Sometimes college seems as if it will never end. A healthy diet of studying, partying, and going to class doesn’t leave a lot of room for reflection. It’s easy to forget that the purpose of going to college is to be able to leave someday.

A horde of personnel managers awaits our graduation. Company cars need to be bought, children need to be raised and housing allotments need to be filled. It’s frightening, but true. Kent State may literally be hundreds of miles away in a few years. And our memories may seem more valuable than our degrees.

I know when I remember KSU, I’ll always think of the Walking Clampetts. I’ll remember frantically dancing to that rockabilly beat in the dark, dusty atmosphere of Mother’s Junction. Writer Michael Gallucci and Photo Editor Karen Schiely tell the story of these four men, and reveal what’s in store for their future. Bands like the Clampetts are rare — especially in that terrifying place called The Real World.

Finding a Real World job after the safety of college can be frightening for most graduates, but for theater graduates, it can be near-impossible. Writer David Westrick tells the story of two KSU theater graduates and a freshman student. Their lives show that acting requires dedication, strength, and love for the profession. And sometimes, love for the profession means knowing when it’s time to leave.

But memories and career savvy aren’t all you should remember about KSU. Sometimes, the most difficult lessons we learn at college come from the people we’ve met. In our photo story, “Babes of the ’60s,” former Burr editor Kathleen Gorman tells the story of two area Vietnam veterans. Their recollections painfully remind us of that old saying, “Those who don’t study history are bound to repeat it.”

History is sometimes made in unusual ways. To give KSU students a sense of their own history, we’ve added a new department to the Burr. Currents takes a look at campus and national trends as well as recording a bit of our own college experiences.

So learn all you can — in and out of the text books — and stock up on the memories. And save your copy of the Burr. Some day, when your children ask about life in the ’80s, you’ll be surprised at the answers on its pages.

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-Editor

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You'll Never
The Walking
When you ask musicians why they got into the business, they'll usually blame childhood fantasies about hitting The Big Time or cite the divine inspirations of musical heroes.

The four members of the Akron-based Walking Clampetts are no different.

"I want to be famous," said Michael Purkhiser, the singer and guitar-slinger often dressed in black. "I want to have albums out.

"I really wanted to do what the Beatles were doing. They were the first band I ever saw live, and I was really into that. I've always wanted to make a record and go out and tour."

Johnny Teagle, the Clampetts' other vocalist and guitarist, had similar visions when he was young.

"I've always listened to this music," he said. "Even in grade school I used to stay up until 3 in the morning with the radio real low and close to my ear. I used to hear my parents coming up the stairs, and I'd shut it off.

"I've always been a night person, and I've always loved the radio."

And it was that love that showed his destiny: playing in a rock 'n' roll band.

When you ask musicians why they got together with their present band mates, they'll usually tell you something about common recurring fantasies concerning

The Walking Clampetts, at Mother's Junction, play "a stripped-down version of rock 'n' roll like it used to be." From left: bassist Bob Basone, guitarist Michael Purkhiser, drummer Mike Hammer, and guitarist Johnny Teagle.

Right, Hammer, who was originally "borrowed" from the band Hammer Damage, pounds out a set at the Rathskeller.

The Big Time or the desire to change the world through their music.

But this is where the Clampetts are different. They originally were formed in 1981 as a one-time-only tribute band to rockabilly legend Eddie Cochran. But, as Teagle pointed out: "It was fun, so we did it again. And seven years later...."
Teagle’s heroes, Eddie Cochran. Cochran was the rockabilly artist who blistered out of the rock ’n’ roll boom of the late ’50s and defined the genre with the immortal “Summertime Blues,” “C’mon Everybody,” and “Something Else.” He died on April 17, 1960, in England after an auto accident.

“I thought Eddie Cochran was great,” Teagle said. “So I put together a band for the anniversary of his death. We learned some rockabilly stuff and did it.”

Teagle sang at that initial show at JB’s Down where the newly formed band, then known as Johnny Clampett and the Walkers, was opening for another local band, the Action. One of the Action’s members at the time was Purkhiser. The Action was one of the area’s most popular club bands from 1977 to 1983.

“By the time of its demise, its members were regularly touring the New York club circuit and budding around with such future Big Timers as the Smithereens.”

After the breakup, Purkhiser and the Action’s bassist formed the Fabulous Gretsch Brothers, “doing the Everly Brothers and that kind of stuff because we weren’t really sure what we wanted to do,” Purkhiser said. “We were both bummed out of the band scene.” That lasted until 1985.

By that time, Johnny Clampett and the Walkers had gone through some changes. The group became Bruce Lipski and the Polecats (named for the lead singer at the time), then the Red Rocket Gang, and, finally, the Walking Clampetts. “I thought the name Clampett was silly enough,” Teagle said. “It was right at the end of the punk era. I always thought that would be a more interesting name than Johnny Thrash or Hate or Kill.”

Then one night in ’85, Teagle invited Purkhiser to play a couple of numbers with the band. Soon, those “couple of numbers” became an entire set of songs. Before long, Purkhiser joined the Walking Clampetts as a full-time member.

“Oldies stations play the Top 40 hits of the ’50s and that’s it,” Purkhiser said. “And a lot of people around here are under the impression that that’s all that was going on in the ’50s. There was so much more.”

“People come up to me and ask me why we don’t play the Beatles. If you want to hear the Beatles, turn your radio on. I love the Beatles, but you can hear that stuff so much. I personally think it gets real boring, and that’s why we don’t play it.”

A typical Clampett set includes songs by Elvis Presley, Buddy Holly, Jerry Lee Lewis, Bo Diddley, Cochran, the Ventures and Gene Vincent. And those are just the familiar artists. Obscure surf instrumentals, rockabilly tunes and some good old-fashioned rock ‘n’ roll songs pop up just as often. It’s with those songs that the band gains its strength.

“I consider the songs we choose as the best rock ‘n’ roll ever done,” Teagle said. “We’ve got the greatest writers.
We're choosing material from the best.''
Purkhisier agrees that the band's strength lies in its varied sets.

"We pick songs we really like to play, that way we don't get tired of the next day. When we do get tired of some of the stuff, we just put it on the back burner and learn some new songs. Then we shuffle the stuff around a little bit and start playing the old ones again.

Teagle decided that he liked the band so much that he wanted to keep it going. He did so for several reasons. One of the reasons was his undying love for the music.

"It's stuff that I've always listened to and loved to play," he said. "It didn't seem like people were playing much of that stuff around here anymore. There was an interest in it, so we kept it up."

But there have been changes since the band's incarnation. Purkhiser, the last to join the band, is the first to point them out. "When they started out, it was a straight rockabilly band," he said. "They didn't even do stuff that I would consider '50s rock 'n' roll, like the Elvis Presley stuff that was more rock 'n' roll oriented."

Another change along the way was the inclusion of Becky Armstrong as one of the group's vocalists in '84. Teagle heard her sing at a party and invited her to sing a few numbers with the band.

Before long, Armstrong became a permanent member, stepping on stage for about 30 minutes to croon a "night club" set that included such standards as "Cry Me a River" and "The Price of Love," and non-standards such as "These Boots Are Made for Walking."

Armstrong's numbers slowed down the Clampetts usually frenzied pace. Just as things were getting sweaty and bodies were bopping all over the dance floor, Armstrong would appear on stage like Jessica Rabbit, casting a chartreuse mood over the place.

"She couldn't sing an entire set of the kind of stuff we do," Purkhisier said. "It would be silly for her to be singing Elvis and Eddie Cochran songs."

Eventually, Armstrong joined the Akron-based Color Me Gone after Marti Jones left to pursue her now-blossoming solo career.

"We'd play 60 songs a night and Becky would sing maybe 10 of them," Purkhisier said. "She wanted something more.

"I think she was just frustrated doing only 10 songs. We all wanted her to sing more, but there just wasn't that much material to be selective of. It's hard to work a singer who's just a singer and not doing anything else."

And now another change is taking place within the Clampetts camp. The band is in a Barberton recording studio working on original songs for the new band. It's the same guys, same sound, just a different name.

"The Clampetts have always been Johnny's band," Purkhiser explained. "Right now, though, Johnny and I share leadership within the band. I'd like to start my own band to make things more simple, so there wouldn't be any confusion about leadership."

"I've always wanted to play in an original band, but at the time I joined these guys I was burned out of the original scene. As for this new (project), I'm starting an original band, and I'm asking these guys to be in it."

Purkhiser said the project is just getting under way and is, for the most part, still up in the air. A name has yet to be chosen for the original band, but it definitely will not be the Walking Clampetts.

"The music is very much styled after the kind of stuff we do now," he said. "I'd like it to be a bit updated. Updated versions of the same thing: real dance-oriented and easy to hum along with."

Purkhiser and Teagle said they want to keep both of the bands going at the same time. They don't want to risk losing what they have with the Clampetts if the original band doesn't work out. Teagle even said the new band will probably play on the same bill as the Clampetts.

"Most of the places that hire us do so because we play three sets of old rock 'n' roll that people are familiar with," Teagle said. "We do enough 'hits' to make ourselves employable. Employable enough that none of the members need full-time jobs to support them, although each occasionally takes on a part-time job to make ends meet."

Karen Schiely

Clampetts' tune at Mother's Junction.
Teagle said that a few of the new original songs may pop up in the Clampetts' set in the future. But neither he nor Purkhiser want them to interfere with the songs that made them popular.

"It's not that important for us to get the originals into our show," Purkhiser said. "I wouldn't want them to get in the way of the stuff we're doing right now."

"We've all been through the original scene before," Teagle said. "This (new project) kind of just fell together. We played out so much and learned how to play as a band, it's like, 'We might as well just use each other.'"

This 'use' of each other is one of the reasons the band has been so successful and has lasted for seven years. Another reason is the fact that they were all friends before the band was formed. They became acquainted with each other during the northeastern Ohio club scene around 1979.

"We're all good enough friends that I hope we're still doing this 10 years from now," Purkhiser said. "We hang out together, we drink together, we buy records together."

But Purkhiser admits that it's not always easy keeping four individuals satisfied.

"We do have our differences of opinion, but that's what makes it a band," he said. "It's a lot easier to laugh at arguments when you're friends. When you don't know somebody, you're likely to blow the band over. But you're not going to risk your friendship over that."

