PAST PICTURES,
REMEMBERED FACES
The past . . . . .
At the instant the shutter snaps, the moment is gone. The present goes rushing on, vainly trying to catch the future, and leaving the past in its wake . . . .
The past . . . . .
Spectres of not-quite-forgotten people and places whisper seductively behind your eyes. Remember the good times you had and where have they gone? Lovers, dreams, homes, shelter, lost forever and never quite happily forgotten.
But, the bubble bursts. You can remember your best friend, you saw him yesterday, he was quite the same. You talked to your mother on the phone and knew of her concern. Your mind has recorded; the images can be called up with a slight prodding.
Let this book be that prod, that reminder, let it stand for a year of your life.
UNH 1977 . . . . . A year of the past . . . .
Durham — The administration, ever concerned about student social interaction, devised a new approach to the problem over the summer. Registration was consolidated into one convenient area — the Field House. The two and three hour waits in line did, in fact, facilitate socializing among students. Returnees met most, if not all, of their old friends in line. Incoming freshmen got a free tour of the campus, as the line wound up, through, down, around and finally into the gym.

Student protests to this archaic form of foot torture brought reform for 2nd semester. Students returned to find no lines, excepting those who arrived 5 minutes late for their appointed time: Catch 22! To receive their registration, they had to return the final day at 5 P.M. This party for “entryway rejects” was attended by thousands, who found, once again, the line wound up, through, down, around and finally into the gym! We await the fall of ’77 with bated breath.
You’re studying in your room on one beautiful spring day. A day that sends those little tendrils of dissatisfaction shooting up your spine to take root in your brain.

You start to think . . . . "What am I doing here? Why am I staring at this book on a subject I care nothing about? I could be in Colorado climbing mountains . . . . . . ."

After getting up to get a drink, you calm down, curse to yourself, and open the book again.

It is then that your best friend walks in and says "Hey, c’mon down to the field for a game of softball, we gotta lot of good people coming and we’ll hit a few beers down after."

That’s it! An excuse! You close the book that had you stuck between it’s pages. You’re up and leaving, hardly feeling guilty at all. You are Between The Books, the place where you learn the most about living, the place where you can be ALIVE!
Lunch at the MUB
A Freshman Perspective

This poem is about Biafra, not the country, but the place in your mind. It's a place to get away from the crowd, a place to be alone, a place to cry. Biafra can be any place at any time. Its anything you want it to be . . .

A journey to Biafra one cold and dismal night,
The sun had set, the moon hung high, yet such a wonderous sight.
No one knew where we went, or the need that was expressed,
Those brisk fall nights out by the swings, surely were the best.
You grabbed my hand and brought me through the treacherous tree filled park,
"Pose for me and show some skin and sit upon that rock."
The Field Marshall was hiding within the swamp quite mucky,
We stood beneath the moonlit sky, it was there you christened "Ducky".
And you who stood so strong and tall, watched out if I got maimed,
At that time, my heart said "yes", "Bugby" you were named.

Wearily we drag on home, arm in arm we walk,
I say old chap, yes its been fun, regardless of the clock.
We'll have some tea and crumpets, I'll sing you one small song,
Then off to bed, I'll pound your back, you'll sleep before too long.
"Just stay a few more minutes," you pleaded loud and clear.
"I need a short sweet cuddle, please cuddle up my dear."
The orange sun was born again, it rose up good and high,
I stretched and gave a little sigh, its time to say goodbye.

Biafra spread throughout the dorm, they knew us when we came,
The bloodshot eyes and weary legs, no one was to blame.
The English accent threw them off, they asked us if we're ill,
We smile real weird, and answer them; I say, we've had a thrill.
Christmas break arrived real fast, Biafra was bid goodbye,
Just a month, we'll come right back, Bugby dear don't cry.
Lonely days and lonely nights, without sight of the swings,
The weather it is colder now, the wind moans as it rings.
The weather it is colder, ice forms upon the dorm,
It was the sign to come back, Biafra would keep us warm.

Bugby was a stranger, he was not the same,
Yes, I held the hurt inside, but outside I was tame.
I went back to the swings one night, the spirit had to care,
But all I heard was quiet, Biafra was not there.
I headed back to the dorm, Bugby was not there,
In his place another one, who did not seem to care.
"Biafra's spirit up and died," so Bugby said to me,
"Ducky dear it had to end, I had to set it free."
It was so hard to make me see that what we did was fun,
The night turned off, the wind had changed, up rose a brand new sun.

Biafra was our special place, for only us to see,
But if for fun you go alone, please think a thought of me.

— Angela Woods
Close up your books. Forget about that quiz you blew this morning. No studying. Not tonight. There’s a concert. The band, singer, guitarist or comedian you’ve been wanting to see is finally here. Or, a special film is being shown at the MUB. Maybe a well-known author is speaking. (Didn’t I just read his book about ancient space travel?) It might be a seminar. Or a debate. At any rate, it’s something different. Something that doesn’t smell, taste, or feel like UNH. The outside world is paying us a visit, and while our bodies may still be trapped on campus, our minds are a million miles away. Away from all the problems and pressures that “occupation: student” entails.

Along with the mini-vacation from the routine of school work, comes a new batch of influences from outside the campus environment. Every speaker and performer offers novel ideas and insights on established issues. They open our minds to viewpoints never considered, possibilities never imagined. The politicians and musicians are fringe benefits to the everyday college experience. They are not a part of our daily lives, but their thoughts have an impact on our own. Their influence is felt, and it leaves it’s mark upon our minds.
INSIDE INFLUENCES

Two diverse and separate elements of the University system strongly influence our social behavior, academic endeavors, and beliefs. The administrative rules regarding degree requirements and pass-fail policy affect our course selections and study habits. For those students living in dorms, parietals inhibit the freedom of their lifestyles. Every student’s life is scheduled in some degree around the University calendar.

What do SANE, MUSO, SVTO and SCOPE have in common? No, they’re not CIA code names or new brands of detergents. They are all examples of the more than 70 student organizations here on campus. These groups feed our minds with information and ideas, and control most of the entertainment available to us.

