


Montage 1973







A montage — the
art of blending
separate, distinct
pictures into a
composite whole

The **Montage** — a
composite whole
pieced from the
lives of students
who, for a time,
form the nature of
Kennesaw Junior College





The time spent at Kennesaw Junior College is but one part of our lives — a slice of the whole. The school, the faculty, the students, all those aspects which together compose the nature of any University, are seen differently by each individual; and each individual occupies his own place in the microcosm of humanity which Kennesaw provides.







Here
learning
is no
longer
merely an
accumulation
of facts,
it is
the blending
of all the
separate

wonders
first
seen
as a
child
into
one
concept
of
life.





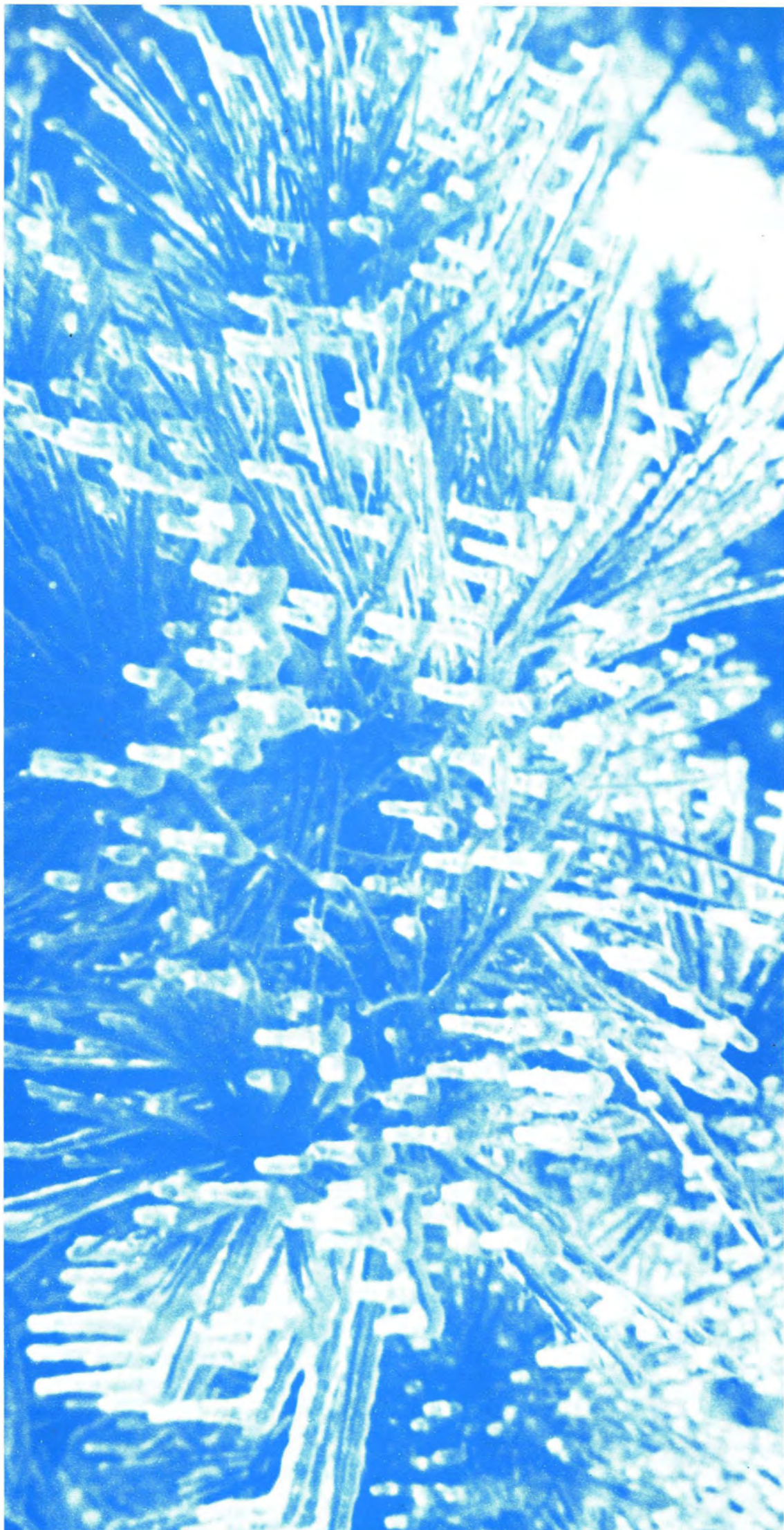
In the universal struggle to find what can be identified with — the struggle for oneness in mind, spirit, and body — this time at Kennesaw, perhaps more than any other, allows the conscious acceptance and denial of those tenets in which we can believe.



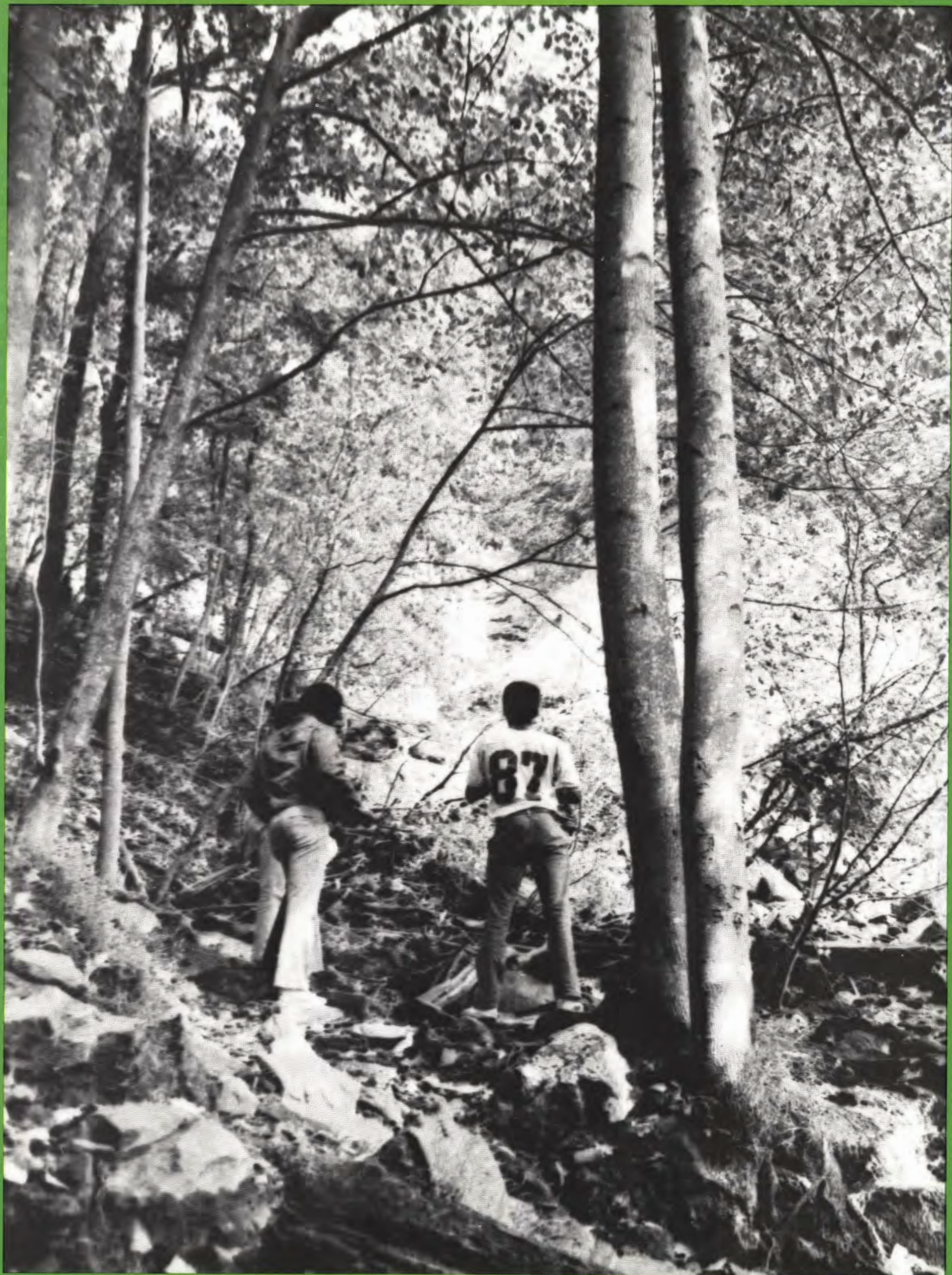


It is
a time
of
confrontation
between
the earthly
and the
academic,
and
provides
for the
search
for
harmony
between
ourselves
and our
ideas.

It is
not a
time
for an
unrealistic
appraisal
of life,



but
rather
one
for
concrete
aspirations.

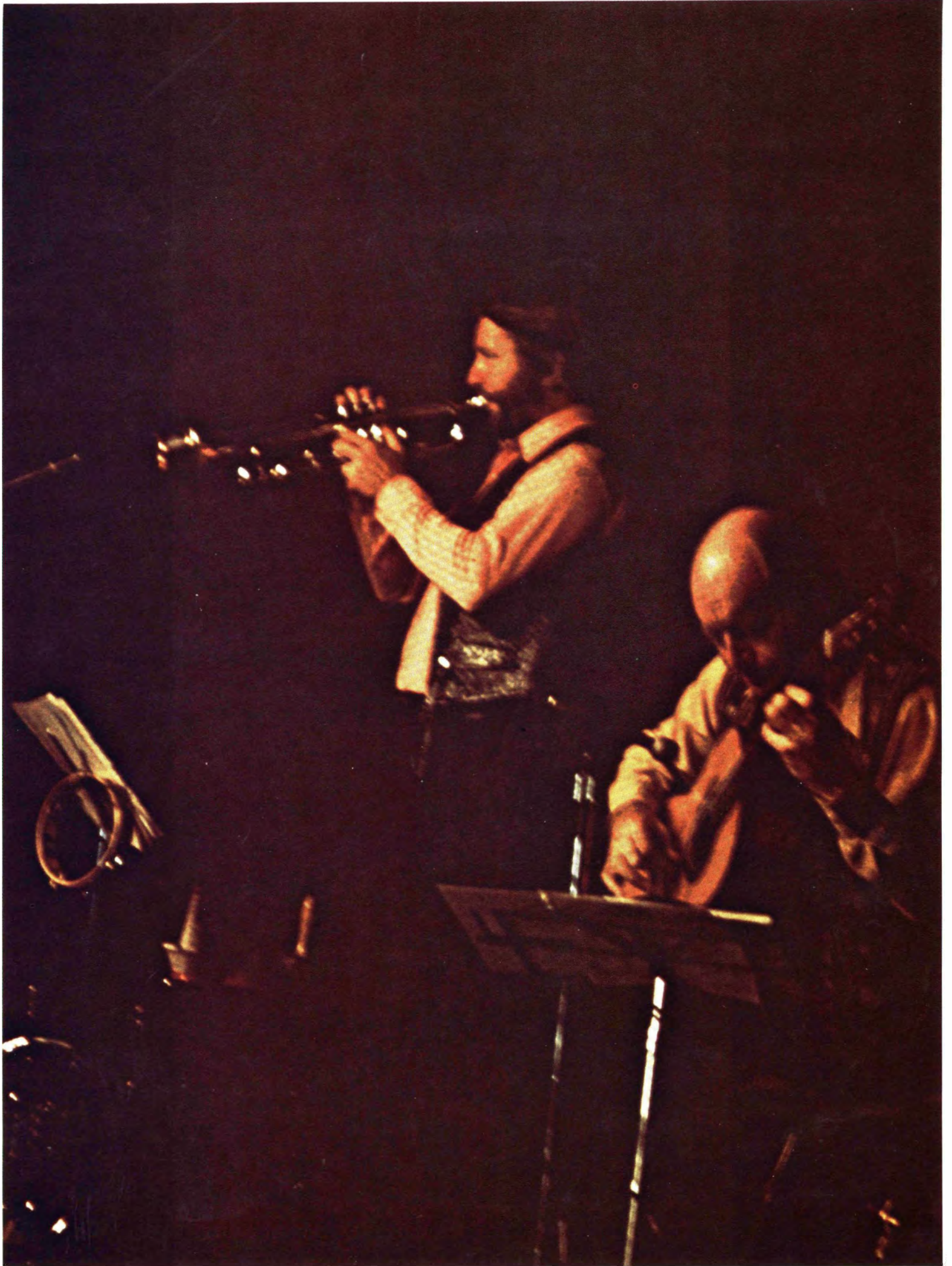






There is
a time
for all
things,
and each
moment
of time
is unique,
never

to be
repeated.
The time
depicted
here is
our time,
a very
special part
of our lives



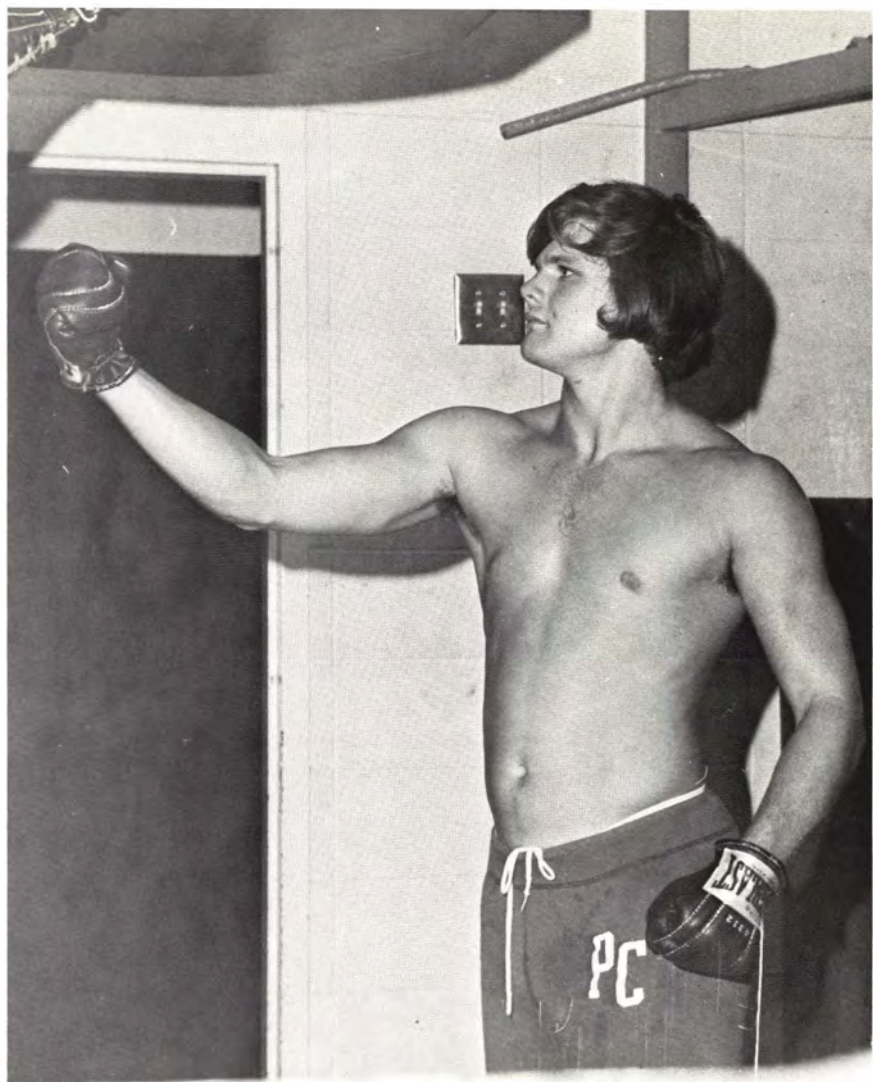


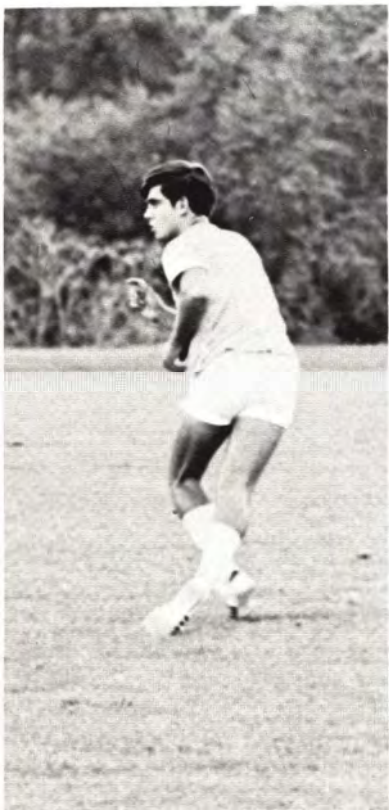






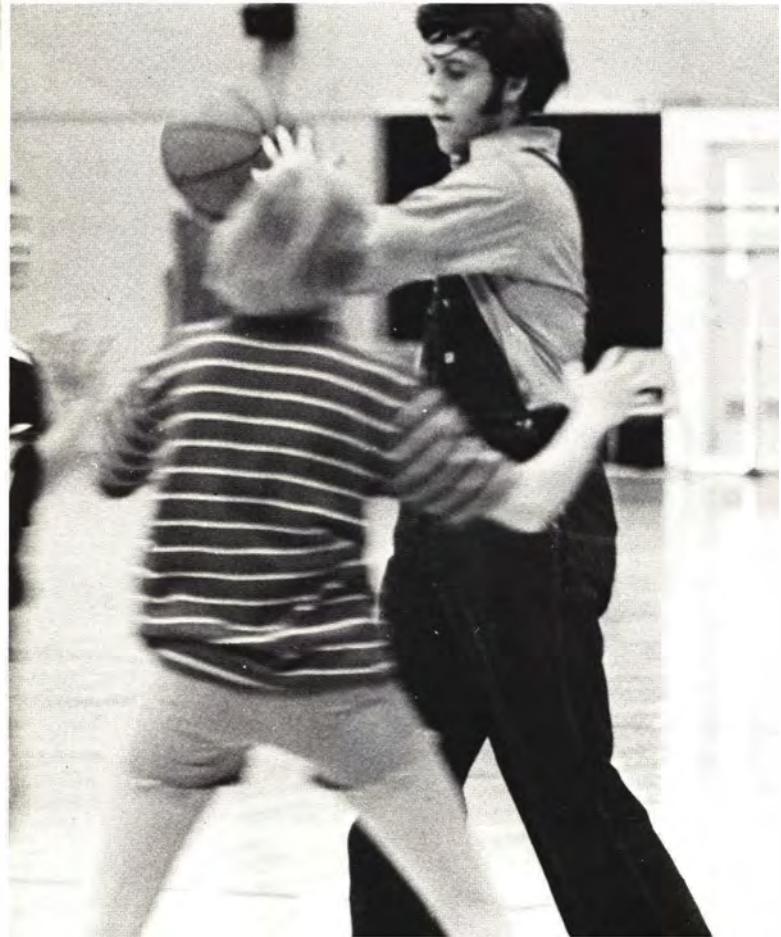
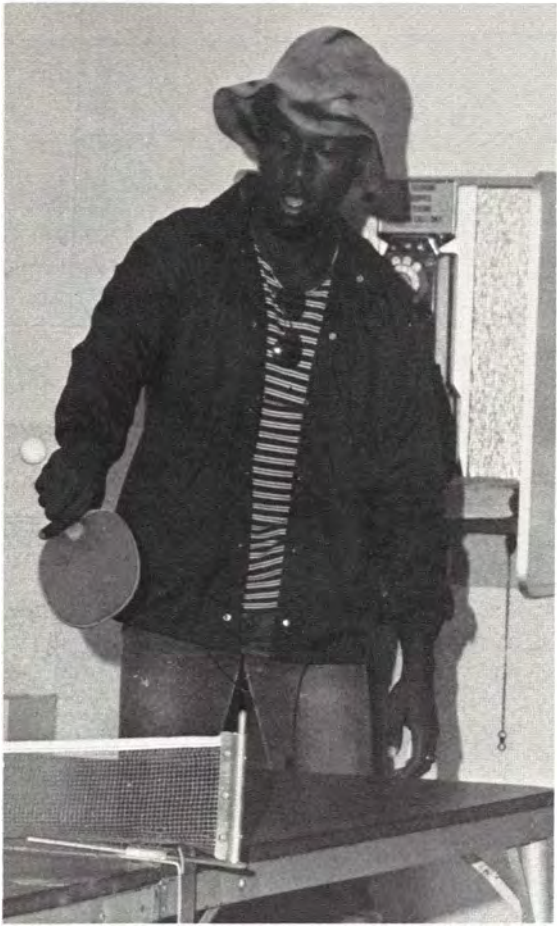


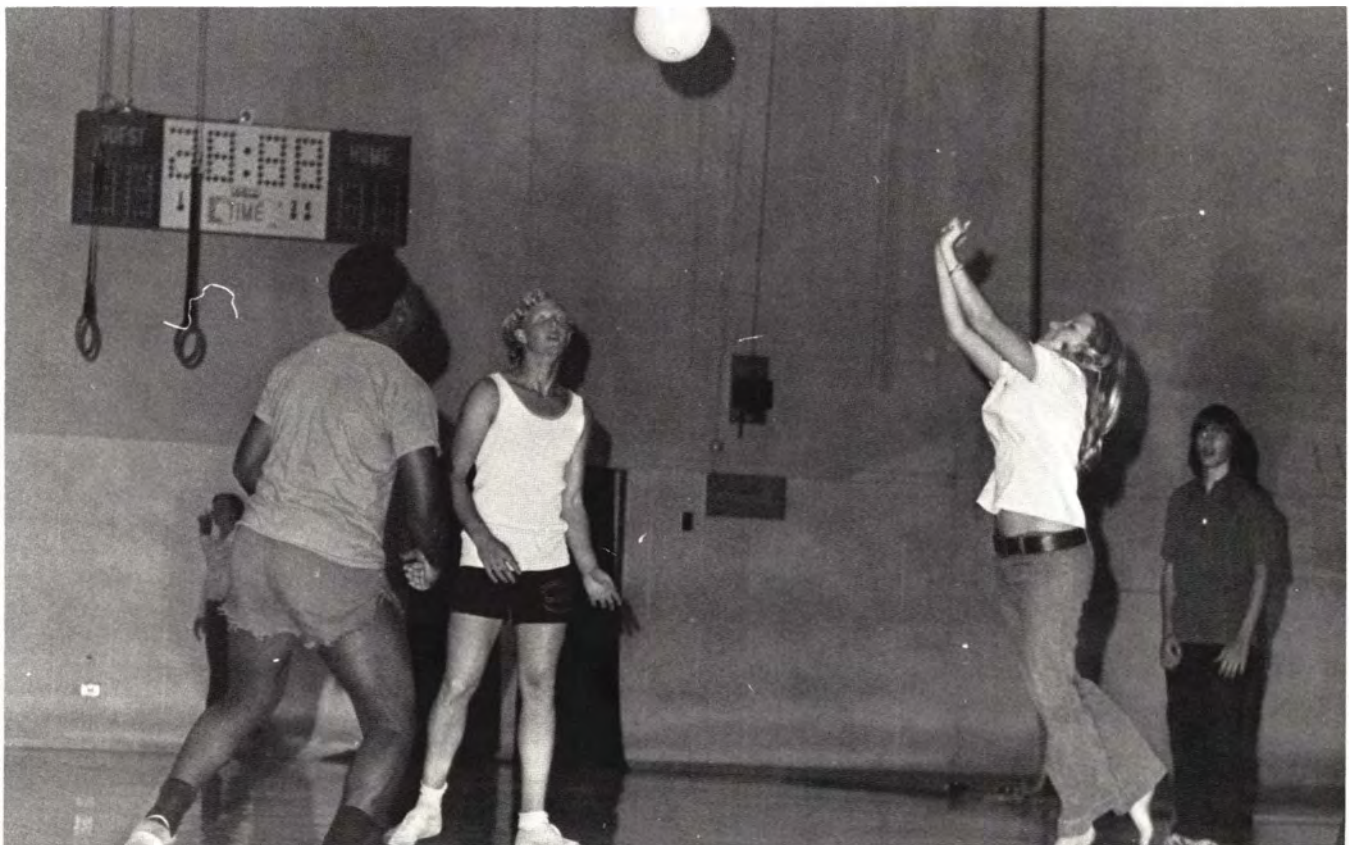












Football

October 3
Roadrunners 18
Gamecocks 7

Pumas 24
Red Ripples 0

October 5
Gamecocks 20
Red Ripples 0

Cheetahs 19
Gorillas 0

October 10
Pumas 18
Roadrunners 0

Gamecocks 20
Gorillas 6

October 12
October 26
Red Ripples 13
Gorillas 7

Pumas 6
Cheetahs 6

October 31
Pumas 13
Red Ripples 0

Gamecocks 19
Gorillas 0

November 2
Cheetahs 47
Gorillas 12

Pumas 13
Gamecocks 7

November 8
Gamecocks 6
Roadrunners 25
Cheetahs 6

Gamecocks 6
Pumas 6

October 17
Gamecocks 19
Cheetahs 6

Roadrunners 28
Red Ripples 6

October 19
Roadrunners 1
Gorillas 0

October 24
Pumas 39
Gorillas 0

Roadrunners 6
Gamecocks 2
Red Ripples 0

November 9
Roadrunners 24
Cheetahs 13

Pumas 40
Gorillas 12

November 13
Roadrunners 1
Gorillas 0

November 14
Roadrunners 12
Pumas 0

Cheetahs 12
Red Ripples 12

November 16
Cheetahs 20
Gamecocks 12

Roadrunners 38
Red Ripples 12

November 21
Red Ripples 25
Gorillas 6

Pumas 0
Cheetahs 0

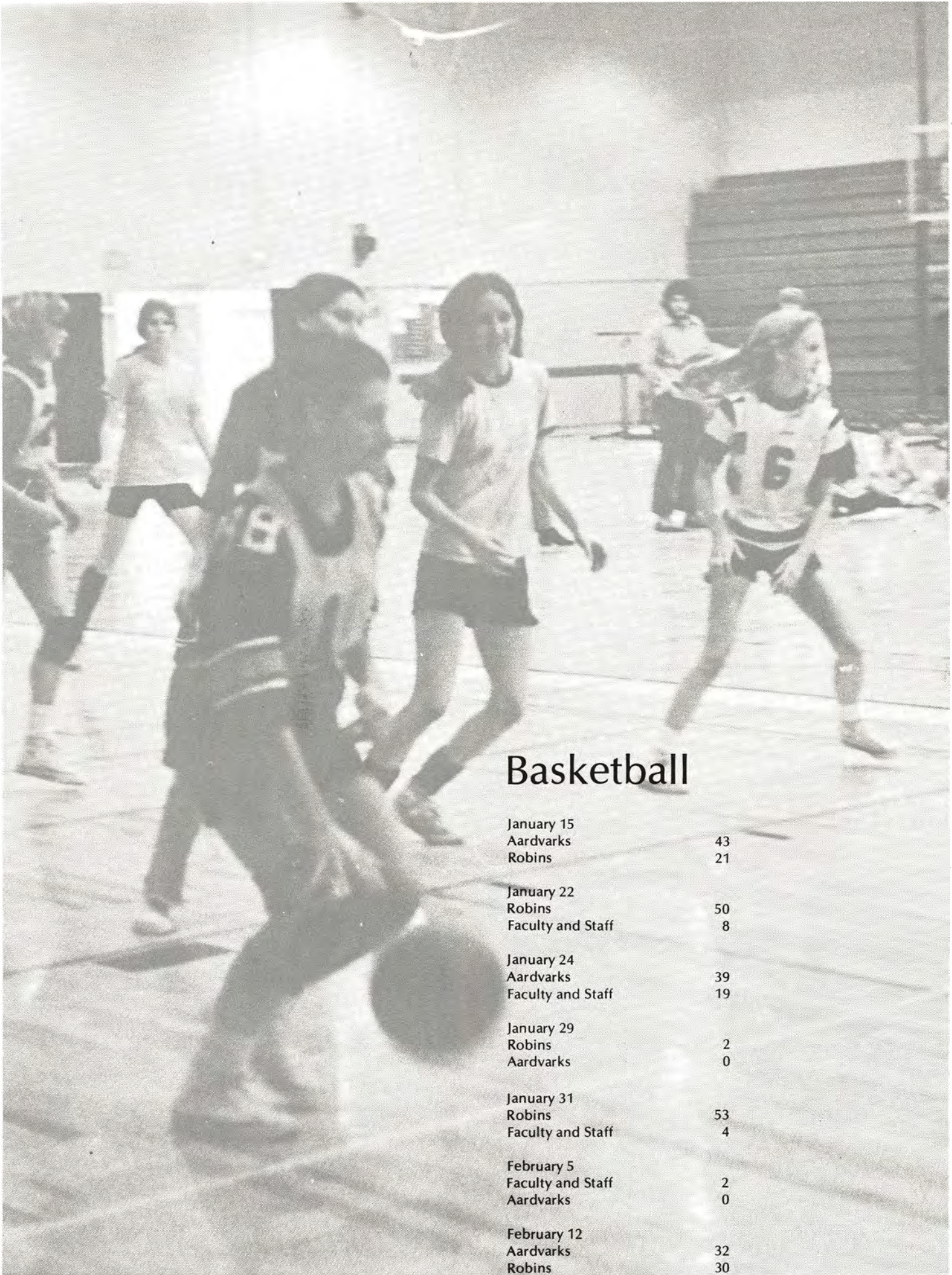
January 9		January 30	
Roadrunners	77	Roadrunners	73
Gamecocks	66	Red Ripples	53
Faculty and Staff	54	Gorillas	63
Red Ripples	45	Gamecocks	61
January 16		February 1	
Cheetahs	80	Faculty and Staff	57
Gamecocks	44	Roadrunners	53
January 17		Cheetahs	82
Cheetahs	72	Pumas	49
Red Ripples	46	February 6	
Gorillas	53	Cheetahs	98
Pumas	34	Gorillas	52
January 18		Roadrunners	113
Red Ripples	61	Pumas	53
Pumas	53	February 8	
Faculty and Staff	63	Faculty and Staff	90
Gamecocks	52	Gorillas	54
January 24		Red Ripples	78
Roadrunners	91	Gamecocks	71
Gorillas	40		
January 25			
Red Ripples	64		
Gorillas	57		
Faculty and Staff	69		
Cheetahs	68		

Basketball



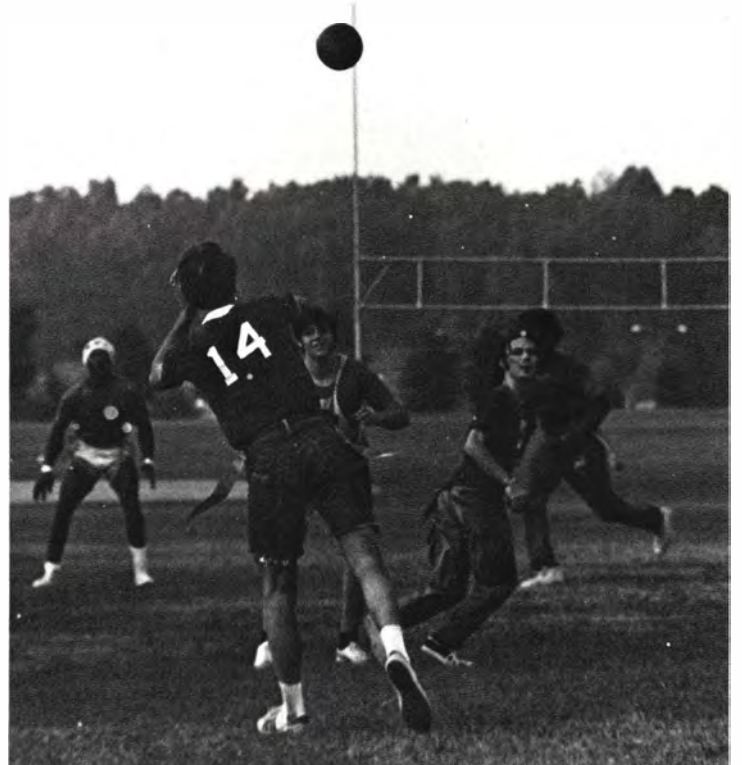
Volleyball

October 2		Aardvarks	15
Aardvarks	15	Eaglettes	2
Robins	5	Aardvarks	15
Aardvarks	15	Eaglettes	11
Robins	4		
		October 18	
October 4		Robins	17
Robins	15	Aardvarks	15
Cardinals	0	Aardvarks	15
Robins	15	Robins	11
Cardinals	0	Aardvarks	15
		Robins	9
Aardvarks	15		
Eaglettes	4	October 25	
Aardvarks	15	Eaglettes	15
Eaglettes	0	Robins	7
		Robins	15
October 9		Eaglettes	5
Aardvarks	15	Robins	15
Cardinals	0	Eaglettes	5
Aardvarks	15		
Cardinals	0	October 30	
Eaglettes	15	Aardvarks	15
Robins	11	Robins	9
Robins	15	Aardvarks	15
Eaglettes	6	Robins	7
Robins	15		
Eaglettes	12	November 1	
		Aardvarks	15
October 16		Eaglettes	0
Robins	15	Aardvarks	15
Cardinals	0	Eagles	0
Robins	15		
Cardinals	0	November 13	
		Robins	15
		Aardvarks	11
		Aardvarks	15
		Robins	5
		Robins	15
		Aardvarks	12



Basketball

January 15	
Aardvarks	43
Robins	21
January 22	
Robins	50
Faculty and Staff	8
January 24	
Aardvarks	39
Faculty and Staff	19
January 29	
Robins	2
Aardvarks	0
January 31	
Robins	53
Faculty and Staff	4
February 5	
Faculty and Staff	2
Aardvarks	0
February 12	
Aardvarks	32
Robins	30







