

# THE STUDENT

ECONOMICS

*Madras*

DENT

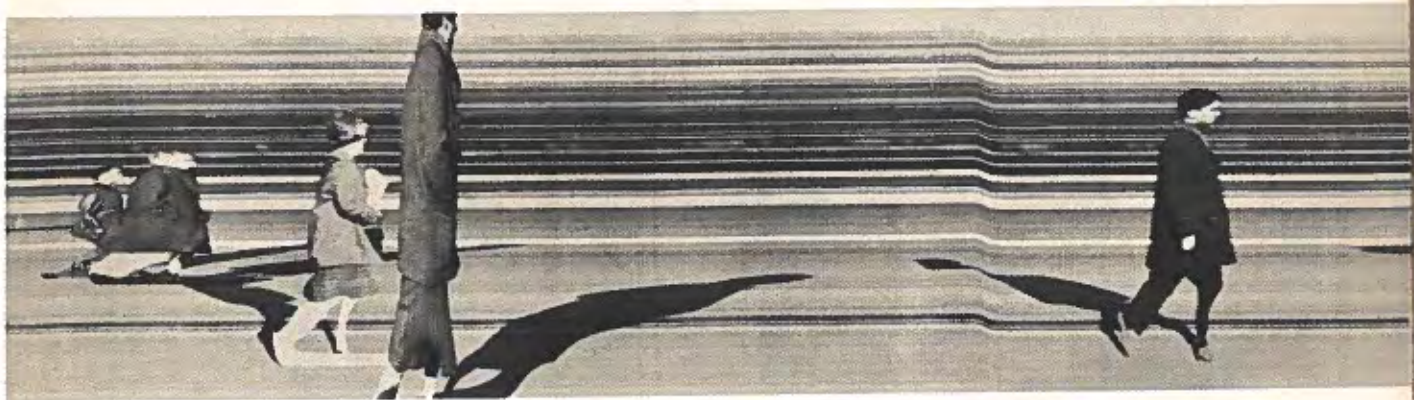
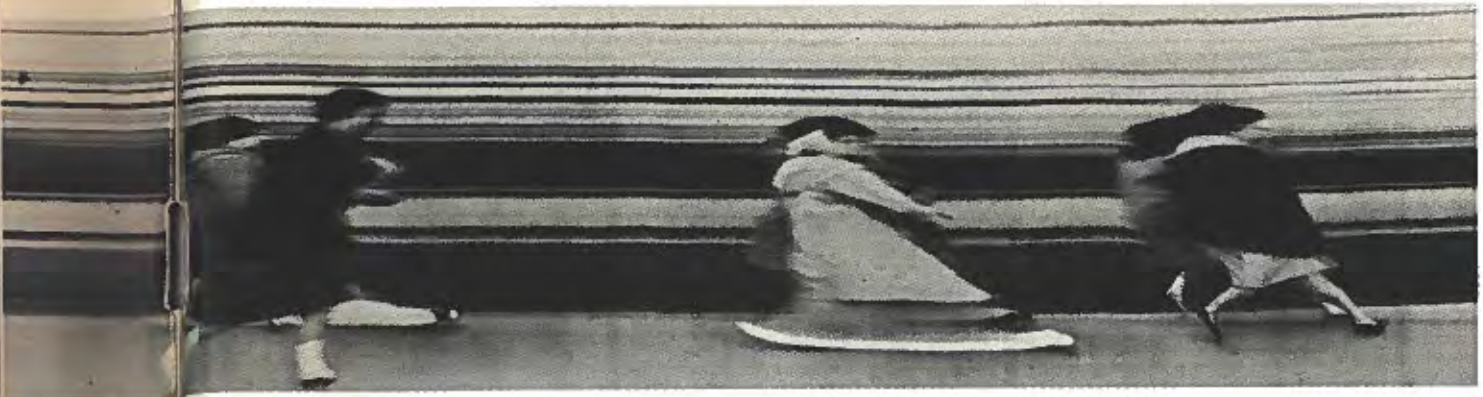
The story of  
the educational  
process at Kent  
State University

HANDBOOK OF BROADCASTING

SECOND EDITION



RUSH DASH SCRAMBLE RUSH HASTEN HURRY SPEED PLUNGE RACE



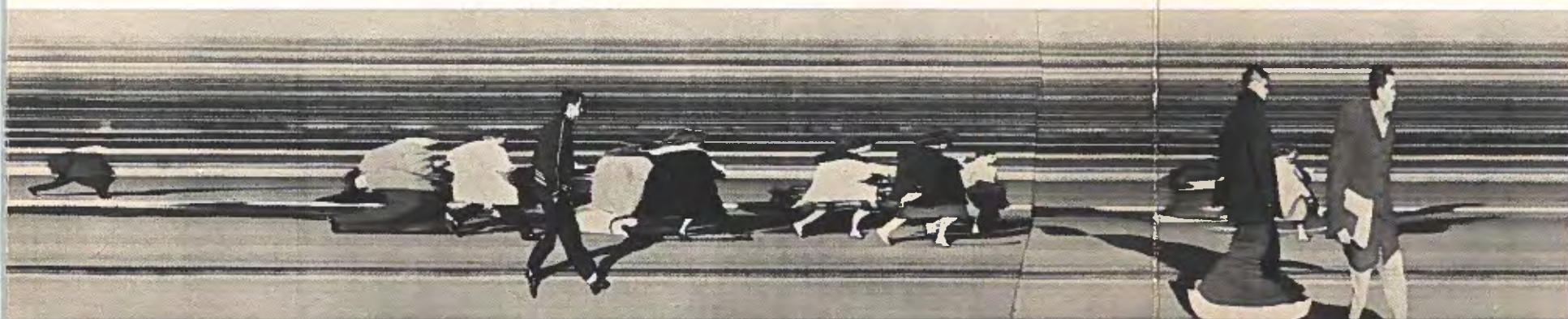
*Running to make class, pressing t*



*This confronts* **THE STUDENT**



FLY DRIVE WHIP PRESS NO TIME TO GET A COKE



A person comes to college to learn, but his learning is acquired in many ways. Academic classes taught by competent professors provide a large part of his education, but it is not the only learning situation. Possibly more important than the classroom is the daily experience of working with fellow students, exchanging ideas in intellectual discussions, practicing communication and leadership, and gaining first hand experience in one of the many campus clubs and organizations. Here is the complete story of learning at Kent State University.

*erm papers and tests, and demanding outside activities all contribute to the "rat race" of college life.*



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It's Fall and from Joe "Where's the Deck?" College, to the miserably homesick, the students have descended upon Kent State University's campus. They have traveled from all parts of Ohio and many other states to be enrolled here, for reasons as varied as their ages and backgrounds. Some came to avoid work, to miss the draft, to have a good time, or to catch a man; but most came to get an education.

When they arrived in Kent, what did they find? A university, yes, there's a sign over the gate that says this is a university, Kent State University. But what is Kent State? Why is it here? And why do more and more students jam its buildings each year?

Maybe it is because of the physical plant itself. There's a beautiful campus with a spacious wooded area surrounding the library. In the middle of campus there is

what is  
kent state  
university?

# kent state is more than just buildings



*From the seasonal beauty of its campus and the attractive new facilities, to the worn but serviceable first building on campus, the physical plant stands ready. But it is just a hollow shell and not a university in itself.*



a Mall which is kept planted with flowers and blooming shrubs from early Spring to late Fall. Lilac Lane curves through campus past the huge green Commons area and continues on to the dormitories.

Growing out over the campus, and stealing inevitably over the back acres, is an increasing number of classroom buildings. Some are old, like Merrill Hall, built in 1912, when Kent was founded as a teacher's college. Some are new as is the Arts and Science Building completed in 1962; and

many are in the planning or half completed stage. In addition, there are 10 dormitories totaling 1,500 rooms, a student union, and a power plant capable of heating all these buildings. But these are bricks and mortar—cold and inanimate. They merely stand, holding the university within. No, the students haven't come just for the buildings.

Perhaps, then, it is the services provided for the smooth running of the university that attracted people to Kent State. One of the many important depart-



*Whether a letter from another country or a note from an adjacent office, all mail is funneled through the university mail room. But someone must read it.*

*The fountain and coffee urns in the Hub stand idle, seen only by a janitor rearranging the chairs.*



*Even an elaborately equipped maintenance man would have little work to do in an unused building.*

services are  
vital but  
still secondary

ments which is vital to most students in the Food Service. Its job is to prepare about 3 million meals during the school year. Last year, students consumed 15 tons of roast beef and an equal amount of french-fried potatoes. Two million sugar packets were used and two tons of peanut butter, spread on three million slices of bread, were washed down with two million glasses of milk.

In other departments, 125 maintenance men are employed to cut grass, shovel snow, clean windows, sweep floors and keep the campus clean and attractive. A complete mail service is provided, and an inter-departmental telephone hookup connects all areas of campus. Men in the heating plant sweat over the boilers to keep the buildings warm, and the plumbers declare war on leaky pipes and balky water mains. A well-staffed police force tickets

*An empty classroom is useless to a professor. He has come to teach, but the four walls can't learn.*

parking violators and keeps a constant vigil over the campus.

All these departments are invaluable to Kent State, but are not the reason for the creation of a university. No, services, though indispensable, do not bring students to Kent.

Then perhaps it is the faculty. True, Kent has outstanding teachers and administrators on its staff. Most professors spend long hours in their offices and laboratories helping students and furthering their own knowledge of a subject.

Many of the faculty are engaged in outside activities from which they gain new ideas to enrich their class lectures. Their activities include writing books and newspaper columns, painting for exhibition, scientific research, outside lecturing, club sponsorship, and membership on a university committee.

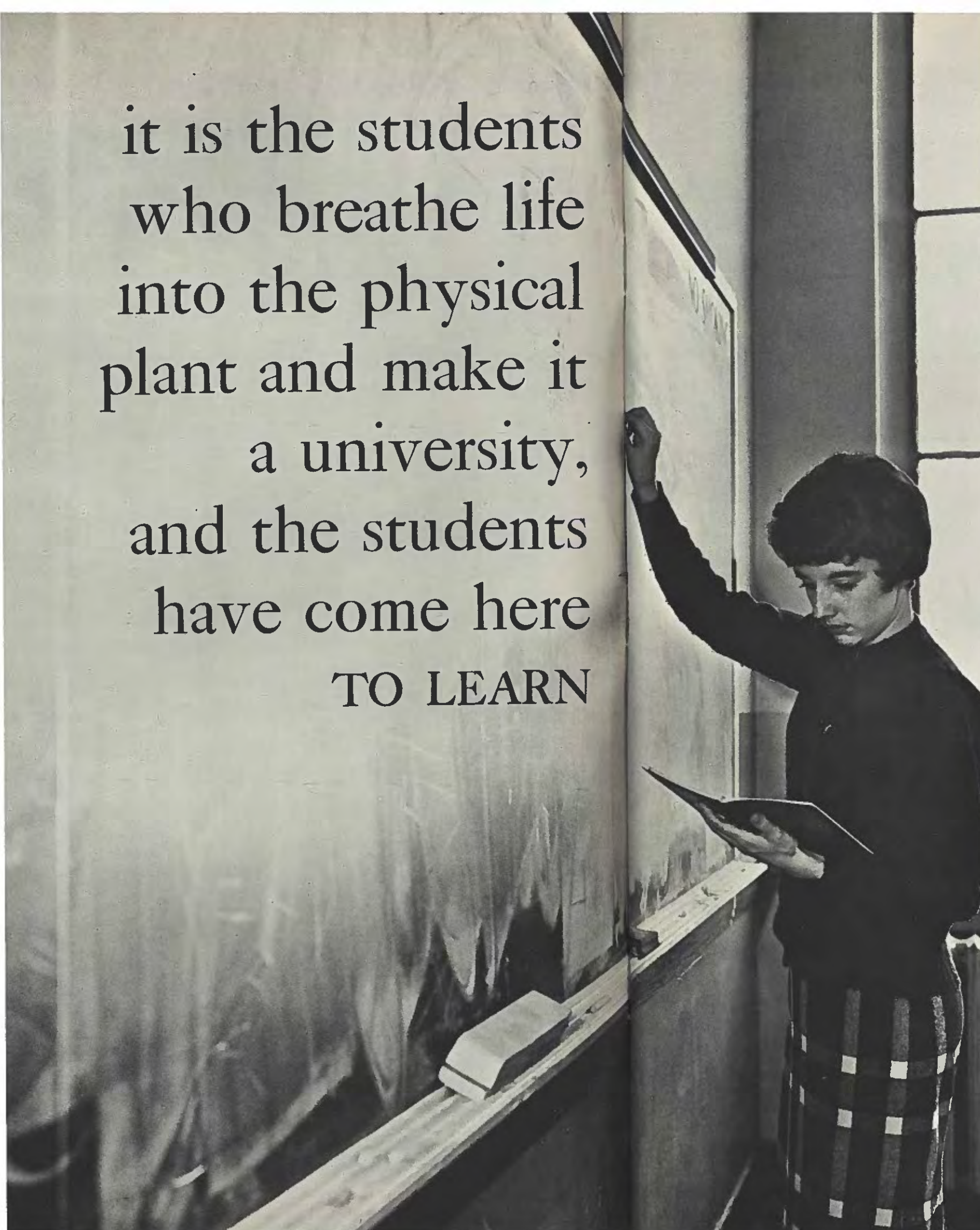
The administrative staff, from the highest dean to the lowliest office worker keeps the non-academic side of the university on an even keel. Personnel deans are available to take care of almost any problem or question that might arise concerning student guidance. The academic deans settle many

professors  
must teach  
someone





it is the students  
who breathe life  
into the physical  
plant and make it  
a university,  
and the students  
have come here  
TO LEARN



policy questions that come up and are responsible for the activities of their respective colleges.

