The Kent State experience. How does it feel to be just one out of 19,615? Some days you get out of bed and you’re so generic that you don’t even notice yourself in the mirror. Other days you screw up your individuality and think that maybe you could make something of yourself after all; you lock your fellow generics in the eye until they have to smile back. It all depends on your point of view. And to some extent, point of view depends on who you’re with; things often always look better to two pairs of eyes. On Homecoming Friday, togetherness mediated the dubious honor of following a horse-drawn carriage around campus for Chris Conidi, a senior majoring in accounting, and Kim Bachus, a junior in art education (previous page). Less gainfully, if more pleasantly employed in the Student Center plaza were Phyllis Carter, a senior fashion design major, and Artemus Flagg, a doctoral candidate in personal services (below). And in the absence of friends and lovers, environment can go a long way toward strengthening enforced solitude (opposite).
Some environments have a special significance all their own; there, the premium on individuality is discounted in favor of the cause. At Kent State, that "cause" is May 4. And for many students, including Debbie Silverman (opposite) and Rick Stoops (above) — as well as the faculty, alumni, and visitors — joining the crowd for twenty-four hours is a small sacrifice to the memory of four whose individuality was permanently destroyed.
The crowd action at sporting events is far less solemn. If, in your opinion, a winning tradition is all-important, you’re probably at the wrong school (unless you wrestle or play field hockey). Kent State is a dangerous place for a demand for attitude. On the other hand, if you can savor the thrill of victory in small doses and enjoy a good team effort (opposite), or if you believe, with sophomore nursing major Sandra Nathan and junior graphic design major Todd M Меhlke (above), that the agony of defeat is a perfectly good excuse for a party, the Flashes may be your team(s).
When you exercise your freedom of choice and put people and places together, you take a step back out of the crowd. There are twenty-four hours in the day for every Kent State student, and at least 19,615 ways that those hours can be spent. For example, while most of their fellow students are still in bed, ROTC members suit up to walk the rocks at Wippa Ledges in Hinckley (previous page). At the West Branch Reservoir, KSU students enrolled in a backpacking class also voluntarily forsake their beds to commune with nature (opposite). But by far the most popular way to kill a few hours is simply to stop the clock wherever two or more happen to gather to declaim (below).
Bob Scrine

No matter what else they do during the day — or night — most Kent State students make a pass through the plaza. The library is the most obvious attraction (opposite), although the Student Center snack bar is almost as popular for studying and the proximity of the Rathskellar is a hazard to both places. The plaza itself is a good draw on nice days or during special events, like the first annual Black Squirrel Festival, which featured a performance by mime Cassie Rogers, a freshman majoring in telecommunications (above).
In the long run (whether it's four years long or worse), the best way to get away from the crowd is to carve yourself a niche and hang on to your life. Niches can be physical, as concrete as Merrill Hall (above) or as claustrophobic as your dorm room. They can also be personal. Good friends, like Dave Sexton, a graduate student in rehabilitation counseling, and Constance Craig, a sociology graduate (opposite), are an almost guaranteed escape from the crowd. They usually don't even know your student number, so how can they treat you like it? And once you can stand back a little and laugh at its mistakes, Kent State isn't such a bad experience. Some students are even willing to give the old University something in return for all its time and trouble, like the Recreation Club's Homecoming makeover (next page). After all, you probably won't be here forever, and in a year or two, you might even miss those 19,614 others who were your fellow students in 1982-83.
Yearbook titles are almost always odd, almost never arbitrary. Realistically, how many names could Kent State’s annual have? The *Suitcase*? The *Radical*? Heaven forbid, the *Black Squirrel*? It’s a good joke, but this is serious business . . . really. The squirrels may be Kent State, but in forty years, the grandchildren won’t believe it.

Tell them this: in 1914, when the first *Chestnut Burr* was published, front campus was covered with chestnut trees. A blight in the 1920s destroyed most of those trees, but not the tradition that is preserved in the title of the annual. Today, chestnut burrs are basically squirrel bait; they look like buckeyes to a generation raised on the glory that was Ohio State. But the *Chestnut Burr* never forgets . . . once upon a time those spiny little seeds were enough of a hazard to have a yearbook named after them.
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You come to school at seventeen or eighteen — too young to really say where you're coming from. For a while, you go home every weekend. Your friends are there... so is most of your identity. But after a year or so, your perspective begins to shift.

The record club sends your selection of the month to Kent. The Portage County Red Cross gets the blood you so generously decide to give. You get your news from the Record-Courrier and your muzak from WKDD. And the City gets a cut of your part-time salary. For better or worse, where you're from is Kent.

You go to the University. You hang out downtown (on the weeknights by your junior year). You date someone you never would've met outside Kent. You memorize the bus schedule so you can get your food at Value-King and your Christmas presents at Stow-Kent. When you walk down the street, your friends stop traffic to yell at you from their cars... nobody did that where you used to live.

So much of you is invested here that you can't remember living anywhere else. Parents become the people you visit at Thanksgiving. You consider taking a summer class, renting a place with your friends (you've stopped cringing at their odd Cleveland accents). You really can't imagine moving on.
The best place to begin the big off-campus move is the top of the University Inn where, in the comfort of a tall cold daiquiri, you can survey the neighborhoods (opposite top). Your house, once you've found it, presupposes a number of fringe benefits. Students Ted Wood and June Slease take a stroll down their very own street (opposite bottom), and on Summit, the KSU cheerleaders use a convenient yard for the construction of their Homecoming float (above).
Four rooms (no view) . . . what do you do with them? Plants are always a convenient remedy to lack of diningroom furniture (this page, top), and at Value-King, NEUCOM students Mitch Platin (left) and Anshu Guleria (right) stock up on a little something for their kitchen (above). A bathroom for one, like Michelle King’s on South Depeyster, is a relief after a couple years of queuing up for a dorm shower (opposite top). But for real down-home atmosphere, nothing can beat a livingroom that’s complete with fireplace and state of the art electronics, like the one enjoyed by Jeanette Plunkett in her house off Summit Street (opposite bottom).
But of course you do move on. Kent natives are few and far between, and in the end you aren’t one of them. You head east or west, and nothing of Kent goes with you but your diploma and maybe a Moosehead jersey and the subtle temptation to compare. Nobody makes chili like Gerty. Anything beats February in the heart of the heartland. You were from Kent for four years anyway — or five, or six — and somewhere in the back of your brain it’s stuck... a microcosmic frozen little point of reference that melts down onto every other place you settle.

Barb Gerwin
At its best, porch life is a delicate hybrid of leisure and labor reserved for summer. Everything is easier, somehow more romantic on a porch, including studying, as Marc Collins and his cat Ivory demonstrate from their hammock on South Lincoln (above). Those lucky enough to have a flat porch roof are just that much nearer the rays (top), while under the roof on South Water, the Bettys hold a summer jam (opposite left). And at the front door, a magician polishes his act with a rather specialized brand of pet (opposite right).

Porch People

can scan the land . . . they are stroller scopers, and sunset hopers.

They hangout clothes, and grow plants to enhance porch furniture — i.e., porch swings and funky things like tree stump stools and rocks and flea-infested couches. Many porch people are animal lovers . . . they feed birds bread, pizza, and, of course, black squirrels peanut butter, and stray cats nothing and many times they have their own pets. Such as Rastig the cat or Scooter the feret — but landlords don’t like pets — they make flea-infested couches, mind you, so porch people go for nonmammals like Cleo the clam and Sidney the snake and Polly the parrot and Credence the crayfish.

But anyway, porch people cook on grills, too, and for more thrills have keg parties outside (this way the kitchen floor doesn’t warp under the spilled beer).
And porch people have
bring your own leaves and wine and cheese parties
in the fall,
shovel sidewalks in winter
and make friends with
roof people in the spring and summer
who also can scan the land;
they are stroller scopers
and sunset hopers too
(like most of us).

Tam Walrath
When you move off campus, you begin to realize that "working" means more than emptying the wastebasket and making your own bed. Unless you're lucky enough to rent a house with a washing machine, you have to hike your clothes to the laundromat, although you can always dry them on the ever-versatile front porch (this page, top). The cafeteria doesn't do your dishes anymore, but at least you have a kitchen . . . or a boyfriend's kitchen, like the one Judy McGlinchey uses at College Towers (above). Houses themselves have to be made presentable, and winterized when the cold weather threatens (opposite top). And all that wonderful furniture from Grandma's attic and the garage sale has to be cleaned or your apartment ends up smelling like a hybrid attic/garage; back at College Towers, Tammy Thomas performs the honors on her couch (opposite bottom).
When the New York Times published a book in the spring of 1982 rating many universities and colleges throughout the United States, KSU was noted for its variety of on and off-campus living accommodations. What the Times didn't say was that no matter where students live, they usually underestimate the cost of their lifestyle. The price of living off campus can be especially high, and especially unpredictable. Before prospective renters sign away their security deposits, they have a lot of budgeting to do. Here’s one way that budget broke down in the 1982-83 economy.

Because mass housing in all forms is available in Kent, a great deal of competition in prices exists. Most two-bedroom apartments within one or two miles of campus run near $290 per month. Half a house (the upstairs, for example) generally costs close to $250 while single rooms run between $95 and $150. Those who commute from family homes have it a little better. The price of gas has remained fairly consistent, but insurance continues to climb, so — depending on the car, its mileage, the driver, and the distance — transportation can be very expensive.

Those who choose to rent rather than commute must often consider utility costs, something best done in advance to prevent unexpected bites in the budget. Gas, electricity, and water costs are extremely variable and it usually pays to check you “home’s” previous billing record with the utility company rather than relying on the landlord’s estimates.
Although it can cause problems at times, living with your friends (human or animal) can be one of the best things about being off campus. Sharing the wood-chopping duty in preparation for a cookout at their house on Franklin are Charlie Cavanaugh, a sophomore in business administration, and Mark Ondracek, a senior in computer science (above). Up on South Willow, Robin Polley shares her front porch with her dog, Sunshine (opposite top), while a few blocks away on South Lincoln, senior psychology major Jack Jesberger shares a laugh with friends (opposite bottom).
As for phone service, the installation alone (including a $60 deposit and an installation charge of at least $56, depending on the type of phone) can easily cost over $100. Renting a phone can add nearly $10 to the monthly bill, so it's usually advisable to buy your own. And of course that monthly bill depends on the kind and quantity of calls made. A word of warning to those used to campus calling: in the real world, you pay a monthly service charge whether you make any long distance calls or not.

The off-campus student's best chance to economize is at the grocery store. The University's board cost is $420 per semester, but those who do their own shopping can usually eat much better on $20 a week, which only adds up to $300 by the end of the fifteen-week semester. Generic products can cut that cost another 15%. However, for those who live off but spend a lot of time on campus, the food plan isn't a bad deal when coupon books (retailing at $67) can be bought from fellow students for $35-40. The convenience is worth the cost.

Fortunately, off-campus residents have COSO (the Commuter and Off-Campus Student Organization) to help them keep all their figures straight. A combination of COSO and a big dose of common sense can make getting off the smart — as well as the popular — way to live . . . even in 1983.

Mike Staufenger
August . . . The roommates scanned the Stater looking for something to do. It was Freshman Week and they were tired of standing in lines and attending other orientation-type activities. On one page Andy found an ad.

"Hey! Fraternities are having rush parties tonight. My dad was in a fraternity and he told me about some pretty good times."

"What's a rush party?" asked the skeptical Dave. "Is there gonna be beer there?"

"I guess so . . . and I think rush is when they give you a chance to join. Maybe we'll meet some girls there."

Dave was convinced. "Sounds great to me! Let's go."

At one of the houses, Andy and Dave talked to the brothers. Andy recognized Rich, a brother who was from his hometown and high school. Dave struck up a conversation with another brother, Jeff, and Karen, a sorority girl. They both shared his interest in skiing and told him about the fun they had with the ski club.

Later, after a few more parties, the guys decided to head back to the dorm. As they walked, they discussed the houses they'd visited.

"The guys at the second house seemed all right," Dave volunteered. "Let's go back there tomorrow night."
Here's to brother Andy, brother Andy, brother Andy, brother Andy, who's with us tonight . . . Here's to brother Dave . . .

Andy and Dave ended up pledging that fraternity. They went through the two weeks of rush and were offered bids — invitations to join — by several of the houses. They chose the house where they felt most comfortable, most at home with the members who shared their interests and goals.

During their pledge period, Andy and Dave discovered more about fraternities in general as well as the specific principles of the fraternity they joined. “There’s a lot more to this than beer parties,” they decided — sometimes in approval and sometimes to their chagrin.

Of course there were parties with sororities, but there were other things too. Andy and Dave helped fight fierce intramural battles on Allerton field. They took their turns pulling a bathtub down Main Street from Stow to campus to help a sorority raise money for charity. And they squeezed more activities than they could imagine into their busy hours.

November . . . Activation! Andy and Dave became official brothers after a special ceremony that highlighted their initiation into the fraternity. They made it after three long, hard months. Dave’s grades suffered a little, but his brothers helped him through and he made a 2.4 for the semester. Andy pulled a 3.5.

Was it worth the hard work? Andy and Dave are fictional characters, but their experiences are real. Ask anyone — male or female — who’s been through the process and they’re likely to respond enthusiastically . . . hell, yes!

Jeff S. Falk
One criteria in the annual scrabble for next semester’s dorm room is a window with a view. In Johnson Hall, the rooms facing the Commons are generally preferred by residents, including Mark Stockman, a third year architecture major (this page, left). Small Group residents like rooms that case the plaza, although on a nice day that can prove very distracting to serious students like Jackie Norton in Metcalf Hall (above). Rooms facing the street are near second choices in the Group, where a view of the bus route is appreciated. Outside McSweeney, Kathy Bronkall, Sue Saviers, Carol Paré, and Beth Sidly (left to right) picnic on the street side (opposite bottom). Regardless of the orientation of the window, for many Kent State women, one definition of “view” is “a male person possessing muscles, a soccer ball (frisbee, football, etc.) and as many friends as possible” (opposite top).
The voice of experience:

Seven o’clock . . . a.m. I’m coming home from the Burr for the first time in two days. I’m a zombie — no sleep, no food but coffee. Thank God it’s almost Christmas. Only two weeks til break.

For once I have my key. After three and a half years, I usually remember that the dorm is always locked. It’s a long way to the third floor, but I’ve made it this far. The stairwell smells familiar . . . garbage and laundry soap, I think. It’s so quiet. The babies are still in bed.

At the wing door I close my eyes and prepare to sleep my way down the hall. It’s a straight shot — nothing in the way but the drinking fountain before my door at the very end. Still quiet. There’s nothing more peaceful than a dorm in the early morning.

I step through the door onto my wing. Before I take another step, something light but insidious wraps itself around my neck. Something flat attaches itself to my face. A dozen little missiles fall about my shoulders. My well-deserved rest has come to an end; lousy, enthusiastic little freshmen. They decorated for Christmas.

Through the the tiny holes in a cutout snowflake, I can just see the hall. At least, it used to be a hall — now it’s a cavern of red and green crepe paper, all hung just to shoulder level . . . lousy short freshmen. Farther down I can see that tiny glass balls are suspended from each loop. The ones in my immediate vicinity are shattered on the floor . . . lousy freshmen health hazard. It isn’t easy — sometimes it’s fundamentally unpleasant — to be a senior living in an underclass dorm.
Seven o'clock... p.m. (a month later). I'm coming home from the Burr for the first time in four days. No sleep, nothing to eat but pizza. It's thirty below. I shiver up the stairs — can't smell anything because I have a cold which wants to be double pneumonia. "I love Kent, I love Kent, I love Kent..." If I don't keep telling myself that, I'll leave.

Every door on the hall is open. There's nothing louder than a dorm in the evening. "One more 'til quiet hours, one more..." If I don't keep telling myself that, I'll kill someone.

Past the first door — I don't even look in. But an arm reaches out to stop me. There's a cup of hot chocolate at the end of it. Good old freshmen, taking care of their elders. Two doors down someone's leftover Christmas cookies somehow reach my free hand. Wonderful, generous freshmen! On my door, which I never have to lock, a list of phone messages flutters in the draft. Honest, considerate freshmen!! They're also the only ones with enough foresight (or enough motherly supervision) to keep hard cold drugs on hand.

I hear that off campus, you don't even know your neighbors. I hear you have to lock your doors. I hear you have to cope with something called a landlord who can tell when you can stay and if you must go. (I also hear you get your very own bathroom, but I can't imagine that.) I don't really regret staying on campus. As long as I'm in college anyway, I might as well keep as far from the real world as possible.

Barb Gerwin
There isn’t much you can do with a bathroom beyond the obvious, as junior NEOUCOM student Matt Jeager (front) and freshman Brock Beamer demonstrate (above). But other areas in the dorm can be personalized. In Manchester, Chris Strock makes use of a customized hall (this page, top) while dorm rooms have even more potential. Liz Adams in Prentice (this page, right) and Phil Young in Lake (opposite) occupy two of the infinite variations.
Henri Adjodha

Roommates
(The Mirror's Friends)

Mildly wild we were,
roommates who met sophomore year.
You lived across the hall, then,
in your cracker/match-box-with-a-loft,
and we hit it off — instantly.