Dr. Horace Sturgis
President



Audrey Wrigley
Admin. Asst.
President's Office

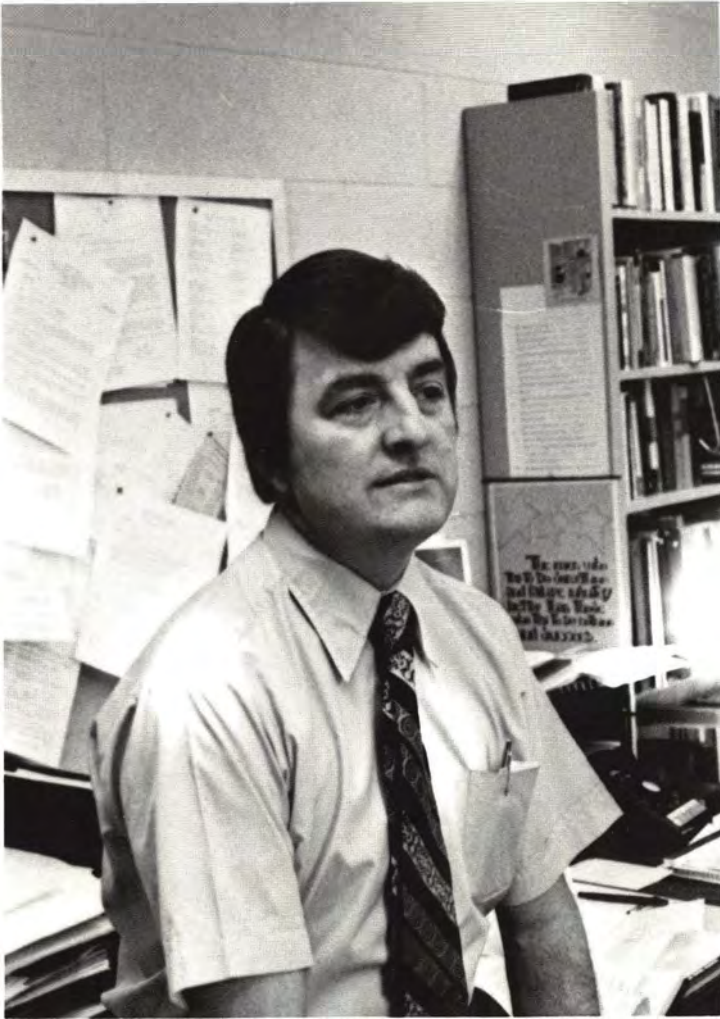




Dr. Robert Akerman
Dean



Shirley Bromley
Sec. to Dean



Carol Martin
Dean of Student
Affairs
Asso. Prof.
Economics



Inez Morgan
Asst. Prof.
Education
Counselor



Mary Fleming
Counselor

Frank Wilson
Counselor
Student Activity
Coordinator

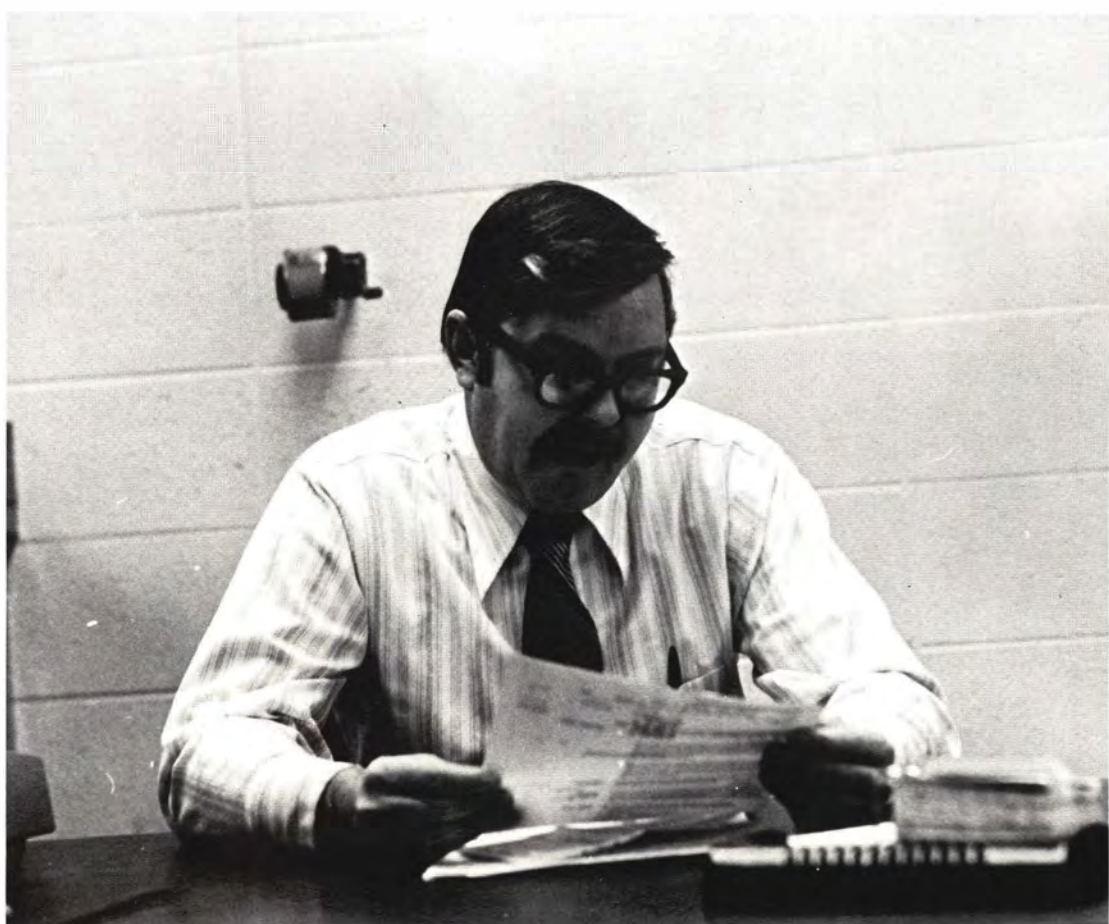
Barbara Blackwell
Secretary
Office of Counseling
and Placement

Terri Walker
Secretary
Dean of Student
Affairs





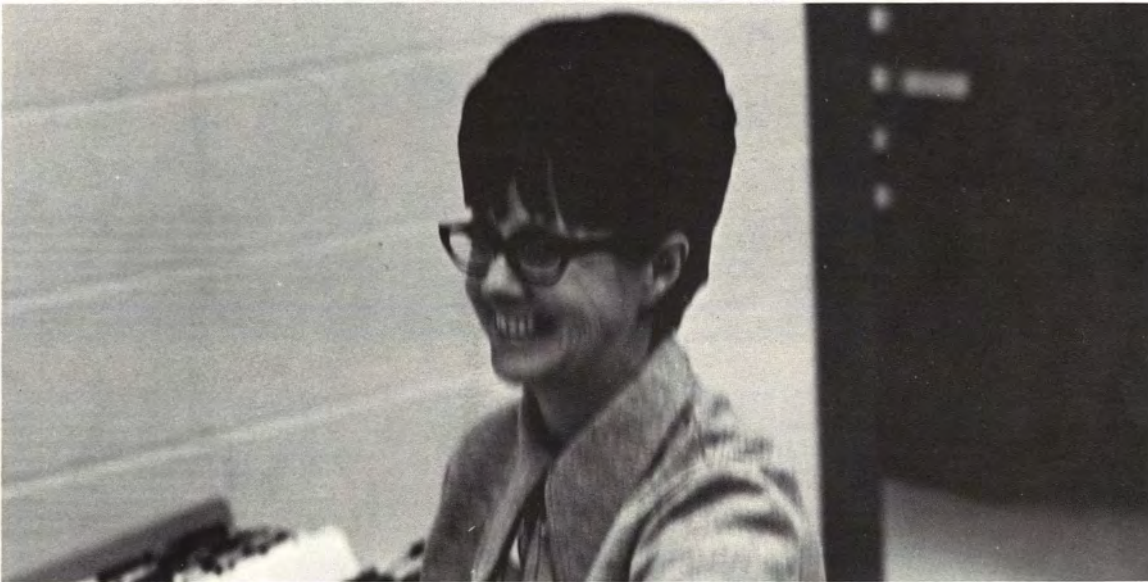
Roger Hopkins
Controller



William Durrett
Asst. Controller



Betty Robertson
Procurement Officer



Carole Payne
Office Manager
Office of Controller



Mildred Stringer
Secretary
Office of Controller



Thomas Rogers
Registrar and
Dir. of Admin.



Thomas Patterson
Asst. Director of
Admissions and
Student Aid



Ruth Anderson
Clerk-typist
Admissions and Records



Dorothy Cochran
Clerk-typist
Admissions and Records



Onzell Rice
Clerk-typist
Admissions and Records



Jewell Schultz
Adm. Assistant
Admissions



Cullene Harper
Director
Community Services



Sybil Williams
Ad. Asst.
Community Services

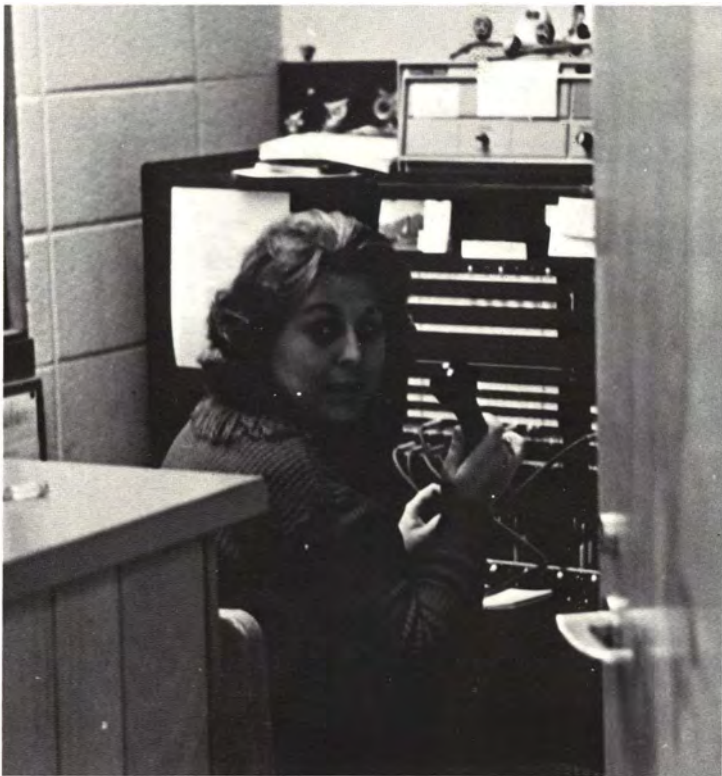
not pictured
Ellen Smith
Secretary
Community Services



Christine Reese
Accounting clerk



Ruth Reeves
Accounting clerk



Betty Drosakis
P.B.X. operator
Receptionist



James Woods
Supervisor
Data Proc.



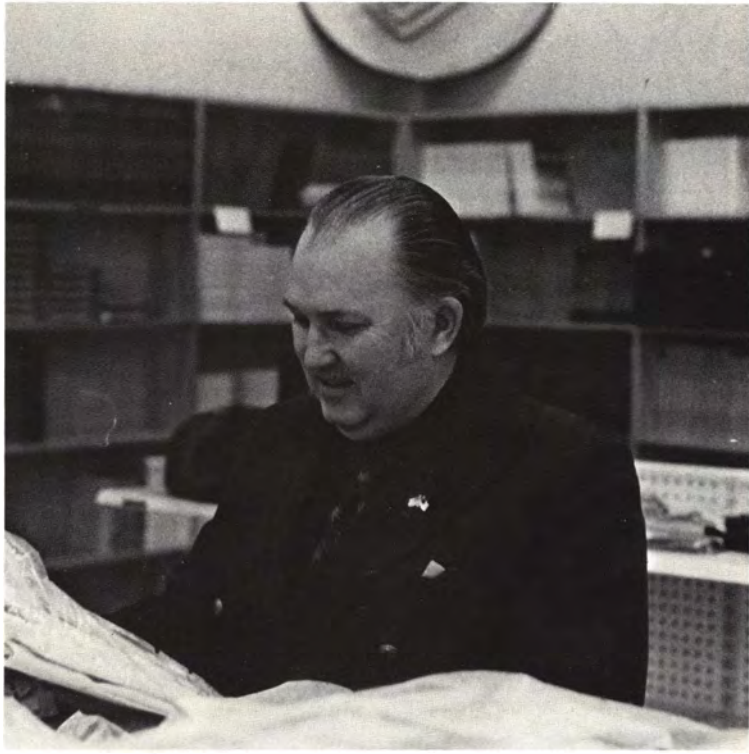
left
Robert Greene
Librarian



right
John Kelso
Audio Visual

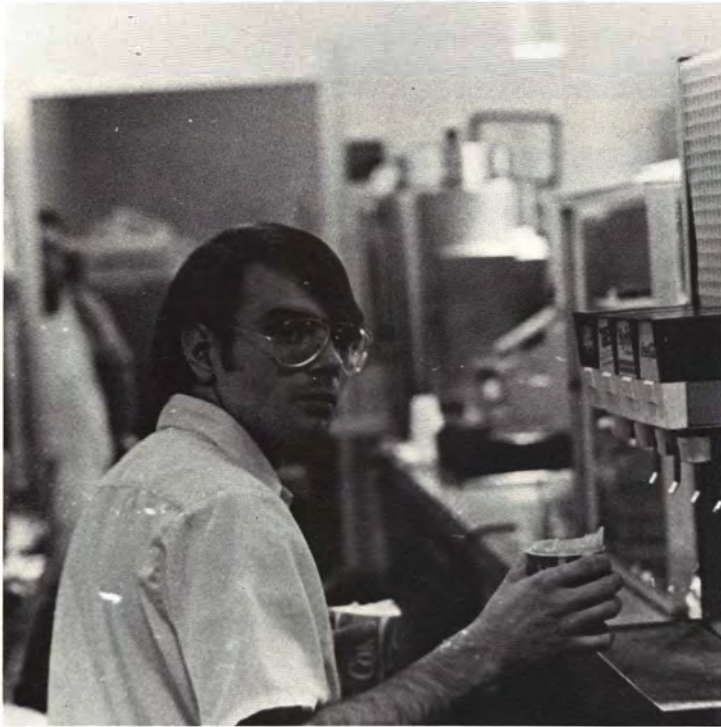
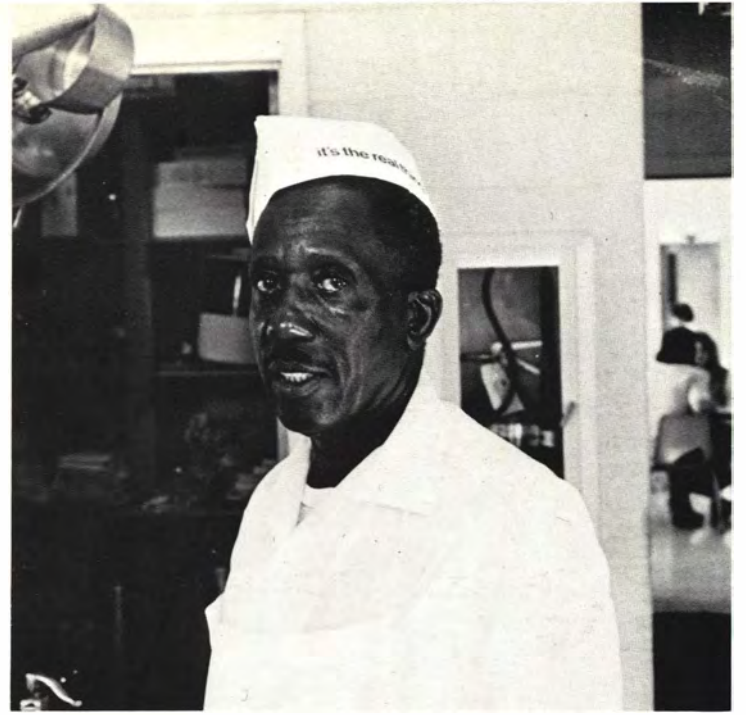


left to right
Valerie Yarbrough
Asst. Librarian
Joan George
Clerk-typist
Lucille Scoggins
Secretary
Martha Giles
Asst. Librarian
not pictured
Marianne Young
Asst. Librarian



L. E. Howland
Director,
Auxiliary Enterprises
Gladys Moore
Supervisor,
Food Services

Joetta Wood
Sec., Cashier
Auxiliary Enterprises
Ina Glaydean
Cashier, bookstore



O. D. Richards
 Charles Williams
 Supervisor
 Charles Copeland
 Ann Linkous
 Margaret Dunlop
 Alice Hogsed





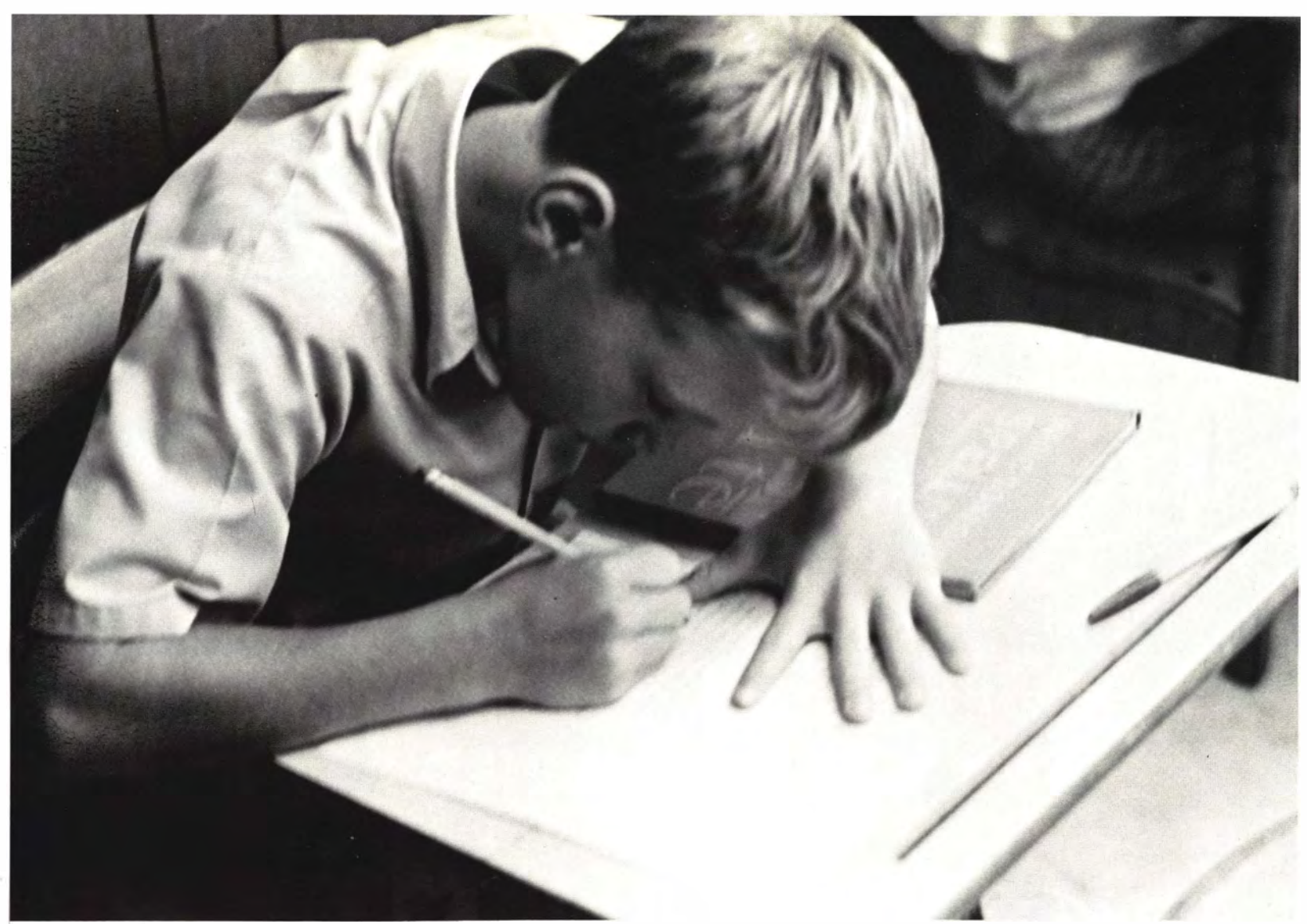
Ernest L. Hicks
Security



Harvey Goddard
Lieut. R. Lee Campbell

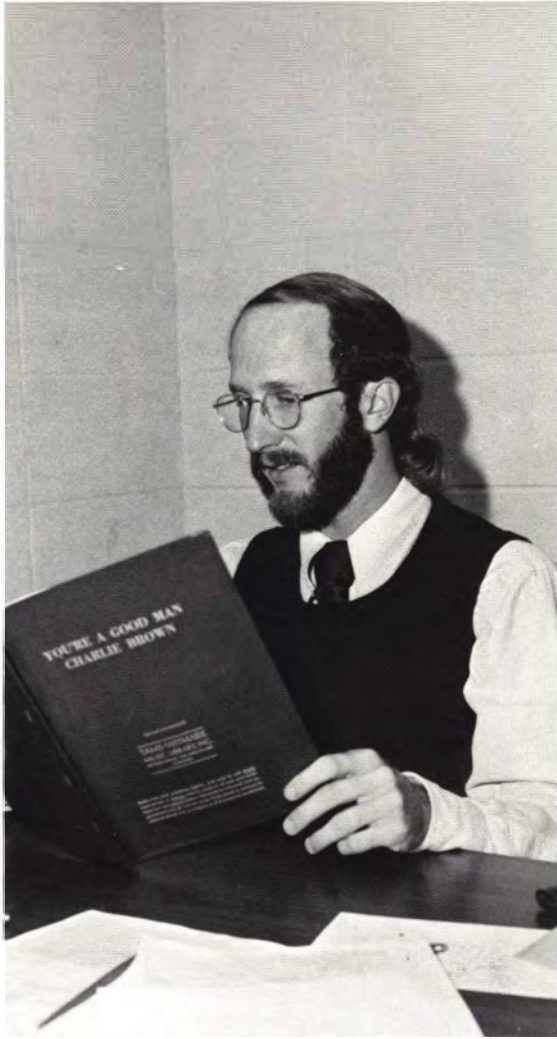


front kneeling
left to right
A. J. Hunt
B.S. Barnes
J. T. Studdard, Dir.
V. C. Swafford
J. L. Simmons
B.Z. Carroll
standing
left to right
A. L. Connor
S. E. Boyd
B. C. Edmondson
W. S. Strickland
C. Ritchie
T. O. Smith
W. G. Burrell
J. F. Thomas
J. C. Mooney
B.S. Baldwin
M. E. Barrett



John C. Greider
Chairman
Humanities

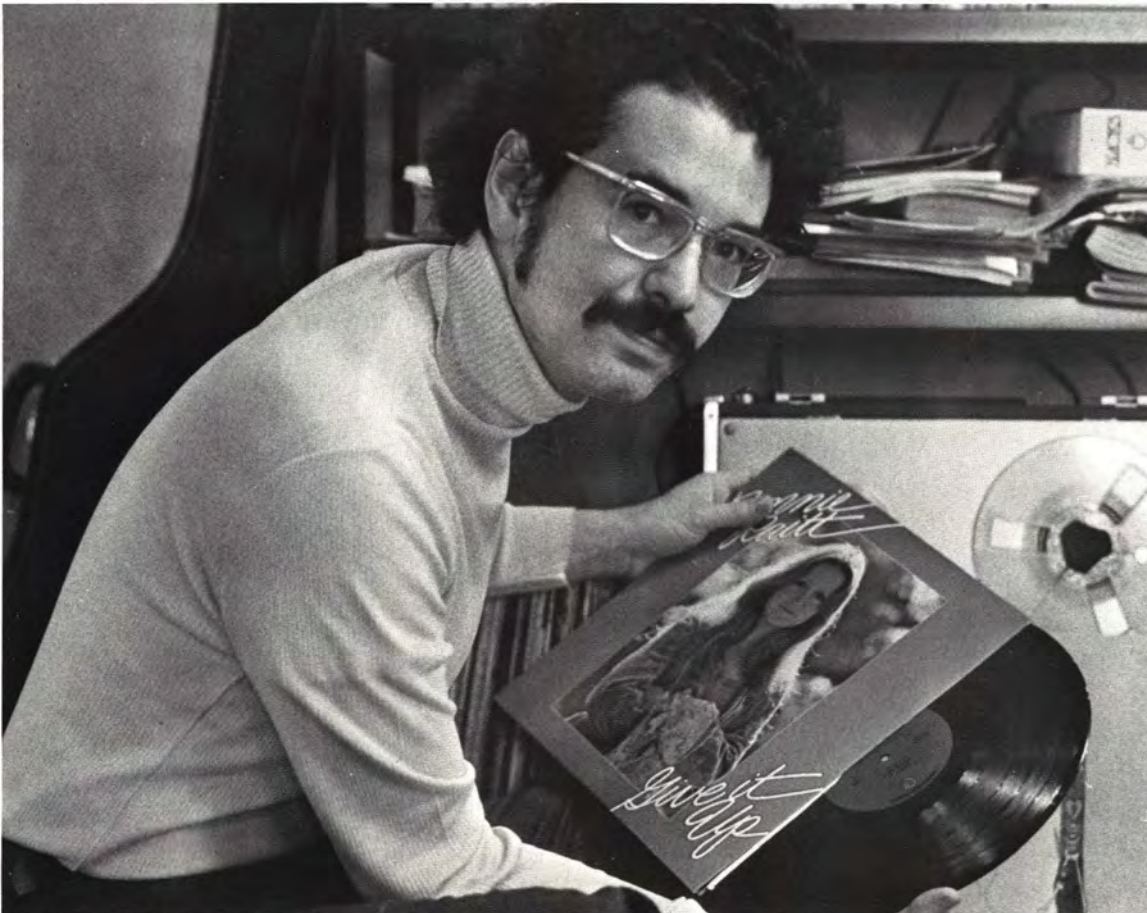




Robert Alpaugh
Instructor
Speech and Drama



Opal Cosey
Asst. Prof.
English

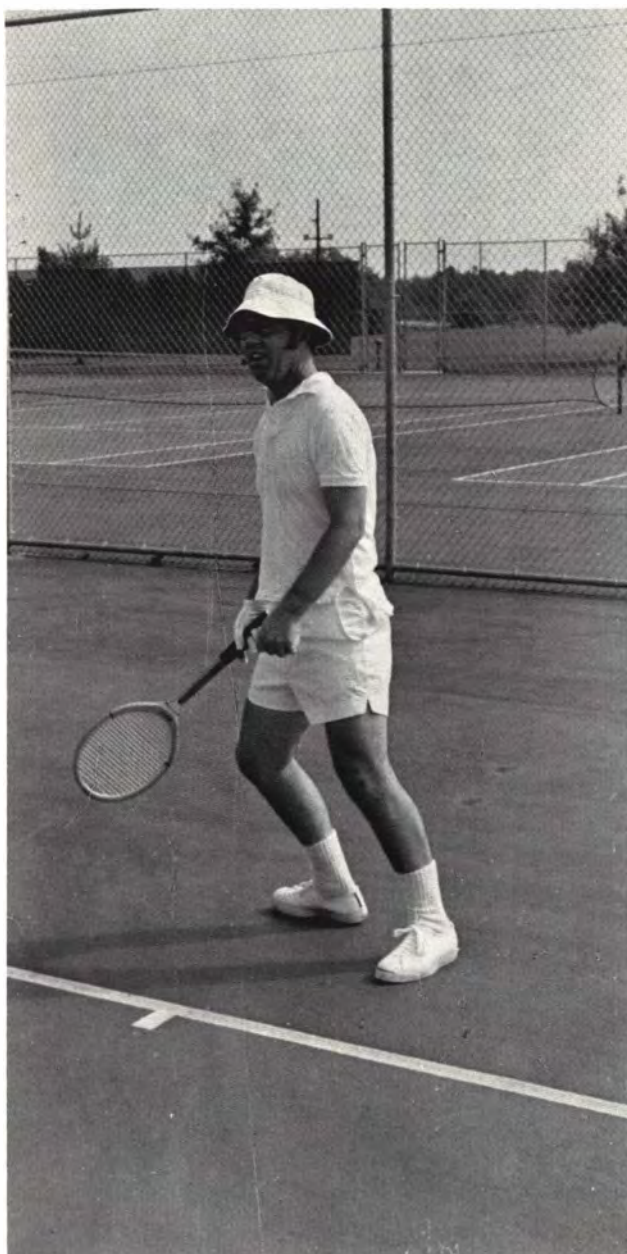


Donald Fay
Asst. Prof.
English

Gary Fox (left)
Asst. Prof.
English



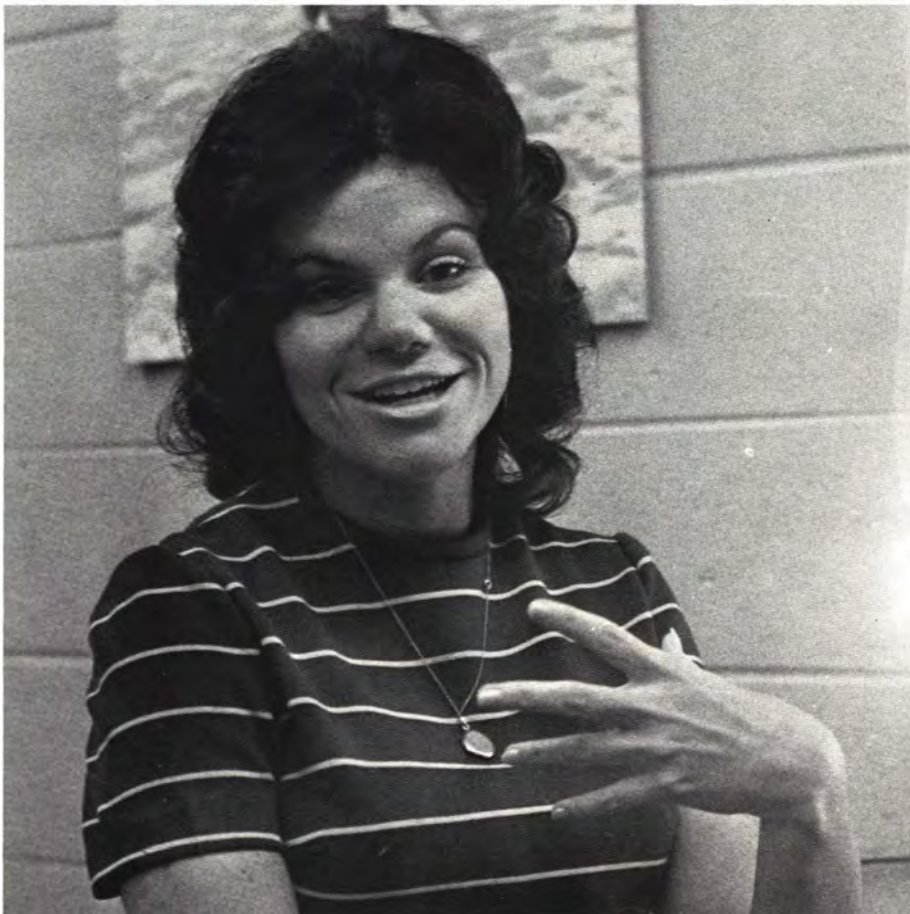
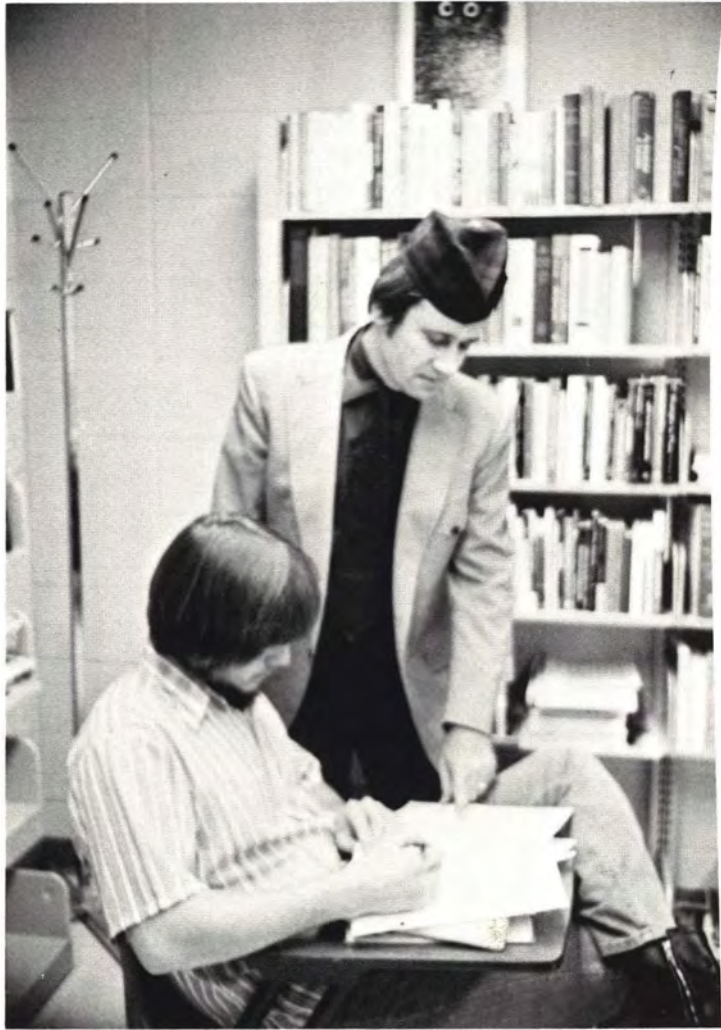
Virginia Hinton
Asst. Prof.
English



Elliott Hill
Asst. Prof.
English

Wayne Gibson
Asst. Prof.
Music





David Jones
Asst. Prof.
English

Candance Howell
Instructor
French

Judy Myers
Instructor
Spanish



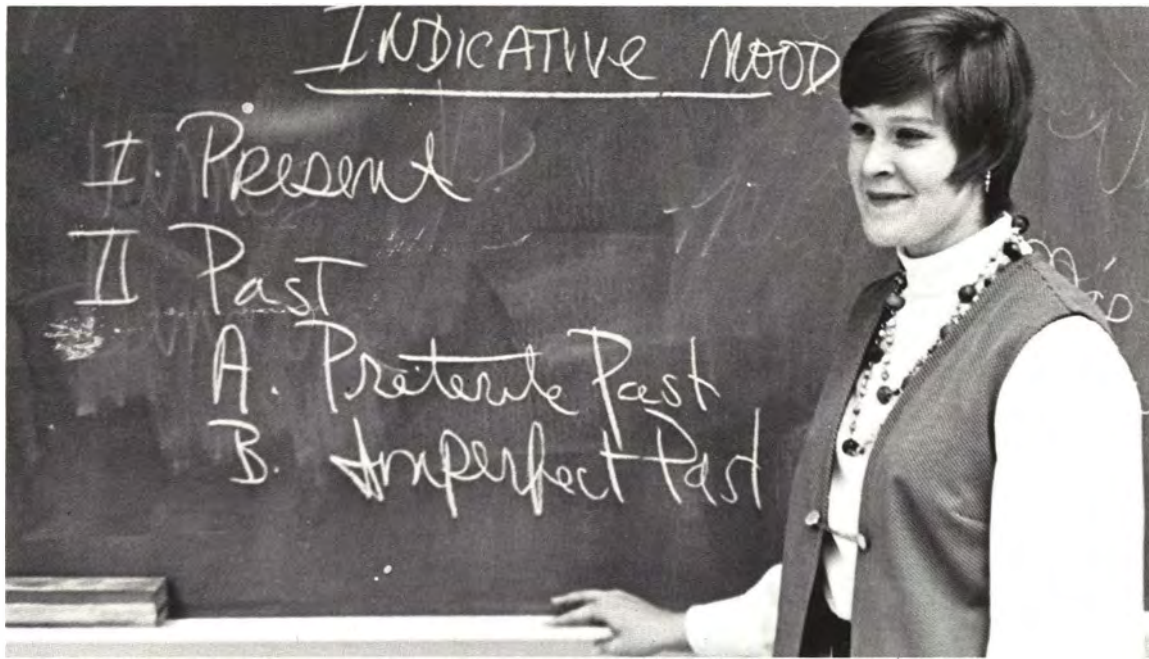
Thompson Salter
Asst. Prof.
Art



Madeline Miles
Secretary
Humanities Div.