Teagle agrees. "We've gotten to the point where we don't want to play in other bands," he said. "We just say, 'Let's be practical about this.' It's that big of a deal. There are no secrets. But we do know when to hide from each other."

Extra Curricular Activities

Major fun, minor expense, and all on campus.

Student Center Game Room
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- Table Tennis
- Billiards
- Video Games
- Darts
- Cross Country Ski Rental
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Student Center Programming
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- Sign Shop
- CraftArt Studio
- Music Listening Center
- 672-2554

Student Center Food Services
- Rathskeller
- A La Carte Cafeteria
- Schwebel Garden Room Restaurant
- Banquets & Special Occasions
- 672-2592

Eastway Recreation Center
(Open 7 days a week)
- Billiards
- Bowling
- Foosball
- Video Games
- Board Games
- Snack Bar
- Deli
- 672-2598
those shows is fueled by the audience’s devotion to the dance floor. Once you get on the floor, it’s hard to sit down. You don’t want to sit down with the band playing up there for its life.

The band enjoys the playing just as much as the audience.

“It’s a lot of fun,” Teagle said. “We’re still learning new material and finding new places to play.”

Purkhiser realizes the band goes over best with the blue-collar crowd, the kind of crowd that would appreciate such hard-driven, true rock ’n’ roll.

“I don’t think we’d go over as well if we were a synthesizer-oriented band rather than a guitar-oriented band,” Purkhiser said.

“They play music that people can really identify with,” Pat Stritch, manager of Mother’s Junction, said. “It’s wonderful rock ‘n’ roll. Just good-time music.”

So far, the Clampetts have gained sizable followings in Cleveland, Youngstown, Columbus and, of course, Kent. They’ve opened for such Big Time notables as Los Lobos, Brian Setzer, the Smithereens, the Del Fuegos, and the Cramps (which, incidentally, features Purkhiser’s older brother, Lux Interior). Now the Clampetts themselves are looking for that Big Time.

“A lot of bands forget that playing is supposed to be fun,” Purkhiser said. “They get in it for the records, the sex status.

“When I say I want to be popular, I mean that I want to do this on a large enough scale so that I don’t have to worry about a day job. But I always want this to be fun.”

Teagle feels the same way.

“I want to be famous to an extent,” he said. “But it would have to be with music that I like.”

As for a long-term career with the Clampetts, both Teagle and Purkhiser want to continue this rock ’n’ roll excursion until they get tired of it. And that isn’t in the near future, Purkhiser said.

“I hope to be doing this in 20 years,” he said. “But on a larger scale. I think we’ve got it in us to do more than play bars when we’re 50 years old.”

And does Teagle think he’ll still be doing this in 20 years?

“I hope so,” he said, laughing.

Johnny Teagle used to stay up late and listen to the radio. Here, he belts out a tune at the Rathskeller.

A portrait of Elvis guards the Clampetts’ van as they play a set in Manchester Field.
Varying degrees of

For some theater majors, acting's toughest lesson comes after college

By David Westrick

A college degree.

For most people a four-year degree represents stability, a good job with good pay.

For many, earning a degree can be equated with having an American Express Card: "Membership has its privileges."

People armed with degrees aren't supposed to be slinging hash, tending bar or selling shoes.

Unless that degree is in acting.

According to Actors Equity, the national actors union, 13,000 out of 36,000 members held acting jobs last year.

Sticking it out in acting proves much more difficult than other professions. Jobs are few and far between. The between times represent the biggest challenge for actors and actresses.

Susan Gayle graduated last December. She is now performing in youth theater at Karamu House Theater in Cleveland. Although she says she considers herself extremely lucky to be getting paid for acting within a year of graduation, she had some low points before the job came through.

"This business is full of peaks and valleys — probably a lot more valleys," she says laughing and throwing her head back.

But in a mere instant, the shoulder-lengthed auburn-haired head snaps back to seriousness: "Dark times are the worst — when you go to audition after audition after audition without knowing what is around the corner. You become tired of pouring out your soul for people in three minutes when you've been working on your acting skills for 10 years. Rejection..."
success

is just gut-wrenching because it's hard to accept the idea that they're rejecting your work and not you."

Before joining the Karamu House theater, Gayle sat in a local family restaurant days before her 25th birthday drinking coffee and smoking cigarette after cigarette. She bemoaned the fact she was about to become "A QUARTER OF A CENTURY OLD" and hadn't been paid for acting in almost a year.

She bitched about her job waiting tables calling it "degrading and dehumanizing having to wait hand and foot on the drudges of society" only to make less money than needed for the monthly bills.

It was definitely a valley, a bad time.

She says her husband, Alan Benson, a KSU associate theater professor, offers her the needed support between dry spots between acting jobs.

"It's nice to go home to a person who'll always believe in you. He gives me the strength to go out and audition again," she says. "He also helps me look at things objectively when I'm feeling sorry for myself and self-indulgent. That's when he says stuff like, 'You made them look at you. You got their attention. They'll remember you.'"

"I know this sounds corny, but it really is a sort of spiritual support."

The friendly blue eyes of the 5-foot-8 woman seem to focus on something unseen when she says the first thing she was warned from Day One. But no one can tell you how difficult it is until you go through it personally. It's a profession you literally have to live from day to day," she says. "It's foolish to set goals for yourself. You can be at the top of your field one year and unemployed the next. You're really lucky when you can start planning a year in advance."

One person who didn't want to live with the instability that an acting career demands is Amy Bettonte, a 1986 KSU theater graduate who's entered law school at Case Western Reserve University in Cleveland.

"I was a good actress, but I wasn't a great actress. I didn't want to go out on a limb," she says. "I realized I don't have the ambition that most of my colleagues have to beat the pavement. I don't have the stamina to deal with rejection simply because I'm too tall or too short, brunette or blond, Northern or Southern. To become successful in acting, you have to deal with rejection for a lot of stupid reasons."

She also said she didn't want to be poor indefinitely.

"I've visited some friends in New York City and just didn't like it," Bettonte says. "I didn't want to live on macaroni and cheese and tomato soup. That's just not for me. I know I couldn't have lasted like that."

"Can you wait tables for 10 years then finally realize you don't feel like waiting for that Big Break anymore? Then what? I really admire those who do it. More power to them, but I can't see being poor for 40 years and never getting a step ahead of the creditors."

The 26-year-old Ashtabula native said she decided to leave acting after a bad experience making a low-budget teen slasher movie in Cleveland. The movie, which she refuses to name, has never been released.

"Fortunately for all of us involved, that movie is locked in a vault somewhere in L.A.,” she says.

When first meeting Bettonte she looks familiar. When she says the movie was a horror film modeled after "Halloween," and she played the main character, it's apparent why she was cast as the lead — she looks like Jamie Lee Curtis, the lead in the 1978 film.

Sitting in her cozy second-floor apartment in Cleveland's Little Italy, Bettonte says that experience taught her the all-important lesson that theater is a business.

"I gave an unscrupulous man exclusive rights to use stills from the movie," she says. "He could've done anything with those. He could've airbrushed them to make nude shots of me and I would've had no recourse."

She says her biggest beef with the theater department is that it doesn't teach students about the business side of performing. Sitting at her kitchen table with five dead pink highlighters in front of her she says students need to be told about contracts.

"When you're offered your first job, you're so excited. You just sign the dotted line without knowing what it really means," she says. "All you want to do is sign, sign, sign. You could sign your life away without even knowing it."

She said the contract for the slasher movie was actually invalid because of an inappropriate signature. The only way she eventually got paid was because her father threatened the director.

"There's a lot of people out there who'll take advantage of little Rebecca from Sunnybrook Farm at the drop of a hat," she says. "I've seen it happen, and it's really sad."

Gayle, who says the atmosphere at Karamu House is the most professional she's worked in, says actors must learn how to deal with
the business end if they expect to last and succeed. Dealing with directors represents one of those lessons.

"You always have to remember they have something you want; they figure you'll do things for them. It's a manipulation they can use on you," she says. "You have to decide how far you'll let them go and just what you will do and what you won't do."

A director once made a pass at Gayle. She said his attitude was that she'd be willing just because she was working for him.

"A good, stern 'no' put an end to that," she says. "But it was annoying because I began wondering whether he hired me because of what I looked like or because of what I was right for the job. I finally decided it didn't matter because I knew I was doing the best job I could."

"I didn't blow off the situation and not give it a second thought, but at the same time it wasn't worth my losing sleep over."

Gayle also dislikes the effects stress has on many people in her field. She says she has seen too many people ruined by some kind of chemical dependency. She says many actors turn to alcohol or drugs to help deal with burnout.

"It's sad when someone like that is allowed to go on stage simply because they have many years of experience," she says. "And you're the understudy watching and knowing that you could do the role."

Unlike Bettonte, who says she wished professors in the theater department had been more daring and experimental, Gayle says she was happy and more than satisfied with her years at Kent.

"Kent gave me time to grow up. The department developed my skills in acting greatly," she says. "That's because of numerous excellent professors stressing that we needed to work our butts off and saying stuff like 'You've never made it. You can always improve.'"

But Bettonte says her college experience was too limited. She'd have liked to see the professors cast people in different types of roles more often.

"A lot of people get cast on their personality alone. The professor knows the people and knows they will work hard," she says. "But a college director shouldn't be so afraid of failure. It's educational. Students deserve a chance."

"It's not helping me to put me in a role I always play. I'm not growing, I'm not learning, I'm not broadening my range."

Michael Nash, director of the theater department, says the program has changed drastically since 1986 when Bettonte graduated. In fact, a class called Professional Aspects has been added to the curriculum. He also says he understands why some graduates may feel they received poor preparation for the field.

"The faculty at that time was pretty much isolated," he says. "They either never worked in the field or they had worked in the field many years before."

He says since taking over the department last fall, he has worked on recruiting new faculty from specialty areas such as voice and movement. The program has also been intensified. Five classes have been added in voice and movement, and acting majors now take seven acting classes compared to four before. The degree for actors has changed from a bachelor's in acting and directing to a bachelor's in acting.

Bettonte says theater students have a choice to make. They either follow everyone else like cattle or challenge the professors and try to fight being stereotyped. Nash agreed that that is the best advice anyone can give to an aspiring actor.