Through student-run organizations we are brought in touch with the interests and concerns of our classmates, neighbors, friends, and the thousand of anonymous — yet familiar — faces which cross our paths every day. The influence of student organizations may be less direct than that of the administration, but it is equally pervasive. Pick up a New Hampshire. Walk through the MUB. Glance at any of the hundreds of bulletin boards on campus. You’ll be bombarded with exhortations to learn about, join and support any or all of these groups. It’s all part of the influences we encounter inside the University system.
MUSO sought the goal of professionalism in programming and achieved that goal this year. MUSO's 100+ programs brought activities of social, cultural, recreational and educational value to UNH. This year stands out as one of MUSO's most successful programming years in its long-standing history as a major student organization.

Taj Mahal/Ry Cooder, Photographix '77, Women's Week, Dick Gregory, "Surgery of the Brain," Everything you always wanted to know about sex*, 1977 Spring Outdoor Concert, and the Cosmic Muffin, were a small part of MUSO's overall programming efforts.

Blues with Koko Taylor, jazz with David Sanborn, classical with Christopher Parkening and folk-rock with Wendy Waldman were a sample of some of the best concerts this University has seen.

MUSO also brought fine cinema to UNH with films like: "The Harder They Come," "Seven Beauties," "Beauty and the Beast," "Slaughterhouse 5," "Grapes of Wrath" and "Throne of Blood."

The photography school provided the University with unique opportunities to explore, in depth, black and white, color, and special effects photography, with expanded darkroom services. Darkroom applicants doubled this year reflecting upon the time and effort commited to improving and professionalizing the facilities.

I totally attribute the success of this year to our incredibly dedicated and hard working staff: Kathy Ferguson, entertainment director; Jamie Batson, director of arts; Lauren Chisnall and Rob Cunningham, directors for cinema; Wayne King, director of the photography school; Michele Boucher; Dave Armstrong; Nancy Holmes; Dana Poris and treasurer, John Hallagan. It was a pleasure to work with such professional people and to be a part of UNH's largest, most diverse, student run programming organization.

— Ian G. Wilson
MUSO President
The Student Committee on Popular Entertainment has and will continue to provide major concert entertainment for the campus and its surrounding communities. SCOPE gives the student body a chance to participate in the production and selection of concert programs. The six position executive board, along with its committees, are involved in all aspects of putting on a professional performance. All dimensions of concert production are explored in depth, such as: security, artist management and negotiation, set up, and publicity.

This year SCOPE started its season presenting Sarah Vaughn, the infamous jazz singer, in her only New England appearance. From there we took off with Jeff Beck and the Jan Hammer group, who provided an evening of exciting entertainment to a sell out crowd. One of New Hampshire’s favorites, J. Geils, closed out first semester, with a dynamic rock evening.

Winter Carnival brought SCOPE back into the limelight with a musical mix featuring Tom Rush, John Payne Band, and The Blend. Although our three months of negotiations failed to bring Bruce Springsteen, SCOPE ended the year on a high note with the hard-to-beat combination of Pousette Dart, Orleans, and mime Trent Arterberry.

SCOPE has one major goal; that goal is not political, nor does it deal with the presentation of films or lectures. SCOPE’s goal is to present professional popular music on campus and to heighten and expand awareness of the current musical trends. This past year SCOPE has fulfilled these goals.

— SCOPE
The University of New Hampshire has changed drastically in the past seven years. Why? Students have changed drastically. Along with this change in students comes a change in the New Hampshire, for a newspaper reflects those it serves and covers. We carried light features, fun things, rather than spending almost every available inch reporting what students were doing that affected everyone; as did the New Hampshire of 1970. We spent more space reporting what administrators and faculty and legislators were doing to affect us. Why? Because students have done little to affect anything. They’ve led light, fun, lives.

The New Hampshire is a mirror of the world around us and involving us. We could report the parties, the intramurals, the clubs, the drunken fights that occasionally occur. We did not, for we did not want to contribute to the erosion of our knowledge of the outside, the “real” world. The New Hampshire has always been committed to reporting the news that affects the University community, as well as events of cultural and athletic interest.

Over 100 persons worked from 10 to 60 hours a week to make the New Hampshire happen. Part was dedication, but a good portion was knowing that to make it in that world outside Durham, practical experience is now at least as important as that 3.5 average.

All those man-hours, and what was the result? A nationally recognized student publication. Great. But what about the reaction that matters, the reader’s? Fortunately, letters, phone calls, and chats around campus told us that not all are completely caught up in the study/party syndrome. But no one complained more about any story, photo, or editorial than the uproar that accompanied the discontinuation of the crossword puzzle at the end of spring semester. There is more to the world we wish to succeed in than a crossword puzzle.

Steve Morrison
Editor-in-Chief
The New Hampshire
All of us in the New Hampshire Outing Club have one thing in common; we enjoy the outdoors. Each year since 1923, we have been using funds coming only from membership dues and fund-raising events to finance our many trips throughout the year.

During the 1976-77 school year, the trips included; two freshmen trips, a Saco River canoe trip, work trips to the cabins, a Thanksgiving “Turkey” trip to Franconia, hiking, bike trips, rock climbing, cross country skiing, ice climbing, and kayaking. As a part of our instructional program, we also sponsor on-campus clinics, designed to cover the basics of some activities, before the actual event.

After many of our weekly meetings, we have programs with films and speakers that are open to the public. For our members we offer rental equipment for a small fee. Our two cabins in the White Mts. are open to club members whenever they want to use them.

Whether beginner or expert; student, faculty, or staff; everyone is always welcome at our office. Many friendships are made each year at the NHOC and we hope you will help us make this coming year another successful one.

— N.H.O.C.
WUNH is a place where people can learn the fundamentals of radio broadcasting and have fun doing so. WUNH provides a complete training ground where students not only broadcast, but also control the day-to-day engineering, production, programming, and administrative aspects of the radio station. This is a rare occurrence in college radio, especially for a station which puts out almost 2000 Watts of power.

