A DAY IN THE LIFE
OF WESTERN

Story by Robert W. Pillow

Sept. 24 — a day in the life of Western

A day like any other day. And, like many other days, one full of events that were important to some people, but unknown to others.

The morning was dominated by the Free Enterprise Fair. High school students invaded the campus and saw as much of the fair and the university center fourth floor's games as they could. High school buses parked in the Diddle Arena lot kept a few commuters from parking.

And Western students had to contend with both.

The visitors made the campus look a little busier, a little cluttered. But mostly, the guests made the students stop and wonder if they behaved "that way.

For most of the high school students, their day in Western's life began when they stepped off the bus and onto campus in the morning.

But for some Western faculty, staff, and students, the day began hours earlier and all over Bowling Green, not just on campus. Faculty and staff were readying things for students; students were just trying to get ready for class.

Midnight

12:01 a.m. — The day began and the Herald staff was still working on Thursday's panar. Two hours later when production was finished, Joel Randolph, Franklin junior, took the paper to his hometown for printing.

9:30 a.m. — While most of the campus was asleep and before the sun rose, Beth Kessler, McLean Hall night clerk, called her roommate Tommi Smith to tell her to get up.

Smith asked her roommate to get her up at 5:30 so they could eat together. The meal was her first try at French toast and the second she had fixed for her roommate.

Kessler, a Louisville sophomore, came on duty at midnight and had studied for three hours before beginning to embroider a pillow case.

Smith, a Campbellsville sophomore, said she often stays up until 3 a.m. to keep night clerks awake, but she only eats with her roommate.

Smith brought two plates of toast to the front desk about 5:30, and the two women finished the meal in time.

Order up

Garrett cook feeds hundreds in her 13-hour

The cup of coffee sat on the ledge above the grill — well within Annie Cline's reach.

She paused to take a sip, but quickly put it back down as Linda Anderson yelled through the window, "Need two more cheeseburgers and a hot ham 'n cheese!"

With her left hand, she dumped more fries from the deep-fat fryer to a steel pot, while her right hand flipped burgers, placed them on buns, and shoved the order through the window.

It wasn't the first cup of coffee Mrs. Cline drank that day, and it was far from the last. It was only 11 a.m. in a day that began in the dark morning hours at 6:28 and ended — again in the dark — at 7:30 that night.

The tall, thin woman with curly brown hair has a quick smile. She teases her fellow employees, and they tease her back. As a grill cook at Garrett Conference Center she helps feed the 1,500 to 1,900 people that pass through the cafeteria every day.

And that night, Mrs. Cline also cooked enough veal parmesan for more than 300 people at the Free Enterprise Fair banquet.

But first, she took care of her usual duties.

During the half hour before the cafeteria opened at 7 a.m., she and Estelle Miles, her teammate, prepared 30 dozen eggs, broiled 20 to 30 pounds of bacon and started making and wrapping 100 cold sandwiches for the afternoon crowd.

At 10:30 a.m., Mrs. Cline was breaking more eggs. Only 15 minutes later, she had a foot-tall stack of egg cartons and a large box full of shells.

Before the 11:30 a.m. lunch rush, there was a slight lull. Two maintenance men, Charlie Lowry and David Goad, sneak behind the pair and tried to scare them. They joked and teased while Mrs. Cline fixed them each a chicken sandwich.

"I wish it'd stay like this for an hour," Mrs. Cline said. "But no way. Just about the time we get relaxed, that's when it hits.

Manager Curtis Barnes warned, "Get ready, here they come."

The stack of prepared hamburger buns on paper plates dwindled as orders came in.

The line of students was longer than usual, Mrs. Miles said. "That's what aggravates us sometimes, knowing there's gonna be guests and them not telling us.

Within 20 minutes, the line had thinned out. The next rush, at about 12:50 p.m., wasn't quite so hectic, and Mrs. Miles ran the grill herself while Mrs. Miles took a break.

Breaks during her 13-hour day were few. At 1:10 p.m., she sat for the first time, swapping stories with pie and bread maker Marjorie Ayers, and salad maker Irene Hendricks.

Conversation died as the tired ladies rested. Mrs. Cline put her hand on her hand and shut her eyes for a few minutes.

"You run down after awhile and start to run out of gas," she said.

Normally, Mrs. Cline and most workers would leave at 3 p.m. after cleaning up. But that day, most were staying late for the banquet.

About 15 gallons of veal parmesan sauce simmered in a 3-foot giant cooker; green beans cooked in another pot; Mrs. Cline helped top the pineapple-sweet potato rings with cherries and marshmallows.

Everybody knew what to do.

At 4:15 p.m. eight workers — including managers, sat at a dimly-lit table in the now-deserted cafeteria testing the veal parmesan. The banquet was at 6 p.m.

The workers were confident and relaxed. They swapped war stories...
About silly kitchen accidents, Mrs. Cline told one, and Judy Woolbright, sitting across the table, fired an ice cube at her. She fired a paper wad back.

When the group broke up, Mrs. Cline headed straight for the freezer, where she unloaded several boxes of veal patties. She fried and drained them and smothered them in sauce and 15 pounds of mozzarella cheese.

At 5:45 p.m., the first elevator, packed with food, was sent up while Mrs. Cline finished off the last pans of veal.

"Yesterday was hectic," Mrs. Cline said, "but by this time yesterday, we were home and had forgotten this place."

All that was left was making sure the serving table was full. Student workers took empty serving trays, and Mrs. Cline would meet them halfway with a full tray.

Waiting for the line to go through gave the three in the ballroom kitchen time to be silly.

One remarked they must be getting punchy.