We ate together, mastered "all-nighters" together,
punked and rocked and reggaed together,
and then we roomed together
sharing everything from like your thesaurus
to my haircutting scissors,
to shampoo and poems, and milk
(we often thought we needed our own cow),
to a curling iron, perfume and clothes.

And to keep in shape,
we jumped rope faithfully, to the Doobie Brothers,
and I played broom, basket, foot and softball,
and you ran massive miles and swam laps at the gym,
and with your new "Black Beau"
and my old "Yellow Betty" we biked to Towner's Woods
and Brady Lake where we studied (oh, sure)
and sunbaked.

Late-night, we cranked the Beatles, Buffet,
Zeppelin and the Boss
before playing "toss-n-squash" and Pacman
and pool downtown.
Late-latenight, we lit candles,
lay on the floor with our feet on the couch,
closed our eyes,
and got high with Floyd, Foglebird, Beck and Daltry
and we pigged-out
on vanilla/graham-cracker/Hershey-kiss malts
before finally crashing
with always definite-tentative plans
for tomorrow's adventures.

Mildly wild we were four years ago,
and mildly wild we are, still,
and having faith
that we will never really have to say good-bye,
because no matter how far the distance parts us
(you'll be where it's warm, I know,
and I'll be, probably, in Northeastern Ohio)
we'll have forever in our hearts —
so many magic moments memorized.

And with them we'll both know
that we share a tame-insaneness,
and remember that the mirror's friends
are our best guesses
to lead us to our hearts' contentedness.

Tam Walrath
There are, of course, a variety of uses for a dorm besides sleeping. In his room in Terrace, Paul Pinkham engages in the major sleeping alternative; studying (this page, top). A resident of Stewart Hall makes use of his study lounge’s pool table (above). And in Dunbar, the dorm frequently doubles as a party center. At the annual toga party, Vinnie Rose and Sarah West share a little body language (opposite top) while four typical Dunbar residents indulge in a typical Dunbar pastime (opposite bottom).
A friendly argument:

I was waiting in line to make my fall room and board payment when who should I see but my old dorm buddy, Joe (hardly his real name). Being inquisitive, I launched into the thousand-questions routine: "How the hell you been, Joe? How was your summer? Say, Joe, what dorm are you living in this year?"

"Live on campus?" he squealed. "Are you kidding? Two years in a dormitory are enough for me. It's too expensive! I'm only paying $130 a month for my room off campus."

"But you don't include your security deposit in that figure, do you: That's another month's rent in advance. My deposit is $50, and I'm sure I'll get a room every year."

"And look at my bill." I whipped it out along with my trusty calculator. "I'm living in Beall, which is $768 a semester. That's about $190 a month for my own bedroom, a living room for two, and a bathroom for four."

"Right. I told you it's too expensive to live on campus, especially for what you get."

"Well, you can stay in a single for $682, a double for $633, or a quad for $607 per semester, which at (punch, punch) $128 a month is slightly less than your're paying for your own room."

"I still think dorms cost too much," Joe said. "There's nothing around here that's as expensive per square foot of living space."
"But you didn’t include utilities in your cost, right? I get unlimited electricity, local phone, heat, water — especially hot water. You’re forgetting one of the true luxuries of dorm life: hot showers on cold Monday mornings."

"Oh yes. I also think about how I got scalded every time someone flushed the toilet while I showered. ... And what about the ‘food?’ For two years you have to lay out about $402 per semester for six coupons books that are supposed to last you four whole months!"

"Not a good argument for a junior," I countered. "We don’t have to buy any books. And if we want them, we can buy an unlimited number on the open market for only $35 a book. That’s a 50% savings!"

"Let’s talk about quality then," Joe said. "At least when I cook for myself, I know what I’m eating."

"Oh really! I didn’t know you could cook."

"Let’s put it this way: I’m learning, o.k.?

"I can see it now. Macaroni and cheese for dinner, the leftovers with ketchup for lunch, and fried macaroni and cheese for breakfast."

"Well, there are worse things than macaroni and cheese. What do you have to say about the visitation policy?"

I had a lot to say about feeling secure in my own home, but I was tired of arguing. "I’m glad you feel like you’re coming out on top, Joe," I said with a smile. "Personally, I’ll take my little slice of campus life any day."

**Herb Detrick and Carl Smeller**
One big advantage to dorm life is the built-in friends it implies. In Olson Hall, Kerri Strobett, a sophomore in special education, Lisa Bernard, a sophomore in psychology, and Lori Widner, a sophomore in education, share a room, a bed, and a laugh (opposite bottom). "Friendships" can extend beyond the halls, too, as is the case for Amy Betonte and John Shannon (opposite top).
Believe it. There is a summertime in Kent, Ohio. The good weather usually hits on the day after the big finals week exodus, and then another exodus — smaller and more determined — begins: the summer people are heading for water. And in keeping with one rule that holds all year long, the lucky ones leave town. It isn't quite Acapulco, but for sophomore accounting major Ed Wells, Nelson Ledges has the most convenient cliffs for cooling off while falling off (opposite). For those less dedicated to taking the plunge, Pine Lake, only a mile beyond the Stadium, has enough water toys and gadgets to keep even sophisticated KSU graduate Paul Rohner occupied all day (this page, left). And on Lake Hodgson, Kent State alumni Bill and Liz Felter prefer a more passive — and more conventional — means of keeping their heads above water (below).
Don't look now, but ... VICTIMS OF LOVE. Public displays of affection are one of those things that nobody cares about anymore, and it's a nice surprise to find that there are a few places in the immediate vicinity that lend themselves to a few moments of peace and quiet. Any place on campus can be romantic in the soft light of a foggy morning (opposite). And down by the River, Wanda Ruiz, an undeclared sophomore, and Marty Binder, also a sophomore in Soviet studies, make some significant eye contact (this page, right), while back on campus, junior graphics major Angela Reed and Pat McGuire, a first year grad student in political science, have obviously gotten beyond that stage (below).
The Student Center plaza . . . it's hot in the summer and hell in the winter, but for festivals, folk musicians, and hangers-out, it's home. On September 10, 1982, Mary Ellen Kowalski, a senior majoring in telecommunications, donned a squirrel suit (this page, right) and acted as mascot for the first annual Black Squirrel Festival, which also featured entertainment by local bands, mimes, magicians, and the KSU student body in general. Spectating at that event were Adrian Griffin and her children, twins Nathan and Charles and Holly (opposite top). In September, of course, the heat is off, but in July, the cement plaza is a giant toaster oven and many summer students take advantage of the situation to work on their tans as well as their classes (below). And any given season offers its assortment of miscellaneous sights to see in passing. Denise Pandone, a junior pre-med student, saw — and borrowed — a fellow student's boa constrictor (opposite bottom), the kind of thing one can only do in a zoo like the plaza.
On September 16, 1982, Reverend George "Jed" Smock and his companion, James Gilles, were arrested on charges of disorderly conduct for their "preaching" in the Student Center plaza. A KSU student was also arrested on similar charges for giving the preachers a dose of their own "medicine." True to form, the incident fueled the Stater's editorial pages for days. This is an excerpt from one of the more intelligent letters to the editor: "Should we, as informed college students become so angry at one man's opinion to spit in his face or throw insults or objects from a crowd? Face it, this man is so extremely misled that he actually believes his information is valid. What do we do with all the other "valid" information presented to us at this institution? We select and absorb what is pertinent to us and discard the rest. Likewise, why can't we just discard Jed Smock? Jed Smock was not discarded; his behavior was paralleled by a handful of students who obviously were unable to discard his words." (Ann M. Armstrong, senior, special education) photos by Gary Harwood
Dr. Raymond Fort: professor of chemistry and 1982 Distinguished Teacher

Graduates and undergraduates aren't really different to teach, but they respond in different ways and I get a different kind of satisfaction from each group. I have more one-on-one contact with the graduates, and there's a lot of satisfaction in training somebody who is following after you. As for teaching undergraduates — you can really have a lot of fun with them.

I've a custom of putting poems on my tests because I strongly believe that there are two kinds of truth: one is science and one is poetry. I always use at least one poem of Emily Dickinson's, and I also use e. e. cummings, Ezra Pound, and others. Students usually read them after taking the test or when it is returned. It's interesting because sometimes I get little poems back, or students call me about them.

In addition to poetry, I speak German, French, a little Spanish, and some Latin, although no one speaks it anymore. The languages are important and helpful because so many scientific terms are not in English. That's another little connection I've made between the arts and the sciences.
Arts and Sciences ... the College of Amorphism. Some things, like classical humanities or chemistry, are fairly easily classified, but where does psych fit in? Or conservation? And what about the ever-popular Physics in Entertainment and the Arts? The gray area is awesome. The conventionally scientific half of the College is largely housed in three of KSU's newest buildings. In Williams, Saeed Enayat, a junior in medical technology, and many like him study chemistry (opposite bottom). Smith houses the University's planetarium and students of physics, including sophomore pre-med majors Zita Kanyo and Tricia Richardson (this page, top). And in Cunningham, senior conservation major Patty Freeman joins the ranks of students of nature — including biology, botany, and zoology (above).
Kimberly Wheeler: junior, Pan-African studies and political science

I chose Pan-African studies, I guess, because there was a lot more that I felt I needed to know about my own heritage and history. Also, I felt that it could be an education process where I could help other people — teach other people what I had learned.

I think that Kent State’s Pan-African studies program is one of the best in the country . . . it’s well-developed. I guess there’s an attitude, though — some students feel that it’s easy. But I personally like classes that are a challenge to me. I wouldn’t be involved in it if it were easy.

I transferred here from Ohio Wesleyan in my sophomore year. When I was looking at schools, I liked Kent because I’m into the student development philosophy. KSU has the major and the minor in Pan-African studies; there are so many different ways to get involved. The staff was also a lot larger. There are so many different theories and concepts and perceptions in every discipline that I think a well-rounded education calls for a large faculty.

I’m an RSA and I think that a lot of people, both black and white, come to college from a sheltered community with no idea of how someone who may live only five miles away from them, but in a different type of cultural environment, gets along. A lot of times, problems that arise from prejudice are a result of miseducations. That’s one reason why it certainly wouldn’t hurt to have a Pan-African course in the Arts and Sciences general requirements. Prejudices can’t be changed over night, but that little bit of education could make a difference.
Bill Karis: Ph.D. candidate, English literature and composition

It wasn't my lifelong goal to get a Ph.D. After I got the masters I thought about it, obviously, but up until that time I never gave it any real thought.

The work in graduate school isn't easy — it requires a lot of diligence. You have to stay at it. Sometimes I feel shut away, like I'm missing things. It was very much like that when I was studying for my comprehensive exams. They took me away from my wife, my daughter. But I chose that. I opted to pick up and come out to Ohio and go back to school, so I can't really complain too much. And I like it; I'm very glad I did it. Now if I'm unemployed next year . . .

The people here at Kent are solid, and most of them are very concerned teachers as well as scholars. I like that. I think far too much emphasis is placed on scholarship at a lot of schools to the detriment of the teaching. I was reading a book for my exams about English in America and the author mentioned a friend who said that some professors like to think of themselves as being on the frontier of knowledge, but he kind of thought of himself as a schoolteacher. I'm more atuned to that.

I'm hoping, perhaps, to get a job next year — a real job instead of being a student. I'm just beginning work on a dissertation now. I hope to have it well in hand by next summer. Not that I don't want to return, but I'd prefer to be back out in the real world. I want to be in a rut for a while . . . not forever. I just want a routine, some stability.
Suzy Ceclones: honors junior, accounting
Honors classes are all different. This semester my roommate and I have one class that's the same, except that mine is honors and hers isn't. We have the same exact notes, but her tests are multiple choice mine are essay — intense essay. Like, what do you know about the whole book? Everything! Some are like that, some aren't. My econ class was great . . . smaller, more personal. The prof graded on improvement, which was nice. I still run into him in the halls and he says, "Have you signed up for any more econ classes?"

In December I'm getting initiated into Delta Sigma Pi, the national professional business fraternity. I can make some excellent contacts through it. And if my grades are high enough, I'm going to join Beta Sigma Psi, the accounting honorary — but with all these honors classes, I don't know. The clubs and involvement look good on a resume, but so does work experience; they know you can't do everything. Maybe that's my biggest problem, I try to do too much. In my job in the University accounting department, I'm getting my hands on the stuff I'm learning about. I work fifteen to seventeen hours a week, depending on my schedule. They'd like me to work twenty.

At this point, I don't think I'll do an honors thesis. I don't have the time. There are too many things to do. The accounting department is very demanding — we hardly have time for electives. In general though, the honors college has been very good experience.

I can't wait to graduate. Things seem to be getting harder and harder as I go up. I just hope I can get a job . . .
Dr. James Henry: dean, College of Business Administration/Graduate School of Management and professor, finance and public administration

The student going out into the business world should have an awareness of the tools required to do the job effectively. He/she should also have a keen ability to communicate and understand that the learning process continues after graduation, and in some cases, is just beginning.

The benefit of a rigorous academic program is that it provides the experience of the hard work it takes to make it in business.

Business education is changing all over the country. Throughout the 1980's, we will be increasing the study of microcomputers in both the undergraduate and graduate programs. Most executives have computers on their desks, and students entering the business world will have to use computer information for their jobs.

Another change in the business program is the increase in the percentage of women, especially in the graduate programs. Women are in doctoral programs in accounting, computer science, information systems, and finance.

National economic conditions are also changing. There will be an improvement over the next three to four years due to reduced interest rates and a greater money supply which will raise productivity. There will be a basic increase in the industries such as steel and auto production.

The types of work that will be available will require a greater, more technical concentration in education. Robotics will be a part of industry's future and students must be prepared to deal with this and other changes.
Jill Byers: 1982 graduate with honors in English and education (valedictorian); senior high school English teacher, Wooster, Ohio

A long time ago I started taking physical and mental notes during my classes about how I would teach the material... especially what not to do. Now I pull out my English notes for background information; I can preach from my English Lit notes on the Puritans. And as I'm teaching my comp class I get out old papers I wrote as examples. That way the kids get to know me, that I had to do the same things. When I'm grading compositions, I always try to be positive before I slap on the negative. Every time I tell them that I'm going to stop being nice, I drag out my colloquium paper with YOU WERE VAGUE! written across the top.

I don't know if I'll always be a teacher. How long am I going to be able to stand the constant preparation? The kids? The salary? The responsibility? Some days I come home and I'd kill to have a nine to five job with nothing to do for the next day. I'm studying just as hard now as I did in college, but it's a different kind of studying — more pressured. You can walk into a class unprepared, but not when you're the lady on her feet. When you're doing the thing you've geared your mind for, though — the thing you've wanted for so long, it's a great feeling. It's ecstatic, the power, almost. You're shaping the minds of your students and also, probably, shaping their lives.
Dr. Normand Bernier: professor, educational foundations and 1982 Distinguished Teacher

Teaching is a vocation for people who want to be involved in other people’s development. It’s like a calling and it takes special kinds of people to deal with the process. Most jobs don’t have the intense importance that teaching does.

The challenge of teaching, especially undergraduates (I never go a semester without teaching them) is that a lot of the undergraduates haven’t had the experience of graduates and so you have to look into their own lives to make it meaningful. It’s more of a challenge, I think. It forces me to use examples they can relate to.

I notice that when I deal with things outdated, like the death of Martin Luther King. I suddenly realize that the students were only little kids then; it makes me feel old and, in a way, it makes me a better teacher. I have to update and be open to make sure I get enough feedback, which makes teaching and learning a transaction. Education is different than talking to someone — it’s a sharing process, and unless it is shared I think it is empty and useless.

Teaching is an art and a science. It’s a science because of the research involved — a teacher has to know what’s going on so he can teach better. But it’s also an art, an art in which people learn to relate with other people through communication skills, sensitivity, the appreciation of human differences, an understanding of the impact of environment on individuality. It’s a process of understanding how others are different from oneself.
The College of Fine and Professional Arts comprises seven separate schools ranging from Art to Technology. And its goal is as exalted as its range is broad: to integrate specialized skill and general insight. For many F&PA majors, that integration takes place at Music and Speech. In the studios of TV-2, Vicki Gallo, a senior majoring in communications (above), assists in the warm-up for *45/49 Feedback*, hosted by Jan Zima (this page, right). In another part of the building, Bobbie Schoenberg, a senior theater major, and Jeff Richmond, a junior in musical theater, rehearse a different sort of show (opposite right).
George Bruce: senior, theater

I spent a year in pre-med and I can honestly say that a major in theater involves more work. My freshman year I took, among other things, honors calculus, chemistry, colloquium (freshman honors English), and honors psychology. The time I spent on my calculus class, for example, in no way compares to the time I’ve spent on acting classes for less credit.

To take it seriously, to learn anything, you have to be in productions. And to be in productions, you have to keep a 2.0 GPA ... I think it should be higher, maybe 2.5. You have classes, homework, papers, labs, and rehearsals two to six hours a night, seven nights a week. Sometimes you feel like whoever you’re working with is wasting your time. Sometimes you can be at rehearsal for four hours and on stage for fifteen minutes. That’s part of theater too.