Mary Swain
Asst. Prof.



Alice Knierim
Instructor
English



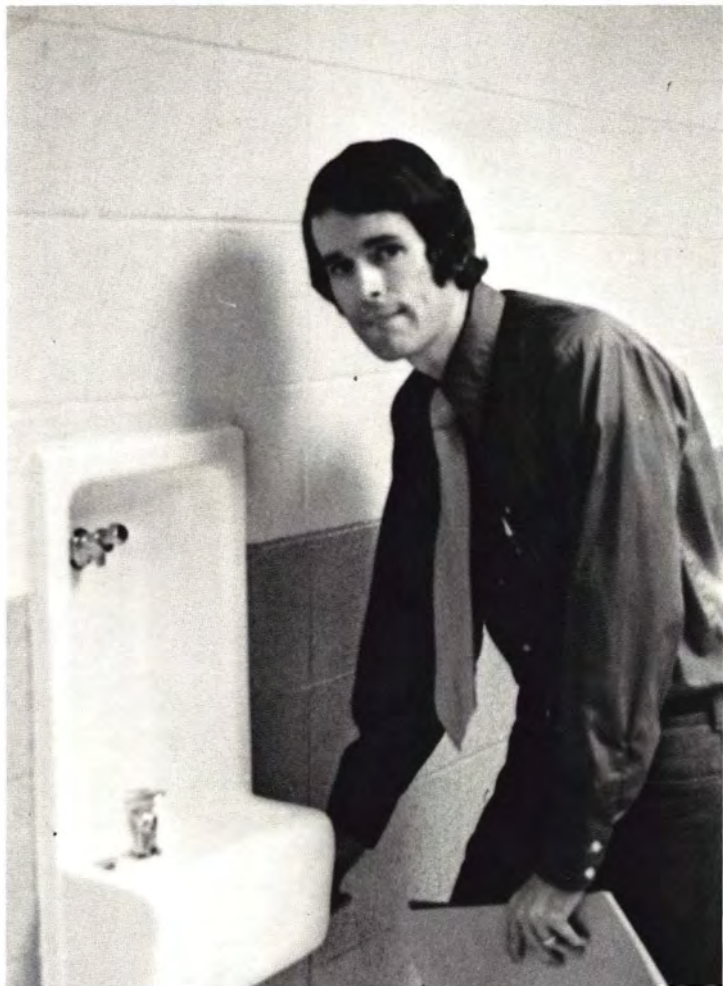
Nancy King
Instructor
English



Martha Bargo
Instructor
English

George H. Beggs
Chairman
Social Science





Bobby Demonbreun
Asst. Prof.
History

James Keith
Asst. Prof.
Sociology



Jay Roe
Asst. Prof.
History

William Thompson
Asst. Prof.
Bus. Administration



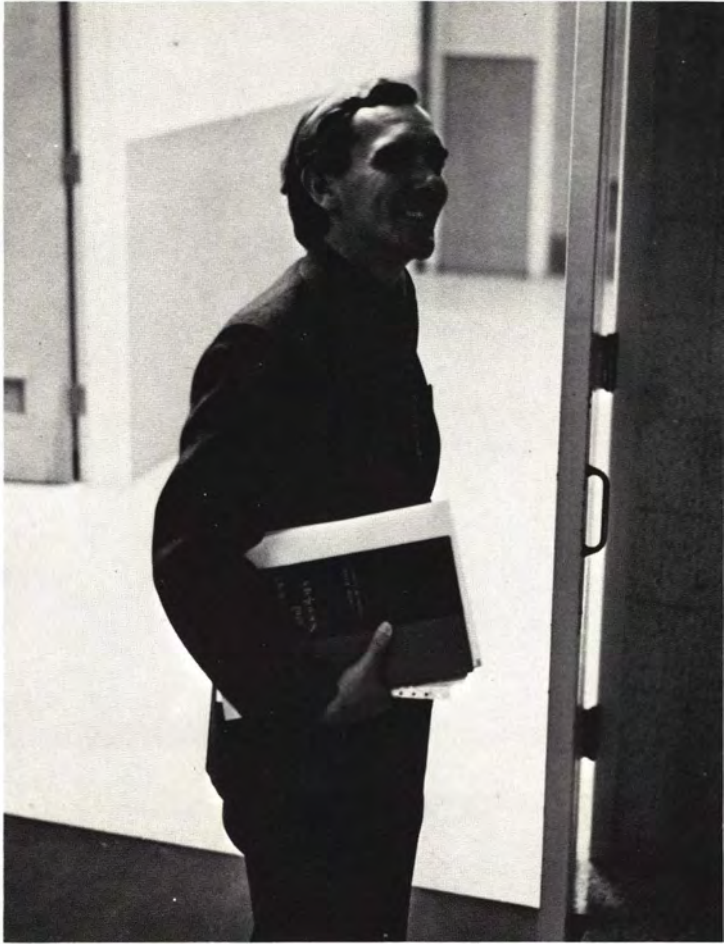
Thomas Scott
Instructor
History

Charles Martin
Asst. Prof.
Economics



Fred Roach
Asst. Prof.
History





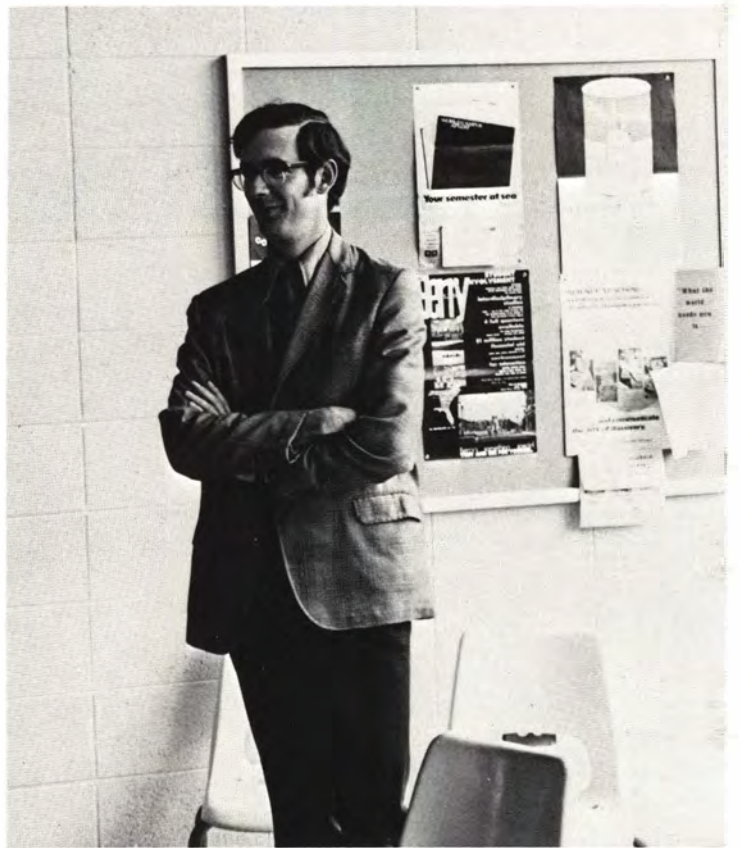
James Keith
Asst. Prof.
Sociology



Apostolos Ziros
Asst. Prof.
History



James Tate
Asst. Prof.
History



Kinsley Romer
Asst. Prof.
History



Elaine Amerson
Instructor
Speech (HEAP)



Brenda Smith
Instructor
Reading (HEAP)



Belita Kuzmits
Instructor
English (HEAP)

Ronald Carlisle
Instructor
Mathematics





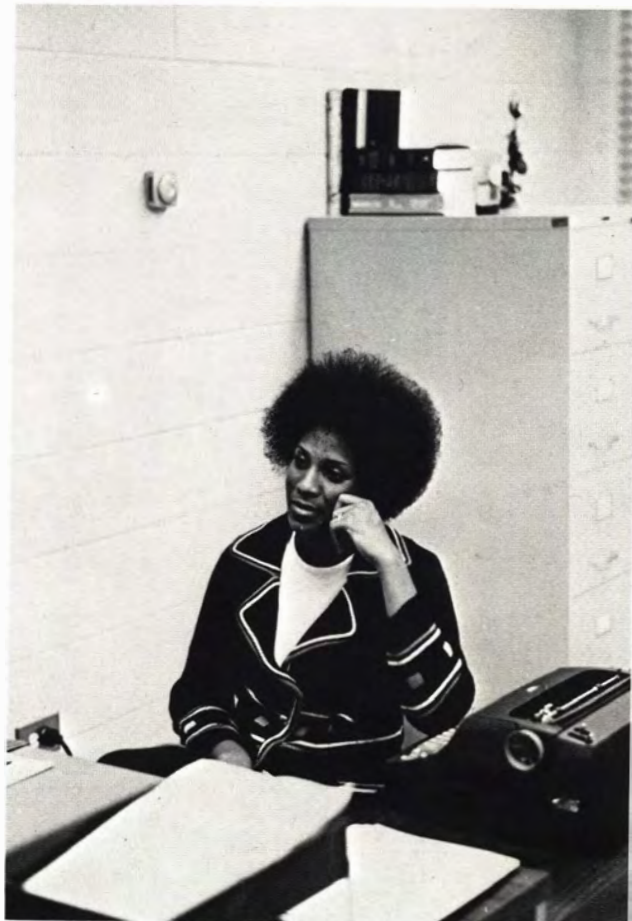
Bobby Olive
Counselor
HEAP



James Conley
Counselor
HEAP

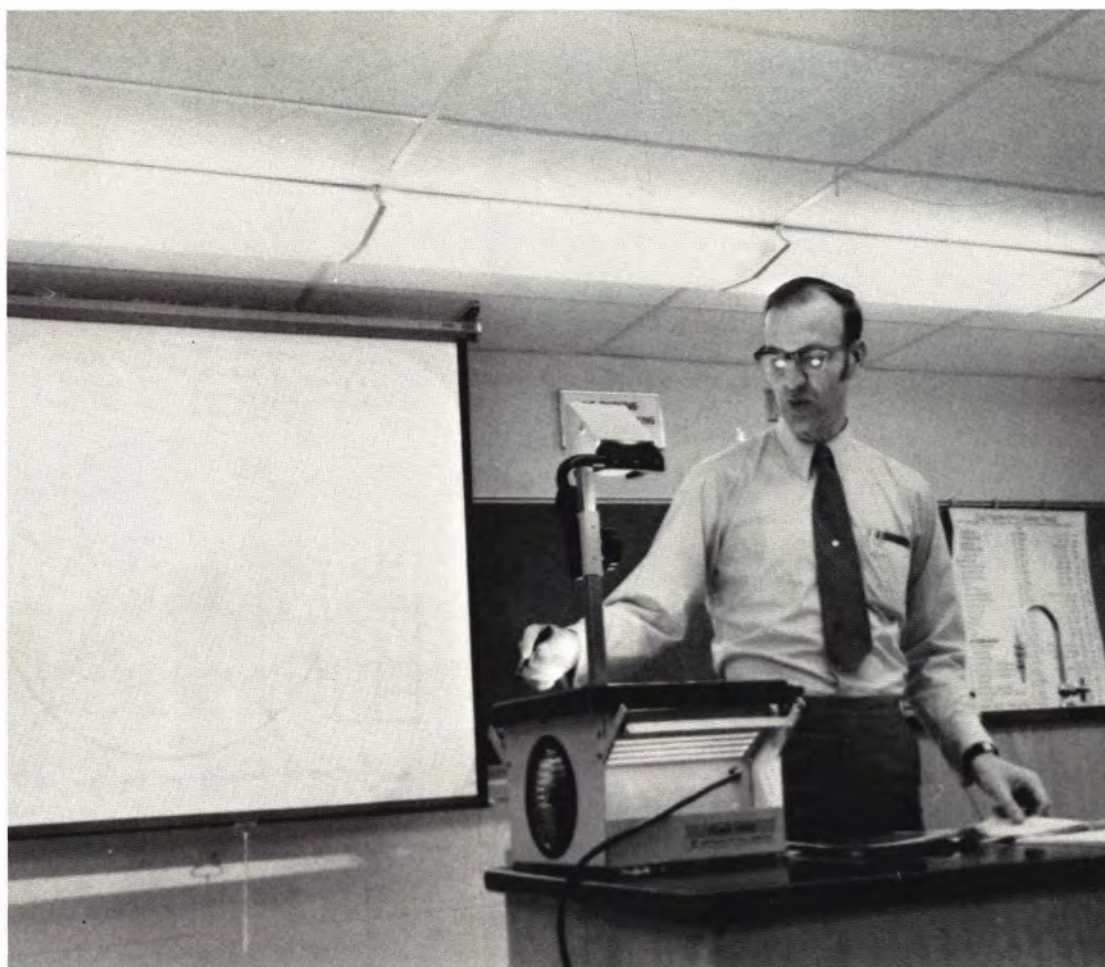
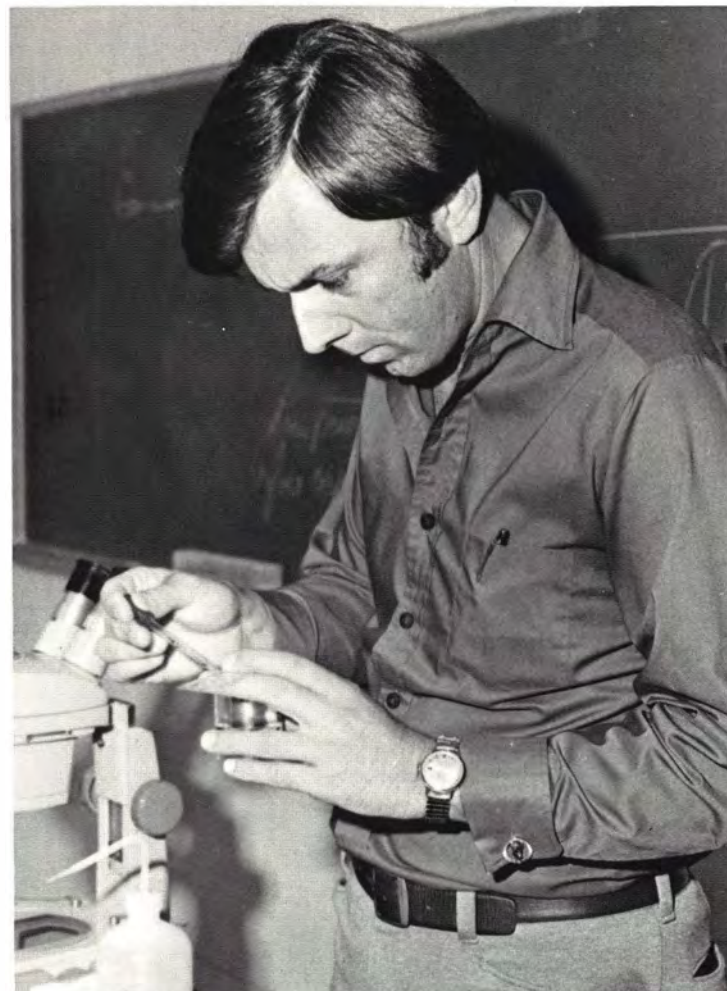


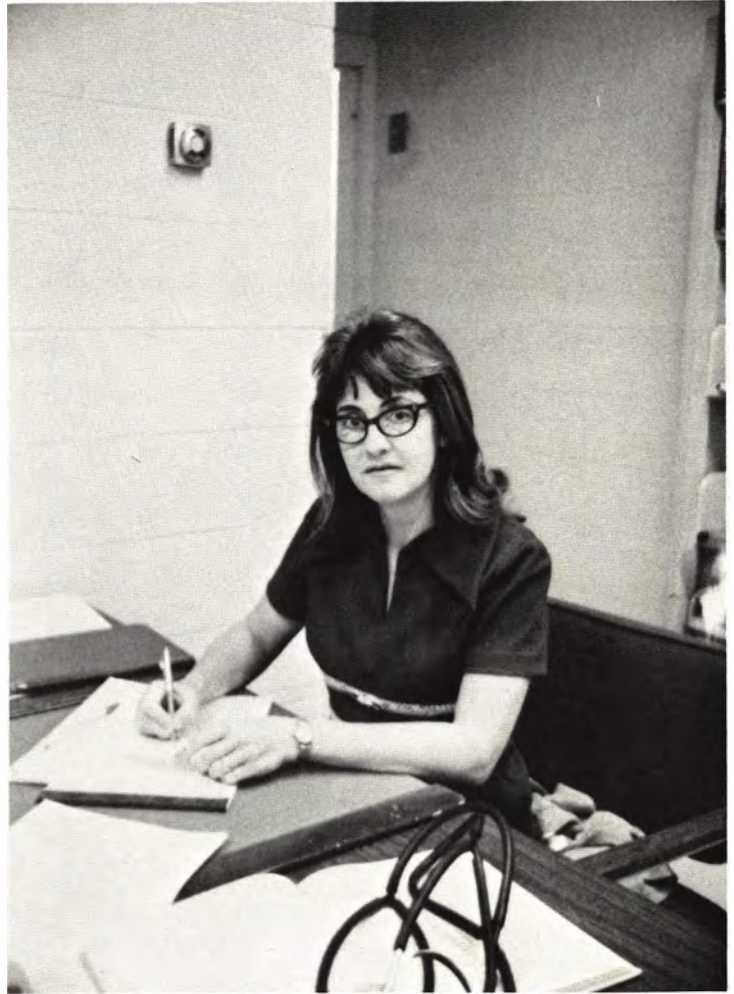
Stewart Phillips
Coordinator
HEAP



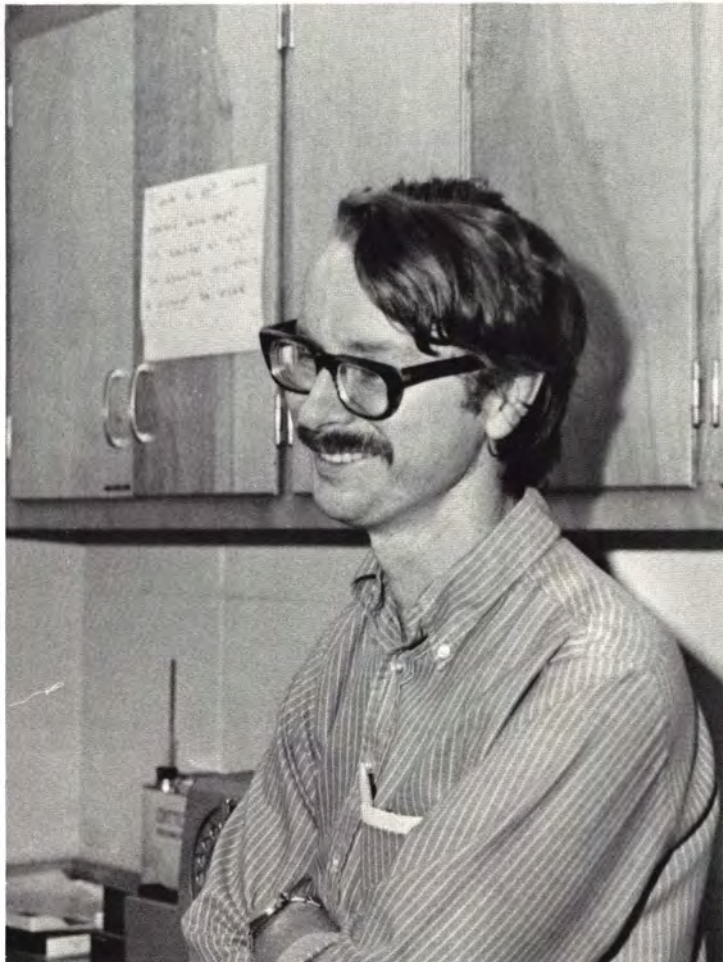
Paulette Long
Secretary
S. Science Div.

Herbert L. Davis
Chairman
Natural Science
and Mathematics





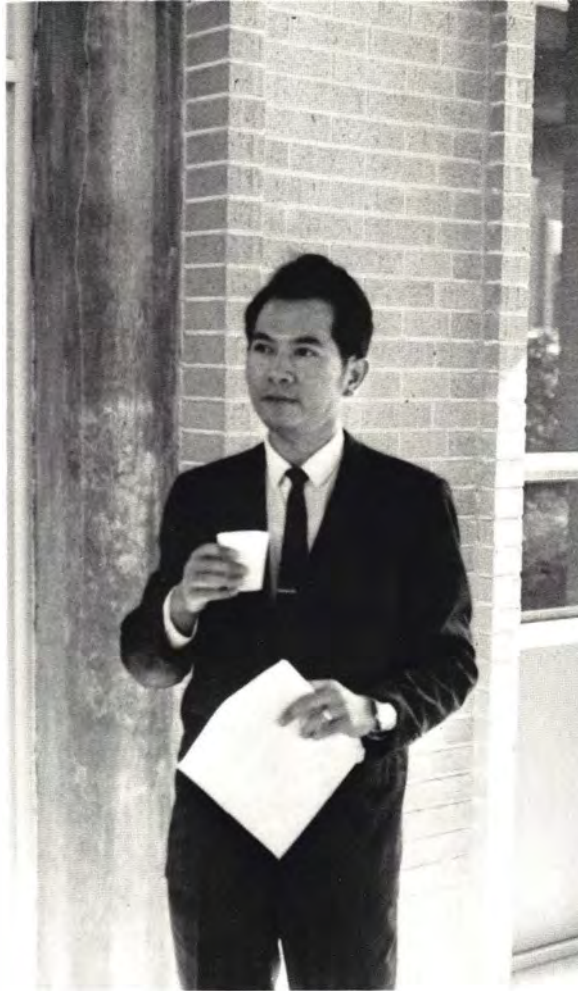
Virginia Anderson
Teaching Asst.
Nursing



Annette Bairan
Instructor
Nursing

Peter Bostick
Asst. Prof.
Biology

Micah Chan
Asst. Prof.
Mathematics



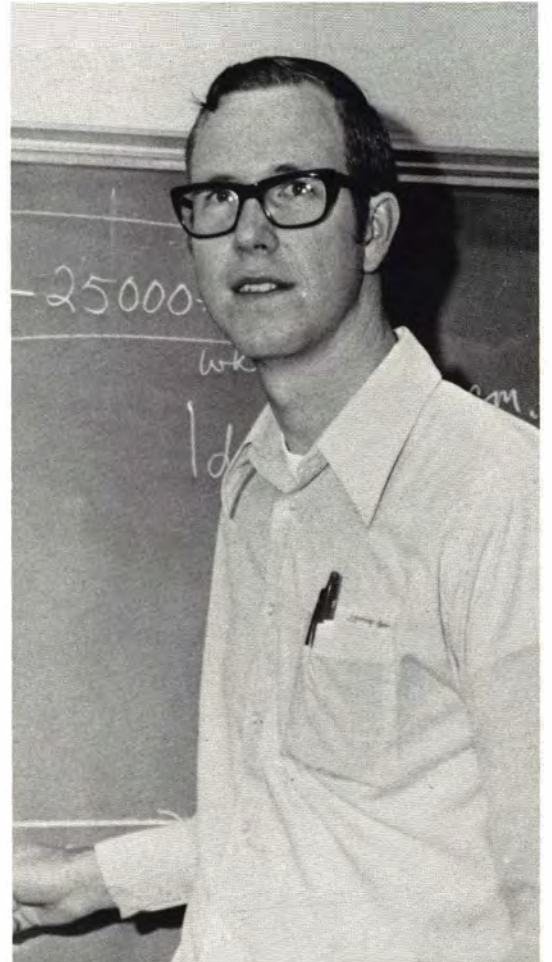
Emma Clark
Instructor
Nursing



Bowman Davis
Asst. Prof.
Biology

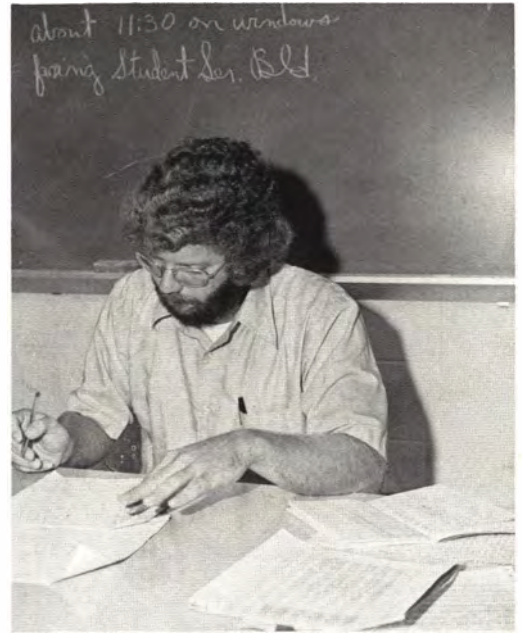


Charley Dobson
Asst. Prof.
Physics





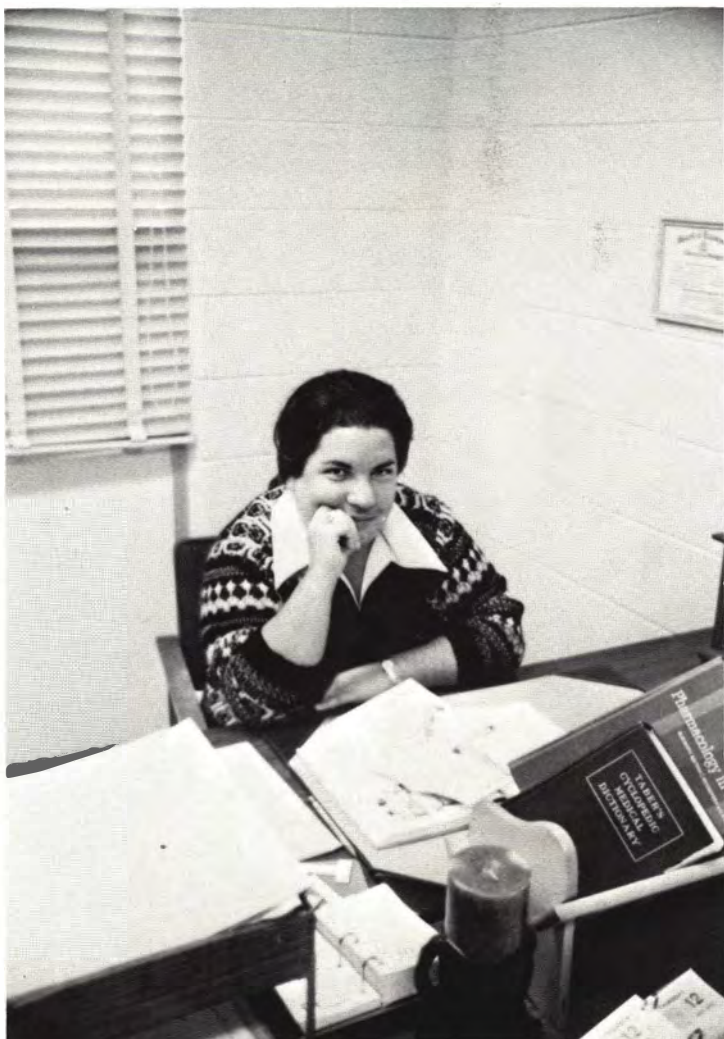
Thomas Gooch
Instructor
Mathematics



Ira B. Guy
Instructor
Mathematics

Sherrie Harris
Instructor
Nursing

Mary Lance
Asst. Prof.
Biology

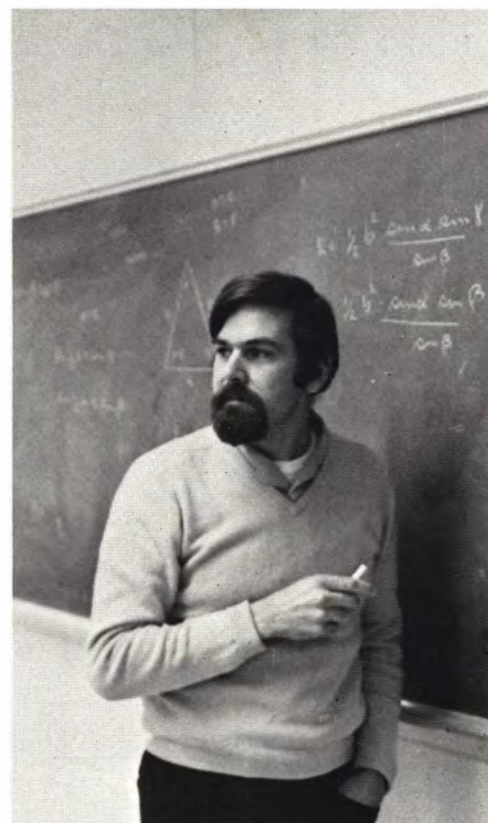
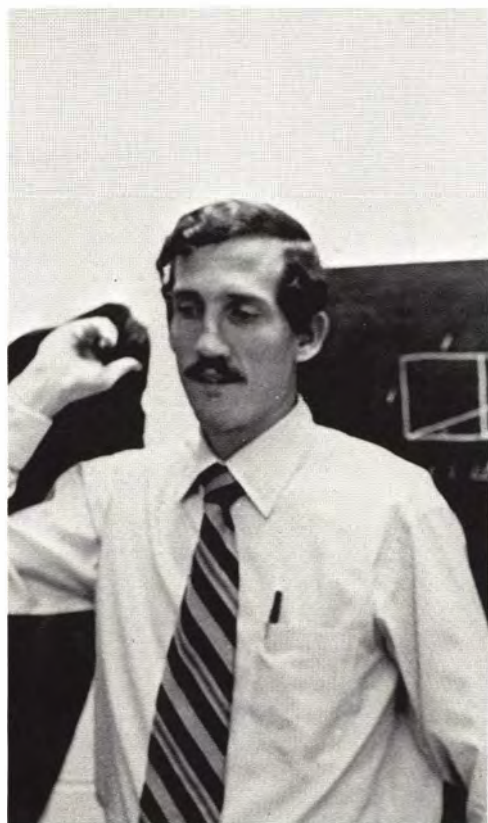


Karen Maples
Instructor
Biology
(Nursing)

Samuel Morris
Asst. Prof.
Mathematics

Carlton Neville
Asst. Prof.
Mathematics

Morgan Stapleton
Asst. Prof.
Mathematics





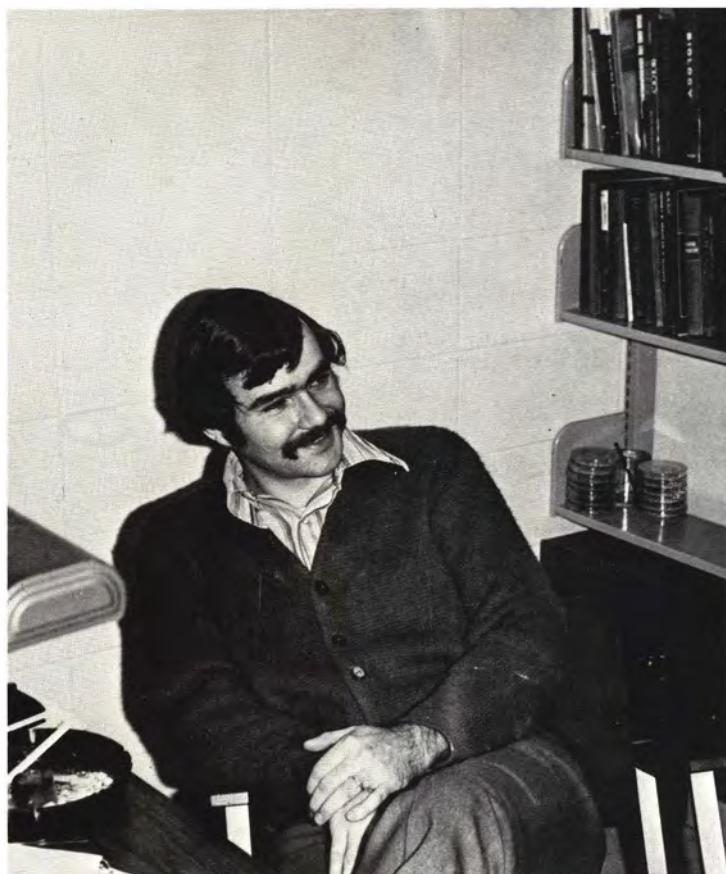
Roberta Newman
Instructor
Nursing



Charlotte Sachs
Asst. Prof.
Director
Nursing Ed.