There would be no university without instructors and administrators, but they do not make up the school by themselves.

Combining buildings, services, and faculty, a university begins to take shape. But the core, the backbone, is still missing.

During class recesses, the campus looms, stark and quiet on the hill. When classes are in session, students utilize the buildings, the professors resume their task of educating, and the services are in demand and use.

Kent State was created as an institution for higher education and it is the students who breathe life into the physical plant and make it a university.

The university, however, provides more than just academic classes. It is actually a classroom of life. Here the students come and are molded intellectually and socially to assume their responsibilities of life after graduation.

The university enables this development of human resources by severing many of the ties to the security of home and adolescent environment, and placing him in an intellectually challenging world. The student's life now becomes his responsibility.

There are many learning experiences at college—classes, social life, extracurricular clubs and activities—all providing the student with a chance to build a better life. *This is Kent State University.*

JUDY BRYAN

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JUDY BRYAN

# THE STUDENT

The story of  
 the learning  
 process at  
 Kent State  
 described in  
 four sections:

## Campus life

SECOND CHANCE 15  
*Responsibility is one of the most important lessons taught in the course of college life.*

## Classroom

STUDENT 359437 28  
*An academic education goes beyond the mere accumulation of a scholastic point average.*

## Extra-curriculars

TRIAL BY ERROR 40  
*Membership in an organization or club adds experience to the students' general education.*

## Social activities

WARM 71  
*Even while they are relaxing, the students are learning by their association with others.*





# THE STUDENT

## Staff:

EDITOR Laird Brown  
*a junior industrial-  
photojournalism major.*

ASSOCIATE EDITOR Judy  
Bryan, *a junior news-  
editorial major.*

EDITORIAL STAFF Judy  
Bryan, Adda Bogun, Bob  
Cusick, Steve Weil

PHOTO STAFF Laird Brown,  
Alan Zelina, Paul Knittel,  
Jim Ansley

ARTIST Gerry Bulgrin  
*a senior commercial  
art/art-history major.*

LAYOUT & DESIGN Laird  
Brown, *with much help  
from Wm. J. Keller Inc.*

ADVISOR Henry Beck  
*Professor. Graphic arts  
and photojournalism*

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103, 104, 4 on color spread. Alan  
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41, 44, 46, 75, 85, 100. Paul Knittel:  
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ART SEPARATIONS by Henry Beck



## SECC CHAI

Responsibility  
important less  
at Kent, but  
not learn soon

It was a year since I had been dismissed from school. It made me feel awkward as I entered the Dean's office in a file drawer. He pulled out my record, and I was given a citation for readmission. Then came the inevitable question: "Have you learned anything in the last year?"

He looked at me sharply at me.

With his words bringing the past quickly to the present, his statement on the letter that accompanied me from school."



# SECOND CHANCE

Responsibility is one  
important lesson taught  
at Kent, but some do  
not learn soon enough

It was a year since I had been dismissed from college. My nervous agitation made me feel awkward as I entered the Dean's office and saw him searching in a file drawer. He pulled out my record, and we began discussing my application for readmission. Then came the inevitable question.

"Have you learned anything in the last year?" the Dean asked looking sharply at me.

With his words bringing the past quickly into focus, I remembered the terse statement on the letter that accompanied my grades last year—"dismissed from school."  
*(Continued on p. 22)*

Parents finally leave;  
freshmen start new  
life on campus



*Trading a home and family for a dormitory room and strangers is a challenging step for new students, but most are anxious for parents to leave so they may begin their new life.*



*Traditionally, President George A. Bowman welcomes the freshman class, now over 3,500 students, to Kent.*



*Registration, dropping classes, and change of program are all part of arranging a satisfactory academic schedule each quarter.*

*Soon ready for relief from classes, a freshman turns to outside activities.*

*New students are shown around Kent's growing campus as part of their orientation week.*





*Cleaning out the room is one duty that is new to most male students, but through necessity they learn to do it.*



Without guiding hand of parents, students alone must fulfill new responsibilities

*Without Mom around or even an ironing board, initiative and ingenuity are necessary to get the weekly laundry done.*



*Students find that it is no longer someone else's responsibility to remember the toothpaste, soap, or a loaf of bread from the store.*



*Whether for tuition and food, or just date money, many students must have a job. The university provides opportunities for employment in its food service.*



Traveling problems and  
home demands make  
adjustment difficult  
for commuters



*Besides the long walk to class, commuters find "time schedules" with car pools limit their ability to participate in school activities.*

*"Suitcase Sams," on-campus students who go home almost every weekend, total more than 50% of the students and are partly responsible for the comparative lack of weekend activities.*

*Because of Kent State's centralized location, 28% of its students are commuters. Many cars and few parking lots create daily traffic jams and parking problems.*





*For the student living away from home, there is no one to care whether she spent the evening studying in the library or downtown having a good time; the decision is totally up to her.*

## SECOND CHANCE

I had become hot with anger at the sight of those words. Every damn professor had been unjust and overly critical of my work that quarter. After all, I'd done the best job I could. No one could work all the time.

I remembered standing at the mailbox—angry at the injustice of my dismissal, yet somehow just a little ashamed to tell my parents. All I had to offer were excuses and I knew that no matter what I told them it would make little difference. They would be deeply disappointed, especially since they considered me above average in intelligence. I thought for a moment of the favorable remarks about my capabilities that had come from my high school administration, faculty and classmates; it certainly would be a blow to my pride to have everyone know I hadn't made the grade in school.

Then I thought of all the other things that I would be missing at college. There would be no more freedom away from home, no more wild Friday and Saturday nights downtown, as well as no more gabfests in the Hub. All the social life I had enjoyed so much would be gone. For the first time I felt envious of those who had "hit the books" almost every night. Maybe they did have the right idea; at least they'd be back at school next quarter, and that was the main thing.

If only I had studied a little bit more I told myself as I walked back from the mailbox. I had thought I'd studied enough to get by. Maybe Joe had been right when he told me that I shouldn't go downtown so often. Could it be that I had gone overboard on the card playing? I guess I should have taken finals week a bit seriously. That's what must have done it—those damn final exams. I bet they make them extra tough just to get rid of students.

As I sat in the Dean's office I had a new perspective. When I had arrived as an eager freshman, I was excited about the new adventures that I felt college would hold for me. At that time my purpose had been to make friends and enjoy my freedom away from home. For what other reason would I have come? But one year out of school had been long enough for (Continued on p. 27)

First big decision arises  
when social calendar  
conflicts with study




*If no other diversion from studies can be found, one can always find someone else ready for a game of cards.*

*Sororities, dorms and a few fraternities built Homecoming displays despite IFC's contention that the time required was detrimental to scholarship.*



*Horseplay in the dormitory helps students let off excess energy, but usually at the expense of their's or other's grades.*

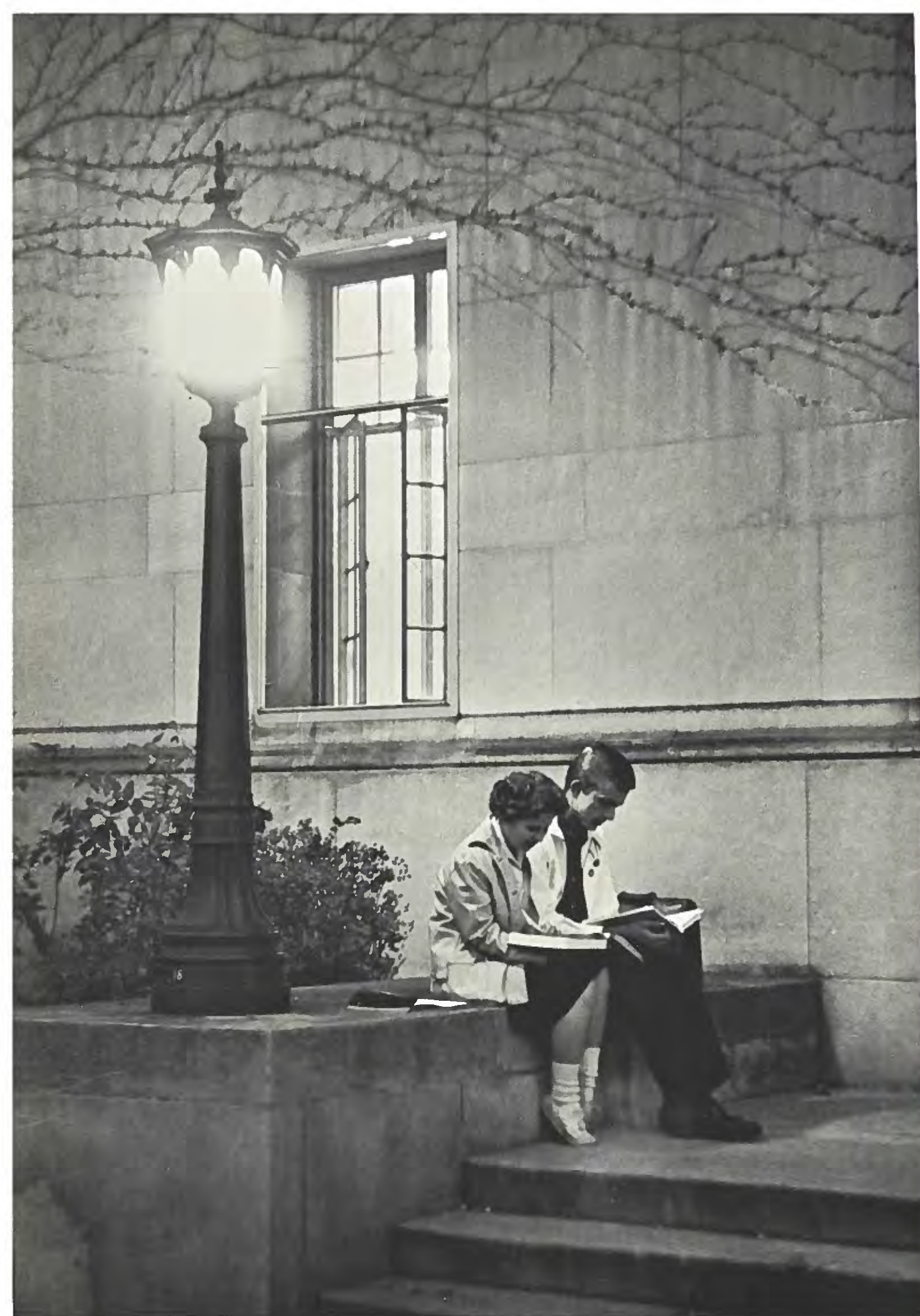
*Too much night-life makes concentration on studies difficult, but most floundering students resent any helpful advice.*



For some  
college ends  
all too soon

*Because they could-not, or would not, accept college responsibilities, approximately 10% of the freshmen flunk out at the end of the first quarter. For many of these, the year-long waiting period before readmission will develop maturity.*





## Most college students accept responsibilities and maturity develops

*Keeping up with class work is probably hardest during the Spring quarter when warm sunny days make the library and dorm room hot and stuffy.*

*Research for term papers and daily class assignments is made relatively easy in Kent's large open-stack library.*



*Mature students realize that good grades are a necessity if they are going to continue to enjoy the educational and social benefits of college.*

*A weeknight date can't be devoted entirely to pleasure, and responsible students must exercise a little will power to get their homework finished, or at least started.*

### SECOND CHANCE

me to realize I had neglected the many opportunities at college to increase my intellectual being and prepare myself more fully for the years ahead. Now I know I would take advantage of these opportunities. Social life wouldn't be forsaken completely, but I was confident that it would occupy much less time than it had.

