Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young: The story behind 'Ohio'

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This semester’s cover was inspired by the Sept. 7, 1970 Time magazine cover by Milton Glaser.
illustration by Chris Sharron

centennial celebration

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the burr 2010 staff

Sarah Steimer EDITOR
Thomas Gallick MANAGING EDITOR
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Laura Torchia PHOTO EDITOR
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Sarah Spaulding PROMOTIONS DIRECTOR

Nick Baker, Pamela Crimbchin, Kristine Gill, Courtney Kerrigan, Jessica Roblin, Denise Wright STAFF WRITERS

Brittany Ankrom, Tessa Bargainnier, Daniel R. Doherty, Daniel Maxwell, Emily Horne, Shane A. Painter, Brittany Schenk PHOTOGRAPHERS

Jackie Valley EDITOR
Steven Hauser WEBMASTER
THEBURR.COM

Jake Kellogg ADVERTISING DESIGNER
Katie Kuczek, Schuyler Kasee ADVERTISING SALES
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Lori Cantor BUSINESS MANAGER
Evan Bailey PRODUCTION MANAGER
Jacqueline Marino ADVISER

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CONTACT US
The Burr
231 Franklin Hall
Kent State University
Kent, OH 44242
burr.ksu@gmail.com
330.672.2947
www.theburr.com

26
I still remember the first time I saw John Filo's black and white photograph of the young Mary Ann Vecchio kneeling over Jeffrey Miller's body. I was in middle school, and I stayed on that page in my history textbook for a while. I didn't understand then why the shootings happened and, quite frankly, I don't know if I understand now — even after immersing myself in the topic this semester for The Burr.

The best we can do on this 40th anniversary of the May 4, 1970 shootings is remember and honor all those affected by the tragedy. We also need to try to learn from the mistakes of the past. We hope this issue of The Burr helps you do so in a way that is different from the usual retelling of the events. Our May 4 section explains the spirit of the times, especially through Jackie Valley's story comparing university tragedies, Jessica Roblin's update on the National Register of Historic Places status of the May 4 site and my own story discussing the song "Ohio" by Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young.

My wish for this issue is also for the magazine to return to its roots. The Burr was originally The Chestnut Burr yearbook, and I hope you find the stories and photos to be a representation of your time in Kent. When you finish reading, you can tuck this magazine away to reminisce about your college years.

Try the recipes, take the quiz, browse the townie photos. Spend some time with this magazine. You'll learn some things you never knew, and I hope we'll also make you look at some topics in a different light than you usually would.

Enjoy and learn. We'll see you at the Commons in May.

— Sarah Steimer

To Sandra, William, Allison and Jeffrey:

We will not forget you.
Enjoy It While You're Here

How to have fun just staying in Kent and discovering the city's hidden gems

Story by Courtney Kerrigan
Photographs by Brittany Schenk

10:45 a.m.
I walk into Scribbles Coffee Co. for some morning coffee, and I am welcomed by a sequence of photos showing an old man digging at his nose and eating his boogers. My first reaction is disgust, but as I order a tall coffee—all of their coffee is fair trade—and proceed into the back room, I discover that the unconventional photos fit right in with the quirky yet comfortable feel of the place.

Shelves of books dress the walls, and while browsing the collection, I find about 11 copies of "The Scarlet Letter," "Rush Limbaugh is a Big Fat Idiot" and "100 Tiny Cat Tale Mysteries." I sit at a table with brown paper as a tablecloth that has a drawing of a fish staring at me. Several other drawings mask the paper and I realize that this café just might be the new source of my caffeine fix.

237 N. Water St.
330-346-0337

11:34 a.m.
A stroll around the corner and up Main Street takes me to Spin-More Records. "Sooner or Later" by The Grass Roots is playing as I walk in, and thousands of records and tapes fill the room. An additional room complements the store where posters and memorabilia rest.

I learn from the owner's son that The Ramones visited the store in 1989 while playing in town. Other famous visitors include The Black Keys and The Avett Brothers.

165 E. Main St. 330-678-3495

12:20 p.m.
The Kent Natural Foods Co-op is right next door and has quite the collection of organic and locally grown food and supplies. It houses a huge collection of herbs, which they have in bulk. The store is a haven for vegetarians and vegans, with vegan ice cream, tofu chicken nuggets and kombucha—a drink that comes from a mushroom grown in water.

I love the store's eco-friendly bulk stashes of coffee beans, nuts and soaps. Prices aren't exceedingly expensive for their organic and eco-friendly goods, which is great news for those who claim cost usually keeps them from trying these alternative options.

151 E. Main St. 330-673-2878

1:00 p.m.
I find a squirrel nightlight in The Works across the street and think it very fitting for a store in Kent. As I browse, I come across a bunch of stone faces that creep me out, a life-size metal dog splashed with color and tons of picture frames and kitchenware that I want. They also have a great collection of jewelry and other accessories.

They have lots of picture frames made from computer keys, magazines, colored pencils and other unusual materials. I soon find myself contemplating whether I should blow this month's grocery money on home décor.

130 E. Main St. 330-673-6373
1:23 p.m.  
LAST EXIT BOOKS is literally a hole in the wall, but one I'm glad I find. It's a labyrinth of books with cramped shelves and stacks of classic novels. I have to do a double take at a stack of books marked "Star Wars/Star Trek Books $1 each." Sci-fi books are usually very popular, but maybe that isn't so in Kent.  
124 E. Main St. Suite 3  
330-677-4499

1:50 p.m.  
WILD GOATS CAFÉ is known for its breakfast, but I enjoy "The Goat" instead—a pita with cucumbers, olives, mushrooms, onions, sprouts, cheese and hummus with sweet potato fries on the side. There is no easy way to eat that thing, so I just devour it like I would a pizza and love every morsel.  
319 W. Main St. 330-677-2326

2:40 p.m.  
The bridge just before the Wild Goats Café overlooks FRANKLIN MILLS RIVEREDGE PARK. I make my way from the sidewalk down the steps and onto a wooden walkway that leads me along the river. It's a nice, peaceful area, with plenty of benches for reading, writing or drawing.  
3:15 p.m.  
EINSTEIN'S ATTIC could not get away with any other name, because only a genius could fill this brilliant store. It's been at its current location across from the Kent Plaza Theater for more than a year, after moving from downtown Kent. The clothes sold there, however, have been around far longer. They date back to the '60s, and the '80s collection could not be more kickass. You could definitely shop for costumes here, but I'd wear the clothes for the hell of it.  
The store has everything from age-old knick-knacks and board games to books and incense. While there, I see an orange recliner for $30 and an old bakery sign reading "PASTRY" for $12. This has become my favorite place to shop, or just hunt for eccentricities.  
115 Cherry St. 330-346-0673

5 p.m.  
THE KENT STAGE, built in 1927, has a classic feel to it. The theater's walls and chairs are a deep red, straight out of the 1930s. Musicians such as Old Crow Medicine Show, Richie Havens and Ani DiFranco have graced the stage. Autographed pictures from local bands and Grammy winners who have played at the theater line the walls in the lobby.  
Tickets are pretty inexpensive for local bands, costing $20 or less. But tickets for national acts could cost up to $35 or more — but the intimacy is worth it. They also show film series and hold a "Disco in the Alley" dance party at midnight Saturday either in the alley next door or on the stage itself, depending on the weather.  
175 E. Main St. 330-677-5005

6:10 p.m.  
DANCING BETA SUSHI, the newest place on the list, sits in Acorn Alley on Main Street and reminds me of a Chinese takeout restaurant. I was expecting a dimly lit, relaxing atmosphere with Japanese tunes playing in the background. Instead, all the lights are on and there are only a few tables next to the windows. There is a counter for people to sit, but you can't actually watch the sushi being made.  
It looks like a cheap buffet, but the sushi is pretty good. I get a Philly Roll (salmon and cream cheese) for $7.50 and eat the entire thing. I've always wanted to try eel, but I have yet to work myself up to that one.  
154 East Main St. 330-474-5757
**Childhood: The Sequel**

*story by DENISE WRIGHT*

*photograph courtesy of WALT DISNEY PICTURES*

The Lovely Bones” left us feeling uncomfortable both in its book form and on the big screen. We’ve seen every hero from Spiderman to Optimus Prime come to life via film magic (also known as CGI). But are film adaptations of cartoons, books and even films we came to love during our childhood and teenage years just an easy escape from our own lives?

Emeritus journalism professor Robert West, who teaches film classes at Kent State, thinks there’s a lot to be said for our fascination with films based on childhood tales. West says our society is lacking real-life heroes, and we tend to find them instead in the comic book characters that Hollywood brings to the silver screen.

“Comic books are nothing new,” West says. “They emerged around the Great Depression — a time when they needed heroes.”

He says although the nation’s youth have certainly changed since then, the need for heroes remains.

“We need heroes to look up to, depend on and idolize,” he says. “We want to see people win for us when we’re not capable of it. There are echoes of that in our time.”

Our real-life heroes have definitely changed over the years. Social and political figures of the 1960s like Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King Jr. have been replaced with sports figures of the 2000s like Michael Phelps and LeBron James.

But Superman and G.I. Joe have always been there, providing us with power when we feel like we have none. And for some, seeing that power translated to the big screen is just as powerful as reading the comic books as a child.

“The most powerless people in the world are children,” West says. “These heroes are like them. They have common human characteristics and flaws, but they also have powers that are magical and unrealistic. Even as adults, we have a hard time dealing with realism. They don’t call Hollywood the ‘Dream Factory’ for nothing. We want good dreams. We may be intrigued by the realism, but we don’t want to see it.”

French writer Marcel Proust once said, “There are perhaps no days of our childhood we lived so fully as those we spent with a favorite book.”

If books had such an impact on us as children, wouldn’t we feel strongly about them when they reappeared in our adulthood? Do we find comfort in nostalgia’s embrace? Are we bitter because this or that character was different in the movie than they were in the book? Yes.

Mandy Hofstetter, a senior computer design animation major, loved “Cloudy with a Chance of Meatballs” as a child. And even though it has been about 15 years, she says she still considers herself a fan.

Hofstetter was 7 years old when she read the book. She was finally able to watch the story come to life in September 2009 at age 22.

Hofstetter says although the film strayed from the book she’d connected with as a child, she was still content with the way it turned out.

“In the movie, they tried to explain the food falling from the sky with this machine that converted water into food; it wasn’t just some island where it happened to rain food,” she says, explaining the plot differences. “But they (the writers and animators at Sony Pictures) had the challenge of turning a 30-page book into a full-length film, so they did pretty good.”

On the other hand, Hofstetter says “Where the Wild Things Are” was one of those books that shouldn’t have been turned into a movie.

“That was a good call,” she says. “The movie was dark, it was sad, and it made you hate Max because he was being such a brat.”

But Hofstetter thinks some adaptations may help increase understanding of the books.

“I loved the (Chronicles of Narnia) movies because they weren’t as wordy and complex as the books,” she says. “I could overlook some of the holes in the movies because it helped the plot move a lot faster.”

Justin Marquis, a sophomore music composi-
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No. 1

C. Owen Lovejoy
$203,963
anthropology professor
Years at Kent State: 42

Acclaimed Projects: Lovejoy’s most prominent work includes his analysis of “Ardi” — a 4.4 million-year-old hominid fossil discovered in Ethiopia. Lovejoy and a group of scientists released proof that humans did not evolve from apes. His work also includes the reconstruction of “Lucy,” the fossil of a human ancestor that walked upright more than three million years ago. It was discovered in 1974 in Ethiopia. Ardi replaces Lucy as the oldest skeleton of human evolution.

Honorable Acknowledgments: Lovejoy received the Distinguished Scholar Award from Kent State in 2009. He became a member of the National Academy of Sciences in 2007 and is also on the editorial board of Anthropological Science, has published 134 articles and participated in various public lectures and seminars.

Recent Work: Although Lovejoy is not teaching any courses this semester, he spends his days researching and continuing his work on “Ardi.” “Doing research involves teaching students at the same time, so in the end, the two aren’t different,” he says.

How his life has changed: “I’ve become more intensively involved in research each successive year, but over the last 10 years, I’ve also become involved in a substantial amount of university relationships and administration.”
No. 2
Yuri Breitbart
$191,310
computer science professor
Years at Kent State: 8
Breitbart declined to comment.

No. 3
Per Enflo
$187,856
mathematical science professor
Years at Kent State: 22
Acclaimed Projects: As a mathematician, he solved significant problems in functional analysis right before coming to Kent State. All of the problems he solved have proven important in other mathematical fields.
“Each problem took about four or five years to solve. It’s long, tedious work and it feels like you mostly hit setbacks, but there’s progress.”
Honorable Acknowledgments: “The best prize I ever got was a live goose.” Enflo tells the story of his fellow mathematician Stanislaw Mazur presenting the “basis problem” while at a Scottish café in 1936. Mazur promised a live goose to the first person who solved it and Enflo formulated the problem in 1972. He was, of course, awarded a live goose, but did not keep the creature — he instead gave it to a goose dealer.
Recent Work: Enflo continues work on mathematical problems and assists his doctoral students in their research every week. He teaches undergraduate courses every year but not every semester.
Did You Know: Enflo is not only a genius mathematician but also a concert pianist. In some sense, he believes his time as a pianist was his first career. He gave his first solo recital at 11 years old and then performed with the Stockholm Opera Orchestra at 12.

No. 4
Paul Gaston
$185,945
trustees professor
Years at Kent State: 11
Honorable Acknowledgements: Gaston is on the review team for Purdue University and served on review teams in the past for institutions including Sonoma State University and University of Nevada-Reno. He was also appointed to the Commission on Accreditation of the American Psychological Association and to the Institute on General Education.
Recent Work: Gaston teaches several English and higher education classes. “I’ve got to say, I really enjoy everything about it even when I’m the busiest and have deadlines crowding in on me,” he says. “I really thoroughly enjoy the teaching.”
What he has learned: After serving as provost, Gaston decided to make the transition to full-time teaching in 2005. “I think one of the things that the transition taught me was that Kent State is a wonderful community of academics, good students, strong faculty and a real force for the expansion of knowledge,” he says. “I’m happy to be here and I’m happy to be doing what I’m doing.”

No. 5
Edwin Gould
$180,520
chemistry professor
Years at Kent: 43
Gould declined to comment.
A retrospective on how music on campus reflected the changing culture and the turbulent times

KENT STOP THE MUSIC

story by NICK BAKER
photographs courtesy of JASON PRUFER

It was the defining link in months of searching, and as Jason Prufer showed it off, his eyes gleamed like those of a child showing you his first-place drawing, the one adorned with a gold star that stays on the fridge until long after the child has moved out. As far as concerts at Kent State go, this was the double helix.

