

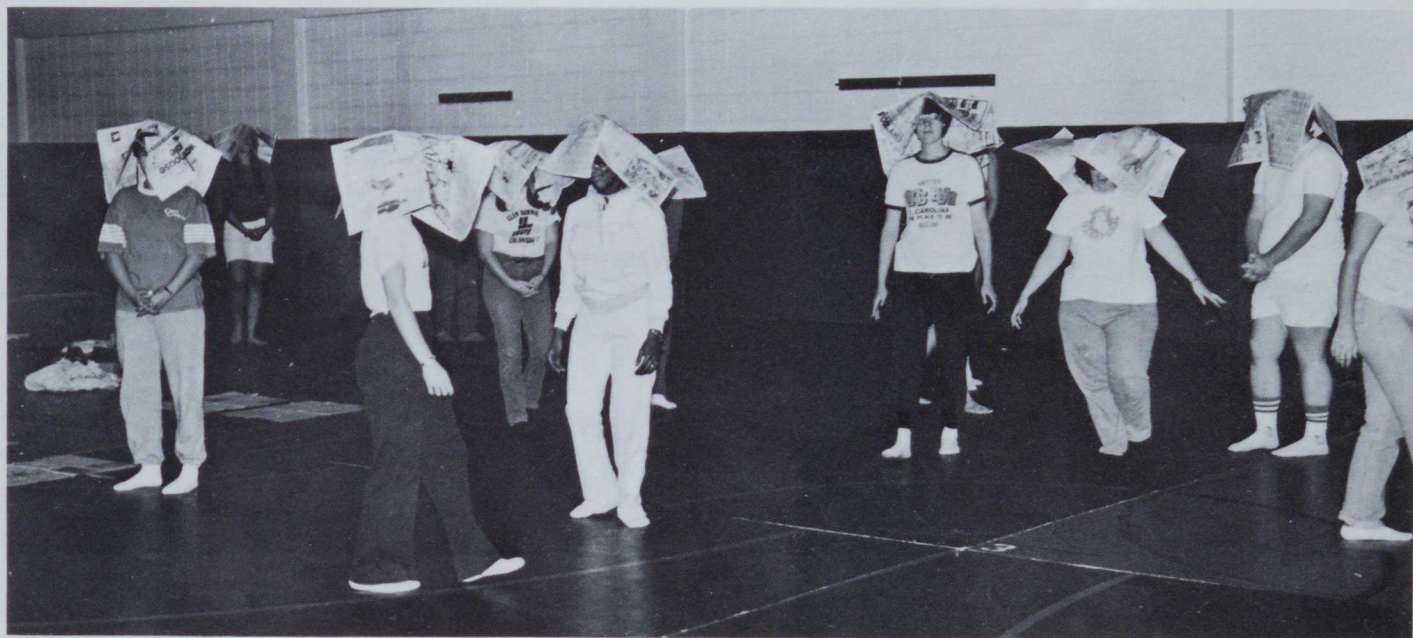
YESTERDAYS PAPERS





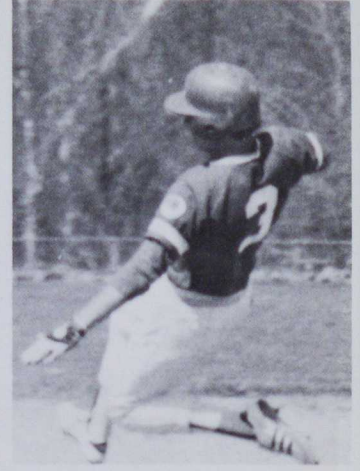
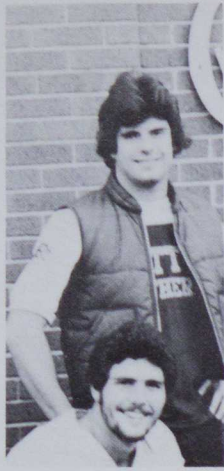
COVER: Members of the women's
softball team take time out to read
the Times. Photography by Claudia Fink.

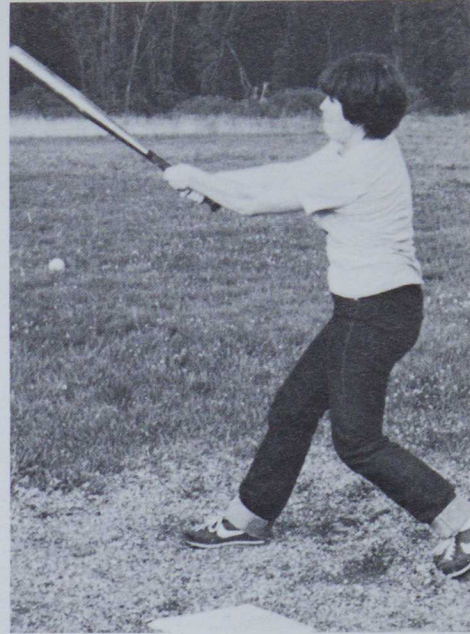
YESTERDAYS PAPERS 1982



Mike Genevro

Who wants yesterday's papers . . .
Nobody in the world.
— The Rolling Stones





Not surprisingly, Jagger has confused **wants** with **needs**. Nobody needs a yearbook; past experience tells us not many of you want one, either. That fact has led us this year to make a book that pleases us rather than some PR wizard's hypothetical customer. Thus, we have captured the spirit of CSC by concentrating on the college community in action. Here you will find no pictures of groups that exist to spend their allocation and appear in group pictures, and will search in vain for still re-enactments of people receiving awards, checks or handshakes.

Well then, what **will** you see? As this book's new title suggests, we have drawn upon — to use CSC's favorite trash phrase — a wide variety of old papers. Most of our stories and pictures come from the **California Times**. We have also plucked good stuff from the **California Review**, **Vulcan Football**, **Pegasus**, **Southwestern Pennsylvania**, the **Brownsville Telegraph**, sports brochures, and even **Monocal**. Finally, we have added a wealth of original material. Besides the color gallery on pages 65-80, we have included pictures and stories that never made the **Times**.

Obviously, we have omitted people and events that deserved inclusion. We can offer only our apologies and the time-worn observation that these things happen. Either material was not available, or its quality was such that it would have embarrassed rather than honored.

To return to want versus need — behold two instructive stories. We received a letter this spring from one who expressed disappointment at not having seen the 1978 **Monocal** listed for sale in a **Review** ad; in the same **Review** a letter from Alan Beamer, '36, illustrated with **Monocal** photographs elicited a warm response from one of the people pictured.

The lessons are obvious: once a yearbook is gone, it is gone forever, and even if you don't want a yearbook now, the time will surely come when you do. Defense rests.

For the making of this book, all praise to the writers and photographers whose names appear with their work and to Duke Jupiter, Mike Kunsu, Alan Natali, Sandy Palmer, Marilyn Shipley, Pam Sutton, and Cathy Tomasevich.

Claudia Fink





Alisa Kennedy



California Times

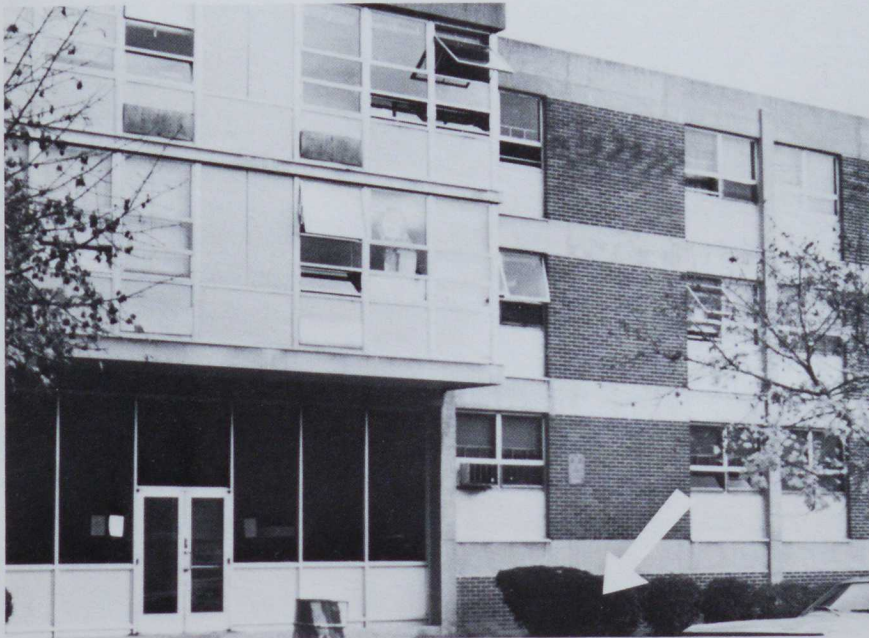
California State College

California, Pennsylvania

Some Leading Stories from CSC's Student Newspaper

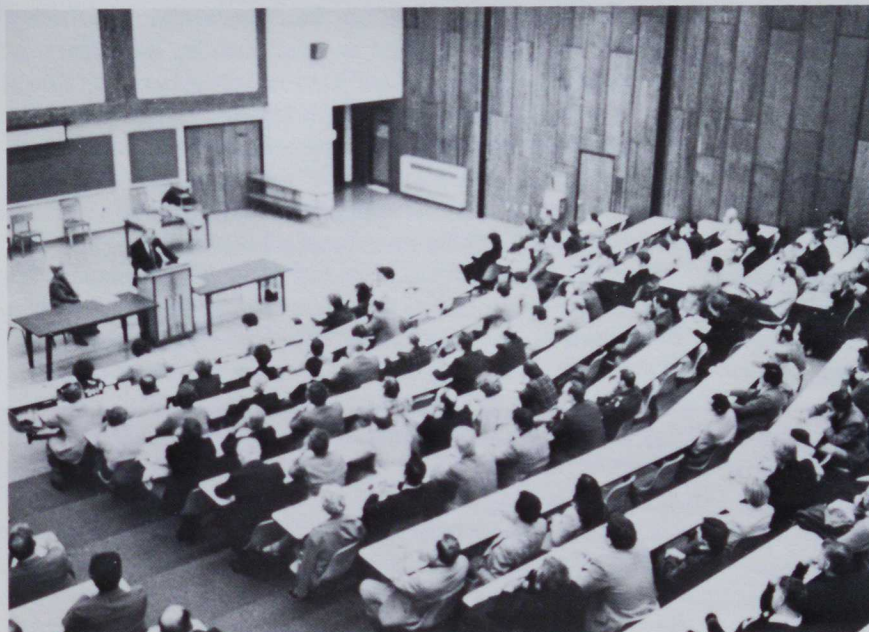
A Restless Year at CSC

Mike Genevro



A rash of petty crime.

James Bindas



Budgetary hard times.

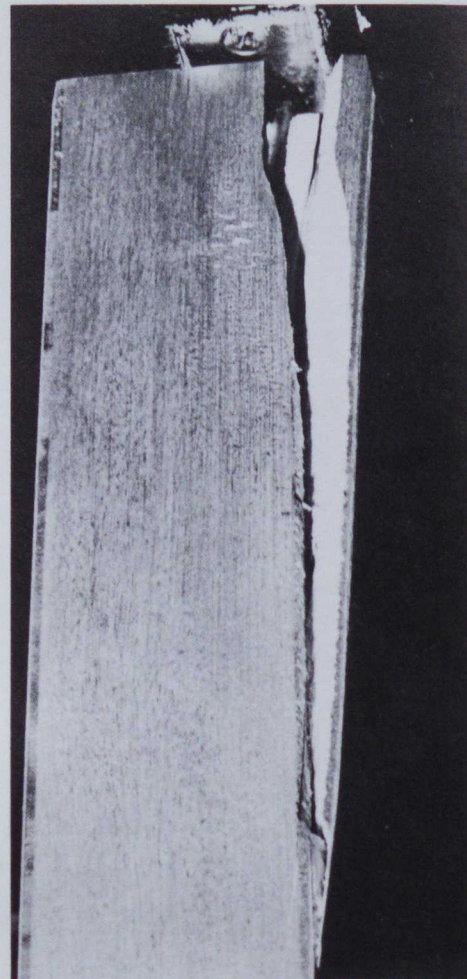
James Bindas



A hot time in town.



Vandalism: hardly a gentleman's game.



A splintered door, Gold Rush.

They Break It, You Bought It:

In 1980 Paul Stacklin wrote for the Times a two-part series investigating vandalism at CSC. In 1982, Becky Doverspike wrote an editorial chiding the "little kids who talk too loud, run too fast and scribble too much" in Mandarino Library. One month later, in April, she updated Stacklin's story and told us what the little kids do after they leave the library.

by Rebecca Doverspike

Vandals on a college campus are like moths in a linen closet. Nothing looks the same after they've gone. Unfortunately, it's a little easier to catch and contain moths than it is vandals.

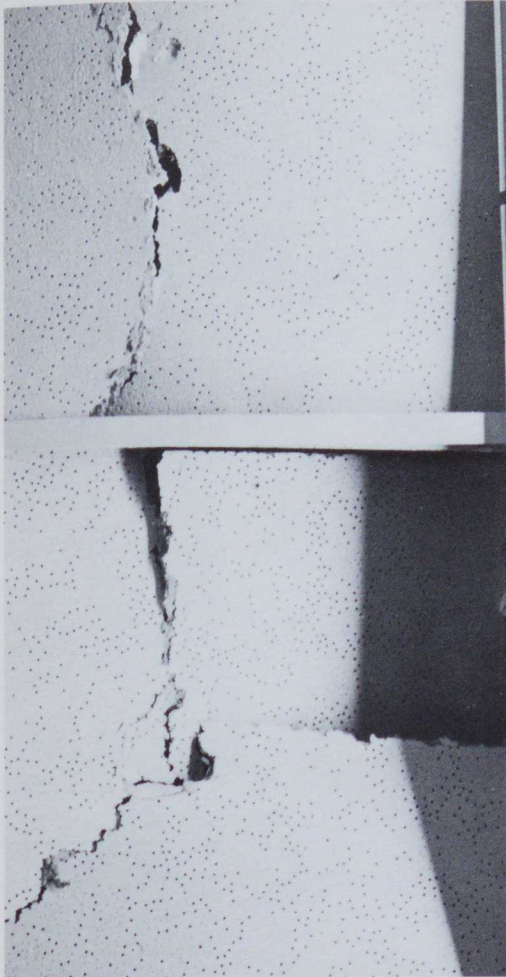
For months, CSC has been plagued by these wreckers who get cheap thrills out of expensive destruction. No one can say for sure what motivates them. But college officials seem to think vandalism at CSC increases as the semester winds down. Smashed bottles, broken windows, split doors and scarring tire tracks deface CSC on the outside. On the inside, vending machines are broken into, shower heads are ripped from the walls, tiles are punched in and pried from ceilings and floors.

Against all evidence, the deans in Student Development think vandalism has declined in the dormitories. According to Joseph Dochinez, dean of student housing, vandalism is not as prevalent in Binns dormitory as it had been. "I don't think the problem is as bad as it was before," Dochinez said. He said that Binns never had an exceptionally high rate of vandalism.

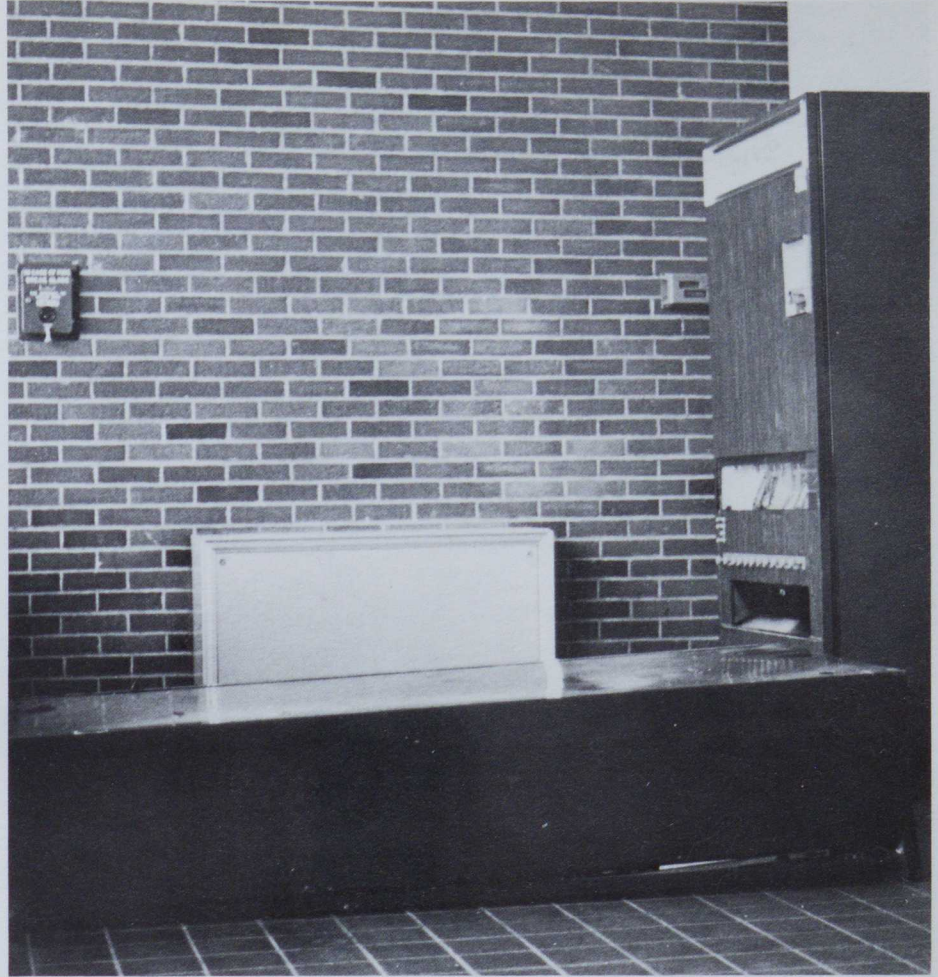
But in the last few weeks Binns has been ravaged. Shower stalls especially have been the target. Men line up before the one shower stall like beggars before a Depression soup kitchen.

Elmo Natali, vice-president of Student Development and Services, thinks these frenzies are triggered by alcohol. In fact, alcohol was the key word used by both Natali and Dr. Philip Hayes, vice-president of student life. "Alcohol is about 99.44 percent of the vandalism problem," Natali said. In his opinion, partying — for some students — means drinking, usually to excess. For some, it's a release; for others, a trap. "If students feel they must drink, then they should learn to drink in a responsible manner," Natali said.

But can a student be responsible every night? Every night



A smashed ceiling tile, McCloskey.



Maybe it was tired and went to sleep.

A Sad Tradition Continues

a student can find a party — if he looks hard enough. After all, CSC is a college of many parties. Natali feels this easy access is much of the problem. “We have been trying to counsel the fraternities to have private parties to minimize the number of people who attend,” he said.

Hayes also believes fraternity parties become traps for those who can't hold their liquor. “There is more damage done to the dormitories on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights than there is on the weekends,” Hayes said. He wanted to make it clear that he wasn't criticizing the fraternities. However, Hayes did want the organizations to accept more responsibility for those who attend their parties — invited or not.

(Since the Hayes interview, certain fraternities have attempted to close their parties, admitting only fellow Greeks or invited guests.)

According to Hayes, the annual upkeep of the dorms is between \$10,000 and \$15,000, a nominal repair cost, compared to other colleges which spend \$50,000 annually repairing damages.

Not only the dorms and the grounds have been the targets of vandals. For some reason, vandals on this campus seem

to be especially intrigued by vending machines. According to Richard “Roscoe” Olshefski, Student Union director, vandalism is taking a large chunk out of the commission the school receives on vending machines. “McCloskey, Johnson and Longanecker Halls have the biggest problem. Binns is just becoming a problem,” he said.

Longanecker is a vending machine's graveyard. Without machines in November and December, it was still without as late as March. “We lost an 8 to 17 percent commission on those broken machines in November and December,” Olshefski said. To compare the 1981 vending machine commission to that earned in 1980 is to see a considerable decline in revenue. The figures for the last three months of 1981 are especially revealing. Commission from vending machines fell as fast as leaves: McCloskey lost \$51, \$120, and \$50, respectively; Johnson, \$80, \$90, and \$70; Longanecker, \$11, \$100 and \$130.

Nature replenishes itself; the leaves return in the spring. The commission, too, will return, for the vending machines have been bolted to the walls. “We had to bolt the cigarette machines in McCloskey to the wall last October,” Olshefski said. “We had to do the same in Johnson in December.”



The caption beneath this picture originally read "When is a moron worth \$300?", referring to the reward offered by its owners for the arrest of the vandal or vandals responsible for a series of indignities visited upon their truck. The reward has never been collected.

The Student Union has also been plagued by vandals. Olshefski said \$200 to \$300 damage is done to the Gold Rush annually. Ten to twelve chairs, each valued at \$80, are stolen from that room every semester. Bathrooms have been the playpen of high school kids who break mirrors, doors and the like. "We called the town police about the high school kids and haven't had a real problem with them since," Olshefski said.

Everyone liked the decor of the Gold Rush. Now, not much of the original decor remains. Fireplace bellows that were bolted to the wall were ripped off by greedy vandals. In the Studio Grille, a picture of John Wayne was razored out of its frame. Ironically, the picture was worth only \$3.

The Union is a paradise for vandals on the weekends. Last semester was especially bad for the building. The Gold Rush, music room and Student Development offices were all damaged by vandals. No one seems to know how they get in. One night this semester, someone broke down the door of the Gold Rush, causing \$200 damage.

Olshefski said students will sometimes get locked in the Union and break out instead of waiting for campus security to unlock the doors.

The damage worsens; little is repaired. "The school sends a memo to state maintenance," Olshefski said. "The state doesn't have the money, and things never get fixed. If vandalism continues, the activities fee will have to be raised to cover the costs."

No one knows what to do about vandalism at CSC. But officials are concerned about tuition rising if vandalism isn't stopped. After all, the state is supposed to repair the damage; we pay the state; therefore, we pay for the vandalism. Can you afford it?

— TIMES 4/30/82

1982 Patron
SAM MADIA
 Industrial Arts and Technology

A True Story (mostly)

Little Criminals

This article arrived too late for inclusion in the last issue of the spring Times, but seemed to us too good to be lost forever. Few things we've received sum up better the pettiness of CSC's crime spree (the weapon used in the sniper incident pictured on page 7 was a BB gun, for God's sake) and the haphazard adjudication of the offenses. If anything can make the college's rash of malefic monkeyshines more comical than they probably were, "Little Criminals" can. Accompanying the article are Times pictures and cartoons touching on several outrages. In both article and pictures, names have been changed or omitted to spare the guilty future shame, however much they may deserve it.

by Paul Stacklin

Often, at the Times, we get information that students at large aren't supposed to know — like the name of a suspect in a downtown robbery, or a fire official's off-the-record opinion of who really burned an abandoned house. We don't go blabbing any names for two reasons: it's really none of our business **who** did what, only **what** has happened, and it's really none of your business either.

We, like you, show concern only when it's someone we know. This semester a shocking number of people appearing before the disciplinary board or the magistrate were people we know. We followed their cases with interest, and inadvertently became familiar with the justice systems, both on campus and in town. We were mystified by the gamut of sentences handed down by the disciplinary board or by Daryl Zeaman, the borough magistrate.

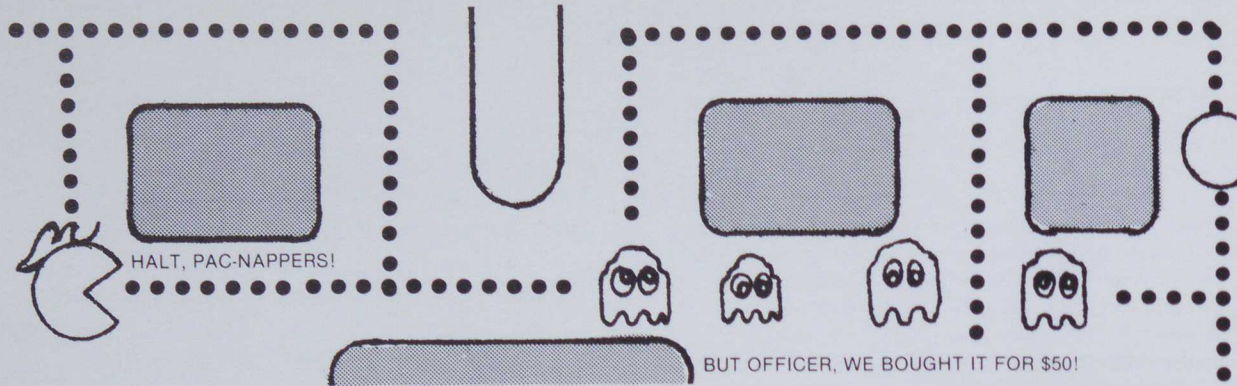
One day a Times editor, Tiny, said to me, "I don't get it. My ex-lab partner's bail was set at \$10,000 when he accidentally hit that fire alarm, but then these downtown brawlers go into a frat house with crowbars, tire irons and clubs, with intent to kill, and they're out on \$5,000."

I said, "I hate to tell you this, Tiny, but there has been a rash of false alarms. And those firemen are very uptight with an arsonist on the loose. You can't blame the borough if it comes down hard on some punk prankster."



Mike Genevro

Ain't it a riot? The fire alarm goes off in the middle of the night, dorm residents are roused from their beds, the firemen come and discover another false alarm. Nobody's dead or hurt, so who cares? Ask a fireman.



Two scenes from “It just crawled into my trunk, honest,” a hilarious Times feature. The cartoon above lampoons the theft by four little criminals — Inky, Pinky, Blinky and Clyde — of a Pac-Man machine from Hamer Hall. That was the alibi they gave to the arresting officers, all right. Below: the Masked Marvel explains to a security officer that hubcaps not his own found in his trunk probably jumped in there of their own volition, as the naughty little fellows are prone to do.



Times Eye in the Sky

“He’s not a punk or a prankster. It was an accident! And hell, even if he did it deliberately, is pulling a false alarm as bad as murder?”

“Tiny,” I replied, “The brawlers weren’t charged with attempted murder. (I quoted some notes.) ‘Police Chief Nelson Horner originally charged them with criminal conspiracy, aggravated assault, criminal trespass, disorderly conduct, harassment and riot.’ ”

I looked over the list. Tiny was smiling.

I said, “Yeah, I guess you do have a point there, Tiny. Ten thousand is pretty steep.”

My roommate came into the office to meet me for dinner.

“What’s up Carl?” Tiny greeted him. “How’d that trial go?”

Carl had been partying in the dorms a week earlier. Through no provocation of his own (he claims) a brawny dude on the chess team beat him severely. Now, Carl’s face was a half-healed mass of bumps and bruises.

He answered, “I don’t know what the verdict was. I didn’t hang around. All I know is that the board decided we were drunk and messed up.”

“He was drunk too?” I asked.

“I was drunk. He’s messed up.”

It was hard to tell if Carl was smiling beneath his bruises.

Carl and Tiny continued talking about how bent they thought this Fisher dude was for pounding Carl incoherent. Meanwhile, I called Dean Hayes to ask about the outcome of the hearing.

“Hello, Dr. Hayes? Times, um . . . we just wanted to know what the board did to Fisher.”

Hayes had a note of reprimand in his voice. He said, “Fisher is suspended from the dorms for one year.”

“All right. Thank you. Goodbye.” I turned to Carl and told him the news.

“Goddam! You mean they’re letting him out of his dorm contract? Gee, I wish I knew that back in ’79 when I was trying to move away from you. They told me I couldn’t break my dorm contract. But, Fisher, he’s found a loop hole. All you got to do is kick someone in the face!”

Tiny said, “They don’t enforce that rule. There was this Greek last semester. They threw him out of the dorm in September, and he was still living there on Halloween.”

Carl said “That stinks.”

Silence followed as we all thought our separate thoughts.

Carl probably was thinking about Fisher. I was thinking about dinner. Tiny told me what he was thinking.

“I’m putting you on assignment. (My stomach grumbled.) Find out about justice around here.”

“Around here?” Carl quipped.

Tiny ignored him. “See if it exists. Is there some kind of a system? What is the system?”

“That’s tough,” I said. “Defining ‘justice’ is like defining ‘obscenity.’ The court has a difficult time defining those terms.”

“I mean find out what a person has to go through if he’s arrested around here. Ask some little criminals and petty offenders if they thought they were treated fairly,” Tiny explained.

“I’ll have to look around on campus and downtown. I don’t know if their systems are related.”

“Do whatever. Ask Zeaman why she set my lab partner’s bail so much higher than those mur — brawlers’.”

I waited till the following Thursday to see Daryl Zeaman, the borough magistrate; Elmo Natali, vice-president of Student Development; Fisher, the dorm resident; and Alf Whiner, Tiny’s old lab partner. I don’t have classes on Thursdays this semester. I call it “Blow-off Thursday.” Usually, I make a point of doing nothing practical on Thursday, but . . .

It was still early in the morning when I went to the magistrate’s office. I was famished. Embarrassed, I realized I did not bring a pen. Ms. Zeaman gave me a commonwealth pen.

After I thanked her, I told her I stood in flagrant disregard of Hal Ahern’s first two rules of journalism: 1) Always make sure you have a pen; 2) Don’t be so sure you have a pen. She laughed, and we got along quite well throughout the interview. I asked her, “Why did Alf Whiner get \$10,000 bail for setting off a fire alarm and the brawlers only get \$5,000?”

“Maybe it’s because Alf Whiner lied to me. I’m only human. Maybe because he showed no remorse. People had to evacuate into the cold. He didn’t care. Also, I set it high because Dean Natali wanted anyone who was caught setting off false alarms to be punished to the full extent of the law.”

“What finally happened to Whiner?”

“He was released on \$1,000 bond. He had to pay a \$300 fine and make a \$300 donation to the fire department.”

“Is there any set method or system you go by, a specific punishment for a specific crime?”

“That’s just the trouble. Most cases are so specific that it’s very difficult to ascribe an exact punishment. But, in some instances, we do have a general rule of thumb.”

“Such as?”

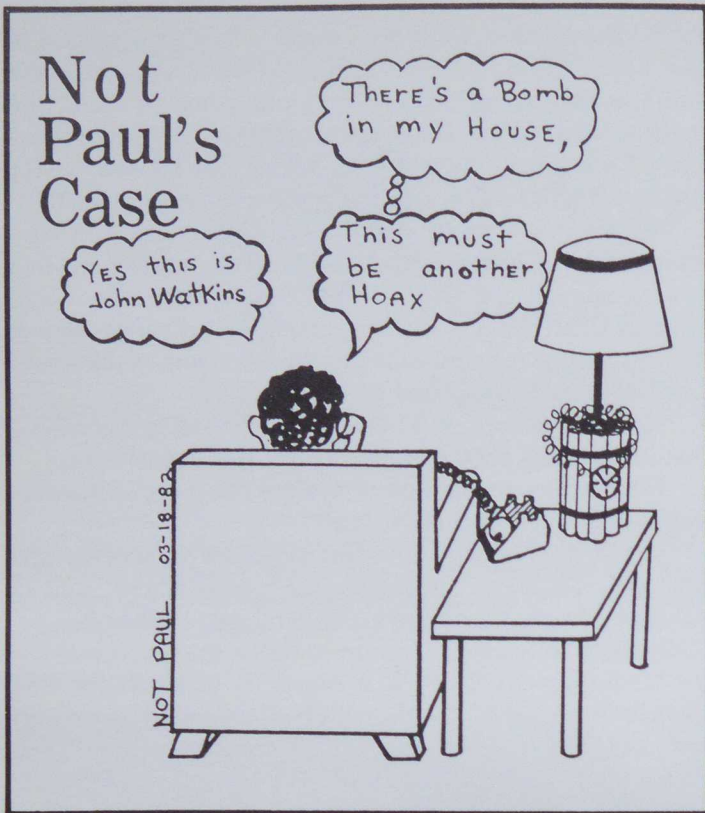
“Underage drinking. If a minor is arrested for that offense, he’s fined \$25. He usually learns his lesson from that, and I never see him again. If a kid is picked up a second time it’s \$50. Then, the third time, if he still hasn’t learned his lesson it’s \$75 et cetera.”

“What if there are extenuating circumstances? Say, the kid punched the police officer, what then?”



Neil Fike

“A sad thing” said an irate Butch Ramsey of the damage done to his car by vandals. Ramsey’s comment appeared in a letter he wrote to the Times in December. Whether the destroyer of the headlight was caught or not, we do not know. One almost hopes he didn’t fall into Ramsey’s hands, he making no bones about how he would adjudicate the matter.



Not Paul invented that catchy lamp bomb, but the threat phoned in to Dr. Watkins' residence was real enough. The perpetrators were caught when a fireman glanced up at South Hall dorm and thought it odd that two young ladies would be perched in their windowsill, waiting for the show to begin. These two ninnies — who sang that dumb old tune of being drunk at the time — were one-shot criminals; the maker of fall's rash of bomb threats remains at large.

Claudia Fink



“That’s why the underage drinking set-up is just a rule of thumb. If the accused struck an officer, there is an additional fine, definitely.”

“That’s just underage drinking. How do you handle the bigger matters?”

“I don’t; I’m a magistrate. I judicate only summaries. If a case is a misdemeanor or a felony, all I have the authority to do is decide if there is enough evidence for the case to go to court.”

Ms. Zeaman saw that I was lost. She explained, “There are three types of crimes: summaries, misdemeanors and felonies. A summary is the most minor type. Cases of underage drinking, disturbing the peace and the like are summaries. If the defendant in a summary pleads guilty, I sentence him. If he pleads innocent, a hearing is held.

“A summary is written out as a citation. Misdemeanors and felonies are court cases.”

I asked Ms. Zeaman how it is decided whether a case will be tried on campus or in town.

“We have an agreement that the borough won’t get involved on campus, but it hardly ever happens that way. The arrests made on campus are sometimes made by the local police or even the state police. I’m not even sure there is a system,” she confessed.

On campus there is a system. I thought I was really going to catch Elmo Natali off guard. All semester I had been hearing about unjust sentencing and indecisiveness on the part of the disciplinary board. I thought Natali would give me an empty-handed stare of helplessness when I asked him about a campus justice system. Instead, it seemed that he had anticipated my arrival years in advance and had devised a fair justice system, just in case anyone ever asked.

He said, “The most important thing about the campus justice system is that everyone gets due process. That is, the defendant has an appeal throughout the process, and he is given adequate notice of when the hearing will be. The defendant has the right to cross-examine witnesses and an opportunity to put his case in writing, to submit a brief before a decision is made.”

“Who sits on the disciplinary board?” I asked.

“The dean of the accused student’s school and usually three or four other faculty members, and the president of Student Congress, Dave Talpas, choose three or four people from Congress. Phil Hayes, dean of student life, is chairman of the board. He directs the proceedings, but has no vote.”

When I asked him what judicial steps a person goes through on campus, Natali handed me the student handbook.

“Turn to page eighty-four,” he said.

At the top of the page it said: “Appendix VI, Flow Chart ... Campus Judicial Process.”

After I looked it over, I said, “This flow chart is beautiful-

Left: After climbing over the truck pictured on page 10, another little criminal skipped across the Union roof, broke this window and clambered into the business office. He apparently found nothing with which to amuse himself and so wandered the halls until he happened upon the joy of terrorizing the night DJ. Later in the semester WVCS was again the target of criminals — who this time stole recording equipment. Opposite: Dean of Student Life Dr. Phil Hayes, upon whose head these troubles fall.

ly put together. But how come after all this um . . . justice, Fisher is just told to leave the dorms?”

“Fisher wasn’t just kicked out of the dorms; he’s off the chess team.”

“Huh? I wasn’t told about that part. But even still, I don’t think Carl’s going to be too impressed. Being cut from the chess team doesn’t sound like much of a punishment.”

“For Fisher it is,” Natali said. “Now tell me you wouldn’t feel punished if we told you that you couldn’t work at the *Times* anymore . . .”

. . . Hoping he would recognize me as a journalist and not just Carl’s roommate, I met Fisher in his dorm room, after I had missed lunch. He told me the details of the fight. As I expected Fisher said, “Carl started it. I was just sitting there minding my own business when . . .”

“I know, Carl said the same thing.”

Fisher smiled and said, “Of course he did. I don’t suppose anyone ever admits to starting a fight.”

“Were you satisfied with the way the disciplinary board treated you?”

“No, not at all.”

“Why?”

“It seemed to me that everyone on the board had made up their mind before I got in there. It didn’t matter what I said.”

“Then I don’t suppose you feel that you deserve the punishment they gave you?”

“They are coming down really hard. Seeing one dean, I think, would have been enough. I could understand if I had started it or if I were drunk. But I didn’t and I wasn’t. I don’t think they believed me. It would have made a difference if I had had a black eye too.”

“Will you make an appeal?”

“Yes, in the fall. I’ve been working on a brief.”

“Why are you still in the dorm?”

Fisher shrugged, and said, “They’re giving me a chance to find a new place. I’ve found a few possibilities.”

“Does anyone come around to see whether you’ve left or not?”

“No.”

I walked with Fisher down to the candy machines. He looked at what the machines had to offer and sighed heavily. “Not much of a choice,” he said.

At dinner in Gallagher Hall, I happened to be at the same table as Alf Whiner. We had met before. He said he wouldn’t mind talking about his case while he ate.

Unlike Fisher’s case, Whiner’s was off-campus. Whiner’s story is that he is exactly the right height for his shoulder to swing an alarm’s hammer into its glass pane.

After the alarm sounded the trucks did not come. They had been dispatched elsewhere five minutes earlier. The police did not come until the following Monday.

Whiner was returning from the laundry room when he met the officers at his dorm room door.

“I could have run, but I wanted to explain everything to them,” said Whiner.

Whiner had to pay his bail and fines immediately after the sentencing.

“It was ten minutes until four. I couldn’t possibly get to the bank before closing time, even if I did have the

money.”

Whiner claims that it was never explained to him either before or during his hearing that he would have to spend the night in the Washington County jail if he did not raise the bail.

His roommate in the jail was a rapist and a car thief and a drug dealer. (He also boasted of working as a hired killer on occasion.)

“And what did I do?” Whiner lamented. “It’s not like I deliberately set out to do what happened. I tried to explain to Zeaman; I apologized to the dorm president. I made a mistake and I was honest about it.”

That night I showed my notes to Carl. Whiner was a high school friend of his. Carl believed Alf.

And though he could not deny that there is a coherent judicial process on campus, he still wasn’t satisfied with the Fisher decision.

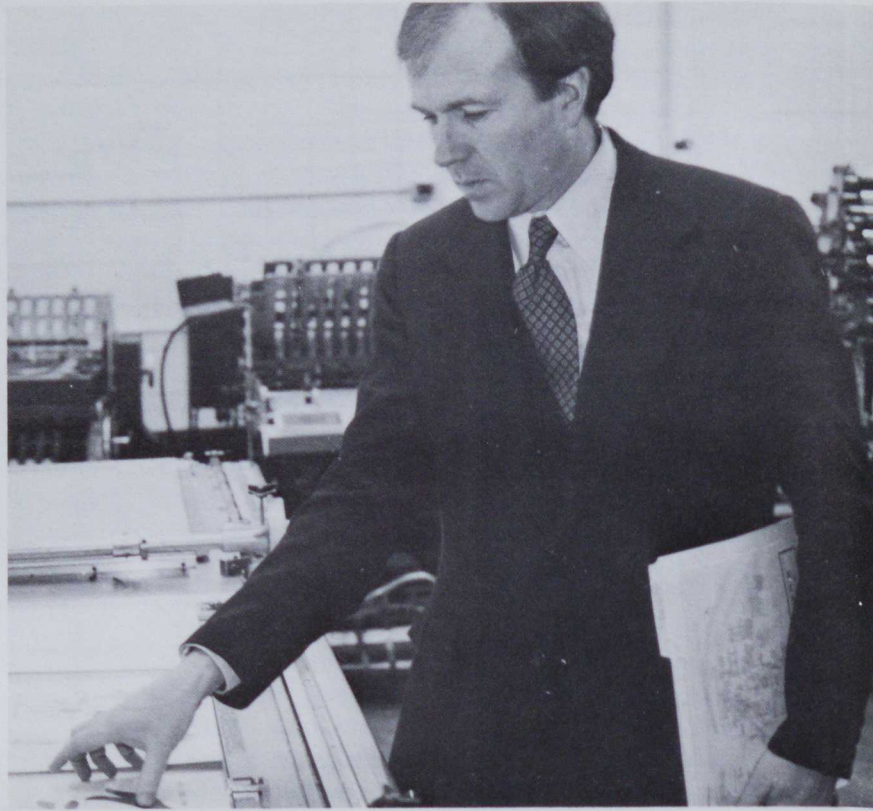
Carl, whose only dealings with justice in California were as a victim of crime, had only one comment: “This stinks.”



Mike Genevro



Dave Blakley



Claudia Fink

James Bindas

And Most of All, Lord, Don't Let Them Retrench

Recession, Reagonomics, retrenchment: of these new three R's are scary stories made.

Among the highlights of a troubled year:

— In September President Watkins is rebuked by the Thornburgh administration for failing to make tough management decisions, i.e. failing to retrench. Watkins nevertheless adheres to his no-retrenchment pledge; at year's end no one has been furloughed.

— The money needed to repair CSC's leaking roofs and disgracefully dilapidated New Science building is made available at last and the repairs begin, albeit slowly.

— In January the Commonwealth proposes a \$75 tuition increase, ostensibly to pay for a retroactive faculty salary increase. The move arouses a storm of protest and legal action, especially from the Commonwealth Association of Students, culminating in statewide Solidarity Day rallies on February 11. The increase is rescinded, but at year's end tuition is increased by \$115 a semester.

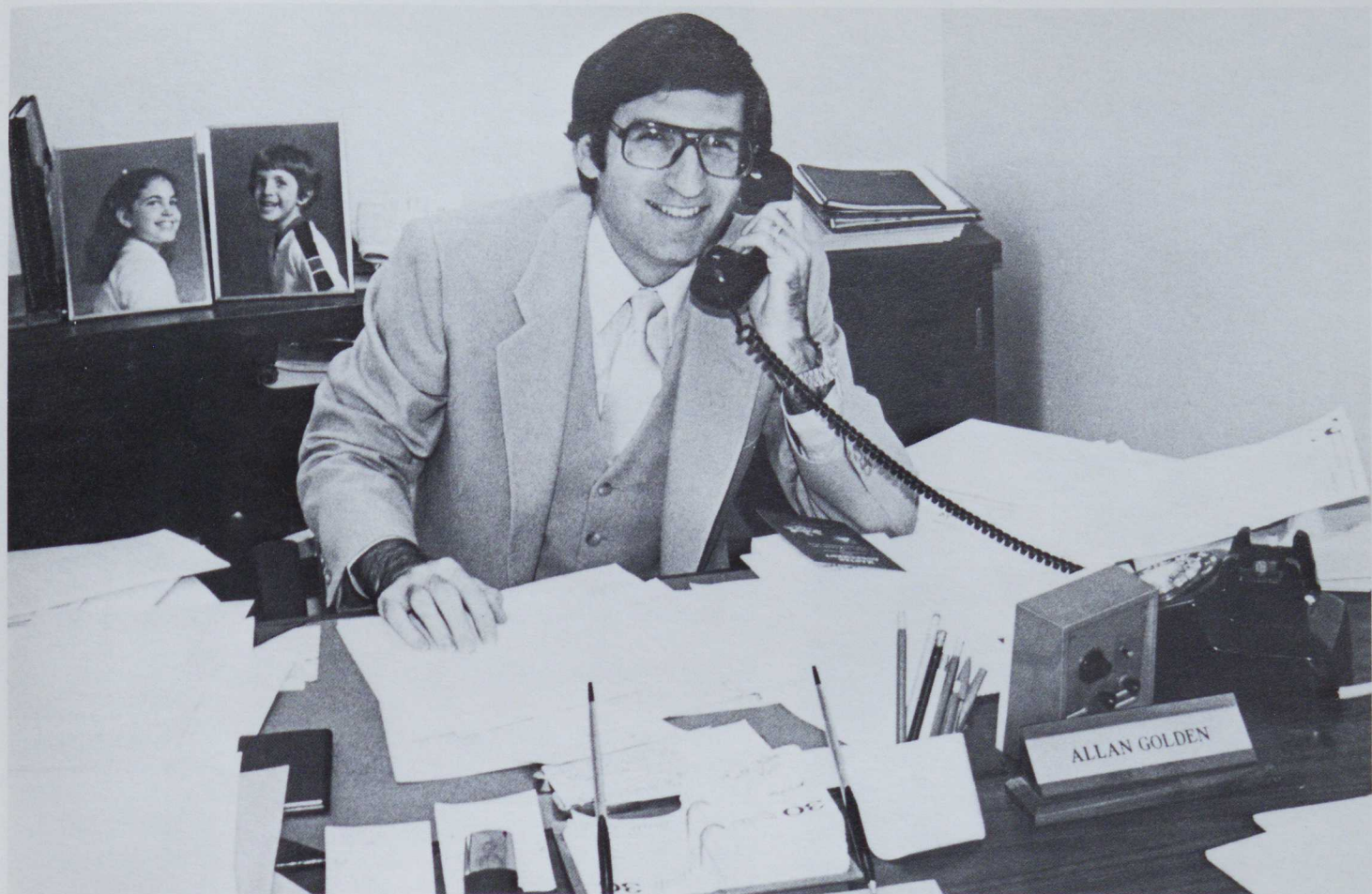
— In related news a highway system, the planners of which hoped would bring renewed prosperity to southwestern Pennsylvania, remains in limbo. (See page 50.)

At the center of CSC's financial maelstrom stood the unperturbed Vice-president of Administration and Finance Dr. Allan Golden, subject of long articles in the fall *Review* and May 7 *Times*. The latter begins on the next page.

Accompanying the article are illustrations that illuminate various chapters in the continuing story of CSC's attempt to strike a delicate balance.



From above left: Dr. John Pierce Watkins, chief acrobat in a delicate balancing act. Commissioner Gallagher, like the famous Ferdinand, seems to have a fondness for flowers. If all else fails, consider . . .



Mike Genevro

Silence Is Golden

by Bernard Murphy

Who is Dr. Allan Golden and why are such wonderful — and terrible — things being said about him?

The Vice-president of Administration and Finance at CSC, Golden spent seven years serving in a similar position at Bernard M. Baruch College in New York and before that was at Essex County College in New Jersey.