Working a year in a machine shop had shown me that it is a creative, disciplined mind and a desire for knowledge that separates laborers from those who achieve more interesting and better paying positions. College is the best way to achieve these needed qualities.

All the good intentions in the world, however, will not be enough in the future. If I re-enter the university, I still will want to forsake my school responsibilities for a good time. But there will be a difference this time—I have my original failure to look back upon whenever classwork looks forbidding and other things beckon.

The Dean brought me back from my daydreaming as he repeated, "Well, *did* you learn anything during this past year you have been out of school?"

"I think so," I answered.

ROBERT CUSICK

# Student 359437

*The importance  
of classes  
goes beyond  
point accumulation*



Staring absently at the far wall of the Hub, Denny appeared not to notice the freshmen as they swirled about him. They dashed here and there, occasionally gathering into small groups. It wasn't hard to spot the freshmen—they always seemed to have that fresh wide-eyed look about them.

Only three years ago, Denny had been one of them. How things had changed in those few, short years. Now he was older, more mature, and about ready to strike out on his own. Reflecting back to his first few weeks at Kent, Denny was surprised to note how his sense of values had changed about what was really important in college. It was easy to remember those first awkward days.

\* \* \*

"At last," Denny mused, "after all the preliminaries of freshmen week, the real purpose of my stay here at Kent is about to begin."

Today was registration day—the day when he could choose exactly what courses he wanted to study. In a few days he'd be sitting in classes of his choice and learning the subjects that had always interested him. He quickened his step as he neared the administration building. His first setback arose as he came upon a line spilling out the mouth of Merrill Hall. His growing fears became facts as he slowly edged through the hall to Wills Gym and found his place was reserved back at the end of that line.

His next few hours became one long series of set-backs as he waited in line after line only to be told time after time, "Sorry, that class is closed." What a schedule he'd ended up with! He'd gotten a few things he had wanted, a few more he hadn't wanted, but modern dance instead of football—ouch!

The worst, however, was yet to come. He was about to encounter the infamous IBM cards. Card after card he . . . Haynes, Dennis A. . . completed so everyone . . . #359437 . . . who was anyone . . . WA 8-3818 . . . could have a copy of his . . . 1205 Mt. Vernon Ave. . . schedule. As he sat there with censored thoughts chasing each other through his head, the upperclassman sitting next to him breathed a sigh of relief and commented on how glad he was that the number of IBM cards had been reduced this year.

Finally when registration was over, he walked slowly toward the Hub to find his roommates, both upperclassmen. Peering through the hazy room, he spotted them in a far corner with friends. All were smoking, a habit he was determined not to pick up, prestige or not. (Continued on p. 39)

*Many teaching techniques  
are provided to give students  
a variety of learning situations*



*In the laboratory,  
students repeat  
experiments that once  
led to important  
discoveries in their  
field of study.*



*Lecture classes leave the  
burden of maintaining an  
interested and alert class  
solely on the professor.*



*Journalists writing against time get a  
taste of the future when meeting  
hourly deadlines will be their job.*

*Some classes move out onto the campus  
for a first hand study of their  
subject, such as Local Flora 275.*





*The best students go beyond the textbook and look into the research being conducted in the field. Here two graduate students, Dick Hiss and Berry Lively, work with psychology department head Joseph Grosslight, center, on his National Science Foundation supported project of teaching Mynah birds to talk.*

*Faculty research projects  
build university prestige  
while benefiting  
participating students*



*The responses of the test birds are carefully observed and recorded by Lively. He transferred to Kent from Penn State when the project was moved here.*

*Hiss gets practical experience on electrical equipment which automatically plays a recorded word every 20 seconds and tapes the bird's vocalizations.*



*More  
work  
than  
academic  
credit*

*Some dancing classes required attendance at Friday and Saturday night sessions of the Folk Dance Festival directed by Dick Crum from Harvard.*

*Athletes playing varsity sports receive one hour of credit for innumerable hours of practice, training and competition.*



*ROTC class stresses the learning of basic military procedures while preparing men to be officers.*

*During football season, the marching band, under the direction of Prof. Edward Masters, right, practices daily for halftime performances. This plus the time required for traveling and marching adds up to a lot of work for one hour of credit.*



*The classroom  
is not limited  
to the campus*

*One quarter of student teaching is required of all education majors. Working directly with children gives experience in situations and problems only talked about in method courses.*



*A Kent City Council meeting provides a good laboratory for a journalism course requiring reporting news as it happens.*

*Hypothetical planning and redevelopment of near-by cities are a part of the architecture curricula.*



*Cultural programs  
broaden student  
understanding*



*A recital of J. S. Bach on the piano and harpsicord was presented by Ruth Nurmi. These programs are attended by students, faculty, and citizens of the community.*



**Student 359437**

Denny walked to the counter and ordered a coke, then threaded his way through the crowd to the table where his roommates sat. They were discussing classes with the others at the table, and since it was all new and strange to him, he sat in observant silence. Developing themselves through education seemed to be foremost on their minds at all hours of the day. Even here in the Hub as they relaxed over coffee, classes, class problems, professors and grades remained their main topic of conversation.

By the end of the first few weeks, Denny was in the swing of college life—skipping breakfast, getting as little sleep as possible and complaining about 8 o'clocks. But he usually made it to class on time and semi-awake even though attendance was rarely taken.

Denny soon realized the categories into which most classes fell. Strictly lecture (often providing opportunities to catch up on needed rest), class participation (preparation here was a must), and lecture-lab. The latter he enjoyed the most as he learned and remembered through performing experiments.

In high school and college, the classes were much alike. It was the studying for these classes that was different; in high school the learning was restricted to the classroom while in college he had to do most of the work on his own.

Then came that strange week at the end of the quarter—finals week. The whole campus atmosphere changed overnight as students suddenly became less carefree and wandered off by themselves to study in some secluded corner. The Hub was

occupied only by students who were out for a breather from their studies or by those who, most likely, would be repeating the course again next quarter.

Throughout finals week the dorms were hushed and tense under enforced day-long quiet hours. Lights burned into the next day while cramming, mumbling students sought refuge in every quiet spot. For many, however, it was too late. They were trying to catch up on all the work they had neglected for the first ten weeks. For them this had become the "do or die" week. Most died.

\* \* \*

Grinding the butt of his cigarette into the ash-tray and draining the last bit of coffee made overly sweet with settled sugar, Denny dragged himself out of the booth. He shuffled slowly out of the Hub, avoiding the mobs rushing in with the ease and skill brought by three years of practice.

Today was another small milestone in his life—the first day of his senior year. He considered it sort of a first and last occasion all at one time. The nervous, hollow feeling in his stomach that had been there three years ago on this day had been replaced by a senior's special brand of casual assurance and poise. As he sauntered across campus to Franklin and his nine o'clock, he presented a decided contrast to the scurry and bewilderment of the many freshmen around him.

By this time, Denny had found that classes were the central part of his life with everything else revolving around them. At times he wondered how wise it was to become so pre-occupied with grades and attendance to the point where the subject matter of the courses was (Continued on p. 41)



*The Modern Jazz Quartet, a top group in their field, presented a history and background of the jazz medium.*

*Music from India was brought to the campus by the Indrani and Company Dancers. This was one of the programs presented by the Cultural Programs Committee.*

*The students become edgy and nervous as the pressure of classes and final exams pile up. The dorms are quiet, and all effort is directed to the successful completion of the week.*

*Campus mood changes  
as students realize  
challenge of final week*



*A quiet spot in front of the Margret Swanson Davis commuter lounge is a good place to study page after page of lecture notes.*



*The problem with trying to catch up on a whole quarter's studying in one night is that studying becomes extremely difficult about 4:00 a.m. Commonly misnamed finals week, the last week of the quarter involves a full schedule of classes in addition to several hour-long exams.*

**Student 359437**

almost a secondary thing. But then he supposed it was all somehow related to competition with others, and that, of course, sharpened the mind.

The conversation he heard the first week of his freshman year about classes and grades had seemed so intellectual then. Now he considered the same type of conversation only petty. Oh sure, this play for grades and points was interesting and exciting, but do most students ever discuss the subject matter and what they should be learning?

Well, he really didn't worry that much about it. He had found his own group of friends who enjoyed sitting around having a "bull session" about some fine point or a problem they had come across in their studies. At least *they* were serious about their education.

Funny, three years ago as a high school graduate, he'd looked at college as his key to a lucrative future. Now that the future was staring him in the face, Denny realized that something else was definitely needed before the top employers with the top jobs would pay any attention to him. That "something else" was experience.

College was actually a place to learn how to learn so that on-the-job training and experience would become valuable assets in his upward climb.

The nine o'clock bell rang as Denny stepped over the threshold of a classroom and began his last lap in preparing himself for a career.

JUDY BRYAN

# TRIAL BY ERROR

Extra-curricular  
activities add  
experience to a  
general education

The evening was a melancholy one for Sally. She knew that a call home certainly would have made college a little more bearable until the weekend. The dimly lit hall of dorm quiet hours made her even more depressed as she wandered back to her room. She had tried for almost an hour to get a pay phone, but they had been in constant use. Just the sound of a voice from home would have brightened the evening for her.

She counted each door she passed as if they were the days remaining until the quarter would be over. Soon she wasn't counting anymore. Instead she was thinking of the past three months and the hours and hours of studying. College was not like she had once imagined it to be. Some-

thing was missing, but she didn't know what. She pictured all the texts she had waded through. Then she remembered the history test tomorrow.

Her thoughts were interrupted abruptly as she quietly opened the door to her room. Inside were her two senior roommates twisting to the harsh noises of a transistor radio.

"I'm going to have to study. Could you turn that radio off?" Sally asked as she sat down with the forbidding history book. "I've got too much to do for that test tomorrow without that noise blasting at me too."

Sue turned off the radio and shot a quick smile to Linda. They had discussed their freshman roommate earlier in the quarter.

"As if this place wasn't bad enough," Sally continued, "now I'm supposed to work on one of the university publications."

"For a class or something?" Linda asked.

"Yeh. It's for journalism. My prof says that we should work on something in our spare time," Sally returned.

"Well, are you going to?" Sue inquired.

"I've got too much to do now to worry about something like that. Anyway, they don't give you any grade for those extracurriculars."