Prufer, circulation associate at the University Library, found a date, March 10, 1973, when Pink Floyd played the Memorial Gym, the pre-renovation M.A.C. Center. Wikipedia claims that “Dark Side of the Moon” was also released that day in North America. But he wasn’t buying it. It was too good. And if it was true, it was too big a secret.
YES

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The Daily Kent Stater

In Ksu's Corner... Muhammad Ali

In Ksu's Corner - Marilyn

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The Daily Kent Stater

In Ksu's Corner -- Bill Cosby

The Daily Kent Stater

In Ksu's Corner -- Earth Wind and Fire

The Daily Kent Stater

In Ksu's Corner -- Elton John and Pink Floyd

The Daily Kent Stater
Official lists from Capitol Records have the release date listed as March 17, 1973, though Pink Floyd fan sites report both March 13 and 24, the European release date as listed by Capitol Records. Stater ads for local record stores actually claim to have the album in stock already in the days leading up to the March 10 performance at Kent State by Pink Floyd. At any rate, it is a mystery Prufert could not solve conclusively.

This could have been the most historic landmark on a conduit which has seen everything from the bizarre 1960s garage band Question Mark and the Mysterians opening for blues legend B.B. King to the last days of The Clash to an aging Iggy Pop playing a dilapidated, pre-renovation campus auditorium.

This road is paved with names like Parliament Funkadelic, Sly and the Family Stone, Elton John, Bruce Springsteen, Frank Zappa and Elvis Costello, highlighting what appears to have been an impressive road in decades past. Mapping it out is like recollecting a fantastic trip through time.

Kent State has never been remembered as the spot where Pink Floyd played on the (possible) release date of “Dark Side of the Moon,” and it never will be. What this university is remembered for is shedding light on the dark side of social tensions in the 1960s and early 1970s. May 4, 1970 casts a shadow on the history of this university. It is one of the key landmarks on the map of social and political tension of that era. But music and social history run parallel and often intersect, sometimes even riding together for a while.

The counterculture began to exert influence on college campuses in the mid-to-late '60s. Prufert points to a performance in 1965 by Peter, Paul and Mary as the first instance of a musical counterculture presence on campus, but it was not until a few years later that this musical influence on the culture would be truly intertwined with the chaotic state of the union.

1970s

Roy Skellenger remembers the climate of the early 1970s. Well, sort of. The former student and member of All Campus Programming Board and the May 4 Task Force can say with certainty that either the Pink Floyd show in '73 or Yes in '72 was paused because some lunatic on one substance or another was playing monkey bars on the rafters — though how he got up there is anyone's guess. "It was one of the big shows," Skellenger says, "and they had to stop the show, turn on the house lights, and the cops had to go crawl around after this guy. He was up on some catwalk."

For certain, he remembers Pink Floyd for the lights. "The light show was incredible. They were doing liquid projections on the backdrop." Hearing "Dark Side" live and in its entirety wasn't a bad soundtrack, either. But an unfamiliar crowd offered little more than polite applause on the bootleg audio.

In the 1970s, the campus was anything but subdued, and the wounds blown open by Nixon's war and the National Guard were still tender. Two on-campus performances slated for late May of 1970 were called off after the university was shut down. The names before 1970, much like Peter, Paul and Mary, were relatively tame compared with what would follow. Folkies like Richie Havens showed up before the shootings, as did Motown legend David Ruffin of The Temptations. The music on campus was not defined by pop standards, either, as evidenced by the appearance of Morton Subotnick, the veritable godfather of electronic music, as part of a creative arts festival.

Classes resumed in fall 1970. When Jefferson Airplane and Sha Na Na hit Kent State on Oct. 11, Grace Slick and company salted the wounds left by the May 4 shootings. Jefferson Airplane performed a set illustrated by projections from images of May 4. The Stater mentions a "psychedelic blaze" projected on the backdrop, and said the audience appeared to be in a "natural, non-drug induced trip." The way Skellenger remembers it, the images went beyond psychedelia, and the crowd was doing more than tripping.

"They projected images of the shootings at Kent State behind the stage," Skellenger says with a hint of pride, like he witnessed some sort of small victory. "It was great. People were hooting and hollering, yelling and screaming, 'Kill the pigs!' All that stuff. It was pretty amazing." Skellenger also recalls a story that involves two FBI agents going undercover and venturing into that teeming crowd, monitoring the students. The way he describes it, the presence of the feds only served to further the notion there was power in the semblance of stability remaining by fall of 1970. "The generation's proverbial ass had not caught up to its mind yet, as the concert was held for the First Annual Black Togetherness Black Homecoming (yep, that's right), and a Stater review more than once referred to the show as the "black concert."

In April 1971, an off-campus bar called Revelations, a now-defunct spot on South Depeyster Street, featured The MC5. The band was a Detroit punk outfit that never shared the fame of Iggy Pop and the Stooges but certainly carried the clout. The MC5 brought its politically charged, Detroit automobile factory version of rock 'n' roll, which was as raw as the grinding machinery that defined their city. The band performed in 1968 in Chicago before violence erupted at the Democratic National Convention, was featured on the cover of Rolling Stone the next year before ever releasing an album and was notable for being the musical wing of the radical White Panther
But as years passed, the sense of revolutionary urgency seemed to ebb. The performances on campus lent themselves to a less-charged atmosphere than that of the late ’60s and early ’70s. The new decade shifted toward a marginal acceptance of leftist concepts and a growing drug culture. Comedians like George Carlin and Cheech and Chong performed on campus in the early ’70s. It seemed that entertainment developed a desire to look inward and evolve musically and aesthetically, rather than emphasize social commentary. Performers included progressive rockers Emerson, Lake and Palmer and plugged-in American folk-rock band The Byrds.

Ramblin’ Jack Elliott was the first artist to perform in 1972, a year that also included Sly and the Family Stone and a performance by Youngstown jam band pioneers Glass Harp. Ravi Shankar brought his experimental take on classical Indian sound to Kent State, saying in an interview that he wanted “Westerners to understand the truth of (his) music.”

In November of 1972, Stevie Wonder played the second annual Black Homecoming, giving the queen a kiss on the cheek, as was his request at the show. This was two weeks after “Superstition” was released as a single, and Wonder’s celebrity was exploding. “As far as popularity,” Pruper says, “As far as artistic powers, the whole deal. November ’72. If you would have seen him in the gym you would have seen the greatest Stevie Wonder concert of all time, or at least for the greatest tour of his lifetime.” Whether this is remotely verifiable is irrelevant, and Pruper certainly was not there. What is important is that Wonder was on top when he came to Kent State.

Santana played in February 1973. A photo ran in the paper of Santana holding his guitar in a cloud of fog with incense burning behind him. The photo is one of the best Pruper has come across. When he looks at it he gets the same gleam as he did when he spoke about Pink Floyd, who played later that year. “It’s exactly what you want. The tie-dye amplifiers, the lit silhouette, plus the smoke and the conga in the foreground. This is what Santana would want you to see.”

In May 1973, Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention played with John McLaughlin and the Mahavishnu Orchestra in the gym. McLaughlin had played with Miles Davis when the jazz legend began to fuse jazz with elements of rock ‘n’ roll, and he was famous for being the namesake of a furiously virtuosic performance on Davis’s groundbreaking “Bitches Brew.” According to the Stater review, the Mothers of Invention picked the worst act to follow. The Mothers’ performance was comedic and wild, and in an interview Frank Zappa was asked about the assertion that his outlandish brand of jazz fusion lacked social commentary.

Stater: What’s happened to the more scorching social lyric that was common in your earlier work?
Zappa: Well, what’s the percentage in presenting scorching social lyric to an audience that merely wishes to be entertained?
Stater: Can that be attributed to the death of the “counter-culture,” if there ever was one?
Zappa: Yes, if there ever was one. Maybe it’s not dead, it just smells funny...

It was only 1973, and yet the oppressive tension that weighed on the previous years had started to dissipate, not just on campus but across the country. As Zappa implied, maybe a counterculture still existed, but if one did, it was losing sight of whatever made it so revolutionary a decade before. Maybe it was the body count, at home and in Southeast Asia. Maybe it was less about the message and more about pyrotechnics and light shows. The ’70s were the era of arena rock and larger-than-life stars, after all.

But there were still artists who were passionate about social issues. A relative unknown performed in the Rathskeller in the Student Center basement on Jan. 19, 1974. Roy Skellenger was there to see headliners Black Oak Arkansas. He remembers it because as he waited for the show to start, he noticed a Fender Telecaster waiting on stage. He found it odd that a young guy was playing a Telecaster, not one of the more fashionable guitars of its time. The young man who walked out and picked up that guitar had written a response to the May 4 shootings back in 1970 called “Where Was Jesus in Ohio.” His name was Bruce Springsteen, and he filled the room.

By the mid-1970s, it was clear the country needed a break from the strenuous last 10 years. “It was the end of the Vietnam War,” Skellenger explains. “The hippie thing was still going on to a certain extent, even though it was kind of over before it began. But we didn’t realize that out here in the Midwest. The Vietnam War ended in ’75, so everybody was like, ‘Hey, look at us. We did it.’”

1980s

The 1970s did indeed move the country in an unprecedented direction. “Deep Throat” and “Taxi Driver” illustrated the general acceptance (and in the latter’s case, critical praise) of sex and violence. The country went from the stringent, intimidating Nixon administration to the sissified and ideologically progressive Carter administration. But Carter and his soft approach to domestic and international issues gave way to the Reagan years, a new wave of conservatism and new swelling in music against the accompanying societal values. The music on campus in the 1980s was diverse and varied from the social consciousness of The Clash to the mindless hair metal of Tesla.

The punk and new wave movements became presences in the Kent scene, which was enabled by Akron new wavers Devo and Cleveland punks like Dead Boys. “It was like, ‘Wow, somebody locally actually made it. How cool is that?’” Skellenger says.

But shockwaves of the previous decade still rippled. Mark Holan, then a student at John Carroll University, reviewed a Clash show in the Memorial Gym in October 1982 for Cleveland Scene. Kent State still had a certain association with the country’s political and social unrest.

“From what I can remember,” Holan says, “the band was really into the fact that they were playing Kent State University. For them it was a big — I wouldn’t call it an honor, but I think they were very much into the fact that they were there, or aware of the fact that they were there.” In a rather foreboding manner, the flyer for the show advertised it as the last area appearance, as the band had played Cleveland and Akron earlier that year. The band was at the height of its popularity, having played nine days earlier on “Saturday Night Live” and then opened for The Who at Shea Stadium in New York City in the days between. But “The Only Band that Mattered” was ripping at the seams, and would never return to Northeast Ohio.

Even though he didn’t attend Kent State, he remembered vividly what the May 4 shootings meant. “In ’82 it was still definitely there,” Holan says of the resentful leftover attitudes. “We remember what they did, whether it was people who had been at school, not necessarily at Kent. I myself remember what it was like when I heard about the shootings and when I knew I was covering the Clash at Kent State, I thought it was perfect.” Holan wrote in his review:

“What better place to see the Clash than at the American university that has stood for political and social unrest throughout the Seventies. Even
if the 1982 version of Kent State "school spirit" bears little resemblance to its 1970 counterpart, at least the Clash themselves seemed to rise to the occasion and put on a frighteningly emotional performance in memoriam to what happened at the university 12 years ago."

Specifically, Holan remembers Joe Strummer, the Clash's enigmatic frontman, now sporting a Mohawk, worn down and military fatigues at shows, projecting a vibe that propelled the 24-song set. "He was very passionate that night. He was maybe playing a little harder on his guitar than he normally did."

"I think it was still a means of protest," Skellenger says of the music in the 1980s. "We had 'Ronbo' in office for Christ's sake, and he's screwin' around down in El Salvador, he's doing this and he's doing that. That whole punk/new wave thing was kind of an answer to the economy crashing, the price of gas going up, everybody's poor, kind of like it is now, but with conservativism."

### 1990s

The punk thing seemed to come full circle in 1990 with a performance by an aging Iggy Pop (no longer with his Stooges) in an auditorium that in many ways resembled the Motor City's veteran legend. "Iggy looked hit," Prufer remembers of the show he attended while still in high school. "He looks better now than he did in '90. He looked like someone who had been on the road 50 years instead of 20."

At least half of Iggy's set was made up of tunes from the Stooges days, and he spent, as he still does to this day at the age of 62, most of his set shirtless. The rough-looking Iggy Pop was right at home in the beat-up auditorium, which would later be renovated and dubbed the Carol Cartwright Auditorium. "It had probably been a dump since the '50s," Prufer guesses. "That's where you would go to see the 'Rocky Horror Picture Show.' They would show it on campus, and they would show it in the auditorium because nobody gave a fuck if you brought a bag of flour in and, you know, dumped it all over the place. Even at 15, I remember that room was a dump. I remember thinking, 'This is the shittiest room on campus. That's why they have Iggy Pop in here.'" Still, Prufer says the show blew him away. "Iggy in '90 was not quite a legend yet. He was still just kind of this punk rocker that was old news. Now, he's a legend."

A new phenomenon in the music world appeared on campus only two weeks later, when alternative hip-hop forerunners De La Soul played the auditorium. Now hip-hop is commonplace when the university brings entertainment to campus, but at the time it was relatively fresh. "I remember I felt a little out of place. I don't think that people were necessarily there to see De La Soul, this up-and-coming thinking man's hip-hop group, as much as they were there to see the only major rap event in the area for the season." The show featured a mismatched bill that did not reflect De La Soul's conscious brand of hip-hop, and was more a spectacle for confused suburbanites than a concert. Prufer remembers the openers referring to the show's host city as Cleveland.

And indeed, here in the Midwest, the attitude was different than at a major city on one of the coasts. Despite the roster of names, despite the political and social ramifications of being at Kent State, and despite the university's reputation for clashes between law enforcement and students (all based off lingering May 4 memories), the feeling was that Kent was a little behind, from Prufer's recollection of an ahead-of-its-time hip-hop show back to Skellenger's assessment of the hippie thing by the mid-'70s. That feeling was pretty inaccurate; however, as was evidenced by a 1994 performance by the band Phish.

The hippie thing had really come full circle it seemed, culminating with a 1995 performance by Peter, Paul and Mary, 30 years after their initial performance on campus, for the 25th anniversary of the May 4 shootings. But before that, the whole thing started to come to a head a week before Phish's Nov. 12, 1994 show.

Brandon Andexler, whose family owns Spin-More Records in downtown Kent, remembers the parking lots in front of the M.A.C.C. on either side of Summit Street filling with VW buses and people setting up tents and booths and unidentifiable voices offering doses and joints. "That was pretty nuts," Andexler remembers. "The whole parking lot right in front of the MAC Center, they called it Shakedown Street," in honor of the classic 1978 Grateful Dead album. "There were vendors, there were people with nitrous tanks, there were people smoking joints. But all the Phish Head, Dead Head people, 'cause it was before Jerry died, it was when the hippie scene was huge."