The student control over WUNH is also a challenge and a responsibility. The challenge lies in keeping the station physically on-the-air at least 20 hours every day; in getting a large group of people with highly diverse interests to work cooperatively toward the production of quality radio programming; and, in attempting to please as many people within our potential group of listeners as possible. The responsibility is in the meeting the rigorous requirements of the Federal Communications Commission, and in meeting the challenges every day.

The most important aspect of WUNH, however, is the rewards. Knowing that a program has pleased some listeners so much that they have taken the time to call or write to say "Thanks" is one of these rewards. Many fine friendships begin here. That is another of the rewards. Finally, WUNH provides the opportunity for many people to find a creative outlet for their energies. It is an experience which has helped each person involved to find some piece of themselves, and that is the greatest reward WUNH has to offer.
Student Press is funded through the SAT in order to offer students the opportunity to publish articles in one of several magazines. Student Press sponsors The Catalyst, a general interest magazine published three times a year. Aegis is a twice-yearly publication of poetry and fiction. Special interest magazines, such as Juris Quaesitor, a student law journal; Portfolio, devoted to photography; Serendipity, produced by Communications majors; The Monad, a philosophy magazine; and Harmony, dealing with various spiritual ideas, are among publications produced through Student Press. The organization has approximately fifty active members working on the various magazines, though the majority of submissions come from the student body at large.

Student Video Tape Organization is involved with small-format television. Students use video tape to produce their own works for credit, projects, to aid other course presentations or for the organization itself. We do promotional advertising for other organizations, educational programming for different departments and entertainment programs for the student body. SVTO wants to be the media center for students on the UNH campus. With our new equipment, we hope to be able to work on a larger scale, and produce more professional tapes. Virtually anyone can use video for something and we train anyone who is interested.
UNDER THE INFLUENCE

... Parties ... classes ... exams ... pressure ... you and me.

At UNH, we are surrounded by a variety of people, ideas and events. Hundreds of them play upon our senses every day. Some are so much a part of our lives that we take them for granted. We no longer recognize them as influencing factors, separate from ourselves. Yet they continually alter what we say, do and feel.

In the classroom, our minds are fed much more than merely textbook information. Each of us is exposed to the creative thoughts of both faculty and students. Whether or not we actively learn these ideas, we are taking them in.

Competition for grades and the increasing need to succeed on exams, can change a student's entire way of thinking, as well as his study habits. Priorities and values often shift when the pressure is on.

Pressure can take other forms, too. The pressure to drink, smoke, dress a certain way, act a certain way, think a certain way. Peer pressure. It exists. We are all a part of it and we are all under its influence.
A Sophomore Perspective

WANTED! Well-built male for female stag party. Must be out-going, also risque. $10. All you can drink. Call 862-2173 or 868-9750 after 7. Ask for Fotaboomb. NO JOKE.

Actually, the whole outrageous idea of such a bash began as a whim... maybe a few jokers or crackpots would call for a laugh; but we never imagined that any serious-minded young men would challenge our dare. The party was for my roommate, Barb, who had just gotten engaged...

"Fotaboomb! Call on the campus phone."

I hadn't even stepped inside the door when the telephone rang. It didn't occur to me that the call might be in response to the ad since Fotaboomb was sort of a nick-name of mine.

"Hello-0."

"Hello . . . uh, is this, urn, Fotaboomb?"

"Yup, it sure it. Who's this?"

"Oh, well, uh... I'm calling about the ad in today's New Hampshire."

Silence.

"Uh, I'm calling about today's ad in the New Hampshire?"

"Oh my God!"

I dropped the mouthpiece of the phone and tried unsuccessfully to contain a surge of hysterical laughter. Right then I realized why all the girls were hanging around the phone, staring at me, snickering.

In fact, I almost couldn't handle that first call. For some reason, it had just caught me totally by surprise. All I could do was laugh, I got such a kick out of the whole thing. As I hung up the campus phone, the pay phone started to ring. It looked like it might be one crazy afternoon.

I got close to twenty calls that day alone, never mind the rest of the week. In two nights time, I had managed to interview each of the applicants; and what a variety there was — the majority of them were single men, some just curious, others quite serious, as well as a couple of jokers, one or two who claimed they were "in the business," and even a few gays. I was looking for a certain type of personality. At the end of the interview, I had them take their shirts off, which was a trip, and not only for me!

It was easy to choose who would be "the Act." Three brothers from Sigma Beta presented me with an offer I couldn't refuse. Their names were Chuck, Ken, and Mike. Needless to say, they were definitely cut out for the job — in more ways than one.

Getting my hands on some stag films was another story. I called everyone and his brother and finally managed to get hold of a couple. I didn't have time to preview them since I had to get organized. The party was that night.

My unsuspecting roommate was totally oblivious to any of my plans; but it was a real hassle getting her out of the room. One and half beers later, we were primed.

No one knew what was going to happen when we got there, including myself! We just sat Barb down with a beer, flipped off the lights, and turned on the flicks. After an initial shock and silence that lasted only a mere fifteen seconds, someone from the rear hollered, "Hey honey, do you kiss on the first date?!" From that point on rowdiness ensued. The crowd was loose and ready for anything.

When the lights came on, so did the boys — strong! Out they danced, singing a witty but rude song they had written for Barb. They made their way across the room, stopping to sit on girls' laps for a quick smooch. But their main object was Barb, who got more than just bear-hugs and friendly kisses from each one... Screams and laughter, her face was pretty red.

After the second film, we saw the second act. This time, the boys wore jocks with big red Christmas stockings filled with candy hanging in front. Again they made another beeline for Barb, strewning candy along the way. The girl's really got into it, slapping and pinching naked cheeks as the guys ran by. Cameras flashed everywhere. The laughter was deafening.

