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VISCERA



NORTH CAROLINA. 10



APPETITE CITY. 60



THE YEAR. 168



SPORTS. 228




ADMINISTRATIONS & ORGANIZATIONS. 372



HOUSES. 456



CLASSES. 568



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PREFACE

We wanted to tell you the truth, but we weren't sure we knew it ourselves. We wanted to strip Chapel Hill free of its Southern Part of Heaven veneer. But this veneer is polished so blinding bright that you almost need sunglasses to see past the glare. Even then you can never completely trust what you see, because the veneer changes everything, the way curved glass fractures light passing through it.

The University is so complicated by its age, size and position in the state that it would be difficult to communicate its essence in any fashion, much less in the medium of a yearbook, which is almost always concerned with surfaces. Yearbooks as a whole are more apt to package people cleverly than to communicate with them. That's because most yearbook audiences would rather be entertained by pretty pictures and borrowed graphics than be made to think.

This book is about the unreality of the real and the reality of the unreal. More specifically, it is concerned with how the things we trust as real (those same surfaces: fancy clothes, high QPA's, new cars, elaborate stereotypes, polite acquaintances) are actually the least durable of all, while the things we trust least (ourselves, our feelings for ourselves, our feelings in general, our feelings for each other) are the most lasting.

We don't claim to have laid bare the viscera of the University and Chapel Hill. What we have done is select some faces from those that you could see any day around campus or on Franklin Street, faces that seemed ready to say something to anyone who cared to listen. In place of mock-heroic or journalistic copy we have substituted text concerned with the way Chapel Hill makes people feel. We give you some pieces of the University and its town, stripped of much of their varnish, hoping you will understand. For the rest you will have to turn to the campus and the city. What's real is there to be seen, plain as day. *A city on a hill cannot be hidden* –

Matthew 5:14

NORTH CAROLINA









NORTH CAROLINA

Once, on a bus ride from Pink Hill to Raleigh, a country woman sat next to me, cradling a grocery bag full of folded clothes against her blouse. The trip was long, the road silent, and I (returning from a visit home, where I'd felt like a stranger) wanted to talk to someone. I turned to the woman and asked where she was headed, hoping this might lead to conversation. She gave me a look blank as sunwashed glass and said she was leaving her home for good today. Her husband had recently died and she couldn't support a house and children alone, so she was moving to Dunn to live with her sister. The children were already there. She'd stayed behind to sell their furniture and clean the house before the next renters moved in. All this she delivered in a voice rich as turned earth, nervously rolling and unrolling the top of her bag. "I feel like I don't have a home no more," she said. "It's like I don't belong no place at all."

Remembering my own visit — how awkward my parents seemed, asking me naive questions about college life — I told her everyone feels homeless when his life is drastically changed, but her sister was sure to make her feel welcome and secure. I told her I felt as if going to college had robbed me of my home too, so I knew how she felt. But she only smiled and shook her head, saying, "You don't know like I know."

She left me with that to think about, and I've thought about it a lot since then, remembering the look on her face, the bewildering feeling of placelessness that radiated from her like light. Having a home is important to everyone — having a place where you can always slump in a chair and rest, can always feel as if you belong. In North Carolina, home is family, blood, earth, land — maybe the coming of larger cities will change all that, but you can still drive for hours in most of this state and see nothing but small towns and farms. The east is still one wide bed of tobacco, rural and sedate; and the west is only different because the farms are on mountain sides, not on flat land.

Here are some pictures of people you've all seen at one time or another, maybe at home: women with fancy hairdos, men in hard hats, old men with canes, truck drivers, all from North Carolina, all part of the confusion of opposites in this state that embraces mountain and plain, rich and poor, all in the same loose grip. When you look at these pictures, remember they aren't just paper and ink; remember that pictures are only good for what they tell us about ourselves and each other. A black woman sits on the front porch of her home, staring into the lens of a camera worth enough to feed her and her grandchildren for weeks. A white man glares at the world through his one good eye, angry that so many people should make such a fuss because he's lived to be over a hundred years old. Children play in dirt yards, on ramshackle porches, gaze up with eyes like Lolita.

These pictures, if they say anything at all, say loud and clear, "You don't know like I know." Know what? You don't need any answer. You only need look, quietly, at some faces we found around your home.



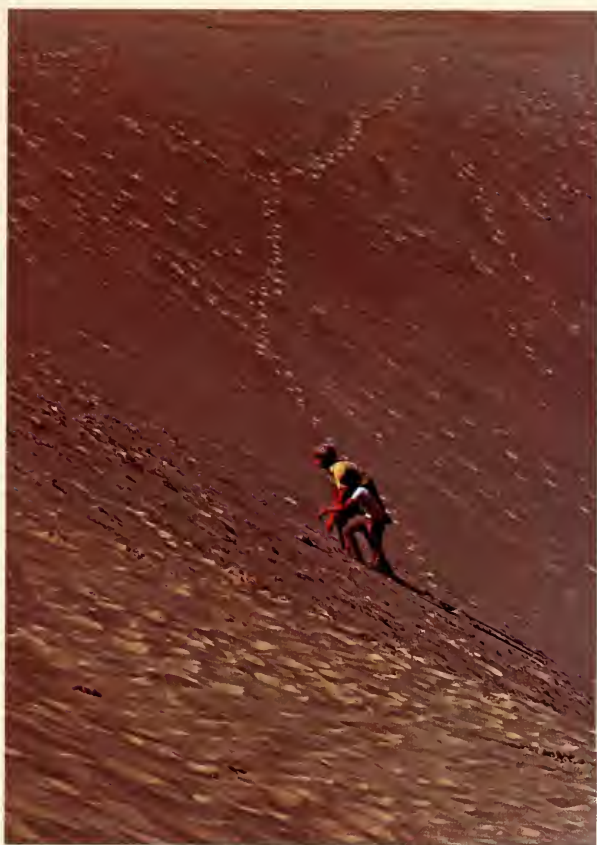


















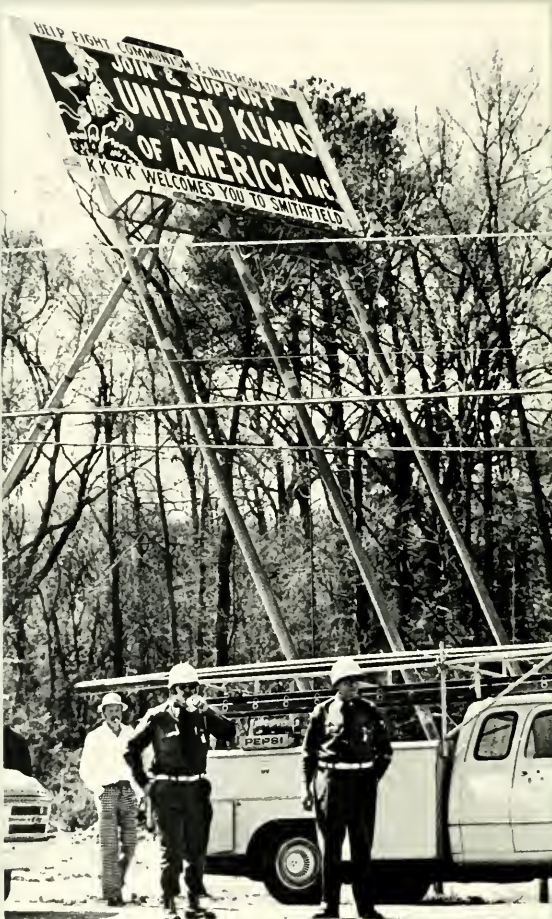








































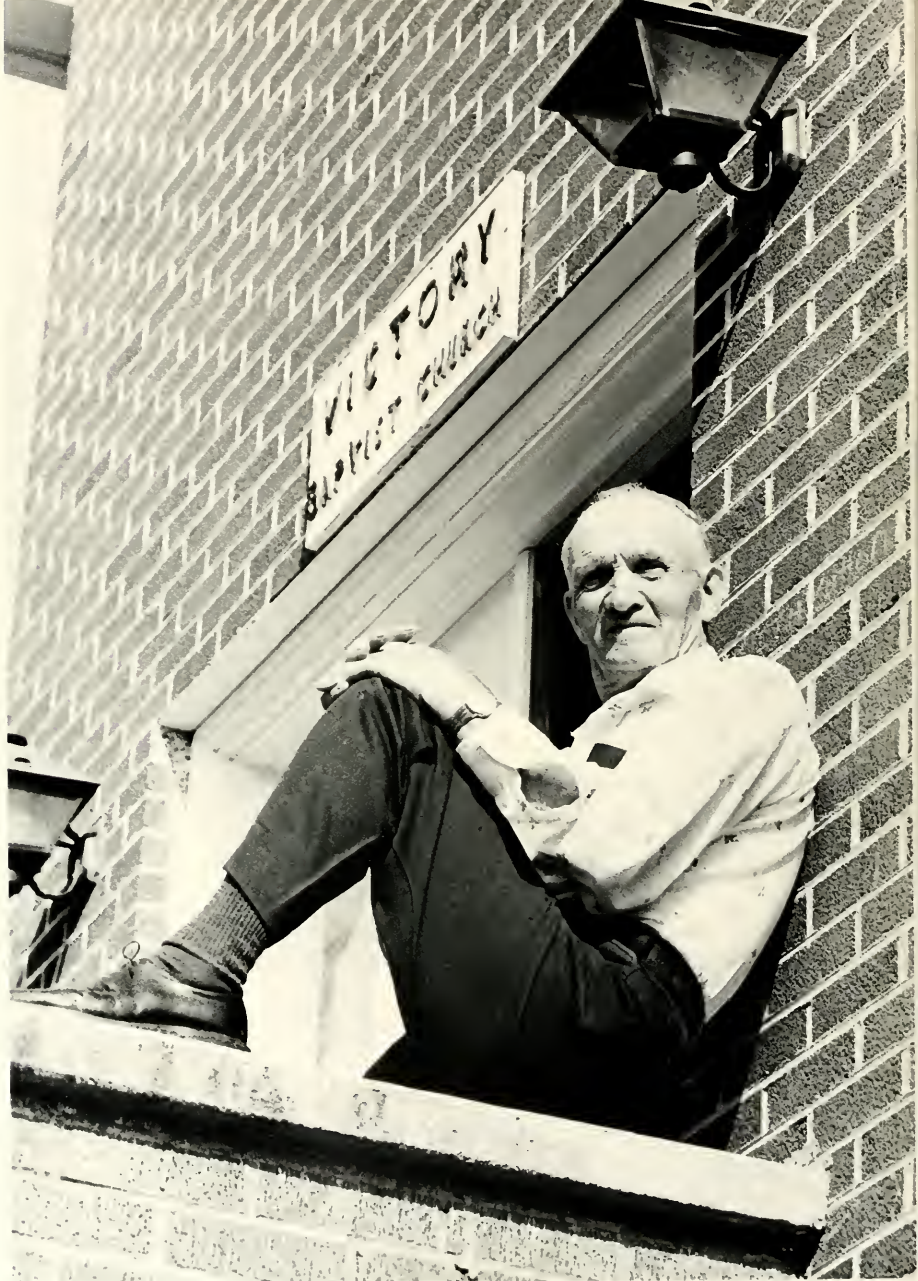


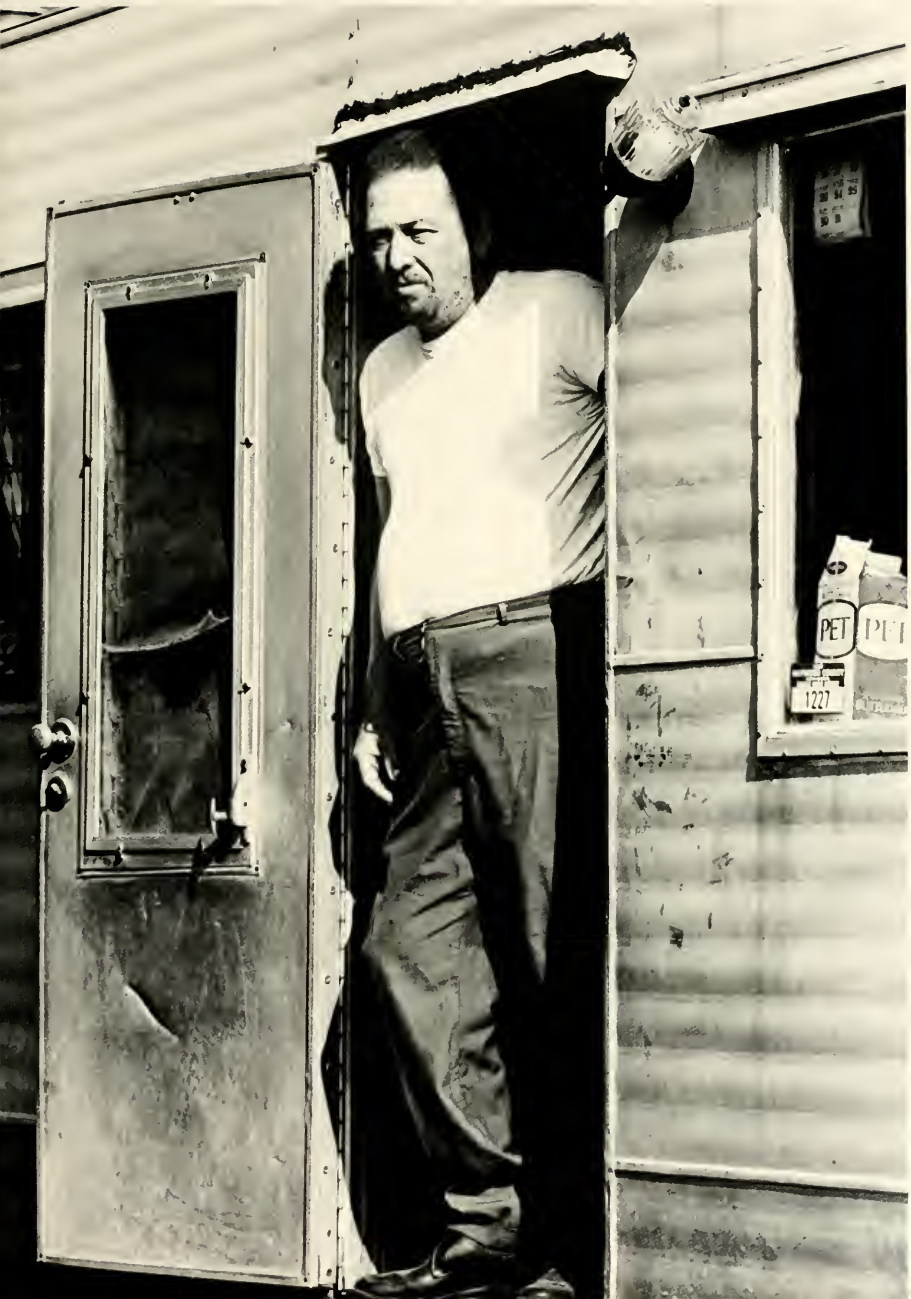


























APPETITE CITY

































DANS SOLILOQUY

HERE. Touch this lamp to my cheekbone. Yes, that's almost the right place: the warm glass feels good against the bone. The bone forms a hollow — do you feel it? Give me your fingers. The bulb fits exactly into here, so warm I can almost feel the light touching veins and nerves. I think bones can absorb light. If I held a lamp to every part of my body, I wonder if the light would ever fill me up — slowly, of course, it would take years — but I wonder if the light would just collect inside me, till one day I would be so full that when I opened my mouth light would spill out. I could bleed light. When you're lying under the sun at the beach or in front of a dorm you can feel the sunlight stroking places inside you like that. Where's the lamp? Give it back to me, don't tease — you don't hold it close enough.

And don't laugh like that, I'm not crazy. I only came in here to get away from the party for a while. Too many of Thomas's friends showed up, and they're all eating potato chips with onion dip. The carpet is covered with crumbs. I'll probably have to vacuum in the morning. I can't stand the smell of onion dip, and it's even worse when there's so many people in the same room, I can't breathe. There isn't enough light — they've turned out all the lamps but the one in the corner that's shaped like a black pot-bellied stove. My mother won that lamp playing bingo at the Ferrell County Fair. She'd be mad as fire if she saw what kind of party I brought her lamp to. She'd take one look at the keg of beer on the porch and haul me home by the jaw. If she saw Thomas's bhong I don't know what she'd do. Call the police to arrest us all, most likely.

No, don't go. Just close the door. Of

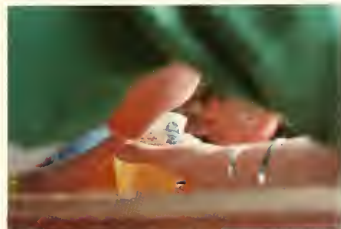


T E C I T Y



course I know I'm sitting in a closet; I can see, can't I? It's my closet, so I certainly ought to know what it looks like. Those are my clean clothes hanging over our heads, and these are my dirty ones we're sitting on. The smell is pretty bad. I put a can of deodorizer in here somewhere. If I can ever find it I'll spray for you. I wanted to bring a fan in here too, but there just isn't room. If you mind the smell you don't have to stay. But you can sit down with me if you want to. I don't mind you, you have a nice face. I'm a sucker for blue eyes. Look out for the socks, they're the dirtiest, since my feet sweat so much. I get sweaty feet from my father's side of the family. My father's feet used to smell so bad when he came home from work he'd make Mama pull off his shoes and socks. I say used to because he died a few months ago, right on that couch where Thomas and Thera are cuddling one another. He didn't die in this house, but after the funeral my sister and I brought his furniture here in a truck. Thomas and I needed the furniture for the house. The stuff that was here before was just junk. I don't mind Papa's dying on the couch, although I wonder if there was anyone there to pull off his shoes for him. I'm not afraid of being haunted either. Papa's red in hell by now. Dead people don't scare me, it's the living ones I can't stand.

I don't mean you. Please stay. I really don't want to be alone, I feel like talking. I always do, after drinking as much as I have tonight. Your name is Joel, isn't it? You're one of Thomas's old friends, he's told me about you. He makes you sound like a saint. He says you're one of the nicest, most understanding human beings on the face of this earth, so naturally I'm jealous of you. It's mostly because you're Thomas's good friend that I welcome you to my closet. Thomas has good taste in good friends;



which is mainly because Thomas is one of the few people left in the world that you can trust even when he's not in the same room with you.

There's my glass. I wondered where it was. I was going to get another drink from the bar, but then I remembered how many I've had already. In this glass are one part scotch and soda, one part whiskey sour, three parts strawberry daiquiri, a little sloe gin, three twists of lemon and a jigger of coke. I always forget to finish one drink before I pour myself another one. It seems like such a shame to switch glasses, after you get one all warmed up. I get attached to glasses — but with paper cups it's worse, a paper cup is like a virgin: once you fill it up it's not the same any more. When you try to wash it, it falls apart. One time I got so drunk at a party like this I stayed up half the night washing all the paper cups I could find; they all seemed so reluctant to be thrown away.

Tonight I've been smoking too. That's nice stuff somebody brought. Don't try to pretend *you* didn't smoke; your eyes are glowing in the dark. They're like iridescent cherries set into your skull. Thomas must have shared some of his special dope with you. I've got some of the same stuff here, if you'd like to indulge a little more. You can't say no. Remember where you are. In Chapel Hill, saying no to appetites is a municipal offense. Here's my baggie under this ratty Fruit of the Loom. I figure even the police wouldn't touch raunchy underwear like this, so my dope is pretty safe underneath. Would *you* pick up something that looked like this? These shorts got hung on a nail at the beach one time when I was so drunk I couldn't see the edge of the water.

Light this bowl. This is my new pipe, I got it for my birthday. Just throw your matches over here, on the pile. All those matches aren't from tonight, of course. I'm saving them to make a lamp. You can make a real neat lamp out of matches, ice cream sticks, and marbles. I come in here to smoke lots of times, when Thomas has company. Thomas has dozens of friends, and they're all welcome in his house whenever they want to visit. Thomas hasn't yet learned to say "welcome" the way Southerners say it: he actually means it. Anybody ever tell you you were welcome to come see them any time? I just dare you to take them up on it. Back home these matron ladies would see you passing by their house and call you to the porch to talk. They'd be sitting there in their steel porch chairs, smiling at you, pretending they really cared how your family was getting along, whether your Papa has come home yet. What they wanted was gossip, and they spread it like butter. When you finally get away from them, the last thing they say is, "Tell your Mama she's welcome to come visit us any time she takes a notion, you hear? Tell her I

said so."

Mama never took any of them up on their invitations. She always said she knew what welcome meant, and didn't want any part of theirs.

Thera and the Baptists

I've got lots more to say, so you may as well settle back against the wall. These parties are always boring, until your guests forget their civilization, sometime around one-thirty in the morning. Thomas likes the kind of party where you stay until you fall asleep or pass out. Thera doesn't like parties much at all, but she goes to them with Thomas.

Once, the morning after a party we gave here, I found Thera in the living room beside the window, watching sun pour down through the trees. I wasn't surprised to see her there, since Thera spends so many weekends at the house. She lifted back the curtains so I could see. "Isn't it pretty?"

"Yeah. I like to look out at those trees. Don't the trunks look strange, they're so thin and straight?"

"Pine trees always look strange." Thera closed the curtains a little. "This room is a mess. I suppose I'll just have to stay out here most of the day to help you guys clean." She smiled, lifting a cup from the windowsill. "Why don't people ever finish their beers? It's so pig-gish and wasteful. The whole house stinks."

This was early October, when the mornings were pleasantly cool. I opened the front door and stepped into the yard. You've seen how the yard is, matted with pine needles and honeysuckle all the way back to the woods. That morning dew had settled thick as your fingertip over the honeysuckle leaves. I hadn't found my shoes yet, so I walked barefoot across the yard. The dew felt so good to my feet I couldn't help but laugh out loud, and Thera called from the doorway, "Careful not to wake Thomas."

I nodded, turning toward trees, walking to a place where the pines come up close to the house. Bird calls burst from the tree-tops like sweet rifle shot, and I listened to them so entranced I didn't hear the screen door close. Thera said quietly, "You look like you're having fun. I like the way this wets your feet, it feels good." She raised her bare toes in a salute, and we laughed softly. She walked to the first line of trees, and then turned. "Could I bother you a little while? I need to talk some."

People who can ask for help like that always amaze me. Whenever I try to tell somebody I need to talk, I end up clearing my throat a few times and saying something innocuous about the weather. I told Thera, "You're not bothering me, whatever you want to talk about."

She stood in the place where light came down be-



tween tree branches like a lance into her hair, washing her brown skin in a kind of clinging glow. "I got scared of Thomas at the party last night." She shook her head, looking down. "He tried to get me more and more drunk all night, he kept bringing me new drinks every twenty minutes."

"Did that bother you?"

"Why do you ask it that way? As if no one ought to refuse alcohol when it's offered. That's the same way Thomas acted."

"There's nothing wrong with letting go at a party."

"But why does Thomas push me so much?"

"He wants you to enjoy the things he enjoys. That's not pushing. I don't see why it should make you afraid."

"I don't see why I should have to do something just because he does it." She shook her head. I watched the house for signs of life, not certain of what to say, wishing Thomas were awake. Thera asked, "Aren't you ever afraid of how much you drink? The parties we go to are nothing but liquor-swallowing contests. Nobody intends to do anything but see how drunk they can get."

"Nobody drinks any more than they want to."

"That's not true. People don't want to throw up or get sick."

"They should control themselves."

"The whole point of drinking is to get out of control.

They don't want to know what they're doing, they're like pigs."

I raised my hands. "They? You mean us, don't you?"

She shook her head. "I'm not like the rest of you. Thomas knows I don't really like to drink. I don't like most of these parties we go to. I'd rather be alone with him."

"That's not the point."

"I think I know what the point is as well as you do."

"You're getting angry, not discussing." I smiled.

"Remember, this is Chapel Hill, city of reason. I haven't attacked you, I don't have the nerve; and I haven't said anything about how well you or Thomas know each other or whether you ought to stay home or go to parties." Thera looked at me as if I were crazy. I shrugged and said, "You're afraid because you've started doing things you didn't do at home."

"Things like what? I don't think everything I've started doing is wrong."

I paused, scuffing my toes against leaves. Then I looked at her. "What are you doing out of bed so early?"

"That's none of your business."

I was quiet for a while. Thera watched me. I said, "I wish you'd stop all this flopping around, Thera. You make me feel as if I'm doing something wrong."

She tossed her hair back. "You mean you don't like wondering if I'm right." She shook her head. "Well, I can't ever stop wondering. It's as if I hear my father talking all the time, showing me all the ways I've started to screw up my life." She shook her head again. "Sometimes I think there are little patches of disease inside me. I don't understand what Chapel Hill is doing to me."

The rest of the conversation I don't remember, except I'm sure nothing ever got settled. I don't guess Thera's questions have been settled even yet; tomorrow morning we may say the same things to one another, if we wake up before Thomas does. She doesn't like to talk to Thomas about it, because they get into arguments. People like you and Thomas who grew up in cities can't really understand a lot of North Carolina, especially not by living in Chapel Hill. In Baptist families like the one Thera grew up in, drinking is considered as bad a sin as adultery or fornication. Baptists don't even approve of dancing.

If you want to know the truth, it's probably the Baptist women who hate those things the most. Once this lady named Eloise Spindle stood up in my church at home in the middle of the preacher's sermon on whiskey and shouted at the top of her lungs, "Every drop of liquor a human being consumes sets fire to a little piece of his soul." Then she slapped her husband on top of the head with her hymnal and walked out of the service.

Her husband was an alcoholic, and everybody in church that day knew it. Half the men in church had been drunk with him the night before. Mama used to say Baptist men get drunk on Saturday night so they'll have the guts to face the Lord the next morning.

I don't know anything about whiskey setting your soul on fire but I know it kills brain cells, millions of them at a time. I learned that from health films in high school. Our substitute teacher showed them to us in gym class, while Mr. Harkle our real teacher was with his wife in the hospital. His wife was having a hysterectomy that trip. She was always in the hospital getting something fixed. It got so we all used to say, "Oh well, Mr. Harkle couldn't be here again today, his wife's in the garage for repairs."

The first film we saw was about venereal disease. I told my mother we learned that you really can't get v.d. from dirty toilet seats, but she said no matter what the movie claimed, it was still a good idea to wipe the lids off before you use public toilets, since there's more than one humiliating disease in the world.

The next film we saw told about all kinds of drugs, but mostly marijuana and heroin. In those days, drugs were just trickling into our high school. We were glad to see the movie, so we'd know what to buy.

The third film told us about brain cells and alcohol. This movie was Albert Bell's 'This Is Your Life.' Albert, an alcoholic, lived in a rented room in a bad neighborhood (we never found out what neighborhood, since this was really supposed to be Everyman; but I'm sure it must have happened up North, where everybody is corrupt). He used to work for a bank, earning twenty-five thousand dollars a year, way back when that was a lot of money. He had a wife and three children, all of whom looked normal. But Albert had a drinking problem. His decline began as if he were playing the male lead in a Bette Davis movie: Albert sneaking drinks while his wife was out of the room, Albert hiding a bottle of scotch in the den, in the basement, even in the bathroom in the clothes hamper. When he started drinking more heavily his wife began to nag him. They argued. He developed a temper so violent that one day he slapped his wife over the dinner table, in front of the children. She sued for divorce, and he left home. He drank more and more, and soon started missing work — he'd wake up and not be able to make himself get out of bed — he said he couldn't see the use in movement any more, he'd soon lie still. He lost his job. His wife sued him for non-support. But of course there is always hope. At the time the movie was filmed, Albert was undergoing treatment at an alcoholic rehabilitation center.

I told my mother about this movie too. When I got to the part about brain cells being destroyed, she said,

"Maybe that's what makes your father so stupid."

I handed you the pipe, didn't I? Why are you giving me such a funny look; I'm all right. I just don't ever stop thinking about these things. Let me finish telling you about Thera. Thera hasn't had it easy since she came to college. She's had to learn not to be ashamed of wanting to do certain things: three of them, mainly: drinking, smoking, and you-know-what. If you don't know what, here's a clue: when Thera and Thomas are in his bedroom, they don't just play the stereo loud. I'll bet you one hundred dollars Thera's parents don't know she's ever been in bed with a man, or been drunk, or been stoned — or been all three at the same time. I wonder sometimes if it's fair to send people like Thera to Chapel Hill. When someone has been taught all her life that her appetites are bad, it doesn't seem right to set her loose in a town where appetites are encouraged to multiply.

HOLY ROLLER

When I was a freshman, I was probably as pure as Thera used to be. I was Christian my freshman year; I joined Campus Crusade for Christ, and helped them do mission work on campus, trying to save the souls of heathen students like you. We used to wander around the Student Union reading people a little pamphlet called the Four Spiritual Laws. We'd go up to somebody who was studying and ask if we could have five minutes of their time to tell them some facts that could change their lives forever. Who could say no to a line like that? It sounds so adventurous.

I joined Campus Crusade with my roommate Rainer. Rainer was Christian too. At night before going to bed, we'd lock the door, turn the lights down and pray together. Rainer prayed better than I did. His face had belief stamped all over it, and his voice eased into the clouds as if it were an angel taking flight. My voice was tentative. In the middle of a prayer I would listen to what I was saying, a small voice inside me whispering, 'Who do you think you're kidding? He's not listening. You're not good enough for him to pay attention to.' Then I would stop, feeling as if something heavy had been strapped to my shoulders. I might begin to pray again, but my voice would be soft, with a note of pleading. I spent all my time asking God to listen, never managing to ask for more.

I stayed in Campus Crusade for most of the year, though. Over spring break the squad leaders took us to Daytona Beach, where we were supposed to witness to college students bent on a pernicious vacation. I witnessed to three members of a motorcycle gang, Fred, Sid and Durk. They claimed to attend church whenever the weather permitted. I also witnessed to one housewife, two homosexuals, and a backslider who had been

converted to Jesus at a Billy Graham Crusade, only to lose his new faith within the month. I remember him best. His name was Lawrence and he weighed two hundred fifty pounds. I found him sitting on a dark stone wall surrounding an open air theatre, just off the beach. The wall was known as Hooker's Row, and all the youngest prostitutes in that part of town passed by it at least twice an evening. Lawrence wanted the Lord to make him thin, and we prayed for it together. I remember when he prayed he bowed his head so low his chin quadrupled. Sweat popped out on his forehead and rolled down his fleshy nose. He whispered "Amen," at the end of the prayer, and then looked at me anxiously. "Do you think he'll do it?"

I took a deep breath, listening to the far-off pounding waves. "You can't let your faith depend on whether God makes you thin or not. Maybe he has you fat for a reason."

This was at night, and I couldn't see his face unless he looked directly at me. I couldn't see what he was thinking. But his voice was still shaky from the prayer. "The reason I stopped believing before was because God didn't do anything when I asked him not to make me live alone forever. But women don't care if I have Jesus, they look at me the same now as they used to, because I'm still so fat. I think he could help me if he wanted to, but he won't."

"You can't afford to let being fat stand in the way of your salvation."

"Why can't I worry about it? Other people don't have to look like this, why should I have to? If God doesn't care that I'm lonely then what good is he?" He became quiet for a moment. I couldn't think of anything to say, I only waited, uncomfortable. He said, in a confidential tone, "I came here to get a woman tonight. You knew that, didn't you? People only come here for that — I don't mean *you*, though, I wasn't accusing you of anything like that." His eyes seemed to be softening. "I try to be good like you, but I have all these ugly thoughts all the time. I think about women from the time I wake up till the time I get to sleep. I can't keep from thinking about them, not even when I read the Bible, like you suggested. I tried that a million times. It doesn't work. If he wants me to be good, why does he give me all these thoughts?"

"You have to fight them. That's what they're there for."

"No it isn't. You can't fight them. It's like trying to fight getting hungry, you starve. If you get thoughts like that long enough, you'll just go crazy if you don't do something about them."

"Nobody every said it would be easy. But it's worth it in the end."

"I'll only end up here again," Lawrence said. After

that he was quiet for a while. I gave him a long speech about joining a church. A church, I said, was like a fireplace full of glowing embers, and he was one of those embers who removed himself from the rest, slowly losing his share of the fire. I was really pleased with that metaphor. But I didn't carry it far enough. I didn't tell him there's only so much fuel in the universe, so far as we know. Every fire, no matter how large, has to go out sooner or later. The last thing Lawrence said to me was, "If God loves me, he'll make me skinny so I won't have to come here any more."

I couldn't answer that. I left him alone.

MOTHER LOAD

In some ways I never had a better year than freshman year. I didn't have much fun, but I felt clean — it's hard to explain if you've never been Christian. I've lost some feeling I had then — though maybe it was just an illusion — the feeling that I was sheltered between two giant hands, that I was always protected and loved by someone. When I was a freshman I still needed all that. I still thought of myself as a boy. I lived in a dorm room on North Campus, with two upper classmen.

That was back when rooms were still tripled because of overcrowding. This room was on the corner of Lewis's second floor, and supposedly it was tripled because it was bigger than other rooms, though I never noticed any difference in size. My mother and brothers brought me here, and helped me move in. I remember we had a hard time finding the right dorm. My younger brother Allen had a map of campus and read off directions to Mama, who quietly turned left, right, left; I looked out the window, not saying much. Cars swarmed on every conceivable strip of asphalt, middle-aged couples parking and unpacking for their sons and daughters. I was a little afraid, catching glimpses of all those strange faces. Finally Allen said, "Here it is," and Mama nodded without saying a word.

Lewis is so old the bricks look like they have wrinkles, like all the pictures you see of college dorms. I tucked in my shirttail and looked up at the blank windows. Mama faced me, but wouldn't look at me. "You better get your key, hadn't you? We'll unload."

Inside were voices and laughter, fathers talking to daughters, mothers making beds. At the check-in table, in a dark room furnished with vinyl-covered couches and a television set, I wrote on a yellow card all the information someone is always asking you to write on cards around here. The RA gave me my key and promised to come to my room soon, to welcome me here. I nodded as if I understood what an RA was or why he should care whether I came to Chapel Hill or not; but through a window I could see Mama wrestling one of my suitcases out of the trunk. She pushed hair off her

forehead, looking small and tired.

I hurried outside to help. Mama glanced at me, restlessly smiling. "I ought not to take more than two trips, there's so many of us."

"The stairs are nice and wide too," I said.

My brother Duck said, "Hey Danny, you can play tennis!" The parking lot faced a tennis court, which was crowded even today. Allen and Duck clung to the fence, pressing their faces against the links. Mama said, "You boys come on back now, and help us unload. We have to get home before dark."

Everybody took something, even Grove. I tried to get there ahead of everybody else, to see what it looked like. The first time I opened the door, I had this sinking feeling everything had gone wrong somehow. Two iron beds stood bunked along one wall, and a single bed faced them from the wall opposite. Mama came in a few minutes after Allen and Duck got there. I watched her pan the room. She slowly set down the suitcase. "It's not very big."

"I don't guess I'll have to be in here all that much," I said. "I can study at the library or something."

"You ought to take this bed." She took a box of my books from Duck and set them on the single bed. Ivy on the window threw shadows across her arms. Duck jumped on the bed and said, "Boy, this is hard as a rock!"

Mama ran her hands over the mattress. "I hope it won't give you kidney trouble."

"There's a board underneath it! Look Allen, there's a board underneath."

"Get off the floor, Duck," Mama said.

"But there's a board under Dan's mattress."

"Get up now. I'm not going to tell you again."

"Boy this is neat. It's just like a bed of nails."

We unloaded the rest of my boxes, and I closed the door to shut out the noise from the room across the hall. Mama sat on my bed. "You want me to help you get settled in?"

"I can do it."

"Let me at least make your bed for you —" she raised her hands suddenly, as if she hoped they might say something she couldn't. In the silence we looked at each other, conscious of what was being broken now. My brothers leaned against the walls, arms crossed, becoming suddenly quiet. Mama said, "You'll come home on weekends."

"Oh yeah. And I'll write letters. And I can call sometimes too."

"You won't be lonesome. There'll be lots of studying to keep you busy."

"I can write you every week."

"It's really not far to drive. Some of your friends will probably be coming home on the weekend." She nod-



ded, and nodded again. But the void was still there: me on one side of the room, her on the other, a pane of glass between us. I could see her, but it was as if I couldn't really reach her now. She was receding. Again she pulled her hair back. I wondered if she would send the other boys ahead. But no. Glancing at me, afraid, she gathered Allen and Duck and Grove to her sides — a look in her eyes as if they were tearing her arms away — she hugged me, touching my hair. "You be careful now, and make good grades so I can be proud of you." "I'll be okay."

"You write me. And don't study all the time. Have a little fun now and then. And if you don't get your financial aid on time, I'll try to send you some money."

"I'll be okay."

I kissed her soft, dry cheek, and walked them outside. Allen and Duck got into an argument about who was going to sit in the front seat. At the car door Mama said, "Don't stand here while we drive away. Just go back inside." She glanced at me. "We have a long drive ahead of us."

She slid behind the steering wheel and closed the door. For a moment I wished — just wished, knowing this feeling wasn't right, this tearing. But I nodded to Mama through the car window, and walked away. Upstairs I watched from my window as they headed out of the parking lot. Through the windshield I could see her sitting so erect, gripping the steering wheel, staring straight ahead.

I shelved my books. From the adjacent rooms and buildings flooded the noises of my new classmates, falling onto my head so heavy I could only slowly sit on the bed; I remember I was holding a Bible Mama had given me, its red ribbon marker trailing across my wrist.

CHERRY

When I came to school that day I had never been drunk in my life, and I managed to hold out against the forces of dissipation my whole freshman year. I never went to parties, or if I went, I conspicuously didn't drink, so people would ask me about my temperance and I could witness to them about Christ.

But in the fall of my sophomore year I moved to Ehringhaus, which I liked better than Lewis. By then, I had stopped going to Campus Crusade meetings, and attended church less and less regularly. That fall, I went to my first PJ party.

At first I pretended I was just there to watch the other people get drunk. But the PJ was just fifteen cents a glass, and I didn't know how it felt to get drunk. I shelled out my nickels and dimes, and drank five glasses straight; only God knows how many I drank the rest of the night. I ended up lying under a bulletin board in the hall. Someone bent over me. "Do you want to go to bed?" she asked.

"Where?"

She laughed one of those laughs drunk people make, a fish-giggle. "In *your* room, silly, where do you think?"

"Oh, I don't know. I was hoping you could suggest something."

"How about the roof?"

"You want me to freeze? Just leave me alone, I'm comfortable here."

I remember dancing for a while. My stomach felt like one of those chemical mixers you mix chemicals in, the PJ sloshing up and down, all goosed up in this pizza I'd eaten for dinner. This was my first be-a-dorm-worm night. I even wore sneakers without socks. The girls all thought I was charming. "Would you like to dance?" a fat girl asked.

"No, I don't think I could take it."

"Why, too drunk?"

"No, but you might step on my foot, and that would be the end of my college career."

I think she was insulted. She waddled off in a huff. It occurred to me the next day that fat girls have feelings too. A lot of things occurred to me the next day. My roommate bopped me on the head with a pillow bright and early. "Hi roomie!" he shouted. "How do you feel this morning? You felt good last night."

My head felt like an echo chamber. Ten thousand rooms spun around me in colliding orbits. I resolved to die immediately, without fuss. I would jump off the balcony.

I got up and put on my pants, not thinking it proper etiquette to kill myself in the nude. On the balcony, the fresh air made me want to live again. I remembered I

had sat on the balcony the night before, about the time the last glass of PJ bombed my red corpuscles. I flew as high as any weather balloon then. Over me, the stars arced poetically. I let my feet hang over the edge, trying to seem forlorn.

I began to wonder why I'd gotten drunk.

I could see that first drink in my hand. The PJ was pink, with oranges and lemons floating in it. One cherry sat on top of the crushed ice.

I asked myself, Do you want to eat that cherry? Is that what you should do first?

The cherry was soft. I squeezed the juice out of it, red along my palms. I decided if I ate it, I had to do it good and nasty, so I pinched the cherry together till the meat burst out. The alcohol tasted sharp and bitter, my whole tongue contracting against it. I bit the cherry in half and chewed it slowly. By the end of that first bite I was already depraved. I drank with lust after that. I didn't drink to forget; I drank not to think at all. I wanted the alcohol to be like a bomb exploding inside my brain.

Why did I eat that cherry? I looked out the window. I didn't know anybody in that room, I didn't like parties; why did I begin anything so crazy?





I keep going around in circles. My mother had written me a letter that ended this way. *You have always been a good boy. You always listened to what I told you, and you never did the wild things your friends did. You never gave me the problems other teenagers gave their fathers and mothers. But now you're alone, and I worry about you. It's hard being so far away. I don't know what you're doing any more. I know people are doing wild things around you all the time, and I'm afraid you may start too. You know I mean drinking. Please remember you don't have to drink to have good times. People hardly ever drink for the right reasons.*

I felt as if she were at the party, watching me from behind, and I kept turning around to find her. Somehow she'd be able to tell I had started drinking. She'd look at my eyes and know by the color. I had a horror of hurting my mother. Whether it was wrong to drink or not didn't matter, it was wrong to hurt somebody, wasn't it? I drank the red stuff faster, to get it behind me. I went to use the bathroom. The lights glared fierce and cool, the bulbs giving off a low buzz, so that I felt surrounded by electrical energy. The bathrooms in Ehringhaus are small boxes of green and white tile. Every movement you make echoes. I made enough noise for a dozen of me. The mirror told me I was just as ugly drunk as I was sober; I smiled at my own beauty. My teeth were pink. For some reason I decided to brush

my teeth, and did. The brush came out with bits of cherry on the bristles.

I danced eight or nine dances after midnight, and somewhere in that part of the night is when I laid down under the bulletin board. Then somebody pulled me into the elevator and tried to take off my clothes, but I couldn't stand up long enough. I went to my room. I sat on the balcony, and stared at the lights over campus. I got sick, and threw up on the balcony. I went back to my room, and got into bed. As I slept, my head swelled to twice its size, and the water boiled out of my mouth. In the morning my tongue was a cinder and my head a living bruise. I spent the morning pretending I was a corpse, until my roommate got me up.

That was my first party.

GLASS

I would also like to tell you about the time I gave head to an icicle, during November of my sophomore year, after I'd locked my Bible in the trunk for good. My friend Anne and I were walking through campus one cold morning, when ice had settled over tree branches and grass like a sheet of glass. We cut through McCorkle Place, passing the frost-covered soldier and the gray obelisk, skating across the Old Well, sliding into the frosty bushes around it. Anne's face shone like a beacon



in the cold.

I was first to reach South Building, running behind the shrubbery to the yellow brick walls, hung with frozen ivy. I touched the dead ivy fibers, cleaning off frost, when underneath a brick window ledge I saw a single shard of ice, shaped like a spear head, so sharp I could have thrust it into my heart then and there with ease. This icicle I broke and held up for Anne, who graciously declined. I lifted it overhead, I only licked the tip a little, but my lips froze to it. I could only breathe till the melting ice freed me from touch, water dripping down my numb fingers. I let the icicle shatter on the brick sidewalk and wiped dry my hands. Anne said "That could have taken the skin off your mouth."

"It didn't, did it?"

"No, but it's still not an intelligent thing to do."

"Don't you like the cold? All us gray babies like cold weather." I broke an ice-covered branch off an oak older than anybody I know, as Anne cocked her head, her curious round eyes suddenly still. She said, "I only know why I like the cold, not why you do."

I smiled, dancing back from her, certain of my footing as if I were lighter than air. "It's not the cold, it's winter. I like the bleakness, the way trees are stripped to their outlines. Look how the ice covers them this morning. I feel more alone here in winter. Even in Chapel Hill you can hide things when it's cold."

Anne glanced at me, her face oblong and pale, her black collar turned up close to her face. "It's a dead time. How can you like deadness, you're the optimist."

"Winter is more alive than summer."

She nodded, but asked, "How?"

Between us stood two bare dogwood trees and one evergreen, full and thriving. I blew frost off bare dogwood branches and broke a prickly sprig of evergreen, brushing it across my palms. "The dogwood is dead now. All its pretty leaves and flowers are blowing around, drying up, gumming the bottoms of your shoes in the rain. But this —" I lifted the evergreen — "this is always alive, because it knows how to take the cold."

A cold wind came up, raising a chorus from the trees over McCorkle Place, ripping through my hair like icy knives; leaves clattered at our feet, bitter voices; all this as the clouds overhead dropped down their load of softening light, the campus near day, cold and glittering, all glass. "What are you trying to say?"

"If you try to say it, it comes out sounding silly. But this dogwood is half-dead even when it's alive. It tries to hide from the cold, but cold is half the world. The evergreen never dies because it never forgets the cold."

"It's dead."

"It's beautiful. The cold is beautiful, walking on the edge of it is beautiful."

"I never said it wasn't." But she put her hands in her

pockets and turned away a little. "I can believe it too. In Chapel Hill it's so easy to have faith in dead things. But you can end up crazy, falling in love with winter. Be careful Danny. The only reason to like the cold is because it makes you appreciate being warm at last."

She walked ahead of me down a tunnel of ice branches. I was supposed to follow, knowing she wanted me to. But I waited, watching as the patterns of winter-white light stroked her soft hair, the ice above her head like something you feel sometimes — cold like a hand gripping your stomach — when you look at a tree twisting upward into the sky like the arms of an old woman raised all knotted with veins and folds of old skin; I followed Anne slowly, but around me rose those women with their arms raised, covered with white ice that only made purer the note of the mourning song they sang as the cold wind stroked them to sleep again, rushing through their hair, stinging my face as it struck their twisted feet. Ahead on the path Anne slipped farther and farther beyond me, and I knew it was time to catch her. As if to agree with me, the wind rose and fell, the clouds closing together so tight the streetlights flickered on, filling hollow globes with light, forcing the emptiness back among the branches of ice. I laughed quietly. *Are you still there then? Turn on the lights just once. All of them.*

I laughed at myself a little, pushing forward through the solid cold, the air drawing stinging tears from my eyes; and for a moment I could see myself-all made of glass: light or dark, I couldn't control what entered or did not enter.

DOUBTING THOMAS

Did you fill up my pipe yet? The matches are underneath that magazine. Don't worry, it's just *Newsweek*. I keep my dirty magazines hidden in a place where even the Lord couldn't find them. I'm drunk enough that I wouldn't mind showing you where they are, but they'd probably gross you out. It's amazing what you can buy pictures of. People will do anything for money. Right down on Franklin Street you can buy bottles of perfume that smell like sweaty crotches, or brassieres you can eat right off a girl's breasts. Really eat it, swallow it, digest it and everything.

Thomas is the one who got me started smoking dog though. We started smoking together when Thomas lived in Yum Yum Apartments. He had this really ratty stereo back then, and he used to say he couldn't stand to listen to it unless he was too high to mind the pops in the speakers. I used to ask Thomas, "Do you know anybody who smokes more dope than you do?" and he'd always answer, "No, but I'd sure like to, if she was a girl."

MOVIES 25¢





The real answer to the question is yes, of course, there's people who smoke more than Thomas all over this town; there's people here who haven't been off marijuana since the Cuban missile crisis. Who can blame them, we all need a sedative now and then. Dope is like a slow bolt of lightning that soaks gradually through your entire body. It brings to life parts of your brain you never even used before.

Of course it's bad for you. Everything's bad for you. But in twenty minutes we could all be dead from a nuclear attack, so who cares anyway? Thera doesn't believe this, of course. I told you she argues with Thomas about drinking and smoking. One night, after one of these fights, Thomas got especially depressed. I found him in his room sitting by the edge of the bed, turning this album cover around and around in his hands. The bong was in front of him, empty. I asked, "Would you like me to fill up the bowl?"

He gave me an odd look, as if he would have preferred that I simply fill the bowl and pass it to him without question. He picked up the bong and tilted it from side to side. I could hear the ice-water rattling in the chamber. "You still high?" he asked.

"I'm doing okay. But I can stand another bowl if you can."

He gave me the odd look again, and set the bong down. "Maybe we ought not to smoke any more."

I touched the rim of the bowl. "Is something wrong?"

"We smoke a lot of dope around here. Maybe we do it too much."

"Thera really got to you this afternoon, didn't she?"

He jammed his finger deep into the carpet pile. "I don't give a damn about that." He stared at the stereo receiver, soft green light falling from it to his hands. "It's just that I wonder why we smoke so much, sometimes. I wonder why I never get tired of it. Whenever somebody asks me if I want to smoke some, I want to say yes, whether I do it or not. It can't be right to want to do it so much, can it?"

I picked up the bong myself, and filled the bowl while he watched. Even when I struck the match, he didn't say a word. I lit the bowl. Thomas had taught me to take really deep tokes, the kind you would imagine Linda Lovelace taking, where you suck the smoke straight down to the bottom of your lungs and let it canker for a while, holding it till you want to breathe so bad your eyes water. The blood beats right into the chambers of your ears, your head feels like pure solid light. I handed Thomas the pipe. He looked at it for a long time, but didn't look at me. Then he leaned slowly over the bong and drew. It seemed like hours before he was finished. He leaned his head way back, his throat curved like a bow, tendrils of smoke rising from his pursed lips. We finished the bowl without a word. The music washed and hung and hovered and dropped like a live animal. Finally Thomas said, coolly, "Thank you sir." He shook his head. "But I don't think I want to smoke any more tonight."

He folded his hands together and studied them, quiet and almost motionless, swaying a little to the drum beat. I leaned against Thomas's closet door. He glanced at me and said quietly, "I haven't said I'm going to give

it up forever."

I only shook my head. There were chandles in the room, one of them close to me, I think, wavering with my breath. Thomas asked, "What's wrong?"

"I don't know."

"Are you mad?"

I shook my head. I picked up the book of matches and dropped more leaves into the bowl, smoking it alone. I had reached the point where I usually retreated to my room, as if Thomas were silently asking me to leave, his door already closing in my face. He said, "If you're pissed off you could at least admit it."

"I'm not pissed off, I'm just tired."

"You're always tired."

"People make me that way."

He threw up his hands, wanting to say something about the way I hide from people; but I wouldn't let him. "Be quiet a while," I said. I listened a little longer to the music. The last song on the album began then, Bruce Springsteen's "New York City Serenade." I didn't get to hear it. Thomas said, "If you want to talk, that's fine, but if you're just going to sit there and pout, I wish you'd do it in your own room."

As far as I was concerned, that decided things. I closed the book of matches and rolled up my little baggy of dope. But as I stood, it occurred to me I was being cowardly. Thomas didn't want me to leave, he wanted me to justify staying. I looked at him. "Do you know what you're doing?"

"Probably."

"She doesn't feel things the way you do, Thomas. She's scared to let herself go."

"That has nothing to do with smoking."

"Oh yes it does. She's afraid of dope most of all, because of all the things her parents have told her about it. It gives you something she can't, makes you feel something she can't make you feel. That scares her."

He touched the bong gently. "I'd rather not talk about Thera this way," he said. "She can't help it." Then he sighed. "Sometimes I don't like Chapel Hill very much. You know?"

"Why?"

"It's like living in a town wrapped in cotton. Everybody here is so protected."

"It's a college town. College towns are like that."

He snorted. "Yeah. Full of adolescent little boys and girls so fresh off their mothers laps they're afraid to go to the bathroom by themselves."

"The toilets are full of perverts."

"Behind every goddamn commode." He shook his head in disgust. "When they get away from school they won't have Mama and Daddy any more to tell them what's right and wrong. Then maybe they'll grow up."

I shook my head. "They won't have to, really. They'll

just skate along doing what they're told. There's always somebody to tell you what to do."

"Why can't they leave me alone? I don't care what they do, as long as they don't always try to run me."

"There isn't any *they*. There's just billions of nerds who exist one at a time. They'll do to you whatever you let them do. But they're not that hard to avoid."

"We've missed the best part of the song," he said, and cued the album back to where it began. Then he looked at me and opened his hands. I could hear him telling me what to do: I opened my baggie and dropped a little powder into the bowl, and then lit it. The conversation was over. We had said everything we had to say on the subject. He smiled at me and took the bong, letting it make love to his lungs. "I only wish I could teach her she doesn't have to grow up with her eyes closed," he said, and I nodded.

APPETITE CITY

You see, Joel, whether you live in Chapel Hill or Jamaica, the way things are set up in the cosmos you only get two choices. You can either forget about your doubts, or admit them. If you forget them, you're pretending that life is all rosy and ordered; you can sit contentedly in front of your television while it drones into your brain the single flat note of electricity that sustains you. You don't hurt, true, because you don't feel anything. The feelings you have only confuse you; it's best to avoid them entirely.

Or else you can say to yourself, I don't understand why all this hurts so much. I don't understand why I have to get up early every morning to go to a job I hate to earn money to live a life that's made empty by the fact that I have to go to a job I hate every morning; I don't understand why I stay married to a man who hates me in a house with children who shout at me another all day long; I don't understand why two martinis before dinner aren't enough anymore. At least you're feeling pain. When a person wants to learn how to be happy, he starts to examine every move he makes, till he's looking at everything so long and hard he can't help but feel them: even the smallest detail becomes so vital. There's so much joy locked away in the world, if we can only face the locks. A person can learn to use his appetites to keep himself human. Just as he can learn to use the thought of death to keep himself alive.

Now in all fairness to Thomas, about half that speech is his. What I just gave you are all the parts we left out of our conversation about smoking dope that night. Did you ever notice how, in conversations between friends, most of the really good parts are always left out, understood? I'm too far gone tonight to divide the different thoughts between us, so I took them all myself; since


I'm the one telling this story, and since this is my closet.

In fact, I wanted to make up a party game about appetites, for tonight. Here's how you play. First you appoint a judge. (My mother would make a good one, but almost anybody's mother would do). Then you get everybody at the party together, and have them each think of the most depraved way imaginable for fulfilling one or another of the basic appetites. You can tell any kind of story you like, and you can put as many appetites into one story as you want to. The only real requirement is that you have to tell the whole story out loud, so everyone can hear it. It would be better if you told true stories. The winner of the game is the one whose story makes the judge the maddest.

The only catch to the game is that you can't really play it anywhere but in Chapel Hill; at least not in North Carolina. Chapel Hill understands that appetites are for learning. They're neither good nor bad. People who come to Chapel Hill with their appetites suppressed suddenly find them made welcome and at home. Chapel Hill doesn't have a value either. It simply exists, and you may come here or leave, as you choose. Some

people actually get an education here, and become decent, respectable citizens of the ordered universe. Other people turn Chapel Hill into an enormous closet, in which to hide from the rest of the world. It's so easy to come here and never leave.

I like you, Joel. You have to come back to my closet again sometimes. But this pipe and this glass are both empty, and I'm ready to join the party again. I hope we won't both smell like dirty underwear; that would be embarrassing, and hard to explain. Do you want to play the appetite game at this party? We can't get my mother to judge, but there's always Thera. I'd put my money on Thomas to take the crown, if she judges.

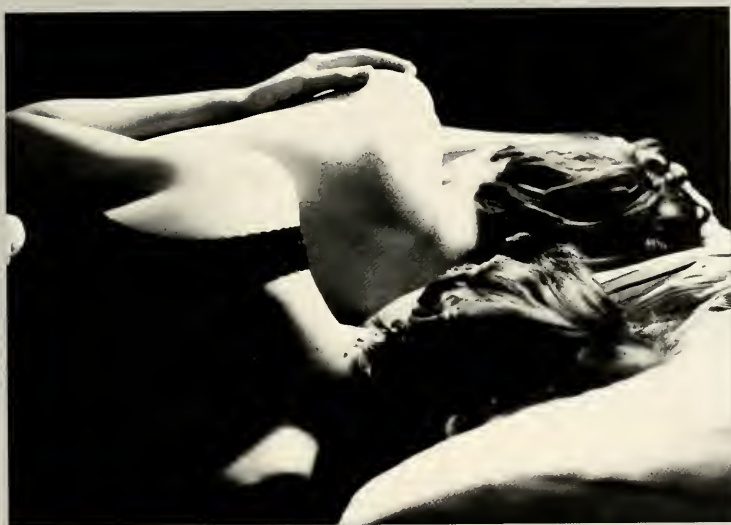
Or better yet, I think I might win it myself. I invented the game, didn't I? I'm as depraved as any Yankee ever was. When I open this door, you switch off the lamp. Maybe someday I really will fill up with light. That's the way angels look, I bet. There, my good sir, the closet door is open once again. Come to my party, won't you? I do hope you have a good time. My name is Danny Crell, and I am the King of Appetites. Welcome to Appetite City. 







APPETITE CITIZENS



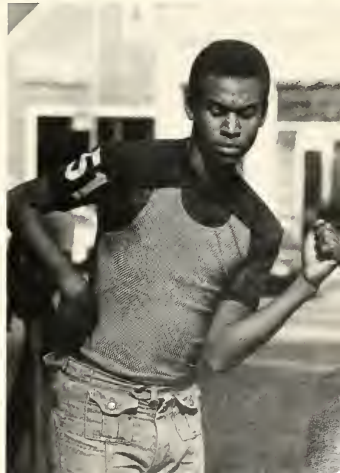
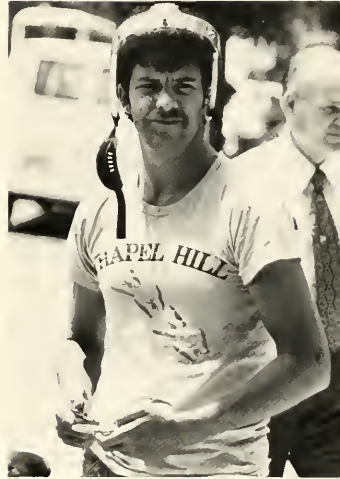










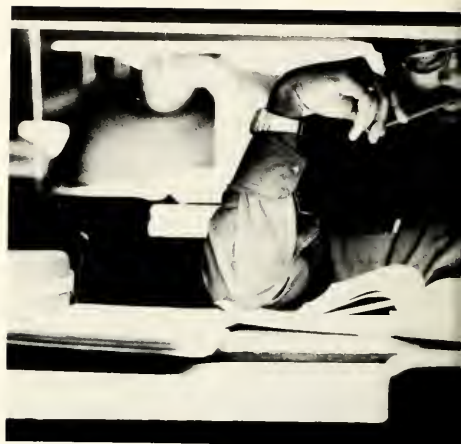


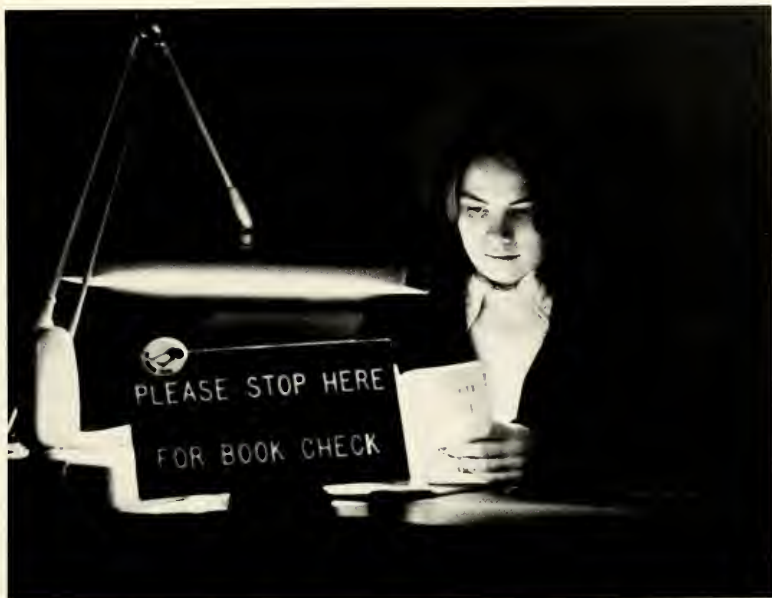




































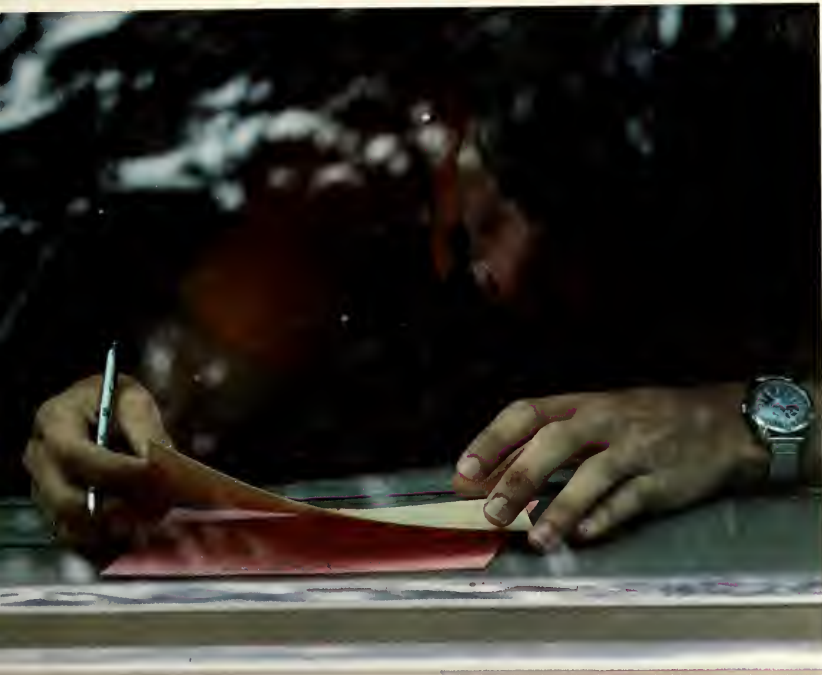
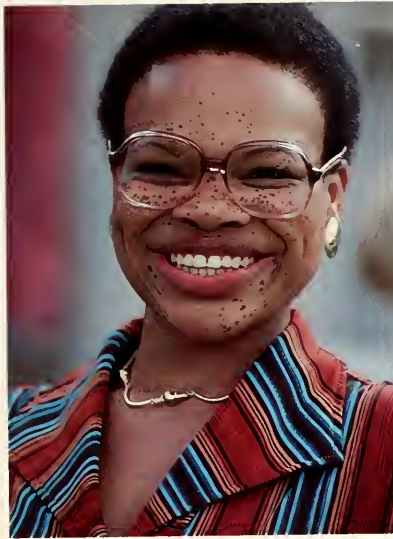
































CELEBRATIONS



APPLE CHILL



















FOLD OUT

JT







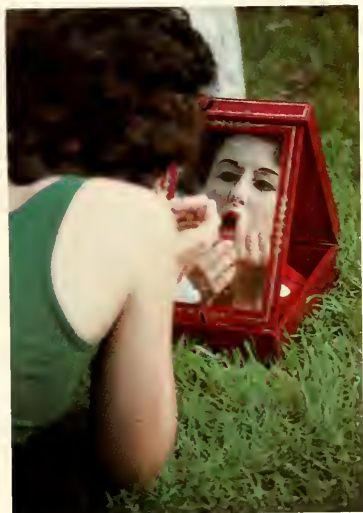






















VALENTINE'S DAY PARADE

BREAD & ROSES PARADE



INDIAN
FESTIVAL





CELEBRATION OF
THE SPHERES









BEAT DOOK PARADE



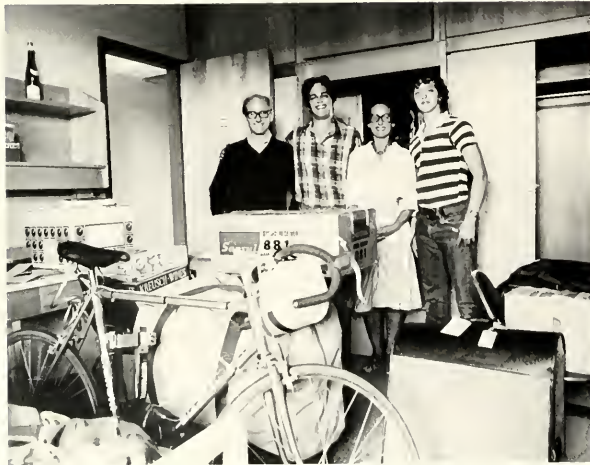


MILE OF PENNIES

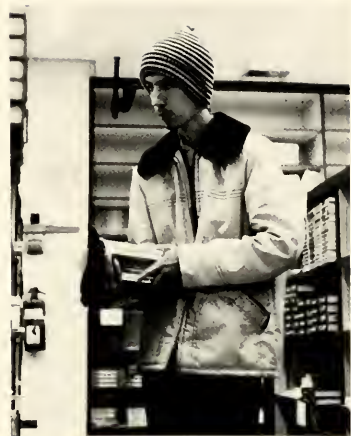


THE YEAR





PERENNIALS





WATER APPRECIATION WEEKS

*University Lake
sloughs through its
annual depression*





SURPRISE PARTY

At University Day ceremonies, BSM members protest a decision to close Upendo lounge

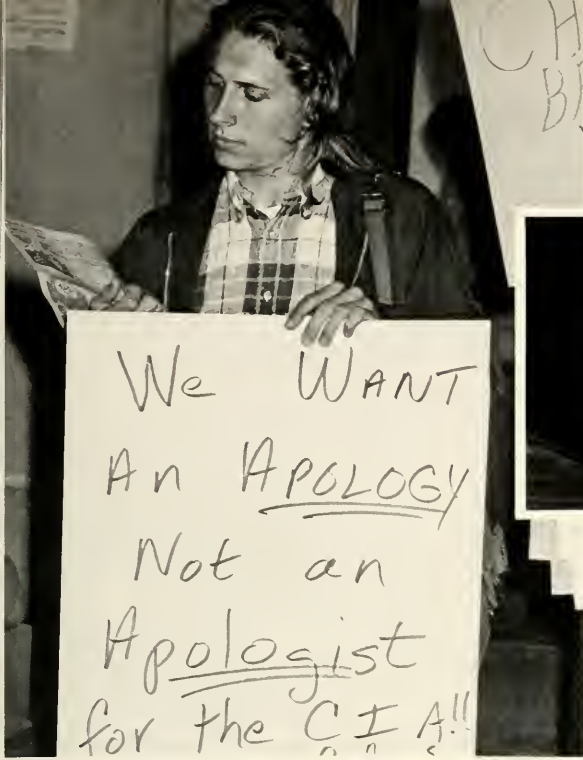


B-1 BOMBER VIGIL



CIA DEMONSTRATION

*Chapel Hillians protest the Memorial
Hall appearance of William Colby,
former CIA director*



We WANT
An APOLOGY
Not an
Apologist
for the CIA!!



*Solo protest against capital
punishment*





WHITE TIME

*Chapel Hill wears snow well,
but never wears it long*



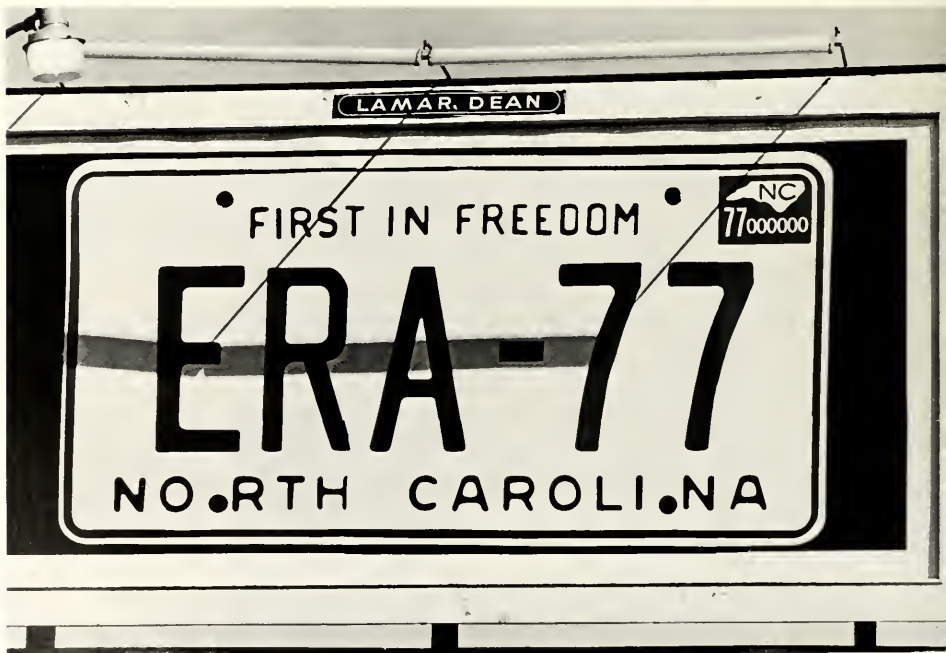
ONE STEP FORWARD . . .

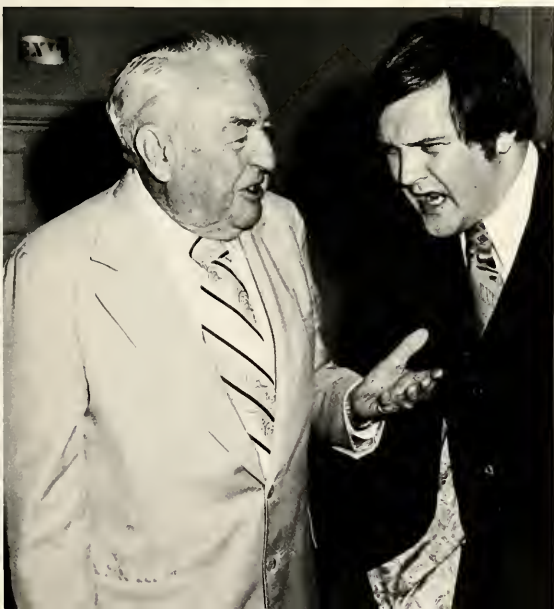
*Pauli Murray, ordained as first black woman priest,
celebrates with service at Chapel of the Cross*



. . . TWO STEPS BACKWARD

General Assembly defeats ERA - again





SILENCING SAM

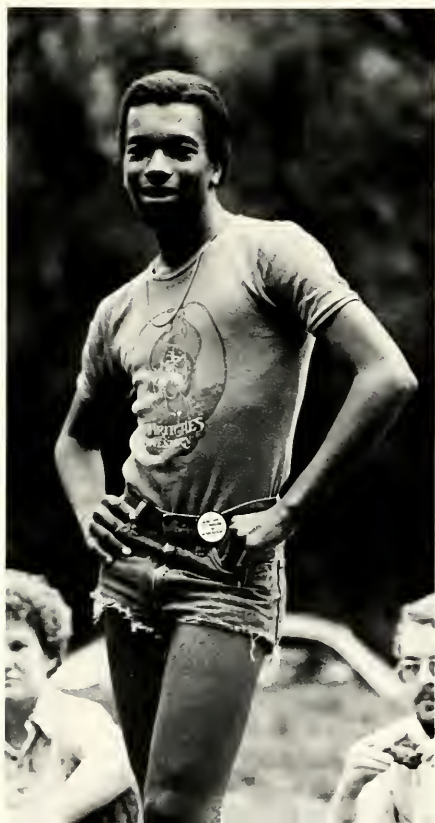
AWS protests former Senator Sam Ervin's involvement in the anti-ERA movement



WHITE TIME

(reprise)





SOUTHEASTERN GAY CONFERENCE



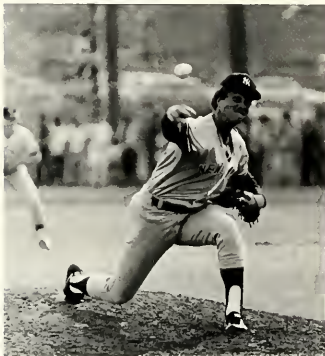
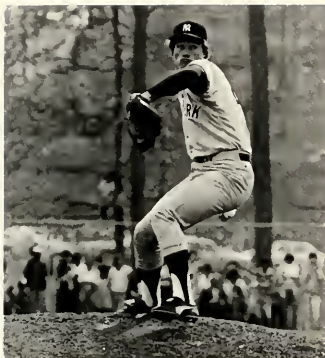




BENEDICTION

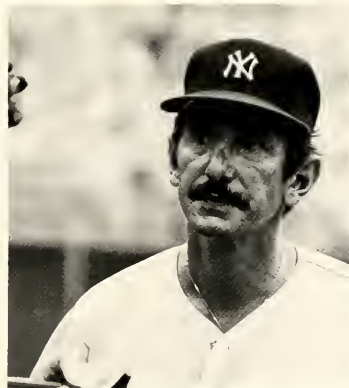
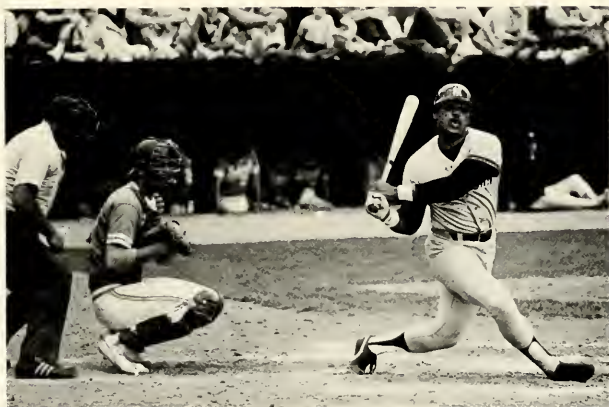
UNC commencement





*The only people not excited about the
Yankees coming to town were the
Yankees themselves*

BATTING PRACTICE







Labor party rallies in the Pit
ROUSING THE MASSES

THE MARCH FROM ATLANTA

*Amy Carter with parents President
Jimmy and First Lady Rosalyn*







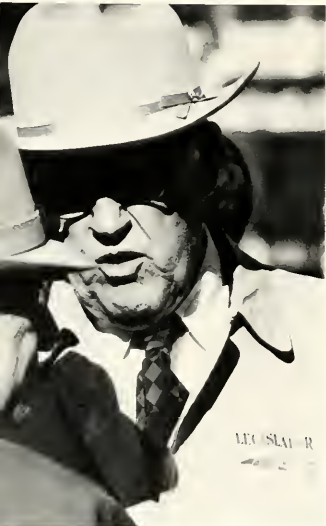
JILTED

*President Gerald Ford,
soon to be former President Gerald Ford,
campaigns in Raleigh*



THE ASCENSION

Jim Hunt assumes the North Carolina Governorship







MEMORIAL

STUDENTS

Christopher John Alvan
Russell Sholar Cowell Jr.
Julia Gatewood Latane
William Patrick Masterman
Laura Allison Melton
Rufus Edward Stutts
Richard Keith Wilson

UNIVERSITY

COMMUNITY
Samuel G. Barnes
C. Dale Beers
James Arthur Branch
Daniel W. Campbell
Mary Phinney Campbell
John C. Cassel
Mary Louisa Cobb
Avery Berlow Cohan
Loretta Golden

Harriet Laura Herring
Howard Russell Huse
Milton H. Jennings Jr.
Cecil Slaton Johnson
Joan Linger
Robert W. Linker
Daniel Allen MacPherson
William John McKee
Marvin Morrow
Diana K. Vincent

PERFORMANCES



William Colby



Mo Udall



Chris Miller





William Shatner

Angela



Davis

Margaret Mead



Juanita Kreps

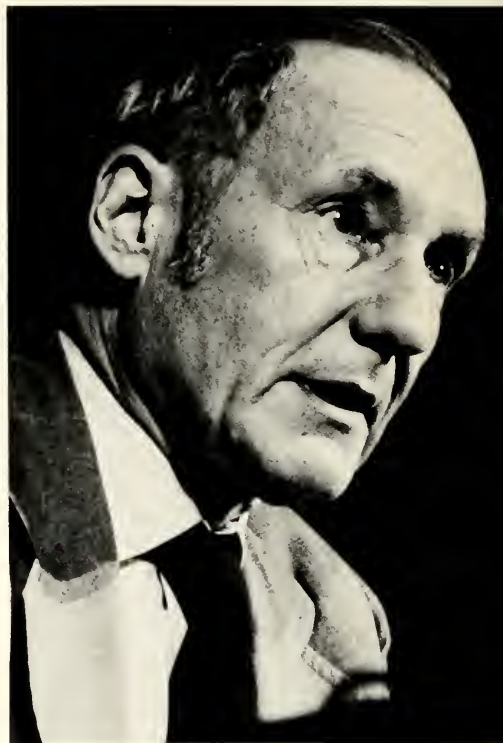


Alger
Hiss



Timothy
Leary

Renaissance
Dinner

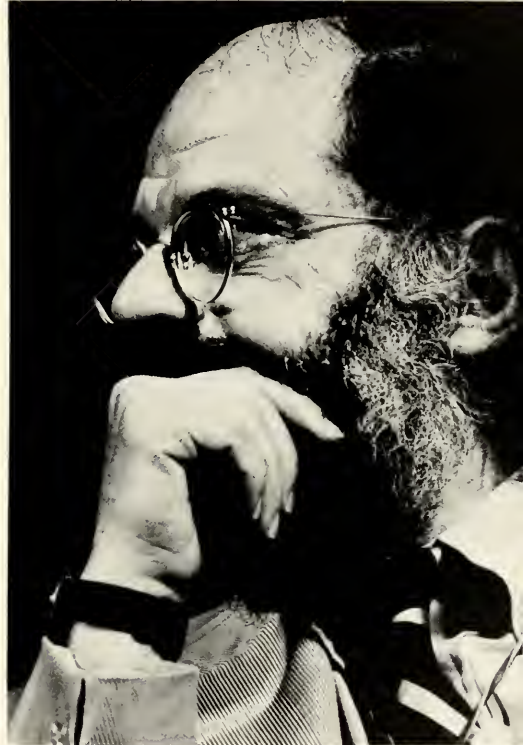


Above: William S. Burroughs
At left: Meredith Monk

Fine Arts Festival



Peter Orlovsky



Allen Ginsberg



Carolina
Dancers



Lotte Goslar's
Pantomime Circus



NC Dance
Theatre





Pilobus
Dance



New Performing Group



Jacques Brel

Hard Times Jazz Band

Gravy Boat



Arrogance



Red Clay Ramblers

Mike Cross



LOCAL
MUSICIANS

Beach Night





New York Mary

Patti
Smith





David
Bromberg

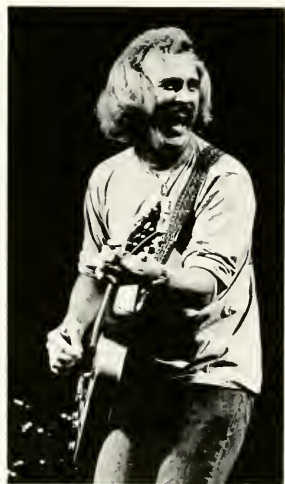
The Billy Cobham-
George Duke Band



Tim Weisberg



Jimmy
Buffet





Modern Jazz Quartet







Concert Crowds



Judy Collins



Jesse Colin Young

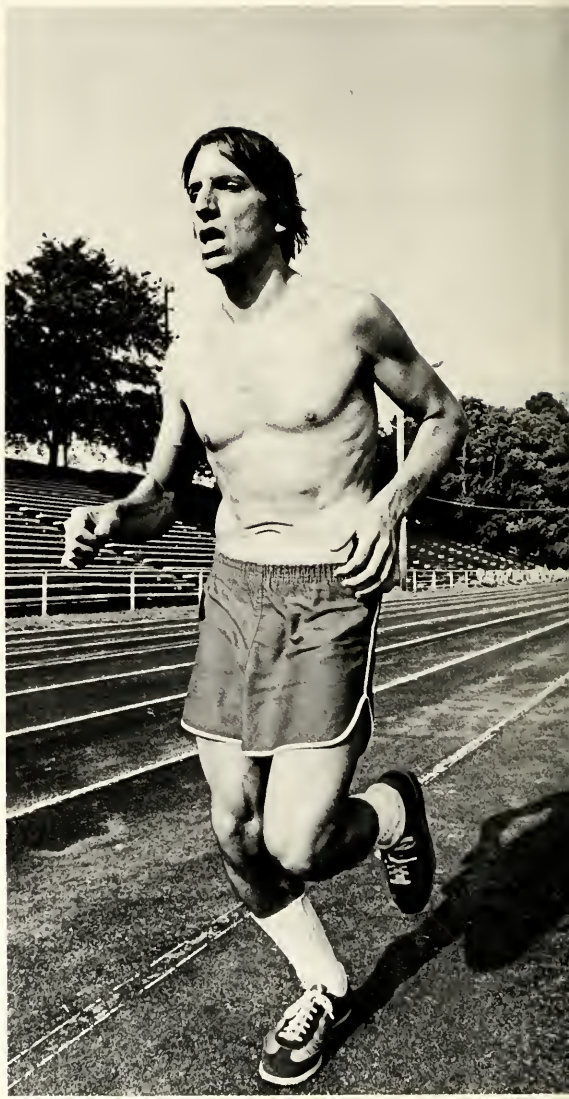


SPORTS









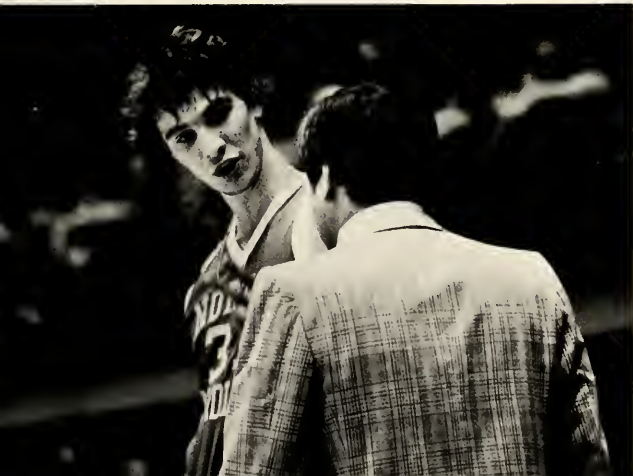


BASKETBALL

















Basketball is for people who can afford to believe in things. But give me a good prayer meeting, it's easier on the nerves. I'll sing hymns instead of cheers, I'll take up offerings, I'll do almost anything, only don't make me sit through another season like the last one.

By the end of the regular season the Tar Heels had won 23 games and lost four. Funny how you can't remember the victories as clearly as the defeats — though it's really only because there's so few losses to remember, and they carried such a sting. We lost to Wake Forest in the Big Four Tournament, for God knows how many years in a row. We lost to State after winning the Far West Classic, and after smearing Clemson all over Greensboro Coliseum. We lost to Wake again, at home, and then to Clemson away. Two defeats in a row, a good time to lose faith some thought. But the wrong time as it happened. Because suddenly there were no more losses.

We beat Maryland by 27 points in Carmichael, in a game played so brilliantly by a then-healthy Tommy LaGarde that even Dean Smith admitted thinking we might be the best basketball team in the country. We beat State at home with LaGarde injured. We mauled Louisville for our last victory of the regular season. Ranked second in the country, champions of the ACC regular season, our Tar Heels rested through the opening round of the ACC Tournament, watching second place Wake fall to sleepy Virginia, which once again awakened in mid-March to find itself a contender for the tournament crown.

The night Virginia beat Clemson we beat State by 14 points, a handy victory, but one that cost us the services of birdman Walter Davis, who broke his finger. Sweet D's injury, coupled with LaGarde's and added to the memory of our defeat in the finals last year at the hands of the Cavaliers, helped shake our faith. We watched, half-unbelievers, as Phil Ford fouled out with five minutes to go and Virginia leading by three. But despite our doubts the Tar Heels didn't fold. Senior guard John Kuester led the Tar Heel bench to the ACC Championship, 75-69, giving the Tar Heels a shot at the national title.

After that, we kept believing. We believed when LaGarde-less, Davis-less North Carolina beat Purdue 69-66 in the opening round of the NCAA playoffs. We believed (like good Protestants, certainly) when the Heels beat the Irish of Notre Dame on St. Patrick's Day, 79-77. We believed even more in the Eastern finals against Kentucky, when Ford, having hyperextended his elbow against Notre Dame, re-injured the elbow early in the second half with the Tar Heels up by 12. With Ford out, maybe we felt our faith slipping, but it never disappeared as 15 minutes worth of Kuester-led four corners brought us a 79-72 victory.

We had some pretty heavy believing to do yet, with high-scoring Nevada-Las Vegas coming up in the semi-finals in Atlanta, and half our squad either injured or nursing old wounds. We must have done okay at it, too, because Nevada's 100-point-a-game racehorses only managed 83 points against us. We managed 84. Despite all our injuries, we had scrapped our way to the last basketball game of the 1976-77 season, against Marquette's Bowery Boys, coached by retiring Al McGuire.

We believed we could win, believed up until the last five minutes of the game, when Marquette *still* led, when the four corners had already faltered. A broken-fingered Davis tried in vain to rally the tired Tar Heels, tossing in 21 points, including a 25 footer at the buzzer that made the final score 67-59 Marquette. I swore I'd never watch another basketball game as long as I live. I'll get religion instead, or take up macrame.

TEAM	UNC	OPP
N C State	78	66
Wake Forest	96	97
Marshall	90	70
Michigan State	81	58
Athletes in Action	99	86
Virginia Tech	81	77
Brigham Young	113	93
Oral Roberts	100	84
Oregon	86	60
Weber State	75	54
Clemson	91	63
Virginia	91	67
Wake Forest	77	75
Duke	77	68
N C State	73	75
Maryland	71	68
Wake Forest	66	67
Clemson	73	93
Georgia Tech	98	74
Furman	88	71
Maryland	97	70
Tulane	106	94
South Florida	100	65
Virginia	66	64
N C State	90	73
Duke	84	71
Louisville	96	89
N C State	70	56
Virginia	75	69
Purdue	69	66
Notre Dame	79	77
Kentucky	79	72
Nevada-Las Vegas	84	83
Marquette	59	67
RECORD 28-5		
ACC 9-3 CHAMPIONS		





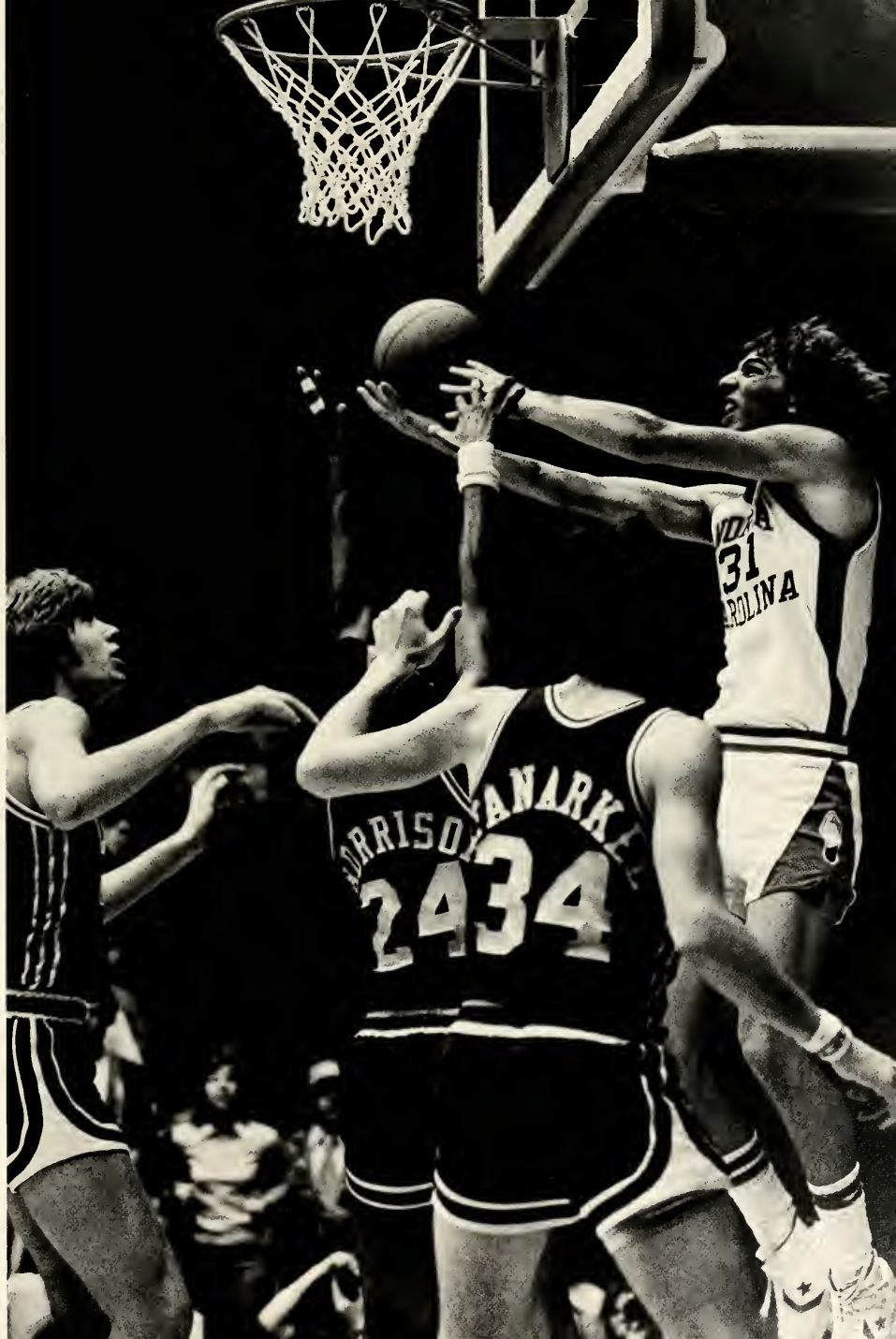






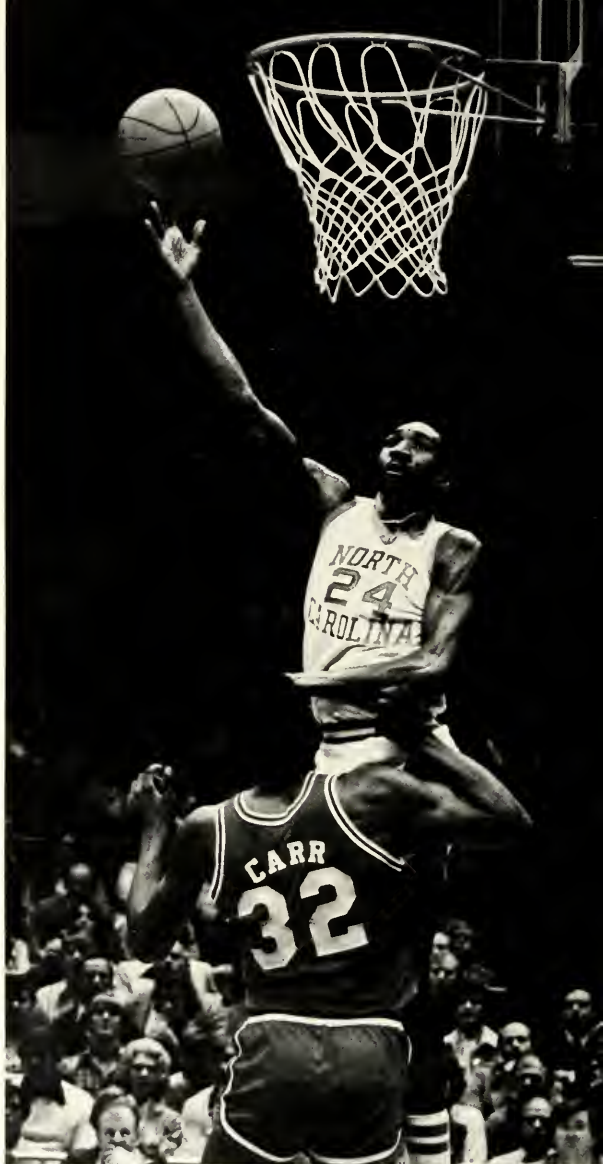










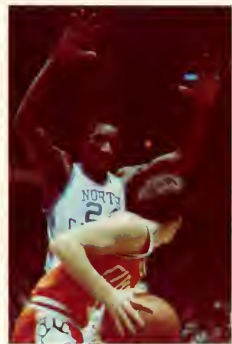












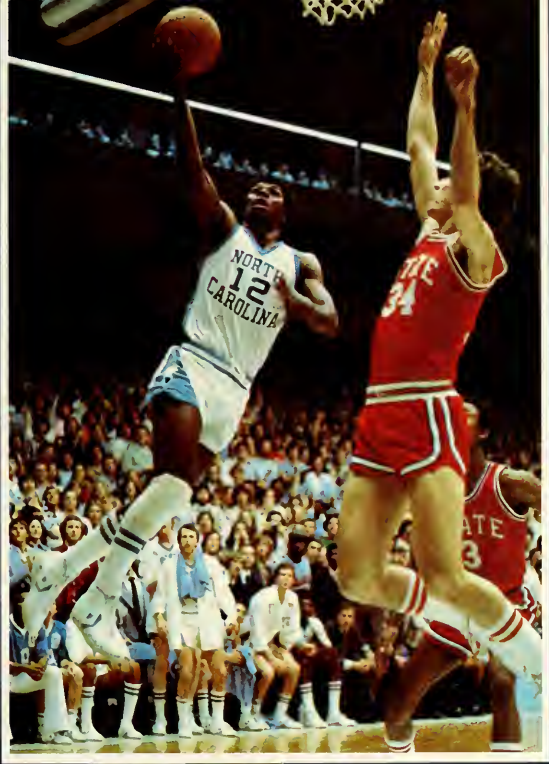


































VISIONS OF ATLANTA

PART I. SCREENS



Afterwards the three of them will remember Anne has apologized seven times for the condition of the television, which has slept for months in a closet under pyramids of dust; and they will remember the flat, near-metallic voice of the announcer calling out the Marquette points that drop so neatly through the white net. Light from the television screen tinges their faces blue-gray. Anne has turned out all the electric lights, leaving only one yellow candle on a corner table, beneath a bust of Eleanor Roosevelt. The dim flame swells and falls. Thomas leans close to the screen, arms pressed against his hollow stomach; he watches the cooling minutes slip away, each Marquette

basket pricking his skin like a needle. No, he tells himself, I don't think this is really happening, not this way. We're behind and we shouldn't be behind this late in the game. Anne studies his intentness, notes the way he encompasses the television in his posture, as eager as if the screen were a siren singing. Though she will not admit it even to herself, Anne feels a kind of contempt at his passion for a simple game where a ball bounces and flies in arcs and dives for cord-lined hoops. Grown men playing and grown men watching and groaning whenever the wrong team does the right thing. Thomas reminds her of her father on Sunday afternoons, sipping beer and watching football games. She smiles her best bemused smile for Thomas, which he never notices. Only Dan sees it now and then, and frowns as if to scold her or warn her away. Dan sits square and heavy in the darkest corner, near enough to the machine to be sociable, but far enough to seem apart from them. He seems like something tucked in a pocket, knees folded under his chin, arms embracing one another. He divides his attention between Chapel Hill and Atlanta. Omni Atlanta, he thinks, omni city bring us luck this time.