Andexler went to the show with a group of about 20 friends. They bought out seats in the second and third row because a couple of them went to the Student Center at 6 a.m. the day they went on sale. One of those friends was Prufer. "I remember every minute of that Phish show," he says. He says the first song was 20 minutes long. The band threw in an acoustic set, in which they expected everyone to shut up and listen, and all complied. The band was on tour for the album Shakedown Street, but at that time, they seemed ecstatic to play for about 6,000 people. The crowd brought in balloons and sent them bouncing around the air before the band took the stage.

In fact, this was the first sellout crowd since Hall and Oates played in 1987, and the first show in the gym since the Tesla/Great White show in 1989. The university and city prepared for the event in earnest. Talking to the Stater in 1994, Lt. William Buckbee of the Kent State Police Department said, "We heard that this band had a reputation for bringing out this kind of crowd, so we were prepared."

Nineteen people were arrested outside the show for drug offenses. Undercover agents arrested four on trafficking charges. To this day, there may be a guy sitting in a cell for such an offense. But at least when a fellow yardbird asks him his story, he can say he got busted at one of the best shows in a long line of incredible names, a list far too long for this story, at one of the most dubious and notable American universities in modern times.
Portraits of leadership

For years, only Elmer Ladislaw Novotny painted Kent State’s presidents

Portraits and murals are scattered around campus. Students walk by, not giving them a second glance. Little do they know, many of the pieces were created by artists rooted right here in Kent. One was Elmer Ladislaw Novotny.

Novotny attended the Cleveland Art Institute, Case Western Reserve, University of London and Yale University before he became a professor at Kent State. He went on to become the director of the art program, where he took a tough-minded approach for the school’s direction, says William Quinn, who eventually took over Novotny’s job.

“He was very helpful, very cooperative, easy to work with and very knowledgeable about what he was talking about,” says Richard Meyers, emeritus Kent State art professor and former student under Novotny.

In between teaching, Novotny would work on portraits, murals and sketches — painting people at work being his specialty. Many knew him for his detailed portrait paintings, which he painted for 10 of Kent State’s 11 presidents.

Carol Cartwright, Kent State president from 1991 to 2006, says Novotny took many photographs of her and had her sit a few hours while he painted her.

“He told me he’d hoped I would like it, but in the end, it was going to be his painting,” she says. To her surprise, she wore a less business-like look and wasn’t smiling in the portrait.

“I’m typically smiling because that’s who I am,” she says. But most portraits aren’t usually painted with a huge smile on the person’s face, he explained to her. During their time together, Cartwright learned Novotny had painted many of the university’s presidents. Cartwright’s painting would be the last presidential portrait he did for Kent State. He had been called to paint hers quite early in her time as president because of concern over his old age.

Novotny, born in 1909, developed the School of Art at Kent State in 1946 and was the director for 27 of his 39 years at Kent State. He hired professors including artists Robert Morrow, Harold Kitner and Bill Shock — all of whom have artwork displayed around campus as well.

“He hired a great team of professors,” Myers says. “And I’m not saying that because I was one of them.”

Myers and Novotny worked together on an animated film project during their time together. Myers appreciated Novotny’s expertise and assistance. He would work with him for photograph retakes and drawings, lending a valuable hand in the technical work, too. “He was terrific,” Meyers says. “I liked him a lot. He even came to my house, and we worked there on part of the film project.”

Novotny, who passed away at the age of 88 in 1997, has work showcased in many places around Kent. A large mural is displayed in Huntington Bank downtown, portrait paintings of the university’s presidents hang in President Lester Leffon’s office and a painting of the old train station resides in the Kent Free Library. The Carnegie Art Museum in Oxnard, Calif. houses a Novotny collection and Kent State recognized him as a President’s Medal recipient in 1973.

SPRING 2010 THE BURR

B
marlan howard raymond

“Some people would like to see me go and not come back,” says Raymond, self-proclaimed Kent townie and activist. “I am Peter Pan incarnate, and Kent is the best place to never grow old,” Raymond says. “My favorite memory of Kent is right now. I try to live in the moment.”

photograph by DANIEL MAXWELL

heather strittmatter

Superfan, as Strittmatter is better known, never misses a home basketball game. Her colorful signs and battle cries fill the M.A.C. Center and her apartment is packed with Kent State memorabilia.

photograph by BRITTANY ANKROM

This is their town

MANY STUDENTS live, work and go to school in Kent, but they are only here temporarily. Others have lived in the city of Kent for most, if not all their lives — and they are the people who truly add color to the area. Meet some of Kent’s finest townies. Actually, you probably already have.
emory vance
Vance has lived in Kent for almost 50 years. "This is where my work is, and I’ve been cutting hair for over 40 years in this shop," Vance says. His business, Emory’s Barber Shop, is located on South Water Street.

photograph by DANIEL MAXWELL

maureen gartland
Gartland, better known as Mo, is the owner of Taco Tontos and has lived in Kent for 33 years. She spent the early 1980s roaming the campus and downtown Kent with her dog, Hilda. Mo says she was tricked into being a townie by Kent’s acceptance of Hilda at Kent Hardware, the laundromat and even her classes — and she hasn’t left.

photograph by LAURA TORCHIA
paul braden

"I'm a transplant that actually came to Kent to go to school and didn't want to leave," says Braden, the owner of Woodsy's Music. He says the arts, entertainment and culture of Kent have kept this townie around. "There are lots of musicians and artists and free-thinking people."

photograph by TESSA BARGAINNIER

bob stevenson

Stevenson, a retired osteopathic surgeon, has lived in Kent since his birth in 1924. Stevenson followed in his father's footsteps by becoming a doctor, which has kept him in Kent all these years. "People around town know me as Doctor Bob," he says.

photograph by DANIEL MAXWELL
paul tople

Tople is a Kent State alumnus who worked for the Chestnut Burr as a photographer and associate editor from 1968 to 1970. The yearbook is open to the 1970 staff photo (he is pictured bottom, second from left). Forty years after he photographed May 4, 1970, he still finds recording the area's history for the Akron Beacon Journal an interesting and challenging job. Tople lives in Copley, but his continued presence in Kent makes him an honorary townie.

photograph by LAURA TORCHIA
THE BURR
magazine is 60 pages this semester.  
But we didn’t want to stop there.

For more stories, blogs, photos and multimedia pieces, visit TheBurr.com.

Read about a student’s journey to understand her boyfriend who has Asperger syndrome. Visit our blogs to get your weekly fashion fix or a new recipe to dazzle your friends. Watch slideshows featuring a Ravenna shoe cobbler or music legend Stephen Stills. And check out pages from a classic 1970 Chestnut Burr yearbook.

It's all at TheBurr.com.
When I join the conversation, a man about my age is talking to a woman across the aisle about his AA meetings. He’s a bleary-eyed 20-something with pasty skin and an unusually red nose, tragic dandruff and one eyelash that’s stuck to his upper right cheek and driving me crazy. The more we talk, the more it bothers me. If not for his freshly shaved stubble, I’d think he hadn’t seen a mirror in days.
We're on the Portage Area Regional Transportation Authority bus No. 90, The Akron Express, which makes seven round trips a day between Kent State and the buses-only depot in downtown Akron, optimistically dubbed a “multi-modal transit center” in hopes Amtrak will revive its service on the neighboring tracks.

We're Akron-bound; Bleary Eyes is meeting his dad, who lives in Fairlawn, just beyond Akron's west side. He says he only sees him about once a month since he stopped driving. I don't press him about why he doesn't drive — you don't have to ride buses in Akron very long to figure out why AA members are on board. I've watched strangers riding Akron and PARTA buses compare notes on their DUI convictions as if they were tax returns.

Bleary Eyes typifies the Northeast Ohio public transit user. He rides because he has no alternative. He rides a bus from Ravenna to Kent State, then catches the No. 90, between Kent and Akron on weekdays.

I don't tell him I'm riding because I love public transit. Growing up in a well-to-do suburb, I was fascinated at a young age by the chaos of a city's constant movement. I wanted to ride trains and buses and shuffle along crowded sidewalks. To me, contending with transit on a daily basis is a higher standard of living.

For Bleary Eyes, the bus is the only option. I own a car — a six-speed GT with leather interior — I don't have to plan my life around the bus's schedule. And when the weather's bad, I don't ride. But as Kerouac's destination was the road itself, mine is transit.

For a while, I lived in Chicago, where public transit is the great equalizer. Doctors and lawyers squeeze into hot, crowded trains alongside college students and homeless panhandlers. Also, drunks, teachers and children who look too young to be alone. Everyone occupies the same space on board; the delays and construction affect everyone equally. Generally speaking, no one's experience on the Chicago Transit Authority is privileged.

In Northeast Ohio, public transit is another realm entirely.

When I moved back to Akron, I sought the aspects of urban life I enjoyed in Chicago. I began riding Akron Metro buses compulsively, even after buying the car I needed for practical transportation. When I had the time, I would study schedules and map out hour-long trips to the store that would have taken 15 minutes roundtrip by car.

I quickly noticed a glaring difference from Chicago in the demographic makeup of my fellow riders in Akron.

Summit and Portage Counties are drastically different landscapes to navigate than Chicago. Here, where almost everyone drives, bus service seems to be used almost exclusively by those whose access to a car has been severed either by economic circumstance, the law or a combination of the two.

Bleary Eyes is talking across the aisle to a white, overweight, 25-year-old mother of three. She has a raspy, staccato smoker's laugh that makes me think of burning leaves. She uses it freely.

Bleary Eyes often points out they've known each other for six years, though he's still asking for her phone number.

"You know, we could h-h-hang out some time," he says, "I could come over to your h-house, or you could come over to m-my, my place."

The more he stutters, the more she laughs. She seems amused by his awkwardness. She's cool to him. But they laugh together sometimes, and she nods along with interest when he talks about AA. She's trying out support groups for her own addiction.

She's mostly been ignoring me up to this point, but now she turns to me to clarify. "I'm addicted to drugs." Her slow emphasis of the last word reminds me of a D.A.R.E. officer.

The two compare notes on support groups with sober discrimination, as though they're thinking of switching wireless carriers.

I feel like a fraud in conversations like this. My most serious addiction is to riding buses. It's because of conversations like these I often say I've never known real struggle.

I'm a tourist, pretending to need the bus. People who know me often ask why I inconvenience myself and others by riding. When I'm on a bus kick, it takes so long for me to get anywhere that it's hard to make plans with me and even harder to change them — spontaneity is impossible. Sometimes I say I'm just trying to be "green;" sometimes it's true. The truth is, riding the bus affords me time to myself in the most urban environment the region has to offer. I can clear my head.

Other riders on the No. 90 — there are about eight of us — are sleeping or pretending to sleep against windows, reading or pretending to read, some with earphones in. Judging by the looks of surprise when I talk to some people, "public transportation" is a misnomer. Taking the bus is a private affair for many of the people on board; they look too tired to drive even if they had the choice.

On another day, I ride up front, facing a man in his mid-20s. He has the proportions of a fire hydrant: solidly built, on the short side and with rounded edges. He wears a goatee and khakis with black smudges on them. He is most likely the source of the smell of homelessness filling the bus this afternoon.

He's not homeless, though. He says he lives in Ravenna with his grandfather, who he says drove school buses and ambulances and fought fires until he had a stroke about a year ago.

"There was a house fire, and he was the first one on the scene," he says proudly. "Then he just... fainted or something."

At this point, I start to notice a certain vacancy in his eyes that's difficult to pinpoint. It becomes more noticeable as we talk.

He says he says at home and takes care of his grandfather. I ask him why he's headed to Akron.

"To donate," he says. "The Red Cross." I tell him I'm too afraid of the needle to give blood. I tell the story of the one time I worked up the nerve to finally do it, and how it was worse than I had expected and how I feel faint whenever I think about it.

"Yeah, well," he says, "that's different. I'm donating plasma."

"Oh, right," I say. This time I nod to show I understand, as though privilege hasn't protected me from the experience. I try to sound like I've done it...
before. I ask if the pay is decent.

“Yeah,” he says. “Leaves a bit of a scar, though.” He rolls up his sleeve to show me a dark gray spot on the inside of his elbow. It looks like he’s been shot with a B.B. pellet.

I ask him if he’s a student.

“Nah,” he says. “I want to be, though.” He’s waiting on a federal disability grant so he can start college.

Just then, as we merge onto the highway, his attention is diverted over my shoulder. His eyes light up and he points behind me.

“That’s a mail truck,” he says with conviction. His face is a mix of wonderment and consternation.

I follow his gaze out the window. A semi-trailer is running alongside our bus on the highway. A huge, blue eagle crawls past. We watch it together for what seems like an eternity.

“That’s a mail truck,” he says again. His genuine interest is evolving into a state of rapture.

Ten minutes later, he gets off at The Red Cross. The driver tells him to say “hi” to a mutual friend. After she closes the doors behind him, she says his grandfather had a heart attack, not a stroke.

I take the seat at the front and talk to the driver. She lives in Ravenna, but is connected to Akron by more than this route: Her brother teaches math at the University of Akron and her daughter is a student working in the Bursar’s Office.

She says most of the riders are regulars, and adds that new people always ask a lot of questions. There’s a lull in our conversation.

Things are looking up for the Akron Express. The route doubled its ridership from 2007 to 2008 and served 23,411 passengers in 2009. PARTA’s manager of operations, Joe Vensel, says high demand for the route influenced the decision to keep it full-service through Kent State’s summer sessions and winter break, when the route used to only make two trips daily. This, in turn, has increased ridership.

PARTA is expanding, too. Last month, its Central Gateway Project was awarded $20 million from the Department of Transportation to build a transit center in downtown Kent like the one in Akron. PARTA’s marketing director, a wall of a man named Frank Hairston, says he hopes the center will allow PARTA to have a Park and Ride presence downtown for easier access to Akron and Cleveland from Kent.

He says he wants suggestions for how to make the best use of the transit center. “We’re meeting with Akron Metro in two weeks to pick their brains.”

By the time the PARTA project is finished, I’ll have graduated and left Kent. One hopes, for the sake of those who depend on it, the transit center will be free of the irony that beleaguered Akron’s riders. Their center is located on a four-lane, one-way street on the outskirts of downtown, so it’s hard for pedestrians to access. And its peripheral location possibly adds as much time to routes as it saves.

One hopes $21 million worth of public transit infrastructure won’t be as invisible as the people who need it most. 
February 1968: man down
Tom was wounded in combat and spent months in hospital recovering. He was awarded a Purple Heart.

Not as lean, not as mean,
STILL A MARINE

photographs by
LAURA TORCHIA
vietnam photographs
and poem courtesy of
TOM SAAL
November 2006: a beginning
(previous page)
Tom was a commanding officer and second lieutenant of an infantry rifle platoon in Vietnam during the Tet Offensive. “For any red-blooded American male, it was the ultimate experience to be a Marine in charge of a bunch of men in combat.”