A person who hasn't yet been forced to make that choice, but will have to soon is Tom Daugherty, a freshman theater major from Canton.

Daugherty didn't enroll in any theater classes his first semester, but he has performed in the past. He says he wanted to become comfortable with Kent before plunging into its theater.

He says he's been interested in acting since before he started grade school. But acting isn't all he wants to do.

"Being an actor is a noble attempt, but it's a lot better if you know more," he says. "It's not practical to be just an actor." He wrote and performed in a series of skits while he was in high school, and says he'd like to continue writing.

And even now, he worries about burnout.

"I worry about it constantly," he says. "I think because I worry about it so much, I won't let it happen to me."

For Daugherty, the thrill of performing makes all the hassles worth it.
"On stage I feel so elated," he says. "Nothing else matches that natural high. Acting is such a tough battle. It can make you say stuff like, 'God, why am I doing this?' But if you make it through that battle, the victory is so much sweeter.'"

Daugherty has already seen some people in his Orientation class drop out of theater.

"I say if you're relentless, only one of two things will happen," he says. "Either you'll make it, or you'll die trying. If I die trying, at least I will know I gave it my all."

Gayle says she has seen many actors reach burnout. She says when performers reach burnout they and only they can make the decision of whether to stick it out or get out of the business.

"It's a very personal decision and a very tough one," she says. "One person's reasons are not even considered by another. Your reasons only have to be good for you. It doesn't matter what others think."

Gayle says she has more respect for people who drop out of acting than she does for some who remain with it when they really want to quit.

"The ones who get out because they want to are the intelligent ones. They're big enough to say it's not for them anymore," she says. "A lot of people stay in for the wrong reasons. They worry about what others are going to think of them. I am much more critical of these people because they are not being true to themselves."

Even though Bettonte has given up acting, she says she'd like to become an entertainment lawyer or an agent after she earns her law degree. She looks at the books on her kitchen table. She was studying for a final.

"You know, a lot of people don't think much of actors. People just don't hold a lot of respect for a BFA," she says. "And in a lot of cases it's true. It's rare to find an actor or actress who is both intelligent and talented."

She says her training as an actress has helped her in law school.

"I'm not as nervous talking to a group of people as some others are," she says. "I think I have a lot more poise than others. I don't have much trouble remembering cases. I make the cases into plays and then they're easy to remember."

"I'm holding my own in law school. I'm doing OK for a theater major. I'm not at the top of my class, but I'm not at the bottom, either. I think 10 years down the road when I look back on my decision, I'll say I made the right one."

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"You become tired of pouring out your soul for people in three minutes when you've been working on your acting skills for 10 years."

Amy Bettonte, now studying law at Case Western Reserve University in Cleveland, left theater because she said she didn't have the stamina to stick with it.
An unexpected reaction to retirement

By Caroline Martin

The JET walks slowly, steadily down the third-floor corridor of Williams Hall. He enters a laboratory. Jars of chemicals fill the shelves, test tubes clutter the counters, and odd machines settle in various corners of the room.

"It's like the inventor's workshop, and he's the inventor," one student said.

In the classroom, the JET cracks jokes, sometimes bad ones, but he is always fair and ready to help.

"He's like a grampa," said Kelly Graham, a junior nursing major. "There are days when he's really funny and days when he's over your head. But he only expects from you what he's told you." The JET, as several chemistry students so fondly refer to him, is Jay E. Taylor, a retired Kent State chemistry professor. At 70, Taylor continues his work as a research chemist and remains an active member of the KSU Chemistry Department.

Though he is 5-foot-11, Taylor seems taller. His pure white hair makes him look distinguished as he sits in his small, crowded office, surrounded by books and papers.

"Right at the moment, I'm not teaching anything," Taylor said in his soft, clear voice. "It's uncertain what I'll be doing next semester. It all depends on what the department needs."

Lisa Morris, a junior nursing major, had Taylor for an organic chemistry class.

"I thought he was a really good teacher," she said. "His study sessions were very helpful.

"He'd reserve a room in the chemistry building. About 20 students would be there, and he'd just send people to the board to do problems. It really helped you learn the stuff he taught you."

"If you had a problem, you could just go to him and say, 'I'm lost,' and he'd talk to you."

Larry Landis, a senior chemistry major and an undergraduate research assistant to Taylor, said Taylor is easy to work with and for.

"He's always open to new ideas," Landis said. "If something is a logical step, and I suggest it, he's completely open. He's not constantly hanging over your shoulder, but when you need help, he's there."

Taylor said that in the four years since he retired, he hasn't missed full-time teaching at all. He prefers doing his research, which is mainly in the area of chemical kinetics — studying the rates of reactions.

"You might mix two things, and they just come together to form a product," he explained. "But more commonly, they may go through a series of steps from the time of the initial mixing to the time the final products are formed."

"So that's what I am studying — to see what the complications are for these reactions."

He has also developed a number of new mechanisms and instruments for various kinds of reactions, but many of them are more for use in his own research than for industrial purposes.

For example, he's developed an apparatus called a stir-flow reactor, which is used to stop a reaction after a short amount of time to see how far the reaction has gone.

"The basic idea for the stir-flow reactor did not originate with me, but the apparatus I've developed here is," he said. "It's unique, but I don't think anyone else will ever want to take it."

Among the purposeful clutter in his lab is an area where Taylor practices an art that is both a part of his work and a hobby — glassblowing.

"I started doing that when I was an undergraduate (at Oregon State University)," he said. "I took a class in it, and I enjoyed it, so I picked it up from there. I've learned various techniques. I'd see somebody do something, and I'd kind of teach myself the technique."
Taylor uses the skill to make glassware for some of his experiments. "Primarily, if I need something, and I'm in a hurry, I'll make it."

As with much of his glassblowing skill, Taylor's interest in chemistry was something he discovered himself, not through his formal education.

"I saw some of my cousins doing some fancy stuff with chemistry, and I got interested in it when I was in grade school," he said. "So, I decided to major in chemistry without ever having taken a course in chemistry in high school. Our high school was so small, they didn't offer it."

Taylor received his bachelor's degree from Oregon State in 1940 and then decided to attend graduate school.

He met his wife, Carol, at the University of Wisconsin. "I was an undergraduate at the University of Wisconsin at Madison, and Jay was an instructor there," Mrs. Taylor recalled. "The university had a marvelous student center, and it had a recreational reading room. I was a student attendant there."

"Jay came in and was reading 'The Idiot' by Dostoevsky. One day he came in, and the book wasn't there, and he came over and asked me about it."

"We like to say that we met over 'The Idiot.'" She added that Taylor didn't finish reading the book until two years after they were married, when she gave it to him for Christmas.

Taylor got his doctorate from Purdue University in 1947, and the couple married in 1948. Mrs. Taylor said that after 40 years together, they still "get along very well."

"He's a very compatible person," she said. "He's not an overly talkative person. He doesn't bother with money matters, so I do that. I keep telling him 'I wish you'd fire me.' But he's just a delightful person to be married to."

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After leaving the University of Wisconsin, Taylor worked as an assistant professor at Miami University for four years. Then he went on to Ohio State. From there, he taught at the University of Nebraska for six years.

Taylor, his wife and their four daughters came to Kent in 1960. "I came here at the advent of the doctorate program," Taylor said. "When I came, there were only two professors on campus who had ever directed a doctoral dissertation."

"Those two people were Glenn Brown and myself. So I had the first post-doctorate student working with me."

Brown, a former KSU chemistry professor and director emeritus of the Liquid Crystal Institute, and Taylor worked together to get the doctoral program started.

Taylor recalled what KSU was like when he first arrived. "Kent State developed from primarily a teacher's college in the earlier years to a liberal arts college with education predominating," he said. "The chemistry program was in McGilvrey."

Taylor said the chemistry program stayed in McGilvrey for the first five years he was there. Williams Hall was then built, but Taylor said McGilvrey Hall is still the best-built building on campus.

"We got a new building because to overhaul McGilvrey for a more modern chemistry department, well, it was just decided it would be better to go ahead and have a new building," he said. "But we left the most solidly built building."

"In fact, once I had a pipeline brought up into the lab I was in. Took them all day to get through the floor because it's just so extremely well-built."

Having seen a lot of students come and go during his more than 40 years teaching, Taylor said students haven't changed much. "Students are students. The clothes they wear, their hairdress styling and that sort of thing change, but really people are people."

He said, however, that he thinks science majors are less likely to be involved in alcohol and drugs than other students.

"You don't encounter that kind of thing a lot among chemistry students as you probably would with other majors," Taylor said. "(A science major) is a more serious student. If you are majoring in chemistry or the sciences, you have to be a little more dedicated to make the grade."

Without the schedule of a full-time professor, Taylor has a little more time for his hobbies, which include photography, travel and tennis.

Taylor said, however, that he and his wife are not the traditional take-a-plane tourists. They prefer camping, particularly in tents.

"That's the kind of camping we do," he said. "Not trailers. That's not camping."

Having traveled through Maine and Vermont on the way home from one of these outdoor excursions, Taylor has now been to all 50 states. "A very important accomplishment," he said with a wry smile.

It is, considering that Taylor had never been east of the Cascade Mountains in Oregon until after he graduated from college.

He went to Salem, Mass., after getting his bachelor's degree to work for Sylvania Electric Products.

"I took the job primarily because it was on the East Coast, and I had never been there before," Taylor said. "Salem was an interesting place to be for a while, but not permanently. I'm not too fond of the East — it's too crowded. I'm just a country boy at heart."
Her feminist focus enlightens students

By Peg Flynn

Her office is dimly lighted, but the windows bring in plenty of sun. The bright colors of peace banners and kites contrast with a wall of feminist and political literature.

A Mondale-Ferraro bumper sticker on the file cabinet brings back memories, and signs on the door convey important messages: “Support non-sexist education,” and “Chocolate is my life.”

The personal touches remind the visitor that the pursuit of knowledge should be pleasurable, and the goal of scholarship is to enrich lives.

For Gertrude Steuernagel, enriching the lives of her students means opening their eyes and minds to political oppression - specifically, sexual oppression.

