrooms.

To Dean Huck, a weather Dart board so he can make his decisions RE cancellation of classes on snow and ice days.

To all students, course offerings with times for at least three quarters in advance so they could follow the doctrine of planning which is stressed in so many classes!

I, Johnny Plunkett, leave the B.S.U. my chick tracts and an autographed picture of Earnest Angley, to the History Club my list of forged primary sources, and to the student center gang, my table manners and a Ramones record. Best wishes for a nice forever.

I, Janet Burham, do hereby bequest to:

Leeman Wilson-the charred remains of my 312 book along with my prayers.

Cindy Aderhold-my shot glass so that she may continue the Koma-Kosi tradition.

David White - my car pillow so that his 7:00 class siesta will be enjoyable.

I, Nancy Chambers, after eight years (made worthwhile by the

likes of Dr. Judith Barban, Dr. Don Fay, J.B. Tate, Dr. Walker, Dr. Barrier, Dr. Grider and a few others) do leave to Buffy Lamb my 38 notebooks filled with the wisdom of the sages, 22 term papers of various quality and diverse content, 17 Cliff Notes, and anything that even vaguely reminds me of Russia, Chaucer, Plato, or Aristotle.

I, Cliff Geerdes, being of perverted mind and one-dimensional body, do hereby leave the Physics lab with all its esoteric equipment to Dan Swanson. To Leroy Burchfield I leave Kennesaw's empty Altair (to crash as he desires) and my collection of partially eaten disks. To Kim Pitts I leave my excellent study habits. To Sherry Shaleen I leave the hood from my hoodless Pinto should she ever need it. Last but not least, for Debbie James I leave.



Michelle Spivey, Graduating Senior

We the Apple Dumpling Gang, being of three minds and three bodies, do hereby leave Kennesaw College many fond memories of us.

... to the Gobbi entourage we wish continued success in spreading mirth and merriment.

... to Dr. Danny a towel to use at the dunking machine on K.C. Day.

... to E. Lawson we leave bagels and cream cheese to substitute for those green eggs.

... to those students arriving in the nick of time we leave three parking spaces on the corner by the no parking sign, and finally

... to Bob Stephens we leave the whole "gambit".

With fondest regards the "A.D.G."

I, Rosanne LaVigne, being of educated mind and neglected body, do hereby bequeath my will as follows:

To my sister Linda, I leave many lonely library hours of study and lonely weekends to recover from boredom.

To Debbie, I leave Mr. Sawyer who will ease the pain of summer school.

To Sammy, I leave the key to the newspaper machine so he won't have to spend the money to read the sports page.

To Stretch, I leave a boring summer of skipping classes before graduation. But then he never goes any way.

And last but not least, to all rising psychology students, I leave a reason for coming to class, Dr. Paulk. I'd take him with me if I could.

I, Patti Trippeer, being of small mind and even smaller body wish to leave nothing behind at Kennesaw. But, I would like to say thanks.

Thanks to Mr. Stephins for enlightening my mind and giving me the whole nine yards.

Thanks to Sammy Callahan for those wonderful swimming lessons. You showed me how stimulating exercise can be.

Thanks to all the boys in my business classes. The education you gave me will linger on in my memory.

And last but not least, thanks to all you guys whose names I cannot remember. Each and everyone of you seemed important at the time.

And thanks to Mr. Ebraheme for giving IRAN a bad name.

Rodney Grant/Farewell

In the interest of remaining consistent with current policy, I hereby submit my last will and testament to those who shall succeed me at this sacred institute of higher learning.

To Anne Steinhauer I leave the Montage office, complete with complaints, clutter, fuzzy photos, and indecipherable memos.

To Dr. Karen Moore I leave the guardianship of said office, in the event Ms. Steinhauer should succumb to the pressure.

The Anonymous Donor Strikes Again

To the Editor:

During the 1979-80 academic year I have noticed an ever-increasing malaise affecting faculty and students alike. After conducting extended research into the present attitudes of Kennesaw folks and past factors that led to a better state of mind, I have determined the reason for the general depression: The new library.

Let me hurry to explain that no one, least of all me, thinks that the library should not be built. Lord knows it gets crowded in the present building during finals. However, the construction is not beautiful, appealing, or exciting. Look at old annuals for the view from the Student Center, and you will see a grassy slope, trees, dogs,

To all my photographers I leave stuck F-stops and vaseline for their lens.

To my staff I leave a) the infection they gave me, and b) the blames for any alleged errors.

In other areas:

To Stewart Roed, my seat at Red's. Also the area under the table adjacent to said seat.

To Dr. Kathy Fleiszar, my running shoes, with attendant odor.

To Chip Cutcliff, my parking spot in East Egypt.

To Bob DeNyse, my communicative skills and my macho.

To Dr. Frank Walker, my seat in the Budweiser Hall of Fame.