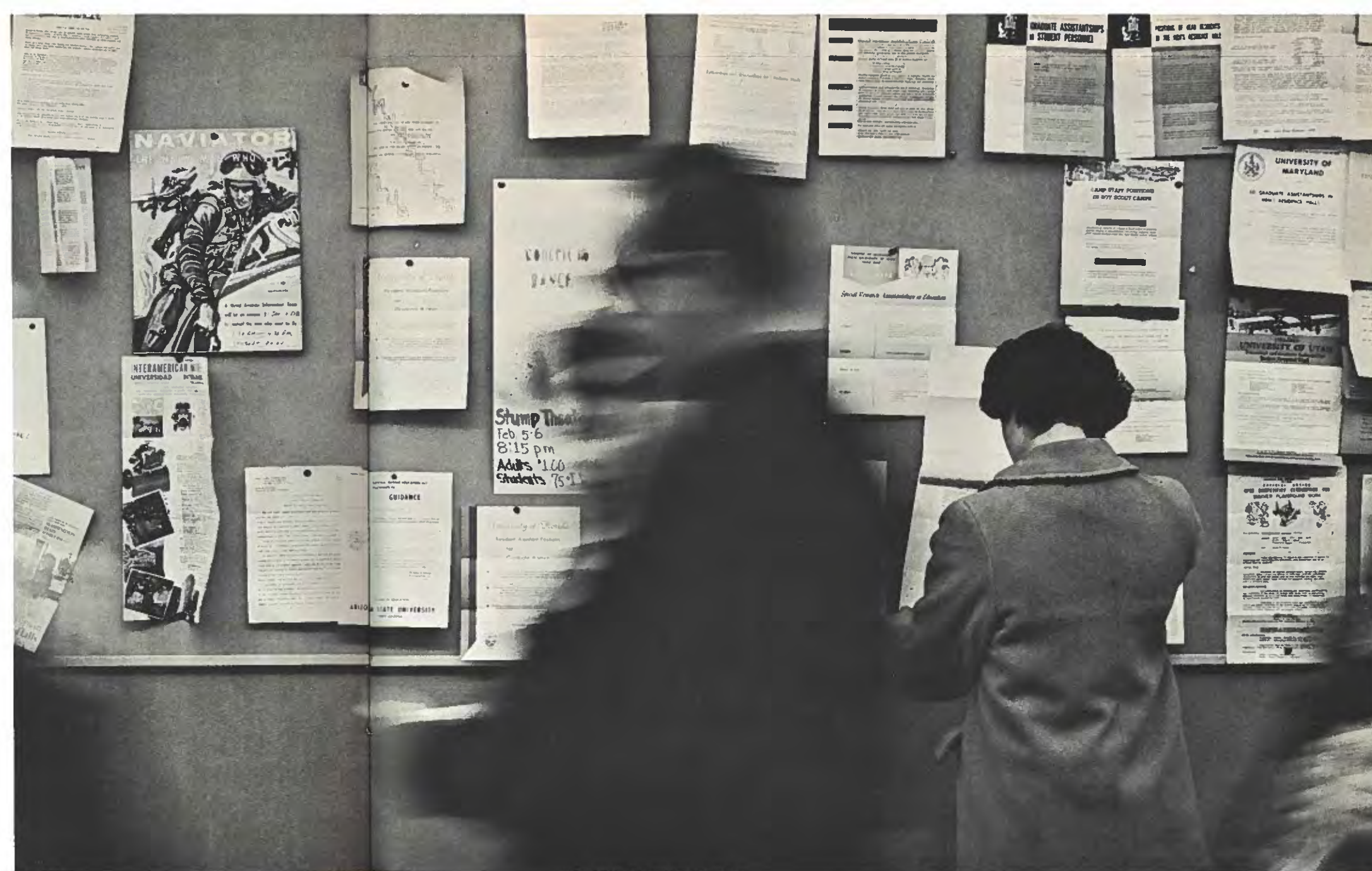
"But you can't study all the time," Linda remarked.

*(Continued on p. 49)*



With overworked slogans of 'enjoy working with others' and 'a feeling of accomplishment,' clubs vie for new members

*The best medium of communication between organizations and prospective members is the bulletin board, where the first contact is usually made.*



*The All-Star Revue gave each club an opportunity to demonstrate some of their abilities and skills to attending students.*



*The new member meets fellow members eagerly and is impressed with the "let's work together" spirit until the realization of how few work and how many like to just say they're members sets in.*

Diversification of activities  
affords students an outlet  
for their interests.



*Members of the Kent Council on Human Affairs demonstrated peacefully in front of the Administration Building because they felt the University was endorsing segregation by approving some area housing that would not accept Negroes.*



*The privilege of being on a successful rifle team is preceded by hours and hours of self-imposed, often frustrating, practice.*

*One of the responsibilities of being a member of Student Council is working in a voting booth on election day.*



*Golden K, a service organization, annually takes charge of decorating the Christmas tree in the Atrium as one of their projects.*



The hangman lowers the noose in a re-enactment of John Brown's hanging staged as a "dramatized news event" for high school students participating in a journalism clinic held on campus. The dramatization was staged by members of Sigma Delta Chi, professional honorary journalism fraternity.

While serving others  
in its field, a  
professional club  
benefits itself.



## TRIAL BY ERROR

"I know. But I like to relax when I'm not working. All I do now is worry about getting everything done," Sally spoke, leaning back in the chair. "I don't want to be running around like you two all the time anyway. You hardly ever have any time to yourselves."

"I know," Linda said, "but we do get something out of our extracurricular activities."

Sally was about to ask what was so important about them, but Linda suddenly remembered a meeting that she and Sue were supposed to attend.

Within a few minutes the room was empty, except for Sally and the history book. The chair had become uncomfortable so she curled up in the top bunk with the book directly under the glass dome on the ceiling. Medieval history certainly could be written more interestingly than this, she thought to herself. Soon the words on the pages began to blur and run together.

\* \* \*

I saw the faded wording on the solid oak door. Courtroom, it spelled. The door was large and terrifying. There was no noise from the other side. I heard noises on this side though. I could hear many people walking and talking. Some were laughing. At me? Perhaps. The doorknob turned. The door began to move. It was a gigantic door. The hinges squeaked.

I was inside the room. It was pitch black. I heard echoes and the room seemed to be enormous. I suddenly felt arms on either side of me and I jumped. The lights went on. Two football players in uniform were leading me to a great chair in the center of the room. I looked up at the chair. Then I began to climb steps. I was sitting in the chair and I peered down at a row of seats alongside a wall. A jury sat there calmly. Their faces were strange. Again I turned my head toward the front of the room. I seemed to be going higher and higher. I looked down at the front of the room. My head must have been near the ceiling. The football players had vanished. A whistle blew behind me. I turned quickly to see basketball players and a crowd of spectators. The ball bounced on the floor in rhythmic beats. The beats got louder and louder. No one was shooting the ball. They just kept bouncing it. The beat of the ball on the hard floor sounded like my heart pounding faster and faster. Something was intensifying that sound.

"Who's winning?" I yelled down at them.

The pounding stopped. The players stopped. They looked at me. The crowd was gone. The players were gone. I didn't know what was happening here, but it must be a horrible joke. A booming voice thundered through the room.

"Is the defendant ready to plead guilty?" it asked.

I turned quickly. I was now sitting low in the room and a huge, black-robed figure towered grimly over me. I couldn't answer. A knot in my throat kept me from speaking.

"Guilty, eh?" The voice lapsed into echoing diabolical laughter.

The black figure had no face. It sat down behind a tall, mahogany platform. All I could see now were two eyes peering at me over the desk top. I wondered why I was here. What did I do?

The voice bellowed again. "Look at these people around you," it commanded. "They have spirit."

I looked.

"They are educating themselves. They know that it takes more than just book learning to prepare themselves in this world." The voice was angry.

Suddenly the robed figure stood the entire height of the room and banged his fists repeatedly on the bench.

"I demand that you answer the charges brought against you."

I opened my mouth, but no words came out.

The judge began to speak again, but he was interrupted by a small, old man who shuffled quickly into the courtroom. He was a very small man. His feet pitter-pattered quickly on the floor. Under his arm he was carrying a huge briefcase.

"Stop. Stop," he squeaked. "These proceedings must not continue."

It was a ridiculous sight.

"Why?" yelled the judge angrily.

"Because, your honor, I am the bailiff and I have not opened the court."

"Get out," the judge screamed, his face a fiery red.

"But it is the law," the man interrupted meekly. He opened the briefcase. He pulled from it a sheet of paper at least as large as himself. "It says here in section number 476, paragraph 9,623, line 78, that no one may be tried in this court without the bailiff performing the opening ceremonies." (Continued on p. 68)



On his way to the gallows, "John" provided excellent material for high school photographers competing for a winning news photo.

The amount  
of work involved  
isn't realized until one is  
active in an organization

Practice and precise teamwork go into the  
synchronized swimming acts that make up a  
large part of the annual Sharks Show.



On the surface, Sharks Club sounded like a good chance to get together with other swimmers for a good time and maybe learn some new strokes.

As Sharks Show time draws near, this member finds there is more to do than just swim as she paints a piece of scenery the hard way.



Faculty director Delores Peter, right, confers with some of the swimmers concerning changes to be made in their routine.

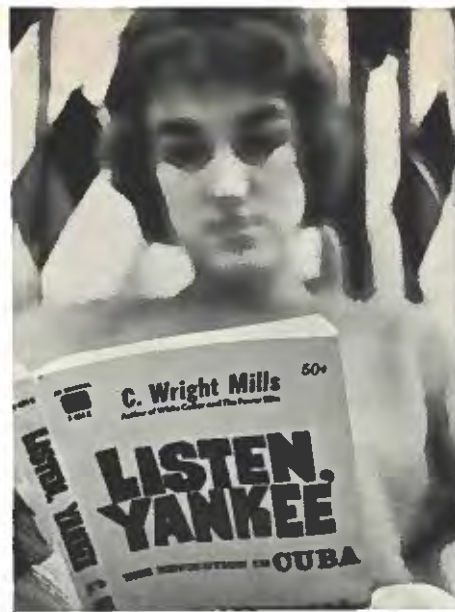
Dress rehearsal night arrives and both the "Showboat" cast and symbol for the show perform smoothly, promising a successful two-night run.





*LUNA participants spent months before the Assembly sending for and studying any literature they could obtain on the nations they were to represent.*

Studying to be a LUNA representative seems easier than studying for a class



*Dr. Zelma George, a member of the United States Delegation to the 15th General Assembly of the United Nations, received a standing ovation after her address to the Little United Nations Assembly.*



*Committee meetings, bloc meetings and caucuses played an important role in the success of the Assembly as all decisions and policies were set there.*



*Since LUNA was primarily student-initiated, its success depended on students informing themselves and carrying out their assignments. No classroom project involving so much research would have received such an enthusiastic response.*





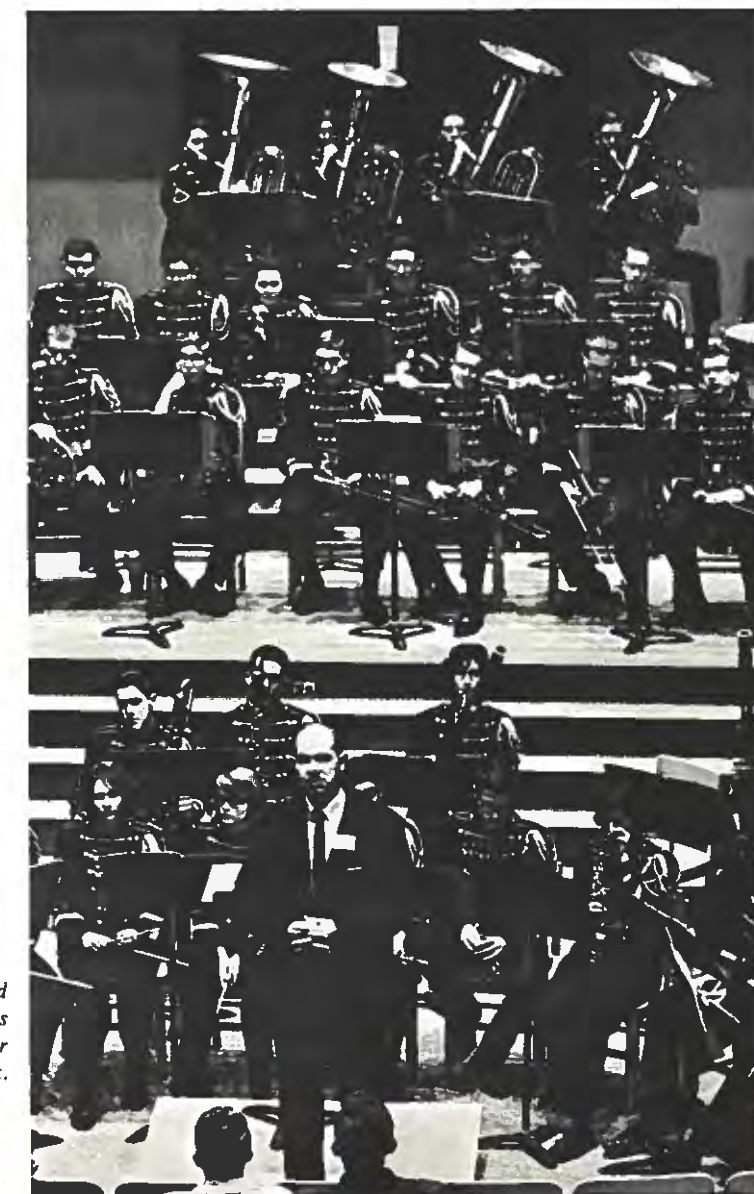
Some activities provide  
on-the-job training for  
a future profession