Interviewed in January, 1981, by the search committee assigned to find a replacement for the position, Golden received the appointment on March 9, 1981, and has since moved to southwestern Pennsylvania from the New York City and New Jersey suburbs where he resided for two decades. He now lives in Upper St. Clair with his wife and two children.

Golden's first task was to trim a budget that had in recent years accumulated more than \$900,000 worth of red ink. No small task, to be sure, but Golden has just about completed the chore.

The paring of the budget has been done in the name of a Harrisburg edict that stated that the budget would be balanced by June 30, 1982, regardless of what else CSC does up to that time.

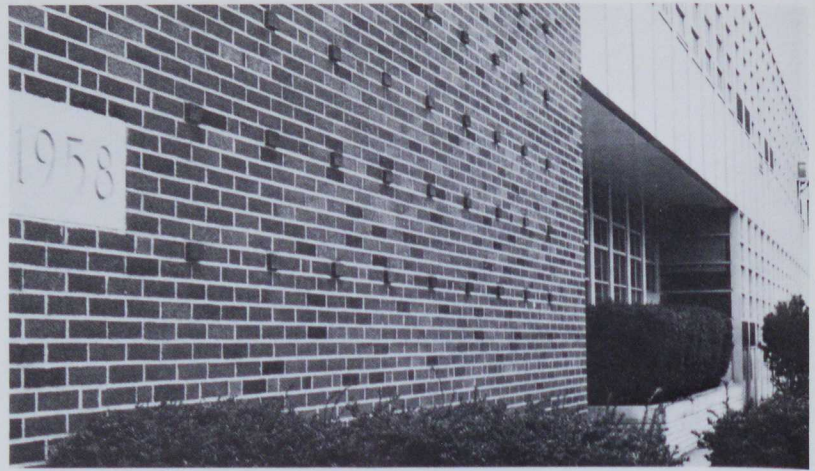
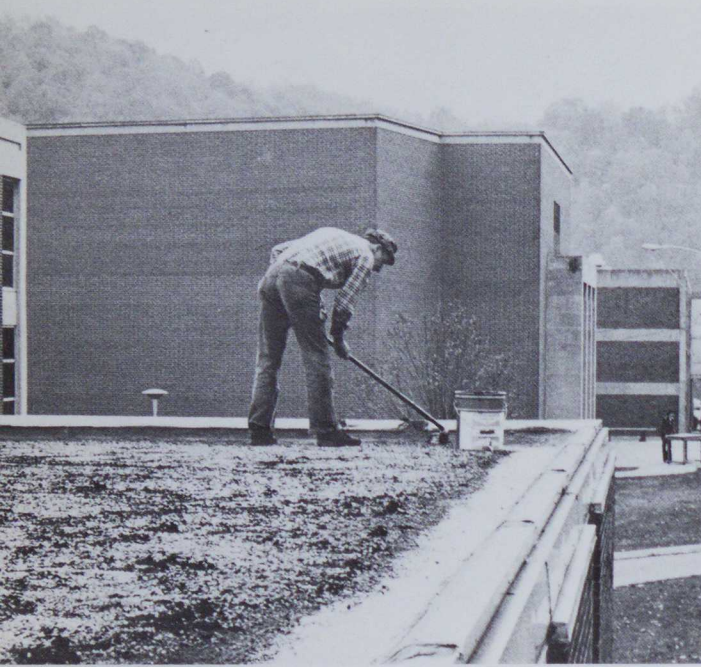
In his first few months here, Golden was able to find (apparently, where no one else had been able to) \$200,000

that was expendable from the budget. Since last June 30, Golden was able to detect and correct the remaining \$700,000 deficit. According to Golden, CSC will have a balanced budget by the beginning of June this year, weeks in advance of the appointed date, avoiding any eleventh-hour budget slashing.

Commenting on his achievement, Golden refers to the budget reversal in a plural sense, as if the balanced budget were the result of a team effort, but anyone who knows anything at all about the working of the college will tell you that it's been all Golden.

Thus, Golden says such things as, "We think we've taken the kinds of actions in allocating the limited resources we have." (See *California Review*, December 1981, "The Golden Touch; or the Buck Stops Here," referred to hereafter as *Review* article.) The continual, modest use of *we* by Golden tends to have a self-effacing effect when somebody should want to congratulate the one responsible for any financial coup of the administration, but *we* has another effect: any time an unfavorable financial decision is handed down, there'll be nobody held solely responsible — a fair trade-off: no widespread praise; no widespread loathing.

How was Golden able to balance a budget that seemed uncontrollable? A tuition increase for the 1981-82 year



Clockwise from lower left: In January Secretary of Education Robert Scanlon — whose two gag orders and proposed tuition hike made him a figure of some controversy — toured the CSC campus; with Scanlon are Commissioner of Higher Education Dr. James A. Gallagher, Times reporter L.A. Smith, and Vice-president of Academic Affairs Dr. Nancy Z. Nelson. Maintenance man Jim Williams begins roof repairs on Noss Annex. Groundwork has begun for the long-awaited and much-needed repairs on New Science, the dangerous deficiencies of which were chronicled by the Times' Paul Stacklin.



helped, as did a number of faculty and staff resignations, retirements and deaths.

But the first action that displayed the Golden touch was the budget request and allocation system, "one that hasn't been used for quite a while at the college," according to Golden. Under this system, each department was asked to submit budget requests for the 1981-82 and 1982-83 fiscal years. Golden has shared the budgetary burden equally among departments by allocating less money than each has requested. (See **Review**.)

Monitoring the budget was the second Golden procedure — usher in the computer. "We have instituted a system whereby every month each department receives a computer printout of its budget," said Golden. (See **Review**.)

The printout includes a listing of each of the "minor objects" (photocopying, supplies, etc.) allocated to the department, the money allocated for each, expenditures and the remaining balance. When a department has exhausted all of its allocation, there is no additional money for further allocation. The result has been that "minor objects" were depleted for the year early in the fall. The computer printout offers little sympathy, or emergency funding, to any department that finds itself in some unresolvable financial strait.

One other method Golden is relying on to reduce the budget is attrition. Because some 86% of the budget is tied up in personnel any effective budget reduction would have to come from this area. President Watkins made it known early on that CSC would not resort to retrenchment as a solution to its budgetary woes, an admirable dictum in a time when the job market is bearish and unemployment pervasive. The effects of attrition are slower than those of retrenchment, and certainly attrition is more lottery-like than any other method of personnel-paring, uncontrolled in where and when it will occur. Yet attrition has its certainty: the faculty and staff can't hold out forever; sooner or later every one of them will resign, retire or die.

Of course, the possibility of attrition hitting any one area too severely, to the extent that some of the vacancies will have to be replenished, always exists, but so far the 35-or-so vacancies achieved during the past few years through attrition have distributed themselves equitably. "We have been very successful in reducing



Clockwise from above: Dixon Hall, one of several older buildings that stand in danger of being condemned. New Social Security guidelines brought local high school seniors Stephanie Lexie and Walter McKeithan to college somewhat earlier than they had planned. Not Paul's Allan Golden cuts costs with a heavy hand. Vice-president of Student Development Elmo Natali and CAS's Fred Smith made dire predictions about student enrollment at Febuary's Solidarity Day rally, held to protest a proposed tuition hike. Grille Canoeists.

the number of faculty through attrition," Golden said. (See Review article.)

Currently, Golden is tending to the leaking roofs on campus, but until Harrisburg approves and allocates the funds necessary to complete the job, CSC will simply have to make do.

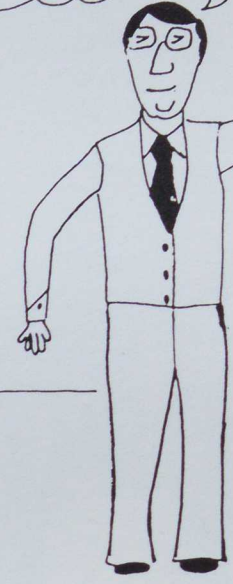
Now that Golden has just about gotten his balanced budget in the bag, what does he hold for the future of CSC? First, a near-20% increase in tuition for the 1982-83 year. According to Golden, inflation has forced a request for a tuition hike of that size. "We have not received a funding increase from Harrisburg in three years," Golden said. "It's wrong to allocate funding according to enrollment, but that's how they do it." (Editor's note: The \$230 increase was approved by Harrisburg in June.)

Also included in that increase is the \$75 tuition addition that was proposed back in February to pay off the teachers' salary hike of 1977-78. Of the student's paying off a debt that was incurred by the state when most of them were still in high school, Golden said, "There probably could have been found a more appropriate way to get the money, but this is how it is being done." Asked if whether, after the back pay has been paid to the teachers, the tuition would decrease by \$75 next year, Golden said, "That is not likely to happen."

Golden has another plan for this year, too. "One of our objectives for this year is to implement an automated budget-monitoring system that would cover the personnel aspect, which occupies 86% of the total budget. This system would complement the monitoring system already in place for operational expenses." Under this plan, each department would receive a monthly record of personnel costs. It would include costs of full and part-time staff, overtime and shift differentials. (See Review article.)

GENTLEMEN! TO BALANCE THIS YEAR'S BUDGET, WE MUST ELIMINATE UNNECESSARY SERVICES

SECURITY	DORMITORIES
FOOD SERVICE	S.A.T.
INFORMARY	BOOK STORE
MAINTENANCE	STUDIO GRILLE
LIBRARY	CAL TRAILS



NOT PAUL 03-18-82



James Bindas

From this vague description, and Golden's stance on attrition, one gets the impression that personnel in the future will be reduced to the stature of "minor objects." If both faculty and staff complements remain stable for too long, the budget will be in trouble. Thus, Golden will be forced to allocate money as if the complements had diminished, a strategy forcing the departments to decide how their money will be doled out.

Initially, what will this tactic mean for the lower-priority personnel (i.e. graduate assistants, maintenance, security, others)?

So how is this young man in charge of deprivation perceived? With much trepidation. All agree that he does what he's paid to do — cut waste, firm up the budget and see to it that every dollar spent renders a dollar's worth of goods and services.

Is the respect that Golden commands born out of fear? Try

to talk to any staffer around campus about the effect Golden's presence has created, and he'll tell you (or not tell you) that he'd rather not talk about it, to find somebody else if you want to know.

One fellow said that even if his identity were withheld, his position would be jeopardized because "they" (he didn't say who) would know who talked. Silence is **G-O-L-D-E-N**.

What kind of man would want — could perform — a job like Golden's? Nobody denies that it's a job that must be done, much like nobody denies that a gravedigger's job must be done.

Both his track record prior to his employment at CSC and his performance here indicate that Allan Golden is not here to live out his career. Certainly, his kind are in demand. After all, there's no reason why this whiz kid with such a keen mind for dollars and cents shouldn't seek the path of the best and brightest, wherever it may lead.

Has CSC groomed David Stockman's replacement?

Claudia Fink



After suffering leakage of near-flood proportions (Paul's Case showed two canoeists ordering seafood specials in an inundated Grille) the Union roofs were repaired in spring. Inset: Dave Talpas, president of Student Congress, distributes information to the SCUD Board during its April visit.

Dr. Vernon L. Bloemker
1982 Patron

Dr. John H. Walsh
1982 Patron

Ladybug, ladybug
Fly away home
Your town is on fire . . .





James Bindas



Mike Genevro

SCENES FROM A CATASTROPHIC YEAR. This page, clockwise from above: Firemen enter the front door of a burning building on Mechanic Street; this late-March blaze was one of the last of the year's 19 suspected arson fires. This trash-littered alley was a contributing factor in the October damage to Aunt Elsie's ice cream parlor, which never reopened. In late April, an insouciant Ted watches as firemen douse a smoldering chair from Stanley lounge. An elderly woman who died in this December Coal Center fire was the year's only fire fatality.

Opposite, clockwise from top: Maione's used to stay open after the other places were closed but the fire in March closed it for keeps. The gutted remains of student apartments destroyed in the November 15 fire (see pages 21, 72 and 73) that also ravaged the California laundromat and State Farm agency. Theft and arson played a part in the fiery destruction of the Women's Center on April 2 — as the scorched chair mutely testifies, the flames (pouring from the window) utterly destroyed the building's contents.



Mike Genevro



James Bindas



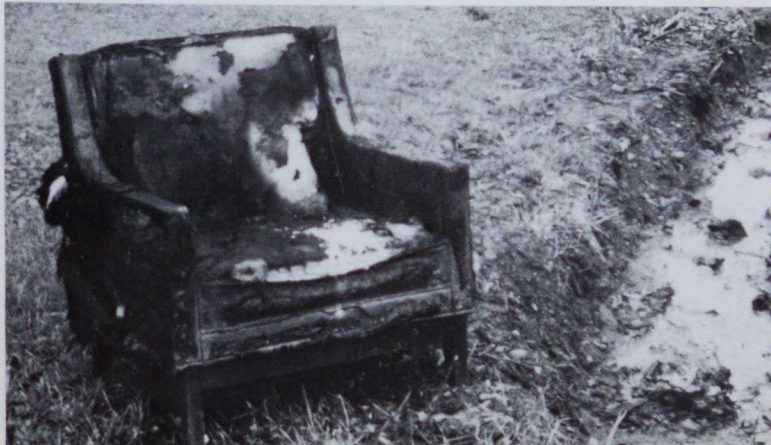
Claudia Fink

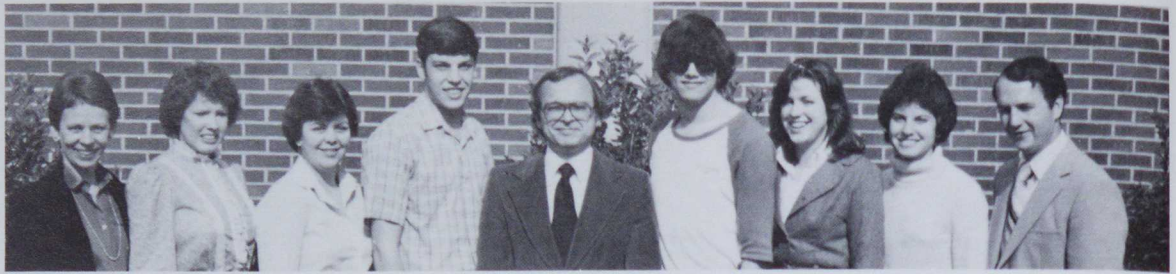
Mike Genevro

Claudia Fink



Claudia Fink





Left: Dr. Thomas Buckelew received the Dar Baker award. Above: Dr. Annette Kaleita, Karen Hall, Joan Sankey, Tom Huleatt, Dr. Robert T. Little, Chris Langdon, Wendy Woodsum, Sue Kuklinca and James T. McVey at the Faculty Scholarship Luncheon on October 12. Below: Dr. J. Kent Folmar edited From That Terrible Field, a volume of Civil War letters.



Above: Dom Frank, Jim Fratini and John Bartollotta took a major catastrophe in stride. Below: Vulcan freshman Mark Wolinsky received the Blizman scholarship.



Above: 1981 Homecoming Queen Betty Bongiorno received a Fayette Mart Scholarship. Right: Dr. Jeanette Mullins was named head of the Women's Center. Below: this anonymous gent took the field (unofficially) as CSC's first male cheerleader in recent years.

Achievements

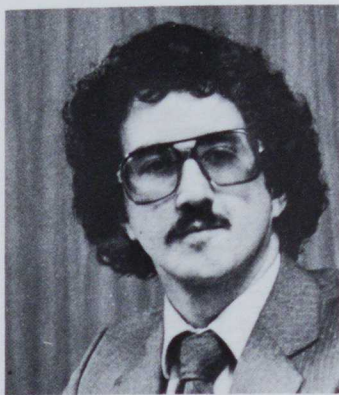




Left: Dr. Roger Emelson took up playacting. Right: Barb Rogers and Benita Jones won the ROTC Gong Show. Below: Karen Solomon received the Minor Major Scholarship. Ron Forsythe and Pat Miller kept 'em flying at USAir.



Theatre Department — Where the play's the thing — 1982 Patron

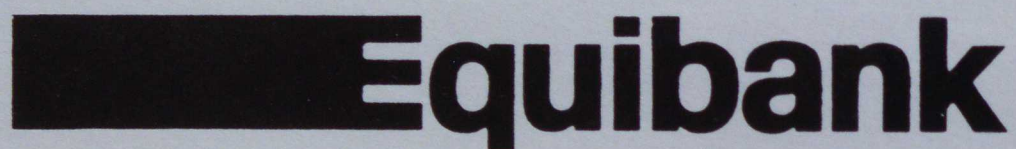


Above: Alumnus John Golden gave his time and legal expertise to CSC students. Marcy Hall reigned as Homecoming Queen. Right: Marianne Decker and Miriam Wilson performed at the Reed Arts Center. Far right: Jack and Kathy McLaughlin worked together as computer science interns. Below right: Lori Astle and Nancy Hazuka were contestants in the Miss Southwestern Pennsylvania pageant. Below: the Men's Glee Club made a welcome reappearance.



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to the
Class of '82
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12th St. 938-4440

STACKLIN 11-14

There are those we know who hold that the best thing about this year's graduation is the departure of Paul Stacklin from the Times. Well, maybe. Here is a reasonably simple Paul's Case and one of the Handbook Drawings. See other pages.

SIMPLIFY:

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$$= \bigcirc$$



Mike Genetvo

Kurt Nordstrom



Give a Kid a Little Snow to Play with ... The Dating Game ... Tea Ceremony ... Selling Old Main

Behold four interesting diversions. December's first big snowfall brought forth droves of folks to participate in what one angry Times correspondent called "rampant decadence." Nothing (as we observed in the spring Review) can keep some people away from CSC's Dating Game. In December Yoshiko Murdick demonstrated a traditional Japanese tea ceremony for CLEO. At Homecoming, Karen Harvey and John Liptak hit the streets with CSC's newest publication, Old Main.

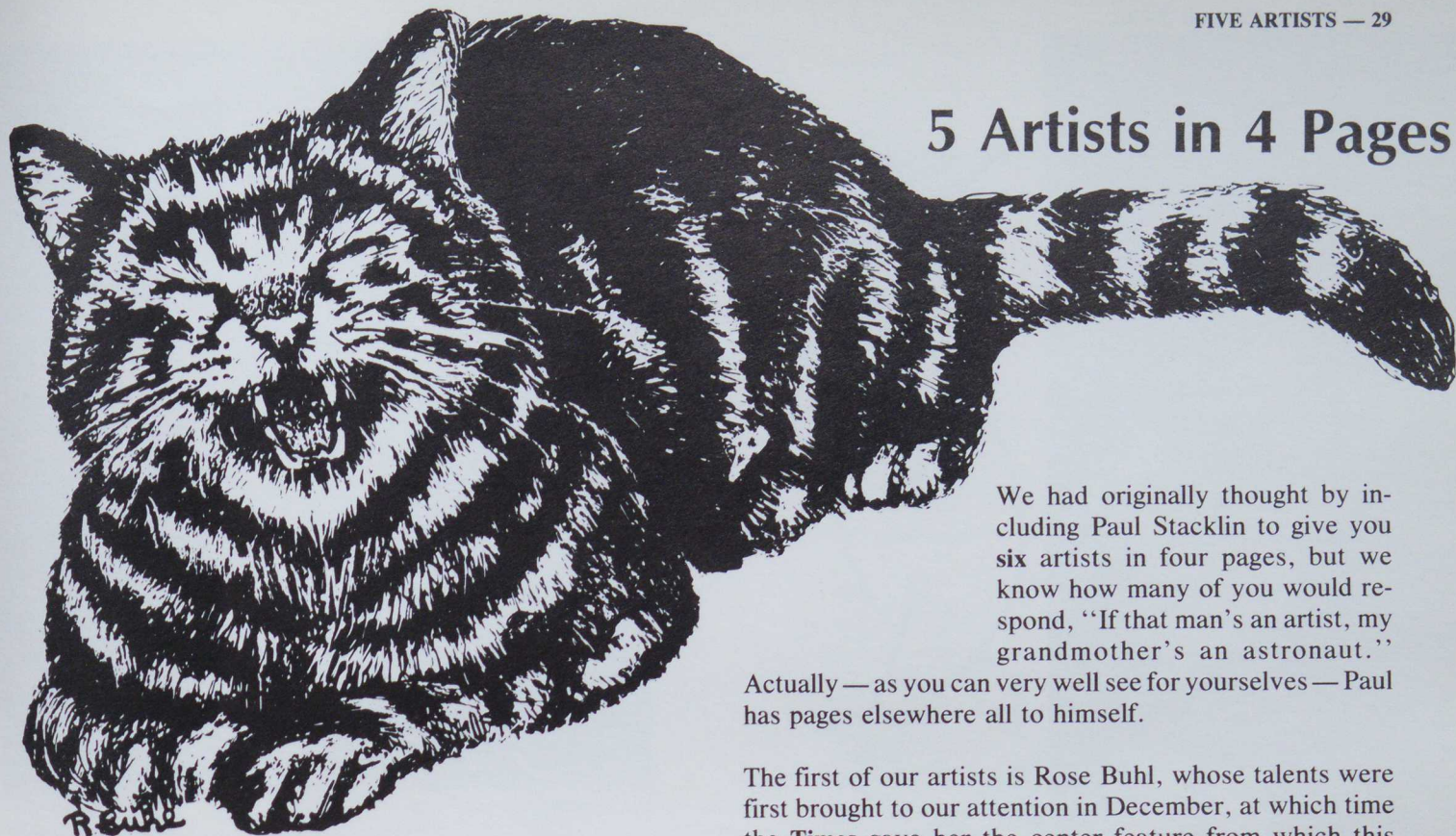


Mike Genetvo

Claudia Fink



5 Artists in 4 Pages



We had originally thought by including Paul Stacklin to give you six artists in four pages, but we know how many of you would respond, "If that man's an artist, my grandmother's an astronaut."

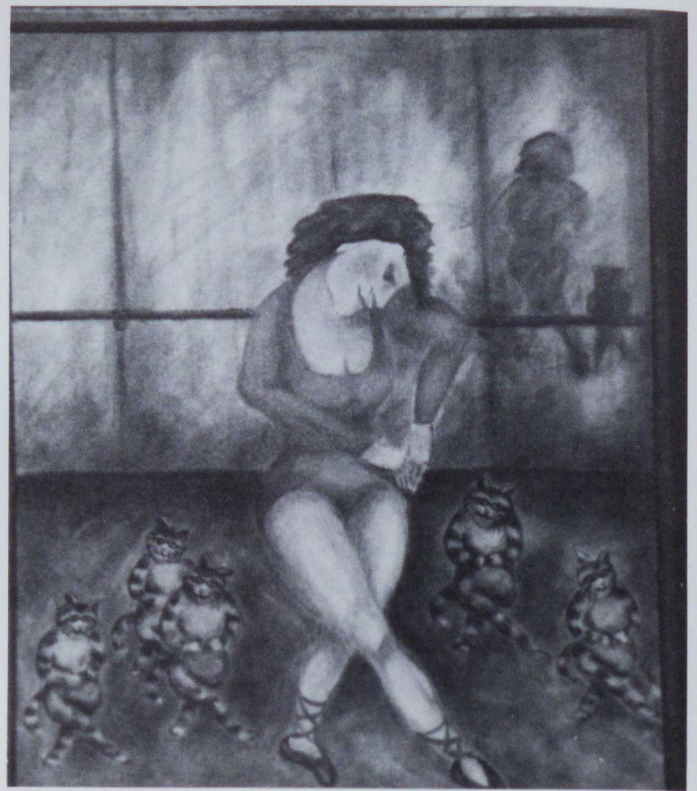
Actually — as you can very well see for yourselves — Paul has pages elsewhere all to himself.

The first of our artists is Rose Buhl, whose talents were first brought to our attention in December, at which time the *Times* gave her the center feature from which this merry cat and tribute to Marilyn Monroe are taken.





Michael Stasicha

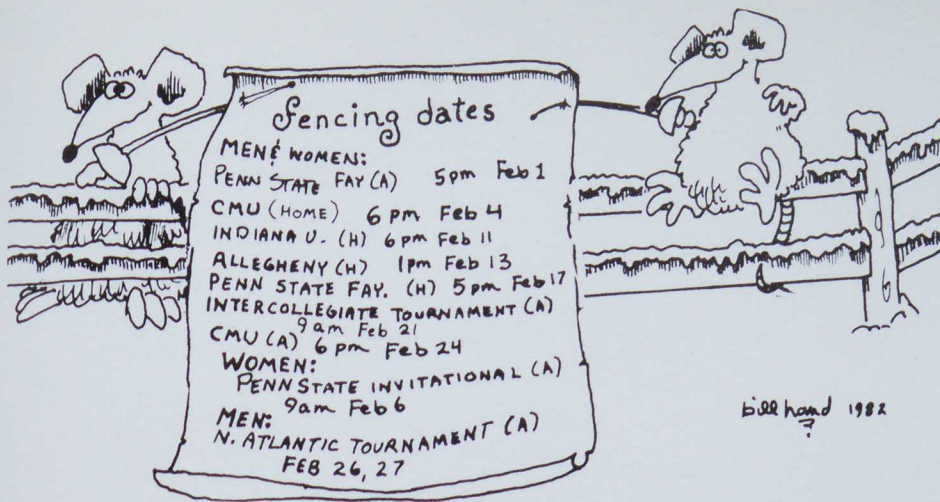


L.A. Smith

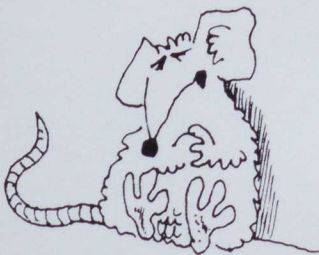
Suzan Smith-Stasicha, shown left with fellow artist Dave Sparks (the other head in December's Student Union Bicephalous Exhibition), illustrated the fairy tale on pages 82 and 83 and was the subject of an article in the winter *Review*, from which we have taken the above photograph of her "Five-Grey-Cat-Ballet." Frank Melega's drawing of the Brownsville Dairy Queen appeared in a February *Times* feature on the local artist and his work. For more about Melega, see page 107.



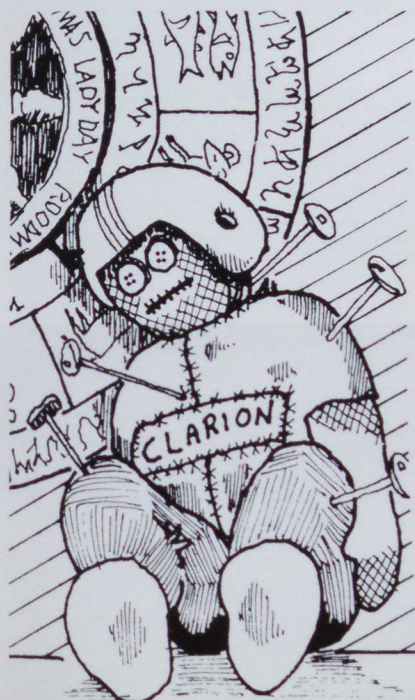
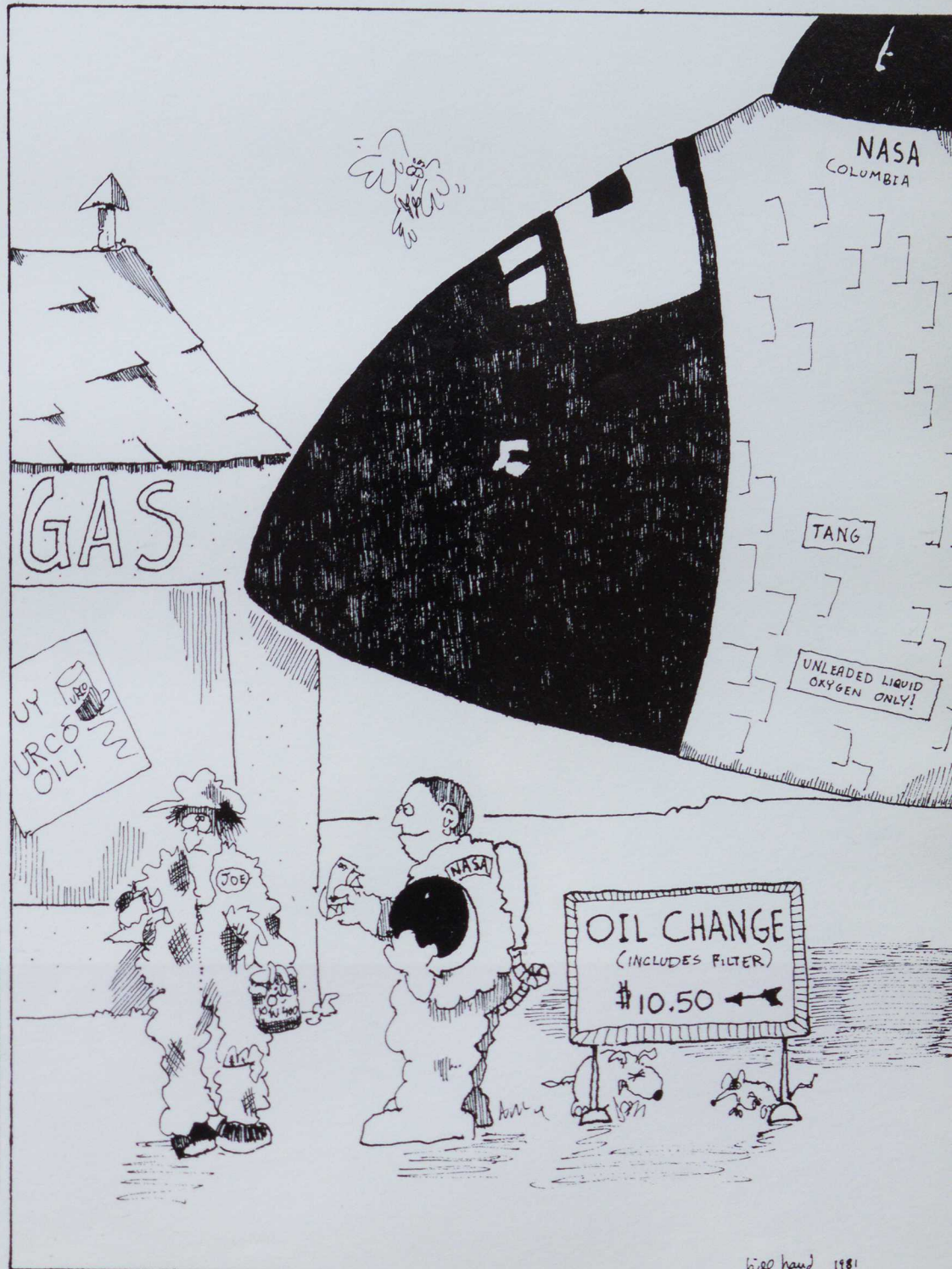
Frank L. Melega



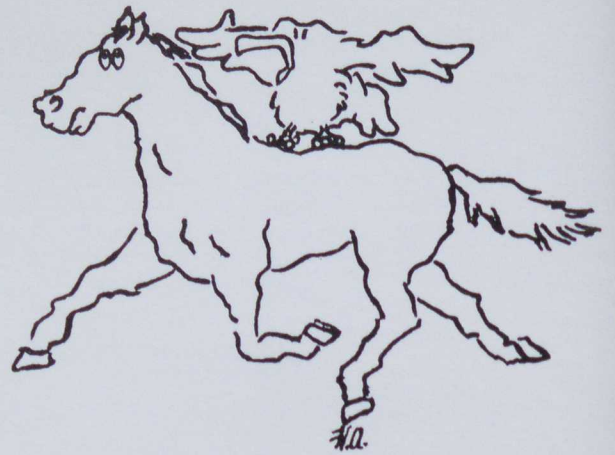
As admirers of Bill Hand's droll drawings for the Brownsville **Telegraph**, we were surprised and delighted when he offered his services to the **Times**. As well as drawing occasional cartoons for the paper, Hand also designed the monthly events calendar.



The cartoon at the right, from the Nov. 13 **Times**, comments on the glitches that delayed the launch of the space shuttle. The rats (Hand's totem beast) and the Clarion dummy are from calendars.



In November, Student Publications issued a new edition of the CSC guide to off-campus housing. Accompanying the straightforward text were cartoons depicting the misadventures of a luckless conehead. The drawings were the work of Hal Ahern, in a more sober life the editor of *Pegasus* (well, maybe not so sober — the bemused horse backseat-driven by a bird adorned the cover of that magazine). Below, Ahern's illustration for "Out of Style," from the last issue of the *Times* literary supplement, *Airship*. You can see more of Hal on pages 54 and 55.



Out of Style

I ain't got no cowboy boots.
I ain't bought no cowboy hat.
Shit, I ain't no cowboy.

— Jack Gordon

Shows and Pros





They Do It All (or a Lot of It) for You

In selecting the material for the next ten pages, we were frankly stunned at how much stuff we found. The search was instructive: after seeing so many items, anyone who could possibly believe the tiresome canard that there's nothing to do at CSC must be blind, deaf, or both.

Indeed, in selecting for inclusion pictures of the vast number of concerts, lectures, plays, exhibits and other shows that made up the college year, we found ourselves wondering if in fact there was any moment in those weeks and months when one could be free, as it were, to do nothing.

Although many people and organizations — the College Players, CLEO, Beta Beta Beta, ROTC, the forensics team and athletics to name a few — are responsible for CSC's entertainment scene, we honor on this page that group which does the most to make the term "extra-curricular activities" mean more than staring at the wall in your dorm or heaving rocks at rats down by the Mon: the SAI Program Office and its Student Entertainment and Lecture/Arts committees, special friends and neighbors of ours.

To list these people's activities would be to create a cata-

log of epic proportions. Nonetheless, here are some of them: they run orientation, show movies, rent you canoes and backpacks, present almost weekly coffeehouses in the Gold Rush, bring major performances to campus (the Donnie Iris on the previous page is the real one, all right), offer a forum for lectures on everything from gun control to sharks, coordinate Homecoming and Parents Day, and operate that little room in which you can blast aliens to your heart's content.

In the picture above are some of the members of the committee who attended the Ohiopyle program workshop last fall. Front row: Doreen Hildock, Debbie Gries, LuAnn Marsico, Brian Switalski, Rusti Craven. Second row: Bob Zeletski, Bev Nugent, Chris Thomas, Tori Taufer, Pam Cook, Brian Goodfellow. Third row: Program Director Lorraine Ruday, Pam Starkweather, Jennifer Watkins, Suzi Kroskie, JayR Wheeler, and Karen Thurner.

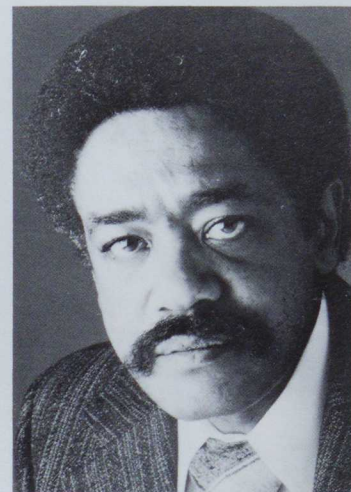
We repeat: given all that these people bring you, if you can't be entertained at CSC it is likely that you can't be entertained by anything less sensational than a nuclear war or **real** alien invasions.

Stars of Stage, Screen and Lecture Platform

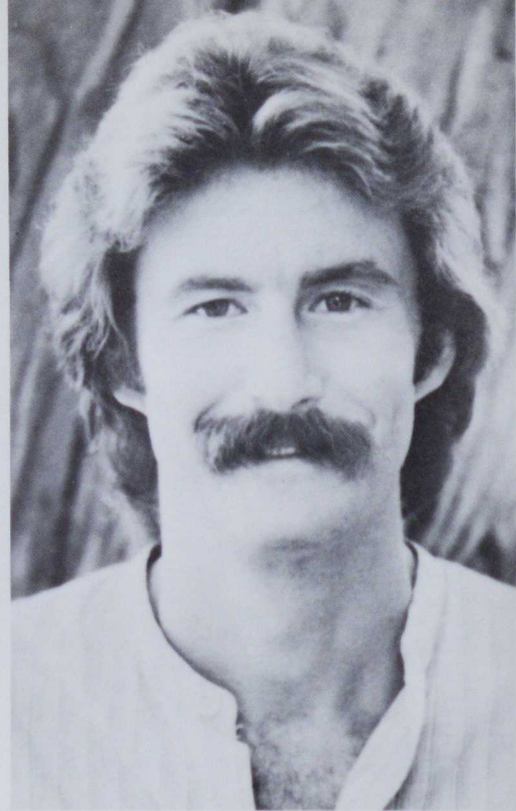


The redoubtable Clint Eastwood's *Any Which Way You Can* was one on the schedule of 16 movies that ran from first-run releases like Polanski's *Tess* to cartoon classics like Disney's *101 Dalmatians*, with movies for every taste in between. In addition, Lecture/Arts Committee ran a full season of classic films from the United States, Europe and Japan.

Some of the men and women who spoke at CSC this year: Stokely Carmichael, featured speaker during Black Week; Bobby Seale, who debated in favor of gun control; Frank Abagnale (here seen on the Carson Show), the great imposter; Tom Parks, who played the fool during Homecoming festivities; and Seton Hill's Marianne Suprys, who spoke on polyisophrenes at a convocation sponsored by Chi Gamma Psi, honorary science fraternity. Other notable speakers this year included shark expert Dr. Arthur Myrberg, educator Dr. Judith Thomas and poet Peter Oresic.



Neil Fike



Music in the Air

Even though music has been called the universal language, few things stir up more rancor and recrimination at CSC than the yearly debate about the Spring Concert.

What happens is this: Student Entertainment Committee selects a reasonably-priced, reasonably popular band (usually white) to perform at the Spring Concert. The choice arouses the ire of the Black League, which demands a black band. Both parties issue statements saying the quarrel is not racial. Somebody somewhere may believe that.

As has happened before, this year's squabble produced two acts: Donnie Iris (left and page 33) and GQ (next page, bottom right).

As for the rest of the year, Homecoming brought us Kinesis and Michael Murphey (above left) and a variety of local popular country and gospel acts.

From left, above: the by now almost inevitable Michael Murphey, by Mike Genevro; gospel singer Terry Talbot; the Bo Sloan band, by Mike Genevro; Donnie Iris, by Jay Wilkinson.





From left above: a local band plays for Parents Day post-game party, by James Bindas; the Cabin Fever Bluegrass Band with Jeff Bell (see page 44) performs at CSC's April folk festival, by Neil Fike; GQ; a guitarist from the Power Run band, by Neil Fike.





Paul Skyland Elaine Silver Ted Steranko Mark Smith Silencers Achilles Mason-Roller Line Helen

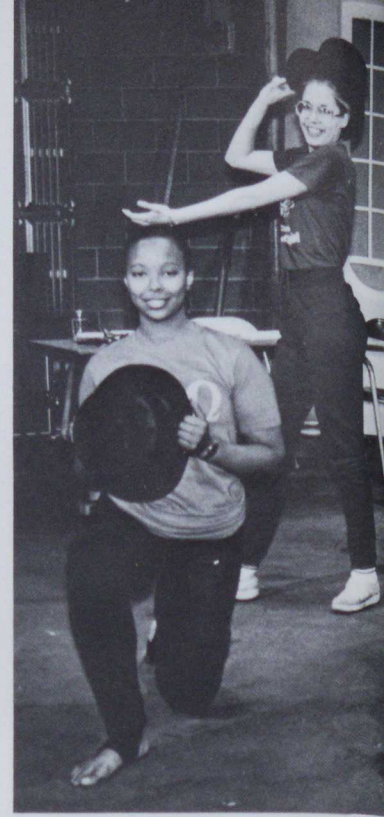


**Coffeehouses
and More**



Hudson Tim Settimi Mark McCollum Bill Steele Wendy Grossman Paul Skyland Elaine Silver Ted





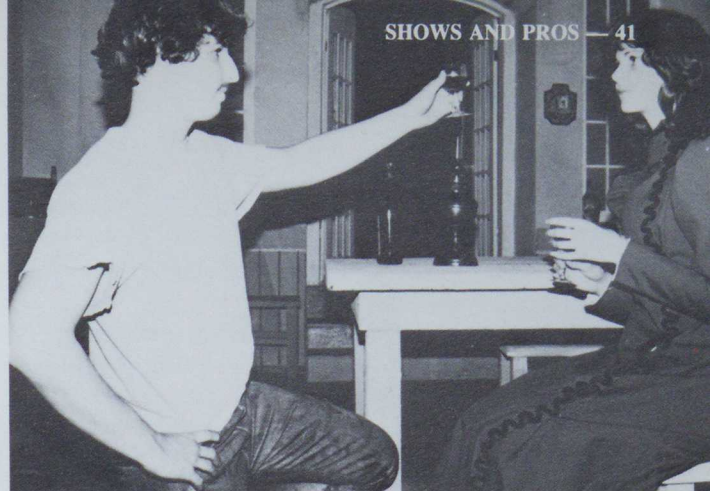
Plays and Players



An article in the fall **California Review** observed that while the Theatre Department has been much shrunk by attrition — it consists of Dr. Robert Cowan, Dr. Roger Emelson, Malcolm Callery and Robert Grimes (the last a half-timer) — it continues its tradition of putting on a full season of shows for the CSC community.

This year's offerings included student-directed one-act plays, **The Children's Hour**, **A Christmas Carol**, **Miss Julie** and the musical revue **Makin' It**. In addition to the Theatre Department's performances, CSC audiences could see the mime group Quiet Riot at Steele or travel to the California Public Library for performances by the BareBones Players who, despite limited resources, set their hands to such

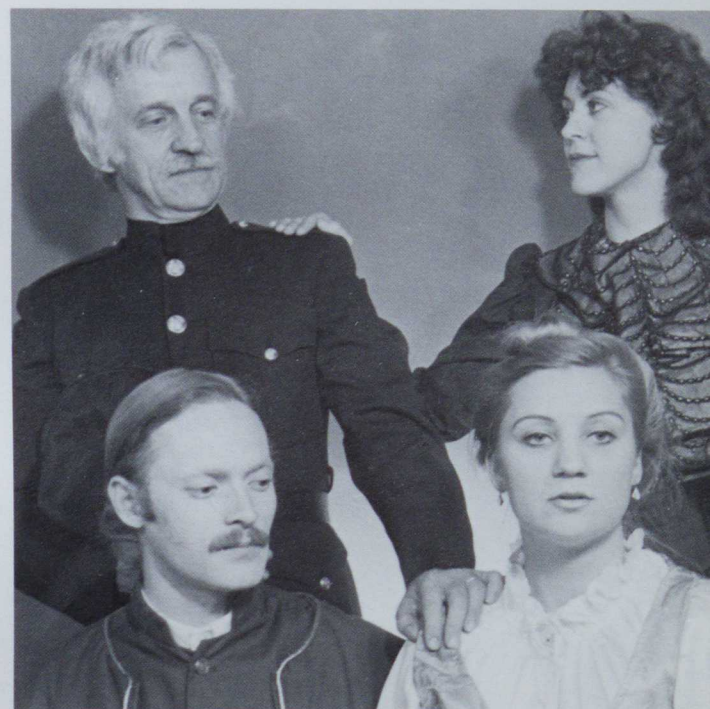




monumental productions as Chekhov's **Three Sisters** and O'Neill's **Mourning Becomes Electra**, as well as musicals like **My Fair Lady**.

As we said earlier, you really have to look hard to find nothing to do in California.

Clockwise from below: the one-act actors assemble to mug for the camera (Mike Genevro); adulterous hijinks about to begin in the student-directed **Same Time Next Year** (Mike Genevro); a tense moment from Lillian Hellman's **The Children's Hour** (Neil Fike); Ebenezer Scrooge and the Ghost of Christmas Past in **A Christmas Carol**; the cast of **Makin' It** strikes a pose (Neil Fike); wicked Jean and neurotic Julie up to no good in August Strindberg's **Miss Julie** (James Bindas); four **BareBones** players attired (more or less) for Eugene O'Neill's **Mourning Becomes Electra** (Redwood Studios); pantomimist from **Quiet Riot** (Neil Fike).



Reed Arts Center Shows

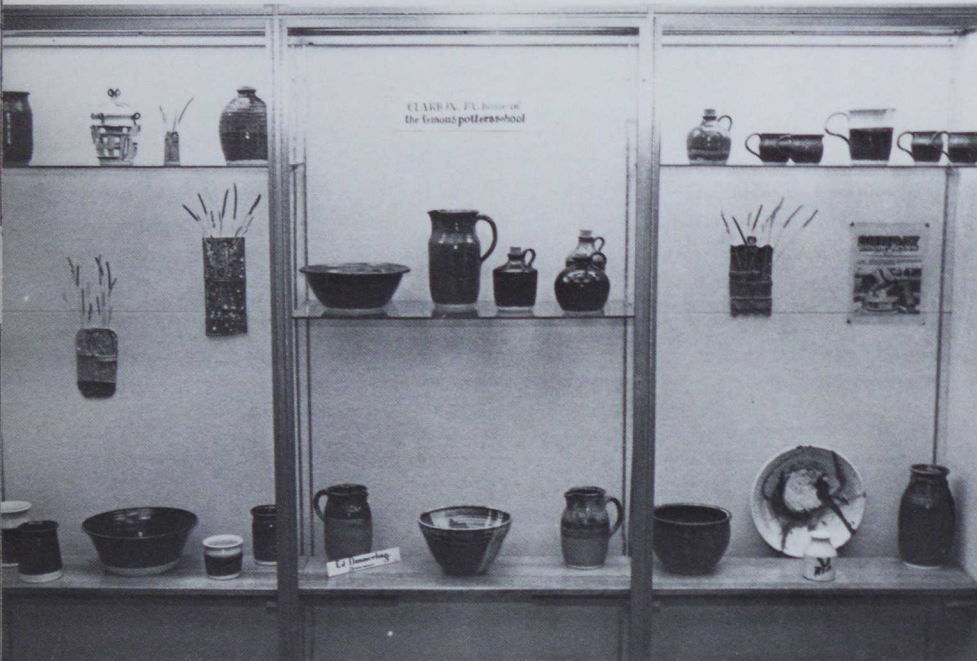
Since its demise as the college library, the Reed Arts Center has gradually come into its own (with the exception of the Museum of Southwestern Pennsylvania, which remains as we go to press more a good idea than a reality).

This year, its gallery housed the fall and spring (Year of the Pig) faculty art shows, the student art show and exhibits by Suzan Smith-Stasicha, Jack Gordon and Elizabeth Campbell.