By 7:25, she had scrubbed out the giant pot. She gave Joyce Wright a playful hug as they walked to the time clock. Her card read 7:28 p.m.

In less than eleven hours, Mrs. Cline’s day would start again.

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Story by Cyndi Mitchell
Photos by John Rott

Far left, Ann Cline and Joyce Wright prepare food for an evening banquet in the Garrett Conference Center ballroom.

Left, Mrs. Cline stacks cheese for sandwiches.

Below, Mrs. Cline cooks breakfast orders.

Mrs. Cline and Judy Woolbright relax for a moment during the evening banquet.
Gary Stephens, a Glasgow senior, does some morning studying in the university center grill before his political parties test at 10:25.

A DAY IN THE LIFE cont.

for Kessler to check the doors before she went off duty at 6 a.m. Both students went to sleep afterward because Kessler had an 8 o'clock class and Smith's 9:10.

6 a.m.

6 a.m. While those two students were napping, Jerry Johnson, a university center building manager, was getting up. At 7:30 a.m. he would open the manager's office behind the information desk, doing Lee Murray, a university center staff assistant, a favor. He would also help Linda Barton, a sophomore from Evansville, Ind., get the fourth floor billiard room ready.

6:30 a.m. - Two of the university's 250 employees were just starting their day, too. Estelle Miles and Annie Cline, Garrett Conference Center grill cooks were preparing breakfast for hundreds of students. However, their first customer at 7, Jackie Viel, decided on a Coke and popcorn instead. The Hopkinsville sophomore came early to study for an accounting test she had that night.

7:15 a.m. - Army captains Glenn Duffy and Jack Hamilton, along with other military science instructors, were jogging their regular route around campus.

8:30 a.m. - Not all of Western was as energetic as the joggers.

Only half an hour before his 9:10 German class at the fine arts center, Jim Hoffman got out of his bed in the east wing of Barnes-Campbell Hall and fixed a bowl of Honey Bran cereal. The Versailles junior didn't have enough milk to fill his bowl and had to throw part of his cereal away.

As Hoffman disposed of his cereal, John Zurstadt, a sophomore from Evansville, Ind., was working in the Grise Hall computer lab on a program due the next day.

9 a.m.

9:09 a.m. - In another part of the building, some students in the back of Dr. Faye Carroll's American National Government class circulated a copy of an old test. As Dr. Carroll approached with that morning's exam, the students quickly put away the old test. Many students finished the test early.
duties with school creates for Chandy Christian

Two hours later it was easy to see her lack of spare time. After her 11:40 class, she went to the Center Board office in the university center. She had ten minutes to eat her sack lunch and make it to her first meeting.

But she didn't make the meeting on time.

Debra Young, the board's public relations chairman, had business to discuss with her. And Derek Tracy, a public relations committee member, asked her about Western's budget.

More topics were discussed, and Christian quickly finished inserting budgets, center board constitutions and what she calls "inspiration papers," into folders for the weekend's retreat.

Then, she realized she was fifteen minutes late for her Spirit Masters committee meeting. She couldn't stay there long either because she was scheduled to chair a Center Board executive committee meeting at 2 p.m.

After the first meeting, Christian realized she hadn't eaten and munching on a thick bologna and cheese sandwich back in her office. While she was eating, she broke the news to lecture committee chairman Mark Smith that he was on the retreat's "Rise and Shine" committee — which had the job of waking up everyone at 7:30 Saturday morning.

Smith playfully teased her around the room for a while and threatened to steal her sandwich, complaining that he didn't want the job.

"We really do get a lot accomplished around here," Christian said later, "but we are a very social group. We enjoy what we're doing. If I had to come in here and be hard-nosed, I wouldn't work here."

But she didn't hesitate to take charge at her second meeting.

Whenever someone got too excited about an issue she interjected her favorite calm-down comment, a good-natured "Relax!"

She tried to speed up the meeting but it ended just in time for her to stop by the office before she went up to the administration building for an academic council meeting. She attended as a College of Education representative, not center board president.

She was supposed to meet her friend for dinner at 4:30 p.m., but the council debated the proposed selective admissions policy for two hours and didn't adjourn until 6:15 p.m.

"I'm meeting-ed out," she said.

Her friend wasn't home, and she wasted no time in getting to her apartment where she took off her shoes as she got in the door.

Four minutes later she was out of her "professional" clothes, into a blue and red sweatsuit and stretched out on the rug of her living room floor.

This was Thursday night — her night to go out. And though she had a test the next day and would have to study later, just then, she was ready to do something.

Christian said she doesn't have much time for "cutting loose," because of her responsibilities as center board chairman and student.

"I try to balance my studying in responsibilities and my UCB responsibilities. And if I see the scales tipping one way or the other, I put more weight on the one I'm neglecting."

But she couldn't "cut loose" too much that night. She and her friend finally ate at Wendy's. When she returned, Christian decided to study.

But fifteen minutes later she was on the phone to David Payne, Associated Student Government vice president. It was impassioned politics again, as they discussed an upcoming rally to support higher education.

"David, we've got to get more people involved..."
While waiting for the campus laundry shuttle, Rick Beeny, a Madisonville junior, rests his clothes basket on a post outside Pearce-Ford Tower.

A DAY IN THE LIFE

10:10 a.m. — Dr. Ken Brenner paused on his way to the College of Education Building to kick some loose gravel off steps leading to Academic Complex. Brenner, a College of Education associate dean, said the gravel was “dangerous.”

“That’s the kind of thing you look for because of your upbringing,” he said. “My parents taught me to pick up things that were in the way.”

William McKeen, a journalism professor, glanced at his watch before the bell signaled the start of his press history class. “It’s about time,” he mumbled to himself.