Steuernagel, 40, is an associate professor of political science and the coordinator of the Women’s Studies Certificate Program, which she helped form. She was one of the trail-blazers of the professional world, an early marker of women’s territory in the male world of the university. Women were about a 10 percent minority in the Government and Politics Department at the University of Maryland while she completed her doctorate in political theory. She then came to Kent State in 1975 as the Political Science Department’s first woman faculty member of the contemporary era (she was preceded by one, Mona Fletcher, in the 1940s). Now there are three women faculty.

Feminism to her means learning to understand that women’s lives are limited by the bigger picture, she said. "Your situation is in large part caused by things outside of yourself, not personal failings," she said. "To be a feminist, you have to learn to think politically."

When women are aware of the bigger picture, they have more power to change their personal lives, she said.

"Feminism involves the total restructuring of our lives and the bringing of new values into our lives," she said. "It’s cooperation rather than competition."

When Steuernagel began here in the peak of the women’s movement, she had problems with her colleagues’ expectations. They usually expected her to do more clerical work than her supposed equals did, such as answering the phone.
if she were the only woman in the room, she said.

"I found that here," she said, "What was hard for me (was that) when I started to bring these things up, since I was the only woman in the department, it was thought to be a personality thing."

But things improved when the department gained female faculty who shared her perception, she said.

She was the first female chairperson of the department (and of the College of Arts and Sciences) from 1983 to 1987. The job taught her to be less naive, she said. The number of people who operate totally on self-interest surprised her.

"I was surprised by a lot of people who give unselfishly of their own time," she said. "But I was also surprised by the number of men who see testosterone as an entitlement."

Her activism dates to the anti-war movement of the 1960s. She was involved in the peace movement as an undergraduate at Indiana University, she said.

"I really became politically aware during that period," she said. "I really began to have an idea of political power and how it can be abused."

Vietnam was one of the most significant influences on her outlook, she said. Like others during the Vietnam era, she didn't take sexism as seriously then.

"I always thought the women's movement somehow wasn't as important as 'big' issues like peace," she said. "Then I discovered that sexual oppression is a big oppression."

She began to focus her personal studies on feminism.

"I was just beginning to realize some of the sexism in the anti-war movement when I left for grad school," she said. "I was more and more interested in political theory, and there was a natural leap toward studying feminism."

She has continued her activism as coordinator of the Women's Studies Program and in groups like the Feminization of Power, a national movement that began in the spring to get more feminist candidates into politics. The Kent chapter began with Steuernagel and several other KSU faculty members. Its activities included interviewing local candidates for county commissioner about WomanSHELTER after funds were withdrawn by the United Way and Portage County.

"A lot of people talk about the decline of feminism, but I don't think that's true," she said. "It's more of a living issue now."

The connection of feminism to teaching was similar to its connection to political theory, she said.

"That's where teaching and feminism come together," she said. "Teaching is turning on lights in people's heads. Feminism does that, too."

In 1985, she won the Arts and Sciences Teaching Award. She was also one of the 10 finalists for the Distinguished Teachers' Award that year. Her goal in teaching is to help people look at the world in a new way that brings them to understand their lives more.

Steuernagel's own early teachers in Pennsylvania had a powerful impact on her. They were the nuns of her Catholic elementary and high schools. Her all-girl high school especially was a rich and supportive learning environment, she said.

"Probably the strongest role models were the nuns," she said. "For one thing, they always taught me to respect my mind. They never embarrassed me about my mind."

The power of nuns in the church contradicts the Catholic message that women should be subservient, she said.

She received encouragement from the nuns that didn't come from home.

"My mother in particular was very disappointed that I was never interested in boys or dating or makeup or clothes," she said. Then she smiled. "But the nuns also didn't care about that."

Her family was basically liberal, with both parents working. Her mother was a secretary, and her father managed a state school for retarded children.

Steuernagel's ideal family expands on today's family. Traditional families haven't been good to women, and nontraditional couples are denied in today's system.

"I think the family is always going to be with us," she said. "I hope family doesn't always mean rigid sex-role separation. I hope family comes to mean a lot of different lifestyles."

Her beliefs in general have little to do with convention or institution. She left Catholicism because women aren't treated as equals in the church. After trying different religions, including Unitarianism and Judaism, she decided her own ideas were enough.

"To me, (doing what's right) means living your life a certain way," she said. "To me, it means every day, not hurting people every day."
He makes German memorable without throwing raw eggs

By Chris Zombory

It was a nondescript Tuesday morning in Room 108 Satterfield Hall. Legs outstretched, eyes droopy, the students seated around the long table for German Conversation class waited their turn to answer the professor's questions. They watched the clock, vaguely aware of his conversation with a quiet, red-haired woman.

But then Harold Fry's face flushed beet red. He jumped up and down in front of the woman, gesturing wildly and pleading with her in a frantic voice to think in German, rather than English.

The red-haired woman, junior German and international relations major Jennifer Katterheinrich, blushed. The others were taken aback, then laughed nervously at the sight of their usually reserved and patient professor behaving like a man possessed. Fry simply continued encouraging Katterheinrich, now in a placid tone that contained only traces of his earlier outbreak.

Fry, 47, is an assistant professor in the Department of Germanic and Slavic Languages and Literatures. And in fact he is a man possessed, although not usually by classroom fits. He is possessed by the desire to motivate his students to think and learn.

"I'm ready to do virtually anything to get and keep the attention of the class," Fry said.

His surprising behavior was a combination of frustration and attention-getting, he said.

"I have done something of that sort before. If it strikes the class as funny, or I have to put on a pouting routine to make something memorable... why not?"

Fry's class was lucky it didn't find itself pelted with eggs. That technique, Fry said, is part of the Rassias method, developed at Dartmouth College to force students to use a language and to make the experience memorable.

Such a method of teaching helps students to go beyond memorizing token phrases to creating sentences on their own.

"Memorization is a crutch," Fry said. "Eventually, I want to knock the crutches out from under you so that you will be able to use the grammar without being fully aware that's what you're doing."

"It may sound hokey, but I get a big charge out of watching someone's eyes light up with comprehension."

Fry said working with people is the best part of his job—they are more important than the subject matter. He sees his role as teacher as similar to the major function of a physician, which is keeping a person patient while the body heals.

"The basics of grammar, for example, are dead, mechanical, boring," he said. "I don't have to tell the students that. I try to
PEOPLE

keep a person interested in a subject until they are familiar enough with the basics to use them. Sooner or later they have this ‘Aha!’ experience. You have to creep and crawl before you walk.’’

Katterheinrich said Fry is an effective teacher ‘‘because he makes a real effort to make you understand the language instead of handing you a silver spoon with the answer on it.’’

After earning his master’s degree at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore and while doing his doctoral studies at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, Fry taught English at the Otto-Hahn Gymnasium (junior high school) in Geesthacht, West Germany.

Germans, Fry said, see a teacher as more of an authority figure than a source of knowledge. He combated this barrier while teaching in Germany by playing down his role as an authority figure. For instance, he once noticed a student carrying a ‘‘cheat sheet.’’ Fry simply took it from him while passing out the test and did nothing more to embarrass the boy. ‘‘The fact that I didn’t do anything impressed him, and from that point on he was the best ally I could have had.’’

Fry’s methods impress his American students, too.

‘‘He doesn’t teach like he’s teaching a sea or a field of wheat,’’ said Kathleen Hogan, a graduate student in German education. ‘‘He takes time to communicate with each individual stalk, each student in a class. He knows when you’re with him and when you’re not and takes care to go back and pick you up if you haven’t understood.’’

Nancy Newman, a junior German and international relations major, said a doctorate is not enough to make her respect a professor. She said she respects Fry because he can be professional in the classroom and personal outside of class. Newman said he is willing to help students with class-related questions and once helped her greatly in preparing a scholarship application.

Newman, a transfer student, said Fry’s classes were the highlight of her first semester at KSU. ‘‘You learn because he is interested in the information. It’s like he wants to teach and share information with his students, and it’s easier to be interested in a topic when the professor is.’’

Hogan said she thinks Fry is the best teacher she has had at KSU because of his thoroughness of knowledge and in teaching. She is impressed with his ability to quote, from memory, poems and literature that are relevant to the subject being studied.

‘‘I’m a learning addict,’’ Fry admitted. And his office verifies his assertion. Three long shelves next to the paper-covered desk and two behind it are crammed with books.

‘‘I believe in continued learning. I am an omnivore as far as reading.’’

In the classroom, Fry often sits at the table with his students, legs crossed casually, book in hand. On the table before him is a folder full of tests and papers, but no notes. Only his age and his command of the room give away his status.

If students get restless and stray into outside conversations, Fry watches and waits until the disturbance subsides.

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Another of Fry's students, junior German major Melissa Reaves, said, "He seems to speak in italics.''

Especially in grammar classes, Fry tends to emphasize points with a complete body gesture. To explain a change in tense or the correct function of a preposition, he might tense up and lean slightly forward, bending at the knees in anticipation of the correct answer. When that answer comes, he relaxes. Conflict resolved.

Fry's interest in German began as that of many of his students did — at home. His mother, a French and Spanish teacher, and father, a Lutheran minister, spoke Pennsylvania Dutch (a German dialect) when they didn't want him to know about something. Their use of the language was inconsistent, he said, and it wasn't until high school that he fell in love with the language and culture.

He was urged to teach by the president of Hartwick College in Oneonta, N.Y., where he earned a bachelor's degree with a German major and a Russian minor.

"Teaching wasn't a real conscious decision," Fry said. "But once I got into it, I enjoyed it very much. I wouldn't want to do anything else.''

In the past 20 years, Fry has taught German at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville, the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, the University of North Carolina at Greensboro and Susquehanna University in Selinsgrove, Pa. He has been at KSU since the fall of 1985.

Fry said he has no intention of ending his teaching career, and he will teach "probably as long as I can pull on my shoes, unless I find my ability to get things across waning.''

Once he does retire, though, Fry would like to be remembered for his curious manner.

"I would like to be known for spreading infectious curiosity for learning — my curiosity for any and everything," he said. "You never can learn enough about the world you're in, and the more you know about it, the more you can enjoy it. In relation to students, I feel I am creating."
Two years before his son was born, Pvt. Frank Girecky boarded a plane bound for the distant jungles of Vietnam. His tour of duty lasted 13 months — from the early months of the Tet Offensive to the end of 1968. He lived through Khe Sahn, the site of some of the war’s bloodiest battles. He doesn’t talk much about it now.