Clockwise from right: weaver-potter Elizabeth Campbell with some of her work in the Reed Arts Center Gallery; student artist Linda Yelenick and her painting "Jennifer's Room," which won third place at W&J's Student Invitational; pottery by Ed Dimmerling on exhibit in an entryway case.



James Bindas



Mike Genevro



Claudia Fink



Class Act



Last year at CSC lovers of great music had the chance to enjoy harpist Lucy Scandrett, the American Vocal Arts Ensemble, the Lindsay String Quartet (pictured), Pitt's Opera Theatre production of *Dido and Aeneas*, the St. Vincent Camerata, the Caldwell Quartet, a film version of Beethoven's *Fidelio*, the world premier of Kabalevsky's fourth piano concerto, counter-tenor John Messana, the Heyde Trio, duo pianists Marianne Decker and Miriam Wilson, the film *Trailblazers of Modern Dance*, the Miltenberger Jazz Quartet, saxophonist Nathan Davis, the jazz group Innersections, the California Chorale, guitarist Rich Veranna, the CSC choir and men's glee club. Consider that list the next time you hear someone call CSC a dummy school.



Neil Fike

Neil Fike



Boxers, Wrestlers . . .

Boxing and wrestling fans saw plenty of action when CSC hosted the Golden Gloves tournament (above) in January and All-Star Professional Wrestling in April, the latter bringing to Hamer such wonders as "Polish Power" Ivan Putski, Greg "The Hammer" Valentine (at advantage, left), Jesse "The Body" Ventura and the Red Demon.

. . . and Jeff Bell (Oh Yes)

If Jeff Bell didn't exist, it would be necessary for JayR Wheeler to invent him.



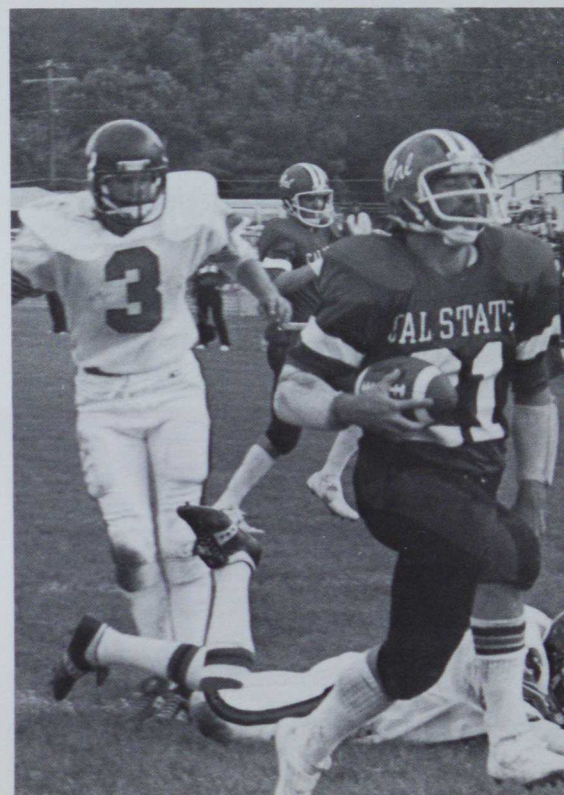
James Bindas

Parents Day

Parents Day 1981 — CSC's fourth — was much like all Parents Days that preceded it, and that's not bad: who can gripe about good times on a sunny day?

Mothers and fathers came from near and far (Mr. and Mrs. Ken Pollitt, shown to the right receiving a football from SAI Board President Frank Catalano for their pains, travelled all the way from Pacific Grove, California); after touring campus and joining their children for brunch, they trooped to Adamson Stadium to hear a revived band and watch the Vulcans win a slam-bang 28-8 victory over the Frostburg Bobcats that sent Ken Wysocki strutting right off the lower righthand margin of this page.

Photo credits, clockwise from right: Neil Fike, Mike Genevro, Jack Green, Jack Green, James Bindas, Mike Genevro.



Margy Roehre



Homecoming 1981

Claudia Fink



Mike Genevro



Mike Genevro



Jack Green





1982 Patron
Wm. B. Biddington
Athletic Training Program



Margy Roehre



Dean Wood

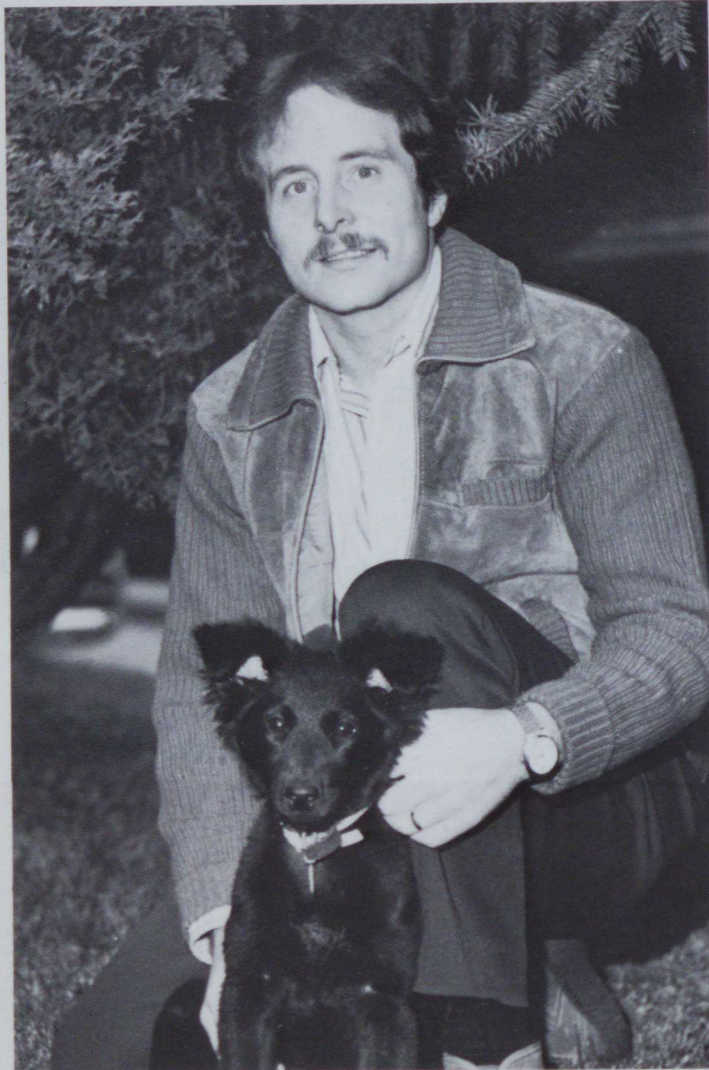


Mike Genevro





Dean Wood



Arrivals

Even in lean times some new people come to CSC, and here are three of them. Clockwise from left: Richard Bradshaw, campus minister; Laura Johnson, Health Center physician's assistant; Captain William F. Bell, ROTC detachment.



For All Your Photographic Needs

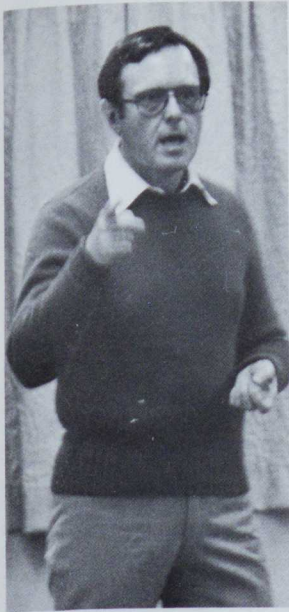
Alcorn Studio

483-8742 Fallowfield Ave.
Charleroi

Easton's Pharmacy

Prescriptions Allergy Cosmetics
483-8342 Fallowfield Ave.
Charleroi

Music, Mercy and Manual Labor



Support public education so that in a few years you won't suspect of witchcraft people who can read.



In March Dr. Alan Krueck conducted the world premier of Dmitri Kabalevsky's fourth piano concerto at CSC. On December 11 the Times printed a birthday message from French composer Hector Berlioz. Kenneth Sible of Action For Justice held a press conference in December to promote the cause of humane treatment for prisoners. When a water main to Longanecker broke in October, plumber Tim McCourt took a paving breaker to the problem, reminding us all once again who does keep this school going.

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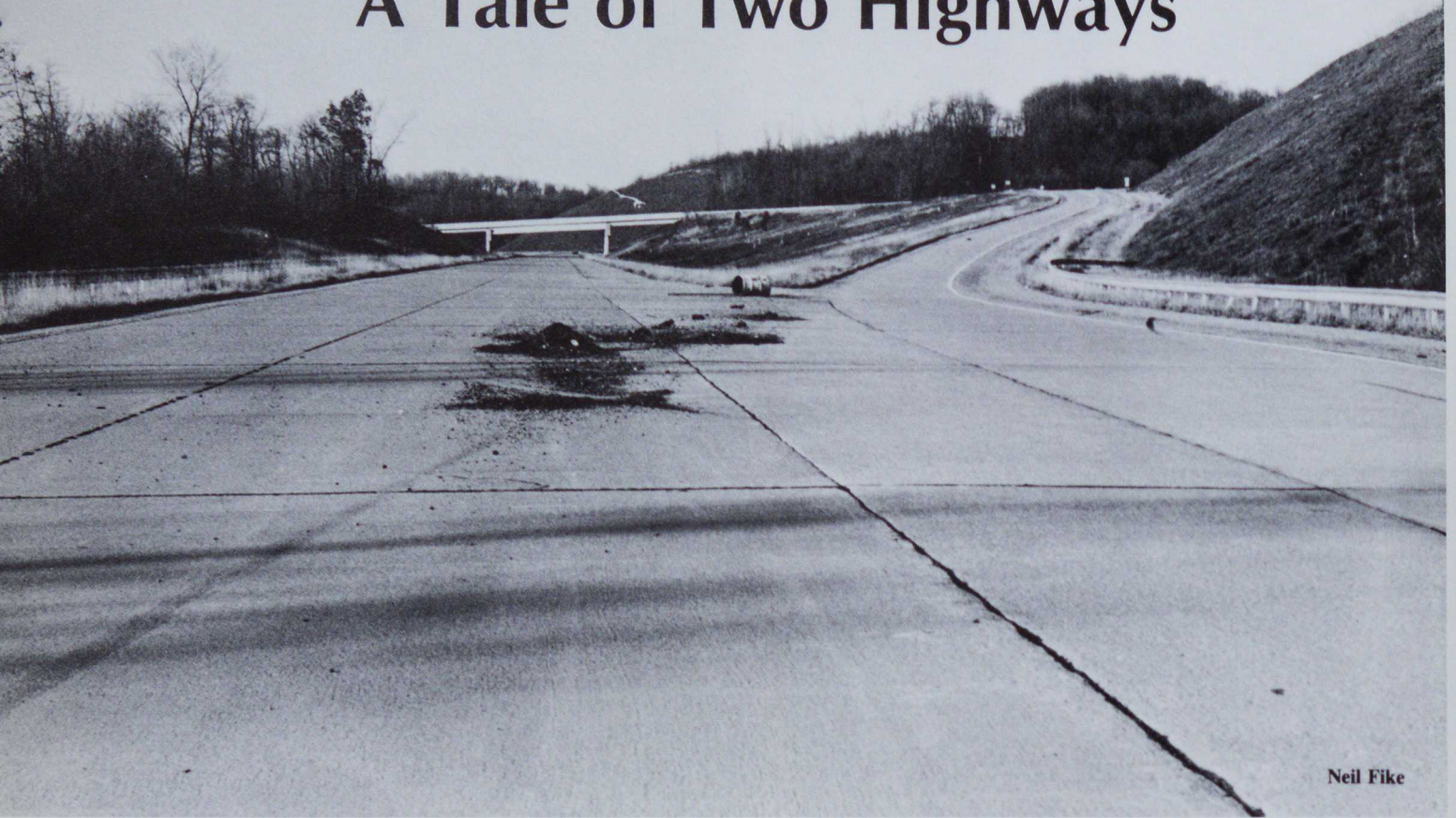
Charleroi



Mike Genevro

Missing Links

A Tale of Two Highways



Neil Fike

by Todd Wetzler

On practically any given day this semester, commuters traveling to and from CSC couldn't help noticing the conditions of nearby access roads like Interstate 70 (under construction until this month) and the Mon Valley Expressway (which may never be completed). The two highways are vital to the college and the industrial stability of the entire Mon Valley, and yet it seems to take forever to get state matching funds necessary to rehabilitate and/or complete the system.

Five years ago, Pennsylvania was dead last among the states in receiving federal highway funds. Secretary of Transportation Thomas Larson and Governor Richard Thornburgh have turned that sad statistic upside down, making the commonwealth recipient of more federal highway money than any other state. Despite this turnabout, sections of Pennsylvania, such as Fayette, Greene, Washington and Westmoreland counties, still receive little consideration when highway rehabilitation allotments are passed out.

"We do whatever we can with whatever funds become available," states Ed McCann, director of Fayette County PennDOT. "Larson and Thornburgh are using all available allocations until they're exhausted. The problem is, we have a tough time affording rehabilitation of existing roadways (like Interstate 70) let alone getting the dollars we need for completing the Mon Valley Expressway."

The repair work this fall on I-70 from Route 31 to the

Madison Interchange cost a cool \$2.9 million for resurfacing, new shoulders, guardrail and median strip installation and bridge and ramp repairs. According to a PennDOT spokesman, the work was long overdue. "The interstate system has been deteriorating for several years," claims PennDOT's Pat Herman. "The system is very bad, but necessary funds for maintenance have been hard to come by." Herman points out that I-70's high shoulders made water drainage poor, creating freeze-thaw surface deterioration. The problem was rectified by this fall's repairs. All that needed finished by Thanksgiving was cleanup and removal of some materials and equipment. Otherwise, Marsolino Contractors of Uniontown has completed its four-month task. Further revitalization for I-70 from Washington to West Virginia awaits additional funding.

In the meantime, what about the Mon Valley Expressway? Planning for a four-lane limited access highway from Morgantown, West Virginia to downtown Pittsburgh that would eliminate time-consuming, dangerous travel along Routes 51 and 88 began more than 20 years ago. Portions of the highway, which would decrease travel time between Pittsburgh and the Mon Valley from one hour to 20 minutes, have been completed. Other sections, however, have not.

"We call them missing links," says McCann. "There are portions completed from Coal Center to Long Branch Road and from Route 88 at Low Hill to Route 40, but the segment between Route 40 and Coal Center isn't finished. The most

recent estimate puts the cost for design and construction of the expressway at \$30 million. The proposed interchange where I-70 and the expressway would meet would cost around \$20 million alone.”

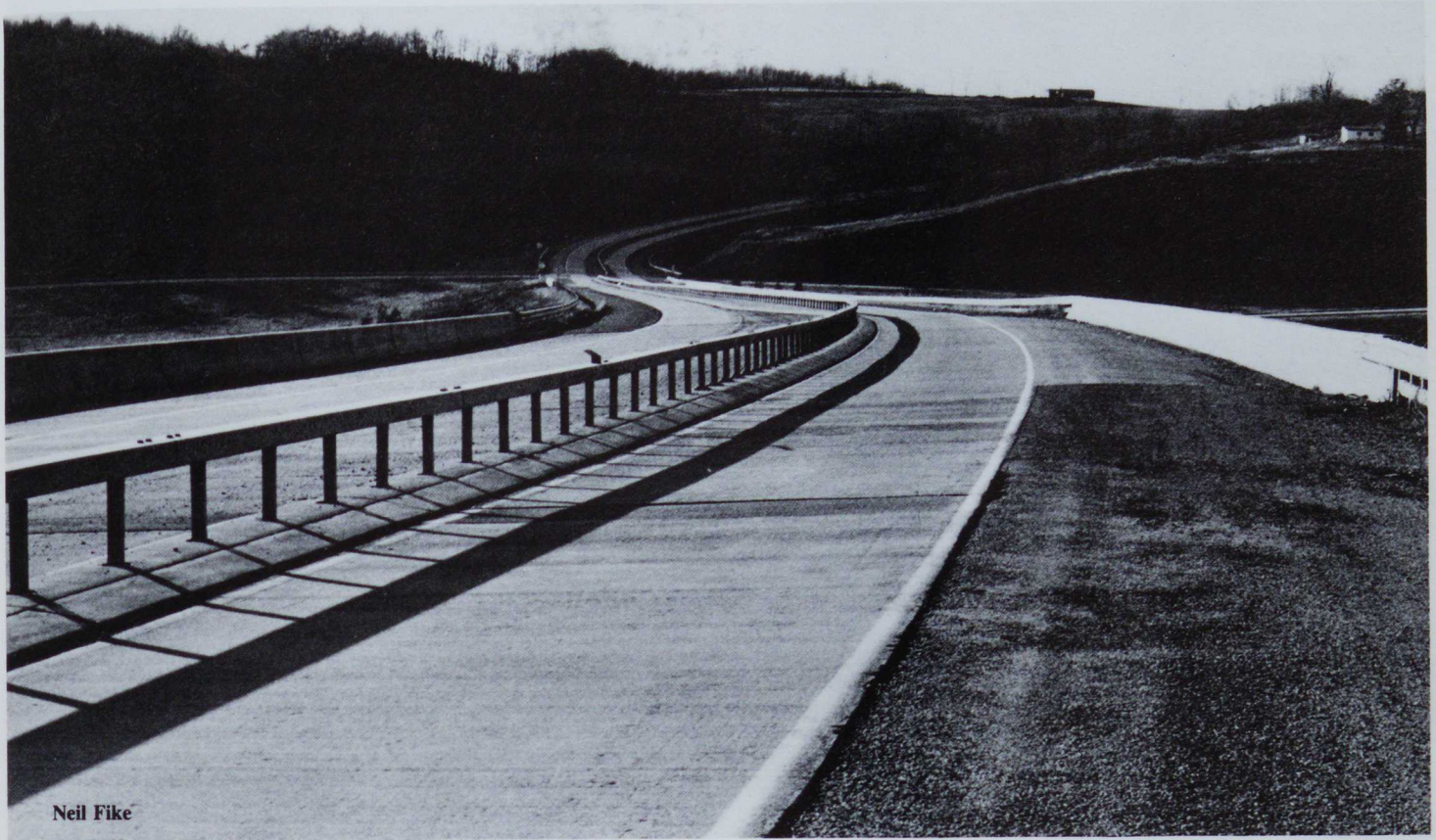
To date, the Mon Valley Expressway is not on any departmentally approved program. “It needs a capital budget approval,” explains McCann, “and that’s being planned somewhere for the next eight to twelve years. We won’t be able to get to it before then because of the amount of funds available.

“There aren’t enough dollars to go around. The Mon Valley Expressway does not have the same priority as the Charleroi/Monessen bridge, which would cost \$6 to \$10

needed just to retire bond debts.

“The Thornburgh administration pledged to build only the roads it had the money to build. When the oil franchise tax was passed, 22 new or unfinished highway construction projects were restarted — none of them in district 12-0 (Fayette, Greene, Washington and Westmoreland Counties). Allegheny County will receive approximately \$500 million for completion of four of its five proposed expressways. The one being ignored is the Mon Valley Expressway.

“Now, apparently PennDOT has enough money to finish the original 22 projects and start new ones. Our concern, and we’ve asked the governor, is ‘Why not anywhere in district 12-0?’ ”



Neil Fike

million,” so the project gets put on the shelf. “I’d like to see it completed because I think it would help the economy and the people of the area.”

It certainly would, and people like Bob Logue, executive director of the Mon Valley Progress Council, is all for helping the area’s economy and people. “Completion of the Mon Valley Expressway would connect Mon Valley industries directly with Pittsburgh by tying in with the Parkway, the Turnpike and other proposed highway systems. Businesses could take advantage of lower taxes in Fayette and Washington Counties and still serve their customers, while the value of real estate in the area would increase, as well.

“Construction of the expressway came to a halt because the state was floating bonds. The bond market dried up because the state was in debt. The legislature passed an oil franchise tax this summer, taxing petroleum products at the refinery rather than at the pump. The estimated \$200 million from the oil franchise tax is all PennDOT’s, and it will all be

Larson does not deny the fact that the Mon Valley has been neglected, according to Logue, and in a private lunch meeting with Thornburgh, the Progress Council’s chieftain was told both the previous and present administrations have neglected the Mon Valley area when it comes to discretionary highway funding. “Westmoreland and Greene Counties are receiving a greater amount of maintenance dollars,” Logue notes, “but that money is distributed by a legislative mandate. Major rehabilitation and construction funds are up to PennDOT and the governor to decide.”

A \$1.5 million addition to the expressway is designed to bypass the Coal Center curve by extending the highway down to the railroad overpass, but Logue considers it “patchwork that isn’t completing the expressway.” The valley’s best hope for completing the expressway now seems to lie in the Pennsylvania Senate’s transportation committee, which is examining House Bill 1394. The resolution calls for a feasibility study to determine if the Mon

Valley Expressway could be built as a toll road, as part of a turnpike system that would include the Crosstown, East Street Valley, Beaver Valley and Mon Valley Expressways. "If the study shows that there would be sufficient traffic to support construction and maintenance of the expressway system, the government would be authorized to go ahead and complete the system through the Turnpike Commission. The Turnpike Commission would float bonds which the tolls would have to pay off. The tolls would also have to pay for expressway maintenance. Each section of the system would have to be self-supportive. We only support the toll proposal because it appears to be the only way the Mon Valley Expressway will be completed. It seems to be the only viable alternative. When Governor Thornburgh announced approval for funding of the other four expressways, though, he may have pulled the rug out from under the toll road proposal," Logue explains.

Thornburgh's greatest objections apparently lie with the possibly expensive tolls and broader powers the Turnpike

Commission would receive if the expressway toll system materializes, Logue said. "House Bill 1394 would open up the area to economic development. The impact on California State College would be tremendous. Imagine California being 15-20 minutes away from downtown Pittsburgh. Some areas have a number of four-lane highways being built. Our only objection is that all we're asking for is one expressway," and no one seems eager to listen.

"We already have toll roads," says Logue. "Traveling Routes 51 and 88 from the Mon Valley to Pittsburgh takes its toll on gasoline, in hourly truckers' wages and on lives. Even if we don't get approval to complete the expressway as a toll road, at least we will have called attention to the problem. And that may attract future financial considerations" for an area sorely in need of a pathway to economic revitalization.

Interstate 70 has been partially rehabilitated. Now all we need is for Harrisburg to approve completion of the Mon Valley Expressway's missing links. — TIMES 12/4/81

Claudia Fink



Members of the Pennsylvania Senate Transportation Committee (right) came to CSC on March 25 to hear various witnesses for and against the several highway proposals for southwestern Pennsylvania. No firm decisions were taken, and the tangled Tale of Two Highways remains a continuing saga.

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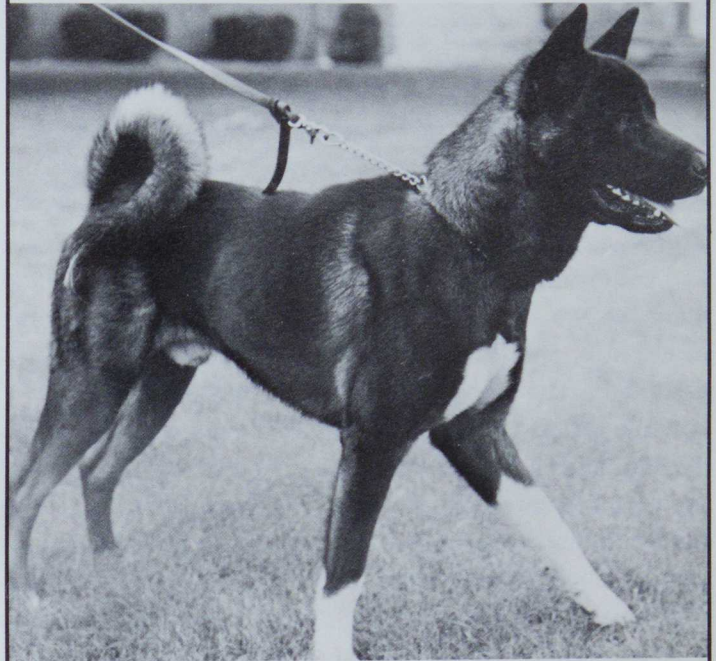
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FUDO



Three Types of Whimsy, Starring Jim Bindas

What drives photographers — in this case Jim Bindas — to seek out or set up whimsical subjects? We don't know; all we can say in this small space is that the fellow beneath the umbrella in the Grille was posed, the LifeFlight helicopter landed coincidentally in a no parking zone, and the May Botanical Foray to Dr. Watkins' home was set up by Dr. Jeanette Mullins.

Dooner's Wake

by Hal Ahern

Off to the side of the bar, double-anchored in my father's Bostonians, a gibson straight-up adorning my right hand, a damnable murmur lodging in my left ear as if I were wearing a transistor earplug, I surveyed the scene. Their house rattling with kith and kin, the Dooners were having an Irish wake, and, since my father and Mr. Dooner had been best friends, though more often the opposite, I was obligated to attend. Except for a few cursory hellos, I went unnoticed at the church, the cemetery, and later in the Dooner's living room. I had been waiting for a break in the festivities so that I could approach Mrs. Dooner, whisper my father's name, offer my condolence, and leave before someone asked me to make a toast to the late sagacious, scornful Jack Dooner.

As I emptied a bowl of cashews and finished my drink, the alcohol, having cleared the nose of incense, took hold, and my mind seemed to pull violently on its moorings. I turned to the bar to mix another keen one, and the noise in my ear became a voice: "Fine company to mourn a man." I picked my ear, thinking I was hearing things, wondering if anyone else had heard, praying that no one thought I had said it. "Don't fret, lad. The crowd neither sees nor hears me," said Dooner's lurid shadow, staring me in the face.

"Aye, the old man sends a surrogate. For your father's sake, I give you a boon — one fatal if rejected. Follow me and learn that hypocrisy brings retribution. I'll not be blessed by these folk if they have any truth in them. For in less than half an hour, the devil will know I'm dead."

I shuddered in anticipation of the havoc to be wreaked. After swallowing half of my drink to prevent spilling, I walked behind the shadow into the crowd.

"In this backless suit, I have more dignity than the lot of them in their Sunday finest," the shadow said. "Look at my brother-in-law, Bobby O'Merkins, pleased that he won't have to pay me back. I'll wrest the truth from his lips."

Stopping behind the shadow, I sipped my drink, and he entered O'Merkins' body. Headlong, O'Merkins became quite agitated, and, addressing everyone in the room, he blurted, "He looked like hell at the viewing — not much a funeral home can do with a face like his. I'm glad the bugger's dead. I owed him \$10,000 and had no way to get up that kind of nut." His face red and distorted, O'Merkins accidentally splashed his drink onto the chest of a bull-necked, red-headed man entertaining a circle of shyster lawyers with a bogus account of the antics at Dooner's wedding. A horrible fight ensued, and the fretful women shrieked.

"Goats and monkeys! Monkeys and goats!" the shadow said, as he stamped a number of toes on his way into the dining room.

"You can't do that kind of stuff at a wake," I whispered, following him and then taking another sip.

"No shenanigans here, lad. I cannot rest until I mete out retribution. I suffered these frauds in life. In death, I can brook no falsity."

The shadow stopped and faced me as I stared past him and began to raise my drink. Abruptly, his finger thudded my



O'Merkins Accidentally Splashed His Drink onto the Chest of a Bull-necked, Red-headed Man.

Original drawings for YESTERDAYS PAPERS by the author.



The Aunt with Large Calves Kicked Him in the Shins and Dipped His Tie in the Potato Salad.

liver like a ball peen hammer. He had caught me appreciating the obvious dimensions of his daughter's personality. "Avoid my daughter. Dark and evil, full of lies and desire, she is married already, to a brutish reprobate. His apocalypse draws nigh."

The shadow took three steps towards the couple and entered the husband, his black satin shirt open to the waist, more chains around his neck than Marley's ghost. Grinning and doing a little disco trot, Marley exclaimed to his wife: "Let's get on with the inheritance business! A few more days of living with that old goat and I would have divorced you or killed him." The shadow darting into her, Dooner's daughter cuffed her husband across the face and said, "Divorce me! You bum! I had plans for us — not anymore. I was going to put Mom in a nursing home so that we could take the house." She poked him in the eyes and continued, "I hate you more than I hated my father. Neither of you ever loved me; neither of you ever gave me anything that I wanted." As the couple exchanged concise insults, the shadow, unable to resist the temptation, had his daughter strangle Marley with one of the chains. A terrible fight ensued, and the black-clad women shrieked.

My glass empty, I set it on the dining room table and moved swiftly into the kitchen, where I saw the shadow enter the body of an unwed aunt with large calves and runs in her stockings. She told a group of short, balding men that Dooner was the rudest man she had ever met. "I don't know why I'm

here," she said. "I hated him. He never liked my gossiping." One of the men, pointing to her legs, said, "He may not have believed in being mannerly, but he never let his wife out of the house looking like that." The aunt with large calves kicked him in the shins and dipped his tie in the potato salad. The group of men tried to separate the two but failed. Soon the guests became rowdy and unmanageable.

The widow was greatly distressed; she hadn't seen anything this frightening since her wedding day. She cried softly on the shoulder of the priest who said mass, Father McFrippets, always the moralizer, yet always the deft charmer.

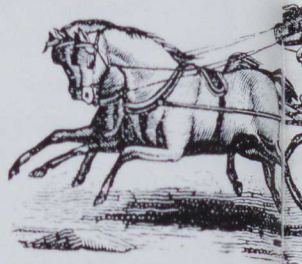
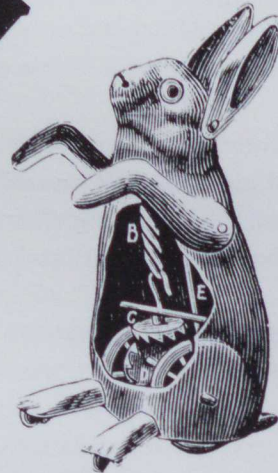
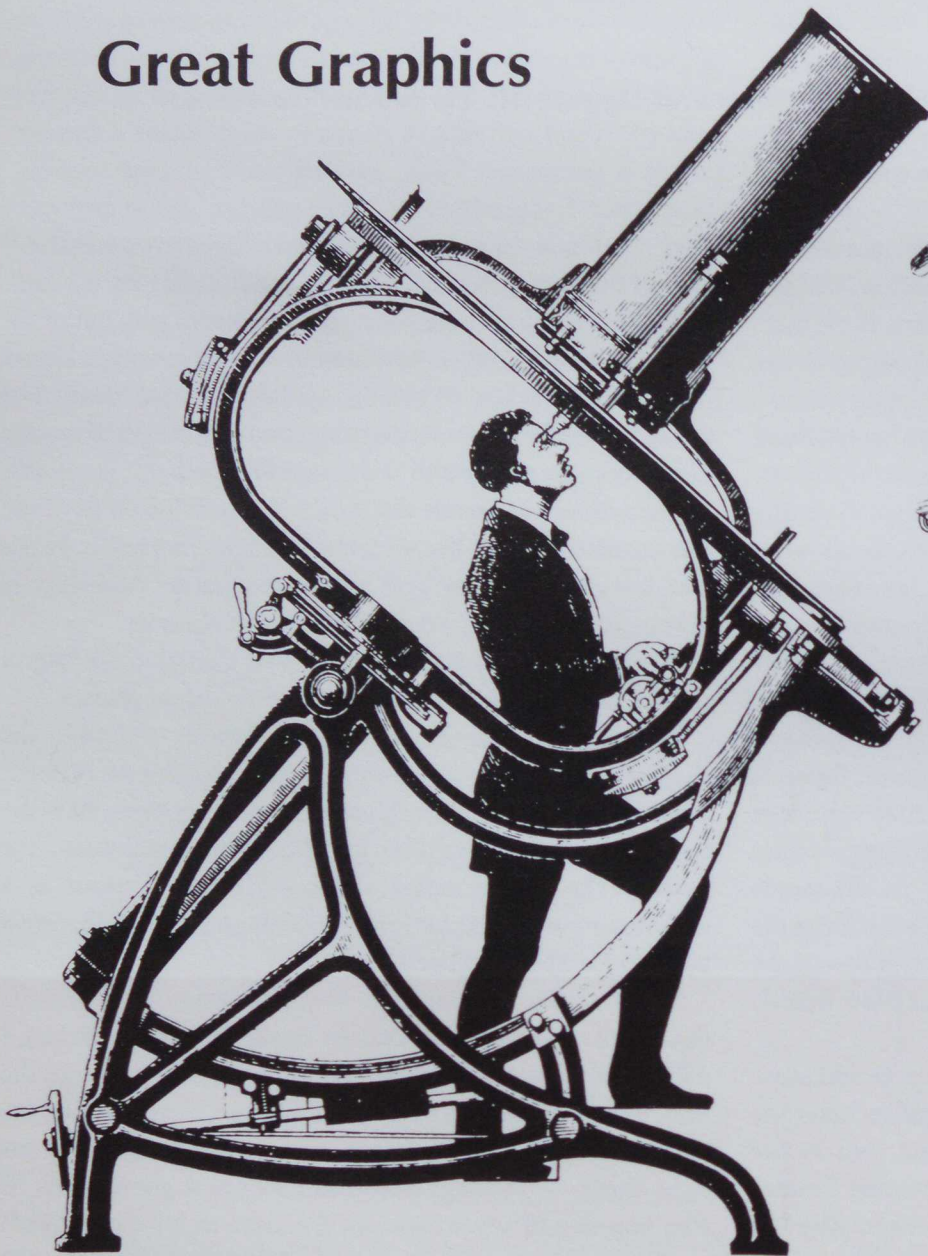
"Good gar!" the shadow said. "Has that man no respect for the dead nor the cloth? I will foil his subtle plans."

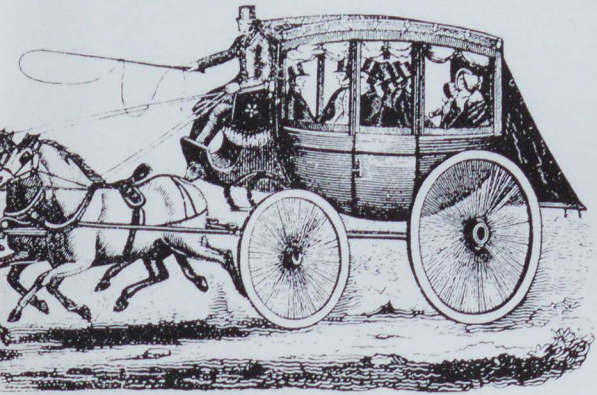
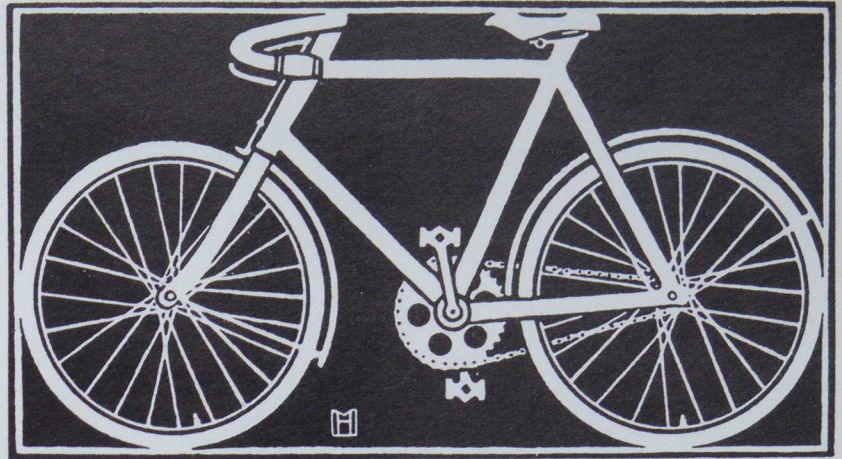
Walking heel-and-toe, militarily, towards the two, the shadow executed his stratagem, entering McFrippets' body, pressing the widow closer, pinching her stately bum. "Let me teach you of the love that can never be," whispered the Father. The widow pulled away, her face as serious as a doberman pinscher's. McFrippets beamed in delight before a blow to his head surprised him.

Small parties of men and women engaged in fisticuffs throughout the house. As Dooner jiggled and then vanished, I parted the brawlers, skulking out the back door and into the rain, greatly distressed by Dooner's lesson, remembering the enigmatic utterance my father made when I borrowed his dress shoes — "Though you mustn't deny a ghost its bit of fun, you should never invite an Irishman to his own wake."



Great Graphics





One of the classier features of CSC publications is their use — usually with mocking intent — of old-timey graphics. These splendid drawings come to you courtesy of Dover Books, whose albums of illustrative material are unsurpassed. The pictures on these pages have accompanied Greene Room, car wash, Bicycle and Astronomy Club advertisements; Health Center schedule; Gallagher menu; and Easter break and change of address announcements. You may determine the appropriate categories.





Jack Green

Everything That Rises Must Converge (or Fall, Actually)

The cruel winds of March brought to the ground Equibank's California State College sign; unhappy as this event might be, one can take certain comfort in the fact that the vandal was in this case Mother Nature. In January, the derelict Vesta 4 trestle that stood as a sentry just outside California finally weakened to the point that sentence of death was passed upon it and it was brought down.

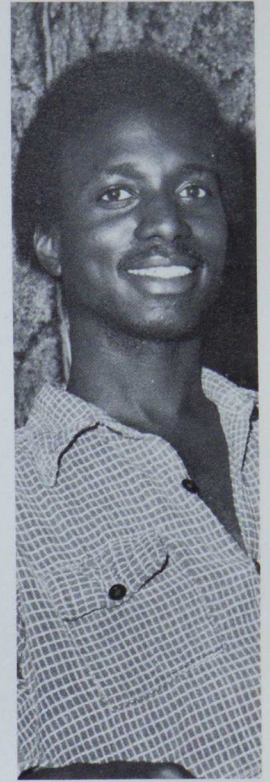


Mike Genevro

Mike Genevro



Dean Wood

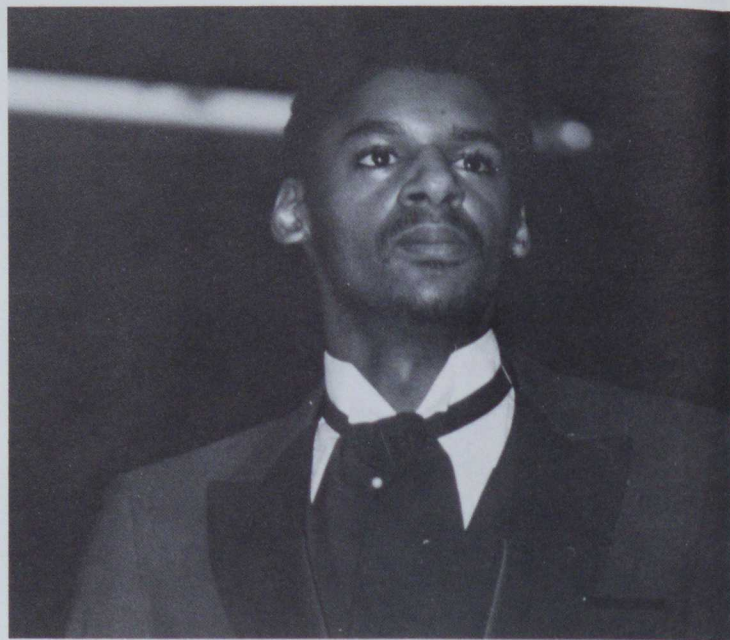


Black Awareness, new this year, began its run with a two-page spread that featured Tom Wilson's tribute to the Black Culture House (below). Collectively produced by Derrick Willingham, M.K. Amussah, Paul Jefferson, Jennifer Jackson, Shirley Respes and Deborah Rankin (editor), the column ranged from Count Basie to Christmas, black role leaders to CSC to WVCS DJ's (clockwise from top) Aaron Spivey, Mark Walker and Bruce Hale.



Black Week

Black Week, an annual event which celebrates the achievements of the CSC black community and brings to campus noted speakers and artists, this year featured famed black activist Kwame Toure (Stokely Carmichael), educator Dr. Judith Thomas and jazz great Nathan Davis, as well as the dance troupe Fantastism. One of the highlights of the March event was a fashion show in the Gold Rush in which CSC students modeled an assortment of formal and casual clothing. Black is beautiful, indeed.



All photos by Brad Crable



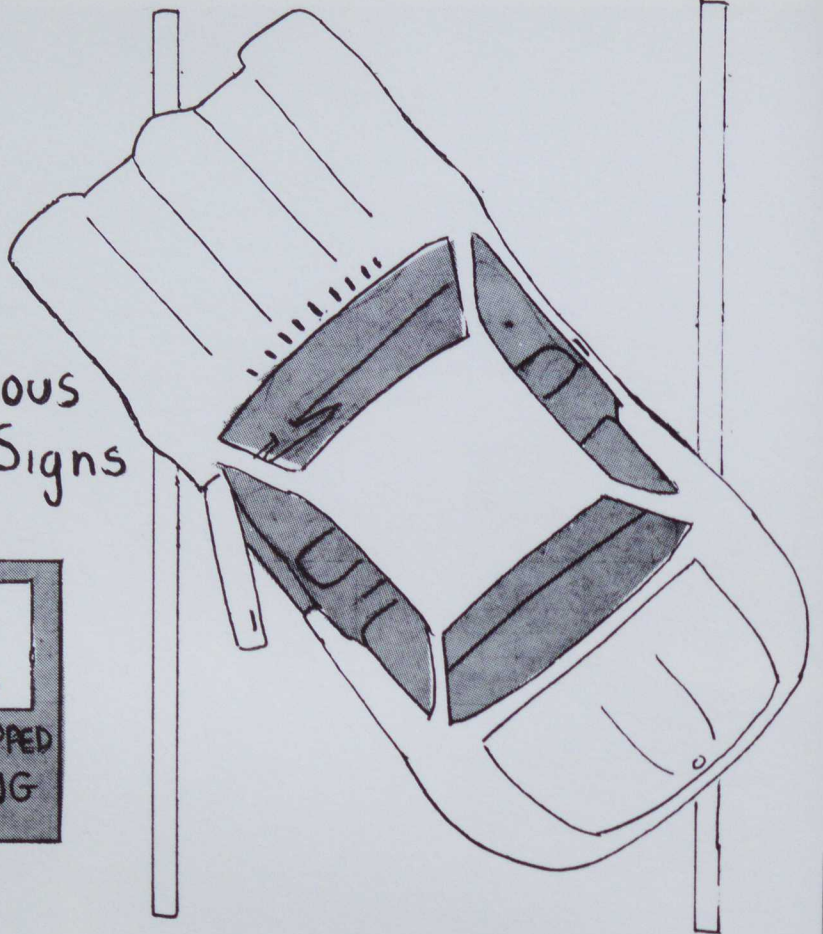
More Paul

Below: Johnny Helpful. Bottom right: the Neo-Luddite. Page 63, right: Curricula. Bottom: Times T-shirt drawing.



Ambiguous Street Signs

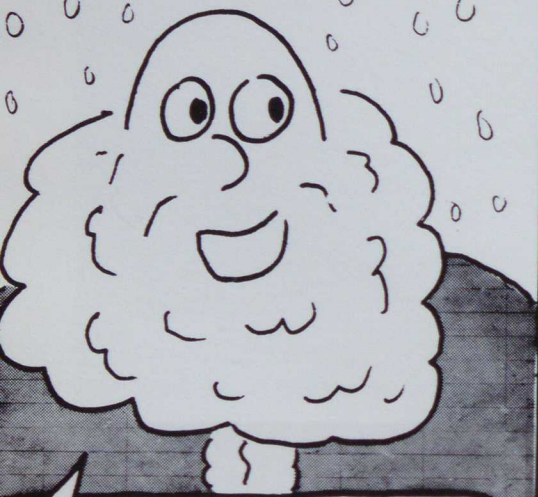
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Good vs. Evil



Evil = SAINT NICHOLAS & COLONEL QADAFY

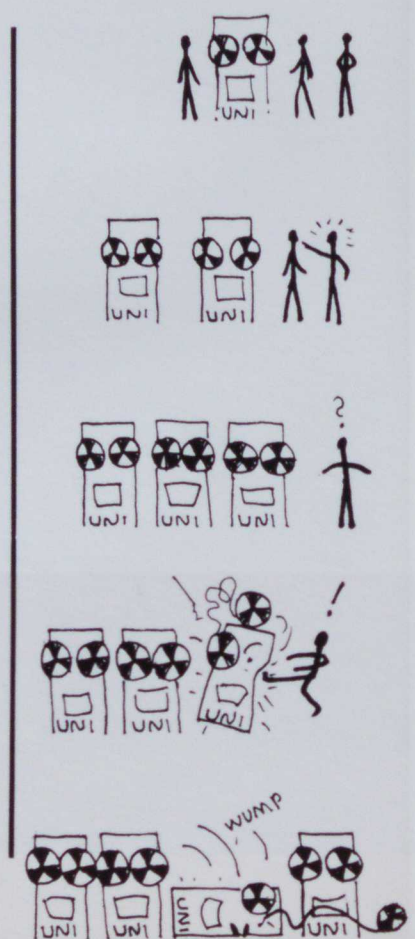


OH, HO HO and have you been a good boy Mommar?



If your reindeer INVADE LIBYAN air space you die, old man!