The ball spins up and down the court. Mike O'Koren presses and twists, a fluid knife; he passes to Davis, who floats long and liquid to the hoop, settling the ball into the net tenderly, as if both were fragile. This team has won so many games no one thought it would win, from far behind, with seconds left to play. They beat Purdue by a heartbeat. They beat Notre Dame with the last minute broken up and dissolving on the clock. They beat Nevada-Las Vegas holding their breath. Let them be waiting to win tonight,

Thomas thinks, inching closer to the blue screen. Anne watches him and wonders again at his devotion. Dan nods when the right thing happens as if he has made it happen simply by wanting it.

But this time no amount of points is enough.

The bass-voiced television announcer confides *Thee Tar Heels have proven time and time again that they can make the big push to come from behind. But tonight they*

lack some element of fire. They need a spark plug. Injuries plague the team from starters to reserves. But they're playing with guts, all the same; they're not just lying back and letting Marquette run all over them. Anne moans at each cliché as if it is her duty. Thomas and Dan watch the screen and say nothing. There, like magicians whose timing has been shattered, five small shadows dance in and out of old patterns; helpless to make magic out of mere motion, they bungle trick after trick. Dan stretches out his hands as if the players are marionettes he can maneuver as he pleases. Anne laughs at the motion of his hands. "Are you trying to hypnotize the television?"

He blushes. Thomas motions for silence. The announcer gives the score, the scoring clock flashes onto the screen. For the last minute no one makes a sound. Even Anne falls victim to the sudden drama: watching Dan and Thomas, listening. The announcer mentions only Marquette now. The camera pans the North Carolina bench, catches Mike O'Koren in tears. At last the scoring clock stops dead at zero, and Thomas quietly turns the screen gray. For a moment they sit still, aware of the light falling from the candle, and of each other's falling faces.

Anne is first to rise. She takes their empty beer cans in hand and says, "I'm going to pour us all another one in the kitchen. Would you put that machine in the closet, Dan?"

Dan folds down the antenna and Thomas drops a towel over the screen. "Did you see that last shot?" he asks. "Davis must have been thirty feet out. But I knew he would make that one."

"I saw," Dan says quietly. "He looked sad, don't you think?"

"Wouldn't you?"

From the kitchen Anne calls them to beer and squares of bread and cheese. She has poured the beer into special blue cups, light as weathered sea-shells; she says it seems appropriate to use cups when one drinks in the kitchen. She says they should be thankful the team went so far. Privately she hopes the game can be forgotten. Dan and Thomas nod that the cups are all right, and nod that the team did well, but say little. They can only see the dead clock and the final score, drinking the beer that leaves such a bitter taste in their mouths.

Later they drive downtown to see if anyone has come to Franklin Street to celebrate the loss. The streets are full of cars with horns blaring, the sidewalks packed with gesturing bodies. Anne drives to the Union and they walk across campus, past dorms where toilet paper streamers fly out from open windows. A light burns in the Methodist Church steeple as they pass beneath; Anne says, "That light is

almost always burning. I wonder why."

Thomas stands on the wall to see the crowd better. Before him swells a sea of combed hair, faces invisible. He smells beer and hears the gentle slur that underlies the defiant shouting and strident laughter. Everyone is drunk and crazy; everyone has a good excuse to be. At first it seems to Thomas like any other celebration, jovial and happy. But tonight the joy is not pure. He came here after the Tar Heels upset Kentucky a week ago — afternoon then, but traffic was blocked off the street then same as now, and the police wandered with the same helpless, half-approving smiles among clusters of drunk students who shouted *Hey cop! We're number one! We're number one!* The shouts touched someplace inside Thomas's skull that day. He believed then, on that sunlit street after that victory, that he would stand here tonight to shout the same words and know them true.

Now he touches the bark of a tree close by, smiling to Anne just past the trunk. Dan is behind her. Thomas turns back to the crowd in time to see someone raise a bumper sticker that reads TAR HEELS 1977 NCAA CHAMPS; someone else shouts, jovially, Go Tar Heels! Anne has brought cheap German wine and plastic cups, and they sit on the wall to drink, watching the bobbing heads. "I've never seen so many people in this town all excited at the same time," she says.

"It's basketball," says Thomas. "That's just the way people feel about it. They get worked up, they want to do something."

Anne gives him a quizzical look. "Isn't this a bit much to be caused by one game, though? I can't see the logic for all this fuss."

Dan stands with his glass of wine and listens to the shouts, the dense gales of laughter, the soft splash as someone spills beer on stone steps close by. He hears what Anne and Thomas are saying and walks away; he doesn't want debate tonight. He nods to a middle-aged woman resting under a tree; says polite sentences to an acquaintance, says *It was a lousy game, wasn't it? I hated having it end that way. We deserved so much more, getting to the finals with the injuries we had.* Nods and sorrowful smiles flicker quick as candle flames. Acquaintance says *We're still the best. Don't you think so? One game doesn't change anything for me.*

When Anne and Thomas see he isn't coming back they





follow. Anne folds the paper bag neatly around the wine bottle, tucking it under her arm like an umbrella; she sails among the opening and closing lanes of people as if she has some sovereign right to walk the straightest path of all. A photographer takes her picture, with a flash that bursts in her face white as a star exploding. She laughs and jumps back and Thomas catches her elbow. "How rude," she says.

"He didn't mean to startle you."

"Rudeness is rudeness just the same," Anne says.

They move ahead more quickly. Daniel's moving figure merges with others, becomes gray in pale streetlight. An old woman takes Anne's shoulder, smiling. The woman has hair teased high, rich and white as cake icing. On her fingers glitter ornate rings of turquoise and thick silver. The rings enchant Anne, their colors gathering light and softening it, giving it back to the eye pale and cool. The woman is so drunk she can only stand by holding on to someone. She blinks up at Anne, sleepy-faced, asking, "Did you know Phil Ford is coming here tonight? They're flying him back on this jet plane especially to be with us tonight. I heard it from this nice man next to the Intimate Bookshop."

"Who is Phil Ford?" Anne asks, smiling.

"Why honey, he's on the basketball team! Don't you know that? I thought everybody knew who Phil Ford was. His picture is in the newspaper all the time." The woman shakes her head, as if such ignorance is simply socially unacceptable, and starts to leave. This time Anne holds on to her. "Would you like a glass of wine?"

The woman smiles like melting butter. "Why thank you, I would."

Anne pours the glass, and then helps her to a wall, where she can lean alone. Then she finds Thomas.

"What did that woman want?"

"She told me Ford was coming here."

"Phil Ford? He's in Atlanta."

"Someone told her they're flying him back on a special plane, so he can come to Franklin Street to see us all."

Thomas laughs, almost spilling his cup of wine. "She must have been pretty drunk."

"I gave her a glass of wine."

"Have we lost Daniel for good?"

"Who knows? He's crazy most of the time now. I really think so."

But they find him in front of the Varsity Theatre, watching



some students tear down the pedestrian crosswalk sign. Dan rattles change in his pockets, and sips wine. "This is the way to celebrate a loss all right. Tear down the damn town."

"Go Tar Heels," Thomas says.

"You boys are pouting."

Thomas smiles, gesturing to the crowd. Once more they listen to the choruses of high-pitched laughter, voices rising frantic into solid walls. Thomas points upward with two fingers and says, sardonic benediction, "We're number two."

PART 2: GIMGHOUL

They stay near Franklin Street till early morning, drinking the bottle of wine Anne has brought and later buying two more at Fowlers, just before it closes. After the wine they drink coffee at Breadmen's till almost daybreak. It is Anne who suggests they stay up to see the sunrise together — I know a place, she says, not at all far away. Thomas says, I'd rather do that than try to sleep. I'd like to see if the sun rises differently over a town in mourning. Dan says simply yes, and orders more coffee.

Anne drives them through the hollow-echoing streets, the wine like some warm uncoiling animal in her veins. She parks the car beside a church and says, "Don't lock it. There's nothing here I care to keep anybody from stealing." She leads them down a lane lined with dark pines. The drive is posted with no trespassing signs, and Dan stops to read one of them. He staggers, balancing against a tree trunk. He isn't sure where they have come — the wine surrounds him in a cloud, altering everything he sees — he isn't even sure if this is Chapel Hill any more; Anne might have driven them to Atlanta for all he remembers. Ahead he can see Thomas and Anne silhouetted against a portion of sky. Why must they always go so fast? He follows, stumbling over irregularities in the drive, but unaware of his feet, oblivious to his body as if he were separated from it by a wall of singing. He hums snatches of a song he hears sometimes on the radio, about people being born to run.

Around a bend in the path a clearing opens and the shadows recede. Dan can see a broad black shadow in front of him here, a building whose shape he has seen before, in pictures. "This is Gimghoul," he says, "we can't stay here, can we? If they catch us trespassing they'll sacrifice us."

Thomas calls back, "Don't be stupid, nobody's awake in there. Who's going to see us?"

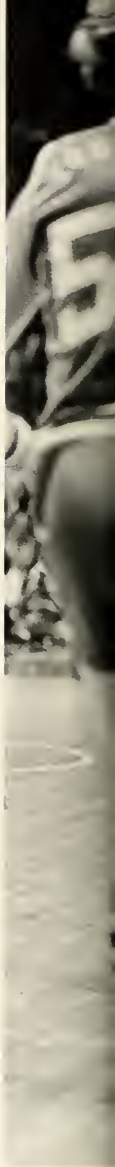
"Suppose somebody wakes up in there. They'll think we're Charles Manson."

"How useless you are," Anne says. "You don't have to come if you don't want to."

"How far is it?"

She raises her arms in mock fury. "How can you always ask such questions?" She takes Thomas's arm. "Come along. If he wants to follow us he can, but I'm not going to miss the entire sunrise trying to convince him he ought to come and watch it."

As they leave Dan shakes his head, smiling. Gimghoul's shadow falls close to him, black and still. Such a long night, so many things crowded together. Some days he feels as if





night is separated from morning by vast distances, and tonight is a time like that. He sniffs the cool air: the dew has fallen and smells sweet. Let the others go as fast as they want to go, he thinks; I'll go as fast as I want to go and see some things they don't.

On the path, though, he finds only rocks and trees, nothing of the sort he is hoping for. He walks further, among trees. He sniffs again, takes deep breaths — can he smell anything? He shakes his head, and walks along the path. Something gleams on the ground. Under damp leaves he finds a ring, a blue stone set in a light web of silver wire. He holds it to the light, touches the stone, polishes the silver on his shirttail. Because he's drunk he's certain it must be worth thousands of dollars. He slips it on his little finger. It's my national championship ring, he thinks. I'll wear it forever, to remember tonight.

He ambles off through the woods, thinking he might find some place to sleep for a while. Dawns are all right as far as he's concerned, keen and natural and all that, but you didn't have to stay up all night to see one, you could just get up early. Careful not to trip over tree roots, he vanishes into leaves and branches, till all that's left of him is the echo of the song he hums.

Ahead, forest begins again, and a new clearing opens round. Here the ground drops off suddenly at one side, so that it seems to Anne and Thomas as if they stand on a cliff-top above some pine-filled valley. Remnants of moonlight drift through the clearing. Out in the murky distance city lights glitter, clustered small and bright near the horizon, colored jewels in a dark crown. "Do you know what lights those are?" Thomas asks.

Anne smiles, lifting her hands from shadow to moonlight. Her face is sleepy drunk, white as cream, all but her eyes, dark and vivid. "It's probably Durham. But the name doesn't matter, does it? Tonight it could be any place."

"It could be Atlanta."

She turns to him, struck by the beauty of his dark face in the moonlight, framed in hair rich as shadows underneath old sycamores. "You'd really like to be there tonight, wouldn't you?"

Then she turns, her face shifting. She blinks as if he has asked her a question, and gestures to the clearing. "Oh, I like this place at night. Don't you? I come here more than I should. The woods are nice to run through down there."

"Do you like to run?"

"Only when I have to."

He smiles, picturing her pale body running through tangles of honeysuckle, hair streaming behind her like a pennant. He asks, "Do you need to run tonight? I might run with you. It sounds like fun."

She considers, as seriously as if they are not both too drunk to stand. She sniffs the night air, shaking her head. "We're both tired," she says. She bows her head to him.

"And I really don't need to run tonight. I've learned new things and I need to think about them. You've shown me the

way basketball affects people. I don't think the basketball is important, but the effect is. I'd like to understand it better."

Thomas's face stills. "I don't believe we lost that game. A team like ours should've beaten Marquette easy."

Anne nods. "It would have been nice for you if we had won. But Southerners never do have much luck when they fight in Atlanta."

He shakes his head, her attempt to joke falls flat. Thomas says, "This year was something special. I had this feeling we really were fated to win. It seemed like somebody had it all planned." He empties his hands from his pockets. "All we had to do was win one more."

"We didn't play that well," Anne says.

"How do you know? You don't understand basketball at all."

She shakes her head, her thick hair swinging. "I can tell when somebody's tired, or when their luck is against them. Those poor boys were running so slowly, and they threw the ball as if it were almost too heavy for them. One of them had

a sore arm."

"Phil Ford."

"Yes of course."

Thomas watches the trees, ragged against the horizon, which is no longer black but deep violet. He starts to answer Anne, but doesn't. He is remembering. All semester he has watched the Tar Heels play, has celebrated with them all the times they won and mourned with them on the few occasions when they lost. He has spent more hours than he could afford waiting in line to get tickets to Carmichael games, has bought countless newspapers to see where the Tar Heels were ranked this week in the polls. He feels now as if he is lost somewhere in that part of time, in those moments under the brilliant auditorium lights where he has watched Walter Davis walk on air, where he has seen Phil Ford rise out of turtle-heavy clusters of players as if his bones were filled with helium; where he has followed the flight of the ball from Mike O'Koren's hands not as if it were being thrown but as if it were leaping into the net. He remembers how John Kuester dives for loose balls as desperately as if they are pieces of his body flying off into space. He remembers the look on Tommy Lagarde's face when he left the court on crutches at his last home game. He understands their pains and disappointments—or has thought he understood them, has at least shared some of them. He feels as if he knows the whole team, so much so that when he sees the players on campus his first impulse is to say hello to them, as if they are old friends. Tonight the hardest thing to believe is that his faith in them has produced only this final loss. He shakes his head each time he thinks of that last deadness, the Marquette supporters beginning their rise as the clock dies and Walter Davis lifts himself alone aloft to make one final basket. He wants never to forget it, tonight.

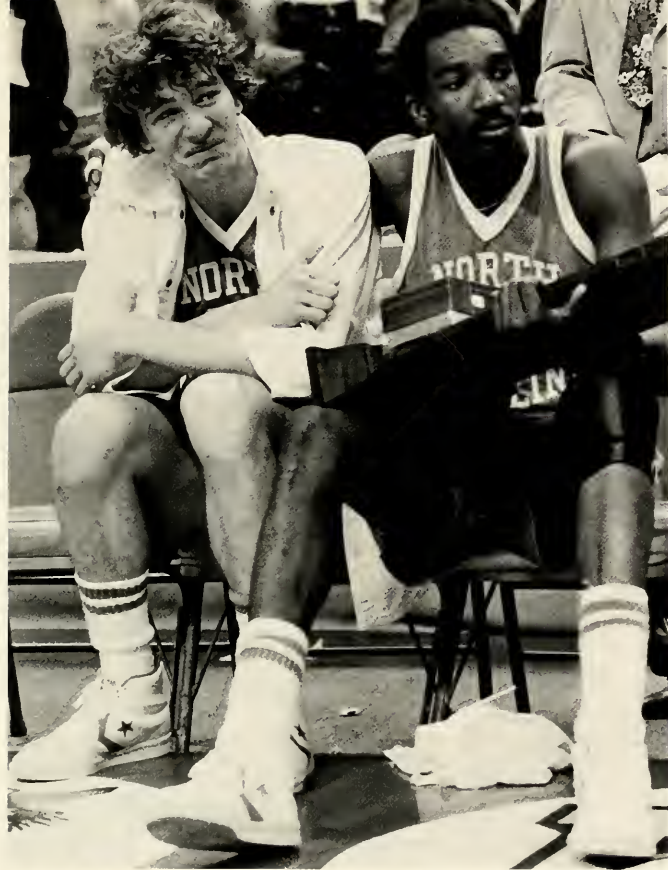
Anne watches as he registers one emotion after another, finding his face more and more beautiful as it changes, as she reads each nuance of expression. She wants to help him, but can think of nothing to say, so little does she understand what he has seen die. Athletics are alien to her, as are the people who watch and worship them. She touches Thomas's arm familiarly, forces him to look at her. Her expression is concerned, slightly quizzical. "You shouldn't brood about it, you should accept it. It's only a game."

He frowns suddenly. "Why do you have to call it a game? It isn't just that, especially not something as important as tonight. We just lost the national championship."

"But that doesn't really mean anything, does it?"

"What do you mean, it doesn't mean anything!" He lifts his arms, helpless to understand how anyone can be so oblivious to the obvious. "It lets everybody know you're





better at playing basketball than anybody else in the country."

"It doesn't mean you play better."

"No. But it's my school."

She shakes her head. "Do you feel a part of this school that way? Rooting for all the little teams to win their little games?"

It seems a waste of time.

"What have you got against sports?"

"Nothing against them. But I think they get far more attention than they deserve. Just look at tonight. Why don't they block off Franklin Street more often? I think it's wonderful that so many people should want to get drunk together but I don't see why they have to do it only when there's a basketball game on television."

"Didn't you enjoy the celebration? You seemed to."

"I enjoyed the people. I celebrated them." Anne laughs like clear chimes. "I'll get drunk with almost anyone."

But I can't claim to have felt a share in the celebrating or mourning or whatever it ended up as. I can't feel like part of anything as trivial as basketball."

Thomas shakes his head, irritated by the quick, blind way she tosses aside a whole segment of the world. "The only thing at this school I feel part of is basketball. I sure don't enjoy my classes. My professors don't give anything, they just mark papers and assign readings and act like they're doing me a favor if they talk to me in their offices five minutes a term. In class I feel like something invisible. But when I go to a basketball game, it's like I belong. Fans are important to a basketball team. You smile as if I'm kidding myself but it's true. When I watched the Maryland game in Carmichael, I felt as if the entire team would do whatever the fans wanted them to, if we could all manage to want hard enough. You can ask Dan, he was there. There was one time when the score was still close and they had the ball, and the fans just decided it was time for us to score, so everybody came up out of their seats, a row at a time, screaming at the top of their lungs; you could feel the walls vibrate. The team must have felt it to because somebody stole the ball, and somebody else scored — it doesn't matter who, because we all made it happen."

Anne smiles. "Now I think I understand. The feeling basketball gives you is the same feeling good poems give me — sometimes unlocking a poem becomes so vivid it's as if you're actually helping to create it along with the poet."

Thomas shakes his head vehemently. "Books are dead. Basketball is alive."

"You're perfectly wrong to say books are dead."

Thomas turns away. He watches the lightning sky, banners of dark clouds stretched from horizon to horizon. In a moment she comes up beside him, smiling, meaning the smile to say *I don't mind if we disagree a little, do you?* They exchange friendly expressions. Yes, they silently agree, at least the night will be peaceful from here on; we will see to that. It is pure peace to stand here on this hill, smelling wet pines and watching the east grow lighter shade by shade.

The distant city lights still gleam bright underneath gray mist. Occasional pinpoint headlights trace paths down the vein-thin highway, through tight-packed banks of trees. Anne can feel Gimghoul at her back — silent, out of place, but somehow timeless, a piece of old ages transplanted — a presence that makes the whole landscape alien, as if the two of them might really be any place, any time. The world seems suddenly amorphous, a gas ball in solid matter. "How beautiful all this seems," Anne murmurs. "I could watch those lights forever. I don't much care if there's a sunrise or not."

Thomas nods. Anne thinks his face is sad. He says, "It's as





if once they go out they won't come back again. But I guess they will, won't they?"

"Tonight they look like fire," Anne says. "Fire burns away and doesn't come back."

Thomas smiles. "They're burning Atlanta."

PART 3: MINOR VISIONS

Dan walks toward voices. From far off he hears Anne's laughter: he can't tell how far because he knows Anne's least giggle can carry as far as the Bell Tower chimes. His hair is matted with pine needles and twigs cling to his sweater. Somewhere in the woods he has fallen asleep, the blue ring on his finger appearing in a dream he has. He is watching a basketball game where the balls are solid turquoise and the hoops are wrought silver. The prize for winning is Dan's ring, which he is forced to present to Marquette instead of to his own team. The last thing he remembers is the look on Dean Smith's face when the ring disappears on the hand of the Marquette coach. This wakes Dan. He lies on the ground suddenly heavy, remembering the basketball game, knowing he is still drunk.

He hears Anne and Thomas clearly now, soft voices that must be close by, the sound still warm from the throat. Through a stand of cape myrtle he sees a clearing.

Thomas hears him first, and peers into the trees. Anne asks, "Is that actually Dan? Did he get the nerve to follow us, after all?"

"If it's him he must have walked the long way around."

Dan stops close to an old oak, hands in his pockets, looking as if he's been drunk for three days. Anne asks, "Have you been rolling in ditches?"

"No, I've been eating pine needles. They're good for your fiber content. I read an article about it in *Time* magazine."

Thomas says, "You've been ignoring your friends. We came here to watch the sunrise together, not to take naps under trees."

Dan made an elaborate show of looking east. "Did I miss the sunrise? Why didn't one of you come and find me, you know how I hate to miss sunrises." He smiles into the slow-rising light. "What have you two been talking about?" "I could hear you half a mile into the woods."

Thomas scrapes his heel free of mud on the stones. "We were talking about the game."

Dan forces his hands deep into his pockets. "I wish they would have let us win." He can feel the ring pressing the fabric, the stone hard and smooth. He thinks of the pennants in Carmichael Auditorium, how this year will be reduced to







the words NCAA 2ND PLACE, white letters on a blue field. "But we didn't win," he says, evenly. "That's all there is to it."

From far off a car horn blares. The horizon is bright enough that he can distinguish deep blues and golds along clouds. A pale mist rolls like an intruding tide; the lights glitter at the horizon, last stars fallen to earth. "What lights do you think those are?" Dan asks.

"Thomas asked that already. It's Durham."

He smiles. "Is it really?"

"You're being difficult this morning, Daniel."

"No I'm not."

"Maybe you should have stayed in your tree," Thomas says. "We were doing fine till you came along."

"I only asked you where the lights come from." He shakes his head in the heavy, sweet air, his hair a halo of black. "They're too pretty to be Durham. They must be from something better."

Thomas crosses his arms. "Maybe you can tell us what they are, since you're so altogether wise this morning."

Dan smiles slowly. "I bet you would think Atlanta, tonight."

Something alters — becomes deeply still — in Thomas's face. He watches the lights, not thinking of Dan or Anne now — the lights seem less distant as the morning becomes more full. "This could have been such a good morning," he says.

Dan shakes his head. "The sun wouldn't have come up one bit differently."

"How poetic," Anne says, giggling.

Dan frowns. "What I said was true, whether you like the way I said it or not. It would have been nice to win. We could have partied all night instead of moping around like we were all at an Irish wake. But that's about all the real difference it would have made."

Thomas smiles. "Just last week you were running around all over campus talking about nothing but basketball. Listen to you now."

Dan looks at Thomas a moment. "Winning is just a drug," he says. "It feels real good for a while, but it wears off."

Anne giggles again. "Does it give you a hangover?"

Thomas turns. "You think you know so much but you're just being a hypocrite, Dan. One minute with me you like basketball, and the next, with your intellectual friends, you don't."


"Consistency is for margarine," Dan says. Then he laughs, lifting his arms. "I still love basketball. It's like ballet with a ball, and Walter Davis is the prima ballerina."

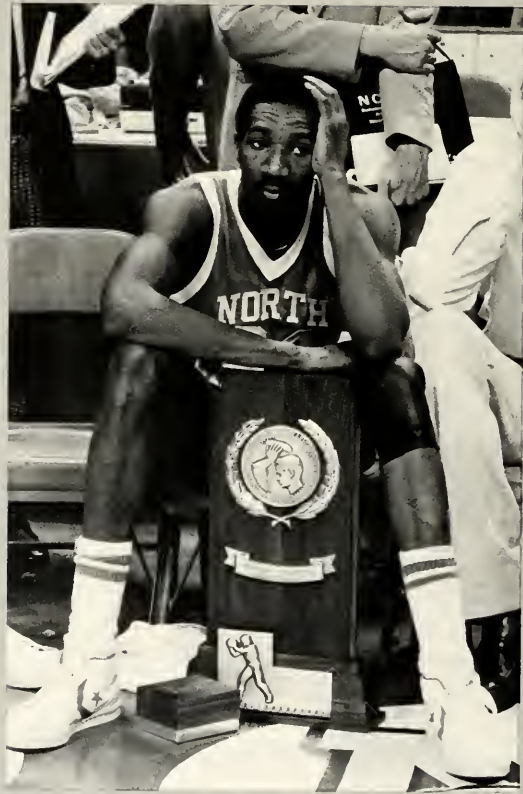
"He has a cute behind," Anne says. "I happened to notice that on television."

Thomas snorts and turns away. "Can we go now? I don't want to see this sunrise after all."

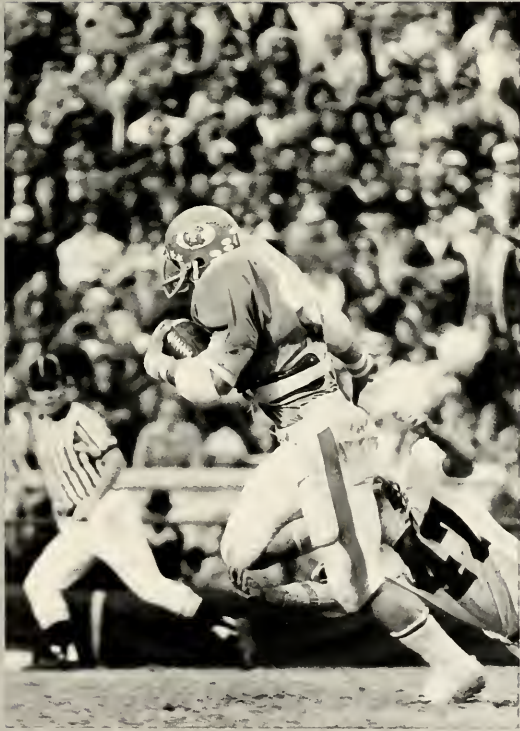
"But we came up here and stayed awake all this time to see the damn thing," Dan says; but Anne gestures him silent, indicating the lights. "Do you really want to be here when those go out?"

A moment later they begin the slow march up the still-dark path, past the castle, down gaunt lanes of trees. On the path Thomas mutters "I could sleep for a month and still wake up feeling like shit."

Then he straightens, and smiles at Dan and Anne, and takes their shoulders in his hands. Together they begin to walk again, each happy, thinking they're lucky the long night has chosen to end here, so pleasantly. But for some reason Anne turns to face the east again, and Dan and Thomas turn together, in time to watch the horizon a full heartbeat before the first finger of sun bursts over the earth's soft curve. There, beautiful and dreadful in one instant, the vision Atlanta leavens before them, lights rising to the clouds. 



FOOTBALL







Bill Dooley's 1976 Tar Heels will well be remembered as the team that almost beat itself to death before the season ever started.

Injuries robbed Carolina of its top three quarterbacks, along with star defensive tackle Rod Broadway and tailback Carey Casey, before the team ever entered Kenan Stadium in its season opener against then nationally-ranked Miami of Ohio. With Mike Voight at less than full speed, hopes that the team would better its lousy 3-7-1 showing for 1975 were running low.

But Carolina beat Miami of Ohio, 14-10, in a game that saw wingback Mel Collins score on a 69 yard trick play and a nine-yard pass from quarterback Bernie Menapace.

Then Carolina beat Florida, also nationally-ranked at the time. That game ended up 24-21, with too many Carolina heroes to name. In a pattern repeated throughout the season, Carolina's offense and defense hemmed and hawed, but did what had to be done to win.

The pattern of injuries was to continue as well, however, with the loss of both middle guard Roger Shonosky and offensive tackle Tommy Burkett before mid-season. But Carolina kept winning. The defense posted a 12-0 shutout over Northwestern, and Mike Voight scored four touchdowns the following week to beat Army, 34-32.

Then came a trip to Big Eight country, where the Tar Heels lost their first game to a Missouri team that also defeated Southern Cal, Ohio State, Nebraska and Colorado.

But the regular season loss Carolina fans will remember longest came the following week at home, at the hands of arch-rival N.C. State. Before a capacity crowd, the Wolfpack, in the midst of its worst season in years, managed to pull things together long enough to shave the Tar Heels, 21-13.

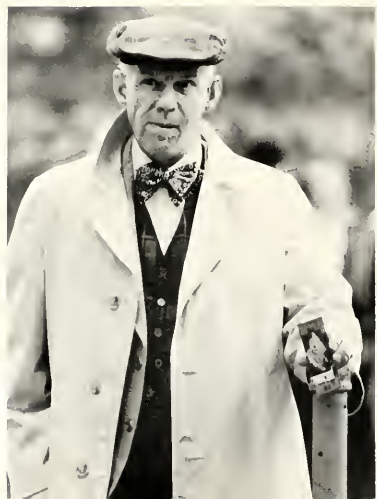
After back-to-back defeats, with 20th ranked East Carolina coming to Kenan Stadium the following week, Tar Heel fans were worried a little. Perhaps the list of injuries was simply too long, and the team too dispirited from its losses, to handle the barbarians from the east.

In answer, Carolina quietly defeated ECU 12-10 without scoring a single touchdown. Tom Biddle kicked three field goals, and Jeff Arnold added another. From that game on, the Tar Heels themselves knew they were winners, and proved it to everybody by defeating Wake Forest 34-14, Clemson 26-23, Virginia 31-6 and Duke 39-38.

The Duke game was by all accounts the best ever in the long series between the two schools. In his last scheduled game as a Tar Heel, tailback Mike Voight rushed for 261 yard and four touchdowns, falling just 29 yards shy of 4,000 career yards.

The Tar Heels, 9-2 for the season, received an invitation to the Peach Bowl in Atlanta. Voight, finishing his career as the all-time leading rusher in the ACC, was named ACC Player of the Year for the second straight season. He was joined on the All-ACC team by guard Craig Funk, defensive tackle Dee Hardison, defensive end Bill Perdue, return specialist Delbert Powell and safety Ronny Johnson.

But injuries had the last word. On the eve of the Peach Bowl, during practice, Voight stepped into a pothole on the Georgia Tech playing field. His sprained ankle kept him out of his last amateur game, and the Tar Heels, now offensively impotent, were crushed by Kentucky, 21-0.









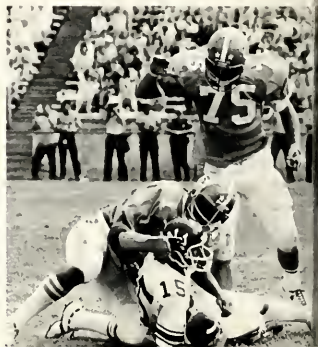




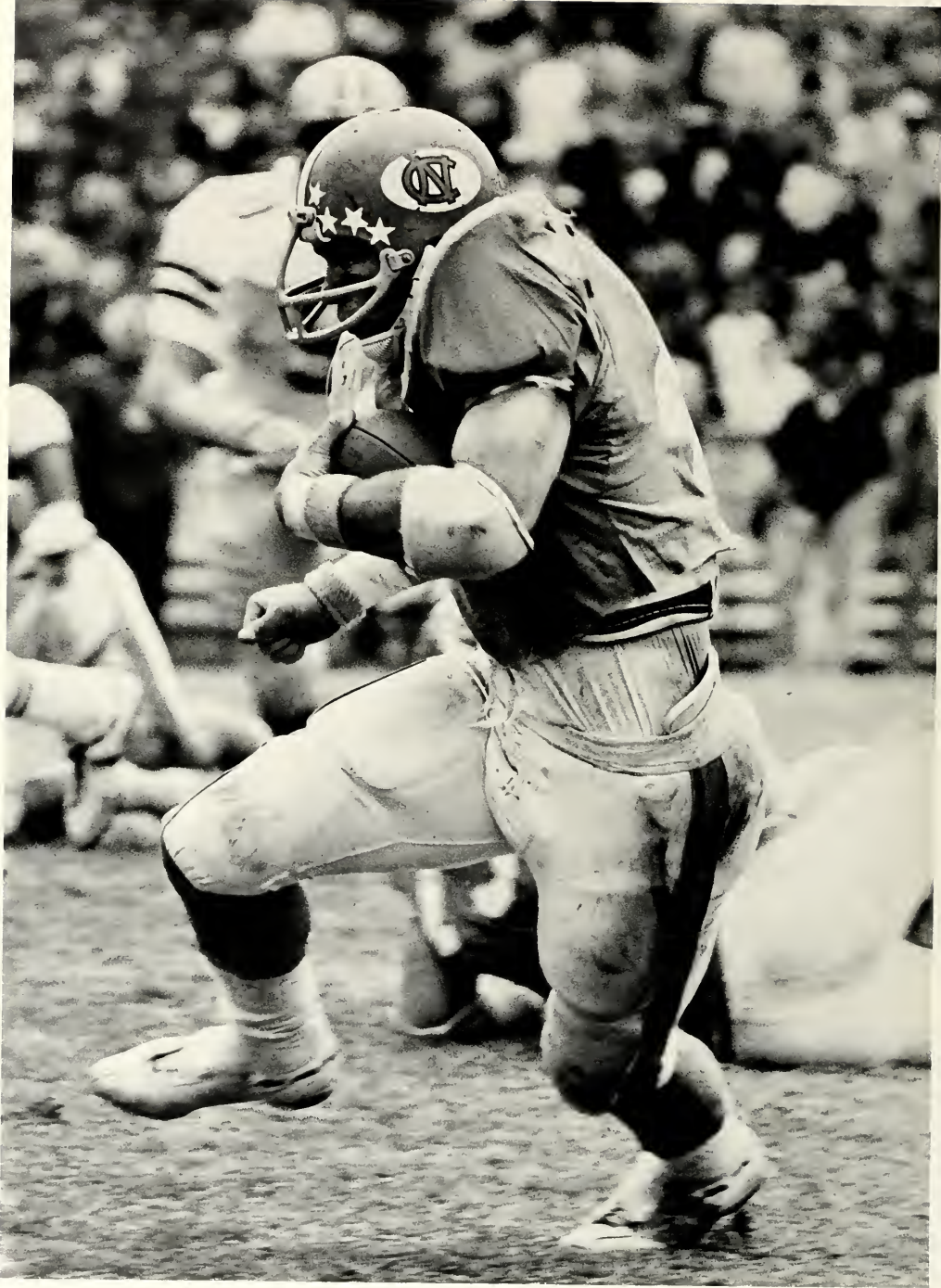
Sheri Parks, homecoming queen













VOIGHT

Fifth-leading rusher in NCAA history

Mike Voight played the Space Cowboy, the Tar Heel running machine, fifth-leading rusher in NCAA history. Mike Voight could run through holes nobody else even saw. Mike Voight scored three more touchdowns in his four seasons than Charlie Justice did when he was here. Mike Voight gained more yards than Don McCauley. Mike Voight gained over a thousand yards for three straight seasons. Nobody ever did that here before.

Mike Voight liked to play football, but he didn't like coaches much. One time Mike Voight told a reporter, "When people ask me what I think of Bill Dooley I tell them that I try not to. We've got our differences. College football is a business and Dooley is a good businessman. I didn't really care whether Dooley pushed for me or not. I just cared about the team."

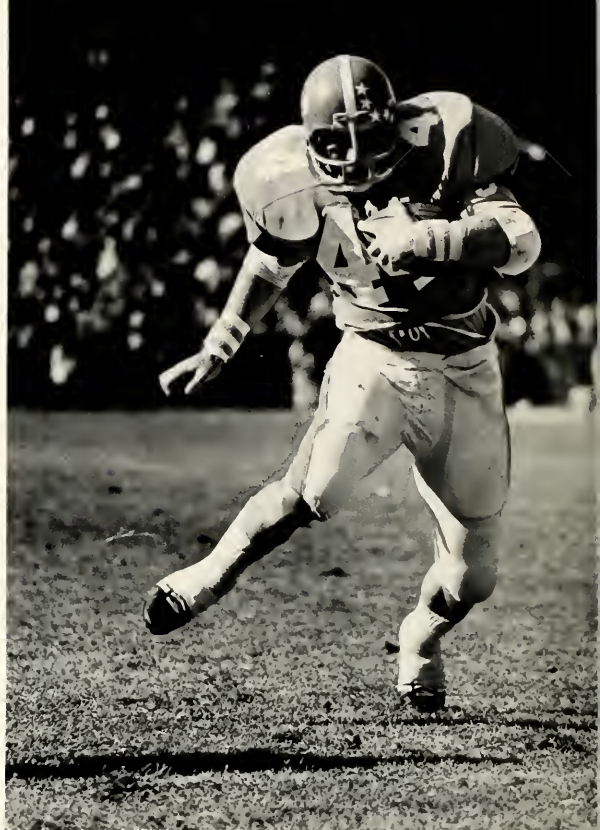
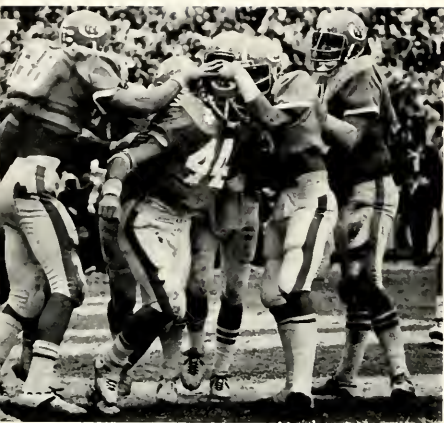
When Mike Voight sprained his ankle before the Peach Bowl, there were a lot of sad people in Chapel Hill. Everybody knew Mike Voight was the backbone of the Carolina offense, and everybody was afraid we would lose with him out of the game.

We did.

A few of the Kentucky players claimed Voight's presence couldn't have any difference.

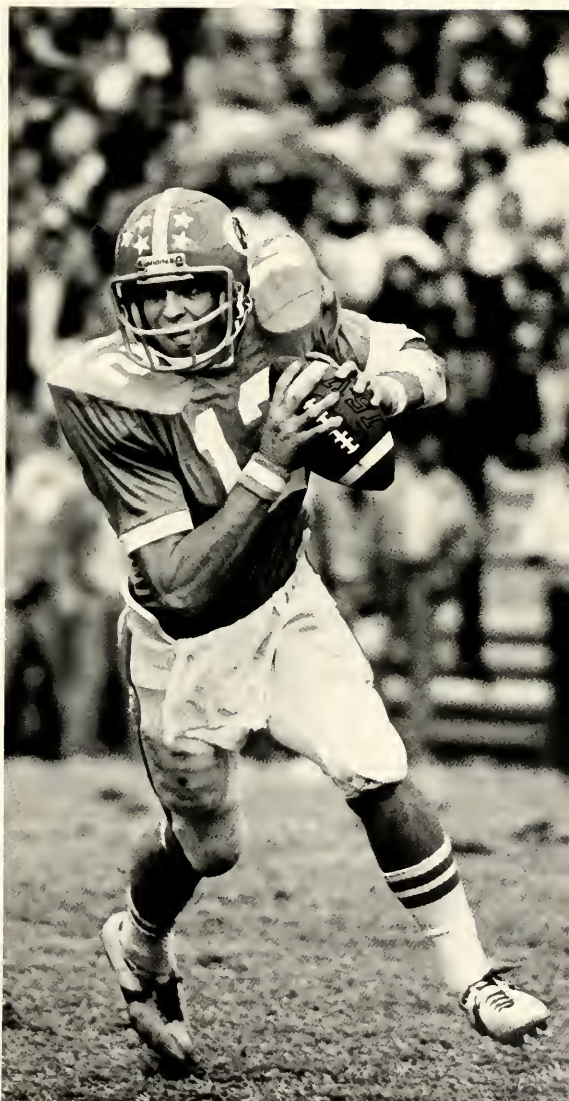
We knew better.

Mike Voight doesn't play college football any more. But you'll hear his name a lot around here this year, just the same. Big people create big vacuums when they leave. Mike Voight is still Mike Voight somewhere else; but around here, Mike Voight is history.



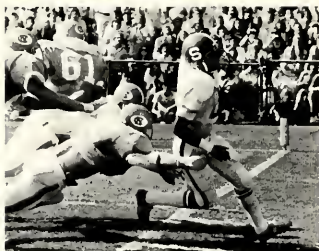


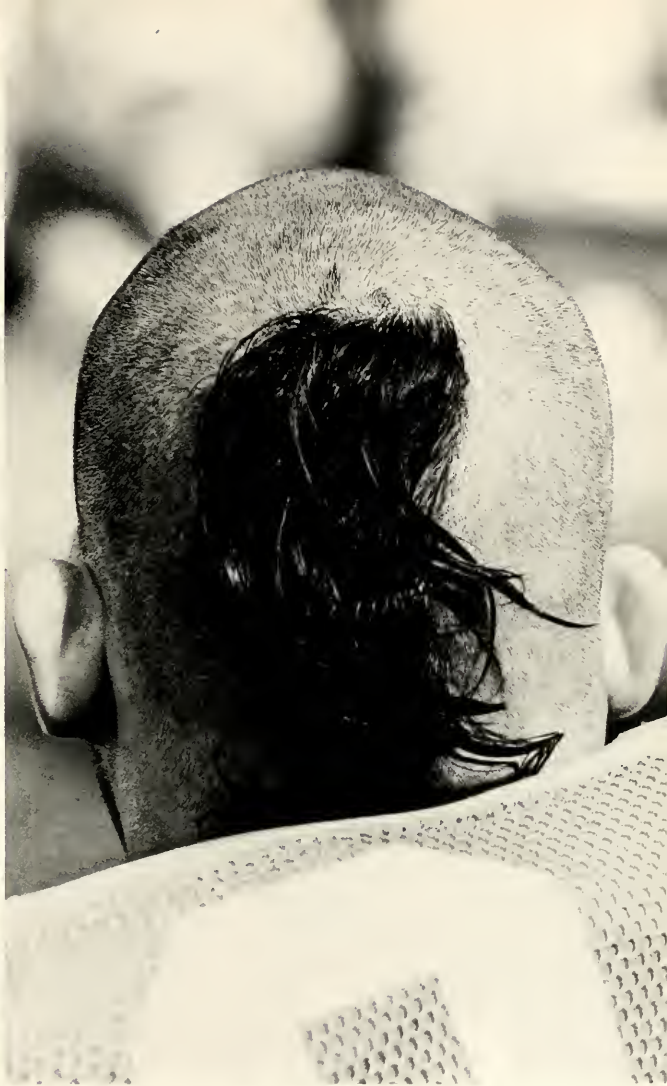






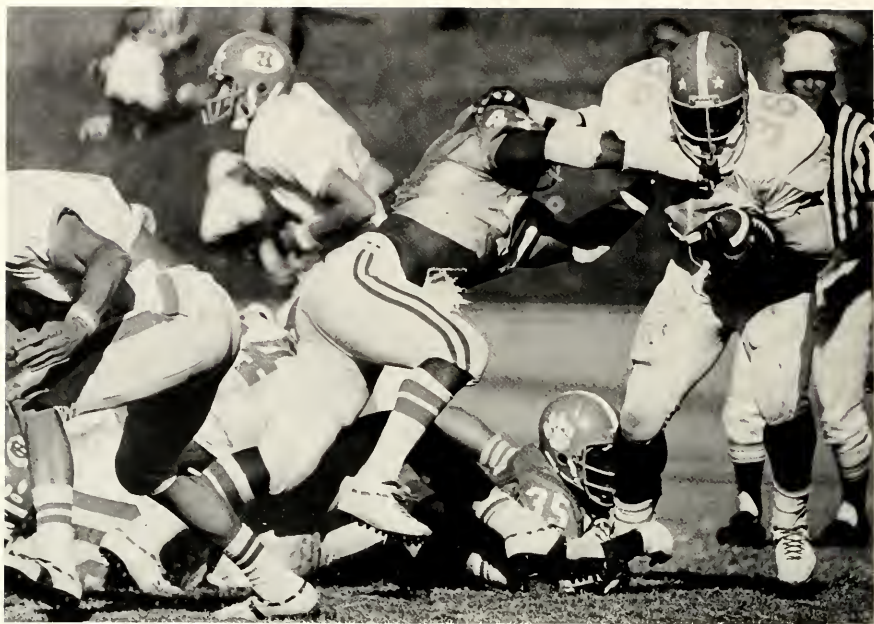




















FOOTBALL

TEAM	UNC	OPP
Miami of Ohio	14	10
Florida	24	21
Northwestern	12	0
Army	34	32
Missouri	3	24
N.C. State	13	21
East Carolina	12	10
Wake Forest	34	14
Clemson	27	23
Virginia	31	6
Duke	39	38
Kentucky	0	21
RECORD 9-3	ACC 4-1	







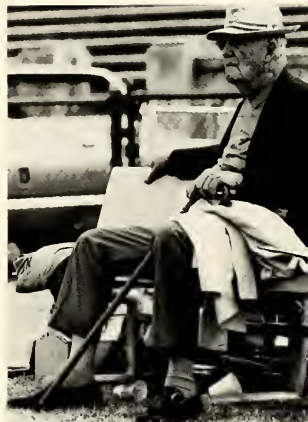




OTHER SPORTS





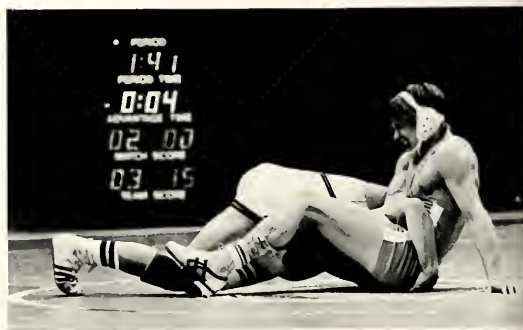


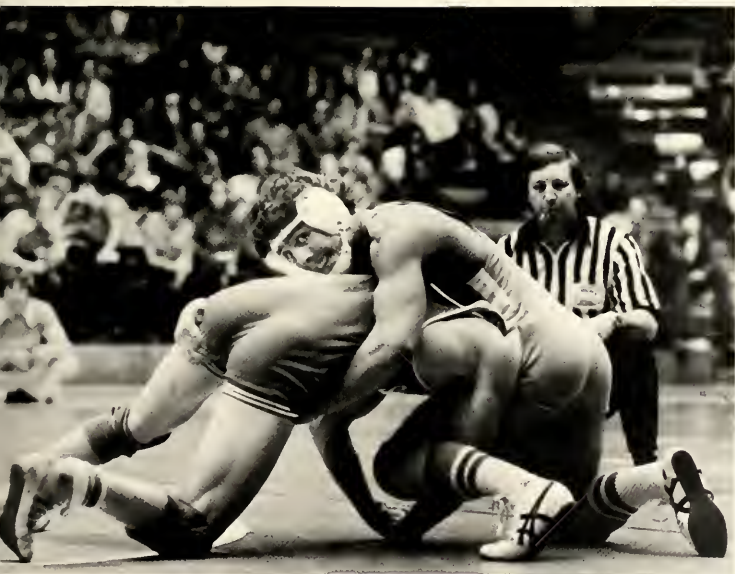
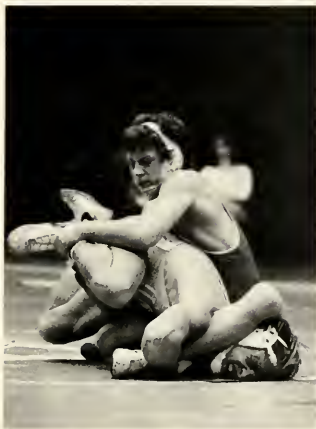
JV FOOTBALL



WRESTLING

TEAM	UNC	OPP
Clemson	53	2
Richmond	36	5
Citadel	51	0
Pembroke	46	0
Florida Tech	24	14
Lehigh	16	27
Wilkes	8	29
N.C. State	16	15
Navy	9	26
Yale	22	10
East Carolina	14	22
Duke	23	17
Maryland	30	9
N.C. State	12	25
Virginia Tech	24	17
Virginia	22	13
RECORD 11-5 ACC 5-1		





GYMNASTICS

TEAM	UNC	OPP
Florida	120.5	120.0
Duke	125.45	63.75
Longwood College	125.45	97.09
Appalachian	110.0	95.0
Md.-Baltimore	123.05	85.65
Towson State	125.05	135.7
Madison College	125.4	125.35
South Carolina	123.15	98.05
Winthrop	123.15	50.55
Georgia	127.43	110.74

RECORD 8-1





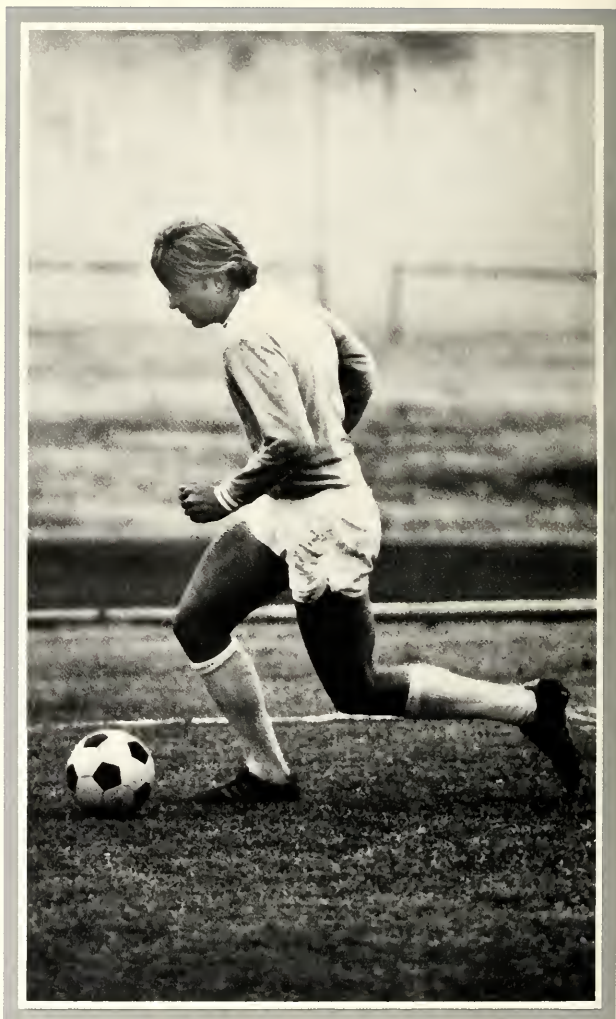
FIELD HOCKEY

TEAM	UNC	OPP
Pfeiffer	6	2
Appalachian	2	0
East Carolina	8	0
Catawba	6	0
Duke	1	2
Virginia	1	3
UNC-G	3	5
Wake Forest	2	2
High Point	2	3
RECORD 4-4-1		



SOCCER

TEAM	UNC	OPP
Belmont Abbey	8	1
UNC-Wilmington	5	0
Davidson	3	0
Lynchburg	1	2
East Carolina	3	0
Howard	0	2
Virginia	2	1
UNCC	7	0
Furman	1	0
N.C. State	4	1
Maryland	1	0
Duke	0	1
Clemson	0	8
RECORD 9-5 ACC 2-3		





JV SOCCER





VOLLEYBALL





CROSS COUNTRY

TEAM	UNC	OPP
Maryland	22	33
N.C. State	22	37
Virginia	17	42
Duke	25	32
Clemson	19	41

RECORD: 5-0 ACC: 5-0

WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

TEAM	UNC	OPP
Appalachian	70	62
Virginia	60	54
N.C. State	58	71
Winthrop	71	64
Peace	59	54
High Point	72	74
East Carolina	81	64
Charleston	48	70
Clemson	59	79
UNC-G	95	75
Old Dominion	56	66
Appalachian	70	76
Eastern Kentucky	58	72
Tennessee Tech	67	90
UNC-G	74	45
Ohio State	68	85
Virginia	59	71
Wake Forest	92	54
Madison	67	69
East Carolina	67	68
N.C. State	62	74
Appalachian	65	76
East Carolina	74	76
Maryland	68	83

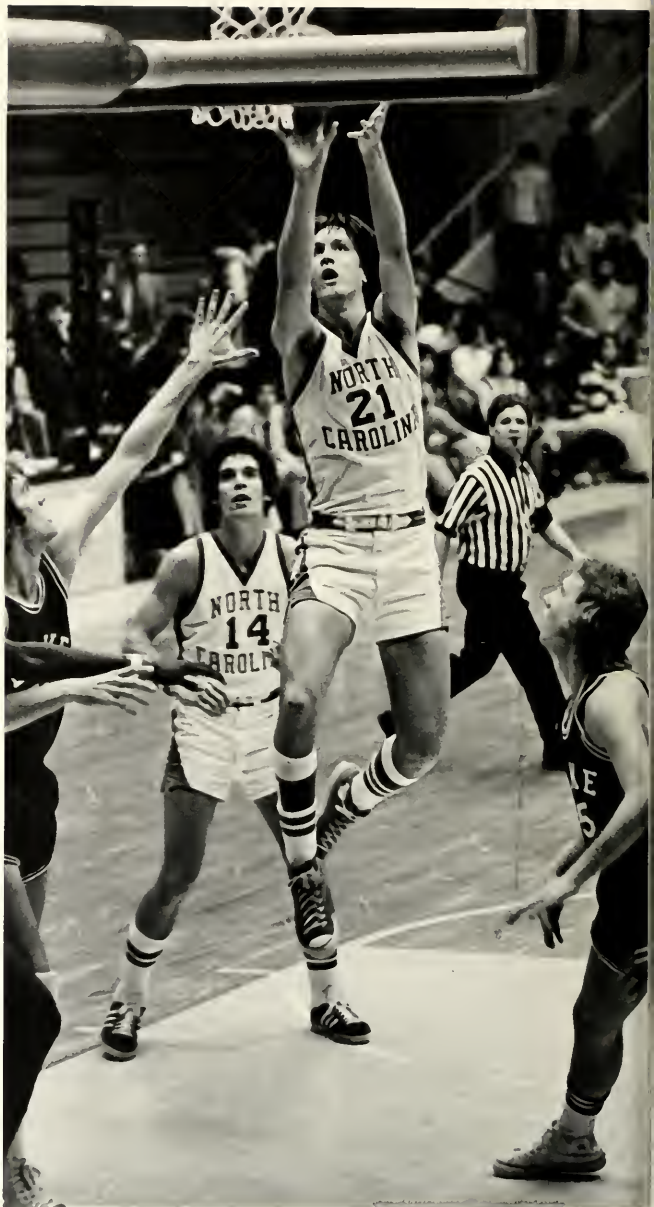
RECORD 8-16

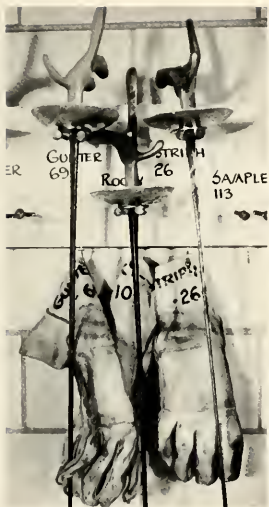






JV BASKETBALL





FENCING

MEN'S

TEAM	UNC	OPP
Duke	22	5
N.C. State	21	6
Pennsylvania	6	11
Clemson	16	11
Clemson	17	10
Virginia	24	3
William & Mary	19	8
Maryland	16	11
Duke	21	6
CCNY	22	5
St. Johns	14	13
N.C. State	ACC 7-1	forfeit

RECORD 10-2 ACC 7-1 (CHAMPIONS)

WOMEN'S

TEAM	UNC	OPP
N.C. State	8	8
Pennsylvania	6	10
Clemson	10	6
Ohio State	9	7
Clemson	9	7
Virginia	11	5
William & Mary	14	2
Maryland	10	6
Randolph Macon	12	4
Madison College	7	9

RECORD 7-3



WOMEN'S SWIMMING

TEAM	UNC	OPP
Duke	84	47
East Carolina	89	42
Virginia	77	54
N.C. State	51	72
RECORD 3-1		





MEN'S SWIMMING		
TEAM	UNC	OPP
Duke	57	56
Tennessee	50	61
Wake Forest	65	46
East Carolina	65	48
Virginia	68	45
Auburn	39	74
N.C. State	21	92
RECORD 4-3 ACC 3-1		



SOFTBALL

TEAM	UNC	OPP
N.C. Central	15	6
N.C. Central	11	13
Appalachian	0	4
UNC-G	13	6
Campbell	2	4
Campbell	2	4
Elon College	3	8
Guilford	13	1
UNC-G	0	8
Appalachian	4	13
N.C. A&T	3	1
UNC-G	1	11
UNC-G	5	6
Guilford	22	7
Guilford	17	6
Catawba	10	2
Appalachian	5	2
N.C. State	4	18
UNC-G	2	6
Campbell	5	3
Campbell	3	4
N.C. State	2	6
N.C. State	1	2
N.C. Central	18	2
N.C. Central	10	7
Elon College	7	15
Campbell	8	11
N.C. State	2	6
N.C. State	1	5
Catawba	11	3
Livingstone	13	2
RECORD	13-18	



BASEBALL

TEAM	UNC	OPP
Stetson	5	7
Rollins	2	5
Florida Southern	2	3
South Florida	5	4
South Florida	3	2
Jacksonville	2	4
Georgia Southern	7	8
Atlantic Christian	13	0
Western Carolina	3	1
Western Carolina	2	3
Old Dominion	11	1
High Point	3	0
Campbell	5	6
East Carolina	3	5
Methodist	5	4
N.C. State	2	1
South Carolina	3	2
South Carolina	9	6
Duke	4	1
Madison	2	4
Elon College	12	3
UNC-Wilmington	6	1
Maryland	3	2
N.C. State	2	1
South Carolina	0	3
Wake Forest	3	8
Clemson	0	14
Clemson	3	9
Duke	13	2
Wake Forest	4	6
Virginia	3	8
Virginia	7	4
Maryland	10	11
N.C. State	5	6

RECORD 18-17 ACC 6-6



MEN'S GOLF

ACC Champions





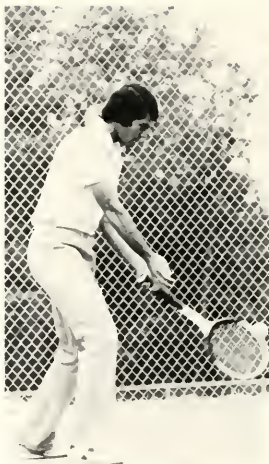
WOMEN'S GOLF

TEAM	UNC	CPP
Appalachian	7	5
Duke	339	347
East Carolina	340	404
Appalachian	335	351
Duke	335	350
Wake Forest	335	365
East Carolina	335	385
RECORD: 6-0		

MEN'S TENNIS

TEAM	UNC	OPP
Penn State	9	0
West Virginia	9	0
Furman	9	0
Tenn.-Chattanooga	6	1
Guilford	9	0
Notre Dame	9	0
Dartmouth	9	0
Miami of Ohio	8	1
Richmond		by forfeit
Iowa	9	0
High Point	9	0
Princeton	8	1
MIT	9	0
Clemson	5	4
N.C. State	7	2
Miami	4	5
Virginia	9	0
Hampton Institute	6	3
Maryland	9	0
Wake Forest	5	4
Wisconsin	9	0
South Carolina	7	2
Duke	6	3

RECORD 22-1 Acc 6-0 (CHAMPIONS)



WOMEN'S TENNIS

FALL

TEAM	UNC	OPP
Tenn.-Chattanooga	7	2
N.C. State	9	0
Mary Baldwin	6	3
Georgia	8	1
Auburn	8	1
Mississippi University for Women	7	2
Duke	5	4
Virginia	4	5
RECORD 7-1		

SPRING

TEAM	UNC	OPP
South Carolina	5	4
Yale	3	6
Florida	3	6
Princeton	2	7
Virginia	5	4
Furman	7	2
Duke	5	4
RECORD 5-4		





TRACK

WOMEN'S INDOOR

TEAM	UNC	OPP
N.C. State	36	21
East Carolina	36	16

RECORD 2-0

MEN'S OUTDOOR

TEAM	UNC	OPP
Richmond	73	77
Duke	76	20
N.C. State	76	91

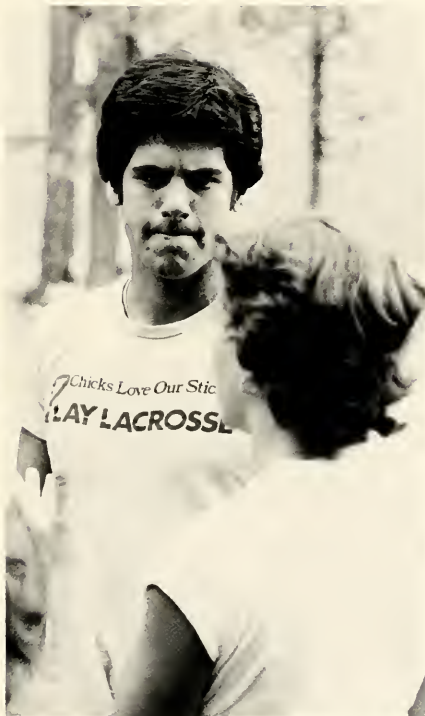
RECORD 1-2
ACC 1-1

MEN'S INDOOR

TEAM	UNC	OPP
N.C. State	53	68
Duke	53	3
South Carolina	81	16
East Carolina	81	49
Duke	83	39
N.C. Central	83	15
William & Mary	74	52

RECORD 5-1
ACC 2-1





LACROSSE

TEAM	UNC	OPP
Maryland	6	14
Virginia	7	15
N.C. State	16	10
Towson State	19	7
Penn State	18	14
Washington & Lee	7	13
VPI	23	5
Roanoke	13	5
Duke	12	7
Massachusetts	12	10
Air Force	21	7
RECORD 8-3		
ACC. 2-2		



FOOTBALL CLUB

RUGBY CLUB





ICE HOCKEY CLUB

C R E W C L U B





PARACHUTE CLUB



TRACK CLUB













Flesh

In which Dixie appears,
with Greek chorus



ROB'S CONFESSION

Rob dipped his head underwater and opened his eyes. Water pressed cool and even on his skin, tickling his ears. He gazed up at the astounding play of light, the blue glass diamond sparkling mixture of water and brightness, clouds tormented out of shape by shifting liquid; he shook his head again and again, in wonder. She'd said yes. Overhead the light spun and he felt his hair spinning too, whirlpools of hair and water; she said she would go out with him. He exploded into the open air and heard girls laughing, and shouted, "Jesus Christ! I'm born again!"

"You look like a pure fool," Dixie said.

"I don't care what I look like right now."

"Well I haven't said I'd marry you, I only said I'd let you buy my dinner and take me to a movie. If you act like an idiot over that you'd probably die on the spot if I tried to give you anything."



He leaned against the side of the pool and thought of something clever to say. "Well if you tried to give me something that was nice I'd probably take it."

She touched his arm, propped on the pool edge, with both her hands. Her palm flesh warmed his swollen muscle — she looked at him suggestively — she squeezed his arm — and then poured her coke over his head. He laughed, dipped his head underwater again and slung the water up at her, delighted with the purity of her squeal. She stood on her knees beside the pool. "You aren't quite civilized, are you?"

He laughed again. "I might could be, if it suited me."

"Well, if you take me anywhere, you'd better mind your manners, open the car door real nice, and pull out my chair at the restaurant. No spitting in the ashtray."

"Aren't you liberated?"

"Depends on what you mean. Try *telling* me to do something."

"Well, I can't open the car door for you, because I don't have a car."

Dixie put her hands on her hips. "You don't have a *car*?"

"Nope."

She examined her nails. "Well, lucky for us I have one. Though the girls just won't believe it when I tell them I'm seeing this guy that



doesn't even have a *car*." Behind her, the girls in question — all sunbathing — giggled their amazement at Dixie. Dixie said, "I mean this is the twentieth century. Do you ride a *horse*?"

"No."

"Well what do you do?"

"Most of the time I walk."

"Walk?" She gave him such an amazed look that he became afraid she wasn't joking. He said hurriedly, "My roommate has a car."

Dixie turned to the girls. "His *roommate* has a car."

"Hey, what's wrong with that?"

"Does he ever let you borrow it?"

"Sure . . . sometimes."

She said to the girls, "*Sometimes* he can borrow his *roommate's* car."

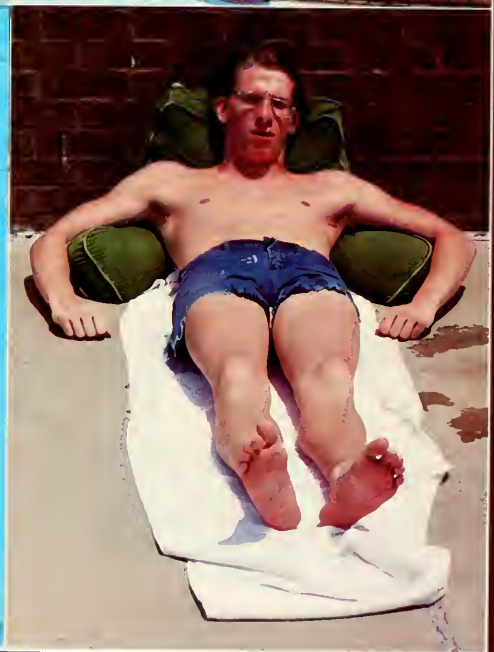
Rob blushed a little. "You're getting mean. I can't help it if I don't have a car."

She threw up her hands in mock fury. "This is America, land of opportunity! Invest in stock, make a huge fortune! Invent something! What kind of man are you?"

He grinned. It had dawned on him she was definitely joking. "I'm man enough to take you on."

She lifted her coke over his head again, saying, "He did it again girls. He insulted my honor."





"It's coke to the rescue!" the chorus said.
"Hit him right between the thighs!"

"O ye gods!" Dixie turned her face to clouds,
annointing his head with coke.

"Hey watch that. I'll have to wash my hair."

She gave him a suspicious look, asking
darkly, "Don't you wash it *now*?"

He rinsed his hair again. "Why don't you
come in and swim with me?"

"Not today. I don't want to get my suit wet
again."

"If you'll swim with me I'll put suntan lotion
on your back, like you let me do yesterday."

"That sounds like a proposition to me."

"Well, if you don't want me to put lotion on
your back, then don't swim with me."

She leaned toward him on one arm and said,
in a husky voice, "I'm considering it."

He laughed. She looked thoughtful. He
twiddled his fingers in the water. She still
looked thoughtful. "Don't take all day," he
said.

She cocked her head. "You'll have to
promise to leave my bathing suit top alone.
Yesterday you messed with it all the time. It
got irritating."

"I'll leave it alone today."

She cocked her head the other way. "Maybe
it's too hot to swim. Do you girls think it
might be too hot to swim? I wouldn't want to
get a stroke."

Before the girls could answer, Rob touched
her thigh, gazing at her with the sudden
earnesty of a child. "If you'll come in here I'll
tell you something I've been wanting to tell
you all day long."

"What is it?" she asked.

He looked away. "I'll only tell you if you
come into the pool."

She became suddenly serious, sliding





silently into the water. He felt how warm her body was along his. "Tell me now," she said.

He whispered to her. She gave him a stupefied look, and tried to move away from him. But he whispered in her ear again, and she gazed into the water, perfectly motionless.

THE CHORUS INTERVENES


*A persuasion against love
at first sight*

No Dixie, don't say it! Kid, we already *know* what he told you. We can read it on your face plain as smeared mascara. Dixie, you're out of your head. Sure this guy has a great body, but we don't think he looks nearly as sensitive as Robert Redford did in *The Way We Were*; and besides, you hardly know him. Come out of the water before you shrink up like a prune. You're upsetting the whole tanning process by staying in that pool. Oh, we know how you feel. Haven't we all been in love before? You're overwhelmed by his masculine charms, and who can blame you? Just look at his muscles, he's like King Kong shaved all over. The girls at Double Delta will just squeal when you tell them the size of his bicep. But Dixie, you *can't* let yourself be fooled by love at first sight. You have to make him *suffer*. For all you know, it isn't the real you he loves, it's just your shade of lip gloss. Pretty girls like us attract a lot of jerks. Suppose he's a sex maniac? He's been eyeing your boobs all afternoon; he'll probably try to get you in the sack the first time he takes you out. With these guys it's sex, sex, sex; and boy can we tell you how that goes: it's like you're the kleenex and he's the sneeze. A man is a naturally dirty creature, always leaving his little messes around for a woman to tidy up. We're not saying you can't trust him. We're just saying you have to give him time to prove himself worthy of joining you on your pedestal. Listen



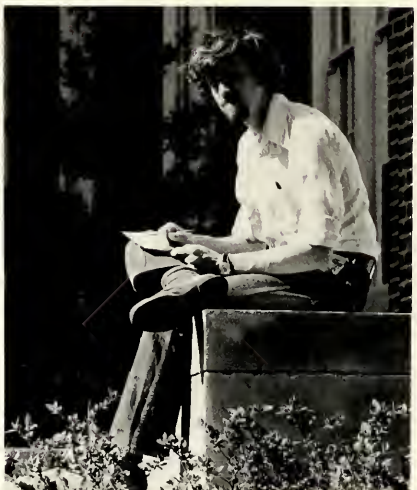
Dixie honey, the set is coming out of your hair, and you know you don't stand a chance at this pool without that Farrah Fawcett-Majors look. Do you want to spend the rest of your life ironing jock straps? He's about to kiss you right here in public, and I bet you anything he tries to stick his nasty old tongue in your mouth.

DIXIE'S REPLY

He started to put his arm around her, to pull her close — but she moved away from him, again eyeing him cautiously. He cocked his head and walked slowly toward her through the water, touching her side lightly with his fist. Finally she smiled, a curiously hesitant smile; and a singing began in Rob's ears, as if he were underwater again. He could see she was about to say something. She raised her hand almost to his face, a light breaking into her eyes like the splintering of light around a diamond; she smiled at him and asked, "Do you always walk around with such a  stupid look on your face?"

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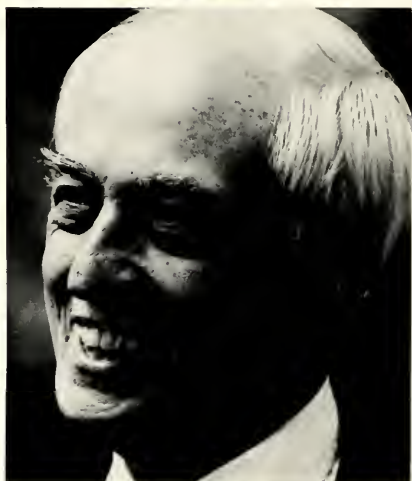
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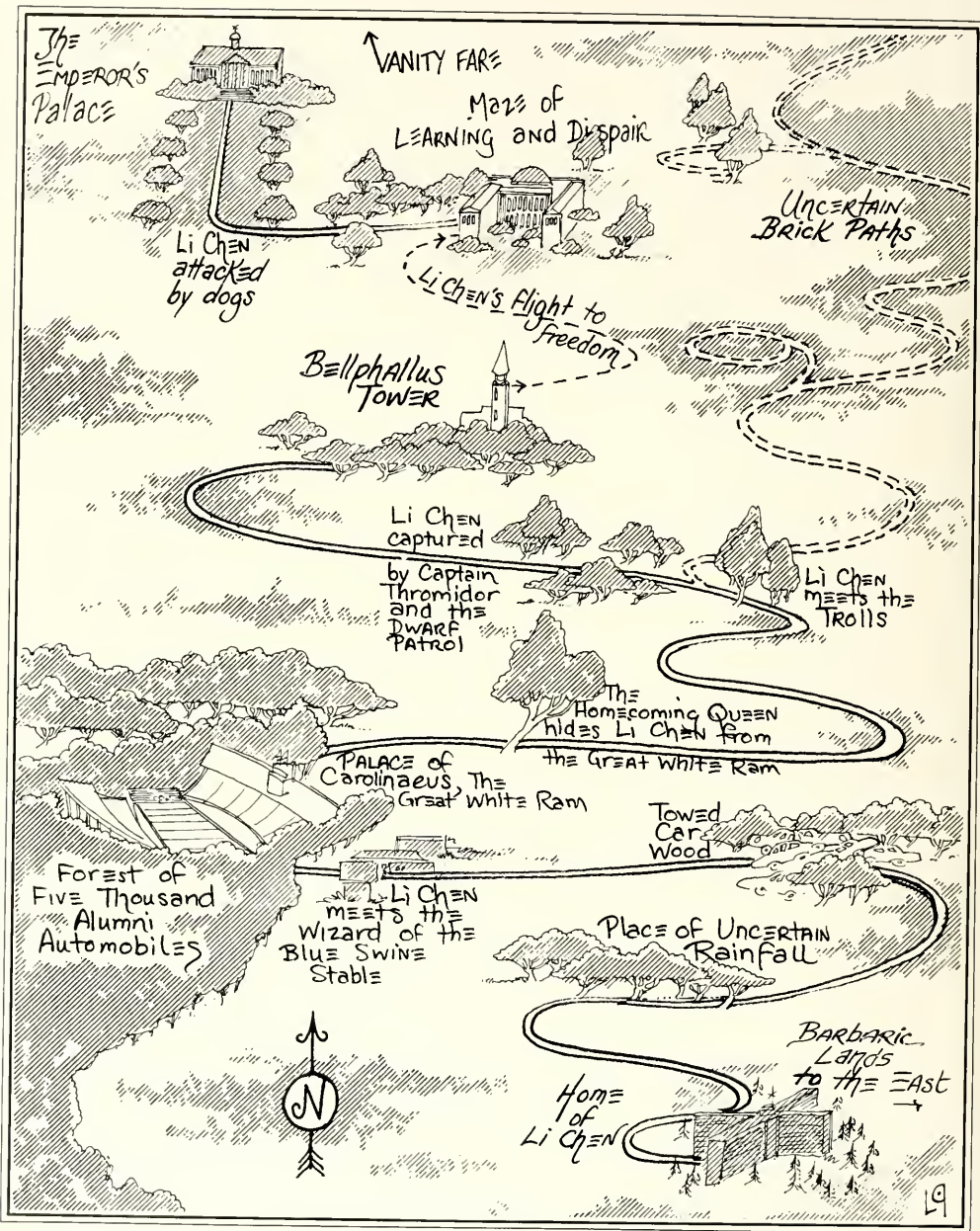
AMOCO AWARDS

LOUIS ROUND WILSON



CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION



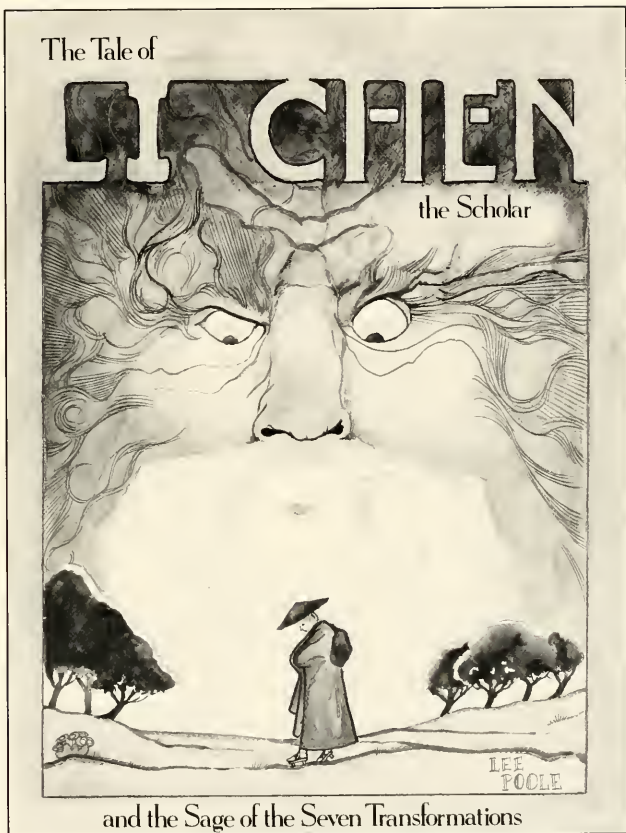


CHAPTER 1: Once upon a time a poor scholar named Li Chen set out on a journey to South Building, to take the Last Annual Examinations administered by the Emperor Fu Thing, of the stone countenance. Many adventures befell our hero on his journey, and I would like to tell you about them, since they happened so long ago and likely will not recur in this inferior present age of mortals.

Li Chen was a humble, self-effacing young man, well schooled in the social courtesies, whose single ambition in life was to pass the Emperor's examinations with good marks, thus bringing honor to his ancestors and riches and fame to himself. Li Chen lived in a small room in a distant part of the Emperor's dominions, in a place called a dormitory. On the evening before he was to begin his journey, his friends gave him a farewell party, at which he received many gifts he couldn't carry with him, and much conflicting advice as to the safest direction for his trip. Old Pai Tong, the resident advisor, kept telling everyone stories about the dangers Li Chen would certainly encounter along the way — it being common knowledge that the Emperor's dominions were overrun with dwarves and trolls and other such creatures, who ate the flesh of students whenever they could. Old Pai Tong was certain Li Chen would never be seen alive again once he left the dormitory.

His dire predicitions could not dissuade Li Chen from his plans, however. The party ended, and everyone wished Li Chen a safe and beneficial journey, expressing their confidence that he would pass the examinations with ease. He spent a final night in his little room, surrounded by the snores of his roommate Mush Bai Lai, which sounded sweet to him as he tried to rest, since he might never have to hear them again. Just after sunrise he rose, recited the Sutra for Beneficial Journeys into Unknown Lands, and set out through the low hills in the direction considered safest by the majority of his friends.

Li Chen had never traveled any long distance from home before, so he hadn't walked far before he came to lands entirely new to him, but also far different from anything described by his friends. First he passed through a wide, swampy region, where brief showers of rain fell every five minutes or so, despite the fact that the sky always remained entirely blue. This land was called Place of Uncertain Rainfall, and was legendary in those parts for never having simply enough rain — there was always too much or too little. During these showers, Li Chen took whatever shelter he could find — large boulders, broad trees, old empty shacks — so that in the end it took the whole day for him to traverse this strange



country. By nightfall rain leaking through his straw hat had soaked him to the bone. He slept beneath a mulberry tree, and the next morning set out again, under sunny skies.

Soon he entered a forest, the like of which he had never seen. This forest was composed not of trees but of cars, stacked one on top of another: every sort of car — German or Japanese imports, domestic sportscars with animal names, jacked-up blue trucks. (One of them, a sickly green Pinto with stripped chrome and rusted doors, was positively the ugliest vehicle Li Chen had ever seen.) The ground was strewn with rusted fenders, broken doors and heaps of twisted CB radio antennae, on which Li Chen often tangled his sandals, making travel exceedingly slow.

The morning became fierce and hot, sunlight reflecting off the metal automobile bodies dense as a wall, and Li Chen soon paused to drink water from the pack of provisions on his back. As he re-capped the water flask, he noticed a clearing ahead through the cars. Thinking he might find someone there who knew the way from this strange forest to South Building, Li Chen hurried forward. But soon enough he could see the clearing contained only a pig sty, in which Li Chen counted twenty-two pigs. These pigs were all large and fat, lounging in deep beds of mud which clung so thick to their loose skin that Li Chen watched them wallow several moments before he realized these were no ordinary pigs at all. Their skins beneath the mud were blue as sapphires. Li Chen remembered the many stories he had heard about travelers who were transformed into pigs. Perhaps these pigs were also under an enchantment, having once been travelers like him.

No sooner had he thought this than a clap of thunder sounded, and the pigs all began to squeal and grunt. In an instant the entire sky darkened with clouds. Li Chen fell face-down onto the ground, trembling in fear for his life.

A booming voice asked, "Who are you, and why are you disturbing the Blue Swine?!"

Li Chen mumbled an apology into the dust.

"Sit up straight! I can't hear what you're saying if you talk to the ground."

Now to tell the truth, Li Chen was afraid to sit up, for fear of what he might see; but he was even more afraid to disobey the voice. When he raised himself out of the dust, he was confronted by a figure in robes adorned with countless black stars, wearing a wide silver crown: this man was obviously a wizard, and likely had enormous magical powers. At the sight of him, Li Chen nearly swooned away.

"Honourable sir," Li Chen said at last, "this miserable creature at your feet is called Li Chen, and he has set out on a long journey to South Building, to take the last examinations given by Fu Thing whose countenance is like stone. This poor scholar was walking through your

forest, and had just drunk water, when he spied your pig sty here."

The Wizard cleared his throat. "I had rather you called it a Swine Stable."

"A thousand pardons, Excellency! I intended no offence by my ignorance. As I was saying, I came upon your most beautiful and illustrious Swine Stable in my travels through this forest, and only stopped because the color of your pi — er, *swine* — was so unusual."

The Wizard frowned. "I might have known you were a scholar by the length of your answer to what was really a simple question. Tell me, scholar, do you happen to know where you are, or why these Swine are blue?"

"I only know I'm in a forest, honourable master."

"Bah! Any fool can see this is a forest. Which forest is it? That's the question that separates the men from the boys. You don't know, do you?"

Li Chen mumbled, "The depth of my ignorance is astounding even to me."

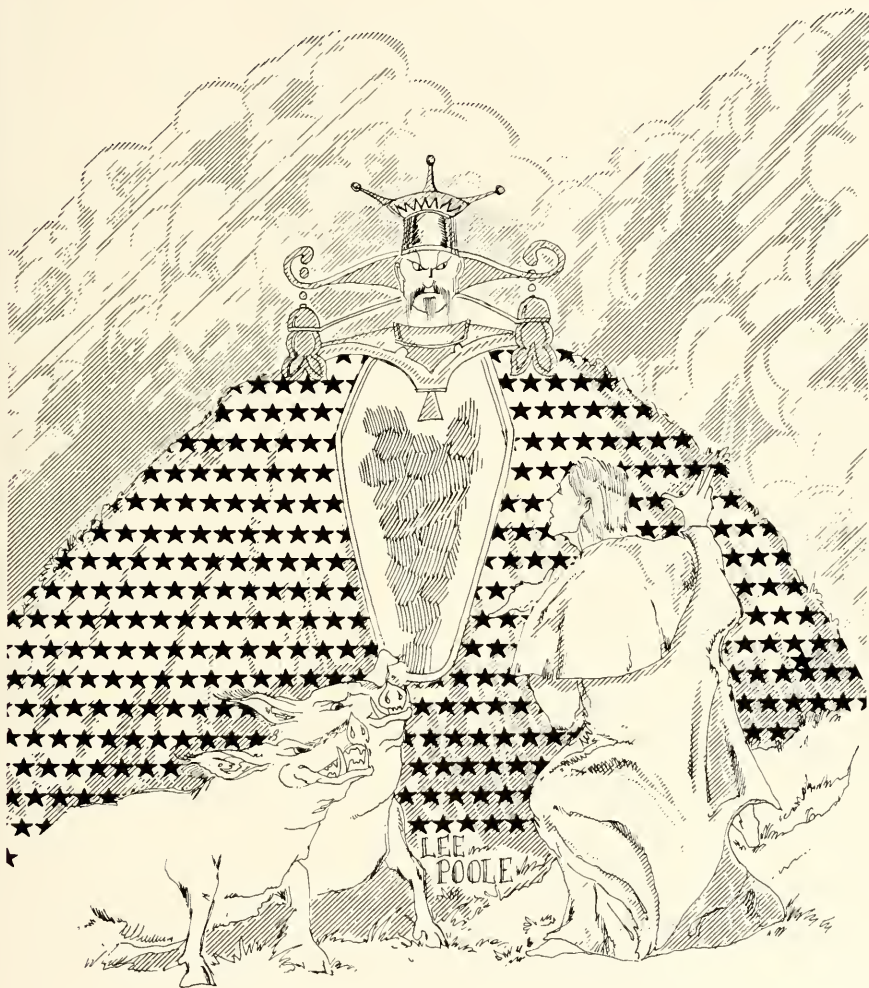
"You need not put on a humble face before me, scholar. I know how arrogant your kind really is. Just the other day, one of you dared correct my grammar as I was skinning her alive to feed to these pigs. Bah! Scholar, I will now teach you a little geography. You are presently standing at the edge of the Forest of Five Thousand Alumni Automobiles, which is surrounded by the forest which you most recently passed through, known as the Towed Car Wood. These forests are ruled by Carolinaeus the White Ram, mightiest beast of all beasts, and this team of fighting swine belongs to him. He matches them against teams of neighborhood wolves and devils for sport.

"A long time ago this Ram defeated me in a great battle, stripped me of half my magic, and set me here to guard his swine stable, a task which he well knew would humiliate me. I am to see that these pigs are fed once each day. They much prefer the flesh of scholars to any other food. You see, all these pigs were once scholars like you, but the Ram changed them by means of a magical potion into the pigs you see here. I've already fed them one scholar this morning, but I might give you to them also, that is unless you can come up with some substantial reason for me to spare your life."

Li Chen sighed and handed over his purse of silver to the wizard, saying, "This is all the money I have, honourable one."

The Wizard smiled and nodded. "Seven taels of silver. I find your powers of *reasoning* are just sufficient.

"And because I've grown to like you during the short term of our acquaintance, I've decided to give you a gift." The Wizard reached into his robes and drew out a small silver ring. "This ring holds an enchantment which is very useful to scholars. I took it off the body of a scholar who passed this way a few days ago. His reasoning powers were less substantial than yours. I only give it to you because it is worthless to me. With it you can pass the



This man was obviously a wizard, and likely had enormous magical powers. At the sight of him, Li Chen nearly swooned away.



"This is my closet," she said. "Hide here and you'll be safe."

examinations easily, simply by holding it to your forehead and pronouncing the magic word "Cram."

Li Chen took the ring and bowed.

"But now you must go away quickly," the Wizard said, "before my master Carolinaeus comes this way. If he finds you here he may tear us both to bits."

With that the Wizard transformed himself into a wolf and chased Li Chen from the clearing. This is how Li Chen acquired his magic ring, which he later gave to Sage Who Knows All Ways, Including the Transposition of Continents. But here I am running faster than my story. If you want to read about the mysterious person who saved Li Chen's life in this same forest, you'll have to read the next chapter.

CHAPTER 2

Our scholar flees the terror of the forest, only to be locked in a Queen's Closet.

Li Chen fled the clearing afraid of every shadow, dash-

ing madly from car to car, leaping over tangled fenders and piles of hubcaps. He felt safe only when the Blue Swine Stable was far behind. For the rest of the morning he traveled through the Forest of Five Thousand Alumni Automobiles. This forest was much more pleasing to the eye than the Towed Car Wood, being made up entirely of shining sky-blue Cadillacs with white vinyl roofs. After many hours of walking Li Chen came to a free flowing stream, at a place where real grass paths occasionally broke up the asphalt. Across from the stream rose a gigantic mass of concrete, shaped like an open bowl, whose sides were lined with thousands of seats, but which had no roof. From its general appearance Li Chen concluded the building had once been a vast palace or mansion which had collapsed into ruin.

Li Chen opened his pack beside the stream and ate a simple meal of bread and cheese, first reciting the Sutra for Blessed Repasts and then unrolling one of several scrolls he had brought along to study.