January 1968: tired (right)
Tom sits by a rice paddy somewhere south of Da Nang after an all-night patrol.

May 1970: retired (above)
Tom returned to Kent shortly after the May 4 tragedy with a disability discharge. Many Americans no longer supported the war in Vietnam.

August 2006: frustrated (right)
While sitting in his kitchen in Highland Square, Tom tells the story of how he became a second lieutenant in the U.S. Marine Corps, earned two purple hearts, instructed at The Basic School in Quantico, Va., retired and returned to Kent State. He is currently a member of Vietnam Veterans Against the War.
September 2009: recovering (left)
An original member of the Warriors Journey Home veterans recovery group, Tom dedicates his time serving his fellow veterans. He is employed at the Freedom House in Kent and writes poetry with veterans on Tuesday nights. He also volunteers at St. Thomas Hospital in Akron where he was treated for post-traumatic stress disorder.

1969: training (below)
At Quantico, Tom trained new third lieutenants on their way to combat in Vietnam. Tom is pictured second row, eighth from the left. Two men to the left of Tom is current Virginia Senator James Webb. Many pictured did not return from combat.

October 2010: returning
(not pictured)
Tom will make the journey to Vietnam with a group of local veterans and Dr. Ed Tick to “bring his soul home,” as he explains.
During a weekend of unrest in early May 1970, Gov. James A. Rhodes sent Ohio National Guardsmen to Kent State University as students protested the American invasion of Cambodia both on campus and off. That following Monday, May 4, was relatively peaceful compared to the weekend. By noon that day, the Commons area had at least 2,000 people in it, mainly protesting the guard's presence. After the guardsmen ordered students to disperse, they launched tear gas into the crowd and were met with some of the young people taunting them and throwing objects.

Soon after, the guard opened fire.

In a matter of 13 seconds, four Kent State students were killed and nine others were wounded.

Forty years later, in 2010, we still remember those mere seconds as the day the Vietnam War came home. Students then and now will never forget this day in history when America's youth were shot where they should have felt safe.

The following pages are a tribute to those dead and wounded students, and they also serve to educate. We hope to give you a new look at a story you've heard before and will always remember.

photograph courtesy of HOWARD RUFFNER
TIN SOLDIERS AND NIXON COMING,
WE’RE FINALLY ON OUR OWN.
THIS SUMMER I HEAR THE DRUMMING,

FOUR DEAD IN OHIO

The story of how the tragedy of May 4, 1970, inspired a protest song for its generation

story by SARAH STEIMER
concert photograph by LAURA TORCHIA
archive photographs courtesy of HENRY DILTZ, HOWARD RUFFNER
illustrations by CHRIS SHARRON

Nash, Stills, Crosby and Young in Los Angeles, 1969.
I was pretty well ready for them when the guys showed up, and they showed up early evening. They were in an intense mood. They are four very driven personalities on a calm day – and they were ready to just get in and do it. - Bill Halverson on the recording of “Ohio”

DAVID CROSBY HANDED NEIL YOUNG
a copy of Life magazine back in the spring of 1970. On the cover was a black and white photo of a wounded Kent State student, freshly shot by a member of the Ohio National Guard.

A picture may say 1,000 words, but Young really only needed a few:

“Four dead in O-hi-o.”

Kent State University would never have made a nationwide statement the way it unintentionally did on May 4, 1970. The school wasn’t and still isn’t ready for such attention. David Crosby, Stephen Stills, Graham Nash and Neil Young, on the other hand, were the prime candidates to make such a statement, and probably could do it better than anyone.

“They became, for lack of a better way to describe this, spokesmen for their generation,” says David Zimmer, author of “Crosby, Stills & Nash: The Biography.” “They were able to take events and translate them into songs and music that really got right to the heart of some very critical turning points in the evolution of parts of the country.”

Bill Halverson recorded the band’s “Déjà Vu” album, which was released in March of that same year, and was working with Stills on a solo project in Los Angeles where the full band was rehearsing for its tour. A member of the band’s entourage called Halverson one day and informed him that the band needed to record a song that evening. He obliged, readying his recording equipment.

“I don’t think they played the tune all the way through. They just sort of played a bit and said, ‘Billy, you ready?’ And I was ready,” Halverson recalls. “So I just rolled the tape and away we went. I think it took us two or three takes, but it is live guitar, live vocals, live background vocals.”

If you listen carefully to the song, toward the end Crosby shouts, “Why? How many more?” This was merely the result of emotional ad-libbing, says Halverson. Immediately following the final take of the song, Crosby burst into tears.

“This was the emotion of a band that had something to say,” Halverson says. “And there’s something about more than one person — whether it’s a choir or a band or a bunch of musicians — when they get together on a mission to play something together, there’s an energy that is just amazing. ... It’s a sight to behold when they are really driven to do something like that.”

The band listened to the takes and mixed the track. That was that. This was the song that would tell the infamous story.

They decided they needed to record a B-side that night as well. Because they had just released “Déjà Vu,” there wasn’t an upcoming album to attach this song to. And in any case, they knew this track had to be released immediately to affect a still-shocked country. “They felt that the message was more important than the medium,” says Zimmer. Atlantic Records then-president Ahmet Ertegun would agree with the band, and give the song the go-ahead to push it through to the public.

For the B-side, the band reached for a song Stills had written that they had been practicing to use on tour. The song was an acoustic number and was originally intended for the final moments of “Easy Rider,” when Peter Fonda is blasted off his bike. The name of the song was “Find the Cost of Freedom,” and it was fitting.

“It carries sort of a broader message, but sort of a similar message in that it really did articulate the feeling about violence and war, about taking it to the broader landscape beyond the tragic incident at Kent State,” Zimmer says. “It looked at the cost of freedom in a global sense and how it impacts everyone.”

So Halverson set up four chairs so the men would sit knee-to-knee in the studio, placing corresponding microphones for the vo-

The photograph by Howard Ruffner of wounded student John Cleary that later appeared on the cover of Life magazine.
calists and a guitar mic for Stills.

"From start to finish, it maybe took another 45 minutes and we had a B-side," Halverson says. Recording and mixing the two songs took five hours.

In less than a week, "Ohio" was on the radio. In 10 days, the single was pressed and the record hit store shelves.

WHEN ASKED WHERE THEY GO TO SCHOOL, SOME students have had to follow up "Kent State" with "You know, Four dead in O-hi-o," singing a little bit of the school's unofficial alma mater.

The four men who created the song certainly were never the type to write any university's anthem, but they were definitely all perfect choices to write a hard-hitting, socially conscious tune.

Before May 1970, they each had a fairly nice repertoire of revolutionary songs. Young and Stills had previously been members of Buffalo Springfield, whose song "For What It's Worth" peaked at No. 7 on the Billboard Hot 100 chart. The song was written by Stills and released in 1967 as a reaction to a brawl Stills witnessed between young people and law enforcement on Hollywood's Sunset Strip — an eerie precursor of the event that would later move Young to write "Ohio."

"When he (Stills) was a youth in Central America, there would be uprisings, and within a week there would be a new government," Zimmer says. "So when he saw this happening with the police taking on students on the Sunset Strip, and that immediately billy clubs came out and kids were being hurt on the street, it just sparked in him a realization that this could happen here.

"And of course on May 4, 1970, something far worse than the riots on Sunset Strip in Hollywood occurred — and the band reacted accordingly."

Although, as Zimmer points out, the riots in Hollywood did not result in death, Stills still noticed that police and others who were supposed to protect citizens were instead using force against those peacefully protesting. Maybe it would happen again.

Young is well-known for being outspoken on all things government. Most notably and recently was his 2006 album, "Living with War." Instead of touring alone for the album, Young was joined by Crosby, Stills and Nash on what was known as the "Freedom of Speech Tour." The band, of course, played "Ohio" during its time on the road — the song Young called "My best CSN&Y cut," in the liner notes to his album "Decade."

Crosby, Zimmer says, is an especially fervent supporter of free speech as he has said so in several interviews. The album sleeve for the "Ohio" single even included text from the First Amendment, which protects freedom of speech. Zimmer says its inclusion on the sleeve may have been Crosby's idea.

ON MARCH 5, STEPHEN STILLS PLAYED A SHOW AT THE Kent Stage. He wasn't accompanied by Crosby, Nash or Young, but still played some songs from the musicians' canon including his own "Free Top Flyer," Young's "Helplessly Hoping" and CSNY's "Woodstock" from "Déjà Vu" — the album that also celebrates its 40th anniversary this year.

Tickets to the show sold out quickly and a second show was added to the evening. During the second show, Stills prefaced one song with "Well, I really couldn't play in Kent, Ohio without doing this one." Before the crowd got too wound up, Stills chuckled and said "No, not that one, we'll play that one later."

With that, Stills burst into "Find the Cost of Freedom."

Todd Caldwell, guitarist for Stills, says the band had planned on playing "Love the One You're With" as an encore, but instead Stills switched it to "Ohio."

"We were in the bus last night, just shooting the shit," Caldwell says between shows. "And we were like 'Man, we're going to Kent — we've gotta play 'Ohio.'"

Caldwell, who has also played with CSN, is the youngest member of Stills' band at age 30. Although 10 years removed from the May 4 incident, he seems to understand the weight of the song the band played to close both March 5 shows.

After finishing Woodstock, the band made its way off the stage with the crowd remaining on its feet. A few minutes later, Stills and company returned and immediately the drummer, Canton resident and Kent State master's graduate Joe Zimmer, began the pounding heartbeat that would carry Stills into a crunching version of "Ohio." The crowd responded accordingly, some by jumping to their feet, some clapping along and shaking their fists in the air, and stills others by sitting quietly — eyes closed and heads bobbing along — just taking it all in.

Forty years earlier, back in 1970, when audiences first started stomping along to the song, "Ohio" made its way to No. 14 on the Billboard Hot 100. In December 2004, Rolling Stone rated it the 385th best song of all-time on its list of 500.

Halverson never would have guessed, though. He says he considers himself more of a "music person than a lyric person" and hadn't heard much, if anything, of the shootings at the time he recorded "Ohio."

"It's one of the experiences that I'm much more grateful and appreciative of now than I was 20 years ago," he says. "And to have it last this long has just been wonderful."

Stills first visited the origins of "Ohio" in 1997 with Crosby and Nash. The three were making an appearance in Cleveland around the time of May 4 that year to be inducted into the Rock n' Roll Hall of Fame. Young, however, did not join the band. He was boycotting the hall of fame ceremony because of the $1,500 plate fee for additional guests and how the ceremony was being taped by VH1 and cut down to two hours.

Although the band agreed with Young's views, they decided to attend the ceremony anyhow and stop at Kent, 27 years after the deed had been done and the song had been written.

Zimmer accompanied the band, riding in Nash's bus on the way there.

Stephen Stills performs at the Kent Stage, March 5, 2010.
Every picture tells a story

With the mention of May 4 -- or merely Kent State, for that matter -- the song "Ohio" immediately plays in people's minds. And that soundtrack is more likely than not accompanied by the images of the event as well.

In fact, the song may never have come to be if not for the photograph on the cover of Life magazine, which David Crosby showed to Neil Young. The image was taken by Kent State student Howard Ruffner.

Ruffner, a photographer for both the Daily Kent Stater and the Chestnut Burr, had stuck around the weekend leading up to May 4 and photographed much of the mayhem. The morning of May 4, while in the student media offices, Life magazine called.

Before anything had even happened that day, Ruffner made an informal agreement with the magazine to be a stringer for Life. So he made his way out to the Commons, National Guard press pass in hand, and began photographing. He was 80 feet away from the guard when they began firing -- but snapped a picture right as they took aim.

"When I went down, I turned my back to the guard," Ruffner says. "When I got up I heard students yelling, 'Stay down, stay down! They're shooting real bullets. I can't believe they're shooting real bullets!'"

When Ruffner first got up, he noticed Joe Lewis Jr., one of the closest students to the guard to get shot. He also noticed John Cleary, wounded in the chest, and photographed students helping him. This was the image Life chose to run on its cover. Ruffner also took photos of Jeffrey Miller's body with Mary Ann Vecchio standing over him, although John Filo's version of the scene won the Pulitzer Prize. Interestingly enough, Ruffner loaned Filo the lens he used.

"One of the things I think photographs do is they tell the truth," Ruffner says. "And if anyone can show a photograph that demonstrates in any way that the National Guard was in danger of being killed or wounded by something severe, you're not going to see it because that (May 4) was one of the most photographed events of all time."

Ruffner notes that not only were he and Filo taking photos, many other students from a number of vantage points were also taking pictures. In fact, Ruffner notes that either the FBI or state police later went to local drug stores looking for film of the incident.

"I sent all my unexposed film, including my negatives from the weekend, to Life and I never saw my work for about five or six weeks," Ruffner recalls. He says the magazine called in the early morning hours about a week later to let him know his photo of Cleary would be on the cover.

CSNY during the recording of "Looking Forward" in 1999.

"He kept looking out the window and saying, 'Boy, I can't imagine what this incident -- that had occurred at this point 27 years ago -- what was going on at this time.'" Zimmer says. "And he said it brought back memories of what the actual incident did spark, not only in that area but the country."

Zimmer says Nash felt creating "Ohio" was not only the band's mission, but its responsibility to the nation. And coming back to play it at the spot where it all happened paid tribute to the fallen students and the university, which he says stands as a symbol of a darker point in America's history.

"Nash felt it was like a sojourn back to the point that sparked the song, but also it was their way of saying 'Never forget.'"

So the band played at Kent State, right on the field next to Blanket Hill, next to that silent bell and next to the spot where the Ohio National Guard and students faced off. They played about five or six songs that spring day.

Zimmer recalls it being an incredibly emotional day. There were plenty of students in the audience, many of whom he says were definitely not around during 1970. But their tears and solemn observance showed they felt the cultural impact of what they were witnessing.

"There were some war veterans in the audience as well," Zimmer says. "One of them actually had his hand over his heart while the song was playing, as if he were just saying, 'This is America: this song.' Violence is not what we're about. The message of this song is to protect our freedom, American civil rights, personal rights."

The students in attendance, Zimmer says, learned that day that many people would always remember Kent State as the place where violence did occur — against youth, by the military. And for those who say "It can't happen here," it did.

Kent State will only remind many people of the slain students, of freedom of speech being literally shot down by the government. In the same way, the song "Ohio," by four young musicians just reaching stardom, will remind people that injustices do exist. But it will also forever ask the question, "What if you knew her and found her dead on the ground?"