One semester I was a horse in Equus and the assistant stage manager for The Club. I also had eighteen hours of classes, I was working fifteen to twenty hours a week at Small Group Desk, and I had rehearsals nightly for Equus from 6:00 to 10:30 and for The Club from 10:30 to 1:00 or 1:30. I was known to my friends as The Amazing Man Who Doesn’t Sleep. I refuse to do that anymore.

Ever since my part in another play, King of Hearts, I have tripped or fallen down in every show I’ve done at Kent State. In fact, people have told me that the only reason I get cast is because I can fall down. Whether or not that’s true, I do believe it’s possible to learn to act. At least, it’s possible to learn to be believable — not everyone can learn to be good. That’s what they teach in the theater department, though ... how to be good.
Taylor Hall is the home of the professional arts: architecture and journalism (as well as the entire College's administrative offices). In the third floor studio, fourth year architects Dushan Bouchek left and John Milloy spend a late night on their Ohio Edison project (above). And in the basement, journalism instructor Judith Myrick and her feature writing class discuss another form of student creativity (opposite bottom).

Thomas Barber: assistant dean, College of Fine and Professional Arts

One of my major responsibilities is student-oriented. I see students on a daily basis about programatic concerns. I still teach every semester, as do Deans Worthing and Ausprich, so we're involved actively in the College. We've not lost contact with students from the classroom standpoint, and I certainly haven't lost contact with students from the academic standpoint. One of our major responsibilities is to service the students of this college.

The students come first; that is our primary concern. This office is extremely busy, but when it comes to dealing with the students, there is no problem that is "too trivial." A problem, to a student, is a major problem, and so it may appear trivial to someone that is not involved, but it is also a major problem to us.

Every day is a learning experience. One thing nice about administration: each day is different. You never run onto the same thing twice each day. I can honestly say that I look forward to coming to school, just for the new experiences. In education today, you don't get bored. I've been a classroom teacher for fifteen years, and I enjoyed that experience. I've been a full-time administrator for the last eight or nine years . . . if I had to select one or the other, that would be very difficult.
Sam Roe: senior, journalism and psychology and fall 1982 editor-in-chief of the Daily Kent Stater

There were many times this year when I thought being editor of the Daily Kent Stater was going to drive me insane. Newspaper work is never finished, and when it does appear finished, you begin to think of ways the job could have been done better. The paper can’t be left at the office, which I used to think was unfortunate. But I found that when the work gets intense and I become wrapped up in the news, the time I’m not working on the paper my mind is pacing like a caged animal.

The news often becomes a fixation. This was particularly true this year as the Stater was quite exciting for the staff. We learned about the politics of journalism, the impact of the press, and the values and evils of our readers. The paper has been a valuable educational tool for everyone, far better than any other the School of Journalism has provided. In past years, the School of Journalism has produced many inept graduates whose only genuine learning came through the Stater. The school is improving and so is the talent of the students. The Stater has the potential to be the best college newspaper in the country.

Also, what the University now views as a controversial and negative campus press will seem like peanuts a few years from now. The Stater will be a very dominating force on this campus by 1985 — particularly if it breaks away from University strings. The responsibility will be enormous as it will represent a major change of commitment for the paper, but it will also be more fun for the students. And if I didn’t think writing and the newspaper business were fun, I wouldn’t be involved in them. I would probably go crazy without them.
Like their counterparts in the College of Education, nursing students spend only a relatively small part of their training in their academic building (opposite bottom). Time outside of class is spent in clinical and field experience and, of course, in the library (nursing is never referred to as a "cake" major.) At Ravenna's Hattie Latham Foundation, where severely handicapped and mentally retarded children are cared for, Julie Kincer, a junior (this page, right), and junior Marla Rubeis (below) practice some of their nursing skills while working on their bedside manners.

photos by Gary Harwood
Darla Talbott: junior, nursing

I went to Massillon Community Hospital School of Nursing for a three year degree. It's supposed to be one of the best schools in the state. We didn't study English or social sciences there... nothing but nursing and clinical. There were only twenty-six others in my class and they're all working now. I took my state boards in July and passed them, so I'm a registered nurse, which is about as much of a nurse as you can be, short of a doctorate. But I decided to come back to school.

Kent has a very good school of nursing. I've had a lot of the things in my other school, but not so much in depth. The main reason I came back, which is not my reason anymore, is because I wanted to go into psychiatric nursing — counseling adolescents, especially in drug abuse. Now I don't want to do that because I've worked on a psychiatric unit at Akron General and I can't do it for the rest of my life. But I will always be a nurse. When I graduate, I'll have a bachelors in nursing, as well as my RN, and I suppose I'll go back to work somewhere. So many positions are open in nursing. I can't imagine graduating and not knowing what you were going to do.
Kelly Donley: junior, recreation

A lot of times when people think about recreation, they think of it as a cake field. But you have to have a background in sociology, biology if you’re in therapeutics . . . I have a business background. There are theories and philosophies of recreation just like everything else.

The best part of the program is that in your sophomore year it gets you out in the field. You can be told and told what it’s like, but nobody can tell you what area you’re going to fit into. I’ve worked at a daycare center, in a junior high, with the elderly. And your senior year, you have to do a forty hour a week internship. People have done fieldwork in places like racquetball clubs, summer camps, intramurals programs — setting up day-to-day activities for every age group.

The area I’m in is recreation and community, which involves things like administrating and program planning in parks and private athletic clubs. It’s a broad area because you can also get into cruise-directing, working in YMCA’s — getting programs together and letting people know about them. The whole job depends on good PR.

In some areas of recreation, it’s getting hard to find jobs. Outdoor education programs are being cut all over. Lots of people are going into therapeutics so that’s filling up. Management, the field I’m in, is opening up though. People can’t travel as much lately, so new parks and recreation facilities are being set up everywhere.
PERD is exactly that — Physical Education, Recreation, and Dance. In addition to its majors, the College caters to the creative, recreative, and performance needs of the University at large. The Memorial Gym Annex is the facility most commonly associated with PERD. There basic skills, including senior industrial major Jeff Shoemaker's archery class (opposite top) are taught and professional skills mastered. Among the most demanding of these is dance. Lisa Deranek, a sophomore majoring in biology and minoring in dance, proves her grasp of the vocabulary (this page, left) while in Michelle Zeller's jazz class, students are tested on their technique (below).
Dr. Robert Stadulis: assistant professor, physical education and 1982 Distinguished Teacher

Above all else, I can honestly say that watching a student grow, watching a student complete the process is probably the most important reward available. When you're advising, you really get to know the student over the four or five years that he is here, and there is really a sense of accomplishment in seeing him achieve what he sets out to do.

Anyone can look in a book. What's important is, can they apply it? Can they work with it and be creative with it? We seem indoctrinated to do the minimum. As long as you can get by, that's good enough. That bothers me; it's so hard to get students out of that "curve" model. "Where am I on the curve?" To hell with the curve . . . where are you in terms of you?

I'm really like a doctor in the sense that I'm always on call — the door is always open and I try to, if you will, be of service whenever I can. That entails being really available. I've got graduate students that can't get down here during the week because they are teaching. I've got to make a commitment to them, or I can't be effective. I would say the average workload of myself and the other two faculty members who share my complex would be about eighty hours a week. We run a Saturday program, and we're here all day Saturday, just as we're here on the other five days.
For those who take advantage of the Annex's library, physical education obviously connotes something much more involved than "gym" (opposite top). However, the physical part is fully as important to those, like senior telecom major Cookie Krizmanich, who only pass through the Annex on Tuesday and Thursday nights for slimnastics (above). And in the Memorial Gym proper, the best efforts of Kent State's physical efforts, especially in basketball and swimming, are presented for each season's competitions.
Homecoming '82
"Return to the Good Ol' Days"

Phi Ga
Delta Sig
Forebo's
Sigma Gam
ROTC
KSU Theatre
President Michael Schwartz

photos by Bob Sorino
He is Kent State University's biggest fan, an admissions officer's dream. He broadcasts Kent State as a fine university that will get even better. His enthusiasm infects nearly everyone from faculty and students to townspeople and businessmen. After meeting with him, you can't help feeling proud of your association with the University. And above all these, he is Kent State's most visible freshman: President Michael Schwartz.

The youngest man to head KSU since its first president, John McGilvrey, the 45-year-old Schwartz was chosen successor to the retiring Brage Golding by a presidential search committee. While six years in the administrative wings were an obvious advantage in University knowledge, they were also a handicap, for they pinned his flaws to his sleeve. Schwartz survived the selection process, however, to take the helm of a University whose problems had been calmed, but not solved during Golding's five-year tenure. An incredible student demographic shift, massive statewide budget cuts, and increased competition from nearby schools were only three of the obstacles facing the new president when he took office in September.
Dr. Schwartz began his life as a Chicago street kid who grew up a stone’s throw from Lake Michigan. His appetite for academics did not become apparent until he traveled south to the University of Illinois, where he became fascinated with learning, and where he met his wife, Ettabelle. One year after receiving his bachelor’s degree in psychology in 1958, Schwartz earned a master’s degree in labor and industrial relations. And a short time later came his doctorate in sociology.

In 1962, he became a sociology professor at Detroit’s Wayne State University, and in the automobile capitol reeling from recession, he found himself drawn to the problems of children of unemployed workers. Refusing to accept prevailing theories linking juvenile delinquency to environmental factors, Dr. Schwartz built the framework for his own theory. His research brought him national acclaim in academic circles.

From Wayne State he moved on in 1970 to Florida Atlantic University, where he took charge of a foundering sociology department and later became dean of the College of Social Sciences. But Schwartz was going places fast, so it came as no surprise when, in 1976, Kent State lured him from the sand and surf to become vice-president of graduate studies and research. And finally, after a term as Kent State’s vice-president of academic and student affairs and provost, he is the University’s tenth president, a position he wanted very badly. He became a teacher because of his genuine concern for young people, and perhaps he viewed a university presidency as the most influential part he could play in their lives.

That is the story behind the man who began the most consuming challenge of his life last September. It has been rough going ever since. During the fall semester alone, Kent State received public attention over conflicts between the Daily Kent Stater and the Undergraduate Student Senate, as well as the exposure of grade fraud from years past, accusations of sexism and racism at the University, and a proposal by former Governor Rhodes to merge Kent State and Akron Universities. Schwartz is devoted to solving these problems and also to forming a clear, concise University mission statement and improving research opportunities and awareness. All this from a man who would be happiest flying to Europe and simply strolling the winding streets of the town. Today, Michael Schwartz can only reminisce about sitting back with a book of Russian history and listening to music for hours. Today, he is a university president driven by his conviction that each and every Kent State diploma must represent a quality education.

Kerry John
Lines, forms, numbers, registration . . . confusion. A sea of new faces, and every one of them looks just as dismayed as my own. Food coupons, ID cards, more registration . . . when do the lines stop? Come to think of it, where do they stop? Where do they start? Things are getting impossibly complicated already, and it's only the beginning of Orientation Week. Is it going to be this way for four years? Oh God, I sure hope not.

Alas, the inevitable. The dreaded placement tests. It's the same old story — no one finishes the math exam except Pointdexter, the bespectacled computer science major. But I'm just a freshman and I'm not proud. Who cares if I guess? I've got nothing to lose, right? Wrong. I got placed in honors calculus. Imagine me, the same person who got straight D's in high school geometry, struggling along in honors calculus. A little more complication? More confusion? I can cope . . . I have to.

The first night in the dorm was incredible. I found myself sitting around, talking to five guys I didn't even know, playing poker with food coupons, and watching Johnny Carson. “By this time next week,” one of my new friends joked, “I'll have skipped my first class.” College obviously means different things to different people.

The next day, the campus was transformed into a huge cattle yard, filled with ignorant freshmen who needed to be herded from advising session to advising session and prepared for slaughter at the end of the week. That slaughter came swiftly, but not without warning. And it had a much nicer name: they call it “Scheduling.” What an experience. Five thousand panicked students running amok in a barricaded ballroom . . . the proverbial blitz. None of us had the faintest idea what we were doing; what we could grasp was that we needed classes — some kind of classes. The only things that got most of us through was basic survival instinct. In the end, everything has a way of working itself out.
In all fairness, the University makes some effort to treat its freshmen like people rather than branded cattle. Orientation Week is a classic microcosm of Kent State life; some things are successful beyond every expectation, others fail miserably for no reason at all. Registration is a perfect example. Confusion is not an inherent part of the situation; it comes in between the ears of worn down and harrassed freshmen very similar to Laurie Manning, a prospective criminal justice major (opposite top). The New Games (opposite bottom), are less dependable — one of those mandatory events that usually prove enjoyable for those who bother to show up. Orientation Week also has its competitive side. At Music and Speech, future fashion merchandising major Lynn Yoder tries out for the marching band’s flag squad (this page, left). And back in the dorm — Manchester, to be specific — five more novices learn the basic principle of survival at college: when all else fails, find your friends.
For some people, Orientation Week was great. For others, it was hell. For most of us it was both, and maybe that's the way of the world. It was a weird time that a lot of "mere freshmen" would probably like to forget, but it was also a perfect opportunity to get used to the run-around that is college life. And it was definitely one of those times that looks better when you look back. I just can't wait for the day when I can laugh and say "Oh yeah, I remember when I was a freshman ...."

Brian Mooar

What could be more appropriate at a notorious suitcase college than "Get-away Trips" on the very first weekend of the semester? No wonder so many freshmen (not to mention sophomores, juniors, and seniors) feel uncomfortable sticking around — they were pushed out of the nest before they had a chance to realize how comfortable it was. The trips are, however, a good example of the Orientation Program's efforts to acquaint new students with the area's more exciting attractions. On Thursday, August 26, buses left for Blossom Music Center and a quintessential northeastern Ohio evening with the Michael Stanley Band. Friday featured musical theater: Westside Story at the Huntington Playhouse. Saturday was for riding — rollercoasters at Geauga Lake or canoes at Mohican State Park. And the weekend wound down with trips to Sea World or the Pro Football Hall of Fame on Sunday.
The Vigil
Remember, reflect, teach...

How much of your education, after twelve or fourteen years, is still with you? How many of the many lessons you've been taught are in there somewhere, waiting to be applied? Have you filed them away, or do you bring them out sometimes and think about them? Can you make connections? Generalizations? Do you ever put your hand in the fire a second time when it's been badly burned? Do you ever consider that your friend's misfortune might as easily be your own?

On May 4, 1970, four people were killed on this campus: that is a historical fact. It can be forgotten or ignored, but never erased. And unlike some facts that are better left alone, the fact of May 4 is resurrected each year, held up once again for public scrutiny. It always hurts, and although the doctor will tell you that masking pain is dangerous, sometimes all you can do is treat the symptoms. People aren't as easily resurrected as facts.

The particular climate that generated May 4 is, like the event itself, history. The war in Vietnam is over. Nixon is over. Even James Rhodes, the most available villain, has stepped down. In one sense, at least, the danger is past; for those who prefer to forget, it is absolutely past. It seems cruel, perverse, to remember a fear that has eased over the years — to stir up settled confusion.

But if the old litany is true, if those who forget are indeed doomed to repeat, then perhaps it is more cruel to forget. What happens when a student is killed? His future is destroyed. His very right to life is not merely neglected, but denied. These are the absolutes of May 4, the consequences independent of blame or judgment. Can they occur in 1982? Do maimed educational budgets destroy futures? Does racial or sexual discrimination deny rights? Is killing a person's hope and aspirations preferable to killing his body — or are they fundamentally the same thing?
Think about it. Even those who would prefer to forget would not, in all likelihood, prefer these injustices. They oppose the commemoration of May 4 because it has become “Political”; the universals are being lost in a blur of popular causes; the solemn memory of the dead is being abused. But think about it. May 4 was a political event, occasioned by a war protest. And although that protest finally brought the war home, it was begun by students looking beyond their homes, toward people in a very foreign land. So few truly significant events have a pure, single focus. Memory bounces off them like light reflecting from a mirror, spreading away to brighten the corners... or to reveal the implications.

What are the “implications” that somehow get attached to May 4? In 1982, someone mentioned El Salvador — a messy situation to say the least and far removed from Kent, Ohio. But the aberration that disturbed Kent on May 4 is a daily fact of life, or death in El Salvador, in Beirut, in Ireland. Can there be a wrong time or place for remembering that? Can forgetting a tragedy at home encourage the forgetting of all human tragedy. When the war came home, it came home to stay. It will stay until some concerted effort is made to end it on a worldwide scale. El Salvador, the draft, the government’s educational policy... all have their place in the May 4 commemoration. They aren’t the central issue, but in 1982, they are the important issues.

And when the important issues are understood, they must be communicated. Hundreds of books have been written, classes taught, and projects researched on May 4, but it is not, in the end, an academic matter. The teaching that counts is the teaching that leaves the University. Like all good teaching, it is rational, tolerant, perseverant. It is an explanation to those who would reach back into the fire, that the pain of memory hardly equals the pain of actual suffering. And it is the teaching, even more than the remembrance or the reflection, which insures that history will not repeat itself.

Barb Gerwin
Stereotypes die hard. Picture a soldier: John Wayne in The Green Berets or even Gomer Pyle’s Sargeant Carter. They are hardened, grim; above all, they are men. Now picture a nurse: someone clean and motherly (not fatherly) dressed in white. Could any two roles be more mutually exclusive?