Now if Li Chen had known what place this really was, he would not have rested so easily. The concrete ruin

across the stream was none other than the Palace of the Great Ram who ruled the alumni forest, about whom the Wizard of the Swine Stable had warned him. Li Chen rested comfortably in his ignorance, however, eating his cheese and bread and examining the magic ring the Wizard had given him. Truly this ring was a piece of good fortune for which he could thank his worthy Li ancestors. Li Chen thought the ring quite beautiful: small and gold, set with little yellow stones. Although Li Chen didn't approve of cheating, it was comforting to know that he could now pass the Emperor's examinations easily, and then become rich and powerful in the Emperor's service.

Once he finished his bread and cheese, he assumed the lotus position and, gazing into the water, chanted the Hymn Concerning the Seven Transformations of Man. However, he had only reached the second transformation — men becomes beast — when off among the Cadillac he glimpsed a huge figure moving, all white, making a noise like the clattering of horse's hooves. A great voice boomed among the automobiles. "Who is that yonder, sitting among my cars?"

Li Chen laid down the ring and answered, "Only a poor scholar eating his pitiful meal."

At once the white figure roared a great roar, and Li Chen leapt to his feet, scattering his pack along the brook in all directions. Nor was he a moment too soon, for the Ram — Carolinaeus, King of the Alumni Forest, tall as two men, blue horns curving from his forehead — sprang forward with such fury that the earth trembled at his every step.

Li Chen took one look at the Ram and ran for his life through the forest, leaping over windshields and low shrubs, dodging tree trunks and rusted automobile bodies. "You'll never get away from me, miserable worm!" the Ram shouted, setting out after him. The Ram ran much faster than Li Chen, and would have caught him soon, except just then a low voice called "Quick, I can save your life! Come with me." A soft hand touched Li Chen's arm as he passed the low-hanging limbs of a broad oak, and some magic must have affected him with the touch, for at once he felt as if he could run forever. He couldn't see who his benefactor was, since she ran just behind him, directing him with her hand toward a tall, broad willow whose trunk was hollow. "This is my closet," she said. "Hide here and you'll be safe."

Li Chen dashed inside, gasping for breath, but before he could so much as turn around to ask his benefactor's name, the tree trunk slammed shut, leaving him in darkness.

Inside the tree smelled of damp earth and rotted leaves, the walls of the closet felt rough and splintered to his hands. Because the chamber was narrow he couldn't sit down comfortably, and because it was low-ceilinged, he had to stoop. Li Chen sighed, reminding himself that discomfort is often the lot of mortals; but he was not to be

left alone even here, for no sooner had he taken three breaths than a great noise like thunder pierced the closet walls, and the ground itself began to shake. Li Chen cowered as close to the earth as he could get, certain these monstrous noises presaged the end of the world.

Soon, however, the noises receded into distance. Li Chen remained motionless in the closet, hoping for his benefactor's quick return, but afraid at the same time that he'd been abandoned to sit inside this willow forever, while moss slowly climbed his legs, sending its small roots into his skin to replace his human blood and flesh with tree sap and tree flesh, till at last he would be entirely wooden. Such enchantments were known to be the fate of scholars who remained for long periods of time in small rooms. To pass the time, Li Chen recited a *Sutra in Praise of Human Suffering*.

But soon, without warning, the tree sprang open and a woman said "Come out, traveler. You're safe now."

Li Chen edged hesitantly out of the tree. In front of him stood a tall, black-skinned woman, wearing a satin gown and rings and bracelets studded with rubies. At the sight of her, Li Chen fell to his knees and kissed the hem of her gown a hundred times.

"No, no," she said, "you must stand up." She helped him to rise but immediately he dropped to his knees again, chanting a long speech in her praise, in which he wished her a fourfold lifespan and extolled the glorious ancestors whose virtue in life was so great as to produce so illustrious a descendant in this lesser age of men. He would have continued his speech at greater length, had he not noticed her arms were scored with small cuts, which still oozed blood. "You've hurt yourself. And your gown is dirty," he said.

She smiled at him, touching the cuts casually. "It's only the Ram. We fight often. I am the Homecoming Queen, and for many years I've been at war with Carolinaeus, who has been given permission by the Emperor to drive me out of my forest. The Ram would like to spread his forest of automobiles over my entire kingdom, but as long as I can keep him in his own lands, it will never happen. Wherever the Ram goes he spreads only desolation, since he hates all living earth, transforming it into his endless fields of asphalt and white lines. It's my business to keep real trees growing here, and real earth underfoot. You're lucky I happened by when I did, or else the Ram would now be having you for dinner. Tell me your name, and why you've come this way."

Li Chen explained the purpose of his journey. When he was done, the Homecoming Queen said, "I think you would have been wiser to take another path."

"Is there much danger still to come?"

"Yes, a great deal, once you leave my forest. To the North is Bellphallus Tower, where unfriendly dwarves have made a home underground, killing a race of friendly people who once lived there. Beyond the Tower rises a great Palace of Learning known as the Maze of

Knowledge and Despair. In this Maze is locked all the wisdom of the ages, written in countless books. The spirit of an Ancient Scholar haunts the Maze and I've heard that he can unbind many evil philosophies from the pages on which they are written. Beyond this Maze are temples where scholars worship, which are overrun with packs of wild dogs after sunset. Many other evils await you before you reach the Emperor Fu Thing whose face is like stone; but I can't give you any details about that one, since I've never traveled that far from my home."

Li Chen thanked her for all she'd told him. Then the Homecoming Queen gave him his bundle of provisions, which she had rescued from the Ram, and also a parting gift: a necklace which when placed around his neck, would enable him to understand the language of birds. The necklace she had received as a gift from a graduate student, who stole it from the Dey Hall treasure chambers. She led him to a place where a brick pathway parted her trees. "This path will take you north past the Tower of Bellphallus," she said, "but you must be careful as you walk along it. Sometimes the whole path moves during the night, and parties of trolls wander beside it all day long, lifting up the bricks and putting them down again. They're under an enchantment laid on them by the Emperor himself."

With that she said farewell to him, and vanished into shadows.

CHAPTER 3

Li Chen meets a friendly party of trolls, but receives a less than congenial introduction to the dwarves of Bellphallus Tower.

Li Chen walked along the brick path feeling curiously reverent and moved, and had traveled only a short distance before such inspiration seized him that he immediately rummaged through his pack for paper, ink and brush. Beneath an old linden tree he composed a song in praise of the Homecoming Queen, consisting of seven verses alternating with three different refrains, copied from the manner of certain poets of the Hua dynasty. He blew the letters dry, admiring the delicate shading and modulation of his inks. Li Chen was really quite a good calligrapher, adept at copying the old masters, though rather unoriginal in his phrasing. His verses to the Queen, for instance, were full of hackneyed expressions like "lips of coral," "cheeks of rose," and "hyacinthine hair." He employed these phrases not only without originality, but with little regard for the truth as well.

Li Chen, however, thought his song very good indeed, and marched along the path singing it at the top of his lungs. He felt quite safe and secure, for he was sure as long as he wandered in Her Majesty's lands, no harm could possibly befall him. But he reached the end of her forest sooner than he might have supposed, still singing at full volume, so entranced by the mellifluousness of his own voice that he didn't notice the group of Brick Trolls

that had appeared on the path ahead, until one of them, a massive white-haired old troll, stood up from his work and asked, "What is that confounded commotion, comrade, and who are you?"

At once all Li Chen's courage deserted him. He fell to his knees, kowtowing in seven directions at once, and stammered, "I'm only Li Chen, a poor scholar traveling to the court of the Emperor Fu Thing."

"The Emperor, ay? Did you hear that, comrades? Another of the Emperor's scholars."

The other trolls laughed, waving their bricks at one another; and Old Troll turned to Li Chen. "Get out of the dirt, little man," he said, "we won't hurt you. There, wipe that filth off your mouth." The troll patted our hero's head with a massive knobby hand. "Li Chen, did you say? Well, Li Chen, let me explain why we were laughing. You see, the only scholars who ever use this path are those who want to take Fu Thing's examinations, thinking that if they pass them well enough the Emperor's favor will fall on them like moonbeams and they will win honor and riches in their earthly life. Well, a long time ago we seven trolls took those same examinations, and passed them quite successfully, becoming professors in His Jade Majesty's University. Even trolls can take the examinations if they want too, since Fu Thing is an equal opportunity employer. But there's a catch, you see. Just passing the examination isn't enough; these days the only real scholars have tenure, and to get that you have to do a project, preferably one that takes a good deal of time, effort and silver. Silver is where the Emperor comes in, since you can't get it in any quantity except from his exalted treasure houses. So one day we seven trolls decided we would go to the Emperor and ask him to fund our research project. We were very clever about it, and didn't ask him for money directly. We told him, to begin with, that we weren't happy with the way the University was being run. 'We waste time and money here at the University,' we told his Glorious Illustrious Brilliant Jade Dragon Highness, right to his dragon face. 'We aren't spreading enough enlightenment per yen, when with a little practical application of basic management theory we could be so much more efficient. Fund our research project and we'll tell you how to make the educational process more productive.' We intended to show the Emperor that the University could only be improved if he hired more trolls."

"And what did the Emperor tell you?" Li Chen asked.

"Oh, Jade Jaws was at least as underhanded as we were. He claimed that, while he was a little short of cash at the moment, there was a way for us to get all the silver we wanted. Long ago, he said, a wealthy Buddha Alumni buried an immense treasure somewhere on South Campus under this brick path. The Emperor didn't know himself exactly where it was likely to be, but he was certain it was somewhere underneath these bricks, and we were commanded to find it and put it to use in this

most important project we trolls had brought to his grand attention."

"So that's why you lift up the bricks and set them down again all day long," Lic Chen said.

Old Troll nodded wearily. "It wouldn't be so bad, either, except this blasted path is enchanted and won't stay in one place or go in one direction. Every week or so we wake up to find the path has shifted somewhere in the night, so we have to go looking for it again. It's not much fun. But of course it's better than living under bridges and stealing from travelers at night, which is what our fathers had to do for a living."

Li Chen agreed with Old Troll that life was unaccountably difficult, and told his own story. The trolls were horrified at the account he gave them of the great White Ram — and to tell the truth Li Chen exaggerated the Ram's size and fierceness beyond all sense of proportion — but Old Troll lifted his hands in joy at the mention of Homecoming Queen. His companion trolls sighed, laying their cheeks against their bricks. "Beautiful lady," Old Troll said. "We see her now and again, when the Brick Path disappears into her forest. She never speaks to us, but sometimes she leaves us a present of the bread she bakes, bread that contains a magical herb once grown by the old Hai Noonahs, with a taste like clouds, and the power to make us lift the bricks twice as fast as usual." Old troll would not have stopped there in his litany of praise to the Homecoming Queen, but for a mysterious noise that emerged from the forest and cut him short. One of his comrades said, "I hear armored men walking."

"Armor?" Old Troll asked. "Then it's likely dwarves, not men."

Li Chen heard the sound too, and moved away from the closest trees. "What could it be? Are we in danger?"

Old Troll peered into the forest, whispering, "Bellphallus Tower is near here. Dwarves live in caves underneath it, and give us trolls no end of trouble." He lifted his nose to the air, sniffing. "It's dwarves all right. You'd think it was pigs if you didn't know the smell as well as I do. Comrades, drop your bricks. We don't want them to think we're fighters."

No sooner had silence fallen than a pack of fully armed dwarves sprang out of the bushes. Old Troll lifted his robes to his waist and dashed into the forest, shouting, "Save yourselves any way you can! Good-bye Li Chen! Good luck on the exams!" The other trolls fled behind him, dwarves hot on their tails. Only Li Chen remained on the Path, being too frightened and confused to move.

One of the dwarves — the captain of the troop, who wore a large silver helmet crested with dog hair that flopped back and forth as he walked — gave the scholar a curt nod. "I see that you, at least, realize flight from Captain Thromidor of the Dwarf Patrol is useless."

Li Chen quaked so fearfully that had he even attempted to crawl away he would have fallen flat on his face.

The sight of so many swords and shields, even when worn by creatures no higher than his navel, caused our hero to despair of his life anew. The dwarf captain pinched his elbow. "Are you frightened, skinny one? You must be a scholar; it's easy to tell. You're thin and pale, your robes are old and your shoes are on the wrong feet. [Li Chen noted with embarrassment that the Captain was correct.] You blubber like an infant at the sight of Captain Thromidor's valiant Dwarves. You smell like old ink. What are you called? Anything?"

Li Chen gave his name and told the story of his pilgrimage.

"A likely story," Captain Thromidor said at the end. "What were you doing in the company of trolls? It's much more likely that you're a spy, in which case I shall be richly rewarded by the Emperor for your capture." He called his dwarf sargeant, to whom he gave the following instructions. "Mark down that this wretch was found on the Emperor's road plotting an uprising with a certain band of trolls. He is likely a secret agent sent here from another University to spy on the Emperor's secret building projects. Perhaps he even works for the General Assembly! Lock him in the tower. We'll execute him in the morning."

The sargeant, who was identical to Captain Thromidor in every respect except that he wore a copper helmet with a smaller crest, forced Li Chen to kneel so he could reach up to tie the scholar's hands together. Then he led Li Chen away into the forest.

Now, if you want to know what happened to Li Chen in the Tower of Bellphallus, or who these dwarves were, you will have to read the next chapter.

CHAPTER 4

After a deep depression, our scholar resigns himself to his execution, only to receive the gift of hope from a small bird.

Since Li Chen was too terrified to ask any questions during his stay among the dwarves, I will have to tell you about them myself. These dwarves serve the Emperor as a police force, and perform, in that function, many useful tasks. First, the dwarves lock all the Emperor's scholars in their dormitories at night, to insure the Emperor's safety. Second, if anyone leaves his automobile in the wrong place, the dwarves tow it away, sell it, and have a feast on the money. Third, the dwarves keep the Emperor's borders secure by such vital and dangerous acts as arresting insurgents like Li Chen, who are caught in suspicious places at suspicious times. Also, they prevent scholars from walking through dangerous parts of campus at night, by hiding in these places and beating up all scholars who pass their way.

These dwarves escorted Li Chen to the Bellphallus Tower, their home, which serves to divide the Emperor's

northern realms from his southern ones. During most of this walk, Li Chen kept his eyes closed tight out of terror. He was afraid the dwarves might suddenly decide to kill him rather than go to the trouble of locking him away for one night, and he didn't want to see his own death coming, preferring to be surprised by it. Consequently, he didn't see much of the Tower's exterior, and I'll have to tell you about that too.

It is taught by the oldest sages that Bellphallus Tower was originally raised by an alumnus named Fewer Toes, who was reported to have sired a thousand sons. According to these sages, the tower was intended as a gigantic monument to his fertility; but some sages argue that the legend is entirely false, claiming that Fewer Toes actually had no sons at all, but bought a thousand poor peasant boys to pose as his sons at the University. The tower, they contend, is actually no more than a monument to monumental vanity.

Be that as it may, the tower itself is tall and rectangular, made of red brick and topped with a conical roof, like a dunce's cap. Formerly this tower was the home of a peaceful, happy tribe of people about whom you have already heard, briefly — the Hai Noonahs, a race famed for their cultivation of a foreign herb which possesses magical properties. This herb made them sing, laugh, dance on sidewalks and smile at everyone they met, all of which made them quite unpopular with the Emperor. As the Hai Noonahs multiplied, the Emperor's mistrust toward them increased. At the same time the Dwarves, who had long coveted the tower, admiring its great height, offered to rid the Emperor of these Hai Noonahs, providing he would then let the Dwarves have the tower. Fu Tived agreed readily, and the Dwarves quickly emptied Bellphallus by means of a general massacre.

Underneath this tower the dwarves dug tunnels to make homes for their families, and soon all traces of the Hai Noonahs vanished. Dwarf women assumed the awesome task of keeping up the tower, which includes among its many duties the ringing of the tower's chimes every hour on the hour. The women also play music on the chimes, but are limited in this practice by the congenital inability of dwarves to remember more than three or four melodies in a lifetime.

The dwarf sargeant took Li Chen to the highest part of Bellphallus, a cell just underneath the bells, where he threw the scholar roughly onto a bed of hay. "Now stay put, skinny," he said, "and keep quiet till the Captain decides whether to torture you a little before he cuts off your head."

At the word "torture" Li Chen's blood ran like ice, and even when the dwarf left him he huddled on the hay, picturing the many punishments the dwarves could force him to undergo. Li Chen had heard stories about these tortures. In one of them, called the Torment of Perpetual Uncertainty, a prisoner is led to believe that if he fills out a release application and submits it to the Dwarf Review

Board, he will be set free. However, when the prisoner receives his application, he soon despairs. This form numbers 448 pages, and is written in twelve different languages, requesting information which could be supplied only by miraculous luck: requiring, for instance, that the prisoner count the exact number of molecules in his body, or that the prisoner replace all the oxygen he has consumed while in his prison cell. In contemplation of this and other such torments, Li Chen passed what was left of the day, and soon after sunset fell into troubled sleep.

In the morning the dwarves slipped a flat white cake under the door for his breakfast. He ate it near a window where the crumbs soon attracted feeding birds. One in particular caught Li Chen's eye, a small gray sparrow who hopped close to his hand, gazing into his face with almost human sympathy. Li Chen felt sure the sparrow understood his predicament. Remembering the necklace given him by the Homecoming Queen, he searched his pockets, hoping he'd placed it there rather than in his parcel, which the dwarves had confiscated.

For once his luck was with him. He found the necklace and laid it in his palm for the sparrow to see.

This necklace was wrought of silver, set with small sapphires, like stars clutched in blue fists. Upon seeing it the sparrow became greatly agitated, ruffling out its feathers and hopping from leg to leg, as if it would like to tell Li Chen to put the necklace on. So he did.

At once the sparrow said to him, "My name is Frances. Did you get this necklace from the Homecoming Queen? I hope you didn't hurt her, because if you did, all us birds will get together in a cloud and peck out your eyes and teeth."

"Oh no," Li Chen said, "the Queen gave me this necklace after she saved my life. Only I don't know what good it can do me now, since the dwarves are planning to cut off my head this morning. I suppose they'll take the necklace and sell it, or keep it for themselves."

Frances the Sparrow fluttered her wings nervously. "The dwarves have captured you? Oh my goodness! You'll have to escape."

"How do you suggest I do that? Jump? I don't have wings like you. My mattress is hay, so I can't make a ladder out of the sheets. No, there's no escape for me; I'm done for."

"Just you wait and see," Frances said, flying away. For a moment, Li Chen hoped the bird might really be able to help him. But then he laughed at himself, wondering what such a small bird could do for so large a creature as he. He cursed the ambition that had brought him to travel into such dangerous lands. The Emperor's examinations didn't seem so wonderful now. Li Chen fell into despair, lying on his straw bed, arms across his face, awaiting the entrance of his executioners.

He'd entirely forgotten Frances when a few moments later a deep voice boomed from the window, "If you

want to escape from here you ought to stop lying in those weeds and start doing something."

Luckily Li Chen had left the enchanted necklace on, for the voice belonged to a gray horned owl nearly five feet tall, who stood just inside the window. Li Chen leapt to his feet, utterly terrified at the bird's size. "Who are you?" he asked. "Did the Dwarves send you here to kill me?"

Just then Frances the Sparrow flew into the room, landing on Li Chen's shoulder. "Don't be afraid, little man. This is the King of the Owls, who lives on the roof of the Maze of Knowledge and Despair. I brought him here to help you escape."

At once Li Chen kowtowed to the owl, saying, "Oh illustrious Owl King, if you'll only help me get out of this Tower I'll swear oaths of service between our families binding for seven generations."

"What good would that do me?" asked the Owl King. "I'm only here to help you because this sparrow told me you are a friend to the Homecoming Queen, and that she gave you the Feather Language Necklace, which I see around your neck. Though these considerations do not make you *my* friend, they at least prevent you from becoming my enemy at first sight, and so I have spared a few minutes of my time to save your life. Now, if you'll kneel next to the window, I'll take you to my home. After that you can go wherever you please."

No sooner had Li Chen knelt by the window than he heard dwarf voices outside the door. Frances the Sparrow flew into a panic, singing, "Quick! The dwarves are here! Get him out!"

Li Chen swooned against the window, certain all was lost. Only Owl King remained calm, chuckling softly at the scholar's terror, and then swooping forward, gathering air under his broad wings and Li Chen under his sharp talons, till all at once Li Chen felt the bottom of the world drop out from under him, and was certain of his death at last.

"Stop kicking," commanded Owl King. "I'm not a stork and you're not a baby. I won't drop you."

Li Chen felt calmer then, and watched the Tower of Bellphallus dwindle to distant importance behind him. They flew over miles of rolling forest land, crossing the Brick Path, a red thread among fields of green tree tops, scattered with clusters of toy trolls lifting bricks. He wondered if one of these groups might not be the trolls he had met yesterday. It would be pleasant to know they had escaped the dwarves as neatly as he had.

But he soon forgot about trolls and dwarves entirely, at the sight of the Maze which rose to the North, a massive fortress of concrete and glass. "This," Owl King told him, "is the greatest monument to human learning in the world, built by the oldest Thing to house every shred of wisdom ever stumbled upon by man. I will set you down on the roof near my nest. After that you'll have to find your own way to the ground."



Captain Thromidor of the Dwarf Patrol



Too late he remembered Homecoming Queen's warning that he avoid the temple grounds at night.

CHAPTER 5

In a hall of learning, Li Chen meets the Ancient Scholar, and discovers the true nature of the Maze.

Owl King set Li Chen down near his nest as he had promised, but would not let the scholar enter it, bidding that he wait outside. Owl King soon returned, carrying a leather pouch in his beak. "Here, thin one," he said, "take this food. I've also put money inside, ten taels of silver, which I give you because we birds have not use for it, while you humans never dare be without it. Behind you is the door to the Maze. Go through it quickly, and be on your way."

Li Chen bowed low, and prepared to express his gratitude, likely at some length; as Owl King himself must have discerned, since he commanded "No, don't say anything! Certainly you're grateful; I've just saved your life. But I'm afraid if I let you try to thank me, I'll see what a nincompoop you are, and will then regret I ever helped you. You're certainly a scholar, as the sparrow told me; and you're probably not a very good one, if you can't out-smart a few dwarves. I don't much like scholars, and

sometimes I eat them. Go away now, before I eat you!"

Owl King hopped twice toward Li Chen, who fell back, grabbing his hat and the pouch and dashing for the door.

Once inside the Maze he felt safe, but even so walked quickly down the narrow corridor. Around him rose row after row of books, so many that he walked for hours and they still surrounded him, dense as the forest of automobiles had been. Once he found a narrow stairway and walked quickly down it, hoping it would lead him to a main entrance or exit; but the stairway only went down further and further among the grids of books, without beginning or end.

Soon he stopped near a restroom and ate some of the food given him by Owl King: pieces of dried flesh, handfuls of seeds, dead beetles and salted earthworms. Li Chen threw away everything but the dried flesh. He thought it best not to consider what animal the stuff came from, until he remembered the Owl's parting remarks about scholars. After that he had no further appetite for any of the King's food, and set out on his journey again.

He came at last to a corridor longer than any other, yet

no more than two feet wide, lined with works of philosophy, religion and mythology, along with commentaries, concordances, indexes, cross-listings, verb-analyses, abstracts, condensations, translations, and newly-revised second editions. The texts, however, didn't interest Li Chen nearly as much as the fact that, far down the aisle, a man knelt next to the shelves.

He hurried toward this man, who soon heard him coming and turned. The man wore brown rags heaped together in odd-shaped knots and tied at his waist with frayed rope. The remnants of sandals clung loosely to his feet. "Stay where you are," he said as Li Chen drew near. "Tell me what you're doing here, and why you're coming from *that* direction. Don't just stand there gaping like a fish! Are you one of those who come from above? The Sages Who Know All Things? If you are, tell me your secrets!"

The beggar advanced toward Li Chen, swinging high a thick encyclopedia of Confucian commentators. Li Chen instantly fell to his knees. "Old reverend master, please don't hit me with that book. I'm only a poor scholar, the most insignificant of insignificancies, and I don't know anything about Sages who know all means to all ends. I'm only trying to get through this Maze on my way to the Emperor's Palace."

"You're trying to get *out* of here? Bah! I have no use for you."

"But can't you tell me the way out?"

The beggar spat. "Getting out is easy. It's getting *in* that's the problem, getting up and in. Young scholar, I've been in this library for twenty seven years without break. I've searched it from its beginning to this place, trying to find the place where genuine knowledge is kept. Let me tell you my story, and in return for your attention I'll give you directions to the main exit. "Many years ago I left the home of my ancestors, abandoning my mother and father and seven brothers and sisters to wait on the Emperor, in order to become a learned man. When I asked the Emperor to grant me a small place in his Universal Order of Scholars, His Imperial Highness was pleased to recommend me to the instruction of the Sage of the Lotus Blossom Pool, who informed me that my first assignment would be to write an essay entitled, 'The World and the Things in It.' This assignment was required of all acolytes, he said, and advised that I come to this library, to do the necessary background reading for my essay.

"So I came here, determined to write the best essay ever written about the world and the things in it. But I've been here ever since. As I soon learned this library is shaped like a vacuum — once I opened the first book, I was sucked slowly through volume after volume, until one day I had gone too far to stop. One book referred to another, and that one referred to two others, until at last I rushed from page to page like a crazy man, always heading higher up and deeper inside these tunnels of paper and ink. I try to convince myself that there is a center to this labyrinth somewhere, a small room where someone

lives who will tell me the truth quickly and succinctly. But the older I become, the more clearly I understand that truth is like the sun, and scholars are like the seven planets orbiting it, always reaching toward the heat, but never touching the fire.

"But still I continue my search for that mythical center, since it's all that gives my life shape these days. For nourishment I eat dead flies and dust; for water I lick dew off the linoleum, and for shelter I make temples of books. I can't turn back now, since I never wrote my essay, and would only be exiled.

"As for the way out, simply follow the path along which the books become larger. Books in the Emperor's library are shelved according to the date they were written, beginning with the earliest. As all scholars know, books were thicker in the old days, because there was more to say; whereas present-day scholars communicate simply by alluding to original ideas, thus reducing the volume of their books. Some scholars speculate that the ultimate book will contain but a single word, understood as an allusion to all learning since the beginning of time. However, I think the truth may be even more radical: the ultimate book will consist of a single page, blank on both sides."

Li Chen could only bow in the face of such wisdom, departing in reverent silence. Soon the Ancient Scholar was nowhere to be seen. Li Chen traveled for miles along the Increasing Book Path, following arrows around corridors and down stairs, watching the books become thicker and thicker. Finally Li Chen came to the entrance of the Maze, where a long line of scholars waited to be admitted to it. Li Chen went to the door marked "exit," which was extremely narrow. Just as he reached it, an armed guard took his elbow. "Where do you think you're going? Have you been searched yet?"

Without waiting for an answer, the guard shoved him into a cubicle turned out all his pockets, and stripped him naked. The guard looked at him in surprise. "You didn't try to steal any books?"

"No, worthy attendant, I didn't."

"Don't you like our books?"

"I'm an honest scholar, kind sir, and I pay for what I read. I don't need to steal and bring dishonor on my ancestors."

The guard smiled at him as if he were very naive. "You're obviously from the country," he said, showing Li Chen to the exit, and the scholar walked happily away, free of the Maze at last.

But Li Chen's troubles were not over. If you want to know how he at last came to the Palace of the Emperor Fu Thing, and whether he could get inside it, you will have to read the next chapter.

CHAPTER 6

While fleeing from packs of wild dogs, Li Chen reaches the very portals of learning, only to find a doorkeeper, and a new trial.

When Li Chen descended the steps from the Maze of Knowledge and Despair, the sun hung low among the trees and rows of temples beyond. Though Li Chen was now close to the Emperor's Palace, the matchless mansion of Old Fu, there was not a soul in sight. He wondered momentarily why the temples were deserted on such a fine spring evening; but soon shrugged and walked more quickly along the path.

He intended to travel as far as possible while there was light, and then perhaps take shelter in one of the adjacent ivory-covered temples. The sun sank lower and lower and had almost disappeared, when Li Chen heard a strange growling noise from behind. A chill like cold fingers ran down his back. Too late he remembered Homecoming Queen's warning that he avoid the temple grounds at night, where packs of dogs roamed.

He could do nothing but continue to walk, hoping to reach the nearest temple, perhaps twenty yards distant. He walked a few paces beneath the elms surrounding it until he saw, to his horror, shadows moving from tree to tree, low to the ground like foxes or weasels.

"Oh Buddha!" he cried, "oh my ancestors! What am I to do now?" He tore at his hair and cried aloud and began to run in no particular direction; and then, with a ragged bark, the pack of dogs was after him.

Never before had Li Chen felt such terror or run so fast, not even when he fled from Carolinaeus the White Ram in the Forest of Five Thousand Alumni Automobiles; and this time there was no Homecoming Queen to save him. Nor could he fly to a temple for protection, since every time he tried to a new group of dogs cut him off: dogs of all descriptions: cocker spaniels, pekingnese, toy poodles, chihuahuaus, schnauzers, dachshunds, Scottish terriers, and one lonely Great Dane: all barking at the tops of their lungs. Li Chen ran and ran, his legs becoming heavy and his breath forced and hot, but still the dogs pressed him forward, till at last he reached a place where trees formed a wide lane. Up this lane Li Chen dashed, hard as he could go, the swelling pack closing in behind. Ahead loomed a great shadow, a building larger than any Li Chen had ever seen: so large, in fact, and so massive and awesome that Li Chen realized in mid-stride it could only be one building in the world: the Palace of the Emperor Fu Thing, called South Building.

His life was saved! He plunged headlong toward the building, clattering up the steps, past the huge round columns to the very door of the Palace itself. The door stood open, and lights burned inside; but a mammoth doorkeeper barred the entrance with a wooden spear.

"Let me in!" Li Chen cried. "I'm being chased by vicious dogs!"

The Doorkeeper laughed. "You won't fool me with that story. Dogs indeed! Look here." The Doorkeeper showed Li Chen to the edge of the porch. "See down there? Those are your dogs. They've given you up for lost."

To his great astonishment Li Chen saw that all the dogs

had stopped at the bottom of the stone steps. Some sat on their haunches, scratching behind their ears; others scrapped over points of etiquette and romantic priorities, and still others gazed at Li Chen and the doorkeeper as if they wanted to be petted. "Why didn't they follow me?" Li Chen asked.

"They're all cowards," the Doorkeeper replied. "You see, these dogs contain the reincarnated souls of scholars who failed to pass the Emperor's examinations. They haunt the temple grounds at night, tormenting everyone who passes their way. Even the dwarves can't get rid of them. But they don't dare enter the Palace of the great jade-faced Fu Thing."

With that, the Doorkeeper left Li Chen, returning to his spot beside the doors.

Li Chen followed, bowing respectfully and saying, "I humbly beg for admittance to the Palace."

Now this Doorkeeper was exceedingly large and well-armed, and Li Chen, being small, seemed rather pitiful beside him. The Doorkeeper gave the scholar a contemptuous look, and only answered, "I can't admit you at the moment."

Li Chen, on reflection, asked, "Then will I be allowed to enter later?"

The Doorkeeper said, "Maybe so. But not at this time." "Would you please tell me when I can go in? Are there certain hours?"

"Naturally I can't tell *you* any of those things. To do so would go against all the rules for entrance into important and mysterious places. We can't make these things too convenient, or else just any rube from the country will think he can gain admittance to the Palace just like that." The Doorkeeper snapped his fingers. "These things must be *symbolic*."

This was a difficulty Li Chen had not anticipated. It didn't seem fair that he, a poor scholar, should have made this difficult journey only to learn that the most treasured door in all the world opened only at some Doorkeeper's whim. Now, as you ought to know as well as anyone, Li Chen was a gentle, timid soul, who didn't often become angry, even under the most trying circumstances. But this was too much for our hero to bear. For the first time since his journey began, he became angry; became, in fact, so enraged that he trembled all over, saying to himself, "This doorkeeper in furred robe, with his huge pointed spear, and long thin Tartar beard, who is he to keep me, a dedicated scholar, from entering the Palace of Learning and Law? He *won't* keep me out, unless I'm afraid of him." Then Li Chen rushed at the Doorkeeper and kicked him in the groin. As the man bent double, groaning, Li Chen dashed inside. "There!" he shouted. "I chose my time to come in; and now I'm here, so let's see *you* get me out again. And if anyone asks you who bruised you there, tell them it was Li Chen the Scholar, and let them catch me if they can!" With that he ran madly down the hall, straight into an important

looking man descending a broad stairway.

CHAPTER 7

In Fu Thing's Palace, a scholar sees many wonders, and meets Sage Who Knows All Ways, Including the Transposition of Continents, who corrupts him with opium, causing him to lose all ambition.

This man gave Li Chen a shove, and shouted, "Clumsy buffoon!" But he immediately blushed, as if he had committed some unpardonable offense. He bit his lip and shook his head quickly, as Li Chen fell to his knees, begging a thousand pardons and asking, "Are you hurt, honourable master?"

The gentleman only shook his head again, pointing to his watch and clamping his lips together. He was short and fat, dressed in grand robes of rich purple silk, bordered with a diamond-crusted panel of gold cloth, and hurried past Li Chen, glancing at his watch again. Li Chen followed him down a hall, where, still feeling some traces of the sudden daring that had carried him past the Doorkeeper, he accosted the grand gentleman directly. "Honourable sir," said Li Chen, "permit me the privilege of introducing myself to your most worthy personage. I am a miserable scholar who has come from the South country to take the Emperor's examinations. If you could only help me — for by the richness of your robes and the delicacy of your perfume I take you to be a high-placed, important official in his Dragon Highness's Court — I would repay you with many thousand prayers for the souls of your ancestors, and with these ten taels of silver."

The gentleman desperately pointed to his watch, made queer guttural noises in his throat and tried to get past our hero, still not speaking. At last, when it became clear Li Chen would not willingly let him pass until he answered, he flung down his brief case and cried out, "It's no use, I'm already too late to do any good!"

"Pardon me sir, but what do you mean?"

The gentleman sighed. "Now, at least, I can answer. You see, Li Chen, I am the Especially Designated Sub-Prefect to the Associate Vice-Chancellor's Fourth Sublunary Licentiate; only now I'm late to my office and may as well go home again."

"But can't you help me? I only want a chance to take the examinations, to prove myself worthy of the name scholar."

"You don't understand," said the Sub-Prefect. "You see, my position in His Jade Majesty's Court is one of such importance that no one is allowed to hold it for more than five minutes a day. When you bumped into me on the Grand Stairway I was headed for my office to serve my five minutes worth; but now my turn will be over, and so I'm going home again, to wait for tomorrow."

"What is it you do, if you're so important, and yet can't help me?"

The official smiled and said, "I'm presently assigned to the Commission on Quick Resolutions to Uneasy Moral Problems, a board which has been included in the annual budget since the beginning of the Fu Dynasty."

Li Chen thanked the official and went on his way, a little disappointed, but still confident that some other official would be able to direct him to the office where they administer the examinations. He passed many offices, in which he asked for directions or help, only to be told that such and such an office was the proper place to register such a request. In this way he visited all the halls of the Palace, from the grandest to the smallest. He passed the Division of Polite Scholarly Debate, where many old men sat in shabby overstuffed chairs, disagreeing over insignificant points of argument, such as how many pins could dance on the head of an angel. From there he was sent to the Office of Footnotes and Textual Emendations, in which was kept a catalogue of every footnote ever written, including a first edition facsimile of a little-known footnote in the Gutenberg Bible, on display under glass. He wandered through the hall of Seven Hundred Seventy Seven Secretaries, who live behind the Fortress of Four Hundred Filing Cabinets. The secretaries all practiced a mysterious art called Tai Ping, and each of them wore a button which said, "I know everything you need to know, but I won't tell you anything."

He visited the Official in Charge of Water Fountains; the Vice-Official Who Changes Light Bulbs; he wandered through the College of Arts and Hyenas; he descended staircase after staircase, until at last he came to a room so vast he couldn't see all of it at once. This was the Office of Records and Recitations, which operated in a very peculiar manner. In the room were seated one million peasant women, each of whom was responsible for remembering a single detail of the Emperor's records. These women sat on the floor all day long, chanting their facts aloud. When Li Chen tried to ask one of the women for help, she would only say over and over again, "George Bacso owes one dollar twenty-five cents for a library fine. He won't be allowed to pick up his schedule until he signs a repayment schedule. George Bacso owes one dollar twenty-five cents for a . . ."

When Li Chen left this room, he was more discouraged than ever. He sat down in a narrow, dark hallway, far from the noises that filled the rest of the building. What was he to do? The closer he came to the Emperor, the farther away he seemed.

He noticed then how far away from the main part of the palace he had strayed. Around him silence hung thick and heavy as a raincloud fallen to earth. He could not remember which way lead back to the stairs, or to any of the other places he had been. But in front of him was a door on which was written, "Two humble Sages live here. Apply inside for help."

From inside came strains of soft lute music, which halted after Li Chen knocked. The door opened and an old man smiled at him, saying, "Come in, young man. I had a feeling we might get a visitor today, although it seemed unreasonable, since we haven't entertained a guest in so many years."

Li Chen bowed courteously. The room was small and dark, hung with bamboo screens like those hung in his own room far away, where Mush Bai Lai was likely snoring. The screens were painted with the same soft-colored forest scenes that he had liked to stare at, dreaming of the examinations and of the life he would lead after them. Suddenly he felt homesick.

In the center of the room a small fire burned, over which hung a pot of rice and vegetables. The old man bade Li Chen sit by it, and handed him a bowl of the rice. "You look hungry," he said, "so eat, and tell me who you are, and how I can help you."

He sat down next to Li Chen, and listened attentively to the story of the scholar's travels, beginning with the farewell party his friends had given him, and ending with the one million peasant women in the Office of Records and Recitations. At the end of his story, Li Chen sighed. "So here I am, no closer to taking the examinations than when I started. Is there anything you can do for me?" He gave the old man an eager look, but then blushed. "Please pardon my thoughtlessness, honorable master. I haven't even asked who you are."

The old man said, "I'm called Sage Who Knows All Ways, Including the Transposition of Continents. I've lived in this part of the Palace so long that even the Emperor himself has forgotten me. No one comes down this far any more, except for a few stray scholars, like yourself, whom I feed and comfort as best I can. But the last scholar to visit us left years ago, so you're doubly welcome, Li Chen, being the first stranger we've seen in so long."

Li Chen had hoped Sage could work some miracle to get him an audience with the Emperor, and felt the bitterness of disappointment once again. "Then you can't help me."

"I didn't say that. But maybe I can't help you in the way you'd like to be helped."

From behind a screen, Sage drew out a long pipe, which he filled with white opium, which he lit and passed to Li Chen. "This will clear your mind," he said; and just as he said it, there came a scrambling noise from one corner of the room. A monkey leapt straight into Sage's arms. Sage smiled. "This is my partner."

"He's the other sage? But his fur is red! I've never seen a red monkey before."

"This no ordinary monkey," Sage said. "But I'll explain all that in due time. First let us share our pleasure with Red Monkey." He motioned for silence, stroking the monkey and relighting the pipe. This time, when he inhaled, the Red Monkey sat on his back, breathing the

tendrils of smoke that drifted up from the bowl. It was Red Monkey's habit always to sit on Sage's back when Sage smoked opium. Afterwards, Sage set Red Monkey on top of an old seven-stringed lute, which Red Monkey began to walk along, producing delicate, beautiful music. Once again Li Chen felt the longing for home.

Sage gently touched the scholar's arm. "Don't look so sad. You think your journey has been a failure, but you're quite wrong. You've found everything you could ever need in this room."

"You came here to take the Emperor's examinations, you say. Many young people journey here for the same reason; but unlike you, Li Chen, they don't come here out of any love for knowledge, nor are they reckoned for their wisdom or righteousness among men."

"In fact, most of them are merely the sons and daughters of wealthy men, who once came here themselves, and the only favor they seek is that of the Jade Emperor's silver. They care for learning only so long as it will increase their power or their margins of profit. We live in an inferior age, Li Chen, where real knowledge is not to be found in institutions. Old Fu can give you a reputation for learning, but he can't change what's in your mind. You must look elsewhere for that."

"Then what am I to do?" asked Li Chen. "Have I come all this way only to find that what I wanted never really existed at all?"

At this, Sage smiled sadly. "You must change the ideas you have about the way your life ought to be lived. You don't need examinations to tell you you're wise. You must learn to live quietly, take long walks, and listen when someone is speaking. You must learn patience and discomfort. If you want to become a learned man, you have the tools."

"But where will I go?"

"Do you have to go anywhere?"

"I have to get food each day."

Sage smiled again, and pointed to the pot. "This is always full."

"Do you mean I could stay here with you?"

The old man nodded. "I think your story was meant to end this way."

At that, Li Chen began to smile himself, and fell on his hands and knees, kowtowing to Sage and blessing his ancestors one thousand generations back; until finally Red Monkey found him so ridiculous he began to leap up and down on the scholar's head.

Then Li Chen became serious, remembering the magic ring given him by the Wizard of the Swine Stable, with which he could pass any test without effort, and remembering his own ambitions for riches and Imperial favor. This was the sort of knowledge Sage condemned, and Li Chen wanted no part of it any more. Drawing the ring out of his robes, he gave it to Sage, and told him the story of the ring, which he had omitted from the previous account he gave of his travels. At the end of this new tale,

Sage nodded saying, "You did well not to use it, and to surrender it to me. Such rings are dangerous temptations."

Li Chen stroked the monkey and sat down once more by the fire, saying to Sage, "I think you're the wisest man in the whole world, even wiser than Fu Thing himself!"

Sage laughed warmly. "I don't doubt I'm wiser than Old Fu. But *there* is the wisest man in the world, right in your lap." Sage pointed to Red Monkey. "Long ago he was a Sage also, by all accounts the greatest of us all. His learning was so vast that he could penetrate the closest-held secrets of those who designed this cosmos, including the Seven Transformations of Man, which may only be perceived all at once. In fact, there was only one thing left which he didn't know. He had yet to learn the justification for human suffering. One day, when I'd planned to leave our room for an anniversary offering at my parent's graves, he said to me, 'Brother Sage, I've almost unlocked this last secret of secrets. I'm certain by the time you return from your journey I'll be able to reconcile to you the existence of evil with the existence of a God who is all-powerful and absolutely good.'

"I was absent for three months, for during the course of my travels I learned of the death of my only sister. I will confess that in my grief over this sudden severance of my last link to my home, I forgot my brother and his quest, and didn't think of him at all until after the period of mourning ended, and I could return.

I found only Red Monkey here, along with a letter which read, 'Brother Sage, my quest for ultimate knowledge has proven successful. But what I learned is far too dangerous ever to reveal, for it is pure Truth, and would destroy utterly this mortal world built on deceit and lies. Therefore I have invoked the second transformation, man to beast, and become Red Monkey. I will never change myself back again, lest in some careless mood I should let some portion of the Truth slip out.' And to this day he has remained the same Red Monkey. He is also called Sage of the Seven Transformations, out of deference to his former enlightened state."

Red Monkey cocked his head at Li Chen, who scratched his chin gently. "I feel as if he could speak to me, almost."

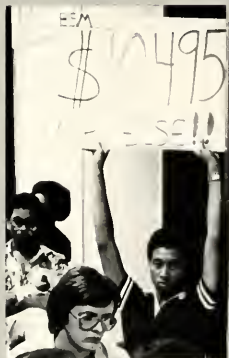
"Oh, I know what he wants." Sage Who Knows All Ways reached for a banana behind the screen, and handed it to the scholar.

"Feed the monkey, Li Chen," Sage commanded, and our hero obeyed. And that is the end of my story, in which you have learned how Li Chen the Scholar came to meet the Sage of the Seven Transformations. You will be lucky if you ever find such a friend.



It was Red Monkey's habit always to sit on Sage's back when Sage smoked opium





ORGANIZATIONS





1977-78 CGC budget hearings



1976-77 CAMPUS
GOVERNING COUNCIL

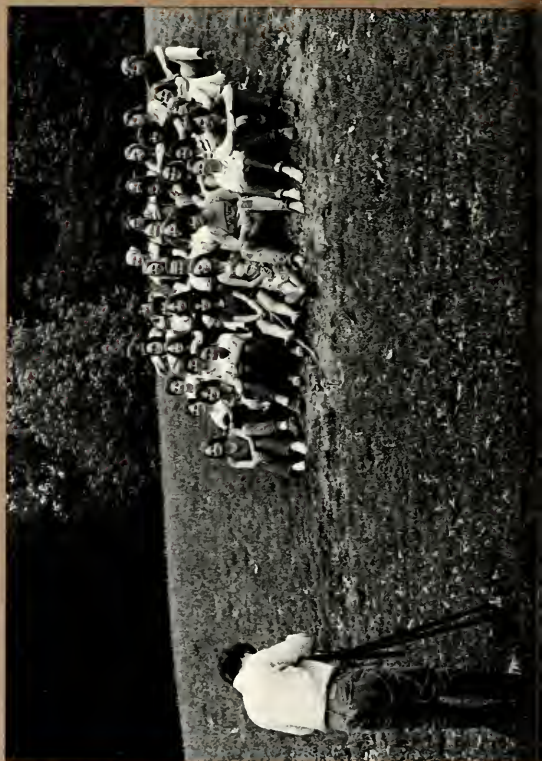
Tal Lassiter, speaker



LAST DAY IN OFFICE



BILLY RICHARDSON
Student Body President





*George Bacso,
Editor*





DAILY TAR HEEL

Alan Murray, editor





CELLAR DOOR

John Russell, editor





WXYC-FM

Robbie Crosswhite, station manager

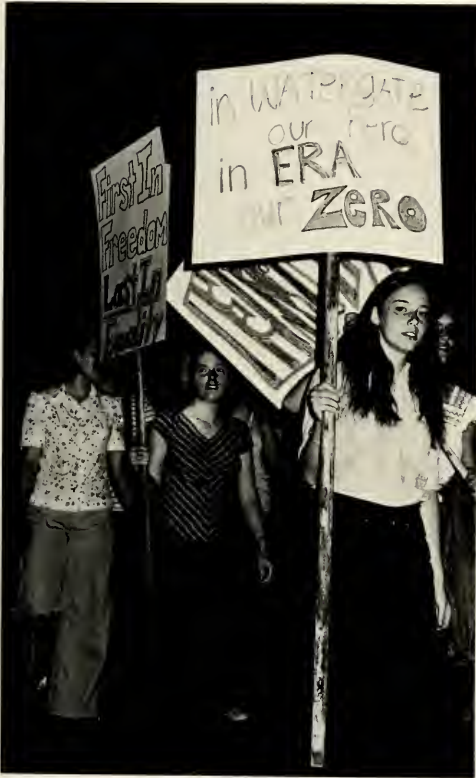


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XANADU WEST & FRIENDS

*First row: Lee Poole, Rick Hornaday, Chris Hoke, Jeff Tudor
Second Row: Tom Yermack, Randy Perkins, Bobby Oast, Vaughn Ramsey*



Seniors

Mac
Mr. Ed
Murph
Nude
Sticks
Tiny

Squad Members

Amaya
Bolts
Bone
Fizz
Free Charles
Jobber
Keats
Lil Dick
Listicles
Moss E. Grotto
Plug
R.B.
Theatre

Bouncers

Agent
Dix
Ready "Shool"
Woody

Supporters

Dale Alton
Mike Amaya
Tim Balderston
Kathleen Barbee
Ginny Bauer
Gayle Beitel
Missy Bencini
Steve Bolte
Bonny Brown
Steve Camak
Molly Cannon
Hill Carrow
Lester Chamock
Anne Colvard
Tommy Craig
Martha Craven
Tom Cunningham

Scot Dapp

Dick Davidson
George Demetri
Richie DeSelm
Ralph D'Iorio
Lauren DuPree
Jane Foley
Sara Fowler
Marie Griffin
Janice Hape
Mark Herman
Marla Hersh
Mary Holzer
Becky Houkal
Fritz Homans
Chip Hutchinson
Jody Ingfield
Kathy Jacobs
Ted Jacobson
Forest Jarnagin
Ned Jones
Mark Keating
Ken Kennedy
Art Klose

Mitch Kolesaire

Sue Lash
Mark List
Tim Lucito
Pete Manieri
Ann Marshall
Steve McDonald
Tom Moss
Chris Murphy
Shara Osborne
Laurie Potter
Ted Powers
Mike Reock
Greg Sanchez
Roger Sharrett
Dave Singley
Susan Swindell
Gale Thompson
Alan Toll
Louis Tudor
Wendy Walker
Barb Wallace
Pam Wallace
Andi Young

BOMBERS

Hillbilly, squad leader

SPORTS CLUB COUNCIL

David Royle, president

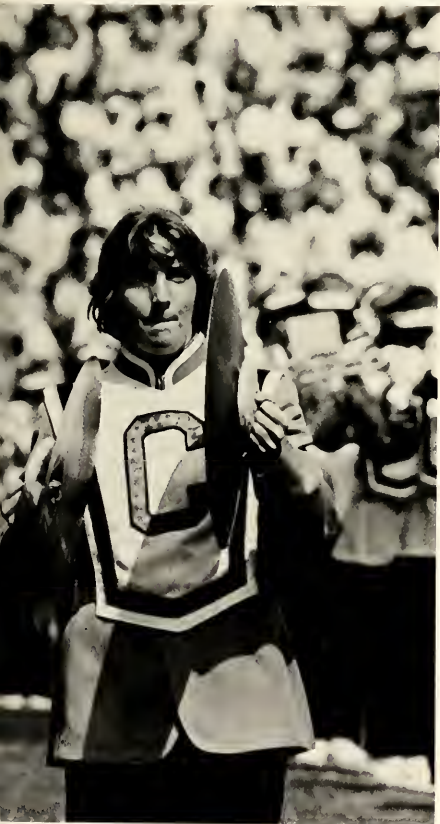




MAJORETTES

Mary Ann McMahan, head majorette





UNIVERSITY BAND

Tommy Darrell, president



AFROTC

John Richardson, David Skalski, group commanders



ANGEL FLIGHT
Linda Morris, group commander

NROTC

*Mike Wellman, Alan Avera, battalion
commanders*







HOUSES



Valery shadowed Regina from the parking lot to the restaurant, sometimes touching the girl carefully and lightly on the elbow to guide her between the cars parked among trees heavy with their load of gold leaves. Regina could feel the touch through her sweater, and turned to Valery with a small smile. Though she could see well enough to walk without help, receiving the attention was pleasant. Valery said, "This sweater feels so nice, it's like cat fur. I wish I had one like it."

Regina nodded. "It would look better on you."

"That's not true." She held the door for Regina and, inside, led her to a booth by a wide window. "Well, we made it at last." Valery smoothed her skirt under her thighs and sat down. "We're finally having dinner alone, just the two of us. I was beginning to wonder if we would ever make it."

Regina smiled and nodded and folded her hands over her purse, watching the late sun fall full as fire on Valery's dark hair. Valery had such beautiful hair, and such a beautiful face. Regina had never been friends with anyone as pretty as Valery before: anyone with eyes like hers, the color of moist earth, or with skin so clear and even, or with hands boned delicately as bird wings. Valery might be the prettiest girl on campus, Regina thought. She watched Valery as Valery watched the cars pass on the highway, unaware of any attention. The light made it hard for Regina to see. She touched her eye absently and looked down at the reflections in the formica tabletop.

Valery turned from the window, brushing her hair over her shoulders. "We came close to missing our dinner again today. I didn't tell you about it, but Ross almost decided to skip his rush party so he could come out with us."

"Did he?"

"He said it was because he likes you and hasn't seen you in a while. He really did."

"I bet you wish he could have come."

Valery smiled. "I might, if I didn't see him enough already. But this way I can talk about him all I want to,

which is almost as much fun as having him here."

"As long as you don't say anything bad about him."

"Oh that doesn't matter. I know you wouldn't tell him anything I told you, would you?" Regina shook her head. Valery smiled. "There, see? I knew you wouldn't." She lifted the salt shaker off the table, glancing at Regina. She kept smiling. "Did I tell you how good the food is here? You can't order anything bad even if you try. That makes up for it being ugly."

"It looks just like the fellowship hall in our church at home," Regina said.

"Do you like it?"

"Oh no, I think it's ugly too. Except I like big windows like these."

"The walls just look so bare to me." Valery gestured to the room beyond their booth. "They're so plain and white, you'd think the manager would put something on them."

"Don't you like white?"

"It's not the white that bothers me, it's just that there's nothing on it. The owner ought to buy some pretty prints. You can get them right at Student Stores. They had tables outside this morning. I started to buy some of the pretty French ones, the kind with all those colors that look sort of smeared, but I forgot my checkbook. If they would buy some prints like that for this place, it would look a whole lot better."

Regina listened, but it was as if Valery's voice receded farther into distance the longer she talked, so that at the end the sound came to her as if through a wall of glass. She touched her bundle of silverware, wrapped in its yellow napkin. Lately she heard everyone speak through this same wall, as if she were surrounded by it, not touching the world directly. She shook her head and frowned, trying to see Valery more clearly. Lately it never left her mind: this layer of haze over everything, as if she watched the world from inside a glass of milk. At night she dreamed that another eye was hovering over her face in the darkness, gazing down at her, white and softly glowing. She wondered if her own eye gave other people

The Tale of Valery and Regina

*A story of the heartfelt love
and devotion between Valery,
a beautiful yet sensitive
coed, and Regina, her tragically
disfigured friend.*

SIGMA CHI DERBY DAY



A RITUALISTIC CELEBRATION OF GREEK LIFE

bad dreams. Dreams frightened Regina. She believed in them the same way she believed the horoscope she read in the newspaper every morning. She told her mother about this dream in a letter, writing, *I don't know what it means, except that lately I don't like to look at people directly. I'm afraid of what they're thinking. Maybe I should stop going to parties, Mother; do you think so? I wonder if people wouldn't be more comfortable if I stayed away.* Mother's answer came quick and sharp. *You dare not let this problem separate you from all social contact with people your own age. The other girls in the house must think you're a selfish little child, dwelling on your problems as much as you do. College ought to be the most wonderful free time of your life, the time when you're able to do all the wild things you'll never have the opportunity to do again; when you'll probably meet the husband with whom you'll spend the rest of your life. You must not waste this opportunity, which your Father and I worked so hard to give you. You must picture yourself as clay being shaped under the hands of a strong potter. It's a sin to wallow in self-pity over a small deformity. Put a better face on things.*

Valery reached across the table to touch Regina's sweater. "What are you thinking about so hard?"

Regina's hand lay across the silverware. She noticed that Valery hadn't yet unrolled hers. Then she smiled at her, carefully. "I haven't written my mother yet this week. I need to do that when I get back to the house."

Valery clapped her hand to her mouth. "Oh I'm glad you said that! I forgot to mail the telephone bill."

Regina glanced at the menu. "I bet you still have plenty of time before they disconnect you."

"What do you want to eat? I'm starved to death."

"Everything sounds good."

"Ross isn't here, so I can eat as much as I want." Valery gave Regina an exasperated look over the menu. "He says I'm getting fat. Can you believe that?"

"You're not getting fat at all."

"He's afraid I will if he doesn't keep after me about how much I eat. His mother was skinny when she was in college but she weighs two hundred pounds now. He thinks I'm going to end up the same way."

"Ross's mother weighs two hundred pounds? You never told me that. And Ross is so good-looking too."

Valery gave her a sly look. "I know. I guess it just goes to show that blood doesn't account for everything."

When the waitress came, they ordered fried chicken. The waitress was wearing large false eyelashes under crescents of bright blue eyeshadow, and her breasts were shoved into a taut brassiere whose cups jutted forward into points. She put all her weight on one hip and popped her gum loudly, scribbling down their orders on her little green pad. When she left, Valery burst into loud laughter. "Did you see her eyes? She looked like a goon. All that eyeshadow made it look like she'd been holding ice cubes against her eyelids."

Regina brushed back her hair. "You have to know how to put it on," she said quietly.

Valery glanced at her, and said slowly, "Yes. And she

had the biggest boobs too. They looked like pointed watermelons."

"It was them that made her look funny, not her eyes." Regina fingered the buttons on her sweater, and then smiled at Valery. In the silence that followed, Valery watched her knif, knowing what she was thinking. She felt suddenly, sharply sorry for the girl. Regina found so little happiness in Chapel Hill, because of the way she looked, and because she was so continually conscious of it. Regina was almost pretty, really; at least she was plain, and not ugly. Lots of girls who looked no better than Regina had much more fun than she did, simply by pretending to be much prettier than they actually were.

It was only Regina's eye that kept her from believing she was as pretty as anyone; and though Valery could understand that, she also understood Regina could only make herself miserable if she thought about it all the time. Here was a perfect example now: Regina lowering her head to keep the other people in the restaurant from noticing her, as if a girl who continually bowed her head were less conspicuous than a girl with a white thing on her eye. Regina would simply have to learn not to care about all the things other girls cared about, because she couldn't afford to. Regina would never be able to get happiness from being considered attractive and keeping lots of boyfriends. Regina's happiness would be grayer and more puritanical, when it finally came. Valery could picture the life of noble suffering in store for Regina as if it were a drug-store novel she'd just read. She would gain a sense of accomplishment from learning to find things in the dark, like blind people in the movies. She would marry a minister and do Christian works in his community, and all the people who knew her would tell stories about the saintly minister's wife with the odd appearance. Perhaps she and her husband would become missionaries to some foreign country like Africa.

Valery never doubted Regina would get a husband of one sort or another. Sometimes she invited Regina to her room when Ross visited, because she was convinced the girl received inspiration from being near a couple in love. She would never have done or thought anything to hurt Regina, willingly. She simply believed Regina should understand that some things were meant for her and some things weren't. It was ordained that Regina be deformed. God would therefore reward her in some other way, to compensate for it.

Valery unrolled her silverware. "It's taking a long time for our tea, isn't it?"

"They must be busy," Regina answered, unrolling her silverware too. A moment later the waitress delivered two sweating glasses, and paused to clean off the ketchup bottle and the salt shaker. She banged the salt shaker on the table to loosen the salt dried beneath the tin cap. Every time she banged the shaker, her eyelashes quivered like little springs. Regina stared at the eyelashes and the crow's feet surrounding the woman's eyes like scars — until the waitress turned to her with a polite, frozen smile. "Is there something you want me to



help you with, miss? I can tell you where the bathroom is real quick."

Regina looked away quickly, shaking her head. Valery said, "Could you please bring us some extra lemon?"

The waitress sniffed. "There's so much lemon in that tea now it'll wring your mouth inside out."

"I like a lot of lemon," Valery said politely.

When the woman was gone, Regina sipped her tea, holding her napkin around the glass to keep her hands dry. Valery looked out the window again. "I wonder what Ross is doing now?" she asked, and Regina smiled at the question. Valery's eyes were clear and round and large as silver dollars. This was the best way to watch someone, Regina thought, when they weren't aware of being watched, or watching you. Regina watched Ross this way too. He was handsome in the same way Valery was pretty: clean and regular as a doll; and sometimes Regina pretended to be in love with him herself, as a kind of homage to Valery. Regina actually liked smaller boys, though, and Ross was certainly not small. Regina liked pale, slim boys. In high school she had dated twice. The first boy took her to a movie in his pick-up truck. The boy's name was Rufus Hardly, and the movie was called *Walking Tall Part Two*. Rufus loved the movie because it was so violent: every other scene showed someone covered with blood. The sight of blood made Rufus laugh as if he might never stop. After the movie they parked in the woods and he tried to make out with her. She put up a fight not because she didn't like the way he kissed — with his rubbery tongue that had such an interesting taste — but because he was clumsy and she wanted him to slow down. After the date, she had a fight with Mother, who had waited up for her. Mother forbade her ever to see Rufus again. How dare anyone take Regina Bell to a movie in a pick-up truck! The Hardlys had no money. Likely the boy thought she would be easy to seduce, because of her hideous eye. None of Mother's boyfriends had ever taken her so lightly.

But Mother liked the second boy, because he was clean and nice, she said; and she went so far as to iron Regina's dress herself, rather than have Annette the maid do it. The boy's name was Bertrum Summit. One day in Algebra class he simply turned to Regina and asked her to a school dance. On the weekend before the dance Regina was to have an operation on her eye, so when the night of the date came, she wore a huge white gauze eyepatch along with the dress Mother ironed. They parked beside the high school gymnasium and Bertrum asked Regina to let him see under the patch. Regina explained that she couldn't take off the bandage because light would damage the eye. He said he would just peek under the gauze real quick — to see how the surgeons made their incisions, that was the only reason. A quick peek like that wouldn't let much light in. He wanted to be a surgeon himself, and had been reading up on operations, so she could trust him to be careful. He put his coat over her head. She thought how much she liked him so far. She might even fall in love with him in a little while.

The tape hurt, coming off; but she only became afraid when the cool air touched her eye. He stared at her. "Look at all those stitches," he whispered. She took off the coat. In the rear-view mirror she gazed at the dark network of scalpel cuts and cat-gut stitches and started to cry. Silently, not touching her more than he could avoid, Bertrum replaced the bandage. Her eye ached. Though it wasn't even nine o'clock then, she asked him to take her home.

The waitress brought their plates of fried chicken and they ate. Valery licked the brown crustcrumbs off her fingers and wiped them on the napkin, giggling. "This stuff sure gets your fingers greasy. If Ross saw me do that he'd shoot me."

"Ross would never shoot you. Don't say stupid things."

Valery sat up straight. "I'll have you to know I'm not stupid. I bet he would too shoot me; you just don't know how mad he gets sometimes. The other day after my geography class I was talking to this boy named Philip, and Ross came up to me like he was going to strangle me and Philip both, one hand apiece." She made believe she was being strangled, bugging out her eyes and giving out small squeals. Regina giggled, touching her napkin to her mouth. "You're such a clown! I love going out with you." She sipped a little water, crunching the ice slowly between her front teeth. Outside the sun hung large and red among the trees. "Do you want to do something tonight? We could go to see *A Star is Born* again. That was fun."

Valery shook her head. "I wish I could, but I promised Ross I'd study with him tonight. He has a midterm tomorrow and we didn't get to see much of one another this weekend."

"Doesn't he have to go to bed early on weeknights?"

"I won't be staying there all night tonight." She looked at Regina a moment, shading her eyes, making the room go from bright to dark. Regina gave her a quizzical look. Valery dropped her hand quickly and asked, "Do you like this place now that you've eaten here?"

"They give you a lot of food, which is good. But they're sort of slow."

"That's the only thing Ross doesn't like about it," Valery said. "But we still eat here a lot, because they give you so much food for your money. When we came here after the East Carolina game he was so hungry he ate two of these dinners."

"You're kidding!!"

"Oh no. The waitress just could not believe it. I had to convince her he was serious when he ordered the second one. She just stood there and said, 'I never had anybody to order another dinner before they even saw if they could eat the first one.'"

Regina laughed. "I can just see this waitress saying that to somebody."

"Well it wasn't this one, it was another one; this real old fat lady who looked like she was about to fall over dead any minute. I told Ross I was afraid she'd have a



heart attack if he ordered dessert. They'd have had to back the ambulance to the kitchen and drag her to it with a crane." The girls laughed and touched hands across the table. Regina shook her head. "You're such a clown."

"Oh, I know. I just love to be the center of attention, I can't help it. Somebody has to be." She opened a pack of crackers and took a small bite from one. "Only I got carried away that night. I told Ross the waitress looked like his mother."

"Oh no Valery, tell me you didn't say something like that."

"I wish I hadn't."

"Was Ross mad?"

"Well he didn't speak to me through his whole first plate. I had to apologize about six times, and then I had to swear up and down I *loved* his mother, and you know that's not true."

"What happened after that?"

"Ross gave me a long speech about the way I behaved to her. He was such a snot. He said it would serve me right to get in an accident and have my face ruined, because I'm always judging people by their appearances. He says that's why I don't like his mother."

"What did you say?"

"I told him that just wasn't true, I don't like his mother because she doesn't like me. But he still didn't understand."

Regina looked thoughtful for a moment. "I don't think that's true either. You don't judge people by appearances." She wiped her mouth carefully with the napkin. "I always hate it when you have an argument with someone in a restaurant."

"I know. You can't say what you want to, because there's too many people around; and if you can't say what you want, you might as well not say anything at all; only you can't do that because then the person you're with only thinks you're madder than you are, when you're really not mad, you're just not able to say what you want to."

"That's true," Regina said.

Valery played with her cole slaw a moment. "Ross is so strange when we're in public anyway. He gets all stiff and won't let me touch him much, and he tries to make me not talk so much if we're with other people."

"I've noticed that he tells you to shut up a lot."

"Oh, but let's don't talk about Ross any more." Valery propped her chin on her palm and smiled. "Except I can just picture him here. We always come to restaurants with these little booths and Ross just can't get comfortable in them. He's so wide he hangs over the seat, and all the waitresses bump into him."

"He'd probably be more comfortable at a table where he could stretch out his legs."

"Well, that last time there weren't any tables. This place is packed on football Saturdays, and we couldn't find anything except this booth."

"This one right here?"

"Oh sure. Why do you think I sat us down in this

one?"

Regina rolled her eyes in disbelief. Valery leaned forward, glad to have made the other girl laugh for a moment. But just then the light from the ceiling caught Regina's eye at a different angle, flooding it dead gray as a fish scale. Valery shuddered, looking away. She meant no hurt. But because she was afraid Regina had noticed the movement, she gazed into her plate for a moment. After so much talk, the silence seemed even more noticeable. Finally Valery looked up. Regina looked as if she were trying to keep from speaking, her lips working in a peculiar way. Finally she said, "It isn't pretty to look at. I know that."

Valery blushed. "Oh no, that's not it. Your eye doesn't bother me."

Regina shook her head; her mouth felt blasted dry. Valery was her good friend. They were always together, when Valery wasn't with Ross. Valery hadn't meant to hurt her feelings. Regina picked up her fork and played with her french fries. They finished the meal in silence, Valery watching her for a moment and then looking away, and watching her again a moment later. The waitress brought their checks. When she'd gone, Valery touched Regina's hand and said, "It doesn't bother me, Regina. You make too much of it."

Regina looked at Valery directly; she could see her as clearly as she ever saw her, but the voice she heard was not Valery's, but Mother's. "Go ahead and make yourself miserable, go right ahead. But you'll be alone when you do it. The world wasn't made for whiners." Father would give her one of those knowing, concerned looks he practiced in the mirror while shaving. Regina reached for her purse and left the waitress thirty cents under the edge of her plate. Valery did the same. "I guess we better get back now, don't you think?"

"Yes."

At the cash register the old man winked at Valery.


"Where's that boyfriend of yours?"

"Oh, he's at rush, Mr. Fletcher. You know those boys have things to do all the time."

"I know it, I know it." He shook his head. "You tell him I said hello, and you tell him I said to keep on working hard."

"I'll sure remember to do that."

Mr. Fletcher nodded to Regina without looking at her directly. On the way out, Valery pulled together the collar of her jacket. Cool night air brushed their faces. They walked to the car in silence. Valery tried again and again to think of something to say. Looking up at the sky, she watched the rich streaked bands of deep red and gold that marked the last moment of sunset. "It was still daylight when we came here," she said. "It sure does get dark fast, doesn't it?"

She looked at Regina. They watched one another for a long time, before realizing what they saw in one another; and then Valery put her arms around Regina and drew her close, embracing her, whispering, "I'm  sorry," into her thin hair.



1. Sharon Weaver
2. Barbara Coward
3. Wendy Johnson
4. Cheryl Guyer
5. Pearl Burris
6. Susan Smith
7. Rochelle Small
8. Deborah Scales
9. Anita King
10. Denise Gibson
11. Yvonne Robinson
12. Sheri Parks
13. Cerse Wynne

NOT PICTURED:

Pamela Bridgeforth
 Debora Bryan
 Nathlyn Bryant
 Evelyn Bullock
 Gwendolyn Bullock
 Josie Freeman
 Millicent Fullford
 Oveta Fuller
 Michelle Goode
 Angela Hales
 Victoria Hoke
 Valerie Hubbard
 Linda Jenkins
 Deborah Lott

Jeannie Mask
 Karol Mason
 Cynthia McDonald
 Delbra McIntyre
 Debra Payseur
 Diane Ramsey
 Deborah Rhem
 Annie Ruffin
 Syvil Summons
 Sandra Timmons
 Sheri Turner
 Linda Vaughn
 LaDonna Washington
 Jackie Watson



Alpha Kappa Alpha

Denise Gibson, president

Delta Sigma Theta

Paula Newsome, president

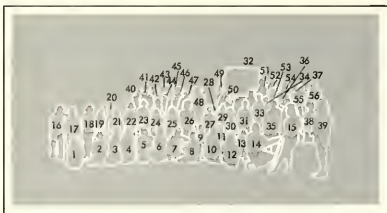


1. Adrienne Mitchell
2. Carmen Battle
3. Deborah Wynecoff
4. Valinda Brown
5. Sabrena McDaniel
6. Joretta Durant
7. Sheila White
8. Precious Plummer
9. Sherri Blount
10. Constance Battle
11. Desiree Morrow
12. Opal Ellis
13. Deborah Rivers
14. Angela Johnson
15. Carol Willis

NOT PICTURED:

- Michele Allison
- Sharon Avery
- Sandra Banks
- Velma Barnwell
- Lucia Burton
- Kathy Clement
- Natalear Collins
- Mercedes Dickerson
- Rochon Dibble
- Cathy Gilchrist
- Charmaine Gray
- Deborah Howey
- Joy Kendrick
- Paula Newsome
- Veronica Pettiford
- Dawne Posey
- Yvette Ransom
- Hortense Redd
- Angela Sampson
- Rhonda Stokes
- Vera Walton





Alpha Chi Omega

Margaret Forte, president

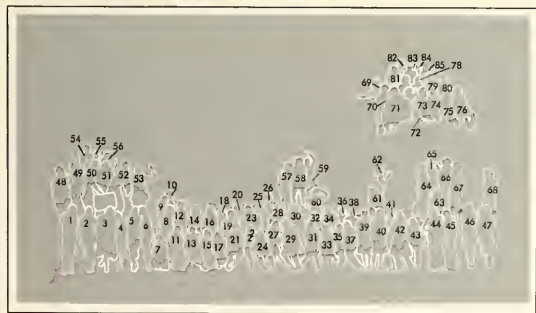
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|-------------------------|---------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Marie Parker | 25. Jane May | 49. Lynne Haseley |
| 2. Patti Rogers | 26. Amy Everett | 50. Martha Minnis |
| 3. Connie Royal | 27. Beth Koonce | 51. Peggy Clark |
| 4. Molly Stockton | 28. Beth Clifton | 52. Karen Kelly |
| 5. Robin Ralston | 29. Dale Alton | 53. Lynn McClure |
| 6. Kathy Glenn | 30. Donna Davis | 54. Dari Davis |
| 7. Kim Clarke | 31. Kathy Vogler | 55. Melissa Owen |
| 8. Barbara Egerton | 32. Jeanne Gardner | 56. Jayne Baker |
| 9. Lee Kenion | 33. Jerita Wright | |
| 10. Betsy Bruton | 34. Sue Haseley | NOT PICTURED |
| 11. Royale Coggin | 35. Beth Crouch | Courtney Becker |
| 12. Kim Collins | 36. Meg Griswold | Kathryn Bell |
| 13. Lynn Timberlake | 37. Sally Bulla | Susie Drake |
| 14. Scottie Tolar | 38. Val Charles | Mary Lynn Eure |
| 15. Lindsay Gray | 39. Debbie Lovelace | Kathy Hart |
| 16. Margie Haywood | 40. Marian Hinnant | Ramona Jones |
| 17. Sharon Hall | 41. Betty Westphal | Kim Koury |
| 18. Martha Holding | 42. Paula Hobbs | Virginia Lickel |
| 19. Connie Dickson | 43. Hope Tyndall | Martha McClure |
| 20. Debbie Skaradzinski | 44. Minam Eaves | Debbie McMeHan |
| 21. Vernia Gates | 45. Becky Burbage | Nancy Parker |
| 22. Cathy Humphries | 46. Susan Swindell | Jeanne Roebuck |
| 23. Peggy Stryker | 47. Kathy King | Karen Young |
| 24. Ann Clarke | 48. Teresa Rigsbee | |





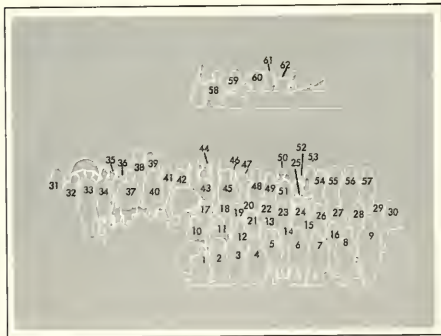
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|-----------------------|---------------------|-----------------------|-----------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Margaret Sheridan | 22. Debbie Russell | 43. Nan Lewis | 64. Betsy Tucker | 85. Jennifer Thomas |
| 2. Bettie Hendersen | 23. Becca Workman | 44. Civil Adams | 65. Karen Reynolds | |
| 3. Mary Nimocks | 24. Betsy Eskridge | 45. Kim Ford | 66. Pam Penisten | |
| 4. Arden Dowdy | 25. Carol Bedsole | 46. Liz Wutschel | 67. Susie Metcalfe | |
| 5. Amy Colgan | 26. Ed Peele | 47. Cindy Drake | 68. Debbie Peele | |
| 6. Michelle Sloan | 27. Peggy McCown | 48. Maggie Sargent | 69. Annie Steward | |
| 7. Carrie Salter | 28. Melissa Smith | 49. Lisa Pittman | 70. Anna Sykes | |
| 8. Charly Royal | 29. Debbie Algranti | 50. Sharon Sutherland | 71. Sarah Vann | |
| 9. Melissa Goddard | 30. Ann Waynick | 51. Betsy Torrans | 72. Molly Patrick | |
| 10. Sharon Knight | 31. Jane Barnes | 52. Su-Su Aycok | 73. Margie Morton | |
| 11. Melissa Ridenhour | 32. Vicki Marmarose | 53. Jane Johnson | 74. Kathy Ellis | |
| 12. Martha Hamm | 33. Sue Blaug | 54. Debbie Massey | 75. Doris Alexander | |
| 13. Penny Pennington | 34. Heidi Behrends | 55. Mary Pratt | 76. Sue Spaugh | |
| 14. Sally Bussey | 35. Lynn Furr | 56. Shawn Daughtridge | 77. Lynn Maccubbin | |
| 15. Sue Dewalt | 36. Beth Maloy | 57. Linda Pegrum | 78. Olivia Ratledge | |
| 16. Cindy Coe | 37. Ellie Page | 58. Harriet Dishman | 79. Beth Dalton | |
| 17. Fabra Hart | 38. Debbie Harvey | 59. Susan Kuhn | 80. Anna Johnson | |
| 18. Leesa Childress | 39. Beth Abernathy | 60. Winston Folger | 81. Debbie Timmons | |
| 19. Jane Blanchard | 40. Carol Costner | 61. Karen Robinson | 82. Tommy Woodard | |
| 20. Martha Allgood | 41. Kay Carpenter | 62. Suzy Lawson | 83. Barksdale Spencer | |
| 21. Jane Durney | 42. Pam Jones | 63. Becca Moseley | 84. Kathy Davis | |

NOT PICTURED
 Emily Biggs
 Robin Brown
 Linda Garrett
 Suzie Gallin
 Sharon Hasty
 Irwin Hinson
 Beth Justesen
 Pat Kennedy
 Boo Knuckley
 Ann LeCount
 Debbie Morrow
 Garland Peete
 Laura Phelps
 Debbie Ritter
 Linda Visser
 Julia Wilkerson
 Pam Williams



Alpha Delta Pi

Margaret Sheridan, president



- | | | |
|-----------------------|---------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Mary Craig | 34. Suzy Marlette | Katharine Beasley |
| 2. Jules Montgomery | 35. Julie Blazer | Ducky Calhoun |
| 3. Laura Fraser | 36. Bea Riera | Lisa Collins |
| 4. Liz DeVine | 37. Pat Fentriss | Julie Collins |
| 5. Ellen Stanley | 38. Ginny Cates | Page Dawson |
| 6. Joan Pettit | 39. Yorke Wooten | Cora Dobson |
| 7. Pam Ferguson | 40. Helen Harris | Dee Dee Dorroll |
| 8. Ruth Harris | 41. Beth Dortch | Hunter Dortch |
| 9. Janet Kirkland | 42. Jane Orahoad | Beverly DuPree |
| 10. Mary Dashiell | 43. Daneen Nyimicz | Trish Elliot |
| 11. Carter Brooks | 44. Donna Joyner | Pan Elliot |
| 12. Marianne Mattox | 45. Jean Walston | Margaret Foerster |
| 13. Gaither Moore | 46. Cantev Sutton | Laurie Ginter |
| 14. Jeanette Kirk | 47. Debbie Mead | Dallas Hayden |
| 15. Cathy Shingleton | 48. Leslie Benning | Lynn Harris |
| 16. Kristi Hoffman | 49. Liz Timothy | Betty Hoover |
| 17. Laura Fanjoy | 50. Rush Dorsett | Anne Howell |
| 18. Betsy Hardwick | 51. Deb Goldsmith | Ernestine Huffman |
| 19. Margy Mitchell | 52. Gaither Kelly | Dee Joyce |
| 20. Kitty Moore | 53. Linda Dunn | Margaret Kirk |
| 21. Betsy Ross | 54. Suzanne Bowron | Jessica MacVicar |
| 22. Donna Clark | 55. Jennifer Mapel | Michelle Mereschak |
| 23. Kelly Nyimicz | 56. Melanie Calvert | Jaynie Milligan |
| 24. Nancy Snell | 57. Laura Doss | Christy Morris |
| 25. Ethelyn Simpson | 58. Laurie King | Ann Patrick |
| 26. Bettye Abernathy | 59. Lauren Davis | Mary D. Pender |
| 27. Debbie Wickham | 60. Gwen Barnes | Rogers Pender |
| 28. Allison Nunn | 61. Ann Peper | Susan Pitt |
| 29. Jaquelin Jenkins | 62. Maggie Timothy | Susan Ragmer |
| 30. Elizabeth Stetson | | Ellen Wallenborn |
| 31. Croft Whitener | | Kim Walter |
| 32. Donna Hesemer | NOT PICTURED: | Kathy Woodburn |
| 33. Anne Boddie | Betsy Armstrong | |
| | Sue Barnes | |



Chi Omega

Kim Walter, president





Delta
Delta
Delta

Bennet Wellons, president





1. Lynn R. Delta
2. Linda K. Delta
3. Karin N. Delta
4. Patti Terry
5. Beth Hoggard
6. Lynn Royster
7. Sarah Gray Lamm
8. Allison Elsee
9. Valerie Tullai
10. Anne Hollingsworth
11. Gibbs Chadwick
12. Mitzi Cherry
13. Carrie Wentz
14. Sara Vetter
15. Kyle Hendrix
16. Janie Ranson
17. Sally Doubleday
18. Sue McConnell
19. Jean Trice
20. Susan King
21. Katherine Forehand

22. Anne Bryant
23. Agnes Parker
24. Ann Benjamin
25. Sandy Smith
26. Julie Harris
27. Beth Beale
28. Holly Hamilton
29. Dottie Edwards
30. Janet Jarema
31. Sally Sackett
32. Parkie Gilliam
33. Anne Mayo
34. Mae Mae Andrews
35. Page Forbes
36. Mary Haxton
37. Emily Cate
38. Nancy Wallace
39. Lindsey Linker
40. Laurie Hutchins
41. Gail Hanson
42. Abie Dowd

43. Bennett Wellons
44. Adrienne Warren
45. Kelli Summers
46. Emily Warren
47. Suzan Bentley
48. Polly Williamson
49. Nancy Hinton
50. Amy Lou Clifton
51. Helen Fleming
52. Kathy Bishop
53. Missy Fick
54. Beth Terry
55. Mary Festerman
56. Carol Zaytoun
57. Susan Iderton

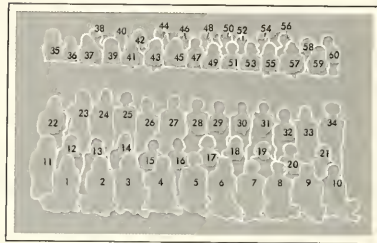
NOT PICTURED
 Tricia Anthony
 Heidi Athanas
 Becky Barnhill
 Cindy Base

- Ann Berry
 Susan Bitler
 Patty Bradshaw
 Beth Brady
 Eleanor Branch
 Debbie Burnette
 Marnie Carmichael
 Susan Carmichael
 Sinclair Cornwell
 Cammie Cramer
 Jaclynn Dabagian
 Cam Davis
 Janet Dunker
 Janice Edmiston
 Laurie Ann Ferguson
 Susan Fowler
 Laura Frazier
 Mabel Geoghegan
 Nancy Geoghegan
 Meredith Ingram
 Suzanne Jarema

- Vicki Jones
 Bettie Kelley
 Bess Knotts
 Ellen Leitinger
 Anne Lineberger
 Leigh Lineberger
 Cam Lucas
 Charlotte Maxwell
 Nancy Moore
 Betsy Neill
 Caroline Perry
 Jean Rogers
 Agnes Sabiston
 Mary Sherrill
 Tempe Smith
 Lyn Snyder
 Marti Somerall
 Hanley Testerman
 Wendy Walker
 Dorothy Wallace

Kappa Alpha Theta

Lynne Meiggs, president



1. Terri Reid
2. Betsy Xenakis
3. Laura Scism
4. Neal Kimball
5. Gina Woodruff
6. Jo Canaday
7. Nancy Williams
8. Lisa Epstein
9. Margaret Brown
10. Rebecca Shirley
11. Janet Jackson
12. Cynthia Peake
13. Deborah Love
14. Susan Von Cannon
15. Beverly Maddox
16. Marie Zurl
17. Shaun Fuller
18. Phyllis Blumenfield
19. Sally Kendrick
20. Julie Lipsitz
21. Gail Lindley
22. Smitty Horne
23. Lynne Meiggs
24. Melodie Griffin
25. Jennifer Modlin
26. Gerry Ethridge
27. Vicki Dvoracek
28. Jane Parks
29. Melissa Swicegood
30. Sue Howell
31. Donna Harris
32. Teresa Dunlap
33. Melanie Vezina
34. Margie Manley
35. Toni Maschenn
36. Jo Ellen Bilanin
37. Lucine Wolfe
38. Billie Hines
39. Ann Benson
40. Martha Rand
41. Sheila Falvo
42. Nancy Zaytoun



- 43. Arjé Brown
- 44. Mary Jeane Young
- 45. Patti Miller
- 46. Judy Jones
- 47. Margo Smith
- 48. Kay Shivar
- 49. Alison Davenport
- 50. Marci Borton
- 51. Elizabeth Ewing
- 52. Susan Shook
- 53. Jenny Carmichael
- 54. Susan Swanda
- 55. Susan Rosenberg
- 56. Katharine Lackman
- 57. Robin Ifit
- 58. Kathy Mouton
- 59. Debbie Jordan
- 60. Linda Rugh

- Elizabeth Barefoot
- Joanna Boyce
- Laura Brown
- Catherine Cate
- Stacey Cox
- Nancy Custer
- Megan Danton
- Debbie Davis
- Susan Foster
- Kim Gilbert
- Betty Hampton
- Karen Hutters
- Laura Jeffress
- Diana Jones
- Julie Landrum
- Karen Lindsey
- Robin Livingston
- Lucy Milks
- Deborah Norman
- Vicki Nye
- Lynne Obrist

- Susan Palmer
- Kathy Payne
- Katie Peacpck
- Laurie Perry
- Barbara Roberts
- Alice Schenk
- Katherine Simmons
- Sharm Steadman
- Leslie Stewart
- Loni Traylor
- Cheri Volk
- Ceryl Winn
- Alice Wire
- Mrs. Edith Glover

NOT PICTURED:
Leslie Adler





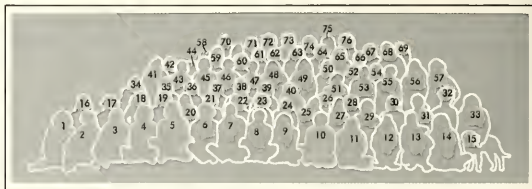
1. Marian Wooten
2. Lisa Warner
3. Karen Vail
4. Betsy Lindley
5. Amy Maxwell
6. Karen Henson
7. Ginny Morris
8. Sandy Gay
9. Nancy Gresham
10. Susan Bridger
11. Debbie Daughtry
12. Lucy Credle
13. Carson Joyner
14. Jody Weber
15. Dog
16. Patty Hairyes
17. Mary Ann McMahan
18. Kay Lambert
19. Vivian Holloway

20. Bonnie Riddle
21. B.J. Fiser
22. Cindy Cox
23. Donna Jordan
24. Alice Rapport
25. Mary Kennedy
26. Jana Littlejohn
27. Barbara Smith
28. Kim Davis
29. Susan East
30. Lucy Allen
31. Julia Clay
32. Lisa Delaney
33. Kelly McCarthy
34. Sally Stoecker
35. Toby Griffin
36. Kay Harrison
37. Leslie Fletcher
38. Ann Nichols

29. Tricia Dunn
40. Linda Korsen
41. Blair Gibson
42. Pam Sargeant
43. Kelley Mullen
44. Laurie Toole
45. Anna Freeman
46. Cathy Freeman
47. Susan Benton
48. Liz Elkins
49. Martha Sellars
50. Cynthia Weeks
51. Sally Betts
52. Shawn Gray
53. Angie Dixon
54. Karen Lewis
55. Kassie Allen
56. Linda Fletcher
57. Ellen Wooten

58. Debbie Meighan
59. Susan Doby
60. Jean Byrum
61. Rudy Worsley
62. Lorraine Jones
63. Ellen Wishon
64. Paula Murrill
65. Gwen Owenby
66. Candy Williams
67. Mitzi Moore
68. Mary Willinger
60. Cindy Robinson
70. Janet Wheless
71. Lorraine Jones
72. Betty Whitehead
73. Jim Harrison
74. Kelly Cooper
75. Kaye Conrad
76. Sandy Goad

- NOT PICTURED:
- Paula Gentry
 - Jill Hickey
 - Libby Johnson
 - Anita Jones
 - June Lamb
 - Janet Maxwell
 - Tricia McGee
 - Margaret Moss
 - Carolyn Nichols
 - Camille Rogers
 - Susan Rogers
 - Lucy Sherman
 - Diane Sweeney
 - Suzanne Wagoner
 - Jan Williams
 - Susan Woolard
 - Beth Woodward





Kappa Delta

Mary Lynn Wolfinger, president



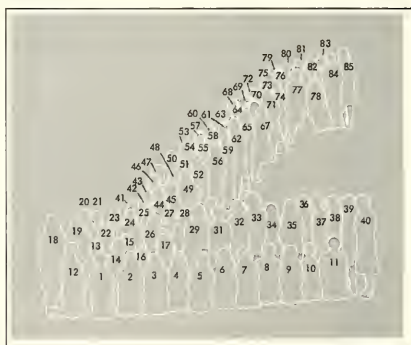
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|-----------------------|------------------------|----------------------|--------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Linda McDuffee | 23. Carter Williams | 44. Cheri Hall | Jennifer Canaday | Rebecca Pressly |
| 2. Priscilla Bryant | 24. Willa Jones | 45. Besse Jordan | Liz Collie | Kareb Quesenberry |
| 3. Mary Medicus | 25. Dorothea Lowendick | 46. Kathryn Stocks | Cathy Deener | Patricia Redmon |
| 4. Ginny Waller | 26. Pam Moore | 47. Marion Crowley | Judy Ermen | Georganne Reece |
| 5. Laura Clendenin | 27. Fabian Griffin | 48. Carol Greene | Ann Flowers | Liz Roper |
| 6. Merrill Rose | 28. Barbara Dreyer | 49. Suzy Thomas | Becky Gardner | Angie Sawyer |
| 7. Leslie Smith | 29. Ann Watson | 50. Betsy Philpott | Julie Green | Janet Shands |
| 8. Claudia Estep | 30. Lynn Boyette | 51. Virginia Whitner | Marie Griffin | Amy Singleton |
| 9. Debbie Gupton | 31. Teresa Joyner | 52. Frances Hopper | Barbara Hamm | Martha Smith |
| 10. Kay Thompson | 32. Jan White | 53. Mary Gaines | Martha Hennessey | Katie Spudis |
| 11. Ann Rendleman | 33. Susan Stallone | 54. Chris Weatherly | Susan Howick | Susan Stamper |
| 12. Patti Dickey | 34. Alison Canoles | | Nancy Jarmul | Melinda Steele |
| 13. Betsy Brown | 35. Sally Bates | NOT PICTURED. | Liz Jeter | Debbie Stephens |
| 14. Sue Stone | 36. Connie Morrow | Anne Allen | Princess King | Betsy Stone |
| 15. Bicket Stephens | 37. Beth Adams | Sally Austin | Robbin King | Lynn Swisher |
| 16. Carol Blankenship | 38. Susan Janeway | Mary Baggett | Stephanie Kornegay | Dottie Venable |
| 17. Jan Edwards | 39. Catherine Grubbs | Pam Belding | Barbara Lyon | Susan Wagnon |
| 18. Dana Longnecker | 40. Diane Porter | Julia Biggerstaff | Jane McDuffie | Denise Warren |
| 19. Eileen O'Grady | 41. Lindsay Reynolds | Ashley Bradshaw | Duden Nicholson | Cindy Weers |
| 20. Leslie Scism | 42. Sharon Lewis | Karen Brown | Susie O'Bryan | Missy Wheedon |
| 21. Pam Parker | 43. Ridge Collie | Cindy Caldwell | Susan Perry | Carol Williams |

Kappa Kappa Gamma

Merril Rose, president







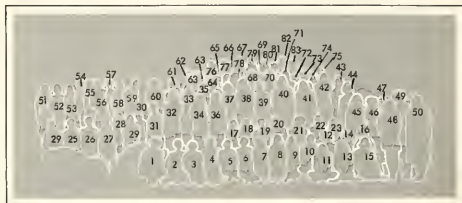
Phi Mu

Ann Ritter, president

1. Nancy Connally
2. Deb Wensil
3. Karen Joyner
4. Lynne Bearden
5. Beth Warren
6. Terri Dreier
7. Mary Dula
8. Frances Creel
9. Leslie Edwards
10. Vicki Kiker
11. Linda Rosenfield
12. Julia Morgan
13. Pat Britton
14. Ginny Shannon
15. Kim Detter
16. Marsha Morris
17. Coralyn Meredith
18. Kathy Pipkin
19. Diane Lynch
20. Amy Martin
21. Tish Hackney
22. Lynn Chase
23. Robin Hadley
24. Jean Thompson
25. Sara Jane Dixon
26. Debbie Miller
27. Laura Hackney
28. Hermene Rocomora
29. Lisa Corriher
30. Nancy Williams
31. Joy Woodard
32. Teresa Bazemore
33. Karen Hoffman
34. Barbara Hughes
35. Martha Woodard
36. Cathy FitzSimons
37. Liz Williams
38. Martha Apple
39. Susan McAfee
40. Ann Ritter
41. Tracy Madigan
42. Ann Pennell
43. Melinda Lee
44. Sharon Jarvis
45. Dodo Gutierrez
46. Elizabeth Ellett
47. Ann Marie Knops
48. Lauren Edwards
49. Charise Lowery
50. Lynda Wensil
51. Wanda Lovette
52. Debbie Stratford
53. Renee Pullen
54. Faith Entwistle
55. Kim Lane
56. Mary Horton
57. Barbara Bauer
58. Becky Robbins
59. Marlana Sverin
60. Candy Garner
61. Carole Frye
62. Lynn McCully
63. Teresa Barringer
64. Melanie Stokes
65. Vicki Stuart
66. Robin Perry
67. Debi Stoy
68. Paula O'Kelle
69. Kathy Cannon
70. Eleanor Evans
71. Susan Trice
72. Karen O'Donnell
73. Debbie Rogoff
74. Jenny Cobb
75. Amy Brannock
76. Janet O'Neal
77. Martha Garner
78. Connie Strock
79. Dessie Elliot
80. Anne Register
81. Lois Gore
82. Susan Rogers
83. Jenna Thurston
84. Phoebe Elliot
85. Deedi Johnsey