June Walls
Instructor
Nursing



Thomas Thompson
Instructor
Mathematics



Charlotte Dickinson
Asst. Prof.
Chemistry

Frank Walker
Asst. Prof.
Chemistry



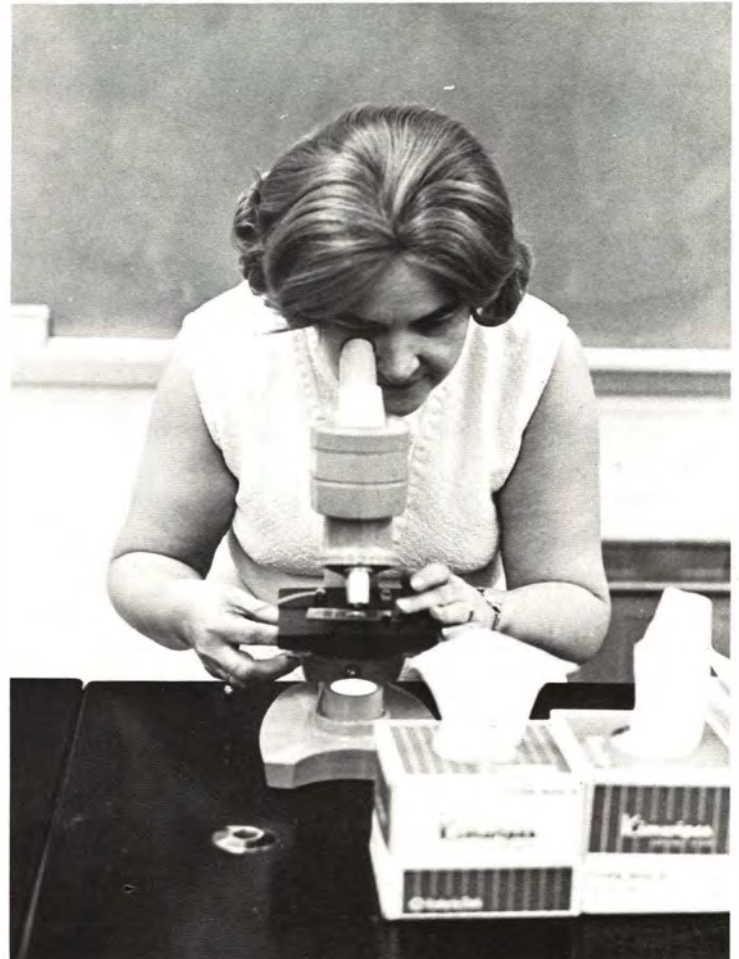


Carl Johnson
Asst. Prof.
Mathematics

not pictured
Mary Tidwell
Instructor
Mathematics

Ruth Harris
Secretary
N. Science Div.

Nina Hill
Lab Coord.

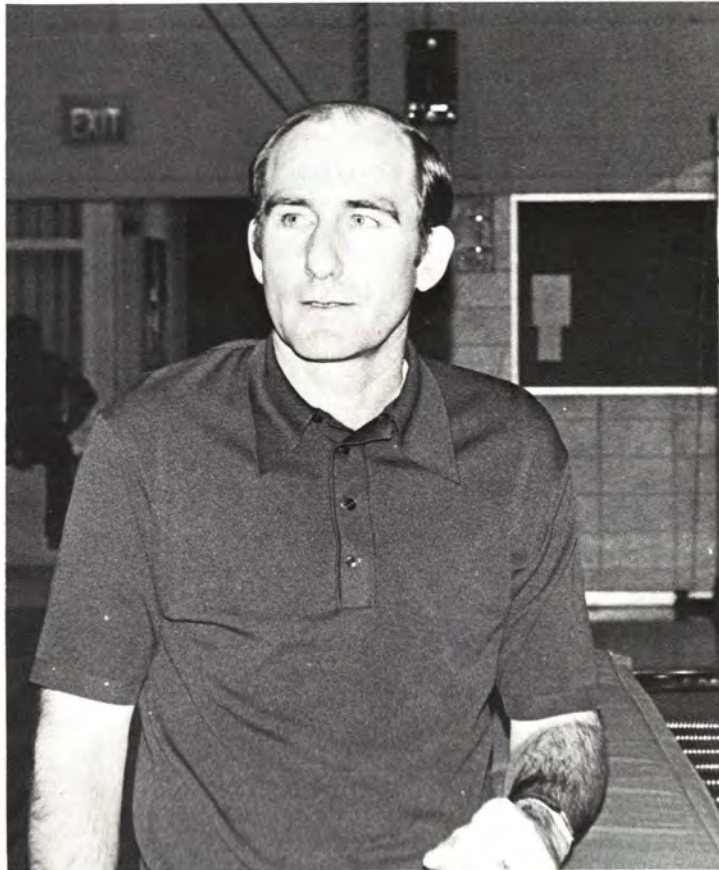


David Harris
Chairman
Physical Ed.





Eleanor Hopper
Asst. Prof.
Physical Ed.



Grady Palmer
Asst. Prof.
Physical Ed.



Peter Blumenthal
Instructor
Physical Ed.



Mary Lou Fish
Secretary
Physical Ed. Div.



Ruth Rundles
Instructor
Economics

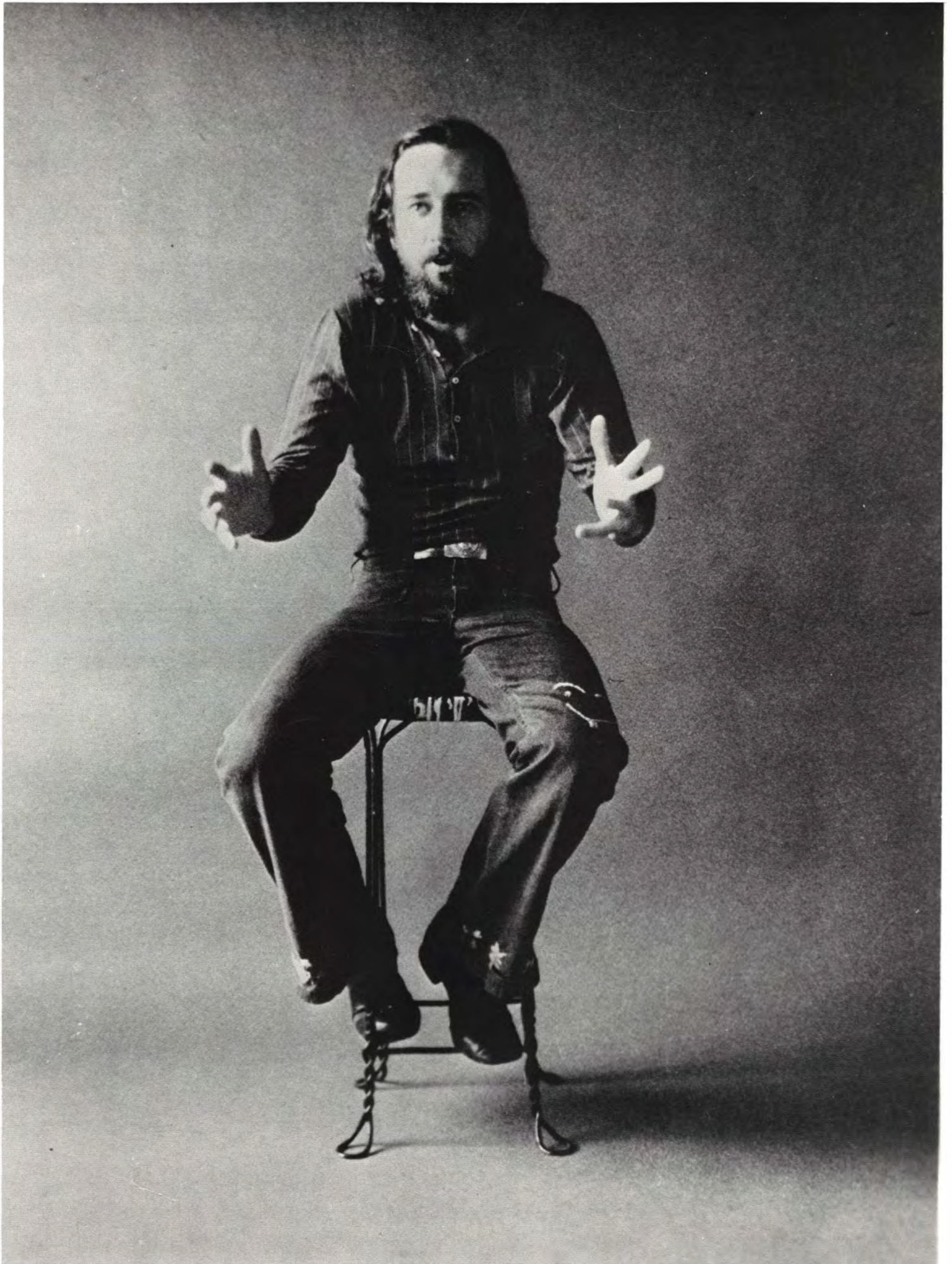
Diane Willey
Instructor
Economics

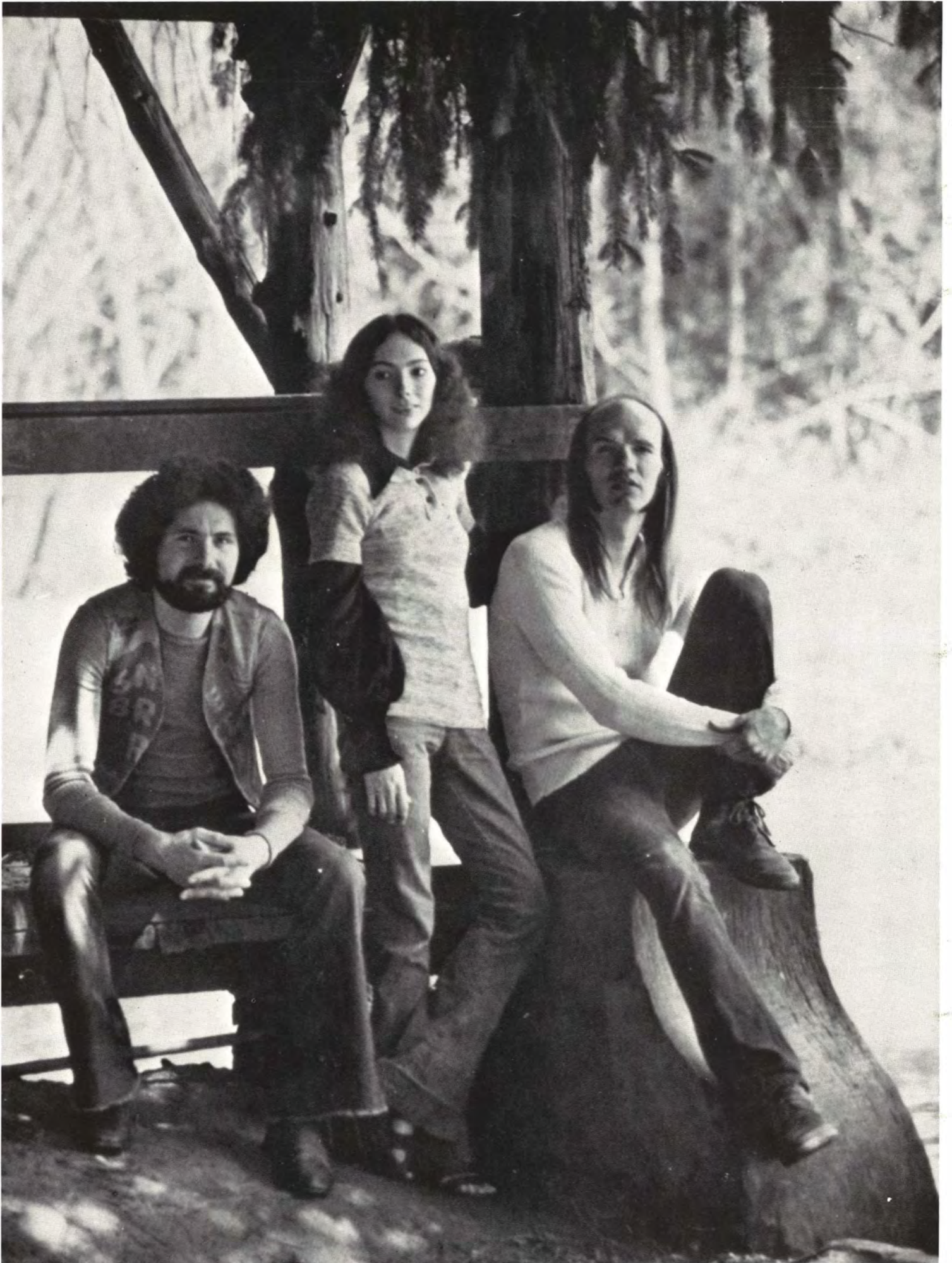
not pictured
Ann Early
Instructor
History

Ronald TeBeest
Asst. Prof.
Pol. Science







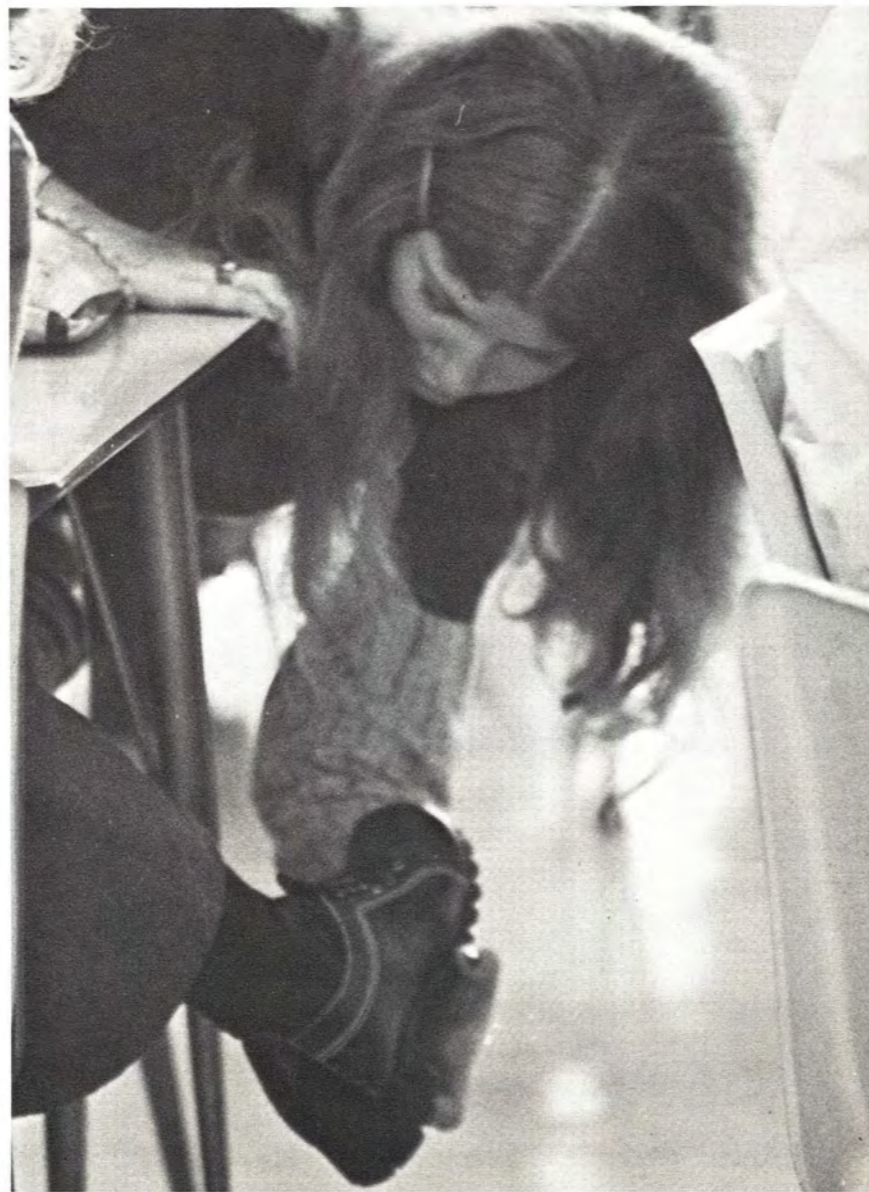


















Brief were my days among you, and briefer
 still the words I have spoken.
 But should my voice fade from your ears, and
 my love vanish in your memory, then I will
 come again,
 And with a richer heart perhaps more yielding
 to the spirit will I speak.
 Yea, I shall return with a love,
 And though death may separate me, and the greater
 silence enfold me, yet again I seek your understanding.

Gibran



Rex Abernathy
Sue Abernathy
Wayne Abernathy
Bobby Adams



Debbie Adams
Joe Adair
Barbara Ahl
Mike Allen



Anita Allison
Chuck Ammerman
Marwan Ammouri
James D. Amos



Duane Anderson
Rob Akerman
Allan Archie
Charles Argo
Theresa Ast
Alice Atcheson



Kenneth Atkins
Troy Ayers
Mike Axley
William Aycock
Dan Bailey
Nancy Bailey



Chuck Barattini
Mitchell Barnes
Charisse Barr
Doug Barrett



Mary Ann Barfield
Doug Bass
Neil Bass
Charles Beadles



Ann Beasley
John Beck
Danny Bedenbaugh
Nancy Begin



Bob Bennett
Brenda Bennett
Marilyn Bennett
Mitchell Bennett
Dana Bentley
Lisa Benson



Debbie Benz
Mike Berger
Toby Bergin
Jim Besselman
Leatrice Bethune
Danny Bevil



Lamar Ball
Geoffrey Baker
Robert Baker



Teresa Bane
William Baneniski
Mary Bannister



Anita Banks
Toni Banks
Jacquelyn Bankston



Wayne Biasetti
Barbara Black
Linda Black



Ray Black
Linda Blackburn
Ronald Blackwell



Kenneth Bogle
Charles Boone
Denis Bouchard



Ron Bowen
Janet Bouley
Steve Bowers
Sandra Bradley
Julia Brand
John Brantly



Cecil Bray
Becky Brewér
Dennis Bridges
Ann Bright
Lucius Bronson
Bonnie Brooks



Frances Browder
Charlie Brown
Leland Brown
Pam Brown
Nancy Bryan
Belinda Bryant



Barbara Brendle
Lewis Brendle
Carolyn Bryan
Don Burdick
George Burgen
Dennis Burke





Renee Burns
Pat Burris
Jane Burnup



Meridith Butler
Micheal Busby
Don Cagle



Anthony Cain
Don Callahan
Cathy Callihan



Bell Cambron
Barry Camp
Bob Cantrell
Judy Cantrell
Mary Carter
Roland Castellanos



Charlotte Catano
Winoa Catie
Robert Cavin
Judy Chambers
Pamela Champion
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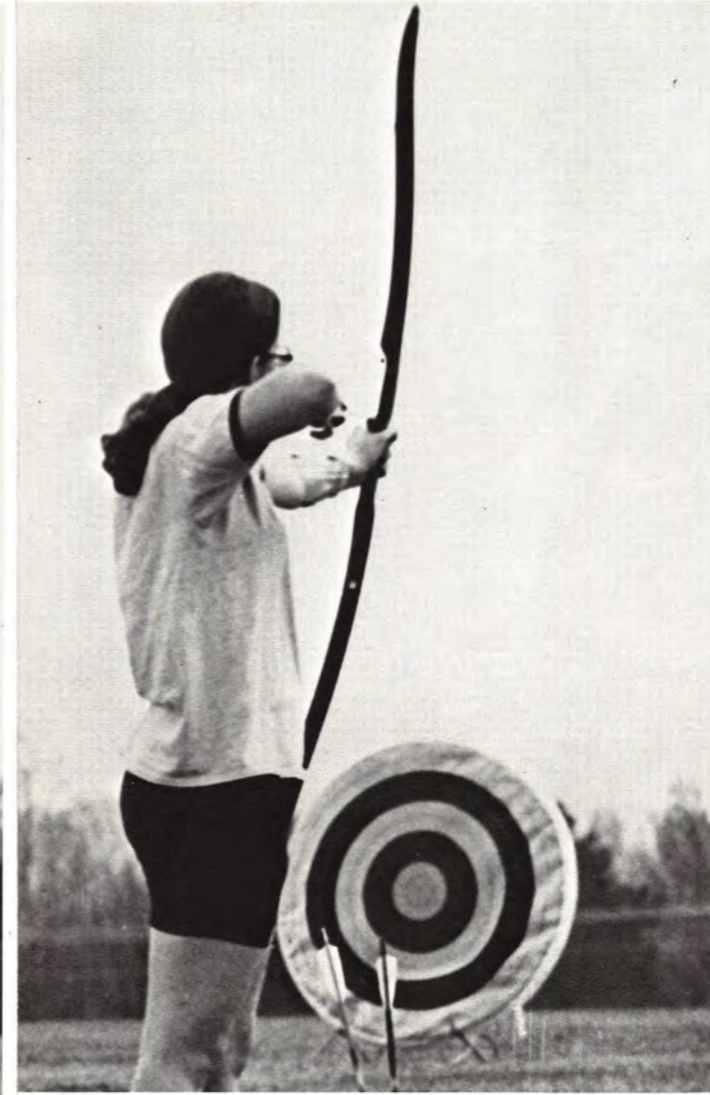
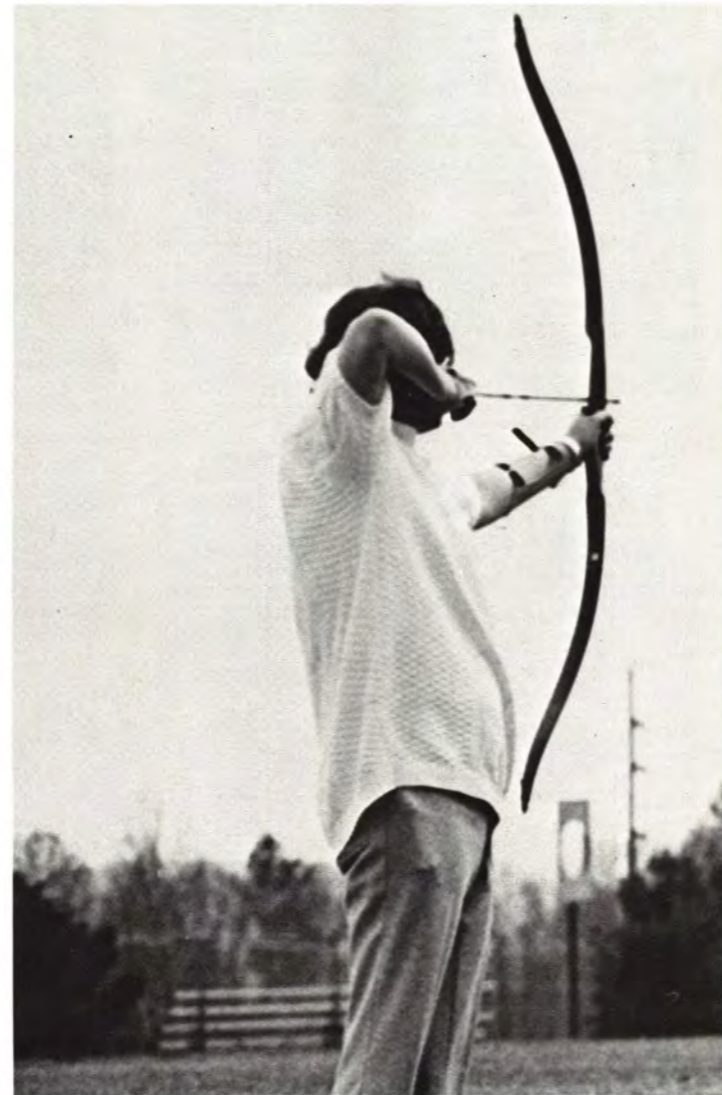
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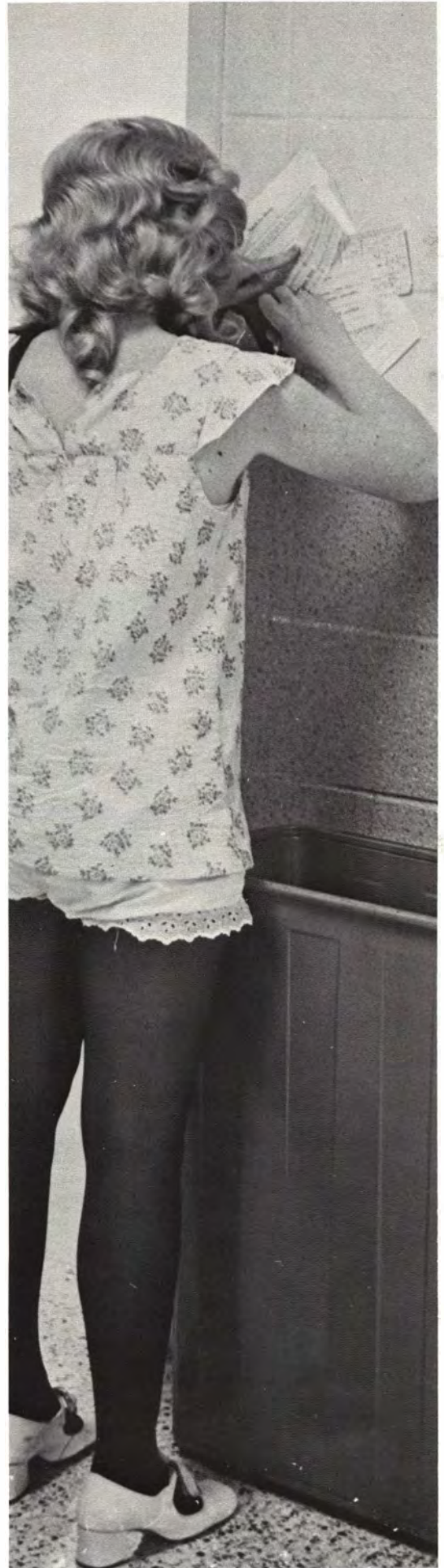
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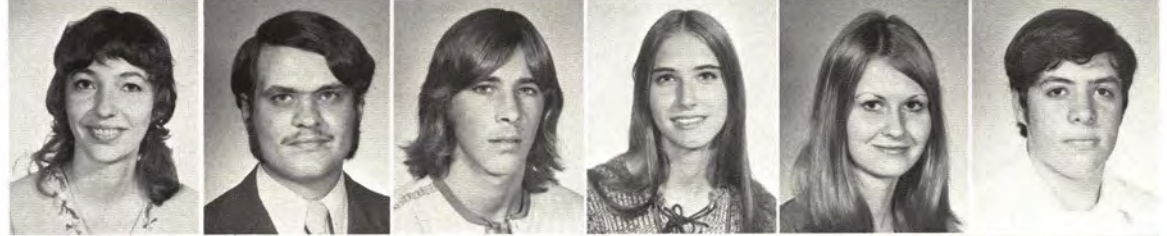
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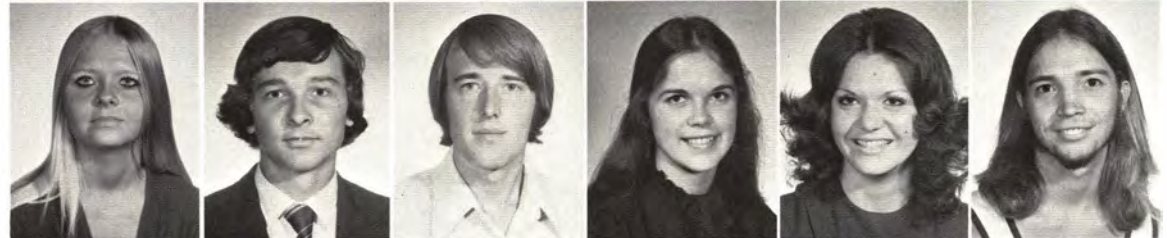
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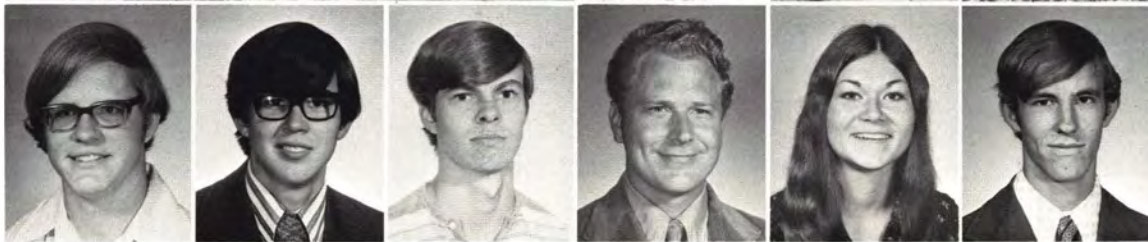
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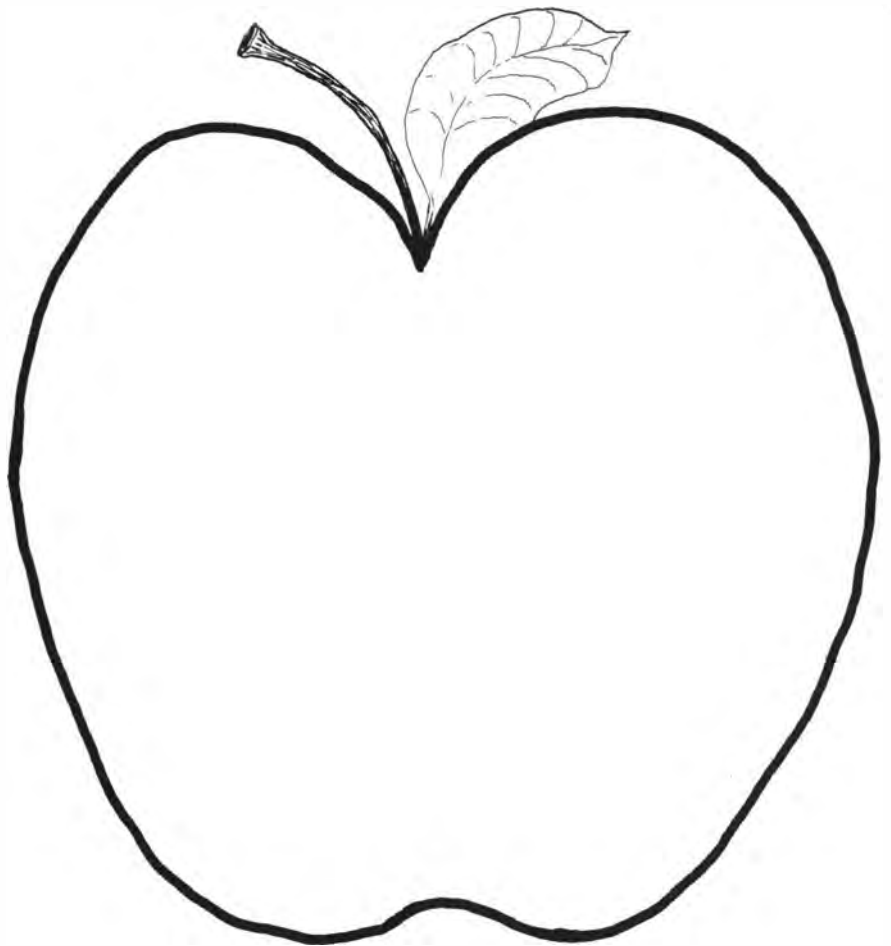


Ray Wright
Sheila Wright
Susan Wright
Georgiana Yorke



Roswell Yorke
Bruce Zobal





of the apple . . .