*Students in the Radio and Television sequence can gain invaluable experience by participating in the production of an actual radio or television program on the University's WKSU.*



*Barbara Christman and Sherrill Palmer, both journalism students, spend four evenings a week at the print shop "putting the Stater to bed."*

*The University Concert Band, directed by Prof. Edward Masters, presents programs for the university as an extension of their classroom work.*



A music major applies his classroom knowledge as he directs the NTFC orchestra



*Director David Freeman and Musical Director Guy D'Aurilio confer frequently so both agree on the mood they are creating and together can develop "Fanny" to its fullest potential.*

*Being in charge of all the music in a show is a big responsibility and a challenge enabling Guy to draw on what he has been taught the past 4 years.*

*Finally all the pieces in the production of the musical fit smoothly together and the audience is treated to a near-professional presentation of the 1961 No Time For Classes show.*



*Laird checks the final proof of the cover. For everyone concerned, the work on the cover has been an experience impossible to get in the classroom.*

*Editor Laird Brown hangs up negatives made from the pre-separations. These negatives are now ready to make the final printing plates.*

Staff explores the graphic arts by designing and producing this magazine cover



*A rough dummy of the cover is first made by placing colored strips over a full-sized black and white print. Henry Beck advises Gerry Bulgrin about subtractive color mixing.*



*At the Wm. J. Keller plant in Buffalo, Beck makes three-color pre-separations to match the dummy by placing black strips on large clear acetate sheets.*



*Meanwhile, Beck discusses the design for the inside of the cover with a Keller artist. These 36" by 2 1/4" pictures were made by continually moving the film past a stationary slit in the camera.*



Building a display  
requires co-operation  
and a first aid kit



*From the balsa model, top, to the finished Homecoming display, above, the Alpha Phi's under the direction of display chairman Karen Novotny, spent a lot of money, ingenuity, and time. Their reward—a first place.*



*Stuffing crepe paper in hundreds of thousands of holes in chicken wire is a job often delegated to many and completed by few.*



*The first aid kit got a workout during the many nights spent by inexperienced "carpenters" building the display.*



*The person deserving the most credit for the float is Karen. To make her plans a success, she had to direct each operation and then complete anything not done by her sisters.*



*"See all those people out there? If you think I'm going out and sing in front of all them, you must be some kinda nut or something!"*

Singing was good,  
competition was strong,  
singers were scared



*"As far as I'm concerned, you can take your old songfest and . . ." But Louise Shouse didn't walk out; director Bev Polen let her stand in the back row behind three rows of Alpha Xi Delta's. Solving pressing personnel problems was part of Bev's job on Campus Day.*

Sportsmanship  
sometimes bows to  
enthusiasm in  
intramural football



*In intramural flag football, each player has three flags fastened to his belt. The tackle requires less strength and ability but more agility to secure possession of one of the opponent's flags.*



*Despite careful planning by the intramurals chairman, no really safe method was developed to stop the forward pass—present methods still have an element of dangerous body contact.*

*A Sigma Alpha Epsilon ball carrier tried to fight his way through a line of Alpha Tau Omega tacklers. Before a large audience of fraternity brothers, the ATO's won and took first place in their league.*



*Protesting a decision, these athletes find there is a better way to settle one's differences on the football field than in a sportsman-like manner.*



Leadership is  
the difference  
between victory  
and defeat

*Art Youngblood, unable to actively participate in the Rowboat Regatta tug-of-war because of spring football injuries, becomes the guiding force of his fraternity, Sigma Nu. After mapping out their strategy, he watches over them, bellowing instructions. Under the threat of Youngblood's cane, his brothers finally won the war.*







Joan Ansley, now an assistant editor of *The B. F. Goodyear* employee publication, *The Citizen*, gained invaluable experience for her job by working in her senior year as associate editor of the 1961 Chestnut Burr.

## Organizations are a proving ground for interests

### TRIAL BY ERROR

"Get on with it then," the judge bellowed.

"Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye," the bailiff began. "The court of student trials and tribulations, Judge Gerald A. Blowhard presiding, will now officially open. Will everyone rise?"

I stood up. So did the jury.

"Your honor," the old man turned to the judge, "Will you please leave and re-enter as is the custom."

The judge stood up. His face was violet. He opened his mouth wide and discharged a screeching, room-shaking bellow. It blew the old man off his feet and swept him out the door.

"Now perhaps we can get down to business and convict this guilty student." He calmed himself, "Will the defendant please face the bench."

I turned toward him, discovering that I had my hands clenched tightly to the chair.

"For perpetrating a crime of the grandest kind on this university campus," he started, "I am forced to find you guilty of willfully and purposely neglecting your duty as a student to participate in any student activity. They are provided for your benefit. You have failed to use them. They are designed to round out your education and to give you experience that will be helpful to you after graduation. I can only assume that you have no intentions of becoming a rounded individual and that you have no desire to gain valuable experience in your field."

"No. No." I countered at last. "It's just that I'm lazy."

"Silence!" he bellowed. "I am sentencing you

to two years labor on the extracurricular activity of your choice."

The jury rose and spoke in unison, "A wise decision, your honor."

I looked at their faces. My God! They were all familiar. There was the president of my dorm, the editor of the *Kent Stater*, the presidents of the inter-Greek councils, the Homecoming queen, and all the other students who were active in campus organizations. They were all glaring at me from that corner. They started walking toward me. The judge was walking toward me. Closer and closer they came. I was getting smaller and smaller. They were towering over me and crowding around me. Everything was black.

\* \* \*

"Sally! Sally, wake up!" exclaimed Sue. "You'll

have the whole dorm awake if you don't stop screaming."

Sally looked up, her face corrugated by the corner of page 476.

"Oh! Sue," she said, "I just had a terrible dream."

"Well, you're all right so go back to sleep. I've got a big project due tomorrow."

Sally watched her roommate working. "You know, you wouldn't have to study so late at night if you didn't spend so much time on extracurricular activ . . ."

Sally stopped. Her roommate didn't notice; she kept working on her project.

"You know," continued Sally, "maybe I will stop by the *Stater* office tomorrow."

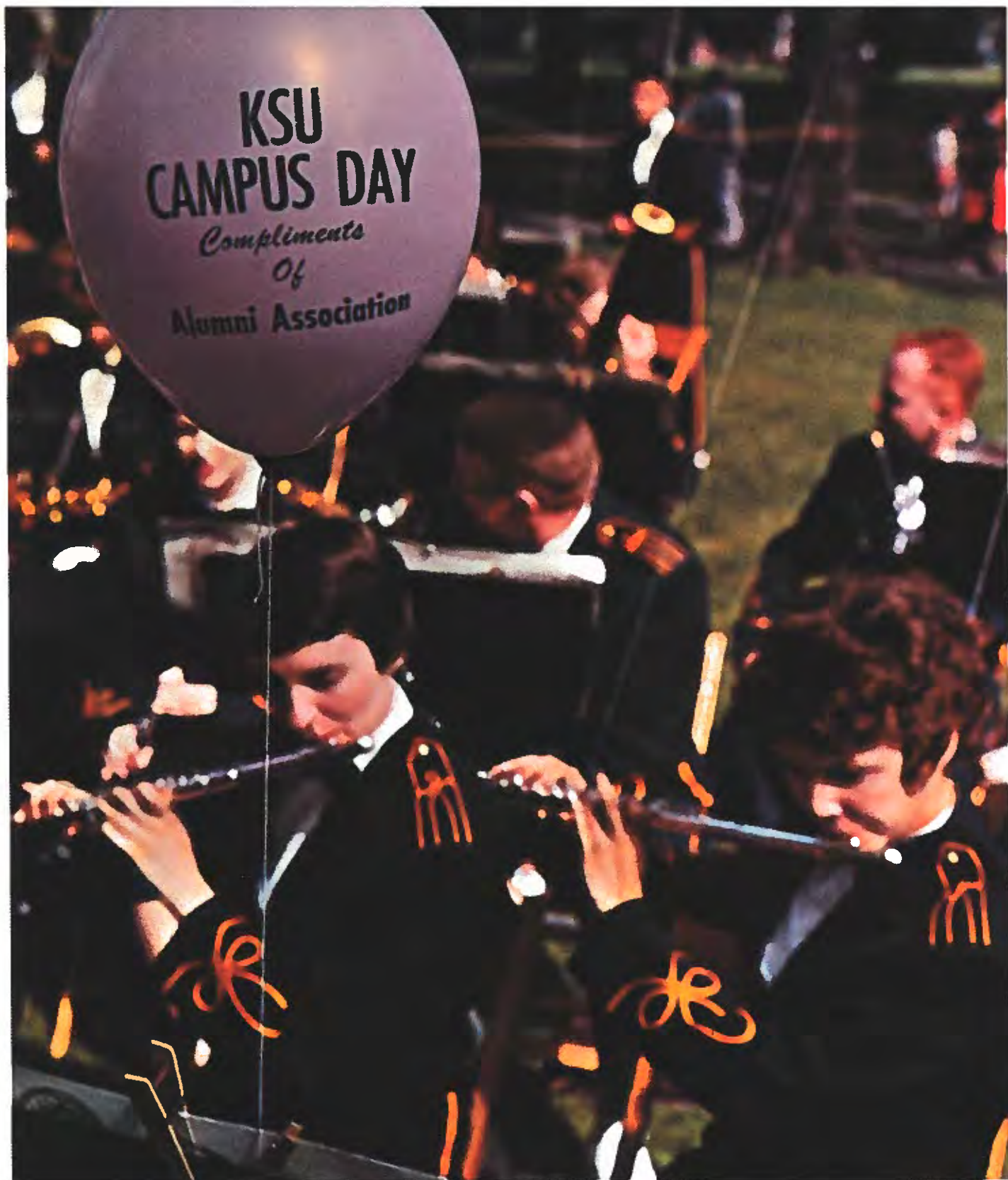
BOGUN, CUSICK



*Even while they  
are relaxing,  
students can't  
escape learning*

# Warm

I wonder what's going to be on that psychology test Tuesday. Boy, I sure do need an 'A' on that thing to pull a 'B' for the course. Hope I can swing it. An unfamiliar girl sits down across the table from me and I stop thinking about school. Damn that drummer. Seems like he's going to rare back just a little too far on that drum and knock me off my chair. This music is kind of weird anyway. I forget about the music and I wonder what Linda is doing. Probably out with some guy. Well, what else? A Saturday night . . . a good-looking girl . . . naturally she's out with some guy. Oh well, guess it couldn't have worked out for us anyway. My being so far away at school so much of the time. *(Continued on p. 94)*



*Campus Day isn't all fun and relaxation for everyone. These bandmembers give up their time to play for the coronation ceremonies.*

*Campus social activities  
take on many forms  
to provide entertainment*



*The crowd watches intently as the bar gets lower and lower each time this coed takes her turn in the Rowboat Regatta limbo contest.*



*A warm summer day and a winning baseball team usually bring out a large crowd of students.*

*A varied display  
of emotions is seen  
at social events*

*By some design, Kent's biggest events are usually held on the coldest days, but this couple manages to keep warm during the Campus Day parade.*