To Rick Ray and Bruce Thompson, my awesome biological expertise.

To Don Fay and David Jones, seven simultaneous six-syllable words spelled splendidly.

To Mike Garner, all the luck in the world because he'll need it.

To Bob and Marcia Paul, my pet rat Luther and her junkie's phone number.

To all Space Invader players, a cacophony of curses.

To Dr. Carol Martin, the patience of Job, and the thought that maybe Job had it easier.

To Terri Campbell, a tumbler of daiquiri's, and the hides of her staff

tacked to a barn wall.

To Dr. Bowman Davis, a room at the hospital where no Kennesaw Nursing graduates work, should he need it.

To all Graduating Nurses, the address of the hospital.

To Dr. Elliot Hill, a fully automated T&A camera, and appropriate subject matter.

To Bob Eisenhardt, indigestion.

To Gind Romer and Howard Shealy, my 1935 copy of Taps Goering and the Kaiser Wilhelm Five doing "My Heart Belongs to Daddy," with the flip side showing "The Berger-Belsen Choo-Choo."

To Ann Veal, a magical, mechanical maintenance wand to keep all the equipment running.

To all enemies, the reminder that they won't have me to kick around anymore.

Actually, I have had a very good time these past years. I got the education I desired, from a school that is quickly gaining a respected reputation, and I have made friends I will keep all my life. While it is difficult to leave, it is also exciting to look to the future. So all can say is 'thanks' to everyone I know at Kennesaw, and leave with the hope that they will experience some measure of the joy I have known the last four years.

Frisbees, and cut-off clad co-eds. Look up from the picture and out the windows--it's a war zone out there. Red mud, trucks, cranes, and those cavernous holes in the building all combine to depress us all.

Not being a complainer who has no solutions, I would like to offer some suggestions to remedy the situation. We could:

(1) Turn the student center around so that the windows face the other way.

(2) Turn the library around so that the construction faces the other way.

(3) Blow up a color picture of the way the library used to look, complete with grassy hill, Frisbees, and co-eds, and hang

it between the Student Center and the construction.

(4) Drop out of school until the library is finished.

If we can keep from getting more depressed for the remainder of the construction time, we may escape a dramatic increase in the suicide rate among college students. And once the library is complete, our only problem will be trying to see the sky beyond our new bastion of learning.

Sincerely yours,
The Anonymous Donor

P.S. My thanks and congratulations to the Sentinel staff for their improved proof-reading and editing.

Life, Success, And A Little Thinking

What is Success? Is Success graduating from college? Yes, it is a type of success. What about money? Is fortune a measure of Success? Yes, that too is a measure of Success.

So why are so many "successful" people unhappy? At the risk of sounding corny, I would have to say they don't love the people around them. Love is the key to true Success.

Who cares how much money you can amass if you don't have any loved ones to share it with? Money can buy you an electric blanket, but it sure can't kiss 'ya. Only love can cheer the heart.

Let me warn my graduating friends: If you are looking for happiness, don't look for it in a career. I'm not saying a career can't be rewarding, but the true meaning of life will not be found at the office.

What difference would it make to have the most exciting job in the world if you had no friends to brag with?

Man is a social creature. Starting at conception, the forces in our lives are plural. No one grows up alone. Even hermits had parents. The point is we are not born Accountants, Chemists, or Musicians; We are born as humans. Humans are products of society. Consequently, the most successful persons are the ones most social; that is, most loving.

Again, I hate to sound corny, but you "reap what you sow." I just believe if you hate your fellow man, hate will be returned. Man could not survive if we all hated each other. There would be no stability. We would all be so busy trying to cheat one another that the tasks of society would be ignored. On the

other hand, if we all loved each other a little more, we would be more concerned about everybody's well being, which, of course, would cement the society closer together.

Why, you say, should I be loving to people around me when they are so hateful to me? All the more reason! Do you expect them to be loving when you are nasty? No, someone has to break the circle. It might as well be you. The rewards will be worth it.

Am I being idealistic? Perhaps, but idealism is no less valid than cynicism. The world can be a beautiful place if you are willing to love people. It is not easy. Hatred is the lazy man's way. The choice is up to you, but true Success comes only through love.

Brand Hunt
Editorial Editor

A Sentinel Tribute To The World's Greatest Seniors

Tuck this issue in your annual and keep it as a remembrance of your exciting years at Kennesaw.



As the spring quarter draws to an end, Kennesaw College will soon receive recognition for the outstanding educational programs it offers in the quiet and peaceful setting of Marietta. You, the first graduating class, will have to pave the way for those coming up behind you. You are the ones who will give Kennesaw College the integrity it has strived for over the years. Therefore, when you walk out of here - walk proud.