11:15 a.m. — As McKeen finished lecturing on Horace Greeley, high school students began eating lunch in the university center. Their lines extended halfway into the center’s lobby.

11:30 a.m. — The cafeteria’s best customers, William and Sarah Lowe, looked a little discouraged when they saw the line, but they were saved from standing in line by Lon Slaughter, food service director.

He let the lowes, an elderly couple who eat at the cafeteria four or five times a week, break the line.

11:45 a.m. — As the elderly couple selected their noon meal, four people, studied Corinthians I underneath a tree on the university center lawn near Central Hall. Bill Brown, a Bowling Green freshman; Julie Morganstern; a freshman from Long Island N.Y.; Laura Niemann, a Louisville senior; and Jeff Richards of Bowling Green, talked about manifestations of the holy spirit. The four meet every Tuesday and Thursday at 11:30.

Story by Ellen Banahan
Photos by Mike Healy

While "Lewis and his big brother Alan Jackson role play the parts of a salesman and a barber shop owner in broadcast sales class, Lewis mentions that a new wave haircut might not look too bad on him.

Above, big brother James Logan reviewed fraternity information and helped Lewis with new information during the afternoon. Left, after putting on his sweatshirt and towel, Lewis taped over the red stripes on his sweater. "In the rest of his clothes, would match those of his line brothers.

During a meeting at Jackson’s apartment, Lewis, line brother No. 2 Kenneth Giles and line brother No. 1 Edward Williams watch a 20/30 segment on fraternity hazing.
Understand, like freshmen and well, white, people, that pledging a black fraternity is totally different," he said.

As a Scroller, he’s not allowed to ride in cars or elevators, go into the university center without a big brothers’ permission, or talk to people between classes, or socialize with girls.

One Kappa saying is
"Many are called but few are chosen." It is symbolic of high standards. Kappas feel they set.

Between his 9:10 and 11:40 classes, Lewis walked to a nearby record shop to pick up a cassette tape for a big brother.

The trip was one of many favors Lewis has to do for his big brothers. The favors are a way to get the 240 signatures — 30 from each of the eight big brothers — he needs in his little red book.

After lunch he changed into his Scroller uniform — a red-hooded sweatshirt with his name and number on it, jeans, white tennis shoes with red laces, a white towel and the ever-present pen.

Lewis caught a ride back to campus with a girl whose name he didn’t know. He wasn’t supposed to ride in a car, but it was like a lot of the other rules — OK as long as he didn’t get caught.

He walked around campus all afternoon visiting big brothers to get new information and gather more signatures.

He spent an hour and a half with one of his line brothers, (pledge walk in lines whenever they’re together), going over information late in the afternoon.

As a pledge, Lewis is also required to spend from 6 to 9 p.m. studying at the library each week night.

Just before 6 p.m., the two pledges walked, in perfect step, to the library for their required study time. Later, three more line brothers joined them.

At 7 p.m., Lewis and Percy White, a line brother and classmate, went to the College of Education Building to watch a film for class. By the time they rejoined the group at 9, the line was ready to go.

The five marched to Jackson’s house on Center Street.

"We’re working hard to be a Kappa," Lewis sang as they marched, "Oh hey, hey, hey," the line repeated in unison. "We’re working hard to be a Kappa."
Afternoon.
What was a bustling and bustling
became a lazy-afternoon for some —
not a good afternoon for study.

A cloudless blue sky and 70-degree
temperatures made reading, playing a
guitar, necking under trees — any-
thing done outdoors — pleasant.

One woman's voice echoed off
buildings on the hill as she sang "The
One That You Love," by Air Supply,
out of her Schneider Hall window.
Students and grounds workers looked
around curiously, trying to find the
phantom of the opera.

The weather also lent itself to sports.
Campus lawns were filled with
Frisbee throwers and football and
soccer players. At Detrex Field on

Get Excited!
Be a Part of the
Big Red Roar Rally

Develop a 5-minute skit on any of the fol-
lowing themes: Homecoming, football,
WKU, Big Red, Morehead State (Eagles),
Halloween, WKU's 75th birthday, or any
other imaginative idea. Three skits will be
chosen to be presented at the rally.

Prizes will be awarded.
Rally will be 7 p.m., Oct. 30 (the day before
homecoming) at Smith Stadium.

For an application, come to room 338, De-
ver, University Center by Monday, Oct. 12.
Auditions start Oct. 19.
The early morning hours are the only time Zacharias has to sit alone and prepare for the day's activities.

Meetings, receptions... more meetings

Idle time brief for Zacharias

President Donald Zacharias began his day as he begins most of them — at 7:45 a.m. Secretary Elizabeth Esters handed him a copy of the Wall Street Journal, a Courier-Journal and a full cup of coffee.

Perched on the mug is a small green frog. It peers over the official papers, gold pens and letter openers on his desk.

The early morning, shortly before 8 a.m., is the only time the president can truly call his own. And on Sept. 24, those idle moments passed quickly.

A two-inch stack of papers needed immediate action. And by 8:15 a.m., Dr. Randall Capps, an assistant to the president, and Dr. Paul Cook, budget director, came for their daily meeting with the president.

The meeting was private, but Zacharias' voice drifted through his open office door. "Hey doctor, secretary," he said, "what's up?"

"Nothing much," replied the two men, who were just passing through the office.

Once more Zacharias' voice could be heard through the open door. "Money residence halls... I wanted to be fair."

He stopped, and someone closed the door.

The meeting broke up, and the two men were called into the president's office. "On behalf of Kentucky Special Olympics, I'd like to give you this print for hosting the games last year," the man with the photographer said.