NOT PICTURED
Diane Berenbaum
Stephanie Born
Marcia Creech
Maryle Daw
Peggy Heim
Pam Holten
Lisa London
Becky Sanko
Joyce Wood





- | | | |
|----------------------|---------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Peggy Manly | 17. Molly Froelich | 33. Lynn Harand |
| 2. Alice Hart | 18. Laura Graham | 34. Carver McLean |
| 3. Brandon Boyd | 19. Ann Philbrick | 35. Margaret Brown |
| 4. Kay Peterson | 20. Kathy Pinson | 36. Eugenia Collins |
| 5. Leigh Taylor | 21. Rebecca Garcia | 37. Lanny Bennett |
| 6. Joy Huntley | 22. Cassie Myers | 38. Sally Whittle |
| 7. Joanie Stephens | 23. Lisa Lowdermilk | 39. Duffy Green |
| 8. Betsy Alexander | 24. Patsy Crothers | 40. Peggy Brown |
| 9. Cindy Vanstory | 25. Marniott Little | 41. B.T. Homewood |
| 10. Sarah Fortune | 26. Buff Wick | 42. Bonnie Ford |
| 11. Mary McGranahan | 27. Anne Stephens | 43. Lucy Jones |
| 12. Mary Stephens | 28. Anna Ball Jones | 44. Gay Chapman |
| 13. Lynn Byerly | 29. Sally Jones | 45. Sugar Cheshire |
| 14. Cathy Richards | 30. Marree Shore | 46. Hope Cannon |
| 15. Kathrine Craft | 31. Jill Dillard | 47. Carolyn Eskridge |
| 16. Jean Marie Eaves | 32. Creecy Smith | 48. Betsy Fahf |

Pi Beta Phi

Buff Wick, president



- 49. GinGin Brogden
- 50. Betsy Thurmond
- 51. Cathy Patteson
- 52. Sarah Glenn
- 53. Stewart Crawford
- 54. Karen Weyher
- 55. Weezie Ellingson
- 56. Ann Wood
- 57. Caroline Hodgkins
- 58. Sage Nichols
- 59. Leslie Pritchard
- 60. Ann Mellen
- 61. Adele Roberts
- 62. Lore White
- 63. Dillard Field
- 64. Virginia Shelley

- 65. Blythe Boyd
- 66. Marti Patteson
- 67. Nancy Fountain
- 68. Vickie Garrabrant
- 69. Jean Collett
- 70. Emmett Boney
- 71. Jean Scott
- 72. Carney Timberlake
- 73. Nina Cloaninger
- 74. Arlene Roise
- 75. Kathryn Tanner
- 76. Suagr Haywood
- 77. Nona LaRose
- 78. Carol Boren
- 79. Becky Lea
- 80. Teresa Turner

- 81. Trisch Bullock
- 82. Josie Forbes
- 83. Anna Taylor

NOT PICTURED:
 Julie Andrews
 Lynn Brady
 Madeline Cooley
 Palmer DuBose
 Pat Dudley
 Janie Hunt
 Ashley Manning
 Mary McClendon
 Serena Morgan
 Trisca Motsinger
 Janie Stafford





- | | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Karen Ciarrocca | 7. April Davis | 12. Beverly Lipman |
| 2. Louise McLean | 8. Susan Raney | 13. Paggly Watson |
| 3. Lori Lewis | 9. Peggy House | 14. Jane Green |
| 4. Kim Farrell | 10. Claire Stevens | 15. Pam Ward |
| 5. Ginger Gilliam | 11. Mary Farmer | 16. Kay Gable |
| 6. Melody Trent | | |





- 1. Libby Ruth
- 2. Susan Rafshoon
- 3. Linda Ockuly
- 4. Linda Gaston
- 5. Pam Prouty
- 6. Susan Maleski
- 7. Susan Reesman
- 8. Wendy Ryan
- 9. Karen Easter
- 10. Ellen Bush
- 11. Jean Frier
- 12. Suzanne Wilkins
- 13. Ann Sweet
- 14. Nancy Aycock
- 15. Beth Ragan
- 16. Debbie Shermer
- 17. Debbie Fountain
- 18. Melissa Sigmon
- 19. Margo Warhola
- 20. Meg Rogers

- NOT PICTURED:
- Laura Byrd
 - Lory Hatcher
 - Misty Hearin
 - Susie Hulse
 - Jean Jackson
 - Karen MacKinnon
 - Mary McCoy
 - Jan Nowell
 - Peggy Price
 - Anne Shelly
 - Kelly Thomas



Sigma
Sigma
Sigma

Lynda Oakley, president





1. Becky Burbage
2. Sharon Knight
3. Pam Holton
4. Beth Woodward
5. Cindy Caldwell
6. Susan Bentley
7. Julie Blazer
8. Adele Roberts
9. Linda Rugh

NOT PICTURED
April Davis





Panhellenic Council

Julie Blazer, president





Interfraternity Council

Todd Baker, president

1. Mark Merritt
2. Roslyn Hartman
3. Todd Baker
4. Tom Terrell
5. Skip Rose
6. R.L. Adams

NOT PICTURED:
Corky Leonard
Randall Williams





Alpha Tau Omega

Alex Topping, president

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Larry Myers | 17. John Mills |
| 2. Alex Topping | 18. Hill Carrow |
| 3. Todd Baker | 19. Bert Wilmer |
| 4. Kent Hudgens | 20. Brock Baker |
| 5. Morgan Crawford | 21. Ervin Jones |
| 6. Steve Citron | 22. David Barbee |
| 7. Will Robinson | 23. Phil Thomas |
| 8. Rick Groves | 24. Chip Ensslin |
| 9. Mike Richardson | 25. Bev Landstreet |
| 10. Mark Merritt | 26. Emmet Ryan |
| 11. John Baccich | 27. Roy Fahl |
| 12. Art Stetson | 28. Steve Skolsky |
| 13. Gil Templeton | 29. Bill Story |
| 14. Steve Sartorio | 30. Mike Hales |
| 15. Ed Gillum | 31. Steve Volker |
| 16. Chris Capel | |



Delta Sigma Pi

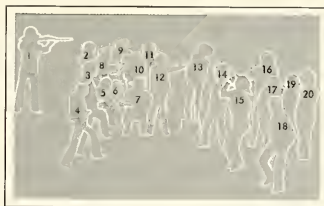
Phil McAdams, president





Delta Tau Delta

Bill Poole, president



- | | |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Butch Weston | 11. Pam Lamastus |
| 2. Bill Poole | 12. Doug Wakeman |
| 3. Stan Atwell | 13. Keith Smith |
| 4. Jay Welch | 14. Ed Williams |
| 5. Nancy Neese | 15. Larry Isaacs |
| 6. Brian Staton | 16. Bill Murphy |
| 7. Steve Campbell | 17. Nancy McKenzie |
| 8. Phil Styers | 18. John Aragon |
| 9. Robert Dawkins | 19. Joyce McKenzie |
| 10. Curtis Bass | 20. Jeff Coleson |



I Phelta Thi

Malcolm McFadyen, president

1. Bill Edwards
2. Atalcolm McFadyen
3. Bear Glisson
4. Flame McKinnon
5. Mike Joyner
6. Cliff Joyner
7. Charles Vester
8. Steve Valentine
9. Butch Holland



Kappa Alpha

John Snider, president



1. Gene Brooks
2. Jeff Thompson
3. John Black
4. Peyton Feltus
5. Bob Giles
6. Casey Wagner
7. Jed Kenna
8. Pete Baynard
9. Stuart Matthews
10. Patricia Bullock
11. Garland Peete
12. Ann LeCount
13. Robert Hudson
14. John Stratton
15. Mont Gaylord
16. Bill McLean
17. Lawton Stephens
18. Jim Brookshire
19. John Snider
20. Keith Cowan
21. Thomas Nelson
22. Peter Drew
23. Thad Eure
24. Jim Nonthington
25. Jim Guthrie
26. Paul Conway
27. Curtis Randolph
28. Shannon LeRoy
29. Lee Carlson
30. Mark Cantrell
31. Bill Griffin
32. Wade Thornton
33. David Johnson
34. Dave Jones

NOT PICTURED:
 Bill Hughes
 Ben McLean
 Chip Peete
 Bob Simmons
 John Threshie

Kappa Alpha Psi

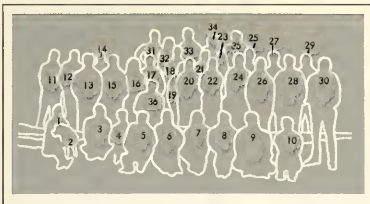
Darrell Sharpless, president



1. Darrell Sharpless
2. Dewey Clayton
3. Spencer Wynn
4. Charles Watts
5. Dr. Howard Barnhill
6. James Brewer
7. Sidney Evans
8. Barry Stanback
9. Louis Newsome

NOT PICTURED:
Gordon Cureton
Gregory Molden
Desota Wilson

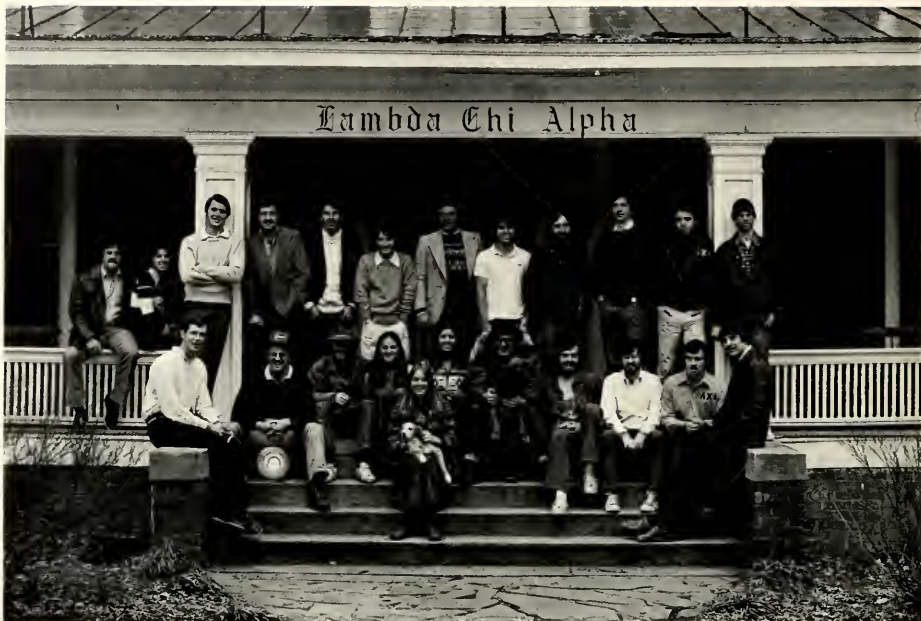




Kappa Psi

Buster Nicholson, president

- | | | |
|------------------------|---------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Martin Sutton | 22. Bob Leeds | Lance Fox |
| 2. Smokey | 23. Jack Kolford | Virginia Garner |
| 3. Mike Lupton | 24. Ron Smith | Ann Hammell |
| 4. Marlena Misenhiemer | 25. Steve Moore | Kim Hardison |
| 5. Buster Nicholson | 26. Ray Burke | Dale Hardy |
| 6. Jerry Barrett | 27. Shaun Milligan | Debbie Harris |
| 7. Marha Mayo | 28. Kim Allen | Pam Henline |
| 8. Bob Wheeler | 29. Steve Bullock | Betty Hernandez |
| 9. Lynn Glasser | 30. Jeff Fitzgerald | Terry James |
| 10. Dewayne Caldwell | 31. Ron Gobble | Earl Lane |
| 11. Ben Howard | 32. Joni Thomason | Jan Lassiter |
| 12. Carry Oakley | 33. Mark Langdon | Robert McKenzie |
| 13. Stephen Bennett | 34. June Hall | Barbara Medlin |
| 14. Mike Long | 35. Colin Murchison | Bob Morgan |
| 15. Tommy Honeycutt | 36. Freddy Baser | Wallace Nelson |
| 16. Jane Hall | | David Oakley |
| 17. Buddy Lingle | | Greg Shull |
| 18. Steve Burrus | NOT PICTURED | Cindy Thompson |
| 19. Pam James | Scott Brewer | Ben Tillett |
| 20. Andy Tingon | Andy Carver | Lynn Welborn |
| 21. Mark Kesler | Richard Creekmore | Gene Woodall |
| | Alison Davenport | |



Lambda Chi Alpha

Rob Wilkins, president

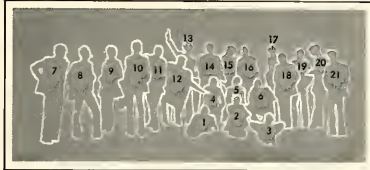


- | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Bob Hawfield | 19. Rick Bundy |
| 2. Paul Stanley | 20. Rob Wilkins |
| 3. Jay Jordan | 21. Arthur Gant |
| 4. Ruth Jordan | 22. Dusty Rhodes |
| 5. Mocha | 23. Mel Wagstaff |
| 6. Claudia Pearson | 24. Tim Hutcherson |
| 7. Beth Simmons | 25. Ed Ellis |
| 8. Dennis Casey | NOT PICTURED |
| 9. Barney | Rod Baker |
| 10. Rusty Long | Barry Brown |
| 11. John Leonard | Ron Lyerly |
| 12. Ben Sutton | David Nail |
| 13. Robert Beal | Richard Pearson |
| 14. Mike Vann | David Wasserman |
| 15. Peggy Clinton | Mark White |
| 16. Carl Turnage | Craig Williard |
| 17. Sam Cooper | Gregg Wright |
| 18. Lance Haney | |

Omega Psi Phi

W. Terry Sherrill, president

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Gordon Belton | 14. Jesse Grissom |
| 2. Tommy Wood | 15. Thomas Masely |
| 3. Allen McCallam | 16. Bobby Best |
| 4. Clarence Burke | 17. Ronald Ellerbe |
| 5. Herman Smith | 18. Jerry Palmer |
| 6. Otis Speight | 19. Al Melvin |
| 7. Arthur Enoch | 20. Oscar Spaulding |
| 8. Terry Sherrill | 21. Howard Fitts |
| 9. Jeff Bryson | |
| 10. Rick Martinez | NOT PICTURED: |
| 11. Darrell Davis | William Council |
| 12. Donell Brown | Joseph Hall |
| 13. Morrell Pridgen | |

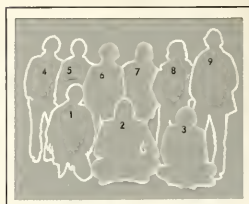




Phi Kappa Sigma

Dave Doughton, president

1. Barrister Fields
2. Rob Sample
3. Frank Starnes
4. Doug Holiday
5. Bob Brubaker
6. Dave Doughton
7. Butcher A. Davis
8. Mike Samuel
9. Jim Starnes





- | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Warren Morrison | 22. Marc Grossman |
| 2. Hank Steinberg | 23. Doug Ross |
| 3. Jay Fielding | NOT PICTURED |
| 4. Scott Twery | Mike Abramson |
| 5. Howard Cooper | Eric Brody |
| 6. Lance Friedland | Mike Glock |
| 7. Jason Messinger | Joe Harber |
| 8. Lance Perling | Mike Jacobson |
| 9. Garry Siegle | Steve Jacobson |
| 10. Lawrence Margolis | Marc Kolander |
| 11. Craig Gordon | Hal Levinson |
| 12. Morris Benator | Richard Lowe |
| 13. Jay Gallinger | Brian Mendell |
| 14. David Freddman | Bruce Rogoff |
| 15. Bruce Benator | Rich Rosenzweig |
| 16. Marc Siegle | Mark Shavee |
| 17. Bob Goldwasser | Gary Schmerling |
| 18. Robert Widis | David Simel |
| 19. Paul Gинburg | Tony Steen |
| 20. Daniel Coleman | Mitch Steir |
| 21. Tony Marder | Steve Zuckerman |

Tau Epsilon Phi

Mark Grossman, president



Alpha Phi Omega

Will Long, president



1. Barbara Meek
2. Lynn Tucker
3. Fran Furchgott
4. Ann Nunn
5. Lee Futrelle
6. Lassie
7. Robin Campbell
8. Ed Cook
9. Kemp Baker
10. Ken Parrott
11. Emory Gash
12. Stacie Hollenberg
13. John Reid
14. Belfie Cook
15. Bill Moesson
16. Ricky Cannon
17. Susan Mason
18. Jeff Raynes
19. Burdette Robinson
20. Susan Shugar
21. Denise Klimas
22. Mike Boner
23. Joe Bruton
24. Mike Weinberg
25. David Weynard
26. Ed Allen
27. George May
28. Joel Dunn
29. Sherrie Marlowe
30. Tim McGee
31. Rita Gillis
32. Hannah Weincoff
33. Lissa Brigman
34. Gretta Buckner
35. Lynn Turnage
36. Terry Dollyhigh
37. Carol Wilkerson
38. Cris Mason
39. Rick Formo
40. Cathy Campbell
41. Tim Byerly
42. Mary Winecoff
43. Ann Joy
44. Tanya Terry
45. Lee Wallace

NOT PICTURED
 Larry Bliss
 Janet Barnes
 Laurie Cowart
 Laurie Jones
 Will Long



Welcome Rushes

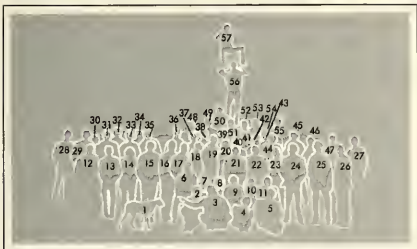
Please sign in
and get
a name-tag and
a rush letter.

Rushes Board
1st Floor
2nd Floor
3rd Floor





- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Shannon | 30. Marshall Evans |
| 2. Charles Barbee | 31. Bob MacKenzie |
| 3. David Eason | 32. Tom Fisher |
| 4. Rob Ferber | 33. Charles Marvin |
| 5. Jeff Linker | 34. Gordon Hafner |
| 6. Ronnie Altman | 35. George King |
| 7. Chico | 36. David Reid |
| 8. Jim Johnston | 37. Butch Cooper |
| 9. Jim Alexander | 38. Jim Kuyk |
| 10. David Skalski | 39. George MacBain |
| 11. Blake Beam | 40. Ted Glasgow |
| 12. Alex Houston | 41. David Kirk |
| 13. Steve Walker | 42. Lex Howard |
| 14. Richard Mauroner | 43. John Kurie |
| 15. Stuart Herr | 44. Tim Stump |
| 16. H. Woltz | 45. Tim Crimons |
| 17. John Fowler | 46. David Mauroner |
| 18. Will Fanjoy | 47. Bill Foster |
| 19. Fang Hassold | 48. Glen Benton |
| 20. Mary Jane | 49. Walker Ricks |
| 21. Ray Brinn | 50. McKay Belk |
| 22. Tom Templeton | 51. Steve Patti |
| 23. Mike Blair | 52. Jim Neal |
| 24. David Clark | 53. Steve Hull |
| 25. John Lawing | 54. Rich Blankenship |
| 26. Cary Ahl | 55. Peter Bradshaw |
| 27. Freddie Palmer | 56. Jim Green |
| 28. Ed Woltz | 57. Bill Stockbridge |
| 29. Kel Landiz | |



Beta Theta Pi

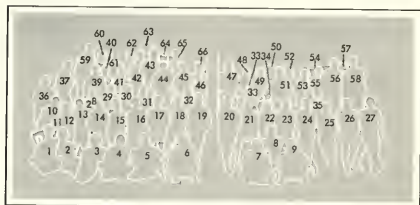
Steve Walker, president

Beta



Theta Pi





- | | | |
|-----------------------|----------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Robert Parrott | 25. Bob Vaughn | 48. H.G. Troutman |
| 2. Jimbo Perry | 26. David Carroll | 49. Eric Cook |
| 3. Bill Morris | 27. Billy Pomeroy | 50. Bill Willis |
| 4. Will Cauble | 28. Tim Arey | 51. Ben Rawls |
| 5. Guy Moore | 29. Scott Anderson | 52. Bill Bryan |
| 6. Scott Humrickhouse | 30. Charlie Brady | 53. Joe Poats |
| 7. Bill Willson | 31. Chip Blackwelder | 54. Will Monroe |
| 8. Bill Griffin | 32. Tom Bogan | 55. Mike McDowell |
| 9. Brue Collins | 33. Sam Hatcher | 56. Louis Iannone |
| 10. Brad Gray | 34. John Holland | 57. Quentin Leggett |
| 11. Thad Throneburg | 35. Don DeArman | 58. Will Joslin |
| 12. Louise McClean | 36. Jerry Eatman | 59. Andy Moyer |
| 13. Mark Viteck | 37. Bryant Phillips | 60. Frank Venable |
| 14. Bob Walters | 38. Bill Nicholson | 61. C.T. Urban |
| 15. Bill Flynn | 39. Brad Shinaman | 62. Lee Greene |
| 16. Terry Massagee | 40. Rick Proctor | 63. Chip Hamrick |
| 17. Alan Maness | 41. Skipper Berry | 64. Steve Cella |
| 18. John Herbert | 42. Jimmy Campbell | 65. Ronnie Freeman |
| 19. Kip Fraasa | 43. Tim Joyce | 66. Art Page |
| 20. Rob Shields | 44. Mike Hilton | |
| 21. Alan Collins | 45. Frank King | |
| 22. Paul Hooper | 46. Strib Ellison | |
| 23. Roger Melvin | 47. Larry Hastings | |
| 24. Ted Hamby | | |

NOT PICTURED:
Rex Willis
John Sowers



Chi Phi

Charles Brady, president



1. Wolf
2. Rolf

NOT PICTURED:

Seth Ahlborn
 Todd Albert
 Joe Albright
 James Alexandre
 Dan Allison
 Lindsay Amos
 Kent Anderson
 Peter Anderson
 Mike Barri
 Keith Berry
 Ward Blalock
 Charles Bowman
 Paul Browne
 Trip Browning
 Bob Burwell

Steve Cline
 Clint Corrie
 Scott B. Davis
 Steve Dennis
 Stephen DeVine
 Louis Edmonds
 Mike Egan
 Peter Estelle
 Rob Fisher
 Larry Gellerstedt
 Craig Goodrich
 John Gore
 Les Hamashima
 Peter Hapke
 Bill Heisel
 Nick Herman
 Jody Ingfield
 Alan Irvin

Marc Isaacson
 Doug Johnson
 J.B. Kelly
 Mark Kogan
 Marty LaGod
 Rob Littleton
 John Mabe
 Steve Marsh
 Brooks Mayberry
 Jerry McConnell
 Game McGimsey
 Charles McMullen
 Mark McWhinney
 Pete Mitchell
 Mark Mohney
 Staley Moore
 Steve Moore
 Hans Moosa
 Phil Moses

Bill Moss
 Kurt Nelson
 Marty Nevitt
 Pat Nicholson
 Greg Nye
 Owen Page
 Peter Pappas
 David Pearce
 David Pence
 Jim Phillips
 Greg Porter
 Tom Powell
 John Ragsdale
 Ed Pankin
 Walton Reeves
 Rob Rhyne
 Smitty Richardson
 Manly Roberts
 Karl Schmid

Bulford Sears
 Dick Shaffner
 Ron Shehee
 Harry Sibold
 Jim Sneedker
 Sam Sockwell
 Jerry Striph
 Tim Sullivan
 Tom Temple
 Tom Terrell
 Jay Tervo
 Steve Toben
 Ken Tolson
 Bert van der Vaart
 Don van der Vaart
 Brad Vogelbach
 Leigh Wilco
 Craig Willis
 Rob Wnborne





Chi Psi

Larry Gellerstedt, president



Delta Kappa Epsilon

Ben Adams, president



1. Joel Murphy
2. George Maxwell
3. Huitt Mattox
4. David Jones
5. Jonathan Folley
6. Randy Freiberg
7. Bronco Brown
8. John Townsend
9. Alex Rankin
10. Dexter Hobbs
11. Andy Murray
12. Robert Hays
13. Anonymous SAE
14. Alex Gambal
15. Anonymous
16. Jim Hardison
17. Doug Stein
18. Doug Dupont
19. Tom McCarty
20. Fred Duckworth
21. David Townsend
22. Peter McKee
23. Chris Hutchins
24. Truman Hobbs
25. Bruce Gow
26. Artie Williams
27. Pen Agnew
28. Scott Smith





1. Glenn Burgess
2. Donnie Shrum
3. Tim Harrell
4. John Elmore
5. Steve Cambell
6. Bennett Love
7. Don Collier
8. Wade Davis
9. Dan Gear
10. Mark Harden
11. Ward Woodard
12. Alan Hipp
13. Alan Avera
14. Joe Morgan
15. Ed Cook
16. Jim Bunch
17. Stan Ridgly
18. Debbie Gear
19. Joe Carson
20. Jim Packer
21. Mike Buckner
22. Ralph Petrillo
23. Rob Boggs
24. Jody Joyner
25. Bob Quinn
26. Jack Dalrymple
28. George Hawkins
28. Ben Glover
29. Tim Cambell
30. Terry Cox
31. Dan Walker
32. Doug Frank
33. Jimmy Buckthal
34. Dean Docker
34. Jeff Ulma
36. John Pyron
37. Greg Weber
38. Stuart Kaleel
39. Tom Yermack
40. Ken Harrell
41. Warren Hipp
42. Art Minton

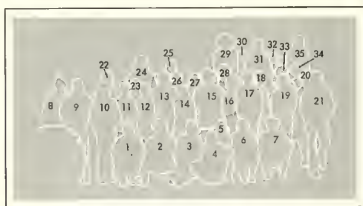


- NOT PICTURED:
- Randy Best
 - Jack Bicket
 - John Booker
 - Leslie Boyd
 - Dave Bullock
 - Wayne Cannon
 - Gregg Daugherty
 - Kurt Haefali
 - Keith Head
 - Kim Hutchins
 - Dennis Jones
 - Jack King
 - Phil Lane
 - George Lee
 - Bob Loftin
 - Presly Mattox
 - Paul McLain
 - Larry Poole
 - Keith Sellars
 - Gary Ward
 - Jon Martin
 - Clay Fields



Delta Upsilon

Ward Woodard, president



- | | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Davis Blount | 18. David Tucker | 35. Beth Hipp |
| 2. Andrew Robinson | 19. Vicky Beattie | NOT PICTURED: |
| 3. Lee Pekarek | 20. Dot Council | Tim Berley |
| 4. David Ferebee | 21. Chuck Craven | Randy Brown |
| 5. Mitchell Fisher | 22. Kirby Mathews | Don Clark |
| 6. David Harr | 23. Lynn Garrett | Mike Gentry |
| 7. John Benjamin | 24. Gary Swanson | Bob Green |
| 8. Gary Hassell | 25. Sally Singleton | Jim Horne |
| 9. John Marlowe | 26. Lee Sudia | James Jernigan |
| 10. Susan Salzano | 27. Jane Green | Ralph Jordan |
| 11. Tommie Coates | 28. Leon Stockton | Rob Nutt |
| 12. Vicky Boland | 29. Nina Shakleford | Terry Peterson |
| 13. Darrell Johnson | 30. John Smitherman | Bill Price |
| 14. Leigh James | 31. Sherry Ledbetter | Daniel Ramsey |
| 15. Lee Baxley | 32. Randy May | Thorpe Sanders |
| 16. J.J. Smalley | 33. Mike Mills | Clay Smitherman |
| 17. Jackie Spivey | 34. Greg Fayon | |

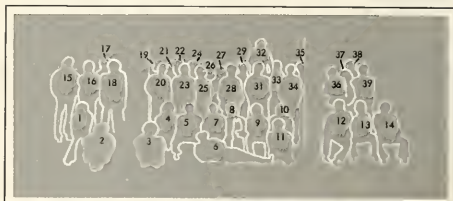


Kappa Sigma

Gary Swanson, president

Phi Delta Chi

Louis Mizelle, president



1. Vic DeLapp
2. Louis Mizelle
3. Wayne Fisher
4. Cliff Black
5. Al Munday
6. Darrell Jenkins
7. Jack Smith
8. Ned Clark
9. Bob Watts
10. Bill Mobley
11. John Bennett
12. Mark Hohenwarter
13. Mike Howard

14. Kent Sigmon
15. Barry Paoloni
16. Keith Minter
17. Bruce Carlton
18. Horace Tripp
19. Carl Creech
20. Ronald Carmichael
21. Charlie Velverton
22. David Joyner
23. Doyle Powers
24. Charles Matheson
25. Greg Southern
26. Mike Johnson

27. Garry Kearns
28. Donald Carmichael
29. Daryl McCollum
30. David Jenkins
31. John Horton
32. John Watts
33. Les Alsup
34. John Kiser
35. David Smith
36. Steve Archbell
37. Gerald Mizelle
38. Steve Tripp
39. Bill Bass

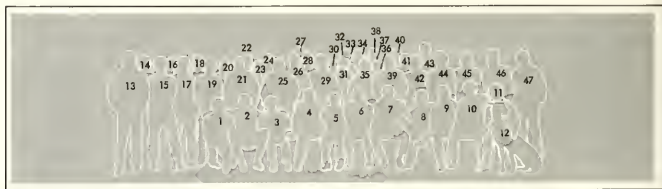
NOT PICTURED:
 Roger Simpson
 Ken Latta
 Mike Woodward
 Billy Price
 Tony Godfrey
 Roy Pleasants
 Ray Peedin
 Mitch Taylor
 Monty Terrell
 Bob Moser
 Clyde Johnston
 Ron Forrester

Sam Belk
 Mike Covington
 William Dupree
 Jeff Duvall
 Alan Miller
 Robert Guy
 Tony Mitchum
 Woody King
 Brad Moser
 John Stancil
 Randy Epley



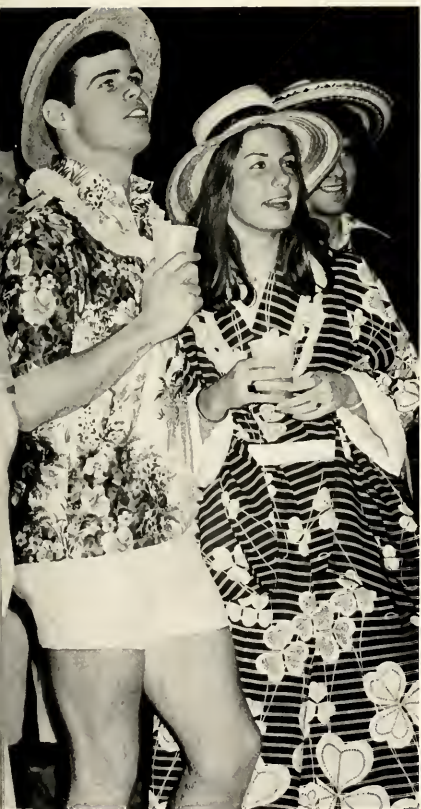


- | | | | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|--------------------|-------------------|----------------|
| 1. Jimmy Hallett | 16. David Waters | 30. Henry Zaytoun | 44. Clark Lane | Mark Griffin |
| 2. Jeff Little | 17. Mike Cronin | 31. Pollack Boyd | 45. Chris Chatham | Frank Hill |
| 3. Will Southerland | 18. Dee Mudd | 32. Doug Alexander | 46. Ned Corrigan | Trey Hooper |
| 4. Ralph Strayhorn | 19. Cross Williams | 33. Vernon Geddy | 47. Bruce McNair | Sean Kelly |
| 5. Holt Williamson | 20. Billy Dodson | 34. Worth Burke | NOT PICTURED: | Richard Malloy |
| 6. Kinny Roper | 21. Tripp Wommack | 35. Allen Corey | Vic Bell | David Manly |
| 7. Dee Curran | 22. Steve Mitchener | 36. Colin Brown | Jonathan Bender | Doug Monroe |
| 8. Jim Szyperski | 23. Randall Williams | 37. Lee Smith | Chris Boone | Jeff Nation |
| 9. Tom Cox | 24. David von Storch | 38. Steve Holmes | Ted Bratton | Danny Parker |
| 10. Frank Dowd | 25. Ward Nelson | 39. Carter Pope | Ged Doughton | Dek Potts |
| 11. John Cohen | 26. Charles Lucas | 40. Rick Adams | Roddy Dowd | Tom Ward |
| 12. Gabby | 27. Brad Parcels | 41. David Jones | John Eakin | Frank Williams |
| 13. Bruce Brown | 28. Danny Heneghan | 42. Tom Carpenter | Jay Ford | Charles Wilson |
| 14. Pat Corey | 29. Rob Smith | 43. Kevin Hartley | | Chris Wooten |



Phi Delta Theta

Frank Dowl, president







Phi Gamma Delta

Monty Pollard, president



- | | | |
|-----------------------|--------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Bill Creekmoir | 21. R.G. Prewitt | 40. Kenny Randolph |
| 2. Shep Edwards | 22. William Brown | 41. Peter DuBose |
| 3. Monty Pollard | 23. Van Martin | 42. Ed Hickman |
| 4. Bill Chesson | 24. Corky Leonard | 43. Jim Connelly |
| 5. John Hawkins | 25. Frank Jolley | 44. Charles Hardee |
| 6. Hunter Davis | 26. George Ezzell | |
| 7. Weighty Scales | 27. Wes Minton | NOT PICTURED |
| 8. Stuart Frantz | 28. Loadman | Chris Burritt |
| 9. Tommy Woodard | 29. Albert Reaves | Mark Carter |
| 10. All Chesson | 30. Bob Bennett | Herb Clark |
| 11. Wayland Sermons | 31. Martha Madox | Charles DuBose |
| 12. Sanford Thompson | 32. Louis Cox | Charles Ellis |
| 13. Ed Peels | 33. Simon Alston | Robert Evans |
| 14. Charles Young | 34. Jordy Whichard | John Gates |
| 15. Larry Croison | 35. Joe Hodge | Wayne Hardee |
| 16. Hector Heathcoats | 36. Emmett McLean | Les Holder |
| 17. Davy Davidson | 37. Frank Pierce | Charles Jones |
| 18. Hayes Holseness | 38. Bill Smith | Kevin Shwedo |
| 19. Howard Weeks | 39. Rob Kelly | David Smith |
| 20. Dave Batton | | |

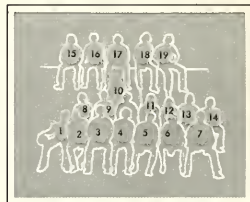


1. Marty Widenhouse
2. Bill Brown
3. Andy Styron
4. John Gillespie
5. Randy Robbins
6. David Brown
7. Sandy Styron
8. Steve Poiner
9. Allen Jones
10. Lee Hester

11. Mike Mills
12. Rick Erwin
13. Neal Walker
14. David Strickland
15. Kelly Correll
16. Danny Jones
17. Rodney Ange
18. Gerald Dry
19. Phill Beber

NOT PICTURED

- John Blake
 David Crouch
 Mel Hooper
 Barry Keith
 Wally Lowder
 Hal Mahler
 Dace McPherson
 Mark Pell
 J.D. Sheppard
 Bob Stimpson





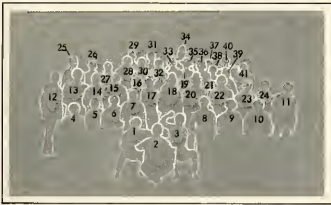
Phi Sigma Kappa

J.D. Shepherd, president

Pi Kappa Alpha

Randy Dixon, president





- | | | | |
|------------------|-------------------|--------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Mike Brown | 12. Cliff Sharpe | 22. Kenny Hudgins | 32. Mike Pappas |
| 2. Ted Van Buren | 13. Gil Vance | 23. Dwight Davis | 33. Jim Barbee |
| 3. Tom Biddle | 14. Tommy Merritt | 24. Rob Barry | 34. Chip Smith |
| 4. Dan Hawkins | 15. Marty Hancock | 25. Terry Wayne | 35. Bruce Disbrow |
| 5. Andy Bills | 16. Bobby Purcell | 26. Randy Dixon | 36. Tim Holleman |
| 6. Steve Gane | 17. Jeff Gorski | 27. Greg Leighton | 37. Rick Eaton |
| 7. Mac Forehand | 18. Russell Stone | 28. Scott Arena | 38. R.L. Adams |
| 8. Ron Davidson | 19. Jim Stewart | 29. Dan Sibley | 39. John Fish |
| 9. Harry Stevens | 20. Tommy Smith | 30. Eddie Williams | 40. Lloyd Brewer |
| 10. Eddie Huskey | 21. Steve Brown | 31. Marshall Simon | 41. Donnie Douglas |





- | | | |
|--------------------|----------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Arthur Dodson | 15. Eli McCulloch | 29. Kevin Caddell |
| 2. Luke Rendleman | 16. Ralph Walthall | 30. Jeff Begalle |
| 3. Buddy Davenport | 17. Bob Maner | 31. Joe Collins |
| 4. Tal Lassiter | 18. Jim Hunt | 32. Bill Guernsey |
| 5. Bob Channon | 19. Phil McCrory | 33. Walt Bost |
| 6. Tenny Hunt | 20. Paul Taylor | 34. Bob Lawrence |
| 7. Mark Prillaman | 21. Steve Stephenson | 35. Jim Roach |
| 8. Miss Grace | 22. Jimmy Justice | 36. Robbie Turner |
| 9. David Allen | 23. Kinny Colbert | 37. Will Gray |
| 10. Eric Locher | 24. Steve Zaytoun | 38. Butch Butcher |
| 11. Stu Hicks | 25. Tracy Lee | 39. Benjie Guion |
| 12. Alan Maness | 26. Roddy Hoover | 40. Bob Singletary |
| 13. Charlie Adams | 27. Ken Snow | 41. Tom Stevens |
| 14. Henry Beck | 28. Wayne Jarrett | 42. Dale Ross |



Pi Kappa Phi

David Allen, president

- 43. Ken Wagstaff
- 44. Jim Morgan
- 45. Steve Long
- 46. Blake Cook
- 47. Steve Brigant
- 48. Mike Cochran
- 49. Pudge Bacot
- 50. Rick Blake
- 51. Brad Osborne
- 52. Rob Stamper
- 53. Dick Moore
- 54. Pat Owen
- 55. Mike Robey
- 56. Mike Henderson

- 57. Phil Bland
- 58. Steve Cobburn
- 59. Ben Ball
- 60. Eric Schlotterbeck
- 61. Dave Brawley
- 62. Clay Serenbetz
- 63. Dan Hamrick
- 64. Ed Nanney

NOT PICTURED:
Dennis Ball
Frank Blake
Bobby Cockerham
Fred Crisp
J. Dunn

- Dave Gowarsky
- Bobby Green
- Tom Killian
- Jack Mahler
- Tony Mangum
- Haines Maxwell
- Tony McCollum
- Greg Moore
- Rich Morgan
- Rusty Schroeder
- Ken Smith
- Hank Stoppelbein
- Jeff Whitney
- Tripp Winn
- Paul Zuerner







1. Toby Considine
2. Mark Shaffer
3. Jamie Jacobson
4. Nina Hill
5. David Wright
6. Steve Berson
7. Richard Owens
8. Debbie Jarrett
9. Nedra Chestnutt
10. Kate Urquhart
11. Ben Clark
12. Travis
13. Banks Hunter
14. Sally LaMotte
15. Gail Leopold
16. Kate Hinkle
17. Sammy Burrus
18. Karen Oates
19. Matt Megargee
20. Mick Gale
21. Cool Shades
22. Bill Bamberger
23. Steve Huetteu
24. Stanley Toy
25. Pierre Coutin
26. Jeff Milton
27. Tom Fogleman
28. Gwen Moody
29. Bob Taylor

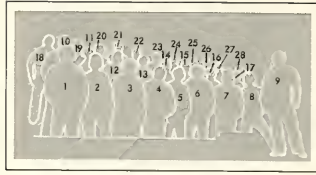


St. Anthony Hall

Tom Fogleman, president



- | | | |
|---------------------|-------------------|----------------|
| 1. Frank Nance | 20. David Simpson | Richard Gray |
| 2. Tim Childress | 21. Rob Byrd | Tom Grote |
| 3. Greg Bunce | 22. Chris Davis | Bill Guthrie |
| 4. Steve Hornaday | 23. Stuart Bulman | Jim Holland |
| 5. Mel Cline | 24. Mike Deal | Rick Holmes |
| 6. Mike Shaver | 25. Ted Lowery | Dick Kane |
| 7. Rob Dewtsch | 26. Marsh Dork | Tim Lucido |
| 8. Kent Taylor | 27. Jim Carrier | Bill Parker |
| 9. Sim Cross | 28. Doug Stover | Lou Pierce |
| 10. David Cribbs | | Mark Ritchie |
| 11. Rob Levin | NOT PICTURED: | Joe Robinson |
| 12. Andy Neely | Will Bernard | Paul Stack |
| 13. Steve Bullock | Cary Butler | Chip Stansbury |
| 14. Jim Purcell | Dixon Byrd | Jack Sussman |
| 15. Frank Testerman | Alan Dunn | Steve Taylor |
| 16. Jim Middleton | Pat Dye | Skip Williams |
| 17. Keith Connor | Steve Ferguson | Steve Williams |
| 18. Ben Nantz | Clark Fletcher | Jeff Yancey |
| 19. Rick Caldwell | Jim Fletcher | |



Sigma Chi

David Cribbs, president





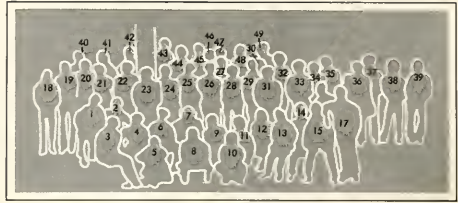
1. Cindy Canipe
2. Lisa Shackelford
3. Dari Daves
4. Sandra Suit
5. Buffy Frank
6. Debbie Rogoff
7. Judy Eckman
8. Sharon Hall
9. Ruth Robinson
10. Martha Garner
11. Cheryl Malcolm
12. Kim Caldwell
13. Laura Adams

14. Jane Manning
15. Susanne Hayes
16. Debbie Stratford
17. Sommers Parker
18. Lucia Thomason
19. Liz Pierce
20. Jeanne Roebuck
21. Laura Gilberti
22. Ellen Wallenborn
23. Patti Miller
24. Karen Jackson
25. Wanda Lovette

NOT PICTURED:
 Mary Lillian Elliot
 Jan Hahn
 Martha Ham
 Debbie Harned
 Sue Houghton
 Laura Luke
 Ellen Luther
 Sara Peek
 Olivia Ratledge
 Debbie Ritter
 Robin Rollinson
 Erin Spencer



Sigma Chi's Little Sisters



Sigma Nu

Graham Jordan, president

- | | | |
|----------------------|---------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Charlie Chandler | 22. Locke Goodwin | 43. Randy Coble |
| 2. Mike Knight | 23. Tom Newbern | 44. Pete Grain |
| 3. Philip Thompson | 24. Bruce Lacey | 45. David Dean |
| 4. Bynum Satterwhite | 25. Bryan Ives | 46. Herb Wilkerson |
| 5. Bill Westerfield | 26. Charlie Ragland | 47. Jon Edwards |
| 6. Keith Ballentine | 27. Graves Clayton | 48. Dick Parris |
| 7. Tod Garner | 28. Kim Jenkins | 49. Bob Brunson |
| 8. William Inabnit | 29. Mort Thalimer | |
| 9. Marc Finlayson | 30. John Perritt | NOT PICTURED. |
| 10. Jim Henry | 31. Derek Lane | Mike Blackmon |
| 11. Mark Hames | 32. Eric Stoddard | Graham Bullard |
| 12. Ken Lee | 33. Ed Jackson | Mike Estrada |
| 13. Bill Boddie | 34. Mike Holoman | Bob Graper |
| 14. Graham Jordan | 35. Edwin Perritt | David Jackson |
| 15. John Howell | 36. Zach Wamp | Mack Patterson |
| 16. Rusty Holmes | 37. Alan Ross | Steve Peskin |
| 17. Chip Graves | 38. Richard Deason | Leon Roberson |
| 18. Paul Tyndall | 39. Jody Edwards | Ken Taft |
| 19. Alan Johnson | 40. Russell Smith | David Tillet |
| 20. Bucky Priester | 41. Jim Olson | Charlie White |
| 21. Bill Forsyth | 42. Jeff Sechrest | |



Thursday, March 31

To the editor:

I am happy to learn that the Sigma Nus have overcome the need for sleep. Perhaps they can devote their new-found time to constructive projects, such as removing bumper stickers that deface public property.

Bart McMillan

Craige Underground



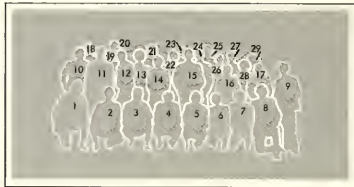


Sigma Phi Epsilon

Joe Shealy, president

Zeta Beta Tau

Dave Gordon, president

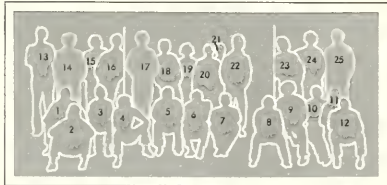


- | | | |
|-------------------|-----------------------|------------------|
| 1. Ed Dixon | 18. Stan Sebastian | Tony Austin |
| 2. Robby Mills | 19. Peter Schneider | Andy Blum |
| 3. Dave Baker | 20. Charles Avera | Philip Blumberg |
| 4. Rick Watkins | 21. Clay Howard | Van Brenner |
| 5. Bill Kay | 22. Gary Perlman | Garland Burnette |
| 6. Glenn Person | 23. Bruce Baer | Mike Finn |
| 7. Charles Hatley | 24. Doug House | Skip Goldfarb |
| 8. Tom Templeton | 25. Bill Buttner | Bill Lawrence |
| 9. Rob O'Neill | 26. Curtis Edwards | Neil Moskowitz |
| 10. Barry Burt | 27. Sanford Hinkle | Lee Pace |
| 11. Bill Sibbick | 28. David Finklestein | Robert Port |
| 12. Ron Clein | 29. Eric Sklut | George Priestler |
| 13. Art Goldberg | | Larry Rocamora |
| 14. Rick Cohen | | Craig Savage |
| 15. David Gordon | | Dennis Stokley |
| 16. Buz Aaron | | John Zourzoukis |
| 17. Greg Gupton | | |

NOT PICTURED:
Steve Africk
David Ascher







- | | | |
|----------------------|---------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Joe Weatherly | 12. Haynes Lea | 23. Doug Brannon |
| 2. James Baker | 13. Jack Wiggins | 24. Parham McNair |
| 3. Edward Thorne | 14. Art Hooker | 25. Tav Gauss |
| 4. Jim Wolfe | 15. Johnny Phillips | |
| 5. Ken Barringer | 16. Billy Palmer | NOT PICTURED: |
| 6. John Tomlinson | 17. David Johnson | Joey Chambliss |
| 7. Charles Holmes | 18. Louis Pulley | Harry Gauss |
| 8. Michael Barnes | 19. Mattie Sutt | Bill Gay |
| 9. Walter Gayle | 20. James Hargraves | Farley Gilliam |
| 10. Bill Roach | 21. Billy Nutt | Paul Martin |
| 11. Gilliam Kittrell | 22. Charlie Bedgood | Allison Zollicoffer |



Zeta Psi

Billy Nutt, president



DORMS



Old East

Tom Jarvis, president



Old West

John Totten, president



Spencer

Linda Love, president





Alderman

Beth Stories, president

Kenan

Terry Sakiewicz, president





McIver

Page Dawson, president

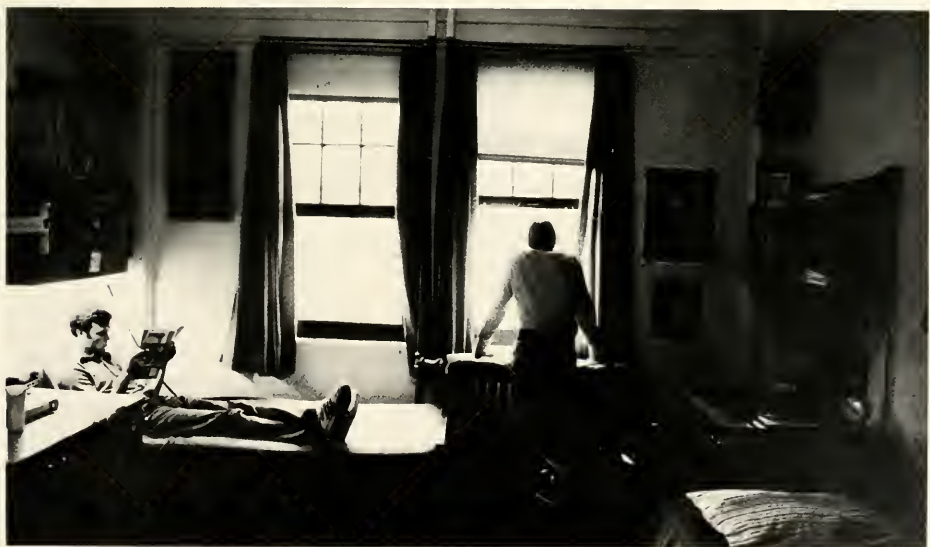
Carr

Wes Espry, president



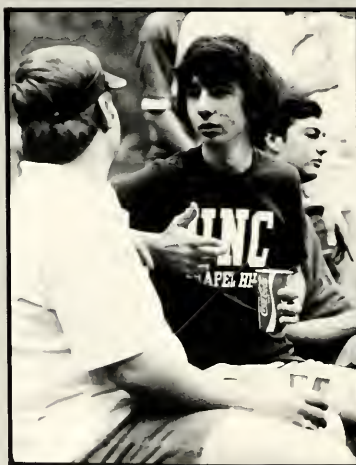
Grimes

Bill Peterson, president



Manly

Chip Summerlin, president



Ruffin

Barbara LaTowsky, president

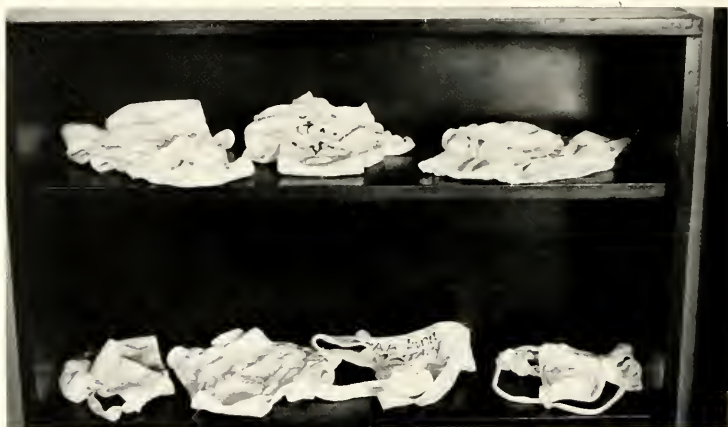




Mangum

Tim Saunders, president





Jack-rand tophy case



Aycock

Ceil Chapman, president





Lewis

Blair Bost, president



Graham

John Pyron, president



Everett

Zap Brueckner, president





SOFTBALL

TEAM	UNC	OPP
N.C. Central	15	6
N.C. Central	11	13
Appalachian	0	4
UNC-G	13	6
Campbell	2	4
Campbell	2	4
Elon College	3	8
Guilford	13	1
UNC-G	0	8
Appalachian	4	13
N.C. A&T	3	1
UNC-G	1	11
UNC-G	5	6
Guilford	22	7
Guilford	17	6
Catawba	10	2
Appalachian	5	2
N.C. State	4	18
UNC-G	2	6
Campbell	5	3
Campbell	3	4
N.C. State	2	6
N.C. State	1	2
N.C. Central	18	2
N.C. Central	10	7
Elon College	7	15
Campbell	8	11
N.C. State	2	6
N.C. State	1	5
Catawba	11	3
Livingstone	13	2

RECORD 13-18



BASEBALL

TEAM	UNC	OPP
Stetson	5	7
Rollins	2	5
Florida Southern	2	3
Florida Southern	5	4
South Florida	3	2
South Florida	3	2
Jacksonville	2	4
Georgia Southern	7	8
Atlantic Christian	13	0
Western Carolina	3	1
Western Carolina	2	3
Old Dominion	11	1
High Point	3	0
Campbell	5	6
East Carolina	3	5
Methodist	5	4
N.C. State	2	2
South Carolina	3	2
South Carolina	9	6
Duke	4	1
Madison	2	4
Elon College	12	3
UNC-Wilmington	6	1
Maryland	3	2
N.C. State	2	1
South Carolina	0	3
Wake Forest	3	8
Clemson	0	14
Clemson	3	9
Duke	13	2
Wake Forest	4	6
Virginia	3	8
Virginia	7	4
Maryland	10	11
N.C. State	5	6

RECORD 18-17 ACC 6-6





Cobb

Jan Bolick, president





Cobb executive council

Joyner

Carol Browning, president





Henderson Residence College

Kathy Allen, governor





Alexander

Richard Liebman, president

Winston

Keith Higgins, president





Connor

Skeeter Thompson, president







Teague

Russ Roberson, president





Parker

Nell Smith, president





Avery

Mike Bass, president





Ehringhaus

Charley Kummel, governor



M O R R I S O N

Nick Long, governor



Hinton James

Tom Cox, governor





Craige

Thelma Hill, governor



Granville Towers

Don Whitworth, governor









CLASSES





Invisible Student

I am an invisible student. See, you can tell by my hands; the light passes right through the flesh, and all that shows is the merest shadow of bone. There's hardly any sunlight today, is there? I'm at my best when it's dark like this, I slide from building to building all invisible, tiptoeing between loving couples as they whisper to one another; brushing back my professor's hair when he becomes excited in class over some line of poetry; touching the lips of someone whose face I find beautiful. No one sees me when I walk by, or feels me when I touch them. It's as if I don't exist.

I wasn't always this way. I can tell you how it happened, if you aren't in a hurry. It's not a very long story. You see, when I came to Chapel Hill, I simply began to dissolve. I first knew something was going wrong my freshman year, in sociology class. One day I raised my hand to be excused and the professor didn't even look my way. No one noticed me or gave me permission to leave. I thought nothing of it at the time, but later that day something else happened. I was waiting in line to pay my tuition, when two young men, wearing bright green trousers and yellow alligator shirts, shoved past me as if I weren't there. One of them even looked over his shoulder and laughed, saying to his friend, "I didn't see anybody, did you?"

Soon I noticed my flesh itself was wearing thin. In the mornings my sheets were covered with pieces of dead skin. In the dormitory bathroom, underneath those harsh shaving lights, my face became less and distinct; and as I showered, in those stall-like showers which forty people can occupy at the same time, I felt as if I were scrubbing away not just dirt but all traces of my individual appearance. On my walks to class no one ever spoke to me, and anyone who glanced in my direction just as quickly glanced away.



Opposite page: Invisible Student's mother looks for her son. Right: Invisible Student unlocks his dorm room



Invisible Student at church

Invisible Student doing research in the library

I thought it was my clothes. I came from the country, and dressed in my father's hand-me-downs, often letting my shirttail hang out. Sometimes I wore dirty tennis shoes as well. Though I only had a little money, I decided to spend it all on new clothes. That year every one was wearing white painter's pants, T-shirts with clever sayings printed on them, and shoes called "topsiders." I bought all these things. My t-shirt said "Sit on a happy face." The topsiders were uncomfortable, and I had to give up climbing trees when I started wearing them. Each night, after everyone else was in bed, I washed the pants and the T-shirt in the bathroom sink and hung them over the radiator to dry, so I could wear them the next day.

But even this did no good. Days went by, and still no one looked at me or spoke to me. I thought perhaps my problem could be solved if I started going to church again. Maybe God was angry with me for ignoring him, and had sent this invisibility to me as a curse, just as he sent down plagues on the Egyptians when he was angry with them. But in Church my problems only multiplied. The ushers never even gave me a church bulletin to look at, and the offering bearers passed their plates right past me. This was the most serious symptom yet, since I had come to a Baptist Church, where the offering bearers never overlook anybody.

After that, I had only one place left to try. One gray November morning I went to the Student Infirmary. I sat near a girl who had just broken her leg on the steps outside. She told the person next to me (a boy named Rudolph, who'd awakened on the day of his chemistry mid-term with an inexplicable stomach-ache) that she had just gotten out of the infirmary earlier that morning, after two weeks' treatment for hepatitis. While we were all waiting for the nurses to give us a moment with the doctor, a young man came in, his wrists bleeding from deep cuts. I was amazed at the patience he displayed while waiting for his turn.

When mine came, I followed a doctor named Parkinson Westfield into his office. Dr. Parkinson Westfield wore steel-framed glasses at least an inch thick, and he had a strange nervous habit: every few moments he looked up at the clock and grinned. I told him, "I think I'm becoming invisible." He said I had a slight cold and prescribed acetified in conjunction with Vicks Vapo-Rub.

Upstairs in the mental health clinic, the counselors were more helpful. A young woman named Betty Sureen Bobbsey, dressed in a cream-colored leisure suit, explained



Invisible Student studying for Sociology mid-term

to me that I was suffering from a typical collegiate malady known as existential despair. Unfortunately, according to Ms. Bobbsey, the only known cure for this disease is death. I thanked her and went home.

The next few months were a time of catharsis and hardship for me. My student I.D. came back with no picture on it. My mother sent me a check with the payee-space left blank. After a while, mail from home stopped coming, until one day I received this letter:

Dear Son,

Although we love you, we can't afford you any more. The finance company is threatening to repossess our new 24" color television, so naturally your father put his foot down. To avoid ambarassment, should you raise a legal fuss, we've moved to New Mexico. Lots of luck in the future.

Love, Mom.

I never heard from them again.

But I refused to despair. Though I knew it would be difficult, I resolved to learn to live with my invisibility. I would survive somehow, even without money, friends, and parents. Still, things seemed hopeless. There were two days when I ate nothing at all, so I felt even more wretched, knowing that I was not only invisible, but wasting away as well. Perhaps it was this sense of double waste that drove me to crime — I don't need to make any excuses, since none were ever made to me. I simply put my invisibility to use. I began to pass checks at Student Stores — small ones at first. It was quite easy. The ladies at the check-cashing counter hardly ever looked up, they don't have time; they're under orders never to take their eyes off that money. My I.D. was perfectly visible, and since there wasn't a picture on it, it looked exactly like me. The checks were naturally and appropriately blank ones which I had stolen from a bank teller while she stared pointedly at the wall behind my head.

Then I began to create counterfeit meal tickets for the Pine Room. This was easy too. All I did was cut out a rectangle of blue construction paper, bend it back and forth till it was limp, and draw little squares on it. The Servomation cashiers who check the tickets work all day in harsh flourescent lights, in that room where there aren't any real

windows. They look at thousands and thousands of students every day, so no one can blame them if they can't see very well, or if all students look alike to them.


Soon I became adept at the art of invisible survival. The problem of my housing I solved easily. When my room contract expired at the end of the fall semester, I moved into the Graduate Library. The stacks there are like an immense maze, with hundreds of miles of corridors where no one has come looking for books in years. I set up house-keeping in a lounge that hadn't been used since the War Between the States; there isn't a single piece of plastic in the room. For light and heat I burned small piles of books. At first I tried to be careful, not wishing to burn any books that looked important. I adopted this rule: I wouldn't burn any book that had been checked out within the last five years.

But to my surprise I cleaned out an entire quarter mile of shelves and couldn't find even one book stamped with a due date in the last twenty years, much less the last five. What's more, half the shelves were entirely false, containing wooden mock-ups of books stamped with titles and call numbers, but entirely lacking substance.

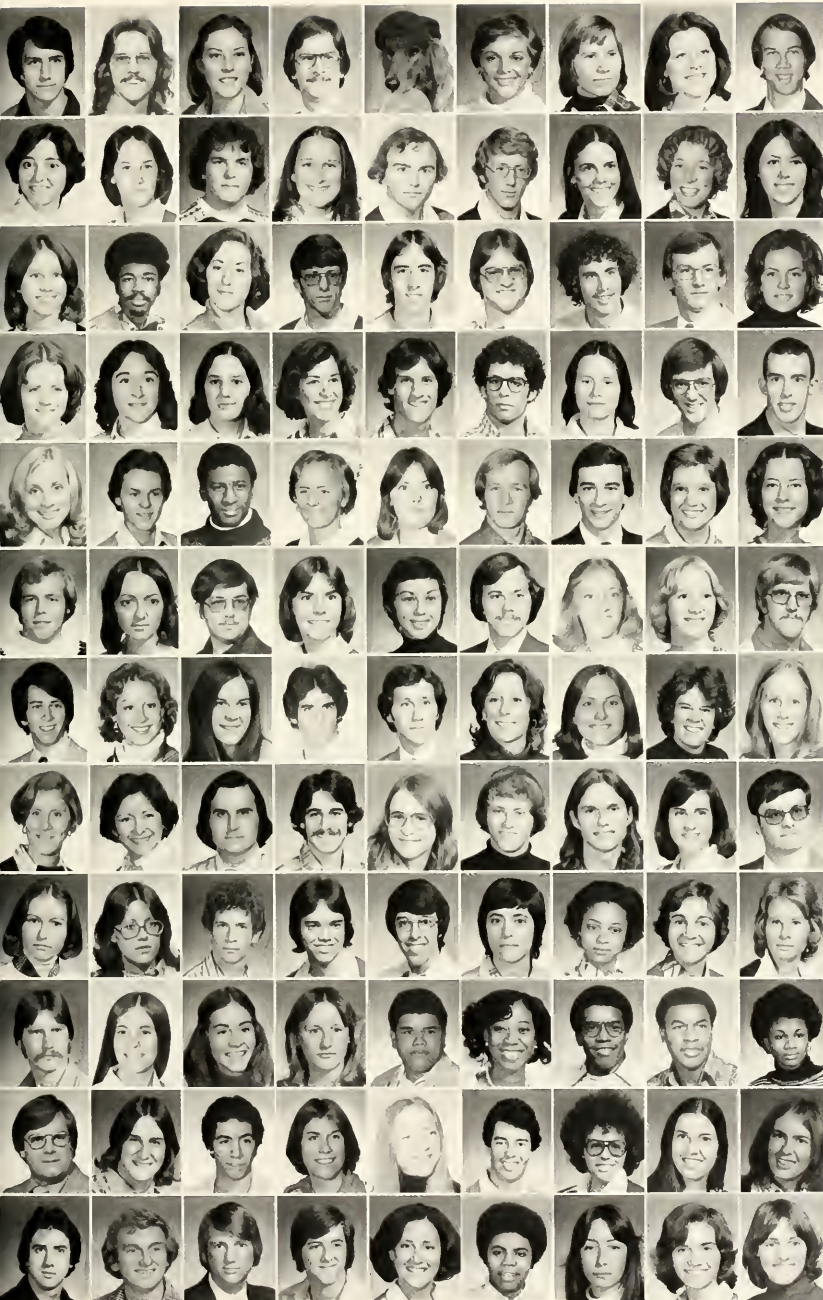
I'll try not to bore you with too many details, though. Suffice it to say that I became accustomed to my new way of life, and noticed several ways in which my invisibility was and is actually beneficial to me. For instance, though any student can cut a large class as much as he wants to, only a truly invisible student can cut small ones, too — even graduate seminars, the smallest of the small.

Also, the invisible student is strengthened by the knowledge that he is a blessing to the University Administration. If every student were invisible like me, the Administration wouldn't have any more problems.

But it's likely that the most important fruit of my invisibility lies in the area of my socialization. I believe becoming invisible here in Chapel Hill is helping to prepare me for the outside world, where almost everybody is invisible.

I see from the look on your face that I've bored you. You're thinking, is this boy crazy? A voice crying out of mid-air, yet! No, I'm not somebody's poli-sci project, I'm quite real. I'll let you alone now. I only wanted to apologize for bumping into you the way I did. I'm not usually that clumsy. It's just I had trouble seeing you here in the shadows under these trees. Please excuse me now. I'm going to climb up the side of the Bell Tower and wait for the sun to go down. At night I like to watch the light pass  from the clock face right through my hands.





Harvey Aaron, BAYSIDE NY. Jr
 Randy Abee, BURLINGTON, Sr
 Beth Abernethy, DANVILLE, VA. Fr
 George Abernethy, BERWAD, Sr
 Sarah Abernethy, DUNSMONT, ME. Sr
 Anne Abernathy, AYDEN, Jr
 Elizabeth Abernathy, NASHVILLE, TN. Sr
 Cheryl Abernethy, NEWTON, Jr
 David Abernethy, HICKORY, Grad

Jackie Abernethy, ALEXIS, So
 Lynne Absher, WILKESBORO, So
 Geoffrey Adair, BEAUFORT, Jr
 Barbara Adams, WILSON, Fr
 Edward Adams, GREENSBORO, So
 Jeff Adams, LONG BEACH, Jr
 Laura Adams, GASTONIA, Fr
 Melanie Adams, MARTIN, Sr
 Pam Adams, YADKINVILLE, Sr

Patricia Adams, WILSON, Jr
 Sam Adams, RALEIGH, Jr
 Susan Adams, CAMP LEWIS, So
 Ted Adams, ELIZABETHTOWN, Fr
 William Adams, GREENSBORO, Fr
 Charles Adcock, ROXBORO, Fr
 James Adcock, RIQUAY-VARNA, Fr
 James Adcox, CLAYTON, Jr
 Martha Adcock, HENDERSON, So

Susan Addison, DURHAM, So
 Beverly Adams, STONEYFLE, Jr
 Cynthia Adkins, LENOR, Fr
 Leslie Adler, VA. BEACH, VA. So
 Tom Adler, GREENWICH, CT, Jr
 Steven Aitck, GREENSBORO, Sr
 Sally Agger, SALESBURY, Fr
 Pen Agnew, LYNCHBURG, VA, Fr
 Seth Albion, GALES FERRY, CT, Fr

Kathryn Aiken, HENDERSONVILLE, Sr
 Michel Aiken, SAHAMA, Fr
 Frederick Aikens, WILMINGTON, Grad
 Ellison Aikensworth, DURHAM, Sr
 Deirdre Albanese, MARTINSVILLE, VA. Jr
 Todd Albert, VERO BEACH, FL, Jr
 Joseph Albright, GREENSBORO, Jr
 Meredith Albright, GASTONIA, So
 Suzanne Albright, CHAPEL HILL, So

George Aldridge, YANCVILLE, Fr
 Robin Aldridge, ELIZABETH CITY, So
 Ben Alexander, HENRICO, Sr
 Emily Alexander, ELLON COLEGE, So
 Janet Alexander, KINGS Mtn, Fr
 Miles Alexander, RALEIGH, Jr
 Tina Alexander, LUNEBURG, Jr
 Amy Allford, GREENSBORO, Sr
 Dennis Allford, TARBORO, Jr

Mark Allford, CHARLOTTE, So
 Deborah Algranti, HOUSTON, TX, So
 Bonnie Allen, HENDERSON, So
 Donald Allen, MURFREESBORO, Fr
 Ed Allen, WILSON, Sr
 Fala Allen, SHELBY, Fr
 Gwendolyn Allen, CLAYTON, Sr
 Jeanne Allen, DURHAM, Sr
 Judy Allen, KNIGHTDALE, Sr

Kathy Allen, BLADENBORO, Sr
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 Paula Allen, SALESBURY, Fr
 Raymond Allen, DURHAM, Fr
 Rudolph Allen, CLAYTON, Sr
 Sharon Allen, THOMASVILLE, Jr
 Stephen Allen, WILMINGTON, Jr

Tenne Allen, CHAPEL HILL, Sr
 Tonya Allen, CHERMANTON, So
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 William Allen, RALEIGH, Fr
 William Allen, CHARLOTTE, So
 Jacquelyn Allison, LUNEBURG, Jr
 Karen Allison, DURHAM, Jr
 Nancy Allmendinger, GREENSBORO, Jr
 Louise Allred, SILES CITY, Grad

Thomas Allied, WINSTON-SALEM, So
 Dennis Alandig, WINSTON-SALEM, Fr
 Jan Alsager, WILSON, Fr
 Shelley Alstatt, WILMINGTON, Fr
 Charles Alston, ROCKY MOUNT, Fr
 Cynthia Alston, CHAPEL HILL, Fr
 Larry Alston, CHARLOTTE, Jr
 Ricky Alston, DURHAM, Sr
 Valarie Alston, CHESTER, PA, So

Lester Alsop, ARDEN, Sr
 Dale Alton, WAYNE, PA, So
 Chris Alban, GREENVILLE, Fr
 Sharon Alwood, GRAHAM, Fr
 Janet Amey, JAMESTOWN, Sr
 Gregory Amick, GREENSBORO, Sr
 Pamela Amick, EDENPORT, Jr
 Jennifer Amode, AUBURN, Sr, Fr
 Judith Ammer, ELLICOTT CITY MD, Fr

Andrew Ammons, SANFORD, Jr
 Daryl Ammons, SANFORD, Jr
 James Ammons, FAYETTEVILLE, Sr
 Mike Amos, HIGH POINT, Fr
 Kathleen Anabash, THOMASVILLE, Sr
 Denise Anderson, WILKESBORO, Fr
 Janet Anderson, RAINBOW, MA, Sr
 Joy Anderson, MT ARMY, Fr
 Lillie Anderson, RALEIGH, Sr

Mark Anderson, FAYETTEVILLE, Jr.
 Mary Anderson, GREENVILLE, SC, So
 Pamela Anderson, ROCHESTER, NY, Jr.
 Patricia Anderson, GREENSBORO, Jr.
 Randy Anderson, DURHAM, So
 Richard Anderson, CHARLOTTE, So
 Theodore Anderson, ST. PAUL, MN, Sr.
 Cindy Anders, KANNAPOLIS, So
 Terri Andrewlavage, CONCORD, So.



Lilly Andrews, FARMVILLE, Jr.
 Mark Andrews, CHARLOTTE, Sr.
 Pamela Andrews, WHITSETT, Sr.
 Rodney Ange, FUMBLETT, Jr.
 John Angle, GREENSBORO, Jr.
 Patricia Anthony, GASTONIA, Jr.
 Cynthia Appleby, DAYTON, NJ, Jr.
 John Aragon, RANDLEMAN, Jr.
 Lisa Archer, FAYTOWN, Jr.



Christopher Arena, NORRISTOWN, PA, Jr.
 Betsy Armstrong, TAZEWELL, VA, Jr.
 Debra Armstrong, PARKTON, Jr.
 Mariene Armstrong, FAYETTEVILLE, Jr.
 Glenn Arnette, CHADBOURN, So
 Brenda Arnold, MORRISVILLE, So
 Cynthia Arnold, VALDESE, Jr.
 Donna Arnold, VALDESE, Jr.
 Judith Arnold, FAYETTEVILLE, So.



Carl Arnington, ENFIELD, Sr.
 Margaret Arthur, HIGH POINT, Sr.
 Robert Arundel, CHARLOTTE, Sr.
 Cary Ashworth, CARY, So
 Gary Aswell, COLTSBORO, So
 Amy Atkins, ASHEBORO, Jr.
 Ian Atkins, SISSONVILLE, WV, Jr.
 Philip Atkins, CHAPEL HILL, So
 Debra Atkinson, SILK CITY, So



Steven Atkinson, CLAYTON, Sr.
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 Joseph Audon, FAYETTEVILLE, So.
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 Beverly Austin, CHARLOTTE, Jr.



Sally Austin, RAIFORD, Sr.
 Teresa Austin, WINGATE, Sr.
 Glenda Auten, CHARLOTTE, Jr.
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 Gloria Avert, NASHVILLE, Sr.
 Marsha Avert, WHITAKERS, Sr.
 Alan Ayer, FINE MEADOWS, CA, Sr.
 Charles Averra, WINSTON-SALEM, Jr.



Barbara Avery, JACKSONVILLE, Sr.
 Mona Avery, CLEVELAND, Jr.
 Romulus Avery, HICKORY, Jr.
 Samuel Avery, MORGANTON, Sr.
 Sheryl Avery, CLEVELAND, So
 Sandra Avinger, GRAHAM, Jr.
 Randy Ayvann, WINSTON-SALEM, Jr.
 Margaret Axt, LACANDA, CA, Sr.
 Nancy Aycock, MEBANE, So



Leigh Ayers, CHARLOTTE, Jr.
 David Ayscue, HENDERSON, Sr.
 Skeet Ayscue, HENDERSON, Jr.
 Marianne Bab, OXFORD, So
 Edward Babel, CARBORO, Sr.
 Maude Babington, CHAPEL HILL, Sr.
 John Bacon, CHARLOTTE, So
 John Bacon, LILESVILLE, Jr.
 Mark Bacon, LENOIR, Jr.



Jack Baco, CHARLOTTE, So
 George Baco, WESTFIELD, NJ, Jr.
 Amy Baigdel, WINSTON-SALEM, Jr.
 Bruce Baer, FAYETTEVILLE, So
 Paula Baerlen, MIDDLETOWN, VA, Jr.
 Carla Bailey, DENVER, Jr.
 Laura Bauer, LENOIR, Jr.
 Becky Bailey, CHARLOTTE, Jr.
 Cynthia Bailey, FAYETTEVILLE, Jr.



Janis Bailey, WINSTON-SALEM, Jr.
 Nancy Bailey, HIGH POINT, Jr.
 Mary Bam, JAMESTOWN, Jr.
 Patricia Baird, MATTHEWS, Jr.
 Annemarie Baker, VALDESE, Jr.
 Brock Baker, NASHVILLE, TN, Sr.
 Jamie Baker, NASHVILLE, Jr.
 Jayne Baker, FIDUQUAY VARNIA, Jr.
 Jeff Baker, WILMINGTON, Jr.



Kemp Baker, WINSTON-SALEM, Sr.
 Kenneth Baker, NASHVILLE, Jr.
 Roxanne Baker, REVEL, PA, PA, Jr.
 Susan Baker, WINSTON-SALEM, Sr.
 Todd Baker, NASHVILLE, TN, Jr.
 Virginia Baker, SMITHFIELD, So
 William Baker, STATESVILLE, Jr.
 Logan Baldree, ARLING, Jr.
 Meri Baldwin, ROBBINS, Jr.



Benjamin Ball, Candler, Jr.
 Clyde Ball, RALEIGH, So
 Edwin Ball, DURHAM, Sr.
 Irv Ball, DURHAM, So
 Robert Ball, CHARLOTTE, Jr.
 Sean Ballantine, FREDERICK MD, Sr.
 Angela Ballard, SHELBY, So
 Curtis Ballard, DURHAM, Grad
 David Ballard, LEWINGTON, KY, Jr.





Jean Ballard, DURHAM, Sr.
 Wanda Ballard, MT. CLEBUR, Jr.
 Dawn Banasiak, WILSON, So.
 Shirkant Bangdiwalla, PUEBLO RICO, So.
 Mark Barry, CHARLOTTE, So.
 Cheryl Banks, MAYSVILLE, So.
 Sandra Banks, GREENSBORO, So.
 Sherie Banks, HURONVILLE, Sr.
 Steve Banks, RALEIGH, Jr.

Vernon Banks, ROCKY MOUNT, Jr.
 Deborah Barb, CAPE MAY, Sr.
 Rusty Barath, EDENTON, Jr.
 Cathy Barbano, CATHERSBURG, MD, Jr.
 Jim Barbee, RALEIGH, Sr.
 Kathleen Barbee, RICHVILLE, Jr.
 James Barber, GASTONIA, So.
 Karen Barber, RALEIGH, Jr.
 Ellen Barbour, FAYETTEVILLE, So.

Jennie Barbour, BENSON, Jr.
 Leland Barbour, FAYETTEVILLE, So.
 Sherry Barbour, BENSON, So.
 Terry Barbour, BENSON, So.
 John Bardin, WILSON, Jr.
 William Bardin, RALEIGH, Jr.
 Pamela Barefoot, DUNN, Jr.
 Paul Barfield, WELDON, Jr.
 Paula Barfield, WELDON, Jr.

Catherine Barger, ALBEMARLE, Grad.
 Diane Barker, DURHAM, Jr.
 Kim Barker, STATESVILLE, Jr.
 Raymond Barker, SALEM, Sr.
 Misha Barlow, LENOIR, Sr.
 Tony Barnard, WINSTON-SALEM, Jr.
 John Barnett, RUTHERFORD, Sr.
 Karen Barnes, GASTONIA, Jr.
 Mary Barnes, WINSTON-SALEM, Jr.

Mike Barnes, Wilson, Jr.
 Mitchell Barnes, WILSON, Jr.
 Nancy Barnes, DURHAM, Jr.
 Tom Barnes, RALEIGH, Jr.
 William Barnes, RALEIGH, Jr.
 Montine Barnett, KODOKO, Jr.
 Lile Barnhill, WINSTON-SALEM, Jr.
 James Barnhill, RALEIGH, Sr.
 Mary Barnhill, RALEIGH, Jr.

Nina Barnhill, ROCKY MT., Jr.
 Marjorie Barnum, LOUISVILLE, KY, So.
 Anthony Barnett, THASFIELD, N. Jr.
 Brenda Barrett, FAYETTEVILLE, Jr.
 Susan Barnett, N. CALDWELL, N. Jr.
 Pamela Barrett, HENDERSONVILLE, Jr.
 Patti Barrett, CONCORD, Jr.
 Gary Barringer, NEWTON, Jr.
 Steven Barringer, KANNAPOLIS, Jr.

Kevin Barris, CHARLOTTE, Sr.
 Richard Barton, ARLINGTON, VA, Jr.
 Steve Barton, MARYN, N. Sr.
 Cynthia Barrow, CARRBORO, Sr.
 Douglas Barrow, CARRBORO, Sr.
 Sered Barrow, CLAREMONT, Jr.
 Leslie Barz, SMITHFIELD, Jr.
 Pam Bartholomew, ROSELVILLE, So.
 David Barton, THOMASVILLE, So.

Paula Barton, ROXBORO, Jr.
 Thomas Barwick, ATLANTA, GA, Sr.
 Cynthia Base, CARY, Jr.
 Lorrise Basnight, CHAPEL HILL, So.
 Anna Bass, CHARLOTTE, Jr.
 Curtis Bass, PLEASANT HILL, So.
 David Bass, SPRING LAKE, Jr.
 Jane Bass, CHAPEL HILL, So.
 Robin Bass, ROCKY MT., Jr.

Roy Batchelor, SAVANNAH, GA, Jr.
 Charles Bateman, WASHINGTON, N. So.
 Nancy Bateman, FRANKLIN, Jr.
 Rick Bateman, CHARLOTTE, So.
 Susan Bateman, WIMBORNE, Jr.
 Ben Battle, CULLOWHEE, Sr.
 Carmen Battle, RALEIGH, So.
 Carl Baucic, CHAPEL HILL, Jr.
 Barbara Baucum, CHARLOTTE, Jr.

Barry Baucum, CHARLOTTE, Sr.
 Donald Baucum, BAKESVILLE, Jr.
 Page Bauder, RICHMOND, VA, Jr.
 Virginia Bauer, FT. WASHINGTON, PA, So.
 Curtis Baumgart, CHARLOTTE, So.
 Bradley Bauer, PASADENA, CA, Sr.
 Carey Baumgart, ASHVILLE, So.
 Janet Baunhechel, UNIONTOWN, OH, Jr.
 Anne Bayless, SHERBY, So.

Paul Baynard, FOREST CITY, Sr.
 Teresa Bazemore, WINSTON-SALEM, Jr.
 Mary Beach, DURHAM, Sr.
 Joyce Beal, WAYNESVILLE, Sr.
 Robert Beal, HAYESVILLE, Sr.
 Susan Beal, HAYESVILLE, Jr.
 Paul Beale, WILSONVILLE, Sr.
 Austin Beam, CHERYVILLE, Sr.
 Mary Beam, RALEIGH, So.

Melinda Beam, KANNAPOLIS, So.
 Celia Beaman, GREENSBORO, Jr.
 Sarah Beaman, DUMFRIES, Jr.
 Donald Beaman, RACINE, Jr.
 Robin Bean, WINSTON-SALEM, Jr.
 Billy Beard, ASHVILLE, Jr.
 Elton Beard, BUREN CREEK, Jr.
 Robin Beard, DURHAM, So.
 Anna Beasley, JACKSONVILLE, So.

Anthony Beasley, GREENSBORO, Sr
 Katherine Beasley, VA. BEACH, VA, Jr
 Robert Beasley, GOLDSBORO, Sr
 Sharon Beasley, DUNN, Jr
 David Bealy, CHARLOTTE, Sr
 Mary Beavens, INFIELD, Sr
 Cary Beavers, GREENSBORO, Jr
 Philip Bebbert, MOBILE, AL, Jr
 Eric Beck, ASHEBORO, Jr



Mark Beck, ASHEBORO, Sr
 Michael Beck, GREENSBORO, Sr
 Stanley Beck, SEASCOVE, Jr
 Teresa Beck, LELAND, Sr
 Pamela Beckedorf, CHARLOTTE, Fr
 Lisa Becker, NEW CANAAN, CT, Jr
 Wendy Becker, FOTOMAN, MD, Sr
 Emma Beckham, CHARLOTTE, Fr
 Gloria Beckham, STATESVILLE, Sr



Roger Bedard, DANVERS, MA, Sr
 Karen Bednarzyk, WILMINGTON, Sr
 Carol Bedsole, TAR HEEL, Jr
 John Behn, SALEM, Sr
 Heidi Behrends, GREENSBORO, Sr
 Gayle Bentel, CHARLOTTE, Sr
 Tishetha Behter, FAWKNER, Sr
 Cecelia Belk, CARBORO, Sr
 Samuel Belk, GREENSBORO, Sr



Calvin Bell, GREENSBORO, Jr
 Clark Bell, ASHEBORO, Jr
 Elizabeth Bell, WINGO, Sr
 James Bell, ATHENS, GA, Jr
 James Bell, GOLDSBORO, Fr
 Kathryn Bell, CLINTON, Jr
 Milton Bell, OAK CREEK, Fr
 Victor Bell, RALEIGH, Sr
 William Bell, CLINTON, Sr



Beth Bellar, CHAPEL HILL, Jr
 Mary Belserna, SANDROB, Sr
 Darlene Behar, WINSTON-SALEM, Sr
 Mabel Belton, CHAPEL HILL, Sr
 Bruce Benator, ATLANTA, GA, Sr
 Robert Benici, HIGH POINT, Sr
 Jonathan Bender, CHARLOTTE, Sr
 Karen Benfield, VALDOSA, Fr
 John Benjamin, NEW ORLEANS, LA, Jr



David Bennett, HIGH POINT, Fr
 Frank Bennett, ABERN, Sr
 Julie Bennett, GOLDSBORO, Sr
 Robert Bennett, ASHEVILLE, Fr
 Sandra Bennett, WASHINGTON, Sr
 Sheila Bennett, MORVEN, Sr
 Leslie Bennitt, CLEMSON, Sr
 Mary Berens, RALEIGH, Sr
 Rebecca Benson, REDSVILLE, Sr



Beverly Bentley, N. WILKESBORO, Fr
 Karen Bentley, CHARLOTTE, Fr
 Suzan Bentley, N. WILKESBORO, Jr
 Anna Benton, GOLDSBORO, Sr
 Susan Benton, HIGH POINT, Sr
 Lawrence Bercini, CHARLOTTE, Sr
 Gabriella Bergen, WANTAGH, NY, Fr
 Timmy Berry, RALEIGH, Jr
 Patricia Berner, WINSTON-SALEM, Fr



Jack Berry, SAVANNAH, GA, Jr
 Dan Besse, HICKORY, Sr
 Bobby Best, WILSON, Jr
 Irma Best, AYKOR, GA, Sr
 Amanda Bethune, KILLINGTON, Sr
 Gail Bethune, SOUTHERN PINES, Sr
 Sally Best, WHITEKIRK, Sr
 Amy Beyer, MOREHEAD, Fr
 William Bicket, ZION, IL, Jr



Ann Biddle, CHARLESTON, WV, Jr
 David Bigsby, RALEIGH, Jr
 JoEllen Blinn, CLARK, NJ, Jr
 David Biles, CONCORD, Jr
 Louis Bilsons, FITCHBURG, MA, Sr
 William Billica, GREENVILLE, Sr
 Jeffrey Billings, BOON, Sr
 John Billingsley, RICHMOND, VA, Fr
 Betsy Bingham, ADVANCE, Sr



Sharon Bingham, CLEMMONS, Fr
 Warren Bingham, MT GILEAD, Sr
 John Bishop, CHARLOTTE, Jr
 Sherry Bishop, HIGH POINT, Sr
 Billie Bissette, DURHAM, Jr
 Mark Bissette, BAILEY, Fr
 Jeff Butler, RALEIGH, Sr
 Susan Butler, RALEIGH, Fr
 David Black, CONCORD, Jr



David Black, MIDLAND, Sr
 Janice Black, CONCORD, Sr
 Joe Black, INDIAN BRANCH, Sr
 Rhonda Black, GASTONIA, Fr
 Steve Black, GREENSBORO, Jr
 Susan Black, GREENSBORO, Sr
 Theresa Black, LEVINGTON, Sr
 Tracey Black, FAYETTEVILLE, Fr
 James Blackburn, WILKESBORO, Sr



Elizabeth Blackman, GARLAND, Jr
 Bruce Blackmon, BOIES CREEK, Jr
 Don Blackmon, ROCKY MT, Sr
 David Blackstone, COLLEGE PARK, GA, Sr
 Joel Blackwelder, CONCORD, Jr
 Kendall Blackwelder, KANSASVILLE, Sr
 Alicia Blackwell, OXFORD, Sr
 Job Blackwell, CAVATSON, Sr
 Leta Blackwell, DAVIDSON, Sr





Walter Blackwell, DAVIDSON, Jr
 Mike Blair, CHARLOTTE, So
 Henry Blake, WILMINGTON, So
 John Blake, CHADBOURN, Sr
 Virginia Blake, CHARLOTTE, So
 Meg Blacklock, MANCHESTER, CT, Sr
 Michael Blacklock, WILLOW SPRINGS, Sr
 Tony Blackock, WILLOW SPRINGS, Sr
 Jane Blanchard, CHARLOTTE, Jr

Frances Blanchette, CHARLOTTE, Fr
 Carol Blankenship, CHARLOTTE, So
 Richard Blankenship, WAREHOUTON, So
 Richard Blanks, ROYDORO, Fr
 Sally Blanks, LUMBERTON, So
 Kenneth Blair, MIDDLESEX, NJ, Sr
 Brent Blaylock, ROCKY MT., Sr
 Julie M. Blaylock, COLUMBIA, SC, Jr
 Sharon Blair, NEW BERN, Grad

James Bledsoe, DUNN, Sr
 Diane Blevins, WARRNEVILLE, Sr
 Sherry Blevins, STATESVILLE, Fr
 Katherine Biss, ASHEBORO, Fr
 Larry Blair, DAVIDSON, So
 Sherri Blount, GREENSBORO, Sr
 Laura Blue, CAMERON, So
 Lisa Blue, GREENSBORO, So
 Phyllis Blumenfeld, SPARTANBURG, So

Roger Blythe, WAXHAM, Sr
 Emily Boal, ATLANTA, GA, Fr
 Daniel Bostright, DURHAM, Sr
 Elise Bodenheimer, ANNISTON, AL, Grad
 Jennifer Boggs, STATESVILLE, Fr
 Robert Boggs, STATESVILLE, Fr
 Charles Bogie, CHARLOTTE, So
 Edith Boland, HARRIS, Fr
 Vicky Boland, WINSTON-SALEM, Jr

William Bolden, FLEMONT, Sr
 Laura Bolet, KALECH, Fr
 Debra Bolet, LENOIR, So
 Steve Bolte, PITTSBURGH, PA, So
 Marilee Bole, FAIRBURN, So
 Edward Bond, EPHRATA, So
 Georgianna Bondaruk, CHARLOTTE, So
 Peter Bond, CHESAPEAKE, VA, Fr
 Michael Boner, LEXINGTON, Grad

Celia Boney, CLINTON, So
 Sara Boney, GRAHAM, So
 Dana Bone, HIGH POINT, Fr
 Detrick Bowne, GREENSBORO, Fr
 Ruffin Booth, SPRING HOPE, Sr
 Steven Booth, DURHAM, Sr
 Bruce Bowler, WAYNESVILLE, So
 Robert Borders, CHAPEL HILL, Jr
 Carol Boren, EXTON, Jr

Claudia Borwick, ATLANTA, GA, Jr
 Marcia Borton, RICHMOND, VA, Jr
 Blair Bost, CARBORO, Jr
 Eva Boss, SALEM, Fr
 Steven Bost, FAYETTEVILLE, So
 Walter Bost, KANNAPOLIS, Sr
 Edward Bost, CHINA GROVE, Sr
 Lila Bostian, CHAPEL HILL, Grad
 Tom Bostian, CHAPEL HILL, Sr

Richard Bostic, CLEFFSIDE, Fr
 Ken Bostick, ROCKINGHAM, Sr
 Doug Botting, ASHEVILLE, Fr
 Theresa Bottoms, MADISON, So
 Mark Boudreau, GREENVILLE, So
 Tom Bougan, FAYETTEVILLE, So
 Barbara Bougman, FAYETTEVILLE, Jr
 Larry Bouldin, TRINITY, Jr
 Philip Bouldin, ASHEBORO, Sr

John Bourland, WALKERSVILLE, MO, Jr
 Jane Boutwell, DURHAM, Jr
 Raymond Boutwell, SPANBORO, Jr
 Edith Bowen, FAYETTEVILLE, Jr
 Laurel Bowden, WILMINGTON, So
 Linda Bowe, CHAPEL HILL, Grad
 Claudia Bowen, MATTHEWS, Fr
 Ann Bowers, LEXINGTON, Jr
 Gary Bowers, CHARLOTTE, Fr

Jan Bowles, MECHANICSVILLE, VA, Fr
 Laura Bowles, GREENSBORO, Fr
 Pam Bowling, ELGIN COLLEGE, So
 Carol Bowman, WILMINGTON, Fr
 Charles Bowman, THOMASVILLE, Jr
 Cynthia Bowman, BROWNSVILLE, Fr
 David Bowman, TAYLORSVILLE, Jr
 Karen Bowman, BURLINGTON, Fr
 Sharon Bowman, GREENSBORO, So

Suzanne Bowen, BIRMINGHAM, AL, Jr
 Laura Boyce, CHAPEL HILL, Fr
 Frank Boyd, CHAPEL HILL, Fr
 Holly Boyd, WAYNESVILLE, So
 John Boyd, FAYETTEVILLE, So
 Lynn Boyette, CHARLOTTE, So
 Catherine Boykin, WILSON, Fr
 Kim Boyce, GREENSBORO, Fr
 Rita Brackeen, JACKSONVILLE, Fr

Andrew Bracken, ELIZABETH CITY, Jr
 Sheila Brackett, LAUNDALOE, Sr
 David Bradley, MOREHEAD, Sr
 Lisa Bradley, CARBORO, So
 William Bradley, OLSBORO, Fr
 Elizabeth Bradshaw, MATTHEWS, Fr
 Patricia Bradshaw, CHARLOTTE, Jr
 Peter Bradshaw, TRINITY, Jr
 Sharon Bradshaw, CHARLOTTE, Jr

John Brady, CHAPEL HILL, Fr
 Pamela Brady, CHAPEL HILL, Fr
 Robert Brady, GREENSBORO, Sr
 Tracy Brady, DURHAM, Fr
 Joan Bradford, LEADONTO, Fr
 Paula Bradford, GREENSBORO, Sr
 Terry Bragg, RALEIGH, Sr
 Brad Bramand, NEW HOPE, Pa. So
 Ellen Branberg, ASHEVILLE, Sr



Betsy Branch, GREENSBORO, Fr
 Carol Branch, ROANOKE RAPIDS, Fr
 Pamela Branch, DURHAM, Fr
 Stephen Branch, LUMBERTON, Fr
 William Branch, ROCKY MT., Fr
 Nancy Brand, NEW CITY, NY, Jr
 Bonnie Brandon, DURHAM, Sr
 Elizabeth Brandon, WILLIAMSTON, Fr
 James Brandon, BELMONT, Sr



Stacy Brandt, JOHNSON CITY, TN, Fr
 Susan Brandt, SPENCER, Fr
 Joe Brank, CHARLOTTE, Fr
 Amy Brannock, HICKORY, Jr
 Sherry Brannon, SPARTANBURG, SC, Sr
 Carolyn Brantley, ROCKY MT., So
 Charles Brantley, WILSON, Sr
 Elizabeth Brantley, REHEBERFORDTON, Sr
 Stephen Brantley, CLEMSON, SC, Fr



Kenneth Braswell, ROCKY MT., Fr
 Mark Braswell, JAYETTEVILLE, Fr
 Mary Braswell, MONROE, Sr
 Mary Bransford, MASSAPEQUA PK, NY, So
 Perry Brantley, WINSTON-SALEM, Grad
 Beverly Braxton, GRAHAM, Fr
 Ziegred Brzanski, KATHAMOROTH, So
 Alan Breasale, HICKORY, Sr
 Cara Breden, ELIZABETH CITY, Sr



Julia Breden, JAMLET, So
 Steven Brendie, ELKIN, Sr
 Mary Brennan, CHARLOTTE, Fr
 Shannon Brennan, SINGER, VA, Fr
 Mark Brewer, WINSTON-SALEM, Fr
 Charles Brewer, BENNETT, Fr
 Judd Brewer, LOUISVILLE, KY, So
 Lloyd Brewer, DOUGLASSVILLE, Pa, Fr
 Mike Brewer, WILKESBORO, Sr



Scott Brewer, STAR, So
 Tina Brewer, FAISON, Fr
 Wanda Brewer, EAGLE SPRINGS, Fr
 Angela Brewer, DIXIELEY, Fr
 Pamela Bridgetford, LYNCHBURG, VA, Sr
 Susan Bridget, BLADENBORO, Fr
 Pam Bridges, ALEX, Sr
 Bettina Bridges, THOMASVILLE, Fr
 Caroline Bridges, McCLELLANVILLE, SC, So



Dani Bridges, SHELBY, So
 David Bridges, SHELBY, Sr
 Frederick Bridges, CARBORO, Sr
 Jatis Bridges, CARY, Sr
 Ronald Bridges, SANFORD, Fr
 Steven Briganti, SPRINGFIELD, Pa, Jr
 Laurer Briggs, GRAHAM, Fr
 Laurie Brigg, SAUSBURY, Sr
 Edward Bright, SNOW HILL, Fr



Charles Briles, HIGH POINT, Sr
 Angela Brinson, GRANTSBORO, Jr
 Cheryl Brink, MAISE HILL, Fr
 Karen Brittingham, W. COLUMBIA, SC, So
 Susan Brittingham, W. COLUMBIA, SC, Jr
 Kathleen Britton, CHARLOTTE, So
 Cheryl Broach, GREENSBORO, So
 Martha Broadfoot, WILSON, So
 Karen Brooks, YARDELY, Pa, Sr



Debbie Brock, MT. OLIVE, Sr
 Randall Brod, FALGICH, Jr
 Mark Brody, GREENSBORO, Sr
 John Brodgen, GOLDSBORO, Fr
 Virginia Brodgen, DURHAM, Sr
 Terry Brodgen, ANSTON, Fr
 Beth Brooks, DURHAM, Jr
 Brian Brooks, JAYETTEVILLE, Fr
 Litwood Brooks, MONROE, Sr



Mallard Brooks, SHELBY, Jr
 Philip Brooks, CHARBORO, Sr
 Rebecca Brooks, DURHAM, Fr
 William Brooks, CHATTANOOGA, TN, Jr
 Pauline Broome, NONWOOD, Jr
 Teresa Broome, STANLEY, Fr
 Peggy Brodtherton, STANLEY, Fr
 Vicki Broughn, RALEIGH, So
 Ane Brown, FT. LAUDERDALE, FL, So



Ashley Brown, HIGH POINT, Fr
 Barry Brown, MONROEVILLE, Fr
 Betty Brown, GREENSBORO, Fr
 Beverly Brown, CLYDE, Jr
 Carol Brown, WINSTON, Jr
 David Brown, ARDEN, So
 David Brown, RANDOLPH, So
 Denise Brown, WALNUT COVE, So
 Dolores Brown, SWITZERLAND, So



Donell Brown, LAUREL HILL, Sr
 Elaine Brown, CANTONIA, Sr
 Elizabeth Brown, FRANKLIN LAKES, N. Sr
 Fred Brown, GREENSBORO, So
 Helen Brown, RALEIGH, Fr
 Jeffrey Brown, HICKORY, Jr
 Jarvis Brown, CHINGOPIA, Jr
 Janet Brown, TUCKER, GA, Jr
 Karen Brown, CONOVER, So





Kenneth Brown, HUNTERSVILLE, F.
 Kenneth Brown, WILMINGTON, S.
 Laura Brown, HENDERSONVILLE, S.
 Lisa Brown, KITTY HAWK, F.
 Lottie Brown, HAIN, F.
 Lynn Brown, LAURINEBURG, S.
 Marica Brown, DURHAM, S.
 Margaret Brown, RALEIGH, F.
 Mary Brown, MEMPHIS, TN, F.