STACKLIN 12-11

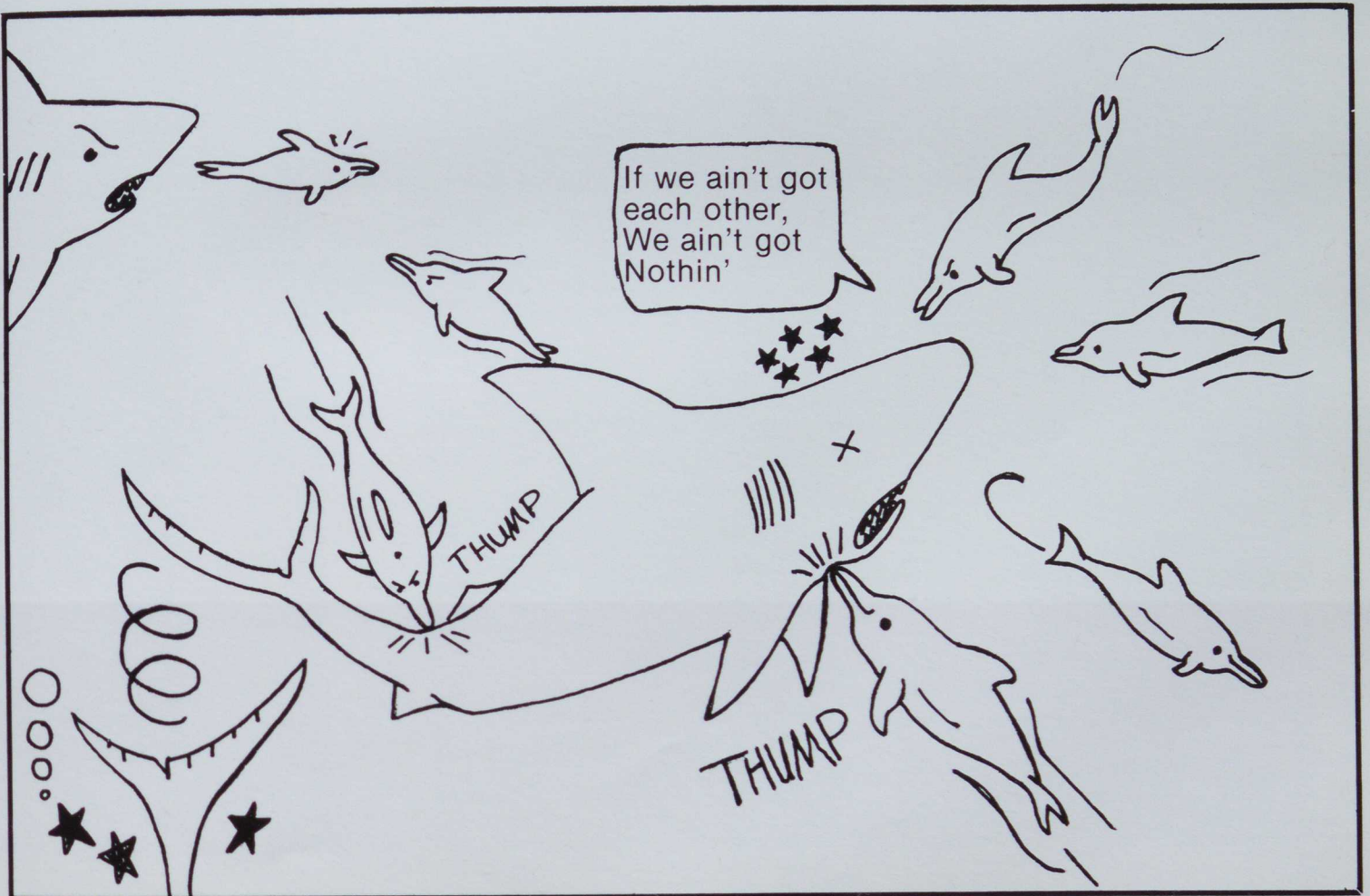
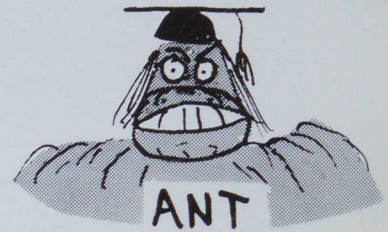
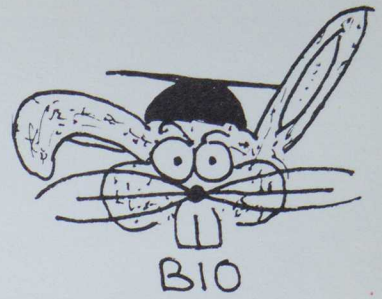


Bangles & Baubles Vendors & Victims

STUDENT
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GEM SALE

IT'S SO BEAUTIFUL!

And Very Cheap.







James Bindas

1982 Color Gallery



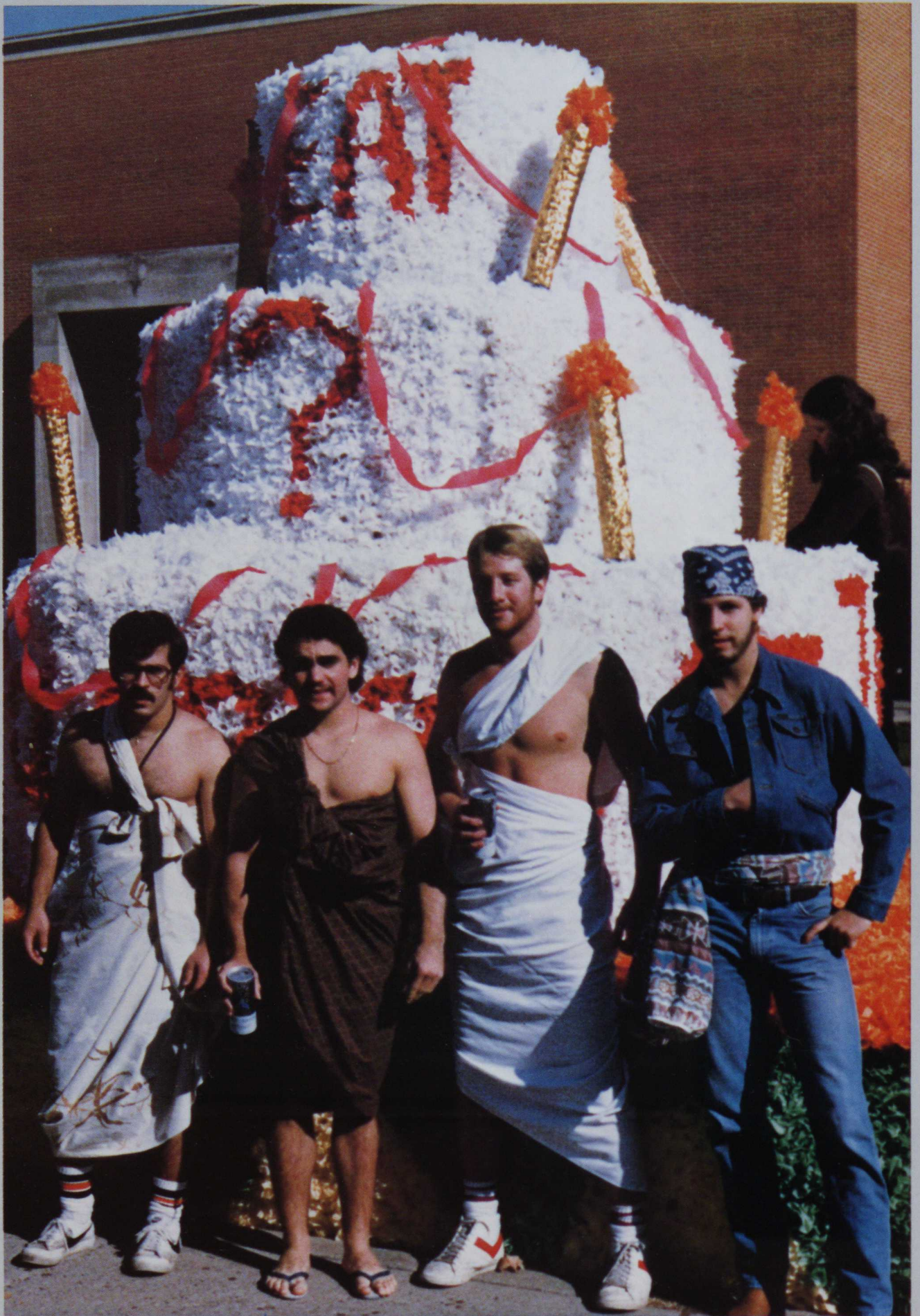


Both pages: Mike Genevro





Both pages: Claudia Fink



Neil Fike



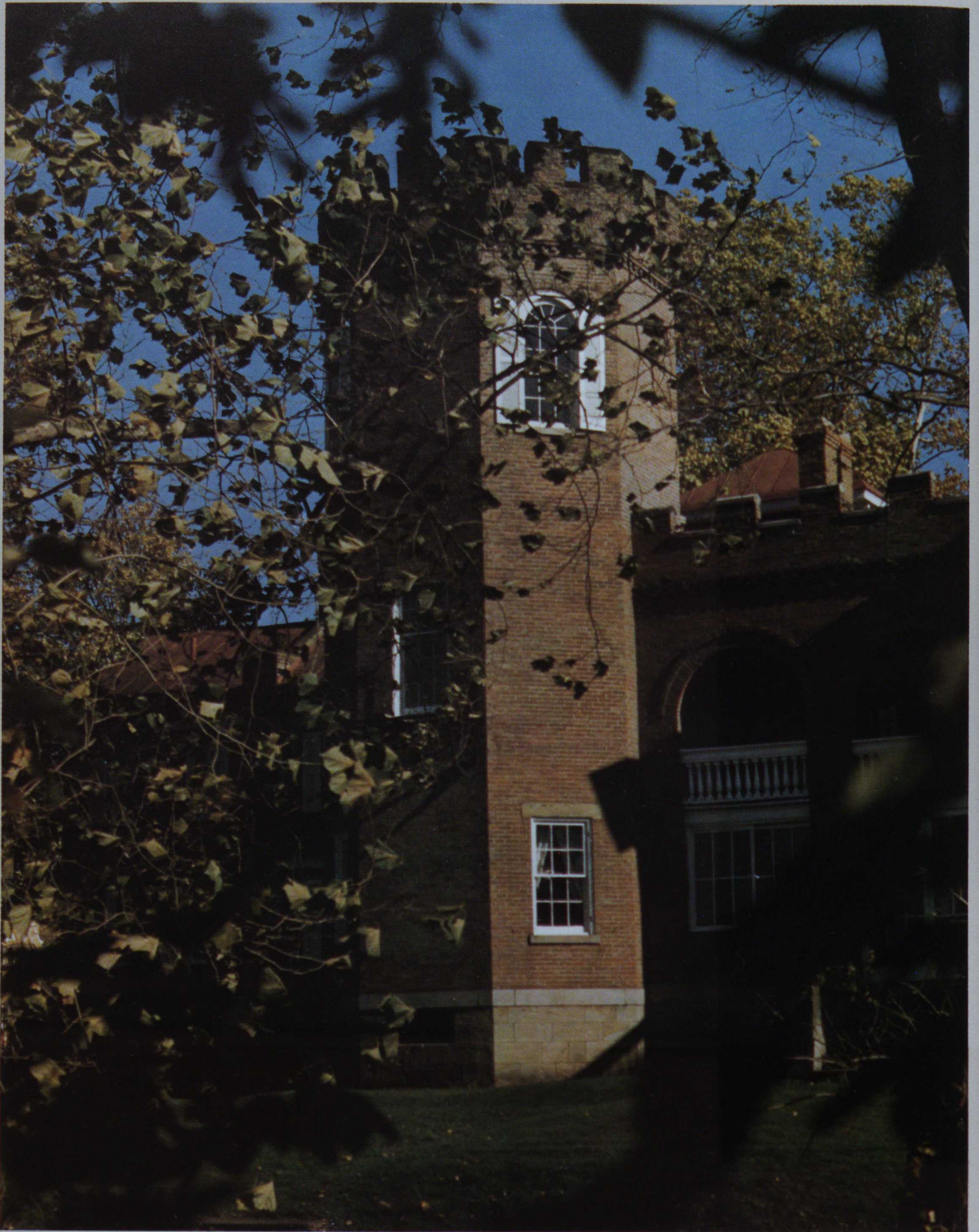
Left: Claudia Fink

Below: Neil Fike









Kurt Nordstrom



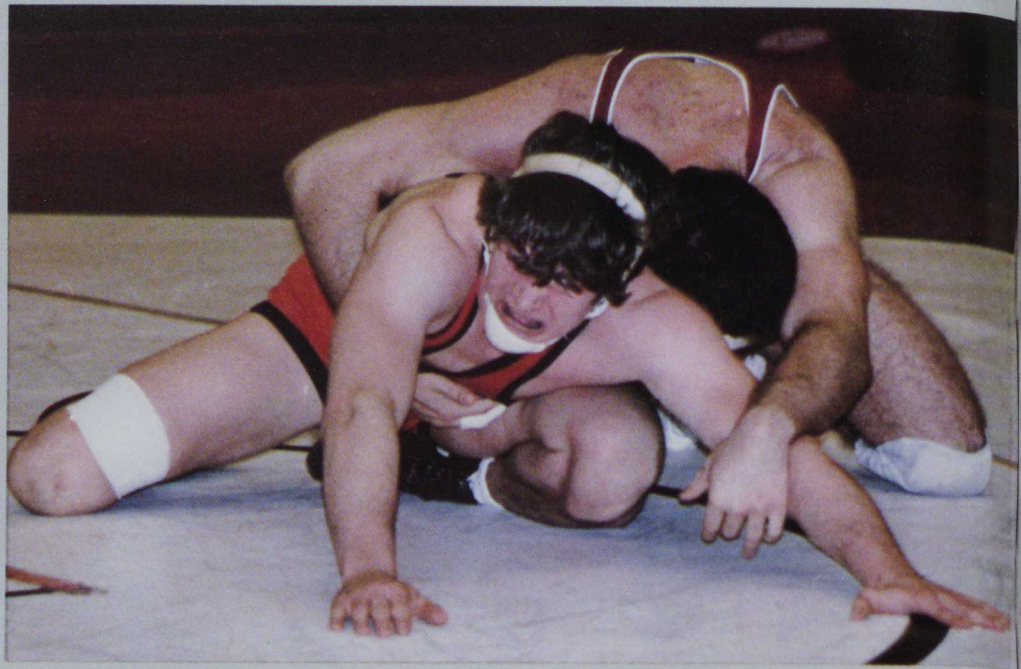
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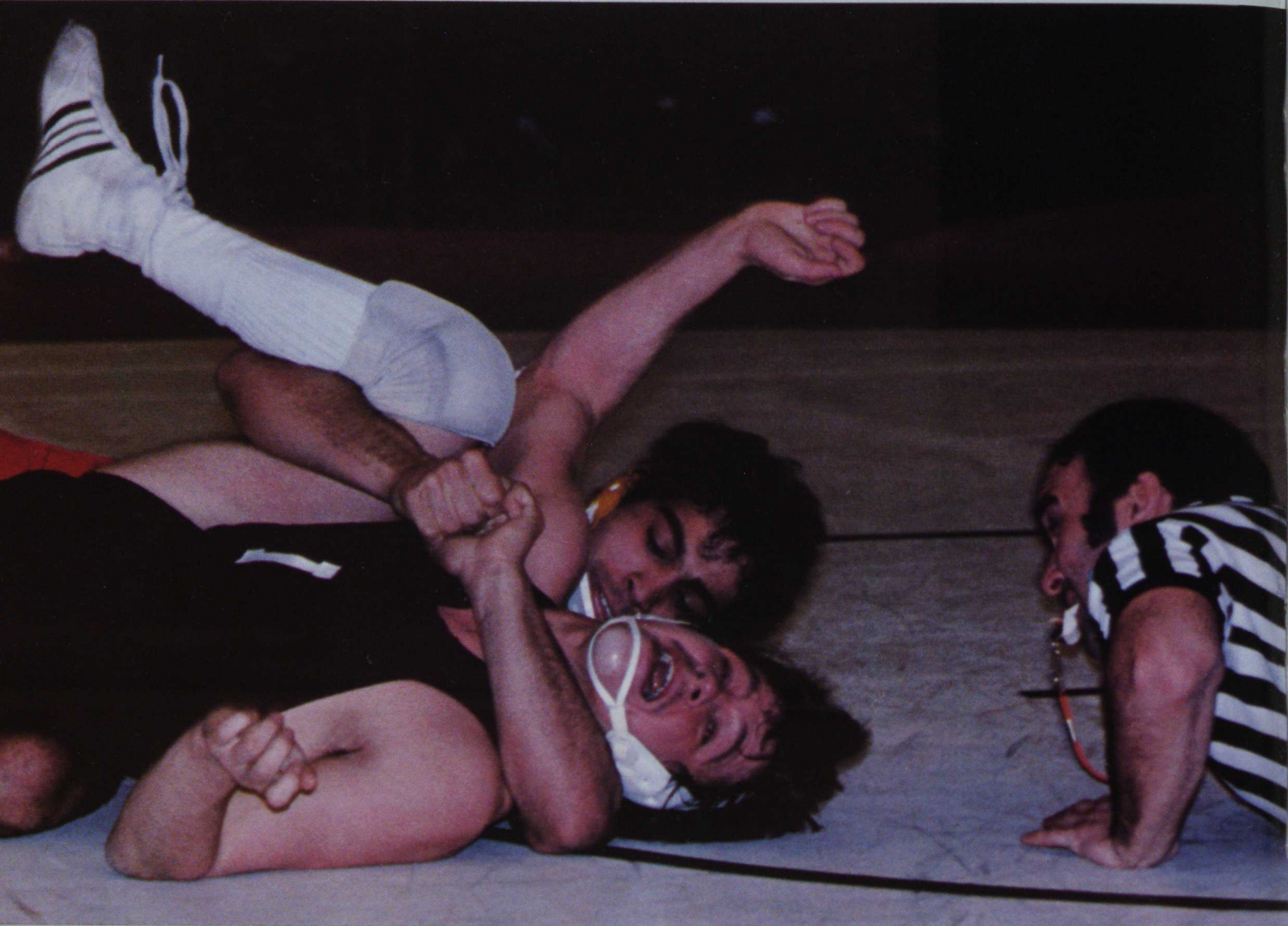
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“R2D2”



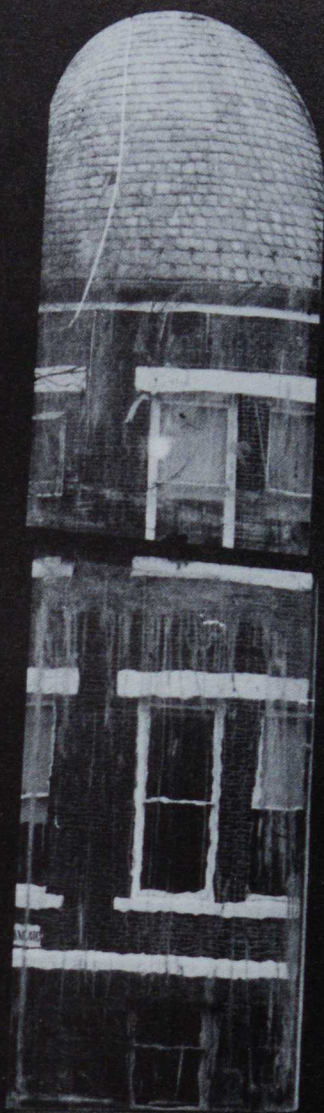
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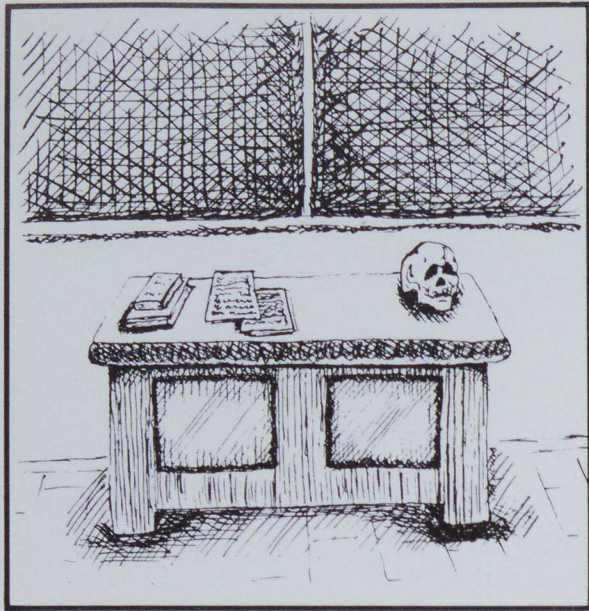




CIRCA
1811
MONTVILLE
RENOVED OLD HOME



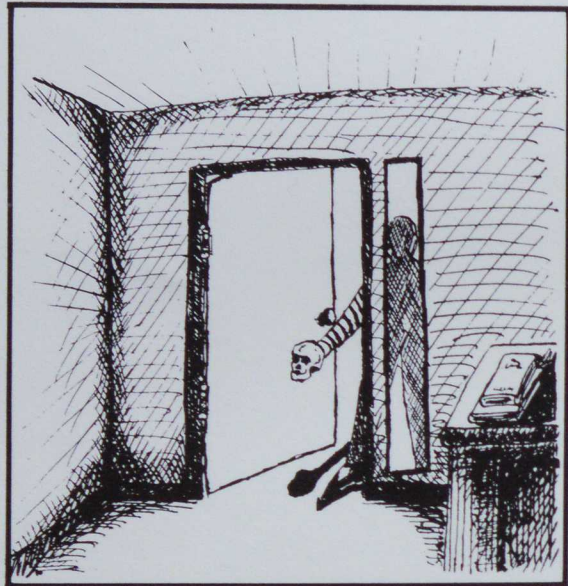




A Postal Mystery The Professor's Skull

1

Once the professor had a skull;
Though not a friend's, he knew it well.
He kept it on his scholar's desk,
An appropriate place for a skull to rest.
Of all the things the professor owned,
The skull was the one he held most fond.



2

One night an evil deed was done:
A horrid, cruel and heinous one.
Some thieves, aware of the skull's
import,
Stole it away for a bit of sport.
They took it away in the cold moon's
glow
To where and what, I do not know.



3

The professor, finding the skull
purloined
Became enraged and his class enjoined:
"If the skull is not returned to me,
I'll see you all fail most miserably!"
His rage continued, his threats grew
grim,
But the skull was not returned to him.

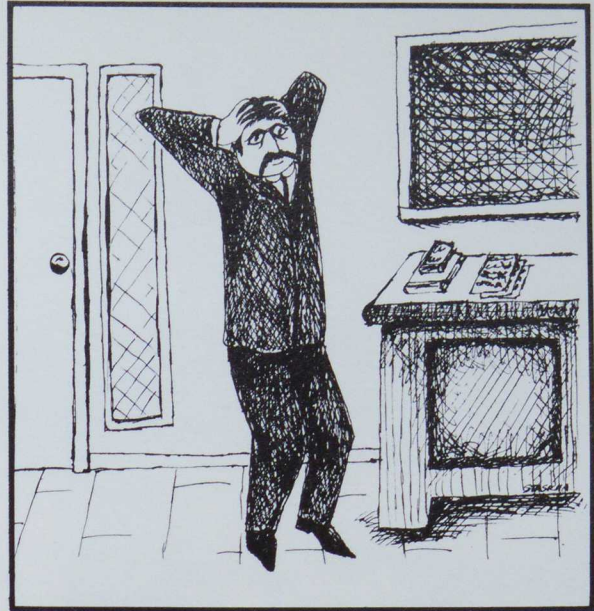
— TIMES 11/20/81

by L.A. Smith

illustrations by Suzan Smith-Stasicha

4

As days went on the class grew weary
Of hearing his long and piteous query:
“Where is my skull, where has it gone?
Who’s taken away my cranial bone?”
His cries were heard throughout the school.
All pitied him, the skull-less fool.



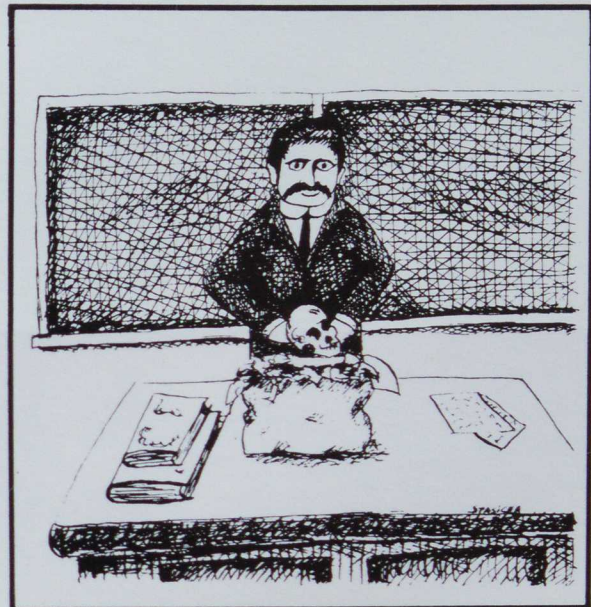
5

One day there came from far away
A missive from a college near L.A.:
“We’ve just received a package here,
Addressed to you, is that not queer.”
“Indeed it is,” the professor pondered.
“What could it be?” he wondered and
wondered.



6

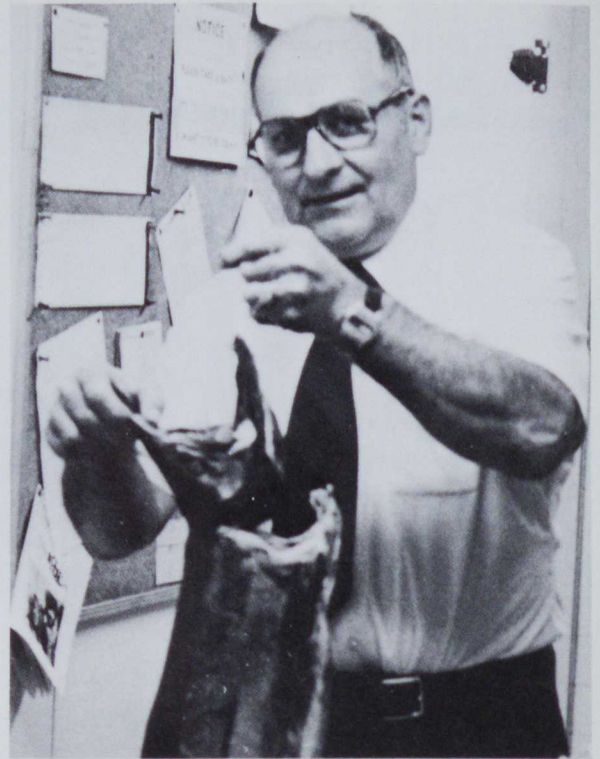
The package arrived in sorry shape,
A jumbled mass of string and tape.
The professor opened it without a sound,
Inside, intact, the skull he found.
White as a bone, fresh from the coast,
It had been lost in Parcel Post.





Three CSC Politicians

Eric Bugaile (above), here shown in his youthful CSC Sports Information days, will be the Republican candidate for state representative from the 49th District in November. His opponent will be none other than former *Times* sports editor, mayor of California and mustache wearer Peter J. Daley (below). The jolly fisherman at the right is CSC Housing Director Joseph Dochinez, who last fall was elected Daley's successor.



Two Political Curiosities

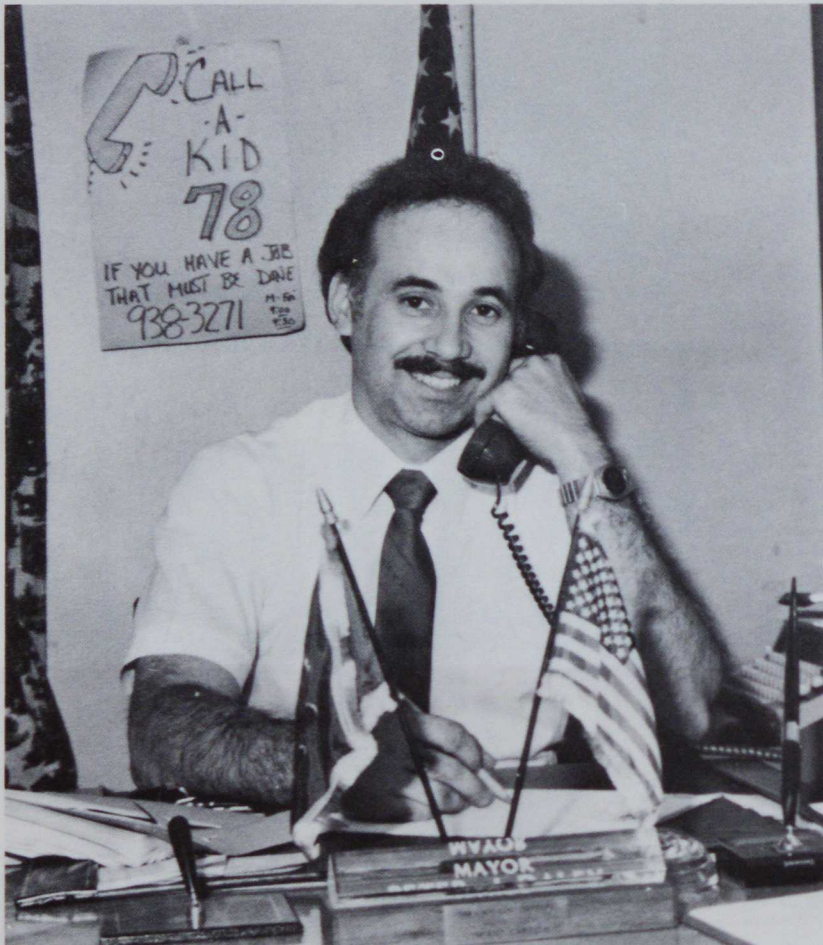
Students of local political doings (let us for a moment forget the many peculiarities that emanate from Harrisburg) will, many years from now, find these two items amusing and instructive.

In April, borough council proposed an ordinance which said in part: "it shall be unlawful for any person to move into, move within, or move from, or cause his property to be moved from any house, dwelling, or other building within the borough of California . . . without a permit therefor."

Proponents of the ordinance insisted that it was merely a mechanism whereby the borough could determine the real ownership of downtown property — a not unreasonable desire in a town where arson, absentee landlords and jitney stores are not uncommon. Opponents claimed that it was either a cynical scheme to raise money (permits cost a dollar) or, worse, a police-state edict.

In the face of organized opposition led by Citizens in Response, the ordinance was abandoned.

In May, the borough unleashed a proposal to demolish the buildings occupying one corner of Third and Wood Streets and replace them with a Rite-Aid drug store and parking lot; among the victims of the razing would be Nichols Flowers, the ill-fated Maione's (see page 23) and the long-lived California establishment, Sepesy's Tavern. Not surprisingly, Sepesy's and Nichols protested the plan, claiming that they had been given inadequate notice. As we go to press, the matter hangs moot.



Mike Genevro

Sobansky
Ile Surmacz
Vichek
ha Watreas

Gary Cushmanick
Jan Fletcher
Mark Makorowski
Janai Roman

June Kristetek
Kim Jordan
Dee Javorsky
Barb Premus

Remember...Delt's Dearest
Beta's Best...Missy Meredith
Homecoming Queen.

maps you've already seen our pledges on campus with their blue and red pledge books; if not be on the look-out for them because they're quite a bunch! The brothers wish them all the best of luck with their pledge.

The brothers also wish to extend warm birthday greetings to brother Knoll, who will be celebrating his birthday this coming Thursday. Homecoming week begins this coming Monday and we hope to see you participating in the festivities. While you're enjoying yourself, remember that the brothers of Alpha Phi Omega will also be there helping you celebrate this year's Homecoming especially memorable. Well, that's all 'til next week, see ya then!

Delta Chi

Well, we finally got our first letter home! Welcome back everyone for your first wild semester. We're off to start with about 10 pledges; they're

Last year Penn We had We were Ton are yet duate grateful 'Spaz' in his N.C. at to g mat se of t o go ' dical cc for wi game I you. ANG L gma lo from rose. rther v Spee who Well, ? Let u chair ns on for or

I'll be very soon. An old sister ma Tau-Gamma was in last nd...We wish Dena Loewy s now at Mercy hospital lots ck with her internship in al technology. member Tracy and Maria all ay for queen. il next week...the gator all the Good luck pledges.

Special thanks to Mr. r Control for fixing the flat also to Glen, Jim B., and

Sigma Kappa

Hello, another long week has gone by. We hope everyone enjoyed it.

Congratulations to the football

The best of luck to our sisters running for Homecoming: Carol Koval and Haifa Salfiti. Carol just had a birthday. She turned 22 last Wednesday. We wish all the Homecoming candidates the best of luck. The queen and her court will be announced this Sunday at the 7 p.m. movie.

We are doing our Homecoming float with Tau Kappa Epsilon fraternity this year. Get ready to work guys.

Way to go Vulcans! Beat Edinboro.

Our mixer with Kentucky Central last Wednesday was great. The '50s in style

Sigma Sigma Sign

Greetings all.

Tuesday marked the 21st day of the Tri-Sigs. We celebrate with a spaghetti dinner. (I don't expect to catch a major spaghetti sauce.)

Last Wednesday, we pinned new pledges and are proud to announce our fall '81 pledge. They are: Michelle Dinmin, Gonzalez, Laurie Sabolek, Skrupa, and Kim Stringhill. Congratulations girls. After the signing, we all had a great time Mexican fiesta (The tacos great, Cyph; not to mention

etcher y at th Mary

rain ge move! e Tri-S or fixi e "coo ade fo which v 's basl e will ave a r colk I to it ill the et last) contr

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Jack Green

GREEKS

newly elected treasurer, and to Ruth Lauffer on being chosen co-captain of the volleyball team.

Nicer, when's the wedding.

Sig Kap's man of the week is Greg Rodovan. Because of our honesty, we did return what sticky fingers found.

Homecoming is getting to everyone: Tom Ferita in drag nightly. Hey coach, look at me I'm wonder woman.

If you wish you were in the car in

First off, we thank the brothers of Delta Sigma Phi for inviting us to their rushes and for the use of their house last Thursday night. We really appreciate it, guys!

Good luck to sister Christy Meehan who has a part in the one-act plays — Break a leg, Chris!

We extend a great big THANK YOU to Kym, Debbie, Pam, and Sharon and M.J., Cathy, Billie and Marcella for the use of their windows. We hope you girls don't have

ty before the game. It was a time, while everyone got in school spirit. Thanks to Mik for his wild and crazy enthusiasm in the game, leading the cheerleaders in the fourth quarter. Way to

The Theta Xi house is still ding after a wild crazy party day night. We hope everyone had a good time and expect to see you on Monday nights.

Thanks to our little sister preparing a fabulous spaghetti



Unless one is a member of a fraternity or sorority, reading the **Times** Greek page is an exercise in futility. Week after week their verbose scribes grind out a litany of hyperbolic nonsense, most of it celebrating America's drug addiction of choice — boozing.

What is surprising about this silly stuff is that it is written by the Greeks themselves, as though they somehow wish the outside world to view them as a pack of fools.

As the pictures on the next few pages aptly demonstrate, Greeks — whether they belong to social or service organizations — are people much like you and me, who balance their follies with useful activities and less orgiastic fun.

Thus, come Homecoming, they labor for weeks to build their colorful and fanciful floats; some on the day itself rig themselves up in the motley of clowns, and traipse through the streets collecting spare change for charity. Others, like the members of Alpha Phi Omega (below), perform good works through the medium of such bizarre stunts as hauling a bathtub up hill and down.

Which is not to say that Greek life is all good deeds: obviously some of the sillier behavior of which they boast has some basis in fact. When in February a mass

James Bindas



James Bindas

brawl exploded in downtown California, sending one student to the hospital and two to the magistrate, it was determined — as lawyer types like to say — that Greeks were among the participants.

One upshot of this less than noble episode was a decision by the Greeks themselves to restrict attendance at their parties to other Greeks.

That this draconian measure did not sit well with all Greeks could be seen in an editorial by Patti Nowicki (herself a member of a sorority), who called it “infantile prejudice.”

At CSC as elsewhere, the controversy continues whether Greek life is relevant to or has any part in college life. The question is one without a resolution; the closest one can come to an answer is to note that despite the occasional collapse of one organization chapter or another — Alpha Xi Delta for example — men and women continue to join fraternities and sororities, finding in them delight, meaning and dignity.



Jack Green





Jack Green

Say what one will about Greek life, it is not for the inactive. If Greeks seem to play recklessly, it should not be forgotten that they likewise work hard. Should you on a Sunday morning see a gaggle of young women in a gas station lot, you may be fairly sure you're looking at a sorority car-washing festival. The squads of young men gathering rubbish from the gutter are less likely to be weird scavenger-hunters than they are to be fraternity brothers carrying out an IFC clean-up project.



Claudia Fink



Fred Kachmarik



Mike Genervo



Dewyne Neville's Sponsors

They set up lost and found boxes, run for Homecoming Queen, campaign for same, have their pictures taken, dominate student government, party at the drop of a hat, and take pride in themselves and their accomplishments. At year's end they concentrate their energies on Greek Week, one vast contest and celebration.



Claudia Fink



Neil Fike



Here When You Need Them

Fortunately, most calls to which the California Volunteer Fire Department responds are trifles like this small automobile fire caused by a shorted wire. But, as you can see on pages 21-23, the big ones entail destruction of property, loss of life — and what we often forget — real danger to the firefighter.

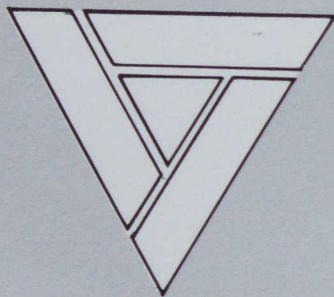
As some events of last year cruelly demonstrated, no one is safe from the threat of fire, and the difference between a near thing and a catastrophe is determined by the speed with which these courageous men respond to the alarms.

In this, their 75th year, the Volunteer Fire Department (as we're sure you know, members of a volunteer fire department are not paid for their services), deserve our special thanks and praise.

Every time you see the blazing handiwork of an arsonist and ask yourself, "What the hell kind of world is this?" look again at the men fighting it and you'll have a nicer answer than you expected.



1982 Patron
Joseph K. Brady



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Strike Up the Band!



Claudia Fink

The Day the Music Came Back to Life

The recent history of CSC's marching band has not been a happy one. In 1979 the college could field no more than a feeble group in which the instrumentalists were far outnumbered by the supernumeraries.

In 1980, this grotesque state of affairs was alleviated by the simple expedient of not having a band at all.

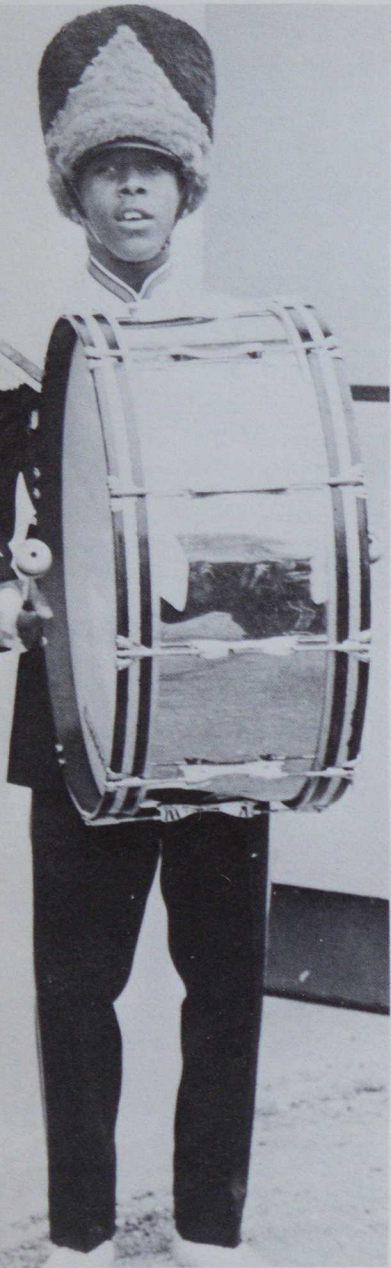
1981. Enter Leonard Colelli, an irascible man of violent enthusiasms and equally violent dislikes. On the verge of retirement he agreed to do his best to revive the band if only because the thought of California State College without one utterly outraged his sensibilities and because he felt ill-disguised contempt for those who declared that a band was

beyond the school's capabilities.

All through the summer Colelli, ably assisted by Frank Ricco and Joan Helsel, rounded up the players, instruments, uniforms and accoutrements necessary to bring a band into being, and began rehearsals.

To those who watched him at work it must have seemed on occasion that instead of a band Colelli was building some sort of infernal machine with which to blow his enemies to smithereens. Those who worked for him often asked themselves whether he was crazy or they were.

But the results are all. On Parents Day, there it was — the CSC band, alive and kicking.



Music Department — 1982 Patron

HOME
3 4 21
INSURANCE AGENCY
GO BALL ON 26





PHOTO CREDITS Page 92: bass drummer and band outside stadium by Jack Green; clarinetist and band marching on field by Claudia Fink; Leonard Colelli by Mike Genevro. Page 93: band in stands by Jack Green; clapping twirler and tuba player by Claudia Fink; horn players by Neil Fike.







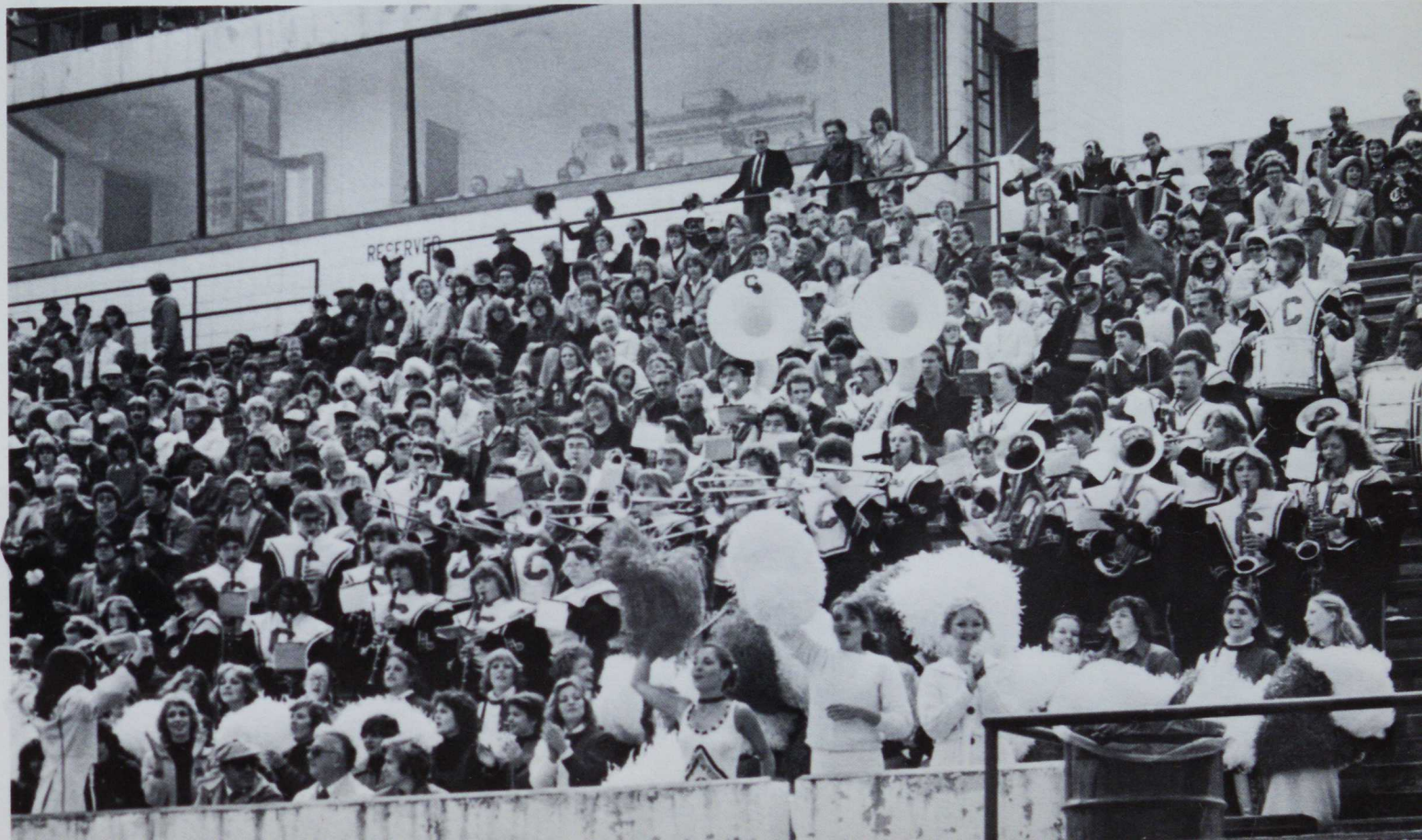
By the time you read this book Leonard Colelli will be gone; you have been looking at pictures of his legacy.

But as Colelli himself said repeatedly, he was not the true maker of the band — these young men and women were.

And most of them remain.

For CSC's band to continue, more is required than an administrative declaration that a band is wanted. Only hard work — as Colelli knew — turns want into have.

PHOTO CREDITS Page 94: flags resting by Mike Genevro; pom-pom girls and banner by Neil Fike; marching pom-pom girls by James Bindas; pom-pom girls at fence by Jack Green. Page 95: both horn players by Claudia Fink; band in stands by Neil Fike.





Some Other Music

The band, while remarkable in its resurrection, is not CSC's sole music-making body. Another happy return was made by the Men's Glee Club (see page 25), and special occasions were brightened as ever by the California Chorale and the CSC Choir (above). A relatively recent addition to the college music scene is the Young and Gifted Gospel Choir (below), a lively ensemble of mixed voices that performs on campus and in local churches.



Claudia Fink



Philip Y. Chang



Dr. Ralph Garofalo

Departures

On August 17, 1981, prominent physician Dr. Ralph Garofalo, college trustee and former president of the CSC board for whom the Health Center is named, died. Philip Y. Chang, associate professor of biology, who taught at CSC since 1966, died on March 10, 1982.

In addition to the faculty pictured to the right, left and below, this year saw the retirement of Robert Craig, Joan Glasgow, Ivan Guesman, Schuyler Marshall, Anthony J. Mattee and Albert Murden.