Several beers later, the third show began. The three appeared in nothing but a pair of nylon pantyhose. I couldn't stand it, my stomach ached from laughing so hard as I watched them pick up Barb and carry her to the couch. She disappeared beneath several arms and legs when someone yelled, "Are you sure you still wanna get married?!"

As a final surprise, forty guys from Beta tried to crash the party. I agreed to let enough in to equal the number of girls, but that was it. They ran into the bedroom, stripped down to their jocks, and ran out again, grabbing girls to dance. It was a riot. Eventually, everyone calmed down a bit and one by one, the boys slipped out and got dressed.

The party lasted til the wee hours. We finished the beer, commenting that it had certainly been one heluva party. There were rumors about having more stag parties in the future. I told them that whenever they were ready, just call me!

— Fotaboomb
The Year of the Cat.

Not only was it a good song, it was also descriptive of the success UNH teams had in the past year. A season didn’t go by when there wasn’t something to cheer about.

The men’s tennis team got things rolling in early October by going undefeated in the regular season and winning its first Yankee Conference title in fifteen years.

The soccer and field hockey teams kept things warm as the chill of winter began to settle in. The booters had a shot at the playoffs, but a 2-0 loss to Rhode Island eliminated them from contention. The field hockey team once again had a winning season and played in the New England tournament. The stickwomen were knocked out of the championship round early, but came back to win the consolation.

While all this was in progress, the football team was also in action. Following a 10-0 loss to Maine on Homecoming, the gridmen got their act together as they went after another YC title.

Another showdown with Massachusetts came about after the Minutemen lost to Connecticut. The setting was different, but the result was the same. UNH trounced UMass 23-0 and the Beanpot was ours once more.

With the win, UNH was invited to the NCAA Division II playoffs. Unfortunately, under the Big Sky of Montana, the gridmen fell to Montana State, The eventual champions.

Many players received individual awards. Nine players were named to the All-Yankee Conference team and five were named to the all ECAC team. Tailback Bill Burnham was named ECAC player of the year. He was also named to the second team Little-All American and selected to several all-star teams.

By the time football ended, the winter sports were already into their schedules. All, that is, except the men’s gymnastics team, which did not compete because of a lack of gymnasts.

This loss was overshadowed by the accomplishment of other teams. The hockey team defeated two arch rivals, Cornell and Boston University, in early December, to move up in the ECAC standings. The cats battled Clarkson for the top spot all season. These two teams met twice during the final ten days of the season. The Golden Knights won the second of the two games in Potsdam, N.Y., to capture the number one seed in the tournament.

As the quarterfinals approached, talk of the “jinx” rose. The icemen put an end to the talk by defeating Brown 4-3 in overtime at Snively. The win sent them to Boston Garden and a rematch with Cornell. There, right wing Bob Gould sent the fans into a frenzy with his third goal of the night, 19 seconds into the second overtime, giving the Wildcats a 10-9 victory and a trip to the nationals.
The Cats lost to BU in the ECAC finals and lost to them again in the consolation game of the nationals. In between those two games, UNH surprised a heavily favored Wisconsin team, but the Badgers came back to edge the Cats, 4-3 in overtime.

As in football, individual accolades befell UNH players. Tim Burke and Bob Miller were named All-American and All-ECAC. Coach Charlie Holt was named New England Coach of the year.

The basketball team did well this season also. They finished second in a tournament in North Carolina and barely missed a shot for the playoffs, reaching the .500 mark for the first time in three years.

The UNH ski teams also did well on the national scene. The Men’s team finished eighth in the country, although only half the team traveled to Colorado. Cross country skier, Howie Bean, was named All-American. The women’s team finished sixth in the nationals.

### Scoreboard

#### Football (9-3)

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#### Gymnastics (7-0)

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#### Wrestling (7-4)

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#### Field Hockey (7-2)

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*ECAC Playoffs

**NCAA Playoffs

#### Golf (1-2)

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#### Hockey (27-10)

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<td>5 Boston University*</td>
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<tr>
<td>3 Wisconsin**</td>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*ECAC Playoffs

**NCAA Playoffs

#### Cross country skiing

As in football, individual accolades befell UNH players. Tim Burke and Bob Miller were named All-American and All-ECAC. Coach Charlie Holt was named New England Coach of the year.

The basketball team did well this season also. They finished second in a tournament in North Carolina and barely missed a shot for the playoffs, reaching the .500 mark for the first time in three years.

The UNH ski teams also did well on the national scene. The Men's team finished eighth in the country, although only half the team traveled to Colorado. Cross country skier, Howie Bean, was named All-American. The women’s team finished sixth in the nationals.
The two lacrosse teams also entered the national picture. The undefeated women's team placed eight players on the New England all-star team. Suzanne Rousseau, Alice Hayner and Diane Willis were selected to the first team. The men's team finished in the top twenty and had three players named to the New England All-Star team.

Other sports, like wrestling and swimming had successful seasons too. The women's gymnastics team went undefeated. The softball team finished 8-2 in their inaugural season and the baseball team, after a slow start, played .500 ball the final two thirds of the year to bring optimism for next year.

It's doubtful that Al Stewart had UNH in mind when he wrote "The Year of the Cat", but for UNH sports, 1976-1977, it really says it all.
"We were all satisfied with the season. We were as good as anybody in the tournament, but it was a matter of chance . . . a bounce of the puck and we could have won the whole thing."

— Bob Miller
"For the hockey team, the season was filled with many highlights; most wins in a season; Bobby and Ralph breaking school scoring records; trips to St. Louis and Michigan State; beating Brown in a home playoff game; the trip to the Garden and hearing all our fans; the victory over Cornell; and finally the chance at the National title. When we realize how close we were to winning the championship, you know how the team felt after Wisconsin's victory."

— Barry Edgar
The 1976 Wildcat football team was one we were all proud to be a part of. We set our goals high early in the season and soon discovered how hard it was going to be to attain them. Due to the distinct character of the individuals involved and the team as a whole, we did ultimately reach these goals by repeating as champions and going to the NCAA playoffs for the second year in a row.