Michael Brown, WINSTON-SALEM, F.
 Mona Brown, YADKINVILLE, F.
 Peggy Brown, JACKSONVILLE, F.
 Richard Brown, BELMA, S.
 Rick Brown, GASTONIA, F.
 Robert Brown, AHSOLME, S.
 Sharon Brown, WINSTON-SALEM, F.
 Andy Brown, WILMINGTON, F.
 Tom Brown, ROCKY MT., F.

Wanda Brown, MOCKSVILLE, F.
 William Brown, SNOW HILL, S.
 Melinda Bruce, CHARLOTTE, F.
 Richard Bruckel, HIGH POINT, S.
 Ann Brueckner, DURHAM, F.
 Robert Brueckner, DURHAM, S.
 Bill Bruton, CANDOOR, S.
 Sue Bruton, CANDOOR, S.
 Clint Bryan, FITTSBORO, F.

Debra Bryan, VANCEBORO, F.
 Jim Bryan, GAREN, CT, F.
 Kelly Bryan, TRAPHILL, S.
 Margaret Bryson, ELKON COLLEGE, F.
 William Bryson, MT. CLEVE, S.
 Michael Bryant, FAYETTEVILLE, F.
 Nahlyn Bryant, WALLACE, F.
 Pamela Bryant, FAYETTEVILLE, F.

Priscilla Bryant, THOMASVILLE, S.
 Rick Bryant, GASTONIA, F.
 Robert Byrnes, LOUISVILLE, KY, F.
 Cheryl Bryson, CHARLOTTE, F.
 John Buchanan, BAKERSVILLE, S.
 Gretta Buckner, GREENSBORO, S.
 Michael Buckner, BURLINGTON, F.
 Bradley Buff, RALEIGH, S.
 Sally Bulla, HIGH POINT, S.

Connie Bullard, LUMBERTON, F.
 Kathy Bullard, SANFORD, S.
 Grace Bullen, WASHINGTON, NC, S.
 Alma Bullock, WASHINGTON, F.
 Cheryl Bullock, WILMINGTON, F.
 Cynthia Bullock, GREENSBORO, S.
 Evelyn Bullock, DURHAM, S.
 Gwendolyn Bullock, AUGUSTA, GA, F.
 Mary Bullock, SANFORD, F.

Morris Bullock, GREENSBORO, S.
 Pamela Bullock, DURHAM, F.
 Robert Bullock, CREEFSBORO, F.
 Kenneth Bullock, ROCKY MT, F.
 Martha Bullock, ROCKY MT, F.
 Buddy Bultman, SUMTER, SC, F.
 Eleanor Bultmarger, HICKORY, F.
 Sharon Bunnjames, PERLEAK, F.
 Bill Bunch, EDENTON, S.

James Bunch, RALEIGH, S.
 Michael Bunch, WINGBORO, S.
 Richard Bundy, FARMVILLE, S.
 Anne Bunker, ASHEBORO, F.
 Beryl Bunn, FAYETTEVILLE, S.
 Chris Bunn, KANNAPOLIS, F.
 Roger Bunn, CLINTON, F.
 Susan Bunn, SPRING HOPE, S.
 Amy Burch, STOVALL, F.

Wally Burge, MT. AIRY, S.
 Glenn Burgess, RALEIGH, S.
 Holly Burgess, SLER CITY, F.
 John Burgess, BLACK MTN., F.
 Juani Burgess, SHILOH, F.
 Malachi Burgess, ELIZABETH CITY, S.
 Sam Burgess, SLER CITY, S.
 Agnes Burke, HICKORY, F.
 Betsey Burke, HICKORY, F.

Clarence Burke, ABERDEEN, F.
 Ray Burke, LAGRANGE, S.
 Stephen Busby, MURFREESBORO, F.
 Elizabeth Burkhat, LEANCON, S.
 Dennis Burkhat, CLAUDVILLE, VA, F.
 Durward Burnette, OXFORD, F.
 Susan Burns, CHARLOTTE, S.
 Keturah Burnham, RALEIGH, S.
 Joseph Burns, WHITEVILLE, S.

Teresa Burns, CHARLOTTE, S.
 Virginia Burns, CHARLOTTE, S.
 Donna Burrell, GASTONIA, S.
 Carol Burroughs, OXFORD, F.
 Lane Burroughs, OXFORD, F.
 Shannon Burroughs, HATTERAS, F.
 Brenda Burton, MATTHEW, S.
 Gelda Burton, ROXBORO, F.
 Lucia Burton, ROXBORO, F.

Norman Burwell, LEWISVILLE, S.
 Stephen Busby, SMITHFIELD, S.
 Sue Busby, SMITHFIELD, S.
 Douglas Bush, DOVER, N. S.
 Barbara Butler, GREENSBORO, F.
 Sandra Butler, GREENSBORO, F.
 Caroline Butler, NEW BERN, S.
 Cary Butler, FAYETTEVILLE, S.
 Janice Butler, FAR HILL, F.

Robert Butler, LUMBERTON, Jr.
 Jeffrey Butscher, FAYETTEVILLE, So.
 Chris Buttine, SAN MATEO, CA, Sr.
 Pamela Byam, WILLIAMSBURG, VA, Grad.
 Timothy Byrum, LEXINGTON, Jr.
 John Byers, CHAPEL HILL, Jr.
 Betty Byrley, PITTSBORO, Jr.
 Ray Bynum, GREENSBORO, Sr.
 Brownwyn Byrd, BOONVILLE, Jr.



Dixon Byrd, MORGANTON, Fr.
 John Byrd, RONDA, Jr.
 Kent Byrd, HIGH POINT, Fr.
 Laura Byrd, DENTON, Sr.
 Pamela Byrd, SANFORD, Jr.
 Robert Byrd, MORGANTON, Sr.
 Steve Byrd, CARY, So.
 Frances Byrne, FAYETTEVILLE, Fr.
 Al Byrum, COCA PEARL, Sr.



Linda Cabe, WAYNEBORO, VA, Fr.
 Laura Cabe, HENDERSONVILLE, Fr.
 Candy Caddell, CHARLOTTE, So.
 Kevin Caddell, CHARLOTTE, So.
 Anita Cadieu, CHARLOTTE, So.
 Janet Cadieu, CHARLOTTE, Jr.
 Dana Gage, CAMP LEHENE, Fr.
 Deena Cain, FAYETTEVILLE, Fr.
 Miriam Cain, FAYETTEVILLE, Jr.



Walter Canon, CLINTON, Sr.
 John Calabrese, HANCOCK, FL, So.
 Alan Caldwell, WINSTON-SALEM, Jr.
 Cynthia Caldwell, CONCORD, Jr.
 Edward Caldwell, NEWPORT, Sr.
 Kimberly Caldwell, GASTONIA, Fr.
 Paul Caldwell, CONCORD, Sr.
 Richard Caldwell, MANGEL VALLEY, Jr.
 Richard Caldwell, GASTONIA, Sr.



Susan Caldwell, RALEIGH, Fr.
 Tim Caldwell, LEXINGTON, So.
 Theresa Calderine, SANFORD, Fr.
 Mary Callan, HIGH POINT, So.
 Malvina Canjelo, W. PAM BEACH, FL, Fr.
 Carole Cameron, GREENVILLE, Grad.
 David Cameron, GASTONIA, Jr.
 Laura Cameron, GREENSBORO, Jr.
 Martha Cameron, DUNN, Jr.



Carver Camp, DURHAM, Fr.
 Edward Camp, MADISON, Fr.
 Lewis Camp, CHARLOTTE, Fr.
 Albert Campbell, WINSTON-SALEM, Fr.
 Ginny Campbell, WINSTON-SALEM, Fr.
 Henrietta Campbell, CHAPEL HILL, Sr.
 Arnie Campbell, CONCORD, Sr.
 Joan Campbell, KANNAPOLIS, Jr.
 Kathy Campbell, MOCKSVILLE, Jr.



Ron Campbell, SANFORD, Sr.
 Ron Campbell, GREENSBORO, Jr.
 Sharon Campbell, CHARLOTTE, Sr.
 Sherri Campbell, NEWTON, Fr.
 Susan Campbell, GREENSBORO, Sr.
 Jennifer Canaday, FOUR OAKS, So.
 Joan Canaday, FOUR OAKS, Sr.
 John Canipe, FAYETTEVILLE, Fr.
 David Cannon, HOBGOOD, Jr.



Keith Cannon, VALDESE, So.
 Michael Cannon, BURLINGTON, So.
 Mollie Cannon, ST. AUGUSTINE, Sr.
 Richard Cannon, VANCEBORO, Sr.
 Allison Canoles, NORFOLK, VA, Sr.
 James Canfield, CHAPEL HILL, Sr.
 Mary Capehart, WASHINGTON, Jr.
 Christopher Capel, THOMASVILLE, So.
 Julie Caplan, HILTON HEAD ISL, SC, Fr.



Bobbie Capps, PINEVILLE, So.
 Myra Caldwell, MAXWELL, So.
 Ann Carmichael, CHARLOTTE, So.
 Carol Carmichael, SALISBURY, Fr.
 Jerry Carmichael, LAURENSBURG, Sr.
 James Carnes, COLUMBUS, MS, Sr.
 Carol Carnevale, STUART, FL, So.
 Alan Carter, WINSTON-SALEM, Fr.
 Charles Carpenter, RALEIGH, So.



Cheryl Carpenter, GASTONIA, So.
 Elizabeth Carpenter, BELMONT, Fr.
 Helen Carpenter, GASTONIA, So.
 Joannie Carpenter, NORWOOD, So.
 James Carper, SAULSBURY, Sr.
 Larry Carpenter, WACO, Fr.
 Marla Carrison, HICKORY, Fr.
 Catherine Carr, JACKSONVILLE, Fr.
 Floyd Carr, LEBURN, GA, Fr.

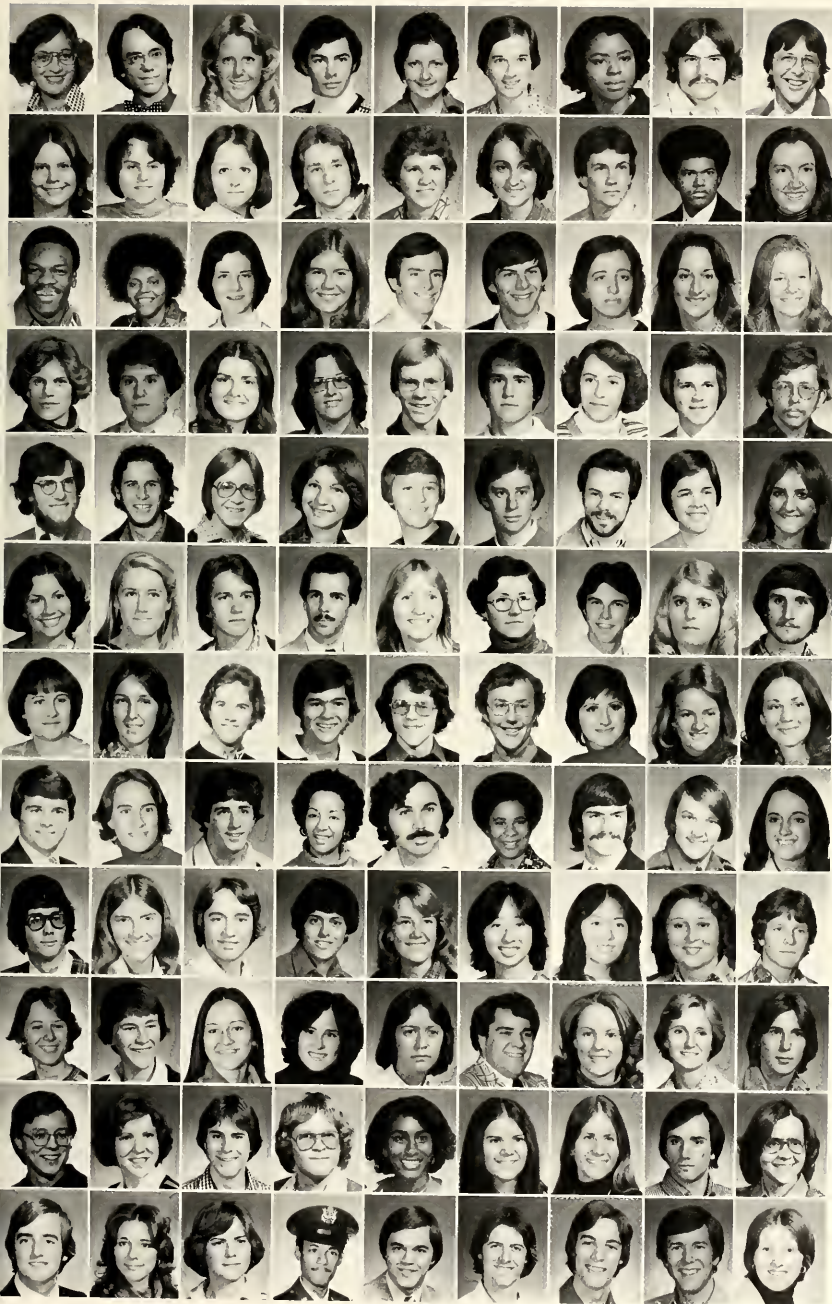


Marcus Carr, CARRBORO, Grad.
 Susan Carr, STAUNTON, VA, Grad.
 Anthony Cartaway, GRIFTON, Fr.
 Irene Cartaway, NEWPORT, Jr.
 John Carriere, MT. OLIVE, Jr.
 Maribel Carson, FAYETTEVILLE, Sr.
 Allison Carroll, BURLINGTON, Fr.
 Brenda Carroll, RALEIGH, Jr.
 David Carroll, ROCKY MT., So.



John Carroll, MEBANE, So.
 Lee Carroll, RALEIGH, Jr.
 Lloyd Carroll, LEBURTON, Jr.
 Henry Cartwright, CHARLOTTE, Jr.
 Harvey Carrow, KINSTON, Sr.
 Cynthia Carson, GRIFTON, Jr.
 Janet Carson, GRIFTON, Fr.
 Betty Carter, CALYPSO, Fr.
 Catherine Carter, DENTON, Sr.





Cindy Carter, GARNER, Jr.
 Frederick Carter, WINSTON-SALEM, Jr.
 Jayne Carter, GARNER, Sr.
 Jeffrey Carter, ROWLAND, Jr.
 Ruby Carter, CHAPEL HILL, Sr.
 Sandra Carter, BELLEVILLE CREEK, Fr.
 Tom Carter, SALISBURY, Fr.
 David Cartner, MOCKSVILLE, Fr.
 Samuel Cartner, NEWLAND, Sr.

Card Cartwright, GREENSBORO, Jr.
 Lisa Cartwright, ROANOKE, Fr.
 Andrea Carter, ROANOKE, Jr.
 David Carter, CHARLOTTE, Fr.
 Susan Cary, RALEIGH, Fr.
 Dana Case, PLATOCK, Jr.
 Jack Case, CHARLOTTE, Sr.
 Martin Case, JARVISBURG, Fr.
 Denise Caseles, CHARLOTTE, Fr.

Carey Casey, SALEM, VA, Jr.
 Lavonne Casey, WAYNESVILLE, Sr.
 Lisa Cash, WINSTON-SALEM, Fr.
 Jill Cashion, SANFORD, Fr.
 William Cassidy, WILMINGTON, Sr.
 Fleming Castlebury, RALEIGH, Jr.
 Mary Castranio, CARY, Sr.
 Stephanie Catafygiou, SMITHFIELD, Jr.
 Catherine Cate, NASHVILLE, TN, Sr.

Virginia Cates, CHAPEL HILL, Sr.
 Camille Cathey, CHARLOTTE, Sr.
 Helen Cawthorne, MONROE, Sr.
 Laura Cauble, GASTONIA, Jr.
 Lowry Caudill, SHELBY, Sr.
 David Caudle, GREENSBORO, Sr.
 Katherine Caudle, CHARLOTTE, Fr.
 Michael Caudle, FRASERLAND, Jr.
 Edward Caudle, HOPE MILLS, Fr.

John Causey, GREENSBORO, Sr.
 Jeffrey Cavano, FAYETTEVILLE, Sr.
 Arvy Cawthorne, DURHAM, Jr.
 Phyllis Cawthorne, HENDERSON, Sr.
 Deborah Cecil, THOMASVILLE, Sr.
 Stephen Cella, NEW RIVER, Sr.
 Louis Ceruzzi, MYRTLE BEACH, SC, Sr.
 Gibbs Chadwick, WILMINGTON, Jr.
 Joan Chakotas, AVERILL PARK, NY, Sr.

Gina Chamberlain, ROANOKE RAPIDS, Jr.
 Maureen Chambers, MANAHAWKAN, NJ, Sr.
 David Chance, GREAT BRITAIN, Fr.
 Charles Chandler, CHARLOTTE, Sr.
 Lauren Chandler, GREENSBORO, Sr.
 Margaret Chandler, WINSTON-SALEM, Sr.
 Sam Chandler, SCOTTSBURG, VA, Sr.
 Elizabeth Chavira, KINGSTON, Sr.
 Randall Chapel, WINSTON-SALEM, Sr.

Ceil Chapman, MAIDEN, Jr.
 Cynthia Chapman, SHELBY, Fr.
 Doug Chapman, RICHMOND, VA, Fr.
 William Chapman, CHARLOTTE, Fr.
 Cary Chappell, RALEIGH, Jr.
 John Chappell, CHAPEL HILL, Grad.
 Peggy Chappell, CHAPEL HILL, Sr.
 Kevin Chappell, TOWN, Sr.
 Lynn Chase, ROCKVILLE, MD, Sr.

Marion Chase, CARY, Jr.
 Denise Chatham, DURHAM, Sr.
 Hugh Chatham, RONDA, Fr.
 DeLois Chavis, WINTON, Sr.
 Herman Chavez, SHANNON, Sr.
 Cheryl Cheek, WARRENTON, Fr.
 Jeffrey Cheek, DURHAM, Fr.
 Deborah Cherry, WILMINGTON, Grad.

Russell Cherry, LUMBERTON, Fr.
 Cynthia Childress, DURHAM, Fr.
 Robert Childress, SANFORD, Fr.
 Tami Childress, MET. ARI, Sr.
 Leslie Childen, CHARLOTTE, Fr.
 Doris Chin, FAYETTEVILLE, Fr.
 Gwene Chin, FAYETTEVILLE, Jr.
 Deborah Chitty, AHOKEE, Sr.
 Greg Checklett, CHARLOTTE, Sr.

Elsabeth Christian, RALEIGH, Fr.
 Carolyn Christman, WINSTON-SALEM, Sr.
 Linda Christopherson, RALEIGH, Fr.
 Barbara Clavin, FAYETTEVILLE, Sr.
 Jill Ciccone, DUNN, Jr.
 Bob Cliers, CHATTANOOGA, TN, Sr.
 Ward Clark, ROANOKE, Sr.
 Amanda Clamp, FAYETTEVILLE, Sr.
 Benjamin Clark, JAMESTOWN, Sr.

Cheryl Clark, CHAPEL HILL, Sr.
 Eileen Clark, RALEIGH, Fr.
 John Clark, WINSTON-SALEM, Sr.
 Larry Clark, SALISBURY, Sr.
 Margaret Clark, BAYBORO, Sr.
 Percy Clark, CARY, Jr.
 Rosselen Clark, DURHAM, Sr.
 Russell Clark, WILMINGTON, Fr.
 Suzanne Clark, WINSTON-SALEM, Fr.

Alan Clarke, ASHEVILLE, Sr.
 Ann Clarke, KERNERSVILLE, Jr.
 Kim Clarke, KERNERSVILLE, Fr.
 John Clarkson, SPRING LAKE, Jr.
 Russ Clarkson, KINGSTREE, SC, Sr.
 Steven Clay, FENTLEY, Sr.
 Harvey Clayton, Wilson, Fr.
 Jack Clayton, DURHAM, Grad.
 Janet Clayton, STEM, Fr.

Janet Clayton, TIMBERLAKE 50
 Judy Clayton, CHAPEL HILL 51
 Ken Clayton, GREENSBORO 51
 Virginia Clayton, CHARLOTTE 51
 Ben Cleary, DURHAM 50
 Catherine Clem, FAYETTEVILLE 51
 Kathleen Clement, DURHAM 51
 Gary Clemons, WILMINGTON 51
 Dale Clemens, DURHAM 50



Laura Clendenin, GREENSBORO 51
 Donna Clifton, RALEIGH 51
 Elizabeth Clifton, CARNER 51
 Dale Cline, CONCORD 50
 Deborah Cline, GASTONIA 51
 Julia Cline, GASTONIA 50
 Melvin Cline, MORGANTON 51
 Robert Cline, HICKORY 51
 Stephen Cline, LENOIR 51



Kelly Close, RALEIGH 51
 Walter Close, RALEIGH 51
 Alan Clough, DARIEN, CT 51
 Leonard Clout, ASHVILLE 51
 Tommie Coates, MEMORA 51
 William Coats, ANGER, FR 51
 Bryan Cobb, BURLINGTON 51
 David Cobb, McLEANSVILLE 51
 David Cobb, WILSON, FR 51



Glenn Cobb, BURLINGTON 50
 Manon Cobb, DURHAM 51
 Elizabeth Cobey, CHARLOTTE 51
 Murphy Cobie, HIGH POINT 51
 Richard Coble, LIBERTY 51
 Tera Coble, SNOW CAMP 51
 Marie Coburn, HIGH POINT 51
 Catherine Cockerman, JEFFERSON 50
 Bobby Cockman, CARTHAGE 51



Pamela Cockman, ANCHITDALE 51
 Jennifer Cody, MCKSVILLE 51
 Cynthia Coe, CHARLOTTE 51
 Lisa Coe, GREENSBORO 50
 Marsha Coggins, SANFORD 50
 Cheryl Coghill, VA BEACH, VA 51
 Betty Cohen, CHARLOTTE 51
 Robin Cohen, SALISBURY 51
 Walter Coker, HENDERSON 51



Brenda Cole, HENDERSON 51
 David Cole, STATESVILLE 51
 Julie Cole, CHAPEL HILL 51
 Kathleen Cole, GREENSBORO 50
 Rebel Cole, ASHVILLE 51
 Alvin Coleman, RALEIGH 51
 Dana Coleman, RICH SQUARE 51
 Lynn Coleman, IRWIN 51
 Ronald Coleman, TAYLOR CITY 51



Shelley Coleman, CHARLOTTE 51
 Emma Coley, NEWTON 51
 Amy Colgan, TOLEDO, OH 51
 James Collier, WHITEVILLE 51
 Bill Collins, KINGS MOUNTAIN 51
 Jerry Collins, WINGATE 51
 Joseph Collins, FRANKLIN 51
 Kim Collins, SYLVIA 50
 Nalanear Collins, FRANKLINTON 51



Roger Collins, KINSTON 51
 Stephen Collins, GREENSBORO 51
 Sylvia Collins, HIGH POINT 51
 Terry Colpitts, ALBEMARLE 51
 Anne Colvard, RALEIGH 50
 Doug Colvard, DURHAM 51
 Nancy Colvard, DURHAM 51
 Judy Colwell, CLINTON 51
 Buel Combs, BURLINGTON 51



Carol Combs, WINSTON-SALEM 50
 Emily Combs, SEABOARD 50
 Sherri Commander, FAYETTE CITY 51
 Mary Conroy, OXFORD 51
 Tracy Conroy, UNION MILLS 51
 Sherry Cone, BELMONT 50
 Patricia Conkelt, GAITHER CITY, NY 51
 Emily Conn, FAYETTEVILLE 50
 Laura Conn, DURHAM 51



James Connelly, ATLANTA, GA 51
 Mary Conner, GRIFTON 50
 Robert Considine, SAN DIEGO, CA 51
 Danny Conway, FRENCH CREEK, VA 51
 Carolyn Cook, MOOREHEAD CITY 51
 Cynthia Cook, RALEIGH 51
 Ed Cook, CHARLOTTE 51
 Edward Cook, RALEIGH 51
 Lynn Cook, CHARLOTTE 51

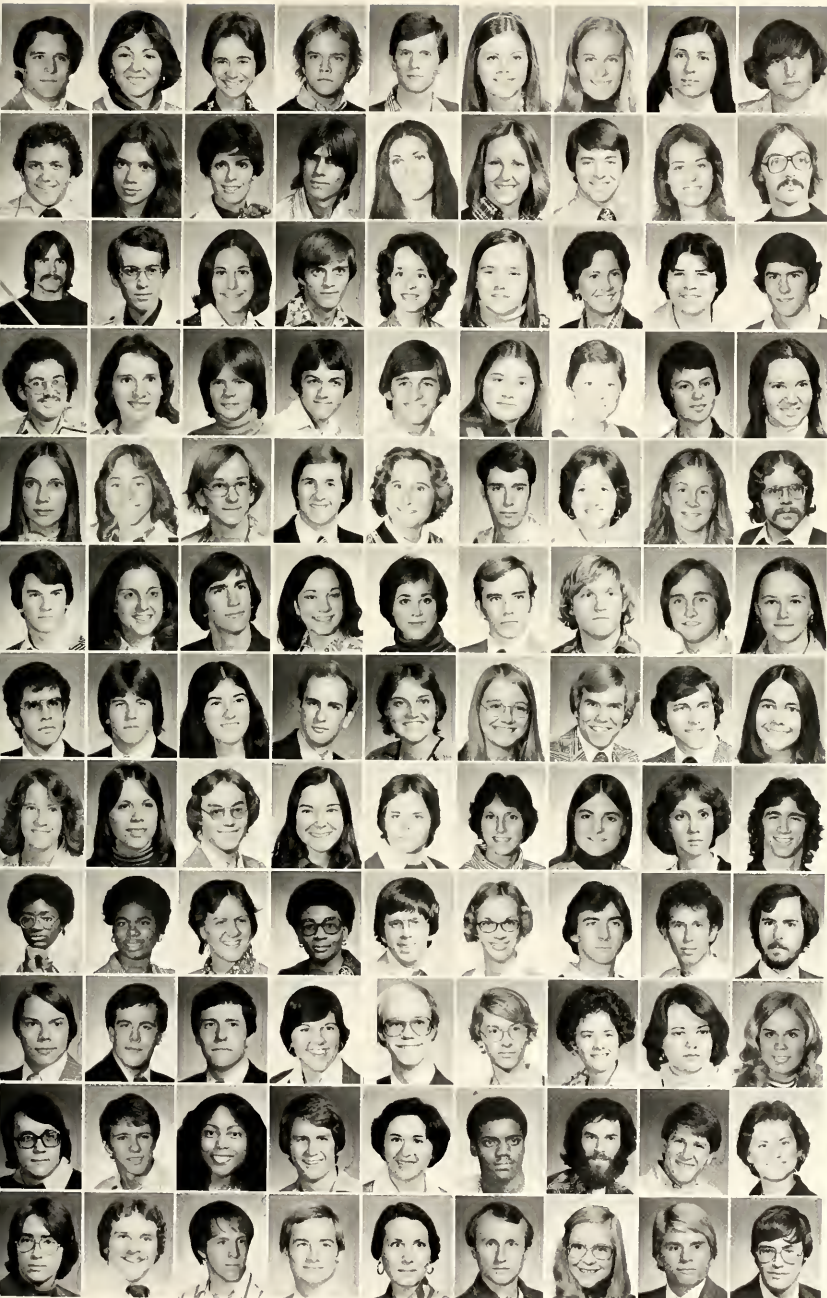


Ridgely Cook, PRINCETON, NJ 50
 Sue Cook, RALEIGH 51
 Valde Cook, WILMINGTON 51
 Cathy Cooke, ROSELVILLE 51
 Gary Cooke, CLARKTON 51
 Percy Cooke, HUNTERVILLE 51
 Robt Cooke, PEARFORD 50
 Madeline Cooley, ALEXANDRIA, VA 51
 Terry Cooley, WINSTON-SALEM 51



Craig Coombs, JACKSONVILLE 51
 Arnie Cooper, CHARLOTTE 51
 Judson Cooper, RALEIGH 51
 Karen Cooper, WILMINGTON 51
 Linda Cooper, VALDESE 51
 Roy Cooper, NASHVILLE 50
 Sam Cooper, PITTSBORO 51
 Dudley Coppage, NEW BERN, TN 51
 Laura Coppie, NASHVILLE, TN 51





Mike Corbin, RICHMOND, VA. Sr
Nancy Cordato, ARDEN. Sr.
Donna Core, DENN. Fr.
Robert Core, GREENSBORO. Jr
John Corey, WILLIAMSTON. Jr
Phyllis Corey, ROBERTSONVILLE. So.
Covell Corbin, ROCKEF. Sr.
Patricia Corinth, GASTONIA. Jr
Roger Cornatzer, ADVANCE. Fr.

Rick Cornella, GOLDSBORO. Jr.
Donna Cornwell, ASHEVILLE. So.
Martha Corwell, ST. JOHN'S. Grad
Alan Correll, RALEIGH. Sr.
Debra Correll, CHAPEL HILL. Sr.
Tara Correll, WANAPOLE. Sr.
Cint Corrie, PLANO. Tx. Jr.
Betsy Corrine, GREENSBORO. Jr.
James Carter, RALEIGH. So.

Scott Corzine, CHARLOTTE. Sr.
Stan Coss, HENDERSON. Sr.
Barbara Coss, ANDERSON. Jr.
Edwin Costner, KINGS MTN. So.
Julie Coston, MAYSVILLE. So.
Nancy Coston, HERRI. Sr.
Elizabeth Cotton, SWANSBORO. So.
Florence Cottrell, LOUISBORO. Fr.
Kevin Cottrill, BOXFORD. Fr.

John Couchell, CHARLOTTE. Sr.
Vendy Cougle, DURHAM. Jr.
Janice Coulter, CHARLOTTE. Fr.
Mark Coulter, DURHAM. Fr.
Alexander Courte, GREENSBORO. So.
Susan Council, DURHAM. Fr.
Mary Courts, CHAPEL HILL. Fr.
Catherine Cousins, STATESVILLE. Fr.
Sheila Covi, BURGAY. So.

Lisa Covington, KANSASVILLE. Jr.
Lynne Covington, GREENSBORO. Fr.
Steven Covington, CONCORD. Fr.
Keith Cowan, WINDSOR CT. Jr.
Lana Cowan, GREENSBORO. Jr.
Skip Cowell, SILVER SPRING, MD. Fr.
Darlene Cox, PITTSBORO. Jr.
Elle Cox, MOUNT ABBY. So.
George Cox, KANSAS CITY, MO. Jr.

Jesse Cox, FAYETTEVILLE. Jr.
Margaret Cox, RALEIGH. Fr.
Marshall Cox, STALEY. Jr.
Myrba Cox, GREENVILLE. Jr.
Nancy Cox, CHARLOTTE. Fr.
Richard Cox, JACKSONVILLE. Sr.
Scott Cox, MOUNT HILL. So.
Thomas Cox, ASHEVILLE. So.
Miriam Crabtree, HOLLY SPRINGS. So.

David Craft, WINSTON-SALEM. So.
Tom Craft, AYDEN. Jr.
Catherine Craig, MCKEESVILLE. Sr.
Stephen Craig, CHARLOTTE. Sr.
Vanessa Craig, CONOVER. So.
Mary Crain, DURHAM. Fr.
Bob Cramer, RALEIGH. Fr.
John Crane, FAYETTEVILLE. Jr.
Susan Cranford, WINSTON-SALEM. Jr.

Susan Cranford, DURHAM. So.
Tanya Cranford, FAYETTEVILLE. Fr.
David Cray, GREENSBORO. So.
Dale Craven, DURHAM. Sr.
Martha Craver, WILMINGTON, DE. So.
Mary Craven, GREENSBORO. Jr.
Elizabeth Crawford, LOUISVILLE, KY. Fr.
Mary Crawford, RALEIGH. Fr.
Morgan Crawford, NASHVILLE. So.

Rhonda Crawford, FAYETTEVILLE. Sr.
Stephanie Crawford, SNOW HILL. Fr.
Tina Crawford, GREENSBORO. Sr.
Yvonne Crawford, REDBILLS. Sr.
John Crawley, FAYETTEVILLE. Grad
Barbara Crayton, STROVER. Jr.
Ronald Creasy, CLEMONS. Sr.
Charles Creech, OXFORD. Fr.
Martin Creech, HENDERSON. Grad

Jay Creekmore, CROFTON, MD. Sr.
Joseph Creekmore, RIEGELWOOD. So.
William Creekmore, GREENSBORO. So.
Francis Creel, DUNN. Sr.
John Creech, WILSON COLLEGE. Jr.
Andrew Cress, OKEMOS, MI. Fr.
Karen Cress, SALISBURY. So.
Meredit Cress, LEBLINGTON. Jr.
Cheryl Crickmore, DALLAS. Sr.

David Criner, WINSTON-SALEM. Sr.
Cherie Crisco, MATTHEWS. Fr.
Carolyn Crisp, MORGANTON. So.
John Crocker, CHARLOTTE. Fr.
Susan Croft, HERRI. So.
Anthony Cromartie, LUMBERTON. Fr.
Thomas Cromer, CHAPEL HILL. Sr.
Michael Cronin, FAYETTEVILLE. Sr.
Marie Crooke, MONROE. So.

Robert Crosswhite, RALEIGH. Jr.
Clarence Crouch, MORGANTON. So.
Frank Crouch, GREENSBORO. Sr.
Fred Crouch, ARDUN HILLS, IN. Jr.
Helen Crouch, WILSON. Sr.
Keith Crouch, STATESVILLE. Jr.
Carol Crow, ROXBORO. So.
Steve Crowell, ALBEMARLE. Jr.
Scott Crowley, CHARLOTTE. So.

Marion Crowley, CHARLOTTE, Jr.
 Marion Crump, ENCL, Jr.
 Bradley Crumpler, HOPE MILLS, Se
 Debbie Crumpler, FAYETTEVILLE, Se
 Diane Crumpler, CONN, Jr.
 Earl Crumpler, GOLDSBORO, Sr.
 Karen Crumpler, GOLDSBORO, Se
 Vicki Crumpler, FAYETTEVILLE, Jr.
 Brad Crutkfield, CHAPEL HILL, Jr.



John Crysel, WILKESBORO, Jr.
 Bettyann Cude, HIGH POINT, Jr.
 James Culbertson, SALESBURY, Sr.
 Elizabeth Cummings, CHARLOTTE, Jr.
 Cathy Cunningham, WILMINGTON, Se
 Danny Cunningham, HOPE MILLS, Se
 Kathleen Cunningham, GREENVILLE, Jr.
 Laurel Cunningham, FLOTT, MO, Se
 Sharon Curry, HILLSBOROUGH, Jr.



Cynthia Currin, VIRGINIA, VA, Sr
 George Curry, DANVILLE, VA, Jr
 Thomas Curtis, CHARLOTTE, Jr.
 Nancy Chisler, SOMERS, NY, Sr
 Dana Culbreth, SALESBURY, Jr.
 Jane Cutler, WASHINGTON, Jr.
 Christine Currell, BELMONT, Sr.
 Johny Czarnacki, THOMASVILLE, Jr.
 Roberta Czubek, FAYETTEVILLE, Jr.



Robn Daasch, KOPPA, MD, Se
 Charlesanna Daily, GREENSBORO, Jr.
 Maran Daly, GREENSBORO, Jr.
 Gwen Dale, HIGH POINT, Jr.
 Randy Dale, HICKORY, Jr.
 Joyce Dalish, CHARLOTTE, Grad.
 Jack Dalrymple, CORNELIA, GA, Se
 Danny Dalton, BLACK MTN, Grad
 Elizabeth Daly, NEW BERN, Jr.



Thomas Daley, HARTFORD, CT, Jr
 Gwendolyn Dancy, FINEPORT, Se
 Norman Dancy, WINSTON-SALEM, Jr.
 Christopher Daniel, RUTHERFORD, Jr.
 Cynthia Daniel, BURLINGTON, Jr.
 Deborah Daniel, DURHAM, Jr.
 Eula Daniel, OVIKOR, Jr.
 James Daniel, CHINA GROVE, Jr.
 Patsy Daniel, NORLINA, Sr.



Sophie Daniel, DURHAM, Sr.
 Florida Daniels, GREENVILLE, Jr.
 Jan Daniels, ROCKY MT, Se
 Janet Daniels, SHELBY, Se
 Kathy Daniels, KANAWHA, Se
 Angela Daniels, MOOREVILLE, Se
 Nathan Daniels, HILLSBOROUGH, Jr.
 Teresa Daniels, KINSTON, Se
 Vicky Daniels, NASHVILLE, Se



Eduardo Dapieve, BRAZIL, Grad
 Theodore Darch, WAKE FOREST, Sr.
 Sally Darnell, GREENSBORO, Sr.
 Thomas Darnell, LAKE WACAMAW, Se
 Leouette Darrach, ILLINOIS, Jr.
 Jane Darter, HARTSOLE, Se
 Susan Datz, JACKSONVILLE, FL, Se
 Gregg Daugherty, CORAL GABLES, FL, Se
 Pat Daugherty, CARY, Se



Suzanne Daughton, ASHVILLE, Se
 William Daughtridge, ROCKY MT, Se
 Alison Davenport, ROCKY MT, Jr.
 Jeanie Davenport, APOKIS, Se
 Laura Davenport, ROCKY MT, Jr.
 Susan Davenport, RALEIGH, Se
 Vickie Davenport, GREENWELL, Se
 Darise Davis, KANAWHA, Se
 Dwight Davidson, GREENSBORO, Sr.



Laura Davidson, AVONDALE ESTATES, GA, Se
 Mary Davidson, STATESVILLE, Se
 Faye Davidson, INDIANAPOLIS, IN, Sr.
 Richard Davidson, NEW ROCHELLE, NY, Se
 Paul Davies, CRANBURY, NJ, Jr.
 Angela Davis, WINSTON-SALEM, Jr.
 April Davis, STATESVILLE, Se
 Beverly Davis, BLOWING ROCK, Se
 Charles Davis, ELKIN, Sr.



Charles Davis, GREENSBORO, Sr.
 Chris Davis, PLEASANT GARDEN, Sr.
 Derrell Davis, GREENVILLE, Se
 Deborah Davis, RALEIGH, Jr.
 Deborah Davis, HAVELOCK, Jr.
 Donna Davis, MONROE, Se
 Gary Davis, FLEMING, Se
 Hoyie Davis, ROCKINGHAM, Jr.
 Hunter Davis, REEDSVILLE, Sr.

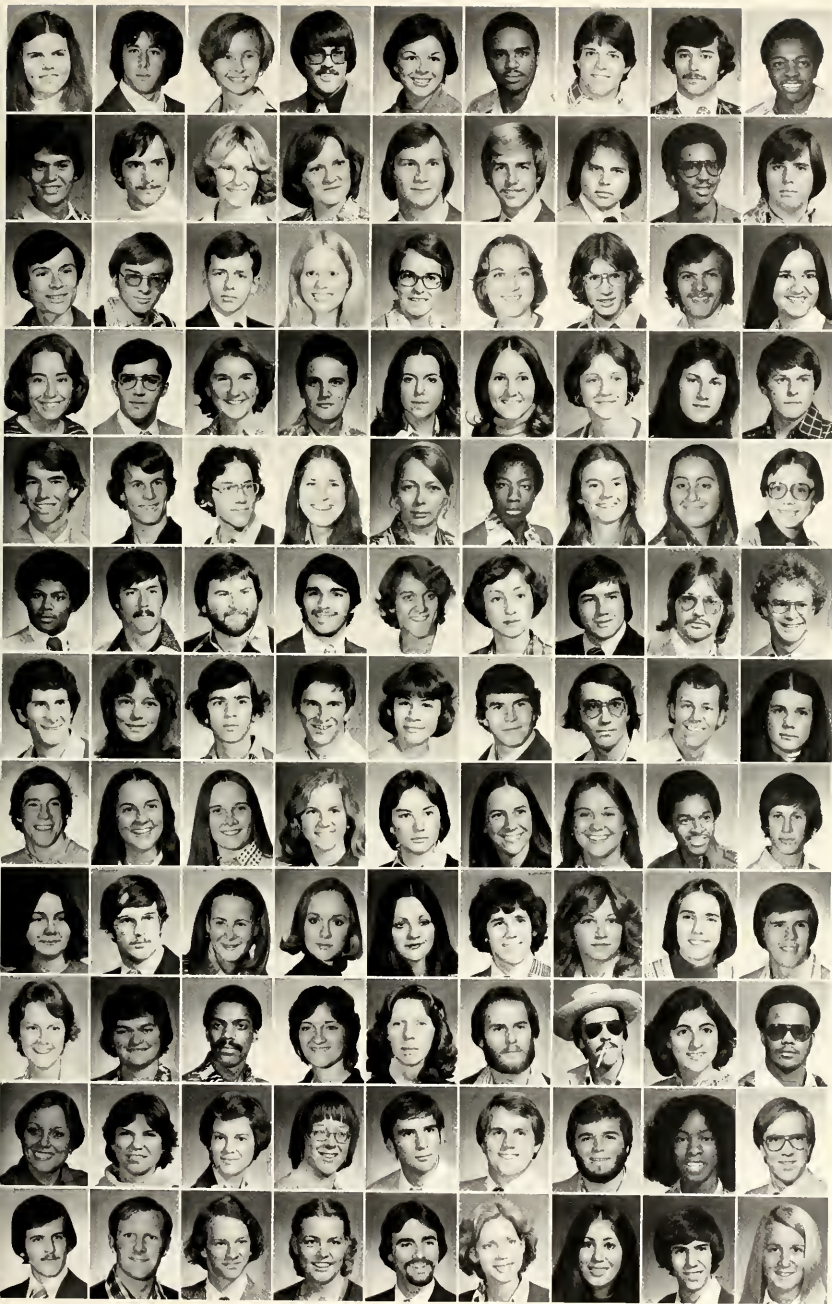


James Davis, MOORESVILLE, Jr.
 James Davis, NORWOOD, NJ, Se
 Jean Davis, DURHAM, Jr.
 John Davis, WINGATE, Jr.
 John Davis, ATLANTA, GA, Se
 Joyce Davis, CLINTON, Se
 Katherine Davis, HICKORY, Se
 Kathy Davis, FAYETTEVILLE, Jr.
 Kathy Davis, CHARLOTTE, Jr.



Kimberly Davis, GREENSBORO, Jr.
 Maran Davis, DURHAM, Jr.
 Maran Davis, BURLINGTON, Jr.
 Nancy Davis, MORGANTON, Jr.
 Faye Davis, MANTO, Jr.
 Paul Davis, GREENSBORO, Se
 Sarah Davis, GREENVILLE, Se
 Sarah Davis, TARBORO, Jr.
 Scott Davis, MARION, MA, Jr.





Sharon Davis, FOREST CITY, So
 Steve Davis, GREENSBORO, Fr
 Susan Davis, WINSTON-SALEM, So
 Thomas Davis, GARNER, Sr
 Wanda Davis, RALEIGH, So
 Wayne Davis, CHAPEL HILL, Fr
 William Davis, CLEMMONS, Fr
 William Davis, CHADBOURN, Jr
 Lonnie Dawes, MICKS, Fr

David Dawkins, HIGH POINT, Jr
 Robert Dawkins, KITTY HAWK, Sr
 Elaine Dawley, Aiken, Fr
 Laurie Dawson, FREDERICKSBURG, VA, Jr
 Terry Dawson, HIGH POINT, Sr
 Charles Day, ASHEVILLE, Jr
 Harold Day, SPRUCE PINE, Sr
 Dennis Day, RALEIGH, Fr
 Cynthia Deal, LENOIR, So

John Deal, KING MTS., Jr
 Steven Deal, MT. TESAURI, So
 Benjamin Dean, JACKSONVILLE, Sr
 Brenda Dean, DURHAM, So
 Carla Dean, SALISBURY, Fr
 Marsha Dean, ASHEVILLE, Fr
 Paul Dean, RALEIGH, Fr
 Tony Dean, CUMBERLAND, Fr
 Amaha DeAngelis, CHAPEL HILL, So

Connie Deamon, WANNAMAKER, So
 Donald Deamon, CHAPEL HILL, So
 Ann Deaton, GREENSBORO, Jr
 Joel Deaton, ELBERG, So
 Rita Deaton, VALERIE, Sr
 Thea Deaton, SHELBY, So
 Alice Dees, COLOSORO, Jr
 Amelia Dees, TREMONTI, Fr
 Robert Deese, MONROE, Fr

Scott DeGuzman, COS. COB. CT., Fr
 Daniel Deitz, BELMONT, So
 David Deitz, SILVER SPRING, MO, Sr
 Lisa Deitz, DEPT. OF HEALTH, So
 Paula Delacerna, SANFORD, Grad
 Thomas DeLaine, HIGH POINT, Fr
 Eloise DeLaney, MATTHEWS, Fr
 Jean DeLaney, MATTHEWS, Fr
 Kim DeLaney, CHARLOTTE, Fr

Brian Delany, ASHEVILLE, So
 Victor DeLapp, REIDSVILLE, Jr
 Morris DeLinger, VALE, Sr
 George Dennis, FAYETTEVILLE, Jr
 Donald Demott, DEMAREST, NJ, Jr
 Dra Dempsey, GREENSBORO, So
 Martin Denting, ROCKFORD, So
 Gary Dennis, ROCKY MT., So
 Scott Dennis, HIGH POINT, Jr

Steven Dennis, LOUDONVILLE, NY, Sr
 Wanda Dennis, TROY, Fr
 Christopher Dewey, FAYETTEVILLE, Fr
 Gregg Denton, GREENVILLE, Jr
 Beth Deppe, DURHAM, So
 David Desautels, RIFLESPRING, Jr
 Richard Deat, CHARLOTTE, Fr
 John DeVette, CRAWFORD, So
 Elizabeth DeVine, ANN ARBOR, MI, Jr

Stephen DeVine, ANN ARBOR, MI, Fr
 Jamesanna Deviney, GREENSBORO, So
 Cathy Dewey, FALCON CITY, Fr
 Susan DeWalt, CHAPEL HILL, So
 Johanna Dewees, SYLVIA, So
 Anne Dewey, FALES CREEK, VA, Sr
 Janet Dickens, RALEIGH, Jr
 Lafayette Dickens, SCOTLAND NECK, So
 Bruce Dickerson, ROYBORO, Fr

Laura Dickerson, DURHAM, Grad
 Phillip Dickey, MURPHY, So
 George Dickson, GASTONIA, So
 Laurie Dickson, ELKIN, So
 Gina Diehl, JOLET, IL, Fr
 Walter Dietrich, WINSTON-SALEM, So
 Kimberly Dietz, BOLTON, So
 Charles Dilday, AHSOKIE, So
 Kyle Diklay, AHSOKIE, Fr

Bill Dillard, BRAVLEY, CA, Sr
 Marilee Dillingham, WINSTON-SALEM, Fr
 Tony Dillingham, SWANNANOA, Jr
 Jan Dillon, GREENSBORO, So
 Cynthia Dille, HIGH POINT, Fr
 Benjamin Dinkins, YADKINVILLE, So
 Rod D'Inorio, RICHMOND, VA, Jr
 Richard Dixon, GREENSVILLE, So
 Alfred Dixon, FARMVILLE, Sr

Angela Dixon, GREENSBORO, Sr
 Hollie Dixon, CHARLOTTE, So
 Marsha Dixon, SILER CITY, So
 Miriam Dixon, CHAPEL HILL, So
 Patrick Dixon, CHARLOTTE, So
 Randy Dixon, GREENSBORO, Sr
 Stuart Dixon, RACESTOWN, MO, Jr
 Teresa Dixon, DURHAM, Fr
 Terry Dixon, BUYES CREEK, Sr

James Dobbins, WINSTON-SALEM, MO, So
 Dean Docken, CHURCHVILLE, MO, So
 Glenn Dodd, GREENSBORO, Fr
 Elaine Dodge, BURLINGTON, Fr
 David Dodson, GRAHAM, Fr
 Mary Dodson, RALEIGH, Sr
 Barbara Doggett, GREENSBORO, Jr
 Jim Doggett, GREENSBORO, Fr
 Kathryn Doggett, WINSTON-SALEM, Sr

Pete Doll, PATTERSON, Jr.
Terry Dooly, MT. AIRY, Jr.
Franne Doloboff, ASHEVILLE, Jr.
Jennie Donaldson, MT. MOORE, Jr.
Vann Donaldson, CHARLOTTE, Jr.
Jean Donnan, CHAPEL HILL, So.
Cynthia Dooley, CHARLOTTE, So.
Elizabeth Dooley, WINSTON-SALEM, So.
Joan Dorrell, FREDERICK, MO, Jr.



Dickson Dorner, CHARLOTTE, Sr.
Robbin Dorner, CHAPEL HILL, Sr.
Pamela Dorris, CHARLOTTE, So.
Dewey Dorset, CHARLOTTE, Sr.
Jane Dorset, HIGH POINT, So.
James Dorsey, CHAPEL HILL, Sr.
Tacey Dorson, CARY, So.
Randall Doud, MUNCIE, IN, Sr.
David Dougan, SILER CITY, Jr.



David Doughton, RALEIGH, Jr.
Shawn Doughtridge, ROCKY MT., Jr.
Nanette Douglas, STATEVILLE, Jr.
Ione Douwes, BROOKFIELD, CT, So.
Mary Dowdall, GREENSBORO, Jr.
Scott Dowdee, GERMANY, Jr.
Jason Dowdie, WINSTON-SALEM, Jr.
Donald Dowless, FRANKVILLE, So.
Ann Downs, ROCKY MT., So.



Barbara Doyle, ROANOKE RAPIDS, Jr.
Gregory Doyle, HILLSDALE, NJ, Sr.
Michael Drake, LAURENBERG, So.
Terry Dreyer, MONROE, Sr.
Dale Driscoll, WINSTON-SALEM, Sr.
Michael Driscoll, CONCORD, CA, Jr.
Leslie Dreyer, LAURENBERG, So.
Shelley Droscher, CHARLOTTE, Jr.
Steven Dryzer, DALLAS, TX, Jr.



Paul Duckworth, LYNCHBURG, VA, Jr.
Steven Duke, SANFORD, Sr.
Lisa Dula, BURLINGTON, Sr.
Sherry Dull, COOLEEMEE, Sr.
Betsy Duncan, ROCKY MT., Sr.
Kate Duncan, ROCKY MT., Sr.
Teresa Dunlap, KANNAPOLIS, Sr.
Iris Dunn, SELMA, Jr.
John Dunn, ROCKY MT., So.



Robert Dunn, WINTERVILLE, So.
Debbie Dupont, GREENSBORO, Jr.
William Dwyer, ANCHER, Jr.
Ioretta Durant, KINSTON, Sr.
Deborah Durham, GREENSBORO, Jr.
Lisa Durham, ROCKY MT., Jr.
Reza Durham, THOMASVILLE, So.
Sandra Durham, WINSTON-SALEM, Jr.
Stephanie Durham, RALEIGH, So.



Ann Duval, FAYETTEVILLE, Jr.
Paul Duval, SEVERO, CO, Grad.
Vicki Dvoracek, BURLINGTON, Sr.
Jon Dye, MORDECAI CITY, So.
Faye Dye, GERMANY, Jr.
Beverly Dyer, KINSTON, Jr.
Donald Dyer, FAYETTEVILLE, Jr.
Pete Dytar, CHARLOTTE, Sr.
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Bill Eagle, JACKSONVILLE, So.
David Eaker, FOREST CITY, Jr.
Grace Eakes, OXFORD, Jr.
Sabrina Earhart, FAYETTEVILLE, Jr.
Kathryn Early, WINSTON-SALEM, Jr.
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Harvin Eason, WAGNERBORO, Jr.
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Pete Etnier, ROCKY MT., Jr.
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Myra Echeid, TAYLORSVILLE, Jr.



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Catherine Eckles, CHAPEL HILL, Jr.
Judy Eckman, LOUISVILLE, Jr.
James Eddings, GASTONIA, Jr.
Keith Edmister, KANNAPOLIS, Jr.
Paul Edge, FAYETTEVILLE, Jr.
Peter Edison, ST. LOUIS, MO, Sr.
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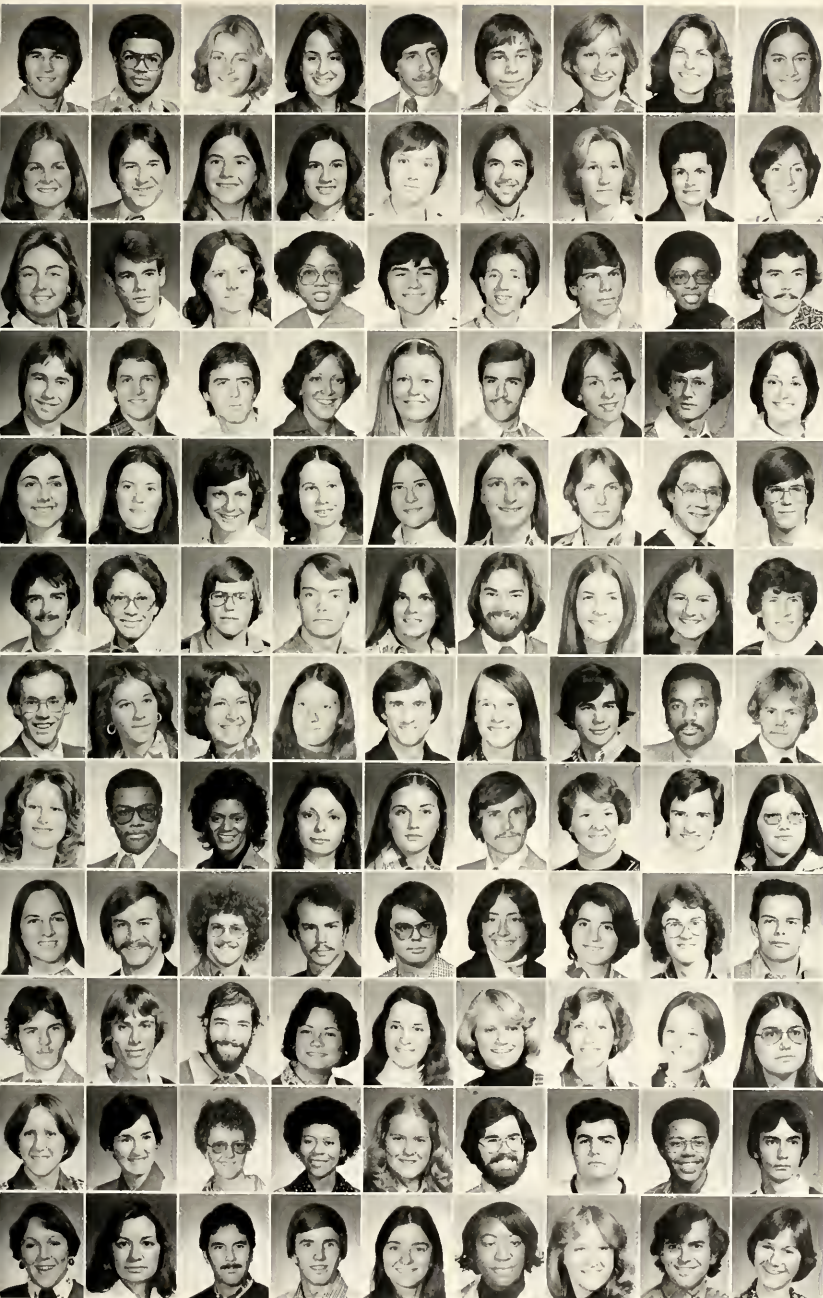


Jackie Edmonds, WHITESETT, Jr.
Edwin Edmondson, POLLOCKSVILLE, Jr.
Bill Edwards, ROCKY MT., So.
Curtis Edwards, WILMINGTON, So.
David Edwards, WINSTON-SALEM, Sr.
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Michael Egan, ATLANTA, GA. Jr.
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Cynthia Elics, WELDON. Jr.
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 Anselia Eller, WINSTON-SALEM. Sr.
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William Forsyth, CHARLOTTE, NC
Margaret Fort, ASHEVILLE, NC
Elizabeth Fortune, GREENSBORO, NC

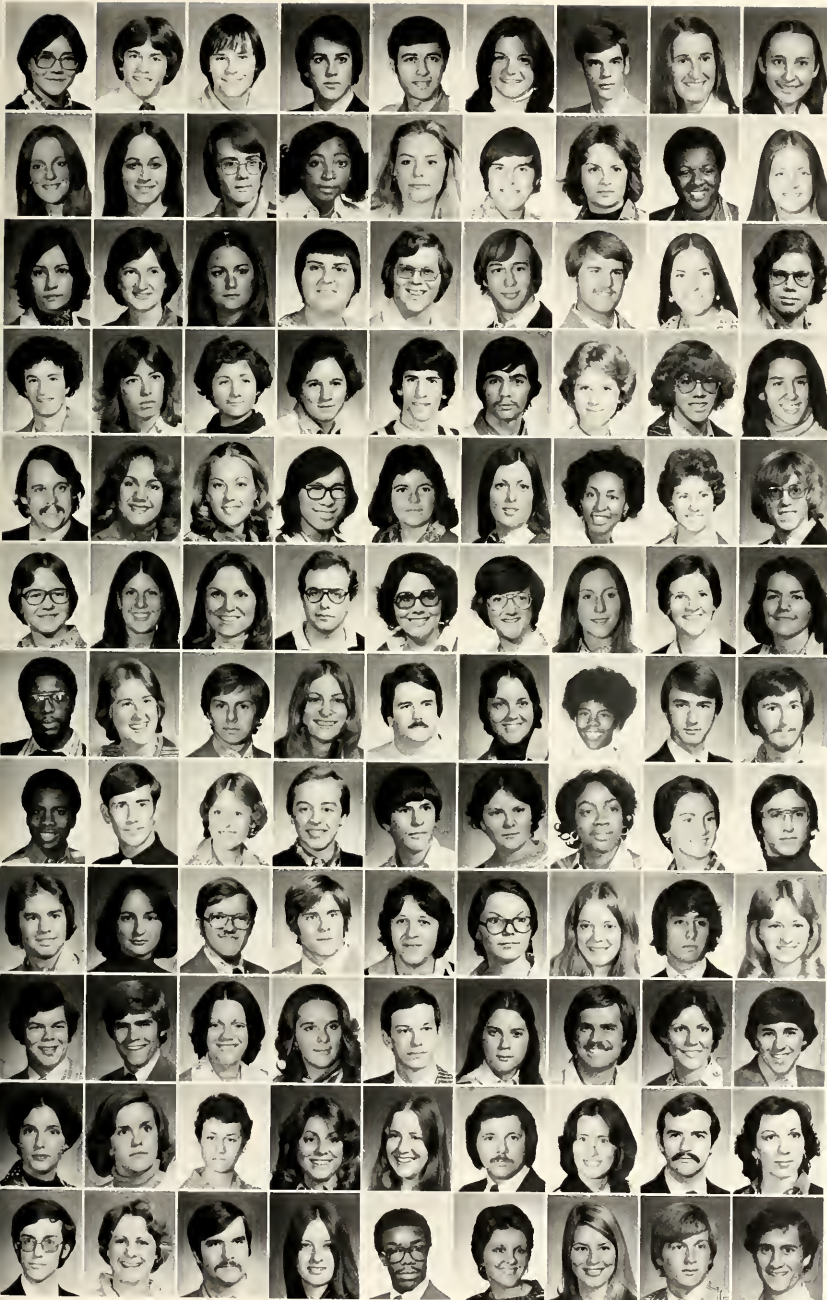


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Deborah Fountain, WAKE FOREST, NC
Robert Fountain, SANBORO, NJ
Cary Foushee, SANBORO, NJ
Nancy Foushee, WINSTON-SALEM, NC
Clarence Foust, MORGANTON, NC
Henry Foutz, OXON CAMP, SC



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Jacky Fowler, ROBINSONVILLE, NC
Ruth Fowler, FAIRMONT, NC
Sara Fowler, SALISBURY, NC
Susan Fowler, SALISBURY, NC
Andrew Fox, CALDWELL, NJ
Charles Fox, BIRMINGHAM, AL
David Fox, STATESVILLE, SC





Denise Fox, CONNELLS SPRGS. 56
 Mark Fox, WINSTON-SALEM 56
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 David Friley, CHAPEL HILL, Grad
 Blane Frank, JR. KY. 56
 Douglas Frank, CHERRY HILL, N.J.
 Mary Frank, ASHEVILLE 56
 Terr Franklin, GRAHAM 56

Laura Fraser, GREENSBORO 56
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 Shelby Frazier, PATTERSON, N.C.
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 John Frederick, GOLDSBORO 56
 Anna Freeman, AHOOSKIE 56
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 Janice Freeman, ASHEVILLE 56

Leo Freeman, DURHAM 56
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 Almyra Fuller, YANCEVILLE 56
 Annette Fuller, GRAHAM 56
 Douglas Fuller, GRAHAM 56

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 Jane Fuller, PFAFFTOWN 56
 Lana Fuller, NEWPORT 56
 Lyndon Fuller, KINGTON 56
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 Leigh Fullington, SILVER CITY 56
 Linda Fulmer, ROONE 56
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Sam Fulwood, CHARLOTTE 56
 Roberta Funck, FAYETTEVILLE 56
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 Dewey Furr, WILMINGTON 56
 Susan Furr, CONCORD, Grad
 Ronald Furr, FAYETTEVILLE 56
 Bob Fussell, WINSTON-SALEM 56
 Robin Fussell, CHARLOTTE 56

Alvin Futrell, AHOOSKIE 56
 Dena Futrell, FAYETTEVILLE 56
 Sandra Futrell, FAYETTEVILLE 56
 Lee Futrell, GOLDSBORO 56
 Charles Gable, DAVENPORT 56
 Evelyn Gable, DAVENPORT 56
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 Armand Gagnon, ROCKY MOUNT 56

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 Kenneth Gaitther, STATESVILLE 56
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 Trudy Gale, SALISBURY 56
 Linda Gallimore, CARY 56
 Jeff Gallisdorfer, N. TOWANANDA, NY 56
 Bonnie Galloway, HILLSBORO 56

William Galloway, BUNN 56
 Alex Gambel, ALEXANDRIA, VA 56
 Marsha Gambel, ASHEVILLE 56
 Sue Gambel, ASHEVILLE 56
 David Gardner, WETTERS 56
 Kathy Gann, CARY 56
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 Virginia Gantt, CHARLOTTE 56
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Lisa Garaghty, RALEIGH 56
 Becky Gardner, DURHAM 56
 Deborah Gardner, ASHEVILLE 56
 Joanne Gardner, SALISBURY 56
 Marjorie Gardner, DURHAM 56
 Russell Gardner, KNOTSON 56
 Candice Garner, WINSTON-SALEM 56
 Jerald Garner, CHARLOTTE 56
 Martha Garner, LAUREL HILL 56

Michael Garner, GREENSBORO 56
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 Timothy Garner, RALEIGH 56
 Wanda Garner, CARTHAGE 56
 Kurt Garner, FUMOKITH 56
 Lynn Garrett, ROCKINGHAM 56
 Constance Garrison, CHAPEL HILL 56
 Frank Garrison, GASTON 56
 Roy Garrison, WINSTON-SALEM 56

Kathleen Ganting, SPRINGFIELD, N.I. 50
William Gash, BRVAKO 50
Kathryn Gaskill, STACY, 50
Norma Gaskill, SUNN 50
Adrian Gaskins, NEW BERN 50
Betty Gaskins, AYDEN 50
Carol Gates, ROSEMONT 50
Laverne Gates, ROSEMONT 50
Lisa Gates, CHARLOTTE 50



Robert Gates, WAKE FOREST 50
Brenda Catlin, HUNTERSVILLE 50
John Gaul, CHARLOTTE 50
William Gaul, CHARLOTTE 50
Anita Gauthier, ALEXANDRIA, VA 50
Thomas Gawronski, STAMFORD, CT 50
Clarke Gay, LITTLE ROCK, AR 50
Julie Gay, DURHAM 50
Sandy Gay, WILSON 50



Wilton Gay, ROCKY MT. 50
Mont Gaylord, GREENVILLE 50
Daniel Gear, YORK HARBOR, ME 50
Beverly Geary, FAYETTEVILLE 50
Janet Geddie, FAYETTEVILLE 50
Cynthia Gee, PLYMOUTH 50
Walter Gee, RUTHERFORDTON 50
Mary Genzer, RALEIGH 50
Ross Gelland, FAIRFIELD, CT 50



Bruce Gellin, W. HARTFORD, CT 50
Gary Gelo, GREENSBORO 50
Tom Gemmer, RALEIGH 50
Thomas Gentle, WINSTON-SALEM 50
Deborah Gentry, ROVORO 50
Jill Gentry, WINSTON-SALEM 50
William Gentry, ASHEVILLE 50
Jane George, SHELBY 50
Pamela George, WILMINGTON 50



Catherine Gerlach, NEW BERN 50
Connie Gibbs, CHATHAM, NJ 50
Sally Gibbons, HIGH POINT 50
Cynthia Gibbs, MORGANTON 50
Suzanne Gibbs, BELMONT 50
Mary Gibson, WINSTON-SALEM 50
Ernest Gibson, ABERDEEN 50
Faye Gibson, FAYETTEVILLE 50
Joseph Gibson, FAYETTEVILLE 50



Mary Gibson, NORFOLK, VA 50
Nancy Gibson, WILMINGTON 50
Wendy Gibson, MT AIRY 50
William Gibson, LAURENSBURG 50
Beverly Giddens, NEW BERN 50
Robert Giduz, CHAPEL HILL 50
Thomas Giduz, CHAPEL HILL 50
Catherine Gilbert, GIBSON 50, MD. 50
Diane Gilbert, DURHAM 50



Gary Gilbert, WINSTON-SALEM 50
Gibbia Gilbert, SALESBURY 50
Kim Gilbert, AMBER, PA 50
Robert Gilbert, HICKORY 50
Laurie Gilbert, PITTSBURGH, PA 50
Julie Giles, MOREHEAD CITY 50
Robert Giles, GASTONIA 50
Angela Gilland, ROCKWELL 50
Mary Gilleland, STATESVILLE 50



James Gillespie, HAMPSHIREVILLE 50
John Gillespie, MT AIRY 50
Betsy Gillette, CHATTANOOGA TN 50
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Lillian Gilken, NEWPORT 50
Yvonne Gilkin, BEAUFORT 50
Sue Gilliland, GREENSBORO 50
Rita Gillis, RED SPRING 50



Boyd Gilman, SALESBURY 50
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Lisa Gilreth, GASTONIA 50
Lisa Gilreth, HIGH POINT 50
Julie Gintis, KENNESAW 50
Paula Girard, CLEMENS 50
Paula Gizey, CHARLOTTE 50
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Wanda Glasscock, ROVORO 50



Beverly Gleason, VESTAL, NY 50
Mary Glenn, WINSTON-SALEM 50
Susan Glenn, HIGH POINT 50
Nancy Clickman, TAMPA, FL 50
Michael Glock, RICHMOND, VA 50
Foyce Glono, FAYETTEVILLE 50
Sandra Goad, KENNESAWVILLE 50
Ronald Gobble, GRANITE QUARRY 50
Ann Goble, CHARLOTTE 50

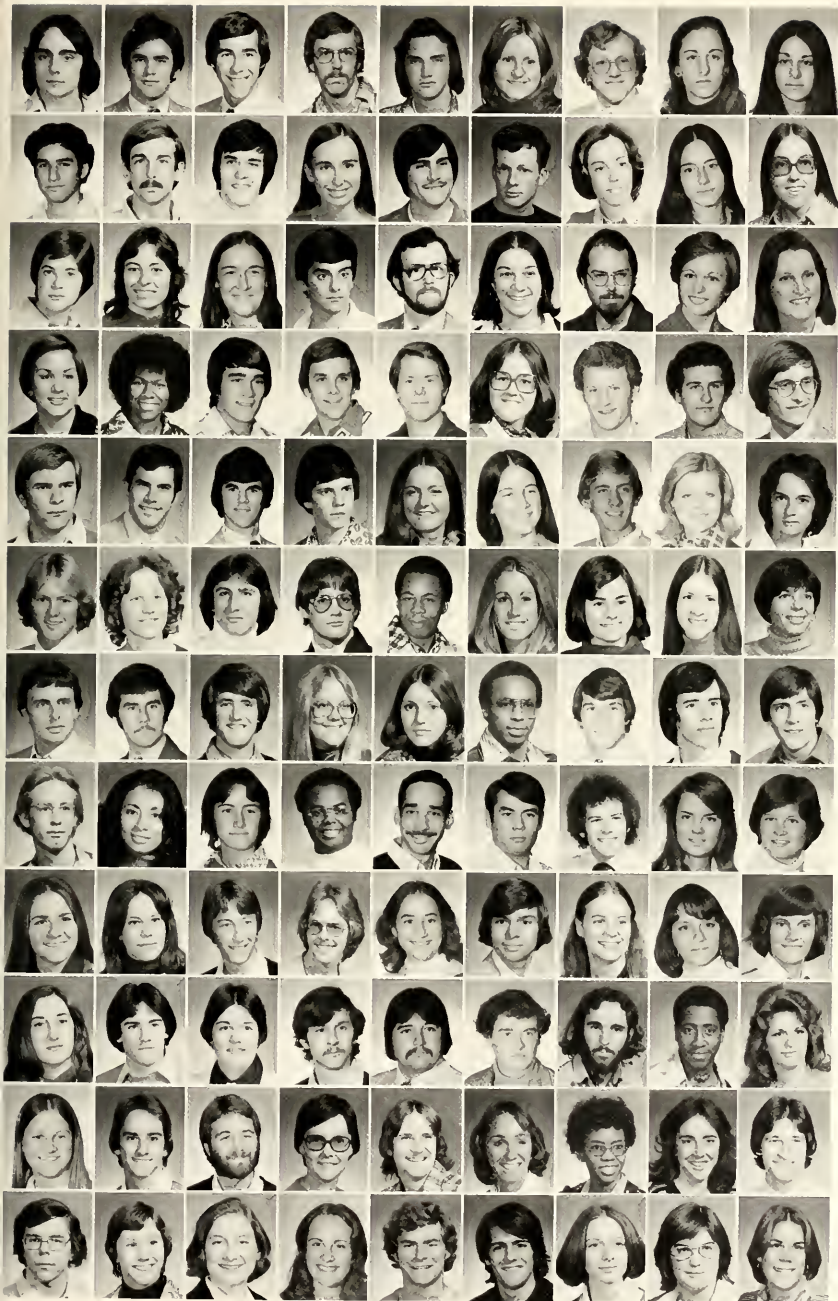


Octavia Godfrey, SALESBURY 50
Locke Godwin, DUNN 50
Marc Godwin, FREDERICK, MD 50
Rosemary Godwin, ERWIN 50
Sandy Goodwin, WADSWORTH 50
Randy Good, WALKER 50
Thomas Goff, CHARLOTTE 50
Neilson Goforth, WILSON 50
Neilson Goines, CHAPEL HILL 50



Robert Goldwasser, NEW ORLEANS, LA 50
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Nancy Cooch, NORLINA 50
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Michelle Coode, RALEIGH 50
Liron Coode, CARBORO 50
Lynette Coode, CHAPEL HILL 50
Irn Cooding, HIGH POINT 50





Michael Goodman, MYRTLE BEACH, SC. 50
 Craig Goodrich, WASHINGTON, DC. 51
 David Goodrich, ROCKY MT. 51
 Libburn Goodson, LINCOLNTON, GA. 51
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 Redjoly Graham, RENOVILLE. 51
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 Shawn Gray, CHAPEL HILL. 51
 Suzanne Gray, GREENSBORO. 51

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 My Green, SHELBY. 51
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 Ralph Grohn, RENOVILLE. 50
 Gail Groome, SANFORD. Grad
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 Sarah Grosshose, 51
 Craig Gross, BETHESDA, MD. 51

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 Phyllis Grubb, BUTNER. 51
 Catherine Grubbs, WINSTON-SALEM. 50

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 Ronnie Gwyn, BURLINGTON, Jr
 Valerie Gwynn, REDSVILLE, Jr



Cindy Gwyther, HAVELOCK, Jr
 Kimberly Haas, PITTSBURGH, PA, Jr
 Michel Habi, ELIZABETH CITY, Jr
 Cynthia Hacker, HIGH POINT, Jr
 Jean Hackney, WILSON, Jr
 Lee Hackney, WILSON, Jr
 Mary Hackney, CHARLOTTE, Sr
 Patricia Hackney, WILSON, Jr
 William Haddock, VANCEBORO, Sr



Kurt Haefeli, FAYETTEVILLE, Sr
 David Hair, IDEN, Sr
 Cynthia Haire, NORWOOD, Jr
 Daniel Haire, YADKINVILLE, Jr
 Janet Haire, PALM BEACH, FL, Jr
 Carl Haires, SANFORD, Sr
 Zesely Haslip, WINSTON-SALEM, Sr
 Pamela Hathcock, WARENTON, Jr
 Merton Hatshorn, STALEY, Sr



Shirley Hathcock, GREENSBORO, Jr
 Jeff Hale, CARRBORO, Sr
 Mike Hales, TAMPA, FL, Jr
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 Brenda Hall, FAYETTEVILLE, Sr
 Bridget Hall, WINSTON-SALEM, Sr
 Dana Hall, HUDSON, Sr
 Cheryl Hall, SPRINGFIELD, VA, Jr
 Calli Hall, CHARLOTTE, Jr



Diane Hall, GREENSBORO, Sr
 Frederick Hall, WALLACE, Jr
 Gaal Hall, RALEIGH, Jr
 Hanson Hall, ATLANTA, GA, Sr
 June Hall, WINTERVILLE, Sr
 June Hall, WINTERVILLE, Sr
 Lisa Hall, HICKORY, Sr
 Mary Hall, CHARLOTTE, Sr
 Michael Hall, LAURINBURG, Jr



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 Deborah Hamed, EVANSVILLE, IN, Sr
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 Charles Hamilton, MONROE, Jr
 Kathy Hamilton, RALEIGH, Jr
 Kathy Hamilton, HENDERSVILLE, Jr
 Mike Hamilton, GREENSBORO, Jr
 Ron Hamilton, CHARLOTTE, Sr



Kim Hamlet, ASHERBORO, Jr
 Lisa Hammann, SHEPHERDSTOWN, WV, Jr
 George Hamner, CHARLOTTE, Jr
 Gary Hamner, BURLINGTON, Jr
 Kyle Hampton, KANNAPOLIS, Sr
 Lisa Hampton, CHARLOTTE, Jr
 Coral Hampton, CAR, Sr
 Sandra Hampton, GREENSBORO, Jr
 Jennie Hamrick, SHFLRT, Sr



Phillip Hamrick, WINSTON-SALEM, Sr
 Martin Hancock, GASTONIA, Sr
 Elizabeth Handley, GREENSBORO, Sr
 Connie Hanes, THOMASVILLE, Jr
 Lance Haney, GOLDSBORO, Sr
 Hilly Hanes, SCOTLAND NECA, Sr
 Ellis Hankins, WILMINGTON, Grad
 Thomas Hankins, GREENSBORO, Sr
 George Hanna, GREENSBORO, Jr

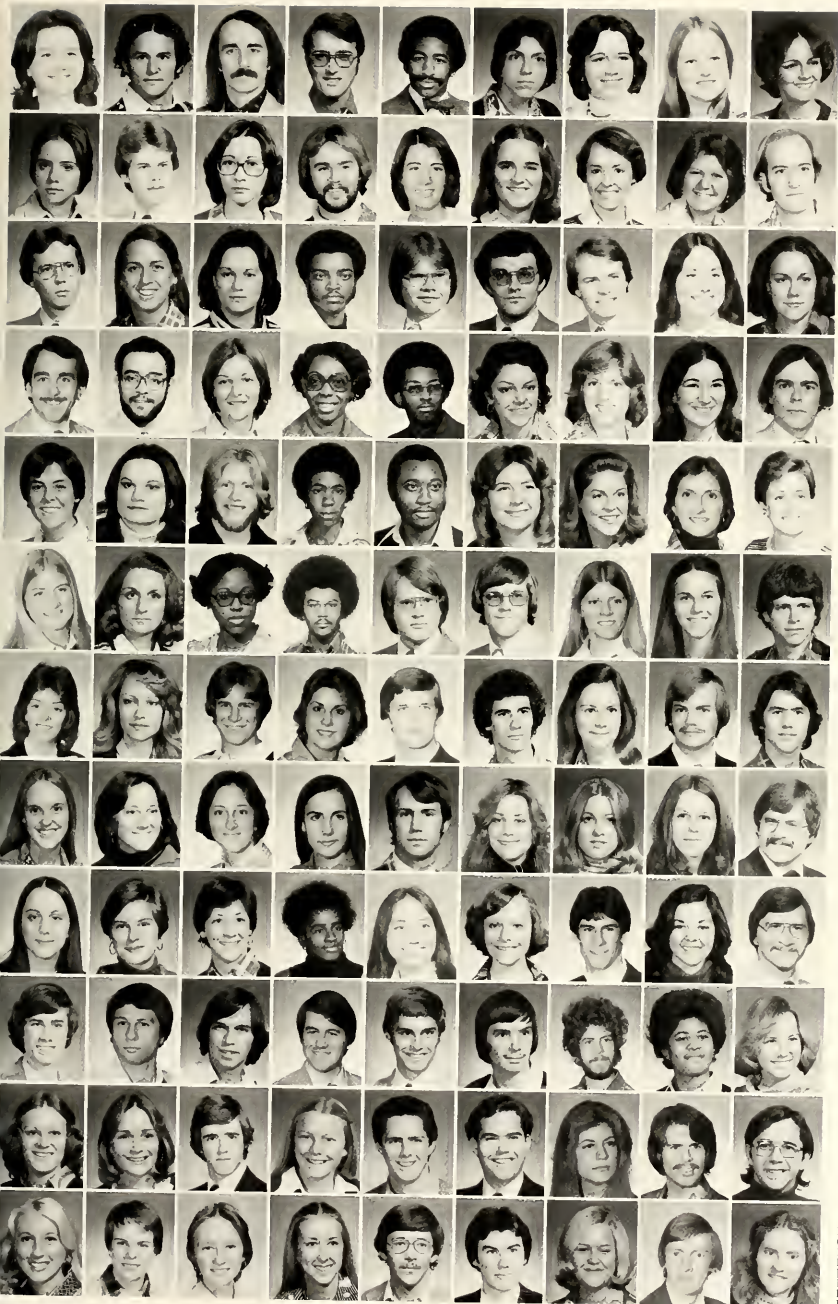


Roger Hannah, WADESBORO, Sr
 Carol Hanper, THOMASVILLE, Jr
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 Celeste Hardee, NEW BERN, Sr
 Pat Harling, ROANOKE RAPIDS, Sr



Kim Hardison, WILSON, Sr
 Sheldon Hardison, JACKSONVILLE, Sr
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 Rusty Hardwick, RALEIGH, Jr
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 Regina Harges, BREVARD, Sr
 Ronnie Hargrave, ROANOKE RAPIDS, Jr





Farrela Harvey, MONROE
 Ted Harvey, CHARLOTTE, 56
 James Harkins, SNEADE FERRY, 51
 Glenn Harman, LENOX, 62d
 David Harmon, HILLSDALE, PA., 54
 Deborah Harmon, ASHEBORO, 56
 Fannie Harmon, AULANDER, 56
 Helen Harmon, FAYETTEVILLE, 51
 Ladonna Harmon, ASHEVILLE, 56

Sharon Harmon, SUGAR CROVE, 71
 Tommy Harmon, MCKEESVILLE, 31
 Debra Harper, ROCKY MT., 71
 James Harper, KINGSTON, 51
 Zita Harris, FARGO, 51
 Diane Harrell, MORGANTON, 50
 Hannah Harrell, ROCKY MT., 71
 Rhonda Harrell, FAYETTEVILLE, 71
 John Harrison, WHITEVILLE, 71

James Harrell, FOREST CITY, 71
 Arnie Harrington, RALEIGH, 71
 Arietta Harrington, SANFORD, 71
 Cliff Harrington, ROCKINGHAM, 54
 Dennis Harrington, LANDIS, 50
 Fletcher Harrington, TROTSMAN, 51
 Paul Harrington, CHARLOTTE, 51
 Peggy Harrington, CHARLOTTE, 50
 Ann Harris, ROCKY MT., 71

Charles Harris, EDEN, 51
 Charles Harris, ELIZABETH CITY, 62d
 Debra Harris, ROCKBORO, 71
 James Harris, RAKEEN, 51
 James Harris, SILM CITY, 51
 Julia Harris, MONTGOMERY, AL, 71
 Kathy Harris, RICHMOND, VA, 71
 Lesa Harris, WILSON, 71
 Linwood Harris, FANTIGO, 51

Lynn Harris, ROCKY MT., 51
 Marna Harris, NEW BERN, 51
 Mattie Harris, RUTHERFORDTON, 51
 Muriel Harris, WILSON, 51
 Ray Harris, WENDELL, 51
 Robt Harvey, LAKE CAMAWAY, 51
 Ria Harris, RALEIGH, 51
 Robin Harris, GOLDSBORO, 51
 Sharon Harris, SANFORD, 51

Susan Harris, GRAHAM, 50
 Susan Harris, FAYETTEVILLE, 51
 Carolyn Harrison, TARBORO, 51
 Douglas Harrison, NORLINA, 50
 John Harrison, WILMINGTON, DE, 71
 John Harrison, GREENSBORO, 71
 Vickie Harrison, FAYETTEVILLE, 50
 Fabra Hart, NASHVILLE, TN, 71
 Michael Hart, SEYLAND, 71

Kim Hartgrove, KINC, 71
 Kathy Harris, CHARLOTTE, 51
 Robert Hartley, LINCOLN, 71
 Sylvia Hartman, CHARLOTTE, 51
 Jacob Harshfield, WAKE FOREST, 51
 Chuck Harlow, HIGH POINT, 51
 Deborah Harvey, ROCKY MT., 71
 Mack Harvey, LINDSEYTON, 51
 Melvin Harvey, SALISBURY, 51

Claire Harwell, ST PETERSBURG, FL, 71
 Lynne Haselvey, GRIFFIN, 71
 Sue Haselvey, GRIFFIN, 71
 Doty Hassler, RALEIGH, 71
 William Hassler, RALEIGH, 51
 Joanne Hastings, ENDICOTT, NY, 71
 Sharon Hasly, GOLDSBORO, 50
 Lory Hatch, CHARLOTTE, 51
 Charles Hatley, LEXINGTON, 51

Charlene Hawtner, CONOVER, 51
 Carolyn Hawfield, MONROE, 51
 Anne Hawkins, ROCKVILLE, MD, 71
 Carolyn Hawkins, HENDERSON, 51
 Charlotte Hawkins, ASHEVILLE, 51
 Deborah Hawkins, GREENSBORO, 71
 Jess Hawkins, WASHINGTON, 51
 Mary Hawkins, STATEVILLE, 71
 Thomas Hawkins, ALAMANCE, 51

Steve Hawley, FAYETTEVILLE, 71
 Charles Hayes, HICKORY, 71
 Daniel Hayes, WASHINGTON, DC, 71
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 Edward Hayes, LAURENSBURG, 51
 Eric Hayes, N WILKESBORO, 51
 Kevin Hayes, CHATEL HILL, 51
 Meryle Hayes, DURHAM, 51
 Pamela Hayes, HORSEHEADS, NY, 71

Sandra Hayes, CANTONIA, 71
 Susanne Hayes, N WILKESBORO, 51
 Frank Hayes, WINSTON-SALEM, 71
 Elizabeth Hayes, WINTER HAVEN, FL, 51
 Douglas Hazelfgrove, WILMINGTON, 71
 Robert Hazelfgrove, WILMINGTON, 71
 Mary Hazell, SWANANOA, 51
 David Hearn, RALEIGH, 51
 Frank Heath, TINKER AFB, OK, 51

Lisa Heath, FAYETTEVILLE, 71
 Mary Heath, CHARLOTTE, 51
 Charlotte Heavner, GASTONIA, 50
 Kristen Helboe, WILMINGTON, 71
 Herb Hedden, CHARLOTTE, 50
 James Hedgepeth, COATS, 50
 Mary Hedrick, SOUTHWORTH, 51
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 Barbara Heibel, ALEXANDRIA, VA, 50

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 Evelyn Heinrich, CHAPEL HILL, Sr
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 Jean Henderson, WINSTON-SALEM Jr
 Kathryn Henderson, MANTO, Sr
 Willy Henderson, Candler, Sr
 Mike Hendren, GREENSBORO, Sr
 Frank Hendrick, KLEIN, Sr
 Joseph Hendrick, SHREVE, Jr



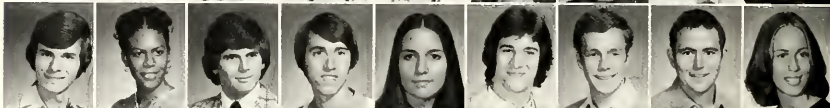
Dorothy Hendrickson, LYNCHBURG, VA, Sr
 Eric Hendrickson, LANSING, MI, Sr
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 David Hinson, MARSHVILLE, Jr
 Eric Hinson, MONROE, Jr
 Scott Hinson, WHITEVILLE, Jr
 Reginald Hinton, APEX, Sr

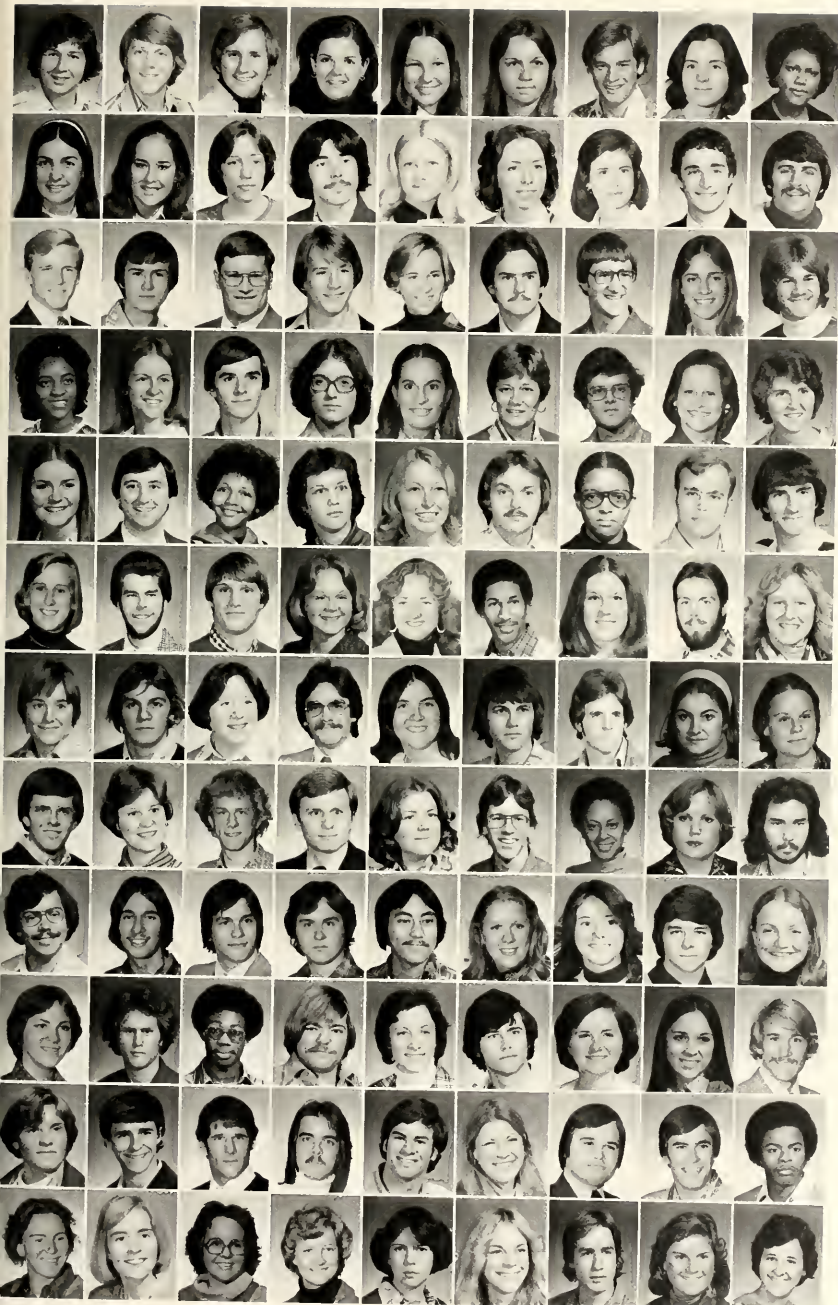


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 Harriet Hobbs, CHARLOTTE, Jr
 Joseph Hobbs, FAYETTEVILLE, Sr
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Faye Hobson, EAST BEND, Jr
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 Hodges, ALEXANDRIA, VA, Jr
 Kathryn Hodges, DURHAM, Sr
 Hubert Hodgkin, REIDSVILLE, Jr
 Stephen Hodgkins, KINSTON, Jr





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 Frederick Hoemey, LEONARD TOWN, MD. So
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 Patricia Hoffman, CHARLOTTE, N.C.
 Cynthia Hogg, RANSEUR, N.C.
 Mason Hogan, RALEIGH, N.C.
 Margaret Hoke, LANSING, MI. So
 Victoria Hoke, DALLAS, TX

Rhonda Hokin, SWANSBORO, NJ
 Elena Hokk, EDWARDSVILLE, PA. So
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 Ann Hollingsworth, DORSON, N.C.
 Betty Holliman, ENFIELD, N.C.
 Thomas Holliman, KEANOKING RAPIDS, N.C.
 Vivian Holloway, GASTONIA, N.C.
 Joyce Hollowell, HERTFORD, N.C.