Cook and Capps returned, and the private meeting resumed. The meeting ended only minutes later — presumably some loose ends had been tied up — and Zacharias shuffled through the morning mail.

One of the first letters was an invitation to speak from a professional secretary group. "Too already occupied," he said.

A man in a denim shirt followed. It was Dr. Cook, bringing the meeting to an end.

A bookshelf behind the president contained two volumes of "Who's Who in America" and a council policy manual. Gold, green and pewter frogs sat there, also.

"Oh, you've noticed my frogs? A niece of mine, my favorite niece, gave me a bookmark once. It said, 'Eat a bullfrog every morning and nothing worse will happen the rest of the day,'" he said. "I used that in a speech when I first came here. Out of that grew the frog collection."

Then, he met two people in the outer office that were going with him to Elizabethtown. The meeting, he said, was with school superintendents on selective admissions.

He returned to campus at about 3:15 p.m. and worked in his office for about two hours. At 6 p.m., he attended a reception for Bill Leonard, CBS News president. Afterwards he ate with Recruiters, the group of alumni who are now on selective admissions. Leonard, his wife, Tommie, stayed until only about 8 p.m., which was a bit late for the president.

The first order of business was the annual meeting. Afterward, he left campus, the group of alumni, with the president, who wanted to see the principal at a school where Leonard would deliver the keynote address for the Free Enterprise Fair. After the speech he escorted Leonard and other guests to another reception.

Zacharias and his wife, Tommie, stayed until only about 10 p.m., which was a bit late for the president.

That evening, he had a beer, crossed the bulletin board, where they had eaten dinner a few hours earlier, and went home.

During the Free Enterprise Fair, Zacharias introduces keynote speaker Bill Leonard, CBS News president.

Story by Nathan Johnson and Todd Buchanan

Photoby Todd Buchanan
Typical student's day keys on computer lab

John Zurstad:
He's not an athlete. He's not an Associated Student Government member, and he doesn't belong to a fraternity.
His wardrobe consists of jeans, plain shirts and T-shirts. No animals-alligators, foxes or dragons-no khaki pants and no top-siders are in his closet.
He began his day in Levi's, a brown flannel shirt, and Converse tennis shoes.
His fifth floor room at the end of the hall in Barnes-Campbell is typical, although plainer than some.
He hasn't had time to put up posters he brought from his home in Evansville, Ind. A stereo rests on one corner of the table; a portable black and white television set on the other.
If any student qualifies as average, Zurstad probably would.
He woke up at 7:40 a.m. and ate a bowl of Fruit Loops.
"I cook a mean bowl of cereal," he said.
Before going to his 9:10 class, Zurstad, a computer science major, walked to the Grise Hall computer lab.
His program was due the next morning. Its problems would turn out to be the most important aspect of his day.
He prepared his cards and had them sent to the main computer in Lexington.
He first checked on his program after his 9:10 class.
The program hadn't returned. The computer had broken earlier, causing the line from Western to the University of Kentucky to temporarily go down.
He waited 30 minutes, but returned to his dorm empty-handed to begin studying for an accounting test that night.
At 11:30 a.m., he took a break and ate a sandwich with a glass of lemonade. He topped it off with six cookies as he watched "Family Feud."
As he left his dorm for his 12:50 microeconomics class, he picked up a letter from his sister, but didn't open it. A quick check of the computer lab showed that his program had still not returned.
His sister's letter, which he read before class, didn't have any earth-shattering news, Zurstad said. She was "just talking."
He sat in the back of the classroom and talked to a few people sitting near him.
He doesn't always sit in the back of the room, he said, but admitted to being a "little bit shy."
After class, Zurstad stopped by the computer lab—his program still hadn't returned.
"That's the way it goes," he said. "Until they start coming back, though, we're going to the laundry."

The computer program had finally returned when Zurstad entered the lab at 3:30 p.m. A small error, he thought, had prevented it from running correctly.
He went to his room to fix the error and to study more for the accounting test.
After dinner—a bowl of chunky chicken soup, a slice of bread and a glass of milk—he went to Grise to send his program back to Lexington and to take his accounting test.
He seemed relieved after the test, but there was still a problem in his returned computer program. He again went back to his dorm to solve it.
Minutes later, he threw his hands in the air in a wave of success.
"It's amazing how stupid one can feel when he finds out what he did wrong," Zurstad said when he found what he thought was the error. "This is great—computer science is filled with its ups and downs," he said triumphantly.

Once again, he went to the lab. He prepared one card and sent the program back to UK for what he hoped would be the final time.
John Zurstadt, a sophomore from Evansville, Ind., looks over some notes while studying for an accounting test.

Right. Zurstadt and Bruce Williams, a Hopkinsville sophomore, discuss test results from an economics exam. Above, Zurstadt hangs up a shirt after doing laundry.

Zurstadt talks to a friend on the phone while watching 20/20.

Story by Barry L. Rose
Photos by Jim Gensheimer
Quiet tailback just one of the fellas

On the surface, a day in Elmer Caldwell's life seems ordinary. The 6-foot, 183-pound tailback from Hickman is soft-spoken. Caldwell says he's just one of the fellas.

And though he's not flashy, he's personable; he's not a bookworm, but he's wise; he's not a missionary, but he's quite altruistic.

The health and safety major begins his day about 9 a.m. with breakfast at the university center grill. Unlike most Keen Hall residents, he often leaves from the building's front entrance and walks up Russelville Road.

Not many take that route.

But Caldwell does, and it's a reflection of his character.

"I don't avoid people, but sometimes it's nice to be away from the crowd," he said.

He discussed his first year here — fall 1977 — when he was red-shirted. He became discouraged and almost went home.