— Joh Merrill
"When the sun streams down through the branches and squirrels race you from the trees . . . when you can stride bareback down a rocky path at six minutes per mile and not even breathe hard . . . when you can point out to a friend, while running down a quiet country road, the red sky dissolving into a row of purple mountains and say, ‘Isn’t that beautiful?’ . . . That’s when it’s all worthwhile."

— Gary Crossan
“Every opposing team we played feared the strengths of our team. Parts of our play were solid, other parts were being developed. But we were always together. The past is something to learn from, as for the future, all that I can say is “Rocky Mountain High”!”

— Marisa Didio
"With an ever improving and more challenging schedule, we played fine soccer and gained for ourselves a large measure of respect. The capability now exists, at UNH, to go well beyond this point."
— Rich Badmington
No one expected New Hampshire to sweep the Yankee Conference, much less have the doubles team repeat the ECAC Championships. It was a total team effort, well guided by Coach Peters. That sums up what we were working for, I think this is New Hampshire's first conference Championship.

— Mark Weber
"On the whole it was a most enjoyable, as well as successful season. Our record can be attributed to the fine coaching job of Joyce Mills and the closeness of the team. I am looking forward to three more seasons which are equally successful and fun.

— Jocelyn Berube
Our team finished in the middle of the pack in most of the tournaments we played. We have some good players, but not everyone was able to get it going in the tournaments. I had a pretty good year and I am looking forward to UNH being one of the top teams in New England next fall.

— Phil Pleat
"We were selected to participate in the Eastern's, which is some indication of our success. Still, we are just starting to approach our full potential."

— Nancy Gitschier
"The new coaching was a tremendous asset to the team, and helped lead us to a 9-1 record in the league, 5th place in New England and 25th in the East. Enthusiasm and unity stayed with us throughout the season, which was an important part of our success.

— Carol Mather
"It was great to see the team get started off on the right foot this season. Just want to wish everyone I swam with and any incoming freshmen to the team, the best of luck next season."

— Garry Prevedini
"This season has been really great. With a lot of hard work and determination we squeezed into the regional tournament. It was a real experience meeting many people, along with the excellent competition. We worked very hard for our coach, Joyce Mills, and we are very thankful for her help with our success this season."

— Kathy Sanborn
"This year could have been the birth of UNH basketball as far as recognition goes here at the University and in New England."
— Peter Laskaris
Skiing can be a lonely sport, especially when you train many hours for short bursts of competition. However, everything seems to pay off, for the rewards and exposure to nice people, are unmatched."

— Howie Bean
"Warm friendship, understanding, and the determination to do well not only for ourselves, but for each other, kept our spirits high throughout both failure and success.
— Connie Dunlap
"It was a privilege to be a member of this year's team. I know that the future holds nothing but good things for UNH wrestling with talented underclassmen like Chet Davis, Doug King, Norm Sousy, and the Bogus brothers. With hard working kids like these, UNH wrestling will provide a lot of wins and plenty of excitement in the years to come."
“It's not the physical performance that's exhilarating, but the achievement; satisfaction of having done your best.”
— Linda Schneider
"This year's team had a record of 3-1-1, the best since 1969. It was the result of Coach Copeland's hard work to organize a competitive team. This year should start an era of many successful seasons for New Hampshire track. Coach Copeland should be commended for his ability to unify such an excellent team once again."

— George Reed
"The UNH Wildcat stickmen rolled over three perennial New England lacrosse powerhouses on their way to a 7-3 record, a top four ranking in New England and an unprecedented national poll position at number 16. The Cats kept Cowell Stadium alive this spring with six straight home victories after crushing Brown in Providence. With only four seniors lost to graduation, prospects for a repeat bid for the New England crown appear eminent next season."

— Paul Miller
"Pitching is said to be 80% of the game. I feel that we carried too many pitchers this year. As a result the ones that should have been getting more work, didn't. In my opinion this made the difference between what our season was and what it could have been."

— Dean Koulouris
"... Undefeated, Unconquerable and Unquestionable..."
The UNH Women's Lacrosse team repeated as New England champions in 1977 due to individual skill, and above all, group solidarity. — Go nuts UNH!
— Suzanne Rousseau
"We're a young team, a first year team. If we're lucky this season, we'll do alright. Next year, everyone will be back, so we should do even better."

— Gale White
124 Club Sports/Frisbee/Men's Volleyball
"All the world's a stage," some ancient bard wrote. I don't agree. A stage implies a cast, a script which then implies predestination, completely disregarding free will and that most magical component of life — luck. You guys know what I see the world as? A giant crap table, that's what. You roll them bones and whammo! Lady Luck puts in her two cents worth. Parmenides thought that way . . . or was it Spinoza, or maybe Kant, or . . ."

"Shut up, will you McGuire and deal. Christ, man gets a hot hand and the meaning of meaning falls into his lap. Deal will ya."

I was relieved when Paul finally quieted McGuire and we could return to the cards. After cleaning up on the first three hands of five-card-draw-deuces wild, McGuire kicked philosophical footballs all over the table, ending up, as philosophy majors often do, in an argument with himself. McGuire lost me on his fourth "this implies" or was it his third "therefore?" I don't remember.

I do remember the suddenness with which this Thursday night poker game came to be. McGuire rammed into my dorm room at quarter past eight with Evan Shamrah, a biology major from Jamaica. "I'm here to teach Evan the fundamentals of college life through poker," McGuire said, then convinced me my paper on Shakespeare's MacBeth was rubbish, I couldn't come up with two coins, I couldn't think of a loan, and he said, "Evan, it is four of a kind. Take your card." I nearly fell through the floor. McGuire delivered his nefarious gesture, "come home to Daddy.

Evan introduced the next. "Nice game we call Boom, and it goes like this . . ." He explained the game with precision and care. Paul did some quick calculations on his ever present portable brain and arrived at the odds.

"Percentage wise the third man to show is better off, yet the odds on a flush are slightly diminished should trump suit fail to materialize on the fourth play."