And you can't just reminisce, you have to answer.
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— Kofi Annan

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Unmistakable significance

National Register of Historic Places adds the May 4 site to its official list

the bell
A man sits next to the Victory Bell on the Commons during the anniversary commemoration on May 4, 2009.
NO ONE AT KENT STATE, BOTH THEN AND NOW, CAN forget the tragic events of May 4, 1970 — but now the rest of the country will officially recognize and remember them as well. On Feb. 23, the National Register of Historic Places granted the May 4 shootings site a place on the list of noteworthy places to preserve.

The 17-acre May 4 site includes the Commons, the area below Taylor Hall, the parking lot and the practice field across from Taylor Hall.

The recognized status will protect the site for further education, remembrance and “for our children and our children's children to have an opportunity to walk on that place,” anthropology professor Mark Seeman says. “There is something real and legitimate about being at the place where something happened.”

Three projects will coincide with this 40th anniversary of the May 4 incident: a permanent exhibit, a short film by theater professor Stephen Zapytowski and a walking tour of the May 4 site. English professor Laura Davis and communications professor Carole Barbato worked to create an audio tour with explanatory panels as trail markers along the path. Audio, narrated by civil rights activist Julian Bond, will be accessible via cell phone, Davis says. The script follows the documentary film, taking listeners back in time. The 35-minute film will act in conjunction with the seven markers of the audio trail.

“FOR ME, I THINK AS I LOOK BACK TO THE LATE 1960S AND EARLY 1970S, THOSE SHOOTINGS WERE AN IMPORTANT PART OF UNITED STATES HISTORY.” — MARK SEEMAN, ANTHROPOLOGY PROFESSOR

Around 2006, Seeman, Barbato, Davis and Professor Emeritus of Sociology Jerry Lewis set out to try, for the second time, for national historic status. Unlike the first time, they didn’t work toward a landmark status, but to get the site on a list of national historic places, Davis says. The professors spent nearly four years completing the nomination process for the Kent State shootings site.

“I think many people are interested in making meaning of May 4,” Davis says. “It (the historic status) gives people another avenue to understanding what the significance of May 4 was in its time and what its relevance for today is.”

Through research, the professors gathered the needed information about May 4. Seeman’s historic preservation background and Lewis’ extensive May 4 knowledge helped them along. Davis and Barbato have also taught a May 4 course for the past decade at Kent State, Barbato says.

The application included a five-page questionnaire with an attached 50-page essay written by the professors. The May 4 site met one of the four main criteria on the form: “property is associated with events that have made a significant contribution to the broad patterns of our history.” The professors listed the areas of significance as social history, politics or government and law. The form required the essay to identify a period of significance in American history.

“We wanted to place it in the context of the student protest movement of the Vietnam War,” Seeman says. “That seems a no-brainer. Then we had to go through and talk about the history of the social movement of the United States and how May 4 was a result, in part, of that process, and how in turn it propelled the process in additional directions.”

The site is required to be more than 50 years old, but additional support helped the professors attain the status 10 years early. In 1977, the Preservation Office began to study the possibility of the site becoming a national historic landmark, but decided the site was too young at that point to qualify.

Though not mandatory, the board of trustees reviewed the idea and agreed to support it, as did four Ohio politicians, including Gov. Ted Strickland, state Rep. Kathleen Chandler, former state Sen. Leigh Herington and U.S. Rep. Tim Ryan. On Dec. 4, 2009, the Ohio Historic Site Preservation Advisory Board met in Columbus to review five Ohio nominations, including Kent State. After passing this step, it moved on for approval by Keeper of the National Register of Historic Places.

Only seven years after the shootings, the Gym Annex’s construction was to begin. The plans for a new gym had been in place before 1970. Even though the May 4 Coalition on members set up tents on “Blanket Hill” just north of the gym on May 12, 1977, creating what became known as “Tent City,” Kent trustees voted 8-1 to approve the gym’s construction. Thousands of protesters rallied against the construction, but the annex was still completed in the summer of 1979, according to Thomas Hensley and Lewis in their book “Kent State and May 4th.”

But now, the rest of the site will remain safe for good.

“For me, I think as I look back at the late 1960s and early 1970s, those shootings were an important part of United States history,” Seeman says. “Whether we look at it with pride or resignation or fear for the future, it was an important bit of history and it resonates not only on our campus but throughout the country.”
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ORANGEBURG MASSACRE
Three universities share similar tragedies, but even 40 years later, they still do not attract the same attention.

**Gailya Porter Remembers** being outside of her dorm with friends on a warm Thursday evening at Jackson State College. She remembers the echo of the footsteps as city police officers and state highway patrolmen marched toward Alexander Hall.

She remembers seeing the officers dressed in riot gear turn toward the dorm and one of them shouting, “MAY I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE?”

She remembers the officers started firing, showering the cluster of students and the dormitory wall with bullets. She remembers the bullets whizzing by her face. She remembers a close friend picking her up and bringing her to Alexander Hall’s door.

She remembers leaving campus and never wanting to return.
It was May of 1970, and more students’ blood had been shed at a college campus just 10 days after the National Guard opened fire on protesting students at Kent State, killing four and wounding nine. This time the two dead and 12 wounded students lay 930 miles south at what’s now called Jackson State University, a historically black campus prone to acts of discrimination by white motorists passing on Lynch Street, a main thoroughfare named after Mississippi’s first black congressman, John Roy Lynch. The street cut through campus on the way downtown.

But the national legacy of the dead at Jackson State University and another black college, South Carolina State University, in 1968 never paralleled that of their sister tragedy at Kent State. Mired in state politics, racism and ignorance, the black students’ legacy remains in the shadows of the four white students killed at Kent State. And yet, these young adults — regardless of their skin color — share a common bond, one of great sacrifice during social movements that helped shape the future of the United States.

Kent State often invites members of the Jackson State community to attend commemoration activities for the events of May 1970. And for that, many from Jackson are grateful. It’s a chance to remember the dead and learn from past mistakes.

Unlike in Kent, students weren’t protesting when the shootings occurred at Jackson State. They weren’t holding signs or shouting anti-war messages. Porter had wandered outside after hearing rumors of a dump truck burning on Lynch Street — one of the reasons why officers were called to campus.

But like previous springs at Jackson State, racial tensions were boiling over. Tensions had escalated the night before, after students threw rocks at white motorists driving on Lynch Street. A small fire that was set on the ROTC building’s porch roof made matters worse. Jackson’s Mayor Russell Davis put the National Guard and the Mississippi Highway Patrol on alert, according to the President’s Commission on Campus Unrest, which investigated the shootings at Kent State and Jackson State.

The next day, however, campus seemed quiet and relatively normal. By night, more rock-throwing and a false report about the murder of a Mississippi civil rights leader sparked tensions again. Consequently, law enforcement increased its presence around campus.

But other than the racial unrest plaguing Jackson State in Mississippi’s capital, no major incidents led up to the shootings around midnight May 14, 1970. Two young black men died — Phillip Gibbs, 21, a Jackson State student, and James Earl Green, 17, a local high school student heading home from work. According to the commission’s report, the shootings left about 10 other students wounded, including Porter’s friend, Gloria Mayhorn, who was shot in the arm.

Like Kent State, the cause of the shootings remains unclear. Some say the officers saw a sniper in Alexander Hall, the girls’ dormitory. The rumored sniper was never found.

When officers approached Alexander Hall and addressed the jeering students, someone threw a bottle that shattered in the middle of the officers, according to Tim Spotford’s historical account, “Lynch Street.” That’s when the firing began.

“I will never condone that,” Porter says of the shootings. “I had not hurt anybody. I had not said anything to anybody. I thought I was in a safe zone.”

But around midnight, Jackson State’s campus was more like a war zone as bullets pierced the crowd and Alexander Hall.

“That lasted — I can’t even tell you — it seemed like forever,” Porter says. “After they stopped shooting, I got up.”

In reality, Porter got up about half a minute later. Jackson city police officers and the Mississippi highway patrolmen fired for 28 seconds, according to the commission’s report.

At first, Porter says a tremendous amount of fear filled the air as students tried to find and take care of each other. Then, a silence briefly descended upon the campus.

Compared to others, Porter was lucky. She hadn’t been shot, but she was bleeding from flying debris that had struck her.

She went to a friend’s off-campus apartment and called her parents. Given the racial unrest in Jackson, they refused to allow her to be treated at a nearby hospital. They picked up Porter and took her to her hometown hospital, where she needed one stitch after doctors plucked pellets and other debris from her wounds.

“I still have some scarring,” says Porter, president of an insurance company in Jackson. “It’s something you don’t try to remember.”

Meanwhile, student Gene Young — known as “Jughead” to his friends — tried to calm the uneasy campus at Jackson State. Young, who joined the civil rights March on Washington seven years earlier, grabbed a nearby bullhorn and began reciting Martin Luther King Jr.’s famous words:

“...I have a dream that one day even the state of Mississippi, a state sweltering with the heat of injustice, sweltering with the heat of oppression, will be transformed into an oasis of freedom and justice...”

“People just saw me as a natural leader of sorts,” says Young, who had just walked behind Alexander Hall when the shootings occurred. “It was just something for me to do in the spirit of the moment.”

Gradually, students filled the lawn outside Alexander Hall in the early morning hours of what was now May 15, 1970. They wept. They prayed. They sang freedom songs. And they recited speeches. Above all, they clung to the cause of the shootings remains unclear.

In the days after the shootings, some students stayed on campus to protest. Many more went home after Jackson State canceled the remainder of the semester.

It’s been 40 years since that tragic day in 1970, but Young can still smell the gunpowder and hear the heartwrenching screams enveloping campus. Given the sheer volume of bullets fired that night — many of which are permanently carved into Alexander Hall — he knows the outcome could have been much worse.

“I called it the miracle on Lynch Street,” he says. “I called it a miracle because only two people died that night.”

And yet the local Mississippi media barely mentioned the dead, instead focusing on what might have prompted the officers to shoot. The next day’s headline in the Jackson Daily News read, “DORM WINDOW SNIPER BLAMED IN SHOOTING.” The victims weren’t addressed until the second line of the headline — “Two Dead, 8 Hurt In Police Fusillade,” according to Spotford’s “Lynch Street” account.

The national media initially took interest in the Jackson State shootings, as they continued tracking campus unrest following the Kent State shootings. But despite the front-page New York Times stories and TV network news reports, the fatal shootings at the all-black southern college didn’t yield quite as much outrage. Black students across the country complained that white students didn’t show the same anger as they had weeks earlier for the four dead in Ohio, according to “Lynch Street.”

Then-President Richard Nixon charged the Commission on Campus Unrest to investigate the shootings at Kent State and Jackson State. The report’s section about the Jackson State shootings attributed the tragedy to Mississippi’s deep pattern of racism throughout history. In 1974, the U.S. Court of Appeals in New Orleans ruled there had been a sniper at Jackson State, but the city police and highway patrol’s actions “far exceeded the response that was appropriate,” according to “Lynch Street.” No arrests or convictions

This Jackson State memorial is for the two young men killed in the campus shootings on May 14, 1970.
were made related to the Jackson State shootings.

Today, Lynch Street is no longer a major thoroughfare bisecting campus. The city cordoned off the street and began re-routing traffic immediately after the shootings. A small memorial for the two young men killed is located on what is now called the Gibbs-Green Pedestrian Walkway.

To the younger sister of the slain James Earl Green, time never erased the pain of the Jackson State shootings. But Gloria Green-McCray worries that, to most people, the campus events of May 1970 are almost forgotten.

"Unless someone has a strong interest and goes to the library archives, they won’t know much," she says.

She says Jackson State briefly touches on the school’s tragedy during freshman orientation classes, but the university hasn’t done as much in remembrance of the victims as Kent State has done for the students killed May 4. Annual memorial programs are generally small and discreet.

Jackson State’s Web site doesn’t have easily accessible information, either. Its history section doesn’t mention the shootings, and a search only pulls up a few small mentions of the incident.

As someone who shares the pain and grief of the 1970 shootings, Green-McCray says she’s thankful for Kent State’s inclusion of Jackson State year after year. Green-McCray, a 16-year-old at the time of her brother’s death, has seen signs of progress emerge since the tragedy — highlighting the need for education about Jackson State and Kent State.

“I feel like (if) we don’t live it and don’t teach it, we don’t learn it," she says. “And if we don’t learn it, we might repeat it.”
Two killed following a demonstration lie at the edge of South Carolina State's campus on Feb. 8, 1968.

Students look out their window in Alexander Hall at Jackson State after the shootings.
n fact, just two years before the campus shootings in Ohio and Mississippi, a similar tragedy occurred at South Carolina State College in Orangeburg. Two days after black students protested to integrate a bowling alley, law enforcement officers opened fire on students who had started a bonfire at the edge of campus on Feb. 8, 1968. Three students died and 28 others were injured, most of whom were shot in the back.

George Garrison, professor of Pan-African studies at Kent State, remembers reading about the Orangeburg Massacre while he was at a barbershop in Buffalo, N.Y. But it wasn’t in one of Buffalo’s mainstream newspapers.

Garrison, a Rock Hill, S.C. native, was reading Jet, a popular black magazine, when he stumbled upon a picture of his high school friend holding a sign at the college, now named South Carolina State University.

“Those words on that sign are printed indelibly in my mind,” Garrison says. “It said ‘Will there ever be peace in our time?’”

By February 1968, numerous civil rights leaders had been murdered, including Medgar Evers and Malcolm X. African Americans, especially in the South, knew not to mess with law enforcement, Garrison says. In South Carolina, the students turned and ran as soon as officers began firing, but state troopers continued shooting into the crowd.

Garrison’s friend, Samuel Hutchison, had just gone back to his dorm room when the shootings occurred. Hutchison, a senior history major, had helped assemble the wood for the bonfire — what he calls a spontaneous form of protesting — but he left before anyone lit the fire. It seemed like a calm night compared to the previous days. Nothing was going to happen.

Earlier that week, Hutchison says between 200 and 300 students clashed with Orangeburg law enforcement for the first time after protesting the arrest of several students at the bowling alley. Hutchison says he believes a small number of middle-class black community members in Orangeburg sought the help of South Carolina State students to integrate the bowling alley — students who normally didn’t interact with the Orangeburg community very much. After all, the campus provided students with everything they needed.

After the major demonstration, the Orangeburg mayor and City Council came to campus to talk to students but were unable to quell the growing agitation or provide any solutions.

“All of that played a role in agitating students and making things worse than they already were,” says Hutchison, who was a member of a student group raising awareness about the history of the black culture. “And at the same time, we thought we were come back ready.”

The year before, students protested and successfully ousted the college’s president — a very light-skinned black man appointed by the board of directors who interacted very little with the students, Hutchison says. Hence, the students in 1968, at a campus without a permanent president, felt powerful, ready to take on their next challenge.