Girecky’s son, Brian, 19, rarely asks about Vietnam. When he does, he wants to hear the Rambo-like details, the stories of fighting and winning and heroes.

“He’s just caught up in that shoot-em-up kind of thing,” says Girecky, 42, a part-time Kent State busi-
Vietnam: Some had to live it...their children have to learn it

ness student and a plant operations specialist at Cuyahoga Falls General Hospital. "What did you do in the war, Daddy?"

"I came home," Girecky tells him. "I survived it."

Brian Girecky's interest in the Vietnam War is similar to many college students today. Too young to remember the promises of President Johnson or the protests for peace, many form their perceptions from second-hand stories or second-rate movies. They never lived the war, and because of that, their outlook is different, more optimistic.

Roger Thurman was 20 when he left for Saigon — the same age as many college sophomores. Today he owns Thurman Guitar and Violin Repair on Franklin Street and is working on his master's in history at Kent State. He says college-age students have a romanticized picture of Vietnam. Movies and television shows have blurred their vision — creating for them a Vietnam that never was.

What they perceive is not what veterans remember.

"None of the movies that I've seen really show how ugly and dirty and filthy the situation was," Thurman says. "It was a land in which there were no rules — filled with civilians, filled with villages that no one understood.

"And," he says, pausing before his next attack on the romanticization of the war, "I don't think anybody was skipping around the streets of Saigon, or that 'China Beach' thing, going 'Tra la, tra la, tra la.' None of it was pretty.

"I would never go back to it," he says finally. "I don't know anyone who would."

Jeff Shrigley, a sophomore in international business, saw "Platoon" when it was playing in movie theaters. His father, Ralph,
It was a land in which there were no rules — filled with civilians, filled with villages that no one understood.

also went to see the movie because Jeff was so upset by it.

"I was devastated when I saw it," Jeff Shrigley says, describing the film horror of a Vietnamese village massacre. "I came back and said, 'Dad, did that really happen?'"

His dad told him it really did. He told him of one massacre he remembered, but mostly he doesn't talk to Jeff about Vietnam.

"He wants to keep a lot of that stuff to himself," Jeff says. "It's a sensitive area."

Thurman's memories of the war are tinged with bitterness — not for the North Vietnamese, but for the American leaders who sent U.S. troops overseas.

"The leaders of our country, through tremendous ignorance and betrayal of our people, really did a disservice to history and a disservice to the Vietnam veteran and a disservice to the armed forces."

For those who came back, the memory of friends lost in the Vietnam War remains painfully alive.
Thurman says, "Those people have never been brought to justice."

He sees a questioning of authority by Vietnam veterans — a skepticism missing from today's college students who don't remember Jane Fonda's controversial protest trip to Hanoi. If he were talking to the babes of the '60s, Thurman would tell them not to waste their youth and energy on causes "concocted by politicians."

"Don't believe what a politician says," he urges. "Especially now, it's getting even worse. It doesn't matter if you have any substance at all. You only have to seem to have it."

Thurman also sees optimism and energy in today's college students. Brian Girecky has some of that optimism. He hopes to see world peace in his lifetime.

"It would be hard to live if every day you worry about war," he says. "But I think right now that there's not going to be a third world war... There's so many new ideas, younger leaders to bring forth peaceful alternatives."

"Cause nobody really wants to die."

Because the Vietnam War was always near the back of the history books, Brian didn't learn about it in class until his last two years of high school. But he always had his own ideas about it. He always thought war was wrong, and so did many of his friends.

Yet many of them joined the service, he says, mostly to pay for a college education.

"Nowadays it's looked at as a way to pay for college," Jeff Shrigley says.

Many students who grew up in Northeastern Ohio know little about the war, says William Kenney, an associate professor of history. Their teachers purposefully left it out of their lesson plans despite the deaths of four students at Kent State in anti-war protests.

"This area was truly tortured by the experience," Kenney says. "I think many a high school teacher wouldn't touch it (the Vietnam War) with a 10-foot pole. A lot of people just don't want to get back into all that."

When Frank Girecky was attending an area high school in the '60s, he was taught little about Vietnam. A high school teacher did bring it up one morning. He stopped teaching and pulled down a map, showing the class where Vietnam was. He told the students the percentage of their classmates who would probably go there. And he gave the percentage who would probably never return. Girecky remembers how angry some parents were and how many complained.

The next day the teacher was gone.

"They never taught us anything," he says. "They taught us world history. They taught us European history. They taught us Mid-Eastern history. But they never got into Indochina. (They taught us) the big, mighty U.S.A. was the powerhouse at that time and that we definitely couldn't lose."

Kent State has never offered a class in the history of the Vietnam War because none of the faculty has a specialty in Asian history, Kenney says. Last September, members of the history department again discussed plans for creating two classes: a class on the history of the war and a class studying movies focusing on that era. Both classes are planned for spring of 1990.

In the past two years, colleges throughout the country have begun offering classes about the war, Kenney says. Most have been very popular, attracting both "I-hate-history" students and former veterans who are finally able to distance themselves enough to study about their experience.

"I think the time has come," says Kenney, who has been teaching history at Kent State since 1966. "I don't see class degenerating into a shouting match. Although that could happen."

Frank Girecky wants students today to have more knowledge. And more questions.
"None of the movies that I've seen really show how ugly and dirty and filthy the situation was."

world," he says, "'cause that was the thing that got me quite upset through high school. The whole thing was covered up."

In some ways, what happened in Vietnam still is kept under wraps. Veterans complain about feeling isolated, ignored or, at times, scorned.

In August, the organizers of Firebase Cleveland, a reunion rally, tried to create an atmosphere of understanding for veterans who still search for acceptance two decades after returning home.

The opening of the rally, held in downtown Cleveland, was interrupted by a handful of protesters carrying signs reading, "No More U.S. Wars of Aggression." Police later broke up a scuffle that started between veterans and demonstrators, but the clash was reminiscent of the return of U.S. troops to the States in the early '70s.

"Some people, as soon as they hear you're a Vietnam vet, they get this automatic click that something is going to happen," Frank Girecky says. "Things happen, but people sometimes cause them to happen.

"I just want to be like everybody else. Because I am."

Frank Girecky saw the war. He came back and parts of it still were with him. When helicopters cut through the sky over Kent during the turmoil of May 4, 1970, Girecky heard — and remembered — Vietnam. He stayed in his basement for three days.

His son, Brian, is too young to remember. He sometimes talks about it with his friends, but for them, Vietnam is a chapter in a history book. Or a chapter in their parents' lives.

During a break from his pre-med classes, Brian looks out over the Student Center plaza, watching students laughing and talking on their way to lectures or meetings or important things in their lives.

"I think there's probably a lot of students who may feel like myself who are against war," he says. "There's a larger, younger generation that are smart. They're peace-conscious.

"When the majority of peaceful people grows," he pauses, a smile breaking across his face, "this sounds cliched, but we're working for a better tomorrow."
veterans parade. Vasel, a 1972 KSU graduate, of the Air Force.

A woman makes her feelings known to her son and the crowd during the rally that followed the veteran's parade.

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A standout stand-up

Bertice Berry, Ph.D., delivers punchlines with a purpose

By Kathleen Gorman

Bertice Berry has a slash-type personality. She is a scholar/comedian, a teacher/entertainer, a smart/funny woman who graduated from Kent State in August with a Ph.D. in sociology and went to work.

For a cruise line. As an entertainer.

It surprised no one that the 28-year-old graduate decided to do something unconventional. When she was trying to choose where to attend graduate school, Berry has said she requested catalogs from dozens of graduate schools. She then threw the catalogs across her room and vowed to apply to those that landed beyond a floor rug. KSU was the first to accept her, and Berry arrived here in 1982 to study sociology. And to do comedy, both on campus and in local clubs.

Berry is a woman with a message. Her comedy routines reflect her academic background — all three of her degrees are in sociology — and her teaching incorporates jokes and humor. She keeps her audiences howling, with jokes that convey positive images about living happily together and loving each other — whether black, white, male or female.

In her nightclub act, Berry performs outrageous impressions of Tina Turner and Whoopi Goldberg and tells jokes void of "ists"— non-sexist, non-racist, non-classist.

And she doesn't see much of a difference between delivering punchlines or lecturing on population statistics. Except, she can reach more people in a nightclub than in a classroom.

"Kent's an interesting town," begins one of the jokes in Berry's cache, "but they have several problems there. First of all, they don't have blacks." Her audience will chuckle, even if they are predominantly white, as they often are.

Her roommate, Bernita Berry, is not related to Berry but knows her well after living with her for the past six years. She spoke with Bertice weekly during her stint this semester on the cruise ship.

Bernita says Bertice is happy as long as people laugh and understand the messages masked in her humor.

"It's done in a way that people can understand and laugh and hopefully want to change themselves," Bernita says.
Rick Harrison

Russ Leider runs from a Muskingum College player to score a four-point "try." The September game was played at home with KSU winning 45-0.

Hoping to rebirth the KSU rugby club

By Linda Sharkey

On April 22, 1987, the final blow in the University's bout with the Kent State Rugby Club was delivered. Weeks earlier, on April 6, the fight had been called and the University triumphed, indefinitely suspending the club from playing. Now all that was left to do was deregister the band of athletes as a student organization.

Except for the 40-member club, no one felt the punch.

"I felt left out in the cold," said Fred Kisiday, then president of the club. "To have something you worked so hard for and have it gone in five minutes... I was upset."

Kisiday was not the only one upset. The club appealed the decision but was unsuccessful. Still, the men were persistent. They tried to re-register. Intramurals agreed to accept the group as a new club but put it on probation.

On Dec. 31, with wounds healed but scars remaining, the KSU Rugby Club will shed its probationary status and try to forget the past, a past riddled with unanswered questions and ambiguous recollections.

Rugby players say the indefinite suspension resulted from the conviction of two club members on gross sexual imposition charges. Intramurals officials, however, hesitate to address the convictions and maintain that the punishment resulted from the violation of a previous "probationary suspension." (Probationary suspension prevents Intramurals clubs from using KSU fields and facilities and participating in any activities.)