The longer you live, however, the more you realize that stereotypes almost never apply to actual people. Denise Randell, for example, is a soldier and a nurse, or she will be both when she is graduated from Kent in December of 1983. And in combining the two, she typifies the new military personality, a personality whose patriotism is pragmatic rather than fanatic and whose motivation is an equal mix of personal and national security.

"I always wanted to be in the military," Denise says. She planned to enlist in the Navy before the Air Force ROTC program at Kent State offered her a chance to attend college and study nursing, a chance she would not otherwise have had. Taking that chance to realize both her ambitions involved an interesting compromise.

"When you commit yourself to the Air Force," she explains, "you have to sign a paper agreeing to do certain things like shooting a handgun or working with nukes. I signed the paper, but I don’t agree with everything it said. As a nurse, I should never have to fire a handgun anyway. Signing was a compromise I chose to make."
For Denise, the benefits of that compromise have far outweighed its difficulties. In the ROTC program, she found people who were interested in her questions and problems, who made her feel wanted. "The Air Force," she says, "is like a big family. The more I'm into it, the more I feel that way." Paradoxically, she found that feeling absent in the School of Nursing, where concern and helping are the course of study.

And so, although nursing will be her career, the Air Force will be her way of life . . . at least for her four-year service obligation. ROTC courses are designed, in part, to prepare cadets for the military lifestyle. They emphasize such general skills as leadership and communication, but they also teach the essentials of base life: protocol and hierarchy, logistics and military codes. Such regimentation seems prohibitive to students on the outside, but like the uniform, it is an integral part of the responsibility of military service.

Another fact of military life is the unbalanced ratio of males to females. In Denise's senior class, there are twenty cadets, three of whom are women. At basic training, four of twenty-five were women. Attitudes toward the female minority vary, but according to Denise, there's always the challenge to "prove yourself."
During her stay at a base in Arkansas one summer, Denise sat in on several "bitch sessions" with the female officers. A typical topic of conversation was the uniform. "When was the last time you saw an executive wear a peter pan collar?" she quotes one of the officers. "It's too bad that sometimes you have to act like a bitch to prove you know what you're doing, whether you look like it or not."

Even in the Air Force, however, the nursing profession is dominated by women, a fact which should save Denise a certain amount of proving when she has received her assignment. She cites the certainty of that assignment, not only for nurses but for all AFROTC graduates, as a major attraction of the ROTC program. "When I wear my uniform on campus," she says, "the reactions I get from other students are mostly caused by ignorance rather than disrespect. Things are quiet now — we're not fighting a war — and people understand our motives for joining ROTC. There are no jobs on the outside ... we need jobs."

Eventually, Denise would like to become a midwife. The Air Force can supply the special training she needs to realize that ambition, but first she must demonstrate her ability and responsibility. Some ROTC cadets are discouraged by the demands made of them for such demonstration. Denise takes it in stride. "The Air Force is going to let me be what I want to be," she says.

And because it lets not only nursing students, but also pilots and geologists and physicists and journalists and a host of other majors "be what they want to be," ROTC programs have lost the controversial edge they once had. In the 1980s, ROTC has become a viable means to a variety of ends for a variety of people. Without their uniforms, today's ROTC cadets resemble soldiers about as closely as today's nurses resemble John Wayne.

Barb Gerwin
Saturday morning's Homecoming parade featured this Scottish bagpipe band in addition to the more traditional units (above). Horse-drawn carriages also took to the streets, providing a different view of campus to returning alumni (this page, right).

The big weekend kicked off on Friday afternoon with a Superstars competition between teams of dorm students, independents, and alumni. Frank Montini gives his all in the tug of war phase of that competition (opposite top), and when it all was over, Mary Hrvatin and her Dueling Deuces team from the second floor of Fletcher carried off the first-place trophy (opposite bottom).
Return to the Good Old Days . . . that's just what Kent State did from September 29 to October 2, 1982, when nostalgic themes added to the continuing tradition of Homecoming.

Various organizations dabbled in the festivities of the weekend by sponsoring theme-oriented events of their own. Regalia from various periods were characteristic of KIC's "old-fashioned dinner" at Manchester Field and IGPB's 50s dance in the Rathskellar. And the undeniably appropriate be-bop and blues of Saturday night's semi-formal had the ballroom jumping with young and old alike, capping the reminiscences that began, for many, with a horse-drawn carriage ride around campus on Friday afternoon.

Clear skies and a large parade audience welcomed the sixty-eight-unit procession of floats, bands, and vintage autos that opened Homecoming Saturday. The parade was led by KSU alumni and Parade Marshal Major General James McCarthy. And, for the movie buffs, a special appearance was made by the Campus Bus Service's resident celebrity, the bus shown speeding away at the close of the movie The Graduate.

But what would Homecoming be without football? In addition to its honor of being the big Homecoming game, Saturday's contest marked the Golden Flashes' first
The halftime entertainment at Saturday's Homecoming game included music by the KSU marching and alumni bands (this page, right) and the crowning of Homecoming King Tim Green, a senior majoring in recreational therapy, and Queen Leesa Ann Bradley, a sophomore majoring in flight operations (opposite bottom). In the stands, seniors Jim Repas (with "Kent" sign) and Brian Schorr enjoy the summery afternoon despite its dreary football (this page, bottom). The highlight of the game was the appearance of a smoke bomb which was tossed back and forth between the field and the stands (opposite top).
home appearance of the season. Enthusiasm and expectations ran high as thousands flocked to the game. When they arrived, another taste of the old days greeted them in the form of 25¢ hotdogs and 5¢ Cokes. Outstanding performances by the KSU marching and alumni bands were crowd pleasers, as was the crowning of the Homecoming King and Queen. But an errant smoke bomb and a 20-0 loss to Miami quickly brought fans back to the reality of the Flashes’ 1982 season.

In the end, however, the success of the theme prevailed. KSU alumni, students, friends, and visitors all found an alternative to today’s hard times by taking just a few days and returning... to Kent State and the good old days.

Kerry John
Greek Week 1982 kicked off at the Krazy Horse on March 29 with the annual Greek Goddess pageant. Contestants were judged in casual prep, evening gown, and swimsuit competitions and a gruelling question and answer phase designed to test their poise. Coming out on top at the evening's end was Jon "Jodi" Vandeveld, the Phi Sigma Kappa/Delta Gamma contestant. First runner-up was Dale "Darlene" Zink of Delta Tau Delta/Delta Zeta and in second place was Jerry "Geradline" White, sponsored by Sigma Tau Delta/Alpha Phi/Sigma Chi.

The Pageant was followed on March 30 by a Songfest held at the University Auditorium. Winners of that event were Alpha Epsilon Phi/Delta Zeta/Signa Tau Gamma/Alpha Epsilon Pi for their selections from the musical *South Pacific*. Selections from *Oklahoma* earned second place for Alpha Phi/Alpha Chi Rho/Sigma Alpha Epsilon and taking third place with numbers from *Cinderella* were Delta Gamma/Theta Chi/Sigma Phi Epsilon/Sigma Chi.

The Loose Caboose was the scene for the next event, a Dance-a-Thon held on April 2. The test of nerves and endurance, which lasted from 6:00 pm to 6:00 am, benefitted the Portage County Big Brothers and Sisters program. Winners received a trip for two to New York City.

The Greek Games, traditionally the finale of the Week, were postponed a week because of inclement weather and finally held indoors, in the University School Auditorium. Winners in the fraternity category were the brothers of Delta Tau Delta with Sigma Alpha Epsilon and Sigma Chi sharing second. Sorority winner was Delta Zeta with a second place tie between Alpha Phi and Delta Gamma. Winners of the spirit award were Alpha Phi and Phi Sigma Kappa.
It was just another February evening at Kent State University. The usual mixture of sound and silence prevailed: a few people studying in the lounge down the hall, a few muscleheads making their usual post-weekend ruckus.

Around 8:00, the pace began to pick up — something very unusual for a Monday night. It soon became clear that this would be no ordinary evening. The routine had been upset by a "mere" television program: the final episode of M*A*S*H.

That episode had everyone talking for one reason or another. It was a historical event, pulling in million-dollar sponsors. It was a 2½ hour chunk of Monday night when studying was out of the question. And it was true: the members of the 4077th were finally coming home.
Since its beginnings in 1972, M*A*S*H has been one of the most talked about and well-loved television series ever produced. In its eleven-year run, it became more than just another mindless situation comedy; it became a statement against war. And the fast-paced and dependable humor became a cloak for that larger social statement.

For Dr. Benjamin Franklin "Hawkeye" Pierce, the Korean War was a big mistake, but he felt a sense of duty to the wounded who paraded through the 4077th on an endless assembly line. His final breakdown seemed inevitable, though his insanity and outlandish pranks were a mainstay of M*A*S*H.

All of the cast, in fact, made its contribution to the series. Viewers were treated to an eleven-year process of character growth and development at the end of which, the "characters" had become too real to retain that description. They had become people.

And so it was only natural that the viewers should be there at the end to see Hawkeye and B.J. take their last drink together; to see Klinger’s wedding and Colonel Potter’s farewell ride into the sunset. And it seemed right that with the end, the members of the 4077th were released from the torment of the Korean conflict forever.

Perhaps it was time for the series to end, for its cast to say good-bye. But M*A*S*H will never be gone forever because a little part of the show will live on in all its fans. We have not lost a friend; we have gained a memory that can never be taken away.

Brian Mooar
Kent State University has been known for its radical student body and their extremist ideas dating from the Vietnam War protests of the 60s to the draft registration/financial aid controversy of today. Protesting is a way of voicing discontent. In 1969 the students of KSU began a protest that is still going on. It is a protest against poverty, illiteracy, and social need.

The King Kennedy Center, located on Farfield Ave. in the poverty stricken McElrath area of Ravenna, began as a service project for the KSU Greeks. Soon the entire student community, faculty, and administration got involved in what was the first and is still the only university-funded neighborhood center in the country. With the help of the Cleveland and Knight Foundations, KSU students pledged to raise $80,000 to build the first of a two building complex, consisting of a community center and a gymnasium. To accomplish this an optional $2.00 fee was put on the registration payment form. In 1973 student support totaled $22,000. In 1983, with many organizations dependent upon donations, King Kennedy saw its spring semester contributions dwindle. Only $300 dollars were received, but the Center remains open.
On November 4, 1978, King Kennedy opened its doors to the people of McElrath to provide them with some badly needed services. Serving over 300 people in the local area and about 1500 throughout Portage County, King Kennedy offers children’s programs such as the youth council, computer club, drill team, drama club, three 4-H clubs, Round Robin Tutoring with the participation of KSU students, and the Roger Henry “Challenge to Read program.” For adults the center offers the Vietnam Veterans Association, an adult Bible class, the NAACP, crisis intervention, and financial information services.

The 6000 square foot community center has office space, two meeting rooms, a kitchen, a small library, and a main hall where dances are held by the 4-H Clubs. The building also has a $2000 a month heating bill which has forced it to limit its hours, opening only on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 3:00-8:00 p.m.

With a remaining mortgage of $11,000 King Kennedy is finding it increasingly difficult to meet its monthly obligations. The United Way contributes over $11,000 annually to King Kennedy for maintenance of the building and for the salary of a part-time director. But none of this helps pay the mortgage.

The people of McElrath need the King Kennedy Center more today than ever. With the help of the students of KSU, King Kennedy could once again provide many services that have been discontinued because of the financial crunch. It’s as simple as checking the $2.00 box #46 on your registration payment form.

Bob Sorino
photos by Gary Harwood
Spring Fling

photos by Bob Sorino
What could have been a needed boost for the King Kennedy Center, turned out to be the usual Kent State apathetic flop. The Spring Fling, sponsored by Black United Students and Undergraduate Student Senate, had the attendance of a lecture by Howard Cosell on the agony of laryngitis. For $3.00 a couple you could enjoy an evening of dancing and friendship and help the financially troubled King Kennedy Center. The benefit was held at the Student Center Ballroom on Feb. 24.
Internships

It's a required part of college life now for many majors. You think about it when you flip through the catalog and see it when, as a freshman, you wonder if you will last long enough in college to start and complete it. The upperclassmen bitch and complain about how tough theirs were and how rough it was finding them in the first place.

But when you yourself start looking you know you are reaching the end of your college career. And when you are working on one and you do something good, it gives you a great feeling. When you hear later of compliments paid you or you receive a good grade for the work you did, you start to feel that maybe, just maybe, you know what you are doing in your major. Maybe you'll make it out in the real world.

What is this beast that gives college students both pleasure and pain? The internship, the field study, plain old practical experience . . . all of these mean working at a part of full time job in your major for credit.

While not everyone agrees on the benefits and drawbacks of an internship experience, both faculty and students usually do agree that the work experience helped the student learn something.

The learning process usually starts with the job search. And this search can take many forms. Maybe your old Uncle Joe can get you in at his old drinking buddy's company. Maybe the boss from your high school job can help you out. But more than likely, the search begins at a bulletin board with the internship list furnished by your academic department. From there, you find yourself talking to the professor who coordinates the program for your major.

However, you may not go through your academic department at all. Another place offering help to KSU students seeking internships is the Career Planning and Placement Center. The Center provides placement services for KSU graduates, seniors, and other registered students seeking either permanent or field experience jobs.

Roberta Vertucci, program officer for the Center, says that she and her fellow workers do what they can to place students in their fields.
working," she says. "We get comments from some employers looking for other KSU interns, and that is a good sign for the school."

The methods of doing internship work are as varied as the methods of finding it.

One of the oldest internship programs at KSU is the School of Journalism's. Professor William Fisher, coordinator of the program, says that the close to forty year old program is known for its quality by employers around the country.

"Employers know from past results, other employers, and KSU's reputation that they should get a good person if that person is from KSU."

Fisher notes that the internship, which is required for journalism majors, is good experience for the students. "On the job experience can usually give the student a taste of what the field could hold in store for him as a future."

A program that is younger than the School of Journalism's but still doing well is that of the geography department. Dr. Bart Epstein, chairman of the department, said that the program is only about seven or eight years old, but is getting stronger.

"The geography field study can be in different areas of the field," Epstein says. "We have some who work in city planning, others who do work in land-use studies, public agency work, and other areas."

"We average about eight or ten students on field study per year, and they serve in varying capacities," he continues. "We find that the experience really benefits them in learning about more outside-oriented activities. They come back and can use the experience to their benefit in classes and eventually in their jobs."

The political science department does not require an internship of its majors, but those students who do choose to take them usually find the experience valuable according to Dr. Gertrude Steuernagel, the department's internship coordinator.

"We don't require it, but we've had students come back from working on a political campaign or working in a legislator's office with lots of information and new ideas to use," Steuernagel says.

Some political science students do internship work while participating in the department's spring semester in Washington, D.C. Others find work in Ohio.

"It's usually a good experience, even if the student isn't always thrilled by the work. It's good because it gives them a hands on experience," Steuernagel concludes.

Those students from any major who find internships usually also find valuable career starters which give them a chance to test the skills they have obtained through the college process. For many, it is the end of that classroom process. But it may also mark the beginning of a professional career.

Jeff Gallatin
KSU Theater: Backstage

photos by Gary Harwood
Lights, costumes, makeup . . . they are what make the theater world go round. They are the unifying elements that make actors become characters and staged scenes come to life. Over the course of any average theater season, many people get a chance to see shows like Pippin, Chicago, or Lester Sims Retires Tomorrow, but only a handful of stage hands get to see the work that goes on behind the scenes. The workers that have contributed to these shows are often the people who have done the most work. Unfortunately, they are also the people who receive the least credit.

Weeks of hard work and seemingly endless rehearsals are dedicated to the preparation of a few nights of active performance. The actors and actresses get the chance to spend a few moments in the spotlight, to receive a little applause. For the stage crew, there is no such gratification.
According to costume designer LuEtt Hanson, the rewards she derives from her work are much less tangible than applause.

"I am happy with my work because it involves the creation of a visual effect that works in its own right — and seeing ideas become realities is rewarding. It is really great to have an idea and see it on paper, then be able to see it transformed into something that is three dimensional," Hanson explains.

"And my work is never really done. There are always changes and repairs to take care of; there is always a chance to look back and say 'I wish that I would have done this or that.' Theoretically, my job is finished on opening night," she concludes. "Then I feel like the rest of the cast and crew are supposed to feel on closing night. The show is over for me."

 Others, including technical director Ted Belden, set designer Antonio Barrera, and choreographer/director Ron Spangler, also spend long, hard hours on work which is, at times, thankless.

"Everyone always sees the actors," says Candy Coleman, stage manager for the musical Chicago, "but the people behind the scenes are the ones that are putting in the hours of work which no one ever has a chance to see. We behind the scenes don't get the applause that the actors receive, so it is much more natural for us to want to move along to the next project. Actors always want shows to last forever, but I'm always ready for a new challenge."

Brian Mooar
“Not for a week or a month, but for a lifetime” was the theme of Black History Month, celebrated during February, 1983. The objective of the month was to draw attention to the accomplishments of blacks throughout American history and to increase pride and unity among Kent State's black students. In keeping with these goals, a number of programs and workshops were scheduled to highlight the various facets of the black experience.