"Hey Paul, ease off, huh. You're boring Socrates and me with your figures," I say, winking at McGuire. "I don't swallow odds anyway. History isn't statistically preordained — it's the long shots, the one in a million chance events, that shapes destiny. It was a random lightning bolt that fused the right molecules and vwalah! life in a tidepool. The odds were against colonial America's independence. Look at the odds Poe faced with his alcoholism." It was my Liberal Arts background that gave me the thread to tie this diatribe together. I was proud it did me some good here because the odds against me landing a job were frightening. English majors are a dollar-twenty per gross. Evan evidently paid no heed to Paul's calculations either, winning the next five hands in a row.

"Beginner's luck," muttered McGuire.

"Oh, I no beginner. Back home we play all kinds of gambling. We bet on cards, horses, even still have cock fighting. Mahn, dats somepin'. We often would go down and see dem roostahs fight. They owners would shake em up. Even they put quinine in da food so when da roostah piss it burn like hell, roostah get plenty madder. A mahn will sometimes spend more money on roostahs dan on his wife. She get plenty pissed off herself an put quinine in his food." Evan let out a long laugh; we all followed suit.

"From an ethical standpoint," said McGuire. "I've questioned the logic of a country like ours that permits the maiming of our football gladiators yet denies chickens the chance to fight themselves. I don't believe the Bible mentions it. Aristotle never gave chickens a rational anima, he certainly wouldn't impose a moral obligation to keep our animals from fighting each other."

"Ought to be a buck in it somewhere," said Paul, "maybe Wide World of Sports would take it, we could have district semi-finals, regional competition, a nationally televised super fight. Get Colonel Sanders to sponsor it. Think of all the dentists who could use a.
rooster or two as a tax shelter. We could have posters, endorsements, the works. I wonder if you could train them as watchdogs, cheaper to feed, neater...

Aroundabout here the game ended, as much from the humor as from the obvious lack of chips in everybody's pile except Paul's and Evan's. I had lost three fifty; I would have to forego a few lunches, but otherwise it was a pittance to pay for an education available nowhere else but through the magic of a poker game.

Where else but around a card table can a would-be philosopher, a future tax lawyer, a struggling writer, and a Jamaican biologist discuss life with a Baptist's fervor and a beer in hand? Where else but in college? So what if we're a bit presumptuous, universities have always been havens for idealists. Young, drunk and staring down at a straight flush — that's when all the pieces fit. That's when we know we got the world by the short hairs. And what a glorious feeling it is.
TIME AND PLACE
When I lived in a dorm, I thought as a dorm. When I grew to live off campus, I put away my hall hockey stick and yet I sometimes yearned for the rowdiness of the brothers and sisters who were Greek.

Ah decisions, decisions! Do I want a roommate to penny me in, or a Kari-Van trip of fourteen miles, or maybe the security of being roused by my brothers at six A.M. with cajoling shouts of "drink, drink, boomalacka wish-wash."

But, all that aside, I heard a solitary prayer from an incoming freshman last night. He seemed quite serious at the time, said "Dear Lord this ain't a joke, put me anywhere but not in Stoke!"
WHEN
CHARLIE'S ANGELS
NEEDED A
BETTER IDEA...
FORD PUT 'EM
ON WHEELS
In photography, a sequence refers to a series of pictures that are in some way related; be it by time, space, or subject.

On the following pages, each member of the photo staff presents his or her own sequential vision of UNH. They all have a story to tell, and since one picture equals a thousand words, you have some heavy reading ahead. Enjoy!
A SENIOR ADDRESS

In addressing remarks to the Class of 1977, it is easy and pleasant to wish everyone the best for the time ahead and difficult to say anything that could possibly add to the great sense of satisfaction that you must feel upon completing four years of hard work. This point in your life is a watershed — both a culmination and a beginning. It is the culmination of a program of study which has been the focal point of your life for the past few years; and now you are embarking upon a new and exciting prospect for the future. In honor of this occasion, I would like to record a few of my hopes for you.

I hope that the friendships that you have made here at UNH will endure and be a source of continuing satisfaction in the years ahead.

I hope that, as you leave the campus, you take with you a more informed general sense of life, and of the issues of culture and survival that will make you a more thoughtful and sensitive person.

I hope that the stress and occasional misery that you experienced in dealing with problems and in trying to deliver the best that was in you across your four years at the University will fade into the background and that the memories which you take with you will tend to be warm and personal and colored by humor and a sense of the fun of life.

I hope that you will remember the campus as a precious and beautiful environment and that this memory will transcend the occasional problems which you may have had in finding a parking space!

I would be remiss if I did not express the hope that you have developed a greater love of learning and a deeper appreciation of the good and noble, which is evident in human culture and in the major fields of learning. You will serve your alma mater well if you become a person who will defend and protect the place of education in a society which is foredoomed without it.

I hope that you leave with affection for the University of New Hampshire and a feeling that the University will be a point of focus for your thoughts and visitations for many years to come.

And, finally, I hope that I will be able to welcome you back to UNH. After all, this is your special place.

Eugene S. Mills
Graduation
Paul G. Daniel  
B.A. Sociology

June A. David  
B.A. Social Service

Douglas C. Davidowich  
B.S. Hotel Admin.

Scott N. Davidson  
B.S. Administration

Richard C. Davies  
B.S. Civil Engin.

Bonnie A. Davis  
B.S. Home Economics

Daniele D. Davis  
B.S. Home Economics

Jeffrey A. Davis  
B.S. Administration

Jocelyn L. Davis  
B.S. Animal Science

Kim A. Davis  
B.S. Rec. Admin.

Marialisa Davis  
B.S. Mathematics

Carol L. Dawson  
B.A. Psychology

Byron S. Day  
B.A. Elem. Education

Michael W. Dearborn  
B.S. Forestry

Larry M. Deater  
B.A. History

Richard Wayne Debold  
B.S. Civil Engin.