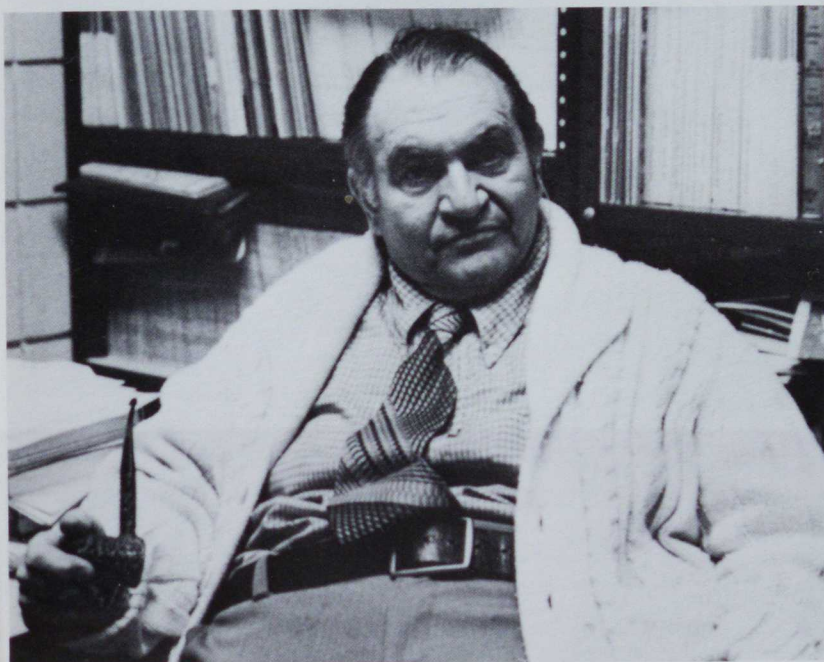
Hena Gonzalez



John Pushkarsh



William Dovenspike



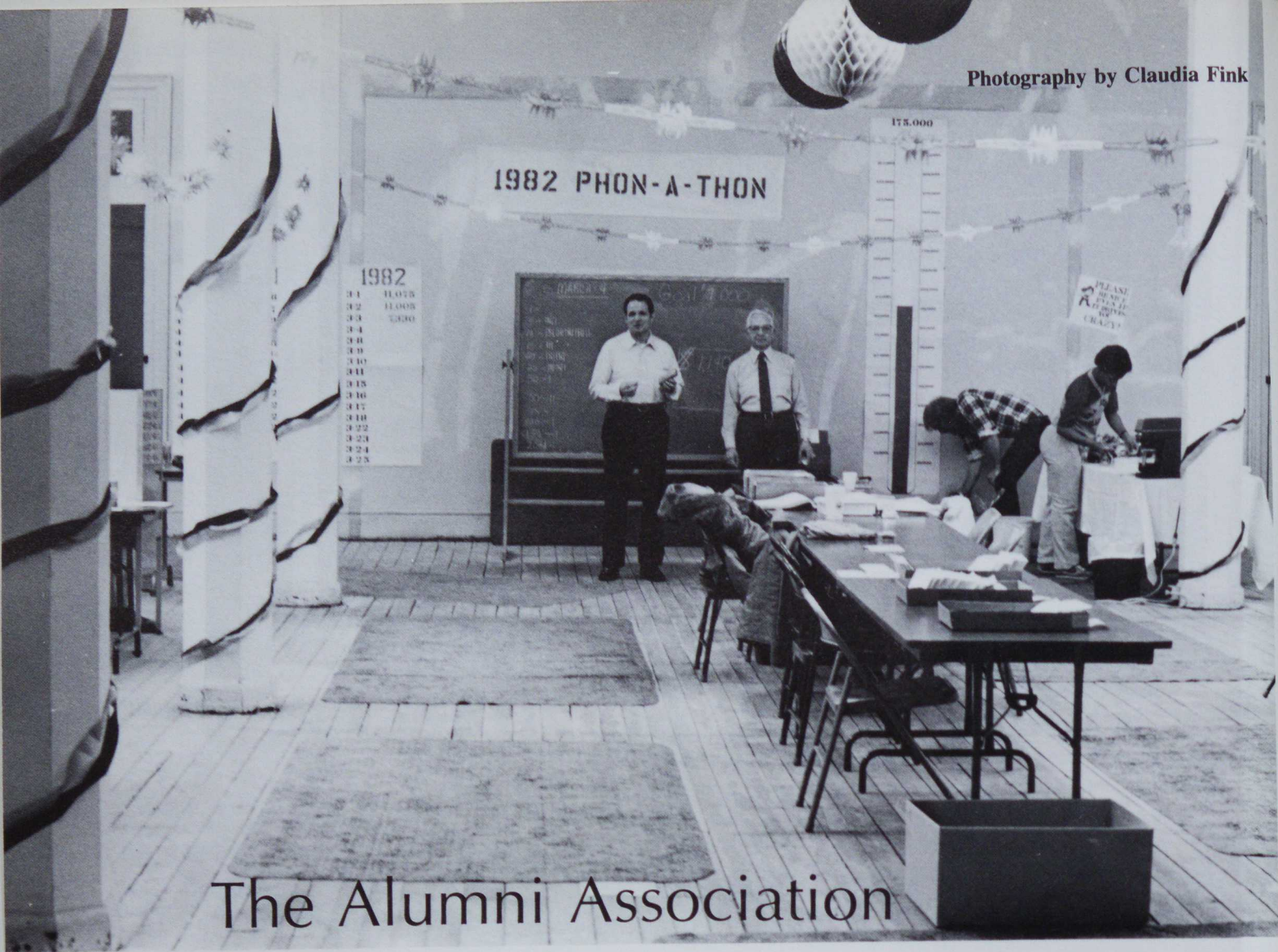
Above: Harold Pash



Ralph Charney



Right: Curtis Kerns



The Alumni Association

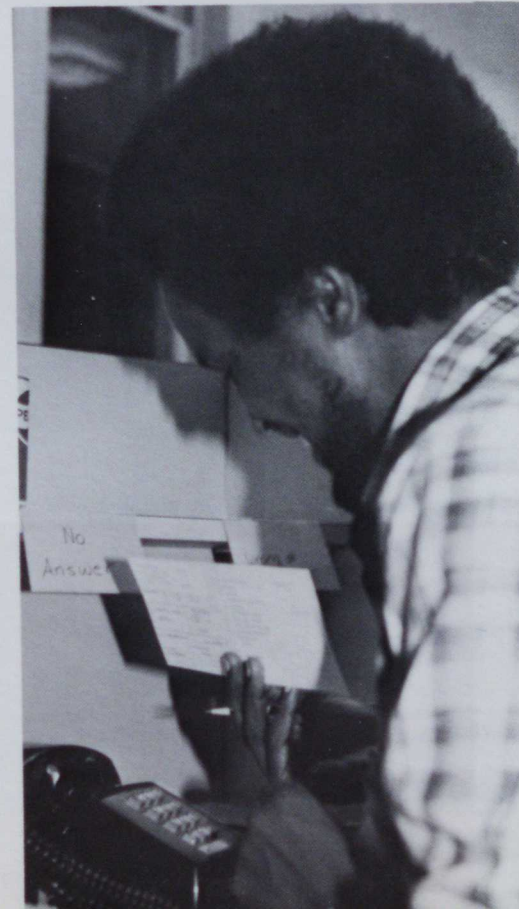
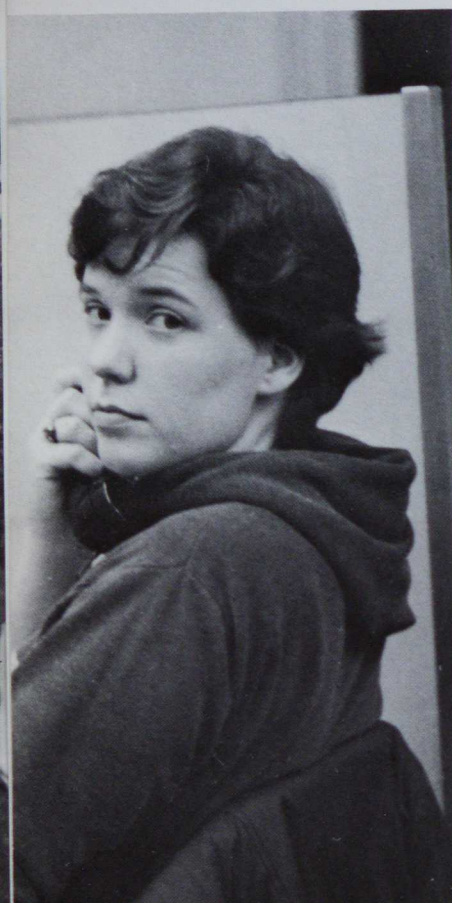
Every year the Alumni Association takes upon itself the job of raising money for the college. At a time when reduced budgets are as much a cliché as the Pac-Man logo, this chore takes on an ever-increasing importance.

CSC's Phon-a-thons have always been remarkably successful in eliciting funds from alumni; this year's — despite the fact that the nation at large and southwestern Pennsylvania especially are mired in a recession — outstripped all previous giving campaigns, raising a record sum.

Perhaps the most gratifying feature of this frenetic month is that it is a genuinely community activity. Faculty (active and retired), administrators, students, staff and local folks pitch in to meet the goal.

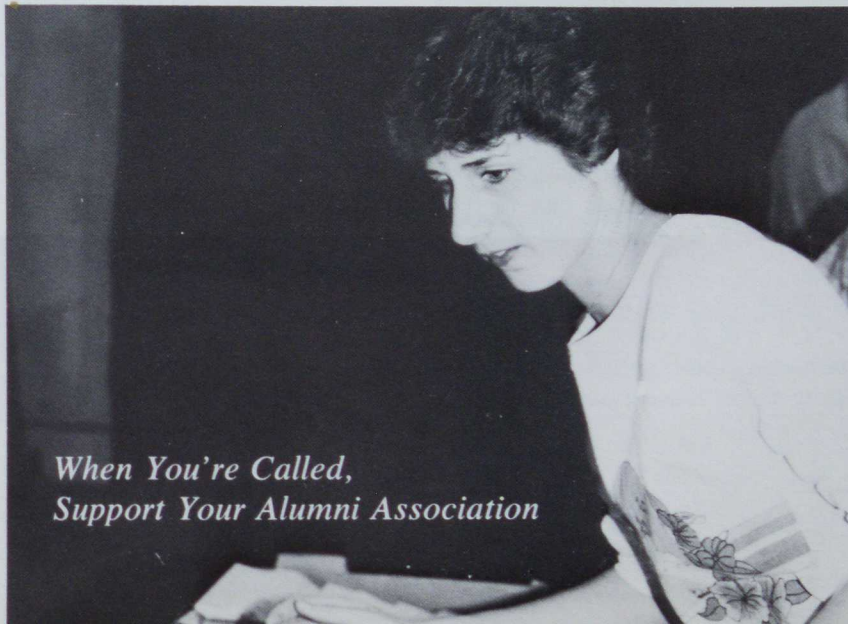
In spite of what you might imagine (few things would seem to be more unnerving than telephoning strangers to beg for money), the participants truly enjoy themselves, some even volunteering their vacation time.

The pictures on these pages show a typical night during the spring campaign. Above, Elmo Natali and Dr. Stephen Pavlak chalk up an evening's contributions; Yousseff Mohammed prepares to make a call; and a student volunteer waits for an answer.





Clockwise from left: Shirley Little marks down a contribution; Rose Pavlak at the end of a fruitful evening; Mary Gallicchio chats with an alum; Alumni Director Dale Koch takes another stack of pledge cards; Marian Rice looks over piles of cards; Nancy Sakatch and Cleo Boyle keep everything in order.



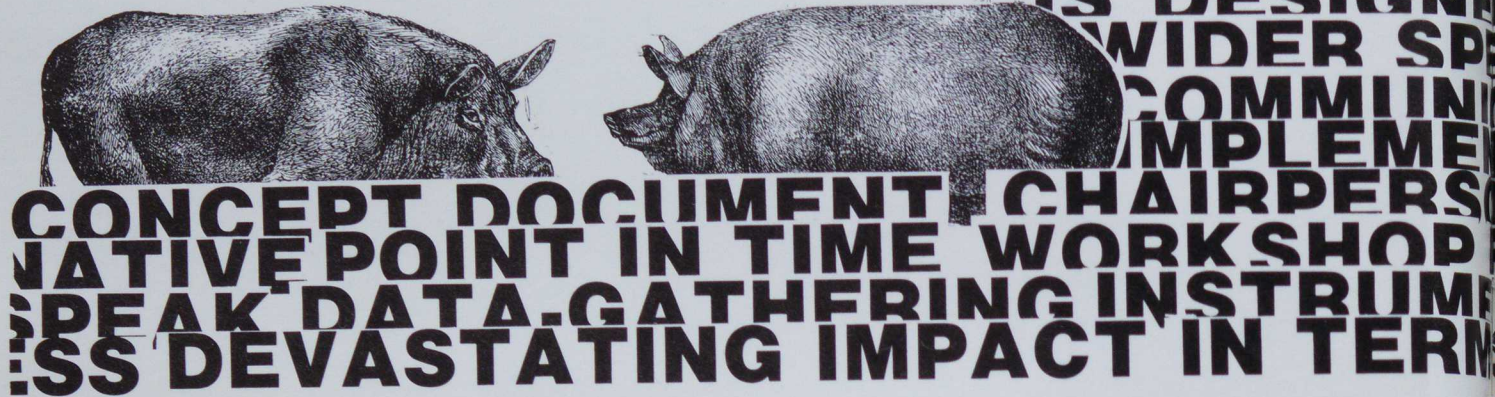
*When You're Called,
Support Your Alumni Association*



The Purloined* Handbook

by Connie MackRea, the Grammarian

Illustration by Duke Jupiter



The Grammarian, written by the English Department's Connie MackRea, is the Times' oldest and (why tell lies?) least popular column. Large numbers of people profess not to understand it; those who do are usually its targets and thus have little fondness for it. In light of the confusion and anger the Grammarian generates, we think it appropriate to remind you that the now-classic Krazy Kat once had only one fan: publisher William Randolph Hearst.

Last week an Edu student received asylum in the world of Orwells. He brought out of Eduland the only free world copy of a super secret book.

Snatched from a yellow file cabinet in a brown-carpeted office with a metal desk atop which sat a picture of the Edu's nuclear family (his second wife and her three children), a pen (ballpoint) and pencil set, Bloom's *Taxonomy* (worn thin), Magill's *Quotations* (much pencilled), and Webster's *Collegiate Dictionary* (mint) was a filigreed velour book with gold caps — *Handbook of Cognitive Discovery Instrument Construction (How to Make Tests)*.

Peter R. Burzynski (perhaps a pseudonym) was the author. Burzynski will now pass into the list of eponymic** infamy along with Quisling, Sandwich, and Shrapnel.

I have time to quote only from chapter one: "How to Compose a Test and Decompose Students (Or: Getting Back at Those Rotten Kids)."

The major purpose in preparing and giving tests is to effect a clear differentiation between the teacher and the student. Without the use of tests, only very subtle differences exist between the two (for example, one group is far better dressed, more affluent, and more knowledgeable than the other; on the other hand, teachers are usually more skilled speakers). Several methods of constructing tests can provide teachers with a means by which to further differentiate themselves from students.

Three of the most common forms of tests are the multiple-choice test, the true-false test, and the essay test. With this arsenal, the teacher has potent weapons to use on the educational battlefield, and clever use of these weapons can lead

the teacher to an easy victory.

1. The Multiple-Choice Test

The purpose of this form of test is to obscure the correct answer. A helpful introduction to these items is the following general direction:

All of the following answers are correct, but some are more correct than others. Choose the one best answer.

Here is a sample that might follow those general directions:

13. Who was the first president of the United States?

- a. G. Washington
- b. George Washington
- c. Washington
- d. President Washington

By adding a few distractors, the teacher can further disconcert the student.

26. In what year did Columbus discover America?

- a. 1492
- b. Historians have determined that our calendar was incorrect and the year was actually 1495.
- c. Leif Erikson actually discovered America in 984 A.D.
- d. One of Columbus's men actually discovered America first, since he was in the crow's nest of the ship.
- e. Columbus discovered St. Christobal in the Caribbeans in 1492 and set foot in America in the winter of 1493.

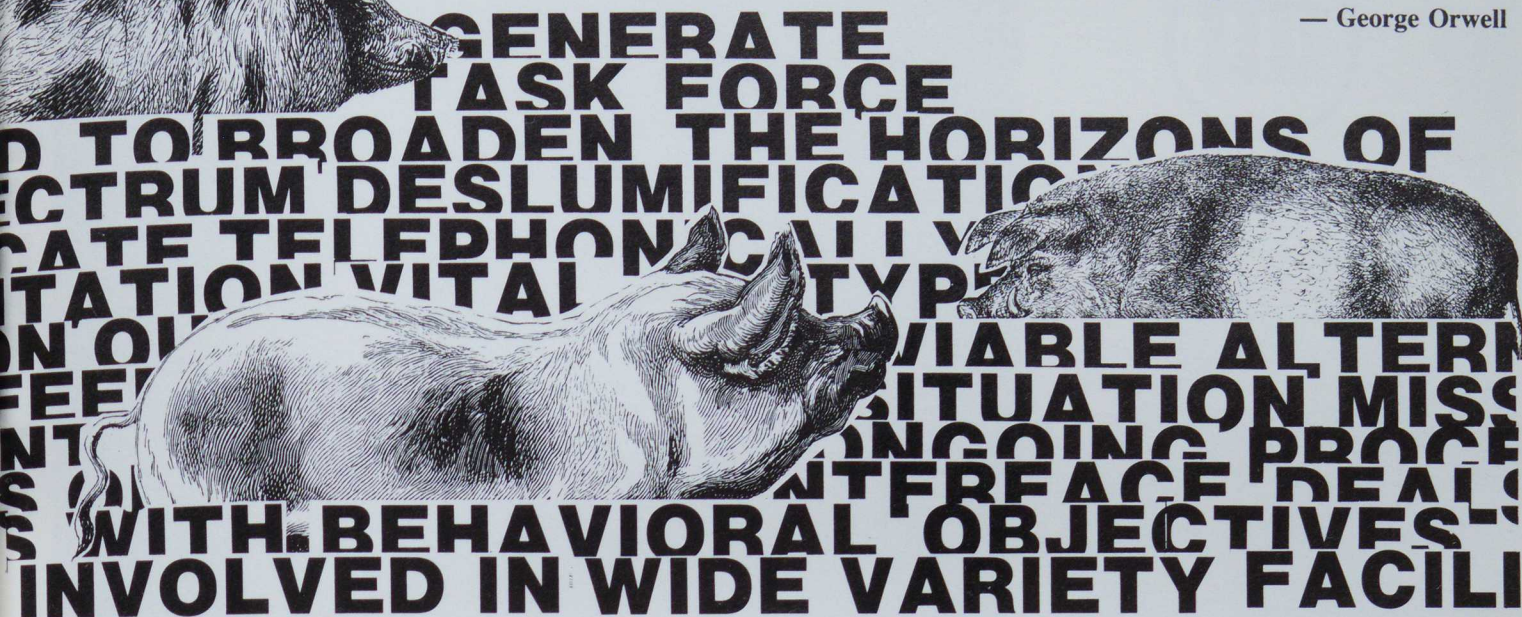
Humor is vital at times, enabling the teacher to enjoy both writing the question and watching the students groan as they read it.

14. Rene Descartes is famous for one important quotation. What is it?

- a. Dubito ergo sum (I doubt, therefore I am).

A man may take to drink because he feels himself to be a failure, and then fail all the more completely because he drinks. It is rather the same thing that is happening to the English language. It becomes ugly and inaccurate because our thoughts are foolish, but the slovenliness of our language makes it easier for us to have foolish thoughts.

— George Orwell



- b. Magna cum laude (I'm so smart, I make myself sick).
- c. Sylvestrio et tweetypium (I tawt I taw a puddy tat).
- d. Sigma pi epsilon (Let's get drunk).
- e. Rho rho rho (your boat, gently down the stream).

II. True-False Tests

The primary purpose in giving true-false tests is to demonstrate to the student that nothing in this world is either true or false. To accomplish this purpose, the teacher can compose a sentence that is only partly a declarative true-false statement.

12. James Watt invented the steam engine, or was it Robert Fulton?

Malapropisms are recommended:

29. The vacuum is an empty space in Rome where the Pope lives.

Adding a few selected modifiers to any statement complicates the task for the student:

44. Almost all people with a few exceptions experience severe headaches (unless aspirin is taken at the onset), for at least 1-100 minutes, or, at least, a measure of tension (often indistinguishable from normal activities).

III. The Essay Test (The escaped student said he had never heard of an essay test. In Eduland these tests must be used for over-kill should a student show signs of an ability to read and write.)

The magic touchstone of the teacher's test battery is found in the essay test. Since grading the answer can be extremely subjective, the writing of the questions can be haphazard. However, to further frustrate the student the teacher can take great care in creating unusually diabolical questions. A simple question can often be made interestingly complex

with the inclusion of format requirements:

Essay Question 2

Name the four seasons of the year; tell how they differ. (Your answer must be no less than 3,500 words long, in a narrative style similar to Geoffrey Chaucer's in the *Canterbury Tales*. Include the perspective of people living in Tibet, Pago Pago, and Atlantis. Extra credit will be given to those who include the fifth season. Be brief.)

Any teacher should be able to concoct at least one terrifyingly impossible question:

Essay Question 7

Compare the imagery of the book *Car Care Made Easy* with the rhythmic balance found in Grieg's *Peer Gynt Suite*.

Finally, requesting personal opinions can be a very subtle way of upsetting the sensibilities of students:

Essay Question 9

"Sex is dirty" is a well-known fact. From your own experiences, agree or disagree with this statement; give names, dates and places.

IV. Questionnaire as Test (This part of the chapter has been cut out, perhaps by the Grand Censor of Eduland. Apparently, field testing was disastrous; many students and a few teachers died on the spot after reading no more than three items.)

A minimally competent Christmas to all.

*Purloin: to steal; filch.

**Eponymous words: "words that entered the language as the names of people with whom things or practices they stand for were associated."

— TIMES 12/18/81

ROTC



ROUNDUP

Another long-running column, ROTC ROUNDUP, offers information and commentary about the ROTC program at CSC. Among this year's features were a profile of cadet Lori Sorrels (below) and a photographic study of rappelling. The energetic cadets on the next page were photographed especially for YESTERDAYS PAPERS.



Mike Genevro



Donna Horner

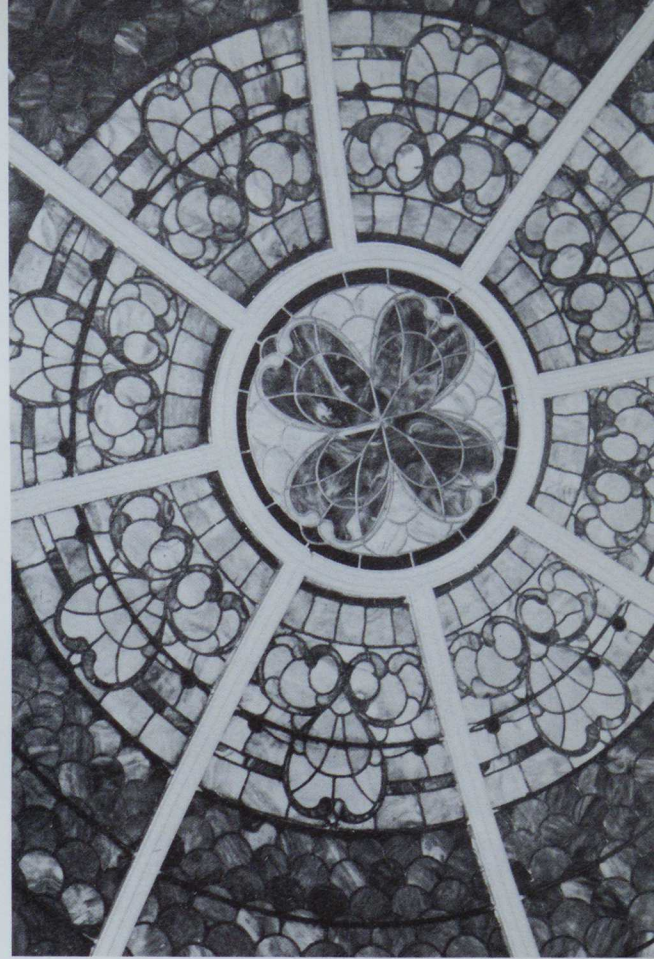


Claudia Fink

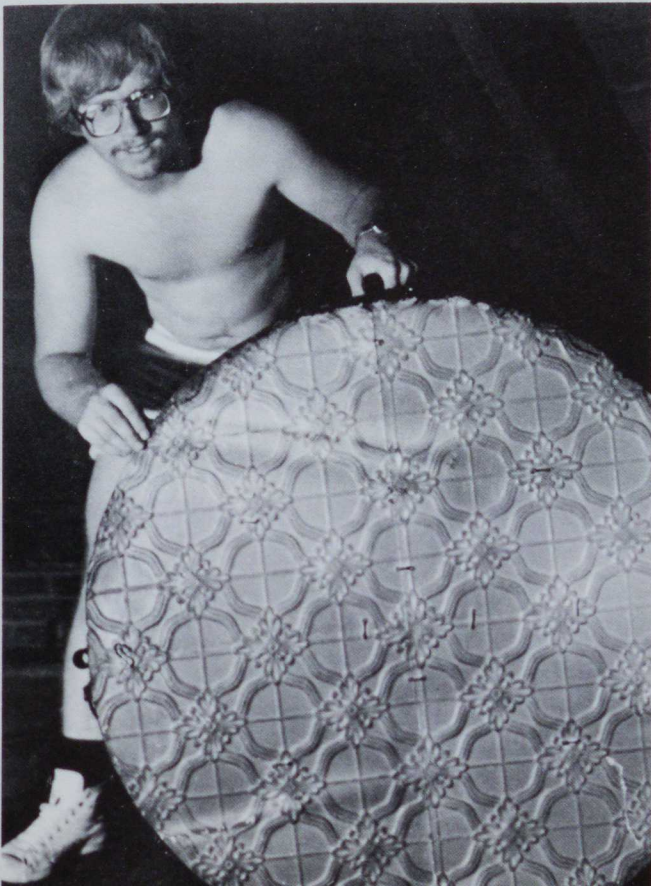


Riddles and Restoration The 1979 discovery of a violet and green stained glass dome hidden in the ceiling of the old Library Annex led to the uncovering of the college's only antique glasswork — and to the opening of a bag of riddles: How long had the dome been covered? Why? How could it have been forgotten? When was it built? By whom? How had it been lit? Had it once been exposed to the elements? Bit by bit the answers came to light, but one stubborn question remained: had the dome always been, as it is now, roofed over and lit artificially from behind? Research by Claudia Fink turned up photographic and written evidence that in fact the dome had originally been sheltered by a greenhouse-like metal and glass roof. Ironically, one of Fink's five photographs had been published in Dr. Regis Serinko's 1975 **California State College**; however, the dome clearly visible in the original photograph (above) was partially cropped and badly darkened in the printed version. The detail below is from a photograph of the northwestern corner of campus, circa 1938.





Clockwise from above: CETA worker Mark Miller knocks old plaster from the library walls. A detail of the stained glass dome, cleaned and fitted out with a new center rondel. A spotlight behind the dome illustrates its decrepit condition before restoration. CETA worker Glenn Givens displays the metal rondel — more than likely an original part of the dome — found in the attic above it. Photography by Claudia Fink.





Claudia Fink

Again ironically, the photograph from which the much-enlarged detail on page 104 appeared in an earlier *California Review* article on Old Science. It was her examination of that print which led Fink to the Archives to ascertain that the greenhouse she had seen in the *Review* picture was no illusion. Her tale about the Annex's history was published in the September 1981 *Review* as the first of several essays about that building's restoration.

The picture above shows the main reading room of the Annex as it looked in 1928. On the left is the dome room as it looks in 1982, its restoration nearly complete. Below, two college employees strip years' worth of paint from one of the library doors.

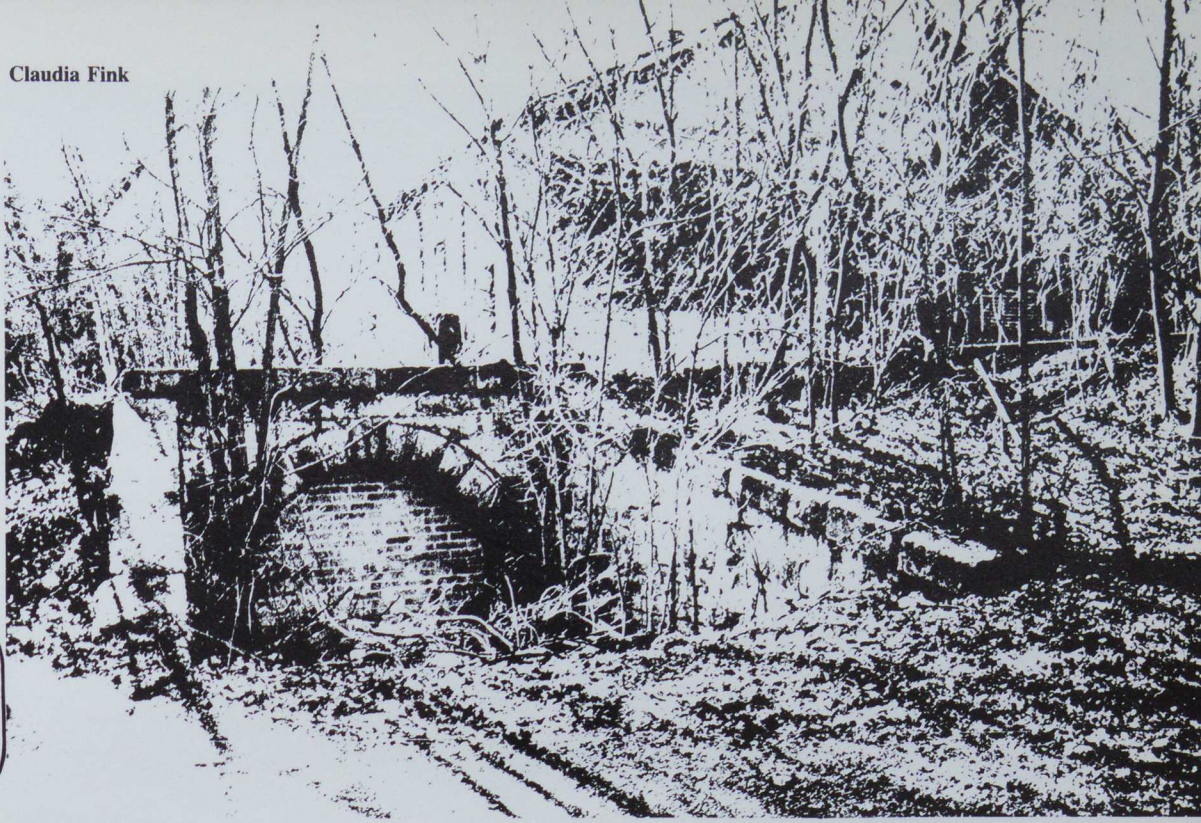


James Bindas

Claudia Fink



Bruce L. Weston
1982 Patron



Southwestern Pennsylvania

Southwestern Pennsylvania, a Museum of Southwestern Pennsylvania publication, premiered in August 1981 with an issue devoted to old times in Daisytown. The magazine included period photographs, interviews with residents like Mary Piciacchia (below) and Helen Krilosky — her account of the 1935 Daisytown flood follows — and artists Alex Krill (above) and Frank Melega (right).

We were eating supper and there was this big cloudburst. After it stopped we went over to the movie house in Walkertown. While we were watching they stopped the movie and told us to go home because the creek was rising.

I made it home all right, but in some places the water was waist high.

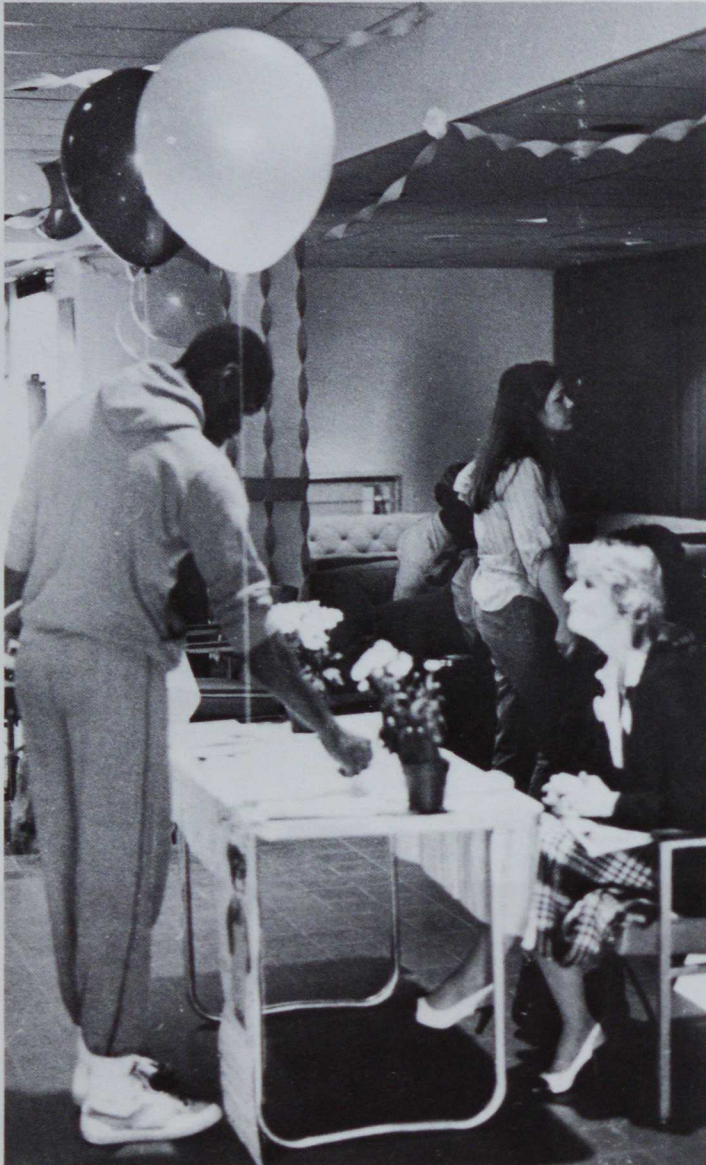
It was a terrible flood. It took out a whole row of houses across from St. Mary's. George Krilosky found out it was a flood when the water came up to his hand when he was sleeping on the living room couch. I married him the next year.



Bruce Weston

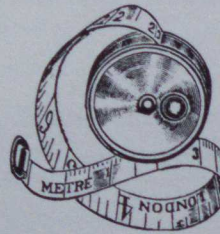


Some Spring Events



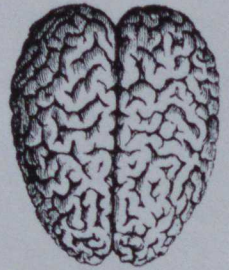
Students and faculty lined up for a special meal at May's International Day Banquet, an annual event sponsored by CSC's International Club. Dr. Donald Lux of Ohio State University was one of the featured speakers at the fifteenth annual Industrial Arts Spring Conference in April; also highlighting the conference were guided tours of IA facilities, and Herron Patio concerts by the Stage Band, Men's Glee Club and the Young and Gifted Gospel Choir. An Information Fair complete with balloons was set up in the Union lobby by the Women's Center on April 15.

1982 Patron



Robert M. Berry

1982 Patron



Dr. Gaston Lebois

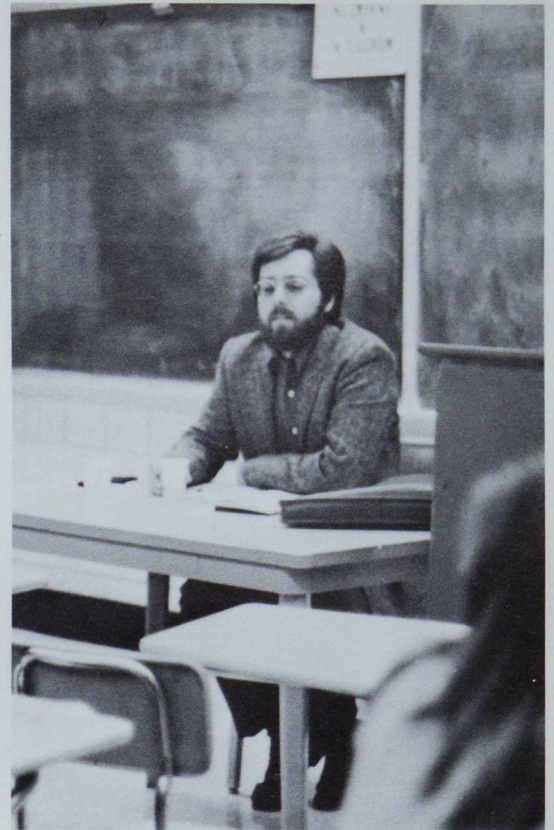
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Distinguished Folk



Leonard Siegel of the History department (shown above with one-time Nazi armaments minister Albert Speer) and Ron Hoy, Philosophy, were named Distinguished Faculty in CSC's final presentation of that award, which fell victim to — you've guessed it already — budgetary constraints. Dr. Joseph Jollick, '63 (standing, below, with lab partner Thomas E. Wagner) was part of a team of Ohio University researchers who carried out a successful gene transplant experiment; Jollick and his colleagues transferred genetic material from rabbits to mice.

938-3010
California
Third Street

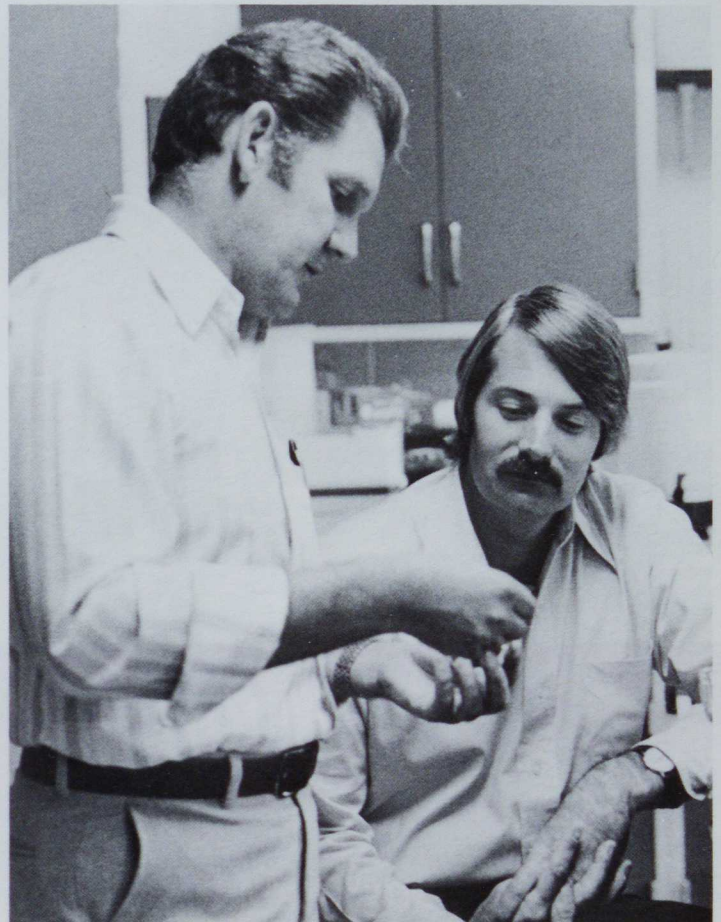


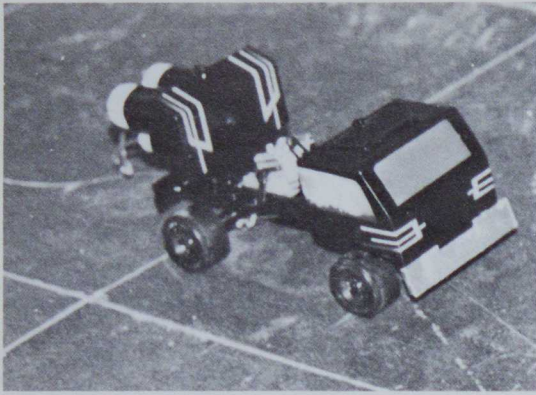
The Locker Room

Complete Line of Sporting Goods

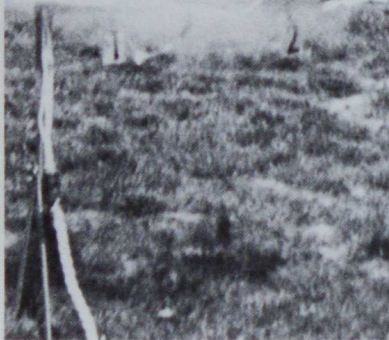
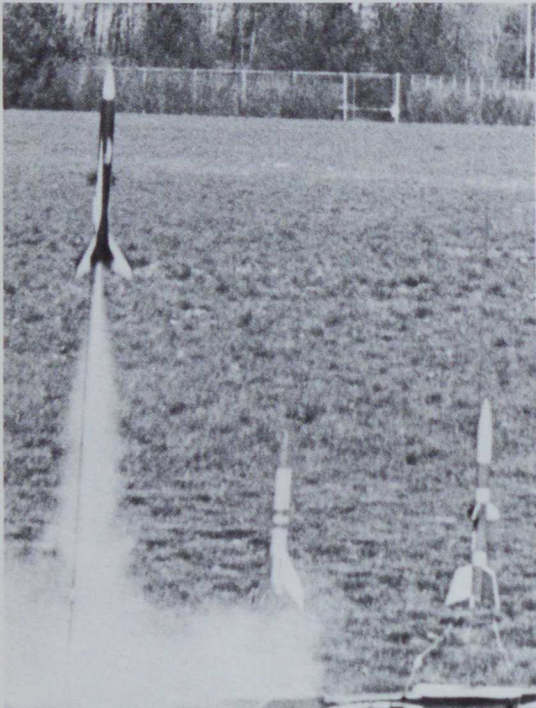


489-9211
Charleroi
Fallowfield Avenue





Claudia Fink



Mike Geneviro

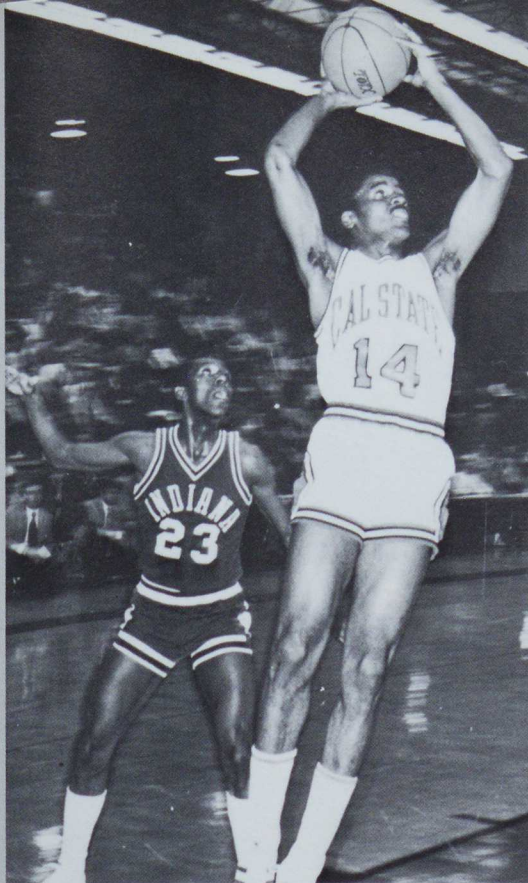


Give a Kid A Toy To Play With . . .

Claudia Fink

. . . or tell him to make one. Let him test it, and you've got yourself a popular course. Or so it seems for Richard Birch and Ronald Pecosh. Each semester, Birch's Fundamentals of Metalworking class builds CO2 racers from scrap metals and, on the last day of class, stages The Great Race. Pecosh's Power Technology class builds the power device for rockets to launch at the College Farm. It sure takes the strain off those other tests . . .