Leonne Hudson, a graduate student in American history, presented the opening lecture on “The Meaning of Black History Month.” Hudson attributed the gap that exists between blacks and whites to “a lack of knowledge.” In particular, he stressed a faulty knowledge — among whites and blacks — of black historical accomplishments, which are often ignored by history textbooks. The most effective remedy to this ignorance, Hudson suggested, is careful education, the prerequisite to the eventual rewriting of the deficient books.
In another type of program, entertainer Geoffrey Holder addressed the creative side of the black experience. Through drama, interpretive dance, and comedy, he proved both his own versatility and the limitless contributions that blacks can and have made to American theater. Despite these contributions, Holder believes that blacks aren’t getting a fair share of the acting world. Misunderstanding, it would seem, carries over into creative as well as intellectual pursuits.

The problems of institutionalized racism were discussed by criminal trial lawyer Leslie Gaines Jr. Gaines emphasized the importance of pride, perseverance, and family to the success of black men and women in white-dominated fields such as law. He also encouraged black students to take setbacks as challenges rather than defeats.

These examples are only a few of the many Black History Month events. When the heavier issues had been raised and discussed, however, that month ended on a light and positive note. The All-Campus Programming Board and Black United Students cooperated to bring the group One Way to the Student Center Ballroom on February 27. The well-attended concert concluded a special month, but opened a new year of black awareness for Kent State students.
Burr-realism
Does anyone say "check it out" anymore (meaning, of course, direct your attention in "its" general direction)? The "it" you're checking doesn't have to be anything special. Empty space is good, and for sophomore architect majors Craig Sanders and Karen Cline, fall is full of things (i.e. leaves) that are worth looking at simply because a month ago they were all out of reach (opposite bottom). There's always, always the weather to keep an eye on — like death and finals, it won't go away. Freshmen Paul Graves, a political science major, and Gabriella Warmenhoven, undeclared, take a peek at Kent's all-purpose day (above). And indoors, the old "like mother, like child" adage gets a visual application (this page, right).
Anyone with a radio can call himself a music lover. Anyone with a few bucks can be a dancer for the night at the Krazy Horse Lounge. But you have to respect the people whose interest in the arts goes a little deeper, whose talent — whether fun or profit — allows for a little more than dial-turning or slow-dancing. The size of the audience (or potential audience) varies, but the fascination with performance remains the same. Beverly Bokar, a sophomore majoring in telecommunications, dreams her way through band practice anticipating a football crowd (this page, left) while freshman psychology major Marc Banones performs for an audience of one: Kathy Tucker, a freshman in special education (opposite bottom). Local bands, like the Bettys, are always interested in increasing their following (opposite right), but there are always a few who don’t mind performing solely for themselves (above).
Let's play word association: December . . . Christmas! Christmas . . . snow! Snow . . . January, February, March, April, etc. And when there's snow (and a handy cafeteria), there's bound to be someone careering down front campus on a tray — or a fellow someone. Even for veteran northern Ohio residents, winter in Kent takes some getting used to. But after the first few months (when you've built up your immunities), it can be a pretty good time.
Henri Adjodha

Speaking of your natural highs ... Those who shy away from artificial inducement have only themselves or their cause to keep them stimulated. The Olson weight room is home away from home for many KSU health freaks, both male and female. Junior physical education major Rhonda Hoff and her spotter, Mary Joe Clark, a sophomore majoring in design, are among those who "life for life" on a regular basis (opposite). The nuclear disarmament issue is a perfect vehicle for those who prefer to devote their time to something more global than individual (above). And what is a hobby but a small-scale cause? Hot air balloonist flock annually to Ravenna for such events as the Balloonaffair (this page, bottom).
Take this University, please...

I am not Spock!

Ohh... Na Nu Na Nu!

Mandale speaks

Redbone

CLASH Z

Robin Williams
On any given weekend, there are two distinctly different ways to approach one downtown Kent. Unless you play the game, you probably won't understand.

First, there's Happy Hour (those magic, magic words). It's four o'clock, Friday afternoon, and you can not go on. You can not think. Your attention span approximately equals the duration of that first cold beer. Your friends are waiting for you, saving a table. They want to celebrate, can't do it without you... can not do it.

There's something unspeakably comfortable about Happy Hour. No surprises, no pressure. It's too early to worry where or with whom you'll spend the rest of the night. You go down after your last class so nobody cares how you look. And you almost always have a happy hour home — the place you go every week because you like what's happening there.

That's four o'clock. Ten o'clock is a whole different story. You've been home, dressed to kill, and now you're out for blood: at the very least, a very good time. At most, your body count is at stake and what you want is something warm to go with the nice cold beer. And if you don't get it, you had the thrill of the chase, which certainly beats the thrill of a computer run or the excitement of midterms. Friday and Saturday nights are a competitive sport in downtown Kent, and after a week or so of studying, that's exactly what you need.
The doors aren't always literally open in downtown Kent, especially not in February, but everyone (with a valid I.D. or two) is welcome. The Robin Hood (opposite bottom) is a favorite meeting place for those who aren't up to the long walk downtown, or who don't expect to be capable of the long drive home. There are, however, advantages to making the journey. The Pufferbelly, opened in December 1981 in Kent's old railroad station, shares Franklin Street with Ray's, Mother's, and the Venice, but offers a slightly more sedate alternative to the usual crowd scene.
Atmosphere isn’t a thing you can formulate, and in downtown Kent it’s likely to change from night to night, from bar to bar. Still, there are those one-word responses that always come to mind when someone asks, “Hey, what’s that place like?” For Mother’s (opposite top), that response is “reggae,” which turns the whole room into a dance floor on a good Saturday night. Genesis has its psychedelic wall that reinforces the air guitarists’ illusions of grandeur (opposite left). And what would the Krazy Horse be without its annual T-shirt contest (opposite right)? The Robin Hood generally boasts two distinct moods: in the back, the good old boys gather around the table (below), while out front, the less mellow spectate contests that range from pizza-eating to hot legs (this page, left).
Ray’s and Mother’s go together like . . . upstairs and downstairs. On the street level (Franklin Street, to be specific), Ray’s caters to both pleasure and privacy seekers (this page, top, and opposite). People who frequent Ray’s are loyal; they usually don’t say, “Let’s go downtown.” They say, “Let’s hit Ray’s.” And they hit it for lunch, dinner, happy hour, and the rest of the night. A cover charge on the weekends and a narrow flight of stairs make Mother’s a little less accessible (above), but for draft in mason jars and music that jars Ray’s ceiling, it’s the only place to go.
Halloween
On October 17, The Clash brought their Combat Rock tour to the Memorial Gym in a show opened by Cleveland reggae band Spirit I and closed by two encores. On April 1, 1982, another ACPB show, Bounty Hunter in the Student Center Ballroom, was considerably less successful only 92, including members of the band and their opening act, Risqué, were on hand for the performance. On April 18, progressive jazz musician Jeff Lorber and his band drew a more enthusiastic crowd to the University Auditorium.
Bounty Hunter

Jeff Lorber Fusion

Bob Sorino

Jay Poore

Jay Poore
Robin Williams, best known for his characterization of Mork in the series *Mork and Mindy*, entertained an audience of 2,884 in the Memorial Gym on October 24. Opening for Williams was singer-songwriter John Sebastian, former lead for the Lovin' Spoonful. Sebastian also closed the show, joining Williams on stage for a musical finale.
The "amazing new" Fayrewether, reorganized but still well-received, made its area debut at the Rathskellar on October 21, 1982. The group's theatrics, which place it a notch above most local bands, were absent from another Rathskellar event on November 15. Leon Redbone brought his characteristically low-key blues act to campus for two packed shows on that evening and pleased the crowd with such numbers as "My Blue Heaven" and "I Wanna Be Seduced." On April 17, 1982, another audience of blues fans packed JB's to hear Chicago's Koko Taylor and her band, the Blues Machine.
Leon Redbone
Thursday Night Comedy
Second City Comedy
Henny Youngman

photos by Bob Brindley
Comedian Henny Youngman brought his one-liners (Take my wife . . . please) to the Rathskellar on January 24. Youngman can boast fifty years of steady popularity in the entertainment business. Opening the show was Cleveland Heights' own Michael Spiro, a singer and comedian in his own right.
Their recent hit "Let Me Love You Tonight" made Pure Prairie League a natural for ACPB's Valentine's Day concert in the University Auditorium. The band performed songs from their entire thirteen-year career, including several from their most recent album. Opening for the League were Deadly Earnest and the Honky Tonk Heroes (above).
Local Bands

The bands you can hear around Kent (as opposed to those you can hear around Richfield) fall into roughly four categories. First, there are the bigish bands that only pass through occasionally; Wild Horses, with the popular "Funky Poodle" to its credit, is one such group (this page, top). Then there are the warm-up bands, like Voyeur (this page, bottom left), which open for the regular bands, like Alexander (bottom right), that play certain nights at certain places every week. And last but not least, there are the Happy Hour groups, like Johnny Weniger and Friends (opposite), who play Buffet and Taylor and Browne for an already mellow Friday afternoon crowd downtown.
Theater at Kent State doesn’t take a summer vacation like most of the University’s students; it moves north. Just beyond Cuyahoga Falls, the same hills that shelter the ever-popular Blossom Music Center also surround a less awesome but equally open-air structure that is the Porthouse Theater. Appropriately, Porthouse is affiliated with its near neighbor through the Blossom Festival School, a program designed to promote close interaction between students and professionals in the visual and performing arts. Fortunately — for both theater students and the local play-going public — the other partner in the affiliation is Kent State University.

The summer of 1982 was the fourteenth season for the Porthouse organization, which began in 1969. Each of those fourteen seasons has featured its acting and producing company of undergrad and graduate students. And each season those students — over 500 since 1969 — have received the benefit of an intensive program of instruction and performance, a benefit that is also felt by the community. However, each season is also as different as the people and plays that compose it. In this respect, 1982 was no exception.

The acting company of sixteen was chosen by audition and interview while summer was still a daydream in snow-bound northeastern Ohio. As always when students are being cast, talent wasn’t the only criterion for selection; a minimum of 64 credit hours and a 2.0 GPA were the baseline requirements. Of those who met those requirements and demonstrated the ability or potential to fill a spot in the company, twelve were Kent State students,
When the weather is cooperative, it can contribute an atmosphere to outdoor theater that is impossible to achieve anywhere else. And as northeastern Ohio is notoriously balmy during the summer months, the atmosphere for South Pacific, which ran between July 9 and 25, could hardly have been improved upon. Michael Hendrix, a senior from Texas Christian University (left), and J. Gareth Wood, a KSU grad student in telecommunications, represented the United States Navy in the production (opposite top), while romantic leads were filled by Andrea Anelli from Hiram College and Joseph Cowperthwaite (this page, bottom left). In a less serious moment, Anelli and Philip G.M. Wagnitz, a Kent State graduate, steal the show with their rendition of “Honey Bun” (above). And backstage, KSU grad student and Porthouse costumer Norma West helps volunteer cast member Warren Friedman with his makeup (this page, top).
The second musical of the season was *Guys and Dolls*, called by its director, KSU theater prof Alan W. Benson, "one of the high points of the American musical theater." James Smith and Carol Klohn, two KSU voice majors, dramatize the central confrontation between the forces of corruption and Salvation (this page, top left), while a more harmonious set is formed when Smith is joined by George Bruce, a KSU senior in theater (this page, top right). And with the addition of Texas Christian's Jay Fraley, Salvation is forgotten in favor of the longest running floating crap game in the city (this page, bottom). The season was not, however, totally musical, nor was it all performed at Porthouse. On campus at the Wright-Curtis Theater, Robert Dawson, a musical theater major from Kent, and TCU's Michael Hendrix perform in *The Runner Stumbles* (opposite left), and in *Tartuffe*, Hendrix fills a different sort of role in this scene with Mimi Miller, another of KSU's musical theater majors (opposite right).
one came from nearby Hiram, and three made the trip north from Texas Christian University. Their reward for agreeing to the hectic schedule of rehearsal and performance was six hours of theater practicum credit and a monetary scholarship to ease the expenses of spending the summer in Kent. The production and technical staff was also heavily drawn from the University, although such diverse programs as telecommunications, fashion merchandising, and business were represented.

The two parts of the company cooperated on a season similarly characterized by its diversity, a Porthouse policy designed to maximize company experience, audience enjoyment, and box office receipts. The program included six plays: Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman*, Moliere's *Tartuffe*, Rodger's and Hammerstein's *South Pacific*, *The Runner Stumbles* by Milan Stitt, *An Evening of Broadway Musicals* featuring Earl Wrightson and Lois Hunt, and *Guys and Dolls* by Loesser, Swerling, and Burrows. The combination proved a winning one for all concerned.

Barb Gerwin
Marriage of Figaro

The School of Music Opera Theater and Sinfonia cooperated in the production of Mozart's Marriage of Figaro, which opened on March 3, 1982 (below and opposite right). Another type of musical, Three Penny Opera by Bertholt Brecht, opened a month later, on April 2, 1982 (this page, right, and opposite left).
Three Penny Opera

Brad Bigley

Gary Harwood
Pippin

Photos by Bob Sorino
Pippin, a musical account of the life of the son of Charlemagne, opened at Stump Theater on October 15, 1982. KSU's presentation of the play, which was directed on Broadway by Bob Fosse and starred Ben Vereen, was directed and choreographed by Ron Spangler, co-ordinator of the musical theater program.
Chicago

Bob Sorino

Bob Sorino
Chicago, a satirical comparison between crime and decadence in the 1920s and today, opened at Stump theater on February 4, 1983. The musical, which was designed to evoke images of vaudeville, was directed by William Zuccheri and choreographed by Ron Spangler.
Lester Sims Retires Tomorrow

photos by Tim Barmann
The problems of aging in America were explored in Lester Sims Retires Tomorrow, which opened at the Wright-Curtis Theater on February 15, 1983. The play, written by KSU alumnus William Curtis, featured professional television actors George Murdock and Jennifer Rhodes.
Gymnastics in Motion

It's been termed "Bachna Mania." That's what Intercollegiate Athletics Director Paul Amodio calls the energy that has built the Kent State gymnastics program into one of the finest in the country.

The "energy" is Rudy and Janet Bachna. The Bachnas, a coaching team for over twenty-five years, began the gymnastics program in 1959. Under their supervision, student athletes have excelled, learning the skills and dedication needed in the competitive and noncompetitive ends of the sport.

The couple have served on the U.S. Olympic Committee for men's and women's gymnastics. They have coached and managed several Pan American and Olympic teams and have served as judges and officials both in the States and abroad. And both have been honored for their dedication and contributions to the sport. In fact, the Kent State Gymnastics Center has been called a tribute to the Bachnas — as well as to every KSU coach and athlete. Much of the Center's equipment was purchased through the Bachna's efforts, which include the children's gymnastics program and the annual Gymnastics in Motion presentation.

1983 marks the twentieth anniversary for Gymnastics in Motion — the culmination of each year's hard work for student gymnasts. The Bachnas serve as coordinators of this effort while the varsity team plans the program. However, everyone involved in Kent State's gymnastics club (over one hundred in the spring of 1982) helps to prepare the big event.

Last year's Gymnastics in Motion program was no exception to the excellence the Bachnas represent. The evening began with the little gymnasts from the Friday afternoon children's classes, who demonstrated to the audience a typical training session.
Gymnasts have a rather peculiar lifestyle — they spend as much time upside down as rightsided up. Waiting in the wings for his turn in the air is Thorn Sabina (opposite left), while on the floor, Amy McKean and Steve Bruman make every effort to stay off the floor (opposite top). And in the spotlight, Gail Cehulic stays down to earth . . . the hard way (left).
Variety is a strong point of each year's Gymnastics in Motion show, and few possibilities are left untried. Amy McKeen and Steve Bruman demonstrate the perfectly traditional in couples routines (this page, top) while in a twist on the old Swan Lake theme, Thorn Sabina (left) and Ken Ruffer (right) tend toward the bizarre (opposite right). The simplicity of Val Adams solo routine (center) also establishes a contrast, first with the sheer size of the audience and then with the complexity of the evening's grand finale (above).
The show that followed included such standard events as the rings, horizontal bars, vaulting, and floor exercises. But the program spotlights more than basic skills. Music, lighting, choreography, and drama were combined to make Gymnastics in Motion an exciting visual experience. The performance of pieces such as "Surge of Power" and "Rhythm and Grace" exhibited the beauty involved in the sport. The entire program, in fact, proved that gymnastics is much, much more than most people understand. It is the bringing together of concentration and discipline, muscle, grace, and talent to form something both powerful and harmonious.

As soon as one Gymnastics in Motion is finished, the Bachnas and their students begin planning the next. Coach Bachna stresses continual planning. "Good varsity gymnastics are the basis for our show. It's the best we've done all year."

With the enormous amount of success the Bachnas have enjoyed all over the world, are they satisfied with what they've found at Kent State? Rudy Bachna says yes. "I'm very pleased with KSU. I think we've developed a fine program and a winning tradition (their teams have never had a losing season). But that's not the most important thing — the people are." Anyone who has ever met the Bachnas can attest to the sincerity of that statement.