Scott K. Debonville  
B.A. Psychology

Julia E. Decamp  
B.S. Administration

Mary E. DeCourcy  
B.A. English Lit.

Michael V. Delahunt  
B.S. Biochemistry
Mary K. Elliott  
B.S. Family Studies

Diane F. Ellis  
B.S. Animal Science

Frances E. Elsten  
B.A. Mathematics

Sarah J. Emery  
B.S. Phys. Education

Jennifer Lee England  
B.S. Hotel Admin.

Jon Francis Ericson  
B.A. Zoology

Roger A. Ernst  
B.S. Hotel Admin.

Robert J. Evans  
B.S. Administration

William B. Evans  
B.A. Economics

Kim M. Everson  
A.A.S. Animal Science

Mark R. Fagan  
B.S. Hotel Admin.

Patricia A. Falcone  
B.S. Family Service

Susan M. Faretra  
B.A. Communications

Donna J. Farnsworth  
B.S. Hotel Admin.

Jane M. Farrell  
B.S. Rec. and Parks

Joseph R. Farrelly  
B.S. Administration

David R. Fasano  
B.S. Pre-vet.

Nancy Farland  
B.S. Phys. Ed.

Donna R. Faulkner  
B.S. Administration

Diana C. Fay  
B.S. Administration
Michelle Garcia  
B.S. Occup. Therapy

Margaret J. Garman  
B.S. Hotel Admin.

Virginia E. Garrell  
B.A. History

John K. Garrett  
B.S. Electrical Engin.

Polly Gazaway  
B.A. Sociology

Paula S. Geranis  
B.A. Elem. Education

Robin Gerdes  
B.S. Med. Tech.

Lori J. Gershman  
B.S. Pre-vet.

Charles J. Giarratana  
B.S. Math/Comp. Sci.

Jeanmarie Giarrusso  
B.A. Administration

Laura E. Gieg  
B.A. French

Daniel G. Gilbert  
B.A. Philosophy

Martha L. Gilbert  
B.S. Administration

Robert L. Gilbert  
B.S. Civil Engin.

Pamela A. Giliberto  
B.A. Zoology

Lynne L. Giordan  
B.A. Studio Art

Ellen S. Gitomer  
B.A. Psychology

Eric L. Gleason  
B.S. Resource Econom.

Chris P. Goering  
B.S. Home Economics

David R. Goldbaum  
B.A. Zoology
Jeffrey W. Greene  
B.S. Civil Engineering

Betty Jo Gregg  
B.S. Occup. Therapy

Susan Y. Grenier  
B.S. Comm. Disorders

Jodie V. Griffin  
B.A. Social Service

George G. Grigel  
B.A. Microbiology

Steven M. Grisson  
B.A. Zoology

Jill E. Grossman  
B.S.W. Social Service

Ellen Marie Groth  
B.M. Music Education

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B.A. Zoology

Stephen J. Grzywacz  
B.S. Administration

Holly Gudelsky  
B.S. Environ. Conser.

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B.S. Administration

Marc P. Guilbert  
B.S. Civil Engineering

Joseph J. Gula  
B.A. Psychology

Caroline R. Gusmer  
B.S. Home Economics

Elizabeth A. Guyette  
B.A. Social Service

Johanna R. Haagens  
B.F.A. Fine Arts

Bruce H. Hadley  
B.S. Administration

Wendy A. Haering  
B.S. Pre-vet.

Garry S. Hafner  
B.S. Administration
Nicholas C. Houpis  
B.A. Pol. Science

Kirk D. Huckel  
B.S. Comm. Disorders

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John W. Humphrey  
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B.A. Pol. Science

Stephen W. Hunter  
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Mary E. Hutchins  
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Bruce A. Huther  
B.A. Zoology

Susan E. Hutton  
B.S. Occup. Therapy

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Anne G. Jackish  
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Andrea L. Jacobs  
B.S. Administration

Bruce D. Jaffin  
B.S. Civil Engin.

Susan J. Janek  
B.A. Psychology

Lee J. Janko  
B.S. Administration

Nancy J. Jarvis  
B.S. Environ. Conser.
Paul P. Keller  
B.S. Plant Science

Kevin J. Kelly  
B.S. Phys. Ed.

Kevin R. Kelly  
B.A. Greek

Karen Keelty  
B.S. Administration

Kevin N. Keenan  
B.A. German/Science

Kathleen L. Kirby  
B.S. Comm. Disorders

Marcia E. Katz  
B.A. Social Service

Vincent J. Kayser  
B.S. Math/Computer

Dorota Kesler  
B.A. Pol. Science

Wendy Ellen Kessler  
B.A. Psychology

B.S. Plant Science

B.S. Phys. Ed.

B.A. Greek

B.S. Administration

B.A. German/Science

B.S. Comm. Disorders

B.A. Social Service

B.S. Math/Computer

B.A. Pol. Science

B.A. Psychology

David C. Kidder  
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John D. King  
B.S. Occup. Therapy

Susan D. King  
B.S. Home Economics

Jonathan D. Kipp  
B.S. Administration

B.S. Civil Engin.

B.S. Administration

B.S. Occup. Therapy

B.S. Home Economics

B.S. Administration

B.S. Comm. Disorders

B.S. Hotel Admin.

B.A. Microbiology

B.A. Zoology

B.S. Pre-vet.
Paul J. Koch  
B.S. Administration

Bradford Koji  
B.S. Civil Engin.

Elizabeth M. Kokko  
B.S. Consumer Serv.

Kerri L. Kolbe  
B.A. Social Service

Bruce H. Kominz  
B.A. Economics

Stephanie B. Koplin  
B.A. Microbiology

Elaine J. Koski  
B.S. Animal Science

Claire Kostopulos  
B.A. Communications

John M. Koulopoulos  
B.S. Bus. Admin.

Dean W. Kououris  
B.S. Business

Melanie C. Kounelas  
B.S. Home Economics

Karen L. Krohte  
B.S. Nursing

Carol A. Kulesza  
B.A. Art Studio

Arlene R. LaBrie  
B.S. Med. Tech.