The apple has long been a symbol for many ideas — the Fall of man and its resulting sexual strife, the girl next door and Mom's apple pie, health and fertility . . . The allusions and relations of the apple are as diverse as the image it was chosen to represent. Just as the entity "apple" can be divided into slices, so can the entity "life" be divided. Our stay here at Kennesaw Junior College is one such slice. It is important, but the meshing of the ideas from the world outside the academic community with those found here; the reaction and interaction of all life, is what is more important. It is this unity and not just the hours spent in school which the Montage wishes to preserve. Part of this interaction is creative in nature, and so, one part of our book is dedicated to exploring the slice of life from an artistic viewpoint. It represents the searching of students to understand and unify their lives — to form their own apple. The apple has long been a symbol for many ideas — the Fall of man and its resulting sexual strife, the girl next door and Mom's apple pie, health and fertility . . . The allusions and relations of the apple are as diverse as the image it was chosen to represent. Just as the entity "apple" can be divided into slices, so can the entity "life" be divided. Our stay here at Kennesaw Junior College is one such slice. It is important, but the meshing of the ideas from the world outside the academic community with those found here; the reaction and interaction of all life, is what is more important. It is this unity and not just the hours spend in school which the Montage wishes to preserve. Part of this interaction is creative in nature, and so, one part of our book is dedicated to exploring the slice of life from an artistic viewpoint. It represents the searching of students to understand and unify their lives — to form their own apple. The apple has long been a symbol for many ideas — the Fall of man and its resulting sexual strife, the girl next door and Mom's apple pie, health and fertility . . . The allusions and relations of the apple are as diverse as the image it was chosen to represent. Just as the entity "apple" can be divided into slices, so can the entity "life" be divided. Our stay here at Kennesaw Junior College is one such slice. It is important, but the meshing of the ideas from the world outside the academic community with those found here; the reaction and interaction of all life, is what is more important. It is this unity and not just the hours spent in school which the Montage wishes to preserve. Part of this interaction is creative in nature, and so, one part of our book is dedicated to exploring the slice of life from an artistic viewpoint. It represents the searching of students to understand and unify their lives — to form their own apple.



impressions
and goldmines
sometimes
I'm so
very angry
with you
a midnight sky of faces
shining like stars
that can't see each other
or me at all . . .
deaf and blind
closing yourselves
to the magic
of the souls
around you
I think
I'd open you
like a can
if I knew how
and spill
your treasures before you
on the floor
to show you
What you've got . . .
but I do know how
and sometimes I don't
open you
because you never ask
and I feel it's your head
you bury
in the sand
and your
music
you close
your ears to . . .
and it won't
matter now
if I tell you
it will take
more than memories
of "good times"
to keep you warm
as you grow old
and life grows cold,
that right now
you're growing
open or closed.

that if you practice
superficial phoniness
you will be superficial
and phony, if you
 practice being cool,
you are going
to become cold
 and hard
and when
sadness finds you
 all you'll have
is a well meant
but superficial
I'm sorry from
all your friends,
 and the shell
that protects you
will imprison you
and in your prison
you will be alone
in a house of mirrors
where every jailer's face
is your own.
 so dance nude
 in the moonlight
while your skin is pure
and your breasts don't sag
while your arm is strong
and you can race
around the track
never stopping
to look back
to wonder
where you're going
your wisdom
exceeds mine
 and the Spirit
works its way
 taking
 the things
 we value
that don't really
matter much at all.
 don't get caught
 short at the station
 with monopoly money
 in your hand
 — Ron Williams

Johnny Appleseed

As in most legends, there are two parts to the story of Johnny Appleseed. It is based on one John Chapman, who travelled through Ohio and Indiana, frontier land in the early 1800's, sowing apple tree seeds, praising God, and warning settlers of Indian attacks during the War of 1812. He remained celibate because his sweetheart went west and died before he could find her again, and he himself died while reading the Bible amidst the falling apple blossoms. This version of the legend is perhaps the most familiar and popular to the average reader. Then there is the truth. John Chapman did live, but he was a businessman who planted apple nurseries in the west for profit. He acquired nearly twelve hundred acres for such a purpose. He was not a hermit, but sociable in nature with a love for the ladies and the drink. He did not wear a tin pan for a hat, nor did he go barefoot; but rather he wore a normal suit. But he did warn the settlers of Indian raids — once falsely and once truly. At any rate, Johnny Appleseed has become the symbol of the spirit of the American pioneer and also a fertility to poets and apple growers everywhere. He even became a Walt Disney star!



TRUCKIN'

Beginning as a gnawing urge to escape
from the realities and boredom of the status
quo,
the harsh sound of the mill and the routine
of work, sleep, and eat,
my vagabond spirit awoke with the
driving force of a sledge.

Chigger, being somewhat like myself,
lost in the world of noise, spools, yarn
shuttles and looms,
repulsed by the snuff and talk of three-
ninety four barrels,
longed for the means to escape,
a fox in the guise of a man.

The fox and bear seeking freedom along
a winding snake of asphalt, flowing
out from their sheltered existence like
water from a vibrant rushing river,
set sail.

In the solitude of a mechanical horse,
blazing our trail like scouts of old,
our thoughts return to haunting phantoms
of past loves and dreams, while Harrison
brings up the sun, and Lennon seeks the
truth.

Lost in our music and our truths
like greedy misers,
we solve the world's problems like mere
functions, the solutions easy to us.
Viciously attacked by a long suppressed
Id, we quell our hungers by losing
ourselves in the melancholy discontent
of youths who see so much and want to
change all which is wrong, but can do
nothing.

We talk of hopes and desires amid
the diminishing green of stately pines and
the folds of towering mountains, dwarfing us.

The summer surge of quests for love,
adventure, and answers is over.

The fox found his love,
The bear lost his.

We both grew a summer
older, but still we ask,
"Why?"

— David Woodward

ODE TO LIFE

It is Spring and the world is alive.
The birds have returned and the bees build their hive.
The flowers are blooming. It's easy to survive.

Happiness reigns all around.

Nature's beauty makes me wonder why,
I consume other life forms until I die.
I live. I love. I laugh. I cry.

I grow old to be placed in the ground.

Perhaps when I'm older, I will perceive.
My eyes may be blind to all things that deceive.
Until that moment, I must believe,
The end of life is not death, but birth.

It is a magnificent thing, this miracle of life.
The glory, the frustrations, the physical strife,
May be ended by a stumble, or the flick of a knife.

The soul's vehicle will be covered with earth.

What happens then, I cannot know.
The winds of life will continue to blow.
Only by death will nature show,

Her secrets, and why Death is a must.

I realize that I am part of all those before.
The bird that perished in flight. The dead crab on the shore.
The over-dosed Freak. The slain Saigon whore.

In Nature, I place my trust.

When my life process comes to a halt,
Don't imbalm me with fluids, or pump me with salt.
Don't imprison me in a brass casket with a concrete vault.

That's no way not to live.

Let my elements move with the rain and flow up the trees.
Let them feed the flowers and nourish the bees.
Let them fly with the wind and flow with the seas.

Back to life, my body I give.

— George Morris

From Paradise Lost

“Great are thy Virtues, doubtless, best of Fruits,
Though kept from Man, and worthy to be admir’d,
Whoe taste, too long forborne, at first assay
Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
The Tongue not made for Speech to speak thy praise:
Thy praise hee also who forbids thy use,
Conceals not from us, naming thee the Tree
of Knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil;
Forbids us then to taste, but his forbidding
Commends thee more, while it infers the good
By thee communicated, and our want:
For good unknown, sure is not had at all.
In plain then, what forbids us to be wise?
Such prohibitions bind not. But if Death
Bind us with after-bands, what profits then
Our inward freedom? In the day we eat
of this fair Fruit, our doom is, we shall die.
How dies the Serpent? hee hath eat’n and lives,
And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns,
Irrational till then. For us alone
Was death invented? or to us deni’d
This intellectual food, for beasts reserv’d?
For Beasts it seems: yet that one Beast which first
Hath tasted, envies not, but brings with joy
The good befall’n him, Author unsuspect,
Friendly to man, far from deceit or guile.
What fear I then, rather what know to fear
Under this ignorance of Good and Evil,
Of God or Death, of Law or Penalty?
Here grows the Cure of all, this Fruit Divine,
Fair to the Eye, inviting to the Taste,
Of virtue to make wise: what hinders then
To reach, and feed at once both Body and Mind?
So saying, her rash hand in evil hour
Forth reaching to the Fruit, she pluc’d, she eat . . .”
— Milton





'through the eyes of a child . . .'

oh to be a child again
and live to laugh,
to know the things that we did wrong
and do them right this time.

the wondering and the questioning
seem almost unimportant, almost gone,
but lingers on with children,
and their innocent understanding of life still
mystifies me and excites me.

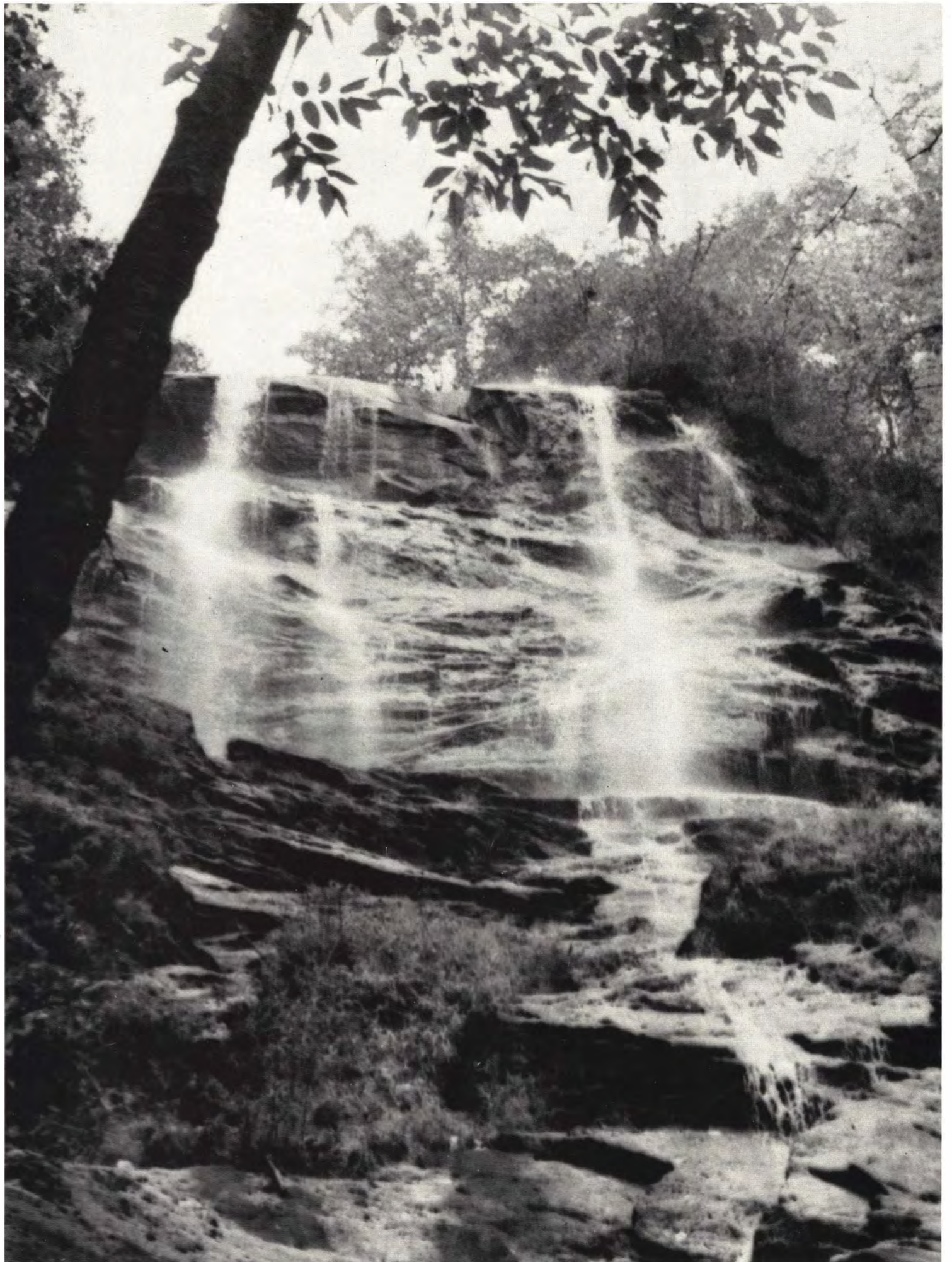
the laughter of being free
to enjoy life and simplicity
seems too soon gone.

the memories are worth a lifetime in remembering.
i remember, and can't let go.
at least, not yet.

— Barbi Corder

Poem 53

stop
shop
lollipop
one
two
three
spend a
nickel
or a
dime
but stop
to play
with me.
Loneliness is no ones friend.
Ask anyone like me
With walls built high above his head
Until he cannot see
That there are people in the world
That feel the same as he.
J. Tingle



William Tell

Apple legends know no national bounds. The Swiss hero William Tell was well noted (although fictiously) for his archery skill against apples and tyrants. It seems that one Gessler, governor of the area in which Tell resided, set up a cap in the square of the town. Everyone was ordered to bow to it as a sign of their obedience to the imperial rule. On November 18, 1307, William Tell refused. Gessler, knowing of Tell's supposed skill in archery, ordered an apple placed on Tell's son's head for Tell to shoot. William took two arrows, placing one in his bow and the other beneath his belt. He then shot the apple neatly off his son's head. Gessler then inquired of the need for the second arrow; and when Tell told him that had the first arrow missed, the second was for Gessler, the good governor had him arrested. Tell later made a daring escape and ambushed Gessler. This action provided the spark which kindled the Swiss independence movement against the Hapsburgs. Never underestimate the power of an apple — or an arrow.

The Edge of the Park

I came to the edge of the park
And sat to wait
For some small child to come
Through the open gate.

It was getting on toward dusk
When the boy came,
Intent upon reaching the place
Of his favorite game.


No one was in the clearing
Where he stood by the rock
And waited for over an hour
By the sun as a clock.

As the lamps came on in the darkening park
To aid the sliding sun,
The boy turned toward the closing gate,
But now he did not run.

A soft spring rain beginning to fall
Melted with our tears
As the figure was lost in a turn of the road
And intervening years.

I slowly rose from the lonely bench
And groped for my cane in the dark,
For I'll need it again tomorrow at dusk,
When I come to the edge of the park.

— David Jones



Eve ate the apple . . .
An apple a day keeps the doctor away
Teacher's pet, teacher's pet
Apple core, Baltimore . . .
Mom's apple pie
Eve ate the apple . . .
An apple a day keeps the doctor away
Teacher's pet, teacher's pet
Apple core, Baltimore . . .
Mom's apple pie
Eve ate the apple . . .
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Mom's apple pie

Alone on the Library Steps

Pollen stifles breath.
Rebirth recalls death.
Dogwood, azaleas, pink and white
Pierce the heart with beauty's bite
Sun hot on pallid skin
Hope stirring the hearts of men
to bring forth uniting beauty, love.

Cold granite steps, heavy books, deep shade
Layers of grief laid
Unexamined for the past year
Until this search now and here
Where I sit alone on the library steps
Probing my soul to its tenderest depths.

Why did you leave?
Beauty and love are cancerous growth this bitter spring.

— Mary Lewis

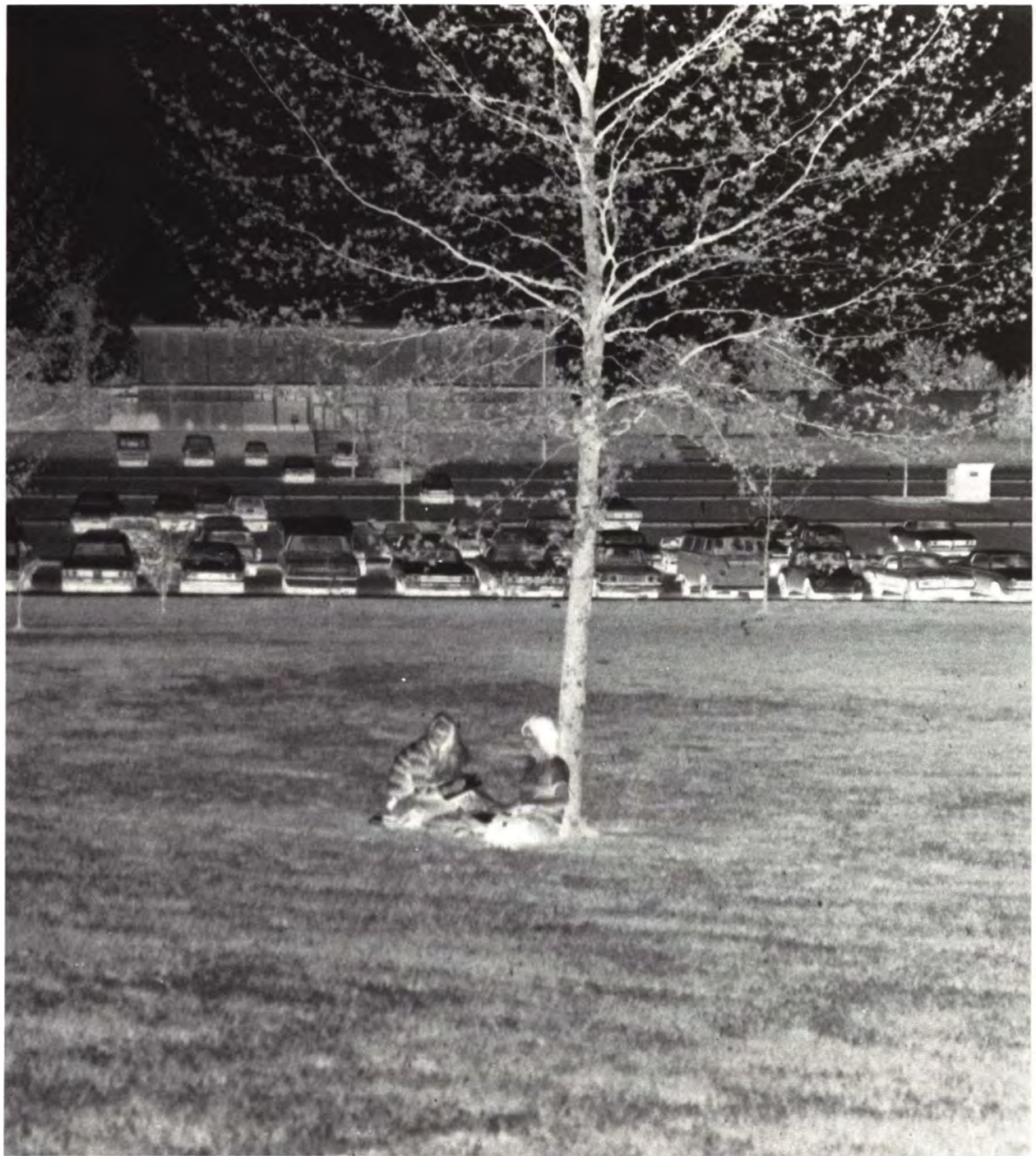
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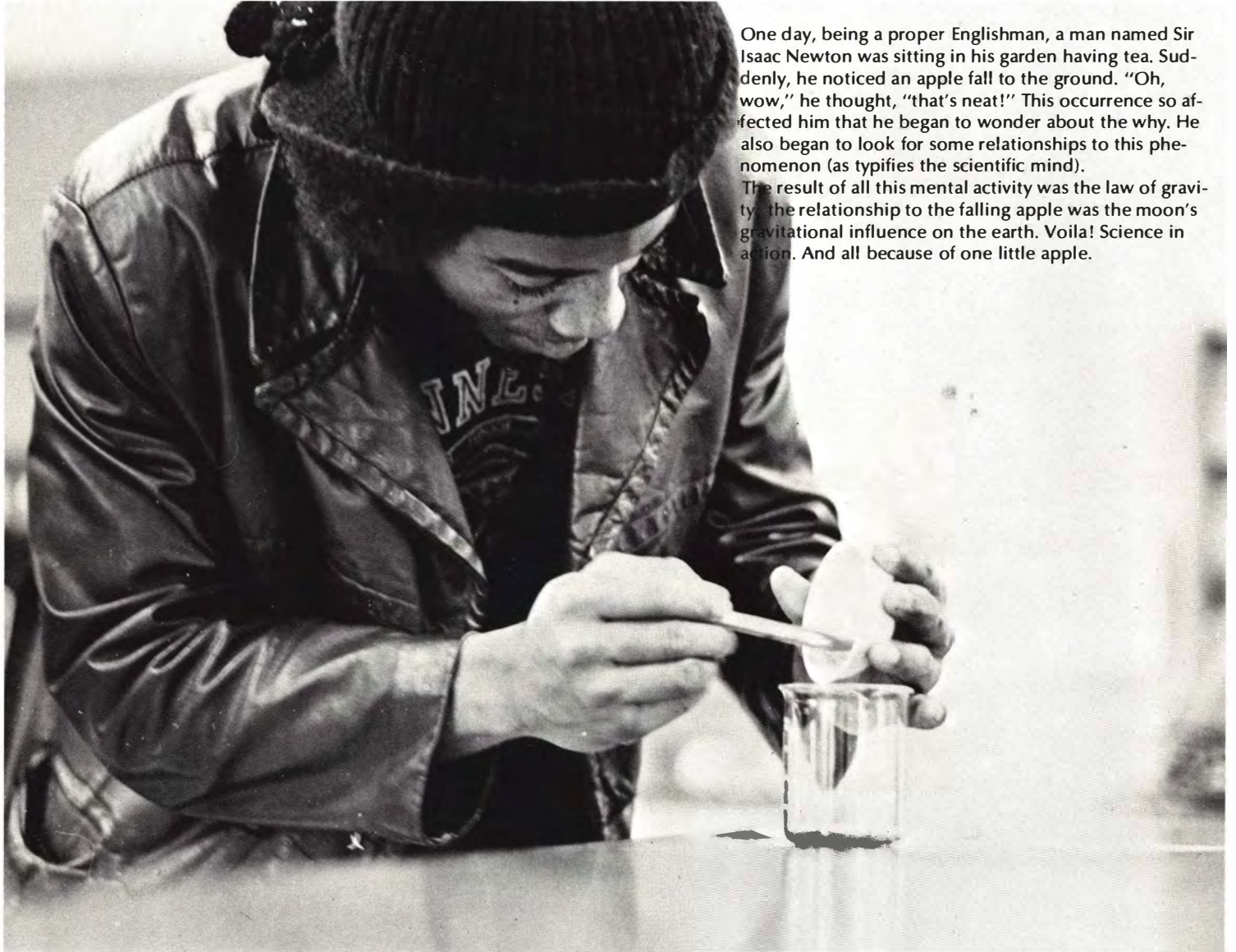
Respite from winter,
that day breathed spring.
The sun's warmth secured me
from cold yesterdays
and misty tomorrows.
That bit of spring
promised a new birth,
remission of darkness,
Persephone come to earth.
Would Hades let her come?

I saw the ring,
round,
widening the womb,
Enlarging the moon
to encircle
the flaming fuchsia sky.
My eyes magnetized to the sight:
Phaeton charged across the heavens
— into night.

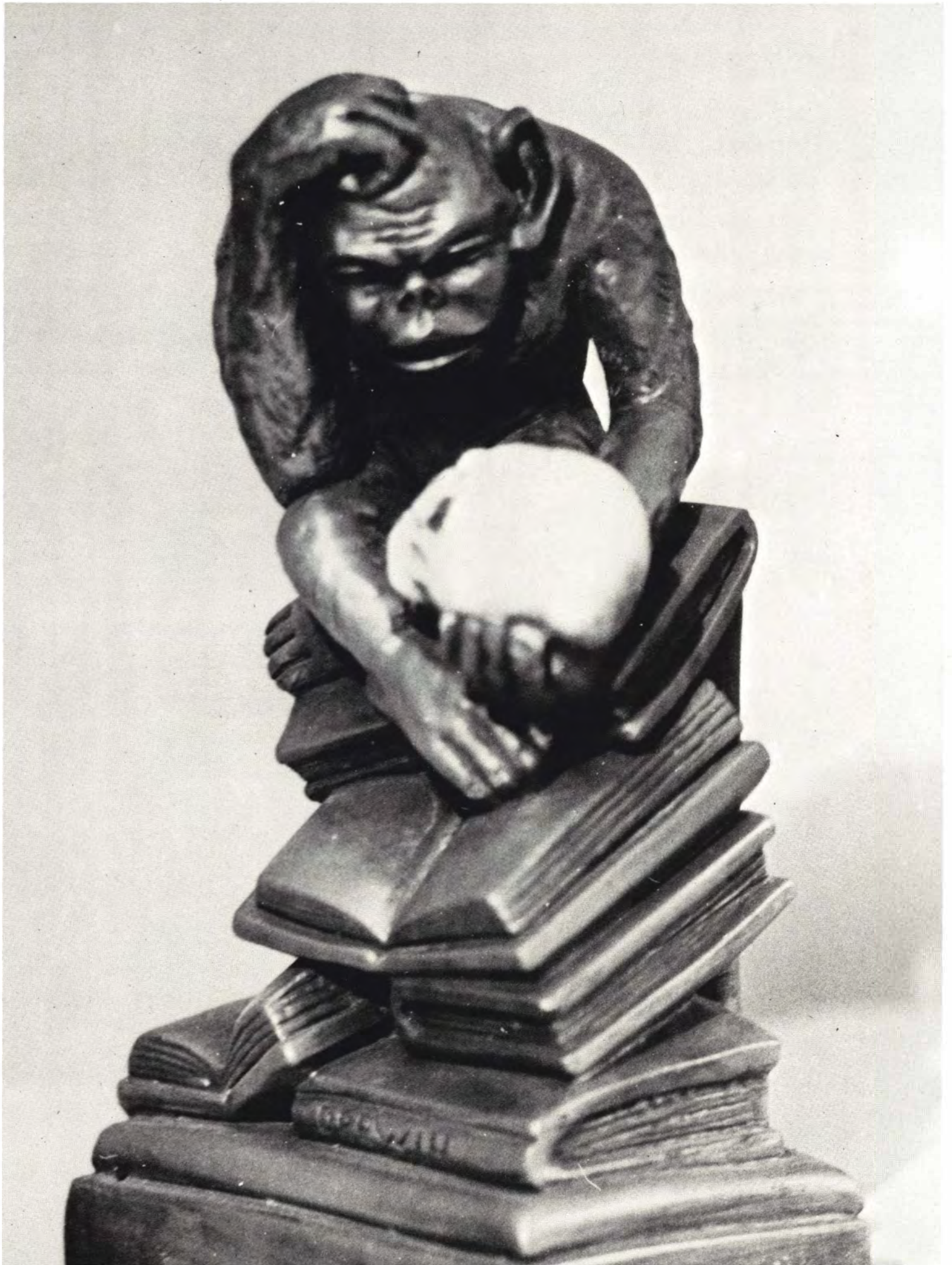
Oh, to hold that flaming promise,
that surging day . . .
Stop, Time, I cannot
be the moon
nor wait 'til May.

— Cary Walsh





One day, being a proper Englishman, a man named Sir Isaac Newton was sitting in his garden having tea. Suddenly, he noticed an apple fall to the ground. "Oh, wow," he thought, "that's neat!" This occurrence so affected him that he began to wonder about the why. He also began to look for some relationships to this phenomenon (as typifies the scientific mind). The result of all this mental activity was the law of gravity—the relationship to the falling apple was the moon's gravitational influence on the earth. Voila! Science in action. And all because of one little apple.



Lovers are nice

I thought I heard the sun come up
to tell me time to go
Then I turned and saw you there
so peaceful in your sleep.
I watched you as you rested
Looking so gentle, your face so calm.
You looked like mine.
I felt like yours.
Your chest rising up, then down
What a nice surprise to
remember I was in your bed
and you are there where I last touched you,
there to make my morning fresh.
I thought I heard the sun come up
But today
Well, today the sun can go another round!
— Psouthers



sit down and share a line with me
and share your love and life with me
and see
the rainbow shimmering against a sky
of deepest blue
and know that life is sharing
and feel that love is caring
believe the truth of knowing why
i need to be a part of
all that's going on.
— barbi corder

November 27, 1969

Men have fought wars for less.
Hearts have been turned
from fury to tears.
Seas have been crossed,
Mountains moved,
for this.

When worldly possessions are gone,
When physical pleasure has turned to pain,
When peace is relinquished,
And passion is spent,
Love remains.

— Kathleen Cochran

INK

With indelible blues
My poems are traced;
The lines are marked through
But never erased

— Casey Gordon

Just Paper and Ink

I want him.
I want his love.
His confidence and praise.
I want to give him my love.
I want him to know my soul.
He is so far away.
Sometime we'll be together,
But, now, we are many emotions apart.
I try to enclose a piece of my mind,
And soul . . . in each letter
What if he doesn't find the piece?
What if all he sees . . .
Is the paper and ink?

— Theresa Ast

I know the loneliness of the long distance runner
and what it's like to stand in the void
alone, but with God, surrounded by stars
afraid neither of their heat or my aloneness.

I know what it is like to have a heart
which has sung with joy for its aloneness;
having severed the illusion of togetherness
we have on earth, I am now capable of touching
and of being touched; of loving, though surely my
definition of love is not the same as yours.

I know what it is like to be in the Garden of all Souls,
my soul forever wed with mind,
to experience perfect joy, perfect harmony,
to experience perfect love
where vibration is the fourth dimension
and music is visual and thoughts are as real,
as vital, as concrete, as the world upon which we live.

I know the Garden of Eden, and the love of one known
as the Mother, Eve, and I know what it is to deliberately
taste of the forbidden fruit, to leave the garden,
to return here, to do it all again . . .
a Stranger in a Strange Land.

I know the awesome emptiness the memory of the
Garden of Perfect Peace imparts to every molecule
of my being while traversing the land of polarity,
of conflict and strife, and I know the responsibility
of being my own judge, that the penalty for returning
is to die again, to live in pain again, and even for one
who has seen an eternity close, life can be long . . .
nothing last forever but me and thee, and even God dies
to be reborn.

I know these things, and more,
and yet I know nothing, and am as nothing,
until these things are expressed in action,
with love, and never with arrogance.

History reveals, wisdom speaks, devotion prepares,
understanding releases, strength prevails,
But only love opens the door.

Love

Ron Williams

words written few
far and between
poems
written for you — I exist
saying hi . . .
you don't understand
but I don't cry
I'm not as alone as you
knowing who and what
And why I am,
not lost at all
doing and being
Being while Becoming
whatever's done is done
and written
and I'm free of all but Me,
but then you wouldn't understand . . .

Ladies shatter me with disdain
haughty looks filling books
don't matter if they cause no pain
to woo, to wed, to bed
it's all in your head
however nice it is to do
loving your body
not touching you
or touching you
leaving your body left unused
call it lust
but i'm not confused
just don't complain
if someone plays your own game better
though just wanting
to be friends with you
used or unused
not misused or abused
but it takes
a woman to understand

Cold and austere
my imagination
enhances you more
than your mind
but let me be critical
without judging
and let me ask you this;

When your beauty fades
your coin of realm, stock of trade,
is all used up
and the body you became
is no more than an empty casket
with cooling memories
of what love was
what will be of you then?

Would you start again?
few women, I think,
would be beautiful in heaven
if physically beautiful on earth

But don't let my idle conjectures
disturb you
you'll find it all out for yourself.

Ron Williams

dream-plot

(AFTER HAVING TAKEN ENGLISHES 101 AND 102)

darkness —
diminishing awareness
into oblivion.

silence —
characters slide into focus
and motion
bringing
exposition — (surrounding; introduction of the what, where & when)
conflict — words, touches
rising action — development of the how
climax — intense feeling
falling action —
 decension —
 denouement —
 unraveling of thought process —

sometimes a crystal clear
epiphany — revelation of the why.
silence.

darkness —
omniscient awareness
into reality.

— *su*

What is in the mind of a man
who knows only the darkness
 of unreasoning?
What locks hold back
what vast and brilliant light?
 — Partic O'Neal

The only difference between
a dreamer and a fool
is sleep.
And all men dream.
 — Partic O'Neal





HANK SNOW SAID IT ALL

If I could say one last
thing
it wouldn't be good-bye
or see you later
but I'm again
about to be in the wind
and all the niches and
cool familiar places I've
found here
will be in the near past
soon to be the distant past.

So,
as always in a
life full of departure times,
I pass from this place to
the open road.

I take memories
I take some clean underwear
I take some books
and a pen
and I leave
what . . .

To know is to share
and to share is to give
and take.

Parts of people go with me
so
I must have left part
of me here
for what it's worth.

You big effing
parking lot,
you were the center
of my universe once —
now
I'm moving on.