"I felt like I wanted to go home for awhile, and then I became more determined to be successful in school. I guess more direction came in my life."

Caldwell, the fourth of five children, has three sisters. His mother, Mildred, works at a Hickman aluminum factory to support the family. His father is a farm foreman, but Caldwell doesn't see him much. He says they "were never close."

After breakfast Caldwell headed for Smith Stadium to get treatment for a sprained right ankle. A sound wave instrument rubbed a soothing cream into the ankle.

The treatment took about 20 minutes and at 9:50 a.m., Caldwell waited in the university center for the bell to signal his 10:25 class in the College of Education Building.

"Hey EC give me a smile — ink, ink, ink," Caldwell shouted. A few football players chanted. Caldwell later admitted that "EC" and "Elmer Fudd" are two other nicknames.

"I felt like I wanted to go home for awhile, and then I became more determined to be successful in school. I guess more direction came in my life."

After the 10:25 and 11:45 classes, Caldwell stopped by the center's cafeteria.

"The 'juice' booth included orange, grapefruit, apple and cranberry drinks. He was as affable as he was tall and talkative, though he was in a bit of a hurry.

"One Life to Live" and "General Hospital": I catch them both before practice," he said. He admits his intrigue with the soaps' Asa Buchanan and Luke and Laura scenarios.

He was on his way to join teammates Jerry Flippin and Troy Snardon in Snardon's Keen Hall room "to catch the latest."

It's a mild, relaxed atmosphere, as the three simultaneously watch the shows and listen to jazz. Caldwell had a front-row seat — a chair in the middle of the room in front of the television.

After the soaps, he went to the Greenwood Mall and then ate dinner at 5:30. Practice was that night, so Caldwell had ankle treatment again — this time cold and hot water — before reporting at 7:30.

Caldwell is impressive on the field. He's undoubtedly one of the biggest tailbacks at the Ohio Valley Conference; his foot-long foot makes for itself.

Through dinner by the injured ankle Caldwell's dinner guest has exceeded 3.

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Caldwell (seated) watches "One Life to Live" with Flippin (left) and fullback Troy Sardon. They were waiting for "General Hospital" to come on.

Houchens Coupon

RUDY'S HAM & BISCUIT
OR SAUSAGE & BISCUIT

With this coupon $1.25
Without this coupon $1.49 SAVE 24c
EXPIRES SAT. OCT. 17, 1981

Houchens Coupon

SWIFT PREMIUM DINNER FRANKS
1 LB. $1.25
With this coupon
Without this coupon $1.49 SAVE 24c
EXPIRES SAT. OCT. 17, 1981

Houchens Coupon

SAVE 10¢ ON OUR SPECIAL SALADS
YOUR CHOICE OF HAM, CHICKEN
OR RIBEKIND CHEESE
WITH THIS COUPON
EXPIRES SAT. OCT. 17, 1981

Fox De Luxe

Pizza
4 FLAVORS

11 1/2 OZ.
79¢ YOU PAY LESS

Red Grapes

Lb. $68¢
YOU PAY LESS

Red or Golden Delicious Apples

78¢ WEEK IN AND WEEK OUT
In the afternoon, Kyle Bartleson, a Bowling Green sophomore, plays his guitar by the College of Education Building while Brent Miller and Pat Russell listen.

**A DAY IN THE LIFE cont.**

Rifle drill team members were busy spinning their weapons in the air, dropping them, and picking them back up. One student, apparently tired, propped her head on the butt of her gun.

**4 p.m.** - While the band was in the middle of practice, Lt. Jerry Burchett of the campus police went on duty. At his daily briefing, he was informed of tactics the campus police would use to find the rapist, who had supposedly attacked three Western students earlier in the month.

**4:30 p.m.** - The Kappa Delta sorority stole Sigma Chi's composite picture from their fraternity house while the men were beating the Kappa Alphas in flag football. Fraternity members recovered it — without police intervention — after the Sigma Chi's had a pledge installation ceremony.

Between 5 and 5:30, a janitor in the university center tried to clean up the mess from the Free Enterprise Fair. The lobby was littered with pamphlets and plastic shopping bags distributed by Eaton Corp.

**5:15 p.m.** - Mike Riggs finished refereeing his second flag football game of the day. Riggs, a Fayetteville, N.C. senior, said the game gets pretty physical, especially during fraternity duels.

"Those guys sure are crazy," he said.

**6 p.m.**

**Evening.** For most faculty, instruction was well over. For students, sundown signaled the start of Western's main night for partying. Finding ways to keep busy wasn't hard — movies, a speech by the president of CBS News, and parties left many studies neglected.

Some students had more important things to be taken care of — finding a ride home, a date for the weekend, or a place to study where friends and parties wouldn't be too tempting.

For many, the first matter at hand was eating.

**6 p.m.** - Jeff Hancock, a Cadiz senior, started a supper of spaghetti and meat sauce after giving up on the idea of ordering out or going to the grill.

**Jimmie Price:**

"I guess I'll teach forever."

The two women barely spoke above a whisper.

At times, their voices trembled and both fought the urge to cry. Inside the small, stone house, the women were sharing a similar experience — the sorrow, pain and confusion of dealing with death.

For Dr. Jimmie Price, a health and safety teacher, the subject was all too familiar.

With her elbows propped on the dark, wooden table and her fists clenched, Dr. Price listened patiently to the other woman trying to describe her feelings.

The slender, middle-aged woman nervously shifted a ballpoint pen from one hand to the other as she described the family's struggle to cope with the loss of a family member.

Dr. Price offered no quick solution to the woman's pain, but she did suggest several articles and books to read as a guide to watch.