*Of course, in every event there has to be a loser. Usually losing isn't as messy as missing at the May Day egg toss.*



*The most exciting moment in campus competition is winning a trophy. Here the girls of Verder Hall receive second place trophy for Campus Day songfest.*



*All social activity on campus is based on having a good time and forgetting, if only for the moment, the pressure of classwork.*



*Moms visit campus  
and find work  
instead of play*



*Moms arrive on campus for Mom-Me weekend and find there is work to be done on Penny Carnival booths being constructed by their daughters' organizations. Plans are explained to them, far left, and they pitch in to make some scenery. They're learning fast what happens to all that spare time they thought their daughters had.*



*Although candles and flowers aren't the norm, Moms get a pretty good idea of the quantity and quality of food their girls are putting away.*

*This mother tries her ring-tossing skill at one of the booths at Penny Carnival held to raise funds to help support Blue Key and Cardinal Key scholarship programs.*





*Recreation and  
relaxation  
provide relief  
from classwork*

*In the Spring a young girls' fancy  
lightly turns to thoughts of getting  
out and playing baseball. Anyway it  
provides a good excuse to avoid the  
books waiting back at the dormitory.*

*Since sports don't appeal to  
everyone, about the most popular  
way to forget one's troubles for  
awhile is to relax in the Hub.*





*Forbidden fad  
flourishes and  
finally fades*

*A new fad of room stuffing started on campus in the Fall when Stopher Hall claimed a "national record" of 146 men in a room normally occupied by two. The insistence of safety-minded residence counselors eventually squelched the activity except for an occasional attempt at filling a room with newspapers.*

*Phi Sigma Kappa and Sigma Alpha Epsilon claimed a world's record when they crammed a total of 42 men and the SAE's 235-pound St. Bernard into the Phi Sig's hearse.*



*In retaliation to the records set in the men's dormitories, the women of Verder Hall stuffed 176 girls into one of their rooms. This exclusive Chestnut Burr photo shows the record-setting event in its early stages. Later, eleven girls were also "stuffed" into one hula hoop.*

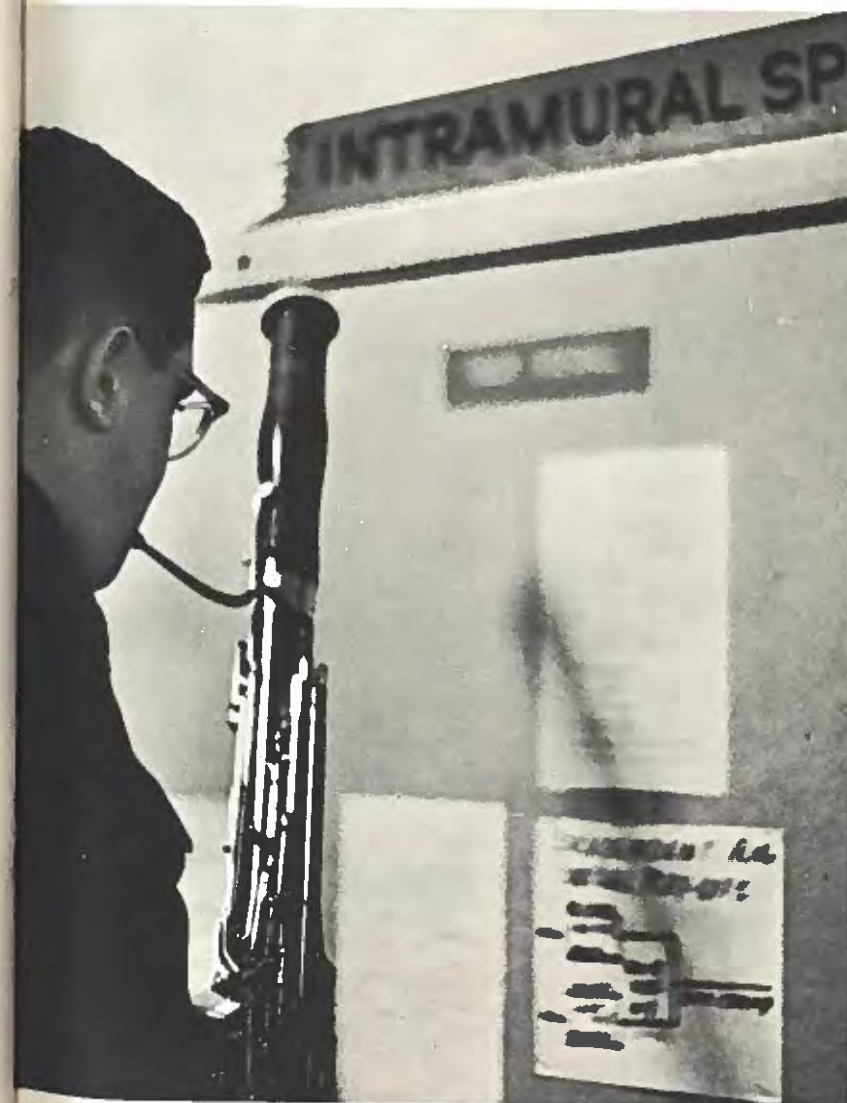


*The Marine Band  
concert presented  
a unique experience*

*For many students and area music lovers the concerts presented by the United States Marine Band on campus this Fall were once-in-a-lifetime opportunities to hear the "President's own band."*



*Director Lt. Col. Albert Schoepper and the band, resplendent in full dress uniform, presented a varied program of rousing marches, a sonata, instrumental ensembles and vocal solos. The concert closed with "The Marine Hymn."*



*This bandsman takes time during his pre-performance warmup period to check on campus events. One can't help wondering how the intramural schedule sounded set to music.*



*Football:  
a college  
tradition*



*It's not too hard to figure which man's son was carrying the ball.*

*Kent fans were usually treated to an afternoon of fumbling and errors. The ball is fumbled and the Flashers go down in defeat again, this time against Baldwin-Wallace.*



*Enthusiastic individualists appeared throughout the crowd and used various methods of rooting Kent's team on, but nothing seemed to help.*

*Olson Hall men did everything they could to whip up lagging spirits and displayed an enthusiasm long missing from Kent's football fans.*



*Football always has exciting moments mixed with confusing signals to keep the fans interested.*

*Kent's 1-8 record was a sore point in the minds of the men on the football team who found their best wasn't good enough.*




*Dances and plays  
provide interesting  
and economical dates*



*Diversified campus activities provide many on-campus opportunities for an economical date. A free dance on the union terrace after the Dayton football game was co-sponsored by Gamma Phi Beta and Sigma Alpha Epsilon.*



*Under a marquee erected in the hall, students bought tickets for the NTFC Spring showing of the musical "Fanny," an all-student production.*



*The formal is a  
highlight in most  
social calendars*

*The majestic dignity of the grand march at the Alpha  
Phi All-Greek formal reflects the solemnity  
of the meaningful rituals that are  
a part of college tradition.*



*After drinking two shots of milk (for his ulcer) and having his aides light his cigar, Mike Kohn staged a Twenties-style gangland killing.*

*Fraternities go to extremes to hold 'way-out' parties*



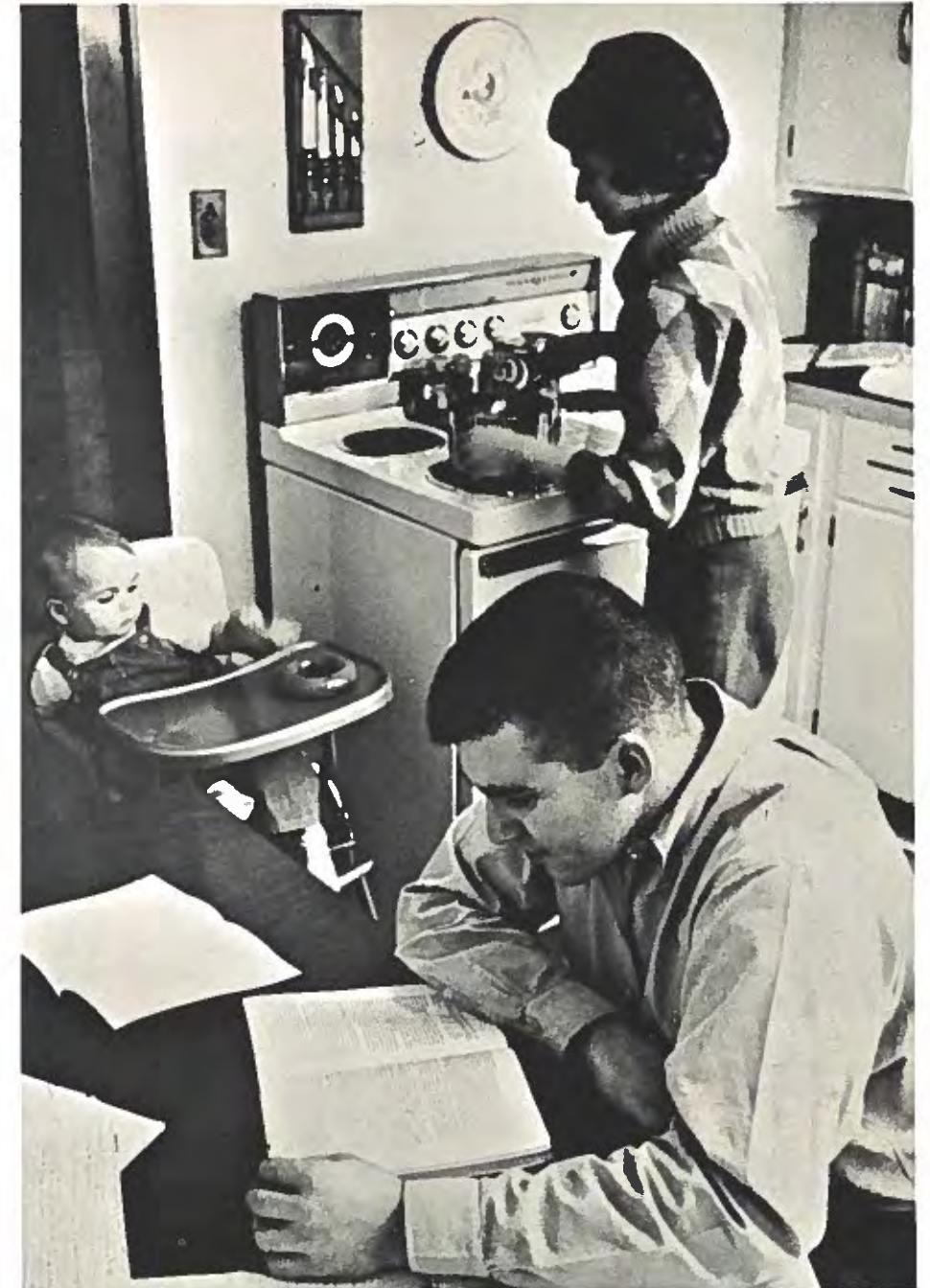
*The dance was held in the Youngstown depot. Even at a Roaring Twenties party the twist still prevails.*

*For their Roaring Twenties party, the Alpha Epsilon Pi's chartered two train cars to take them to Youngstown. On the train a three-piece Dixieland band played for dancing and singing. When Youngstown police refused to arrest them for making "bathtub-gin," they marched through the streets to the police station. All attempts failed; no one was arrested.*



*Love is not a sudden thing but develops with time*

*The Freshman week mixer provides a meeting ground for freshmen although some newcomers, still loyal to someone back home, either sit out the dances or stay in their rooms.*