William M. Lachance  
A.A.S. Animal Science

Arthur F. Lafionatis  
B.A. Pol. Science

Brian F. Lafontaine  
B.S. Hotel Admin.

Louis M. Lagakis  
B.S. Administration

Matthew J. Lahey  
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Irwin A. Lampron Jr.  
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David A. Noel  
Gary P. Noel  
B.A. Speech/Drama  
Maureen Ann Nord  
B.S. Animal Science  
Kerry S. Norris  
B.S. Pre-vet.  
Peter H. Northrop  
B.A. Geology  

Anne L. Nossiff  
B.A. Psychology  
Mark P. Noyes  
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Walter P. Nugent  
B.S. Administration  
Kenneth A. Oakman  
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Peter Cushing O'Brien  
B.S. Hotel Admin.  

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Robert A. O'Keefe  
B.A. Pol. Science  
Susan Marie Oleary  
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PARTING SHOTS
A Senior Perspective

"Aren't you a senior this year?", asks yet another inadequate conversationalist.

Should I respond? Perhaps by feigning partial deafness I can avoid the inevitable waffling explanations of my fabricated plans.

"Yes? I thought so", smugly smiles my questioner, "what are your plans?"

Hey, look, you tell me. I don't have any. That's right. Believe it or not I haven't been corresponding with IBM in order to be considered for a spot as a bright young executive in their new Dallas complex.

No, I haven't spent $357 to take my GRE's and have them sent to 24 assorted Grad schools. Believe it or not, you see before you a senior in college, who has yet to begin the rough draft of her resume.

I can't say that I haven't given this whole graduation thing some thought. I did go in and ask for an advisor two weeks ago. The guy I picked even knows my name.

Say, why should I worry? After all, I'll be a "College Graduate". B.A.'s in English don't grow on trees. I could always take a typing course and become a secretary. The only problem is finding a boss who can hold a 5 foot 10 inch secretary on his lap without getting a hernia.

I admit to being cynical and perhaps slightly unfair to all the go-getters who have their recommendations, resumes, awards, 4-point-ohs, and work experiences tucked neatly under their belts. Okay, I'll confess. I'm insanely jealous. But at the same time I feel somewhat justified in being who I am, where I am and what I am.

I can't function methodically. I don't plot relationships with people in terms of brownie points and "connections" for future use. I've tried my hand at being an RA and writing for the New Hampshire. I didn't like writing incident reports and I have trouble with deadlines. I was a rotten RA (in some respects) and I am a sporadic, if not erratic, journalist.

But the point is, that I did gain something from these experiences. Insight? Compassion? A chance to unlock doors? The ability to write leads? Just what counts . . . ?

So, how about you? Yes, you, inquisitive person, who will be here a year or more after I have been thrown out to face the "Real World"? Just because "it" is upon me in the near future, and you still have three semesters worth of grace, doesn't give you the exclusive rights to inquiry.

I see. Lab internship this summer? Already looking into fellowships, grad schools, job prospects, interview training, resume writing?

Sounds kind of nice. Maybe there's security in it.

As for me, I'm weary of time measured out in semesters. Tired of beer-talk, test-talk, and finals-talk, of passing and failing. I'm tired of little people running for little offices and making a big deal out of it. I'm tired of tiny concerns and of homework that denies me an hour to read a book — just for me — without asking too many questions. Tired of note-taking . . .

Maybe I can pull something together to present to "Them" once I leave "Here" but so far I've been too busy living my "Now".

It's perfectly all right to ask me that question. That question I've come to expect and dread. But, please don't press me too hard for an answer — a truthful one, at any rate. I'm expecting the answer myself any day now. Perhaps it will come in the form of a divine revelation. Or maybe it will come in the mail.

— Jamie Batson
The temperature outside is 97 degrees and I'm calmly baking here in 125 M.U.B., two pages away from being done with the yearbook... The yearbook? I think back, how had it all begun?

TRAPPED IN A WORLD HE NEVER MADE, THE ROOKIE PHOTO EDITOR WAS PUSHED BY FORCES HE COULD NOT CONTROL! DESTINY CALLED, FATE AWAITED !!!!!

Yeah, so I told Doug and Carol that I would apply and step aside for the vote on who would be Editor-in-Chief. Two days later, I was. I had never worked on a yearbook before and here was this phenomenal budget staring at me saying, "use me well, or the spirit of Monty Childs and the A.S.O. collected will bring down trouble upon thy head."

Nine weary months later, and here is the product, one that I am proud of. I do not know how it was done, but I know that I have my staff to thank for a lot of it.

John Shuptrine had to contend with my moods all year, and he still had the nerve to be a good friend of mine. His Nikon should be bronzed.

I really conned Nina Gery into becoming my production editor and then I wouldn’t tell her what I needed and wouldn’t give her free reign to do what she wanted. A Pennsylvania saint!

Nancy Casna made some excellent suggestions and pushed me into putting some writing in this book. I am glad she did.

And, of course, Carol, Granite Business Mgr., worked as hard as anyone, if not harder, for this book. She learned that there was some metal beneath the mumblings of the manic redhead. Fortunately she didn’t let it bother her and ran the office with an efficiency that I could never have dredged up, prodding me to a political loyalty to the Granite that I thought I would never have.

You know it was a fine year, some fabulous times, some fantastic friends. I wanted to know everyone on this campus because they all seemed interesting. I wanted to take all the courses for the same reason. Such outrageous optimism I can feel for UNH. Even as the budget goes down the tubes.

Hope you all had as much fun as I did.
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Linda Miller, Hunter Publishing Co.
Dick Lowe, Hunter Publishing Co.
The River's Camera Crew, esp. Dick

AND john and casey and charlie and carol, carol and sue and carolyn and paula and the green room people and andy and andy and nancy and karen and wendy and nina and photoll and prof. merritt and the tine palace and 20 young drive and rosemary lane for keeping me stable. Never fear, rookies can make it. Walk on.