The private consultation was routine for the 26-year-old teacher and counselor. Recently, she has worked with the boyfriend of a rape victim, a homosexual and terminally ill patients.

The afternoon consultation comprised only a fraction of her day, a day she said was very average — hectic.

Her day began at about 7:30 a.m. when she ate a light breakfast (she's on a diet and has lost 13 lbs. in the last month)

She arrived at her office in Science and Technology Hall at about 9 a.m. — graded stacks of papers and drank coffee in the morning calm.

Hanging plants decorate the small office; the bookshelves overflow with books, pamphlets and complicated studies; ceramic animals sit in the window, and one of many plaques around the room says, "I'm not afraid to die... I just want to be there when it happens."

Her first class, at 10:25, was on the fourth floor of Science and Technology Hall in a drafty, old-fashioned room. The 14 students in the class were spread out.

"The classroom is my life," Dr. Price said later. "Sure I get disgusted with it sometimes, but it's just a labor of love. It's not a 9-to-5 job. I have to love it to keep on doing it."

Her last and probably most interesting class of the day began at 12:50 — Human Sexuality. The topic was homosexuality.

"There are an estimated 20 million homosexuals in this country," Dr. Price said, "and if homosexuality is a disease, it is the most rampant disease in our culture today."

That topic was only one of the controversial topics discussed in class.

A lot of students don't agree with my viewpoints, but I'm not here to be popular. I'm here to challenge my students to think."

Despite her views, Dr. Price is highly popular with her students. That's because she treats her students as human beings, she said.

"My students have got to see that I am as human as they are. I can't teach students that there is shame in admitting that they have a suicide in their family when I've had one in mine."

"I can't teach students that there is shame to admit they had a drug problem in their family, when I have had the problem in my family. Almost everything I teach... I have experienced myself," either through family, friends, students or colleagues, she said.

When a member of Dr. Price's family committed suicide, she shared the tragedy with her death education class.

"I just walked into the classroom and told the students that I just had a suicide in my family and I would like to talk about it," Dr. Price said.

"So, we all got down on the floor and talked and talked. That class will never know how much they helped me that night. And you know, I remember those people in that class."

Later that afternoon, she met with the planning committee of Western's Women's Alliance, one of many state and local organizations in which she's involved.

Those organizations take up about 15 hours a week. But she said her husband, Dr. Frank Price, a part-time instructor in the health and safety department, is very supportive.

At home, she took time to eat supper before changing her clothes and heading for the racquetball courts, an activity she tries to do about twice a week.

Her household is simple, she said, and revolves around her husband, church and work schedule.

But work in the classroom almost always comes first.

"I guess I'll teach forever," she said, "I think I can make my best contribution in the classroom."

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Story by Perry Hines
Photos by Ron Bell

Left, Dr. Jimmie Price discusses mental illness treatments with her health education class. Below, she plays with a cat adopted by the Latin American studies department.

Above, Dr. Price looks at the Herald with Chuck Clark before her human sexuality class. Left, she laughs at a joke with Mary McCall before a Western Kentucky University Women's Alliance meeting.

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College Heights Herald
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A DAY IN THE LIFE cont.

While Hancock was busy in the fourth floor kitchen in Barnes-Campbell Hall, about 350 people were waiting for their meal at the Free Enterprise Fair banquet in the Garrett Conference Center ballroom.

7 p.m. — Myra Alvey opened the Center Theater box office and sold 133 tickets to "The Postman Always Rings Twice": Jemima Brooks, a Miami, Fla., junior, was tearing tickets at the door which closed when that night's feature started.

"I thought it was a little gross, especially the first sex scene," Burroughs later said about the movie. "I was a little freaked out!"

Alvey, a Cup Run senior, said, "I couldn't get what the postman rings twice mean!"

7:40 p.m. — While previews were showing in the theater, Julia McKerley was doing cartwheels down the hall of the university center first floor. The freshman from Chattanooga, Tenn., was angry.

"I was really mad," she said. "I was loading my film when someone opened the (darkroom) door and ruined all my film!"

8 p.m. — While the audience laughed at the sex scene between Jack Nicholson and Jessica Lange in "Postman," President Donald Zacharias introduced William Leonard, CBS News president, to 600 in Van Meter Auditorium.

Story by Wilma Norton
Photos by Margaret Shirley

Far right, Bemin Lawrence director Vicky Kruwell talks to Howard Bailey, student affairs assistant dean, about a complaint on the university escort service. Right, mornings begin about 7:30 for Kruwell.

Minor emergencies, routine duties make a Slow day for hall director

At 7 a.m. Vicky Kruwell goes about her daily routine, she is constantly reminded she's director of Bemin Lawrence Hall. She has a private bath and four-room apartment instead of double-occupancy cubicles like the other 363 girls in her building.

And she has a light panel next to her phone which blinks and beeps frequently as people walk through fire doors and loading dock — a constant reminder she must keep a watch on building security.

Dressed in a navy linen dress and yellow blazer, she spent most of her day doing what dorm directors do. During the morning, she ran errands and set up appointments with freshmen for afternoon retention program interviews.

"The freshmen are usually scared to death when I call them and ask them to come see me," she said. "I try to explain to them that they are not in trouble.

After one of these interviews, she spent her afternoon "checking in" at Potter Hall. She drops off time cards and incident reports; delivers a complaint on the escort service to Howard Bailey, assistant dean of student affairs; asks housing director John Osborne if one resident can keep an exercise bike in the kitchen; and gets an update on painting from Patty Ferguson, assistant housing director.

"I try to check in with everybody up here every day," she said. "I bring up any incident reports, maintenance reports and questions or complaints.