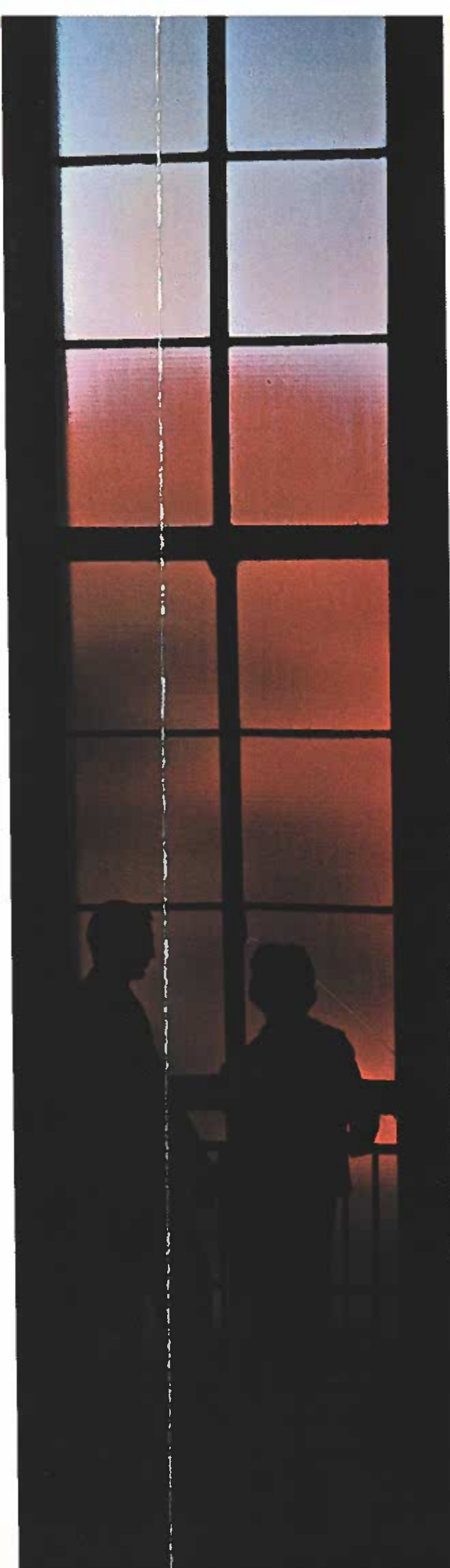
*Married students find they have their own special problems. Besides one and sometimes both of them carrying a full load of classes, someone must support the family, clean house and cook meals.*

*The college atmosphere with its wide range of activities provides many opportunities for two people to meet. After they have become friends and no longer worry about impressing each other, they can enjoy one another's company in any kind of a date from a formal dance to a walk in the woods.*

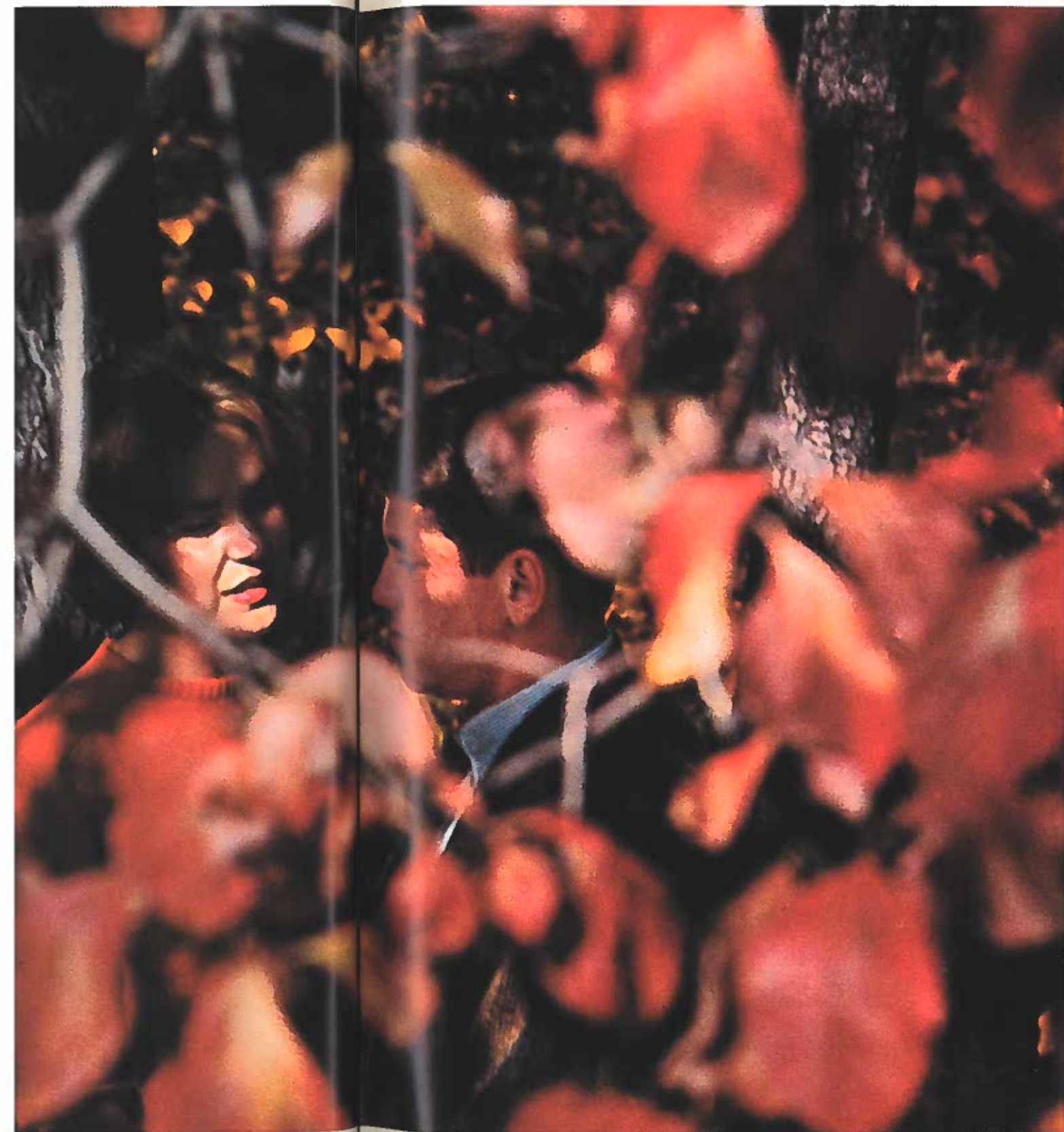
*Love grows  
between two students  
as they share  
the experiences of  
college life*



*Even in the rush to get to class on time  
in the morning, a few minutes can be found  
to meet at the dorm and walk together.*



*The break between classes allows time  
for a quiet conversation or a quick exchange  
of potential test questions.*



*When classes are over, a sunny afternoon and a quiet spot on Kent's campus provide the perfect setting for dreaming and planning the future.*



*All future plans depend on graduation; dating must be combined with study.*

*As a couple work and relax together in the college atmosphere, they realize that love is more than an emotion; it is a partnership in understanding and responsibility.*



## Warm

I look back at the new girl at the table. She's ordering something, but I can't hear anything over this racket behind me. Funny how one can get used to such a screeching racket just a few feet away. I don't know, though, I think my backbone'll shiver for a week from that steel guitar. The girl is smiling now. There's something that's different about her. I don't know exactly what it is, but it's nice. Wonder if she's got a name.

Sure hope I get that \$50 check soon. I can't feature getting booted out of that room for not paying the rent. Damn. There goes my mind again. I'm supposed to be out on the town relaxing for an evening. Instead I'm sitting here like a wart. I imagine I am a drag on the guys tonight. It wouldn't be that way, though, if Linda were here. Oh well. What is all this social life anyway? It sure doesn't help me in school. And school is the only reason I'm even here at Kent at all. I could be reading and getting more out of this time.

I glance back at the girl with no name. Nice girl. She's drinking a coke. Ha. That sure is a switch. The band stopped. I don't think anyone notices . . . the noise is just as bad as it was before. Except maybe I'm safe from that drummer's stick for a few minutes.

"Hey Bill, I want you to meet Joanie," a voice shouts across the table.

"Hi Joanie." So the girl with no name and a nice smile has a name. I smile, but feel sick. I wish I could feel Linda's hand on my shoulder.

Someone else is talking to me, but I can't quite understand who it is or what he is saying.

"I said why don't you liven up a bit there old man?" the voice repeats.

"Sorry," I answer. "Guess I'm in one of those moods where I put a crimp in everyone's style."

"That's what happens on the first night out with the crowd, I guess. You gotta have some fun sometime, though. Might as well be now," the voice continues. I finally connect the voice to Pete, my roommate.

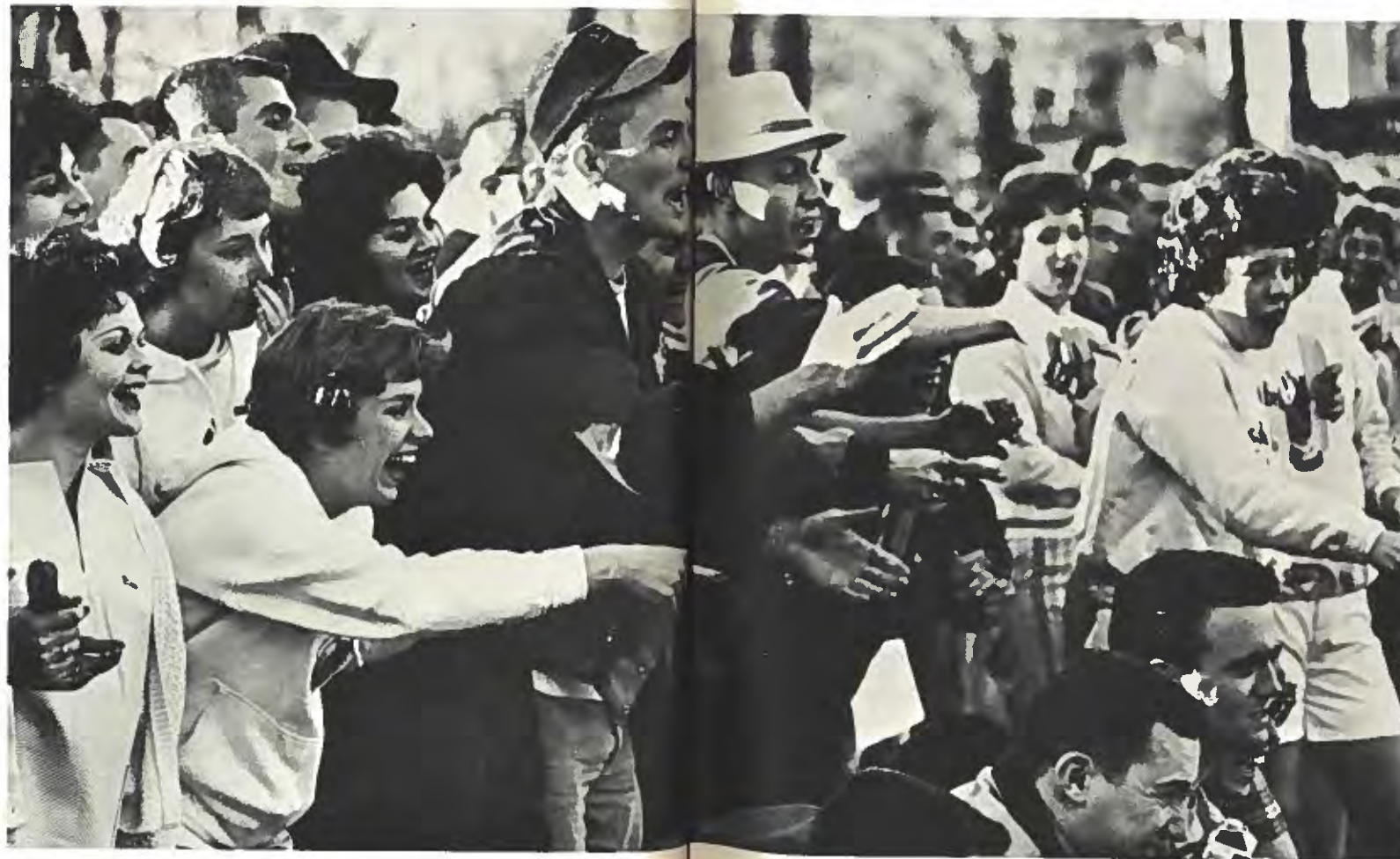
He is leaning far across the table and grinning. His nervous eyes jump from face to face so I can't tell just who has caused the grin.