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 Robert Hollowell, HERTFORD, N.C.
 Devetta Holman, OXFORD, N.C.
 Ann Holmes, STATESVILLE, N.C.
 Camille Holmes, CHAPEL HILL, N.C.
 Donald Holmes, WHITEVILLE, N.C.
 Jacqueline Holmes, CLINTON, N.C.
 Lee Holmes, FAIRFAX STATION, VA. So
 Randy Holmes, LEXINGTON, N.C.

Rebecca Holmes, LAURINBURG, N.C.
 Rick Holmes, CAMERON, N.C.
 Stephen Holmes, BIRMINGHAM, MI. So
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 Ruth Holster, ELM CITY, N.C.
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 Sandra Holt, SANFORD, N.C.
 Martin Holton, JAMESTOWN, N.C.
 Pamela Holton, HENDERSON, N.C.

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 Frederick Homans, BANGOR, ME. Fr
 Deborah Honey, ASHEBORO, N.C.
 Brent Honeycutt, BENSON, N.C.
 Judy Honeycutt, WILMINGTON, N.C.
 William Honeycutt, MT. PLEASANT, N.C.
 William Hood, CHARLOTTE, N.C.
 Gillian Hoodway, KINSTON, N.C.
 Anne Hooper, RALEIGH, N.C.

Robert Hooper, RALEIGH, N.C.
 Cindy Hoover, BURLINGTON, N.C.
 Richard Hoover, FAYETOWN, N.C.
 Roderick Hoover, CHARLOTTE, N.C.
 Donna's Hopgood, OXFORD, N.C.
 David Hopkins, BLOOMINGTON, IN. Fr
 Jacquelyne Hopkins, DUBHAM, TX
 Frances Hooper, HOUSTON, TX. Sr
 Kenji Horn, CHAPEL HILL, N.C.

Lynn Horn, STATESVILLE, N.C.
 Frederick Hornack, WILMINGTON, N.C.
 Richard Hornaday, LAURINBURG, N.C.
 Rick Hornaday, ASHEVILLE, N.C.
 Edward Hornum, DUBHAM, TX
 Courtney Horne, N. WILKESBORO, N.C.
 Sunita Horner, HENDERSON, N.C.
 Roy Horrey, GREENSBORO, N.C.
 Catherine Horton, BETHANIA, N.C.

Dale Horton, FAYETTEVILLE, N.C.
 David Horton, AMAR, TX. Sr
 Isaac Horton, GOLDSBORO, N.C.
 John Horton, WILKESBORO, N.C.
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 Mary Horton, CARRBORO, N.C.
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 Russell Hosafloak, CHARLOTTE, N.C.

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Vanessa Howell, MOCKSVILLE, Jr
Veda Howell, GREENSBORO, Jr
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Herschel Howe, WILMINGTON, Jr
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Kent Hudgens, RICHMOND, VA, Sr
Cebra Hudson, CHARLOTTE, So
Elizabeth Hudson, LUMBERTON, So

Peggy Hudson, FAYETTEVILLE, Jr
Scott Hudson, NEW BERN, Sr
Terry Hudson, ROLLING HILLS, Fr
William Hudson, CARRBORO, So
Steven Hueter, SUMMIT, NJ, So
Robin Huff, CHARLOTTE, Grad
Barbara Huffman, HICKORY, Fr
Carole Huffman, MCKENZIE, So
Jan Huffman, THOMASVILLE, Fr

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Paul Huffman, CHARLOTTE, Sr
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Teri Hunt, STANTONBURG, So
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Robin Iff, N. PALM BEACH, FL, Jr
Wanda Ilderton, HIGH POINT, Fr
Brian Imbrey, CHAPEL HILL, Sr
Anna Inabrit, BURLINGTON, So

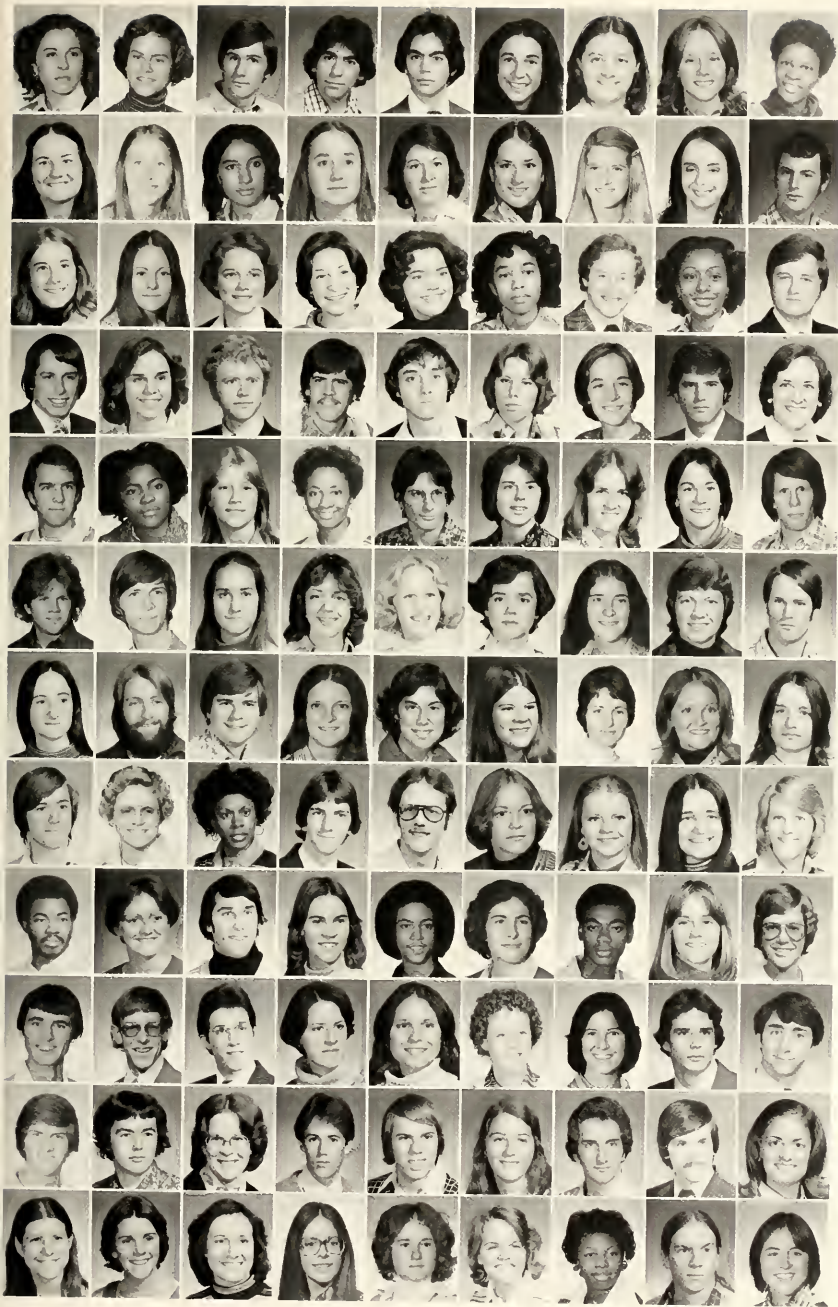
William Inabrit, BURLINGTON, Sr
Largh Ingersoll, CHARLOTTE, Fr
Joseph Ingelfield, MCLAN, VA, Jr
Claude Ingolia, CHARLOTTE, Jr
Cary Ingram, MORRISTOWN, NJ, Jr
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Deborah Jackson, CHARLOTTE, Fr
Mary Jackson, WINSTON-SALEM, So
Janet Jackson, LEVINGTON, KY, So
Jesmine Jackson, RICHMOND, VA, So

Karan Jackson, CHARLOTTE, Jr
Laura Jackson, SHELBY, So
Lily Jackson, CLINTON, Fr
Mary Jackson, ABERNETHY, So
Pandora Jackson, DUNN, Jr
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William Jackson, NEW CASTLE, PA, So
Casey Jacob, FAIRFIELD, CT, Sr
Annette Jacobs, GASTONIA, Fr





Iwells Jacobs, FAYETTEVILLE, MO. Sr
 Kathleen Jacobs, SHERWOOD, MO. Sr
 Michael Jacobs, RALEIGH, Jr
 Michael Jacobson, GREENSBORO, Sr
 Steven Johnson, GREENSBORO, Jr
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 Barbara James, HIGHLANDS, Sr
 Carol James, EDEN, Sr
 Carol James, CHARLOTTE, Grad

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Leslie Jarrett, VA BEACH, VA, Sr
 Phyllis Jarrett, NEWTON, Sr
 Regina Jarrett, SPIRICE FINE, Sr
 Sharon Jarvis, GASTONIA, Sr
 Cynthia Jeffries, BURLINGTON, Sr
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 David Jenkins, RALEIGH, Jr
 Linda Jenkins, CHARLOTTE, Sr
 Martin Jenkins, SOUTHERN PINES, Sr

William Jenkins, FAYETTEVILLE, Jr
 Jane Jennelle, VIENNA, VA, Jr
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 Bert Jernigan, SANFORD, Sr
 Tony Jernigan, TARBOR CITY, Jr
 Joyce Jessup, HIGH POINT, Jr
 Jane Jeter, RALEIGH, Jr
 Robert Jobe, DURHAM, Sr
 Eunice Johnney, KINSTON, Sr

Alan Johnson, JAMESTOWN, Sr
 Annette Johnson, CLAYTON, Sr
 Brenda Johnson, GREENVILLE, Jr
 Carolyn Johnson, WILMINGTON, Jr
 Chris Johnson, BREVARD, Sr
 Cynthia Johnson, GREENSBORO, Sr
 Debbie Johnson, WALTONBURG, Jr
 Diane Johnson, ASHEBORO, Jr
 Douglas Johnson, BURLINGTON, Jr

Earl Johnson, RALEIGH, Sr
 Frankford Johnson, GREENVILLE, Sr
 Gloria Johnson, W. LOS ANGELES, CA, Jr
 Jan Johnson, SANFORD, Sr
 Jana Johnson, CURTIAM, Jr
 Jane Johnson, GREENSBORO, Sr
 Jennifer Johnson, HARRELS, Jr
 Joan Johnson, WEAVERVILLE, Jr
 John Johnson, CHARLOTTE, Sr

Judith Johnson, PETERSBURG, VA, Sr
 Kirk Johnson, ASHEVILLE, Sr
 Larry Johnson, DAYTON, OH, Grad
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 Lynette Johnson, WALTON, PA, Sr
 Mary Johnson, SPIRICE FINE, Jr
 Mary Johnson, CHAPEL HILL, Grad
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 Mendel Johnson, CHARLOTTE, Sr

Michael Johnson, ASHEVILLE, Sr
 Patti Johnson, GASTONIA, Sr
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 Russell Johnson, ASHEVILLE, Sr
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 Sharon Johnson, ABERDEEN, Sr
 Shelby Johnson, WILKESBORO, Sr
 Teresa Johnson, VALE, Jr

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 Robin Johnson, CHARLOTTE, Jr
 Alan Jones, GREENSBORO, Sr
 Amanda Jones, CHESAPEAKE, VA, Jr
 Anthony Jones, DOVER, Jr
 Barbara Jones, WAKE FOREST, Sr
 Betty Jones, RICHLANDS, Jr

Bob Jones, REIDSVILLE, Sr
 Charles Jones, CHARLOTTE, Jr
 Charles Jones, GASTONIA, Jr
 Cheryl Jones, ASHEVILLE, Sr
 David Jones, NEW BERN, Jr
 Debra Jones, WHITE OAK, FL, Sr
 Dena Jones, REIDSVILLE, Jr
 Dennis Jones, FAYETTEVILLE, Jr
 Edward Jones, FLYMOOTH, Jr

Emmett Jones, JACKSONVILLE, Jr
 Ernest Jones, DUNN, Sr
 Fannie Jones, ZEPHULON, Grad
 Frank Jones, AVONDALE ESTATES, CA, Jr
 Gary Jones, WILLIAMSTON, Sr
 Gloria Jones, ROSE HILL, Jr
 Howard Jones, JACKSONVILLE, Jr
 Hugh Jones, BEAUFORT, Sr
 Jacke Jones, CHARLOTTE, Sr

Jarace Jones, LINCOLNTON, Jr
 Judy Jones, CHARLOTTE, Jr
 Judy Jones, GREENSBORO, Jr
 Laurie Jones, RICHLANDS, Jr
 Nancy Jones, WILLOW RIDGES, Jr
 Pamela Jones, GOLDSBORO, Sr
 Partrice Jones, HENDERSON, Jr
 Paul Jones, JETTING, Sr
 Peggy Jones, CHAPEL HILL, Jr

Peggy Jones, LOUISVILLE, KY. Jr.
 Ramona Jones, RONOBO, Jr.
 Randy Jones, RICHLANDS, So.
 Richard Jones, RALEIGH, Jr.
 Robert Jones, RALEIGH, Sr.
 Russell Jones, SALEM, BURG.
 Sharon Jones, ALBEMARLE, Jr.
 Sterling Jones, WINSTON-SALEM, Jr.
 Steve Jones, FINE LEVEL, Jr.



Shawn Jones, ALBEMARLE, So.
 Susan Jones, CHARLOTTE, Sr.
 Tim Jones, GREENSBORO, Jr.
 Vicki Jones, FAYETTEVILLE, Jr.
 Virginia Jones, RONOBO, Sr.
 William Jones, ALBEMARLE, Jr.
 William Jones, WILMINGTON, Jr.
 Patricia Jonges, WINSTON-SALEM, Jr.
 Jep Jonson, CARY, Jr.



Debbie Jordan, SMITHFIELD, Sr.
 Genie Jordan, MOUNT GLAD, Grad
 Janet Jordan, FAYETTEVILLE, Sr.
 Jennifer Jordan, SMITHFIELD, Jr.
 Laura Jordan, CUMBERLY, So.
 Nidia Jordan, TODD, So.
 Ralph Jordan, CASTONIA, Sr.
 Tonja Jordan, ELIZABETH CITY, Jr.
 Willie Jordan, WADSWORTH, Jr.



Susan Jorizzo, CHAPEL HILL, Sr.
 Marie Joseph, GOLDSBORO, Jr.
 Albert Joydy, ATHENS, GA, So.
 Andrew Joyce, RALEIGH, Jr.
 Edmund Joyce, ST SIMONS IS. GA, Jr.
 Janice Joyce, WILMINGTON, So.
 Nancy Joyce, LEICESTER, Jr.
 Donald Joyner, BURLINGTON, So.
 Donna Joyner, ROCKY MT., So.



Gordon Joyner, MOREHEAD CITY, Jr.
 Joseph Joyner, FARMVILLE, Sr.
 Kimberly Joyner, RALEIGH, Sr.
 Michael Joyner, NASHVILLE, Sr.
 Pat Joyner, RALEIGH, Jr.
 Susan Joyner, ASHETON, Jr.
 Teresa Joyner, ROCKY MT., So.
 Deborah Jurkai, RALEIGH, Jr.
 James Justice, CHARLOTTE, Sr.



Jean Justice, SNEADS FERRY, Grad
 Randy Kabrich, GREENSBORO, Jr.
 George Kahn, ROCKY MOUNT, Sr.
 George Kallinos, DURHAM, Jr.
 Ollamias Khamidi, ROWELL, GA, Sr.
 Randall Kane, KINGSTON, Sr.
 Richard Kane, WINSTON-SALEM, Jr.
 Steven Kane, N. MIAMI BEACH, FL, Sr.
 Debra Kaniewec, CHAPEL HILL, Sr.



Catherine Kannenberg, KITTY HAWK, Jr.
 Valerie Kapp, MCELLEN, VA, Sr.
 Keith Kapp, RURAL HALL, Grad
 William Karahalos, HIGH POINT, So.
 Matthew Kapps, CHARLOTTE, Jr.
 Bob Kasper, CLEVELAND, OH, Sr.
 Michael Kasner, CHARLOTTE, Sr.
 Mark Katz, STATEVILLE, Sr.
 Lisa Katzenstein, GREENSBORO, Jr.



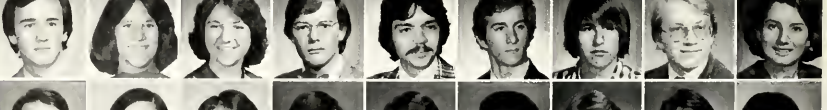
Virginia Kaufman, RALEIGH, So.
 Donald Kay, DAVIDSON, Jr.
 Dons Kaylor, CONOVER, Sr.
 Rosemary Kearney, FIBERVILLE, Jr.
 Spencer Kearns, DURHAM, Jr.
 Martha Keatings, PASS CHRISTIAN, MS, Sr.
 Maureen Keegan, WESTWOOD, MA, Jr.
 Tamra Keel, ROBERTSONVILLE, Jr.



Thomas Keeter, RUTHERFORDTON, So.
 Marci Keeth, MATTHEWS, So.
 Pam Keller, WILMINGTON, Jr.
 David Keith, WILMINGTON, Sr.
 Mark Kellam, HIGH POINT, Jr.
 Randy Kellam, GREENSBORO, Sr.
 Deborah Keller, BROOKFIELD, WI, Jr.
 Hilda Keller, CONNELLY SPRINGS, Jr.
 Cheryl Kelley, MOORESVILLE, Jr.



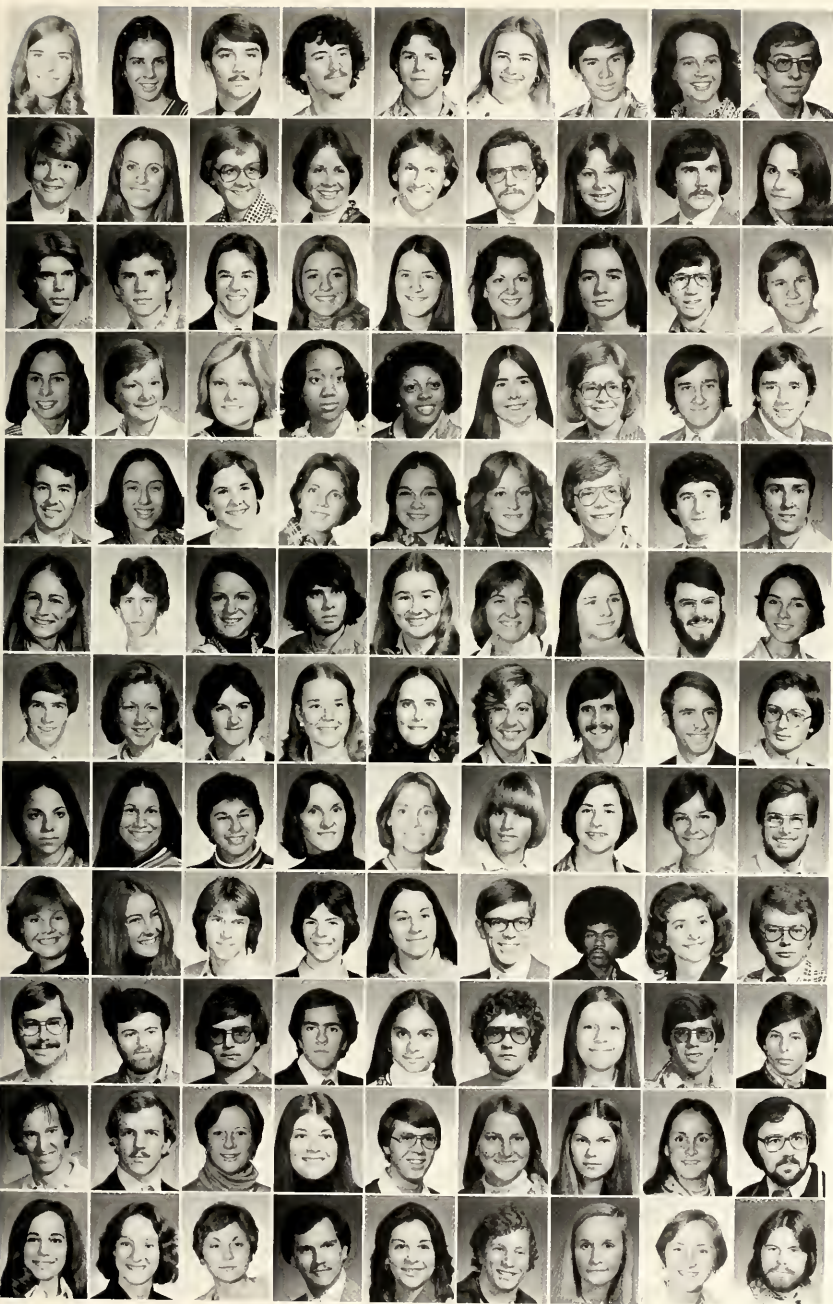
Karen Kelley, SALISBURY, Sr.
 Patricia Kelley, RURAL HALL, Jr.
 Karen Kellogg, PFAFFTOWN, Sr.
 Debbie Kelly, ENCLAND, Jr.
 Debra Kelly, BURLINGTON, Jr.
 J. Kelly, W. JACKSONVILLE, FL, Jr.
 Joe Kelly, GREENSBORO, So.
 Mark Kelly, NASHVILLE, TN, Sr.
 Richard Kelly, SHELBY, Jr.



Rob Kelly, ERWIN, Jr.
 Katherine Kelso, NEW BERN, Sr.
 Kathryn Kemp, PEACHLAND, Jr.
 Robert Kendall, ENGLAND, So.
 Tim Kendall, CANDOR, So.
 Walton Kendall, RALEIGH, Sr.
 John Kendrick, WILMINGTON, DE, Jr.
 Joseph Kendrick, SHELBY, Jr.
 Sally Kendrick, SPARTANBURG, SC, So.



Joseph Kenna, CHARLOTTE, WV, Jr.
 Dorothy Kennedy, FAYETTEVILLE, So.
 James Kennedy, WINSTON-SALEM, Jr.
 John Kennedy, HILLSBOROUGH, Sr.
 Linda Kennedy, CARY, Sr.
 Michael Kennedy, WINSTON-SALEM, So.
 David Kenneth, GREENSBORO, Jr.
 Joe Kenney, EDINTON, Jr.
 Pamela Kepley, LENOXTON, Jr.



Jane Kernode, ELON COLLEGE, Jr
 Betsy Kerz, TROY, Fr
 Mark Kessler, FAYETTEVILLE 56
 Wendy Kewit, HICKORY, Jr
 Earl Key, ROCKINGHAM, Jr
 Martha Key, W. JEFFERSON, 56
 Michael Key, HIGH POINT, Sr
 Sarah Key, HICKORY, Fr
 Ronnie Kidd, DURHAM, Jr

 Laurin Kier, CARRBORO, Jr
 Krista Kiger, RURAL HALL, Fr
 Mary Kiger, RURAL HALL, Jr
 Vicki Kiker, CHARLOTTE, Sr
 Dennis Killen, W. JEFFERSON, Jr
 Ivan Killen, W. JEFFERSON, Sr
 Laura Killian, CHARLOTTE, 56
 Richard Killian, WILMINGTON, 56
 Sheena Killian, NEWTON, Sr

 Steve Killian, HENDERSOINVILLE, Sr
 Thomas Killian, WILMINGTON, 56
 David Kilpatrick, CHARLOTTE, Sr
 Neal Kimball, LOURDSBORO, Jr
 Kathryn Kimball, CHARLOTTE, Fr
 Scarlett Kimball, CHINA GROVE, Sr
 Jaqueline Kumbro, GREENSBORO, 56
 Kimmy Kimbrough, CARY, 56
 Jim Kinard, GREENSBORO, Fr

 Jennifer Kincaid, NEWTON, Jr
 Brent King, GREENSBORO, 56
 Carol King, CHARLOTTE, 56
 Carolyn King, REIDSVILLE, Jr
 Cheryl King, TROY, Sr
 Cynthia King, RALEIGH, Sr
 Cynthia King, CHARLOTTE, Sr
 Frank King, WILMINGTON, Jr
 George King, RASFOUR, Sr

 Harold King, WRIGHTSVILLE BEACH, 56
 Jane King, GASTONIA, Jr
 Janet King, COLESBORO, Jr
 Kathryn King, WARRENTON, 56
 Kathy King, BOANOCKE RIDGE, Sr
 Lori King, BURLINGTON, Sr
 Michael King, GREENSBORO, Jr
 Palmer King, NORLINA, Jr
 Phillip King, MORRISVILLE, 56

 Princess King, HELENA, AR, Jr
 Richey King, BURLINGTON, Jr
 Robbin King, HICKORY, Sr
 Robert King, INFIELD, CT, Sr
 Sheree King, CHAPEL HILL, Sr
 Nancy Kingdon, KINGSFORD, TN, Sr
 Nancy Kinnaman, WINSTON-SALEM, Sr
 Bradley Kirtzer, WINSTON-SALEM, Jr
 Carol Kirby, WINSTON-SALEM, Sr

 David Kirk, LOUISVILLE, KY, 56
 Jeannette Kirk, MT GLEAD, Jr
 Karen Kirk, WILMINGTON, Jr
 Margie Kirk, MT GLEAD, Sr
 Jean Kirkman, MT ARY, Jr
 Karen Kirkwood, UP ST CLARE, PA, Sr
 William Kirsch, HICKORVILLE, NY, Jr
 John Kister, CHINA GROVE, Sr
 Stan Kister, VALE, Jr

 Bert Kuttner, WELDON, Fr
 Betty Kuttner, WELDON, Jr
 Jody Kuttner, WELDON, Fr
 Janice Kiziah, GRAHAM, Jr
 Jane Kleckley, CHARLOTTE, Fr
 Janice Kleiner, CHAPEL HILL, Grad
 Denise Klums, CONCORD, Jr
 Anne Klose, RALEIGH, 56
 Arthur Klose, GREENVILLE, 56

 Kathy Kluttz, SALISBURY, 56
 Robin Klutz, GREENSBORO, 56
 Brian Kneafsey, WASHINGTON, WV, Fr
 Alan Knight, FINESTRET, Fr
 Julianne Knight, GREENSBORO, Jr
 Peter Knight, HENDERSOINVILLE, Sr
 Terome Knight, FERNLI, Sr
 Ann Knops, DURHAM, 56
 Crawford Knott, OXFORD, Sr

 Frank Knott, SMITHFIELD, Grad
 Van Knowles, CHAPEL HILL, Sr
 Thomas Knowlton, FAYETTEVILLE, Fr
 Madison Knox, CHARLOTTE, 56
 Helen Knuckley, WENDELL, Fr
 Adonita Koch, TROY, Sr
 Betsy Koerber, WILSON, Sr
 John Koford, NORTH EAST, PA, Fr
 Marc Kogon, FRANKLIN, Ms

 Eric Kolb, WINSTON-SALEM, 56
 Mitth Koltsare, WENDELL, NC, Sr
 Claudia Kondratich, SYRACUSE, NY, Fr
 Donna Koons, CHARLOTTE, Fr
 Keith Kover, FREDERICK, MD, Sr
 Stephanie Kornegay, MT OLIVE, Fr
 Betty Komer, KENNESVILLE, Fr
 Linda Kowen, CHERRY HILL, NJ, Sr
 Nicolas Kottle, CHAPEL HILL, Grad

 Kim Koary, BURLINGTON, 56
 Jan Kozanosi, MOREHEAD CITY, Sr
 Mary Kozanosi, JAMESTOWN, Sr
 John Krapes, CHAPEL HILL, Sr
 Jan Kres, HANDBURGE, CA, Jr
 Steven Krichmar, LEXINGTON, MA, Fr
 Helen Krick, SANFORD, Fr
 Karen Krittner, PARKER, NJ, Sr
 Mike Krimminger, MO, 56, Sr

Thomas Kriss, NORMAN OK. Jr.
 Mary Kritz, GREENSBORO 50
 Michelle Kucsmar, BATON ROUGE, LA. Jr.
 Andrew Kuevy, HIGH POINT Jr.
 Christopher Kuevy, HIGH POINT, Jr.
 Carolyn Kuhn, MILINGTON, NJ. Jr.
 Bonnie Kull, JACKSONVILLE 50
 Winston Kullman, LYNCHBURG, VA. Jr.
 Charles Kummel, NEW YORK, NY. 50

Douglas Kuperman, DAYTON OH. Jr.
 Cheryl Kuske, WILMINGTON Jr.
 Theodore Kyle, GOLDSBORO Jr.
 Steven Labelle, COLUMBIA, SC 50
 Robert Lacey, NEWLAND 50
 Mark Lacey, SHELBY Jr.
 Kathleen Leland, GREENSBORO, VA. Jr.
 James Ladd, BREVARD 50
 Rita Ladd, DURHAM 50

Susan Ladd, DURHAM Jr.
 Martin Lagod, CHATTAHOOGA TN. Jr.
 Gregory Lal, NEWTON 50
 Bonnie Lareg, DURHAM Jr.
 Bradley Lamb, CHAPEL HILL Jr.
 Lara Lamb, WASHINGTON 50
 Chris Lambert, BALTIMORE, MD. Jr.
 Kay Lambert, DURHAM Jr.
 Laurie Lamm, CHAPEL HILL, Jr.

Marcia Lamm, GOLDSBORO 50
 Karen Lammey, CHARLOTTE Jr.
 Clinton Lancaster, MARYSVILLE 50
 Gwendolyn Lancaster, HENDERSON, Jr.
 James Lancaster, WINSTON-SALEM Jr.
 Terriann Lancaster, GOLDSBORO, Jr.
 Susan Lander, CHARLOTTE 50
 Jane Landerth, SPARTA, Jr.
 Emily Landis, CLARENSON HILLS, R. H.

Julie Landrum, LEXINGTON KY. Jr.
 Richard Lane, GREENSBORO 50
 Ann Langdon, GUNN Jr.
 Deborah Langdon, GURHAM Jr.
 Denise Langdon, ROCKWELL HILLS, M. 50
 Delores Langley, NEW BERN, Jr.
 Rosemary Langley, LIBERTY, Jr.
 Dianne Langston, MURFREESBORO, Jr.
 Richard Langston, ROCKY POINT, Jr.

Mary Lamer, AROEN Jr.
 Pamela Lanning, LEXINGTON Jr.
 Dane Lapp, CHAPEL HILL, 50
 Marc Larrivee, LENOXDALE, MA. Jr.
 Peter Larson, HICKORY 50
 Robert Lasley, CHARLOTTEVILLE VA. 50
 Walter Lasley, KENNESAW, GA. 50
 Jan Lassiter, ROCKY MT. 50
 John Lassiter, UNCLINTON 50

Leslie Latta, CHARLOTTE 50
 Talley Lattimore, SHELBY Jr.
 Barbara Latowsky, WYCKOFF NJ. 50
 Daniel Lauffer, GREENVILLE 50
 Lisa Lauffer, GREENVILLE 50
 George Laughlin, HEAUFORT 50
 Mildred Lawhorn, SALESVILLE 50
 Frank Lauzius, FAYETTEVILLE 50
 Butch LaVally, GREENSBORO, Jr.

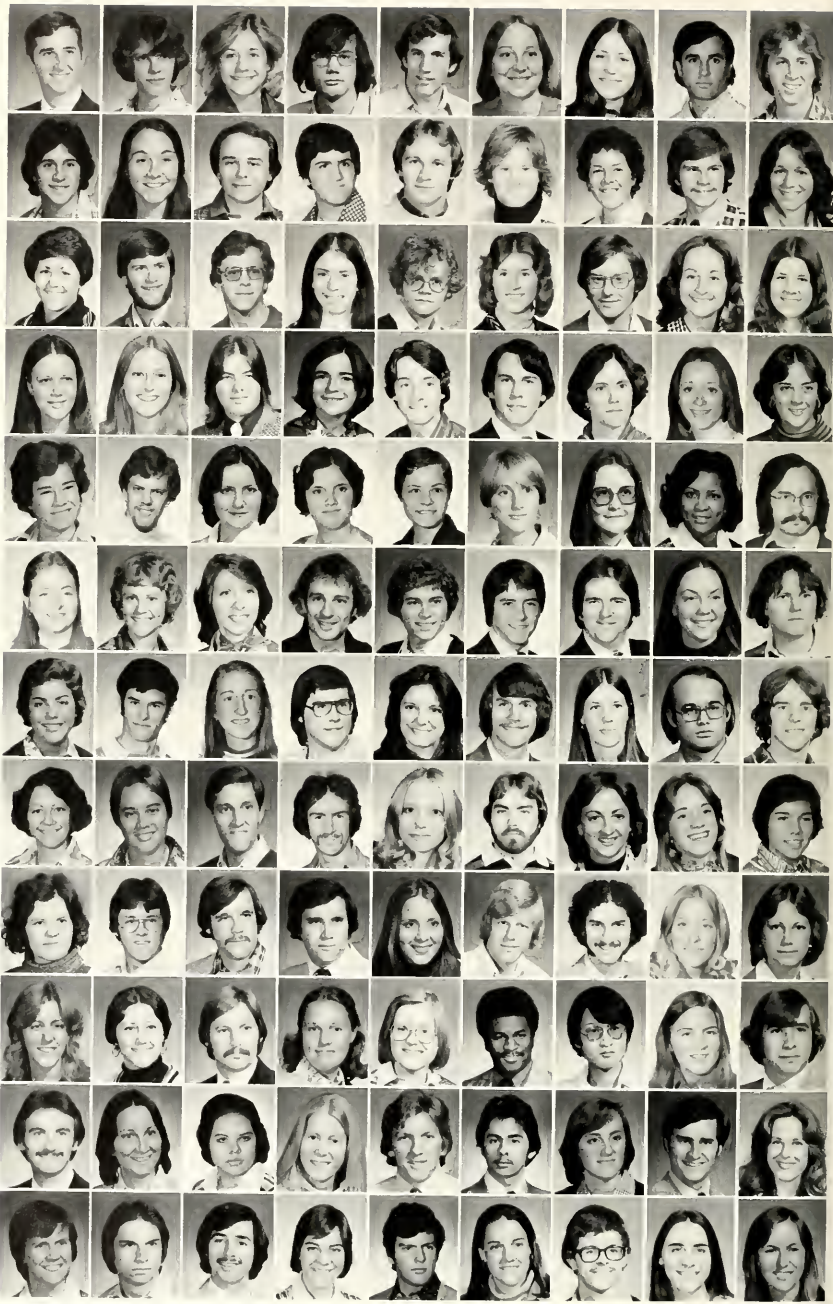
Janet Laver, CANTONIA Jr.
 Catherine Lawler, CHARLOTTE 50
 Robert Lawrence, PANAMA CITY, FL. Jr.
 Simon Lawning, WINSTON-SALEM, Jr.
 Gina Lawson, RAMSEUR Jr.
 Randy Lawson, SANDY RIDGE 50
 Susan Lawson, SPIRITS FINE 50
 Vicki Lawson, CANDLER 50
 Deborah Lay, CHARLOTTE, Jr.

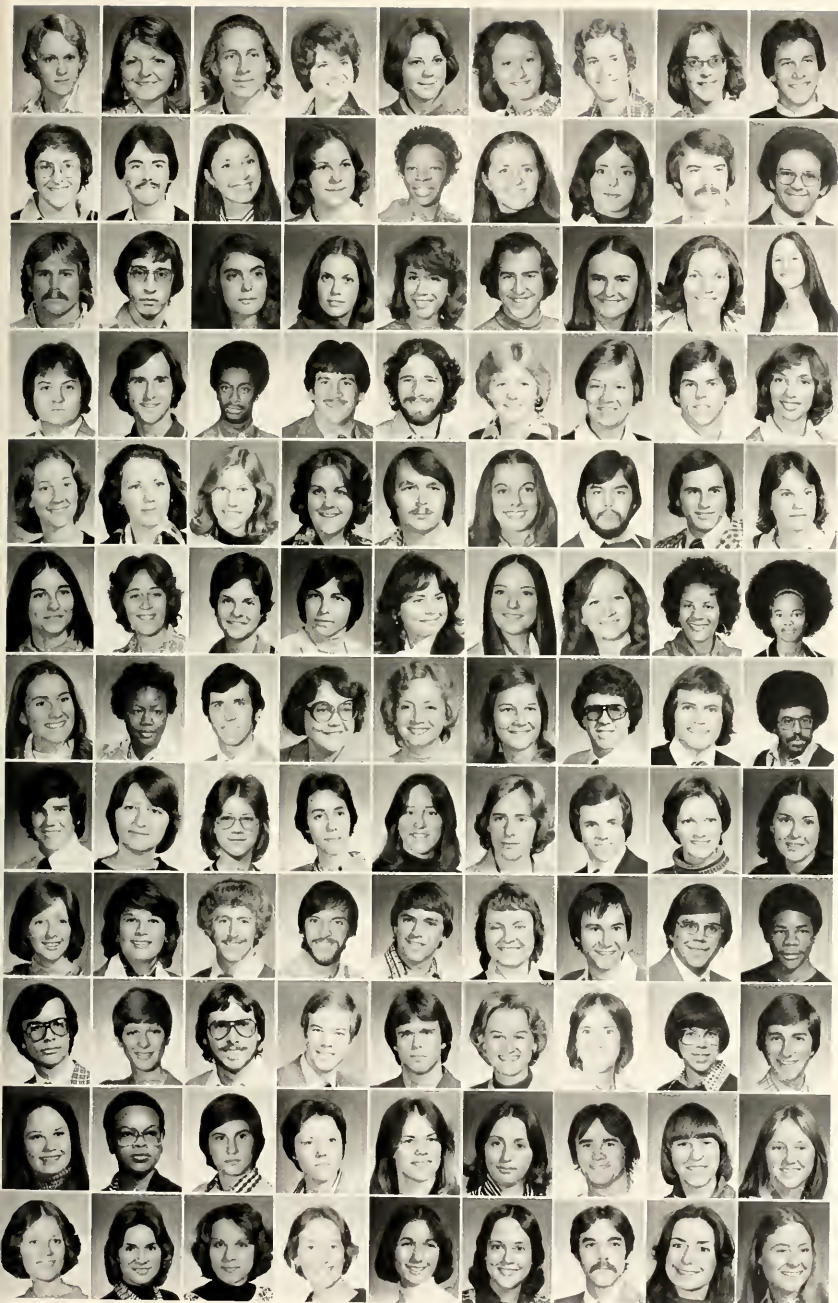
Linda Layton, ROCKY MT. Jr.
 Bert Lea, ROXBORO, Jr.
 Matthew Leach, CHERRY HILL, NJ. Jr.
 Richard Leach, CHERRY HILL, NJ. 50
 Melissa Leach, GREENSBORO 50
 James LeBow, CHARLOTTE 50
 Michael Leese, OCEANVIEW, VA. 50
 Sherry Leebertner, GREENVILLE Jr.
 Angela Ledford, ASHEVILLE 50

Kimberly Ledford, FRANKLIN Jr.
 Pamela Ledford, FRANKLIN Jr.
 Carl Lee, GREENVILLE 50
 Dianne Lee, SMITHFIELD Jr.
 Eta Lee, FLOYD-VARINA, 50
 Gregory Lee, FINELIST 50
 Insup Lee, MORGANTON 50
 Janie Lee, THOMASVILLE 50
 Kenneth Lee, WHITEVILLE Jr.

Kenneth Lee, DUNN 50
 Linda Lee, ANGER Jr.
 Madeline Lee, WHITEHARES 50
 Margaret Lee, ASHEVILLE Jr.
 Richard Lee, RALEIGH Jr.
 Robert Lee, FAYETTEVILLE 50
 Sally Lee, ORLANDO FL. 50
 Tracy Lee, CHARLOTTE Jr.
 Lydia Letler, DURHAM Jr.

Joan Leggett, FINETOWN Jr.
 Quentin Leggett, SCOTLAND NECK 50
 Robert Lebowitz, GREENSBORO, Jr.
 Lynn Lebowitz, LUMBERTON, Jr.
 George Leffers, WASHINGTON, DC. 50
 Ellen Lettinger, PARKERSBURG, WV Jr.
 Richard Lemely, FAYETTEVILLE Jr.
 Katherine Lemay, CHAPEL HILL, Jr.
 Janie Leonard, LEXINGTON Jr.





Nancy Leonard, GREENSBORO, Jr
Carol Leslie, FAYETTEVILLE
James Lesnak, WINSTON-SALEM, Jr
Carol Lester, SAN ANTONIO, TX, Jr
Amy Lettrbridge, MATTHEWS, Jr
Lisa Levee, FAYETTEVILLE, So
James Lewis, WILMINGTON, DE, So
Melissa LeVine, CARROBORO, Jr
Hal Levinson, CHARLOTTE, Jr

Elizabeth Levy, KINGSTON, PA, Jr
Kris Lewallen, HIGH POINT, So
Mary Lewallen, GREENSBORO, Jr
Alison Lewis, FLEMING, Jr
Carol Lewis, BAYBRO, Jr
Dawn Lewis, GREENSBORO, So
Deborah Lewis, BURLINGTON, So
James Lewis, ROCKY MT., Sr
Jeffrey Lewis, FAIRMONT, Jr

John Lewis, GOLDSBORO, Sr
Kenneth Lewis, FINEBURST, Sr
Lynn Lewis, SHANNON, So
Melita Lewis, HUNTERSVILLE, Jr
Pamela Lewis, CHARLOTTE, So
Quinn Lewis, ELIZABETH CITY, So
Shaun Lewis, BEAUFORT, So
Sheila Lewis, GREENSBORO, So
Sonya Lewis, CHARLOTTE, So

Thomas Lewis, FINEBURST, Sr
Wilson Lewis, MT. OLIVE, Jr
Kenneth Lewis, ARCADIA, Jr
Wade Lewter, DURHAM, So
Richard Lieberman, CHAMBLEE GA, Sr
Paula Ligon, WASHVILLE, Jr
Gail Liles, NIGHTDALE, Jr
Roy Liley, WILLIAMSTON, So
Luanne Lindner, GRANGER, IN, Sr

Elizabeth Lindley, BURLINGTON, Jr
Laura Lindsay, MOREHEAD CITY, Jr
Karen Lindsey, REALEIGH, Jr
Cecelia Linsinger, CHARLOTTE, Sr
Caroline Lineberry, ELIZABETH CITY, Jr
William Link, CLARKSON, Jr
Jeffrey Link, CHARLOTTE, Sr
Lindsey Linker, CHARLOTTE, Jr

Lynn Linsville, WILSON, Jr
Linda Lippard, CHARLOTTE, Jr
Laura Lippartz, STATESVILLE, So
Cynthia Lister, YANCFVILLE, So
Harriet Little, DUNSMIRE, Jr
Jackie Little, JEFFERSON, Sr
Roy Little, MARSHVILLE, So
Melanie Little, HIGH POINT, Sr
Sandra Little, FAYETTEVILLE, Sr

Jana Littlejohn, CHAPEL HILL, So
Sara Littlejohn, NEW BERN, So
Tony Littlefield, RED SPRING, So
Robin Livingston, NORFOLK, VA, Grad
Cheryl Lloyd, THURMUND, So
Martha Lloyd, CHAPEL HILL, Jr
Eric Locke, CHARLOTTE, Jr
Tom Lock, SELMA, Jr
Allen Locke, GATESVILLE, Jr

John Locke, CLAREMONT, Sr
Freda Locklear, LUMBERTON, Sr
Lenora Locklear, CLINTON, Jr
Barbara Lomax, GREENSBORO, Sr
Elizabeth Loquist, CULLOWHEE, Jr
Evelyn Loftin, KINGSTON, Jr
Robert Loftin, KINGSTON, Sr
Laura Logan, CHARLOTTE, So
Laura Logan, WILSON, Jr

Leslie Logan, ROWIE, MD, Sr
Kathy Loggins, GASTONIA, Jr
Allan Lomas, ELIZABETHOWN, Sr
Arthur Loman, HIGH POINT, So
Charles Long, DOBSON, Jr
Mary Long, WINSTON-SALEM, Jr
Mike Long, ROANSOK, Jr
Nicholas Long, ROANOKE RAPIDS, Jr
Robert Long, KANNAPOLIS, So

Robert Long, CLEMMONS, Jr
Shern Long, HUNTERSVILLE, Jr
William Long, CONCORD, Jr
William Long, NASHVILLE, TN, Jr
William Long, CLEMMONS, Jr
Dana Long, WASHINGTON, OH, Jr
Mary Lorek, FAYETTEVILLE, Sr
Cathy Lori, RALEIGH, Jr
Bernett Love, MONROE, Sr

Deborah Love, CHARLOTTE, Jr
Lillie Love, CHESTERFIELD, SC, So
Linda Love, MONROE, So
Mary Love, STANFIELD, Jr
Virginia Love, CHARLOTTE, So
Debbie Lovelace, NEW BERN, Jr
Wesley Lovelace, WILMINGTON, Sr
Janie Lovett, THOMASVILLE, Sr
Wanda Lovette, LUMBERTON, Jr

Debbie Lowder, WINSTON-SALEM, So
Lynne Lowder, NORFOLK, So
Doris Lowe, CHARLOTTE, Grad
Nancy Lowe, MATTHEWS, Jr
Susan Lowe, MATTHEWS, Jr
Susan Lowe, GIBSONVILLE, Jr
Trenton Lowe, MCLANSVILLE, Sr
Dorothea Lowery, RALEIGH, Sr
Chasie Lowery, SANFORD, Jr

Mary Lowrance, CHARLOTTE, SC
Julie Lowrance, ASHBORO, NC
Cammie Lowry, SPRING HOPE, FL
Sylvia Lowry, CHARLOTTE, FL
Wade Lowry, GASTON, GA
Debra Lucas, ASHBORO, NC
Carlund Lucas, WILSON, SC
Jane Lucas, CHARLOTTE, SC
Joseph Lucas, FAYETTEVILLE, NC



Robert Lucas, COLDSBORO, NC
Teresa Lucas, HUBERT, SC
Vivian Lucas, LOUISBURG, SC
Tom Lucido, GREENVILLE, FL
George Ludas, WOODBRIDGE, NJ, NJ
Mary Luk, RALEIGH, NC
Laura Luke, ATLANTA, GA, SC
Alice Lundy, CHARLOTTE, SC
David Lutz, SPRING LAKE, SC



Libby Lyerly, OALLAS, FL
Ronald Lyerly, WINSTON-SALEM, NC
David Lykins, SHELBY, NC
Ricky Lyons, CHERYLE, SC
Richard Lyman, CHAPEL HILL, NC
Diane Lynch, WINSTON-SALEM, NC
Cerald Lynch, ROANOKE RAPIDS, NC
Karen Lynch, MERANE, SC
Reginald Lynch, GREENSBORO, NC



Barbara Lyon, SALISBURY, SC
Nancy Lyon, SALISBURY, SC
Sharon Lyon, RUTHER, NC
Steve Lyon, GREENSBORO, FL
Cassandra Lyons, DURHAM, NC
George Lyons, BATESBORO, SC
Eva Lytle, OLD FORT, NC
Marion Lytce, FLEICHER, NC
Juliana Ma, CHAPEL HILL, NC



Debbie Mabe, ELLERBE, SC
Deborah Mabry, ALBEMARLE, NC
Donna MacCubbin, CHARLOTTE, NC
Sandra MacDonald, SARASOTA, FL, SC
Paul MacDougal, CHARLESTON, SC
William MacEwen, CHAPEL HILL, NC
Alexander MacInnis, CARBORO, NC
John MacIntosh, MATTHEWS, SC
Fameia Mackey, PIGGAY FOREST, FL



Queenie Mackey, KINGS MTN., SC
Karee MacKinnon, WHISPERING PINES, SC
Gary MacLaren, NERO, FL
Bruce MacLeod, SMITHFIELD, SC
Michael MacManus, FAYETTEVILLE, NC
Mary Macon, WASHINGTON, DC, FL
Benjamin Maddrey, SEABOARD, SC
Patricia Maddrey, GARRETT, NC
Wendell Maddrey, ARUNGTON, VA, NC



Peggy Mader, JACKSONVILLE, SC
Tara Madigan, HENDERSON, NC
Chris Madison, HUDSON, FL
Grace Magee, GREENSBORO, FL
Richard Magee, WINSTON-SALEM, NC
Dennis Maggard, FRANKLIN, NC
Marna Maggio, FRENCH, NC
Leslie Maggusson, RALEIGH, SC
Nancy Magolin, WAYNE, PA, SC



Kathy Magruder, CARBORO, NC
Pat Mahafee, GREENSBORO, SC
Doris Mahaffey, COLUMBUS, OH, GA
Cheryl Makolin, MATTHEWS, NC
Rebecca Malcolm, PEMBROOK, NC
Susan Malinski, BLACK MTN., SC
Phyllis Malwich, CARY, FL
Harvey Mallard, MAYTON, SC



Keith Mallard, NEW BERN, NC
Kim Mallette, MONTGOMERY, AL, GA
Sallie Malmo, MT ARY, FL
Yonda Malone, WHITEVILLE, NC
Alan Maness, GREENSBORO, NC
Alan Maness, ROBBINS, NC
Tina Maness, STATESVILLE, SC
Gloria Maness, ASHBORO, NC
Melinda Maness, GREENSBORO, SC



David Mangum, OXFORD, NC
Fred Mangum, WINSTON-SALEM, NC
Harold Mangum, RALEIGH, NC
John Mangum, FAYSON, NC
Maynard Mangum, MOXDOK, NC
Rita Mangum, MOXDOK, NC
Pete Marlier, PENNINGTON, NC
Jim Mans, ROME, GA, SC
Margaret Manley, ASHEVILLE, SC



Carolyn Manley, CARBORO, SC
Mark Mann, CARY, FL
Gene Manning, RALEIGH, SC
Herbert Manning, KINGSTON, NC
Jane Manning, WILLIAMSTON, SC
Nancy Manning, WILSON, SC
Alvin Manuel, DUDLEY, FL
Carol Maple, MENA, AR, SC
Frank Marchese, RALEIGH, NC



Vicki Mander, GASTON, NC
Arita Maready, WAREAW, FL
Marian Maready, CLIFTON, NC
Lawrence Margolis, NEW BERN, SC
Robert Margulio, FAYETTEVILLE, NC
Robert Maron, MT ARY, FL
Ricky Mark, ELON COLLEGE, NC
Rudis Markham, COLDSBORO, NC
Markland, ADVANCE, FL





Karen Markle, CARY, 50
 Jan Marks, CHARLOTTE, 50
 John Marks, CHAPEL HILL, Grad
 Judy Marks, GREENSBORO, 50
 Kelly Marks, GREENSBORO, 50
 Robert Marks, HIGH POINT, Ft.
 Brian Marley, JAMESVILLE, 50
 Clifton Marley, ROBBINS, 50
 Dorothy Marlow, HENDERSONVILLE, 50

 John Marlowe, DURHAM, 50
 Sharon Marlowe, ASHEVILLE, 50
 Vicki Marmore, NEW BERN, 50
 Donna Marquin, RALEIGH, 50
 Elena Marsh, CHARLOTTE, 50
 Millicent Marsh, WINSTON-SALEM, 50
 Sherey Marsh, JAMESVILLE, 50
 Stephen Marsh, AULANDER, 50
 Ann Marshall, Ft. LAUDERDALE, FL, 50

 Eva Marshall, AHSOKIE, Ft.
 Pam Marshall, FITZSBORO, 50
 Rebecca Marshall, MADISON, NTS, Va., 50
 William Marshall, KENNESVILLE, 50
 Barbara Martin, ELON COLLEGE, 50
 Carol Martin, ASHEVILLE, 50
 Donna Martin, RALEIGH, 50
 Ernest Martin, Mt. OLIVE, 50
 Cary Martin, FAYETTEVILLE, 50

 Greg Martin, RALEIGH, 50
 Gregory Martin, CONCORD, 50
 Janet Martin, STONY POINT, 50
 Janet Martin, CHARLOTTE, Ft.
 John Martin, CHARLOTTE, 50
 John Martin, CHARLOTTE, 50
 Lynn Martin, GREENSBORO, 50
 Mary Martin, GREENSBORO, 50
 Nancy Martin, WILSON, 50

 Rollie Martin, MELBOURNE, FL, 50
 Sandra Martin, ELKINS, 50
 Suzanne Martin, MAYODAN, Ft.
 Todd Martin, CONCORD, Ft.
 Ann Martine, GREENSBORO, Ft.
 Elsie Martine, GREENSBORO, Ft.
 Ricky Martinez, SILVER SPRING, MD, 50
 Kay Marvin, GREENSBORO, 50
 Lynne Marvin, DURHAM, 50

 Tony Mascherin, TRENTON, NJ, 50
 Debra Maschardt, HENDERSONVILLE, 50
 Jeanne Mask, HAMLET, 50
 Denise Maske, ROCKINGHAM, 50
 Charles Mason, WINSTON-SALEM, 50
 Christopher Mason, CHARLOTTE, 50
 Donna Mason, WINSTON-SALEM, Ft.
 Carol Mason, ASHEVILLE, N.Y., 50
 Keith Mason, ATLANTIC, Ft.

 Susan Mason, GASTONIA, 50
 Timothy Mason, SWANNANOA, 50
 James Massague, HAMLET, Ft.
 Ron Massengill, FAYETTEVILLE, 50
 Karen Massey, ZEBULON, 50
 Robert Machesius, DUNN, 50
 Ruth Matthews, JEFFERSON, 50
 Jeff Mathis, N. WILKESBORO, Ft.
 Patricia Mathis, ASHEVILLE, 50

 Sheda Mathis, N. WILKESBORO, 50
 Joann Matone, BLACK MT., Ft.
 Hank Matthews, HUNTINGTON, WV, Ft.
 Jay Matthews, NASHVILLE, 50
 Karen Matthews, RALEIGH, 50
 Kirby Matthews, DENTON, Ft.
 Fritchie Matthews, BURLINGTON, Ft.
 Paul Matthews, FAYETTEVILLE, Ft.
 Ronald Matthews, RALEIGH, 50

 Sylvia Matthews, NASHVILLE, Ft.
 Karen Mathis, RALEIGH, 50
 Kelly Mauldin, CHARLOTTE, 50
 Josiah Maulsby, WHITEVILLE, 50
 Thomas Maulsby, BURLINGTON, Ft.
 Cindy Mauney, SHELBY, 50
 Jon Mauney, TEMPE, AZ, 50
 Sherry Mauney, SHELBY, 50
 Amy Maxwell, ALEXANDRIA, VA., 50

 Harold Maxwell, NEW BERN, Ft.
 George May, WINTERVILLE, 50
 Fern May, GAINESVILLE, Ft., 50
 Lynn May, ASHEVILLE, 50
 Mary May, CHAPEL HILL, 50
 Brooks Mayberry, CLERMONT, 50
 Wade Mayberry, ROCKY MT., Ft.
 Alan Maynard, ELIZABTOWN, Ft.
 Ehas Mayor, FERRISBURG, 50

 Martha Mayo, MIAMI, FL, 50
 Roy Mays, COLETSBORO, 50
 Vernon Mays, RICHMOND, VA, 50
 Phillip McAdams, SWEPSONVILLE, 50
 Wilbert McAdoo, FLAN, 50
 Susan McAfie, LENOIR, 50
 Danita McAllister, GASTONIA, 50
 Thomas McCall, MIWAY PARK, 50
 Timothy McCall, MOREHEAD CITY, Ft.

 Kraty McBrood, DURHAM, 50
 Angie McBrody, MOOREHEAD CITY, 50
 Patty McCreffrey, HAYSTACK, 50
 Beverly McCann, CHAPEL HILL, 50
 Larry McCann, TRUSTEE, FL, Ft.
 Paul McCain, WILSON, 50
 Lisa McCall, BONES CREEK, 50
 Cleveland McCallum, ROSELAND, 50
 Rebecca McCallum, WILLIAMSTON, 50

Susan McCandless, LANBERVILLE, NJ. So
 Constance McCann, MCKEHEAD CITY, W. Va. Jr.
 Robin McCarter, RICHMOND, VA. Fr.
 Kelly McCarthy, WINSTON-SALEM, So
 Brent McCaulley, CHARLOTTE, Fr.
 Carnelle McCauley, CHARLOTTE, So
 Janet McCaulley, BURLINGTON, Fr.
 Brenda McClain, DURHAM, So
 Michael McClanahan, CHARLOTTE, So

Janet McClerny, ROANOKE RAPIDS, So
 Maureen McClintock, CHARLOTTE, So
 Rita McCloskey, CHARLOTTE, So
 Amy McClung, WINSTON-SALEM, So
 Lynn McClure, GASTONIA, Sr.
 Daryl McCollum, WINSTON-SALEM, So
 Constance McCordell, BESSMER CITY, Sr.
 Susan McConnell, ALEXANDRIA, VA, So
 David McCordle, MATTHEWS, So

Hil McCorkle, LUMBERTON, Fr.
 Leshe McCorkle, BURLINGTON, Fr.
 Robin McCourt, HUNTERSVILLE, Fr.
 Margaret McCow, RALEIGH, So
 Frederick McCoy, LAURENSBURG, So
 Julian McCracken, ASHEVILLE, Sr.
 Gregory McCraw, BOILING SPRINGS, Fr.
 Debra McCray, CARTHAGE, So
 Philip McCrory, GREENSBORO, Sr.

Debra McCully, OCALA, FL, So
 Mary McDaniel, FAYETTEVILLE, So
 Chris McDonald, FAYETTEVILLE, So
 Paul McDonald, CHARLESTOWN, WV, Jr.
 Steven McDonald, SWARTSMORE, PA, So
 Thomas McDonald, ROCKY MT., So
 Lisa McDonald, WINSTON-SALEM, Sr.
 Andrew McDougald, ELIZABETH CITY, Jr.
 Phyllis McDougald, GREENSBORO, So

Leslie McDougall, MT. VERNON, OH, Jr.
 Cathy McDowell, HICKORY, Jr.
 Margaret McDuffee, FAYETTEVILLE, Sr.
 Paul McDuffy, WINSTON-SALEM, Jr.
 Doris McDuffee, FAYETTEVILLE, Fr.
 John McEaden, RALEIGH, Jr.
 Paul McCarry, FT. BELVOIR, VA, Jr.
 Laura McGeachy, MT. CLEARD, Jr.
 Timothy McGee, ASHEVILLE, Jr.

Tricia McGee, WINSTON-SALEM, So
 Debra McChee, JACKSONVILLE, So
 Susan McGilvray, SANFORD, Fr.
 Robert McGimsey, MORGANTON, Sr.
 John McGough, GREENVILLE, W. Va. Jr.
 Joan McGrail, CHARLOTTE, So
 Susan McHone, RALEIGH, Jr.
 Debra McInyre, DUDLEY, Jr.
 Douglas McInyre, LUMBERTON, Jr.

Rosalind McIntyre, DURHAM, Jr.
 Charles McIver, CHARLOTTE, Grad
 Audrey McKay, ANGER, Fr.
 Barbara McKay, HUNTINGTON, WV, Sr.
 Claire McKay, DURHAM, So
 Hope McKay, ANGER, Jr.
 Kathryn McKelvey, CHARLOTTE, Fr.
 Joyce McKenzie, SHANNON, Fr.
 Nancy McKenzie, ASHEVILLE, Fr.

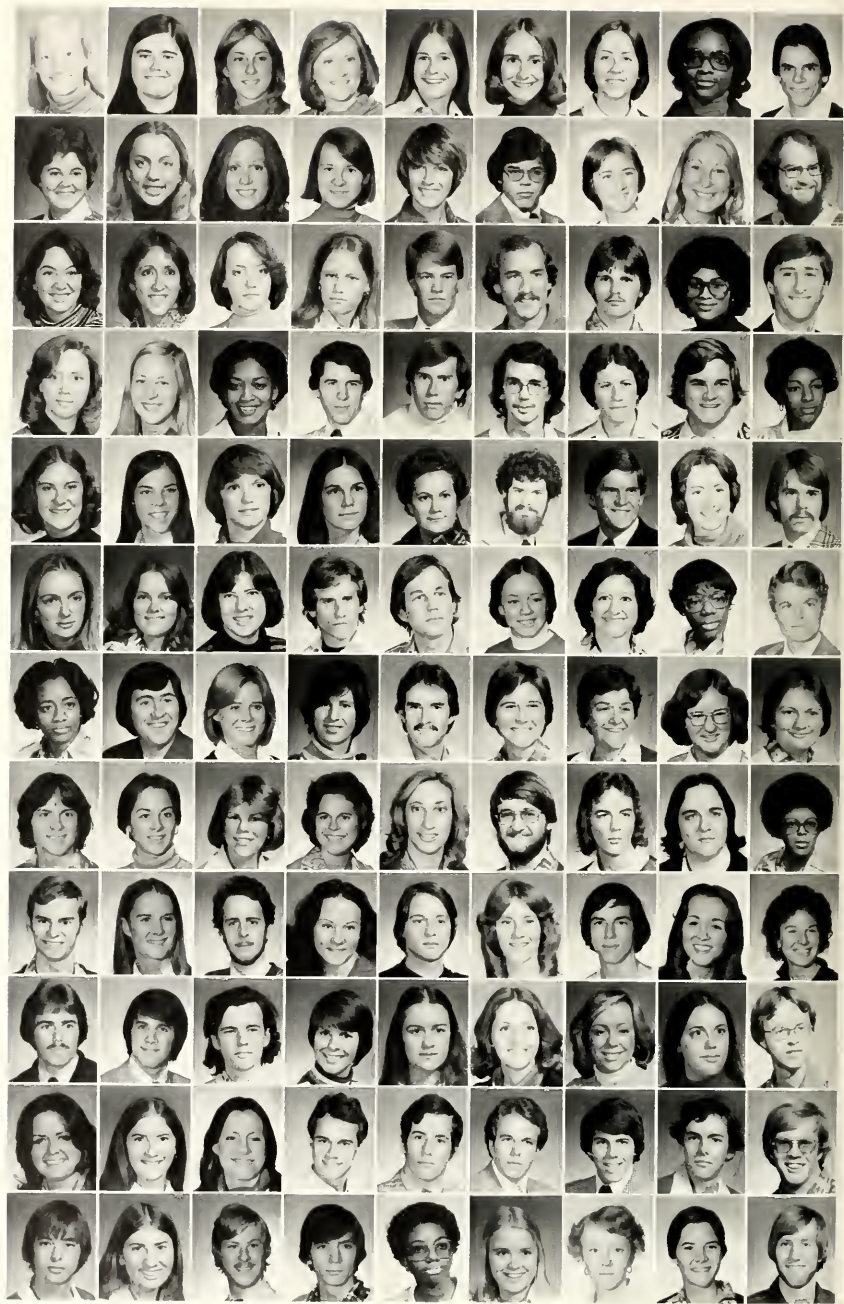
Robert McKenzie, CHARLOTTE, So
 Susan McKenzie, BURLINGTON, Jr.
 Mary McKibbin, BURLINGTON, So
 Janice McKinnin, LOUISBURG, So
 Nancy McKinnis, BIRDAIR TRAIL, So
 Jack McKnight, GREENSBORO, Jr.
 Jeff McKnight, CHINA GROVE, Fr.
 Martha McKnight, CHARLOTTE, So
 Marva McKay, LILINGTON, Fr.

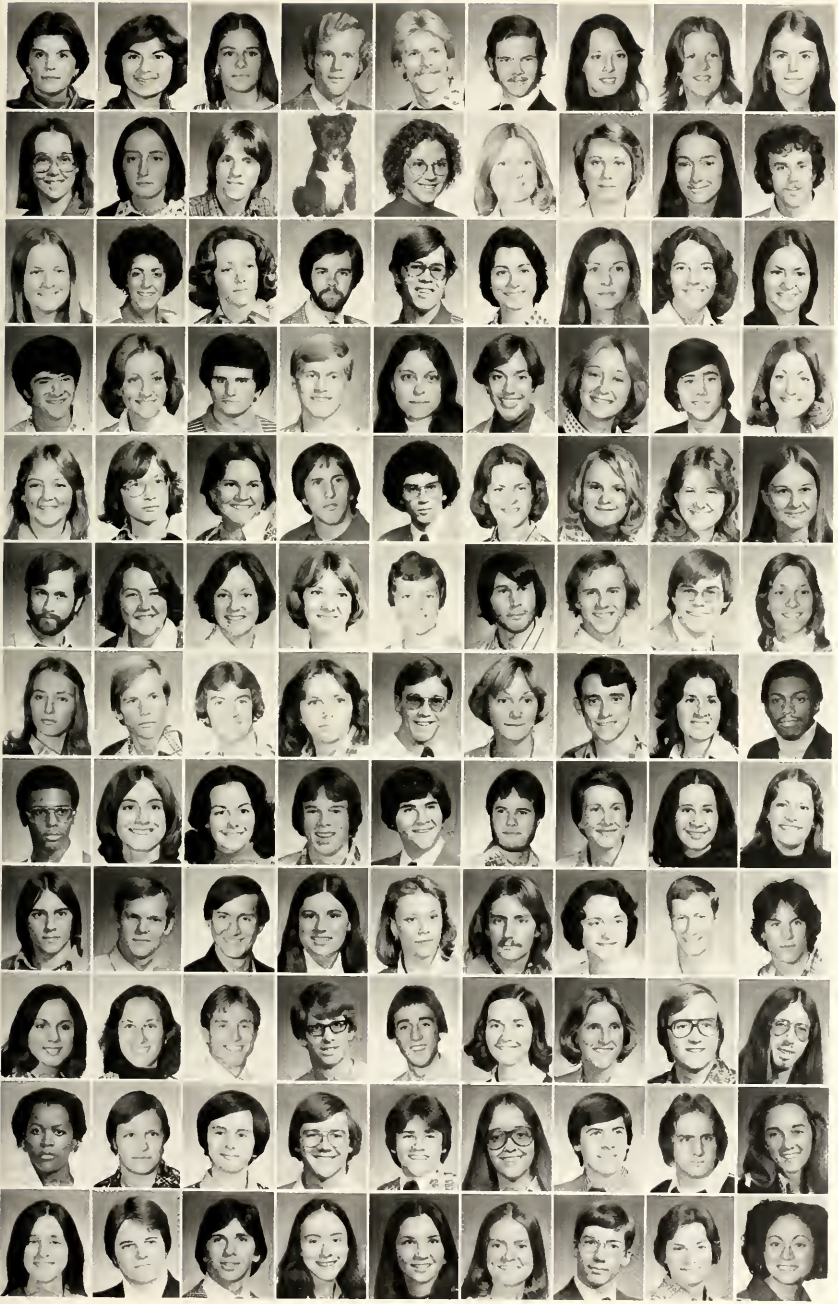
Gary McLamb, FAYETTEVILLE, So
 Julie McLaughlin, GREENSBORO, So
 James McLaughlin, NASHVILLE, TN, Sr.
 Lea McLaughlin, CHARLOTTE, Fr.
 Larry McLawhorn, GREENVILLE, So
 Thelma McLawhorn, ANKSTON, Sr.
 Carey McLean, RALEIGH, So
 Louise McLean, CHARLOTTE, So
 Patricia McLean, MCKEHEAD CITY, W. Va. Jr.

Richard McLean, HOPE MILLS, Sr.
 Steven McLean, FAIRMONT, Jr.
 George McLeod, LUMBERTON, Fr.
 Gwen McLeod, WAKE FOREST, So
 Laura McLeod, WINSTON-SALEM, Fr.
 Margie McLeod, WINSTON-SALEM, Fr.
 Mary McMaster, ASHEVILLE, Fr.
 Randal McMasters, GRAHAM, So

Debra McMehan, CHARLOTTE, Jr.
 Deb McMillan, GREENSBORO, So
 Donna McMillan, FAYETTEVILLE, Jr.
 Paul McMinn, ASHEVILLE, So
 Charles McMullen, OMAHA, NE, Sr.
 David McMurry, SHIELDS, Sr.
 Warren McMurry, SHIELDS, Sr.
 George McNaiz, NASHVILLE, Fr.
 Dennis McNeill, N. WILKESBORO, Jr.

William McNeill, WILKESBORO, Jr.
 Carlene McNulty, SUFFERN, NY, Fr.
 Samuel McPherson, DURHAM, So
 Joseph McQuay, CHARLOTTE, Sr.
 Karen McRae, SANFORD, So
 Cyrene McRaney, GRAHAM, Fr.
 Amy McRary, GRANITE FALLS, Jr.
 Laura McSpadden, GASTONIA, Jr.
 David McSwain, GASTONIA, Jr.





Kathy McSwain, FOREST CITY, 50
 Katherine McSweeney, MBANE, 10
 Robin McWaters, HAYLOCK, 50
 Mark McWhinney, RENT, CT, 50
 Fred McWhorter, GASTONIA, 50
 Robin McWilliam, ENGLAND, 50
 Larry Meadows, BENTON, GA, 50
 Mary Meadows, SWANNANOVA, 50
 Carol Meads, ELIZABETH CITY, 50

Rhonda Meares, HALLSBORO, 50
 Donna Mears, CARY, 50
 Glen Medders, LOUISBURG, 50
 Poco Medford, CHARLOTTE, 50
 Rebecca Medford, CANTON, Grad
 Mary Medusa, MARETTA, GA, 50
 Barbara Medlin, KINGS MTN, 50
 Barbara Meek, GASTONIA, 50
 Fred Meekins, CHARLOTTE, 50

Holly Meekins, CHAPEL HILL, 50
 Ellen Menler, GREENSBORO, 50
 Lynn Meigs, CAMDEN, 50
 Ray Meiggs, CAMDEN, 50
 Robert Mighan, CHARLOTTE, 50
 Mary Meigs, CHAPEL HILL, 50
 Susan Melin, RALEIGH, 50
 Mary Mellin, FT. WORTH, TX, 50
 Sara Mellott, KENNESVILLE, 50

Alton Melton, RALEIGH, 50
 Martha Melton, MONROE, 50
 Scott Melton, RUTHERFORDTON, 50
 Steve Melton, HAYS, 50
 Karia Melville, CHAPEL HILL, 50
 Rebecca Menefee, MAYODAN, 50
 Kim Menus, CHARLOTTE, 50
 William Mercy, GREENSBORO, 50
 Conalyn Meredith, MCKEESPORT, PA, 50

Helen Meredith, BURLINGTON, 50
 Susan Merkel, SHELFY, 50
 Margaret Merrill, CHARLOTTE, 50
 Robert Merrill, HENRICKSONVILLE, 50
 Deborah Merritt, CLINTON, 50
 Elizabeth Merritt, FRANKLINTON, 50
 Karen Merritt, HOPE WELLS, 50
 Allison Mesnard, DARIEN, CT, 50

Robert Mesnard, CHAPEL HILL, 50
 Jean Messick, WINSTON-SALEM, 50
 Susie Metcalfe, GASTONIA, 50
 Leigh Meowborn, LAGRANGE, 50
 Robin Meowborn, LAGRANGE, 50
 Andrew Michael, DALLAS, TX, 50
 Gregory Michaels, WYTHE, 50
 Theodore Michie, ROANOKE, 50
 Kimberly Micol, DURHAM, 50

Celeste Middleton, CHARLOTTE, 50
 James Middleton, CORAL GABLES, FL, 50
 Jason Midgett, HATTERAS, 50
 Sherry Midgett, SNEADS FERRY, 50
 John Mikula, SMITHFIELD, 50
 Karen Miles, GATHERSBURG, MD, 50
 Michael Miller, HAYS, 50
 Patsy Miller, WINSTON-SALEM, 50
 Albert Miller, KINSTON, Grad

Charles Miller, WINSTON-SALEM, 50
 Deborah Miller, WALNUT COVE, 50
 Deborah Miller, ASHEVILLE, 50
 Edward Miller, STATESVILLE, 50
 James Miller, BURLINGTON, 50
 John Miller, LAURENSBURG, 50
 Laura Miller, GASTONIA, 50
 Linnea Miller, LAUREL SPRINGS, 50
 Margaret Miller, BALTIMORE, MD, 50

Marion Miller, CHINA GROVE, 50
 Mark Miller, FAYETTEVILLE, 50
 Mitchell Miller, WILMINGTON, 50
 Patrick Miller, GRASSY CREEK, 50
 Fatt Miller, BARBIM SPRINGS, 50
 Richard Miller, ATLANTA, GA, 50
 Robyn Miller, LEVINGTON, 50
 Roger Miller, LAWDALE, 50
 Steve Miller, GREENSBORO, 50

Yvette Miller, BEULAVILLE, 50
 Karen Millers, HICKORY, 50
 Davis Miller, ASH, 50
 Shaun Milligan, ROCKFORD, 50
 Alvin Millike, SHALLOTTE, 50
 Beverly Mills, BURGAW, 50
 Cathy Mills, RALEIGH, 50
 Eddie Mills, MORRISVILLE, 50
 Fred Mills, WATKINSBORO, 50

Jean Mills, GREENVILLE, 50
 Jeff Mills, WAYNESVILLE, 50
 Martha Mills, CHAPEL HILL, 50
 Michael Mills, CONCORD, 50
 Michael Mills, ROLTON, 50
 Pamela Mills, CHARLOTTE, 50
 Robert Mills, ROCKINGHAM, 50
 Sherman Mills, DEER, 50
 Nicole Mincey, DURHAM, 50

Martha Minnis, CHARLOTTE, 50
 Clarence Minner, REIDSVILLE, 50
 Arthur Minton, ANSONIA, 50
 Charlotte Minze, MCKEESVILLE, 50
 Gina Mintermayer, CANTON, 50
 Jessica Mines, ROANOKE RAPIDS, 50
 Alan Mischelmer, CONCORD, 50
 Donna Mischum, FAYETTEVILLE, 50
 Angela Mitchell, FAYETTEVILLE, 50

Harvey Mitchell, GOLDSBORO, Jr
Lawrence Mitchell, HAZLET
Peter Mitchell, LEXINGTON
Robert Mitchell, ROSELBORO, Jr
Roberta Mitchell, HAZLET, N.J.
Steven Mitchell, GREENVILLE, Va.
Susan Mitchell, Ft. LAUDERDALE, FL. 56
Way Mitchell, ROSELBORO
Tony Mitchum, LAURINBURG, Jr



John Mize, TRYON, Sr
Louis Mizelle, AYOCHSE, Jr
Thomas Mizelle, JAMESVILLE, Sr
Emiko Mizuno, JAPAN, Sr
Janet Mobley, RUTLEDGE, N.C.
Lisa Mock, LEXINGTON, Jr
Gene Modlin, LINCOLNTON, Jr
Jennifer Modlin, ALEXANDRIA, VA. Jr
Melanie Modlin, ALEXANDRIA, VA. Jr



Susan Modlin, LEWISTON, Jr
Ann Moffett, CHARLOTTE, Jr
Mark Mohney, FORT HURON, MI. 54
Carl Moir, GREENVILLE, Sr
Karen Molino, SCHEENACTA, NY, Jr
James Moncreur, BURLINGTON, Jr
James Monroe, CHARLOTTE, Sr
Carol Monteith, RALEIGH, Jr
Clada Monteith, FAYETTEVILLE, Jr



David Monteith, CANTON, Sr
Steven Monteith, HUNTERSVILLE, Jr
Peggy Montgomery, CHAPEL HILL, Sr
Robert Montgomery, GREENBORO, Jr
Nancy Mooney, BROOKLYN, NY, Sr
Amy Moore, LEXINGTON, Sr
Amy Moore, CAMDEN 5 C, Jr
Barbara Moore, FAYETTEVILLE, Sr
Cathy Moore, WINSTON-SALEM, Sr



Donald Moore, REDSVILLE, Sr
Edward Moore, DURHAM, Jr
Elizabeth Moore, SUMMERVILLE, SC, Sr.
Frank Moore, SHELBY, Jr
John Moore, DURHAM, Jr
John Moore, REDSVILLE, Jr
John Moore, CHARLOTTE, Jr
Judy Moore, WINSTON, Sr
Katherine Moore, FRANKLIN, Jr



Lisa Moore, FAYETTEVILLE, Sr
Lois Moore, WASHINGTON, Jr
Mary Moore, ROWLAND, Sr
Mary Moore, REDSVILLE, Jr
Michael Moore, CHARLOTTE, Sr
Mitzel Moore, ROCKY, Sr
Pamela Moore, SUMMIT, NJ, Sr
Rhonda Moore, HIGH POINT, Jr
Robert Moore, ROFER, Jr



Ron Moore, BATH, Sr
Steve Moore, HUNTERSVILLE, Sr
Thomas Moore, REDSVILLE, Jr
William Moore, REDSVILLE, Sr
Emily Mohead, LANSING, MI, Sr
Franklin Mooring, RUTHERFORDTON, Jr
Deborah Moore, WINSTON-SALEM, Sr
Elizabeth Moore, CONCORD, Jr
Margaret Morlecci, RALEIGH, Jr



McCoy Moretz, NEWTON, Sr
Michael Moretz, HICKORY, Sr
Barbise Morgan, JACKSONVILLE, Sr
Ezra Morgan, SYLVIA, Sr
Carol Morgan, ASHEVILLE, Sr
Chuck Morgan, CHARLOTTE, Jr
Deborah Morgan, SELMA, Jr
James Morgan, SHELBY, Sr
Janet Morgan, BURLINGTON, Jr



Jeff Morgan, GREENSBORO, Jr
Julia Morgan, CHILLICOTHE, OH, Sr
Kathy Morgan, RALEIGH, Jr
Kathy Morgan, GREENSBORO, Jr
Peggy Morgan, SALISBURY, Sr
Richard Morgan, GREENSBORO, Jr
Lanny Morgan, CHARLOTTE, Jr
Vanda Morgan, SPRING HOPE, Jr
Mike Marketter, FAYETTEVILLE, Jr



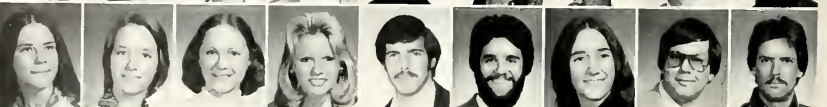
Robert Morrell, LINCOLNTON, Sr
Kathryn Morrell, HENDERSONVILLE, Sr
George Morris, BURLINGTON, Jr
Jim Morris, OCEANO, FL, Grad
Jim Morris, ASHEBORO, Sr
John Morris, ASHEVILLE, Jr
Diana Morris, NORFOLK, PA, Sr
Susan Morris, LUMBERTON, Sr
Virginia Morris, CHARLOTTE, Sr

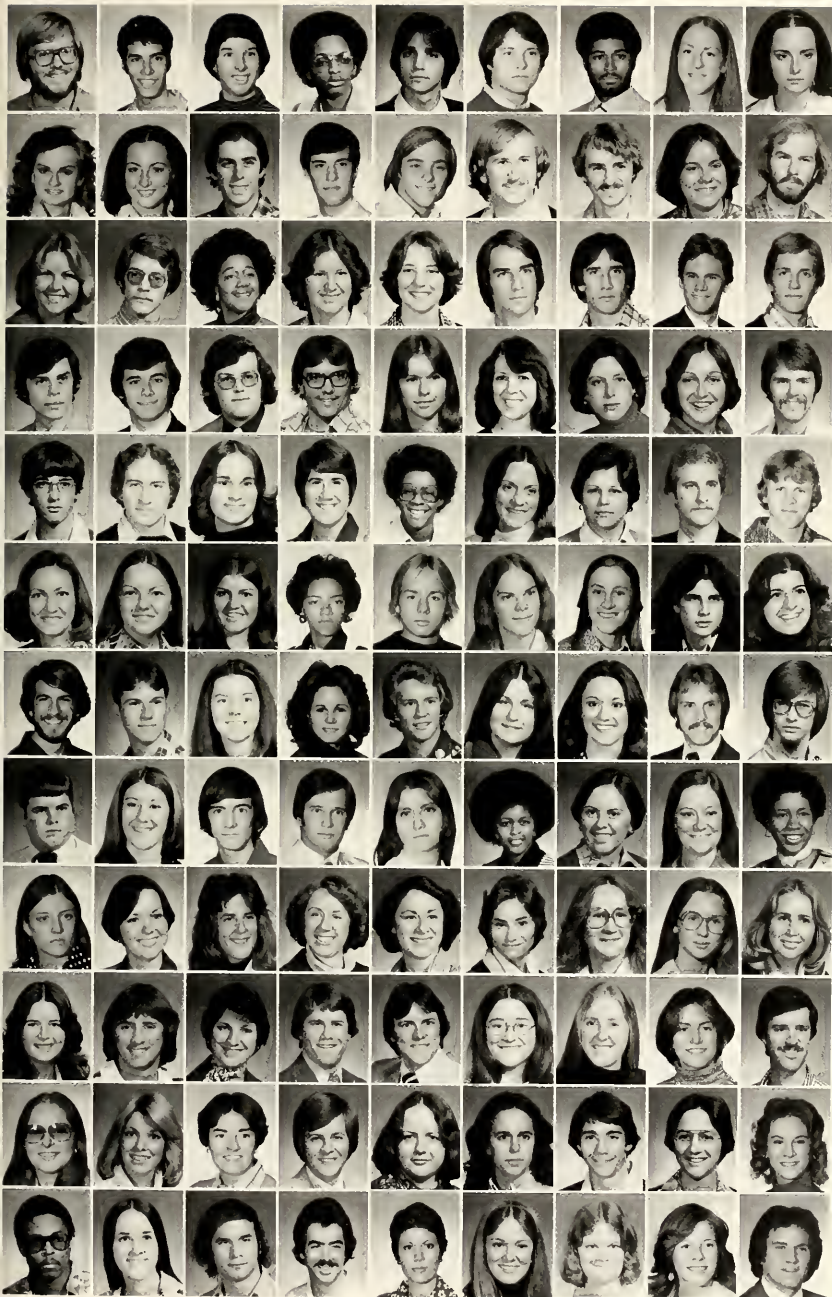


David Morrison, SHELBY, Jr
Kathy Morrison, GREENSBORO, Jr
Warren Morrison, NORFOLK, VA, Sr
William Morrison, STATESVILLE, Sr
Convere Morrow, CHARLOTTE, Jr
Deborah Morrow, HIGH POINT, Sr
Desiree Morrow, GRAHAM, Sr
Roger Morrow, STATESVILLE, Jr
Susan Morrow, FOREST CITY, Sr



Donna Moseley, JACKSONVILLE, Sr
Lisa Moseley, WINSTON, Sr
Rebecca Moseley, WILMINGTON, Sr
Cathy Moser, WINSTON-SALEM, Jr
David Moser, MONROE, Sr
Dennis Moser, MONROE, Sr
Johnny Moser, KING, Sr
Robert Moser, NEWTON, Sr
Rodney Moser, ELON COLLEGE, Sr





William Moser, NEWTON, SC
 Philp Moss, CHARLOTTE, SC
 Jane Mosher, RALEIGH, SC
 Thomas Mosley, CARROLLBORO, SC
 Bradley Moss, BURL HALL, SC
 Bruce Moss, GREENBERG, SC
 Darryl Moss, CREAMFIRE, SC
 Laura Moss, LIVERPOOL, NY, SC
 Margaret Moss, ATLANTA, GA, SC

Marla Moss, KANNAPOLIS, SC
 Thomas Moss, SHELBY, SC
 William Moss, YOUNGVILLE, SC
 Lawrence Moye, MARY, SC
 Howard Mudryk, SILVER SPRING, MD, SC
 James Mulford, MONROE, SC
 Susan Mulholland, DURHAM, SC
 Michael Nall, MORGANTON, SC

Suzanne Mullaney, RAYMOND, ME, SC
 Michael Mullen, ALEX CITY, SC
 Pamela Mumford, GOLDSBORO, SC
 Roberta Munchak, ROME, GA, SC
 Evin Murtson, E GREENWICH, RI, SC
 Bradley Murchison, WASHINGTON, DC, SC
 John Murchison, CHAPEL HILL, SC
 John Murchison, WILMINGTON, GA, SC
 George Murphy, YOUNGVILLE, SC

Joel Murphy, ATLANTA, GA, SC
 Mike Murphy, LENOIR, SC
 Paul Murphy, DAVIS, SC
 William Murphy, RICHMOND, VA, SC
 Devona Murray, BURLINGTON, SC
 Donna Murray, SC
 Frances Murray, BALTIMORE, MD, SC
 Gloria Murray, Candler, SC
 Greg Murray, RALEIGH, SC

James Murray, BANNER, IL, SC
 James Murray, REYNOLDS, SC
 Karen Murray, BURLINGTON, SC
 Martha Murray, HERTFORD, SC
 Thomas Murray, SMITHFIELD, SC
 Jane Muse, LAUREL HILL, SC
 Margaret Musgrave, LEXINGTON, SC
 Robert Musgrove, ROANOKE RAPIDS, SC
 Gerald Mussewhite, FAYETTEVILLE, SC

Joan Mussewhite, FARMONT, SC
 Sarah Mussewhite, WINTERVILLE, SC
 Janet Musten, KENNESVILLE, SC
 Norma Myatt, CANINE, SC
 Alan Myers, WASHINGTON, SC
 Cheryl Myers, GREENSBORO, SC
 Lesley Myers, CHARLOTTEVILLE, VA, SC
 Geoff Myro, PENN, PA, SC
 Christina Nadet, RALEIGH, SC

John Nader, RALEIGH, SC
 David Nall, BESSEMER CITY, SC
 Marge Nallor, DURHAM, SC
 Mary Nell, CHARLOTTE, SC
 David Nance, CHARLOTTE, SC
 Deborah Nance, MCLANESVILLE, SC
 Nancy Nance, FAIR BLUFF, SC
 Ed Nanney, CHARLOTTE, SC
 Charley Nash, WINSTON-SALEM, SC

William Nash, MONROE, SC
 Susan Navey, RALEIGH, SC
 David Naylor, RALEIGH, SC
 David Neal, DURHAM, SC
 Evelyn Neal, CHAPEL HILL, SC
 Jacquelyn Neal, WINSTON-SALEM, SC
 Lou Neal, SRAAM, SC
 Peggy Neal, RUTHERFORDTON, SC
 Robin Neamo, WRTZ, VA, SC

Leann Nease, CHARLOTTE, SC
 Kathy Needham, DURHAM, SC
 Lee Neal, MT ULA, SC
 Annette Nease, BURLINGTON, SC
 Janet Nease, BURLINGTON, SC
 Nancy Nease, WHITEFLETCH, SC
 Marilyn Neill, DAVIDSON, SC
 Teresa Neill, DAVIDSON, SC
 Jeanne Nellis, CHARLOTTE, SC

Deborah Nelson, GREENSBORO, SC
 Doug Nelson, CHARLOTTE, SC
 Fred Nelson, HERTFORD, SC
 Greg Nelson, AYDEN, SC
 James Nelson, BEHEU, SC
 Karen Nelson, ASHEBORO, SC
 Karin Nelson, W HARTFORD, CT, SC
 Kristi Nelson, CHEVY CHASE, MD, SC
 Kurt Nelson, ATLANTA, GA, SC

Martha Nelson, RANDALMAN, SC
 Robertine Nelson, FAYETTEVILLE, SC
 Sally Nelson, KENNESVILLE, SC
 Wallace Nelson, HARTFORD, SC
 Gretchen Nesbit, STATESVILLE, SC
 Eleanor Nesmith, TAYLOR CITY, SC
 Tim Nethery, GREENSBORO, SC
 Linda Nettles, NEW ORLEANS, LA, SC
 Elizabeth Newbold, CHARLOTTE, SC

George Newby, ELIZABETH CITY, SC
 Cinget Newton, LAGRANGE, GA, SC
 Morgan Newman, CHARLOTTE, SC
 Mickey Newman, HIGH POINT, SC
 Jennie Newton, CHARLOTTE, SC
 Elizabeth Newsome, AHOKE, SC
 Suzanne Newsome, AHOKE, SC
 Jesse Newsome, SELMA, SC
 John Newton, AHOKE, SC

Joseph Newton, WILSON; Sr
Melanie Newton, HARTFORD; Sr
Mike Newton, MORGANTON; Jr
William Newton, DURHAM; Sr
William Nichols, CONCORD; Sr
Paul Nicholaser, WILMINGTON; Sr
Jenny Nichols, ROCKINGHAM; Sr
Ellen Nickolski, GREENSBORO; Jr
William Nicholson, RALEIGH; Sr



Sherry Nicklaw, WILMINGTON; Sr
Patricia Nicolson, NEW CASTLE; PA; Sr
Yvonne Nicopoulos, CHAPEL HILL; Sr
Leslie Nickolsky, RIDGEVILLE; Sr
Deborah Nijong, FAYETTEVILLE; Sr
Maureen Nilsen, HUBERT; Jr
Mary Nickolski, FAYETTEVILLE; Jr
Debra Nixon, CHAPEL HILL; Sr
Kathy Nixon, STANLEY; Jr



Richard Noble, KINSTON; Jr
Doug Neell, SMITHFIELD; Jr
Marilyn Nolan, WINSTON-SALEM; Sr
Stephen Norman, CHARLOTTE; Sr
Ellie Nordstrom, WINSTON-SALEM; Jr
Charles Norman, CHARLOTTE; Sr
Deborah Norman, CLAYBORO; N.J.; Sr
Ellen Norman, WASHINGTON; Jr
Nancy Norman, ELKIN; Jr



Susan Norman, WINSTON-SALEM; Sr
Terry Norman, NEW BERN; Jr
Anthony Norris, SUFFY; Sr
Cindi Norris, CHARLOTTE; Jr
Gregory Norris, BRUNSWICK; Sr
Justin Norris, DUNN; Jr
Sheil Norris, MEBANE; Sr
James North, RALEIGH; Sr
Barbara Norton, ASHTON; MD; Fr.