On Jan. 27, 1987, the club was placed on a two-month suspension as a result of some members drinking alcoholic bever-
Build its image, club returns

ages in a public park on the evening of Nov. 6, 1986.

That same night two club members were charged and later convicted of gross sexual imposition of a female student. Another member was arrested and charged with rape, but the charges were later dropped.

Winona Vannoy, director of Intramurals, said the drinking incident was the straw that broke the camel’s back.

“There were a lot of problems before that,” Vannoy said. “I think the major reason (the club was suspended) is because the drinking party was announced at a club meeting on campus.”

It is against University policy to serve alcohol at any club meeting or event unless the club has a permit.

Vannoy said the University was aware of the sexual charges brought against three of the club members, but said she was unsure if the University brought any formal action against the club for the individuals’ behavior. She did not indicate whether the criminal charges were a factor in the University’s decision to suspend the team.

When asked individually why the team was put on two-month suspension, Kisiday, Club Manager Tom Corley and present Club President Ed Caldwell all cited the gross sexual imposition incident.

Under the two-month suspension, the club was not allowed to meet as a KSU club. With its adopted name, Tree City Rugby Club, the group held practice at a local Catholic school and entered a rugby tournament at Ohio University.

Kisiday said it looked as if everything was going to work out until a member of the KSU Lacrosse Club told an Intramural team coordinator that the rugby players who went to Ohio University had entered the competition as KSU’s rugby club.

Corley denied the accusation and said the club had entered the competition under its adopted name. He did say, however, that a number of people were aware that the men were from KSU.

Stephen Donahue, a student recreation officer at Intramurals, said participation in any game as KSU’s rugby club violated one of the conditions the University had set as part of the club’s two-month suspension, which would have ended March 26, 1987.

Intramurals concluded that the team violated the two-month suspension and extended the suspension indefinitely.

On April 22, 1987, the Kent State rugby club was formally deregistered as a student organization.

Tom Corley vaguely remembers that cold November night in the park. He said the players were carrying on a brotherly tradition that used to be held at the end of each season.

“The rookies and veterans would get together and drink a bottle of (wine),” he said. “Each player had their own bottle. When that bottle was gone that was it.”

He said the tradition wasn’t to be con-

Team captain Ed Caldwell pulls Matt Mentz up after he had the wind knocked out of him. Team members Dan Reed, right, and Paul Huss help Caldwell.
fused with hazing or a rite to membership.

"It wasn't like we handed something
to them and told them to guzzle it
down," he said. "It was looked at like an
initiation, but it was more a 'welcome
to-the-club' type thing. It was kind of a
wrap-up with all the guys until the next season."

Corley said the club no longer carries
on this act of drinking.

With the help of two Akron rugby coa-
ches and a group of alumni, the rugby
club returned to campus last spring. The
group was permitted to hold practice and
challenge other Mid-American Confer-
ce clubs.

Most of the 40 club members are new
players who weren't involved with the
club two years ago. Corley said many of
the freshmen and sophomores don't
know the details of the club's history, and
those few who were here then try to for-
get about the past. But no matter how
hard they try to forget, in subtle ways all
of the players still feel the sting of that
long-ago bout.

Corley said he and other members
have experienced rough times because of
the club's past.

Caldwell agreed.

"It was like starting a brand new or-
ganization but being behind the eight
ball," Caldwell said. "Intramurals was
very critical of our past."

He also said the hockey hazing inci-
dent in September has rekindled an old
fire with the media.

"I think that the Kent Stater has made
great animosity against the team," he
said. "Last year they wouldn't send out a
reporter to cover us. We had to write our
stories and turn them in. As far as coming
back, they have been nothing but weight
on our back."

Brian Gregg, The Daily Kent Stater
sports editor, said a lack of manpower
and time prevents the newspaper from
covering intramural sports such as rugby.

"It's not dislike that keeps the rugby
team off our pages," he said. "They are
not on our pages because they aren't a
varsity sport."

The 1987 sports editor, Mitch McKen-
ney, also said that lack of time and repor-
ters results in a lack of intramurals cover-
age.

"We have to have a commitment
somewhere," McKenney said. "We
have a commitment to covering the var-

sity sports well. And that is plenty."

Gregg said The Stater was doing its
job when it reported the sexual charges.

"We are here to report the news," he
said. "If they weren't generating nega-
tive news, it wouldn't be in the paper."

Larry O'Brien, a junior nursing major,
joined the rugby club this semester. He
said that in general, the members are
jocks but socially no different than most
people, even though some might find
them "a little bit rough around the
edges."

O'Brien and other members of the club
said that the community has attached a
stigma to rugby players, but that the
group is trying to change that.

"What happened then and what is go-
ing on now...it's a total turnover of
personality," O'Brien said. "I know the
image on a whole has improved 100 per-
cent."

Donahue, the club coordinator, said he
thinks the sport now attracts a different
type of person than it did two years ago.

"When I first came here to Kent State,
the attitude of the players was to see how
much they could drink," he said. "They
had a rugby game as an excuse."

Members of the club said the fre-
Above, Larry O'Brien fights to keep hold of the ball as Scott Morgan roughs him up during practice. Below, freshman Kevin Ross displays his war wound, a cut nose, after practice on the rugby field next to the running track.

Frequency of drinking has been reduced greatly since they returned to campus.

"Back then we were the rugby team — we were unstoppable," Corley said. "There was beer and parties and everything else."

Now, Donahue said, the members act more professional and that the group seems more responsible for its actions.

"Recently, they have been a model club and they have set an example for the Midwest Rugby Union by not having alcohol on the field," he said.

A condition of the probation is that the club is not allowed to spend any of its funds on alcohol and no alcohol is allowed on the field. With the exception of the annual alumni reunion, there are to be no club-sponsored parties.

In turn, the rugby club has substituted the traditional beer bash with a sit down dinner with competing teams.

The club has also incorporated other policies, such as community service, in an effort to change its image.

Last year the American Cancer Society awarded the rugby club a plaque in appreciation of its work during the Jail and Bail fundraising program. The group raised more money through donations than any other student organization that participated in the fund drive.

The Alumni Fund Drive and Big Brothers of Portage County are two other community service programs that the club has been actively involved in.

The club members have placed restrictions on their everyday behavior as well.

When club members go downtown they are not allowed to wear club jackets, jerseys or colors. Corley said this policy was initiated to keep individual behavior from affecting the entire team.

He said members of the club have been wrongly accused of various things because people remember seeing a person wearing a rugby jacket at the scene of an incident.

"Without our jackets people can't distinguish us from any other clown downtown getting drunk," he said.

Despite efforts to improve their image, a stigma remains attached to rugby players as rowdy trouble-makers.

O'Brien said he and the rest of the members are well aware that not everyone will change their attitudes toward the club.

"Our whole image is better, maybe not on campus because people don't know different," he said. "They (the club members) want to change it, but sometimes you feel like you are fighting a losing battle. So we say let's continue on getting the sport down and not worrying about what people think."
Old McDonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O. And on this farm he had some pigs. And some dorms. And 22,000 college students. And a major state university.

Standing out like an oasis on the land that separates Small Group from the physical plant on Summit Road, the Stutzman pig farm, scarcely larger than one acre now, has withstood the test of time while Kent State and the immediate community has slowly grown all around it.

But by January, its barn doors will close to the countless generations of porkers that have lived there for the past 38 years.

"It used to be all farms here," said 84-year-old Lloyd Stutzman, pointing to the land that is now occupied by dorms, apartments and the physical plant.

The only farm I can remember seeing (and on occasion smelling, when the wind was right) when I looked out a friend's window in Musselman Hall four years ago was the Stutzmans'. I saw Lloyd feeding his pigs in the pen behind his tiny barn, and I thought how sad it was that the University was forcing its way into this man's backyard.

A few times my friend and I walked across the field where the extension to Loop Road was put in two years ago just to get a look at the pigs.

As we would sneak up closer to them, one would always start squealing and the whole gang would bolt for the barn. Sometimes we'd wait for them to come back out, but they never did, so we never really got a close-up view of the little stinkers.

I was relieved that Lloyd never came out and caught us creating such a ruckus on his farm. I was sure he would yell and tell us, "Get the hell off my property!"

And this summer, when I worked for the grounds crew and passed the Stutzman farm on my way to the physical plant, a lump swelled up in my throat as I stared at Lloyd, sitting on a lawn chair in his backyard.
These little piggies didn’t go to college
...the college came to them

It was the typical picture of progress devouring a farmer who was trying to hang on for just a little while longer. A few very old trees, a tiny house, a small barn, a rusted tractor and Lloyd. All around were new roads, stoplights, modern bus stops, dormitories, apartments, and hoards of high school cheerleaders chanting endlessly in the field next to his farm. A lifestyle of the past was disappearing. I felt despair and guilt.

After finally meeting and talking with Lloyd this fall, I learned how suddenly concrete and asphalt began systematically replacing the rows of corn and the grazing cattle almost 30 years ago.

“It kinda got me in a way because of the farms,” Lloyd said. “They were nice farms and nice farmers. But as you go along, you get used to it.”

Lloyd himself was involved in the change in the mid-1960s, when he worked for an Akron construction firm that dug the foundations for Small Group. He said he lost any resentment he may have had and replaced it with a feeling of accomplishment.

“It’s a fine University (KSU) and one of the best in the state,” he said. “And I’m proud that I helped build part of it.”

He didn’t say it, but I suspect that deep down Lloyd wishes the tennis courts were still pastures.

His wife of 63 years, Margaret, who turned 81 in October, said the University’s expansion so close to their farm doesn’t bother her one darn bit.

“We like it here because there’s always a commotion, people comin’ and goin’,” she said warmly, referring to traffic on the new extension of Loop Road and the drive leading to apartment complexes across from their Summit Street farm.

And Lloyd and Margaret just don’t seem like the type of people who would make a stink over the growth around their pig farm.

They’re two of the friendliest folks around these parts. Both are pros at playing their grandparent roles (they have six grandchildren, 10 great-grandchildren and a 14-year-old weiner dog named Cindy), from Lloyd’s patient, soft-spoken manner to Margaret’s pride in the multitudes of ageless family photos in the living room.