Tensions escalated even more when a car full of young, white men drove through the middle of the South Carolina State campus. Hutchison says the black students threw rocks at the car, and the men retaliated by firing a gun. Luckily, the bullet didn’t strike anyone. Still, the incident sparked more anger and more unrest among the black students.

Meanwhile, Hutchison says state troopers had gathered at the National Guard facility about a mile or two from campus. When the bonfire attracted many students on Feb. 8, state troopers swarmed the campus while firefighters tried to extinguish the flames, according to the university’s historical account of the incident. A student tossed a banister rail and hit a state trooper, causing even more law enforcement members to line campus.

When one trooper supposedly fired a warning shot, other troopers began firing into the crowd. Samuel Hammond, Henry Smith and Delano Middle­ton were killed.

“I would say students didn’t understand the consequences immediately,” Hutchison says about the bonfire demonstration. “And I would say the same thing happened at Kent State and Jackson State. The students thought they had the right to protest.”

A federal court jury acquitted the state troopers of wrongdoing in the shootings more than a year later. But in 1970, an Orangeburg jury convicted local civil rights activist Cleveland Sellers Jr. of “inciting a riot.” He served 7½ months of a jail sentence for a riot charge, after a judge threw out the incitement to riot charge.

The Orangeburg Massacre occurred four years after the passage of the Civil Rights Act in 1964 — a law that, among other things, outlawed segregation in public places. The bowling alley should have been open to the black community members and students.

But it was 1968 in South Carolina, and like Jackson, Miss. in 1970, racism ruled the land. The deaths of the black students at South Carolina State University and Jackson State University remained relatively unknown compared to the slain white students at Kent State.

Hutchison says national coverage of the Orangeburg Massacre was scant, and the local coverage excluded students’ points of view. When he went home, a local minister told him, “Damn, y’all really been starting some trouble down there, I see.” Hutchison didn’t even respond. It was a statement clearly the byproduct of biased coverage.

But some good did emerge from the tragedy, Hutchison says. The shootings prompted dialogue about integration — an issue the community could no longer ignore. Now, Hutchison says students at South Carolina State University tend to carry on the message of the Orangeburg Massacre at annual commemorations and the legacy of the three young black men who died.

“They did not die in vain,” says Hutchison, who now lives in Houston and works for Boeing Co. “There was progress made.”

Since joining the Kent State faculty 15 years ago, Garrison has always wondered why May 4 commemorations include Jackson State University but not South Carolina State University.

“I thought linking those two was a good thing — Kent State and Jackson State,” he says. “Unfortunately, they have a kinship for something that happened that was very horrible, but it shows that there’s a collective grief that the country has demonstrated from this looking back.”

But why not add South Carolina State to the commemorations? The only factor separating the shootings is the two-year time span. Students at all three schools were advocating for change during a time period marked by tragedy, Garrison says.

“What was going on at Jackson State and South Carolina State was different than what was going on at Kent State,” he says. “Students at Kent State weren’t struggling for civil rights. They were struggling as protesters against the Vietnam War. But at both institutions — at Jackson State and South Carolina State — those instances were very much parts of the civil rights movement.”

Their missions differed. Their passion didn’t.
Since then, the “four dead in Ohio” — Allison Krause, Jeffrey Miller, Sandra Scheuer and William Schroeder — have come to symbolize an era of student activism and what many consider a giant misstep on behalf of the government. John Filo’s Pulitzer Prize-winning photo of Mary Ann Vecchio wailing next to Miller’s body at Kent State is familiar to those even far removed from Kent, Ohio. Her anguished face and body language grace the pages of many history textbooks and certainly any piece related to the turbulent times of the Vietnam War.

Kent State, disillusionment and 1970 almost seem synonymous with each other. Garrison even remembers people asking him about May 4 while he was on a train in Europe.

And, yet, how many people know about James Earl Green and Phillip Gibbs in Mississippi? Or Samuel Hammond, Henry Smith and Delano Middleton in South Carolina? Their faces and stories remain largely unseen and untold in American history.

“Jackson State gets less attention than Kent State,” Young says. “Remember Kent State. They don’t say anything about Jackson State.”

Not only do people not know about these campus tragedies, but Garrison says there’s been a refusal by state officials, especially in South Carolina, to adequately acknowledge the shootings that left young black students dead.

“It’s as if they expect it to go away,” he says.

But if Young, who still lives in Jackson, has learned one thing about race relations during his lifetime, it’s that racism never completely goes away. After all, he lives in a city named after prominent slaveholder and former President Andrew Jackson.

Despite the Jackson State shootings, a tragic event during the civil rights movement, Young says racism in Mississippi is still more pronounced than in most parts of the country.

“The greatest number of slaves were in the South, and I think we have residual effects,” he says. “All of that stuff took place in the South, and for some reason, these people are adamantly about not changing.”

Young says many white Mississippi students go to private schools, and many black people still live in black communities and attend black churches.

“We might go to work together, but after 5 o’clock, we live in a segregated world,” Young says.

And that resistance to change — or institutionalized racism — persists even with the state’s diverse political profile. Mississippi has the most black elected officials among all states, according to the Joint Center for Economic Studies.

“People are just adamant about not letting blacks get equal footing,” Young says. “It’s not just about being at a restaurant.”

Young says that attitude surfaced in the wake of President Barack Obama’s victory in 2008. Some white students began yelling racial slurs at black students celebrating Obama’s victory at the University of Mississippi on election night, according to the Jackson Free Press. A couple days later, WAPT News in Jackson reported that a local school bus driver and coach allegedly forbade students from saying Obama’s name.

While South Carolina still flies the confederate flag in front of the state’s capitol, Garrison says he does see progress overall in the South.

“Slavery is a part of Southern culture where it isn’t part of Northern culture, and there is some continuing residual impact that this does have in the modern period in the thinking of the South,” he says.

The North isn’t exempt from discrimination, either. Garrison re-

s.c. state

Law enforcement fired into a group of students, killing three on Feb. 8, 1968 in Orangeburg, S.C. The students were protesting a segregated bowling alley.

members being followed at a Kauffman’s department store in Stow about 12 years ago. A store employee shadowed Garrison’s every move as he shopped with his son. Today, students still tell him they experience racial profiling and other discriminatory acts in and around Kent.

But he says it’s just a matter of time — time for younger generations to continue the battle for equality that past young adults, like those at Jackson State and South Carolina State, sought.

“Every generation has work to do,” Garrison says. “My generation’s was to tear down the walls of racism. (Current students’) generation has to root out the last vestiges of racism in this country.”

And Young, a civil rights activist his entire life, believes that day is possible.

“I’m the eternal optimist,” he says. “I think that even though we’ve been through a whole lot, I’d be the first to admit we’ve made monumental strides.”

The coming together of Kent State and Jackson State for commemoration activities signifies that ongoing commitment to learn from past harms and promote social issues in the United States.

As Garrison says, “It’s a microcosm of what has happened historically in this country — whites and blacks working together to solve moral issues.”

It’s a journey that still likely will be evolving another 40 years from now.
May 4, on film?

Film currently at a standstill while waiting for a financier

story by DENISE WRIGHT

FOR ALAN CANFORA, MAY 4 SURVIVOR AND DIRECTOR OF the Kent May 4 Center, sharing the details of the misunderstood 1970 Kent State tragedy is as important as ever.

"If people forget the dark chapters, perhaps we are doomed to repeat them," Canfora says.

That mentality ultimately led him to begin writing his memoir, "Ohio." The memoir serves as a record of Canfora's own life, as well as the life of his childhood friend, Bill Caldwell. After Caldwell is killed in Vietnam, the book focuses on Canfora's anti-war efforts and ultimate involvement as a victim in the May 4 shootings.

"I thought it was important to tell people about one of the most significant tragedies of modern American history," he says. "And not just about the tragedy, but also about the revolt."

In August 1995, the story caught the attention of Tony Lord, a writer and producer who co-produced 2007's "The Heartbreak Kid."

At the time, Canfora had a 50-page book proposal, which he had started back in 1989 while living in New York City's Greenwich Village. That memoir linked the tragedy of Vietnam with the tragedy at Kent State.

Alan and Lord stayed in close contact over the following month. During that time, writer Jim Hart—who has written screenplays for "Muppet Treasure Island" and "Sahara" among others—came into the office Lord shared with producer Matt Weaver at Lord Weaver productions. He was looking to do a story that had a social relevance to the 1960s.

Hart graduated from Southern Methodist University in Dallas in 1969, and to this day he still knows where he was and what he was doing on May 4, 1970.

"When Tony and Matt put that photograph of Alan waving the flag in front of me, that did it," Hart says. In 1996, Alan turned out about 500 pages after six months of writing. As he wrote, he would fax pages of the manuscript to Hart.

But the story behind the in-production feature film, "Ohio," has since taken on a life that is separate from Canfora's book.

"The script is not based on Alan's memoir," Hart says. "It's based on the facts and stories that I've gathered—but it does have some of the same players."

Unlike the memoir, Hart's screenplay includes Allison Krause, as well as the guardsmen.

While doing his research, Hart conducted hundreds of hours worth of interviews and read jury transcripts, sealed documents, statements from guardsmen and "everything (he) could get (his) hands on."

"I approached it like a journalist," Hart says. "I wasn't there to make a political statement. I was there to try to get all the facts together."

But no matter how many hours of research a writer puts in, Hart says there will always be difficulty in getting everything accurate for a true story like this.

He specifically recalls doing an interview at the beginning of the process. He says there were about 10 people in the room who had been on the Commons that day.

Canfora said many famous names have shown an interest in the project, but many of the roles have yet to be finalized.

Chic Canfora, Alan Canfora's sister and a May 4 witness, says, "I've seen many people come and go on this film. But the one strength of it and the one constant is Jim Hart and his script."

The film currently sits with producer Jason Felts of J2 pictures and director Barbara Kopple, who is best known for her documentary work including "Woodstock: Now and Then" and the Academy Award-winning "Harlan County, USA." Actress Evan Rachel Wood is also signed to play Krause.

Hart says that Wood is one of the forces moving the project forward, adding that the actress will also be an executive producer for the film.

"As soon as we lock in the financing, she will be an integral part of going to the male actors who have expressed interest," he says.

Although Felts, the producer, was not available to comment, Hart says the project has been trying to secure a financier for the past year, after having lost its original financier with the downturn in the economy.

"We do have several independent financiers who are interested in the project again," Hart says.

While the film may be at a standstill for now, the people behind it are pushing forward.

"I trust the players who are involved in the film presently," Chic says. "I believe every one of them, their heart is in the right place. If this film is ever going to be made, it's going to be made with them. They've been with it too long, they've worked too hard and they know the story too well for it not to be made in their hands."

Delivering that story to the public is what drives Hart ahead.

"Once I started doing the research and met Chic and Alan and began to investigate the events of May 4, it became clear to me that this story had never been told in the correct way," Hart says. "It was a story about a generation; it was a story about coming of age. It wasn't a story about dying; it was a story about living ... And it's a real important moment in our history that's never been accurately portrayed in a dramatic feature. So that's what keeps me going."
ON THE FIELD

the team Above left: Tight end Gary Pinkel. Above center: Linebacker Jack Lambert (99) and the Kent S
Below: The 1972 Mid-American Conference champion Kent State football team.
Don James and his coaching staff did not have an easy job when he took over the foundering Kent State football program before the 1971 season.

What could he say to potential recruits? Come play for a team that hasn't had a winning season since 1965 and hasn't played a postseason game since the 1954 Refrigerator Bowl? Come play just a few minutes down the road from the recent site of one of the great tragedies in modern American history?

He finished the 1971 season, his first at Kent State, 3-8, with no wins in the Mid-American Conference. Miami University and the University of Toledo, arguably the conference's strongest teams, beat the Flashes by 30 and 35 points to close the season. Things looked to remain the same in 1972 when a young Kent State team started James' second year 1-3-1.

But that young team, which would go on to win what still remains the school's lone MAC championship, was loaded with talent including a future Pro Football Hall of Famer, multiple future professional football players, two future Division I coaches and an Olympic gold medalist.

James had assembled not just one of the most talented teams in school history, but one of the smartest, and one that would become one of the most hardworking under his watch, to achieve a single goal: to get Kent State into the national consciousness for something positive.
May 4, 1970

Gary Pinkel remembers the exact time and place he heard about the shootings of students on the Kent State campus.

Pinkel, a senior at Kenmore High School in Akron who would play football for the Flashes after graduation, was on lunch break on May 4 when he heard the news.

“I was with my girlfriend at a Dairy Queen having lunch,” Pinkel says “It was like 12:15, 12:20 in the afternoon. I turn the news on and they said that four kids had been shot at Kent.”

Pinkel, who had spurned Bowling Green State University, Miami University and Ohio State University to play for the Flashes, remembers Kent State as simply “the best fit” even after the shootings. Maybe some youthful underestimation of the event’s significance also helped.

“I remember going back, I had a journalism class that afternoon, and I remember the teacher said this will have an impact on Kent State University as soon as they heard the news.

“I was recruited in the Spring of ’70 if you can imagine,” Page says. “May 4 came and my parents picked up the Beacon Journal May 5. ‘Four shot at Kent State.’ So you can imagine mothers and fathers of an 18-year-old. ‘No, we’re not going to go there.’”

Kent State’s golf coach eventually convinced Page and his parents that Kent State was a safe place to go to school. Page would later become the football team’s place kicker.

Somehow, James convinced other talented players to keep their commitments to Kent State after the shootings.

Pinkel says the tragedy, along with Kent State’s history of football futility, could have given James the perfect excuse to fail.

“It was the worst time ever to come into a university and recruit,” Pinkel says.

A rough beginning

It was a typical Kent State start.

A tie against the University of Akron to open the season, three losses and a win. At least the win came against MAC-rival Ohio University, giving James, who had gone 0-5 in the MAC the previous year, his first in-conference win.

There were few definitive answers on the team. Sophomore Larry Poole looked destined to succeed at the running back spot. Pinkel, a junior who would eventually lead the team with 34 catches and 477 yards that season, was becoming a solid leader on offense.

“He was a leader,” Page says of Pinkel. “Hands of glue, just a great team guy.”

And then there was Jack.

Jack Lambert had starred at Crestwood High School in Mantua, but once introduced himself as hailing from “Buzzard’s Breath, Wyoming” before a nationally televised Pittsburgh Steelers game.

Lambert — a.k.a. “Mad Man Jack,” a.k.a. “Darth Vader,” a.k.a. “Count Dracula from Pittsburgh, Transylvania” later in life — was already becoming a legend on the field, but one with a slightly less intimidating nickname. Kent State fans, though probably none were bold enough to say it to Lambert’s face, called him “the Stork” for his gangly appearance.

“Statistics, height, weight, speed … you’ve still got heart and head,” Page says. “He was a very intelligent player on the field and just ferocious.