Probably it was just a happy grin. He has been hitting the books pretty hard. Guess he's just feeling good to be away from it all for a while.

Wish I could feel as completely relaxed and carefree as he is. I can't see how all this social

## *The importance of social activities begins with fun and grows with co-operation*

*Although having a good time seems to be the primary objective of social events, beneath the surface lie valuable lessons in co-operation, diplomacy, trust and character development.*



*It's a comforting thought for her to know she has someone to lean on, and this personal trust will follow her all through her life.*



business can do it for him, though. It's not doing anything at all for me. Social life, I guess, is just for those who really need it. I can get along without it. At least as long as I've got school and studies and reading to keep me busy.

*C'est la vie.* That reminds me. I've just got to get to those French conjugations sometime this weekend. Once in a while I wish there wasn't so much language required for a B.A. degree. There I go again. If this evening is supposed to relax me, I don't think it is succeeding. What am I talking about? I sound like the guy that thought the world owed him a living. If I can just quit thinking about everything then maybe I can use the evening to relax myself. Maybe that's what Pete does. Sure it is. He's not thinking about anything at all right now, except having a good time.

The band started playing again. I was just about to enter into the conversation too. I hate to scream. Why don't they play something slow and soothing? I can hardly hear myself think. That's it. Perhaps that's why the music is so loud. It's to keep us all from thinking about everything. But here I am, thinking anyway. I look again at the girl they call Joanie. She seems a little bit lost. I think I know how she feels; that is if she feels like she looks.

The twisting song is over. Now they are starting to play a slow one. For a band that plays pretty doggone bad, they are doing a good job on this number. I turn my eyes away from the musicians and back to the table. It is being drained of people and the dance floor is getting crowded. The girl is still sitting there, though.

"Looks like you and I are the only ones left," she spoke softly.

"Yeh, I guess so," I answer hesitantly. I'm not quite prepared to be left alone with her. What am I going to say to her while everyone is out there dancing? I guess the only thing to do is to dance with her. I ask her and she smiles. We inch slowly through the crowded room toward the floor, and I watch her closely. She has added a touch of excitement to the evening. I begin to feel glad that I came.

"You look kind of lonesome tonight." She looks concerned.

"I'm just not used to this social life I guess," I answer as we begin to dance.

She puts her hand on my shoulder. It feels warm.

ROBERT CUSICK



## WANTED: College Graduates

The brightness of  
the future comes  
from the polish  
of an education



From the doorway Tom Virgil watched the busy machines in the plant. His eyes glanced at each operator, but stopped at Jim McCoy. He had known the boy for many years and had recommended him for the job last year.

There's a boy with a real head on his shoulders, Tom thought to himself. Hardly a year out of high school and already he knew enough about the plant operations to suggest several time and labor-saving ideas. It's too bad that he doesn't put that head to good use and really go someplace in the world.

Tom walked back to his office and continued working on the stack of production reports that cluttered his desk. His concentration, however, was frequently interrupted by his wonder-

ment at young men like McCoy. The boy was truly a standout in the factory, yet he displayed no desire to further his education and use his full potential.

The lunch bell interrupted his thoughts. He remained at his desk with a watchful eye for the boy who'd soon be walking past the office toward the lunchroom.

"Hey, Jim," Tom barked as the boy ambled past the door.

"Yeh, Tom?" he answered, stopping short at the entranceway and leaning one shoulder against it.

"Thought I might have lunch with you," he said.

"Sure. C'mon. I can't complain if the 'big brass'

wants to slum it," McCoy snapped back with a wide grin.

On the way to the lunchroom they talked about the day's production and how things went in the plant during the morning.

"You know, Jim, you're doing a pretty good job out there in the plant," Tom spoke, changing the direction of the conversation as they sat down at an empty table.

"Sounds like it's time to ask for a raise," he joked.

"Seriously though, did you ever think about working in a management position somewhere? You'd make a hell of a lot more than you make on a machine," Tom continued, studying the boy closely for his reaction.

*Whether men are avid hunters or have never touched a gun before, ROTC provides valuable training in a skill they may have to know.*

## An education acquired in mechanical skills



*Learning to iron clothes is assimilated as almost an accidental part of college life, but it may become very important.*



*Having learned to transfer her knowledge to children, this student teacher is now able to become a full time teacher in her community. This is the job training aspect of college.*

"Sure. Things like that take a lot of time, though. I'd probably have to stay here ten years or so before I'd ever work my way up that high," he answered.

"That's just the point I'm trying to make. The big guys at the head of the company don't pick factory guys for high-paying desk jobs. They look for on-the-ball guys that have been to college."

"Ahhgh. Who needs college? I can do that kind of job. All I have to do is prove it," he returned.

"That's where you're wrong. You haven't got the knowledge to do that kind of job. Maybe you've got the potential, but you'll never use it, no matter how much you learn out there in the factory," Tom explained, sipping on a cup of coffee.

"Could be you're right. But I've got a Chevy to support. Besides, my chick wants to get married pretty soon and I'm making enough now to support her," Jim pointed out.

"Sure, it isn't much fun to be broke all the time, but all the financial sacrifices you'd make for four or five years would certainly pay off

*Self discipline is one of the hardest virtues to gain and one of the most rewarding intangibles to take from college through life.*

## An education acquired in social skills



*A deep feeling of responsibility to each other and plans for the future come with a sincere love.*



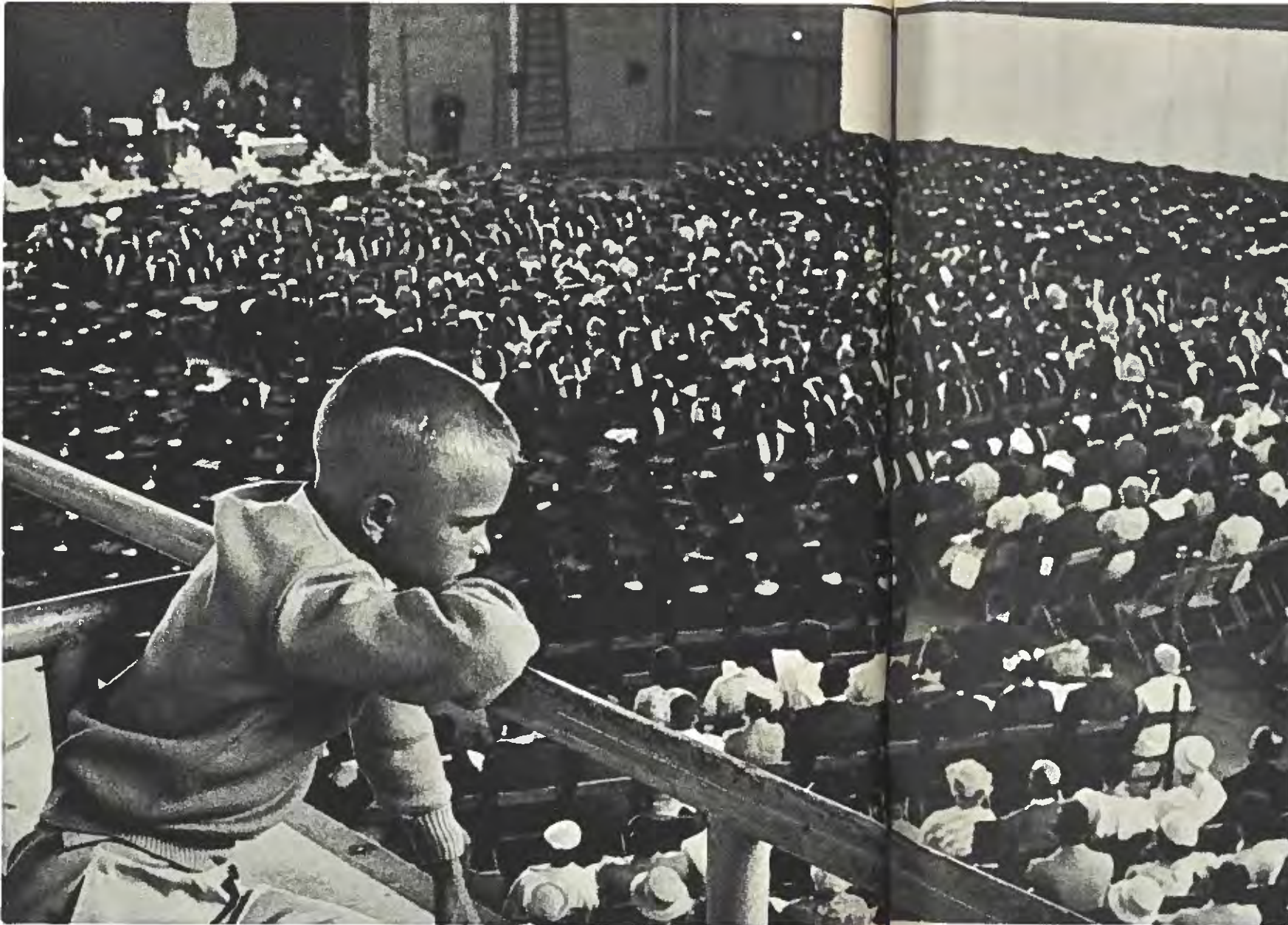
*Working with others provides valuable lessons in co-operation, all-important communication and in sharing the satisfying results of teamwork.*

after you graduate. It has only been a couple of years since I graduated from Kent State University and already I'm doing much better than I could without an education."

Jim gulped down a coke. "A friend of mine is taking one of those correspondence business courses. You know, one of those deals where they send you an education in an envelope. It doesn't cost very much and I could keep my job. I was thinking about trying it."

"That would be better than nothing," Tom replied, "But the big thing about going to a university is that you're there to make a better and a more complete person of yourself. You're not there just to learn all about something so you can make a bigger bundle of money on the outside. You meet a lot of interesting people who start jogging your mind a little. As you work with these people in the classroom and in the extracurricular activities, you learn more than you ever could from a correspondence course. And then there's always plenty of social life . . . and, of course, studies every night.





*Graduation ceremonies are boring to children who are not old enough to realize the importance of the certificate which required many years of work and sacrifices.*

Graduation is the foot holding open opportunity's door

*All the rituals of graduation are followed from switching the tassel from right to left to the last turning away from college life.*



"I remember on graduation day I felt like a whole person," Tom continued. "When I first went to college, I thought I knew just about everything there was to know. I found out before long, though, that I didn't know a damn thing."

"Sounds like a pretty good deal. It seems to have done all right by you," McCoy was faltering slightly in his negative arguments.

"I made it through, and you could too. You've got the head for it. After awhile even the hard courses seem easier."

"Even English?" McCoy laughed.

"Sure. English is one of the most important things. You'll never get anywhere if you can't communicate your ideas successfully."

The final bell rang and the room came alive with the rattling of papers and scuffling of workers on the way back to their jobs.

"Well, got to get back to work. But you know, I'll think about it. You never can tell . . . maybe they'll make me a schoolboy yet," McCoy said.

"Keep thinking about it and you'll see that I'm right," Tom yelled at the boy who was darting through the room toward his machine.

"OK, Tom," he answered.

Tom tossed the empty bags into an overflowing wastebasket and walked back to his office. His mind reminisced about his college days. He whistled.

I just hope he gives himself the opportunity to feel as I did on graduation day, he thought.

ROBERT CUSICK





☞ This has been an experiment in applying the principles of modern photojournalism to recast the format of the stereotyped yearbook. Because this section has been designed as a unit in itself, it has been freed from the chains of tradition, allowing me to present the student's activities, not as individual events, but as a part of the whole educational process at Kent State University. I must thank my excellent staff, lead by associate editor Judy Bryan and photo editor Alan Zelina, and adviser Henry Beck, an expert in photography and the Graphic Arts, for helping me express these ideas in words and pictures. Mr. Ed Cliney, who has taught journalism here for four years and now works for the Mead Paper Company, deserves much of the credit for the ideas and basic format of this publication. I would also like to thank Wm. D. Taylor, Head of the School of Journalism, and the Student-Faculty Publication's Policy Committee for approving, and supporting this project. ☞

Laird Brown  
editor