— F.S. Gamel

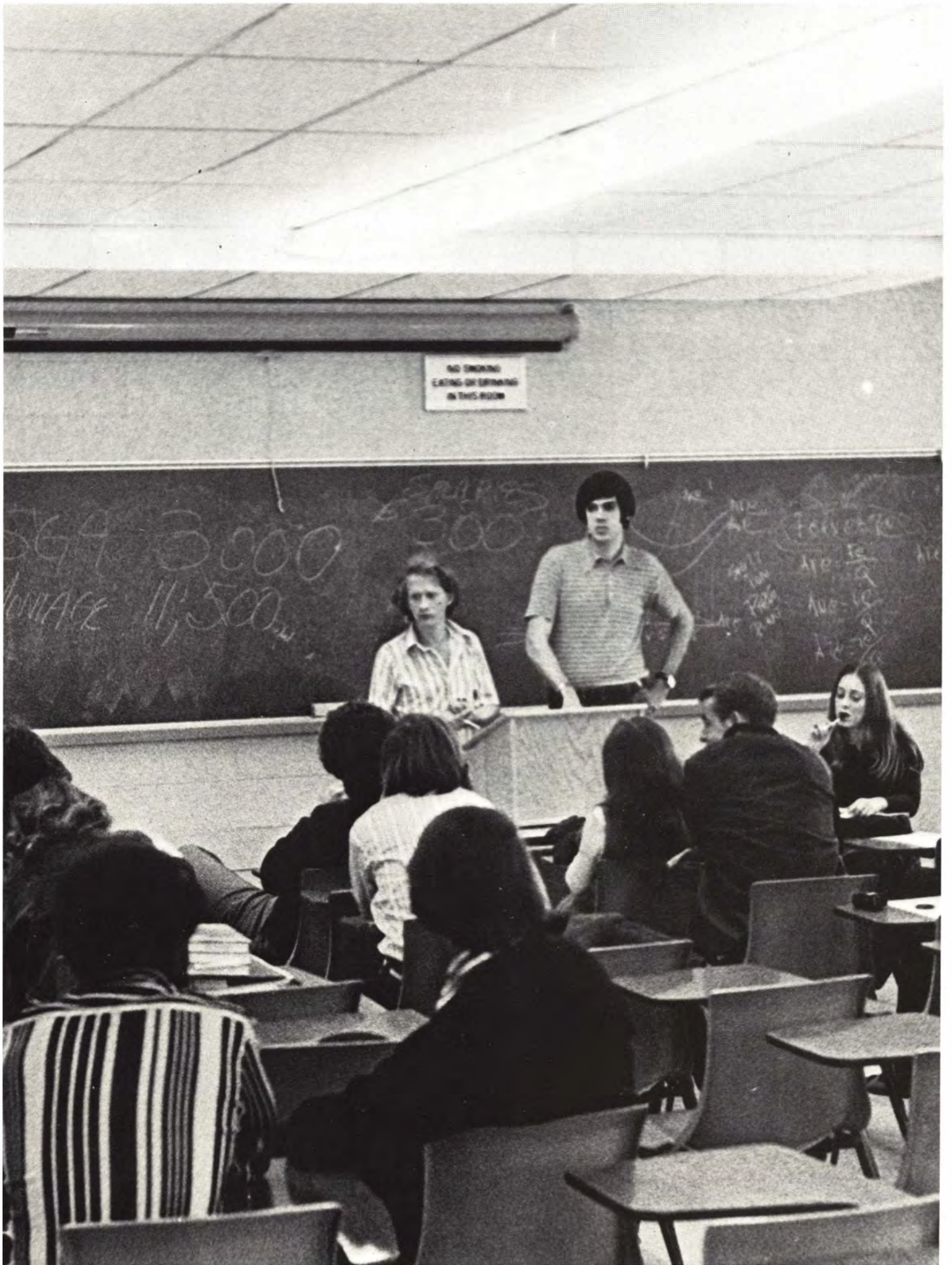
Student Government Association

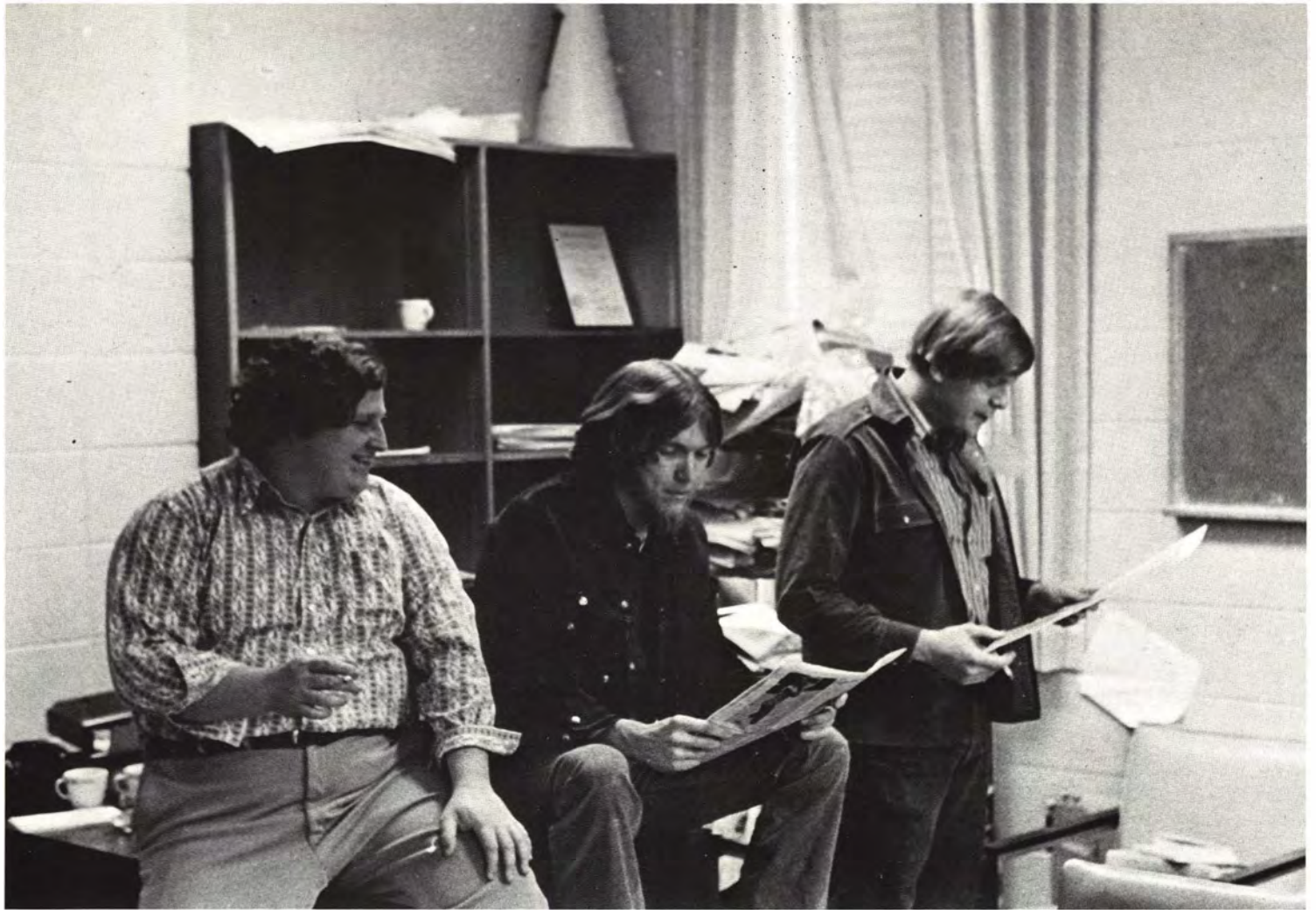
Executive officers
 left to right:
 Kathy Sherlock
 Vice president
 Allan Mealer
 President
 Lisa Hoogstraal
 Secretary
 not pictured
 Lucy Worley
 Vice president
 Summer-Fall
 Debra Greer
 Treasurer
 Summer-Fall
 Kontiki McCravy
 Treasurer
 Winter-Spring
 Grady O'Bier
 Parliamentarian
 Summer-Fall



Senators
 left to right:
 Richard Humes
 Kerry Dorman
 Skip Sartain
 Connie Guy
 Stanley Redd
 Herb Hendrix
 not pictured
 Geoffrey Baker
 Laird Ransom
 Barry Banks
 Debbie Frank
 Linda Dowdy
 Chip Russell
 Larry Wilburn
 Advisor
 Ira Guy



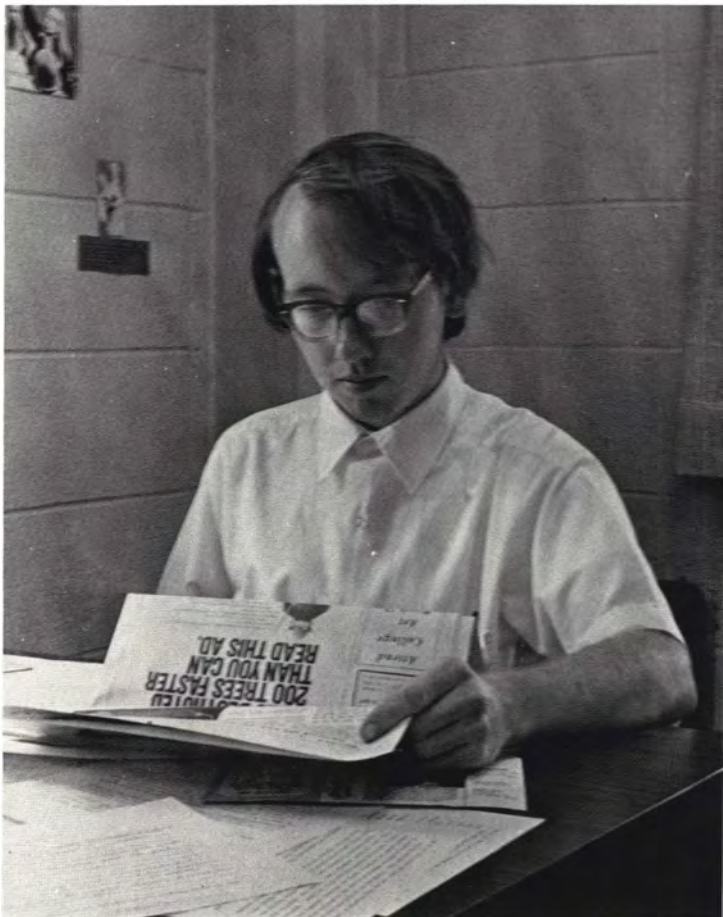
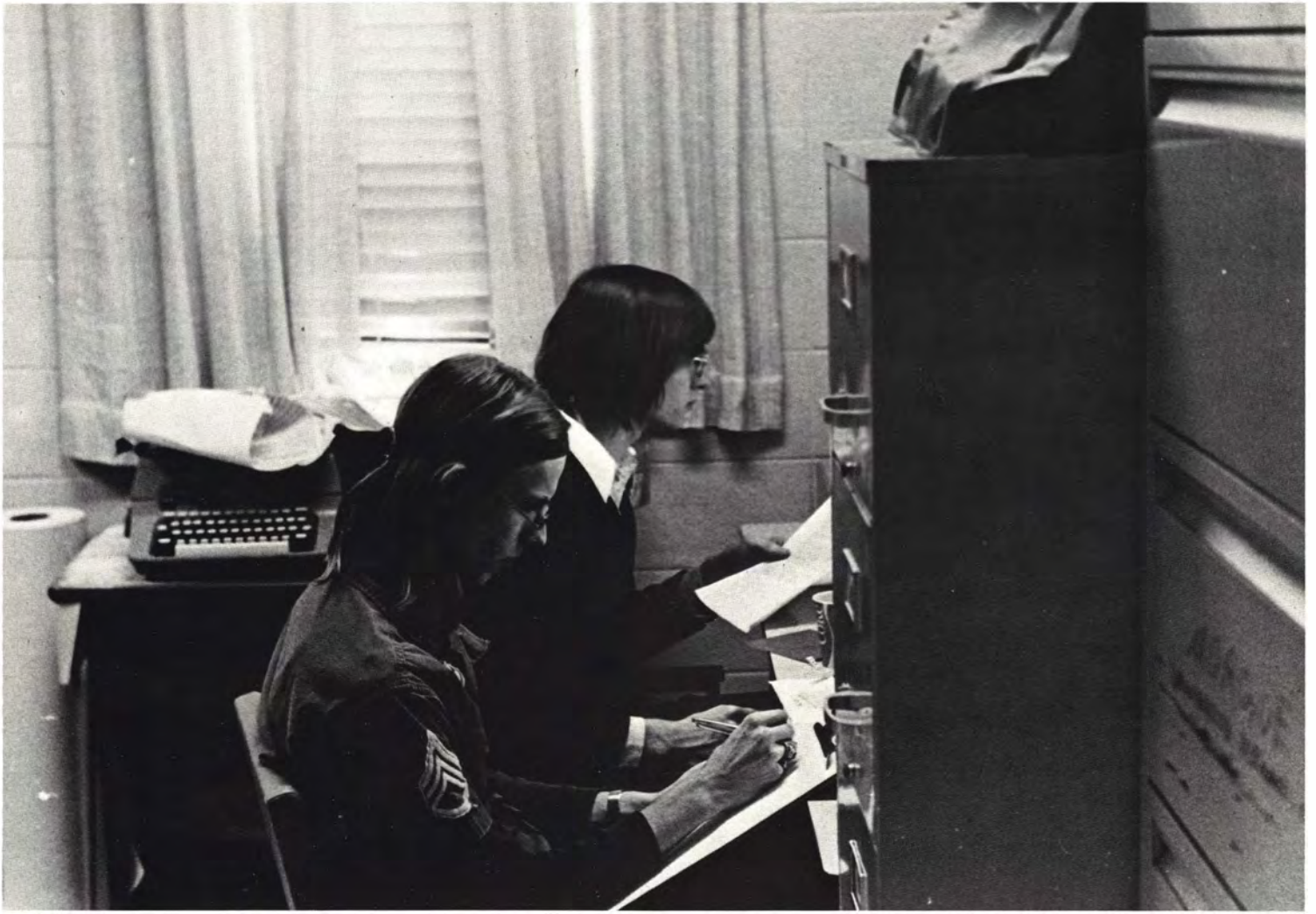


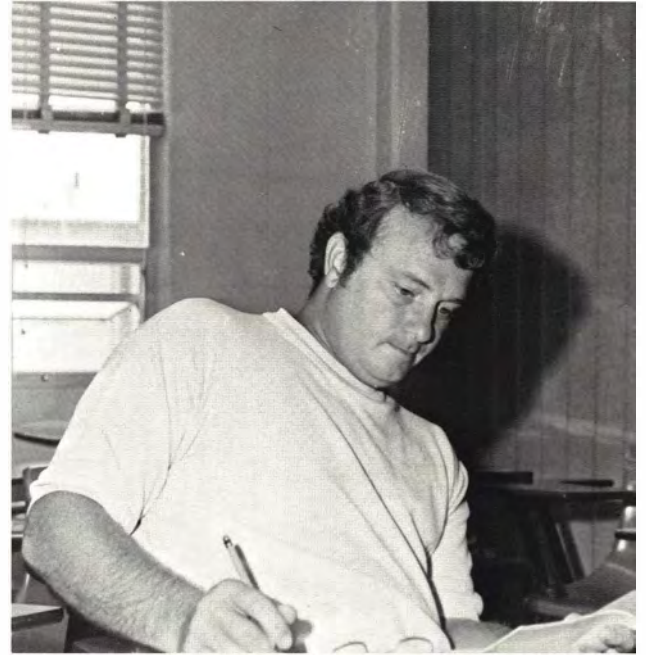


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Summer-Fall
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Summer-Fall
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Advisor
Summer-Fall

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Jeannie Trippe
associate editor
Bill Wheeler
Alfred Cabey
Chuck Nixon
photographers

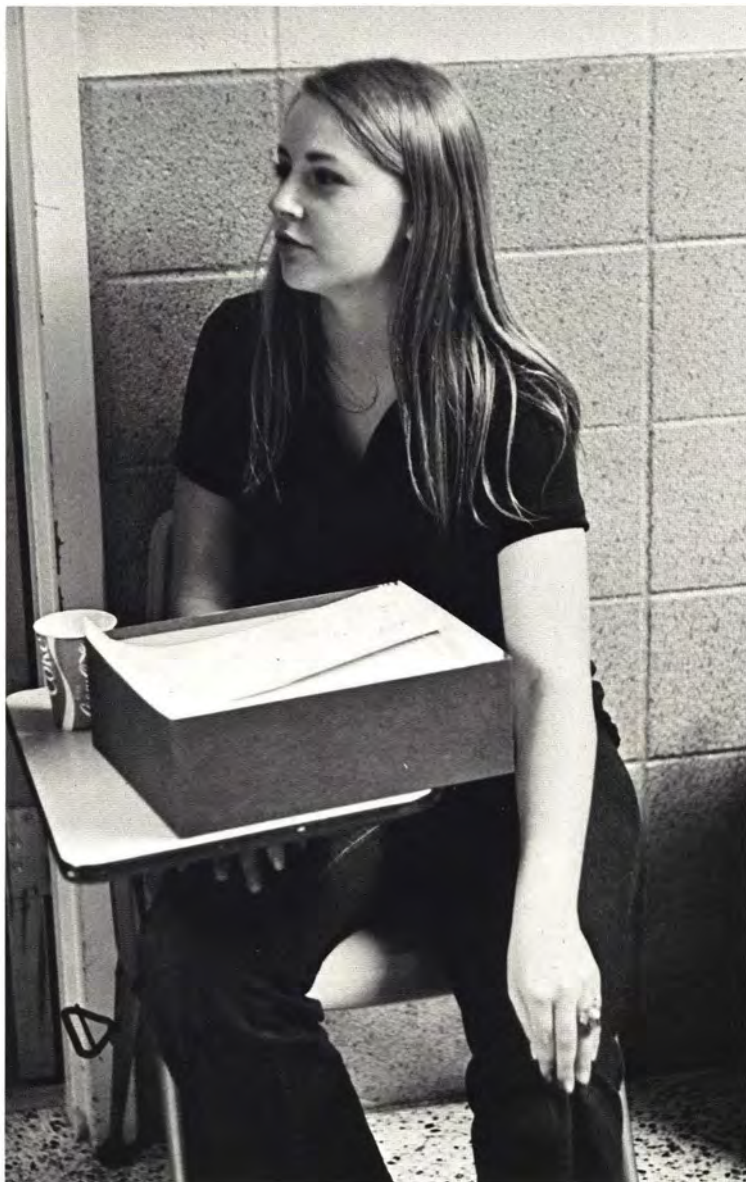
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Chuck Nixon
photographer

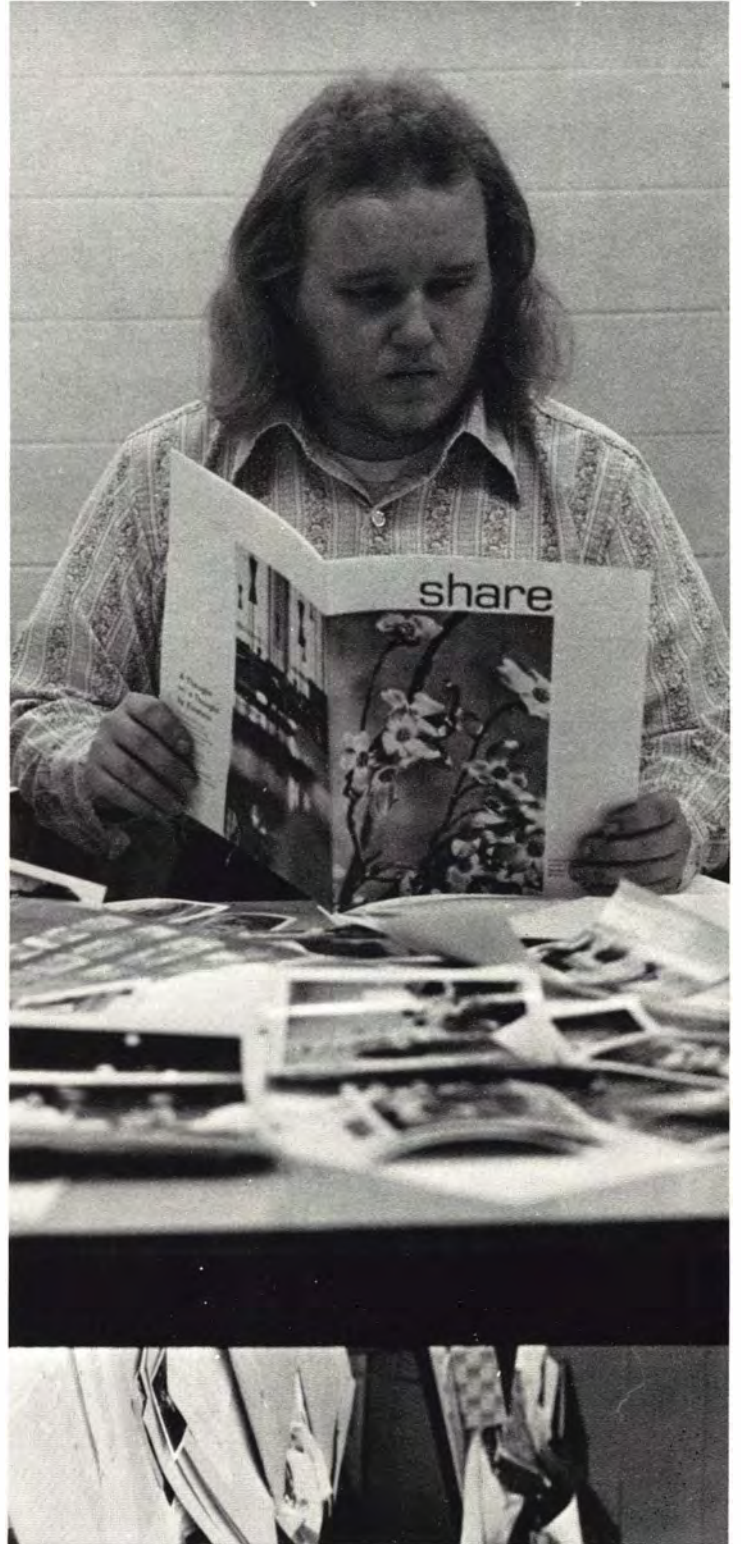
Advisor
Bobby Olive



Jeanine replaced the pictures
as fast I could - I will
call Cynthia and go home
and kill myself - I am also going
to pick up the rest of the
today - as well as finish
some. Lets complete those pages
table tomorrow!

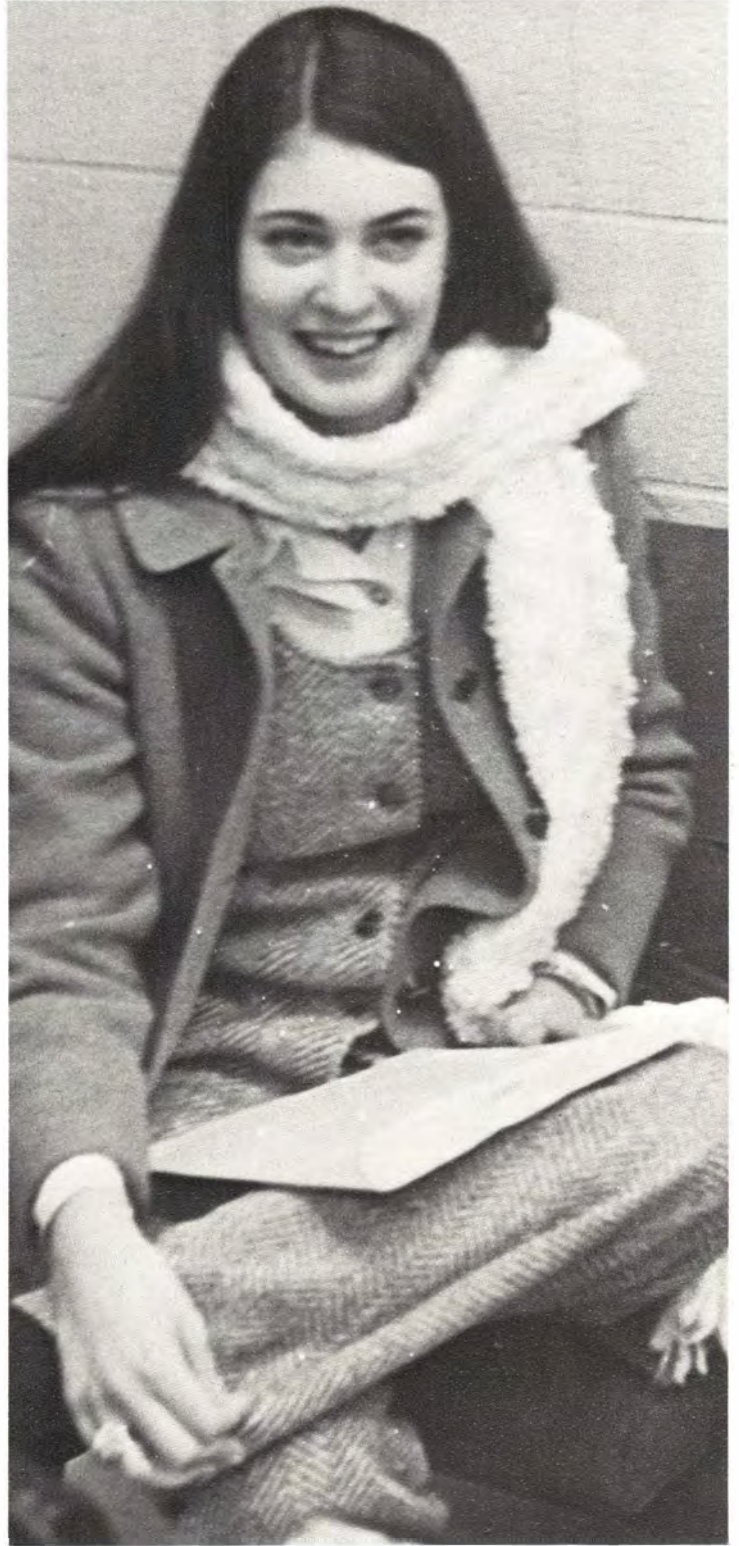
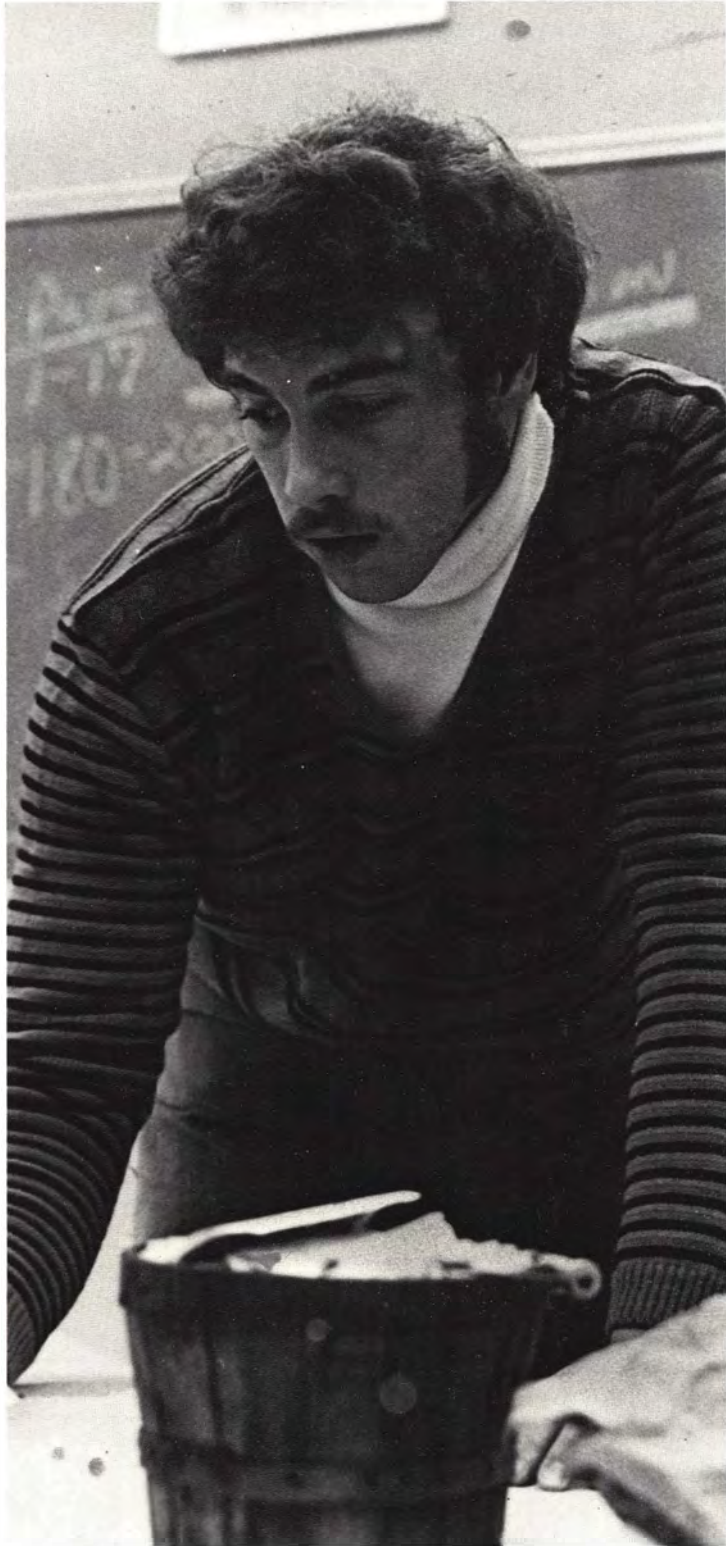
BILL