Pinkel describes Lambert as someone of unusual intelligence and loyalty, who shunned the spotlight ever since achieving fame as one of the greatest professional linebackers of all time.

“He’s a very smart guy,” Pinkel says. “I think you see the teeth out and all that stuff, and you get a different image. I’ve been full-time coaching for 32 years. He’s the greatest competitor I’ve ever seen.”

Lambert led the team in tackling with 155 tackles in his sophomore season in 1971. He would record a mind-boggling 233 in 1972, with 205 in his senior season.

Freshman defensive lineman Larry Faulk and Walt Vrabel, would solidify the defensive attack in 1972. Faulk went on to a long NFL career, while Vrabel was injured just before he had a chance to play pro ball.

Not everything was as solid as the Kent State defense at the beginning of the season, though.

The kicking game was a mess, and the team would eventually have to turn to a freshman, Greg Kokal, as its general on the field after a series of injuries. 1972 was the first season freshmen were able to start under a new NCAA rule.

“Kokal was like sixth on the depth chart the year we won the MAC,” Page says. “Six games into the season Kokal’s the starting quarterback”

In short, Vegas oddsmakers were probably not suggesting the Flashes would win the MAC for the first time in 1972.

But Kent State did have James, a true football visionary, who beat power-conference opponent North Carolina State University in his first game at Kent State and almost took out Iowa State University that same season.

What made James different than previous coaches who had failed to end Flash fans’ misery?

“I can just see ‘em now,” Page says. “At the beginning of the week he would have a game plan and his practices were just like clockwork. He just talked about gaining respect. There was not respect for Kent State football.”

Pinkel says James told the team to “put every extra moment of your time and effort into preparing to play your best.”

November 4, 1972: Kent State vs. Marshall

It was the classic Kent State football scenario that had been seen many times before 1972 and would be seen many times after. It’s a game Kent State should win. Two touchdowns put them up 13-0 over the Thundering Herd.

Marshall University scored two touchdowns in the fourth quarter to take a 14-13 lead and now a walk-on kicker has to seal the deal. Current Kent State’s head coach eventually convinced Page, one of the fastest men on the planet, run in a collegiate track meet. After watching Tinker win the 100-yard dash by “10 yards,” Page and his fellow golfers went to watch the football team practice.

“As a joke, as a bet, I did a little soccer playing, I went over and, the story gets embellished, kicked a 50-yarder… it probably was a 25-yarder, and collected my dollars,” Page says.

Kent State trainer Don Lowe noticed Page kicking, and alerted James, who was looking for stability on special teams going into the 1972 season.

“They said, ‘Do you want to come out for the football team?’ And I said, ‘sure.’ And I got a bag of balls and all summer long I would go over to Dix Stadium and just kick. The rest is just history,” Page says.

Well, not quite.

Page, who would be the team’s leading kicker in 1972, practiced and worked in Kent during the summer. Tinker, who would be the team’s leading
Kent State had no chance against Toledo in the regular season finale. The Flashes had beaten Miami 21-10 the previous week to keep their conference title hopes alive, but MAC fans must have thought Kent State's luck would run out against the Rockets.

After all, coach Frank Lauterbur had built the Rockets into a conference powerhouse, with undefeated seasons in 1969 and 1970. Jack Murphy took over when the University of Iowa hired away Lauterbur in 1971, leading Toledo to a third consecutive undefeated season, continuing what would end up as the second-longest winning streak in NCAA Division I history at 35 games, including three Tangerine Bowl victories.

1972 was a down year for the Rockets, but they still had a winning record (6-4) when they traveled to Dix Stadium to take on the Flashes, a team they outscored 118-40 in the past three seasons. Even though the Rockets' aura of invincibility had faded, few people outside of Kent thought the Flashes had much chance of winning, but one MAC coach made the mistake of telling Kent State, or so the legend goes.

"Talk about the master motivator, Don James, that week in practice playing a recording of a radio show of Don Nehlen, who was the coach of Bowling Green," Page says. "Apparently, I don't know to this day whether they phony-ed it up, whether it was real, but they had an interview with Don Nehlen saying, 'Well there's no way that Kent State is going to win.'

"By the end of the week, wow...The whole week on campus was awesome. You couldn't get to the stadium. You had to have a police escort with the buses to get the team there two-and-a-half hours ahead of time."

James had succeeded in firing up his players and the campus, but was the tape real?

"If it was true or not, I don't know," Pinkel says. "All I know is that it worked. It was great motivation for us."

One of the players who must have taken extreme offense at Nehlen's comments was Lambert, who used the Toledo game to end any discussion of who would win that season's MAC defensive player of the year award.

The ferocious linebacker almost single-handedly kept the Rockets out of the end zone, setting a single-game school record in tackles with 29.

Page says that Lambert was "absolutely a different human being when he stepped over the line, almost a mad man."

The game was close, tied at 3-3 and 6-6, before Eddie Woodard returned a punt 95 yards and "all hell broke loose" at Dix Stadium according to Page. The Flashes went on to win 27-9 in a surprising blowout. The crowd rushed the field to tear down the goalposts, an unusual sight in Kent.

**December 29, 1972: The Tangerine Bowl**

In 1972 there were only a handful of bowl games, making a bid to the Tangerine Bowl all the more sweeter for a Kent State fan base who hadn't seen postseason play since a 19-7 loss to the Delaware Blue Hens in the 1954 Refrigerator Bowl.

Although the MAC, well Toledo really, had won the Tangerine Bowl the three previous years, bowl officials announced before the game they would no longer give the MAC champion a spot in the bowl. The powers behind the bowl game, which took place in Orlando, were hoping a bigger stadium and Disney World, completed in 1971, would help draw teams from power conferences.

But would a theme park really impress college football players?
“We got to go, and it was great,” Pinkel says.

Apparentiy, yes.

With the plan to exclude the MAC the next season, media speculation was that the conference’s only hope was a win from Kent State against the University of Tampa Spartans. The upset Spartans had moved into Division I in 1971 but were already proving to be a force. Tampa recorded a 9-1 regular season record in 1972, including a shutout victory over MAC opponent Toledo, to end the Rockets 35-game winning streak. Earl Bruce, a future College Football Hall of Fame inductee, was the first-year coach behind the Spartans ascent.

The team was led on the field by John Matuszak, a larger-than-life figure in more than one way. The 6-foot-8, nearly unblockable defensive tackle would go on to be the No. 1 overall draft pick in the 1973 NFL draft. Matuszak became one of pro football’s bad boys, starred as Sloth in the beloved children’s film “The Goonies” and died of heart failure in 1989 after a lifetime of hard living. The Flashes game plan on Matuszak became clear after the first snap.

They double-teamed him the entire game to protect Kokal. The Flashes, the obvious underdogs, played the part in the first half, giving up three touchdowns and scoring none. Also, Pinkel suffered a hamstring injury in the first half, taking Kokal’s most consistent target away from him.

By the second half, the Flashes began to chip away at the 21-0 lead, mostly based on Kokal’s passing attack. The quarterback, described by Page as “fearless” and “cocky,” ended up throwing for 310 yards, with two touchdowns, and drove the team to 18 unanswered points in the second half.

A Sarasota Herald-Tribune reporter quoted Matuszak saying, “I don’t believe that scoreboard. We should be leading by two touchdowns right now,” as he pondered the Flashes’ unlikely comeback on the sidelines with less than two minutes to go. Tampa’s stalwart defense would hold off the Flashes, however, winning the game 21-18.

Page says he felt some responsibility for the loss.

“I missed an extra point, missed a field goal...it was probably the most miserable time of my life,” Page says. “I put our team in a bad spot.”

James put the blame on the whole team in the post-game press conference, saying they literally dropped the ball too much. The Flashes lost four fumbles and threw three interceptions in the game.

“You can’t turn the football over as often as we did and expect to win when you play a good team like Tampa,” James said.

After the game, Bruce said he was happy just to outlast Kent State.

“You might say I was glad to hear that final gun sound,” he told reporters.

The game was one of the last highlights for the Spartans. Tampa ended its football program in 1974 citing excessive costs and low attendance.

The Flashes’ stay at the top was short as well. Kent State has not won another MAC title since 1972, with just six winning seasons since that team posted a 6-5-1 record to win the conference crown. Despite all that the team accomplished on the field, Pinkel says he thinks the impact the team had off the field for the university and the community was far greater.

“There was a cloud over Kent State University for years,” Pinkel says. “We were the first group on campus after (May 4) happened, in August of ’70. We had a championship team in ’72. I always felt very proud to be a part of that not only because it was the first championship in the history of the school, I was very proud of that because it was a bright shining light on Kent State University. It kind of lifted that cloud a little bit. The impact it had from an attitude standpoint and a unity standpoint and a pride standpoint on the university was profound.”

The afterglow:

• Don James would lead the Flashes to a 9-2 record in 1973, but a loss to Miami would keep the team from a second consecutive MAC title. After recording a 7-4 season the next year, he would leave to coach Washington. James, who finished his career after becoming the second-winningest coach in Pac-10 Conference history with 97 victories, resigned in 1993 to protest restrictions put on the football program by the conference and the NCAA after they found evidence of recruiting violations. James had taken the Huskies to three consecutive Rose Bowls, and won the National Championship in 1991.

• After college, some scouts argued Jack Lambert was too lanky to be a durable linebacker in the NFL (Herb Page says Lambert weighed less than 200 pounds at Kent State and never weighed more than 208 pounds in his pro career despite being his playing weight being listed at 220 pounds on the Pro Football Hall of Fame’s Web site). Seven linebackers were drafted ahead of him in the 1974 NFL draft. Lambert proved the critics as wrong, winning two NFL defensive player of the year awards and anchoring the vaunted “Steel Curtain” defense that helped Pittsburgh win four championships after they drafted him in the second round in 1974. His uniform number, 99, has been retired by Kent State.

• Gary Pinkel became a graduate assistant for the Kent State football team in 1974. He continued his coaching career under James as Washington’s wide receivers coach and eventually its offensive coordinator. Pinkel became the head coach of ‘is old MAC rival Toledo, where he had eight winning seasons in 10 years. Pinkel is the current coach of the Missouri Tigers, a team he led to an undefeated regular season, and No. 1 ranking in 2007.

• When Pinkel took over at Toledo, he replaced his old teammate Nick Saban, who left the school after a single season to become Bill Belichick’s defensive coordinator with the Cleveland Browns. Saban played safety on the 1972 team before suffering a season-ending injury. He stayed at Kent as an assistant coach until 1976. Saban led Louisiana State to a national championship in 2003 and Alabama to a national championship in 2009.

• Herb Page became the head coach of the men’s golf team at Kent State in 1978, a position he still holds today. Page’s team, which at one time included 200: British Open champion Ben Curtis, perennially competes for the MAC title. Page’s 2008 team finished in sixth place in the NCAA Championship, a school record. Page says James inspired him to be the coach he is today.

• Larry Poole was drafted by the Cleveland Browns in 1975. He finished his four-year NFL career with three touchdowns.

• Greg Kokal was drafted by the Saints but did not play in the NFL. His son, Mike Kokal went on to play quarterback in the MAC at Miami.

• Gerald Tinker won the NCAA national championship in the 60-meter dash in 1973. He played for the Atlanta Falcons and Green Bay Packers in the NFL in 1974 and 1975 seasons.
FOOD PLAYS A MIGHTY ROLE IN KENT, with students constantly searching for breakfast, lunch, dinner and post-bar grub. But the quest for the perfect dish in Kent began a long time ago.

A hundred years ago, the Kent area was known for its bluegill fish fries. The university’s location was actually decided over a batch on Sept. 27, 1910 at the Tavern at Twin Lakes. The restaurant no longer serves bluegill, and owner Richard Gres­sard won’t give out the secret recipe, but we found a recipe that can help you relive this special meal, and also some recipes for more modern Kent classics.

MIKE’S PLACE FIELD HAND OMELETTE
Ingredients
- 2 Idaho potatoes
- margarine or butter
- pinch of salt and pepper
- sweet onion (amount depends on preference)
- 4 eggs
- 4 slices American cheese.

Directions:
Clean potatoes then boil until soft, yet firm. Let the spuds cool, then thinly slice the spuds. Place a little margarine or butter and some salt and pepper on a griddle. Cook potato slices on the griddle until they are golden brown. At the same time, sauté some sweet onion until caramelized. Whip four eggs and pour them onto a pre-lubed pan. Once the eggs are fully cooked, add four slices of American cheese, then add the sautéd onions and the cooked spuds. Wrap the omlette up tight and flip it a couple of times.

BEER-BATTERED BLUEGILL
Ingredients:
- 4 to 5 bluegills
- ½ tbsp salt and ¼ tbsp pepper
- ¼ tbsp paprika
- One can of beer
- 1 cup flour
- 4 cups peanut oil

Directions:
Fillet the bluegills and wash the cleaned fish in cold water. In a bowl, add the flour, salt, pepper, paprika and ½ cup of beer. Mix the ingredients and add more beer until you have a pancake-like batter. Pour the peanut oil in a deep pan and heat on high. Dip the fillets in the batter until thickly coated and drop into the hot oil. Cook for three to four minutes on each side.

Source: www.ansalonmud.com

RAY’S PLACE FAMOUS WINGS
Ray’s Place — with its burgers, beers, fries and wings — has been a necessary stop for students, alumni and faculty in downtown Kent since 1937. Try these wings that manager Gus Macrae says are the “biggest and baddest, like chef Bob.”

Ingredients:
- 1 dozen wings
- oil
- hot sauce
- butter
- blue cheese
- celery

Directions:
Deep fry wings until fully cooked and golden brown. Make a sauce of two parts hot sauce to one part butter. Toss wings in sauce to coat. Serve with a side of blue cheese and celery.

TACO TONTO’S TOMATO SALSA
Ingredients:
- 4 ½ cups diced tomatoes
- 2 tbsp jalapeño peppers
- 1 tbsp pureed garlic
- dash of salt
- 1 tbsp lime juice
- ¼ cup cilantro
- ¼ cup diced onions

Directions:
Hand cut jalapenos and cilantro. Mix cilantro, jalapenos, garlic, salt and lime juice with tomatoes and onions in large bowl.

compiled by PAMELA CRIMBCHIN
photographs by LAURA TORCHIA
YOU KNOW
YOU’RE FROM
KENT STATE

... you’re upset the fountain by the library is leaving because of how many times you’ve climbed it.
... you see a brown or gray squirrel and think it’s an endangered species.
... you give anyone from the University of Akron a dirty look — just because.
... you’re disappointed when only 200 people get arrested on Halloween.
... Thursday is the start to your weekend.
... you’ve waited in line at Rosie’s for some greasy food at 3 a.m.
... you know who “F-YOU” Bob is.
... you’ve burned your mouth on Guy’s pizza.
... you’ve ever been tripped by a black squirrel or tried to catch one as a pet.
... you’re proud Drew Carey went to your school, if only for a little bit.
... you’ve tried to sled down Blanket Hill with a lunch tray from Prentice Café.
... you can pick out Super Fan’s shouts when watching a basketball game on TV2.
... you can get a beer in the basement of your Student Center.
... you “Kent read, Kent write and Kent remember what you did last night.”
... smelling marijuana by the “forest” next to Eastway doesn’t surprise you.
... you’ve successfully climbed or fallen off of the Brain in front of Merrill Hall.
... every time you mention your college, adults start to talk to you about May 4, 1970.
... you’re proud to be a “Golden Flasher.”
Which Kent bar are you?