The thought of graduation is a sad one for many people. Classmates and professors will always miss those students they've been in contact with for years. It is

You've Made It A Graduate's Pride

for this reason I am proud to be the editor and have the chance to dedicate an issue to the first graduating class.

As I sit in the Sentinel office I remember all the articles that have been written on the subject of graduation. The writer always seems to mention the fact that graduates should prepare themselves for the outside world. Well, fortunately that particular fact really doesn't apply to Kennesaw graduates. Some 75 percent of you have worked your way through college. You've had a taste of the real world and hopefully Kennesaw College has just prepared you to take a bigger bite. Kennesaw offers one of the best educational programs to be found. Whether you are a business, English, science, math, music, or history major, the degree you receive from here has been worked for.

I'd like to recognize some seniors

who I've grown to depend on over the years. The first and foremost is Rodney Grant. He has given his time and above all his patience to the *Sentinel* in times of dire need - or about three times a quarter - I'd also like to say good bye to Michele Spivey, the past Associate Editor; Paul Parker, who has first listened to me rant and rave and then offered help; and to Stewart Roeds and Linda Hughes who have always had a smile.

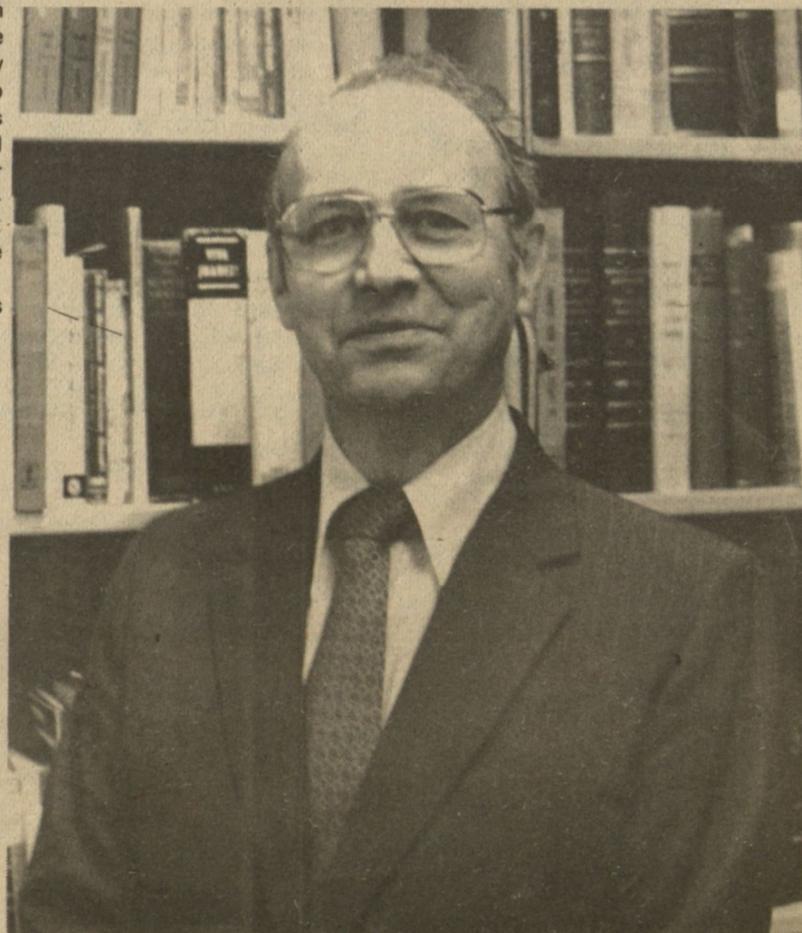
I hope that every graduate makes a great impression of that talked about "cruel world". You'd better because I'm following close behind.

Always remember us fondly as the great UCLA (University of Cobb in Lower Acworth)!

With warm thoughts,
Terri Campbell
Editor

Each graduating class is a pleasure for the Dean as well as for the teachers and the students themselves. This particular class is special however, because with the culmination of the four-year degree plans, it marks the fulfillment of the dreams of so many. The review of all historical processes brings memories of new experiments, new rules, new plans, and new risks. We are all the better for them and my special wishes go to our graduates of 1980. A great deal of the credit for having a fine institution goes to you. May all your worthwhile ventures blossom into the types of successes that our college has enjoyed.

Sincerely,
Jean Huck



KENNESAW COLLEGE
MARIETTA, GEORGIA 30061

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

May 28, 1980

Dear Graduates:

Graduation this year is an historic occasion because the 1980 class of graduates includes recipients of the first baccalaureate degrees to be conferred by Kennesaw College. The faculty of the college, your families and friends are proud of you, and you have our best wishes for success and happiness in the years ahead.

It is hoped you will always be pleased you chose to attend Kennesaw and that you will continue to support your Alma Mater as loyal alumni.

Horace Sturgis
Horace W. Sturgis
President