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Advisor

Share





Veteran's Club

Drama Club

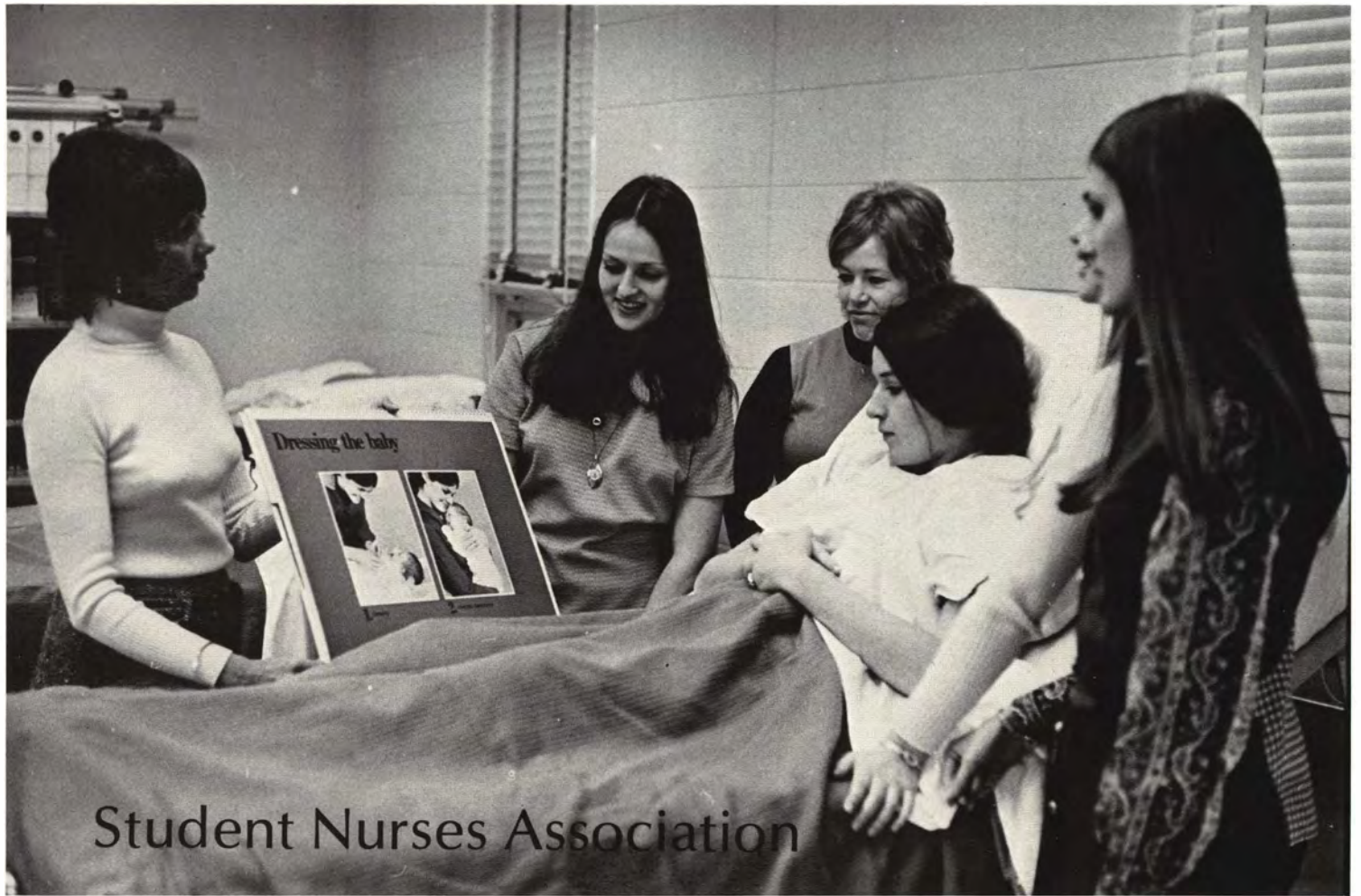




Music Club



Photography Club





P.E. and Recreation Majors Club



Canoeing Club



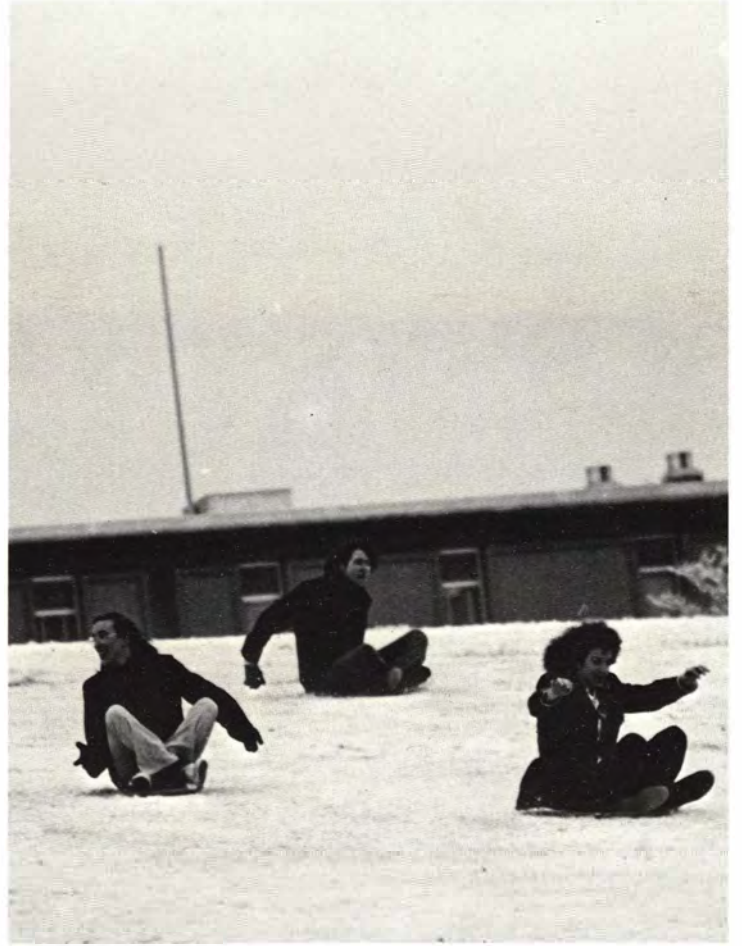
God's Forever Family



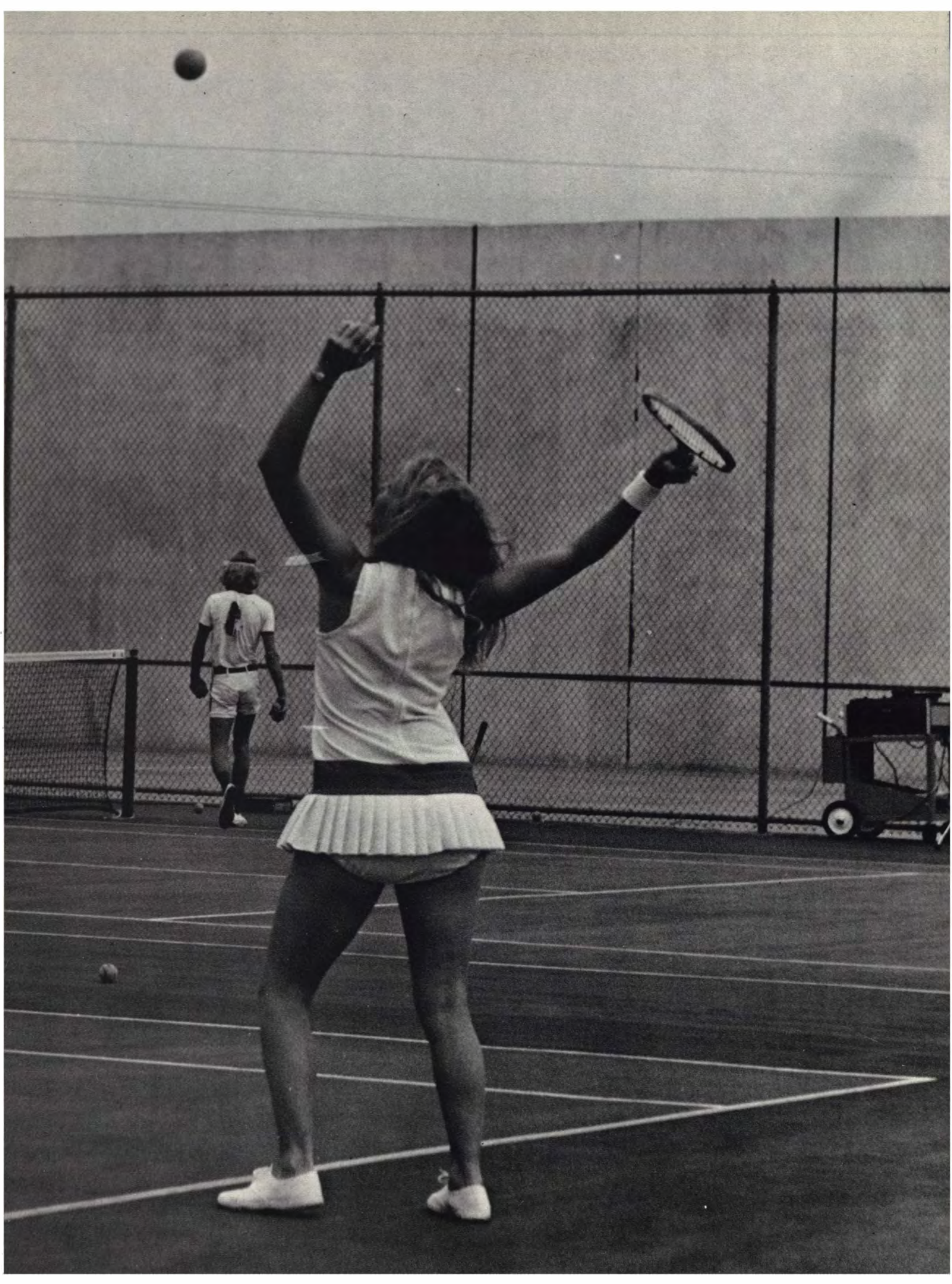
Writer's Club



Chess Club







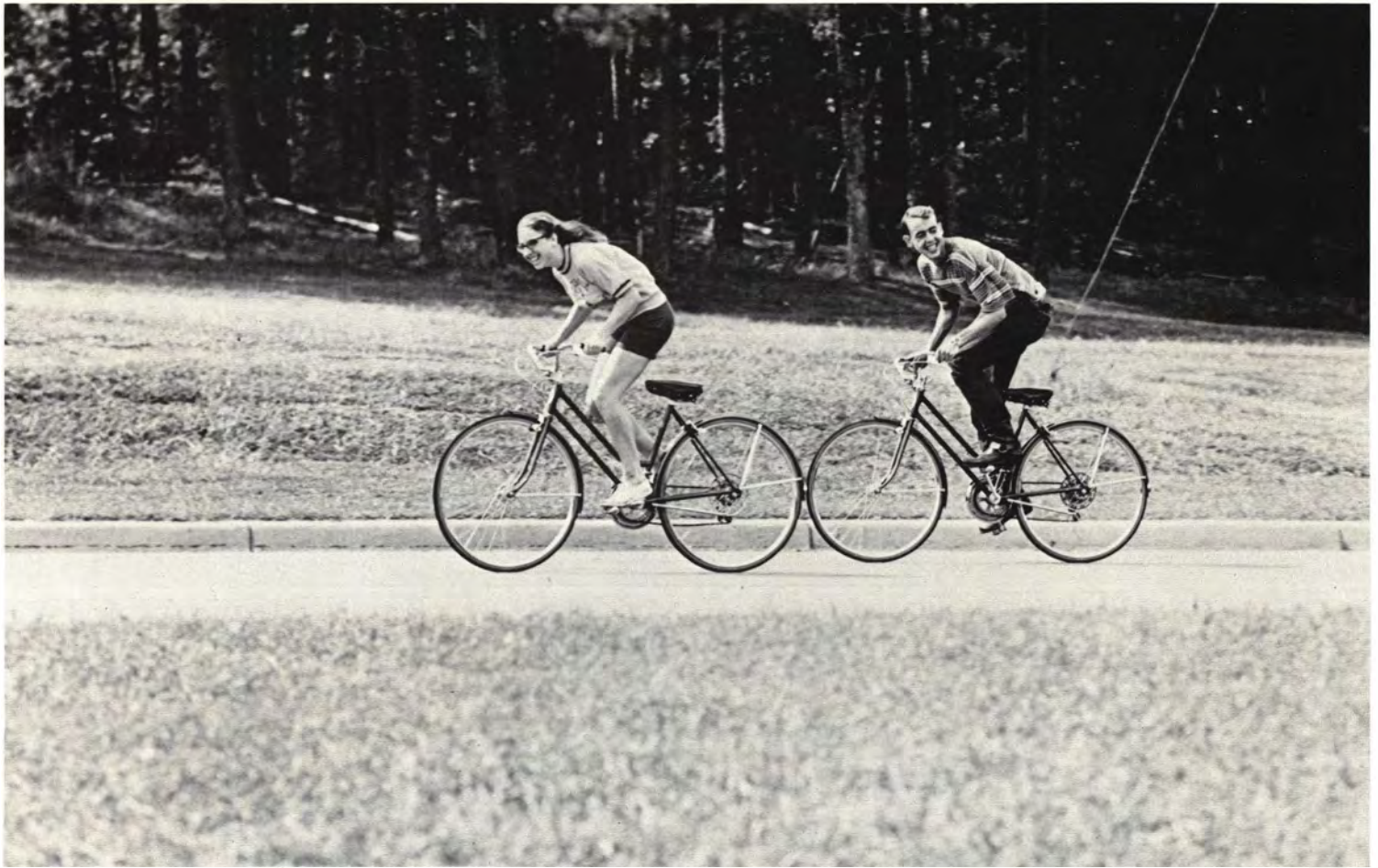


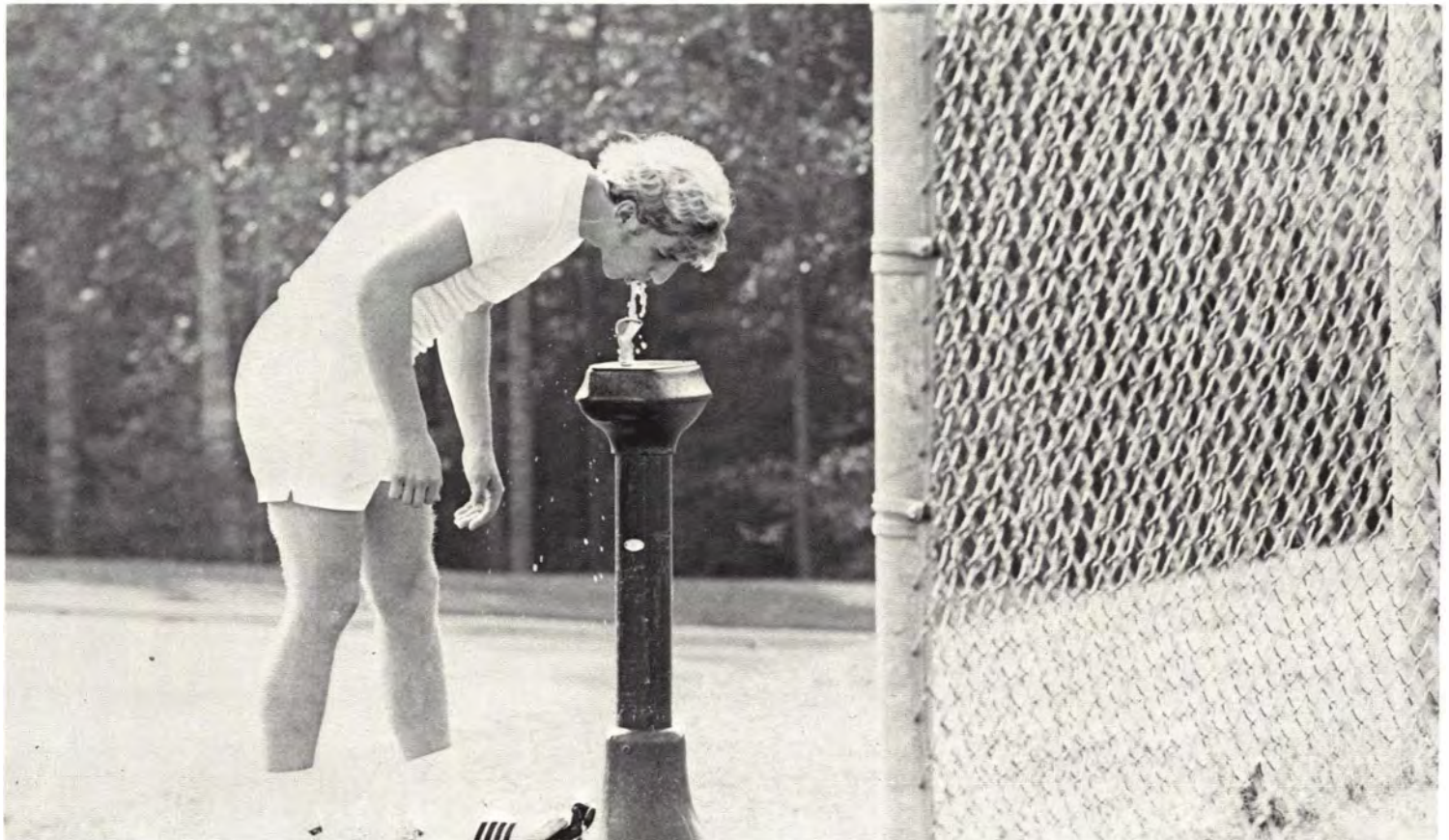
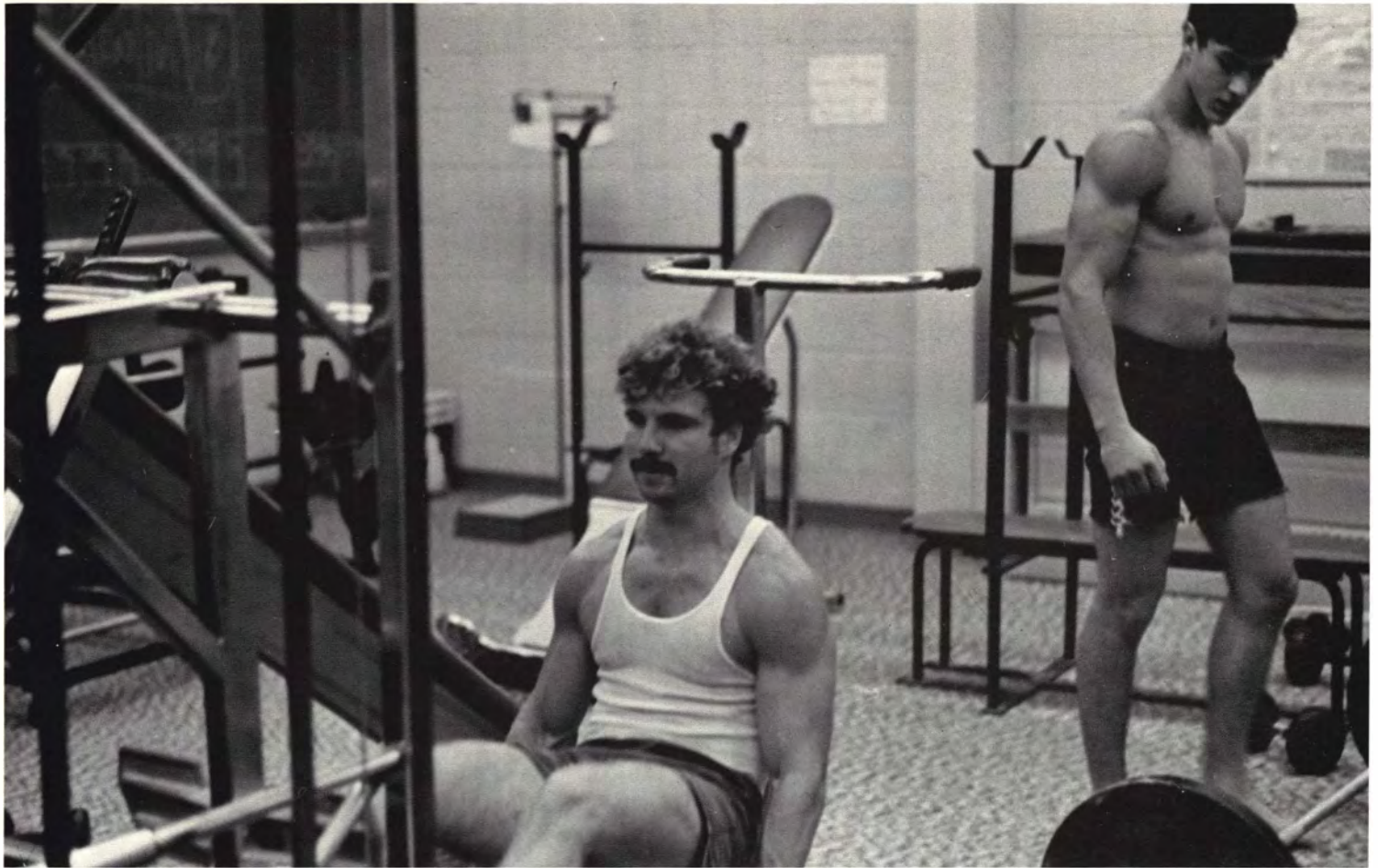








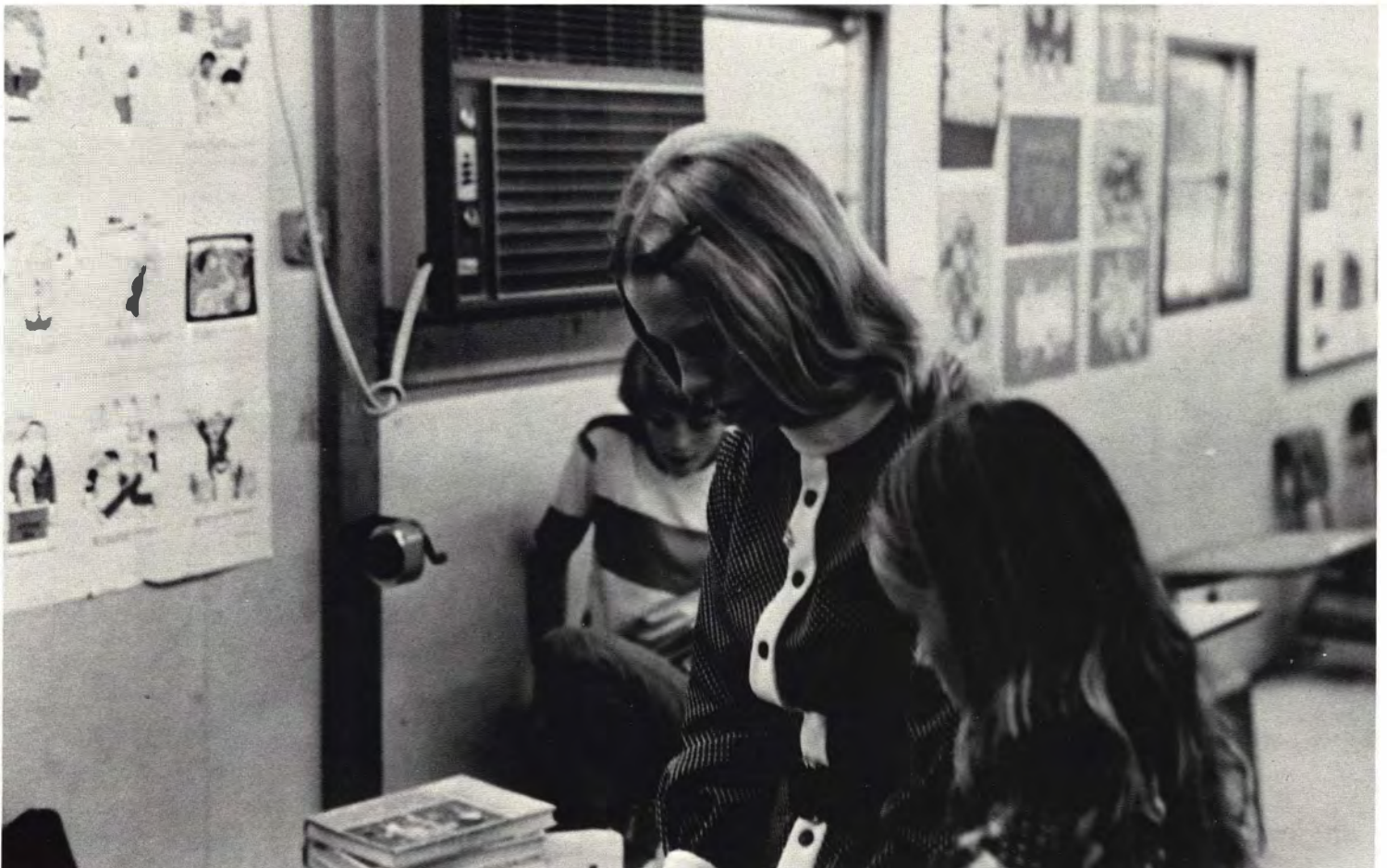


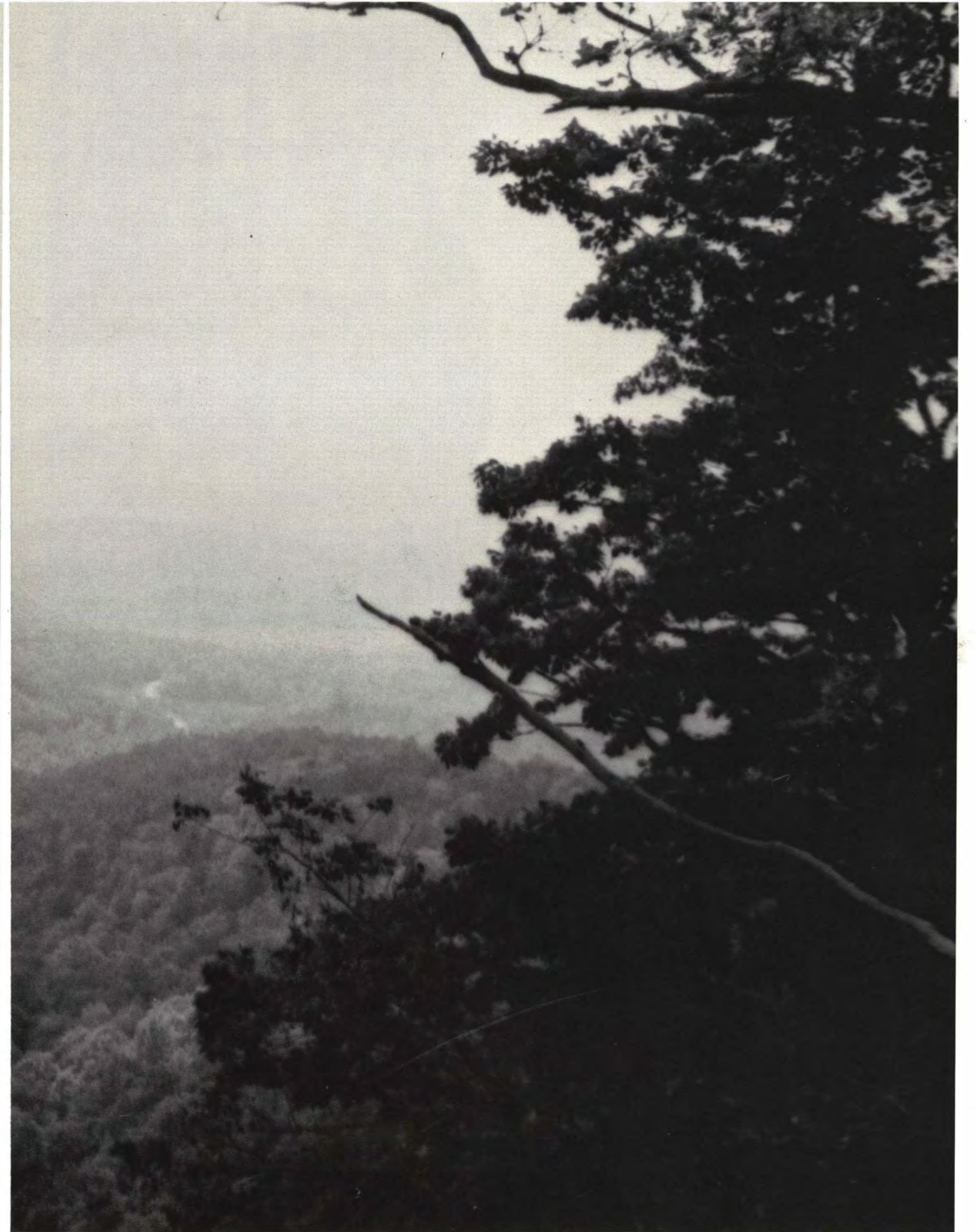
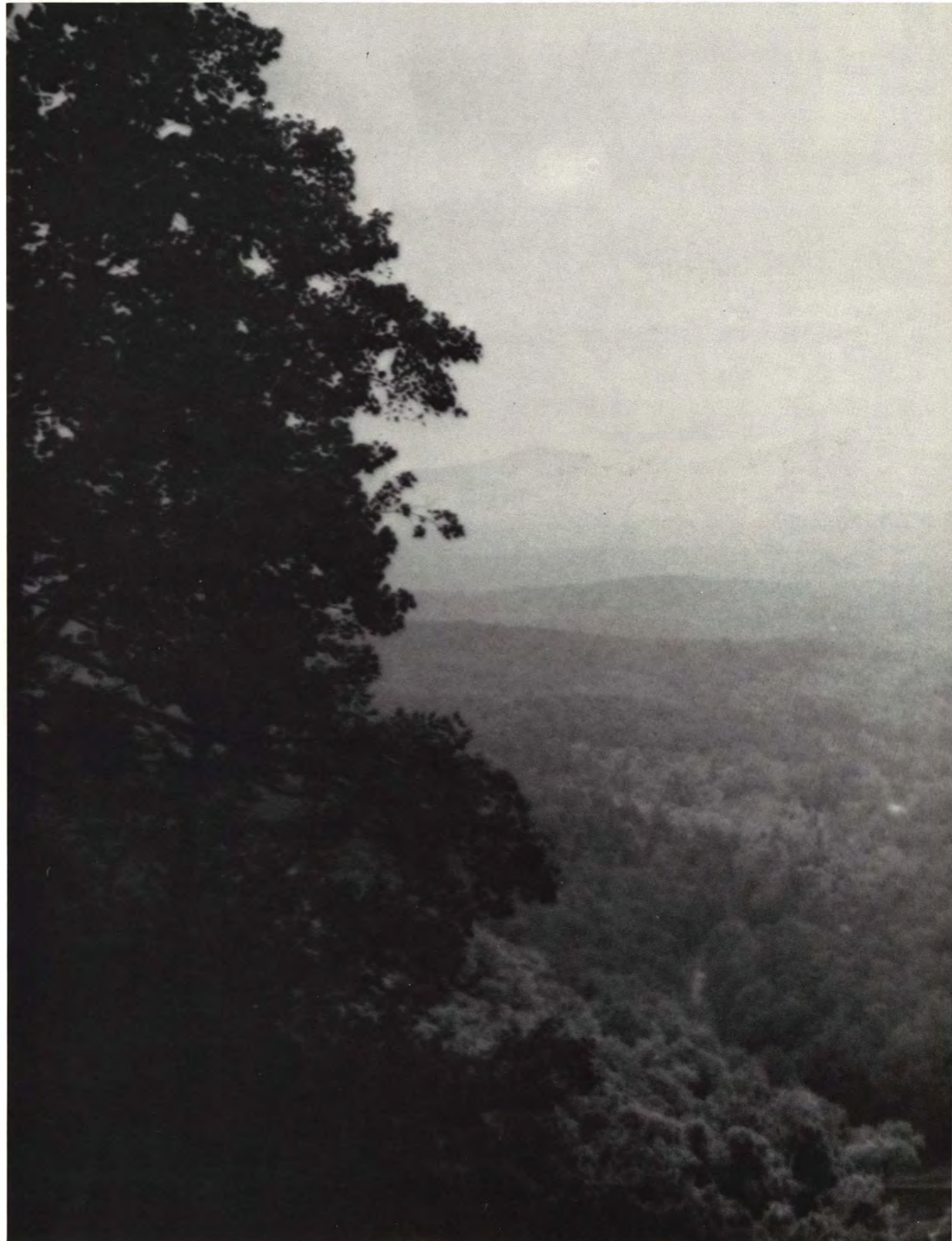




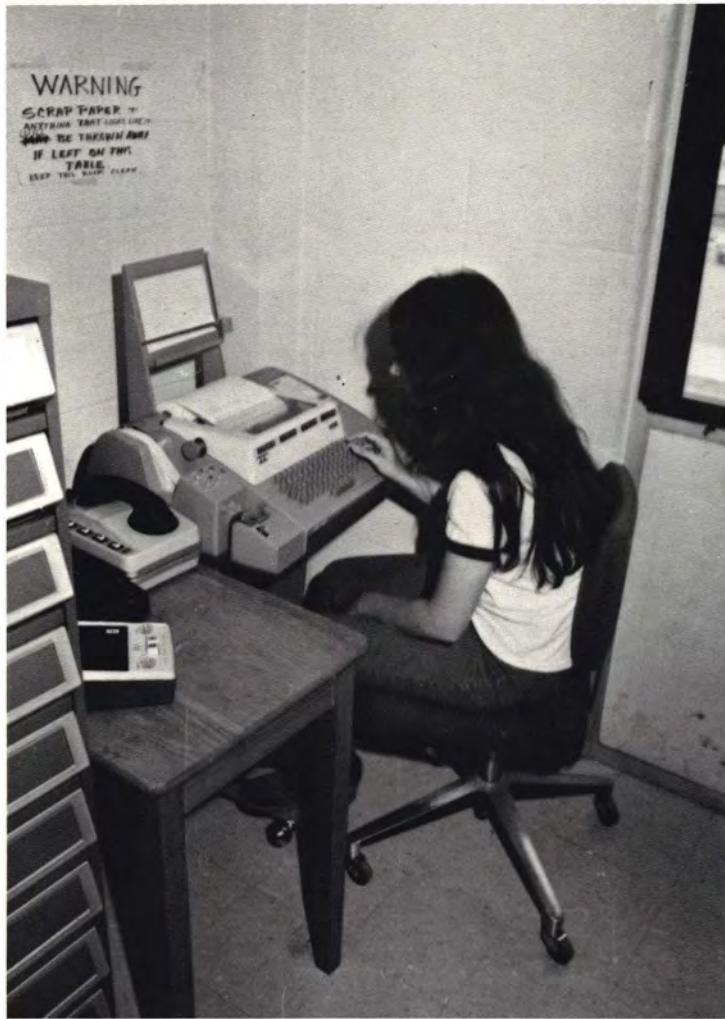




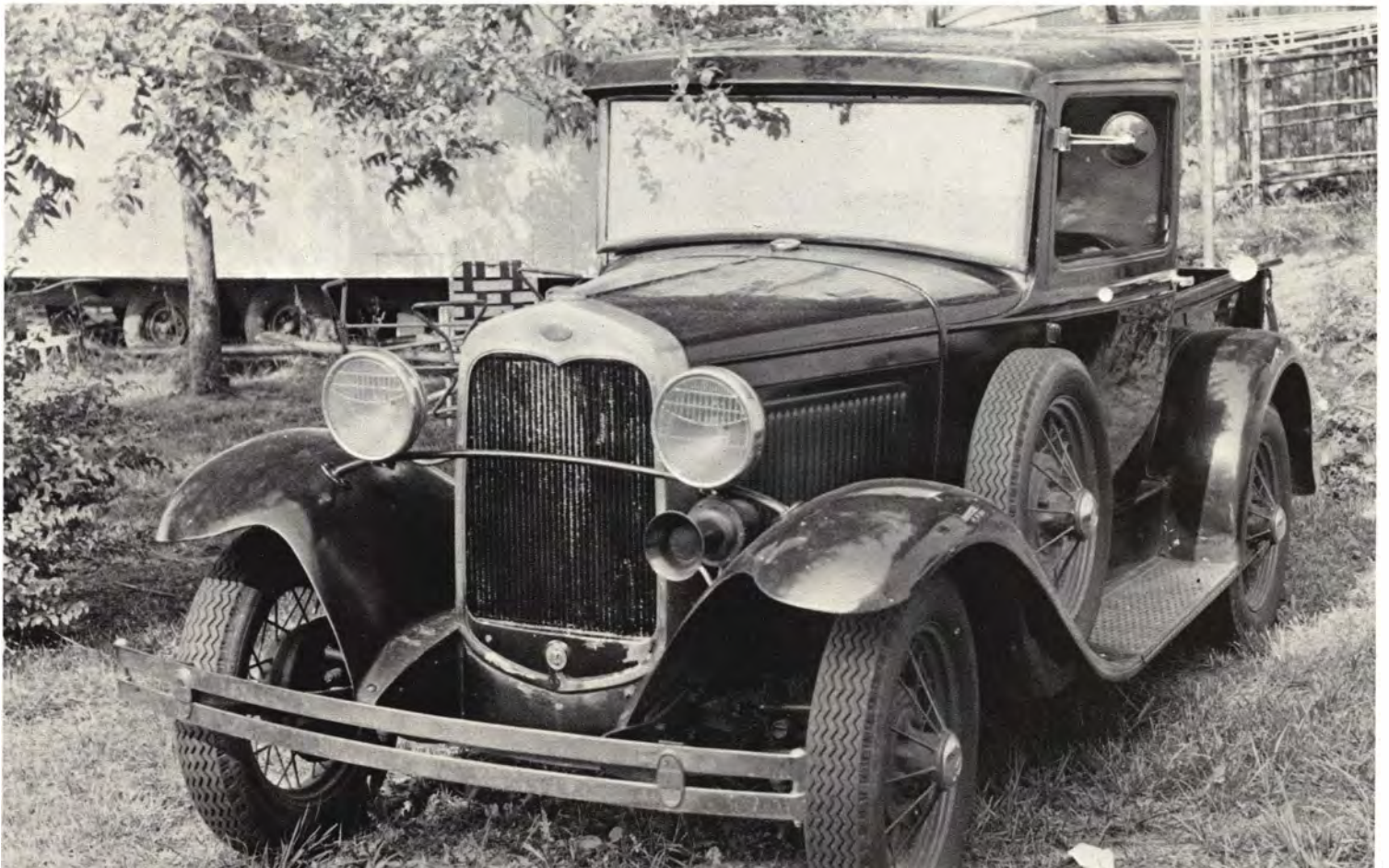










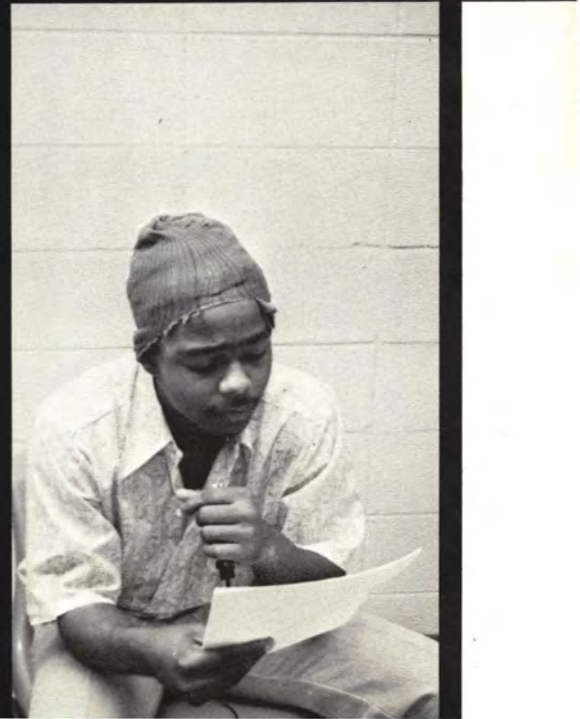
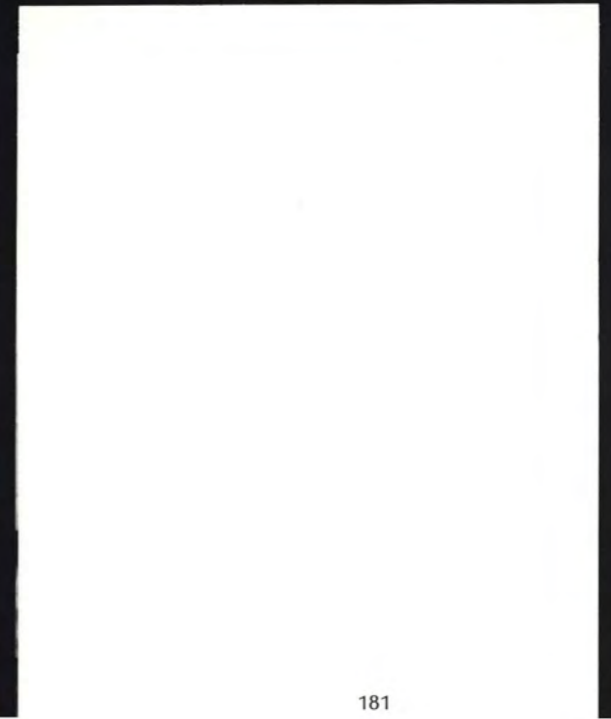
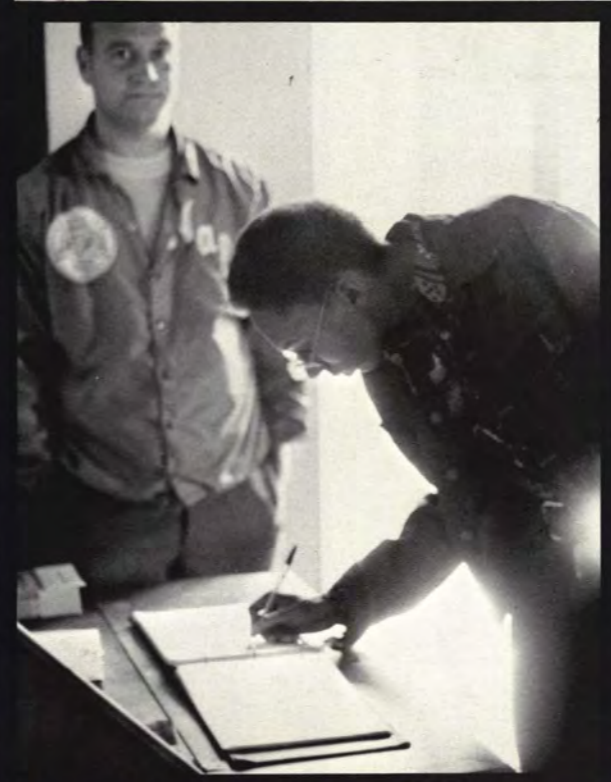