And nearly 100 commemorative plates blanket the kitchen walls.

“If you don’t like ‘em, well, I do,” Margaret said of her plates. “It don’t make no difference to me.”

The JFK plates outnumber the Niagara Falls plates by 3-1. It reminds me of the way my old Aunt Kay used to decorate.

But one theme is central to the knicknacks and pictures that adorn Lloyd and Margaret’s tiny, one-bedroom house — pigs.

Pictures of pigs lounging around, small statues of pigs wearing hats, of ma and pa pigs reading, of children riding pigs, of pigs on top of pigs, and just plain old pigs.

Margaret said people are always sending them things that deal with pigs, everything from pictures to greeting cards.

Lloyd takes a special pride in his real pigs, though.

Twice a day he makes the slow journey, cane in hand, from house to barn to tend to his faithful, however captive, audience.

As I waited for Lloyd just inside the door of the barn, I thought to myself,
An early morning breakfast is one of two meals Lloyd’s pigs get during the day. Dinner is served around 5 p.m.

"This guy must really love what he’s doing or he wouldn’t be doing it."

His daily regimen in the tiny barn begins with scooping corn and a commercial mix out of 55-gallon drums and tossing it into two pens that house 27 pigs. The little grunts fight for the feed like football players scrambling for a fumble. Field mice who sit along the rafters in peanut heaven take notes on the spectacle.

I mentioned to Lloyd that the water barrel he was filling was overflowing and running into one of the pig pens.

"That’s all right. They like water," he joked.

The pigs, offspring of two sows and papa Jake, the Stutzmans’ 600-pound, 2-year-old boar, are kept only until they are big enough to be sold at a livestock auction, where "someone else buys them, puts them out in the yard and fattens 'em up," Lloyd said. The pigs’ numbers have ranged from 10 to almost 90 in years gone by.

Jake and the two sows wait patiently in each of their separate pens until Lloyd makes his way over to them with their feed. They seem to know his routine.

Lloyd then pours water into troughs for the anxious pigs, but he spends a little extra time with the sows and Jake, serving their water in a bucket that he lowers into the pens.

He holds the bucket while Jake drinks. "They’re all Jake to me," Lloyd said, referring to the many boars he’s had over the years. "They come and go, but I call them all Jake."

Lloyd says the pigs eat, sleep and socialize in one side of the pen and do their business in the other.

Margaret doesn’t think the pigs are very clean, but she admits that she has a special place in her heart, and occasionally in her house, for the baby pigs.

She’s gone so far as to bring them in the basement of her house when they
were sick or their mother wouldn't nurse them.

"Hey, I fed many a pig with a bottle and a nipple," she said. "I raised 'em."

Margaret started laughing when I asked her why in the world Lloyd wanted to start a pig farm on the side 38 years ago. She said it was her idea.

"I liked 'em," she said matter-of-factly.

The Stutzmans might never have even been in the pig business in Kent if it hadn't been for a bit of luck when they moved away.

They had seen two sons and one daughter grow and leave their Kent home by 1949, so they decided to move to Florida and buy a farm where Lloyd says they hit the jackpot on 100 acres of sweet corn.

They moved back to Kent and "bought this 17-and-a-half acres off of old man Rufner," Lloyd said. "Then I built this house here."

Through the years Lloyd worked several jobs, all the while planting corn and raising pigs.

He hasn't done it all alone though. Tending the farm has sometimes been a family affair.

Occasionally, the couple would travel back and forth to Florida, and their daughter would watch the farm and tend the pigs.

And Margaret, who suffered a stroke five years ago, has done her fair share of taking care of the pigs.

When Lloyd was in the hospital having his second hip operation last year, she took care of the 40 pigs that were in the barn then.

Their 22-year-old grandson, Troy, helps out, too. And when it came time to sell the 27 little pigs in mid-September (one of the sows was sold soon after), their son drove in from the Toledo area to lend a hand.

Lloyd needed the help during the livestock sale. He was in the hospital for almost a week with walking pneumonia and missed the sale completely.

Within a week of his release, however, he was back out taking care of the remaining sow and Jake.

But the barn will be empty soon.

Jake was auctioned off in October. The sow gave birth in early November, and by January she and her pigs will be sold.

Lloyd decided long ago that this would be his last year of raising pigs. He felt that this winter it would be too hard for him to get out to the barn on account of his bum leg.

"Time catches up with ya'," he said. "Your body starts to shrink and your muscles start to shrink ... When you get up to 84, things start poppin'.

"Sometimes it kinda gets me down. I have to accept it. Comes a time in your life when you have to face a change."

Lloyd and Margaret both hope they don't have to face an unwanted change of address. The possibility is remote, but it does exist.

In 1965, KSU bought the Stutzmans' acre-and-a-half — only an acre remained after they had sold the rest to another farmer — because the University expected to expand even more in their direction.

Technically, the Stutzmans only own their house and barn, but their contract with the University says that KSU must give one year's notice if the land is needed.

However, an official from Facilities Planning and Design said the University has no intention of using the land.

"The owners can continue to live there as long as they both survive," said Robert Fildes, utilization officer of the space planning division. "I would think they have no problems at all."

Still, it's a topic that sits heavily on the Stutzmans' minds. They just don't want their future plans interrupted.

Lloyd wants to plant a little corn behind his barn and grow a garden alongside the house next spring if he's still in good health.

Margaret says she wants to work on getting a few more flowers planted around the house. But she can't do that if she has to move into an apartment.

"We just hope we'll never have to move till we're gone."
Thrifty fashion finds

The stylish avoid fad and save money at used-clothing stores

By Kim Miller

Pam Palcisko can walk by a rack of clothes, run her hand through the material and pick out such delicate fabrics as cashmere and silk.

She's found such oddities as beaded sweaters, satin dressing robes and a '50s-style suit made from rayon and silk ties.

Palcisko doesn't find her clothes at O'Neil's. She finds her clothes at thrift stores.

Thrift stores, which were originally started to sell used clothing to low-income shoppers, are havens for off-the-wall, inexpensive clothing. Palcisko found a leather jacket for $9. Her suit made of ties cost her $2.

"I didn't want to buy something and see it on everyone else," Palcisko, a junior in jewelry design, said. "Also as clothes became more expensive, it seemed more reasonable to buy used clothing than pay more for something the person next to you is wearing in a different color."

But the best buys are often hard to find, she said.

"If you develop a sense of feel and what things look like in the store's light by going down a rack of clothes, then you can find things," she said. "You can get the feel for cashmere and silk if you go often enough. You must be willing to dig because the best stuff is near the bottom."

Stephen Eichorn, a senior in advertising, not only buys clothes at thrift stores, but he has been known to buy furniture, too. He bought a paisley-covered couch and a lamp at Goodwill.

"I wanted it and liked it," Eichorn said about the lamp. "I liked its style because it was old."

Christina Dunn, a senior in radio and television, agreed that thrifting, as it's called, does save money.

"My mother will take me to a store, and I'll try on a $40 skirt," Dunn said. "I won't let her buy unless it's really, really great. I could buy nine skirts for that price."

To find anything worthwhile, Dunn said the mood to thrift must be right. She also said she must go often, look through all of the clothes and wear something lightweight to try on the clothes because most stores don't have dressing rooms.

"You got to be in the right mood," she said. "It's something you just decide to do. You cannot just go in looking for something specific. If I need a white blouse to go with a skirt, I won't find it there."

Thrifting, which Dunn described as a drug because she can't get enough of it, is often misunderstood. She said her mom is sometimes embarrassed by her shopping techniques.

"When I go into a thrift shop with my mom, she walks three paces behind me," she said, "because she would spend $200 on a dress."

Palcisko said people sometimes snicker when she wears the clothes she buys in thrift stores.

"I've had many people say bizarre things to me," she said. "If they don't see it in the store window, they don't understand
it. Fashion is beyond the scope of what we see in a mall.”

A cashier in The Village Thrift Store at 2930 State Road in Cuyahoga Falls said she doesn’t understand why so many students shop for their clothes there.

“They buy some of the ugliest clothes,” she said. “One guy came in here last night and bought 12 of the ugliest polyester shirts. You know, the ones from the ’70s. I don’t know why anyone would want to buy them.”

But there is a deeper misunderstanding about thrift shopping, Dunn said as she talked about the real reason for thrift stores.

“A lot of the people really need to shop at thrift stores, and they look down at us because we obviously are students and in the middle class,” Dunn said. “They look like they are saying, ‘I really need this stuff, and look at you.’ But most of this money goes to charity, and it eventually goes back to them.”

AMVETS, which owns The Village Thrift Store, opened its first store in Chicago 25 years ago with the poor and underprivileged in mind, Joe Lockhart, manager of Village Thrift said. Today, there are 15 of the thrift stores in Chicago and many others in the rest of the country. All of the proceeds go to veterans.

Some people who donate clothing also have the underprivileged in mind.

Dunn was rummaging through a rack at a Goodwill Store and found a coat. A message pinned to the coat made her think.

“Make sure someone who really needs this gets it,” the note said. It said the donor had given to Goodwill for 15 years.

“I felt kind of stupid,” Dunn said. “I didn’t buy it.”

Above, Pam Palcisko, a junior jewelry design major, wears a leather mini skirt, $9; a sweater, 50 cents; gloves, $1.50; and black pumps for 50 cents. Right, senior radio/television major Christina Dunn wears an acrylic sweater, $1.50.
Two-wheeled mountain climbers

By Roger Beitzel

"The first time I rode one, it was a friend's of mine, and I said, 'Jesus, this is great!'"

Curtis Scofield, a second-year graduate student in ceramics, was referring to his first ride on a mountain bike in 1985. Like many Kent State students, he was so excited with his experience on the bike that he went out and bought one.

According to Scofield, there are at least 300 mountain bikes on campus, and that's a conservative estimate.

Charlie Dix, assistant manager of Eddy's Bike Shop in Stow, said mountain bikes have been increasing in popularity over the past two or three years. And while the bikes now account for 20 percent to 25 percent of his sales, Dix expects the trend to continue growing. In two years, half the bikes his shop sells will be mountain bikes, he said. One reason they are so popular is that they are more comfortable and provide a smoother ride than conventional bikes, Dix said.