Mary Ellen Kowalski

Bob Sorino
Former Cleveland mayor and United Nations journalist Carl Stokes spoke in behalf of the Black United Students' "United Nations in Retrospect" program on October 26, 1982. His topic was "United Nations Policies in Third World Countries." The previous spring, BUS and the Mbari Mbayo Players sponsored another special program. This workshop, on April 14, 1982, featured performers Ruby Dee and Ossie Davis.
Rudy Dee and Ossie Davis
Walter Mondale
Former Democratic vice-president Walter Mondale and Congressman Dennis Eckert addressed a gathering in the Student Center plaza on September 25, 1982. And on April 20, 1982, during the annual Honors Week, feminist and founding editor of Ms. Magazine Gloria Steinem spoke on women and social politics before an audience of 900 in the Student Center Ballroom.
On January 20 the All Campus Programming Board’s Artist/Lecture series kicked off with the appearance of Leonard Nimoy in the University Auditorium. Black United Students and ACBP co-sponsored the next lecture, given by Geoffrey Holder on February 9. Most recently known for his 7-Up commercials, Holder is also a dancer, choreographer, author, painter, and designer whose presentation was a part of Black History Month.
Geoffrey Holder
Rootstown's Tim Ilg presented eight major illusions to an audience gathered in the University Auditorium on February 24, 1983. Although Ilg's lack of experience caused a number of problems in the show, his creativity and enthusiasm show promise of better things to come from the young magician.
Valentine Cabaret

photos by Gary Harwood
Touch dancing is not dead at KSU. It was alive and well at the Valentine's Cabaret held at the Student Center Ballroom on Friday, February 11.

For just a few hours you could forget all your problems and concentrate on the one that Valentine's Day is: a day for love.
Renaissance Ball

photos by Henri Adjodha
On November 5, 1982, senior criminal justice major Cheryl Elder was chosen queen of Black United Students' fifth annual Renaissance Ball (this page, right). Other contestants included first runner-up Aundrea Brown, second runner-up Naomi Patterson (who was voted Miss Congeniality), third runner-up Stacey Thornton, and fourth runner-up Sharon Ballard.
Folk Festival
The fifteenth annual KSU Folk Festival was held on February 26 and 27, 1982. Ten mini concerts and thirty-eight workshops filled the two-day schedule, displaying the talents of both local and visiting musicians.
The day was perfect — seventy degree temperatures, a slight breeze from the southeast, not a cloud in the sky. The announcer blurted out, "Visibility is very good ... this is a fine day for flying ... pilots please start your engines and proceed to."

The scene was Kent State's tenth annual Air Show at the University airport in Stow. More than 1500 spectators attended the event, which featured fly-by demonstrations performed by a vintage Navy SNJ, the monstrous C-130 Cargo Transport, and the Chopper 5 helicopter. The program also included a scaled-down display of aerobatics by radio-controlled planes from a local RC model plane club. The highlight of the show was the skydiving exhibition provided by a team of professional parachutists. All of these attractions were planned by the members of Air Expo, a registered student organization comprised of aerospace majors.
Sometimes the best spectators at a spectator sporting event are the players themselves. Sophomore Rich Jones keeps his eyes on the ball and his feet on—or near—second base (this page, top left), while in the dugout, teammates Todd Perz, a junior and first baseman, Steve Neff, a sophomore at second base, and sophomore pitchers Gary Sigman and Chip Peluso (left to right) toughen up their mental games (opposite bottom). On the field, second baseman Rick Coy, a 1982 grad, ditches the squeeze play (this page, bottom) and catcher Kelly Meneer, also a grad, calls the signals (above). Reaching for the tag at third base is senior Scott Burkes (opposite top).
The 1982 Flash baseball team, under the direction of coach Bob Morgan, finished the regular season with a 35-23 record, posting 15 more wins than any other Kent team. Coach Morgan noted that 1982 was a year for advancement, especially in the team's winning attitude. Because of this attitude, coupled with consistent team effort, sixteen team and season records were broken, including those for double plays, hits, runs, and most games won.

A few pitching injuries during the season may or may not have slowed progress, but as the coach commented, "the record speaks for itself."

Brian Mooar
Bethune Cookman 6-3
Walsh 6-3
Walsh 6-3
Marian 8-4
Flagler 8-4
Flagler 2-1
Tennessee State 1-8
Tennessee State 9-4
Haverford 8-2
Haverford 10-0
Ursinus 7-10
Ursinus 7-5
Babson 5-7
Babson 7-0
Marietta 5-4
Marietta 3-8
ROBERT MORRIS 10-7
ROBERT MORRIS 0-5
WALSH 6-1
WALSH 11-3
Pittsburgh 4-6
Pittsburgh 8-3
DAYTON 3-4
DAYTON 2-1
Miami 10-5
Miami 2-7
Miami 3-0
Miami 2-7
Akron 4-2
Akron 5-9
ASHLAND 2-4
ASHLAND 9-7
Cleveland State 15-3
Cleveland State 6-2
MERCYHURST 4-0
MERCYHURST 5-1
GANNON 11-2
GANNON 6-5
Akron 3-4

Akron 3-6
BOWLING GREEN 9-4
BOWLING GREEN 8-3
BOWLING GREEN 3-4
BOWLING GREEN 2-1
Otterbein 10-11
Otterbein 9-10
WOOSTER 0-6
Toledo 5-2
Toledo 3-4
Toledo 4-0
Toledo 1-3
Toledo 1-10
OHIO STATE 1-5
OHIO STATE 4-8
OHIO UNIVERSITY 3-11
OHIO UNIVERSITY 4-1
OHIO UNIVERSITY 0-1
OHIO UNIVERSITY 1-3
Senior Scott Burkes demonstrates that in baseball, what goes up does indeed come back down, but doesn't necessarily stay there. It's up for the catch, down for the tag, and then? Up again fast or lose your legs (opposite and this page, left). On the bench, assistant coach Paul Hammond records the statistics and leaves the action to the sports photographers (above).

There aren't any records for spectacular plays, but if there were, the 1982 Flashes would probably have broken them, too.
Men’s and Women’s Track

The race is to the swiftest, but not necessarily to the first off the line. Tom Dubena demonstrates the value of endurance (this page, right, and opposite left) while on the sidelines, a timer lends encouragement.

Gary Harwood
On paper, the men’s track team had a disappointing year, finishing the season with a dismal 0-3 record. According to coach Orin Richburg, however, it wasn’t a bad year at all.

“It was just a plain tough situation in the Mid-American Conference. Week in and week out we were running against the best teams in the nation . . . it was extremely tough,” Richburg explained.

The loss of many upperclassmen and some key distance runners to graduation played a crucial role in the season’s final outcome. But despite this loss of manpower, the team finished fifth in the MAC. For a team largely composed of freshmen and sophomores, that is indeed a good year.

The women’s track team had a fine year even on paper, capturing four separate track and field titles and achieving runner-up status for three others. Coach Richburg noted that the ladies began the season at a distinct disadvantage because of the small size of the team. They beat this game of numbers, however, to finish the season on top.
MEN
Early Bird Relays 4th of 14
Miami 56-97
OHIO 59-94
Bowling Green 67-92
MAC Meet 5th of 10
Central Collegiates 10th of 16

WOMEN
Early Bird Relays 2nd of 11
Lady Buck Invitational 3rd of 20
SLIPPERY ROCK 72 ½-63 ½
KSU INVITATIONAL 1st of 3
MAC Meet 6th of 10
Running is something you do by yourself, but track is a team effort. For Dave Dorinski (opposite top), as for every runner, solitude ends at the tape. Before and after the race, it's the team that counts. Vinnie Williams, Art Burns, and Tom Jefferson (left to right) discuss the competition (opposite bottom) while at the finish line, Rose Johnson congratulates teammate Martha Ostraski (above).
It was a disappointing final season for the men's tennis team. What started out as a turn-around ended in frustration. The year began with players in better shape both mentally and physically than in past seasons. It also began with a new coach, Andy Wiles, who won the Mid-American Conference championship as a senior at Northern Illinois in 1974 and who understood the team's past problems. In keeping with this promising start, the Flashes won their first match, against Mount Union on March 3. They also made a fairly good showing during their annual spring trip to Florida. The crushing blow came on March 24 when Charles Ingler, vice-president of University affairs, recommended to President Golding that the team be cut because of budget difficulties. It's difficult to compete with such a decision. Team members continued to do their best, but they were playing for a University that had given up on them. The season ended with a last place finish at the MAC tournament held in Toledo in June, 1982.

Coach Wiles expressed no disappointment with his players. "Over all, I was pretty satisfied," he said. "We had some pretty good wins and a successful spring trip." Wiles added that he felt it would not be difficult to bring a tennis program back to Kent State. "It is a very low budget sport. I guess what is needed is somebody to start the ball rolling again." In the end, that "somebody" must be the Kent State students.

Chuck Poliafico
The University's decision to cut its tennis program may have robbed the teams of their momentum, but their concentration — at least during matches — was unruffled. Number five singles man Rick Sonkin stretches for a serve in one of the last matches of the season (opposite), while on the girls' bench, Dana Hollis keeps both eyes glued to the action on the court (this page, left).
MEN
Mt. Union 5-4 Ball State
Brownard 9-0 Ohio U.
Miami Dade 5-4 MAC
Miami Dade 0-9 WOMEN
Florida Int. 1-8 Seminole
Palm Beach 2-7 Jacksonville
Edinboro 6-3 Flagler
OBERLIN 8-1 Stetson
Miami 2-7 Ohio
Louisville 7-2 WOOSTER
Akron 6-3 Cincinnati
Siena Hts. 8-1 Akron
Bowling Green 0-9 W. Michigan
E. Michigan 2-7 N. Illinois
W. Michigan 0-9 Notre Dame
Kalamazoo 0-9 E. Michigan
Toledo 3-6 BOWLING GREEN
Cen. Michigan 2-7 TOLEDO
Youngstown 5-4 MAC
N. Illinois 7-2 Slippery Rock

WOMEN
Florida Int. 1-8 Seminole
Palm Beach 2-7 Jacksonville
Edinboro 6-3 Flagler
OBERLIN 8-1 Stetson
Miami 2-7 Ohio
Louisville 7-2 WOOSTER
Akron 6-3 Cincinnati
Siena Hts. 8-1 Akron
Bowling Green 0-9 W. Michigan
E. Michigan 2-7 N. Illinois
W. Michigan 0-9 Notre Dame
Kalamazoo 0-9 E. Michigan
Toledo 3-6 BOWLING GREEN
Cen. Michigan 2-7 TOLEDO
Youngstown 5-4 MAC
N. Illinois 7-2 Slippery Rock
A good serve and a powerful net game are, of course, important to succeeding in the sport of tennis, but it’s what he does between shots that makes an ordinary player a star. Rocco Cona’s backhand may be impressive (opposite top), but when Mindy Kline lectures the line judge (opposite bottom), or both winners and losers manage to finish the match graciously (this page, top), or Rob Wentz makes his petition to a higher referee (this page, left and above), the spectators know they’re seeing the game at its finest.
Rugby player (rug • be pla • or) n 1. One afflicted with a psychosis. 2. A person with a personality disorder, especially manifested in aggressively violent behavior.

Rugby players . . . are they real men or are they wild savages? Whatever the answer, they are trained killers who bravely disregard impending danger to life and limb. Bloody noses, broken bones — it’s all part of the game. There is no room for quiche-eaters in this sport; it’s a rough way of life, and if someone gets killed? They’ll just drag the body off the field at halftime.

Rugby is exactly like football. Except it’s different. It has all of the contact and none of the equipment. No wonder rugby players are easily identified by their bumper stickers: “Give blood, play rugby.” “It takes leather balls to play rugby.” And the ever-popular “Rugby players eat their dead.” That seems to say it all.

Brian Mooar
A kick in the grass, a crunch in the shoulder blades, and a crack in the neck... it's another exciting afternoon of rugby at Kent State University. Not all rugby players are men either. The girls also have their teams and their tournaments (opposite bottom). And on the men's team, KSU's Chester Bird and Chris Jeffers put the crunch on a pair of opponents (above).
But rugby isn't always a kick in the grass; sometimes it's a kick in the mud. Dave Foster braves the slop for the sake his team (above). And demonstrating the agony of a rugby victory is Ian Smith, escorted off the field by Mike Burrillo (this page, right). Brad Bigley, opposite bottom and this page, right.
Lacrosse
The Kent State football team joined the elite group of Northwestern, Eastern Michigan, and Memphis State in 1982. The Golden Flashes, who finished 0-11 overall and 0-9 in the Mid-American Conference during Coach Ed Chlebek's second year, ended the season with the longest losing streak in Division I at thirteen games.

KSU's last victory was a 13-7 decision over Eastern Michigan in the ninth game of the 1981 season. The Flashes lost their final two games that year and followed that with their first winless season in fifty years.

Northwestern gave Eastern Michigan the longest losing streak in the nation when it ended its own streak at thirty-four games with a win over Northern Illinois. Eastern in turn broke its twenty-seven game skid with a victory over Kent State. And Memphis State passed the honor to the Flashes with a season-finale 12-0 win over Arkansas State, before which it had lost seventeen games.

On the brighter side, quarterback Walter Kroan, wide receiver Darren Brown, and punter Tony DeLeone each moved into the KSU record books.

Kroan, a sophomore who passed for more than 1300 yards, completed 113 of 259 passes, both second bests in KSU history. He also threw a school-record 22 interceptions.

Brown, a senior, caught a pair of touchdown passes in the last game of the season against Ohio University to set a career touchdown reception record with 10. He also moved into second place in total receiving yards with 1147.

DeLeone, a sophomore, averaged 42.4 yards in 80 punts in 1982, breaking the old mark of 40.6 yards per kick set by Dan Brenning in 1970.

The Flashes opened the season with losses at Marshall, Northern Illinois, and Western Michigan. Included in those defeats was the loss of senior linebacker and All-MAC choice Russ Hedderly to an ankle injury.

In the Homecoming game against Miami, 22,017 fans turned out to see KSU drop a 20-0 decision to the Redskins. The crowd was the third largest in KSU history.

For the second straight year, Kent State traveled to Ames, Iowa, to face the Iowa State Cyclones. And before a crowd of 49,930, Iowa State downed the Flashes 44-7 behind the running of former Kent Roosevelt star Harold Brown.

The Flashes lost home games to Ball State, Central Michigan, and Bowling Green in October. Bowling Green, the MAC champion and a contender in 1982's second annual California Bowl, beat the Flashes 41-7 with the passing of former Rootstown High standout Brian McClure.

Bob Hirschmann's three field goals gave Eastern Michigan a 9-7 win over KSU in Ypsilanti and ended the Huron's losing streak at twenty-seven games. Following that defeat, KSU closed its home season with a 3-0 loss to Toledo; the Flashes' defense did not allow a touchdown for the second
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Team</th>
<th>Score</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Marshall</td>
<td>21-30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Northern Illinois</td>
<td>15-23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Western Michigan</td>
<td>14-24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MIAMI</td>
<td>0-20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Iowa State</td>
<td>7-44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BALL STATE</td>
<td>3-21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CENTRAL MICHIGAN</td>
<td>20-31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BOWLING GREEN</td>
<td>7-41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eastern Michigan</td>
<td>7-9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TOLEDO</td>
<td>0-3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ohio University</td>
<td>20-24</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
straight game.

Ohio University took a 24-0 halftime lead in the season finale and held on for a 24-20 win over the Flashes. Kroan replaced junior quarterback Ken Benecetic, previously his own replacement, and threw for three touchdowns in the fourth quarter.

In the conference record books, the 1982 Flashes finished last in total offense, total defense, rushing offense, and rushing defense. Their defense against the pass, however, was the best in the MAC.

Marty Pantages
The winning attitude is obvious on the face of every Lady Flash. Backs Beth Stefanchik (left) and Denise Cole (right) wait for a play at the goal (this page, top left) and Kathy Golas gets into the action on the field (opposite). On the sidelines, Kim Haslinger, Debbie Brophy, and Victoria Chapman (left to right), display their winners’ smiles (this page, top right), as Linda Boyan endures one of the hazards of the game: the pain of a bruised (or broken) nose (above).
The 1982 season turned out to be a very successful one for the Lady Flash field hockey team. Their 10-8 record stands among the few winning marks of KSU’s fall athletic program. Coach Lori Fuglestad referred to the season as part of a transition period for the team, during which the caliber of the players seems to be improving each year.

“The team was a very hardworking group whose physical sacrifices during the season paid off in the end,” Fuglestad remarked.

Veteran senior players, led by Most Valuable Player Linda Boyan, added the needed leadership which helped pull the generally young team through a very competitive schedule.

Brian Mooar

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Team</th>
<th>Score</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Wittenberg</td>
<td>9-0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pittsburgh</td>
<td>3-2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WOOSTER</td>
<td>4-2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OHIO STATE</td>
<td>4-3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TOLEDO</td>
<td>1-2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ASHLAND</td>
<td>1-0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MIAMI</td>
<td>0-2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dayton</td>
<td>3-2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. Illinois</td>
<td>1-0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OBERLIN</td>
<td>7-3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SLIPPERY ROCK</td>
<td>1-3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>5-4</td>
</tr>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cen. Michigan</td>
<td>0-3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Va. Wesleyan</td>
<td>2-1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DENISON</td>
<td>1-2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MAC Invitational</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Toledo</td>
<td>1-0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miami</td>
<td>1-2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ohio Univ.</td>
<td>1-2</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
With a squad of thirteen freshmen and only three seniors, first year head hockey coach Don Lumley was fighting a losing battle in the war of youth vs. experience. The team was just too young, and too much was expected of it in too little time.