Mondays are the big days up here, though. All the open house rosters, transmittals for the cashiers, weekend incident reports and monthly linen reports are due then."

The rest of the "slow day" was sprinkled with minor emergencies and spur-of-the-moment duties. She rescued a burning baked potato from the fourth floor oven; investigated a "stolen" watch, later recovered in a trash can; and took an electrician upstairs to install fire alarms on a building tour.

She also managed to squeeze in lunch at Garrett Conference Center and a quick dinner at Wendy's with her friend, Will Long.

Then, as she changed into baggy jeans and a pink button-down shirt, she also changed into Vicky Kruwell, student, for her 5:10 class. She's working on a master's degree in student personnel services.

After class, she changed into a Western sweatshirt, kicked off her shoes and whipped up a big batch of chocolate chip cookies for her, Long and a resident assistant.

She said that transition from director to friend is one of the hardest she has to make.

"Supervising is sometimes difficult. It's hard to keep that employer-employee relationship, but still get close enough to the people to know them," she said.

She was assistant director of Bemin from October 1979 until she replaced Patty Ferguson as director Aug. 1. As assistant director, she said she had more freedom to develop closer relationships because "all the responsibility wasn't on me."

Since becoming director, she's had to "lighten up a little and try to stay away from getting too close because it would be hard or impossible to reprimand."

Sometimes, the weight of responsibility is heavy, she said, but she still enjoys her job.

"I like being in charge; I like to run things," she said. "I think there is something in all of us that makes us want to do things our way.

"It is a little frustrating on your day off when the phone rings every few minutes and you're not on call," she said. "But the people are what make everything worthwhile."

"I enjoy selling Western. It's such a friendly campus. No matter where you go people speak to you whether they know you or not."
**Officer Burchett enjoys cruising a quiet campus**

Lt. Jerry Burchett stomped on the gas pedal of his campus police car and in almost a single motion — stopped, threw open the door and ran toward the university center.

At about 10:30 p.m. he had spotted the juveniles running toward South Hall. He was chasing only four of them, but the group looked much larger.

Several well-meaning students pursued them in a bizarre game of hide-and-seek.

Burchett and two other officers cornered four boys beside Academic Complex a few minutes later.

None of them were students — they were barely 16 — but according to witnesses, they turned over garbage cans and created such a disturbance near Pearce-Ford Tower that the dorm director summoned campus police.

The chase was the most exciting thing that happened to Burchett, a campus police shift commander, during his 4 p.m. to midnight shift.

And except for the chase, the day was fairly typical.

“Nothing happens, then it does,” he said. “If it doesn’t, it doesn’t.”

Burchett enjoys his job. Although his once-dark, wavy hair is overrun with gray, his good-ol’-boy appeal doesn’t belie his 44 years. He is tall — 6 feet — and handsome.

Burchett spent most of the shift patrolling lots. He drove around the university center, to Schneider Drive behind Bates-Runner, to the lots surrounding the tower, to “Egypt” and finally, through the Jones-Jaggers lot.

Every day, the officer begins his shift with a half-hour briefing. This day he was told of the tactics university and Bowling Green police were using to catch a rapist.

“The police believe that a rapist has been committing rapes in the area. We’ve been told to expect a lot of action this night,” he said.

Burchett turned around and drove back to the tower where he had left his police car. He turned around to make sure the juveniles had left campus.

Burchett turned on the radio and listened to the dispatcher. He turned up the volume and tried to hear what was happening down the hall.

“Don’t ask me why,” he said. “I’ve never had problems with disrespectful students. I’m not a hard-nosed cop. Here, you’re dealing with intelligent people.”

As he drove, Burchett talked about what he believes is the campus’ biggest problem — a problem easily solved.

People go off leaving their dorm room open and getting ripped off,” he said. “If we had locks on dorm doors, we wouldn’t have this problem.”

Burchett topped two young boys with bicycles on the top floor of the structure.

“This is not a good place to be,” he told them. “Don’t ask me why. It’s just not. Don’t mean to be rude, OK? You boys have a good day.”

At 5 p.m., Burchett stopped two young boys with bicycles on the top floor of the structure.

“Don’t ask me why. It’s just not. Don’t mean to be rude, OK? You boys have a good day.”

At 7 p.m., the police dispatcher summoned Burchett to handle a 10-14 — an escort needed.

“We’re averaging 15 escorts a night or more,” he said. “It’s probably closer to 20. If you’re busy — we’re busier. This night, however, was quiet. Our quietest night on campus — that’s when something may happen,” he said. “This is a very, very quiet night.”

At 10:25 Burchett got the call about trouble at the tower.

At the police station later, a weary Burchett questioned the juveniles and asked the dispatcher to contact their parents. He would be busy with paperwork for awhile.

It was 11:50 p.m. — the officer glanced at the clock and sighed.

It had been a long day.

Burchett talks things over with Jim Key, of Key’s Sportco, before towing away a car parked illegally behind South Hall.

During a slow moment, Burchett shares a joke with dispatcher R.J. Simmons. Burchet had a very quiet night except for a chase around campus.

“Your quietest night on campus, that’s when something may happen,” he said.

**Story by Diane Comer**

**Photos by Roger Sommer**
A DAY IN THE LIFE

Leonard discussed the role of television in America's future.

Outside the Kentucky Building north entrance, folklore professor Bert Fein- tuch told one student that the chair-making movie they were supposed to see that night was lost. The film, "Hand-Carved," was found some- where in Newark, N.J., Feintuch said.

8:20 p.m. — Inside Diddle Arena, three basketball games were being played on the main floor, and another one was in progress in the auxiliary gym. High above that, a jogger ran around the student seats.