Scofield said two schools of thought exist among mountain bike riders. Some people, like Scofield, use their bikes for off-road rides, others use their bikes solely for transportation. Scofield said people who use their bikes only for transportation are like people who own four-wheel drive vehicles and never take them four-wheeling.

An element discouraging mountain bikers from riding off-road is that riders must be capable of fixing things that break while they're out in the woods. Scofield said he misses riding with the friends who introduced him to the sport because they were excellent mechanics.

Deirdre Logue, a second-year graduate student in ceramics, said she bought a mountain bike because it seemed sturdier and more dependable than a 10-speed bike. Mountain bikes usually have 15 or 18 gears; some have as many as 21.

Logue said price was another consideration in her decision. The bike she purchased was $50 to $100 cheaper than the 10- and 12-speed bikes she priced.

Most of the bikes on campus are $800 to $900 bikes. Dix said prices range from $200 to $1300 at the store.

The first mountain bike Scofield bought had a broken derailleur, a device that allows the rider to change gears. He fixed it, but eventually it broke beyond repair. He bought another frame guaranteed to withstand forces of 120,000 pounds per square inch.

One day while Scofield was trail riding, the frame sheared off at the headset. He has been without his bike since June.

"I have a hard time thinking of myself without the bike," he said.

Jenny Diroll of College Towers takes an upward ride on her mountain bike. The bikes have recently invaded the KSU campus.

Greg Blazy
Keeping up with the veggies

By Kim Miller

If you had told someone you were a vegetarian 20 years ago, you probably would have been called a hippie. Today you'd be deemed "health conscious."

The daily three squares of meat and potatoes are being replaced with a diet high in vegetables and low in cholesterol.

People are more aware of the advantages in eating vegetables and staying away from red meat, said Martin Barnes, manager and part-owner of The Red Radish, a vegetarian restaurant at 110 E. Day St.

"I think more people are getting into healthier food," he said. "They are starting to realize that it is better for you. People often feel a physical change."

Barnes also attributed the trend to increased awareness of the treatment and slaughter of animals, and the chemicals used to fatten the animals faster.

Dan Michel became a vegetarian last year simply to try the lifestyle. He liked it enough to stay a vegetarian.

"A lot of people think it's cool," said Michel, an undeclared sophomore. "People say, 'It's good that you have so much willpower to go on that kind of diet.'"

Michel said the only hassles he gets about being a vegetarian come from the meat-and-potatoes generation.

"I have uncles who think I'm a wimp," Michel said. "Screw 'em. I'm happy, and I feel good."

Michel does eat fish and poultry, but he said red meat left him with a full feeling that he doesn't get with his new diet.

"Half of my 'Freshman 15' were from Eastway hamburgers," he said. "I came back from last year eating the same amount of food, but I feel healthier."

Jim Leffler, assistant manager of downtown Kent's Pufferbelly Restaurant, said his restaurant has moved with the food trend by offering lighter dishes.

Besides broiled chicken and fish, the Vegetable Lasagna Roll-Up is a popular meatless dish at the Pufferbelly.

And even pizza has gone vegetarian.

The Loft Pizza, 112 W. Main St., began serving its vegetarian pizza two years ago, manager Chris Krawczyk said.

"It was just an idea we had, and we gave it a try," Krawczyk said. "People liked it, and it caught on."

One of the Red Radish's most popular dishes is the Staff of Life. It is made with pita bread, homous (chick peas and ground sesame seeds), tamari (fermented soy beans), garlic and parsley. The dish is then sprinkled with sunflower seeds, mushrooms, onions, tomatoes and melted cheese.

Though he could never be a "hard-core" vegetarian who eats only fruits, vegetables and grains, Michel said he is pleased with the changes he has made.

"I feel good about what I'm doing. It's an eating regimen, a lifetime plan."
Kent State graduate puts a new spin on local radio

By Joe Fisher

When was the last time you heard something by the Severed Heads, In Tua Nua, or Click Click on local radio? Probably never, unless you’ve turned your FM dial almost all the way to the left — away from the Top-40/classic-rock morass — and discovered Akron radio station WAPS, 89.1.

WAPS, owned by the Akron Public Schools for more than 30 years, adopted a progressive/new music format two years ago after hiring 1986 Kent State graduate Bill Gruber as program and music director. Gruber, whose degree is in telecommunications, applied for the WAPS job after seeing it advertised on a bulletin board.

Before Gruber, WAPS was a low-power, no-budget Top-40/heavy metal station playing the same music found on the homogenized playlists of many local commercial stations.

The wattage and finances of non-profit WAPS haven’t changed, but when the Akron school board told Gruber: “Do something. Don’t embarrass us. Don’t get us in trouble. Don’t cause any controversy. But don’t be in the same rut that the station’s been in,” John Hiatt, Marti Jones, and the Replacements got their music on the radio, and the station got an identity, which it didn’t have before.

Every weekday from noon until 8:30 p.m., WAPS disc jockeys (mostly unpaid Akron high school students and recent graduates) play songs from a controlled-but-not-too-stringent playlist. They also read public service announcements and concert updates.

Ferguson’s flair: Cartooning and political punch

By Heidi Hewis

Bob Ferguson, the Daily Kent Stater editorial cartoonist, began his career as a child by sending pictures to the “Hoolihan and Big Chuck” show.

“My art would be on TV, and then I’d be a hero at school for the next five days,” he said.

Today, the 31-year-old cartoonist still sends jokes and claims to be the biggest “die-hard” fan of the show’s successor, the “Big Chuck and Lil’ John” show.

To those who ask if he isn’t too old to be watching the show, Ferguson replies, “They (Big Chuck and Lil’ John) aren’t too old to be on it. And how would you know if you weren’t watching it, too?”

Ferguson drew the caricature of Big Chuck and Lil’ John that’s used for the show’s advertising and T-shirts.

He’s such an avid fan, in fact, that this fall he started a petition to get the show moved back to its old Friday-night time slot.

“I prefer it for tradition’s sake — it’s been on Fridays for 25 years,” he said.

Ferguson, a studio art major who says he’s stuck somewhere between being a sophomore and a junior, takes at least two classes at Kent State every semester through the Veterans Educational Assistance Program.

“I used to be verbally quiet until I joined the Army,” he said of his three-year stint. “It taught me how to verbally speak out, and I ended up being more gregarious. I don’t mind telling anyone what I feel or think.”

Ferguson began doing editorial cartoons for the Stater in 1975 on a volunteer basis. After one year of school at KSU, he attended the University of Akron. He worked in a factory and later joined the Army. He returned to Kent State in 1986 and has worked for the Stater since, drawing editorial cartoons four days a week that deal with campus politics and off-campus issues. He now gets paid for being a cartoonist, but humor isn’t all he’s interested in.

Behind his Disney shirts and Mickey Mouse watch lies a man who enjoys creating editorial cartoons that deal with complex topics. Ferguson says that when people think about these issues, even in a funny way, they become exposed to topics they normally would not think about.

“Many people cannot look at a cartoon and be unaffected by it,” he said. “It depends on their concept. Usually it reinforces their opinion, whether they agree or disagree with it. Sometimes it changes their opinion, maybe makes them say: ‘I’ve never seen it that way before.’”

Although Ferguson has enjoyed his last three years as the Stater cartoonist, he eventually wants to try to get his own syndicated cartoon strip.

“It took Charles Schultz around 35 years to get where he has with the Peanuts cartoon,” he said. “I can wait 35 years.”
sound on the Akron radio dial

Because the station uses 15-year-old equipment, it can't broadcast in stereo. The monophonic signal of WAPS covers all of Summit County and reaches about 10 miles into adjoining counties, depending on the terrain.

On the Kent State campus, WAPS is overpowered by the stronger signal of WKSU. However, reception of WAPS improves once you get a couple of miles away from campus.

Gruber said he chose the progressive/new music format because it makes the station stand out in a crowded market.

In December 1986 the station's format change would have been difficult to impossible without Gruber's connection with KSU and the University's AM station, WKSR.

WAPS had no records to fit its new format, so Gruber went to WKSR's studio and recorded much of the station's record library onto broadcast cartridges for WAPS. WAPS played these tapes for two or three months until promotional copies started arriving. Now the station also gets underwriting donations of records and compact discs from local record stores.

Gruber said one thing he wanted to avoid at WAPS is what he calls roommate radio: when records are selected with only unrestrained eclecticism in mind and when DJs say whatever they can get away with whenever they want.

"Someone who listens to WAPS probably would not listen to radio in general if it were not for us," Gruber said. "Once people find us they don't tend to abandon us because there's no other alternative at this point."

Building bombers in the basement

By Roger Beitzel

More than 1,000 airplanes line the walls of Guy Pernetti's basement.

"If it's of any consequence technologically, it's here somewhere," Pernetti said. The Vietnam veteran has planes from Japan, Italy, Poland and even the Soviet Union.

"I've got CIA guys that fly over there (the Soviet Union) and trade with me," he said. "They're into it, too."

But Pernetti, a graduate assistant in Pan-African studies, is quick to point out that he isn't the only one the CIA guys trade planes with. They trade with other hobbyists, too.

From World War II Messerschmitts to the B-52 Flying Fortress, Pernetti owns a copy of virtually every plane that represented a significant increase in aircraft technology from 1935 to 1950. The wingspans range from 4 inches to 3 1/2 feet. Most of the airplanes are 1/72-scale models.

Not only does Pernetti own an exhaustive collection of planes, he possesses an equally expansive knowledge of each one's importance.

Pernetti's wife, Lauren, said she periodically refers to the basement as "the war room."

"I tell people that my worst fear is that they'll all start up some night and they'll fly up here and start dive-bombing all over the place," she said.

Pernetti began building model airplanes when he was a music programmer at a Veterans Administration hospital. Most of the patients in the hospital built them as a means of therapy, and once Pernetti started, he was hooked.

As the collection grew, Pernetti began to develop a "harebrained scheme" to use his models as illustrations in a reference book. A friend in the Kent State English department has convinced Pernetti to write a "coffee-table book."

Pernetti said he has the technological research done and is putting together the historical background for the book. Despite the vastness of his collection, however, he hasn't contacted the Guinness Book of World Records.

"I haven't even thought about that," he said. "That would be interesting!"