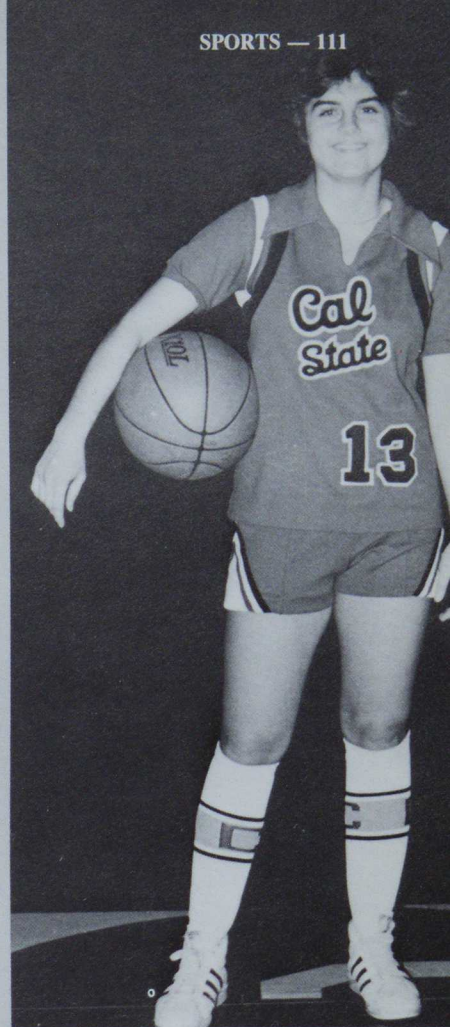




Neil Fike



Claudia Fink



Fred Kachmarik

SPORTS



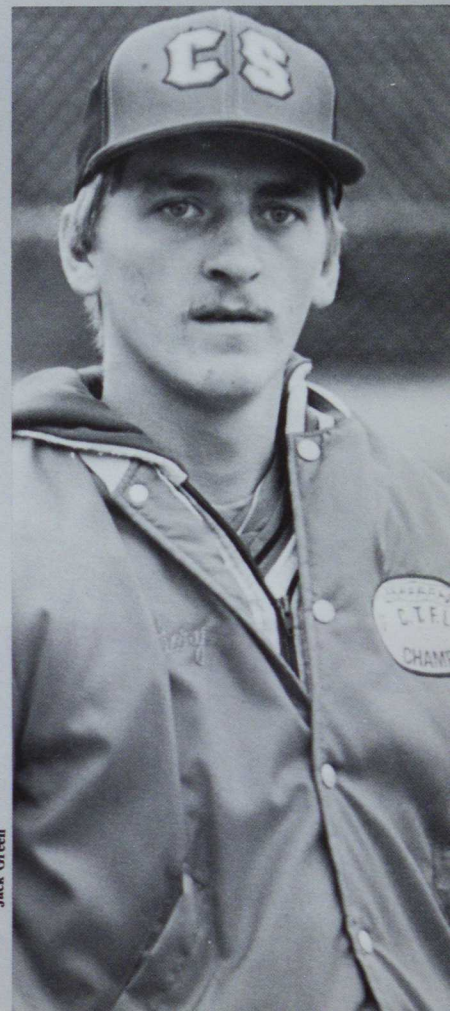
Mike Genevro



Claudia Fink



Jack Green



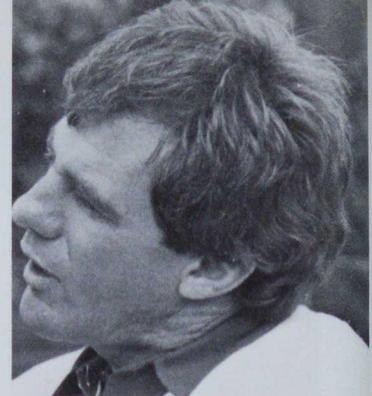
Jack Green



Mike Genevro



Football



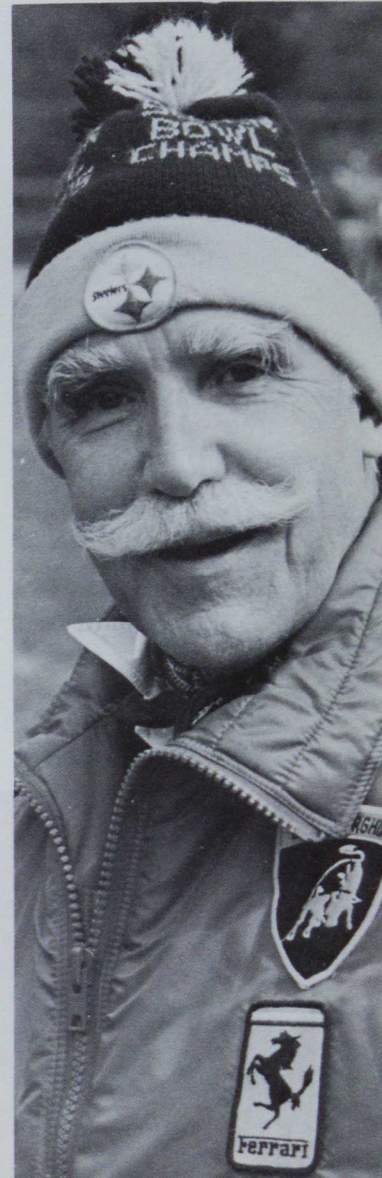
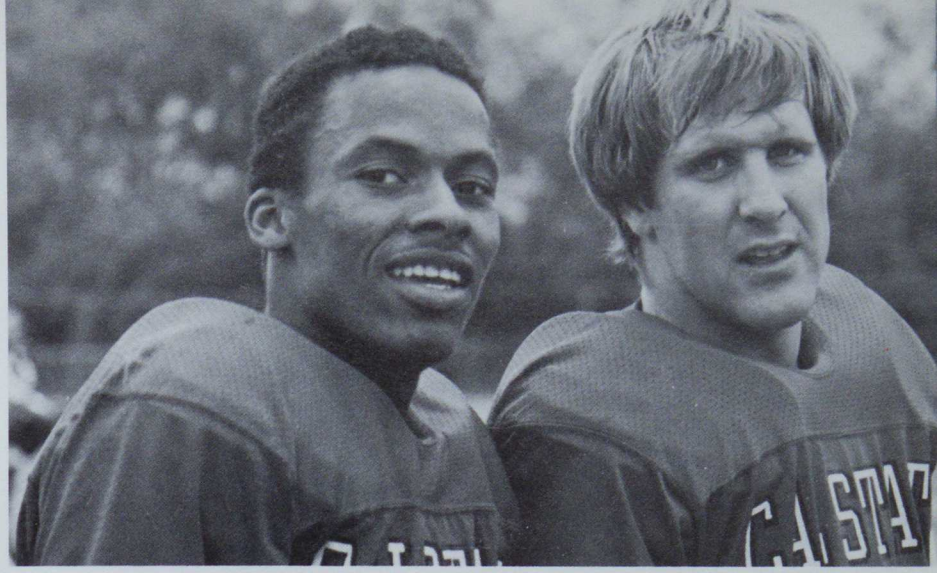
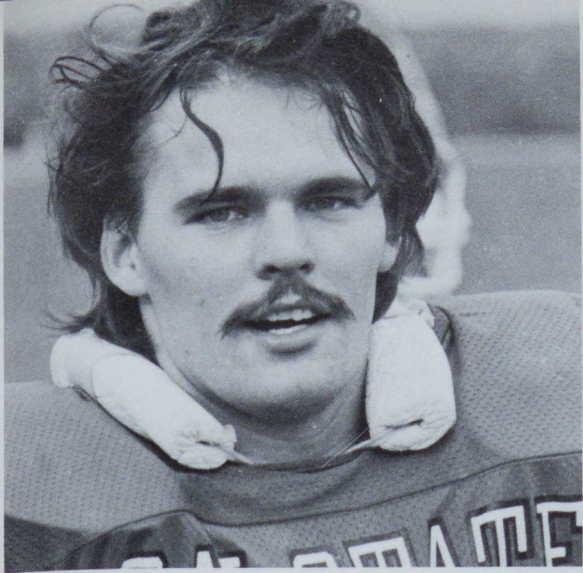
Neil Fike



Mike Kinley

Thirteen years after he was an All-American quarterback at Cal State, Jeff Petrucci returned to his alma mater charged with turning around the school's dismal football program. That he did, leading the Vulcans to their best record in 11 seasons (5-5) and second place in the Pennsylvania Conference Western Division. California lost the division title to Shippensburg by four points on the final day of the conference schedule. The 4-2 conference record in 1981 marked the first time CSC had won more than a single conference game in any season since 1970.





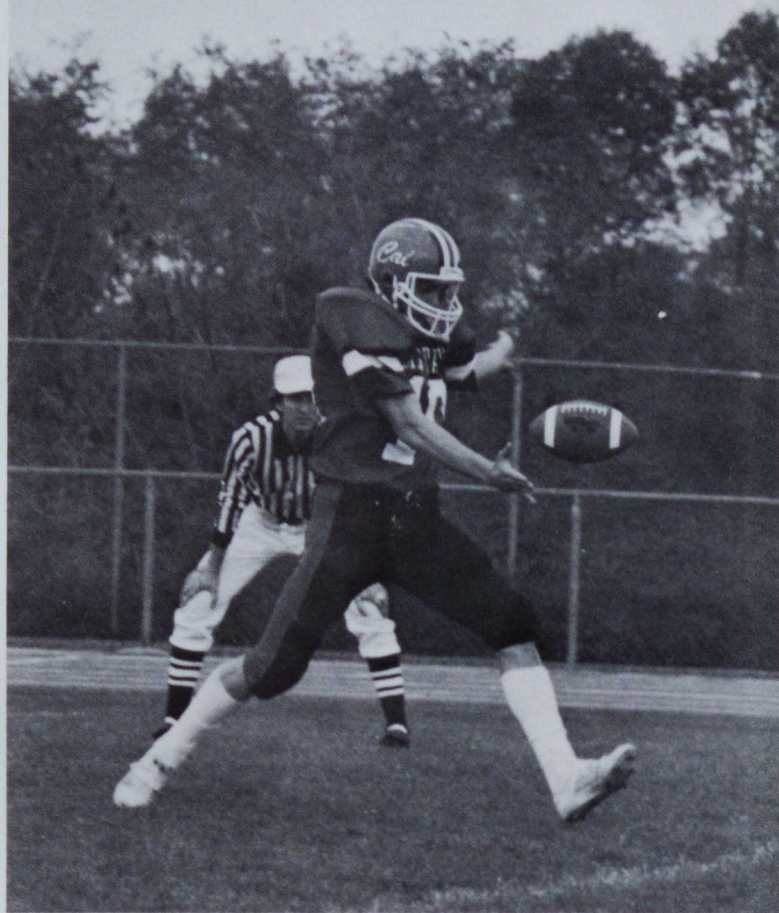
Clockwise from above: Randy Butter kicks for an extra point; All-Conference linebacker Drew Rainey; wide receiver Perry Kemp and quarterback Chuck Colborn, All-Star passing combination; Kelly Davis, wide receiver; a nattily attired team physician; the team celebrates Kemp's touchdown against Indiana.

Photos this page and uncredited photos on page 112: Jack Green





1982 Patron
Jeffrey L. Petrucci — Football Coach

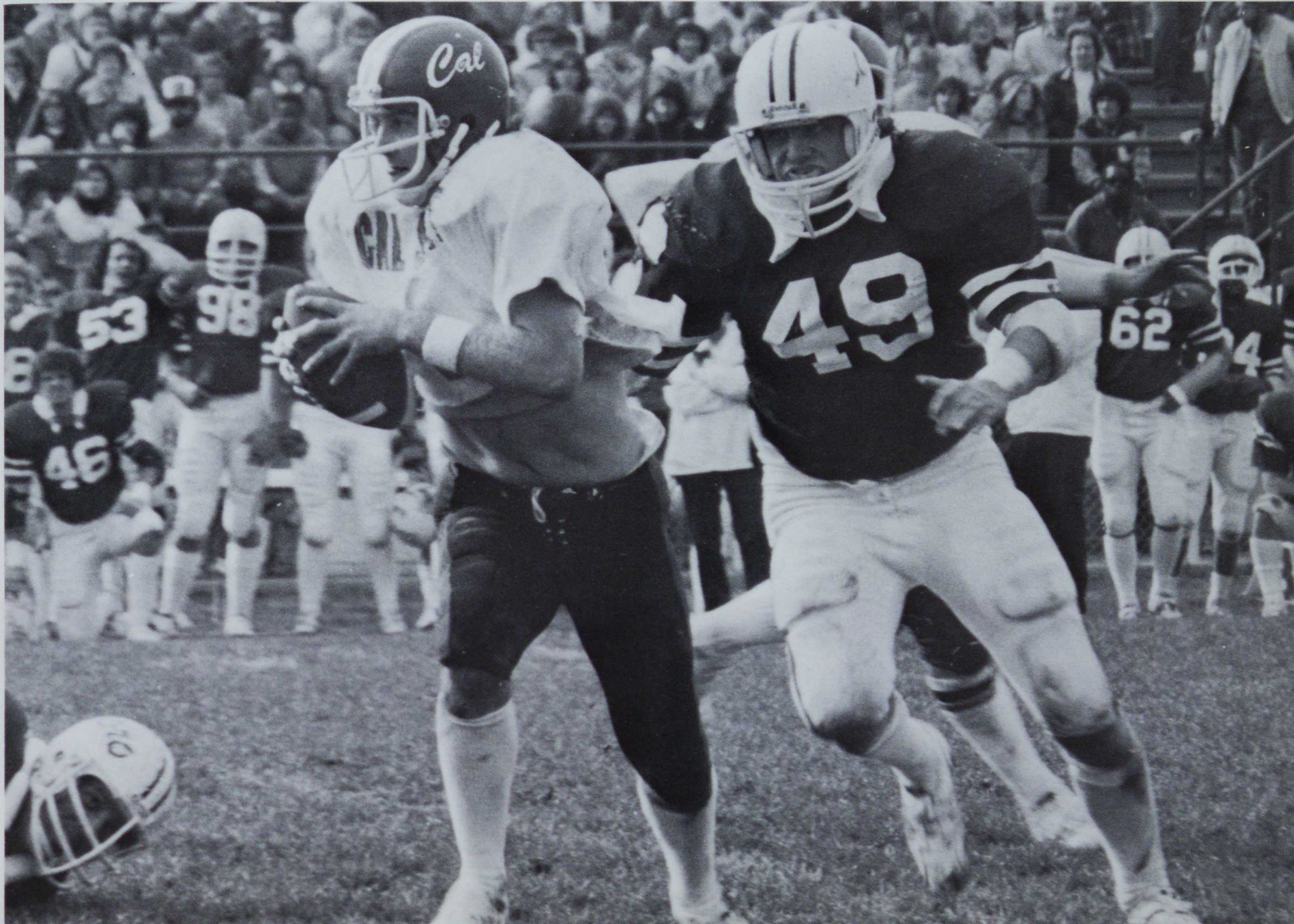


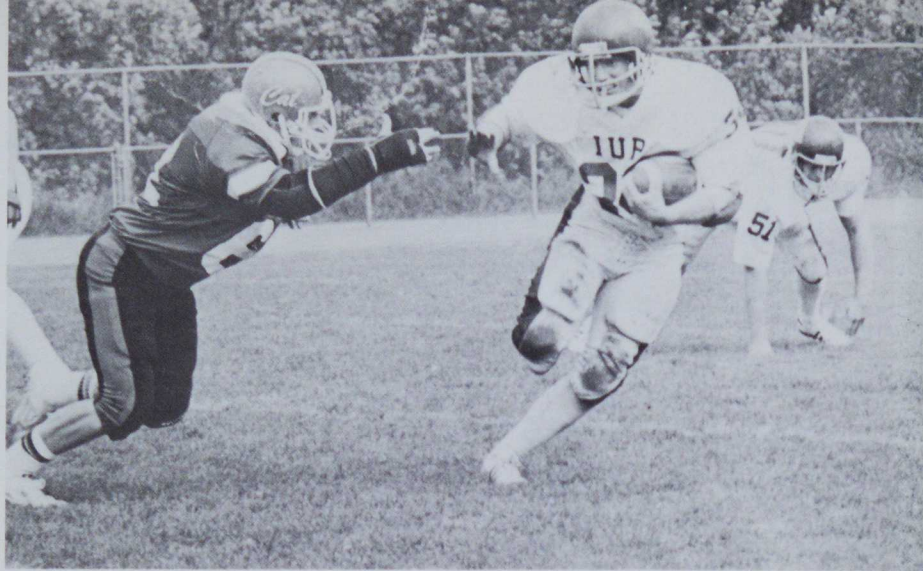
Clockwise from left: tight end Tom Ferita (Jack Green); Tom McDonough punts (Claudia Fink); defense swarms during climactic Shippensburg game (Neil Fike).



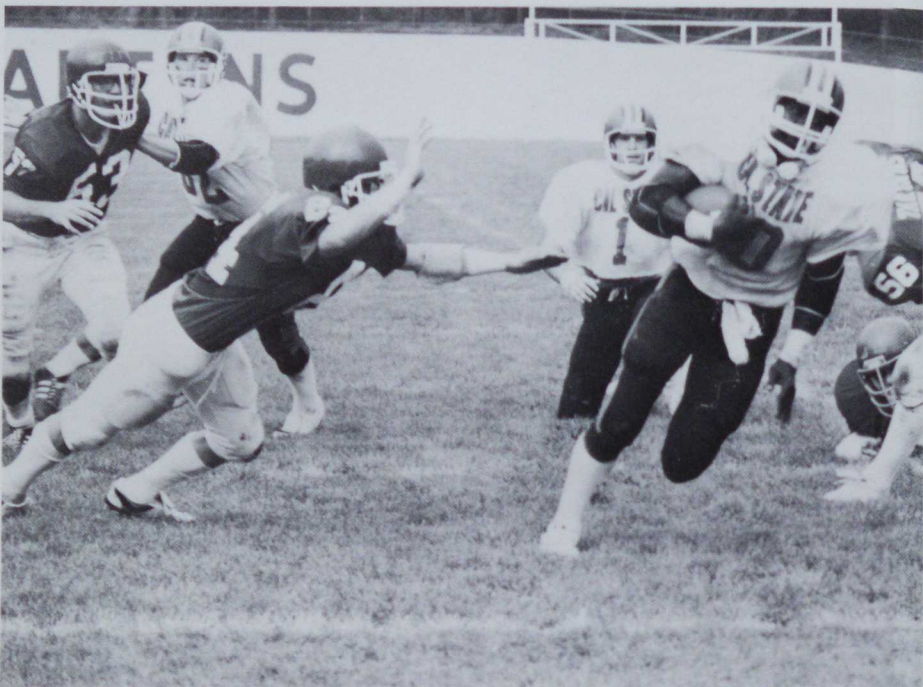


From top left: Chuck Colborn pitches out against Dayton (Jack Green); fullback Ken Adams (Jack Green); Colborn flees from grimacing Edinboro pursuer (Brad Crable).





Left, above and below: Jack Green



This page clockwise from above: Butch Ramsey, All-Conference middle guard; defenders converge in 35-16 win over Indiana; Ken Adams scores; Jim Frazier returns a punt against Shippensburg; lull during a summer scrimmage. Opposite page clockwise from top left: All-America tailback Ken Wysocki; Rob Dindak (55), Ron Dillon (42) and Larry Vokish (51) attack; Wysocki skirts end; the defense huddles; Vokish moves in to bring down a Carnegie-Mellon runner.

Jack Green

Margy Roehre





Above and below: Jack Green

Claudia Fink

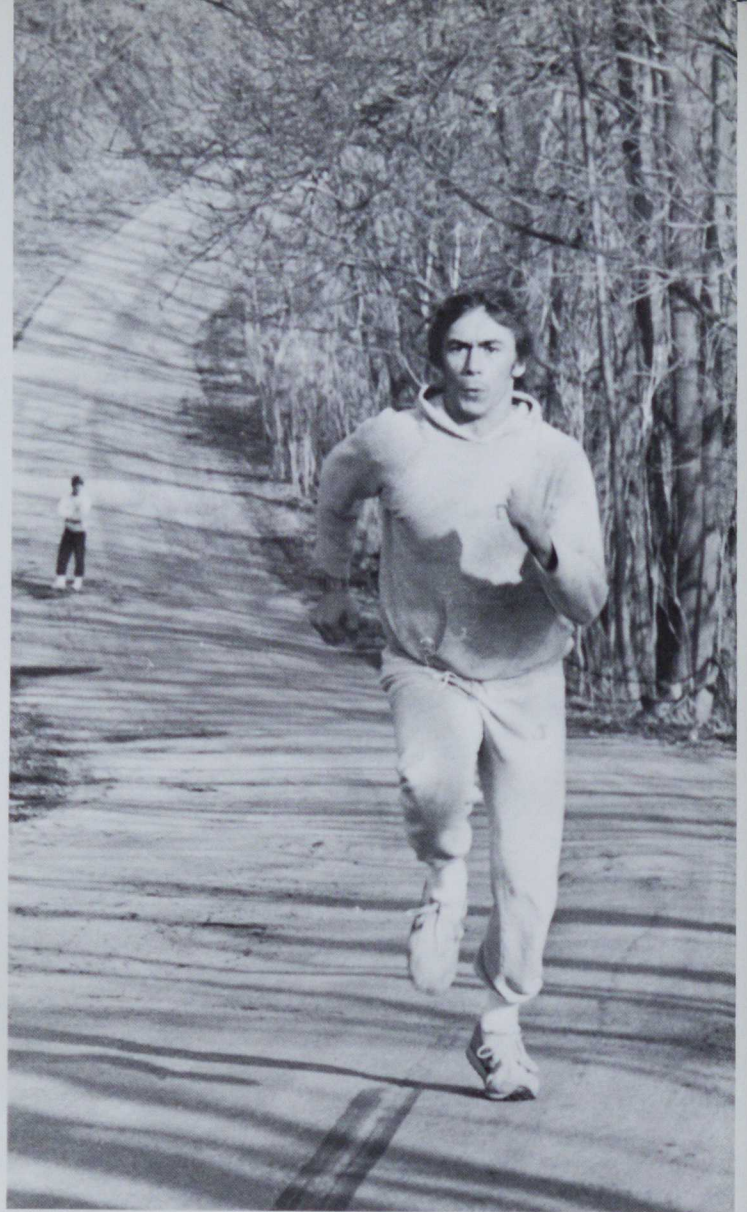


Margy Roehre

Jack Green



Track



Above and below right: Mike Genevro
 Below and above right: Nancy Cavanaugh

In 1982 Coach Marty Uher enjoyed his finest track season, with eight of his athletes — Jessica Nichols, Vi Henderson, Jenise Lockhart, Chi-Chi LeMon, Candy Worthy, Susan Cavanaugh, Brian Ferrari and Dave Hovis — qualifying for Nationals. Pictured on this page, clockwise from below: Susan Cavanaugh and Rachel Brooks set the pace in the 1,500-meter run; John Gnall relaxes after practice; Brett Robinson clears 12'6"; John Small sprints the hill.

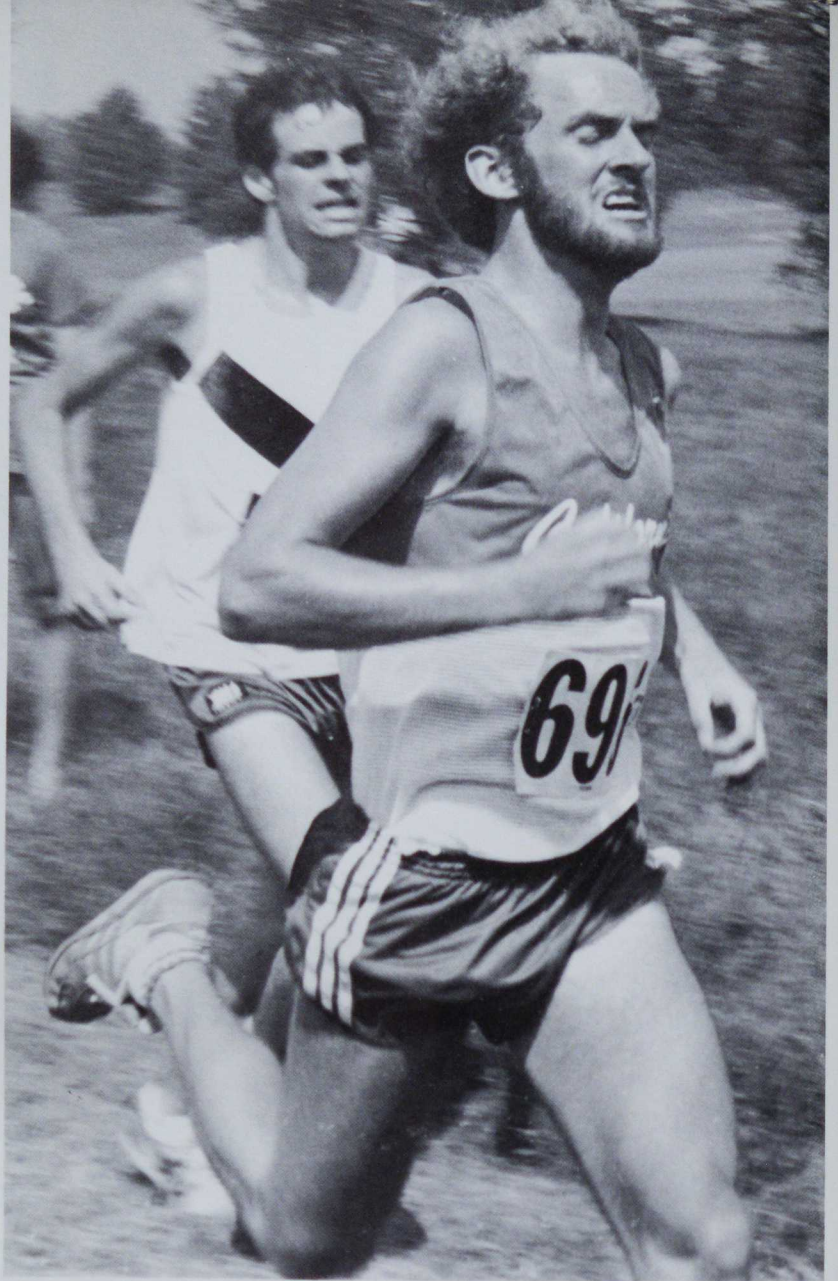




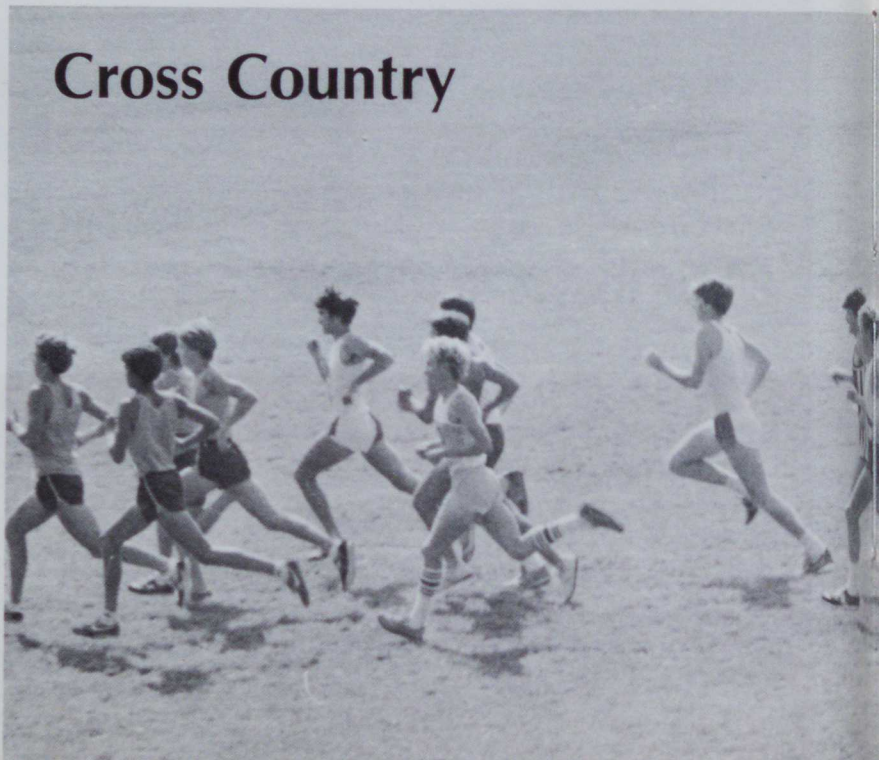
Clockwise from below: Joe Halo throws the discus; long jumper Dwayne Marshall; javelin hurlers at practice; Susan Cavanaugh runs the 1,500; Vi Henderson knocks down a hurdle — a rare accident.

Below: Nancy Cavanaugh; all others, Mike Genevro





Cross Country

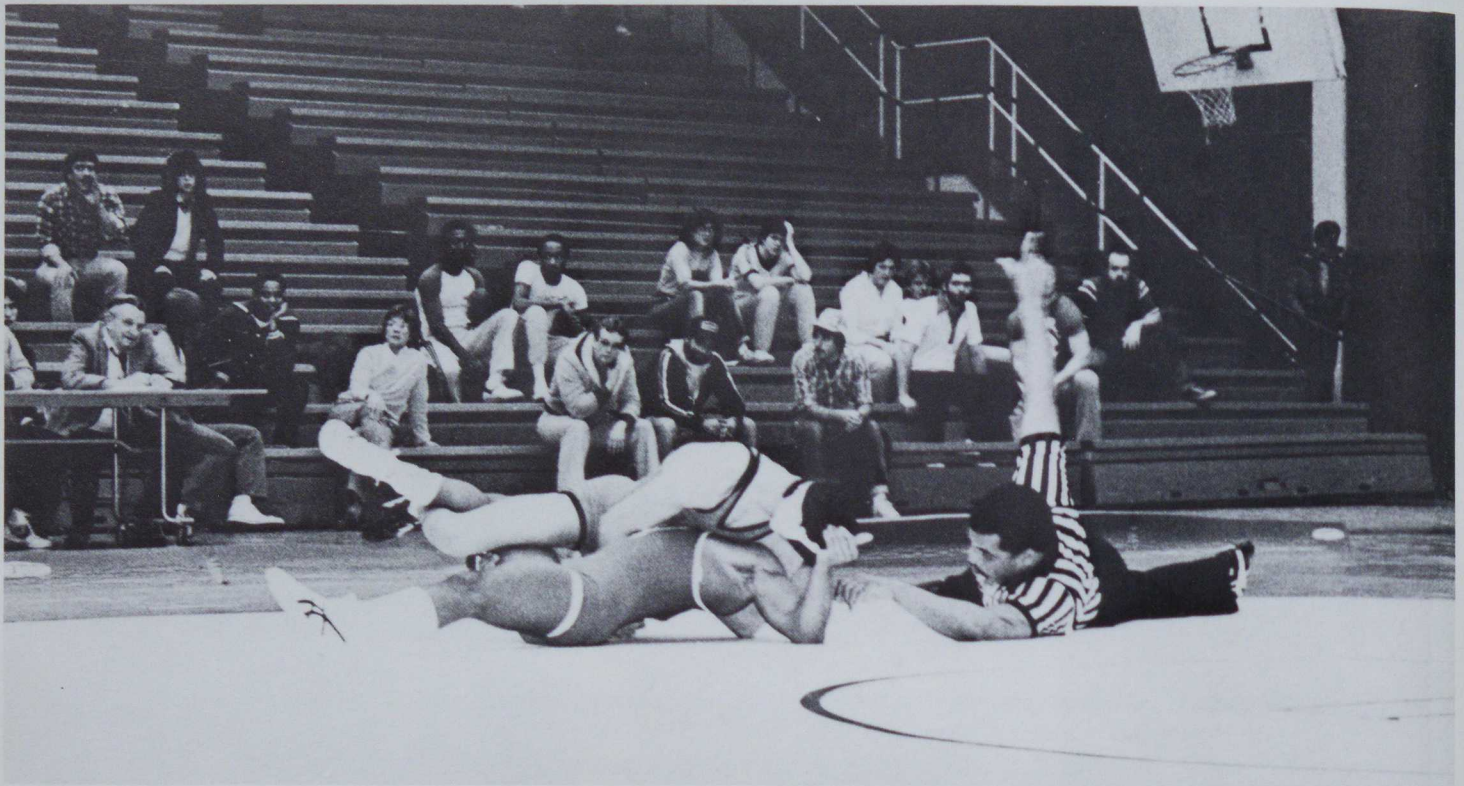




Like the track team, CSC's cross country runners turned in a commendable season. Although team victories were not numerous (in fact, the women's victory at the Glenville Invitational in September was the sole such triumph) and Brian Ferrari found himself competing in the Nationals against runners that outclassed him in age and training, individual athletes more than justified Coach Marty Uher's confidence in them. (For more on cross country superstars Ferrari, Kim Price and Gwen VanDine see pages 143-144.)

The pictures on these pages were all taken by *Times* photographer Claudia Fink at the California State Invitational on September 12, 1981, and show, clockwise from right: Chris Mitchell at any easy gait on a downhill stretch; runners still tightly bunched as the race begins; John Solomon heading for the finish line; Ralph Dravis running with the pack; a tense-fueled Al Hough struggling for position; two women covering the course while a stroller carrying a pair of running shoes seems oblivious to them.





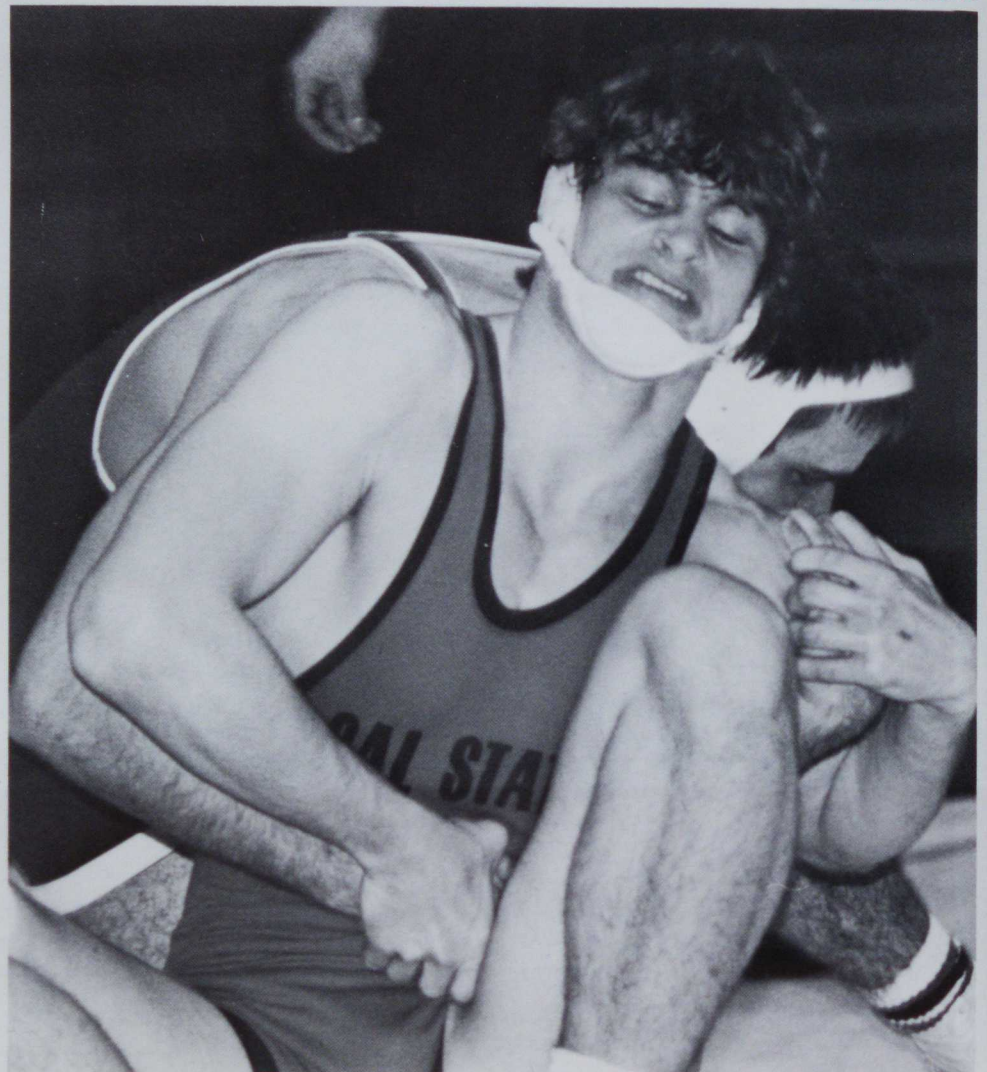
Neil Fike

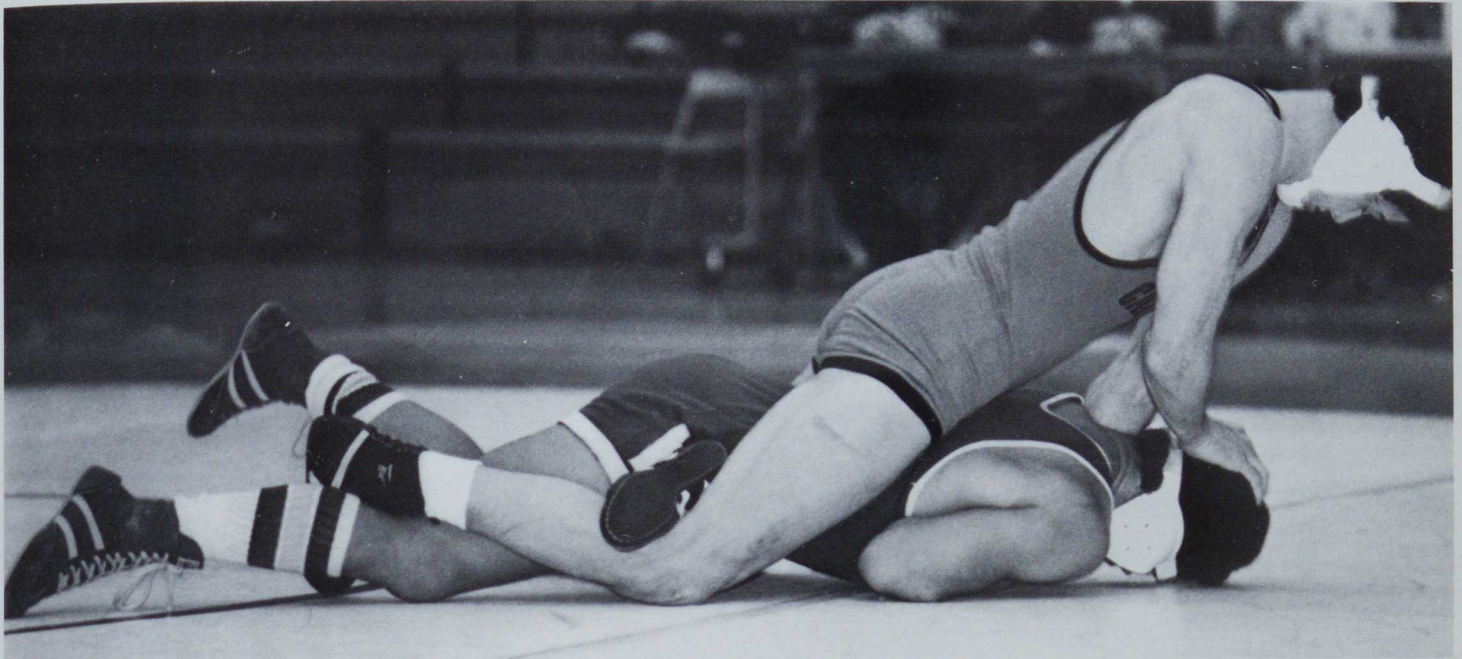
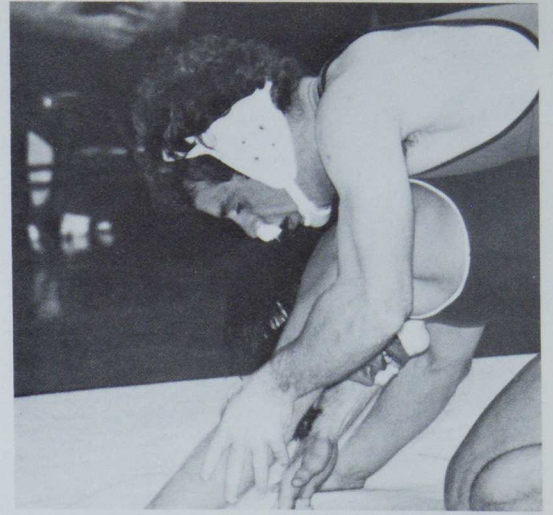
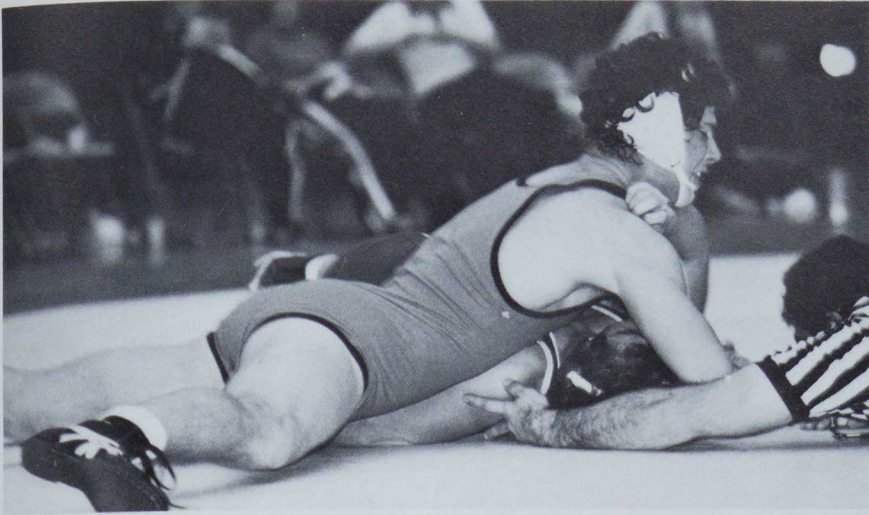
Mike Genevro

Wrestling

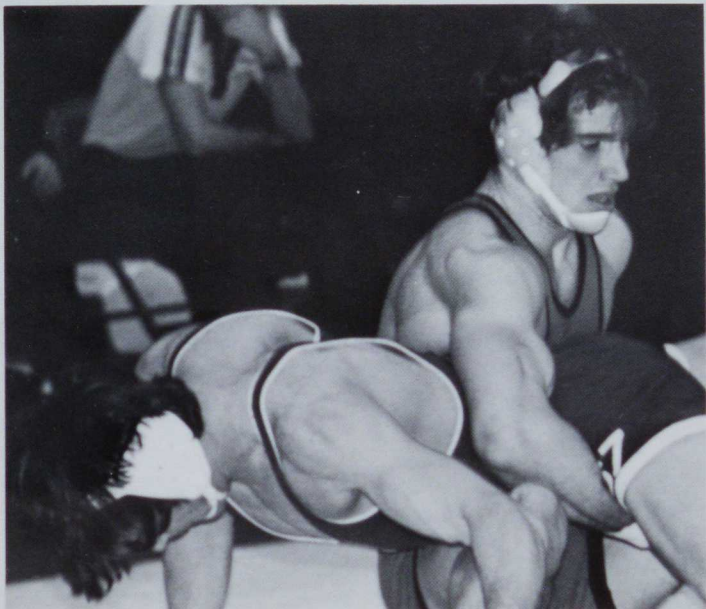
This page: Vinnie Hanlon, on his way to the Nationals in his first season, pins a Youngstown State wrestler (above); Steve Crawford (right) struggles to break a hold. Opposite, clockwise from upper left: Jim Patterson, who qualified for the Nationals as a freshman, applies pressure; Clyde Caldwell accumulates riding time; two views of Cal State working over opponents; Bill Harris, one of four CSC wrestlers to make the NCAA Division II Nationals, maintains control over struggling foe. The Vulcans finished sixth in the Pennsylvania State College Conference Meet, their best overall showing since the 1975 team placed third in the tournament. Six of seven CSC wrestlers earned medals in the meet, led by freshman Mark Stivala's third-place at 158 pounds. Hanlon (134 lbs), Harris (167), Patterson (190) and junior Dean Uschak (126) all travelled to the National meet in Kenosha, Wisconsin, the largest contingent California has ever sent to the tournament.

For more wrestling action, see the Color Gallery, page 78.



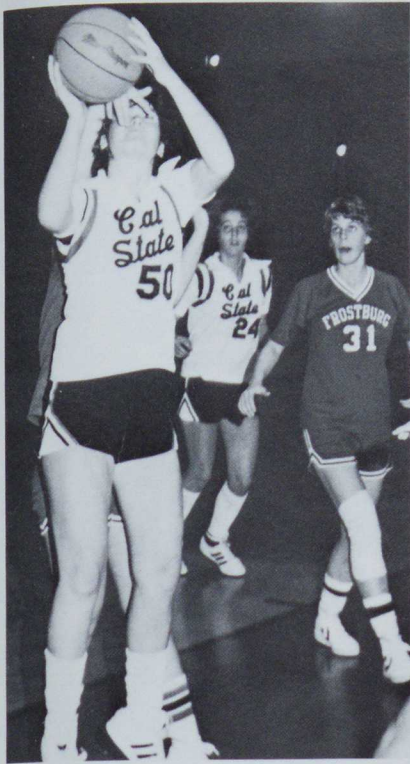


Photos this page: Mike Genevro





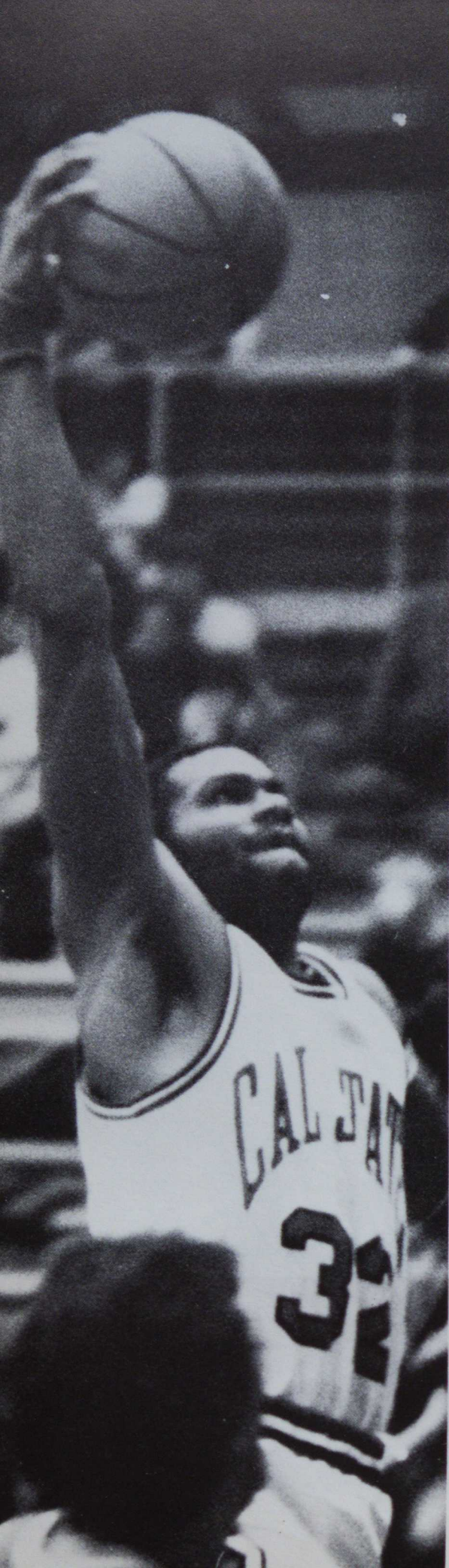
Women's Basketball



Opposite page and below: Brad Crable. Above and left: Janice McConnell. Far left: Mike Genevro.

Opposite page: senior pointguard Kathy Elias, All-Star scorer and playmaker, was one of the keys to the best season in the history of women's basketball at Cal State. This page, clockwise from top center: junior forward Lisa Scott, top scorer and Pennwood West All-Star, grabs a rebound; second-year head coach Betsy Mosher led her squad to an 18-12 regular season mark and an appearance in the AIAW Mid-Atlantic Region Tournament; freshman pivot Lisa Phenizee, who had an incredible 25 rebounds in a single game, scores against Wheeling College; senior forward Lisa Zitalone (50) and sophomore wing Sue Cavanaugh combine to wrest a rebound from a Point Park player; Zitalone, an All-East selection, powers for a bucket despite a Frostburg defender's fingers in her eye.