If the problem of inexperience was the major setback of the 1983 Flashes, then injuries were a close second. The problems began shortly before the start of the regular season when both of the team’s co-captains were injured at the same time.

Senior wing John Straffon and junior center Scott Baker were both sidelined as the result of an automobile accident. Straffon sat out the remainder of the season. Freshmen Paul Benditti, Scott Meim, and Phil Harnick were also benched due to injuries.

After opening the season with an 8-5 win over Niagara College, the icers slipped into a nine-game losing streak followed two months later by another six-game rut from which the team never fully recovered.
<table>
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<tr>
<th>Team</th>
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<tr>
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<tr>
<td>Army</td>
<td>3-17</td>
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<td>1-7</td>
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<td>BOWLING GREEN CLUB</td>
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<td>CLEVELAND JR BARONS</td>
<td>12-2</td>
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<td>CLEVELAND JR BARONS</td>
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<td>Canisius</td>
<td>1-8</td>
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<tr>
<td>PENN STATE</td>
<td>6-9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PENN STATE</td>
<td>2-10</td>
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</table>
"It was a long, tough, frustrating season," commented head volleyball coach Sheree Harvey, whose team finished the season with a disappointing 6-39 record. In the end, the predominantly freshman squad fell prey to a lack of leadership. Assistant coach Bob McCarthy commented, "It was a case of a young team being overscheduled and then playing the top-ranked teams in the nation." These teams included Pitt (20th) and Penn State (13th). McCarthy called the season "a growing experience" and added that the team has made progress. Coach Harvey echoed his statement, saying "the program is definitely developing in strength, although the record doesn't show it. But in the end, we became very competitive in the MAC."
Initial optimism doesn’t always bring final success, as the Lady Flashes learned during their 1982 season. Not that effort was lacking. Laurie Mehlenbacher sacrifices her knees in a last ditch dive for the save (opposite bottom), while Penny Howard goes in the other direction, reaching for the spike (this page, left). Later, on the bench, Howard and coach Harvey discuss technique (above).
Gymnastics

Bob Brindley

Gary Harwood

Bob Sorino
### MENS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Team</th>
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<th>Score 2</th>
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<tbody>
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<td>264.15</td>
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<td>227.35</td>
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<tr>
<td>INDIANA</td>
<td>262.25</td>
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### WOMEN

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<tr>
<td>Bowling Green</td>
<td>163.85</td>
<td>165.10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Slippery Rock</td>
<td>166.85</td>
<td>163.75</td>
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The 1982-83 women's gymnastics team began its season on an optimistic note. Intrasquad competition early in December revealed the talents of freshmen Chris Malis, Kathy Collett, and Dawn Roberts. Although several veterans were plagued by pre-season injuries, Coach Janet Bachna expressed pleasure with the team's depth.

By midseason, with veterans Val Adams and Lisa Wannemacher still troubled by injury and illness, 19 of 24 competitive spots were filled by freshmen. Malis, Collett, and Roberts lived up to their early promise under this pressure, winning all around and individual event titles.

Robert's bout with the flu may have cost the team its final meet against West Virginia. However, the Lady Flashes finished their regular season at 13-8 and headed to the MAC meet at Ball State as reigning conference champions.
Men's gymnastics coach Terry Nesbit was more guarded than the Bachnas about his team's youth, and emphasized the need for experience rather than talent.

In the first meet against Eastern Michigan, many of the Kent State men had a chance to get some of that valuable experience as the team swept all events. Sophomore Lee Pluhowski finished second overall, proving that youth has its advantages.

Other standouts were Mark Gilliam in floor exercise and Ken Ruffer on parallel bars. Gilliam scored a school record 9.75 in floor against Pittsburgh and Ruffer's 9.2 on bars against Indiana was also a record, as was Pluhowski's 53.15 all around mark in the same meet.

The men finished their season at 7-6 with hopes of several qualifications for the NCAA meet to be held at Ball State in April.

Barb Gerwin
Like many other KSU teams, the 1982-83 AquaFlashes suffered from an advanced case of inexperience.

With a 1-8 season, the Lady Swimmers finished dead last in the eight-team Mid-American Conference championships held at Northern Illinois University in DeKalb. Even Coach Greg Oberlin conceded that the team really never had a chance to do any better. And the MAC championships were the story of the whole season. No matter how well the Lady Flashes did, the opponents were better.

The men, who finished with a 3-7 record, suffered from a similar lack of depth. The team endured a four-game losing streak at the beginning of the season before winning its first meet. And despite numerous wins by freshmen Rob Freitag and Todd Glascock, the swimmers could only achieve a 1-4 MAC record.
### MEN

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<td>Cincinnati</td>
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### WOMEN

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<td>PITTSBURGH</td>
<td>43-81</td>
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<tr>
<td>Youngstown State</td>
<td>39-71</td>
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</table>
After losing six seniors from the previous season's six-time Mid-American conference championship squad, KSU wrestling coach Ron Gray began his twelfth year with a great deal of apprehension.

Gaps in the lineup were filled by redshirts from the year before and freshmen. One gap that Gray did not have to fill, however, was the 150-pound slot filled by junior Allan Childers. The Brunswick product, en route to repeating his MAC championship, led the team with 22 wins.

A few surprises that Gray didn't count on were welcomed by the 8-4-2 Flashes, who finished undefeated in the MAC for the third straight year, with a 4-0-1 mark. Ball State transfers Ron Baker (158) and Doug Dake (177) and two time AAA state champion Rich Robusto of Walsh Jesuit (118) provided more excitement.
Baker, who co-captained with Childers, claimed more than 20 wins. Dake performed well until an injury curtailed his season. Robusto tied sophomore Ed DiFeo (167) with four pins.

Gray saw his 100th victory when the Flashes came from behind to beat conference rival Eastern Michigan 24-17 at the fourth annual KSU invitational.

1983 became a season of tradition for junior Marty Lucas (134), sophomore Ed DiFeo, and freshman Mike Wenger (142) who all followed in the footsteps of their older brothers. For Senior Pete Delois the season was a dream come true when, after watching from the sidelines for most of his four years, he got his start when Dake did not return. Delois also had one of the most emotional matches of the season against Miami, when he lost by one point.

Scott Charlton
RIT Invitational, 1st of 13 teams
Northern Illinois
Minnesota
S. Illinois-Edw.
Chicago State
MIAMI
Central Michigan
Ferris State
Eastern Michigan
INDIANA
CENTRAL MICHIGAN
NORTHERN MICHIGAN
SLIPPERY ROCK
Pittsburgh
TOLEDO
ASHLAND
MAC Championships
NCAA Championships
21-19
10-33
22-22
48-3
25-14
29-15
19-18
24-24
15-24
24-17
42-3
18-23
18-20
21-16
31-13
If one thing characterized the 1982-83 Lady Flashes, it was their inconsistency on the court. Throughout the season, the team managed to stay in contention for a playoff spot, but the goal seemed always just out of reach.

Junior forward Cheryl Nannah, junior guard Denise Duncan, sophomore forward Nancy Beatty, and freshman sensations Cheryl Madden and Lori Ference became the pawns in a game of mid-season musical starters when Coach Laurel Wartluft decided to inject some new blood into the stale Flash offense.

Despite a come-from-behind victory over Northern Illinois that sparked a five of six game winning streak, the team had trouble in conference play. After dropping crucial games to Bowling Green and Toledo, all hopes for a playoff title were gone.

Brian Mocar
<table>
<thead>
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<td>Miami</td>
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"The Waiting is Over . . . ", reads the caption on the lower portion of the Kent State Basketball schedule. This quote can be digested a myriad of ways by KSU hardcourt fans. Each small interpretation will bear truthful testimony about the ailing condition which the sport has suffered through the past several years.

The real reason for the inscription is that finally after 23 dedicated years in the ranks, Jim McDonald, made his debut as a collegiate head coach. A real godsend for Flash fanatics.

Sporting new uniforms and a new concept at KSU — defense — the Flashes awed and wooed the home crowd into near ecstasy. “Mac’s Men” raced to a 4-1 ledger at the outset, and despite some pothole dodging, leaped into the M.A.C. tourney for the first time in four tormenting seasons.

Led by the M.A.C.’s third leading scorer, senior Dave Ziegler,
sophomore guards Larry Robbins and Anthony Grier, and some smart "inside the paint" play by junior transfer Marvin Robinson, along with stellar performances by seniors Ed Kaminski, Greg Cudworth, and Keith Gordon, the blue and gold have indeed introduced a new and exciting era in the KSU basketball.

Bitten by the bug they have long waited for, the Memorial Gym crowd although not awesome, have been appreciative and rabid — in a good way. Nonetheless, Jim McDonald has shown that KSU can field a class act on the court, and he has only wet the appetite of Golden Flash partisans.

A growing phenomenon has come to Kent State; another team that has the desire to work for respectability. "Mac" has led us to the M.A.C., and the only way to go is up!
<table>
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<td>MIAMI</td>
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<tr>
<td>MAC Tournament</td>
<td></td>
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</table>

Dan Stitt

Bob Brindley, above and right
Softball

Bob Sorino

Brad Bigley

Gary Harwood
Brad Bigley
Bob Brindley
Gary Harwood
Brad Bigley
Tappa Kegga (defeated the Drillers 12-7 in the final game)
Phi Sigma Kappa (defeated the Krazy Eights 29-2 in the final game)
Football
INTRAMURAL CHAMPIONS

DORMITORY: Braves (defeated the Wizards 15-0 in the final game)

INDEPENDENT: B.U.S. All-Stars (defeated the Braves 27-6 for the All-University championship)

FRATERNITY: Phi Sigma Kappa (defeated Omega Psi Phi 27-9)

WOMEN: Animals (defeated Prentice Hall 20-8)
intramural champions
Men: G.O. (defeated the Force 43-37)
Women: BUS All-Stars (defeated Stir Crazy 31-24)
Co-Rec: G.M. Divers (defeated BUS All-Stars 90-65)
Wheelchair: Golden Flashes (defeated Dunbar 26-16)
Faculty-Grad-Staff: Administration (defeated English Dept. 64-52)
Most people call it a frisbee... Ultimate players call it a disk. The sport of Ultimate is relatively new, having its birth in the Eastern colleges about fifteen years ago. In form, the game resembles soccer played with a disk.

Ultimate players resemble rugby players with teeth. They can often be found at the Robin Hood singing team cheers and reminiscing about fabulous catches. They are dedicated to the pursuit of fun, and kegs of beer, guitars, and hacky-sack often accompany them to their matches.

1982 saw a rebirth of Ultimate Frisbee at Kent State. The team, funded by the Intramural Department, consisted of about twenty-five regulars who practiced five days a week in the fall to prepare themselves for several tournaments.

As a team, Kent Ultimate traveled to Michigan to meet powerful schools including Michigan State, University of Michigan, and Kalamazoo College. In the Ohio state championships, the team took fourth place.

*Brad Bigley*
Softball

Row one (l to r): Denise Lachowski, Carla Reak, Dianna Parker, Jacki Smolik, Vickie Chapman, Kathy Golias, Robbin Disinger. Row two: Nan Carney-DeBord, assistant coach; Carol Johnson, Beth Ringler, Cathy Edly, Dee Seidenschmidt, Nanny Zirafi, Maureen Notaro, Rhonda Definbaugh, Kathy England, Peggy Stitz, Mary Jo Hall, Carol Patzwahl, trainer; Lori Fuglestad, head coach.

Baseball

Men's Track


Women's Track

Women's Basketball

Kneeling (l to r): Pam Mudrak, Karla Williams, Denise Duncan, Kim Bray, Gaylene Weigl, Cheryl Madden, Amy Schuler. Standing: Ned Seibert, manager; Laurel Wartlut, head coach; Nancy Beatty, Rochelle Van Leer, Kerri Strobelt, Lori Ference, Dawna Johns, Peggy Hufnagel, Paulette Colantone, Lisa Cohen, Robert Wronkovich, manager; Lori Upperman, student trainer; Darlene Wolfe, assistant coach.

Men's Basketball

Kneeling (l to r): Stan Joplin, assistant coach; Curtis Moore, Geoff Warren, Mike Roberts, Anthony Grier, Londell Owens, Larry Robbins, Jim McDonald, head coach. Standing: Roger Lyons, assistant coach; Steve Tindall, Keith Gordon, Marvin Robinson, Ed Kaminski, Greg Cudworth, Dave Zeigler, Craig Haueter, manager; David Close, assistant coach.
Women's Tennis

(l to r): Beth Bandi, Lisa Jones, Gloria Maile, Donna Donath, Lisa Stroul, Cindy Miller, Mindy Kline, Martha Hannas, Karen Foster, Dana Hollis.

Field Hockey

Kneeling (l to r): Denise Cole, Kim Haslinger, Debbie Brophy, Beth Stefanchik, Kathy Golias, Laura Mazzuli, Linda Boyan, Barb Meloy.
Standing: Susan Hiser, assistant coach; Lori Fuglæstad, head coach; Linda Trapani, Margaret Pachuta, Kris Ewing, Val Urba, Marge Williams, Heather Barklow, Mary Jo Hall, Beth Chandler, Victoria Chapman. Cathy Sellers and Kathy Andrei, trainers.
Wrestling

Roster: Ron Gray, head coach; Doug Drew, Frank Romano, Dave Wenger, Steve Reedy, assistant coaches; Ric Fail, trainer; Jim Rice, Larry LeGrand, Mike Gainer, Jeff Gainer, Ron Baker, Dan Gnabah, Dave Coates, Jeff Bowman, Roger Shirey, Nick Logan, Russ McAlorie, Scott Owens, John Ramsey, Dave Amato, Jose Molina, Jim Montague, Joe Traudt, Dave Gray, Allan Childers, Mike Wenger, John King, Rick Wilson, Marty Smilie, Ed Mariner, Charlie Heyman, Pete Delois, Rich Robusto, Mark Kissell, Sheldon Spiva, Mitch Stonestreet, Ed DiFeo, Dave Gibson, Doug Dake, Dwayne Holloway, Jamey Bailey, Bill Schaeffer, Dick Reed, Darryl Render, Eric Blake, Fred Day.
Volleyball

Row one (I to r): Julie Weber, trainer; Renee Bence, Laurie Mehlcnbacher, Kim Lones, Janet Rucky. Row two: Bob McCarthy, assistant coach; Judy Etz, Lisa Baker, Sherri Crawfis, Penny Howard, Bridgett Dickson, Kim Maddox, Diana Ward, Sheree Harvey, head coach.

Hockey

Row one (I to r): Dan Nasato, Gary Tsuji, Mike Cox, Tom Viggiano, Jon Straffon, Scott Baker, Shawn Egan, Brian Hamilla, Dave Bowen. Row two: Keith Scott, assistant coach; Rick Gough, trainer; Scott Heim, Jamie Kelly, Tim French, Glenn Cawood, Mark Spring, Doug Balogh, Chris Baker, Mike Coyle, Kathy Laidly, statistician; Shaun Toomey, trainer; Don Lumley, head coach. Row three: Dru Toczykowski, Dan Dubick, Dave Mathews, Rick MacDonald, Rob Chapman, Dave Tonna, Phil Harnick, Paul Venditti.
Women's Gymnastics


Men's Gymnastics

Men's Swimming

Row one (l to r): Greg Oberlin, coach; Rob Freitag, Mike Davy, Tom Sherer, Bob Cawley, Todd Glascock, Carl Goldman, Gordon Spencer, diving coach; Fred Schwab and David Back, assistant coaches.

Row two: Chuck Jacobs, Mike McFadden, Eugene Shumar, Scott Halter, Jon Smiley, Dan Stikich, Lance Polan, Mike Howe, Tim Hannan, assistant coach.

Women's Swimming

Football

Front: Diane Hennie, Tim Green. Standing: Mary Kay Cabot, Stacey Thorton, David Lehman, Michelle King, Joe Curley, Mary Beth Vincent, Cindy Fitch.
The Contest

The Chestnut Burr always includes a section of group shots for two basic reasons. First (or so we'd like you to believe), the section gives a lot of people a chance to see their faces in the yearbook. And second, we need the money that each group pays for its space. To make the section a little more exciting and a little less pragmatic, however, the editorial staff sponsors a competition between the groups and generously returns the winners' money.

Judging the 1983 “most original and/or appropriate group photo” contest was KSU President Michael Schwartz, a very cooperative man. He had no idea who took the pictures; in many cases, he had no idea what they were pictures of. Working in a vacuum, so to speak, he made his choice of the top two 1983 group photos.

The winning group is not a tourist club. See America First comprises those fourth-year architecture students too poor to study in Italy (and proud of it). Their goals are the promotion of activities, interaction, and — above all — fun in the face of an awesome adversary: Kent State’s School of Architecture. And although Dr. Schwartz was apparently impressed by their show of patriotism, we commend SAF for its attempts to maintain the morale of the only group of people who spend more time in Taylor Hall than the staff of the Chestnut Burr.