Catherine Norwood, RALEIGH; Sr
Elizabeth Norwood, NORWOOD; Sr
Jan Nowell, AFS; Sr
Ann Nunn, WESTFIELD; Jr
Robert Nutt, GREENSBORO; Sr
Nyle Nunton, Jr
Judy Oakes, MEBANE; Jr
Alvin Oakley, DURHAM; Jr
Debra Oakley, DURHAM; Sr



Gary Oakley, ROYCEBORO; Jr
Katherine Oakley, GREENSBORO; Sr
Stanley Oakley, CHARLOTTE; Jr
Karen Oates, RALEIGH; Jr
Dore Oberbricht, BRIGHTWATERS; NY; Sr
Pete O'Boyle, LAKEVIEW; SC; Sr
Sean O'Brien, DURHAM; Sr
Lynn O'Brien, CHAPEL HILL; Sr
Don Ochsenreiter, DURHAM; Sr



Joanne Ochsmann, CHARLOTTE; Sr
Linda O'Quilly, JACKSONVILLE; Sr
Patricia O'Connor, ASHEVILLE; Jr
Steve O'Connor, BURLINGTON; Jr
Dorothy O'Dell, ETEB; Jr
Allen Odum, GREENSBORO; Sr
Karen O'Donnell, CHAPEL HILL; Sr
Kevin O'Donnell, CHAPEL HILL; Sr
Mohamed Ogbi, LIBYA; Grad



Jeanette Oglom, CHARLOTTE; Jr
Leslie Ogden, WINSTON-SALEM; Jr
Debbie Ogle, ASHEVILLE; Sr
Eileen O'Grady, WILMINGTON; Jr
Rick O'Hare, GREENSBORO; Sr
Terrence O'Hearn, DOTHAN; AL; Jr
Christann Oiler, SHANNON; Jr
Pauli O'Kelley, ASHEVILLE; Jr
Betsy Olive, ZERULON; Sr



Deborah Oliver, CLINTON; Sr
Robyn Olmstead, ROANOKE/RATFDS; Jr
Jim Olson, JAMESTOWN; Sr
Peter Olvick, FAYETTEVILLE; Sr
Dion O'Mara, VIENNA; VA; Fr
Gary O'Neal, CARY; Jr
Susan O'Neal, LOWLAND; Sr
Robert O'Neill, CHARLOTTE; Sr
Edward O'Quin, LILLINGTON; Sr



Alsa O'Quinn, WELLCINGTON; Jr
Susan Orcutt, YORKTOWN; HTS; NY; Grad
Virginia Ormrod, MONROE; Jr
David Orton, DANVERSON; Sr
Albert Osbahr, ROCKVILLE; MD; Jr
Sheila Osborn, OXON HILL; MD; Jr
Nancy Osborne, ELAIN; Sr
Rufus Osborne, GREENSBORO; Sr
David Osnde, FAYETTEVILLE; Jr



Alsa Ostwalt, GREENSBORO; Sr
Jill Otto, PITTSBURGH; PA; Fr
Barbara Overby, HENDERSON; Sr
Scott Overcarch, SHARLOTTE; Sr
Jennifer Overstreet, LOUISVILLE; KY; Grad
Susan Overton, GREENSBORO; Jr
Loren Owens, LINCOLN; Sr
Johnny Owen, ROBBINS; Sr
Mary Owen, TABORSO; Sr



Gwendia Owenby, BEVERAD; Sr
Bill Owens, WALKERTOWN; Jr
Deborah Owens, CHARLOTTE; Jr
Donna Owens, WINSTON-SALEM; Jr
Patricia Owens, RICHMOND/HORTON; Jr
Rhea Owens, GREENSBORO; Sr
William Owens, ELIZABETH CITY; Jr
Cheryl Owens, MORGANTON; Sr
Lee Pace, HENDERSONVILLE; Sr





Beverly Pack, ADVANCE, Sr
 Frank Padilla, FAYETTEVILLE, Jr
 Burke Page, RICHMOND, VA, Jr
 Dana Page, ALEXANDRIA, VA, Sr
 Donald Page, DURHAM, Jr
 Korte Page, RICHMOND, Jr
 Patti Page, CLEVELAND, Jr
 Sharon Page, SAUSPORT, Jr
 Susan Page, GIBSONVILLE, Jr



Pamela Paige, SNOW HILL, Jr
 Kimberley Painter, CHARLOTTE, So
 Leslie Painter, CHARLOTTE, So
 Gregory Paisley, WINSTON-SALEM, Jr
 Kenneth Pajek, LAWRENCE, NY, Sr
 Adrienne Palienko, CHARLOTTE, So
 Ava Palienko, CHARLOTTE, So
 Ellen Palmer, SHELBY, Sr
 Patricia Palmer, GREENSBORO, Sr



Susan Palmer, VA BEACH, VA, So
 John Papusharban, ASHVILLE, Jr
 Greg Pape, RALEIGH, Jr
 Dana Papke, DURHAM, Jr
 Eva Pappas, NASHVILLE, TN, Jr
 Katherine Paramore, NEW BERN, Sr
 Nan Perati, CHARLOTTE, So
 Kathryn Perdue, NORTHFIELD, IL, Jr
 Cheryl Farham, ROXBORO, So



Dennis Parker, NEWTON GROVE, Sr
 Gregory Parker, DURHAM, So
 James Parker, DURHAM, So
 Lisa Parker, ROBINSONVILLE, Jr
 Marie Parker, CHARLOTTE, So
 Mary Parker, CHARLOTTE, Jr
 Nova Parker, HIGH POINT, Jr
 Patty Parker, CHARLOTTE, Jr
 Paul Parker, KITTY HAWK, Jr



Robert Parker, BURCAM, Sr
 Donna Parks, CHARLOTTE, Jr
 Jane Parks, HICKORY, So
 Katherine Parks, GALAX, VA, Jr
 Shert Parks, ASHVILLE, Jr
 Horace Parsell, PARLINGTON, Sr
 Kathryn Parrish, GREENSBORO, Jr
 David Parrish, ME AIRS, Jr
 Connie Parrish, GREENSBORO, Jr



John Parrish, CHAPEL HILL, So
 Nancy Parrish, WACO, Sr
 Susan Parrish, THOMASVILLE, Jr
 Kenneth Patton, GRANBURG, TX, Jr
 Elizabeth Parsons, JEFFERSON, Jr
 Gay Patlow, CHARLOTTE, So
 Douglas Paschal, GREENVILLE, Jr
 Bill Paschal, VA BEACH, VA, Jr
 Vickie Pashion, PRINCETON, WV, Grad



William Pass, BLANCHE, Jr
 Carl Pate, BEULAVILLE, Jr
 David Pate, ROWLAND, Jr
 Donna Pate, BLACK Mtn, Jr
 Debra Patick, ROCKINGHAM, Jr
 Iby Patrick, GASTONIA, Jr
 Molly Patrick, GOLDSBORO, Jr
 Carla Patterson, GREENSBORO, Jr
 Cassandra Patterson, GREENSBORO, Jr



Cynthia Patterson, DUSHAM, Jr
 Deborah Patterson, GRAHAM, Jr
 Elizabeth Patterson, CHINA GROVE, Jr
 Katherine Patterson, RALEIGH, Jr
 Larry Patterson, CARTHAGE, Jr
 Marie Patterson, RALEIGH, Jr
 Melanie Patterson, SANDY RIDGE, Jr
 Penny Patterson, MONROE, Jr
 Susan Patterson, CHINA GROVE, Jr



William Patterson, CHAPEL HILL, So
 Margaret Patterson, KINSTON, Jr
 Emilee Patton, RALEIGH, Jr
 Jenny Patton, SPENCER, Jr
 Lisa Patrick, MASON, Jr
 William Patton, CHAPEL HILL, Jr
 Ann Taylor, CHARLOTTE, So
 Laura Taylor, GREENSBORO, Jr
 Robert Taylor, CHARLOTTE, So



Kathryn Payne, CHAPEL HILL, Jr
 Melissa Payne, REBEVILLE, So
 Dona Payne, FT MYERS, FL, Jr
 Patricia Payne, BRYSON CITY, Jr
 Richard Payne, ROCKWELL FARMS, So
 James Peace, CHAPEL HILL, Jr
 Stephen Peacock, LOOKOUT Mtn, TN, Jr
 Susan Peck, Candler, So
 Cynthia Peake, DURHAM, So



Helen Peacor, GASTONIA, Jr
 Robin Peack, HIGH POINT, So
 Katherine Peack, ROANoke FARMS, So
 Robert Peack, ROANoke FARMS, So
 Steven Peck, FT WASHINGTON, PA, So
 Mark Peckham, DELMAR, NY, Grad
 Beverly Peebles, Candler, So
 Craig Peebles, RALEIGH, So
 Patsy Peebles, Candler, So



Patricia Peek, RALEIGH, So
 Claire Peele, WASHINGTON, Jr
 Hattie Peele, Mt OLIVE, Jr
 Leon Peele, WASHINGTON, Jr
 Richard Peele, SANFORD, Jr
 Latrelle Peeler, CHARLOTTE, Jr
 Patti Peeler, MONROE, Jr
 Tanya Peeler, ROCKWELL, So
 Patricia Peñ, ASHBORO, Jr

David Pence, CHAPEL HILL, 50
Ann Pendergraph, GREENSBORO, 50
Famela Peniston, PALO ALTO, CA, 51
Carol Pennell, SHELBY, 49
Steven Pennington, FENNINGTON, N.I. 51
Deborah Perry, CLAYTON 50
James Perry, RALEIGH
Edward Perez-Reyes, CHAPEL HILL, 50
Nana Perez-Reyes, CHAPEL HILL, 49



Bonita Perkins, GREENSBORO, 49
George Perkins, BREVARD, 51
Patricia Perkins, MT. HOLLY, 49
Steven Perin, LAURENS, 49
Robin Perkins, WASHINGTON, 50
Thomas Perkin, ASHEVILLE, 51
Elton Perrell, SHELBY, 49
Heidi Perov, HIGH POINT, 51
Edwin Ferrit, WILMINGTON, 49



Brenda Perry, ELIZABETH CITY, 50
Carey Perry, LOUISBURG, 49
Cheryl Perry, RURLINGTON, 49
Sheryl Perry, DUREN, 49
James Perry, KINSTON, 51
Joan Perry, GURALEY, 49
Julia Perry, HENDERSON, 49
Michael Perry, SILER CITY, 49
Raymond Perry, RALEIGH, 49



Robin Perry, FAYETTEVILLE, 50
Steven Perry, WINSTON-SALEM, 49
Susan Perry, GRAHAM, 50
Susan Perry, GREENSBORO, 50
Steve Perkin, AUGUSTA, GA, 49
John Peters, JACKSONVILLE, 49
Bryan Peters, ELIZABETH CITY, 51
Janie Peters, HIGH POINT, 50
Jim Peters, HIGH POINT, 49



Carolyn Petersen, CHAPEL HILL, 50
Caludia Peterson, CLINTON, 50
Lary Peterson, DURHAM, 50
Rebecca Petbel, SAUBURRY, 50
Tina Peten, WINSTON-SALEM, 49
Ralph Pettilio, MT VERNON, N.Y. 49
James Pettigrew, BURLINGTON, 50
Michael Petty, GREENSBORO, 49
Terry Pfaff, CAMP SPRINGS, MD, 49



Albert Phelps, WILSON, 49
Laura Phelps, STATESVILLE, 50
John Phifer, MONROE, 49
David Phillips, CREEK SC, 50
Jack Phillips, CONWAY, 49
John Phillips, NEW BERN, Grad
Romona Phillips, SPRING LAKE, 50
Sherry Phillips, SANFORD, 49
Elizabeth Philpott, LEWINGTON, 51



John Pickett, RALEIGH, 49
Dennis Pickett, BURLINGTON, 50
Larry Pickett, BONDELMAN, 49
Debra Pickett, RICHMOND, VA, 49
Greg Pierce, AHSOE, 49
Kerry Pierce, MARSHVILLE, 51
William Pierce, MARSHVILLE, 50
Bert Piggott, GREENSBORO, 49
Craig Piland, FAYETTEVILLE, 49



Patricia Pilon, SANFORD, 51
James Piner, BELLAVILLE, 49
James Piner, SAUFORT, 51
Alan Pinckton, GREENSBORO, 51
James Pinson, LENOIR, 51
Wendy Pipkin, CHAPEL HILL, 51
Nicky Pipkin, WILMINGTON, 50
Kathy Pipkin, KINSTON, 51
John Pitting, GREENSBORO, 49



Diane Piscola, CHARLOTTE, 50
Sandra Pittard, OXFORD, 50
Arthur Pittman, FAIRMONT, 51
Tressy Pittman, WILSON, 49
Elisabeth Pittman, SANFORD, 50
Gregory Pittman, SILER CITY, 49
Terry Pittman, KNOX, 50
Tinchy Pittman, SMITHFIELD, 51
Roy Plessanis, RALEIGH, 51



Lisa Plier, FAYETTEVILLE, 49
John Plonk, KINGS MEN, 49
Precious Plummer, CHARLOTTE, 49
Crawford Plyler, THOMASVILLE, 50
Edward Plyler, MATTHEWS, 51
Joseph Poole, HICKORY, 51
Michael Podell, N. WILCOOOD, N.I. 49
Audrey Poe, GOLDSTEIN, 51
Brenda Poh, DURHAM, 51

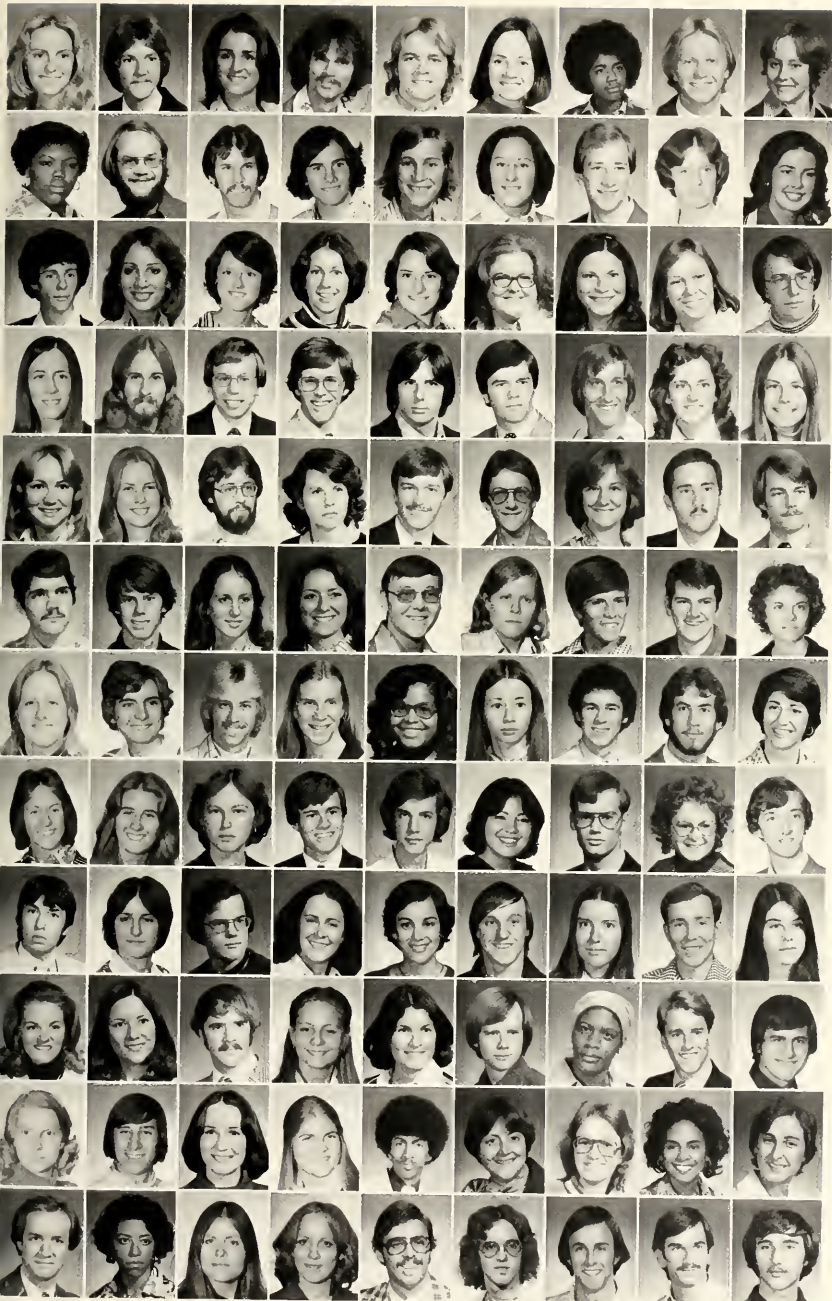


Nancy Polinsky, COLUMBIA, SC, 49
Leola Polites, CHARLOTTE, 51
Barbara Polk, STATESVILLE, 50
Sarah Polk, GREENSBORO, 50
Barbara Pollard, RALEIGH, 50
Tetti Polson, CARY, 51
Charlene Foole, FAYETTEVILLE, 49
Jan Poole, CHARLOTTE, 49
John Poole, SPANIA, 49



Lee Poole, GREENSBORO, 51
Martin Poole, MILLENS, SC, 51
Rayford Poole, TAYLORSVILLE, 50
Will Poole, GREENSBORO, 49
Burry Pope, CEDAR GROVE, 50
Carolyn Pope, DUNN, 51
Debra Pope, FLOQUA/VARINA, 50
Fred Pope, WELDON, 49
James Pope, CHARLOTTE, 51





Kathy Poplin, CHARLOTTE, SC
 Dennis Porter, STATESVILLE, SC
 Diane Porter, SALISBURY, NC
 Ronald Porter, SANFORD, NC
 William Potter, COLUMBUS, GA
 Camille Porto, CARROLL, GA
 Dawnie Pottery, SEASIDE, MD
 Dennis Potest, MARION, SC
 Lee Potest, FAYETTEVILLE, NC

Sharon Potest, REESVILLE, NC
 William Potest, OREALE, SC
 Frederick Potts, KNIGHTDALE, SC
 Stephen Potts, WASHINGTON, DC, Jr.
 Andrew Powell, ENGLAND, FL
 Becky Powell, W. JEFFERSON, SC
 Benjamin Powell, WHITEVILLE, SC
 Donna Powell, DOVER, NC
 Kenna Powell, CHARLOTTE, SC

Kessler Powell, DURHAM, NC
 Elizabeth Powers, PINE CITY, NY, Sr.
 Vicki Poythress, WILSON, SC
 Mary Pratt, RALEIGH, NC
 Janice Pressall, ROANOKE RAPIDS, NC
 Anne Pressell, RALEIGH, SC
 Rebecca Pressly, STATESVILLE, NC
 Susan Prest, WAFFERS FALLS, NY, Sr.
 Charles Preston, WINSTON-SALEM, NC

Marcia Prestwood, SANFORD, SC
 Lawrence Prevotte, CHADBOUR, NC
 Harley Price, WASHINGTON, DC, Jr.
 Bill Price, WINSTON-SALEM, NC
 George Price, CHARLOTTE, SC
 Jeffrey Price, ROBERTSONVILLE, NC
 Jeffrey Price, MILL SPRING, SC
 Jennifer Price, RICHMOND CITY, VA
 Patricia Price, CHARLETT HILL, SC

Feggy Price, WILIAMSTON, SC
 Reta Price, CHARLOTTE, SC
 Robert Price, CLEMMONS, SC
 Valerie Price, SALISBURY, SC
 Dana Price, LAWSONVILLE, SC
 Lendy Prudgen, SNOW HILL, SC
 Michael Prudgen, CHARLOTTE, SC
 George Prouty, LAGRANGE, GA, Sr.
 Mark Prillman, CHARLOTTE, SC

Glen Prillman, MARTINSVILLE, VA, Sr.
 Tommy Priddy, CHARLOTTE, SC
 Penny Price, CHARLOTTE, SC
 Catherine Private, MATTHEWS, SC
 Kenneth Probst, CHARLOTTE, SC
 Kenneth Proctor, DAVIDSON, NC
 Wayne Prosslow, CHARLOTTE, NC
 Terrell Propp, CHAPEL HILL, NC
 Pamela Propp, CHAPEL HILL, NC

Patricia Prouty, CHAPEL HILL, NC
 Robin Puckett, HILL AFB, UT, Jr.
 John Pucette, ROBERG, SC, Jr.
 Beverly Pugh, ASHEBORO, SC
 Eula Pulley, SPRING HOFF, NC
 John Pughan, WENDELL, NC
 Robert Pugh, CANDLE, SC
 Harold Purgason, GREENSBORO, NC
 Patti Purgason, GREENSBORO, SC

Rebecca Purgason, MAYODAN, SC
 Caroline Purser, GREENSBORO, NC
 Anna Purvis, ROBERG, SC
 Mark Purnbaugh, GREENSBORO, NC
 Harry Putman, F. CHERYVILLE, NC
 June Puz, JACKSONVILLE, SC
 John Pyron, COLESBERG, NJ
 Gillian Quadlin, GIBSON, SC
 Steve Quakenbush, ASHEVILLE, NC

Quinton Qualls, HOLLISTER, NC
 Marcia Quate, GREENSBORO, NC
 Ozpin Queen, HAMBLY, NC
 Karen Queenberry, RALEIGH, NC
 Laura Quessell, OXFORD, NC
 Keith Quigley, FAYETTEVILLE, NC
 Janet Quinn, PINE HILL, NC
 Robert Quinn, WAYNE, PA, Sr.
 Leslie Rachie, FAYETTEVILLE, NC

Sharon Rachie, MT. OLIVE, SC
 Lynn Radcliff, ASHEVILLE, SC
 Douglas Rader, CHAPEL HILL, SC
 Frances Rader, MOORESVILLE, NC
 Susan Radtke, ATLANTA, GA, Sr.
 David Ragan, RALEIGH, NC
 Alfreda Rugland, CREECHMOOR, SC
 John Ruggdale, JAMESTOWN, SC
 Dean Rollings, CHARLOTTE, NC

Barbara Ralston, JAMESTOWN, SC
 Hank Ralston, DANBURGE, GA, Sr.
 Robin Ralston, HIGH POINT, NC
 James Rambo, AFRICA, NC
 Donald Ramsey, GAYTONDA, SC
 Mary Ramsey, GREENSBORO, NC
 Christy Ramsey, SPRING LAKE, NC
 Diane Ramsey, HOUSTON, SC
 Marjorie Ramsey, ROCKY MT. SC

Mark Ramsey, ROCKINGHAM, SC
 Joyce Ramsey, CLEVELAND, NC
 Gayle Rance, CHAPEL HILLS, NC
 Lettie Randall, DURHAM, NC
 Marcus Rankin, CLIFTON, NC
 Rod Rankin, GREENVILLE, NC
 Terry Rankin, DOVER, DE, Sr.
 Edward Rankin, CONCORD, NC
 Lawson Rankin, GREENSBORO, SC

Bernadette Ransbottom, RALEIGH; So
 Cheryl Ransom, SALESBURY; So
 Mark Ransom, RALEIGH; Fr
 Linda Raper, WINSTON-SALEM; Grad
 Ronald Rask, W. JEFFERSON; So
 Maryellen Rath, CHAPEL HILL; So
 Sally Rawleigh, HIGH POINT; So
 Tom Rawls, FOLKLENDALE; Jr
 Cynthia Raster, ROSMAN; Fr



Clifford Ray, RALEIGH; So
 David Ray, CHARLOTTE; Jr
 Donna Ray, GREENSBORO; Jr
 Donna Ray, CARBORO; Sr
 Kathleen Ray, GREENSBORO; So
 Melody Ray, BARNARDVILLE; So
 Randy Ray, DURHAM; Sr
 Jeffrey Raynes, KINSTON; So
 Leigh Raynor, APEX; Sr



Nancy Reagan, WILMINGTON; So
 Susan Reagan, WILMINGTON; Fr
 Rick Reams, CARY; Fr
 Ellen Reap, CHATEL HILL; Jr
 Julie Recc, CHARLOTTE; Jr
 Hortense Redd, DURHAM; Jr
 Annmarie Reddin, RALEIGH; Fr
 George Reddin, RALEIGH; So
 Patricia Redmond, EDEN; So



Athena Redmon, MOCKSVILLE; So
 Cathy Redwine, SHALLOTT; So
 Georganne Reece, WINCHESTER, MA; Fr
 Jack Reed, NEW CASTLE, PA; Fr
 Mark Reed, RALEIGH; Fr
 Pamela Reed, FAYETTEVILLE; Sr
 Teresa Reed, MARION; So
 Bryan Reep, CARTHAGE; So
 Richard Reese, HICKORY; So



Andrea Reeves, WASHINGTON D. C.; Fr
 David Reeves, SIGNAL MOUNTAIN; Grad
 George Register, RALEIGH; Jr
 Martha Register, RALEIGH; Fr
 Thomas Register, BURLINGTON; Fr
 Andra Reiter, WILSON; Jr
 Bill Reid, CHAPEL HILL; Grad
 Ervin Reid, COLUMBIA SC; Jr
 James Reid, RALEIGH; Fr



Kathy Reid, HIGH POINT; Jr
 Lorraine Reid, CHARLOTTE; Fr
 Pamela Reid, JACKSONVILLE; Jr
 Stanley Reid, FAYETTEVILLE; So
 Steven Reid, ASHEVILLE; So
 Terry Reid, LEXINGTON; Sr
 Kathleen Reilly, SOUTHERN PINES; Sr
 Kenneth Reinhardt, MANHASSET, NY; Sr
 Lynn Remick, TARRYTOWN, NY; Fr



Renita Remout, FAYETTEVILLE; Fr
 Ann Rendleman, GREENSBORO; Jr
 James Rendleman, COLUMBIA SC; So
 Kevin Renegar, FAYETTEVILLE; So
 Donna Renfrow, MIDDLESEX; Fr
 John Renick, WADSWORTH; Fr
 Barbara Resnik, WILMINGTON; So
 Meg Revelle, MOTTREBORO; Jr
 Brenda Reynolds, LINCOLNTON; So



Gail Reynolds, BURLINGTON; So
 Karen Reynolds, CHARLOTTE; So
 Robert Reynolds, SALESBURY; So
 Barbara Rhodes, DURHAM; Grad
 Cathy Rhodes, LINCOLNTON; Fr
 Paula Rhodes, GREENSBORO; Fr
 Terry Rhodes, RALEIGH; Jr
 Tammie Rhoney, VALDESE; Fr
 Mary Rhynne, HICKORY; So



Nancy Rhyme, DALLAS; Fr
 Diana Rice, RALEIGH; So
 Josephine Rice, ANNAPOLIS, MD; Sr
 Susan Rice, NEW BERN; So
 Anna Rich, BURLINGTON; Fr
 Audrey Rich, CLINTON; So
 Donna Rich, BRYARD; So
 Robert Rich, CARLETON; So
 Mary Richards, DECATUR, GA; Grad



Clay Richardson, HENDERSONVILLE; Jr
 Danion Richardson, ROCKY MOUNT; Fr
 Debbie Richardson, SPARTA; So
 Elizabeth Richey, FALES CHURCH, VA; Sr
 Elizabeth Rickis, LIBERTY; Fr
 Bonnie Riddle, WINSTON-SALEM; Fr
 Bryan Riddle, ASHEVILLE; Jr
 Joe Riddle, FAYETTEVILLE; Sr
 Michael Riddle, ASHEVILLE; So

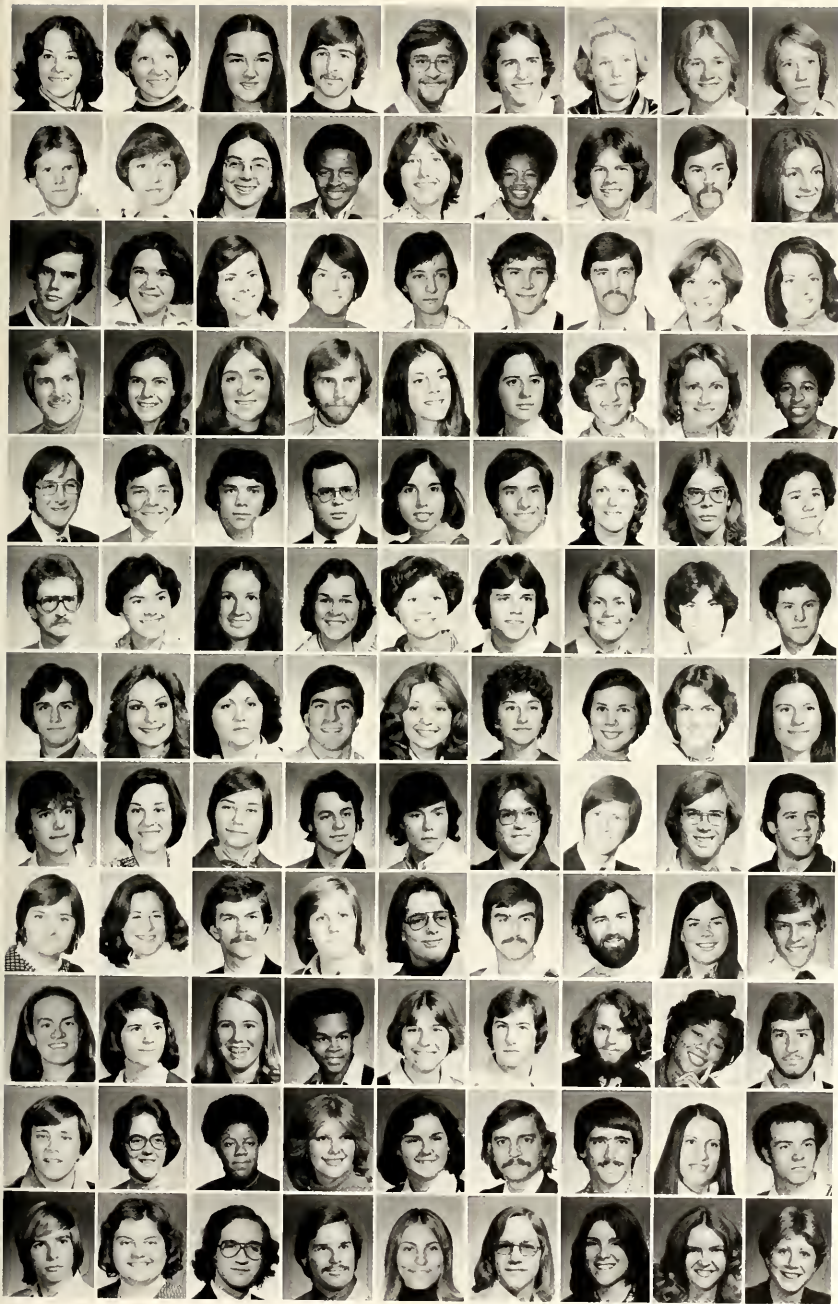


Mulle Riddle, PETERSBORO; Sr
 Randy Riddle, ALEXANDER; Jr
 Sandra Riddle, FRANKLIN; Fr
 Donald Ridenbaugh, CHATEL HILL; Sr
 Amy Ridenour, ROCKWELL; Jr
 Melissa Ridenour, KANSASVILLE; Jr
 Michael Ridge, VA BEACH, VA; Fr
 Sandra Ridge, BURLINGTON; Jr
 Sara Ridge, SOPHIA; Sr



Beatriz Riera, STATESVILLE; So
 Gustavo Riera, STATESVILLE; Fr
 Anne Risher, CHATEL HILL; So
 Abner Riggs, ELIZABETH CITY; Fr
 Charles Riggs, MAYSVILLE; Fr
 Christopher Riggs, AYLEN; Fr
 David Rigths, HENDERSON; So
 Doug Righte, CLEMONS; So
 Teresa Rignbee, DURHAM; So





Jan Rinehardt, HIGH POINT, NC
 Ronita Ring, TOBACCOVILLE, NC
 Donna Ring, FINNACLE, FL
 Keith Ripley, HUNTINGTON, WV, Sr
 Grover Ritchie, CHARLOTTE, Sr
 Mark Ritchie, SALISBURY, Sr
 Deborah Ritter, CHARLOTTE, Sr
 Michael Ritter, ROBINS, Fr
 Helen Roach, BURLINGTON, Fr

James Roach, GREENSBORO, Fr
 Nancy Roach, LEXINGTON, Sr
 Michele Robb, MARION, MA, Jr
 Darrell Robbin, HIGH POINT, Fr
 Jeanne Robbins, DURHAM, Sr
 Cynthia Roberts, GREENVILLE, Fr
 Jim Roberts, RICHMOND, VA, Sr
 Joel Roberts, CHARLOTTE, Fr
 Kathy Roberts, KERNESVILLE, Jr

Manley Roberts, ATLANTA, GA, Fr
 Margaret Roberts, WEAVERVILLE, Sr
 Mary Roberts, GREENSBORO, Sr
 Nancy Roberts, DURHAM, Sr
 Vicki Roberts, CHARLOTTE, Sr
 Dorey Robertson, ADVANCE, Fr
 Joseph Robertson, FLYING DUTCHMAN, Sr
 Manjorie Robertson, CHARLOTTE, Fr
 Sandy Robertson, WHEATON, Fr

Burdete Robinson, SANFORD, Fr
 Deborah Robinson, CHARLOTTE, Sr
 Richard Robinson, NEWTON, Sr
 Robert Robinson, MORGANTON, Sr
 Ruth Robinson, CUMBERLAND, MD, Sr
 Sandra Robinson, FAYETTEVILLE, Sr
 Terr Robinson, BELMONT, Fr
 Wanda Robinson, CONCORD, Sr
 Yvonne Robinson, ALEXANDER, Jr

Warren Rochelle, CHAPEL HILL, Sr
 Douglas Rockett, WILKESBORO, Sr
 Mark Rockett, WILKESBORO, Jr
 Edward Rodman, WASHINGTON, Sr
 Rose Rogge, ROCKY MOUNT, Sr
 Stuart Rodwell, ROCKY MOUNT, Jr
 Jeanne Roebuck, ROBERSONVILLE, Sr
 Bruce Rogers, WINSTON-SALEM, Sr
 Chilton Rogers, WINSTON-SALEM, Sr

Dave Rogers, WALSTONBURG, Jr
 Debbie Rogers, LINCOLN, Sr
 Ellen Rogers, FAIRFAX, VA, Sr
 Kim Rogers, VA BEACH, VA, Sr
 Patricia Rogers, HENDERSONVILLE, Sr
 Robert Rogers, BETHANIA, Sr
 Sarah Rogers, GRAHAM, Sr
 Susan Rogers, CLERK CITY, Sr
 Timothy Rogers, JULIAN, Sr

Vann Rogerson, WILLIAMSTON, Sr
 Deborah Rogoff, FOTOMAR, MD, Jr
 Dorothy Rompalske, RALEIGH, Fr
 Kathy Roper, KARYVILLE, VA, Sr
 Pam Roper, GREENSBORO, Sr
 Shelley Rose, ATLANTA, GA, Jr
 Tracy Rose, RALEIGH, Sr
 Melinda Roseman, KANNAPOLIS, Fr
 Susan Rosenberg, GREENVILLE, SC, Sr

James Rosenberger, CLEMMONS, Fr
 Linda Rosenfeld, JACKSON, MS, Sr
 Patty Rosenquist, WILKESBORO, Fr
 Richard Rosztewicz, RIVER VALE, NJ, Fr
 Robert Rosuello, FRANKLIN, MI, Sr
 Linda Rosier, TARBORO, Sr
 Bobby Ross, DURHAM, Sr
 Charles Ross, WILSON, Fr
 Charles Ross, DURHAM, Jr

Paula Ross, WHITEVILLE, Fr
 Shelly Ross, GASTONIA, Sr
 Wayne Ross, CHARLOTTE, Jr
 Ann Ross, CHARLOTTE, Fr
 Jane Rosser, SANFORD, Fr
 Richard Roth, FALLS CHURCH, VA, Sr
 Charles Roth, LAUREL, CT, Sr
 Patt Rouise, KINSTON, Sr
 Julius Rousseau, WILKESBORO, Fr

Peggy Rowbottom, ROANOKE RAPIDS, Sr
 Frankie Rowe, CHAPEL HILL, Sr
 Susan Rowe, RALEIGH, Sr
 Leonard Rowland, COATS, Sr
 Connie Royal, WINSTON-SALEM, Jr
 Donald Royal, WAKE, NC, Sr
 David Royle, GREAT BRITAIN, Fr
 Beverly Royser, DURHAM, Sr
 David Rubinowitz, MEADOWS BROOK, PA, Jr

William Rudd, EDEN, Fr
 Kathy Rudsell, CATAWBA, Fr
 Sara Ruffin, WILSON, Sr
 Dawn Ruffin, LENOIR, Fr
 Catherine Rupert, DURHAM, Sr
 Terry Ruskin, CHARLE HILL, God
 David Rushing, MONROE, Fr
 Barbara Rushington, LUMBERTON, Fr
 Cary Ross, SHELBY, Fr

Forrest Russell, CARY, Jr
 Janyne Russell, HIGHWALLS, Sr
 John Russell, CHAPEL HILL, Sr
 Ritchie Russell, CHARLOTTE, Sr
 Sally Russell, FAIRFAX, VA, Sr
 Bradford Rutledge, ROME, GA, Fr
 Lisa Ruzicka, GREENSBORO, Fr
 Joanne Ryan, ROSELIN, VA, Sr
 Tracy Ryan, VIENNA, VA, Fr

Wendy Ryan, VIENNA VA. Sr
 Andy Sabol, ELIZABETHTOWN, Sr
 Roby Saisle, BURLINGTON, Fr.
 Debra Sain, HICKORY, Jr.
 Gloria Saigo, CHARLOTTE, Sr
 Terry Sakiewicz, RALEIGH, Sr
 Kelly Sale, RONDA, Fr.
 Kim Salisbury, TARRON SPGS, FL, Sr
 Renee Saley, WINSTON-SALEM, Sr

Gary Salmons, WINSTON-SALEM, Sr
 Holly Saller, REAGERS, Sr
 Mary Salynger, CHARLOTTE, Fr
 Susan Salzano, DURHAM, Jr
 Jeff Salyer, WET HOLLY, Sr
 Ricky Sampson, CLINTON, Fr
 Edward Samuels, SOUTHERN PINES, Sr
 John Sandeford, WINSTON-SALEM, Sr
 Bonnie Sanders, RALEIGH, Sr

Charlotte Sanders, CAROLINE QUARRY, Jr
 Jody Sanders, CHAPEL HILL, Jr
 Kimberly Sanders, CLINTON, Sr
 Mark Sanders, CLINTON, Sr
 Mary Sanders, CHARLOTTE, Sr
 David Sanderson, ALBEMARLE, Fr
 Leslie Sanderson, MAXTON, Sr
 Sabree Sanderson, WALLACE, Jr
 Marc Sandman, ASHEVILLE, Sr

Rebecca Sanko, CONCORD, Sr
 Judy Sansbury, CHARLOTTE, Jr
 Becky Sapp, CHAPEL HILL, Fr
 Ann Saravali, CHARLOTTE, Fr
 Steven Sartorio, COCKEYVILLE, MD, Sr
 Jonathan Sasser, HICKORY, Sr
 Sabrina Sasser, FAYETTEVILLE, Sr
 Lois Satterfield, EDENTON, Sr

Steve Satterfield, CHARLOTTE, Sr
 Julie Satterwhite, ENKA, Fr
 Jerry Saugae, BESSEMER CITY, Jr
 Debra Saunders, ASHEVILLE, Sr
 Helen Saunders, RURAL HALL, Jr
 John Saunders, GREENSBORO, Sr
 John Saunders, GURHAM, Sr
 Judy Saunders, REIDSVILLE, Jr
 Martha Saunders, RURAL HALL, Sr

Roger Saunders, GATES, Sr
 Timothy Saunders, WALKERTOWN, Sr
 Craig Savage, COLUMBUS, IN, Jr
 Vinay Sawhey, ELKMOOR, Fr
 Dock Sawyer, MANTO, Fr
 Terry Sawyer, RALEIGH, Sr
 Patricia Sawyer, GRAHAM, Sr
 Carolyn Saylor, WINSTON-SALEM, Fr
 Deborah Scales, ZEDEN, Sr

Edward Scarborough, LUMBERTON, Sr
 Edward Scarborough, WAKE FOREST, Sr
 Douglas Scarborough, GASTONIA, Sr
 Diane Schafar, DILLON, Sr, Jr
 Bob Schach, TOLEDO, OH, Grad
 Timothy Schaez, ELON COLLEGE, Jr
 Karen Schell, LENOR, Sr
 Michael Schell, LENOR, Sr
 Mark Schewe, GREENSBORO, Fr

Sonna Schiller, MYRTLE BEACH, SC, Sr
 Reginald Schloss, ROXBORO, IN, Fr
 Mary Schuller, VA BEACH, VA, Sr
 Karl Schmid, WINSTON-SALEM, Sr
 Arnold Schmidt, RALEIGH, Sr
 Herbert Schmitz, CHARLOTTE, Sr
 David Schneider, WALLACE, Sr
 Jimmy Schneider, FAYETTEVILLE, Fr
 Peter Schneider, WINSTON-SALEM, Jr

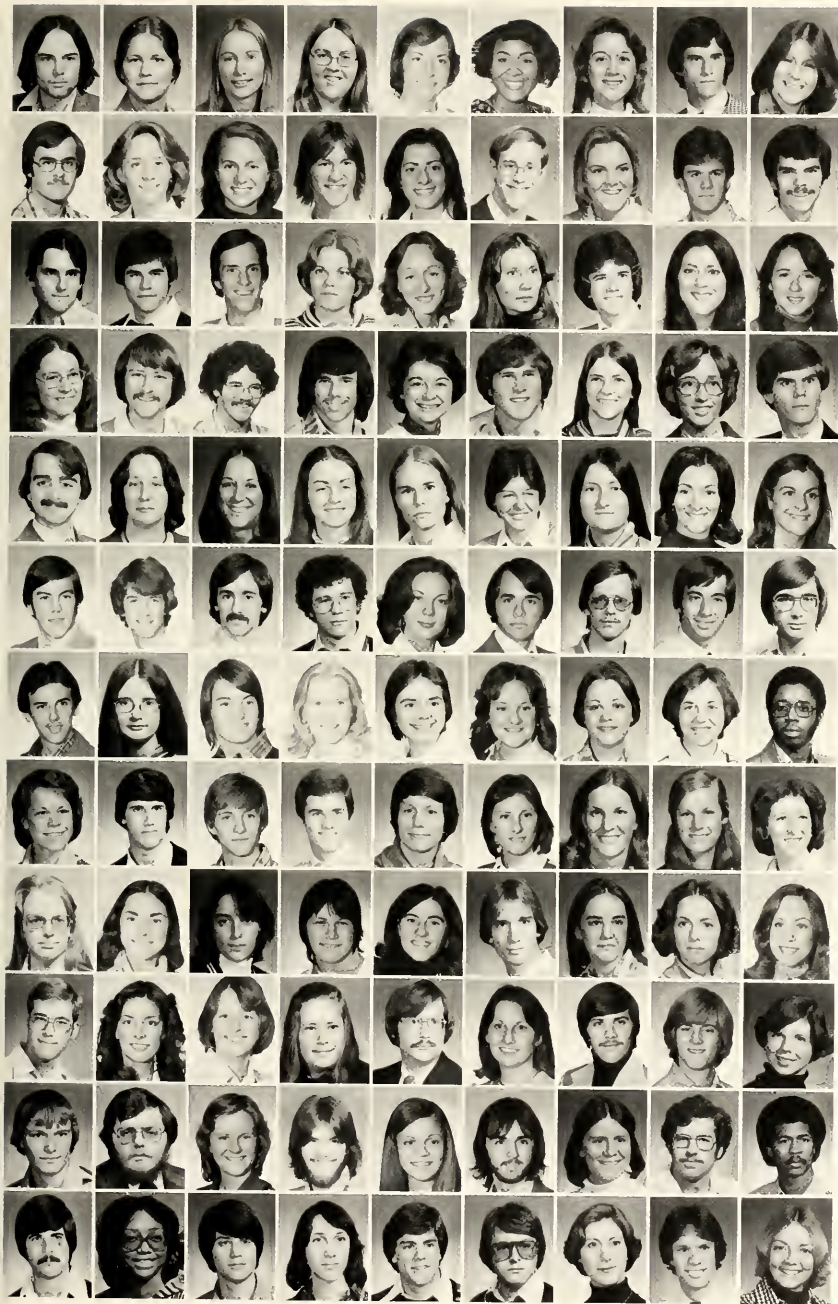
Henry Schneps, LONG BEACH, NJ, Sr
 Cheryl Schriebe, CHAPEL HILL, Jr
 Scott Schoedigt, ALLENTOWN, PA, Fr
 Ruth Schoenheit, ASHEVILLE, Jr
 Elizabeth Scholl, CHARLOTTE, Jr
 Deborah Schoofield, GREENSBORO, Sr
 Lisa Schoonderwerf, HICKORY, Sr
 Peter Schroeder, WINSTON-SALEM, Jr
 Walter Schroeder, FT LAUDERDALE, FL, Sr

Charles Schuch, RALEIGH, Sr
 Rolf Schudel, WYCKOFF, NJ, Fr
 Amy Schwartz, RALEIGH, Fr
 Laura Schim, RALEIGH, Jr
 Leslie Schim, RALEIGH, Sr
 Beverly Scott, GREENSBORO, Sr
 Cary Scott, Kinston, Fr
 Donald Scott, CHAPEL HILL, Sr
 Donna Scott, REIDSVILLE, Fr

Evelyn Scott, RALEIGH, Sr
 Gay Scott, ELIZABETH CITY, Jr
 Julie Scott, ROSE HILL, Jr
 Linda Scott, TARBORO, Fr
 Susan Scott, HAW RIVER, Sr
 Susan Scott, GREENCOVE SPGS, FL, Sr
 John Scott, WINSTON-SALEM, Sr
 Terrie Scott, MAXTON, Grad
 Thurman Scott, GURHAM, Sr

David Scronce, CHARLOTTE, Sr
 Ralph Scronce, CHARLOTTE, Jr
 Steven Seagle, VALE, Jr
 Eric Seals, MAXTON, Fr
 Philip Searcy, BLAFA, MN, Jr
 David Sears, LOUDONVILLE, NY, Jr
 John Seath, LEWISVILLE, Sr
 Jill Seccasti, HUDSON, Fr
 Rita Seccasti, LENOR, Jr





Charles Secchi, ENGLAND, Sr
 Susan Segars, MARION, Jr
 Jane Seibel, CHAPEL HILL, Jr
 Revonda Seife, NEWTON, Jr
 Susan Self, DUEHAM, Jr
 Lavonda Sellers, CHARLOTTE, Jr
 Lisa Sellers, ARDEN, Sr
 Keith Sellers, STATESVILLE, Jr
 Martha Sellers, WINSTON-SALEM, Jr

 Mike Sellers, GASTONIA, Jr
 Paula Sellers, WHITEVILLE, Sr
 Carol Senter, RALEIGH, Jr
 Mike Serrano, WINSTON-SALEM, Jr
 Johanna Serletis, RALEIGH, Sr
 Greg Settles, LOOKOUT MTN., GA., Sr
 Renee Setzer, CONNER, Sr
 Craig Sexton, FAYETTEVILLE, Jr
 Hobert Sexton, ASHEBORO, Jr

 Don Shackelford, DUEHAM, Jr.
 Douglas Shackelford, HOOKERTON, Jr
 Jack Shackelford, RALEIGH
 Maria Shackelford, GREENSBORO, Sr
 Rebecca Shackelford, SWANBORO, Jr
 Gail Shaffer, DURHAM, Sr
 Gregory Shanks, WARSAW, Sr
 Manjul Sharma, GREENSBORO, Sr
 Carol Sharpe, SWEEPSONVILLE, Sr

 Linda Sharpe, ASHEVILLE, Sr
 Lloyd Sharpe, MADISON, Jr
 Richard Sharpe, ASHEVILLE, Sr
 Dean Shaver, LEXINGTON, Fr
 Janet Shaver, ANNAPOLIS, Grad
 Michael Shaver, GREENSBORO, Jr
 Deborah Shaw, FAYETTEVILLE, Jr
 Gail Shaw, SALISBURY, Sr
 James Shaw, CHAPEL HILL, Grad

 Jim Shaw, MEBANE, Sr
 Lydia Shaw, CHARLOTTE, Fr
 Margaret Shea, GREENVILLE, Sr
 Beverly Sheaffer, CHAPEL HILL, Jr
 Bess Shearer, FAYETTEVILLE, Sr
 Cynthia Shero, WILLIAMSTON, Fr
 Iris Sheehan, SPINDALE, Fr
 Elizabeth Shelly, ALXANDRIA, VA, Jr
 Susan Sherry, ASHEBORO, VA, Sr

 Frank Shell, RALEIGH, Jr
 Greg Shell, VALDESE, Fr
 Tracy Shellabarger, CARNER, Sr
 Mark Shelley, GREENSBORO, Sr
 Miriam Shultz, FARGO CITY, Sr
 William Shelton, WINSTON-SALEM, Sr
 Howard Shephers, CLAREMONT, Sr
 Willard Shepherd, ROCKY MT., Sr
 George Sheppard, RALEIGH, Jr

 Don Sherman, BURLINGTON, Fr
 Elaine Sherman, LEXINGTON, Fr
 Linda Sherman, WILLIAMSBURG, VA, Fr
 Mary Sherman, LEXINGTON, Jr
 Trudy Sherman, SANFORD, Fr
 Deborah Shermar, SALISBURY, Jr
 Mala Sherrill, NEWTON, Jr
 Mary Sherrill, STATESVILLE, Sr
 Wilbert Sherrill, HUNTERSVILLE, Sr

 Mollie Shortin, CHARLOTTE, Fr
 Robert Shields, NEW BERN, Jr
 Kenneth Shump, PENNSVILLE, NJ, Jr
 Brad Shinnaman, N. WILKESBORO, Sr
 Barbara Shupp, DUEHAM, Jr
 Jill Shirley, SNOW HILL, Fr
 Neil Shiray, KINSTON, Sr
 Pamela Shivar, FAYETTEVILLE, Fr
 Victoria Shive, FAYETTEVILLE, Sr

 Kayren Shiver, BESEMER CITY, Sr
 Marianne Shoaf, LEXINGTON, Fr
 Melanie Shoe, GRANITE QUARRY, Sr
 Cathy Shoemaker, N. CHARLESTON, SC, Sr
 Susan Shook, EKFR, Jr
 David Shore, RURAL HALL, Sr
 Allison Shortt, DUEHAM, Jr
 Esther Short, HENDERSON, Sr
 Kathy Short, BALWIN, MO, Sr

 Paul Shoteberger, CHATHAM, NJ, Sr
 Martha Shouse, WINSTON-SALEM, Sr
 Bonnie Shoun, RALEIGH, Jr
 Carol Shover, CHARLOTTE, Fr
 Donald Shrum, CHARLOTTE, Sr
 Crethen Shue, Mt. PLEASANT, Sr
 Clay Shugart, GREENVILLE, Fr
 Sandy Shugart, CHARLOTTE, Jr
 Susan Shugart, CHARLOTTE, Sr

 Lee Shuler, GREENSBORO, Fr
 Gregory Shull, OREXEL, Fr
 Sami Shumaker, GRANITE FALLS, Sr
 Barney Shumate, ASHEVILLE, Sr
 Leigh Shumate, FAYETTEVILLE, Fr
 Michael Shumate, N. WILKESBORO, Sr
 Sallie Shuping, GREENSBORO, Sr
 Harry Shold, SIGNAL Mtn., TN, Sr
 Gary Sidbury, SNEADS FERRY, Jr

 Mark Sidden, WINSTON-SALEM, Sr
 Emite Siddle, RUFFIN, Fr
 Catty Siegel, ATLANTA, GA, Jr
 Sharon Siegrist, CHAPEL HILL, Sr
 Joey Sigmon, CLAREMONT, Sr
 Lynette Sigmon, CHARLOTTE, Sr
 Melissa Sigmon, CLAREMONT, Jr
 Hal Siler, SANFORD, Jr
 Sherry Silvers, RALEIGH, Sr

Cathy Simmons, CHAPEL HILL, Jr
 Deborah Simmons, STATE ROAD, Jr
 Denise Simmons, KINSTON, Jr
 Ellen Simmons, AVERY ISLAND, LA, Sr
 Katherine Simmons, GAINESVILLE, GA, Sr
 Malcolm Simmons, FAYETTEVILLE, Sr
 Susan Simmons, FAYETTEVILLE, Jr
 Stephen Simms, RALEIGH, Sr
 Beverly Simpson, PINK HILL, Jr



Charles Simpson, TROTTMAN, Sr
 Debbie Simpson, GREENSBORO, Sr
 Claudia Simpson, LINCOLTON, Jr
 Edwin Sims, CHARLOTTE, Jr
 Louisa Sims, GREENSBORO, Sr
 Stephen Sims, ATLANTA, GA, Jr
 Sue Sims, LAURINBURG, Jr
 Sally Singlet, GREENVILLE, Jr
 Wilma Singleton, CHARLESTON, SC, Sr



Cynthia Sisk, RALEIGH, Jr
 Donna Sisk, THOMASVILLE, Sr
 Mitchell Sisk, THOMASVILLE, Jr
 Robert Sisk, SANFORD, Jr
 Ada Snyffe, KINSTON, Sr
 Bonnie Sisk, WINSTON-SALEM, Jr
 Ann Sieradzka, BETHESDA, MD, Sr
 David Skolaski, FITZGERALD, Pa, Sr
 Teresa Skenes, BURLINGTON, Jr



Rita Skerrett, CIDAAS MIN, Sr
 Sharon Skinner, DUNN, Jr
 William Skinner, RALEIGH, Jr
 Susan Skinn, FLORENCE, SC, Jr
 Jeff Slagle, LUMBERTON, Jr
 Sandy Slesman, WHITEVILLE, Sr
 Bill Sloan, FRANKLIN, Sr
 Marthann Sloan, HIGH POINT, Sr
 Philip Sloan, HIGH POINT, Sr



Carolyn Slockett, WILMINGTON, Sr
 Mary Sloop, MAIDEN, Sr
 Sharon Sloop, CHINA GROVE, Sr
 Beth Sluder, ASHEVILLE, Jr
 Leonard Small, EDENTON, Jr
 Rokanne Small, LINCOLTON, Jr
 Cheryl Smalley, WILMINGTON, Sr
 Gary Smalley, FAYETTEVILLE, Jr
 Joy Smawley, MOORESVILLE, Jr



Alice Smith, MOCKSVILLE, Jr
 Barbara Smith, DELRAY BEACH, FL, Jr
 Barry Smith, LENOIR, Sr
 Becky Smith, HICKORY, Jr
 Ben Smith, SILER CITY, Sr
 Benji Smith, AYDEN, Sr
 Benjamin Smith, WILSON, Jr
 Brenda Smith, LOUISBURG, Jr
 Bryan Smith, NEW BERRY, Sr



Catherine Smith, CARRBORO, Jr
 Cherie Smith, SALISBURY, Sr
 Cheryl Smith, GREENSBORO, Sr
 Cindy Smith, WINSTON-SALEM, Jr
 Conley Smith, CLEMSON, Sr
 Cainer Smith, LILINGTON, Sr
 Darlene Smith, FLYMOUTH, Jr
 David Smith, PILOT MOUNTAIN, Sr
 David Smith, HIGH POINT, Sr



Dennis Smith, HIGH POINT, Sr
 Don Smith, WINSTON-SALEM, Jr
 Donna Smith, NINGMEN, Jr
 Eddie Smith, GREENVILLE, Sr
 Edward Smith, ATLANTA, GA, Jr
 Gregory Smith, MELENVILLE, Jr
 Henry Smith, GOLDSBORO, Jr
 James Smith, BURLINGTON, Jr
 Jeanne Smith, BURLINGTON, Sr



Joseph Smith, SILER CITY, Sr
 Karen Smith, SHARPSBURG, Sr
 Kenneth Smith, HIGH POINT, Sr
 Larry Smith, CARRBORO, Sr
 Les Smith, GREENSBORO, Sr
 Lesa Smith, MORGANTON, Jr
 Leslie Smith, ARRON, OH, Jr
 Linda Smith, GREENSBORO, Jr
 Lynda Smith, GASTONIA, Jr



Mabeth Smith, ALBEMARLE, Sr
 Margaret Smith, LEXIA, VA, Sr
 Mark Smith, BANNER ELK, Jr
 Martha Smith, SALISBURY, Sr
 Mary Smith, FAYETTEVILLE, Sr
 Matthew Smith, CONCORD, Jr
 Noland Smith, MURFREYSBORO, Sr
 Pamela Smith, RAEFORD, Sr
 Patricia Smith, CHARLOTTE, Jr



Peggy Smith, CARY, Jr
 Peggy Smith, RALEIGH, Jr
 Phyllis Smith, CHARLOTTE, Sr
 Richard Smith, FAYTESBORO, Sr
 Rickey Smith, CHARLOTTE, Sr
 Robert Smith, CHAPEL HILL, Jr
 Ronald Smith, WASHINGTON, Sr
 Rosemary Smith, GIBSONBURG, OH, Sr
 Russell Smith, WILSON, Jr



Steve Smith, RALEIGH, Sr
 Steven Smith, GREENSBORO, Sr
 Susan Smith, WALNUT COVE, Jr
 Susan Smith, MARKSBORO, Sr
 Tempe Smith, RALEIGH, Sr
 Ten Smith, LOUSTON, Sr
 Thomas Smith, RALEIGH, Sr
 Thomas Smith, YORK, SC, Sr
 Timothy Smith, THOMASVILLE, Jr





Victoria Smith, FREEPORT, NY Sr
 Walter Smith, ALBEMARLE, Sr
 William Smith, NEW BERN, Sr
 Shelby Smithley, CARNER, Sr
 Michael Smithwick, RALEIGH, Jr
 Jim Snider, W. WAREHO, NJ Sr
 Debbie Snipes, GRAHAM, Sr
 Michael Snipes, SLEEK CITY, Jr
 Rick Snipes, COCKFEE, Jr

Ken Snow, WASHINGTON, Sr
 Sarah Snow, FLOTT, MTN. Jr
 Janet Snyder, JACKSONVILLE, Jr
 Kim Snyder, RALEIGH, Jr
 Jacquelyn Soberg, CARY, Sr
 Samuel Sockwell, CHAPEL HILL, Sr
 Raymond Sotlane, HAVELock, Jr
 Cathy Solano, FAYETTEVILLE, Jr
 Stuart Solomon, WINSTON-SALEM, Sr

Susan Sorensen, RALEIGH, Jr
 Debra Soule, GREENSBORO, Sr
 Edward Southerland, MT OLIVE, Sr
 Harley Southern, SMITHFIELD, Sr
 Karen Souther, WALKER TOWN, Jr
 Mary Southern, HIGH POINT, Jr
 Ronald Sowers, WALNUT COVE, Sr
 John Sowder, W. WALKERSBORO, Grad
 Charles Southers, LEANINGTON, Jr

George Spantgos, WINSTON-SALEM, Sr
 Kathy Sparks, GREENSBORO, Sr
 Teresa Sparks, MOCKSVILLE, Sr
 Mary Sparrow, CLENTON, Sr
 William Sparrow, CHAPEL HILL, Jr
 Jean Sparr, CHARLOTTE, Sr
 Polly Sparr, LAKELAND, Jr Grad
 James Speehl, SANFORD, Jr
 Agnes Speight, WILSON, Jr

Kora Speight, KINSTON, Jr
 Otis Speight, KINSTON, Jr
 Laura Spell, WENDELL, Grad
 Richard Spell, AUFERLEE, Sr
 Herman Spence, KINSTON, Sr
 Terry Spence, KINSTON, Sr
 Andy Spence, LYNCOURT, VA, Jr
 Paula Spencer, LELAND, Sr
 Ricky Spencer, ASHEBORO, Sr

Walter Spencer, ROCKINGHAM, Jr
 Leigh Spicer, DURHAM, Jr
 Tom Spicer, DURHAM, Jr
 James Spinks, CHARLOTTE, Sr
 Daryl Spivey, TARBOR CITY, Sr
 Linda Spivey, SANFORD, Jr
 Randy Spivey, ASHEBORO, Sr
 Diane Sponeiler, ARLINGTON, VA, Jr
 Rocky Spoon, BENNETT, Jr

Carrre Spotts, CHAPEL HILL, Jr
 Martha Spracklin, CHARLOTTE, Jr
 Susan Spragg, FT. LAUDERDALE, FL, Jr
 Deborah Springs, MONROE, Jr
 Karen Springs, WILMINGTON, Jr
 William Spriggs, WILMINGTON, Jr
 Albert Sprull, GREENSBORO, Sr
 Lisa Spurrer, CHARLOTTE, Jr
 David Squares, MERRITT, Jr

Barbara Staab, CHAPEL HILL, Jr
 Paul Stack, CHARLOTTE, Sr
 Susan Stafford, GREENSBORO, Sr
 Beth Stallard, REEDSVILLE, Sr
 Sarah Stames, WINSTON-SALEM, Jr
 Terry Stamp, FAYETTEVILLE, Jr
 Robert Stampfer, CHARLOTTE, Sr
 Susan Stampfer, CHARLOTTE, Sr
 John Stancl, CONCORD, Jr

Julie Stanfield, W. PALM BEACH FL, Jr
 Lando Stanfield, SMITHFIELD, Jr
 Paul Stang, GREENSBORO, Jr
 Mark Stangl, TIMONING, MD, Jr
 Mike Stangor, CHARLOTTE, Sr
 Gretchen Stanish, CHAPEL HILL, Sr
 Eben Stameley, CHARLOTTE, Jr
 Paul Stanley, MARIETTA, Jr
 Ralph Stanley, DOBSON, Sr

Susan Stanley, GREENSBORO, Jr
 William Stanley, WILMINGTON, Sr
 Michael Starkey, CHARLOTTE, Sr
 James Starves, WINSTON-SALEM, Sr
 Mary Starves, GRANITE FALLS, Jr
 Sharyn Starves, GRANITE FALLS, Sr
 Stephen Starves, BURLINGTON, Sr
 William Starves, SOUTHEN PINES, Sr
 Evone Staton, WASHINGTON, D. C., Sr

Roland Staton, SALISBURY, Sr
 Maca Steadman, SALISBURY, Jr
 Bennett Steelman, KOUSSBURG, Grad
 Janet Steelman, WADKINSVILLE, Grad
 Mark Steelman, LAURINBURG, Sr
 Terry Steelman, WADKINSVILLE, Sr
 Anthony Steer, MARIETTA, KY, Sr
 Eric Steen, CHAPEL HILL, Jr
 Denise Steigerwald, RALEIGH, Jr

William Steigerwald, RALEIGH, Jr
 Wendy Stein, MIAMI, FL, Sr
 Hank Steinberg, SPARTANBURG, SC, Jr
 Thomas Steiner, STARBUCK, MD, Sr
 Claire Stephens, NEW BERN, Sr
 Jane Stephens, RALEIGH, Sr
 Nancy Stephens, CHARLOTTE, Jr
 Elizabeth Stephenson, RALEIGH, Jr
 Kenna Stephenson, WILSON, Jr

Tara Stephenson, CHAPEL HILL, Sr
 Kimberly Sterling, MOREHEAD CITY, Jr
 Art Stetson, BEACH HAVEN, PA, Fr
 Jimmie Steth, KINSTON, Sr
 Dorothy Stevens, ASHEVILLE, Fr
 Elizabeth Stevens, BENSON, Fr
 Hazel Stevens, CHAPEL HILL, Fr
 Larry Stevens, JACKSONVILLE, FL, Sr
 Neal Stevens, LAURINBURG, Jr

Richard Stevens, LENOIR, Fr
 John Stevenson, ELIZABETH CITY, So
 William Stevenson, SUMTER, SC, Jr
 John Steward, FT. LEWIS, MO, Fr
 Darlene Stewart, RALEIGH, So
 Leslie Stewart, GASTON, So
 Lu-Ann Stewart, COATS, Fr
 Randal Stewart, HICKORY, Fr
 Davis Stillson, ELIZABETH CITY, Sr

Robert Stimpson, STERLING, VA, So
 Vance Stine, CLOVER, SC, Jr
 Catherine Stinson, DURHAM, Sr
 Charles Stinson, BEAR CREEK, So
 Terrence Stinson, FAYETTEVILLE, Fr
 Daniel Stipe, CHAPEL HILL, So
 Tim Stith, CHARLOTTE, Sr
 Emily Stockard, HENDERSONVILLE, Fr
 Catherine Stocks, WINSTON-SALEM, Fr

Sarah Stocks, WASHINGTON, Fr
 Leon Stockton, CANDLER, So
 Jolly Stockton, WINSTON-SALEM, So
 Sally Stoecker, BROOKSIDE, NJ, Sr
 Lois Stokes, HERRING, Jr
 Melane Stokes, KENNESVILLE, Jr
 Rhonda Stokes, GREENSBORO, Sr
 Sandra Stokes, CHAPEL HILL, Jr
 Sharon Stokes, SANNOX, Fr

Jeanie Stoltz, WINSTON-SALEM, Sr
 Elwood Stone, BURLINGTON, Sr
 James Stone, FARMORO, Sr
 Lynda Stone, CHAPEL HILL, Sr
 Steve Stone, OREGON, So
 William Stone, ROVORO, So
 Greta Stookey, HIGH POINT, Sr
 Betty Stoppelle, JACKSONVILLE, FL, Jr
 Elizabeth Stone, RALEIGH, So

Bill Story, CHARLOTTE, So
 Cindy Stout, CRAWFORD, So
 Donna Stout, WILMINGTON, So
 Douglas Stover, GASTON, Sr
 William Stover, WINGATE, Jr
 Maynard Stowe, NORFOLK, VA, Fr
 Brian Stowe, SHREVE, Jr
 Wanda Strater, OXFORD, Fr
 Elizabeth Strawn, FAYETTEVILLE, Fr

Harry Stick, FAYETTEVILLE, Jr
 Bonnie Strickland, SMITHFIELD, So
 Carol Strickland, GREENSBORO, So
 Nancy Strickland, TABOR CITY, So
 Robert Strickland, GREENSBORO, Fr
 Susan Strickland, CLAREMONT, Sr
 Laura Struppel, HENDERSONVILLE, Sr
 Kenneth Strong, FAYETTEVILLE, Fr
 Lois Strother, HOPWELL, VA, Grad

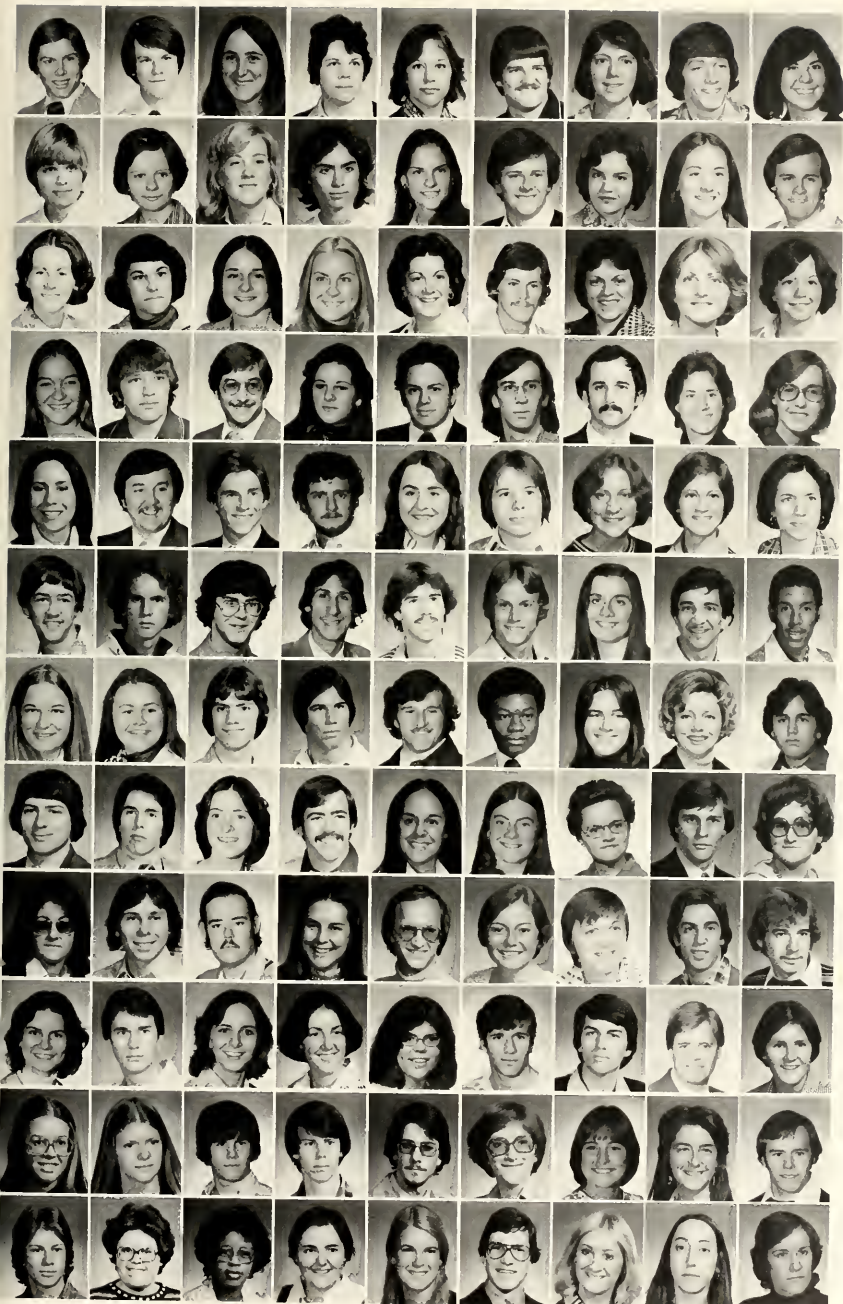
Barbara Stroud, HIGH POINT, Jr
 Yvonne Stroud, PINK HILL, Sr
 Ann Struble, RALEIGH, So
 Betsy Stuart, JACKSONVILLE, FL, So
 Laura Stuart, BASKING RIDGE, NJ, Fr
 Sharon Stucker, NEW ALBANY, OH, Jr
 Lawrence Stumpf, GREENSBORO, Jr
 Brenda Sturdivant, JACKSONVILLE, So
 Leon Sturdivant, HAMLET, Jr

Allen Stuts, MOORESVILLE, Jr
 Paul Stuts, GREENSBORO, Jr
 Catherine Stives, LENOIR, Jr
 Simon Styron, FINE LEVEL, So
 Wade Styron, FINE LEVEL, So
 Brenda Sweeney, KINSTON, So
 Robin Sues, ELAN, Jr
 Sherrian Sugg, SNOW HILL, Fr
 Karen Suggs, CHARLOTTEVILLE, VA, So

Beth Sutt, DURHAM, So
 Donald Sullivan, GREENVILLE, So
 Jackie Sullivan, SELMA, So
 Malcolm Sullivan, GOLDSBORO, Fr
 Michael Sullivan, CHARLESTON, SC, Sr
 Timothy Sullivan, RALEIGH, So
 Carol Sumner, CHAPEL HILL, SR
 Robert Sumner, HUNTSVILLE, So
 Billy Sumners, MCKEANVILLE, So

Bob Summers, MCKEANVILLE, Jr
 Charles Summers, WAGNER, So
 Cybil Summers, DURHAM, So
 Debra Summers, HAVELOCK, Fr
 Kevin Summers, GIBSONVILLE, So
 Jane Summey, SPINDALE, So
 Debbie Summitt, DANFORTH, So
 Ellen Sumner, RURAL HALL, So
 Mike Sumner, GASTON, Jr

Reginald Sumner, ROCKY MT, Fr
 John Suttles, ROCKY MT, Sr
 Gregory Surratt, GOLDSBORO, Fr
 Marjitta Sutherland, LAURINBURG, Jr
 John Sutter, FINE BLUE, Sr
 Cathy Sutton, ELON COLLEGE, So
 Lewis Sutton, CHARLOTTE, Fr
 Martin Sutton, COCKEYSVILLE, MD, Jr
 Sharon Sutton, FAYETTEVILLE, Jr



Joseph Swain, WASHINGTON, TN
 Thomas Swain, WALKER TOWN, VA
 Catherine Swan, CONCORD, MA, So
 Susan Swanda, CHARLOTTE, NC
 Laurie Swann, GREENSBORO, NC
 Gary Swanson, LENOIR, NC
 Elizabeth Swaringer, MT PLEASANT, IA
 John Swearingen, MT PLEASANT, IA
 Deborah Swartz, PETERSBURG, VA, Grad

 Diane Sweeney, CLEVELAND HEIGHTS OH, Jr
 Ann Sweet, BARNSTABLE, MA
 Melissa Swiggood, WINSTON-SALEM, NC
 David Swimmer, WASHAW, NC
 Susan Swinford, DURHAM, NC
 John Swope, FAYETTEVILLE, NC
 Elizabeth Sydney, LYNCHBURG, VA, Jr
 Allison Taylor, RUFIN, NC
 James Sykes, SPRING HOPE, SO

 Linda Syles, IRLAND, NJ
 Nancy Sylva, VERO BEACH, FL, Ff
 Catherine Synder, MT AIRY, Ff
 Joanne Sydnokwah, E BRUNSWICK, NJ, Ff
 Karen Tabor, CHARLOTTE, Ff
 Austin Tague, CENTRAL FALLS, RI, Sr
 Dianne Talbot, ALBEMARLE, So
 March Talbot, FRANKLIN, Ff
 Mary Talley, FAYETTEVILLE, Ff

 Susan Talley, FAYETTEVILLE, So
 Stephen Talmadge, PIGEON FOREST, Jr
 Jay Tanner, AUGUSTA, GA, Jr
 Meredith Tapley, CHEVY CHASE, MD, Ff
 Arthur Tarantino, CHEVY CHASE, MD, So
 David Tate, GREENSBORO, So
 Joseph Tate, IRON MOUNTAIN, MI, So
 Mickie Tate, WINSTON-SALEM, So
 Sharon Tate, LEXINGTON, So

 Elaine Tatis, CHARLOTTE, Ff
 Tim Tatum, WINSTON-SALEM, So
 Alan Taylor, HOOKERTON, So
 Billy Taylor, KENTON, Ff
 Carol Taylor, LENOIR, So
 Charles Taylor, NEWLAND, So
 Diane Taylor, FLEMING-GARDEN, Ff
 Donna Taylor, SNOW HILL, Ff
 Ellen Taylor, ROPER, So

 Frank Taylor, ROANOKE RAPIDS, Ff
 Frederick Taylor, SAUVI ARABIA, Ff
 James Taylor, FAYETTEVILLE, Ff
 James Taylor, MONROEVILLE, So
 Kenneth Taylor, GASTONIA, Ff
 Kyle Taylor, CHARLOTTE, So
 Marjorie Taylor, WINSTON-SALEM, Ff
 Roderick Taylor, CHAPEL HILL, So
 Roderick Taylor, WILSON, Jr

 Roxanne Taylor, ROCKY MT, Sr
 Sally Taylor, PILEY MTS, Sr
 Scott Taylor, ROBERTSONVILLE, Ff
 Stephen Taylor, LYNCHBURG, VA, Ff
 Steve Taylor, WILLIAMSTON, So
 Sylvester Taylor, CHARLOTTE, So
 Tammie Taylor, RUFIN, Ff
 Verma Taylor, CHAPEL HILL, Grad
 William Taylor, CONOVER, Ff

 Jerry Teague, MILLER CITY, So
 Charles Teal, YARBORO, So
 Debra Teal, SHERIDAN, Ff
 Mike Tellop, HENDERVILLE, So
 Joan Templeton, CHARLOTTE, So
 Elizabeth Terrell, SALISBURY, Ff
 Teresa Terrell, HIGH POINT, So
 Thomas Terrell, HIGH POINT, So
 Chrissa Terrence, MOREHEAD CITY, So

 Nora Terres, ROWE, MD, Ff
 Jeff Terry, LIBERTY, Jr
 Robert Terry, DURHAM, So
 Susan Terry, RALEIGH, So
 Jay Terry, RALEIGH, So
 Cynthia Tesh, LEXINGTON, So
 Pamela Tesh, LEXINGTON, Jr
 Morton Theobald, HICKMAN, VA, So
 John Theobald, MEBANE, Ff

 Deborah Thigpen, FAIR BLUFF, Ff
 Boyd Thigpen, MAURY, Ff
 Nancy Thigpen, SEVEN SPRINGS, So
 Betsy Thomas, SOUTHERN PINES, Ff
 Betty Thomas, FURMONG, MA, So
 Calhoun Thomas, HILTON HEAD, So
 Daniel Thomas, SALISBURY, Ff
 Cathy Thomas, FLUJAY-VARINA, So
 Jan Thomas, MOREHEAD CITY, So

 Janet Thomas, TAYLORVILLE, So
 Janet Thomas, KENNESVILLE, So
 John Thomas, CHABOURN, Ff
 John Thomas, CHARLOTTE, Ff
 Joseph Thomas, FLEMING, So
 Kelly Thomas, BURLINGTON, Ff
 Cary Thomas, RALEIGH, Jr
 Patricia Thomas, HAMLET, So
 Paul Thomas, ROCKY MT, Ff

 Philip Thomas, CHARLOTTE, Ff
 Ruth Thomas, CAMERON, Ff
 Sharon Thomas, NEW HILL, So
 Sherry Thomas, STOKESDALE, Jr
 Wally Thomas, CAMDEN, SC, So
 Suzie Thomas, CARY, Ff
 Lucia Thompson, ROANOKE RAPIDS, So
 Jube Thomasson, HOUSTON, TX, Ff
 Ann Thompson, SOUTHERN PINES, So

Anne Thompson, WINSTON-SALEM 56
 Carole Thompson, RALEIGH 56
 Cynthia Thompson, SAULDA 11
 David Thompson, CHARLOTTE 56
 Eric Thompson, GREENSBORO 11
 Jan Thompson, E FLAT ROCK 56
 Jennifer Thompson, SAULDA 11
 Kathy Thompson, MOUNT OLIVE 11
 Kay Thompson, RALEIGH 57



Louise Thompson, CHARLOTTE 57
 Lynn Thompson, FAYETTEVILLE 11
 Mark Thompson, ATLANTA, GA 11
 Pamela Thompson, DURHAM 56
 Sanford Thompson, RALEIGH 56
 Sarah Thompson, LAURENSBURG 11
 Shirley Thompson, MEMPHIS, TN 11
 Steven Thompson, NASHVILLE, TN 11
 Steven Thompson, EDEN 11



Teresa Thompson, CHARLOTTE 57
 William Thompson, RUTHERFORDTON, NC
 Roger Thome, BURLINGTON 56
 Donna Thormell, ROCKY MT. 56
 Mike Thomhill, CHARLOTTE 56
 Edith Thornton, RALEIGH 56
 Kathy Thornton, FAYETTEVILLE 57
 Adam Thorp, BOWIE, MD 56
 Bill Thorpe, CHARLOTTE 11



Katherine Thrift, CHARLOTTE 56
 Paul Thronberg, HUNTSVILLE 11
 Holly Thurman, GREENSBORO 56
 Sharon Thurman, ASHEVILLE 56
 Elizabeth Thurmond, ASHEVILLE, CT 11
 Jenna Thurston, SALESBURY 11
 Mern Tice, LEXINGTON 11
 Richard Tice, WAREHOUSES 56
 Deborah Tiddy, SIBLEY 56



Ramona Tie, RALEIGH 11
 Samuel Tie, RALEIGH 57
 Celia Till, ROCKINGHAM 56
 Sherry Tilley, HALIFAX 11
 David Tiller, LOUISVILLE, KY 57
 Kathy Tilley, FLOQUAY-VARINA 56
 Mary Tiley, RICHMOND, VA 56
 Rowena Tillinghaph, HOURS SHOE Co. 56
 Edith Tullman, MORRISVILLE 56



Ben Tummons, GREENVILLE 57
 Elizabeth Timothy, RALEIGH 11
 Bruce Tindall, CHAPEL HILL 56
 Elizabeth Tingen, FLOQUAY-VARINA 56
 Tony Tingen, ROXBORO 56
 Steve Tindham, CARRBORO 11
 Elizabeth Tipson, BELMONT 11
 Boyd Toben, GREENSBORO 11
 Beth Todd, HENDERSONVILLE 11



Alan Tolar, GOLDSBORO 56
 Alan Toll, FT LAUDERDALE, FL 56
 Susan Tomblinson, WILSON 56
 Laurel Toole, RALEIGH 56
 Teresa Toole, GREENLAND, FL 56
 Donald Tooleman, RIDGECREST HWY. 11
 Alexander Topping, ATHENS, OH 56
 Judythe Torrington, CHAPEL HILL 56
 John Totten, WINSTON-SALEM 56



Jacques Touloupas, BURLINGTON 11
 Lisa Townsend, LUMBERTON 11
 Sarah Trammel, BOONE 56
 Douglas Traub, MIAMI, FL 56
 Jo Travis, RALEIGH 11
 Lori Traylor, FAYETTEVILLE 11
 Meleidy Trent, RALEIGH 56
 Susan Trent, FLOQUAY-VARINA 56
 Edwin Trice, DURHAM 11



Jean Trice, CHARLOTTE 56
 Teresa Trice, DURHAM 11
 Sandra Trimble, CHARLOTTE 11
 Tony Triplett, WILKESBORO 11
 Linda Trippe, MEMPHIS, TN 11
 Robert Tripp, AYDEN 56
 Mick Trostel, CANTON 11
 Walter Trout, SANMARCEL 56
 Allen Troutman, ROCKWELL 11



Jean Troutman, LAURENSBURG 11
 Teresa Truitt, GREENSBORO 56
 Leanne Tucker, ASHEVILLE 11
 Lynn Tucker, PEACHLAND 56
 Vann Tucker, MICHROK 56
 John Tudor, ANGIER 56
 Harry Tuting, WILMINGTON 56
 Marc Tuller, HAMILTON, OH 56
 Mari Tuma, JACKSONVILLE 11

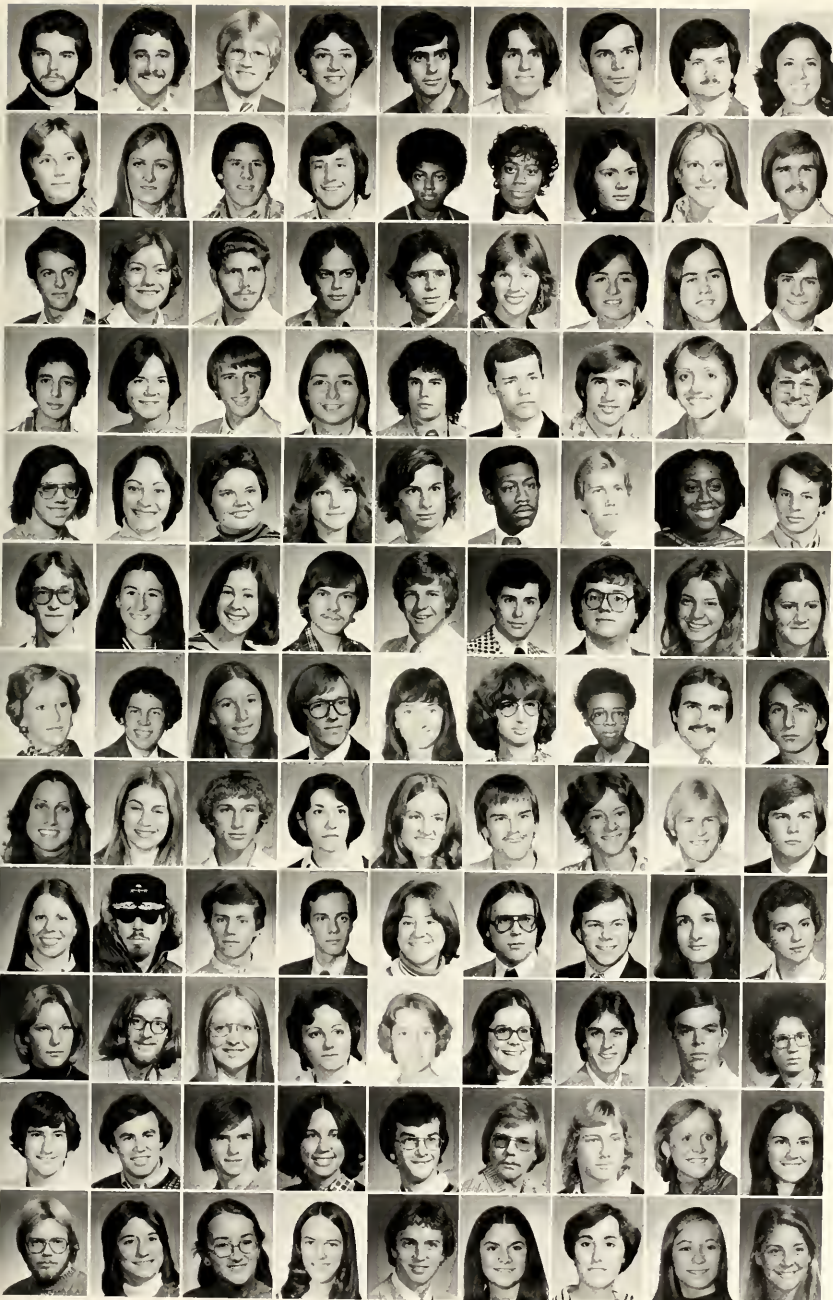


Wanda Tumlun, GREENSBORO 56
 Norbert Turck, BRIDGEWATER, NJ 11
 Larry Turkheimer, WANTAGH, NY 56
 Jean Turlington, LEXINGTON 11
 Joan Turlington, LEXINGTON 11
 Lynn Turnage, RICHMOND, VA 11
 Denis Turner, HENDERSONVILLE 56
 John Turner, HICKORY 56
 Marc Turner, CHAPEL HILL 11



Margaret Turner, WELDON 56
 Michele Turner, WHITEVILLE 56
 Robbie Turner, CHARLOTTE 56
 Walter Turner, JACKSONVILLE 56
 Walter Turpin, SYLVA 56
 Susan Turrette, CHAPEL HILL 56
 Patricia Tush, LOUISVILLE 11
 Barry Tutor, FLOQUAY-VARINA 11
 Barbara Tuttle, WINSTON-SALEM 56





Glenn Tuttle, WINSTON-SALEM, 50.
 Jacob Tuttle, WALNUT COVE, 50.
 Jerry Tuttle, CLAMORO, 49.
 Mark Tuttle, CHAPEL HILL, 50.
 Reid Tuttle, ATLANTA, GA, 49.
 Charles Tweed, CHAPEL HILL, 49.
 Michael Tydings, HIGH POINT, Grad.
 Denise Tyler, NEW BERN, 50.
 Evette Tyndall, CLINTON, 50.
 Hope Tyndall, GOLDSBORO, 49.
 Paul Tyndall, WILSON, 49.
 Aaron Tyson, WAXHAW, 50.
 Katherine Umstead, ROCKY MT, 49.
 Carolyn Underhill, WHITE OAKS, 49.
 Carolyn Underwood, CLAYTON, 50.
 Donna Underwood, RALEIGH, 50.
 Jerry Underwood, TRINITY, 50.
 Gene Upchurch, DURHAM, 49.
 Kay Upchurch, DURHAM, 49.
 Eric Upton, LUMBERTON, 49.
 Joshua Urbach, CLADWINE, PA, 49.
 Charles Urban, LAGRANGE, IL, 49.
 Kate Urbani, LEWISTON, 50.
 Debbie Utley, SANFORD, 50.
 Barbara Vail, FAYVILLE, 50.
 William Valenski, CHINA GROVE, 50.
 Aldo Valleccio, FAYETTEVILLE, 50.
 Judy Valley, DURHAM, 50.
 Merton Vance, CHARLOTTE, 50.
 Renne Vance, CROSSBORO, 50.
 Joseph Vandenberg, CHAPEL HILL, 50.
 Hubertus van der Vaart, RALEIGH, 50.
 Lewis Van Dyke, BOSTIC, 50.
 Sheila Van Dyke, BOSTIC, 50.
 Darrrel Van Ho, WALKERTON, 50.
 Mark Van Hoy, CHARLOTTE, 49.
 Charles Van Meter, GREENVILLE, 49.
 Dale Varner, HIGH POINT, 50.
 Kimberly Varner, HIGH POINT, 50.
 Mitchell Varner, SMITHFIELD, 50.
 Eugene Vaughn, FAYETTEVILLE, 50.
 Lee Vaughn, FAYETTEVILLE, 50.
 Robert Vaughn, WINSTON-SALEM, 49.
 Sammy Vaughn, ROSEBORO, 49.
 Kay Vaise, KINSTON, 50.
 Anne Veazey, HENDERSONVILLE, 49.
 Mike Venable, WINSTON-SALEM, 49.
 William Vest, CHARLOTTE, 49.
 Jerry Vest, RALEIGH, 50.
 Charles Vetter, ROCKY MT, 50.
 Sara Vetter, ROCKINGHAM, 49.
 Melanie Vezina, WILMINGTON, 50.
 Debbie Vick, RALEIGH, 50.
 Jerry Vick, BIRCH SQUARE, 49.
 Devair Vickery, CHAPEL HILL, Grad.
 Robert Vickery, CHAPEL HILL, 50.
 Lila Vidrine, WILKESBORO, 49.
 Ronald Vincent, GREENSBORO, 50.
 Sharley Vines, ROCKY MT, 49.
 Gary Volette, CONCORD, 50.
 Mitchell Virchuck, CHAPEL HILL, 50.
 Alice Viser, WILMINGTON, 50.
 Linda Viser, AHSOKIE, 50.
 Paul Viser, AHSOKIE, 49.
 Karen Vogel, BRADING, PA, 50.
 Sasha Vogler, GREENSBORO, 50.
 Charles Voliva, COLUMBIA, 50.
 Cheri Vok, RALEIGH, 50.
 Bob Volker, BALTIMORE, MD, 49.
 Stephen Volker, BALTIMORE, MD, 50.
 Susan Von Cannon, HIGH POINT, 50.
 Erich Von Manstein, CHAPEL HILL, 49.
 David Von Storch, CLARKS SUM, PA, 49.
 Nancy Vorona, NEW CLARKS, IA, 50.
 David Vorona, FALLS CHURCH, VA, 50.
 Glenn Vosburgh, TROY, 50.
 Donald Voska, CHARLOTTE, 50.
 Cheryl Voss, KERNERSVILLE, 50.
 Pamela Voytes, LINWOOD, 49.
 Lisa Vulme, CHARLOTTE, 49.
 Frederick Vulture, GREENVILLE, 50.
 Judy Wade, HENDERSON, 50.
 Beverly Wagner, GREENSBORO, 49.
 Marian Waggoner, RICHFIELD, 49.
 Barbara Wagstaff, ROANOKE, 50.
 Ken Wagstaff, WINSTON-SALEM, 49.
 Robert Wagstaff, WINSTON-SALEM, 49.
 James Walker, VALDOSTA, GA, 50.
 Nancy Wainer, HIGH POINT, 50.
 Robert Wainer, GREENSBORO, 49.
 Randall Waite, FERRISBURG, 49.
 Jane Walburn, KING OF PRUSSIA, PA, 50.
 Gary Walden, HARTFORD, 50.
 Harold Walker, KANNAPOIS, 50.
 James Walker, SMS, 50.
 Joy Walker, DURHAM, 50.
 Kina Walker, W. JEFFERSON, 50.
 Kirk Walker, KERNERSVILLE, 50.
 Lenette Walker, HENDERSON, 50.
 Margaret Walker, DURHAM, 49.
 Martha Walker, GREENSBORO, 50.
 Paul Walker, BURLINGTON, 50.
 Ruth Walker, BATTLEBORO, 50.
 Sharon Walker, CHARLOTTE, 50.
 Susan Walker, WILMINGTON, 49.
 Wendy Walker, CHARLOTTE, 50.