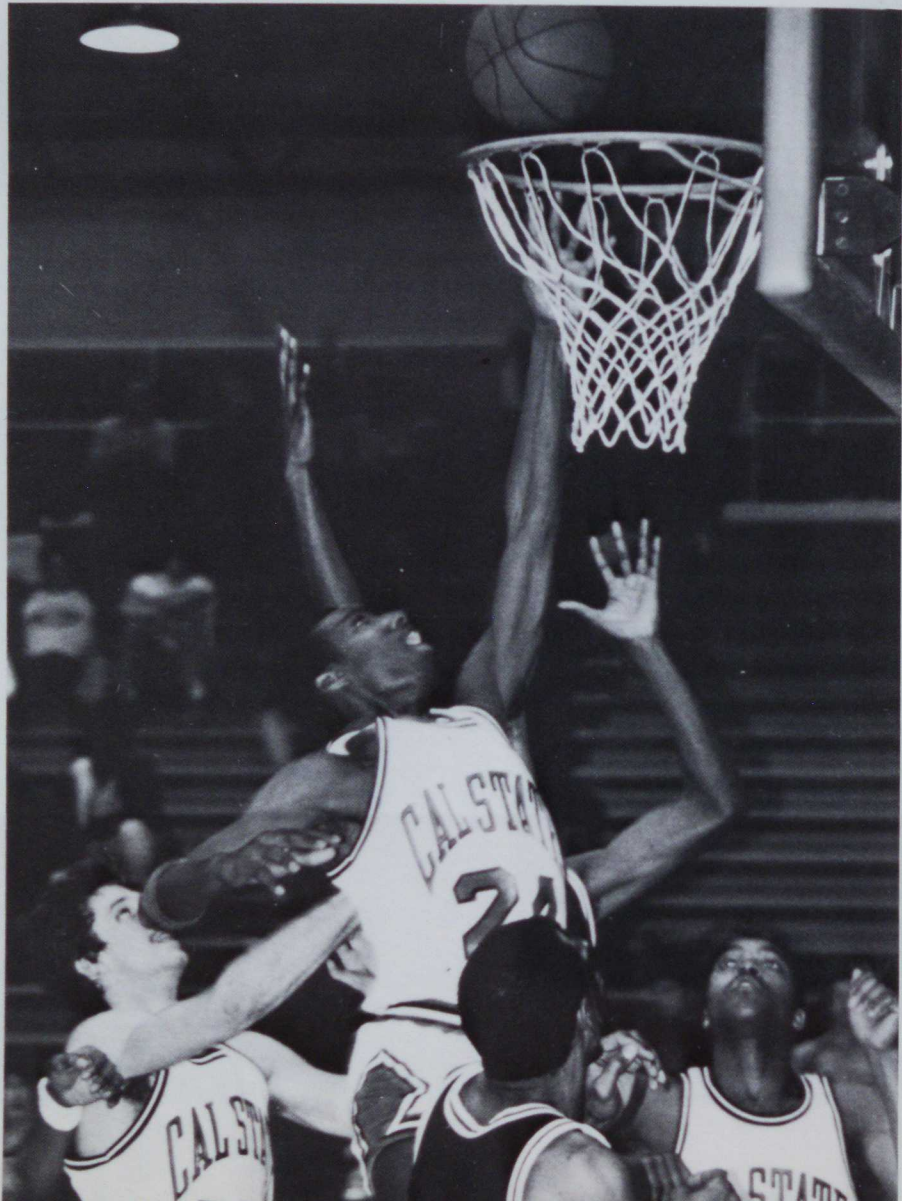
Basketball

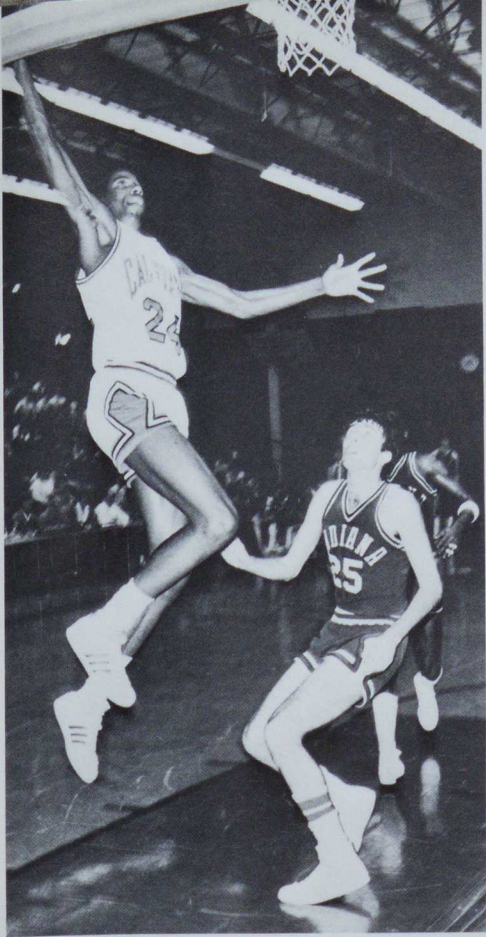
This page, counterclockwise from left: sophomore power-forward Moe Yeoman soars over several Lock Haven defenders during a CSC win; Michael Wilson, though but a freshman, was among the team's statistical leaders in nearly every category — here the conference All-Star taps in against Edinboro; sophomore Bill Belko, the team's best shooter, zips past a Waynesburg Yellow Jacket on his way to another bucket in Cal State's 78-48 win. For more about Belko, see page 128. Opposite, clockwise from left: Michael Wilson dunks during a last-minute loss to Indiana that ended the team's four-game winning streak (losing numerous close games, California won only two conference meetings and finished 11-13 overall); Senior center Bruce Gwin, who went over a thousand career points and made the PC All-Star team, muscles for a basket; Maxie Wiley hits a jump shot; junior guard Sheldon Wright scores over a Frostburg defender; sophomore forward Roger Habershon (30) rebounds with support from freshman center John Acors. Not pictured is CSC's one-point win over eventual NCAA Division II national champions, the University of Columbia.



Left and above: Brad Crable

Below and page 127: Neil Fike





**1982 Patron
Business and Economics Department**



Bill Belko

Man With A Touch

by Hal Ahern

King Midas would've envied Bill Belko's touch.

Belko, a 6-3, 170-pound sophomore guard, led California State College's basketball team in shooting this year, hitting 51.4 percent of his field goal attempts, and also in the classroom, maintaining his perfect 4.0 grade point average.

"Not only is Belko the kind of athlete we need to build our basketball program," said Head Coach Tim Loomis of the administration and management major, "but he is also the kind of student who enhances a school's academic reputation."

Loomis, in his second year as head coach at Cal State, recruited Belko and six other high school seniors in 1980, the finest recruiting year in school history. "Bill was my first recruit," Loomis said. "I knew from the first time I went to see him at Father Geibel High (Connellsville) that he could become a great asset. He played point guard and led the Gators to a WPIAL (Class A) championship. He was also an outstanding student. He was a perfect beginning for the type of team I wanted to put together."

According to Belko, the difference between high school and college basketball is tremendous: "At first, I was having trouble adjusting to college ball. The competition was unbelievable. It was like playing in a Pennsylvania-Ohio all-star game every day."

Belko's maturity and ability to organize his time are the secrets to his success, according to academic adviser Joseph Delisi. He is not afraid to tackle difficult courses.

Delisi said: "Before he registers for classes, he asks about the effects certain classes will have on his junior and senior years. He's taken some of the courses in his major ahead of



Brad Crable



James Bindas

THE ATHLETE AS SCHOLAR: Bill Belko's essay, "It's Never Too Late," won the 1982 Eleanor C. Hibbs Writing Award, and was published in the May 7 Times. Pictured with Belko are English Department Chairman Leonard Lizak and Professor Emeritus Hibbs, whose name the award bears.

schedule because he felt he was ready."

"Being organized brings success," Belko agrees. "In high school, I learned to structure my day so that I could finish my homework and still have a few hours for leisure. College demands so much that I never have free time. Watching television is out of the question."

"At the end of the fall semester, I had to contend with both basketball and exams. Though I don't think the intensive studying and mental fatigue affect the game that much, they do affect practice, which, of course, upsets the coach sometimes."

Loomis, though, says that he is far from upset about the performance of his first recruit: "His dedication is refreshing. Bill shoots 50 percent from the floor and 100 percent in the classroom. No coach can ask for more."

— TIMES 2/26/82

1982 Patron

Dr. Paul Burd

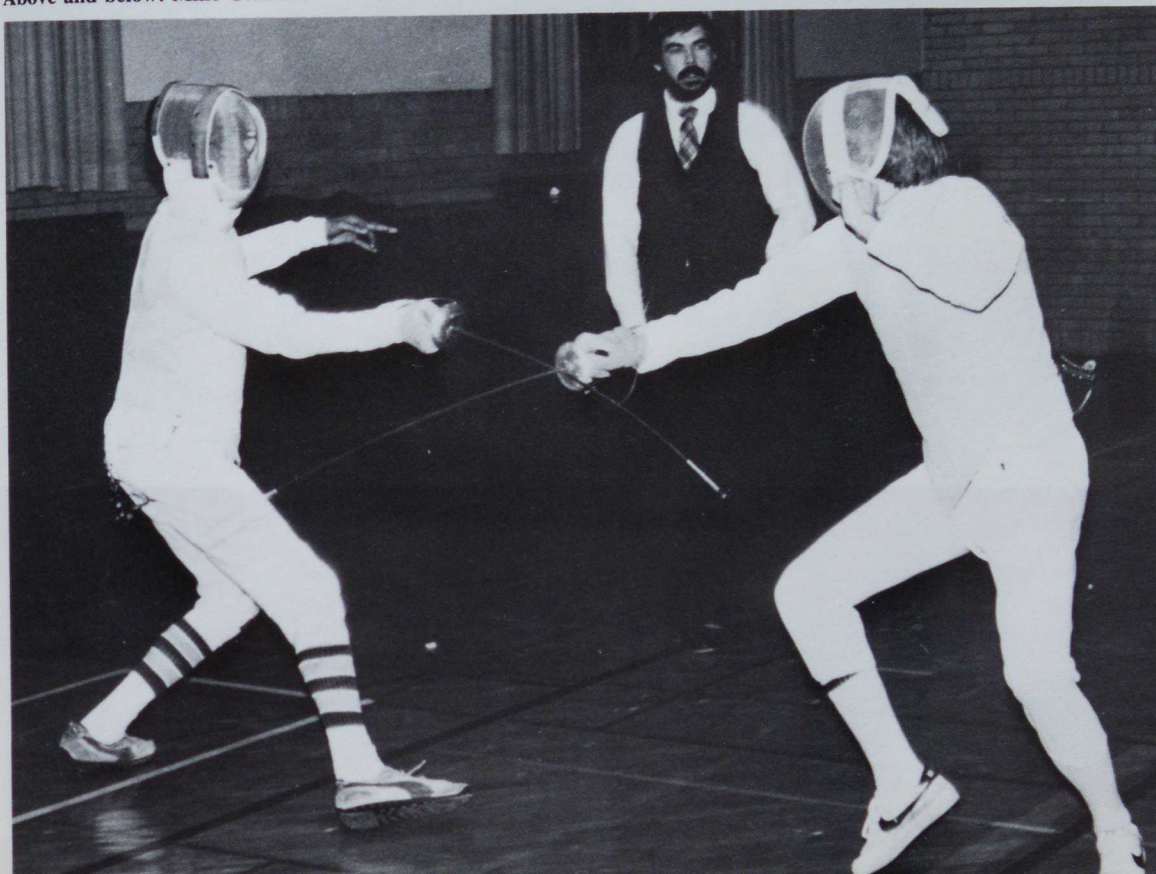


Above and below: Mike Genevro

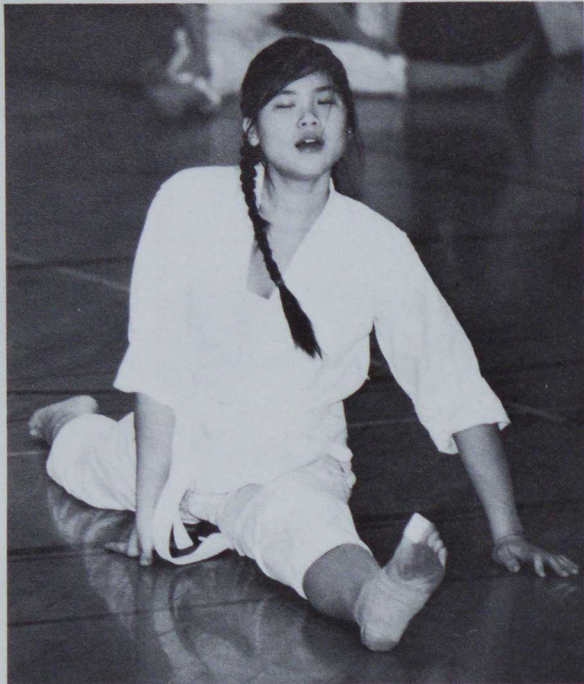


Fencing

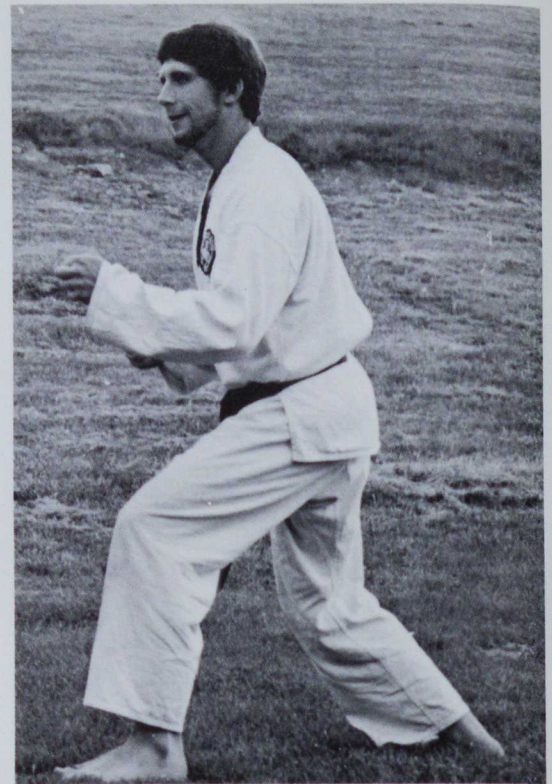
This year's fencing season's standings ranged from a 6-0 triumph for the women's first team (Karen Gerritse led the team with a stunning record of 41 wins and no losses) to a 1-5 record for the men's first team. The women's junior varsity finished 6-0; the men's 4-1. Two interesting facts: at season's end four fencers — Gary Runtas, Eric Pringle, Clay Smith and Steve Armstrong — competed in the North Atlantic Tournament, and Michelle McCombie garnered a 13-15 record despite competing during the whole season in a body cast.



Shotokan Karate Club



Mike Genevro



Claudia Fink

For the third straight year SKA-East chose CSC as the locale for a Special Training session. For nearly a week CSC **karateka** and their guests underwent the almost continuous grueling exercises that push the mind and body beyond expected standards.

Patrice Bennett, one of the founders of the CSC **Dojo**, was named SKA-East's Man of the Year; she was the first woman so honored. Bennett, a black belt and club instructor, has been a member of SKA since 1974.



Claudia Fink



Neil Fike





A quick round of applause for the cheerleaders . . .

Brad Crable



Jack Green



Neil Fike



Jack Green

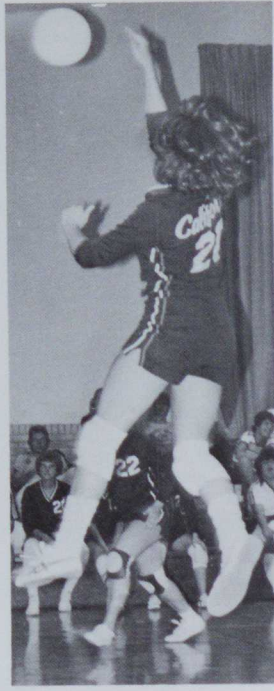
. . . and the intramural football champs, the K.C. Teamsters



Margy Roehre



Neil Fike



Mike Genevro

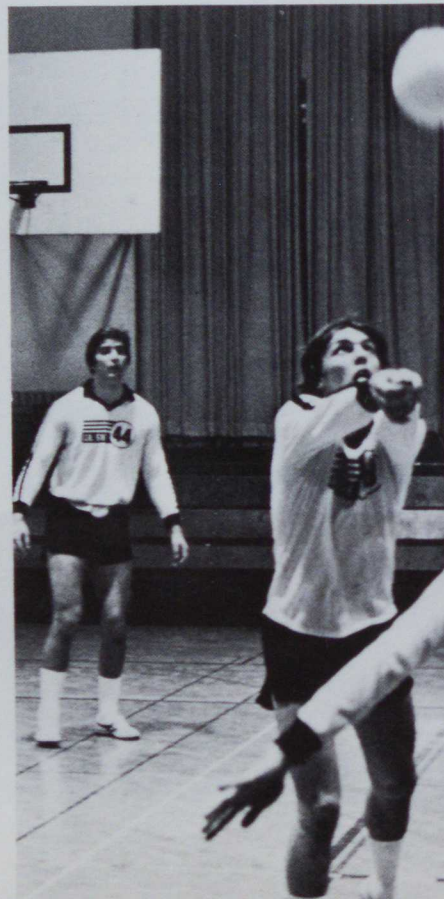
Volleyball

Perhaps because it is a staple of high school gym classes, volleyball never really becomes a popular college sport; which is unfortunate — the game is fun both to play and watch. Coach Donna Johnson (who also guided the fencing team through its season) expressed pleasure with the women's team, which did well early in the season but later lost its drive. The men's team, on the other hand, came within a hair's breadth of the playoffs only to be spiked by their old foes from PSU-New Kensington.

Mike Genevro

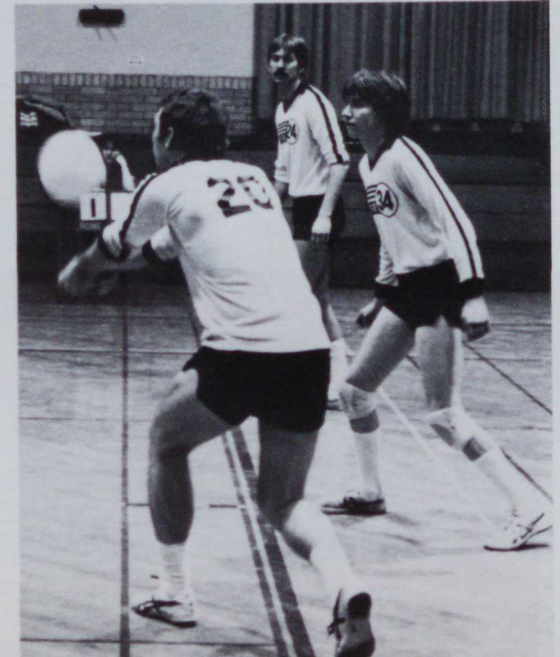


Brad Crable



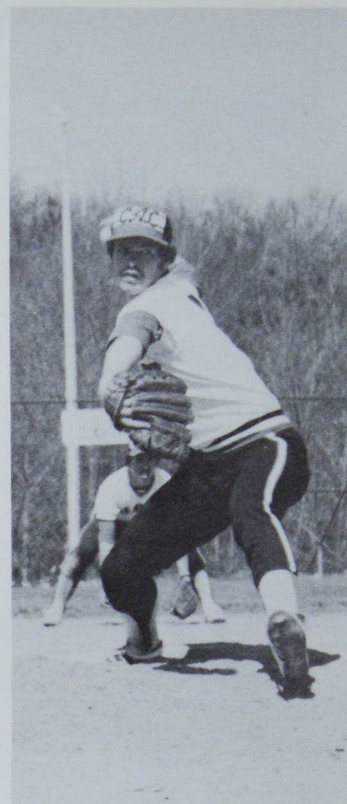
Neil Fike

Brad Crable





Above and below: Jack Green



Brad Crable

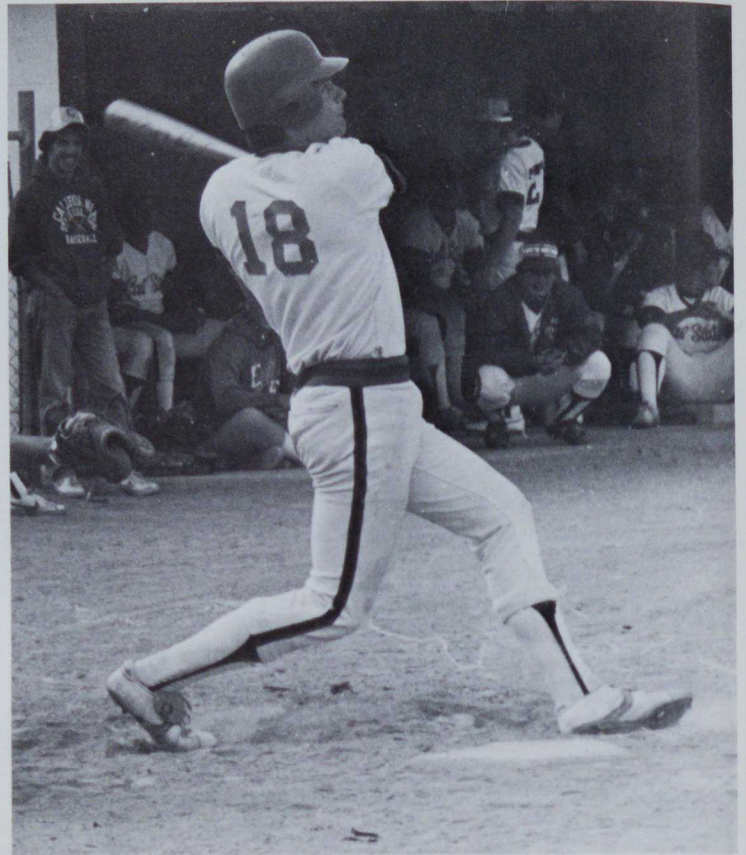
Baseball

Clockwise from top left: two views of Jeff Karfelt, whose 5-0 record led the club; versatile Troy Smith, who doubled as a first baseman and pitcher, takes a put-out; in only his third year as head coach, Chuck Gismondi compiled one of the finest seasons in school history (27-6-2), including a record 15 consecutive wins.



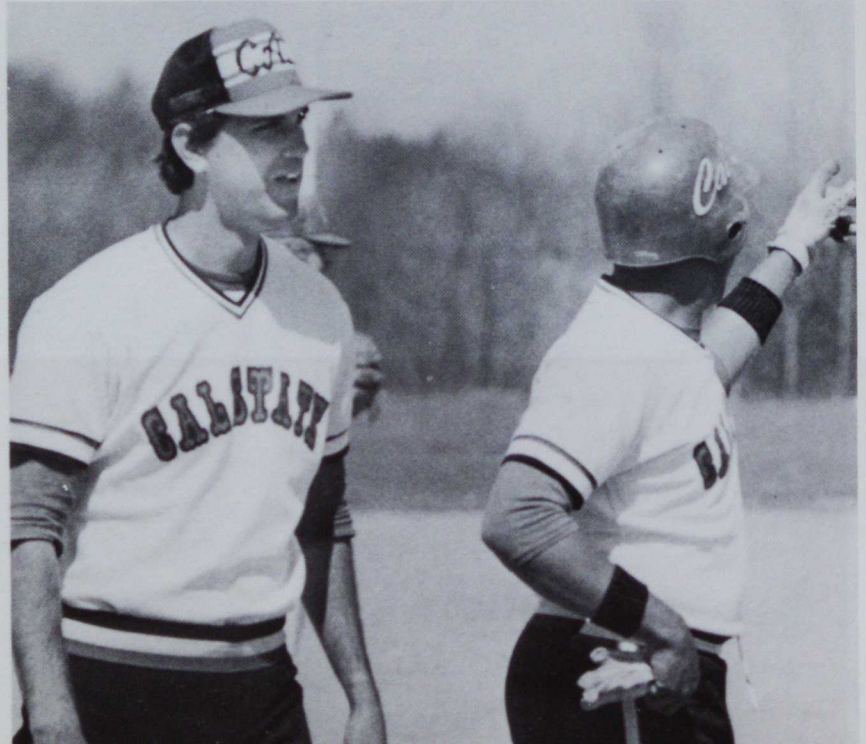
Jack Green





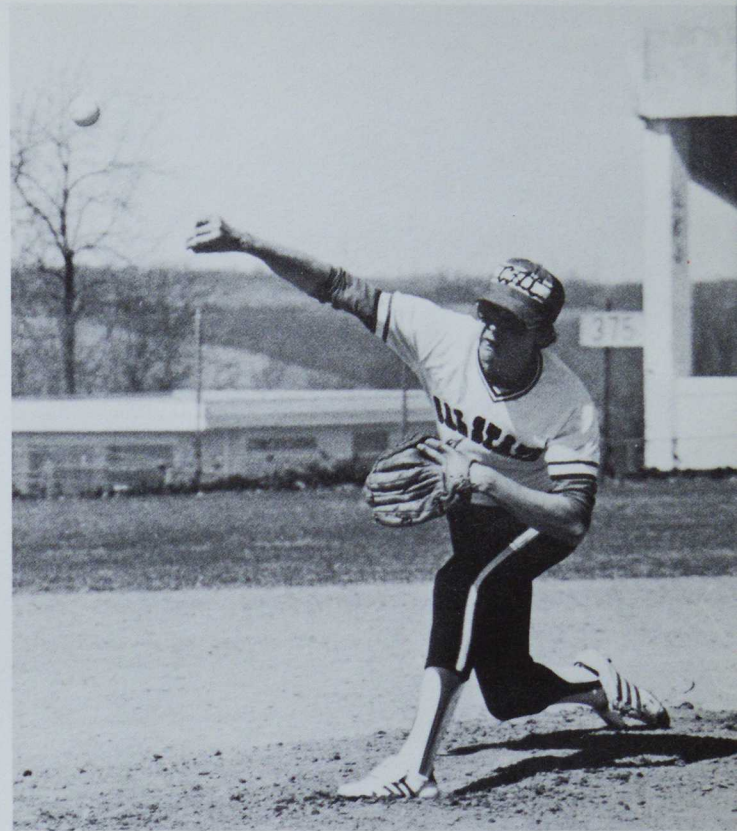
This page, page 135 bottom: Jack Green

This page, clockwise from left: Jason Smith, 2-0 this year; Wayne Lock, All-Conference catcher, hits a shot; assistant coach Pete Sinopoli and right fielder Kurt Wells view the action from different angles; second-baseman and captain Bill Fowkes enjoyed his third All-Star season. Opposite page, clockwise from top: CSC hit over .300 as a team this year; Steve Antal, 3-1 on the year, shows his All-Star form; Smith delivers change-up; pitcher Ron Danko displays batting form.

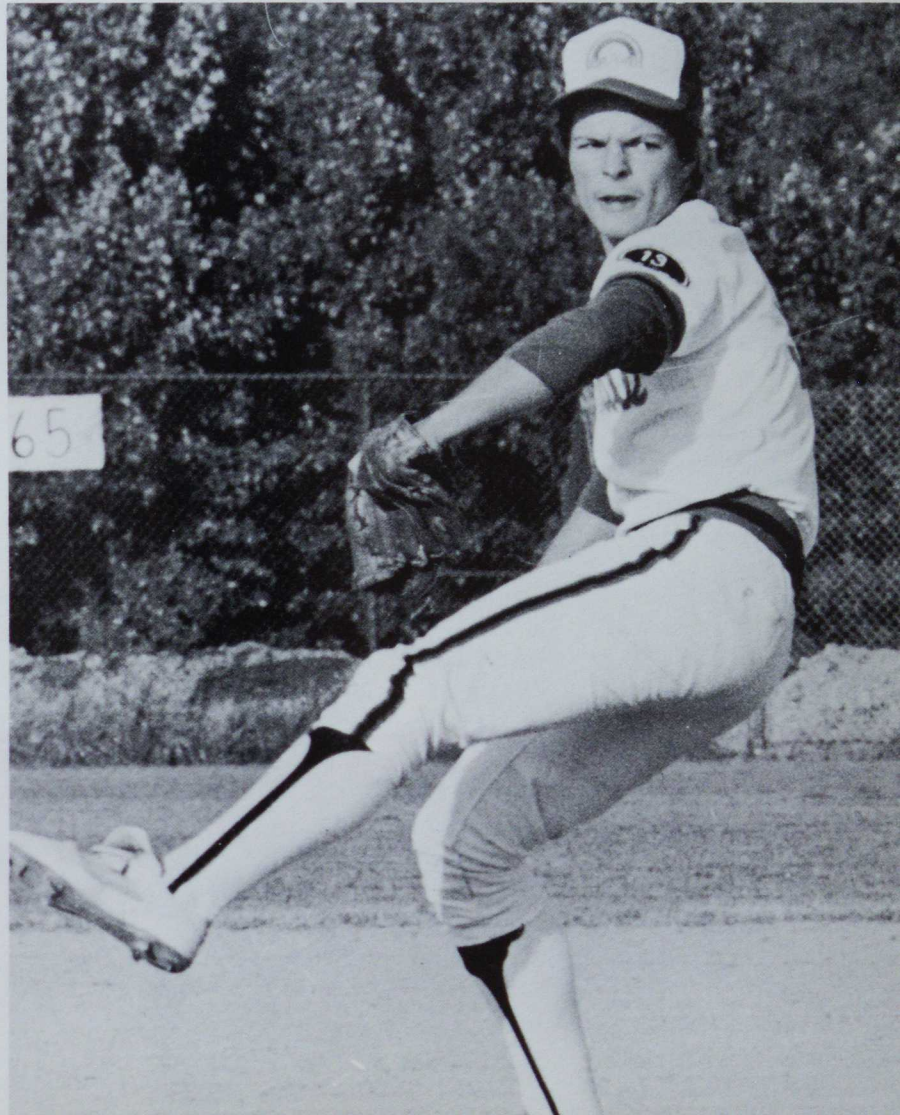
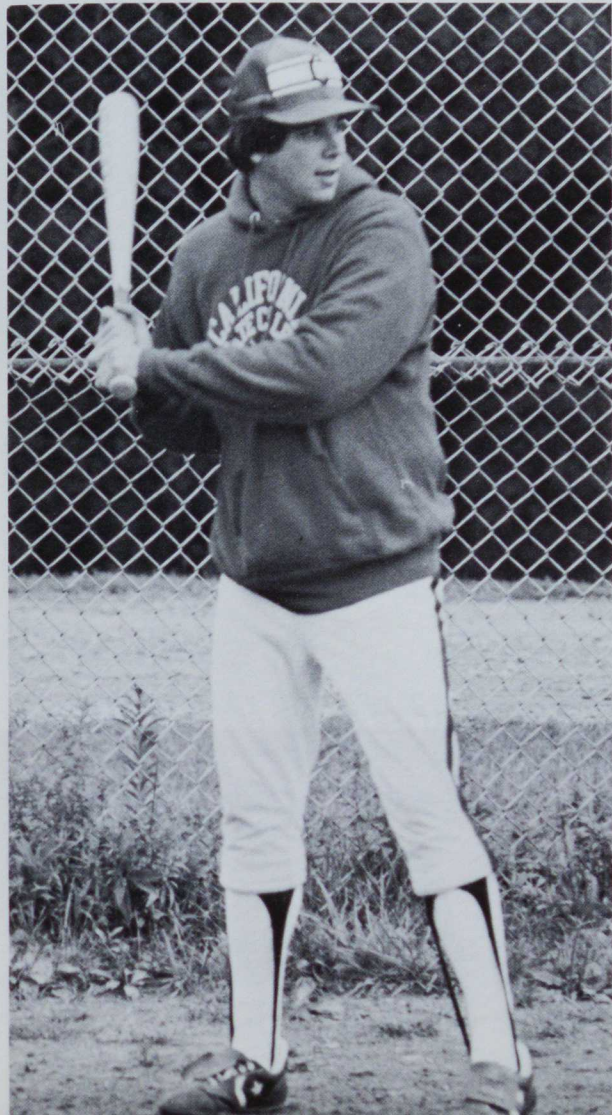




Above: Mike Genevro



Right: James Bindas



Rugby



Fred Kachmarik



Fred Kachmarik



Mike Genevro



Fred Kachmarik



Fred Kachmarik



Fred Kachmarik



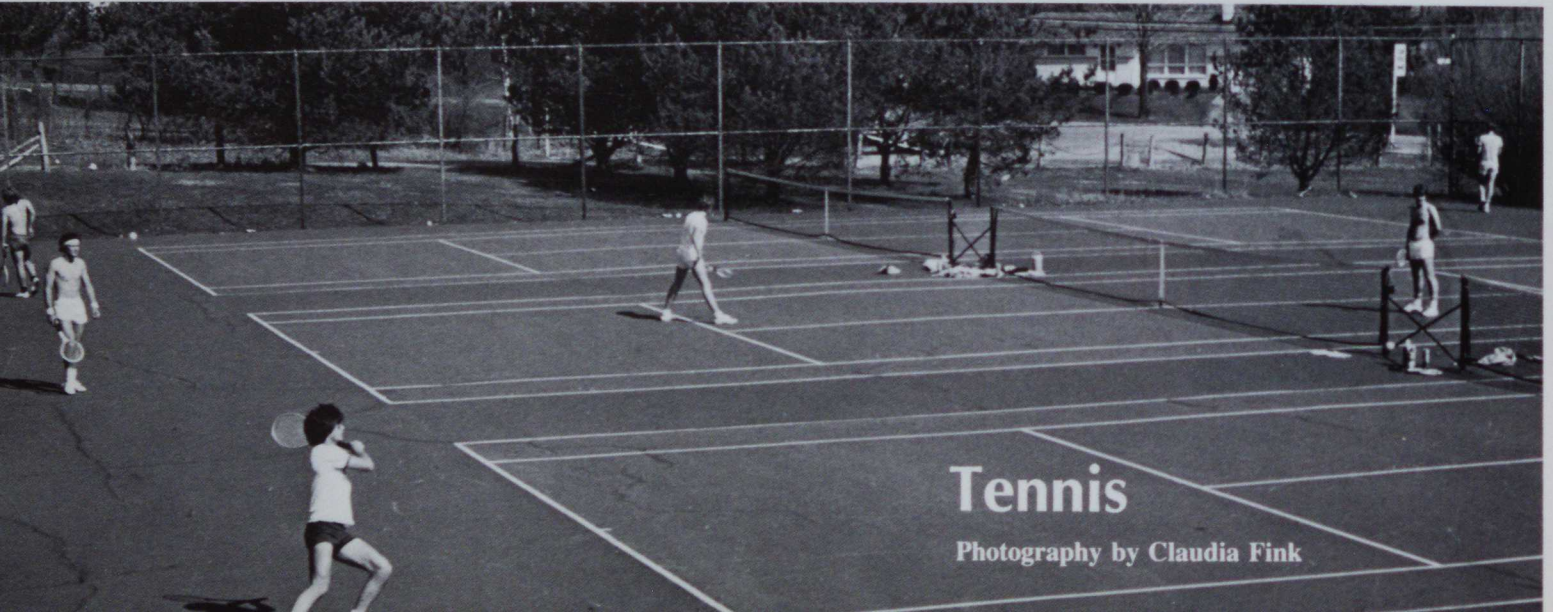
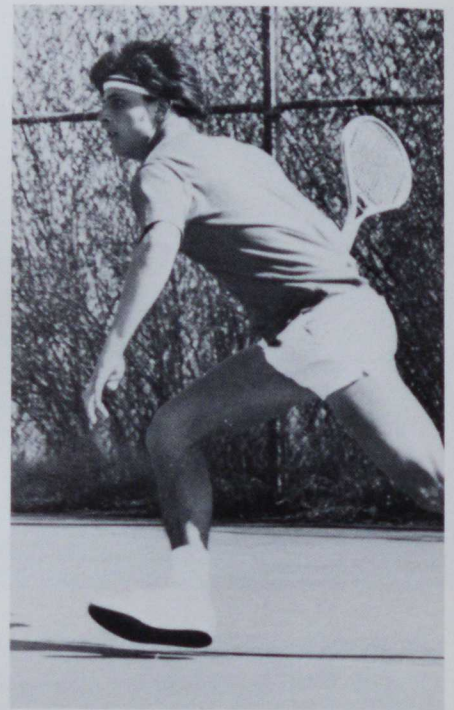
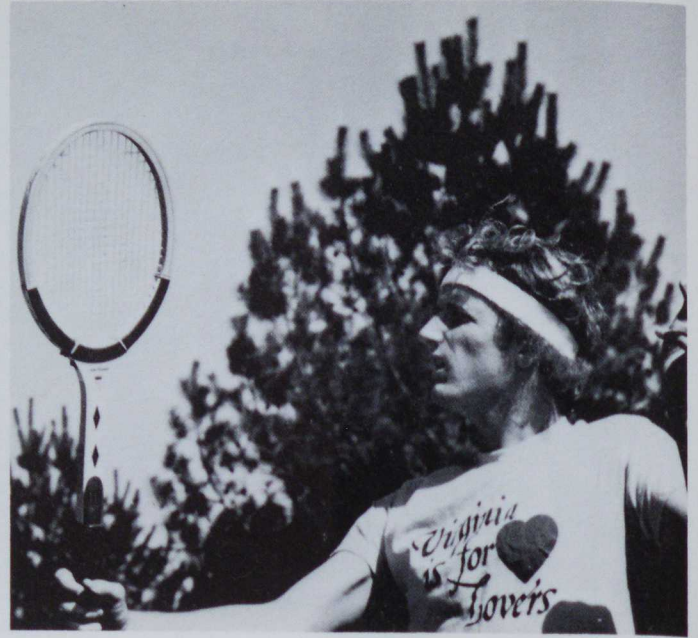
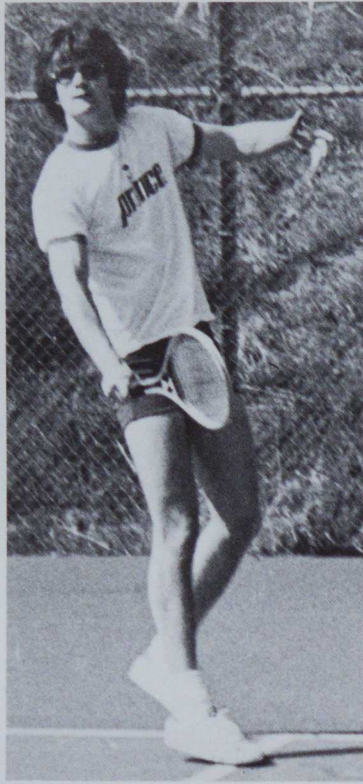
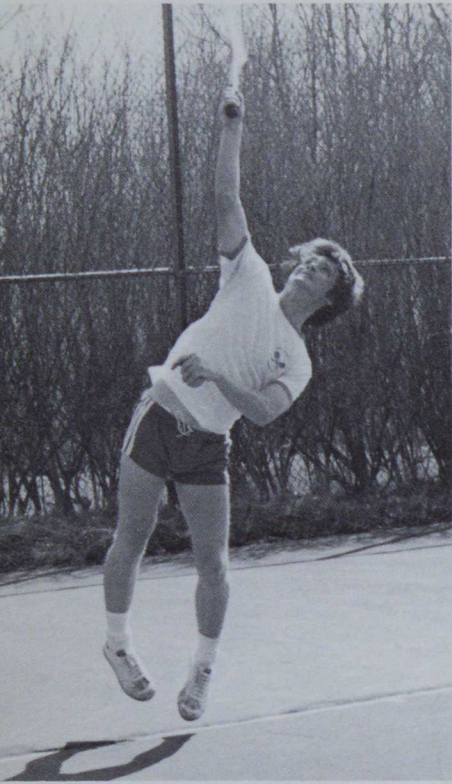
Dean Wood

Despite the departure of cock of the walk Rich Grinstead, the Roosterhead Rugby Club enjoyed a lively, boisterous and successful year. At the end of their fall season the Roosterheads were Allegheny Union Champions; in spring they placed second at the Cal State Annual Rugby Tournament, losing by a whisker to the Pittsburgh Harlequins. The Nomads, plagued by declining membership and steady dropping-off of interest in women's rugby, had but a short and fitful season.



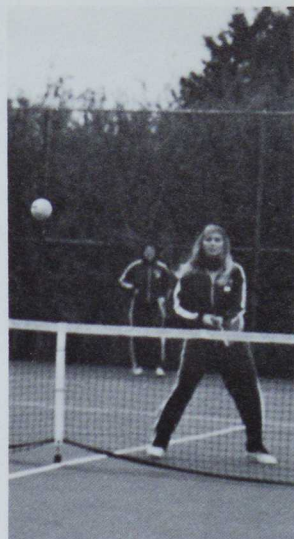
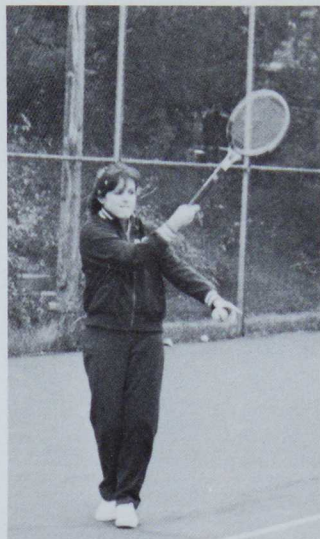
Fred Kachmarik





Tennis

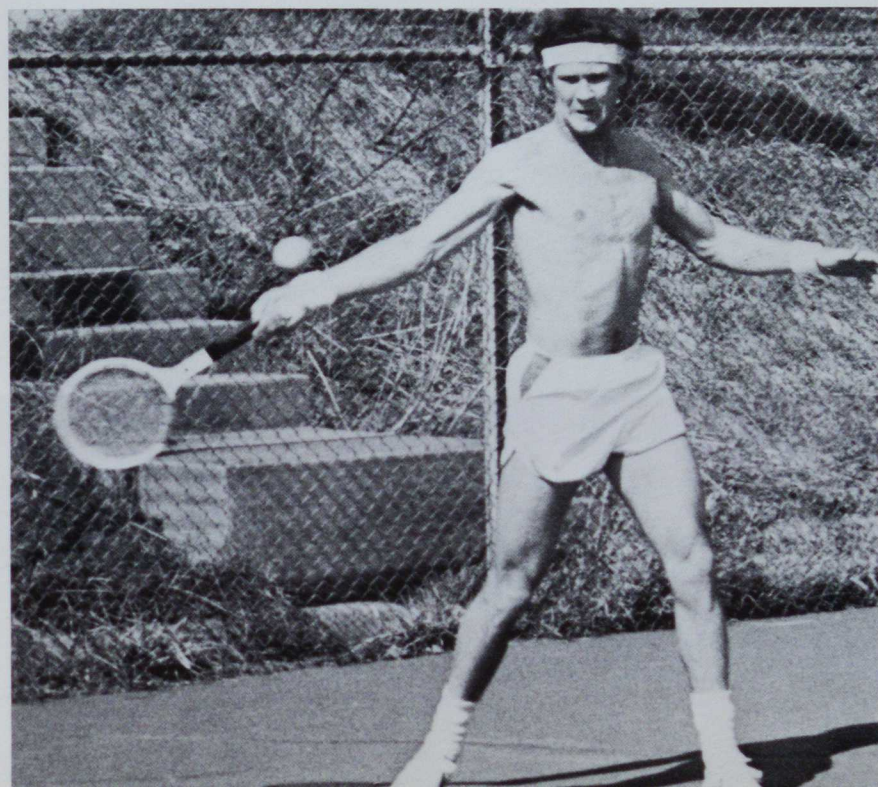
Photography by Claudia Fink

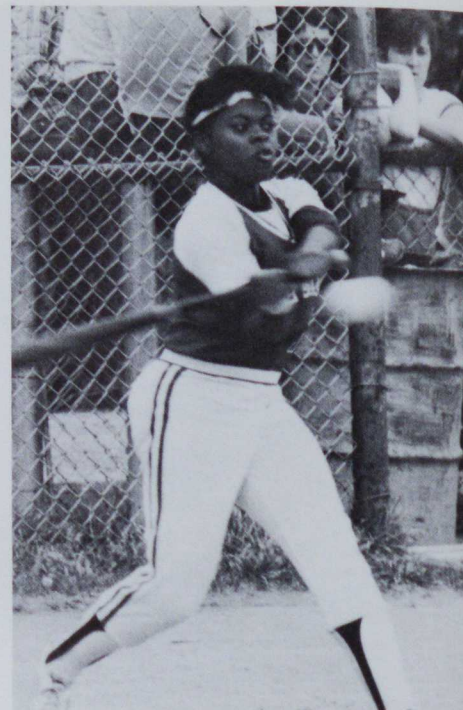
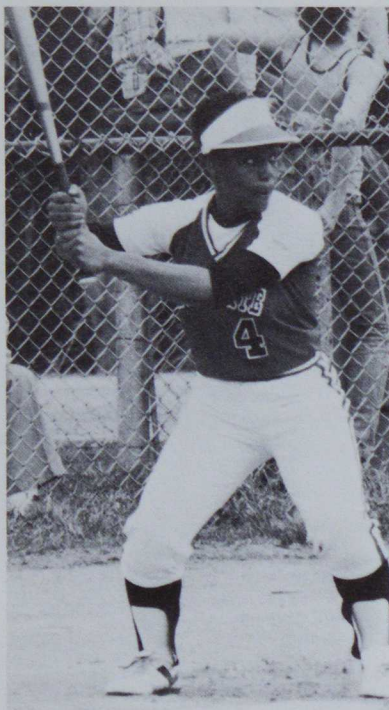


Women's tennis photos by James Bindas

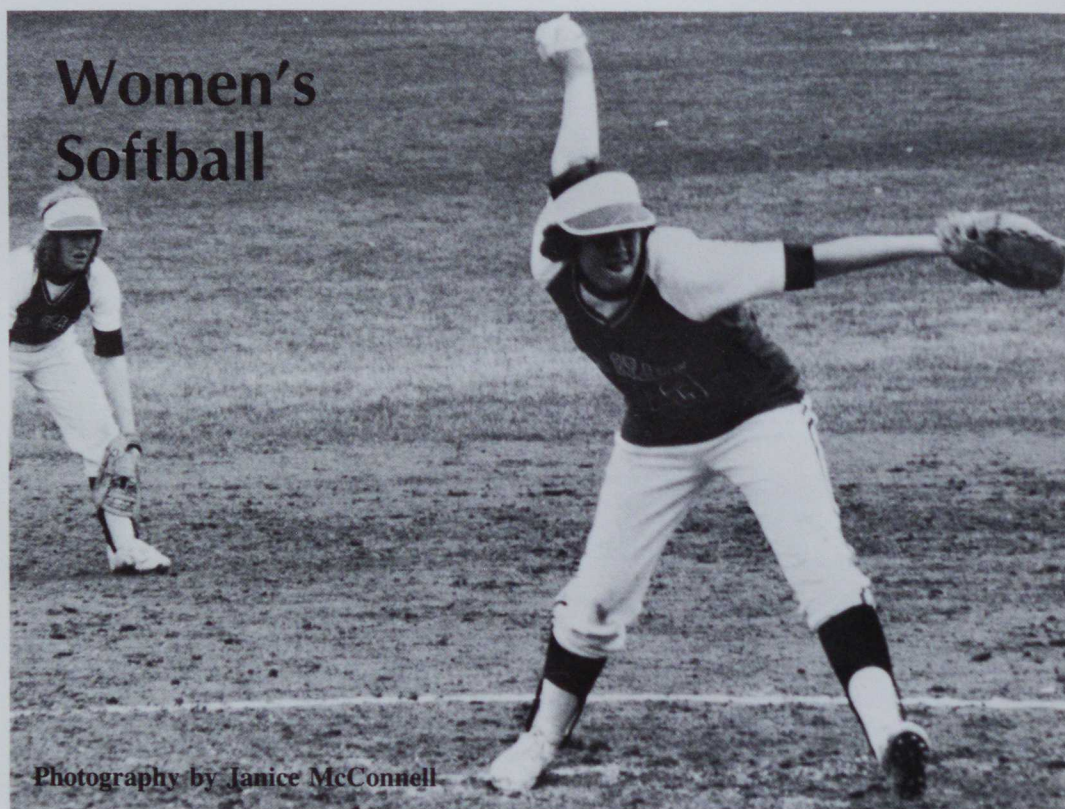


The spring tennis season, Coach Allen Welsh's last, was as always excellent. The team claimed twelve wins to only one loss, and Billy O'Boyle made it to the state finals and won. The fortunes of Coach Peg Martin's women's team were less than splendid. Weakened by the loss to graduation of many of its star players, the team had little to show for itself by year's end except a determination to build on its new talent and improve for next season.