In second place was Kent State's answer to Second City and the Not Ready for Prime Time Players. To Be Announced was chosen for their choice of the studio environment for their picture. They are, however, much funnier in person.

For many of the groups in this year's section, participation involved some belt-tightening and budget-stretching. Our congratulations to the winners and thanks to all who appear on the following pages.
See America First

To Be Announced

The Corporate Clone Club

Row one: (l to r) Yvonne Parsons, Jordan "Moustaki" George, Natalie George, Linn Grenert, Judy Stephenson. Row two: Greg "Gostys" Christakis, Ed "E" Gaynor, Brian "Liner" Schorr, Sandy Kutcher, Mohammad Sonny "Square" Kumar.

Black Greek Council

Ski Club

Delta Zeta


Bicycle Club

Badminton Club

Row one: (l to r) Lim, Peng Chuan, Anthony Kiob, Kevin Fong, manager; Brian Ng, assistant manager; Ruslan, Brunei Lee. Row two: Carol Kappenhagen, Dwight Santiago, Tan, Kim Huat, Ravi Ambu, Ricky Yap, Adesanya Oluemus, Atul Kumar, Lim, Fang Joon, Goh, Kah Foo. Not pictured: Shukor Zakaria, Ruzita Othman.

Alpha Phi Alpha

Row one: Mike Oxner, Robert Southgate. Row two: Maurice Stevens, William Gaither, vice-president; Darrell McNair, president; Victor Tall. Row three: Mark Coates, Brian Boykins, Craig Stephens, treasurer. Row four: Willie Fransics, Harvey Smith, secretary.
Kent Interhall Council (KIC) is an organization of residence hall students who are interested in improving life in the KSU residence halls. Serving as a liaison between dorm students and campus administrators and as an allocator of individual hall funds, KIC provides a wide variety of campus-wide programs and services to those living in the residence halls.

Row one: (I to r) Kim Mulholland, secretary; Sylke Benner, internal services director; John Bell, student services director and vice-president elect; Linda Harris, vice-president; Jeffrey Jorney, president; Karen Elkins, communications director and president elect; Wayne Mills, legal affairs director; Barbara Wills, business operations director; Frank Gaertner, representative at large. Row two: Susan Vadas, Suzanne Kupiec, Donna Drinko, Miriam Harris, Thom Drinko, Elizabeth Heil, Bruce King, Chris Ragan. Row three: Willis Strader, Tracy Fruechey, Pat Shroyer, Nina Keck, Audrey Holder, Lori Jackson, Gail Berg, Dawn Fecik, Debra Cooper. Row four: Paul Schwesinger, Don Supelak, Mary Jo Murphy, Sharon Glew, Cindy Valentine, Juli McTrusty, Linda Rosenleib, Brian Miller, Margaret Gwazdauskas, Richard Smith.

273
Daily Kent Stater

Sigma Alpha Epsilon

ACPB Stage Crew

Front: (l to r) Ty Brinskele, Tom Feher, Gary Mascia, Jeff Simon, Mark Morgan. Back: Fred Presler, stage manager; Tokyo Rochester, Chris Murray, Matt Philips, Denis Eifel.

Kent African Students Association

ACPB Executive Board

Front: (l to r) Tammy Davis, Mike Randolph, Doris Allen, Kerry John, Lonnie Angel. Back: Joe Matuscak, April Lynn Blake, Dana Harrah, Lori Alkre, Mike Perchiacca, Geri Smalley, Chris Mulroy.

Student Ambassadors

Members of the Campus Bus Club take an impromptu look at what it is like being a passenger on the infamous Campus Loop. Every member is a dedicated employee of Campus Bus Services, uniting to provide first class service to Kent State University and the surrounding community. CBS means service with a smile.

Roster: Michael Banachowski, Joel Bates, Bob Blakemore, Pete Brown, Kevin Bryan, Eric Coleman, Brian Davis, Lisa Deer, Lori Detweller, Tom Dziak, Dennis Funjar, Kevin Helsey, Ward Herst, Kevin Herman, Denny Hewitt, Mike Kubasek, Jay Lawrence, Victor LoPiccolo, Jon Matheson, Kathy McAfee, Chris McCue, Scott Medwid, Laurie Mlazzo, vice-president; Sue Moorman, president; Lisa Molinari, Larry Navarre, Rose Novy, Cassie Prochnow, Diane Poorman, Mimi Radakovich, Cheryle Robinson, Mike Rogers, Kim Sarer, Debbie Sanders, Paul Schmidt, Karen Sidaway, Bob Smith, Kurt Thorning, Brent Troyer, Bev Wemyss, Tom Woods, Debbie Zombeck, Joanne Connolly.
Women in Communications

Front: (l to r) Debbie Maston, Jane Hare, Sandy Kratochvil, Barbara George, Nadine Ochendowski, Doris Allen.
Back: unknown, Monica Tenison, Laurie Lobaugh, Carol Smallwood, Judy Myrick, Jody Litwack, Patricia Stokes, Renee Setteur, Maria Jeane Motter, Chris Daniels, unknown, Maggie McKinley, Mary Hrvatin.

Nigerian Student Union

Isshinryu Karate Club

This page, top, standing: (l to r) Jim Bobek, Mark Roberts, Kay Dodd, Bill Marcum, Bill Lowder, Connie Cözzens, Dave Van Nostran. Lunging: Pam Wren, Roxanne Marcum. This page, bottom: (l to r) Pam Wren, instructor; Bill Marcum, chief instructor; Roxanne Marcum, instructor.
Front: (l to r) Linda Sample, Kathi LaPolla, Julie Williams, Patty Quinn, Kerry John, King Hill, Mark Durbin, Ralph Darrow, adviser.
Back: Denise Kaufmann, Kathy Tighe, Joe Bruscino, Kris LaRocca, Marlene Rath, Shelly Myers, Jerry Scheer, Gina Burk, Brenda Lusher, Kim Nero, Cynthia Jarrell.

Chess Club

Row one: (l to r) David Pikul, EBC representative; John Palazzo, junior vice-president/professional activities; Michelle Burke, secretary; Bob Prendergast, historian; Gail Tuttle, senior vice-president; Margaret Barbic, junior vice-president/pledge education; Steven Fisher, chancellor; Bonnie Graves, treasurer; Russell Graves, president. Row two: Mark Ondracek, Eric Johnson, David Kuhr, Sandra Reed, Lynn Miller, Bradley Lane, Ron Urbano, Lindy Barnhart. Row three: Rose Kirby, Brigitte Bouska, Tracy Bakalar, Stacy McClaren, George Jinkinson, Karen Ross, Claudia Calevich, Cathy Kalman, Kevin Ladegaard, Christine Dorenkott, Scott Thompson, Marge Falter, Mark Frys, Leslie Christ. Row four: Robert Manak, Dave Palermo, Fernando Herrera, Mary Beth Rech, Mimi Zak, Rose Johnson, Michelle Thompson, Julie Bent, Kitty Nixon, Scott Marcantonio. Row five: David Quick, Patrick O'Hara, Dale Neiss, Cathy Pleshinger, Helen Mastrangelo. Not pictured: April Lynn Blake, Ann Hertzer, Barb Jarmuzek, Jeff Jones, Jim Kelly, Mike Kienapple, Joe Matuscak, Kevin McCreary, Jerry Miller, Sue Mohr, Lynda Powell, Mike Proto, David Sankey, Cindy Shaffer, Suzie Cecelones, Sharon Meehan, Sherry Scullin, Ann Selover, advisor.
Advertising Club


Row one: (I to r) Christi Clevenger, Todd Hutchinson, Susan Miller, Bart Johnson, Karen Mathney, Barb Brazis, Chris Daniels, Amos Green. Row two: Debbie Wyant, Renee Setteur, Marla Jean Motter, China Thornhill, Guy Tunnicliffe, Beth Kelly, Tony Kerosky, Ed Rojeck, Ann Bingham, Jeff Jorney, Katy Bell, Chris Steward. Row three: Peter Kolodgy, Stuart Falb, Lonnie Angel, Mark Tisdale, Tom O'Dwyer, Spike Punch, Glenn Clegg, Don Pavlov, Cathy Hall, Carol Parasiliti.
Recreation Club

Row one: (l to r) Dr. Ronald Havard, advisor; Tom Stoog, president. Row two: Lou Ann Ross, Sue Sullivan, secretary; Joan Brindley. Row three: Steve Winter, Suzi Busler, vice-president; Chris Kalonick, Mary Jo Kuznick. Row four: Karen Foster, Kathy McConnell, Sandy Learner, Anna Garland. Row five: Beth Stoner, Christy Wetzel, Greg Boltz, Kathy Allen, Jenny Schumacher, Patty Coyne, treasurer. Row six: Emilio Cornacchione, Ken Hagadorn, Joyce Chryn, liaison; Kevin Ritchie, Sue Duffy.

K.S.U. Leftovers

Whoever said leftovers weren't any good?!?


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Kent Dance Association

Front: Lauri Zabele. **Row two:** (l to r) Stephanie Robinson, Gina Grazia, Barb Angeloni, Suzie Erenrich. **Row three:** Don Boyce, Debbie Pierce, Linda Pierce, George A. Bruce.

Volleyball Club

**Row one:** (l to r) Pat Weber, Troy Howell, Tom Fallon. **Row two:** Frank Harvey, Barry Kaufman, Brady Dandino, Scott Geresy. **Row three:** Mark Urich, Alex Horvath, Vic Kulick, Bob McCarthy, coach.
Sailing Club

(l to r) Agop Kasparian, Fred Pressler, Jim Haney, Vickes Kasparian, Cindy Welton, Sandra Halman, Rhea Ferrante, Dale Walker, Al Murray.
Kent State Recruiting Aids


Volunteer Ambulance Service

Theta Chi


Black Aesthetics

In loving memory of our sisters Maureen Lenahan and Carol Shoultz, who died in the summer of 1982. They will be missed by all who knew them, but especially by their sisters in Chi Omega.

THEY that love beyond the world can not be separated by it. Death can not kill what never dies . . . Nor can spirits ever be divided, that love and live in the same divine principle, the root and record, of their friendship . . . Death is but crossing the world as friends do the seas; they live in one another still . . . This is the comfort of friends, that though they may be said to die, yet their friendship and society are, in the best sense, ever present because immortal.

William Penn
Student Senate

Bottom: (l to r) Linda Harris, Ralph P. Cushion, Sandy West, Ed Sowinski, Debbie Kisamore, Neil Klingshirn, Cheryl Roberto. Top: G. Edward Petro, Cindy Bowlby, Sandi McIntyre, Jim McKee.
American Institute of Architects


Student Home Economics Association

Seated: (l to r) Kristen Vargo, president; Bonnie Bailey, vice-president. Standing: Sara Ring, secretary; Deborah Rieschl, Hazel Reid, Louise Boekenheide, Meri Lynn Williamson, Sharon Kost, treasurer.
University Lifeline

(l to r): John Loughry, Anne, Suzi Roseman, Baby, Anne, Colleen Moyer, Anne, Baby, Mark Demuth.

Student Dietetic Association

Front: (l to r) Ruth Myer, Mary Meder, Cynthia Mann, Darla Zelvy, Judy Green, treasurer; Sharon Kost, activities coordinator; Dr. Eva Medved, advisor; Rosanna Legg, president; Trish Adams, secretary; Barbara Dehnke, Julie Gross, Lori Myers, Norma J. Setteur. Back: Melissa Lyle, Elaine Maruskin, Marci Gellman, Nola Winegarner.
Row one: (l to r) Jeff Kunes, music director; Jo Ann Hess, Rob Branz, Carol Nicholson, Tim Aten, promotions director. Row two: Val Orel, Barb Humphrey, Janet Abdullah, Rich Friesenhengst, traffic director; Vicki Gallo, traffic director; Gary Gifford, Phil McDonald. Row three: Martin Puleo, Mary Sue Merrill, Andy McKibbens, Stan Cocheo, Patty Ross, sales director; Chris Hanzel. Row four: Ray Swenton, Jeff Lamm, Doug Pieper, program director; Janet Harper, Kevin Thompson, news director.
Hoodlums

Front: (l to r) Denise Cowger, Jill Willey. Back: Betsy Klein, Carla Hedeen, Maryann Hines, Debbie Gerwin, Barb Gerwin, Flo Cunningham, Belinda Reneker, Mari Ann Cecelones.

Student Alumni Association

Front: (l to r) Tracy Aldrich, Dave Thomas, Becky Arnold, Judy Podsedly, Ken Pringle, Jim McKee, Monica Barnhard, Shelia Wilfer.
Back: Gina Flick, advisor; Elaine Smialek, Chris Ann Colabuno, Kathy Wilfong, Judy Motevideo, Chris Conidi, Kim Bachus.
Ebony Waves

Seated: (l to r) Lisa Cook, Jessica Reid. Standing: Brian Roseborrow, Kenneth Taylor, John Jackson, assistant program director; Ernest Collier, Sumlor Harris.

Architectural Study in Italy

Graduation

Gary Harwood

Gary Harwood
Brian E. Cole
George Collins
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Joann Cordy
Kathy S. Crebs

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Florence Cunningham
Ralph Cushion
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Chairman Winston Ying
Writing a yearbook is a damn hard job . . . hard on your nerves (for one thing, I never used to swear). Over the past three years I've surrendered everything to the Chestnut Burr: my academic purism, graduation with honors, a couple Christmas breaks, a lot of sleep. What's my reward? A lot of my own words in print — too many maybe. A lot of tolerance for things that don't always work out as planned. A lot of photography jargon that doesn't count as a foreign language for an English major. A lot of experience that may or may not turn out to be practical. I think I've been at it too long.

I also think I'll take a minute longer to thank all the people who helped me through the hard job. Above all, thanks to Brian for being so impossibly enthusiastic; I used to be that way myself. Thanks to Blade and Gary "El Greco" Harwood for being so funny at four in the morning. Thanks to Sharyn for being a second pair of hands. Special thanks to Mike Scott, who will no doubt be famous some day . . . he's already a legend in his own mind. And thanks to Bob for being a friend and not just a boss (most of the time).

Nobody ever dedicates the Chestnut Burr, but I promised, so here's to John and Gary for never, never, never letting me forget my awesome responsibilities (thanks, guys) and to Rick for being the only one who did let me forget.

Barb Gerwin
Bob Brindley, chief photographer

Sharon Marquis, Stater secretary

Mary Smith, Stater secretary

Jeff Young, lab manager
Photo Staff

Brad Bigley

Jim Fossett

Bill Spaid

Herb Detrick

Chester Bird

Robin Coller
When I first took over as editor, I swore everything would be organized and that the entire process of covering 20,000 students would be perfectly synchronized. I was either stupidly naive or I'd had one too many Scotch and sodas at the Stuffed Mushroom.

No matter how well planned or how well prepared a yearbook staff is, problems will arise. It may be as simple as losing all the grease pencils at once, or it may be a major catastrophe like an attack of the dreaded Bangkok flu two weeks before the final deadline. But the show must go on.

We made it through all the crises and missed classes, and we hope all the work was worth it. We tried to cover as many events, stories, and functions as possible. It can't all be done. There is always something that is missed and someone that is mad because you missed him. All I can say is that we tried.

Assembled in this book is a collection of stories, photographs, and artwork by the best to be found at Kent State or any other university. The staff and I agree that we achieved the goals we originally set. We included more copy, covered a wide range of subjects, added more features in the sports sections, and attempted more identifications on the pictures we used. We're all very proud of this book and have no qualms about presenting it to the University as the history of 1983.

For all the times I criticized the staff or threatened to mutilate them for leaving the carrier out of the enlarger, I APOLOGIZE.

For all the times I said to Barb, "Well, where'd you lose it now?" or "You get payed plenty for the amount of work you do," I thank her for not abandoning me.

For all the times I broke dates with Judy or came for dinner two hours late, I thank her for having the patience and understanding to put up with me.

For all the times I wanted to take the money and run to Bermuda, I thank Matt for having the insight to hide the cash box.

Regardless of what has happened throughout the year, the arguments we’ve had and the criticism we’ve leveled at each other, I’m glad and thankful I had the opportunity to work with everyone.

Bob Sorino, editor
Sitting somberly on the hill in front of Taylor Hall, the Pagoda, technically known as an inverted hyperbolic paraboloid umbrella, has been witness to some of the worst atrocities that have ever taken place on a university campus.

Originally designed by Don Bostwick, Dan Goldner, Bob Grassard, Jim Janning, and Bill Kramer, the Pagoda was a fourth year architectural structures project and was meant to be temporary. The purpose was to use a new type of thin skinned reinforced concrete. Initially it was to have a span of 40 feet but that led to problems of how to lift the top into place.

The Pagoda has become a symbol for the widespread protests of the late 60s, and early 70s, and accept it or not, it has also become the symbol of Kent State University.
Acknowledgements

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Michael Schwartz, group photo judge

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The Stuffed Mushroom
Student Publications Policy Committee
John Sullivan, Herff Jones art director (cover and graphics)
Taco Bell
John Urian, Herff Jones and Davor representative
Wendy’s

1983 Chestnut Burr

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