TRY ME: A non-scientific quiz is always the best way to choose a watering hole

Your age:
a. 50-60 (1 point)
b. 30-49 (2 points)
c. 21-29 (3 points)
d. 20 or under (4 points)

Your drinking accessory:
a. Pool cue. (1 point)
b. American Spirit cigarette. (2 points)
c. Fake Rolex. (3 points)
d. Extra karaoke mic, just in case. (4 points)

Your drink of choice:
a. One-dollar beer. (1 point)
b. Whatever microbrewery ale the hip bartender recommends. (2 points)
c. Bud or Miller Lite, please. (3 points)
d. Coke, unless you have a friend with a wristband. (4 points)

The jukebox at your bar is playing:
a. Classic rock. (1 point)
b. Indie — true indie. (2 points)
c. Frat rock or country. (3 points)
d. Dude, I told you, it’s karaoke night. (4 points)

Your views on dancing:
a. Gyrate into my pool cue and we’re taking this outside. (1 point)
b. Only on funk music night and if we can act like we don’t really enjoy it. (2 points)
c. Dancing is for females. Am I right, bro? (3 points)
d. I can’t move. I’m stuck between two giant groups of freshmen. (4 points)

Your pre-gaming activity:
a. Whiskey all day in my coffee. (1 point)
b. Acting like I’m enjoying drinking cheap beer while watching bad movies to laugh at them. (2 points)
c. Beer pong tourney. Epic. (3 points)
d. Totally, if my older brother can get me a bottle. (4 points)

What you do to end the night:
a. Break down the pool cue, put my lady on my bike and drive off. (1 point)
b. Leave alone. Intimacy is frightening in the modern world. (2 points)
c. Sit on the couch on the front porch. Hoot, holler. (3 points)
d. Pretend to be buzzed. (4 points)

Add up your points and find your bar below:

8-11 POINTS: You are Dominick’s. Just pool and beer, no foolishness.

12-15 POINTS: You are the Venice. You’re grungy, a cheap date and maybe a tad ironic. You probably don’t need much to have a good time.

16-19 POINTS: You are the Zephyr. You are too cool for school. Literally, you might drop out to work on your art full time, man.

20-23 POINTS: You are Ray’s. You’re historic, fun and a mix of the traditional and the hip. You’re also an alum.

24-28 POINTS: You are the Water Street Tavern, and you probably saved your Ed Hardy shirt for there — but always ruin it by the end of the night.

29-32 POINTS: You are the Brewhouse. You’re full of youthful energy and a zest for life. You’re also going back to the dorms later tonight.

quiz by THOMAS GALICK photographs by SHAYE A. PAINTER

SPRING 2010 THE BURR 55
In search of history

There’s a yellow folder on my bookshelf at home labeled “KSU Centennial.” Inside are all the photocopies, meeting agendas and sloppy handwritten notes from my three-year search for a time capsule buried on the Kent campus in 1960. I’m surprised I was able to find that folder so easily when I remembered to look for it. It’s been sitting at the bottom of a stack of books for more than a year because, I’ll admit, I wanted to give up. It’s a good thing I had three friends who wouldn’t let me.

I met Zach Mikrut through a group called the Freshmen Advisory Council. He was always trying to crack a joke and usually laughing at his own. Luckily for him, he was almost as funny as he thought.

Zach introduced me to his friend, Evan Vereb, at the end of our first year. The two were like long-lost twins. They existed only for the purpose of engaging in witty banter with each other, and I was their audience.

story by KRISTINE GILL
photograph by DANIEL R. DOHERTY
I met Pam Jones, academic program coordinator at the Student Advising Center, during our sophomore year. She was recruiting students for something called the Centennial Planning Committee. It sounded official, and Zach, Evan and I were fans of professional groups that met regularly, passed out agendas and formed subcommittees. We liked going to meetings and acting civilized, stifling laughter around the people who took those kinds of things seriously. It sounded like something we could put on our résumés and tell our grandparents about.

Pam was always happy, enthusiastic — sometimes overwhelmingly so — and unflinchingly optimistic. She said things like “wowie” and “hot diggity dog” when she got excited, and she always had candy for us. She called us the three amigos.

During one of our first meetings, Pam mentioned something about a time capsule said to have been buried on campus for the university’s semicentennial in 1960.

No one remembered where; no one bothered to write that part down. And no one cared to find out — except for us.

Our imaginations were already weaving wild scenarios in which we dug up all of campus and found a metal box addressed to “students of the future.” We’d unearth it and share our story on CNN. Then we’d rename the university after ourselves and put “time capsule excavator” on our business cards. It was perfect. At the time it was just a feeling, nothing more than a hunch, but we thought we might just be able to find this thing.

The discovery at Merrill

It was on a Saturday morning, after Zach and I had run a 5K race around campus, that we decided we were itching for an adventure. Evan had come to cheer us on during the race and our runner’s high had infected him. So that morning we walked to the library to check out a few copies of a book called “The Years of Youth.”

We’d heard about the book from Pam. It was written by Phillip Shriver, an emeritus professor at the university, and it chronicled the first 50 years of Kent State’s history. We thought there might be something about the time capsule written in it.

We each grabbed a copy and found a deserted floor of the library.

There was mention of a time capsule but only as an afterthought to a line detailing the commemorations that took place for the semicentennial celebrations in 1960. It said there was to be a speaker’s series, the writing of a history book, a few dinners, “and the burial of a time capsule of memorabilia to be opened on the occasion of the University’s centennial in 2010.”

That was it. No location, no statement saying it had really been buried. All the book expressed was indefinite intent. We were stumped, but kept reading. We thought Evan was ad-libbing lines from the book to make things more interesting when he flipped to another page and began reading out loud. The passage he found was written about the construction of the first campus building in 1910.

Evan read, “As the president concluded, a soft rain began to fall — a ‘baptism’ of the infant school, said McGilvrey. Then Frank Merrill stepped forward to lay the cornerstone of the building that would one day bear his name. Before driving it into place he inserted a small copper box in a niche in the stone.”

“Stop it,” Zach and I said. “What are you doing?”

We were laughing because we thought Evan had made part of those lines up. They seemed too epic, too exciting, but he turned the page toward us. It was real. He finished reading the passage, the last of which gave us goose bumps.

“The rains of a thousand storms have pounded against this foundation stone, which supports to this day the massive westernmost pillar of Merrill Hall. Twined about it is the ivy planted by McGilvrey, while its contents remain safely shielded within.”

It felt like something out of “Lord of the Rings” or “Tomb Raider.”

We grabbed our bags, checked out a copy of the book and headed for Merrill Hall.

The building seemed bigger and more beautiful that day than any of the other hundreds of times we’d walked past it. Maybe this was the first time we’d ever really seen it. We headed for the westernmost pillar and ducked through a bit of overgrowth before reaching the cornerstone.

Pushing aside ivy, we read the names of the trustees, architect and contractor carved into the cornerstone. Behind a few inches of concrete sat a copper box protecting contents which had not seen the light of day in nearly 100 years. The architects who designed the building are gone. The first students to walk up its steps have passed away. Frank Merrill, the man who sealed the box away in his namesake building, has long since died. And still, only a few inches of concrete stood between us and all of them.

Letter from the past

Still, Shriver’s book was missing some information about the 1960 capsule. I tracked down his e-mail address and heard back a few weeks later.

“My memory of precisely where the time capsule was buried in 1960 is a bit blurred,” he wrote.

We made a call to the university architects. They had no record of a time capsule burial on campus or in the cornerstones of any buildings. So we went to the university archives to look through old documents.

Have you ever been to the 12th floor of the library? They say it’s haunted, and Zach would swear the basement is, too. He worked in periodicals.

We made an appointment to visit the 12th floor of the library. We took the elevator to the top of the building, the door that’s said to be haunted, and stepped off. At the end of a narrow, curved hallway, we stopped at a door with no windows. There was a camera mounted at the top of the door frame and instructions to buzz the doorbell then wait for confirmation to open. Did they think someone was going to come in packing heat, ready to shoot up the Babar the Elephant book exhibit? The archives were a gold mine. With the help of university archivists Craig Simpson and Steve Puschens, we were able to go through boxes of memorabilia from the semicentennial celebrations in 1960.
It contained commemorative blue and gold license plates from that year, brochures detailing events and other documents all stamped with the same symbol: a chestnut tree burl with overlying text. In a separate search for information about old mascots, we got to hold a football used in one of the first games Kent won and a jersey worn by a college kid who’s probably long gone. We touched letters and documents signed by our first president, John McGilvery, learned about his silver fox farm and saw photos of our campus in its early days.

But the best part was a folder containing meeting minutes from those semicentennial planning committee meetings. We leafed through a few pages detailing plans for alumni dinners and student events and came across a line about the time capsule. It said, “the committee approved the proposal that the time capsule be installed in the New Speech and Music Building. Actual location in the building will be determined by the architect.”

There was a list of things to be included in that time capsule — photos, meeting minutes — but more exciting were the tapes of recorded messages to us and a letter written to whoever opened the capsule.

A few weeks later, we took a walking tour around the Music and Speech Building looking for marked cornerstones, and hoping for a repeat of our Saturday morning adventure. Nothing. No markers, no signs or plaques saying, “Hey, children of the future, it’s right here!” We hoped former 1960 Kent State President George Bowman’s ghost would speak to us in the B005 wing. No such luck. Shriver would tell me in a later correspondence that he remembered a capsule being buried at the steps of a building. But how do you convince an architect to spend money and time hacking away at a building to find something that might not be there?

Surely the Daily Kent Stater would have covered such an event. We flipped through brittle pages of the 1960 issues. We thought we were onto something when we found the section dedicated to the semicentennial events, but all we found was a copy of the letter that was to be buried in the capsule addressed to future students. We read it over and over.

Here was this man, John deGroot, who we decided was probably a student, telling us about the kind of night it was in Kent in 1960. He wrote that he wasn’t sure what to write really. He didn’t know what we’d be interested in or what we’d already know about him and his generation. What advice could he offer us? Is advice what we had expected? A man we’d never met, and likely never would, was suddenly very real to us. When he ended his letter by saying, “I wonder what sort of night it is in your time,” I felt guilty. I’d never wondered what sort of nights students spent in 1960; what the sky looked like or the air smelled of. It had never crossed my mind.

DeGroot quoted Thomas Jefferson in his letter. “The earth belongs only to the living generation,” he wrote. And maybe that was true, but we’d begun to feel we owed something to those people who came before us. We could preserve their memories if we took an interest in things like the time capsule.

Zach heard from an architect that a time capsule was buried in a vault under the Liquid Crystal Building in the 1990s. Another in the floor of the Women’s Resource Center when the building was dedicated. A third in Engleman by the residents living there in the 1980s. Who was going to keep tabs on these if no one had been able to keep tabs on the big one?

This first part of the search took up the better part of a year. We would meet with Pam in Olson Hall and she would bring a bag of candy to dump out on the table in front of us.

Our meetings were fun, but we were getting frustrated. Why were we the only ones on the campus looking for this thing? Had the job of finding what we considered the most integral part of a centennial celebration entrusted to three students? Had everyone really just forgotten to care about our past?

We attended a faculty centennial meeting where a bunch of staff and administrators sat around talking about big and wonderful things they had planned. When they updated the rest of the committee about progress, their excuses for every failure was lack of time. They were all too busy with other things. This wasn’t a priority for many of them.

These were the people we’d entrusted with the celebration of this university. How do we expect these “busy” administrators to want to look for a needle in a haystack? It wouldn’t happen. It had to be students.

So we got to work contacting alumni. Shriver, the author of our beloved book, couldn’t remember where the ceremony had taken place. Neither could alumni who were members of the semicentennial planning committee in 1960. They were responsible for planning the time capsule’s burial, but they’d long forgotten when and where that took place.

We contacted a few other members of the class by snail mail, but never heard of a definite location. Some suggested it was buried near the Hub or on Main Street. A few remembered a ceremony, but weren’t sure on a location. Others had never heard mention of it.

The mystery continues

It’s March as I write this story, but by the time you read it, there will only be a few weeks left before graduation. I don’t know where the time capsule is. I’m not sure anyone does, or whether it even exists. Part of me hopes it doesn’t, so we don’t have to admit failure. The other part can’t stop hoping.

Regardless of whether we find the old one, the work on the new one continues.

“We wouldn’t have a new time capsule if it weren’t for you guys,” Pam says during one of our recent meetings.

We talk about the kinds of things we want to put in the new capsule. We talk about the letter we’ll write to the students who haven’t been born yet. Neither do we want our words will strike them the way deGroot’s struck me.

There will be some sort of marker in the renovated Risman Plaza to show people where the time capsule is buried. We want it to be huge.

“Maybe like our footprints in the cement leading up to the spot,” Evan says. “So it’s like we walked here eternally.”

At first Pam says the capsule will be opened in 75 years. We argue for 50.

“We want to be alive when they open it,” I say.

And we want the kids who look for it to have as hard a time as we did if, say, Risman Plaza is demolished between now and then. We talk about picking up the phone 50 years from now and telling the student on the other end that we buried it under the football field, or on the 15th floor of the library or that the capsule was never really buried.

That would be hard to pull off if we have the kind of memorial that we’re talking about.

“What can we get a life-size statue of ourselves?” I ask.

We wanted to be remembered for something. We wanted future students to think of the thousands who had walked the steps of Merrill Hall before them and the ones who would walk there after. We wanted them to wonder what sort of night it was like when we buried the 2010 time capsule. If no one cared, if no one thought to remember, these things would be lost.
A reflection of history

While working on this semester’s issue of The Burr, we browsed through old copies of the Chestnut Burr yearbook. The black and white photography inspired us to remake one of our favorite images from the 1970 edition. In the updated version on the right, the sunglasses reflect the memorial stone for the fallen students of May 4.

For more images from the classic 1970 Chestnut Burr, visit theburr.com.

photograph by SHAYE A. PAINTER
file photograph from THE CHESTNUT BURR, 1970
Congratulations to The Burr and TheBurr.com staff!

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Best Affiliated Web Site
First place, spring and fall 2008

Best Student Magazine
Second place

Best Magazine Non-Fiction Article
First place, Ted Hamilton
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