Clockwise from above: Pam Washington at bat; two views of Sharon Chatman really laying into one; Lisa Swoger pitching, Kim Rush at second; a catcher's-eye view of Donna Coburn pitching.



The statistics on women's softball look something like this: the team ended the season with an overall score of 16 wins and 7 losses, a Pennwood Conference score of 8-0 and a Pennsylvania Conference score of 2-7. While these figures show that Coach Betsy Mosher fields a sound if still somewhat young softball team, what they do not show is the jaunty spirit and vivacity that makes this group of young women one of the most enjoyable teams to watch at CSC. To one used to the smoother, harder play of men's baseball, Mosher's women initially present a spectacle of people playing awkward and even careless ball. After awhile, one notices that they are playing a good game indeed, and — more important perhaps in a world where war is becoming the moral equivalent of sports — enjoying themselves immensely.



Clockwise from above: Robin Gostic on first; Theresa Cypher at bat; Jackie Gasvoda awaits the pitch; Lori Yannacci pitching; Jill Dei Cas catches the throw to first; Joann Jankoski covers third.



Golf

In recent years the golf squad has consistently been California State College's most successful team, finishing among the top ten teams in the country in 1981.

In the 1982 fall season, Coach Floyd Schuler's golfers, described by Bruce Wald in a *Times* article as "awesome," captured five of six tournaments.

The team finished first out of ten teams in the Tri-State Invitational at Erie. The Vulcans were paced by Ed Vietmeier, who finished second overall, and Todd Silvis and Ray Silnik, who both tied for fourth.

The following week the Vulcans captured first place in the highly competitive Davis and Elkins Invitational Tournament at West Virginia. This time Rocco Mediate led the team with a second place individual finish, while Ed Vietmeier finished in a fourth-place tie.

Ironically, the only tournament the Vulcans didn't win was their own California State Invitational where the Vulcans finished in a dismal fourth place. But the team bounced back; led by Ray Silnik and Scott Vietmeier, the golfers won

the West Liberty Invitational.

The highlight of the fall season was California State's second ECAC fall golf championship in three years. Paced by Scott Vietmeier's two-day score of 149, which tied him for medalist honors after regulation play, CSC won by 15 strokes over Ramapo (New Jersey) College at the rugged Lancaster Country Club.

The spring campaign was surprisingly less successful. Although finishing among the leaders in every tournament, California won but two of its first five events. The defending Pennsylvania Conference champions were forced to relinquish their crown when they finished third in the conference tournament and failed to earn a bid to the NCAA Division II Nationals.

Ed Vietmeier received an individual invitation, however, and turned in an excellent performance at Lakeland, Florida. Vietmeier placed ninth overall at the event and was named second-team All-America.



The CSC men's golf team holding their ECAC title trophy are from left: Ed Vietmeier, Joel Brayton, Scott Vietmeier, Ray Silnik, Rocco Mediate and Todd Silvis. (Photography by Redwood Studios)



Ferrari Motors to All-America Honors

by Hal Ahern

Like the sleek sports car with which he shares his surname, Brian Ferrari, a CSC sophomore, sped to All-America honors on November 14, finishing third in the NCAA Division II cross country meet in Lowell, Mass.

Nine days later, Ferrari was at Wichita State University having a light breakfast of toast and milk, readying himself for the Division I championships which he had qualified for by placing in the top six at Lowell.

"I wasn't really nervous," Ferrari said of that raceday, "but I was worried about starting too slow. I was competing against world-class runners, and they are the quickest off the line and maintain the fastest pace of anyone I'd faced so far."

Though he finished 113th in this big-league meet, Ferrari ran well, improving his time in the 10,000-meter race by 54.4 seconds. He set a five-minute-per-mile pace to finish at 31:18.5.

"I think Ferrari ran a fine race," said Vulcan coach Marty Uher. "He handles the big meets better than anyone I've had before. It was fitting that this meet turned out to be his best performance all year. He set an excellent pace, running the first mile in 4:33 and the second in 5:08. These were the kind of times we were shooting for all year."

For the Division I meet, Ferrari had to adjust his strategy for two reasons: the Wichita course was much flatter than the Lowell course, and he had to race as an individual against the top teams in the nation. Some of the better teams had recruits from Kenya, Ireland and Great Britain on their

rosters.

"I had competed against some of these world-class runners earlier in my career when I was running road races," Ferrari said. "So, I wasn't surprised by how good they were. I was surprised, though, near the end of the race. After about the sixth mile, I looked ahead and couldn't believe that all those guys were finishing the race ahead of me. I had hoped to place somewhere in the top 50. If I make it again next year, I know that I can do a lot better."

Ferrari, 5-9, 128 pounds, has plenty of time to achieve more honors. According to Coach Uher, Ferrari has the potential to become a national champion and possibly a world-class runner.

That Ferrari possesses so much talent is readily seen in his performance this season. In his first meet, he broke the record for the four-mile CSC Invitational with a time of 21:36.1. He then cruised through three more invitationals without a loss, establishing himself as the top five-miler in the conference and qualifying for the Northeast Regional Division II race.

In the regionals, Ferrari motored to first place, 10 seconds ahead of the nearest competitor. "I was about three miles into the course when I noticed that the guys in the lead were from our conference," Ferrari said. "I quickened my strides, and I knew I could beat them because there was still plenty of time to catch and pass them."

With his win, Ferrari advanced to the Division II nationals, also held in Lowell. His third-place finish in that race is the highest-ever for any Pennsylvania runner.

"I expected to be All-American this year," Ferrari said. "But I never expected to make it to the Division I National Championships. It seemed just too far out of reach. Last year, I was all-conference, and I thought I could've been All-American, too. I didn't train right for it, and I peaked way too early in the season."

Indeed, Ferrari entered the CSC cross country program unprepared for its demands. He had registered for school late and started his training late because he wasn't sure he wanted to go to college. "I could have done much better last year if I had entered with the proper training," he said. "It took me awhile before I finally fit into the coach's program, because I had spent that whole summer road racing instead of building up my endurance."

Ferrari missed four critical months of endurance training and the August training camp when he was a freshman. According to Uher, Ferrari performed admirably despite that deficit.

"Ferrari entered the 1980 season without any background; fortunately, his raw talent carried him through," Uher said. "If he could have put in that four months of endurance mileage, he might have been a two-time All-American by now."

Uher said that his protege's preparation for the 1981 season was quite different. "Brian logged a lot of miles and came



in excellent shape. In the August camp, he concentrated on speed work, or what we call 'interval work' — running a segment of the course over and over with little time for the runner to recover. There's no question that the endurance training was Brian's key to a successful season. He is probably one of the hardest working runners and the best distance runner Cal State has ever had."

Though Ferrari isn't an exceptional hill runner, he can adapt his smooth style to the contours of each course he faces. He maintains an even pace, rather than using the fast-start/fast-finish approach to a race. He now ranks with CSC's top runners: Mike Bradley and Dean Shaw, a two-time All-American.

"The best runners I've coached, both men and women — Shaw, Ferrari, Sue Ague, Sue Van Orden — have all been the same type of runner," Uher said. "They've also been very hard workers and team leaders."

Ferrari hopes to compete with a stronger team next season, one not hampered by the injuries that plagued the squad in 1981.

"I was lucky to stay healthy all season," he said. "Next year, if the team can stay healthy, it won't be just me getting my name in the headlines."

— CALIFORNIA REVIEW 4/82

Mike Genevro



Two More Heroes

CSC runners have given the college a pantheon of heroes — Dean Shaw, Mike Bradley, Sue Van Orden and Sue Ague come quickly to mind — and this year's teams were no exception.

Although the almost invincible Brian Ferrari was the season's superstar, two young women — Kim Price, left, and Gwen VanDine — also turned in impressive performances.

The two runners qualified for the Nationals on November 7, when Price finished ninth and VanDine tenth in the Massachusetts regionals. It was the first time either had broken the 20-minute mark in the season.

A week later, Price and VanDine ran the 3.1-mile course at the national championships in Pocatello, Idaho. Although neither woman broke any records, both ran well, according to Coach Uher, beating "most of the runners who beat them at the regional and conference meets."

Mike Genevro



One of the few concessions YESTERDAYS PAPERS has made to the conventional yearbook follows and brings our revels to an end: the senior gallery.

This year we requested that seniors submit a wallet-sized picture; some of you out there have wallets that would easily accommodate a billboard.

Even as you sent in your pictures, we rooted through our files — all the while scanning the commencement list — and yanked from them a variety of candid, some of them old, some of them new, all of them pictures of folks who are now seniors.

They make an interesting cross-section of college life, ranging from the young lady below who just happened to be walking past a truck we wished a picture of, to the fellow dropping in by parachute.

So there you are in all your glory and folly; good luck to you, and don't forget in years to come to tell your grandchildren over and over again that you graduated in 1982, the year the 17-year locusts came out.



Both pictures: Claudia Fink





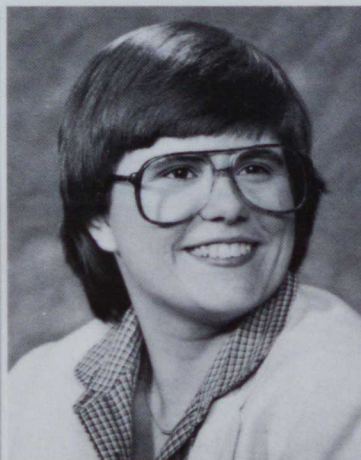
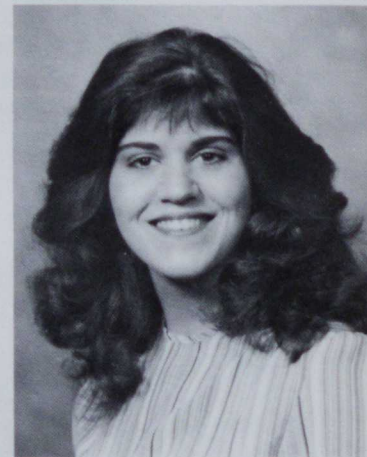
Bruce Gwin shoots 1000.



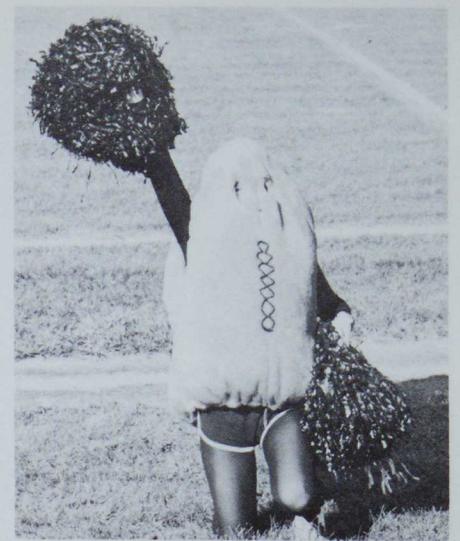
Louann Zemany, TCB.



Tacy Behanna, on the air for Children's Hospital.



Top to bottom, right to left:
VIRGINIA A. ARLETH
JOANNE C. BACHA
LINDA BELLISSIMO
SHARON BENEDETTI
POLLY A. BOBBS
BETTY M. BONGIORNO

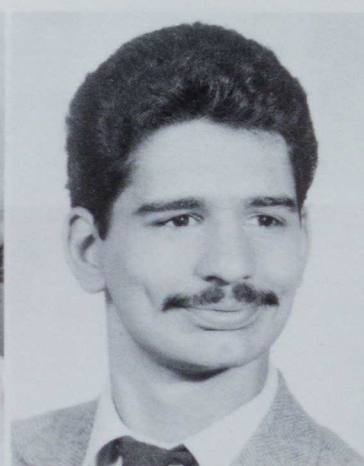


Nancy Moschetta and Melanie Stringhill, ball girls.

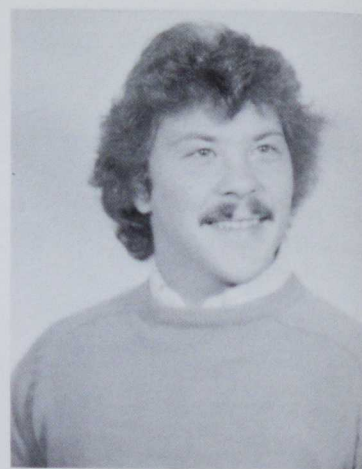
Jill Hanrahan, girl ball.



Lou Libratore congratulates Student Trustee Mark Lizak, his father watching.

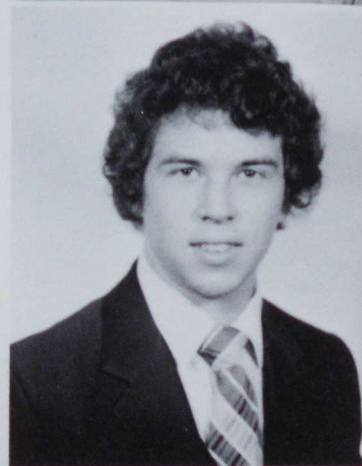
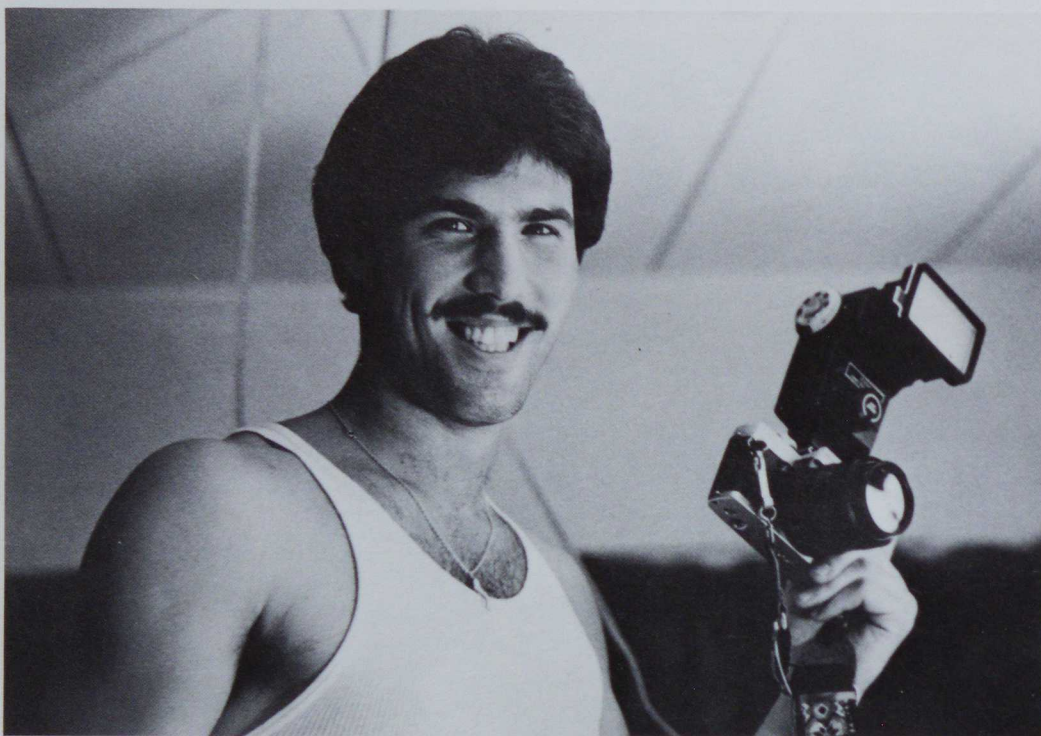


Top to bottom, left to right:
SHARON BOYLE
LISA BURLINGHAM
LYNNLEE ANN CECCONE
A. RENEE CUSACK
REBECCA JANE DOVERSPIKE
FREDERICK DIMEO

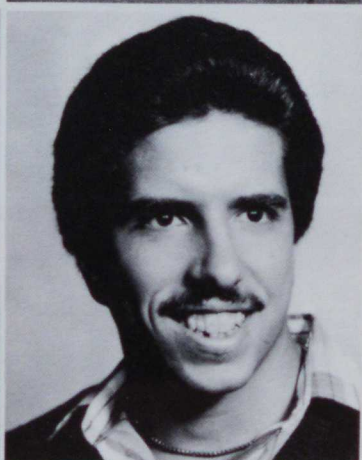
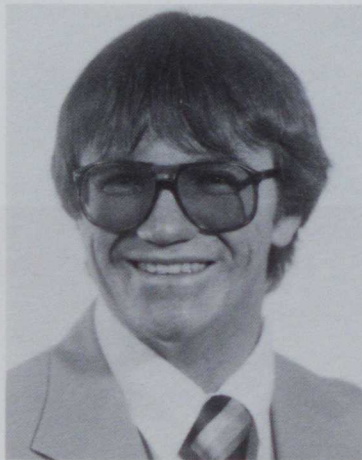


Kathy Mutzabaugh on the defensive.

Kim Bricker gives her all.



Times photographer Mike Genevro on the other side of the camera.



Top to bottom, right to left:
MARK F. DRAKE
RANDALL E. DRAKE
CAROL FERRY
WILLIAM J. FOWKES, JR.
LUE ANN GALATIC
DANIEL GALLAGHER



Paul Palombo and his shoulders.

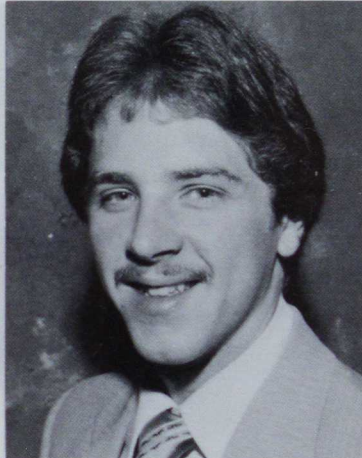
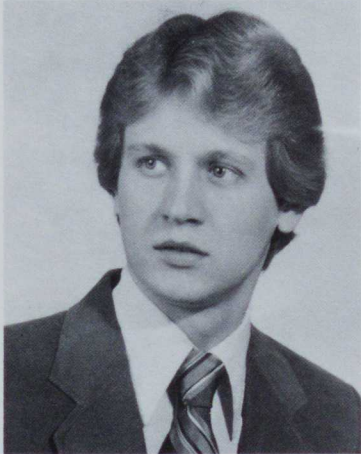
Carol Koval for Queen.

Jim Psik as a boy.

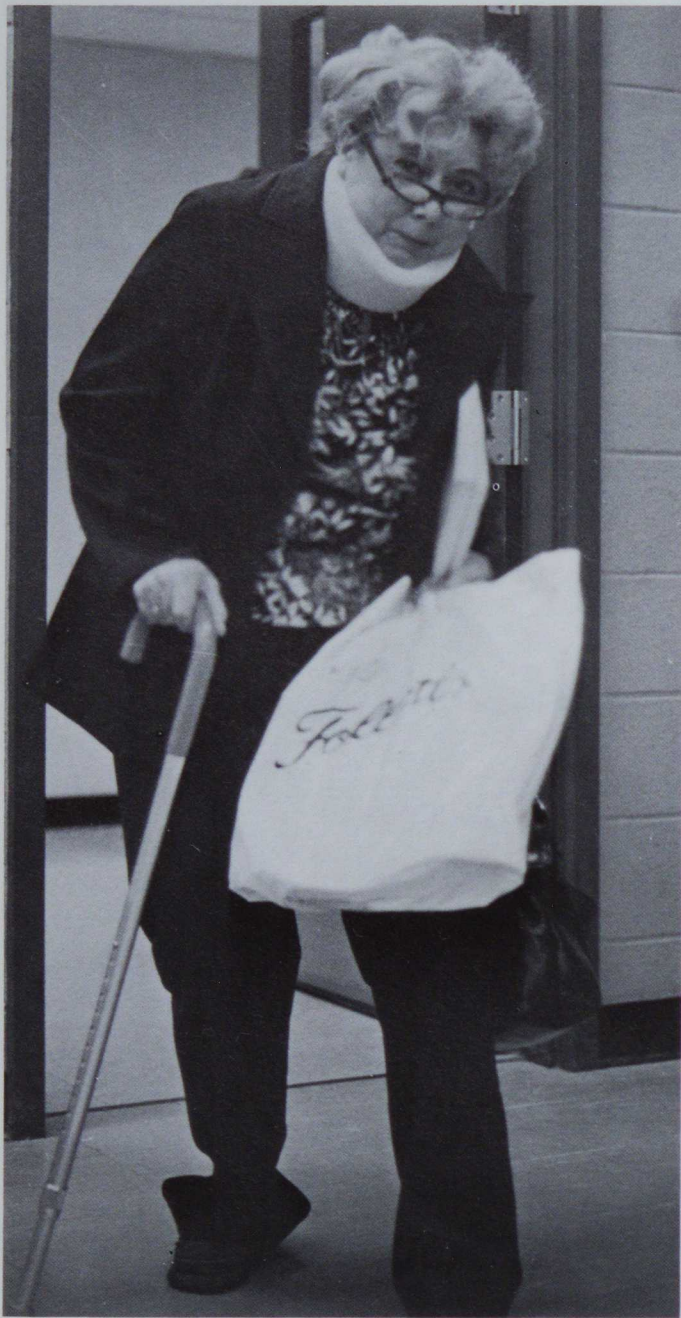


Jack Gordon flanked by his sculptures.

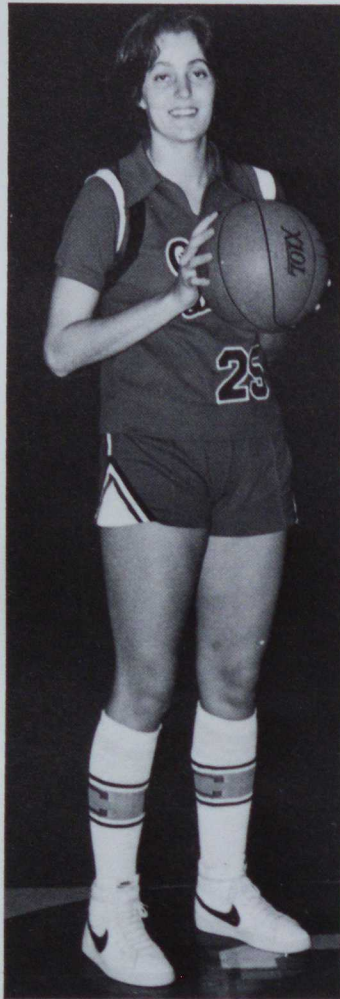
The lady in the black hat.



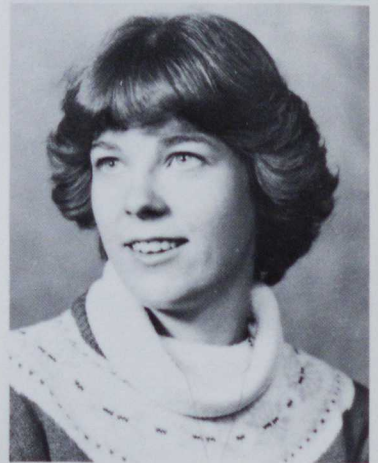
Top to bottom, left to right:
MARY GALLICCHIO
ANNETTE GEORGULIS
RICHARD P. GOODGE
BRENDA GREEN
JULIE L. GRUBB
BRUCE GWIN



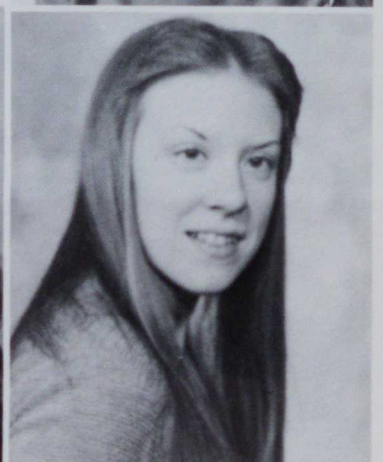
Bill Seidel, gridiron great.



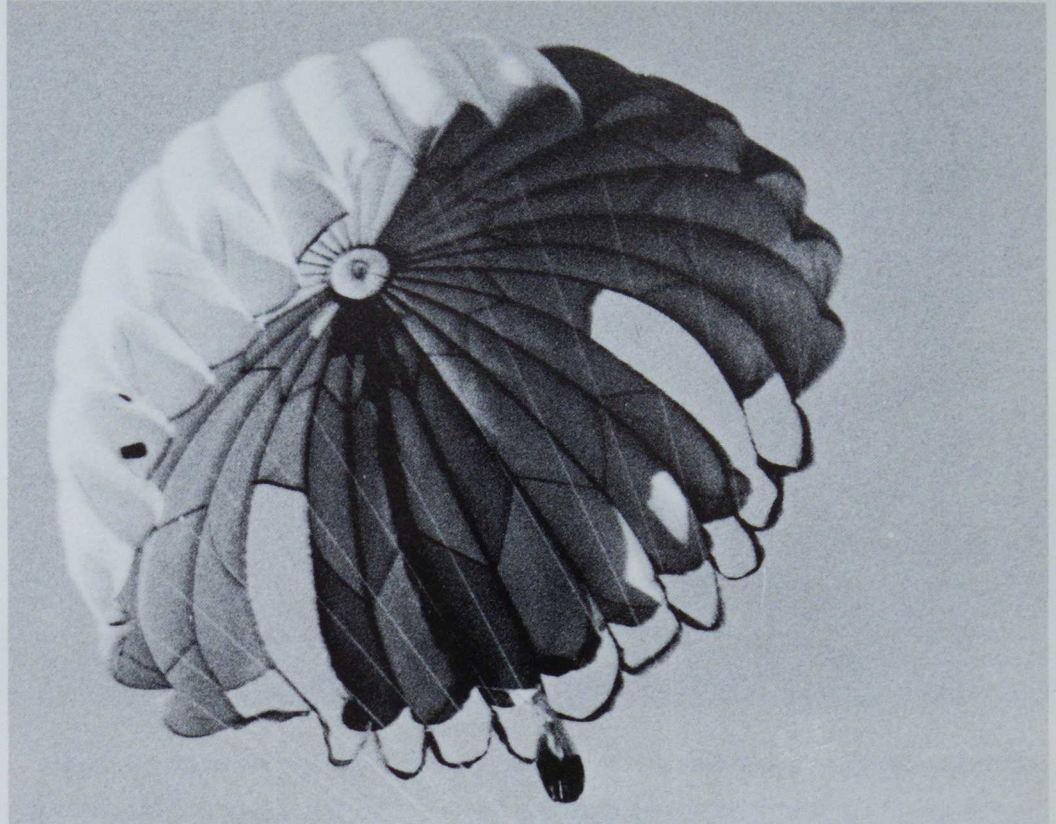
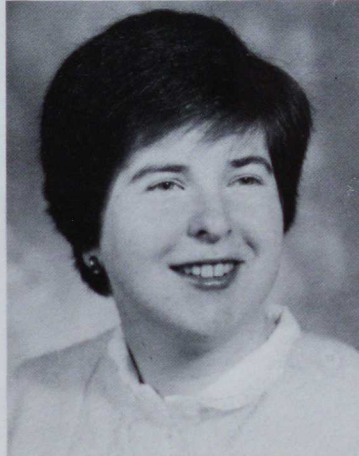
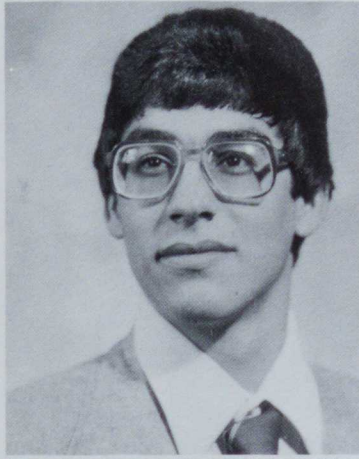
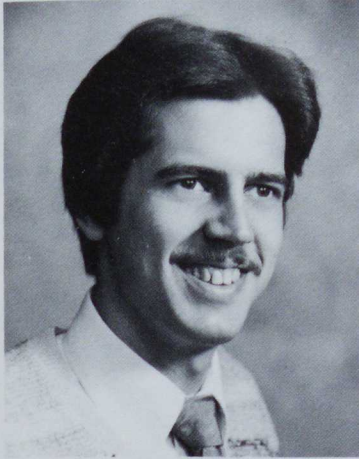
Judy Healy, a winner.



Betty Hixenbaugh, who wanted everyone to know she isn't really decrepit.

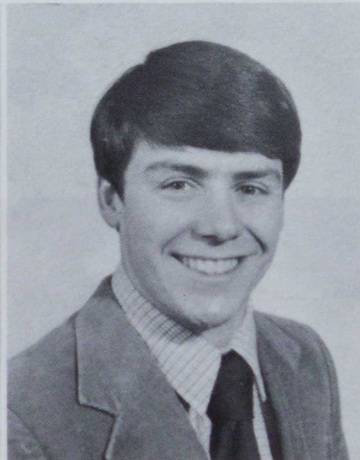


Top to bottom, right to left:
STEPHANIE HAIDEN
JILL MARIE HANRAHAN
DOLORES HART
ALMEDA HAWKER
CATHLEEN HEINAUER
BETTY MAE HIXENBAUGH



Eileen McDonough on the Phon-a-thon line.

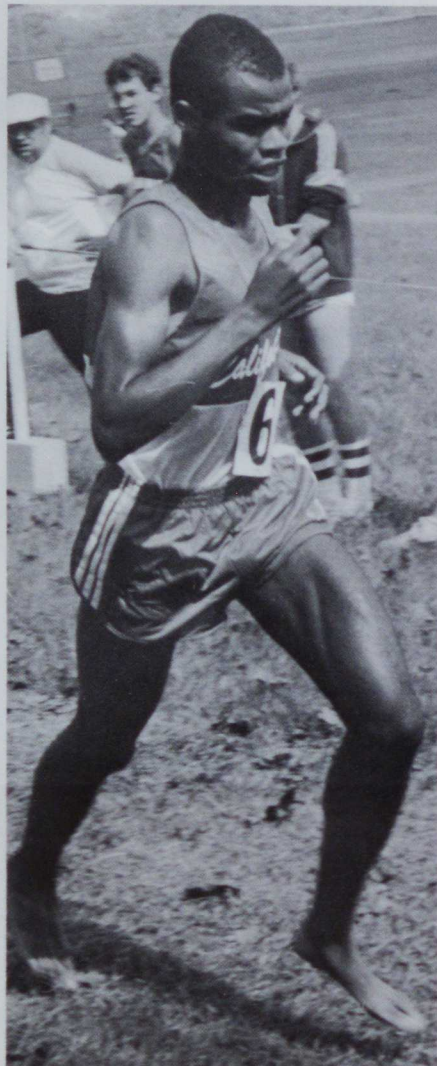
Tom Todaro floats earthward.

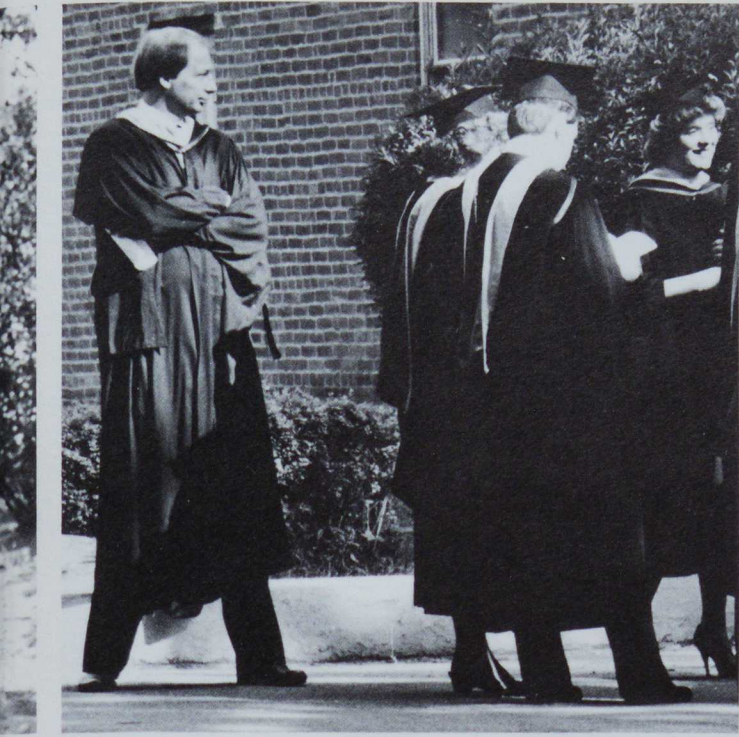


Top to bottom, right to left:
LORI A. HOOP
STEVEN M. HOVLAND
LEWIS P. ISAAC
JUDY JACOBY
ERIC P. KATZ
DEBORAH ANN KELLY



Cathie Faith's wedding day; Carl Williams runs with style; bicyclists Charles Valentino and Robert Tuskan.





Nancy Cavanaugh leads the band; Reggie Long attacks the Klan; 1982 commencement, featuring Doctor Dan.





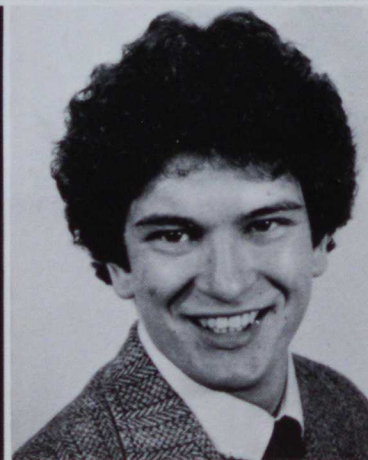
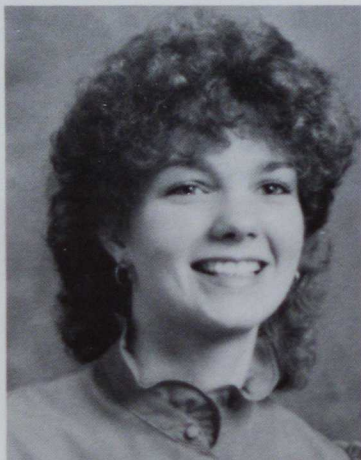
Tom Zabielski concentrates on coins.



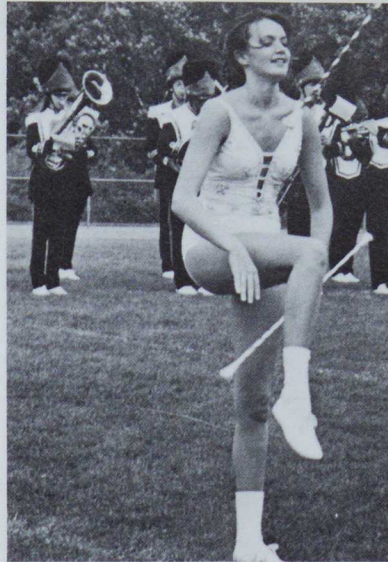
Becky Doverspike, intent on finding a lead.



WVCS DJ Lynn Romboski watches the clock.



Top to bottom, left to right:
PAMELA KROSKIE
KIMBERLY SUE LEWIS
KAREN ANN LIBERTINI
MARK LIZAK
DEBRA LYNN LOWERY
JOANN MARIE LUGAR



Cara Fisher struts her stuff.



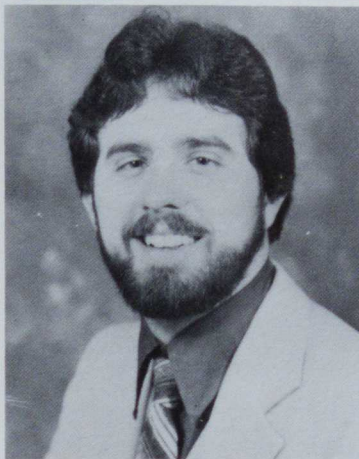
JoAnn Jankoski on the ball.



Barb Lassak readies to run.



Tom Lecky is for the birds.



Top to bottom, left to right:
EILEEN MCDONOUGH
MARIANNE T. MILLER
MICHAEL JAN MOSTOWY
DEBRA J. MURPHY
BERNARD T. MURPHY
DEBORAH JEAN RANKIN



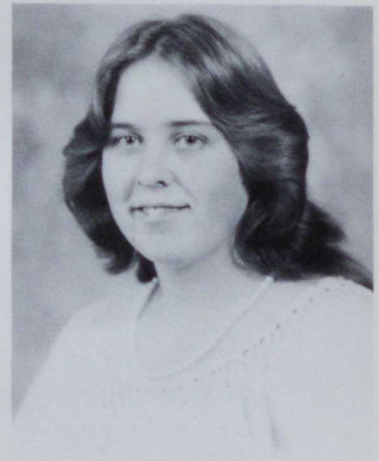
Lori Yannacci winds up for a toss.



Donna Rocca Davidson in her ball girl days.



Spring serenade: Bill Diehl and Lynn "Tomodashi" Himmelstein.



Top to bottom, right to left:
JONAI ROMAN
LYNN D'ANNE ROMBOSKI
MARLENE RUGG
SUSAN SACHS
HAIFA SALFITI
SUSAN SANTEK

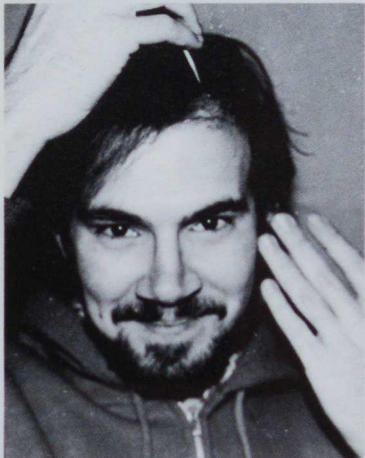


A hard-working Heinauer.

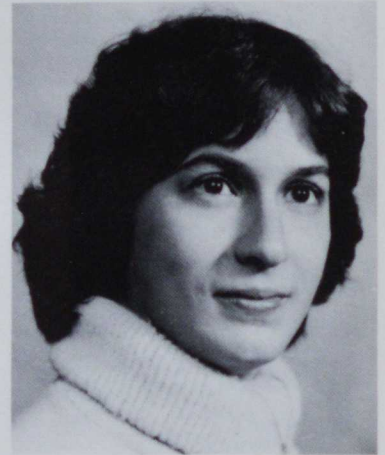
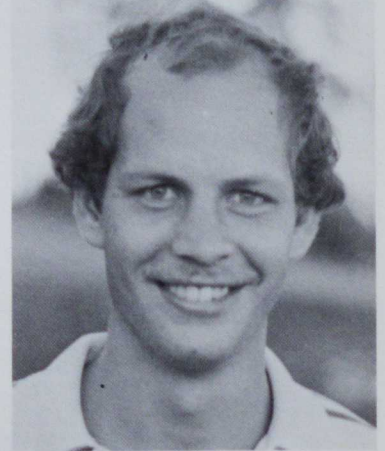
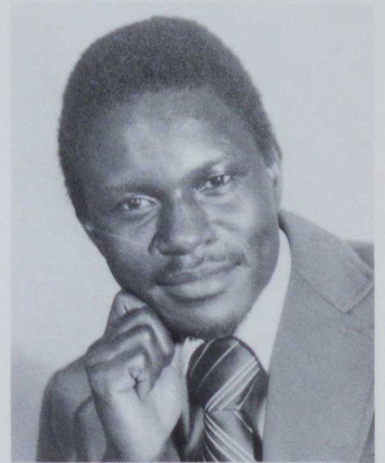
Rob Dindak in the spirit of Parents Day.



JayR Wheeler the wizard contemplates the Domino Sisters.



Top to bottom, left to right:
JAMES J. SAVONA
L.A. SMITH
LYNN MICHELE SPROWLS
PAUL STACKLIN
DEBORAH M. STAMBAUGH
CATHY TOMASEVICH



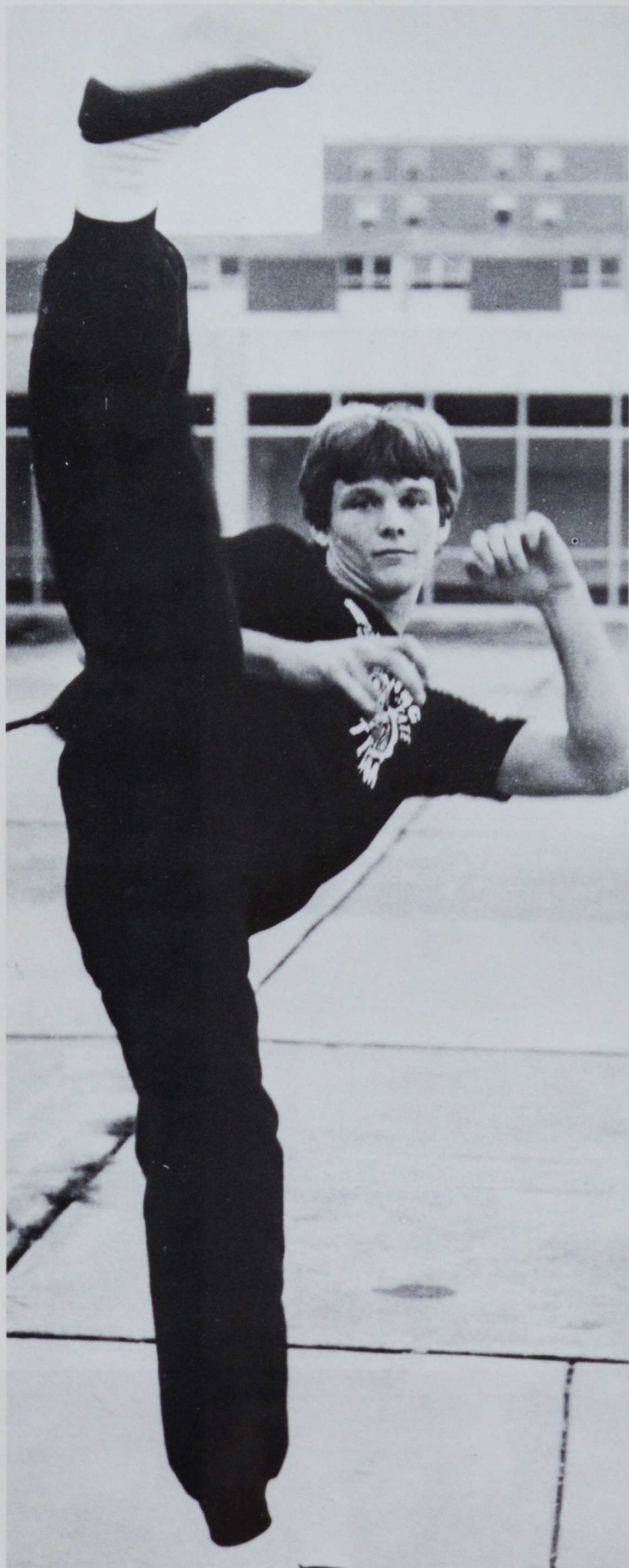
Top to bottom, right:
CHRISTIAN UMEH
SCOTT VIETMEIR
KAREN VERNINO
JayR WHEELER

Top left: Proof that Brenda Farrow met Dizzy Gillespie.

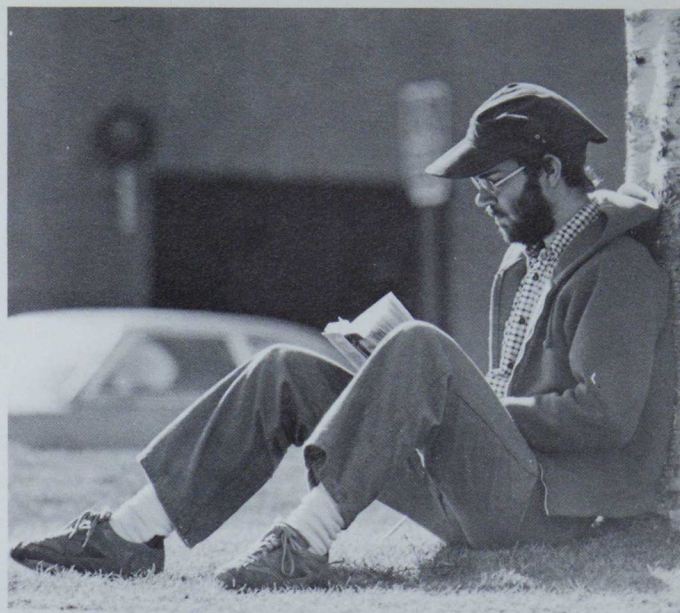
Top middle: Ron Harkins gets ready for the pros.

Bottom middle: Mary Kay Hensler strikes a pose during Babes in Arms.

Bottom left: Chi-Chi LeMon peers from beneath an umbrella on Homecoming.



Kickboxer Doug Rosensteel.



Paul Stacklin, his birch and his book.



Debbie Bischak sets up a shot.

YESTERDAYS PAPERS

*is dedicated to the memory of
Grenda Gardner, '82, student leader, and
Francis Wilson, good teacher, good journalist.*