William Brit, Diddle Arena equipment manager, sat on a folding chair outside his office, watched the games and smoked a cigarette.

8:30 p.m. — The ball players were playing full court, and Lois Lane, a university center housekeeper, was collecting aluminum soft drink cans to sell.

"I use the money from the cans to buy gas. It helps out a lot," Miss Lane said.

Members of Lambda Chi Alpha fraternity, sponsoring a party at the Alibi on Adams Street, watched as the first few students came in the door.

9 p.m.

9 p.m. — Some girls ran down College Street toward the Sigma Nu fraternity house, yelling chants and singing songs. The members of Alpha Omicron Pi sorority serenaded the porch-full of men for about 15 minutes before rushing into the house for a mixer.

10:30 p.m. — Student patrolman David Patton ran from the Academic Complex to the Central Hall lawn to keep an eye on a party raid. "We want silk," the men shouted. Panties drifted down from the windows, and as the men moved around to each of the hall's wings, Patton moved with them but kept a respectable distance from the raiding party.

Two men decided they wanted to meet some of Central's residents. "Why don't you come down!" the two shouted.

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After hours

When the lights are dimmed,
Billy Gorham is just coming to work

Billy Gorham came to work with his usual provisions — a sandwich for his 4 a.m. supper and a jar of Folger's coffee to keep him awake.

Nights are long for the 28-year-old maintenance man.

They start at 15 minutes before midnight when he punches his time card on the first floor of the physical plant. And they end at 8 a.m. when he leaves the dimmed university center and squints from the bright sunlight.

This night was typical.

"They left it decent," he said to the other night maintenance men. He quickly surveyed the floor for spots that would take extra time to clean.

"There's some chalk on the floor over by the pool tables, but that's about it," he said as he walked toward the other men.

The three sat in silence as they waited the 30 more minutes before the shift would start.

"Well, are you ready for a long night?" Gorham asked at midnight. Nobody really answered as the other two walked toward the stairs.

Joe Goodman went to the first floor; Tommy Lancaster to the second; and Gorham stayed on the fourth.

His keys clicked against his leg as he walked briskly around the room putting chairs on top of tables. He started with the tables in front of the snack machines, then moved routinely to the game room.

Gorham works in a pattern he learned from his father, who worked on the fourth floor for two years before retiring last year.

"He was really why I came here," he said.

A cigarette dangled between his beard and mustache and his hair was damp with sweat as he finished dusting the hardwood floors.

The empty, dark building looked lonely. A radio playing country music was his only company. But Gorham, on the third shift for almost a year, said he likes it that way.

"It's a lot more work on the night shift, but you just get too many people running around up here in the day," he said.

During the day, Gorham is co-owner of a junkyard behind his house and father of five children. His wife, a cook at Warren Elementary School, leaves the house before he gets home. He doesn't see her until 2 p.m., when he picks her up from work.

Those three or four hours between 2 p.m. and even when he finally goes to sleep are the only time he sees his wife and children. But Gorham said she doesn't seem to mind — yet — and his children have learned, "When I'm asleep, don't bother me."

At 2 a.m. Lancaster and Goodman came upstairs and the three took their first break. Gorham was "a little bit ahead" of schedule. He had already started damp mopping the Coke spots out of the gold carpet.

It takes a week of mopping the same spots before they will come out, he said.

The building was much colder than it had been a few hours ago.

"Without all the people running in and out the temperature really drops," he said. Gorham said as he lit another cigarette. He smokes almost a pack every night he works.

The three sat on the cushioned couches, each sipping a Coke from the snack machines. Lancaster rubbed his eyes and Goodman rested his head on the couch, but Gorham didn't even yawn.

"Once you get used to it, staying all night is a breeze," he said. His days are reversed. He sleeps from about 4 p.m. until 11 p.m. on the nights he works — usually Monday through Friday.

Gorham stood up and stretched.

"Let's do it," he said and picked up his mop.

Next would come vacuuming, then cleaning the bowling alley, and finishing up the floors. "Generally every shift is about the same," he said, "unless they had an extra big crowd and really mess us up bad. You get bored every now and then."

Supper was at 4 a.m. — the first time Gorham had coffee. "I try not to drink it until I need it," he said. He was way ahead of schedule.

It was still dark outside when he began setting up the patio furniture, and the sky was just becoming light when the three unlocked the doors to the building.

Sunlight streamed in the patio doors as he paused and once again surveyed the fourth floor. He smiled. "Well it's easy time for awhile," he said.

It was 7 a.m.
Running the sweeper, Gorham cleans the carpet near the Ping-Pong tables in the university center.

Tommy Lancaster, left, and Gorham take their 4 a.m. supper break in the maintenance lounge.

Finishing another night's work, Gorham clocks out.

Story by Michele Wood
Photos by Steve Lowry
"Why don't you come up here?" the women challenged.
"What are your names?" came from the ground.
"Martha and Tanya," returned from the air.
Another woman shouted from her window to the guys. "Did anyone ever tell you that you were an idiot?"
In front of Central's lobby, a couple sitting on a stone bench said goodnight while the racket continued.
11:15 p.m. - In Jerry's, three students - Cathy Otto, Lori Brown and Tamela Alldredge - studied for tests the next morning. Belinda Houston, a friend, sat with them and wrote letters because I didn't have anything better to do.
11:59 p.m. - Midnight was close, although for many people the morning was still far away.
A jukebox in Mr. D's played the Beatles' "A Day in the Life" as Sheila Riley, an Owens student, ended her day by sharing a beer with friends.

Lights appear from dorms on the south end of campus as students study, relax and prepare for the next day.

HERALD MAGAZINE

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