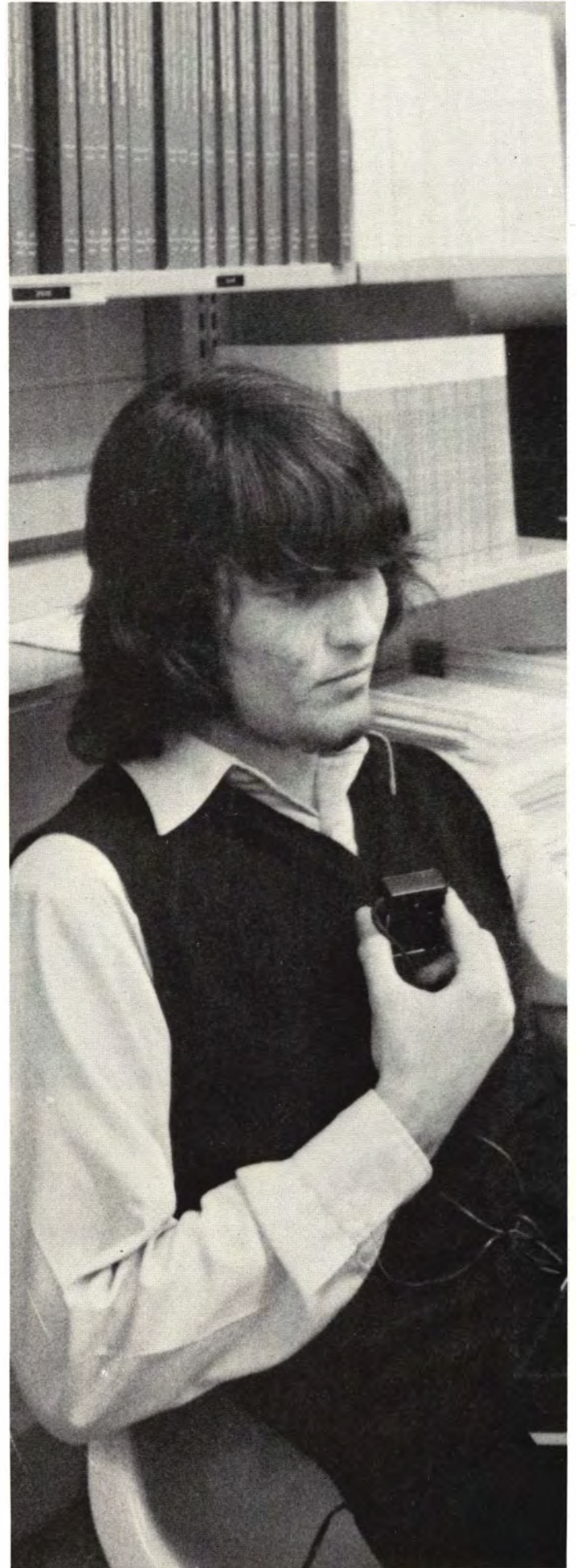


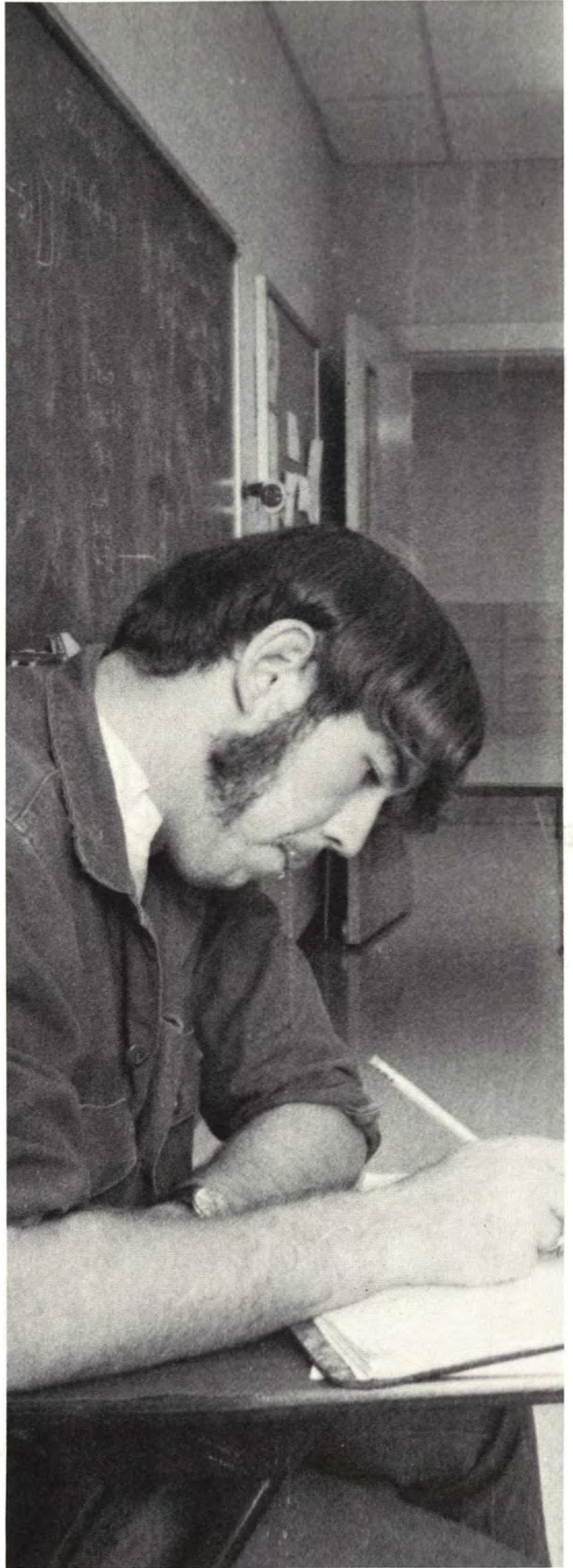


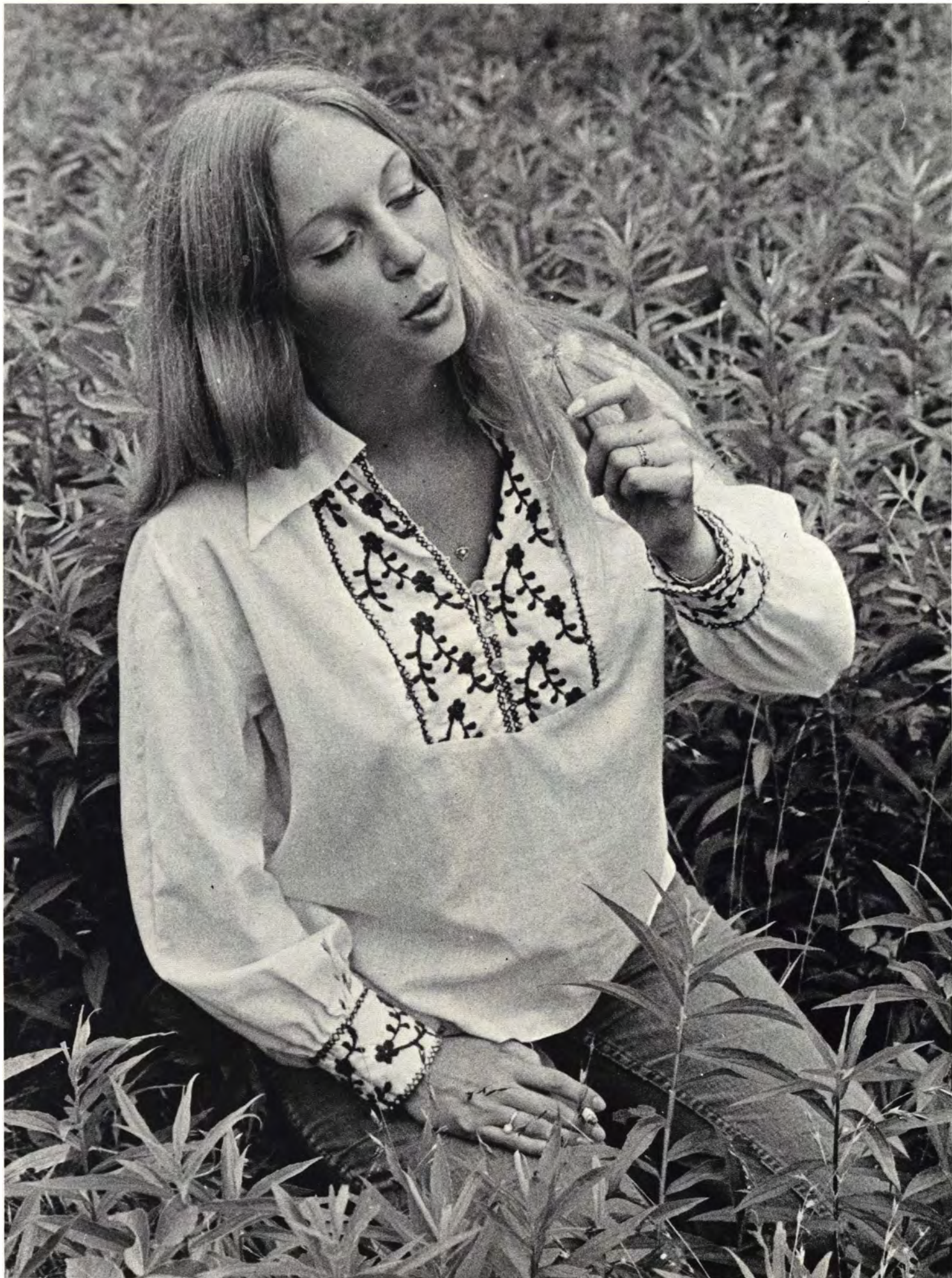


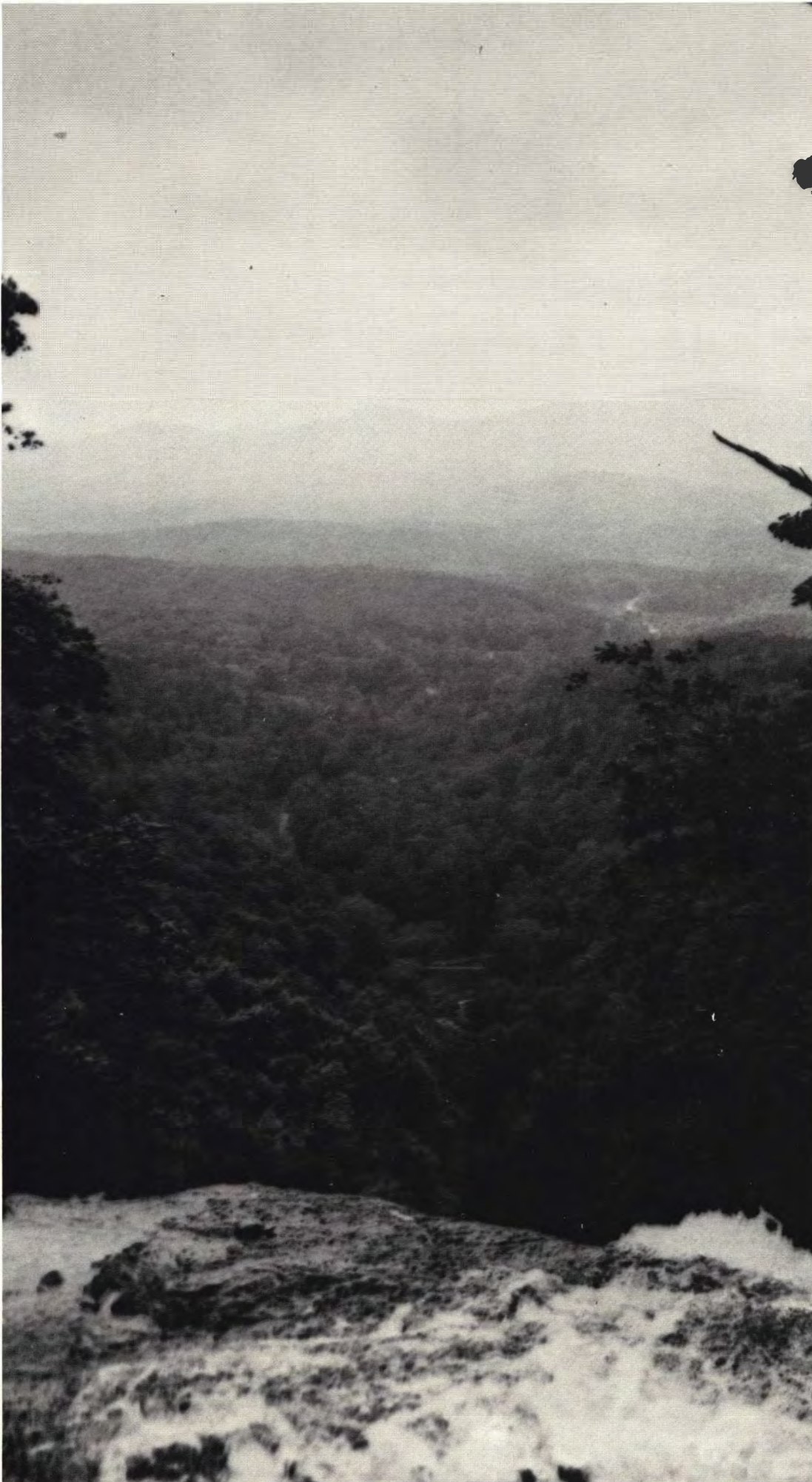






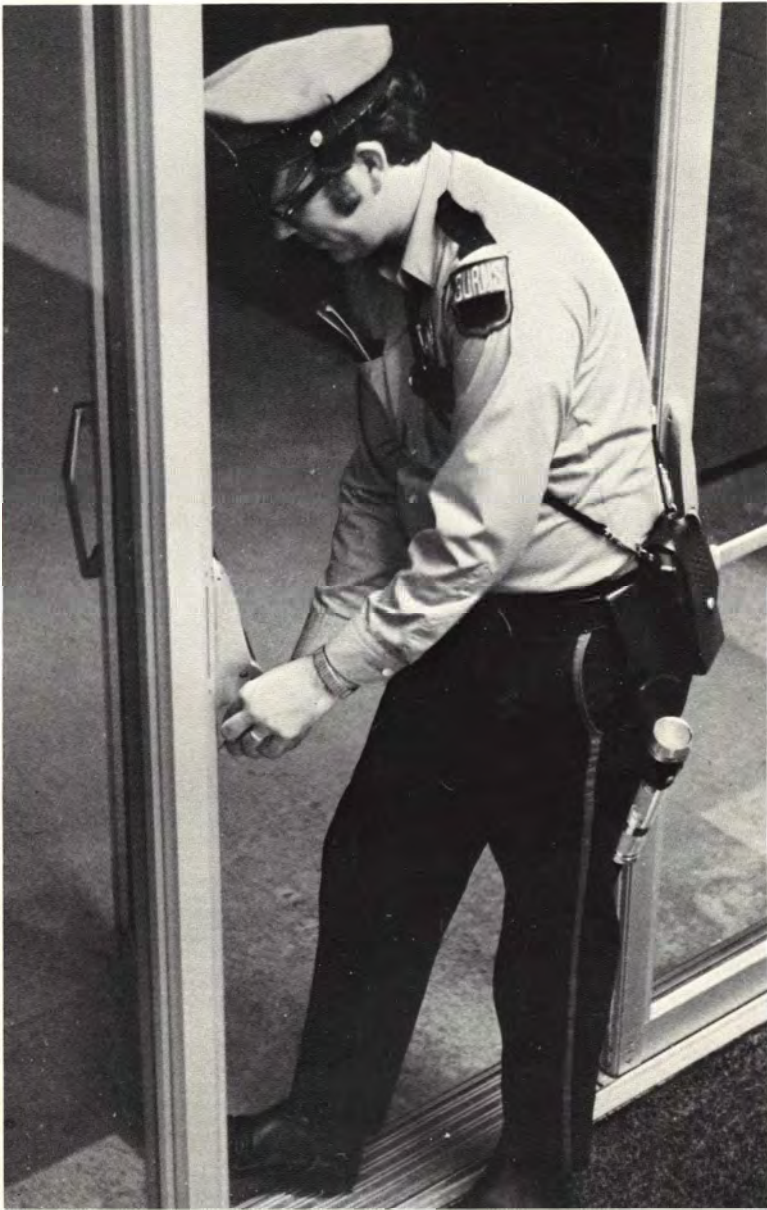




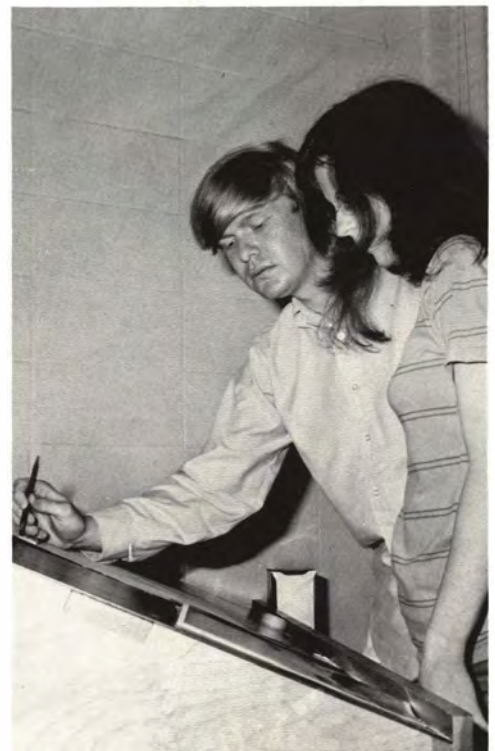
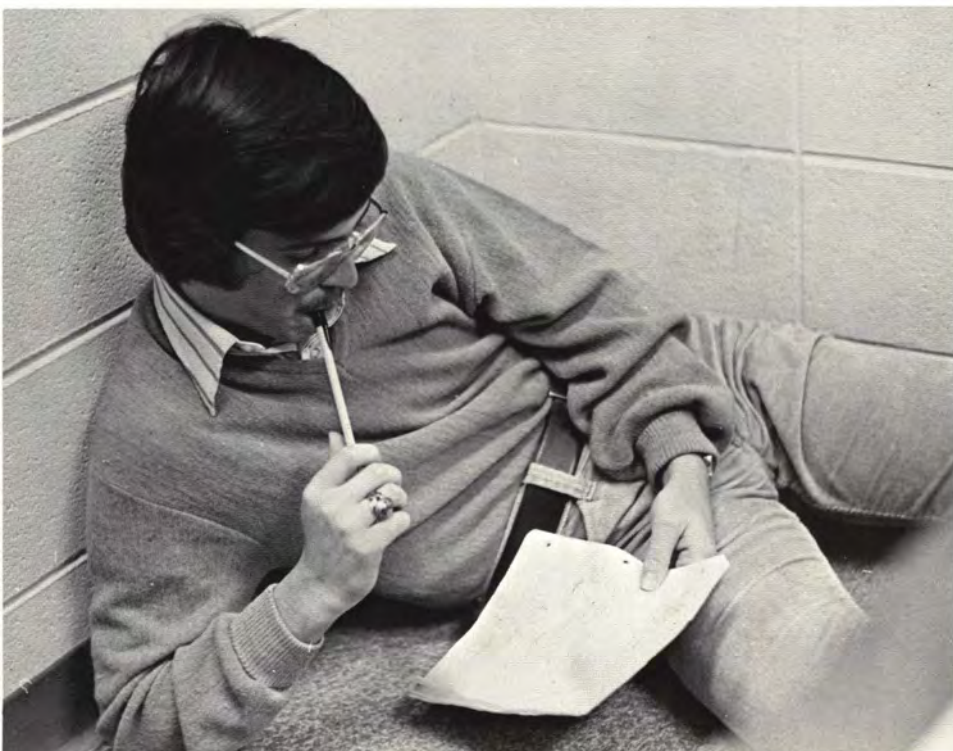


The
blending
of
the
separate
into
the
whole
includes
the
blending
of
the
phases
of
our
lives
into
a
whole





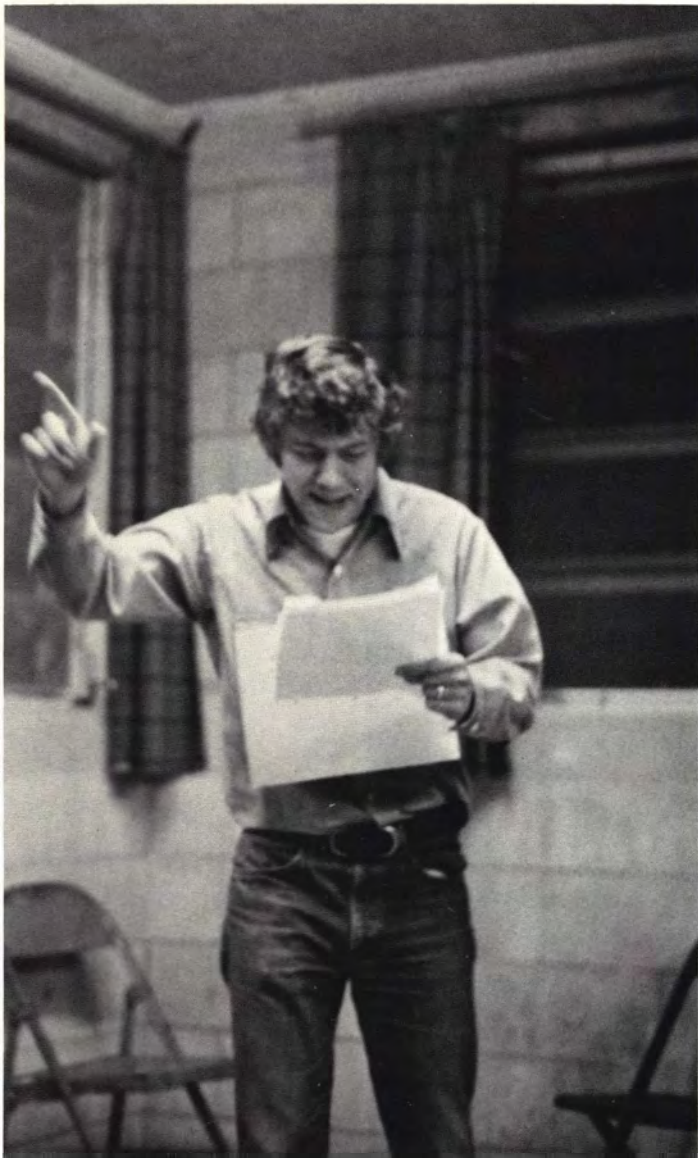
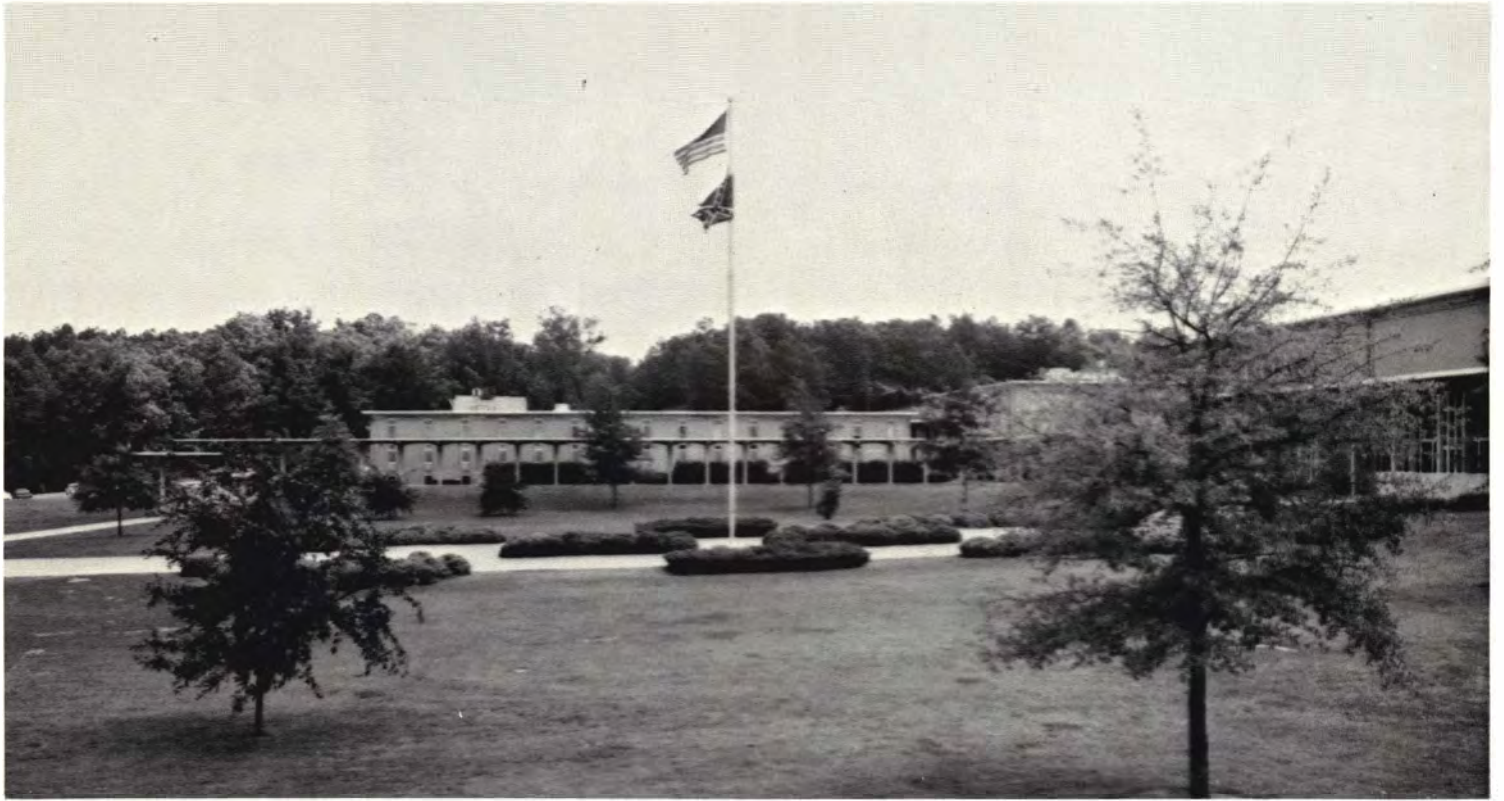
This
time,
unique
to
ourselves,
is
but
a
part
of
us.

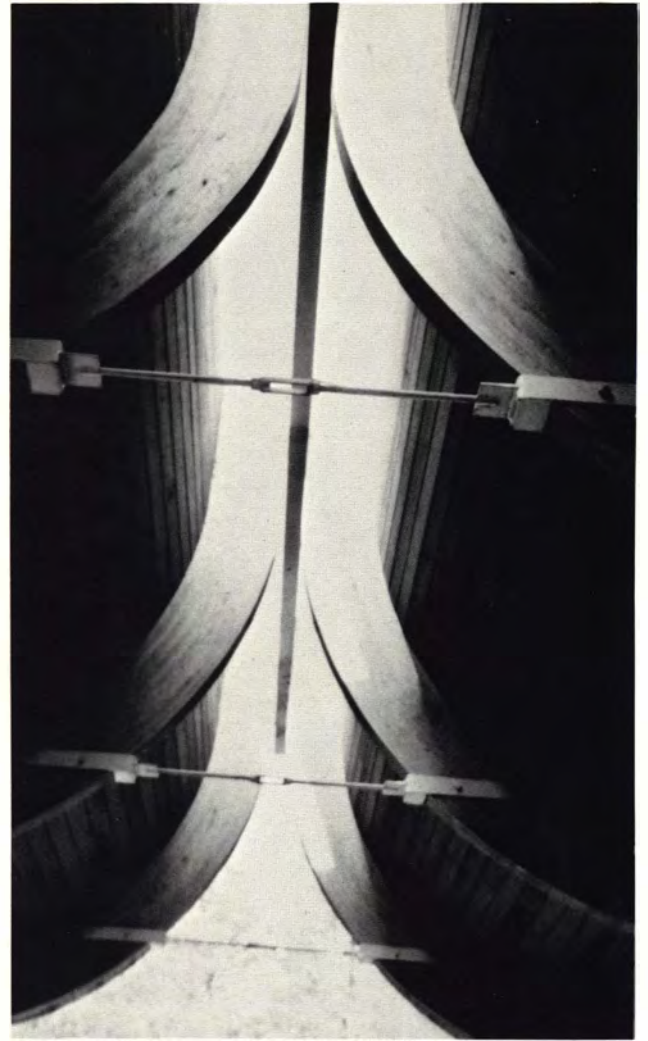






We
have
found
a
portion
of
humanity
here;
we
have
dealt
with
it—
effectively
or
not.
We
have
found
a
new
strength
in
the
acceptance
of
our
limitations.





The limitations of
man are evident
everywhere, but
the beauty he
creates is uniquely
his own.













The search for beauty and knowledge is universal. The time spent here is not the end of our search. We leave now, but it is to fit the slice of our life composed of the memories of K.J.C. into the larger whole.