William Walker, TULSA, Ok. Jr
 Charie Wall, GARDNER Jr
 James Wall, RALEIGH, Sr
 Joy Wall, WALNUT COVE, So
 Mary Wall, RUTHERFORD, So
 Deborah Wallace, CARTHAGE, Jr
 Meroy Wallace, CHAPEL HILL, Jr
 Pamela Wallace, DURHAM, Sr
 Ricky Wallace, WHITEVILLE, Jr



Robert Wallace, DURHAM, Jr
 Sandra Wallace, FLAT ROCK, So
 Terry Wallace, CLAYTON
 Donna Waller, CARY, Jr
 Diane Wallin, RICHMOND, VA, So
 Melissa Wallis, MORGANTON, Fr
 Nancy Wallis, TULSA, Ok. Grad
 Robert Wallis, KENILWORTH, N.J.
 Jean Walton, WILSON, Jr



Nancy Walton, SARATOGA, Sr
 Kimerly Walter, GREENSBORO, So
 Iven Walters, VALLEY STREAM, NY, So
 Rodney Walters, MASON CITY, Ia. Grad
 Ronald Walters, WHITEVILLE, Sr
 Sandra Walters, CHAPEL HILL, Grad
 Ricky Walton, WOODLAND, Jr
 Robert Walton, SUMMIT, N.J.
 Vera Walton, RALEIGH, Jr



Bonita Ward, FABR RUFF, Sr
 Elizabeth Ward, FLYMOUTH, So
 John Ward, LAGRANGE, Sr
 Julie Ward, ROCKY MT., Jr
 Pamela Ward, MCLEAN, VA, Jr
 Ruth Ward, HERTFORD, So
 Thomas Ward, MERLAND, TX, Sr
 Tommy Ward, CHAPEL HILL, Jr
 William Ward, NEW BERN, Jr



William Ward, THOMASVILLE, Sr
 Margo Warhola, TAMPA, FL, So
 Mark Warner, W. SMARBY, CT, Sr
 Renee Warner, FAYETTEVILLE, Jr
 Adrienne Warren, GOLDSBORO, Jr
 Anytek Warren, CHARLOTTE, So
 Beth Warren, DUNN, Sr
 Ruth Warren, SMYRNA, GA, Grad
 Connie Warren, MT. OLIVE, Sr



Deborah Warren, RICH SQUARE, Jr
 Denise Warren, PETERSBURG, VA, Sr
 Dolbe Warren, GREENSBORO, So
 Douglas Warren, CLINTON, Jr
 Jane Warren, CHAPEL HILL, Sr
 Jeff Warren, ROBINSONVILLE, So
 Linda Warren, CHARLOTTE, Sr
 Lothine Warren, WHITAKERS, So
 Michael Warren, ROSERO, Jr



Michael Warren, LOOKOUT MTN, TN, Fr
 Vivian Warren, DURHAM, Fr
 Douglas Warwick, ROCKY MT., Fr
 Leo Warshauer, GREENVILLE, Fr
 Ronald Warwick, MASTON, Jr
 Alma Washburn, GREENSBORO, Fr
 Janice Washburn, WESTPORT, CT, Fr
 Scott Washburn, BLACK MTN, Jr
 LaDonna Washington, REZEVILLE, Jr



David Wasserman, HIGH POINT, Fr
 Patricia Wassik, FAYETTEVILLE, So
 Carole Waterman, CHARLOTTE, Sr
 Lynda Waters, CARRBORO, Grad
 Ruth Waters, NEW BERN, So
 Arnold Watkins, OAK RIDGE, So
 Bonnie Watkins, CLAYTON, So
 Catherine Watkins, GASTONIA, Fr
 Mary Watkins, HIGH POINT, Fr



Rick Watkins, GASTONIA, Sr
 Rose Watkins, HENDERSON, Jr
 Stephen Watkins, TARBORO, Fr
 Thea Watkins, KINSTON, Jr
 Thomas Watkins, HENDERSON, So
 Valerie Watkins, DURHAM, Jr
 Ann Watson, WINSTON-SALEM, Jr
 Barbara Watson, HIGH POINT, So
 Harvey Watson, DURHAM, So



Janice Watson, HIGH POINT, Grad
 John Watson, GREENSBORO, So
 Katherine Watson, SANFORD, So
 Kathy Watson, HIGH POINT, Fr
 Kimberly Watson, LENOR, Fr
 Robert Watson, CLOVER, SC, Fr
 Virginia Watson, HICKORY, Fr
 Ann Watsorp, CHAPEL HILL, So
 David Watters, CHAPEL HILL, So



Charles Watts, DURHAM, Sr
 John Watts, TAYLORSVILLE, Sr
 Robert Watts, CHAPEL HILL, Jr
 Ronald Watts, WALNUT COVE, Sr
 David Weary, FLAT ROCK, Fr
 Robert Wease, GREENVILLE, Fr
 William Wease, SHELBY, Jr
 Walker Weatherly, GREENSBORO, Fr
 Sally Weaverman, FAYETTEVILLE, Sr



Kathy Weaver, HICKORY, Sr
 Ohio Weaver, SMITHFIELD, Sr
 Erdin Weaver, POLKASSVILLE, Fr
 Sharon Weaver, CHAPEL HILL, So
 Charlene Webb, DURHAM, Fr
 David Webb, LANSING, Jr
 John Webb, WINSTON-SALEM, Sr
 Sandra Webb, GOLDSBORO, So
 Susan Webb, ASHEVILLE, Jr





Mildred Webber, ARINCUN, VA. Jr.
 Rachel Weber, RALEIGH, Fr.
 Kathy Webster, CONCORD, Jr.
 Laurie Webster, CHARLOTTE, So.
 Lindo Webster, PITTSBORO, So.
 Cynthia Weick, GREENSBORO, So.
 Hassell Weeks, ROCKY MT. Jr.
 Ralph Weeks, WILMINGTON, Fr.
 John Weems, RALEIGH, Sr.

Virginia Weems, CHARLOTTE, Fr.
 Cynthia Weers, YORK, NE, Sr.
 Charles Wehler, RALEIGH, Jr.
 Jeffrey Weimer, ROCKAWAY, Sr.
 Heather Weir, FORT SUMNER, MD, Fr.
 Karen Weisner, LEANINGTON, So.
 Ed Welborn, BROWN SUMMIT, So.
 Lynn Wellborn, RONDA, Sr.
 Barbareta Welch, GOLDSBORO, Fr.

Jay Welch, CHAPEL HILL, Jr.
 Lisa Welch, WILMINGTON, Fr.
 Robert Welch, ASHEVILLE, Sr.
 Robin Wellenstitch, BEAN BLOSSOM, IN, G.
 Ellen Welles, RALEIGH, Sr.
 Sharon Wellington, SALESBURY, Fr.
 Deborah Wells, WALLACE, So.
 Beverly Wells, KINSTON, So.
 Kenneth Wells, WILMINGTON, Sr.

Stuart Wells, GREENVILLE, So.
 Deborah Wensel, CHARLOTTE, Sr.
 Lynda Wensel, CHARLOTTE, Sr.
 Clifton West, TRENTON, Jr.
 David West, WILMINGTON, Sr.
 Karen West, KENNESALE, So.
 Lee West, FAYETTEVILLE, Jr.
 Lyle West, CAROLINA, Sr.
 Mark West, ASHEVILLE, So.

Woodrow Westall, RED SPINGS, Jr.
 Elaine Westphal, CHARLOTTE, Sr.
 Richard Westmoreland, WINSTON-SALEM, Sr.
 Debbie Weston, PINK HILL, Sr.
 Mark Westry, CHAPEL HILL, So.
 Bobbi Whelington, DURHAM, Jr.
 Carol Weynand, DURHAM, Fr.
 David Weynand, DURHAM, Jr.
 Theresa Whalen, DURHAM, So.

Paul Whaley, HENDERSONVILLE, So.
 Creta Whitlor, WINSTON-SALEM, Fr.
 Jane Wheat, DURHAM, Jr.
 Glenn Wheeler, SELMA, Jr.
 Myra Wheeler, WINSTON-SALEM, So.
 Robert Wheeler, CREEDMOOR, Sr.
 Melinda Wheeling, CHARLOTTE, Fr.
 Janet Whiles, HIGH POINT, Sr.
 Paul Whiston, SHELBY, So.

Leesa Whicher, WINSTON-SALEM, Fr.
 James Whinna, WILMINGTON, Sr.
 Arlene Whisnart, HICKORY, Sr.
 Gregory Whisler, WASHINGTON, Sr.
 Mary Whitaker, ROCKY MT. Sr.
 Robby Whitaker, BRISTOL, TN, So.
 Mary Whitcomb, GREENSBORO, Fr.
 Alexander White, MAXTON, So.
 Ann White, FAYETTEVILLE, Fr.

Annette White, ELIZABETH CITY, Jr.
 Denise White, KANNAPOLE, So.
 Ellen White, RALEIGH, Fr.
 Frances White, HERTFORD, Sr.
 Gary White, ROXBORO, So.
 James White, CHARLOTTE, So.
 John White, GREENSBORO, Sr.
 Joy White, WINSTON-SALEM, Sr.
 Julie White, CHARLOTTE, Fr.

Ken White, HICKORY, So.
 Linwood White, WILMINGTON, Sr.
 Margaret White, BURLINGTON, Jr.
 Mark White, CLAYTON, Sr.
 Mary White, ROCKY MT. Sr.
 Reid White, WINDELL, Jr.
 Robert White, ASHEVILLE, Jr.
 Roger White, HERTFORD, Jr.
 Ronald White, CLARKTON, Fr.

Susan White, CHARLOTTE, Jr.
 Thomas White, ELIZABETHTOWN, Fr.
 William White, CONCORD, CH, Fr.
 Keith Whited, MEBANE, Jr.
 Vernon Whitehead, HOLLISTER, So.
 Bonny White, SALESBURY, Jr.
 Lydia Whitener, HICKORY, Jr.
 Diane Whitesell, BURLINGTON, Jr.
 Patricia Whitesell, PINEHURST, So.

Harriet Whitley, ALBEMARLE, So.
 James Whitley, SOUTHERN PINES, Jr.
 Lynne Whittier, WOODCREEK, MA, Fr.
 Virginia Whittier, JAX, FL, Sr.
 John Whitt, PETERSBURG, VA, Jr.
 Patricia White, RALEIGH, Jr.
 Sallie Whittle, ROANOKE, VA, Fr.
 Donn Whitworth, DURHAM, Jr.
 Vicki Wickes, SANFORD, Fr.

Robert Wilds, CHARLOTTE, Fr.
 Paul Wiggins, SEASBORO, So.
 Robert Wiggins, GREENSBORO, Fr.
 Thomas Wiggins, CHARLOTTE, So.
 Leigh Wilder, BEAN, R.C. Jr.
 Charles Wiley, KINSTON, Fr.
 Jane Wiley, CONCORD, Jr.
 Scott Wilkie, WINSTON-SALEM, Fr.
 Carol Wilkerson, RALEIGH, Sr.

Debra Wilkerson, NEWPORT NEWS, VA. Fr
Janet Wilkerson, OXFORD Fr
John Wilkerson, SALEM, VA. Sr
Martha Wilkerson, GREENVILLE Fr
Rob Wilkens, ASHBORO Jr
Thomas Wilkins, CHARLOTTE Sr
Lou Wilkinson, MOORESVILLE Sr
Susan Wilkinson, RALEIGH Sr
Thomas Willen, KNOXVILLE, CO. Sr

Aleta Williams, SHILOH Jr
Allen Williams, LAURENSBURG Jr
Brenda Williams, ASHEVILLE Sr
Cindy Williams, CLINTON Sr
Clarence Williams, ASHBORO Sr
Curtis Williams, WEST END Jr
Debbie Williams, DURHAM Sr
Early Williams, CHAPEL HILL Jr
Elaine Williams, GREENSBORO Jr

Frank Williams, CURLEE Sr
Fred Williams, SOUTHERN PINES Sr
Graham Williams, WINSTON-SALEM Sr
Janis Williams, FLEMING Jr
Joan Williams, LEXINGTON Jr
John Williams, SOUTHERN PINES Jr
Joseph Williams, HENDERSON Jr
Ken Williams, CHARLOTTE Sr
Kimberly Williams, DURHAM Fr

Michael Williams, JAMESVILLE Jr
Nancy Williams, CHARLOTTE Jr
Nancy Williams, GREENSBORO Jr
Patricia Williams, WINSTON-SALEM Sr
Patricia Williams, GREENSBORO Sr
Paul Williams, ROANOK RAPIDS Sr
Paula Williams, RALEIGH Sr
Priscilla Williams, CLINTON Sr
Robert Williams, FAYETTEVILLE Sr

Sharon Williams, RALEIGH Sr
Sharon Williams, FAYETTEVILLE Jr
Sue Williams, ASHEVILLE Jr
Susan Williams, WINSTON-SALEM Fr
Theresa Williams, KINSTON Fr
Tim Williams, FAIRF JR
Trelawny Williams, SCOTLAND Fr
Ann Williams, WILSON Jr
Claudia Williamson, SPRING LAKE Sr

Mara Williamson, CHARLOTTE Sr
Jane Willard, WINSTON-SALEM Jr
Melinda Willard, WINSTON-SALEM Jr
Mary Willford, HIGH POINT Fr
Walker Willingham, ATLANTA, GA. Sr
Alma Willis, NEW BERN Sr
Diane Willis, NEW BERN, Grad
Jodie Willis, MOREHEAD CITY Jr
Robert Willis, FAYETTEVILLE Sr

Steven Willis, CANTONIA Jr
Mary Willoughby, JACKSON CITY Jr
Alan Wilson, GRANITE FALLS, Sr
Antoinette Wilson, DURHAM Sr
Barbara Wilson, MT. AIRY Jr
Catherine Wilson, REDSVILLE Sr
Cathy Wilson, GREENSBORO Sr
Charles Wilson, ROBERSONVILLE Sr
Cindy Wilson, MEBANE Sr

Claude Wilson, ROBERSONVILLE Jr
David Wilson, MONTREAT Jr
Donna Wilson, BELMONT Sr
Donna Wilson, JACKSONVILLE Jr
Elizabeth Wilson, ASHEVILLE Jr
Elizabeth Wilson, WINSTON-SALEM Sr
George Wilson, WINSTON-SALEM Sr
James Wilson, OAK RIDGE Sr

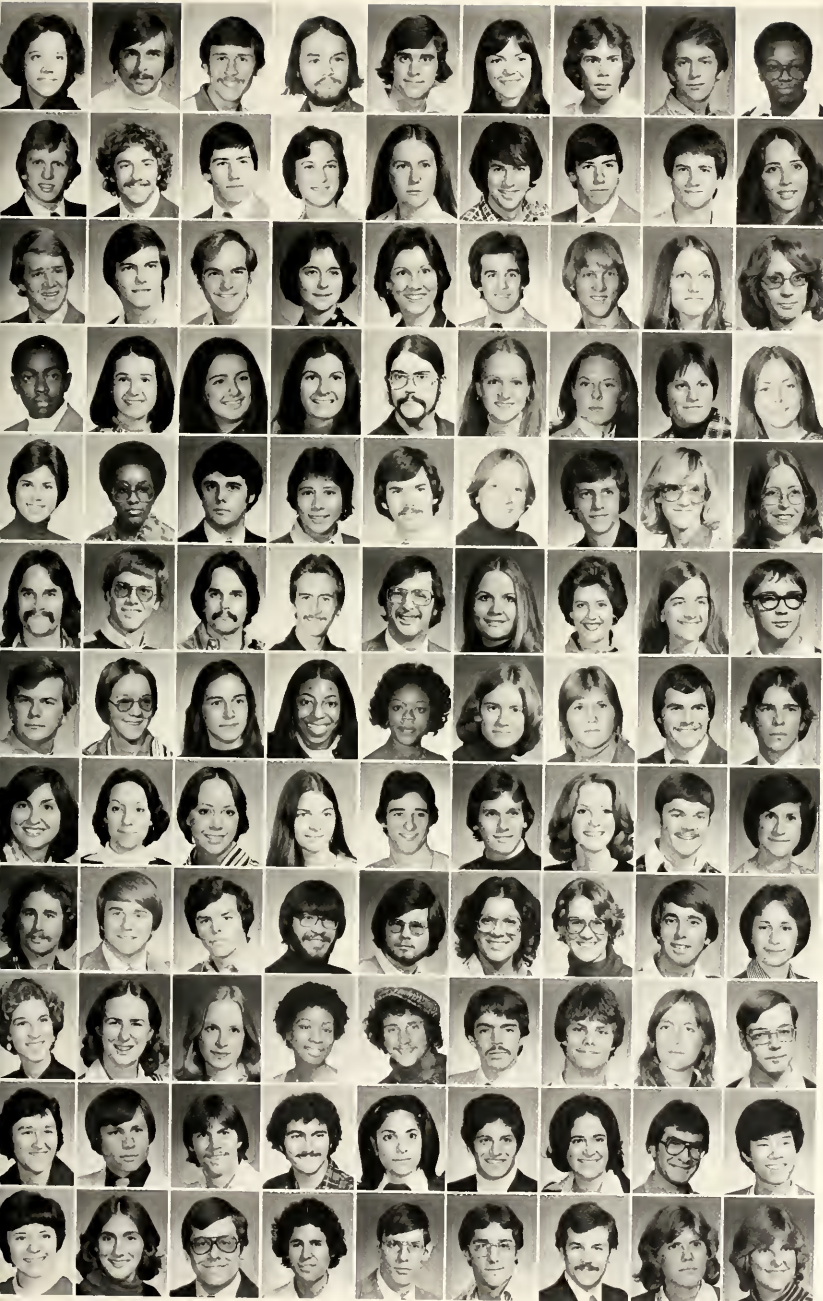
Jane Wilson, RALEIGH Jr
Lynne Wilson, TOLEDO, OH Fr
Marcia Wilson, WILSON Jr
Marcus Wilson, CHARLOTTE Sr
Noah Wilson, PITTSBORO Sr
Philly Wilson, GRANITE FALLS Sr
Ruth Wilson, HENDERSONVILLE Fr
Sarah Wilson, RALEIGH Jr
Teresa Wilson, ROSEBORO Sr

Timothy Wilson, OAK RIDGE Sr
Tony Wilson, ASHEBORO Fr
Alan Winchester, BEVARD Sr
Jesse Winchester, CHARLOTTE Sr
Martha Windham, DURHAM Sr
Mary Winfield, CANTON Sr
Barbara Winfree, WAGONSACKO Fr
John Winger, GREENSBORO Fr
Charles Winn, TROY Sr

Cheryl Winn, WILMINGTON Sr
Bob Winslow, GREENSBORO Sr
Ronald Winstead, FAYETTEVILLE Fr
Donna Winston, ASHEBORO Fr
Anne Winters, CHAPEL HILL Jr
Alice Wray, NASHVILLE, TN Fr
Ellen Wishon, RALEIGH Jr
Freddie Witherspoon, CONCORD Fr
Mary Wital, CHAPEL HILL, Grad

Barry Wolfe, SHELBY Jr
Pamela Wolfe, ASHEVILLE Sr
Rebecca Wolfe, ASHEVILLE Jr
Kim Wolfington, WINSTON-SALEM Sr
Karen Wolter, DURHAM Jr
Kathy Wolyn, WINSTON-SALEM Jr
Elmer Womack, SANFORD Jr
Betty Womble, FAYETTEVILLE Jr
Sue Womble, FAYETTEVILLE Fr





Carolyn Wood, ROXBORO, So.
 Cecil Wood, DURHAM, So.
 Daniel Wood, HAYES, So.
 David Wood, HAWORTH, Nl, Sr
 Harrell Wood, MARS HILL, Ff
 Patricia Wood, ROANOKE RAPIDS, So
 Stacey Wood, WILSON, So
 Thomas Wood, RICHMOND, Va, So
 Tommy Wood, CHAPEL HILL, So

Waymon Wood, FAYETTEVILLE, Sr
 Albert Woodard, GARNER, So
 Donald Woodard, GRAHAM, So
 Joy Woodard, PRINCETON, So
 Martha Woodard, CONWAY, Ff
 Paul Woodard, RALEIGH, Grad
 Reid Woodard, GRAHAM, Ff
 Richard Woodard, GRAHAM, Jr
 Sharon Woodard, SPRING LAKE, Sr

James Woodell, DURHAM, So
 Benjamin Woodruff, WINNSBORO, Jr
 David Woodruff, SAFFERS, Jr, Jr
 Gina Woodruff, WILKESBORO, Sr
 Teresa Woodruff, ALBEMARLE, Sr
 William Woodruff, FERRINGTON, Jr
 John Woods, VANCEVILLE, Ff
 Linda Woods, CHAPEL HILL, Sr
 Nancy Woods, DURHAM, Ff

Phillip Woods, BURLINGTON, Ff
 Irene Woodson, WINSTON-SALEM, Sr
 Elizabeth Woodard, RALEIGH, Ff
 Judith Woody, FOREST CITY, Jr
 Mack Wooley, CARRBORO, Jr
 Margaret Woeten, CHARLOTTE, Sr
 Martha Woeten, SMITHFIELD, Ff
 Cherry Woeten, EAST BEND, Ff
 Sharon Woeten, BIRMINGHAM, MI, Jr

Rebecca Workman, HESTERTOWN, MD, Jr
 Cynthia Wyrnell, GOLDSBORO, Sr
 John Worsley, ROCKY MT., So
 Susan Worsley, ROCKY MT., So
 Thomas Worth, FERRINGTON, Sr
 Lisa Wren, OXON HILL, MD, Jr
 James Wren, NEW BERN, Ff
 Rebecca Wright, GREENSBORO, Ff
 Cynthia Wright, RALEIGH, Ff

Daniel Wright, WADESBORO, Sr
 Donald Wright, GREENSBORO, Ff
 David Wright, WADESBORO, Sr
 Greg Wright, EREN, Jr
 James Wright, GREENSBORO, Sr
 Jerri Wright, WEAVERVILLE, So
 Marilyn Wright, BEAUREGARD, Sr
 Nancy Wright, RICHMOND, VA, Ff
 Tony Wright, SWANANOA, Ff

Gary Wuertemberger, CHARLOTTE, Jr
 Melanie Wyatt, FINEBURST, Sr
 Barbara Wyman, DURHAM, So
 Debra Wynne, WINSTON-SALEM, So
 Cersie Wynne, DURHAM, So
 Kathene Wynne, CHAPEL HILL, Sr
 Roxanna Wyatt, WILLIAMSTON, Jr
 Bryan Wyrick, GREENSBORO, So
 Timothy Wyrick, JAMESTOWN, Ff

Betsy Xenakis, ASHEVILLE, Sr
 Mary Yadusky, FAYETTEVILLE, Jr
 Karen Yandle, MATTHEWS, Ff
 Carol Yates, ROCKINGHAM, Ff
 Sheppard Yates, WILMINGTON, Ff
 William Yates, CHADBOURN, So
 Mary Yeager, WALKERTOWN, Jr
 Douglas Yeargins, CHARLOTTE, Ff
 Barbara Yeh, CHAPEL HILL, Sr

Harold Yellin, SAVANNAH, GA, Sr
 Charles Yelverton, CHARLOTTE, Jr
 David Yelverton, FERRINGTON, Jr
 Marshall Yoder, BUJES CREEK, Ff
 Gregory York, CHARLOTTE, Jr
 Andrea Young, CAMP SPRING, MD, Ff
 Andrea Young, CHARLOTTE, Sr
 James Young, GREENSBORO, So
 Karen Young, CHARLOTTE, Jr

Linda Young, GREENSVILLE, SC, So
 Mary Young, ATLANTA, GA, So
 Rebecca Young, HIGH POINT, Sr
 Regina Young, CHERYVILLE, So
 Robert Young, LEVITOWN, Jr
 Homer Youngblood, CHARLOTTE, Sr
 David Youngblood, GREENSBORO, Ff
 Lee Young, GREENSBORO, So
 Don Youse, SARASOTA, FL, Ff

Donna Yow, HIGH POINT, Sr
 Benjamin Zachary, FAYETTEVILLE, Jr
 Tom Zablagnis, LIVONIA, MI, Jr
 Michael Zarrar, RALEIGH, Jr
 Carol Zarrar, RALEIGH, Sr
 Henry Zaytown, RALEIGH, Ff
 Nancy Zaytown, RALEIGH, Jr
 Stephen Zaytown, Cary, So
 Lee Zia, RALEIGH, Jr

Noa Zietz, CHAPEL HILL, Grad
 Katie Ziglar, WINSTON-SALEM, So
 Charles Zimmerman, VALDIE, Ff
 Robert Zimmerman, HIRSBURG, MN, Grad
 George Zore, CHARLOTTE, Sr
 Thomas Zuber, PARK RIDGE, Nl, Jr
 Paul Zurek, CHAPEL HILL, Sr
 Deborah Zurek, CARY, Sr
 Marie Zuri, GOLDSBORO, So

CLASSICAL ILLUSIONS





Outstanding Student Awards

Presented by the Chancellor at the annual Undergraduate Student Awards Ceremony

Kenneth C. Royall Academic Award	Kenneth Charles Sauve	Francis J. LeClair Award	Richard Lawrence Blanton
Wenner-Gren Prize in Anthropology	William Edward Hooper	Op White Prize in Geology	James Harlan Sherrill Jr.
Peter C. Baxter Memorial Prize in American Studies	Rosaleen Marie Clark	McNally Award for Excellence in Geography	Page Davidson
Harold D. Meyer Award in Recreation Administration	Judith Marie Groelke	Howard W. Odum Undergraduate Sociology Award	Anne Brookins Klein Vance Wright Lowe
Josephus Daniels Scholarship Medal	Michael Nixon Wellman	Albert Suskin Prize in Latin	Steven Lowell Coates
James M. Johnston Distinguished Senior Awards	Janice Elizabeth Lippard Mary Eileen Mellina Patricia Ann Price Lynda Anderson Stone	Venable Medal	Michael Barry Kastan Maurice Glen Sheppard
French Government Awards	David Bryant Gammon Susan Kay Graham Adrienne Maria Paliyenko	Archibald Henderson Prize in Mathematics	Unni Nambodiri
Sterling A. Stoudemire Award for Excellence in Spanish	Glenda Sue Fletcher	Eben Alexander Prize in Greek	Clifton Holland Krepis III
Carnoes Prize in Portuguese	John Stephen Quakenbush	Worth Award	William Eric O'Brian Jr.
Delta Phi Alpha Award	Hubertus Jan van der Vaart	Richard Levin Band Award	Amy Louise Farabow
		Interfraternity-Panhellenic Senior Awards	Harvey Hill Carrow Jr. Margaret Mannin Sheridan
		Jane Craige Gray Memorial Award	Janice Lee Hodges
		William P. Jacocks Memorial Award	Allen Herbert Johnson III
		Lawrence Whitfield Jr. Memorial Award	Stephen Thomas Busby Debra Lee Ogle
		Robert White Linker Award	Jack Alan Sussman
		Roger A. Davis Memorial Award	Jan Yvonne Bolick Nicholas Long Jr.
		Frank Porter Graham Awards	Walter Paul Davis Andromeda Monroe John Dargan Watson Jr.
		Willie P. Mangum Medal in Oratory	Andrea Beth Young
		Ernest H. Abernethy Prize in Student Publication Work	Michael Wayne Horne
		Irene F. Lee Award	Cathy Janis Rosenthal
		Jim Tatum Memorial Award	Harvey Hill Carrow Jr.
		Algernon Sydney Sullivan Award	Thomas Preston Capps Paula Brooks Skinner
		John Johnston Parker Jr. Medal for Leadership in Student Government	Sallie Murrill Shuping
		Patterson Medal	Walter Paul Davis



Frank Porter Graham Awards

Andromeda Monroe
Walter Paul Davis
John Dargon Watson

The Frank Porter Graham Awards are presented to help perpetuate the memory of Dr. Frank Porter Graham, past president of the University of North Carolina. First established in 1963 under the sponsorship of the Yackety Yack, the awards are presented to three seniors who have made outstanding contributions to the University community during their stay here.

Order of the Golden Fleece



Active Argonauts

Don Baer
Lisa Bradley
Cole Campbell
Jim Grimsley
Darrell Hancock
Roger Kirkman
Charlie Miller
Andromeda Monroe
Alan Murray
John Russell
Ben Steelman
Harriet Sugar
Gary Thomas
Lee Wallace
Tom Wright

Initiates

1004 Robin Weaver Clark
1005 George Rankin Coble, Jr.
1006 Paul Harold Arne
1007 Nova Rebecca Thomas
1008 Bruce McGarrity Tindall
1009 Allen Herbert Johnson
1010 Michele Marie Patterson
1011 Michael Darnell Petty
1012 Bradley Robert Lamb
1013 Harvey Hill Carrow, Jr.
1014 William Odum Richardson
1015 Lili Anna Shiffman

1016 John Coleman Reid
1017 Thomas Joseph LaGarde
1018 Georg Nicholas Herman
1019 Sallie Murrill Shuping
1020 Barry Lynn Smith
1021 Thomas Joseph Ward
1022 Walter Paul Davis
1023 David Cratis Williams
1024 Boyd Stephen Toben
1025 Fred W Morrison
1026 George Lensing, Jr.
1027 Christopher C. Fordham, III
1028 Cecil G Sheps

Cathy Janis Rosenthal, Jason
Kathryn Byrne Newsome, hyparchos
John Dargan Watson, grammateus
James Crawford Roberts Jr., chrystopher

The Order of the Golden Fleece is considered to be the highest honorary at UNC. Founded in 1903, the Order seeks to honor those students and other members of the university community who have demonstrated an uncommon degree of excellence in their field of endeavor, a continued loyalty to the University, a high degree of personal integrity and a deep concern for the problems which face the University.

Initiates

David Joseph Ballard
William Charles Bell
Craig Burdeen Brown
Michael Eugene Bunch
Kathryn Alice Clarke
David Mac Eason
Mary Howell Friday
Georg Nicholas Herman
Emmett Clyde Hewitt
Janic Lee Hodges
Hazel Ann King
Tally Edward Lassiter
Carol Lynn Lester
Earle William Lingle

Dorothea Marie Lowendick
Joseph Moore McConnell
Douglas McIntyre
Martha Anne McKnight
Robin Alexander McWilliam
James Nelson
John Thomas Newton
Dana Eugene Page
Robert Ernest Price
Mark Allen Ramsey
Anne Marie Riether
David Brian Royle
Anthony Irwin Selton
Steven Bruce Sorkin
Harvey Gray Southern

Susan Victoria Spragg
Jack Alan Sussman
David Allen Swanson
Boyd Stephen Toben
Alan Eugene Toll
Thomas Joseph Ward
Myra Sue Wheeler

*Order of
the Old Well*

Honorary Initiates

Douglas S. Coppola
Senator Sam J. Ervin Jr.
Gerald L. Featherstone
Rosalie M. Massengale
Walter S. Spearman
Diana K. Vincent

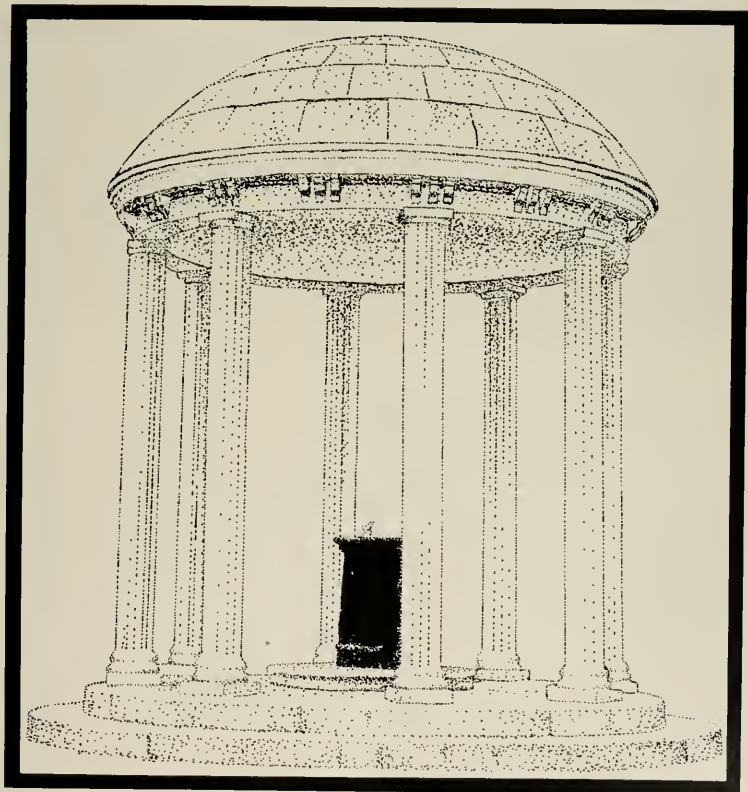
Thomas Preston Capps, president
Frances Tobin Hopper, secretary-treasurer
Benjamin Paul Dean, executive committee
Michael Keith Kapp, executive committee
Bennett Loftin Steelman, executive committee

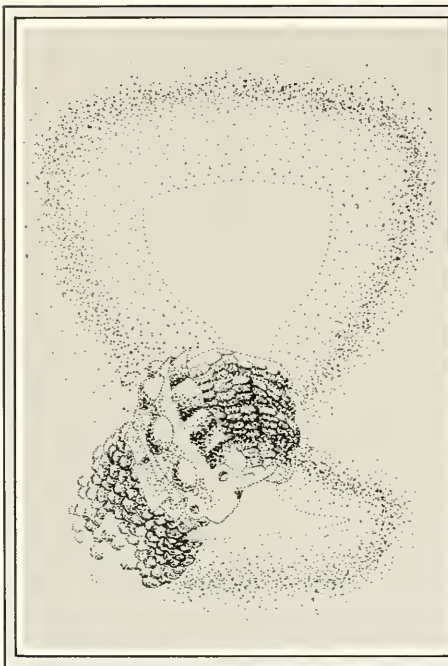
Active Members

George Bacso
William Bates
Daniel Besse
Hill Carrow
Kay House
Bradley Lamb
Katherine McArthur
Ava Paliyenko
Gregory Porter
Jay Tannen
Patricia Timmons
Mark Tuvim

The Order of the Old Well recognizes and honors campus service and personal accomplishments.

The Order is open to students who earn points awarded for activities such as scholarship, student government, publications, athletics, forensics, dramatics and music.





The purposes of the Grail-Valkyries are to honor undergraduate students who have demonstrated excellence in scholarship, service to the UNC community, unselfish, dynamic leadership and outstanding character, to deal with problems confronting students, to initiate projects deemed beneficial to the University and its community and to honor those persons other than undergraduate students who have significantly contributed to the University community.

Order of the Grail

Active Knights

Daniel Vaughn Besse
 Thomas Preston Capps
 Vann Williams Donaldson
 Elson Sylvester Floyd
 Carl Raynard Fox
 Jimmy Wayne Grimsley
 David McClellan Harmon
 George Nicholas Herman
 Michael Keith Kapp
 Fred Waggoner Kiger
 Bradley Robert Lamb
 Charles Edward Lovelace
 Ronald William Mack
 Douglas Edward Markham
 Ray Spender Meiggs Jr.
 Paul Howard Melbostad
 Charles Franklin Miller
 Alan Stewart Murray
 Robert Gray Ph

Robert Gary Phillips
 Gregory Douglas Porter
 Gary Todd Schmerling
 Carl Levring Stam
 Gary Watson Thomas
 Bruce McGarrity Tindall
 Robert Lee Wallace
 Thomas Joseph Ward
 John Dargan Watson Jr.
 Dirk Edmund Wilmoth

Initiates

Ralph Vernon Aubry Jr.
 Brock William Frost Baker
 David Joseph Ballard
 Craig Burdeen Brown
 George William Cox III
 Willis Frank Dowd
 Lonza Calvin Hardy Jr
 Douglas Richard Henderson

Daniel Francis Heneghan
 Allen Herbert Johnson
 Charles Maxwell Kummel
 Tally Edward Lassiter
 Joseph Moore McConnell
 Paul Yates McDonald
 Robert Alexander McWilliam
 Richard Gregory Michaels
 Thomas Walter Mosley
 Gregory Walter Nye
 John Roland Pyron Jr.
 Marc Lawrence Sandman
 Timothy Gray Saunders
 Boyd Stephen Toben
 Alan Eugene Toll

 James Douglas Snedeker, delegata
 Eric Joseph Locher, scribe
 Harvey Hill Carrow Jr., exchequer



Order of the Valkyries

Margaret Olivia Kirk, co-president
Andromeda Monroe, vice-president
Meliss Kane, secretary
Ava Raissa Paliyenko, treasurer

Active Members

Janet Louise Buehler
Agnes Gesina Groon
Doris Linda Lowe
Ann Marie Reither
Cathy Janis Rosenthal
Gloria Margarita Sajgo
Sallie Murrill Shuping

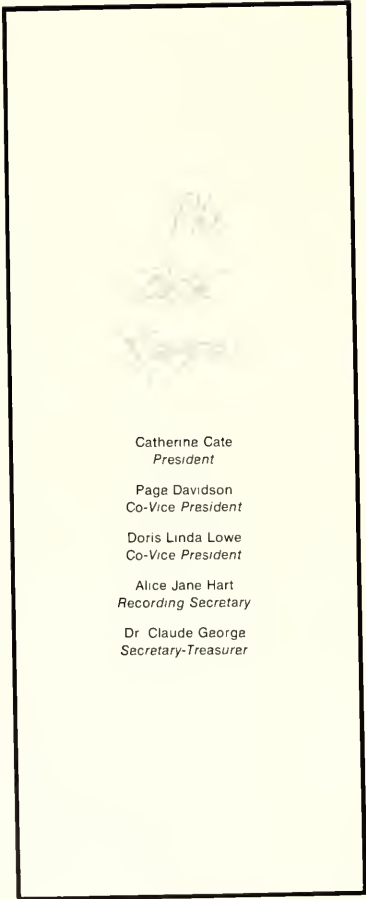
Initiates

Lelia Elizabeth Blackwell
Jan Yvonne Bolck
Patsy Burton Daniel
Anne Katherine Dexter
Miriam Elizabeth Dixon
Mary Margaret Dockery
Page Morris Forbes
Mary Howell Friday
Janice Lee Hodges
Frances Tobin Hopper
Doris Ann Husdson
Dara Margaret Hylann
Carolyn Mitchell Jack
Linda Elizabeth Kimbell
Nancy Ann Mattox
Carol Ann Morgan

Rachel Ann Nunn
Paula Renee Newsome
Sharon Ann Palsha
Kathleen Ann Parker
Sheri Ladeanne Parks
Chilton Rogers
Lilia Anna Shiffman
Ann Gretchen Sjoerdsma
Nora Rebecca Thomas
Betsy Sue Torrans

Honoraries

Rebecca Lynn Medford
Joan W. Scott
Sonja H. Stone
Lynda D. Woodruff



Catherine Cate
President

Page Davidson
Co-Vice President

Doris Linda Lowe
Co-Vice President

Alice Jane Hart
Recording Secretary

Dr. Claude George
Secretary-Treasurer

Phi Beta Kappa was founded at the College of William and Mary in 1776. The Alpha Chapter at Chapel Hill was established in 1904. Presently there are 218 chapters.

Senior Members

George Tillman Bailey
Mary Alyce Balsma
Steven Lee Berson
Richard Lawrence Blanton
Kenneth Robert Blau
William Robert Bolding
James H. Brown Jr.
Bruce Alan Buckley
Norman Robert Burwell
Mary Gill Campbell
Alison Slaughter Canoles
Shirley Jo Carlisle
James Patrick Carnes
Jack Clifford Case Jr.
Russell Bradford Clarkson
Howard Alan Cooper
Richard Allen Cox
Frank Lynn Crouch
Cynthia Marie Currin
Michael Scott Davis
David Michael Deitz
Eloise Lipe DeLaney
Charles Mitchell Engel
Carolyn Carlisle Eskridge
Laura Jane Fuller
Adrian Lee Gaskins
Ross Gelfand
Miller Walton Gibbons
Robert Alan Golombik
Marc Richard Gordon
Michael Linvel Hendren
Terry Lynn Howell
Lisa Helen Huff
Brian Christopher Jones
Donald Joseph Karl
Crawford Albert Knott
Keith Patty Koons
Mary Allyson Kozanosky
John Kirk Kuyk
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Robert James Levin
Robert Elton Littleton
Vance Wright Lowe
Susan Teresa McBennett
Joseph Moore McConnell
Charles Hubbard McMullen
Warren Winslow McMurry
Marilyn Jean McNeil
Mary Eileen Mellina
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Roger James Miller
Stephen Phillip Miller
Fred Moore Mills III
Ronald Lee Moore
Hans Hassan Moosa
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William Francis Patterson
Elizabeth Ann Payne
Thomas Randolph Perkins
John Ransellaer Ragsdale II
Mark Allen Ramsey
Millie Wicker Riddle
Holly Mason Salter
Bonnie Jean Sanders
John Wesley Sanders
Steven Clark Sapp
Raymond Alan Shelton
Maurice Glen Sheppard
David Lee Simel
Harvey Gray Southern
William Joel Starling
Tanya Rae Terry
Mark Bradley Tuvm
John Douglas Walters
Ted Ronald Watson
Patricia Ann Wetzel
James Tracy Wilkerson
Richard Mosher Wilson
Linda Diane Woods
Jane Brent Woodson

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Philip Davies Bennett
Frances Adams Bobbitt
Edith Renae Bowden
Jacqueline Daniel Brooks
Stephanie Clair Bruton

Patricia Ann Buchanan
 Constance Brooke Bynum
 Rosaleen Marie Clark
 Paul Charles Clements
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 Ann McCary Corley
 James Elmer Corter
 Jann Culvahouse
 Benjamin Paul Dean
 Sherry Jacqueline Dixon
 John Charles Duby
 Elizabeth Gray Dunnagan
 Vicki Lynn Dvoracek
 Jane Ellen Eyrich
 Donald Hermann Falk
 Glenda Sue Fletcher
 Robert Harry Friedman
 Marian Elizabeth Fritz
 Mel Webster Fryar
 David Bryant Gammon
 Nancy Catherine Gooch
 Karen Ann Hansen
 Alice Elizabeth Harrell
 Timothy William Harrison
 Ellen Mitchell Hayes
 Keefe Eric Hayes
 Diane Frances Hirth
 Mark Alan Holdrege
 Deborah Lee Holland
 Gordon Kenneth Howell
 Charles Thomas Humphries
 Joseph Scott Jacobson
 Thomas Paul Jasny
 Edwards Williams Jernigan
 Mark Arthur Johnson
 Christine Diane Jones
 Debra Ann Kaniwec
 Mark Jay Katz
 William Robert Kenny
 John Thomas Kirby
 Karen Lynn Kirkwood
 Marjorie Staff Lancaster
 Jonathan Paul Levin
 Steven Jay Levitas
 James Borden Lynch
 Charles Noell Marvin Jr.
 Jon Mauney
 Kathryn Sewall Mitchell
 Mark William Mohney
 Barbara Kay Moorhead
 Janice Johns Nash

Allan Grigg Overton
 Julie Milton Owens
 Adrienne Maria Paliyenko
 William David Payne
 Christie Spear Price
 Mitchell Jules Reep
 David Frank Robinson
 Stanley Gracey Roman
 Lia Boardman Service
 James Haverly Smith
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 Faye Ellen Sultan
 Jan Leigh Swanson
 Cynthia Louise Thompson
 Bruce McGarrity Tindall
 Barbara Halsey Urquhart
 Robert Lindsay Varner
 Stephanie Ann Vay
 Robert Harley Vicker
 Janice Ann Watson
 Virginia T. Whitner
 Dargan Morris Williams
 Michael Eugene Williams
 Patricia Ann Williams
 George David Zoret

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 Jill Irene Aiznauer
 David Joseph Ballard
 Rick Neal Borsten
 Charlesanna Thyne Daily
 John David Dick
 William Seldon Dodson Jr.
 Lawrence Mark Fleishman
 Nancy Gibson
 Robin Michele Gross
 Gordon Harold Hafner
 Edwin Randolph Hooks
 Frances Tobin Hopper
 Herbert Leslie Manning
 Charles Steven Mason
 James Terrill Massagee
 Steven McCall Perry
 Jeffrey Alan Raynes
 Margaret Erskina Rogers
 Forrest Kevin Russell
 Boyd Stephen Toben
 Lee Lynn Zia

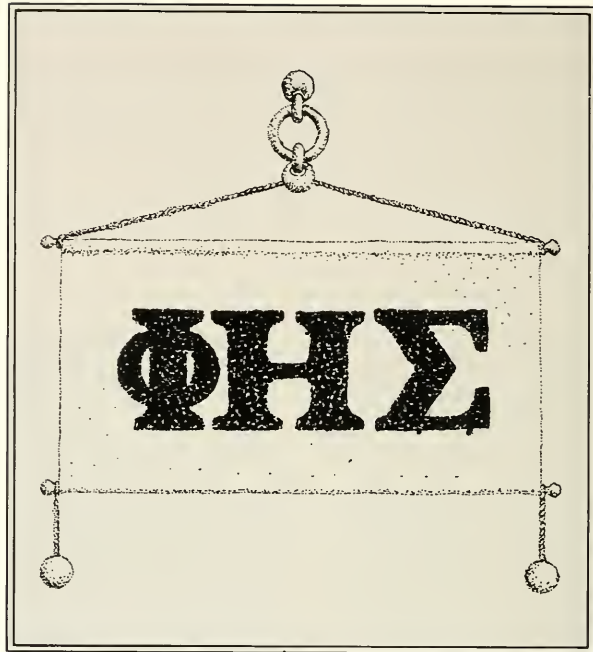


*Phi Eta
Sigma*

*Phi Eta Sigma honors
freshman academic
achievement.*

Active Members

Jimmie Warren Adcock
Leslie Rae Adler
James Douglas Alexander
James Lawrence Alexandre
Deborah Anne Algranti
Sharon Kay Allen
Nancy Ellen Allmendinger
Samuel James Arbes Jr.
Paul Harold Arne
Marianne Judith Bab
Bruce Frederick Baer
David Joseph Ballard
Susan Elizabeth Barnes
Rebecca Lynn Barnhill
Susan Winship Barrett
Mark Craig Beck
Victor Eros Bell III
Lawrence Northwood Bennett
William Harry Billica
Betsy Johnson Bingham
Samuel Smith Blick
Philip Flayderman Blumberg
Charles Edward Bogle III
Laurel Ann Bowden
Stephen Eugene Boyce
Harriett Lynn Boyette
Robert Griffin Brame Jr.
Pamela Diane Branch
Jeffrey Paige Brown
Karen Elaine Brown
Hope Elaine Bryan
Stephen Hart Bryan
William Hardy Bryan
Bradley Mason Buff
Marion Walter Burge
Glenn Inoue Burgess
Harry Worthley Burke Jr.
Stephen Timothy Byrd
Jennifer Lynn Canaday
Charles Francis Carpenter
Carolyn Jo Christman
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Laura Lee Clendennin
Peter Devine Cleveland
Amy Lou Clifton
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David Ralph Coppala
Keith Osburn Cowan
Walter Morgan Crawford Jr.
George Morrison Creech
Kenneth Richard Crockett
James Edward Daniel
Danise Bryn Daves
John William Davis
Sherry Lynn Davis
Lisa Faye Dejanette



Anne Elizabeth Devenzio
Phillip Sheridan Dickey
Pamela Dorris
Dorothy J. Drake
Catherine Holt Dunn
Resa Diane Durham
Kimberley Anne Egerton
Darrell Ray Ertzberger
Mary Leigh Forehand
David Edward Fox
Denise Laraine Fox
Jeffrey Melvin Gallisdorfer
Linda Leigh Gaston
Melissa D. Gibbs
Nancy Ann Glickman
Roger Presley Green
Edward Cooper Greer
Kurt Lamont Haefeli
Timothy James Hall
Laura Blanding Haman
Marianne Holmes Hansen
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Deborah Joan Harned
Susan Fairchild Harris
James Randy Hedgepeth
Marla Rene Hersh
Jill E. Hickey
Karen Elizabeth Hinkley
Christie Ann Holcomb
Cynthia Lynn Holder
Leslie Anne Hollowell
Mary M. Huang

Lynette Clare Iezzoni
Harriet Jean Jackson
Sharon Kay Jarvis
Mark W. Jenison
Douglas Thomas Johnson
Tracey Elizabeth Johnston
John Alan Jones
Albert W. Jody III
Donna Lynn Joyner
Donald Patrick Kadunce
Richard Jeffrey Kania
Joy Renee Keever
Rachel Lee Kenon
Brent Elizabeth King
Lori June King
Phillip Earl King
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William Joseph Kirsch
Ann Marie Knops
Christopher George Koeppl
Mark Joel Kogan
Linda Korsen
Timothy Earle Krantz
Stephen Jay Labelle
Kimberly Dene Lane
Winston Earl Lane III
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Quintin Dwight Lewis

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Jerry Keith Minshew
Alan Greeley Misenheimer
Suzanne M. Mitchell
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David Randall Moser
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Joseph Franklin Nance
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 Samba Jane Pittard
 Beverly Ann Pugh
 John Stephen Quakenbush
 Donald Michael Rabi
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 John Luther Rendleman Jr.
 Catherine Dawn Richards
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 Susan Neil Rowe
 Susan Cronin Scott
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 David Warren Sherman
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 Melanie Karen Shoe
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 Candace Lynn Smith
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 Ellen Corinne Stanley
 Robert Thomas Stein
 Cindy Beth Stout
 Sharon Anne Tate
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 Shirley Thompson
 William Reid Thompson
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 Allen Lane Troutman
 Elizabeth Reece Tucker
 Gregory Alan Underwood
 Ronald Brad Vogelbach
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 Sandra Jacqueline Watson
 Elizabeth Ann Wells
 Debbie Weston
 Theresa Kathleen Whalen
 Patricia Lynn Whitesell
 Thomas Fletcher Wiggins
 Steven Robert Williams
 William Walter Woodruff III
 Ford Stedman Worthy III

Spring 1977 Initiates

Judith Ann Ammer
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 Beverly Ann Austin
 Melanie Anne Bailey
 Rebecca Nan Bailey
 Donald Holmes Baker Jr.
 Robert Owen Ball
 Janan Lane Barksdale
 Wendy Kyle Bates

Phillip D. Bebbler
 Eric Wayne Beck
 James Andrew Bell
 Lee Anne Bennett
 David Michael Bishop
 Laura Katherine Bliss
 Emily Ann Boal
 Sharon Jean Bradshaw
 John Earl Brady
 Stacey Wassum Brandt
 Mark Walter Braswell
 Shannon Webb Brennan
 Ashley Ellen Brown
 Rachel Jane Brown
 Sharon Annette Brown
 Sarah Strother Bunting
 Linda Maire Cabe
 Malvina Lourdes Camejo
 Alan Gregory Carpenter
 Anthony Glenn Carraway
 Kenneth Lee Carter Jr.
 Lisa Brennan Cash
 Alan Bruce Clarke
 David Alday Clements
 Anne Elizabeth Cobey
 Elizabeth Gray Colley
 Buel Slater Combs
 Walter Arthur Cooper III
 David Langston Covington
 Judie Lynne Covington
 Robert Wayne Cramer
 Berryman Theaoudre Cudd
 Barney Mark Davidson
 Beth Louise Deppe
 Stephen Ward Devine
 Diane Dodge
 Donald Leroy Dyer
 Mary Katherine Early
 Marvin Lennox Eason Jr.
 Richard Irvin Eisenstadt
 Michael Frank Elliott
 Charles Scott Englert
 Edward Benjamin Estes
 John Marshall Evans Jr.
 Carey Anne Faillace
 Bonnie Jane Fields
 Charles Lanier Flynn
 James Donald Fortenberry
 Benjamin Eagles Fountain
 Ray Michael Freeman
 Kenneth Lynn Frier
 Virginia Lynn Gantt
 Teresa Anne Gardner
 Betsy Bea Gaskins
 Lawrence Edward Gates
 Richard Wayne Gibson
 Yvonne Gilikin
 Sonja Lynn Girard
 Deborah Ann Goldsmith
 James Thomas Gooding Jr.
 Christine Noble Govan
 Jennie Donnell Graham
 Donald Wesley Gray
 William Olin Green
 Carol Ann Griffin
 Mary Ann Grotland
 William Edward Guthrie
 Shirley Jean Haithcox
 Julie Ann Halas
 Kathy Louise Hamilton
 George Terry Hamrick
 Carol Louise Hanner

Thomas Murray Hannon
 Sharon Leigh Harmon
 Kathleen Gay Harris
 Stephen Davis Harris
 Peter Geoffrey Harrison
 Anne Cranford Hawkins
 William Amos Heisel III
 Ellen Bryce Hendrix
 Eva Jeannette Heyward
 Sharon Ann Hice
 Ronald Gray Hodge III
 Adam Paul Holtzman
 Karen Lynn Honeystuffie
 Keith Alan Houck
 Jan Edna Huffman
 William Harlan Hughes
 Pamela Joan Hunt
 Gregory Alan Huskey
 Patricia Mary Irish
 Stephen Brian Irvin
 Michael Thomas Jacobs
 Steven William Jacobson
 Sarah Jean James
 Joy Darlene Jester
 Patricia A. Johnson
 Royal Garfield Johnson
 Stephen Yates Jones
 Vicki Renee Jones
 Besse Jordan
 Marie Louise Joseph
 Vincint Dwayne Joyce
 David Shope Kennett
 Pamela Ann Kepley
 Sylvia Maureen King
 Bradley Stephen Kintner
 Karen Patricia Lamme
 Paul B. Langford
 Marc Philip Larrivee
 William Lendox Lawing
 Robert Allen Long Jr.
 Mary Lucinda Love
 Christopher Jay Mackie
 Leslie Taylor Magnusson
 Lisa Margaret Marsh
 Mary Beth Marshall
 Ann Mario Martnelli
 Claire Morris McCall
 Robin Jeannette McCarter
 Robin Anne McCourt
 James Michael McDowell
 Joseph Owen McDowell
 Patrick Michael McElhaney
 Jonathan Gregory McKenzie
 Mary Louise McMaster
 Carlene Marie McNulty
 Martha Denise Melfton
 Susan Marie Merkel
 Andrew Joseph Michael
 Amelia Anne Moore
 Jerry Michael Moore
 Elizabeth Elaine Moose
 Joel Thomas Murphy
 Shelia Elaine Murray
 Lesley Louise Myers
 John Timothy Nader
 Margery Ellen Nailor
 Deborah Rebecca Nelson
 Edward Nemargut
 Virginia Arlene Newman
 Keith Cameron Nichols
 Karen Gaye Odom

Virginia Dianne Ormand
 Eva Marie Pappas
 David Leonard Parks
 Oona Mary Payne
 Susan Louise Peacock
 Claire Elizabeth Peele
 Carey Jones Perry Jr.
 Laura Jean Piztote
 Karyl Joan Pitzer
 Joseph Phillip Poats
 Nancy Ruth Polinsky
 Andrew Kenneth Powell
 Susan Marie Presti
 Thomas Michael Price
 Henry Hamilton Ralston
 Lawrence Betancourt Redmond
 Thomas Eugene Register
 Lynn Allis Remick
 Catherine Camp Rhodes
 Henry Smith Richardson
 Manley Woolfolk Roberts
 Jeffrey Neil Robinson
 Alan Harrison Rumph
 Michael Linn Russell
 Bradford Chick Rutledge
 Ann Loraine Saravalli
 Douglas Alan Shackelford
 James Deschwein Shaffner
 Marianne Shoaf
 Leigh Ann Shumate
 Carolyn Ann Sievers
 Thomas Flake Skipper
 Pamela Collette Smith
 Charles Martin Sowers
 Thomas Ralph Spiekerman
 Kathleen Mary Spudis
 Scott Daniel Stanford
 Anthony Chris Stevens
 Randall Jeneill Stewart
 Emily Ellison Stockard
 Charles Glenn Summers
 Eva Katherine Sulton
 Thomas Allen Swain
 Robert Earle Taylor Jr.
 H. Thomas Temple
 Nora Todd Terres
 Paul Eric Teske
 Kelly Susan Thomas
 Walter Earl Thomas Jr.
 Sara Elizabeth Tippens
 Donald Eugene Toothman
 Jo Marlene Travis
 Anne Elizabeth Veazey
 Paul Edward Viser
 David Nichols Von Storck
 June Grace Wagner
 Robert Alan Warner
 Timothy David Ware
 Mary Margaret Wasson
 Susan Dale Watts
 Gloria Estelle Webster
 Kris Frederick Wernstedt
 James William Wert Jr.
 John Nelson White
 Robert Earl Wiggins
 Byron Allen Williams
 Josephine Kneale Witt
 Sue Elizabeth Womble
 David Calep Wright
 Mary Frances Yadusky
 Don C. Youse Jr.

Morehead Scholars

Class of 1977

Theodore Peter Anderson
James Rushton Barnes
Kevin Ron Barris
Barry Winfred Baucom
Jonathan Clark Bender
Mark Bissette
Stephen Michael Blount
George Jarvis Brown
Norman Robert Burwell
John Franklin Campbell
Harvey Hill Carrow Jr.
Alejandro Castellanos
Charles Brian Clark
Stephen Eugene Cline
James Elmer Corter
Timothy Jesse Crimmins
Thomas Francis Darden
Benjamin Paul Dean
John Norwood Dinan
Steven Alan Firestone
Jeffrey Duane Fowler
Bruce Gary Gellin
Miller Walton Gibbons
Craig Needham Goodrich
Curtis Bruce Gowan
David McClellan Harmon III
William Thomas Hassler
Georg Nicholas Herman
William Edward Hooper
Michael Barry Kastan
John Thomas Kirby
Clifton Holland Kreps III
Robert Elton Littleton

Charles Edward Lovelace Jr.
David Stuart McCue
Charles Hubbard McMullen
John Ivan Mabe Jr.
Mark William Mohnay
Christopher Whitman Moore
Alan Stewart Murray
James Arthur Nelson II
Larry Cobb Nickens
William Francis Patterson Jr.
Robert Gary Phillips
George Kinsey Roper III
Charles Buchanan Rouse
Charles Michael Secrett
Henry West Seelbinder
Bruce Wolfe Seligman
Gregory Alan Settles
Raymond Alan Shelton
Wilbert Terry Sherrill
John Harvey Stratton III
Hubertus Jan van der Vaart
Thomas Joseph Ward
Julian Bagley Daunt Watney
John Dargan Watson Jr.
Robert Spaulding Winborne

Class of 1978

Todd Shortridge Albert
Joseph Lindsay Albright Jr.
David Joseph Ballard
Charles Fred Bowman
Paul Christopher Browne
Iley Baker Browning III
John Murmon Clarkson III

Jeffrey Lynn Collins
Keith Osburn Cowan
Fred Michael Crouch
John David Dick
Willis Frank Dowd IV
David Mac Eason
Michael Joseph Egan III
Lawrence Mark Fleishman
Nigel Fleming
Michael Anthony Gale
Gordon Harold Hafner
Frank Howard Hill
James Wilson Hulbert
Joseph Thacher Ingfield III
Douglas Thomas Johnson
Michael Joseph Knight
Tally Edward Lassiter Jr.
Nicholas Long Jr.
Joseph Moore McConnell
Paul Yates McDonald
Paul Douglas McGarry
Douglas Carmichael McIntyre II
Peter Kingsley McKee Jr.
Douglas Edward Markham
Charles Steven Mason
Horace William Miller Jr.
Douglas Durrell Monroe III
William Howard Moss
Stanley Preston Oakley Jr.
Forrest Hayes Page
Steven McCall Perry
Jeffrey Brent Price
David Brian Layton Royle
Jonathan Drew Sasser
Charles Robert Smith

Malcolm Ruscoe Sullivan Jr.
Louis Valvelle Sutton III
John Francis Tenbusch
Boyd Stephen Toben
John Cloyd Tuttle
Vernion Talmadge Williams
Lee Lynn Zia

Class of 1979

Ronald Lewis Adams
James Lawrence Alexandre
Charles Clark Alston
Clyde Lowell Ball Jr.
William Leo Bamberger Jr.
Victor Eros Bell III
Louis Dean Bilionis
William Harry Billica
Frank Lawrence Bliss
Virginia Harrison Burns
Carolyn Jo Christman
Julia McMillan Cline
Roy Asberry Cooper III
Karen Elaine Cress
Maurice Francis Dana
Phillip Sheridan Dickey
Elizabeth Anne Dooley
Andrew Fearnall Fair
Robert Nevill Gates
Thomas Tracy Guduz
Kurt Lamont Haefeli
James Wright Henry
Robert John Kendall
Ann Marie Knops
James Duncan Ladd

"It is my ardent desire to perpetuate as far as possible the great service which that institution (The University of North Carolina) has rendered to the State of North Carolina, the South and the Nation, and I can think of no better way of extending its influence and increasing its prestige than by attracting youth of the character and ability I have mentioned to become students thereat. In this way I feel I will render a service not only to the students themselves and to the University, but also to the people of the State and Nation through the accomplishments and leadership of these students."

*John Motley Morehead
- The Indenture*



Denise Lenore Langevin
 Mark Calder McWhinney
 Robert Alexander McWilliam
 Peter Joseph Manieri
 Thomas Bolton Mayo III
 Mark William Merritt
 Richard Gregory Michaels
 Ward Weskett Nelson
 David Gregory Norris
 William George Olayos Jr.
 Walton Harrison Reeves Jr.
 Robert Louis Rosiello
 Mary Claire Sherrill
 Harry Eugene Sibold
 Samuel Thomas Sockwell
 Karen Leslie Stevenson
 Joan Lynette Templeton
 William Reid Thompson III
 John William Totten II
 David Tutherly Waters
 Debbie Weston
 James Tolbert Wilkinson
 Katie Marie Ziglar

Class of 1980

Jeffrey Alexander Aiken
 Christopher Scott Arena
 Donald Holmes Baker Jr.
 James Andrew Bell III
 Barry Stephen Brown
 Martha Corbi Bulluck
 David Christopher Chance
 Kim Stafford Clarke
 David Alday Clements II
 Joseph Wayne Coates

Anne Elizabeth Cobey
 Robert Wayne Cramer
 Scott Bradford Davis
 Marcia Louise Dean
 Stephen Ward DeVine
 Paul Frederick Duckworth Jr.
 Michael Frank Elliott
 George Steven Felts
 Virginia Lynn Gantt
 Teresa Ann Gardner
 William O'Daniel Gray III
 Eleanor Duff Green
 Peter Francis Harrison
 Robert Daniel Hays Jr.
 William McDowell Hoak
 Geoffrey St. John Hoare
 David Montgomery Hunter
 Besse Jordan
 Nancy Catherine Joyce
 Christopher Shaw Lambert
 Robert Allen Long Jr.
 Michael Wesley Lord
 Mary Louise McMaster
 Ann Mario Martinelli
 Jeffrey Don Mathis
 Janet Marie Moss
 Ted James Nifong
 Andrew William Powell
 Gustava Antonio Riera
 Manley Woolfolk Roberts
 Leland Keith Rogers
 Charles Alan Ross
 Julius Addison Rousseau III
 Robert Wayne Simmons
 Thomas Flake Skipper

Rebecca Faye Smith
 Andrew Carroll Spencer
 Gerald Glenn Striph
 Charles Glenn Summers
 Charles Thomas Urban III
 David Nichols von Storch
 Gloria Estelle Webster
 Tralawny Michael Williams
 James Alan Wolfe
 Phillip Dexter Woods
 David Calep Wright III
 Lewis Anthony Wright
Planetarium Interns

James Gerard Manning
 April Dianne Sauer

Law School

Aleta Marie Bonini
 Robert Gregory Griffin
 Dewey Michael Jones
 James Michael Lane
 Kenneth Floyd Ledford
 Billy G Leonard
 John Klauminzer Molen
 Richard Albert Simpson
 Barbara Ann Vestal

Medical School

Evelyn Marion Bargmann
 Arlene Susan Bierman
 Scott Allen Boone
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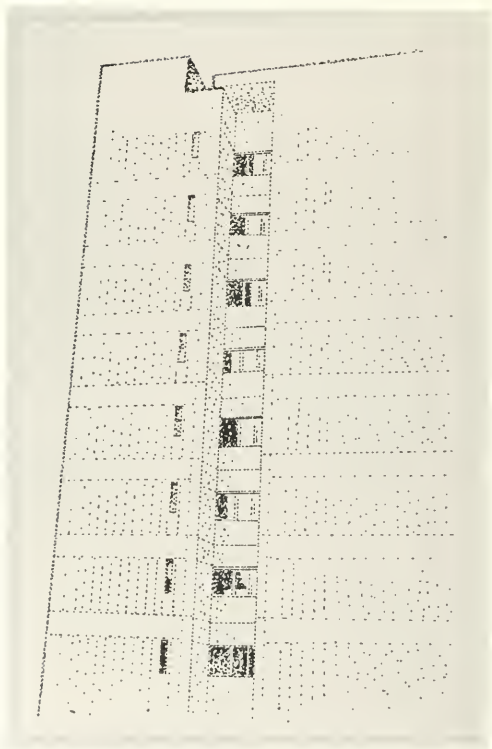
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Alpha Epsilon Delta is an international pre-medical, pre-dental honor society. Founded in 1936, the North Carolina Beta chapter of the society conducts regular programs, extra-curricular activities and service projects designed to be of aid to all students in pursuit of a health career.

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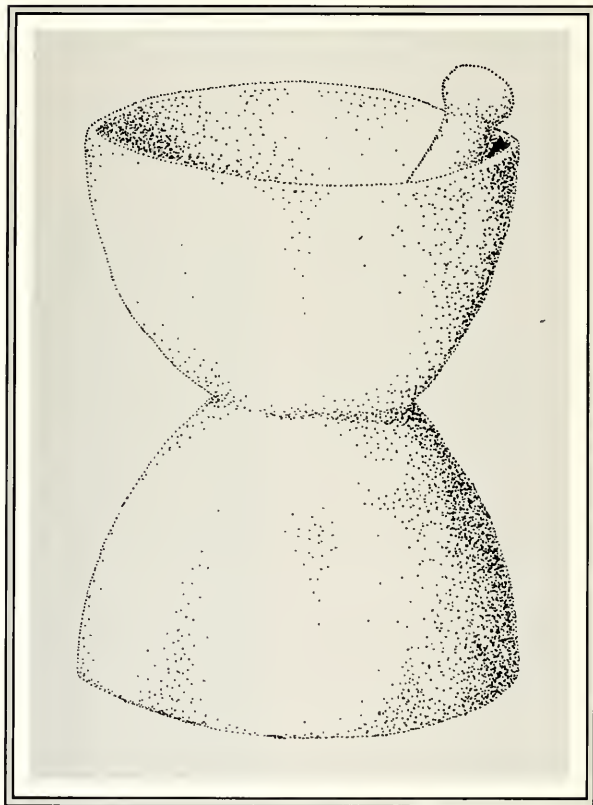
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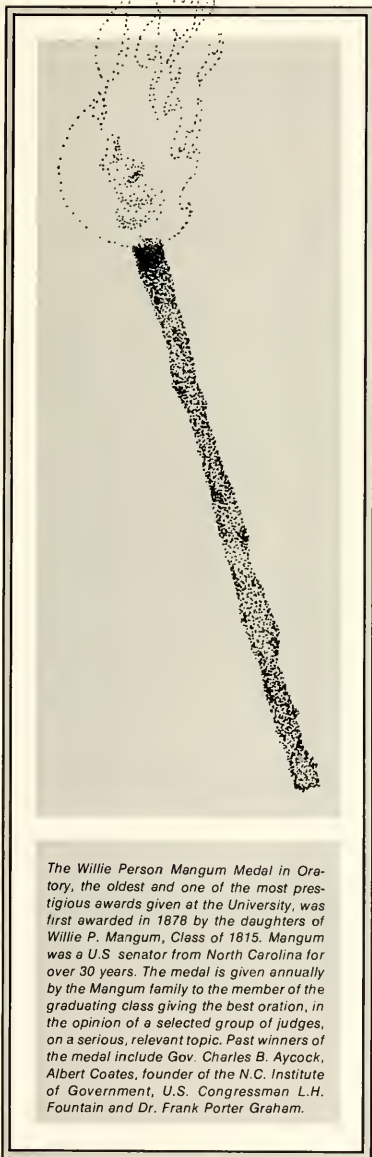
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*Rho
Chi*



The fundamental objective of Rho Chi is to promote the advancement of the pharmaceutical sciences through the encouragement and recognition of sound scholarship. Rho Chi seeks to increase public awareness of the ethical and social responsibilities of the pharmacy profession.



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Winner: Andrea Beth Young
"Perception and the Southerner"

Contestants:

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"Britain's Role in the American Civil War"
- Valery Kapos
"The Necessity of Preserving the Environment"
- Michael Harvey
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The Society of Janus was founded in 1956 for the purpose of honoring individuals who have worked to improve residence hall conditions and life. Its membership is selected from throughout the University community.



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*The Society of Hellenas honors
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sororities. Outstanding and innovative
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*The Order of St. Andrew,
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is based upon Scottish themes
and ideas. Saint Andrew being
the patron saint of that country and an
important leader in the first century church. The emblem
of the order is the thistle, the great symbol of Scotland.*





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Cadet James Arthur Blackwood II, second lieutenant
Midshipman Robert Stratton Lawrence, first sergeant
Major Richard W. Crain USMC, advisor



The Order of the Gorgon's Head Lodge was founded in 1876. Its founding fathers sought fellowship with others to wage war against untruth, disloyalty and the evils surrounding the myth of Medusa and Perseus. All members are sworn to secrecy and dedication to the ideals of the founding fathers.

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Jerry Mills
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Head
Lodge*

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John Dudley Perrin — censor
Clay Redman Caroland, III — scribe
Randolph Lewis Freiberg — quæstor

Index
of
Stamphord

EQA KUAK YL UVVV
 DBH JHAV DS FHATL
 TBR KJL UVFK
 YPHUOLV AVR GZXLF VS SCYS.
 VALMAR XCI

George Kinsey Roper, III, Rex	917	665 Robert Boyd Lindsay
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		751 William Brantley Aycock
		763 Hugh Talmadge Lefler
Frank Porter Graham	225	796 Joseph Maryon Saunders
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Frank Cox	371	816 Peter Franklin Walker
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The Professor, Zeus
Hot lips Harris, Pandora
The Student, Bacchus

Surebet C. Alexander
Allusive Brantly
Pat Stubly Dudley
Halfwit Hudson
Gaither Kelly
Mad Dog McClendon
Pappy
Caroline Perry
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Sleazybeth Stetson
Dr. of Tickets Tanner
Dolt Williamson

Gamma

Beta

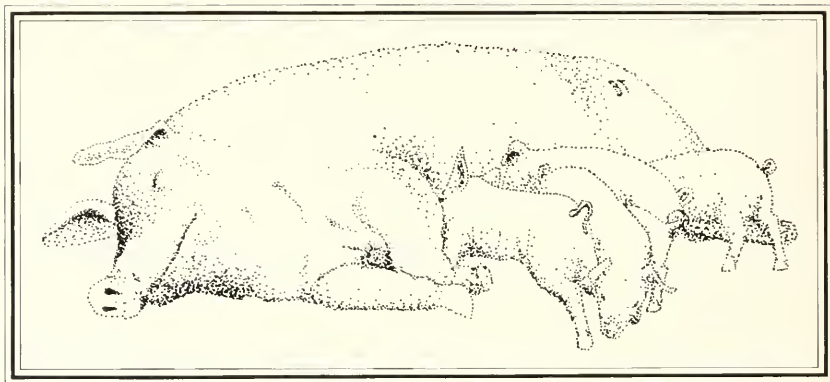
Epsilon



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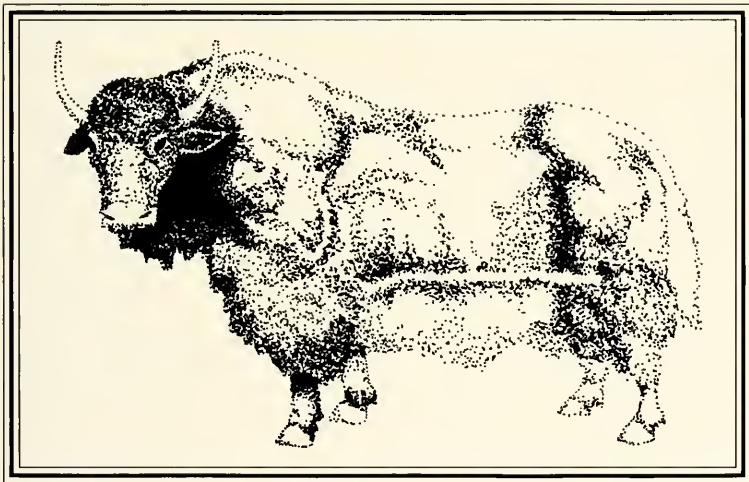
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Exalted Order of Hasbeens

A Toast for Status Quoism

- 001 Mark Dearmon *I'd rather be a could be,*
002 Martha Farlow *If I could not be an are;*
003 John Speagle *For a could be is a meybe,*
004 Joyce Fitzpatrick *With a chance for reeching par.*
005 Frances Murray
006 Susan Kelly *But I'd rather be a hasbeen,*
007 Carl Bauchle *Than a might-have-been, by far;*
008 Dennis Moser *For a might-have-been has never been,*
009 Kevin Ryan *While a hasbeen was once en are.*





GALLERY





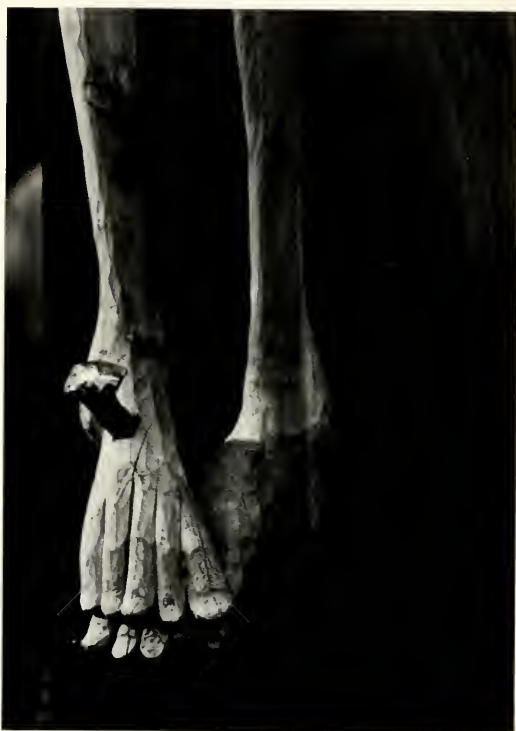


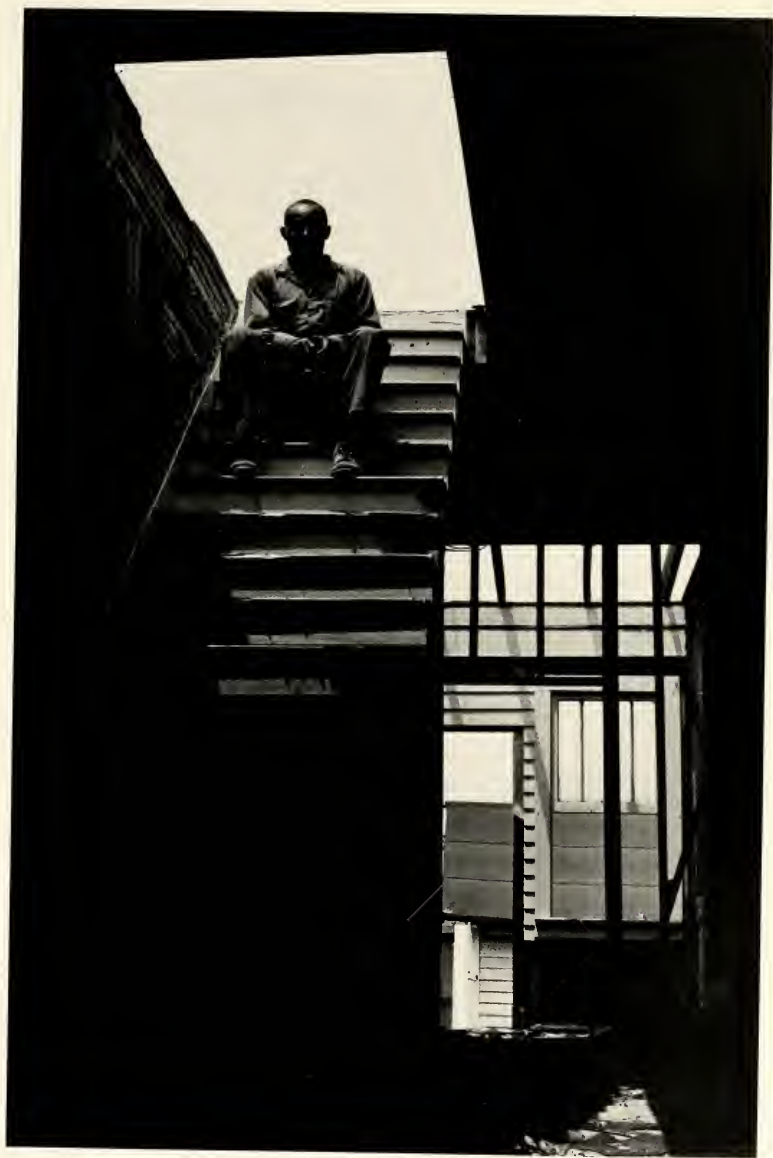












The most important questions are distinctions not between black and white but between similar shades of gray. The important part of a photograph is the distinction between its gray tones, defined and given perspective by rare deposits of pure black and white. Black and white, finite when unwed, become infinite in marriage, infinitely complicating the world.

The greatest benefit to be derived from opposites is to sample the flavor of their blending, though this flavor is occasionally bitter. This *Yackety Yack* has been trying to reconcile opposites since its conception a year and a half ago. The first thing we wanted to do was change the name, since we couldn't reconcile ourselves to the idea of putting together a book that had something to say but which bore a name meaning mindless chatter. But 86 volumes worth of tradition dictated that we not make such a complete break with the past. We not only had to accommodate ourselves and our goals to the limitations of the yearbook form, but had to do so under the editorship of a Yankee (from New Jersey, no less) who had never worked on a yearbook before.

To attempt the reconciliation of real life to the printed page, we were forced into yet another reconciliation, between the limitless scope and uncertainty of art and the myopic vision and mechanical exactness of the camera. We had to demonstrate to the photographers and the staff that what we sought was not a book where beauty and ugliness existed as separate weights, but a book where the two intermingled to form something truer than either alone. We believed there was some contradiction inherent in the existence of a town like Chapel Hill, where liberalism is a creed, in a state like North Carolina, where conservatism is an accomplished fact. We wanted the photographers to capture this mismatch whenever they could.

It took two semesters and part of the summer to attempt all this, longer than we had anticipated, forcing us into a final reconciliation, the only one which flatly refused to be reconciled. We could not justify getting the book to press quickly at the expense of the quality which would cost us more time to obtain.

We were content to settle for quality.

We doubt the accomplishment of any all-encompassing totality or any single element of perfection in this book, although that was the goal; but take our measure in what we achieved by such failure rather than from the convenience of a safe but mundane success.

George Bacso
Justice St., Chapel Hill, N.C.

ATTEMPTING ALL THINGS,

"I am afraid that you're going to be disappointed when you get your book back. You will find that the quality for which you wasted so much time just does not show."—Advice from a friend.

Thanks to some other friends, from the 1977 *Yack*: To Carl and Missy for tying up all the loose ends from the '76 *Yack*; to Howard for his industriousness on every assignment he remembered, and for sticking with us to the end; to all the photographers except Wade, for meeting their deadlines in a way that gave us plenty of time to design the book; to Wade for his financial wizardry; to Barnes for his constant faith in the amount of work he could do next week; to Margaret for her technical prowess; to David for keeping in touch; to Ted for his advice, moral support and magnificent printing; to Betsy for her constant and continued loyalty; to Rachel for her work on the subscription drive and the budget; to Roberts for bringing POCO on his occasional summer visits; to Georgi for always calling at the right time; to Grimsley for his tolerance of the rest of the staff and his selflessness where his copy was concerned, and to Bacso, for his patience, tact and sweet temperament under pressure (in other words, for being an asshole). We hope everyone accepts these taps on the head with good grace and a minimum of snarls.

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THANKS to so few for making so many tolerable: my parents, Wade, Chrisann, Roberts, Georgi, Grimsley, Rosalita, Herb, Sage, Allen Ollove, Richard Baker, Lewis Leary, Donald Boulton and a few understanding professors: Robert Bain, Max Steele, Doris Betts, Marianne Gingher, Lawrence Stumpf, Jim Shumaker, Bill Chamberlin

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ALLUSIONS are made to Diane Arbus, Bruce Davidson, Eugene Smith, Ralph Ellison, Samuel Johnson, Charles Olson, Wu Ching-tzu, Dan Steele, The Boss and Clarence, the ICP

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Pages in the organization, dorm, fraternity, sorority and honorees sections are paid for by the group pictured.

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264b, 265ab, 266ab, 267ab, 268a, 269a, 270abc, 271ab, 272a, 273ab, 274a, 275a, 276abc, 278a, 279abc, 280ab, 281a, 282a, 283abc, 285a, 290ac, 291ab, 292abc, 294a, 296a, 297a, 298b, 299ab, 301b, 302a, 303a, 304bc, 309a, 311a, 312bc, 314a, 315abc, 316b, 317bc, 319c, 320bc, 325b, 326abc, 327abc, 328abc, 329abc, 330a, 334a, 335c, 337b, 338ab, 339a, 341a, 345ab, 346ab, 347ac, 348ab, 349ab, 350abc, 353a, 355a, 356abc, 357ab, 358a, 360a, 363a, 364a, 366a, 368a, 372cc, 373abcd, 374a, 375ab, 376a, 377ab, 378abc, 379abc, 380c, 406ab, 407ab, 412a, 416a, 417a, 418a, 423ab, 426a, 427a, 428b, 432abc, 444b, 446b, 448abc, 449a, 453a, 463abc, 474b, 475a, 476a, 477a, 479a, 482ab, 484a, 489abcde, 490a, 491a, 493a, 494a, 496a, 506a, 508ab, 509a, 510a, 511a, 512a, 514ad, 515a, 516a, 522bd, 523a, 524abc, 534b, 540bc, 542c, 548a, 549a, 550a, 564a, 606a, 667b

WADE/AYBERRY: 9a, 11ab, 12c, 16a, 33abc, 34ab, 36a, 37a, 38ab, 42b, 43abc, 45a, 47a, 48a, 49a, 50a, 51a, 52ab, 53a, 55a, 70a, 83a, 90bc, 95b, 97ab, 99a, 100a, 101a, 104a, 105d, 107c, 108a, 110b, 111b, 112a, 120bc, 131cd, 137bc, 140a, 145a, 150a, 156a, 168c, 169b, 176ac, 193ab, 196a, 198bcd, 219a, 223b, 231b, 237d, 239c, 242a, 243a, 244a, 245b, 246a, 248c, 257c, 260c, 261b, 284a, 289a, 300a, 303c, 304a, 306a, 307a, 310a, 312a, 313ac, 318a, 319c, 324ab, 325c, 331c, 335a, 336a, 340ab, 343ab, 347b, 349c, 350d, 372ad, 403a, 410a, 411a, 414a, 415a, 420a, 421a, 424a, 430a, 431a, 435a, 444a, 454a, 455bc, 456a, 458a, 459b, 460b, 462a, 464a, 465b, 466a, 468a, 469a, 471ab, 472a, 477b, 479b, 486a, 488a, 491bc, 497abc, 498a, 500abc, 501ab, 52a, 504abc, 505a, 508c, 509ab, 514b, 515b, 518a, 522ac, 523a, 526d, 527a, 528ab, 529a, 530abc, 531ac, 532a, 535a, 536a, 538a, 539a, 549a, 541c, 543b, 547a, 550b, 551abc, 552a, 564b, 662a, 663ab

DAVID DALTON: 22a, 23a, 62b, 63c, 67a, 80a, 81a, 91a, 92b, 110a, 111a, 120a, 121ab, 128d, 148a, 156b, 157abcd, 168a, 170a, 178a, 179acd, 191b, 204abc, 205ab, 231a, 237c, 249a, 250a, 254a, 258b, 259c, 260b, 262b, 294c, 295b, 298ac, 333ab, 336b, 339c, 342abc, 344ab, 351ab, 380abd, 381abcde, 404abc, 405a, 408c, 413a, 419a, 437b, 439ab, 441ab, 445a, 447abcd, 450a, 452c, 455a, 457c, 459ac, 460c, 464b, 465a, 467ab, 470abc, 474a, 478a, 480a, 481abc, 484bcd, 485abc, 495abc, 503ac, 507a, 510b, 513a, 517abc, 519abc, 521a, 526abc, 530d, 531b, 532bc, 533abc, 537abc, 542ab, 543a, 544ab, 546abcd, 549b, 553ab, 554ab, 555abcd, 558abcd, 559ab, 561abc, 562a, 563abc, 565abc, 659a, 664a, 665a

MARGARET O KIRK: 15a, 17a, 18ab, 19ab, 35a, 59a, 64ab, 65ab, 68a, 70b, 72a, 75a, 82a, 94ab, 95c, 98a, 101b, 131ab, 131a, 136ab, 138a, 170bc, 172bc, 174abc, 175c, 192c, 209a, 218a, 222a, 229b, 237ab, 248b, 249b, 284b, 285ab, 293a, 295a, 298d, 299c, 306b, 318b, 327d, 331a, 335b, 338c, 371a, 382a, 383a, 408b, 409a, 412b, 413b, 418bcd, 443ab, 451abc, 452ab, 457bc, 460a, 461abc, 463abc, 464c, 466bc, 469b, 483abc, 491d, 499abc, 503b, 507bc, 513bc, 560abcd, 658a, 661bc

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